THE

# SACRED MELODEON,

CONTAINING A GREAT VARIETY OF THE MOST

## APPROVED CHURCH MUSIC,

SELECTED CHIEFLY FROM THE OLD STANDARD AUTHORS,

With Many Original Compositions.

ON A NEW SYSTEM OF NOTATION.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF CHURCHES, SINGING SOCIETIES, AND ACADEMIES

BY A. S. HAYDEN.

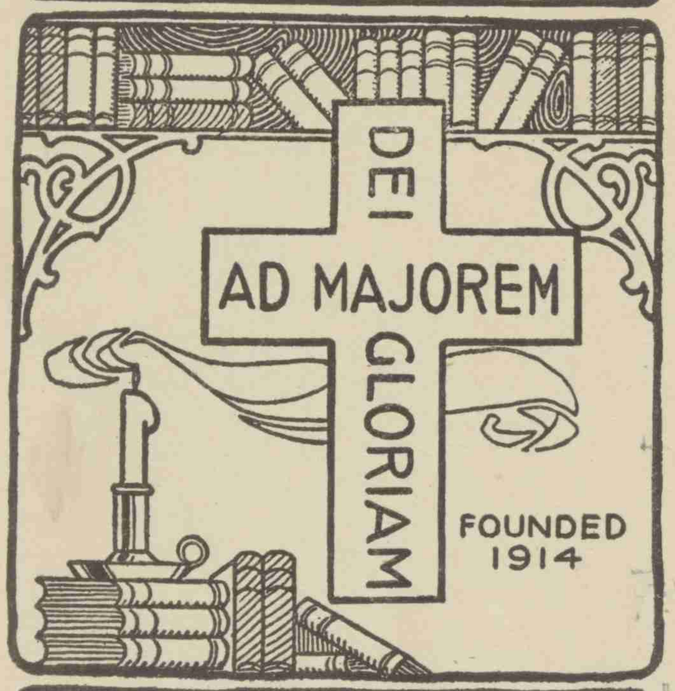
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# PREFACE.

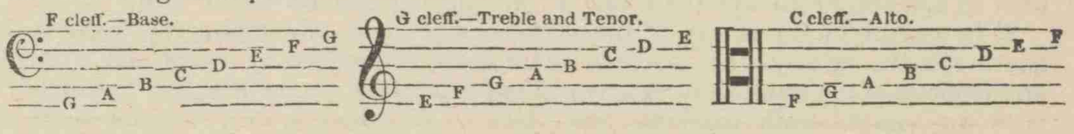
Music is power; and it should always be employed in behalf of the cause of man's redemption. The hymn-book and the music-book belong together. Neither is complete without the other. The one is a branch from the vineyards of Engedi. Every hymn is a cluster, every stanza a grape ruddy with new wine. In the voice of song the wine breaks its confinement, and flows through all the heart, exhilarating our spiritual nature with the joys and comforts of religion. Still we have too much church music. To have a few good devotional tunes well learned and repeatedly sung, is infinitely more delightful and useful than to have many tunes, known by scarcely half the worshippers. A crying complaint is heard almost everywhere of the displacing of the old, well-tried, and heart-stirring melodies, by many new ones which have little else than novelty to recommend them. The tunes that our fathers loved are becoming strange to us and to our children. The music of the church and the Christian family should rather lead its way to the heart than to the imagination; it should consult the feelings rather than the fancy. Much that is called church music is distinguished by the regularity of its cadences, and the chime of its classic harmony; but it possesses no power to lay hold of our moral nature, and melt and mould us into the lovely form of divine truth. An attempt is here made to embody the grave, touching, and enrapturing tunes that enkindle devotion and cause the spirit of the Christian to glow with piety. It is not so much the purpose of this work to present new music to the public, (although many choice new tunes are contained in it,) as to collect and give anew to the world many pieces hallowed by long use in the sanctuaries of the family and the church, and endeared to myriads by their power to please and warm the heart to praise.

Another evil, loudly and justly complained of, is the alteration of the harmony and sometimes even the melody of the old, well-known tunes. Often the *choir* sing a tune, as it stands altered in a book before them, which compels all the Christians in the assembly to be silent, for the inspiration is taken from their lips. Thus the singing (not the worship, for such it is not) is removed quite away from the body of the church. As far as possible, the tunes in this book are given in their original structure.

Every simplification of the process of teaching a science is an improvement. An effort to make it clear and plain to the understanding is an effort to confer a benefit on the world. Such efforts must not trench on the science itself—they must leave it in its entireness and integrity. To do this would be to strike down the columns of her temple, to mar its structure and deface its beauty. But the "vision should be written and made plain so that he may run that readeth it." The obstacles should be removed that obstruct the entrance to the temple. To many persons the knowledge of music seems as perplexing and difficult to obtain as that of the Greek language. These persons consider the effort a fruitless one, and they conclude to pass through life without it. Professor J. B. Aikin,* in his "Christian Minstrel," published in Philadelphia, has introduced a new system of musical notation which greatly abbreviates the time of study, by removing a number of useless and perplexing distinctions which have too long encumbered this most useful and delightful science. This work is published on that system, in the full persuasion that it is evidently so superior to the other systems of notation that it cannot but soon pass into favour with all who become acquainted with it. These improvements consist chiefly of the following particulars:

1. In correcting the position of the letters on the staff.
2. Discarding the theory of the minor scale.
3. The use of flats and sharps as signatures, to determine the key, is laid aside
4. The use of only *three* varieties of time instead of *nine*.
5. The shape of every note in the scale indicates its name.

A few words will be deemed sufficient in explanation of these particulars. Formerly the letters were applied to the staff in three different ways, as shown by the following examples:




Here was confusion. Here are three not only differing but conflicting theories in the *principle* of setting the letters to the staff, in the same book, nay in the same tune! Why embarrass the pupil with three systems, when one answers every purpose? The truth is, few learners ever made themselves *familiar* with more than one system of lettering, the one belonging to the part they were taught to sing. The Base singers, for example, learned the letters as applied to their staff, chiefly or entirely neglecting the others; and so of the rest. At length authors struck out the C cleff, thus reducing, by one third, the course of study in this branch of the science. This was found to answer every purpose of the former method. But still there remain two systems to be taught and learned. And why not, as here proposed, proceed one step farther, and set the letters on all the staffs alike? Then when one is learned all are learned.

