CARMINA ECCLESIÆ:

A Collection of Sacred Music,

CONSISTING OF

NEW, ORIGINAL, AND SELECT HYMN TUNES, ANTHEMS AND CHANTS,

ADAPTED PARTICULARLY TO THE

Hymn Book and Book of Worship of the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church,

THE ORDER OF PUBLIC WORSHIP,

AND

EVERY OCCASION OF MISSIONARY AND TEMPERANCE ANNIVERSARIES, REVIVAL SEASONS, ETC.

EDITED BY

PROF. W. D. ROEDEL,

LATE OF WYTHEVILLE, VA.

APPROVED BY THE GENERAL SYNOD OF THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

NEW IMPROVED EDITION.

BALTIMORE:

PUBLISHED BY T. NEWTON KURTZ,

No. 151 WEST PRATT STREET.

PHILADELPHIA: No. 42 NORTH NINTH STREET.

1879.

BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH

COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
HYMNOLOGY

ACQUIRED BY THE

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

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PREFACE.

AMID the infinite variety of tastes in reference to the subject of church-music, it would be the height of infatuation for any one even to hope to be able to compile a tune-book which should meet every desire; unless, perhaps, he should, with herculean labor, throw together into one vast unmusical chaos all that is and that has been called music. All that can reasonably be expected is that the general taste should be gratified, and that there should be such a variety and quality of music offered as will meet the usual demands of public and social worship.

The work which is now presented to the church is the result of much diligent and careful labor bestowed upon the selection of music and the adaptation of it to the General Synod's Collection of Hymns. Had it not been supposed that such a work was needed, *this* would never have been undertaken; for who will venture his means upon an enterprise which does not commend itself to the public want?

For the sake of convenience, the book is arranged under three Parts. *Part First* consists of hymn-tunes suitable for the ordinary public worship; *Part Second* comprises a large number of beautiful Anthems and Chants, adapted to the various festive and other occasions which are celebrated in our churches; *Part Third* contains a collection of tunes which are peculiarly endeared and pleasing to a large body of our brethren, and intended for prayer-meetings, seasons of revival and spiritual enjoyment. The whole work is preceded by "*A Condensed System of Music*," compiled by the editor for the benefit of learners, or those not familiar with the science of music. Although brief, this "System" will be found to contain all that is really necessary for acquiring a sufficient knowledge of vocal music for all practical purposes, especially when aided by the instructions of a competent teacher.

In fine, the book contains a suitable tune for every hymn in the General Synod's Collection; when a hymn is announced to be sung, the chorister need but turn to the Table of *First Lines* at the end of the book, where he will find a reference to one or more tunes suited to it; and in the majority of cases the hymn itself will be found accompanying the tune. Ministers need, therefore, not hesitate to announce any hymn contained in the hymn-book above referred to, where this work is introduced, through fear that the chorister or choir cannot find a tune adapted to it. In this one particular at least, the Carmina Ecclesiæ is, we think, perfectly complete.

It is not deemed necessary in these prefatory remarks to waste time and space in telling people how and what they ought to sing, or what is and what is not churchly music. People have acceptably sung the praises of God long before this Editor beheld the light of this world, and they will doubtless continue so to do, according to their own taste and in a manner most pleasing to themselves, long after his "feeble, stammering tongue" shall have fallen "silent in the grave."

The three tunes "Bridges," "Rathvon," and "Keller," by Prof. W. B. Bradbury, were composed expressly for this work, as were also the melodies which bear the names of Dr. B. F. Schneck, W. Shriver, Howard Shriver, P. A. Keller, and J. P. Smeltzer, to whom, as well as to the many other kind friends who rendered important assistance in the selection of pieces, we here offer our thanks. Our cordial thanks are also due to the choir of Charles Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore,—likewise to a number of other personal friends of the publisher, in that city and elsewhere,—for a number of valuable and favorite contributions. We deem it but proper, also, in this place, to acknowledge the valuable labors of Prof. W. Harman, of Baltimore, Maryland, in supervising the revisions and in correcting the harmony in many of the choral as well as other tunes in the body of this work. Our acknowledgments are also due to Messrs. Miller & Beacham, music dealers and publishers of Baltimore, for the gratuitous use of a number of admirable compositions by the late C. Meineke, published in their "Music for the Church," and also to Oliver Ditson, Prof. Schwing, and Dr. Everett, for similar courtesies. The music not acknowledged above is (with some exceptions, where it was impossible to obtain the address of the owners) inserted by express permission of the authors or publishers.

The book is now commended to the public, with the earnest hope that it may contribute to the edification and spiritual enjoyment of those who love to sing "the songs of Zion."

W. D. R.

NOTE BY THE PUBLISHER.

A new edition of CARMINA ECCLESIÆ being called for, the Publisher deems it necessary to say,—that this edition has been carefully revised and thoroughly adapted to the new "BOOK OF WORSHIP," recently published by authority of the General Synod. All the *new hymns* introduced into that collection ("Book of Worship,") have been provided with appropriate and beautiful tunes, and a few others of established merit and popularity have been added, including a number of *new meters;* a more ample supply of music suitable for the "*Order of Public Worship,*" as recommended by the General Synod, has also been inserted, (commencing on page 410) thus rendering this edition of CARMINA ECCLESIÆ more complete than any hitherto published.

It is but just and proper that we should thus publicly thank Mr. Samuel Martin, of Baltimore, for the care and taste he has displayed in selecting the new tunes for the respective hymns.

T. N. K.

Baltimore, March 1, 1879.

A CONDENSED SYSTEM OF VOCAL MUSIC.

GENERAL REMARKS.

MUSIC is the art of combining sounds so as to produce agreeable impressions upon the ear. *Sound* is the effect produced by the vibrations of any elastic substance, such as steel, wood, string, or muscle. All sounds are either *long* or *short*, *high* or *low*, *soft* or *loud*. These distinctions are the bases of the three grand departments of music, known as RHYTHM, MELODY, and DYNAMICS or EXPRESSION. Each of these will now be separately discussed.

PART I.

RHYTHM.

LESSON I.

Q. What is that part of musical science called which treats of the performance of a piece of music?

A. It is called *Time.*

Q. How many kinds of *time* are there?

A. In common use there are but four,—viz.: *Double, Triple, Quadruple,* and *Sextuple.*

Q. What are *Measures?*

A. They are equal portions of time separated by perpendicular strokes called *Bars.* Thus:—

The spaces between the *bars* are called *measures*

Q. When one of these portions is divided into *two* parts, what kind of measure is it?

A. It is called *Double Measure.*

Q. When divided into *three* parts?

A. *Triple Measure.*

Q. Four?

A. *Quadruple Measure.*

Q. Six?

A. *Sextuple Measure.*

Q. How is *Time measured?*

A. By movements of the hand called *Beats.*

Q. How do you beat time in double measure?

A. With one *downward* motion of the hand and one *upward,* counting *one, two.*

Q. How do you beat *triple* measure?

A. With one *downward* motion, one *horizontal* motion towards the left, and a *diagonal* motion *upward,* counting *one, two, three.*

Q. How must you beat quadruple time?

A. With one motion *downward,* one to the *left,* one to the *right,* and one *upward,* counting *one, two, three, four.*

Q. How must you beat sextuple time?

A. Precisely like *triple* time, only that it is necessary to count *one, two, three, four, five, six.*

LESSON II.

Q. How are sounds represented?
A. By characters called *notes.*
Q. How are the different *lengths* of sounds indicated?
A. By the different *forms* of these notes.
Here are the characters most commonly employed,—viz.:

1

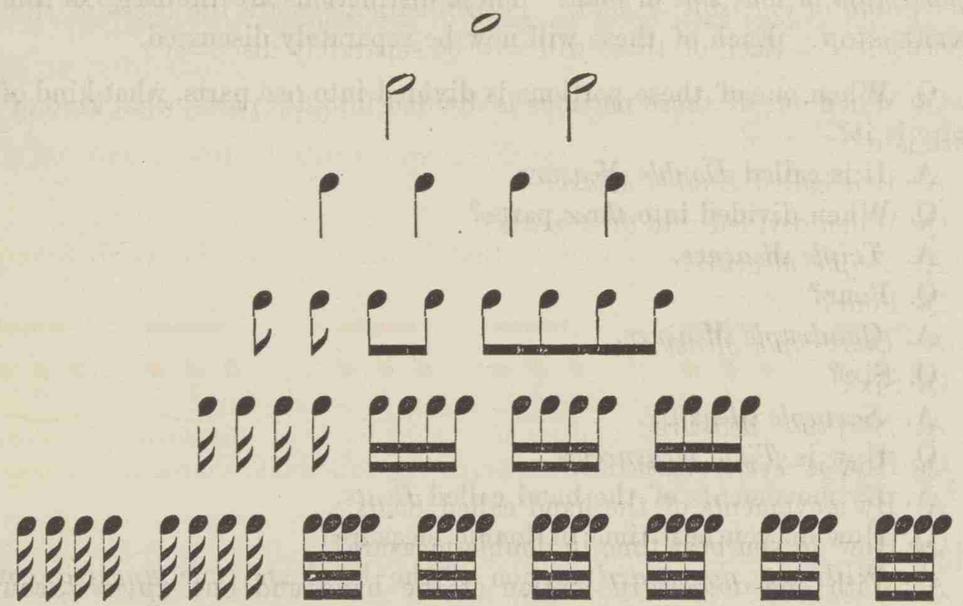
2

3

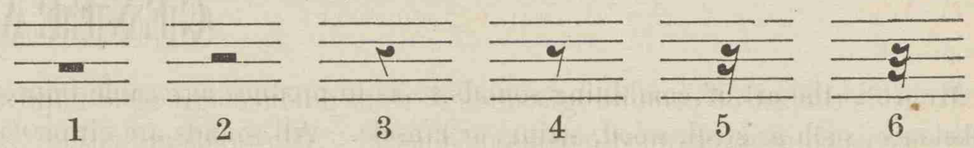
4

5

6



Q. What do you call the character in the first line?
A. A *Whole* note.
Q. In the second?
A. *Half* notes; the *two* being equivalent to the preceding *whole* note.
Q. In the third?
A. *Quarter* notes; the *four* being equivalent to the preceding *half* notes, or to the *whole* note.
Q. In the fourth?
A. *Eighth* notes.
Q. In the fifth?
A. *Sixteenth* notes
Q. In the sixth?
A. *Thirty-second* notes.
Q. What are the following characters called?—viz.:



1 2 3 4 5 6

A. They are called *Rests.* The first is a *whole rest*, the second is a *half rest*, and, consecutively *quarter rest, eighth rest, sixteenth rest,* and *thirty-second rest.* They correspond to the notes of the same name, and are exactly equivalent to them in *time.*

Q. What do these rests denote when they occur in music?

A. They indicate that the singers must suspend the voice during as many beats as the *rest* requires.

LESSON III.

Q. When there are four *quarter* notes in a measure, how is it called?
A. *Common* or *Four-four* measure.
Q. How is it indicated?
A. Thus:— $\frac{4}{4}$ or $\mathbf{C}$
Q. How do you *beat time* for this measure?
A. *Down, left, right, up;* or, one, two, three, four.
Q. If a *half* note or a *whole* note should occur in this measure, how many beats would you give to each?
A. *Two* beats to the *half* note, and *four* to the *whole* note.
Q. Sometimes a *dot* follows a note, thus, What do you call such a note, and what is the value of the dot?

A. The note is called a *Dotted* note, and the dot is in every case equal to just half the value of the note which precedes it.

Q. In quadruple measure, suppose a dotted *half* note should occur: what would be its value?

A. It would be equivalent to three quarter notes, or to three *beats*.

Q. What do the figures at the commencement of every piece of music denote?*

A. The kind of measure and the sort of notes which make up the measure. The *upper* figure indicates the number of *beats* in the measure, and the *lower* figure the *kind* of notes which are equivalent to each beat. Thus, $\frac{2}{2}$ means two, $\frac{3}{2}$ three, $\frac{4}{2}$ four half notes in each measure.

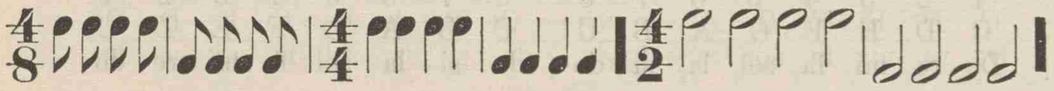
Q. How many varieties of measure are in ordinary use?

A. There are *ten*,—viz.:

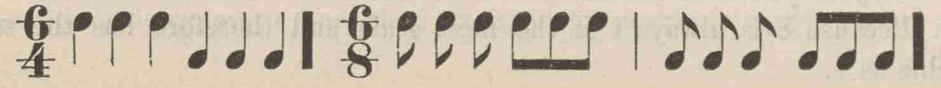
In Double Measure,

In Triple Measure,

In Quadruple Measure,

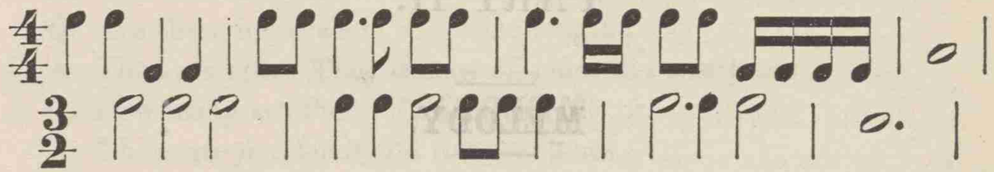


In Sextuple Measure,



Q. Must each measure contain the same *kind* of notes?

A. No. Each measure must contain a sufficient number of notes of *any kind* to fulfil the number and kind indicated by the figures at the beginning of the piece. Thus:—



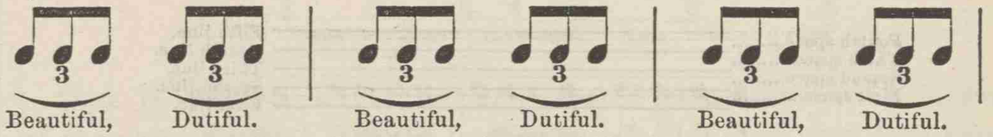
Q. Sometimes *three* notes are sung in the same time as *two;* thus:—

What are they called?

A. *Triplets.*

Q. How are they to be sung?

A. With an accent similar to that in pronouncing the words *beautiful* or *dutiful.* Thus:—



Q. Sometimes at the end of a *strain* the following character occurs,—viz.:

What does it mean?

A. It indicates that the passage preceding must be repeated.

Q. Sometimes the letters D. C. occur at the end of a piece. What do they mean?

A. That the singer shall begin again at the beginning and sing to a designated point. The letters stand for the Italian words *da capo.*

Obs. We have now presented, in the most concise manner, all that is essential upon the subject of Rhythm. Let the teacher exercise his pupils by requiring them to point out the different characters, &c. in pieces from the body of this work, until they are so perfectly familiar with them that they can name them at a glance.

* *These figures* are *omitted* in this work: *first*, because the compiler considered them really *unnecessary*, as any one at all familiar with music can, in a moment, ascertain the measure *without them;* and, *second*, to avoid *crowding* the page too much.

PART II.

MELODY.

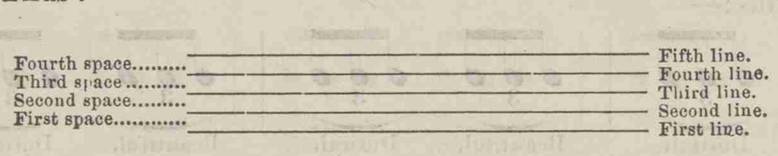
LESSON IV.

Q. Of what does Melody treat?

A. It treats of sounds as being *high* or *low;* or of the *pitch* of sounds.

Q. What is *The Scale* in music?

A. A succession of eight sounds written upon five horizontal lines called a *Staff.* Thus:—



Q. What is each line and each space called?

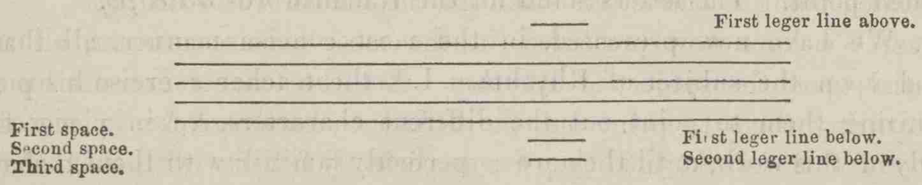
A. A *Degree.*

Q. How many degrees are there?

A. There are *nine,*—five *lines* and *four spaces.*

Q. Sometimes this number does not suffice: how do you supply the requisite degrees?

A. By *Leger* lines and by spaces above and below the staff. Thus:—

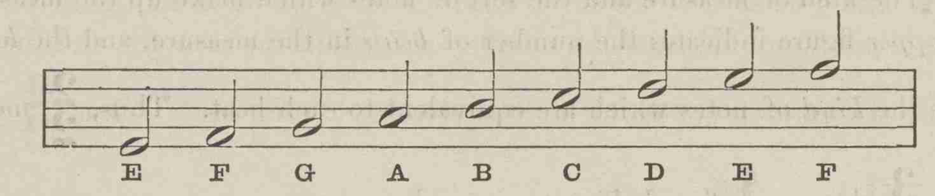


Q. How are the degrees named?

A. According to the first seven letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

Q. Does the same *letter* invariably indicate the same *line or space?*

A. The letters are unchangeable in their position on the *staff.* The *spaces* are *always* F, A, C, E, beginning with the first; and the lines are always E, G, B, D, F, beginning with the first. Thus:—



Q. How are the characters or notes named?

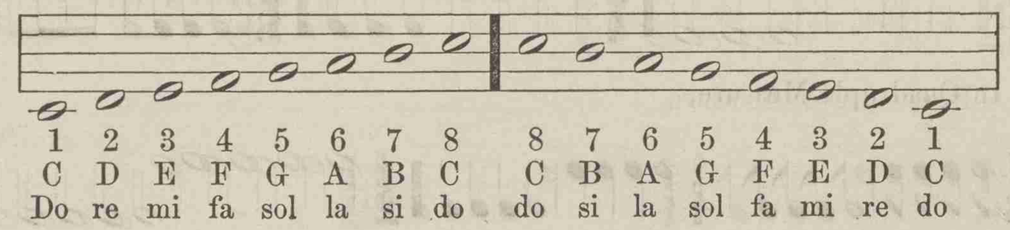
A. They are named from the following *seven* syllables, viz.:—Do, (doe,) Re, (Ray,) Mi, (Mee,) Fa, (*a* as in father,) Sol, (Sole,) La, (*a* as in father,) Si, (See.)

Q. How are the sounds in the *scale* designated?

A. By means of numerals,—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

Q. How do the numerals and syllables do, re, mi, &c. correspond?

A. Do is *always* 1 of the scale, re is 2, mi is 3, fa is 4, &c. Thus:—



Q. Why do you call 8 Do?

A. Because 8 is always 1 of the next scale, and therefore has the same syllable as 1.

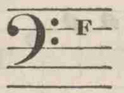
LESSON V.

Q. What is a *Cleff?*

A. It is a character employed to determine the name of the degree of the staff.

Q. How many are there?

A. There are in common use only *two*,—*Treble* or G Cleff,

, and the *Bass* or F Cleff, 

Q. Why is the former called G Cleff?

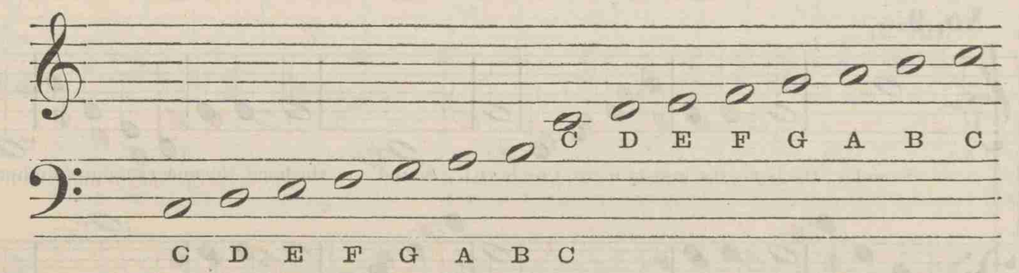
A. Because it determines G to the *second* line.

Q. Why is the latter called F Cleff?

A. Because it determines F to the *fourth* line of the staff.

Q. What is the distance between F of the Bass Cleff and G of the Treble Cleff?

A. It is *nine* tones lower.



LESSON VI.

Q. What is an *interval?*

A. The distance from one tone in the scale to another.

Q. Are these intervals of the same length?

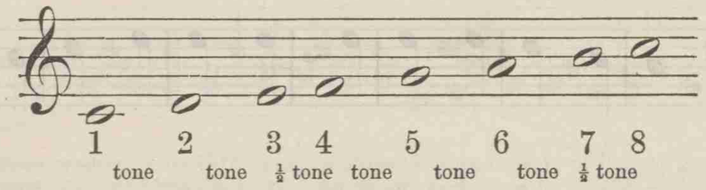
A. They are not. They consist of *tones* and *semitones.*

Q. How many are there of each?

A. There are *five* tones and *two* semitones.

Q. In what order do they occur?

A. From 1 to 2, and from 2 to 3, are whole tones; from 3 to 4 is a semitone; from 4 to 5, from 5 to 6, and from 6 to 7 are tones; and from 7 to 8 is a semitone. Thus:—



Obs. It is now time that the pupiis should learn to strike the intervals out of the regular order. Let the teacher exercise his class until they know perfectly the position of the letters upon both the F and G Cleffs. Before *singing* the following exercises, let the pupils be required to name each note, numerically, syllabically, and alphabetically.

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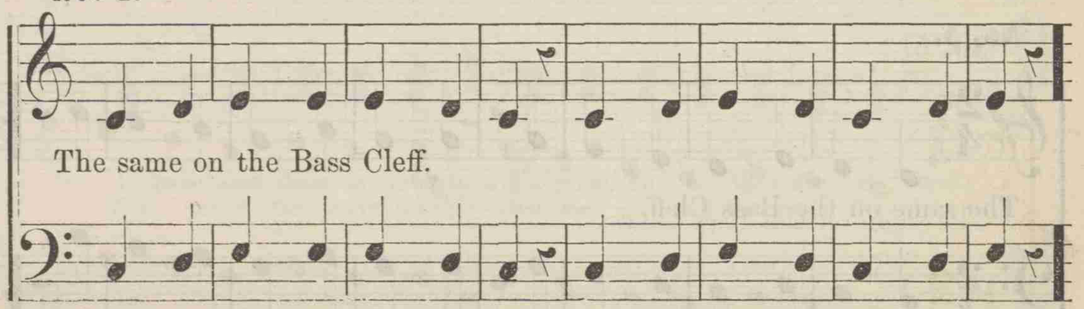

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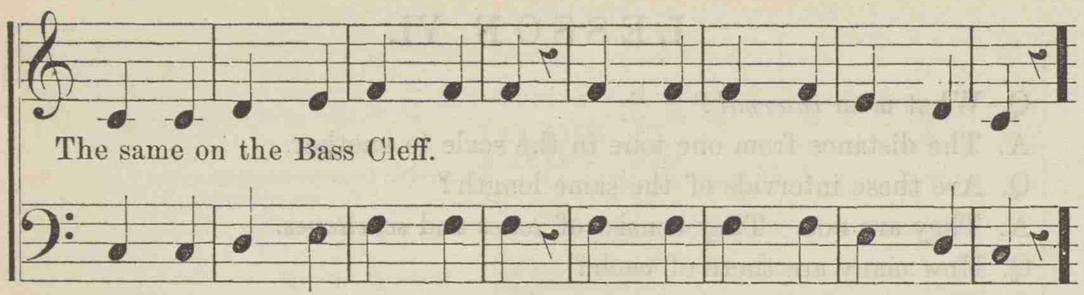

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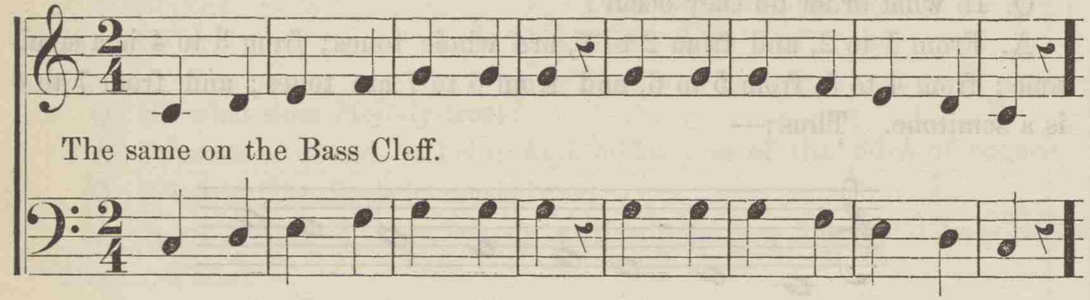

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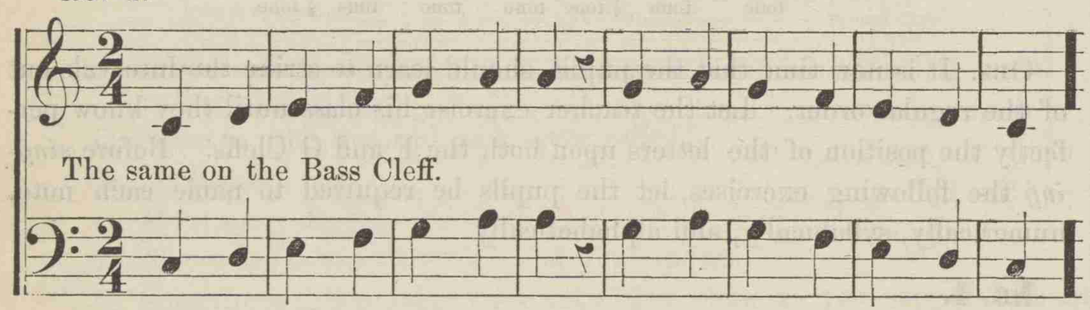

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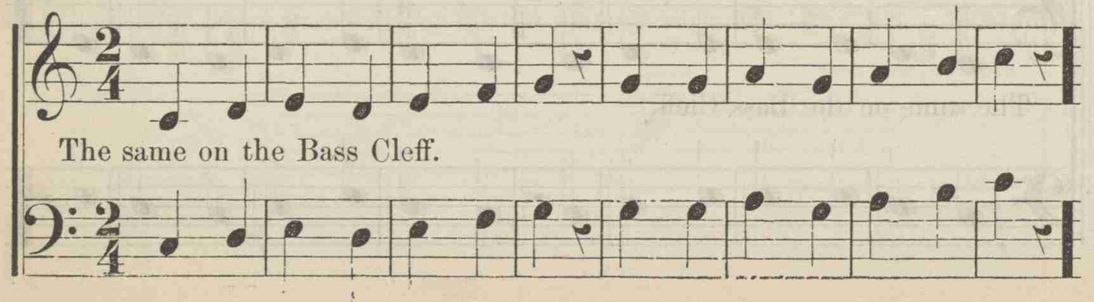

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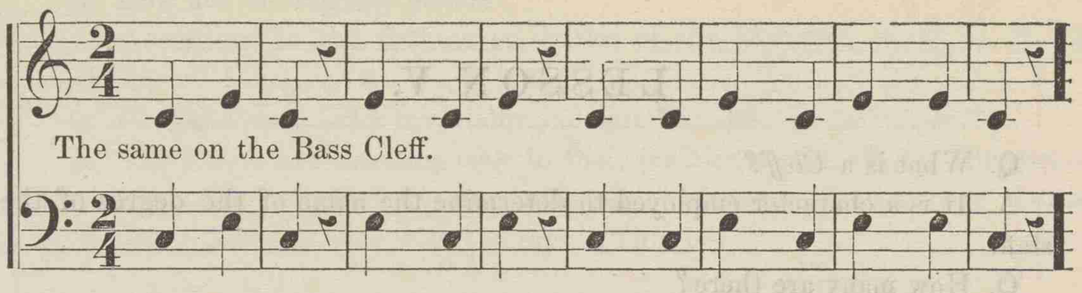

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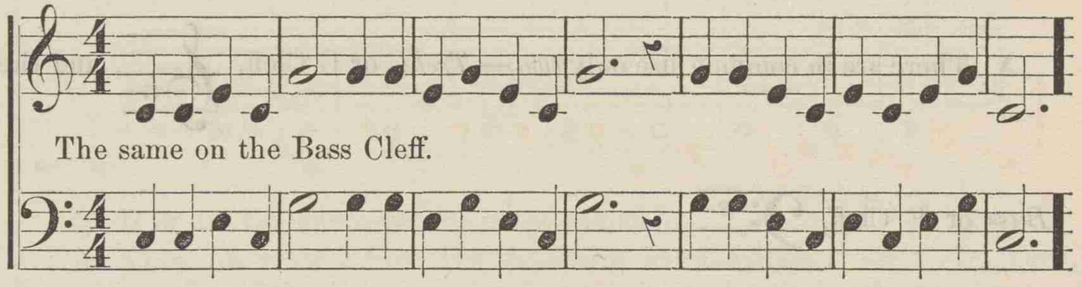

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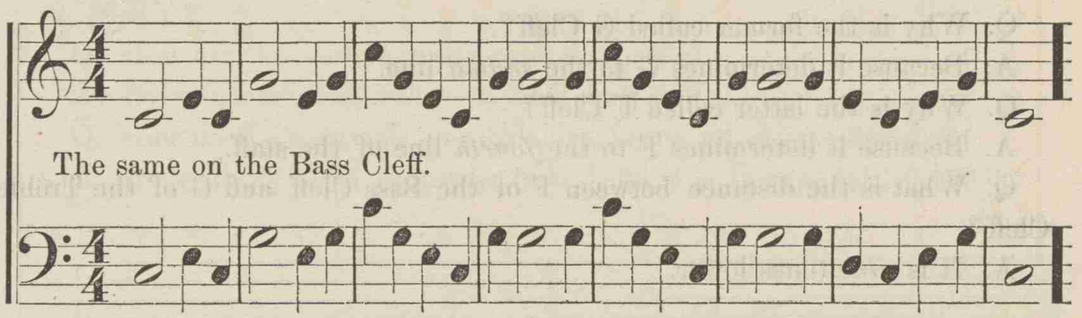

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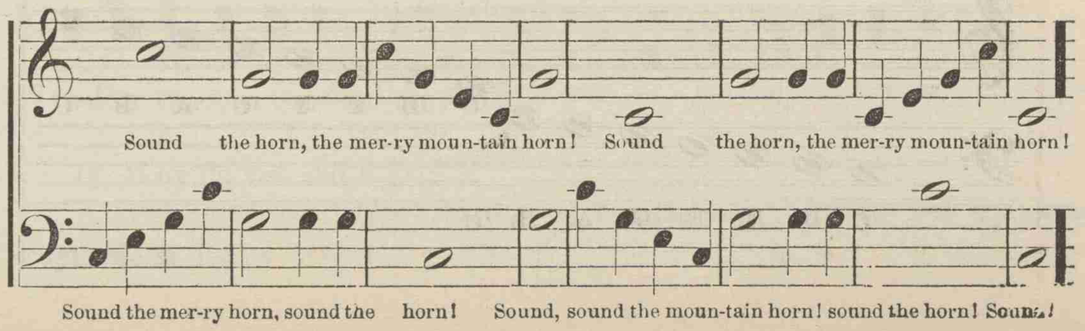

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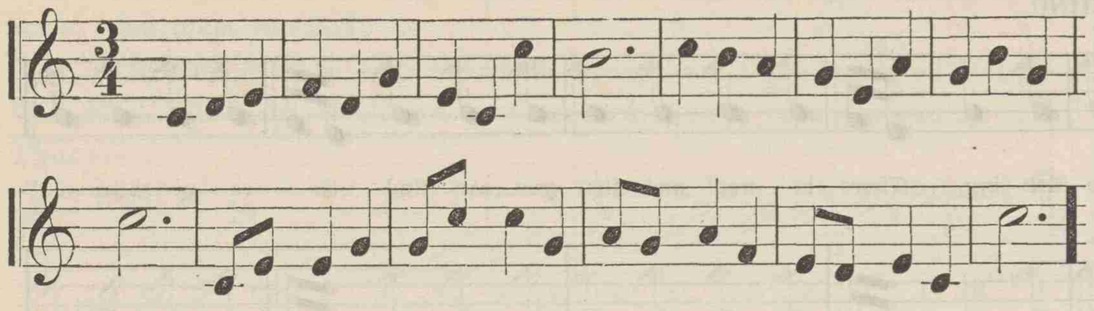

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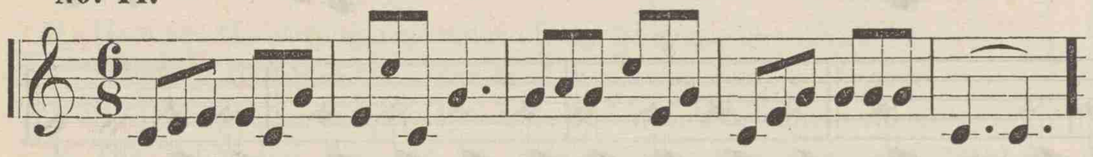
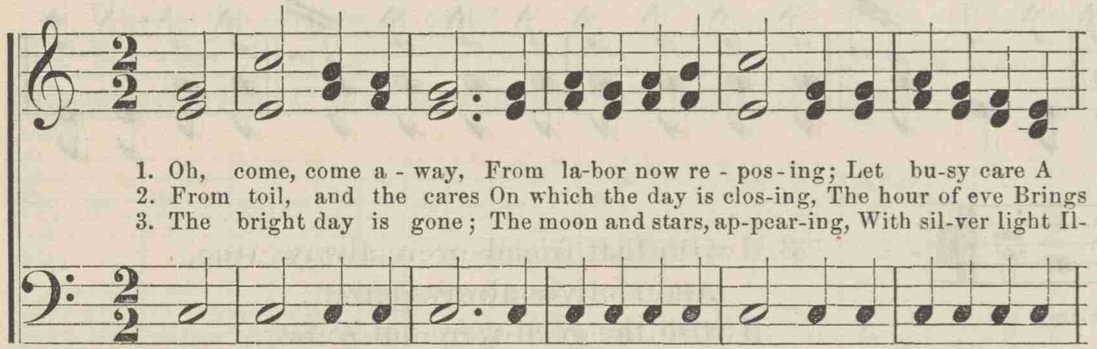
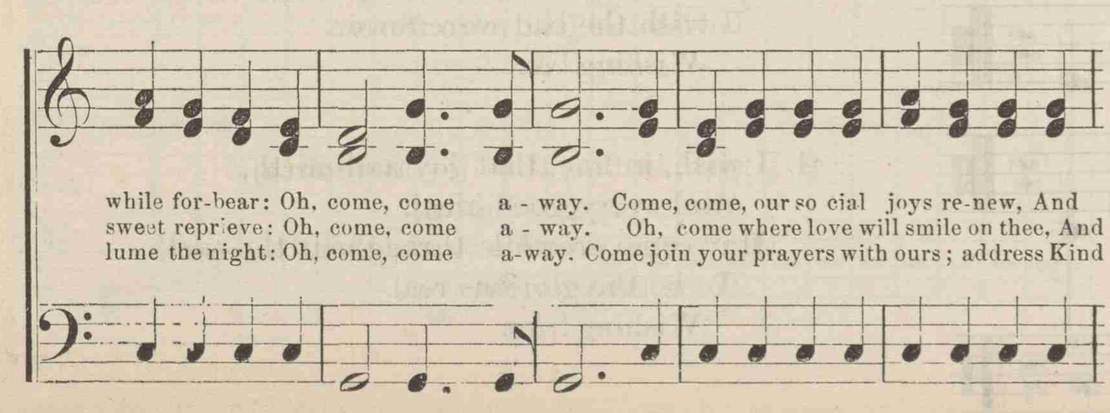


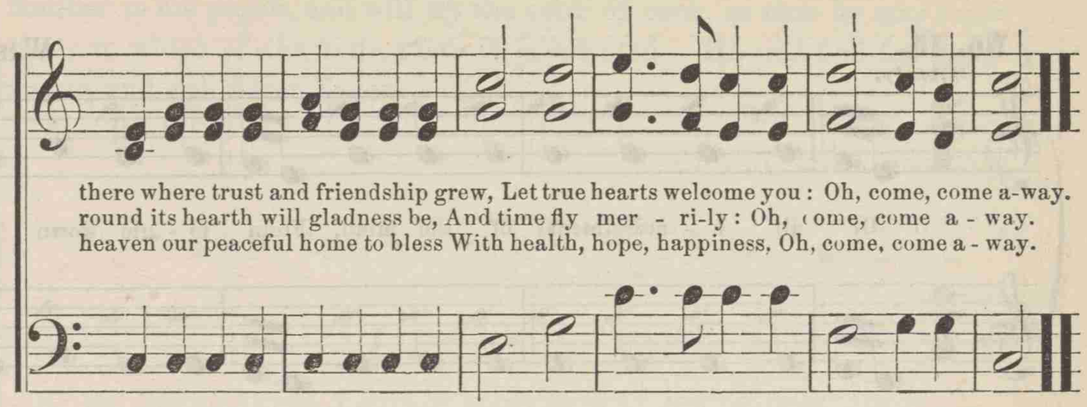
No. 12. OH, COME, COME AWAY.



1. Oh, come, come a - way, From la-bor now re - pos-ing; Let bu-sy care A
2. From toil, and the cares On which the day is clos-ing, The hour of eve Brings
3. The bright day is gone; The moon and stars, ap-pear-ing, With sil-ver light Il-

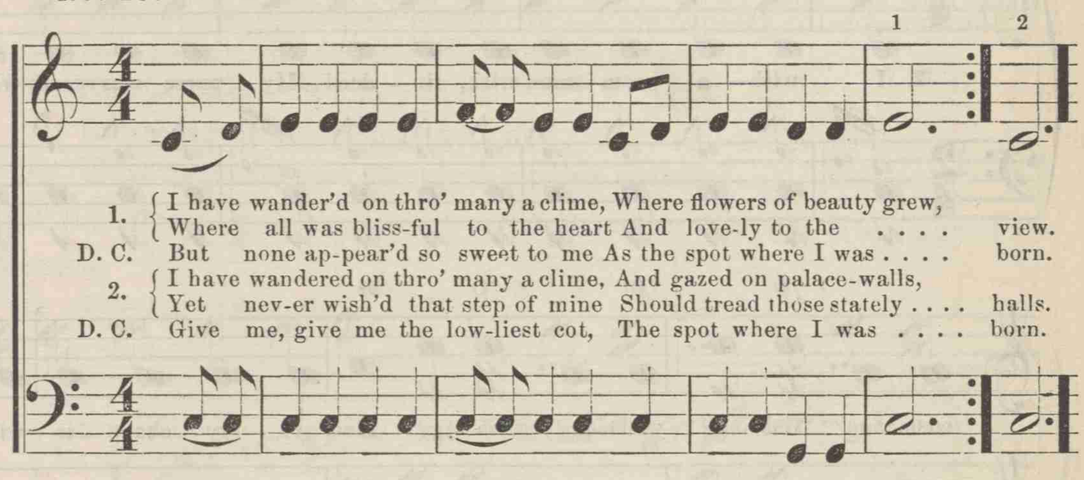


while for-bear: Oh, come, come a - way. Come, come, our so cial joys re-new, And
sweet repriève: Oh, come, come a - way. Oh, come where love will smile on thee, And
lume the night: Oh, come, come a-way. Come join your prayers with ours; address Kind

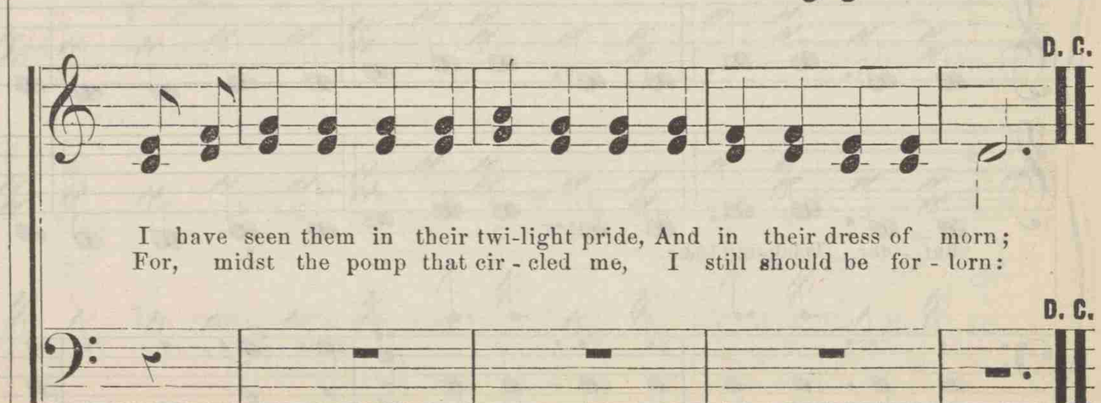


there where trust and friendship grew, Let true hearts welcome you: Oh, come, come a-way.
round its hearth will gladness be, And time fly mer - ri-ly: Oh, come, come a - way.
heaven our peaceful home to bless With health, hope, happiness, Oh, come, come a - way.

No. 13. THE SPOT WHERE I WAS BORN.



1. { I have wander'd on thro' many a clime, Where flowers of beauty grew,
   { Where all was bliss-ful to the heart And love-ly to the .... view.
D. C. But none ap-pear'd so sweet to me As the spot where I was .... born.
2. { I have wandered on thro' many a clime, And gazed on palace-walls,
   { Yet nev-er wish'd that step of mine Should tread those stately .... halls.
D. C. Give me, give me the low-liest cot, The spot where I was .... born.



D. C.

I have seen them in their twi-light pride, And in their dress of morn;
For, midst the pomp that cir - cled me, I still should be for - lorn:

D. C.

No. 14.

WISHING.

Lively.

1. Of all a - muse-ments of the mind, From lo - gic down to fish - ing, There is not one that you can find So ve - ry cheap as

2. I wish— a com - mon wish, in - deed—My purse was some-what fat - ter, That I might cheer the child of need, And not my pride to

p *m* *p* *m*

"wish-ing!" Wish-ing! wish-ing! wish-ing! How ve - ry cheap is wish-ing!

flat - ter. Wish-ing! &c.

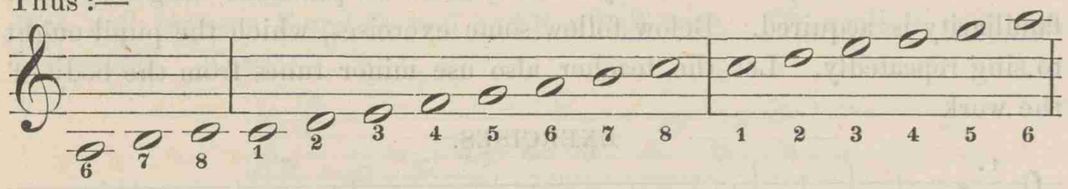
3. I wish that friends were always true,
   And motives always purer;
   I wish the good were not so few,
   I wish the bad were fewer.
   Wishing! &c.

4. I wish, in fine, that joy and mirth,
   And every good ideal,
   May come erewhile throughout the earth
   To be the glorious real.
   Wishing! &c.

LESSON VII.

Q. When you wish to sing higher or lower than the eight sounds of the scale, what must you do?

A. When we wish to sing above the scale, 8 must be considered as 1 of a new scale, and when below, we must regard 1 as 8 of a descending scale. Thus:—



Q. How are the various capacities of the human voice divided?

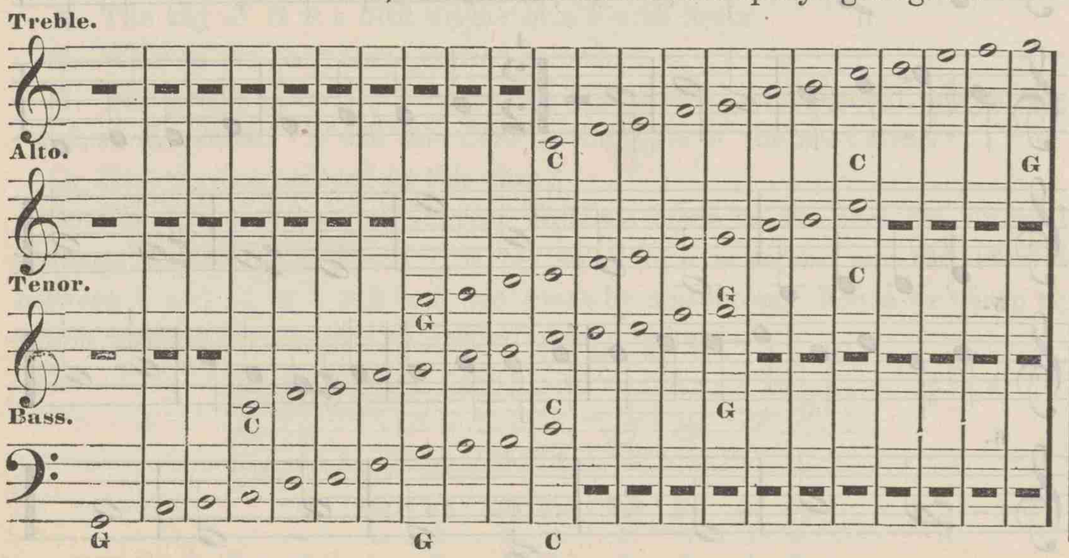
A. Into four classes,—viz.: *Treble* or *Soprano*, *Alto*, *Tenor*, and *Bass*.

Q. Which of these are suited to male and which to female voices?

A. The Tenor and Bass are for male voices and the Alto and Treble for female voices.

Q. What is the compass of each?

A. The Bass from G to C, the Tenor from C to G, the Alto from G to C, and the Treble from C to G, as exhibited in the accompanying diagram.



Obs. The intelligent instructor will, of course, make this subject perfectly familiar to his pupils, and will try the voice of each, so that he may know precisely to which of the four parts it is adapted. He will find few good Alto voices, and still fewer Tenors.

LESSON VIII.

Q. By what name is the scale already referred to sometimes known?

A. The *Diatonic* scale.

Q. What is the *Chromatic Scale?*

A. It is a scale that consists of semitones only.

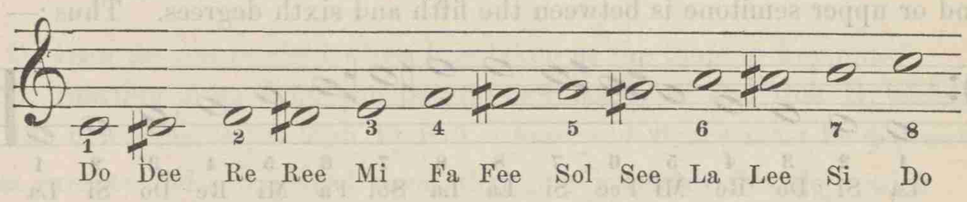
Q. How is such a scale formed?

A. By raising or depressing the tones.

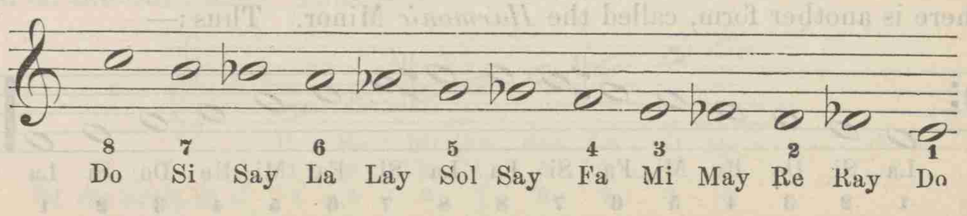
Q. What characters are employed for this purpose?

A. A *Sharp* (♯) is the sign of elevation, and a *Flat* (♭) is the sign of depression.

Q. Give the chromatic *ascending* scale.



Q. Give the chromatic *descending* scale.



Q. What character is used to restore a sharped or flatted note?

A. A *Natural* (♮).

Q. What are all these characters called when they occur elsewhere than at the beginning of a piece of music?

A They are called *Accidentals.*

Q. How far does an accidental affect a note?

A. Only through the measure in which it occurs. A bar destroys its effect.

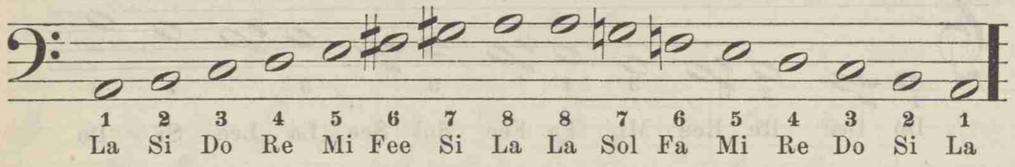
LESSON IX.

Q. You have mentioned two scales: is there not another?

A. Yes; the *Minor Scale.*

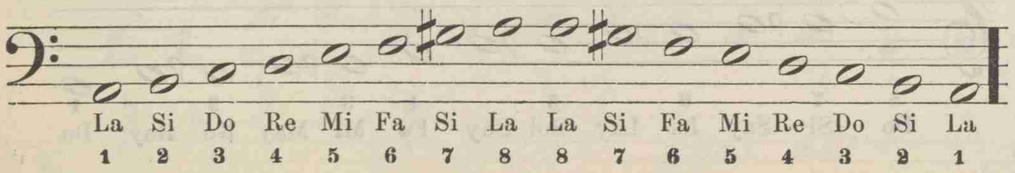
Q. How does it differ from the other?

A. In the major (Diatonic or Chromatic) scale the semitones occur between the third and fourth and between the seventh and eighth degrees ascending and descending; but the minor scale has the semitones *in ascending* between the second and third and seventh and eighth degrees; and in *descending* the second or upper semitone is between the fifth and sixth degrees. Thus:—



This scale is called the *Melodic* Minor.

There is another form, called the *Harmonic* Minor. Thus:—



Q. Has each major its relative minor, and vice versa?

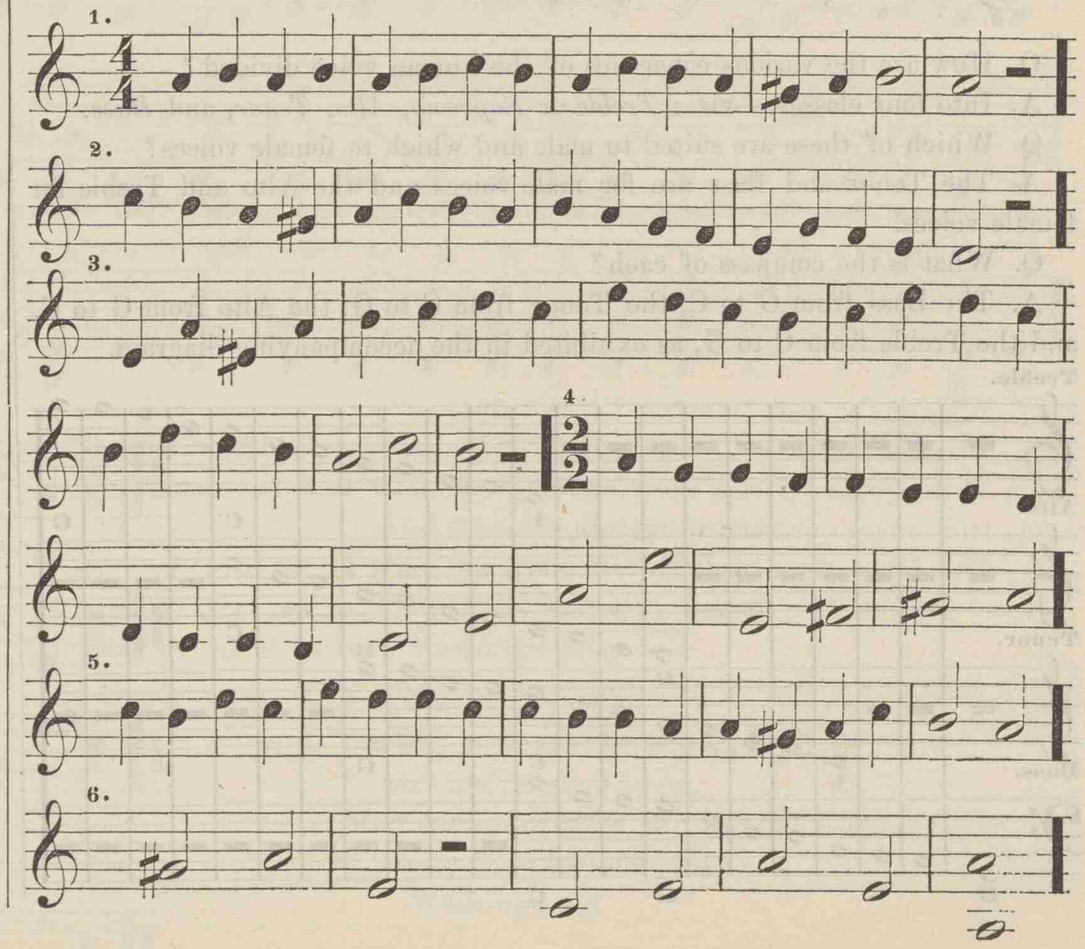
A. Yes.

Q. Upon what is the relative minor of any major based?

A. Upon its sixth; and the relative major to any minor is based upon its third.

Obs. The minor, like the major scale, must be practised diligently until familiarity is acquired. Below follow some exercises, which the pupil ought to sing repeatedly. Let the teacher also use minor tunes from the body of the work.

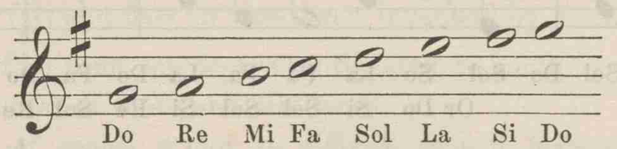
EXERCISES.



Let us now transpose the natural scale from its present position on C to G.

Q. If we take G as the tonic of the new scale, what changes must be made in order to preserve the order of the intervals?

A. No change will be necessary until we come to E: here the interval is too small by half a tone, and from F to G the interval is too *great* by half a tone: hence F is sharped, making the interval between E and F, or 6 and 7, a tone, and between F and G, or 7 and 8, a half tone. The scale is now complete again. Thus:—



	Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Of the C scale	5	6	7	8	2	3	4	5

Q. Why do you place the ♯ at the beginning of the staff?

A. Because it is designed to affect all notes that fall upon F, whether on the fifth line or on the first space: if it were placed anywhere else throughout the piece, it would be regarded merely as an accidental.

Q. What is the difference between the scale of the key of C and that of G?

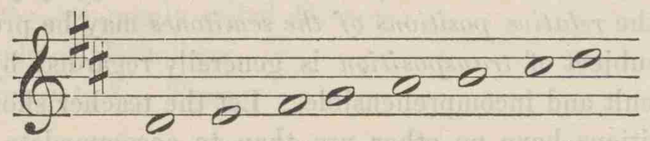
A. The key of G is a fifth higher or a fourth lower.

Q. What is the next transposition in order?

A. The fourth below G; because the fifth above would place it beyond the reach of the voice. D will therefore be the tonic of the next scale.

Q. How do you proceed in this case?

A. The intervals are all correct until we come to B: here the interval between B and C, or 6 and 7, is too small by a semitone, and the interval between C and D, or 7 and 8, is too great by a semitone: hence we sharp C, which restores the scale to its natural order. Thus:—



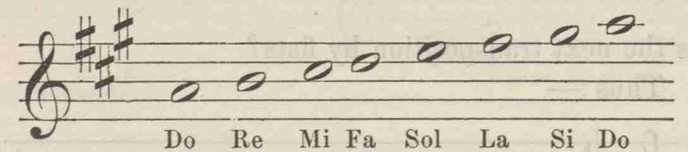
	Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Of the Key of G	5	6	7	8	2	3	4	5

Q. What is the *signature* of the key of D?

A. Two sharps,—one on F and one on C.

Q. What is the next transposition?

A. The fifth above D,—A In this case we find, by the process pursued heretofore, that G must be sharped in order to make the scale right again. Thus:—



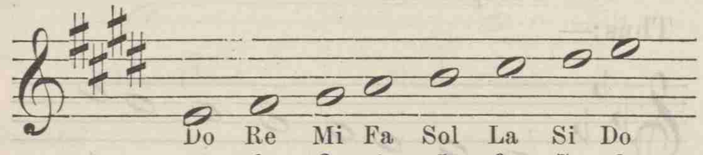
	Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Of the scale of D	5	6	7	8	2	3	4	5

Q. What is the signature of the key of A?

A. Three sharps,—one on F, one on C, and one on G.

Q. What is the next transposition?

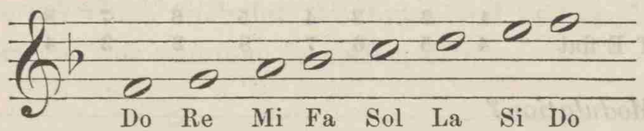
A. E,—four sharps. Thus,



	Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Of the scale of A	5	6	7	8	2	3	4	5

Q. How do you proceed when F is taken as the tonic or key-note?

A. Starting from F on the natural or C scale, we find that B, which is 4 of the new scale, is too high by half a tone, and hence must be depressed to that extent; and a ♭ placed upon that line indicates this depression. The signature, therefore, of this key is one flat, placed at the beginning of the staff and on the third line. Thus:—



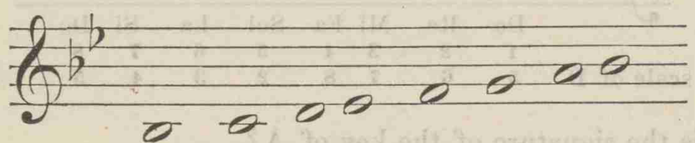
	Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Of the scale of C	4	5	6	7	8	2	3	4

Q. What is the difference between the transposition by sharps and that by flats?

A. In the former case, the interval of the first semitone, or that between 3 and 4 of the preceding scale, is altered in order to accommodate it to the new scale, and in the latter case the second semitone, or that between 7 and 8, is altered.

Q. What is the next transposition by flats?

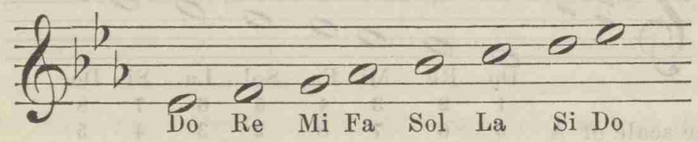
A. B flat. Thus:—



	Do	Re	Mi	Fe	Sol	La	Si	Do
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Of the key of F	4	5	6	7	8	2	3	4

Q. What is the next transposition?

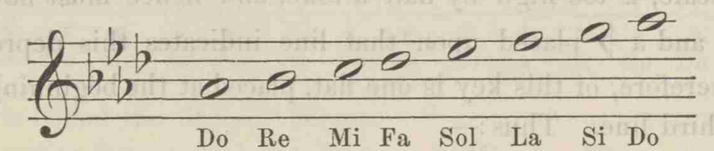
A. E flat. Thus:—



	Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Of the key of B flat	4	5	6	7	8	2	3	4

Q. What is the next transposition?

A. A flat. Thus:—

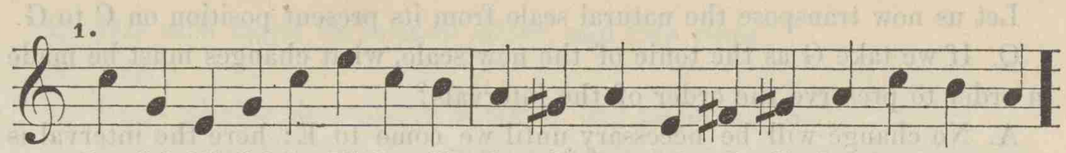


	Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Of the key of E flat	4	5	6	7	8	2	3	4

Q. What is *Modulation?*

A. Modulation is a temporary change of the scale introduced throughout a tune to vary or improve the melody, as in the following examples:—

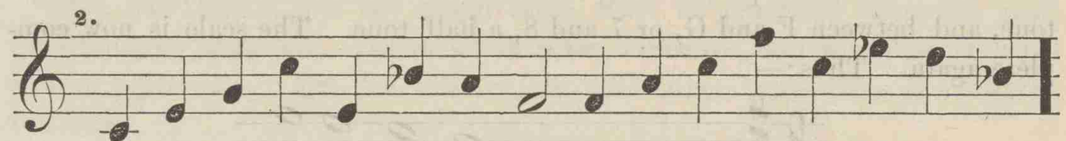
1.



Do Sol Mi Sol Do Mi Do Si La Si La Mi Fi Si La Do Si La

Or Do Si Do Sol La Si

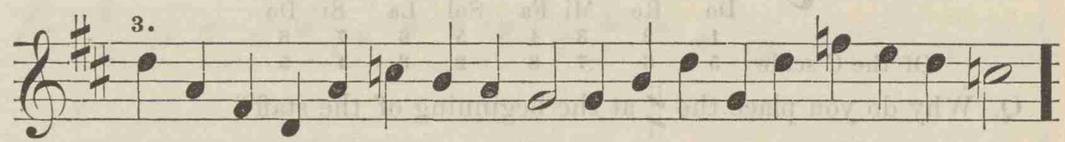
2.



Do Mi Sol Do Sol Se La Fa Fa La Do Fa Do Me Re Se

Or Do Si Sol Sol Si Re Sol Re Fa Mi Do

3.



LESSON X.

Q. What letter have you regarded as 1 of the scale, or as Do, in all the previous exercises?

A. The letter C on the first leger line below the staff.

Q. What is C on this scale called?

A. The *Key-Note* or *Tonic.*

Q. Can the scale commence on any other key?

A. Yes. Any other letter may be taken as the key, by proper transpositions, so that the *relative positions of the semitones* may be preserved.

Obs. The subject of *transposition* is generally regarded by pupils as exceedingly difficult and incomprehensible. Let the teacher show his class that these transpositions have no other use than to accommodate instruments to the human voice, and that if there were no instruments in existence there would be no absolute necessity for more than one scale; because any singer

could readily strike such a pitch as would enable him to sing any tune whatever with ease and comfort. But if an organ, for example, had only a succession of natural scales, it would be impossible to use it to accompany the voice in any tunes but those only which are set upon and sung in the pitch of the natural scale. The difficulty is fully illustrated in an accordeon which has only two semitones: upon such an instrument none but tunes written upon the natural scale can be performed. In order to obviate this difficulty, the system of sharps (♯) and flats (♭) has been invented, by means of which the scale may be shifted from one degree on the staff to another, without destroying the natural order of tones and semitones.

The transposition of scales is not so difficult that it may not be fully mastered after a half-hour's instruction from an intelligent teacher. Every thing that has been said concerning the natural scale, particularly so much as refers to the order of the tones and semitones, should here be carefully and thoroughly rehearsed. The pupil should be impressed with the unalterable rule which requires every major scale to have one semitone between the third and fourth note, or between Mi and Fa, and one between the seventh and eighth note, or between Si and Do; and that this order is never deviated from, whether the scale is elevated or depressed on the staff.

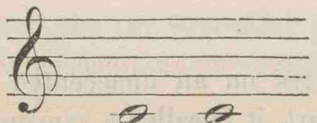
LESSON XI.

Q. Are there other intervals recognised, besides those already mentioned?

A. There are, viz.: *Unisons*, *Seconds*, *Thirds*, *Fourths*, *Fifths*, *Sixths*, *Sevenths*, and *Eighths*, commonly called *Octaves*.

Q. Give an example of the unison.

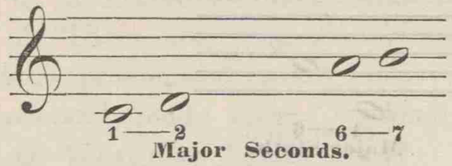
A. An unison from 1 to 1. Thus:—



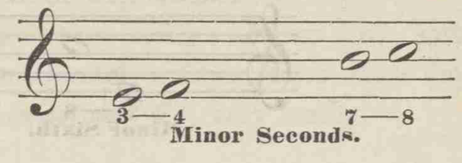
An Unison.

Q. Of a second.

A. A second may include one tone or one semitone: in the former case it is called a major second, and in the latter a minor second. Thus:—



Major Seconds.



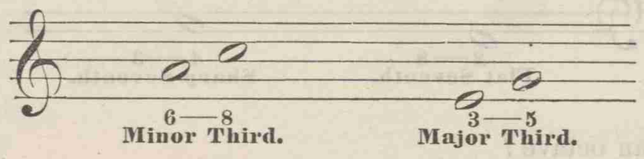
Minor Seconds.

Q. How do you count intervals?

A. That note is always regarded as 1 from which you begin to count.

Q. What is a third?

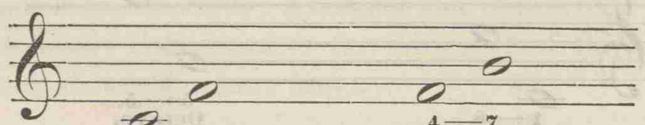
A. The interval from one letter to a third one, including either one tone and one semitone (a minor third), or two tones (a major third).



Minor Third. Major Third.

Q. What is a fourth?

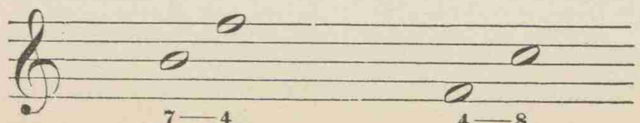
A. It includes two tones and one semitone (a perfect fourth), or three tones (a sharp fourth).



Perfect Fourth. Sharp Fourth.

Q. What is a fifth?

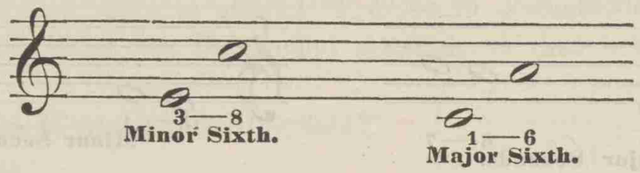
A. It is an interval which includes two tones and two semitones (a flat fifth), or three tones and one semitone (a perfect fifth).



Flat Fifth. Perfect Fifth.

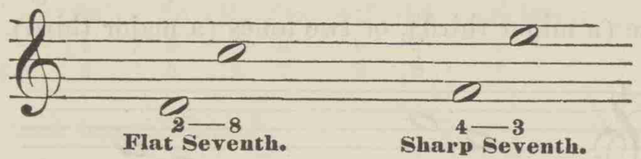
Q. What is a sixth?

A. It embraces three tones and two semitones (a minor sixth), or four tones and one semitone (a major sixth).



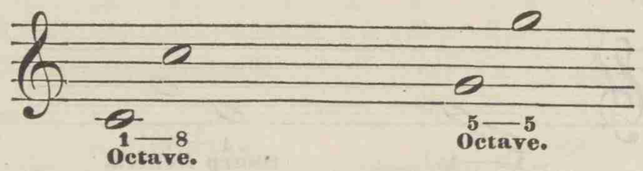
Q. What does the seventh embrace?

A. Four tones and two semitones (a flat seventh), or five tones and one semitone (a sharp seventh).



Q. What is an octave?

A. It is an interval including the entire scale, or five tones and two semitones. Of course, all octaves are equal.



PART III.

EXPRESSION.

LESSON XII.

Q. What are *Grace Marks?*

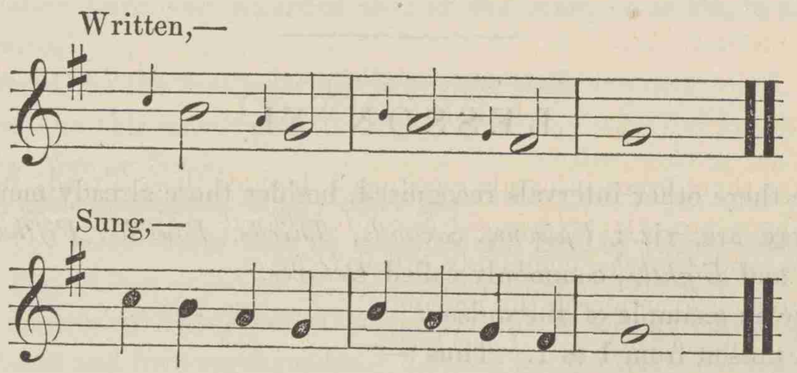
A. Various contrivances employed for the purpose of adding grace and elegance to the execution of music.

Q. What are the principal Graces?

A. *Appogiatura, Syncope, Tie, Staccato, Pause, Crescendo, Diminuendo, Swell,* and *Sforzando.*

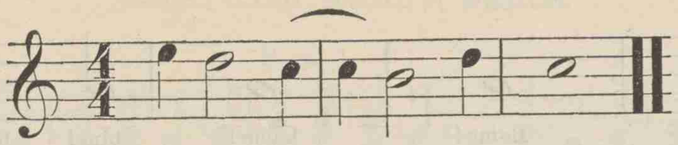
Q. What is an Appogiatura?

A. When a supplementary note precedes an essential note, it is called an appogiatura. Thus:—



Q. What is *Syncope?*

A. When a note commences on an unaccented part of a measure and is continued on the accented part, it is called a syncopated note. Thus:—



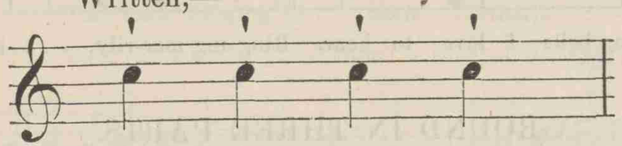
Q. What is a *Tie?*

A. A Tie (⁀) connects two notes, so that they become one, as in the preceding example.

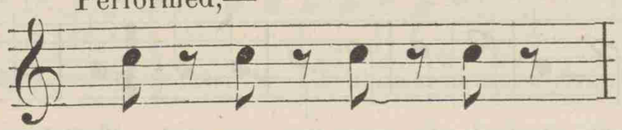
Q. What is *Staccato?*

A. Staccato (ꞏꞏꞏꞏ) indicates that the notes must be sung in a short and distinctly separate manner.

Written,—



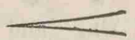
Performed,—



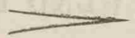
Q. What is a *Pause?*

A. A Pause (𝄐) shows that a note or rest over which it stands must be prolonged beyond its proper time.

Q. What is *Crescendo?*

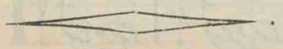
A. Crescendo ( or *cres.*) placed over a passage denotes that it must be sung softly at first, increasing in force to the end.

Q. What is *Diminuendo?*

A. It is the opposite of Crescendo, and is marked  , or *dim.*

Q. What is a *swell?*

A. It is a combination of the two preceding graces, and is marked thus:—

 .

Q. What is *Sforzando?*

A. A single note struck with an explosive sound. It is marked *sf*, *fz*, > or ∨.

Q. Are there not other marks indicative of expression?

A. There are, viz., *Pianissimo* (*pp*), very softly; *Piano* (*p*), softly; *Mezzo* (pronounced metzo) *Piano* (*mp*), moderately softly; *Mezzo Forte* (*mf*), moderately loud; *Forte* (*f*), loudly; *Fortissimo* (*ff*), very loudly.

Q. What does *Legato* mean?

A. In a smooth, flowing, gliding manner.

Q. What *Adagio?*

A. To be sung *very slowly*.

Q. *Andante?*

A. To be sung *slowly*.

Q. *Moderato?*

A. Moderately.

Q. *Allegretto?*

A. Rather fast.

Q. *Allegro?*

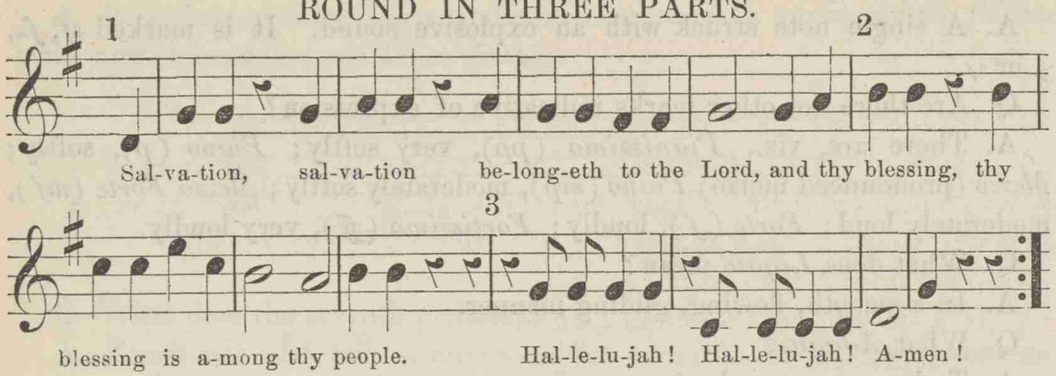
A. Very fast.

Q. What is essentially requisite to sing a piece with the proper expression?

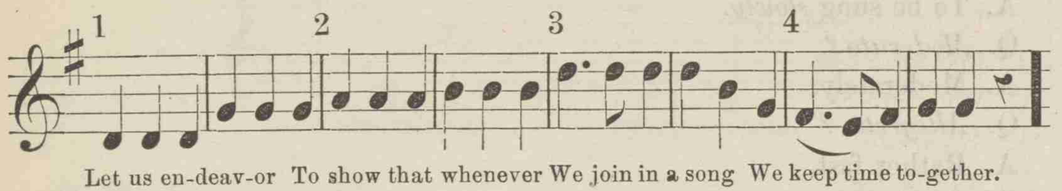
A. A proper apprehension of the subject-matter of the hymn; a delicate adaptation of music to the words; a distinct and unequivocal articulation and emphasis; judiciously chosen pauses for the relief of the lungs; simplicity of manner; and, above all, a *pure heart*.

OBS. There remains nothing now but constant and intelligent practice to insure capability of reading and singing any music that is ordinarily employed in our churches. Below follow some simple and entertaining exercises, which may be introduced at any time, for the sake of variety and amusement, after the class has commenced to read notes on the different keys.

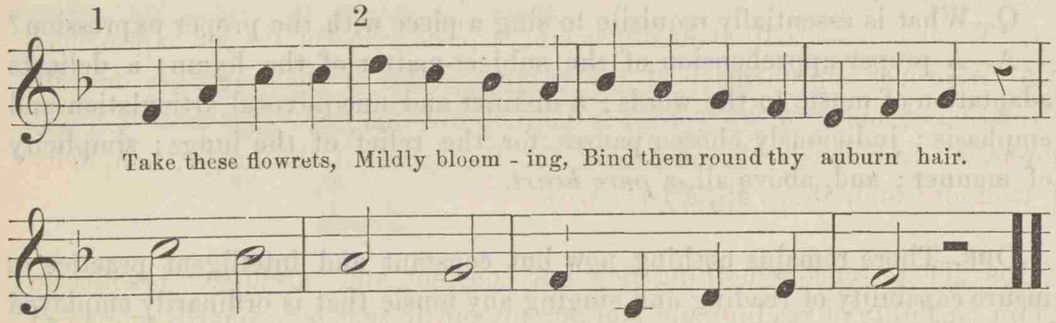
ROUND IN THREE PARTS.



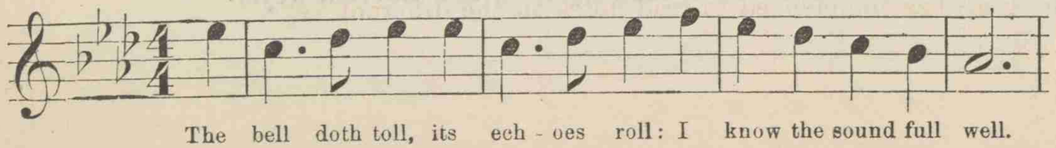
ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.

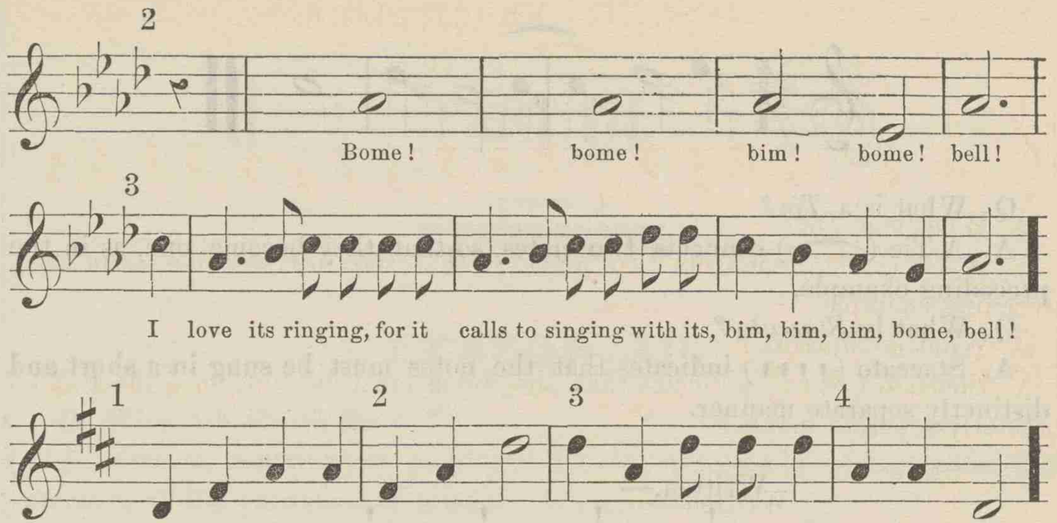


ROUND IN TWO PARTS.

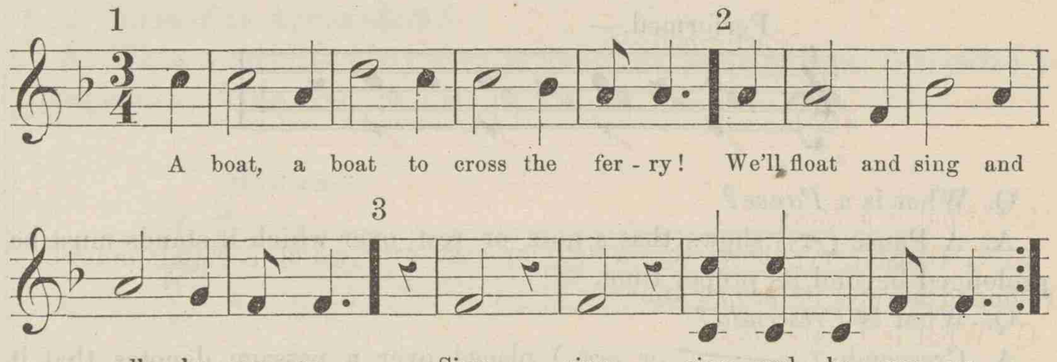


ROUND IN THREE PARTS.

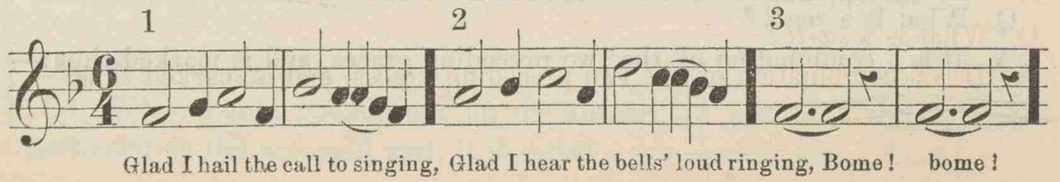




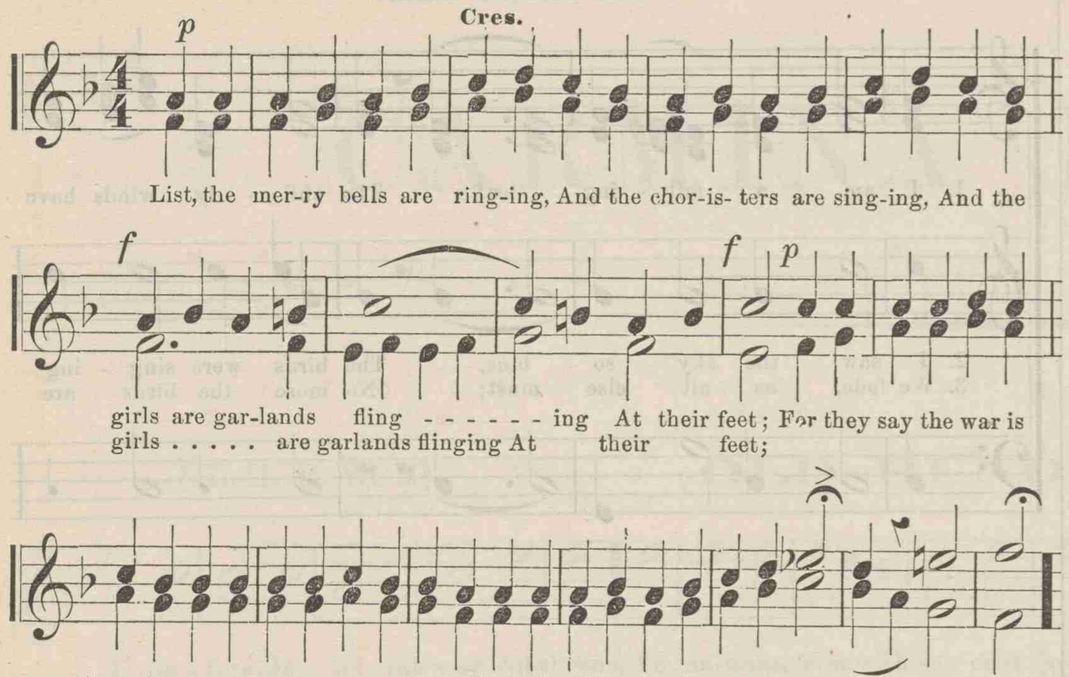
ROUND IN THREE PARTS.

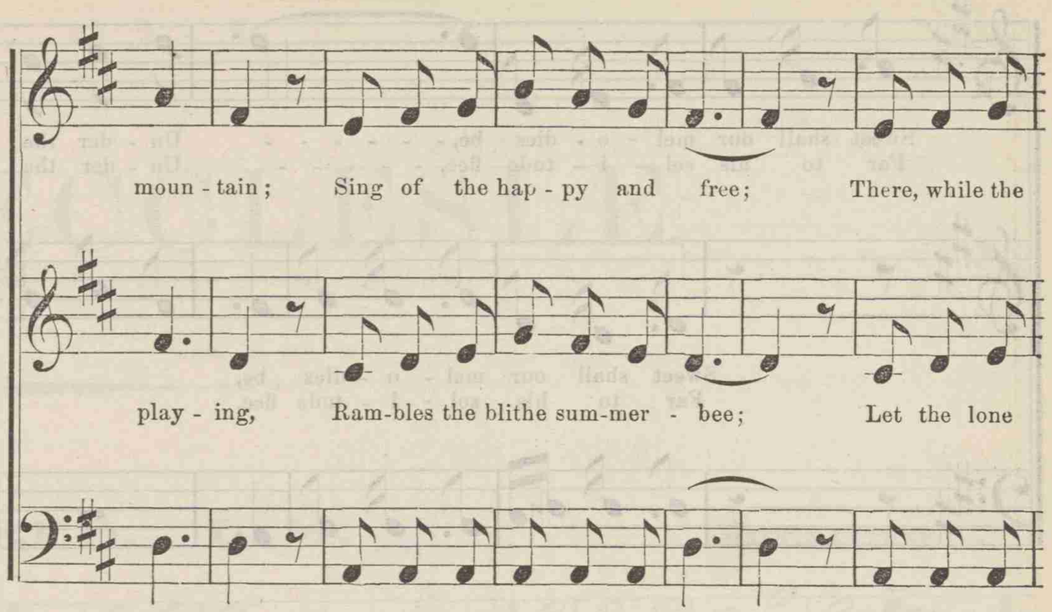


"GLAD I HAIL."—ROUND IN THREE PARTS.

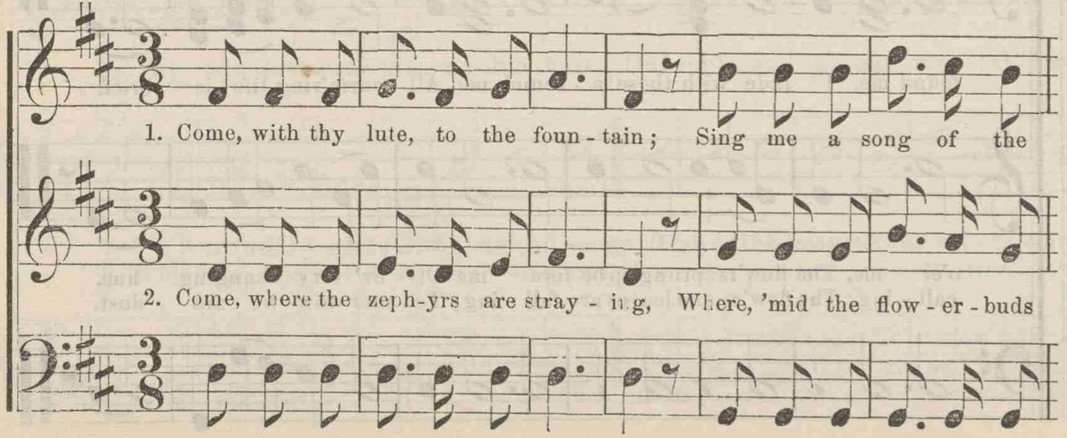


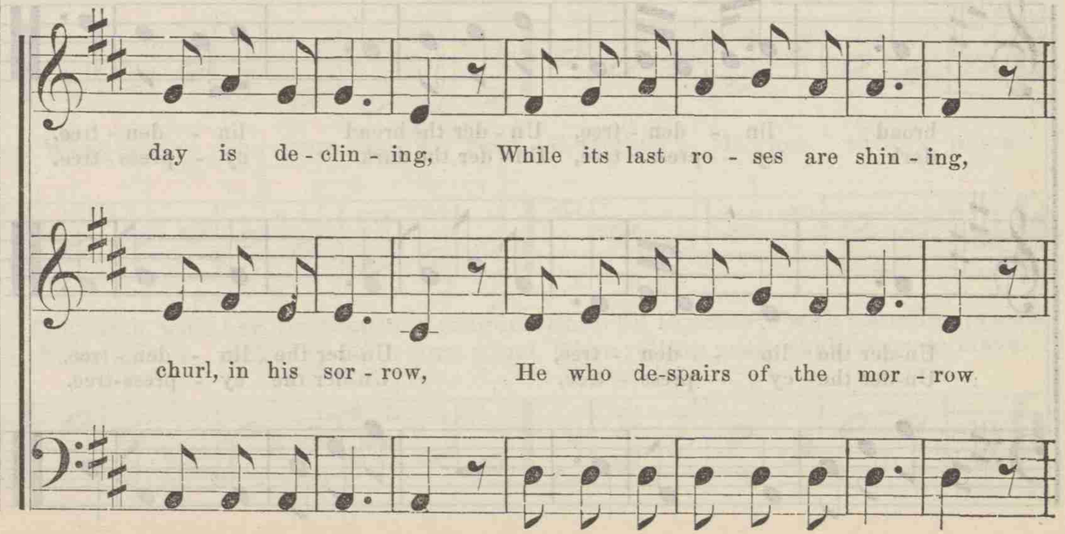
"LIST, THE MERRY BELLS."

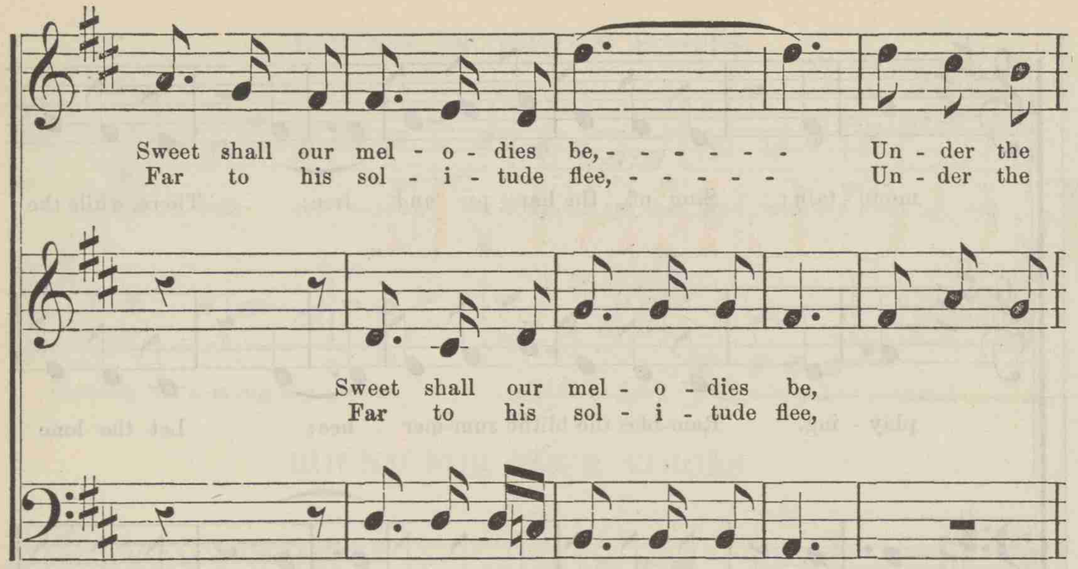


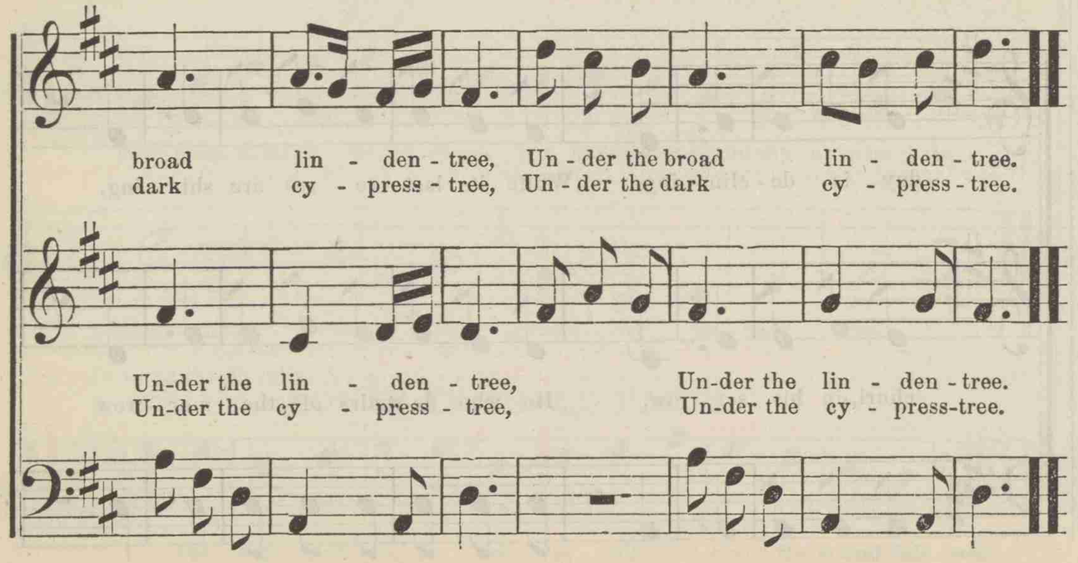


COME, WITH THY LUTE, TO THE FOUNTAIN.

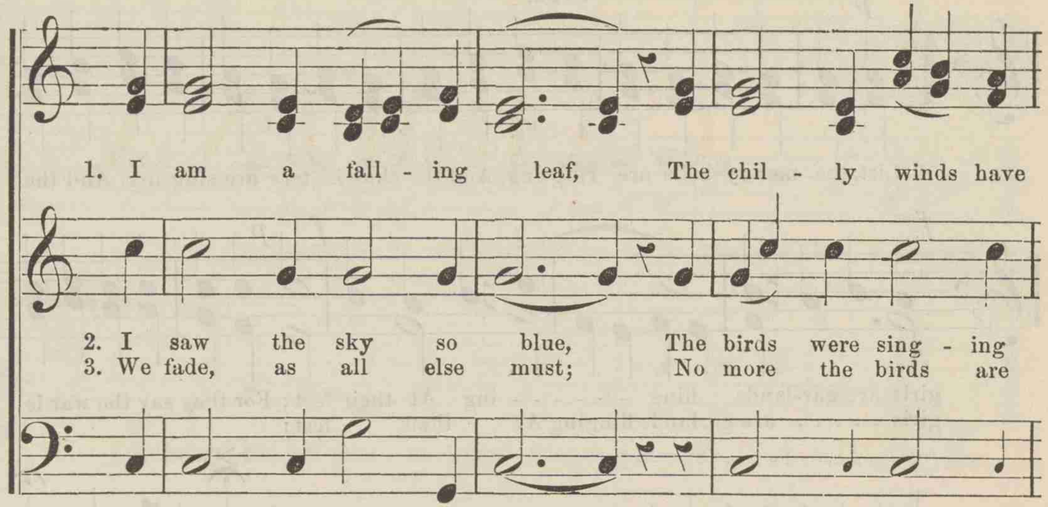


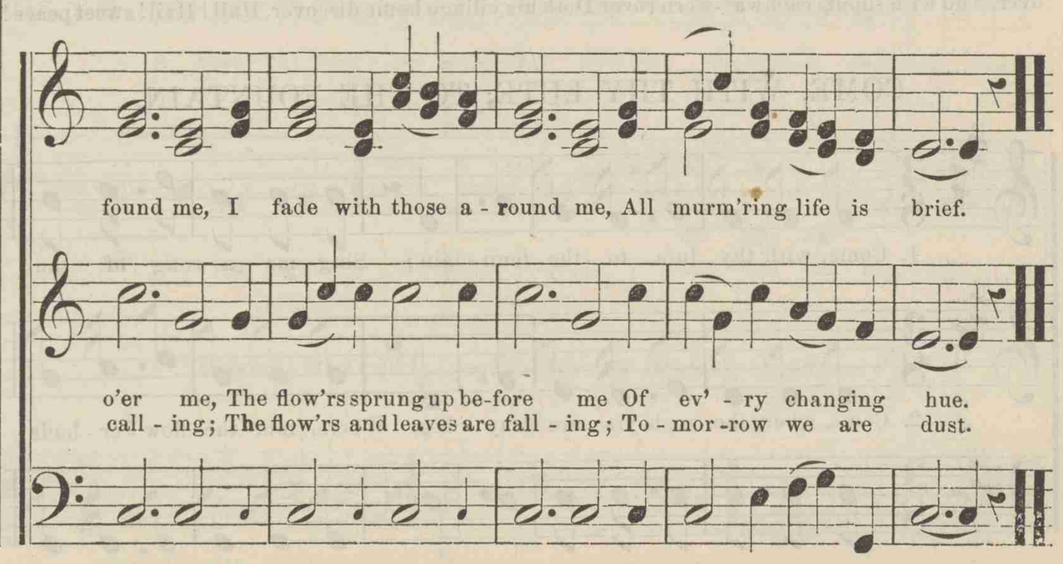






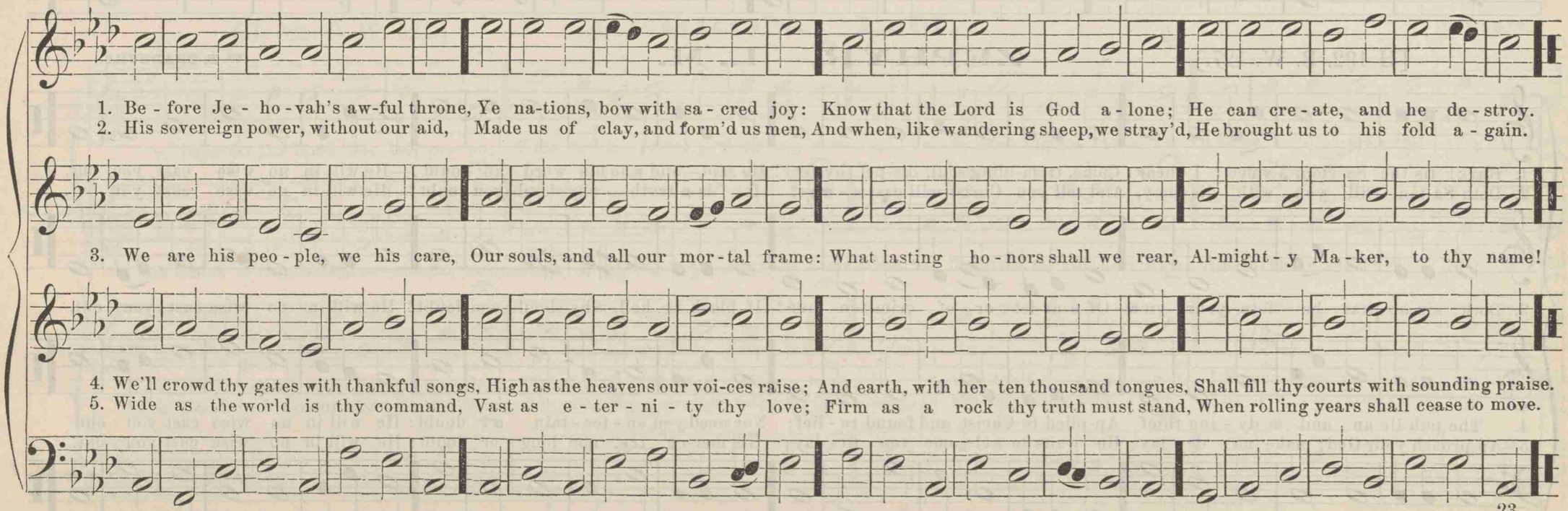
"THE FADING LEAF."





CARMINA ECCLESIÆ.

[H. 44. B. W. 1.] **OLD HUNDRED. L. M.** MARTIN LUTHER.



[H. 173. B. W. 181.]

STONEFIELD. L. M.

STANLEY

1. Come, gra - cious Spi-rit, heav'nly Dove, With light and com-fort from a-bove; Be thou our guard-ian, thou our guide, O'er ev'-ry thought and step pre-side.
2. Con - duct us safe, con-duct us far From ev'-ry sin and hurt-ful snare; Lead to thy word, that rules must give, And teach us les-sons how to live.
3. The light of truth to us dis-play, That we may know and love thy way; Plant ho - ly fear in ev' - ry heart, That we from thee may ne'er de-part.
4. Lead us to right-eous-ness, the road That we must take to dwell with God; Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss, Where plea-sure in per - fec - tion is.

[H 192. B. W. 127.]

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Hark! 'tis the Sa-viour's voice I hear: Come, trem-bling soul, dis-pel thy fear! He said—and who his word can doubt?—He will in no wise cast you out.
2. Doth Sa-tan fill you with dis - may, And tell you Christ will cast a - way? It is a truth,—why should you doubt?—He will in no wise cast you out.
3. Doth sin ap-pear be - fore your view Of scar-let or of crim-son hue? If black as hell, why should you doubt? He will in no wise cast you out.
4. The pub-lic-an and dy - ing thief Ap-plied to Christ, and found re - lief; Nor need you en - ter - tain a doubt: He will in no wise cast you out.
5. Ap-proach your God; make no de - lay; He waits to wel-come you to - day; His mer-cy try, nor long - er doubt: He will in no wise cast you out.

[H. 612. B. W. 512.]

GRATITUDE. L. M.

1 My God, how end - less is thy love! Thy gifts are ev' - ry eve-ning new; And morn-ing mer-cies from a-bove Gen - tly de-scend like ear - ly dew.

2. Thou spread'st the cur - tains of the night, Great Guard-ian of my sleep-ing hours; Thy sovereign word restores the light, And quickens all my drow-sy powers.

3. I yield my - self to thy com-mand, To thee de-vote my nights and days; Per - pet - ual bless-ings from thy hand De-mand per - pet-ual hymns of praise.

[H. 629. B. W. 521.]

HEBRON. L. M.

Dr. MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his power prolongs my days; And ev' - ry eve-ning shall make known Some fresh me-mo - rial of his grace.

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

3. I lay my bo - dy down to sleep, Peace is the pil - low of my head; His ev-er-watch-ful eye will keep Its con-stant guard a - round my bed.

4. Faith in his name for-bids my fear; O may thy pre-sence ne'er de-part; And in the morn-ing may I bear Thy lov - ing kind - ness on my heart.

[H. 2. B. W. 460.]

HAMBURG. L. M.

Dr. MASON.

1. 'Twas by an or - der from the Lord The ancient prophets spoke his word; His Spirit did their tongues in - spire, And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.
2. The works and wonders which they wrought Confirm'd the mes-sages they brought; The prophet's pen suc - ceeds his breath, To save the ho - ly words from death.
3. Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look On the dear vo-lume of thy book! There my Re-deem-er's face I see, And read His name who died for me.
4. Let the false raptures of the mind Be lost, and van - ish in the wind: Here I can fix my hope se - cure: This is thy word, and must en - dure.

[H. 203. B. W. 284.]

ROSEDALE. L. M.

G. F. ROOT.

1. Return, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek an in-jured Fa - ther's face: Those warm desires that in thee burn Were kin - dled by re - claiming grace.
2. Return, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek a Fa - ther's melt-ing heart: His pitying eyes thy grief dis - cern, His hand shall heal thy in-ward smart.
3. Return, O wan - der - er, re - turn; Thy Sa-viour bids thy spi - rit live: Go to his bleed - ing feet, and learn How free - ly Je - sus can for-give.
4. Return, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And wipe a - way the fall - ing tear; 'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn," 'Tis mer - cy's voice in - vites thee near.

[H. 625. B. W. 559.]

GERMANY. L. M.

1. Our Sabbaths come so wel - come on, We wish them to re - main a while; But soon, a - las! their joys are gone, And scarce "bequeath a part-ing smile."

2. Full many are the hours of grief Al-lot-ted to the sons of men: Our Sabbaths bring a short re - lief, Yet leave us but to mourn a - gain.

3. Ye peaceful days! and thou blest sun! Why roll ye in such haste a - way? Ye hap-py hours! why flow ye on So fast towards e - ter - ni - ty?
4. Oh, if ye bring an end - less day, Speed fast a - long, nor ev - er cease; We'll glad-ly feel your joys de - cay In per - fect and en-dur - ing bliss.

[H. 25. B. W. 58, 306.]

MALVERN. L. M.

1. Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me through; Thine eye commands, with piercing view, My ris-ing and my rest - ing hours, My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2. Could I so false, so faith-less, prove, To quit thy ser - vice and thy love, Where, Lord, could I thy pre-sence shun, Or from thy dread-ful glo - ry run?

3. If, mounted on a morn-ing ray, I fly beyond the west-ern sea, Thy swift-er hand would first ar - rive, And there ar-rest thy fu - gi - tive.
4. Or should I try to shun thy sight Be-neath the spreading veil of night, One glance of thine, one pierc-ing ray, Would kin-dle darkness in - to day.

[H. 14. B. W. 341.]

MILFORD. L. M.

From Dr. CALCOTT.

1. Thou art, O God! a Spi - rit pure, In - vi - si - ble to mor - tal eyes, Th'immor-tal and th'e - ter - nal King, The great, the good, the on - ly wise.
2. Whilst na-ture changes, and her works Cor-rupt, decay, dis - solve, and die, Thine essence pure no change shall see, Se - cure in im - mor - ta - li - ty.
3. Thou great In-vi - si-ble! what hand Can draw thine image, spot - less, fair? To what in heaven, to what on earth, Can men th'immortal King compare?
4. Let stupid heathens frame their gods Of gold and silver, wood and stone: Ours is the God that made the heav'ns, Je - ho - vah he, and God a - lone.
5. My soul, thy pu-rest homage pay, In truth and spirit him a - dore: More shall this please than sa - cri-fice, Than outward forms de-light him more.

[H. 217. B. W. 297.]

WELLS. L. M.

HOLDRAYD.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time to in-sure the great reward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vi - lest sin - ner may re - turn.
2. Life is the hour that God has given To escape from hell and fly to heaven,—The day of grace; and mortals may Se - cure the bless-ings of the day
3. The liv-ing know that they must die, But all the dead for - got - ten lie; They have no share in all that's done Beneath the cir - cuit of the sun.
4. Then what my thoughts design to do, My hands, with all your might pursue; Since no de-vice nor work is found, Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
5. There are no acts of par - don past In the cold grave to which we haste; But darkness, death, and long despair Reign in e - ter - nal si-lence there.

[H. 151. B. W. 70.]

BECKER. L. M.

1. Re-joice, ye shin-ing worlds on high; Be-hold the King of glo - ry nigh! Who can this King of glo - ry be? The might-y Lord, the Sa - vior's he.

2. Ye heav'n-ly gates, your leaves display, To make the Lord, the Sa-vior, way; La-den with spoils from earth and hell, The conqueror comes with God to dwell.

3. Raised from the dead, he goes be-fore, He o - pens heav'n's e - ter - nal door, To give his saints a blest a - bode Near their Re-deem - er and their God.

[H. 71. B. W. 80.]

WARD. L. M.

Arranged from a Scottish Theme, by LOWELL MASON.

1. God is the re - fuge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade; Ere we can of - fer our com-plaints, Be - hold him pres - ent with his aid.

2. Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd Down to the deep, and bur - ied there, Convulsions shake the sol - id world; Our faith shall nev - er yield to fear.

3. Loud may the troubled o - cean roar, In sa - cred peace our souls a - bide; While ev'ry na - tion, ev'ry shore, Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4. Midst storms and tempests, Lord, thy word Does ev'ry ris - ing fear con - trol; Sweet peace thy pro-mis-es af - ford, And will sus - tain the faint-ing soul.

[H. 21. B. W. 56.]

WELTON. L. M.

Rev. C. MALAN.

1. All-powerful, self-ex - ist - ent God, Who all cre - a - tion dost sus - tain! Thou wast, and art, an . art to come, And ev - er - last - ing is thy reign.

2. Fix'd and e - ter - nal as thy days, Each glorious at - tri - bute di - vine Through ages in - fi - nite shall still With un-di - minish'd lus - tre shine.

3. Fountain of be - ing! source of good! Im-mu-ta - ble dost thou re - main; Nor can the sha - dow of a change Obscure the glo-ries of thy reign.

4. Earth may with all her powers dissolve, If such the great Cre - a - tor's will; But thou for - ev - er art the same; "I Am" is thy me - mo - rial still.

[H. 37. B. W. 284.]

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Ye sons of men, in sa - cred lays, At - tempt the great Cre - a - tor's praise; But who an equal song can frame? What verse can reach the loft - y theme?

2. He sits enthroned amidst the spheres, And glo - ry like a gar - ment wears; While boundless wisdom, power, and grace Command our awe, transcend our praise.

3. Before his throne a shin - ing band Of cherubs and of se - raphs stand,— E - the-real spi-rits, who in flight Out-strip the rapid speed of light.

4. To God all na - ture owes its birth; He form'd this ponderous globe of earth; He raised the glorious arch on high, And mea-sured out the a - zure sky.

BUEL. L. M.

1. My song shall bless the Lord of all, My praise shall climb to his a - bode; Thee, Saviour, by that name I call, The great Su-preme, the might-y God.
2. With-out be-gin - ning or de - cline, Ob - ject of faith, and not of sense, E - ternal a - ges saw him shine, He shines e - ter - nal a - ges hence.
3. As much when in the man-ger laid, Almight-y ru - ler of the sky, As when the six days' work he made Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
4. Of all the crowns Je - ho - vah bears, Sal - va-tion is his dear - est claim: That gracious sound well pleased he hears, And owns Immanu el for his name.
5. A cheerful con - fi - dence I feel, My well-placed hopes with joy I see; My bosom glows with heaven-ly zeal, To worship Him who died for me.

SABBATH EVE. L. M.

Dr. B. F. SCHNECK.

1. Is there a time when moments flow More peacefully than all be - side? It is, of all the times be-low, A Sabbath eve in sum - mer's tide.
2. Delightful scene! a world at rest, A God of love, no grief, no fear, A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast, A smile un - sullied by a tear.
3. If heaven be ev - er felt be - low, A scene so heaven-ly, sure, as this, May cause a heart on earth to know Some foretaste of ce - les - tial bliss.
4. Delightful hour! how soon will night Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign, And soon the morn's re-turn-ing light Will call us to the world a - gain.
5. Yet will there dawn at last a day, A sun that nev - er sets shall rise, Night will not veil his glorious ray: The heavenly Sabbath nev - er dies.

[H. 430. B. W. 147.]

REYNOLDS. L. M.

W. D. R.

1. Wherefore should man, frail child of clay, Who, from the cra-dle to the shroud, Lives but the in-sect of a day,— Oh, why should mortal man be proud?
2. His brightest visions just ap-pear, Then vanish and no more are found: The stateliest pile his pride can rear, A breath may level with the ground.
3. By doubts per-plex'd, in err-or lost, With trem-bling step he seeks his way: How vain of wisdom's gift the boast, Of reason's lamp how faint the ray!
4. Fol-lies and crimes, a count-less sum, Are crowd-ed in life's lit-tle span: How ill, alas! does pride be-come That err-ing, guilty crea-ture, man!
5. God of my life! Fa-ther di-vine! Give me a meek and low-ly mind: In modest worth, oh, let me shine, And peace in humble virtue find.

[H. 394. B. W. 298.]

LAUPEN. L. M.

Arranged from a Russian Melody.

1. Our Father, throned above the sky, To thee our emp-ty hands we spread: Thy chil-dren at thy foot-stool lie, And ask thy bless-ings on their head.
2. With cheer-ful hope and fi-lial fear, In that au-gust and pre-cious name By thee or-dain'd, we now draw near, And would the pro-mised bless-ing claim.
3. Does not an earth-ly pa-rent hear The cra-vings of his fa-mish'd son? Will he re-ject the fi-lial prayer, Or give for bread the flin-ty stone?
4. Our heaven-ly Father, how much more Will thy di-vine com-pas-sions rise, And o-pen thy un-bound-ed store, To sa-tis-fy thy chil-dren's cries?

BRENTFORD. L. M.

1. Je-sus, thy blood and righteousness My beau-ty are, my glo-rious dress;'Midst flaming worlds, in these ar-ray'd,With joy shall I lift up my head.
2. When from the dust of death I rise, To take my man - sion in the skies, E'en then shall this be all my plea,— "Je - sus hath lived, hath died, for me."
3. Bold shall I stand in that great day; For who aught to my charge shall lay?Fully through thee ab - solved I am From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
4. This spotless robe the same appears When ruin'd na - ture sinks in years; No age can change its glo - rious hue, The robe of Christ is ev - er new.
5. And when the dead shall hear thy voice, The banish'd children shall rejoice; Their beauty this, their glo - rious dress, Je - sus, the Lord, our righteousness.

ASHFORD. L. M.

CH. ZEUNER.

1. An - oth - er fleeting day has gone, Slow o'er the west the shadows rise, Swift the soft - stealing hours have flown, And night's dark mantle veils the skies.
2. An - oth - er fleet-ing day has gone, Swept from the re cords of the year; And still with each suc - cess-ive sun, Life's fad-ing vis - ions dis - ap - pear.
3. An - oth - er fleet-ing day has gone, To tell thy se - crets, O my soul; Faith-ful be - fore th' e-ter - nal throne, Thy slightest fol - ly 'twill en - rol.
4. An - oth - er fleet-ing day has gone, To join the fu - gi - tives be - fore: And I, when life's em - ploy is done, Shall sleep, to wake in time no more.

GUIDO. L. M.

1. A - wake, our souls, a - way, - - - - - - - - our fears, Let ev' - ry trem - bling thought be -

A - wake, our souls, a - way, our fears,

2. True, 'tis a strait and thorn - - - - - - - - y road, And mor - tal spi - rits tire and

A - wake, our souls, a-way, our fears,

gone, A - wake, and run the heav'n - ly race, And put a cheer - ful cou - rage on.

faint; But they for - get the might - y God, Who feeds the strength of ev' - ry saint.

[H. 1. B. W. 22.]

MEINEKE. L. M.

1. E - ter - nal Spi-rit, 'twas thy breath The or - a - cles of truth in - spired, And kings and ho - ly seers of old With strong pro-phet-ic im-pulse fired.
2. Moved by thy great al-mighty power, Their lips with hea-ven-ly wisdom flow'd; Their hands a thou-sand won-ders wrought, Which bore the sig-na-ture of God.
3. With gladsome hearts they spread the news Of par - don through a Sa-viour's blood, And to a numerous seeking crowd Mark'd out the path to his a - bode.
4. The powers of earth and hell in vain A-gainst the sa - cred word com-bine; Thy pro-vi-dence through ev - ry age Se - cure - ly guards the work di - vine.
5. Thee, its great author, source of light, Thee, its pre-ser-ver, we a - dore, And hum-bly ask a ray from thee Its hid - den won - ders to ex - plore.

This tune may be sung to the 1022d Doxology by slurring the notes in the next to the last measure in the 2d and 4th strains, and repeating the seventh line in each verse.

[H. 68. B. W. 372.]

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Dr. MASON.

1. Through all the va - rious shift-ing scene Of life's mis - tak - en ill or good, Thy hand, O God, con - ducts, un-seen, The beau - ti - ful vi - cis - si - tude.
2. Thou giv - est with pa - ter - nal care, How - e'er un - just - ly we com-plain, To all their ne - ces - sa - ry share Of joy and sor - row, health and pain.
3. Trust we to youth, or friends, or power? Fix we on this ter - res-trial ball? When most se-cure, the com - ing hour, If thou see fit, may blast them all.
4. Thy power-ful con - so - la-tions cheer; Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetch'd sigh; Thy hand can dry the trickling tear That se-cret wets the wid - ow's eye.

[H. 654. B. W. 504.]

WOODWORTH. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray From thy secure enclosure's bound, And, lured by worldly joys a - way, Among the thoughtless crowd be found;
2. Re-mem-ber still that they are thine, That thy dear sacred name they bear; Think that the seal of love di - vine, The sign of covenant grace, they wear.
3. In all their err - ing, sin - ful years, Oh, let them ne'er for-gotten be; Re - mem-ber all the prayers and tears Which made them con-se-crate to thee.
4. And when these lips no more can pray, These eyes can weep for them no more, Turn thou their feet from folly's way, The wand'rers to thy fold re - store.

