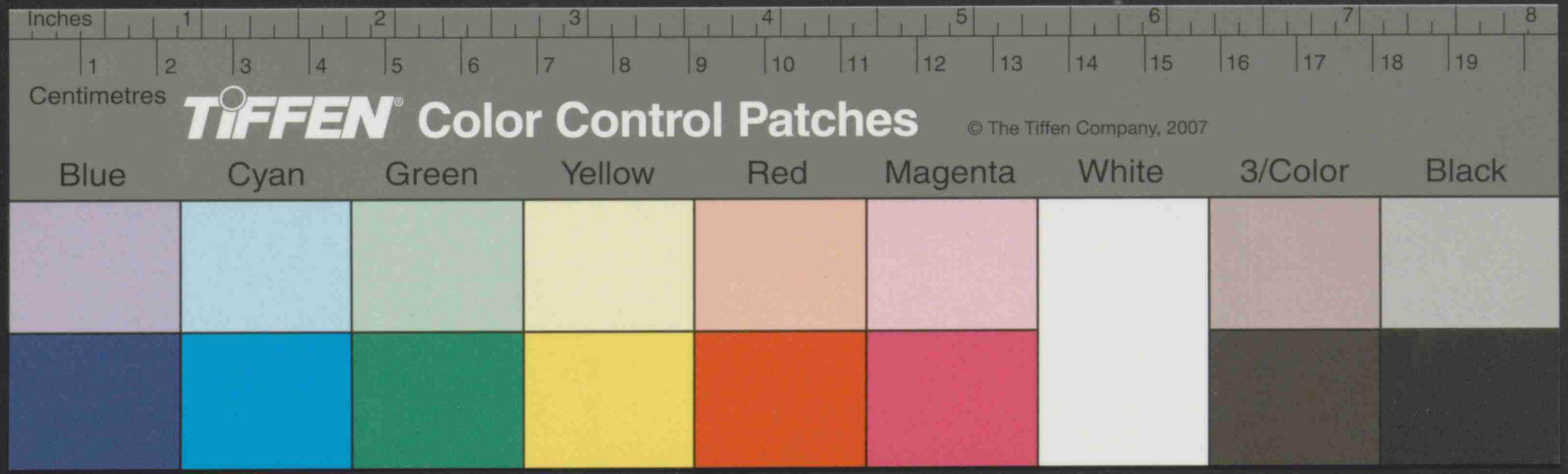

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RESEARCH
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DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF ALL GOOD PEOPLE EVERYWHERE, IN PROMOTING.

CHRISTIANITY AND EDUCATION;

ON A MATHEMATICALLY CONSTRUCTED PLAN OF NOTATION

BY A. D. FILLMORE,

AUTHOR OF "UNIVERSAL MUSICIAN," "CHRISTIAN PSALMIST," "TEMPERANCE MUSICIAN," "NIGHTINGALE," &c.

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PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR, PARIS, ILL.
BY JAMES CHALLEN & SON, PHILADELPHIA.
1864.

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PREFACE.

In presenting another Music Book, I feel that it is due to the people to say that I thank you for the liberal patronage bestowed on former works. In the preparation of the "Christian Choralist" I have received much assistance from many persons. But no one has rendered me so much assistance as Professor J. William Suffern, President of the Indianapolis Musical Institute, and Author of the "Excelsior."

The lessons are very simple and comprehensive, adapted to the wants of the school or individual learner, and designed to leave every one without excuse who remains ignorant of the principles of vocal music.

The peculiar plan of Notation adopted in this work will enable all to readily comprehend the different transpositions and read with facility and accuracy in every different key.

The great number of popular old tunes, well harmonized, will doubtless make the book eminently useful to the church. Many more pages might have been filled with new pieces, difficult anthems, chants, &c.; but I deemed it of far greater importance to fill the book, almost entire, with that which would be most useful for the people. At the same time, I have inserted enough new and set pieces to engage the interested attention of the most enterprising novelty-seeker.

If those who use the Choralist praise the Lord with a true heart sincerely, and always "sing with the spirit and with the understanding also," it will be a means of happifying themselves and others, and accomplish the end desired by the author.

Cincinnati, O., October 1, 1863.

A. D. FILLMORE.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-three, by

A. D. FILLMORE,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of Ohio.

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PRINCIPLES OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON I.

1. Q. What does the science of music teach?

A. The laws, or principles, which pertain to musical tones.*

2. Q. How are musical tones, or singing sounds, distinguished from common articulate sounds?

A. In uttering musical tones the voice continues on the same elevation—the same altitude; while the voice varies from a low to a high, or from a high to a low altitude in uttering the articulate sounds.

The teacher will give the following and other examples, and require the pupils to imitate them:—

A - - - - - - - - - ll.

Wha - - - t.

Ho - - - - - - - w.

3. Q. Into how many parts are the principles of music divided?

A. Four,—Time, Melody, Harmony, and Style.

4. Q. What does Time treat of?

A. Time treats of the length of tones.

5. Q. What does Melody treat of?

A. Melody treats of the pitch or altitude of tones.

6. Q. What does Harmony treat of?

A. Harmony treats of the union or combination of tones.

7. Q. Of what does Style treat?

A. Style treats of the manner of uttering tones, as loud or soft.

8. Q. What is the first principle observed in reference to tones?

A. They are long or short: hence the department called Time.

9. Q. What is the second law or principle pertaining to tones?

A. They are high or low: hence the department called Melody.

10. Q. What is the third principle observed in the use of tones?

A. They may be used singly or combined: hence we have a third department, called Harmony.

11. Q. What is the fourth principle observed in the use of tones?

A. They may be loud or soft: hence the department called Style, which treats of the manner of uttering tones.

12. Q. How are tones represented?

A. By various characters, called notes.

13. Q. What characters are mostly used as notes in music?

A. The first seven Numerals, the first seven Letters of the alphabet, and dots on a staff.

14. Q. What is a staff in musical science?

A. Five horizontal parallel lines, as follows:—

* The word *tone* is derived from the Greek *tonos*, signifying tension. It is very often improperly applied to the interval or difference between tones.

15. Q. Of what use is the staff?

A. By placing notes in a high or low position on the staff, they will thus represent high or low tones.

16. Q. How many degrees of altitude may be represented on the staff?

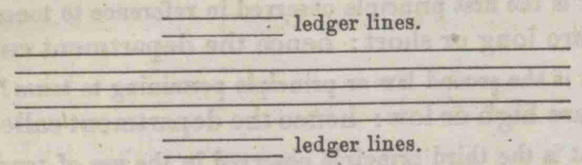
A. Nine, counting each line and space.

17. Q. Are more than nine degrees of altitude used?

A. Yes; very often.

18. Q. How are they represented?

A. By adding lines below or above the staff, called ledger lines; as follows:—



LESSON II.

TIME.

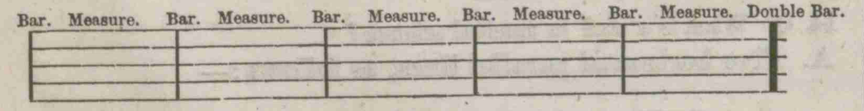
1. Q. Into what is every tune divided?

A. Every tune is divided into parts, called measures.

2. Q. How are the measures marked?

A. By perpendicular lines, called bars.

EXAMPLE I.



3. Q. What is the use of the double bar?

A. It is placed at the end of a tune, and at the end of a strain.

4. Q. What is a strain in music?

A. It is generally that part of a tune adapted to one line of poetry, or sentence.

5. Q. Are the measures of equal length in different tunes?

A. They are not.

6. Q. How is the length of each measure determined?

A. By the number of beats it contains.

7. Q. What is a beat?

A. A motion of the hand, marking the time of the music.

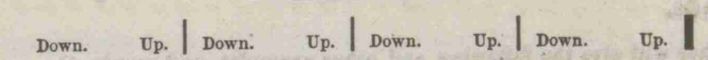
8. Q. How many beats has double measure?

A. Two.

9. Q. How are they made?

A. Down and up.

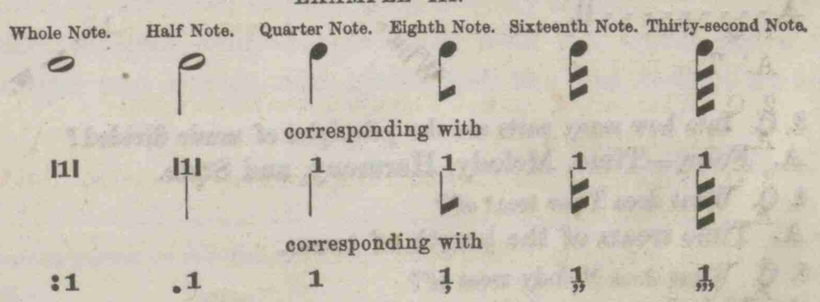
EXAMPLE II.



10. Q. How is the length of tones represented?

A. By certain marks attached to the notes.

EXAMPLE III.



11. Q. What is the relative length of the whole tone?

A. It occupies as much time as 2 half tones, 4 quarter tones, 8 eighth tones, 16 sixteenth tones, or 32 thirty-second tones.

EXAMPLE IV.

One Whole Note equal in duration to

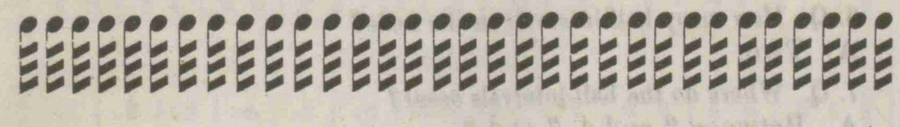
Two Half Notes,

Or Four Quarter Notes,

Or Eight Eighth Notes,

Or Sixteen Sixteenth Notes,

Or Thirty-two Thirty-Second Notes.



LESSON III.

TIME.

1. Q. What part of a measure always has a downward beat?
A. The first part.

2. Q. What part of a measure always has an upward beat?
A. The last part.

3. Q. If the whole note have four beats, how many will the half note have?
A. Two.

4. Q. How many will the quarter note have?
A. One.

5. Q. How many eighth notes will be required for one beat?
A. Two.

6. Q. How is the kind of measure known?
A. By two figures placed at the beginning, one above the other.

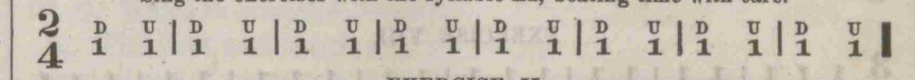
7. Q. What does the upper figure show?
A. The kind of measure:—as 2, double; 4, quadruple, &c.

8. Q. What does the lower figure denote?
A. The kind of note for each beat:—as 4, a quarter note; 8, an eighth note, &c.

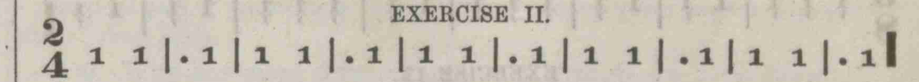
DOUBLE MEASURE.

EXERCISE I.

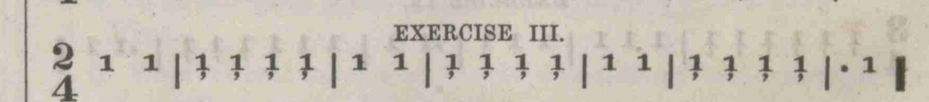
Sing the exercises with the syllable La, beating time with care.



EXERCISE II.



EXERCISE III.


2/4
1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

11. Q. How many beats has triple measure?
A. Three.

12. Q. What is the manner of beating in triple measure?
A. Down, left, up.

Triple Measure.

EXERCISE VI.

$\frac{3}{4}$ D L U | 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 |

EXERCISE VII.

$\frac{3}{4}$ 1 1 1 | .1 1 | 1 1 1 | .1 1 | 1 1 1 | .1 1 | 1 1 1 | .1 1 |

EXERCISE VIII.

$\frac{3}{8}$ 1/2 1/2 1/2 | 1 1/2 | 1 1/2 | 1/2 1/2 1/2 | 1 1/2 | 1/2 1/2 1/2 | 1 1/2 | 1 1/2 |

EXERCISE IX.

$\frac{3}{4}$ 1/2 1/2 1/2 1/2 1/2 1/2 | 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 | .1 1 | 1/2 1/2 1/2 1/2 1/2 1/2 | .1 1 |

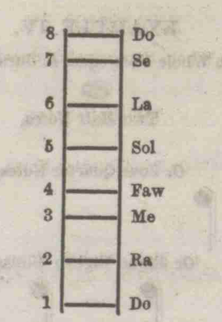
LESSON IV.

Melody.

1. Q. How many primary tones are used in music?
A. Seven.

2. Q. What do the seven tones, with the first repeated, constitute?
A. The Octave, or Natural Scale, called Diatonic, because in singing it through we step from one tone to another.

3. Q. Are the tones placed at equal or unequal distances apart?
A. Unequal.



4. Q. How many whole intervals in the scale?
A. Five.

5. Q. Where do they occur?
A. Between 1 and 2, 2 and 3, 4 and 5, 5 and 6, 6 and 7.

6. Q. How many half-intervals in the scale?
A. Two.

7. Q. Where do the half-intervals occur?
A. Between 3 and 4, 7 and 8.

8. Q. What syllables are sometimes applied to the tones of the scale?
A. Do, Ra, Me, Faw, Sol, La, Se, Do.

In practising the following exercises, use the names of the numerals, the seven syllables Do, Ra, Me, &c., and the single syllable La.

EXERCISE X.

$\frac{2}{4}$ 1 2 | 1 2 | 1 2 | 1 2 | 1 2 | 2 1 | 2 1 | 2 1 | 2 1 | 2 1 |

EXERCISE XI.

$\frac{4}{4}$ 1 2 3 1 | 3 1 3 1 | 3 1 3 1 | 3 3 1 3 | 1 3 1 3 | 1 3 1 3 | 3 2 .1 |

EXERCISE XII.

$\frac{4}{4}$ 1 2 3 4 | 1 4 1 4 | 1 4 1 4 | 1 4 4 1 | 4 1 4 1 | 4 1 4 1 | 4 3 2 1 |

EXERCISE XIII.

$\frac{4}{4}$ 1 | 2 3 4 5 | 1 5 1 5 | 1 5 1 5 | 1 5 5 1 | 5 1 5 1 | 5 1 5 1 | 5 4 3 2 | .1. ‖

EXERCISE XIV.

$\frac{4}{4}$ 1 2 3 4 | 5 6 1 6 | 1 6 1 6 | 1 6 1 6 | 6 1 6 1 | 6 1 6 1 | 6 1 6 5 | 4 3 2 1 ‖

EXERCISE XV.

$\frac{4}{4}$ 1 2 3 4 | 5 6 .7 | .1 .7 | .1 .7 | .1 .7 | .7 .1 | 7 1 7 1 | .7 6 5 | 4 3 2 1 ‖

EXERCISE XVI.

$\frac{4}{4}$ 1 2 3 4 | 5 6 7 8 | 1 8 1 8 | 1 8 1 8 | 8 1 8 1 | 8 1 8 1 | 8 7 6 5 | 4 3 2 1 ‖

EXERCISE XVII.

$\frac{2}{4}$ 1 2 | 3 4 | 5 6 | 7 8 | .8 | .7 | .6 | .5 | .4 | .3 | .2 | .1 ‖

EXERCISE XVIII.

$\frac{2}{4}$ .1 | .2 | .3 | .4 | .5 | .6 | .7 | .8 | 8 7 | 6 5 | 4 3 | 2 1 ‖

EXERCISE XIX.

$\frac{2}{4}$ 11 | 22 | 33 | 44 | 55 | 66 | 77 | .8 | 77 | 66 | 55 | 44 | 33 | 22 | .1 ‖

EXERCISE XX.

$\frac{3}{4}$ .1 2 | .3 4 | .5 6 | .7 8 | .8 7 | .6 5 | .4 3 | .2 1 | .1 2 | .1 ‖

EXERCISE XXI.

$\frac{4}{4}$ .1 .3 | .5 .8 | .8 .5 | .3 .1 | 1 3 5 8 | 8 5 3 1 | 1 3 5 8 | 8 5 3 1 ‖

EXERCISE XXII.

$\frac{4}{4}$ .3 .1 | .3 .5 | .5 .8 | .1 .3 | 3 1 8 5 | 5 8 1 3 | 3 1 8 5 | 5 8 .1 ‖

The class may be divided and sing Exercises XXI. and XXII. together, one part of the class singing XXI., and the other XXII., illustrating Harmony.

LESSON V.

STYLE.

1. Q. How should all musical tones be uttered?
A. In a firm, free, and clear manner.

2. Q. What is accent?
A. Laying greater stress on some tones than others.

3. Q. Which is the accented part of the measure in double measure?
A. The first.

4. Q. Which in triple measure?
A. The first; also the second, when the music is written with two notes for the first part of the measure.

5. Q. Which in quadruple measure?
A. The first and third.

The third part of the measure should not be accented where one tone makes the time of three beats.

6. Q. With how many different degrees of strength are tones uttered?
A. Five.

7. Q. What is a tone called when uttered with ordinary force or strength?
A. A medium tone. It is marked *m*.

8. Q. When uttered forcibly, what is it called?
A. A loud tone. It is marked *f*.

9. Q. When uttered with full force or strength, what is it called?
A. Very loud. It is marked *ff*.

10. Q. When uttered faintly, what is it called?
A. A soft tone. It is marked *p*.

11. Q. When sounded very faintly, what is it called?
A. Very soft. It is marked *pp*.

12. Q. Do the above principles of loud and soft utterance of tones sometimes apply to whole strains?
A. They do, and are marked accordingly.

In ordinary church music the singers ought to exercise discernment enough to determine from the words the proper style of execution.

TIME.

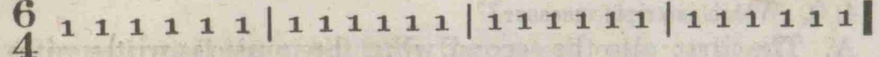
13. Q. How many beats has Sextuple measure?

A. Six.

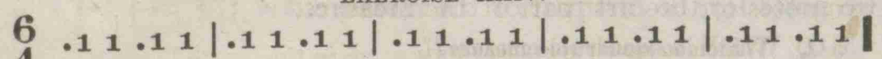
14. Q. What is the manner of beating Sextuple measure?

A. Down, left, up; twice for each measure.

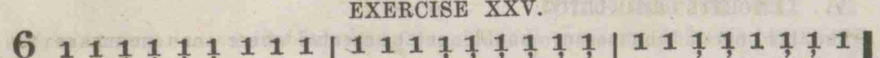
EXERCISE XXIII.



EXERCISE XXIV.



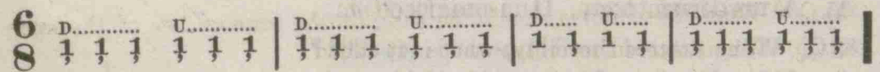
EXERCISE XXV.



15. Q. May Sextuple measure be marked in any other manner?

A. It may be marked with but two beats,—down and up.

EXERCISE XXVI.



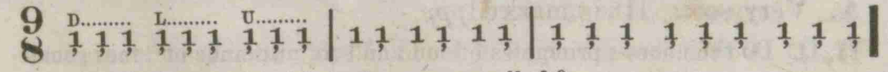
16. Q. What is the above kind of measure called?

A. Double-triple.

17. Q. May Triple measure be written with three notes for each beat, or each part of the measure?

A. It may, according to the following:—

EXERCISE XXVII.



18. Q. What is this kind of measure called?

A. Tri-triple.

LESSON VI.

MELODY.

1. Q. How are the different altitudes of tones represented?

A. By placing notes on different degrees of the staff.

2. Q. What particular names have been adopted for the lines and spaces constituting the degrees of the staff?

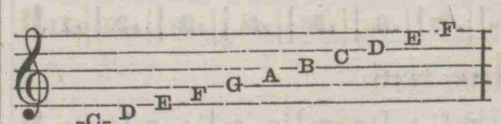
A. The first seven letters of the alphabet.

3. Q. Are the letters always in the same position on the staff?

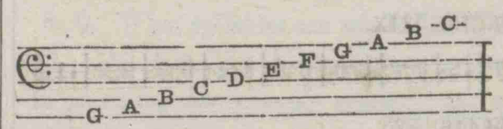
A. They are not.

4. Q. How, then, is their location determined on any particular staff?

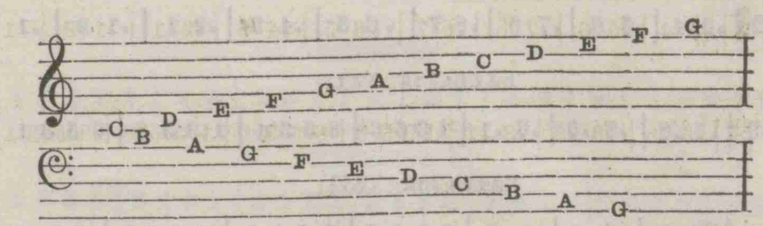
A. By certain characters, called Clefs, as follows:—



This is called the Treble or **G** Clef, and fixes the letter **G** on the second line. Then **C** comes on the ledger line below.

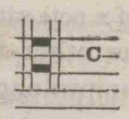
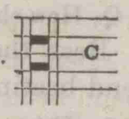


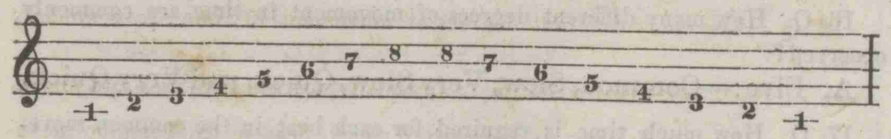
This is called the Base or **F** Clef, and locates **F** on the fourth line. Then **C** comes on the ledger line above, which is the same as the ledger line below the Treble Clef. Both together are as represented below.



5. Q. Are any other Clefs used?

A. Yes: sometimes Clefs are made use of for all the different parts, showing the location of **C** for each part.

TENOR CLEF.  ALTO CLEF. 

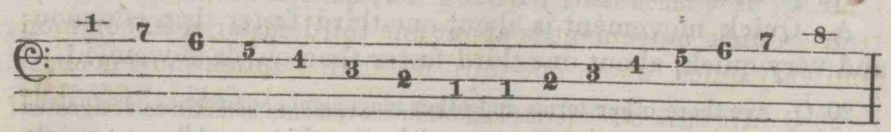


6. Q. When the first sound of the scale is written on the letter **C**, what altitude or key is it called?

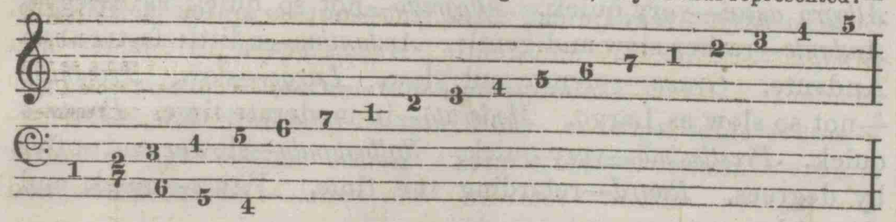
A. First altitude, or key of **C**.

7. Q. May the compass of the staff be extended?

A. It may, by the addition of lines, either above or below.



The whole vocal compass, for both low and high voices, may be thus represented:—



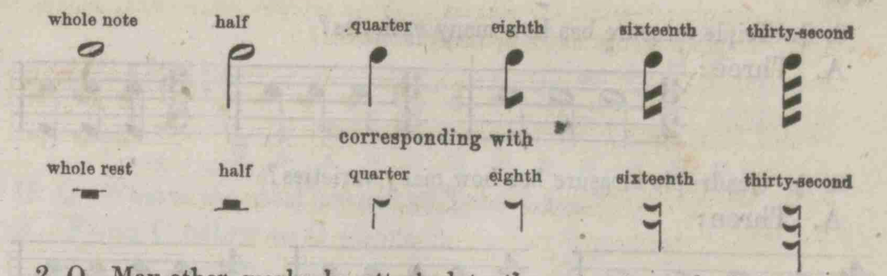
It is indispensable that the learner should acquire a thorough acquaintance with the position of every letter on the staff, as represented by both the above clefs.

LESSON VII.

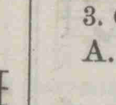
TIME.

1. Q. How is a Rest, or cessation of sound, represented?

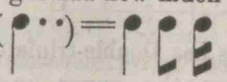
A. By certain marks used instead of notes, as follow:—



2. Q. May other marks be attached to the notes to mark their relative duration?

A. Any of the above notes or rests may have a dot placed on the right, which will make it one-half longer. 
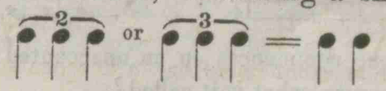
3. Q. Two dots on the right add how much to the length?

A. Three-fourths. 

4. Q. How may a note be marked indicating that it may be prolonged indefinitely?

A. By a hold, or prolong, over it  .

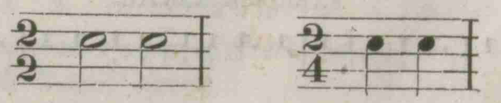
5. Q. When three notes should be sung in the time of two of the same denomination, how are they marked?

A. With a tie over them, embracing a small figure 2 or 3, thus:— 

6. Q. When figures are used, how is the rest represented?
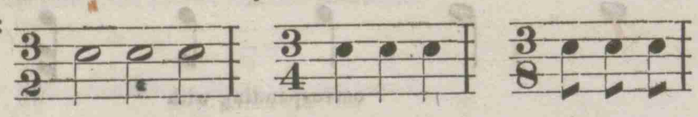
A. The same as when other notes are used; or the letter R, marked with periods or commas, will answer the purpose.

7. Q. Double measure has how many varieties?

A. Two: 
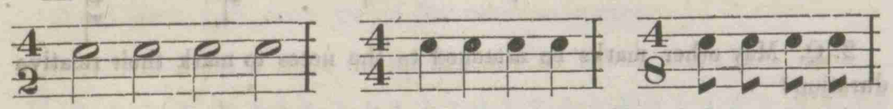
8. Q. Triple measure has how many varieties?

A. Three:
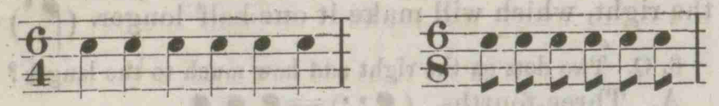


9. Q. Quadruple measure has how many varieties?

A. Three:



10. Q. Sextuple measure has how many varieties?

A. Two:

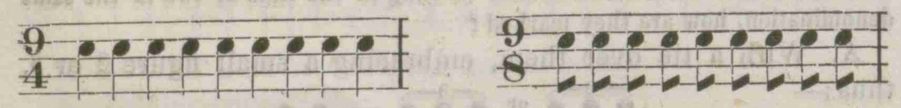


11. Q. How many varieties has Double-triple measure?.

A. It is always written the same as the second variety of Sextuple measure, and only differs from it in being sung faster and marked with two beats instead of three.

12. Q. How many varieties has Tri-triple measure?

A. Two:



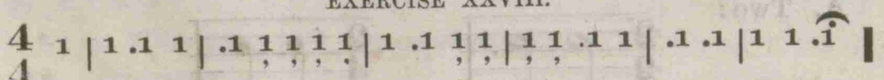
13. Q. When a tone commences on an unaccented and continues on an accented part of a measure, what is it called?

A. A syncopated note.

14. Q. In what manner should a syncopated note be sounded?

A. It should always be accented.

EXERCISE XXVIII.



15. Q. How should you beat for the time of a note with a prolong over it?

A. Beat the time according to the other marks, and then suspend beating during the time of the prolong.

16. Q. How many different degrees of movement in time are commonly observed?

A. Five:—Common, Slow, Very Slow, Quick, and Very Quick.

17. Q. How much time is required for each beat in the common movement?

A. About one second of time.

18. Q. How much slower is the slow and very slow movement?

A. Each about one-third slower than common movement.

19. Q. How much faster is quick or very quick movement?

A. Quick movement is about one-third faster than common; and very quick, about one-third faster than quick movement.

20. Q. Are there other terms and other movements sometimes designated?

A. There are, as follows. *Adagio*—slow. *Allegro*—quick. *Allegro assai*—very quick. *Allegretto*—not so quick as Allegro. *Andante*—rather slow and gentle. *Andantino*—a little faster than Andante. *Grave*—solemn and slow. *Largo*—slow. *Larghetto*—not so slow as Largo. *Moderato*—in moderate time. *Presto*—quick. *Prestissimo*—very quick. *Rallentando*—slower and softer by degrees. *Ritard*—retarding the time. *Vivace*—quick and cheerful.

LESSON VIII.

MELODY.

1. Q. Which is the governing tone of the Scale?

A. The first: that is, all the tones must be at a proper degree of altitude from One.

2. Q. What is the distance from one tone to another called?
A. An interval, or step.

3. Q. From 3 to 4 and from 7 to 8, what is the step called?
A. A half interval, or half step.

4. Q. What is the interval from 1 to 2 called?
A. Interval of a second.

5. Q. What is the interval from 1 to 3 called?
A. A third.

6. Q. Is the position of the written scale of letters fixed?
A. It is, by the clef used in each case.

7. Q. Is the key note located in a fixed position on the staff?
A. It is not: the key note, or governing tone, may be placed upon any letter, either low down, as in the Base staff, or up higher on the Treble.

8. Q. When tones lower than 1 are sung, how is it (1) regarded?
A. As 8 of a lower octave.

9. Q. When tones are sung ascending higher than 8, how is it (8) regarded?
A. As 1 of an octave above.

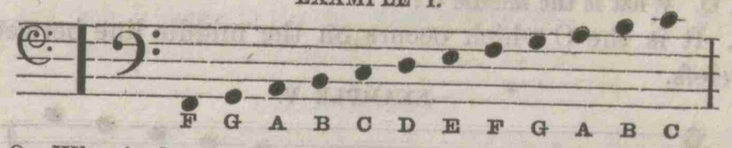
10. Q. Voices are divided into how many classes?
A. Four:—1. Low male voices, BASE; 2. High male voices, TENOR; 3. Low female voices, ALTO; 4. High female voices, TREBLE or SOPRANO.

11. Q. Is there a difference really between male and female voices when they seemingly give the same tone?
A. There is: the female voice is an octave higher than the male voice.

12. Q. What is the usual compass or extent of Base voices?
A. From F below to C above.

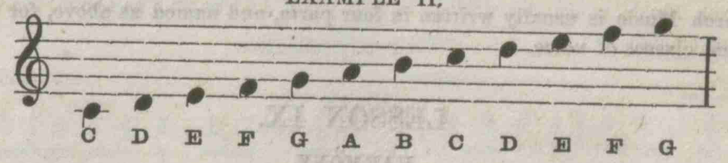
Sometimes the Base clef faces to the right, and sometimes to the left.

EXAMPLE I.



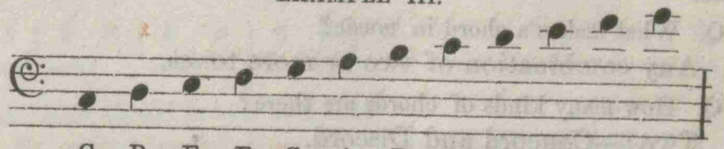
13. Q. What is the usual compass of Tenor voices?
A. From C below to G above.

EXAMPLE II.



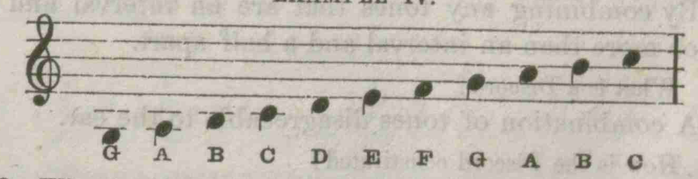
In case the Treble clef is used, as above, the tones when sounded by male voices are really an octave lower than they seem to be. The Tenor is often written, and more correctly, as below.

EXAMPLE III.



14. Q. What is the usual compass of Alto voices?
A. From G below to 3d space Treble clef, C.

EXAMPLE IV.

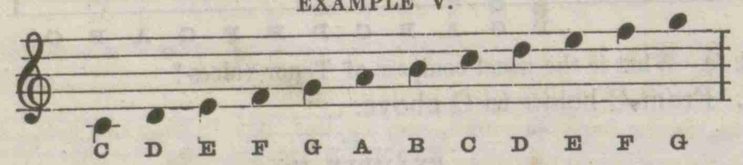


15. Q. What is the usual compass of Treble voices?
A. From middle C to G above.

16. Q. What is the middle C?

A. It is the C which occurs on the middle line between the two clefs.

EXAMPLE V.



Church Music is usually written in four parts, and named as above, for the four different classes of voice.

LESSON IX.

HARMONY.

1. Q. What constitutes Harmony?

A. Properly constructed chords, and proper succession of chords.

2. Q. What makes a chord in music?

A. Any combination of two or more tones.

3. Q. How many kinds of chords are there?

A. Two:—Concord and Discord.

4. Q. What is a Concord?

A. A combination of tones which is agreeable to the ear.

5. Q. How is the Concord constructed?

A. By combining any tones that are an interval and a half apart, or more than an interval and a half apart.
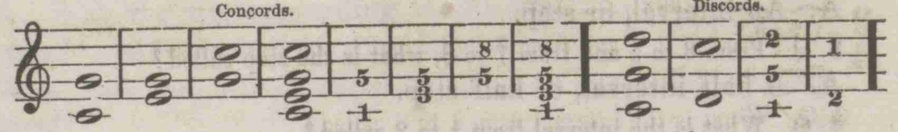
6. Q. What is a Discord?

A. A combination of tones disagreeable to the ear.

7. Q. How is the Discord constituted?

A. By making a combination of tones with less than an interval and a half between any two of them.

EXAMPLE I. Concords. EXAMPLE II. Discords.



8. Q. What does the common concord consist of?

A. Tones 1, 3, 5, to which 8 may be added.

9. Q. Do any combinations of sounds which bear the same relation to each other, constitute the same chord?

A. They do.

10. Q. What constitutes the common discord?

A. The tones 5, 7, 2, and 4.

11. Q. When a piece of music consists of but one part, what is it called?

A. A Solo.

12. Q. When a piece of music consists of two parts, what is it called?

A. A Duett, or Duo.

13. Q. A piece of three parts is called what?

A. A Trio.

14. Q. A piece of four parts is called what?

A. A Quartette.

15. Q. What is a composition of five parts called?

A. A Quintette.

16. Q. Of how many parts does the harmony usually consist?

A. Four:—one part for each of the four classes of voice.

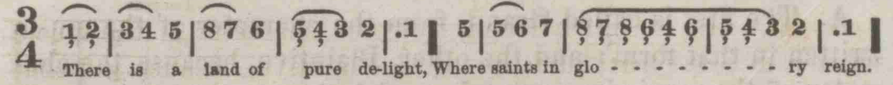
LESSON X.

STYLE.

1. Q. When two or more tones are united by a slur, or tie, how are they sung?

A. To one syllable of words.

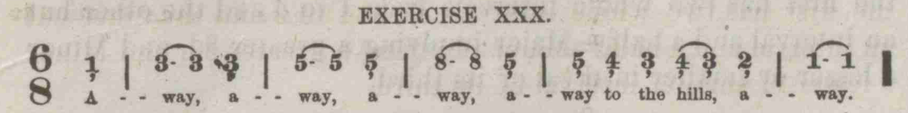
EXERCISE XXIX.



2. Q. When two or more tones of the same pitch are united by a slur, how are they to be sung?

A. As one tone.

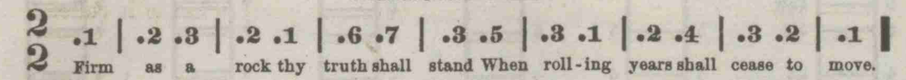
EXERCISE XXX.



3. Q. When a tone begins, continues, and ends with an equal degree of force, what is it called?

A. An organ tone.

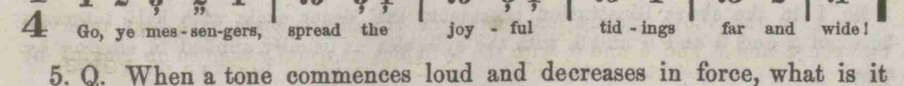
EXERCISE XXXI.



4. Q. When a tone commences softly and increases in force to the end, what is it called?

A. An increasing tone.

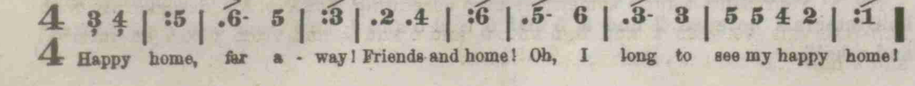
EXERCISE XXXII.



5. Q. When a tone commences loud and decreases in force, what is it called?

A. A decreasing tone.

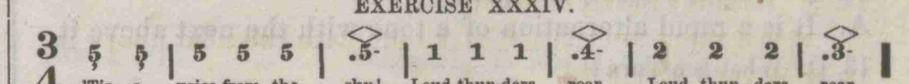
EXERCISE XXXIII.



6. Q. When a tone commences softly and gradually increases to the middle, and then decreases to the end, what is it called?

A. An Eolian tone, or Swell.

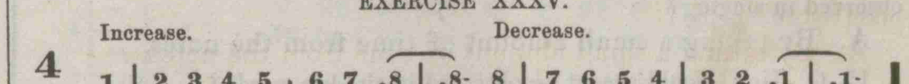
EXERCISE XXXIV.



7. Q. Is the swell, or eolian, ever applied to more than one tone?

A. Sometimes to several in succession.

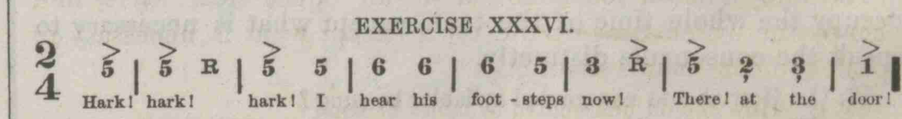
EXERCISE XXXV.



8. Q. When a tone is struck forcibly and full, what is it called?

A. Explosive, or *Sforzando*; sometimes marked *sf* or *fz*.

EXERCISE XXXVI.



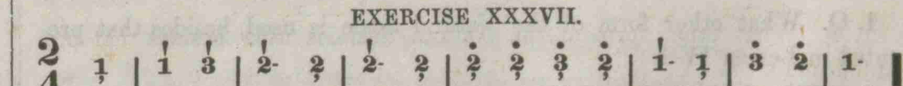
9. Q. How should breath be taken?

A. So as to avoid disconnecting words or syllables which naturally stand closely connected.

10. Q. How should emphatic words be sung?

A. In very distinct and detached style, as is often denominated *staccato*.

EXERCISE XXXVII.



11. Q. What are passing or transient notes, sometimes called *Appoggiatura?*

A. They are small notes, sometimes preceding, sometimes

succeeding, essential notes, from which they take a little time, giving opportunity for the gliding or *portamento* style, independent of the proper harmony.

12. Q. What is a Shake, or Trill?

A. It is a rapid alternation of a tone with the next above it.

13. Q. What is a Turn?

A. A rapid alternation of a tone with the one both above and below it.

14. Q. How are commas and other marks for pauses in the words to be observed in singing?

A. By taking a small amount of time from the notes.

15. Q. How should accent be observed in singing words?

A. Carefully, as in reading or speaking.

16. Q. How should vowel sounds be uttered in singing words?

A. They should be sounded in an open, clear style, and occupy the whole time of the tone, except what is necessary to speak the consonants distinctly.

17. Q. How should unaccented syllables be sung?

A. With much less stress and less time than those which are accented, so as to avoid stringing the words together.

LESSON XI.

MELODY—THE PLAINTIVE OR MINOR SCALE.

1. Q. What other form of the Natural Scale is used, besides that presented in Lesson IV.?

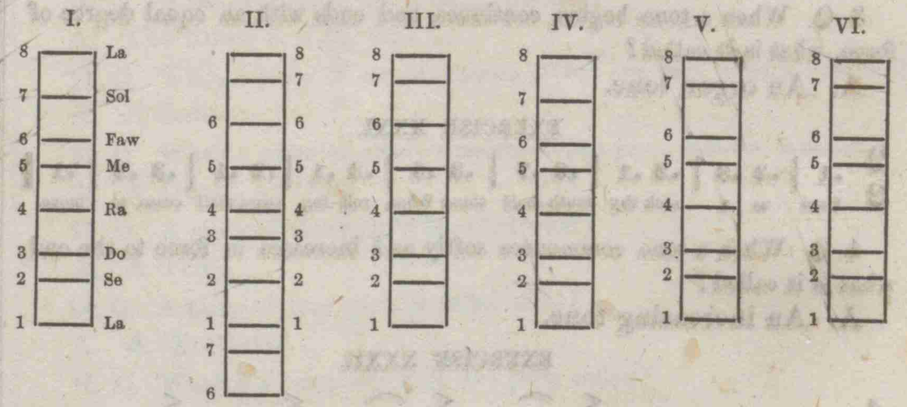
A. The former has half intervals between 3 and 4, 7 and 8; the half intervals may be placed between 2 and 3, 5 and 6, which makes the character of the music plaintive.

2. Q. What are these two forms of the Octave called?

A. The first is called Grand, from the character of the music written in that form; and the other, Plaintive, because the character of the music is mournful, or plaintive.

3. Q. What other names are applied to them?

A. The first is called Major, and the second Minor, because the first has two whole intervals from 1 to 3 and the other but an interval and a half,—Major implying a greater 3d, and Minor a lesser or smaller interval of its third.



No. I. in the above illustration represents the Minor scale with half intervals between 2 and 3 and 5 and 6, with the syllables as usually applied in singing by note.

No. II. represents the Minor scale as consisting of part of two octaves of the Major, from the 6th below to the 6th above the key note.

No. III. represents the Minor as generally used ascending, and No. IV. the usual form descending.

No. V. represents a form sometimes used ascending, and No. VI. descending, with half-intervals between 2 and 3, 5 and 6, and 6 and 7, and from 6 to 7 an interval and a half.

4. Q. How is a note marked when the tone is to be sounded half an interval higher than ordinary?

A. It is marked with a sharp (♯). Thus, in the Minor scale, 6 and 7 will be marked with a sharp, in ascending to 8.
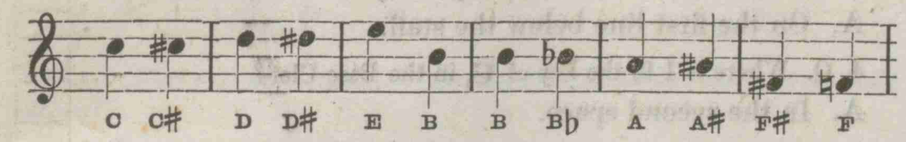
5. Q. When a tone is to be sounded half an interval lower than ordinary, how is the note marked?

A. It is marked with a flat (♭).

6. Q. Does the sharp or flat affect any note other than the one it immediately precedes?

A. It applies to all the other notes of the same altitude in the same measure, unless contradicted by a natural (♮), which restores it to its ordinary elevation.

EXAMPLE OF THE SHARP, FLAT, AND NATURAL.



LESSON XII.

CHROMATIC SCALE, INTERVALS, ETC.

1. Q. May the scale be divided so as to make all the steps consist of half intervals?

A. It may, by making a tone half-way between each of the sounds where a whole interval occurs in the Diatonic scale.

2. Q. Of how many tones will the scale then consist?

A. Thirteen.

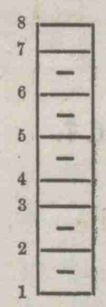
3. Q. What is this form of the scale called?

A. The Chromatic.

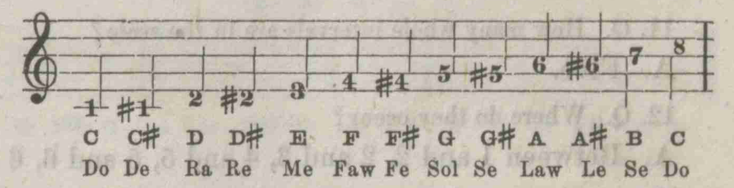
4. Q. How is each intermediate tone, where the whole interval occurs, designated?

A. By a sharp, ascending, or a flat, descending.

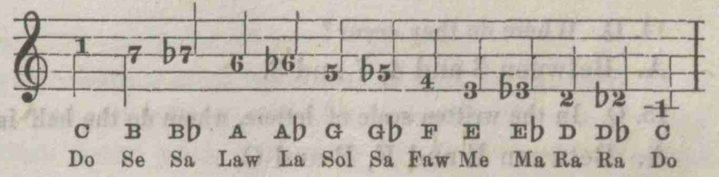
CHROMATIC SCALE.



CHROMATIC SCALE ASCENDING.



CHROMATIC SCALE DESCENDING.



5. Q. What is the key note?

A. It is the first note of the scale, or that on which the tune is mainly based.

6. Q. What influence or power does the key note seem to have?

A. It is the governing note; that is, the whole scale or tune is high or low according as the pitch or altitude of One is high or low.

7. Q. What do the lines and spaces of the staff represent?

A. The Written Scale of letters, according to which the keys of musical instruments are fixed.

8. Q. What do the figures, or other kinds of notes, represent?

A. The Natural Scale, according to which we always sing.

9. Q. What is the step from one sound to another, or the difference between two sounds, called?

A. An Interval.

10. Q. Of what kind of intervals does the Diatonic major scale consist?

A. Whole intervals and half intervals.

11. Q. How many whole intervals are in the scale?

A. Five.

12. Q. Where do they occur?

A. Between 1 and 2, 2 and 3, 4 and 5, 5 and 6, 6 and 7.

13. Q. How many half intervals are in the scale?

A. Two.

14. Q. Where do they occur?

A. Between 3 and 4, 7 and 8.

15. Q. In the written scale of letters, where do the half intervals occur.

A. Between E and F, B and C.

16. Q. What other names of intervals have been adopted, in the study of Melody and Harmony?

A. (1.) Major Second, as from 1 to 2; Minor Second, as from 3 to 4. (2.) Major Third, as from 1 to 3; Minor Third, as from 2 to 4. (3.) Perfect Fourth, as from 1 to 4; Sharp Fourth, as from 4 to 7. (4.) Perfect Fifth, as from 1 to 5; Flat Fifth, as from 7 to 4. (5.) Major Sixth, as from 1 to 6; Minor Sixth, as from 3 to 8. (6.) Major Seventh, as from 1 to 7; Minor Seventh, as from 2 to 8.

The pupil will do well to devote some time in writing out illustrations of the above-named intervals.

LESSON XIII.

TRANSPOSITION OF KEYS.

1. Q. When 1 is written on the letter C, what key is it called?

A. Key of C.

2. Q. What altitude is it called?

A. First Altitude.

The pitch of the first sound of the scale in the key of C is low and easily given; being about the same height as the pitch of the voice in common conversation. The teacher should take special pains to have the pupil get the habit of giving this sound as accurately as possible, regarding it as the starting-point in getting the proper pitch of all tunes.

3. Q. Where is 1 written in the key of **C**, with the Treble Clef?

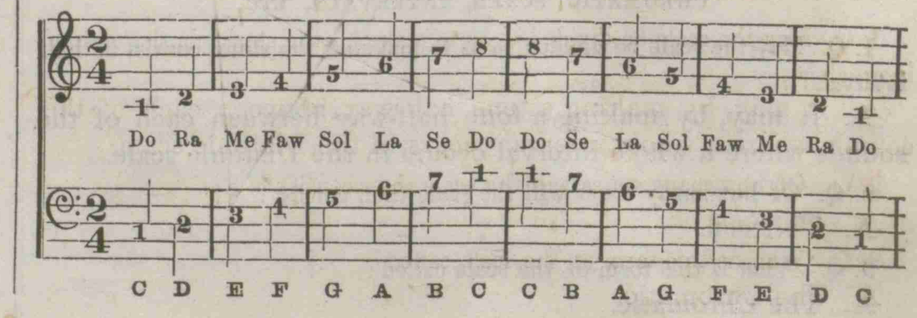
A. On the first line below the staff.

4. Q. Where is 1 in the key of **C**, in the Base Clef?

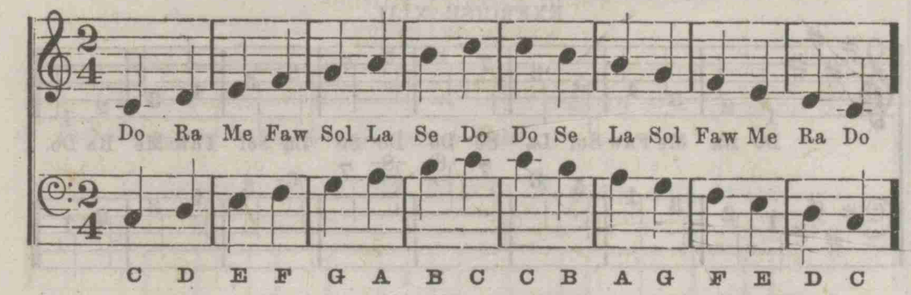
A. In the second space.

Major Scale, Key of C, or First Altitude.

EXERCISE XXXVIII.



EXERCISE XXXIX.



5. Q. In what key is Exercise XXXIX ?

A. Key of **C**.

6. Q. On what letter of the Written Scale is 1 ?

A. On the letter **C**.

7. Q. Between what notes of the Natural Scale do the half-intervals occur ?

A. Between 3 and 4, 7 and 8.

8. Q. Between what letters of the Written Scale are the half-intervals ?

A. Between **E** and **F**, **B** and **C**.

9. Q. Does the same order of whole and half intervals occur in the Written Scale as in the Natural Scale ?
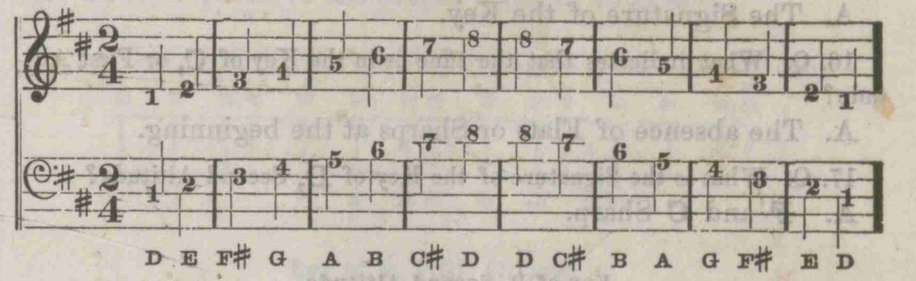
A. It does, when we commence with **C** as 1, **D** as 2, &c.

10. Q. If we change the position of the scale on the staff, and place it all an interval higher, what key and altitude will it be ?

A. Key of **D**, Second Altitude.

Key of D, Second Altitude.

EXERCISE XL.



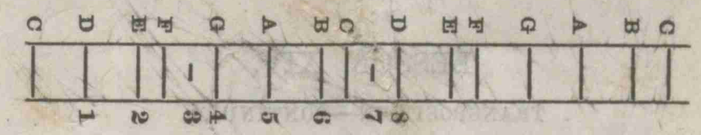
11. Q. What are the sharps placed at the beginning in the Key of **D** ?

A. The letters **F** and **C**.

12. Q. Why are F and C sharped in the Key of D ?

A. Those two letters must be elevated half an interval, so as to make the order of whole and half intervals in the Written Scale of letters agree with the order of steps in the Natural Scale.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE KEY OF D, WITH TWO SHARPS.



13. Q. In comparing the notes of the Natural Scale with the letters in the Key of D, what letters vary from the proper order of intervals ?

A. The letters **F** and **C** are each half an interval too low.

14. Q. How can they be made to agree with the Natural Scale ?

A. By elevating them half an interval,—sharping them.

15. Q. What are these Sharps or Flats called, when placed thus at the beginning of a piece of music?

A. The Signature of the Key.

16. Q. What indicates that the tune is in the Key of **C**, or First Altitude?
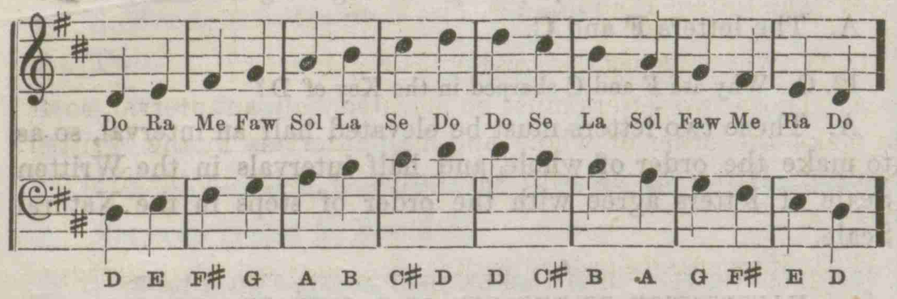
A. The absence of Flats or Sharps at the beginning.

17. Q. What is the Signature of the Key of **D**, Second Altitude?

A. **F** and **C** Sharp.

Key of D, Second Altitude.

EXERCISE XLI.



LESSON XIV.

TRANSPOSITION—CONTINUED.

1. Q. What is the altitude when 1 is on **C**?

A. First Altitude.

2. Q. What is the altitude of the Key of **D**?

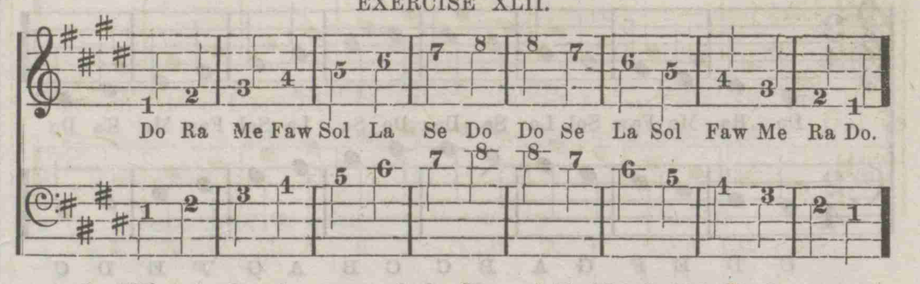
A. Second Altitude.

3. Q. When we place 1 on **E**, what will be the altitude?

A. The Third Altitude.

Key of E, Third Altitude.

EXERCISE XLII.



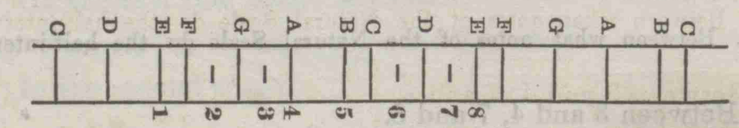
4. Q. What is the signature of the Key of E, Third Altitude?

A. Four Sharps,—F, C, G, D.

5. Q. Why are these letters sharped?

A. So as to make the whole and half intervals agree with the Natural Scale.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE KEY OF E, WITH FOUR SHARPS.
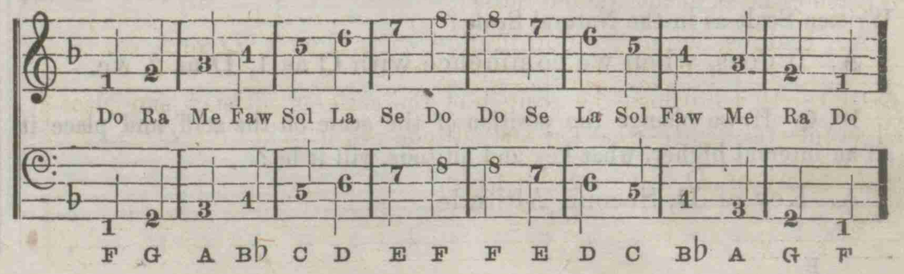


6. Q. If we take the letter F as 1, what will be the altitude?

A. The Fourth Altitude.

Key of F, Fourth Altitude.

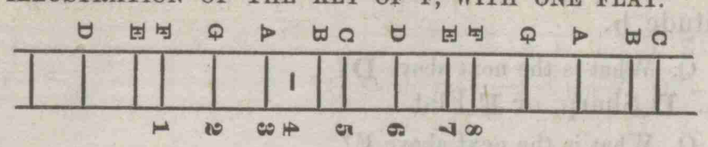
EXERCISE XLIII.



7. Q. If we take F as 1, what is the signature of the key?
A. One flat,—on the letter B.

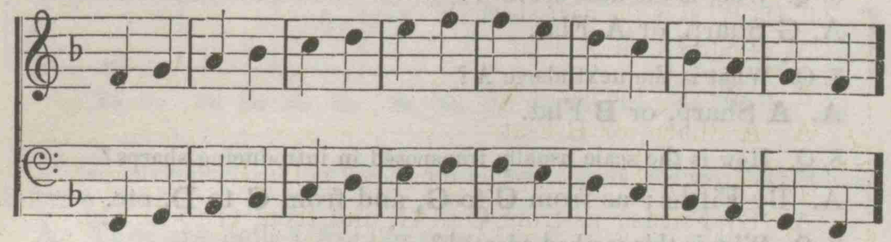
8. Q. Why is **B** marked Flat?
A. So as to make the order of intervals in the Written Scale of letters agree with the Natural Scale.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE KEY OF F, WITH ONE FLAT.



Key of F, Fourth Altitude.
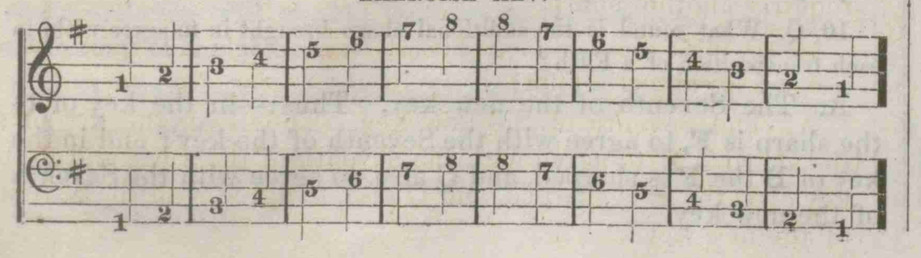
EXERCISE XLIV.



9. Q. If we raise the scale to the Fifth Altitude, what will be the key?
A. Key of G, with one sharp.

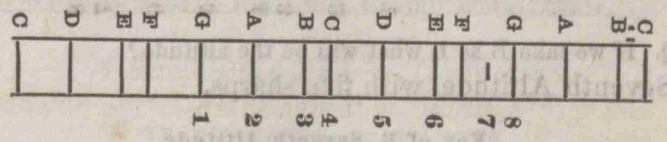
Key of G, Fifth Altitude.

EXERCISE XLV.
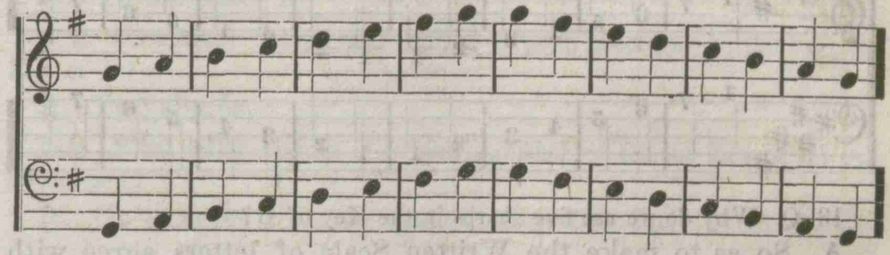


10. Q. Why is one sharp used as the Signature of the Key of G?
A. So as to preserve the proper order of intervals.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE KEY OF G, WITH ONE SHARP.



Key of G, Fifth Altitude.

EXERCISE XLVI.



11. Q. If we raise the scale to the Key of A, what will be the altitude?
A. Sixth Altitude, with three sharps.

Key of A, Sixth Altitude.

EXERCISE XLVII.

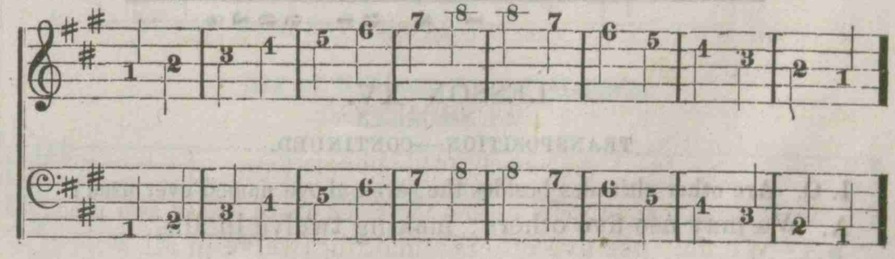
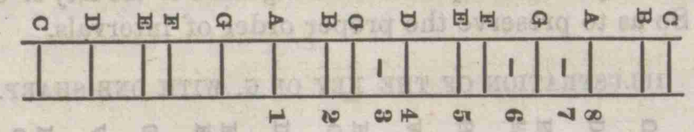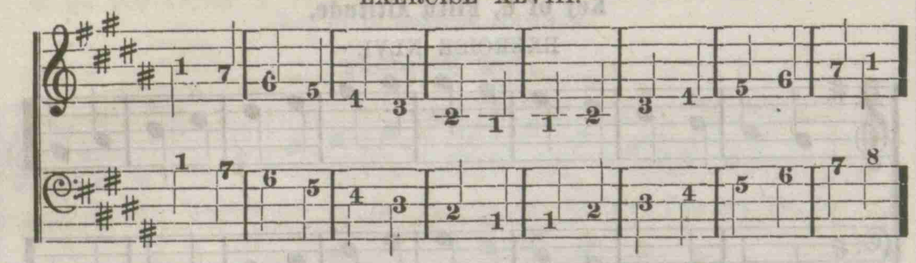


ILLUSTRATION OF THE KEY OF A, WITH THREE SHARPS.



12. Q. If we take B as 1, what will be the altitude?
A. Seventh Altitude, with five sharps.

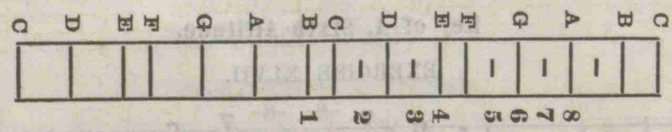
Key of B, Seventh Altitude.

EXERCISE XLVIII.



13. Q. Why do we use five sharps in the Key of B?
A. So as to make the Written Scale of letters agree with the Natural Scale.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE KEY OF B, WITH FIVE SHARPS.



LESSON XV.

TRANSPOSITION—CONTINUED.

1. Q. Are other altitudes besides the seven above named ever used?
A. We may use five others; making twelve in all.

2. Q. On what are the other five altitudes based?
A. Wherever a whole interval occurs in the Written Scale, a Key or Altitude may be based upon the letter below, as sharp, or the one above, as flat.

3. Q. What, then, is the next altitude above **C**?
A. **C** Sharp, or **D** Flat; called First Altitude ♯, or Second Altitude ♭.

4. Q. What is the next above **D**?
A. **D** Sharp, or **E** Flat.

5. Q. What is the next above F?
A. **F** Sharp, or **G** Flat.

6. Q. What is the next above G?
A. **G** Sharp, or **A** Flat.

7. Q. What is the next above A?
A. **A** Sharp, or **B** Flat.

8. Q. How is the scale usually transposed in introducing sharps?
A. By Fifths; as from **C** to **G**, and from **G** to **D**, etc.

9. Q. Why is this method adopted?
A. Because each transposition of a Fifth introduces a sharp. Thus:—when we change from **C** to **G**, one sharp is the signature; and when we transpose again from **G** to **D** (another Fifth), it requires another sharp.
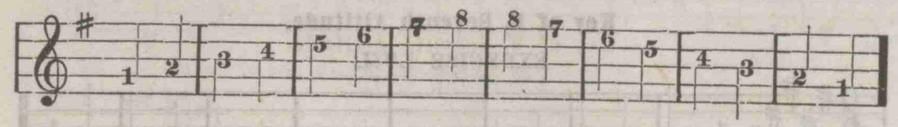
10. Q. What sound is the additional sharp brought in to agree with, in each transposition of a Fifth?
A. The Seventh of the new key. Thus:—in the key of **G** the sharp is **F**, to agree with the Seventh of the key; and in the key of **D** the **F** is sharped, and **C** also, to agree with the Seventh of the new key.

11. Q. How are we to recognize the Minor Keys?

A. Every Major Key has its Relative Minor (with the same signature), based on the letter which is an interval and a half below.
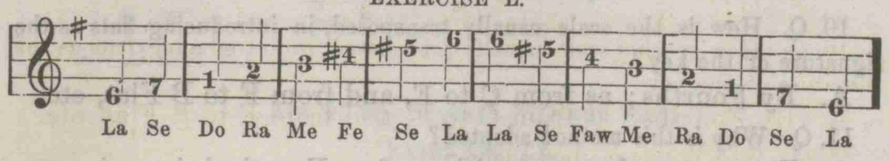
Key of G Major.

EXERCISE XLIX.



Key of E Minor, relative of G Major.

EXERCISE L.



12. Q. What are the sharps or flats called when placed immediately before a note?

A. They are called Accidentals.

13. Q. Why are the figures used with 6 as the key note, in writing the Minor?

A. So that singers can read and sing it more easily: the half-intervals coming between the same numbers and between the same syllables will enable learners to comprehend and sing it as readily as the Major.

14. Q. When we transpose the scale a Fifth, from C, what is the key?

A. Key of **G**.

15. Q. How many sharps for the signature of the Key of G?

A. One sharp.

16. Q. What is the Relative Minor of G Major?

A. F, with one sharp, as the signature of the key.

17. Q. What is the Relative Minor of C Major?

A. A, with no sharps nor flats, except accidentals.

LESSON XVI.

TRANSPOSITION—CONTINUED.

1. Q. If we transpose the scale a Fifth, from G, to what letter will it bring us?

A. To the letter D.

2. Q. How many sharps shall we have then, according to the rule, for Key of D?

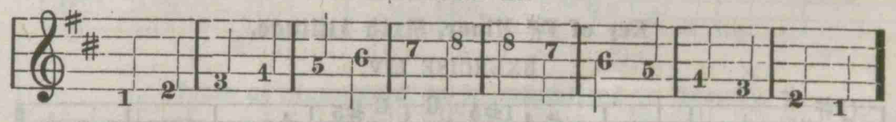
A. Two sharps.

3. Q. What letter besides F (which was sharped for the Key of G) will be sharped?

A. C; to agree with the seventh sound of the Key of D.

Key of D, Second Altitude.

EXERCISE LI.

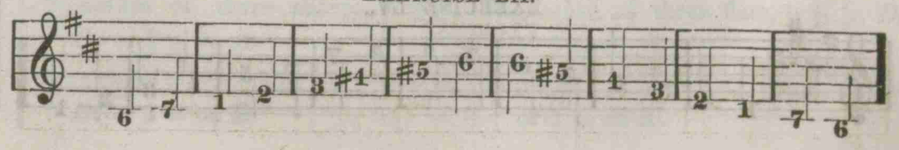


4. Q. What is the Relative Minor of D Major?

A. B Minor, with two sharps.

Key of B Minor, Second Altitude.

EXERCISE LII.



5. Q. What letter is the next Fifth from D?

A. A.

6. Q. How many sharps are required in the Key of A?

A. Three.

7. Q. What letters are marked sharp in the Key of A?

A. F, C, and G; G being the new one to agree with the 7th of the Key of A.

8. Q. What altitude is the Key of A?

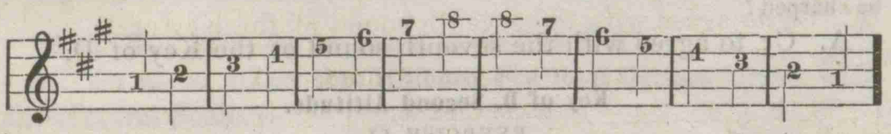
A. Sixth.

9. Q. What is the Relative Minor of A Major?

A. F Sharp.

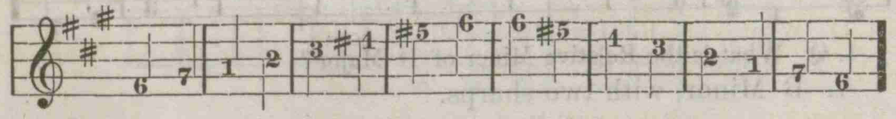
Key of A, Sixth Altitude.

EXERCISE LIII.



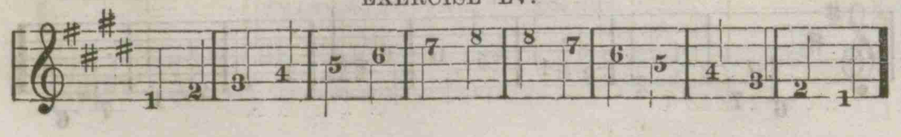
Key of F♯ Minor, Sixth Altitude.

EXERCISE LIV.
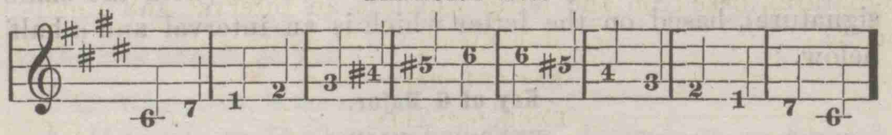


Key of E, Third Altitude.

EXERCISE LV.
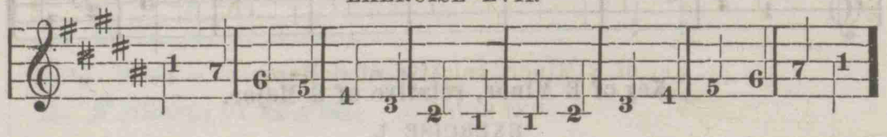


Key of C♯ Minor, Third Altitude.

EXERCISE LVI.



Key of B, Seventh Altitude.

EXERCISE LVII.



10. Q. How is the scale usually transposed, in introducing flats as the signature of the key?

A. By Fourths; as from C to F, and from F to B Flat, etc.

11. Q. Why is this method adopted?

A. Because each transposition of a Fourth brings in one flat.

12. Q. Which sound is the flatted letter brought in to agree with?

A. The Fourth sound of the new key. Thus, in transposing from C to F, B is flat to agree with 4 in the Key of F.

13. Q. How many intervals of the Diatonic scale constitute a Fifth?

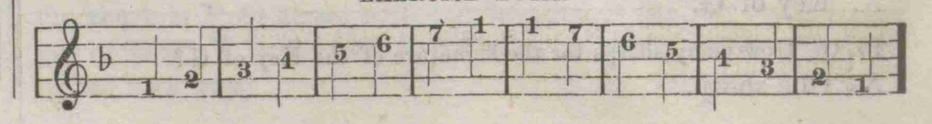
A. Three intervals and a half.

14. Q. Of what does a Fourth consist?

A. Two intervals and a half.

Key of F, Fourth Altitude.
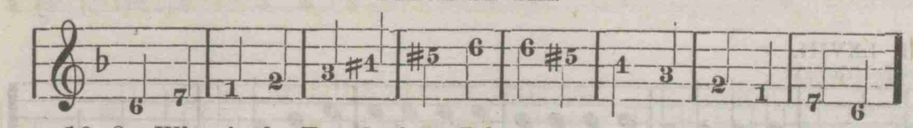
EXERCISE LVIII.



15. Q. What is the Relative Minor of F Major?
A. D Minor, with one flat.

Key of D Minor, Fourth Altitude.

EXERCISE LIX.



16. Q. What is the Fourth above F?
A. B Flat.

17. Q. How many flats for the Key of B Flat?
A. Two.

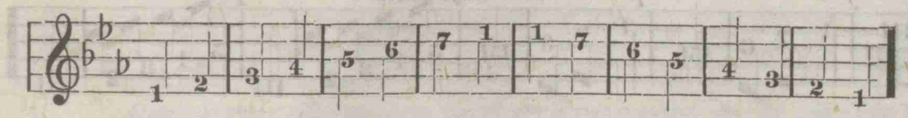
18. Q. What letters are flat?
A. B and E.

Key of B♭, Seventh Altitude Flat.

EXERCISE LX.

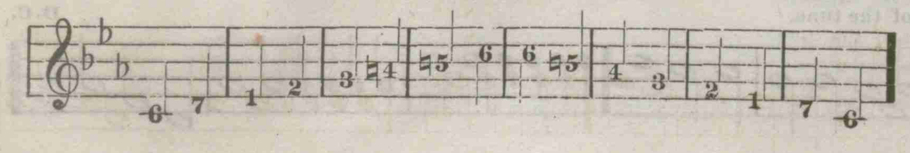
Key of E♭, Third Altitude Flat.

EXERCISE LXI.



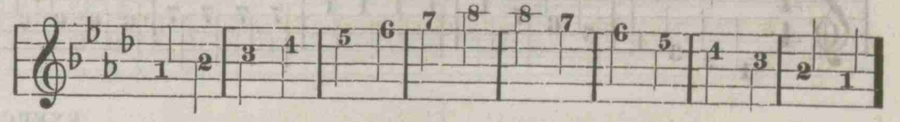
Key of C Minor, Third Altitude Flat.

EXERCISE LXII.



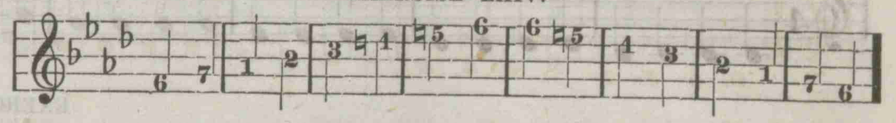
Key of A♭, Sixth Altitude Flat.

EXERCISE LXIII.



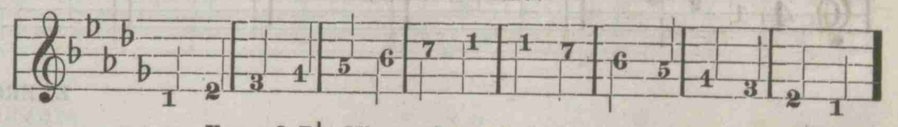
Key of F Minor, Sixth Altitude Flat.

EXERCISE LXIV.



Key of D♭, second Altitude Flat.

EXERCISE LXV.



Key of B♭ Minor, Second Altitude Flat.

EXERCISE LXVI.

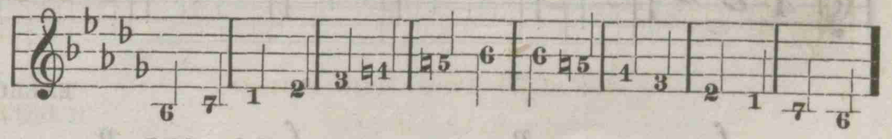


Table of Signatures, to be committed to Memory.

Signature of one sharp, ♯, *Do* or 1 is on G.

Signature of two sharps, ♯ ♯, *Do* or 1 is on D.

Signature of three sharps, ♯ ♯ ♯, *Do* or 1 is on A.

Signature of four sharps, ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯, *Do* or 1 is on E.

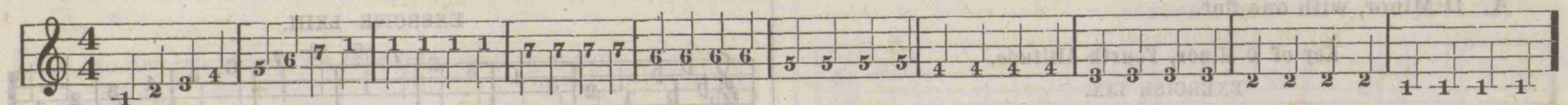
Signature of one flat, ♭, *Do* or 1 is on F.

Signature of two flats, ♭ ♭, *Do* or 1 is on B.
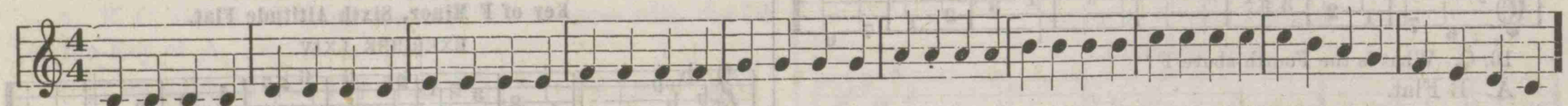
Signature of three flats, ♭ ♭ ♭, *Do* or 1 is on E.

Signature of four flats, ♭ ♭ ♭ ♭, *Do* or 1 is on A.

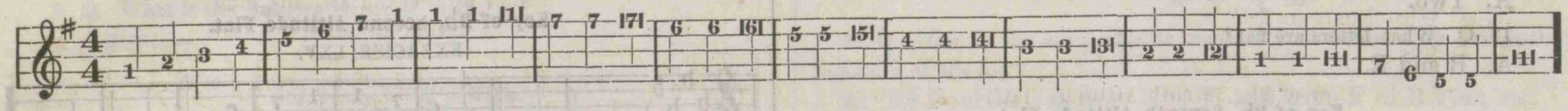
EXERCISE LXVII.
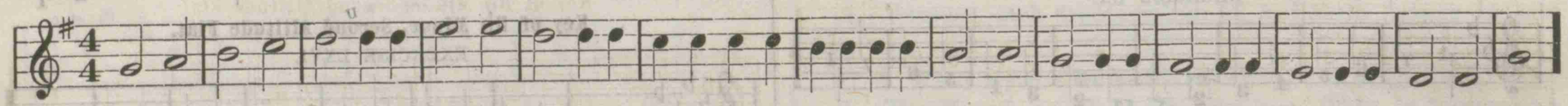


EXERCISE LXVIII.
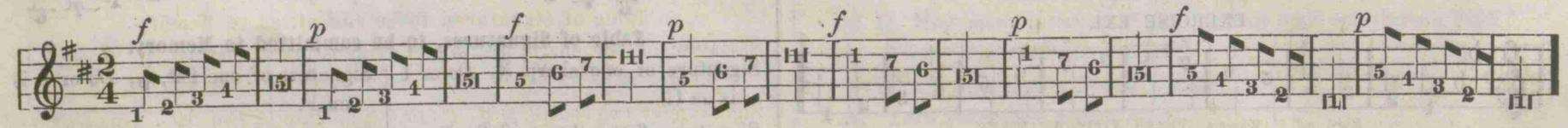


EXERCISE LXIX.



EXERCISE LXX.

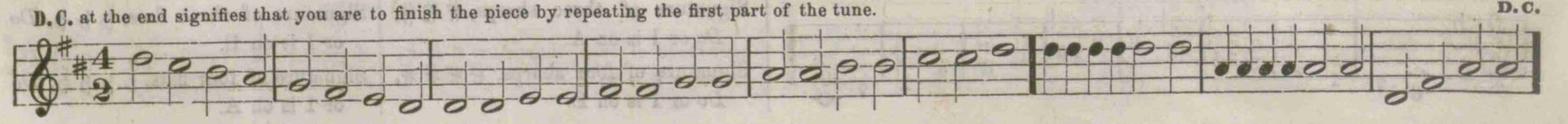


EXERCISE LXXI.



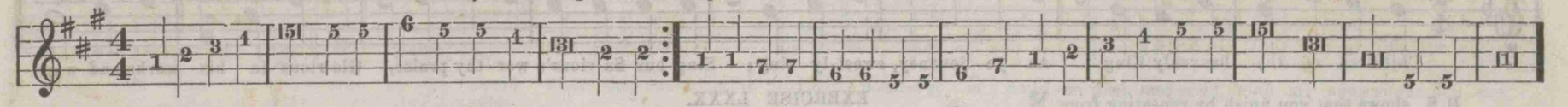
EXERCISE LXXII.

D.C. at the end signifies that you are to finish the piece by repeating the first part of the tune.
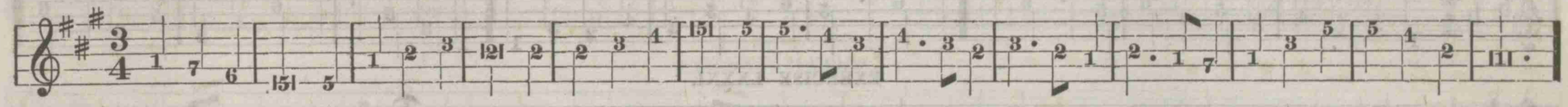


EXERCISE LXXIII.
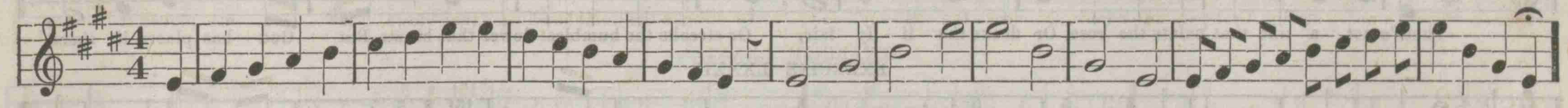
The row of dots across the staff indicates that you should go back and repeat.



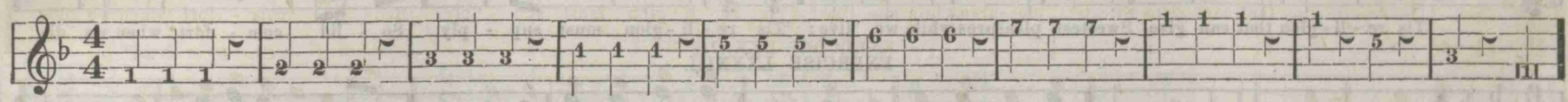
EXERCISE LXXIV.



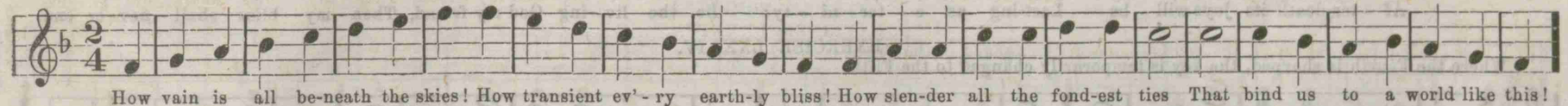
EXERCISE LXXV.



EXERCISE LXXVI.

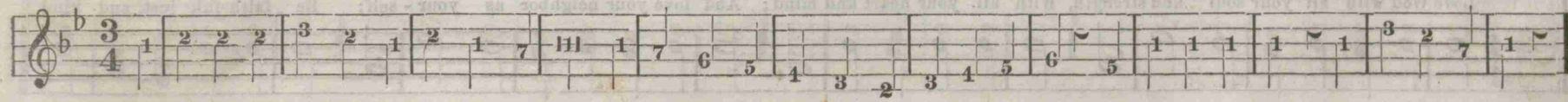


EXERCISE LXXVII.

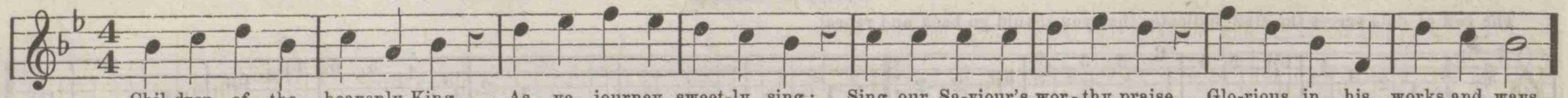


How vain is all be-neath the skies! How transient ev'-ry earth-ly bliss! How slen-der all the fond-est ties That bind us to a world like this!

EXERCISE LXXVIII.

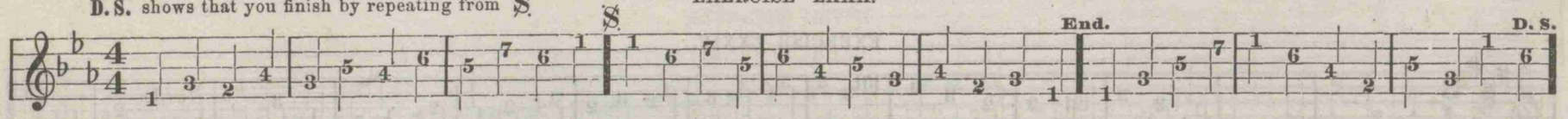


EXERCISE LXXIX.
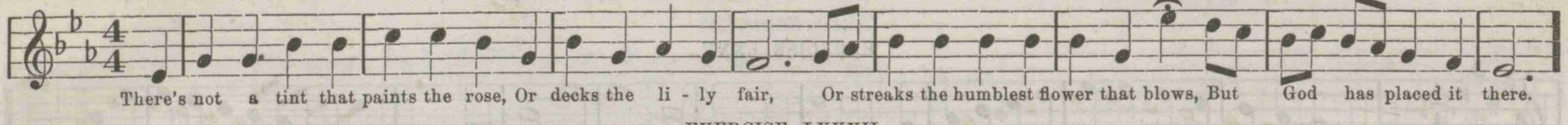


D. S. shows that you finish by repeating from 𝄋
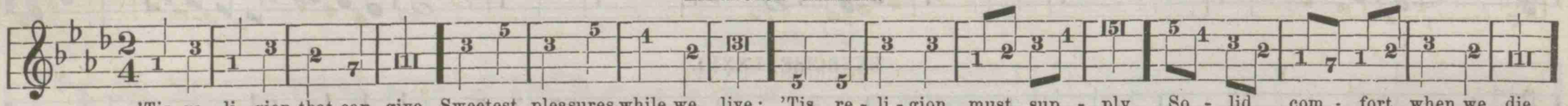
EXERCISE LXXX.
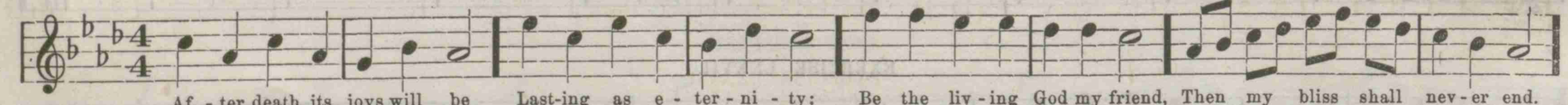


EXERCISE LXXXI.