Another very important advantage in this improvement is, that it enables the performer to discover and trace the harmony of all the parts with so much ease. The most difficult thing, perhaps, for the pupil to acquire, in the whole course of his

* The author is indebted to this gentleman for much assistance in preparing this volume, especially in reference to the introductory matter.



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study, is the relation of the notes or sounds of the Base to the other parts. In spite of theory, he wants to believe that notes on the same line or space in all the staffs are on the same degree of sound. But the double notation theory says *No:* and it is hard for him to understand and believe this contradiction of the voice of common sense. By the single system of notation this difficulty is removed; and he feels the fitness of placing the same *letter*, the same *note*, and the same *sound*, on the same *line* or *space* of all the staffs.

Performers on instruments, the piano for instance, will derive, if possible, still greater advantages from this correction. The right hand is taught that a certain line is B, another D, another F. Now for the left hand. That which is B for the right hand is not B for the left hand, but another one is B. The degree on the staff that the right hand strikes for A, the left hand must not touch, but look out another. Here are two theories to be learned *by the same hands of the same person!* and it is hard for Miss Left Hand to see why she may not follow Master Right Hand, and apply the letters to the same degrees that he does. But adopt one notation and all is harmony. The ordinary range of the human voice is about *two octaves*, and the *medium* sound of this range belongs properly to the *middle* line of the staff But the letter G on well-tuned instruments represents this *medium* sound; therefore the letter G ought to stand on the *middle line*. Thus the range of letters and of sounds is as far above as it is below this medium sound and middle line; and both in fact and to the eye the voice is correctly represented on the staff.

2. In regard to the theory of the *minor scale*. It is said that every *major* scale has a relative *minor*; and that this minor scale is obtained by a new and artificial arrangement of the semitones. It is confessed that this is not *natural*, but "artificial." Now the simple truth touching this point is, that there is one, only one scale of musical sounds, embracing seven intervals. This one natural scale, with its sharp 4th, 5th, &c., contains every possible variety of musical sound. All music is composed in this scale. What is called the minor scale is in fact portions of two scales. Take a range of sounds commencing below the *key*, on the 6th of the scale, and ascend above the key to the 6th of the scale above, and compose tunes in this range, with reference to the 6th as the tonic, and such tunes will generally have a plaintive and soothing effect; not "artificially," but *naturally:* and then the semitones remain in their natural places and obey their own ordinary rules. It is plain that the minor scale is in reality sections of two natural scales. It follows, therefore, that when the pupil is fully instructed in the octave, he has fully learned all the natural sounds, and all their relations. Then after the scholar has learned all this, to tell him there is another set of scales, called *minor*, is to tell him what is not true in fact, and to confuse and perplex his mind with new and useless distinctions.

3. How to find the key. To ascertain the place of *one*, or the first degree of the scale, flats or sharps are set at the beginning of the tunes. These flats and sharps are styled the "signature," or *sign* of the key. This sign is a dark symbol to myriads. And why use the difficult *sign*, when the word *Key* so plainly tells *precisely the same thing*.

4. The continued use of *nine* or more varieties of time seems not necessary. All authors, indeed nature herself, recognise three kinds of measure, depending on the spirit or movement of the tune. 1. The double measure; 2. The triple; 3. The compound. More than these there are not. But authors have divided the double measure into four varieties; the triple into three; and the compound into two The object of so many varieties is to direct the rate or time of singing the tune But it is clear that these signs of time do not give the tune any certain or absolute movement. The speed or time of performance depends far more on the tastes and habits of the leader than on these signs. One leader will perform the quickest variety of double measure in more time than another would the slowest. These distinctions answer no purpose therefore, but to impede the progress of the pupil. Use one symbol to show the nature of the measure, and a directive term over the tune to indicate the rate of movement, and every useful purpose is gained.

5. In regard to character notes. Any thing that enables the singer to strike the tones with certainty and fulness is of advantage to the practical musician. Giving to each of the sounds in the octave a symbol or note to represent it, is so manifest an advantage to the performer that it is difficult to see what objection could be reasonably urged against it. The eye is the quickest of all the senses, and not only is the singer directed to the sound by the *position* of the note, (a conclusion to which he comes, however quickly, by a process of calculation,) but, in addition, he enjoys the advantage of an instantaneous perception of it by the sight of the eye. He can thus leap from one interval to another, and range through all the tones with a facility which few attain without this aid. Farther, in the science of numbers we have nine numerical *values* represented by nine *figures* or symbols. How absurd the attempt to publish an arithmetic *with only one figure;* and in which the value which this figure represents could be known only by the position it occupies! Music books all in round notes are arithmetics with only one figure; those with four shapes have only a little more than half enough figures to represent the *values* contained in the science. Every sound should have its own note or symbol, and every note its own name.

In this work, as in a former one, the author has endeavoured to displace words that are entirely religious, and to supply their place with good moral poetry. The reason for this change will appear obvious and satisfactory on a little reflection. If the Most High "will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain;" and if to utter it in a light and thoughtless manner is to take it in vain, what guilt is incurred in the singing-school! Even the conscientious pupil is, by the common use of sacred stanzas to the tunes, in some sort obliged to incur the guilt of profanity, as it is nearly or quite impossible for him whilst learning the tune and applying the lines, to bestow the attention on the sentiment that words of devotion require. This is a point of great importance; and parents, if they desire their children to grow up in innocency, with consciences pure and tender, ought not to place them in circumstances where they are obliged to trifle with the most glorious and fearful names that human or angelic language can express. Thanks to many distinguished and conscientious persons, whose influence encourages this reform in the publication of this work.