[H. 590. B. W. 209.]

REST. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord, I am thine, entirely thine, Purchased and saved by blood di - vine; With full con-sent thine I would be, And own thy sov'reign right in me.
2. Here, Lord, my life, my soul, my all, I yield to thee be-yond re - call; Ac-cept thine own, so long with-held, Ac-cept what I so free - ly yield.
3. Grant one poor sin-ner more a place Among the chil-dren of thy grace; A wretched sin - ner, lost to God, But ran-som'd by Im-man-uel's blood.
4. Thine would I live, thine would I die, Be thine through all e - ter - ni - ty; The vow is pass'd be-yond re - peal, Now will I set the so - lemn seal.

[H. 322. B. W. 137.]

GROFF. L. M.

B. F. SCHNECK.

1. Enslaved by sin, and bound in chains Be-neath its dreadful ty - rant sway, And doom'd to ever - last-ing pains, We wretched, guilt - y cap - tives lay.
2. Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace, Nor the whole world's col - lect-ed store Suf - fice to pur-chase our re-lease: A thousand worlds were all too poor.
3. Je-sus, the Lord, the might-y God, An all - suf - fi-cient ran - som paid: Oh, match-less price! his precious blood For vile, re - bel - lious traitors shed.
4. Je-sus the sa-cri-fice be - came, To res-cue guilt - y souls from hell; The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb, Be - neath a - veng-ing jus - tice fell.
5. A - maz-ing goodness! love di - vine! Oh, may our grate-ful hearts a - dore The matchless grace, nor yield to sin Nor wear its cru - el fet - ters more.

[H. 204. B. W. 283.]

SCHMUCKER. L. M.

W. D. R.

1. Be-hold a stranger at the door, He gen-tly knocks, has knock'd before, Hath waited long, is wait - ing still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill
2. Oh, love - ly at - ti - tude! he stands, With melting heart and loaded hands! Oh, match-less kindness! and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes!
3. But will he prove a friend in - deed? He will,—the ve-ry friend you need; The friend of sin - ners, yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal-va - ry.
4. Rise, touch'd with gra-ti-tude di-vine; Turn out his en - e - my and thine, That soul - de stroy - ing mon - ster, sin, And let the heavenly stranger in.
5. Ad - mit him, ere his an - ger burn, His feet de-parted ne'er re-turn: Ad - mit him, or the hour's at hand You'll at his door re - ject - ed stand.

[H. 514. B. W. 262.]

WINDHAM. L. M.

READ.

1. 'Twas on tnat dread - ful, doleful night, When the whole pow'r of darkness rose A-gainst the Son of God's delight, And friends betray'd Him to his foes.
2. Be - fore the mourn - ful scene be-gan, He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake: What love through all his actions ran! What wondrous words of grace he spake!
3. "This is my bo - dy broke for sin; Receive and eat the living food:" Then took the cup and bless'd the wine, "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
4. "Do this, (He cried,) till time shall end, In memory of your dying Friend; Meet at my ta - ble, and re - cord The love of your de - parted Lord."

[H. 100. B. W. 59.]

PSALTER. L. M.

From Fr. SILCHER.

1. Bright king of glo - ry, dread-ful God; Our spi - rits bow be - fore thy seat; To thee we lift an humble thought, And worship at thine aw - ful feet.
2. A thousand seraphs, strong and bright, Stand round the glorious de - i - ty; But who a - mong the sons of light Pretends com-par - i - son with thee?
3. Yet there is one of hu - man fame, Je - sus, ar-ray'd in flesh and blood, Thinks it no rob - ber - y to claim A full e - qual - i - ty with God.
4. Their glo - ry shines with equal beams; Their essence is for - ev - er one, Though they are known by different names, The Father God, and God the Son.
5. Then let the name of Christ our King With e - qual hon - ors be a-dored; His praise let ev' - ry an - gel sing, And all the na - tions own their Lord.

[H. 460. B. W. 555.]

BAUGHER. L. M.

1. The darken'd sky, how thick it lowers! Troubled with storms and big with showers, No cheerful gleam of light ap - pears, But na-ture pours forth all her tears.
2. Yet let the sons of grace re - vive; God bids the soul that seeks him live, And from the gloomiest shade of night Calls forth a morn - ing of de - light.
3. The seeds of ec - sta - sy unknown Are in these water'd fur - rows sown; See the green blades, how thick they rise, And with fresh verdure bless our eyes!
4. In se-cret foldings they con-tain Unnumber'd ears of gold - en grain; And heav'n shall pour its beams a-round, Till the ripe har - vest load the ground.
5. Then shall the trembling mourner come, And find his sheaves, and bring them home; The voice, long broke with sighs, shall sing, Till heav'n with hal-le - lu - jahs ring.

[H. 244. B. W. 227.]

ROSE HILL. L. M.

1. Why will ye lav - ish out your years A-midst a thou-sand tri - fling cares, While, in the va-rious range of thought, The one thing needful is for-got?
2. Why will ye chase the fleet - ing wind, And fam-ish an im - mor - tal mind, While an-gels with re - gret look down To see you spurn a heav'nly crown?
3. Th' e - ter-nal God calls from a - bove, And Je-sus pleads his dy - ing love, A-waken'd conscience gives you pain; And shall they join their pleas in vain?
4. Not so your dy - ing eyes shall view Those objects which you now pur-sue; Not so shall heav'n and hell ap - pear When the de - ci - sive hour is near.
5. Al-migh-ty God! thine aid im - part, To fix con - vic - tion on the heart; Thy powers can clear the dark-est eyes, And make the haughtiest scorner wise.

[H. 408. B. W. 180, 224.]

LILLY. L. M.

E. IVES

1. I love the Lord; but, ah! how far My thoughts from the dear object are; This wan-ton heart, how wide it roves! And fancy meets a thousand loves.

3. Would I en-joy my Lord a-lone, I bid my passions all be-gone,— All but my love,—and charge my will To bar the door and guard it still.

5. This foolish heart can leave its God, And shadows tempt its thoughts a-broad: How shall I fix this wand'ring mind, Or throw my fet-ters on the wind?

2. If my soul burn to see my God, I tread the courts of his a-bode; But troops of rivals throng the place, And tempt me oft be-fore his face.

4. But cares or tri-fles make me find Still new ap-proaches to the mind, Till I with grief and wonder see Huge crowds betwixt the Lord and me.

6. Look gen-tly down, almight-y grace; Pri-son me round in thine em-brace; Pi-ty the soul that would be thine, And let thy pow'r my love con-fine.

LOCHMAN. L. M.

1. Where is my God? does he re-tire Be-yond the reach of hum-ble sighs? Are these weak breath-ings of desire Too lan-guid to as-cend the skies?

2. He hears the breathings of de-sire: The weak pe-ti-tion, if sin-cere, Is not for-bid-den to as-pire And hope to reach his gra-cious ear.

3. Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye, See where the great Re-deem-er stands, The glo-rious Ad-vo-cate on high, With pre-cious in-cense in his hands.

4. He hears and soothes each humble groan, He recommends each bro-ken pray'r: Recline thy hopes on Him a-lone, Whose power and love for-bid de-spair.

[H. 446. B. W. 351.] **IOSCO. L. M.** Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two lines JOHN HUSS.

1. So let our lips and lives ex - press The ho - ly gos - pel we pro-fess; So let our works and vir - tues shine, To prove the doc - trine all di - vine.
2. Thus shall we best pro-claim a - broad The hon - ors of our Saviour God: When his sal - va - tion reigns within, And grace subdues the power of sin.
3. Our flesh and sense must be de-nied, Pas - sion and en - vy, lust and pride; While justice, temperance, truth, and love Our inward pi - e - ty ap-prove.
4. Re - li - gion bears our spi-rits up, Whilst we ex - pect that blessed hope, The bright ap-pear-ance of the Lord, And faith stands lean-ing on his word.

[H. 142. B. W. 560.] **WOODWELL. L. M.** Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two lines.

1. Now be that sac - ri - fice survey'd Which for our souls the Saviour made, While love to sin - ners fired his heart And conquer'd all the kill - ing smart.
2. Blest Je - sus, while thy grace I sing, What grateful tri - bute shall I bring, That earth and heaven and all may see My love to Him who died for me?
3. That offering, Lord, thy word hath taught, Nor be thy new command for-got, That, if their Master's death can move, Thy servants should each oth - er love.
4. When on the cross I fix mine eye, Let ev' - ry sin - ful pas-sion die; And may I ev - er read-y be To serve, forgive, and love like thee.

STERLING. L. M.

1. From all who dwell below the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung Through ev'ry land, by ev' - ry tongue.
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, Till suns shall set and rise no more.
3. Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring; In songs of praise di - vine - ly sing; The great salvation loud pro - claim, And shout for joy the Sa - viour's name.
4. In ev'ry land be - gin the song; To ev'-ry land the strains be - long; In cheerful sounds all voices raise, And fill the world with loud - est praise.

ORFORD. L. M. Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two lines.

1. When Israel through the desert pass'd, A fi - ery pil - lar went be - fore, To guide them through the dreary waste And les-sen the fatigues they bore.
2. Such is thy glorious word, O God! 'Tis for our light and guidance given: It sheds a lustre all abroad, And points the path to bliss and heaven.
3. It fills the soul with sweet delight, And quick-ens its in - ac - tive powers; It sets our wand'ring footsteps right, Displays thy love, and kin - dles ours.
4. Its prom - i - ses re - joice our hearts; Its doctrines are di - vine - ly true; Knowledge and pleasure it imparts; It com - forts and instructs us too.
5. Ye fa - vor'd lands, that have this word, Ye saints, who feel its saving power, Unite your tongues to praise the Lord, And his dis - tinguished grace a - dore.

[H. 340. B. W. 399.]

WINFIELD. L. M.

Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two lines.

Arranged from FR. DANZI.

1. Oh that I had a seraph's fire, His rapturous song and golden lyre, To chant the love and grace supreme Re-veal'd as in the gos - pel scheme!
2. Here's par - don for transgressions past, It matters not how black their cast; And—O my soul, with wonder view,—For sins to come here's par - don too.
3. When Je - sus died, our debts were paid, Our sins, laid on this Scape-Goat's head, Were to the trackless desert driven, And, by his bound - less love, for-given.
4. In this abyss of love pro - found, When scught for, they shall not be found; Hid from Jehovah's piercing eye, There, in ob - li - vion's shades, they lie.

[H. 922. B. W. 349.]

SEASONS. L. M.

PLEYEL.

1. Oh, hap-py day, that fix'd my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart re - joice And tell its rap-tures all a - broad.
2. Oh, hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! I'll praise him in his sa-cred house, And glad - ly to his al - tar move.
3. Now with his saints I choose my part; With them I come, a welcome guest: Here rest, my once di - vi - ded heart, In him, thy blissful por-tion, rest.
4. High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow, That vow re-new'd shall dail - y hear, Till, call'd at last from all be - low, I bless in death a bond so dear.

[H. 543. B. W. 505.]

PENTECOST. L. M.

From German by W. D. R

1. Go, friends of Je-sus, and pro-claim The dear Re-deem-er you have found, And speak his ev-er pre-cious name To all the wond'-ring na-tions round.
2. Go tell the unletter'd, wretched slave, Who groans beneath a ty-rant's rod, You bring a par-don bought with blood, The blood of an in-car-nate God.
3. Go tell the fierce, un-tu-tor'd chief On E-thi-o-pia's scorching sand, You come with a re-fresh-ing stream, To cheer and bless his thirst-y land.
4. Go tell the dis-tant isles a-far, Ta-hi-ti and the poor Pe-lew, That in the cov-e-nant of grace Their unknown names are writ-ten too.

[H. 467. B. W. 448.]

SPRECHER. L. M.

J. M.

1. How do thy mercies close me round! For-ev-er be thy name a-dored; I blush in all things to a-bound: The servant is a-bove his Lord!
2. In-ured to pov-er-ty and pain, A suf-f'ring life my Mas-ter led: The Son of God, the Son of man, He had not where to lay his head.
3. But, lo! a place he hath prepared For me, whom watchful an-gels keep; Yea, he himself be-came my guard: He smooths my bed and gives me sleep.
4. Je-sus protects; my fears, begone: What can the Rock of A-ges move! Safe in thine arms I lay me down.—Thine ever-last-ing arms of love.

[H. 939. B. W. 486.]

THANKSGIVING. L. M.

From German by W. D. R.

1. A - rise, my soul! with rap - ture rise! And, fill'd with love and fear, a - dore The aw - ful Sov' - reign of the skies,

2. And may this day, in - dul - gent Power! Not i - dly pass, nor fruit - less be; But may each swift - ly fly - ing hour

3. But can it be, that Power di - vine Is thron'd in light's un-bound - ed blaze, And count - less worlds and an - gels join

Whose mer - cy lends me one day more, Whose mer - cy lends me one day more.

Still near - er bring my soul to thee! Still near - er bring my soul to thee!

To swell the glo - rious song of praise? To swell the glo - rious song of praise?

4.

And will he deign to lend an ear
When I—poor, abject mortal—pray?
Yes, boundless goodness! he will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

5.

Then let me serve thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase;
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

[H. 790. B. W. 328.]

RETREAT. L. M.

Dr. HASTINGS.

1. From ev' - ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev' - ry swelling 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 gladness on our heads, A place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellow-ship with friend: Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet A-round one common mer - cy-seat.

4. Ah! whi-ther could we flee for aid, When tempted, des - o - late, dismay'd, Or how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suffering saints no mer - cy-seat?

[H. 859. B. W. 85.]

TRELL. L. M.

1. A-wake, our souls, a - way, our fears! Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone: A-wake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheerful cou - rage on.

2. True, 'tis a strait and thorn-y road, And mortal spirits tire and faint; But they for - get the might-y God, Who feeds the strength of ev' - ry saint.

4. From thee, the ev - er - flowing spring, Our souls shall drink a fresh supply; While such as trust their native strength Shall melt away, and droop and die.

5. Swift as an ea - gle cuts the air, We'll mount aloft to thine a - bode; On wings of love our souls shall fly, Nor tire amid the heaven - ly road.

[H. 708. B. W. 477.]

WINCHESTER. L. M.

German.

1. Why should we start and fear to die? What timorous worms we mor-tals are! Death is the gate of end-less joy, And yet we dread to en-ter there.
2. The pains, the groans, and dy-ing strife, Fright our ap-proaching souls a-way; Still we shrink back a-gain to life, Fond of our prison and our clay.
3. Oh, if my Lord would come and meet, My soul should stretch her wings in haste, Fly fearless thro' death's i-ron gate, Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
4. Je-sus can make a dy-ing bed Feel soft as downy pil-lows are, While on his breast I lean my head And breathe my life out sweetly there.

[H. 490. B. W. 52.]

PORTUGAL. L. M.

THORLEY.

1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone; Let my re-li-gious hours a-lone; Fain would my eyes my Sa-viour see; I wait a vi-sit, Lord, from thee.
2. My heart grows warm with ho-ly fire, And kindles with a pure de-sire: Come, my dear Je-sus, from a-bove, And feed my soul with heavenly love.
3. Blest Je-sus, what de-li-cious fare, How sweet thine en-ter-tain-ments are! Nev-er did an-gels taste a-bove Re-deeming grace and dy-ing love.
4. Hail, great Im-man-uel, all di-vine! In thee thy Fa-ther's glo-ries shine, Thou brightest, sweetest, fair-est one That eyes have seen or an-gels known.

WARRINGTON. L. M.

1. When God's own peo-ple stand in need, His good - ness will provide supplies: Thus, when E-li-jah faints for bread, A ra - ven to his suc - cor flies.

2. At God's command, with speed - y wings, The hun - gry bird re-signs its prey, And to the ho - ly pro - phet brings The need-ful por - tion, day by day.

3. This wonder oft has been re - new'd, And saints by sweet expe - rience find Their e - vil o - ver-ruled for good, Their foes to friend-ly deeds inclined.

4. Who can dis - trust that might - y hand Which rules with u - ni - ver- sal sway, Which nature's laws can countermand, Or feed us by a bird of prey!

[H. 699. B. W. 352.]

THE PASSING BELL. L. M.

1. Oft as the bell, with so - lemn toll, Speaks the de-part-ure of a soul, Let each one ask himself, "Am I Prepared, should I be call'd to die?"

3. Then, leaving all I loved be - low, To God's tri - bu - nal I must go,— Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate, And fix my ev - er - last - ing state.

4. Lord Je - sus! help me now to flee, And seek my hope a - lone in thee; Ap - ply thy blood, thy Spi - rit give, Sub-due my sin, and let me live.

5. Then when the solemn bell I hear, If saved from guilt, I need not fear; Nor would the thought alarm-ing be, Perhaps it next may toll for me.

D

[H. 448. B. W. 341.]

AUGUSTUS. L. M.

W. D. R.

1. O Zi - on, when I think of thee, I wish for pin-ions like a dove, And mourn to think that I should be So dis - tant from the place I love.
2. An ex - ile here, and far from home, For Zi - on's sa - cred walls I sigh: Thither the ransom'd nations come, And see the Saviour eye to eye.
3. While here, I walk on hos - tile ground: The few that I can call my friends Are, like myself, with fet-ters bound, And wea - ri - ness our steps at - tends.
4. But yet we shall be - hold the day When Zi - on's children shall re - turn; Our sor - rows then shall flee a - way, And we shall nev - er, nev - er mourn.
5. The hope that such a day will come Makes e'en the ex - ile's portion sweet: Though now we wan-der far from home, In Zi - on soon we all shall meet.

[H. 607. B. W. 545.]

MENDON. L. M.

German.

1. Great God! we sing that mighty hand By which supported still we stand: The opening year thy mer - cy shows; Let mercy crown it till it close.
2. By day, by night, at home, a - broad, Still we are guarded by our God, By his in - ces-sant boun-ty fed, By his un - err - ing coun - sel led.
3. With grateful hearts the past we own; The future, all to us unknown, We to thy guardian care com-mit, And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.
4. In scenes ex - alt - ed or depress'd, Be thou our joy, and thou our rest; Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise, Adored through all our chang-ing days.

1. Though na - ture's voice you must o - bey, Think, while your swelling griefs o'erflow, That hand which takes your joys a - way, That sovereign hand can heal your woe.
2. And while your mournful thoughts de-plore The parent gone, removed the friend, With hearts re - sign'd, His grace a - dore On whom your nobler hopes depend.
3. Does he not bid his chil-dren come Thro' death's dark shades to realms of light? Yet, when he calls them to their home, Shall fond survivors mourn their flight?
4. His word—here let your souls re - ly— Immortal con-so - la-tion gives: Your heavenly Fa - ther can - not die, Th'e-ter-nal Friend for-ev-er lives.
5. Oh, be that best of friends your trust; On his al-might-y arm re-cline: He, when your com - forts sink in dust, Can give you comforts more di-vine.

[H. 457. B. W. 284.]

CAPTIVITY. L. M.

BRADBURY.

1. The Christian na - vi - gates a sea Where var-ious forms of death ap-pear; Nor skill, a - las! nor power has he A - right his dangerous course to steer.
2. Sometimes there lies a treacherous rock Beneath the sur-face of the waves; He strikes, but yet survives the shock, For Je - sus is at hand to save.
3. But hark! the mid-night tem-pest roars! He seems for - sa-ken and a-lone: But Je - sus, whom he then im-plores, Un-seen pre-serves and leads him on.
4. On the smooth sur - face of the deep With-out a fear he sometimes lies; The dan - ger then is lest he sleep, And ru - in seize him by sur-prise.

[H. 771. B. W. 13.]

TRURO. L. M.

Dr. CH. BURNEY.

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 loft - y theme?

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

3. In all our Maker's grand designs Almight - y power with wis-dom shines; His works thro' all this wondrous frame Declare the glo - ry of his name.

4. Raised on de- votion's loft-y wing, Do thou, my soul, his glo-ries sing; And let his praise em - ploy thy tongue, Till listening worlds shall join the song.

[H. 118. B. W. 593.]

NAZARETH. L. M.

SAMUEL WEBB.

1. When at a distance, Lord, we trace The va-rious glo-ries of thy face, What transport glows in ev' - ry breast, And charms our cares and woes to rest!

2. A-lone with thee, in darkest cell, On some bleak moun-tain, would I dwell, Ra-ther than pomp-ous courts be-hold And share their grand-eur and their gold.

3. A - way, ye dreams of mor - tal joy; Rap-tures di - vine my thoughts em-ploy; I see the King of glo - ry shine, And feel his love, and call him mine.

4. On Ta - bor thus his servants view'd His lustre when transform'd he stood, And, bid-ding earth- ly scenes farewell, Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."

MIGDOL. L. M.

1. Look up, ye saints, with sweet surprise; Be-hold the joy-ful com-ing day When Jesus shall descend the skies And form a bright and daz-zling ray.
2. Nations shall in a day be born, And swift, like doves, to Je-sus fly; The church shall know no clouds' return, Nor sorrows mix-ing with her joy.
3. The li-on and the lamb shall feed To-geth-er, in his peaceful reign, And Zi-on, blest with heav'nly bread, Of po-ver-ty no more com-plain.
4. The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free, Shall boast their sep'-rate rights no more, But join, in sweetest har-mo-ny, Their Lord, their Saviour, to a-dore.

[H. 40. B. W. 183.]

APPLETON. L. M.

From a Chant by Dr. RANDALL.

1. E-ter-nal and im-mor-tal King! Thy peer-less splendors none can bear; But darkness veils se-raph-ic eyes When God with all his glo-ry's there.
2. Yet faith can pierce the aw-ful gloom, The great In-vi-si-ble can see, And with its tremblings min-gle joy, In fix'd regards, great God! to thee.
3. Then ev'-ry tempt-ing form of sin, Awed by thy pre-sence, dis-ap-pears, And all the glow-ing rap-tured soul The likeness it con-templates wears.
4. O ev-er pre-sent to my heart! Wit-ness to its ex-treme de-sire; Be-hold, it press-es on to thee, For it hath caught the heav'n-ly fire.
5. This one pe-ti-tion would I urge: To bear thee ev-er in my sight, In life, in death, in worlds unknown, My on-ly por-tion and de-light.

[H. 77. B. W. 399.]

AMES. L. M.

1. They that have made their re-fuge God, Shall find a most se-cure a-bode; Shall walk all day beneath his shade, And there at night shall rest their head.
2. If burning beams of noon con-spire To dart a pes-ti-len-tial fire, God is their life; his wings are spread To shield them 'midst ten thou-sand dead.
3. If va-pors, with ma-lig-nant breath, Rise thick, and scatter mid-night death, Still they are safe: the poison'd air A-gain grows pure, if God be there.
4. But if the fire, or plague, or sword, Re-ceive commission from the Lord To strike his saints among the rest, Their very pains and death are blest.
5. The sword, the pes-tilence, or fire, Shall but ful-fil their best de-sire, From sins and sor-rows set them free, And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

[H. 403. B. W. 119.]

MENDELSSOHN. L. M.

BRADBURY.

1. Why sinks my weak, desponding mind? Why heaves my heart the anx-ious sigh? Can sovereign good-ness be un-kind? Am I not safe if God is nigh?
2. 'Tis he supports this fainting frame; On him a-lone my hopes re-cline: The wondrous glo-ries of his name, How wide they spread, how bright they shine!
3. In-fi-nite wisdom, boundless power, Unchanging faithful-ness and love, Here let me trust, while I a-dore, Nor from my re-fuge e'er re-move.
4. My God, if thou art mine in-deed, Then I have all my heart can crave,—A present help in times of need, Still kind to hear, and strong to save.
5. For-give my doubts, O gra-cious Lord, And ease the sorrows of my breast, Speak to my heart the heal-ing word, That thou art mine, and I am blest.

[H. 617. B. W. 376.]

BEETHOVEN. L. M.

Arranged from BEETHOVEN.

1. In sleep's se-rene ob - liv - ion laid, I safe - ly pass'd the si-lent night; A - gain I see the break-ing shade, I drink a - gain the morning light.
2. New-born, I bless the wak - ing hour, Once more, with awe, re-joice to be; My conscious soul re-sumes her power, And springs, my guardian God, to thee!
3. Oh, guide me thro' the various maze My doubt - ful feet are doom'd to tread; And spread thy shield's protecting blaze Where dan-gers press around my head.
4. A deep-er shade shall soon impend, A deep - er sleep my eyes op-press; Yet then thy strength shall still defend, Thy good-ness still de-light to bless.
5. That deeper shade shall break a-way, That deep - er sleep shall leave mine eyes; Thy light shall give e - ter - nal day, Thy love, the rap-tures of the skies.

[H. 426. B. W. 403.]

HALLOCK. L. M.

Dr. HASTINGS.

1. My God, per-mit me not to be A stran-ger to my - self and thee; A-midst a thousand thoughts I rove, For - get - ful of my high - est love.
2. Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus de - base my heav'n-ly birth? Why should I cleave to things be - low, And let my God, my Fa - ther, go?
3. Call me a - way from flesh and sense; Thy gracious word can draw me thence: I would o - bey the voice di - vine, And all in - fe - rior joys re - sign.
4. Be earth, with all her cares, withdrawn; Let noise and van - i - ty be-gone; In se - cret si-lence of the mind, My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

[H. 79. B. W. 73.]

WATERVILLE. L. M.

MOZART.

1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a Shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watch-ful eye;
My noonday walks he shall at - tend, And all my midnight hours de-fend.

2. When on the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fer-tile vales and dew - y meads My wea-ry wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow, A - mid the ver-dant landscape flow.

4. Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloomy hor-rors o - verspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill; For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

[B. W. 185.]

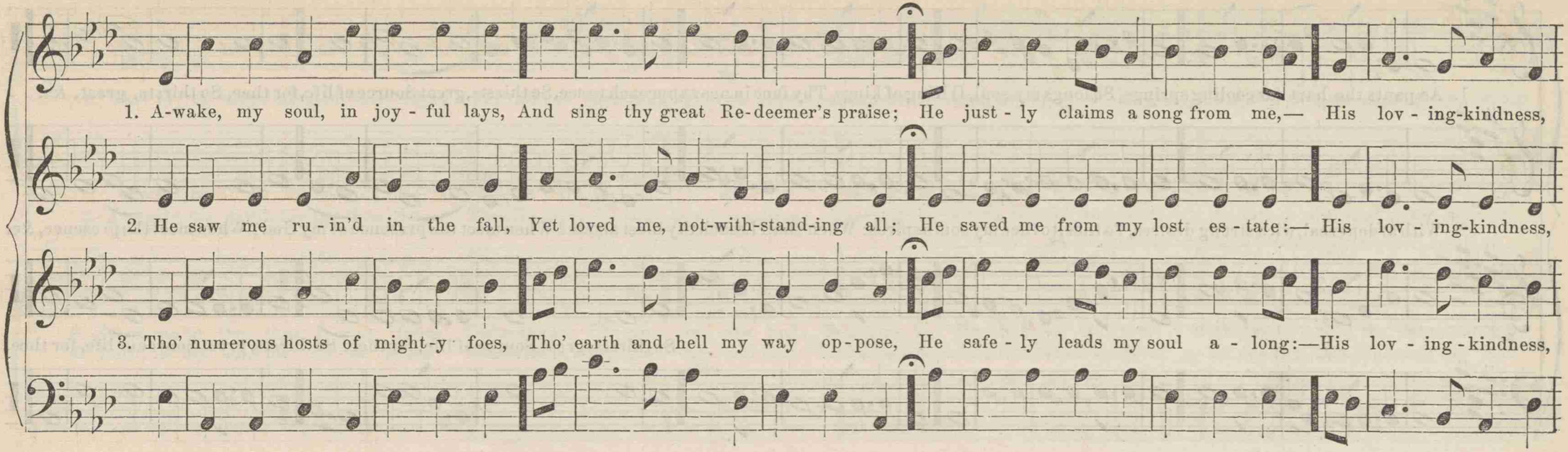
RINK. L. M.

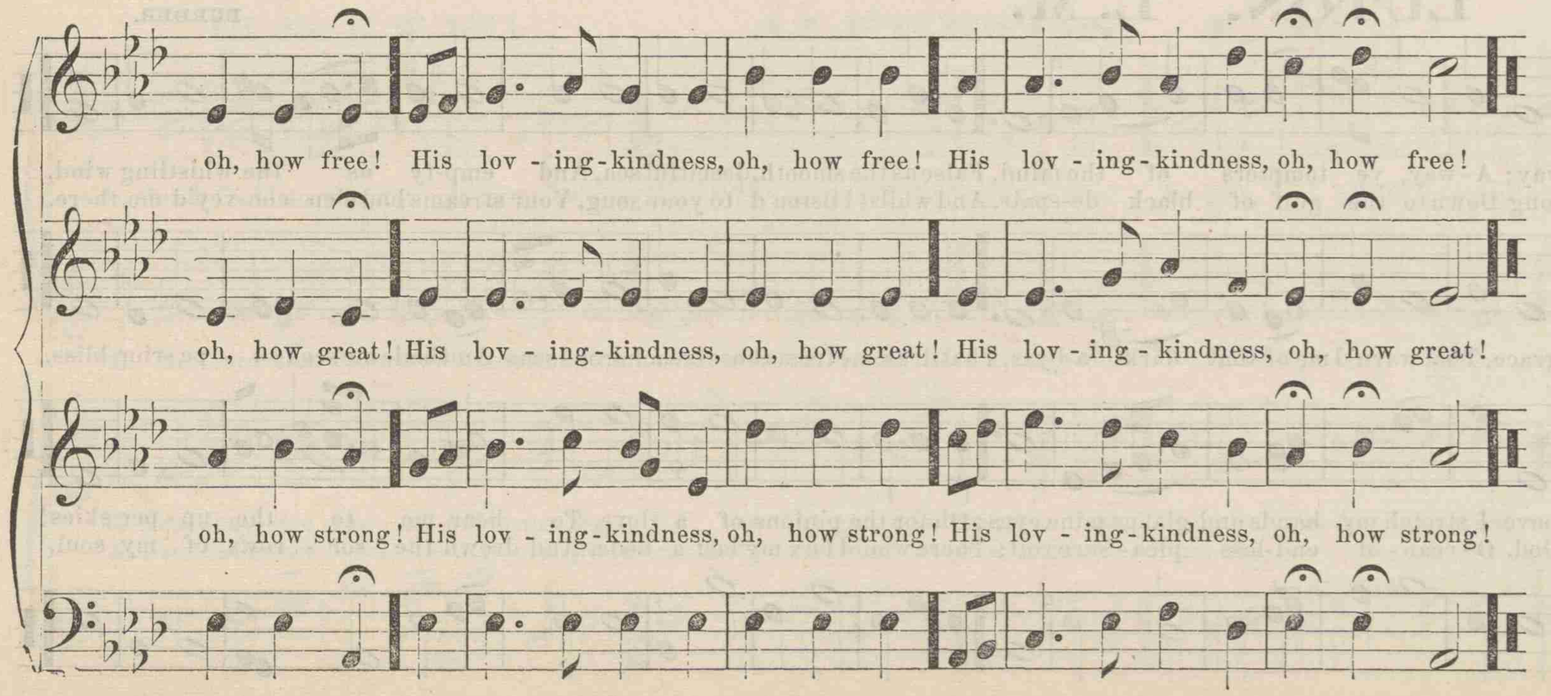
From CH. H. RINK, by L. MASON.

1. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a no - bler rest a - bove: To that our long-ing souls as - pire, With cheerful hope and strong de - sire.

2. No more fatigue, no more dis-tress, Nor sin nor death, shall reach the place; No groans shall mingle with the songs Which warble from im - mor - tal tongues.

3. No rude a - larms of ra-ging foes, No cares to break the long re - pose; No midnight shade, no cloud-ed sun; But sa-cred, high, e - ter - nal noon.





4.

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

5.

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

6.

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

7.

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

[H. 422. B. W. 402.]

MOUNT CARMEL. L. M.

BRADBURY.

1. As pants the hart for cooling springs, So longs my soul, O King of kings, Thy face in near approach to see, So thirsts, great Source of life, for thee, So thirsts, great, &c.

2. With ardent zeal, with strong desires, To thee, to thee my soul aspires: When shall I reach thy blest abode? When meet the presence of my God? When meet the presence, &c.

So thirsts, great Source of life, for thee, So thirsts, great Source of life, for thee.

[H. 310. B. W. 417.]

LUTON. L. M.

BURDER.

1. I send the joys of earth a-way; A-way, ye tempters of the mind, False as the smooth, deceitful sea, And emp-ty as the whistling wind.
2. Your streams were floating me a-long Down to the gulf of black de-spair, And whilst I listen'd to your song, Your streams had e'en con-vey'd me there.
3. Lord, I a-dore thy matchless grace, That warn'd me of that dark a-byss, That drew me from those treacherous seas And bade me seek su-pe-rior bliss.
4. Now to the shin-ing realms a-bove I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes: Oh for the pinions of a dove, To bear me to the up-per skies!
5. There, from the bo-som of my God, O-ceans of end-less plea-sure roll; There would I fix my last a-bode, And drown the sor-rows of my soul.

[H. 631. B. W. 519.]

KENN. L. M.

1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Un-der thine own al-might-y wings.

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

3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as lit - tle as my bed; Teach me to die, that so I may With joy be - hold the judgment-day.

4. Lord, let my soul for - ev - er share The bliss of thy pa - ter - nal care; 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven a - bove, To see thy face and sing thy love.

[H. 810. B. W. 167.]

ALFRETON. L. M.

BEASTALL.

1. Great God! to what a glorious height Hast thou advanced the Lord, thy Son! An-gels, in all their robes of light, Are made the ser-vants of his throne.

2. Be - fore his feet their ar-mies wait, And swift as flames of fire they move, To man-age his af-fairs of state, In works of vengeance or of love.

3. Now they are sent to guide our feet, Up to the gates of thine a - bode, Through all the dan - gers that we meet In trav'-ling o'er the heavenly road.

4. Lord! when we leave this mor - tal ground, And thou shalt bid us rise and come, Send thy be - lov - ed an - gels down Safe to con - duct our spi - rits home.

[H. 592. B. W. 161.]

KOONS. L. M.

Arranged by W. D. R.

1. Welcome, ye hopeful heirs of heaven, To this rich gos-pel feast of love! This pledge is but the pre-lude given To that im - mortal feast a - bove, To that im-mor-tal feast a- bove.

2. How great the blessing thus to meet Around the sacramental board, And hold by faith communion sweet With Christ, our dear and common Lord, With Christ, our dear and common Lord!

3. And if so sweet this feast below, What will it be to meet a - bove, Where all we see, and feel, and know, Are fruits of ev - erlast-ing love, Are fruits of ev- er - last-ing love?

4. Soon shall we tune the heavenly lyre, While listening worlds the song approve. Eter-ni - ty it - self ex- pire, Ere we exhaust the theme of love, Ere we exhaust the theme of love.

[H. 608. B. W. 546.]

EFFINGHAM. L. M.

1. God of our lives! thy con-stant care With blessings crowns each opening year; These lives so frail dost thou prolong, And wake a - new our an - nual song.

2. How ma - ny precious souls are fled To the dark re-gions of the dead, Since from this day the changing sun Through his last year - ly course has run!

3. We yet sur-vive: but who can say, Or through the year, or month, or day, I shall re - tain my vi - tal breath, Thus far at least in league with death?

4. That breath is thine, e - ter - nal God! 'Tis thine to fix the soul's a-bode; We hold our lives from thee a - lone, On earth, or in the world unknown.

Inst.

CEPHAS. L. M. Double.

1. The spacious fir - mament on high, With all the blue e - the-real sky, And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great O - ri - gi - nal pro - claim.

2. Th'unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a-tor's power display, And pub - lish-es to ev'-ry land The work of an al - might - y hand.

3. Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And night-ly to the listening earth Repeats the sto - ry of her birth;

4. While all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets in their turn, Con - firm the tidings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5. What though in so-lemn silence all Move round this dark ter - res-trial ball? What though no re - al voice, nor sound, A-midst their ra-diant orbs be found?

6. In reason's ear they all re-joice, And ut - ter forth a glorious voice, For ev - er singing, as they shine, "The hand that made us is di - vine."

[H. 314. B. W. 360.]

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk thro' deserts dark as night; Till we ar - rive at heaven our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
2. The want of sight she well sup - plies; She makes the pearly gates ap-pear; Far in-to dis - tant worlds she pries, And brings e - ter - nal glo - ries near.
3. Cheerful we tread the de - sert through, While faith inspires a heavenly ray, Though lions roar, and tem - pests blow, And rocks and dan - gers fill the way.
4. So Abra'm, by di - vine com-mand, Left his own house to walk with God; His faith beheld the pro - mised land, And cheer'd him on his toilsome road.

[H. 144. B. W. 140.]

DRESDEN. L. M. Double.

German.

D.C.

1. He dies! the Friend of sin - ners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep a-round;
   A solemn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
D. C. He shed a thousand drops for you, A thousand drops of richer blood.

} Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For him who groan'd beneath your load;

D.C.

2. Here's love and grief be-yond de - gree: The Lord of glo - ry dies for men!
   But lo! what sud-den joys we see! Je - sus, the dead, re-vives a- gain.
D. C. Cher - u - bic legions guard him home, And shout him welcome to the skies.

} The ris - ing God for-sakes the tomb, In vain the tomb for - bid his rise,

[H. 54. B. W. 80.]

HINGHAM. L. M. Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two lines.

1. In glad amazement, Lord, I stand Amidst the bounties of thy hand; How numberless those bounties are! How rich, how various, and how fair! How rich, how various, &c.
2. But, oh, what poor returns I make! What lifeless thanks I pay thee back! Lord, I confess, with humble shame, My off'rings scarce deserve the name, My off'rings scarce, &c.
3. Fain would my laboring heart devise To bring some nobler sacrifice. It sinks beneath the mighty load: What shall I render to my God? What shall I render to my God?
4. To him I consecrate my praise, And vow the remnant of my days. Yet what, at best, can I pretend, Worthy such gifts from such a friend? Worthy such gifts from, &c.

[H. 303. B. W. 360.]

LOVE. L. M.

From BEETHOVEN.

1. Lord, didst thou die, but not for me? Am I for - bid to trust thy blood? Hast thou not pardon, rich and free? And grace, an o - ver - whelm-ing flood?
2. Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound—To li - mit mer - cy's sovereign reign: What other happy souls have found, I'll seek; nor shall I seek in vain.
3. I own my guilt, my sins con - fess; Can men or de - vils make them more? Of crimes, alrea - dy number - less, Vain the at - tempt to swell the score.
4. Were the black list be-fore my sight, While I re - mem - ber thou hast died, 'Twould only urge my speedier flight To seek sal - va - tion at thy side.
5. Low at thy feet I'll cast me down, To thee re - veal my guilt and fear; And if thou spurn me from thy throne, I'll be the first who per - ish'd there.

[H. 138. B. W. 116.]

MILMAN. L. M.

BEETHOVEN.

1. 'Tis fin - ish'd!—so the Sa - viour cried, And meek - ly bow'd his head, and died; 'Tis fin-ish'd — yes, the
2. 'Tis fin - ish'd!—all that heaven de - creed, And all the an - cient pro - phets said, Is now ful - fill'd, as
3. 'Tis fin - ish'd!—Aa - ron now no more Must stain his robes with pur - ple gore; The sa - cred veil is
4. 'Tis fin - ish'd!—man is re - con - ciled To God, and powers of dark - ness spoil'd; Peace, love, and hap - pi-
5. 'Tis fin - ish'd!—let the joy - ful sound Be heard through all the na - tions round; 'Tis fin - ish'd!— let the

race is run, The bat - tle fought, the vic - tory won,— The bat - tle fought, the vic - tory won.
was de - sign'd, In thee, the Sa - viour of man - kind, In thee, the Sa - viour of man - kind.
rent in twain, And Jew - ish rites no more re - main, And Jew - ish rites no more re - main.
ness a - gain Re - turn and dwell with sin - ful men, Re - turn and dwell with sin - ful men.
e - cho fly Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky, Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

[H. 302. B. W. 431.]

ALMIN. L. M.

1. Oh that the Lord would hear my cry, And stay his an - ger, lest I die! Thy wrath is just: yet, oh, for - give! And let a mourning sin - ner live.
2. In all my frame, with-out, with-in, I feel the sad ef - fects of sin; How long, my God, must I com-plain, And de - pre - cate thy wrath in vain?
3. Oh, should I die de-prived of thee! What be - ing else can suc - cor me? Thy frowns would rend my soul in death, And sink it to the depths be-neath.
4. Ye dar-ling sins that plague me so, The great-est en - e - mies I know, De - part, for God has heard my prayer, And will not let me long de - spair.
5. No: I shall yet his good-ness bless; And, when this transient life shall pass, Then, full of glo - ry, I shall prove; He can be just, and sin - ners love.

[H. 119, 44. B. W. 123, 517.]

CAMP. L. M.

Arranged from ARNOLD.

Andante

1. Behold, the blind their sight receive! Be-hold, the dead a-wake and live! The dumb speak wonders, and the lame Leap like the hart, and bless his name.
2. Thus doth th' e-ter-nal Spi-rit own And seal the mis-sion of the Son; The Fa - ther vin-di-cates his cause, While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
3. He dies: the heav'ns in mourning stood; He ri-ses and appears a God. Be - hold the Lord, as-cend - ing high, No more to bleed, no more to die.

[H. 123. B. W. 247.]

PLAYFORD. L. M.

From CARTER'S PSALTER.

1. Come, let our mournful songs re-cord The dy-ing sorrows of our Lord, When he ex-pired in shame and blood, Like one for-sa-ken of his God.
2. The Jews be-held him thus for-lorn, And shook their heads and laugh'd in scorn: "He rescued others from the grave, Now let him try him-self to save."
3. Oh, harden'd peo-ple, cru-el priests! How they stood round like savage beasts, Like li-ons read-y to de-vour, When God had left him in their power!
4. They wound his head, his hands, his feet, Till streams of blood each o-ther meet; By lot his garments they di-vide, And mock the pangs in which he died.

[H. 366. B. W. 119.]

BROADMEAD. L. M.

JOHN DANIEL.

1. The new-born child of gos-pel grace, Like some fair tree when sum-mer's nigh, Beneath Immanuel's shining face, Lifts up his blooming branch on high.
2. No fear he feels, he sees no foes, No conflict yet his faith em-ploys; Nor has he learn'd to whom he owes The strength and peace his soul enjoys.
3. But sin soon darts its cru-el sting, And comforts sink-ing day by day; What seem'd his own, a self-fed spring, Proves but a brook that glides a-way.
4. When Gideon arm'd his numerous host, The Lord soon made his num-bers less, And said, "Lest Is-rael vainly boast, 'My arm procured me this suc-cess.'"
5. Thus will he bring our spi-rits down, And draw our ebb-ing com-forts low, That, saved by grace, but not our own, We may not claim the praise we owe.

[H. 473. B. W. 183.]

OBERLIN. L. M.

Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two lines.

NEUKOMM.

1. My spi-rit looks to God a - lone; My rock and ref - uge is his throne: In all my fears, in all my straits, My soul on his sal - va - tion waits.

2. Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways, Pour out your hearts be - fore his face: When help-ers fail, and foes in - vade, God is our all - suf - fi - cient aid.

3. False are the men of high de - gree, The bas - er sort are van - i - ty; Laid in the bal-ance, both ap - pear Light as a puff of emp - ty air.

4. Make not in-creas-ing gold your trust, Nor set your heart on glitt'ring dust; Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke, And not be - lieve what God hath spoke?

[H. 471. B. W. 371.]

NEW-MARKET. L. M.

Dr. WAINWRIGHT.

1. Courage, my soul! while God is near, What en - e - my hast thou to fear? How canst thou want a sure de - fence, Whose refuge is om - nip - o - tence?

2. Though thickest dan - gers crowd my way, My God can chase my fears a - way; My steadfast heart on him re - lies, And all those dangers still de - fies.

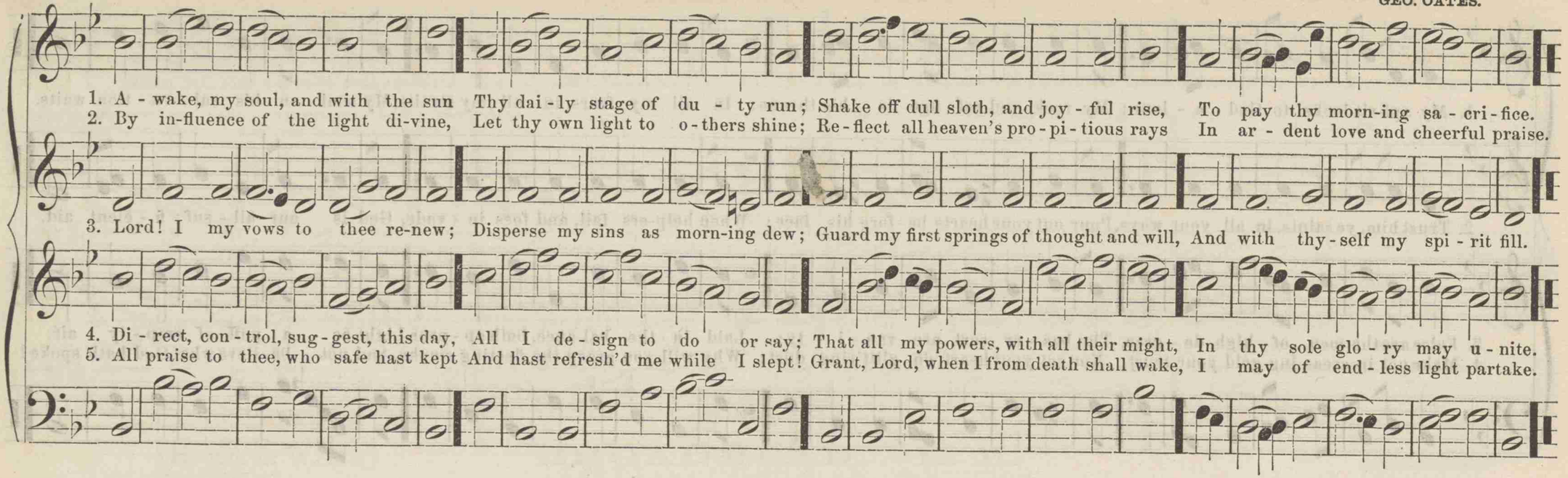
3. Though bil - lows af - ter bil - lows roll, To overwhelm my sink - ing soul, Firm as a rock my faith shall stand, Up - held by God's al - might-y hand.

4. In life, his presence is my aid; In death, 'twill guide me through the shade, Chase all my ris - ing fears a - way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day.

[H. 621. B. W. 515.]

ATLANTIC. L. M.

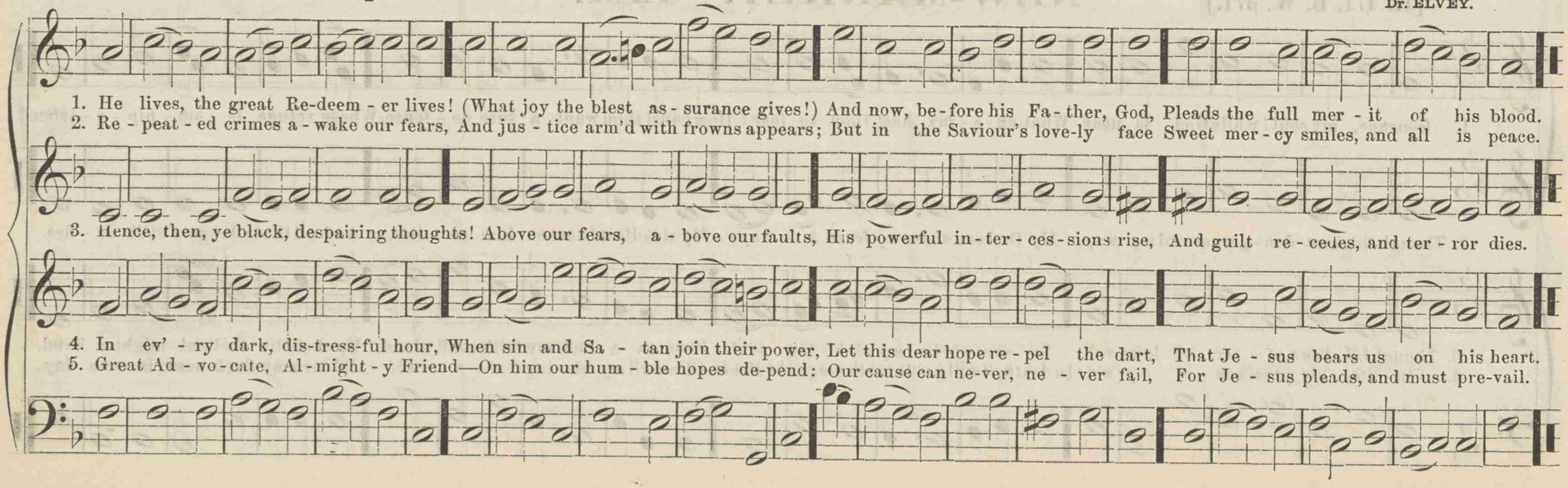
GEO. OATES.



[H. 789. B. W. 143.]

ETON. L. M.

Dr. ELVEY.



[H. 741. B. W. 541.]

PYRTON. L. M.

1. When faith be-holds the saints a-bove, And hears them sing of Je - sus' love, I fain would fly to join their lays, And sing with them my Saviour's praise.

2. But can my soul such bliss obtain, Whose guilt de-serves e - ter - nal pain? Can I ex-pect his face to see Throughout a vast e - ter - ni - ty?

3. If heaven be mine, 'tis all of grace; I'll praise him for the low - est place; May I but reach with-in the door, My anx - ious soul de - sires no more.

4. "There ye that love my Saviour sit, There I with you would fain have place, A - mong your thrones, or at your feet, So I may see his love - ly face."

[H. 713. B. W. 555.]

BABYLON STREAMS. L. M.

Arranged by V. NOVELLO.

1. So fades the love-ly, bloom - ing flower, Frail, smiling so - lace of an hour; So soon our transient com-forts fly, And plea-sure on - ly blooms to die.

2. Is there no kind, no heal - ing art To soothe the an-guish of the heart? Spi-rit of grace, be ev - er nigh: Thy comforts are not made to die.

3. Let gen-tle patience smile on pain, Till dy-ing hope re-vives a-gain; Hope wipes the tear from sor-row's eye, And faith points up-ward to the sky.

[H. 427. B. W. 211.]

TIMSBURY. L. M.

J. SMITH.

1. Re-turn, my rov-ing heart, re-turn, And chase these shadowy forms no more; Seek out some so-li-tude to mourn, And thy for-sa-ken God im-plore.
2. Wis-dom and plea-sure dwell at home: Re-tired and si-lent, seek them there; This is the way to o-ver-come, The way to break the tempter's snare.
3. And thou, my God, whose piercing eye Dis-tinct sur-veys each deep re-cess, In these se-clud-ed hours, draw nigh, And with thy presence fill the place.
4. Through all the ma-zes of my heart, My search let heavenly wis-dom guide; And still its ra-diant beams im-part, Till all be search'd and pu-ri-fied.
5. Then with the vi-sits of thy love Vouchsafe my in-most soul to cheer; Till ev'-ry grace shall join to prove That God has fix'd his dwelling there.

[H. 459. B. W. 280.]

WAITE. L. M.

1. Fa-ther! I bless thy gen-tle hand: How kind was thy chas-tis-ing rod, That forced my conscience to a stand, And brought my wandering soul to God!
2. Fool-ish and vain, I went a-stray, Be-fore I felt thy scourging, Lord! I left my guide and lost my way: But now I love and keep thy word.
3. 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke, For pride is apt to rise and swell; 'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke, That I may learn his sta-tutes well.
4. The law that is-sues from thy mouth Shall raise my cheerful passions more Than all the treasures of the south, Or west-ern hills of gold-en ore.

PLYMOUTH DOCK. L. M. 6 lines.

1. When, stream - ing from the east - ern skies, The morn - ing light sa - lutes mine eyes, O Sun of right - eous - ness di - vine,
2. When each day's scenes and la - bors close, And wea - ried na - ture seeks re - pose, With pard'n-ing mer - cy rich - ly blest,
3. And at my life's last set - ting sun, My con - flicts o'er, my la - bors done, Je - sus, thy heaven-ly ra - diance shed

On me, with beams of mer - cy, shine; Chase the dark clouds of guilt a - way, And turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Guard me, my Sa - viour, while I rest, And, as each morn - ing sun shall rise, Oh, lead me on - ward to the skies.
To cheer and bless my dy - ing bed, And from death's gloom my spi - rit raise, To see thy face and sing thy praise.

[H. 772. B. W. 185.]

WALTER. L. M.

W. SHRIVER.

1. When Is-rael forth from E - gypt went, And Ja - cob left the stranger's land, God's glo - ry shadow'd Ju-dah's tent, And Is - rael own'd her monarch's hand.

2. The sea be - held his power and fled; Back to her source was Jordan driven; The trembling mountains shook for dread; From their strong base the hills were riven.

3. O sea, what ter - rors urged thy flight? Why, Jordan, did thy flood retreat? Why moved the hills? and whence the fright That shook the mountains from their seat?

4. Tremble, O earth, when God ap-pears,—Be-fore the might of Ja - cob's God; Whose power the flint - y rock de-clares, And, melt - ing, pours the gush-ing flood.

[H. 998. B. W. 98.]

BUTLER. L. M.

P. A. KELLER.

1. There is a pure and peaceful wave, That rolls a - round the throne of love; Whose wa - ters glad-den as they lave The bright and heaven-ly shores above;

2. While streams which on that tide de - pend Steal from those heaven - ly shores away, And o'er this de - sert world descend, O-ver our bar-ren land to stray.

3. The pil-grim, faint and near to sink Be-neath his load of earth-ly woe, Refresh'd be - neath its ver-dant brink, Re-joices in its gen - tle flow.

4. There, O my soul, do thou re - pose, And hov - er o'er the hallow'd spring, To drink the crys-tal wave, and there To lave thy wounded, wea-ry wing.

[H. 945. B. W. 526.]

TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M.

1. Great God, to thee my eve - ning song With humble gra - ti - tude I raise: Oh, let thy mer-cy tune my tongue And fill my heart with live-ly praise.
2. My days uncloud - ed, as they pass, And ev' - ry on-ward - roll - ing hour, Are mon - u - ments of wondrous grace, And witness to thy love and power.
3. And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart Too oft, re-gard-less of thy love, Un-grate - ful, can from thee de-part, And from the path of du - ty rove.
4. Seal my for-give-ness in the blood Of Christ, my Lord: his name a - lone I plead for pardon, gra-cious God, And kind ac-cept - ance at thy throne.

[H. 419. B. W. 453.]

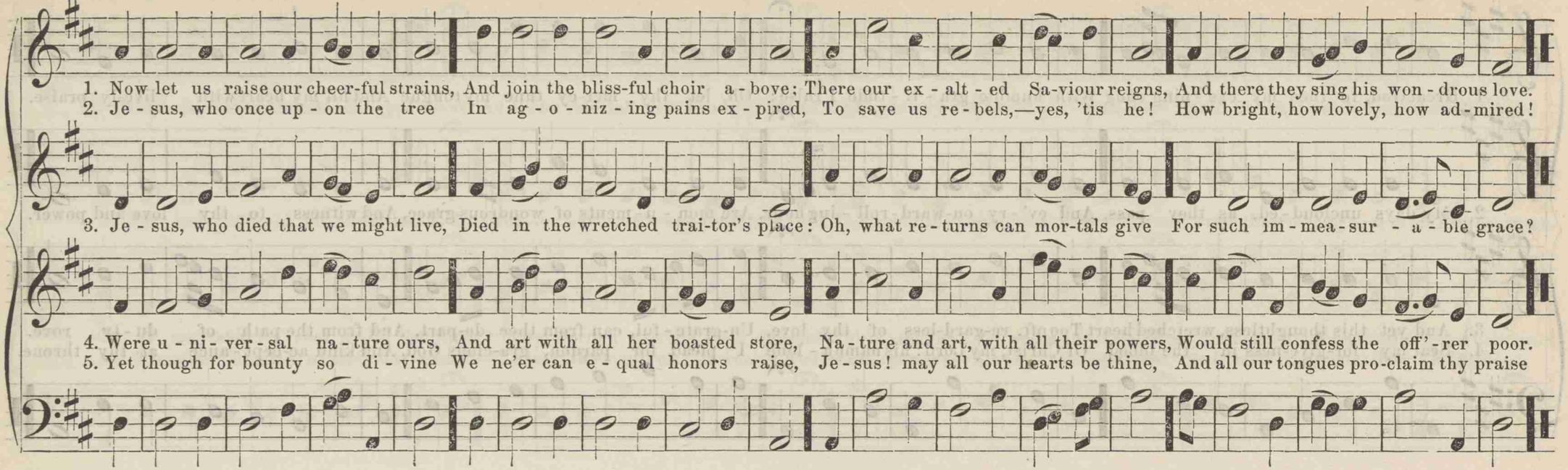
LEE. L. M.

1. Jesus, my Saviour and my God, Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood; By ties both na-tural and di - vine, I am and ev - er will be thine.
2. But ah! should this inconstant heart, Ere I'm a - ware, from thee de - part, What dire reproach would fall on me For such in - gra - ti - tude to thee!
3. The thought I dread, the crime I hate; The guilt, the shame, I de - pre - cate; And yet, so mighty are my foes, I dare not trust my warmest vows.
4. Pit-y my frailty, dear-est Lord, Grace in the need-ful hour af - ford; Oh, steel this timorous heart of mine With for - ti - tude and love di - vine.
5. So shall I triumph o'er my fears, And gath-er joy from all my tears; So shall I to the world pro - claim The honors of the Christian name.

[H. 159. B. W. 504.]

LOWELL. L. M.

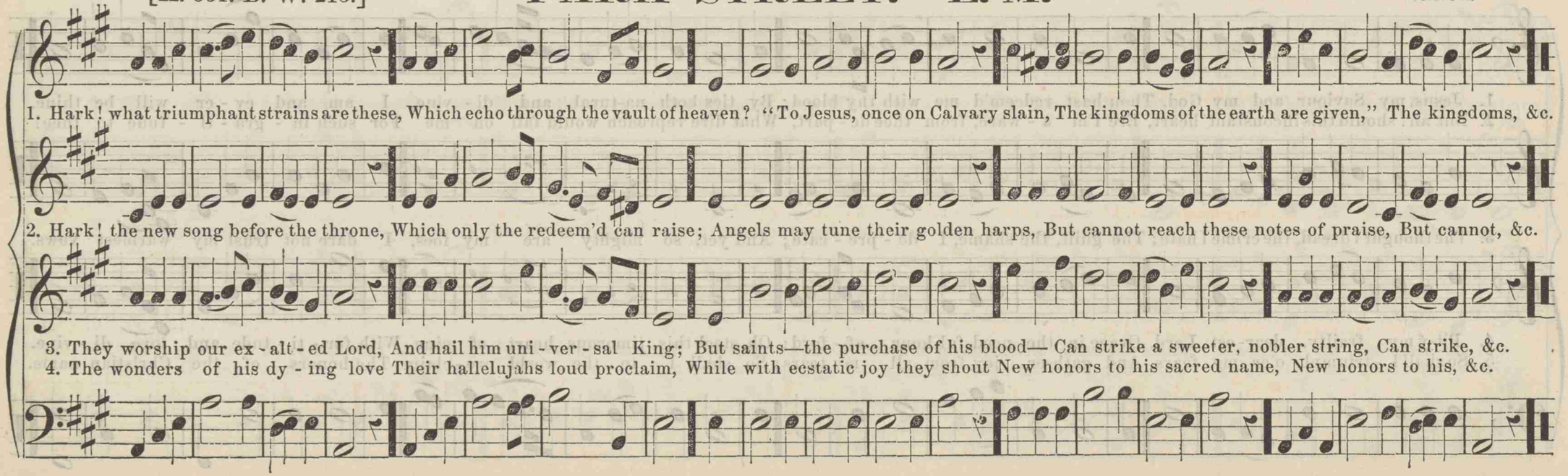
From a Russian Melody.



[H. 531. B. W. 213.]

PARK STREET. L. M.

VENUA.



LOUVAN. L. M.

1. What sin-ners va-lue I re-sign: Lord! 'tis enough that thou art mine! I shall be-hold thy bliss-ful face, And stand complete in righteousness.
2. This life's a dream, an emp-ty show; But the bright world to which I go Hath joys sub-stan-tial and sin-cere: When shall I wake and find me there?
3. O glorious hour! O blest a-bode! I shall be near and like my God, And flesh and sin no more con-trol The sa-cred 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 Sa-viour's im-age rise.

TRANQUILLITY. L. M.

English Theme.

1. Bright as the sun's me-ridian blaze, Vast as the bless-ings he con-veys, Wide as his reign from pole to pole, And per-ma-nent as his con-trol.
2. So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come; Then sin and hell's ter-ri-fic gloom Shall, at thy brightness, flee a-way, The dawn of an e-ter-nal day.
3. Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe, Learn the blest knowledge of thy law, And an-ti-christ, on ev'-ry shore, Fall from his throne, to rise no more.
4. Then shall thy lof-ty praise resound On Afric's shores, through India's ground, And is-lands of the South-ern sea Shall stretch their eager arms to thee.

[H. 63. B. W. 164.]

MORRIS. L. M.

W. D. R.

1. Great God! what hosts of angels stand In shin - ing ranks at thy right hand, Ar-ray'd in robes of dazzling light, With pin - ions stretch'd for distant flight!
2. Im-mor - tal fires! se-raph-ic flames! Who can recount their various names? In strength and beauty they ex-cel; For near the throne of God they dwell.
3. How ea - ger - ly they wish to know The du - ties he would have them do: What joy their act - ive spi - rits feel, To ex - e - cute their Sovereign's will!
4. Hith - er, at his command, they fly To guard the beds on which we lie; To shield our persons night and day, And scat - ter all our fears a - way.
5. Send, O my God, some an-gel down, (Though to a mortal eye un - known,) To guide and guard my doubtful way Up to the realms of end - less day

[H. 659. B. W. 341.]

BLOOMFIELD CHANT. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Now, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, To whom we for our chil - dren cry! The good de-sired and wanted most, Out of thy rich-est grace sup - ply.
2. Er - ror and ig - no-rance re - move, The blindness of their hearts and mind; Give them the wis - dom from a - bove, Spot-less and peace-a-ble and kind.
3. An - swer on them the end of all Our cares and pains and stu-dies here! On them, re - cov - er'd from their fall, Stamp'd with the humble cha - rac - ter.
4. U - nite what long has been disjoin'd,—Knowledge and vital pi - e - ty; Learning and ho - li-ness combined, And truth and love, let all men see.
5. Fa - ther, ac-cept them through thy Son, And ev - er by thy Spi - rit guide! Thy wis - dom in their lives be shown, Thy name con-fess'd and glo - ri - fied.

[H. 653. B. W. 29.]

HARVEST. L. M.

Arranged from BEETHOVEN.

1. Now, in the heat of youthful blood, Remember your Cre - a - tor, God: Behold, the months come hastening on When you shall say, "My joys are gone."
2. God from on high beholds your thoughts; His book records your secret faults; The works of darkness men have done Must all ap - pear be - fore the sun.
3. Be - hold, the a - ged sin - ner goes, La-den with guilt and heav-y woes, Down to the re-gions of the dead, With bitterest cur - ses on his head.
4. The dust re-turns to dust a - gain; The soul, in a – go - nies of pain, Ascends to God, not there to dwell, But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
5. God of the young! turn off their eyes From earth's allur-ing van - i - ties; And let the warnings of thy word A-wake their souls to fear the Lord.

[H. 359. B. W. 280.]

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

KNAPP.

1. I hear a voice that comes from far, From Cal-va - ry it sounds abroad; It soothes my soul and calms my fear; It speaks of pardon bought with blood.
2. And is it true that ma - ny fly The sound that bids my soul re-joice, And ra - ther choose in sin to die, Than turn an ear to mer-cy's voice?
3. A - las for those!—the day is near When mer - cy will be heard no more; Then will they ask, in vain, to hear The voice they would not hear be - fore.
4. With such, I own, I once appear'd, But now I know how great their loss; For sweet-er sounds were nev - er heard Than mer - cy ut - ters from the cross.

[H. 273. B. W. 167.]

WINCHELSEA. L. M.

PRELIEUR.

1. Thou Man of griefs, re - mem - ber me: Thou sure - ly nev - er canst for - get Thy last mys - te-rious ag - o - ny, Thy faint - ing pangs and blood-y sweat!
2. When wrestling in the strength of prayer, Thy spi - rit sank be-neath its load! Thy fee - ble flesh a - fraid to bear The wrath of an al-might-y God!
3. Fa-ther, (if I may call thee so,) Re-gard my fear - ful heart's de - sire; Re - move this load of guilt - y woe, Nor let me in my sins ex - pire!
4. I trem - ble lest the wrath di-vine, Which bruis-es now my sin - ful soul, Should bruise this wretched soul of mine Long as e - ter - nal a - ges roll!
5. I de - pre - cate that death a - lone, That end-less ban - ish-ment from thee! Oh, save me through thine on - ly Son, Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!

[H. 433. B. W. 92.]

TILGHMAN. L. M.

W. SHRIVER.

1. How blest the sa-cred tie that binds, In union sweet, ac-cord-ing minds! How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one!
2. To each, the soul of each how dear! What watchful love, what ho-ly fear! How doth the generous flame with - in Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!
3. Their streaming eyes to-geth - er flow For hu-man guilt and mor - tal woe; Their ardent prayers to - geth - er rise, Like mingling flames in sa - cri - fice.
4. To - geth - er both they seek the place Where God reveals his aw - ful face; How high, how strong their raptures swell, There's none but kindred souls can tell.
5. Nor shall the glow-ing flame ex - pire 'Midst nature's drooping, sickening fire: Soon shall they meet in realms a - bove, A heaven of joy, be-cause of love.

[H. 479. B. W. 103.]

BRIDGES. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. While on the verge of life I stand, And view the scene on ei - ther hand, My spi-rit struggles with my clay, And longs to wing its flight a - way.

2. Where Jesus dwells, my soul would be, And faints my much-loved Lord to see: Earth, twine no more about my heart! For 'tis far better to de - part.

3. Come, ye an - gel - ic en - voys! come, And lead the will-ing pil - grim home; Ye know the way to Je - sus' throne, Source of my joys, and of your own.

4. That blissful in - ter - view, how sweet! To fall transport-ed at his feet! Raised in his arms, to view his face, Through the full beamings of his grace.

[H. 790. B. W. 328.]

RATHVON. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. From ev'-ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy - seat.

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

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

4. Ah! whither could we flee for aid When tempted, des - o - late, dis-may'd, Or how the host of hell de - feat, Had suffering saints no mer-cy - seat?

[H. 1001. B. W. 583.]

KELLER. 6,6,8, 6,8,8. Peculiar.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Friend af - ter friend de - parts; Who hath not lost a friend? There is no u - nion here of hearts That finds not here an end.

2 Be - yond the flight of time, Be - yond the reign of death, There sure - ly is some bless - ed clime Where life is not a breath,

Were this frail world our fi - nal rest, Liv - ing or dy - ing, none were blest.

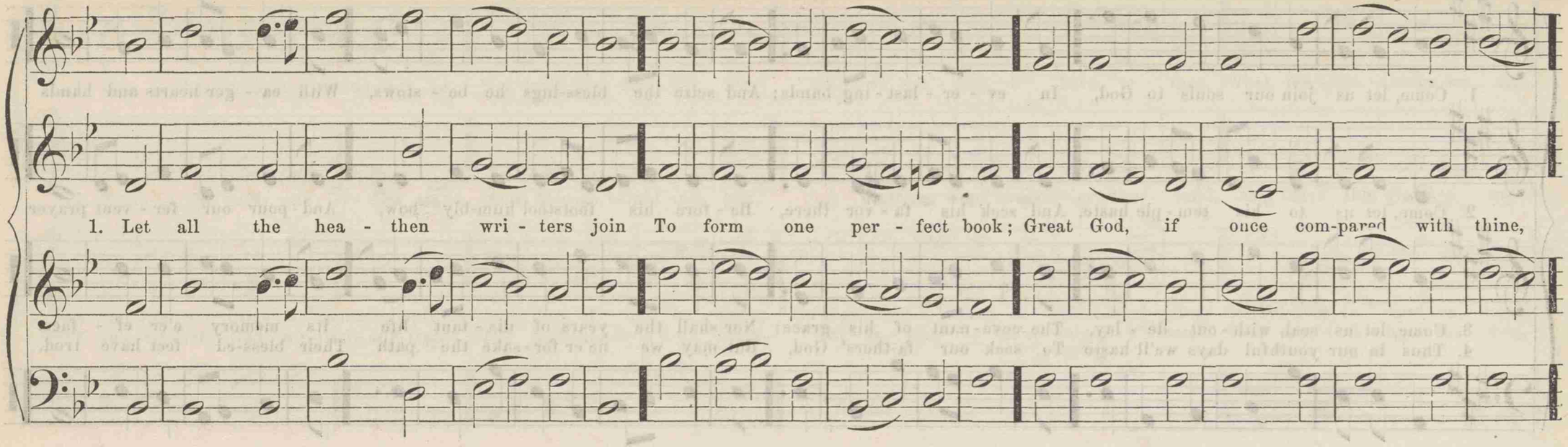
Nor life's af - fec - tions tran - sient fire, Whose sparks fly up - ward and ex - pire.

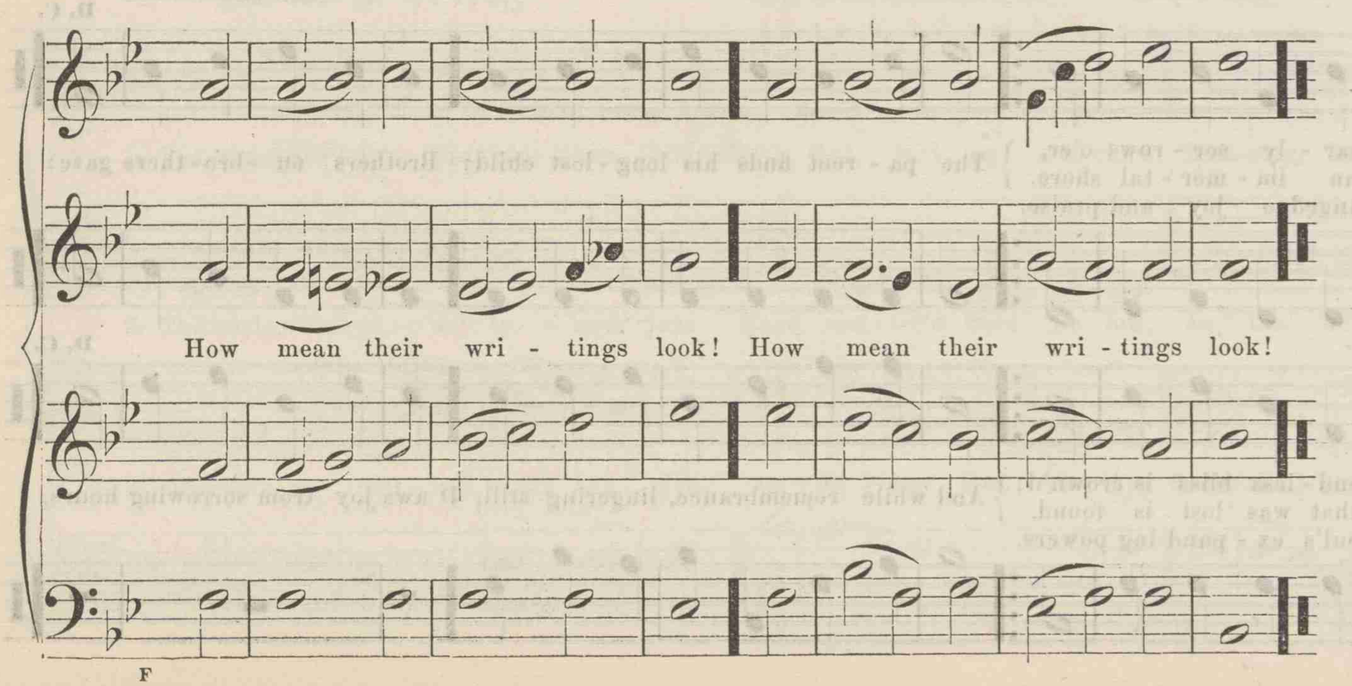
3.

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.





2.
Not the most perfect rules they gave
  Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave:
  But thine conduct to heaven.

3.
Lord, I have made thy word my choice,
  My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
  My warmest thoughts engage.

4.
I'll read the histories of thy love
  And keep thy laws in sight,
While through thy promises I rove
  With ever fresh delight.

5.
'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
  Where springs of life arise,
Seed of immortal bliss is sown,
  And hidden glory lies.

[H. 926. B. W. 430.]

DEDHAM. C. M.

WM. GARDINER.

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 - vor there, Be - fore his footstool hum-bly bow, And pour our fer - vent prayer.
3. Come, let us seal, with - out de - lay, The cove - nant of his grace; Nor shall the years of dis - tant life Its memory e'er ef - face.
4. Thus in our youthful days we'll haste To seek our fa-thers' God, But may we ne'er for - sake the path Their bless-ed feet have trod.

[H. 1003. B. W. 332.]

LUCERNE. C. M. Double.

Rev. CHAS. HALL.

1. Blest hour, when virtuous friends shall meet, Their ear - ly sor - rows o'er,
   And with ce - les - tial wel - come greet, On an im - mor - tal shore. } The pa - rent finds his long - lost child; Brothers on bro - thers gaze:
   D. C. The tear of re - sig - na - tion mild Is changed to joy and praise.

D. C.

3. Each ten - der tie, dis-solved with pain, With end - less bliss is crown'd;
   All that was dead re - vives a - gain, All that was lost is found. } And while remembrance, lingering still, D aws joy from sorrowing hours,
   D. C. New pros-pects rise, new plea-sures fill The soul's ex - pand-ing powers.

1. Let o - thers boast how strong they be, Nor death nor dan - ger fear; While we con - fess, O Lord, to thee, What fee - ble things we are.

2. Fresh as the grass our bo - dies stand, And flourish bright and gay: A blast-ing wind sweeps o'er the land, And fades the grass a - way.

3. Our life con - tains a thousand springs, And dies if one be gone; Strange! that a harp of thou-sand strings Should keep in tune so long.

4. But 'tis our God sup-ports our frame, The God that form'd us first: Sal - va - tion to th'al - might - y name That rear'd us from the dust.

[H. 662. B. W. 176.] HOLDEN. C. M. HOLDEN.

1. Yes, there are joys that can - not die, With God laid up in store; Trea-sure, beyond the chang - ing sky, Brighter than gold - en ore.

2. The seeds which pi - e - ty and love Have scat - ter'd here be - low, In the fair, fer - tile fields a - bove To am - ple har-vests grow.

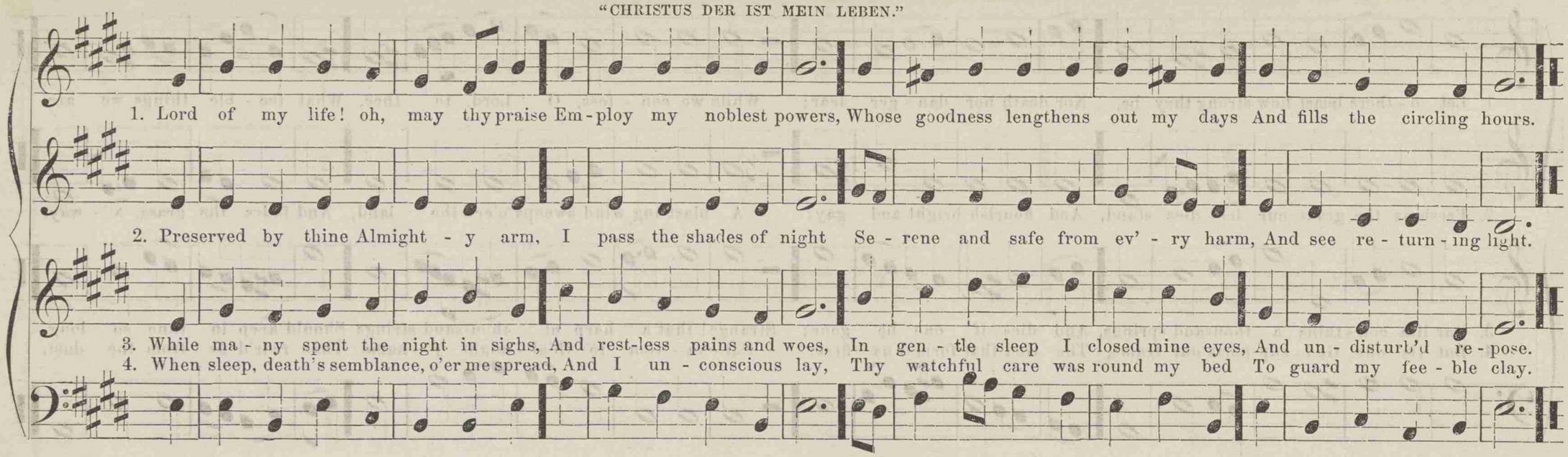
3. The mite my will - ing hands can give, At Je - sus' feet I lay; Grace shall the hum - ble gift re - ceive, And grace at large re - pay.

[H. 616. B. W. 508.]

MAYER. C. M.

"CHRISTUS DER IST MEIN LEBEN."

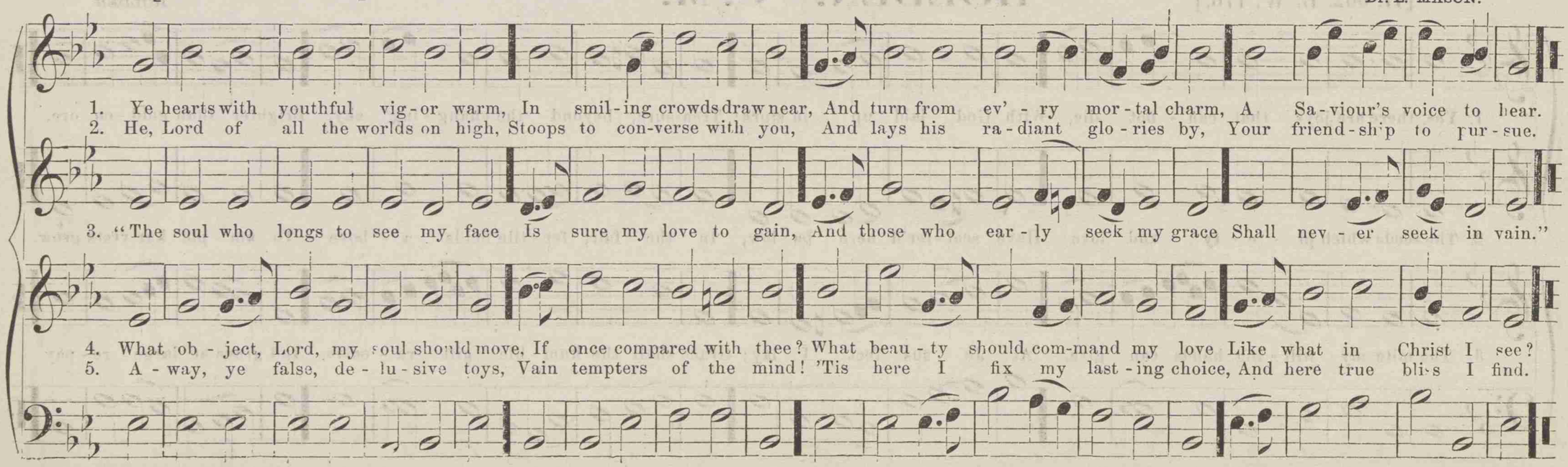
Arranged by H. SCHWING.



[H. 199. B. W. 141.]

LITCHFIELD. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



[H. 588. B. W. 207.]

BALERMA. C. M.

1. Blest Je - sus, come thou gen - tly down, And fill this hallow'd place: Oh, make thy glo - rious go - ings known, Dif-fuse a-round thy grace.
2. Shine, dear-est Lord, from realms of day, Dis-perse the gloom of night: Chase all our clouds and doubts a - way, And turn the shades to light.
3. Be-hold and pi - ty, from a - bove, Our cold and lan-guid frame; Oh, shed a-broad thy quickening love, And glo - ri - fy thy name.
4. All-glo - rious Sa - viour, source of grace, To thee we raise our cry: Un - veil the beau - ties of thy face To ev' - ry wait - ing eye.

[H. 74. B. W. 339.]

HERBERT. C. M.

1. To calm the sorrows of the mind, Our heavenly Friend is nigh, To wipe the anxious tear that starts Or trembles in the eye, Or trembles in the eye.
2. Thou canst, when anguish rends the heart, The secret woe control; The inward mal - a - dy canst heal, The sickness of the soul, The sickness of the soul.
3. Thou canst repress the rising sigh, Canst soothe each mortal care, And every deep and heart-felt groan Is wafted to thine ear, Is wafted to thine ear.
4. Thy gracious eye is watchful still, Thy potent arm can save From threatening danger and disease, And the devouring grave, And the devour-ing grave.

[H. 642. B. W. 469.]

YORK. C. M.

1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray: I am for - ev - er thine: I fear be - fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.
2. And while I rest my wea - ry head, From care and busi-ness free, 'Tis sweet con - ver - sing on my bed With my own heart and thee.
3. I pay this even - ing sac - ri - fice; And when my work is done, Great God, my faith, my hope, re - lies Up - on thy grace a - lone.
4. Thus with my thoughts composed to peace, I'll give mine eyes to sleep; Thy hand in safe - ty keeps my days, And will my slum-bers keep!

[H. 851. B. W. 75.]

GENEVA. C. M.

JOHN COLE.

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 surveys, 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 surveys, Transport - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

1. "Proclaim," said Christ, "God's wondrous grace To all the sons of men; He who be-lieves and is bap-tized, Sal-va-tion shall ob-tain."

2. Let plenteous grace de-scend on those Who, hop-ing in his word, This day have pub-lic-ly de-clared That Je-sus is their Lord.

3. With cheer-ful feet may they go on, And run the Chris-tian race; And in the troubles of the way Find all-suf-fi-cient grace.

4. And when the aw-ful mes-sage comes To call their souls a-way, May they be found pre-pared to live In realms of end-less day.

[H. 676. B. W. 419.] COLESHILL. C. M.

1. 'Tis hard to part with those we love, Who weep be-side our bed, Whose tears be-dew our burn-ing brow, Whose arm sup-ports our head.

2. When fad-ing from the diz-zy view, I sought their forms in vain; The bit-ter-ness of death I knew, And groan'd to live a-gain.

3. 'Tis dread-ful when th' ac-cu-ser's power As-sails the sink-ing heart, Re-call-ing ev'-ry wast-ed hour And each un-wor-thy part.

4. Yet, Je-sus, in that mor-tal fray, Thy bless-ed com-fort stole, Like sun-shine in an au-tumn day, A-cross my dark-en'd soul.

[H. 194. B. W. 270]

MARK. C. M.

B. F. SCHNECK.

1. The Sa - viour calls; let ev' - ry ear At - tend the heaven - ly sound: Ye doubt-ing souls! dis - miss your fear; Hope smiles re - viv - ing round.
2. For ev' - ry thirs - ty, long - ing heart Here streams of boun - ty flow, And life, and health, and bliss, im - part, To ban - ish mor - tal woe.
3. Here springs of sa - cred plea - sure rise, To ease your ev' - ry pain: Im - mor - tal foun-tain! full sup - plies! Nor shall you thirst in vain.
4. Ye sin - ners, come! 'tis mer - cy's voice; The gra - cious call o - bey; Mer - cy in - vites to heaven-ly joys; And can you yet de - lay?
5. Dear Sa - viour! draw re - luc - tant hearts; To thee let sin - ners fly, And take the bliss thy love im-parts, And drink, and nev - er die.

[H. 60. B. W. 67.]

ROEDEL. C. M.

B. F. SCHNECK.

1. We sing th'almighty pow'r of God, Who bade the mountains rise, Who spread the flowing seas abroad, And built the lof - ty skies, And built the lof - ty skies.
2. We sing the wisdom that ordain'd The sun to rule the day; The moon shines full at his command, And all the stars o - bey, And all the stars o - bey.
3. We sing the goodness of the Lord, Who fills the earth with food; Who form'd his creatures by a word, And then pronounced them good, And then pronounced them good.
4. Lord, how thy wonders are display'd Where'er we turn our eyes, Whether we view the ground we tread, Or gaze up-on the skies! Or gaze up - on the skies!

[H. 146. B. W. 105.]

JOSEPHINE. C. M.

W. D. R.

1. Ye hum - ble souls that seek the Lord, Chase all your fears a - way, And bow with plea - sure down to see The place where Je - sus lay.
2. Thus low the Lord of life was brought, Such won - ders love can do! Thus cold in death that bo - som lay Which throbb'd and bled for you!
3. A mo - ment give a loose to grief; Let grate - ful sor - rows rise; And wash the blood - y stains a - way With tor - rents from your eyes.
4. Then dry your tears, and tune your songs, The Sa - viour lives a - gain! Not all the bolts and bars of death The Con-queror could de - tain.

[H. 666. B. W. 238.]

KURTZ. C. M.

W. D. R.

1. Blest is the man whose heart ex-pands At melt-ing pi - ty's call, And the rich blessings of whose hands Like heav'n - ly man - na fall.
2. Mer - cy, de - scend-ing from a - bove, In soft-est accents pleads: Oh, may each ten - der bo-som move When mer - cy in - ter - cedes.
3. Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way To guide un - tu-tor'd youth, And lead the mind that went a-stray To vir - tue and to truth.
4. Chil-dren our kind pro - tec-tion claim, And God will well ap - prove When in-fants learn to lisp his name And their Cre - a - tor love.

[H. 701 B. W. 478.]

BANGOR. C. M.

RAVENSCROFT.

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

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

3. Great God, is this our cer - tain doom? And are we still se - cure? Still walk - ing downward to the tomb, And yet pre - pare no more?
4. Grant us the power 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.

[H. 88. B. W. 83.]

FLORENCE. C. M.

1. Ye trem - bling souls! dis - miss your fears; Be mer - cy all your theme; Mer - cy, which, like a riv - er, flows In one con - ti-nued stream.

2. Fear not the powers of earth and hell: God will these powers re - strain, His might - y arm their rage re - pel, And make their ef - forts vain.

3. Fear not the want of out - ward good; He still for his pro - vides, Grants them sup-plies of dai - ly food, And gives them heaven be - sides.
4. Fear not that he will e'er for - sake, Or leave his word un - done; He's faith - ful to his pro - mi - ses, And faith - ful to his Son.

BYEFIELD. C. M.

1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Ut - ter'd or un - express'd, The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That slum - bers in the breast.
2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear, The up - ward glan - cing of an eye, When none but God is near.

3. Prayer is the sim - plest form of speech That in - fant lips can try; Prayer the sub - limest strains that reach The ma - jes - ty on high.

4. Prayer is the Christian's vi - tal breath, The Chris - tian's na - tive air, His watch-word at the gates of death: He en - ters heaven with prayer.
5. Prayer is the con - trite sin - ner's voice Re - turn - ing from his ways, While an - gels in their songs re - joice, And say, "Be - hold, he prays."

[H. 702. B. W. 473.]

CANTON. C. M.

1. Teach me the mea - sure of my days, Thou Ma - ker of my frame! I would sur - vey life's nar-row space, And learn how frail I am.

2. A span is all that we can boast, A fleet - ing hour of time: Man is but van - i - ty and dust, In all his flower and prime.

3. See the vain race of mor - tals move, Like shadows o'er the plain; They rage and strive, de - sire and love, But all the noise is vain.
4. Some walk in ho - nor's gau - dy show, Some dig for gold - en ore; They toil for heirs, they know not who, And straight are seen no more.

[H. 3. B. W. 249.]

LONDON. C. M.

From the Scotch Psalter.

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

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

3. Here the fair tree of knowledge grows, And yields a free re - past; Su - bli - mer sweets than na - ture knows In - vite the long-ing taste.

4. Here the Re - deem - er's welcome voice Spreads heavenly peace a - round; And life and ev - er - last - ing joys At - tend the bliss - ful sound.

[H. 308. B. W. 367.]

BOYNTON. C. M.

Rev. C. MALAN.

1. Dear Re-fuge of my wea - ry soul, On thee, when sor-rows rise, On thee, when waves of trou-ble roll, My faint-ing hope re - lies.

2. To thee I tell each ris - ing grief, For thou a - lone canst heal; Thy word can bring a sweet re - lief For ev' - ry pain I feel.

3. But, oh, when gloomy doubts pre - vail, I fear to call thee mine; The springs of com-fort seem to fail, And all my hopes de - cline.

4. Yet, gra-cious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my on - ly trust; And still my soul would cleave to thee, Though prostrate in the dust.

SECRET PRAYER. C. M.

1. O thou from whom all goodness flows, I lift my soul to thee, In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes, O Lord, re - mem - ber me. Remember me, remember me.
2. When on my ach-ing, burden'd heart My sins lie hea - vi - ly, Thy pardon grant, new peace im-part; O Lord, re - mem - ber me. Remember me, remember me.
3. When tri - als sore obstruct my way, And ills I can - not flee, Oh, let my strength be as my day: Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me! Remember me, remember me.
4. When worn with pain, dis-ease, and grief This feeble frame shall be, Grant patience, rest, and kind re-lief; Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me! Remember me, remember me.

[H. 567. B. W. 197.]

LA MIRA. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Let Zi - on's watchmen all a - wake, And take th'a-larm they give; Now let them from the mouth of God Their so - lemn charge re - ceive.
2. 'Tis not a cause of small im - port The pas - tor's care de-mands; But what might fill an an - gel's heart, And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
3. They watch for souls, for which the Lord Did heav'n - ly bliss fore - go; For souls, which must for - ev - er live In rap - tures or in woe.
4. All to the great tri - bu - nal haste, Th'account to ren - der there; And shouldst thou strict-ly mark our faults, Lord, how shall we ap - pear?
5. May they that Je - sus, whom they preach, Their own Re - deem - er see; And watch thou dai - ly o'er their souls, That they may watch for thee.

[H. 738. B. W. 572.]

VARINA. C. M. Double.

From RINK, by G. F. ROOT.

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

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.

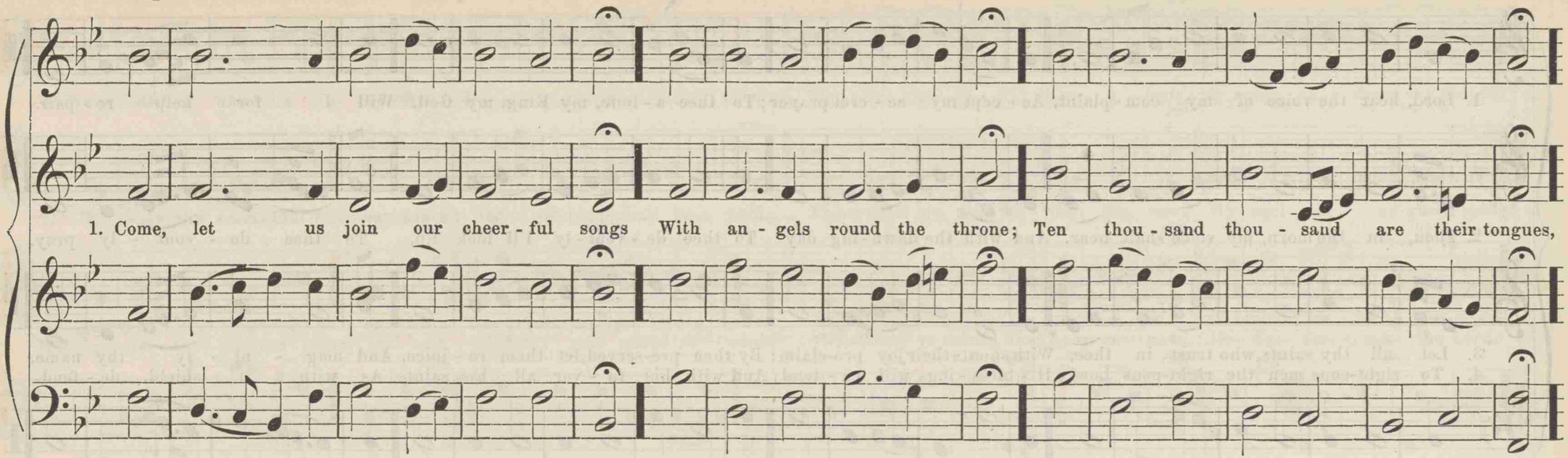
5. Oh! could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise, And view the Ca-naan that we love, With un-be-cloud-ed eyes!

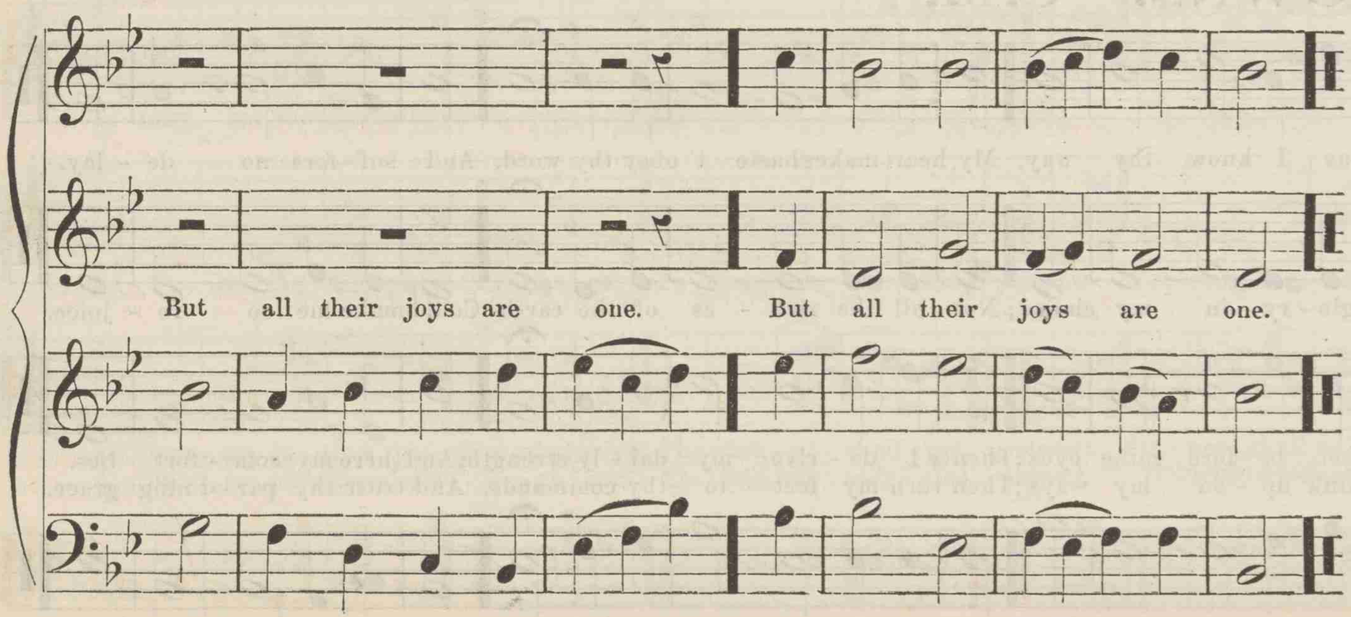
2. There ev-er-last-ing spring abides, And nev-er-withering flowers: Death, like a nar-row sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

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

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

MOUNT PLEASANT. C. M.





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

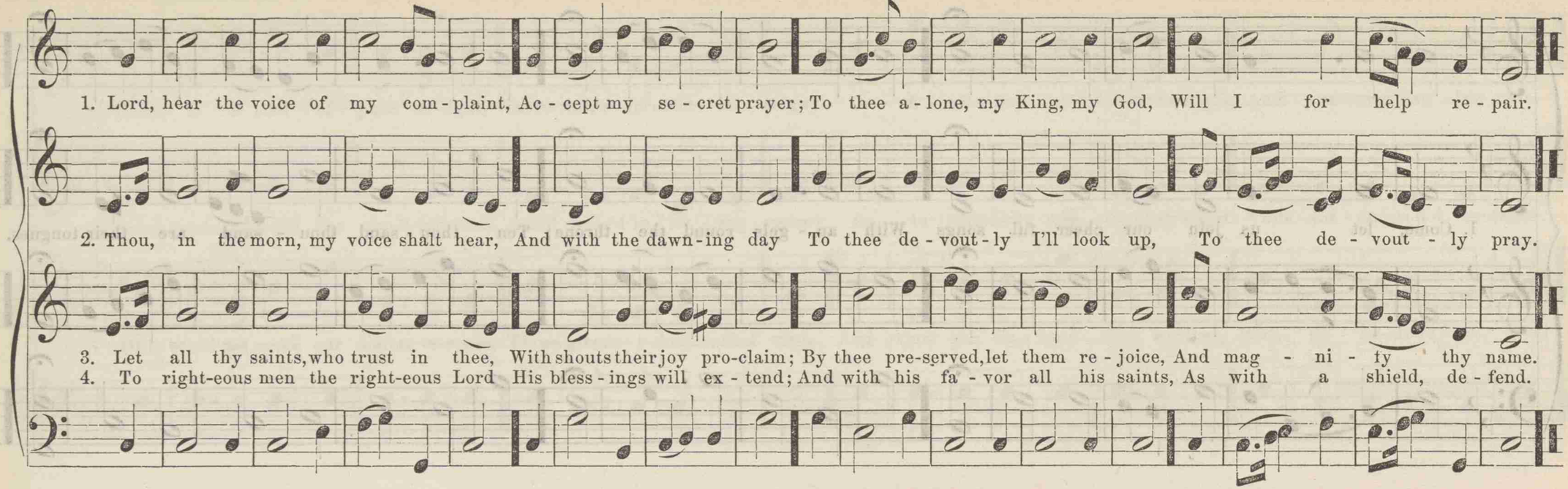
3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

[H. 943. B. W. 60.]

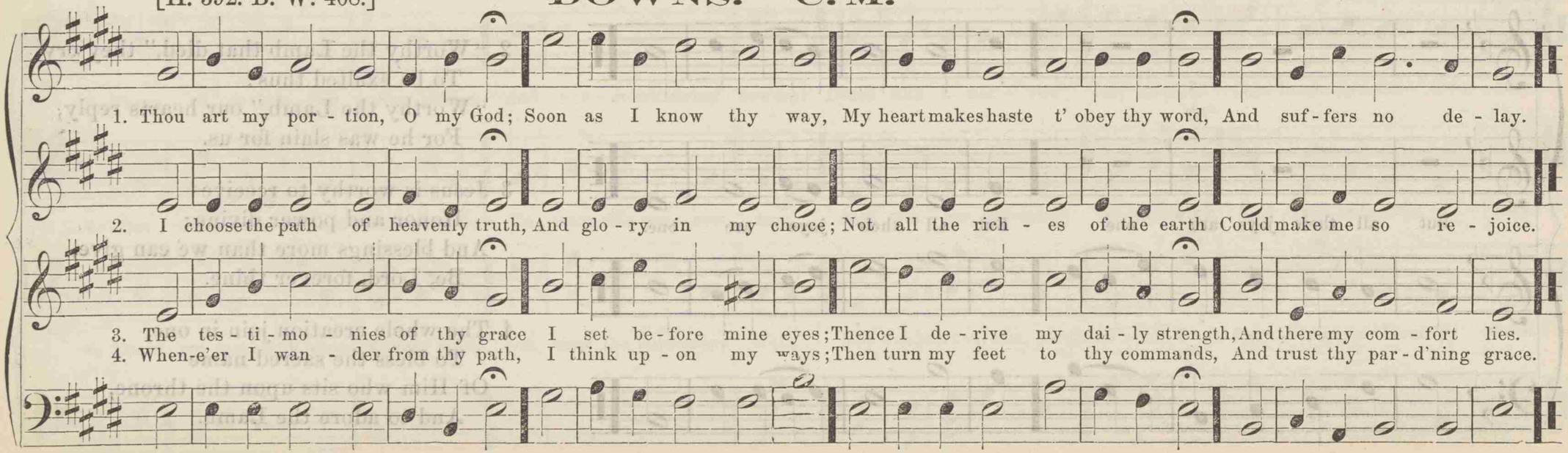
HOWARD. C. M.

MRS. CUTHBERT.



[H. 392. B. W. 408.]

DOWNS. C. M.



CLARENDON. C. M.

1. What shall I ren - der to my God For all his kind - ness shown? My feet shall vi - sit thine a - bode, My songs ad - dress thy throne.
2. A - mong the saints that fill thy house, My off'-rings shall be paid; There shall my zeal per - form the vows My soul in an-guish made.
3. Now I am thine, for - ev - er thine, Nor shall my pur - pose move; Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain, And bound me with thy love.
4. Here in thy courts I leave my vow, And thy rich grace re - cord; Wit - ness, ye saints, that hear me now, If I for - sake the Lord.

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 prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.
2. Up to the hills where Christ has gone To plead for all his saints, Pre - sent - ing at his Fa-ther's throne Our songs and our com - plaints.
3. Thou art a God be - fore whose sight The wick - ed shall not stand: Sin - ners shall ne'er be thy de - light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.
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.

98 [H. 56. B. W. 101.]

KRAUTH. C. M.

W. D. R.

1. Fa - ther, how wide thy glo - ries shine! How high thy won - ders rise! Known through the earth by thou-sand signs, By thou-sands through the skies.

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

3. But when we view thy strange de - sign To save re - bel - lious man, Our souls are fill'd with awe di - vine, To see what God per-forms.

4. When sinners break the Fa - ther's law, The dy - ing Son a - tones; Oh, the dear mysteries of his cross! The tri - umph of his groans!

[H. 627. B. W. 177.]

FORNEY. C. M.

Altered and arranged from a German tune, by W. D. R.

1. Come, dear - est Lord, and feed thy sheep On this sweet day of rest; Oh, bless this flock, and make this fold En - joy a heaven - ly rest.

2. Wel - come and pre - cious to my soul Are these sweet days of love; But what a Sab - bath shall I keep When I shall rest a - bove!

3. I come, I wait, I hear, I pray, Thy foot-steps, Lord, I trace; Here, in thy own ap - point-ed way, I wait to see thy face.

4. These are the sweet and pre - cious days On which my Lord I've seen; And oft, when feast-ing on his word, In rap - tures I have been.

[H. 509. B. W. 420.]

BEMERTON. C. M.

1. See Is-rael's gen - tle Shepherd stand, With all - en - gag - ing charms! Hark! how he calls the ten - der lambs, And takes them in his arms!
2. "Permit them to approach," (he cries,) "Nor scorn their hum - ble name; It was to save such souls as these, With power and love I came."
3. We bring them, Lord, with grateful hearts, And yield them up to thee; Re-joiced that we ourselves are thine, Thine let our off-spring be!
4. Ye lit - tle flock, with pleasure hear; Ye chil-dren, seek his face; And fly, with transport, to re - ceive The gos - pel of his grace.
5. If orphans they are left be - hind, Thy care, O God! we trust; And let thy pro-mise cheer our hearts, If weep-ing o'er their dust.

[H. 115. B. W. 117.]

MANOAH. C. M.

1. Be-hold, where in a mor - tal form Ap-pears each grace di - vine! The vir - tues all in Je - sus met With mild-est ra - diance shine.
2. To spread the rays of heav'n-ly light, To give the mourn-er joy, To preach glad tid - ings to the poor, Was his di - vine em - ploy.
3. Low - ly in heart, to all his friends A friend and ser - vant found; He wash'd their feet, he wiped their tears, And heal'd each bleeding wound.
4. 'Midst keen re-proach and cru - el scorn, Pa - tient and meek he stood; His foes, un-grate-ful, sought his life; He la-bor'd for their good.

[H. 614. B. W. 179.]

STEPHENS. C. M.

JONES of Nayland.

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

2. Night un - to night his name re - peats, The day re - news the sound, Wide as the heaven on which he sits, To turn the sea - sons round.

3. '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.

5. Great God, let all my hours be thine, Whilst I en - joy the light, Then shall my sun in smiles de - cline, And bring a plea - sant night.

[H. 504. B. W. 47.]

HADLEIGH. C. M.

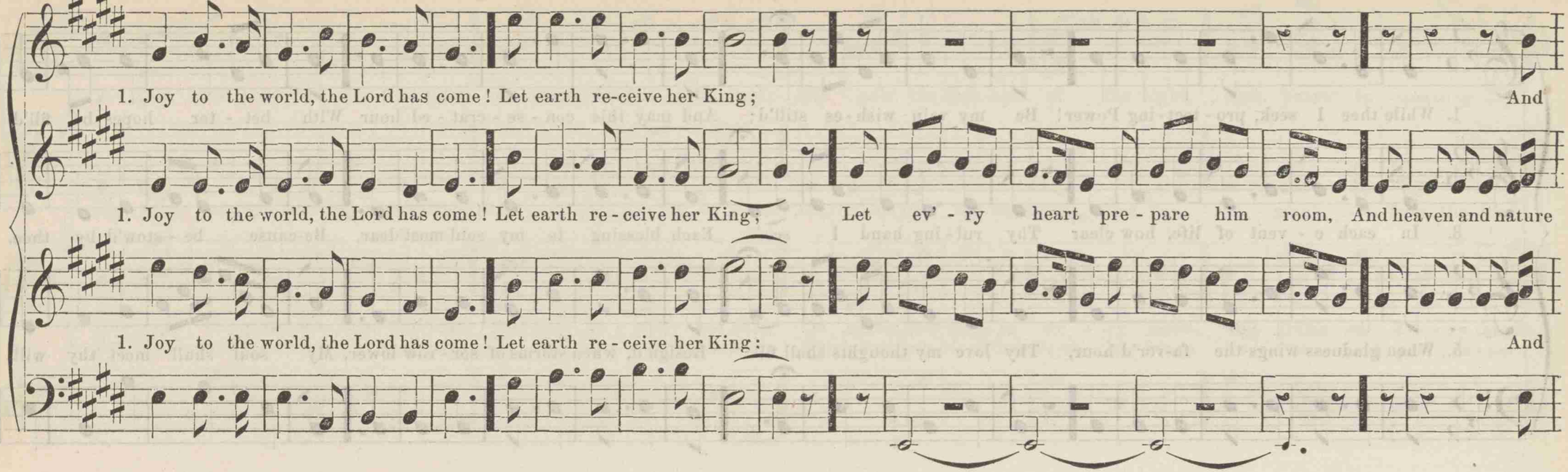
1. Ear - ly, my God, without de - lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spirit faints away Without thy cheering grace, Without thy cheering grace.

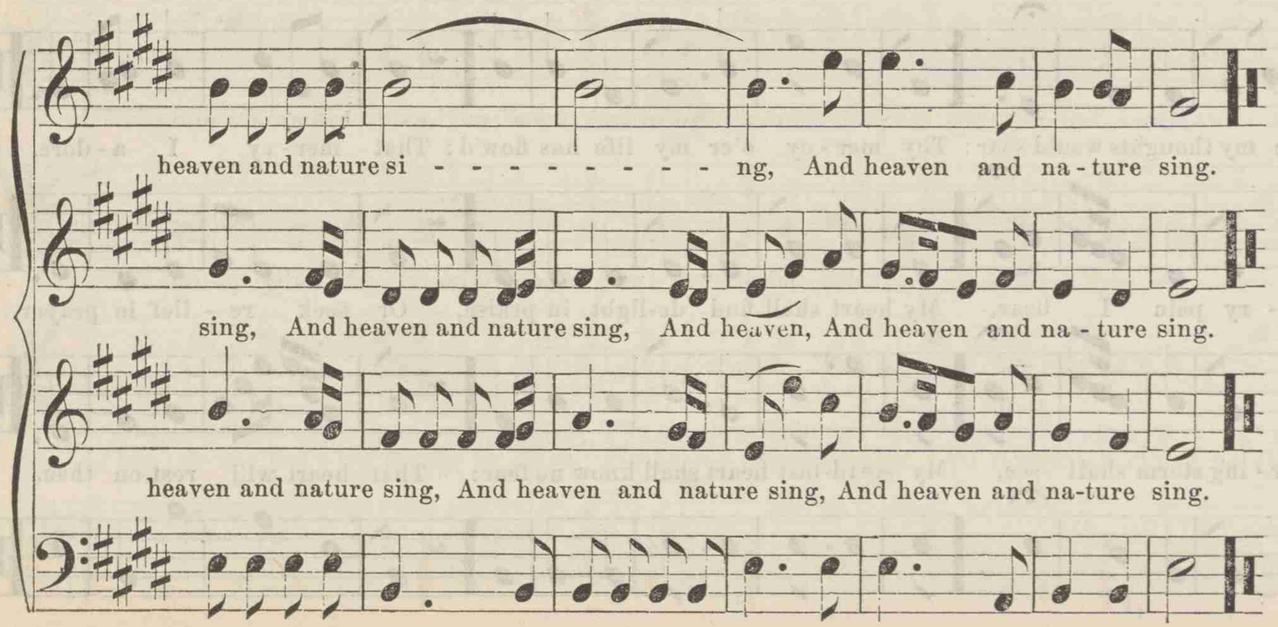
2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Be - neath a burn - ing sky, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die, And they must drink or die.

3. I've seen thy glo - ry and thy power Through all thy tem - ple shine; My God, repeat that heavenly hour, That vision so divine, That vi - sion so di - vine.

4. Not all the bless-ings of a feast Can please my soul so well, As when thy richer grace I taste And in thy presence dwell, And in thy presence dwell.

ANTIOCH. C. M.





2.

Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3.

No more let sins and sorrows 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.

[H. 393. B. W. 122.]

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. Double.

PLEYEL.

1. While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power! Be my vain wish - es still'd; And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be fill'd.

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

5. When gladness wings the fa-vor'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 powers of thought bestow'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 prayer.

6. My lift - ed eye, with-out a tear, The lower - ing storm shall see, My stead-fast heart shall know no fear: That heart will rest on thee.

ZANESVILLE. C. M.

1. A - gain the Lord of life and light A - wakes the kin - dling ray; Dis - pels the dark-ness of the night, And pours in - creas-ing day.
2. Oh, what a night was that which wrapp'd A sin-ful world in gloom! Oh, what a sun that broke, this day, Tri - umph - ant from the tomb!
3. This day be grate-ful hom-age paid, And loud ho - san - nas sung: Let glad - ness dwell in ev' - ry heart, And praise on ev' - ry tongue.
4. Ten thou - sand thou-sand lips shall join To hail this wel - come morn, Which scat-ters bless-ings from its wings To na - tions yet un-born.

NICHOLS. C. M.

1. The Spirit breathes up-on the word, And brings the truth to sight; Precepts and promis - es af - ford A sanc-ti-fy-ing light, A sanc-ti-fy-ing light.
2. A glo-ry gilds the sa-cred page, Ma - jes - tic like the sun; It gives a light to ev' - ry age, It gives—but borrows none, It gives—but borrows none.
3. The hand that gave it still sup - plies The gracious light and heat; His truths upon the na - tions rise, They rise but never set, They rise but never set.
4. Let ev-er - last - ing thanks be thine, For such a bright display As makes a world of darkness shine With beams of heavenly day. With beams of heavenly day.

[H. 28. B. W. 18.]

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

HANDEL.

1. Ho - ly and reverend is the name Of our e - ter-nal King; Thrice ho-ly, Lord! the angels cry; Thrice ho-ly, let us sing, Thrice ho-ly, let us sing.
2. Ho - ly is he in all his works, And saints are his de - light; But sinners and their wicked ways Are hateful in his sight, Are hateful in his sight.
3. The deepest reverence, homage, love, Pay, O my soul, to God; Lift with thy hands a ho - ly heart To his sublime abode, To his sublime a-bode.
4. Thou righteous God! preserve my mind From all pol - lu - tion free; Thine image form within my breast, That I thy face may see, That I thy face may see.