EXERCISE LXXXII.
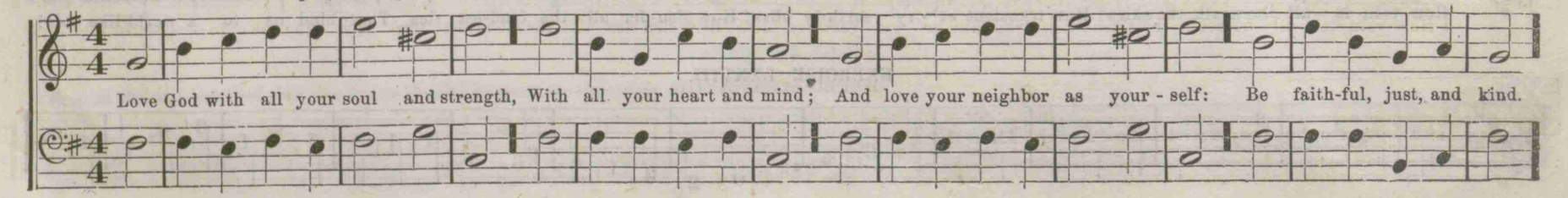


EXERCISE LXXXIII.



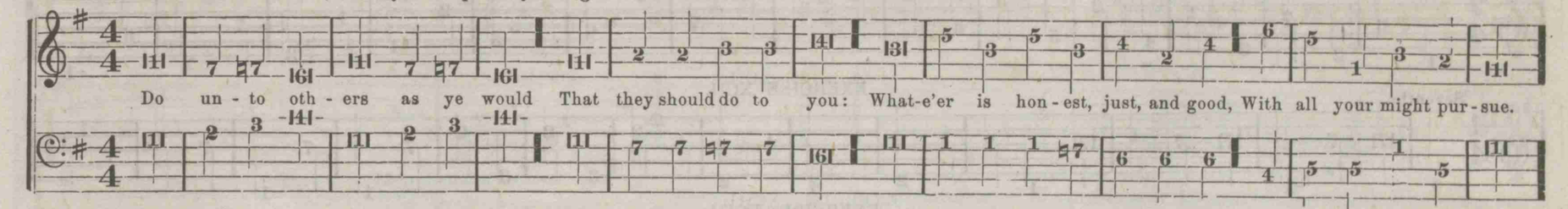
EXERCISE LXXXIV.

Where the Fourth is sharped, the key is temporarily changed to the Fifth.

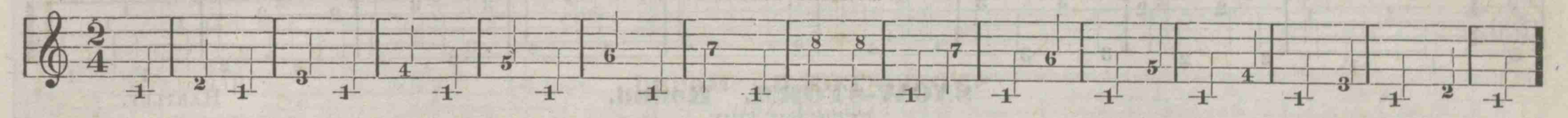


EXERCISE LXXXV.
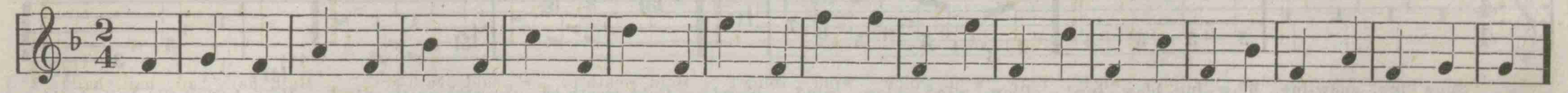
When the Seventh is flatted, the key is temporarily changed to the Fourth.



EXERCISE LXXXVI.

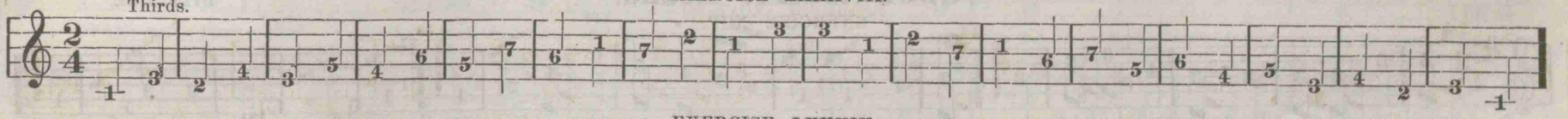


EXERCISE LXXXVII.



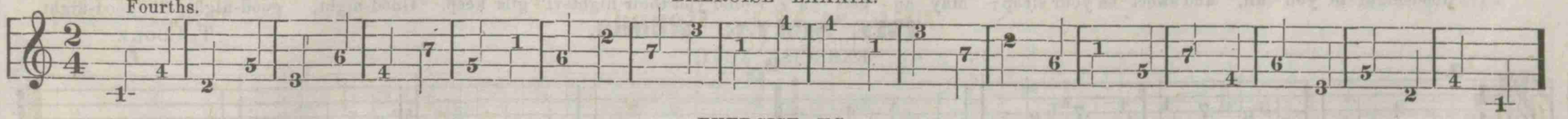
EXERCISE LXXXVIII.

Thirds.



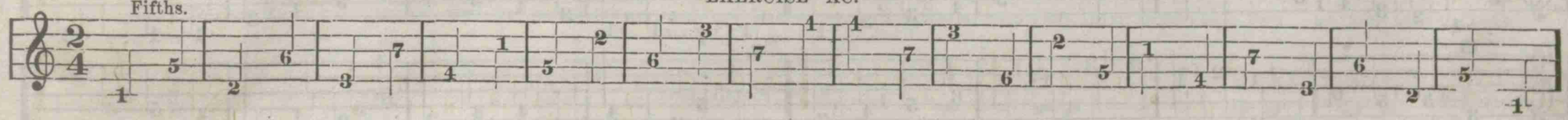
EXERCISE LXXXIX.

Fourths.



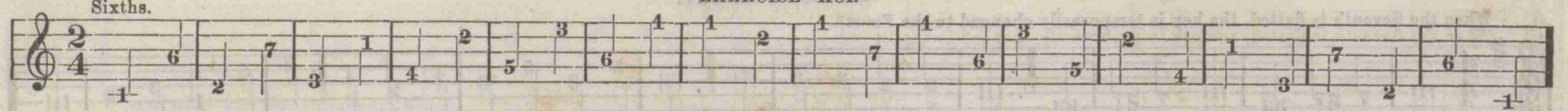
EXERCISE XC.

Fifths.
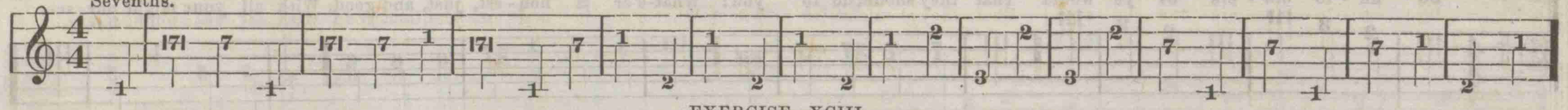


EXERCISE XCI.

Sixths.
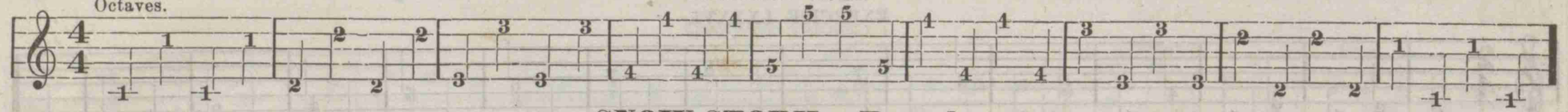


EXERCISE XCII.

Sevenths.



EXERCISE XCIII.

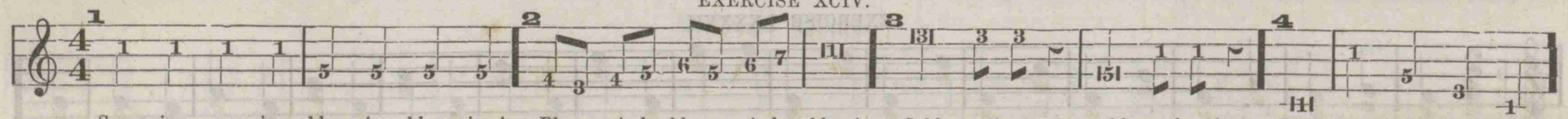
Octaves.



SNOW-STORM. Round.

HARTLEY.

EXERCISE XCIV.

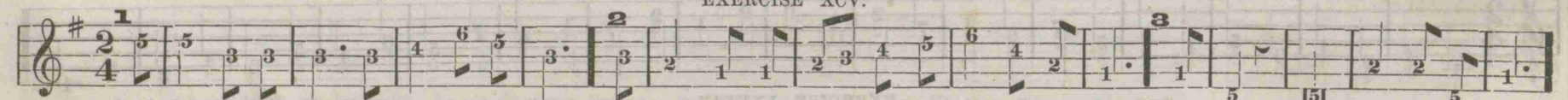


Snow-ing, snow-ing, blow-ing, blow-ing! Blow, wind, blow, wind, blow! Cold weath-er, cold weath-er! Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail!

GOOD-NIGHT. Round.

FILLMORE.

EXERCISE XCV.
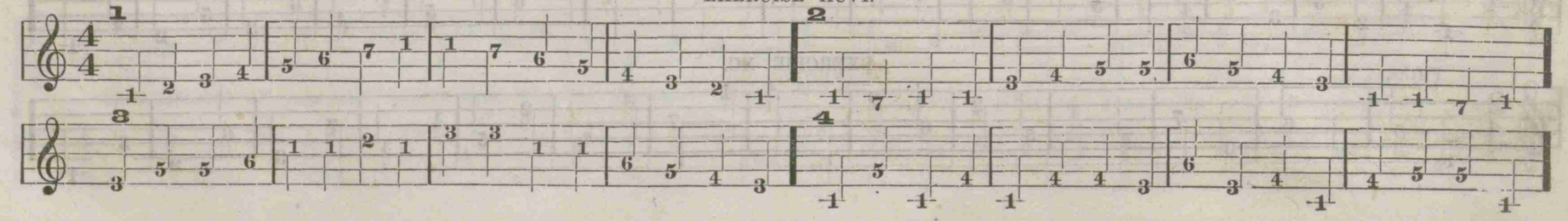


Good-night to you all, and sweet be your sleep; May an-gels a-round you their night-vi-gils keep. Good-night, good-night, Oh, good-night.

THE SCALE. Round.

T. COOKE.

EXERCISE XCVI.



OLD HOMESTEAD.

Words by PHEBE CAREY.

1. Our old brown homestead reared its walls From the wayside dust aloof.
Where the apple-boughs could almost drop Their fruit-age on the roof; And the cher-ry-trees so near it grew, That, when awake I've lain In the lonesome nights, I've heard the limbs As they creaked against the pane; And the orch-ard-trees,— oh, the orch-ard-trees, I have seen my lit-tle brothers rocked In their tops by the sum-mer breeze.

2. We had a well, a deep old well, Where the spring was nev-er dry,
And the cool drops down from the mossy stones Were fall-ing con-stant-ly; And there never was wa-ter half so sweet As that in my little cup, Drawn from the curb by the rude old sweep Which my fa-ther's hand set up; And the deep old well,— oh, the deep old well! I re-mem-ber yet the plashing sound Of the buck-et as it fell.

3. Our homestead had an ample hearth, Where at night we loved to meet,—
Where my mother's voice was always kind, And her voice was al-ways sweet; And there I sat at my father's knee, And watched his thoughtful brow, With my childish hand in his raven hair,—That hair is . . . . sil-ver now! But the broad hearth's light,— oh, the broad hearth's light, And my father's look, and my mother's smile, They are in my heart to-night.

Words by G. W. Cutter.

SONG OF STEAM.

A. D. F.

1. You may harness me down with your i - ron bands, And be sure of your curb and rein; For I scorn the strength of your pu - ny hands, As the tem - pest scorns a chain;
2. When I measured the pant - ing cour-ser's speed, And the flight of the car - rier - dove, As they bore a law a king de-creed, Or the lines of im - pa - tient love,

3. Ha! ha! ha! ha! they found me at last; They in - vit - ed me forth at length, And I rushed to my throne with a thun-der-blast, And I laughed in my i - ron strength!

4. Hur-rah! hur - rah! the wa - ters o'er The mountains steep de - cline; Time—space—have yielded to my power,— The world—the world is mine!
5. The o - cean pales wher - e'er I sweep, To hear my strength re - joice, And the monsters of the bri - ny deep Cower trem - bling at my voice.

1 How I laughed, as I lay con - cealed from sight For ma - ny a count - less hour, At the child - ish boast of hu-man might And the pride of hu - man power!
2 Oh, I could not but think how the world would feel When these were outstripped a - far,— When I should be bound to the rush-ing keel Or chained to the fly - ing car.

3 Oh! then ye saw a won - drous change, On the earth and the o - cean wide, Where now my fi - ery ar-mies range, Nor wait for wind or tide.

4 The riv - ers the sun hath ear - liest blest, And those where his beams de - cline,— The gi - ant streams of the queen-ly West, And the O - rient floods di - vine.
5 I car - ry the wealth and the lord of earth, The thoughts of the god - like mind; The wind lags af - ter my go - ing forth, And the light-ning is left be - hind.

D. F.

chain;
love,

strength!

mine!
voice.

power!
car.

tide.

vine.
hind.

BRIGHT ALFARATA.

1. Wild roved an Indian girl, bright Alfa-ra-ta, Where sweep the waters of the blue Ju-ni-a-ta; Swift as an an-te-lope thro' the forest going, Loose were her jet-ty locks, in wavy tress-es flow-ing.
2. Gay was the mountain song of bright Alfarata, Where sweep the waters of the blue Ju-ni-a-ta; "Strong and true my arrows are in my painted quiver; Swift goes my light canoe adown the rapid riv-er.
3. "Bold is my warrior—the love of Alfa-ra-ta, Proud waves his snowy plume along the Juni-at-a; Softly he speaks to me, then his war-cry sounding Rings as the thunder loud, from hill to hill resounding."
4. So sang the Indian girl, bright Al-fa-ra-ta, Where sweep the waters of the blue Ju-ni-a-ta: Long years have borne away the voice of Alfarata, Still sweeps the river on, the blue Ju-ni-a-ta.

FOX AND GRAPES.

1. A hun-gry fox, in pass-ing by, Saw some ripe grapes that hung on high, And, as they hung, they seemed to say, { In their in-vit-ing, quiet way, / "If you can eat us, sir, you may." } Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
2. The fox he tried, and tried in vain, The tempting clusters to ob-tain: He licked his lips for near an hour, { But, finding them be-yond his power, / He went and vowed the grapes were sour. } Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

SONG OF STEAM. Continued.

6. In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
   My tireless arm doth play,
   Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline
   Or the dawn of the glorious day.
   I bring earth's glittering jewels up
   From the hidden caves below,
   And I make the fountain's granite cup
   With a crystal gush o'erflow.

7. I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
   In all the shops of trade;
   I hammer the ore, I turn the wheel,
   Where the arms of my strength are made;
   I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
   I carry, I spin, I weave;
   And all my doings I put in print,
   At morn, at noon, at eve.

7. I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
   No bones to be laid on the shelf;
   And soon I intend you may go and play,
   And I'll manage the world by myself.
   Then harness me down with your iron bands,
   And be sure of your curb and rein,
   For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
   As the tempest scorns the chain.

OUR LAND.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. On pri-mal rocks she wrote her name; Her towers were reared on holy graves; The golden seed that bore her came Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves, Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves.
2. The for-est bowed his solemn crest, And o - pen flung his sylvan doors, Meek rivers led th' appointed guest, To clasp the wide em - brac - ing shores, To clasp the wide embrac - ing shores.
3. Till, fold by fold, the broidered land To swell her virgin vestments grew; While sages, strong in heart and hand, Her virtues' fiery gir - dle drew, Her virtues' fie - ry gir - dle drew.
4. O ex-ile of the wrath of kings! O pilgrim ark of lib - er-ty! The re-fuge of di-vin-est things, Their record must a - bide in thee, Their record must a - bide in thee.
5. First in the glo-ries of thy front, Let the crown-jewel truth be found; Thy right hand fling, with generous wont, Love's happy chain to far-thest bound, Love's happy chain to far-thest bound.
6. O land, the measure of our prayers, Hope of the world in grief and wrong, Be thine the tri-bute of the years, The gift of faith, the crown of song, The gift of faith, the crown of song.

SKYLARK.

Words by HOGG.

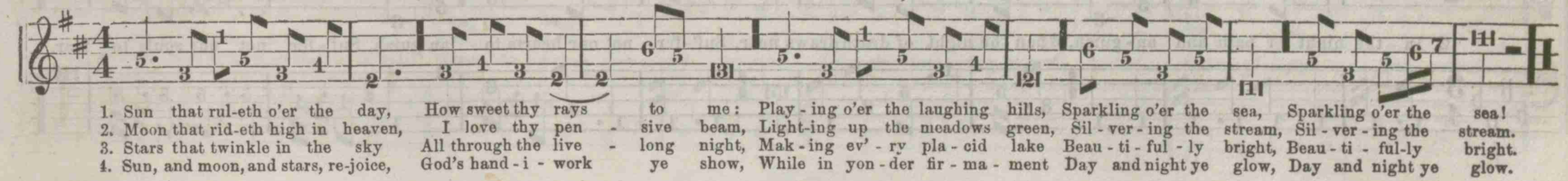
A. D. F.

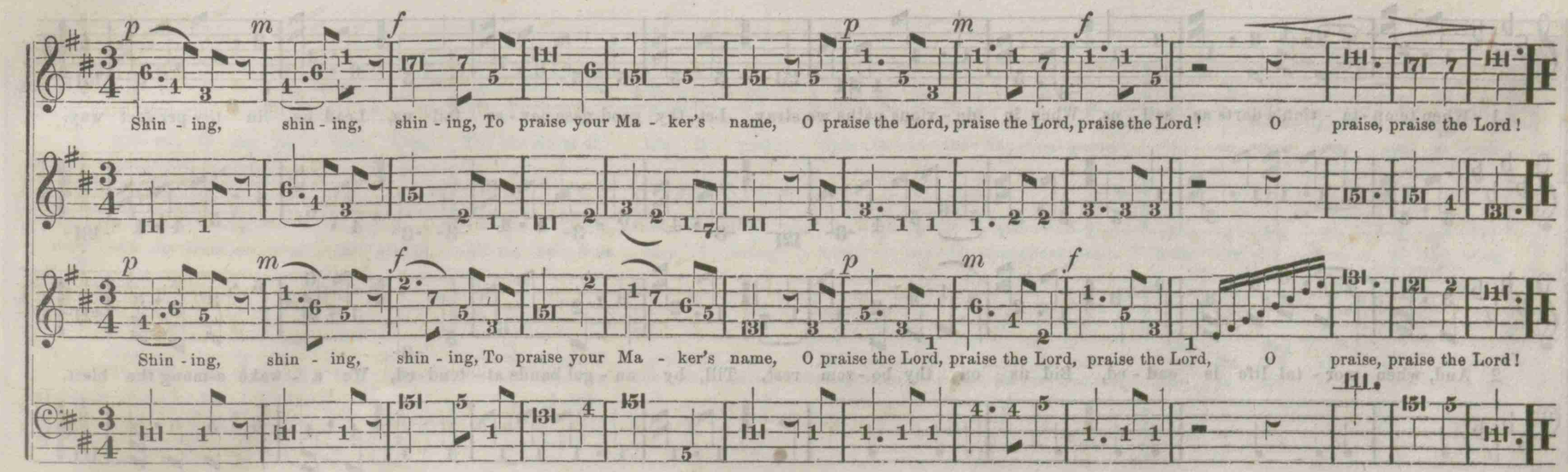
1. Bird of the wilderness, Blithesome and cumberless, Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea! Emblem of hap-pi-ness, Blest is thy dwelling-place: O to a - bide in the des - ert with thee!
2. Wild is thy lay, and loud, Far in the down-y cloud; Love gives it en - er-gy, love gave it birth. Where, on the dew-y wing, Where art thou journeying? Singing in heaven, thy love is on earth.
3. O'er fell and fountain-sheen, O'er moor and mountain green, O'er the red streamer that heralds the day, O - ver the cloudlet dim, O - ver the rainbow's rim, Mu-si - cal cherub, soar sing - ing a - way.
4. Then, when the gloaming comes, Low in the heather-blooms Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be! Emblem of hap-pi-ness, Blest is thy dwelling-place: O to a - bide in the des - ert with thee!

CHRISTIAN CHORALIST.

FIRMAMENT. 7s, 6s, & 5s.

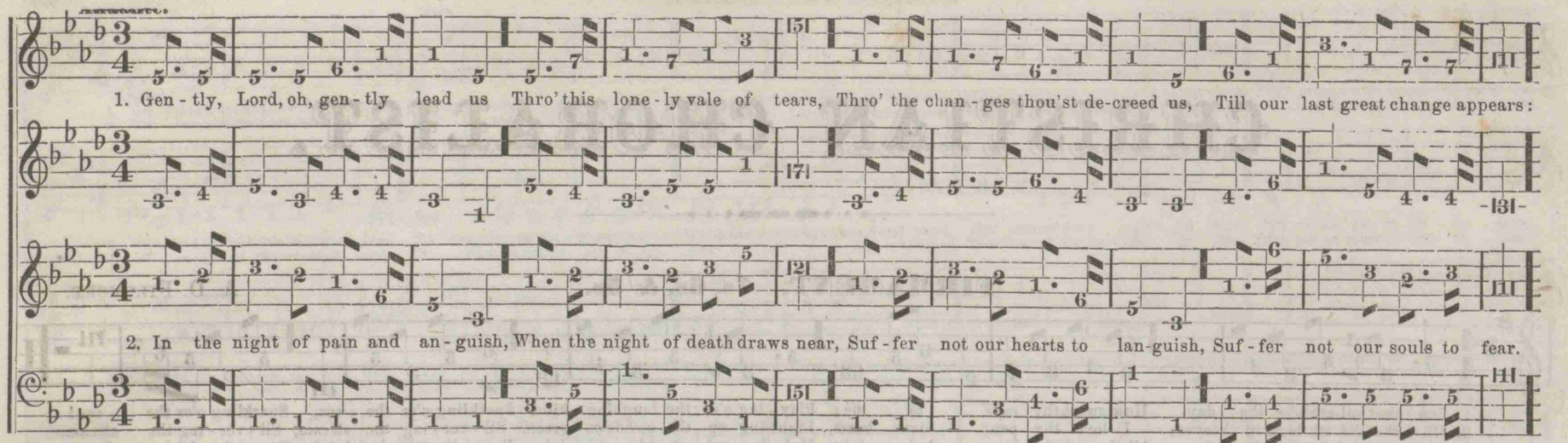
A. D. Fillmore.

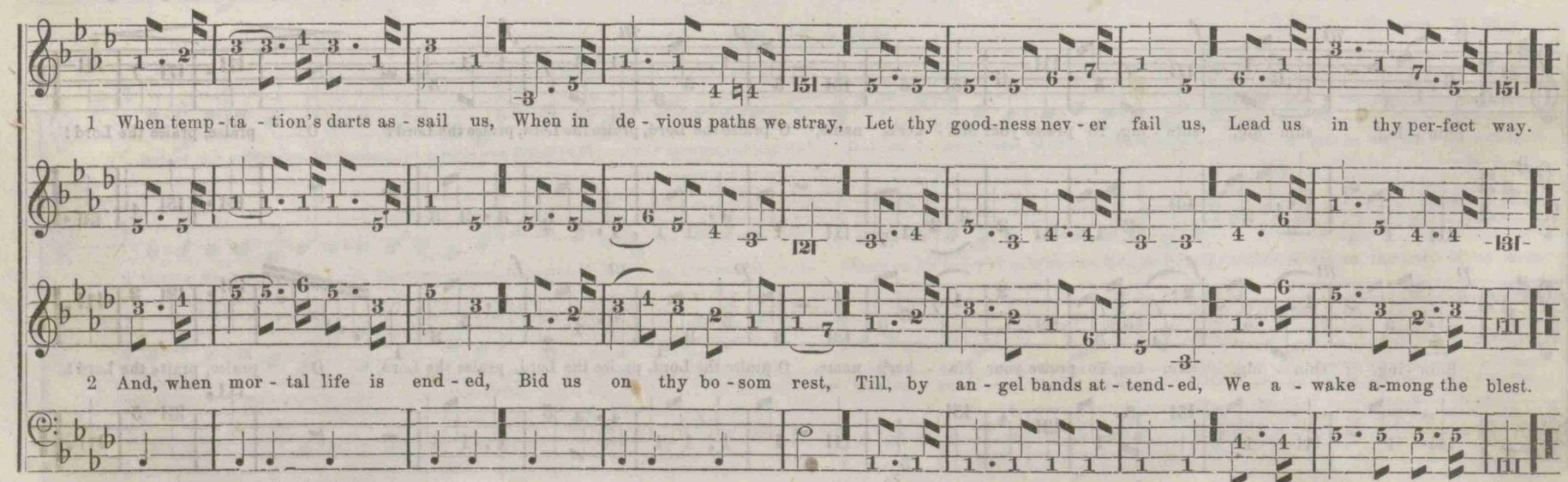




Autumn.

BETHLEHEM. 8s & 7s. Double.





IVES. 7s. Double.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high:

2. Oth - er re - fuge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee! Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, Bound - less love in thee I find; Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
4. Plen - teous grace with thee is found, Grace to par - don all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in:

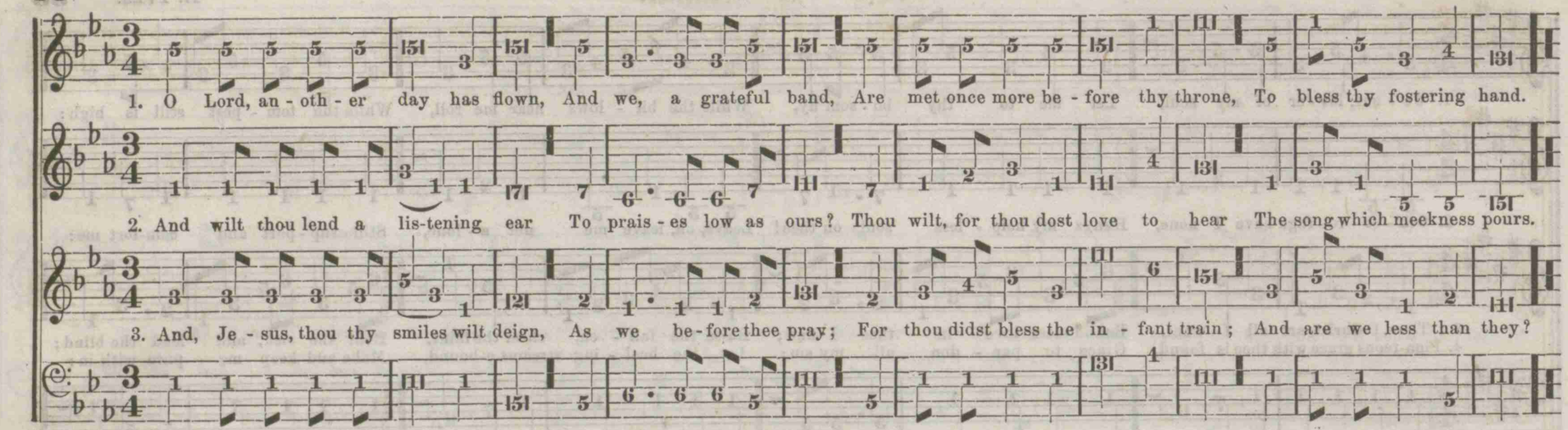
1 Hide me, O my Sa - vior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the hea - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

2 All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring: Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the sha - dow of thy wing.

3 Just and ho - ly is thy name, Prince of peace and right - eous - ness; Most un - worth - y, Lord, I am, Thou art full of love and grace.
4 Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of thee; Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

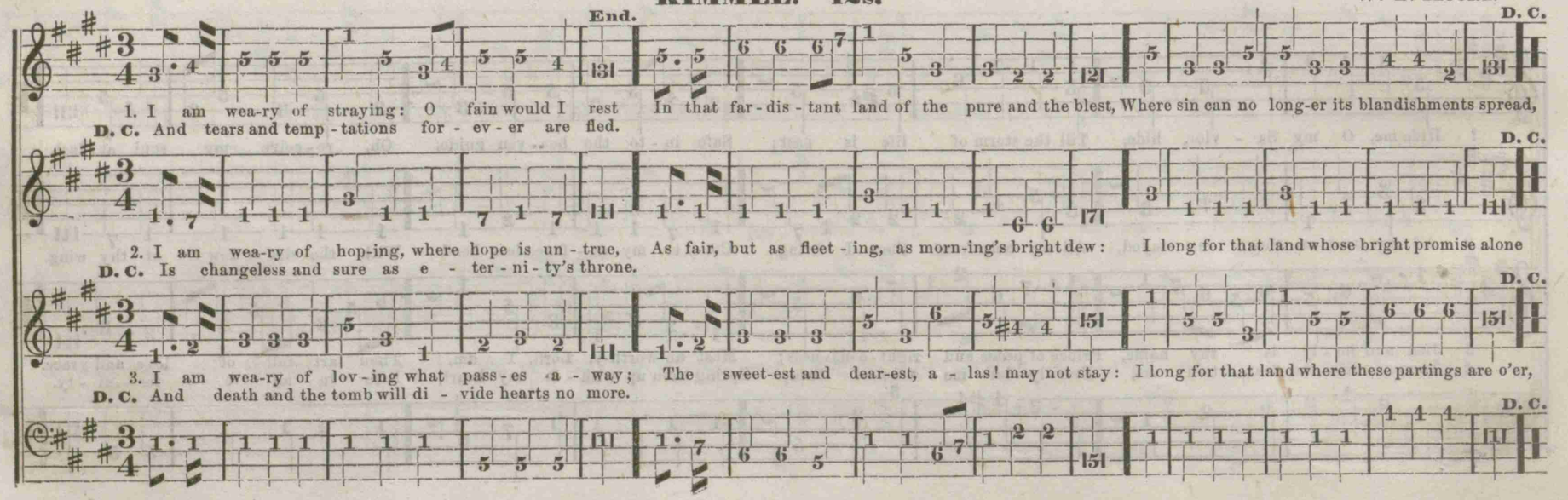
KINGSLEY. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



KIMMEL. 12s.

W. T. MOORE.



OLMUTZ. S. M.

1. "The Lord is ris'n in - deed;" He lives to die no more; He lives the sin - ner's cause to plead, Whose curse and shame he bore.
2. "The Lord is ris'n in - deed;" The grave has lost its prey; With him is ris'n the ran-somed seed, To reign in end - less day.
3. "The Lord is ris'n in - deed;" At - tend-ing an - gels, hear; Up to the courts of heaven, with speed, The joy - ful tid - ings bear.
4. Then wake your gold - en lyres, And strike each cheer-ful chord; Join, all ye bright, ce - les - tial choirs, To sing our ris - en Lord.

By permission.

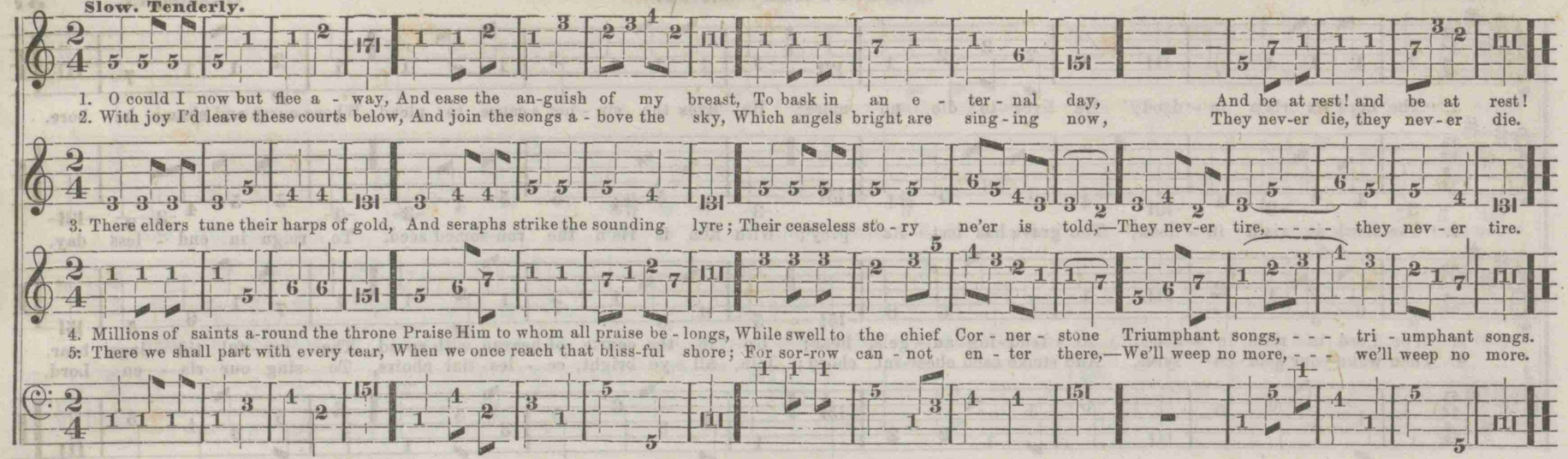
ADULLAM. C. M.

P. H. DAYHOFF.

1. Dark was the night, and cold the ground On which the Lord was laid; His sweat like drops of blood ran down; In a - go - ny he prayed:—
2. "Fa - ther, re - move this bit - ter cup, If such thy sa - cred will; If not, con - tent to drink it up, Thy plea - sure I ful - fil."
3. Go to the gar - den, sin - ner; see Those pre - cious drops that flow; The hea - vy load he bore for thee, For thee he lies so low.
4. Then learn of him the cross to bear; Thy Fa - ther's will o - bey; And, when temp-ta - tions press thee near, A - wake to watch and pray.

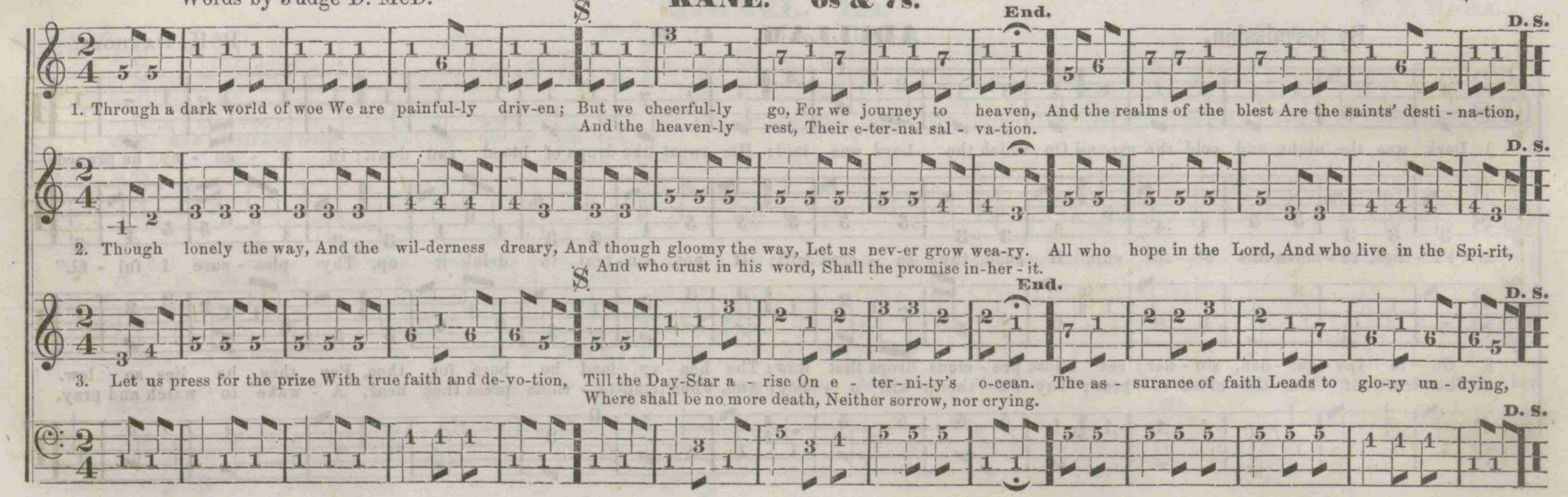
BAXTER. L. M.

Slow. Tenderly.



Words by Judge D. McD.

KANE. 6s & 7s.



FELICITY. L. M., with chorus.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. I hear a voice at dawn of day, And to my heart it seems to say, When sorrow dims hope's brightest ray, "There's rest in heaven, sweet rest in heaven."
2. I hear it at the e - ventide, When fit - ful shadows round me glide, Still whisp'ring gently at my side, "There's rest in heaven, sweet rest in heaven."
3. At bu - sy hour of noon I hear The same sweet words accost my ear, With power to stay the rising tear:—"There's rest in heaven, sweet rest in heaven."
4. Blest words, which tell of naught but joy, Of endless rest without alloy!—Well may they oft our thoughts employ:—"There's rest in heaven, sweet rest in heaven."
5. Spi - rit of life and love divine, Subdue my heart and make it thine, That I may dwell up - on, as mine, "That rest in heaven, sweet rest in heaven."

There is sweet rest in heaven, There is rest in heaven, rest in heaven, rest in heaven.

There is sweet rest in heaven, There is rest, sweet rest in heaven.

There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest in heaven, There is rest, sweet rest in heaven.

There is sweet rest in heaven, There is rest in heaven, rest in heaven, rest in heaven.

ABINGDON. 8s & 7s.

A. D. FILLMORE.

Lively.

1. Praise the Lord, ye heavens, a - dore him, Praise him, an - gels in the height;
Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore him, Praise him, all ye stars of light:
Praise the Lord, for he hath spo - ken, Worlds his might - y voice o - beyed:
D. C. Laws which nev - er can be bro - ken, For their guid-ance he hath made.

2. Praise the Lord, for he is glo - rious; Nev - er shall his prom-ise fail;
God doth make his saints vic - to - rious; Sin and death shall not pre - vail.
Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high, his power pro - claim:
D. C. Heaven and earth, and all cre - a - tion, Praise and mag - ni - fy his name.

D. C.

WORSHIP. C. M.

F. CHRISTIANER.

Slow, tenderly.

1. How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight, When those that love the Lord, In one an - oth - er peace de-light, And so ful - fil the word.

2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part,— When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

3. When, free from en - vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish - es all a - bove, Each can his bro-ther's fail-ing hide, And show a bro-ther's love.
4. When love in one de - lightful stream Through ev-ery bo - som flows: When u - nion sweet and dear e-steem In ev' - ry ac - tion glows.

BUTLER. D. L. M.

Affectionately.

D. C.

1. My Christian friends in bonds of love, Whose hearts the sweet-est u - nion prove,
Your friendship's like the strongest band, Yet we must take the part-ing hand.
D. C. And when I see that we must part, You draw like cords around my heart.

Your presence sweet, our u - nion dear, What joys we feel to - ge - ther here!

D. C.

2. How sweet the hours have passed a - way, Since we have met to sing and pray!
How loath are we to leave the place Where Je-sus shows his smil-ing face!
D. C. But, pil-grims in a for - eign land, We oft must take the part-ing hand.

Oh, could I stay with friends so kind, How would it cheer my faint-ing mind!

D. C.

ROYAL. C. M.

A. N. Smyser.

1. Lift up your heads, e - ter - nal gates! Un - fold to en - ter - tain The King of glo-ry:—see, he comes, With his ce-les-tial train, With his ce - les - tial train.

2. "Who is the King of glo - ry?—who?" The Lord, for strength renowned; In battle mighty,—o'er his foes E - ter-nal victor crowned, E - ter - nal vic - tor crowned.

3. Lift up your heads, e - ter - nal gates! Un - fold to en - ter - tain The King of glo-ry:—see, he comes, With all his shining train, With all his shin - ing train.

By permission.

MOORE. D. C. M.

T. HASTINGS.

1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn That gilds the sa - cred tomb, Where once the Cru - ci - fied was borne, And veiled in mid - night

2. Ye mourn - ing saints, dry ev' - ry tear For your de - part - ed Lord— Be - hold the place—he is not there, The tomb is all un-

1. gloom! O weep no more the Sa - viour slain— The Lord is risen—he lives a - gain.

2. barred; The gates of death were barred in vain: The Lord is risen—he lives a - gain.

3. Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend;
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your advocate and friend.
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4. How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O 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 that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again!

OWEN. C. M., with Chorus.

Moderate.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O how I long for thee! When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
Home, home, sweet home, my hap - py home, My home with Christ in heaven.

2. Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace, And cause me to as - cend Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths nev - er end.

3. Je - sus, my love, to glo - ry's gone; Him will I go and see; And all my breth - ren here be - low Will soon come af - ter me.
Home, home, sweet home, my hap - py home, My home with Christ in heaven.

BARNES. 7s.

1. Now be - gin the heav'n-ly theme, Sing a - loud in Je - sus' name; You who his sal - va-tion prove, Triumph in re - deeming love, Triumph in re-deem - ing love.
2. You, who see the Fa - ther's grace Beaming in the Saviour's face, As to Ca-naan on you move, Praise and bless redeem-ing love, Praise and bless redeem-ing love.

3. Mourning souls, dry up your tears, Ban-ish all your guilty fears; See your guilt and curse remove. Cancelled by re - deeming love, Cancelled by re-deem-ing love.

4. You, a - las! who long have been Will-ing slaves of death and sin, Now from bliss no long-er rove, Stop and taste re - deeming love, Stop and taste re - deem-ing love.
5. Hi - ther, then, your mu - sic bring, Strike a-loud each cheer-ful string; Mortals, join the hosts a - bove, Join to praise re - deeming love, Join to praise re - deem-ing love.

GENTLY LEAD US.

A. T. MAGNER.

Legato.

Ritard.

Gen - tly, Lord, O, gen - tly lead us Through this lonely vale of tears, Through this lone-ly vale of tears,

Gen-tly, Lord, O, gen-tly lead us, lead us vale of tears, Thro' this lone-ly vale of tears, Thro' this lonely vale of

Through this lonely vale of tears,

Gen-tly, Lord, O, gen-tly lead us vale of tears, Thro' this lone-ly vale of tears.

vale of tears; change ap - pears.

tears; When tempta-tion's darts as - sail us,

tears; Through the chan ges thou'st de - creed us, Till our last great change ap - pears.

vale of tears; change ap-pears. When in devious paths we

GENTLY LEAD US. Concluded.

we stray, Let thy goodness nev - er fail us, Lead us in thy per - fect way, thy per - fect way.

When in de - vious paths we stray, Let thy goodness nev - er fail us, Lead us in thy per - fect way, thy per - fect way.

Let thy goodness nev - er fail us, Lead us in thy per - fect way, thy per - fect way.

stray. .....

BERRY. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim through this bar - ren land:
   I am weak, but thou art might-y; Hold me with thy powerful hand;
   Bread of hea-ven, Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more.

2. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anxious fears sub - side:
   Bear me through the swelling tor - rent, Land me safe on Ca-naan's side;
   Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to thee.

BEAUTIFUL WORLD. 10s.

A. D. Fillmore.

1. We are going home, we've had visions bright Of that ho - ly land, that world of light,
Where the long dark night of time is past, And the morn e - ter - nal dawns at last;
Where the wea-ry saint no more shall roam, But dwell in a hap-py, peaceful home.

2. We are going home, and we soon shall be Where the sky is clear, and all are free;
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plains, And the seraphs' an-thems blend with its strains;
Where the sun pours down its brilliant flood, And beams on a world that's fair and good.

3. 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss, 'Mid the ho - ly ci - ty's gor - geous - ness:
'Mid the verdant plains, 'Mid the angels' cheer, 'Mid the saints that round the throne ap - pear;
Where the conqueror's song, as it sounds afar, Is wafted on the am - bro-sial air;

Slow.

1. Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned, And the waves of bliss are flow - ing round. Beau-ti - ful world! Beauti - ful world! Beauti-ful world! O that beau-ti-ful world!

2. Where the stars once dimm'd, at nature's doom, Will ever shine o'er the new earth's bloom. Beauti - ful world! Beauti - ful world! Beauti-ful world! O that beau-ti - ful world!

3. Thro' the endless years we then shall prove The riches of a Sa - viour's love. Beauti - ful world! Beauti-ful world! Beauti-ful world! O that beau-ti-ful world!

ANGELINE. L. M.

1. When-e'er a sin - ner turns to God, With con - trite heart and flow - ing eyes, The hap - py news makes an - gels smile, And tell their joys a - bove the skies.

2. Well may the church be - low re-joice, And e - cho back the heaven-ly sound; This soul was dead, but now's a - live; This sheep was lost, but now is found.

3. Glo - ry to God on high be giv'n, For this un-bounded love to men; Let saints be - low and saints a - bove In con - cert join the loud A-men!

BEAUFORT. 8s & 7s, with Chorus.

1. O thou Fount of ev' - ry bless-ing! Tune my heart to sing thy praise; Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing Call for songs of loud - est praise.
2. Teach me ev - er to a - dore thee, May I still thy good-ness prove, While the hope of end - less glo - ry Fills my heart with joy and love.

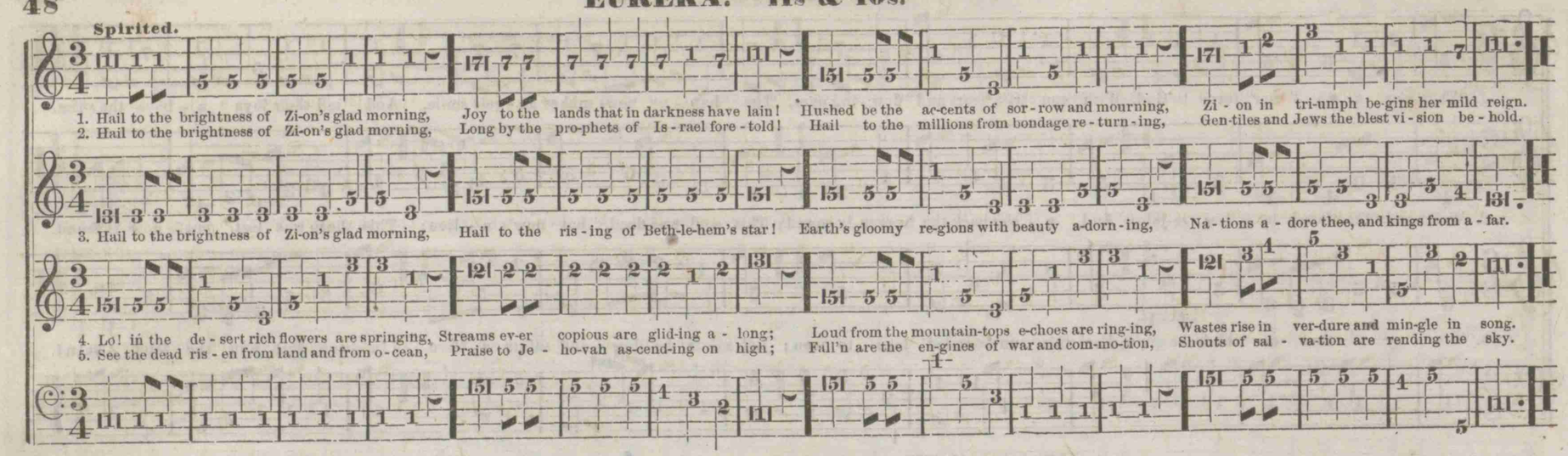
3. Here I'll raise my E - be - ne - zer, Hi - ther by thy help I've come, And I hope, by thy good plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
4. Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wan - d'ring from thy fold, O God! He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, Did re - deem me by his blood!

5. O! to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con-strained to be! Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind me clos - er still to thee!
6. Nev - er let me wan - der from thee, Nev - er leave thee whom I love; By thy Word and Spi - rit guide me, Till I reach thy courts a - bove.

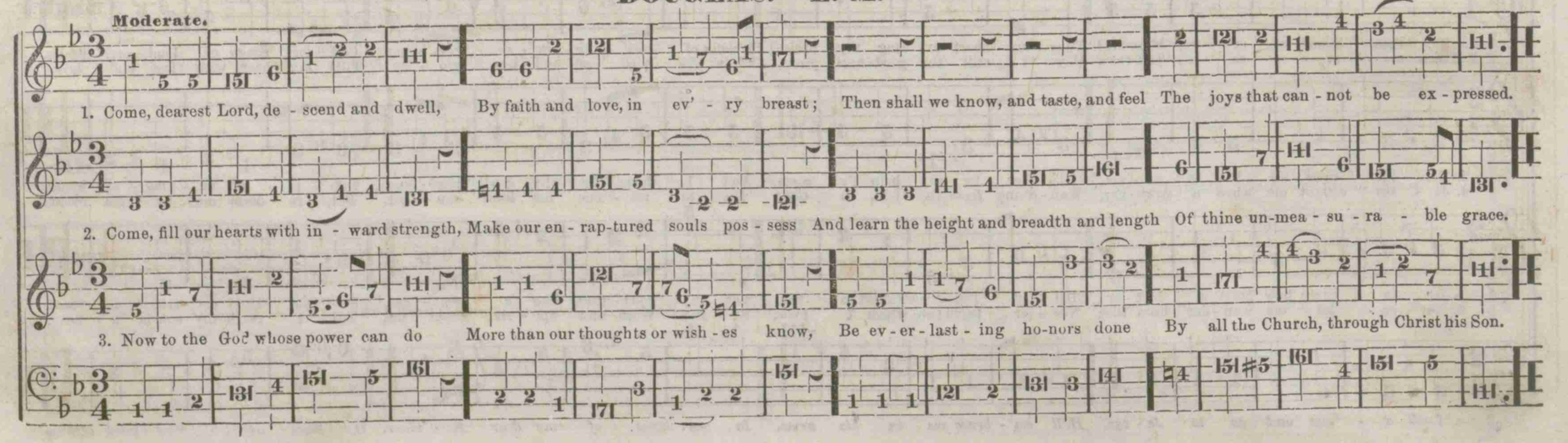
I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He'll em - brace me in his arms, In arms of my dear Sa - viour, O, there are ten thou - sand charms!

EUREKA. 11s & 10s.

A. D. FILLMORE.



DOUGLAS. L. M.



reign.
- hold.

131.
- far.

song.
sky.

111.
pressed.

131.
grace.

111.
his Son.

111.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Slow.

1. Be-fore Je - ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye nations, bow with sa-cred joy; Know that the Lord is God a-lone, He can cre-ate and he de - stroy.
2. His sovereign power, without our aid, Made us of clay and formed us men, And when like wandering sheep we strayed, He brought us to his fold a - gain.
3. We are his peo-ple—we his care—Our souls, and all our mor-tal frame: What lasting honors shall we rear, Al-mighty Ma-ker, to thy name?
4. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heavens our voices raise; And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
5. Wide as the world is thy command, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When rolling years shall cease to move.

BLENDON. L. M.

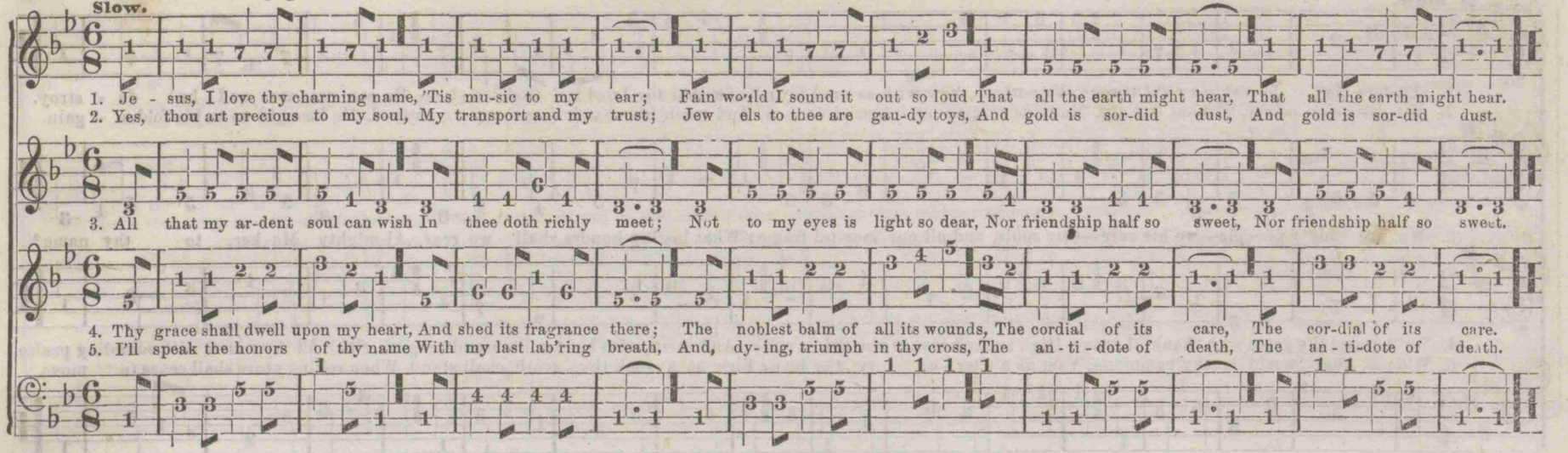
GIARDINI.

1. King Jesus, reign for ev - ermore, Un - ri - valled in thy courts a-bove; While we, with all thy saints, a-dore The won-ders of re - deem-ing love.
2. No oth-er Lord but thee we'll know, No oth - er power but thine confess; We'll spread thine honors while below, And heaven shall hear us shout thy grace.
3. We'll sing along the heaven-ly road That leads us to thy blest a-bode, Till with the vast un-num-bered throng We join in heaven's triumphant song,—
4. Till, with pure hands and voices sweet, We cast our crowns at Je - sus' feet, And sing of ev - er - last - ing love In nev - er - end-ing strains a - bove.

By permission.

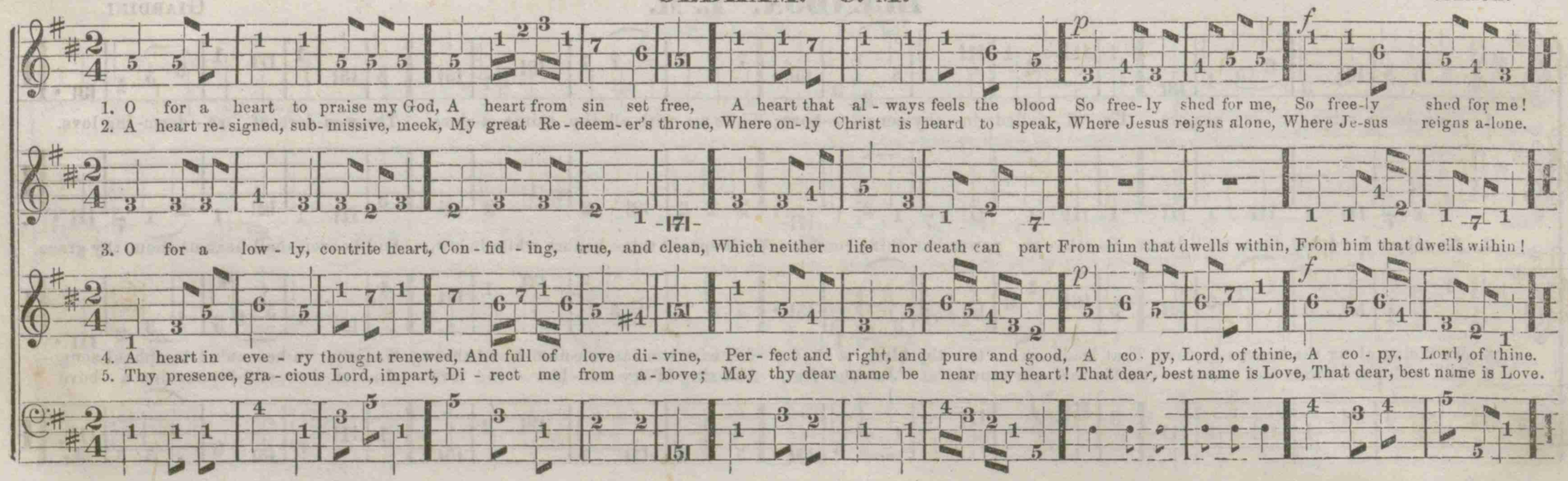
ORTONVILLE. C. M.

T. HASTINGS.



OLDHAM. C. M.

LEACH.



NEW SABBATH. L. M.

1. While we the emp - ty tomb sur - vey, We sing the tri - umphs of this day: The Sa - viour rose! He broke death's chain, And
2. The bar - ren grave, on this blest morn, Brought forth our Sa - viour, her first-born; Soon shall she feel a se - cond throe, And
3. The life which wrought in Christ our head Se - cures our ris - ing from the dead: This faith does all our fears con - trol, This
4. Our ris - en Lord all things o - bey; E'en death and hell must own his sway: While saints with one ac - cord pro - claim The

MARSHALL. 8, 6, 6.

1. all our hell - ish foes are slain.
2. bring forth all his breth - ren too.
3. gives a Sab - bath to the soul.
4. glo - ry of his end - less fame.

1. Ere I sleep, for eve-ry fa-vor This day showed by my God, I do bless my Sa - viour.
2. Leave me not, but ev - er love me; Let thy peace be my bliss, Till thou hence re - move me.
3. Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tower; Safely keep, while I sleep, Me with all thy pow - er.
4. And whene'er in death I slum-ber, Let me rise, with the wise, Counted in their num - ber.

By permission.

FRAGRANCE. C. M.

T. HARRISON.

1. Let not your hearts with anx - ious thoughts Be trou - bled or dis-mayed: But trust in God your Fa - ther's care, And trust my gra - cious aid.
2. I to my Fa - ther's house re - turn; There num'-rous man - sions stand, And glo - ry man - i - fold a - bounds Through all the hap - py land.
3. I go your en - trance to se - cure, And your a - bode pre - pare; Re - gions un-known are safe to you, When I, your friend, am there.
4. Thence shall I come, when a - ges close, To take you home with me; There shall we meet tc part no more, Where sor - rows ne'er shall be.
5. I am the Way, the Truth, the Life; No son of hu - man race, But such as I con - duct and guide, Shall see my Fa - ther's face.

BALERMA. C. M.

Slow.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Poured from Im - ma - nuel's veins; And sin - ners plunged be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day; And there have I, though vile as he, Washed all my sins a - way.
3. O Lamb of God! thy pre - cious blood Shall ne - ver lose its power Till all the ran-somed sons of God Be saved— to sin no more.
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply, Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
5. And when this lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave, Then, in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing thy power to save.

Slow.

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 thy 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. A thou-sand a - ges in thy sight Are like an even - ing gone; Short as the watch that ends the night, Be - fore the ris - ing sun.

BEDFORD. C. M.

WHEALL.

5. The bu - sy tribes of flesh and blood, With all their cares and fears, Are car - ried downward by the flood, And lost in fol - lowing years.

6. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way: They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the open - ing day.

7. O God! our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Be thou our guard while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.

BREWER. L. M.

1. I love to see the glo - rious sun First tinge the east with purple dye, And then with glowing splendor run A - long the loft - y azure sky.
2. I love to see the orb of night Glide o'er her glit-tering, starry way, And with her brilliant, sil - ver light, Up - on the wa - ter's surface play.
3. But lovelier far than these ap - pear Re - ligion's calm and flowery ways; They soothe vain sorrow, dry the tear, And end with joy our earthly days.

ROCHESTER. C. M.

Slow--Devotionally.

1. Come bold-ly to the throne of grace, Our great High-Priest is there; Come venture to that ho - ly place, Be - neath his guard - ian care.
2. Come bold-ly to the throne of grace, Where Jesus kind - ly pleads; Ours can-not be a desperate case, While Je - sus in - ter - cedes.
3. Come bold-ly to the throne of grace, The cen-tre of his love; Where sweet at - trac - tions ne - ver cease To draw our hearts a - bove.
4. Come bold-ly to the throne of grace, And all our tri - als name; In eve - ry point our Lord will trace That he en - dured the same.
5. Come bold-ly to the throne of grace, With all our wants and fears; The Saviour's hand shall kind - ly chase A - way the bit - terest tears.
6. Come bold-ly to the throne of grace, There shall our spi - rits soar; There we will pray and ne - ver cease, Till time shall be no more.

1. If life's pleasures charm thee, give them not thy heart, Lest the gift ensnare thee, from thy God to part; His fa - vor seek, his praises speak, Fix here your hope's found-
2. If dis-tress be - fall thee, painful though it be, Let not grief ap - pall thee; To thy Saviour flee: He, ev - er near, your prayer will hear, And calm thy per - tur-
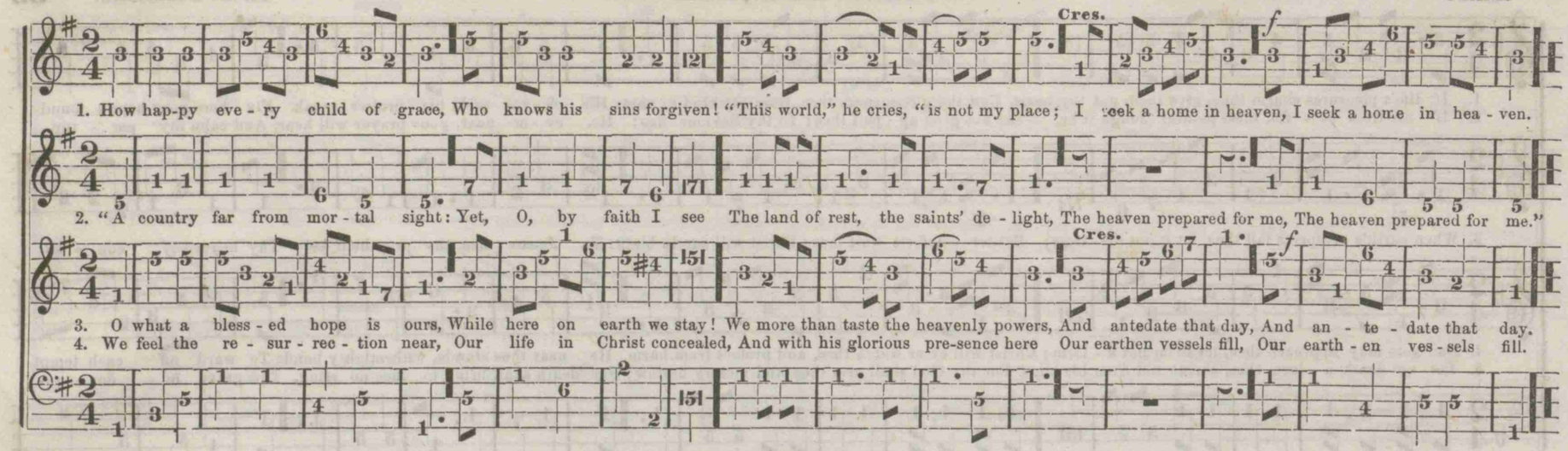
3. When earth's prospects fail thee, let it not dis - tress; Bet-ter comforts wait thee; Christ will surely bless: To Je-sus flee, thy prop he'll be, Thy heaven-ly con - so-

4. Dan-gers may approach thee, let them not a - larm; Christ will ev-er watch thee, and protect from harm. He near thee stands, with mighty hands To ward off each tempt-
5. Let not death a - larm thee, shrink not from his blow, For thy God shall arm thee, and victory bestow; For death shall bring to thee no sting, The grave no de - so-

1. a - tion; Serve him, and he will ev - er be The Rock of thy sal - va - tion, The Rock of thy sal - va - tion, The Rock of thy sal - va - tion.
2. la-tion; The waves of woe shall ne'er o'er - flow The Rock of thy sal - va - tion, The Rock of thy sal - va - tion, The Rock of thy sal - va - tion.
3. la-tion; For griefs be-low can - not o'er - flow The Rock of thy sal - va - tion, The Rock of thy sal - va - tion, The Rock of thy sal - va - tion.
4. a-tion; To Je - sus fly, he's ev - er nigh, The Rock of thy sal - va - tion, The Rock of thy sal - va - tion, The Rock of thy sal - va - tion.
5. la-tion; 'Tis gain to die, with Je - sus nigh, The Rock of thy sal - va - tion, The Rock of thy sal - va - tion, The Rock of thy sal - va - tion.

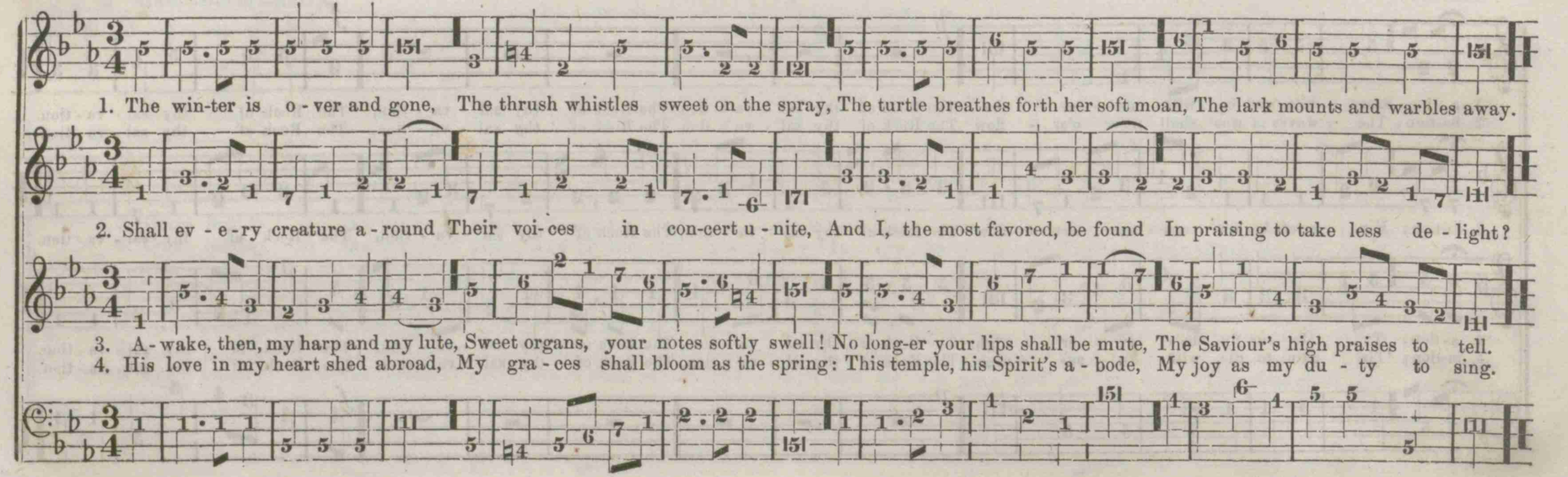
ENERGY. C. M.

CLARK



SWEETNESS. 8s.

CLARK.



1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From In-dia's co-ral strand, Where Afric's sun-ny foun-tains Roll down their gold-en sand, From many an an-cient riv-er, From

2. What though the spicy breez-es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Though every prospect pleas-es, And on-ly man is vile? In vain with lav-ish kind-ness The

3. Can we, whose souls are lighted With wis-dom from on high, Can we to men be-night-ed The lamp of life de-ny? Sal-va-tion! O sal-va-tion! The
4. Waft, waft, you winds, his sto-ry, And you, ye wa-ters, roll, Till, like a sea of glo-ry, It spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ransomed na-ture The

1. many a palm-y plain, They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain, They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain.

2. gifts of God are strewn; The hea-then, in their blindness, Bow down to wood and stone, The heathen, in their blindness, Bow down to wood and stone.

3. joy-ful sound pro-claim, Till earth's re-mot-est na-tion Has learned Messiah's name, Till earth's re-mot-est na-tion Has learned Messiah's name.
4. Lamb for sin-ners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Crea-tor, In bliss re-turns to reign, Re-deemer, King, Cre-a-tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

BABEL'S STREAM. 10s.

J. C. Smith.

Plaintively.

1. A - long the banks where Babel's cur - rent flows, Our cap-tive bands in deep despond - ence strayed, While Zi - on's fall in sad re-mem - brance rose, Her
2. The tuneless harp that once with joy we strung, When praise employed and mirth inspired the lay, In mourn - ful si - lence on the wil - lows hung, And
3. O how in hea - then chains and lands un - known Shall Is-rael's sons a song of Zi - on raise? O hap - less Sa - lem, God's ter-res - trial throne, Thou
4. If e'er my mem'-ry lose thy love - ly name, If my cold heart neg-lect my kin - dred race, Let dire de - struc - tion seize this guilt - y frame, My
5. Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zi - on calls, O'er - take her foes with ter - ror and dis - may; His arm a - venge her de - so - lat - ed walls, And

CONTRITION. 7s.

Miss L. J. Neely.

1. friends, her chil-dren min-gled with the dead.
2. grow-ing grief pro - longed the te - dious day.
3. land of glo - ry, sa - cred mount of praise!
4. hand shall per - ish, and my voice shall cease.
5. raise thy chil - dren to e - ter - nal day.

Slow.

1. For a sea - son called to part, Let us now our - selves commend To the gra - cious eye and heart
Of our ev - er - pre - sent Friend.

2. Je - sus, hear our hum - ble prayer, Ten-der Shep-herd of thy sheep; Let thy mer - cy and thy care
All our souls in safe - ty keep.

D. S.

ST. PETER'S. L. M.

1. Blest hour, when mortal man re-tires To hold com-mu - nion with his God; To send to heaven his warm desires, And lis - ten to the sa-cred word!

2. Blest hour, when earthly cares re-sign Their em - pire o'er his anx-ious breast, While all around the calm di - vine Proclaims the trust - ing soul at rest!

3. Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh, Well pleased his peo-ple's voice to hear, To hush the pe - ni-ten-tial sigh, And wipe a - way the mourner's tear!

4. Blest hour! for where the Lord resorts, Foretastes of fu - ture bliss are given, And mortals find his earth-ly courts The house of God, the gate of heaven.

BETHEL. 7s, with chorus.

1st time. 2d time. Chorus.

1. To thy tem-ple we re - pair, And we love to wor-ship there:
While to thee our prayers as-cend, Let thine ear in.....love at-tend.
} Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! A - men.

2. While thy glorious name is sung, Tune our lips, in - spire our tongue;
Then our joy-ful souls shall bless Christ the Lord, our.....righteous-ness.
} Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! A - men.

1st time. 2d time.

3. While thy word is heard with awe, While we trem - ble at thy law,
Let thy gos-pel's wondrous love Eve-ry doubt and.....fear re-move.
} Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! A - men.

BRIGHTON. C. M.

1. Hail! sa - cred truth, whose pierc - ing rays Dis - pel the shades of night, Dif - fus - ing o'er the men - tal world
2. Thy word, O Lord, with friend - ly aid, Re - stores our wan - dering feet, Con - verts the sor - rows of the mind
3. O send thy light and truth a - broad, In all their ra - diant blaze, And bid th' ad - mir ing world a - dore

1. The heal - - - - - - ing beams of light, Dif - fus - ing o'er the men - tal world, Diffus-ing o'er the men - tal world The heal - ing beams of light.
2. To joys - - - - - - di - vine - ly sweet, Con-verts the sor-rows of the mind, Converts the sorrows of the mind To joys di - vine - ly sweet.
3. The glo - - - - - - ries of thy grace, And bid th' admir-ing world a - dore, And bid th' admiring world adore The glo - ries of thy grace.

1. Dif - fus - ing o'er the men-tal world The heal - ing beams of light, Dif - fus - ing o'er the men - tal world. Diffus-ing o'er the men - tal world The heal - ing beams of light.
2. Con-verts the sor - rows of the mind To joys di - vine - ly sweet, Con-verts the sor-rows of the mind. Converts the sorrows of the mind To joys di - vine - ly sweet.
3. And bid th' admir - ing world a - dore The glo - ries of thy grace, And bid th' admiring world a-dore, And bid th' admiring world a-dore The glo - ries of thy grace.

1. The heal - - - - - - ing beams of light, Dif - fus - ing o'er the men - tal world, Diffus-ing o'er the men - tal world The heal - ing beams of light.
2. To joys - - - - - - s di - vine - ly sweet, Con-verts the sor-rows of the mind, Converts the sorrows of the mind To joys di - vine - ly sweet.
3. The glo - - - - - - ries of thy grace, And bid th' admiring world a-dore, And bid th' admiring world a-dore The glo - ries of thy grace.

1. Dif - fus - ing o'er the men-tal world The heal - ing beams of light, Dif - fus - ing o'er the men - tal world, Diffusing o'er the men - tal world The heal - ing beams of light.

CLERMONT. 11s & 5s.

1. When the fierce north wind, with his airy forces, Rears up the o - cean to a foaming fu - ry, And the red lightning with the storm of hail comes Rushing a-main down, Rushing amain down,
2. How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble, While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet, Roars a loud on - set to the gaping wa - ters, Quick to devour them, Quick to devour them!

3. Such shall the noise be, and the wild dis-or-der, If things e - ter - nal may be like these earthly, Such the dire ter - ror, when the great archangel Shakes the cre - a - tion, Shakes the cre-a-tion,
4. Tears the strong pillars of the vaulted heavens, Breaks up old mar-ble, the re-pose of prin-ces, Sees the graves o-pen and the dead a - ris - ing, Flames all around them, Flames all around them.

5. Stop here, my fan-cy! all a-way, ye hor-rid Dole-ful i - de - as! come, a-rise to Je - sus: How he sits God-like, and the saints around him, Throned, yet adoring, Throned, yet adoring!
6. O may I sit there when he comes triumphant, Dooming the nations; then ascend to glo - ry, While our ho-san-nas all a-long the pass-age Shout the Redeem-er, Shout the Redeem-er.

RIVES. L. M.

1. Now let our souls, on wings sublime, Rise from the van-i-ties of time, Draw back the part - ing vail, and see The glo-ries of e - ter - ni - ty.
2. Born by a new ce-les-tial birth, Why should we grovel here on earth? Why grasp at tran - si - to - ry toys? So near to heaven's e - ter - nal joys?

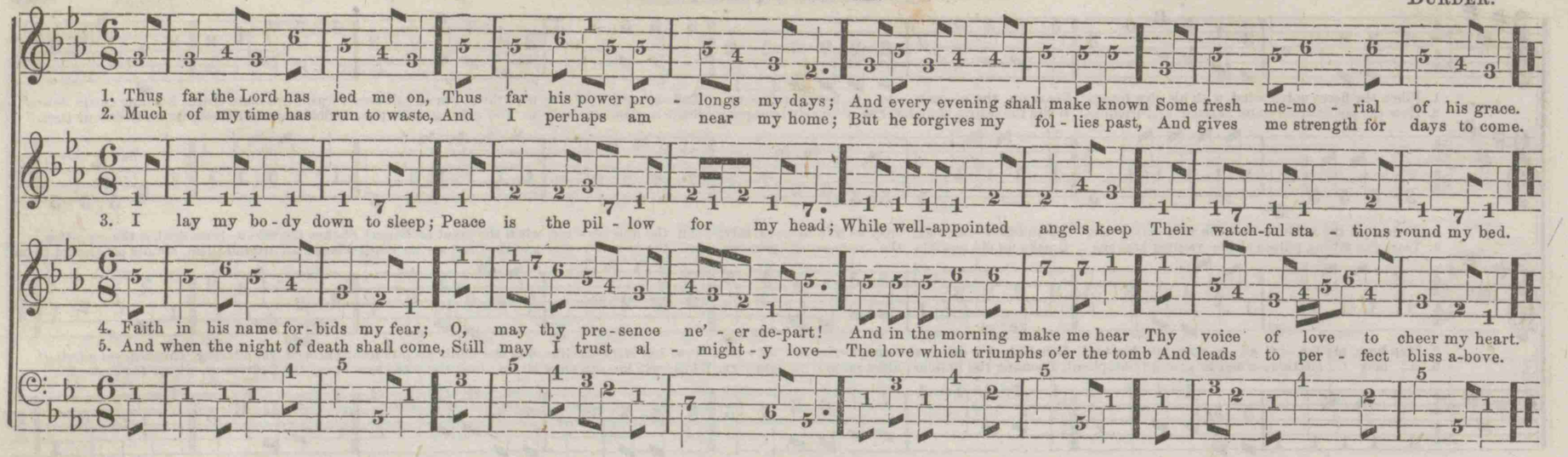
3. Should aught beguile us on the road When we are journeying back to God? For pilgrims through the earth we roam, And dy - ing is but go - ing home.

4. Welcome the hour of full discharge, That sets our longing souls at large, Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell, And gives us with our God to dwell!
5. To dwell with God—to feel his love— Is the full heaven enjoyed a - bove, And the blest ex - pect-a-tion now Is the young dawn of heaven be - low.

Moderate

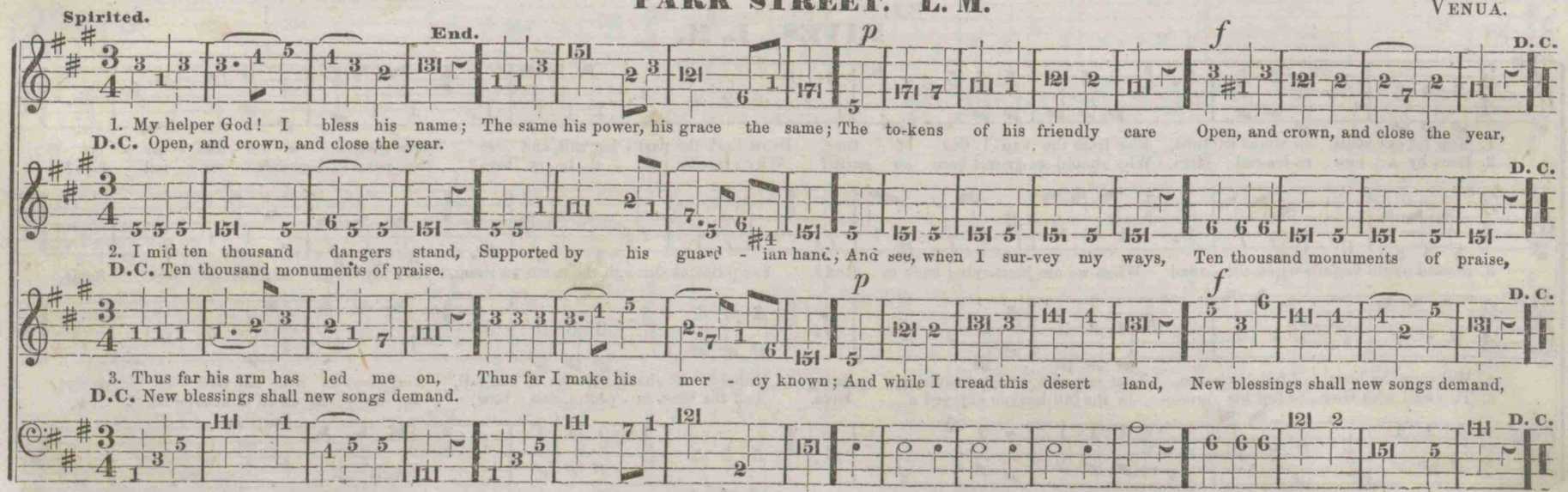
LUTON. L. M.

BURDER.



PARK STREET. L. M.

VENUA.



GREEN'S HUNDREDTH. L. M.

Choral.

1. Peace, trou-bled soul, thou needst not fear, Thy great Pro - vi - der still is near; Who fed thee last will feed thee still: Be calm, and sink in - to his will.
2. The Lord, who built the earth and sky, In mer - cy stoops to hear thy cry; This pro - mise all may free - ly claim: "Ask, and re - ceive, in Je - sus' name."
3. His stores are o - pen, full, and free To such as tru - ly up - right be: Wa - ter and bread he'll give for food, With all things else which he sees good.
4. With - out re - serve, give Christ your heart; Let him his right - eous - ness im - part; Then all things else he'll free - ly give; With him you all things shall re - ceive.
5. Thus shall the soul be tru - ly blest Who seeks in God his on - ly rest: May I that hap - py per - son be, In time and in e - ter - ni - ty.

MEDFIELD. L. M.

WM. BILLINGS.

1. Lift up your hearts, Im-man - uel's friends, And taste the plea - sure Je - sus sends; Let no-thing cause you to de - lay, But has - ten on the good old way.
2. Our con - flicts here, though great they be, Shall not pre - vent our vic - to - ry, If we but watch, and strive, and pray, Like sol - diers in the good old way.
3. O good old way, how sweet thou art! May none of us from thee de - part; But may our ac - tions al - ways say, We're marching in the good old way.
4. Ye val - iant souls, for heaven con - tend; Re-mem - ber, glo - ry's at the end; Our God will wipe all tears a - way, When we have run the good old way.
5. Then far be - yond this mor - tal shore, We'll meet with those who've gone before; Through grace divine we'll gain the day, By marching in the good old way.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

1. Raise your tri - umph- ant songs To tell of vic - tory won; Let the wide earth re - sound the deeds Ce - les - tial grace has done.
2. Sing how E - ter - nal Love His Chief Be - lov - ed chose, And bade him raise our wretch - ed race From their a - byss of woes.

3. His hand no thun - der bears, Nor ter - ror clothes his brow, No bolts to drive our guilt - y souls To fierc - er flames be - low.
4. He shows his Fa - ther's love To raise our souls on high; He came with par - dons from a - bove For re - bels doomed to die.