*Euclid, Ohio.* Nov. 1848. A. S. HAYDEN

# ELEMENTS OF MUSIC.

MUSICAL sounds may be considered in reference to their *Pitch*, *Length*, and *Force*. And upon these are founded three departments, which embrace the whole of the elementary principles of music.

*Pitch* regards a sound as *high* or *low*. *Length*, as *long* or *short*. *Force*, as *loud* or *soft*.

## FIRST DEPARTMENT.—PITCH.

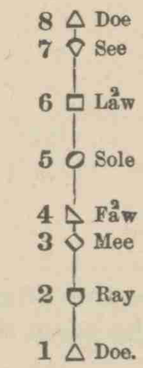
At the foundation of the high and low sounds lies a series of eight sounds, called *the octave*.

The distance between two sounds is called an *interval*.

The intervals, throughout the whole variety of pitch, are always uniform, though not equal to one another.

Certain of these intervals are only half as great as others. Hence we have what are properly called the greater and the less intervals, which, for the sake of convenience, are denominated *whole-intervals* and *half-intervals*.

The voice, in producing the eight sounds ascending, naturally passes from the first sound taken, a whole-interval to the second sound; from the second sound, a whole-interval to the third; from the third sound, a half-interval to the fourth—then proceeds to the fifth, sixth, and seventh, by whole-intervals: and from the seventh, the next step is a half-interval, to the eighth, making five whole-intervals, and two half-intervals. These eight sounds and the seven natural intervals form the scale of an octave; thus:



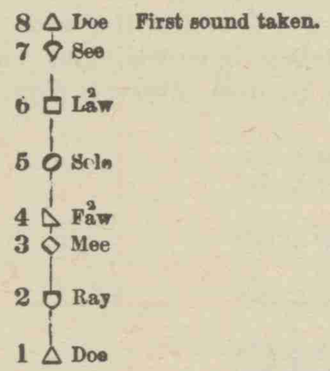

These notes, called *Doe*, *Ray*, *Me*, &c., represent the sounds; and the spaces between the notes represent the whole and half-intervals. From 1 to 2, from 2 to 3, from 4 to 5, from 5 to 6, and from 6 to 7, are whole-intervals—from 3 to 4, and from 7 to 8, are half-intervals.

### QUESTIONS.

What three qualities belong to every musical sound? [*Ans.* Pitch, length, and force.] Into how many departments are the elements of music divided? [*Ans.* Three.] What is pitch? [*Ans.* Pitch regards a sound as high or low.] What is length? [*Ans.* Length regards a sound as long or short.] What is force? [*Ans.* Force regards a sound as loud or soft.] What does the first department embrace? [*Ans.* All the high and low sounds, of every variety of pitch. What lies at the foundation of the high and low sounds? [*Ans.* A series of eight sounds, called the octave.] What is an interval? [*Ans.* The distance between two sounds.] Are the intervals or steps in the voice uniform and equal to one another? [*Ans.* They are uniform, but not equal.] What are the greater intervals called? [*Ans.* Whole-intervals.] What the less? [*Ans.* Half-intervals.] In what order do the intervals occur when the voice produces the eight sounds ascending? [*Ans.* Two whole-intervals in succession, then a half-interval, then three whole-intervals in succession, then another half-interval.] Is this order natural or artificial? [*Ans.* Natural.] What is an octave? [*Ans.* Eight sounds.] What do the notes Doe, Ray, Me, &c., represent? [*Ans.* Musical sounds.] What interval occurs between 1 and 2, or Doe and Ray? [*Ans.* A whole-interval.] What between 2 and 3, or Ray and Me? &c. What is the distance between 1 and 3? [*Ans.* Two whole-intervals.] What is the distance between 1 and 4? [*Ans.* Two whole-intervals and a half.] What is the distance between 1 and 8? [*Ans.* Five whole-intervals and two half-intervals.]

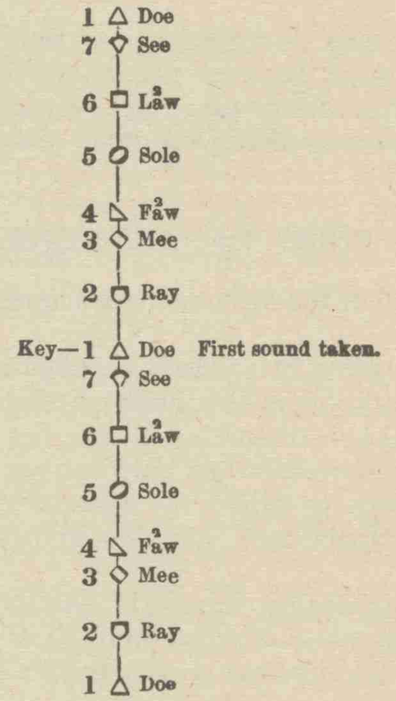
In descending, the voice *naturally* falls from the first sound taken a half-interval—then three whole-intervals in succession—then another half-interval—then two whole-intervals in succession—making five whole-intervals and two half-intervals.

These eight sounds and seven natural intervals form the scale of an octave descending, thus:




Thus it may be seen, the voice produces the same series of sounds, and passes over the same intervals, and forms the same scale, whether in ascending or descending an octave.

If the voice is extended either above or below the octave, it will naturally pass over the same gradation of sounds and intervals, as far as the compass of the voice extends. For example, take *any* sound, and raise the voice by the regular intervals an octave—then descend the octave, by the same steps, to the first sound taken—proceed an octave below—and you have a scale of two octaves in all respects similar, in each of which are eight sounds and seven natural intervals. The voice thus *naturally* forms, upon the first sound taken, two octaves; and this (the first sound taken) becomes the key or governing sound in the ear and voice.