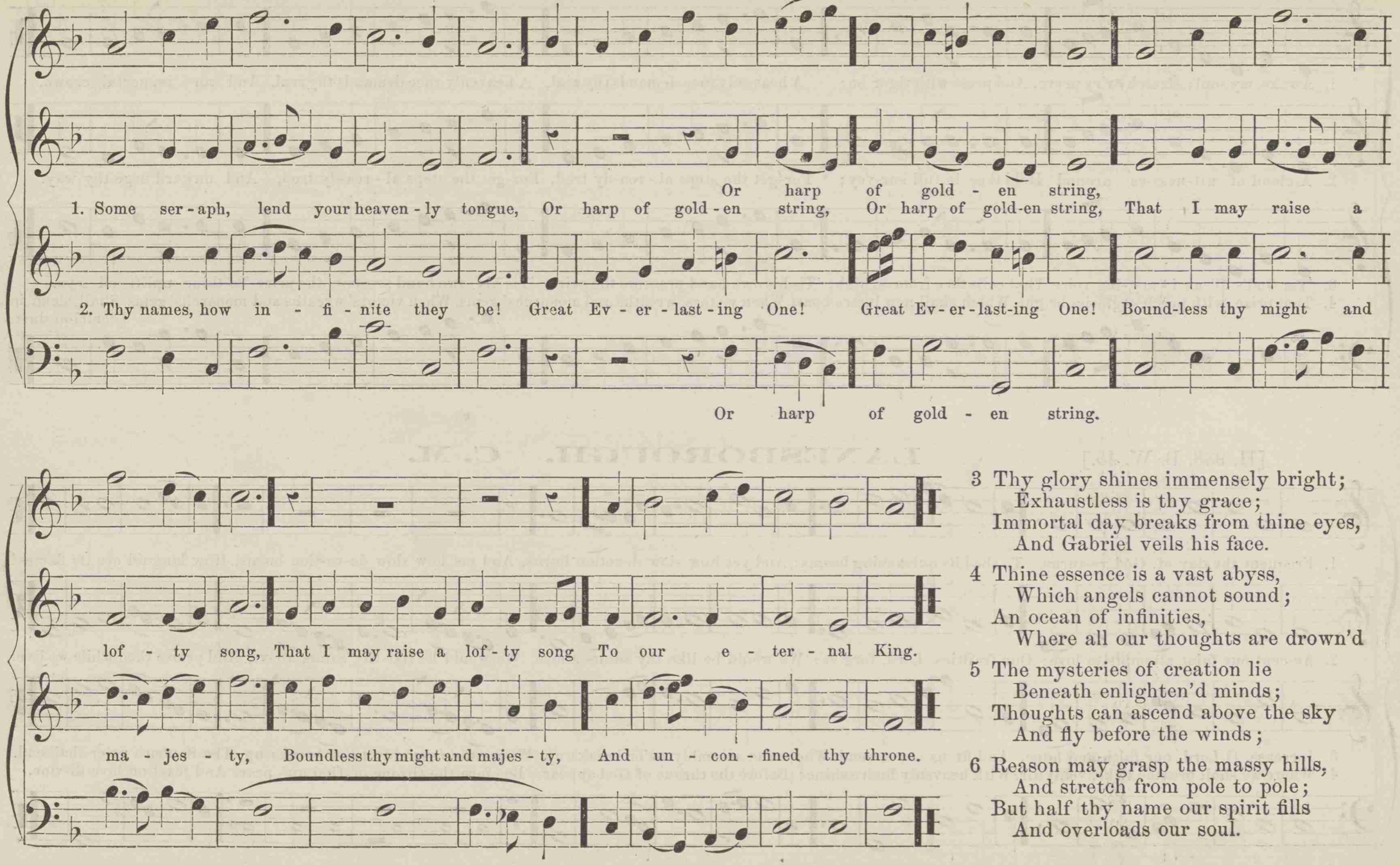
[H. 601. B. W. 479.]

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

Western Melody.

1. When ver-dure clothes the fer - tile vale, And blossoms deck the spray, And fragrance breathes in ev' - ry gale, How sweet the ver - nal day!
2. Hark! how the feather'd war-blers sing! 'Tis na-ture's cheerful voice; Soft mu - sic hails the love - ly spring, And woods and fields re - joice.
3. O God of na - ture and of grace, Thy heavenly gifts im - part; Then shall my me - di - ta - tion trace Spring blooming in my heart.
4. In - spired to praise, I then shall join Glad na-ture's cheerful song, And love and gra - ti - tude di - vine At - tune my joy - ful tongue.

ANNAPOLIS. C. M.



3 Thy glory shines immensely bright;
Exhaustless is thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

4 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound;
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd

5 The mysteries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky
And fly before the winds;

6 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole;
But half thy name our spirit fills
And overloads our soul.

[H. 857. B. W. 450.]

DURHAM. C. M.

1. Awake, my soul; stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal, A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown.
2. A cloud of wit-ness-es around Hold thee in full sur-vey; For-get the steps al-rea-dy trod, For-get the steps al-rea-dy trod, And onward urge thy way.
3. 'Tis God's all-an-i-mat-ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis his own hand presents the prize, 'Tis his own hand presents the prize To thine uplift-ed eye.
4. That prize, with peerless glories bright, Which shall new lustre boast When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems, When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems Shall blend in [common dust.

[H. 938. B. W. 45.]

LANESBOROUGH. C. M.

1. Frequent the day of God re-turns, To shed its quickening beams; And yet how slow devotion burns, And yet how slow de-vo-tion burns, How languid are its flames!
2. Ac-cept our faint attempts to love; Our frailties, Lord, forgive: We would be like thy saints above, We would be like thy saints above, And praise thee while we live.
3. Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope, And fit us to ascend Where the assembly ne'er breaks up, Where the assembly ne'er breaks up, The Sabbath ne'er shall end.
4. Where we shall breathe in heavenly air, With heavenly lustre shine; Before the throne of God appear, Be-fore the throne of God ap-pear, And feast on love di-vine.

[H. 349. B. W. 155.]

RUTHRAUFF. C. M.

1. Plunged in a gulf of dark de-spair We wretch-ed sin-ners lay, With-out one cheer-ful beam of hope Or spark of glimmering day.
2. With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace Be-held our help-less grief; He saw, and (oh, a-maz-ing love!) He ran to our re-lief.
3. Down from the shin-ing seats a-bove With joy-ful haste he fled; Enter'd the grave in mor-tal flesh, And dwelt a-mong the dead.
4. He spoil'd the powers of dark-ness thus, And brake our i-ron chains; Je-sus has freed our cap-tive souls From ev-er-last-ing pains.

[H. 672. B. W. 55.]

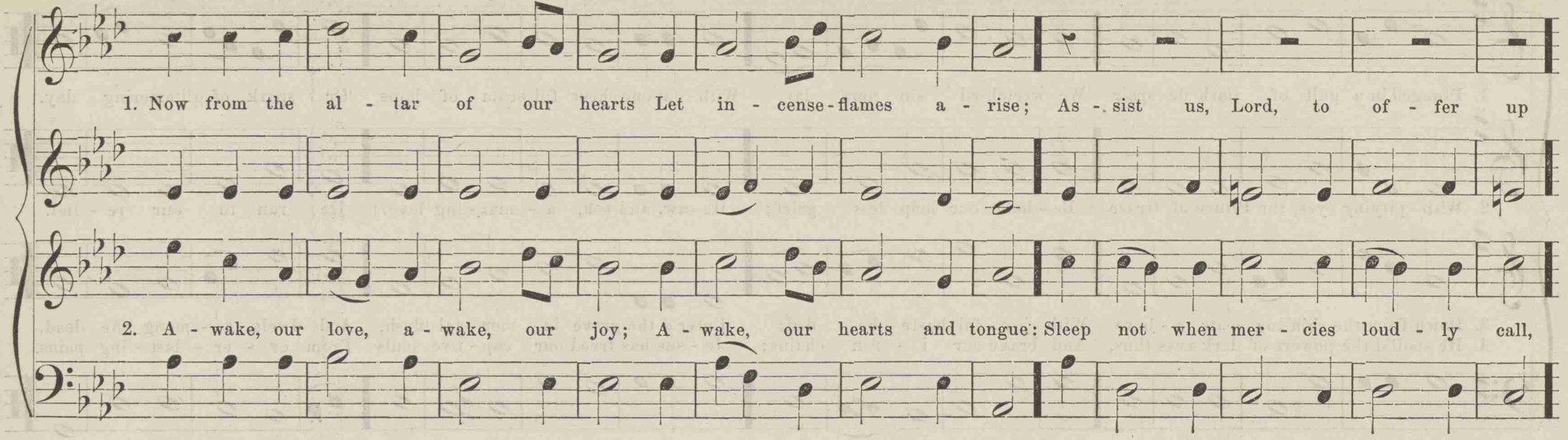
IRISH. C. M.

1. Lord! I am pain'd; but I re-sign My bo-dy to thy will; 'Tis grace, 'tis wis-dom all-di-vine, Ap-points the pains I feel.
2. Dark are the ways of pro-vi-dence, When those who love thee groan: Thy rea-sons lie con-ceal'd from sense, Mys-te-rious and un-known.
3. Yet na-ture may have leave to speak, And plead be-fore her God; Else would th'o'erburthen'd spi-rit break Be-neath his heav-y rod.
4. The mournful groans and flow-ing tears Give my poor spi-rit ease; While ev'-ry groan my Fa-ther hears, And ev'-ry tear he sees.
5. Is not some smil-ing hour at hand, With peace up-on its wings? Give it, O God! thy swift com-mand, With all the joys it brings.

[H. 637. B. W. 524.]

ASHLAND. C. M.

MEINEKE.



3.

Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

4.

New time, new favors, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

5.

Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score,
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

[H. 206. B. W. 473.]

BURFORD. C. M.

1. As on the cross the Sa - viour hung, And wept, and bled, and died, He pour'd sal - va - tion on a wretch That languish'd at his side.

2. His crimes, with in - ward grief and shame, The pen - i - tent con - fess'd, Then turn'd his dy - ing eyes to Christ, And thus his prayer address'd:

3. "Je - sus, thou Son and heir of heaven! Thou spot - less Lamb of God! I see thee bathed in sweat and tears, And wel - t'ring in thy blood.

4. "Yet quick - ly from these scenes of woe In tri - umph thou shalt rise, Burst through the gloom-y shades of death, And shine a - bove the skies.

[H. 82. B. W. 77.]

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

Dr. CROFT.

1. Thy way, O God, is in the sea, Thy paths I can - not trace, Nor com - pre - hend the mys - te - ry Of thine unbound - ed grace.

2. Here the dark veils of flesh and sense My cap - tive soul sur - round; Mys - te - rious deeps of prov - i - dence My wondering thoughts confound.

3. As through a glass, I dim - ly see The won - ders of thy love: How lit - tle do I know of thee, Or of the joys a - bove!

4. 'Tis but in part I know thy will: I bless thee for the sight; When will thy love the rest re - veal, In glo - ry's clear - er light?

[H. 513. B. W, 261.]

ROMBERG. C. M.

1. Ac - cord - ing to thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mi - li - ty, This will I do, my dy - ing Lord: I will re - mem - ber thee.
2. Thy bo - dy, bro - ken for my sake, My bread from heaven shall be; Thy tes - ta - ment - al cup I take, And thus re - mem - ber thee.
3. Geth-se - ma - ne can I for - get, Or there thy con - flict see, Thine ag - o - ny and blood-y sweat, And not re - mem - ber thee?
4. When to the cross I turn mine eyes, And rest on Cal - va - ry, O Lamb of God, my sa - cri - fice! I must re - mem - ber thee.

[H. 95. B. W. 299.]

ELON. C. M.

1. When in the light of faith di - vine We look on things be - low, Ho - nor, and gold, and sen - sual joy, How vain and dangerous too!
2. Ho-nor's a puff of noi - sy breath; Yet men ex - pose their blood, And ven - ture ev - er - last - ing death, To gain that air - y good.
3. Whilst oth - ers starve the no - bler mind, And feed on shi - ning dust, They sa - cri - fice e - ter - nal bliss To mean and sor - did lust.
4. The pleasures that al - lure our sense Are dangerous snares to souls; There's but a drop of flatter - ing sweet, And dash'd with bit - ter bowls.

1. Come, let us lift our voi-ces high, High as our joys a-rise, And join the songs above the sky, Where pleasure nev-er dies, Where pleasure nev-er dies.

2. Je-sus, the Lord, that fought and bled, How kind his smiles appear! What melting, soothing words he says To ev'-ry hum-ble ear, To ev'-ry hum-ble ear!

3. "For you, the objects of my love, It was for you I died; Be-hold my hands, behold my feet, And look in-to my side, And look in-to my side.
4. "These are the wounds for you I bore, The to-kens of my pains, When I was sent to free your souls From mi-se-ry and chains, From mi-se-ry and chains."

[H. 313. B. W. 359.] PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

1. Faith adds new charms to earth-ly bliss, And saves me from its snares; Its aid in ev'-ry du-ty brings, And soft-ens all my cares;

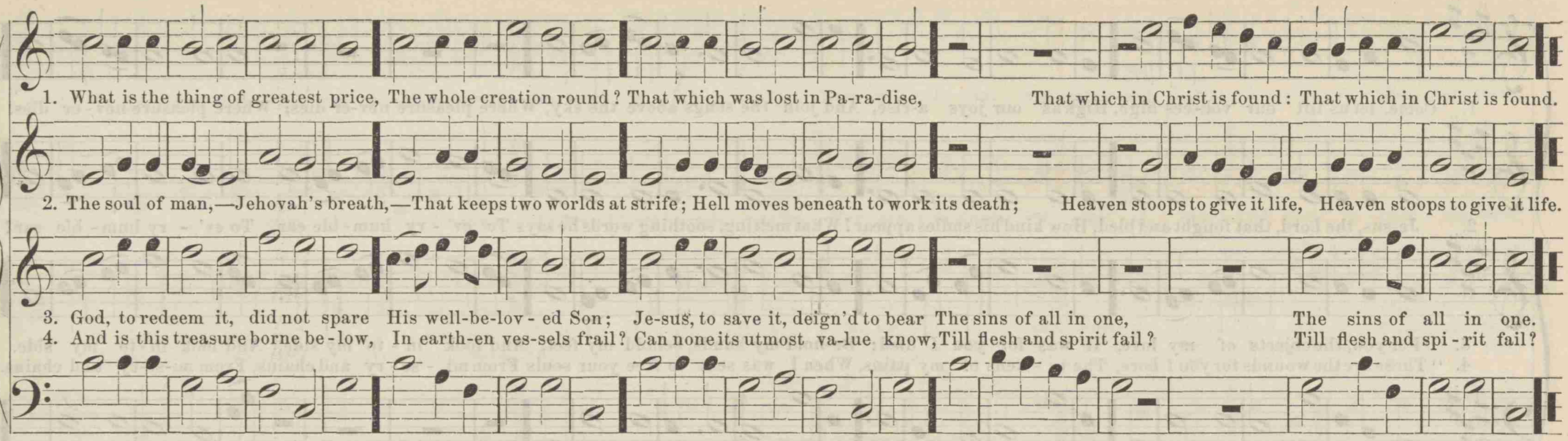
2. Ex-tin-guish-es the thirst of sin, And lights the sa-cred fire Of love to God and heaven-ly things, And feeds the pure de-sire.

3. The wounded conscience knows its power The heal-ing balm to give; That balm the saddest heart can cheer, And make the dy-ing live.
4. Wide it un-veils ce-les-tial worlds, Where deathless pleasures reign, And bids me seek my por-tion there, Nor bids me seek in vain.

[H. 64. B. W. 156.]

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

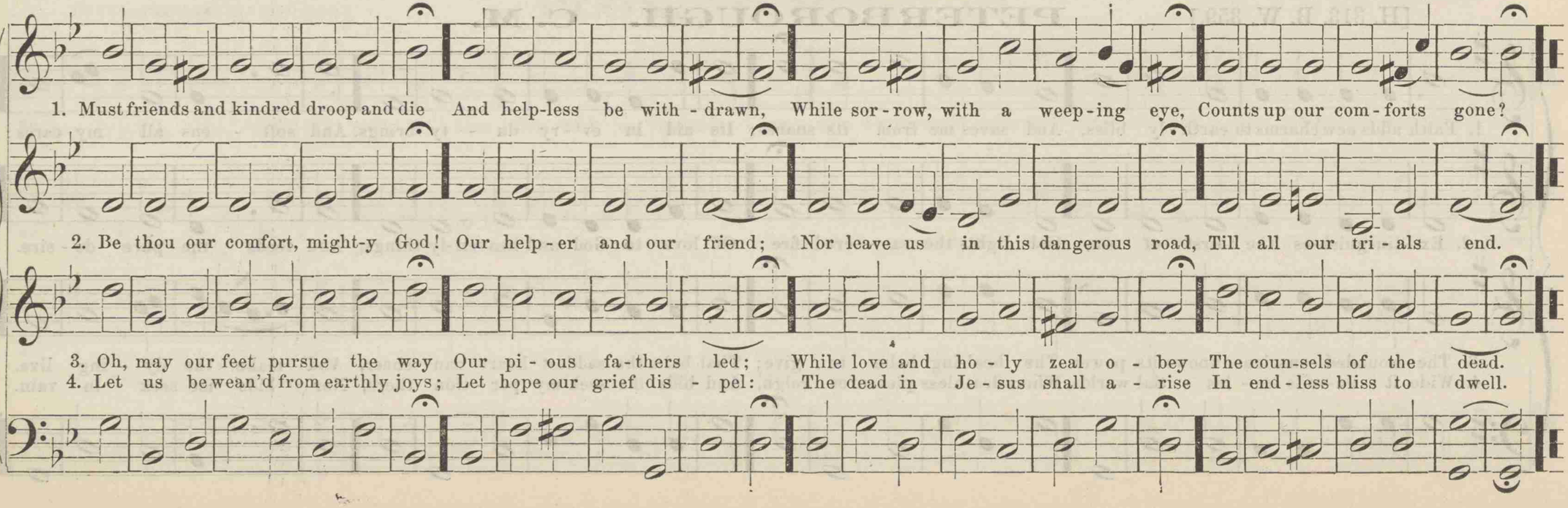
Dr. RANDALL.



[H. 710. B. W. 473.]

GREENWALD. C. M.

German Choral, harmonized by RINK.



DUNDEE. C. M.

1. Al - might - y Fa - ther! gra - cious Lord! Kind guard-ian of my days! Thy mer - cies let my heart re - cord In songs of grate - ful praise.
2. In life's first dawn, my ten - der frame Was thine in - dul - gent care, Long ere I could pronounce thy name Or breathe the in - fant prayer.
3. When rea - son with my sta - ture grew, How weak her bright - est ray! How lit - tle of my God I knew! How apt from thee to stray!
4. A - round my path what dan - gers rose! What snares o'erspread my road! No power could guard me from my foes, But my pre - ser - ver, God.

BROWN. C. M.

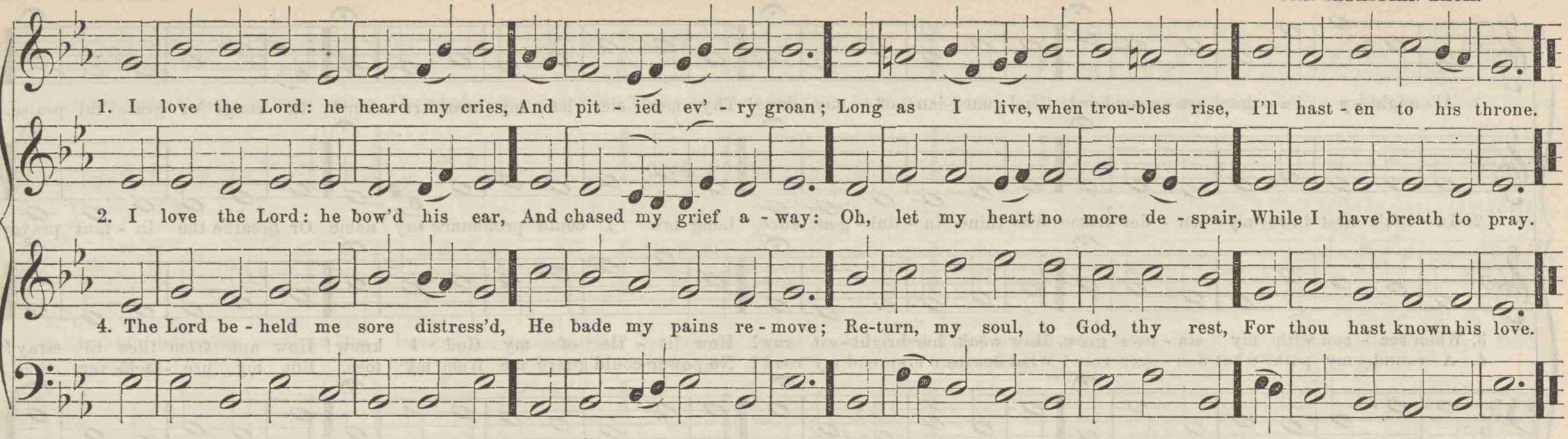
W. B. BRADBURY.

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 prayer.
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 heaven; The pros - pect does my strength re-new, While here by tem-pests driven.
5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its de - part ing ray Be calm as this im-press - ive hour, And lead to end - less day.

[H. 680. B. W. 379.]

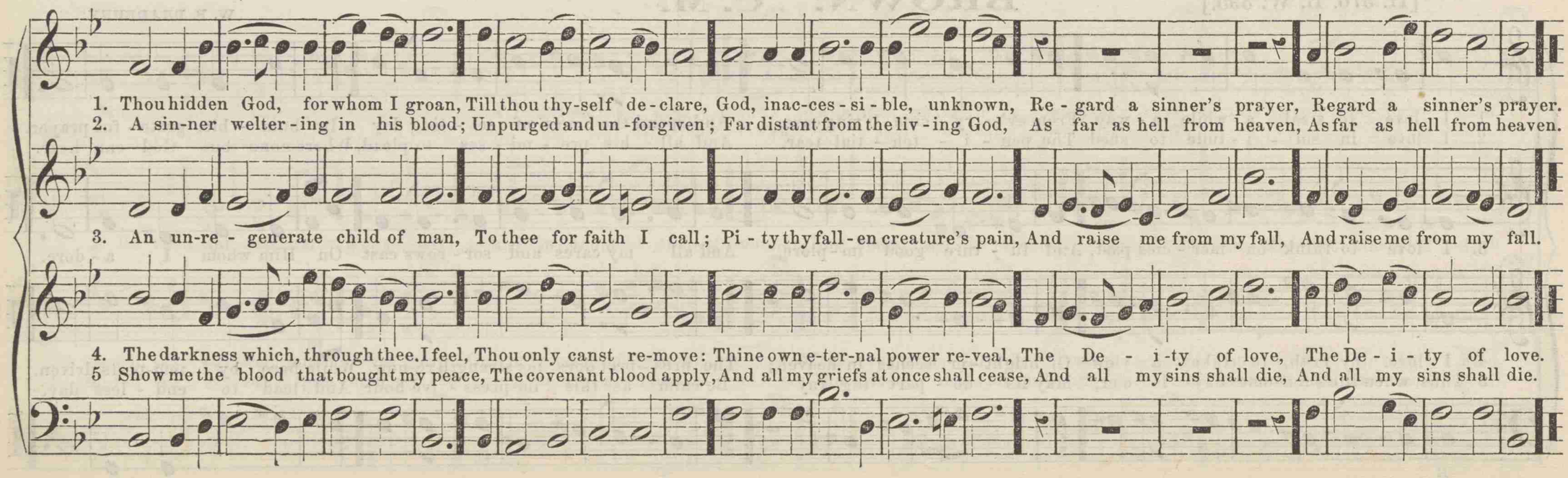
PHUVAH. C. M.

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.



[H. 288. B. W. 28.]

BROOMSGROVE. C. M.



MARTYRS. C. M.

Scottish Tune.

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

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

4. Great God, on what a slen - der thread Hang ev - er - last - ing things! Th'e - ter - nal states of all the dead Up - on life's fee - ble strings.

5. Yet while a world of joy or woe De - pends on ev' - ry breath, Thoughtless and un - concern'd we go Up - on the brink of death.

[H. 718. B. W. 558.]

CHINA. C. M.

SWAN.

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

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

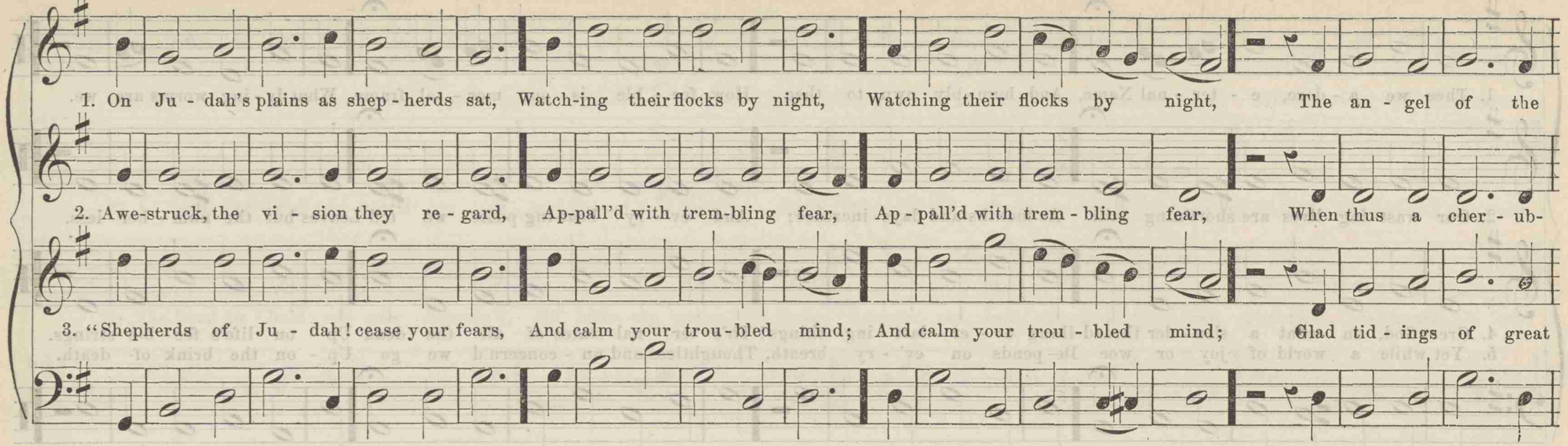
3. Why should we tremble to con-vey Their bod - ies to the tomb? There the dear flesh of Je - sus lay, His light dispell'd its gloom.

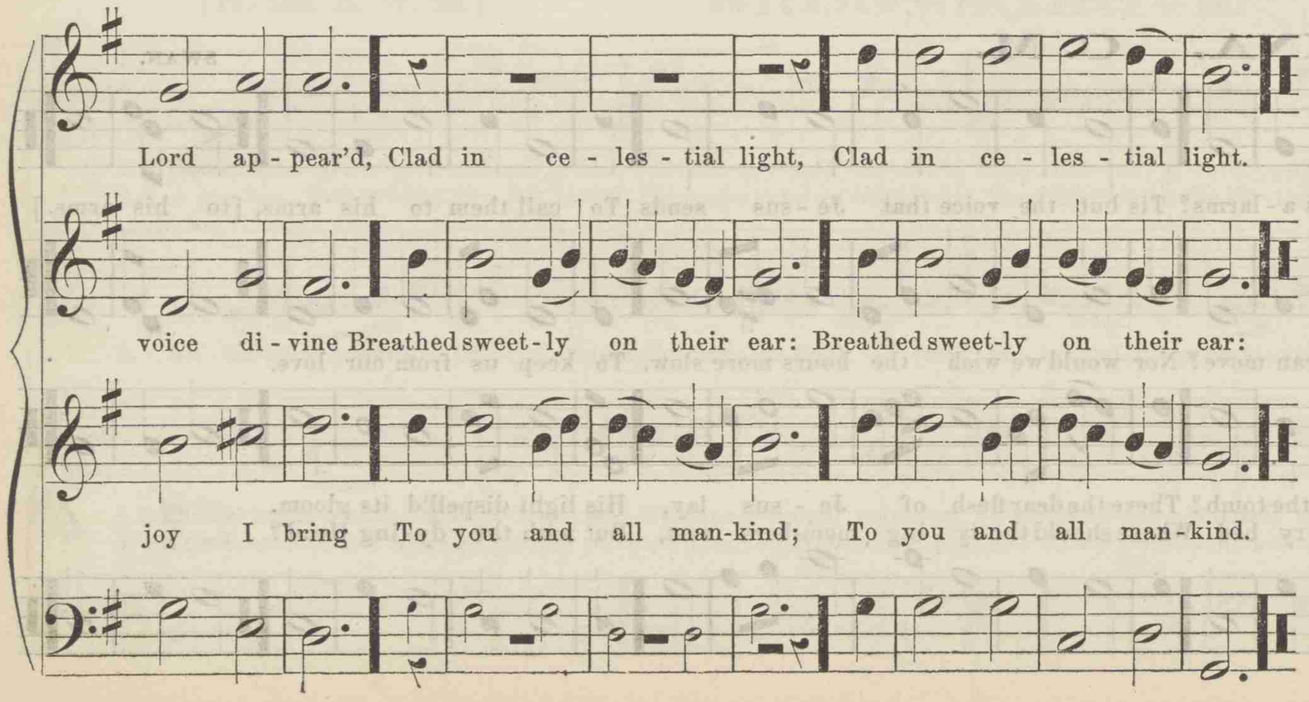
4. The graves of all his saints he blest, And soften'd ev'-ry bed: Where should the dy - ing mem-bers rest, But with the dy-ing Head?

[H. 103. B. W. 232.]

BETHLEHEM. C. M.

MADAN.





4.

"This day almighty love fulfils
Its great eternal word;
This day is born in Bethlehem
A Saviour, Christ the Lord.

5.

"There shall you find the heavenly babe
In humblest weeds array'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swaddling clothes,
And in a manger laid."

6.

He ceased, and sudden all around
Appear'd a radiant throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Warbling their choral song:—

7.

"Glory to God, from whom on high
All gracious mercies flow!
Who sends his heaven-descended peace
To dwell with men below."

LEBANON. C. M.

1. Long as I live, I'll bless thy name, My King, my God of love; My work and joy shall be the same In brighter worlds a - bove.

2. Great is the Lord—his power unknown; Oh, let his praise be great; I'll sing the hon - ors of thy throne, Thy works of grace re - peat.

3. Thy grace shall dwell up - on my tongue; And while my lips re - joice, The men who hear my sa - cred song Shall join their cheer - ful voice.

[H. 715. B. W. 479.]

MARLOW. C. M. (Minor.)

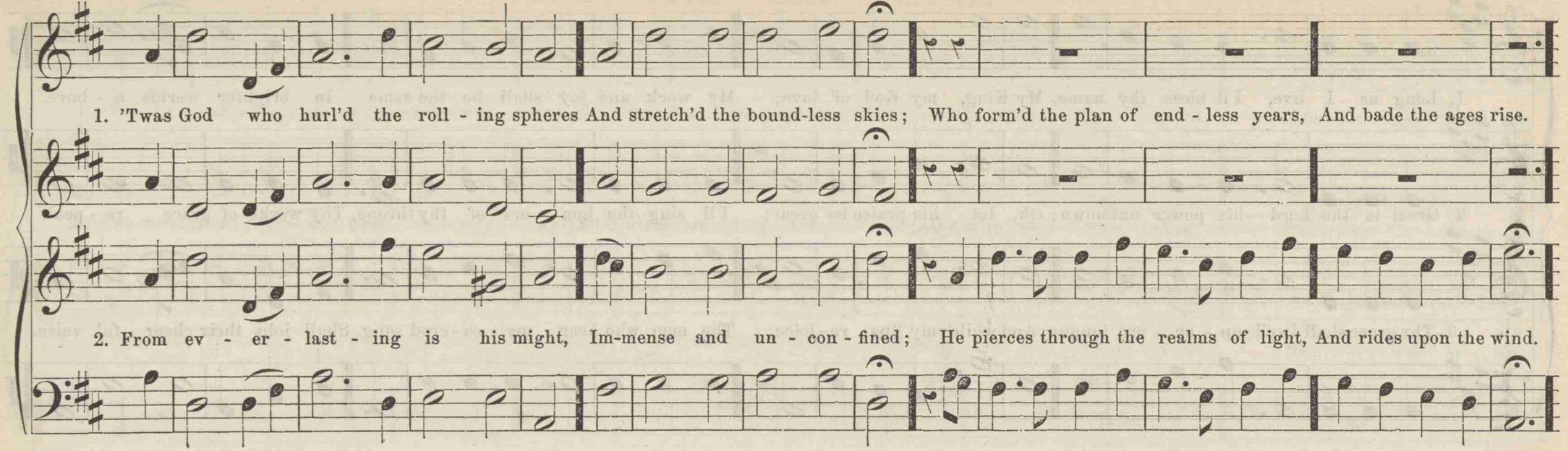
1. When blooming youth is snatch'd a - way By death's re - sist - less hand, Our hearts the mourn - ful tri - bute pay Which pi - ty must de - mand.
2. While pi - ty prompts the ris - ing sigh, Oh, may this truth, im - prest With aw - ful power, "I too must die!" Sink deep in ev' - ry breast.

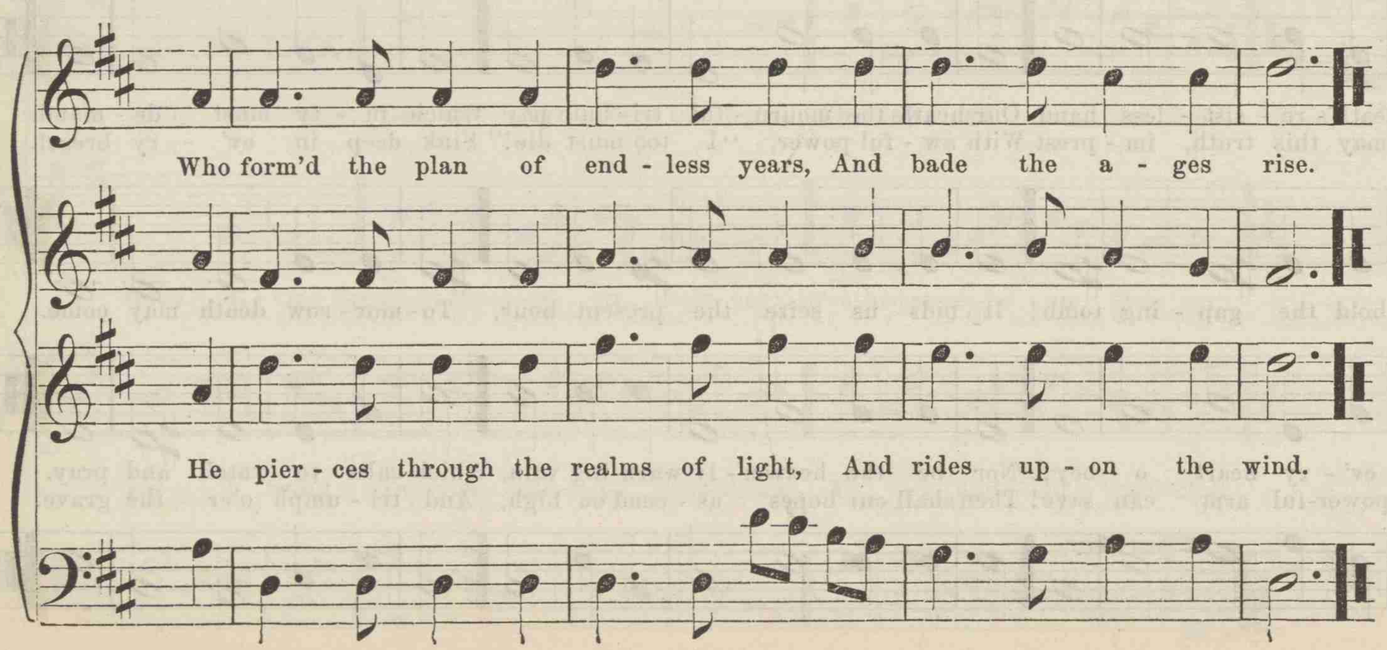
3. Let this vain world de - lude no more: Be - hold the gap - ing tomb! It bids us seize the present hour, To - mor - row death may come.

4. The voice of this a - larm-ing scene May ev' - ry heart o - bey; Nor be the heaven - ly warn-ing vain, Which calls to watch and pray.
5. Oh, let us fly, to Je - sus fly, Whose power-ful arm can save! Then shall our hopes as - cend on high, And tri - umph o'er the grave.

BOWLY. C. M.

MEINEKE.





3.
He darts along the burning skies;
Loud thunders round him roar:
All heaven attends him as he flies,
All hell proclaims his power.

4.
He scatters nations with his breath,
The scatter'd nations fly;
Dire pestilence and wasting death
Confess the Godhead nigh.

5.
Ye worlds, with every living thing,
Fulfil his high command;
Mortals, pay homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of all.
2. Crown him, ye morning stars of light, Who fix'd this floating ball; Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of all.
3. Ye chosen seed of Adam's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall; Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of all.
4. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of all.
5. Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all ma - jes - ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of all.

[H. 26. B. W. 57.] BARBY. C. M. TANSUR.

1. Lord, all I am is known to thee! In vain my soul would try To shun thy pre-sence, or to flee The no - tice of thine eye.
2. Thine all-sur-round-ing sight sur - veys My ris - ing and my rest, My pub - lic walks, my private ways, And se - crets of my breast.
3. My thoughts lie o - pen to thee, Lord, Be - fore they're form'd with - in; And ere my lips pro-nounce the word, Thou know'st the sense I mean.
4. Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high! Where can a crea - ture hide? With-in thy circling arms I lie, Be - set on ev' - ry side.
5. So let thy grace surround me still, And like a bul - wark prove, To guard my soul from ev' - ry ill, Se - cured by sovereign love.

MELBOURN. C. M.

English Tune.

1. To thee let my first offer-ings rise, Whose sun cre-ates my day; Swift as the gladdening influence flies,
2. This day thy favor-ing hand be nigh, So oft vouchsafed be-fore! Still may it lead, pro-tect, sup-ply,
3. If bliss thy pro-vi-dence im-part, For which, re-sign'd, I pray, Give me to feel the grate-ful heart,
4. Af-flic-tion shouldst thou please to send, As sin's or fol-ly's cure, Pa-tient, to gain that bless-ed end,

Swift as the gladdening in-fluence flies, Swift as the gladdening in-fluence flies, And spot-less as his ray.
Still may it lead, pro-tect, sup-ply, Still may it lead, pro-tect, sup-ply, And I that hand a-dore.
Give me to feel the grate-ful heart, Give me to feel the grate-ful heart That, with-out guilt, is gay.
Pa-tient, to gain that bless-ed end, Pa-tient, to gain that bless-ed end, May I the means en-dure.

1. Bright Source of ever - last - ing love! To thee our souls we raise; And to thy matchless bounty rear A mon - u-ment of praise, A mon - u - ment of praise.

2. Thy mer - cy gilds the path of life With ev' - ry cheer-ing ray; Kind-ly restrains the ris - ing tear, Or wipes that tear a-way, Or wipes that tear a - way.

3. When, sunk in guilt, our race approach'd The borders of de-spair, Thy grace through Jesus' blood proclaim'd A free salvation near, A free sal - va - tion near.

4. What shall we render, bounteous Lord, For all the grace we see? Alas! the goodness worms can yield Ex - tend-eth not to thee, Ex - tend-eth not to thee.

[H. 356. B. W. 105.] LYDIA. C. M. C. L.

1. Thou Lord of all the worlds on high, Al - low my hum - ble claim; Nor, while a child would raise its cry, Disdain a Father's name, Disdain a Father's name.

2. My Father, God, how sweet the sound! How tender and how dear! Not all the mel-o - dy of heaven Could so delight the ear, Could so de - light the ear.

3. Come, Sacred Spi - rit, seal the name On my be - liev - ing heart, And show that in Jehovah's grace I share a filial part, I share a fi - lial part.

4. By such a heaven - ly sig - nal cheer'd, Unwavering, I be - lieve, And Abba, Father, humbly cry; Nor can the sound deceive, Nor can the sound deceive.

[H. 410. B. W. 429.]

RISSAH. C. M.

1. My drow - sy powers, why sleep ye so? A - wake, my slug - gish soul! No - thing has half thy work to do, Yet no - thing's half so dull.

2. The lit - tle ants, for one poor grain, La - bor, and toil, and strive; Yet we, who have a heaven t'ob-tain, How neg - li - gent we live!

3. We, for whose sake all na - ture stands, And stars their cour - ses move; We, for whose guards the an - gel bands Come fly - ing from a - bove;
4. We, for whom God the Son came down, And la - bor'd for our good, How care - less to se - cure that crown He purchased with his blood!

[H. 470. B. W. 342.]

VULPIUS. C. M.

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

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

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:
4. I suf - fer on my three-score years Till my De - liv' - rer come, And wipe a - way his ser-vant's tears And take his ex - ile home.

ST. JOHN'S. C. M.

English Tune.

1. Songs of im-mor-tal praise be-long To my al-might-y God: He hath my heart, and he my tongue, To spread his name a-broad.
2. How great the works his hand hath wrought! How glo-rious in our sight! And men in ev'-ry age have sought His won-ders with de-light.
3. How most ex-act is na-ture's frame! How wise th'e-ter-nal mind! His coun-sels nev-er change the scheme That his first thoughts design'd.
4. When he redeem'd the sons of men, He fix'd his covenant sure: The or-ders that his lips pro-nounce To end-less years en-dure.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

Dr. HASTINGS.

1. Lord, at thy ta-ble I be-hold The wonders of thy grace; But most of all admire that I Should find a welcome place, Should find a wel-come place.
2. I, that am all de-fil'd with sin, A re-bel to my God; I, that have cru-ci-fied his Son, And trampled on his blood, And trampled on his blood.
3. What strange, surprising grace is this, That such a soul has room! My Saviour takes me by the hand, My Je-sus bids me come, My Je-sus bids me come.
4. "Eat, O my friend," the Saviour cries, "The feast was made for you; For you I groan'd and bled and died, And rose and triumph'd too, And rose and triumph'd too."
5. With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts, Lord, we accept thy love: 'Tis a rich banquet we have had: What will it be a-bove? What will it be a-bove?

[H. 743. B. W. 576.]

MERTON. C. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Ye gold-en lamps of heaven, farewell, With all your fee-ble light; Fare-well, thou ev-er-chang-ing moon, Pale em-press of the night.
2. And thou, re-ful-gent orb of day, In brighter flames ar-ray'd! My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere, No more demands thine aid.
3. Ye stars are but the shin-ing dust Of my di-vine a-bode, The pave-ments of those heaven-ly courts, Where I shall reign with God.
4. The Fa-ther of e-ter-nal light Shall there his beams dis-play; Nor shall one moment's dark-ness mix With that un-va-ried day.

[H. 89. B. W. 109.]

REO. C. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Bless'd with the joys of innocence, Our fa-ther Ad-am stood, Till he debased his soul to sense, Till he debased his soul to sense, And ate th'unlawful food.
2. Now we are born a sensual race, To sin-ful joys in-clined; Reason has lost its native place, Reason has lost its native place, And flesh enslaves the mind.
3. While flesh and sense and passion reign, Sin is the sweetest good: We fancy mu-sic in our chain, We fancy mu-sic in our chain, And so forget the load.
4. Great God, renew our ruin'd frame, Our broken powers re-store, Inspire us with a heavenly flame, Inspire us with a heavenly flame, And flesh shall reign no more.
5. Eternal Spirit, write thy law Up-on our in-ward parts, And let the se-cond Adam draw, And let the se-cond Ad-am draw His image on our hearts.

[H. 721. B. W. 465.]

HEBER. C. M.

1. There is a house not made with hands, E - ter - nal and on high; And here my spi - rit wait-ing stands Till God shall bid it fly.

2. Short - ly this pri - son of my clay Must be dis - solved and fall; Then, O my soul, with joy o - bey Thy heavenly Fa - ther's call.

3. 'Tis he, by his al - might - y grace, That forms thee fit for heaven, And as the ear - nest of the place, Has his own Spi - rit given.

4. We walk by faith of joys to come, Faith lives up - on his word; But while the bo - dy is our home, We're ab - sent from the Lord.

[H. 287. B. W. 406.]

ROCHESTER. C. M.

English Tune.

1. God, my sup-port - er and my hope, My help for - ev - er near! Thine arm of mer - cy held me up, And saves me from de - spair.

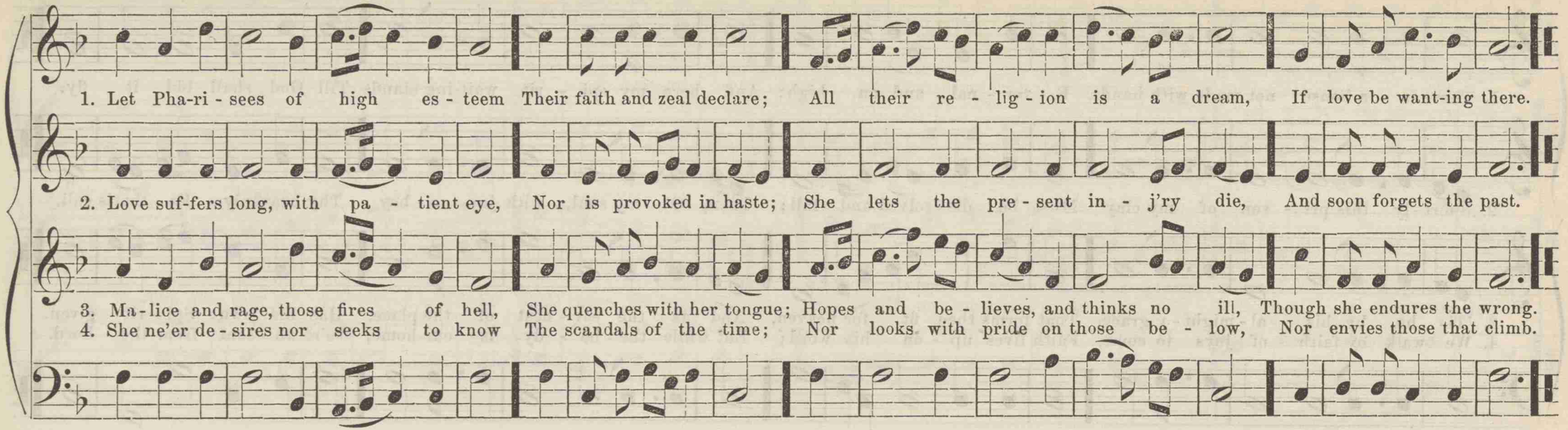
2. Thy counsels, Lord! shall guide my feet Through life's dark wil - der - ness; Thy hand con-duct me near thy seat, To dwell be - fore thy face.

3. Were I in heaven with - out my God, 'Twould be no joy to me; And while this earth is my a - bode, I long for none but thee.

6. But to draw near to thee, my God, Shall be my sweet em - ploy; My tongue shall sound thy work a - broad And tell the world my joy.

[H. 431. B. W. 315.]

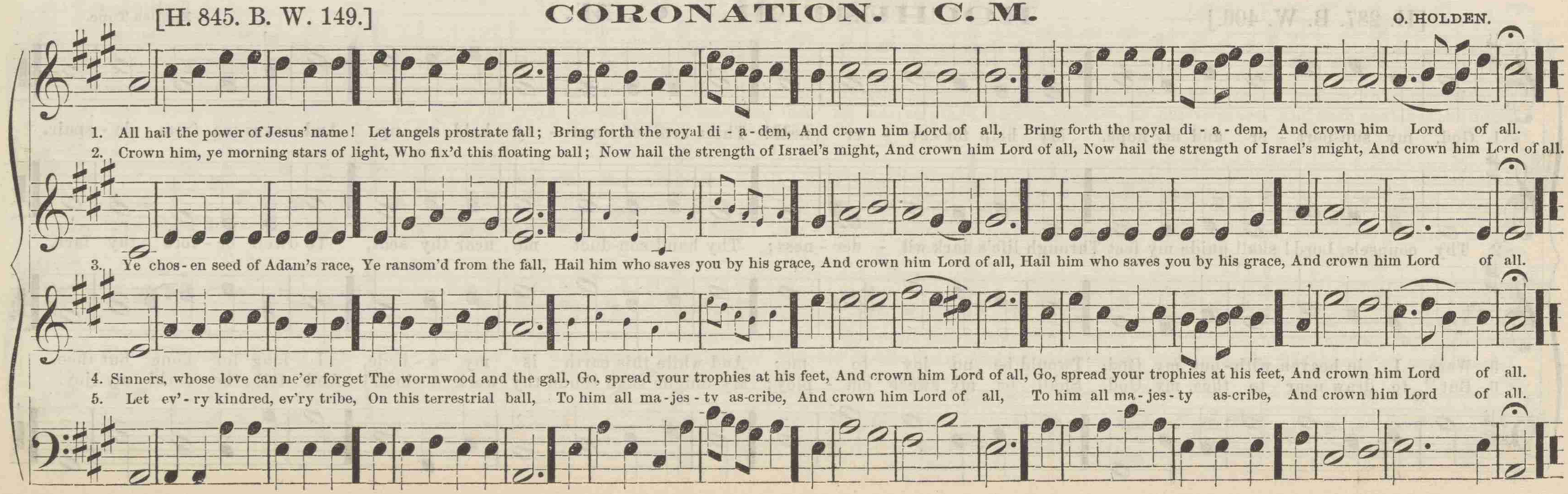
WELFORD. C. M.



[H. 845. B. W. 149.]

CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.



[H. 323. B. W. 404.]

MARLOW. C. M. (Major.)

Arranged from a Chant.

1. Mis - ta-ken souls, that dream of heaven, And make their emp - ty boast Of in-ward joys and sins forgiven, While they are slaves to lust!

2. Vain are our fan - cies, air - y flights, If faith be cold and dead; None but a liv - ing power u - nites To Christ the liv - ing head:

3. A faith that chan - ges all the heart; A faith that works by love, That bids all sin - ful joys de - part, And lifts the thoughts a - bove.

4. Faith must o - bey our Fa-ther's will, As well as trust his grace: A pardoning God re-quires us still To per-fect ho - li - ness.

[H. 458. B. W. 320.]

WILLOW-DALE. C. M. Double.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Not from the dust af - flic - tion grows, Nor trou - bles rise by chance;
   Yet we are born to care and woes, A sad in - he - rit - ance.
D. C. So grief is root - ed in our souls, And man grows up to mourn.

As sparks break out from burn-ing coals, And still are up-wards borne,

D.C.

3. Yet with my God I leave my cause, And trust his promised grace;
   He rules me by his well-known laws Of love and righteous - ness.
D. C. For death and hell can do no more Than what my Fa - ther please.

Not all the pains that e'er I bore Shall spoil my fu - ture peace;

D.C.

[H. 12. B. W. 323.]

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Dr. ARNE.

1. Shall a-theists dare in - sult the cross Of our Re - deem - er God? Shall in - fi - dels reproach his laws, Or tram-ple on his blood?

2. What if he chose mys - te - rious ways To cleanse us from our faults? May not the works of sovereign grace Transcend our fee - ble thoughts?

3. What if the gos - pel bids us fight With flesh, and self, and sin? The prize is most di - vine - ly bright Which we are call'd to win.
4. What if the fool - ish and the poor His glo-rious grace par - take? This but confirms his truth the more, For so the pro - phets spake.

[H. 641. B. W. 107.]

JAZER. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Twas in the watch - es of the night I thought up - on thy power; I kept thy love - ly face in sight A - midst the dark-est hour.

2. My flesh lay rest - ing on my bed, My soul a - rose on high: "My God, my life, my hope," I said, "Bring thy sal - va - tion nigh."

3. My spi - rit la - bors up thy hill, And climbs the heavenly road; But thy right hand up - holds me still, While I pur - sue my God.
4. Thy mer - cy stretch-es o'er my head The sha - dow of thy wings; My heart re - joi - ces in thine aid, My tongue a-wakes and sings.

ST. MARTIN. C. M.

1. Great God! my ear - ly vows to thee With gra - ti - tude I'll bring, And at the ro - sy dawn of day Thy lof - ty prais - es sing.
2. Thou round the heaven - ly arch dost draw A dark and sa - ble veil, And all the beau - ties of the world From mor - tal eyes con-ceal.
3. A-gain the sky with gold - en beams Thy skil - ful hands a-dorn, And paint with cheer - ful splen - dor gay The fair as - cend-ing morn.
4. And as the gloom - y night re-turns, Or smil - ing day renews, Thy constant good - ness still my soul With be - ne - fits pursues.
5. For this will I my vows to thee With eve - ning in - cense bring, And at the ro - sy dawn of day Thy lof - ty prais - es sing.

[H. 560. B. W. 592.]

COVENTRY. C. M.

1. Almight - y God, thy word is cast Like seed up - on the ground; Oh, let the dew of heaven de - scend, And shed its in - fluence round.
2. Let not the foe of Christ and man This ho - ly seed re - move; May it take root in ev' - ry heart, And grow in faith and love.
3. Let not this life's de - ceit - ful cares, Nor world - ly wealth and joy, Nor scorch-ing beam, nor storm - y blast, The ri - sing plants de-stroy.
4. Where'er the word of life is sown, A large in - crease be-stow, That all who hear thy mes - sage, Lord, Its sav - ing power may know.

[H. 536. B. W. 216.]

BRADFORD. C. M.

HANDEL.

1. Lord, send thy word, and let it fly, Arm'd with thy Spi - rit's power; Ten thou- sand shall con - fess its sway, And bless the sav - ing hour.
2. Be-neath the in - fluence of thy grace, The bar - ren wastes shall rise, With sud - den greens and fruits array'd, A blooming pa - ra - dise.
3. True ho - li - ness shall strike its root In each re - gen' - rate heart; Shall in a growth di - vine a - rise, And heavenly fruits im - part.
4. Peace, with her ol - ives crown'd, shall stretch Her wings from shore to shore; No trump shall rouse the rage of war, Nor murderous can-non roar.

[H. 940. B. W. 335.]

WINTER. C. M.

D. READ.

1. On thee each morn - ing, O my God, My wak - ing thoughts at - tend; In whom are found - ed all my hopes, In whom my wish - es end.
2. My soul, in pleas - ing won - der lost, Thy bound-less love sur - veys, And, fired with grate-ful zeal, pre - pares The sa - cri - fice of praise.
3. When evening slumbers press mine eyes, With thy pro - tec - tion blest, In peace and safe - ty I com - mit My wea - ry limbs to rest.
4. My spi - rit, in thy hands se - cure, Fears no ap-proach - ing ill; For whe - ther wak-ing or a - sleep, Thou, Lord, art with me still.

1. How did my heart re-joice to hear My friends devout-ly say, "In Zi-on let us all ap-pear And keep the so-lemn day!"

2. I love her gates, I love the road; The church, adorn'd with grace, Stands, like a pal-ace built for God, To show his mild-er face.

3. Peace be with-in this sa-cred place, And joy a con-stant guest; With ho-ly gifts and heaven-ly grace Be her at-tend-ants blest.

4. My soul shall pray for Zi-on still, While life or breath re-mains; Here my best friends, my kin-dred, dwell, Here God, my Sa-viour, reigns.

[H. 933. B. W. 550.] **PITTSFIELD. C. M.** Contributed by the Choir of Charles St. Meth. Ep. Church, Baltimore.

1. Fountain of mercy, God of love, How rich thy bounties are! The rolling seasons, as they move, Proclaim thy constant care, Proclaim thy constant care.

2. When in the bo-som of the earth The sow-er hid the grain, Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth, And sent the early rain, And sent the ear-ly rain.

3. The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine; The plants in beau-ty grew; Thou madest refulgent suns to shine, And gavest refreshing dew, And gavest refreshing dew.

4. These various mercies from a-bove Ma-tured the swell-ing grain; A kindly harvest crowns thy love, And plenty fills the plain, And plen-ty fills the plain.

5. We own and bless thy gracious sway; Thy hand all na-ture hails: Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day, Summer nor winter, fails, Summer nor win-ter, fails.

[H. 829. B. W. 345.]

CHIMES. C. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Be thou, O Lord, my trea - sure here, And fix my thoughts a - bove; Un - veil thy glo - ries to my view, And bid me taste thy love.
2. The world how mean, with all its store, Compared with thee, my Lord! Its vain and fleet - ing joys how few! How lit - tle they af - ford!
3. The goods of earth are emp - ty things, And plea-sures soon de - cay; Its ho - nors are but noi - sy breath, And scep - tres pass a - way.
4. Ye vain and glitter-ing toys, be - gone! Ye false de - lights, a - dieu! My glo - rious Lord fills all the space, And leaves no room for you.

[H. 507. B. W. 39.]

CONWAY. C. M.

English.

1. This is the day the Lord has made; He calls the hours his own: Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad, Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne.
2. To-day arose our glorious Head, And death's dread empire fell; To - day the saints his triumph spread, To-day the saints his triumph spread, And all its wonders tell.
3. Hosannah! the a - noint-ed King Ascends his destined throne: To God our grate-ful hom-age bring, To God our grateful homage bring, And his Mes-si-ah own.
4. Blest be the Lord, who came to men With messages of grace: Who came in God his Father's name, Who came in God his Father's name, To save our sinful race.
5. Hosannah in the highest strains The church on earth can raise! The highest heavens in which he reigns, The highest heavens in which he reigns, Shall give him nobler praise.

FIELD. C. M.

1. Oh, the delights, the heavenly joys, The glories, of the place Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams Of his o'erflowing grace! Of his o'erflowing grace!

2. Princes to his imperial name Bend their bright sceptres down; Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice To see him wear the crown, To see him wear the crown.

3. Arch-an-gels sound his lofty praise Through ev'ry heavenly street, And lay their highest honors down, Submis-sive at his feet, Sub-mis-sive at his feet.

4. While angels shout and praise their King, Let mortals learn their strains; Let all the earth his honors sing; O'er all the earth he reigns, O'er all the earth he reigns.

ABBY. C. M.

S. ALLEN.

1. And now an-oth-er day is past, The sun has left our shore, And wea-ry la-b'rers hom-ward haste—Their dai-ly toil is o'er.

2. But, mighty God, thy wakeful eye Needs not sleep's balm-y power; Oh, be thy watchful Spi-rit nigh In night's un-guard-ed hour.

3. For day and night a-like to thee Are glo-ri-ous and bright; Thy dwelling-place is bril-lian-cy, And thou thy-self art light.

4. From Satan's sway, from sin's control, Do thou pro-tect my heart; Nor from thee let this wandering soul E'en in a dream de-part.

[H. 800. B. W. 357.]

CHESTNUT STREET. C. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Spi - rit of ho - li - ness, look down, Our faint - ing hearts to cheer; And when we trem - ble at thy frown, Oh, bring thy com-forts near.
2. The fear which thy con-victions wrought, Oh, let thy grace re - move; And may the souls which thou hast taught To weep now learn to love.
3. Now let thy sav - ing mer-cy heal The wounds it made be - fore; Now on our hearts im-press thy seal, That we may doubt no more.
4. Com-plete the work thou hast be - gun, And make our dark-ness light, That we a glo - rious race may run, Till faith be lost in sight.
5. Then as our wondering eyes dis - cern The Lord's un - cloud - ed face, In fit - ter lan - guage we shall learn To sing tri - umph-ant grace.

[H. 522. B. W. 344.]

NAOMI. C. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Ye followers of the Prince of peace, Who round his ta - ble draw, Re - member what his spi - rit was, What his pe - cu - liar law.
2. The love, which all his bo - som fill'd, Did all his ac - tions guide: In-spired by love, he lived and taught; Inspired by love, he died.
3. And do you love him? do you feel Your warm af - fec - tions move? This is the proof which he de-mands, That you each oth - er love.
4. Let each the sa - cred law ful - fil; Like his be ev' - ry mind; Be ev'-ry tem - per form'd by love, And ev' - ry ac - tion kind.

1. On this sweet morn my Lord a - rose Tri - umph - ant o'er the grave! He dies to vanquish all my foes, And lives a - gain to save.
2. This is the day for ho - ly rest, Yet clouds will gath - er soon, Ex - cept my Lord be - come my guest, And put my harp in tune.
3. No heaven - ly fire my heart can raise, With - out the Spi - rit's aid; His breath must kin - dle prayer and praise, Or I am cold and dead.
4. On all the flocks thy Spi - rit pour, And sav - ing health con-vey; A sweet, re - fresh-ing Sun - day shower Will make them sing and pray.
5. Di - rect thy shepherds how to feed The flocks of thine own choice; Give sa - vor to the heaven - ly bread, And bid the folds re - joice.

[H. 299. B. W. 299.] AVON. C. M. Scotch.

1. O thou whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh; Whose hand, in - dul - gent, wipes the tears From sor - row's weep - ing eye!
2. See, low be - fore the throne of grace, A wretch - ed wanderer mourn; Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said, Re - turn?
3. Ab - sent from thee, my guide, my light, With-out one cheer - ing ray, Through dangers, fears, and gloom - y night, How des - o - late my way!
4. Oh, shine on this be - night - ed heart, With beams of mer - cy shine; And let thy heal - ing voice im - part A taste of joys di - vine.

[H. 78. B. W. 375.]

AZMON. C. M.

Arranged from GLASER.

1. And art thou with us, gracious Lord, To dis - si - pate our fear? Dost thou pro-claim thy - self our God, Our God for - ev - er near?
2. Doth thy right hand, which form'd the earth And bears up all the skies, Stretch from on high its friendly aid When dangers round us rise?
3. And wilt thou lead our wea - ry souls To that de - light - ful scene Where riv - ers of sal - va - tion flow Through pastures ev - er green?
4. On thy sup - port our souls shall lean, And ban - ish ev' - ry care; The gloom-y vale of death shall smile, If God be with us there.
5. While we his gra - cious suc - cor prove, 'Midst all our va - rious ways, The dark-est shades through which we pass Shall e - cho with his praise.

[H. 951. B. W. 507.]

SILOAM. C. M.

J. B. WOODBURY.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How sweet the lil - y grows; How sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose;
2. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, The lil - y must de - cay; The rose that blooms be - neath the hill Must short-ly fade a - way;

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

And soon, too soon, the win - try hour Of man's ma - tu - rer age May shake the soul with sor - row's pow'r And storm - y passion's rage.

[H. 465. B. W. 439.]

EDMESTON. C. M.

"Timbrel."

1. When night descends in sa - ble guise, And spreads her gloom a - round, To close the wea - ry trav'-ler's eyes, And rest him on the ground.
2. A - midst the drea - ry de - sert wide, The wan-derer faints to hear The wild a - larm on ev' - ry side, Which speaks some dan - ger near.
3. So in the wil - der-ness of life, When-e'er af - flic - tions come, We sink as in a night of grief, Far from our sheltering home.
4. The tempter's, like a li - on's roar, Sounds through the vale a - broad; Then let us watch, and ev - er - more De - pend up - on our God.

[H. 454. B. W. 426.]

HENRY. C. M.

S. P. POND.

1. Our country is Im-manuel's ground; We seek that pro - mised soil: The songs of Zi - on cheer our hearts, While stran - gers here we toil.
2. Oft do our eyes with joy o'er-flow, And oft are bathed in tears; Yet naught but heaven our hopes can raise, And naught but sin our fears.
3. The flowers that spring a - long the road, We scarcely stoop to pluck; We walk o'er beds of shin - ing ore, Nor waste one anx - ious look.
4. We tread the path our Mas - ter trod; We bear the cross he bore; And ev' - ry thorn that wounds our feet, His tem - ples pierced be - fore.
5. Our powers are oft dis-solved a - way In ec - sta - sies of love; And, while our bo - dies wan - der here, Our souls are fix'd a - bove.

[H. 116. B. W. 76.]

MEAR. C. M.

1. God of my mer - cy and my praise! Thy glo - ry is my song; Though sin - ners speak a - gainst thy grace With a blas-pheming tongue.

2. When in the form of mor - tal man Thy Son on earth was found, With cru - el slan - ders, false and vain, They compass'd him a - round.

3. Their mise-ries his com - pas - sion moved; Their peace he still pur-sued: They ren - der'd ha - tred for his love, And e - vil for his good.

4. Their mal - ice raged with-out a cause; Yet with his dy - ing breath He pray'd for murderers on his cross, And bless'd his foes in death.

[H. 959. B. W. 389.]

ELGIN. C. M.

Scottish.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast And our e - ter - nal home,—

2. Be - neath the sha - dow of thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure; Suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.

3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame, From ev - er - last - ing thou art God, To end - less years the same.

4. Thy word com-mands our flesh to dust,—"Re-turn, ye sons of men;" All na - tions rose from earth at first, And turn to earth a - gain.

TAPPAN. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. There is an hour of hallow'd peace For those with care oppress'd, When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, And all be hush'd to rest:
2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears And doubts that here an - noy: Then they that oft had sown in tears, Then they that oft had sown in tears Shall reap a - gain in joy.
3. There is a home of sweet repose, Where storms assail no more; The stream of endless pleasure flows, The stream of endless pleasure flows On that ce - les - tial shore:
4. There puri - ty with love appears, And bliss without al - loy; There they that oft had sown in tears, There they that oft had sown in tears Shall reap e - ter - nal joy.

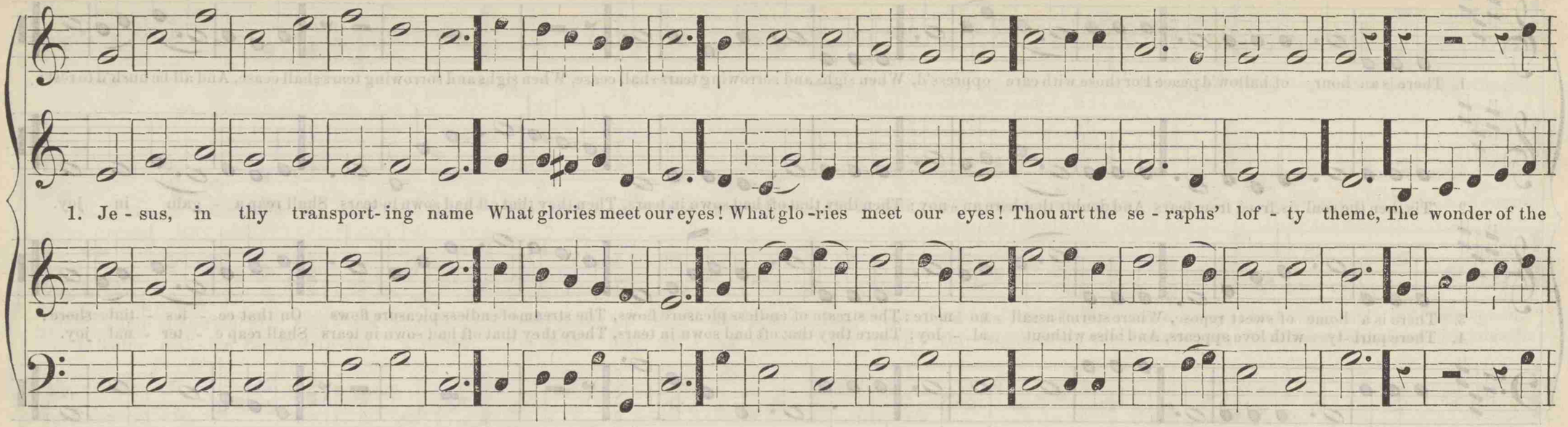
WIRTH. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Far from these narrow scenes of night, Un - bounded glo - ries rise, And realms of joy and pure de - light, Un-known to mor - tal eyes.
2. Fair, dis-tant land! could mortal eyes But half its charms ex - plore, How would our spi - rits long to rise And dwell on earth no more!
3. No cloud those blissful regions know, Realms ev - er bright and fair; For sin, the source of mor-tal woe, Can nev - er en - ter there.
4. Oh, may the heavenly prospect fire Our hearts with ar - dent love, Till wings of faith, and strong de - sire, Bear ev' - ry thought a - bove.
5. Pre-pare us, Lord, by grace di - vine, For thy bright courts on high; Then bid our spi - rits rise and join The cho-rus of the sky.

[H. 330. B. W. 166.]

NEW GABRIEL. C. M.



2.

Well might the heavens with wonder view
A love so strange as thine;
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.

3.

And didst thou, Saviour, leave the sky,
To sink beneath our woes?
Didst thou descend to bleed and die
For thy rebellious foes?

4.

Oh, may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,
Thy righteous rule obey.

IVES. C. M.

1. 'Tis sweet to rest in live - ly hope That, when my change shall come, Angels will hov - er round my bed And waft my spi - rit home.

3. Shall see him wear that ve - ry flesh On which my guilt was lain; His love in-tense, his mer - it fresh, As though but new-ly slain.

5. These eyes shall see him in that day, The God that died for me! And all my ris - ing bones shall say, Lord, who is like to thee?

2. There shall my dis-im-pri-son'd soul Behold him and a - dore; Be with his likeness sa - tis-fied, And grieve and sin no more, And grieve and sin no more.

4. Soon too my slumbering dust shall hear The trumpet's quickening sound; And, by my Saviour's power re-built, At his right hand be found, At his right hand be found.

6. If such the views which grace unfolds, Weak as it is be - low, What rap-tures must the church a-bove, In Jesus' presence, know! In Je-sus' presence, know!

142 [H. 278. B. W. 7.]

STEINER. S. M.

B. F. SCHNECK.

1. My gracious, lov - ing Lord, To thee what shall I say? Well may I trem - ble at thy word, And scarce pre - sume to pray.
2. Ten thousand wants have I; A - las! I all things want! But thou hast bid me al - ways pray And nev - er, nev - er faint.
3. Yet, Lord, well might I fear, Fear e'en to ask thy grace, So oft have I, a - las! drawn near, And mock'd thee to thy face.
4. With all pol - lu - tion stain'd, Thy hallow'd courts I trod; Thy name and tem - ple I pro - faned, And dared to call thee God!
5. Nigh with my lips I drew— My lips were all un - clean; Thee with my heart I nev - er knew— My heart was full of sin.

[H. 468. B. W. 441.]

SCHNECK. S. M.

W. D. R.

1. What cheer - ing words are these! Their sweet-ness who can tell? In time and to e - ter - ni - ty 'Tis with the right-eous well.
2. In ev' - ry state se - cure, Kept by Je - ho - vah's eye, 'Tis well with them while life en-dures, And well when call'd to die.
3. 'Tis well when joys a - rise, 'Tis well when sor - rows flow; 'Tis well when dark - ness veils the skies, And strong tempt - a - tions blow.
4. 'Tis well when on the mount They feast on dy - ing love; And 'tis as well, in God's ac-count, When they the fur - nace prove.

[H. 622. B. W. 511.]

HODERMANN. S. M.

1. We lift our hearts to thee, O Day-Star from on high! The sun it-self is but thy shade, Yet cheers both earth and sky
2. Oh, let thine o-rient beams The night of sin dis-perse, The mists of er-ror and of vice, Which shade the u-ni-verse!
3. How beauteous na-ture now! How dark and sad be-fore! With joy we view the pleasing change, And nature's God a-dore.
4. Oh, may no gloom-y crime Pol-lute the ris-ing day! May Je-sus' blood, like morning dew, Wash all our stains a-way.

[H. 552. B. W. 248.]

ZENDERLING. S. M.

E. IVES.

1. Ye mes-sen-gers of Christ, His sovereign voice o-bey: A-rise! and fol-low where he leads, And peace at-tend your way.
2. The Mas-ter whom ye serve Will need-ful strength be-stow; De-pend-ing on his pro-mised aid, With sa-cred cou-rage go.
3. Mountains shall sink to plains, And hell in vain op-pose; The cause is God's, and must pre-vail In spite of all his foes.
4. Go, spread a Sa-vior's fame, And tell his match-less grace To the most guilt-y and de-praved Of A-dam's numerous race.
5. We wish you, in his name, The most di-vine suc-cess; As-sured that He who sends you forth Will your en-dea-vors bless.

BONAR. S. M. Double.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come; And we shall be with those that rest, A - sleep with - in the tomb:

2. A few more storms shall beat, On this wild, rock - y shore; And we shall be where temp - est cease, And sur - ges swell no more:

3. A few more strug - gles here, A few more part - ings o'er, A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more:

Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day; Oh, wash me in Thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way.

Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that calm day; Oh, wash me in Thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way.

Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that blest day; Oh, wash me in Thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way.

Grace! 'tis a charming sound! Har - monious to the ear! Heaven with the e - cho shall resound, Heaven with the e-cho shall re-sound,

Grace! 'tis a charming sound! Har - monious to the ear! Heaven with the e-cho shall resound, Heaven with the echo shall resound,

Grace! 'tis a charming sound! Har - monious to the ear! Heaven with the e - cho shall resound, Heaven with the e - cho shall re-sound,

Heaven with the echo shall resound, Heaven with the echo shall resound,

Coda.

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear. Hal-le-lujah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord!

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear. Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord!

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear. Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord!

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

[H. 855. B. W. 74.]

HASTINGS. S. M.

Arranged from RINK.

1. The Lord my Shep-herd is; I shall be well sup-plied: Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want be-side?
2. He leads me to the place Where heaven-ly pas-ture grows, Where liv-ing wa-ters gen-tly pass And full sal-va-tion flows.
3. If e'er I go a-stray, He doth my soul re-claim, And guides me, in his own right way, For his most ho-ly name.
4. While he af-fords his aid, I can-not yield to fear; Though I should walk through death's dark shade, My Shep-herd's with me there.

[H. 316. B. W. 94.]

McEVERS. S. M.

C. MEINEKE.

1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound! Har-mo-nious to the ear! Heaven with the e-cho shall resound, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.
2. Grace first con-trived the way To save re-bel-lious man; And all the steps *that* grace dis-play Which drew the wondrous plan, Which drew the wondrous plan.
3. Grace led my rov-ing feet To tread the heaven-ly road; And new supplies, each hour, I meet, While pressing on to God, While pressing on to God.
4. Grace taught my soul to pray, And made my eyes o'er-flow: 'Twas grace which kept me to this day, And will not let me go, And will not let me go.
5. Grace all the work shall crown, Through ever-last-ing days; It lays in heaven the top-most stone, And well deserves the praise, And well deserves the praise.

[H. 826. B. W. 501.]

DENNIS. S. M.

Arranged from H. G. NÄGELI.

1. Now is the day of grace; Now to the Sa - viour come; The Lord is call - ing, "Seek my face, And I will guide you home."

2. A Fa - ther bids you speed: Oh, where-fore then de - lay? He calls in love; he sees your need; He bids you come to - day.

3. To - day the prize is won; The pro - mise is to save; Then, oh, be wise: to - mor - row's sun May shine up - on your grave.

[H. 836. B. W. 147.]

EGYPT. S. M.

LEACH.

1. Ah! whi - ther should I go, Bur - den'd and sick and faint? To whom should I my trou - bles show And pour out my com-plaint?

2. My Sa - viour bids me come: Ah! why do I de - lay? He calls the wea - ry sin - ner home, And yet from him I stay.

3. What is it keeps me back, From which I can - not part, Which will not let the Sa - viour take Pos - ses - sion of my heart?

4. Some curs - ed thing un-known Must sure - ly lurk with - in; Some i - dol which I will not own, Some se - cret bo - som sin.

148 [H. 881. B. W. 218.]

BRALTON. S. M.

1. O Lord our God, a - rise, The cause of Truth main - tain, And wide o'er all the peo-pled world Ex - tend her bless - ed reign.

2. Thou Prince of life, a - rise, Nor let thy glo - ry cease; Far spread the con - quests of thy grace, And bless the earth with peace.

3. O Ho - ly Spi - rit, rise, Ex - pand thy heaven - ly wing, And o'er a dark and ru - in'd world Let light and or - der spring.

4. O all ye na - tions, rise, To God the Sa - viour sing; From shore to shore, from earth to heaven, Let echo - ing an - thems ring.

[H. 231. B. W. 294.]

BITTLE. S. M.

W. D. R.

1. And am I born to die, To lay this bo - dy down? And must my trem-bling spi - rit fly In - to a world un - known?

2. Soon as from earth I go, What will be - come of me? E - ter - nal hap - pi - ness or woe Must then my por - tion be!

3. Waked by the trum-pet's sound, I from my grave must rise, And see the Judge with glo - ry crown'd, And see the flam - ing skies.

4. How shall I leave my tomb? With tri - umph, or re - gret? A fear - ful or a joy - ful doom, A curse or bless - ing meet?

[H. 499. B. W. 202.]

HECK. S. M.

1. I love thy Zi - on, Lord! The house of thine a - bode; The church, O blest Redeemer, saved With thine own precious blood, With thine own precious blood.

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, And gra - ven on thy hand.

3. If e'er to bless thy sons My voice or hands de - ny, These hands let useful skill forsake, This voice in silence die, This voice in silence die.

4. If e'er my heart for - get Her wel-fare or her woe, Let ev'-ry joy this heart forsake, And ev'- ry grief o'er - flow, And ev' - ry grief o'er-flow.

[H. 698. B. W. 480.]

CHILDS. S. M.

J. ZUNDEL.

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

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

3. Beyond 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 Outlasts the fleet - ing breath: Oh, what e - ter - nal hor - rors hang A - round the se - cond death!

[B. W. 356.]

VERNY. S. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. O Je - sus, not for pride Or self - ish - ness we meet; For prayer and praise we turn a - side, And worldly thoughts for-get, And worldly thoughts forget.

2. We meet the grace to take Which thou hast free-ly given; We meet on earth for thy dear sake, That we may meet in heaven, That we may meet in heaven.

3. Pre - sent we know thou art; But, oh, thy - self re - veal: Now, Lord, let ev'-ry waiting heart Thy gracious presence feel, Thy gracious presence feel.

4. Oh, may thy quickening voice The death of sin re - move; And bid our inmost souls re - joice In hope of perfect love, In hope of per-fect love.

[H. 291. B. W. 570.]

BEVERLY. S. M.

H. G. NÄGELI.

1. I would, but can - not sing, I would, but can - not pray; For Sa - tan meets me when I try, And frights my soul a - way.
2. I would, but can't re - pent, Though I en - dea - vor oft: This sto - ny heart can ne'er re - lent, Till Je - sus makes it soft.

3. I would, but can - not love, Though woo'd by love di - vine: No ar - gu-ments have power to move A soul so base as mine.

4. I would, but can - not rest In God's most ho - ly will; I know what he appoints is best, Yet mur-mur at it still.
5. Oh, could I but be - lieve! Then all would ea - sy be; I would, but can - not Lord, re - lieve: My help must come from thee!

WOODSIDE. S. M.

1. Be - side the gos - pel pool, Ap-point - ed for the poor, From year to year my helpless soul Has wait - ed for a cure.
2. How oft - en have I seen The heal-ing wa - ters move, And oth - ers round me, stepp-ing in, Their ef - fi - ca - cy prove!
3. But my com-plaints re - main; I feel the ve - ry same, As full of guilt, and fear, and pain, As when at first I came.
4. Oh, would the Lord ap - pear, My ma - la - dy to heal! He knows how long I've languish'd here, And what dis - tress I feel.

[H. 508. B. W. 443.]

GETHER. S. M.

1. Lord! what our ears have heard Our eyes de - light - ed trace, Thy love in long suc - ces - sion shown To ev' - ry faith - ful race.
2. Our children thou dost claim, And mark them out for thine: Ten thousand bless - ings to thy name For goodness so di - vine.
3. Thy covenant may they keep, And bless the hap - py bands Which clo - ser still en-gage our hearts To hon - or thy com-mands.
4. How great thy mer - cies, Lord! How plenteous is thy grace, Which in the pro - mise of thy love Includes our ris - ing race!
5. Our offspring, still thy care, Shall own their fa - thers' God, To lat - est times thy blessings share, And sound thy praise a - broad.

[H. 635. B. W. 522.]

SEIR. S. M.

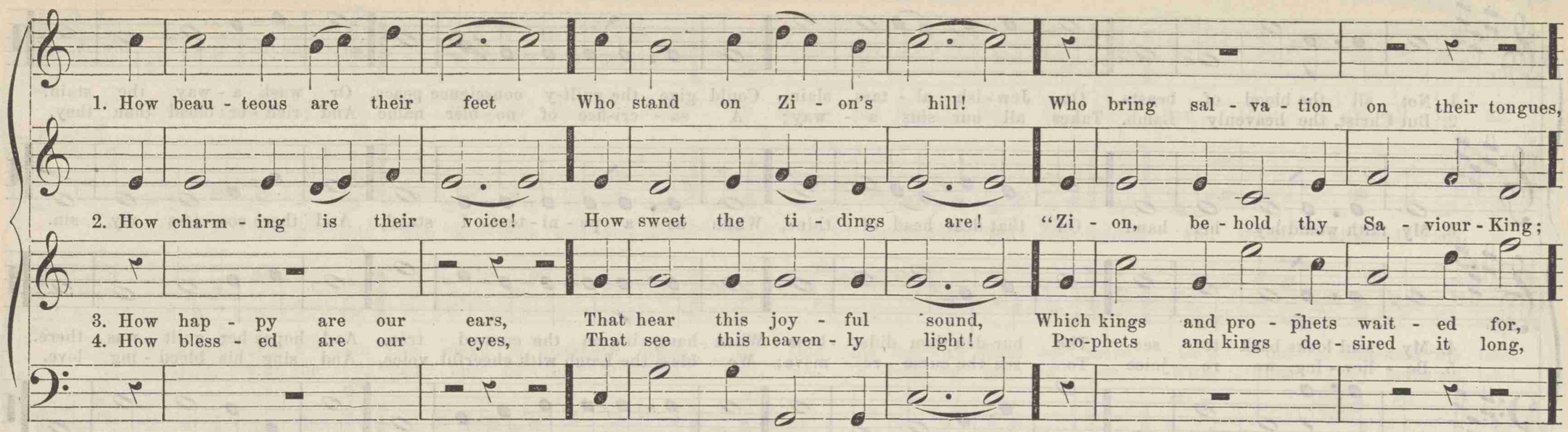
1. The day is past and gone, The eve-ning shades ap - pear; Oh, may I ev - er keep in mind The night of death draws near.
2. I lay my gar-ments by, Up - on my bed to rest: So death will soon re - move me hence And leave my soul un - drest.
3. Lord, keep me safe this night, Se - cure from all my fears; May an - gels guard me while I sleep, Till morn-ing light ap - pears.
4. And when I ear - ly rise, To view th'un - wearied sun, May I set out to win the prize, And af - ter glo - ry run.

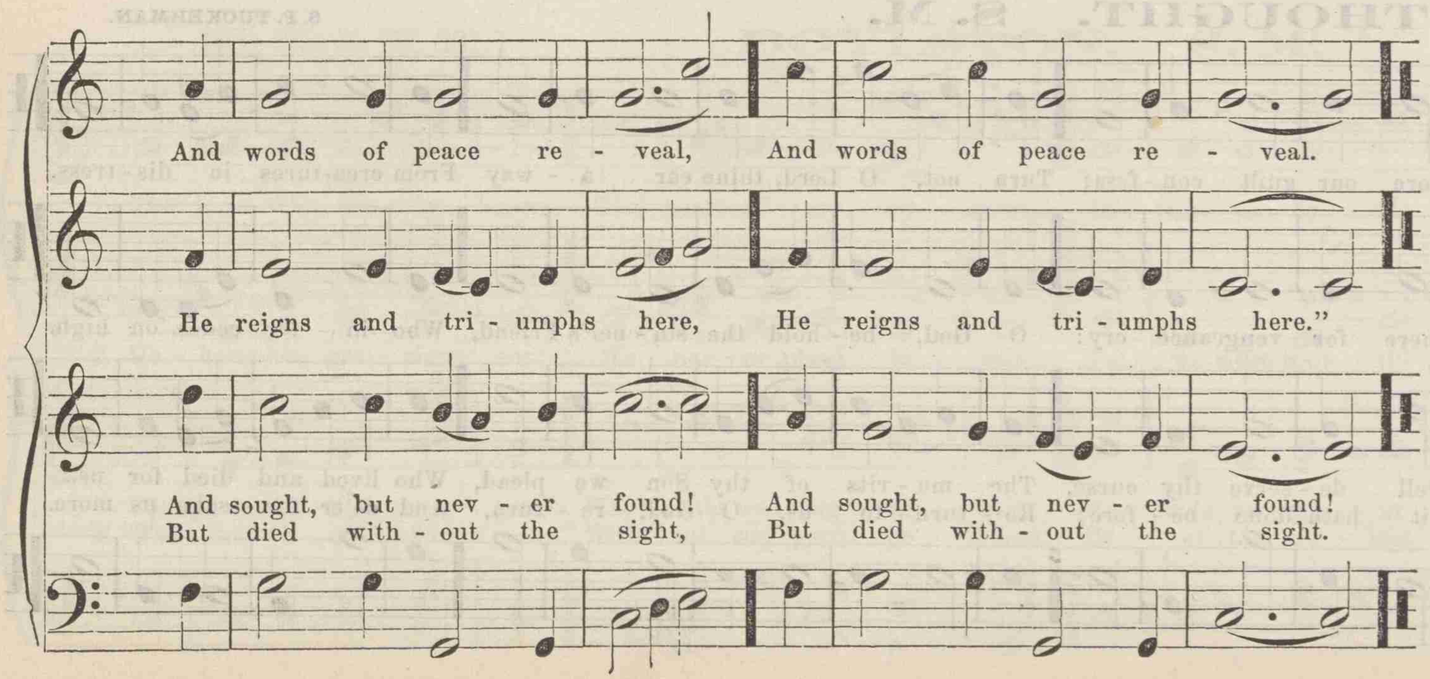
[H. 979. B. W. 466.]

WERDEBAUGH. S. M.

W. D. R.

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 judgments just! For - ev - er sure thy promise, Lord, And we se-cure - ly trust.
4. My gra - cious God, how plain Are thy di - rec - tions given! Oh, may I nev - er read in vain, But find the path to heaven!





5.

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6.

The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let all the nations now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

154 [H. 320. B. W. 135, & 468.]

EMORY. S. M.

C. TIFFANY.

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew-ish al - tars slain, Could give the guilt-y conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.
2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way; A sa - cri-fice of no-bler name And rich - er blood than they.
3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of thine, While as a pe - ni - tent I stand, And there con - fess my sin.
4. My soul looks back to see The bur-den thou didst bear When hang - ing on the curs-ed tree, And hopes her guilt was there.
5. Be - liev - ing, we re - joice To see the curse re - move; We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice, And sing his bleed - ing love.

[H. 908. B. W. 495.]

THOUGHT. S. M.

S. P. TUCKERMAN.

1. Once more we meet to pray, Once more our guilt con - fess; Turn not, O Lord, thine ear a - way From crea-tures in dis - tress.
2. Our sins to heaven as - cend, And there for vengeance cry: O God, be - hold the sin - ner's Friend, Who in - ter - cedes on high.
3. Though we are vile in - deed, And well de - serve thy curse, The me - rits of thy Son we plead, Who lived and died for us.
4. Now let thy bo - som yearn, As it hath done be - fore; Re - turn to us, O God, re - turn, And ne'er for - sake us more.

[H. 55. B. W. 218.]

WATCHMAN. S. M.

1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee, I call; I can - not live if thou re - move, For thou art all in all.
2. To thee, and thee a - lone, The an - gels owe their bliss; They sit a-round thy gra - cious throne, And dwell where Je - sus is.
3. Not all the harps a - bove Can make a heavenly place, If God his res - i - dence re - move, Or but con - ceal his face.
4. Nor earth, nor all the sky, Can one de - light af - ford, No, not a drop of re - al joy, With - out thy presence, Lord.

[H. 485. B. W. 331.]

BOYLSTON. S. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. The Lord, who tru - ly knows The heart of ev' - ry saint, In - vites us by his ho - ly word To pray and nev - er faint.
2. He bows his gra - cious ear; We nev - er plead in vain; Yet we must wait till he ap - pear, And pray, and pray a - gain.
3. Though un - be - lief sug - gest, Why should we long - er wait? He bids us nev - er give him rest, But be im - por - tu - nate.
4. 'Twas thus a wi - dow poor, With - out sup - port or friend, Be - set the un - just judge's door, And gain'd at last her end.

[H. 516. B. W. 324.]

SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.

1. Je - sus in - vites his saints To meet a - round his board: Here those he died to save may hold Com - mu - nion with the Lord.

2. Our heavenly Fa - ther calls Christ and his mem - bers one: We are the chil - dren of his love, And he the first-born Son.

3. We are the sev' - ral parts Of the same bro - ken bread; One bo - dy, with its sev'-ral limbs, But Je - sus is the head.

4. Let all our powers be join'd His glo - rious name to raise, Plea - sure and love fill ev' - ry mind, And ev' - ry voice his praise.

[H. 649. B. W. 304.]

BADEA. S. M.

1. And let our bo - dies part, To different climes re - pair; In - se - pa - ra - bly join'd in heart The friends of Je - sus are.

2. Je - sus, the cor - ner - stone, Did first our hearts u - nite; And still he keeps our spi - rits one, Who walk with him in white.

3. Oh, let us still pro - ceed In Je - sus' work be - low; And, following our tri - umphant Head, On - ward to con - quest go.

4. The vine-yard of the Lord Be - fore his lab' - rers lies; And, lo! we see the vast re - ward Which waits us in the skies.

1. Great God, now con - de - scend To bless our ris - ing race; Soon may their will - ing spi - rits bend To thy vic - to - rious grace.
2. Oh, what a vast de - light Their hap - pi - ness to see! Our warm - est wish - es all u - nite To lead their souls to thee.
3. Dear Lord, thy Spi - rit pour Up - on our in - fant seed; Oh, bring the long'd - for, hap - py hour That makes them thine in - deed.
4. May they re - ceive thy word, Con - fess the Sa-viour's name; Then fol - low their de - spis - ed Lord Through the bap - tis - mal stream.
5. Thus let our fa - vor'd race Sur-round thy sa - cred board, There to a - dore thy sove-reign grace And sing their dy - ing Lord.

[H. 936. B. W. 34.] LISBON. S. M. Theme by READ.

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. The King him - self comes near, And feasts him - self to - day; Here we may sit, and see him here, And love and praise and pray.
3. One day a - mid the place Where Christ, my Lord, has been Is sweet-er than ten thou-sand days Of plea-sure 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.

[H. 112, 249. B. W. 114.]

BOYLE. S. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Ye saints, pro - claim a - broad The ho - nors of your King; To Je - sus, your in - car - nate God, Your songs of prai - ses sing.
2. Not an - gels round the throne Of ma - jes - ty a - bove Are half so much o - bliged as we To our Im - ma - nuel's love.
3. They nev - er sunk so low, They are not raised so high; They nev - er knew such depths of woe, Such heights of ma - jes - ty.
4. The Sa - viour did not join Their na - ture to his own; For them he shed no blood di - vine, Nor breathed a sin - gle groan.
5. May we with an - gels vie The Sa - viour to a - dore: Our debts are great - er far than theirs, Oh, be our prai - ses more!

[H. 106. B. W. 95.]

MOORFIELD. S. M.

Arranged from an English tune, by LOWELL MASON.

1. Raise your tri - umphant songs To an im - mor - tal tune; Let the wide earth re-sound the deeds Ce - les - tial grace has done, Ce - les - tial grace has done.
2. Sing how e - ter - nal love Its chief Be - lov - ed chose, And bade him raise our wretched race From their a - byss of woes, From their a-byss of woes.
3. His hand no thun-der bears, No ter - ror clothes his brow; No bolts to drive our guilt - y souls To fier - cer flames be - low, To fier - cer flames be-low.
4. 'Twas mer-cy fill'd the throne, No wrath stood frowning by, When Christ was sent with par-don down To re - bels doom'd to die, To re - bels doom'd to die.

1. God, to cor-rect the world, In wrath is slow to rise, But comes at length, in thun - der clothed, And dark - ness veils the skies.
2. His ban - ners, lift - ed high, The na - tions' God de - clare, And, stain'd with blood, with ter - rors mark'd, Spread won - der and de - spair.
3. All earth - ly pomp and pride Are in his pre - sence lost; Empires o'erturn'd, thrones, scep-tres, crowns, In wild con - fu - sion tost.
4. While war and woe pre - vail, And de - so - la - tion wide, In God, the sovereign Lord of all, The right - eous still con - fide.

[H. 50. B. W. 6.] **SILVER STREET. S. M.** I. SMITH.

1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah is the sove - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
2. He form'd the deeps un-known; He gave the seas their bound; The wa - tery worlds are all his own, And all the so - lid ground.
3. Come, worship at his throne; Come, bow be - fore the Lord: We are his works, and not our own, He form'd us by his word.
4. To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare pro - voke his rod; Come, like the peo - ple of his choice, And own your gra - cious God.

[H. 751. B. W. 570.]

ERSKINE. S. M.

HOWARD SHRIVER.

1. And will the Judge de-scend? And must the dead a-rise? And not a sin-gle soul es-cape His all-dis-cern-ing eyes!

2. And from his right-eous lips Shall this dread sen-tence sound, And through the numerous guilt-y throng Spread black de-spair a-round?

3. "Depart from me, ac-cursed, To ev-er-last-ing flame, For re-bel an-gels first pre-pared, Where mer-cy nev-er came."

4. How will my heart en-dure The ter-rors of that day, When earth and heaven, be-fore his face, As-ton-ish'd shrink a-way?

[H. 827. B. W. 432.]

PLITT. S. M.

Altered and arranged from a tune by BRADBURY by W. D. R.

1. The swift-de-clin-ing day, How fast its mo-ments fly! While evening's broad and gloom-y shade Gains on the west-ern sky.

2. Ye mor-tals, mark its pace, And use the hours of light; For know its Ma-ker can com-mand An in-stant, end-less night.

3. Give glo-ry to the Lord, Who rules the roll-ing sphere; Sub-mis-sive at his foot-stool bow, And seek sal-va-tion there.

4. Then shall new lus-tre break Through all the hea-vy gloom, And lead you to un-chang-ing light, In your ce-les-tial home.

[H. 562. B. W. 458.]

STORK. S. M.

1. E - quip me for the war, And teach my hands to fight; My sim - ple, up - right heart pre-pare, And guide my words a - right.
2. Con-trol my ev' - ry thought; And all my sins re-move; Let all my works in thee be wrought, Let all be wrought in love.
3. Oh, arm me with the mind, Meek Lamb, that was in thee! And let en - light - en'd zeal be join'd With per - fect cha - ri - ty.
4. Oh, may I love like thee! In all thy foot - steps tread; Thou hat - est all in - i - qui - ty, But no - thing thou hast made.
5. Oh, may I learn the art, With meek - ness to re - prove! And hate the sin with all my heart, But still the sin - ner love.

[H. 485. B. W. 331.]

WEDEKIND. S. M.

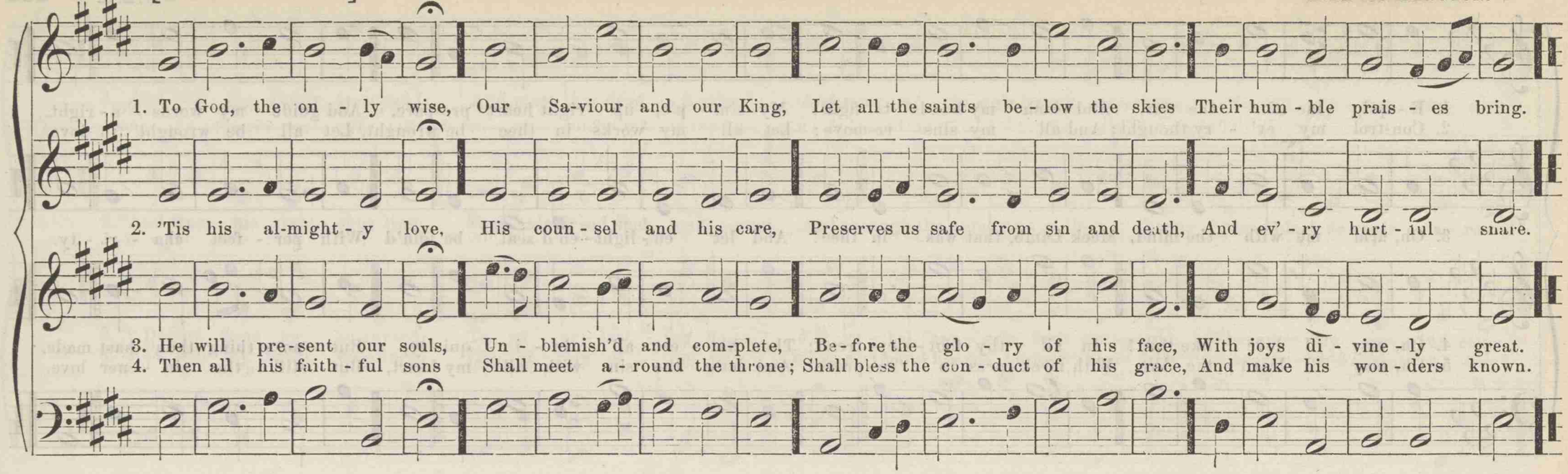
Dr. B. F. SCHNECK.

1. The Lord, who tru - ly knows The heart of ev' - ry saint, In - vites us by his ho - ly word To pray and nev - er faint.
2. He bows his gra - cious ear; We nev - er plead in vain; Yet we must wait till he ap - pear, And pray, and pray a - gain.
3. Though un-be - lief sug-gest, Why should we long - er wait? He bids us nev - er give him rest, But be im - por - tu - nate.
4. 'Twas thus a wi - dow poor, With-out sup - port or friend, Be - set the un - just jud - ge's door, And gain'd at last her end.

[H. 295. B. W. 19.]

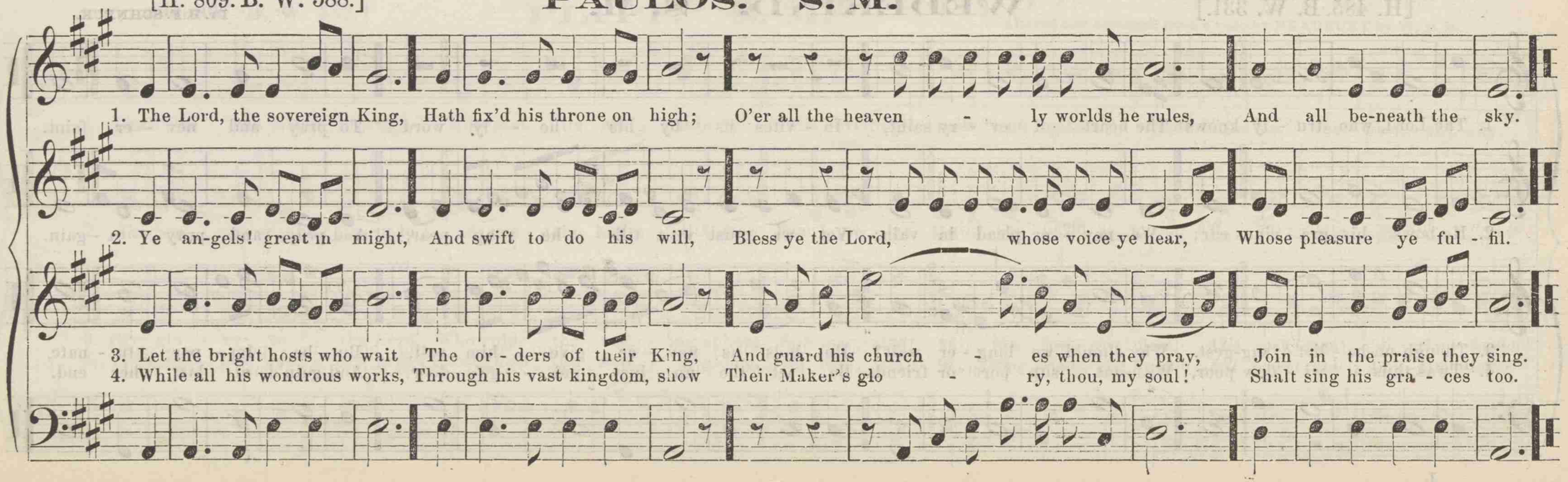
MORNINGTON. S. M.

LORD MORNINGTON.



[H. 809. B. W. 588.]

PAULOS. S. M.



AHIRA. S. M.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, come; Let thy bright beams a - rise; Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The dark - ness from our eyes.
2. Con - vince us all of sin, Then lead to Je - sus' blood, And to our wondering view re - veal The mer - cies of our God.
3. Re - vive our drooping 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.
5. Dwell, Spi - rit, in our hearts; Our minds from bondage free; Then shall we know, and praise, and love, The Fa - ther, Son, and Thee.

LUTHER. S. M.

Dr. HASTINGS.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies, To draw thee from the skies.
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly ev' - ry day, And help divine im-plore, And help di - vine im-plore.
3. Ne'er think the vic - tory won, Nor lay thine armor down; Thy ar - duous work will not be done Till thou obtain thy crown, Till thou ob-tain thy crown.

[H. 946. B. W. 446.]

STATE STREET. S. M.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN.

1. An - oth - er day is past, The hours for - ev - er fled, And time is bear - ing me a - way To min - gle with the dead.

2. My mind in per - fect peace My Fa-ther's care shall keep; I yield to gen - tle slum-ber now, For thou canst nev - er sleep.

3. How bless-ed, Lord, are they On thee se - cure - ly stay'd! Nor shall they be in life a-larm'd, Nor be in death dis - may'd.

[H. 852. B. W. 377.]

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, by Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Com - mit thou all thy griefs And ways in - to his hands, To his sure truth and ten - der care, Who earth and heaven commands;

2. Who points the clouds their course, Whom winds and seas o - bey; He shall di - rect thy wandering feet; He shall pre - pare thy way.

3. Put thou thy trust in God; In du - ty's path go on; Fix on his word thy stead-fast eye; So shall thy work be done.

4. No pro - fit canst thou gain By self - con-sum - ing care; To him com-mend thy cause: his ear At - tends thy soft - est prayer.

[H. 675. B. W. 381.] **LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.** English Tune.

1. Just o'er the grave I hung; No par - don met mine eyes; As bless - ings nev - er greet the slain, And hope shall nev - er rise.
2. Sweet mer - cy to my soul Re - veal'd no charm - ing ray; Be - fore me rose a long, dark night, With no suc - ceed - ing day.
3. Then, oh, how vain ap - pear'd The joys be - neath the sky! Like vi - sions past—like flowers that bloom When win - try storms are nigh.
4. How mourn'd my sink - ing soul The Sab - bath's hours di - vine, The day of grace—that pre - cious day—Con-sumed in sense and sin!
5. The work—the might - y work— Of life, so long de - lay'd; Re - pent - ance yet to be be - gun, Up - on a dy - ing bed.

[H. 914. B. W. 42.] **PLYMPTON. S. M.** Arranged from CHERUBINI.

1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb; Wake, ev' - ry heart and ev' - ry tongue, To praise the Sa - viour's name.
2. Sing of his dy - ing love; Sing of his ri - sing power; Sing how he in - ter - cedes a - bove For us whose sins he bore.
3. Sing till we feel our hearts As - cend - ing with our tongue; Sing, till the love of sin de - part, And grace in - spire our song.
4. Sing on your heaven - ly way, Ye ran - som'd sin - ners, sing; Sing on, re - joic - ing ev' - ry day In Christ, th'e - ter - nal King.

[H. 53. B. W. 2.]

DOVER. S. M.

English Tune.

1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with - in me join, And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose fa - vors are di - vine.

2. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! Nor let his mer - cies lie For - got - ten in un - thankful-ness And with out prai - ses die.

3. 'Tis he for - gives thy sins; 'Tis he re - lieves thy pain; 'Tis he that heals thy sick - ness - es And gives thee strength a - gain.

4. He crowns thy life with love, When res - cued from the grave: He that re - deem'd our souls from death Hath bound-less power to save.

[H. 130. B. W. 355.]

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

1. And shall we still be slaves, And in our fet - ters lie, When sum-mon'd by a voice di - vine T'as - sert our lib - er - ty?

2. Did the great Sa - viour bleed, Our free - dom to ob - tain? And shall we tram-ple on his blood And glo - ry in our chain?

3. Shall we go on in sin, Be - cause thy grace a - bounds, Or cru - ci - fy the Lord a - gain, And o - pen all his wounds?

4. For - bid it, might - y God! Nor let it e'er be said That those for whom thy Son has died In vice are lost and dead.

HANTS. S. M.

English Tune.

1. With humble heart and tongue, My God, to thee I pray: Oh, bring me now, while I am young, To thee, the liv-ing way, To thee, the liv - ing way.

2. Make an un - guard-ed youth The ob - ject of thy care; Help me to choose the way of truth And fly from ev'ry snare, And fly from ev' - ry snare.

3. My heart, to fol - ly prone, Re - new by power di - vine; U - nite it to thy - self a - lone, And make me wholly thine, And make me whol-ly thine.

4. Oh, let thy word of grace My warm - est thoughts employ; Be this, through all my following days, My treasure and my joy, My treasure and my joy.

5. To what thy laws im - part Be my whole soul in-clined: Oh, let them dwell with-in my heart And sanc-ti-fy my mind, And sanc-ti - fy my mind.

[H. 979. B. W. 6.]

THATCHER. S. M.

Arranged from HANDEL.

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 we se - cure - ly trust.

4. My gra - cious God, how plain Are thy di - rec - tions given! Oh, may I nev - er read in vain, But find the path to heaven.

[H. 36.]

MANLY. S. M.

W. MASON.

1. My soul, re - peat his praise Whose mer - cies are so great; Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate.
2. God will not al - ways chide; And, when his wrath is felt, His strokes are few - er than our crimes, And light - er than our guilt.
3. High as the heavens are raised A-bove the ground we tread, So far the rich - es of his grace Our high - est thoughts ex-ceed.
4. His grace sub - dues our sins, And his for - giv - ing love Far as the east is from the west Doth all our guilt re - move.

[H. 141.]

AYLESBURY. S. M.

Dr. GREEN.

1. Be - hold th'a-maz - ing sight, The Sa-viour lift - ed high! Be - hold the Son of God's de - light Ex - pire in ag - o - ny!
2. For whom, for whom, my heart, Were all these sor - rows borne? Why did he feel that piercing smart, And meet that va - rious scorn?
3. For love of us he bled, And all in tor - ture died! 'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head, And oped his gush - ing side.
4. In sym-pa - thy of love Let all the earth com - bine; And, drawn by cords so gen-tle, prove The en - er - gy di - vine.
5. In him our hearts u - nite, Nor share his griefs a - lone, But from his cross pur - sue their flight To his tri - umph - ant throne.

FLUSHING. S. M.

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 prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one, Our com-forts and our cares.

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

ST. BRIDES. S. M.

Dr. HOWARD.

1. And must this bod - y die? This mor - tal frame de - cay? And must these act-ive limbs of mine Lie mouldering in the clay?

2. Cor - rup - tion, earth, and worms, Shall but re - fine this flesh, Till my tri - umph-ant spi - rit comes To put it on a - fresh.

3. God, my Re-deem - er, lives, And oft - en, from the skies, Looks down and watch - es all my dust, Till he shall bid it rise.
4. Ar - ray'd in glo - rious grace, Shall these vile bod-ies shine, And ev' - ry shape and ev' - ry face Look heaven - ly and di - vine.

BEALOTH. S. M. Double.

"Am. Tune Book."

1 I was a wand - ring sheep, I did not love the fold, I did not love my shep-herd's voice, I would not be con - troll'd:

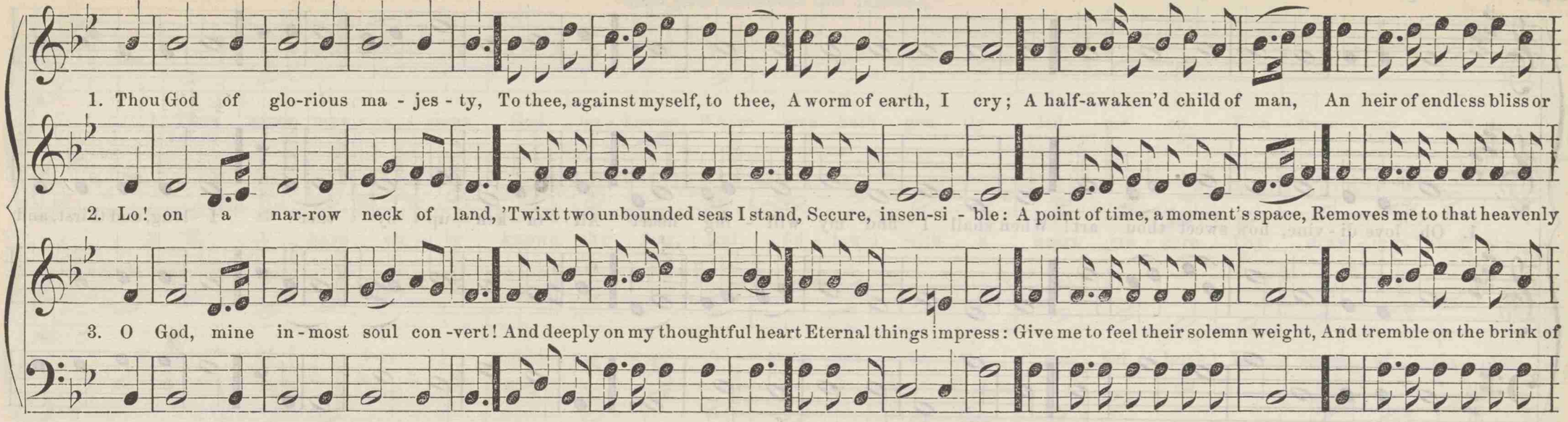
2. The Shep - herd sought his sheep, The Fath - er sought his child, He fol - low'd me o'er vale and hill, o'er de - serts waste and wild;

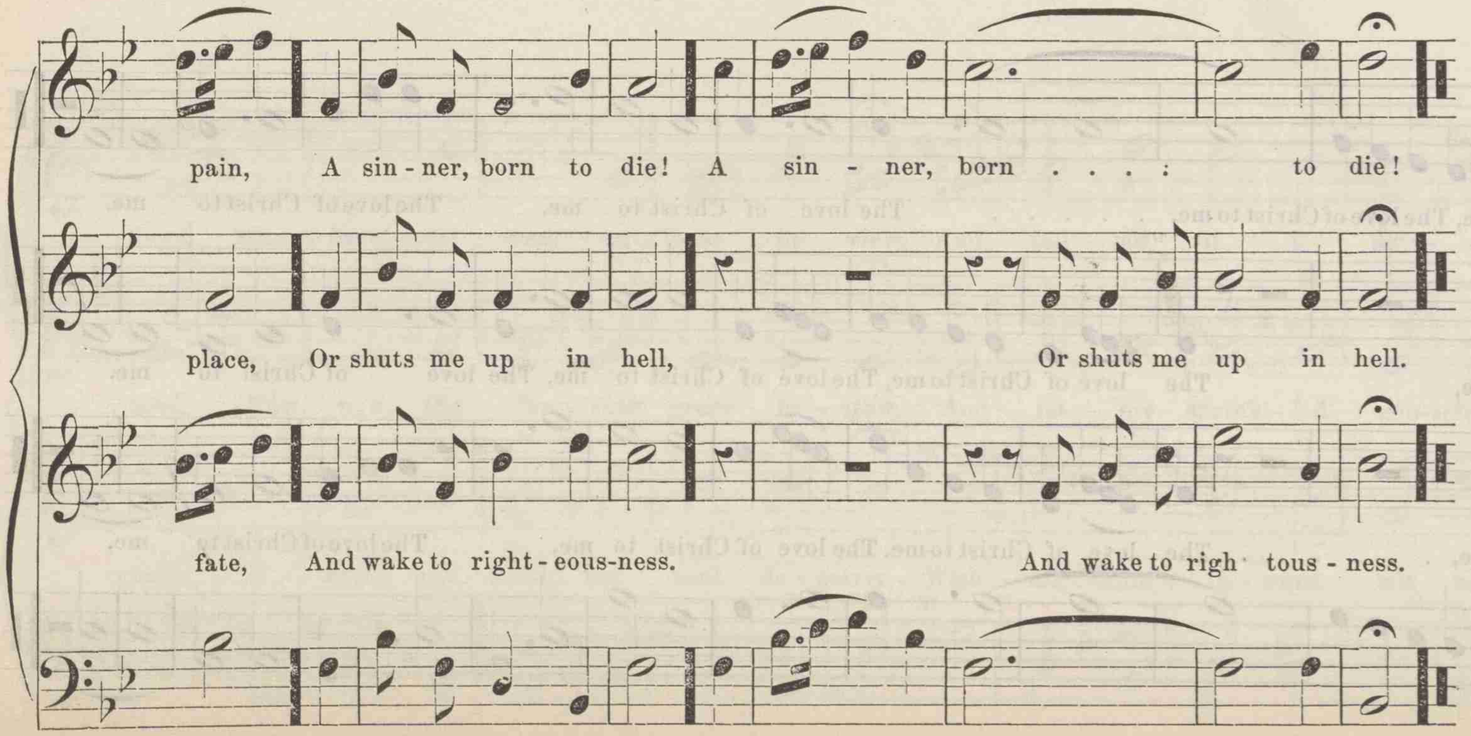
3. Je - sus my Shep - herd as, 'Twas He that loved my soul, Twas He that wash'd me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole;

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home, I did not love my Fath - er's voice, I loved a - far to roam.

He found me nigh to death, Fam-ish'd, and faint, and lone; He bound me with the bands of love, He sav'd the wan'd-ring one.

'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the wand'-ring sheep, 'Twas He that brought me to the fold—'Tis He that still doth keep





4.
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?

5.
Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to insure:
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6.
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.

[H. 324. B. W. 178.]

ELEON. C. P. M.

Arranged from RÄDIGER.

1. Oh, love di - vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my will - ing heart All ta - ken up by thee? I long, and thirst, and

faint, to prove The greatness of redeeming love, The love of Christ to me, ... The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me.

faint, to prove The greatness of redeeming love, The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me.

faint, to prove The greatness of redeeming love, ... The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me.

TREVES. C. P. M.

"Thou great mysterious God unknown."