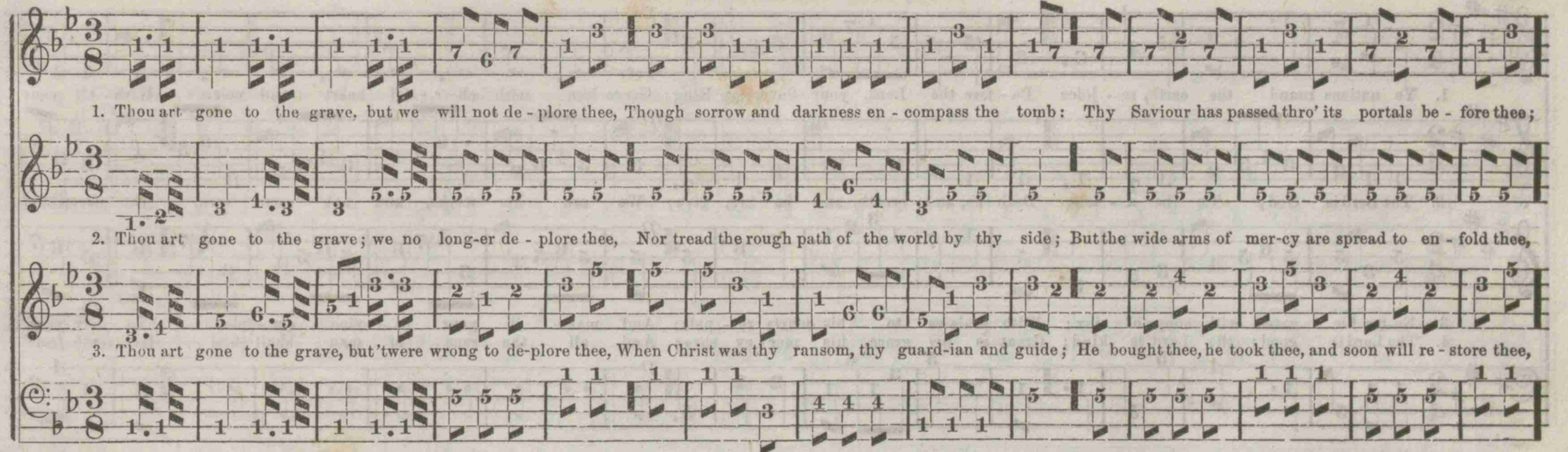
5. Now, sin - ners, dry your tears, Let hope - less sor - row cease; Bow to the scep - tre of his love, And take the of - fered peace.
6. Lord, we o - bey thy call: We lay an hum - ble claim To the sal - va - tion thou hast brought, And love and praise thy name.
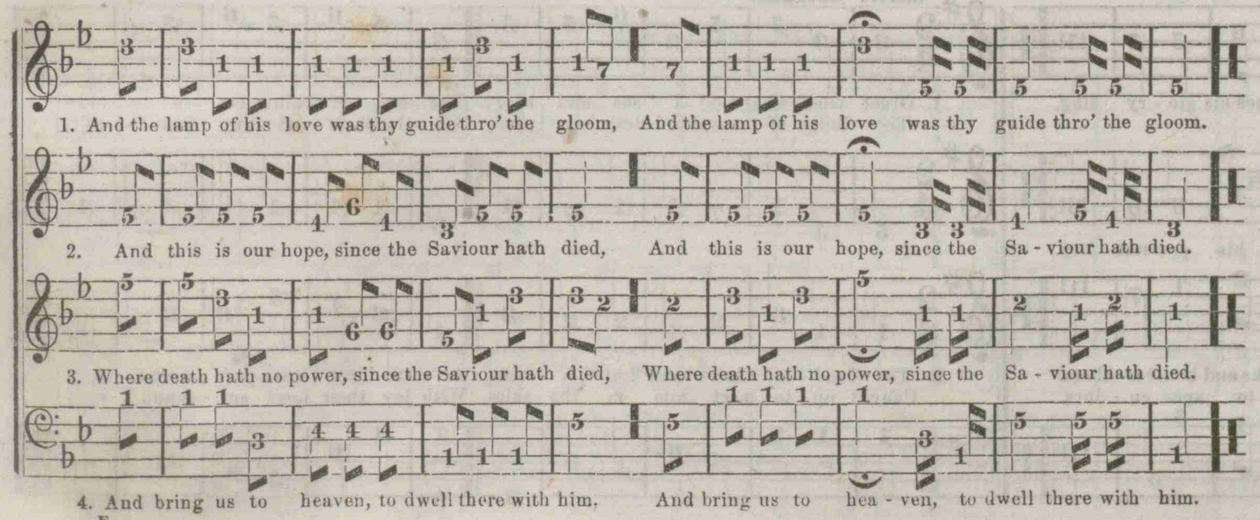
Chorus.

f *f* *ff*

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

p *p* *f* *f* *ff*





2. Not angels in glory, nor seraphs above,
Can fathom the ocean of infinite love:
Their wisdom can't reach it; they cannot tell why
The Sovereign of angels for sinners should die.
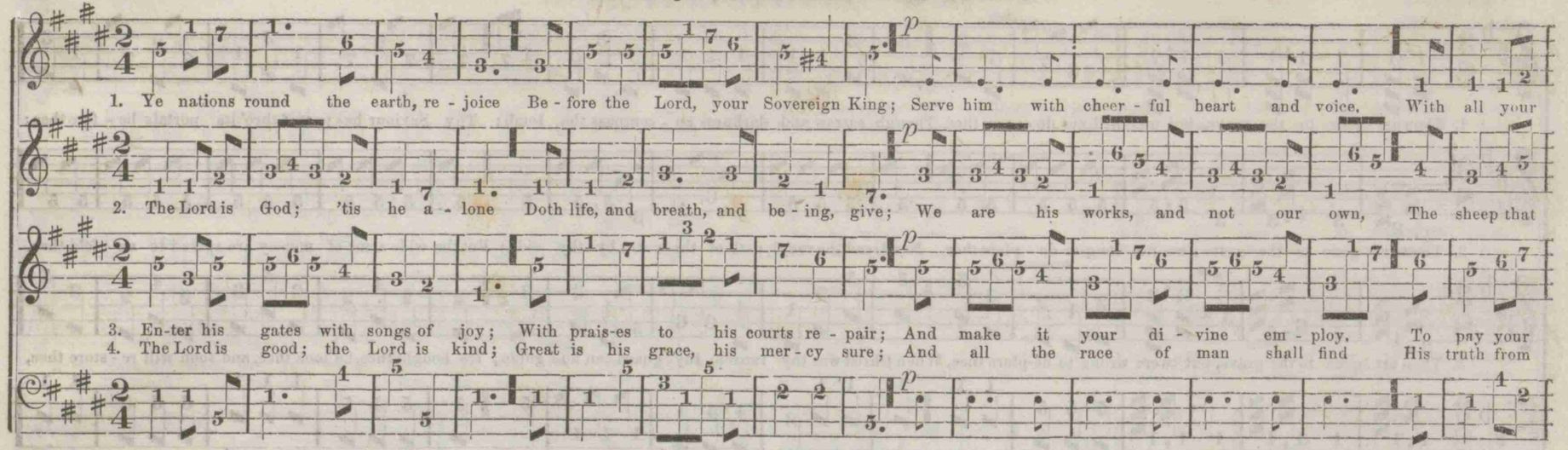
3. In regions of darkness, death, sorrow and pains,
We all lay in ruin, in prison and chains;
But Jesus has bought us with his precious blood,
The ransom provided to bring us to God.

4. Oh, why should we linger in regions below,
When rivers of pleasure in Paradise flow?
So sweetly they glide through the regions above,
And stream ever fresh from the fountain of love.

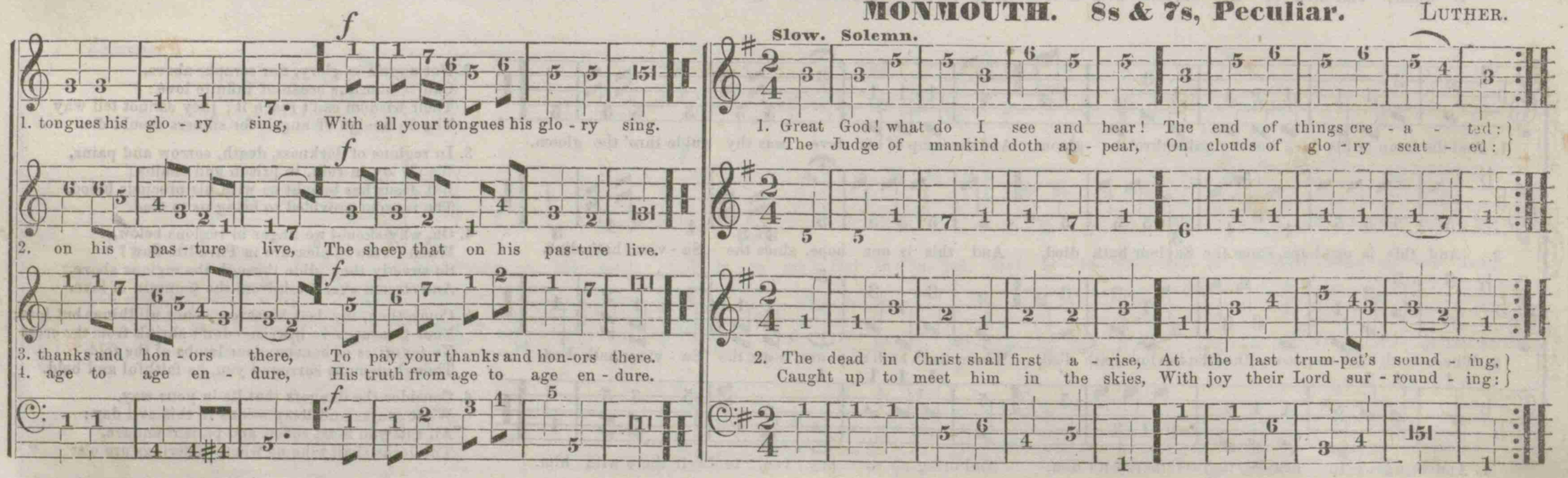
5. Come, then, my dear brethren, count all things but loss;
Your treasure's in heaven—don't shrink from the cross
Ye favorites of heaven, dear lambs of the fold,
Though demons surround you, be faithful and bold.

6. Consider the dangers that lie in your way,
What snares and temptations in this evil day;
All this you must suffer, and patient endure,
Till Jesus shall take us where sufferings are o'er

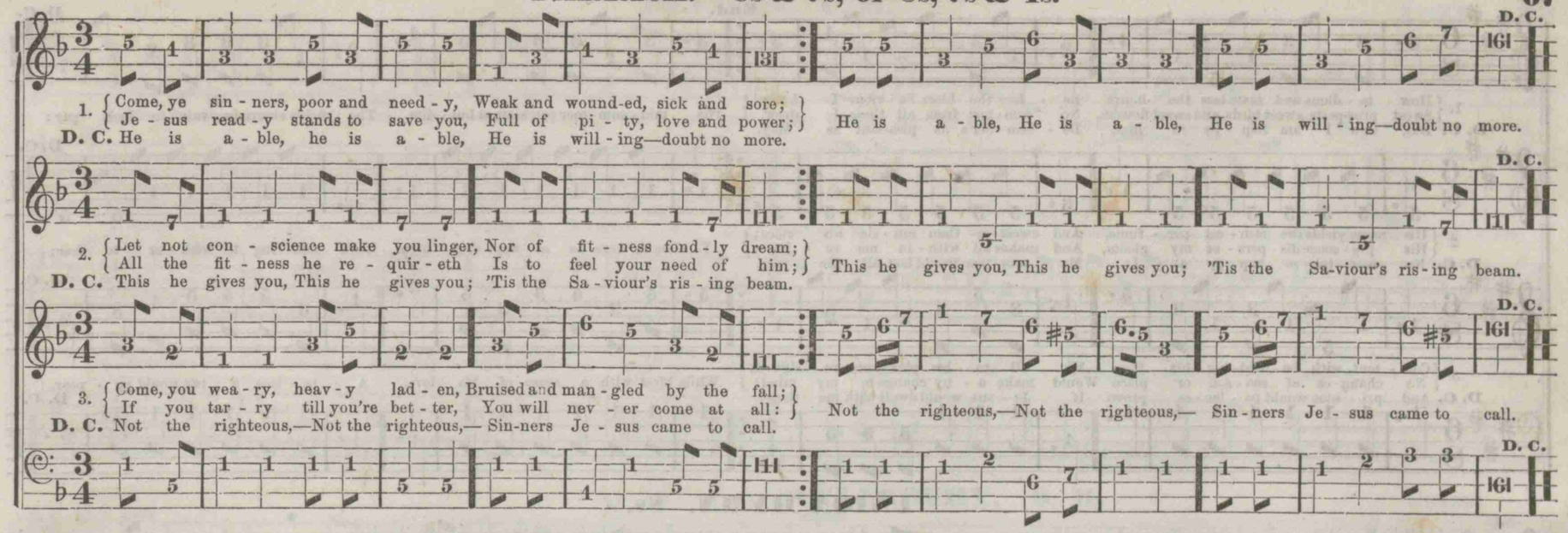
TRANQUILLITY. L. M.



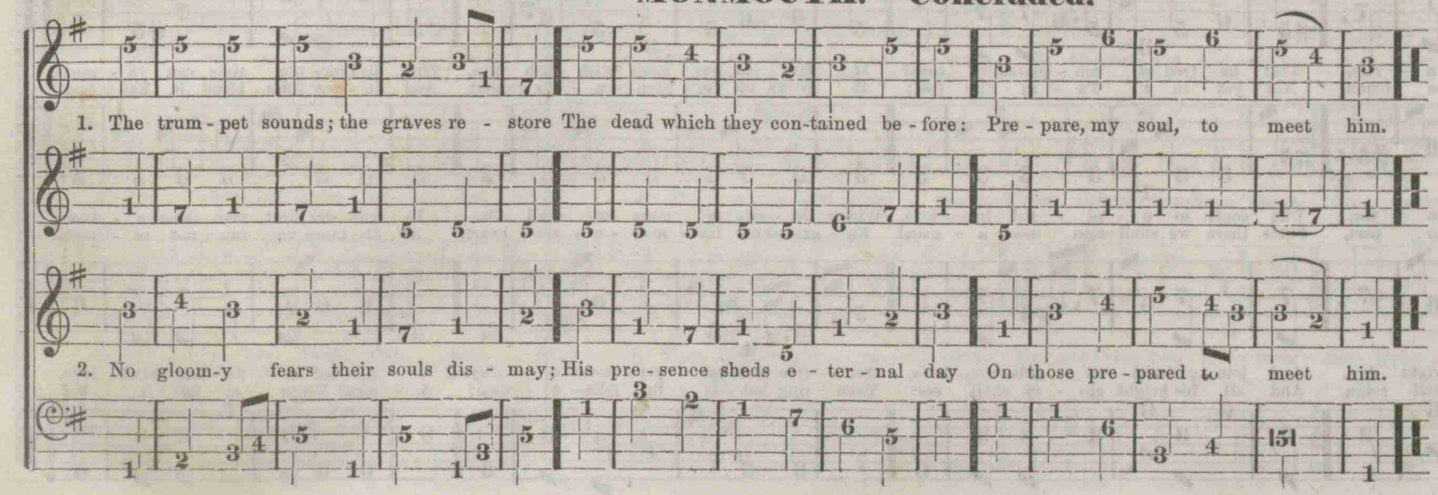
MONMOUTH. 8s & 7s, Peculiar. LUTHER.



PARRISH. 8s & 7s, or 8s, 7s & 4s.



MONMOUTH. Concluded.



4. Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

5. Lo! the risen Lord, ascending,
Pleads the virtue of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6. Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo to his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners now his love proclaim.

GREENFIELD. 8s.

End. D. C.

1. How te - dious and taste-less the hours Be - fore the blest Sa - viour I knew!
   Sweet pros-pects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, No com - fort from all these I drew.
   D. C. But, now I am hap - py in him, De - cem - ber's as plea-sant as May.
   The mid - sum - mer sun seemed but dim, The fields strove in vain to look gay:

D. C.

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;

D. C.

3. Con - tent with be - hold - ing his face, My all to his plea - sure re - signed;
   No chang - es of sea - son or place Would make a - ny change in my mind:
   D. C. And pri - sons would pa - lac - es prove If Je - sus would dwell with me there.
   While blest with a sense of his love, A pa - lace a toy would ap - pear,

D. C.

UNION HYMN. 8s.

1. From whence does this U - nion a - rise, That ha - tred is con - quered by love? It fast - ens our souls with such ties, That dis-tance nor time can re - move.
2. It can - not in E - den be found, Nor yet in a Pa - ra - dise lost; It grows on Im - man - u - el's ground, And Je - sus' life's - blood it has cost.
3. My friends so en - deared un - to me, Our souls so u - ni - ted in love, Where Je - sus is gone we shall be, In yon - der blest man - sions a - bove.
4. Why then so un - will - ing to part, Since there we shall soon meet a - gain? En - graved on Im - man - u - el's heart, At dis - tance we can - not re - main.
5. And then we shall see that bright day, And join with the an - gels a - bove, Set free from our pri - sons of clay, U - ni - ted in Je - sus' kind love.
6. With Je - sus we ev - er shall reign, And all his bright glo - ry shall see: Then sing hal - le - lu - jahs— A - men! A - men! E-ven so let it be!

DEVIZES. C. M.

1. Blest be the dear u - nit - ing love That will not let us part; Our bod-ies may far off re - move, We still are one in heart,
2. Joined in one spi - rit to our Head, Where he ap - points we'll go; And still in Je - sus' foot - steps tread, And show his praise be - low,
3. Par - ta-kers of the Sa - viour's grace, The same in mind and heart; Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place, Nor life, nor death, can part,
4. But let us has - ten to that day Which shall our flesh re - store; When death shall all be done a - way, And Christians part no more,

AYLESBURY. S. M.

GREEN.

1. We still are one in heart.
2. And show his praise be - low.
3. Nor life, nor death, can part.
4. And Christians part no more.

1. While my Re - deem - er's near, My Shepherd and my Guide, I bid farewell to ev' - ry fear, My wants are all sup - plied.
2. To ev - er - fra - grant meads, Where rich a - bun-dance grows, His gracious hand in - dul-gent leads, And guards my sweet re - pose.
3. Dear Shepherd, if I stray, My wand'ring feet re - store, And guard me with thy watch-ful eye, And let me rove no more.

COLCHESTER. C. M.

WILLIAMS.

Slowly.

1. We sing the Sa-viour's won - drous death: He con - quered when he fell; 'Tis fin - ished! said his dy - ing breath, And shook the gates of hell.

2. His cross a sure foun - da - tion laid, For glo - ry and re - nown, When through the re-gions of the dead He passed to reach the crown.

3. Raise your de - vo - tion, mor - tal tongues, His prais - es to re - cord; Sweet be the accents of your songs To your vic - to - rious Lord.
4. Bright an - gels, strike your loud - est strings, Your sweet - est voi - ces raise; Let heaven and all cre - a - ted things Sound our Im - man-uel's praise.

CLARENDON. C. M.

TUCKER.

1. Je - sus, in thy trans - porting name What glo - ries meet our eyes! Thou art the seraphs' lof - ty theme, The won - der of the skies.

2. Well might the heav'ns with won-der view A love so strange as thine; No thought of an - gels ev - er knew Com - pas - sion so di - vine!

3. And didst thou, Sa - viour, leave the sky To sink be - neath our woes? Didst thou de - scend to bleed and die For thy re - bel - lious foes?
4. O, may our will - ing hearts con-fess Thy sweet, thy gen - tle sway, Glad cap - tives of thy match-less grace, Thy right-eous rule o - bey.

KENTUCKY. S. M.

Slow—glidingly.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian 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. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.
4. This glo - rious hope re - vives Our cour - age by the way; While each in ex - pec - ta - tion lives, And longs to see the day.
5. From sor - row, toil, and pain, And sin, we shall be free; And per - fect love and friend - ship reign Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

CONCORDIA. S. M.

C. L. Fillmore.

1. Let Chris-tians all a - gree, And peace a - mong them spread; Gen - tile and Jew, and bond and free, Are one in Christ their head.
2. A - mong the saints on earth Let fer - vent love be found; Heirs of the same in - her - it - ance, With com - mon bless - ings crowned.
3. Let en - vy (child of hell!) Be ban - ished far a - way; Those should in strict - est friend-ship dwell Who the same Lord o - bey.
4. Thus will the church be - low Re - sem - ble that a - bove, Where streams of end - less plea - sure flow, And eve - ry heart is love.

BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

EDSON.

Deliberately.

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

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

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

1. eve - ry land, by eve - ry tongue.
2. suns shall rise and set no more.

1. eve-ry tongue, Through every land, by eve - ry tongue.
2. set no more, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

eve - ry land, by eve - ry tongue.

EXHORTATION. C. M.

1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a

1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a

EXHORTATION. Concluded.

wish - ful eye To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my posses-sions lie,..... Where my posses-sions lie.

To Canaan's fair and hap - - py land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie, Where my posses-sions lie.

wish - ful eye To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses - sions lie, To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my possessions lie.

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my posses - sions lie,..... To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my posses-sions lie.

DORT. 6s & 4s.

1. Let us a - wake our joys; Strike up with cheer-ful voice; Each creature sing; An - gels, be - gin the song, Mor - tals, the strain pro-long, In ac-cents sweet and strong, Je - sus is King.
2. Pro-claim a - broad his name; Tell of his matchless fame, What wonders done; A - bove, be - neath, a - round, Let all the earth resound, Till heaven's high arch resound, "The vic-tory won."

1. Come, all ye saints of God; Wide through the earth a-broad Spread Je-sus' fame; Tell what his love hath done, Trust in his name a - lone, Shout to his lof - ty throne, "Worthy the Lamb!"

2. Hence, gloomy doubts and fears: Dry up your mournful tears, Swell the glad theme; Praise ye our gra-cious King; Strike each me - lo - dious string; Join heart and voice to sing, "Worthy the Lamb."
3. Hark! how the choirs a - bove, Filled with the Saviour's love, Dwell on his name! There too may we be found, With light and glo - ry crowned, While all the heavens resound, "Worthy the Lamb."

MOUNT PLEASANT. C. M.

LEACH.

1. Let o - thers boast of wealth or power, And glo - ry in their pride; Thy word, O God, we val - ue more Than all the world be - side,
2. Here mines of know - ledge, love, and joy Are o - pen to our sight; The pu - rest gold, with - out al - loy, And gems di - vine - ly bright,

3. The coun - sels of re - deem - ing grace These sa - cred leaves un - fold, And here the Sa - viour's love - ly face Our raptured eyes be - hold,
4. Here light de - scend - ing from a - bove Di - rects our doubt - ful feet; Here pro - mi - ses of heaven - ly love Our ar - dent wishes meet,

5. Our nu - merous griefs are here redressed, And all our wants sup - plied; Naught we can ask to make us blest Is in this book de - nied,
6. For these in - es - ti - ma - ble gains, That so en - rich the mind, O may we search with ea - ger pains, As - sured that we shall find,

OCEAN. 8s & 7s.

Than all the world be - side.
And gems di - vine - ly bright.

Our rap - tured eyes be - hold.
Our ar - dent wish - es meet.

Is in this book de - nied.
As - sured that we shall find.

S. End. D. S.

1. Once a - gain thy throne ad - dressing,—Thou our eve - ry want dost know,—Lord, we ask a Fa - ther's bless - ing
On our spi - rits ere we go.

S. D. S.

2. True, thy love our hearts did nou - rish, As our faith drank in thy word; But, to make our gra - ces flou - rish,
Send a part - ing bless - ing, Lord.

S. D. S.

3. Quickly, Lord,—our suit is press - ing,—Let thy bound - less mer - cy flow; Lord, we wait a Fa - ther's bless - ing
On our spi - rits ere we go.

S. D. S.

PETERBORO. C. M.

1. Lord, I have made thy word my choice, My last - ing her - i - tage; It shall my no - blest powers re - joice, My warm - est thoughts en - gage.
2. I'll read the his - tory of thy love, And keep thy law in sight; While thro' the pro - mi - ses I rove With ev - er fresh de - light.
3. 'Tis a broad land of wealth un - known, Where springs of life a - rise, Seeds of im - mor - tal bliss are sown, And hid - den glo - ry lies.
4. The best re - lief that mourn - ers have, It makes our sor - rows blest; Our fair - est hope be - yond the grave, And our e - ter - nal rest.

STERLING. L. M.

HARRISON.

Slow, Recitative.

1. Now let my soul, e - ter - nal King, To thee its grate - ful tri - bute bring, My knees with humble ho - mage bow, My tongue per - form its so - lemn vow.
2. All nature sings thy boundless love, In worlds be - low and worlds a - bove; But in thy blessed word I trace Di - vi - ner won - ders of thy grace.
3. There what delightful truths I read! There I be - hold my Sa - viour bleed! His name salutes my lis - t'ning ear, Re - vives my heart, and checks my fear.
4. There Je-sus bids my sor - rows cease, And gives my la - boring conscience peace, There lifts my grateful pas - sions high, And points to man - sions in the sky.
5. For love like this, oh, let my song Throuh endless years thy praise pro - long; Let distant climes thy name a - dore, Till time and na - ture are no more.

BRUCEVILLE. 11s.

Calmly.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in his mer-cy is com - ing so nigh? Now Je-sus in - vites you, the Spi - rit says come, The brethren are
2. How vain the de - lusion, that, while you de-lay, Your hearts may grow better by stay - ing a - way! Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be, Here streams of sal-

3. Here Je - sus is rea-dy your souls to re - ceive; O how can you question, since now you be - lieve? Since sin is your bur-den, why will you not come? He now bids you

4. In rich-es or pleasure what can you ob - tain To soothe your af - fliction or ban - ish your pain, To bear up your spi - rit when summoned to die, Or waft you to
5. Why will you be starving and feeding on air? There's mercy in Je - sus, e - nough and to spare; If still you are doubting, make tri - al and see, And prove that his

1. waiting to welcome you home, To welcome you home.
2. va - tion are flowing most free, Are flow - ing most free.

3. welcome—he now says there's room, He now says there's room.

4. mansions of glory on high, Of glo - ry on high?
5. mer-cy is boundless and free, Is boundless and free.

PEARMAN. 11s.

Affectionately.

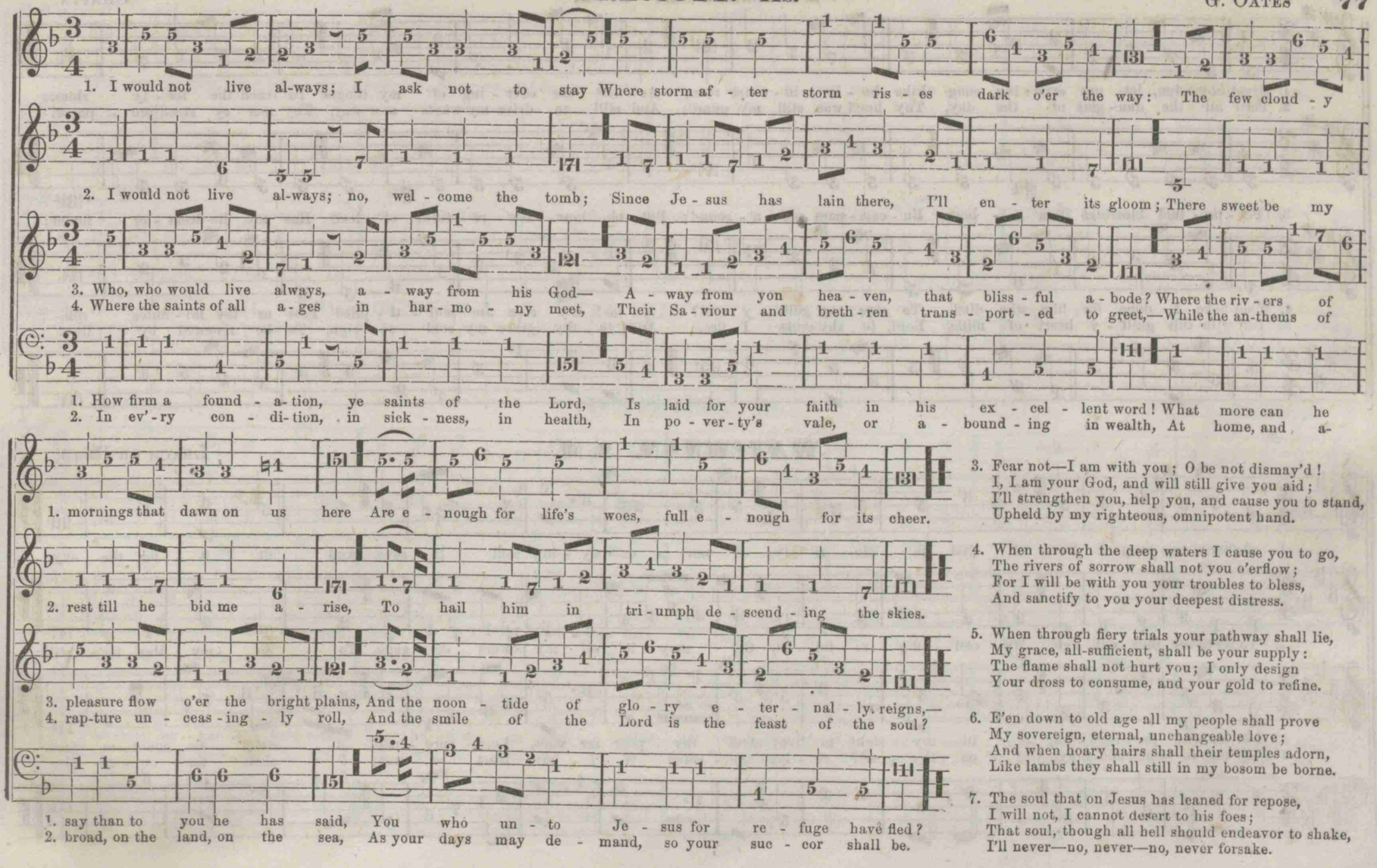
End.

D. C.

O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, } When God in his mer-cy is coming so nigh?
Now Je-sus in - vites you, the Spi-rit says come.

D. C. The brethren are waiting to welcome you home.

PRESCOTT. 11s.



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

4. When through the deep waters I cause you to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not you o'erflow;
For I will be with you your troubles to bless,
And sanctify to you your deepest distress.

5. When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be your supply:
The flame shall not hurt you; I only design
Your dross to consume, and your gold to refine.

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

7. The soul that on Jesus has leaned 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.

PRIMROSE. C. M.

CHAPIN.

1. Great Sovereign, let my even - ing song Like ho - ly in - cense rise; As - sist the offer - ing of my tongue To reach the lof - ty skies.
2. Thro' all the dan - gers of the day, Thy hand was still my guard; And still to drive my wants a - way, Thy mer - cy stood pre - pared.
3. Per - pe - tual blessings from a - bove En - com - pass me a - round; But, oh, how few re - turns of love Has my Re-deem - er found!
4. What have I done for him who died To save my guilt - y soul? A - las! my sins are mul - ti - plied Fast as my mi - nutes roll.
5. Yet with this guilt - y heart of mine, Lord, to thy cross I flee, And to thy grace my soul re - sign, To be renewed by thee.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

LEACH OR READ.

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 pres - ent 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 jea - lous care As in thy sight to live; And thy poor 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.

Deliberate.

COOKHAM. 7s.

1. 'Tis re - li - gion that can give Sweet - est pleasures while we live; 'Tis re - li - gion must sup - ply So - lid com - fort when we die.
2. Af - ter death its joys will be Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty: Be the liv - ing God my friend, Then my bliss shall nev - er end.

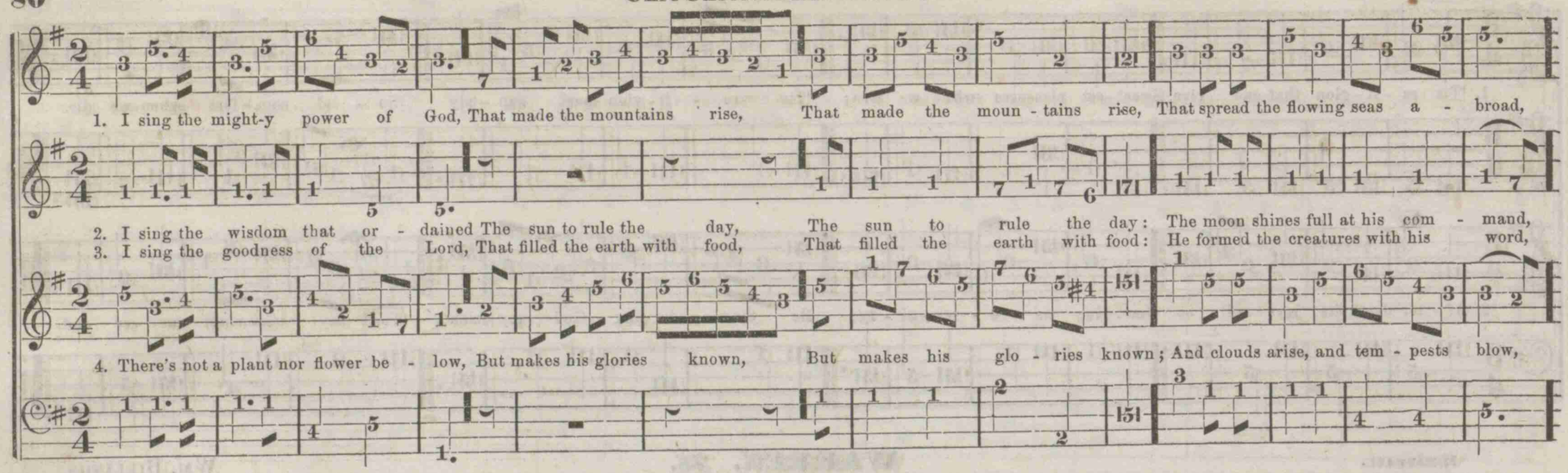
Moderate.

WARREN. 7s.

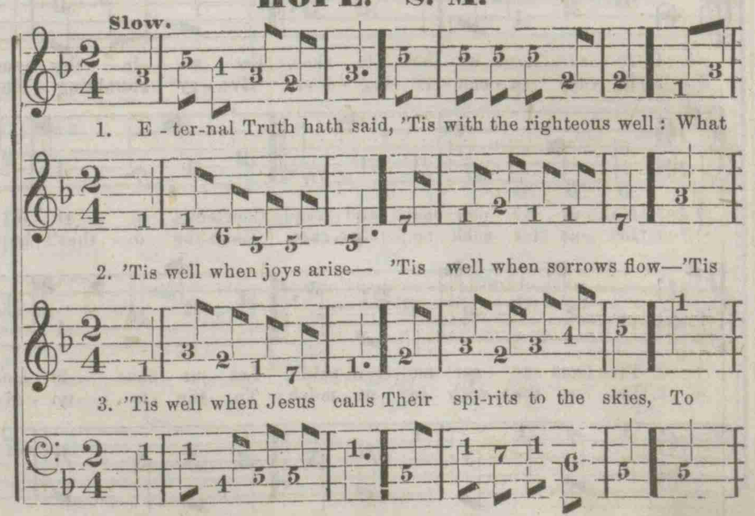
Wm. Billings.

1. Je - sus, Lord, we look to thee, Let us in thy name a - gree; Show thy - self the Prince of Peace; Bid our jars for - ev - er cease.
2. By thy re - con - cil - ing - love, Eve - ry stumbling - block re - move; Each to each u - nite, en - dear; Come and spread thy ban - ner here.
3. Make us of one heart and mind, Courteous, pi - ti - ful and kind, Low - ly, meek in thought and word, Al - to - ge - ther like our Lord.
4. Let us for each o - ther care, Each the o - ther's bur - den bear; To the church the pat - tern give, Show how true be - liev - ers live.
5. Free from an - ger and from pride, Let us thus in God a - bide; All the depths of love ex - press, All the heights of ho - li - ness.
6. Let us then with joy re - move To the fa - mi - ly a - bove; On the wings of an - gels fly; Show how true be - liev - ers die.

CINCINNATI. C. M.



HOPE. S. M.



broad,

mand,
word,

blow,

well : What

flow—'Tis

ies, To

Slow—Solemn.

1. Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone, By fleeting time or conquering death; Your morning sun may set at noon, And close at once your mor-tal breath.
2. Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheek Must wither like the blast - ed rose; The cof-fin, earth, and winding - sheet Will soon your act - ive limbs en - close.
3. You heedless ones, that wildly stroll, The grave must soon be - come your bed; Where stillness reigns, and vapors roll In so - lemn si - lence round your head.
4. Your friends will pass the lonely place, And, with a sigh, move slow - ly on, Still gaz - ing on the spires of grass With which your graves are o - ver-grown.
5. And now with trembling sense I view Huge bil-lows roll be - neath your feet; For death e - ter-nal waits for you Who slight the force of gos-pel truth.
6. Come, lay your car- nal weapons by; No long-er fight a - gainst your Lord; But with my message now com-ply, And heaven shall be your great re - ward.

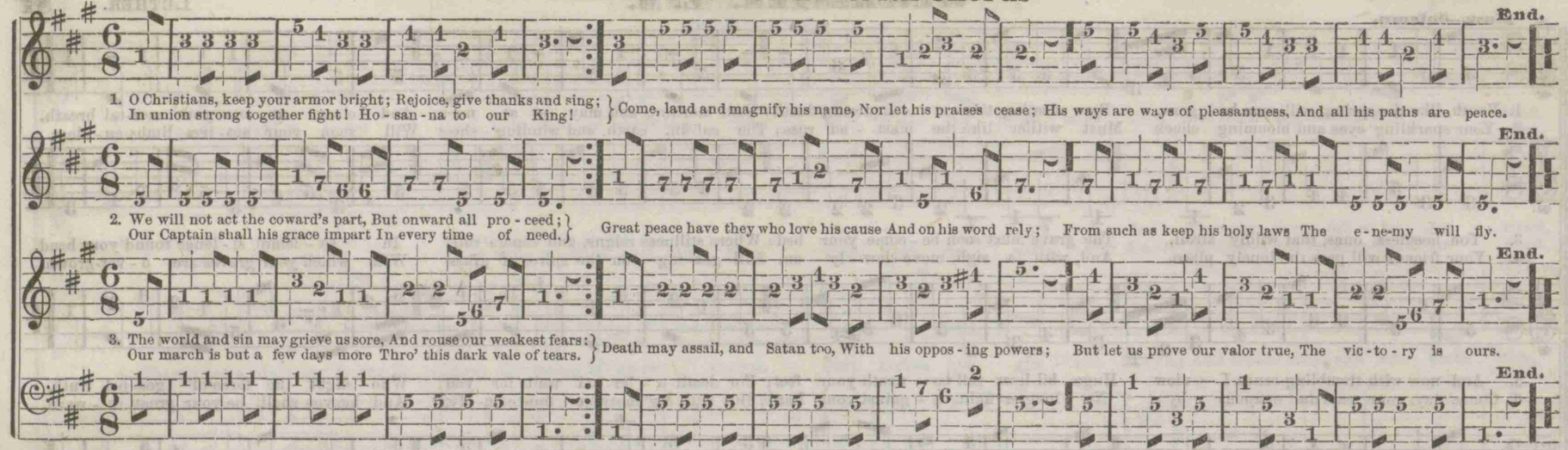
HOPE, continued.

glo- rious, cheer-ing words are these, Their sweetness who can tell? What glo-rious, cheer - ing words are these, Their sweetness who can tell?

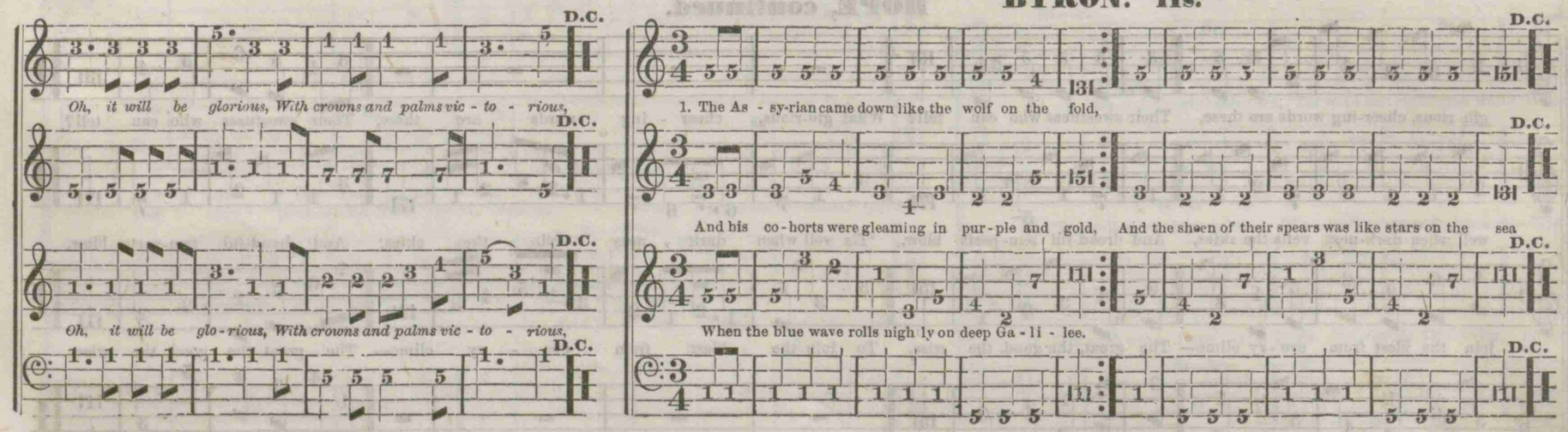
well when dark-ness veils the skies, And dread-ful tem-pests blow, 'Tis well when dark - ness veils the skies, And dread-ful tem-pests blow.

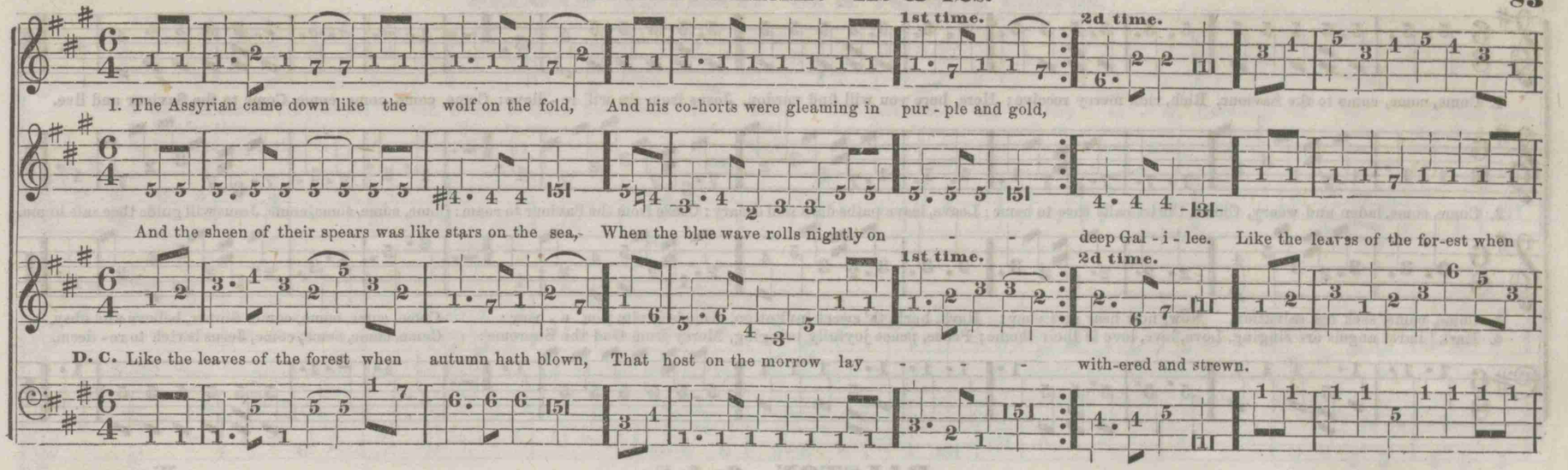
join the blest from eve - ry clime— The great, the good, the wise, To join the blest from eve - ry clime— The great, the good, the wise.

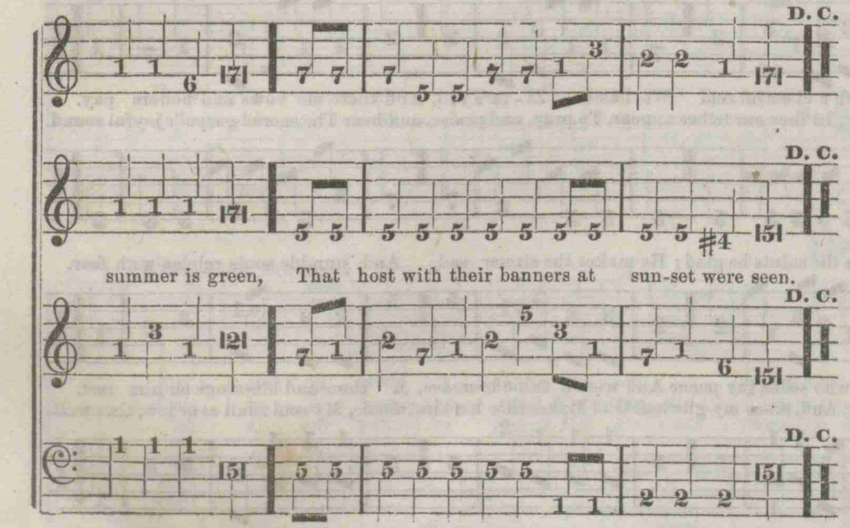
PANOPLY. C. M. With Chorus.



BYRON. 11s.







2. For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved and forever grew still.
And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

3. And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

HEAVEN.

1. Heaven—heaven is a blest region,
Bright—bright, glorious and fair!
Rich—rich is its resplendence—
Darkness o'erspreads not its air;
Light—light—light—light,
Pure and immortal, is there.

2. Heaven—heaven is a blest region,
All—all unity share;
Sweet—sweet are their endearments—
Hatred their hearts never bear;
Love—love—love—love,
Pure and immortal, is there.
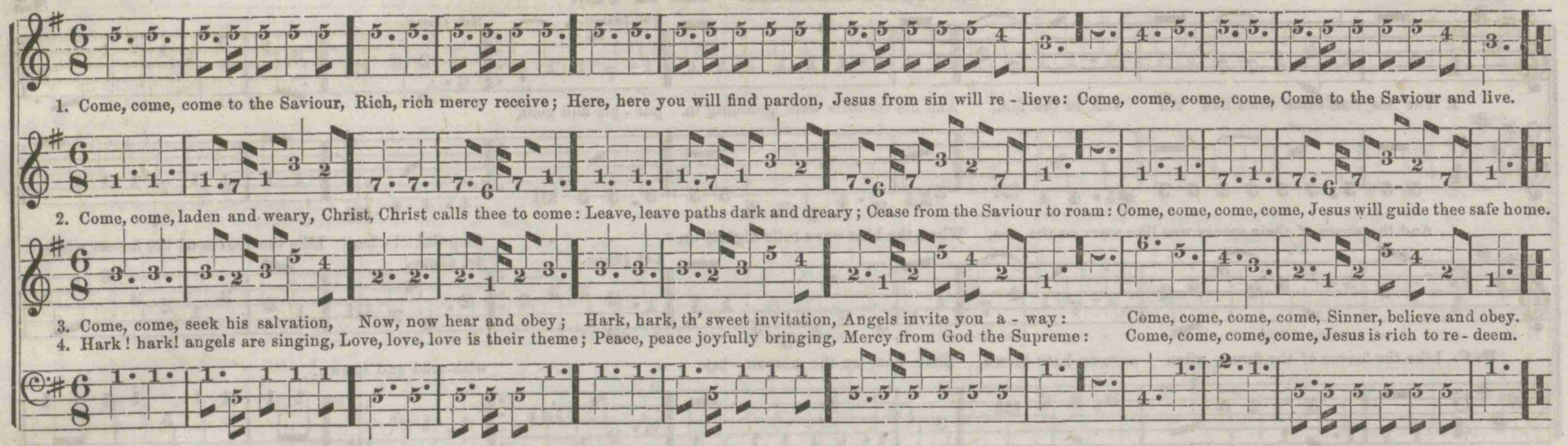
3. Heaven—heaven is a blest region,
Free—free from earth-born care;
Full—full are their enjoyments—
Anguish no bosom can tear;
Joy—joy—joy—joy,
Pure and immortal, is there.

T. Harrison.

WORDS BY A. D. F.

PAXAN. 7s, 6s & 4s.

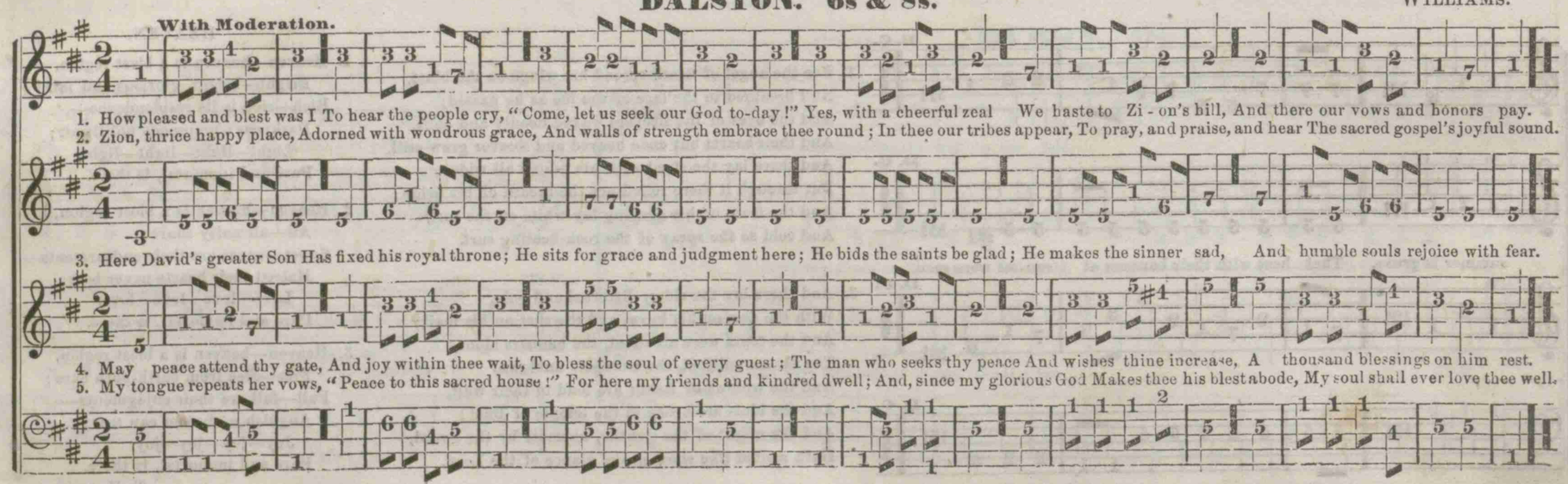
C. E. PAX.



1. Come, come, come to the Saviour, Rich, rich mercy receive; Here, here you will find pardon, Jesus from sin will re - lieve: Come, come, come, come, Come to the Saviour and live.
2. Come, come, laden and weary, Christ, Christ calls thee to come: Leave, leave paths dark and dreary; Cease from the Saviour to roam: Come, come, come, come, Jesus will guide thee safe home.
3. Come, come, seek his salvation, Now, now hear and obey; Hark, hark, th' sweet invitation, Angels invite you a - way: Come, come, come, come, Sinner, believe and obey.
4. Hark! hark! angels are singing, Love, love, love is their theme; Peace, peace joyfully bringing, Mercy from God the Supreme: Come, come, come, come, Jesus is rich to re - deem.

DALSTON. 6s & 8s.

WILLIAMS.



1. How pleased and blest was I To hear the people cry, "Come, let us seek our God to-day!" Yes, with a cheerful zeal We haste to Zi - on's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.
2. Zion, thrice happy place, Adorned with wondrous grace, And walls of strength embrace thee round; In thee our tribes appear, To pray, and praise, and hear The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
3. Here David's greater Son Has fixed his royal throne; He sits for grace and judgment here; He bids the saints be glad; He makes the sinner sad, And humble souls rejoice with fear.
4. May peace attend thy gate, And joy within thee wait, To bless the soul of every guest; The man who seeks thy peace And wishes thine increase, A thousand blessings on him rest.
5. My tongue repeats her vows, "Peace to this sacred house!" For here my friends and kindred dwell; And, since my glorious God Makes thee his blest abode, My soul shall ever love thee well.

Air.

1. Je - sus comes, his conflicts o - ver, Comes to claim his great re - ward; An-gels sound - ing vic-tory ev - er, Crowding to be - hold their Lord.
2. Yonder throne, for him e - rect - ed, Now becomes the vic - tor's seat: Lo, the man on earth re - ject - ed! An-gels wor - ship at his feet.
3. Day and night they cry be-fore him, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!" All the powers of heaven a - dore him; All o - bey his sovereign word.

Chorus.

Hark! ten thousand voices cry, "Vic-to - ry! vic-to - ry! vic-to - ry! vic - to - ry!" through the sky: Swiftly flies the welcome sound, Spreading rapturous joy around.

Hark! ten thousand voices cry, "Vic-to - ry! vic-to - ry! vic-to - ry! vic-to - ry!" through the sky: Swiftly flies the welcome sound, Spreading rapturous joy around.

IDUMEA. S. M.

DAVISON.

Slow and Solemn.

1. Je - sus in - vites his saints To meet a - round his board; Here par-doned re - bels sit and hold Com - mu - nion with their Lord.
2. This ho - ly bread and wine Main-tain our faint-ing breath, By u - nion with our liv - ing Lord, And in - terest in his death.
3. Let all our powers be joined His glo - rious name to raise; Let ho - ly love fill eve - ry mind, And eve - ry voice be praise.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

J. INGALLS.

1. How long, dear Saviour, O how long Shall this bright hour de - lay?
Fly swift - ly round, ye wheels of time,
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
1. How long, dear Saviour, O how long Shall this bright hour de - lay?
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time, And bring the wel - come day.
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time, Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,

And bring the wel - come day.
And bring the wel - come day.
And bring the wel - come day.
And bring the wel - come day.

NEW YEAR. 6s & 5s.

1. Come, let us a - new Our jour - ney pur - sue,
Roll round with the year, Roll round with the year,
} And ne - ver stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear.

2. His a - do - ra - ble will Let us glad - ly ful - fil,
And our ta-lents im-prove, And our ta - lents im - prove,
} By the pa - tience of hope and the la - bor of love.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

Moderate.

1. Bear precious seed, and go Forth to thy work of toil, Wher - e'er th' un - err - ing Mas - ter's hand Shall de - sig - nate the soil.

2. Perchance in na - tive clime, Per chance be - yond the sea, Wher - e'er his wis - dom marks the field, That is the place for thee.

3. Though weeping marks the path, And grief thy heart as - sail, Go fear - less forth, and trust in Him Whose pro - mise cannot fail.
4. Sow precious seed, in hope Its bless - ed fruits to see In God's own good ap - point - ed time:— That is the time for thee.

JAMAICA. 7s.

1. Go, ye mes - sen - gers of God; Like the beams of morn - ing fly; Take the won - der-work - ing rod; Wave the ban - ner-cross on high.

2. Go to many a tro - pic isle In the bo - som of the deep, Where the skies for - ev - er smile, And the op - pressed for - ev - er weep.

3. O'er the pa - gan's night of care Pour the liv - ing light of heaven; Chase a - way his wild de - spair; Bid him hope to be for - given.
4. Where the gold - en gates of day O - pen on the palm - y East, High the bleed-ing cross dis - play, Spread the gos - pel's rich - est feast.

WELLS. L. M.

HOLDRAYD.

Slow.

1. Earth has a joy unknown in heaven—The new-born joy of sins forgiven! Tears of such pure and deep de - light, O an - gels, never dimmed your sight.

2. You saw of old on cha - os rise The beauteous pil - lars of the skies; You know where morn ex-ult - ing springs, And eve - ning folds her droop - ing wings.

3. Bright heralds of th' Eter - nal Will, A - broad his errands you ful - fil; Or, throned in floods of beamy day, Sym - pho - nious in his presence play.

4. Loud is the song—the heavenly plain Is shaken with the cho - ral strain; And dy - ing echoes, floating far, Draw mu - sic from each chim - ing star.

ECSTASY. L. M.

D. REED.

5. But I amid your choirs shall shine, And all your knowledge shall be mine; You on your harps must lean to hear A se - cret chord that mine shall bear.

5. But I amid your choirs shall shine, And all your knowledge shall be mine; You on your harps must lean to hear A secret chord that mine shall bear.

5. But I amid your choirs shall shine, And all your knowledge shall be mine; You on your harps must lean to hear, You on your harps must lean to hear A secret chord that mine shall bear.

MENDON. L. M.

Bold, Energetic.

1. 'Twas by an or - der of the Lord The ancient pro-phets spoke his word, His Spi - rit did their tongues in - spire, And warm their hearts with heaven - ly fire.

2. Great God! mine eyes with plea - sure look On the dear vol - ume of thy book: There my Re - deem - er's face I see, And read His name, who died for me.

3. Let the false rap - tures of the mind Be lost and va - nish in the wind; Here I can fix my hope se - cure; This is thy word, and must en - dure.

LYONS. 10s & 11s.

HAYDN.

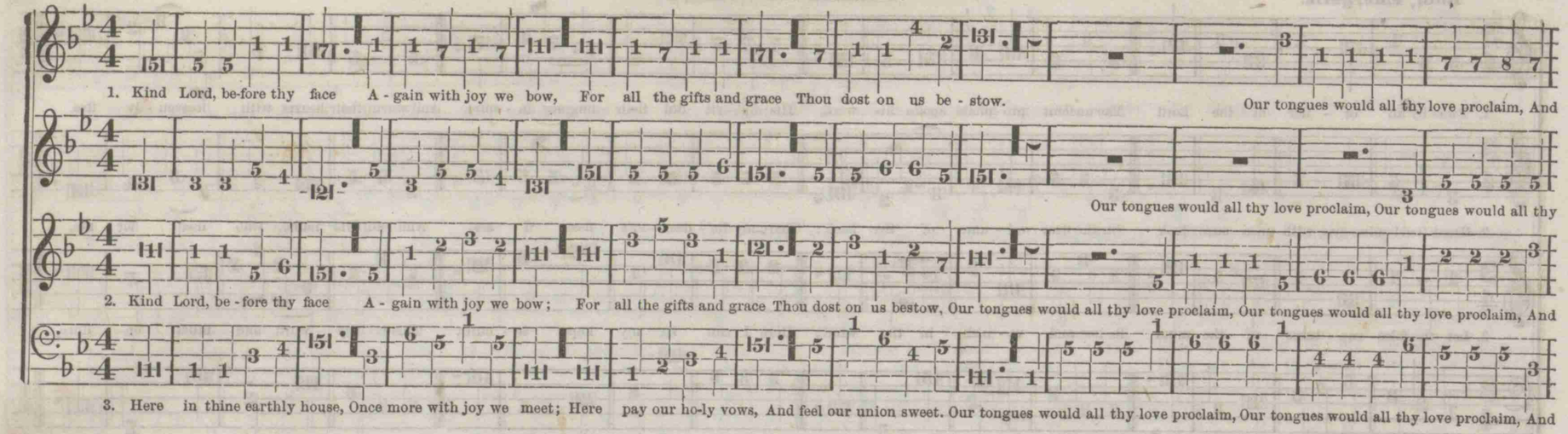
Lively.

1. O praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice, His praise in the great assembly to sing; In their great Creator let all men rejoice, And heirs of sal - va - tion be glad in their King.

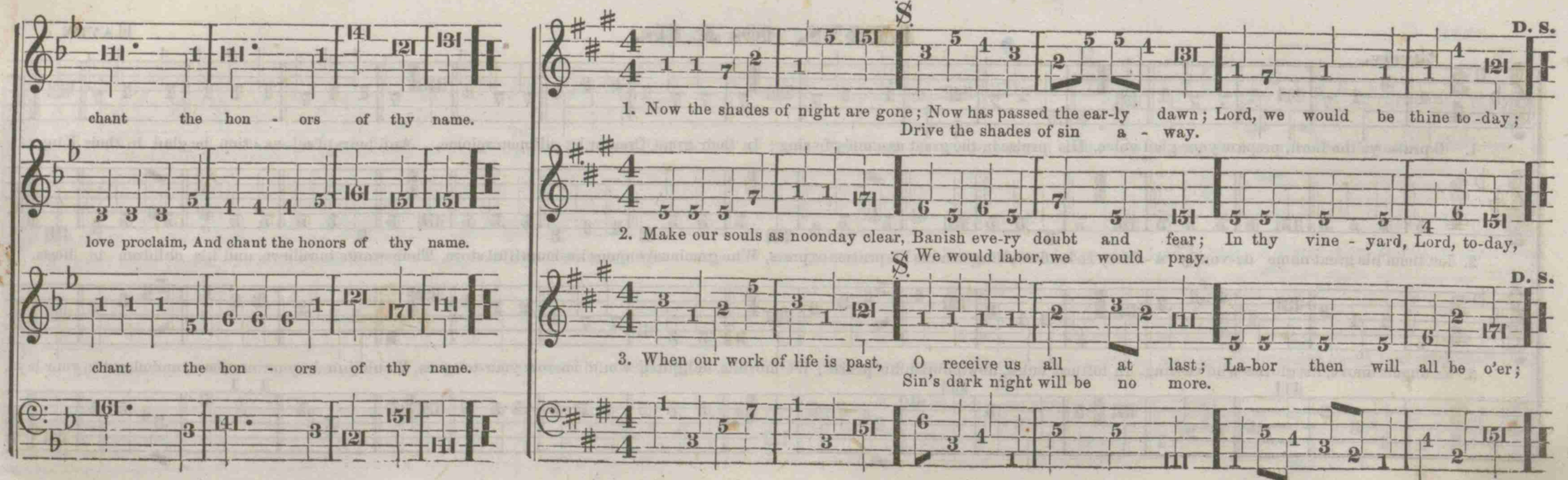
2. Let them his great name de-voutly a - dore, In loud swelling strains his praises express, Who graciously opens his bountiful store, Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

3. Ye angels above, his glories who've sung, In loftiest notes, now publish his praise; We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongues, Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.

LENOX. H. M.



NUREMBURG. 7s.



1. Thou sweet glid - ing Ke - dron! by thy sil - ver stream Our Sa - viour would lin - ger in moon - light's pale beam, And by thy bright
2. How damp were the va - pors that fell on his head! How hard was his pil - low, how hum - ble his bed! The an - gels be-
3. O gar - den of O - lives! thou dear ho - nored spot, The fame of thy won - ders shall ne'er be for - got; The theme most trans-
4. Come, saints, and a - dore him; come, bow at his feet; O give him the glo - ry—the praise that is meet; Let joy - ful ho-

wa - ters till mid - night would stay, And lose in thy mur-murs the toils of the day.
hold - ing, a - mazed at the sight, At - tend - ed their Mas - ter with so - lemn de - light.
port - ing to ser - aphs a - bove— The tri - umph of sor - row, the tri - umph of love!
san - nas un - ceas - ing a - rise, And join the full cho - rus that glad - dens the skies.

1. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee:
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased—salvation is free.

2. Delay not, delay not! why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus our Lord!
A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come;
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4. Delay not, delay not! the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, entreats thee to come;
Beware, lest in darkness thou finish thy race,
And sink to the vale of eternity's gloom.

5. Delay not, delay not! the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade.
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

LOUISVILLE. D. C. M.

Energetic.

1. There's mu-sic in the up-per heaven—The choral notes that swell, Are sweeter, full - er, rich - er far Than human lips can tell, When rings the gush of golden harps, And
2. The glid-ing rush of countless wings, Borne on the swelling breeze, That wafts the rustling mu - sic by A - mid embowered trees; The ech- o of the my-riad feet That
3. The mu - sic of the pearl - y gates, When back by angels flung, Ad - mit-ting there a ran - somed soul Their sin-less bands among: The silvery sound that's swelling up, When
4. And then the tide of me - lo-dy, That swells and bursts, when rings The New Song in that far-off world, That thrilling rapture brings; But, awed, we may not note its power, Its

1. heavenly lutes are swept, To tell the quench - less love of Him Who o'er a lost world wept, To tell the quench - less love of Him Who o'er a lost world wept.
2. fall on pavements fair Of glittering, daz - zling gold that gleams In untold brightness there, Of glittering, daz - zling gold that gleams In un-told bright-ness there.
3. flows the stream of life; The rus - tle of the emerald leaf, With healing vir-tues rife, The rus - tle of the emerald leaf, With healing vir - tues rife.
4. depths we may not sound: Un - fathomed, fa - thom - less, it rolls In glorious might a-round, Un - fathomed, fa - thom - less, it rolls In glorious might a - round.

ARARAT. C. M.

Z. Brown.

Slow.

This is the day the first ripe sheaf Be - fore the Lord was waved; And Christ, first-fruits of them that slept, Was from the dead re - ceived.

CONNER. C. M.

Solemnly.

1. Our Fa - ther who in hea - ven art, All hal - lowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come; thy will be done, Through - out this earth - ly frame,
2. As cheer - ful - ly as done by those Who dwell with thee on high; Lord, let thy boun - ty, day by day, Our dai - ly food sup - ply.
3. As we for - give our en - e - mies, Thy par - don, Lord, we crave; In - to tempt - a - tion lead us not; From ev - ery e - vil save.
4. For king-dom, power, and glo - ry all Be - long, O Lord, to thee; Thine from e - ter - ni - ty they were, And thine shall ev - er be.

PLEASURE. 8s & 7s.

D.C.

1. Death shall not de - stroy my com - fort; Christ will guide me through the gloom;
   Down he'll send some heavenly con - voy, To con - vey my spi - rit home:
D. C. Ca - naan, Ca - naan lies be - fore me, Soon I'll cross the swell - ing tide.

Jor - dan's tide shall not o'er - flow me, While my Saviour's by my side:

WILEY. 8s & 7s.

D.C.

2. Worlds of light and crowns of glo - ry, Far above yon a - zure sky!
   Though by faith I now ex - plore ye, I'll en - joy you soon on high.
D. C. Lost in love's un - bound - ed o - cean, Joy for - ev - er shall in - crease.

Soon I'll gain a full pos - ses - sion; Faith and hope shall thence - forth cease;

VESPER GROVE. C. M.

ALEX. CLARK.

Moderate.

1. O that the Lord would guide my ways, To keep his sta - tutes still! O that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will!

2. Or - der my foot - steps by thy word, And make my heart sin - cere; Let sin have no do - mi - nion, Lord, But keep my conscience clear.

3. Help me to walk in thy com - mands, 'Tis a de - light - ful road; Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands, Of - fend a - gainst my God.

FAIRFIELD. S. M.

R. HARRISON.

Slow, Majestic.

1. Stand up and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of his choice; Stand up and bless the Lord your God With heart, and soul, and voice.
2. Though high a - bove all praise, A - bove all bless - ing high, Who would not fear his ho - ly name, And laud and mag - ni - fy?

3. O for the liv - ing flame, From his own al - tar brought, To touch our lips, our hearts in - spire, And wing to heaven our thought!

4. There, with be - nign re - gard, Our hymns he deigns to hear; Though un - re- vealed to mor - tal sense, The spi - rit feels him near.
5. God is our strength and song, And his sal - va - tion ours; Then be his love in Christ pro-claimed With all our ransomed powers.

ALLEN. C. M. With Chorus.

Solo.

1. Lift up your state-ly heads, ye doors, With hast-y reverence rise, Ye ev-er-last-ing doors that guard The pass-age to the skies.
2. Swift from your gold-en hin-ges leap, Your bar-riers roll a-way, And throw your blaz-ing por-tals wide, And burst the gates of day.

Chorus.

For see, for see, the King of glo-ry comes, The King of glory comes a-long the e-ter-nal road. For see, the King, the King of glo-ry comes.

For see, he comes a-long the e-ter-nal road.

SPRINGFIELD. C. M.

W. H. H. Fillmore.

Ritard.

1. Fa-ther of peace, and God of love, We own thy power to save; That power by which our Sa-viour rose Vic-to-rious o'er the grave, Vic-to-rious o'er the grave.
2. We triumph in that Saviour's name, Still watchful for our good, Who brought us the new co-ve-nant, And sealed it with his blood, And sealed it with his blood.

LANESBORO. C. M.

Tenderly.

1. Be - hold the Saviour of man - kind Up - on the shameful tree; How great the love that him in - clined, How great the love that him in - clined
2. "My God," he cries; all nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend; The gate of death in sun - der breaks, The gate of death in sun - der breaks,
3. "'Tis finished; now the ransom's paid: Re - ceive my soul," he cries: Behold, he bows his sa - cred head, Be - hold, he bows his sa - cred head,
4. But soon he'll break death's tyrant chain, And in full glo - ry shine: O Lamb of God, was ev - er pain, O Lamb of God, was ev - er pain,

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

Slow.

1. Here, Sa - viour, we would come, In thine ap - point - ed way: O - be - dient to thy high com - mands,
D.C. Our so - lemn vows we pay.

2. O, bless the sa - cred rite, To bring us near to thee; And may we find that as our day
D.C. Our strength shall al - so be.

To bleed and die for me!

The so - lid mar - bles rend.

He bows his head and dies!
Was ev - er love, like thine?

MULLINS. L. M.

Slow and Majestic.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go, pro - claim Sal - vation through Im - manu - el's name: To distant lands the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sha - ron there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your hearts in - spire, Bid raging winds their fu - ry cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.

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

WINDHAM. L. M.

READ.

Moderate.

1. Oh that my load of sin were gone! Oh that I could at last sub-mit At Je - sus' feet to lay it down, To lay my soul at Je - sus' feet.
2. Rest for my soul I long to find: Saviour of all, since mine thou art, Give me thy meek and low - ly mind, And stamp thine image on my heart.

3. Break off the yoke of hea - vy sin, And ful - ly set my spi - rit free: I can - not rest till pure within, Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4. Fain would I learn of thee, my Lord; Thy light and eas - y burden prove, The cross all stained with hallowed blood, The la - bor of thy dy - ing love.
5. I would, but thou must give the power; My heart from every sin release: Bring near, bring near the joy - ful hour, And fill me with thy per - fect peace.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE.

1. A - gain the Lord of life and light A - wakes the kindling ray, Un - seals the eye - lids of the morn, And pours increas - ing day.

2. O what a night was that which wrapt The heathen world in gloom! O what a sun which rose this day Tri - umphant from the tomb!

3. This day be grateful homage paid, And loud ho - sannahs sung; Let gladness dwell in eve - ry heart, And praise on eve - ry tongue.
4. Ten thousand different lips shall join To hail this welcome morn, Which scat - ters blessings from its wings To nations yet un - born.

DUNDEE. C. M.

Slow.

1. Ap - proach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus answers prayer, And hum-bly fall be - fore his feet, For none can per - ish there.

2. His promise is my on - ly plea; With this I venture nigh: Thou call - est burdened souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.

3. Bowed down be - neath a load of sin, By Sa - tan sore - ly pressed, By wars with - out and fears with - in, I come to thee for rest.
4. O wondrous love, to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame, That guilt - y sinners such as I Might plead thy gracious name.

SUTHERLAND. L. M.

WORDS BY J. F DAVISON.

1. O wandering sin - ner, stop and think! You're standing now on ru - in's brink; O look, re - treat, make sure your flight, Be - fore you land in endless night.

2. Be - hold the Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus, who bled and died for thee: With outstretched arms he bids you come, 'Tis Je - sus calls the wanderer home.

3. Be - lieve, re-pent, God's word o - bey, And ne'er for - get to watch and pray; In death, the an - gels from the sky Will waft your hap - py soul on high.

4. A - rise, God's glorious tem-ple view; There is a seat prepared for you: O come, and be for - ev - er blest, Where saints en - joy e - ter - nal rest.

AMERICA. S. M.

My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great, Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So ready to a - bate.

Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate.

My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great, Whose anger is so slow to rise, Whose anger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate.

MAGNER. 8s & 7s, with chorus.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. We are on the o-cean sail - ing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide; We are on the o-cean sail - ing To a home beyond the tide.
2. Millions now are safe-ly land - ed O - ver on the gold-en shore; Millions more are on their jour - ney, Yet there's room for millions more.
3. Come on board, O ship for glo - ry, Be in haste, make up your mind, For our vessel's weighing an - chor— You will soon be left be - hind.
4. You have kindred o - ver yon - der, On that bright and hap-py shore; By-and - by we'll swell the num - ber, When the toils of life are o'er.
5. Spread your sails, while heavenly breez - es Gen - tly waft our ves - sel on; All on board are sweetly sing - ing, Free sal - va - tion is the song.
6. When we all are safe-ly land - ed, We will shout, our tri - als o'er: We will walk a - bout the cit - y, And we'll sing for ev - er - more.

Chorus.

All the storms will soon be o - ver, Then we'll anchor in the har - bor: We are out on the o - cean sail - ing To a home beyond the tide.

6. All the storms of life are o - ver, Landed in the port of glo - ry: Now no more on the o - cean sail - ing— Safe at home beyond the tide.

HEDDING. 8s & 6s.

1. Be it my on - ly wis-dom here To serve the Lord with fi - lial fear And lov - ing gra - ti - tude; Su - pe - rior sense may I display,
   By shun-ning eve - ry e - vil way And walk - ing in the good.

2. O may I still from sin de-part; A wise and un - der - stand-ing heart, Je - sus, to me be given; And let me thro' thy spi - rit know
   To glo - ri - fy my God be-low, And find my way to heaven.

MEAR. C. M.

Slow and firm.

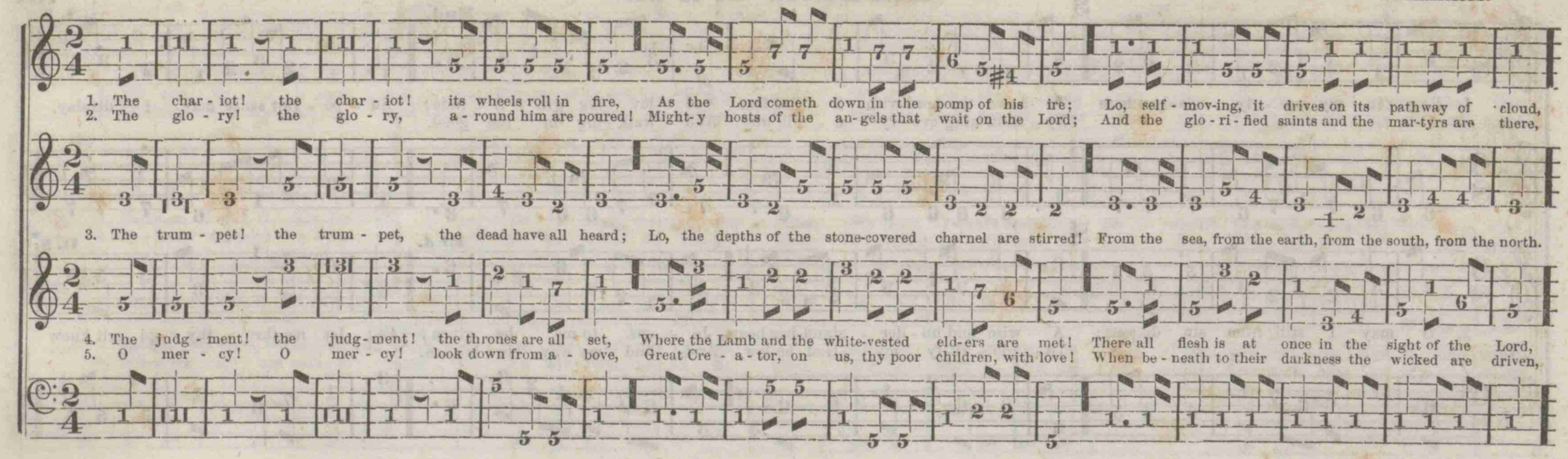
1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, To God a - lone ex - pressed; The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That trem - bles in the breast.

2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear; The up - ward glanc-ing of an eye, When none but God is near.

3. 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.
4. Prayer is the Christian's vi - tal breath, The Christian's na - tive air; His watchword at the gate of death; He en - ters heaven with prayer.

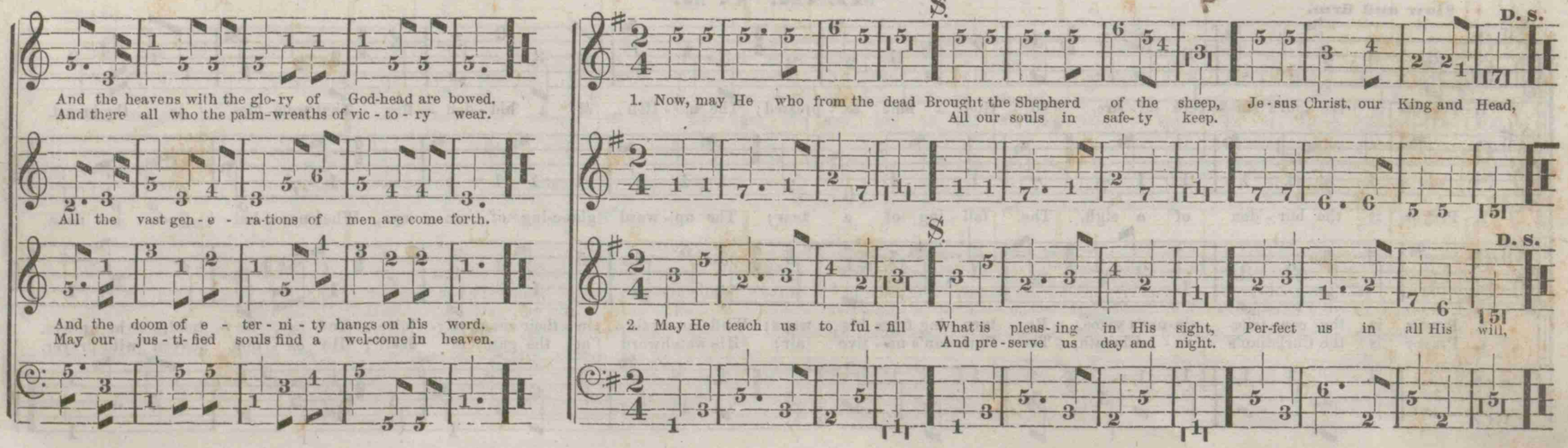
THE CHARIOT. 12s

WILLIAMS.



GERMANY. 7s.

PLEYEL.



HOSANNAH. 8s, with chorus.

1. Thy worthi - ness is all our song, O Lamb of God! for thou wast slain:
And by thy blood brought us to God, Out of each na - tion, tribe, and tongue;
} To God hast made us kings and priests, And we shall reign up - on the earth.

2. Sal - va - tion to our God, who shines In face of Je - sus, on the throne!
The on - ly just and mer - ci - ful! Sal - va - tion to the worthy Lamb!
} With loud voice all the Church as - cribes: A - men! say an - gels round the throne.

3. To him who loved us, and has wash'd Us from our sins in his own blood,
And who has made us kings and priests To his own Fa - ther and his God,
} The glo - ry and do - min - ion be To him e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

𝄋 End. D. S.

Ho - sannah! Ho - sannah! Ho - sannah to the Lamb of God! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! let us sing Grateful prais - es to our King!

𝄋 End. D. S.

Ho - sannah! Ho - sannah! Ho - sannah to the Lamb of God! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! let us sing Grate - ful prais - es to our King!

LONSDALE. S. M.

CORELLI.

Lively.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your choice be known; Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.
2. The sor - rows of the mind Be ban-ished from this place! Re - lig - ion nev - er was de-signed To make our plea-sures less.
3. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who nev - er knew our God; But ser- vants of the heaven-ly King May speak their joys a - broad.
4. In heaven we'll see his face, And nev - er, nev - er sin; There from the riv - ers of his grace Drink end - less plea-sures in.
5. Yes, and be - fore we rise To that im - mor - tal state, The thoughts of such a - maz - ing bliss Shall con - stant joys cre - ate.
6. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heaven-ly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.

CHORUS.

Then let our songs a - bound, We 're marching thro' Im - man-uel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

Then let our songs a - bound, And eve - ry tear be dry;

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

ASPIRATION. C. M.

Slow.

1. Since I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to eve-ry fear, I'll bid farewell to eve-ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

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

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall, May I but safely reach my home, May I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest; And not a wave of trouble roll, And not a wave of trouble roll A - cross my peaceful breast.

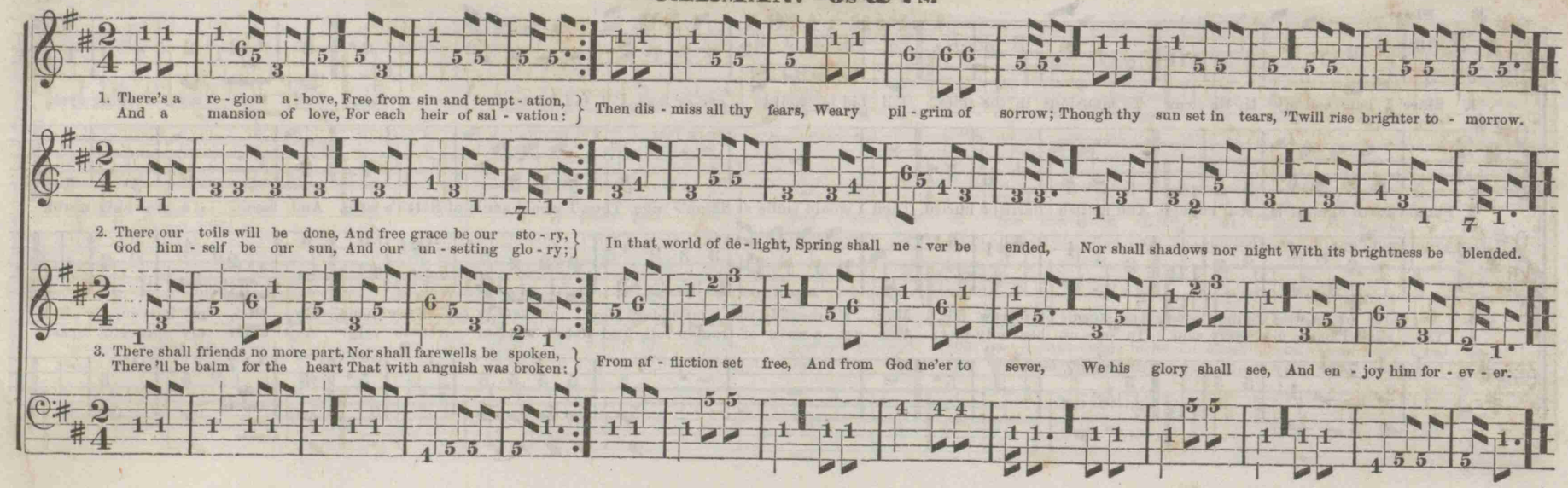
LISBON. S. M.

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 his saints to - day; Here we may sit and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.

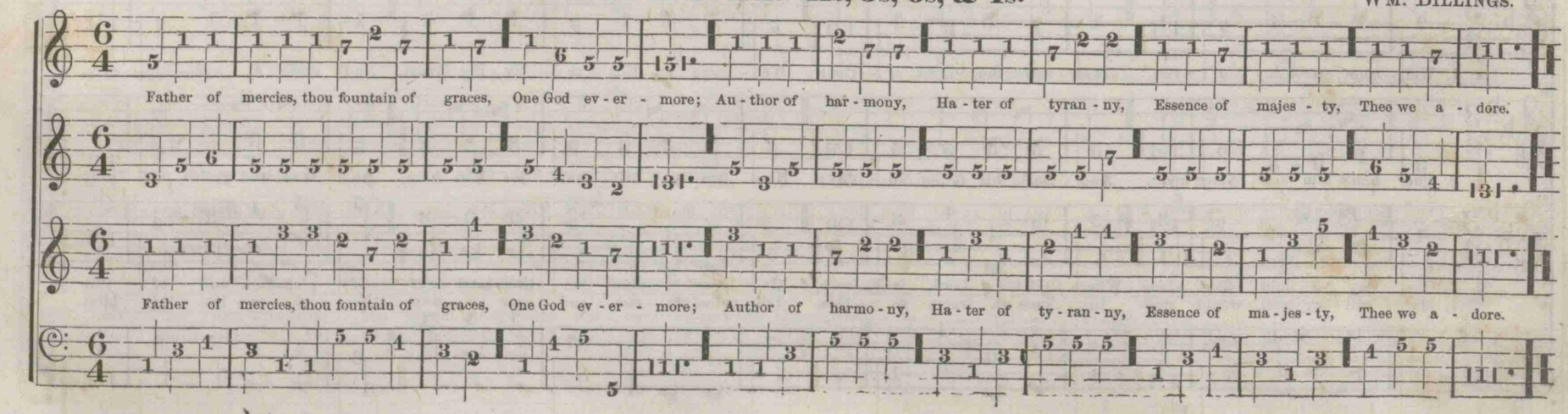
3. One day a - mid the place Where Christ, my Lord, is seen, Is sweet-er than ten thou-sand days Of plea-sure and of sin.
4. My will - ing soul would stay In such a frame as this, Till called to rise and soar a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss.

CARMAN. 6s & 7s.



BALTIMORE. 11s, 5s, 6s, & 4s.

Wm. Billings.



ANTICIPATION. 7s.

1. Who are these ar-rayed in white, Brighter than the noon-day sun, Fore-most of the sons of light, Near-est the e-ter-nal throne?
2. These are they that bore the cross, Nobly for their Mas-ter stood, Suffer-ers in his right-eous cause, Fol-lowers of the dy-ing Lord.
3. Out of great distress they came, Washed their robes by faith be-low In the blood of yon-der Lamb, Blood that wash-es white as snow.
4. Therefore are they next the throne, Serve their Maker day and night; God re-sides a-mong his own, God doth in his saints de-light.

SICILY. 7s.

MOZART.

5. More than con-quer-ors at last, Here they find their tri-als o'er; They have all their suffer-ings passed— Hun-ger now and thirst no more.
6. No ex-cess-ive heat they feel From the sun's di-rect-er ray; In a milder clime they dwell— Re-gion of e-ter-nal day.
7. He that on the throne doth reign, Them the Lamb shall always feed— With the tree of life sus-tain, To the liv-ing fountains lead.
8. He shall all their sorrows chase, All their wants at once remove, Wipe the tears from ev-ery face, Fill up ev-ery soul with love.

CALEDONIA. D. L. M.

Gentle.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! It calls me from a world of care, And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known.
And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! The joy I feel, the bliss I share, With those whose anxious spi - rits burn With strong de - sire for thy return.
And glad - ly take my sta - tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear To Him whose truth and faithful - ness En - gage the waiting soul to bless:
I'll cast on Him my eve - ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

CLIO. 6s & 4s.

HASTINGS.