### QUESTIONS.

By what intervals does the voice proceed in forming an octave descending? [*Ans.* First, a half-interval, then three whole-intervals in succession, then another half, then two whole intervals in succession.] Is this order of sounds and intervals natural or artificial? [*Ans.* Natural.] What will be the result if the voice is extended above or below the octave? [*Ans.* It will naturally pass over the same gradation of sounds and intervals, as far as the compass of the voice extends.] What is this Key? [*Ans.* The governing sound in the ear and voice.] How the governing sound? [*Ans.* It governs or determines the pitch of all the other sounds in the octave.] How does the voice form a scale of two octaves? [*Ans.* Take *any* sound and raise the voice by the regular intervals an octave—then descend the octave by the same steps to the first sound taken—proceed an octave below, and you have a scale of two octaves.] Is this gradation of sounds and intervals natural or artificial? [*Ans.* Natural.]

The figures 1, 2, 3, &c., are used to distinguish the different sounds in the octave, and designate precisely the distance of each sound from the key, and its relation to it.

The key is always called 1, and the other numbers are appropriated to the sounds of the octave ascending.

The eighth sound of the octave ascending is always the first, or key of the octave above, and is therefore called 1, and the key or 1 is always the eighth of the octave below.

The key is not any particular sound; it may be of any pitch, higher or lower, and the natural rise and fall of the voice will be the same.

Neither is 2, or 5, or any other number in the scale, a particular sound except with reference to the key. Whatever may be the pitch of the key, 2 will always be one whole-interval above the key, 3 will be two whole-intervals, and 4 will be two whole-intervals and one half-interval above the key, &c.

From the fact that the voice assumes no particular pitch as the key, and always distributes all the other sounds of the octave with reference to the key, throughout the whole range of its compass, arises the necessity of having fixed or stationary sounds by which to be governed.

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The *fixed* or *stationary* sounds are obtained by means of instruments.

Instruments are constructed and tuned so as to please the ear; and of course are made to correspond with the sounds and intervals of the voice.

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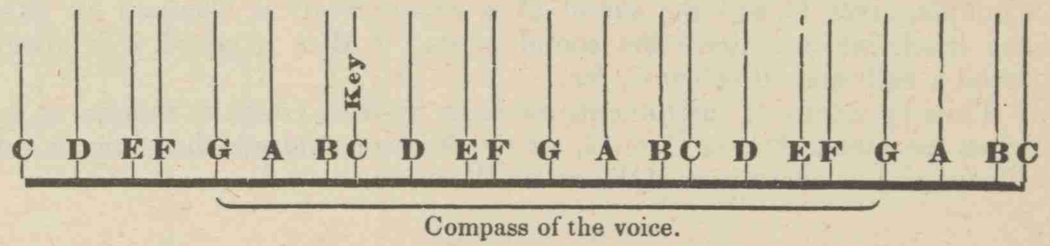
**QUESTIONS.**

What is the use of the figures 1, 2, 3, &c.? [*Ans.* They are used to distinguish the different sounds in the octave.] What numeral is always applied to the key? [*Ans.* 1.] How are the other numbers appropriated? [*Ans.* To the sounds of the octave ascending.] How do you explain the connection of the octaves? [*Ans.* The eighth sound of the octave ascending is always the first or the key of the octave above, and is called 1, and the key or 1 is always the eighth of the octave below.] Do you mean by the key a sound of any particular pitch? [*Ans.* No, it may be of any pitch higher or lower, and the natural rise and fall of the voice will be the same.] Is 2, or 5, or any other number in the scale a particular sound? [*Ans.* It is not, except with reference to the key; whatever may be the pitch of the key, 2 will always be one whole-interval above the key, 3 will be two whole-intervals, &c.] Whence arises the necessity of having fixed or stationary sounds? [*Ans.* From the fact that the voice assumes no particular pitch as the key, and consequently distributes all the other sounds of the octave variously, throughout the whole range of its compass.] How are fixed or stationary sounds obtained? [*Ans.* By means of instruments.] How are instruments made? [*Ans.* Constructed and tuned so as to please the ear.] Do the sounds and intervals on instruments correspond with the sounds and intervals of the voice? [*Ans.* They do, from the fact that nature has constituted or formed the ear so as to agree with the voice.] May instruments be made higher and lower than the compass of the voice? [*Ans.* Yes. It is found by experience that the ordinary compass of the voice embraces about two octaves, but the ear will distinguish sounds and intervals on an instrument in a range from six to seven octaves.] How is it ascertained what sounds are embraced within the compass of the voice? [*Ans.* By ascending and descending the fixed or stationary sounds on instruments.] Why study instrumental sounds, when you only desire to learn vocal music? [*Ans.* Because it is only by means of fixed or stationary sounds that music is reduced to a science.] How are the sounds on instruments named? [*Ans.* After the first seven letters of the alphabet.] What is the figure on this page designed to illustrate? [*Ans.* The sounds and intervals on instruments.]

But as the ear readily distinguishes sounds both higher and lower than the compass of the voice extends, instruments are made to embrace a much wider range, extending often to six or seven octaves.

It is found by experience, that the ordinary compass of the voice embraces about two octaves—but it is by means of instruments alone, that it is ascertained what sounds are embraced within the usual extent of its compass; and thus the sounds which the voice is capable of producing are located and specified, so that one sound may be compared with another, the instrument always being the standard of comparison.

The sounds on instruments are named after the first seven letters of the alphabet, as in the following illustration.




Compass of the voice.

In this illustration, the lettered lines represent the sounds on instruments, and the spaces between the lines the whole and half-intervals.

The compass of the voice is indicated by the brace, which extends from G to G, embracing two octaves.

In the application of these seven letters as names to the several sounds of the octave on instruments, it was necessary that one of the seven should be applied to the key. Any letter might have been selected; but C was the letter applied to the key.

The half-intervals, therefore, on all instruments occur between E and F, and between B and C.