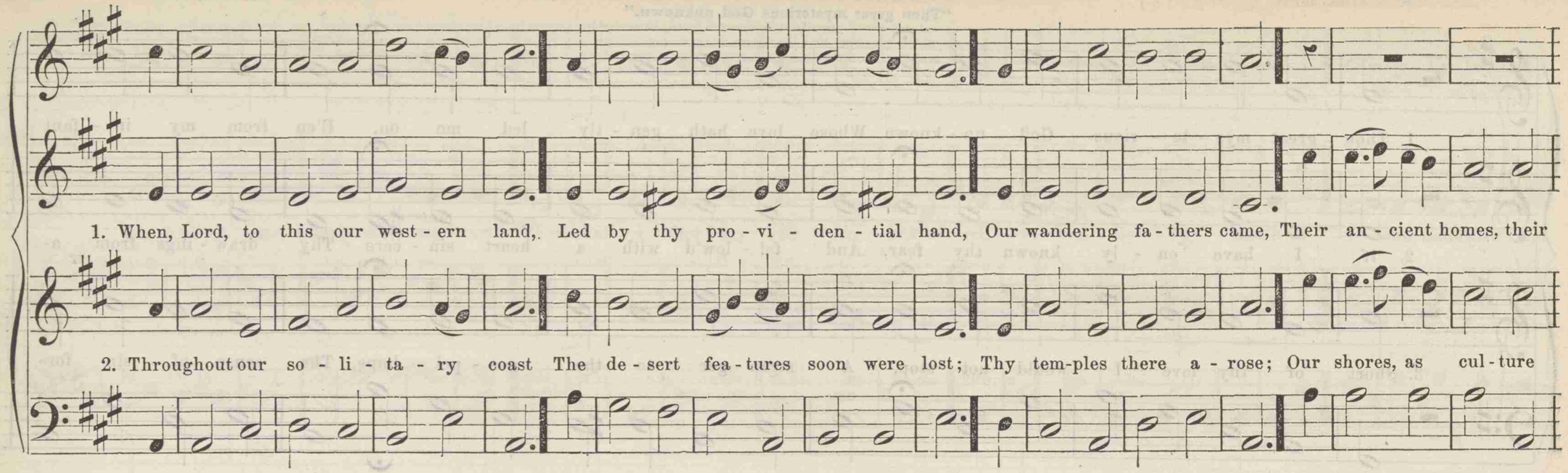
1. Thou great mys - te - rious God un - known, Whose love hath gen - tly led me on, E'en from my in - fant
2. If I have on - ly known thy fear, And fol - low'd with a heart sin - cere Thy draw - ings from a-
3. Short of thy love I would not stop, A stran - ger to the gos - pel hope, The sense of sin for-

days, Mine in - most soul ex - pose to view, And tell me if I ev - er knew Thy jus - ti - fy - ing grace.
bove, Now, now, the far - ther grace be - stow, And let my sprink - led con-science know Thy sweet, for - giv - ing love.
given; I would not, Lord, my soul de - ceive, With - out thine in - ward wit - ness live, That an - te - past of heaven.

[H. 894. B. W. 312.]

RAPTURE. C. P. M.

HARWOOD.



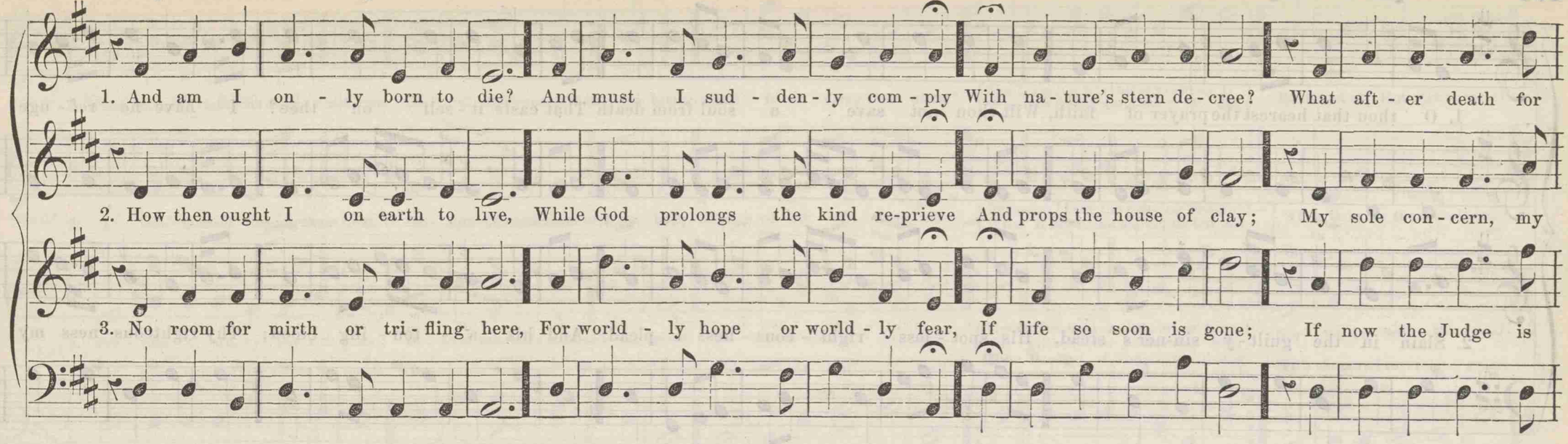
3.

And, oh, may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet
  Within our spreading land!
There brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam,
  Still guided by thy hand.

4.

Saviour, we own this debt of love
Oh, shed thy Spirit from above,
  To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim
And temples rise to fix thy name,
  Through all our desert West

GANGES. C. P. M.



4.

No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But oh! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

5.

Nothing is worth a thought beneath
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies,—
How make mine own election sure,
And, when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

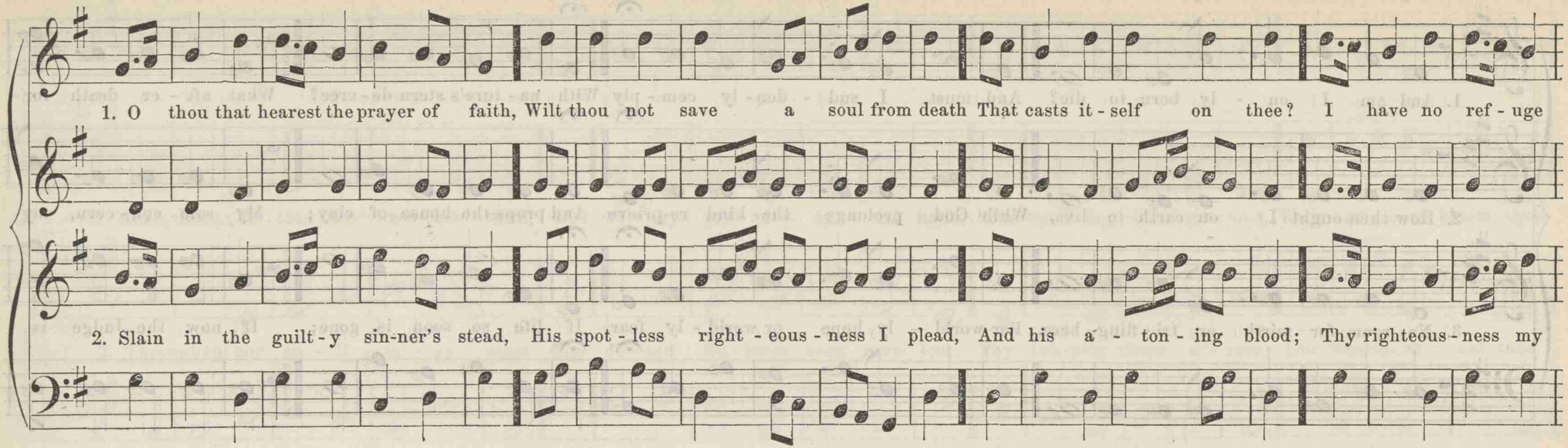
6.

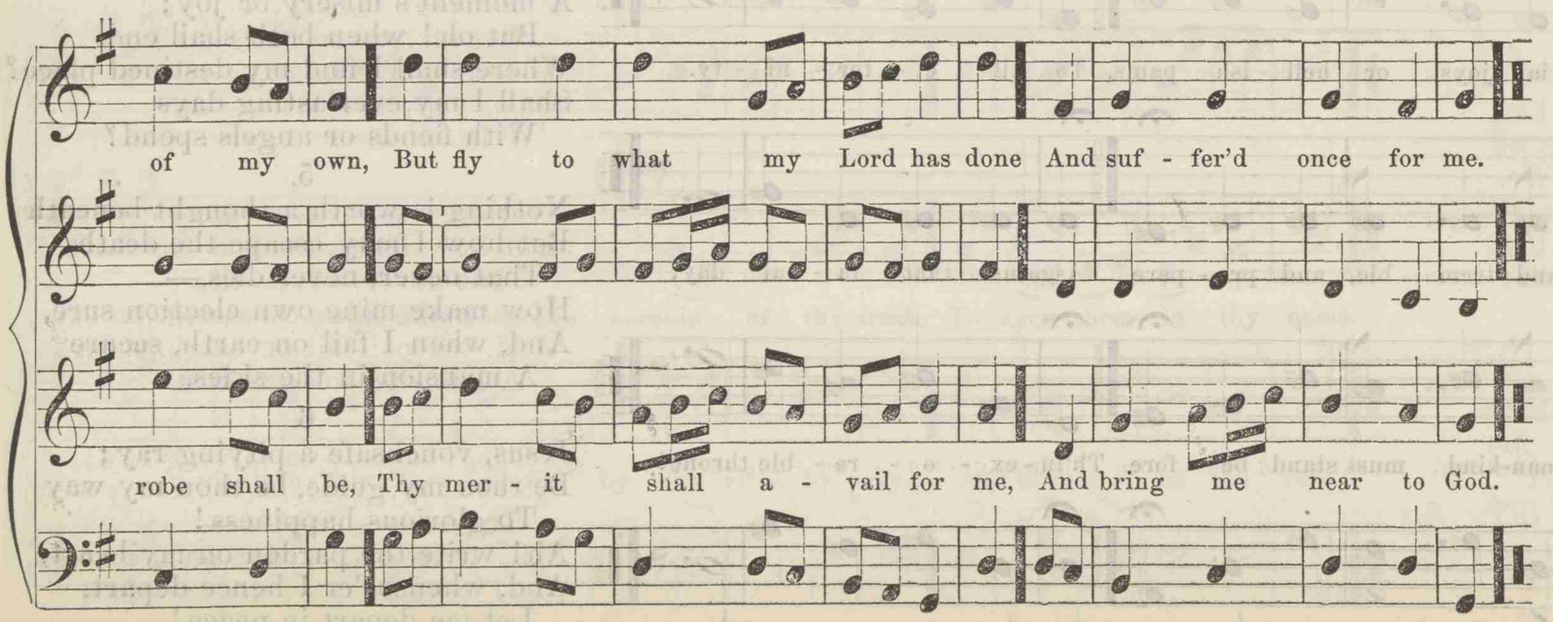
Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness!
Ah! write the pardon on my heart,
And, whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!

[B. W. 312.]

AITHLONE. C. P. M.

German.





3.

Then snatch 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.

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

[H. 992. B. W. 569.]

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To call thy ransom'd peo-ple home, Shall I a-mong them stand? {Shall such a worthless worm as I, / Who sometimes am a-fraid to die,} Be found at thy right hand?

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 piercing thought?— / What if my name should be left out} When thou for them shalt call?

3. Pre-vent it, Lord, by thy rich grace; Be thou my soul's sure hid-ing-place In this th' ac-cept-ed day; {Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear, / To still my un-be-liev-ing fear,} Nor let me fall, I pray.

4. Let me a-mong thy saints be found When-e'er th' archangel's trump shall sound. And see thy smil-ing face; {Then loud-est of the crowd I'll sing, / While heaven's resounding mansions ring} With shouts of sovereign grace.

[H. 280. B. W. 307.]

CHURCH. 8s & 7s.

P. A. KELLER.

1. Je-sus, full of all com-pas-sion, Hear the hum-ble suppliant's cry; Let me know thy great sal-va-tion; See! I languish, faint, and die.

2. Guilt-y, but with heart re-lent-ing, O-verwhelm'd with helpless grief, Pros-trate at thy feet re-pent-ing, Send, oh, send me quick re-lief!

3. Whi-ther should a wretch be fly-ing But to him who comfort gives? Whi-ther, from the dread of dy-ing, But to him who ev-er lives?

4. While I view thee, wounded, griev-ing, Breathless, on the curs-ed tree, Fain I'd feel my heart be-liev-ing That thou suffer'dst thus for me.

[H. 326. B. W. 159.]

ARIEL. 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,
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood he spilt, My ran - som from the dread - ful guilt Of sin and wrath di - vine;
3. I'd sing the cha - rac - ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Ex - alt - ed on his throne;
4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see his face:

I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

I'd sing his glo - rious righteous-ness, In which all-per - fect, heavenly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.

In lof - tiest songs of sweet-est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days Make all his glo - ries known, Make all his glo - ries known.
Then, with my Sa-viour, Brother, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri - umph - ant in his grace, Tri - umph-ant in his grace.

1. When frowning death ap-pears, And points his fa-tal dart,
What dark fore-bod-ing fears Dis-tract the sin-ner's heart,
} The dread-ful blow No arm can stay, But, torn a-way, he sinks to woe.

2. Now, ev'-ry hope de-nied, Be-reft of ev'-ry good,
He must the wrath a-bide Of an a-veng-ing God;
} No mer-cy there Will greet his ear, Nor wipe the tear Of black de-spair.

3. Sin-ners, a-wake, at-tend, And flee the wrath to come;
Make Christ, the Judge, your friend, And heaven shall be your home:
} His mer-cy nigh Now points the path That leads from death To joys on high.

[H. 377. B. W. 397, 585.] NORTHFIELD. 8s.

1. Thou Shepherd of Is-rael di-vine, The joy and de-sire of my heart, For clo-ser com-mu-nion I pine, I long to re-side where thou art.
2. The pasture I languish to find, Where all who their Shepherd o-bey Are fed, on thy bo-som re-clined And screen'd from the heat of the day.
3. Ah! show me that hap-pi-est place, The place of thy people's a-bode, Where saints in an ec-sta-sy gaze, And hang on a cru-ci-fied God!
4. Thy love for a sin-ner de-clare, Thy pas-sion and death on the tree; My spi-rit to Cal-va-ry bear, To suf-fer and triumph with thee.

[H. 282. B. W. 148.]

BRIGHTON. L. M. 6 lines.

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, God of love! Oh, hear an hum - ble sup - pliant's cry: Bend from thy loft - y seat a - bove,

2. I urge no mer - it of my own, For I, a - las! am all that's vile: No! when I bow be - fore thy throne,

3. With - in this heart of mine I feel The weight of sin's op - press - ive load: Oh, help! or else I sink to hell,

Thy throne of glo - rious ma - jes - ty: Oh, deign to lis - ten to my voice, And bid this droop - ing heart re - joice.

Dare to con - verse with God a while, Thy name, blest Je - sus, is my plea,—That dear - est, sweet - est name to me.

Crush'd by thine arm, a - veng - ing God! Entomb'd with - in that dread a - byss, And ex - iled from the realms of bliss.

[H. 47. B. W. 17.]

DEMONTI. L. P. M.

1st time Soprano, 2d time Tenor and Bass.

1. I'll praise my Maker whilst I've breath; Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers: My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
And, when my voice is lost in death, While life and thought and being last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en-dures.

2. Happy the man whose hopes rely And earth, and seas, with all their train: His truth forever stands secure;
On Israel's God, who made the sky, He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his pro - mise vain.

3. The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind; He sends the lab'r - ing conscience peace; He helps the stranger in distress,
The Lord supports the fainting mind; The widow and the fatherless, And grants the pris' - ner sweet re - lease.

[H. 339. B. W. 250.]

NASHVILLE. L. P. M.

From a Gregorian Chant.

1. We sing the wise, the gracious plan, Which God de-vised ere time be - gan, At length disclosed in all its light; { We bless the wondrous birth of love, / Which beams around us from a - bove, } With grace so free and hopes so bright.

2. Here has the wise E - ter-nal Mind Gentiles and Jews, and earth and heaven; { Thro' him from the great Father's throne / Ri - vers of bliss come roll ing down, } And endless peace and life are given.
In Christ, their common head, conjoin'd

3. No more the aw - ful cherubs guard The tree of life with flaming sword, To drive a - far man's trembling race. { At Salem's pearl - y gates they stand. / And, smiling, wait, a friend-ly band, } To wel-come strangers to the place.

CREATION. L. P. M.

HAYDN.

1. E - ter - nal Spi - rit, source of light, En - liv'n - ing, con - se - crat - ing fire, De - scend, and with ce - les - tial heat

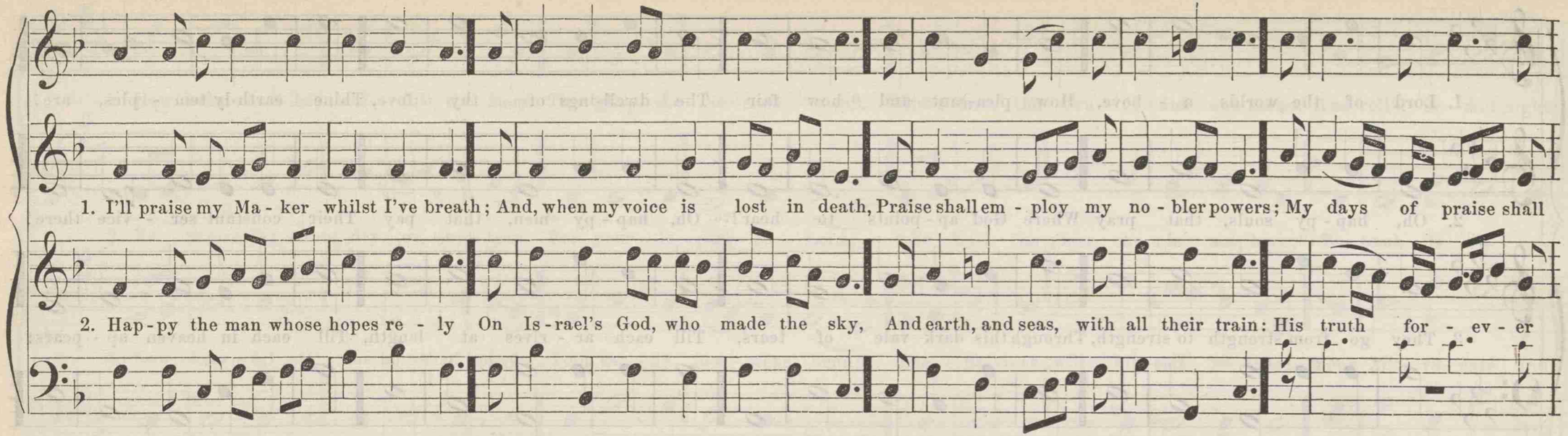
2. In our cold breasts, oh, strike a spark Of that pure flame which se - raphs feel; Nor let us wan - der in the dark,

3. Let pure de - vo - tion's fer - vors rise! Let ev' - ry pi - ous pas - sion glow! Oh, let the rap - tures of the skies

Our dull, our fro - zen hearts in - spire; Our souls re - fine, our dross con - sume: Come, con - de - scend - ing Spi - rit, come!

Nor lie be - numb'd and stu - pid still. Come, vi - vi - fy - ing Spi - rit, come! And make our hearts thy con - stant home.

Kin - dle in our cold hearts be - low. Come, pu - ri - fy - ing Spi - rit, come! And make our souls thy con - stant home.



3.
The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports tho fainting mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4.
I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
Whilst life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

[H. 500. B. W. 48, 537.]

LEHMAN. H. M.

Dr. B. F. SCHNECK.

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How plea-sant and how fair The dwell-ings of thy love, Thine earth-ly tem - ples, are!

2. Oh, hap - py souls, that pray Where God ap - points to hear! Oh, hap - py men, that pay Their constant ser - vice there!

3. They go from strength to strength, Through this dark vale of tears, Till each ar - rives at length, Till each in heaven ap - pears:

TENOR AD LIB.

To thine abode My heart aspires, With warm desires To see my God. To thine a - bode My heart as - pires, With warm desires To see my God.

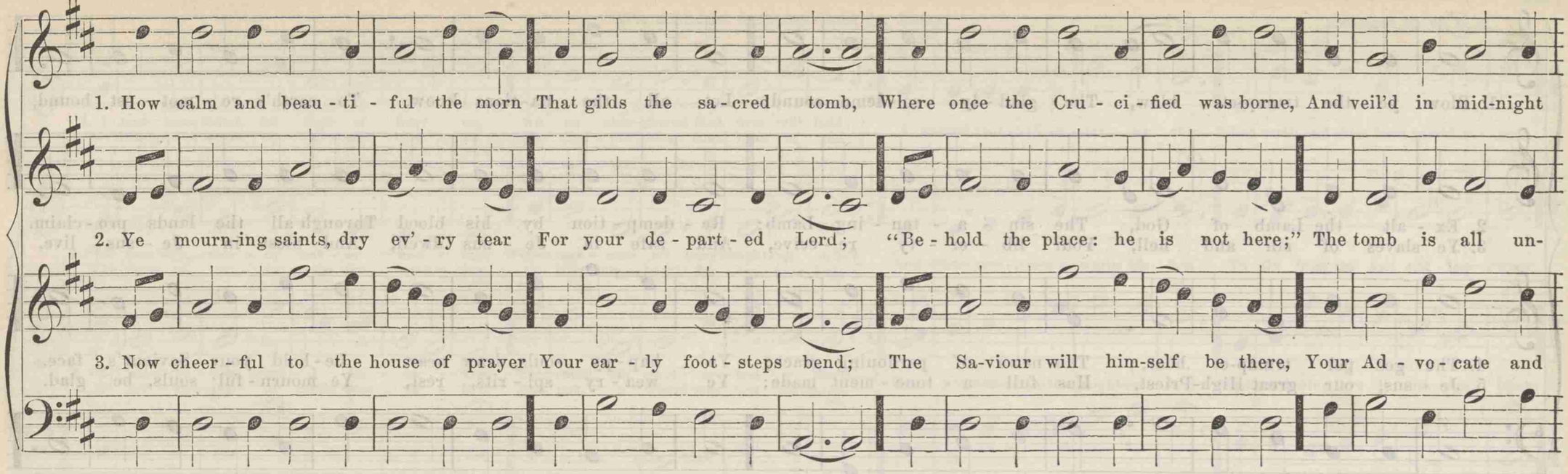
They praise thee still; And happy they Who love the way To Zion's hill. They praise thee still; And hap-py they Who love the way To Zi - on's hill.

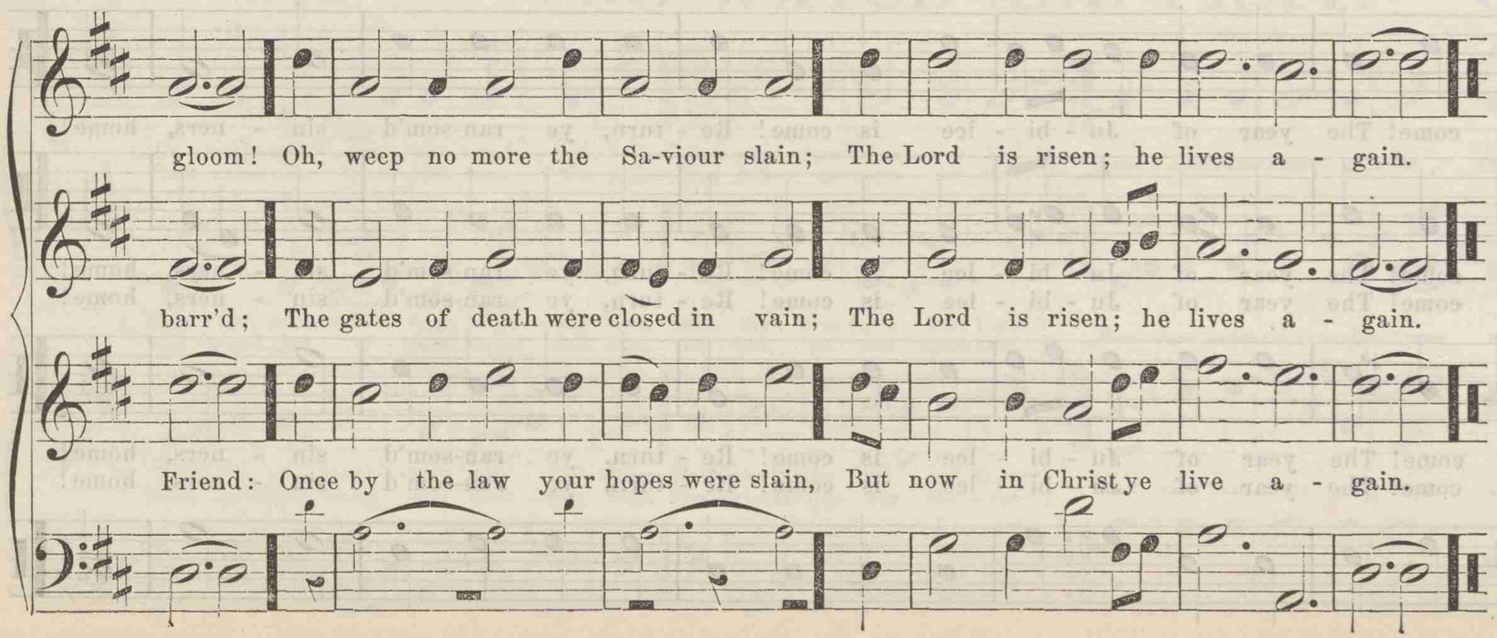
Oh, glorious seat, When God our King Shall thither bring Our willing feet! Oh, glo-rious seat, When God our King Shall thither bring Our will-ing feet!

BASS AD LIB.

"How Calm and Beautiful." C. L. M.

Words and Music by Dr. HASTINGS.





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 risen; 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 risen who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

LENOX. H. M.

1. Blow ye the trump-et, blow, The glad - ly so - lemn sound; Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re - mot - est bound,
2. Ex - alt the Lamb of God, The sin - a - ton - ing Lamb; Re - demp - tion by his blood Through all the lands pro - claim.
3. Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your lib - er - ty re - ceive, And safe in Je - sus dwell, And blest in Je - sus live.
4. The gos - pel trump-et hear, The news of pardoning grace; Ye hap - py souls, draw near, Be - hold your Saviour's face.
5. Je - sus, our great High-Priest, Has full a - tone - ment made; Ye wea - ry spi - rits, rest, Ye mourn - ful souls, be glad.

The year of Ju - bi - lee is come! The year of Ju - bi - lee is come! Re - turn, ye ran-som'd sin - ners, home!
The year of Ju - bi - lee is come! The year of Ju - bi - lee is come! Re - turn, ye ran-som'd sin - ners, home!
The year of Ju - bi - lee is come! The year of Ju - bi - lee is come! Re - turn, ye ran-som'd sin - ners, home!
The year of Ju - bi - lee is come! The year of Ju - bi - lee is come! Re - turn, ye ran-som'd sin - ners, home!

[H. 357.]

"Wie schön ist doch das Band der Liebe."

Arranged by W. D. R.

1. I now have found, for hope of heav - en, An an - chor-ground that firm will hold;
One—through the cross of Je - sus giv - en, By God pre - des - tined from of old;
A ground that shall en - dur - ing stay When earth and skies have pass'd a - way.

2. 'Tis mer - cy,—mer - cy nev - er end - ing, Whose mea - sure all our thoughts ex - cels,
The arms of pi - ty wide ex - tend - ing Of Him whose heart for sin - ners feels,
And whose com - pas-sion warns his foes To fly from sin and end - less woes.

3. Of all be - side were I for - sa - ken, That could my soul or bod - y cheer,—
If ev' - ry joy of earth were ta - ken, And not a friend were left me here,—
One joy remains,—the bright-est, best:—With pardoning love I still am blest.

[H. 815.]

"GO WATCH AND PRAY." C. L. M.

Spiritual Songs.

1. Go watch and pray: thou canst not tell How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell May toll its notes for thee:
Death's count-less snares be - set thy way: Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

2. Fond youth, while free from blight - ing care, Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad vi - sions, bright and fair, Di - late be - fore thine eye?
Soon these must change—must pass a - way: Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

3. Thou ag - ed man! life's win - try storm Hath sear'd thy ver - nal bloom;
With trembling limbs and wast - ing form, Thou'rt bend - ing o'er the tomb:
And can vain hope lead *thee* a - stray? Go, wea - ry pil - grim, watch and pray.

[H. 104. B. W. 37.]

WEYMOUTH. H. M.

R. HARRISON.

1. Hark! what ce - les - tial notes, What me - lo - dy we hear! Soft on the morn it floats, And fills the rav-ish'd ear; The

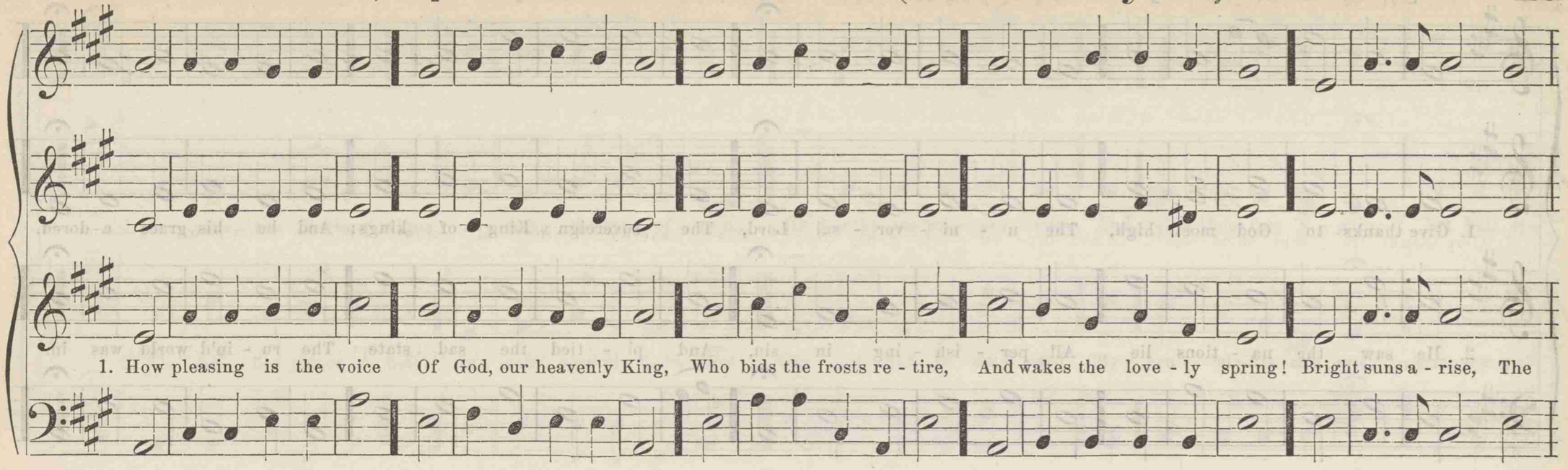
2. Th' angel - ic hosts de - scend, With har - mo - ny di - vine! See how from heaven they bend, And in full cho - rus join. Fear

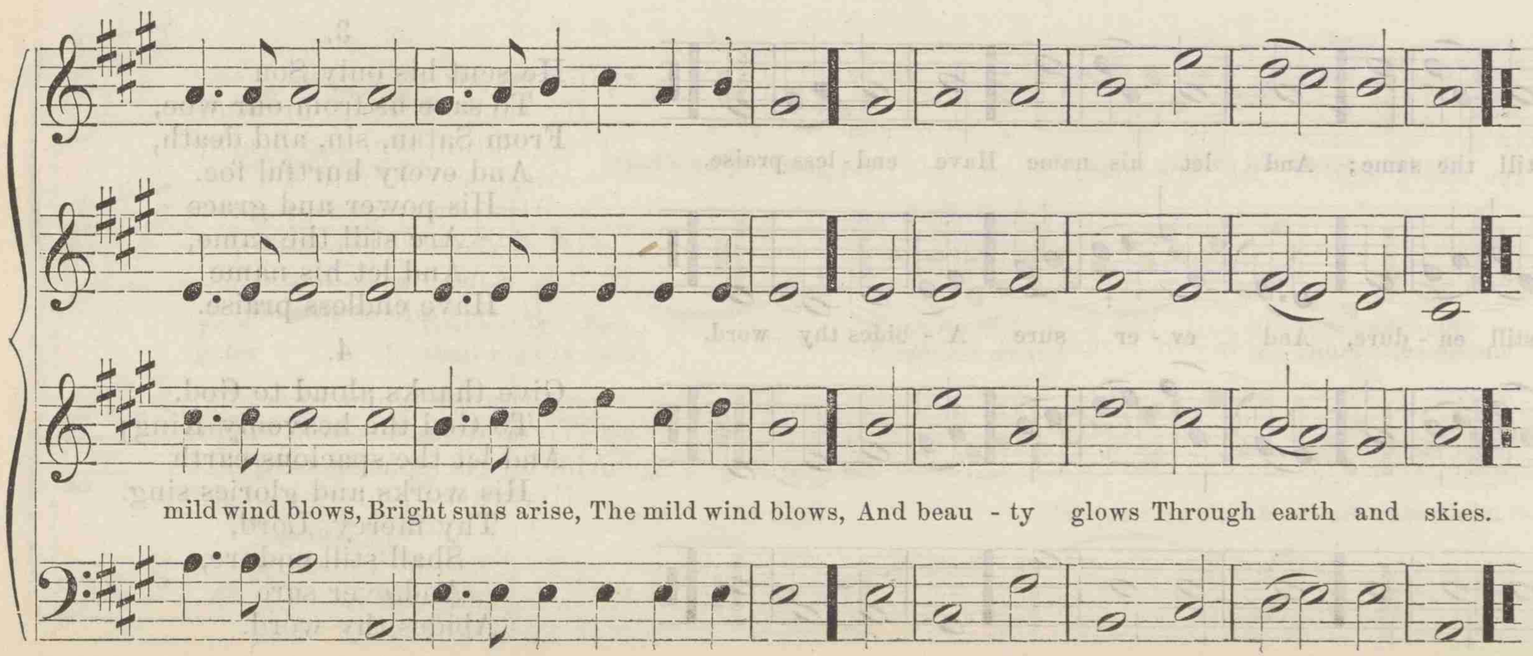
3. He comes from er - ror's night Your wandering feet to save; To realms of bliss and light He lifts you from the grave. This

tune-ful shell, The gold - en lyre, And vo - cal choir The con - cert swell. The tuneful shell, The golden lyre, And vo - cal choir The con-cert swell.

not, say they: Great joy we bring; Je - sus, your King, Is born to - day. Fear not, say they: Great joy we bring; Je - sus, your King, is born to - day.

glo - rious morn (Let all at - tend!) Your matchless friend, Your Saviour's born. This glorious morn (Let all attend!) Your matchless friend, Your Saviour's born.





2.

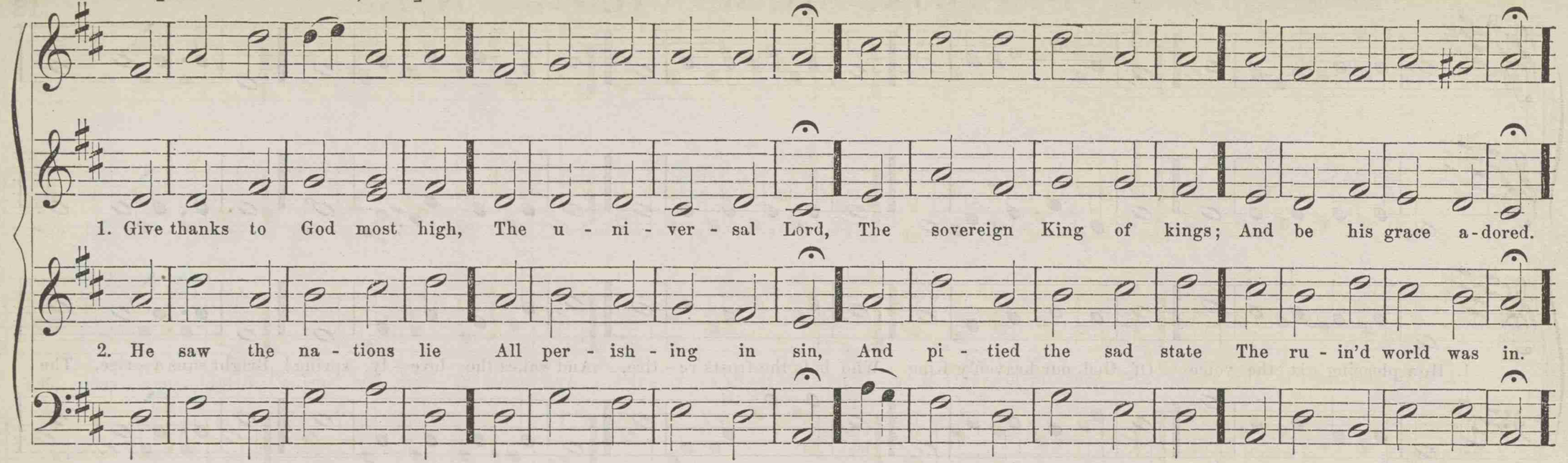
The morn, with glory crown'd,
His hand arrays in smiles;
He bids the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills;
The evening breeze
His breath perfumes;
His beauty blooms
In flowers and trees.

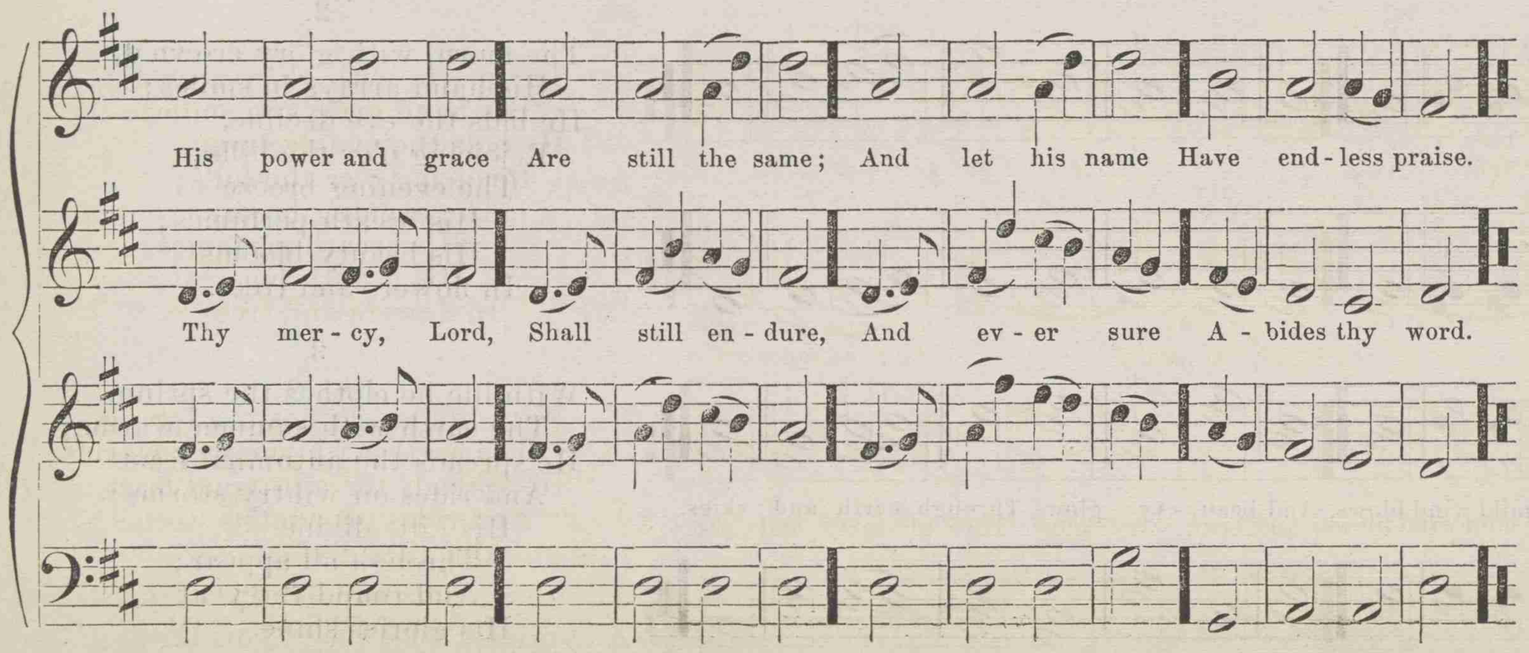
3.

With life he clothes the spring,
The earth with summer warms;
He spreads the autumnal feast,
And rides on wintry storms;
His gifts divine
Through all appear;
And round the year
His glories shine.

[H. 110. B. W. 113, 591.]

HADDAM. H. M.





3.

He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace
Are still the same,
And let his name
Have endless praise.

4.

Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

CLAREMONT. H. M.

1. Re - joice, the Saviour reigns A - mong the sons of men; He breaks the prisoners' chains, And makes them free a - gain: Let hell op-

2. The baf - fled prince of hell In vain new pro - jects tries: The gos - pel to re - pel By cru - el - ties and lies; Th'in-fer - nal

Let hell op-pose God's only Son, In spite of foes his cause goes on.

pose God's only Son, In spite of foes his cause goes on.
gates shall rage in vain; Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.

Th'infernal gates shall rage in vain; Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.

3.

He died, but soon arose
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And now himself he shows
Omnipotent to save:
Let rebels bow before his feet;
Eternal bliss his subjects meet.

4.

All power is in his hand,
His people to defend;
To his most high command
Shall millions more attend,
All heaven with smiles approve his cause,
And distant isles receive his laws.

[H. 325. B. W. 154.]

SHRIVER. 8s & 7s.

W. D. R.

1. Hail! my ev - er-bless - ed Je - sus! On - ly thee I wish to sing; To my soul thy name is pre-cious, Thou my prophet, priest, and king.

2. Oh, what mer-cy flows from hea - ven, Oh, what joy and hap - pi-ness! Love I much? I've much for - giv - en, I'm a mir - a - cle of grace.

3. Once with Ad-am's race in ru - in, Un - concern'd in sin I lay, Swift de-struc-tion still pur - su - ing, Till my Sa-viour pass'd this way.

4. Wit - ness, all ye hosts of hea - ven, My Re-deem-er's ten - der - ness: Love I much? I've much for - giv - en; I'm a mir - a - cle of grace.

[H. 452. B. W. 16.]

ALBERT. 8s & 7s.

Arranged by W. D. R. from the German.

TENOR AD LIBITUM.

D. C.

1. { Come, thou fount of ev' - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
   { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise:
   Fill my soul with sa - cred plea - sure, While I sing re - deem - ing love.

Teach me some me - lo - dious mea - sure, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

D. C.

2. { Here I raise mine E - be - ne - zer, Hi - ther by thy help I've come,
   { And I hope, by thy good plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home:
   He, to save my soul from dan - ger, In - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.

Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wandering from the fold of God:

D. C.

3. { Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strain'd to be!
   { Let that grace, Lord, like a fet - ter, Bind my wander-ing heart to thee!
   Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, Seal it from thy courts a - bove.

Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love:

BASS AD LIBITUM.

D. C.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.

MOZART.

1. Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless-ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; { Let us each, thy love pos - sess-ing, Tri-umph in re - deem-ing grace. / Oh, re - fresh us! Oh, re - fresh us! Travelling through this wil-der - ness.

2. Thanks we give, and a - do - ra - tion, For thy gos - pel's joy-ful sound; { May the fruits of thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a-bound: / May thy presence, May thy pre-sence With us ev - er-more be found.

3. So, when - e'er the sig-nal's giv - en, Us from earth to call a - way, { Borne on an - gels' wings to hea-ven, Glad to leave our cumbrous clay, / May we, read - y, May we, read - y, Rise and reign in end - less day!

SAXONY. 8s & 7s.

NAUMAN.

1. What a mer - cy, what a trea - sure, We pos - sess in God's own word! Where we read with sa - cred pleasure Of the love of Christ our Lord.

2. That blest word re - veals the Sa - viour, Whom our souls so deep - ly need: Oh, what mer-cy, love, and fa - vor, That for sin-ners Christ should bleed!

3. While each wretched hea - then na - tion Noth-ing knows, dear Lord, of thee, In this hap - py land sal - va - tion Clear-ly is re-veal'd to me.

4. Oh, the bless - ed - ness of know - ing Christ our Sa-viour's pre-cious love, Free - ly on a child be - stow-ing Grace and mer - cy from a - bove.

[H. 539. B. W. 27.]

OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

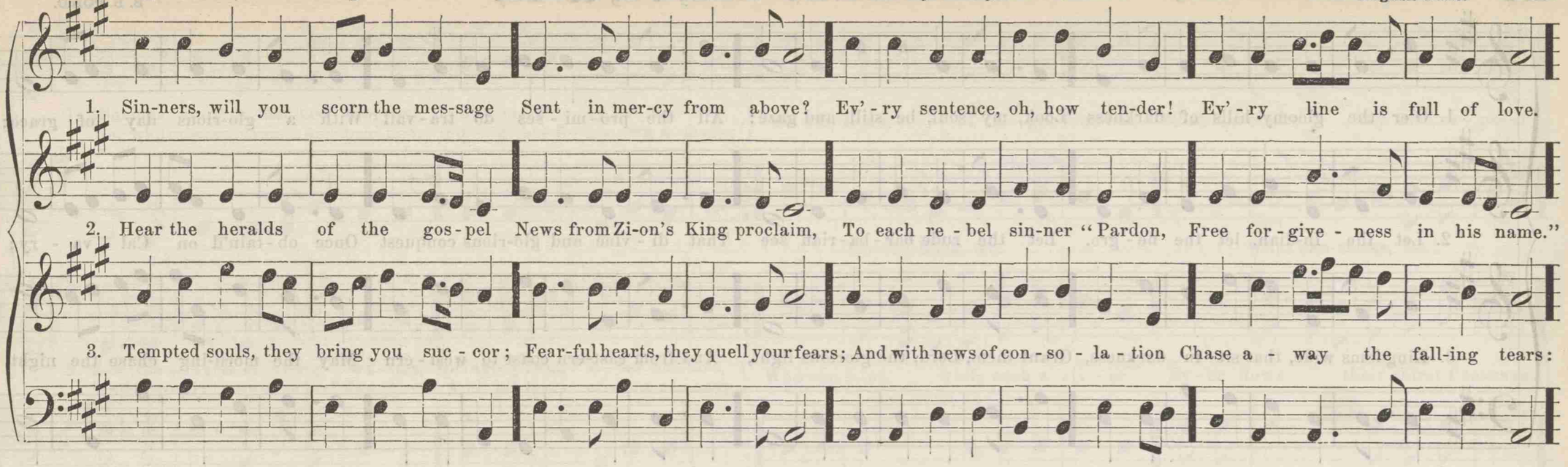
1. Men of God, go take your sta-tions; Darkness reigns throughout the earth; Go proclaim a-mong the na-tions Joy-ful news, of heavenly birth;
2. Of his gos-pel not a-sham-ed, As "the power of God to save," Go where Christ was nev-er nam-ed, Pub-lish free-dom to the slave!
3. What though earth and hell, u-ni-ted, Should oppose the Sa-viour's plan? Plead his cause, nor be affright-ed: Fear ye not the face of man:
4. When exposed to fear-ful dangers, Je-sus will his own de-fend; Borne a-far 'midst foes and strangers, Je-sus will ap-pear your friend,

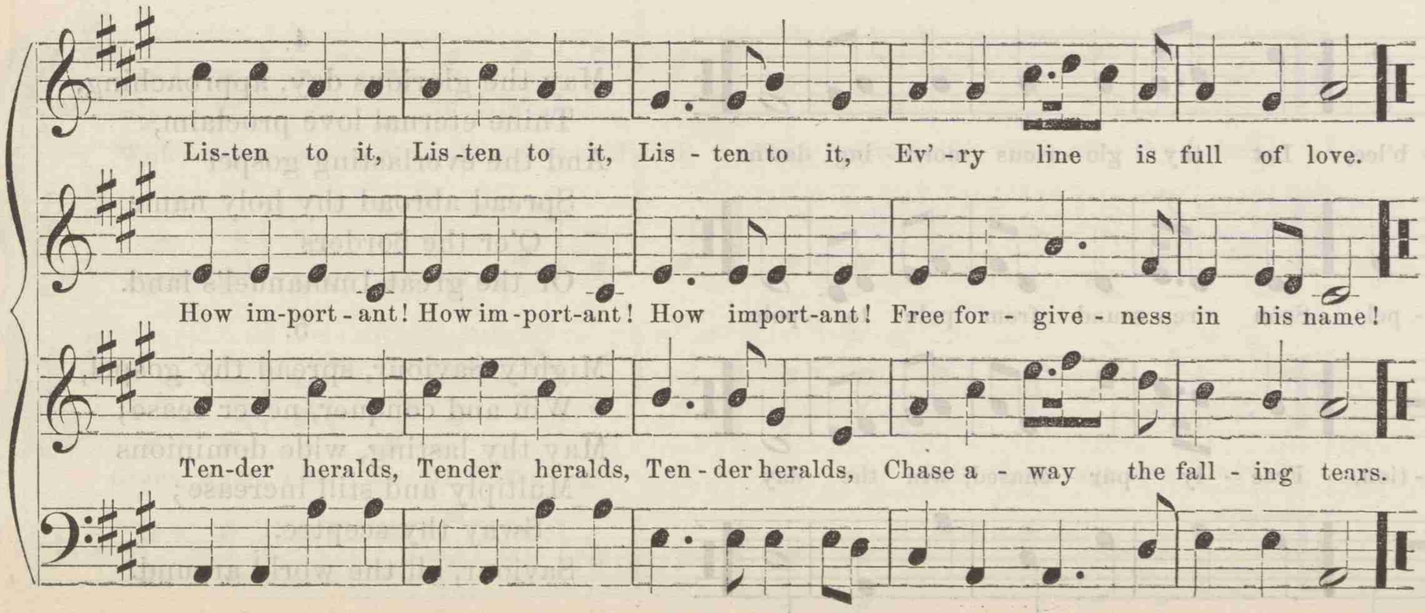
Bear the ti-dings, Bear the ti-dings Of the Sa-viour's match-less worth, Of the Sa-viour's match-less worth.

Bless-ed free-dom! Bless-ed free-dom! Such as Zi-on's chil-dren have, Such as Zi-on's chil-dren have.

Vain their tu-mult; Vain their tu-mult; Hurt his work they nev-er can, Hurt his work they nev-er can.
And his pre-sence, And his pre-sence Shall be with you to the end, Shall be with you to the end.

LITTLETON. 8s, 7s, & 4s.





4.

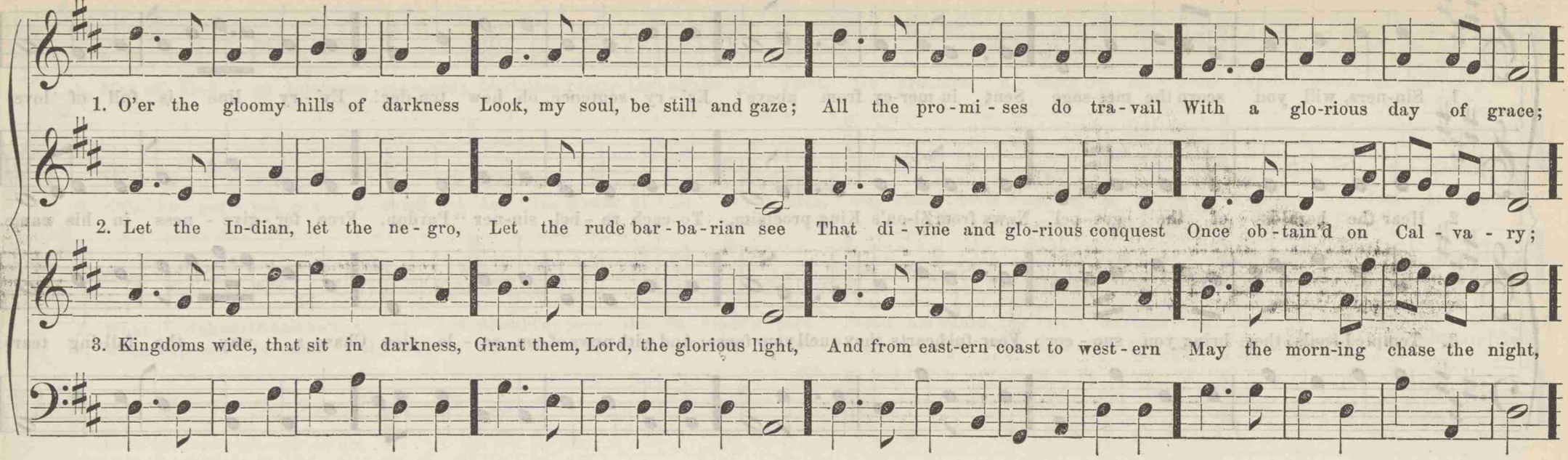
False professors, grovelling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.

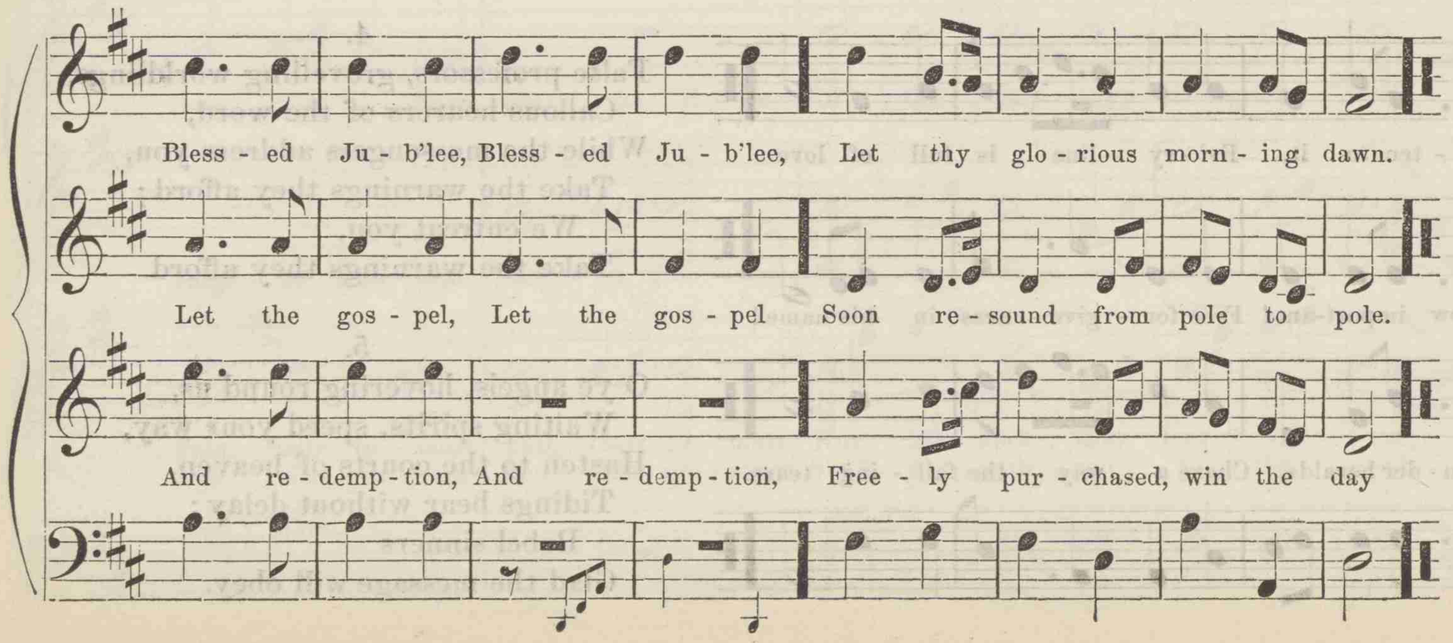
5.

O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Hasten to the courts of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

HERALD. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

S. B. POND.





4.
May the glorious day, approaching,
Thine eternal love proclaim,
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name
O'er the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

5.
Mighty Saviour, spread thy gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

1. Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi-on, ci-ty of our God;
He, whose word cannot be bro-ken, Form'd thee for his own a-bode;
On the Rock of A-ges founded, What can shake thy sure re-pose?

On the Rock, &c. What can shake, &c.

2. See, the streams of liv-ing wa-ters, Springing from e-ter-nal love,
Well sup-ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint, while such a riv-er Ev-er flows their thirst t'assuage?

With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

Grace, which, like the Lord, the giv-er, Nev-er fails from age to age!

3.
Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

[H. 455. B. W. 387.]

MANT. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Spanish Melody.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah! Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but thou art might - y, Hold me with thy powerful hand;

2. O - pen thou the crystal foun - tain, Whence the healing streams do flow; Let the fier - y, cloudy pil - lar Lead me all my journey through.

3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anxious fears subside; Death of death, and hell's de - struc - tion, Land me safe on Canaan's side

Bread of hea-ven, Bread of hea-ven, Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heaven, Bread of hea-ven, Feed me till I want no more.

Strong De - liver - er, Strong Deliverer, Be thou still my strength and shield; Strong De-liver-er, Strong De-liver-er, Be thou still my strength and shield.

Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais-es, I will ev - er give to thee, Songs of prais-es, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to thee.

WINSTON. 8s & 7s.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down! Fix in us thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All thy faithful mer-cies crown;
Je-sus, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bounded love thou art; Vi-sit us with thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev'-ry trembling heart.

2. Breathe, oh, breathe thy love-ly spi-rit In-to ev'-ry troubled breast; Let us all in thee in-her-it, Let us find thy promised rest;
Take a-way the love of sin-ning, O-me-ga and Al-pha be; End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.

[H. 886. B. W. 313.]

MILLENNIUM SONG. 7s & 6s.

Greek Melody.

"Roll on, thou mighty Ocean!"

1. Roll on, thou mighty o-cean! And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mer-cy To every land be-low:

2. A-rise, ye gales, and waft them Safe to the destined shore, That man may sit in darkness And death's deep shade no more.

3. O thou e-ter-nal Rul-er! Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the o-cean, Pro-tect them from all harm.

4. Oh, be thy presence with them, Wher-ever they may be; Though far from us who love them, Still let them be with thee.

CHURCH STREET. 8s & 7s. 8 lines.

FAWCETT.

1. Hail! thou once de - spi - sed Je - sus! Hail! thou Ga - li - le - an King!
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring:
Hail! thou a - go - niz - ing Sa - viour, Bear-er

2. Pas - chal Lamb, by God ap - point - ed, All our sins on thee were laid!
By al - might - y love an - oint - ed, Thou hast full a - tone - ment made;
All thy peo - ple are for - giv - en Through the

3. Je - sus, hail! enthroned in glo - ry, There for - ev - er to a - bide!
All the heaven - ly host a - dore thee, Seat - ed at thy Fa - ther's side:
There for sin - ners thou art plead - ing; There thou

of our sin and shame! By thy me - rits we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en through thy name, Life is giv - en through thy name.

vir - tue of thy blood; Open'd is the gate of hea-ven; Peace is made 'twixt man and God, Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

dost our place pre - pare, Ev - er for us in - ter - ce - ding, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.

SILESIA. 8s & 7s.

1. By the thoughtless world de - ri - ded, Still I love the word of God; 'Tis the crook by which I'm guided, Often 'tis a chastening rod.
   'Tis a sword that cuts a - sun - der All my pride and va - ni - ty, When a - based I lie, and won-der That he spares a wretch like me.
2. This confirms me when I wa-ver, Sets my trembling judgment right; When I stray, how much so - ev - er, This is my re - stor - ing light.
   Sat - an oft, and sin, as - sail me With tempta-tions ev - er new; Then there's nothing can a - vail me, Till my bleed - ing Lord I view.
3. Faith I need; O Lord, bestow it, Give my laboring mind re-lief: Oft, a - las! I doubt, I know it, Help; oh, help my un - be - lief.
   Dearest Sa-viour, by thy me - rit May I gain a fu - ture crown; Guide, oh, guide me by thy Spi-rit, Till these storms are o - ver - blown.

[H. 270. B. W. 62.]

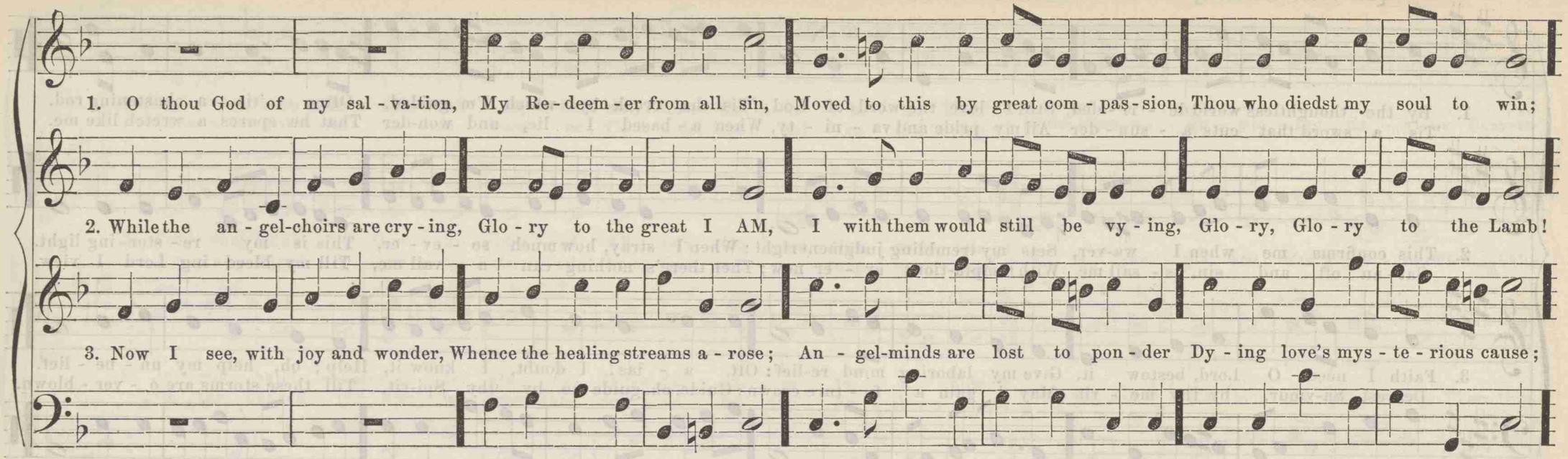
RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.

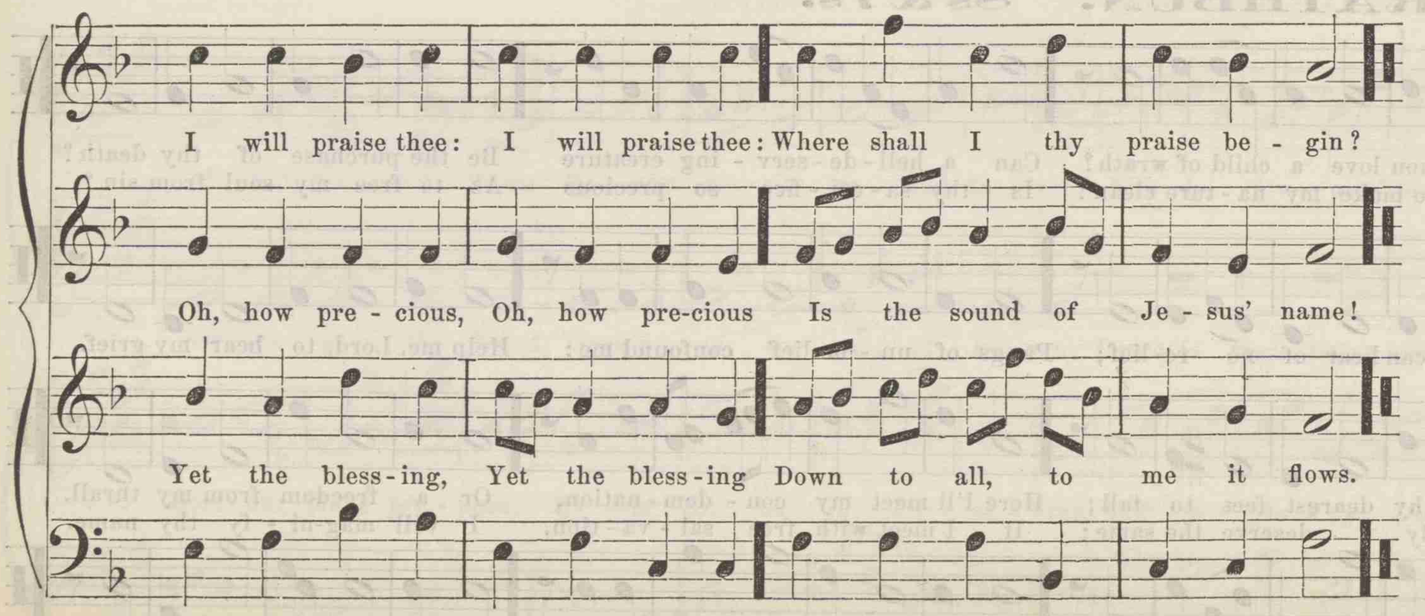
1. Sa-viour, canst thou love a traitor? Canst thou love a child of wrath? Can a hell - de - serv - ing creature Be the purchase of thy death?
2. Is thy blood so ef - fi - cacious As to make my na - ture clean? Is thy sa - cri - fice so precious As to free my soul from sin?
3. Sin on ev' - ry side surrounds me, I can hear of no re - lief; Pangs of un - be-lief confound me: Help me, Lord, to bear my grief.
4. This is now my re - so - lu-tion, At thy dearest feet to fall; Here I'll meet my con - dem - nation, Or a freedom from my thrall.
5. If I meet with con-demnation, Just - ly I deserve the same; If I meet with free sal - va - tion, I will mag-ni - fy thy name.

[H. 344. B. W. 491, 492.]

BENTEEN. 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

MEINEKE.





4.

Though unseen, I love the Saviour,
He almighty grace hath shown;
Pardon'd guilt and purchased favor,
This he makes to mortals known.
Give him glory!
Glory, glory is his own.

5.

Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived, they mix the throng,
Wondering at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong.

1. Yes! we trust the day is breaking; Joyful times are near at hand:
God, the mighty God, is speaking By his word in ev'-ry land:
When he chooses, Darkness flies at his command, When he chooses, Darkness flies at his command.

2. Let us hail the joy-ful sea-son; Let us hail the dawning ray;
When the Lord ap-pears, there's reason To expect a glorious day:
At his presence Gloom and darkness flee away, At his presence Gloom and darkness flee a-way.

3. While the foe becomes more daring, While he en-ters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing Means to spread his truth abroad;
Ev'-ry language Soon shall tell the love of God, Ev'-ry language Soon shall tell the love of God.

[H. 374. B. W. 394.] OTTO. 8s & 7s. Double. Carmina Sacra.

Fine. D. C.

1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend:
D. C. Con-stant still in faith a-bid-ing, Life de-riv-ing from his death.
Love and grief my heart di-vid-ing, With my tears his feet I'll bathe,

Fine. D. C.

3. Tru-ly bless-ed is this sta-tion— Low be-fore his cross I'll lie;
While I see di-vine com-pas-sion Float-ing in his lan-guid eye;
D. C. Pre-cious drops, my soul be-dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
Here I'll sit— for-ev-er view-ing Mer-cy stream-ing in his blood:

[H. 585. B. W. 208.]

UNAM. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

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.
Mourn - ing cap - tive, God him - self will loose thy bands, God him - self will loose thy bands.

2. Has thy night been long and mournful, All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears un - moved?
Cease thy mourning, Zi - on still is well be - loved, Zi - on still is well be - loved.

3. God. thy God, will now re - store thee! He him - self appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee be - fore thee! Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great de - liverance Zi - on's King vouch-safes to send, Zi - on's King vouch - safes to send.

[H. 889. B. W. 385.]

RIPLEY. 8s & 7s.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant.

1. See how ma - ny, late - ly bow - ing To their i - dols, wood and stone,
Now, a bless - ed change a - vow - ing, Bow be - fore the Sa - viour's throne,
D. C. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord!
And with glad - ness, And with glad - ness Praise the Sa - viour's name a - lone.
D. C.

2. This is cause of joy and won - der: God has set the cap - tives free,
He has burst their bonds a - sun - der, Hap - py they, and glo - rious he.
God our Sa - viour! God our Sa - viour! Who can be compared to thee?
D. C.

3. When thou work - est, who shall stay thee? Who shall stay the work be - gun?
Lord, go on, thy peo - ple pray thee Till the glo - rious day is won,
And the gos - pel, And the gos - pel Takes its cir - cuit like the sun.
D. C.

1. Here we throng to praise the Sa - viour, Cheer - ful - ly our voi - ces raise; He who died for our be - ha - vior Says he will ac - cept our praise.
Hin - der not the youth from com - ing; For of such, the Sa - viour said, Is com - posed my heaven - ly king - dom:—'Tis a rapturous thought in - deed.

2. Let us love him and a - dore him In our days of fee - ble youth; May we ev - er walk be - fore him, In the glo - rious paths of truth.
Let us nev - er grieve the Sa - viour, Who has died our souls to win; Let us ev - er seek his fa - vor, Shunning all the paths of sin.

3. If our sins are all for - giv - en, We may read our ti - tles clear To e - ter - nal joy in hea - ven, Far be - yond this earth - ly sphere.
In that blest a - bode of glo - ry We may join the an - gels' throng; Je - sus' love shall be the sto - ry Of our nev - er - end - ing song.

[H. 481. B. W. 278.] PERON. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1. When the vale of death ap - pears, Faint and cold this mor - tal clay, } Break the sha - dows, Break the sha - dows, Ush - er in e - ter - nal day.
Kind Fore - run - ner! soothe my fears, Light me through the darksome way; }

2. Up - ward from this dy - ing state Bid my wait - ing soul as - pire, } Then, tri - umph - ant, Then, tri - umph - ant, I will join th'im - mor - tal choir.
O - pen thou the crys - tal gate; To thy praise at - tune my lyre; }

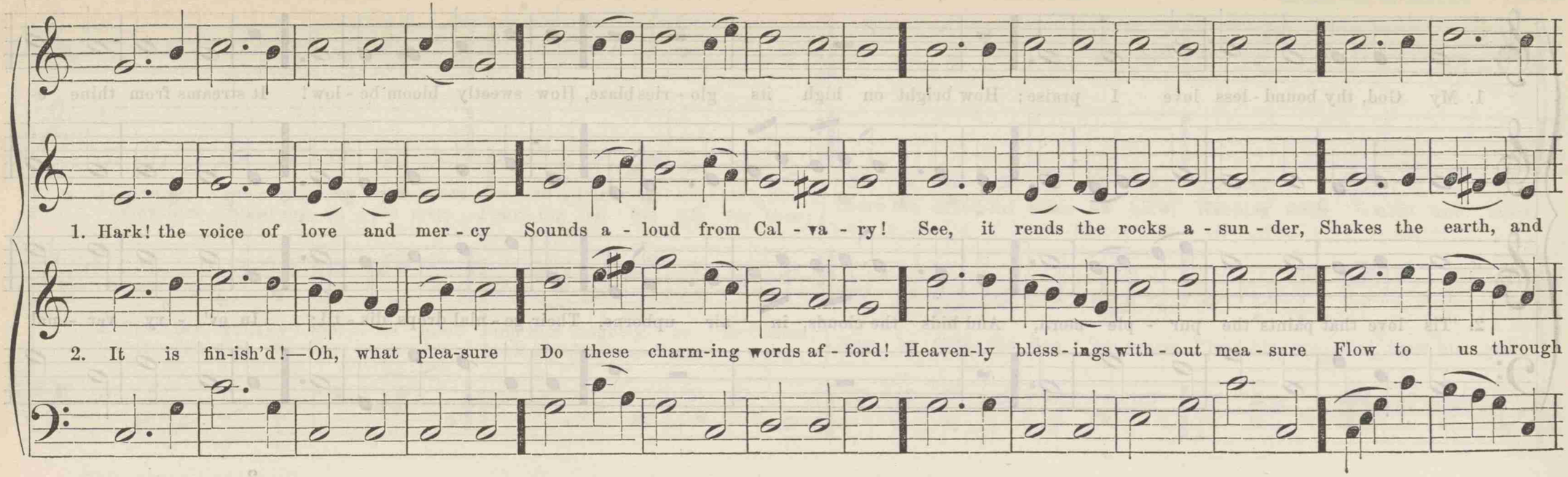
3. When the might - y trump-et blown Shall the judgment-dawn pro - claim, } With the ran - som'd, With the ran - som'd, Thou wilt own my worth - less name.
From the cen - tral, burn - ing throne, 'Mid cre - a - tion's fi - nal flame, }

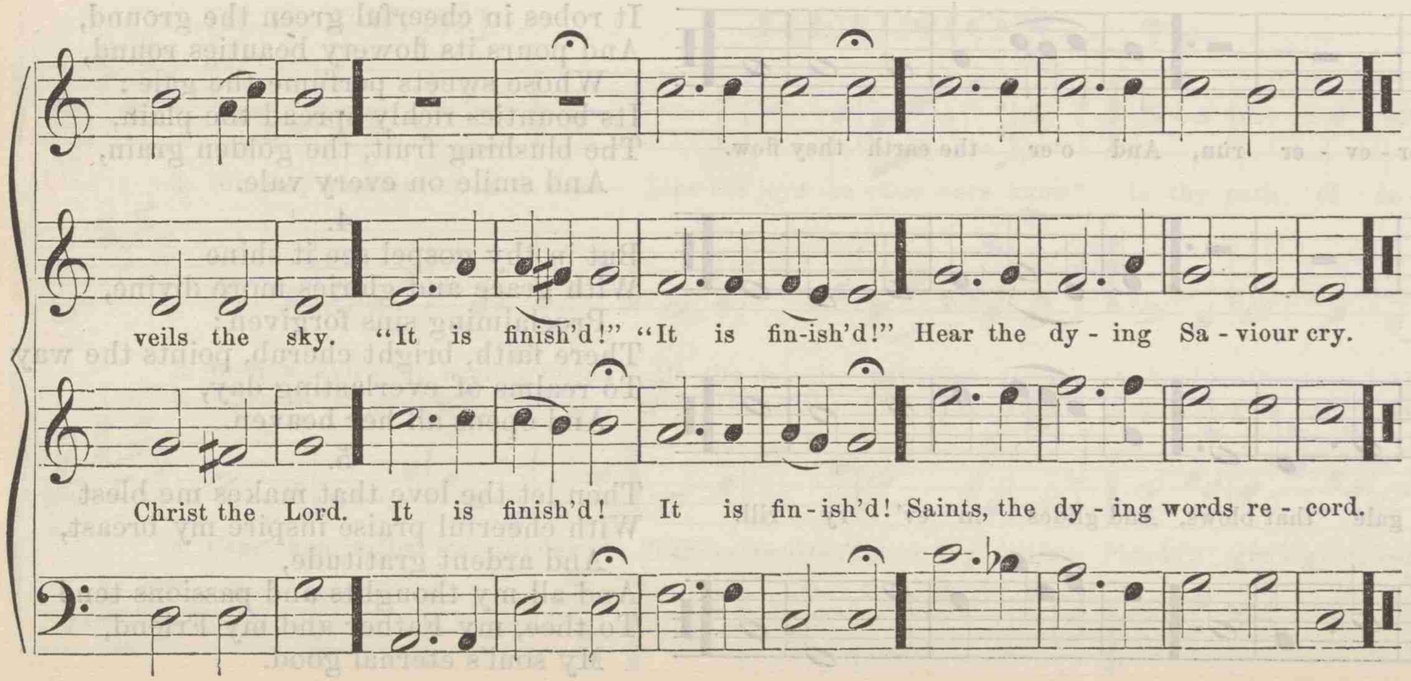
WEDGE. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

E. HEGINBOTHAM.

1. In the floods of tri - bu - la - tion, While the bil - lows o'er me roll, Je - sus whis - pers con - so - la - tion,
2. Floods of tri - bu - la - tion height-en, Bil - lows still a - round me roar, Those that know not Christ—ye fright-en,
3. In the sa - cred page re - cord - ed Thus his word se - cure - ly stands:— "Fear not, I'm, in trou - ble, near thee;

And sup - ports my faint-ing soul: Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise the Lord.
But *my soul* de - fies your power: Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise the Lord.
Naught shall pluck thee from my hands:" Sweet af - flic - tion, Sweet af - flic - tion, Ev' - ry word my love de - mands.





3.

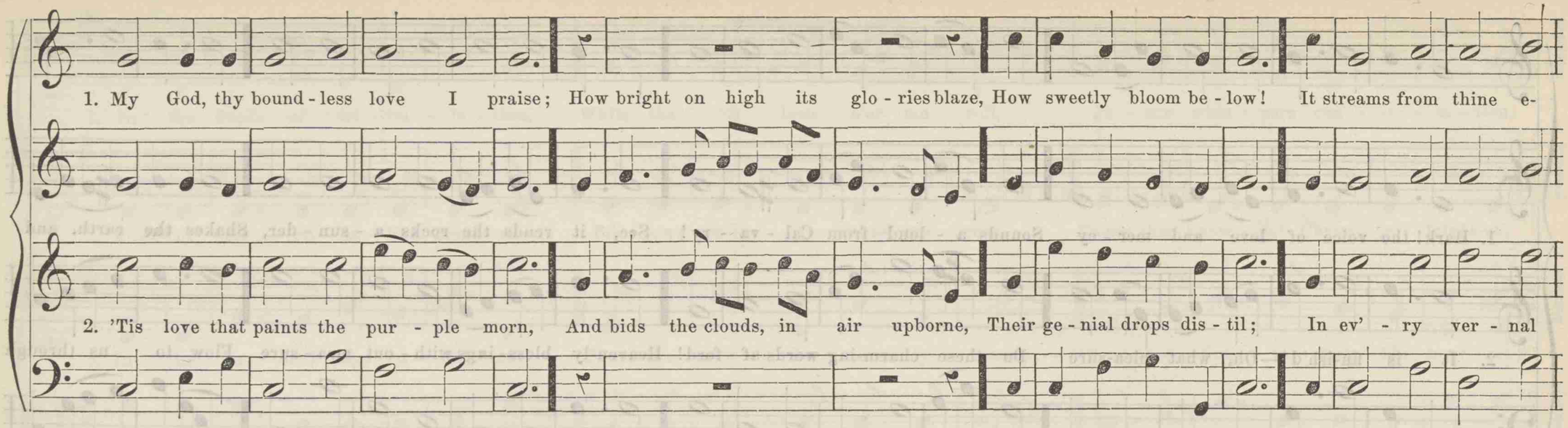
Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finish'd!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

PIETY. C. P. M.

T. CLARK.



3.
It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale:
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile on every vale.

4.
But in thy gospel see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven;
There faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

5.
Then let the love that makes me blest
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.

[H. 822. B. W. 317, 549.]

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines.

Subject from Dr. MALAN.

1. Wea-ry sin-ner, keep thine eyes On th'a-ton-ing sa-cri-fice;
   View him bleed-ing on the tree, Pour-ing out his life for thee;
   There the dread-ful curse he bore; Weeping soul, lament no more.

2. Cast thy guilt-y soul on him; Find him might-y to re-deem;
   At his feet thy bur-den lay; Look thy doubts and care a-way;
   Now by faith the Son em-brace, Plead his pro-mise, trust his grace.

[H. 98. B. W. 187.]

REUNION. 7s.

S. P. TUCKERMAN.

1. Sin-ner, what has earth to show Like the joys be-liev-ers know? Is thy path of fa-ding flowers Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?

2. Doth a skil-ful, healing friend On thy dai-ly path at-tend, And, where thorns and stings abound, Shed a balm on ev'-ry wound?

3. When the tem-pest rolls on high, Hast thou still a re-fuge nigh? Can, oh, can thy dy-ing breath Sum-mon one more strong than death?

4. Canst thou, in that aw-ful day, Fearless tread the gloom-y way, Plead a glo-rious ran-som given, Burst from earth, and soar to heaven?

[B. W. 599.]

HOLY LAMB. 7s.

JOHN GAUNT.

1. Ho - ly Lamb, who thee re - ceive, Who in thee be - gin to live, Day and night they cry to thee, "As thou art, so let us be."

2. Glad-ly would we now be clean; Cleanse us, Lord, from ev' - ry sin: Fix, oh, fix our waver-ing mind! To this cross our spi - rit bind.

3. Dust and ash - es though we be, Full of sin and mis - e - ry; Thine we are, thou Son of God: Take the pur - chase of thy blood!

[H. 929. B. W. 388.]

SALUDA. 7s. Or 8s & 7s.

Arranged from BEETHOVEN.

1. Lord of hosts, to thee we raise Here a house of prayer and praise; Thou thy peo-ple's hearts pre - pare Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2. Let the liv - ing here be fed With thy word, the heaven-ly bread; Here, in hope of glo - ry blest, May the dead be laid to rest;—

3. Here to thee a tem - ple stand, While the sea shall gird the land; Here re - veal thy mer - cy sure, While the sun and moon en - dure.

4. Hal - le - lu - jah!—earth and sky To the joy - ful sound re - ply; Hal - le - lu - jah!—hence as-cend Prayer and praise till time shall end.

[H. 820. B. W. 186.]

CELESTIA. 7s.

1. Sin - ner, is thy heart at rest? Is thy bo - som void of fear? Art thou not by guilt op-press'd? Speaks not conscience in thine ear?

2. Can this world af - ford thee bliss? Can it chase a - way thy gloom? Flattering, false, and vain it is:— Trem-ble at the worldling's doom.

3. Think, O sin - ner, on thine end; See the judgment - day ap - pear! Thi - ther must thy spi - rit wend; There thy righteous sen-tence hear.
4. Wretch-ed, ru - in'd, help-less soul, To a Saviour's blood ap - ply; He a - lone can make thee whole: Fly to Je - sus,—sin - ner, fly!

[H. 828. B. W. 482.]

CHERUBINI. 7s.

1. Sin - ner, rouse thee from thy sleep; Wake, and o'er thy fol - ly weep; Raise thy spi - rit dark and dead; Je - sus waits his light to shed.

2. A - wake from sleep; arise from death; See the bright and liv - ing path; Watchful tread that path; be wise; Leave thy fol - ly, seek the skies.

3. Leave thy fol - ly, cease from crime; From this hour re - deem thy time; Life se - cure with-out de - lay; E - vil is thy mor - tal day.
4. Oh, then, rouse thee from thy sleep; Wake, and o'er thy fol - ly weep; Je - sus calls from death and night; Je - sus waits to shed his light.

[H. 24. B. W. 173, 516.]

WANSTED. 7s.

German.

1. When, in dark and dread-ful gloom, Clouds on clouds por - tent-ous spread,
Black as if the day of doom Hung o'er na-ture's shrinking head;
When the lightning breaks from high, God is com-ing, God is nigh!

2. When we hear his cha - riot-wheels, As the might - y thunder rolls;
Na - ture, start-led na - ture reels From the cen - tre to the poles;
Then the o - cean, earth and sky Trem-ble as he pass-es by!

3. Darkness, wild with hor - ror, forms His mys - te - rious hid - ing - place;
Should he from his ark of storms Rend the veil and show his face,
At the judg-ment of his eye, All the u - ni - verse would die.

[H. 1004. B. W. 584.]

UNITY. 6s & 5s. Peculiar.

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 - 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 wreathe her chain Round us forever: Our hearts will then repose Secure from worldly woes; Our songs of praise shall close Never, no, never!

SABBATH. 7s. 6 lines.

1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way: Let us now a blessing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day; Day of
2. While we seek supplies of grace, Through the dear Redeemer's name, Show thy re - con - cil - ing face, Take a - way our sins and shame; From our
3. Here we're come, thy name to praise; Let us feel thy presence near: May thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap - pear: Here af-
4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com-fort saints; Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re-lief for all complaints; Thus let

all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest! Day of all the week the best! Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest!
world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee, From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.

Second Ending.

ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er-last - ing feast, Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er-last - ing feast.
all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church a - bove, Thus let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church a - bove.

Second Ending.

[B. W. 549.]

NUREMBURG. 7s.

German.

1. Praise to God! im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days; Bounteous Source of ev' - ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ.
2. All that spring, with bounteous hand, Scat-ters o'er the smil - ing land; All that lib - eral au-tumn pours From her rich, o'er - flow - ing stores,—
3. These to that dear Source we owe Whence our sweetest com - forts flow; These, thro' all my hap - py days, Claim my cheerful songs of praise.
4. Lord, to thee my soul would raise Grate-ful, nev - er - end - ing praise, And, when ev' - ry blessing's flown, Love thee for thy - self a - lone.

[H. 185. B. W. 300.]

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

PLEYEL.

1. What could your Re - deem-er do More than he hath done for you? To pro - cure your peace with God, Could he more than shed his blood?
2. Af - ter all his proofs of love, All his drawings from a - bove, Why will ye your Lord de - ny? Why will ye re - solve to die?
3. Turn, he cries, ye sin - ners, turn: By his life your God hath sworn He would have you turn and live, He would all the world re - ceive.
4. If your death were his de - light, Would he you to life in - vite? Would he ask, beseech, and cry, Why will ye re-solve to die?

[H. 748. B. W. 573, 552.]

ELTHAM. 7s. Double.

1. High in yon - der realms of light Dwell the raptured saints a - bove,
   Far be - yond our feeble sight, Hap-py in Imma - nuel's love!
D. C. Gloomy doubts, distressing fears, Torturing pain, and heav - y woe.

2. Pil-grims in this vale of tears, Once they knew, like us be - low,
   Pilgrims in, &c. Once they knew, &c.

3. But, these days of weeping o'er, Past this scene of toil and pain,
   They shall feel distress no more, Nev-er, nev-er weep a - gain.
D. C. Hark, their songs melodious rise, Songs of praise to Je - sus' love!

4. 'Mid the chorus of the skies, 'Mid th'angelic lyres a - bove,

[H. 221. B. W. 279.]

HORTON. 7s.

X. SCHNYDER von WARTENSEE.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home: Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.
2. Thou who, houseless, sole, for-lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn, Long hast roam'd the barren waste, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er haste.
3. Ye who, toss'd on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain; Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes Watch to see the morning rise;
4. Ye by fierc - er an - guish torn, Guilt, in strong re-morse, who mourn, Here re-pose your heav - y care: Conscience wounded who can bear?
5. Sin - ner, come! for here is found Balm that flows for ev' - ry wound; Peace that ev - er shall en - dure; Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure.

[H. 798. B. W. 186.]

NORWICH. 7s.

German.

1. Gra-cious Spi - rit, Love di - vine! Let thy light with - in me shine; All my guilt - y fears re - move; Fill me with thy heavenly love.
2. Speak thy pardoning grace to me; Set the burden'd sin - ner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in his pre - cious blood.
3. Life and peace to me im - part; Seal sal - va - tion on my heart; Dwell thy - self with - in my breast, Earnest of im - mor - tal rest.
4. Let me nev - er from thee stray; Keep me in the nar - row way; Fill my soul with joy di - vine; Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er thine.

[H. 453. B. W. 444.]

IONIA. 7s.

J. W. BELCHER.

1. Chil - dren of the heavenly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet-ly sing: Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways
2. Ye are travelling home to God, In the way the fathers trod; They are hap - py now, and ye Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
3. O ye banish'd seed, be glad! Christ our ad - vo - cate is made, Us to save, our flesh as - sumes, Bro-ther to our souls becomes.
4. Shout, ye lit - tle flock, and blest; You on Je - sus' throne shall rest: There your seat is now pre - pared, There your king - dom and re - ward.
5. Lord, sub-mis - sive make us go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low: On - ly thou our lead-er be, And we still will fol-low thee.

1. Sovereign Ru-ler of the skies, Ev-er gracious, ev-er wise! All my times are in thy hand, All e-vents at thy com-mand, All e-vents at thy command.
2. Thou didst form me by thy power; Thou wilt guide me, hour by hour: All my times shall ev-er be Order'd by thy wise de-cree:—Or-der'd by thy wise de-cree:—
3. Times of sickness, times of health; Times of pen-u-ry and wealth; Times of tri-al and of grief; Times of tri-umph and re-lief; Times of tri-umph and re-lief.
4. O thou gracious, wise, and just! Un-to thee my life I trust: Have I somewhat dear-er still? I re-sign it to thy will, I re-sign it to thy will.
5. May I al-ways own thy hand; Still to thee sub-missive stand; Know that thou art God a-lone; I and mine are all thine own, I and mine are all thine own.

[H. 835. B. W. 300.] **CHATHAM. 7s.** Arranged from WEBER.

1. Je-sus, save my dy-ing soul, Make the bro-ken spi-rit whole; Hum-bled in the dust I lie: Sa-viour, leave me not to die.
2. Je-sus, full of ev'-ry grace, Now re-veal thy smil-ing face; Grant the joy of sin for-given, Fore-taste of the bliss of heaven.
3. All my guilt to thee is known; Thou art righteous, thou a-lone: All my help is from thy cross; All be-sides I count but loss.
4. Lord, in thee I now be-lieve; Wilt thou—wilt thou not for-give? Help-less at thy feet I lie; Sa-viour, leave me not to die.

[H. 795. B. W. 187.]

JACOBS. 7s.

W. D. R.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine; Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn the dark - ness in - to day.

2. Let me see my Sa-viour's face, Let me all his beau-ties trace; Show those glo-rious truths to me Which are on - ly known to thee.

3. Ho - ly Ghost, with power di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine; Long has sin with - out con - trol Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
4. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad-den'd heart of mine; Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound - ed, bleed - ing heart.

[H. 239. B. W. 523.]

COLEMAN. 7s.

Dr. B. F. SCHNECK.

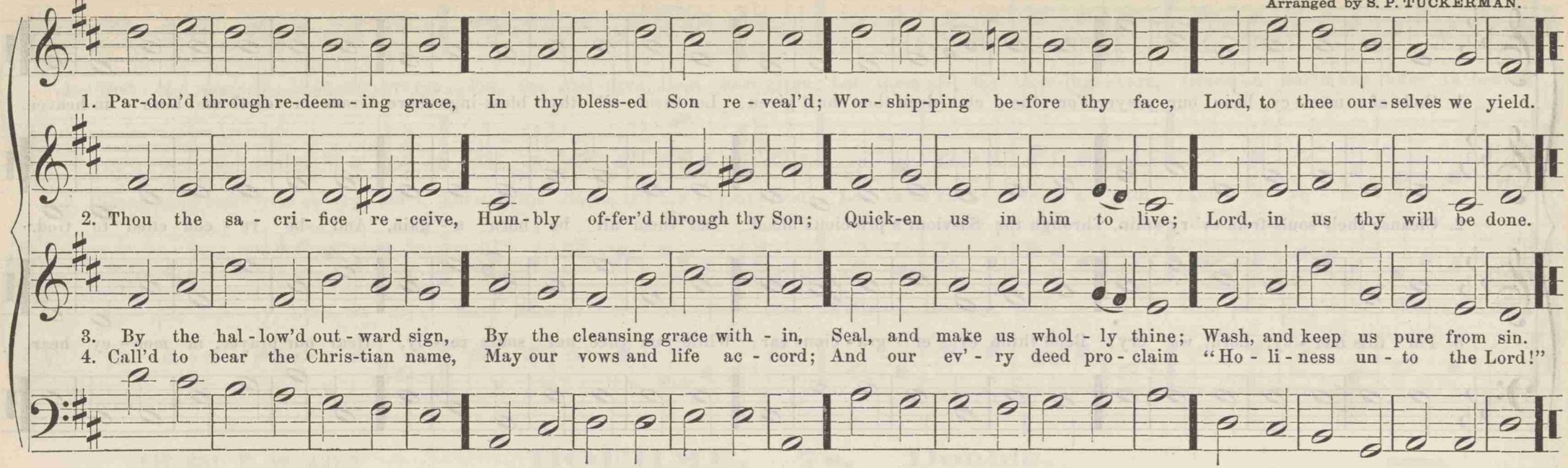
1. Sin - ner, art thou still se - cure? Wilt thou still re - fuse to pray? Can thy heart or hands en - dure In the Lord's a - veng-ing day?

2 See, his might-y arm is bared! Aw - ful ter - rors clothe his brow! For his judgments stand pre-pared: Thou must ei - ther break or bow.

3 At his pre-sence na - ture shakes, Earth, af-fright - ed, hastes to flee, Sol - id mountains melt like wax: What will then be - come of thee?
4 Who his ad - vent may a - bide? You that glo - ry in your shame, Will you find a place to hide When the world is wrapt in flame?

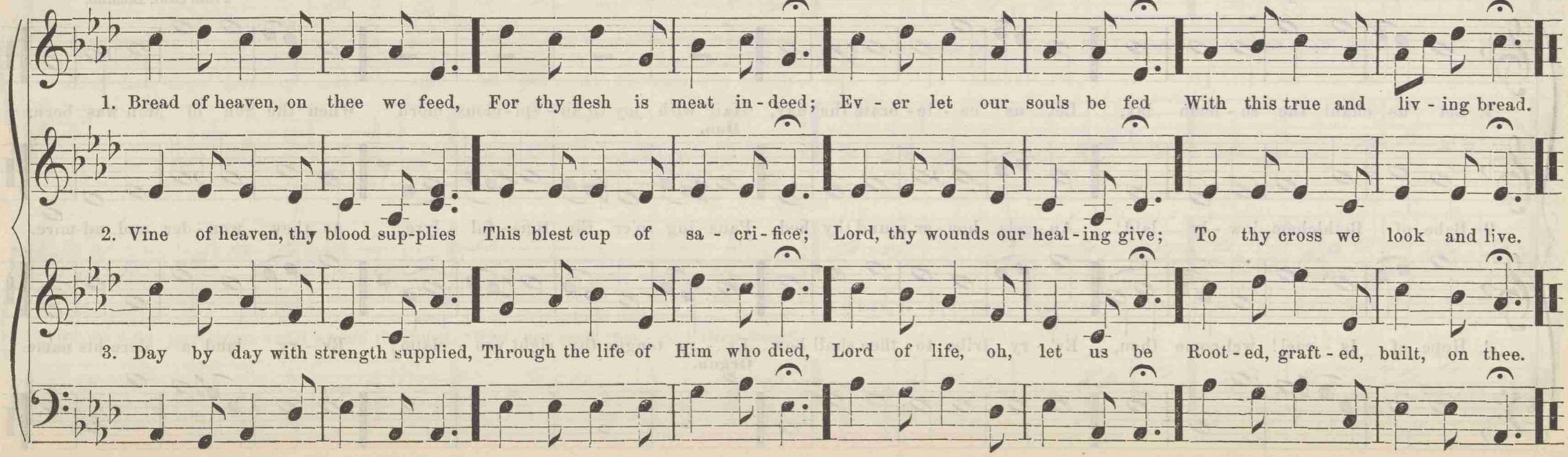
[H. 512. B. W. 257.] **NIGHT. 7s. 6 lines by repeating the first two.**

Arranged by S. P. TUCKERMAN.



[H. 880. B. W. 543.] **ALFRED. 7s.**

HOWARD SHRIVER.



[H. 949.B. W. 506.]

DOWNES. 7s.

L. T DOWNES.

1. God of mer - cy, hear our prayer For the chil dren thou hast given, Let them all thy bless-ings share, Grace on earth and bliss in heaven.

2. Cleanse their souls from ev'-ry stain, Through the Sa-viour's pre-cious blood: Let them all be born a - gain, And be re - con - ciled to God.

3. For this mer - cy, Lord, we cry: Bend thine ev - er - gra - cious ear: While on thee our souls re - ly, Hear our prayer, in mer - cy hear.

[B. W. 67]

BARTLETT. 7s.

F. T. BARRINGTON.
From Cant. Domino.

1. Let us chant the so - lemn lay, Let us ce - le - brate the day, Hail with joy th'au - spi - cious morn When the Son of Man was born.

Duo.

2 Babe of Bethlehem, low - ly laid! An - gels hov - er round thy bed, Paus - ing o'er the tune - ful lyre, As they won - der and ad - mire.

3. Hope of Is - rael! wel-come thou, Ev' - ry tribe to thee shall bow; Ev' - ry tongue thy right pro - claim; Ev' - ry land a - dore his name.

Organ.

ESHTEMOA. 7s.

1. God of mer - cy, hear our prayer For the chil - dren thou hast given; Let them all thy bless-ings share, Grace on earth and bliss in heaven.

2. Cleanse their souls from ev' - ry stain, Through the Sa-viour's pre - cious blood; Let them all be born a - gain And be re - con - ciled to God.

3. For this mer - cy, Lord, we cry; Bend thine ev - er - gra - cious ear: While on thee our souls re - ly, Hear our prayer, in mer - cy hear.

BOEHME. 7s. Double.

German.

Fine.

D. C.

1. For a sea - son call'd to part, Let us now ourselves com-mend
   To the gra - cious eye and heart Of our ev - er - pre - sent Friend.
   D. C. Let thy mer - cy and thy care All our souls in safe - ty keep.

2. Je-sus, hear our hum - ble prayer, Ten - der shep - herd of thy sheep!

Fine.

D. C.

3. In thy strength may we be strong; Sweeten ev' - ry cross and pain;
   Give us, if we live, ere long In thy peace to meet a - gain.
   D. C. And our souls shall praise the Lord, Who our poor pe - ti - tions heard.

4. Then, if thou thy help af - ford, E - be - ne - zers shall be rear'd,

[H. 768. B. W. 418.]

HEROLD. 7s.

HEROLD.

1. To thy tem - ple we re - pair; Lord, we love to wor-ship there: There, within the veil, we meet Christ up - on the mer - cy - seat.

2. While thy glo - rious name is sung, Tune our lips, in - spire our tongue; Then our joy - ful souls shall bless Christ, the Lord our Righteous-ness.

3. While to thee our prayers as - cend, Let thine ear in love at - tend; Hear us when thy Spi - rit pleads, Hear, for Je - sus in - ter - cedes.
4. While thy word is heard with awe, While we trem-ble at thy law, Let thy gos - pel's wondrous love Ev' - ry doubt and fear re - move.

[H. 256. B. W. 533.]

KOZELUCH. 7s.

KOZELUCH.

1. Fa - ther! at thy call I come: In thy bo - som there is room For a guilt - y soul to hide,— Press'd with grief on ev' - ry side.

2. Darkness fills my trem-bling soul; Floods of sor - row o'er me roll: Pi - ty, Fa-ther, pi - ty me; All my hope is placed in thee.

3. But may such a wretch as I— Self-con-demn'd and doom'd to die— Ev - er hope to be for - given And be smiled up - on by heaven?
4. Yes, I may! for I es - py Pi - ty trick - ling from thine eye; 'Tis a Father's heart that moves, Moves with par - don and with love.

ROME. 7s. Double.

Arranged from Righini.

Andante.

Col Basso.

1. Saviour, when in dust to thee Low we bow th'a - dor - ing knee, When, re - pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,

2. By thy birth and ear - ly years, By thy hu-man griefs and fears, By thy fast - ing and dis - tress In the lone - ly wil - der - ness,

3. By thine hour of dark de - spair, By thine a - go - ny of prayer, By the pur - ple robe of scorn, By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,

4. By thy deep expiring groan. By the seal'd se - pul-chral stone, By thy tri-umph o'er the grave, By thy power from death to save,

f

1 2

Oh, by all thy pains and woe Suf-fer'd once for man be - low, Bending from thy throne on high, Hear our solemn li - ta - ny.

By the victory in the hour Of the sub - tle tempter's power, Je - sus, look with pitying eye: Hear our sol - emn li - ta - ny.

By thy cross, thy pangs and cries, By thy per - fect sa - cri - fice, Je - sus, look with pitying eye: Hear our sol - emn li - ta - ny.

f

1 2

Mighty God, as - cend- ed Lord, To thy throne in heaven restored, Prince and Saviour, hear our cry, Hear our sol - emn li - ta - ny.

f

[H. 919. B. W. 212.]

VICTORY. 7s. 8 lines.

MEINEKE.

1. Peo-ple of the liv-ing God, I have sought the world a-round, Paths of sin and sor-row trod, Peace and comfort no-where found: Now to you my

3. Lonely I no long-er roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave: Where you dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave. Mine the God whom

5. Tell me not of gain and loss, Ease, en-joyment, pomp, and power; Welcome, po-ver-ty and cross, Shame, reproach, afflic-tion's power. "Follow me!" I

spi-rit turns, Turns, a fu-gi-tive un-blest: Brethren, where your al-tar burns, Oh, re-ceive me in-to rest! Oh, receive me in-to rest!

you a-dore; Your Re-deem-er shall be mine: Earth can fill my soul no more, Ev'-ry i-dol I re-sign, Ev'-ry i-dol I re-sign.

know thy voice; Je-sus, Lord, thy steps I see: Now I take thy yoke by choice, Light's thy bur-den now to me, Light's thy bur-den now to me.

PREPARATION. 7s.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer; He him - self has bid thee pray; Rise and ask with - out de - lay.
2. With my bur - den I be - gin: Lord! re - move this load of sin! Let thy blood, for sin - ners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.
3. Lord! I come to thee for rest, Take pos - ses - sion of my breast; There thy sovereign right main-tain, And with - out a ri - val reign.
4. Show me what I have to do, Ev' - ry hour my strength re - new; Let me live a life of faith, Let me die thy peo - ple's death.

WILMOT. 7s.

1. Poor and need - y though I be, God my Mak - er cares for me; Gives me cloth - ing, shel - ter, food, Gives me all I have of good.
2. He will lis - ten when I pray, He is with me night and day, When I sleep and when I wake, Keeps me safe for Je - sus' sake.
3. He who reigns a - bove the sky Once be - came as poor as I; He whose blood for me was shed Had not where to lay his head.
4. Though I la - bor here a while, He will bless me with a smile; And when this short life is past, I will rest with him at last.

[H. 545. B. W. 217.]

WATCHMAN. 7s. Double.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

Treble Voice. **Tenor Voice.**

1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of pro - mise are! Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height See that glo - ry-beam - ing star!
2. Watchman! tell us of the night, High - er yet that star as - cends! Traveller! bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth, its course portends.
3. Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morn - ing seems to dawn! Traveller! dark-ness takes its flight; Doubt and ter - ror are withdrawn!

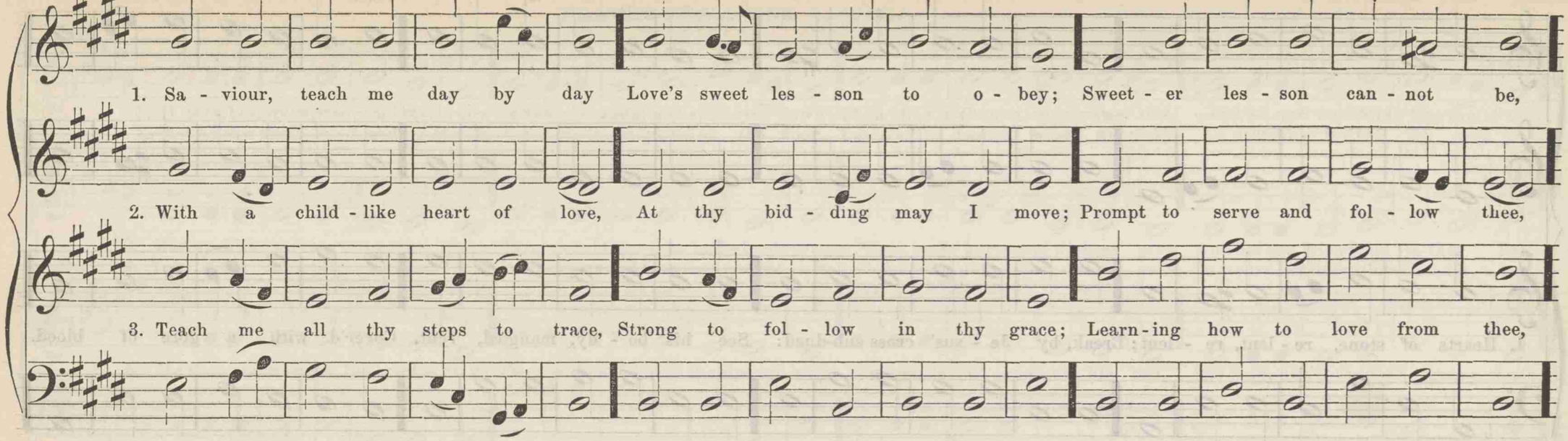
Treble Voice. **Tenor Voice.**

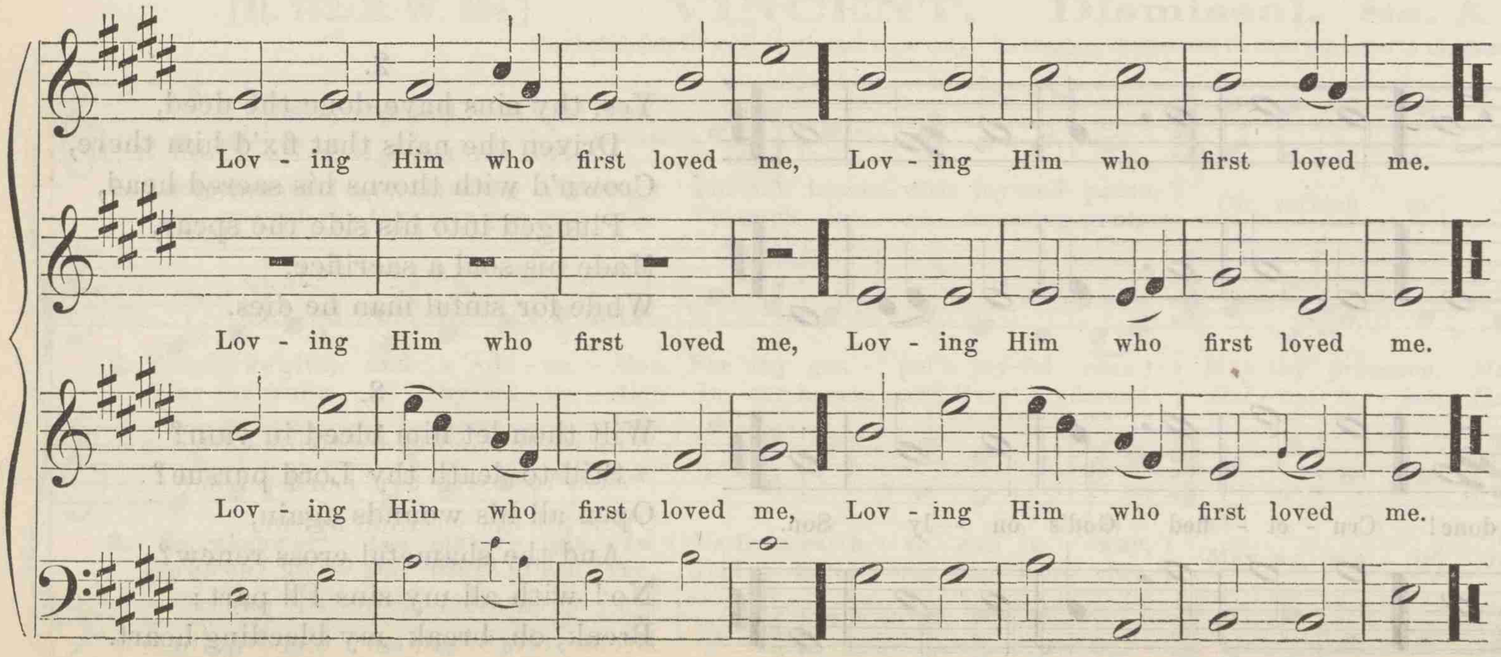
Watchman! does its beau-teous ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell? Traveller! yes, it brings the day, Promised day, of Is - ra - el.
Watchman! will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Traveller! a - ges are its own: See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease, Hie thee to thy qui - et home; Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God, is come!

CHORUS to 1st and 2d Stanzas. **CHORUS to 3d Stanza.**

1. Traveller! yes, it brings the day, Promised day, of Is - ra - el.

2. Traveller! a - ges are its own: See, it bursts o'er all the earth! 3. Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God, is come! Lo! the Son of God, is come!





4.

Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

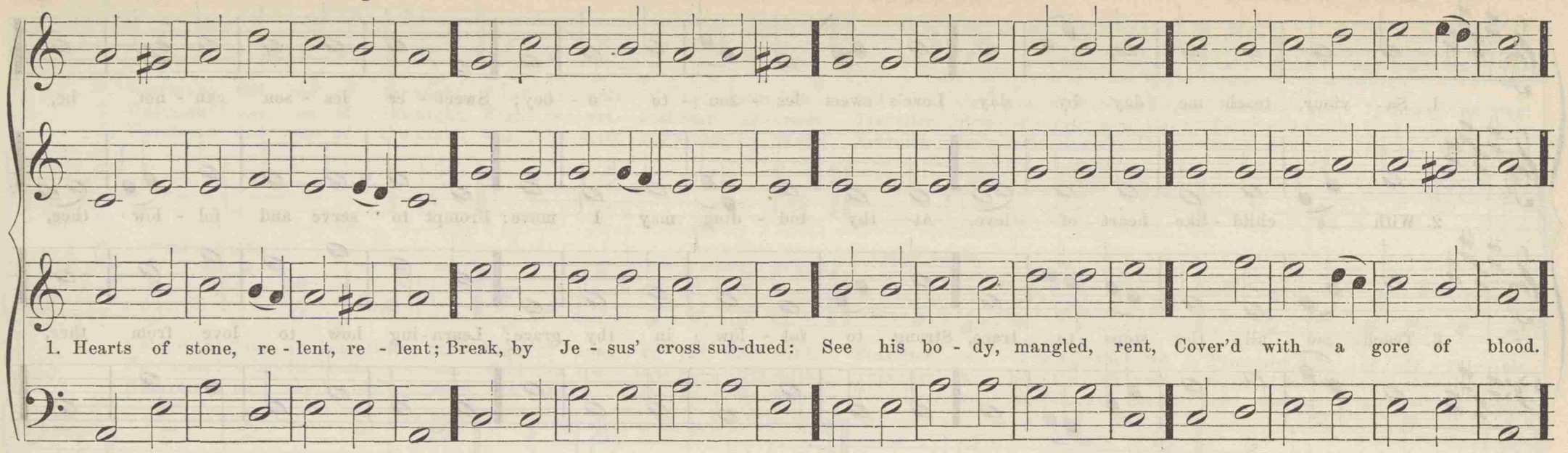
5.

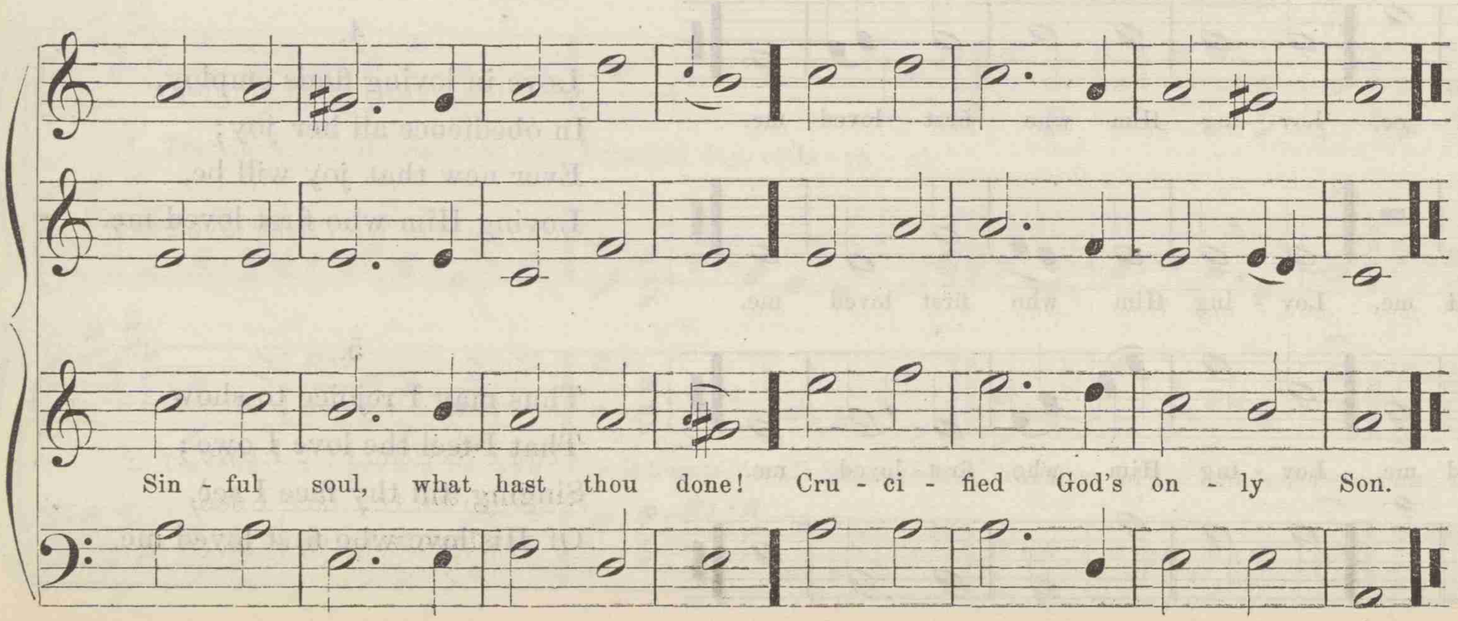
Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

[H. 841. B. W. 336.]

MOUNT CALVARY. 7s.

STEPHEN JENKS.





2.

Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fix'd him there,
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Plunged into his side the spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man he dies.

3.

Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again,
And the shameful cross renew?
No! with all my sins I'll part:
Break, oh, break, my bleeding heart.

SIEGEN. L. M.

(PRAYER FOR A SICK PASTOR.)

1. O thou be-fore whose gracious throne We bow our suppliant spi - rits down: Thou know'st the anxious care we feel, And all our trembling lips would tell.
2. A-vert thy swift-de - scending stroke, Nor smite the shepherd of the flock, Lest o'er the barren waste we stray, To prowling wolves an easy prey.
3. Restore him sinking to the grave; Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save: Back to our hopes and wish-es give, And bid our friend and fa-ther live.
4. Yet, if our sup - pli - ca-tions fail, And prayers and tears can naught a-vail, Condemn'd on this dark desert coast To mourn our much-loved leader lost,
5. Be thou his strength, be thou his stay; Support him through the gloomy way; Comfort his soul, surround his bed, And guide him through the dreary shade.

[H. 752. B. W. 594.]

VINCENT. Dismissal. 8s. & 7s.

Dr. B. F. SCHNECK.

The hallelujah for each or the last verse only. In singing, observe the tie over the notes in the next to the last measure.