D. S.

1. In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has oft - en found relief,

2. With such I hast - en to the place Where God my Sav - iour shows his face,

D. S.

3. And since he bids me seek his face, Be - lieve his word, and trust his grace,

Slow.

D. C.

1. Child of sin and sorrow, Filled with dismay, Wait not for to - morrow; Yield thee to-day: } Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room:

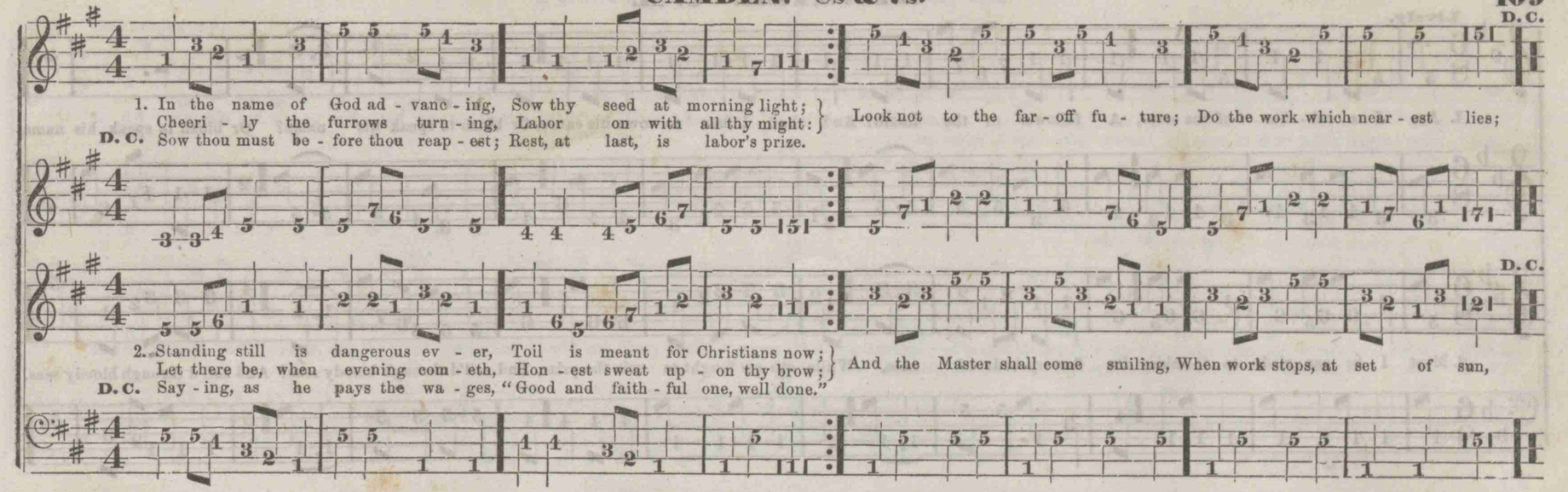
D. C. Child of sin and sorrow, Hear and o - bey.

D. C.

2. Child of sin and sorrow, Why wilt thou die? Come while thou canst borrow Help from on high: } Grieve not the love When from a - bove,

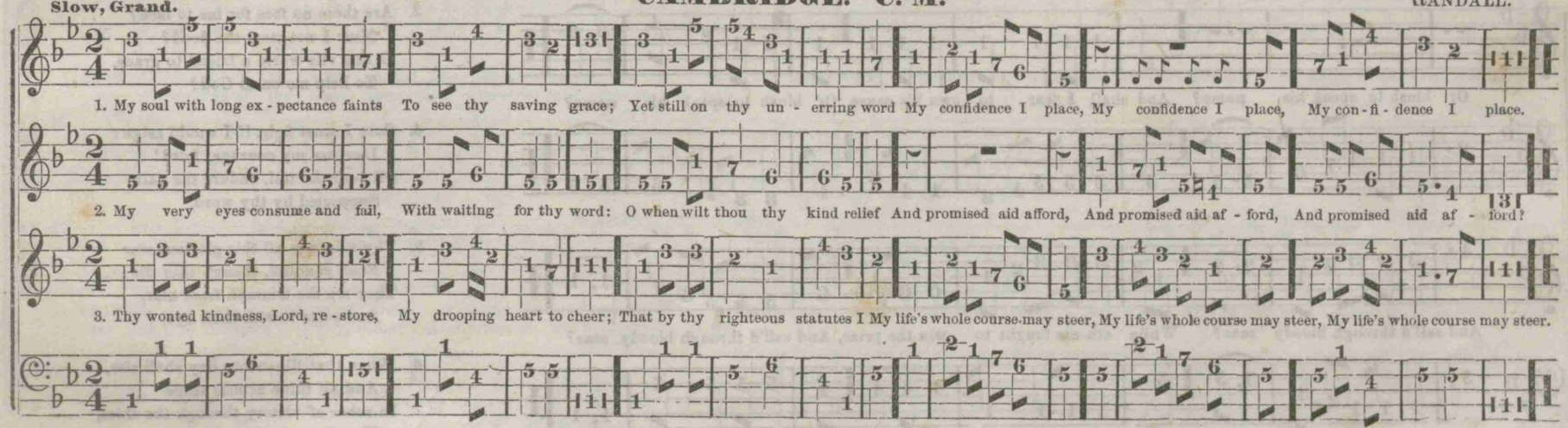
D. C. Child of sin and sorrow, Would bring thee nigh.

CAMDEN. 8s & 7s.



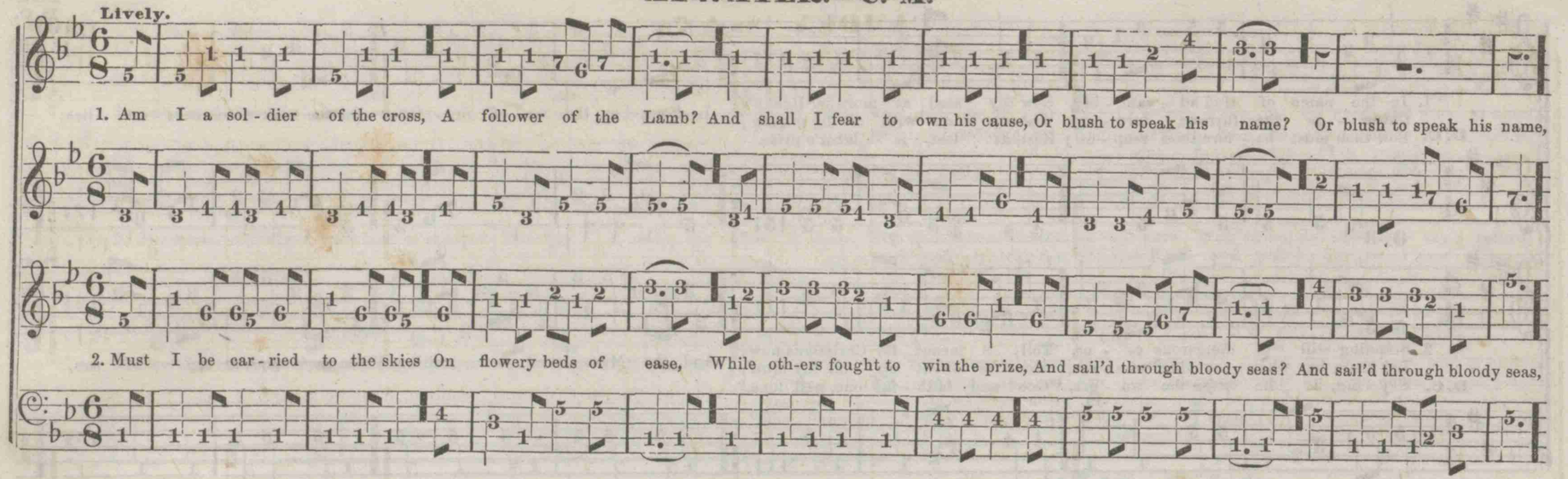
CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

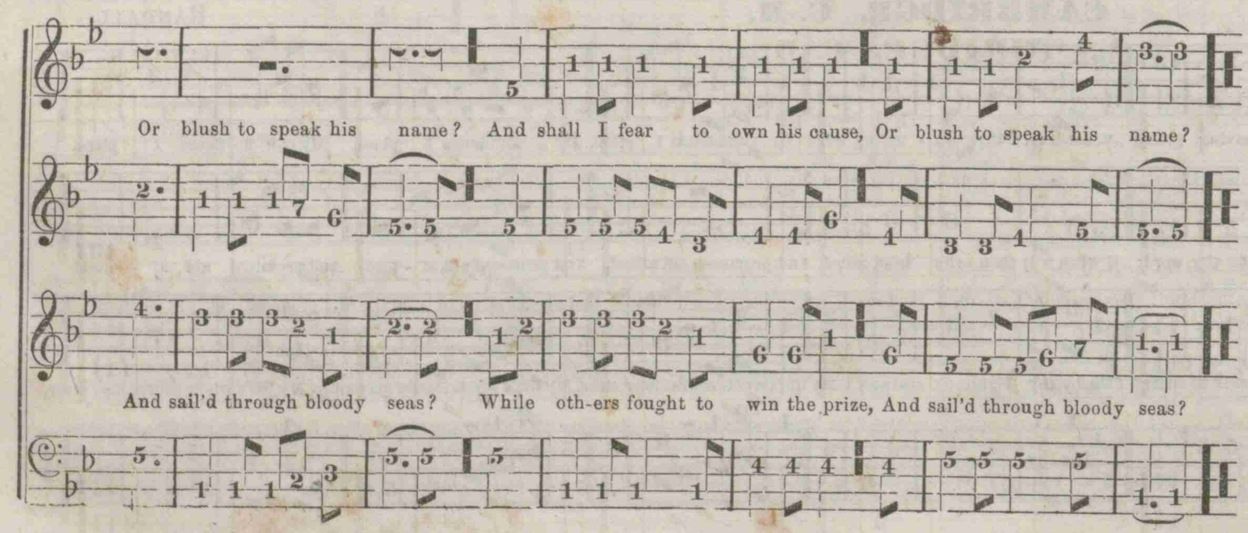
RANDALL.



ATWATER. C. M.

Lively.





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

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

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

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

Declamatory.

1. All you that are wea-ry and sad, come! And you that are cheerful and glad, come! In robes of hu-mi - li - ty clad, come! The Sa-viour invites you to - day; In
Let age on the verge of the tomb, come! Let none in their pride stay a - way, Let

2. Let the halt, and the lame, and the blind, come! Let all who are freely inclined, come! With an humble and teachable mind, come! A - way from the waters of strife; With an
And let him that thirsteth to - day, come! And drink of the fountain of life; And

End. D. S.

robes of hu - mi - li - ty clad, come! The Saviour invites you to - day. Let youth, in its freshness and bloom, come! Let man, in the pride of his noon, come!
age on the verge of the tomb, come, Let none in their pride stay a - way.

D. S.

End. D. S.

hum-ble and teacha - ble mind, come! A - way from the waters of strife. The Spi - rit and Bride freely say, come! And let him that heareth it say, come!
let him that thirsteth to - day, come! And drink of the fountain of life.

D. S.

IMPORTUNITY. C. M.

Bold.

1. The earth, and seas, and skies, O God! To thee at-tune their hymn, To thee at-tune their hymn: All-wise, all ho - ly, thou art praised

2. Un - num-bered sys - tems, suns, and worlds, U - nite to wor - ship thee, U - nite to wor - ship thee; While thy ma - jes - tic great - ness fills

1. In songs of ser-aph - im, In songs of ser-aph - im, In songs of ser - aph - im.

2. Space, time, e - ter - ni - ty, Space, time, e - ter - ni - ty, Space, time, e - ter - ni - ty.

1. In songs of ser - aph - im, In songs of ser - aph - im, In songs of ser - aph - im, In songs of ser - aph - im.
2. Space, time, e - ter - ni - ty, Space, time, e-ter - ni - ty, Space, time, e - ter - ni - ty, Space, time, e-ter - ni - ty.

3. Nature—a temple worthy thee!
That beams with light and love, :‖:
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above. :‖:

4. Whose altars are the mountain cliffs,
That rise along the shore, :‖:
Whose anthems the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean's roar. :‖:

5. Her song of gratitude is sung
By spring's awakening hours, :‖:
Her autumn offers at thy shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers. :‖:

6. Her summer brings its ripened fruits,
In glorious luxury given, :‖:
While winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven. :‖:

Slow.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise; The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.
2. My gracious Master and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim, To spread through all the earth abroad, The honors of thy name.
3. Je-sus, the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease; 'T is mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'T is life, and health, and peace.
4. He breaks the power of reigning sin, He sets the pris'ner free; His blood can make the foulest clean, His blood availed for me.

PRESERVATION. 8s. 8 lines.

A. D. F.

Moderate.

1. My gra-cious Re-deem-er I love! His prais-es a-loud I'll pro-claim;
And join with the ar-mies a-bove, To shout his a-dor-a-ble name;
D. C. And feel them in-ces-sant-ly shine, My bound-less in-ef-fa-ble joy.
To gaze on his glo-ries di-vine, Shall be my e-ter-nal em-ploy,

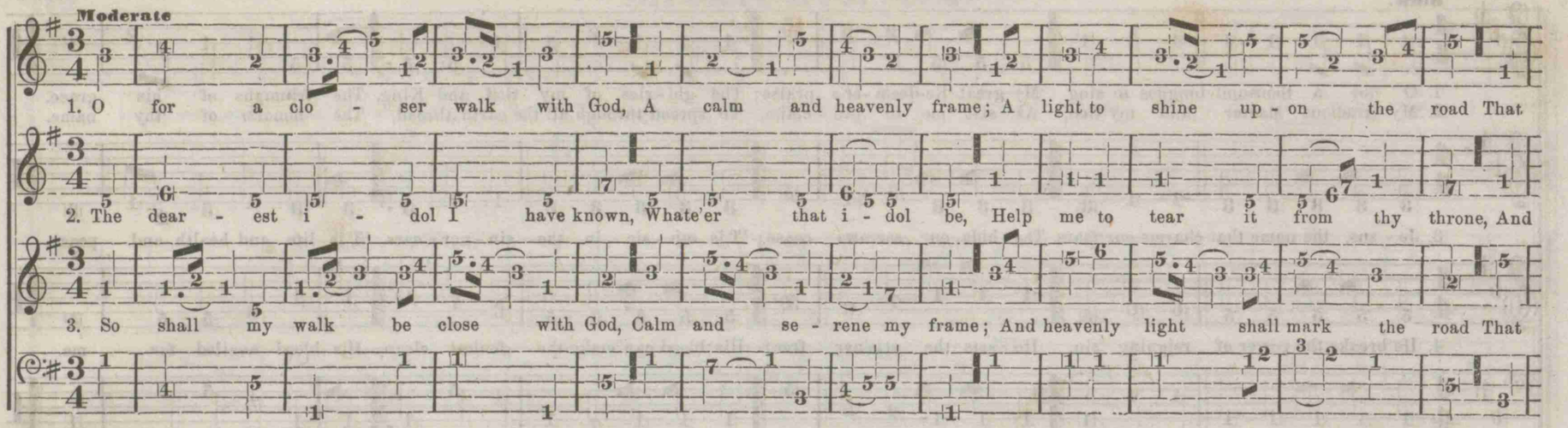
2. You pal-a-ces, scep-ters, and crowns, Your pride with dis-dain I sur-vey;
Your pomps are but shad-ows and sounds, And pass in a moment a-way;
D. C. My joy ev-er-last-ing-ly flows, My God, my Re-deem-er is mine.
The crown that my Sav-ior be-stows, Yon per-ma-nent sun shall out-shine.

D. C.

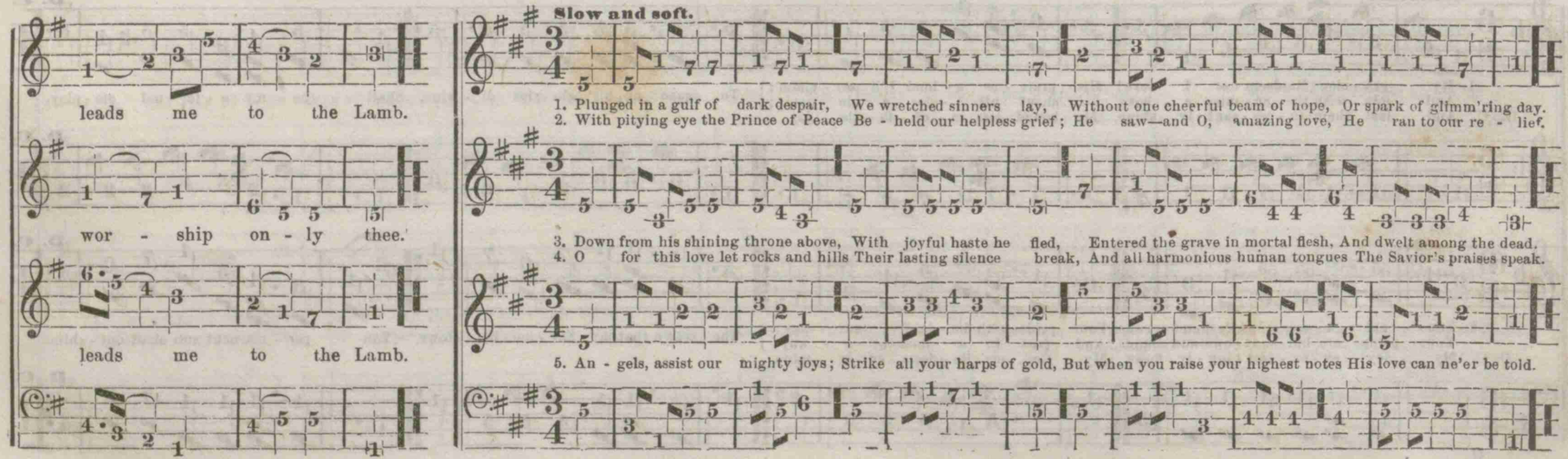
H

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M

TANSUR.



AZMON. C. M.



ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1. See what a liv - ing stone The build - ers did re - fuse; Yet God hath built his Church there-on, In spite of en - vious Jews.
2. The scribe and an - gry priest Re - ject God's on - ly Son, Yet on this rock shall Zi - on rest, As the chief cor - ner - stone

3. The work, O Lord, is thine, And won - drous in our eyes; This day de - clares it all di - vine; This day did Je - sus rise.
4. This is the glorious day That our Re - deem - er made; Let us re - joice, and sing, and pray, Let all the Church be glad.

5. Ho - san - na to the King, Of Da - vid's ro - yal blood; Bless him, you saints, he comes to bring Sal - va - tion from your God.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.
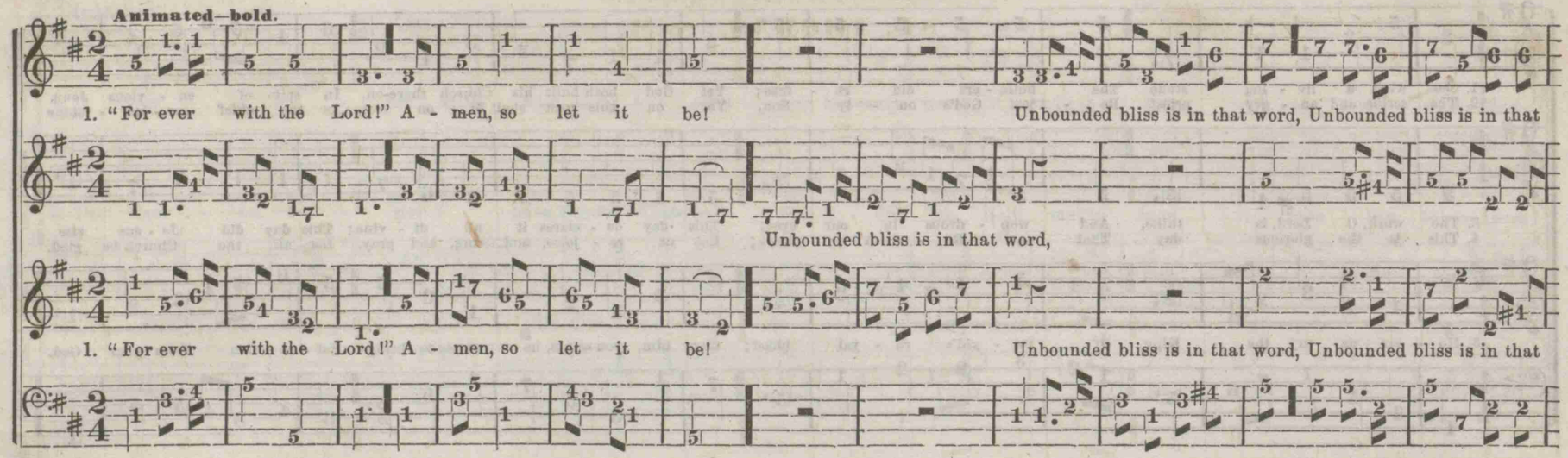
Slow.

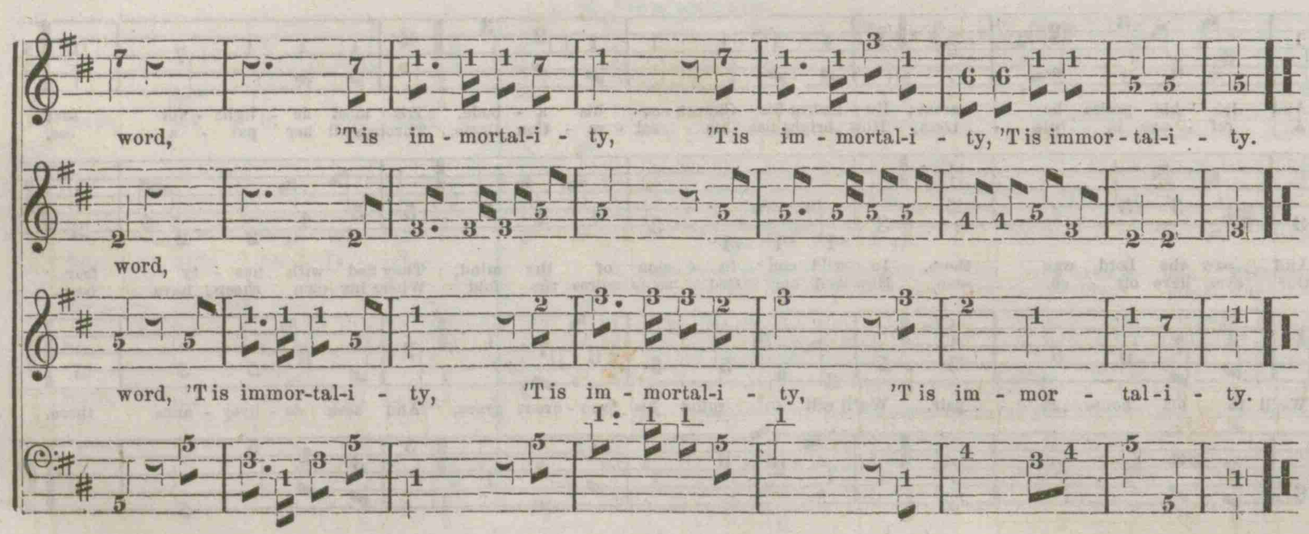
1. Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes his Church - es his a - bode, His most de - light - ful seat.
2. In Zi - on God is known, A ref - uge in dis - tress; How bright has his sal - va - tion shone, Through all her pal - a - ces.

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

5. In eve - ry new dis - tress, We'll to his house re - pair, We'll call to mind his won - drous grace, And seek de - liver - ance there.

CRANBROOK. S. M.





2. Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word;
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord."
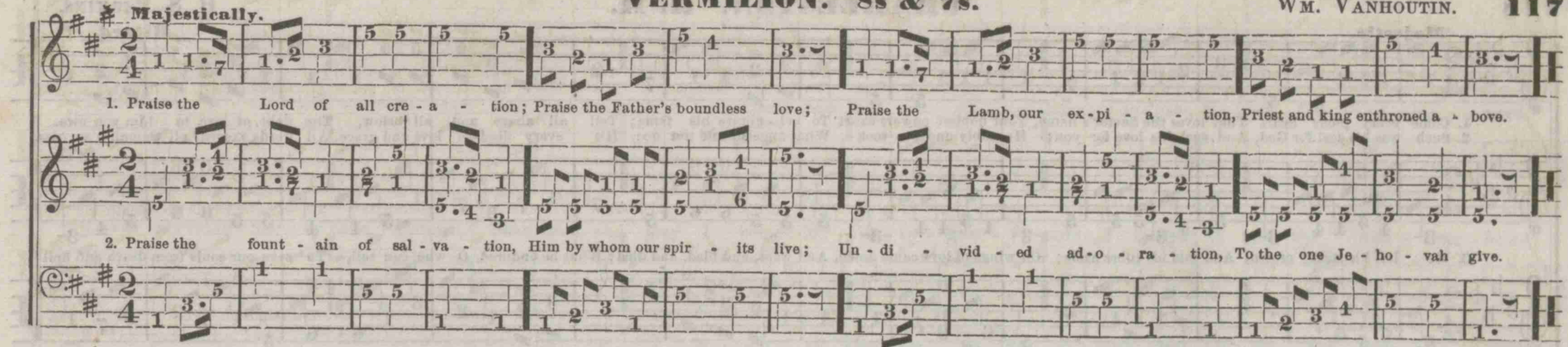
3. The trump of final doom
Will speak the self-same word,
And Heaven's voice thunder through the tomb,
"Forever with the Lord."

4. The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening word—
The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
"Forever with the Lord."

5. Then while they upward fly,
That resurrection word
Shall be their shout of victory,
"Forever with the Lord."

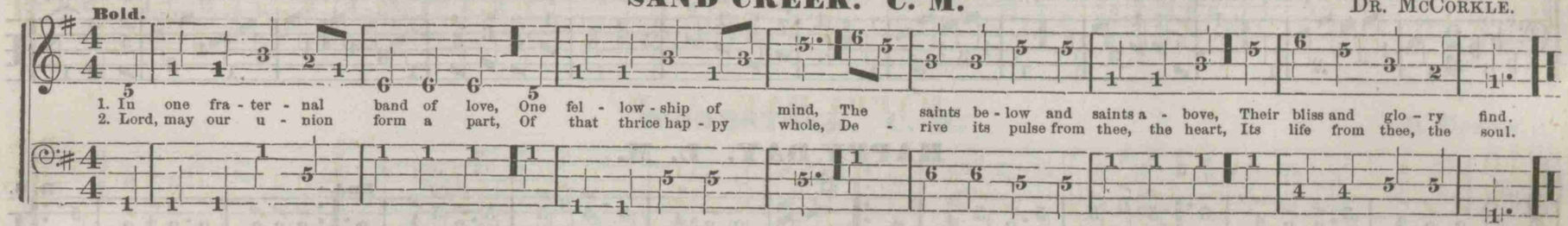
VERMILION. 8s & 7s.

WM. VANHOUTIN.

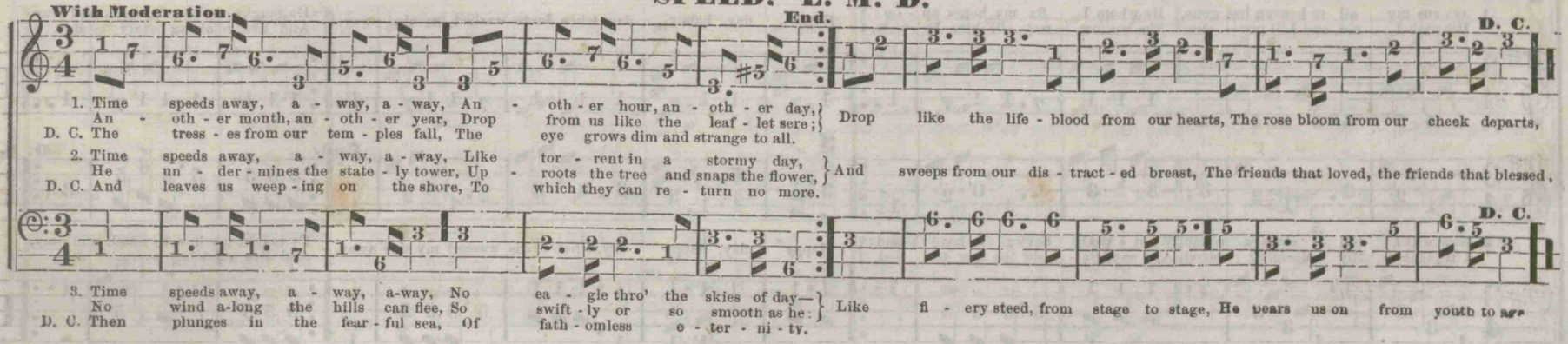


SAND CREEK. C. M.

DR. MCCORKLE.

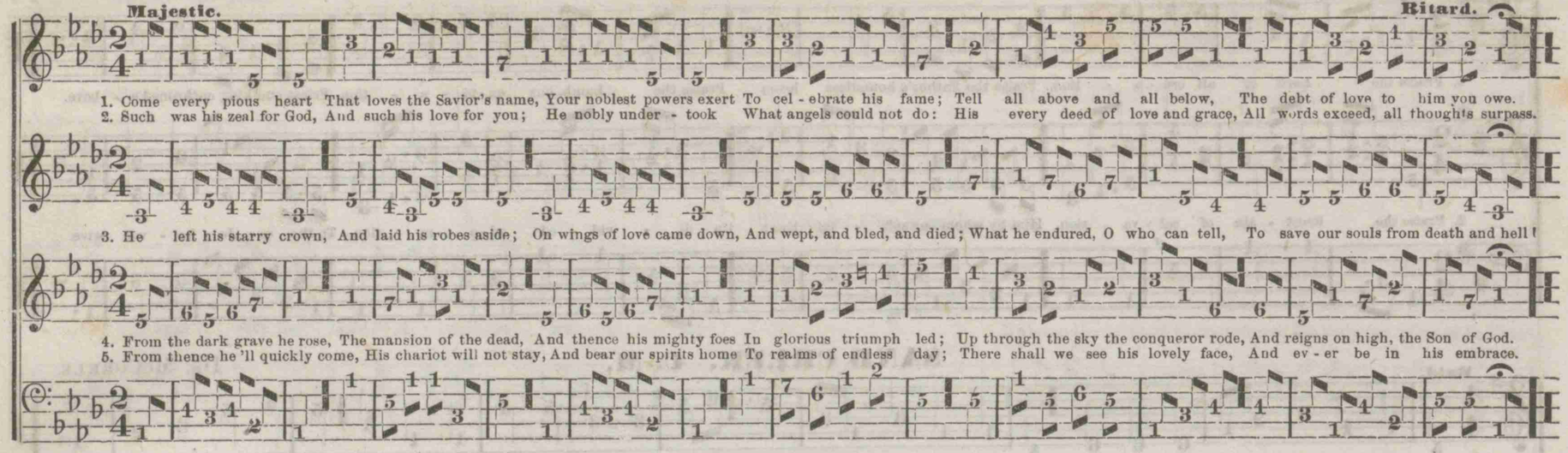


SPEED. L. M. D.

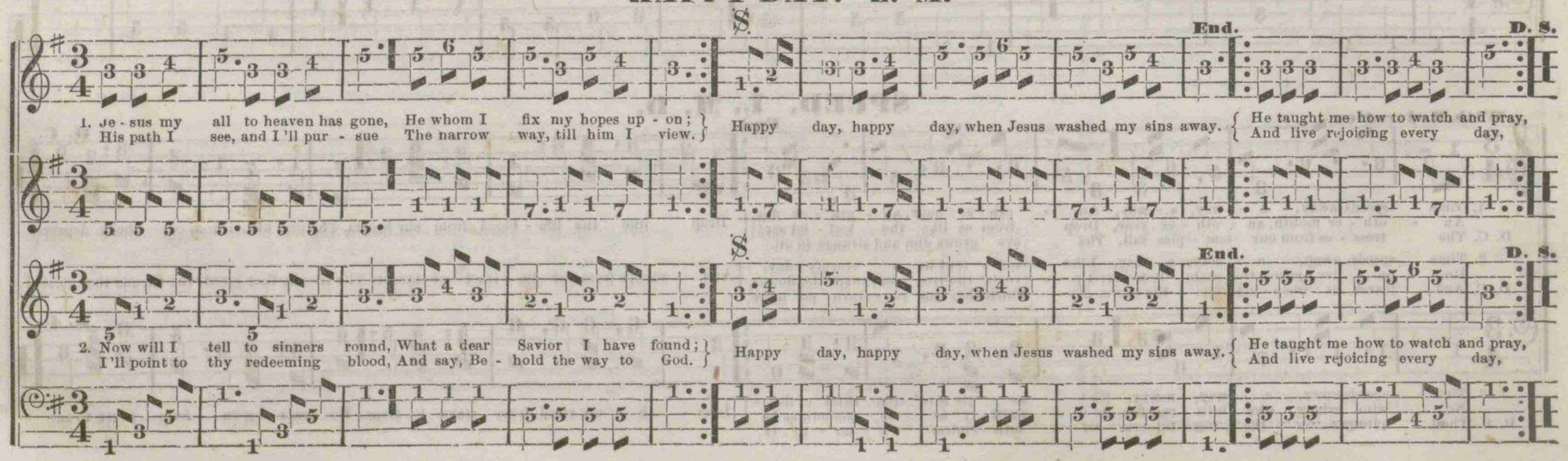


CHARLESTON. H. M.

H. S. PERKINS.



HAPPY DAY. L. M.



GRAFTON. C. M.

Slow

1. How oft, a - las! this wretched heart Has wandered from the Lord! How oft my rov - ing thoughts de - part, For - get - ful of his word.

2. Yet sov'reign mer - cy calls, "Return;" Dear Lord, and may I come? My vile in - grat - i - tude I mourn; O, take the wan - d'rer home!

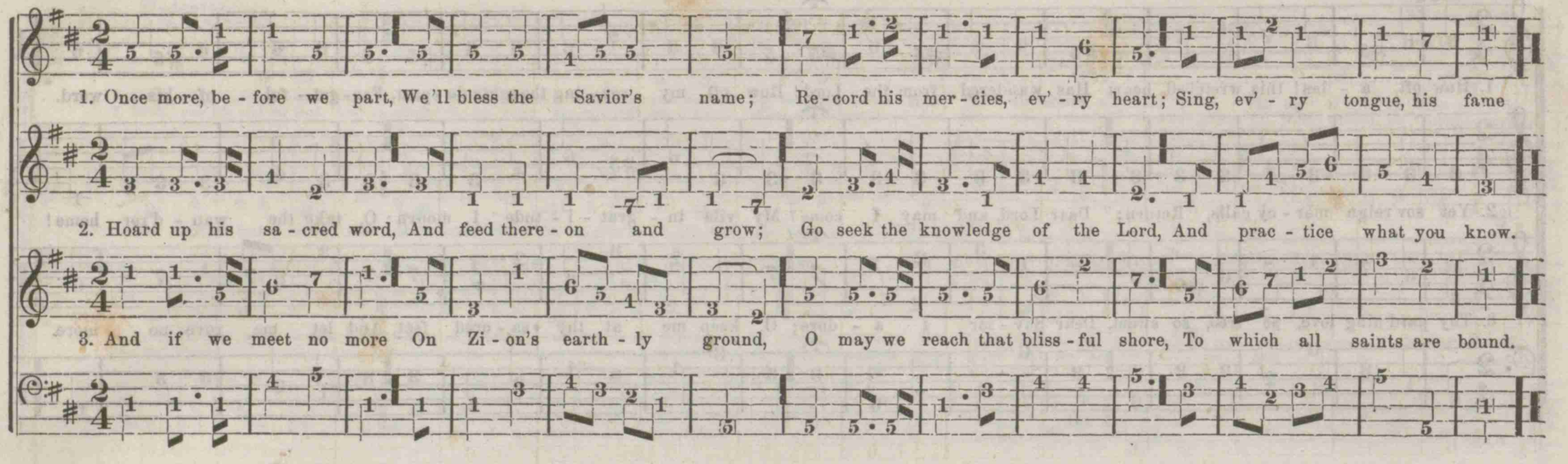
3. Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet, Dear Sav - ior I a - dore; O, keep me at thy sa - cred feet, And let me rove no more.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. Dutton.

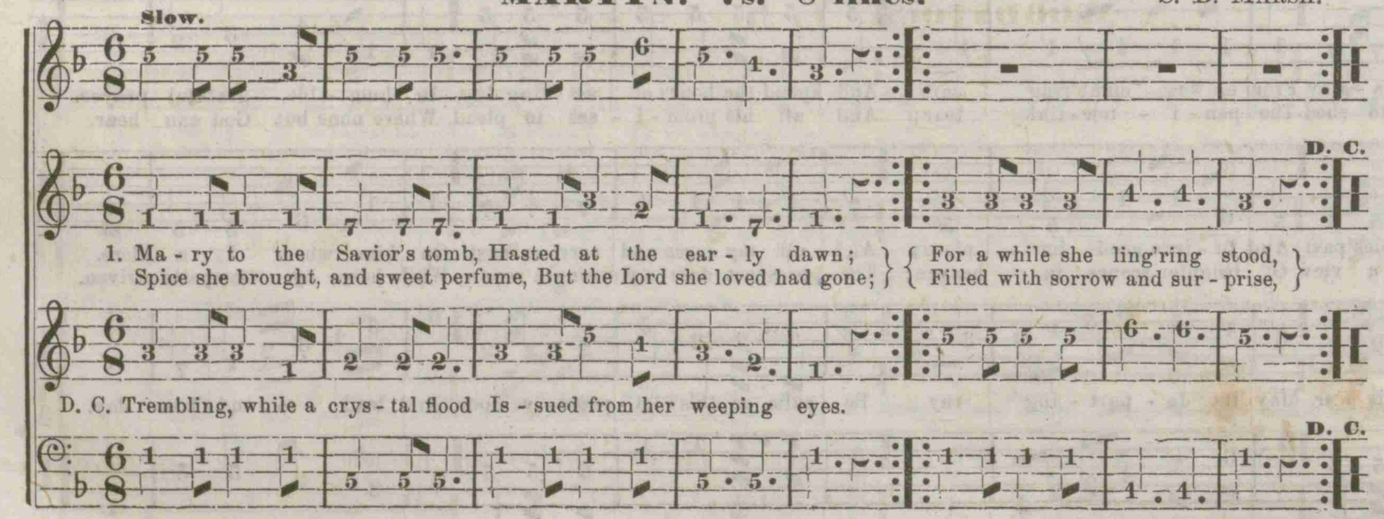
1. I love to steal a while a - way From ev' - ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of set - ting day, In hum - ble, grateful prayer.
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear; And all his prom - i - ses to plead, Where none but God can hear.
3. I love to think on mer - cies past And fu - ture good im - plore; And all my cares and sorrows cast On him whom I a - dore.
4. I love by faith to take a view Of brighter scenes in heaven; The prospect does my strength renew, While here by tempests 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.

EDINBORO'. S. M.



MARTYN. 7s. 8 lines.

S. B. Marsh.

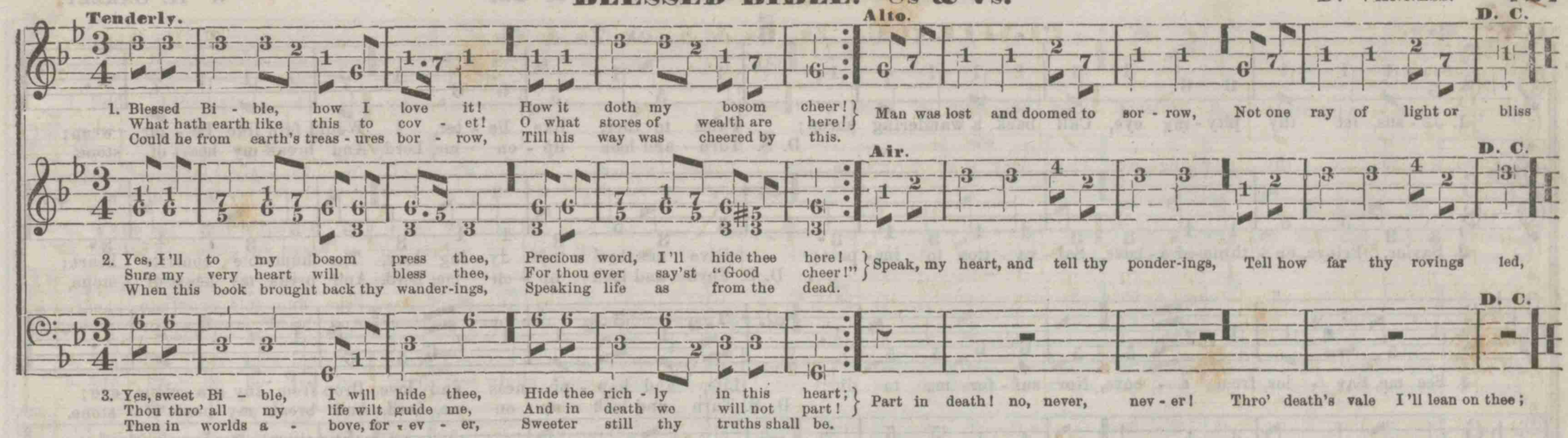


2. But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice:
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day;
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

3. He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost;
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-tossed.
On his arm your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for awhile may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

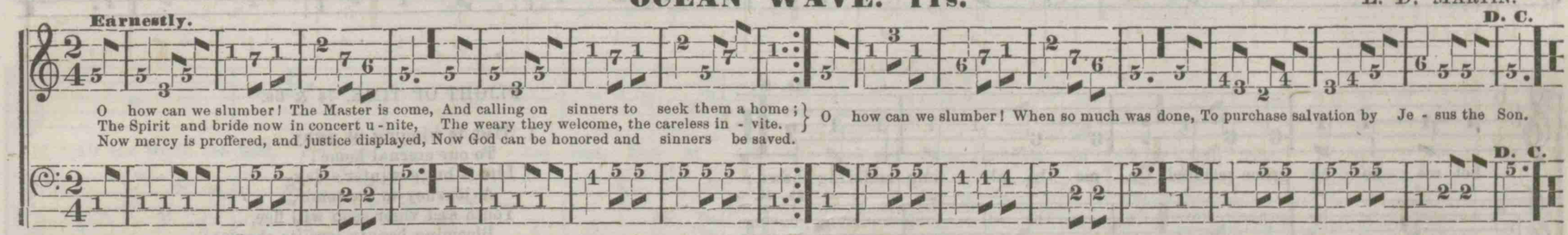
BLESSED BIBLE. 8s & 7s.

D. VANNESS.



OCEAN WAVE. 11s.

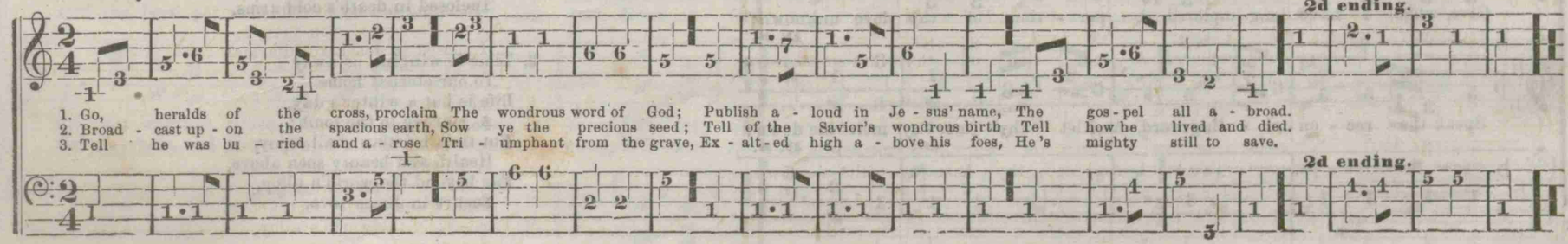
L. D. MARTIN.



PARIS. C. M.

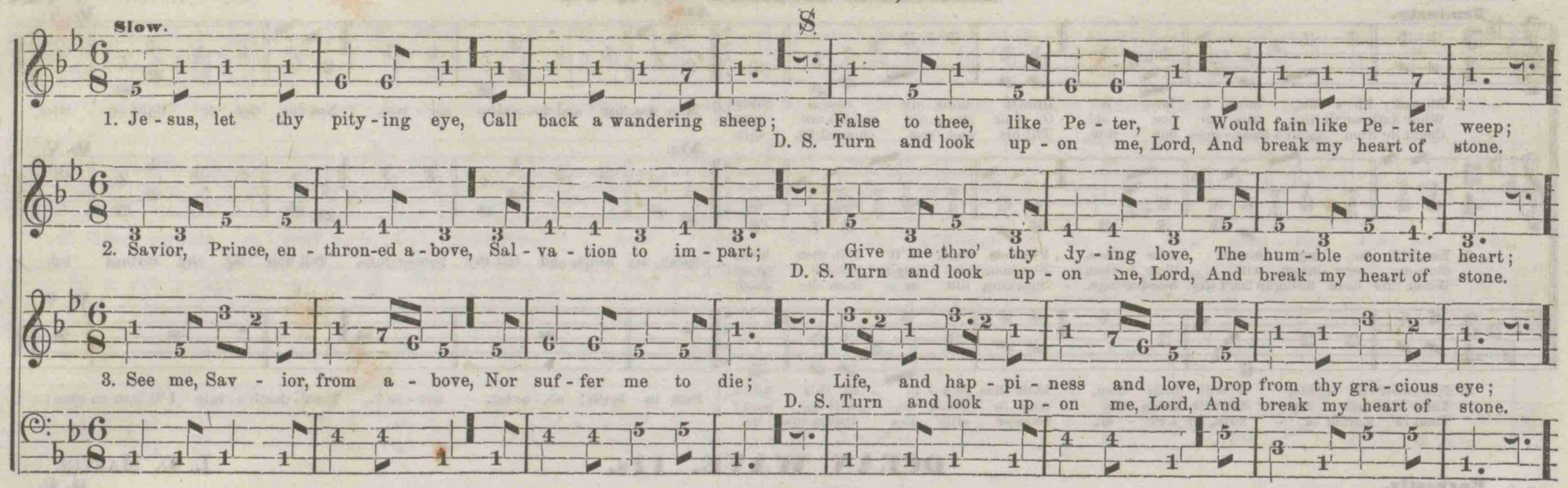
Words by S. W. LEONARD.
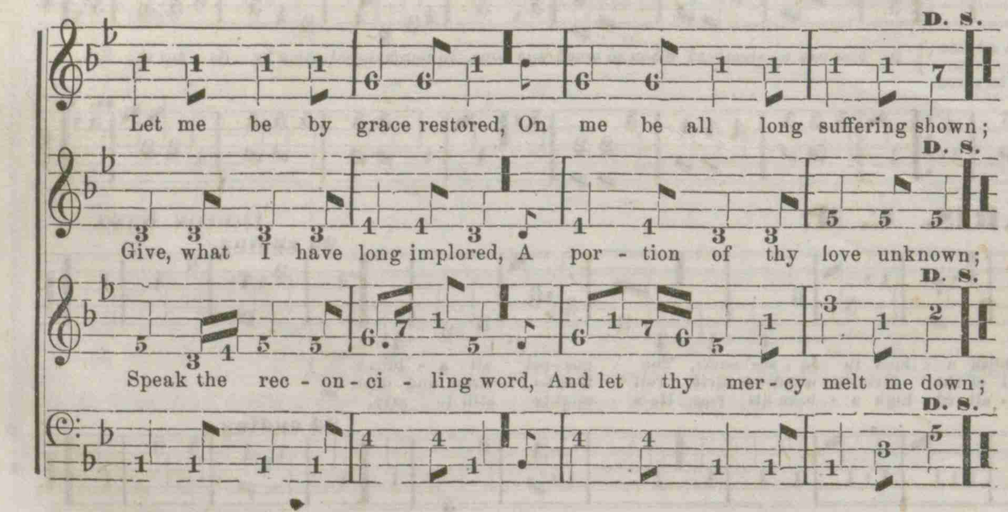
GIDEON KING.



PENITENCE. 7s, 6s & 8, or 7s & 6s.

W H. OAKLEY.





FLIGHT OF TIME. 7s & 6s.

1. TIME is winging us away,
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Inclosed in death's cold arms.

2. Time is winging us away
To our eternal home.
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy,
Health and beauty soon above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us each a bless - ing seek, Waiting in his courts to - day. Day of
2. While we seek supplies of grace, Through the blest Redeemer's name, Show thy rec - on - cil - ing face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our
3. Here we 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 Conquer sin - ners, com - fort saints; Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief to all complaints; Thus let
5. Glo - ry be to God on high, God whose glory fills the sky; Glo - ry to the Lamb be given, Glo - ry in the high - est heaven; Wisdom,

all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.
worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee, From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.
ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing rest, Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing rest.

2d ending.

all our worship prove, Till we join thy courts a - bove, Thus let all our worship prove, Till we join thy courts a - bove.
riches, praise, and power Be to God for ev - er - more, Wis - dom, rich - es, praise, and power Be to God for ev - er - more.

2d ending.

CORONAL. 8s, 7s & 4.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious; See the man of sorrows now;
   From the fight returned vic - torious, Every knee to him shall bow.

Crown him, Crown him; Crowns become the victor's brow, Crowns be - come the victor's brow.

2. Crown the Savior, angels crown him; Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
   In the seat of power enthrone him, While the heavenly concave rings.

Crown him, Crown him; Crown the Savior King of kings, Crown the Savior King of kings.

3. Sinners in de - ris - ion crowned him, Mocking thus the Savior's claim;
   Saints and angels crowd around him, Own his ti - tle, praise his name.

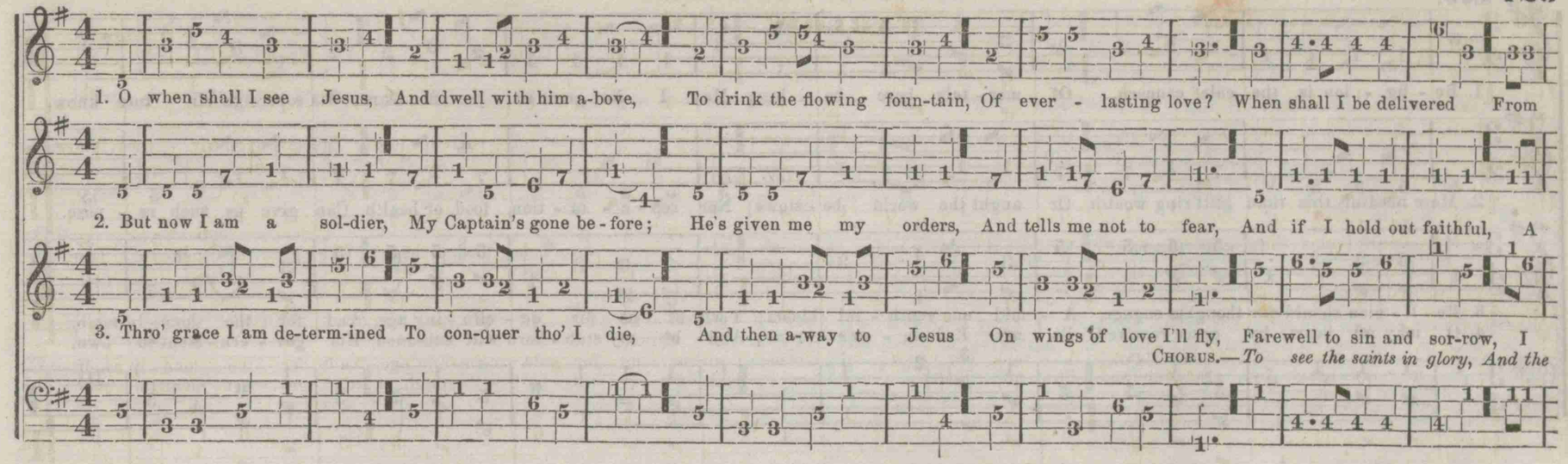
Crown him, Crown him; Spread abroad the victor's fame, Spread a - broad the victor's fame.

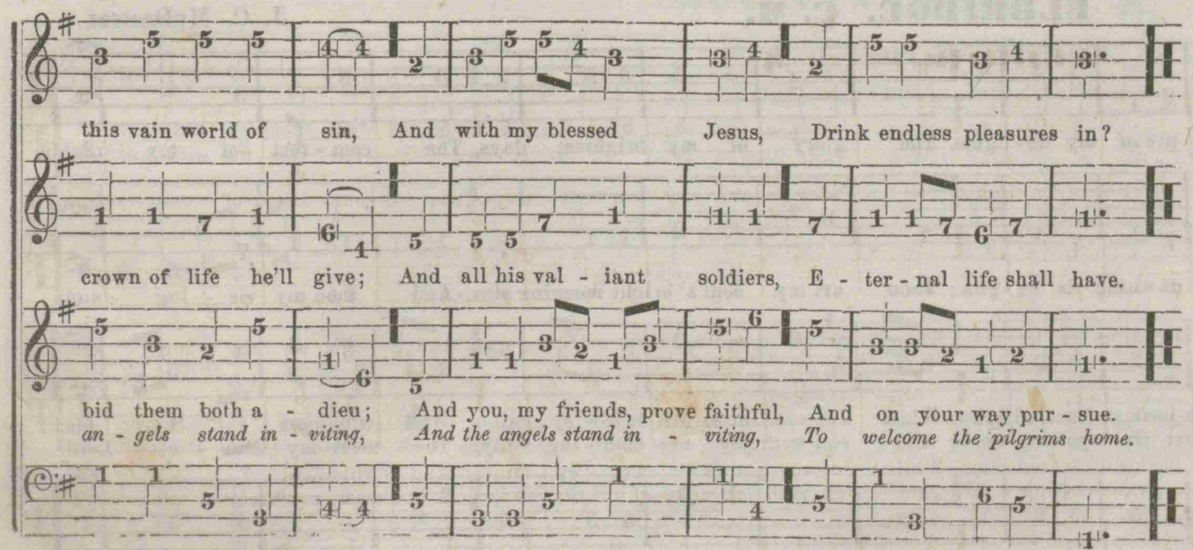
4. Hark! those bursts of accla - mation, Hark! those loud triumphant chords;
   Je - sus takes the highest station, O what joy the sight af - fords!

Crown him, Crown him; King of kings, and Lord of lords, King of kings, and Lord of lords.

HOPKINS. 6, 7s & 8.

1. Hark! hark! a shout of joy; The world, the world is call - ing; In east and west, in north and south, See Sa - tan's kingdom fall - ing.
2. Wake! wake! the church of God, And dis - si - pate thy slumbers; Shake off thy dead - ly ap - a - thy, And mar - shal all thy num - bers.
3. Trust, trust the faith - ful God, His prom - ise is un - fail - ing; The prayer of faith can pierce the skies, Its breath is all - pre - vail - ing.
4. Look! look! the fields are white, Then stay thy hand no long - er; Though Sa - tan's might - y le - gions fight, The arm of God is stron - ger.





4. And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And do n't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor,
Of faith, and hope, and love;
And when your warfare 's ended,
You 'll reign with him above.

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

5. Now to the Lord be glory,
For his redeeming love;
We 'll sing the wondrous story,
In brighter worlds above.
We 'll shout his halleluiahs,
And join the heavenly song,
With Noah, Job, and Daniel,
And all the holy throng

MARLOW. C. M.

WILLIAMS.

Slow.

1. Re - lig - ion is the chief concern, Of mor - tals here be - low; May I its great im - portance learn, Its sovereign vir - tues know.

2. More needful this than glitt'ring wealth, Or aught the world be - stows; Nor rep - u - ta - tion, food, or health, Can give us such re - pose.

3. Re - li - gion should our thoughts engage, A - mid our youth - ful bloom; 'T will fit us for de - clin - ing age, And for the lone - ly tomb.

4. O may my heart, by grace renewed, Be my Redeem - er's throne; And be my stub - born will sub-dued, His gov - ern - ment to own.

ELBRIDGE. C. M.

J. C. MCDANIEL.

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

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

3. The opening heavens 'round me shine, With beams of sacred bliss, While Je - sus shows his mer - cy mine, And whis-pers I am his.

4. My soul would leave this heavy clay, At that trans-porting word; And run with joy the shin - ing way, To meet my dear - est Lord.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1. Je - ho - vah reigns, his throne is high, His robes are light and ma - jes - ty; His glo - ry shines with beams so bright, No mortal can sus-tain the sight.
2. His ter - rors keep the world in awe, His jus - tice guards his ho - ly law; His love re - veals a smiling face, His truth and promise seal the grace.
3. Thro' all his works his wisdom shines, And baffles Satan's deep designs; His pow'r is sovereign to ful - fill The noblest counsels of his will.

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

SLOW.

1. Mis - tak - en souls, that dream of heaven, And make their empty boast Of inward joys and sins forgiven, While they are slaves to lust.
2. How vain are all our fan - cy's flights, If faith be cold and dead; None but a liv - ing power u - nites To Christ, the liv - ing head.
3. 'Tis faith that pu - ri - fies the heart; 'Tis faith that works by love; That bids all sin - ful joys de - part, And lifts the thoughts a - bove.
4. This faith shall ev' - ry fear con - trol, By its ce - les - tial power; With ho - ly triumph fill the soul, In death's approaching hour.

SIBERIA. 8s, 7s, and 4s.

POND.

1st time.

1. Sinners, will you scorn the message, Sent in mercy from above?
Ev'ry sen-tence O how tender, Ev'ry line is full of love; Listen to it, Listen to it; Ev'ry line is full of love.

1st time.

2. Hear the herald of the gospel, News from Zions King proclaim!
Pardon to each rebel sinner; Free forgiveness in his name: O how gracious! O how gracious! Free forgiveness in his name.

1st time.

3. Who has our report believed? Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon, Offered to you by the Lord? Can you slight it, Can you slight it? Offered to you by the Lord.

1st time.

FAIRLAND. L. M.

J. D. WILLIAMS.

1. My God, my heart with love inflame, That I may in Thy ho - ly name, Aloud in songs of praise rejoice, While I have breath to raise my voice.

2. No more let my ungrateful heart, One moment from thy praise depart; But live and sing, in sweet accord, The glories of my sover - eign Lord.

3. Je-sus, thou hope of glory, come, And make my heart thy constant home; Thro' all the remnant of my days, O let me speak and live thy praise.
4. In thine em - brace, I then would die, And rise to worlds of endless joy; When Christ the Lord in clouds shall come, And Michael's trump shall rend my tomb.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O how I long for thee! When will my sor - rows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?
2. Thy walls are all of precious stone, Most glorious to be - hold; Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks My stu - dy long have been; Such dazzling views by hu - man sight Have nev - er yet been seen.

Chorus.

We're go - ing home, we're go-ing home, We're go - ing home to live in heav-en.
We're go - ing home, we're go-ing home, We're go - ing home to live for - ev - er.

4. If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly's this that I should dread
To die, and go from hence.

5. When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

WAGONER. 8s & 7s.—5 lines.

GEO. W. SIMS.

Slow.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast, 'T is found above—in heaven.
2. There is a home for weary souls, By sin and sorrow driven; When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and ocean rolls, And all is drear—but heaven.
3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye, To brighter prospects given; It views the tempest passing by, Sees evening shadows quickly fly, And all serene—in heaven.

MILLENNIAL GLORY

CHORUS.

D. C.

1. And Zion's children then shall sing, The deserts are all blossoming;
2. From Zion shall the law go forth, And all shall hear from south to north;

Re - joice, re - joice, the promis'd time is coming; Re - joice, re - joice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.

3. And lambs may with the leopard play, For naught shall harm in Zion's way;

D. C.

1. The gos - pel ban - ner wide unfurled, Shall wave in triumph o'er the world; And ev' - ry creature, bond or free, Shall hail the glo - rious ju - bi - lee.
2. And truth shall sit on ev' - ry hill, And blessings flow in ev' - ry rill; And praise shall every heart employ, And every voice shall shout for joy.
3. The sword and spear of needless worth, Shall prune the tree and plow the earth; For peace shall smile from shore to shore, And nations shall learn war no more!

D. C.

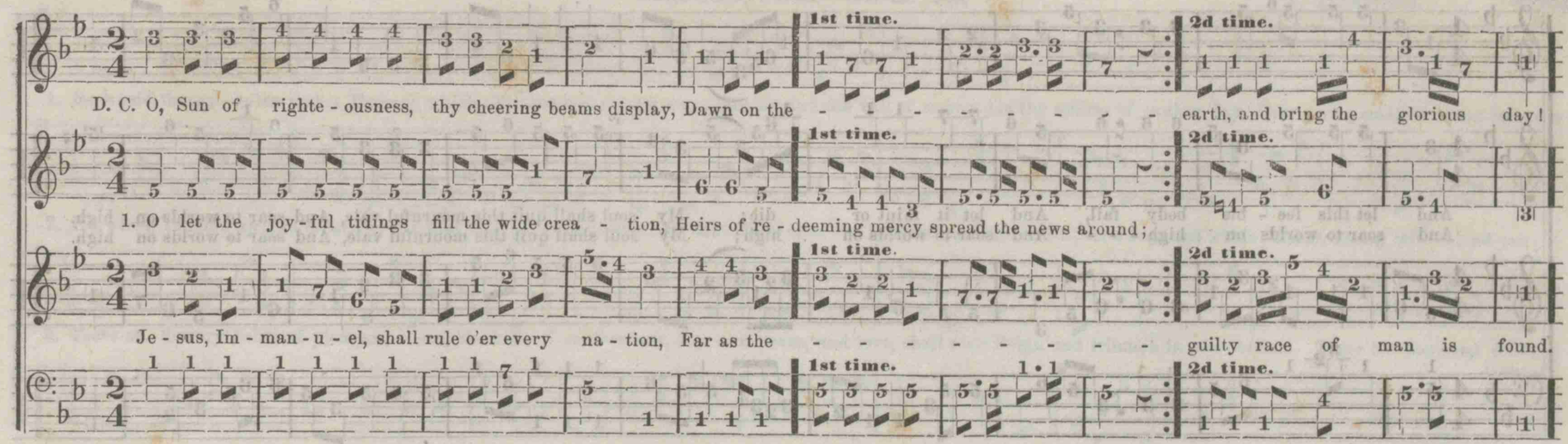
WISCONSIN. 8s & 7s.

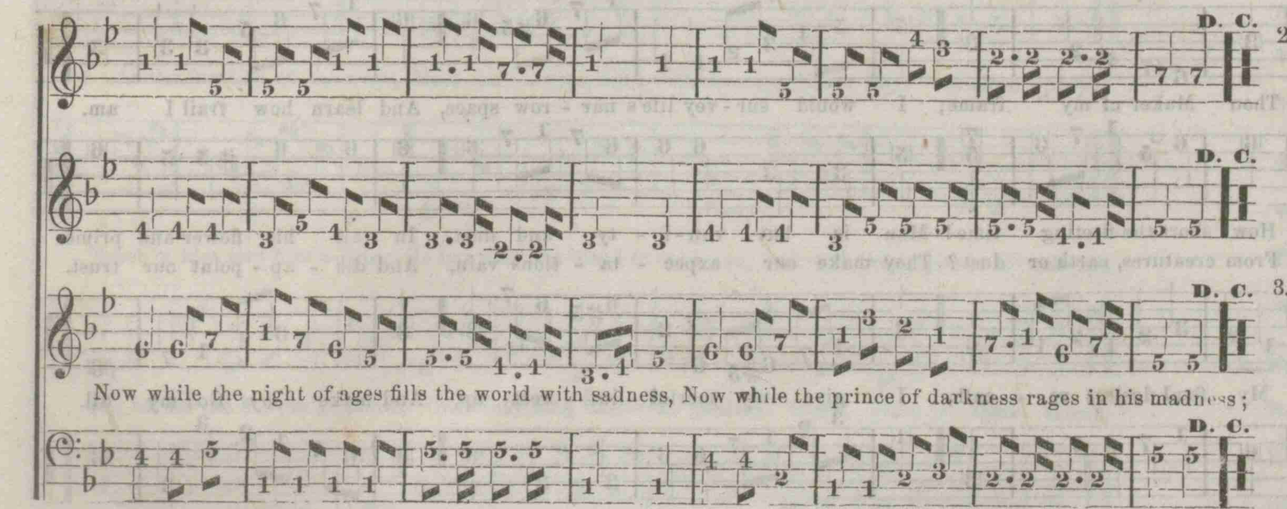
D. C.

Hear, O hear the melting sto - ry Of the lamb that once was slain,
'Tis the Lord of life and glo - ry Shall we plead with you in vain.
O re - ceive him, O re - ceive him, Free sal - vation now ob - tain.

O re - ceive him, O re - ceive him, Free sal - vation now ob - tain,

D. C.
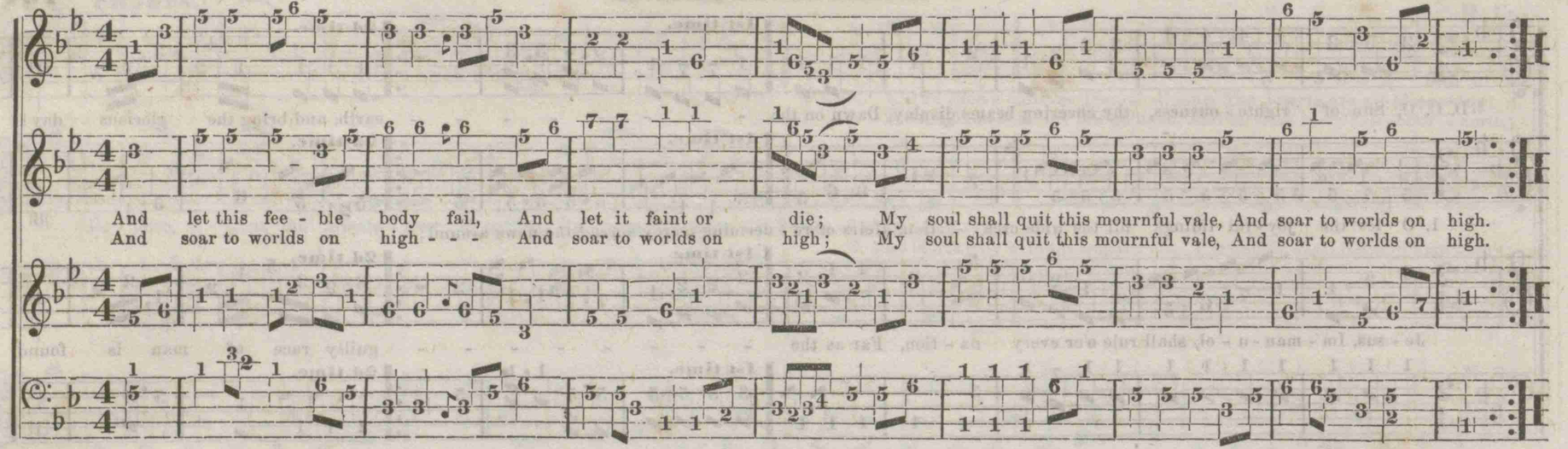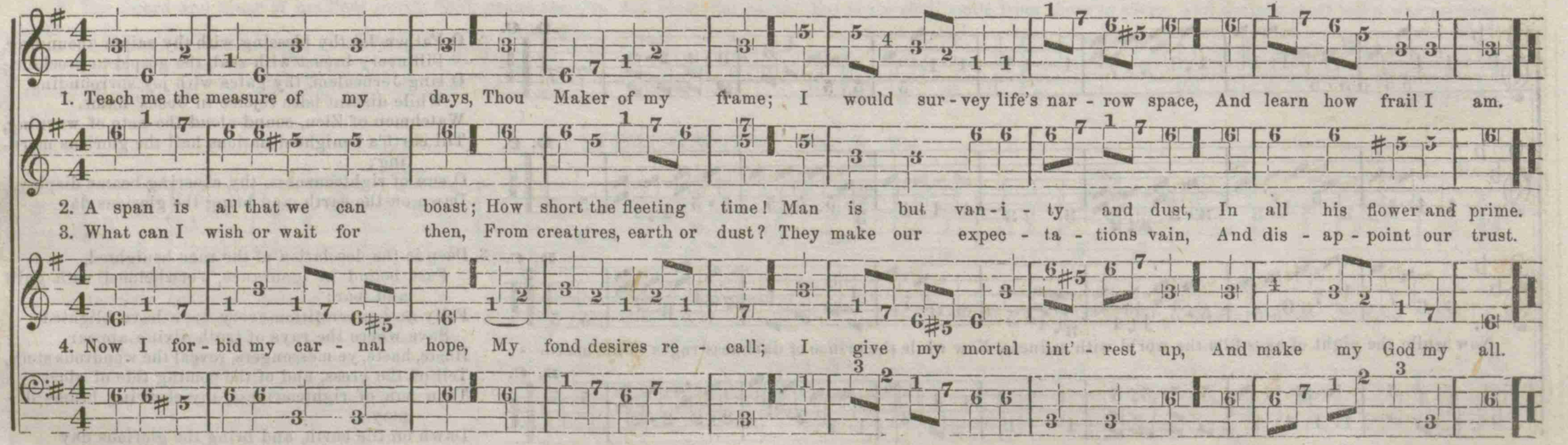




2. O Father, let thy blessing with thy saints abounding,
Fill every breast with zeal, the gospel to proclaim;
O sing Jerusalem, thy gates with joy surrounding,
While distant isles rejoice in Jesus' name.
Watchmen of Zion, sound aloud the note of warning,
Till earth's benighted nations hail the glorious morning;
O sun of righteousness, thy cheering beams display,
Dawn on the earth, and bring the glorious day.

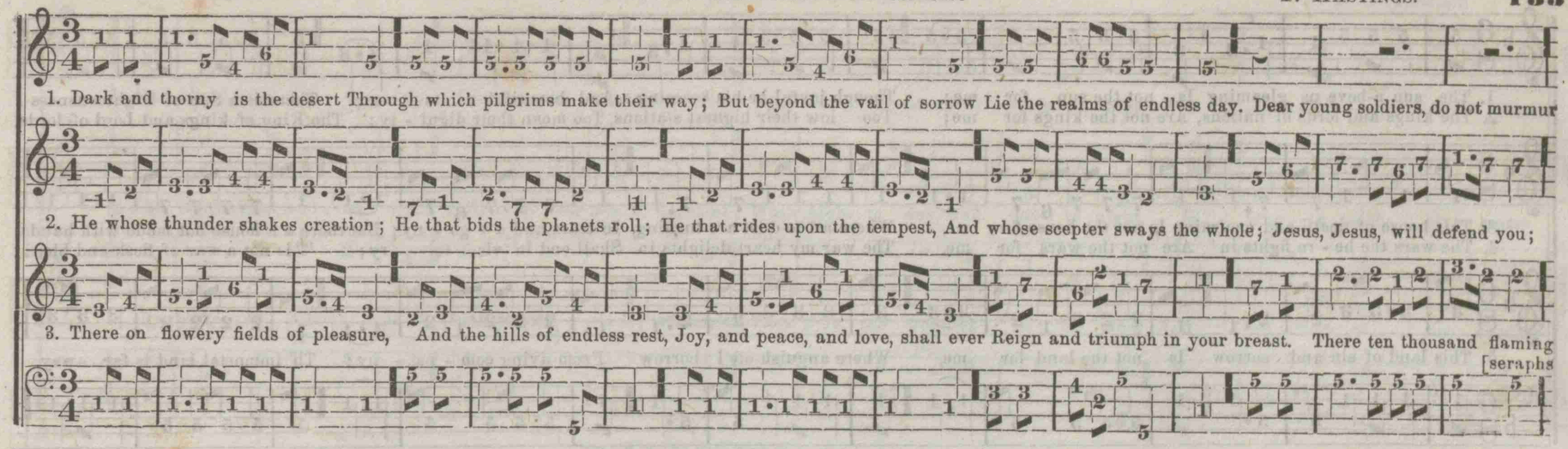
3. Deep is the desolation of the race benighted,
Fast bound in ignorance, o'erwhelmed with guilt and fear;
Folly and superstition every hope have blighted,
Save where the rays of truth divine appear.
Haste, haste, ye messengers, reveal the wondrous story,
Tell of the cross, and of the coming tide of glory;
Then sun of righteousness, thy cheering beams display,
Dawn on the earth, and bring the glorious day

PISGAH. C. M.



SUFFIELD. C. M.





4. But, methinks, a sweeter concert
Makes the crystal arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion
Which the angels cannot sing;
Who can paint those sons of glory,
Ransomed souls that dwell on high,
Who with golden harps forever
Sound redemption through the sky.

5. See the heavenly host in rapture
Gazing on these shining bands,
Wondering at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hands.
There, upon the golden pavement,
See the ransomed march along!
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo with their song.

6. Here I see the under shepherds,
And the flocks they fed below;
Here with joy they dwell together,
Jesus is their shepherd now.
Hail! you happy, happy spirits!
Welcome to the blissful plain,
Glory, honor, and salvation;
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign.

SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Words by A. CRIHFIELD.

1. The sun a-bove us gleaming Is not the sun for me; Though joyful be his beaming, And beautiful to see; There is a Sun of Righteousness
2. The kings and lords of nations, Are not the kings for me; Too low their highest stations, Too mean their digni - ty: The King of kings and Lord of lords,
3. This house of death and mourning Is not the house for me, Where all to dust are turning, In tears and a - go - ny; But there 's a house not made with hands,
4. The wars the he - ro fights in Are not the wars for me, The war my heart delights in Shall end in vic - to - ry; 'T is not a war of flesh and blood;
5. This land of sin and sorrow Is not the land for me, Where anguish oft I borrow From dying com - pa - ny; Th' immortal land is far away,

Who cheers and saves me by his grace, All copious on me streaming, O that 's the sun for me, O that 's the sun for me, O that 's the sun for me.
Almighty in his ways and words, The word of his salvation, O that s the King for me, O that 's the King for me, O that 's the King for me.
It ever stood and ever stands, Beyond the world's last burning, O that 's the house for me, O that 's the house for me, O that 's the house for me.
I fight for heaven, I fight for God, A kingdom with my rights in, O that 's the war for me, O that 's the war for me, O that 's the war for me.
I 'll enter it on some bright day, That day may be to-morrow, O that 's the land for me O that 's the land for me, O that 's the land for me.

ARCHER. S. M.

1. Be - hold the loft - y sky Declares its Mak - er, God; And all the star - ry works on high, Pro - claim his power a - broad.

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

3. In ev' - ry different land, Their general voice is known; They show the wonders of his hand, And or - ders of his throne.

WAYNESVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4.

T. HASTINGS.

1. Songs a - new of hon - or framing, Sing ye to the Lord a - lone;
   All his wond'rous works proclaiming, Je - sus wond'rous works hath done.
   Glorious victory, Glorious victory, His right hand and arm hath won.

2. Now he bids his great sal - va-tion, Through the heathen lands be told;
   Tid - ings spread through every nation, And his acts of grace un - fold.
   All the heathen, All the heathen, Shall his righteous - ness un - fold.

3. Shout a - loud, and hail the Savior; Je - sus, Lord of all proclaim!
   As ye triumph in his favor, Spread abroad his matchless fame.
   Loud re - joic - ing, Loud re - joic - ing, Shout the honors of his name.

SHINING SHORE. C. M.

A. D. Fillmore.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger.

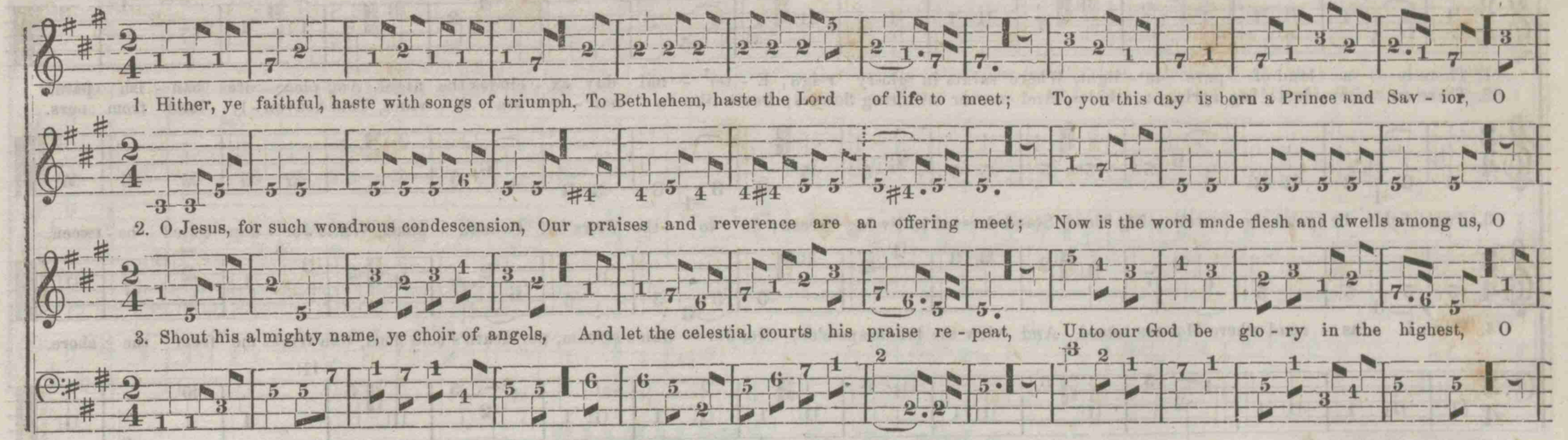
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our dis - tant home dis - cern - ing; Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, Let ev' - ry lamp be burn - ing.

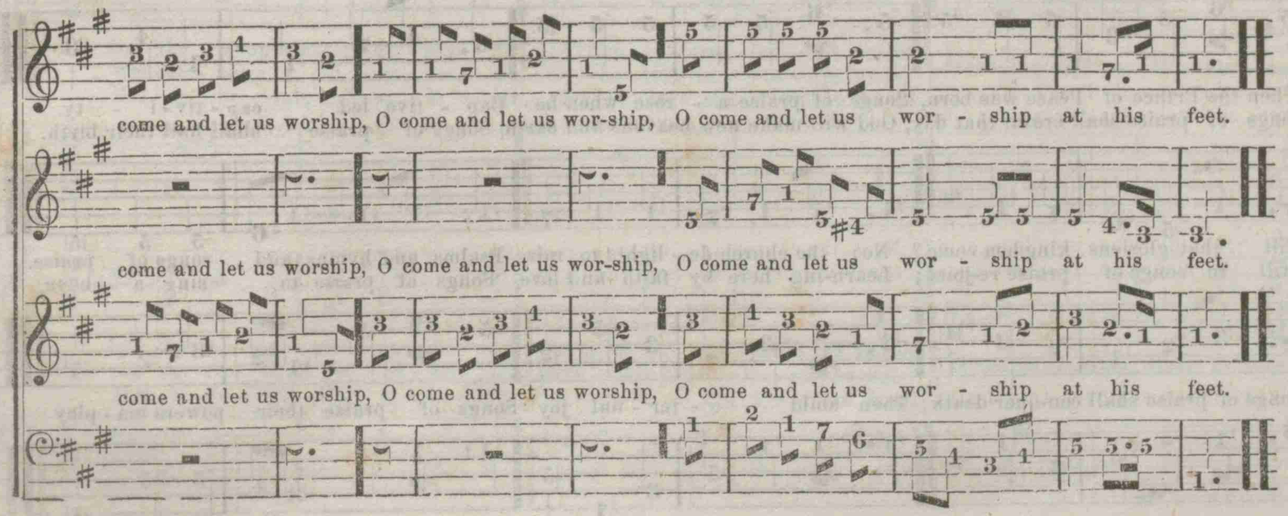
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We will not cease our sing - ing; That com - ing rest naught can mo - lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.

4. Let sorrow's ru - dest tem - pest blow, Each chord on earth to sev - er; Our King says, Come, and there's our home, For - ev - er, O for - ev - er.

For O we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver, And just before the shining shore We may almost dis-cov - er.

For O we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver, And just before the shining shore We may almost dis-cov - er.





1. The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian and guide,
Whatever we want he will kindly provide;
To sheep of his pasture his mercies abound,
His care and protection, his flock will surround.

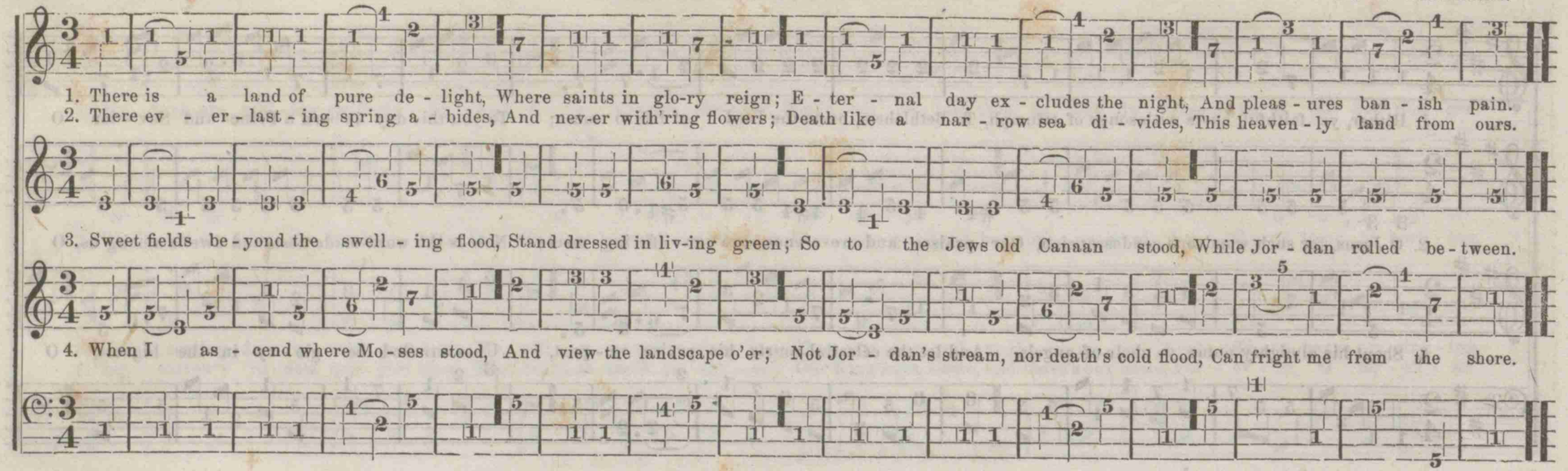
2. The Lord is our shepherd, what then shall we fear?
What danger can move us while Jesus is near?
Not when the time calls us to walk thro' the vale,
Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail.

3. Tho' afraid of ourselves to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay;
We know, by thy guidance, when once it is past
To a fountain of life, it will bring us at last.

4. The Lord has become our salvation and song,
His blessings have followed us all our life long:
His name we will praise while he lends us our breath,
Be cheerful in life, and be happy in death.

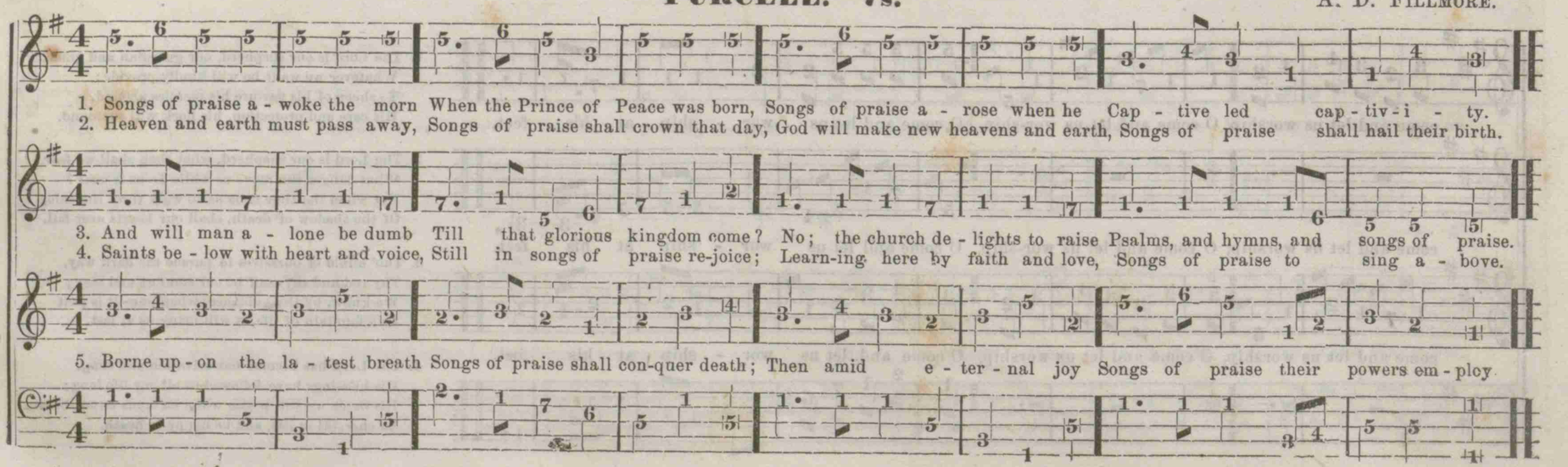
ILLINOIS. C. M.