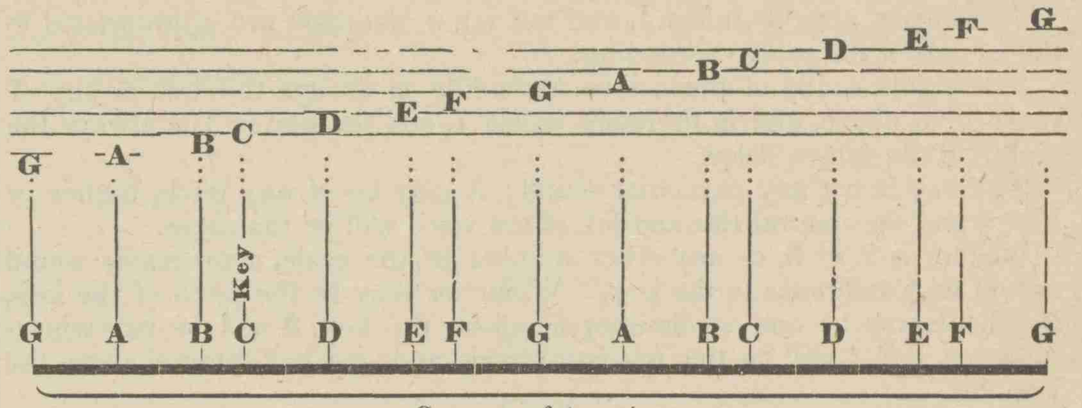
C is the same sound on all instruments. D is the same sound; A; and so of all the other letters.

An instrument that produces but one sound, if it produces that sound at all times without variation, (which is the case with the tone-fork,) will furnish the means of ascertaining all the other sounds. If the instrument, for example, gives C, and the sound D is required—D is obtained by rising one whole-interval above the sound given; if B is required, it is always found a half-interval below C, &c.

Thus by means of instruments we have fixed and definite sounds, so that when we speak of A, or C, or G, we speak of a sound which is known to be always and in every part of the world the same.

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In order to write these sounds, a scale of letters corresponding with the letters on the instrument must be constructed, and so arranged as to indicate the pitch of any sound intended to be represented—so that upon this scale each sound upon the instrument shall have its own fixed position upon the paper, and be known by its own name. For this purpose a staff is used, which is composed of five lines and the spaces between them, thus:—




Compass of the voice.

The letters or names of the sounds on instruments are thus transferred to the staff; each line and space having its corresponding name, and representing a particular sound. The first line of the staff is C; the first space is D; the second line is E, &c. These five lines with their spaces constituting the most convenient staff, furnish nine places for notes.

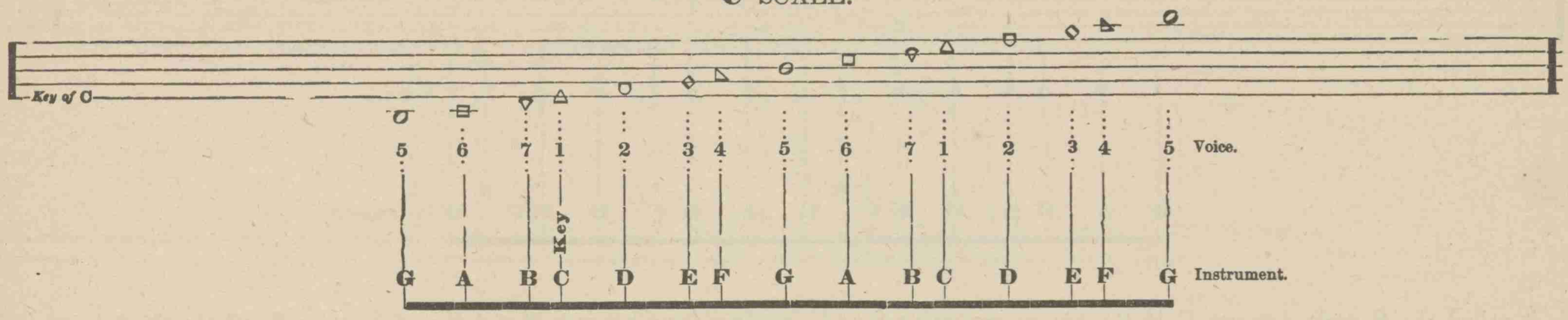
The compass of the voice is from G, second space below the staff, to G second space above it; and when music is written for the full compass of the voice, the spaces immediately above and below the staff; also the short lines, called *added lines*, are used.

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### QUESTIONS.

What letter is applied to the key or governing sound on instruments? [*Ans.* C.] Was this arbitrary? [*Ans.* It was.] What letter should have been applied to the key? [*Ans.* A.] Why should A have been applied to the key instead of C? [*Ans.* Because A is the first letter of the alphabet, and the octave on instruments should have commenced with A, so that A on the instrument, and 1 of the voice, B and 2, &c., would have been together.] From the fact that C is applied to the key, where do the half-intervals occur on instruments? [*Ans.* Between E and F, and B and C.] Do the sounds on all correct instruments correspond? [*Ans.* They do.] Are the numbers 1, 2, 3, &c., ever appropriated as names to the sounds of instruments? [*Ans.* No. It is only when we speak of the voice that we use the numbers.] Could you arrive at the true sound of any number or letter by means of an instrument that produces invariably a given pitch? [*Ans.* Yes.] If an instrument gives the sound C, how do you obtain the pitch D? [*Ans.* By rising one whole-interval above the sound given.] What is necessary in order to write music? [*Ans.* The staff.] What is the staff? [*Ans.* Five lines and four spaces.] Why are the lines and spaces named after the first seven letters of the alphabet? [*Ans.* Because the sounds on instruments are thus named.] How many places for notes does the staff furnish? [*Ans.* Nine.] Does the compass of the voice extend above and below the staff? [*Ans.* Yes. The ordinary compass of the voice is from G, second space below the staff, to G, second space above it.] Why is the staff constructed of five lines only? [*Ans.* It is found to be the most convenient.] What is the use of added lines? [*Ans.* They are used when music extends above or below the staff.] Why is G placed on the middle line of the staff? [*Ans.* Because the sound called G on instruments is found to be about the central sound of the compass of the voice.]

## C SCALE.




This scale of notes occupying the places of the letters on the staff, represents the fixed or stationary sounds on the instruments.

C is the key or governing sound; this is therefore called the C scale.