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy-and peace; } Oh, refresh us! Oh, re-fresh us! Travelling through this wilderness.
   Let us each, thy love pos-sess - ing, Triumph in re - deem-ing grace; }
2. Thanks we give, and a - do - ra - tion, For thy gos - pel's joy-ful sound; } May thy presence, May thy presence, With us ev-er more be found.
   May the fruits of thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound: } *Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise the Lord, A - men.*
3. So, whene'er the signal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way, } May we, rea - dy, May we, rea - dy, Rise and reign in endless day
   Borne on an - gels' wings to hea - ven, Glad to leave our cumbrous clay, }

[H. 812. B. W. 281.] VOICE OF FREE GRACE. 12s.

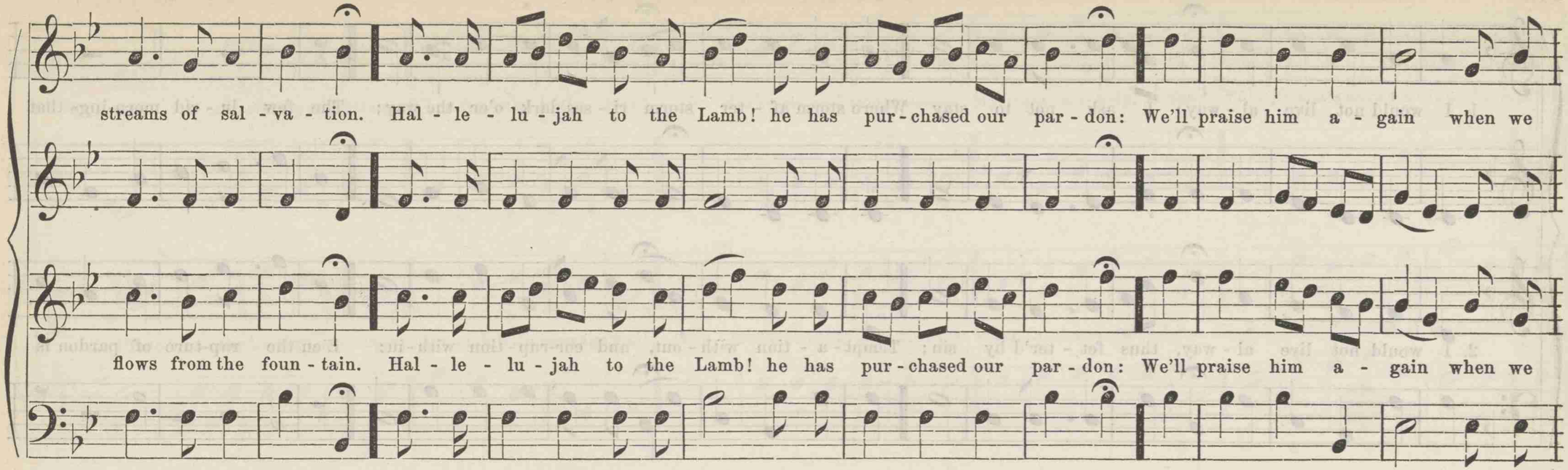
Arranged from Dr. CLARKE.

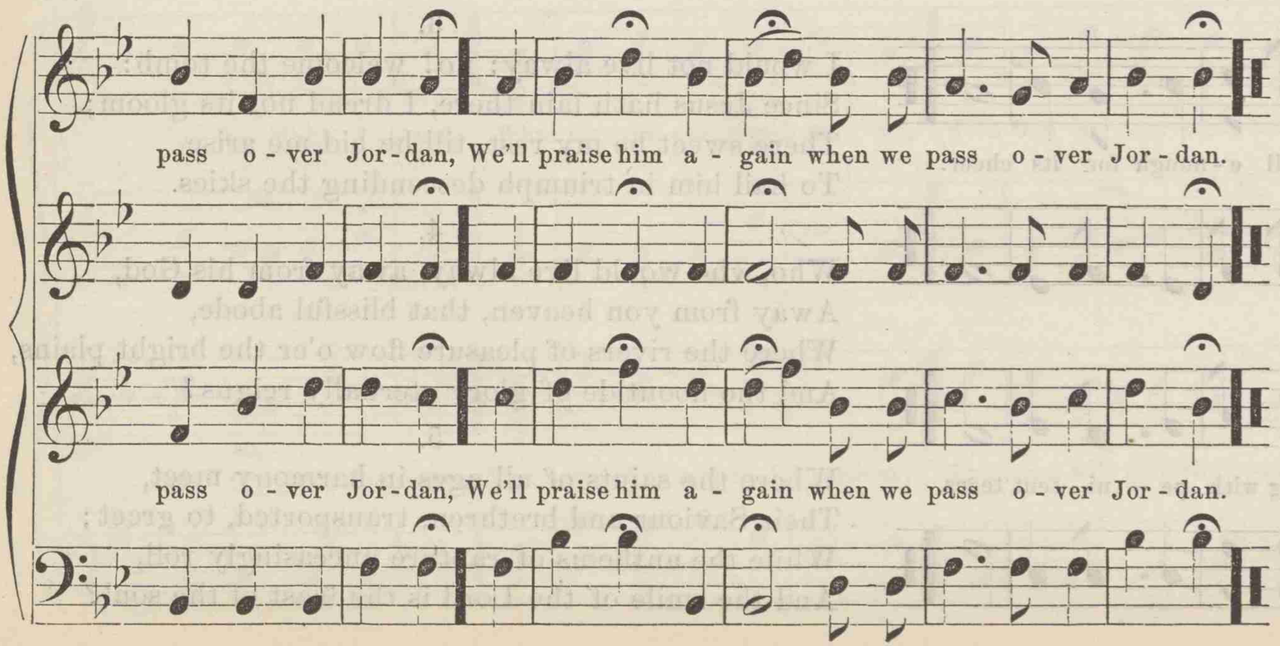
1. The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the moun-tain!" For A-dam's lost race Christ hath o-pen'd a foun-tain; For sin and un-

2. Ye souls that are wound-ed, oh, flee to the Sa-viour; He calls you in mer-cy,—'tis in-fi-nite fa-vor; Your sins are in-

clean-ness, and ev'-ry trans-gres-sion, His blood flows most free-ly in streams of sal-va-tion, His blood flows most free-ly in

creas-ing,—es-cape to the moun-tain,—His blood can re-move them, it flows from the foun-tain, His blood can re-move them, it





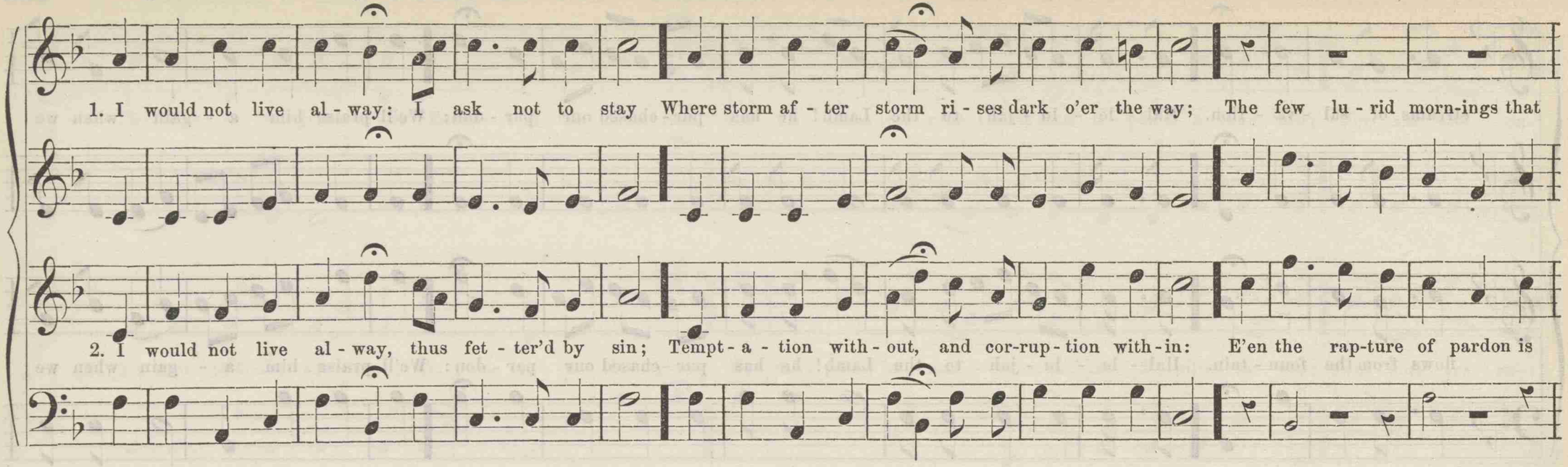
3.

O Jesus, ride onward, triumphantly, glorious,
O'er sin, death, and hell thou art more than victorious:
Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,
While angels and saints raise the shout of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb! he has purchased our pardon:
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

4.

With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever.
Hallelujah to the Lamb! he has purchased our pardon:
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

FREDERICK. 11s.



3.

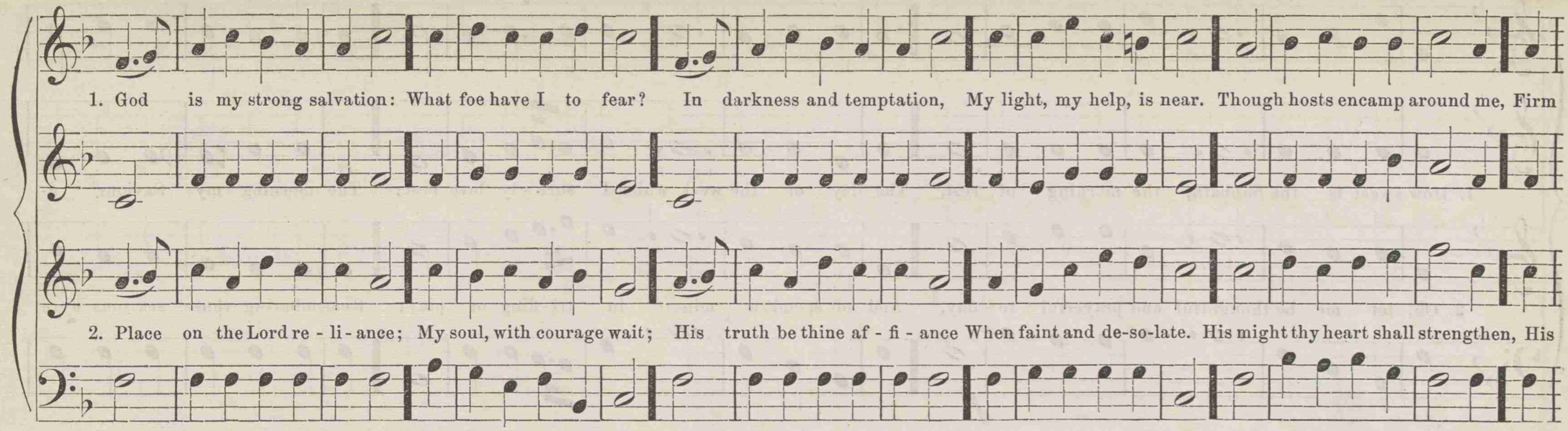
I would not live alway: no! welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

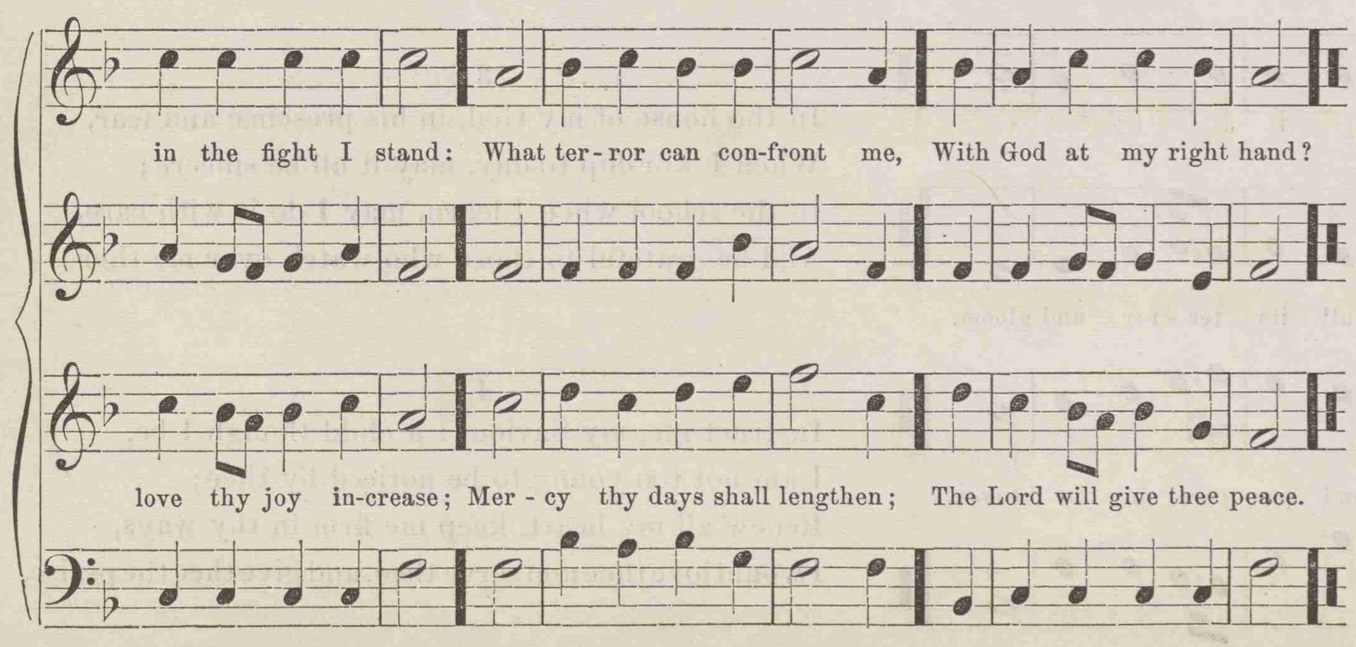
4.

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?

5.

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?



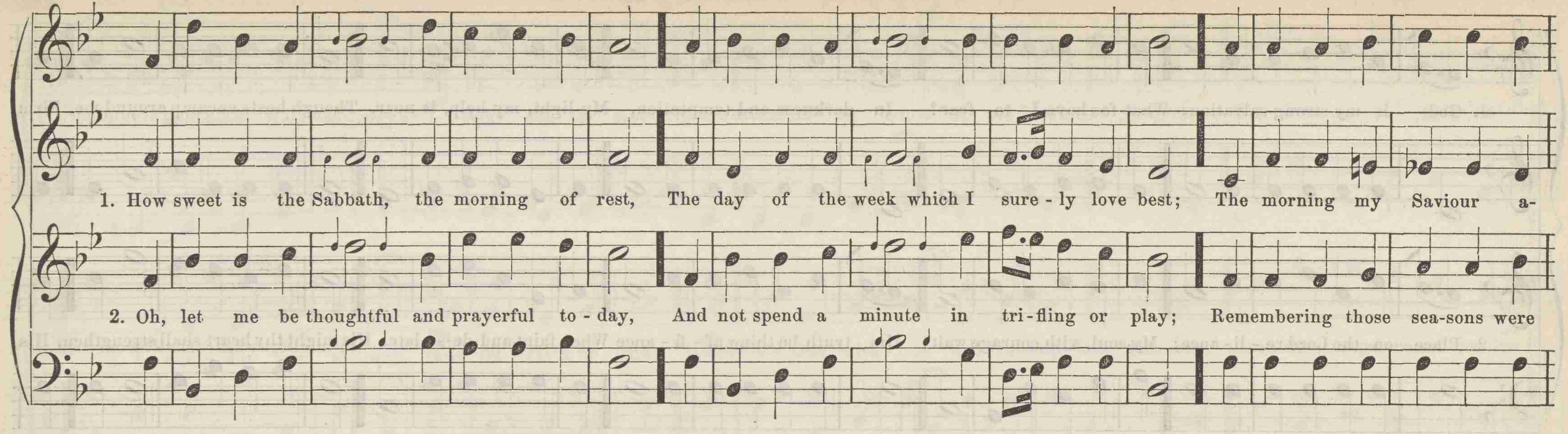


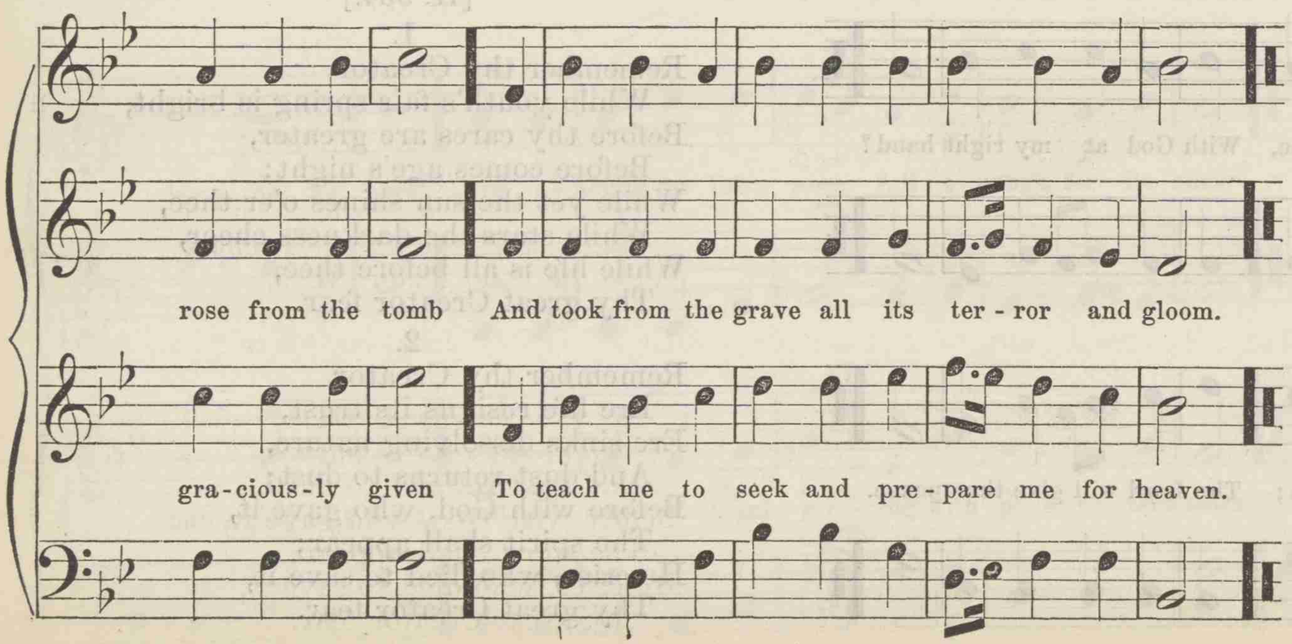
[H. 954.]

1.
Remember thy Creator
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2.
Remember thy Creator
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust;
Before with God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear;
He cries, who died to save it,
Thy great Creator fear.

LYONS. 11s, or 5s & 6s.





3.

In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere;
In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

4.

Instruct me, my Saviour: a child though I be,
I am not too young to be noticed by thee;
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways,
I would love thee and serve thee, and give thee the praise.

WALTER. 8, 8, 8.

1. Judgment comes!—that day of mourning; Earth in flames!—to ash-es turn-ing! So the Scriptures give us warn-ing, So the Scrip-tures give us warning.
2. How will fear the soul be rend-ing, When the Judge is seen de-scend-ing, An-gel hosts their Lord at-tend-ing, An-gel hosts their Lord attend-ing!
3. Hark!—the trump,—its blast of wonder Tears the graves of earth a-sun-der! These their prison'd charge surrender; These their prison'd charge surrender.
4. Death and na-ture frighted, quak-ing, While the dead, their tombs forsaking, Are their place for tri-al tak-ing, Are their place for tri-al taking!
5. Then, be-fore the world col-lect-ed, Books are open'd and in-spect-ed, And by these the doom di-rect-ed, And by these the doom di-rect-ed.

[H. 293.]

SCHAEFFER. 8, 8, 6.

WEBBE.

1. Thou great, mys-te-rious God, un-known, Whose love hath gen-tly led me on, E'en from my in-fant days;
   Mine in-most soul ex-pose to view; And tell me if I ev-er knew Thy jus-ti-fy-ing grace.
2. If I have on-ly known thy fear, And fol-low'd with a heart sin-cere Thy draw-ing from a-bove,
   Now, now the far-ther grace be-stow, And let my sprink-led con-science know Thy sweet, for-giv-ing love.
3. Short of thy love I would not stop, A stran-ger to the gos-pel hope, The sense of sins for-given;
   I would not, Lord, my soul de-ceive, With-out thine in-ward wit-ness live, That an-te-past of heaven.

[H. 854. B. W. 407.]

KEMP. 7s & 6s.

C. MEINEKE.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Toward heav'n, thy na - tive place:

2. Ri - vers 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 onward to the prize; Soon your Sa-viour will re - turn, Tri - umph - ant, in the skies;

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

So a soul that's born of God Pants to view his glorious face, Up - ward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his em - brace.

Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py entrance will be given; All your sorrows left be - low, And earth exchanged for heaven.

MORNING. 8s & 7s.

1. Zi - on stands with hills sur-rounded, Zi - on, kept by power di - vine; All her foes shall be con-founded, Though the world in

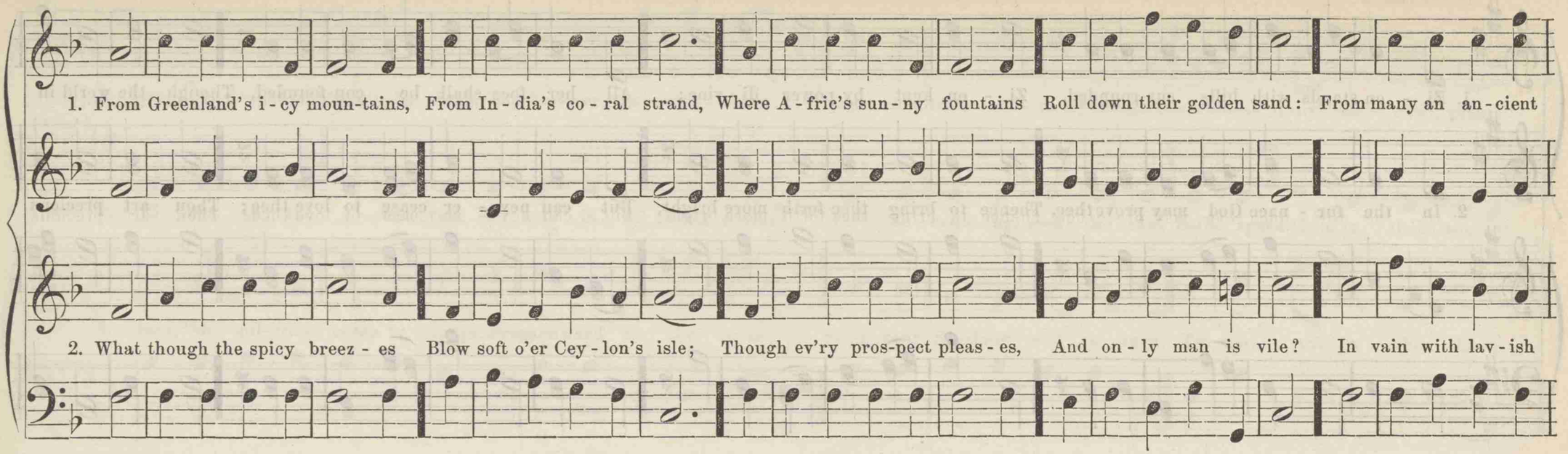
2. In the fur - nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright, But can nev - er cease to love thee; Thou art precious

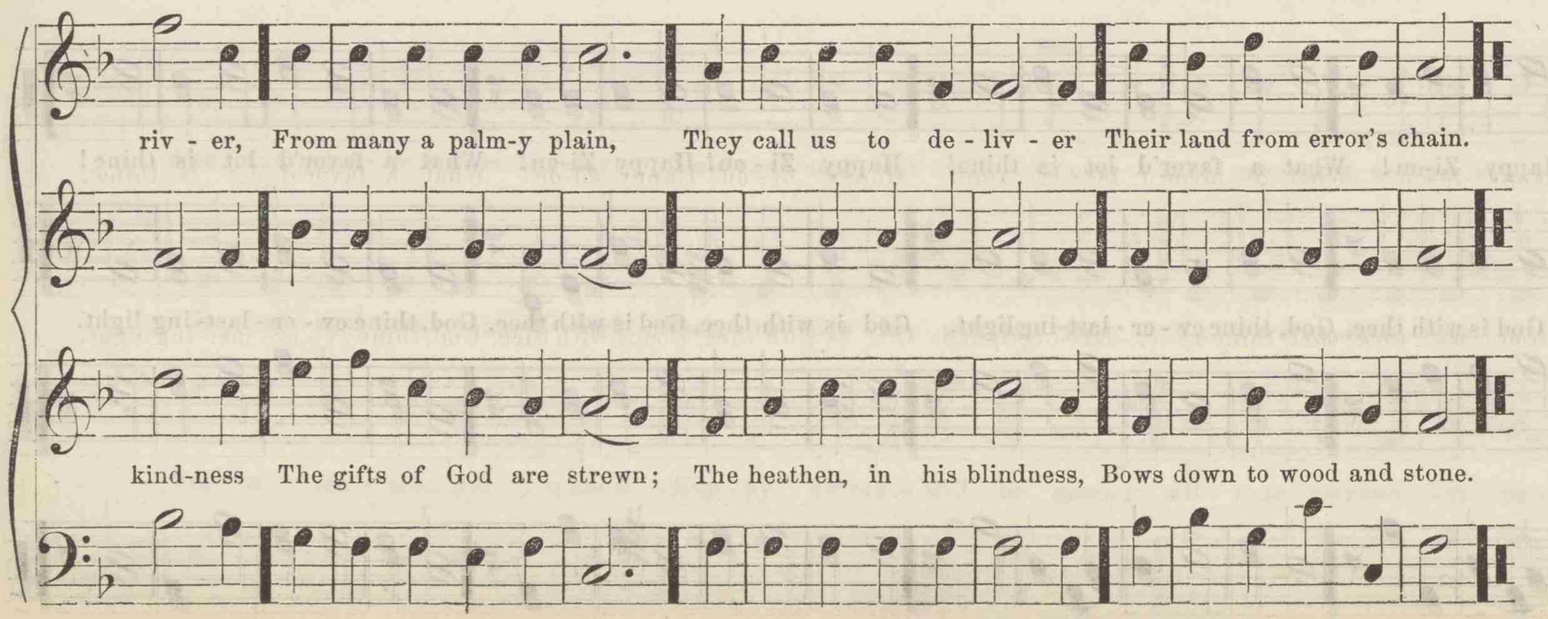
arms com-bine. Happy Zi - on! Happy Zi-on! What a favor'd lot is thine! Happy Zi - on! Happy Zi-on! What a favor'd lot is thine!

in his sight. God is with thee, God is with thee, God, thine ev - er - last-ing light, God is with thee, God is with thee, God, thine ev - er - last- ing light.

[H. 537. B. W. 221.] MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. 8 lines.

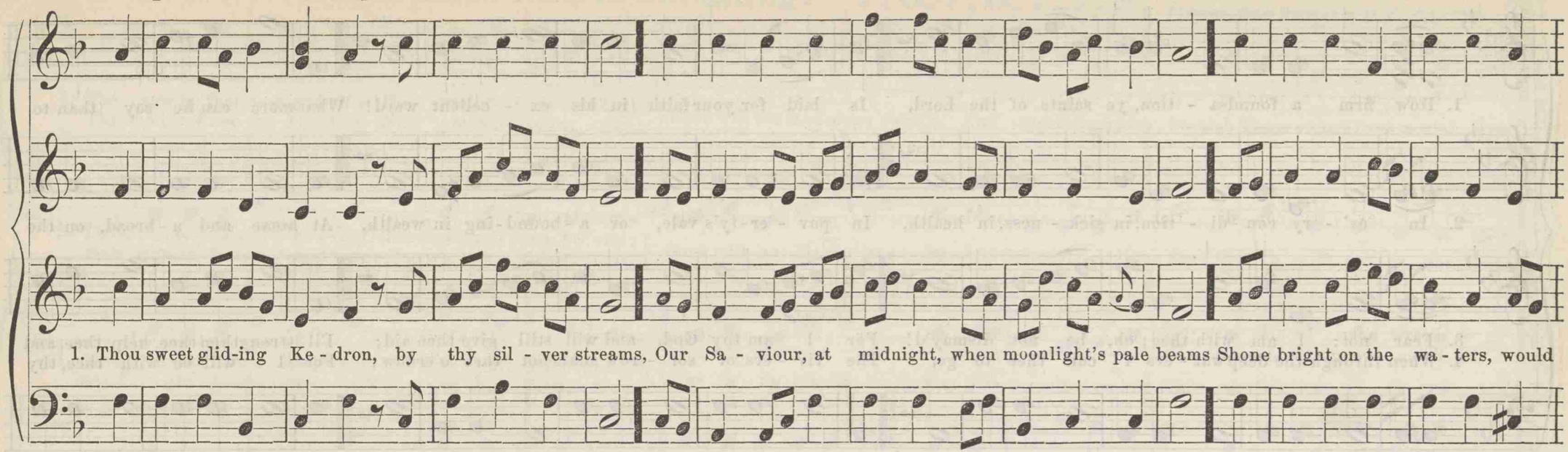
Dr. LOWELL MASON.

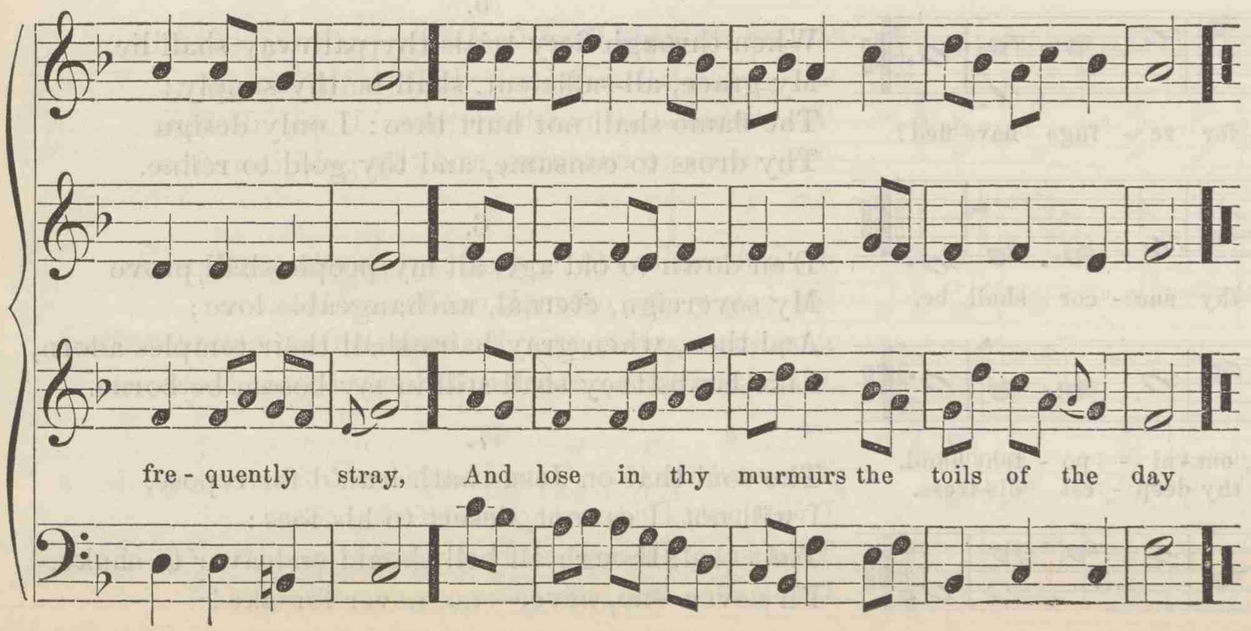




3.
Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The glorious sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

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





2.

How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.

3.

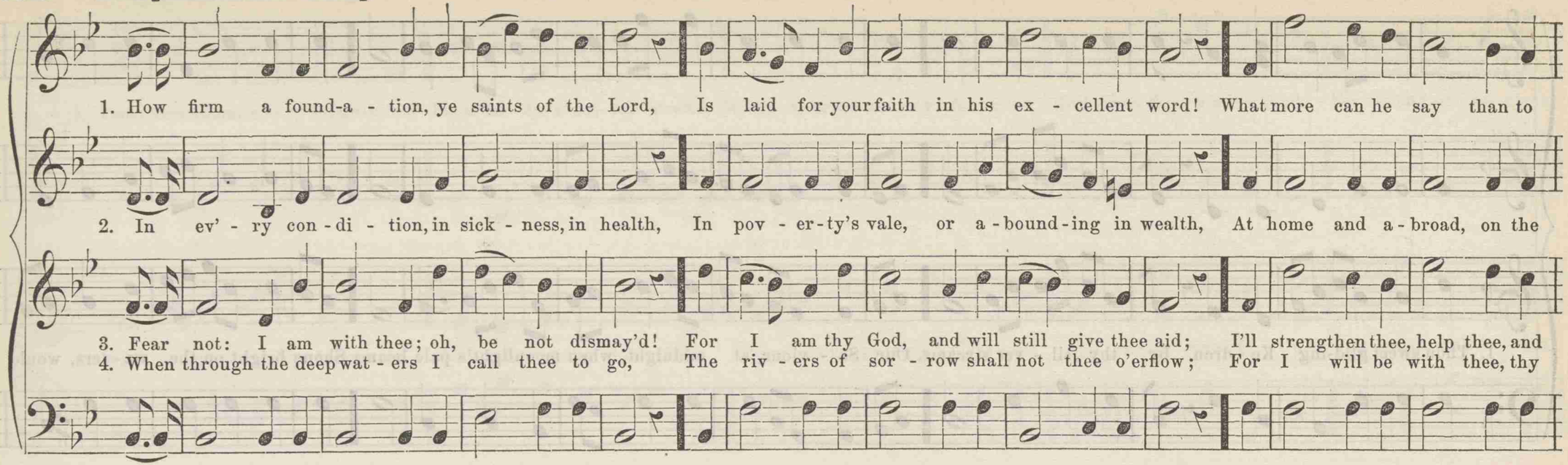
O garden of Olives, thou dear honor'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love.

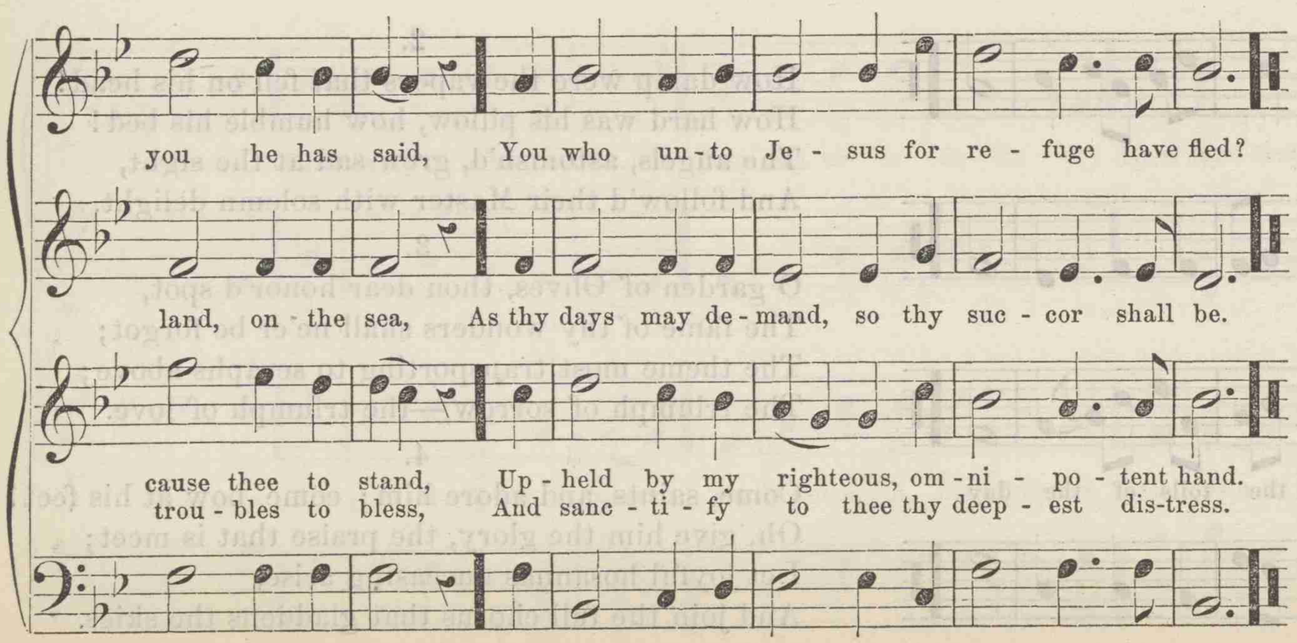
4.

Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
Oh, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

[H. 874. B. W. 363.]

PERINE. 11s.





5.

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

6.

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

7.

The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I cannot, desert to his foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!

[H. 456.] 'The Sun is fast descending.' 7,6,7,6,7,7,6.

Arranged from German by C. W. KNAUFF.

1. The sun is fast de-scend-ing His circuit from on high;
The shades of eve are blending With yonder distant sky:
Soon will the landscape vanish, And sa-ble darkness ba-nish These scenes from mortal eye.

2. Thus, too, our days are end-ing; The race will soon be run;
Our sun is fast de-scend-ing; Our work is almost done.
Soon will our Master greet us, And heavenly legions meet us To waft us to our home.

3. Then, pilgrims! come, delay not On this unfriendly ground,
And in the de-sert say not That you have Canaan found.
The fie-ry pil-lar leads us, The promised manna feeds us, But bar-ren is the ground.

[H. 884. B. W. 228.] 'Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness.'

1. Daugh-ter of Zi-on, a-wake from thy sad-ness, A-wake, for thy foes shall op-press thee no more: Bright o'er the

2. Strong were thy foes; but the Arm that sub-dued them, And scat-ter'd their le-gions, was migh-ti-er far; They fled like

3. Daugh-ter of Zi-on, the Power that hath saved thee, Ex-toll'd with the harp and the tim-brel should be; Shout! for the

'Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness.' Concluded.

CHORUS.

hills dawns the day - star of glad-ness; Rise! for the night of thy sor - rows is o'er;

TUTTI.

chaff from the scourge that pur - sued them; Vain were their steeds and their cha - riots of war: Daugh-ter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy

foe is de-stroy'd that en-slaved thee, Th'op - press - or is vanquish'd, and Zi - on is free:

TUTTI.

sad - ness, A - wake, for thy foes shall op - press thee no more; Shall op - press thee no more, no more, no more.

Inst.

1. Rise, crown'd with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise; Ex - alt thy tower-ing head, and lift thine eyes; See heaven its spark - ling

2. See a long race thy spa-cious courts a - dorn; See fu - ture sons and daughters yet un - born, In crowd - ing ranks, on

3. See barbarous na - tions at thy gates at - tend, Walk in thy light, and in thy tem - ple bend; See thy bright al - tars
4. The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke de - cay, Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt a - way; But fix'd his word, his

por - tals wide dis - play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day, And break up - on thee in a flood of day.

ev' - ry side a - rise, De-mand - ing life, im - pa - tient for the skies. De - mand - ing life, im - pa - tient for the skies.

throng'd with prostrate kings, While ev' - ry land its joy - ous tri - bute brings. While ev' - ry land its joy - ous tri - bute brings.
sav - ing power re - mains; Thy realms shall last, thy own Mes - si - ah reigns, Thy realms shall last, thy own Mes - si - ah reigns.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

1st Tenor. *Andante.* *cres.* *mf*

1. How blest the sacred tie that binds In u - nion sweet ac - cord- ing minds! How swift the heav'nly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.

2d Tenor. *mp*

1st Bass. *cres.* *mf*

3. To - gether both they seek the place Where God reveals his aw - ful face; How high, how strong the raptures swell, There's none but kin - dred souls can tell.

2d Bass.

for. *dim.* *pia.* *2d time ritard.*

2. To each, the soul of each how dear! What watchful love, what ho - ly fear! How does the gen'rous flame with- in Refine from earth and cleanse from sin.

mp *for.* *dim.* *pia.* *2d time Ritard.*

4. Nor shall the glowing flame ex - pire, 'Midst natures drooping, sick'ning fire: Soon shall they meet in realms above, A heav'n of joy, because of love.

[H. 988.]

BENINDA. 7s & 8s.

1. Lift not thou the wailing voice; Weep not; 'tis a Christian dieth: } High in heaven's own light she dwelleth; }
Up where blessed saints rejoice, Ransom'd now, the spirit flieth; } Full the song of triumph swelleth: } Freed from earth and earthly failing, Lift for her no voice of wail - ing.

2. They who die in Christ are blest: Ours be. then, no thought of grieving: } So be ours the faith that saveth. }
Sweetly with their God they rest, All their toils and troubles leaving; } Hope that every tri - al braveth, } Love that to the end en - dureth And, through Christ, the crown secur - eth.

[H. 981.]

DWIGHT. 6s & 8s.

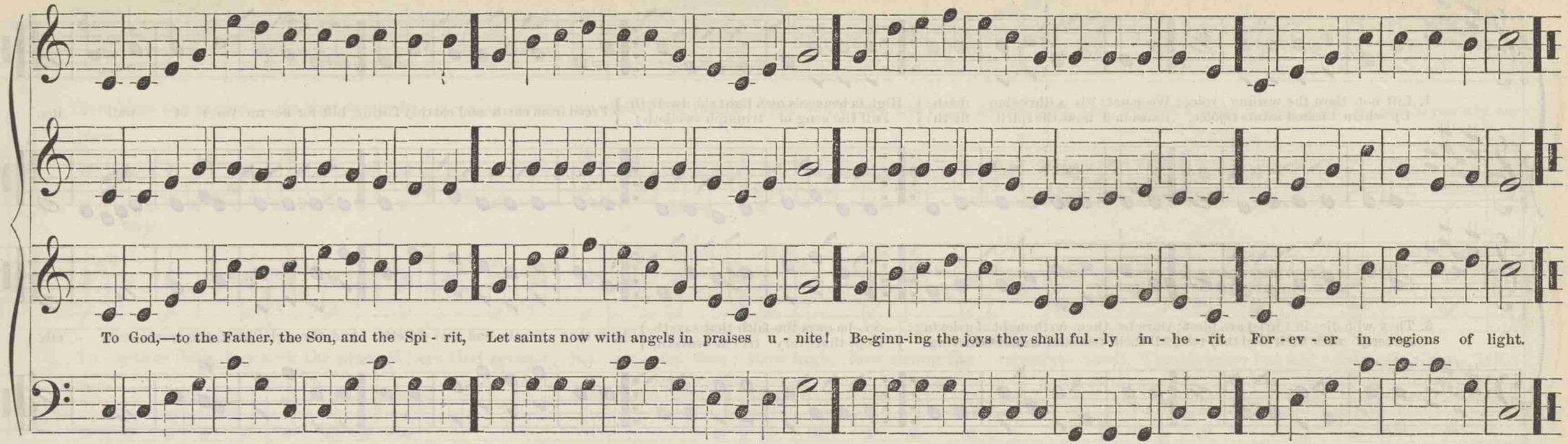
1. This place is ho - ly ground: World. with thy cares, away; Silence and darkness reign around; But soon the break of day, The re - sur - rec - tion dawn, appears, To shine up - on this scene of tears.

2. Behold the bed of death, This pale and love-ly clay! Heard ye the sob of parting breath? Mark'd ye the eye's last ray? No! life so sweetly ceased to be, It lapsed in im - mor - ta - li - ty.

3. Could tears revive the dead, Rivers would swell our eyes; Could sighs recall the spi - rit fled, We would not quench our sighs Till love illumed this alter'd mien, And all th'em - bodied soul were seen.

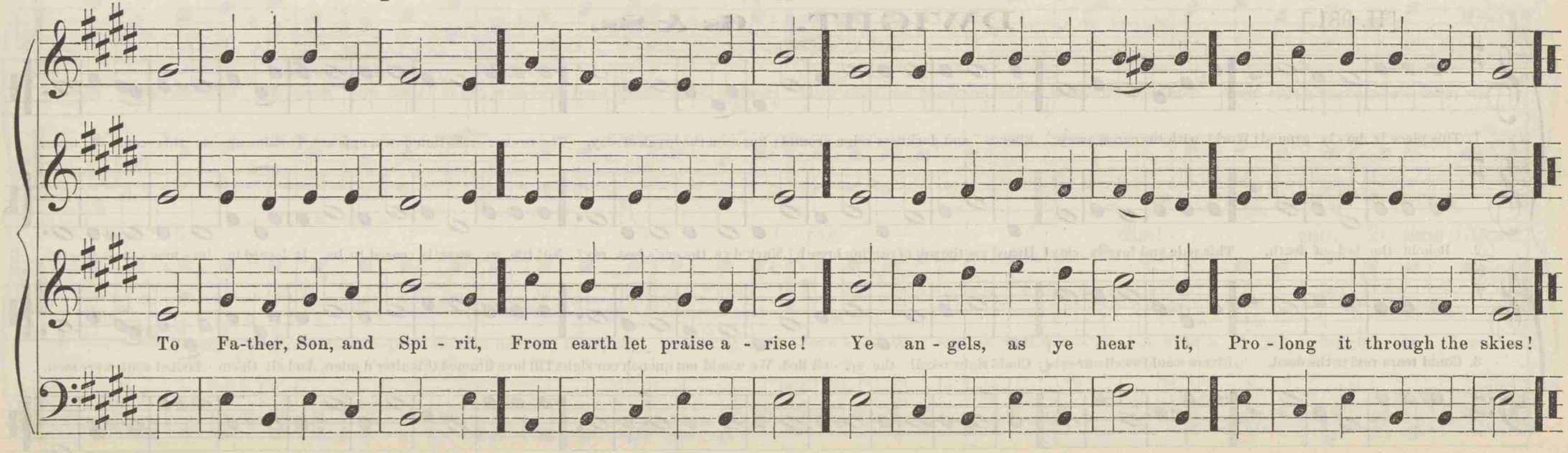
BURLINGTON. 12s, 11s, & 8s.

From "Car. Sacra."



[H. 1018. B. W. 380.]

CECIX. 7s & 6s.



1. To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost sing praises, The God whom Christians love; From sin and fear, from death and hell, he raises, To end-less joys a-bove.

[H. 786.] KEDRON. 8s & 6s. Peculiar. Dr. HASTINGS.

1. Be-yond where Kedron's wa-ters flow, Be-hold the suffering Saviour go To sad Geth-se-ma-ne; His coun-te-nance is all di-vine, Yet grief ap-pears in ev'-ry line.
2. He bows beneath the sins of men; He cries to God, and cries a-gain, In sad Geth-se-ma-ne; He lifts his mourn-ful eyes a-bove—"My Fa-ther, can this cup re-move?"
3. With gen-tle re-sig-na-tion still He yield-ed to his Fa-ther's will, In sad Geth-se-ma-ne; "Be-hold me here, thine on-ly Son; And, Fa-ther, let thy will be done."
4. The Father heard: and an-gels there Sustain'd the Son of God in prayer, In sad Geth-se-ma-ne; He drank the dread-ful cup of pain— Then rose to life and joy a-gain.
5. When storms of sorrow round us sweep, And scenes of an-guish make us weep, To sad Geth-se-ma-ne We'll look, and see the Saviour there, And hum-bly bow, like him, in prayer.

PRAISE YE JEHOVAH!

"Lobet den Herrn, den mächtigen König."

1. Praise ye Je - ho - vah! with an - thems of praise come be - fore him;
Great is his mer - cy! with hearts of thanks-giv - ing a - dore him;
Firm is his word, Free - ly his grace is con - ferr'd; Hum-bly for par - don im - plore him.

2. Praise him, all na - tions! 'Tis he that hath crown'd you with bless - ing:
Oh, come be - fore him, your sins and trans - gres-sions con - fess - ing;
Wor - ship the Lord; Bow to the claims of his word; Songs to his glo - ry ad - dress - ing.

3. An - gels, re - joic - ing, u - nite in the shout of sal - va - tion;
Dai - ly and night - ly they sing to the God of cre - a - tion:
"Worth - y to reign, Keep-er and Sa-viour of men, O'er ev' - ry king - dom and na - tion."

4. Praise ye Je - ho - vah! the sovereign of earth and of heav - en,
Un - to his ho - ly name hon-or and glo - ry be giv - en:
Wake ev' - ry string! Tune all your voi - ces and sing; Heav - en and earth re - ply, A - men!

THE GRAVE. 11s & 6s.

FLEMMING.

1. Tran-quil and peace-ful is the path to hea - ven, Where now so ma - ny, fresh from earth's ripe vintage, So ma-ny hap - py, high and bless-ed spi - rits Wait to re - ceive us.

2. There, life is bliss - ful! shall the spirit trem - ble? Bright, heavenly an - gels wait to lead us yon - der; There dwell the spi - rits pu - ri - fied by suffer - ing, Blessing and bless - ed.

3. There our lost rose - buds in our hands shall o - pen; Love, pure, and ho - ly, in our bo-soms glow - ing, Flows from the Fa - ther, Source of ev' - ry bless - ing, Liv - ing and lov - ing.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

5s & 6s.

Dr. B. F. SCHNECK.

1. Though trou - bles as - sail, And dan - gers af - fright, Though friends should all fail, And foes all u - nite,
2. The birds, with - out barn Or store - house, are fed: From them let us learn To trust for our bread.
3. We may, like the ships, By tem - pests be tost On per - il - ous deeps, But can - not be lost:
4. When life sinks a - pace, And death is in view, This word of his grace Shall com - fort us through:

Yet one thing se - cures us, What - ev - er be - tide, The Scrip - tures as - sure us, The Lord will pro - vide.

His saints what is fit - ing Shall ne'er be de - nied, So long as 'tis writ - ten, The Lord will pro - vide.

Adagio.

Though Sa - tan en - rag - es The wind and the tide, The pro - mise en - gag - es, The Lord will pro - vide.
Not fear - ing nor doubt - ing, With Christ on our side, We hope to die shout - ing, The Lord will pro - vide.

Adagio.

250 [H. 628. B. W. 36.]

BELMONT. 7s, 6 lines.

Dr. B. F. SCHNECK.

1. Safe - ly through an - o - ther week God has brought us on our way: Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to - day:

2. While we seek supplies of grace, Through the dear Re - deem-er's name, Show thy re - con - cil - ing face, Take a - way our sin and shame.

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest! Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.

From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.

1. Who knows how near my life's ex - pend - ed? Time flies, and death is hasten - ing on:
How soon, my term of tri - al end - ed, May heave my last ex - pir - ing groan!
For Je - sus' sake, when flesh shall fail, With me, O God, may all be well!

2. My ma - ny sins!—oh, veil them o - ver With mer - its of thy dy - ing Son!
I here thy rich-est grace dis - co - ver.— Here find I peace, and here a - lone:
And, for his sake, when flesh shall fail, With me, O God, may it be well!

3. His bleeding wounds give me as - sur - ance That thy free mer - cy will a - bide;
Here strength I find for death's en - dur - ance, And hope for all I need be - side:
For Je - sus' sake, when flesh shall fail, With me, O God, may it be well!

[H. 1001. B. W. 583.]

"Friend after Friend departs." 8s & 7s. P. or L. M. by omitting the slurs and repeat.

1. Friend af - ter friend de - parts; Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no u - nion here of hearts That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our fi - nal rest, Liv - ing or dy - ing, none were blest.

2. Be - yond the flight of time, Be - yond the reign of death,
There surely is some bless - ed clime Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's af - fec - tions transient fire, Whose sparks fly up - ward and ex - pire.

Omit the first *slur* in repeating, and sing the small note.

INGRAHAM. C. M. 6 lines.

G. W. FOSTER.
SACRED CROWN.

1. Fath - er, I know that all my life Is por - tion'd out by Thee; The chan - ges that will sure - ly come,

2. I ask Thee for a thought - ful love, Through con - stant watch - ing wise, To meet the glad with joy - ful smiles,

3. I would not have the rest - less will That hur - ries to and fro, That seeks for some - thing great to do,

Ped.

I do not fear to see; I ask Thee for a pres - ent mind, In - tent on pleas - ing Thee.

And wipe the weep - ing eyes; A heart at leis - ure from it - self, To soothe and sym - pa - thize.

Or se - cret thing to know; I would be treat - ed as a child, And guid - ed where I go.

EMELAND. L. M. 6 lines.

1. Wea - ry of wand'r - ing from my God, And now made will - ing to re - turn, I hear, and bow be - neath the rod;

2. O Je - sus! full of truth and grace, More full of grace than I of sin; Yet once a - gain I seek Thy face;

3. Thou know'st the way to bring me back, My fal - len spir - it to re - store; Oh, for Thy truth and mer - cy's sake,

For Thee, not with - out hope, I mourn: I have an Ad - vo - cate a - bove, A friend be - fore the throne of love.

Op - en thine arms and take me in; And free - ly my back - slid - ing, heal, And love the faith - less sin - ner still.

For - give and bid me sin no more! The ru - ins of my soul re - pair, And make my heart a house of prayer

1. Je - ho - vah is our strength, And He shall be our song; We shall o'er - come at length,
2. The Lord our re - fuge is, And ev - er will re - main; Since He hath made us His,
3. The Lord our por - tion is, What can we wish for more? As long as we are His,

Al - though our foes be strong; In vain doth Sa - tan then op - pose, The Lord is strong - er than His foes.
He will our cause main - tain: In vain our en - e - mies op - pose, For God is strong - er than His foes.
We nev - er can be poor: In vain do earth and hell op - pose, For God is strong - er than His foes.

1. No, no, it is not dy - ing To go un - to our God; This gloo - my earth for - sak - ing, Our jour - ney homeward tak-ing A long the star - ry road.

2. No, no, it is not dy - ing, Heav'n's cit-i-zen to be; A crown im - mor-tal wear - ing, And rest un - bro-ken shar - ing, From care aud conflict free.

3. No, no, it is not dy - ing, The shepherd's voice to know; His sheep He ev - er lead - eth, His peaceful flock He feed - eth, Where liv - ing pas-tures grow.

[B. W. 364.] OLIVET. 6s & 4s. "The Choir."

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou lamb of cal-va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me when I pray; Take all my guilt a-way; Oh, let me from this day, Be whol - ly thine.

2. May thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in-spire! As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!

3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to-day, Wipe sor-rows tears a-way, Nor ev - er let me stray, From Thee a - side.

4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour, then in love, Fear and distrust remove; Oh, bear me safe a-bove A ransom'd soul!

"Eternity! Terrific Word."

1. E - ter - ni - ty! ter - ri - fic word, With - in the heart a pier - cing sword! Beginning without end - ing!
E - ter - ni - ty! unmeasured time! I sink beneath the thought sublime That I to thee am tend - ing!
Deep hor - ror fills my quaking heart, My lips in speech refuse to part.

2. E - ter - ni - ty! oh, what a pang! E - ter - ni - ty! no ser-pent's fang Could send that thrill of ter - ror:
When I revolve thy clanking chains, Thy dark abyss of deathless pains, My soul is fill'd with hor - ror.
Oh, search the u - ni - verse around, No e - qual terror can be found!

3. A - wake, O man, from sinful sleep; Be - think thyself, thou straying sheep, Seek God by true re - pent - ance!
A - wake, behold thy wasting sand, E - ter - ni - ty is just at hand, And brings thine awful sen - tence.
This is perchance thy fi - nal day: Who knows how soon he's snatch'd away?

[H. 788. B. W. 130.]

"O Sacred Head, now Wounded."

1. O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weigh'd down!
Now scornfully sur - round - ed With thorns, thine only crown,
O sacred Head, what glo-ry, What bliss, till now, was thine! Yet, though despised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

2. How art thou pale with anguish, With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish Which once was bright as morn!
Thy grief and thy compassion Were all for sinners' gain; Mine, mine was the transgres - sion. But thine the deadly pain.

3. What language shall I bor - row, To thank thee, dearest friend,
For this thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pi-ty without end?
Lord, make me thine for - ev-er, Nor let me faithless prove; Oh, let me nev-er, nev - er A - buse such dying love.

1. Raise, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye; Behold God's balance lift - ed high! There shall his justice be display'd, And there thy hope and life be weigh'd, And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.
2. See in one scale his per - fect law; Mark with what force its precepts draw: Wouldst thou the awful test sustain? Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain! Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!
3. Be - hold, the hand of God ap - pears To trace, in dreadful cha-rac - ters, "Sin - ner, thy soul is wanting found, And wrath shall smite thee to the ground, And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."
4. One on - ly hope may yet pre - vail: Christ hath a weight to turn the scale; Still doth the gos-pel publish peace And show a Sa - viour's righteousness. And show a Saviour's righteousness.

[H. 735. B. W. 298.] "Great God, what do I see and hear?"

1. Great God, what do I see and hear? The end of things cre - a - ted! } The trumpet sounds; the graves restore The dead whom they contain'd before: Prepare, my soul, to meet him.
   The Judge of mankind doth appear. On clouds of glo-ry seat - ed: }
2. The dead in Christ shall first arise. At the last trumpet's sound - ing. } No gloomy fears their souls dismay; His presence sheds e - ter - nal day On those prepared to meet him.
   Caught up to meet him in the skies, With joy their Lord sur - round - ing: }

R This magnificent Choral may easily be adapted to any Long Metre Hymn, by repeating the last strain.

1. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin; My soul is dark and guil - ty, My heart is dead with - in:

2. I need Thee, bless-ed Je - sus, For I am ve - ry poor; A strang - er and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store;

3. I need Thee, blessed Je - sus, And hope to see Thee soon, En - cir - cled with the rain - bow, And seat - ed on thy throne!

I need the cleans - ing foun - tian Where I can al - ways flee, The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ners per - fect plea.

I need the love of Je - sus, To cheer me on the way, To guide my doubt - ing foot - steps, And be my strength and stay.

There, with Thy blood-bought chil-dren, My joy shall ev - er be To sing Thy praise, Lord Je - sus, To gaze, my Lord, on Thee!

1. Gen-tle Shep-herd, Thou hast still'd Now Thy lit - tle lamb's long weep-ing;
Ah, how peace-ful, pale, and mild, In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep-ing! And no sigh of an-guish sore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more.

2. In this world of care and pain, Lord, Thou wouldst no long - er leave it:
To the sun - ny heav'n-ly plain Dost Thou now in joy re - ceive it. Clothed in robes of spot-less white, Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3. Ah, Lord Je - sus, grant that we Where it lives may soon be liv - ing,
And the love - ly pas - tures see That its heav'n-ly food are giv - ing. Then the gain of death we'll prove, Though Thou take what most we love.

[B. W. 329.] NICOLAI. 11s & 10s. "Voice of Praise."

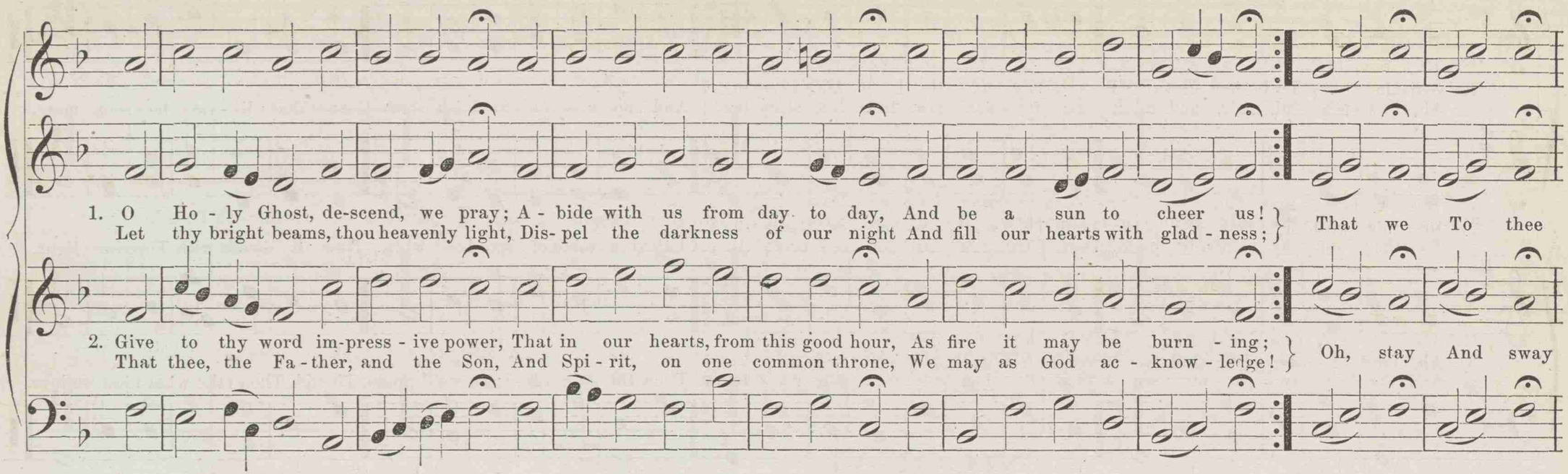
1st 2d

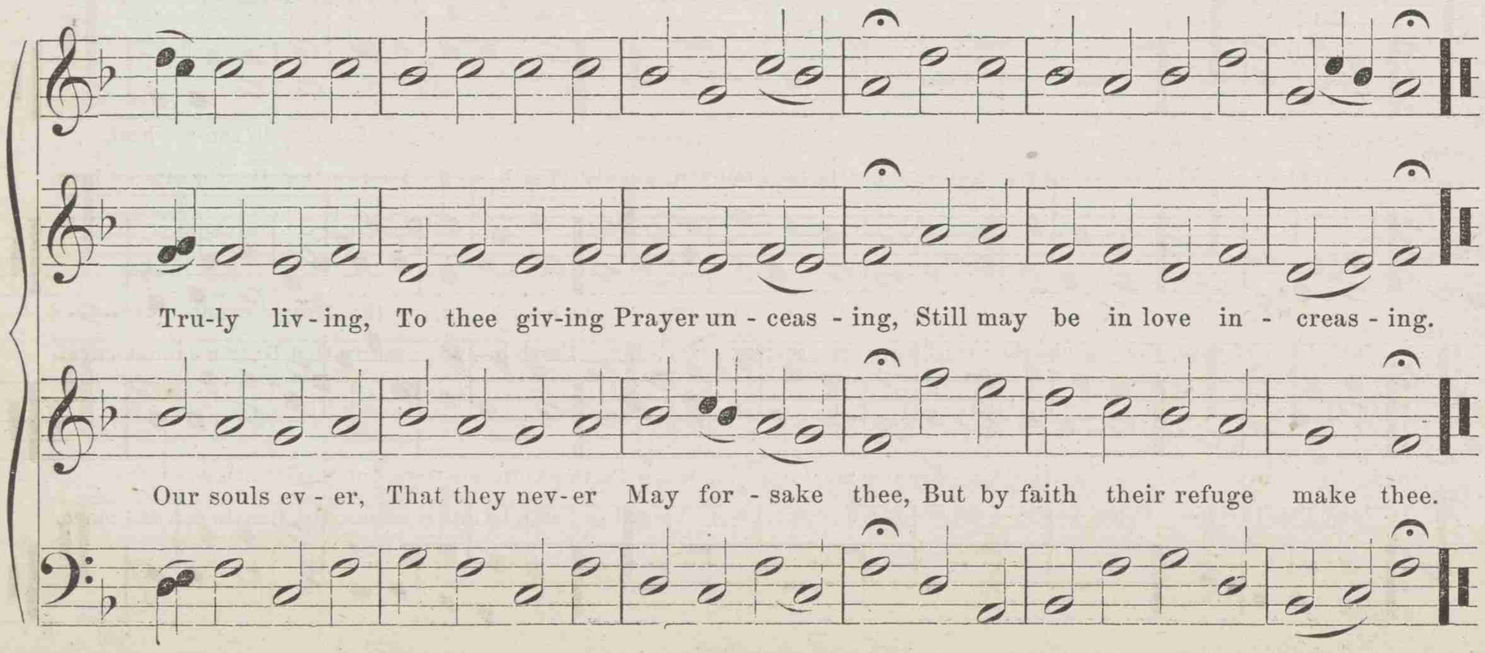
1. Come ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye lan-guish
Come, at the mer-cy seat—*Omit*....., fer-vent-ly kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n can-not heal.

2. Joy of the des-o-late, Light of the stray-ing,
Hope of the pen-i-tent—*Omit*,..... ..... fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-er, in mer-cy say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n cannot cure.

3. Here see the Bread of life; see wa-ters flow-ing
Forth from the throne of God,:—*Omit*..... boundless in love Come to the feast pre-pared; come, ev-er know-ing Earth has its sor-rows, but Heav'n can re-move.

"O Holy Ghost, descend, we pray."





3. Thou fountain whence all wisdom flows
Which God on pious hearts bestows,
Grant us thy consolation,
That in our pure faith's unity
Our Christian brethren all may see
Thy witness truly given.
Hear us,
Cheer us
By thy teaching,
That our preaching
Thy salvation
Soon may tell to every nation.

4. Direct us by thy counsel still,—
That we may understand thy will;
Our ignorance enlighten.
Oh, grant us constancy, that we
May ever faithful prove to thee.
How much soe'er we suffer.
Descend,
Defend
From all errors
And earth's terrors,
Be our healing,
Jesus' love and peace revealing.

1. As the ea - gle fond - ly hov-ers O'er its young de - fenceless brood,
So my God from dan - ger cov-ers, Grant-ing me all need - ed good.
With a fa-ther's love he eyed me, When be-gan mine in - fant days;

2. For me, wretched, hopeless ly - ing, Worthy of his wrath a - lone,
He to shame, and griefs, and dy - ing, Gave his well - be - lov - ed Son.
Who the love of God can measure? None of all our fee - ble race;

3. As my teacher, to di - rect me, He has sent his Spi - rit too,
Who, to com-fort and pro - tect me, Should his scheme of love pur - sue,
And, while I am sin be - wail - ing, Give me hope, in weakness strength,

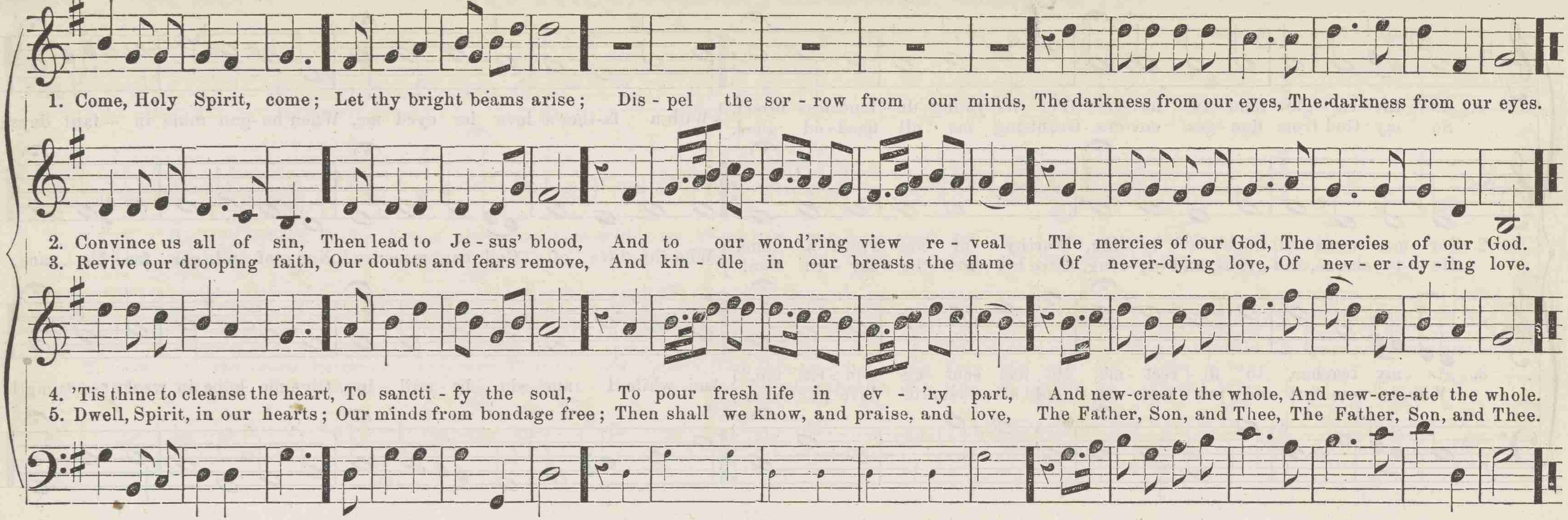
Ere my heart could mean his praise, He with watch-ful care sup-plied me. All things else their time will last, But his love, when time is past.

While on ev' - ry side we trace Proofs that mer - cy is his pleasure. Great my sins, but high a - bove Reaches his un-bound - ed love.

Light in darkness, till, at length, I might sing his grace un - fail - ing, And, though earthly griefs an - noy, Triumph still with ho - ly joy.

[H. 796, B. W. 601.]

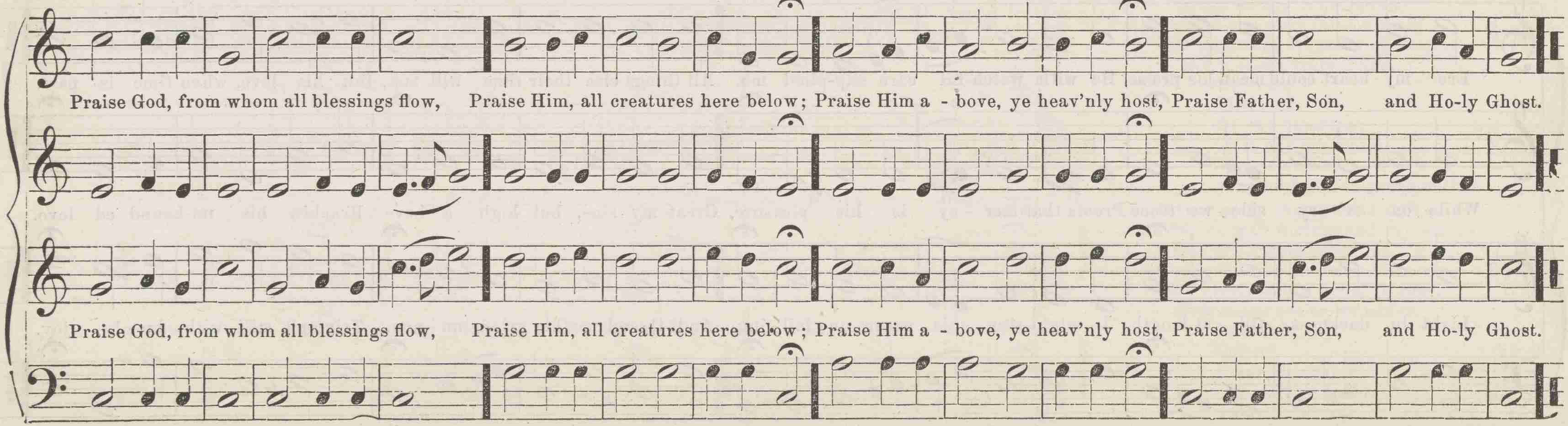
LEE. S. M.



[H. 506. B. W. 292. Dox. 2.]

SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. Emerson.



PILGRIM. 7s.

1. Pil-grim, journeying fee-bly on, Smit-ten by the tor - rid sun, Hop-ing for the cool-ing rain, Look-ing for the shade in vain,
2. Let thy spi - rit not re - pine: Shade and shel-ter shall be thine; Friend-ly hands to thee shall bring Wa - ter from the cool - ing spring;

3. Christian, toil - ing for the prize Kept for thee be-yond the skies, War-ring with the powers of sin, Foes without and foes with - in.

4. Trembling, hop - ing, fill'd with pain, Yet re-joic-ing once a - gain, Shrink not from life's bit-ter cup: God shall bear thy spi - rit up;

Tra - vel - worn and faint at heart, Weak and wea - ry as thou art, God hath said, to com-fort thee, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
And the voice thou lov - est best Calls the wan - d'rer to his rest: God hath said, to com-fort thee, "As thy days thy strength shall be."

Breathing now in rap-ture's air, Verg-ing then up-on de - spair, God hath said, to com-fort thee, "As thy days thy strength shall be."

He shall lead thee safe-ly on, Till the ark of rest is won, Till thy spi - rit is set free: "As thy days thy strength shall be."

FARLAND. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

"Pres. Psalmodist"

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil - grim through this bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art migh - ty,

2. O - pen Thou the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing streams do flow; Let the fie - ry, clou - dy pil - lar

3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side; Death of death! and hell's Des - truc - tion!

Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand: Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

Lead me all my jour - ney through: Strong De - liv' - rer, strong De - liv' - rer Be Thou still my strength and Shield.

Land me safe on Ca - naan's side: Songs of praises, Songs of praises I will ev - er give to Thee.

1. A - bide with me; Fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens: Lord, with me, a - bide!

2. Not a brief glance I beg, a pass - ing word, But as Thou dwell'st with Thy dis - ci - ples, Lord,

3. I need Thy pres - ence eve - ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's power?

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, Oh, a - bide with me.

Fa - mil - iar, con - de - scend - ing, pa - tient, free, Come, not to so - journ, but a - bide with me.

Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me.

SOON AND FOREVER. 10s, 11s, & 12s.

1. Soon and for-ev-er the break-ing of day Shall chase all the night-clouds of sor-row a-way;
Soon and for-ev-er we'll see as we're seen, And know the deep mean-ing of things that have been. Where fightings without, and where conflicts within Shall

2. Soon and for-ev-er such prom-ise our trust— Though ash-es to ash-es and dust be to dust,
Soon and for-ev-er our un-ion shall be Made per-fect, our glo-rious Re-deem-er, in Thee; When the cares and the sorrows of time shall be o'er, Its

3. Soon and for-ev-er the work shall be done, The war-fare ac-complish'd, the vic-to-ry won
Soon and for-ev-er the sol-dier lay down The sword for a harp, and the cross for a crown: Then droop not in sor-row, des-pond not in fear, A

wea-ry no more in the war-fare with sin, Where tears, and where fears, and where death shall be nev-er, Christians with Christ shall be soon and for-ev-er.

pangs and its part-ings re-mem-ber'd no more, Where life can-not fail, and where death cannot sev-er, Christ-ians with Christ shall be soon and for-ev-er.

glo-rious to-mor-row is bright-'ning and near, When bless-ed re-ward for each faith-ful en-dea-vor, Christians with Christ shall be soon and for-ev-er.

The Lord is God!— To Fa - ther, Son, and Spi - rit, Let saints u - nite their grate - ful songs to raise!—
Till all the na - tions of the world shall hear it, And all shall learn to swell the notes of praise.

Let earth and skies re - joice To spread his name a - broad, And shout with thank - ful voice, "The Lord is God!"

268 [H. 399. B. W. 571.] "O my Soul, what means this Sadness?" 8s & 7s.

1. O my soul, what means this sadness? Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness, [omit] - - - - - - - - - - Bid thy rest-less fears be-gone; Look to Je-sus, Look to Je-sus, And re-joice in his dear name.

2. What though Satan's strong temptations Vex and grieve thee day by day?
And thy sin-ful in-cli-na-tions [omit] - - - - - - - - - - Oft-en fill thee with dis-may? Thou shalt conquer, Thou shalt conquer, Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3. Though ten thousand ills be-set thee, From without and from with-in,
Je-sus said, he'll ne'er for-get thee, [omit] - - - - - - - - - - But will save from hell and sin: He is faith-ful. He is faith-ful, To per-form his gra-cious word.

[H. 776.] "Come, thou Saviour of our Race." 7s.

1. Come, thou Sa-viour of our race, Choicest gift of heavenly grace; O thou blessed vir-gin's Son! Be thy race on earth be-gun.

2. Not of mor-tal blood or birth, He descends from heaven to earth; By the Ho-ly Ghost conceived, Tru-ly man, to be believed.

3. Wondrous birth! oh, wondrous child Of the vir-gin un-de-filed! Though by all the world disown'd, Still to be in heaven enthroned.

4. From the Father forth he came, And re-turn-eth to the same, Cap-tive leading death and hell: High the song of triumph swell.

[H. 983. B. W. 322.] **"Soon in the grave my flesh shall rest." C. M. Lutzen.**

1. Soon in the grave my flesh shall rest, My soul from earth re - move, And, in the Saviour's glo - ry dress'd, Shall reach the home I love, Shall reach the home I love,—

2. My friends the whole ce - les - tial choir, My ev' - ry feeling joy, To ho - nor God my one de - sire, His praise my one em - ploy, His praise my one em - ploy.

3. Nor would I wait till an - gel - host Shall teach their song to raise: To Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost I'll here be - gin my praise, I'll here be - gin my praise.

[H. 775. B. W. 153.] **"Commit thy Way confiding."**

1. Commit thy way con - fid - ing, When trials here a - rise,
To Him whose hand is guid - ing The tumult of the skies.
There clouds and tempest, rag - ing, Have all their paths assign'd: Will God, for thee en - gag - ing, No way of safety find?

2. Trust in the Lord: his fa - vor Will for thy wants pro-vide;
Re-gard his word, and ev - er Thy work shall safe a - bide.
When sorrows here o'er-take thee, And self-in-flict - ed care, Let not thy God for-sake thee: He listens for thy prayer.

WILBER. 11s & 12s.

"Harp of Judah."

1. Oh, join ye the an - thems of tri - umph that rise From the throng of the blest, from the hosts of the skies;
2. He gave to the light its be - nef - i - cent wings; He con - troll - eth the coun - cils of sen - ates and kings;
3. Re - joice, ye that love Him; His pow'r can - not fail; His om - ni - po - tent good - ness shall sure - ly pre - vail;

Al - le - lu - ia, they sing, in rap - tu - rous strains, Al - le - lu - ia, the Lord God om - ni - po - tent reigns!
From His throne in the clouds the light - 'nings are hurl'd, And He rul - eth the fac - tions that rage through the world.
The tri - umph of ev - il will short - ly be pass'd, The om - ni - po - tent King shall con - quer at last.

1. O eyes that are wea - ry, and hearts that are sore! Look off un - to Je - sus, now sor - row no more!

2. While look - ing to Je - sus, my heart can - not fear; I trem - ble no more when I see Je - sus near;

3. Still look - ing to Je - sus, oh, may I be found, When Jor - dan's dark wa - ters en - com - pass me round:

The light of His count - e - nance shin - eth so bright, That here, as in heav - en, there need be no night.

I know that His pres - ence my safe - guard will be, For, "Why are ye trou - bled?" He saith un - to me

They bear me a - way in His pres - ence to be: I see Him still near - er whom al - ways I see.

[H. 341.]

"God my Lord and Saviour."

1. From God, my Lord and Saviour, I'll never swerve nor stray;
His love and sure pro-tec - tion Fail not from day to day:
} He ever is the same: He shortens all my sor-row, And will relieve to-mor - row, As he hath done to-day.

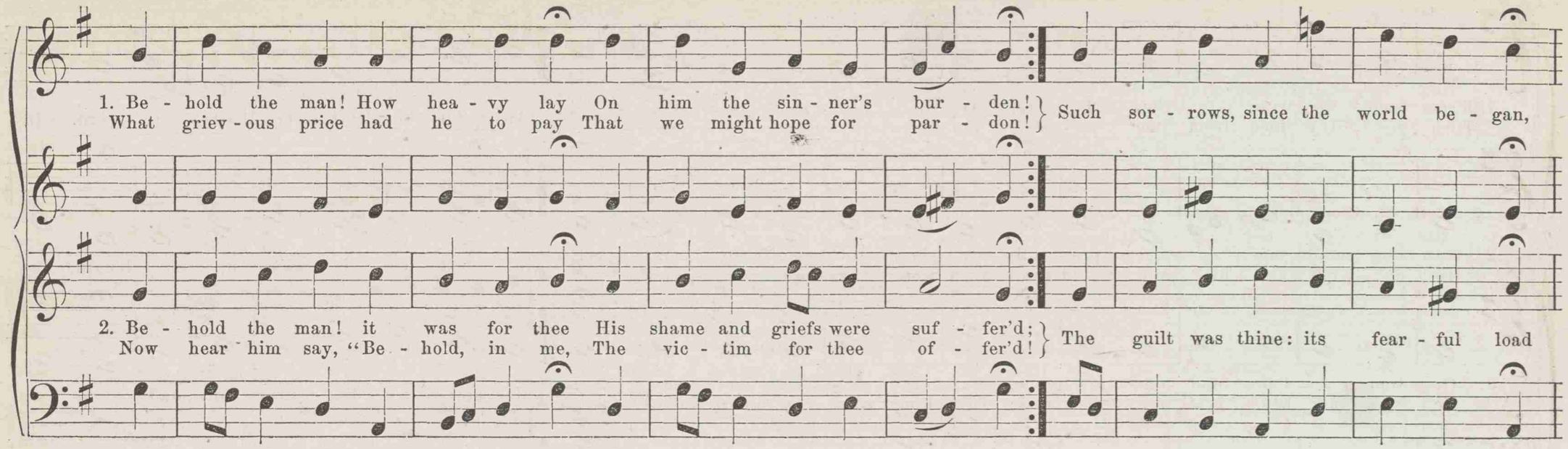
2. When I am dis-ap - point-ed, From man find no re-lief,
I fly to God's an - oint - ed, Who softens all my grief:
} He ne'er withholds his love From his most wretched creature, Removes my sinful nature, And fits for joys above.

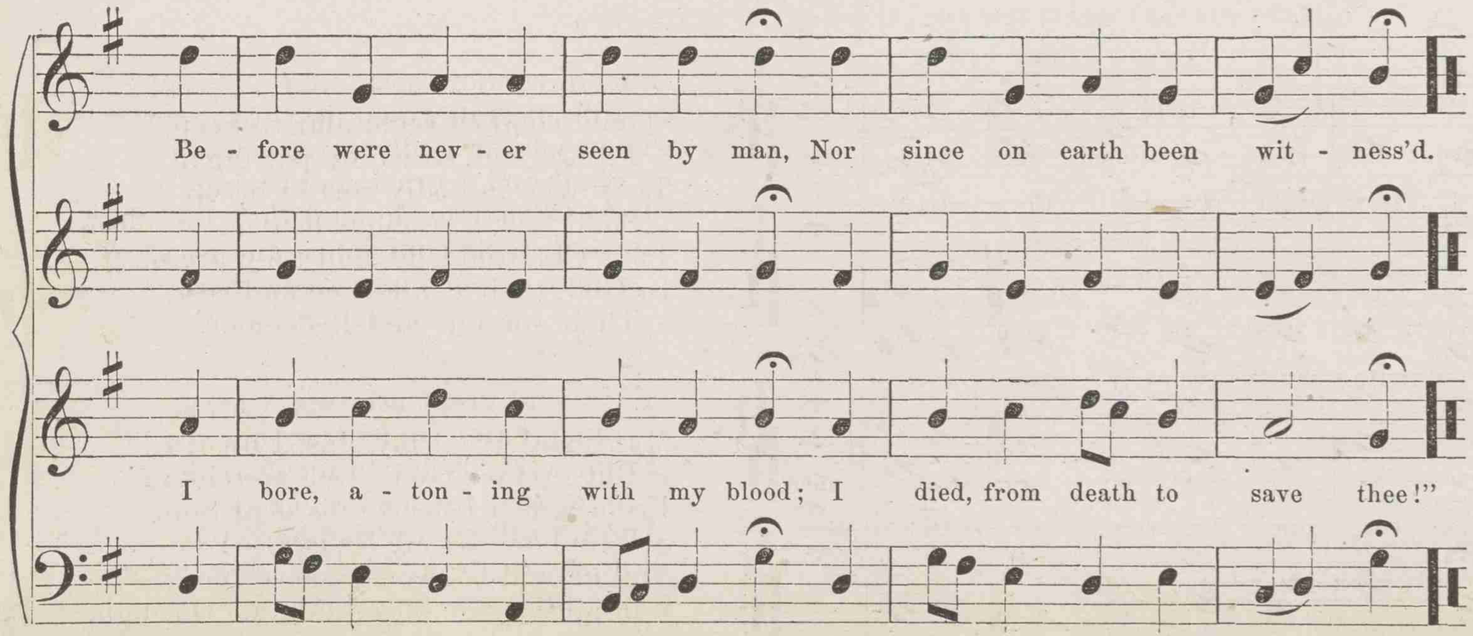
[H. 844.]

"This man sinners doth receive."

1. "This man sinners doth receive!" Well may we the say - ing pon - der,
Who in sin's de - lu - sions live, And from God and heav-en wan - der.
} This a-lone sure hope can give, "Jesus sin - ners doth re - ceive!"

2. We deserve but grief and shame, Yet his words, rich grace re - veal - ing,
Par - don, peace, and life pro-claim, Here their ills have per - fect heal - ing
} Who with humble hearts be-lieve "Je-sus sinners doth re - ceive!"





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3.

Blest Jesus, God's beloved Son!
Who all my sins removest,
Exalted to thy Father's throne,
Show that my soul thou lovest!
And let thy griefs and death, O Lord,
New life and peace to me afford,
Thus glorify thy mercy.

4.

And when the world, when flesh and blood,
To paths of sins allure me,
That I may keep the heavenly road,
From wandering to secure me,
In mercy cry to me, "Behold
The man who suffer'd ills untold
For thee!—Wilt thou forsake me?"

"From deep distress to Thee I pray."

1. From deep dis - tress to thee I pray, O God, hear my en - trea - ty!
Turn not thy face from me a - way, But show thy ten - der pi - ty:
As judge, shouldst thou my deeds re - gard, In

2. With thee should mer - cy not pre - vail To show to man thy fa - vor,
His ev' - ry act his guilt would swell: Vain were his best en - dea - vor.
His good - ness, in its ut - most length, Re-

3. On God a - lone, and on his grace, Can I se - cure - ly rest me:
He sees my heart, heals my dis - tress: To him, then, why not trust me?
He owns a Fa - ther's name, and knows The

jus - tice weigh - ing due a - ward, How could I stand the tri - al?
veals his ut - ter want of strength: He must re - ly on mer - cy.
full a - mount of hu - man woes: On him be my re - li - ance.

4.

Should comfort seem afar to keep,
I'll not sink down despairing:
They who in godly sorrow weep
Shall find a gracious hearing:
Thus Christians do, and they are blest,
In God, their confidence and rest,
Their comfort and Redeemer.

5.

Many and great my sins, I own,
But greater God's free mercies:
From wrath I flee to his dear Son,
Who bore for me its curses:
And he will be my shepherd too,
Will all my troubles guide me through,
To rest with him in glory.

1. O Lord, uphold us by thy word, And break our foes' descend - ing sword; Fain would they banish from his throne Thy Son, whom thou dost call thine own.

2. Lord Je - sus Christ, thy power display, Es-ta - blish o'er the world thy sway; De - fend thy church, who to thy praise Shall high the song of triumph raise.

3. O Ho - ly Ghost, descend, we pray, Thy sanc-ti - fy - ing power dis-play, Thy church console, our hearts u - nite, And guide us to the realms of light.

4. Thus shall the world admir - ing see That thou art God e - ter - nal - ly, That faith - ful thou dost still de - fend Thy peo - ple who on thee de - pend.

[B. W. 146.] **THE SINNER'S FRIEND. 8s, & 6s.** "Jubilate."

1. O Thou, the con - trite sin - ner's friend! Who lov - ing lov'st them to the end, On this a-lone my hopes de - pend, That Thou wilt plead for me.

2. When wea - ry in the Chris - tian race, Far off appears my rest - ing place, And faint - ing, I mis - trust Thy grace, Then Sa-viour, plead for me

3. When I have err'd and gone as - tray, A - far from Thine and wis-dom's way, And see no glimmering, guid-ing ray, Still, Sav - iour, plead for me.

1. Come let us a - new Our jour - ney pur - sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap-pear! His a - dor - a - ble

2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swift-ly a - way, And the fug - i - tive mo - ment re - fu - ses to stay: The ar - row is

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!" Oh, that each from his

will Let us glad - ly ful - fil, And our tal-ents im - prove By the pa - tience of hope, and the la - bor of love, By the pa-tience of hope, and the la - bor of love.

flown—The mo-ment is gone—The millen - ni - al year Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's near, Rushes on to our view and e - ter - ni-ty's near

Lord, May re-ceive the glad word, Well and faithfully done! Enter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne!" Enter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

1. Gent - ly, Lord, Oh, gent - ly lead us Through this lone - ly vale of tears; Through the chang - es Thou'st de - creed us, Till our last great change ap - pears:
When temp-ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray, Let Thy good-ness nev - er fail us; Lead us in Thy per - fect way.

2. In the hour of pain and an - guish, In the hour when death draws near, Suf - fer not our hearts to lan - guish, Suf - fer not our souls to fear.
And when mor - tal life is end - ed, Bid us on Thy bo - som rest, Till by an - gel - bands at - tend - ed, We a - awake a - mong the blest!

[H. 220.]

Aspire, my heart, on high to live.

1. As-pire, my heart, *on high* to live! For there is found thy trea - sure:
What's *here*, would all thy hopes deceive,—*There* on - ly is true plea - sure:
Poor is the wealth that soon must fail, No o - ther can for thee a-vail Than riches stored in hea - ven.

2. 'Tis all a gift,—not wages paid,— This treasure none can me - rit;
And Jesus, who atonement made, He, on - ly, can con - fer it.
The soul can have no higher good Than God's beloved Son, with blood, For us hath dear-ly purchased.

3. This is a treasure will remain,— By faith in him we seal it:
No foe can make its ti - tle vain, No thief can ev - er steal it.
Nor death nor time its worth destroys: 'Twill be a source of ho - ly joys, Long as the soul is liv - ing.

God is true!—Them he will ne'er forsake.

Adapted by W. D. R.

1. Our God is true!—Them he will ne'er for - sake, For whom his love he shows;
Our God is true!—We shall his care par - take In all our joys and woes:
His wings will

2. Our God is true!—He is a faith - ful friend, We from ex - pe - rience know;—
And, rest as - sured, he will our souls de - fend From ev' - ry watch - ful foe.
His cov' - nant

3. Our God is true!—Nev - er for get, my soul, How kind and true he is!
Be true to God!—Let this thy life con - trol, And be de - vout ly his!
From lov - ing

spread their shel - ter o'er us:—Though moun - tains quake, earth yawn be - fore us: Our God is true!

love gives no de - ni - al To hum - ble faith, in hours of tri - al: Our God is true!

him let noth - ing drive thee! And of this stay let none de - prive thee: "*Our God is true!*"

1. Day of judg - ment,—day of won - ders! Hark! the trum - pet's aw - ful sound, Loud - er than a thou - sand thun - ders,
2. See the Judge our na - ture wear - ing, Clothed in ma - jes - ty di - vine! Ye, who long for his ap - pear - ing,
3. At his call the dead a - wa - ken, Rise to life from earth, and see; All the powers of na - ture, sha - ken
4. But to those who have con - fess - ed. Loved, and served the Lord be - low, He will say, "Come near, ye bless - ed!

Shakes the vast cre - a - tion round! How the sum - mons, How the sum - mons Will the sin - ner's heart con - found!
Then shall say, "This God is mine!" Gra - cious Sa - viour! Gra - cious Sa - viour! Own me in that day for thine!
By his looks, pre - pare to flee! Care - less sin - ner! Care - less sin - ner! What will then be - come of thee?
See the king - dom I be - stow! You for - ev - er, You for - ev - er Shall my love and glo - ry know."

"O God! look down from heaven, we pray."

1. O God! look down from heaven, we pray, Thy ten - der - ness a - wa - ken!
Thy saints, so few, fast fade a - way: Hast thou thy poor for - sa - ken?
Thy word no more is taught a - right, And

2. From teach - ers of false doc - trine, Lord, Thy church, we pray, de - li - ver:
They un - der - take to rule thy word, As wi - ser than its gi - ver.
Who shall con - trol our tongues? they say, Who

3. God there - fore saith, "I will a - rise, My poor they are op - press - ing:
I see their tears, I hear their cries: Their wrongs shall have re - dress - ing.
My heal - ing word shall now ap - pear. The

faith from earth has va - nish'd quite: O Lord our God, re - vive us!

dare prescribe an - oth - er way? Who hath do - mi - nion o'er us?

proud shall think its truths se - vere, But it shall save the hum - ble."

4.

As silver seven times purified
Is known and prized the higher,
The word of God, when fully tried,
Doth deeper love inspire:
The cross but proves its greater worth:
It shines abroad o'er all the earth,
Enlightening all the nations.

5

O God, preserve it pure, we pray,
In this vile generation,
May we still walk its perfect way,
And see thy full salvation;
Here may it make the simple wise,
And there, beyond the glittering skies,
Fill every mouth with gladness.

1. Oh that I had a thousand voi - ces! A mouth to speak with thousand tongues!
Then, with a heart his praise re - joi - ces, Would I proclaim in grateful songs,
} To all, wherev - er I might be, What 'tis the Lord hath done for me.

2. Dear Fa-ther, endless praise I ren - der, For soul and body strange - ly join'd;
I praise thee, Guardian kind and ten-der, For all the no - ble joys I find
} So rich - ly spread on ev' - ry side, And free - ly for my use supplied.

3. What e-qual praises can I of - fer, Dear Je - sus, for thy mer-cy shown?
What pangs, my Saviour, didst thou suf - fer, And thus for all my sins a-tone!
} Thy death a-lone my soul could free From Satan, to be blest with thee.

[H. 1020.] "Now to the Father-God, who gave us."

Now to the Father-God, who gave us His Son to bear a - way our guilt;
To God the Son, made flesh to save us, Whose blood was for our ran - som spilt;
} To God the Spi - rit of all grace, Let praise as-cend from ev' - ry place.

MOZART. C. M. Double.

1. I love the bless-ed Sab-bath-day, Which God has kind-ly given, When we may meet to praise and pray, And learn the way to heaven.

2. I love to hear that Je-sus died, And how he rose a-gain, Ex-alt-ed at his Fa-ther's side, A Sa-viour-Prince to reign.

3. I love to sing on earth his grace To fall-en, sin-ful man; But when in glo-ry him I'll praise More than the an-gels can.

It leads our youth-ful thoughts to Him Who reigns in light a-bove, And makes the joys of earth grow dim While mus-ing on his love.

To him the pure an-gel-ic throng Raise their se-raph-ic strain; And yet a child's thanksgiving song His listen-ing ear may gain.

Then will we sing, in loud-er strain, Through all e-ter-ni-ty, Wor-thy the Lamb that once was slain! To him all glo-ry be.

1. Come hi - ther, ye faith - ful, tri - um - phant - ly sing: Come see in the man - ger the an - gels' dread King!

2. True Son of the Fa - ther, He comes from the skies; To be born of a vir - gin He does not de - spise:

3. Hark! hark to the an gels, all sing - ing in heav'n, "To God in the high - est all glo - ry be giv'n"

To Beth - le - hem has - ten with joy - ful ac - cord; Oh, come ye, come hith - er, to wor - ship the Lord!

To Beth - le - hem has - ten with joy - ful ac - cord; Oh, come ye, come hith - er, to wor - ship the Lord!

To Beth - le hem has - ten with joy - ful ac - cord; Oh, come ye, come hith er, to wor - ship the Lord!

1. The day is gone, the wea - ry sun de - clin - ing Be - hind the hills, and now the stars are shin - ing; But Je - sus, Sun of

2. 'Twere ut - ter darkness here if thou shouldst fail me, Where all the powers of e - vil would as - sail me, And plunge me in - to

3. Ac - cept, O God of grace, for dai - ly fa - vors, Which now and ev - er prompt to good en - dea - vors, My of - fer'd thanks; and

right - eous - ness, a - bide, Nor from my soul thy gra - cious pre - sence hide.

deeps of end - less night, With - out one star to shed its glimmering light.

may their in - cense rise, By love's pure flame en - kin - dled from the skies.

4.

Of every wrong this day I've done before thee,
Through thy dear Son, for pardon I implore thee;
And when in sleep I rest my weary head,
Be still thy wings of love around me spread!

5.

And when life's day by night shall be o'ertaken,
May then my soul, its faith in thee unshaken,
From death's dark vale with angels soar away
To where thy presence makes eternal day.

1. Re - joice, ye ran - som'd of the Lord, Now ban - ish all your sad - ness:
Tune all your hearts with one ac - cord, And sing a - loud for glad - ness:
Tell what the Lord for us hath wrought, At

2. A thrall of Sa - tan once I lay Be - neath death's gloom - y pow - er,
Sin rack'd my soul by night and day, And deep - er, deep - er ev'ry hour.
From that which gave me birth I fell; No

Good works with me could naught a - vail, By them I must have per - ish'd;
To good - ness dead, I dared as - sail His law who had me cher - ish'd
My an - guish drove me to de - spair, While

what a price our souls were bought, And all his won - d'rous good - ness.

peace with - in my breast might dwell, Sin reign'd in all my na - ture.

death frown'd on me ev' - ry - where, And hell yawn'd just be - fore me.

4. Then touch'd my wretchedness the heart
Of Him who reigns in heaven;
He deign'd his mercy to impart,
And show my sins forgiven—
My Father's heart yearn'd over me;
What greater love than this could be,
Which gave his richest treasure?

5. "Go, my beloved Son," said he,
"Thou who my glory wearest,
Now let the world my mercy see,
Whilst thou salvation bearest;
Now burst their bonds, and free from sin,
Destroy the reign of death, and win
Eternal life for sinners."

6. The Son obey'd the Father's voice,
He own'd his virgin mother;
Let all the world aloud rejoice,
He hath become my brother;
Yea, he my humble form assumes,
And Satan to perdition dooms,
And thus his kingdom cometh.

"A safe stronghold our God is still."

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

1. A safe stronghold our God is still,
He will de - liv - er from the ill
Our shield and sur - est weap - on;
That hath us now o'er - ta - ken.
Our old dead - ly foe Now aims his last blow;

2. By strength of ours could naught be done;
But for us fights the val - iant One,
The strife full soon were end - ed:
By God him - self com - mand - ed.
Ask you, "Who is He?" Christ Je - sus, there see,

Deep guile and strong power He boast-eth in this hour: On earth is not his e - qual

The Lord Sa - ba - oth, Our God and Sa-viour both— He conquers in this bat - tle.

3.

Though devils all the earth should fill,
Each watching to devour us,
We tremble not, we fear no ill,
They cannot overpower us.
The false prince of hell
May rage, rave, and swell.
He harms not a hair,
We shall escape his snare,
Christ's lightest word shall stay him.

4.

His word forever shall abide,
Our foes can ne'er destroy it,
He standeth ever at our side,
And cheers us by his Spirit.
And take they our life,
Goods, fame, children, wife,
When their worst is done,
Yet have they nothing won:—
We shall receive the kingdom.

PART II.

ANTHEMS AND CHANTS.

"SUBLIMEST THEME."

AN ODE ON THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

THOMAS TARMAN.
Contributed by the choir of the
Charles St. Meth. Episc'l Church, Baltimore.

ALTO. Trio. Slowly.

Sub - li - mest theme that e'er em - ploy'd The tongues of an - gels or of men, The

TENOR.

Sub - li - mest theme that e'er em - ploy'd The tongues of an - gels or of men, The

BASS.

tongues of an - gels or of men, Je - ho - vah's love be mag - ni-fied, Je - ho - vah's love be mag - ni-fied, Je - ho - vah's love be

tongues of an - gels or of men, Je - ho - vah's love be mag - ni-fied, Je - ho - vah's love be mag - ni-fied, Je - ho - vah's love be

mag - ni-fied, be mag - ni-fied, The great Mes - si - ah comes to reign, The great Mes - si - ah comes to reign!

mag - ni-fied, be mag - ni-fied, The great Mes - si - ah comes to reign, The great Mes - si - ah comes to reign!

TENOR. **CHORUS.** **Animated.**

In strains se - raph - ic an - gels sing, Glad ti - dings of great joy we bring,

ALTO.

Glad ti - dings, Glad

TREBLE.

In strains se - raph - ic an - gels sing, Glad ti - dings of great joy we bring, Glad ti - dings, Glad

BASS.

Glad

Glad ti - dings, glad ti - dings, glad ti - dings of great

ti - dings of great joy we bring, Glad ti - dings, glad ti - dings of great joy.

ti - dings, Glad ti - dings, glad ti - dings of great joy.

ti - dings, Glad ti - dings, glad ti - dings, glad ti - dings of great

joy, In strains se - raph - ic an - gels sing, Glad ti - dings of great joy we bring, Glad ti - dings of great

In strains se - raph - ic an - gels sing, Glad ti - dings of great joy we bring, Glad ti - dings of great

T joy.

"SUBLIMEST THEME." Continued.

joy we bring. Pro - claim the bliss - ful news a - round, That peace a - lone through

Pro - claim the bliss-ful news a - round,

joy we bring. Pro - claim the bliss - ful news a - round, That peace a - lone through

Pro - claim the bliss-ful news a - round.

Christ is found.

Treble Solo.

Christ is found! Pro - claim the bliss - ful news a - round, That peace a - lone through Christ is found!

Tutti.

Pro - claim the bliss - ful news a - round, That peace a - lone through Christ is found, That peace a - lone through Christ is found.

Pro - claim the bliss - ful news a - round, That peace a - lone through Christ is found, That peace a - lone through Christ is found.

DUETTO, Tenor and Bass.

A - maz - ing love! Je - ho - vah gave His on - ly Son, his on - ly Son,

his on - ly Son, our souls to save! Go spread the joy - ful news a - broad, Re - demp - tion

"SUBLIMEST THEME." Continued.

through the Son of God! Go spread the joy - ful

Go spread the joy - ful news a - broad,

news a - broad, Re - demp - tion, Re - demp - tion, Re - demp - tion through the Son of God!

CHORUS **Animated, but not too quick.**

Break forth, break forth in a - ni - mat - ed strains, break forth, break orth, break

break forth, break

Break forth, break forth in a - ni - mat - ed strains, break forth, break forth in a - ni - mat - ed

forth in

forth, break forth, break forth in a - ni - mat - ed strains, break forth, break forth in a - ni - mat - ed strains, break

forth in a - ni - mat - ed strains, in a - ni - mat - ed strains, break forth, break forth in a - ni - mat - ed strains, break

strains, break forth, break forth in a - ni - mat - ed strains, break forth, - - - break forth, - - - - - break

a - ni - mat - ed strains, break forth in a - ni - mat - ed strains, break forth, - - - - break forth, - - - - break

forth - - - - in a - ni - mat - ed strains. Be - hold, a King in Zi - on reigns! Be - hold, a

forth, - - - - break forth - - - -

forth, break forth in a - ni - mat - ed strains. Be - hold, a King in Zi - on reigns! Be - hold, a

forth, break forth in a - ni - mat - ed

King, a King in Zi - on reigns, a King in Zi - on reigns, Be - hold, a King in Zi - on reigns, in

King, a King in Zi - on reigns, a King in Zi - on reigns, Be - hold, a King in Zi - on reigns, in

Adagio.

Zi . . . . . on reigns. His glo - rious king - dom shall in - crease, In

Adagio.

Zi . . . . . on reigns.

His glo - rious king - dom shall in - crease,

ev' - ry land, till time shall cease.

His glo - rious king - dom shall in - crease,

shall in - crease, shall in - crease, His glo - rious king - dom shall in - crease, In ev' - ry land, till time shall cease.

shall in - crease, shall in - crease, His

"SUBLIMEST THEME." Concluded.

In ev' - ry land, till time - - - - - shall cease. His glo - rious kingdom shall in-crease, In ev' - ry land, till

His glo-rious kingdom shall in - crease, His

glo - rious kingdom shall increase, In ev' - ry land, till time shall cease. His glorious kingdom shall increase, In ev' - ry land, till

His glo - rious kingdom shall increase, In ev' - ry land, till time shall cease. His

time shall cease, In ev' - ry land, till time shall cease, In ev' - ry land, till time shall cease.

time shall cease, In ev' - ry land, till time shall cease, In ev' - ry land, till time shall cease.

Adagio.

Tenor and Bass. Duetto.

There were shepherds a - bi - ding in the fields, keeping watch o - ver their flocks by night, keeping watch o - ver their flocks by night; And, lo! the an - gel of the Lord came up - on them, and they were sore a - fraid. And the an - gel said un- to them, Fear not; For, be - hold, I bring you glad ti - dings, glad ti - dings, which shall be to all peo - ple. For un - to you is born this day, in the ci - ty of Da - vid, a Sa - viour, who is Christ the Lord.

Ritard.

"There were Shepherds." Continued.

TENOR. **Quartette.**

ALTO.

And sud - den-ly there was with the an - gel a mul - ti-tude of the heaven - ly host praising God, and say - ing,

SOPRANO.

BASS.

CHORUS. Majestically.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est, good will to men; Glo - ry to God in the

And peace on earth, good will to men;

high - est, And peace on earth, good will to men, good will to men. Glo ry to God in the high - est, and

pp Rit. *ff* a tempo.

good will to men, good will to men.

peace on earth, good will to men, good will to men. Peace on earth, good will to men, good will to men, good will to men.

pp Rit. *ff* a tempo.

good will to men, good will to men.

ANTHEM FOR CHRISTMAS. "Glory to God in the highest."

Arranged from "CIMAROSA."

Play the first four measures as an introductory Symphony.

Glo - ry to God in the high-est, in the high - est, Glo - ry be to God, Glo - ry to

Glo - ry to God in the high-est, in the high - est, Glo - ry be to God, Glo - ry to God in the high - est,

Glo - ry to God in the high-est, in the high - est, Glo - ry be to God, Glo - ry to

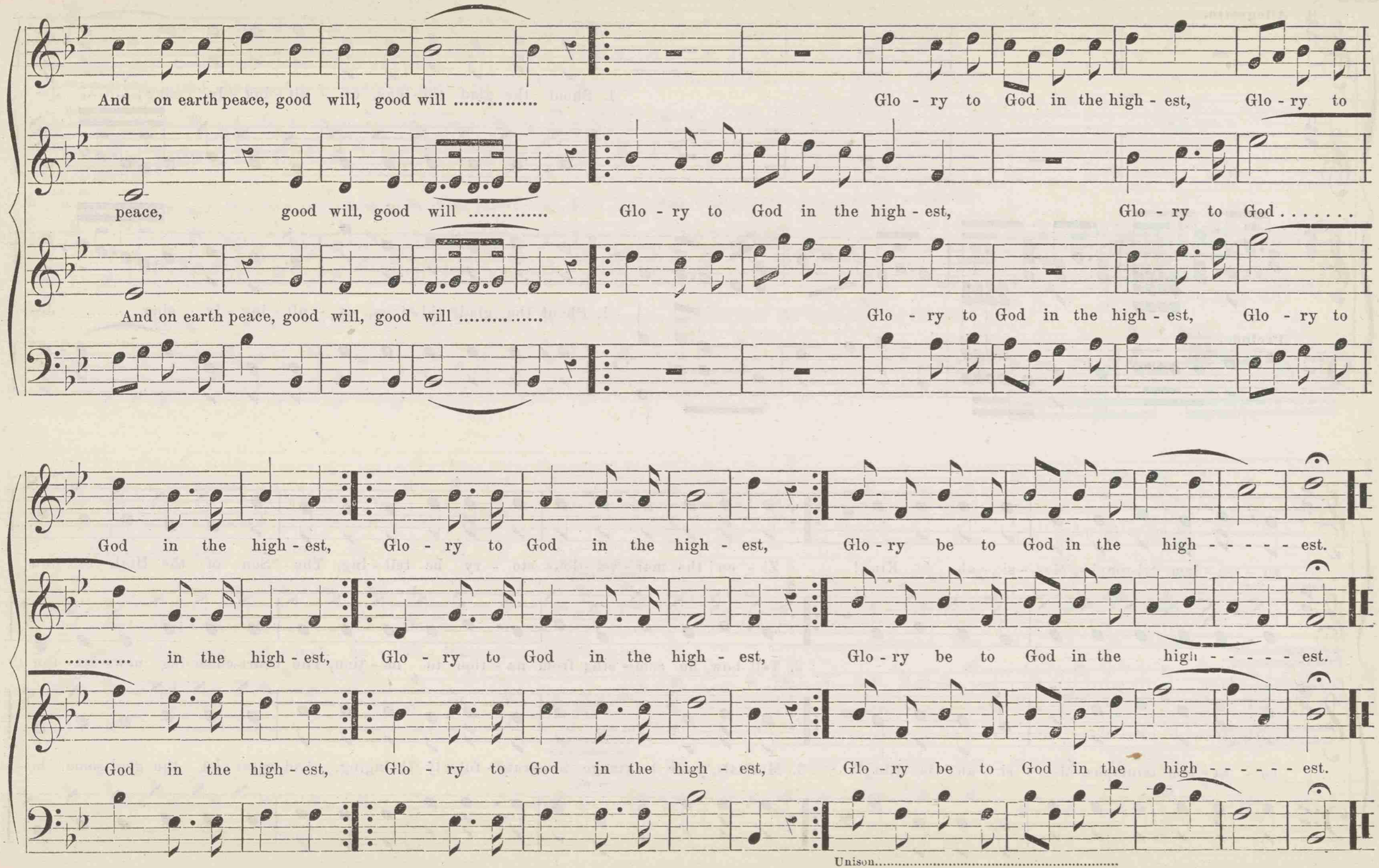
Unison..... Unison.....

God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high-est, in the high-est, in the high - est,

Glo - ry to God in the high-est, in the high-est, in the high - est, And on earth peace, And on earth

God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high-est, in the high - est, in the high - est, And on earth peace,

Unison.....


And on earth peace, good will, good will .....
Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry to
peace, good will, good will .....
Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God .....
And on earth peace, good will, good will .....
Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry to
God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry be to God in the high - - - - - est.
..... in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry be to God in the high - - - - - est.
God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry be to God in the high - - - - - est.
Unison.....

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM. "Shout the glad tidings."

AVISON.

Allegretto.

1. Shout the glad tid-ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing; ..... Je-

1. Shout the glad tid-ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing..... Je-

Prelude.

ru - sa - lem tri-umphs, Mes - si - ah is King! Zi - on! the mar - vel - lous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the High - est, how

2. Tell how he com - eth; from na - tion to na - tion, The heart-cheer-ing news let the

ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King! 3. Mor-tals, your ho - mage be grate - ful - ly bringing, And sweet let the glad-some ho-

lowly his birth ! The brightest archangel in glo-ry ex-cell-ing, He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns up-on earth;

earth echo round; How free to the faithful he offers sal-va-tion, How his people with joy ever-last-ing are crown'd;

san-na a-rise; Ye angels, the full hal-le - lu-jah be sing-ing, One cho-rus resound thro' the earth and the skies;

Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing;..... Je - ru - sa - lem tri-umphs, Mes - si - ah is King!

Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing;..... Je - ru - sa - lem tri-umphs, Mes - si - ah is King!

Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing;..... Je - ru - sa - lem tri-umphs, Mes - si - ah is King!

"Shout the glad tidings. Concluded.

Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing;..... Je - ru - sa - lem tri-umphs, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes-

Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing;..... Je - ru - sa - lem tri-umphs, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes-

Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing;..... Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes-

si - ah is King!

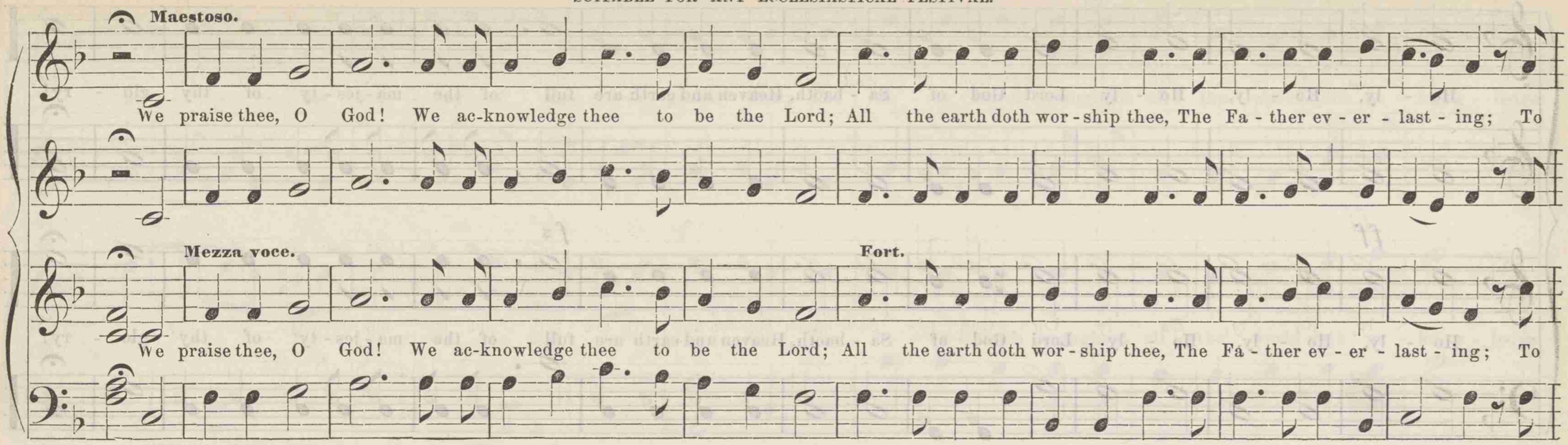
si - ah is King!