A. D. FILLMORE.



PURCELL. 7s.

A. D. FILLMORE.



TARA. C. M

1. Dear as thou wert, and justly dear, We will not weep for thee: One thought shall check the starting tear, It is, that thou art free. } And thus shall faith's consoling power The tears of love restrain; O who that saw thy parting hour, [Could wish thee here again?

2. Triumphant in thy closing eyes The hope of glory shone; Joy breathed in thy expiring sigh, To think the race was run. } Thy passing spirit gently fled, Sustained by grace divine; O may such grace on us be shed, And make [our end like thine.

PALMALORA. 8s, 7s, and 4.

A. B. Irving.

D. C.

1. On the mountain-top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands, Wel-come news to Zi - on bear - ing, Zi - on long in hos - tile lands. Hal - le - lu - iah, hal - le - lu - iah, Hal - le - lu - iah, praise the Lord! } Mourning captive, Mourning captive, God him - self shall loose thy bands.

D. C.

D. C.

2. Lo! thy sun is ris'n in glo - ry! God him - self ap - pears thy friend; All thy foes shall flee be - fore thee, Here their boasted tri - umphs end. Hal - le - lu - iah, Hal - le - lu - iah, Hal - le - lu - iah, praise the Lord. } Great deliverance, Great deliver - ance, Zi - on's king will sure - ly bring.

D. C

FULTON. 7s & 6s.

A. D. Fillmore.

D. C.

1. Soon as the morn with ro - ses Be - decks the dewy east,
   And when the sun re - po - ses Up - on the o - cean's breast;
   O grant us thy sal - va - tion, And be thou ev - er near.

Our voice in sup - pli - ca - tion, Je - ho - vah, thou shalt hear;

D. C.

2. By thee thro' life sup - por - ted, We pass the dangerous road,
   By heaven - ly hosts es - cort - ed, Up to their bright a - bode;
   And joy - ful - ly a - dore thee, For ev - er, ev - er - more.

There cast our crowns be - fore thee, Our toils and con - flicts o'er;

D. C.

D. C.

AVON. C. M.

Slow.

1. For me, O did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?

Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I!
A - maz - ing pity, grace unknown, And love beyond de - gree.

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While his dear cross ap-pears;

When Christ, the Lord, was crucified For man, the reb - el's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thankfulness, And melt my eyes to tears.

5. But tears of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Here, Lord, I give my - self away, 'Tis all that I can do.

1. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight; An - gel, onward speed; Cast abroad thy radiant light, Bid the shades re - cede; Tread the idols in the dust, Heathen fanes de - stroy,

2. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight; An - gel, onward haste; Quickly on each mountain hight Be thy standard placed; Let the blissful tidings float Far o'er vale and hill,

3. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight; An - gel, onward fly; Long has been the reign of night, Bring the morning nigh; 'T is to thee the heathen lift Their implor - ing wail,

4. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight; An - gel, onward speed; Morning bursts up - on the sight, 'T is the time de - creed; Je - sus now his kingdom takes, Thrones and empires fall,

GLORY TO GOD. Chorus.

B. Skene.

Spread the gospel's ho - ly trust, Spread the gos - pel's joy.

Till the sweetly echoing note Every bo - som thrill.

Bear them heaven's ho - ly gift, Ere their cour - age fail.
And the joyous song awakes, "God is all in all."

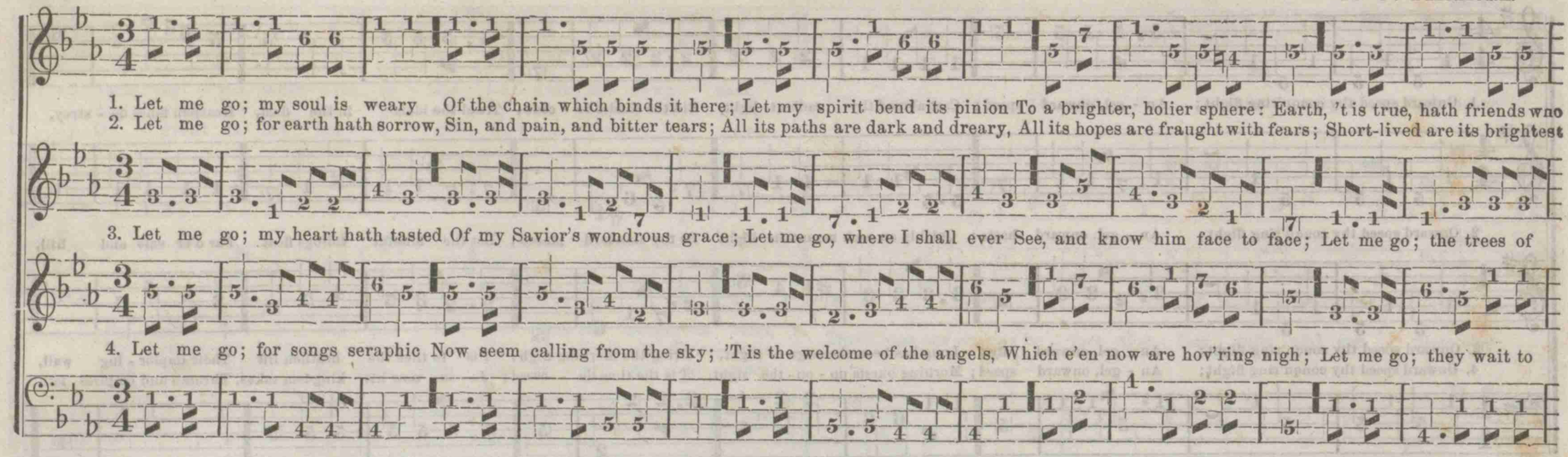
Glory to God! Glory to God! Glo - ry to God in the high - est! A-men, A-men, A - men!

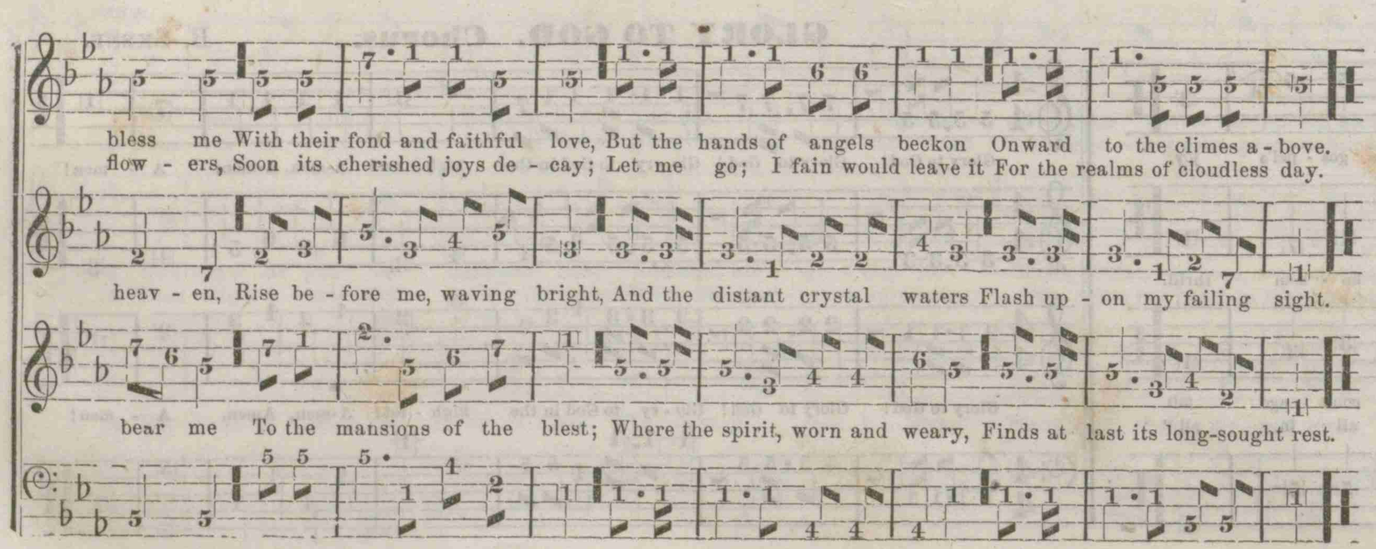
Glory to God! Glory to God! Glo - ry to God in the high - est! A-men, Amen, A - men!

WORDS BY WM. BAXTER.

LET ME GO. 8s & 7s.

A. D. FILLMORE.





ANGEL OF HIS PRESENCE.

1. CHRISTIAN, in the hour of sickness,
When the fevered pulse was high;
Did the "angel of his presence"
Pass before thy languid eye?
Were his arms then laid beneath thee,
Yielding pure and tranquil rest?
Was thine aching head then pillowed
On the dear Redeemer's breast.

2. Christian, when the waves of Jordan,
Rolling from the further shore;
Fiercely surge and dash about thee,
And thou tremblest at their roar.
Then, O then, amid the darkness,
One will linger at thy side,
Yea, the "angel of his presence"
Then will bear thee o'er the tide.

EMINENCE. C. M.

With dignity.

1. A - rise, ye people, and adore, Ex - ult - ing strike the chord; Let all the earth, from shore to shore, Con - fess th' Almighty Lord.

2. Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing round, Th' as-cend-ing Lord pro - claim; An - gel - ic choirs re - spond the sound, And shake cre-a - tion's frame.

3. They sing of death and hell o'erthrown In that tri - umphant hour; And God ex - alts his conquering Son To his right hand of power.

ETIVNI. 6s & 7s.

1. Sinners, say will you go To the highlands of heaven? Where the storms never blow, And the long summer's given: } Where the bright blooming flowers are their odors emitting, And the leaves of the bowers in the breezes are flitting.

2. Where the saints, robed in white, Cleansed in life's flowing fountain; Shin - ing beauteous and bright, They inhabit the mountain } Where no sin nor dis - may, Neither trouble nor sorrow, Will be felt for a day, Nor be feared for the morrow.

3. He's prepared thee a home—Sinner, will you be - lieve it? And in - vites thee to come, Sinner, will you re - ceive it? } O come, sinner, come, For the tide is re - ced-ing; And the Savior will soon, And for - ev-er cease pleading.

TALLIS. L. M.

TALLIS.

1. And is the gos - pel peace and love? Such let our con-ver - sa - tion be; The ser - pent blend - ed with the dove— Wis-dom and meek sim - pli-ci - ty.

2. When - e'er the an - gry pas - sions rise, And tempt our thoughts and tongues to strife, To Je - sus let us lift our eyes, Bright pat-tern of the Christian life.

3. Oh, how be - ne - vo - lent and kind! How mild, how rea - dy to for-give! Be this the tem - per of our mind, And these the rules by which we live.

4. To do his heavenly Fa - ther's will Was his employment and de - light: Hu - mi - li - ty, and love, and zeal, Shone through his life di - vine-ly bright.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

THORLEY.

D.C.

5. Dis - pensing good wher - e'er he came, The la - bors of his life were love; Oh, if we love the Sa - vior's name,
Let his di - vine ex - am - ple move.

D.C.

6. But ah! how blind, how weak we are! How frail, how apt to turn a - side! Lord, we de - pend up - on thy care;
O may thy Spi - rit be our guide!

D.C.

7. Thy fair ex - am - ple may we trace, To teach us what we ought to be; Make us, by thy trans - form - ing grace,
Lord Je-sus, dai - ly more like thee.

D.C.

CLINGER. C. M.

With bold energy.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev' - ry nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heaven-ly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im-
2. 'Tis God's all an - i - mat - ing voice, That calls thee from on high; 'Tis his own hand pre - sents the prize, To mine as-
3. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round, Holds thee in full sur - vey; For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And on-ward
4. Blest Sav - ior, in - tro - duced by thee, Have we our race be - gun, And crowned with vic - tory, at thy feet We'll lay our

mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.
pir - ing eye, To mine as - pir - ing eye.
urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.
hon - ors down, We'll lay our hon - ors down.

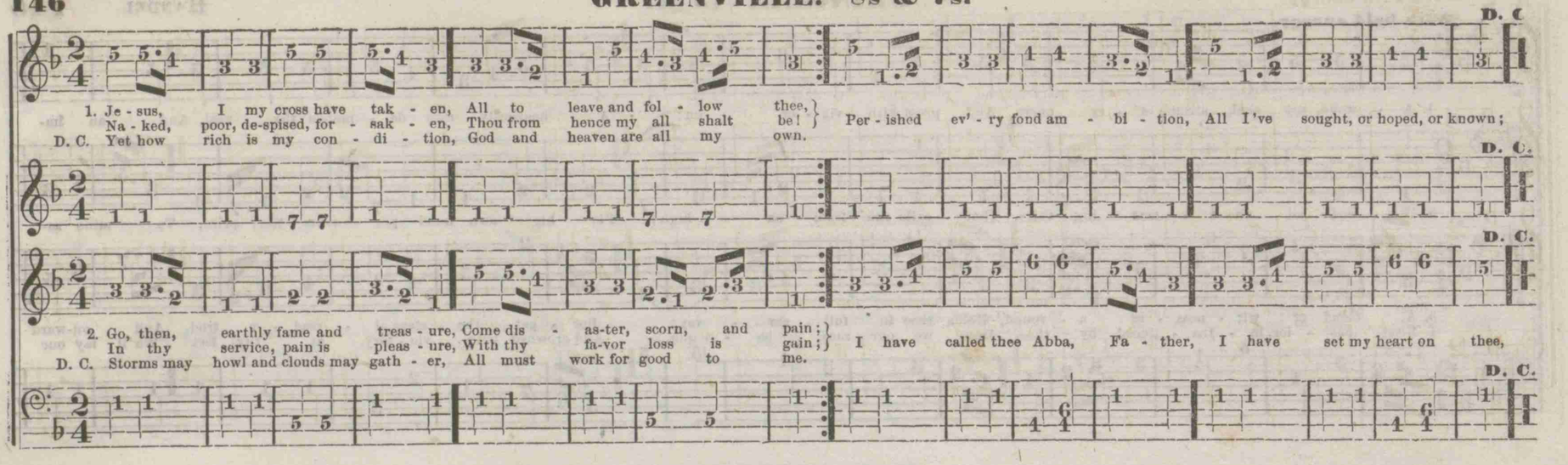
K

NEWMAN. L. M.

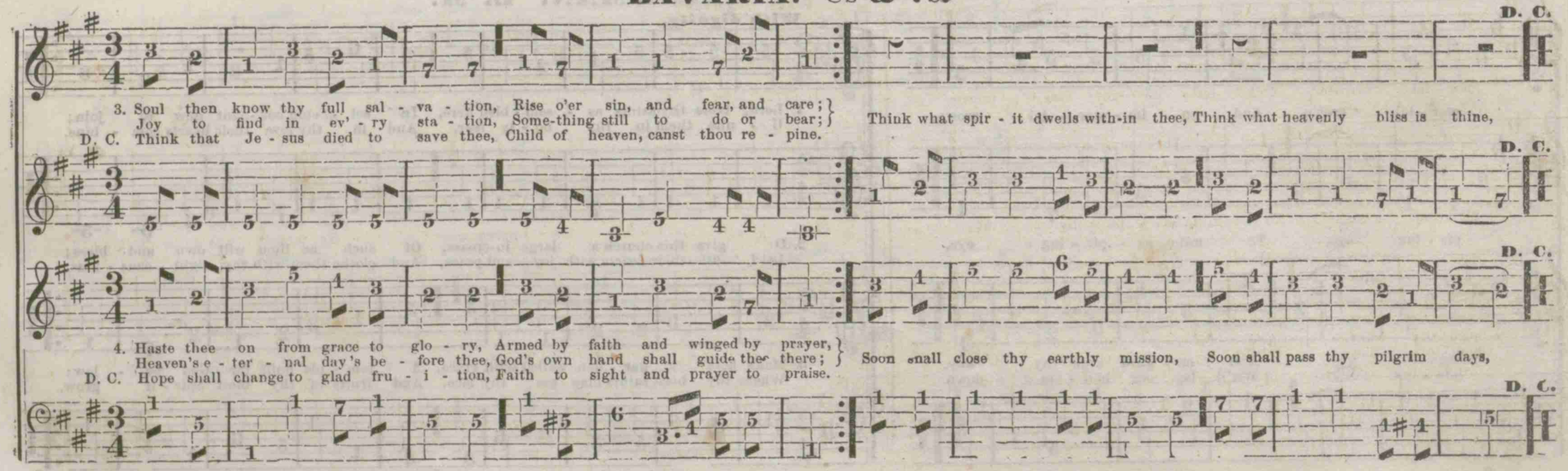
With dignity.

1. Lord, bless thy saints as - sem - bled here, In sol - emn cov'-nant now to join;
   U - nite them in thy ho - ly fear, And in thy love their hearts com - bine.
2. O give this church a large in-crease, Of such as thou wilt own and bless;
   Lord, fill their hearts with joy and peace, And clothe them with thy right - eous - ness.
3. Make here a gar - den walled with grace, A tem - ple built for God be - low:
   Where thy blest saints may see thy face, And fruits of thy blest Spir - it grow.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.



BAVARIA. 8s & 7s.



FILLMORE. L. M.

A. B. Irving.

1. Be - lieving souls, of Christ be - loved, Who have yourselves to him resigned; Your faith and practice both approved, A hear-ty wel-come here shall find.
2. Now saved from sin and Satan's wiles, Though by a scorning world abhorr'd, Now share with us the Savior's smiles, Come in, ye ransomed of the Lord.
3. In fel-low - ship we join our hands, And you an in - vi - ta-tion give; U-nite with us in sa-cred bands, The pledges of our love re - ceive.
4. Do thou, who art the Church's head, This u-nion with thy blessing crown; And still, O Lord, revive the dead, Till thousands more thy name shall own.

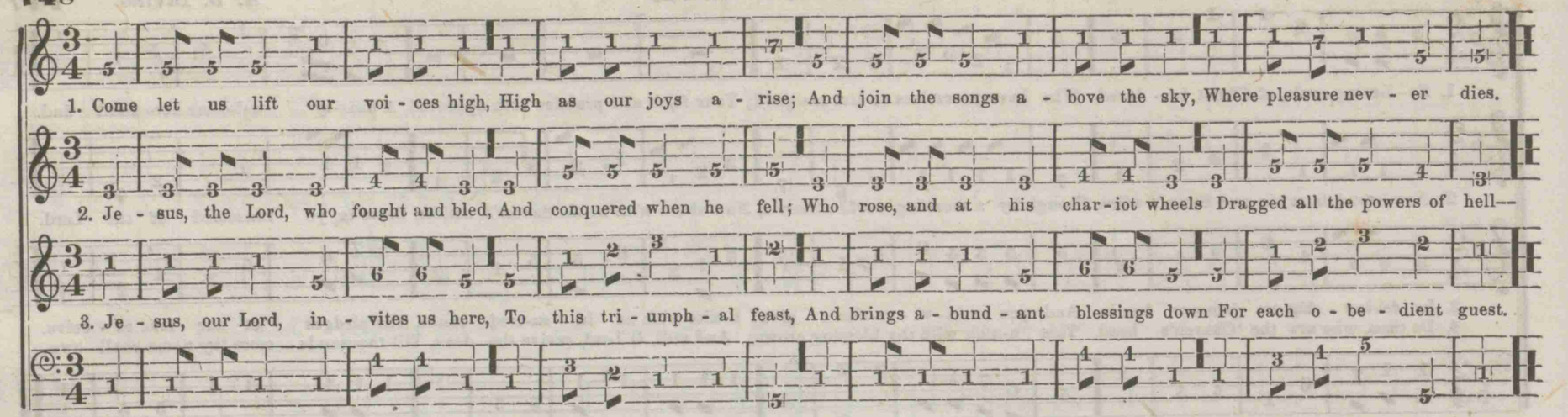
BRAINERD. L. M.

H. S. Perkins.
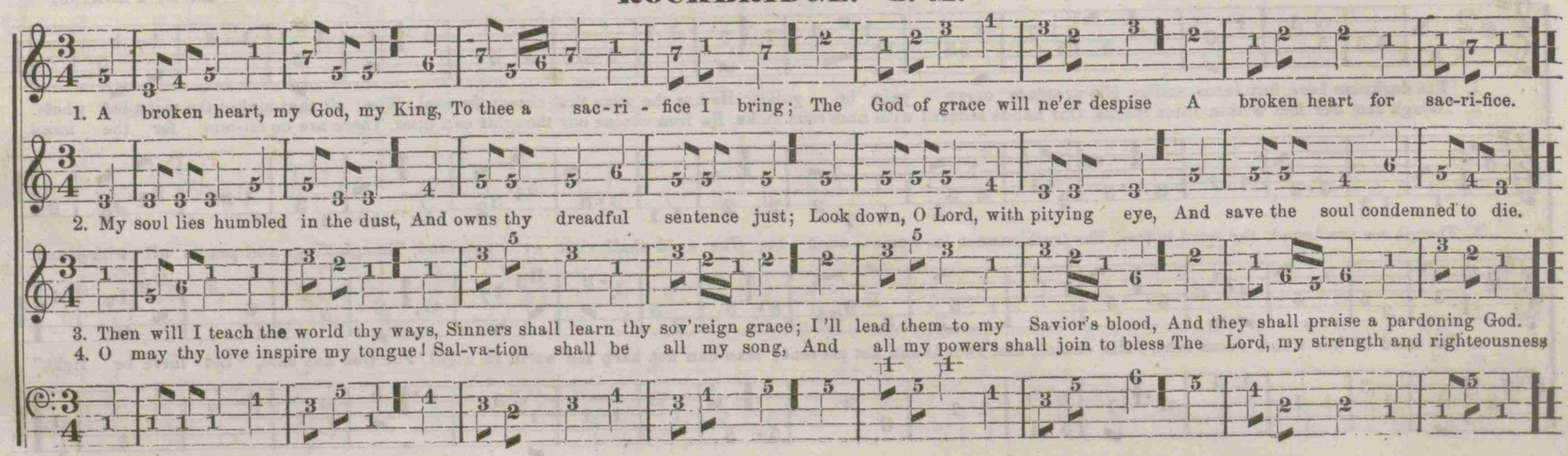
1. 'T is darkness here, but Jesus smiles, His presence every pain be - guiles; He has the wine that cheers the soul, The oil that makes the wounded whole.
2. Though fast our feet within these stocks, Our hands secured with num'rous locks, No iron chains our thoughts can bind, There are no fet-ters for the mind.
3. Though we are bound, the word is free, The truth cannot im - pris - oned be; The word shall visit ev' - ry land, Though kings and people all with-stand.
4. The word of life which Jesus sent, Jails, chains, and swords can not prevent; Man can not keep the world in night, For God has said, "Let there be light."

OREGON. C. M.

A. D. F.



ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.



Slow.

1. Within thy house, O Lord, our God, In glo - ry now ap - pear; Make this a place of thine a - bode, And shed thy blessings here.

2. When we thy mer - cy - seat sur - round, Thy Spirit, Lord im - part; And let thy Gospel's joy - ful sound, With power reach every heart.

3. Here let the blind their sight obtain; Here give the mourners rest; Let Je - sus here tri - umphant reign, Enthroned in ev' - ry breast.
4. Here let the voice of sa - cred joy And humble prayer a - rise, Till higher strains our tongues employ In realms be - yond the skies.

NEWRY. L. M.

HATTON.

Bold.

1. Lord, how delightful 't is to see A whole assembly worship thee; At once they sing, at once they pray, They hear of heaven and learn the way.
2. I have been there, and still would go, 'T is like a lit - tle heaven be - low; Nor all that earth and sin can say Shall tempt me to for - get this day.

3. O write up - on my memory, Lord, The text and doctrine of thy word, That I may break thy laws no more, But love thee bet - ter than be - fore.

4. With thoughts of Christ and things divine Fill up this sinful heart of mine; Enjoying pardon through his blood, I shall lie down and wake with God.

SANCTUARY. C. M.

Words and Music by A. D. F

Spiritea.

1. No place there is on earth more sweet, More rich with pure de - light, Than where our Father's children meet, To wor - ship him a - right.
2. With saints on earth to sing his praise, In - spires with ho - ly zeal; With joy the note of song we'll raise, As we his presence feel.
3. In harmo - ny our voi - ces join, To praise our Sav - ior's name; Bright angels, too, their powers combine, To cel - e - brate his fame.
4. Here from the ho - ly "Word of God," "By in - spi - ra - tion given," We learn the path our Savior trod, The way that leads to heaven.
5. Who can for - sake as - sembling here, While grace and truth de - clare, Where we in Je - sus' name ap - pear, His pres - ence shall be there.
6. If earth af - ford a joy so dear, Where part - ings oft are known, What hights of rapture shall ap - pear, For - ev - er near God's throne.

DREWRY. 7s & 6s.

Moderate.
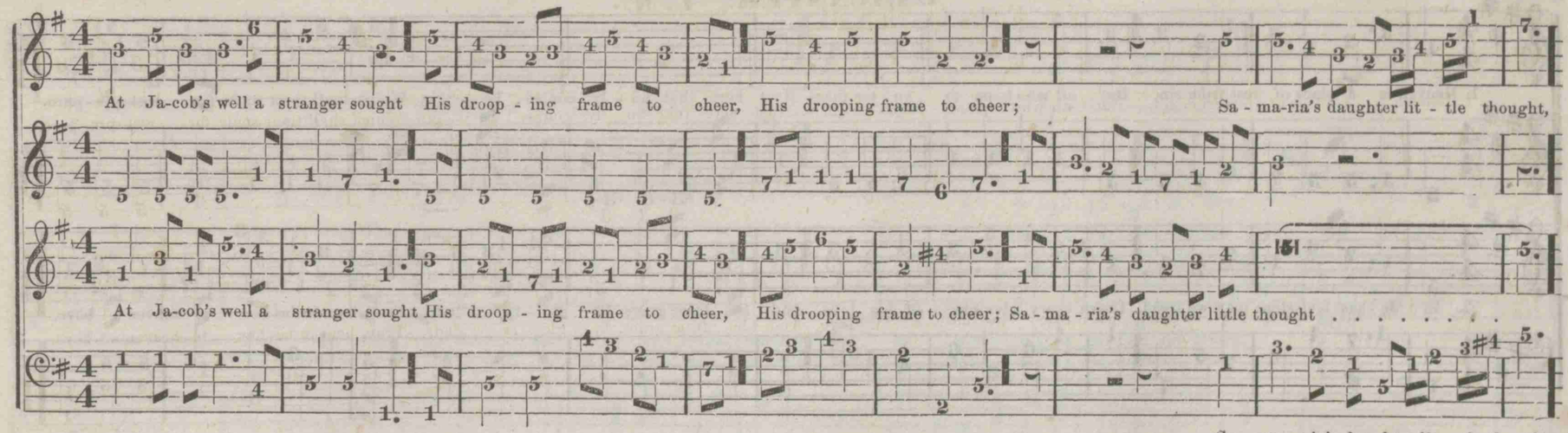
D. C.

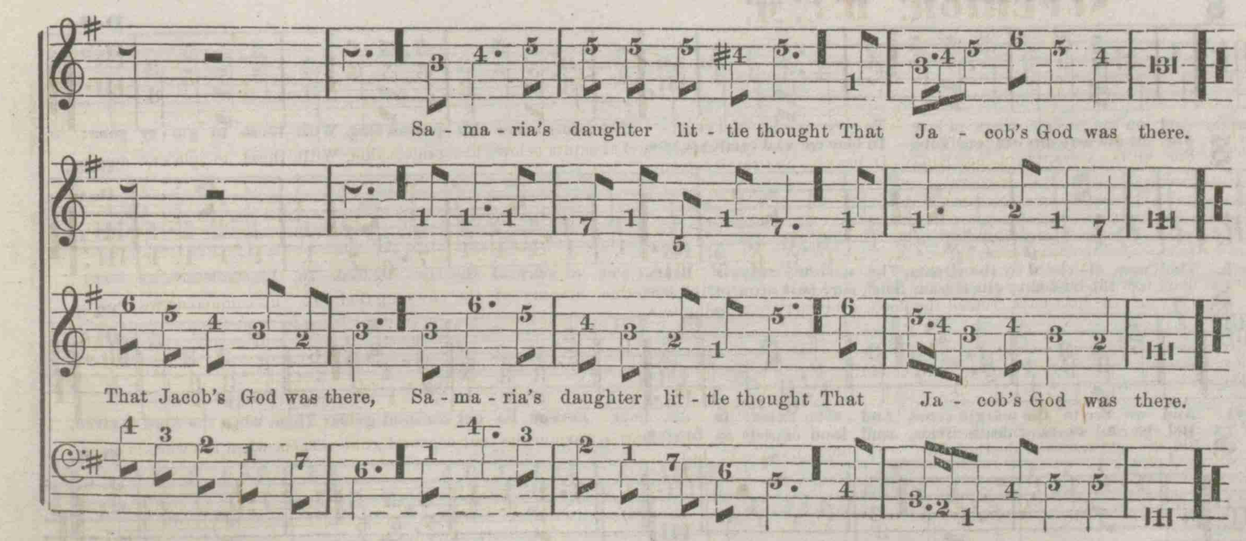
Meet and right it is to sing, In eve - ry time and place,

Glo - ry to our heavenly King, The God of truth and grace; Join we then, with sweet ac - cord, All in one thanksgiving join.

D. C. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, E - ter - nal praise be thine.

JACOB'S WELL. C. M.





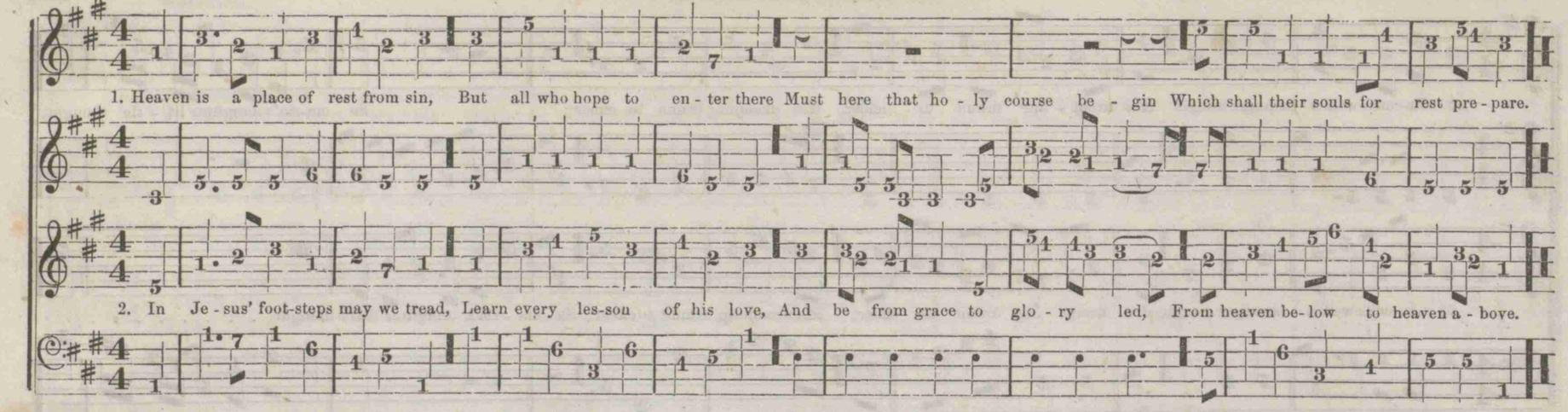
1. At Jacob's well a stranger sought
   His drooping frame to cheer;
   Samaria's daughter little thought
   That Jacob's God was there.

2. This had she known, her fainting mind
   For richer draughts had sighed!
   Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
   Those richer draughts denied.

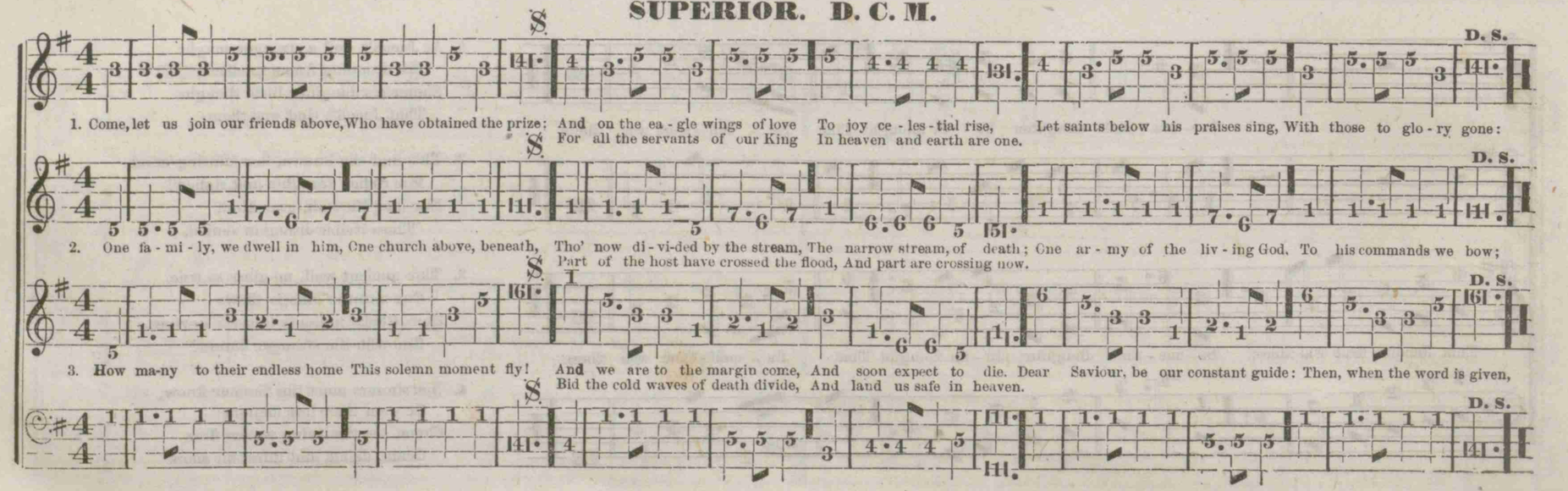
3. This ancient well, no glass so true,
   Our natures' image shows;
   Here Christ presents himself to view,
   But who the stranger knows?

4. Yet sinners must the Saviour know,
   Or soon their loss deplore:
   Come, see the living waters flow,
   Come, drink, and thirst no more.

LANCASTER. L. M.



SUPERIOR. D. C. M.



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

2. O watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re-new it bold - ly eve - ry day, And help di - vine implore. Who bow to Christ's command,

3. Ne'er think the victory won. Nor lay thine ar - mor down; Thy arduous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain the crown.
4. Fight on, my soul, till death shall bring thee to thy God: He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, Up to his blest a - bode.

Chorus.

Your arms and hearts prepare; The day of bat-tle is at hand, The day of bat-tle is at hand, Go forth to glorious war, Go forth to glorious war.

Your arms and hearts prepare; The day of bat-tle is at hand, The day of bat-tle is at hand, Go forth, Go forth to glorious war, Go forth to glorious war.

Your arms and hearts prepare; The day of bat-tle is at hand, The day of bat - tle is at hand, Go forth to glorious war, Go forth to glorious war.

Your arms and hearts prepare; The day of bat-tle is at hand, The day of bat-tle is at hand, Go forth, Go forth to glorious war, Go forth to glorious war.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

MORNINGTON.

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

2. Blest is the pi - ous house Where zeal and friendship meet: Their songs of praise, their mingled vows, Make their com - munion sweet.

3. Thus on the heavenly hills The saints are blest a - bove, Where joy, like morn - ing dew, dis - tils, And all the air is love.

CONCORD. S. M.

HOLDEN.

1. Love is the strongest tie That can our hearts unite; Love makes our service lib- er- ty, Love makes our service liber-ty, Our eve - ry burden light.

2. Love softens all our toil, And makes our bondage blest; The gloomy des-ert wears a smile, The gloomy des-ert wears a smile When love inspires the breast.

3. Let love for-ev - er grow, And banish wrath and strife; So shall we witness here below, So shall we witness here below The joys of heavenly life.

4. When we ascend the skies, And see the Saviour's face, Love will to full per-fec-tion rise, Love will to full perfection rise, And reign through all the place.

LUCAS. 10s & 11s, or 5s & 6s.

1. Come, let us a - new our journey pur - sue Roll round with the year, And ne - ver stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear; His a-dor - a-ble will let us

2. Our life is a dream, our time as a stream Glides swift-ly a - way, And the fu - gi-tive moment re - fus - es to stay: The ar-row is flown, the

3. O that each in the day of his coming may say, I have fought my way through; I have finished the work thou didst give me to do. O that each from his Lord may re-

1. glad - ly ful - fil, And our tal-ents im - prove, By the patience of hope and the la - bor of love, By the pa-tience of hope and the la - bor of love.

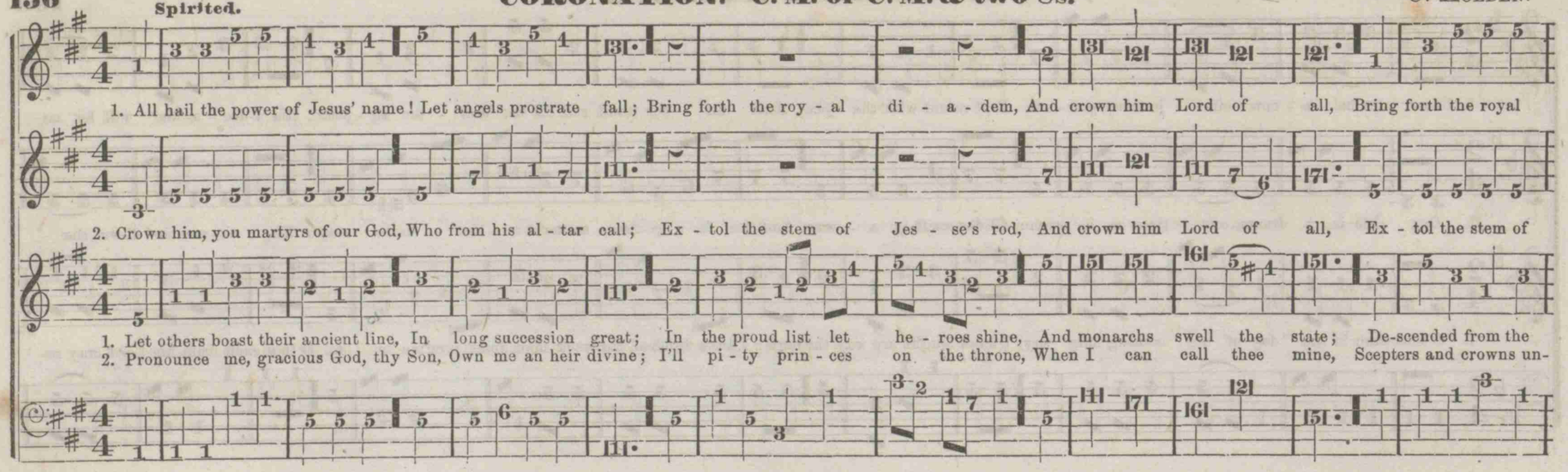
2. mo-ment is gone; The mil - len - ni - al year Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni-ty's near, Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni-ty's near.

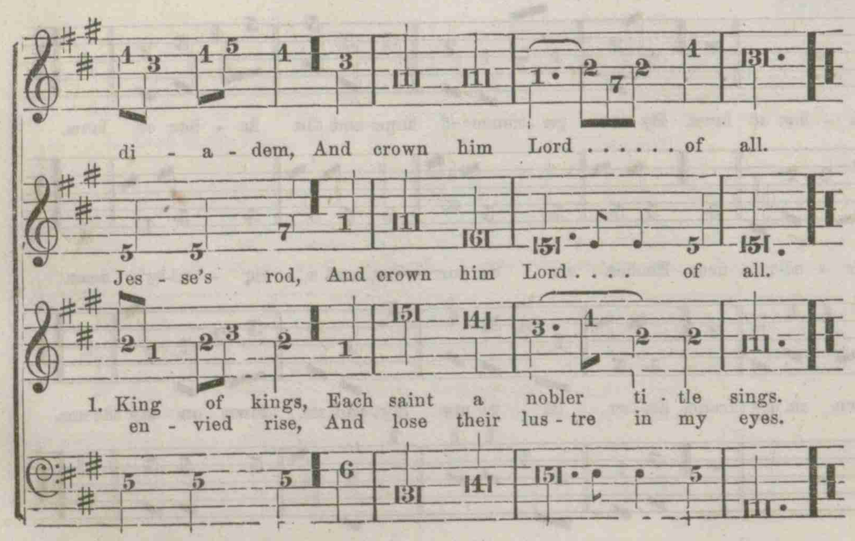
3. ceive the glad word, Well and faith-ful-ly done, En-ter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne, En-ter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne.

CORONATION. C. M. or C. M. & two 8s.

O. HOLDEN.

Spirited.





3. You chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

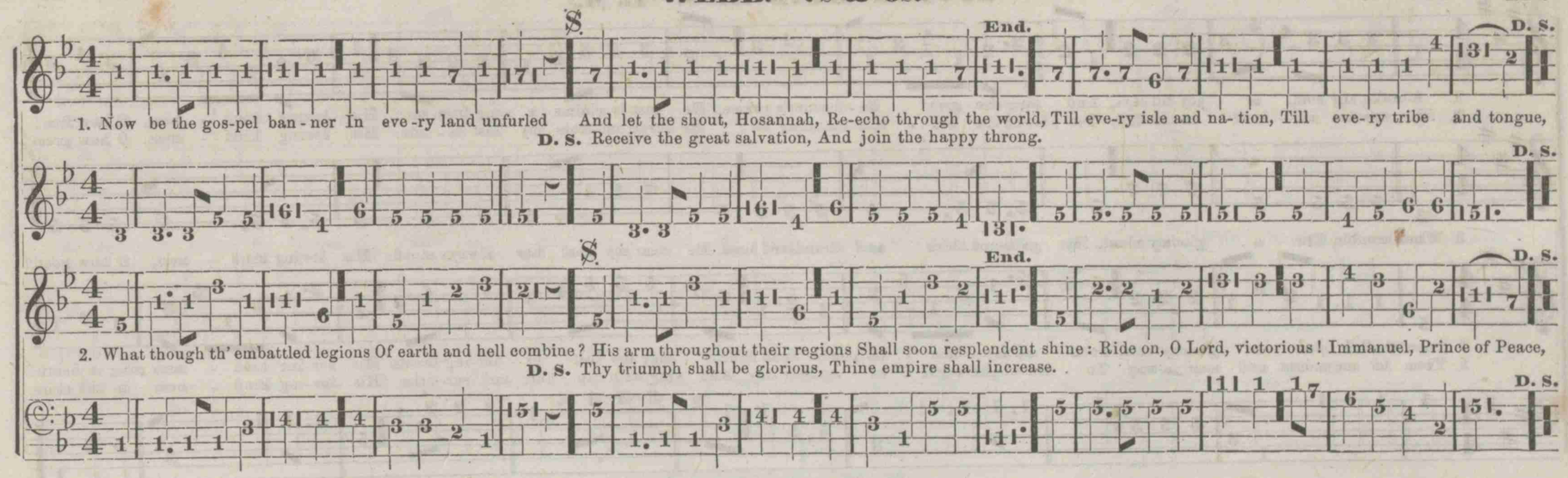
5. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6. Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

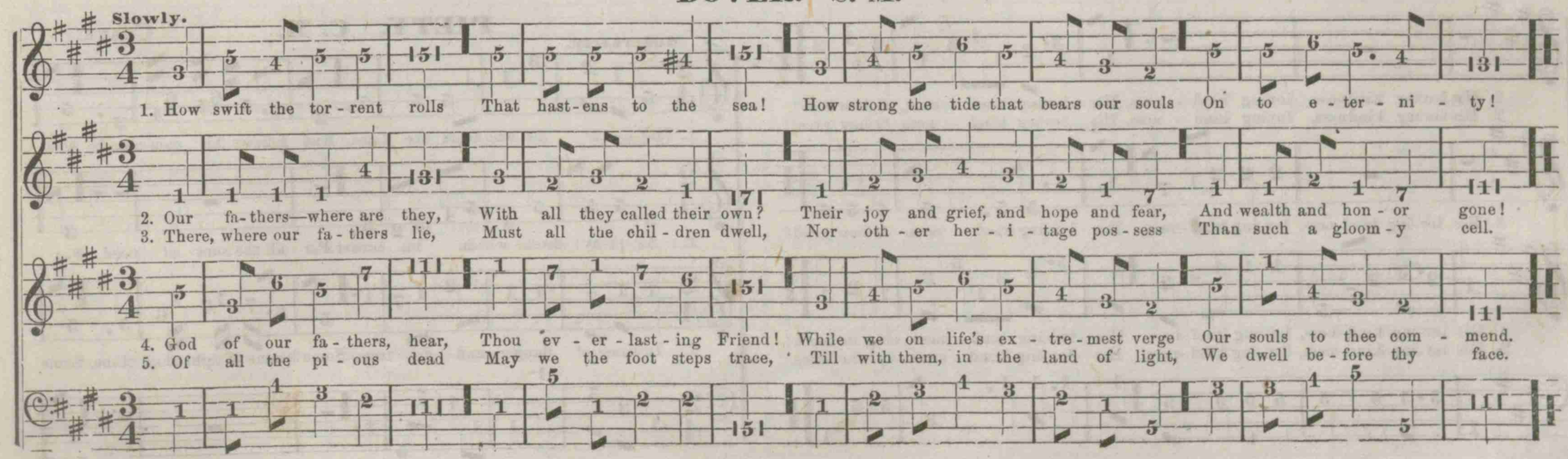
3. Content, obscure, I pass my days,
To all I meet unknown,
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise
And seat me near thy throne:
No name, no honors here I crave,—
Well pleased with those beyond the grave.

4. Jesus my elder brother lives,
With him I too shall reign;
Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
Shall make the promise vain:
In him my title stands secure,
And shall while endless years endure.

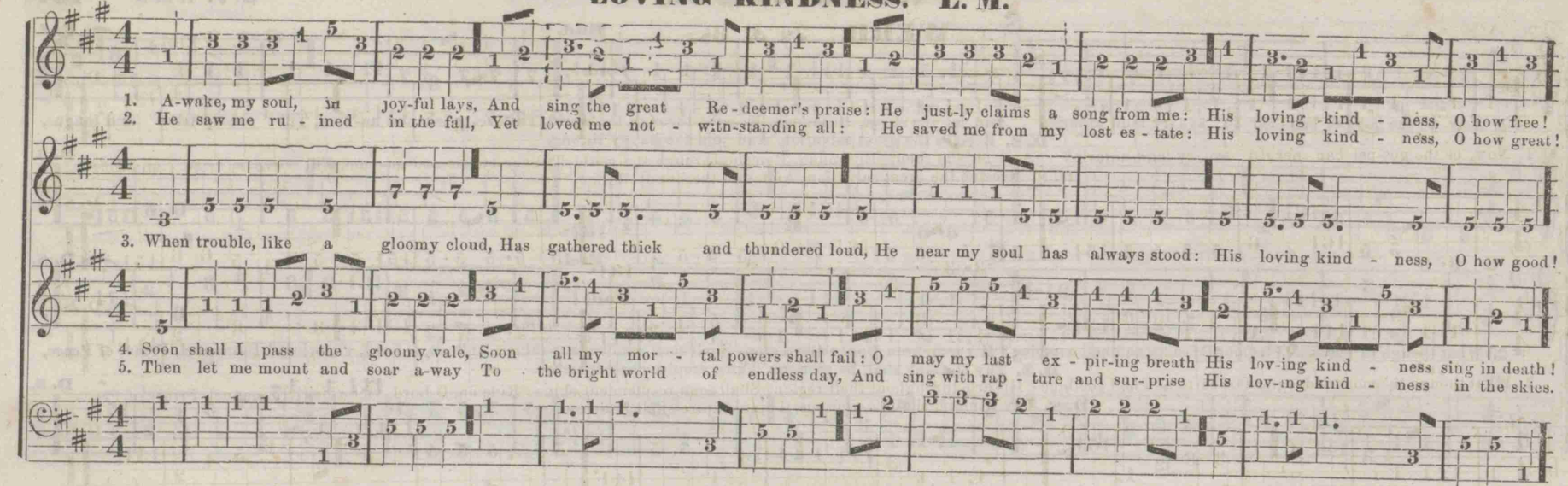
5. When he in robes divinely bright
Shall once again appear,
You too, my soul, shall shine in light,
And his full image bear:
Enough! I wait th' appointed day—
Blest Saviour, haste and come away.

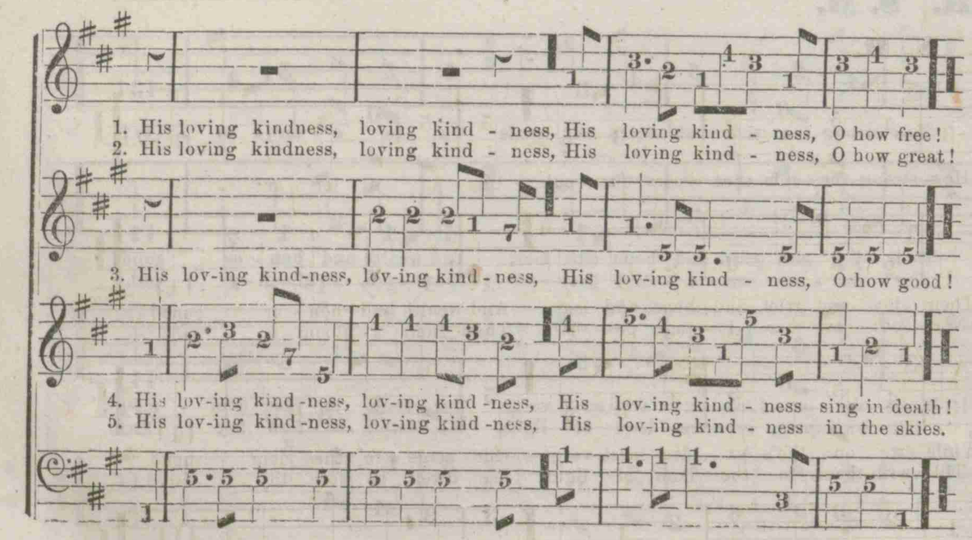

End.
D. S.
1. Now be the gos-pel ban-ner In eve-ry land unfurled And let the shout, Hosannah, Re-echo through the world, Till eve-ry isle and na-tion, Till eve-ry tribe and tongue,
D. S. Receive the great salvation, And join the happy throng.
End.
D. S.
2. What though th' embattled legions Of earth and hell combine? His arm throughout their regions Shall soon resplendent shine: Ride on, O Lord, victorious! Immanuel, Prince of Peace,
D. S. Thy triumph shall be glorious, Thine empire shall increase.
D. S.

DOVER. S. M.

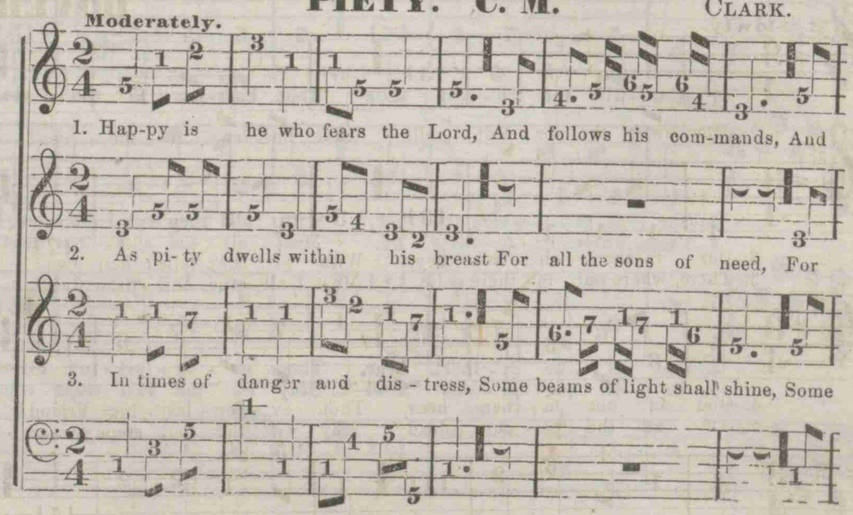

Slowly.
1. How swift the tor-rent rolls That hast-ens to the sea! How strong the tide that bears our souls On to e-ter-ni-ty!
2. Our fa-thers—where are they, With all they called their own? Their joy and grief, and hope and fear, And wealth and hon-or gone!
3. There, where our fa-thers lie, Must all the chil-dren dwell, Nor oth-er her-i-tage pos-sess Than such a gloom-y cell.
4. God of our fa-thers, hear, Thou ev-er-last-ing Friend! While we on life's ex-tre-mest verge Our souls to thee com-mend.
5. Of all the pi-ous dead May we the foot steps trace, Till with them, in the land of light, We dwell be-fore thy face.

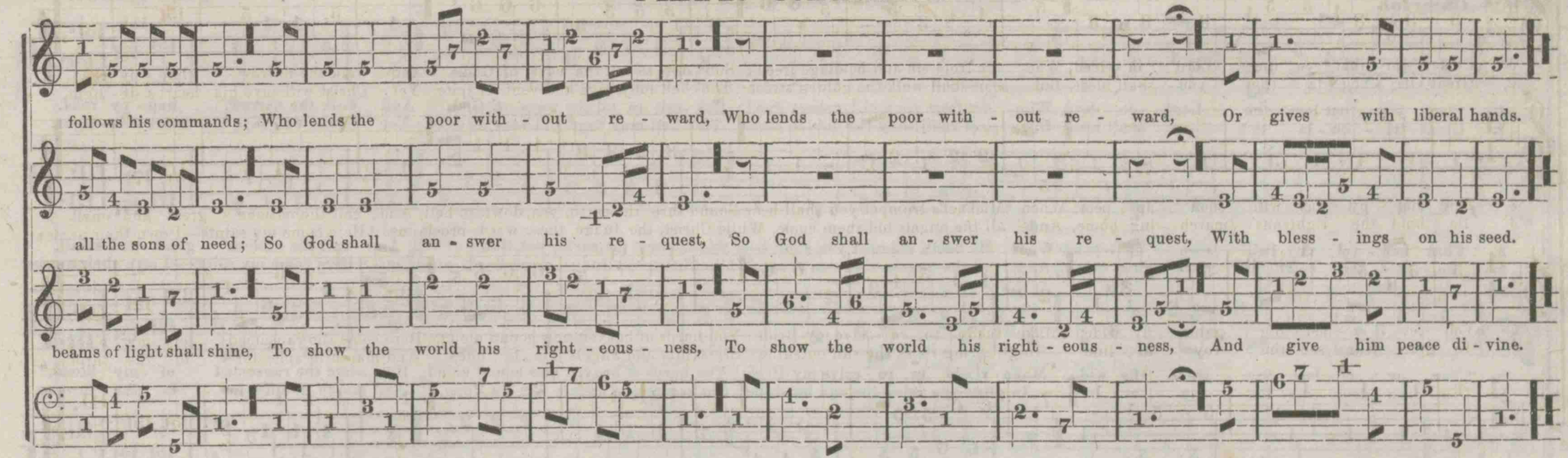
LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.



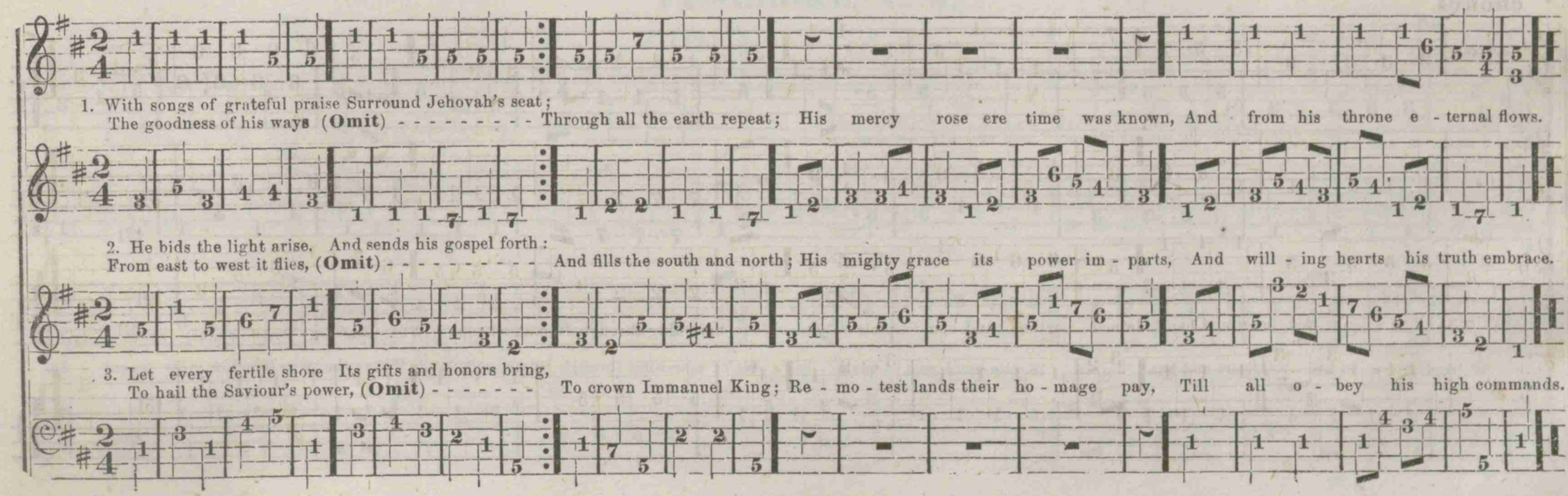


PIETY. C. M. CLARK.




follows his commands; Who lends the poor with - out re - ward, Who lends the poor with - out re - ward, Or gives with liberal hands.
all the sons of need; So God shall an - swer his re - quest, So God shall an - swer his re - quest, With bless - ings on his seed.
beams of light shall shine, To show the world his right - eous - ness, To show the world his right - eous - ness, And give him peace di - vine.

HADDAM. H. M.


1. With songs of grateful praise Surround Jehovah's seat;
The goodness of his ways (Omit) - - - - - - - - - - Through all the earth repeat; His mercy rose ere time was known, And from his throne e - ternal flows.
2. He bids the light arise, And sends his gospel forth:
From east to west it flies, (Omit) - - - - - - - - - - And fills the south and north; His mighty grace its power im - parts, And will - ing hearts his truth embrace.
3. Let every fertile shore Its gifts and honors bring,
To hail the Saviour's power, (Omit) - - - - - - - To crown Immanuel King; Re - mo - test lands their ho - mage pay, Till all o - bey his high commands.

Cheerful.

SAVOY. L. M.

JOHN HENRY.

1. Come, you that love the Lord in - deed, Who are from sin and bondage freed; Sub - mit to all the ways of God, And walk the narrow, hap - py road.
2. Great tri - bu - la - tion you shall meet, But soon shall walk the golden street; Tho' hell may rage and vent its spite, Yet Christ will save his heart's de - light.
3. That hap - py day will soon ap - pear, When Michael's trumpet you shall hear Sound thro' the earth, yea, down to hell, And call the nations' great and small.
4. Be - hold the righteous march - ing home, And all the angels bid them come, While Christ, the Judge, these words proclaims, "Here come my saints—I own their names.
5. "You ev - er - last - ing gates, fly wide, Make ready to re - ceive my Bride; You harps of heaven now sound aloud, Here come the ransomed of my blood."
6. In gran - deur see the roy - al line In glittering robes the sun outshine; See saints and angels join in one, And march in splendor to the throne.

CHORUS.

We're u - nit - ed, heart and hand, Joined in one band com - plete - ly; We're marching through Immanuel's land, Where the wa - ters flow most sweet - ly.

BENEVENTO. 7s. 8 lines.

1. While, with cease-less course, the sun Hast-ed through an-oth-er year, Ma-ny souls their race have run, Nev-er more to meet us here; Fixed in an e-ter-nal state,
They have done with all be-low: We a lit-tle long-er wait, But how lit-tle none can know.

2. As the wing-ed ar-row flies Speed-i-ly the mark to find, As the light-ning from the skies Darts, and leaves no trace be-hind; Swift-ly thus our fleet-ing days
Bear us down life's rap-id stream; Up-ward, Lord, our spi-rits raise, All be-low is but a dream.

3. Thanks for mer-cies past re-ceive, Par-don of our sins re-new; Teach us henceforth how to live With e-ter-ni-ty in view. Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Sa-viour's love; And, when life's short tale is told, May we dwell with thee a-bove.

PEMBROKE. C. M.

DALMER.

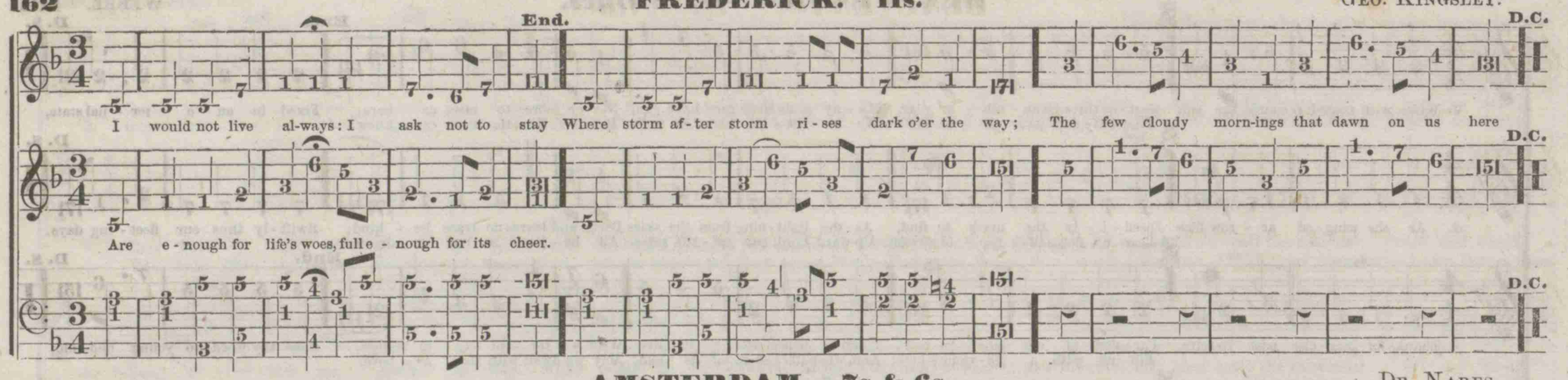
1. Compared with Christ, in all be-side No come-li-ness I see; The one thing needful, dear-est Lord, The one thing needful, dearest Lord, Is to be one with thee.
2. The sense of thy ex-pir-ing love In-to my soul con-vey; Thy-self be-stow, for thee a-lone, Thy-self be-stow, for thee a-lone, My ALL in ALL, I pray.

3. Less than thy-self will not suf-fice My com-fort to re-store; More than thy-self I can-not crave, More than thyself I can-not crave, And thou canst give no more.

4. Whate'er con-sists not with thy love, O teach me to re-sign; I'm rich to all th'in-tents of bliss, I'm rich to all th'in-tents of bliss, If thou, O God, art mine.

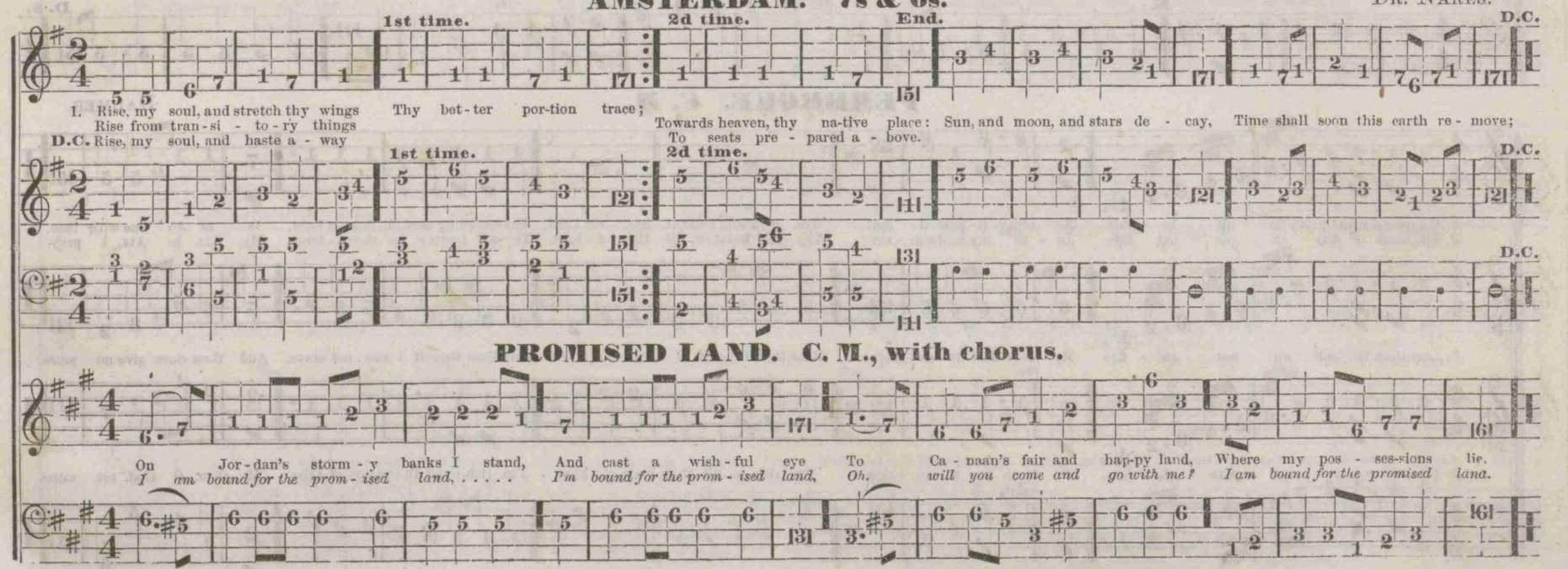
FREDERICK. 11s.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

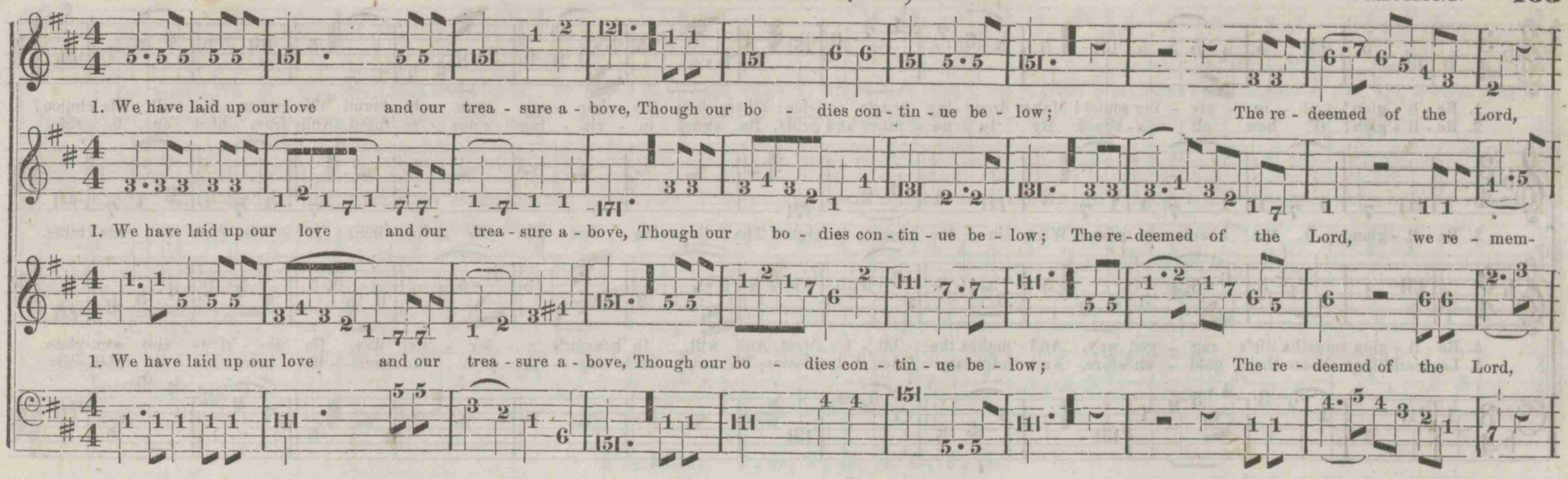


AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.

DR. NARES.



PROMISED LAND. C. M., with chorus.



2. Now with thanks we approve the design of his love,
Which hath joined us in Jesus' blest name,
So united in heart that we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb. :‖:

3. There, O there, at his feet, we shall joyfully meet,
And be parted in body no more!
We shall sing to our lyres, with the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore. :‖:

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

5. In assurance of hope, we to Jesus look up,
Till his banner, unfurled in the air,
From our graves we shall see, and cry out, "It is He!"
And fly up to acknowledge him there. :‖:

ST. JOHN'S. C. M.

1. Re - li - gion! soul - re - viv - ing sound! Makes droop - ing hearts re-joice: Where shall the hap - py man be found Who makes it all his choice?
2. Re - li - gion! O how oft a - bused By ig - no - rance and pride, Its sweet in - vit - ing voice re - fused, And tram - pled on, be - side.
3. Re - li - gion! O the heaven - ly power, When in the heart it reigns! The liv - ing and the dy - ing hour It com - forts and sus - tains.
4. Re - li - gion smooths life's rug - ged way, And makes the bit - ter sweet, And will, in heaven's e - ter - nal day, Be glo - rious and com-plete.
5. Let worldlings boast their gold - en store, And might - y men their powers; We ask such emp - ty joys no more— Be true re - li - gion ours.

DOWNS. 7s, 6s, 8s, 6s.

Calmly.

1. Brother, thou art gone to rest: We will not weep for thee; For thou art now where oft on earth Thy spi - rit longed to be.
[or Sister,]
2. Brother, thou art gone to rest: Thine is an earth - ly tomb; But Je - sus sum - moned thee a - way— Thy Sa - viour called thee home.
3. Brother, thou art gone to rest; Thy toil and cares are o'er; And suf - fering, pain, and sor - row, now, Shall ne'er dis - tress thee more.
4. Brother, thou art gone to rest; Thy sins are all for - given; And saints in light have wel - comed thee To share the joys of heaven.

COLUMBIA. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1. Co - lumbia, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From every mountain - side Let freedom ring.

2. My native country! thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.

3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal tongues awake. Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.

4. Our fathers' God, to thee, Author of lib - er-ty, To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light: Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

PARK. 7, 5, 7, 5, 6, 5, 7, 5.

1. 'Tis the last call of mer-cy, That lin - gers for thee:
O sin - ner, re - ceive it! To Je - sus now flee.
D. C. His of - fered sal - va-tion And love are a - bused.
He oft - en has called thee, But thou hast re - fused;

2. If thou slightest this warning, Now of - fered at last,
Thine will be the sad mourning, "The harvest is past.
D. C. And now there is par - don, Sweet pardon no more."
Sal - va - tion I've slighted, The sum mer is o'er,

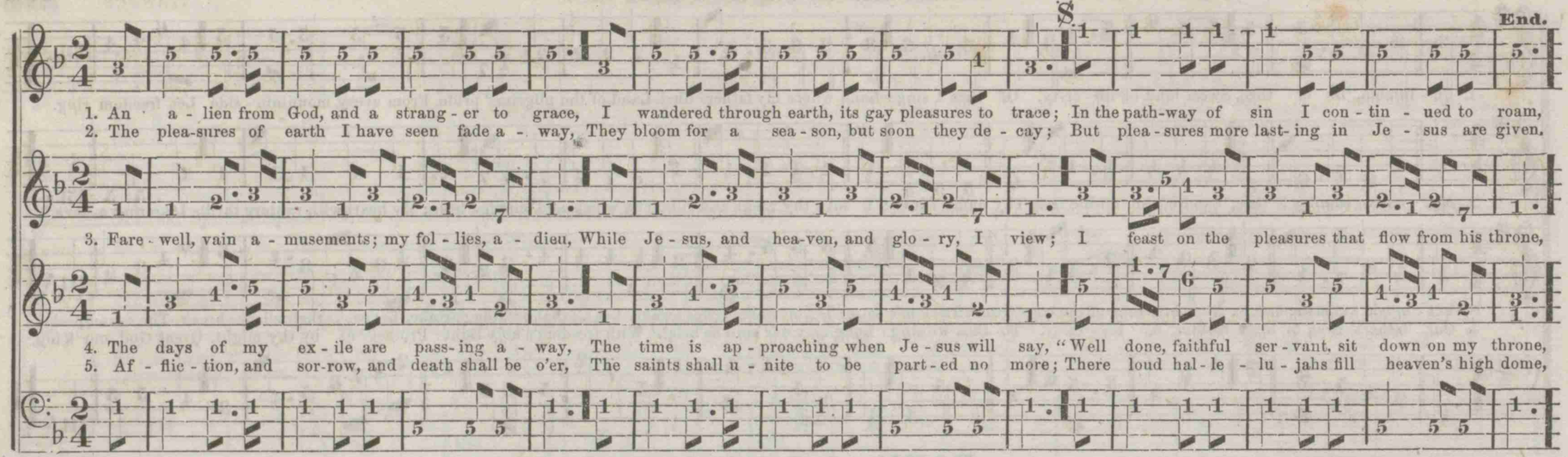
D. C.

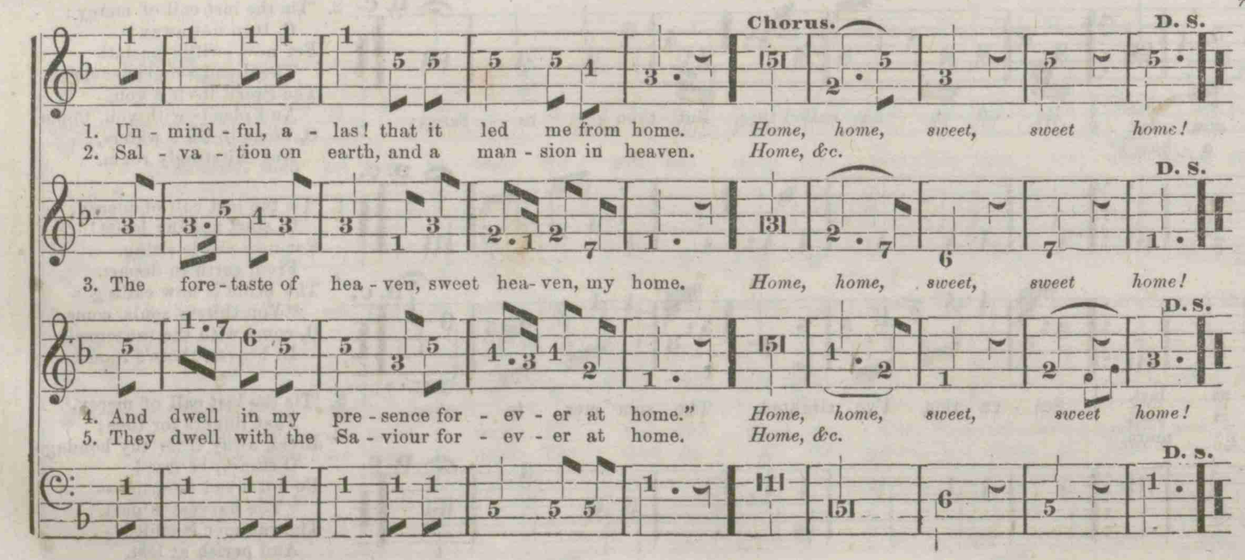
3. 'Tis the last call of mercy;
O, turn not away!
For now swiftly hasteth
The dread vengeance day!
The Spirit invit s you,
And pleads with you, Come!
O, come to life's waters,
Nor thirstingly roam.

4. 'Tis the last call of mercy;
O, steel not thy heart!
For now she is rising,
From earth to depart.
The bride is now calling—
"You thirsty souls, come."
O, come with the ransomed;
In heaven there's room.

5. 'Tis the last call of mercy,
That lingers for thee;
Break away from thy bondage
O sinner, be free!
Be not a sad mourner—
"The harvest is past,
The summer is ended—
And perish at last.

SAINTS' SWEET HOME. 11s.





1. Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints,—
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!

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

3. I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.

4. While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5. I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

VESPER HYMN. 8s, 7s & 6s.

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah,

1. Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing O'er the waters, soft and clear: Nearer yet and nearer pealing, Now it bursts upon the ear: Hal - le - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah,
2. Now, like moonlight waves retreating, To the shore it dies along; Now, like angry surges meeting, Breaks the mingled tide of song: Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah,
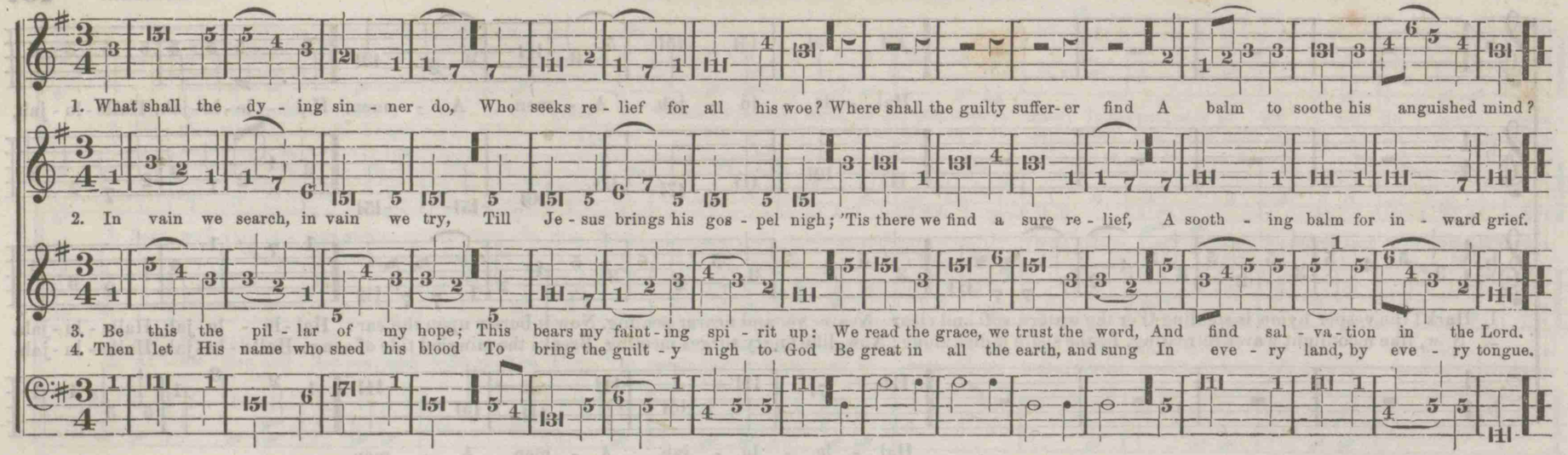
Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men.

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah, Halle - lujah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

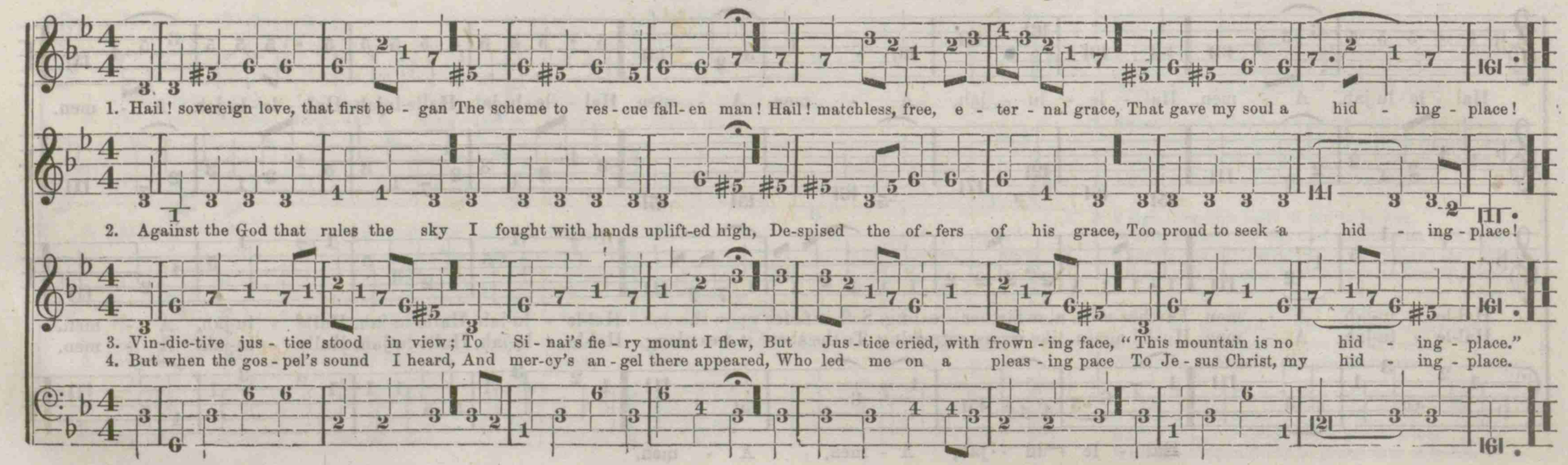
Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. Farther now, now farther stealing, Soft it fades upon the ear. Hal - le - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, A - men.
Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. Hush! again, like waves retreating, To the shore it dies along. Hal - le - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, A - men.

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men.

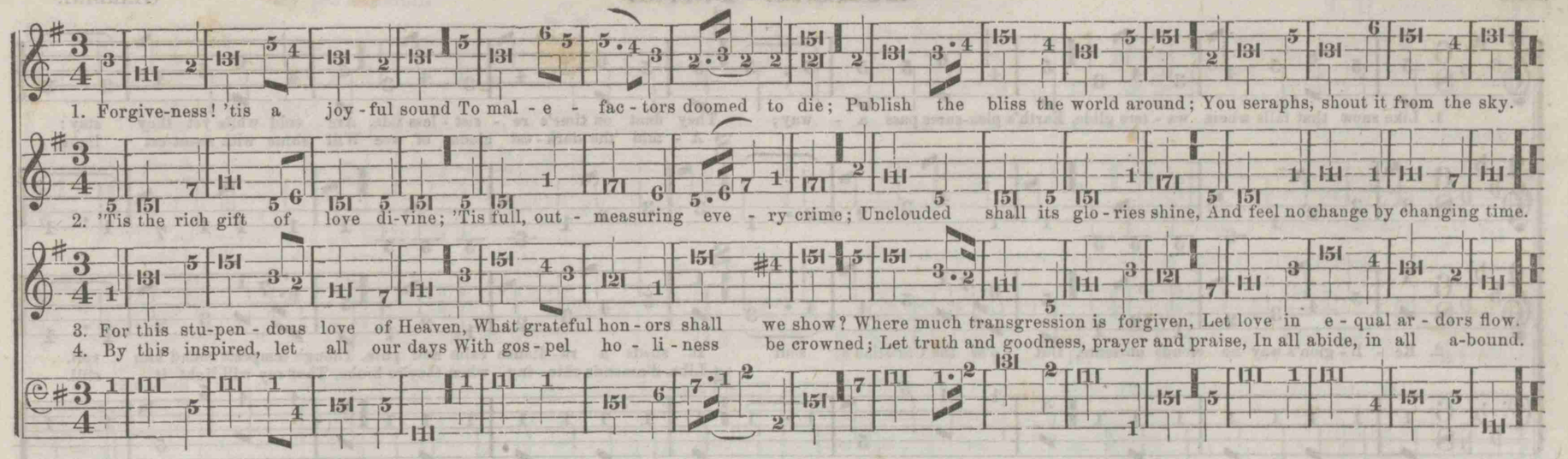
EFFINGHAM. L. M.