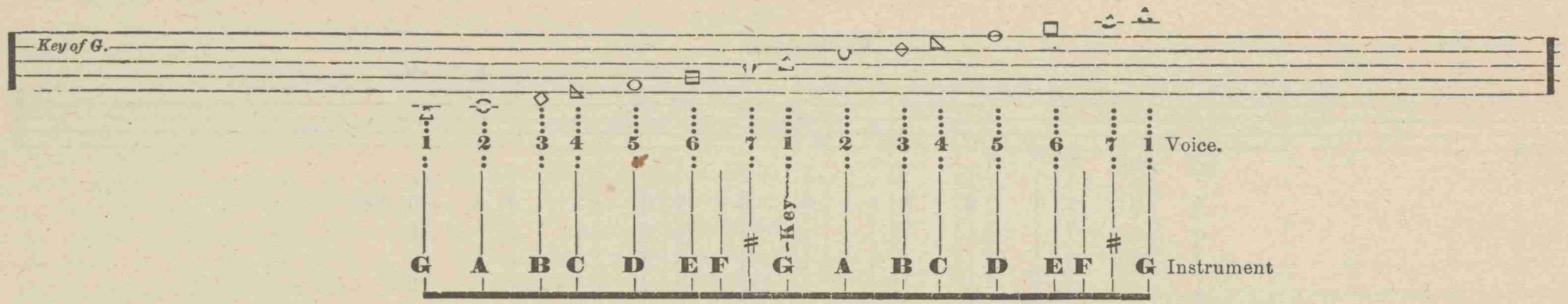
To assist in obtaining with accuracy and fixing in the ear each sound of the scale, seven distinct names are applied to the notes in the octave. In singing the scale, **1**, (the *key*,) is called Doe; **2** is called Ray; **3** is called Mee; **4** is called Fåw, (å as in *far*;) **5** is called Sole; **6** is called Låw, (å as in *far*;) and **7** is called See. The same syllable, and the same note, being always applied to the same number of the scale.

This C scale, and the succeeding scales, should be practised first continuously, and then by skips, as **1, 3, 5, 8;—1, 5;—1, 5, 8;—1, 8, &c.,** until (the key being given) the pupil can give the sound of any number required, or of any note pointed out on the staff.

### QUESTIONS.

How is the pitch of sounds indicated? [*Ans.* By the position of the notes on the staff.] What is this scale called? [*Ans.* The C scale.] What do you understand by the key? [*Ans.* The governing sound in the ear and voice.] What do the numerals under the staff show? [*Ans.* The natural rise and fall of the voice.] In singing the scale, how many names or syllables are applied to the notes in the octave? [*Ans.* Seven.] What names are used? [*Ans* *Doe* is always applied to 1, *Ray* to 2, *Mee* to 3, *Faw* to 4, *Sole* to 5, *Law* to 6, and *See* to 7.] Is the same name or syllable always given to the same number? [*Ans.* Yes, always.] On what line or space is *Doe* in this scale? [*Ans.* On the first or lower line, and fourth space.] On what is *Mee?* [*Ans.* On the second line, and first space above the staff.] On what is *Sole?* [*Ans.* On the second space below the staff, on the third or middle line of the staff, and on the second space above the staff.] To what number of the scale is *Sole* always applied? [*Ans.* To the fifth.] To what is *Mee?* [*Ans.* To the third.] To what is *Law?* [*Ans.* To the sixth.] To what is *Faw?* [*Ans.* To the fourth.] Sing the scale.

## G SCALE.




This is called the G scale, because G is the key or governing sound of the scale.

The natural rise and fall of the voice is the same, whatever may be the key.

Different letters or sounds are taken as the key, in order to produce a greater variety in the combination of sounds.

### INSTRUMENTAL.

In this scale G is taken as the key; consequently the voice, which naturally produces the half-intervals between 3 and 4 and between 7 and 8, will produce them between B and C, and between F and G; the half-interval between B and C on the instrument will correspond with the voice between 3 and 4, but the half-interval between E and F will not correspond with the whole-interval between 6 and 7 in the voice. Instruments, therefore, in order to perform this scale, must be constructed so as to produce an intermediate sound between F and G, conforming to the whole-interval between 6 and 7 in the voice.

A sound thus raised a half-interval is said to be *sharped*, marked thus #. Hence the rule, ☞When G is the key, ***F*** must be played sharp in every octave.

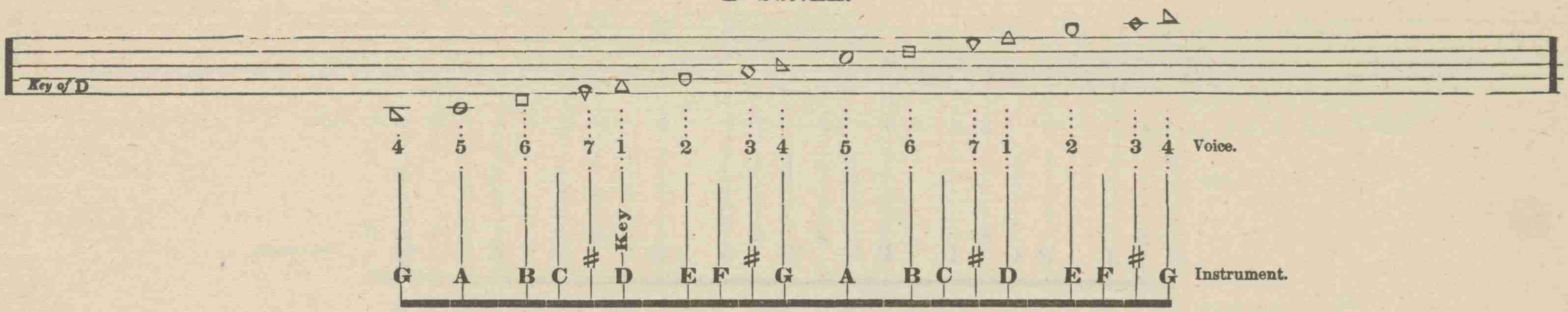
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### QUESTIONS.