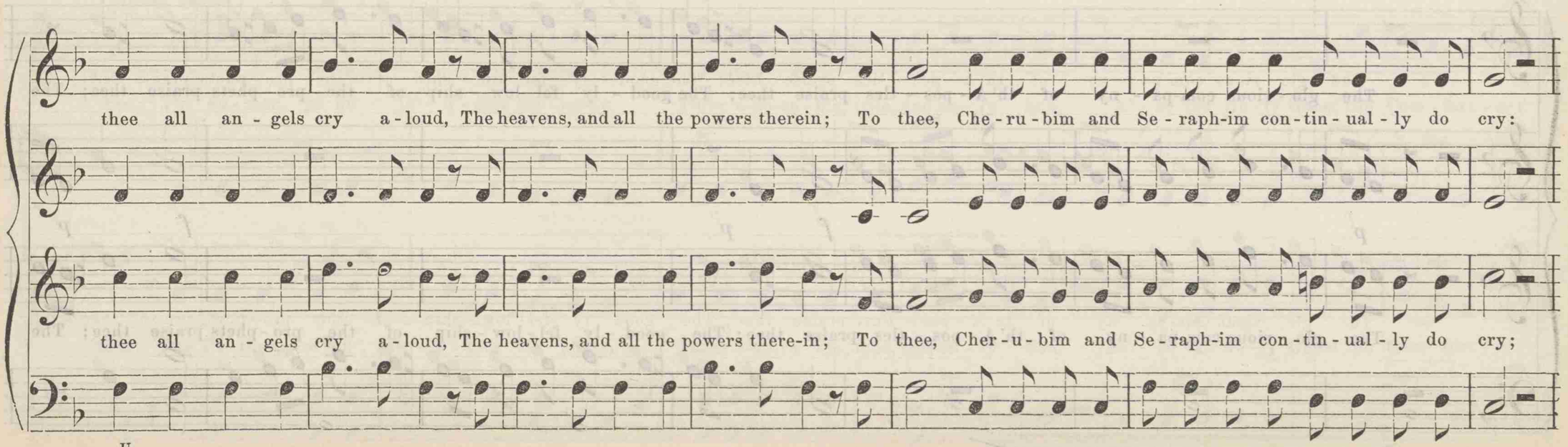
si - ah is King!

Interlude.

GRAND TE DEUM.

SUITABLE FOR ANY ECCLESIASTICAL FESTIVAL.





Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of Sa - baoth, Heaven and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy glo - ry!

ff *fz*

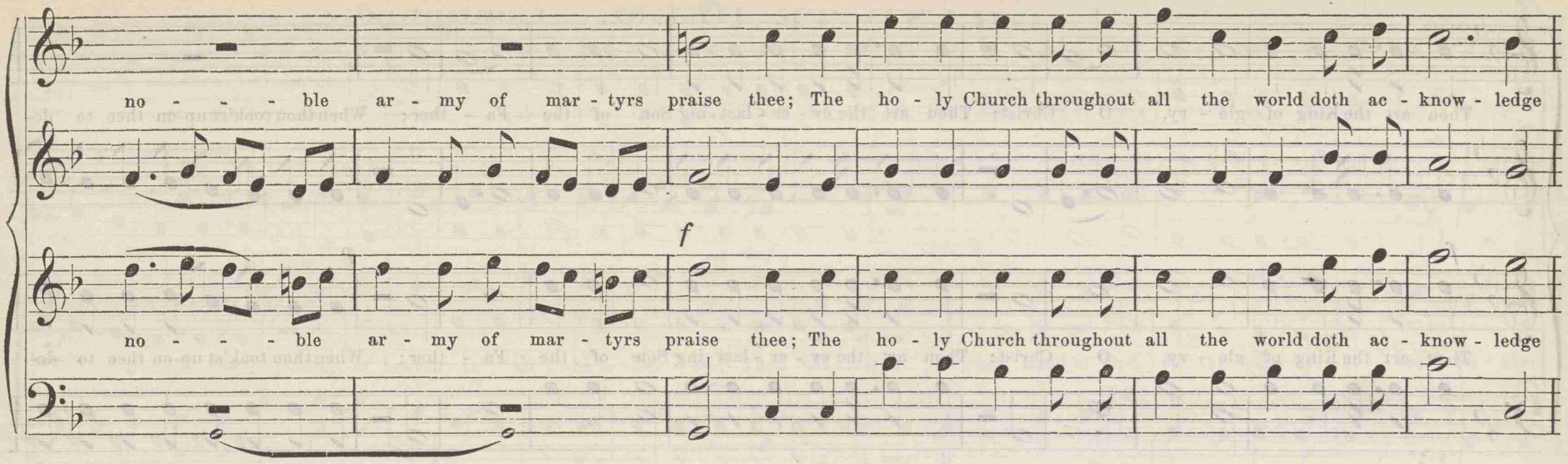
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of Sa - baoth, Heaven and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy glo - ry!

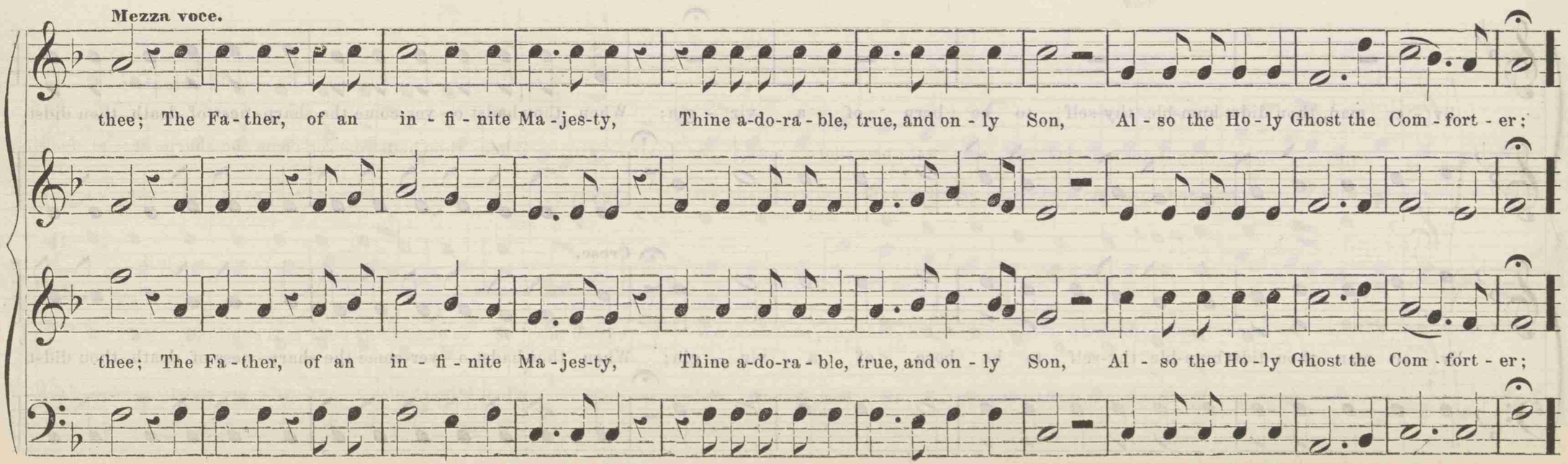
f *p* *f*

The glo - rious com-pa - ny of th' A - pos - tles praise thee; The good - ly fel - low - ship of the pro - phets praise thee; The

p *f* *p* *f* *p*

The glo - rious com-pa - ny of th' A - pos - tles praise thee; The good - ly fel - low - ship of the pro - phets praise thee; The


no - - - ble ar - my of mar - tyrs praise thee; The ho - ly Church throughout all the world doth ac - know - ledge
f
no - - - ble ar - my of mar - tyrs praise thee; The ho - ly Church throughout all the world doth ac - know - ledge


Mezza voce.
thee; The Fa - ther, of an in - fi - nite Ma - jes-ty, Thine a-do-ra - ble, true, and on - ly Son, Al - so the Ho - ly Ghost the Com - fort - er;
thee; The Fa - ther, of an in - fi - nite Ma - jes-ty, Thine a-do-ra - ble, true, and on - ly Son, Al - so the Ho - ly Ghost the Com - fort - er;

Thou art the King of glo - ry, O Christ; Thou art the ev - er - last - ing Son of the Fa - ther; When thou took'st up-on thee to de-

f *p*

Thou art the King of glo - ry, O Christ; Thou art the ev - er - last - ing Son of the Fa - ther; When thou took'st up-on thee to de-

liv - er man, thou didst hum-ble thy-self to be born of a vir - gin; When thou hadst o - ver-come the sharp - ness of death, thou didst

Cresc.

liv - er man, thou didst hum-ble thy-self to be born of a vir - gin; When thou hadst o - ver-come the sharp - ness of death, thou didst

o - pen the king - dom of heaven to all be - liev - ers; Thou sit - test at the right hand of God, in the glo - ry of the Fa - ther;

mf

o - pen the king - dom of heaven to all be - liev - ers; Thou sit - test at the right hand of God, in the glo - ry of the Fa - ther;

Andante. *p*

We be - lieve that thou shalt come to be our Judge; We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeem - ed with thy pre-cious blood:

We be - lieve that thou shalt come to be our Judge; We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeem-ed with thy pre-cious blood:

p

Make them to be number'd with thy saints in glo - ry ev - er - last - ing; O Lord, save thy peo-ple, and bless thy her - i - tage; Gov-ern them and

p

Make them to be number'd with thy saints in glo - ry ev - er - last - ing; O Lord, save thy peo-ple, and bless thy her - i - tage; Gov-ern them and

mf

lift them up for - ev - er; Day by day we mag - ni - fy thee, and we wor - ship thy name, ev - er, world with-out end;

mf

lift them up for - ev - er; Day by day we mag - ni - fy thee, and we wor - ship thy name, ev - er, world with-out end;

p *f*

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day with - out sin; O Lord, have mer-cy up - on us, have mercy up - on us; O Lord, let thy mer - cy

p *f*

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day with - out sin; O Lord, have mer-cy up - on us, have mercy up - on us; O Lord, let thy mer - cy

ff

be up - on us, as our trust, our trust is in thee; O Lord, in thee, in thee have I trust-ed, Let me nev-er, let me nev - er be con - found - ed.

ff

be up - on us, as our trust, our trust is in thee; O Lord, in thee, in thee have I trust-ed, Let me nev-er, let me nev - er be con - found - ed.

HYMN. "Calm on the listening ear of night."

GOULD.

Adagio Molto.

Solo or Quartett.

1. Calm on the listening ear of night Come heaven's melodious strains, Where wild Ju- de - a stretches far Her sil - ver-man-tled plains.
2. Ce - les-tial choirs, from courts a-bove, Shed sa - cred glo - ries there, And an- gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make mu- sic on the air.
3. The joy- ous hills of Pal - es - tine Send back the glad re - ply, And greet, from all the ho - ly heights, The day-spring from on high.
4. O'er the blue depths of Gal - i - lee There comes a ho - lier calm, And Sharon waves, in sol - emn praise, Her si - lent groves of palm.

[S. S. H. 337.]

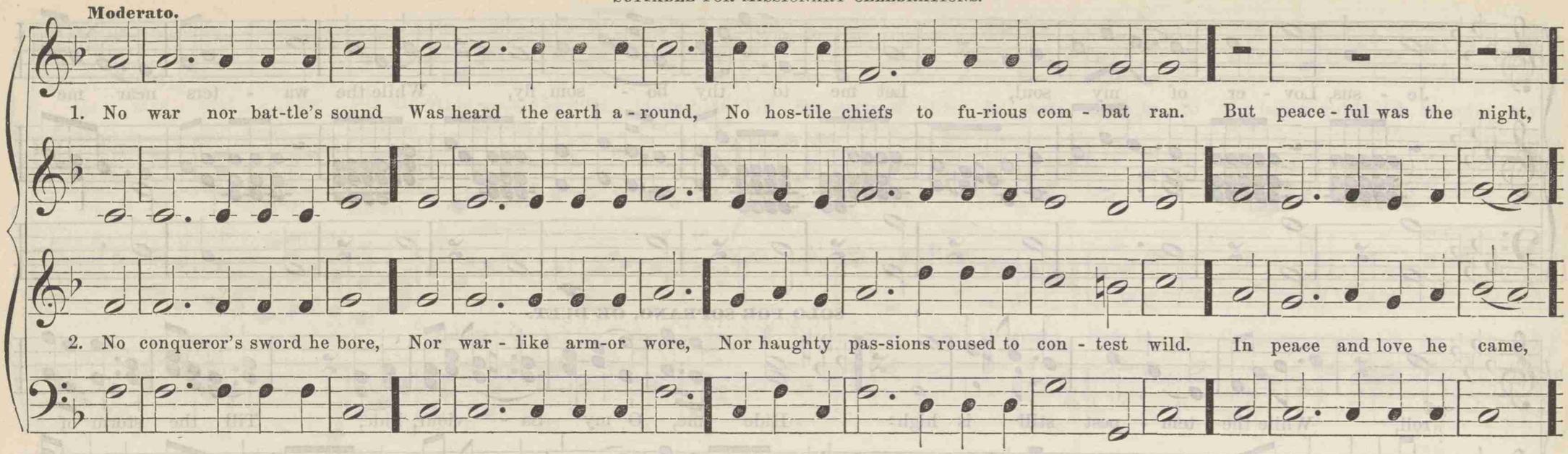
ABBA. 8s & 7s. Double.

1. Hark! what mean those ho- ly voi - ces, Sweet- ly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th' angel-ic host re - joi - ces, Heavenly hal- le - lu-jahs rise. 2. Hear them tell the wondrous sto - ry, Hear them chant, in hymns of joy, "Glo - ry in the highest, glo - ry, Glo- ry be to God most high."

Unison.

HYMN. "No war nor battle's sound."

SUITABLE FOR MISSIONARY CELEBRATIONS.



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 conqueror 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.

HYMN ANTHEM. "Jesus, Lover of my soul."

["CHORISTER." By permission of O. Ditson & Co.]

Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the wa - ters near me

SOLO FOR SOPRANO, OR DUET.

roll, While the tem - pest still is high: Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of

life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide: Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

Safe in - to

Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the haven guide: Oh, re- ceive my

f

Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the haven guide: Oh, re- ceive my

soul at last.

SOLO. BASS OR BARITONE.

Oth - er ref - uge have I none: Hangs my help - less soul on Thee:

soul at last.

Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone; Still sup - port and com - fort me:

CHORUS.

All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring; With the shadow of thy wing, With the shadow of thy wing.

Cov - er my defenceless head

f *mf*

All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing, With the shadow of thy wing.

T. BISSELL.

Rather slow.

Sweetly sounding through the skies?

Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Lo! th'an-ge - lic host re - joic - es, Heaven-ly hal - le - lu - jahs rise;

p Cres. *m* Cres.

Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweetly sounding through the skies? Lo! th'an-ge - lic host re - joic - es, Heaven-ly hal - le - lu - jahs rise;

m Cres. *f* *p* Faster.

Lo! th'ange - lic host re - joic-es, Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise. Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy;

Lo! th'ange - lic host re - joic-es, Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise. Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy;

m Cres. *f* *p*

Lo! th'ange - lic host re - joic-es, Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise. Which they chant in hymns of joy;

"Hark! what mean those holy voices." Concluded.

p Cres. *f* Cres.

"Glo - ry in the highest, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God on high!" Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy;

"Glo - ry be to God on high!" Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy;

Cres. *f* Cres.

"Glo - ry in the highest, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God on high!" Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy;

p *f*

f *ff* Cres. *fff*

"Glo - ry be to God on high! Glo - ry be to God..... on high!"

"Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God on high! Glo - ry be to God..... on high!"

m *f* *ff* Cres. *fff*

"Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God on high! Glo - ry be to God on high!"

LINDEN. L. M. (A Psalm of Night.)

From MOZART, by L. M.

Slowly, and in exact time.

mp *m* *mf* *mf*

1. Day un - to day doth ut - ter speech, And night to night thy voice makes known; Thro' all the earth where thought may reach, Is heard the glad and so-lemn tone; 2. And worlds be-yond the

mp *m* *mf* *mf*

3. O ho - ly Fa - ther, 'mid the calm And still - ness of the eve - ning hour, We too would lift our so-lemn psalm, To praise thy good-ness and thy power. 4. For un - to us, as

f *m*

far - thest star Where light hath reach'd the hu - man eye Catch the high an-them from a - far, That rolls a - long im - men - si - ty, That rolls a - long im - men - si - ty.

f *m*

o - ver all, Thy ten - der mer - cies still ex - tend, Nor vain - ly shall thy chil - dren call On thee, their Fa - ther and their Friend, On thee, their Fa - ther and their Friend.

HYMN. "Time is winging us away."

Suitable for New Year.

mp CHORUS.

Youth and vig - or

DUET.

Time is wing-ing us a-way To our e - ter - nal home: Life is but a win-ter's day, A jour - ney to the tomb:

mp

Youth and vig-or

Dim.

DUET.

soon will flee, Blooming beauty lose its charms; All that's mor-tal soon shall be Enclosed in death's cold arms. Time is winging us a - way To

Dim.

soon will flee, Blooming beau-ty lose its charms: All that's mortal soon shall be Enclosed in death's cold arms.

f CHORUS.

our e - ter - nal home; Life is but a win-ter's day, A jour-ney to the tomb; But the Christian shall enjoy Health and beauty soon a - bove,

But the Christian shall enjoy Health and beauty soon a - bove,

Where no worldly griefs annoy, Se-cure in Je - sus' love, Where no worldly griefs annoy, Secure in Je - sus' love, . . . Se - cure in Je - sus' love.

Where no worldly griefs annoy, Se-cure in Je - sus' love, Where no worldly griefs annoy, Secure in Je - sus' love, . . . Se - cure in Je - sus' love.

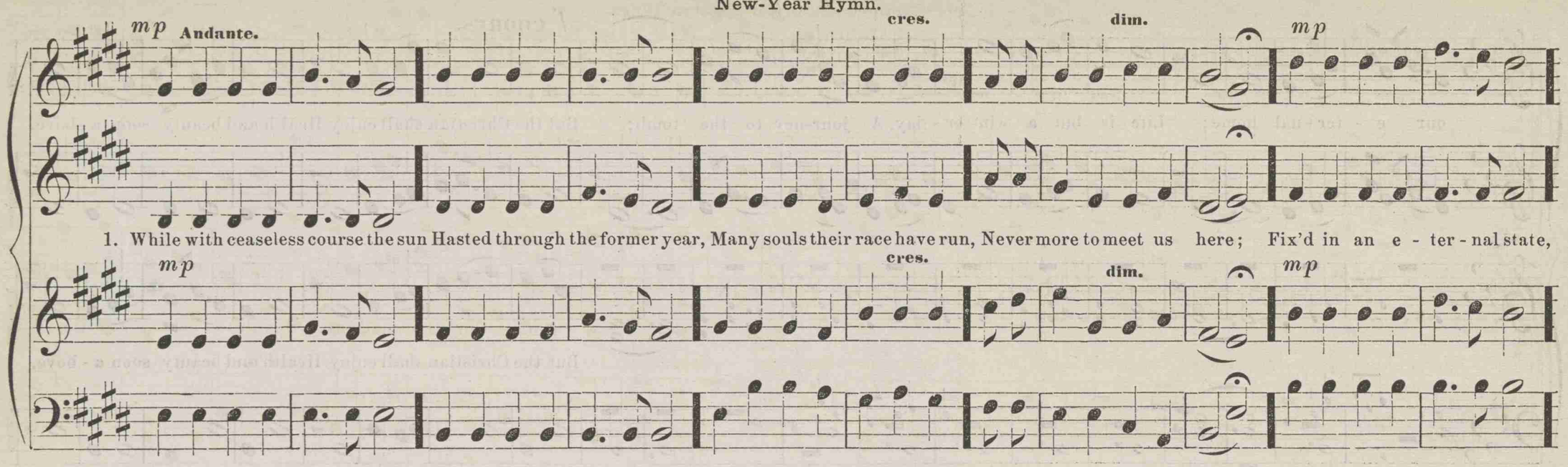
v

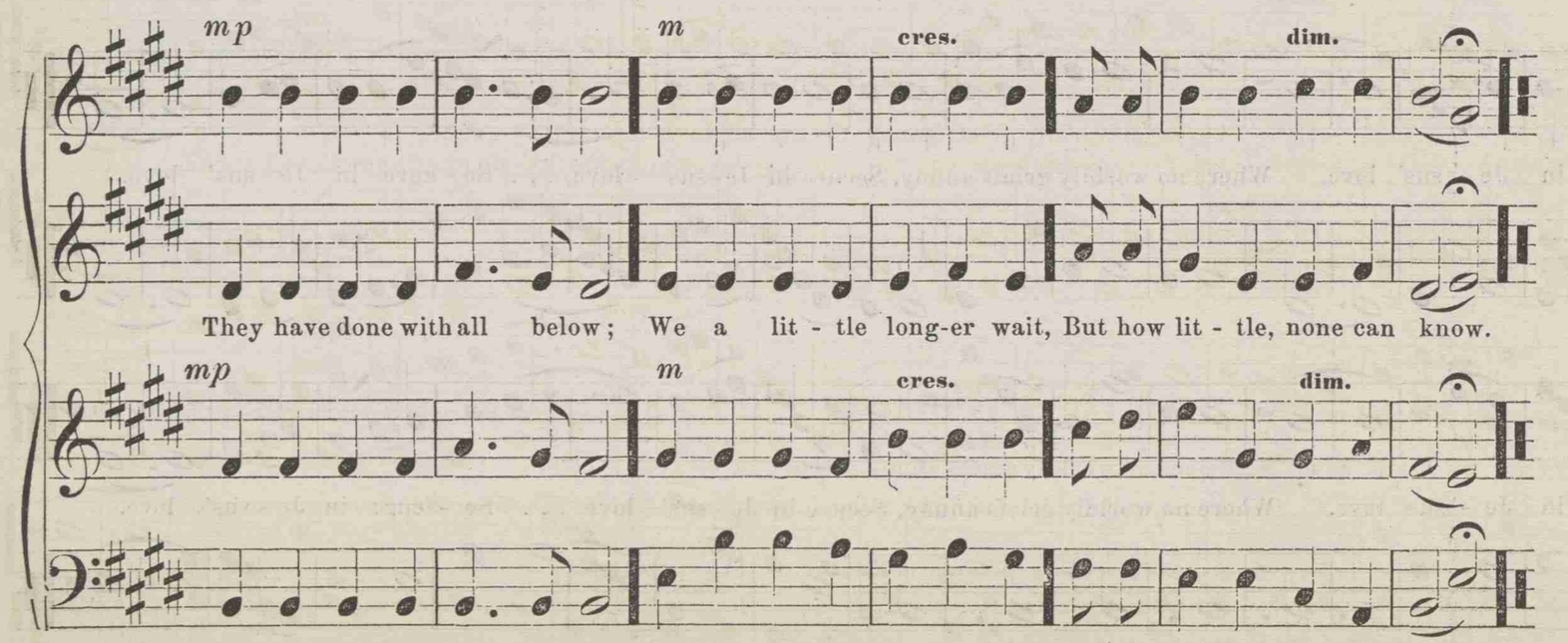
 [H. 932. B. W. 544.]

HYMN. "While with ceaseless course the sun."

S. WEBBE.

New-Year Hymn.





2.

As the winged arrow flies
  Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
  Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
  Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
  All below is but a dream.

3.

Thanks for mercies past receive,
  Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
  With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to young and old,
  Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
  May we dwell with thee above.

"Daughters of Jerusalem."

For Communion, or for Passion Week.

Slow. *m* *p* QUARTETT. *pp* *m* *f*

weep not for me, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, but weep for yourselves.

DUET.

m DUET. *p* QUARTETT. *pp* *m* *f*

Daughters of Je - ru - salem, weep not for me, weep not for me, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, but weep for yourselves.

CHORUS. *m* Cres. Dim.

Fa-ther, Fa-ther, Father, forgive them, forgive them, forgive them, for they know not what they do, they know not what they do, they know not what they do.

CHORUS. *m* Cres. Dim.

Fa - ther, Fa-ther, Father, for-give them, forgive them, forgive them, for they know not what they do, they know not what they do, they know not what they do.

HYMN. "He was despised of men."

Slow, and with much expression. **For Communion or Good Friday.**

m **Cres.** *p* *m* *p* *m* **Cres.**

He was despised and re-ject-ed of men, A man of sor-rows and acquainted with grief, He was despised, He was reject-ed, re-ject-ed of

He was despised and re-ject-ed of men, A man of sor-rows and acquainted with grief, He was despised, He was rejected, re-ject-ed of

m **Cres.** *p* *m* *p* *m* **Cres.**

He was despised and re-ject-ed of men, A man of sor-rows and acquainted with grief, He was despised, He was reject-ed, re-ject-ed of

Unison.....

Last time rit. **Dim.** **Fine.** **Fine. D. C.**

men, re-ject-ed and despised of men, And acquainted with grief.

Dim.

men, re-ject-ed and despised of men, A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

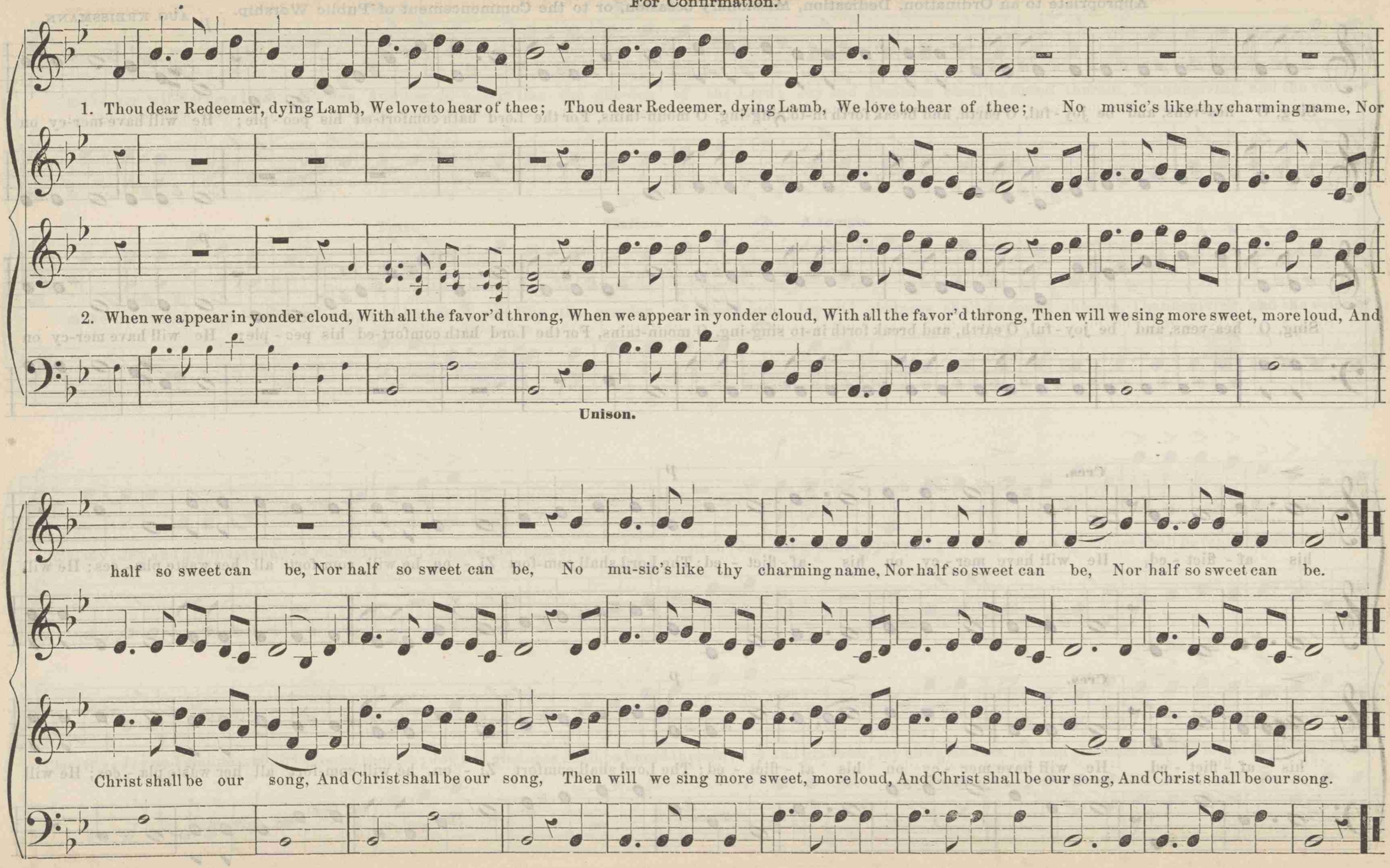
Dim. **Fine.** **Sym.** **D. C. Fine.**

men, re-ject-ed and despised of men, A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, ... And acquainted with grief.

HYMN. "Thou dear Redeemer."

Arranged from BURGMULLER.

For Confirmation.



ANTHEM. "Sing, O heavens! and be joyful, O earth!"

Appropriate to an Ordination, Dedication, Missionary occasion, or to the Commencement of Public Worship.

AUG. KREISSMANN.

p

Sing, O hea-vens, and be joy-ful, O earth, and break forth in-to sing-ing, O moun-tains, For the Lord hath comfort-ed his peo-ple; He will have mer-cy on

p

Sing, O hea-vens, and be joy-ful, O earth, and break forth in-to sing-ing, O moun-tains, For the Lord hath comfort-ed his peo-ple; He will have mer-cy on

Cres.

p

his af-flict-ed, He will have mer-cy on his af-flict-ed; The Lord shall com-fort Zi-on, he will com-fort all her waste pla-ces; He will

Cres.

p

his af-flict-ed, He will have mer-cy on his af-flict-ed; The Lord shall comfort Zi-on, he will com-fort all her waste pla-ces; He will

Tutti. Rallen. A tempo.

make her wil-derness like E - den, And her de - sert like the gar-den of the Lord; Joy and gladness shall be found therein, Thanksgiving, and the voice of

Tutti. Rallen. A tempo.

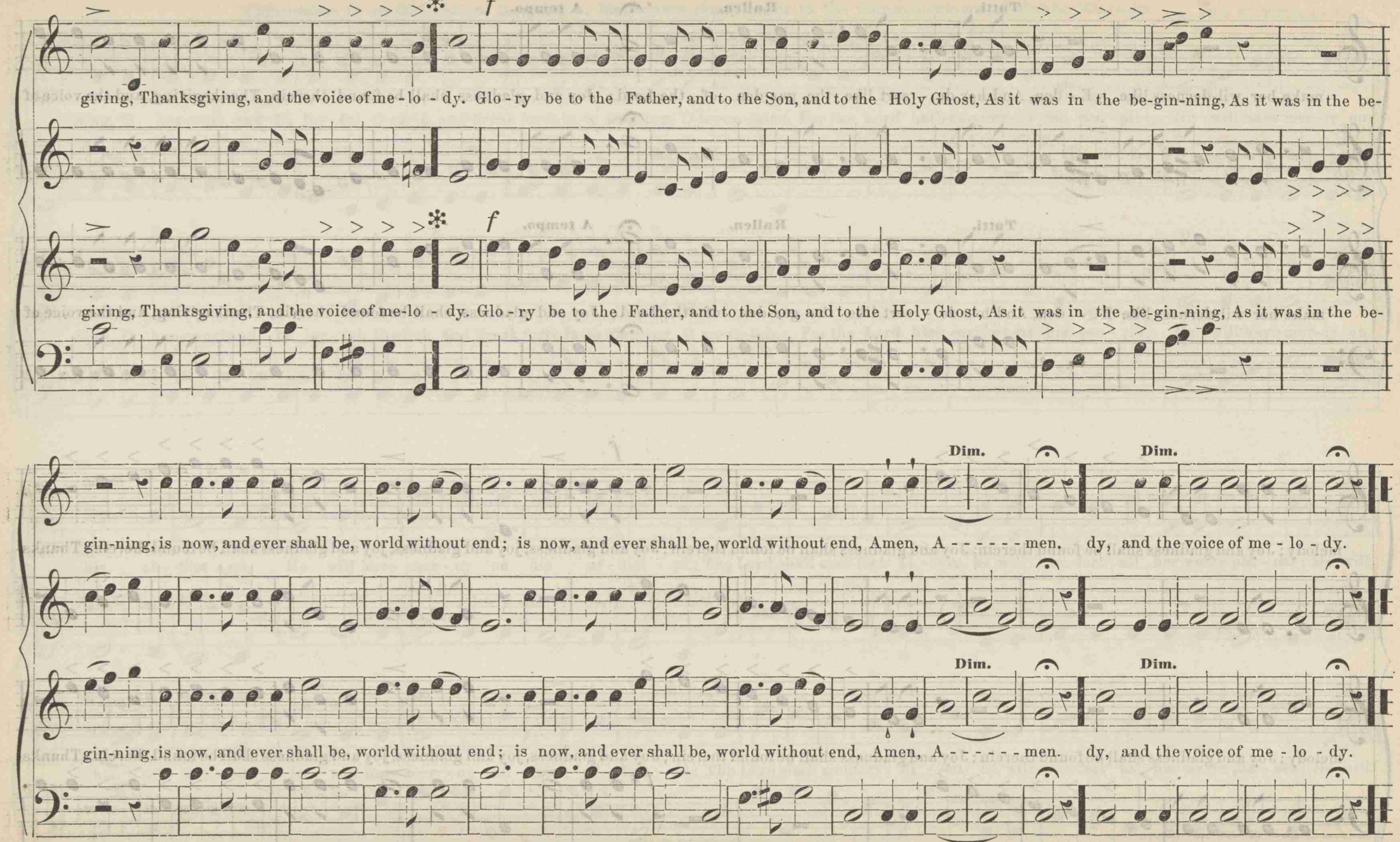
make her wil-derness like E - den, And her de - sert like the gar-den of the Lord; Joy and gladness shall be found therein, Thanksgiving, and the voice of

f

melody; Joy and gladness shall be found therein; Joy and gladness shall be found therein; Joy and gladness, joy and gladness, joy and gladness shall be found therein; Thanks-

melody; Joy and gladness shall be found therein; Joy and gladness shall be found therein; Joy and gladness, joy and gladness, joy and gladness shall be found therein; Thanks-

fz



* If it be not desirable to sing the "Gloria Patri," the twenty measures between the double bars can be omitted.

m **Very spirited.**

Now let the gates of Zi-on ring, And chal - lenge her re-sent-ful foes; She triumphs in her Sa - viour King, In him who from the dead a - rose. For-

Now let the gates of Zi-on ring, And challenge her re-sent-ful foes; She triumphs in her Sa-viour King, In him who from the dead a - rose.

m *ff*

Now let the gates of Zi-on ring, And chal - lenge her re-sent-ful foes; She triumphs in her Sa - viour King, In him who from the dead a - rose. For-

Unison. - - - - - - - -

f *ff*

ev - er reign, victorious King, For-ev-er reign, reign, vic-torious King,..... vic-torious King, for - ev - er reign.

For-ever reign, victorious King, For-ev-er reign, vic-torious King, vic-torious King, for - ev - er reign.

ff

ev - er reign, victorious King, For-ev-er reign, reign, vic-torious King,..... vic-torious King, for - ev - er reign.

"Fading, still fading."

An Evening Hymn.

DUET.

Sym. for two violins or horns.

1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last beam is shin - ing; Fa - ther in hea - ven, the day is de- clin- ing;
2. Fa - ther in heav - en, Oh, hear when we call,..... Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Sa - viour of all;.....

Accomp.

QUARTETT. *f* *m* Dim. DUET.

Safe - ty and innocence fly with the light, Temptation and danger walk forth with the night; From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield me from

Fee - ble and fainting, we trust in thy might, In doubting and darkness thy love be our light; Let us sleep on thy breast, while the night taper burns, Wake in thy

Accomp.

CHORUS *f* *ff* Dim.

dan- ger and save me from crime. Fa - ther, have mer-cy, Fa - ther, have mercy, Fa-ther, have mer-cy, thro' Je- sus Christ our Lord. A - men.

arms when the morning re - turns. Fa- ther, have mer- cy, Fa- ther, have mer - cy, Fa-ther, have mer- cy, thro' Je- sus Christ our Lord. A - men.

EVENING HYMN.

The Seaman's Prayer.

m Smooth and flowing. Cres. p f

Je - sus, most holy one, We lift our souls to thee;
Plead for us, Saviour, Lone wanderers on the sea;
Watch us while shadows lie
Far o'er the wa - ter spread;
Hear the heart's lonely sigh, Thine too hath bled. Thou that hast

m Cres. p f

Je - sus, most holy one, We lift our souls to thee;
Plead for us, Saviour, Lone wanderers on the sea;
Watch us while shadows lie
Far o'er the wa - ter spread:
Hear the heart's lonely sigh, Thine too hath bled. Thou that hast

Cres. p Cres. Rit. f Rit. Dim.

look'd on death, Aid us when death is near, Whisper of heaven to faith, Redeemer, Redeemer, hear, Hear, oh, hear and save us, Toss'd on the deep!

Cres. p Cres. Rit. f Rit. Dim.

look'd on death, Aid us when death is near, Whisper of heaven to faith, Redeemer, Redeemer, hear, Hear, oh, hear and save us, Toss'd on the deep!

FUNERAL HYMN.

HANDEL.

p *p* *p* *p* **Tutti.**

1. Un - veil thy bo - som, faith - ful tomb, Take this new trea - sure to thy trust; And give these sa - cred rel - ics room

2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - ious fear In - vade thy bounds. No mor - tal woes Can reach the love - ly sleep - er here,

p *p* **Solo.** *p* **Solo.** *p* **Tutti.**

3. So Je - sus slept;—God's dy - - ing Son Pass'd thro' the grave, and bless'd the bed: Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne

Repeat for the 2d and 3d verses.

To slum-ber in the si - lent dust, And give these sa - cred rel - ics room To slum-ber in the si - lent dust.

While an - gels watch the soft re - pose, Can reach the love - ly sleep - er here, While an - gels watch the soft re - pose.

p **Solo.** **Tutti.**

The morn-ing break, and pierce the shade, Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne The morn-ing break, and pierce the shade.

f

Break from his throne, il - lus - trious morn; At - tend, O earth! his sove - reign word; Re-store thy trust,— a glo - rious form—

f **Dim.** *p* **Solo.**

Break from his throne, il - lus - trious morn; At-tend, O earth! his sove - reign word; Re-store thy trust,— a glo - rious form—

ff **Tutti.**

Shall then a - rise, to meet the Lord, Re-store thy trust,— a glo - rious form— Shall then a - rise, to meet the Lord.

ff **Tutti.**

Shall then a - rise, to meet the Lord, Re-store thy trust,— a glo - rious form— Shall then a - rise, to meet the Lord.

"Sleepers, wake."

ff

Sleep - ers, wake! a voice is call - - - - ing, It is the watch - man on the

Sleep - ers, wake! a voice is call - - - - ing, It is the watch - man on the

ff

walls, the walls, . . . Thou ci - ty of Je - ru - sa - lem, ... For

walls, the walls, ... Thou ci - ty of Je - ru - sa - lem, ... For

walls, ...

walls, the walls, ...

lo, the Bridegroom comes; a - rise, and take your lamps. Hal - le - lu - jah! A - wake! His king - dom is at

lo, the Bridegroom comes; a - rise, and take your lamps. Hal - le - lu - jah! A - wake! His king - dom is at

hand; . . . Go forth, go ye forth to meet your Lord, . . Go forth to meet your Lord.

hand: . Go forth, go forth to meet your Lord, Go forth to meet your Lord. . . .

hand; . . . . Go forth, go forth to meet your Lord. . . . . .

Go forth, go ye forth to meet your Lord, to meet your Lord.

"I Will Arise."

For days of Fasting and Humiliation.

Larghetto. *p* Cres. *mf*

I will a - rise, will a - rise, and go to my Fa - ther, and will say un-to him, Fa - ther, Fa - ther, I have sinn'd, have sinn'd, I have

p Cres. *mf*

I will a - rise, I will a - rise, will a - rise, and go to my Fa - ther, and will say un - to him, Fa - ther, Fa - ther, I have sinn'd, have sinn'd, I have

pp *mf* *p*

sinn'd against hea - ven and be - fore thee, be - fore thee, and am no more worthy to be call-ed thy son, and am no more worthy to be call-ed thy son.

pp *mf* *p*

sinn'd against hea-ven and be - fore thee, be - fore thee, and am no more worthy to be call-ed thy son, and am no more worthy to be call-ed thy son.

"How sweet the hour of closing day." L. M.

GOULD.

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

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

3. Who would not wish to die like those Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless? To sink in - to that soft re - pose, Then wake to per-fect hap - pi - ness?

"Farewell! we meet no more."

T. HASTINGS.

TENOR.

Affettuoso.

1. Fare - well! Fare - well! We meet no more On this side heaven; The parting scene is o'er, The last sad look is given. Farewell! Fare - well!

2. Farewell! My soul will weep
While memory lives;
From wounds that sink so deep,
No earthly hand relieves.

3. Farewell! My stricken heart
To Jesus flies;
From him I'll never part,
On him my hope relies.

4. Farewell! And shall we meet
In heaven above,
And there in union sweet,
Sing of a Saviour's love?

W

"List, my soul!"

J. M. PELTON.

With Expression.

1. List! List! List! list, my soul, that beat - ing With - in thy breast; In sol - emn tones re - peat - ing, With-out a rest;

2. List! List! List! that same tale 'tis tell - ing, As beat - ing on, Each pulse the sum is swell - ing Of mo - ments gone.

3. List! List! Thou, in that Friend con - fid - ing, No storms need fear; His hand with wis - dom guid - ing, Thy bark shall steer,

Though for - tune's sun is glow - ing, Its ra - diance o'er thee throw - ing, Life's stream is on - ward flow - ing, How - ev - er blest.

My soul, to thee 'tis cry - ing, Now loud, now soft - ly sigh - ing, Im - prove each mo - ment fly - ing! Or be un - done.

Till on heaven's shore—blest meeting—Lost friends shall give thee greet-ing, Where joys no more are fleet-ing, Nor flows a tear.

Ad lib.

Not one bright wave re - turn - eth, But hast - eth on, Though sad the heart now yearneth For plea - sures gone. List, my soul! List, my soul!

No hu-man arm at - tend-ing Can give thee rest; But One a-lone, be - friending, Can make thee blest. List, my soul! List, my soul!

Ad lib.

When sorrows on thee fall - ing, To sad - ness move, Hear thou their voic-es call-ing To rest a - bove. List, my soul! List, my soul!

HYMN. "The Lord is great."

Allegro.

1. The Lord is great! Ye hosts of heaven, adore him, And ye, who tread this earth - ly ball, In ho - ly songs rejoice a-loud be-fore him, And shout His praise who made you all.

2. The Lord is great! His ma-jes - ty how glo - rious! Resound his praise from shore to shore; O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made victorious, He rules and reigns for ev - er - more.

3. The Lord is great! His mercy how a-bound - ing! Ye an - gels, strike your gold - en chords! Oh, praise our God! with voice and harp resounding, The King of kings and Lord of lords.

DEDICATION ANTHEM. "Lord of Hosts."

f Moderato.

Lord of Hosts, Lord of Hosts, Lord of Hosts, to thee we raise Here a house of prayer and praise, Here a house of prayer and praise; Thou thy people's hearts pre-

Lord of Hosts, Lord of Hosts, Lord of Hosts, to thee we raise Here a house of prayer and praise, Here a house of prayer and praise; Thou thy people's hearts pre-

pare, Thou thy people's hearts prepare, Thou thy people's hearts prepare . . . . . Here to meet for praise and prayer, Here to meet for praise, &c.

pare, Thou thy people's hearts prepare, Thou thy people's hearts prepare . . . . . Here to meet for praise and prayer, Here to meet for praise, &c.

prepare

p Treble Solo.

Let the liv - ing here be fed With thy word, the heavenly bread; Here, in hope of glo - ry, glo - ry blest, May the dead be laid to rest; .

p

DUET. 1st & 2d Sopranos.

3

p

Here to thee a tem-ple stand, While the sea shall gird the land, ... Here re - veal thy mer - cy sure, While the sun and moon en-dure.....

3

p

"Lord of Hosts." Concluded.

f CHORUS. Allegro.

Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu- jah, earth and sky To the joy-ful sound reply; Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu- jah, hence ascend Prayer and praise till time shall

f

Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu- jah, earth and sky To the joy-ful sound reply; Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu- jah, hence ascend Prayer and praise till time shall

end. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu- jah, Hal-le - lu- jah, hence ascend Prayer and praise till time shall end, Prayer and praise till time shall end. Amen, A-men.

end. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal- le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu- jah, hence ascend Prayer and praise till time shall end, Prayer and praise till time shall end. Amen, A-men.

Thanksgiving Anthem.

Allegro Moderato.

p

Praise ye the Lord, ... Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the

Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, ... Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord,

p

Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord,

Praise ye the Lord, ... Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the

ff

Slow. *mf*

Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanc - tu - a - ry,

ff

mf

Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord.

"Praise ye the Lord." Continued.

Praise God in his sanc - tu - a - ry, Praise God in his sanc - tu - a - ry, Praise God

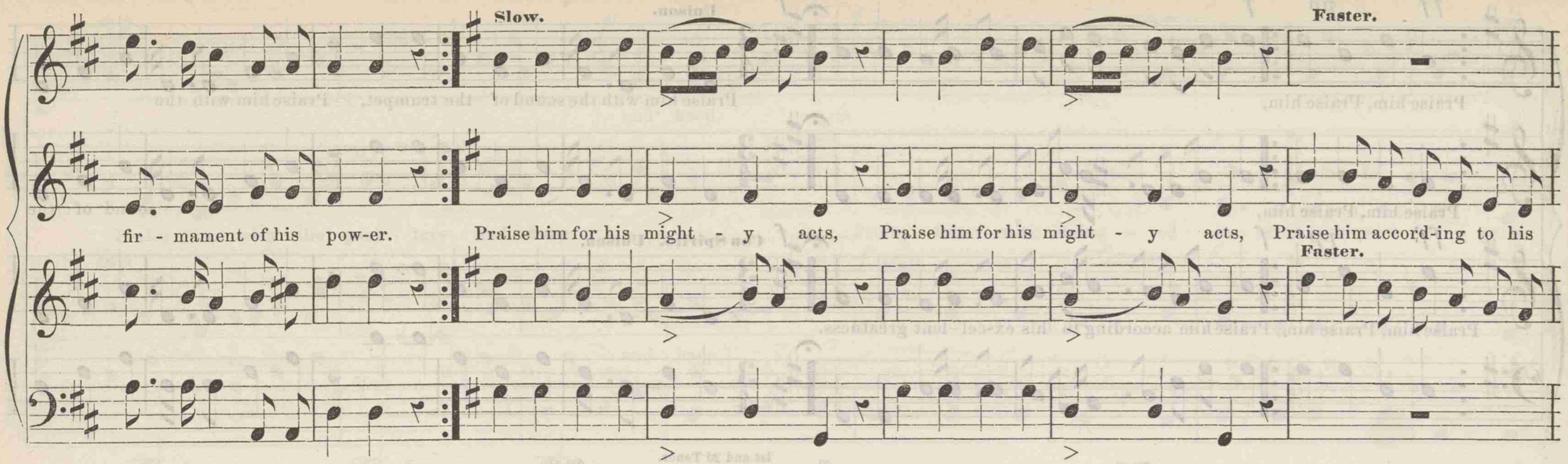
Allegro. *mp* 1st and 2d Tenor. *p* *mf* *p* *ff*

in his sanc - tu - a - ry. Praise him, Praise him,

in his sanc - tu - a - ry. Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Praise him in the

mf *p* *mf* *p* *ff*

Praise him, Praise him,


Slow.
Faster.
fir - mament of his pow-er. Praise him for his might - y acts, Praise him for his might - y acts, Praise him accord-ing to his
Faster.
Praise him according to his excellent greatness, Praise him according to his excellent greatness, Praise him, Praise him,
ex-cel-lent greatness, Praise him according to his ex-cel-lent greatness. Praise him, Praise him,
Praise him, Praise him,
Praise him according to his ex-cel-lent greatness, Praise him according to his ex-cel-lent greatness,

"Praise ye the Lord." Continued.

ff *pp* *f*

Praise him, Praise him,

Praise him, Praise him,

ff *pp* *f*

Praise him, Praise him, Praise him according to his ex-cel-lent greatness.

f

Unison.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet, Praise him with the

sound of the

f

Con Spirito. Unison.

A little slower. *mp*

trum-pet,

p

1st and 2d Tenor.

and harp,

mp

Praise him with the psal-tery and harp,

mp

and harp,

Praise him with the psal-tery and harp,

A little slower. Instruments. *mp*

Organ.

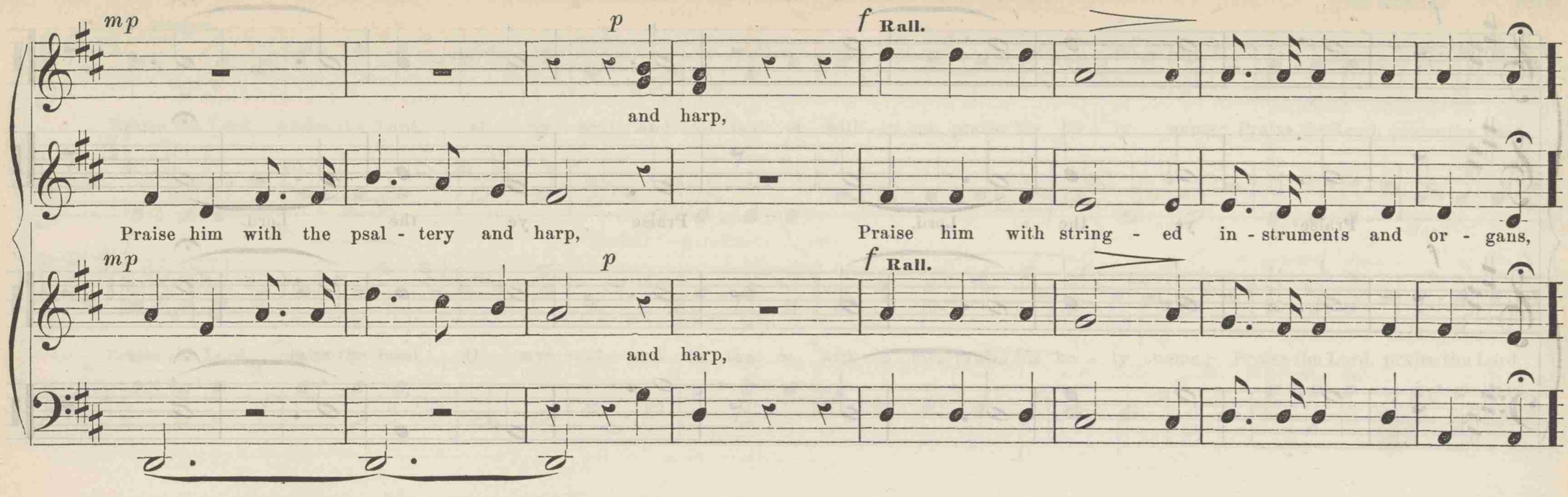
p

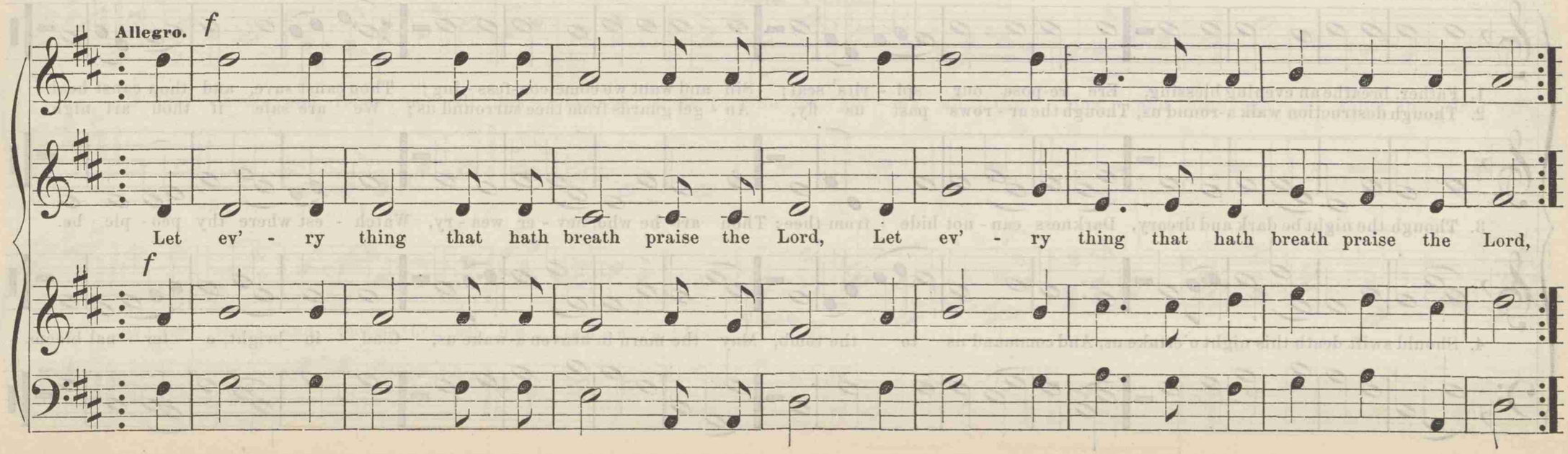
and harp,

mp

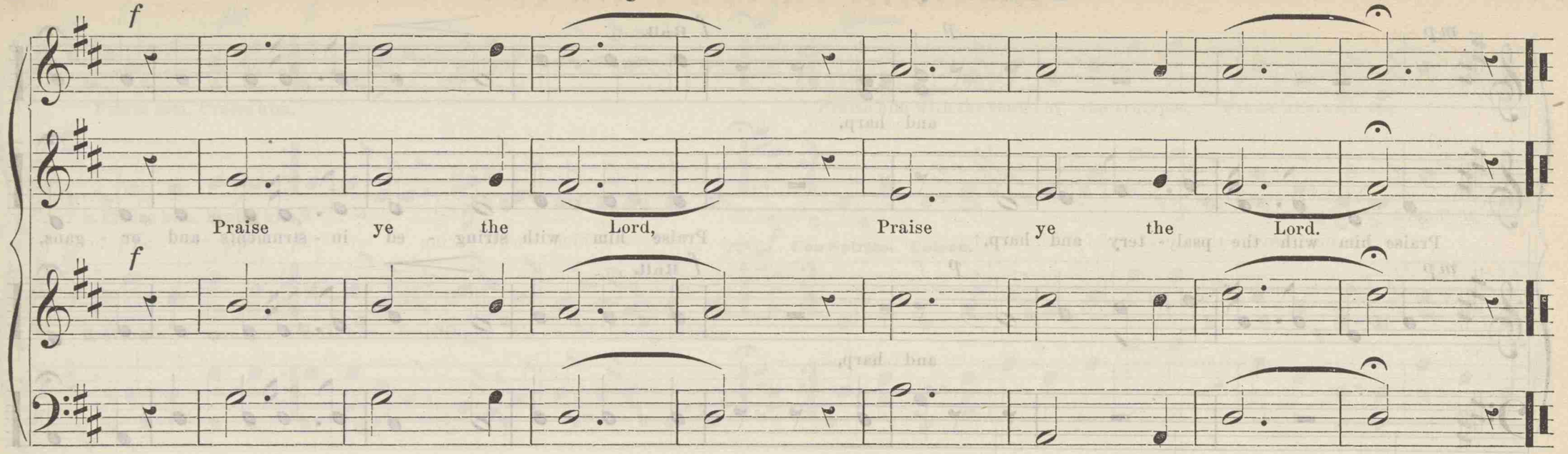
Organ.

and harp,

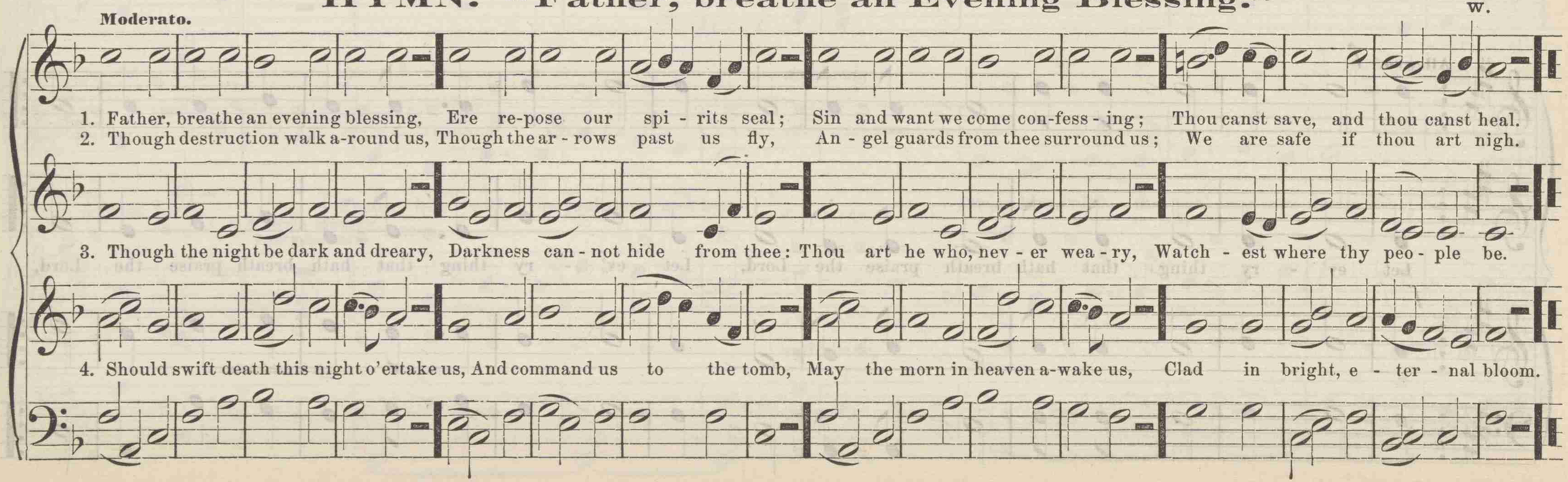

mp
p
f Rall.
and harp,
Praise him with the psal - tery and harp,
Praise him with string - ed in - struments and or - gans,
mp
p
f Rall.
and harp,


Allegro. f
Let ev' - ry thing that hath breath praise the Lord, Let ev' - ry thing that hath breath praise the Lord,
f

"Praise ye the Lord." Concluded.



HYMN. "Father, breathe an Evening Blessing."



f **Allegro.**

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is with-in me, praise his ho - ly name; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,

f

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is with-in me, praise his ho - ly name; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,

Solo. TENOR.

O my soul; and forget not all his ben - e - fits; Who for-giv-eth all thy sins, and heal-eth all thine in - fir - mi -

Organ. *p*

O my soul; and forget not all his ben - e - fits;

BENEDIC ANIMA MEA. Continued.

f

- - ties.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, ye angels of

Solo. TREBLE.

f

Who saveth thy life from de - struction, and crowneth thee with mercy and lov - ing kindness. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, ye angels of

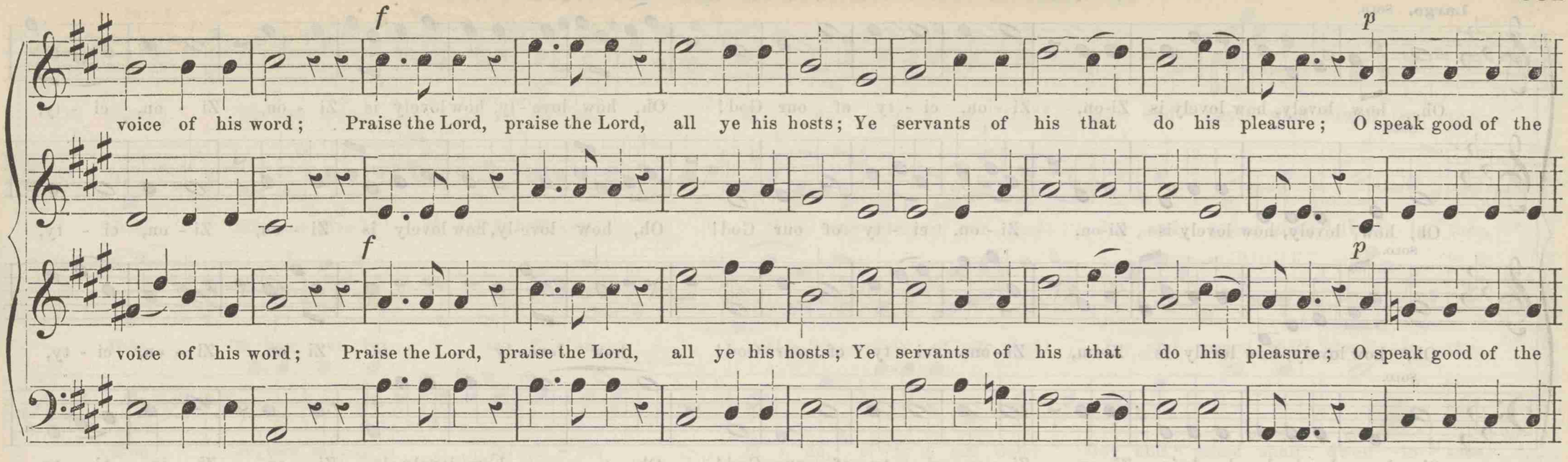
Voice.

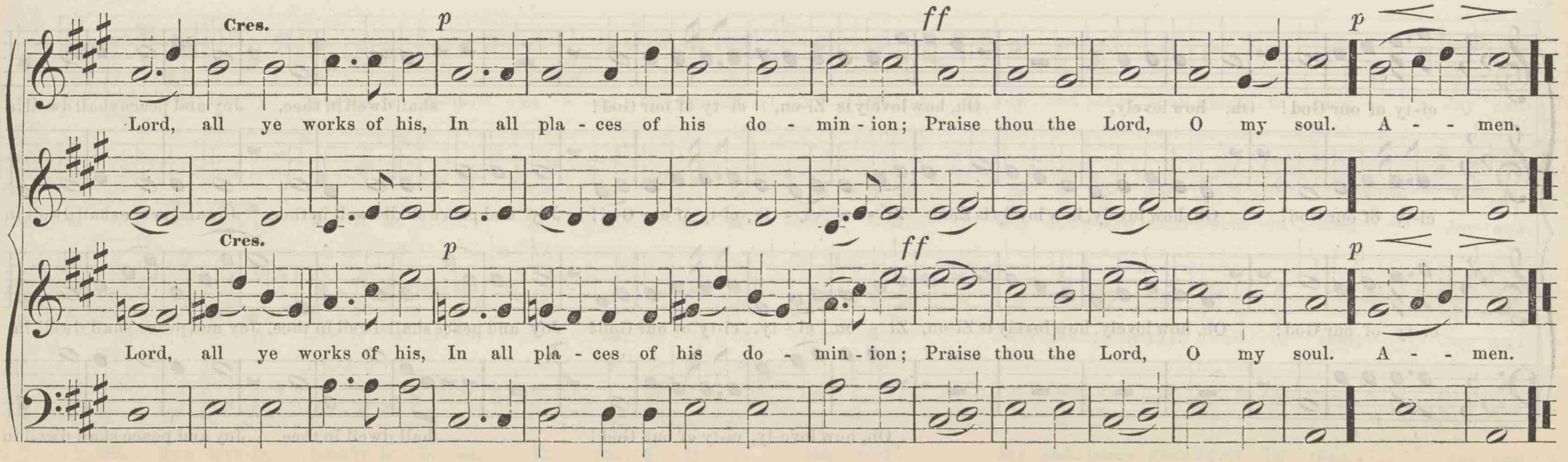
p Cres. *p*

his, Ye that ex - cel, that ex - cel in strength; Ye that ful - fil his com - mandment, and heark - en un - to the

p Cres. *p*

his, Ye that ex - cel, that ex - cel in strength; Ye that ful - fil his com - mandment, and heark - en un - to the


f
p
voice of his word; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, all ye his hosts; Ye servants of his that do his pleasure; O speak good of the
f
p
voice of his word; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, all ye his hosts; Ye servants of his that do his pleasure; O speak good of the


Cres.
p
ff
p
Lord, all ye works of his, In all pla - ces of his do - min - ion; Praise thou the Lord, O my soul. A - - men.
Cres.
p
ff
p
Lord, all ye works of his, In all pla - ces of his do - min - ion; Praise thou the Lord, O my soul. A - - men.

"Oh, how lovely is Zion."

Largo. SOLO.

Oh, how lovely, how lovely is Zi-on, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! Oh, how love - ly, how lovely is Zi - on, Zi - on, ci - ty,

SOLO.

Oh, how lovely, how lovely is Zi-on, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! Oh, how love-ly, how lovely is Zi - on, Zi - on, ci - ty,

SOLO.

Oh, how lovely, how lovely is Zi-on, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! how love - ly is Zi - on, Zi - on, ci - ty,

SOLO.

Oh, how lovely, how lovely is Zi - on, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! Oh, . . . how lovely is Zi - on, Zi - on, ci - ty,

ci - ty of our God! Oh, how lovely, Oh, how lovely is Zi-on, ci - ty of our God! shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in

ci-ty of our God! Oh, how lovely, how lovely is Zion, Zi - on, ci - ty, ci-ty of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in

ci-ty of our God! Oh, how lovely, how lovely is Zi-on, Zi - on, ci - ty, ci-ty of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in

Oh, how love-ly, ci-ty of our God! shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in

SOLI.

thee, Oh, how love-ly is Zi - on, Zi - on, ci-ty of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in thee,

thee, Oh, how love-ly is Zi - on, Zi - on, ci-ty of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in thee,

thee, Oh, how love - ly is Zi - on, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in thee,

thee, Oh, how love-ly is Zi - on, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in thee,

TENOR. **CHORUS.**

Oh, how love-ly, love-ly is Zi-on, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and

ALTO.

Oh, how love-ly, love-ly is Zi-on, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and

SOPRANO.

Oh, how love-ly, love-ly is Zi- on, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and

BASS.

Oh, how love-ly, love-ly is Zi - on, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and

X

"Oh, how lovely is Zion." Concluded.

Len.

shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, dwell in thee.

shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, dwell in thee, dwell in thee.

Len.

Joy . . . and peace, Joy . . . and peace, dwell in thee, dwell in thee.

Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, dwell in thee.

Len.

peace shall dwell in thee, shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, dwell in thee.

peace shall dwell in thee, shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, dwell in thee.

Len.

peace shall dwell in thee, shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, dwell in thee.

peace shall dwell in thee, shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, shall dwell, shall dwell in thee, dwell in thee.

f **Allegro.**

Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, and great-ly to be prais-ed, and great-ly to be prais-ed,

SOLI.

In the ci-ty of our

f

Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, and great-ly to be prais-ed, and great-ly to be prais-ed,

CHORUS. *f*

Great..... is the

God, In the ci-ty of our God, In the mountain of his ho-liness, In the mountain of his ho-liness.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised,

"Great is the Lord." Continued.

Lord,..... and great-ly to be prais-ed, In the ci-ty of our God, In the ci-ty of our God, In the mountain of his ho-liness, In the

Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed,

CHORUS. *f*

mountain of his ho-li-ness: Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, In the

f

Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, In the

Unison.

SOLI. CHORUS.

ci-ty of our God, In the ci-ty of our God, In the mountain of his ho - liness, In the mountain of his ho - liness. Great is the Lord, and

ci-ty of our God, In the ci-ty of our God, In the mountain of his ho - liness, In the mountain of his ho - liness. Great is the Lord, and

great-ly to be prais-ed, In the ci-ty of our God, In the mountain of his ho - li-ness. A - men, A - men.

great-ly to be prais-ed, In the ci-ty of our God, In the mountain of his ho - li-ness. A - men, A - men.

INVOCATION. Opening Piece.

J. M. PELTON.

O thou who dwell'st in heaven a - bove, Thou God of grace and bound-less love, To thee our off'r - ings now we bring; Help us, O Lord, thy praise to sing,

O thou who dwell'st in heaven a - bove, Thou God of grace and bound-less love, To thee our off'r - ings now we bring; Help us, O Lord, thy praise to sing,

Help us, O Lord, to hear thy word, And to us all thy peace af - ford, Help us, O Lord, to hear thy word, And to us all thy peace af - ford.

Help us, O Lord, to hear thy word, And to us all thy peace af - ford, Help us, O Lord, to hear thy word, And to us all thy peace af - ford.

"Why, trembling and sad?"

1. Why, trembling and sad, dost thou stand there and mourn, Son of Is - rael, the days that can nev - er re - turn? And why do those tear-drops of

2. Yet why dost thou mourn? Oh, to gladness a - waken, Tho' Je - ho- vah this ci - ty of God has for - saken, He preserves for his peo - ple a

mis - er - y fall On the moulder - ing ru - in, the per - ishing wall? Was yon ci - ty, in the robes of the heathen now clad, Once the flourish - ing

ci - ty more fair, Which the ruthless in - vad - er no long - er shall share. No long - er the tear for yon ci - ty shall flow, No long - er thy

"Why, trembling and sad?" Concluded.

Zi - on where Ju - dah was glad? And those walls that dis-jointed and scatter'd now lie, Were they once rear'd to heaven and hallow'd on high?

bo - som the sad sigh be - stow, But the night shall be follow'd by glo - ri - ous day, And sor-row and sigh - ing shall van - ish a - way.

"The Lord bless thee."

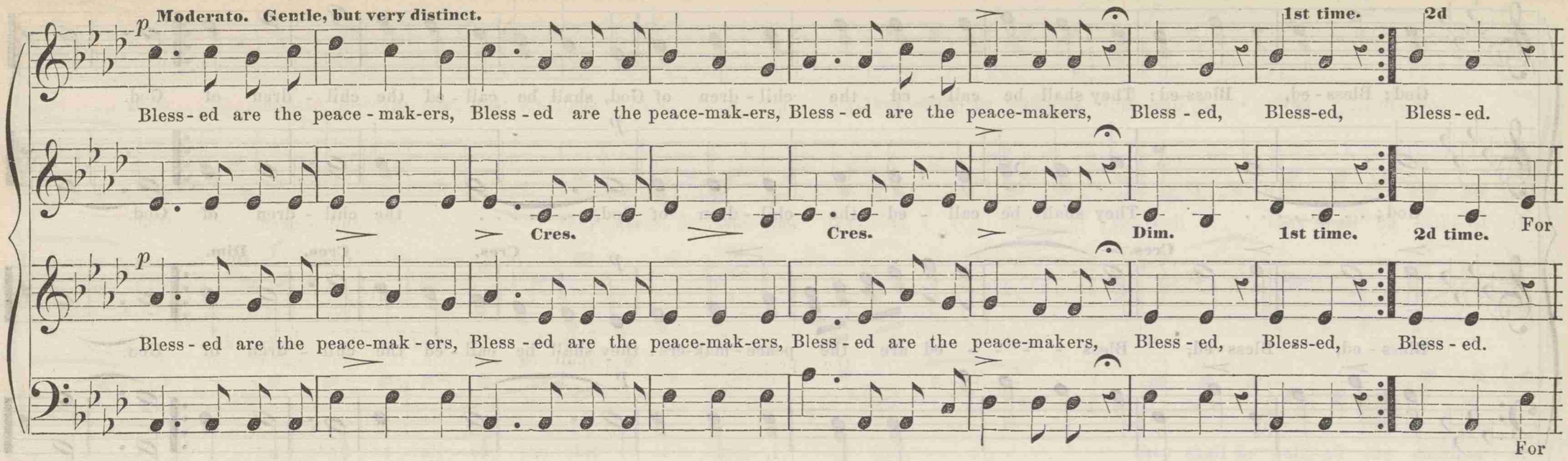
The "Blessing of Aaron." Num. vi. 24—26.

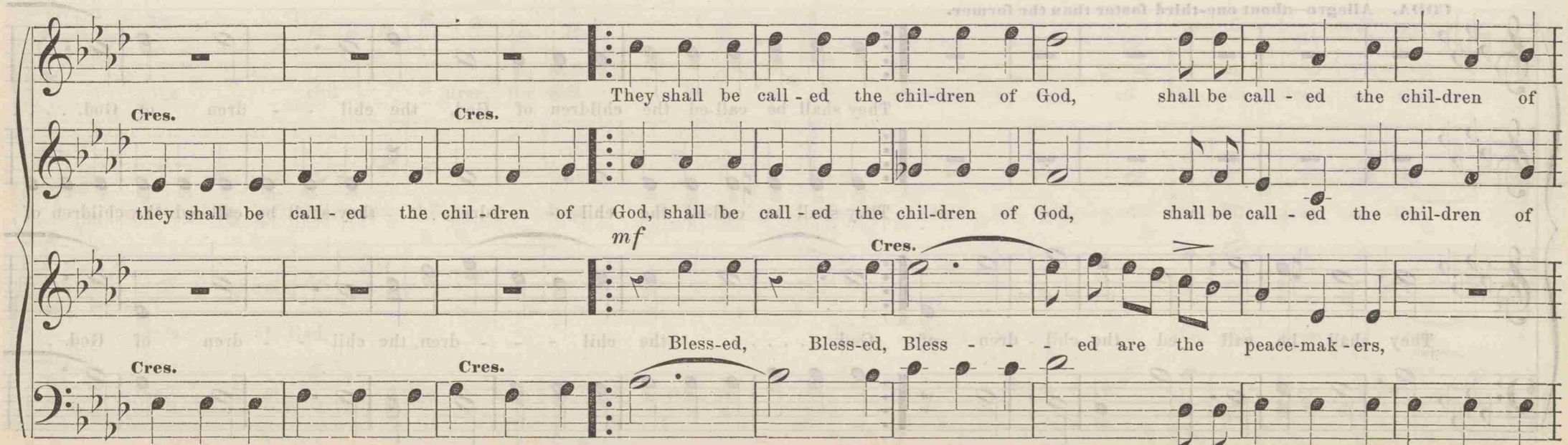
mp **Moderato.**

The Lord bless thee and keep thee, The Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee, The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

mp

The Lord bless thee and keep thee, The Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee, The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.


p
Moderato. Gentle, but very distinct.
1st time.
2d
Bless - ed are the peace - mak-ers, Bless - ed are the peace-mak-ers, Bless - ed are the peace-makers, Bless - ed, Bless-ed, Bless - ed.
Cres.
Cres.
Dim.
1st time.
2d time.
For
p
Bless - ed are the peace-mak - ers, Bless - ed are the peace-mak-ers, Bless - ed are the peace-makers, Bless - ed, Bless-ed, Bless - ed.
For


They shall be call - ed the chil-dren of God, shall be call - ed the chil-dren of
Cres.
Cres.
they shall be call - ed the chil - dren of God, shall be call - ed the chil-dren of God, shall be call - ed the chil-dren of
mf
Cres.
Bless-ed, Bless-ed, Bless - - - ed are the peace-mak - ers,
Cres.
Cres.
they shall be call - ed the chil - dren of God, ... the chil-dren of God, shall be call - ed the chil - dren of

God; Bless - ed, Bless-ed: They shall be call - ed the chil - dren of God, shall be call - ed the chil - dren of God.

God; . . . . . They shall be call - ed the chil - dren of God, ... the chil - dren of God.

Cres. Cres. Cres. Dim.

Bless - ed, Bless - ed, Bless - - - - ed are the peace - mak-ers: they shall be call - ed the chil - dren of God.

God; Bless - ed, Bless - ed: they shall be call - ed the chil - dren of God, ... the chil - dren of God.

CODA. Allegro—about one-third faster than the former.

They shall be call-ed the children of God, the chil - - dren of God, ...

They shall be call-ed the chil - - dren, they shall be call - ed the children of

They shall be call - ed the chil - dren of God, ... the chil - - - dren, the chil - - dren of God. . . .

They shall be call - ed the chil - dren, they shall be call - ed the children of God, the chil - - dren of God, . . .

they shall be call - ed the chil - - dren of God,

they shall be call - ed the chil - - - dren of God, they shall be call - ed the

f *m*

the chil - - - dren of God, the chil - - - dren of God, ... the chil - - - -

f *f*

they shall be call - ed the chil - - - dren of God, ... they shall be call - ed the children of

the chil - - - dren, the chil - - - dren of God, they shall be call - ed the chil - dren of God.

chil - dren of God, the chil - - - dren of God, they shall be call - ed the chil - dren of God.

- dren of God, they shall be call - ed the chil - dren of God.

God, the chil - - dren, the chil-dren of God,

Slow, soft, and expressive.

When the worn spi - rit wants re - pose, And sighs her God to seek, How sweet to hail the evening's close, That ends the wea - ry week! How

p

When the worn spi - rit wants re - pose, And sighs her God to seek. How sweet to hail the evening's close, That ends the wea - ry week! How

Ritard.

sweet to hail the evening's close,..... That ends the wea - ry week!

Moderately quick, with energy.

How sweet to hail the ear - ly dawn, That o - pens on the

mf

Cres.

sweet to hail the evening's close,..... That ends the wea - ry week!

How sweet to hail the ear - ly dawn, That o - pens on the

sweet to hail the evening's close,....

How sweet to hail, &c.

sight, When first that soul - re - viv - ing morn Sheds forth.... new rays..... of light,..... Sheds forth new rays of light.....

sight, When first that soul - re - viv - ing morn Sheds forth new rays of light,..... Sheds forth new rays of light.....

m Cres. Cres. *ff*

sight, When first that soul - re - viv - ing morn Sheds forth.... new rays..... of light,..... Sheds forth new rays of light.....

SEMI-CHORUS or QUARTETTE. Slow and gentle. **DUET.**

Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease; Yet, while they gently roll, Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace, A Sab - bath to my soul. Sweet day, thine hours too

p Cres. Dim. Ritard.

Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease; Yet, while they gently roll, Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace, A Sab - bath to my soul. Sweet day, thine hours too

"When the Worn Spirit." Concluded.

CHORUS. Tempo primo.

soon will cease; Yet, while they gently roll, Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace, A Sabbath to my soul. When will my pil - grim - age be done, The

soon will cease; Yet, while they gently roll, Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace, A Sabbath to my soul. When will my pil - grim - age be done, The

world's long week be o'er, That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun, That day which fades no more, That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun, That day which fades no more?

Ritard.

world's long week be o'er, That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun, That day which fades no more, That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun, That day which fades no more?

When the Lord shall build up Zion, He shall appear, shall ap-pear in his glory, in his glo - ry, He shall ap-

f

When the Lord shall build up Zi - on, He shall ap-pear in his glo - - - - - ry, in his glo - ry, He shall appear in his glo - ry,

f

When the Lord shall build up Zi - on, He shall ap-pear in his glo-ry, his glo - - ry, he shall appear in his glo - ry, He shall ap-pear,

When the Lord shall build up Zion, He shall ap-pear in his glo - - ry, in his glo - ry, He shall ap-

p **SEMI-CHORUS. Slow and soft.**

pear in his glo - ry. Oh, pray for the peace, the peace of Je - ru - salem, They shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls,

in his glo - ry. Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy

p

pear in his glo - ry. Oh, pray for the peace, the peace of Je - ru - salem, They shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls,

mp

"When the Lord shall build up Zion." Concluded.

f CHORUS. Lively, loud. *m* CHORUS. Slow and soft. Cres.

and plenteousness within thy pal - a-ces, and plenteousness within thy pal - a - ces. Peace be within thy walls,

walls, and plenteousness within thy pal - a-ces, and plenteousness within thy pal - a - ces. Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy

f *m* *mp* Cres.

Peace be within thy walls, with-in thy pal - a-ces, and plenteousness within thy pal - a - ces, Peace be within thy walls,

Cres.

Peace be within thy walls, Peace, and plenteousness within thy pal - a-ces, and plenteousness within thy pal-a - ces. A - men. A - men.

walls, Peace be within thy walls,

Cres.

Peace be within thy walls, Peace, and plenteousness within thy pal - a-ces, and plenteousness within thy pal-a - ces. A - men. A - men

"Lord of my Salvation."

Moderato.

Lord of my sal - va - tion, Lord of my sal - va - tion, Be thou ev - er, ev - er near me, Lord of my sal - va - tion,

m *f*

Lord of my sal - va - tion, Lord of my sal - va - tion, Be thou ev - er, ev - er near me, Lord of my sal - va - tion,

FINE. *p*

Lord of my sal - va - tion, Be thou ev - er near to me, Be thou ev - er near to me. Be near to me,

p

Lord of my sal - va - tion, Be thou ev - er near to me, Be thou ev - er near to me. Be near to me,

Y

"Lord of my Salvation." Continued.

be near to me, thou Lord . . . . . of my sal - va - tion, be thou ev - er near to me, thou

be near to me, thou Lord of my sal - va - tion, of my sal - va - tion, be thou ev - er near to me, thou

be near to me, thou Lord . . . . . of my sal - va - tion, be thou ev - er near to me, thou

Lord, be ev - er near, be near to me, thou Lord, be ev - er near, be near to me; will trust in thee,

Lord, ... be near to me, thou Lord, ... be near to me; I will trust, will trust in thee, will

Lord, be ev - er near, be near to me, thou Lord, be ev - er near, be near to me; will trust in thee,

ff

will trust in thee, will trust in thee, will trust in thee; be near to me,

trust in thee, will trust in thee, will trust in thee, will trust in thee; Be thou near me, be near to me, Be thou

will trust in thee, will trust in thee, will trust in thee; be near to me,

ff

D. C.

Be thou near to me, be near to me, be near to me, be near to me, be near to me, be near to me.

near me, be near to me, be near to me, be near to me, be near to me, be near to me. . . . . .

ff

D. C.

Be thou near to me, be near to me, be near to me, be near to me, be near to me, be near to me.

"When all thy mercies, O my God."

Contributed by the choir of the Charles St. Meth. Episcopal Church, Baltimore.

Andante. *p* *f*

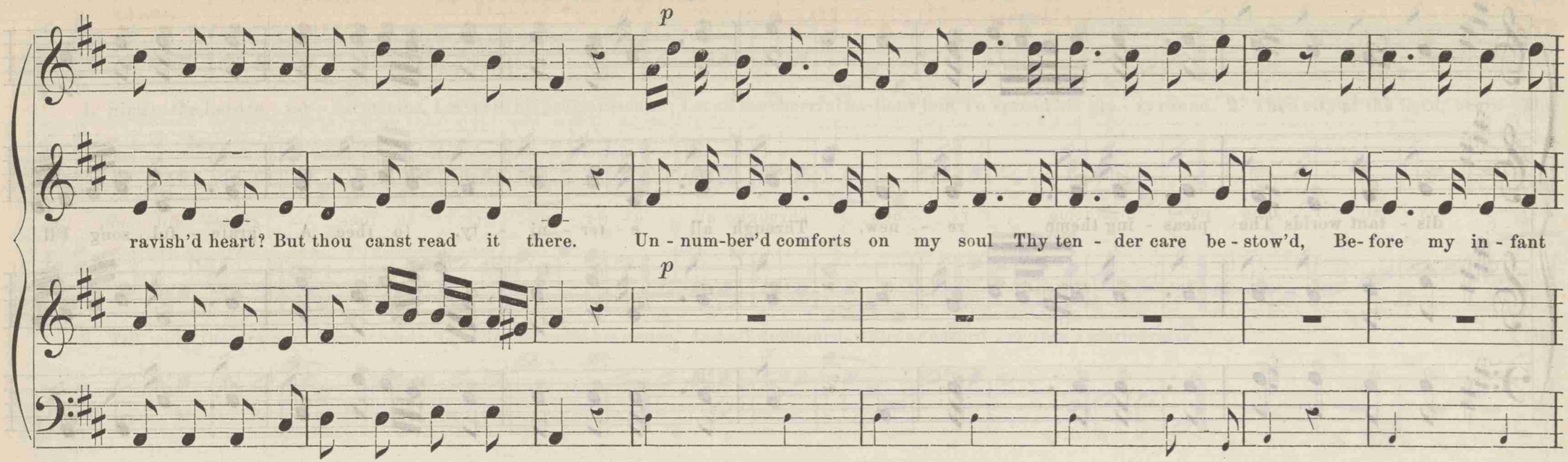
When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ri - sing soul sur - veys, Transport-ed with the view, I'm lost In

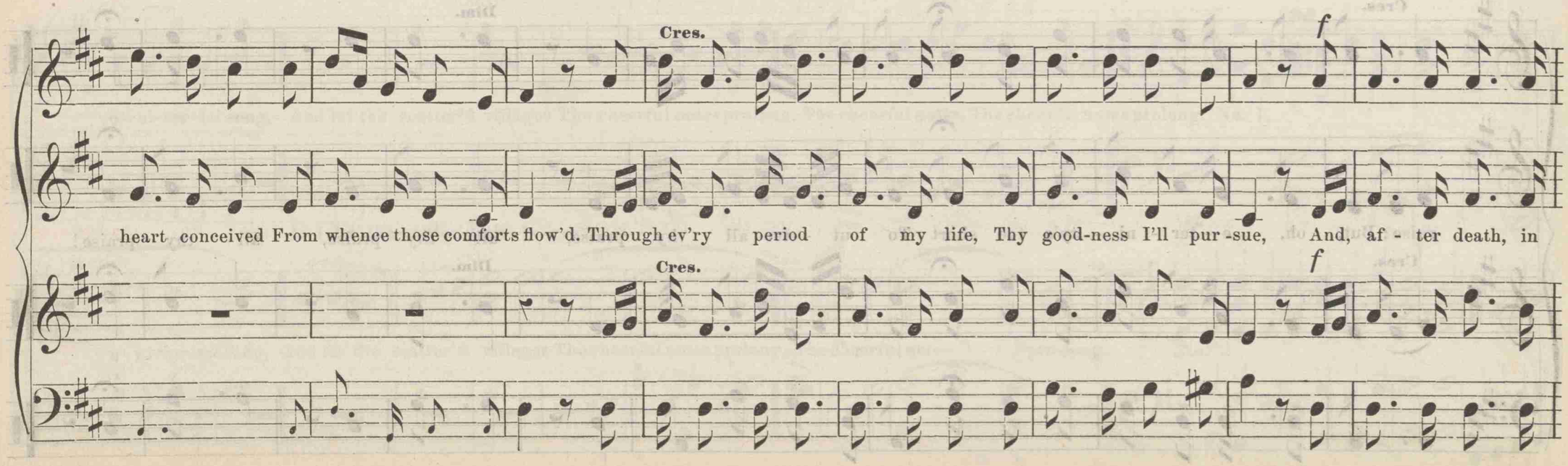
p *f*

p Cres.

won - der, love, and praise. Oh, how can words with e - qual warmth The gra - ti - tude de - clare That glows within my

p Cres.


p
ravish'd heart? But thou canst read it there.
Un - num-ber'd comforts on my soul Thy ten - der care be - stow'd, Be- fore my in - fant
p


Cres.
f
heart conceived From whence those comforts flow'd. Through ev'ry period of my life, Thy good-ness I'll pur - sue, And, af - ter death, in
Cres.
f

dis - tant worlds The pleas - ing theme re - new. Through all e - ter - ni - ty, to thee A grate - ful song I'll

Cres. Dim.

raise; But, oh, e - ter - ni - ty's too short To ut - ter all thy praise, all thy praise, all thy praise!

Cres. Dim.

Lively.

1. Sing to the Lord in joy - ful strains, Let earth his praise resound; Let all the cheerful na-tions join To spread his glo - ry round. 2. Thou city of the Lord, begin The

3. Till, midst the strains of distant lands, The islands sound his praise, And all, combined, with one accord, Jehovah's glories raise. The

u - ni-ver-sal song, And let the scatter'd villages The cheerful notes prolong, The cheerful notes, The cheerful notes prolong. No. 1.

And let the scatter'd vil - la - ges . . . . . .

u - ni-ver-sal song, And let the scatter'd villages The cheerful notes prolong, The cheerful notes . . . pro-long. No. 2.

"Words of truth, how beautiful!"

With Expression.

Rit. *p*

1. Meet again! Meet again! Words of truth, how beautiful! By a loved one sweetly spoken, When the trembling heart is broken, How they charm the fainting soul, How they charm the fainting soul!

2. Meet again! Meet again! Balm-y words at parting hour, When, the paths of life diverging, We our different ways are urging, Faith in Je - sus gives them power, Faith in Jesus gives them power.

3. Meet again! Meet again! When we're call'd to weep a - lone, When the grave some friend hath taken, These blest words shall bliss awaken; Meet again, with joys unknown, Meet again, with joys unknown.

4. Meet again! Meet again! Light divine the soul to cheer; When the heart is fill'd with anguish, When in death the frame doth languish, Heavenly home and friends are near, Heavenly home and friends are near.

HYMN. "O sacred Head."

Largo Affettuoso.

Arranged from KOLB.

1. O sa-cred Head, once wounded, With grief and pain weigh'd down! How scornfully surrounded, With
2. How art thou pale with anguish, With sore abuse and scorn! How does that visage lan-guish Which
3. What language shall I bor - row To praise thee, heavenly Friend, For this thy dying sor-row, Thy
4. For - bid that I should leave thee; O Je-sus, leave not me: By faith I would re - ceive thee, Thy

thorns thy on - ly crown! O sa-cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was thine! Yet, though despised and go - ry, I joy to call thee
once was bright as morn! Thy grief and thy com-pas - sion Were all for sin - ners' gain; Mine, mine was the transgression, But thine the dead-ly

Dim. *p* *m* *mf* *m*

pi - ty with-out end? Lord, make me thine for - ev - er, Nor let me faith-less prove; Oh, let me nev - er, nev - er A - buse such dy - ing
blood can make me free: When strength and comfort lan-guish, And I must hence de - part, Re-lease me then from an-guish By thy own wounded

mine; Yet, though despised and go-ry, I joy to call thee mine, call thee mine, to call thee mine, call thee mine.
pain; Mine, mine was the transgres-sion, But thine the dead-ly pain, dead-ly pain, the dead - ly pain, dead - ly pain.

p *m* Dim. *pp* Rit.

love; Oh, let me nev - er, nev - er A - buse such dy-ing love, dy - ing love, such dying love, dy - - ing love. Sym.
heart; Release me then from anguish By thy own wounded heart, wounded heart, own wounded heart, wound - ed heart.

PSALM. "Before Jehovah's awful throne." Denmark.

Dr. M. MADAN.

Maestoso.

p *m*

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy: Know that the Lord is God a - lone;

p *m*

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy: Know that the Lord is God a - lone;

f *p* 1st. 2d. Andantino. Soli.

He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy, He can cre - ate, and he de-stroy, he de-stroy. 2. His sovereign power, with - out our aid,

f *p* 1st. 2d.

He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy, He can cre - ate, and he de-stroy, he de-stroy. 2. His sovereign 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

Made us of clay, and form'd us men; And when, llke wand'ring sheep, we stray'd, He brought us to his fold a - gain, He brought us

to his fold a - gain. We'll crowd thy gates with thank - - ful . . . songs, High as the heavens our voi - - ces . . . . .

to his fold a - gain. We'll crowd thy gates with thank - - ful . . . songs, High as the heavens our voi - - ces . . . . .

"Before Jehovah's awful throne." Continued.

raise; And earth with her ten thou - sand, thou - sand, thou - sand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sound-ing praise, Shall fill thy courts with

raise: And earth with her ten thou - sand, thou - sand, thou - sand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sound-ing praise, Shall fill thy courts with

sound-ing praise, Shall fill, shall fill thy courts with sound - ing praise. Wide, wide as the world is thy command, Vast as e -

sound-ing praise, Shall fill, shall fill thy courts with sound - ing praise. Wide, wide as the world is thy command, Vast as e -

ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty thy love; Firm as rock thy truth must stand, When rolling years shall cease to

ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth must 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.

p Cres. *f*

move, shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, When roll - - - ing years shall cease to move.

VESPER HYMN. "Hear those soothing sounds ascending."

BEETHOVEN.

Adagio. QUARTET or SEMI-CHORUS.

p

1. Hear those sooth - ing sounds as - cend - ing From the wind - ing path be - low; Thus in each oth - er

p

2. Bear, ye breez - es, gen - tly breath - ing, Sounds of peace far o'er the land; Now all our best af-

sweet - ly blend - ing, On the breez - es as they flow, On the breez - es as they flow.

fec - tions wreath - ing, With a chap - let light and bland, With a chap - let light and bland.

pp CHORUS. Fine. QUARTET.

Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - - - - - - - - - men. 'Tis the even - ing choir now

Cres. Dim.

pp Fine.

Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - - - - - - - - - men. Heart to heart in love be-

Repeat Jubilate.

wending To the ves - pers chant - ing low; The evening choir, now chanting low, Hark! Hark!

To the ves - - pers, &c.
By thy soft di - - - vine com - mand, &c.

queathing, By thy soft di - vine com-mand, di - vine com - mand, di - vine com-mand. Hark! Hark!

The even - ing choir now chant - ing low.
Thy soft com - mand, thy soft com - mand.

Largo.

QUARTET OR CHORUS.

SOLO. SOPRANO.

Rest, rest, rest, spi - rit, rest, In heav - en blest, Rest, rest, spi - rit, rest, Rest, spi - rit, rest;

Rest, rest, rest, rest, spi - rit, rest, rest; In heav - en blest, Rest, rest, spi - rit, rest, *Organ.*

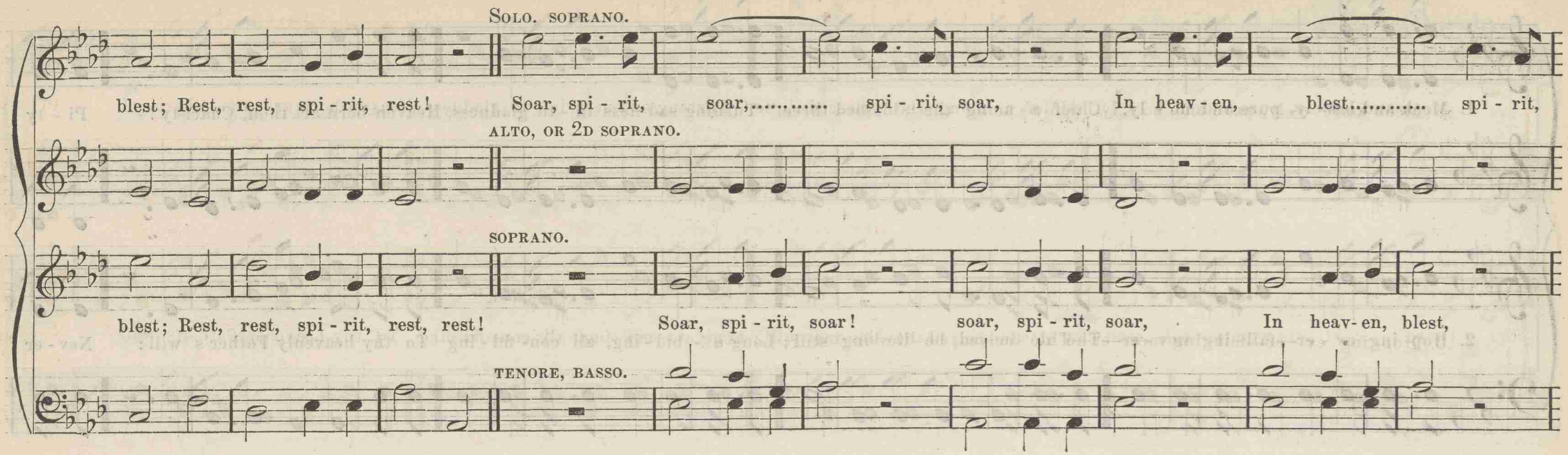
Thou art fled To realms of end - less day; In heav - en blest, By warb - ling choirs of se - raphs

led; Soar, spi - rit, soar a - way; Rest, spi - rit, rest:

QUARTET OR CHORUS.

Rest, rest, rest, spi - rit, rest, In heav - en

Rest, rest, rest, rest, spi - rit, rest, rest; In heav - en


Solo. soprano.
blest; Rest, rest, spi - rit, rest! Soar, spi - rit, soar,..... spi - rit, soar, In heav - en, blest..... spi - rit,
alto, or 2d soprano.
soprano.
blest; Rest, rest, spi - rit, rest, rest! Soar, spi - rit, soar! soar, spi - rit, soar, In heav - en, blest,
tenore, basso.
rest, rest, rest, spi - rit, rest, In heav - en blest, rest, rest, spi - rit, rest.
soar, spi - rit, soar, spi - rit, soar; Rest, spi - rit, rest, rest, rest, blest spi - rit, rest.

CHARITY.

GLOVER.

1. Meek and low-ly, pure and ho - ly, Chief a-mong the "blessed three," Turning sad-ness in - to gladness, Heaven-born art thou, Chari-ty! Pi - ty

2. Hop-ing ev - er—fail-ing nev - er—Tho' de-ceived, be-liev-ing still; Long a - bid-ing, all con- fid-ing To thy heavenly Father's will: Nev-er

dwelleth in thy bo - som, Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart, Gentle thoughts a-lone can sway thee, Judgment hath in thee no part. Meek and

wea-ry. of well-do-ing, Nev-er fear-ful of the end; Claiming all mankind as brothers, Thou dost all a - like be - friend. Meek and

low - ly, pure and ho - ly, Chief a - mong the "blessed three," Turning sad - ness in - to glad - ness, Heaven-born art thou, Char - i - ty!

low - ly, pure and ho - ly, Chief a - mong the "blessed three," Turning sad - ness in - to glad - ness, Heaven-born art thou, Char - i - ty!

HYMN. "When forced to part." 8s & 7s.

WHITE.

Slow and Soft.

1. When forced to part from those we love, Tho' sure to meet to - mor - row, We still a pain - ful anguish prove, We feel a pang of sor - row.
2. But who can e'er describe the tears We shed when thus we sev - er, If doom'd to part for months, for years, To part, perhaps, for - ev - er?
3. Yet, if our aims are fix'd a - right, A sa-cred hope is giv - en, Tho' here our pros - pects end in night, We'll meet a - gain in heav - en.
4. Then let us form those bonds a - bove Which time can ne'er dissev - er, Since, parting in a Saviour's love, We part to meet for - ev - er.

SENTENCE. "Gracious Father, O Lord, hear us."

From BEETHOVEN.

Slow, and with expression.

Gra - cious Fa - ther, O Lord, hear us, When we call up - on Thee, O Lord, hear us,

Gra - cious Fa - ther, O Lord, hear us, When we call up - on Thee, O Lord, hear us,

Send down thy love, O Lord, up - on us, Mer - ci - ful Fa - ther, O Lord, hear us.

Send down thy love, O Lord, up - on us, Mer - ci - ful Fa - ther, O Lord, hear us.

Lively.

Sons of Zi - on, come be-fore him, Bring the cymbal, bring the harp, Bring the cymbal, bring the harp. lo, he's seated,

come be - fore him, bring the harp, Bring the cymbal, bring the harp. High in glory, lo, he's seated, On his

Sons of Zi - on, come be-fore him, Bring the cymbal, bring the harp, Bring the cymbal, bring the harp. High in glory, lo, he's seated, On his

ma-jes-tic throne, On his bright, majestic throne. Sons of Zion, come before him, Sound the lute and strike the harp, Sound the

bright, ma - jes-tic throne, On his bright, ma-jes-tic throne. come before him, strike the harp, Sound the

bright, ma - jes-tic throne, On his bright, ma-jes-tic throne. Sons of Zion, come before him, Sound the lute, and strike the harp, Sound the

"Sons of Zion." Concluded.

lute, strike the harp. Sons of Zi-on, come before him, Sound the lute, and strike the harp, Sound the lute, and strike the harp, Sound the lute, and strike the harp.

lute, strike the harp. Sons of Zi-on, come before him, Sound the lute, and strike the harp, Sound the lute and harp, Sound the lute and harp. Sons of

come be-fore him, strike the harp, Sound the lute and harp, strike the harp, strike the harp.

Zi - on, come before him, Sound the lute, and strike the harp, Sound the lute, and strike the harp, strike the harp, strike the harp, strike the harp.

come be-fore him, strike the harp, Sound the lute and harp, strike the harp, strike the harp.

Largo. *pp*
2d TREBLE.

Come, pilgrim, come a-way, Come, pilgrim, come a - way, come a-way,

Come, come a - way, come, pilgrim, come away, Come, pilgrim, come away, come a - way, come a - way, Why shouldst thou be lin - gering

Largo. *pp*

Come, pilgrim, come away, Come, pilgrim, come a - way,

p Moderato. Fine. *f*

[PILGRIM—SOLO, TREBLE OR TENOR.] Come, pilgrim, come away, Come, pilgrim, come away, come a - way,

here, Why shouldst thou be lingering here? I hear the voice of an-gels, I hear the voice of an-gels, They cry, ... come a -

1st and 2d TREBLE.

Come, pilgrim, come a-way, Come, pilgrim, come away, come a - way,

p Moderato. Fine. *f*

THE VOICE OF ANGELS. Continued.

p *f* *p*

come a - way, come a - way, come a - way, come a - way. Fly to thy man-sions, Fly to thy

TREBLE.

- way, ... They cry, ... come a - way, ... come a - way

ALTO.

p *f* *p*

come a - way, come a - way, come a - way, come a - way. Fly, Fly to thy man-sions,

man-sions, Fly to thy man-sions, Fly to thy man-sions, thy man-sions a - bove, a - bove, a - bove.

Cres. *f* *ff* *f* *ff*

Fly to thy man-sions, Fly to thy man-sions, thy man-sions, thy man-sions a - bove, a - bove, a - bove.

f *ff* *f* *ff*

Andante Larghetto.

p

Cres.

Come, pilgrim, come a - way, come, pilgrim, come a - way, pilgrim, come a - way,

[Pilgrim—Solo.]

Fain would I come and be at rest, fain would I come and be at rest, I be - gin to

1st & 2d Treble.

p

Cres.

come, pilgrim, come a - way, come, pilgrim, come a - way, pilgrim, come a - way,

pp

D. C.

come, pilgrim, come a - way, come, pilgrim, come away, come, pilgrim, come a - way, come a - way, come a - way.

languish, to languish, how soon shall I take my flight . . . . shall I take my flight.

D. C.

come, pilgrim, come a - way, come, pilgrim, come a - way, come, pilgrim, come a - way, come a - way, come a - way.

BETHLEHEM. 5s & 6s.

Altered from Dr. MADAN.

Moderato.

1. Be - hold how the Lord Has girt on his sword; From con - quest to con - quest pro-ceeds! How hap - py are they Who live in this day,

1. Be - hold how the Lord Has girt on his sword; From con - quest to con - quest pro-ceeds! 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.

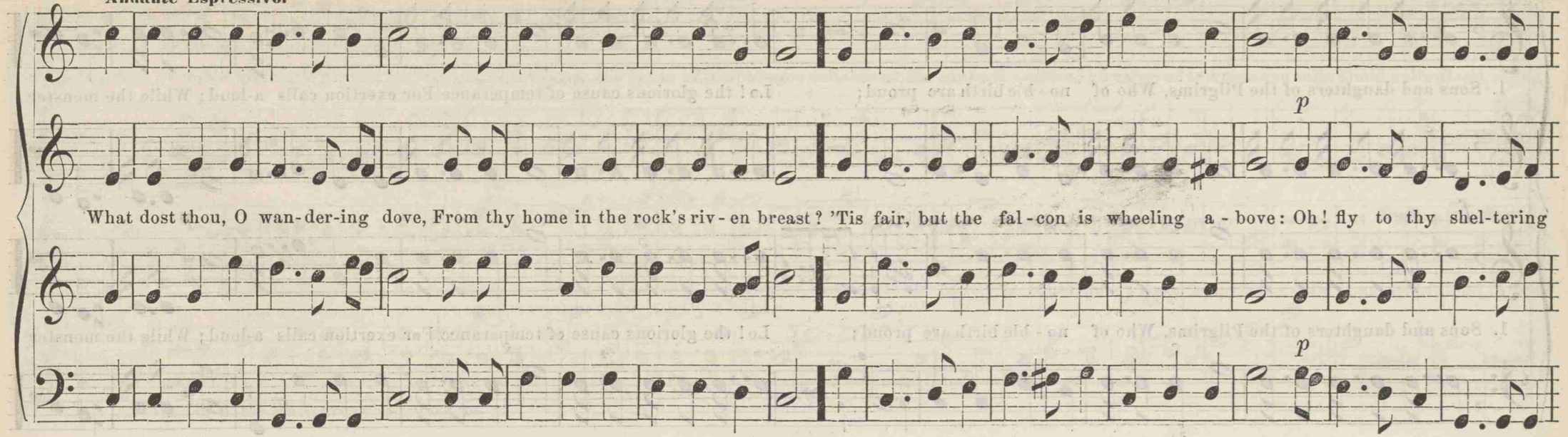
And wit - ness his won - der - ful deeds, And wit - ness his won - der - ful deeds.

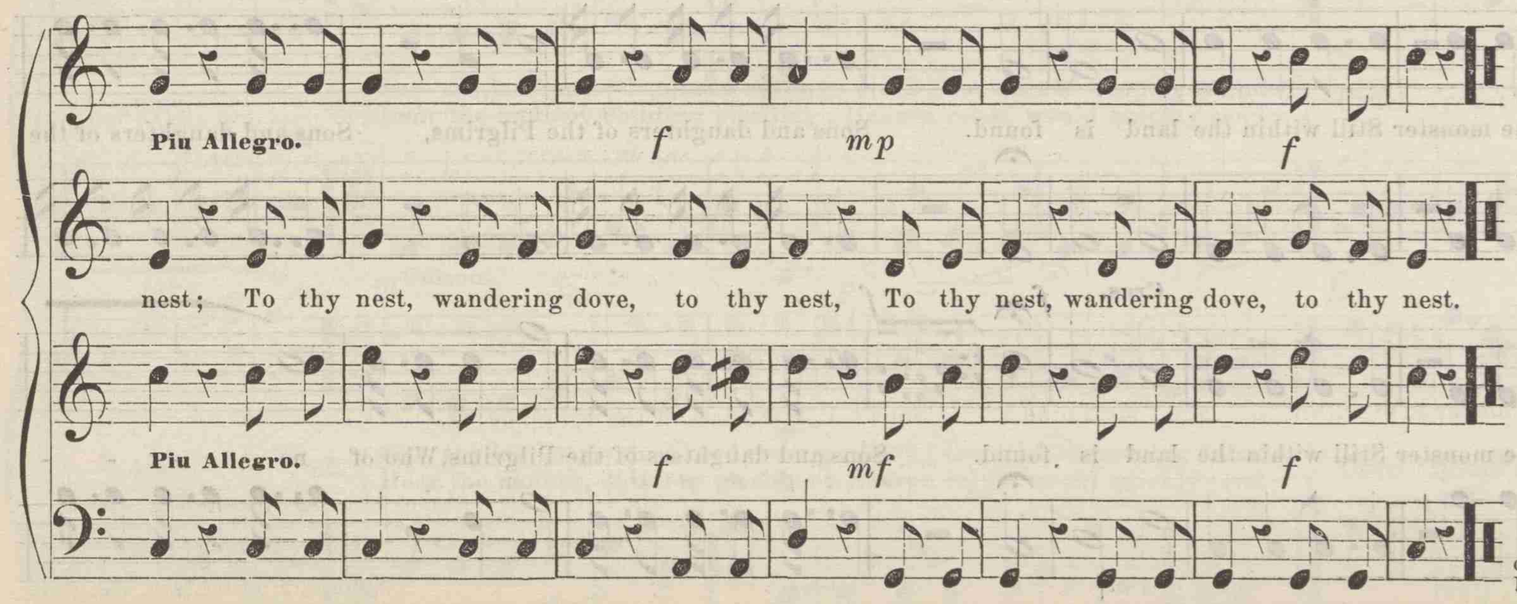
2.

His word he sends forth From south to the north;
From east and from west it is heard:
The rebel is charm'd; The foe is disarm'd;
No day like this day has appear'd.

3.

To Jesus alone, Who sits on the throne;
Salvation and glory belong,
All hail blessed name, Forever the same,
Our joy, and the theme of our song!





Frail bark on that bright summer sea,
That the breezes now curl but in sport,
Spread cheerly thy sail, for though pleasant it be,
Ne'er linger till safe in the port:
To the port, little bark, to the port.

Tired roe, that the hunter dost flee,
While his arrow's e'en now on the wing,
In yon deep-green recess there's a fountain for thee,
Go, rest by that clear secret spring:
To the spring, panting roe, to the spring.

My spirit still hovering, half blest,
'Midst shallows so fleeting and dim;
Ah! knowest thou THY rock and THY haven of rest,
And knowest thou THY pure spring of joy?
Then to HIM, fluttering spirit, to HIM.

☞ The above beautiful lines were found in the pocket of a clergyman, who was instantly killed by a fall from his horse, at Bath, England.

"Sons and daughters of the Pilgrims."

Allegretto.

1. Sons and daughters of the Pilgrims, Who of no - ble birth are proud; Lo! the glorious cause of temperance For exertion calls a-loud; While the monster

f *p*

1. Sons and daughters of the Pilgrims, Who of no - ble birth are proud; Lo! the glorious cause of temperance For exertion calls a-loud; While the monster

Still within the land is found—While the monster Still within the land is found. Sons and daughters of the Pilgrims, Sons and daughters of the

p Cres. *f* *p* Cres. *f* *f*

Still within the land is found—While the monster Still within the land is found. Sons and daughters of the Pilgrims, Who of no - - - -

Sons and daughters, &c.

Pilgrims, Who of noble birth are proud; Lo! the cause, the cause, the cause of temperance calls aloud, the cause, the cause, the cause of temperance calls aloud, calls aloud, calls a-

- - - - ble birth are proud; Lo! the cause, the cause, the cause of temperance calls aloud, the cause, the cause, the cause of temperance calls aloud, calls aloud, calls a-

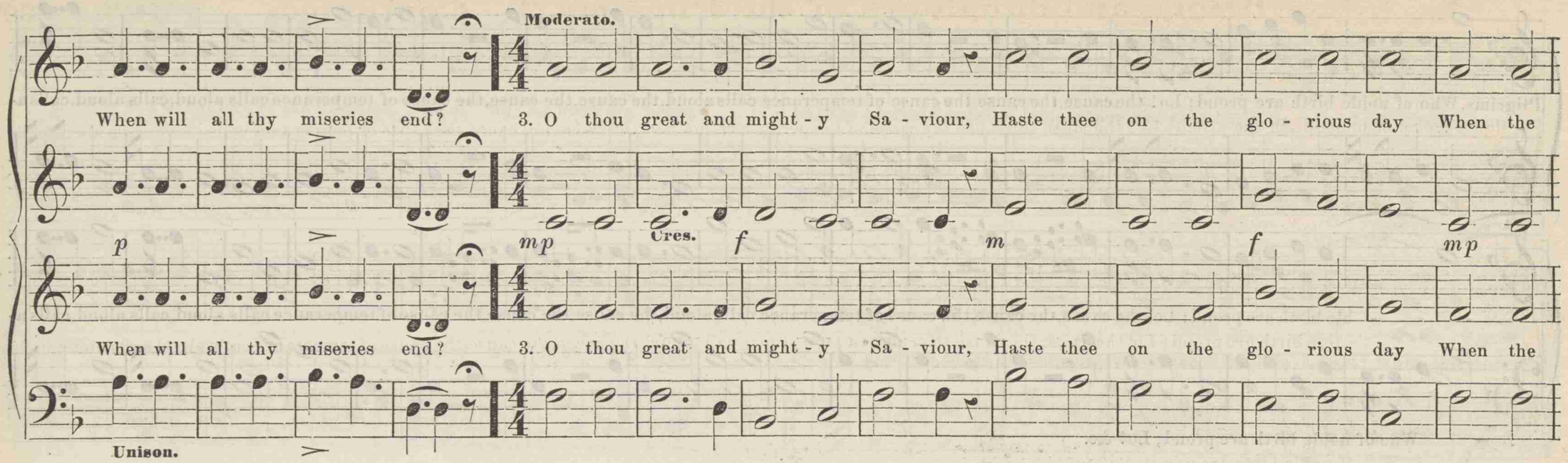
Who of noble birth are proud; Lo! &c.

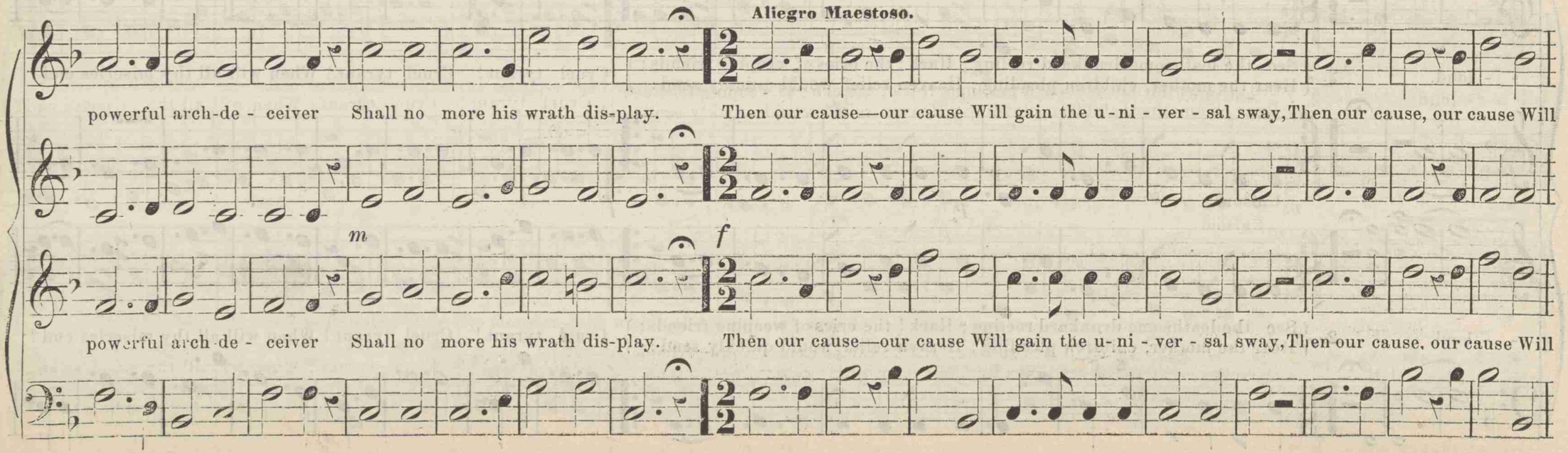
Larghetto.