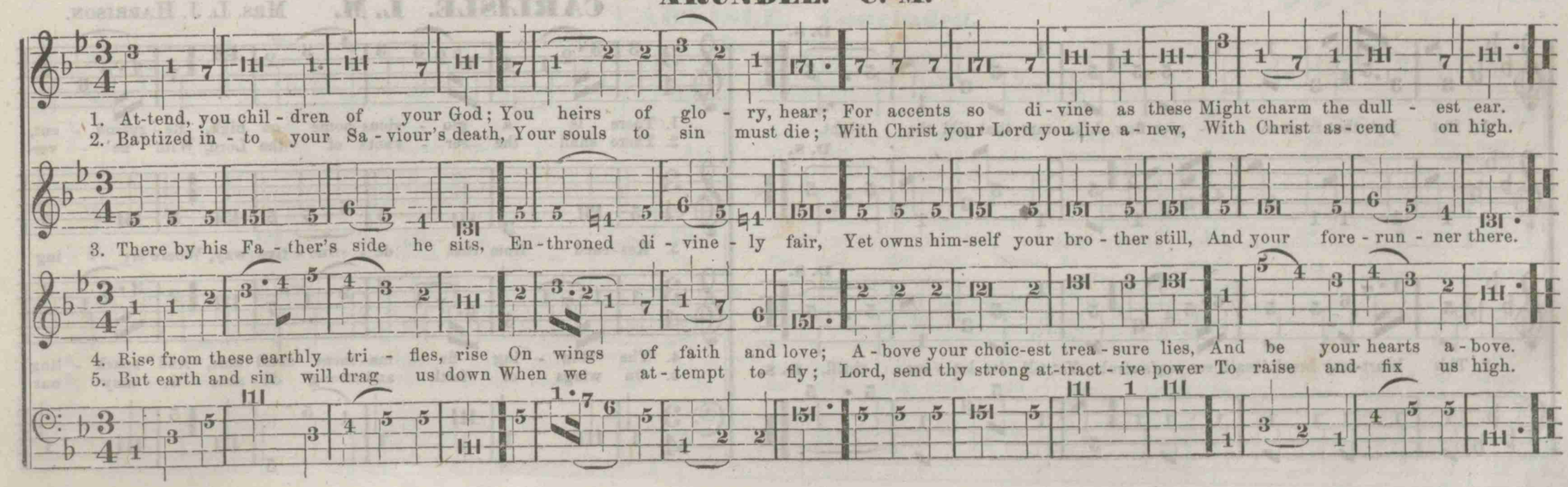
HIDING-PLACE. L. M.



PILESGROVE. L. M.



ARUNDEL. C. M.



ATHENS. D. C. M.

GIARDINI.

1. Like snow that falls where wa - ters glide, Earth's plea-sures pass a - way; They float on time's re - sist - less tide, Are cold while yet they stay:
A - mid the dark - est gloom of woe Will shine with sweet-est light.

2. Re - li - gion's way no clouds ob-scure, But o'er the Christian's soul It sheds a ra-diance calm and pure, Though tempests round him roll.
Like diamonds shin - ing when they're broke, That ray will light it still.

1. But joys that from re - li - gion flow, Like stars that gild the night,

2. This heart may break 'neath sor-row's stroke, Yet till its lat - est thrill,

D. S.

CARLISLE. L. M.

MRS. L. J. HARRISON.

1. There is a glo - rious home on high, Re - splend - ent,
2. There shall the ser - vants of the Lord, With ne - ver-

3. Res-cued from that de - struc - tive way, Where err - ing

4. The shin - ing fir - ma-ment shall fade, And spark - ling
5. On wings of faith and strong de - sire, O, may our

1. In thy name, O Lord, as - sembling, We, thy people, now draw near;
   Teach us to re-joice with trembling; O that we this day may hear—
   } Hear with meekness—Hear thy word with godly fear; Hear with meekness—Hear thy word with godly fear.

2. While our days on earth are lengthened, May we give them, Lord, to thee!
   Cheered by hope, and dai - ly strengthened, We would run, nor weary be,
   } Till thy glory, without clouds, in heaven we see, Till thy glo - ry, without clouds, in heaven we see.

3. There, in wor-ship pur - er, sweet-er, All thy people shall a - dore,
   Tast- ing of en - joy-ment great-er Than they could conceive before,
   } Full en - joyment—Ho-ly bliss for ev - er - more, Full en - joyment—Holy bliss for ev - er - more.

CARLISLE. Concluded.

1. with e - ter - nal day; Faith views the bliss - ful pros - pect nigh, While God's own word re - veals the way.
2. fad - ing lus - tre shine; Sur - pris - ing hon - or! vast re - ward! Con - ferred on men by love di - vine.
3. fol - ly thought - less roves, The heaven - ly vir - tue they dis - play, Which Je - sus taught, and God ap - proves.
4. stars re - sign their light; But these shall know no change nor shade, For - ev - er fair, for - ev - er bright.
5. spi - rits dai - ly rise; And reach at last the shin - ing choir, In the bright man - sions of the skies.

PORTSMOUTH. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow The glad - ly sol-emn sound! Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re - mot-est bound,
2. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The sin - a - ton-ing Lamb: Re - demp-tion by his blood Through all the world pro-claim;

3. Je - sus, our great High-Priest, Pro - pi - ti - a - tion made; Ye wea - ry spi - rits, rest, Ye mourn - ful souls, be glad.
4. Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your li - ber - ty re - ceive, And safe in Je - sus dwell, And blest in Je - sus live.

5. Ye who have sold for nought The her - i - tage a - bove, Shall have it back un - bought, The gift of Je - sus' love:
6. The gos - pel trum-pet hear, The news of heavenly grace, And, saved from earth, ap - pear Be - fore your Sa-viour's face:

The year of Ju-bi - lee is come, Re - turn, ye ransomed sinners, home, The year of Ju-bi - lee is come, Re - turn, ye ran - somed sinners, home.

The year of Ju-bi - lee is come, Re - turn, ye ran - somed sinners, home, The year of Ju-bi - lee is come, Re - turn, ye ran - somed sinners, home.

1. When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys, Transport-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.
2. Thy pro-vi-dence my life sustained, And all my wants re-dressed, When in a state of help-less-ness I hung up-on thy breast.

3. Un-numbered com-forts on my soul Thy ten-der care be-stowed; Be-fore my in-fant heart conceived From whom those comforts flowed;

4. Through hidden dan-gers, toils, and deaths, Thy goodness cleared my way, And through the pleasing snares of vice, More to be feared than they.
5. Through every pe-riod of my life, Thy good-ness I'll pur-sue; And af-ter death, in dis-tant worlds, The pleas-ing theme re-new.

1. O how can words with e-qual warmth The gra-ti-tude de-clare That glows with-in my ravished heart? But thou canst read it there.
2. To all my weak complaints and cries Thy mer-cy lent an ear, Ere yet my fee-ble thoughts had learned To form them-selves in prayer.

3. When in the slip-pery paths of youth With heed-less steps I ran, Thine arm, un-seen, conveyed me safe, And led me up to man.

4. Ten thou-sand thou-sand pre-cious gifts My dai-ly thanks em-ploy; Nor is the least a cheer-ful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy.
5. Through all e-ter-ni-ty to thee A joy-ful song I'll raise; But, O! e-ter-ni-ty's too short To ut-ter all thy praise.

WAREHAM. C. M.

ARNOLD.

1. Soon as I heard my Fa - ther say, "Ye chil - dren, seek my grace," My heart re - plied, with-out de - lay, "I'll seek my Fa - ther's face."
2. Let not thy face be hid from me, Nor frown my soul a - way; God of my life, I fly to thee In a dis - tress - ing day.
3. Should friends and kin - dred near and dear, Leave me to want or die, My God will make my life his care, And all my need sup - ply.
4. My faint - ing flesh had died with grief, Had not my soul be - lieved To see thy grace pro - vide re - lief, Nor was my hope de-ceived.
5. Wait on the Lord, ye trem-bling saints, And keep your cou - rage up; He'll raise your spi - rit lest it faints, And far ex - ceed your hope.

1. My heart re - plied, with - out de - lay, "I'll seek my Fa-ther's face."
2. God of my life, I fly to thee, In a dis - tress-ing day.
3. My God will make my life his care, And all my need sup - ply.
4. To see thy grace pro - vide re - lief, Nor was my hope de-ceived.
5. He'll raise your spi - rit lest it faints, And far ex - ceed your hope.

LOCKHART. C. M.

MADAN.

1. Come let us join, with one ac-cord, In hymns a-round the
2. This is the day which God has blest, The brightest of the
3. Then let us in his name sing on, And hast-en to that
4. Not one, but all our days be-low, Our hearts his praise em-

HENSON. S. M.

1. Go with thy ser - vant, Lord, His ev' - ry step at - tend; All need - ful help to him afford, And bless him to the end.

2. Pre - serve him from all wrong; Stand thou at his right hand; And keep him from the sland'rous tongue And per - se - cut - ing band.

3. May he pro-claim a - loud The wonders of thy grace; And do thou to the list'ning crowd His faith - ful la - bors bless.

4. Fare - well, dear la - b'rer, go; We part with thee in love; And if we meet no more be - low, O may we meet a - bove.

LOCKHART. Concluded.

1. throne, In hymns a - round the throne; This is the day our ri - sen Lord Hath made and called his own, Hath made and called his own.

2. seven, The bright-est of the seven, Type of the ev - er - last - ing rest The saints en - joy in heaven, The saints en - joy in heaven.

3. day, And hast - en to that day When our Re-deem - er shall come down And sha-dows pass a - way, And sha - dows pass a - way.

4. ploy, Our hearts his praise em - ploy, And in our Lord re - joic - ing go To his e - ter - nal joy, To his e - ter - nal joy.

CALCUTTA. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1. Praise to God, the great Creator, Praise to God from every tongue: Join, my soul, with every creature, Join the universal song: Hal - le-lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah,
2. Father, source of all compassion! Pure, unbounded grace is thine: Hail the God of our salvation; Praise him for his love divine: Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah,
3. For ten thousand blessings given, For the hope of future joy, Heirs of endless bliss in heaven, Sound Jehovah's praise on high: Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah,
4. Joyfully on earth adore him, Till in heaven our songs we raise; Then enraptured fall before him, Lost in wonder, love, and praise: Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le - lu-jah,

Boundless praise to God is due, Boundless praise to God is due.

Boundless praise to God is due, Boundless praise to God is due, Boundless praise to God is due, Boundless praise to God is due.

Bound-less praise to God is due, Boundless, &c.

Boundless praise to God is due, Boundless praise to God is due, Bound - less praise to God is due..... Boundless praise to God is due.

Boundless praise to God is due, Boundless praise to God is due.

1. The purple tints of morn appear, And glow across the blushing east; The brilliant orb of day is near, To dissipate the lingering mist; And while his mantling

2. Cre - a-tion smiles thro' all her tears, Ten thousand sparkling drops of dew; His head the lofty mountain rears, To meet the earliest sunbeam true: So shall I smile, a -

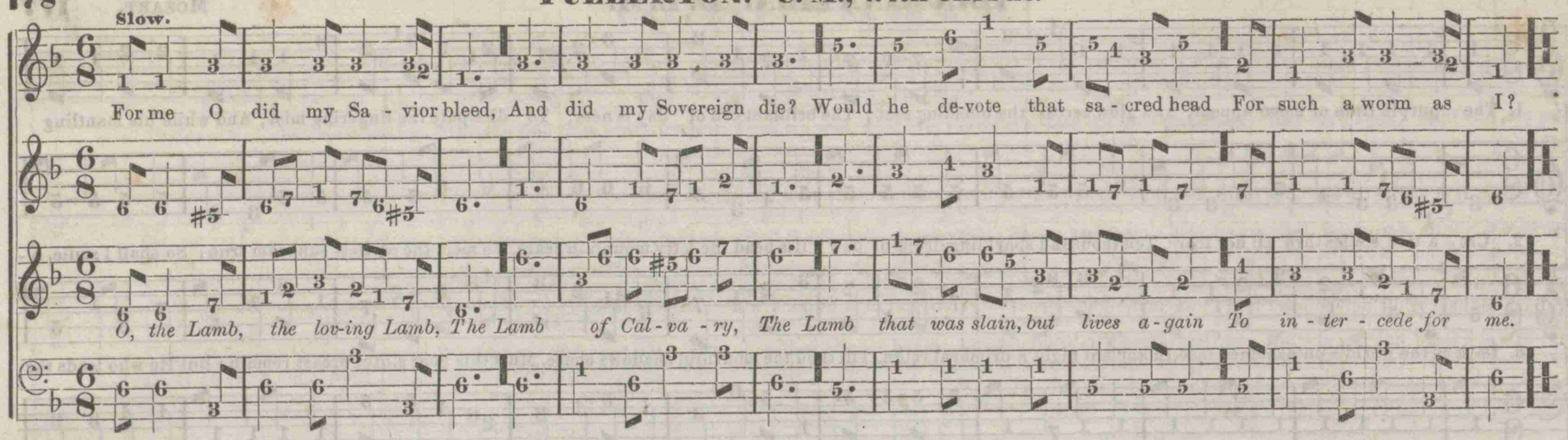
3. Dark as the world's unfashioned face In ancient night's primeval reign, Till thou the mournful shadows chase, Must this poor sinful breast remain; But He who leads the

1. splendors dart Their radiance o'er the kindling skies, To chase the darkness of my heart, Arise, O God of light,..... a - rise, a - rise,.....a - rise, a - rise.

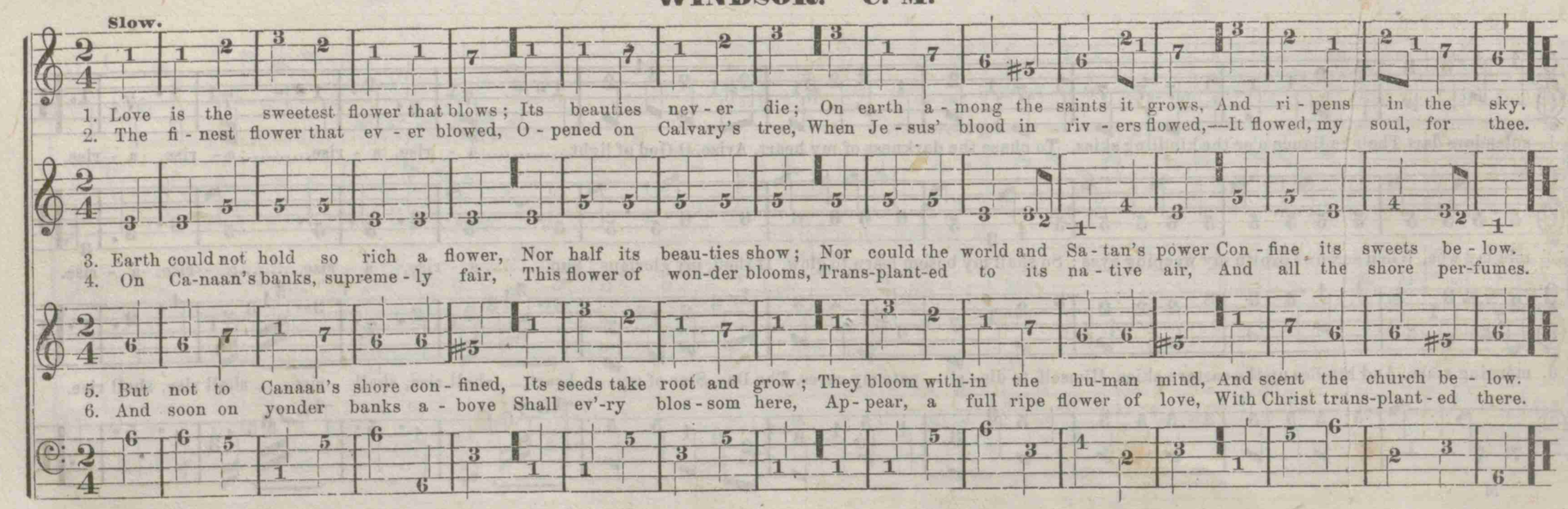
2. mid my woe, When sorrows drown my weeping eyes; So shall my bosom learn to glow, If thou, my glorious Sun,..... a - rise, a - rise,.....a - rise, a - rise.

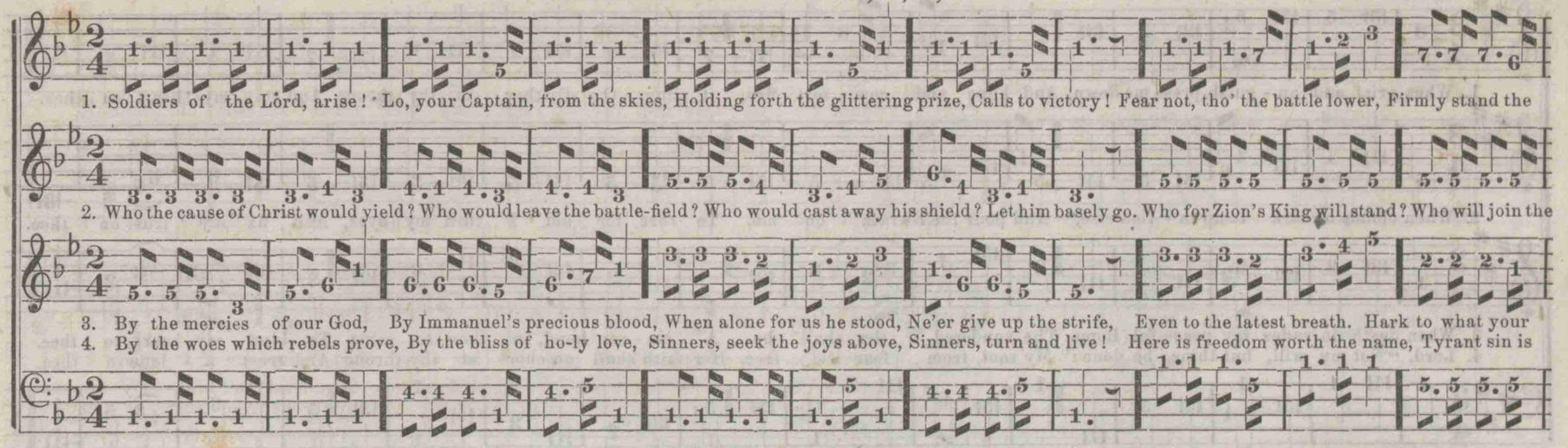
3. morning stars, And kindles up the eastern skies, Himself, to dis - si - pate my cares, The Day-Star of my heart,.... shall rise, shall rise,..... shall rise, shall rise.

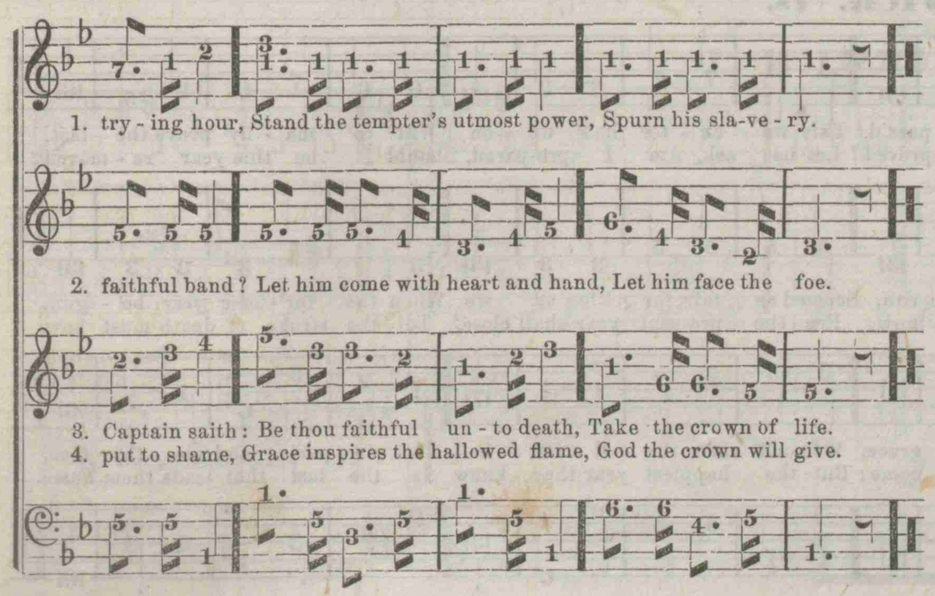
FULLERTON. C. M., with chorus.



WINDSOR. C. M.







1. Soldiers of the cross, arise!
Lo, your Leader, from the skies,
Waves before you glory's prize,
The prize of victory.
Seize your armor, gird it on,
Fight until the battle's won:
Soon the conflict will be done;
Then struggle manfully.

2. Jesus conquered when he fell,
Met and vanquished earth and hell;
Now he leads you on to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though your enemies appear,
Who will doubt, or who can fear?
God, our strength and shield, is near:
We cannot lose our cause.

3. Onward, then, you hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's road,
Follow where your Leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
Crowns of glory you shall gain;
Soon you'll join that glorious train
Who shout their Saviour's praise.

1. Clime beneath whose genial sun
Kings were quelled and freedom won,—
Where the dust of Washington
Sleeps in glory's bed:
Heroes from thy sylvan shade
Changed the plough for battle-blade;
Holy men for thee have prayed,
Patriot martyrs bled.

2. Crownless Judah mourns in gloom,
Greece lies slumbering in the tomb,
Rome hath shorn her eagle plume,
Lost her conquering name:
Youthful nation of the West,
Rise! with truer greatness blest:
Sainted bands from realms of rest
Watch thy brightening fame.

3. Empire of the brave and free!
Stretch thy sway from sea to sea—
Who shall bid thee bend the knee
To a tyrant's throne?
Knowledge is thine armor bright,
Liberty thy beacon-light,
God himself thy shield of might:
Bow to him alone.

BARBY. C. M.

TANSUR.

1. When grief and an - guish press me down, And hope and com - fort flee, I cling, O Fa-ther, to thy throne, And stay my heart on thee.
2. When clouds of dark temp-ta - tion rise, And pour their wrath on me, To thee for aid I turn my eyes, And fix my trust on thee.
3. When death in-vades my peace-ful home, The sundered ties shall be A clo - ser bond, in time to come, To bind my heart to thee.
4. Lord, "Not my will, but thine, be done:" My soul, from fear set free, Her faith shall an-chor at thy throne And trust a - lone in thee.

NORWICH. 7s.

Slow.

1. See! an - oth - er year is gone; Quick - ly have the sea-sons pass'd! This we en - ter now up - on Will to ma - ny prove the last.
2. Mer - cy hi - ther - to has spared, But have mer - cies been im-proved? Let us ask, Am I pre-pared, Should I be this year re - moved?
3. Some we now no long - er see, Who their mor - tal race have run, Seemed as fair for life as we When the for - mer year be - gun.
4. Some—but who, God on - ly knows—Who are here as - sem-bled now, Ere the pre-sent year shall close, To the stroke of death must bow.
5. If from guilt and sin set free By the knowledge of thy grace, Welcome then the call will be To de - part and see thy face.
6. To thy saints, while here be - low, With new years new mer-cies come; But the happiest year they know Is the last that leads them home.

HELMSLY. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

DR. MADAN.

1. Lord, dis - miss us hence with glad - ness; Be thy peo - ple's lot our choice;
In thy love we know not sad - ness; In thy love our souls re - joice.
} Naught can harm us, Naught can harm us, Naught can harm us

2. From thy word with food pro - vid - ed, May we feed there - on and grow,
And by thee, our Sa - viour, guid - ed, Through the pathless de - sert go,
} While thy fa - vors, While thy fa - vors, While thy fa - vors

COMFORT. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1. While we know and hear thy voice.

2. In the streams of mercy flow.

3. Soon, all sin and er - ror o - ver, All will be di - vine - ly bright;
For in love thou wilt dis - co - ver All thy glo - ry to our sight— God our por-tion, God our portion, God our portion.
God our ev - er - last-ing light.

D.S.

By permission.

HERALD. S. M.

J. W. Suffern.

1. How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi-on's hill; Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And words of grace reveal, And words of grace reveal!
2. How charming is their voice! How sweet their tidings are! "Zi - on, behold thy Saviour King, He reigns and triumphs here, He reigns and triumphs here."

3. How hap-py are our ears, That hear the joy-ful sound, Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought, but never found! And sought, but never found!
4. How blessed are our eyes, That see the heav'nly light! Pro-phets and priests desired it long, But died with-out the sight, But died without the sight.

5. You watchmen, join your voice, And tuneful notes em - ploy; Je - ru-salem, break forth in songs; Ye deserts, learn the joy, Ye deserts, learn the joy.
6. O Lord, make bare thy arm Through all the earth a-broad! Let ev'-ry nation now behold Their Saviour and their God, Their Saviour and their God.

PEACEFUL REST. 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

A. D. Fillmore.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'rers given; There is a tear for souls distressed, A balm for ev'ry wounded breast—'Tis found a-bove—in heav'n.
2. There is a home for weary souls, By sins and sorrows driven; When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, When storms arise and ocean rolls, And all is drear—but heav'n.

3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye, The heart with anguish riven; It views the tempest passing by, Sees evening shadows quickly fly, And all se-rene—in heav'n.

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 heav'n.

HAPPY CLIME. 10s & 8s.

1. Have you heard, have you heard of that hap - py clime, Undimmed by sor-row, un - hurt by time,
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame, Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame? Have you heard of that hap - py clime?

2. A riv - er of wa - ter gush - es there, Mid flowers of beau-ty strange-ly fair:
A thousand wings are hov'r - ing o'er The daz-zling wave and the gold-en shore That are seen in that hap - py clime.

3. Mil-lions of farms all clothed in bright, In garments of beauty clear and white,—
They dwell in their own im - mor - tal bowers, 'Mid fade-less hues of countless flowers That bloom in that hap - py clime.

4. Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen, Their swelling songs and their changeless sheen:
Their ensigns are waving, their banners unfurled. O'er jas - per walls and its gates of pearl, Which are fixed in that hap - py clime.

5. But far, far a - way is that sin - less clime, Undimmed by sor-row, un - hurt by time,
Where a-mid all things that's fair is given The home of the just,— and its name is heaven, The name of that hap - py clime.

BRYANT. S. M.

J. W. Suffern.

Moderate.

1. At the 'leventh hour, O Lord, Be - hold the pil - grim stand, A re - bel long, but come at last To ho - nor thy com - mand.

2. By grace a child a - gain, Born nev - er - more to die, Oh, feed the soul thy word sin-cere, In strength to grow there - by.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6 lines.

A. D. F.

D. C.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side, a heal - ing flood,
Be of sin the per - fect cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

D. C.

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:
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.

D. C.

3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death, When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold thee on thy throne,
Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

D. C.

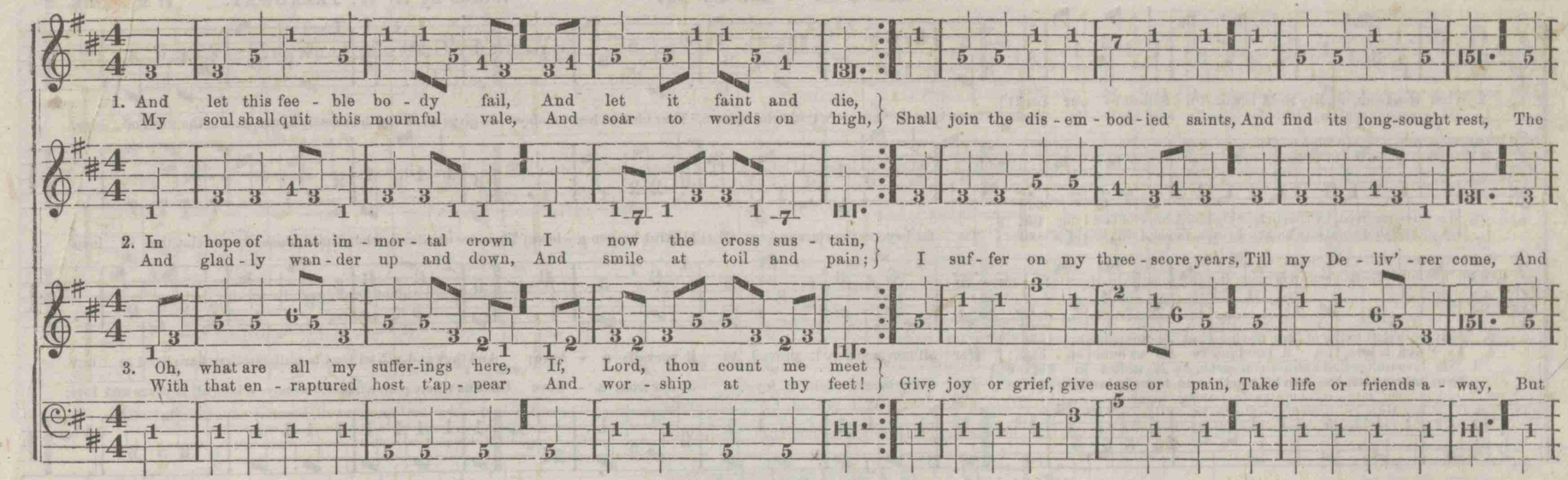
MERCY-SEAT. L. M.

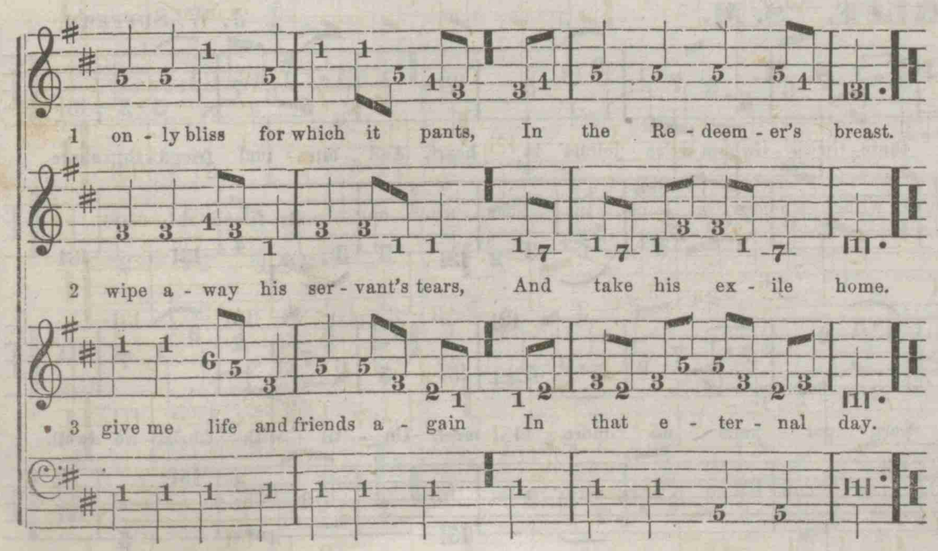
*

1. From ev' - ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev' - ry swell - ing 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 glad - ness on our heads, A place than all be - sides more sweet: It is the blood - bought Mer - cy - Seat.

3. There is a scene where spi - rits blend, Where friend holds fellow - ship with friend; Though sun-dered far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon Mer - cy - Seat.
4. Ah! whi - ther could we flee for aid, When tempted, des - o - late, dis - mayed, Or how the hosts of hell de - feat, Had suf-fering souls no Mer - cy - Seat?

5. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And sin and sense seem all no more, And heaven comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the Mer - cy - Seat!
6. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be si - lent, cold, and still, This bound-ing heart for - get to beat, If I for - get the Mer - cy - Seat!





1. There is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies,—
My Father's house, my heavenly home,
Where "many mansions" stand,
Prepared by hands divine for all
Who seek the better land.

2. When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side,—
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide,—
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

3. In that pure home of tearless joy,
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete:
Oh, there adieus are sounds unknown;
Death frowns not on that scene;
But life and glorious beauty shine
Untroubled and serene.

1. Lo! what a glorious sight appears
To our admiring eyes!
The former seas have passed away,
The former earth and skies.
From heaven the New Jerus'lem comes,
All worthy of its Lord;
See all things now at last renewed,
And Paradise restored.

2. Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King!
The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
He dwells with men,—his people they,
And he his people's God.

3. His gracious hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die.
Oh, may we stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce our name
With blessings on our head!

LOVE. D. C. M.

Words by G. W. Treadway. Wm. Cole. *

1. What wondrous, mighty work is this, Un - fold-ed by our Lord!
It gives our souls a taste for bliss, To read his ho - ly word; 'Twas born in "heaven's immortal bowers," That blessed heaven above; It gives us strength in lonely hours, And is the work of love.

2. We have received, by this bright theme, A hope of last - ing life,
Beyond the shore of death's dark stream, Beyond this world of strife; 'Tis far beyond the stars and sun, That blissful heaven a - bove; There we can dwell, when time is done, By serving God in love.

3. 'Twas from that realm of love di-vine That Je - sus came to die;
As "God is love," let it combine To aid us home on high; O'er all our race may it prevail, As it prevails a - bove; And they at death will not bewail, For they have lived in love.

4. 'Tis love unites God's church on earth, As it unites in heaven;
Then may we live to own his worth, And love the law he's given; Let every breast retain its joy, Till Je-sus from a - bove Calls us where pain will ne'er annoy, Where all is peace and love.

By permission.

WOODRUFF. S. M.

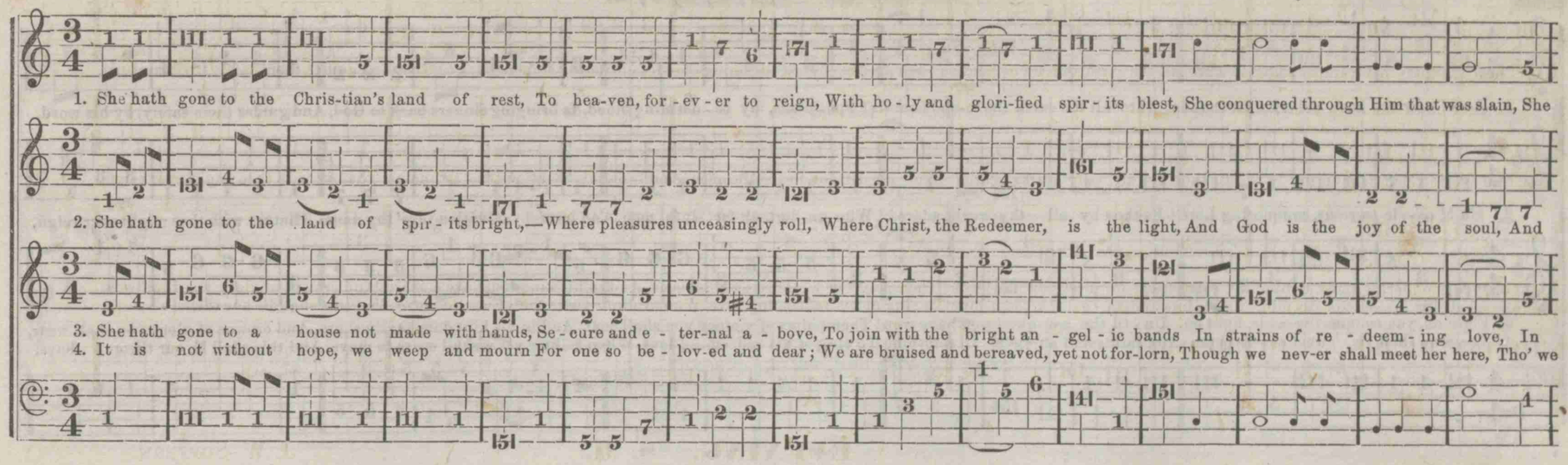
J. W. Suffern.

1. How pain - ful 'tis to part With friends so kind and dear As those with whom we're joined in heart, And mu - tual friend - ship share.

2. How pain - ful to re - peat, "Be - lov - ed friends, fare - well!" We part, per - haps no more to meet Un - til with Christ we dwell.

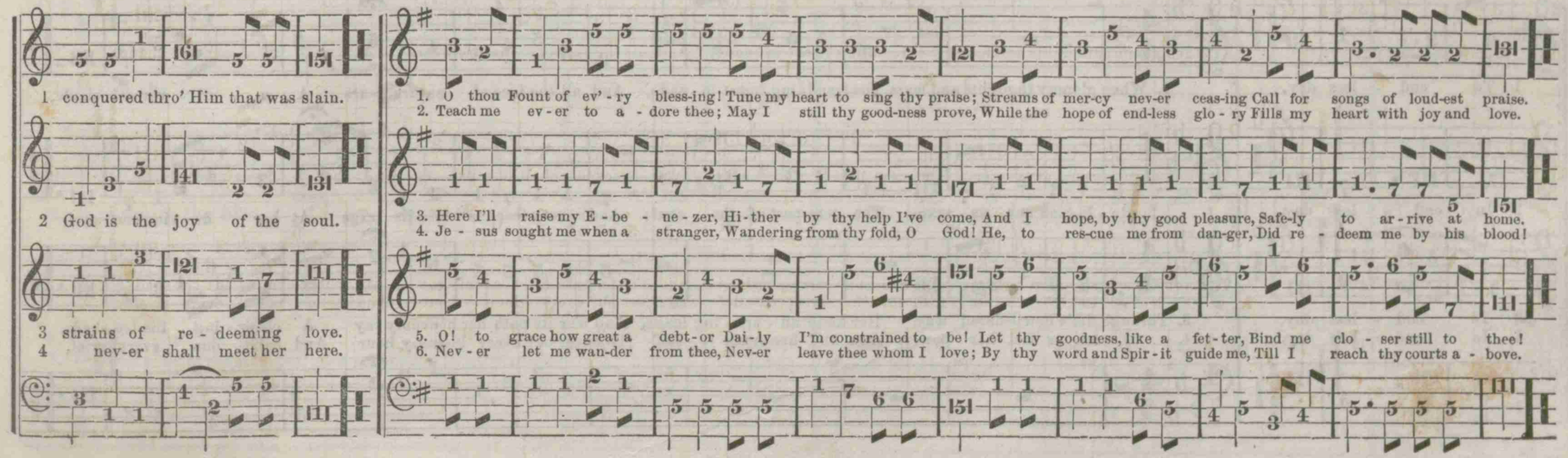
CHRISTIAN'S REST. 10s & 8s.

Words and Music by C. L. Fillmore.



CONNERSVILLE. 8s & 7s.

A. D. Fillmore.



EBERT. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 4.

1. Hark! how the gos - pel trumpet sounds! Thro' all the earth the e-cho bounds! For Je-sus, by re - deeming blood, Is bringing sinners back to God, And guides them safely, by his word,
2. Hail! all-vic-to-rious, conquering Lord! Be thou by all thy works adored! Who un-dertook for sinful men, And brought salvation thro' thy name, That we with thee might ever reign,
3. Fight on, you conquering souls, fight on, Un - til the con-quest you have won! Then palms of victory you shall bear, And in his kingdom have a share, And crowns of glory you shall wear,
4. There we shall in sweet cho-rus join, And saints and an - gels all com-bine To sing of his redeeming love, When rolling years shall cease to move, And this shall be our theme a - bove,

EVENING. S. M.

J. W. Suffern.

1 To end - less day.
2 In end - less day.
3 In end - less day.
4 In end - less day.

1. When gloomy thoughts and fears The trembling heart in - vade, And all the face of nature wears A u - ni - ver-sal shade,
2. Re - li-gion can as - suage The tem-pest of the soul; And every fear shall lose its rage At her di - vine con - trol.
3. Through life's bewil-dered way Her hand un - err - ing leads, And o'er its path her heavenly ray A cheer - ing lus-tre sheds.
4. O let us feel her power, And find her sweet re - lief To cheer our every gloom-y hour And calm our every grief.

1. Praise the Lord, ... O my soul, and all that is within me, ... praise his ho - ly name. 2.

3. Who forgiveth . . . . . all thy sin, and healeth . . . . . all thine in - fir - mi - ties. 4.

5. O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that ex- cel in strength, ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken to the voice of his word. 6.

2. Praise the Lord, ... O my soul, and forget not . . . all his ben - e - fits. 3.

4. Who saveth thy life . . . . . from de- struction, and crowneth thee with mercy and lov - ing kindness. 5.

6. O praise the Lord, all . . . . . ye his hosts; ye servants of . . . his that do his pleasure. 7.
7. O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of his do - minion; praise thou the . . . Lord, . . O my soul. A . . men.

HOUSTON. C. M., with chorus.

1. On Jor - dan's stor - my banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
2. O the trans - port - ing, rap' - trous scene, That ris - es to my sight! Sweet fields ar-ray'd in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light!

3. There gen' - rous fruits, that nev - er fail, On trees im-mor - tal grow; There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales, With milk and ho - ney flow.
4. All o'er these wide - ex - tend - ed plains, Shines one e - ter - nal day; There God, the Sun, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.

5. No chill - ing winds nor pois' - nous breath Can reach that health - ful shore; Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and fear'd no more.
6. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest! When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in his bo - som rest!
7. Fill'd with de - light, my rap - tur'd soul Would here no long - er stay; Though Jor - dan's waves a - round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.

Chorus.

There'll be no more sor - row-ing there, There'll be no more sor - row-ing there; In heaven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no more sor-row-ing there.

There'll be no more sor - rowing there, There'll be no more sor - row-ing there; In heaven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no more sor-row-ing there.

By permission.

HARVEST HYMN. L. M. 6 lines.

J. W. Suffern. 191

D. C.

1. Though in the outward church below The wheat and tares to - gether grow, An - gels, ere long, will reap the crop, And burn the tares in an - ger up.
For soon the reap-ing-time will come, And an - gels shout the harvest - home.

D. C.

2. 'Twill not re - lieve their horrors there, To re - col - lect their stations here; How much they heard, how much they knew, How much among the wheat they grew.
3. We seem a - like when thus we meet, Strangers might think we all are wheat; But to the Lord's all-searching eyes Each heart appears with - out dis - guise.

D. C.

4. The tares are spared for various ends: Some, for the sake of praying friends; Oth - ers, the Lord, against their will, Employs his coun-sels to ful - fil.
5. But tho' they grow so tall and strong, His plan will not re-quire them long; In har - vest when he saves his own, The tares shall in - to hell be thrown.

D. C.

HUSS. C. M.

On Jor-dan's storm-y bank I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

DUANE STREET. D. L. M.

1. A poor way-far-ing man of grief Hath of-ten crossed me on my way, Who sued so hum-bly for re-lief That I could nev-er an-swer, Nay.
2. Once, when my scan-ty meal was spread, He en-tered; not a word he spake; Just per-ish-ing for want of bread, I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,

3. I spied him where a foun-tain burst Clear from the rock: his strength was gone; The heed-less wa-ter mocked his thirst; He heard it, saw it hur-rying on.
4. Stripped, wounded, beat-en nigh to death, I found him, by the high-way side; I roused his pulse, brought back his breath, Re-vived his spi-rit, and sup-plied
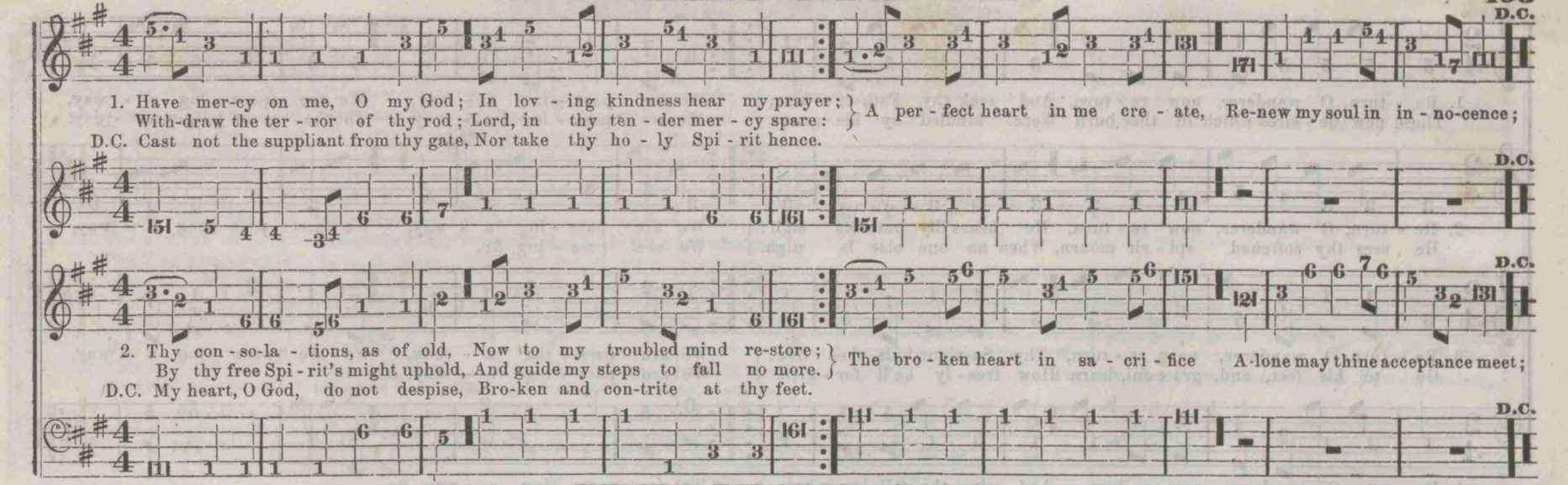
5. In pris'n I saw him, next, condemned To meet a trai-tor's doom at morn: The tide of ly-ing tongues I stemmed, And hon-ored him mid shame and scorn.
6. Then in a mo-ment to my view The stran-ger start-ed from dis-guise; The to-kens in his hands I knew,— My Sa-viour stood be-fore my eyes!

1 I had not power to ask his name, Whi-ther he went, or whence he came; Yet there was some-thing in his eye That won my love, I knew not why.
2 And ate, but gave me part a-gain: Mine was an an-gel's por-tion then; And, while I fed with ea-ger haste, The crust was man-na to my taste.

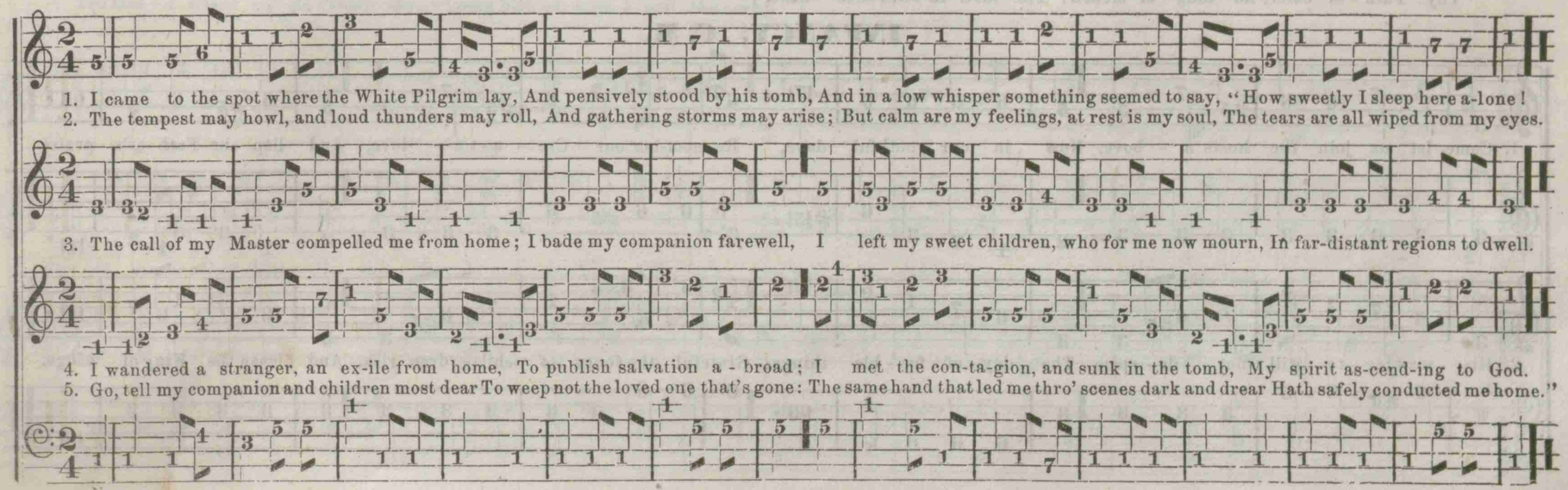
3 I ran, and raised the suf-ferer up; Thrice from the stream he drained my cup, Dipped, and re-turned it runn-ing o'er: I drank, and nev-er thirst-ed more.
4 Wine, oil, re-fresh-ment: he was healed. I had my-self a wound concealed, But from that hour for-got the smart, And peace bound up my bro-ken heart.

5 My friendship's ut-most zeal to try, He asked if I for him would die: The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill, But the free spi-rit cried, "I will!"
6 He spake, and my poor name he named: "Of me thou hast not been a-shamed; These deeds shall thy me-mo-rial be: Fear not; thou didst it un-to me."

AMBOY. D. L. M.



WHITE PILGRIM. 11s & 8s.



PASSING AWAY. C M., with chorus.

1. Re - turn, O wanderer, now re - turn, And seek thy Fath-er's face;
Those new de - sires which in thee burn Were kindled by his grace.

We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a - way,
We are pass - ing a - way To the great judg-ment - day.

2. Re - turn, O wanderer, now re - turn, He hears thy hum-ble sigh!
He sees thy softened spi - rit mourn, When no one else is nigh.

We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a - way,
We are pass - ing, &c.

3. Re - turn, O wanderer, now re - turn, Thy Sa-viour bids thee live:
Go to his feet, and, grate-ful, learn How free - ly he'll for - give.

We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a - way,
We are pass - ing a - way, &c.

4. Re - turn, O wanderer, now re - turn, And wipe the fall - ing tear;
Thy Fath - er calls; no long - er mourn: 'Tis love in-vites thee near.

We are pass - ing a - way, &c.

INFANCY. C. M.

1. Come, let us join the hosts a - bove, Now in our youthful days, Re-mem-ber our Cre - a - tor's love, And lisp our Fath - er's praise.

2. His ma - jes - ty will not de - spise The day of fee - ble things; Grateful the songs of chil - dren rise, And please the King of kings.

PILGRIMAGE. L. M., with chorus.

1. Je-sus, my all, to heaven has gone, He whom I fix my hopes up-on;
His path I see, and I'll pur-sue The nar-row way, till him I view.

I'm on my journey home,

2. The way the ho-ly pro-phets went, The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of ho-li-ness, I'll go; for all his paths are peace.

3. This is the way I long had sought, And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long had been That I had not been saved from sin.

I'm on my journey home To the New Jerusalem,

4. The more I strove a-gainst its power, I felt its weight and guilt the more,
Till late I heard my Sa-viour say, "Come hith-er, soul, I am the way."

I'm on my journey home To the New Je-ru-sa-lem,

I'm on my journey home To the New Je-ru-sa-lem: So fare you well, so fare you well, So fare you well: I'm go-ing home.

By permission.

DRUMMOND. D. L. M.

J. W. Suffern.

1. The music of his steps was sought; His time had come, but *he* came not; His lit-tle ones were wont to greet The sound of his re-turn-ing feet:
2. He was a faith - ful man of God, And in his Sa-viour's footsteps trod; Stern duty bade him of - ten stray From those who near his bosom lay;
3. But, ah! those ears no more shall hear That voice to wife and children dear; Those eyes of love shall never more Look on that face with joy spread o'er,
4. Yet still they look, with glistening eye, Till, lo! a herald hastens nigh: He comes, the tale of woe to tell, How he, their prop and glo - ry, fell;

They waited long, were waiting still, To see him hast - ing o'er the hill, Across the brook, and to the door, His manly face with joy spread o'er.

But when from anx-ious toils re-turned, Kind hearts with strong affection burned, The husband's and the father's voice In ev'ry ear poured richest joys.

Shall never see their loved one come To cheer their hearth and bless their home! Low lies his form beneath the sod, High lives his spirit with his God.
How died he in a stranger's room, How strangers laid him in the tomb, How spoke he with his latest breath, And loved and blessed them in his death.

D.C.

1. Go when the morning shi-neth, Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve de - cli-neth, Go in the hush of night,
And, in thy chamber kneel-ing, Do thou in se - cret pray.

Go, with pure mind and feel - ing, Fling earth - ly thoughts a - way,

D.C.

2. Re - mem - ber all who love thee, All who are loved by thee,
Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If a - ny such there be;
And link with each pe - ti - tion Thy great Re-deem-er's name.

Then for thyself in meek-ness A bless - ing hum-bly claim,

D.C.

3. Or, if 'tis e'er de - nied thee In so - li - tude to pray,
Should ho - ly thoughts come o'er thee When friends are round thy way,
Will reach His throne of glo - ry Who's Mer - cy, Truth, and Love.

The spi - rit's si - lent breathing, In meek-ness raised a - bove,

D.C.

By permission.

LOCKWOOD. L. M.

J. W. Suffern.

1. You saints of God, a - rise and sing; Behold your Saviour, Friend, and King! With pleasing smiles he now looks down, And cries, "Press on and take the crown.

2. "Prove faithful yet a few more days, Fight the good fight and win the race; And then your soul with me shall reign, Your head a crown of glory gain."

FILLINGER. D. C. M.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by many a foe; That will not tremble on the brink Of pov - er-ty or woe,
That will not mur-mur nor complain Be - neath the chastening rod, But in the hour of grief or pain Can lean up - on its God;

2. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage with-out; That when in danger knows no fear, In dark - ness feels no doubt,
That bears unmoved the world's dread frown, Nor heeds its scornful smile, That sin's wild o - cean cannot drown, Nor its soft arts be - guile;

3. A faith that keeps the nar - row way, By truth restrained and led, And with a pure and heavenly ray Lights up a dying bed:
O may I have a faith like this, And then, whate'er may come, I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home.

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

2. The wound - ed conscience knows its power The heal-ing balm to give; That balm the sad - dest heart can cheer, And make the dy-ing live;

3. It shows the pre - cious pro - mise sealed With the Redeemer's blood, And helps my fee - ble hope to rest · Up - on a faithful God:

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

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.

There, there, un-sha-ken would I rest, Till this vile bo - dy dies; And then, on faith's tri - umph - ant wings. At once to glo - ry rise.

MOTHER DEAR. 7s, 6s & 8s.

S. Lover.

Tenderly.

1. There was a place in child-hood, That I re - mem - ber well, And there a voice of sweet-est tones Bright fairy-tales did tell; And gentle words and fond embrace Were

2. When fai - ry-tales were end - ed, "Good-night," she soft - ly said, And kissed and laid me down to sleep Within my tiny bed; And holy words she taught me there: Me-

3. In the sickness of my child-hood, The per- ils of my prime, The sor-rows of my riper years, The cares of every time, When doubt and danger weighed me down, Then,

1. given with joy to me, When I was in that hap - py place, Up - on my mother's knee. My mother dear, My mother dear, My gen - tle, gentle moth-er!

2. thinks I yet can see Her an - gel eye, as close I kneel Be - side my mother's knee. My mother dear, My mother dear, My gen - tle, gentle moth-er!

3. plead-ing all for me, It was a fer- vent prayer to heaven That bent my mother's knee. My mother dear, My mother dear, My gen- tle, gen-tle moth-er!

Hal - le - lu-jah! The Lord is risen indeed, Hal - le - lu - jah!

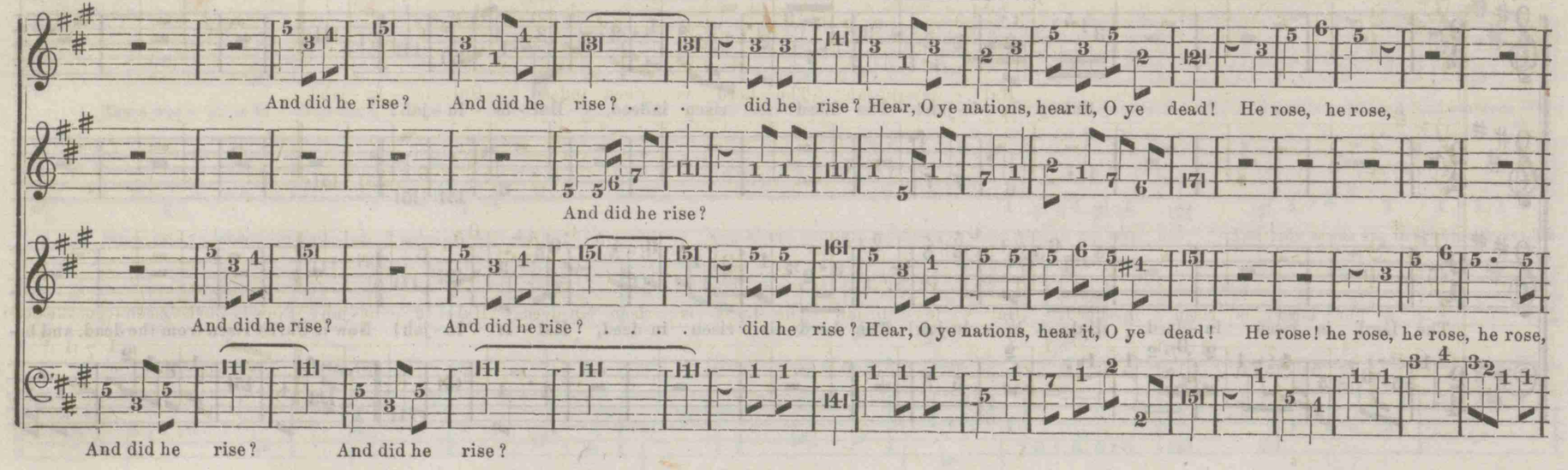
The Lord is risen in-deed, Hal - le - lu-jah! The Lord is risen in-deed, Hal - le - lu - jah! Now is Christ risen from the dead, and be-

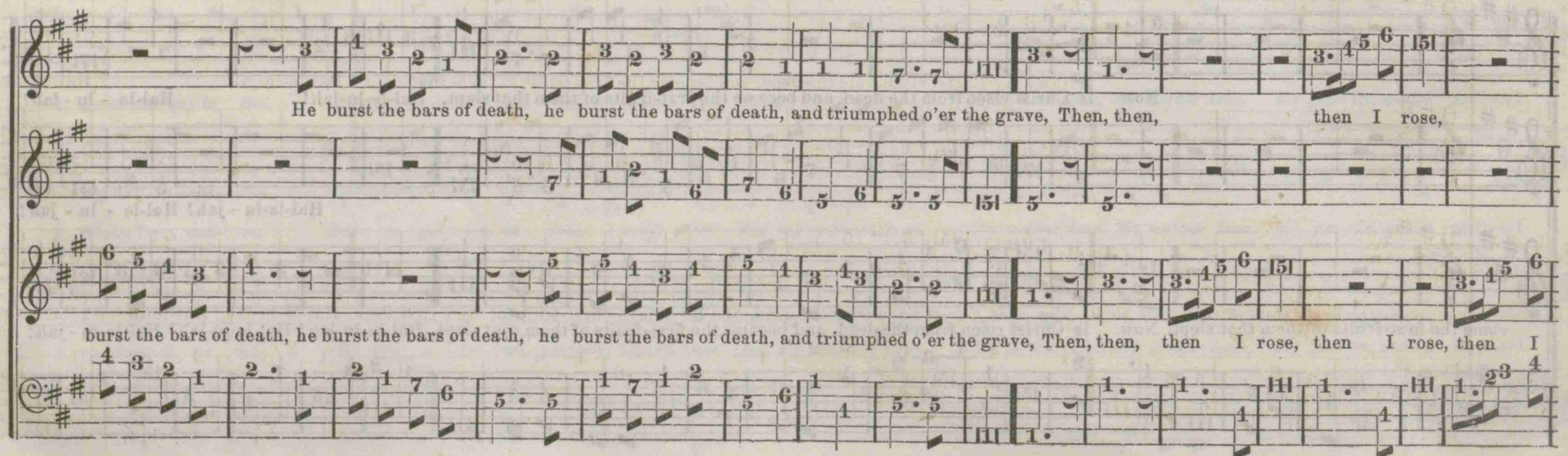
Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!

Hal-le-lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!

come the first-fruits of them that slept. Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu - jah!

EASTER ANTHEM. Continued.





then I rose; then first hu - ma-ni-ty triumphant passed the crystal ports of light, and seized e - ter-nal youth, and seized e - ter-nal youth.

rose, then I rose; then first hu - ma-ni-ty triumphant passed the crystal ports of light, and seized e - ter-nal youth, and seized e - ter-nal youth.

Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.

Man, all-im-mor-tal, hail! hail! Heaven, all lavish of strange gifts to man;

Man, all-im-mor-tal, hail! hail! Heaven, all lavish of strange gifts to man; Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss, Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.

HOSANNAH. Matt. xxi. 9.

Animated.

And the mul-titudes that went be - fore, and that followed, cried, saying, and that followed, cried, saying, Ho-san-nah to the Son of

And the mul-titudes that went be - fore, and that followed, cried, saying, and that followed, cried, saying, Ho-san-nah to the Son of

Da-vid, ho-san-nah to the Son of Da-vid, ho-san-nah to the Son of Da-vid: bless-ed is he that com-eth, that cometh in the name of the Lord; ho-

Da-vid, ho-san-nah to the Son of Da-vid, ho-san-nah to the Son of Da-vid: bless-ed is he that com-eth, that cometh in the name of the Lord; ho-

san-nah in the highest, bless-ed is he that com-eth in the name of the Lord; ho - san - nah, ho - san - nah, ho-

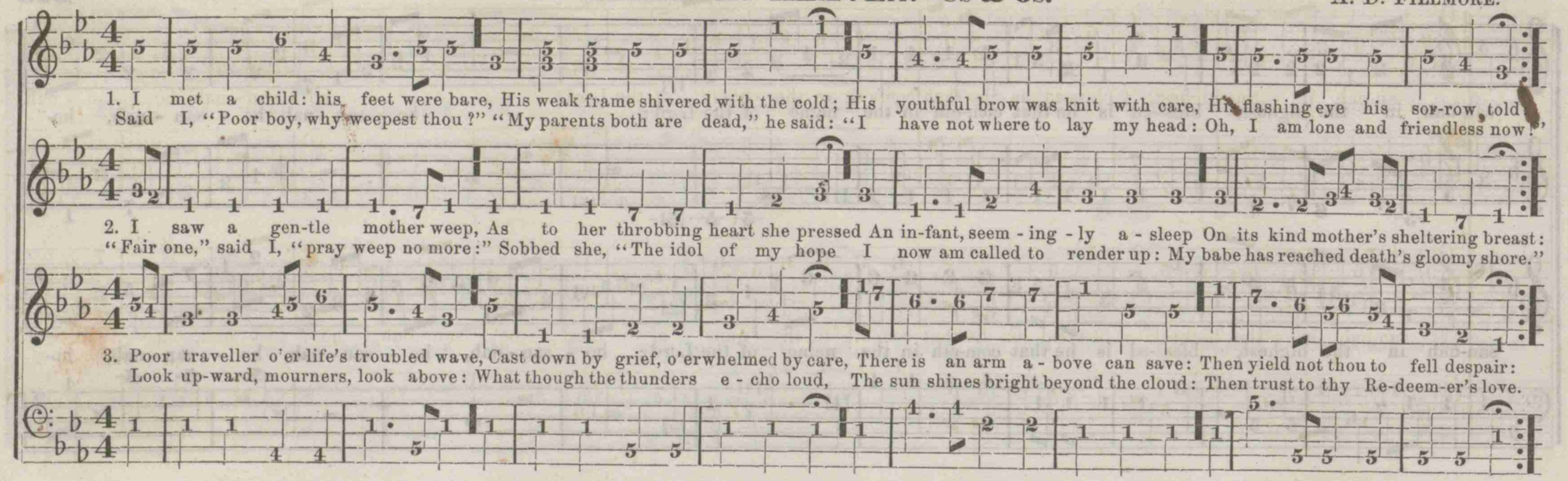
san-nah in the highest, bless-ed is he that com-eth in the name of the Lord; ho - san - nah, ho - san - nah, ho - san - nah, ho-

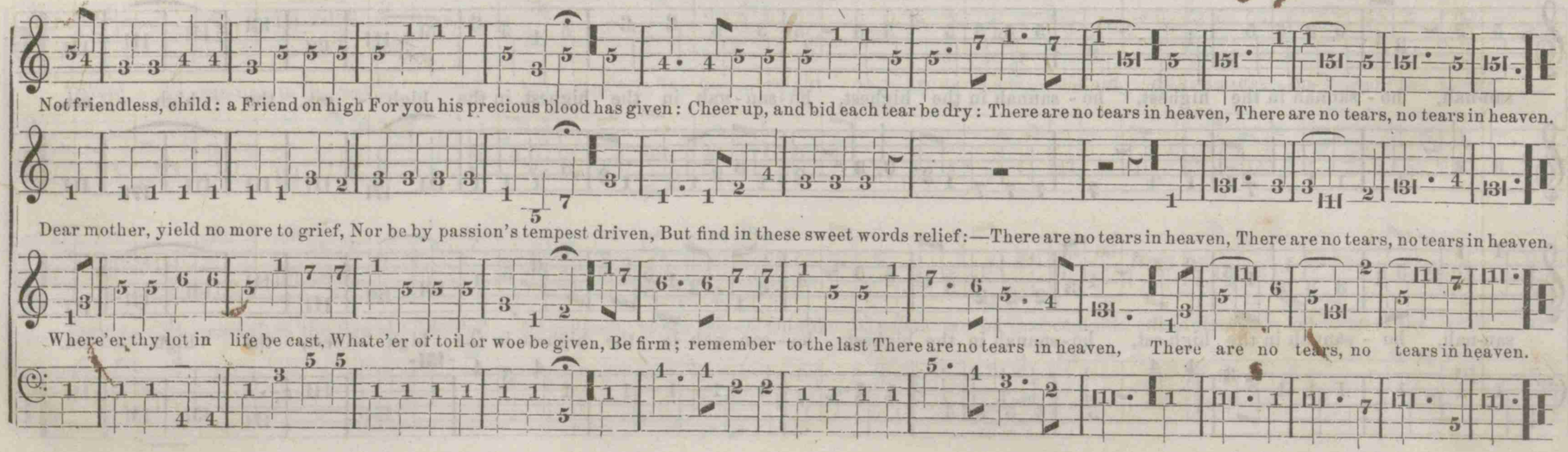
san-nah, ho - sannah in the highest, ho - sannah in the highest, ho-san - nah in the highest, in the high - est, the high - est.

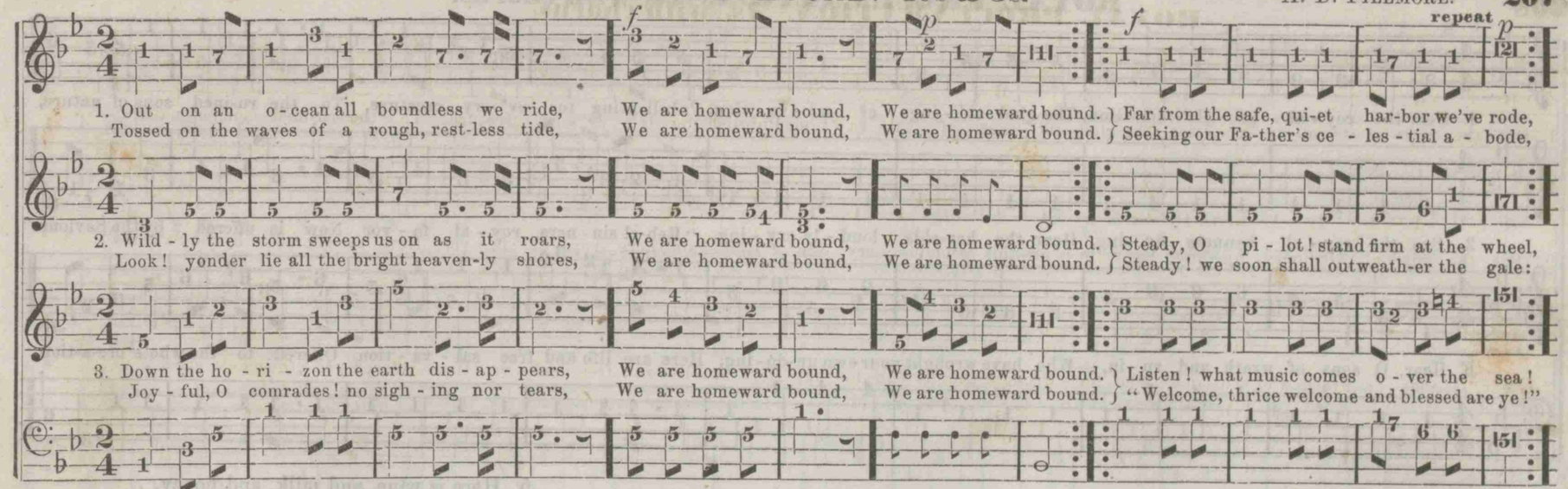
san-nah, ho - sannah in the high-est, ho-sannah in the highest, ho - san - nah in the highest, in the high - est, the high - est.

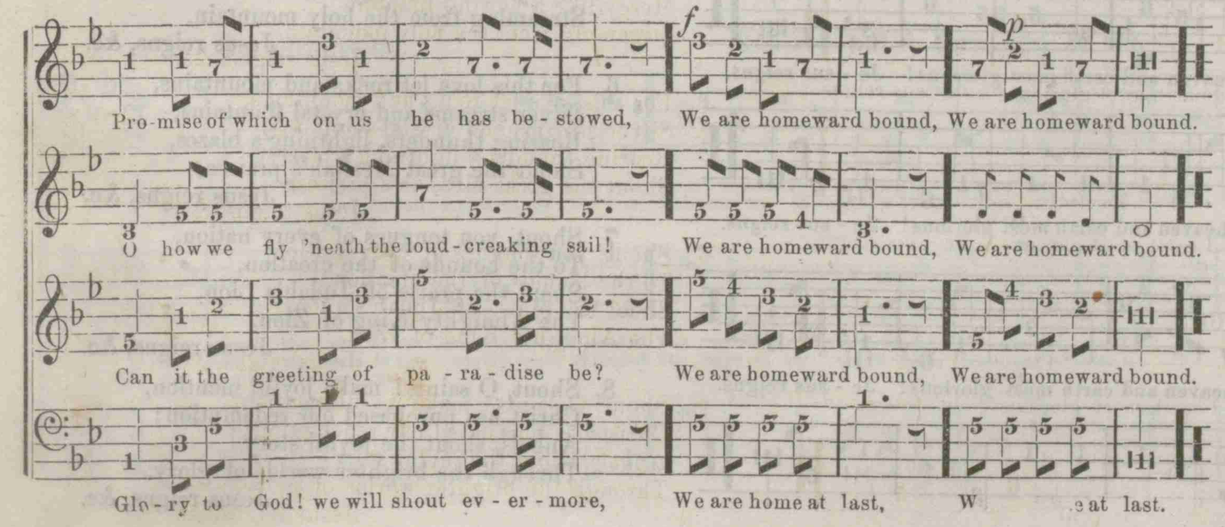
NO TEARS IN HEAVEN. 8s & 6s.

A. D. FILLMORE.







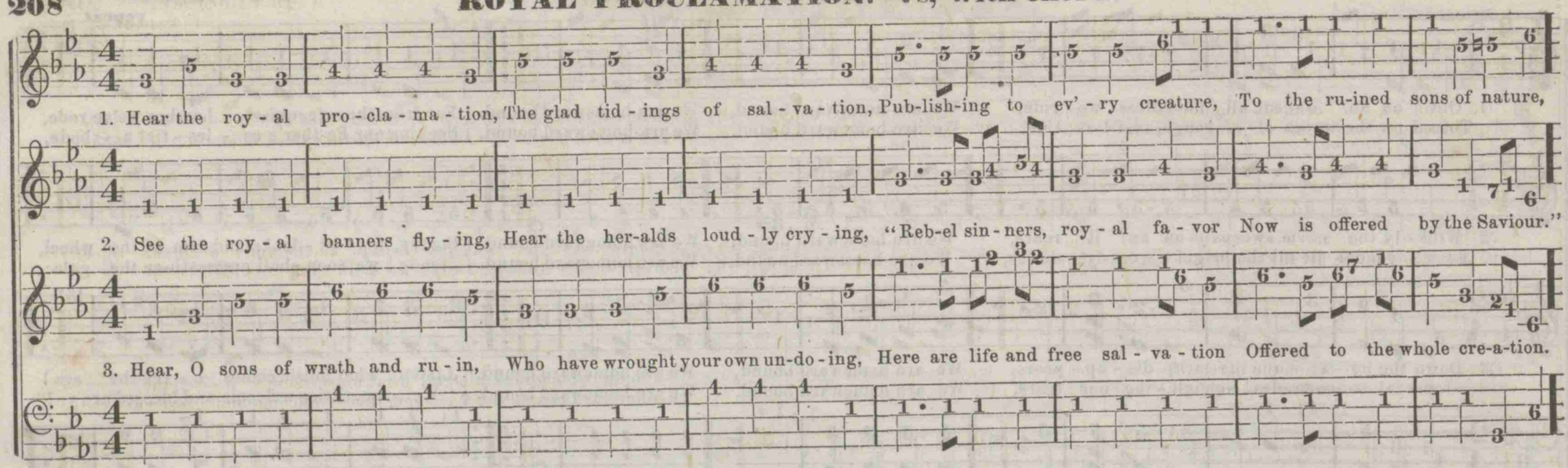


1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When I am gone, when I am gone!
Smile if the slow-tolling bell you shall hear,
When I am gone, when I am gone!
Weep not for me when you stand by my grave,
Think of the crowns all the ransomed shall have,
Think who has died His beloved to save,
When I am gone, when I am gone.

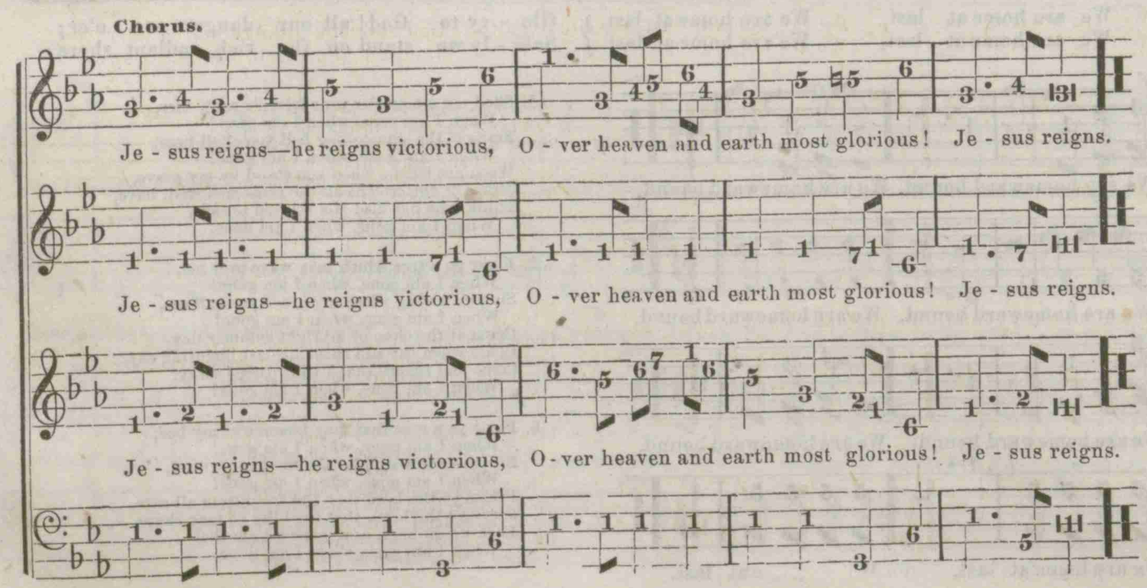
2. Plant ye a tree which may wave over me,
When I am gone, when I am gone!
Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see,
When I am gone, when I am gone!
Come at the close of a bright summer day,
Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray,
Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,
When I am gone, when I am gone!

3. Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed,
When I am gone, when I am gone!
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead,
When I am gone, when I am gone!
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care,
Serve ye the Lord, that my bliss ye may share,
Look up on high, and believe I am there,
When I am gone, when I am gone.

ROYAL PROCLAMATION. 7s, with chorus.



Chorus.



5. Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
Come and purchase without money,
Mercy like a flowing fountain
Streaming from the holy mountain.
Jesus reigns, &c.

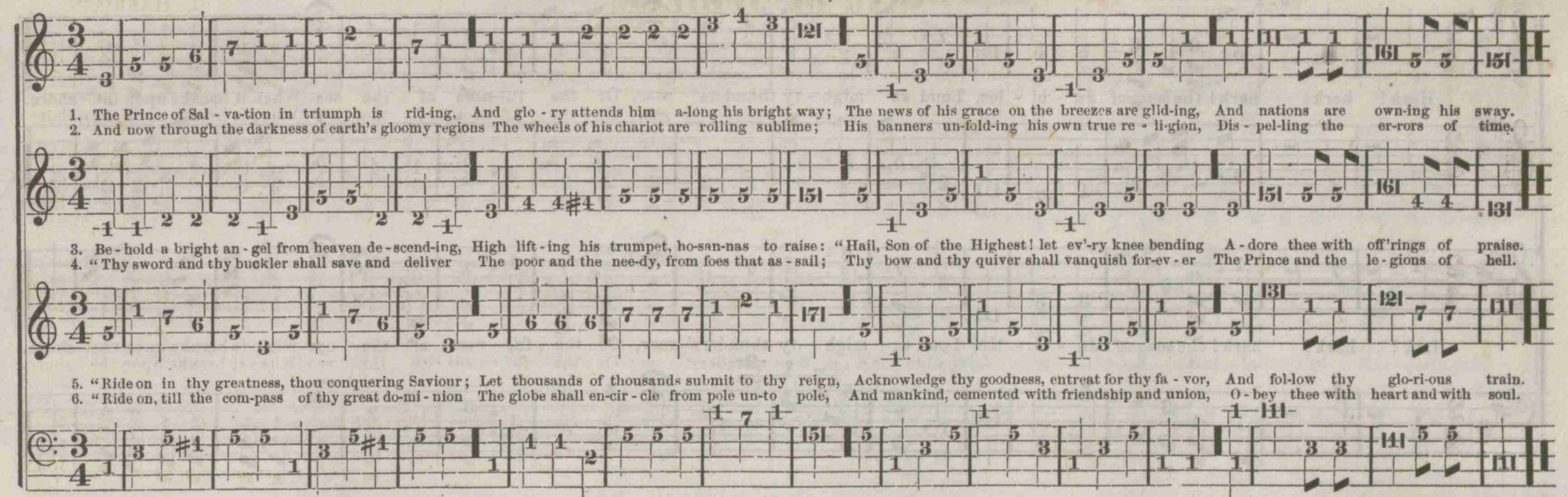
6. For this love let rocks and mountains,
Silver streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning's blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.
Jesus reigns, &c.

7. Shout, you tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation,
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty King of Zion.
Jesus reigns, &c.

8. Shout, O saints! make joyful mention,
Christ has purchased our redemption;
Angels, shout the joyful story
Through the brighter worlds of glory.
Jesus reigns, &c.

INDIANA. 12s, 11s & 8s.

A. D. FILLMORE.

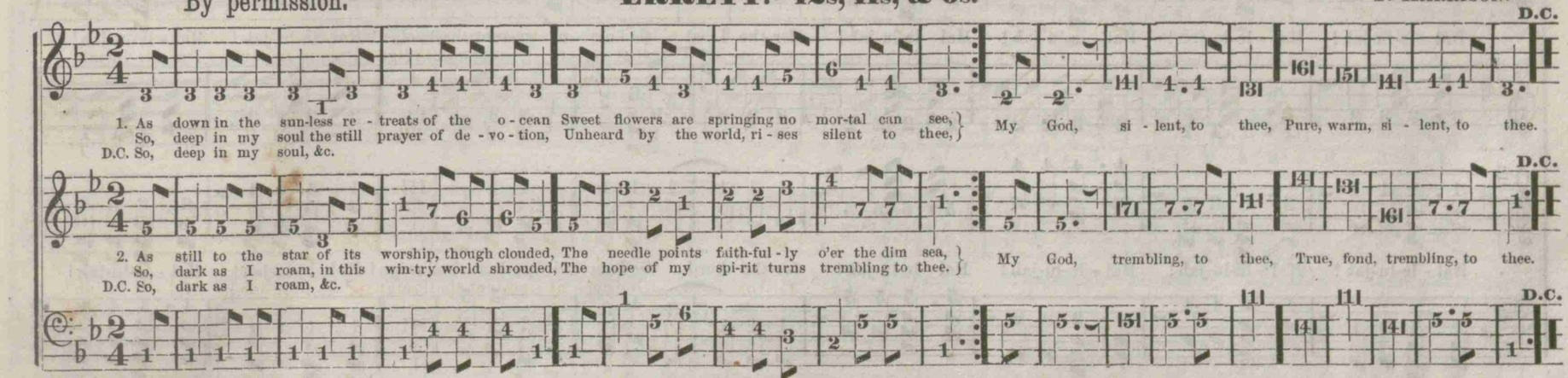


1. The Prince of Sal - va-tion in triumph is rid-ing, And glo - ry attends him a-long his bright way; The news of his grace on the breezes are glid-ing, And nations are own-ing his sway.
2. And now through the darkness of earth's gloomy regions The wheels of his chariot are rolling sublime; His banners un-fold-ing his own true re - li-gion, Dis - pel-ling the er-rors of time.
3. Be - hold a bright an - gel from heaven de - scend-ing, High lift - ing his trumpet, ho-san-nas to raise: "Hail, Son of the Highest! let ev'-ry knee bending A - dore thee with off'rings of praise.
4. "Thy sword and thy buckler shall save and deliver The poor and the nee-dy, from foes that as - sail; Thy bow and thy quiver shall vanquish for-ev - er The Prince and the le - gions of hell.
5. "Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour; Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign, Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy fa - vor, And fol-low thy glo-ri-ous train.
6. "Ride on, till the com-pass of thy great do-mi - nion The globe shall en-cir - cle from pole un-to pole, And mankind, cemented with friendship and union, O - bey thee with heart and with soul.
7. "Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified na-tion The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise, And heaven shall e - cho the song of sal - va - tion In rich and me - lo - di-ous lays."

By permission.

ERRETT. 12s, 11s, & 6s.

T. HARRISON.



1. As down in the sun-less re - treats of the o - cean Sweet flowers are springing no mor-tal can see,
   So, deep in my soul the still prayer of de - vo - tion, Unheard by the world, ri - ses silent to thee,
   My God, si - lent, to thee, Pure, warm, si - lent, to thee.
   D.C. So, deep in my soul, &c.
2. As still to the star of its worship, though clouded, The needle points faith-ful - ly o'er the dim sea,
   So, dark as I roam, in this win-try world shrouded, The hope of my spi-rit turns trembling to thee.
   My God, trembling, to thee, True, fond, trembling, to thee.
   D.C. So, dark as I roam, &c.

D.C.

D.C.

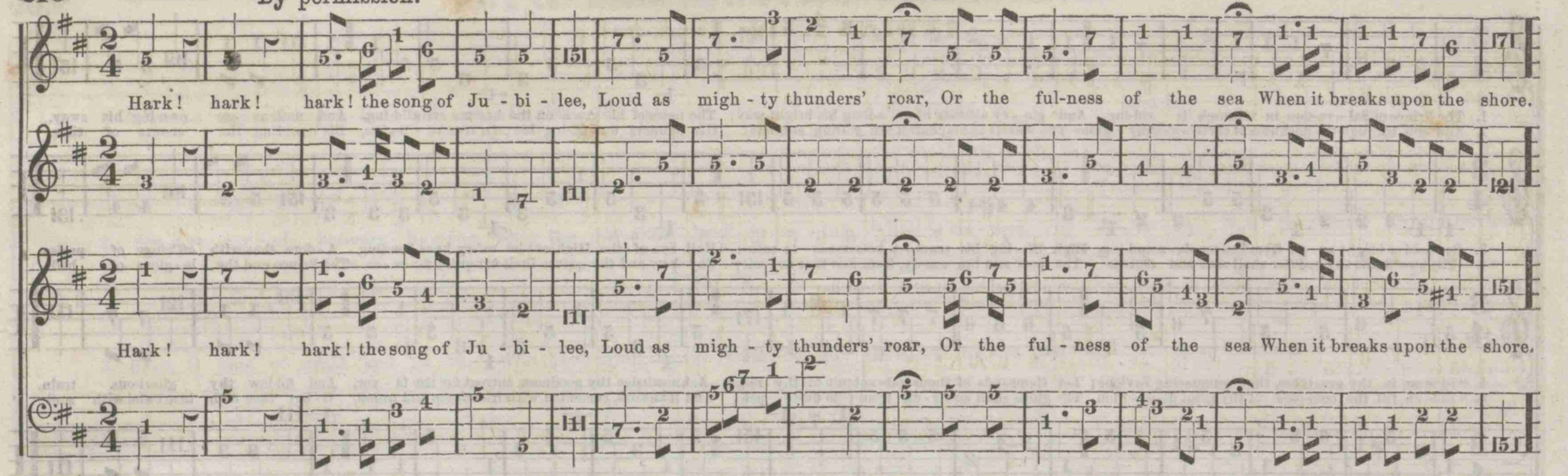
D.C.
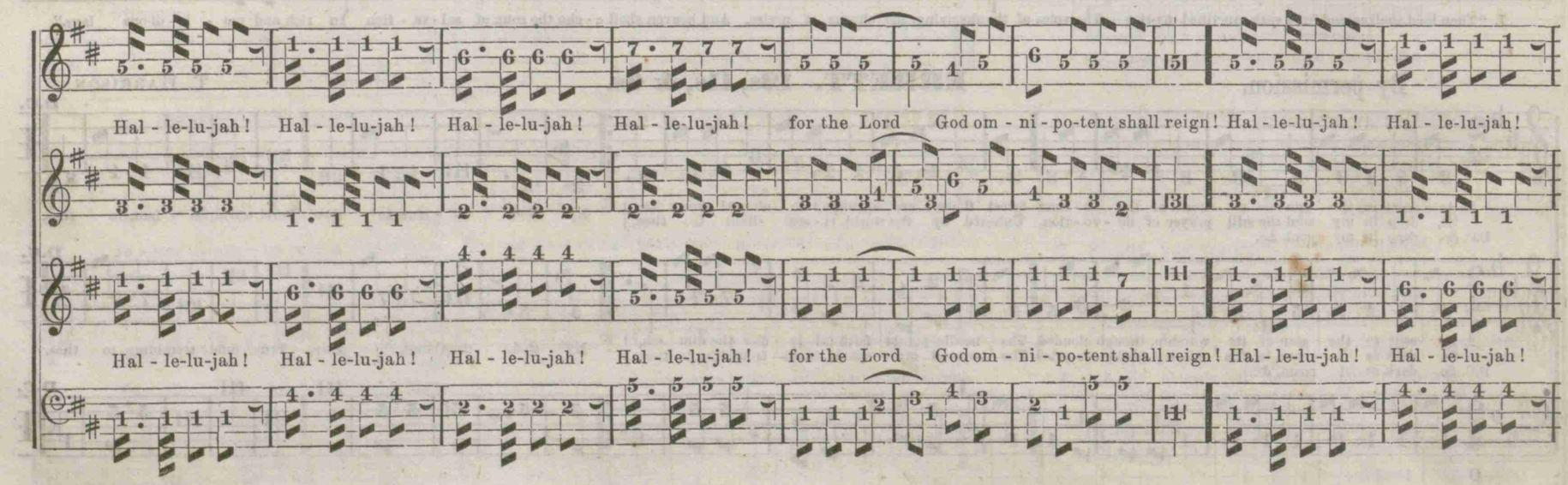
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By permission.