What letter or sound is taken as the key in this scale? [*Ans.* G.] Does the voice rise and fall from G in this scale precisely as it does from C in the C scale? [*Ans.* Precisely the same.] Why take different letters or sounds as the key? [*Ans.* In order to produce a greater variety in the combination of sounds upon the instrument and staff.] On what line or space is *Doe* in this scale? [*Ans.* On the second space below the staff, on the third or middle line, and on the second space above the staff.] On what line or space is *Sole?* [*Ans.* On the first space, and fifth line.] Sing the scale.

*Instrumental.*—Between what letters do the half-intervals occur in this scale? [*Ans.* B and C, F and G.] Does the instrument ascend and descend the octave from G in this scale as it does from C in the C scale? [*Ans.* No.] What sound or sounds not introduced in the C scale are required in order to perform the G scale? [*Ans.* An intermediate sound between F and G in each octave.] What letters are performed differently? *Ans.* [F is played sharp.] Why is F played sharp? [*Ans.* To make the instrument correspond with the natural rise and fall of the voice.] What is meant by F sharp? [*Ans.* The sound is raised a half-step, or half-interval.] What is the rule for performing the G scale? [*Ans.* When G is the key, F must be played sharp.]

## D SCALE.




This is called the D scale, because D is the key or governing sound of the scale.

The gradation of sounds as produced by the voice is the same whatever may be the pitch of the key.

### INSTRUMENTAL.

In this scale D is assumed as the key.

From D=1 to E=2 is a whole-interval on the instrument. From E=2 to F sharp=3 is a whole-interval. From F sharp=3 to G=4 is a half-interval. From G=4 to A=5 is a whole-interval. From A=5 to B=6 is a whole-interval. From B=6 to C=7 is a half-interval. But the voice naturally rises a whole-interval from 6 to 7.

Instruments, therefore, in order to perform this scale, must, in addition to being capable of making F sharp, be constructed so as to make an intermediate sound between C and D called C sharp. Then from B=6 to C sharp =7 is a whole-interval, and from C sharp=7 to D is a half-interval, which completes the octave.

☞RULE.—When D is the key, F and C must be played sharp in every octave.

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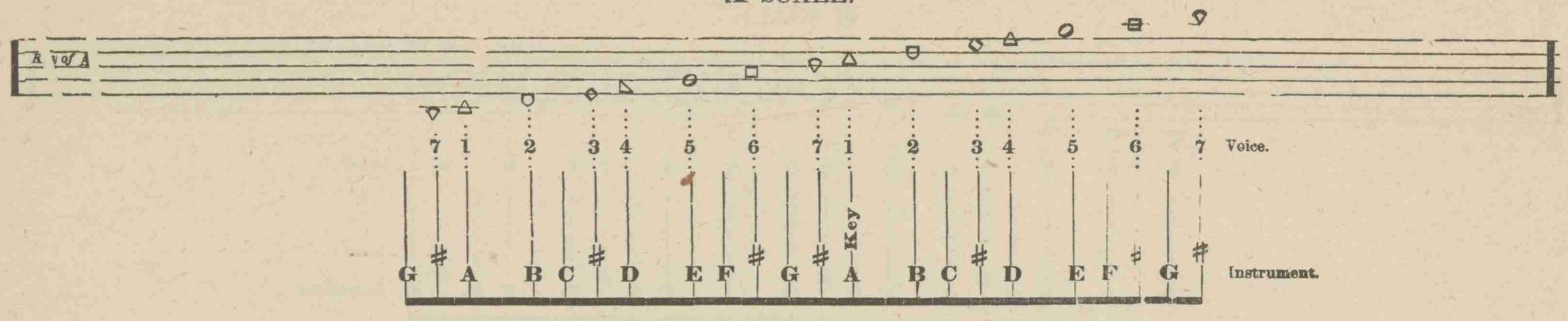
### QUESTIONS.

What letter is taken as the key or governing sound in this scale? [*Ans.* D.] Does the voice produce the same gradation of sounds when it assumes D as the key, as when it assumes C? [*Ans.* Precisely the same.] What name or syllable is applied to the note on D in this scale? [*Ans.* Doe.] How often does Doe occur in this scale? [*Ans.* Twice.] How often does Faw? [*Ans.* Three times.] Sing the scale.

### QUESTIONS.

*Instrumental.*—What sounds different from those necessary in the C scale are required to perform this? [*Ans.* Intermediate sounds between F and G, and C and D.] What letters are required to be performed differently? [*Ans.* F and C must be played sharp.] Why? [*Ans.* To make the instrument please the ear and correspond with the natural rise and fall of the voice.] What is the rule for performing this scale? [*Ans.* When D is the key, F and C must be played sharp.]

## A SCALE.




This is called the A scale, because A is the key or governing sound of the scale.

The voice ascends and descends the octave by the same steps, whatever may be the pitch of the key.

### INSTRUMENTAL.

In this scale A is taken as *one*, or the key; consequently, as may be seen at once, an additional intermediate sound will be required between G and A. Instruments, therefore, in order to perform this scale, must be capable of elevating G a half-interval, or of making G sharp as well as F and C.

RULE.—☞When A is the key, F, C, and G must be played sharp.

*Note.*—This scale may be performed by assuming A flat as the key or governing sound, then observe the following

RULE.—☞When A flat is the key, B, E, A, and D must be played flat.