- - loud. 2. { See the loathsome drunkard reeling; Hark! the cries of weeping friends; / Hear the mother, children pleading; Heaven relief would quickly send: } Cruel tyrant! Cruel tyrant! When will all thy miseries end?

m **Unison.** *p* *f*

- - loud. 2. { See the loathsome drunkard reeling; Hark! the cries of weeping friends; / Hear the mother, children pleading; Heaven relief would quickly send: } Cruel tyrant! Cruel tyrant! When will all thy miseries end?


Moderato.
When will all thy miseries end?
3. O thou great and might - y Sa - viour, Haste thee on the glo - rious day When the
p
mp
Cres.
f
m
f
mp
When will all thy miseries end?
3. O thou great and might - y Sa - viour, Haste thee on the glo - rious day When the
Unison.


Aliegro Maestoso.
powerful arch-de - ceiver Shall no more his wrath dis-play.
Then our cause—our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway, Then our cause, our cause Will
m
f
powerful arch-de - ceiver Shall no more his wrath dis-play.
Then our cause—our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway, Then our cause, our cause Will

ff

gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway— our cause— our cause— our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway—our cause— our cause— our cause Will

ff

gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway— our cause— our cause— our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway—our cause— our cause— our cause Will

gain the u - ni-ver-sal sway—the u - ni-ver-sal sway—our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway—our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway.

gain the u - ni-ver-sal sway—the u - ni-ver-sal sway—our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway—our cause Will gain the u - ni - ver - sal sway.

HYMN. "Praise the Lord." [THANKSGIVING.]

Arranged from ROLLE.

Allegro. Dim. *mf* *f*

1. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, when blush - ing morning Wakes..... the blos-soms 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 flowers; Praise, thou willow, by the brook-side; Praise, ye birds, a-mong the bowers.

f Dim. *mf* *f*

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.

"I would not live alway."

E. HEGINBOTHAM.

DUETT.

I would not live al - way: I ask not to stay Where storm af-ter storm ris - es dark o'er the way;

I would not live al - way: I ask not to stay Where storm..... after storm ris-es dark o'er the way;

The few lu - rid morn-ings that dawn on us here Are e-nough for life's woes,..... full e - nough for its cheer.

QUARTETTE.

I would not live al - way; No, welcome the tomb: Since Je - sus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;

I would not live al - way: No, wel - come the tomb: Since Je - sus hath lain there, I dread . . . not its gloom;

There sweet be my rest till he bid me a - rise, To hail! To hail! To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

There sweet be my rest till he bid me a - rise, To hail him in tri- - - - - - umph de - scend - ing the skies.

There sweet be my rest, till he bid me a - rise, To hail him in tri- - - - - - umph de - scend - ing the skies.

There sweet be my rest till he bid me a - rise, To hail! To hail! To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

"I would not live alway." Concluded.

CHORUS.

Who, who would live al - way, a - way from his God? A - way from you heaven, that bliss - ful a - bode,

Who, who would live al - way, a - way from his God? A - way from you heaven, that bliss - ful a - bode,

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?

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?

"Weep no more."

1. Weep no more! weep no more! O ye brok - en heart - ed, O'er the dear ones gone,

2. Weep no more! weep no more! Tears are un - a - vail - ing Which in - ces - sant flow;

3. Weep no more! weep no more! That which God hath tak - en, Once in kind - ness given,

mp Dim.

Say o'er the de - part - ed, "Lord, thy will be done." Weep no more, no more, weep no more!

Christ, the all - pre - vail - ing, Seeks to heal thy woe. Weep . . . . no more, weep no more, weep no more!

Dim.

He hath not for - sak - en, But removed to heaven. Weep no more, weep no more, weep no more!

mp

Weep no more, no more, no more! . . . . . .

ROCK OF AGES.

GEORGE WM. WARREN.

Andante semplice.

Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;

Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, Let the wa - ter

From thy side, a heal - ing flood, Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

and the blood, From thy side, a heal - ing flood, Save from wrath and make me pure.

TENOR SOLO.

Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guor know, This for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and thou a - lone.

SOPRANO SOLO.

In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye-lids close in death,

While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death, When I rise to worlds un - known, When I rise to

And be - hold thee on thy throne, Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

worlds un-known, And be - hold thee on thy throne, Let me hide my - self in thee.

ANTHEM. "Abide with me."

["SALUTATION." By permission of O. Ditson & Co.]

A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me a - bide;

A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me a - bide;

f *p*

When other help - ers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, then a - bide with me.

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, then a - bide with me.

I need thy pres - ence ev' - ry pass - ing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?

I need thy pres - ence ev' - ry pass - ing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?

cres. *f* *dim.*

Who like thy - self, my Guide and Stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me, Thro' cloud and

Who like thy - self, my Guide and Stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me, Thro' cloud and

p *f*

sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me. I fear no foe— with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and

sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me, I fear no foe— with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and

ff *dim.*

tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me.

tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Moderato.

Our Fa - ther who art in heaven; Hallow - ed be thy name; Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; Give us this

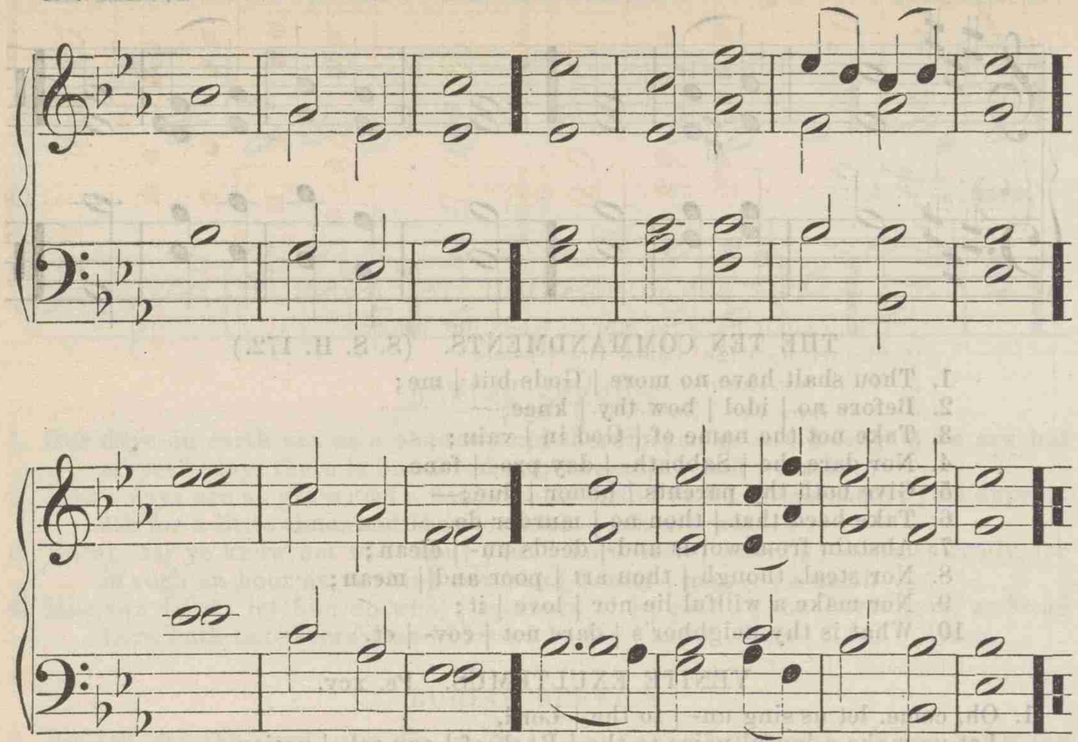
day our dai - ly bread: And for-give us our tres-pass-es as we forgive them that tres-pass a - gainst us. And lead us not in - to tempt-

Cres. *f*

- ation, but de - liv - er us from e - vil; For thine is the kingdom, and the pow-er, and the glo - ry, for ev - er and ev - er. A - - men.

f

No. 1. Cantate Domino.



1. Oh, sing unto the | Lord a new | song,
   For | he hath done | marvel-lous | things.
2. With his own right hand, and with his | holy | arm,
   Hath he | gotten him- | self the | victory.

3. The Lord declared | his sal- | vation,
   His righteousness hath he openly showed | in the | sight... of the | heathen.
4. He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel,
   And all the ends of the world have seen the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.

5. Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, | all ye | lands;
   Sing, re- | joice, and | give— | thanks.
6. Praise the Lord up- | on the | harp;
   Sing to the harp with a | psalm of | thanks— | giving;

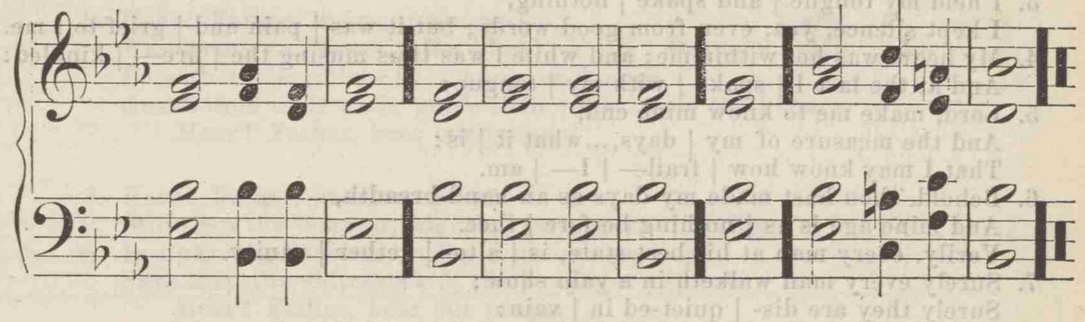
7. With trumpets | also...and | shawms;
   Oh, show yourselves joyful be- | fore the | Lord | the King.
8. Let the sea make a noise, and all that | there-in | is;
   The round world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.

9. Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be- | fore the
   Lord:
   For he | cometh...to | judge the | earth.
10. With righteousness shall he | judge the | world:
    And the | people | with | equity.

11. Glory be to the Father, | and...to the | Son
    And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
12. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be,
    World with- | out end. | A— | men.

No. 2. CHANT. "Thy will be done."

BOWRING.



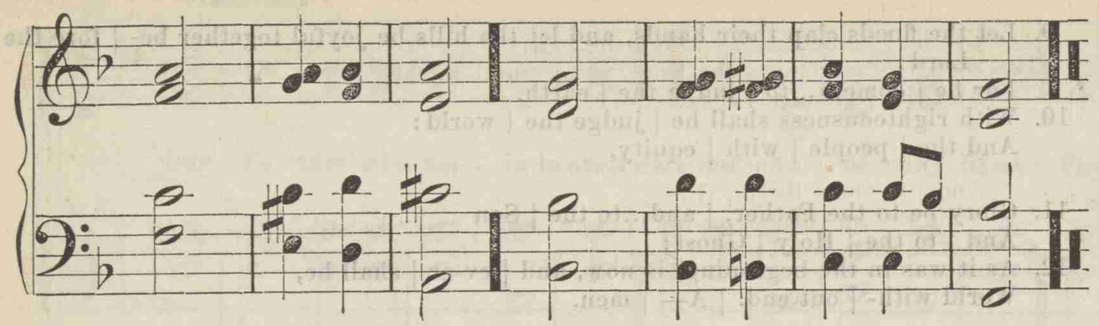
1. "Thy will be done!" ‖ In devious way
   The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ‖
   Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
   "Thy will be | done!"

2. "Thy will be done!" ‖ If o'er us shine
   A gladdening and a | prosperous sun, ‖
   This prayer will make it more divine— |
   "Thy will be done!"

3. "Thy will be done!" ‖ Though shrouded o'er
   Our | path with | gloom, ‖ one comfort—one
   Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, |
   "Thy will be done!"

Close with the first "Thy will be done."

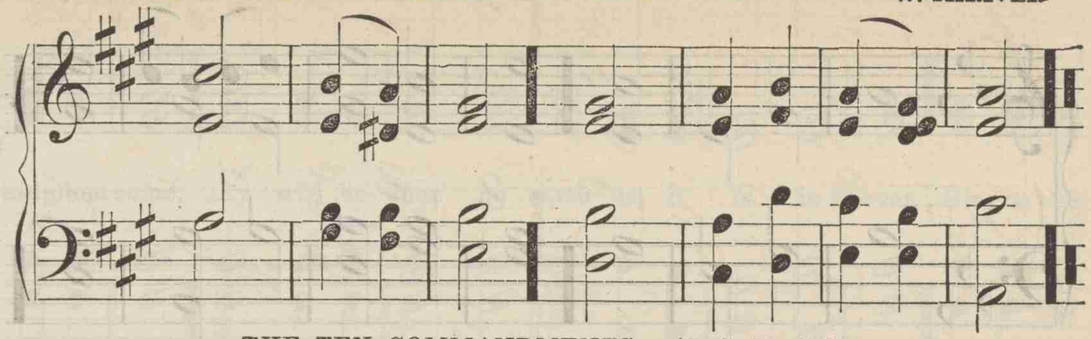
No. 3. SINGLE CHANT. W. SHRIVER.



DIXI CUSTODIAM. Ps. xxxix.

1. I said, I will take heed | to my | ways,
   That I of- | fend not | in my | tongue.
2. I will keep my mouth as it were | with a | bridle,
   While the un- | godly is | in my | sight.
3. I held my tongue | and spake | nothing,
   I kept silence, yea, even from good words; but it was | pain and | grief to | me.
4. My heart was hot within me; and while I was thus musing the | fire— | kindled:
   And at the last I | spake | with my | tongue:
5. Lord, make me to know mine end,
   And the measure of my | days,...what it | is:
   That I may know how | frail— | I— | am.
6. Behold, thou hast made my days as an hand-breadth,
   And mine age is as | nothing be-fore | thee.
   Verily, every man at his best state, is | alto- | gether | vanity.
7. Surely every man walketh in a vain show;
   Surely they are dis- | quiet-ed in | vain:
   He heapeth up riches, and | knoweth...not | who shall | gather them.
8. And now, Lord, what | wait I | for?
   My | hope— | is in | thee.
9. Deliver me from | all...my trans- | gressions;
   Make me | not...the re- | proach...of the | foolish.
10. I was dumb, I opened | not my | mouth;
    Because | thou— | —— | didst it.
11. Remove thy stroke a- | way— | from me;
    I am con- | sumed...by the | blow of...thine | hand.
12. When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity,
    Thou makest his beauty to consume a- | way...like a | moth
    Surely | every | man is | vanity.
13. Hear my prayer, | O— | Lord,
    And give | ear un- | to my | cry.
14. Hold not thy | peace at...my | tears:
    For I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as | all my | fathers | were.
15. Oh, spare me, that I may re- | cover | strength,
    Before I go hence, and | be— | no— | more.

No. 4. SINGLE CHANT. W. SHRIVER.



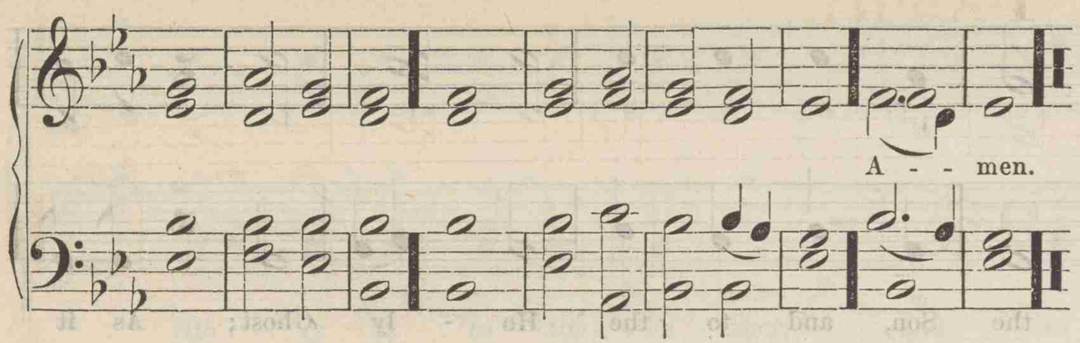
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. (S. S. H. 172.)

1. Thou shalt have no more | Gods but | me;
2. Before no | idol | bow thy | knee.
3. Take not the name of | God in | vain;
4. Nor dare the | Sabbath- | day pro- | fane.
5. Give both thy parents | honor | due;—
6. Take heed that | thou no | murder do.
7. Abstain from words and | deeds un- | clean;
8. Nor steal, though | thou art | poor and | mean;
9. Nor make a willful lie nor | love | it;
10. What is thy neighbor's | dare not | cov- | et.

VENITE EXULTEMUS. Ps. xcv.

1. Oh, come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord,
   Let us make a joyful noise to the | Rock of | our sal- | vation.
2. Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving;
   And make a joyful | noise unto | him with | psalms.
3. For the Lord is a | great— | God;
   And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
4. In his hand are the deep places | of the | earth;
   And the strength of the | hills is | his— | also.
5. The sea is his, | and he | made it;
   And his hands | form-ed | the dry | land.
6. Oh, come, let us worship | and bow | down;
   And kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
7. { *Repeat the latter strain of the Chant for this verse.*
   For he is | our— | God.
   And we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his— | hand.
8. To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden | not your | heart;
   As in the day of temptation | in the | wil-der- | ness.
9. When your fathers | tempted | me:
   Proved | me and | saw my | work.
10. Forty years long was I grieved with this gene- | ration, and | said,
    It is a people who do err in their heart, and they have | not known | my— | ways.
11. Unto whom I sware | in my | wrath,
    They should not enter | into | my—rest.

No. 5. SINGLE CHANT. I. B. WOODBURY.



BURIAL SERVICE.

1. Our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is | none a- | biding; || we are but of yesterday, there is but a | step..between | us and | death.
2. Man's days are as grass. as a flower of the field | so he | flourisheth; | he appeareth for a little time, and then | vanish- | eth a- | way.
3. Watch, for ye know not what hour your | Lord doth | come; || be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the | Son of | man— | cometh.
4. It is the Lord; let him do what | seemeth..him | good: || the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the | name of the | Lord. Amen.

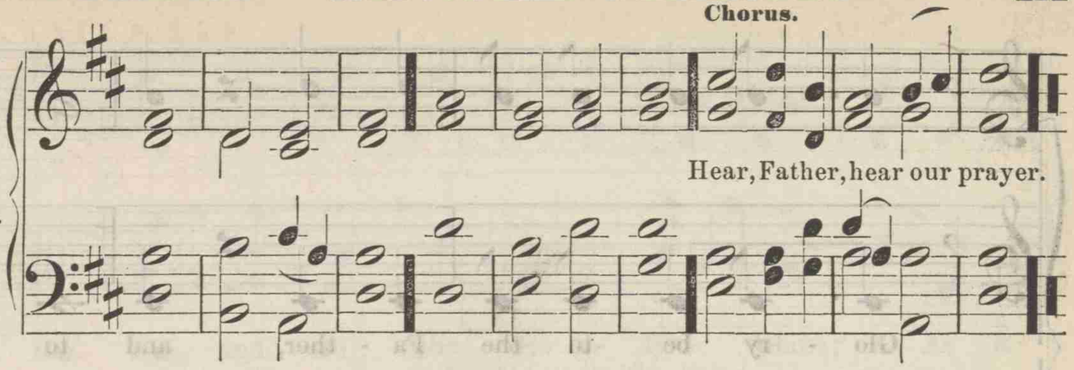
BURIAL SERVICE.

1. Blessed are the dead, who die in the | Lord from | henceforth: || Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them.
2. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death | hath no | power: || but they shall be priests of God, and of Christ, and shall reign with | him a | thousand | years.
3. Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests to God | and his | Father: || to him be glory and do- | minion..for- | ever..and | ever.
4. Blessed are the dead, who die in the | Lord from | henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, | and their | works do | follow them. Amen.

FAST.

1. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and | plenteous..in | mercy.
   He will not always chide, neither will he keep his | anger..for- | ever.
2. He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to | our in- | iquities:
   For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward | them that | fear him.
3. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our trans- | gressions from us.
   Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth | them that | fear him. Amen.

No. 6. SINGLE CHANT.



1. Hear! Father, hear our prayer!
   Thou who art Pity where | sorrow..pre- | vaileth,
   Thou who art Safety when mortal help faileth,
   Strength to the feeble, and | Hope..to de- | spair.
   Hear! Father, hear our prayer!

2. Hear! Father, hear our prayer!
   Wandering unknown in the | land..of the | stranger,
   Be with all travellers in sickness or danger.
   Guard thou their path, guide their | feet..from the | snare.
   Hear! Father, hear our prayer!

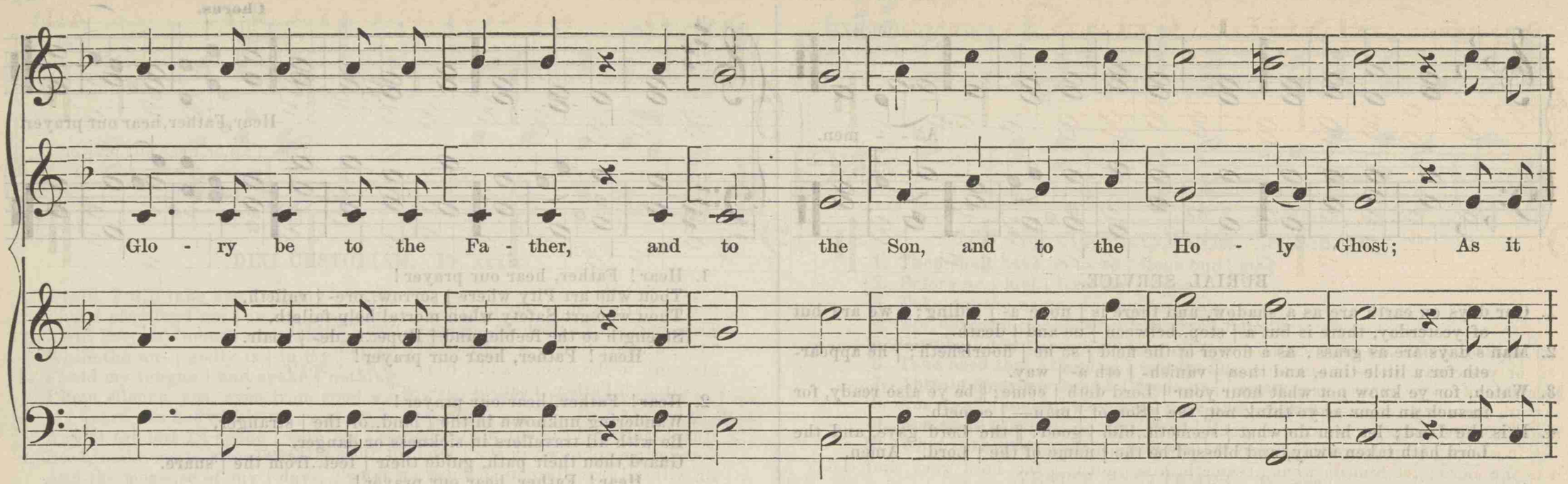
3. Hear! Father, hear our prayer!
   Still thou the tempest, night's | terrors..re- | vealing,
   In lightning flashing, in thy thunders pealing:
   Save thou the shipwreck'd, the | voyager | spare.
   Hear! Father, hear our prayer!

4. Hear thou the poor that cry!
   Feed thou the hungry, and | lighten..their | sorrow;
   Grant them the sunshine of hope for the morrow;
   They are thy children, their | trust..is on | high;
   Hear thou the poor that cry!

5. Dry thou the mourner's tear!
   Heal thou the wounds of | time..hallowed af- | fection,
   Grant to the widow and orphan protection,
   Be in their trouble a | friend..ever | near.
   Dry thou the mourner's tear!

6. Hear! Father, hear our prayer!
   Long hath thy goodness our | footsteps..at- | tended;
   Be with the Pilgrim whose journey is ended;
   When at thy summons for | death..we pre- | pare.
   Hear! Father, hear our prayer!

No. 7. GLORIA PATRI.

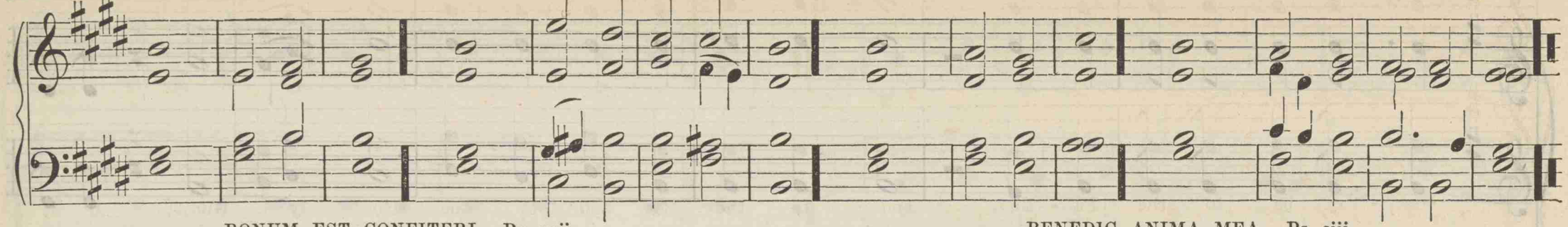


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A-men. A - men.

No. 9. DOUBLE CHANT.

Dr. RANDALL.



BONUM EST CONFITERI. Ps. xcii.

1. It is a good thing to give thanks | unto..the | Lord;
   And to sing praises unto thy | — | name, O most | Highest.
2. To tell of thy loving-kindness | early..in the | morning;
   And of thy | truth..in the | night— | season.
3. Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | lute;
   Upon a loud instrument, | and up- | on the | harp.
4. For thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through thy | works;
   And I will rejoice in giving praise for the ope- | ration | of thy | hands.
5. Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
   And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
6. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever..shall | be,
   World without | end. A- | men, A- | men. (*Gloria Patri.*)

CANTATE DOMINO. Ps. xcviii.

1. O sing unto the | Lord a..new | song;
   For | he hath..done | marvel..lous | things.
2. With his own right hand and with his | holy | arm
   Hath he gotten him- | self the | victo- | ry.
3. The Lord declared | his sal- | vation;
   His righteousness hath he openly | showed..in the | sight..of the | heathen.
4. He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel,
   And all the ends of the world have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God.
5. Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, | all ye | lands;
   Sing, re- | joice, and | give— | thanks.
6. Praise the Lord up- | on the | harp;
   Sing to the Lord with a | psalm of | thanks— | giving.
7. With trumpets | also..and | cornet, (or shawms,)
   O show yourselves joyful be- | fore the | Lord the | King.
8. Let the sea make a noise, and all that | therein | is;
   The round world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.
9. Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be- | fore the [Lord;
   For he | cometh..to | judge the | earth.
10. With righteousness shall he | judge the | world;
    And the | people | with– | equity.

GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost; [men.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, | world | with..out | end. A-|

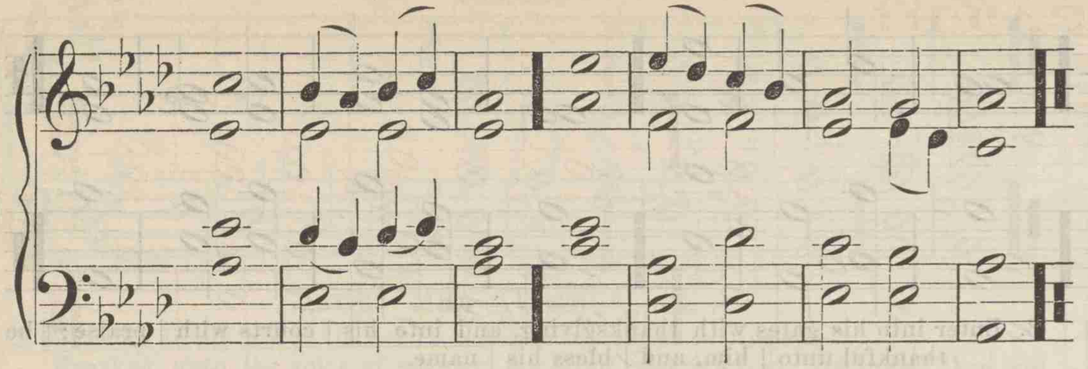
BENEDIC ANIMA MEA. Ps. ciii.

1. Praise the Lord, | O my | soul;
   And all that is within me | praise his | holy | name.
2. Praise the Lord, | O my | soul;
   And for- | get not | all his | benefits.
3. Who forgiveth | all thy | sin,
   And | healeth..all | thine in- | firmities.
4. Who saveth thy | life..from de- | struction;
   And crowneth thee with | mercy..and | loving- | kindness.
5. O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that ex- | cel in | strength;
   Ye that fulfil his commandment,
   And hearken unto the | voice of | his— | word.
6. O praise the Lord, | all..ye his | hosts;
   Ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure.
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. Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son;
   And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
9. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be,
   World without | end. A- | — — | men.

QUI CONFIDUNT. Ps. cxxv.

1. They that trust in the Lord shall be as | Mount— | Zion;
   Which cannot be removed, but a- | bid— | eth for- | ever.
2. As the mountains are round about Je- | ru-sa- | lem,
   So the Lord is round about his people from | henceforth | even..for- | ever.
3. For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the | lot..of the | righteous;
   Lest the righteous put forth their | hands un- | to in- | iquity.
4. Do good, O Lord, unto | those that..are | good,
   And to them that are | upright | in their | hearts.
5. As for such as turn aside unto their | crooked | ways,
   The Lord shall lead them forth with the | workers | of in- | iquity.
6. But peace shall be upon | Is-ra- | el,
   Peace shall be upon | Is— | —ra- | el.

No. 10. SINGLE CHANT. W. D. R.



BENEDICTUS. Luke i. 68.

1. Blessed be the Lord | God of | Israel:
   For he hath | visited...and re- | deemed his | people,
2. And hath raised up a mighty sal- | va-tion | for us
   In the | house...of his | servant | David.
3. As he spake by the mouth of his | holy | prophets;
   Which have | been...since the | world be- | gan.
4. That we should be | saved...from our | enemies;
   And from the | hand of | all that | hate us.

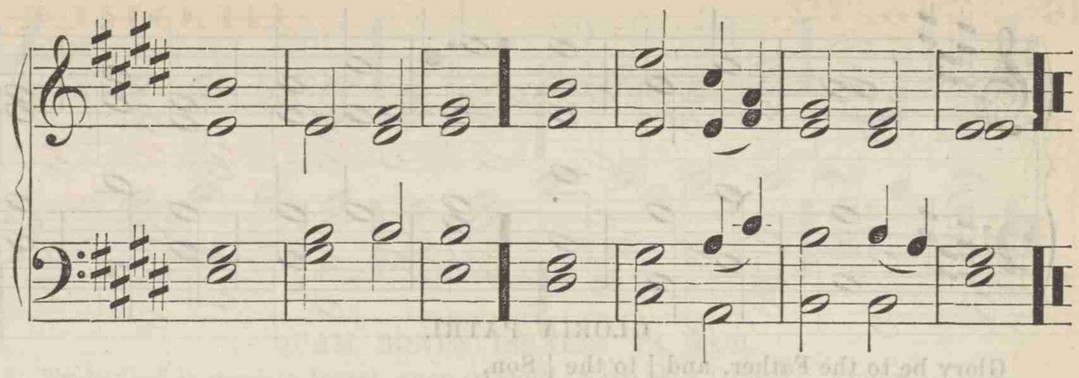
GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, | world with...out | end.
A- | men.

DOMINE, DOMINUS NOSTER. Ps. viii.

1. O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in | all the | earth!
   Who hast set thy | glory...a- | bove the | heavens.
2. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings
   Hast thou ordained strength, be- | cause of...thine | enemies:
   That thou mightest still the | ene...my | and...the a- | venger.
3. When I consider thy heavens, the | work of...thy | fingers;
   The moon and the | stars, which | thou...hast or- | dained.
4. What is man, that thou art | mindful...of | him,
   And the son of | man,...that thou | visit...est | him?
5. For thou hast made him a little | lower...than the | angels:
   And hast | crowned...him with | glory...and | honor.
6. Thou hast made him to have dominion over the | works of...thy | hands.
   Thou hast put | all things | under...his | feet.
7. All sheep and oxen, yea, and beasts of the field,
   The fowl of the air, and | fish...of the | sea;
   And whatsoever | passeth...through the | paths...of the | sea.
8. O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in | all the | earth!
   How excellent is thy | name in | all the | earth!

No. 11. SINGLE CHANT.



DOMINUS REGNAVIT. Ps. xciii.

1. The Lord reigneth; he is clothed with majesty;
   The Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath | girded...him- | self:
   The world also is established, that it | can- — | not be | moved.
2. Thy throne is es- | tablished...of | old,
   Thou | art from | ev-er- | lasting,
3. The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted | up their | voice;
   The | floods lift | up their | waves.
4. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of | many | waters;
   Yea, than the mighty | waves— | —of the | sea.
5. Thy testimonies are | very | sure;
   Holiness becometh thy | house, O | Lord, for- | ever.

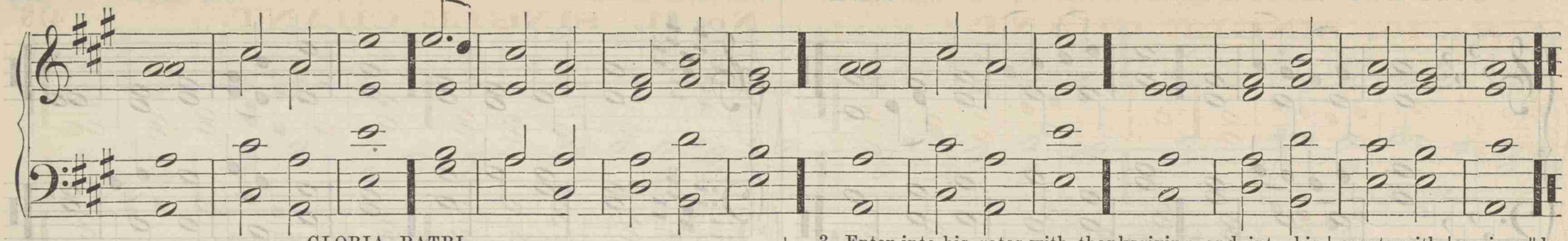
SONG OF MOSES. Ex. xv.

1. I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath | tri-umphed | gloriously;
   The horse and his rider hath he | thrown— | —in...to the | sea.
2. The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become | my sal- | vation;
   He is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation;
   My Father's | God, and | I...will ex- | alt him.
3. The Lord is a man of war; the | Lord is...his | name;
   Pharaoh's chariots and his hosts hath he cast into the sea;
   His chosen captains also are | drowned...in the | Red— | Sea.
4. Thy right hand, O Lord, is become | glorious...in | power:
   Thy right hand, O Lord, hath | dashed in | pieces...the | enemy.
5. Who is like unto thee, O | Lord, a-mong the | gods?
   Who is like unto thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, | do- — | —ing | wonders?
6. Thou in thy mercy hast led forth the people which | thou...hast re- | deemed;
   Thou hast girded them in thy strength unto thy | ho- — | ly...habi- | tation.

GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world | without | end.
A- | men.

No. 12. GLORIA PATRI.



GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the be- | ginning, is | now,
And ever shall be, | world without | end. A- | men.

MAGNUS DOMINUS. Ps. xlviii.

1. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the | city..of our | God, ‖ in the | mountain | of his | holiness.
2. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole | earth, is..Mount | Zion, ‖ on the sides of the north, the | city..of the | great | King.
3. God is known in his palaces for a refuge. Walk, | walk a-..bout | Zion, ‖ and go round a-..bout her: | tell the | towers there- | of.
4. Mark, | mark ye..well her | bulwarks: ‖ consider her palaces, that ye may | tell it..to the | gene-..ration | following.
5. For this God is our God for | ever and | ever: ‖ he will be our | guide | even..unto | death.

CONFITEMINI DOMINO. Ps. cxviii.

1. The stone which the builders refused is become the | head-stone..of the | corner. ‖ This is the Lord's doing, it is | marvellous | in our | eyes.
2. This is the day which the | Lord hath | made: ‖ we will re- | joice..and be | glad in | it.
3. Save now, I be- | seech thee,..O | Lord; ‖ O Lord, I beseech thee, | send..now pros- | peri- | ty.
4. Blessed is he that cometh in the | name..of the | Lord: ‖ we have blessed you | out of..the | house of..the | Lord.
5. God is the Lord, which hath | showed us | light; ‖ bind the sacrifice with cords, | even..unto the | horns..of the | altar.
6. Thou art my God, and | I will | praise thee; ‖ thou art my | God, I | will ex- | alt thee.
7. Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for | he is | good; ‖ for his | mercy en- | dureth for- | ever.

JUBILATE DEO. Ps. c.

1. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands; ‖ serve the Lord with gladness, come be- | fore his | presence..with | singing.
2. Know ye that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us, and not | we ourselves; ‖ we are his | people,..and the | sheep..of his | pasture.
3. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise; ‖ be thankful unto | him, and | bless his | name.
4. For the Lord is good, his mercy is | ever- | lasting: ‖ and his truth endureth to | all | gene- | rations.

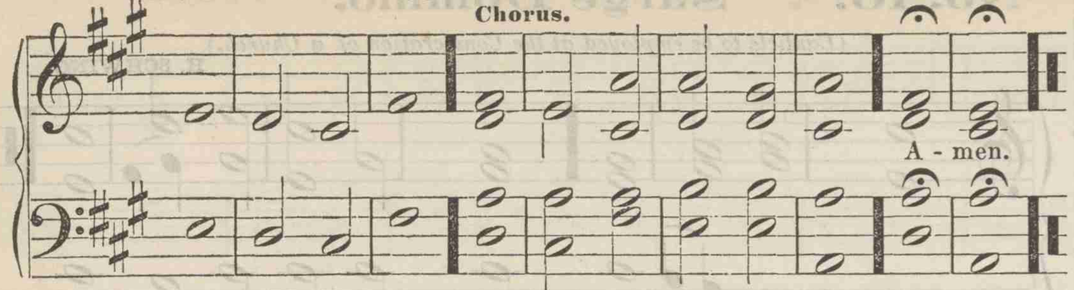
EXAUDIAT TE, DOMINUS. Ps. xx.

1. The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble,
   The name of the God of | Jacob..de- | fend thee;
   Send thee help from the sanctuary,
   And | strengthen..thee | out of | Zion;
2. Remember all thy offerings,
   And ac- | cept thy..burnt | sacrifice;
   Grant thee according to thine own heart,
   And ful- | fil all | —..thy | counsels.
3. We will rejoice in thy salvation,
   And in the name of the Lord will we set | up our | banners;
   The Lord ful- | fil all | —..thy pe- | titions.
4. Now know that the Lord, | saveth..his an- | ointed;
   He will hear him from his holy heaven
   With the saving | strength of | his right | hand.
5. Some trust in chariots, and some in horses;
   But we will remember the name of the | Lord our | God:
   They are brought down and fallen;
   But we are | risen..and | stand— | upright.
6. Save, Lord! let the king | hear us..when we | call.
   Save, Lord! let the king | hear us | when we | call.

MAGNA ET MIRABILIA OPERA. From Rev. xv.

1. Great and marvellous are thy works, | Lord..God Al- | mighty!
   Just and true are thy | ways, thou | King of | saints.
2. Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and | glorify..thy | name!
   For | thou— | only..art | holy.
3. Salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the | Lord our | God:
   For | true and | righteous..are his | judgments.
4. Praise ye our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both | small and | great:
   A- | men..Halle- | lujah..A- | men.

No. 13. SINGLE CHANT.



VERBA MEA AURIBUS. Ps. v.

1. Give ear to my words, O Lord: consider my | med-i- | tation:
   Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God; for unto | thee will | I— | pray.
2. My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord;
   In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and | will look | up.
   For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness, neither shall | evil | dwell with | thee.
3. The foolish shall not stand in thy sight; thou hatest all | workers..of in- | iquity:
   Thou shalt destroy them that speak falsehood; the Lord will abhor the | bloody.. and de- | ceit-ful | man.
4. But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy;
   And in thy fear will I worship toward thy | ho-ly | temple.
   Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies;
   Make thy way | straight be- | fore my | face.
5. Let all them that put their trust in thee rejoice;
   Let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them;
   Let them also that love thy name be | joyful..in | thee:
   For thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous;
   With favor wilt thou compass | him, as | with a | shield.

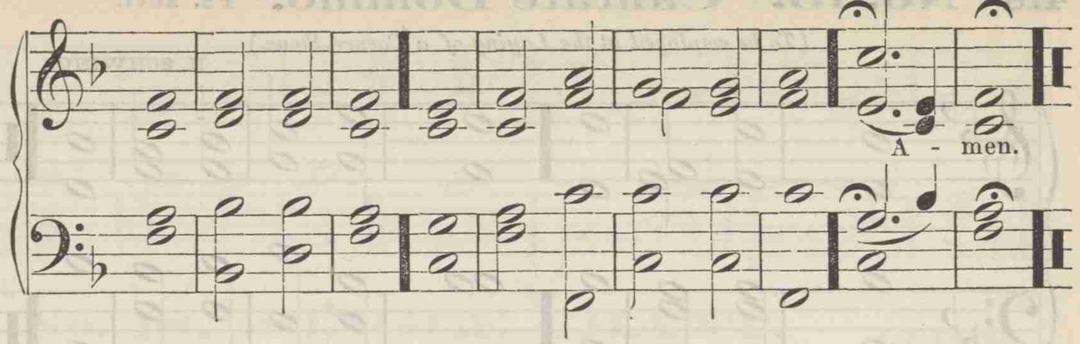
GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, | world with..out | end. A- | men.

DOMINE, QUIS HABITABIT. Ps. xv.

1. Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle?
   Who shall dwell in thy | holy | hill?
   He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness,
   And | speaketh..the | truth in..his | heart.
2. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth | evil..to his | neighbor;
   Nor taketh up a a re- | proach a- | gainst his | neighbor.
3. In whose eyes a | vile person..is con- | temned;
   But he honoreth | them that | fear the | Lord.
4. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and | chang..eth | not;
   He that putteth not out his money to usury,
   Nor taketh re- | ward a- | gainst the | innocent.
5. He that doeth these things shall | never..be | moved;
   Shall | never,..shall | never..be | moved.

No. 14. SINGLE CHANT.



QUAM BONUS ISRAEL. Ps. lxxiii.

1. Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a | clean— | heart.
   But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my | steps had | wellnigh | slipped.
2. For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the pros- | perity..of the | wicked.
   For there are no bands in their | death;..but their | strength is | firm.
3. When I thought to know this, it was too | painful | for me;
   Until I went into the sanctuary of God: | then..under- | stood I..their | end.
4. Surely thou didst set them in slippery places; thou castedst them | down..to de- | struction;
   How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment! They are | utterly..con- | sumed..with | terrors.
5. As a dream when | one a- | waketh,
   So, O Lord, when thou awakest, | thou..shalt de- | spise their | image.
6. For lo, they that are far from | thee shall | perish;
   Thou hast destroyed all | them that..go a- | stray from | thee.
7. But it is good for me to draw | near to | God;
   I have put my trust in the Lord, that I may declare | all— | —thy | works.

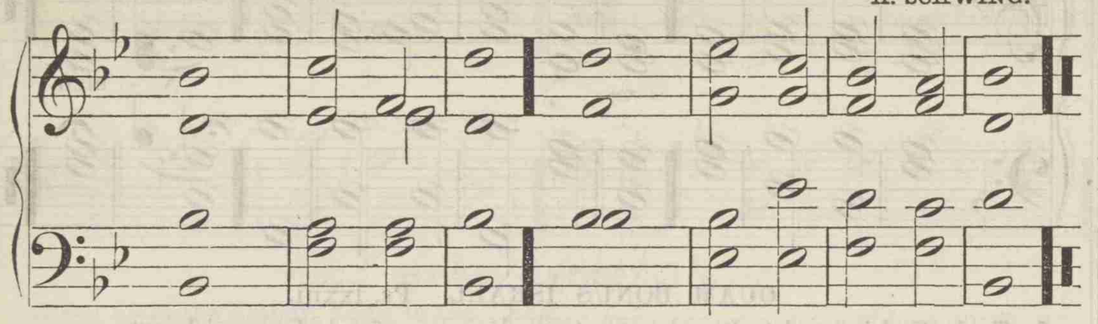
JUDICA ME, DOMINE. Ps. xxvi.

1. Judge me, O Lord, for I have | walked in..mine in- | tegrity:
   I have trusted also in the Lord: | therefore..I | shall not | slide.
2. Examine me, O Lord, and prove me; try my | reins and..my | heart:
   For thy loving-kindness is before mine eyes, and I have | walked..in | thy— | truth.
3. I have not sat with vain persons; neither will I go | in..with dis- | semblers;
   I have hated the congregation of evil-doers,
   And | will not | sit..with the | wicked.
4. I will wash my hands in innocency: so will I compass thine | altar,..O | Lord:
   That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving,
   And tell of | all thy | wondrous | works.
5. Lord, I have loved the habi- | tation..of thy | house,
   And the | place..where thine | honor | dwelleth;
6. Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with | blood-y | men.
   In whose hands is mischief, and their | right hand..is | full of | bribes.
7. But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity.
   Redeem me, and be | merciful..unto | me;
   My foot standeth in an even place;
   In the congre- | gation..will I | bless the | Lord.

No. 15. Cantate Domino. Ps. xcvi.

(To be employed at the Laying of a Corner-Stone.)

H. SCHWING.



1. Oh, sing unto the Lord a | new= | song: ‖ sing unto the | Lord,= | all the | earth.
2. Sing unto the Lord, | bless his | name; ‖ show forth his sal- | vation from | day to | day.
3. Declare his glory a- | mong the | heathen, ‖ his wonders | a-mong | all= | people.
4. For the Lord is great, and greatly to be | prais- = | ed: ‖ he is to be | feared | above all | gods.
5. For all the gods of the nations | are= | idols: ‖ but the | Lord= | made the | heavens.
6. Honor and majesty are be- | fore= | him: ‖ strength and beauty are | in his | sanctu- | ary.
7. Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds | of the | people, ‖ give unto the | Lord= | glory and | strength.
8. Give unto the Lord the glory due un- | to his | name: ‖ bring an offering and | come in- | to his | courts.
9. Oh, worship the Lord in the beauty of | holi- | ness: ‖ fear be- | fore him, | all the | earth.
10. Say among the heathen that the | Lord= | reigneth: ‖ the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the | people | right- eous- | ly.
11. Let the heavens rejoice, and let the | earth be | glad; ‖ let the sea | roar, and | the fulness there- | of.
12. Let the field be joyful, and all that | is there- | in: ‖ then shall all the trees of the wood re- | joice be- | fore the | Lord:
13. For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth: ‖ he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the | people | with his | truth.

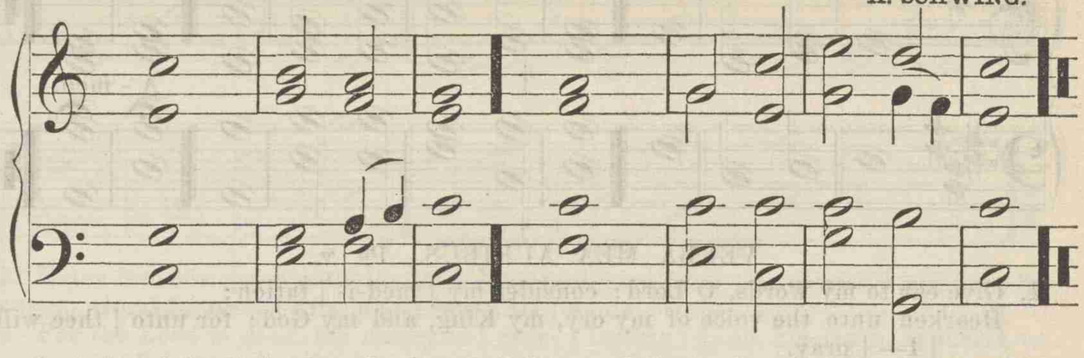
GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world | with..out | end. A- | men.

No. 16. Surge Domino.

(Canticle to be employed at the Consecration of a Church.)

H. SCHWING.



1. Arise, O Lord, in- | to thy | rest; ‖ thou and the | ark= | of thy | strength.
2. Let thy priests be clothed with | righteous- | ness; ‖ and let thy | saints= | shout for | joy.
3. O thou that dwellest between the Cherubim, | shine= | forth. ‖ Make a joyful noise un- | to God, | all ye | lands.
4. Serve the Lord with | glad= | ness: ‖ enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and in- | to his | courts with | praise.
5. Who shall ascend into the hill | of the | Lord? ‖ and who shall stand | in his | holy | place?
6. He that hath clean hands, and a | pure= | heart; ‖ who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor | sworn de- | ceitful- | ly.
7. He shall receive the blessing | from the | Lord, ‖ and righteousness from the | God of | his sal- | vation.
8. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye ever- | lasting | doors, ‖ and the King of | glory | shall come | in.
9. Who is this | King of | glory? ‖ The Lord, strong and mighty, the | Lord= | mighty in | battle.
10. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye ever- | lasting | doors, ‖ and the King of | glory | shall come | in.
11. Who is this | King of | glory? ‖ The Lord of hosts, he is the | King of | glo- = | ry.

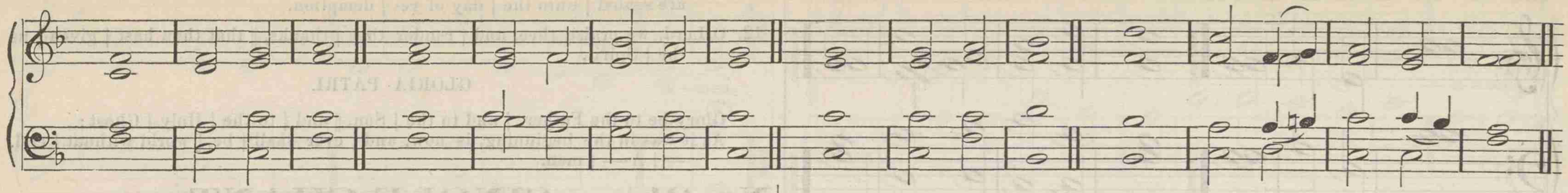
Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, ‖ world without | end.= | A- = | men.

GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, | world with..out | end. A- | men.

No. 17. DOUBLE CHANT.

LANGDON. Newly harmonized.



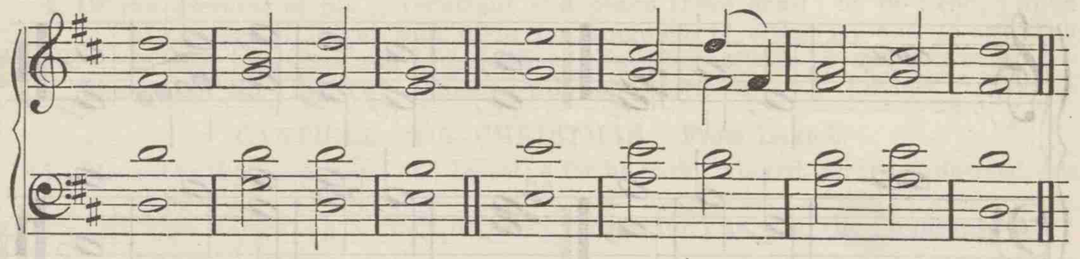
MISERERE MEI DEUS. Ps. li.

1. Have mercy upon me, | O= | God, ‖ according to | thy= | loving | kindness.
2. According unto the multitude of thy | tender | mercies ‖ blot | out= | my trans- | gressions.
3. Wash me throughly | from mine | iniquity, ‖ and | cleanse me | from my | sin.
4. For I acknowledge | my trans- | gressions: ‖ and my sin is | ever be- | fore= | me.
5. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil | in thy | sight: ‖ that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be | clear when | thou judg- | est.
6. Behold, I was | shapen in | iniquity; ‖ and in sin did my | mother con- | ceive= | me.
7. Behold, thou desirest truth in the | inward | parts: ‖ and in the hidden part thou shalt | make me | to know wis- | dom.
8. Purge me with hyssop, and I | shall be | clean; ‖ wash me, and I shall be | whit= | er than | snow.
9. Make me hear | joy and | gladness; ‖ that the bones which thou hast | broken | may re- | joice.
10. Hide thy face | from my | sins, ‖ and | blot out all | mine= | iniquities.
11. Create in me a clean | heart, O | God: ‖ and renew a right | spirit with- | in= | me.
12. Cast me not away | from thy | presence; ‖ and take not the | Holy | Spirit | from me.
13. Restore unto me the joy of | thy sal- | vation: ‖ and uphold me | with thy | free= | spirit.
14. Then will I teach transgressors | thy= | ways; ‖ and sinners shall be con- | verted | unto | thee.
15. Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of | my sal- | vation: ‖ and my tongue shall sing aloud | of thy | righteous- | ness.
16. O Lord, open | thou my | lips, ‖ and my mouth shall | show forth | thy= | praise.
17. For thou desirest not sacrifice: else | would I | give it: ‖ thou delightest | not in | burnt = | offering.
18. The sacrifices of God are a | broken | spirit: ‖ a broken and a contrite heart, O God, | thou wilt | not de- | spise.
19. Do good in thy good pleasure | unto | Zion; ‖ build thou the walls | of Je- | rusa- | lem.
20. Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and | whole burnt | offering: ‖ then shall they offer bullocks | upon | thine= | altar.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, ‖ world without | end.= | A- = | men.

No. 18. SINGLE CHANT.

J. F. PETRI.



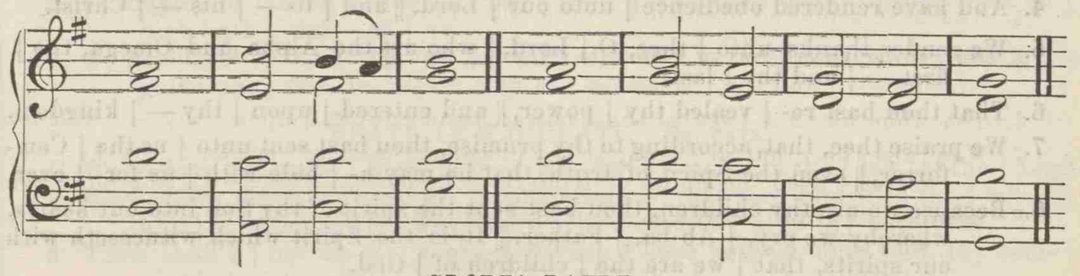
JUBILATE DEO. Ps. c.

1. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands. ‖ Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his | presence | with= | singing.
2. Know ye that the Lord | he is | God: ‖ it is he that made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, | and the | sheep of his | pasture.
3. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise: ‖ be thankful unto him, and | bless= | his= | name.
4. For the Lord is good; his mercy is | ev-er- | lasting; ‖ and his truth endureth | to all | gen-e- | rations.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, ‖ world without | end.= | A- = | men.

No. 19. SINGLE CHANT.

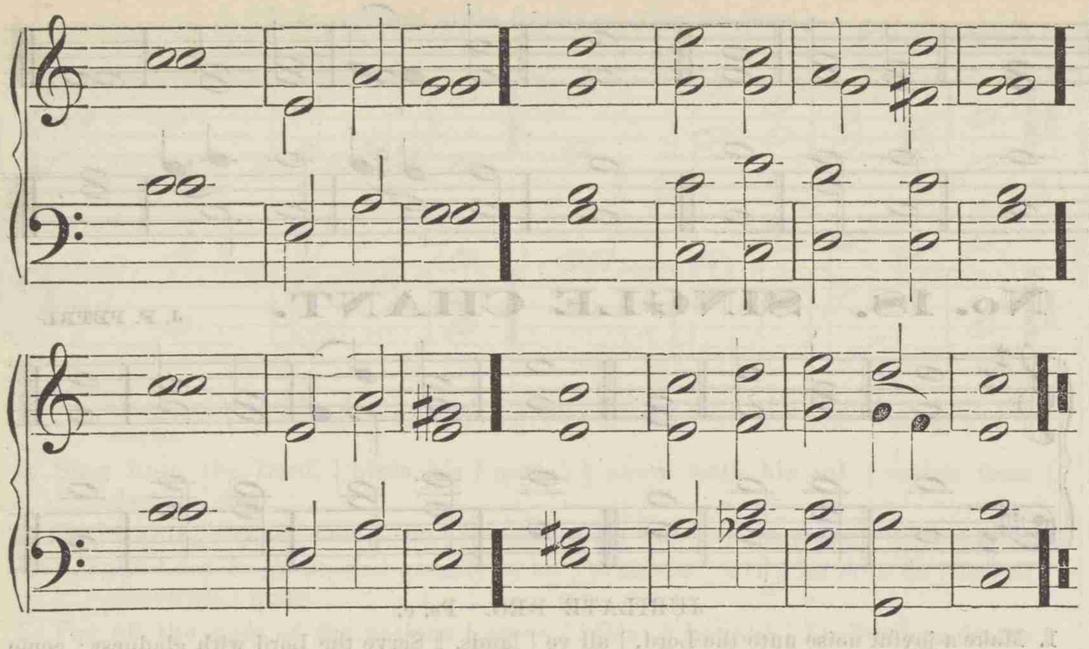
GREGORIAN.



GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, ‖ world without | end.= | A- = | men.

No. 20. DOUBLE CHANT. J. F. PETRI.



WHITSUNDAY CANTICLE.

1. Let us praise the Lord, and ex- | alt his | goodness. ‖ Let us come before him with songs of | praise, and | hymns of thanks- | giving.

2. God hath raised up his holy Child Jesus, who being by his right hand exalted, shed forth the promise of the Holy Ghost up- | on the a- | postles, ‖ so that they spake with new tongues, and wrought signs and | wonders | in his | name.

3. He gave power to the testimony | of his | servants. ‖ The kingdoms of the earth, the people and | nations, have | heard his | voice,

4. And have rendered obedience | unto our | Lord, ‖ and | to — | his — | Christ.

5. We render thanks unto | thee, O | Lord, ‖ who art the Alpha and Omega, the | first — | and the | last,

6. That thou hast re- | vealed thy | power, ‖ and entered | upon | thy — | kingdom.

7. We praise thee, that, according to thy promise, thou hast sent unto | us the | Comforter, ‖ even the Spirit of truth, that he may a- | bide with | us for- | ever.

8. Because we are thy children, thou hast sent the spirit of thy Son into our hearts, whereby we cry, | Ab-ba, | Father. ‖ It is the Spirit which witnesseth with our spirits, that | we are the | children of | God.

9. The Spirit also helpeth | our in- | firmities, ‖ and with groanings, which cannot be uttered, | maketh inter- | cession | for us,

10. Who wait for the redemption | of our | body, ‖ and for the manifestation of the glorious liberty | of the | sons of | God.

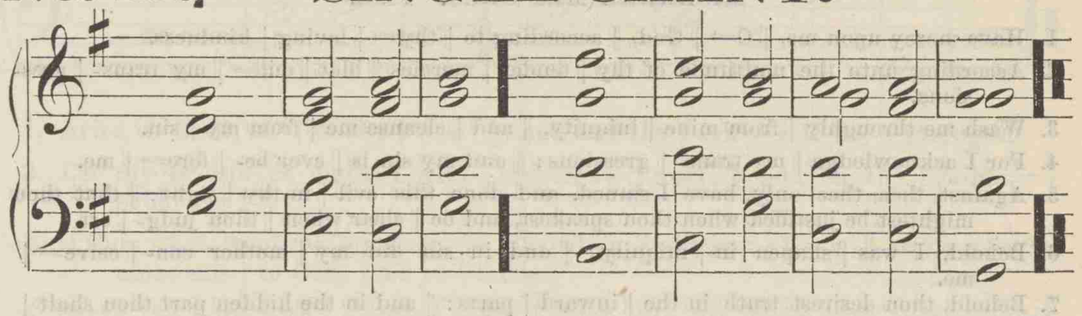
11. The Spirit is the earnest and pledge of | our in- | heritance; ‖ whereby also we are sealed | unto the | day of re- | demption.

12. O Lord, we praise thee, and | render thee | thanks, ‖ that thou hast | given | us the | Spirit.

GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, ‖ world without | end.
— | A— | men.

No. 21. SINGLE CHANT.



CANTICLE FOR ORDINATION. From Isa. lii.

1. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that | publish-..eth | peace; ‖ that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, | Thy— | God— | reigneth!

2. Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice: with the voice together | shall they | sing; ‖ for they shall see eye to eye, when the | Lord shall | bring..again | Zion.

3. Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste | places..of Je- | rusalem! ‖ For the Lord hath comforted his people, | he..hath re- | deemed..Je- | rusalem!

4. The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of | all..the | nations; ‖ and all the ends of the earth shall see the sal- | vation | of our | God. Amen.

CANTICLE FOR FAST-DAY. From Joel ii.

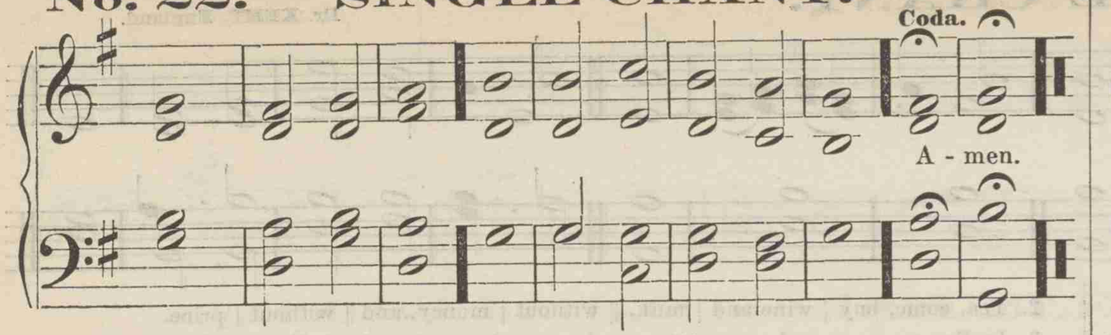
1. Blow the trumpet in Zion, sanctify a fast, call a | solemn..as- | sembly: ‖ Gather the people, | sancti- | fy the..congre- | gation.

2. Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the | porch..and the | altar, ‖ and let them say, Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thy | heri-..tage | to re- | proach.

3. Then will the Lord be jealous for his land, and | pity..his | people. ‖ Yea, the Lord will answer, and it shall come to pass that whosoever shall call upon the name of the | Lord shall | be de- | livered.

4. For in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance, as the | Lord hath | said; ‖ in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance, | as the | Lord hath | said. Amen.

No. 22. SINGLE CHANT.



BEATUS VIR. Ps. cxii.

1. A good man showeth | favor..and | lendeth; || he will | guide..his af- | fairs..with dis- | cretion.
2. Surely he shall not be | moved for- | ever: || the righteous shall be in | ever- | lasting re- | membrance.
3. He shall not be afraid of | evil | tidings. || His heart is fixed, | trusting | in the | Lord.
4. He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor; his righteousness en- | dur-..eth for- | ever; || his | horn shall..be ex- | alt-..ed with | honor.

BEATUS QUI INTELLIGIT. Ps. xli.

1. Blessed is he that con- | sidereth the | poor; || the Lord will de- | liver..him in | time of | trouble.
2. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed up- | on the | earth. || And thou wilt not deliver him unto the | will..of his | ene- | mies.
3. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of | languish- | ing: || thou wilt make | all his | bed in his | sickness.

LAUDATE DOMINUM. Ps. cxvii.

1. Oh, praise the Lord, | all ye | nations; || praise, | praise him, | all ye | people.
2. For his merciful kindness is | great toward | us; || and the truth of the Lord endureth for- | ever. | Praise ye..the | Lord.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

Glory to | God..in the | highest, || and on earth | peace, good | will toward | men.

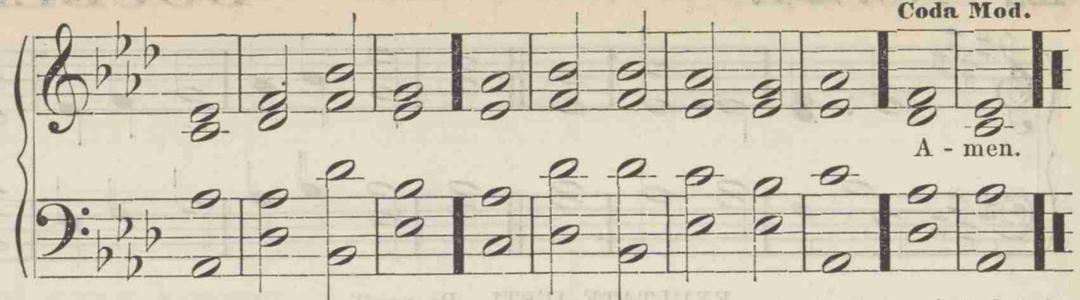
DOXOLOGY. Eph. iii. 20, 21.

1. Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we | ask or | think, || according to the | power that | worketh in | us,
2. Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus through- | out all | ages, || world | without | end. A- | men.

A CANTICLE FOR CHRISTMAS. Isa. ix.

1. The people that walked in darkness have | seen a..great | light; || they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon | them..hath the | light | shined.
2. For unto us a child is born: unto us a | Son is | given: || and the government shall | be up- | on his | shoulder:

No. 23. SINGLE CHANT.



3. And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the | Mighty | God, || the everlasting | Father,..the | Prince of | Peace.
4. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall | be no | end, || upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it: and to establish it with judgment and with justice, from | henceforth | even for- | ever.
5. The zeal of the | Lord of | Hosts || will per- | form this. | A- | men.

CANTICLE FOR CHRISTMAS. From Luke i.

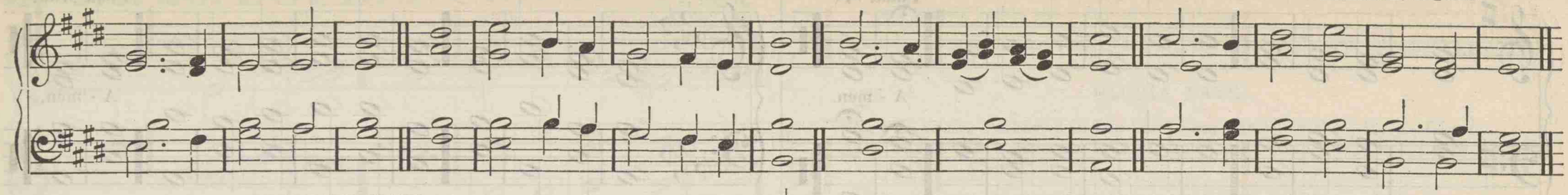
1. Blessed be the Lord | God of | Israel; || for he hath | visited..and re- | deemed..his | people,
2. And hath raised up a horn of sal- | vation..for | us, || in the | house..of his | servant | David.
3. As he spake by the mouth of his | holy | prophets, || which have | been..since the | world be- | gan.
4. That we should be saved from our | ene- | mies, || and from the | hand of | all that | hate us:
5. To perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember his | holy | covenant: || the oath which he sware to our | father | Abra- | ham:
6. That he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might | serve him without | fear, || in holiness and righteousness before him, | all the | days of..our | life.
7. And thou, child, shalt be called the | Prophet..of the | Highest; || for thou shalt go before the face of the | Lord..to pre- | pare his | ways;
8. To give knowledge | of sal- | vation || unto her people by the re- | mission | of their | sins,
9. Through the tender mercy | of our | God; || whereby the day-spring from on | high hath | visit-..ed | us,
10. To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the | shadow..of | death, || to guide our | feet..into the | way of | peace.

BEATI IMMACULATI. Ps. cxix.

1. Blessed are the unde- | filed..in the | way, || who | walk..in the | law..of the | Lord.
2. Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the | whole | heart. || Oh that my ways were di- | rected to | keep thy | statutes!
3. Then shall I | not be a- | shamed, || when I have respect unto | all..thy com- | mand- | ments.
4. I will praise thee with up- | rightness..of | heart, || when I shall have | learned thy | righteous | judgments.
5. I will | keep thy | statutes: || Oh, forsake me not | utterly. | A- | men.

No. 24. DOUBLE CHANT.

Dr. KEMP, England.

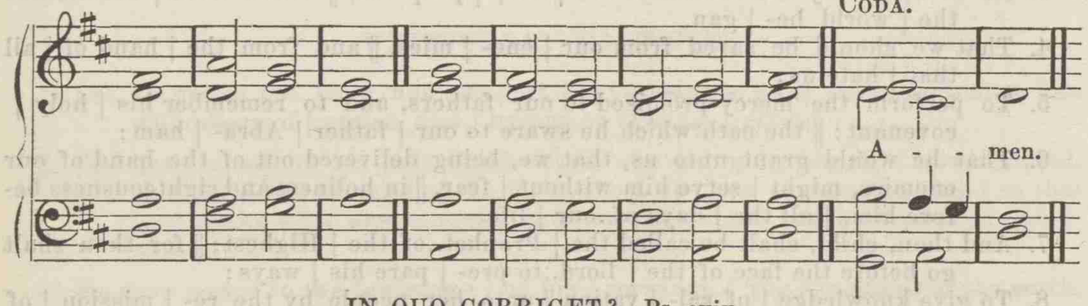


EXULTATE JUSTI. Ps. xxxiii.

1. Let all the earth | fear the | Lord; ‖ let all the inhabitants of the | world..stand in | awe of | him.
2. For he spake, and | it was | done; ‖ he com- | manded,..and it | stood | fast.
3. The counsel of the Lord | standeth..for- | ever, ‖ the thoughts of his | heart to | all gene- | rations.
4. Blessed is the nation whose | God..is the | Lord, ‖ and the people whom he hath | chosen.. for his | own in- | heritance.
5. Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon | them that | fear him, ‖ upon | them that | hope..in his | mercy.
6. Our soul waiteth | for the | Lord: ‖ he | is our | help..and our | shield.

No. 25. SINGLE CHANT.

CODA.



IN QUO CORRIGET? Ps. cxix.

1. Wherewith shall a young man | cleanse his | way? ‖ By taking heed thereto ac- | cording | to thy | word.
2. With my whole heart have I | sought | thee: ‖ Oh, let me not | wander..from | thy com- | mandments.
3. Thy word have I, | hid in..mine | heart, ‖ that I | might not | sin a..gainst | thee.
4. Blessed art | thou, O | Lord, ‖ teach me, teach | me thy | statutes.
5. With my | lips have..I de- | clared ‖ all the | judgments of | thy | mouth.
6. I have rejoiced in the | way of thy | testimonies, ‖ as | much as | in all | riches.
7. I will meditate | in thy | precepts, ‖ and have re- | spect un- | to thy | ways.
8. I will delight myself | in thy | statutes: ‖ I will | not for- | get thy | word.

HO! EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH. Isa. lv.

1. Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye | to the | waters, ‖ and he that hath no money, | come ye, | buy, and | eat.
2. Yea, come, buy | wine and | milk, ‖ without | money..and | without | price.
3. Incline your ear and come unto me; hear, and your | souls shall | live: ‖ and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the | sure | mercies..of | David.
4. Seek ye the Lord while he | may be | found, ‖ call ye up- | on..him while | he is | near.
5. Let the wicked for- | sake his | way, ‖ and the un- | righteous | man his | thoughts.
6. And let him return unto the Lord, and he will have | mercy up- | on him, ‖ and to our God, for | he..will a- | bundantly | pardon.

DOXOLOGY. Ps. lxxii.

1. Blessed be the Lord God, the | God of | Israel, ‖ who | only..doth | wondrous | things.
2. And blessed be his glorious name, forever; and let the whole earth be | filled..with his | glory. ‖ A- | men..and | A- | men.

DOXOLOGY. Ps. ciii.

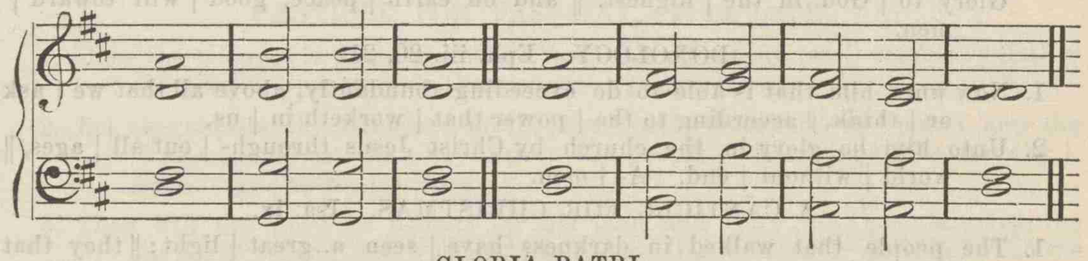
1. The Lord hath prepared his | throne..in the | heavens, ‖ and his | kingdom | ruleth..over | all.
2. Bless the Lord, ye his angels that ex- | cel in | strength, ‖ that do his commandments, hearkening | unto..the | voice..of his | word.
3. Bless ye the Lord, all | ye his | hosts: ‖ ye ministers of | his, that | do his | pleasure.
4. Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of | his do- | minion: ‖ bless the | Lord, | O my | soul.

DOXOLOGY. Rev. i.

1. Unto him that | loved | us, ‖ and washed us from our | sins in | his own | blood,
2. And hath made us kings and priests unto | God..and his | Father; ‖ to him be glory and dominion for ever and | ever. | A- | men.

No. 26. SINGLE CHANT.

GREGORIAN.

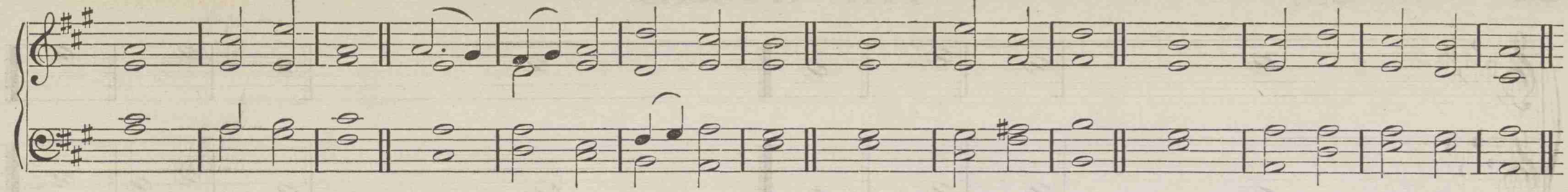


GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, ‖ world without | end.= | A- = | men.

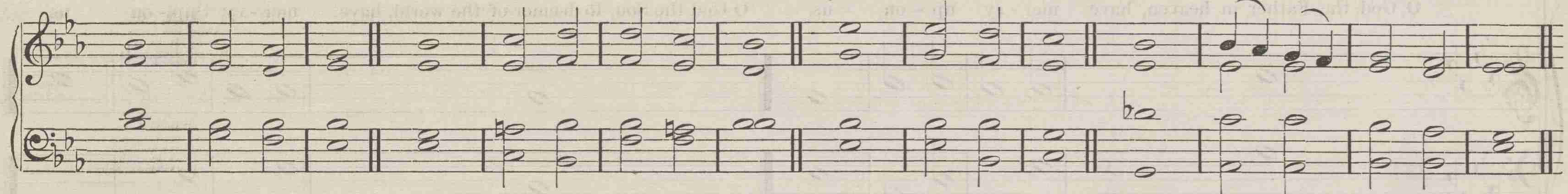
No. 27. DOUBLE CHANT.

THOMAS NORRIS, M, B.



DOUBLE CHANT.

LORD MORNINGTON.

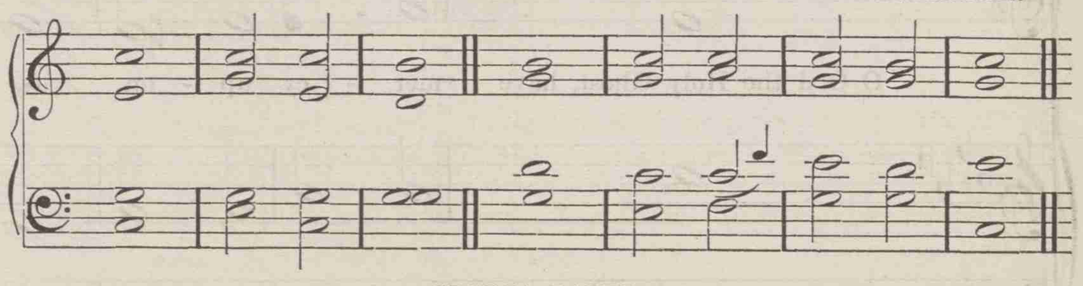


TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

We praise | thee, O | God: we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord.
All the earth doth | worship | thee: the | Father | ever- | lasting
To thee all Angels | cry a- | loud: the heavens. and | all the | powers..there- | in.
To thee cherubin and | sera- | phin con- | tinual- | ly do | cry,
Holy, | Holy, | Holy, Lord | God of | Saba- | oth;
Heaven and earth are full | of the | majesty..of | — — | —thy | glory.
The glorious company | of..the A- | postles..praise | — — | — — | thee.
The goodly fellowship | of the | Prophets..praise | — — | — — | thee.
The noble | army..of | Martyrs..praise | — — | — — | thee.
The holy Church throughout | all the | world doth | —ac- | knowledge | thee;
The | — — | Father..of | —an | infi..nite | Majesty;
Thine honor- | able, | true, and | — — | only | Son;
Also the | Holy | Ghost, the | Com- — | —for- | ter.
Thou art the | King of | Glory, O | — — | — — | Christ.
Thou art the ever- | lasting | Son of | — — | —the | Father.
When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liver | man: thou didst not ab- | hor the | Virgin's | womb.
When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness..of | death, thou didst open the kingdom of | heaven..to | all be- | lievers.
Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God..in the | glory | of the | Father.
We believe that | thou shalt | come to | — — | be our | Judge.
We therefore pray thee, | help thy | servants, whom thou hast redeemed | with thy | precious | blood.
Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints in | glory | ever- | lasting.
O Lord, | save thy | people, and | bless thine | heri- | tage.
Go- — | vern | them, and | lift them | up for- | ever.
Day | — by | day we | — — | magni..fy | thee.
And we | worship thy | Name, ever, | world— | without | end.
Vouch- | safe, O | Lord, to keep us | this day | without | sin.
O Lord, have | mercy..up- | on us; have | — — | mercy..up- | on us.
O Lord, let thy mercy | lighten..up- | on us, as | our trust | is in | thee.
O Lord, in thee | have I | trusted, let me | never | be con- | founded.

No. 28. SINGLE CHANT.

GREGORIAN.



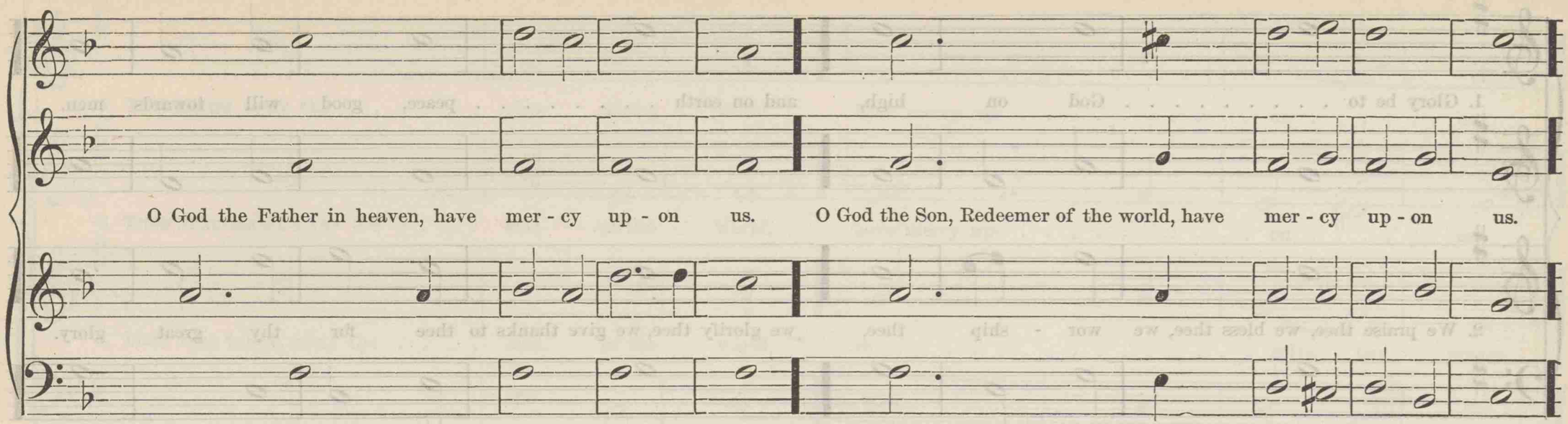
GLORIA PATRI.

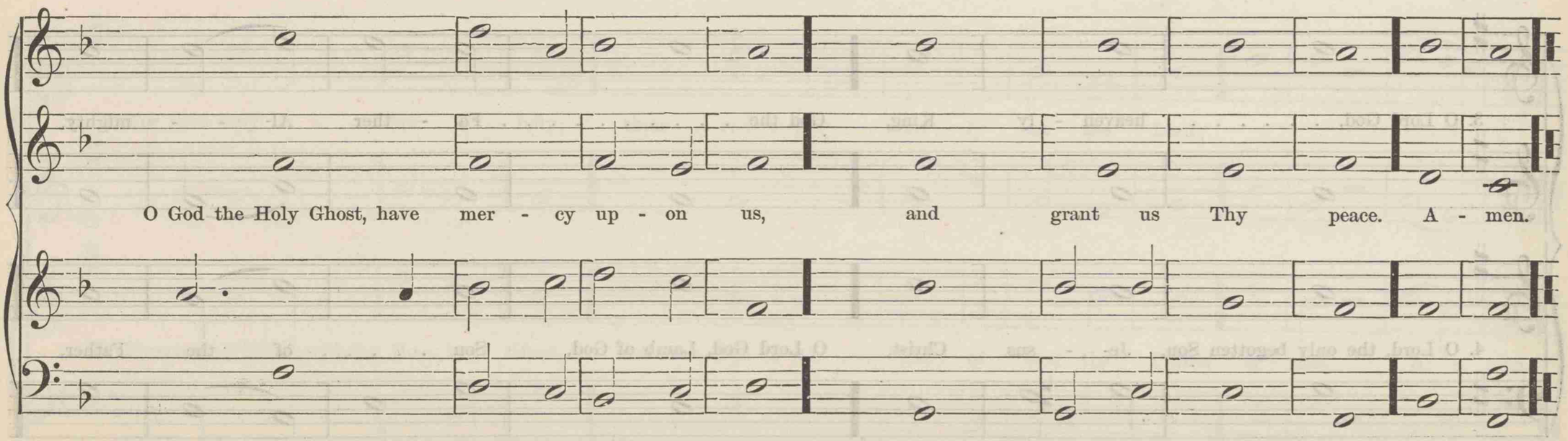
Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, ‖ world without | end.= | A-= | men.

No. 29. THE KYRIE.

O God the Father in heaven, have mer - cy up - on us. O God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mer - cy up - on us.

O God the Holy Ghost, have mer - cy up - on us, and grant us Thy peace. A - men.


O God the Father in heaven, have mer - cy up - on us. O God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mer - cy up - on us.


O God the Holy Ghost, have mer - cy up - on us, and grant us Thy peace. A - men.

No. 31. GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

W. H. W. DARLEY.

1. Glory be to . . . . . God on high, and on earth . . . . . peace, good will towards men.

2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we wor - ship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory.

3. O Lord God, ... heaven - ly King, God the . . . . . Fa - ther Al- - - mighty.

4. O Lord, the only begotten Son, Je- - sus Christ, O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son . . . . . of the Father.

5. That takest away the . . . . . sins of the world, have mercy up- . . . . . on . . . . . us.

6. Thou that takest away the . . . . sins of the world, have mercy up- . . . . . on . . . . . us.

7. Thou that takest away the . . . . sins of the world, re- . . . . . ceive our prayer.

8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy up- . . . . . on . . . . . us.

9. For thou only . . . . art . . . holy; thou . . . . . on - ly art the Lord;

10. Thou only, O Christ, with the Ho - ly Ghost, art most high in the . . glory of God the Father. A - men. A - men.

No. 32. GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

Congregation.

1. Glory be to . . . . . God on high, and on earth . . . . . peace, good will towards men.

2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we wor ship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory.

Choir.

3. O Lord God, ... heaven - ly King, God the . . . . . Fa - ther Al- - - mighty.

4. O Lord, the only begotten Son, Je- - sus Christ, O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son . . . . of the Father.

Choir and Congregation alternately.

5. That takest away the . . . . . sins of the world, have . . . . . mercy up- on . . . . .

6. Thou that takest away the . . . . sins of the world, have . . . . . mercy up- on . . . . . us.

7. Thou that takest away the . . . . sins of the world, re- . . . . . ceive . . . . our prayer.

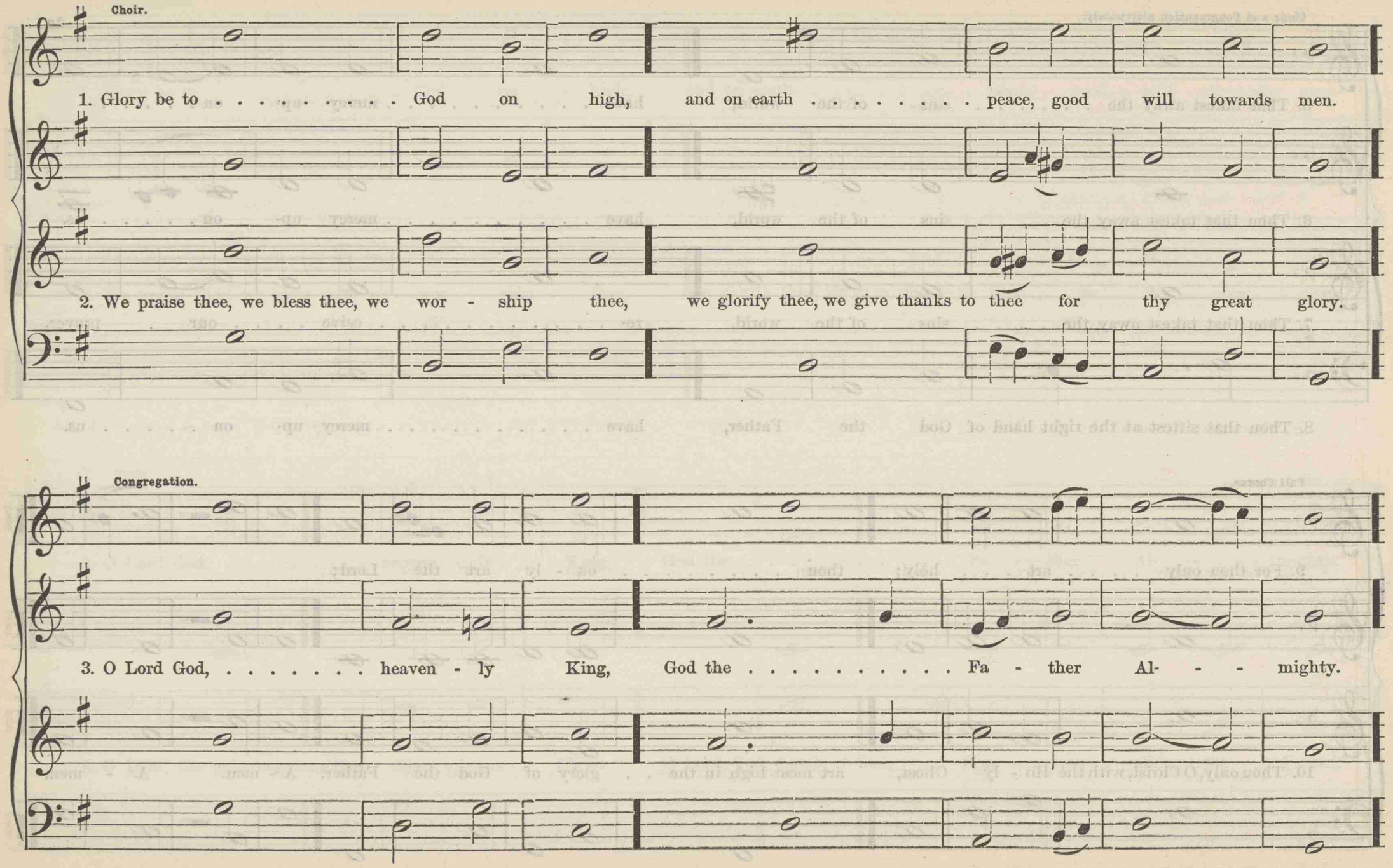
8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have . . . . . mercy up- on . . . . . us.

Full Chorus.

9. For thou only . . . . art . . . holy; thou . . . . . on - ly art the Lord;

10. Thou only, O Christ, with the Ho - ly Ghost, art most high in the . . glory of God the Father. A - men. A - men.

No. 33. GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.



4. O Lord, the only-begotten Son, ... Je - sus Christ, O Lord God, Lamb of . . . . . God, Son of the Father.

Bass Solo. Choir.

5. That takest away the . . . . . sins of the world, have . . . . . mer - cy up - on us.

6. Thou that takest away the . . . sins of the world, have . . . . . mer - cy up - on us.

7. Thou that takest away the . . . sins of the world, re- . . . . . ceive . . . . . our . . . . . prayer.

8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have . . . . . mer - cy up - on us.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. Concluded.

Full Chorus.

9. For thou . . . . . only art holy; thou . . . . . on - ly art the Lord;

10. Thou only, O Christ, with the Ho - ly Ghost, art most high in the . . glory of God the Father. A - men.

No. 34. GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

Suitable for any Ecclesiastical Festival.

Dr. MASON.

CHORUS. *f* Allegro. Maestoso. VERSE. *f* CHORUS. VERSE.

1. Glo- ry be to God, to God on high; Glo - ry be to God, to God on high, 2. And on earth peace, good

1. Glo - ry be to God, to God on high; 2. And on earth peace, good will tow'rds men. 1. Glo - ry be to God, to God on high, 2. And on earth peace, good

1. Glo- ry be to God, to God on high; 2. And on earth peace, good will tow'rds men. 1. Glo - ry be to God, to God on high, 2. And on earth peace, good

f CHORUS. *mp* Cres.

will tow'rds men. 3. We praise thee, we b'ess thee, we worship thee, we glo- ri - fy thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glo - ry. 4. O Lord God, Heavenly King,

will tow'rds men. 3. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glo- ri - fy thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glo - ry. 4. O Lord God, Heavenly King,

f *mp* Cres.

will tow'rds men. 3. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glo- ri - fy thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glo- ry. 4. O Lord God, Heavenly King,

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. Continued.

CHANT. 5*th*, 6*th*, 8*th*, 10*th*, *and* 12*th verses, to be sung by a single Soprano voice.*

f

God the Fa - ther Al - mighty.

6. O Lord God, Lamb of God. Son of the } sins of the world,
Father, that takest away the }

God the Fa - ther Al - mighty. 5. O Lord, the only-begotten Son Je - sus Christ; 8. Thou that takest away the sins of the world,
10. Thou that takest away the sins of the world,

f **Single Voice.**

God the Fa - ther Al - mighty.

12. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father,

p **VERSE. 6 Voices.** **Maestoso.** *mf* **CHORUS.**

7. Have mer - cy up - on us. 8. 14. For thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly art the

9. Have mer - cy up - on us. 10. 14. For thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly art the
11. Re - ceive our prayer. 12.

p *mf*

13. Have mer - cy up - on us. 14. For thou on - ly art ho - - - ly, Thou on - ly art the

Cres. - - - - - - - *ff* Mezzo.

Lord; Thou on - ly, O Christ, with the Ho - ly Ghost, Art most high in the glo - ry of God the Fa- ther, Thou on - ly, O Christ, with the

Lord; Thou on - ly, O Christ, with the Ho - ly Ghost, Art most high in the glo - ry of God the Fa- ther, Thou on - ly, O Christ, with the

Cres. - - - - - - - *ff* Mezzo.

Lord; Thou on - ly, O Christ, with the Ho - ly Ghost, Art most high in the glo - ry of God the Fa- ther, Thou on - ly, O Christ, with the

Unison.

Cres. *f* Adagio.

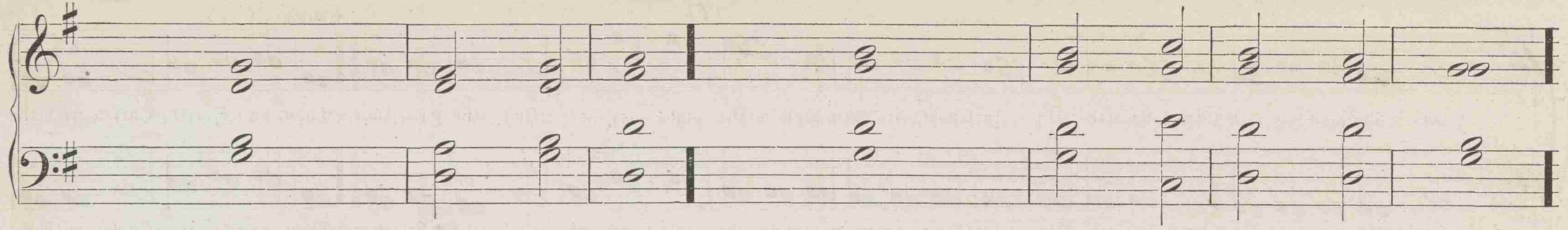
Ho - ly Ghost, Art most high in the glo - ry of God..... the Fa - - - - - - - ther. A - men.

Ho - ly Ghost, Art most high in the glo - ry of God..... the Fa - - - - - - - ther. A - men.

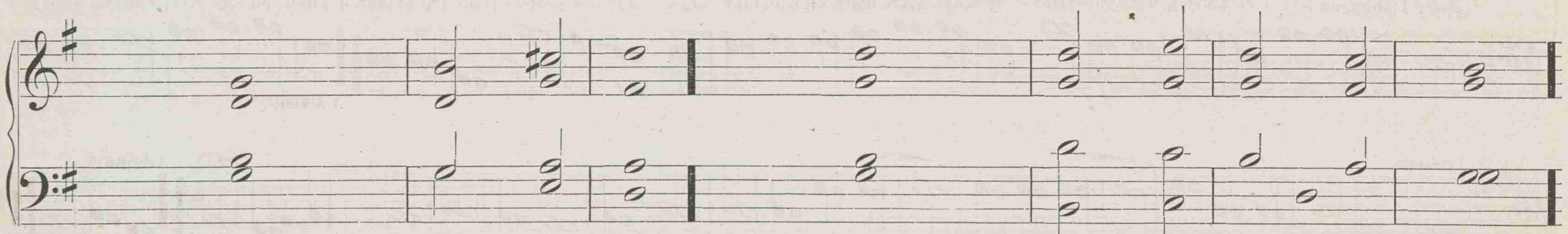
Cres. *f*

Ho - ly Ghost, Art most high in the glo - ry of God..... the Fa - - - - - - - ther. A - men.

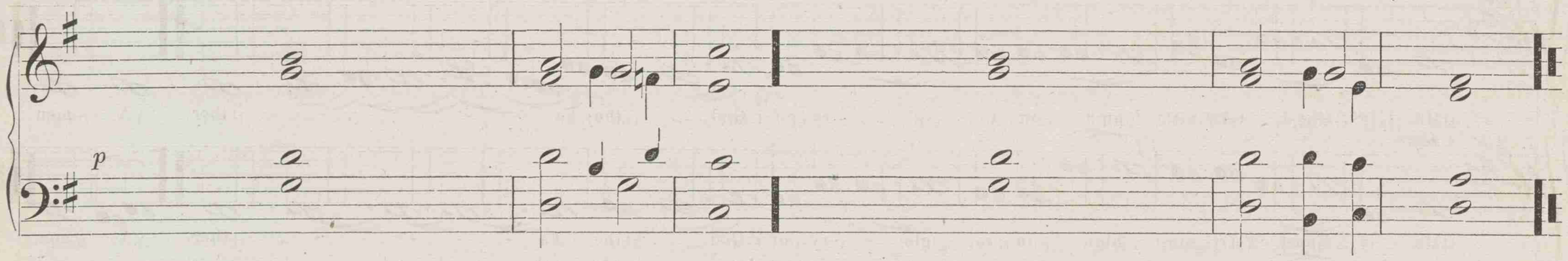
No. 35. GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.



1. Glory be to ..... God on high, and on earth ..... peace, good will towards men.
2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we.. wor - ship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to.. thee for thy great glory. 3.
9. For Thou..... only art holy; Thou ..... on - ly art the Lord.
10. Thou only, O Christ, with the ..... Ho ly Ghost art most high in the ..... glory of God the Father.
11. A - - - - - - - - - men.

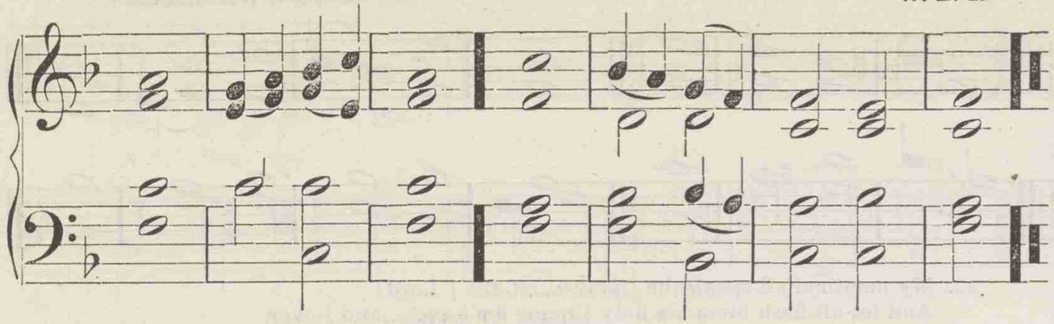


3. O Lord God, ... heaven - ly king, God the..... Fa - ther Al - - - mighty.
4. O Lord, the only begotten Son,..... Je - sus Christ, O Lord God, Lamb of..... God, ... Son of the Father.



5. That takest away the ..... sins of the world, have mercy..... up - on us.
6. Thou that takest away the ..... sins of the world, have mercy..... up - on us.
7. Thou that takest away the ..... sins of the world, re- ..... ceive our prayer.
8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of ..... God the Father, have mercy..... up - on us. 9.

No. 36. SINGLE CHANT. W. D. R.



PATER NOSTER.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name:
2. Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
3. Give us this day our | daily | bread;
4. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that | trespass a- | gainst | us.
5. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil;
6. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory..for | ever..and | ever.

SCRIPTURE PROMISES TO CHILDREN.

PSALM ciii. 17, 18.

1. The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto | children's | children;
2. To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his com- | mandments to | do | them.

MARK x. 14.

1. Suffer little children to come unto me; and for- | bid them | not;
2. For of | such..is the | kingdom..of | heaven.

ISAIAH xliv. 3, 4.

1. I will put my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing up- | on thine | offspring:
2. And they shall spring up as among the grass, as | willows..by the | water- | courses.

ISAIAH xl. 11.

1. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them | in his | bosom,
2. And shall gently lead | those that | are with | young.

ACTS ii. 30.

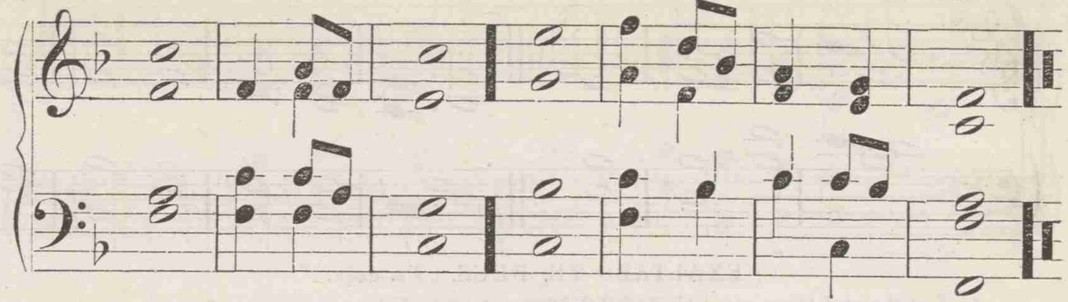
1. For the promise is unto you, and | to your | children;
2. And to all that are afar off, even as many as the | Lord our | God shall | call.

SELECTIONS.—FOR BAPTISMS.

MATT. xxviii. 19, 20.

1. Go ye, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the | Holy | Ghost;
2. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you alway, | even..unto the | end..of the | world. ‖ A- | men.

No. 37. SINGLE CHANT. W. D. R.



FOR OPENING OR CLOSING SERVICE.

MATT. xi. 28.

1. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are | heavy | laden,
2. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and | I will | give you | rest.
3. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and | lowly..in | heart,
4. And ye shall find | rest un- | to your | souls.
5. For my yoke is easy, and my | burden..is | light.
6. For my yoke is | easy,..and my | burden..is | light.

LÆTATUS SUM.—DEDICATION, OR OPENING SERVICE. Ps. cxxii.

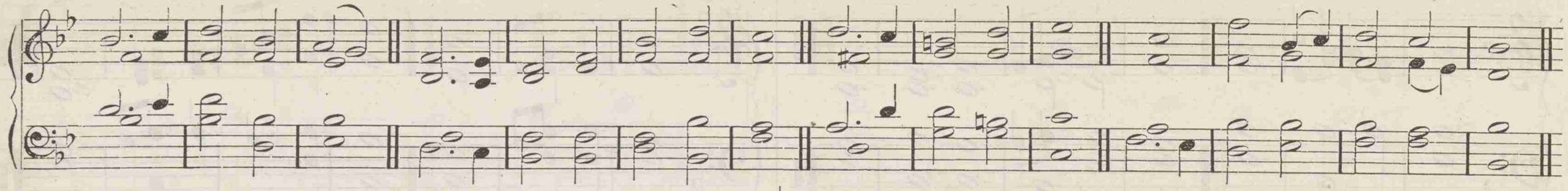
1. I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the | house...of the | Lord. ‖ Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Jerusalem is builded as a city that | is com-pact to- | gether:
2. Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the | name..of the | Lord; ‖ for there are set thrones of judgment, the | thrones...of the | house of | David.
3. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall | prosper..that | love thee. ‖ Peace be within thy walls, and pros- | peri-..ty with- | in thy | palaces.
4. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, | Peace..be with- | in thee. ‖ Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will | seek, will seek thy | good. Amen.

DILEXI QUONIAM. Ps. cxvi.

1. I | love the | Lord,
   Because he hath heard my voice, | and my | suppli- | cations.
2. Because he hath inclined his ear | unto | me,
   Therefore will I call upon him as | long as | I— | live.
3. The sorrows of death encompassed me, and the pains of hell gat | hold up- | on me:
   I found | trouble | and— | sorrow.
4. Then called I upon the name | of the | Lord,
   O Lord, I beseech thee, de- | liv-er | my— | soul.
5. Gracious is the | Lord, and | righteous,
   Yea, our | God is | merci- | ful.
6. The Lord pre- | serveth...the | simple,
   I was brought low, and | he— | help-ed | me.
7. Return unto thy rest, | O my | soul;
   For the Lord hath dealt | boun-ti- | fully | with thee.
8. For thou hast delivered my | soul from | death,
   Mine eyes from tears, | and my | feet from | falling.

No. 38. DOUBLE CHANT.

Dr. CLARKE WHITFIELD.



EXALTABO TE, DEUS. Ps. cxlv.

1. I will extol thee, my | God, O | King;
   And I will bless thy | name for | ever...and | ever.
2. Every | day...will I | bless thee:
   And I will praise thy | name for | ever...and | ever.
3. Great is the Lord, and | greatly...to be | praised;
   And his | greatness | is un- | searchable.
4. One generation shall praise thy | works...to an- | other,
   And shall de- | clare thy | mighty | acts.
5. I will speak of the glorious | honor...of thy | majesty,
   And | of thy | wondrous | works.
6. And men shall speak of the might of thy | terri...ble | acts;
   And | I...will de- | clare thy | greatness.
7. They shall abundantly utter the memory of | thy great | goodness,
   And shall | sing...of thy | righteous- | ness.
8. My mouth shall speak the | praise...of the | Lord,
   And let all flesh bless his holy | name for | ever...and | ever. (Hallelujah.)
9. The Lord is gracious, and | full...of com- | passion:
   Slow to | anger...and | of great | mercy.
10. The Lord is | good to | all;
    And his tender mercies are | over | all his | works.
11. All thy works shall | praise thee,...O | Lord,
    And thy | saints shall | bless— | thee.
12. They shall speak of the | glory...of thy | kingdom;
    And | talk of | thy— | power.
13. To make known to the sons of men his | mighty | acts,
    And the glorious | majes...ty | of his | kingdom.
14. Thy kingdom is an ever- | lasting | kingdom;
    And thy dominion en- | dureth...throughout | all...gene- | rations.
15. The Lord upholdeth | all that | fall;
    And raiseth up all | those that | are...bowed | down.
16. The eyes of | all...wait upon | thee;
    And thou givest them their | meat in | due— | season.
17. Thou | openest...thine | hand,
    And satisfiest the desire of | every | living | thing.
18. The Lord is righteous in | all his | ways;
    And | ho...ly in | all his | works.
19. The Lord is nigh unto all them that | call up...on | him,
    To all that | call up...on | him in | truth.
20. He will fulfil the desire of | them that | hear him;
    He also will hear their | cry...and will | save— | them.
21. The Lord preserveth | all...them that | love him;
    But all the | wicked...will | he de- | stroy.
22. My mouth shall speak the | praise...of the | Lord:
    And let all flesh bless his holy | name for | ever...and | ever.

CŒLI ENARRANT. Ps. xix.

1. The heavens declare the | glory...of | God: ‖ and the firmament | showeth...his | handy- | work.
2. Day unto | day uttereth | speech, ‖ and night unto | night | showeth | knowledge.
3. The law of the Lord is perfect, con- | verting...the | soul: ‖ the testimony of the Lord is | sure,...making | wise the | simple.
4. The statutes of the Lord are right, re- | joicing the | heart: ‖ the commandment of the Lord is | pure, en- | lightening...the | eyes.
5. The fear of the Lord is clean, en- | dur...ing for- | ever: ‖ the judgments of the Lord are true and | righteous | alto- | gether.
6. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation | of mine | heart, ‖ be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord my | strength and | my Re- | deemer.

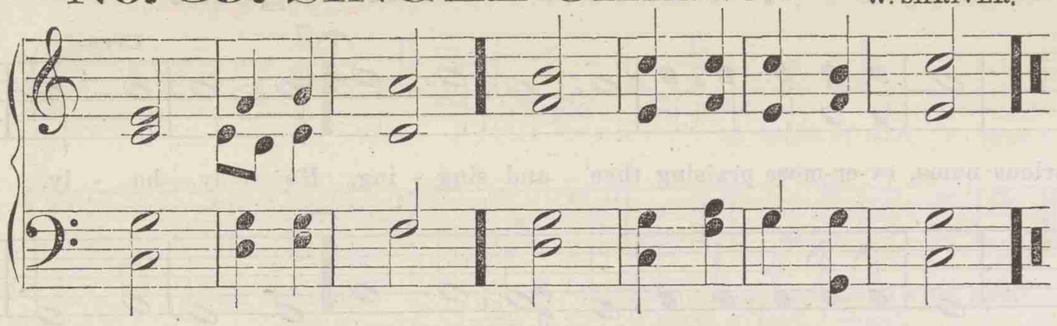
DOMINI EST TERRA. Ps. xxiv.

1. The earth is the Lord's, and the | fulness...there- | of; ‖ the world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.
2. For he hath founded it up- | on the | seas; ‖ and es- | tablished...it up- | on the | flood.
3. Who shall ascend into the | hill...of the | Lord? ‖ and who shall | stand ‖ in his | holy | place?
4. He that hath clean hands and a | pure | heart; ‖ who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor | sworn de- | ceitful- | ly.
5. He shall receive the | blessing...from the | Lord, ‖ and righteousness from the | God of | his sal- | vation.

DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO. Ps. xxvii.

1. The Lord is my light and my salvation: | whom shall I | fear? ‖ The Lord is the strength of my life: of | whom...shall I | be a- | fraid?
2. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the | days...of my | life, ‖ to behold the beauty of the Lord and to in- | quire | in his | temple.
3. For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in | his pa- | vilion: ‖ in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me: he shall set me | up, up- | on a | rock.
4. Hear, O Lord, when I | cry, with...my | voice: ‖ have mercy also up- | on me,...and | answer | me.
5. When thou saidst, | Seek...ye my | face: ‖ mine heart said unto thee, Thy | face, Lord, | will I | seek.
6. Hide not thy face far from me: put not thy servant a- | way in | anger; ‖ thou hast been my help: leave me not, neither forsake me, O | God of | my sal- | vation.
7. I had fainted unless I had believed to see the | goodness...of the | Lord ‖ in the | land | of the | living.
8. Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall | strengthen thine | heart: ‖ wait, | wait, I | say,...on the | Lord.

No. 39. SINGLE CHANT. W. SHRIVER.



HALLELUJAH.

1. Hallelujah! for the Lord God om- | nipo..tent | reigneth:
   Hallelujah! for the | Lord..God om- | nipo..tent | reigneth.
2. The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our | Lord..and of his | Christ:
   And | he shall..reign for | ever..and | ever.
3. We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty,
   Which art, and wert, and | art to | come:
   King of kings, and | Lord— | —of | lords.
4. Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and | unto..the | Lamb:
   A- | men..Halle- | lujah..A- | men.
5. Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and, power..and | might,
   Be unto our | God for | ever..and | ever.

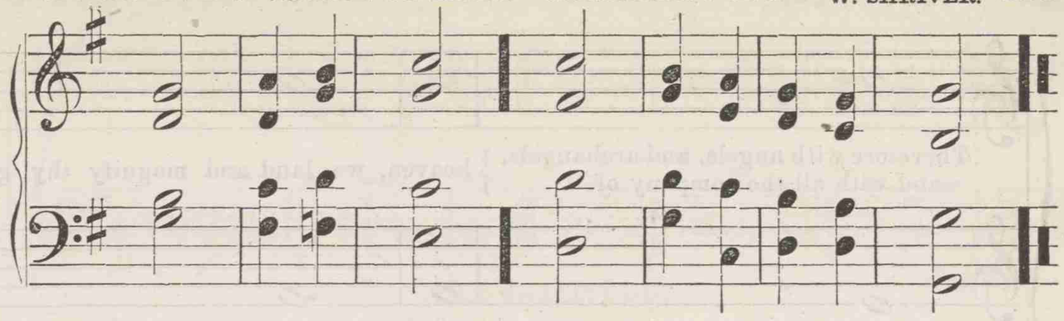
SANCTUS. Rev. iv.

1. Holy, holy, holy, | Lord..God Al- | mighty,
   Which was, and | is, and | is to | come.
2. Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and | honor,..and | power:
   For thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they | are and | were cre- | ated.
3. Worthy is the | Lamb..that was | slain,
   To receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and | honor..and | glory,..and | blessing.
4. Blessing, and honor, and | glory,..and | power,
   Be unto him that sitteth upon the throne,
   And unto the | Lamb,..for | ever..and | ever.

BEATUS QUI INTELLIGIT. Ps. xli.

1. Blessed is he that con- | sidereth..the | poor;
   The Lord will de- | liver..him in | time of | trouble.
2. The Lord will preserve him, and | keep..him a- | live;
   And he shall be | blessed..up- | on the | earth.
3. The Lord will strengthen him upon the | bed of | languishing;
   Thou wilt make | all his | bed in..his | sickness.
4. Blessed is he that con- | sidereth..the | poor;
   The Lord will de- | liver..him in | time of | trouble.

No. 40. SINGLE CHANT. W. SHRIVER.



HUMBLE DEVOTION.

1. From the recesses of a lowly spirit,
   My humble prayer ascends—O | Father, | hear it!
   Borne on the trembling wings of fear and meekness: For- | give its | weakness.
2. I know—I feel—how mean, and how unworthy,
   The lowly sacrifice I | pour be- | fore thee:
   What can I offer thee, O thou most holy, But | sin and | folly?
3. Lord, in thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
   Cold in our warmest vows, and | vain our | truest;
   Thoughts of a hurrying hour—our lips repeat them, Our | hearts for- | get them.
4. We see thy hand: it leads us, it supports us:
   We hear thy voice: it | counsels..and it | courts us;
   And then we turn away! and still thy kindness For- | gives our | blindness!
5. Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing
   To every generous thought and | grateful | feeling,
   Oh, who can hear the accents of thy mercy, And | never | love thee?
6. Kind benefactor! plant within this bosom
   The | seeds of | holiness, || and let them blossom
   In fragrance, and in beauty bright and vernal, And | spring e- | ternal.
7. Then place them in those everlasting gardens
   Where angels walk, and | seraphs..are the | wardens;
   Where every flower, brought safe through death's dark portal, Be- | comes im- | mortal.

DE PROFUNDIS. Ps. cxxx.

1. Out of the depths have I cried unto | thee, O | Lord:
   Lord, hear my voice; let thine ears be attentive to the | voice of..my | sup-pli- | cations.
2. If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O | Lord,..who shall | stand?
   But there is forgiveness with thee, that | thou— | mayest..be | feared.
3. I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his | word do..I | hope;
   My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning,
   I say, | more than..they that | watch..for the | morning.
4. Let Israel hope in the Lord:
   For with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is | plenteous..re- | demption;
   And he shall redeem Israel from | all— | his in- | iquities.

No. 41. TRISAGION AND SANCTUS. "Therefore with angels."

p Cres.

Therefore with angels, and archangels, and with all the company of } heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name, ev-er-more praising thee and sing - ing, Ho - ly, ho - ly,

p Cres.