SONG OF JUBILEE.

T. HARRISON.





Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah! Let the word e-cho round the earth and main; Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah!

Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah! Let the word e-cho round the earth and main; Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah!

Hark! hark! hark! the sound, from the depths un - to the skies, Wakes, above, be - neath, a - round, All creation's harmonies, All creation's harmonies, All cre-

Hark! hark! hark! the sound, from the depths un - to the skies, Wakes, a-bove, be-neath, a-round, All creation's harmonies, All creation's harmonies, All cre-

SONG OF JUBILEE. Continued.

a - tion's harmonies, See, Je - ho-vah's ban-ner furled, Sheathed his sword: he speaks! 'tis done! And the kingdoms of this world Are the king - doms of his

a-tion's harmonies. See, Je - ho-vah's ban-ner furled, Sheathed his sword: he speaks, 'tis done, And the kingdoms of this world Are the king - doms of his

Quick.

Son, Are the kingdoms of his Son. He shall reign from pole to pole, With il - li - mi - ta - ble sway; He shall reign when like a scroll

Quick.

Son, Are the king-doms of his Son. He shall reign from pole to pole, With il - li - mi - ta - ble sway; He shall reign when like a scroll

Slow. Quick.

Yonder heavens have passed away, Then the end; be-neath his rod Man's last en - e - my shall fall. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

Slow. Quick.

Yonder heavens have passed away. Then the end; be-neath his rod Man's last en - e - my shall fall. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah! Christ in God, God in Christ, is all in all. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah!

Christ in God . . . . . .

Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah! Christ in God, God in Christ, is all in all. Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah!

Christ in God . . . . . .

SONG OF JUBILEE. Concluded.

Christ in God, God in Christ, is all in all, is all in all, is all in all. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

Christ in God, God in Christ, is all in all, is all in all, is all in all, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah!

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

Christ in God, God in Christ, is all in all, all in all, all in all, all in all, all in all, all in all.

Christ in God, God in Christ, is all in all, all in all, all in all, all in all, all in all, all in all.

CREATION. L. M. 6 lines.

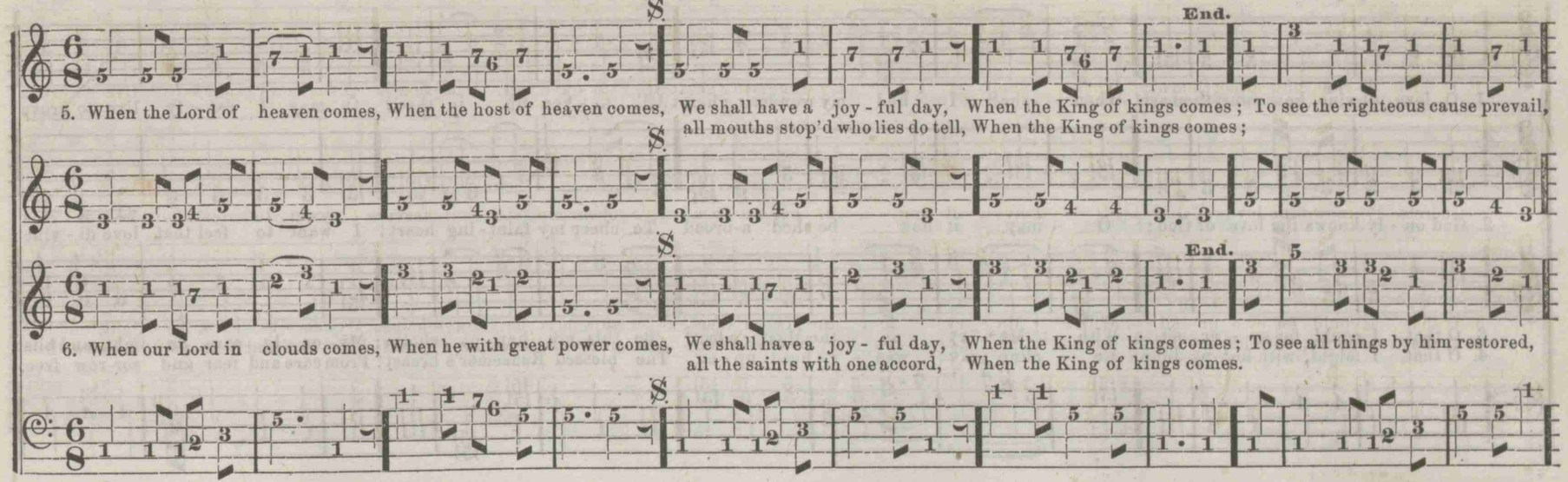
1. I'll praise my Ma - ker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler pow'rs
2. Hap - py the man whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's God: he made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train;
3. The Lord pours eye - sight on the blind; The Lord sup - ports the faint - ing mind; He sends the la - b'ring con-science peace;
4. I'll praise him while he gives me breath, And, when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers:

My days of praise shall ne'-er be past, While life and thought and be - ing last, And im - mor - ta - li - ty en - dures.
His truth for - ev - er stands se - cure; He saves th' op - press'd, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his pro - mise vain.
He helps the stran - ger in dis - tress, The wi - dow and the fa - ther - less, And grants the pris' - ner sweet re - lease.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and be - ing last, And im - mor - ta - li - ty en - dures.

HALL. 6s, 7s, & 8s..

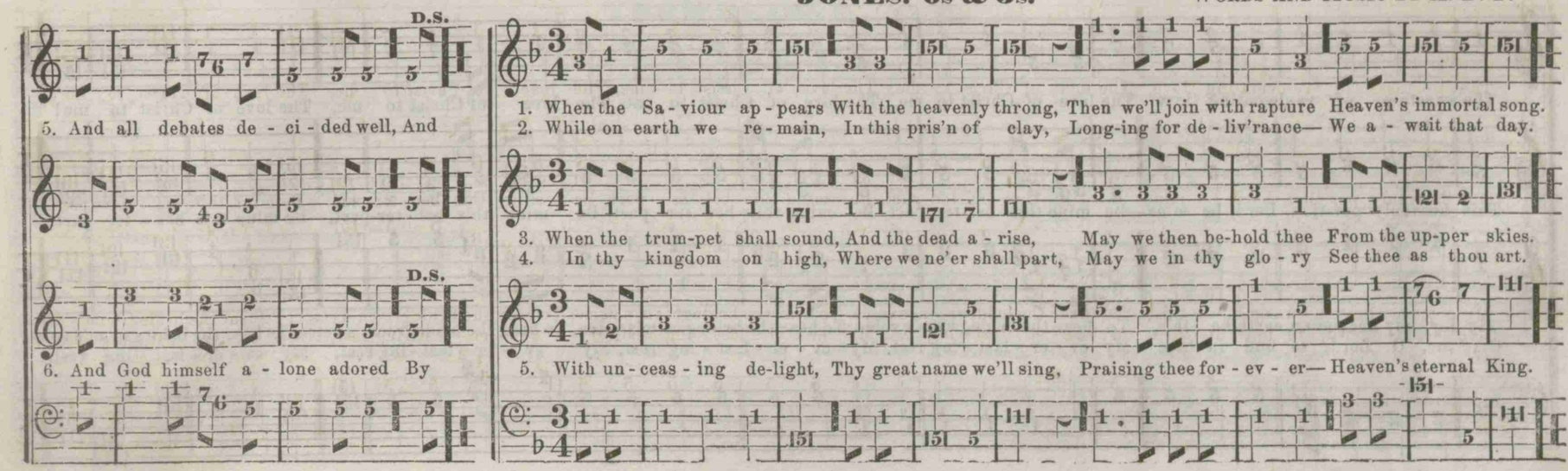
1. When the King of kings comes, When the Lord of lords comes, We shall have a joy - ful day, When the King of kings comes:
2. When the trump of God calls, When the last of foes falls, We shall have a joy - ful day, When the King of kings comes:
3. When the foe's dis - tress comes, When the church's rest comes, We shall have a joy - ful day, When the King of kings comes:
4. When the world's course is run, When the judg - ment is be-gun; We shall have a joy - ful day, When the King of kings comes:

1. To see the na - tions brok - en down, And king-doms once of great renown, And saints now suff'ring wear the crown, When the King of kings comes.
2. To see the saints raised from the dead, And all to-geth - er ga - ther-ed, And made like to their glo-rious Head, When the King of kings comes.
3. To see the New Je - ru - sa-lem, Its ful - ness and its matchless frame, Sur-pass - ing all re - port and fame, When the King of kings comes.
4. To see the sons of God well known, All spot-less to their Fath-er shown, And Je - sus all his breth - ren own, When the King of kings comes.



JONES. 6s & 5s.

Words and Music by A. D. F.



By permission.

INSPIRATION. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

T. Harrison.

1. O love di-vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my wandering heart All ta - ken up in thee? O may I dai - ly live to prove
2. God on - ly knows the love of God; O may it now be shed a-broad To cheer my faint - ing heart! I want to feel that love di - vine;
3. O that I could for ev - er sit With Ma - ry at the Master's feet! Be this my hap - py choice; My on - ly care, de - light, and bliss,
4. O that I might, with hap-py John, Re - cline my wea - ry head up - on The blessed Redeemer's breast! From care and fear and sor-row free,

The sweetness of re-deem-ing love, The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me!

This heavenly por-tion, Lord, be mine—Be mine this bet-ter part, Be mine this bet - ter part, Be mine this bet - ter part, Be mine this bet - ter part.

My joy, my heaven on earth be this, To hear the bridegroom's voice, To hear the bridegroom's voice, To hear the bridegroom's voice, To hear the bridegroom's voice.
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee My ev - er - last - ing rest, My ev - er - last - ing rest, My ev - er - last - ing rest, My ev - er - last - ing rest.

KANSAS. C. M.

1. Let ev' - ry mor - tal ear at-tend, And ev' - ry heart re - joice; The trum-pet of the gos - pel sounds With an in - vit-ing voice:—

2. Ho! all you hun-gry, starv-ing souls, Who feed up - on the wind, And vain - ly strive with earth-ly toys To fill an emp-ty mind:

3. E - ter - nal wis-dom has prepared A soul - re - vi - ving feast, And bids your longing ap - pe-tites The rich pro - vi - sion taste.
4. Ho! you that pant for liv-ing streams, And pine a-way and die, Here may you quench your rag-ing thirst With springs that never dry.

TROWBRIDGE. C. M.

5. Riv - ers of love and mer-cy here In a rich o - cean join; Sal - va - tion in a - bun-dance flows, Like floods of milk and wine.

6. Great God! the treasures of thy love Are ev - er-last - ing mines, Deep as our help-less miseries are, And boundless as our sins.

7. The hap - py gates of gos-pel grace Stand o - pen night and day: Lord, we are come to seek supplies, And drive our wants a - way.

THE AGONY. 6, 5, 6, 5, 7, 6, 6, 5.

Words and Music by L. H. JAMESON.

1. Night, with e - bon pin - ion, Brood - ed o'er the vale, All a - round was si - lent, Save the night-wind's wail, When

2. Smit - ten for of - fen - ces Which were not his own, He for our trans-gres - sions Had to weep a - lone; No

3. Ab - ba, Fa - ther! Fa - ther! If in - deed it may, Let this cup of an - guish Pass from me a - way: Yet,

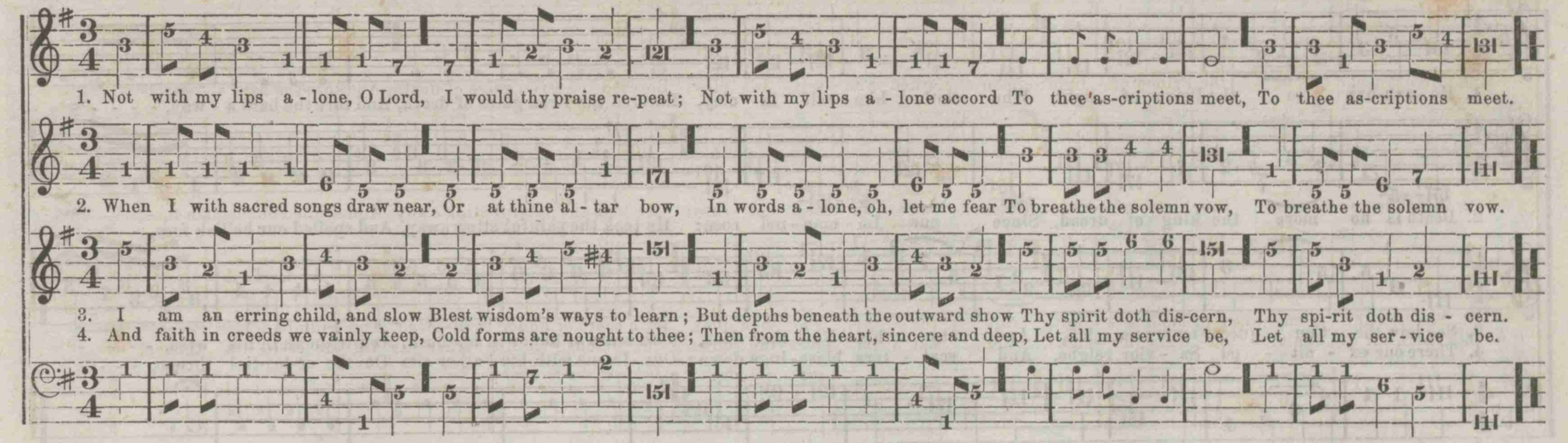
1 Christ, the man of sor - rows, In sweat, and tears, and blood, Pros - trate in the gar - den, Raised his voice to God.

2 friend, with words of com - fort Or hand to help, was there, When the meek and low - ly Bowed him - self in prayer.

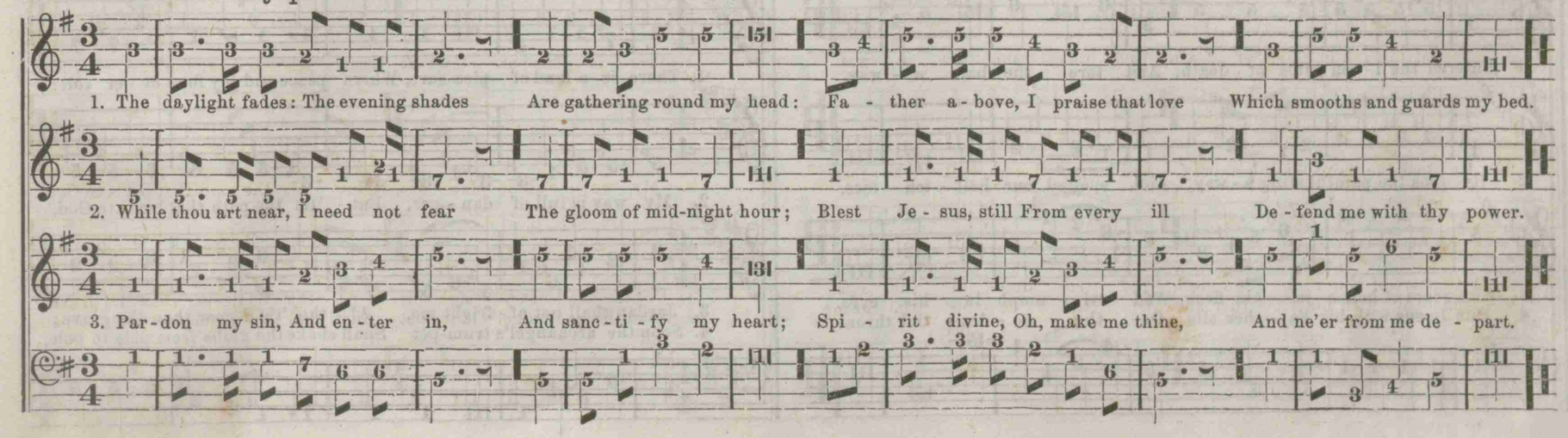
3 if it must be suf - fered By me, thine on - ly Son, Ab - ba, Fa - ther! Fa - ther! Let thy will be done.



Words by CARRIE MYER. **ROGERS. C. M.** A. D. FILLMORE. **221**



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DOMINION. C. M.

T. HARRISON.

1. Ho - san-nah to the Prince of light, Who clothed him - self in clay, Entered the i-ron gates of death, And tore the bars a - way, - - - - -
2. Death is no more the king of dread, Since our Im - man - uel rose: He took the painful sting away, And spoiled our hellish foes, - - - - -
3. See how the Con - queror mounts a - loft, And to his Fa - ther flies, With scars of honor in his flesh, And triumph in his eyes, - - - - -
4. There our ex - alt - ed Sa - vior reigns, And scat - ters bless - ings down: Our Je-sus with his Father sits On the ce-les-tial throne, - - - - -

WRIGHT. 7s & 8s.

1 Entered the i - ron gates of death, And tore the bars a - way.
2 He took the painful sting a - way, And spoiled our hell - ish foes.
3 With scars of honor in his flesh, And tri - umph in his eyes.
4 Our Je-sus with his Fa - ther sits On the ce - les - tial throne.

1. There is a land of plea-sure, Where peace and joy for - ev - er roll:
2. My way is full of dan - ger, But 'tis the path that leads to God,
3. Jordan shall not af - fright me, Al - tho' 'tis deeper than the grave:
4. Soon the archangel's trum-pet Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,

1. There is a world we have not seen, Which time shall never dare de-stroy, Where mor-tal footsteps have not been, Nor earth hath caught its songs of joy.

2. It is all ho - ly and se - rene, The land of glo - ry and re-pose; And there to dim the radiant scene The tear of sor-row nev - er flows.

WRIGHT. Concluded.

D. S.

1 'Tis there I have my trea - sure, And there I long to rest my soul. Long dark-ness dwelt a - round me, With scarce-ly once a cheer - ing ray;
But, since the Sa - vior found me, A lamp has shone a - long my way.

D. S.

2 And, like a faith - ful sol - dier, I'll march a - long the heavenly road: Now I must gird my sword on, My breastplate, hel - met, and my shield,
And fight the host of Sa - tan, Un - til I reach the heavenly field.

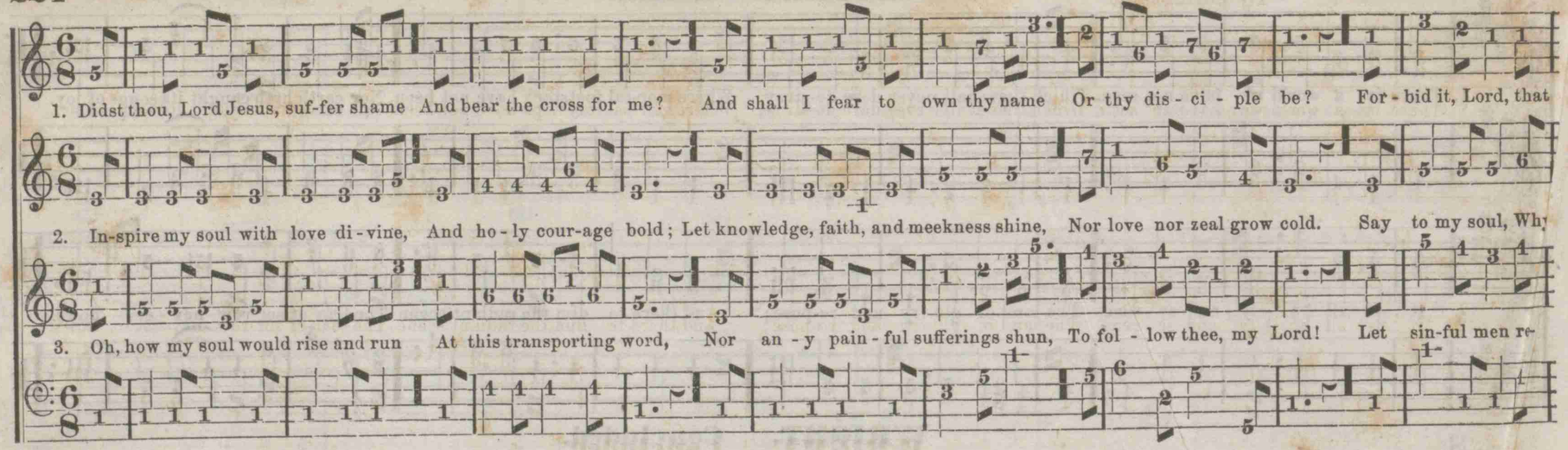
D. S.

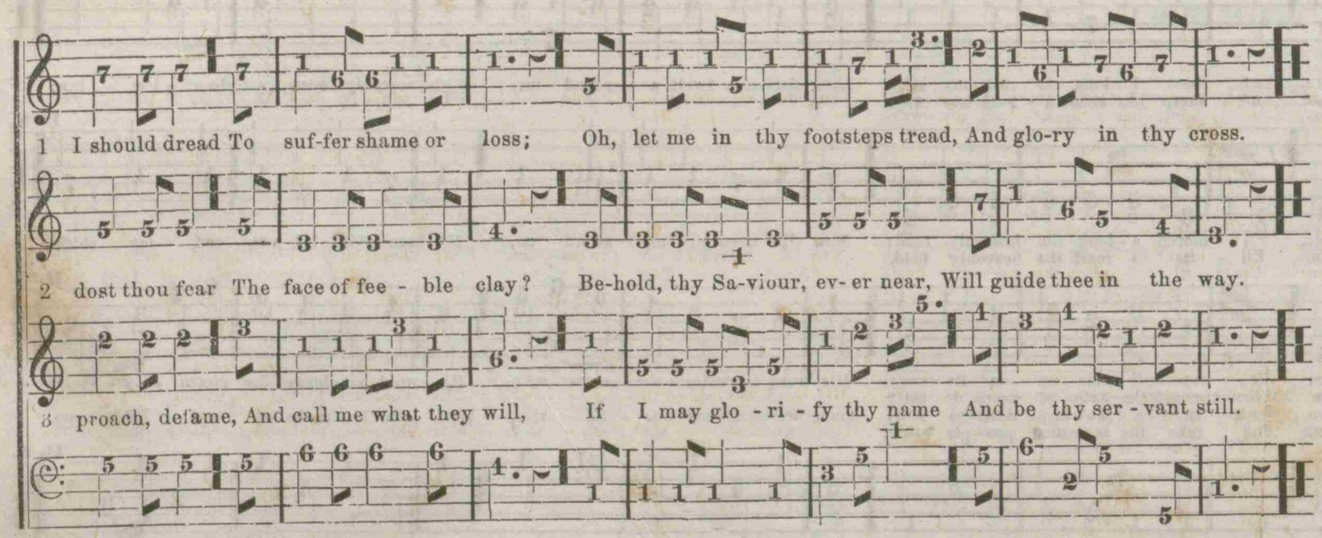
3 If Je - sus stand be - side me, I'll smooth-ly ride up - on its wave. His word has calmed the o - cean, His word has cheered the gloom - y vale:
Oh, may this friend be with me When through the gates of death I sail!

4 And all the wheels of na - ture Shall in a mo - ment cease to roll; Then we shall see the Sa - vior, With shin - ing ranks of an - gels' come,
To ex - e - cute his ven - geance And take his ransomed peo - ple home.

D. S.

HAWLEY. D. C. M.





1. Lo! Wisdom stands with smiling face,
And courts us to her arms:
Who can resist her wondrous grace,
And slight her powerful charms?

2. She, generous, holds out to our sight
Riches which shall endure;
Not sparkling rubies half so bright,
Nor finest gold so pure.

3. Eternal pleasures fill her train,
Pleasures that never cloy;
Come, drink of bliss unmixed with pain,
And taste celestial joy.

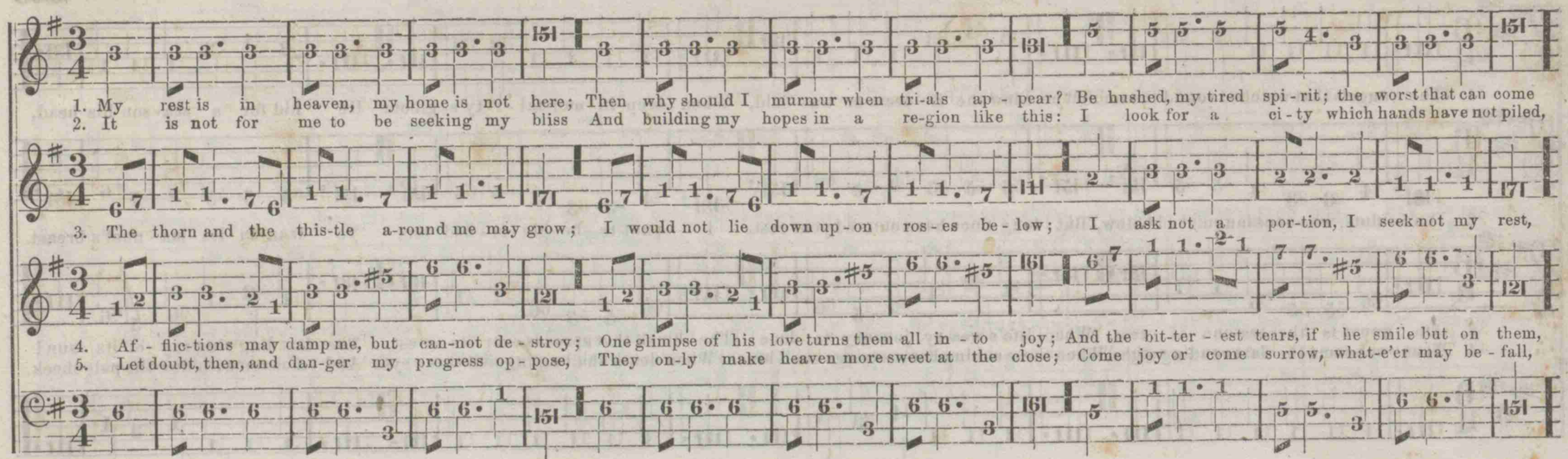
4. Immortal crowns she now displays,
And thrones beyond the skies:
Accept her blessings while she stays,
And seize the glorious prize.

CLARINGTON. 8s. Double.

1. The angels that watched round the tomb Where low the Re-deem-er was laid, When deep in mor-tal - i - ty's gloom He hid for a sea - son his head,
2. You saints, who once languished below, But long since have entered your rest, I pant to be glo - ri - fied too, To lean on Im - ma - nuel's breast.
3. Oh, sweet is the sea-son of rest, When life's wea-ry journey is done! The blush that spreads over its west, The last ling'ring ray of its sun!
4. Then wel-come the last rending sighs, When these aching heart-strings shall break, When death shall extinguish these eyes And moisten with dew the pale cheek.

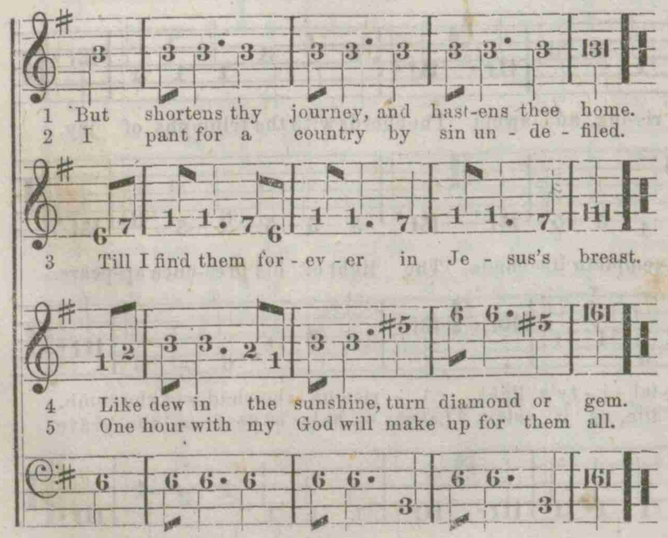
1 That veiled their fair face while he slept, And ceased their sweet harps to employ, Have witnessed his ris-ing, and swept The chords with the triumphs of joy.
2 The grave in which Je - sus was laid Has bu-ried my guilt and my fears; And while I con-template its shade, The light of his pres-ence ap-pears.
3 Though drea-ry the em - pire of night; I soon shall e-merge from its gloom, And see im-mor - tal - i - ty's light A - rise on the shades of the tomb.
4 No ter - ror the prospect be - gets, I am not mor-tal - i - ty's slave; The sun-beam of life, as it sets, Leaves a halo of peace on the grave.

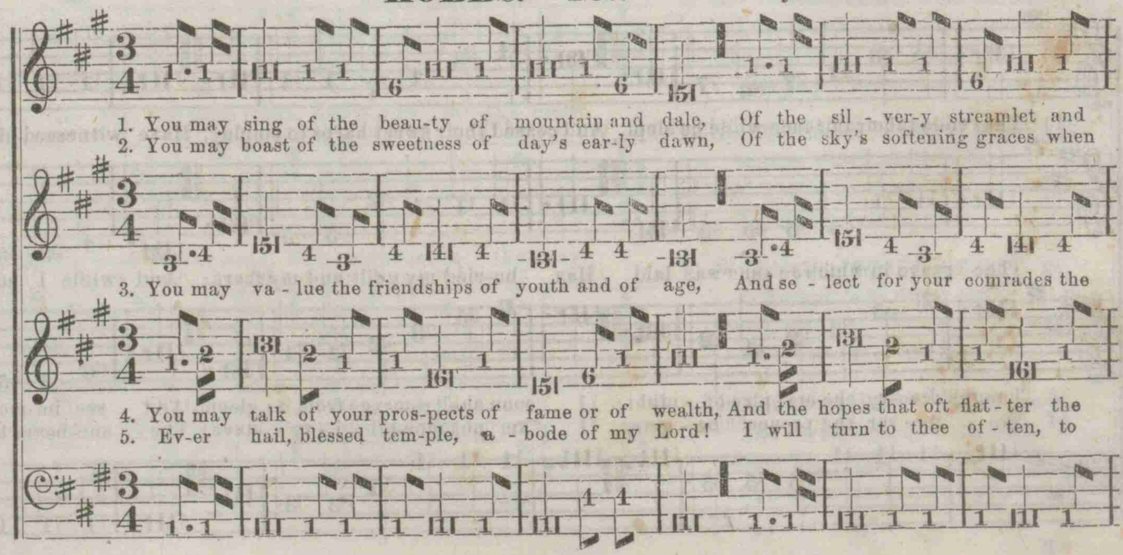
ELLEY. 11s.



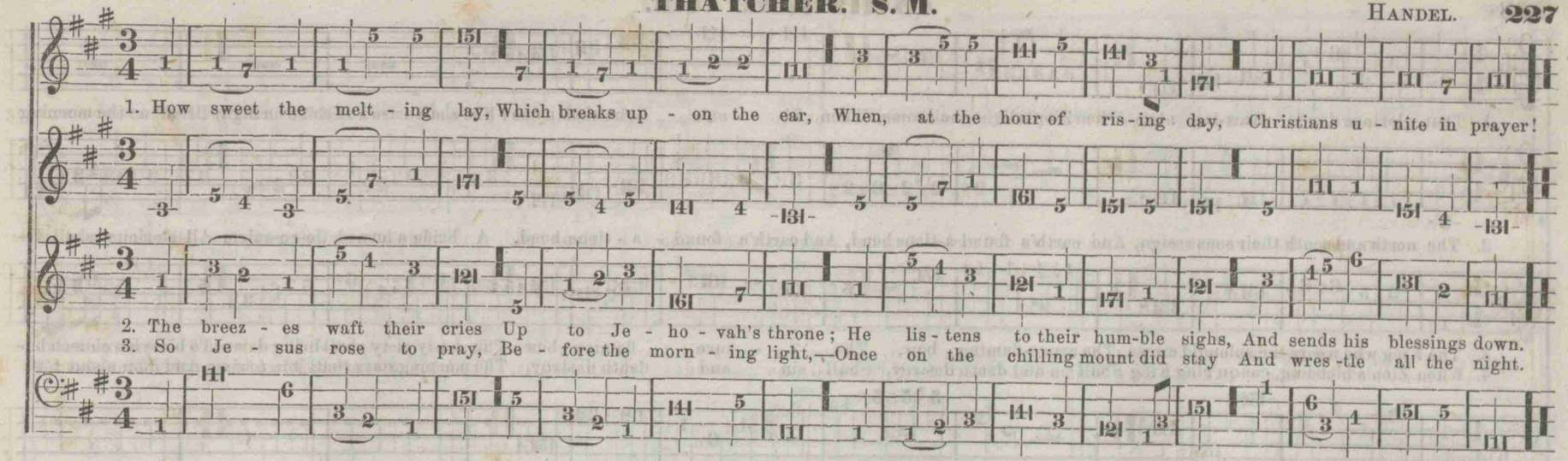
HOBBS. 12s.

Words by Wm. Hunter.

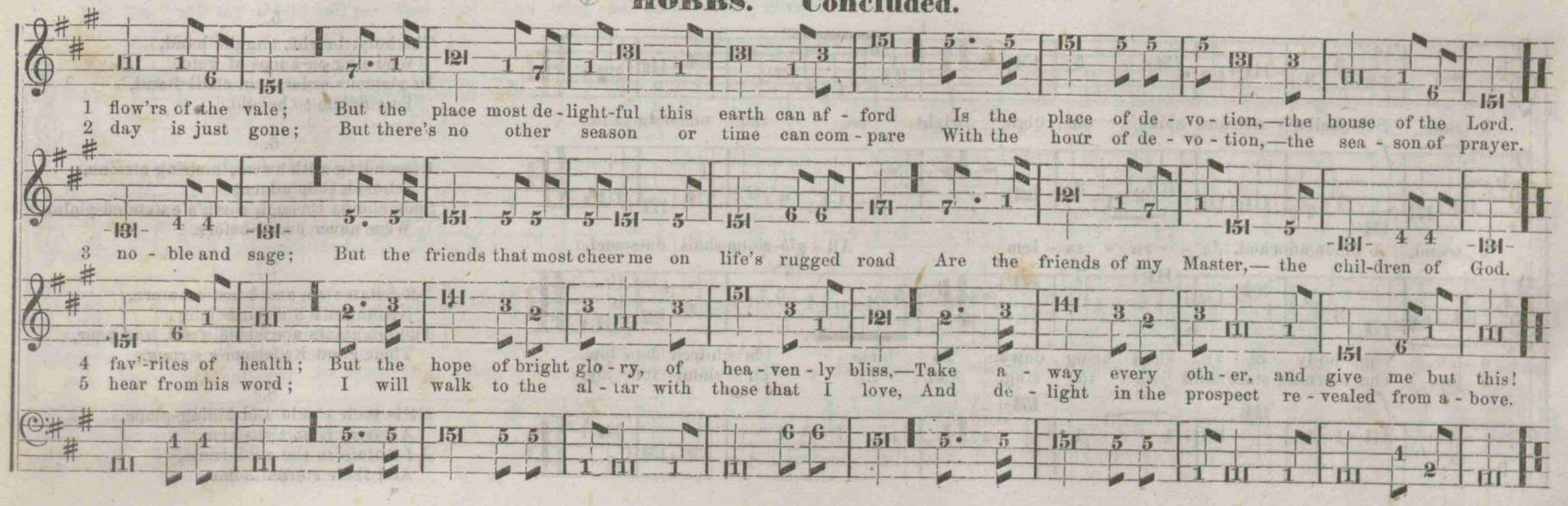




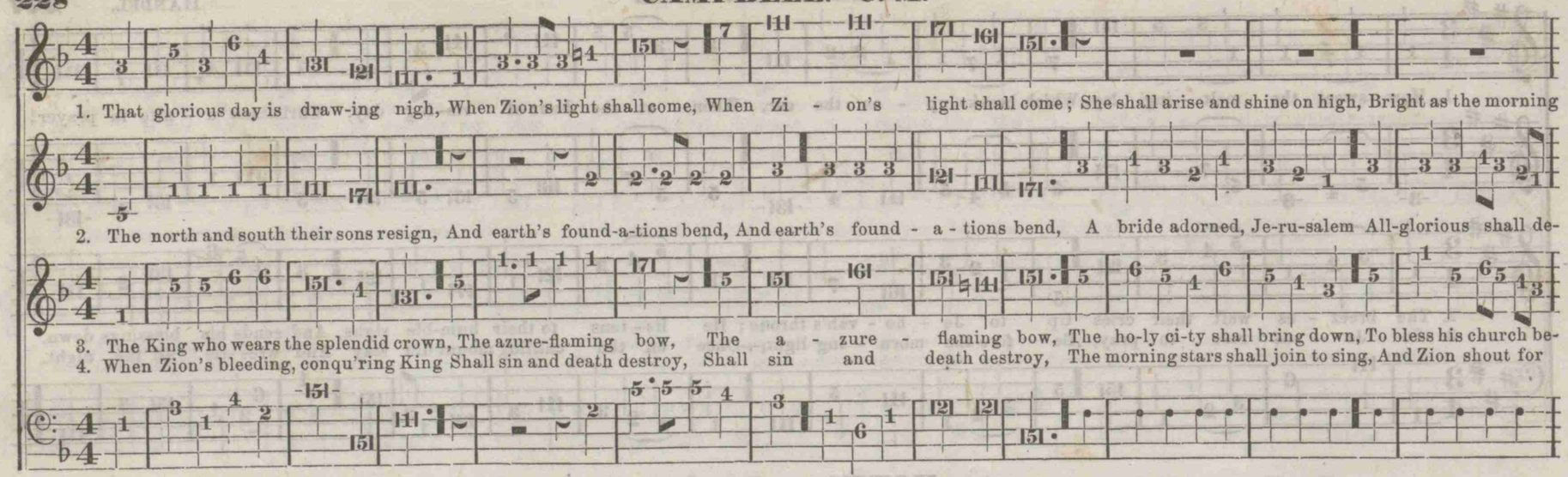
THATCHER. S. M.

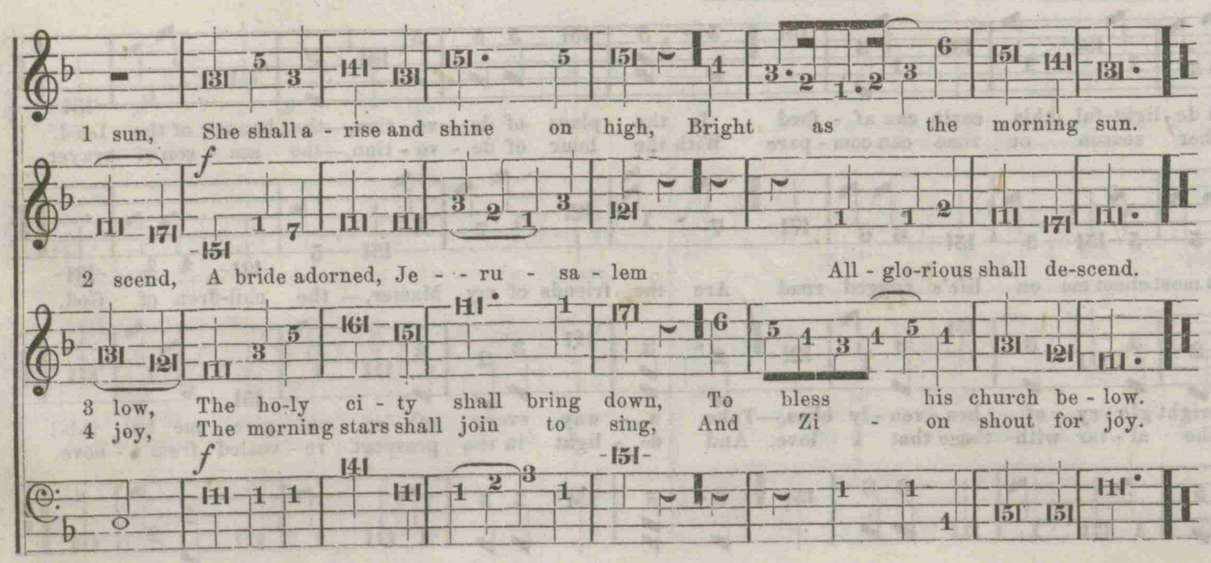


HOBBS. Concluded.



CAMPBELL. C. M.





5.

The holy, bright, angelic band,
Who sing on harps of gold,
In glorious order then shall stand,
Fair Salem to behold.

6.

Descending with sweet, melting strains,
Jehovah they adore;
Such shouts through earth's extended plains
Were never heard before.

7.

Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Nor think his reign is long:
Though saints are feeble, frail, and poor,
Their great Redeemer's strong.

8.

He is their shield and hiding-place,
A covert from the storm,
A fountain in the wilderness,
And their eternal home.

NOYES. D. C. M.

1. A - maz-ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved:

D.C. How precious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!

2. Through many dangers, toils, and snares I have al - rea - dy come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;

D.C. He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.

YORK. C. M.

JOHN MILTON.

Slow.

5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease, I shall pos - sess, with - in the vail, A life of joy and peace.

6. The earth shall soon dis-solve like snow, The sun for - bear to shine; But God, who called me here be - low, Will be for - ev - er mine.

JEWELL. 8s & 7s. Double.

1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! He, whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for his own a-bode:
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 drought remove:
3. Round each ha - bi - ta - tion hov'ring, See the cloud and fire ap-pear, For a glo - ry and a cov'ring, Showing that the Lord is near:
4. Blest in - ha - bit - ants of Zi - on, Washed in the Re - deem - er's blood! Je - sus, whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God:
5. Sa-viour, since of Zi - on's ci - ty I through grace a mem - ber am, Let the world de - ride or pi - ty, I will glo - ry in thy name;

1 On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re-pose? With sal - va - tion's wall sur-rounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
2 Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows, their thirst t'assuage,—Grace which, like the Lord the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age?
3 Thus de - ri - ving from their ban-ner Light by night and shade by day, Safe they feed up - on the man-na Which he gives them when they pray.
4 'Tis his love his peo - ple rais - es With him-self to reign as kings; And, as priests, his so - lemn prais-es Each for a thank - of-fering brings.
5 Fad-ing is the worldling's treasure, All his boasted pomp and show! So - lid joys and last - ing pleasure None but Zi - on's chil - dren know.

WOLFE. C. M.

1. Be - hold, the mountain of the Lord In lat - ter days shall rise On mountain-tops a - bove the hills, And draw the wondering eyes.
2. To this the joy-ful na - tions round, All tribes and tongues, shall flow; Up to the hill of God, they'll say, And to his house, we'll go!
3. The beam that shines from Zi - on's hill Il - lume shall ev' - ry land! The King who reigns in Sa-lem's towers Shall all the world com-mand.
4. A - mong the nations he shall judge, His judgments truth shall guide; His scep - tre shall pro - tect the just, And quell the sin - ner's pride.

JOHNSON. C. M.

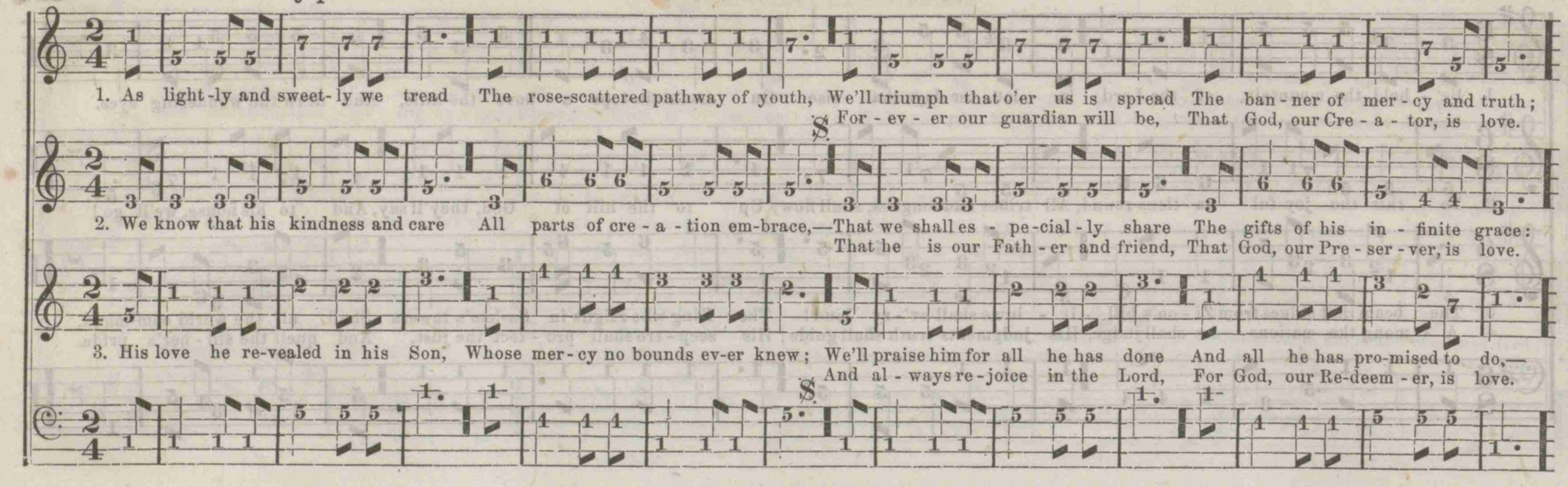
CUZENS.

5. No strife shall rage, nor hos - tile feuds Dis - turb those peace-ful years: To ploughshares men shall beat their swords, To prun-ing-hooks their spears.
6. No longer host en - count'ring host Shall crowds of slain de - plore: They'll hang the trumpet in the hall, And stu - dy war no more.
7. Come, then, O house of Ja - cob! come To wor - ship at his shrine, And, walk-ing in the light of God, With ho - ly beauties shine.

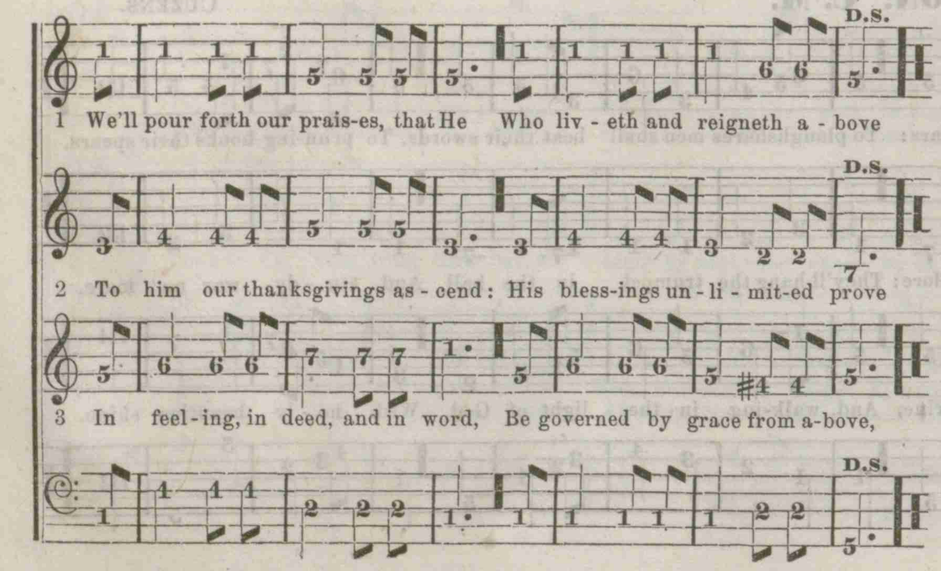
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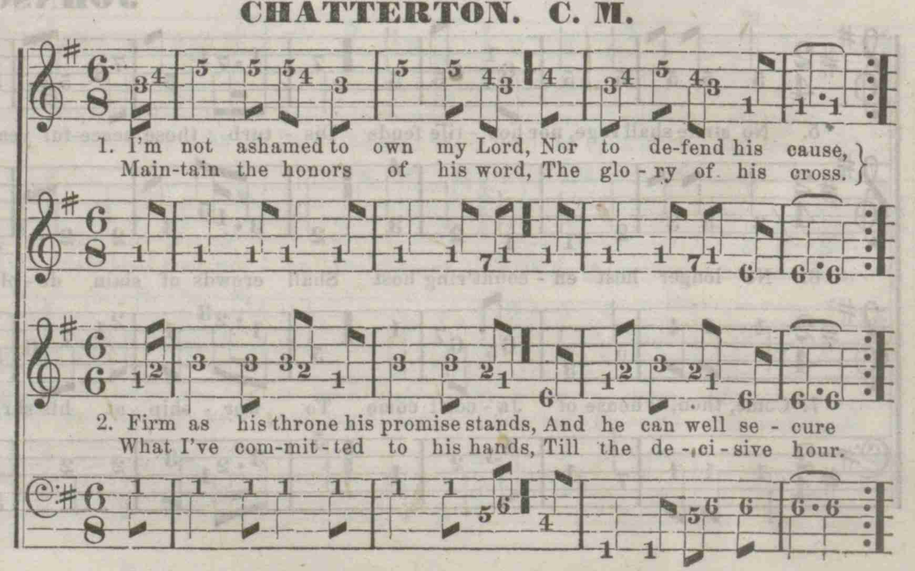
EXULTATION. 8s. Double.

T. HARRISON.



CHATTERTON. C. M.





1. My Christian friends, a short fare - well, Un - til at home we meet! Oft shall re-mem-brance fondly dwell On days and scenes that owned the spell Of your com - mu - nion sweet.
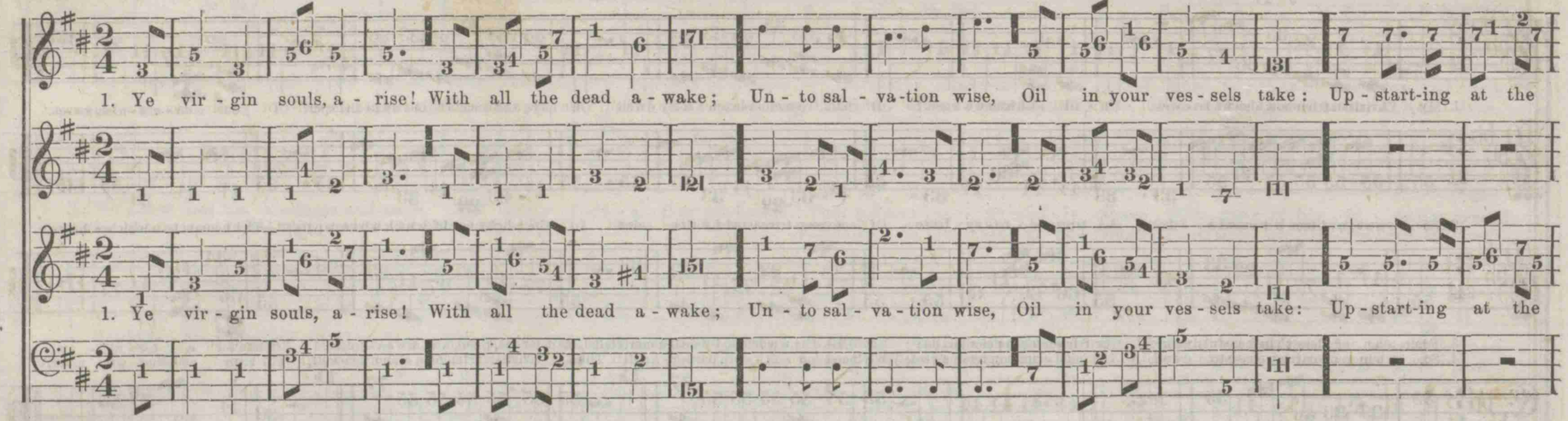
2. So sweet, at times it seemed a faint, A tran - si - to - ry taste Of converse treasured for the saint In the bright world which who can paint?—The heaven to which we haste.
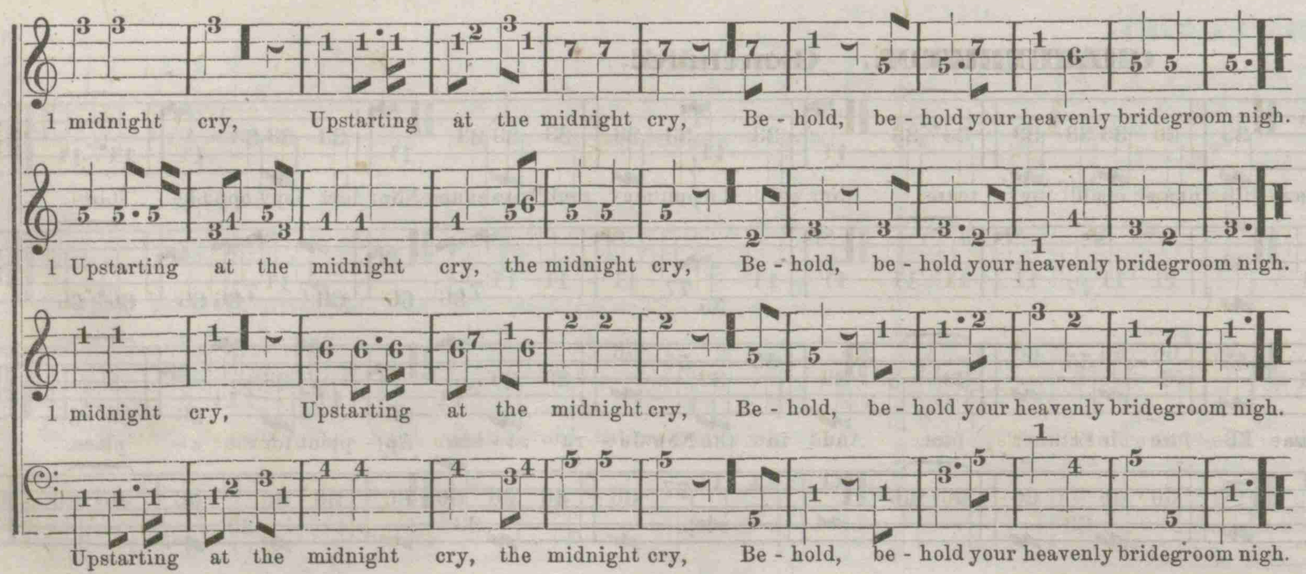
3. For, oh, of less than heav'nly mould Our friendship ne'er shall be; Not like the world's, by death controlled, But fer-vent, pure, and we en - rolled Friends for e - ter - ni - ty.
4. So, when on earth we cease to dwell, In pil - grim converse sweet, We'll need no oth - er part-ing knell Than, "Christian friends, a short farewell, Till soon at home we meet."

CHATTERTON. Concluded.

1 Je - sus my Lord, I know his name, His name is all my trust; Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

2 Then will he own my worth-less name Be - fore his Father's face, And in the New Je - ru - sa - lem Ap - point for me a place.





2.

He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your free reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3.

Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

4.

Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound:
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found,
Enrobed in righteousness divine,
In which the Bride shall ever shine.

SALEM. L. M.

Slow.—Solemn.

1. He dies, the Friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around! A solemn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
2. Here's love and grief be - yond degree; The Lord of glo - ry dies for men! But, lo! what sudden joys we see! Je - sus the dead re - vives a - gain!
3. The rising Lord for - sakes the tomb! (The tomb in vain for - bids his rise!) Che - ru-bic le - gions guard him home, And shout him welcome to the skies!
4. Break off your tears, you saints, and tell How high our great Deliv'rer reigns; Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell, And led the mon - ster Death in chains.
5. Say, "Live for-ev - er, wondrous King! Born to redeem, and strong to save!" Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting? And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

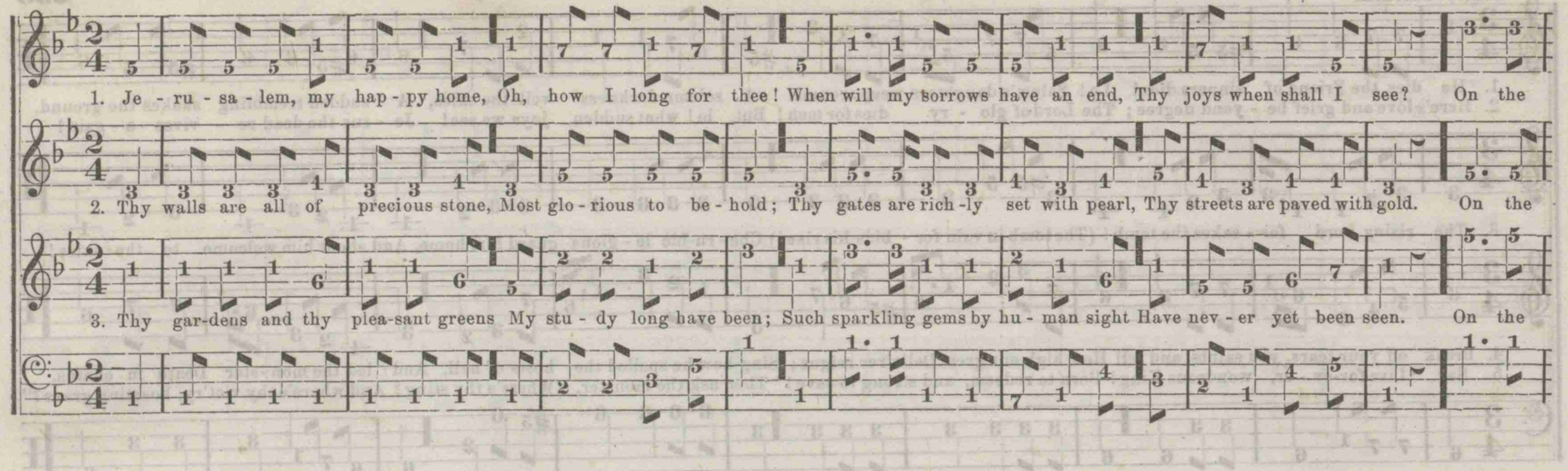
YOUNG. D. L. M.

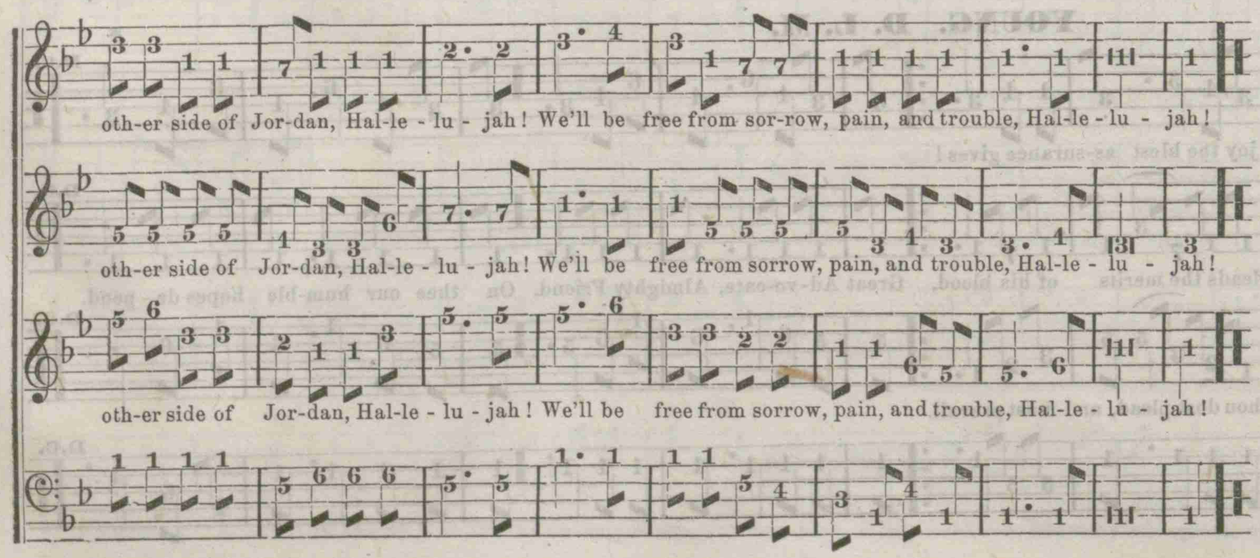
1. He lives! the great Redeemer lives! What joy the blest as-surance gives!
2. And now before his Father God He pleads the merits of his blood, Great Ad-vo-cate, Almighty Friend, On thee our hum-ble hopes de - pend.
3. Our cause can never, never fail, For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

D.C.

CREATH. C. M., with chorus.

*





4.

If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
  Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
  To die and go from hence!

5.

Jesus my Lord to glory's gone,
  Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below
  Will soon come after me.

6.

There we shall meet and no more part,
  All heaven shall ring with praise;
While Jesus' love in every heart
  Shall tune the song, "Free Grace."

7.

Millions of years around may roll,
  Our song shall still abound,
While raptures burst from every soul,
  In sweet, melodious sound.

BURGESS. S. M.

1. O sing to me of hea - ven, When I am called to die! Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - sy To waft my soul on high.
2. When cold and sluggish drops Roll off my mar-ble brow, Burst forth in strains of joy - ful - ness, Let hea-ven begin be - low.
3. When the last mo-ment comes, O watch my dy - ing face, And catch the bright se - raph - ic gleam Which o'er each fea - ture plays.
4. Then to my raptured ears Let one sweet song be given; Let mu - sic cheer me last on earth And greet me first in heaven.
5. Then round my life - less clay As - sem - ble those I love, And sing of heaven, de - light-ful heaven, My glo-rious home a - bove!

IRVIN. S. M.

Moderate. STANLEY.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let tears of pe - ni - ten - tial grief Burst forth from eve - ry eye.
2. The Son of God in tears, The won-dering an - gels see; Be thou a - sto-nished, O my soul, He shed those tears for thee.
3. He wept that we might weep, Each sin de-mands a tear: In heaven a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there.

McGARVY. 10s, 11s, & 12s.

AVISON.

1. Shout the glad tidings! ex-ult-ing-ly sing! . . . . . Je - ru - sa-lem triumphs! Messiah is King! Zi - on, the marvellous sto - ry be tell - ing, The

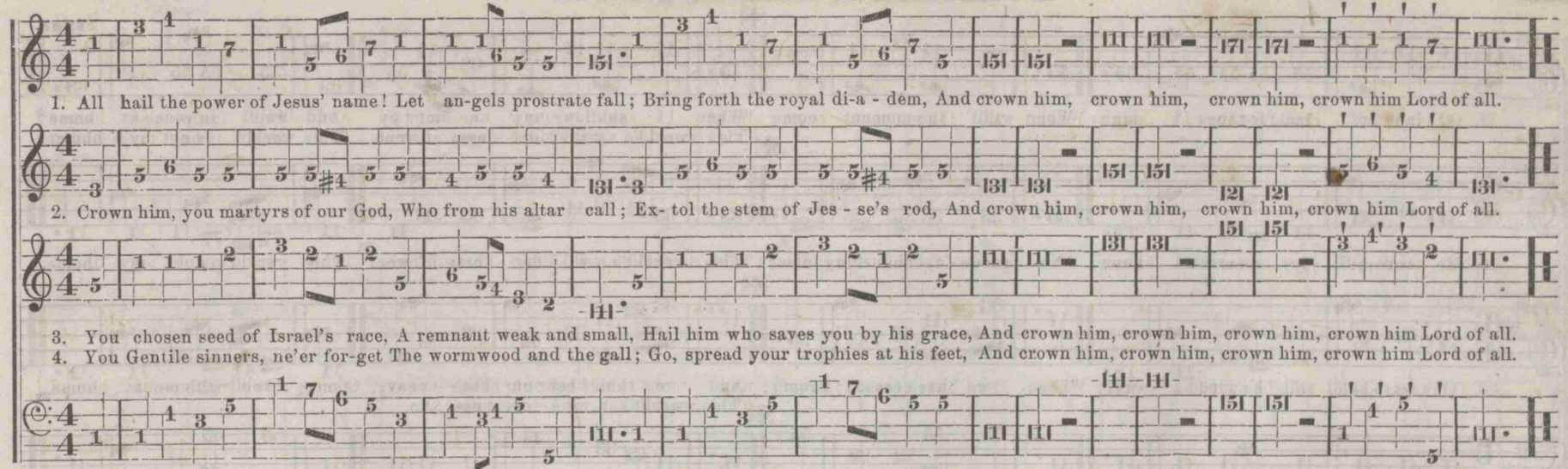
2. Shout the glad tidings! ex-ult-ing-ly sing! . . . . . Je - ru - sa-lem triumphs! Messiah is King! Tell how he cometh from na - tion to na - tion, The

3. Shout the glad tidings! ex-ult-ing-ly sing! . . . . . Je - ru - sa-lem triumphs! Messiah is King! Mor-tals, your homage be grate-ful - ly bring-ing, And
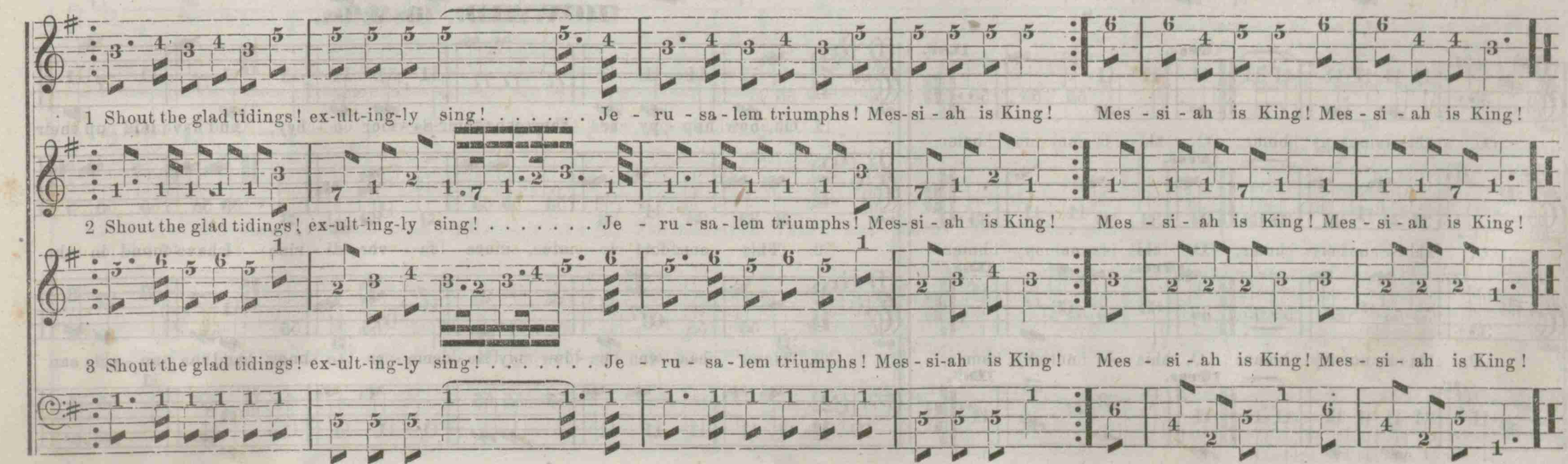
1 Son of the Highest, how low - ly his birth! The brightest of angels in glo - ry ex-cell-ing, He stoops to re-deem thee, he reigns up - on earth!

2 heart-cheering news let the earth echo round, How free to the sinner he of - fers sal - va-tion, How his people with joy ev - er - last - ing are crowned.

3 sweet let the gladsome ho - san-na a - rise; You an-gels, the full hal - le - lu - jah be singing, One cho-rus re-sound through the earth and the skies!

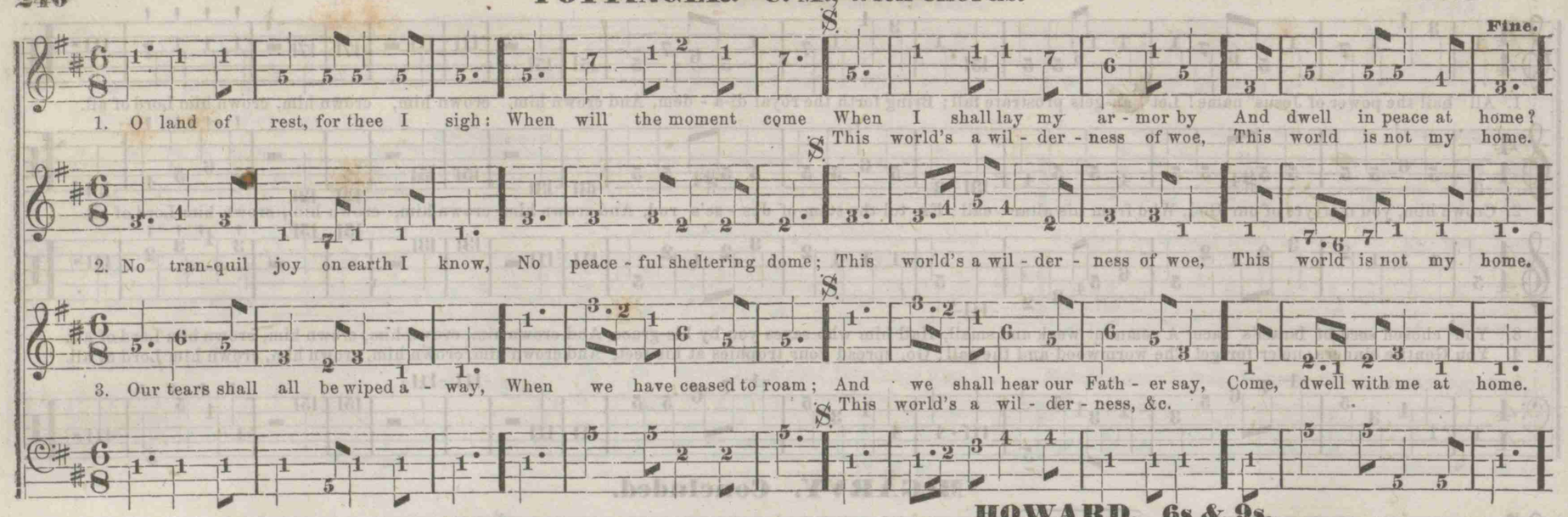


McGARVY. Concluded.

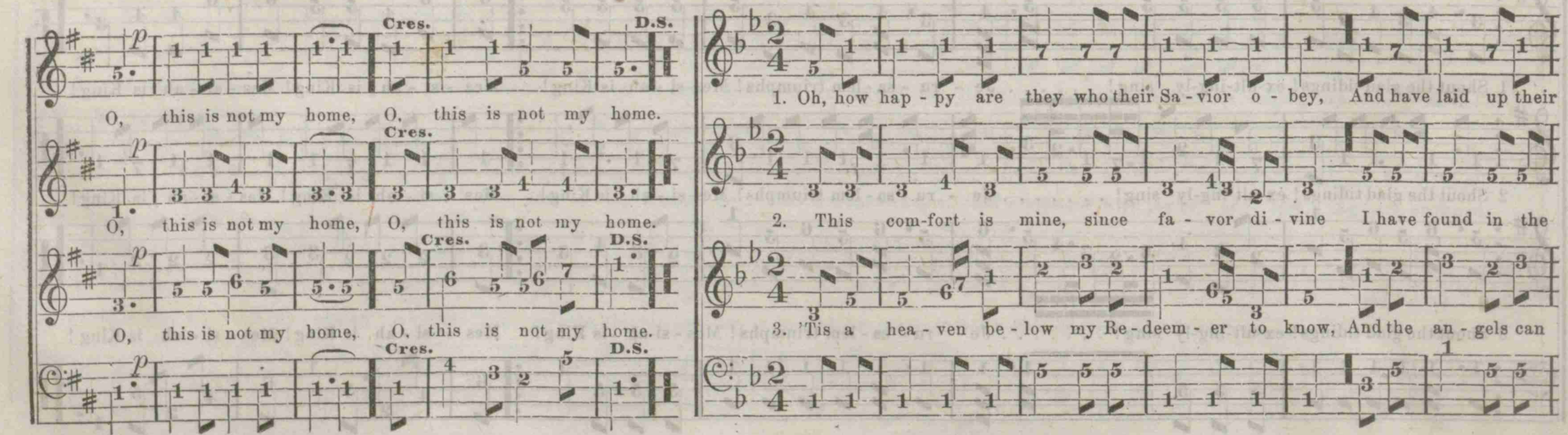


POTTINGER. C. M., with chorus.

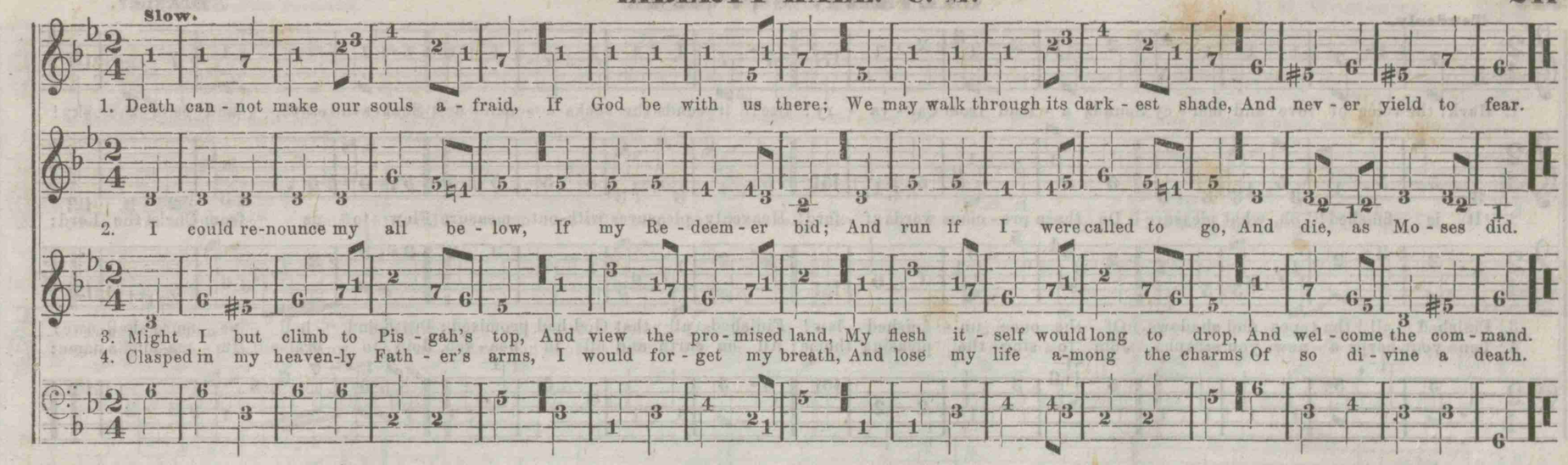
LANE.



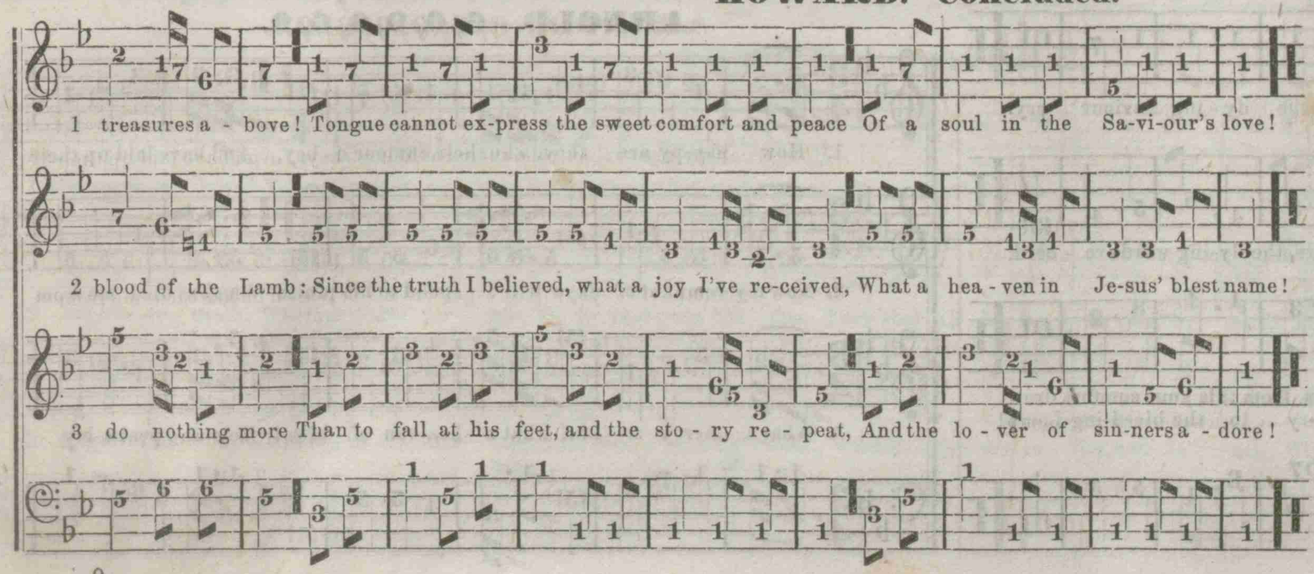
HOWARD. 6s & 9s.



LIBERTY HALL. C. M.



HOWARD. Concluded.



5.

On the wings of his love I am carried above
All my sin and temptation and pain:
O why should I grieve, while on him I believe?
O why should I sorrow again?

6.

O the rapturous height of that holy delight
Which I find in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed, I am perfectly blessed,
Being filled with the fulness of God!

7.

Now my remnant of days will I spend to his praise
Who has died me from sin to redeem:
Whether many or few, all my years are his due;
They shall all be devoted to him.

8.

What a mercy is this! what a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gathered into the fold, with believers enrolled,—
With believers to live and to die!

CALVARY. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Tenderly.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry! See! it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!

2. "It is finished!" oh, what pleasure Do these pre - cious words af - ford! Heavenly pleasures with-out measure Flow to us from Christ the Lord:

3. Finished all the types and shadows Of the once un - finished law! Finished all that God had promised; Death and hell no more shall awe:

4. Tune your harps a - new, you seraphs, Join to sing the pleasing theme; All on earth and all in hea - ven, Join to praise Im - ma-nuel's name:

1 "It is finished!" "It is finished!" Hear the dy - ing Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" "It is finished!" Saints, the dy-ing words re - cord.

3 "It is finished!" "It is finished!" Saints, from this your comfort draw.

4 "Hal-le - lu - jah!" "Hal-le - lu - jah!" Glo-ry to the bleed-ing Lamb!

ARNOLD. 6, 6, 9, 6, 6, 9.

1. How hap-py are they, who their Saviour o - bey, And have laid up their

2. Now my remnant of days will I spend to his praise Who has died me from

3. What a mercy is this! what a hea-ven of bliss! How un-speaka-bly

FENNOR. 11s & 10s.

D.C.

1. Hail the blest morn! when the great Mediator Down from the regions of glo-ry de-scends!
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger; Lo! for your guide the bright angels at-tend.
D.C. Star of the East, the ho - ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our infant Re - deem-er is laid.

Bright-est and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:

D.C.

2. Cold on his cradle the dow-drops are shining, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels, a-dore him, in slumbers re-clin-ing, Ma-ker, and Monarch, and Sa-viour of all.
D.C. Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean, Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Say, shall we yield him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of E - den, and offerings di - vine,

D.C.

3. Vain-ly we of-fer each ample ob-la-tion, Vain-ly with gold would his fa - vor se - cure;
Rich-er by far, is the heart's a - do-ra-tion, Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:

D.C.

ARNOLD. Concluded.

1 treasures a - bove! Tongue cannot ex-press the sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in the Saviour's blest love, Of a soul in the Saviour's blest love.

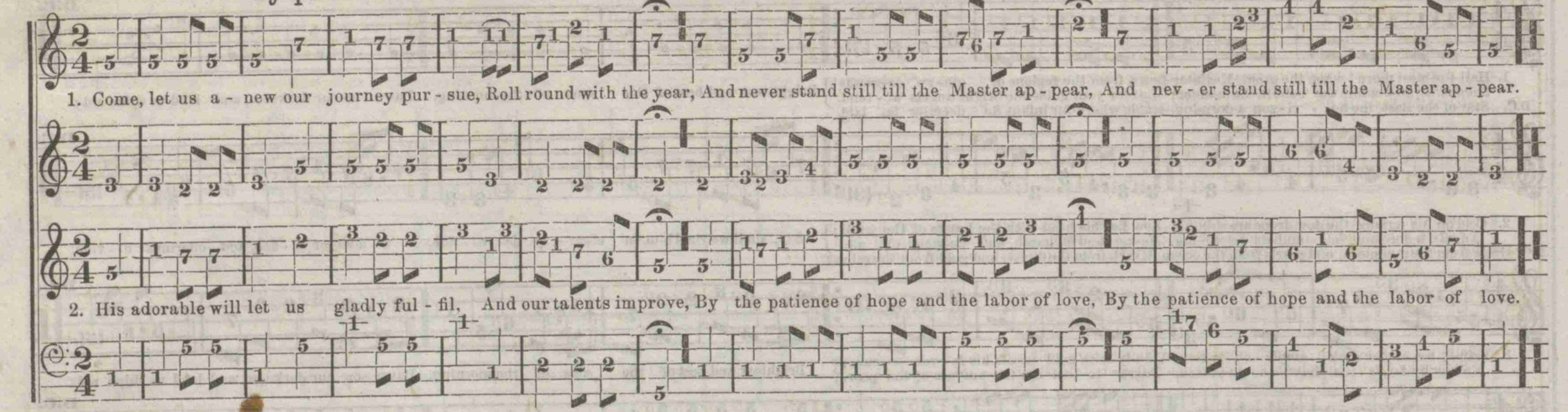
2 sin to re - deem, Whether many or few, all my years are his due, They shall all be de - vo-ted to him, They shall all be de - vo-ted to him.

3 happy am I! Gathered in - to the fold, with believ - ers en-rolled, With be - liev-ers to live and to die, With be - liev-ers to live and to die.

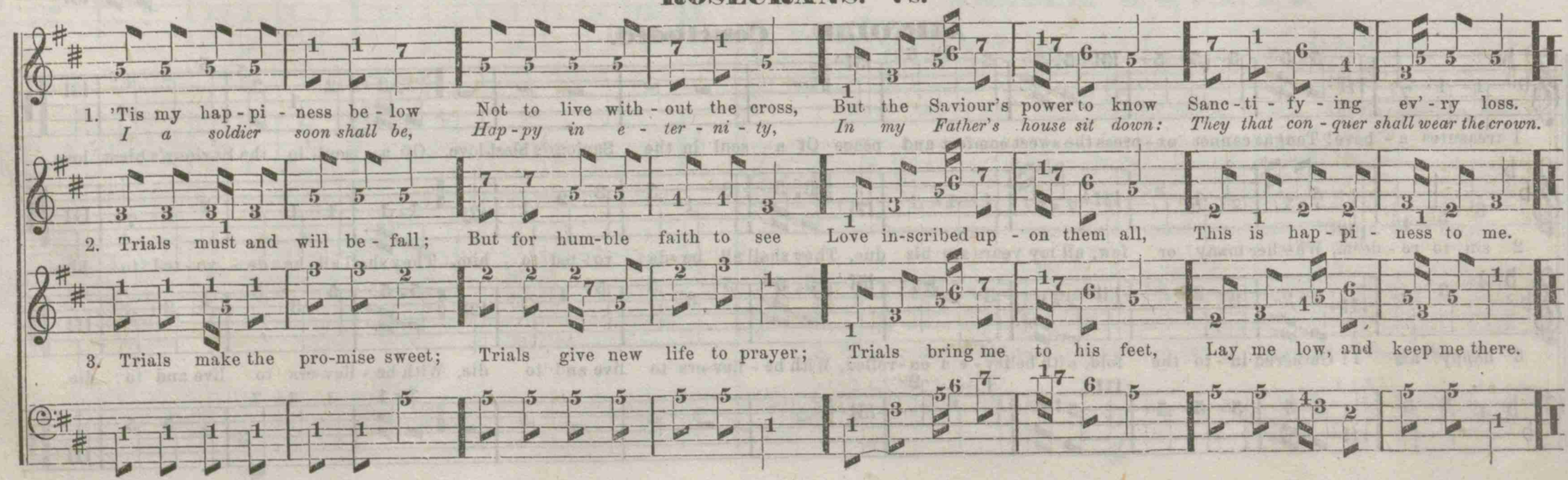
By permission.

BLESSEDNESS. 5s & 10s.

T. HARRISON.



ROSECRANS. 7s.



SHERWOOD. C. M., with chorus.

1. There is an hour of hallowed peace For those with care op - pressed,
   When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest.
   We are marching through Im-ma-nuel's ground, We soon shall hear the

2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears And doubts which here an - noy;
   Then they that oft have sown in tears Shall reap a - gain in joy.
   We are marching through Im-ma-nuel's ground, We soon shall hear the

3. There is a home of sweet re - pose, Where storms as-sail no more;
   The stream of end-less plea-sure flows On that ce - les - tial shore.
   We are marching through Im-ma-nuel's ground, We soon shall hear the

trum-pet sound, And then we shall each oth - er greet, And nev - er, never part a - gain. What! never part again? never part again.

End. D.S.

trum-pet sound, And then we shall each oth - er greet, And nev - er, never part a - gain. What! never part again? No, never part again.

End. D.S.

SONNET. L. M., with chorus.

1. When for e - ter - nal worlds we steer, And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
And faith in live - ly ex - er - cise, And distant hills of Canaan rise,

My soul for joy then spreads her wings, And loud her love - ly

2. With cheerful hopes her eyes explore Each landmark on the distant shore,—
The trees of life, the pastures green, The golden streets, the crystal stream;

A - gain for joy she spreads her wings, And loud her love - ly

3. When nearer still she draws to land, More eager all her powers ex-pand;
With steady helm and free-bent sail, Her anchor drops within the veil:

Oh, then with joy she folds her wings, And her ce - les - tial

Retard.

1 son - net sings, Vain world, a - dieu, vain world, a - dieu! And loud her love - ly son - net sings, Vain world, a - dieu!

2 son - net sings, Vain world, a - dieu, vain world, a - dieu! And loud her love - ly son - net sings, Vain world, a - dieu!

3 son - net sings, On Ca - naan's shore, on Ca - naan's shore, And her ce - les - tial son - net sings, On Ca - naan's shore.

LOVELY MORN. 6s & 5s, with chorus.

D.C.

1. The last love-ly morn-ing, All bloom-ing and fair,
   Is fast on-ward fleet-ing, And soon will ap-pear!
   D.C. O let us be rea-dy To hail the glad day.

While the migh-ty, migh-ty, migh-ty trump Sounds, "Come, come a-way!"

D.C.

2. And when that bright morning In splen-dor shall dawn,
   Our tears will be end-ed, Our sor-rows all gone.

While the migh-ty, migh-ty, migh-ty trump Sounds, "Come, come a-way!"

D.C.

3. The graves will be o-pened, The dead will a-rise;
   And, with the Re-deem-er, Mount up to the skies.

While the migh-ty, migh-ty, migh-ty trump Sounds, "Come, come a-way!"

D.C.

4. The saints then im-mor-tal In glo-ry shall reign!
   The Bride with the Bridegroom For-ev-er re-main.

While the migh-ty, migh-ty, migh-ty trump Sounds, "Come, come a-way!"

ANGELS' HYMN. L. M.

STANLEY.

1. Prayer is ap-pointed to con-vey The blessings God de-signs to give; Long as they live should Christians pray, For on-ly while they pray they live.

2. If pain af-flict, or wrongs op-press; If cares dis-tract, or fears dis-may; If guilt de-ject, if sin dis-tress, In eve-ry case, still watch and pray.

PETRA. 11s & 12s.

1. In seasons of grief to my God I'll re - pair, When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow and care; From the ends of the earth un-to thee will I cry,

2. When Sa-tan the tempter comes in with a flood, To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good, I'll pray to the Saviour who kind-ly did die,

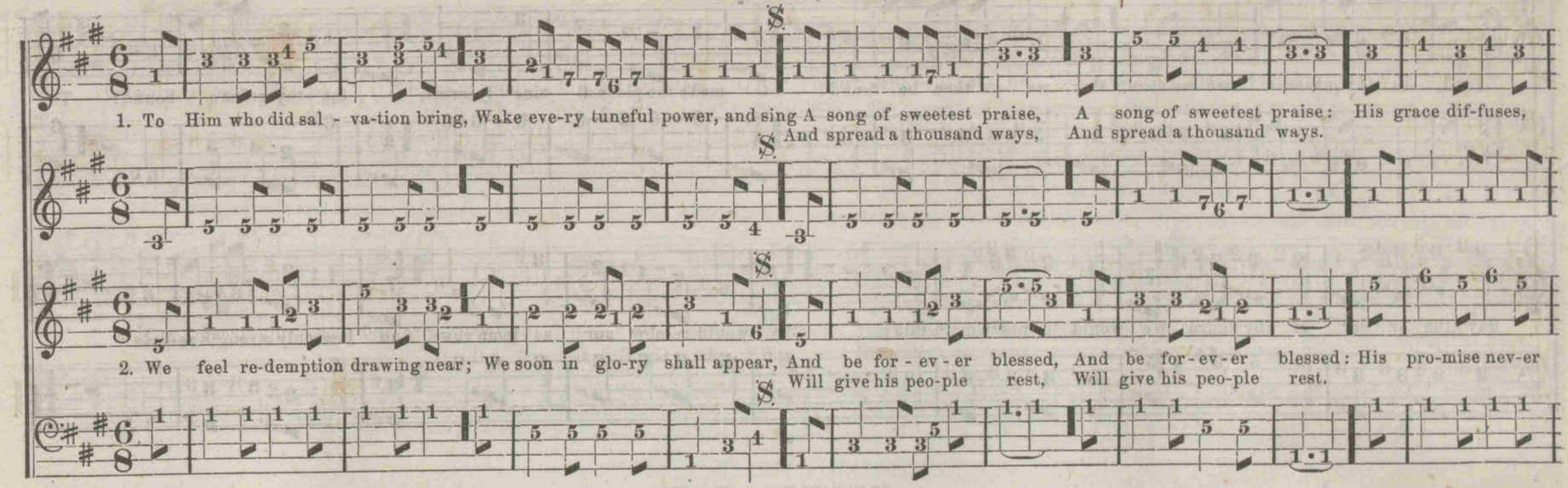
3. And when I have end - ed my pil - grim-age here, Clad in Je-sus' pure right-eousness let me ap - pear; In the swellings of Jor-dan on thee I'll re - ly,
4. And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies, When the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise, With bright millions I'll join far a - bove yonder sky,

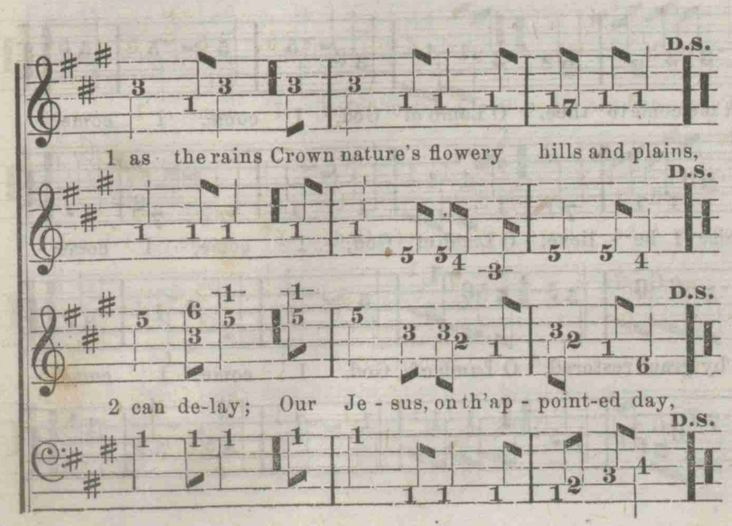
1 Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I, High-er than I, high-er than I, Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.

2 Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I, High - er than I, high-er than I, Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.

3 And look to the Rock that is high - er than I, High-er than I, high-er than I, And look to the Rock that is high - er than I.
4 To praise the dear Rock that is high - er than I, High-er than I, high-er than I, To praise the dear Rock that is high - er than I.

GOODWIN. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.





3.

By faith we view him coming down,
With angels hovering all around;
He smiles upon his saints:
He cries aloud, in melting strains,
I come to save you from your pains
And end your sore complaints.

4.

The smiling millions rise and sing,
All glory! glory to our King!
The Grand Assize is come!
You everlasting doors, fly wide,
The Church is glorious as a bride,
And Jesus takes her home.

5.

In all the heavens there's not a tear,
Nor in the realms of bliss a fear,
But pleasures yet unknown:
From heaven to heaven we sound the bliss;
Oh, what a blest abode is this,
Forever round the throne!

6.

The joys of heaven will never end;
All glory to the sinner's Friend!
Roll on, you happy scenes!
You wingéd seraphs, help us praise
The Author of eternal joys!
Our Jesus ever reigns.

LEANDER. D. C. M.

Lord, in thy presence here we meet; May we in thee be found! O make the place di - vine - ly sweet, O let thy grace a - bound! To-

day the or - der of thy house We would in peace main-tain; We would re-new our so - lemn vows, And heavenly strength re-gain.

HENRY. L. M.

AUGUSTUS DAMRON.

Andante.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2. Just as I am, thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, relieve, Because thy promise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3. Just as I am, O gra-cious Lord, I yield o - be-dient to thy word, Now to be thine, by grace restored, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

WARWICK. C. M.

STANLEY.

Moderate.

1. In all my Lord's appointed ways, My journey I'll pur - sue: Hin - der me not, you much - loved saints, For I must go with you.

2. Through floods and flames, if Je-sus lead, I'll fol-low where he goes: Hin-der me not, shall be my cry, Though earth and hell op - pose.

3. Through trials and through sufferings too I'll go at his com-mand: Hin - der me not, for I am bound To my Im - manuel's land.

4. And when my Sa - viour calls me home, Still this my cry shall be: Hin - der me not; come, wel-come, death, I'll glad - ly go with thee.

STONEFIELD. L. M.

STANLEY.

1. Now be my heart inspired to sing The glories of my Sa-viour King: He comes with blessings from a - bove, And wins the nat ons to his love.

2. Thy throne, O Lord, for - ev - er stands; Grace is the sceptre in thy hands; Thy laws and works are just and right, But truth and mercy thy de-light.

3. Let end - less honors crown thy head, Let every age thy praises spread; Let all the nations know thy word, And every tongue con-fess thee Lord.

BOWERS. C. M.

AUGUST DAWSON.

1. Shine forth, e-ter-nal Source of light, And make thy glo-ries known; Fill our enlarged, a-dor-ing sight With lus-tre all thine own.

2. To know the Author of our frame Is our su-bli-mest skill; True science is to learn his name, True life, to do his will.

3. For this we long, for this we pray; This let us still pur-sue, Till vi-sions of e-ter-nal day Fix and complete our view.

MERDIN. 7s. Double.

1. What could your Re-deem-er do
   To pro-cure your peace with God,
   D.C. Why will you your Lord de-ny?

   More than he has done for you?
   Could he more than shed his blood?
   Why will you re-solve to die?

   Af-ter all this flow of love, All his drawings from a-bove,

2. Turn, he cries, O sin-ner, turn!
   He would have you turn and live,
   D.C. Would he ask, be-seech, and cry,

   By his love your God makes known
   He would all the world re-ceive.
   Why will you re-solve to die?

   If your death were his de-light, Would he thus to life in-vite?

D.C.

Maestoso.

1. Lift your glad voices in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath ri - sen, and man shall not die. Vain were the ter - rors that gathered a - round him,
D.C. Loud was the chorus of an-gels on high,—"The Sa-viour hath ri - sen, and man shall not die."

End.

2. Glo - ry to God, in full anthems of joy; The be - ing he gave us, death can-not de - stroy: Sad were the life we may part with to - mor - row,
D.C. Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high, For Je - sus has ri - sen, and man shall not die.

End.

1 And short the do - mi-nion of death and the grave; He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him, Resplendent in glo-ry, to live and to save.

D.C.

2 If tears were our birthright, and death were our end; But Je - sus hath cheered the dark valley of sor-row, And bade us, im - mortal, to heaven as - cend;

D.C.

LYSTER. D. L. M.

Slow.

End.

D.C.

1. Praise ye the Lord! my heart shall join In work so pleasant, so di - vine;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and be - ing last.
D.C. And earth, and seas, with all their train, And none shall find his pro - mise vain.

Hap - py the man whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's God: he made the sky,

D.C.

End.

D.C.

2. His truth for - ev - er stands se - cure; He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
He helps the stranger in dis - tress, The wi - dow and the fath - er - less.

He loves the saints, he knows them well, But turns the wicked down to hell.

D.C.

D.C. Thy God, O Zi - on, ev - er reigns; Praise him in ev - er - last - ing strains.

GRANNIS. 7s, or 8s & 7s.

W. O. Perkins.

1. Gen - tly fall the dews of eve, Rais-ing still the languid flowers; Sweetly flow the tears that grieve O'er a mourner's stricken hours.
2. Bless-ed tears and dews, that yet Lift us near-er un - to heaven! Let us still His praise re - peat Who in mer - cy all hath given.
3. Hark! what mean those la - men - tations, Rolling sad - ly through the sky? 'Tis the cry of heathen nations, "Come and help us, ere we die."
4. Hear the heathens' sad com-plaining; Christians, hear their dy - ing cry, And, the love of Christ constraining, Join to help them, ere they die.

IOWA. 8s.

A. D. FILLMORE.

Joyously.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, Of that country so bright and so fair, And oft are its beauties confessed; But what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be there?
2. We speak of its pathways of gold, Of its walls decked with jewels so rare, Of its wonders and pleasures un-told; But what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be there?

3. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sor-row, temptation, and care, From tri - als with-out and with - in; But what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be there?

4. We speak of its service of love, Of the robes which the glorified wear, Of the Church of the first-born a - bove; But what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be there?
5. Dear Lord, amid sorrow and woe, For heaven my spirit pre - pare; And short-ly I al-so may know And feel what it is to be there, And feel what it is to be there.

WALK IN THE LIGHT. Sentence.

A. D. F.

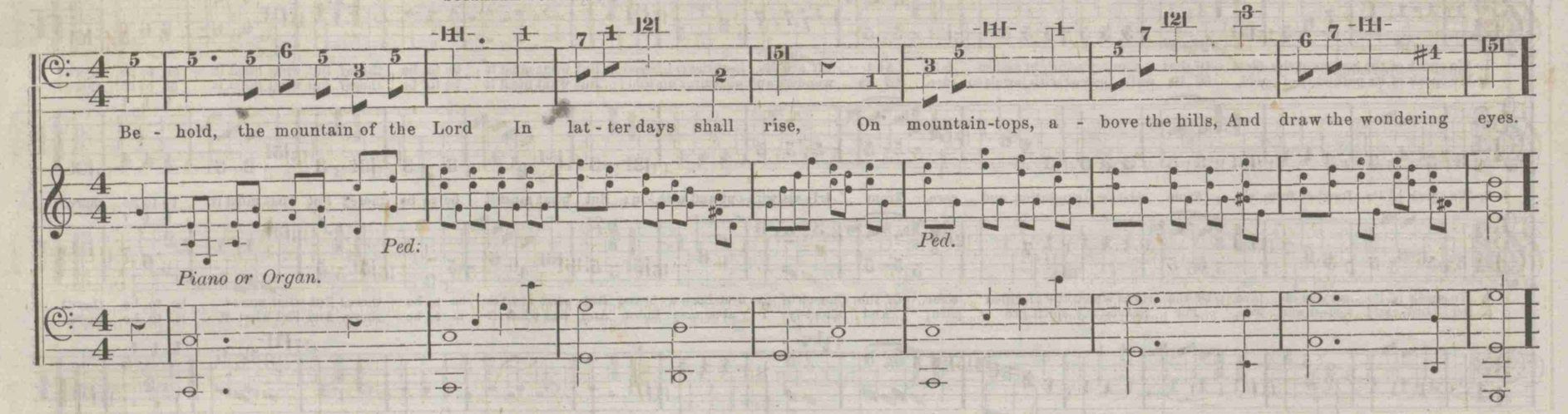
We have fel-low-ship, fel-low-ship, one with an - oth-er; and the blood of Je-sus Christ his Son cleanseth us, cleanseth us from all sin.

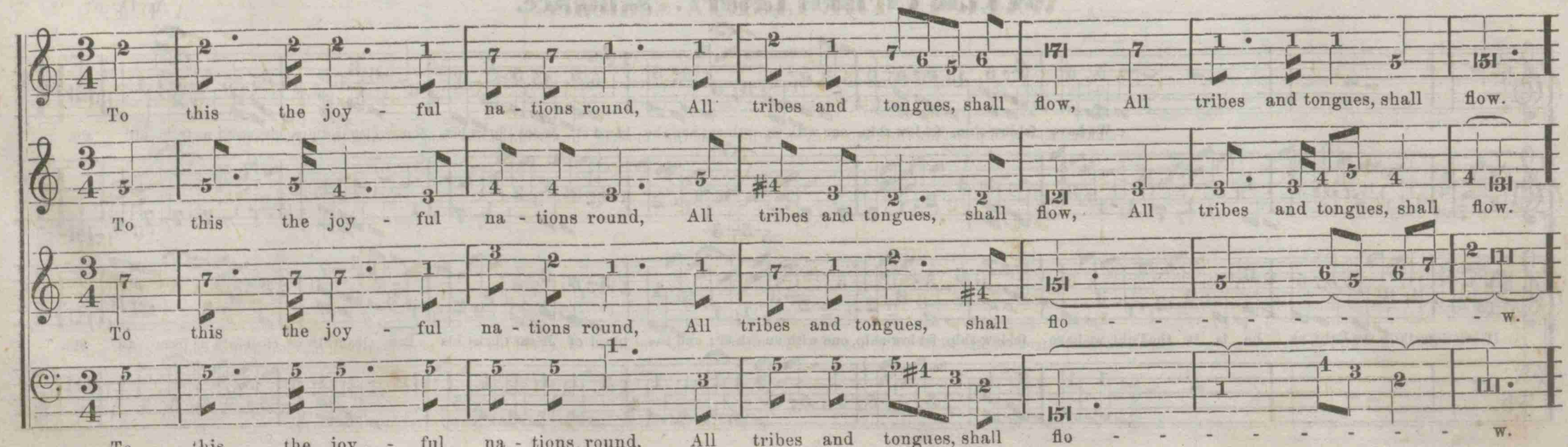
If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fel-low-ship, fel-low-ship, one with an-oth-er; and the blood of Je-sus Christ his Son cleanseth us, cleanseth us from all sin.

BEHOLD, THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LORD.

Written expressly for this work by J. WILLIAM SUFFERN.

SUITABLE FOR MISSION ANNIVERSARIES, AND OTHER CONVOCATIONS OF CHRISTIANS.





Up to the hill of God, they'll say, they'll say, And to his house, we'll go.

Up to the hill of God, they'll say, they'll say, And to his house, we'll go.

Up to the hill of God, they'll say, Up to the hill of God, they'll say, And to his house, we'll go.

Up to the hill of God, they'll say, Up to the hill of God, they'll say, And to his house, we'll go.

The King who reigns in Zi - on's towers Shall all the world com-mand.

The beams that shine on Zi - on's hill Shall light-en eve - - - - ry land; The King who reigns in Zi - on's towers Shall all the world com-mand.

BEHOLD, THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LORD. Concluded.

No strife shall vex Mes-si-ah's reign, Nor war, the peace-ful years; To plough - shares men shall beat their swords, To pruning-hooks their spears.

No strife shall vex Mes-si-ah's reign, Nor war, the peace-ful years; To plough-shares men shall beat their swords, To pruning-hooks their spears.

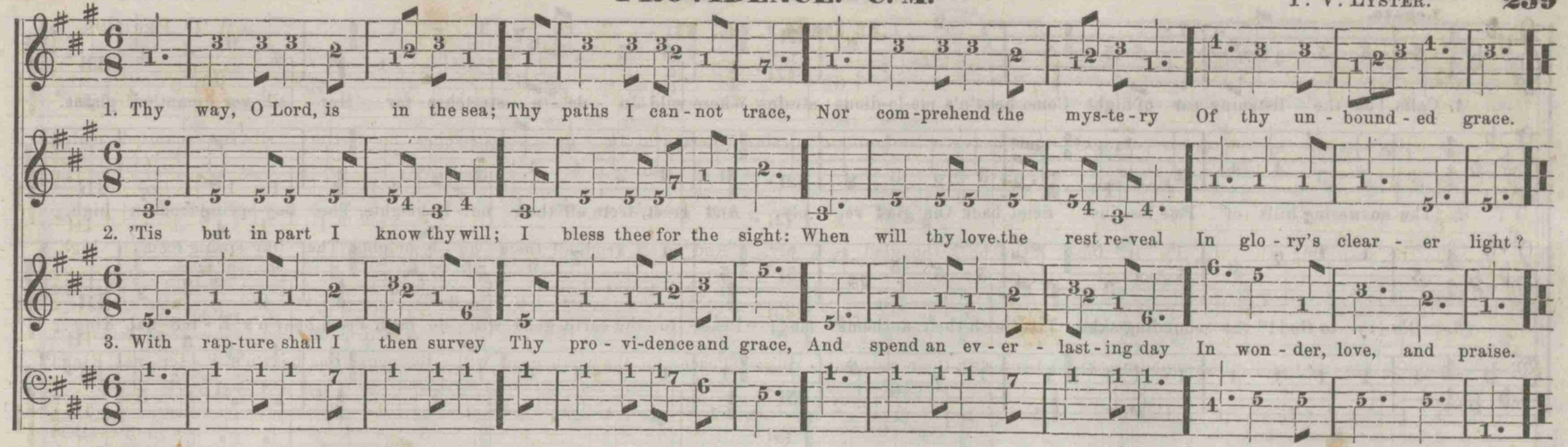
No strife shall vex Mes-si-ah's reign, Nor war, the peace - ful years; To plough - shares men shall beat their swords, To pruning-hooks their spears.

Come, then, O! come, from eve-ry land, To wor-ship at his shrine, And, walk-ing in the light of God, With ho - ly beau - ty shine.

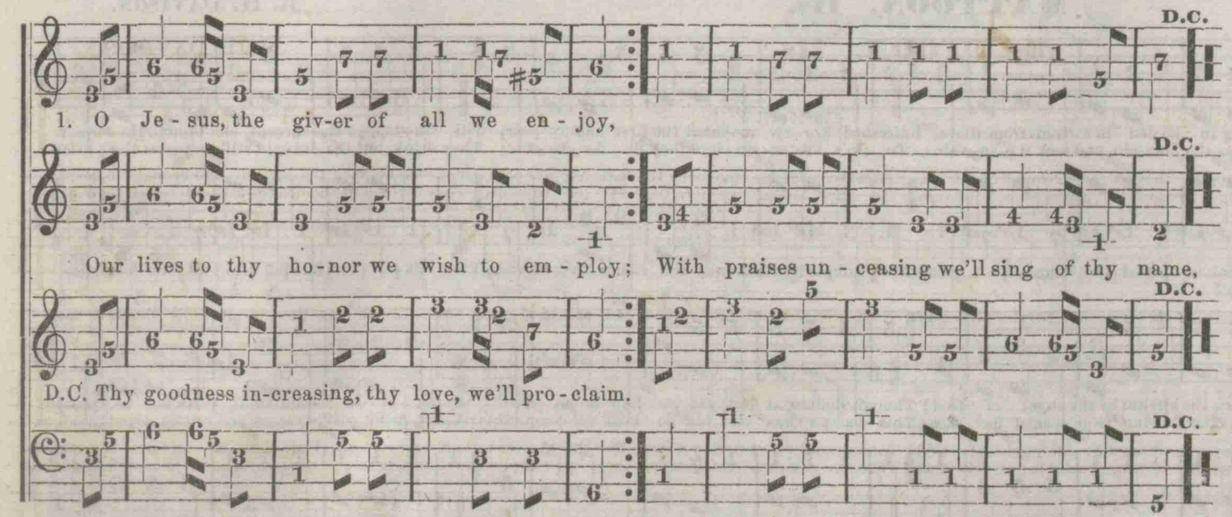
Come, then, O! come, from eve-ry land, To wor-ship at his shrine, And, walk-ing in the light of God, With ho - ly beau - ty shine.

Come, then, O! come, from eve-ry land, To wor-ship at his shrine, And, walk-ing in the light of God, With ho - ly beau - ty shine.

PROVIDENCE. C. M.



IMANDRIA. 11s.



2. With joy we remember the dawn of that day,
When, cold as December, in darkness we lay;
The sweet invitation we heard with surprise,
And witnessed salvation to flow from the skies.

3. The wonderful name of our Jesus we'll sing,
And publish the fame of our Captain and King;
With sweet exultation his goodness we prove;
His name is Salvation,—his nature is Love.

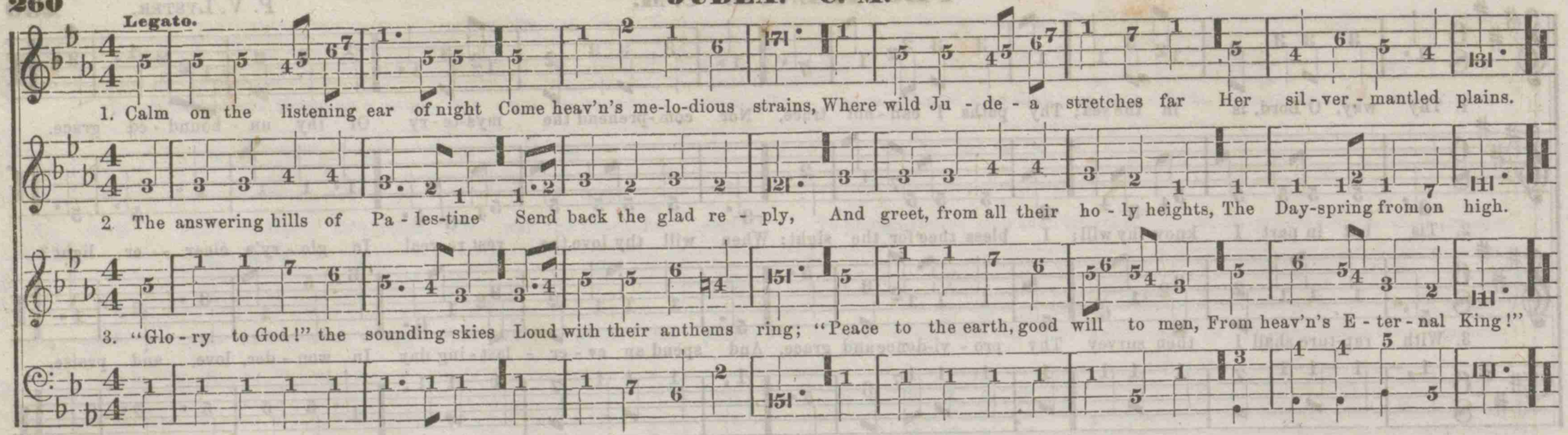
4. We now are enlisted in Jesus' bless'd cause,
Divinely assisted to conquer our foes;
His grace will support us till conflicts are o'er,
He then will escort us to Zion's bright shore.

5. And when to the regions of glory we rise, [skies,
And join the bright legions that shout through the
We'll tell the glad story of Jesus' kind grace,
And give him the glory, and honor, and praise.

6. In this blest employment our spirits shall rest,
In sweetest enjoyment, on Jesus' own breast;
We'll drink of the streams of Immanuel's love,
And bask in the beams of his glory above.

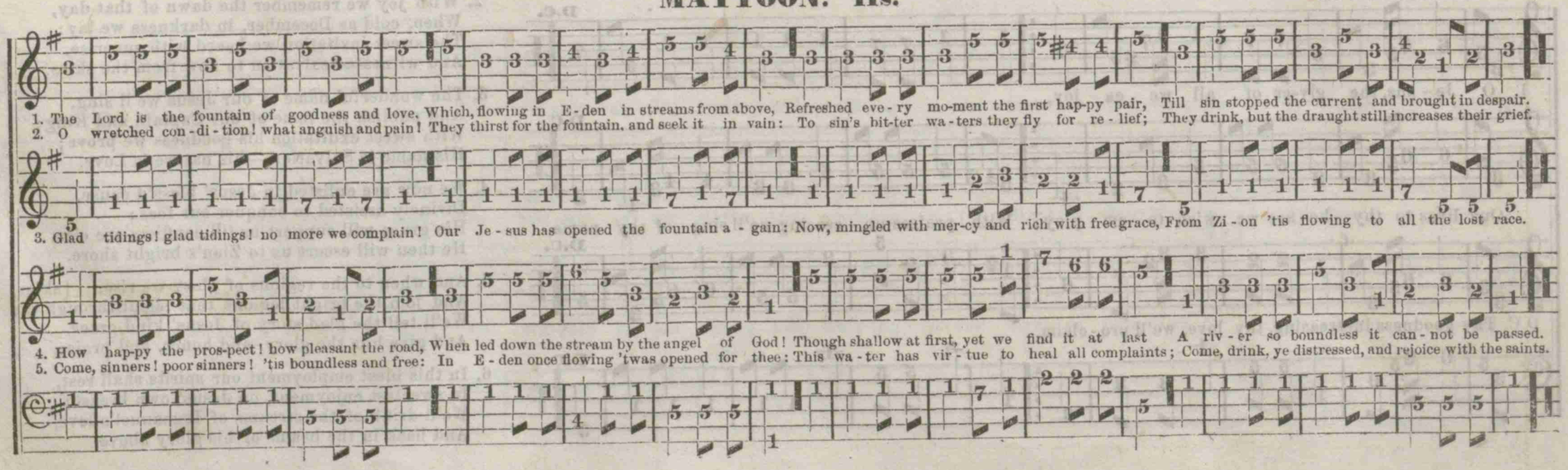
JUDEA. C. M.

W. O. PERKINS.

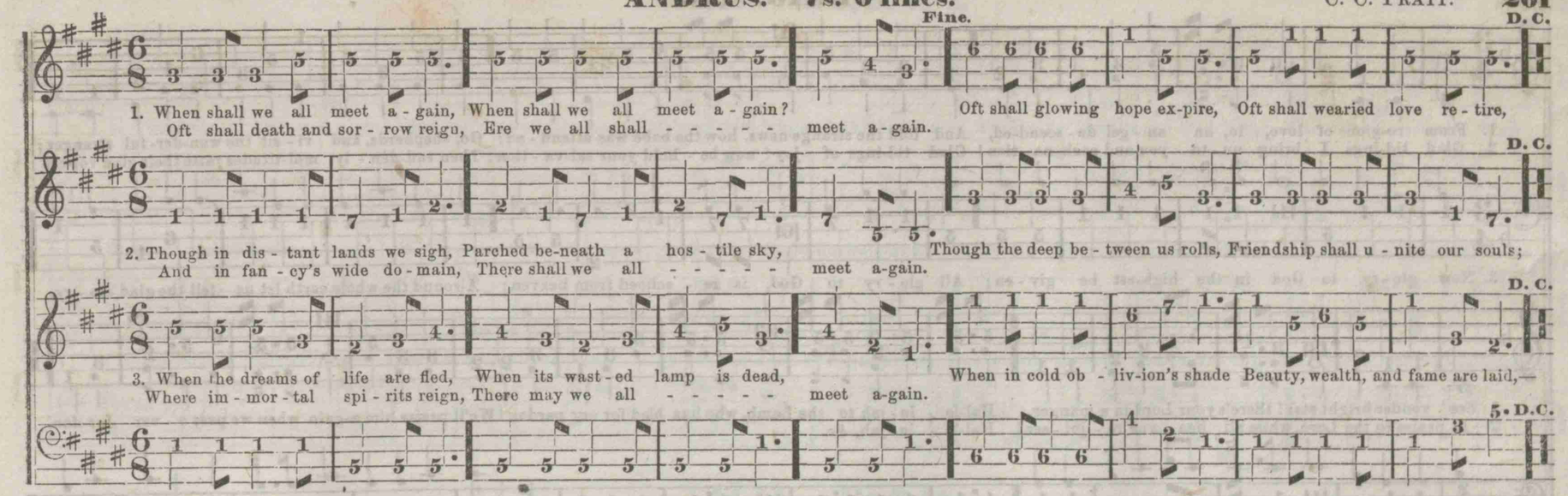


MATTOON. 11s.

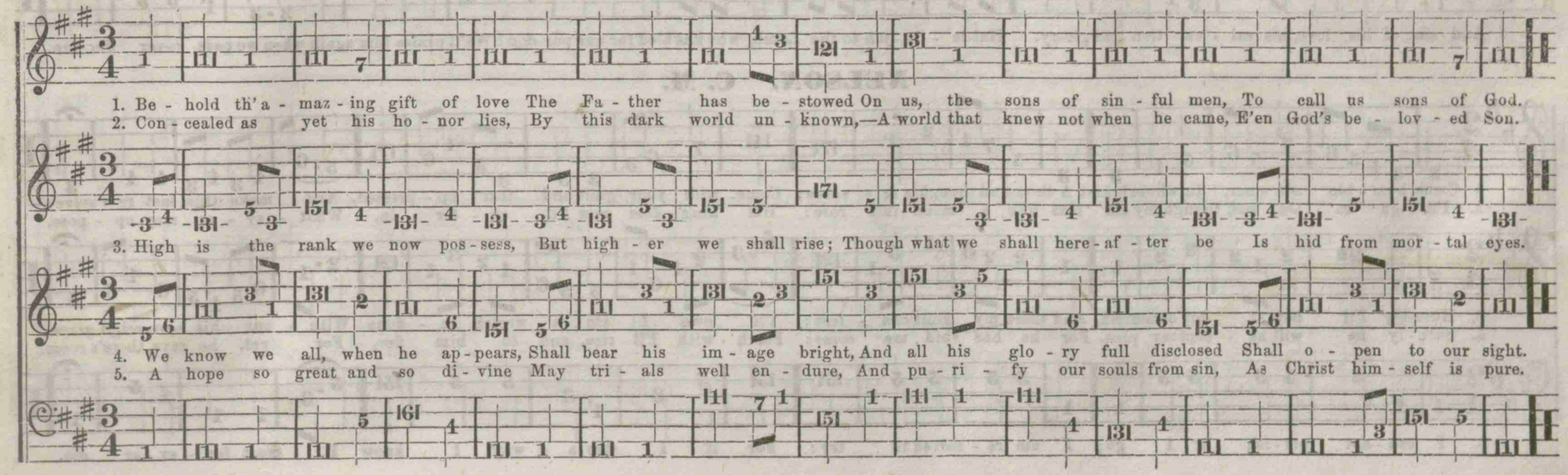
R. H. DAVISON.



ANDRUS. 7s. 6 lines.



ANDERSON. C. M.



CRAIG. 12s.

1. From re-gions of love, lo, an an-gel de-scend-ed, And told the strange news, how the babe was attend-ed; Go, shepherds, and vi-sit the won-der-ful stranger;
2. Glad tid-ings I bring un-to you and each na-tion! Glad tid-ings of joy! now be-hold your sal-va-tion: Then sud-den-ly mul-titudes raise their glad voi-ces

3. Now glo-ry to God in the high-est be giv-en; All glo-ry to God, is re-echoed from heaven; A-round the whole earth let us tell the glad sto-ry,

1 See yonder bright star! there's your Lord in a manger. Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, who has bled for our pardon! We'll praise him a-gain when we pass o-ver Jor-dan.
2 In praise to the Lord, while all hea-ven re-joi-ces! Hal-le-lu-jah, &c.

3 And sing of his love, his sal-va-tion and glo-ry. Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, who has bled for our par-don! We'll praise him again when we pass o-ver Jor-dan.

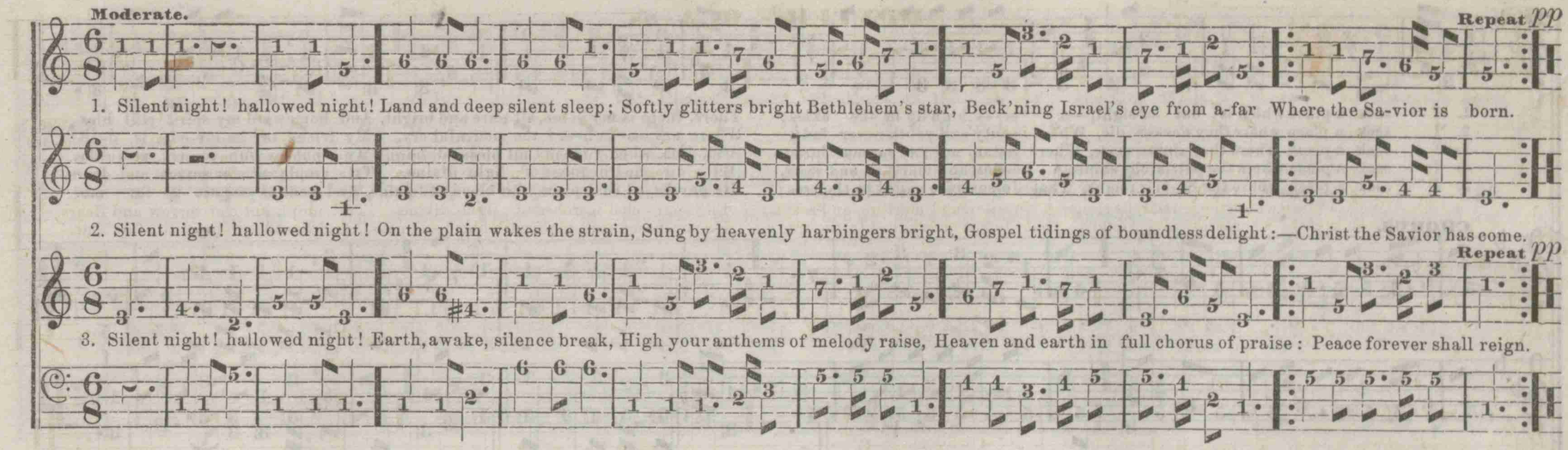
NELSON. C. M.

1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts re-volve; Come, with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re-solve:—
2. I'll go to Je-sus, though my sin Has like a moun-tain rose: His king-dom now I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-pose.

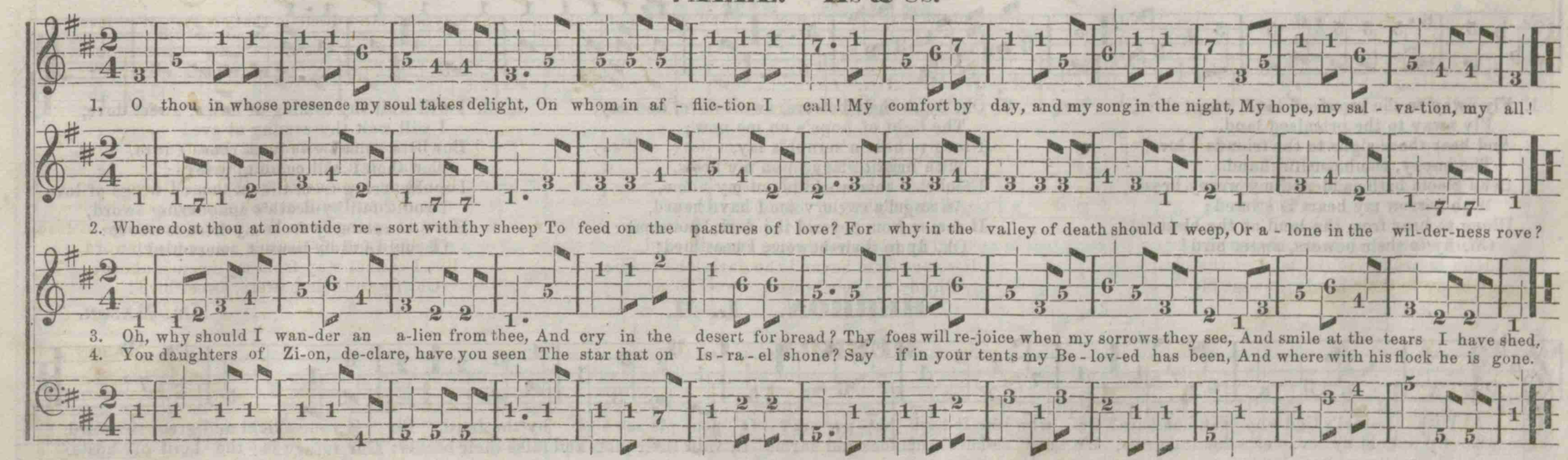
3. Hum-bly I'll bow at his command, And there my guilt con-fess: I'll own I am a wretch un-done With-out his sove-reign grace.
4. Sure-ly he will ac-cept my plea, For he has bid me come: Forth-with I'll rise, and to him flee, For yet, he says, there's room.

5. I can-not per-ish if I go; I am re-solved to try: For if I stay a-way I know I must for-ev-er die.

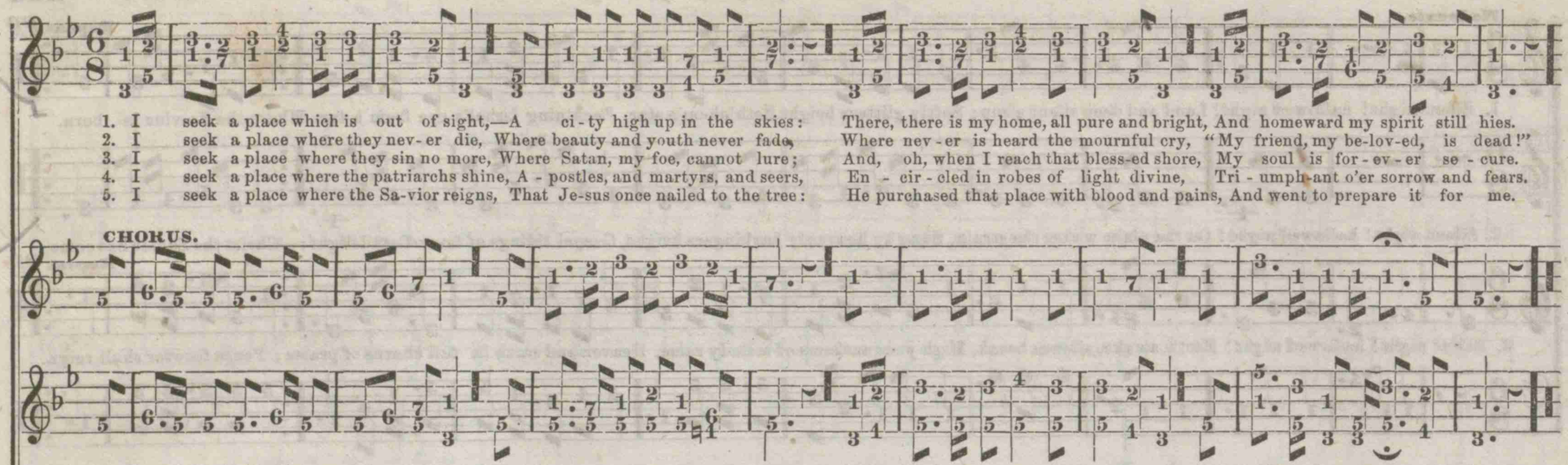
OHIO. 6, 6, 9, 9, 6.



VALLE. 11s & 8s.



HUNTER. 9s & 8s.



1. I seek a place which is out of sight,—A ci-ty high up in the skies: There, there is my home, all pure and bright, And homeward my spirit still hies.
2. I seek a place where they nev-er die, Where beauty and youth never fade, Where nev-er is heard the mournful cry, "My friend, my be-lov-ed, is dead!"
3. I seek a place where they sin no more, Where Satan, my foe, cannot lure; And, oh, when I reach that bless-ed shore, My soul is for-ev-er se-cure.
4. I seek a place where the patriarchs shine, A-postles, and martyrs, and seers, En-cir-cled in robes of light divine, Tri-umph-ant o'er sorrow and fears.
5. I seek a place where the Sa-vior reigns, That Je-sus once nailed to the tree: He purchased that place with blood and pains, And went to prepare it for me.

CHORUS.

I'm bound for home, for my bliss-ful home, The house and the ci-ty a-bove; And all who forsake their sins may come And dwell in that ci-ty of love.

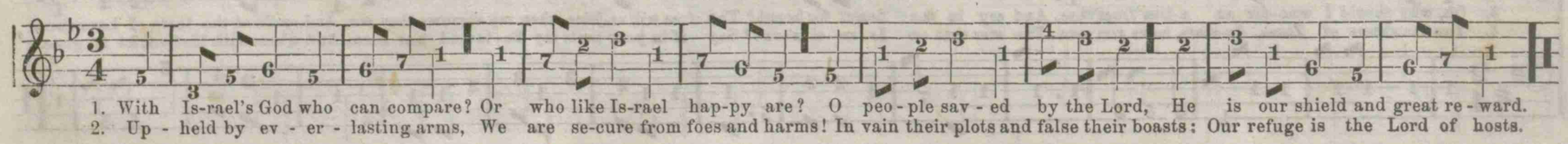
1. Fly away to the promised land, sweet dove,
   Fly away to the promised land,
   And bear these sighs to the friends I love,
   The happy, the beautiful band.
   Deep gloom hath saddened my weary breast,
   With sorrow my heart is stirred;
   I long to hear from the land of the blest:
   Oh, fly to their bowers, sweet bird!

2. Oh, fly to their bowers, sweet dove, and say,
   The light of hope's on me now;
   I long to hear a seraph's lay,
   With bright glory upon my brow.
   I feel that this world is not my home,
   An angel's sweet voice I have heard,
   It comes from beyond the dark lone tomb:
   Oh, fly to their bowers, sweet bird!

3. I will wait thy coming at dawn, sweet dove,
   I will wait thy coming at eve!
   But bear some news from those I love,
   And then I will cease to grieve:
   I could spring from this prison on wings of love,
   I could fall by death's conquering sword,
   But I cannot stay from my friends above:
   Oh, fly to their bowers, sweet bird!

HEBRON. L. M.

DR. MASON.



1. With Is-rael's God who can compare? Or who like Is-rael hap-py are? O peo-ple sav-ed by the Lord, He is our shield and great re-ward.
2. Up-held by ev-er-lasting arms, We are se-cure from foes and harms! In vain their plots and false their boasts: Our refuge is the Lord of hosts.

MINERVA. 8s & 7s.

Tenderly.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen-tle as the summer breeze, Pleasant as the air of eve-ning When it floats a-mong the trees.

2. Peaceful be thy si - lent slum-ber, Peaceful in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our num-ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3. Dearest sis - ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep - ly feel; But 'tis God that hath be - reft us; He can all our sor-rows heal.
4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled, There in heaven with joy to greet thee, Where no fare - well tear is shed.

HARRIS. 9s & 8s.
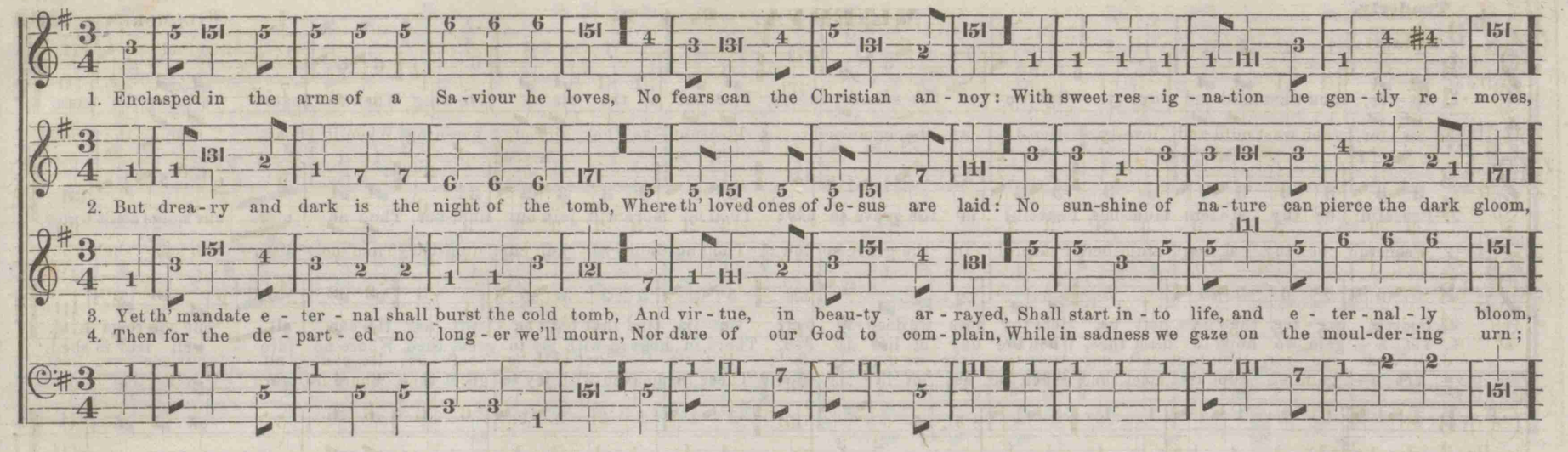
A. D.

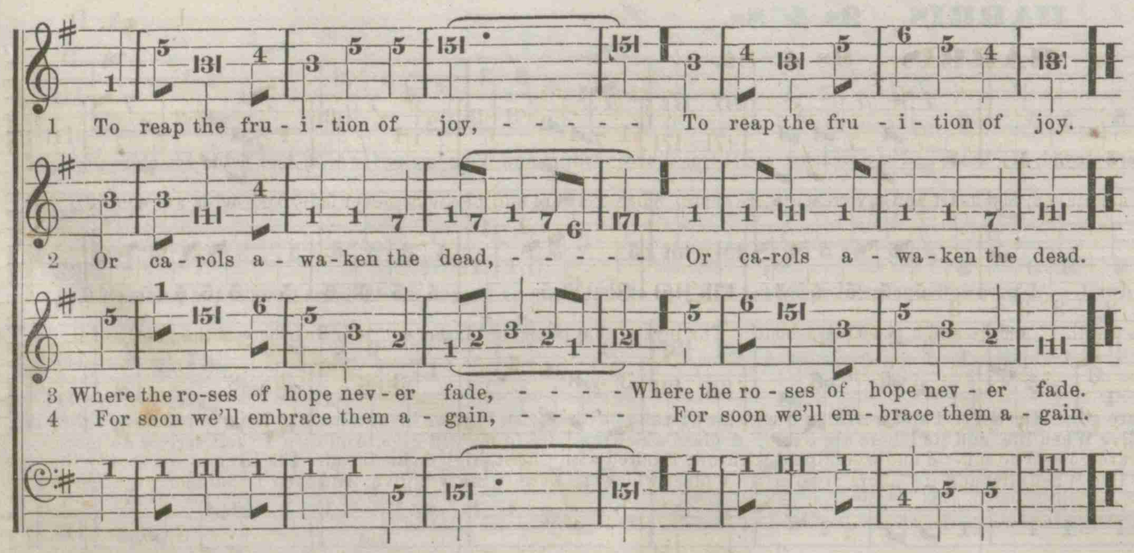
1. There is a place, there is a place, where my hopes are stayed, My heart and my treasure are there, Where verdure and blossoms never fade, And fields are eternally fair.

2. There is a place, there is a place, where the angels dwell, A pure and a peaceful a-bode; The joys of that place no tongue can tell, But there is the palace of God.

3. There is a place, there is a place, where my friends are gone Who suffer'd and worshipp'd with me; Exalted with Christ, high on his throne, The King in his beauty they see.
4. There is a place, there is a place, where I hope to live When life and its labors are o'er, A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sorrow no more.

CORYDON. 11s & 8s.





5. See, see! through the gloom that o'ershadows our heads
   A starry-crowned seraph appears,
   In glittering robes of bright glory arrayed,
   And beauty immortal she wears.

6. 'Tis Religion: she bends o'er the hallowed urn,
   And whispers, in accents of love,
   "O Christian, no longer departed ones mourn:
   They triumph in glory above!

7. "I taught them to pass the dark valley of death,
   With horrors and shades overspread;
   And when from their lips fled the last lingering breath,
   I placed a rich crown on their head."

8. Then let us prepare to embrace them again,
   Where sighing and sorrow shall cease:
   In virtue's bright path we to heaven may attain,
   Where all is composure and peace.

Words by Wm. Hunter. **JOYFULLY. 10s.** A. D. Merrill. **267**

1. Joy - ful-ly, joy - ful-ly, on-ward I move, Bound for the land of bright spi-rits a - bove;
An - gel-ic cho - risters sing, as I come, "Joy - ful-ly, joy - ful-ly, haste to thy home." } Soon, with my pil - grimage end - ed be - low,

2. Friends fondly cherished have passed on be - fore; Wait-ing they watch me ap - proach-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 the blow:
Je - sus has 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 blessed, 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 vanquished, 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.

Words by Miss WELBY.

REDEMPTION.

1. The host of heaven, that throne surrounding Where ev-er - last-ing splen-dors glow, Mid lyres with ceaseless praise resounding, Beheld the earth involved in woe, Beheld the

2. But in-grate man, by sin be - night-ed, Too oft re - pelled sal-va - tion's ray, The gen - tle sigh of Cal-v'ry slighted, And turned with re-bel heart a - way, And turned with

1 earth in - volved in woe. Deep night with fear-ful wing lay brood - ing; Nor could lone Si - nai's beacon red Il - lume the midnight pall that spread, Each

2 re - bel heart a - way. God looked from heaven, and all had wan - dered, Like err - ing sheep, had gone a - stray, And, rush - ing down destruction's way, Im -

1 glimmering ray of hope ex - clu - ding, When, lo! a Sa - viour came! And angels tuned their harps of joy To hail a world re - deemed.
The star o'er Bethlehem gleamed,

2 mor - tal treasures madly squandered; When the blest Spi - rit came, Bow, con - trite sin - ner, to his sway, And Christ and heaven are thine.
With light and power di - vine:

WILMOT. 7s.

1. Who is this that comes from far, Clad in garments dipped in blood, Strong, tri-umph-ant tra - vel - ler? Is he man, or is he God?

2. "I that speak in right - eous-ness, Son of God and man I am, Migh - ty to re - deem your race: Je - sus is your Saviour's name."

3. Wherefore are thy gar - ments red, Dyed as in a crim - son sea? They that in a wine - vat tread Are not stained so much as thee.
4. "I, the Fa - ther's fa - vorite Son, Have the dread-ful wine-press trod, Borne the vengeful rod a - lone, All the fiercest wrath of God."

SWEENEY. L. M. Double.

AUGUST DAMRON.

1. List to the dreamy tone that dwells In rippling wave or sighing tree; Go hearken to the old church-bells, The whistling bird, the whizzing bee; Interpret right, and

2. The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds, To gain the al-tar of his sires; The hermit pores above his beads, With zeal that never wanes nor tires; But holiest rite or

3. Or nature or the Bible read, Those precious words you'll find there still: We trace them in the flowering mead, We hear them in the flowing rill. One chorus hails the

1 you will find 'Tis power and glory they proclaim: The chimes, the creatures, waters, wind, All ech-o, "Hallowed be thy name, Father, hallowed be thy name."

2 longest prayer That art can yield or wisdom frame, What better import can it bear Than, "Father, hallowed be thy name, Father, hal-low-ed be thy name"?

3 Great Supreme, Each varied breathing tells the same: The strains may differ, but the theme Is, "Father, hallowed be thy name, Father, hal-low-ed be thy name."

WAPELLA. C. M.

D. Downs.

Lively.

1. Bright glo - ries rush up - on my sight And charm my won-d'ring eyes,— The re - gions of im - mor - tal light, The beau - ties of the skies.

2. All hail, you fair ce - les - tial shores, You lands of end - less day! A rich de - light your pros - pect pours, And drives my griefs a - way.

HUGHES. C. M.

W. H. Forman.

Moderate.

1. Short is the pass - age, short the space, Be - tween my home and me: There I be - hold the ra-diant place, The shin-ing shore I see.

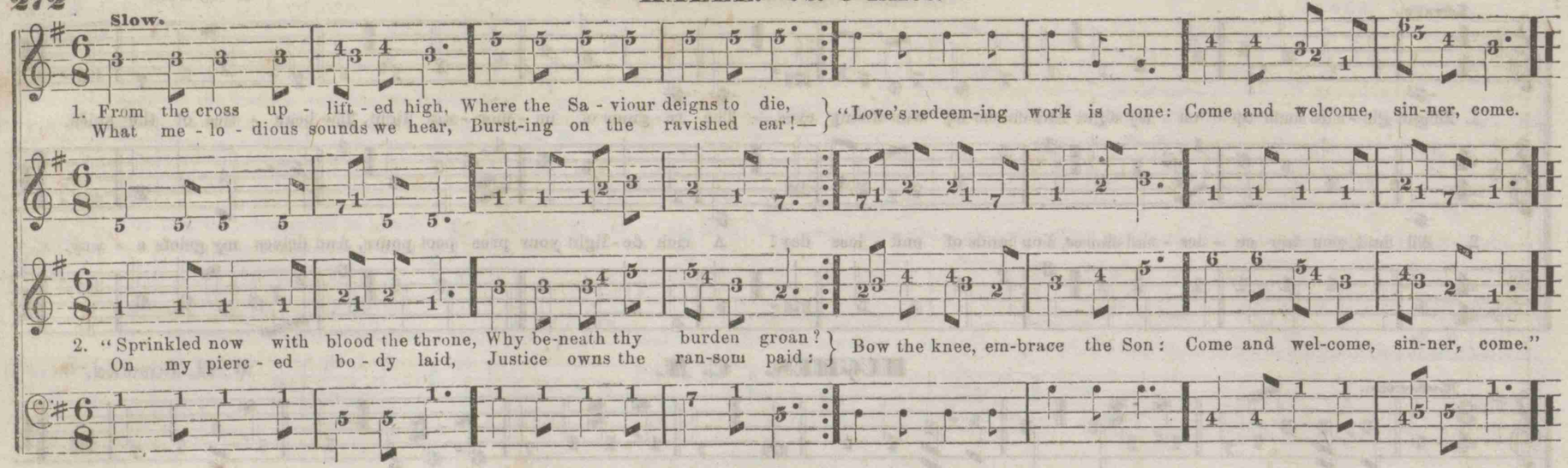
2. Im - mor - tal won - ders, boundless things, In those bright worlds ap - pear: Pre - pare me, Lord, to stretch my wings And in thy glo - ries share.

WALLACE. 7s.

1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis the Sa - vior, hear his word! Je-sus speaks: he speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?"
2. Thou shalt see my glo - ry soon, When the work of faith is done, Part-ner of my throne mayst be: "Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?"

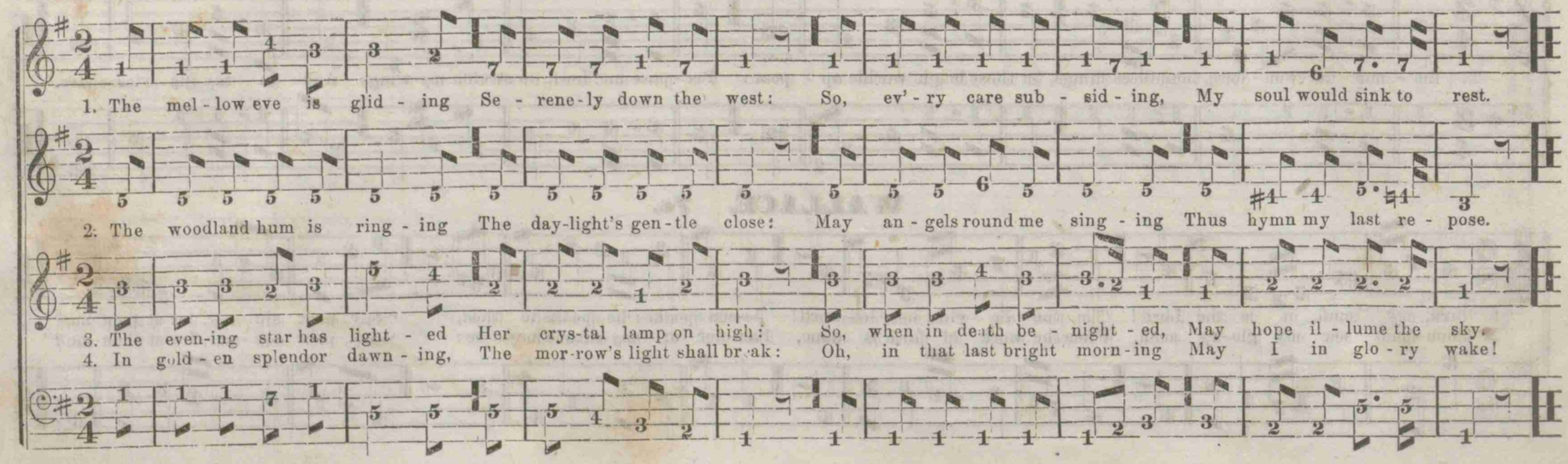
HALLE. 7s. 6 lines.

HAYDN.



KELLAR. 7s & 6s.

WEBB.



WENONA. 7, 7, 7, 6.

Arr. by J. Q. A. Houston.

1. How of-ten I am wea - ry, How often sad and drea - ry! What, then, but this can cheer me?—"I soon shall rest in heaven." Tho' this poor bod-y will

2. What, then, of tribu - la - tion? What, then, of sore tempt-a - tion? Be this my con-so - la - tion:—"I soon shall rest in heaven."

3. Then welcome death and mourning! I see the night ap-proaching: Joy cometh in the morn-ing, A - mong the saints in heaven. Tho' this poor bod-y will
4. O brothers, will you meet me, O sisters, will you greet me, O sinners, shall I see you, A - mong the saints in heaven?

moul-der in the tomb, And soft winds gen-tly murmur o'er its qui-et home, And strange sweet flowers in beauty there will bloom, Yet I'll rest in heaven.

moul-der in the tomb, And soft winds gen-tly murmur o'er its qui-et home, And strange sweet flowers in beauty there will bloom, Yet I'll rest in heaven.

NEBRASKA. 7s.

Moderate.

1. When shall we all meet a - gain? When shall we all meet a-gain? Oft shall glow - ing hope ex - pire, Oft shall wea-ried love re - tire,

2. Though in dis - tant lands we sigh, Parched beneath a hos - tile sky, Though the deep be - tween us rolls, Friendship shall u - nite our souls,

3. When the dreams of life are fled, And its wast - ed lamp is dead, When in cold ob - liv - ion's shade Beau - ty, fame, and wealth are laid,

1 Oft shall death and sor - row reign, Ere we all shall meet a - gain.

2 And in Fan - cy's wide do-main Oft shall we all meet a - gain.

3 Where im-mor - tal spi - rits reign, There may we all meet a - gain.

ADAMS. C. M.

Slow.

1. A few more days, or years at most, My troubles will be o'er.

2. O come, my Saviour, come a-way, And bear me thro' the sky,

3. I long to see thy glo-rious face, And in thine i - mage shine,

Solo.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so-late, wher - e'er you lan-guish, Come, at the Mer - cy - Seat fer - vent-ly kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish:
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray-ing, Hope, when all oth - ers die, fade-less and pure: Here speaks the Comfort-er, 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

1 Earth has no sor-row that heaven can-not heal. Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish: Earth has no sor - row that heaven cannot heal.

2 Earth has no sor - row that heaven cannot cure. Here speaks the Comfort-er, in mer - cy say - ing, Earth has no sor-row that heaven cannot cure.
3 Earth has no sor - row but heaven can re - move. Come to the feast prepared; come, ev - er know-ing Earth has no sor - row but heaven can re - move.

ADAMS. Concluded.

(For other appropriate words, see p. 245.)

1 I hope to join the heaven-ly host, On Ca - naan's hap - py shore, Hap - py shore, hap - py shore.

2 Nor let thy cha - riot-wheels de - lay, Make haste and bring it nigh, Bring it nigh, bring it nigh.

3 To tri - umph in vic - to - rious grace, And be for - ev - er thine, Ev - er thine, ev - er thine.

WASHINGTON. C. M., with Chorus.

1. Our souls by love to - ge - ther knit, Ce - ment - ed, joined in one,— One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,—'Tis heaven on earth be - gun.

2. We're sol - diers fight-ing for our God; Let trembling cow-ards fly! We'll stand un - sha - ken, firm, and fixed, With Christ to live and die;

3. The lit - tle cloud in - creas - es still, The heavens are big with rain; We haste to catch the teem-ing shower And all its moist - ure drain:
4. And when thou mak'st thy jew - els up, And sett'st thy star - ry crown, And all thy spark-ling gems shall shine, Proclaimed by thee thine own,

1 Our hearts have burned while Jesus spoke, And glowed with sa-cred fire: He stopped, and talked, and fed, and blessed, And filled th' en-larged de - sire.

2 Let Sa - tan rage, and hell as - sail, We'll fight our pass - age through; Though foes u - nite and friends de - sert, We'll seize the prize in view.

3 A rill, a stream, a tor-rent flows; Now pours a might-y flood: O sweep the na-tions, shake the earth, Till all pro-claim thee Lord!
4 May we, the lit - tle band of love, We sin - ners saved by grace, From glo - ry un - to glo - ry changed, Be - hold thy love - ly face.

CHORUS.

"A Sa-viour!" let cre - a - tion sing, "A Sa-viour!" let all hea-ven ring: 'Tis God with us, we call him ours; His ful - ness in our souls he pours
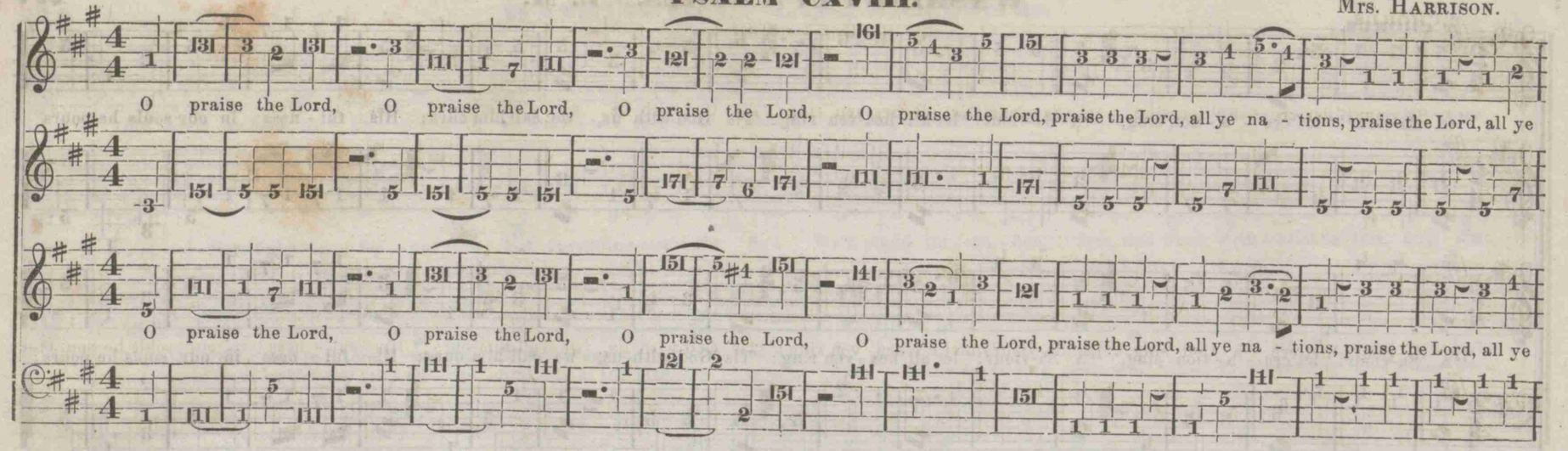
"A Sa-viour!" let cre - a - tion sing, "A Sa-viour!" let all hea - ven ring: 'Tis God with us, we call him ours; His ful - ness in our souls he pours;

'Tis al - most done, 'tis al - most o'er, We'll join with those who've gone before; We soon shall reach the blissful shore, Where we shall meet to part no more.

'Tis al-most done, 'tis al - most o'er, We'll join with those who've gone before; We soon shall reach the blissful shore, Where we shall meet to part no more.

PSALM CXVIII.

Mrs. HARRISON.



truth of the Lord en - du - - - reth for - ev - er, en - du-reth for-ev - er. Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord.

truth of the Lord en - du - - - reth for - ev - er, en - du-reth for-ev - er. Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord.

CANAAN. L. M., with Chorus.

D. C.

1. To - geth-er let us sweet - ly live, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan;
To - geth-er let us sweet - ly die, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan. O Ca-naan, bright Ca - naan! I am bound for the land of Ca - naan:

D. C.

D. C. O, Ca-naan is my hap - py home, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.

D. C.

2. May each a star - ry crown re - ceive, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan;
And ev - er reign a - bove the sky, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan. O Ca-naan, bright Ca - naan! I am bound for the land of Ca - naan:

D. C.

ALBION. 7s. Double.

HANDEL.

1. Go, ye mes - sen - gers - - of God, Like . . . the beams of morn - ing fly,
Take the won - der - work - - ing rod, Lift . . . the ban - ner - cross . . . on high. } Go . . . to many a trop - - ic isle

2. O'er the pa - gan's night . . of care Pour . . . the liv - ing light . . . of heaven;
Chase a - way his wild . . de - spair, Bid . . . him hope to be - - for - given. } Where . . . the gold-en gates . . of day

1 In . . . the bo - som of . . the deep, Where the skies for - ev - - er smile And . . . th' op-pressed for - ev - - er weep.

2 O - - - pen on the palm - - y East High the bleed-ing cross . . . dis - play, Spread . . . the gos-pel's rich - est feast.

FAREWELL. L. M., with Chorus.

1. Fare ye well, fare ye well, my friends, time rolls a - long, Nor waits for mor - tal care or bliss: I leave you here to tra - vel on, Till I ar-rive where Je - sus is.

2. Fare ye well, fare ye well, my brethren in the Lord: To you I'm bound in cords of love, Yet we be-lieve his gra - cious word, That we shall soon all meet a - bove.

3. Fare ye well, fare ye well, old sol-diers of the cross: You've struggled long and hard for heaven, You've counted all be - low but dross, Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.
4. Fare ye well, fare ye well, poor careless sin - ner, too: It grieves my soul to leave you here; E - ter-nal sor - row waits for you: O turn, and find sal - va - tion near.

CHORUS.

I'll march to Ca - naan's land, I'll land on Ca - naan's shore, Where pleasures nev - er end And trou - bles come no more.

I'll march to Ca - naan's land, I'll land on Ca - naan's shore, Where pleasures nev - er end And trou - bles come no more.

1. Pilgrims, with pleasure let us part,
Since we are of one mind and heart;
No length of days, no distant place,
Can ever break these bands of grace.

2. Parting with joy, we'll join and sing
The wonders of our bleeding King;
Our bodies distant may remove,
But nothing can divide our love.

3. A few more rolling days or years
Shall bring a period to our tears;
Soon shall we reach the blissful shore
Where parting shall be known no more.

4. There shall our souls adore the hand
That led us through this desert land,—
Lose all our griefs, forget our pains,
And join the everlasting strains.

SONG OF TRIUMPH.

T. HARRISON.

(For other than missionary meetings, substitute the word "Union" or "Temp'rance" for "gospel.")

On-ward, on-ward, on-ward, band vic-torious, Rear the gospel banner high. The gospel ban - ner, the gospel ban - ner, Rear the gos-pel ban - ner high.

The gospel ban - ner, the gospel ban-ner,

On-ward, on-ward, onward, band vic - to-rious, Rear the gospel banner high, The gospel ban - ner, the gospel ban - ner, Rear the gospel ban - ner high.

The gospel ban - ner, the gos-pel ban - ner,

Thus far hath your course been glorious; Now the day of triumph 's nigh, The day of tri - umph, the day of tri - umph, The day . . . of triumph 's nigh.

The day of tri - umph, the day of triumph, the day . . . of triumph 's nigh.

Thus far hath your course been glorious; Now the day of triumph 's nigh, The day of tri - umph, the day of tri - umph, the day . . . of triumph 's nigh.

The day of tri - umph, the day of tri-umph, the day . . . of triumph 's nigh.

SONG OF TRIUMPH. Continued.

Onward, vict'ry hov-ers o'er you, Soon the battle will be won. Onward, vict'ry hov - ers o'er you,

Vice and er-ror flee be - fore you, As the darkness flies the day.

Onward, vict'ry hov-ers o'er you, Soon the battle will be won. Onward, vict'ry hov - ers o'er you,

Soon the battle will be won.

Gird the gos-pel ar - mor on you, Look for guidance from a - bove; God and an-gels smile up-on you, Hast - en, then, your work of love.

Soon the battle will be won.

SONG OF TRIUMPH. Continued.

On-ward, on - ward, nev - er fal - ter, Cease not till the earth is free, till the earth is free; Then shall millions round God's al - tar Thunder shouts of

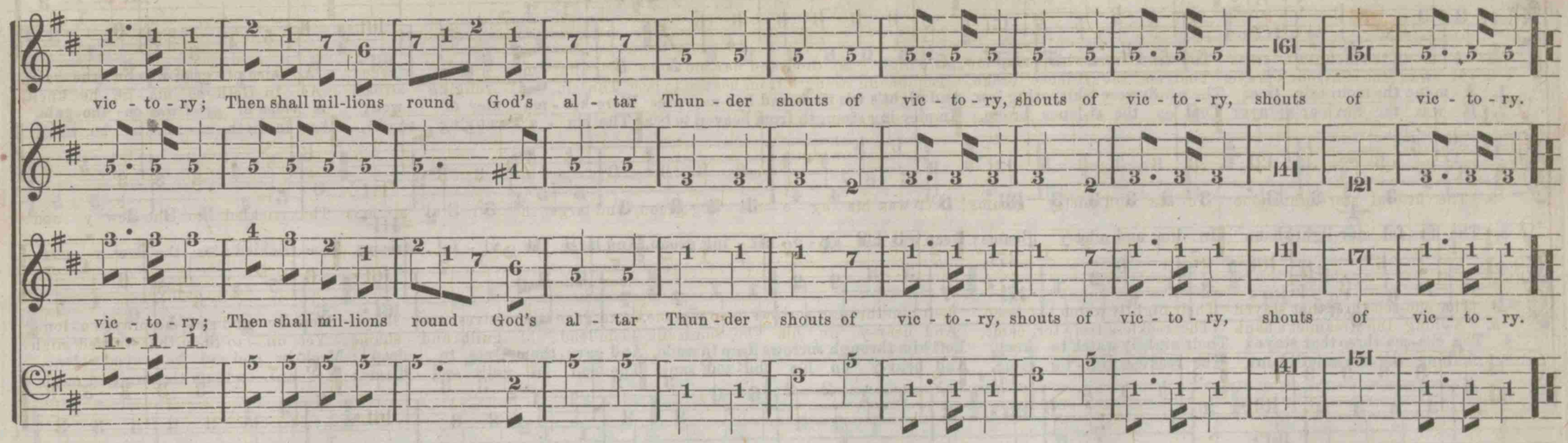
On-ward, on - ward, nev - er fal - ter, Cease not till the earth is free, till the earth is free; Then shall millions round God's al - tar Thunder shouts of

vic - to - ry, Thunder shouts of vic - to - ry. Then shall mil-lions round God's al - tar Thun-der shouts of vic - to - ry, Thun-der shouts of
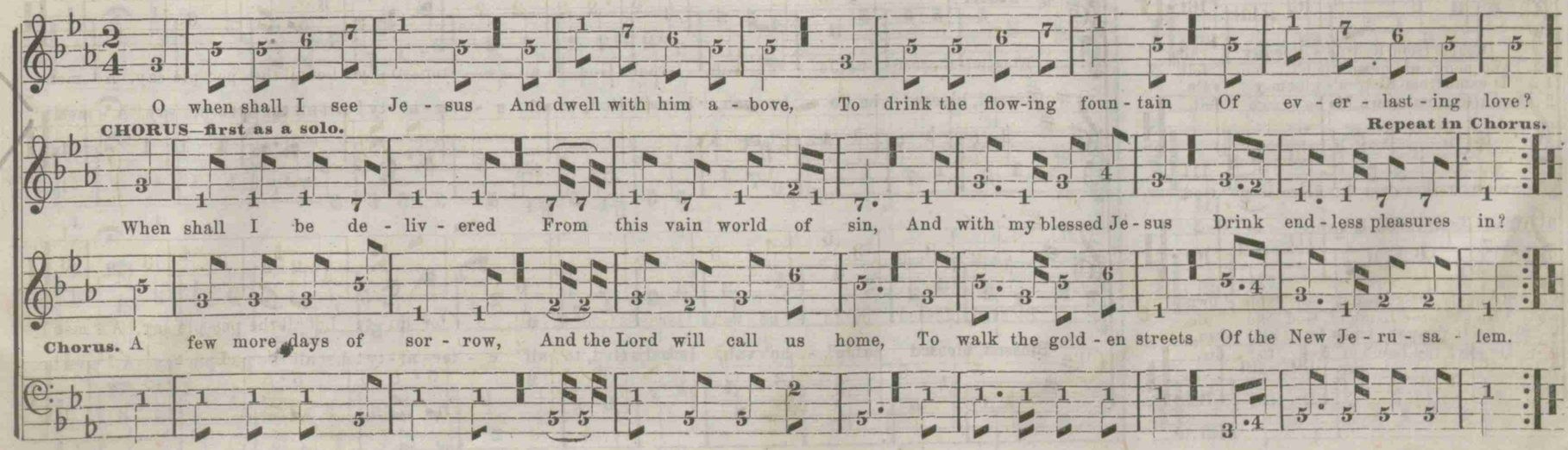
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vic - to - ry, Thunder shouts of vic - to-ry. Then shall mil-lions round God's al - tar Thun-der shouts of vic - to-ry, Thun-der shouts of

Thun-der shouts of vic - to - ry, Thunder shouts of vic - to - ry,



SCOTTVILLE. 7s & 6s, with Chorus.



Words by T. J. EDMONDSON.

GETHSEMANE. 6, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

A. D. F.

1. A - mong the mountain trees The winds were whispering low, And night's ten thousand har-mo - nies Were har - mo - nies of woe; A voice of grief was on the gale,
2. It was the Saviour's prayer That on the si-lence broke, Implor-ing strength from heaven to bear The sin - a - venging stroke, As in Geth - se - ma - ne he knelt,
3. The fit - ful star-light shone In dim and mist-y gleams; Deep was his ag - o - niz - ing groan, And large the vi - tal streams That trickled to the dew-y sod.
4. The cho-sen three that stayed Their nightly watch to keep, Left him through sorrows deep to wade, And gave themselves to sleep: Meek-ly and sad he prayed a-lone,
5. A-long the streamlet's bank The reckless trai - tor came, And heav-y on his bo - som sank The load of guilt and shame: Yet un - to them that wait-ed nigh

DOXOLOGY. I.

Slow.
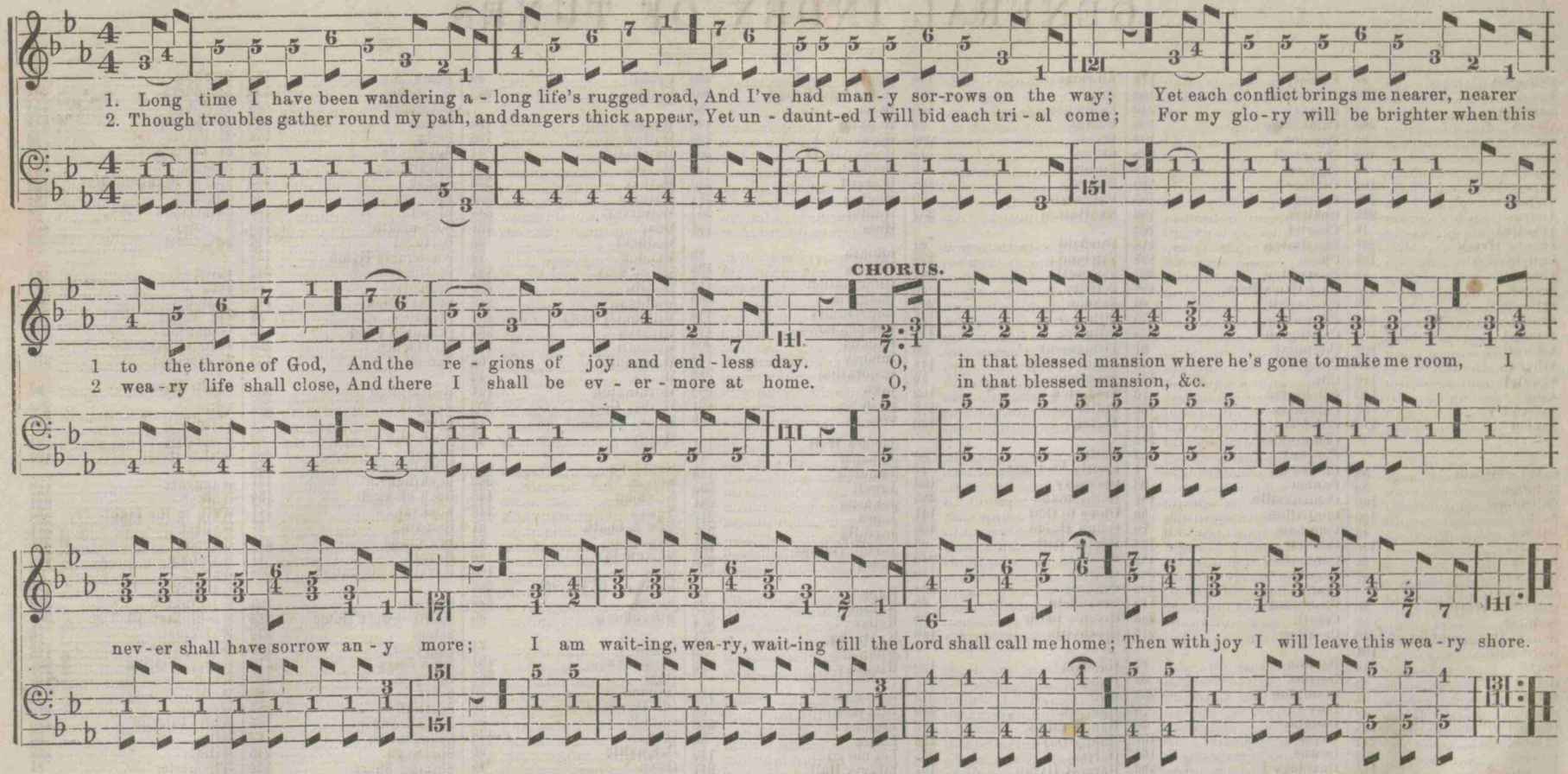
1 It came from Kedron's gloom-y vale.
2 And pangs unknown his bo - som felt.
3 While Jesus raised his voice to God.
4 Strangely for-got - ten by his own.
5 He gave the Lamb of God to die.

Blessed, blessed be Je - ho - vah, Israel's God, to all e - ter - ni - ty! Let all the peo-ple say, A - men!

Blessed, blessed be Je - ho - vah, Israel's God, to all e - ter - ni - ty! Let all the peo-ple say, A - men!

WEARY WAITING.

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3. I'll not murmur at my trials,
For this world is not my rest;
Its afflictions refine, but ne'er destroy.
In that realm of light and glory
All my wants will be redressed,
In that mansion prepared for all the bless'd.
O, in that blessed mansion, &c.

4. This earthly house will soon dissolve,
And mortal life be o'er;
And my weary soul shall ever be at rest:
Then cares and sore temptations
Will afflict my heart no more,
In that mansion prepared for all the bless'd.
O, in that blessed mansion, &c.

5. I will journey as a pilgrim here,
And cheer my way with song,
Boldly marching along life's rugged road;
It may be rough and thorny, but
'Twill not be very long,
And will end in the paradise of God.
O, in that blessed mansion, &c.

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