Therefore with angels, and archangels, and with all the company of } heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name, ev-er-more praising thee and sing - ing, Ho - ly, ho - ly,

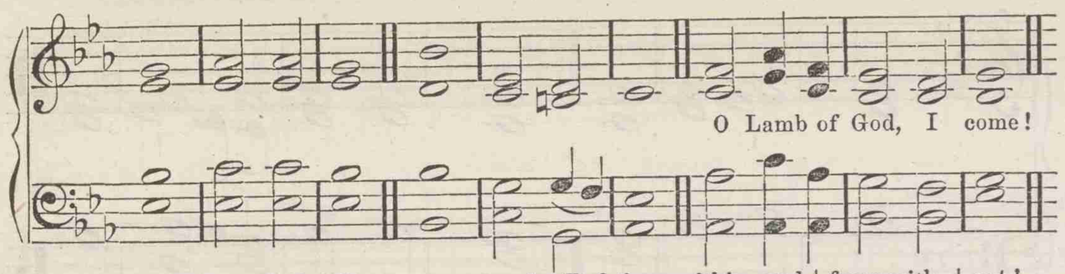
f *p* *f*

ho - ly, Lord God of hosts, Heaven and earth are full of thy glo - ry; Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord Most High. A - men

f *p* *f*

ho - ly, Lord God of hosts, Heaven and earth are full of thy glo - ry; Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord Most High. A - men.

No. 42. SINGLE CHANT. W. B. B.



JUST AS I AM.

Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.—John vi. 37.

1 Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was | shed for | me,
And that thou bid'st me | come to | thee!
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of | one dark | blot,
To thee, whose blood can | cleanse each | spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, | many a | doubt,
'Fightings within, and | fears with- | out,'
O Lamb of God, I come!

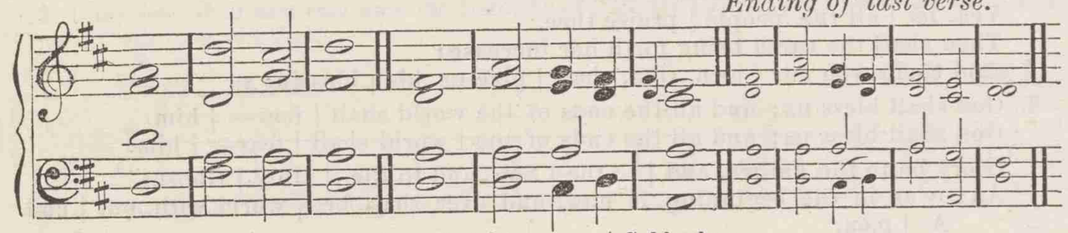
4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing | of the | mind,
Yea, all I need, in | thee to | find;
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, | cleanse, re- | lieve;
Because thy promise | I be- | lieve;
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every | barrier | down;
Now to be thine, yea, | thine a- | lone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

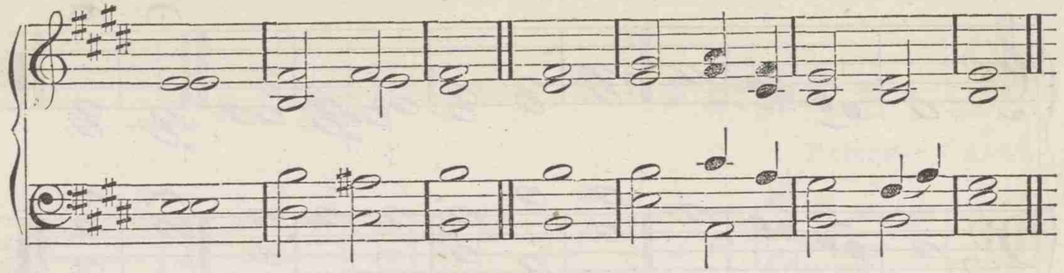
No. 44. SINGLE CHANT.

Ending of last verse.



1. Thus saith the Lord unto them that | keep my | Sabbaths;
2. { And choose the things that please me,
And take | hold of...my | covenant;
3. { Even unto them will I give in mine house,
And within my walls,
A place and a name better than of | sons...and of | daughters:
4. I will give them an everlasting name, that shall | not be...cut | off.
5. { Also the sons of the stranger that join themselves to the Lord,
To serve him, and to love the name of the Lord,
To | be his | servants,
6. { Every one that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it,
And taketh | hold of...my | covenant;
7. { Even them will I bring to my holy mountain,
And make them joyful in my | house of | prayer:
8. { Their burnt offerings and their sacrifices shall be accepted upon mine altar:
For my house shall be called a house of | prayer for | all— | people.

No. 43. SINGLE CHANT.



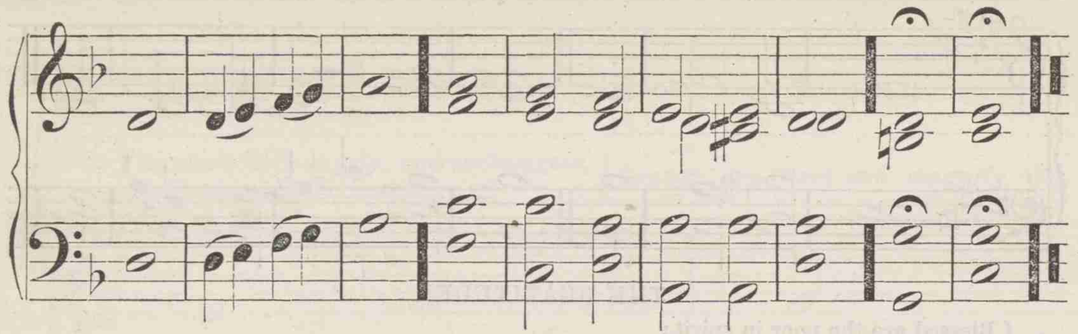
THE BEATITUDES.

1. { Blessed are the poor in spirit:
For theirs is the | kingdom of | heaven.
2. Blessed are they that mourn: for | they— | shall be | comforted.
3. Blessed are the meek: for they shall in- | herit the | earth.
4. { Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for | they— | shall be | filled.
5. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall | obtain— | mercy.
6. Blessed are the pure in heart: for | they shall | see— | God.
7. { Blessed are the peace-makers:
For they shall be called the | children of | God.
8. { Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness, sake:
For | theirs...is the | kingdom of | heaven.
9. { Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you | falsely, for | my sake.
10. { Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven;
For so persecuted they the | prophets which | were be- | fore you.

BEATUS VIR. Ps. i.

1. { Blessed is the man
That walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the | seat...of the | scornful;
2. { But his delight is in the law of the Lord,
And in his law doth he | medi-tate | day and | night.
3. { And he shall be like a tree
Planted by the rivers of water,
That bringeth forth his | fruit...in his | season.
4. { His leaf also shall not wither;
And whatso- | ever...he | doeth...shall | prosper.
5. { The ungodly are not so;
But are like the chaff which the wind | driveth...a- | way.
6. { Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congre- | ga-tion | of the | righteous.
7. { For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous,
But the way of the un- | godly...shall | perish.
8. { The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous,
But the | way...of th' un- | godly...shall | perish.

No. 45. SINGLE CHANT.



DOMINE REFUGIUM. Ps. xc.

1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in | all gene- | rations. ‖ Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, | thou art | God.
2. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye | children..of | men. ‖ For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a | watch..in the | night.
3. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which | groweth | up. ‖ In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut | down, and | withereth.
4. For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath | are we | troubled. ‖ Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the | light..of thy | countenance.
5. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath; we spend our years as a | tale.. that is | told. ‖ So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our | hearts..unto | wisdom. Amen.

TRINITAS.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord | God Al- | mighty, ‖ who was, and | is, and | is to | come.

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and | honor, and | power, ‖ for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they | are and | were cre- | ated.

And worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive | power, and | riches, ‖ and wisdom, and strength, and | honor, and | glory, and | blessing.

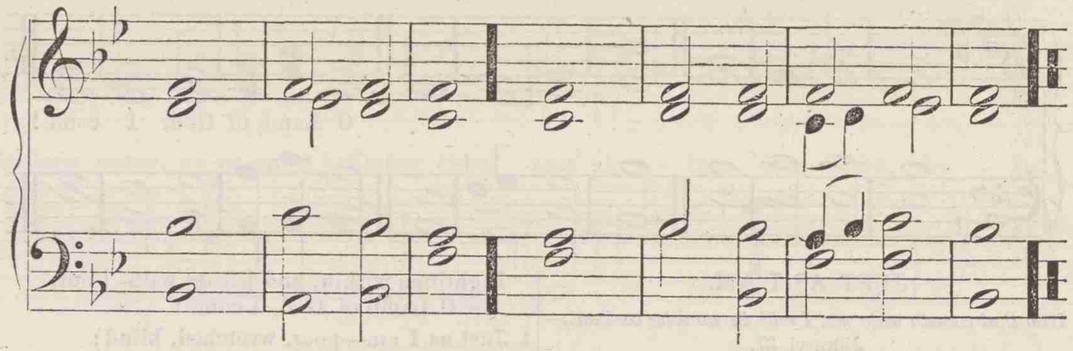
And let every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and | under the | earth, ‖ and such as | are— | in them | say:

Blessing, and honor, and | glory, and | power, ‖ be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and un- | to the | Lamb, for- | ever.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord | God Al- | mighty, ‖ who was, and | is, and | is to | come.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, and to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, | world with..out | end. A- | men.

No. 46. SINGLE CHANT.



DEUS MISEREATUR. Ps. lxvii.

1. God be merciful unto us, and bless us,
   And show us the light of his countenance,
   And be | merciful..unto | us.
   That thy way may be known upon earth,
   Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
2. Let the people praise thee, O God;
   Yea, let | all the..people | praise thee.
   Oh, let the nations rejoice and be glad;
   For thou shalt judge the folk righteously,
   And govern the | na..tions up- | on— | earth.
3. Let the people praise thee, O God;
   Yea, let | all the..people | praise thee.
   Then shall the earth bring forth her increase;
   And God, even our | own..God, shall | give us..his | blessing.
4. God shall bless us; and all the ends of the world shall | fear— | him.
   God shall bless us; and all the ends of the | world shall | fear— | him.

   Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, and to the | Holy | Ghost;
   As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, | world with..out | end. A- | men.

THE CREED.

I believe in God the Father | Al- — | mighty, ‖ Maker of | heaven | and — | earth.

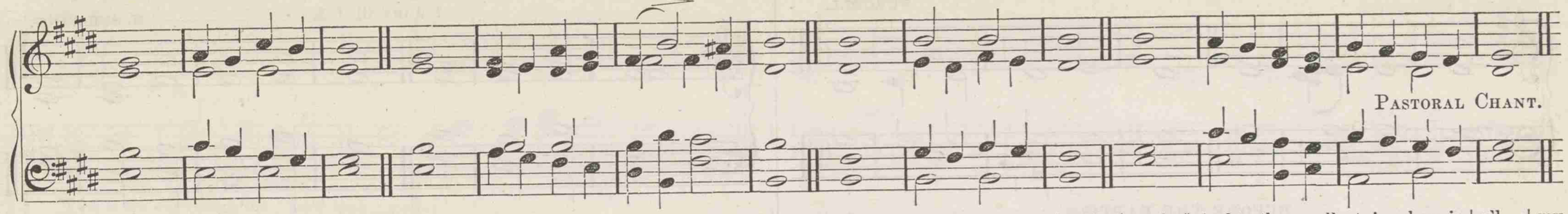
And in Jesus Christ, his only | Son, our | Lord, ‖ who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was cruci- | fied,— | dead, and | buried.

He descended | into | hell; ‖ the third day he | rose— | from the | dead.

He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the | Father..Al- | mighty; ‖ from thence he shall come to judge the | quick — | and the | dead.

I believe in the | Holy | Ghost; ‖ the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints; the resurrection of the body, and the | life— | ever- | lasting.

No. 47. DOUBLE CHANT.



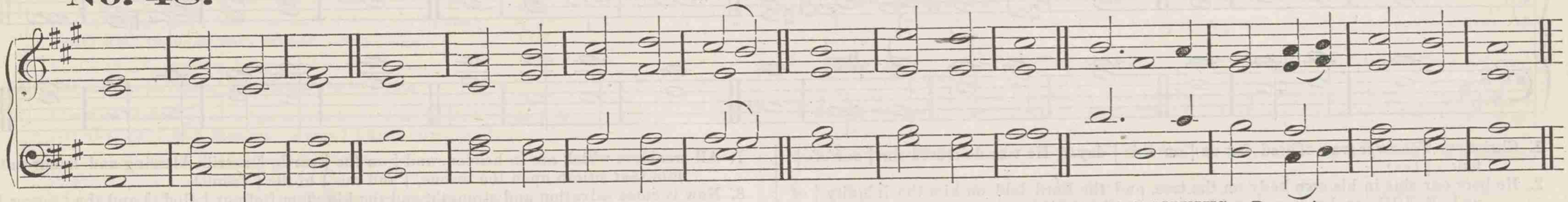
DOMINUS REGIT ME. Ps. xxiii.

1. The Lord is my shepherd; I | shall not | want. ‖ The Lord is my shepherd; I | shall— | not— | want.
2. He maketh me to lie down in | green— | pastures: ‖ he leadeth me be- | side the | still— | water.
3. He re- | storeth..my | soul; ‖ he leadeth me in the paths of | righteousness..for his | name's — | sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil: ‖ for thou art with me; thy | rod and..thy | staff they | comfort me.
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the | presence of..my | enemies: ‖ thou anointest my head with | oil, my | cup..runneth | over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of..my | life: ‖ and I will dwell in the | house..of the | Lord for- | ever.

CONSERVA ME, DOMINE. Ps. xvi.

1. Preserve me, | O— | God, ‖ for in thee | do I | put my | trust;
2. O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou | art my | Lord; ‖ my goodness ex- | tendeth | not to | thee.
3. But to the saints that are | in the | earth, ‖ And to the excellent, in whom is | all— | my de- | light;
4. Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after an- | other | God; ‖ their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take their | names in- | to my | lips.
5. The Lord is the portion of my inheritance, and | of my | cup, ‖ thou main- | tainest | my — | lot;
6. The lines are fallen unto me in | pleasant | places; ‖ yea, I | have a | goodly | heritage.
7. I will bless the Lord, who hath | given..me | counsel; ‖ my reins also instruct me | in the | night— | season:
8. I have set the Lord | always..be- | fore me, ‖ because he is at my right hand | I shall | not be | moved.
9. Therefore my heart is glad, and my | glory..re- | joiceth; ‖ my flesh also shall | rest— | in— | hope.
10. For thou wilt not leave my | soul in | hell; ‖ neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy | One to | see cor- | ruption.
11. Thou wilt show me the | path of | life, ‖ in thy presence is | full— | ness of | joy;
12. At | thy right | hand ‖ there are | pleasures..for- | ever- | more.

No. 48. DOUBLE CHANT.



For Festival of the Reformation.

IN CONVERTENDO. Ps. cxxvi.

When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like | them that | dream;
Then was our mouth filled with laughter, | and our | tongue with | singing.
Then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done | great things | for them.
The Lord hath done great things for | us, whereof | we are | glad.

Turn again our captivity, | O— | Lord;
As the | streams— | in the | south.
They that sow in tears shall | reap in | joy.
He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless return again with rejoicing, | bringing | his sheaves | with him.

NISI QUIA DOMINUS. Ps. cxxiv.

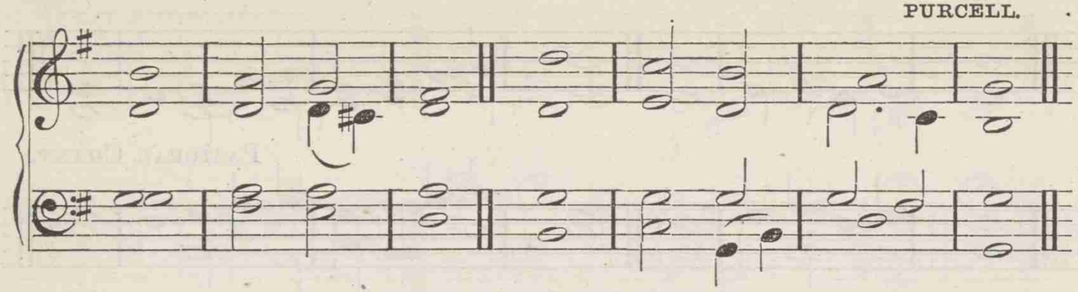
If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may | Is-..rael | say;
If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when | men rose | up a- | gainst us;
Then they had swallowed | us up | quick,
When their | wrath was | kindled..a- | gainst us.

Then the waters had | over- | whelmed us,
The stream had gone | over | our— | soul.
Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us a prey | to their | teeth;
Our help is in the name of the Lord, who | made— | heaven and | earth.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, &c.

No. 49. BAPTISMAL CHANT.

PURCELL.



BEFORE THE BAPTISM.

1. The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon | them that | fear Him, ‖ and his righteousness | unto | children's | children.
2. To such as | keep his | covenant; ‖ and to those that remember his com- | mandments to | do= | them.
3. Suffer little children to come unto me, and for- | bid them | not: ‖ for of | such..is the | kingdom of | heaven.

AFTER THE BAPTISM.

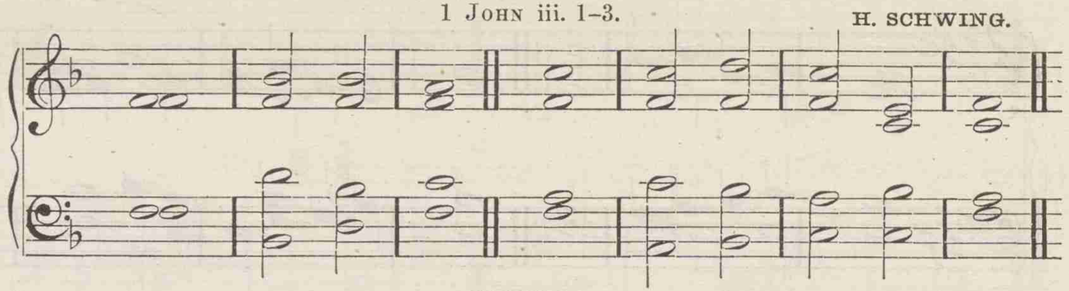
1. I will pour my spirit up- | on thy | seed, ‖ and my | blessing up- | on thine | offspring.
2. And they shall spring up as a- | mong the | grass, ‖ as | willows by the | water- | courses.
3. For the promise is unto you, and | to your | children; ‖ and to all that are afar off, even as many as the | Lord our | God shall | call.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, ‖ &c.

No. 50. Videte qualem charitatem.

1 JOHN iii. 1-3.

H. SCHWING.



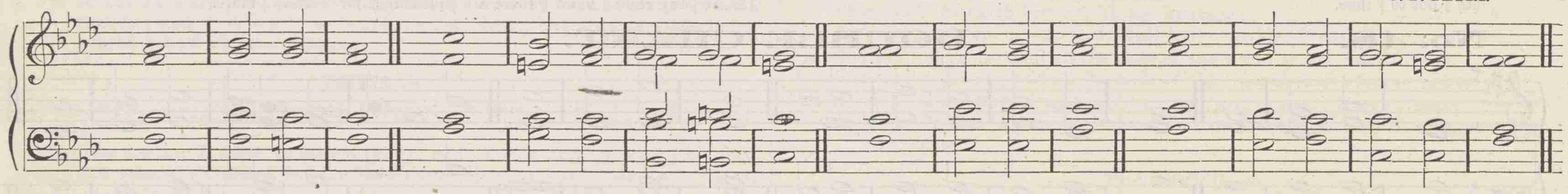
VIDETE.

1. Behold, what manner of love the Father hath be- | stowed up- | on us, ‖ that we should be | called the | sons of | God:
2. Therefore the world | knoweth us | not, ‖ be- | cause it | knew him | not.
3. Behold, now are we the | sons of | God, ‖ and it doth not yet ap- | pear= | what we | shall be:
4. But we know that, when | he shall ap- | pear, ‖ we shall be like him; for we shall | see him | as he | is.
5. And every man that hath this | hope in | him, ‖ purifieth himself, | even as | he is | pure.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, ‖ world without | end.= | A= | men.

No. 51. GOOD FRIDAY CANTICLE. Double.

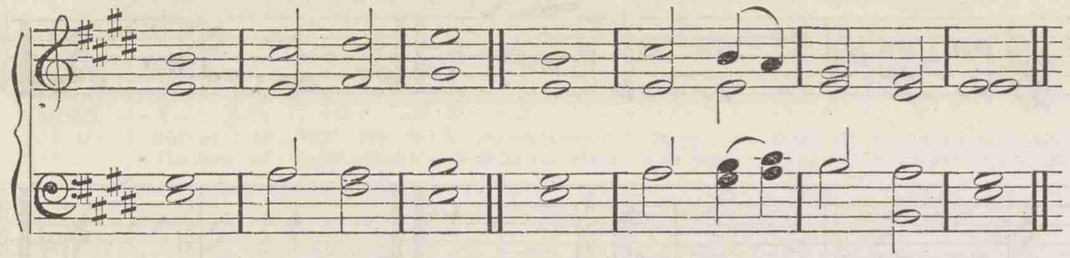
J. F. PETRI.



1. Christ our Passover was offered for us | on this | day. ‖ He was delivered for | our of- | fen= | ces;
2. He bore our sins in his own body on the tree, and the Lord laid on him the iniquity | of us | all. ‖ His soul was sorrowful, even unto death; he was brought | as a lamb | to the | slaughter;
3. He humbled himself, and became obedient | unto | death, ‖ even the | death= | of the | cross.
4. He was taken from prison | and from | judgment; ‖ he was cut off out | of the land | of the | living.
5. Sing praises unto our God and the Lamb, | and= | say: ‖ Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us out of every kindred, and tongue, and | people, | and= | nation;
6. Thou hast made us unto our God | kings and | priests. ‖ Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, for | ever and | ev= | er.
7. All creatures which are in heaven, and | on the | earth, ‖ ascribe blessing and honor unto him that sitteth upon the throne, | and un- | to the | Lamb!
8. Now is come salvation and strength, and the kingdom | of our | God, ‖ and the | power | of his | Christ.
9. If God be for us, who | can be | against us? ‖ He spared not his | only be- | gotten | Son,
10. But delivered him up | for us | all; ‖ how shall he not with him also freely | give us | all= | things!
11. Unto him that | loved | us, ‖ and washed us from our sins in | his= | own= | blood,
12. And hath made us kings and priests unto God | and his | Father, ‖ to him be glory and dominion for | ever and= | ev= | er.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy Ghost;
Which is, and which was, and which | is to | come, ‖ God over all, blessed for- | ever- | more. A- | men.

No. 52. EASTER CANTICLE.



This is the day which the | Lord hath | made;
We will rejoice | and be | glad in | it.

The Lord is my strength | and my | song,
And is be- | come— | my sal- | vation.

The voice of rejoicing is in the tabernacles | of the | righteous;
The right hand of the | Lord doeth | valiant- | ly.

The right hand of the Lord | is ex- | alted:
The right hand of the | Lord doeth | valiant- | ly.

I shall not | die, but | live,
And declare the | works— | of the | Lord.

The stone which the builders | re- — | fused
Is become the head- | stone— | of the | corner.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be,
World without | end.— | A- — | men.

Christ, being raised from the dead, | dieth no | more;
Death hath no more do- | minion | over | him.

For in that he died, he died unto | sin— | once;
But in that he liveth, he | liveth | unto | God.

Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed | unto | sin,
But alive unto God through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.

Christ is risen | from the | dead,
And become the first- | fruits of | them that | slept.

For since by | man came | death,
By man came also the resur- | rection | of the | dead.

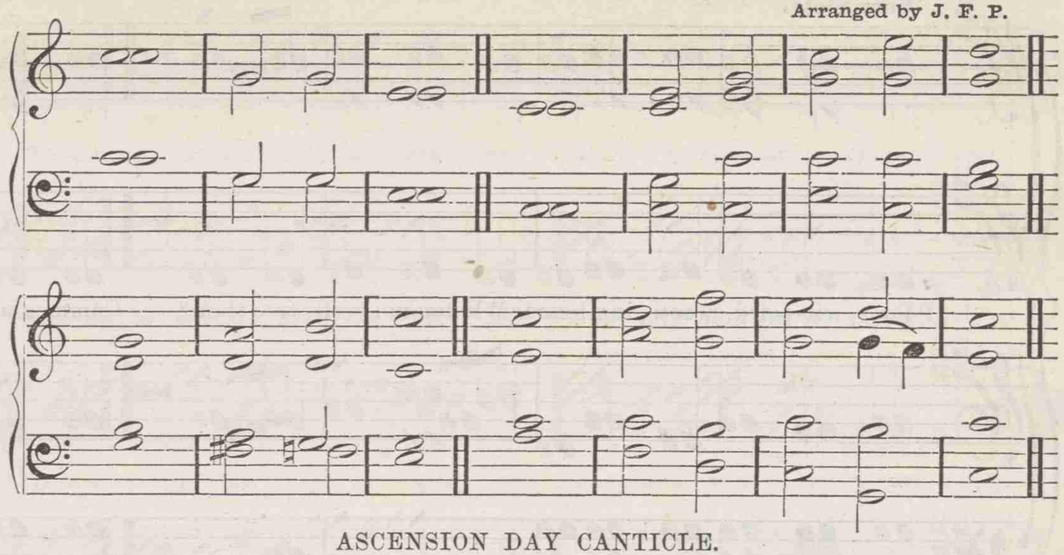
For as in Adam | all— | die,
Even so in Christ shall | all be | made a- | live.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son,
And— | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be,
World without | end.— | A- — | men.

No. 53. DOUBLE CHANT.

Arranged by J. F. P.



ASCENSION DAY CANTICLE.

1. The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine | enemies thy | footstool. ‖ The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of | Zion | and= | say:
2. Rule thou in the | midst of thine | enemies! ‖ The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent: thou art a priest forever after the | order | of Mel- | chisedec.
3. Oh, clap your hands, | all ye | people. ‖ Shout unto God with the | voice= | of= | triumph!
4. God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound | of a | trumpet. ‖ Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of | glory | shall come | in!
5. Who is this | King of | glory? ‖ The Lord, strong and mighty; | he is the | King of | glory.
6. Sing praises to God, and unto our King! | Sing= | praises! ‖ For he is the | King of | all the | earth.
7. God reigneth | over the | heathen; ‖ he sitteth upon the | throne of | his= | holiness.
8. Let all the world bow | down be- | fore him, ‖ and all the angels of | God= | worship | him!
9. Thy throne, O God, is for | ever and | ever; ‖ the sceptre of thy kingdom | is a | right= | sceptre.
10. Thou lovest righteousness and | hatest | wickedness; ‖ therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of | gladness a- | bove thy | fellows.
11. Thou hast as- | cended on | high; ‖ thou hast led cap- | tivi- | ty= | captive;
12. Thou hast received | gifts for | men. ‖ Thou hast entered into thy Father's house, to pre- | pare a | mansion for | us.
13. Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that | justi- | fieth. ‖ Who is he that condemneth? | It is | Christ that | died;
14. Yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the | right hand of | God, ‖ who also maketh | inter- | cession | for us.

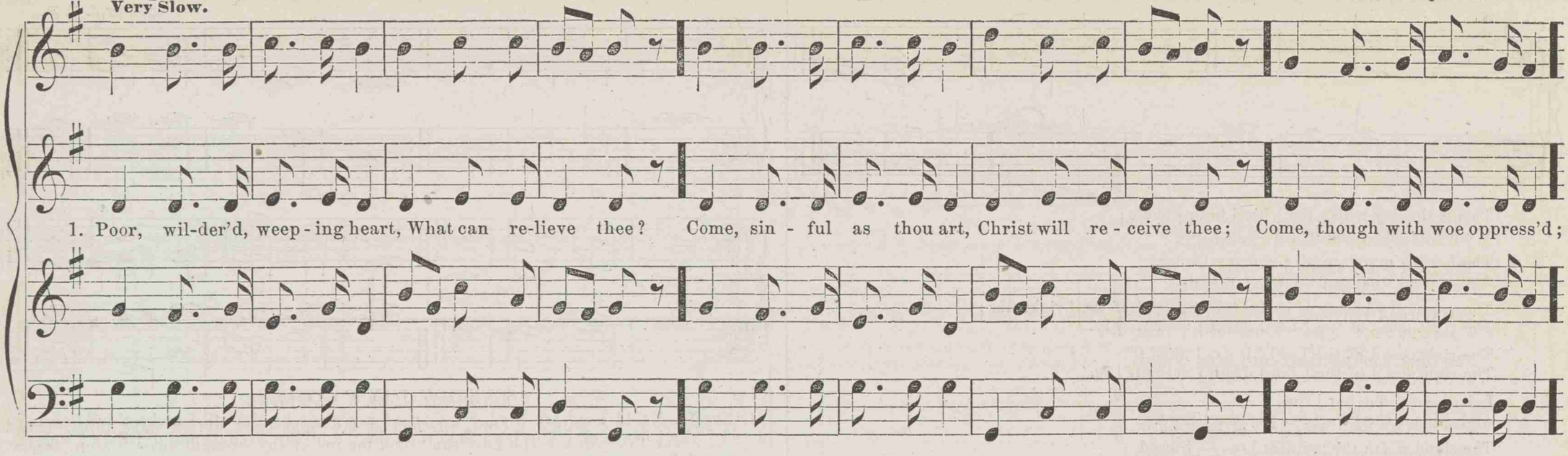
Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
Through Jesus | Christ our | Lord. ‖ His is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory! | A= | men.

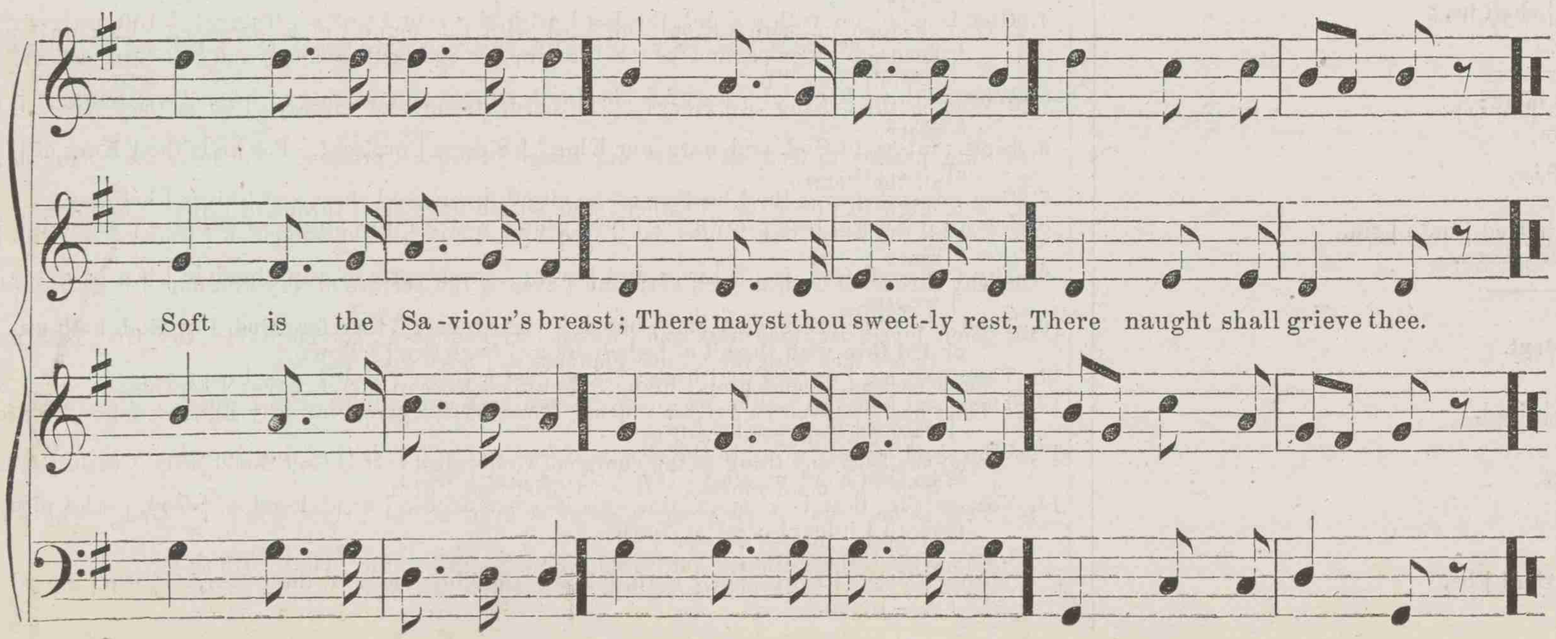
[H. 821.]

"Poor, wildered, weeping Heart!"

From the Spanish.

Very Slow.





2.

Come, trembling, timid soul,
  Why this delaying?
Thunders, that o'er thee roll,
  Fall on thee straying.
Turn from destruction's ways;
Turn to the throne of grace;
There seek thy Father's face,
  Weeping and praying.

3.

"Hence, guilty fear and doubt,
  Leave me forever!
Lord, wilt thou cast me out?
  Never—oh, never!
From unbelief of mind,
From thoughts to sin inclined,
From flesh and hell combined,
  Thou wilt deliver."

[H. 890, by omitting repeat.]

1. Glo-ry to God! the ho-ly an-gels cry; Glo-ry to God! let ev'-ry heart re-ply;
The Sun of righteousness now shines on earth, And peace returns at our Redeemer's birth.
Glo-ry to God! the ho-ly an-gels cry; Glo-ry to God! let ev'-ry heart re-ply.

2. Good will to men! the ho-ly an-gels cry; Good will to men! let ev'-ry heart re-ply;
Let hatred, wrath, and strife be heard no more, But peace and love be spread from shore to shore.
Good will to men! the ho-ly an-gels cry; Good will to men! let ev'-ry heart re-ply.

3. Glo-ry to God! who sent his Son from heaven, That through his blood our sins might be forgiven;
He comes with peace and pardon from a-bove, And rules his peo-ple with the laws of love.
Good will to men! the ho-ly an-gels cry; Good will to men! let ev'-ry heart re-ply.

WISONG. L. M.

[H. 422. B. W. 402.]

HOWARD SHRIVER.

1. As pants the hart for cooling springs, So longs my soul, O King of kings, Thy face in near approach to see, So thirsts, great Source of life, for thee.

2. With ar-dent zeal, with strong desires, To thee, to thee my soul aspires; When shall I reach thy blest a-bode? When meet the presence of my God?

3. God of my strength, attend my cry: Say why, my great Pre-server, why Ex-cluded from thy sight I go, And bend beneath a weight of woe?

4. Why thus my soul with care opprest, And whence the woes that fill my breast? In all thy cares, in all thy woes, On God thy steadfast hope re-pose.

LIGHT STREET. 11s & 8s.

From Church Harmony.

1. Be kind to thy fa - ther; for when thou wast young, Who loved thee so fond - ly as he?
   He caught the first ac - cents that fell from thy tongue, And join'd in thine in - no - cent glee. } Be kind to thy fa - ther; he is now growing old,
D. C. His step is more fee - ble, his spi - rit less bold; Thy fa - ther is pass - ing a - way.

2. Be kind to thy moth - er; for o - ver her brow May tra - ces of sor - row be seen;
   Oh! well mayst thou cher - ish and comfort her now, For lov - ing and kind hath she been. } Be kind to thy moth-er; for thee will she pray,
D. C. With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val - ley of death.

MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

L. MASON.

D. C.

His locks inter - mingled with gray;

As long as God giv - eth her breath:

D. C.

1. Sister, thou wast mild and lovely, Gentle as the summer breeze, Pleasant as the air of evening, When it floats among the trees.
2. Peaceful be thy si-lent slumber, Peaceful in the grave so low: Thou no more wilt join our number, Thou no more our songs shalt know.
3. Dearest sister, thou hast left us: Here thy loss we deep-ly feel; But 'tis God that hath bereft us, He can all our sorrows heal.
4. Yet again we hope to meet thee When the day of life is fled; Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

1. Let chil - dren pro - claim their Sa - viour and King, To Je - sus's name ho - san - nas we sing;

2. The meek Lamb of God from hea - ven came down, To ran - som with blood and to make us his own;

3. To him let us give our ear - li - est days, And thank - ful - ly live to pub - lish his praise.

Our best a - do - ra - tion to Je - sus we give, Who purchased sal - va - tion for us to re - ceive.

He pa - tient-ly suf - fer'd our souls to re - deem: Let songs, then, be of - fer'd to Je - sus's name.

Our lives shall con - fess him who came from a - bove, Our tongues ev - er bless him, and tell of his love.

450 [H. 491. B. W. 49.]

ROLLAND. L. M.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. How lovely, how divinely sweet, O Lord, thy sacred courts appear! Fain would my longing passions meet The glories of thy presence there, The glories of thy presence there.
2. Oh, blest the men, blest their employ, Whom thy indulgent favors raise To dwell in those abodes of joy, And sing thy never-ceasing praise, And sing thy never-ceasing praise.
3. One day within thy sacred gate Affords more real joy to me Than thousands in the tents of state; The meanest place is bliss with thee, The meanest place is bliss with thee.
4. God is a sun; our brightest day From his reviving presence flows; God is a shield, through all the way, To guard us from surrounding foes, To guard us from surrounding foes.
5. O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace, How blest, divinely blest, is he Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face, And fixes all his hopes on thee! And fixes all his hopes on thee!

[H. 840. B. W. 276.]

BECKWITZ. 7s.

1. Come, ye wea-ry sin-ners, come, All who feel your hea-vy load: Je-sus calls the wanderers home; Has-ten to your pardoning God.
2. Come, ye guilt-y sou.s op-prest, An-swer to the Saviour's call: "Come, and I will g ve you rest; Come, and I will save you all."
3. Je-sus, full of truth and love, We thy gra-cious call o-bey; Faith-ful let thy mer-cies prove, Take our load of guilt a-way.
4. Wea-ry of this war with-in, Wea-ry of this end-less strife, Wea-ry of ourselves and sin, Wea-ry of a wretch-ed life.

1. Time is wing - ing us a - way To our e - ter - nal home;
Life is but a win - ter's day— A jour - ney to the tomb: } Youth and vig - or soon will flee,

DUET.—First time Soprano and Alto, second, the Bass and Tenor.

2. Time is wing - ing us a - way To our e - ter - nal home;
Life is but a win - ter's day— A jour - ney to the tomb: } But the Chris - tian shall en - joy

Bloom - ing beau - ty lose its charms; All that's mor - tal soon shall be En - closed in death's cold arms.

Health and beau - ty soon a - bove, Where no world - ly griefs an - noy, Se - cure in Je - sus' love.

[H. 367. B. W. 334.]

AIN. S. M.

From CORRELLI.

Moderato.

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

3. The God who rules on high, Who all the earth sur - veys, Who rides up - on the storm-y sky, And calms the roar-ing seas;

2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God: But ser - vants of the heavenly King May speak their joys a-broad.

4. This aw-ful God is ours, Our Fa-ther and our love; He will send down his heavenly powers To car - ry us a - bove.

1. Lord, be-fore thy throne we stand, Once a-gain thy chil-dren see; Smile up-on this youth-ful band, Suf-fer us to come to thee.

2. Whither else should children go, Weak and im-po-tent as we? Thou hast all things to be-stow; Suf-fer us to come to thee.

3. While we here have life and breath, This our constant care should be, This our lat-est sigh in death:—Suf-fer us to come to thee.

[B. W. 441.] KEDAR. S. M. Charles St. Meth. E. Church, Baltimore.

1. The Sab-bath of the Lord, The Sab-bath is our day; For then we read and hear God's word, We learn to praise and pray.

2. That day with songs we bless, It hath the light of seven, When Christ, the Son of Righteousness, Shines on our path to heaven.

3. Ours is the Sab-bath-school; Its les-sons may we prize, And grow by ev'-ry gos-pel rule Un-to sal-va-tion wise.

4. So all our lives be-low, In wis-dom's pleasant ways, The fruits of Sab-bath-schools will show The bliss of Sab-bath days.

"All is well." 10, 3, 8.

C. DINGLEY.

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? } If this be death, I soon shall be From

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. } There's not a cloud that doth a - rise To

3. Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory. All is well, All is well.
I will re - hearse, re - hearse the pleasing story. All is well, All is well. } Bright an - gels are from glo - ry come, They're

ev' - ry pain and sor - row free, I shall the King of glo - ry see. All is well! All is well!

hide my Sa - viour from my eyes: I soon shall mount the up - per skies. All is well! All is well!

round my bed, they're in my room, They wait to waft my spi - rit home. All is well! All is well!

WHITRIDGE. 6s.

"Flung to the heedless winds."

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;
   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.

2. Je - sus has now re - ceived Their lat - est liv - ing breath; Yet vain is Sa - tan's boast Of vic - tory in their death:
   Still, still, though dead, they speak, And, tri - umph-tongued, pro - claim To ma - ny a wakening land The one a - vail - ing Name.

[B. W. 314.]

REFUGE. 7s & 6s.

W. D. R.

1. God of my sal - va - tion, hear, And help me to be - lieve; Now to thee do I draw near, Thy bless - ing to re - ceive.
   Full of sin, a - las! I am, But to thee for re-fuge flee: Friend of sin - ners, spot - less Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.

2. No good word, or work, or thought, I bring to buy thy grace; Par - don I ac - cept unbought, Thy prof - fer I em - brace.
   Need - y, guilt - y, vile, I am; Yet I know thy love is free: Friend of sin - ners, spot - less Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.

3. Sa - viour, from thy wound - ed side I nev - er will de - part; At thy cross will I a - bide, With hum - ble, trust - ing heart.
   When my place a - bove I claim, Still the cross shall be my plea: Friend of sin - ners, spot - less Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.

 [B. W. 367.]

MARTIN. C. M. Double.

Contributed by Choir of Charles St. Meth. Epis. Church, Baltimore.

1. And must I part with all I have, My dear - est Lord, for thee? It is but right! since thou hast done Much more than this for me.

2. Yes, let it go!—One look from thee Will more than make a - mends For all the loss - es I sus - tain Of cre - dit, rich - es, friends.

3. Ten thousand worlds, ten thou-sand lives, How worthless they ap - pear, Compared with thee, Su-preme - ly Good! Di - vine - ly bright and fair!

4. Sa - viour of souls! could I from thee A sin - gle smile ob - tain, Though des - ti - tute of all things else, I'd glo - ry in my gain.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; Rise, from tran - si - to - ry things, Tow'rds heaven, thy destined place:

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; Rise, from tran - si - to - ry things, Tow'rds heaven, thy destined place:

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; Rise, from tran - si - to - ry things, Tow'rds heaven, thy destined place:

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove.

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.

Organ.

Time shall soon this earth re - move; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove.

458 [H. 915. B. W. 503.]

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

G. T. WEBB.

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 brighter scenes be - fore us Are opening ev' - ry hour;

3. See heathen na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love, And thousand hearts as - cend - ing In gra - ti-tude a - bove;

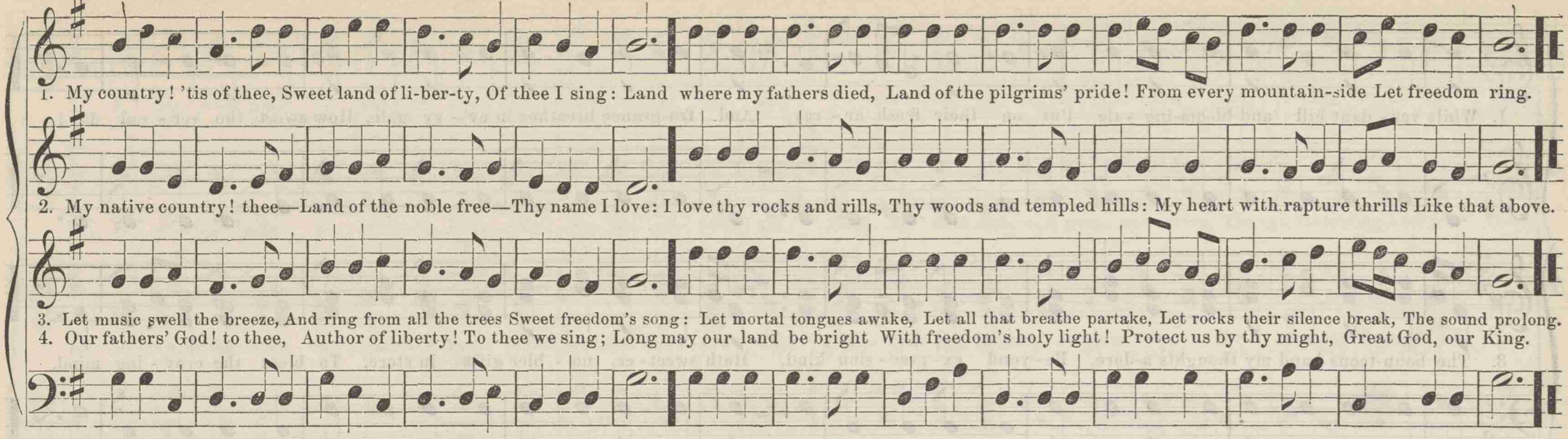
4. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thy on - ward way, Flow thou to ev' - ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay;

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 - bun - dant an - swers brings, And heavenly 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 Saviour'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 has come.

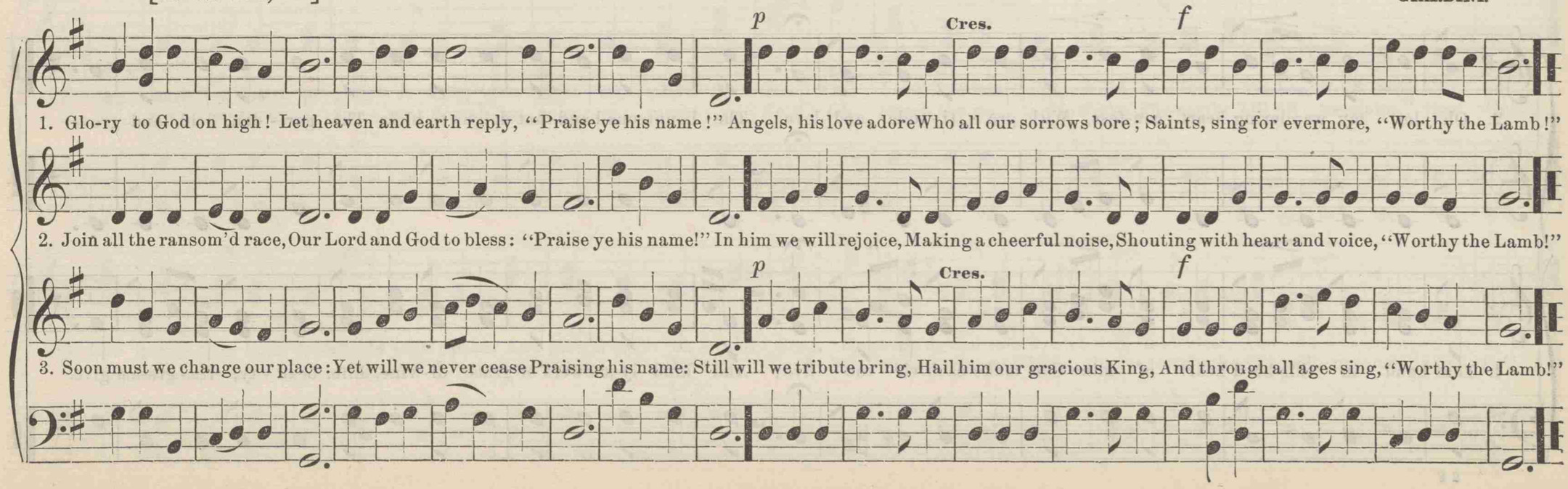
AMERICA. 6s & 4s. National Hymn.



[B. W. 158, 66.]

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

GIARDINI.



SPRING. C. M. Double.

1. While ver - dant hill and bloom-ing vale Put on their fresh ar - ray, And fra-grance breathes in ev' - ry gale, How sweet the ver - nal day!

2. Oh, let my wandering heart con-fess, With gra - ti - tude and love, The bounteous hand that deigns to bless The gar - den, field, and grove.

3. The boun-teous hand my thoughts a-dore, Be - yond ex - pres - sion kind, Hath sweet - er, no - bler gifts in store, To bless the crav - ing mind.

4. That hand in this hard heart of mine Can make each vir - tue live; And kind - ly showers of grace di - vine, Life, beau - ty, fra - grance give.

[H. 975. B. W. 155.]

HARKEY. C. M.

1. A - las! what hour - ly dangers rise! What snares be - set my way! To heaven, oh, let me lift mine eyes, And hourly watch and pray.
2. How oft my mourn - ful thoughts complain, And melt in flow - ing tears! My weak re - sistance, ah, how vain! How strong my foes and fears!
3. O gracious God, in whom I live, My fee - ble ef - forts aid; Help me to watch, and pray, and strive, Though trembling and a - fraid.
4. In - crease my faith, in - crease my hope, When foes and fears pre - vail; Oh, bear my fainting spi - rit up, Or soon my strength will fail.

[B. W. 534.]

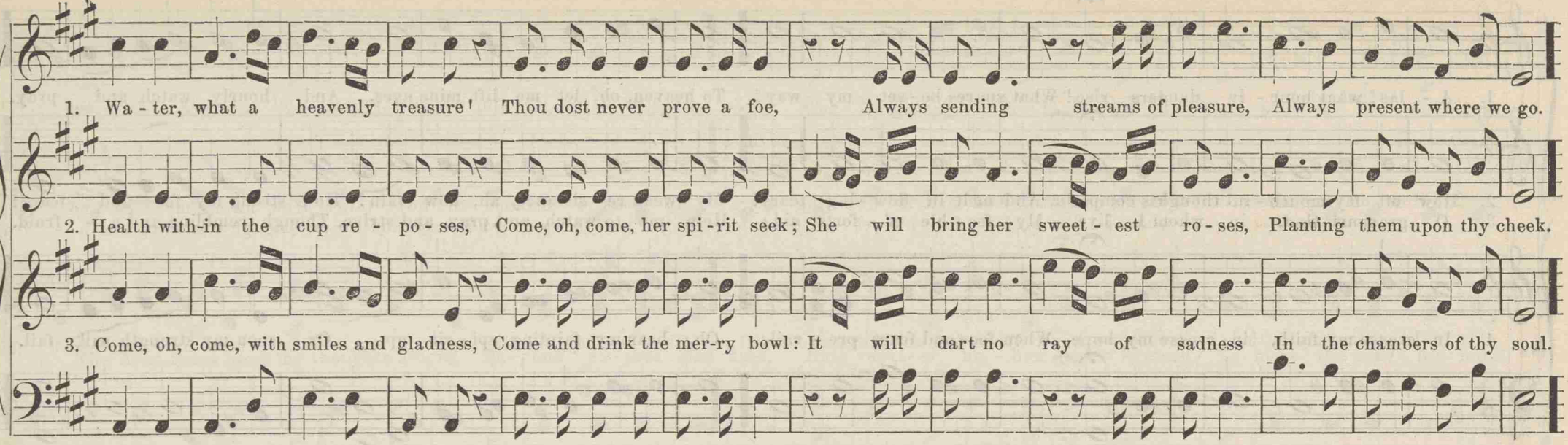
AULD LANG SYNE. C. M.

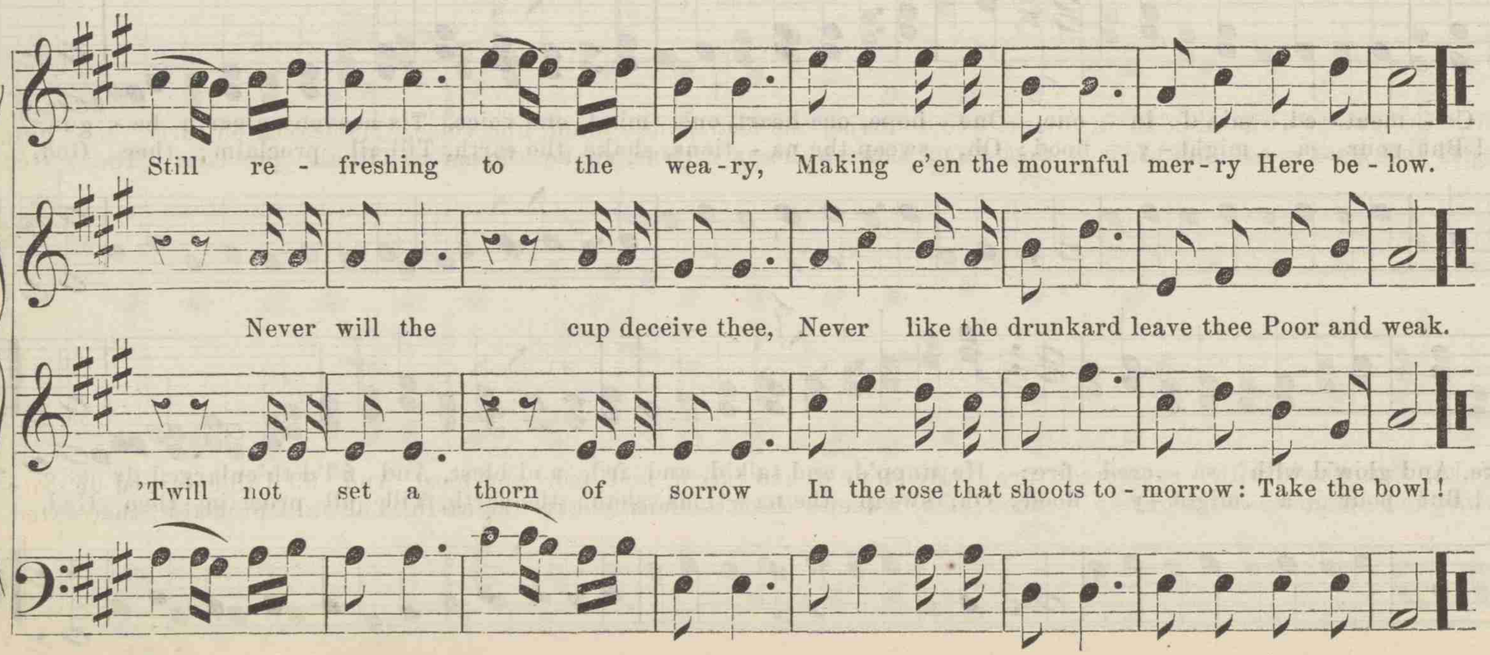
Old Melody.

1. Our souls, by love to - geth - er knit, Ce - ment - ed, mix'd in one, One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice, 'Tis heaven on earth be - gun.
2. A rill, a stream, a tor - rent flows! But pour a might - y flood; Oh, sweep the na - tions, shake the earth, Till all proclaim thee God.
3. Our hearts have burn'd while Je - sus spoke, And glow'd with sa - cred fire; He stopp'd, and talk'd, and fed, and blest, And fill'd th'enlarged de - sire.
4. A rill, a stream, a tor - rent flows! But pour a might - y flood; Oh, sweep the na - tions, shake the earth, Till all proclaim thee God.

REFRESHING STREAMS. 8s, 7s, & 3s.

ASA R. TROWBRIDGE.





4.

Come ye to the balmy waters,—
Dash the maddening cup aside;
Ruddy sons and rosy daughters,
Trip it gay, and be supplied.
Every bubbling fount that gushes
Holds a rosy troop of blushes:
Sip the tide!

5.

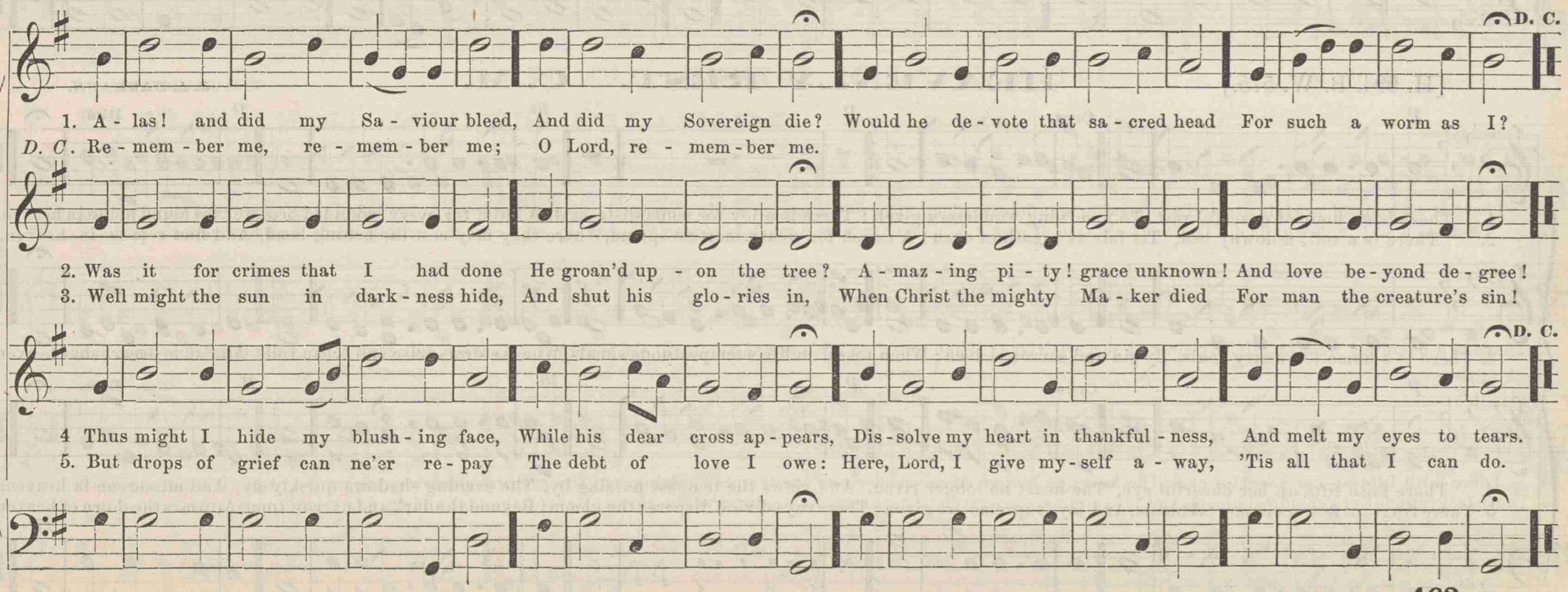
Wine may thrill the soul a minute,
But it poisons where it goes;
Water has a virtue in it
Scattering blessings where it goes.
Drink! and Heaven will smile upon thee!
Drink! and thou wilt look as lovely
As the rose.

PART III.

TUNES SUITABLE FOR SEASONS OF AWAKENING AND SOCIAL PRAYER-MEETINGS.

[H. 133. B. W. 128.]

FREELAND. C. M.



HOLLEY. 7s.

HEWS.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee.

2. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

[H. 994. B. W. 575.]

HEAVENLY REST. C. M.

J. A. NAUMANN.

p Cres. *p* *m* *p* Dim.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for souls distress'd, A balm for every wounded breast: 'Tis found alone in heaven.
2. There is a soft, a downy bed, 'Tis fair as breath of even; A couch for weary mortals spread, Where they may rest the aching head, And find repose in heaven.
3. There is a home for weary souls, By sin and sorrow driven; When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and ocean rolls, And all is drear—but heaven.

p Cres. *p* *m* *p* Dim.

4. There faith lifts up her cheerful eye, The heart no longer riven, And views the tempest passing by, The evening shadows quickly fly, And all serene in heaven.
5. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom, And joys supreme are given; There rays divine disperse the gloom; Beyond the dark and narrow tomb Appears the dawn of heaven.

1. Pil - grim burden'd with thy sin, Haste to Zi - on's gate to - day; There, till mer - cy lets thee in, Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.
2. Knock, for mer - cy lends an ear; Weep, she marks the sin - ner's sigh; Watch, till heavenly light ap - pear; Pray, she hears the mourner's cry.
3. Mourning pil - grim, what for thee In this world can now re - main? Seek that world from which shall flee Sor - row, shame, and tears, and pain.
4. Sor - row shall for - ev - er flee, Shame shall nev - er en - ter there, Tears be wiped from ev' - ry eye, Pain in end - less bliss ex - pire.

[H. 319. B. W. 97.] **ZION'S PILGRIM.** **11s & 8s. 8 lines.** Old Melody.

Fine.

1. { In songs of sublime a - do - ration and praise, Ye pilgrims for Zi-on who press, / Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of Days, His rich and distinguishing grace. } 2. His love from e-ter - ni-ty fix'd upon you, Broke forth and discover'd its flame,
D. C. When each with the cords of his kindness he drew, And brought you to love his great name.

D. C.

Fine.

2 D

[H. 360. B. W. 370.]

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

1. When God re-veal'd his gracious name, And changed my mourn-ful state, My rap-ture seem'd a pleas-ing dream, The grace ap-pear'd so great.
2. The world be-held the glorious change, And did thy hand con-fess; My tongue broke out in un-known strains, And sang sur-pris-ing grace.

3. "Great is the work," my neighbors cried, And own'd thy power di-vine; "Great is the work," my heart re-plied, "And be the glo-ry thine."

4. The Lord can clear the dark-est skies, Can give us day for night, Make drops of sa-cred sor-row rise To ri-vers of de-light.
5. Let those that sow in sadness wait Till the fair har-vest come; They shall con-fess their sheaves are great, And bring rich bless-ings home.

[H. 133. B. W. 128.]

SUFFERING SAVIOUR. C. M.

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

3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo-ries in, When God, the might-y 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.

Chorus: Oh, the Lamb, the lov-ing Lamb, The Lamb on Cal-va-ry— The Lamb that was slain, That liveth again, To in-ter cede for me!

[H. 380. B. W. 400.]

GREENFIELDS. 8 lines, 8s.

1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je-sus no long-er I see!
Sweet pros-pects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers Have all lost their sweetness to me.
D. C. But when I am hap-py in him, De-cem-ber's as plea-sant as May.

The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;

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:
D. C. No mor-tal so hap-py as I, My sum-mer would last all the year.

I should, were he al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear,

3. Con-tent with be-hold-ing his face, My all to his plea-sure re-sign'd,
No chan-ges of sea-son or place Would make an-y change in my mind;
D. C. And pri-sons would pa-la-ces prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.

While bless'd with a sense of his love, A pa-lace a toy would ap-pear.

[H. 144. B. W. 140.]

SALEM. L. M.

Rewritten and arranged by W. D. R.

1. He dies! the Friend of sin-ners dies! Lo! Sa-lem's daugh-ters weep a-round: A so-lemn dark-ness veils the skies, A sud-den trem-bling shakes the ground.
2. Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For Him who groan'd be-neath your load: He shed a thou-sand drops for you, A thou-sand drops of rich-er blood!

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

4. The ris-ing God for-sakes the tomb, In vain the tomb for-bids his rise: Che-ru-bic le-gions guard him home, And shout him wel-come to the skies

468 [H. 251. B. W. 323.]

WOODLAND. C. M.

1. Oh for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free! A heart that always feels thy blood, A heart that always feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me!
2. A heart resign'd, submissive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne; Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone.
3. Oh for a low-ly, con-trite heart, Be-lieving, true, and clean, Which neither life nor death can part, Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within!
4. A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd, And full of love divine, Perfect, and right, and pure, and good, Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,—A copy, Lord, of thine!
5. Thy nature, gra-cious Lord, impart, Come quickly from above; Write thy new name upon my heart, Write thy new name upon my heart, Thy new, best name of love.

[H. 376. B. W. 395.]

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

The late D. DUTTON, Jr.

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 prayer.
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 brighter scenes in heaven; The pros-pect doth my strength re-new, While here by tem-pests driven.
5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its de-part-ing ray Be calm as this im-press-ive hour, And lead to end-less day.

[H. 183. B. W. 274.]

"Come, ye Sinners Poor and Wretched."

Arranged by W. D. R.

D.C.

1. Come, ye sin - ners poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pi - ty join'd with power:
D.C. He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing: doubt no more.

} He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing: doubt no more.

D.C.

2. Come, ye thirst-y! come and wel-come; God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;
True be - lief, and true re - pentance, Ev' - ry grace that brings us nigh,
D.C. With - out mo - ney, With-out money, Come to Je - sus Christ, and buy.

} With - out mo - ney, With-out money, Come to Je - sus Christ, and buy.

"I am Bound for the Promised Land."

Arranged by W. D. R.

D.C.

1. Con-vinced of sin, men now be - gin To call up - on the Lord;
Trem-bling they pray, and mourn the day In which they scorn'd his word.

} I am bound for the pro-mised land, I am bound for the promised land.

D.C. My Sa - viour calls, and I must go, I am bound for the promised land.

D.C.

2. Young converts sing, and praise their King, And bless God's ho - ly name;
While old - er saints leave their complaints And joy to join the theme.

} I am bound for the pro - mised land, I am bound for the promised land.

"Joyfully! joyfully!" 10s.

Rev. A. D. MERRILL.

1. { Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly on - ward I move, Bound for the land of bright spi-rits a - bove;
   { An - gel - ic chor - ist - ers sing, as I come, "Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home." } Soon, with my pilgrimage end - ed be - low,

2. { Friends fond-ly cherish'd have pass'd on be - fore, Wait - ing, they watch me approach-ing the shore;
   { Sing - ing to cheer me through death's chilling 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 weapons of war lay me low, Strike, King of ter - rors, I fear not thy 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'll go, Pil - grim and stranger 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 heaven's high dome, "Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home."

Death shall be banish'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.

I'M A PILGRIM.

Fine. D. C. Fine.

1. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night! Do not detain me, for I am going To where the streamlets are ever flowing.

D. C. for each verse. I'm a pilgrim, &c.

2. Of that ci-ty to which I journey, My Re-deemer, my Redeemer is the light; There is no sorrow, nor any sighing, Nor a-ny tears, nor a-ny dy-ing.

3. There the glory is ever shining, Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there; Here in this country so dark and so dreary I long have wander'd, forlorn and weary.

4. Father, mother, and sister, brother, If you will not journey with me I must go; For since your vain hope you still will cherish, Should I, too, linger, and with you perish?

Fine. D. C. Fine.

5. Farewell, neighbors, with tears I've warn'd you; I must leave you, I must leave you and begone; With this your portion, your heart's desire, Why will you perish in raging fire?

6. Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted, In immortal beauty soon you'll be array'd; For He who form'd thee will soon restore thee From sin and death to praise and glory.

[B. W. 373.]

"Oh, turn ye."

1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, { When God, in great mer-cy, is com-ing so nigh? / Since Je-sus in-vites you, the Spi-rit says come, } And an-gels are waiting to welcome you home.

2. How vain the de-lu-sion, that, while you delay, { Your hearts may grow better by stay-ing a-way! / Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be, } While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

"Child of sin and sorrow." 6s & 4s.

T. HASTINGS.

1. Child of sin and sor - row, Fill'd with dis - may,
   Wait not for to - morrow: Yield thee to - day. } Heaven 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.
3. Child of sin and sor - row, Where wilt thou flee
   Through that long to-morrow, E - ter - ni - ty? } Ex - iled from home, Dark - ly to roam, Child of sin and sor - row, Where wilt thou flee?
4. Child of sin and sor - row, Lift up thine eye!
   Heirship thou canst borrow In worlds on high: } In that high home, Gra - ven thy name: Child of sin and sor - row, Swift homeward fly.

LANSINGBURGH. 6s & 5s.

German.

"Why that look of sadness?"

1. Why that look of sadness? Why that downcast eye? Can no thought of gladness Lift thy soul on high? O thou heir of heaven, Think of Jesus' love, While to thee is giv - en All his grace to prove.
2. Is thy burden'd spi - rit A - gonized for sin? Think of Jesus' merit; He can make thee clean; Think of Calvary's mountain, Where his blood was spilt: In that precious fountain Wash away thy guilt.
3. Is thy spirit drooping? Is the tempter near? Still in Jesus ho - ping, What hast thou to fear? Set the prize be-fore thee, Gird thy armor on: Heir of grace and glory, Struggle for thy crown.

THE PENITENT. L. M.

1. Show pi - ty, Lord! O Lord, for-give! Let a re - pent - ing sin - ner live: Are not thy mer - cies large and free? May not the con - trite trust in thee?

2. With shame my numerous sins I trace A-gainst thy law, a-gainst thy grace; And though my prayer thou shouldst not hear, My doom is just, and thou art clear.

3. Yet save a pe - ni - tent, O Lord! Whose hope, still hovering round thy word, Seeks for some precious pro-mise there, Some sure support a-gainst de-spair.

4. My sins are great, but don't sur-pass The rich-es of e - ter - nal grace: Great God, thy na - ture hath no bound, So let thy pardoning love be found.

5. Oh, wash my soul from ev' - ry stain, Nor let the guilt I mourn re - main; Give me to hear thy pardoning voice, And bid my bleed - ing heart re - joice.

[H. 164. B. W. 310.] ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6 lines, or 8 lines by repeating the first two.

T. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side that flow'd,
D.C. Be of sin the per-fect cure: Save me, Lord! and make me pure.

2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guor know, This for sin could not a - tone: Thou must save, and thou a - lone.
D.C. In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.

[B. W. 358.]

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

S. B. MARSH.

Fine. D. C.

1. { Ma - ry to the Sa-viour's tomb Hast-ed at the ear - ly dawn;
   { Spice she brought, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone;
   D. C. Trembling, while a crys - tal flood Is - sued from her weep - ing eyes.

For a while she ling'r - ing stood, Fill'd with sor - row and sur - prise,

2. { But her sor - row quick - ly fled When she heard his wel - come voice,
   { Christ had ris - en from the dead, Now he bids her heart re - joice.
   D. C. Ye who weep for Je - sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a - way.

What a change his word can make, Turn - ing dark-ness in - to day!

Fine. D. C.

3. { He who came to com - fort her, When she thought her all was lost,
   { Will for your re - lief ap - pear, Though you now are tem - pest tost.
   D. C. Weeping for a while may last, But the morn - ing brings the joy.

On his arm your bur - den cast, On his love your thoughts em - ploy:

[H. 749. B. W. 590.]

"Jerusalem, my happy home!"

1. { Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me!
   { When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace, and thee?
2. { When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls And pearl - y gates be - hold,
   { Thy bul - warks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold?

Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! My hap - py home, How do I sigh for thee!

3. { Oh, when, thou ci - ty of my God, shall I thy courts as - cend.
   { Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end?

Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! My hap - py home, How do I sigh for thee!

4. { There hap-pier bowers than E - den's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know!
   { Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes I on-ward press to you.

Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! My hap - py home, How do I sigh for thee!

SOLO and CHORUS. "Come, ye disconsolate."

SOLO.

1. Come, ye dis - con-so-late, where'er ye lan - guish, Come, at the mer-cy - seat fer-vently kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish:
2. Joy of the des - o-late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Comforter, in mer - cy say - ing,
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love; Come to the feast prepared; come, ev - er know - ing

Accompaniment.

CHORUS.

Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish: Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure; Here speaks the Comforter, in mer - cy say - ing, Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure.
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can re-move; Come to the feast prepared; come, ev-er know - ing Earth has no sorrows but heaven can re-move.

CHORUS.

THE CONVERT. 6s & 9s.

Popular Melody.

1. How hap-py are they Who the Sa-viour o-bey, And have laid up their treasure a-bove! Oh, what tongue can express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear-li-est love?

2. 'Twas hea-ven be-low My Re-deem-er to know, And the an-gels could do nothing more Than to fall at his feet, And the sto-ry re-peat, And the Lov-er of sin-ners a-dore.

3. Oh, the rap-tu-rous height Of that ho-ly de-light Which I felt in the life-giving blood! Of my Sa-viour pos-sess'd, I was per-fect-ly blest, As if fill'd with the ful-ness of God.
4. Then all the day long Was my Je-sus my song, And re-demption through faith in his name: Oh that all might believe, And sal-va-tion re-ceive, And their song and their joy be the same!

[B. W. 385.]

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. Double.

ROUSSEAU.

1. Gen-tly, Lord, oh, gen-tly lead us Through this lone-ly vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st de-creed us, Till our last great change ap-pears.
D.C. Let thy goodness nev-er fail us; Lead us in thy per-fect way.
When tempt-a-tion's darts as-sail us, When in devious paths we stray,

D.C.

2. In the hour of pain and an-guish, In the hour when death draws near,
Suf-fer not our hearts to lan-guish, Suf-fer not our souls to fear;
D.C. Till, by an-gel bands at-tend-ed, We a-wake a-mong the blest.
And, when mor-tal life is end-ed, Bid us in thine arms to rest,

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

Coda for fifth verse.

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.

2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; Oh, there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way!

3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its power Till all the ransom'd church of God Be saved to sin no more.

p

4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Re - deeming love has been my theme, And shall be, till I die.

5. Then, in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing thy power to save, When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave.

[B. W. 428.]

LABAN. S. M.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky;—

2. To serve the pre-sent age, My call - ing to ful - fil.— Oh, may it all my powers en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will!

3. Arm me with jeal-ous care As in thy sight to live; And, oh, thy ser-vant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.

4. Help me to watch and pray And on thy-self re - ly; As - sured if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

478 [H. 257. B. W. 478.]

CHELMSFORD. C. M.

1. Dear Je - sus! pros-trate at thy feet A guilt-y re - bel lies, And upward to the mer - cy - seat Pre-sumes to lift his eyes.
2. Oh, let not jus - tice frown me hence; Stay, stay the venge - ful storm: For - bid it that Om - ni - po - tence Should crush a fee - ble worm.
3. If tears of sor - row would suf - fice To pay the debt I owe, Tears should from both my weep-ing eyes In cease-less tor - rents flow.
4. But no such sa - cri - fice I plead To ex - pi - ate my guilt; No tears but those which thou hast shed,—No blood but thou hast spilt.
5. Think of thy sor - rows, dearest Lord, And all my sins for - give: Jus - tice will well ap-prove the word That bids the sin - ner live.

PALESTRINA. L. M. 6 lines.

1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan Hath taught these rocks the notes of woe; } And let thy tears for- get to flow; Be-hold, the pre- cious balm is found.
   Cease thy com-plaint, suppress thy groan, (*Omit*..... } To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

Fine. D.C.

2. Come, free-ly come, by sin op - press'd, Un - bur - den here thy weight - y load; } And trust the mer - cy of thy God; Thy God's thy Sa-viour,—glo-rious word!
   Here find thy re - fuge and thy rest, (*Omit*..... } For - ev - er love and praise the Lord.

Fine. D.C.

"Delay not, delay not." 11s.

Moderato.

1. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner; draw near; The wa - ters of life are now flow - ing for thee!

2. De - lay not, de - lay not; why long - er a - buse The love and com - pas - sion of Je - sus, thy God?

3. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, to come, For mer - cy still lin - gers, and calls thee to - day:
4. De - lay not, de - lay not! the Spi - rit of grace, Long grieved and re - sist - ed, may take its sad flight

No price is de - mand - ed, the Sa - viour is here, Re - demp - tion is pur - chased, sal - va - tion is free.

A foun - tain is o - pen'd, how canst thou re - fuse To wash and be cleansed in his par - don - ing blood!

Her voice is not heard in the shades of the tomb; Her mes - sage, un - heed - ed, will soon pass a - way.
And leave thee in dark - ness to fin - ish thy race, To sink in the gloom of e - ter - ni - ty's night.

CANAAN. L. M.

1. To earth de - scend, O Ho - ly Dove, From the rest and the joy of Ca - naan,
   And waft us on thy wings a - bove To the beau - ti - ful fields of Ca - naan.
2. A - bove the earth, a - bove the sky, Swell the star - flower'd hills of Ca - naan,
   And state - ly man - sions e - cho high With the feasts and the songs of Ca - naan.

3. We would as - cend that bless - ed height, To the throne of the land of Ca - naan;
   Where Je - sus reigns in glo - rious might, He is King of the realm of Ca - naan.

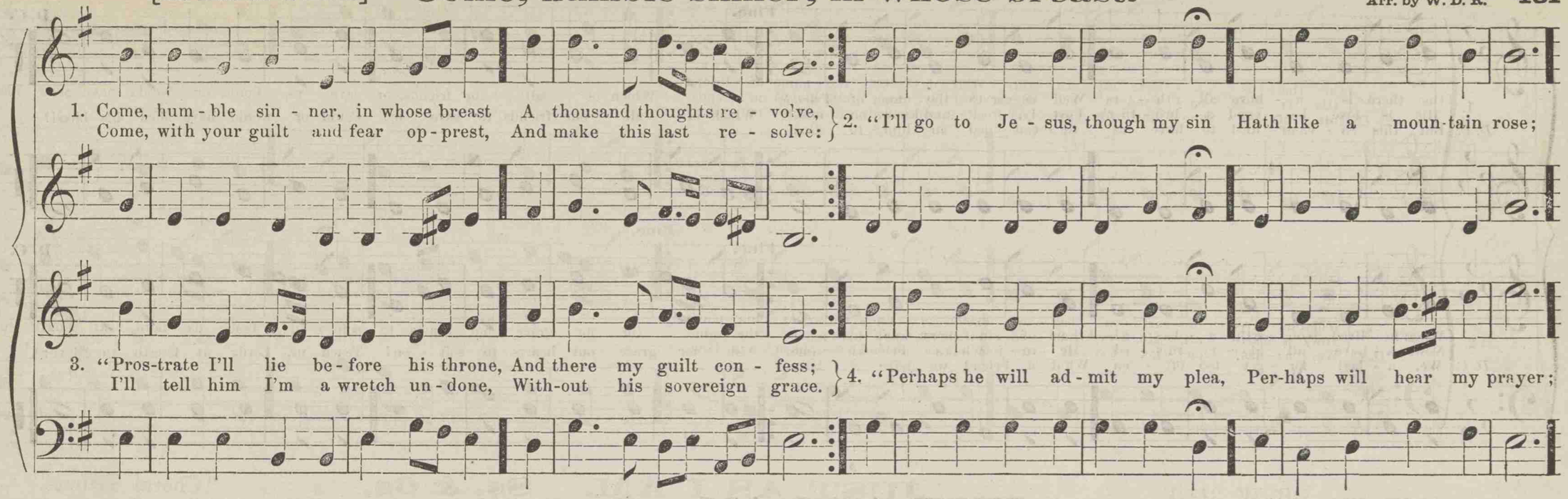
O Ca - naan, bright Ca - naan, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan!

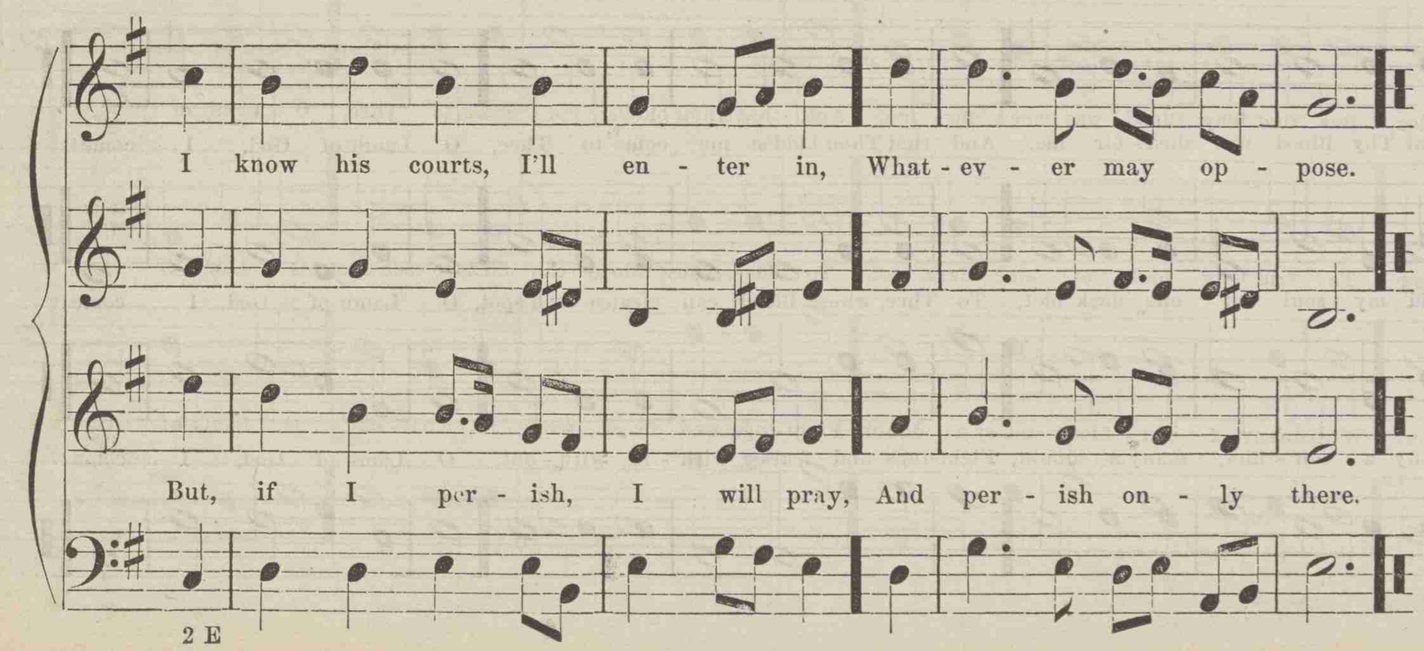
4. Re - joic - ing se - raphs round him flame, And the white-vested eld-ers of Ca - naan;
   His glo - ry and his grace pro - claim The bliss of the tribes in Ca - naan.
5. Dear Lord, we have been wait - ing long: When, oh, when shall we mount to Ca - naan,
   And join the sweet tri - umph - ant song, In the courts of the King of Ca - naan?

O Ca - naan, bright Ca - naan, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan!

O Ca - naan, my hap - py, hap - py home, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan!

O Ca - naan, my hap - py, hap - py home, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan!





5.

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

6.

"But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
That were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinners never died."

[H. 165. B. W. 108.]

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.

Fine. D. C.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers Well de-serves the name of Friend;
   His is love be - yond a bro - ther's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood?
D. C. But this Sa - viour died to have us Re - con - ciled in him to God.

Fine. D. C.

2. When he lived on earth a - bas - ed, Friend of sin - ners was his name;
   Now, a - bove all glo - ry rais - ed, He re - joic - es in the same. Oh for grace our hearts to soft - en! Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
D. C. We, a - las! for - get too oft - en What a Friend we have a - bove.

[B. W. 311.]

JUST AS I AM. 8s, & 6s.

"Choral Tribute."

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy Blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose Blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!

3. Just as I am, though toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt, Fight-ings and fears with - in, with - out, O Lamb of God, I come!

[B. W. 390.]

HELENA. C. M.

1. O thou who driest the mourn - er's tear, How dark this world would be If, when by sor - rows wound - ed here, We could not fly to each
2. The friends who in our sun - shine live, When win - ter comes, are flown; And he who has but tears to give Must weep those tears a - lone.

3. But thou wilt heal that bro - ken heart, Which, like the plants that throw Their fra - grance from the wound - ed part, Breathes sweet-ness out of woe.
4. When joy no long - er soothes or cheers, And e'en the hope that threw A mo - ment's sparkle o' - er our tears, Is dimm'd and van - ish'd, too.
5. Oh, who could bear life's storm - y doom, Did not thy wing of love Come bright - ly waft - ing through the gloom Our peace - branch from a - bove?

[B. W. 393.]

"Nearer to Thee." 6s & 4s.

HASTINGS.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee,
   E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me,
   Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.
2. Though, like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down
   Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone,
   Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

3. There let the way ap - pear Steps in - to heaven;
   All that thou send - est me, In mer - cy given,
   An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

4. Then, with my wak - ing thoughts Bright with thy praise,
   Out of my sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise,
   So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.
5. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky,
   Sun, moon, and stars for - got, Up - ward I fly,
   Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

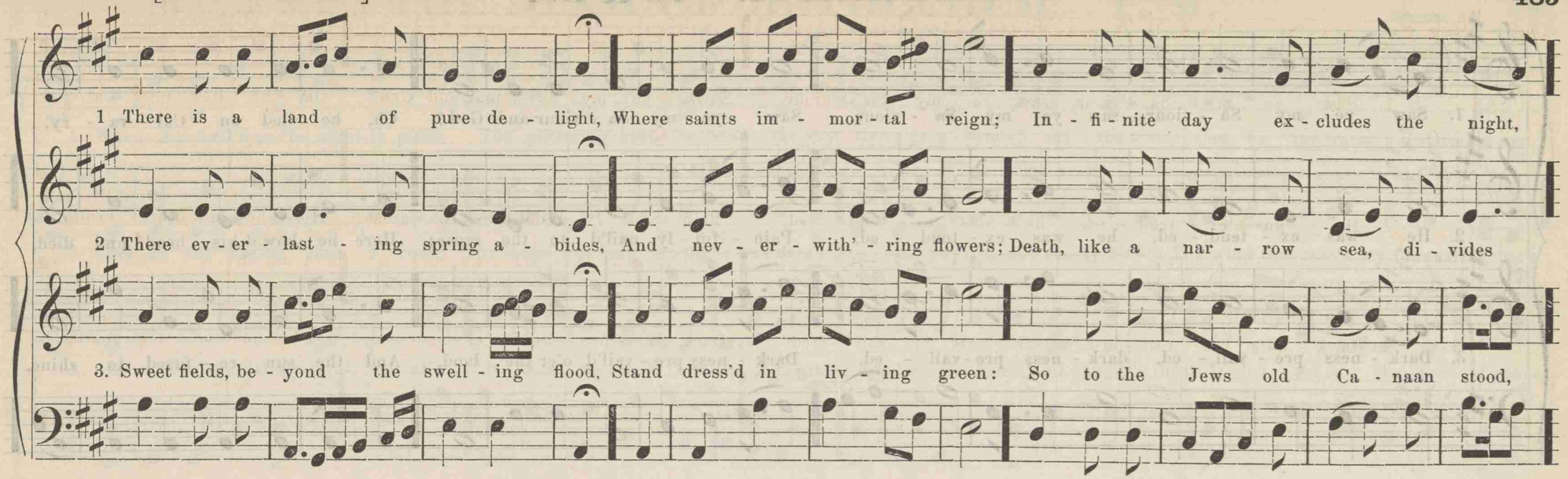
"O Thou who driest the Mourner's Tear."

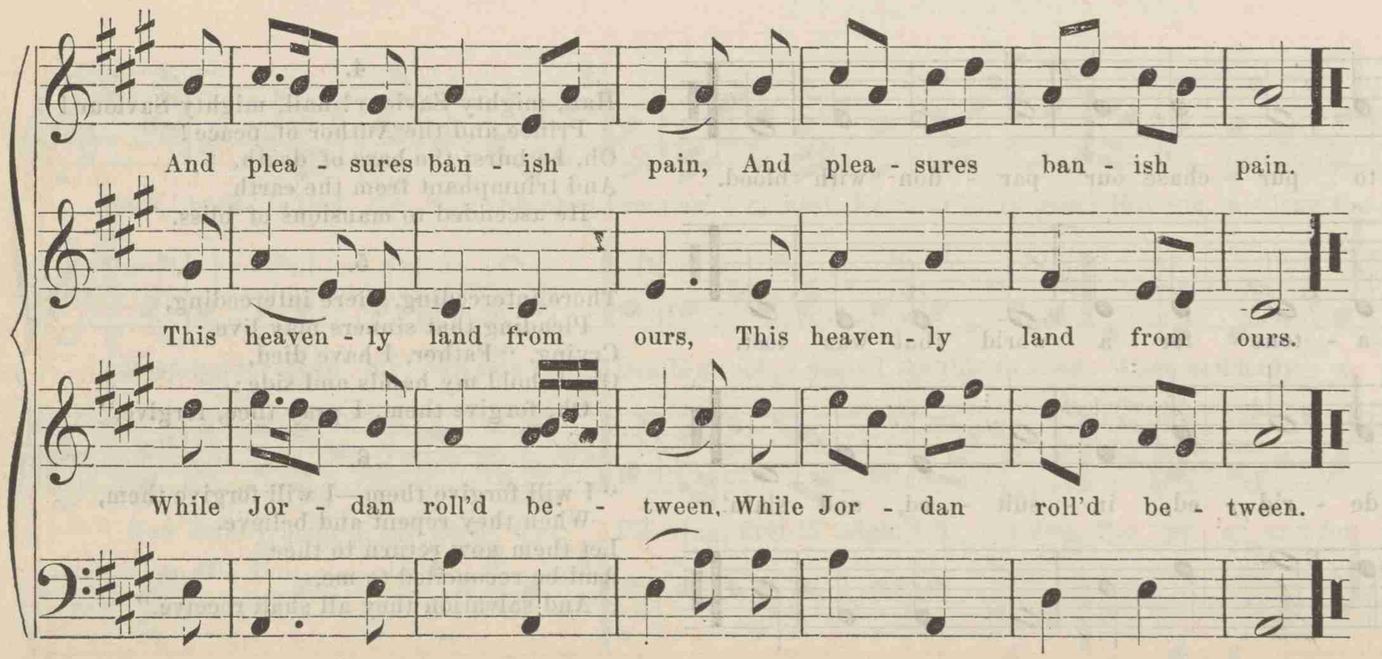
BAILY.

O thou who driest the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be If, pierced by sins and sor-rows here, We could not fly to thee! The

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

"There is a Land." C. M.





4.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

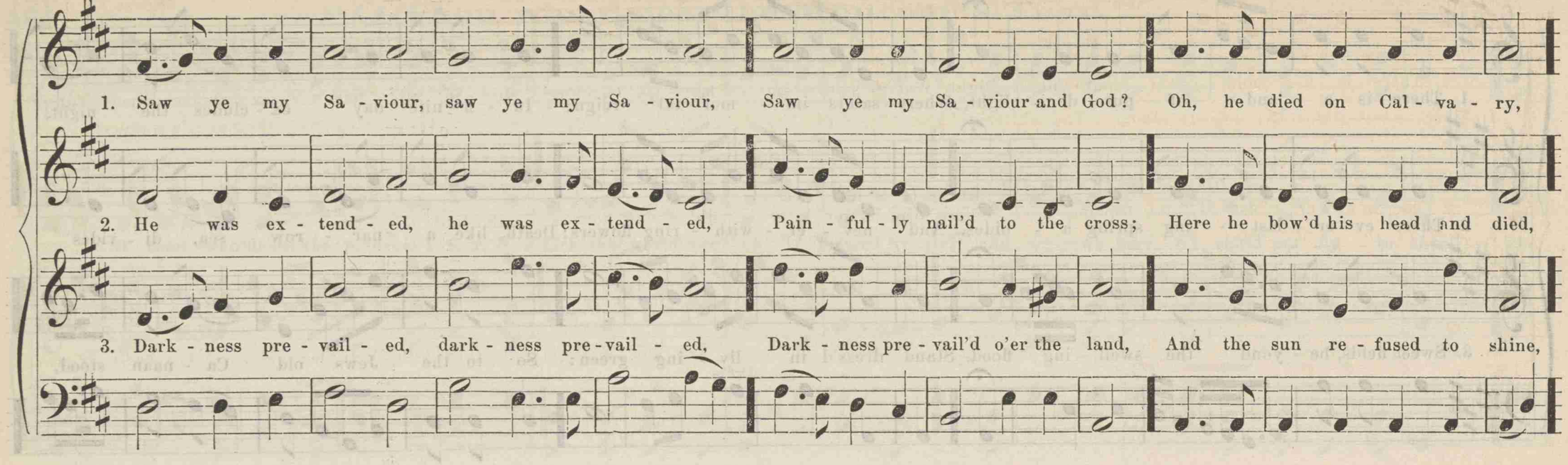
5.

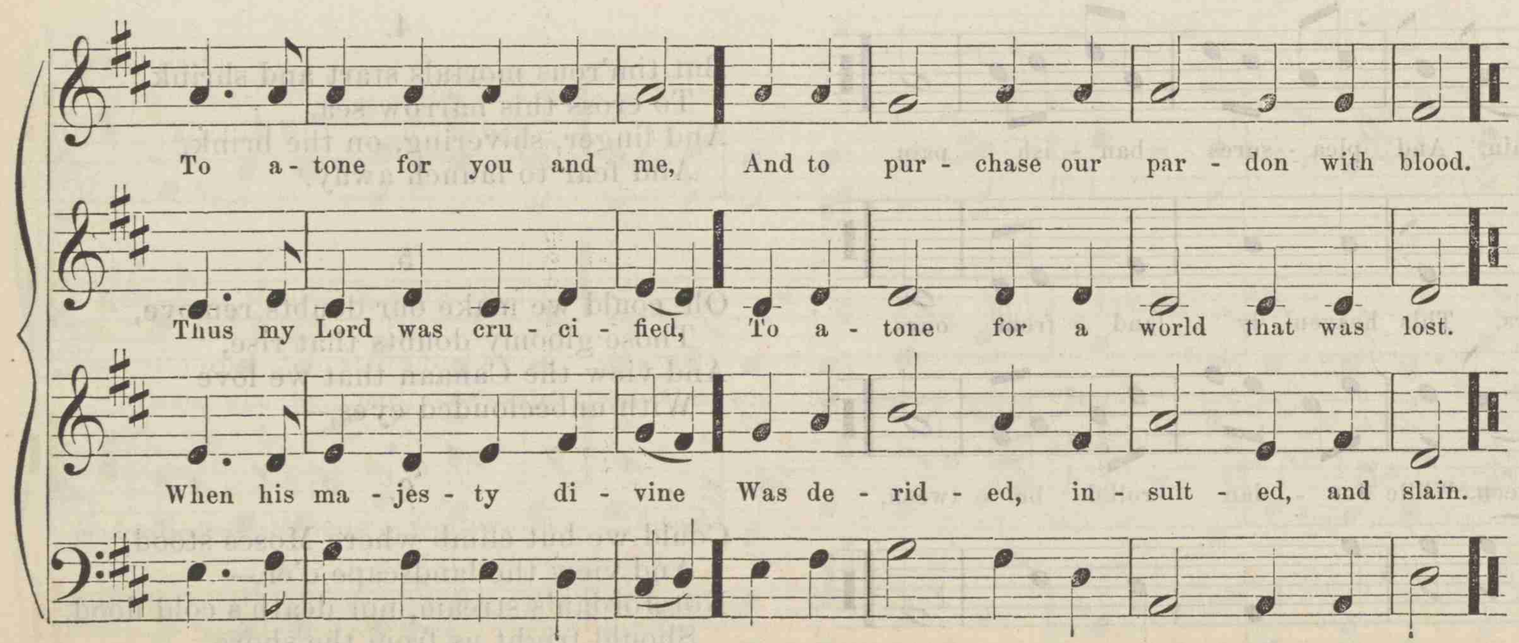
Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes,—

6.

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

BDELLIUM. 7s & 9s.





4.

Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Saviour!
Prince and the Author of peace!
Oh, he burst the bars of death,
And triumphant from the earth
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

5.

There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying, "Father, I have died,
Oh, behold my hands and side:
Oh, forgive them, I pray thee, forgive."

6.

"I will forgive them—I will forgive them,
When they repent and believe.
Let them now return to thee
And be reconciled to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M.

1. When, marshall'd on the night-ly plain, The glittering host be-stud the sky, One star a-lone of all the train Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2. Once on the raging seas I rode; The storm was loud, the night was dark; The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

3. 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.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus 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.

Deep horror then my vi-tals froze; Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem; When suddenly a star a-rose:— It was the Star of Beth-le-hem.

Now safe-ly moor'd, my perils 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.

[H. 848. B. W. 93.]

AMAZING GRACE. C. M.

D. C.

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a soul like me!
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, 'Twas grace my fears re - lieved;
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved!
The hour I first be - lieved, The hour I first be - lieved!

3. Full many a dan-ger, toil, and snare My soul has o - ver - come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
And grace will lead me home, And grace will lead me home.
To meet to part no more, On Ca-naan's hap - py shore.

D. C.

Coda.

D. C. al Segno.

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
Oh, that will be joy-ful, joy-ful, joy-ful, Oh, that will be joyful, to meet to part no more.

Fine.

Then we shall meet at Jesus' feet, Shall meet to part no more.
Oh, that will be joy-ful, joy - ful, joy-ful, Oh, that will be joy-ful, to meet to part no more.

[H. 208. B. W. 396.]

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.

1. "Mer-cy, O thou Son of Da-vid!" Thus the blind Bar-tim-eus pray'd; "O-thers 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 Saviour 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 granted, Alms which none but he could give:—

4. "Lord, re-move this griev-ous blindness; Let mine eyes be-hold the day!" Straight he saw, and, won by kindness, Fol-low'd Je-sus in the way.

[H. 985. B. W. 347.]

MARTIE. 6s.

Rev. J. P. SMELTZER.

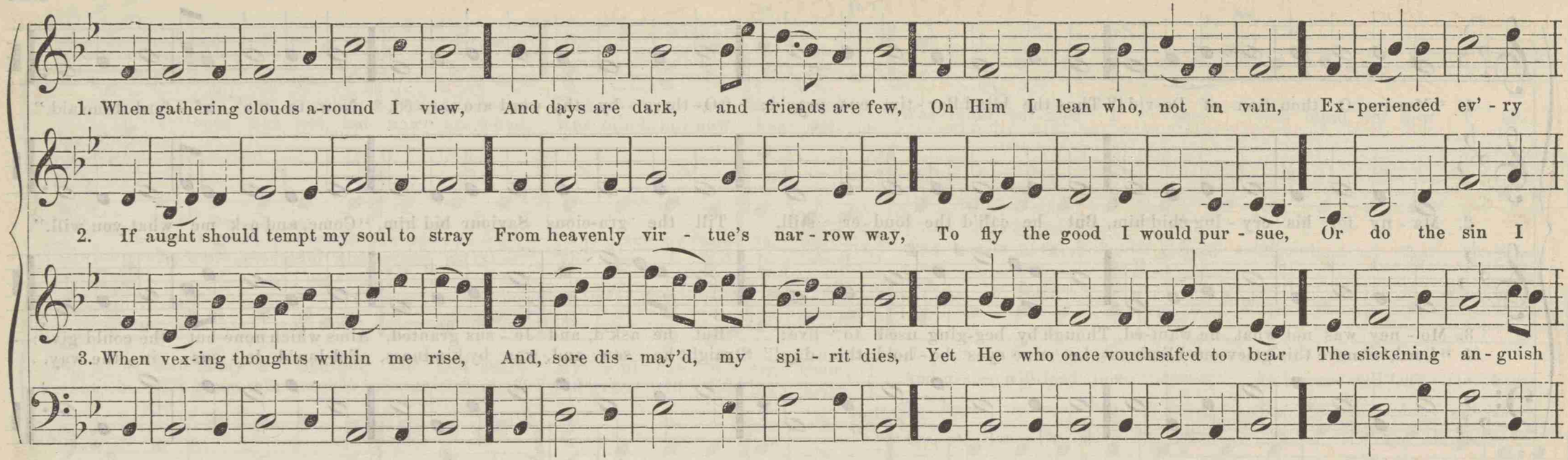
1. Go to thy rest, my child, Go to thy dream-less bed, Gen-tle and un-de-filed, With bless-ings on thy head.
2. Fresh ro-ses in thy hand, Buds on thy pil-low laid; Haste from this fear-ful land, Where flowers so quick-ly fade.

3. Be-fore thy heart had learn'd In way-ward-ness to stray; Be-fore thy feet had turn'd The dark and down-ward way;

4. Ere sin had sear'd the breast, Or sor-row woke the tear:—Rise to thy home of rest In yon ce-les-tial sphere.

MILTON. L. M. 6 lines, or L. M. Double.*

HAYDN.



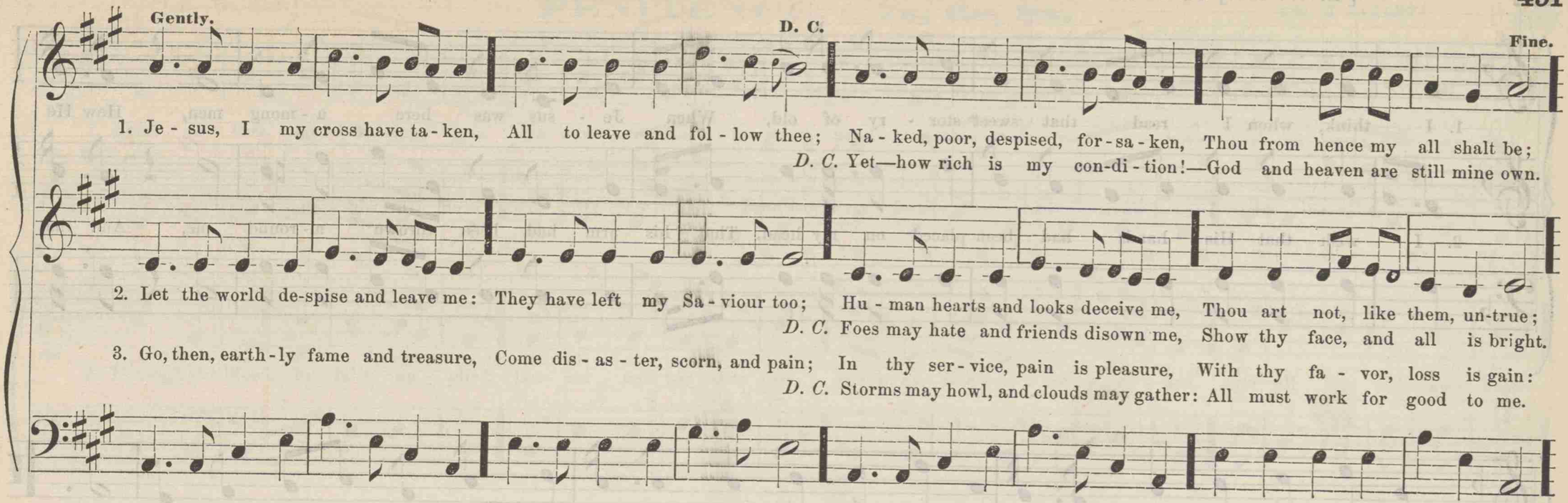
* By repeating the first strain.

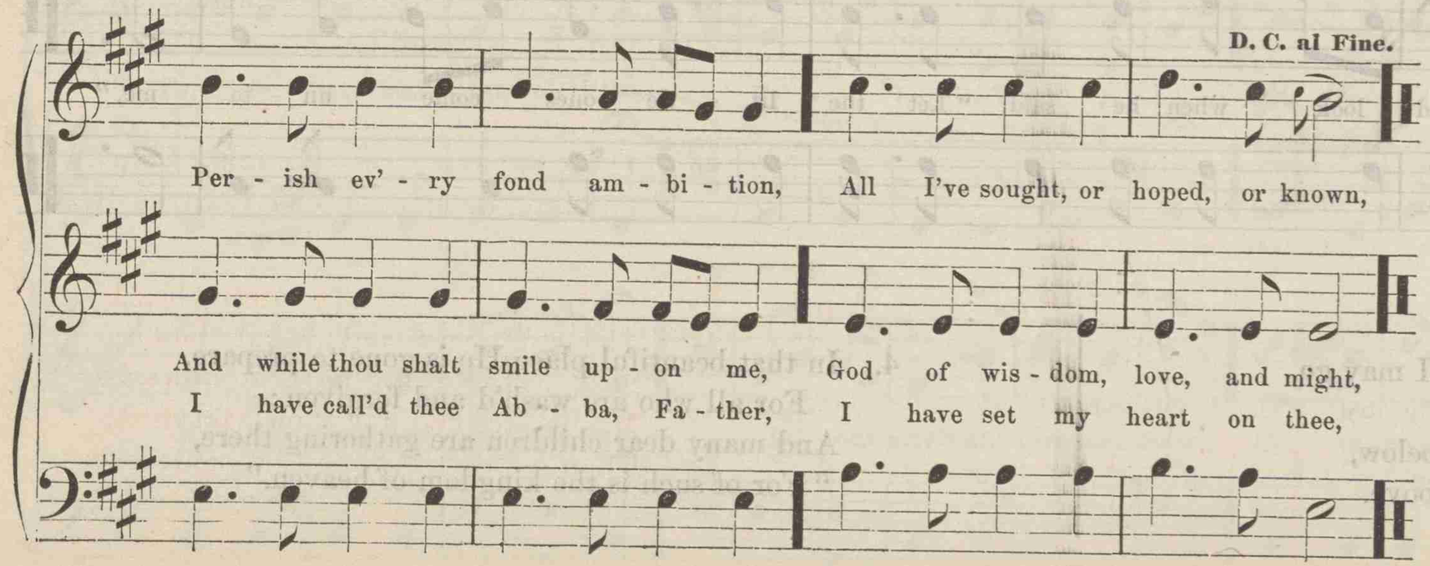
4.

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.

5.

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.





4. Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear;
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

5. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

CHILD'S DESIRE. 11, 9, 12, 9.

S. Bell.

1. I think, when I read that sweet stor - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He call'd lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.

2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That his arm had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me,"

3. Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love:
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

4. In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare,
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s, 8s.

1. Lamb of God, whose bleed-ing love We now re - call to mind, Send the an - swer from a - bove, And let us mer - cy find.

2. Through thy blood, by faith ap - plied, Let sin - ners par - don feel; Speak us free - ly jus - ti - fied, And all our sick - ness heal.

Think on us, who think on thee; Ev' - ry bur-den'd soul re - lease; Oh, re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.

By thy pas - sion on the tree, Let our griefs and trou-bles cease; Oh, re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.

494 [H. 580. B. W. 362.]

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. 8 lines.

German Air.

1. Sa-viour, vi - sit thy plant - a - tion, Grant us, Lord, a gra-cious rain! All will come to de - so - la - tion Un-less thou re - turn a - gain.
2. Keep no long - er at a dis-tance Shine up - on us from on high, Lest, for want of thine as -sist - ance, Ev'- ry plant should droop and die.
3. Sure-ly once thy gar-den flourish'd; Ev' - ry part look'd gay and green: Then thy word our spi-rits nourish'd,—Happy sea - sons we have seen!
4. But a drought has since suc-ceed - ed, And a sad de - cline we see: Lord, thy help is great-ly need-ed; Help can on - ly come from thee.

Lord, re - vive us, Lord, re - vive us, All our help must come from thee! Lord, re - vive us, Lord, re - vive us, All our help must come from thee!

Lord, re - vive us, Lord, re - vive us, All our help must come from thee! Lord, re - vive us, Lord, re - vive us, All our help must come from thee!

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

1. How firm a found-a - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel-lent word! What more can he say than to you he has said? You who un-to Je - sus for re - fuge have fled, You who un-to Je - sus for re - fuge have fled.

2. In ev' - ry con-di - tion,—in sickness, in health, In po - ver-ty's vale, or a - bounding in wealth, At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,— As thy days may de - mand, so thy suc-cor shall be, As thy days may de - mand, so thy succor shall be.

3. Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismay'd! For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om - ni - po-tent hand, Up - held by my righteous, om - ni - po - tent hand.

4. When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor - row shall not thee o'er-flow; For I will be with thee, thy trou - bles to bless And sanc-ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.

[H. 132. B. W. 567.]

FOREST. L. M.

CHAPIN.

1. Here at thy cross, my dy-ing Lord, I lay my soul be - neath thy love, Be - neath the droppings of thy blood, Je - sus, nor shall it e'er remove.
2. Not all that ty - rants think or say, With rage and lightning in their eyes, Nor hell shall fright my heart away, Should hell with all its legions rise.
3. Should worlds conspire to drive me thence, Moveless and firm this heart should lie, Resolved, (for that's my last de-fence,) If I must per - ish, there to die.
4. But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear: Am I not safe be - neath thy shade? Thy vengeance will not strike me here, Nor Satan dare my soul in - vade.

[H. 290. B. W. 473.]

STOUGH. C. M.

Western Melody.

1. Lord, at thy feet in dust I lie, And knock at mercy's door; With humble heart and weeping eye, With humble heart and weeping eye, Thy fa - vor I im - plore.
2. On me, O Lord, do thou display Thy rich forgiving love; Oh, take my heinous guilt away, Oh, take my heinous guilt away, This heavy load re - move.
3. Without thy grace, I sink oppress'd Down to the gates of hell; Oh, give my troubled spi - rit rest, Oh, give my troubled spi - rit rest, And all my fears dis - pel.
4. 'Tis mercy, mercy I implore; Oh, may thy goodness move: Thy grace is an exhaustless store, Thy grace is an exhaustless store, And thou thyself art love.
5. Should I at last in heaven appear, To join the saints above, I'll tell that mercy brought me there, I'll tell that mercy brought me there, And sing thy bleeding love.

1. Re - joice, re - joice, the prom-ised time is com - ing, Re - joice, re - joice, the wil - der - ness shall bloom, And Zi - on's chil-dren
2. Re - joice, re - joice, the prom-ised time is com - ing, Re - joice, re - joice, Je - ru - sa - lem shall sing; From Zi - on shall the
3. Re - joice, re - joice, the prom-ised time is com - ing, Re - joice, re - joice, the Prince of peace shall reign, And lambs shall with the

then shall sing, The des - erts all are blos-som-ing: Re - joice, re - joice, the prom-ised time is com - ing, Re - joice, re - joice, the
law go forth, And all shall hear from south to north: Re - joice, re - joice, the prom-ised time is com - ing, Re - joice, re - joice, Je-
leop-ard play, For naught shall harm in Zi - on's way; Re - joice, re - joice, the prom-ised time is com - ing, Re - joice, re - joice, the
wil - der - ness shall bloom, The Gos - p l b n-ner, wide unfurled, Shall wave in tri-umph o'er the world; And ev' - ry crea - ture, bond and free, Shall
ru - sa - lem shall sing; And truth shall sit on ev' - ry hill, And blessings flow in ev' - ry rill, And praise shall ev' - ry heart em - ploy, And
Prince of peace shall reign, The sword and spear, of needless worth, Shall prune the tree and plough the earth, And peace shall smile from shore to shore, And
hail the glo - rious Ju - bi - lee: Re - joice, re - joice, the prom-ised time is com - ing, Re - joice, re - joice, the wil - der-ness shall bloom.
ev' - ry voice shall shout with joy; Re -joice, re - joice, the prom-ised time is com - ing, Re - joice, re - joice, Je - ru - sa-lem shall sing.
na-tions shall learn war no more: Re - joice, re - joice, the prom-ised time is com-ing, Re - joice, re - joice, the Prince of peace shall reign.

[H. 997. B. W. 580.]

THE SAINT'S SWEET HOME. 11s.

Sicilian Air.

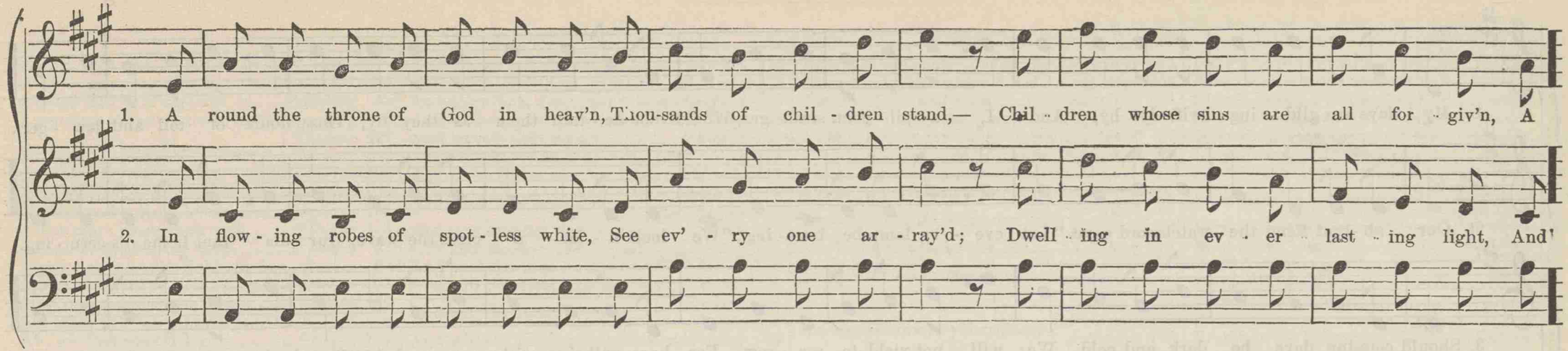
Andante.

1. 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is com-mu-nion with saints! To find at the banquet of mer-cy there's room,
2. Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace! And thrice precious Jesus, whose love can-not cease! Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
3. I sigh from this bo-dy of sin to be free, Which hinders my joy and com-munion with thee; Though now my tempt-a-tions like bil-lows may foam,
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 thee would I come,

And feel in the pre-sence of Je-sus at home.

I long to be-hold thee in glo-ry at home, Home, home! sweet, sweet home! Pre-pare me, dear Sa-viour, for hea-ven, my home.

All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home. Home, home! sweet, sweet home! Pre-pare me, dear Sa-viour, for glo-ry, my home.
Re-joic-ing in hope of my glo-ri-ous home. Home, home! sweet, sweet home! Pre-pare me, dear Sa-viour, for glo-ry, my home.



3. What brought them to that world above,—
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?
Singing, glory, &c.

4. Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing, glory, &c.

5. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.
Singing, glory, &c.

THE SHINING SHORE. 8s, & 7s.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger, Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger;

2. Our ab - sent King the watchword gave, "Let eve - ry lamp be burn - ing;" We look a - far a - cross the wave, Our dis - tant home dis-cern - ing.

3. Should com-ing days be dark and cold, We will not yield to sor - row, For hope will sing with cour-age bold, "There's glo - ry on the mor - row."

4. Let storms of woe in whirl-winds rise, Each cord on earth to sev - er There—bright and joy - ous in the skies, There— is our home for - ev - er;

Chorus.

For now we stand on Jor-dan's strand; Our friends are pass - ing ov - er; And just be - fore, the shining shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

For now we stand on Jor-dan's strand; Our friends are pass - ing ov - er; And just be - fore, the shining shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

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