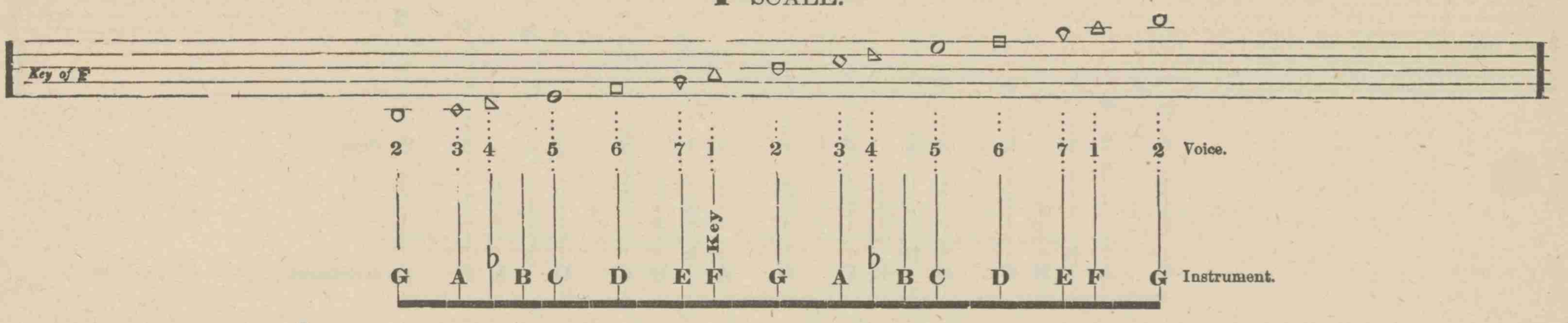
### QUESTIONS.

Why is this called the A scale? [*Ans.* Because A is the key or governing sound of the scale.] What name do you give the note on A? [*Ans.* Doe.] Is Doe always applied to the key or governing sound? [*Ans.* Yes.] Does the voice ascend and descend the octave by the same steps or intervals, whatever may be the pitch of the key? [*Ans.* Yes.] What do you call the note on the third line? [*Ans.* See.] Sing the scale.

*Instrumental.*—What sounds additional to those necessary in the C scale are required in this? [*Ans.* Intermediate sounds between F and G, C and D, and G and A.] Which of these letters are performed differently? [*Ans.* F, C, and G are played sharp.] What is the rule for performing the A scale? [*Ans.* When A is the key, F, C, and G must be played sharp.] What is the second rule? [*Ans.* When A flat is the key, B, E, A, and D must be played flat.] How do you play a letter or sound flat? [*Ans.* It is played a half-interval lower.] Do the notes, syllables, and numerals occupy the same lines and spaces on the staff when the A scale is performed with three sharps as with four flats? [*Ans.* They do.] What is the difference in playing the A scale with four flats? [*Ans.* A flat is taken as the key or governing sound; consequently the whole scale is a half-interval lower.]

### QUESTIONS.

## F SCALE.




This is called the F scale, because F is the key or governing sound of the scale.

The natural rise and fall of the voice is always the same.

### INSTRUMENTAL.

In this scale F is taken as the key. F is 1. From F to G is a whole-interval—from G to A is a whole-interval. From A to B is a whole-interval; but this will not correspond with the voice, which naturally rises and falls a half-interval between 3 and 4. We must therefore have an intermediate sound between A and B, called B flat—marked thus b.

RULE.—☞When F is the key, B must be played flat in every octave.

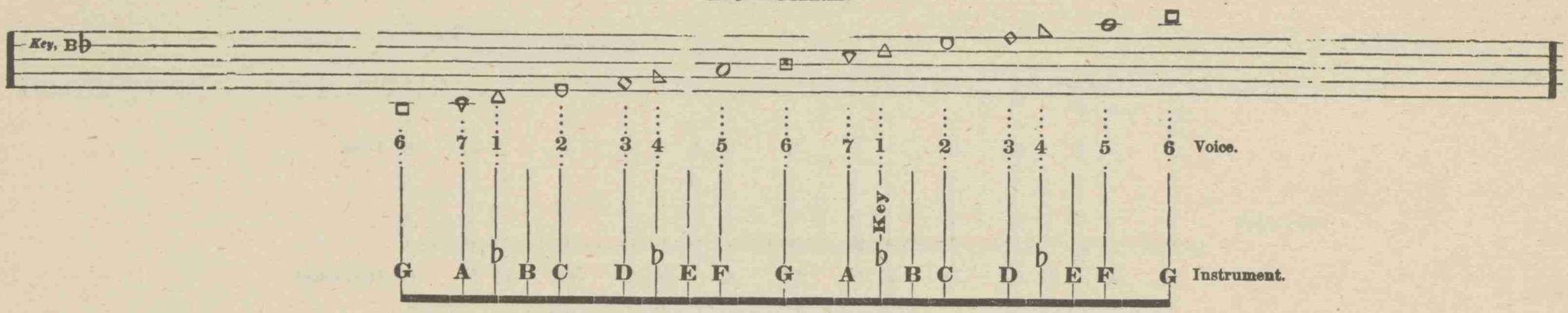
### QUESTIONS.

What letter is the key or governing sound in the ear and voice in this scale? [*Ans.* F.] Does the voice rise and fall from F in this scale as it does from C in the C scale? [*Ans.* Yes. The natural rise and fall of the voice is always the same.] Where is Doe in this scale? [*Ans.* On the second space, and on the added-line above the staff.] On what line or space is Sole? [*Ans.* On the first line and fourth space.] Sing the scale.

### QUESTIONS.

*Instrumental.*—What sounds besides those introduced in the C scale are required to perform this? [*Ans.* An intermediate sound between A and B in each octave.] What letter is to be performed differently? [*Ans.* B is to be played a half-interval lower.] When a letter is performed a half-interval lower, what is it called? [*Ans.* It is called flat.] What is the rule for performing this scale? [*Ans.* When F is the key, B must be played flat in every octave.

## B♭ SCALE.




In this scale B flat is the key or governing sound; it is, therefore, called the B♭ scale.

The voice naturally rises and falls by the same intervals, whatever may be the pitch of the key.

### INSTRUMENTAL.

In this scale B flat is taken as the key or governing sound. And to perform this scale an intermediate sound between D and E is required, called E flat.

RULE.—☞When B flat is the *key* or governing sound, B and E must be played flat in every octave.

NOTE.—This scale is played with B flat and E flat as a convenience to the instrumental performer.

Take B as the key or governing sound, and it will be necessary to play five sharps, in order to make the instrument correspond with the natural rise and fall of the voice.

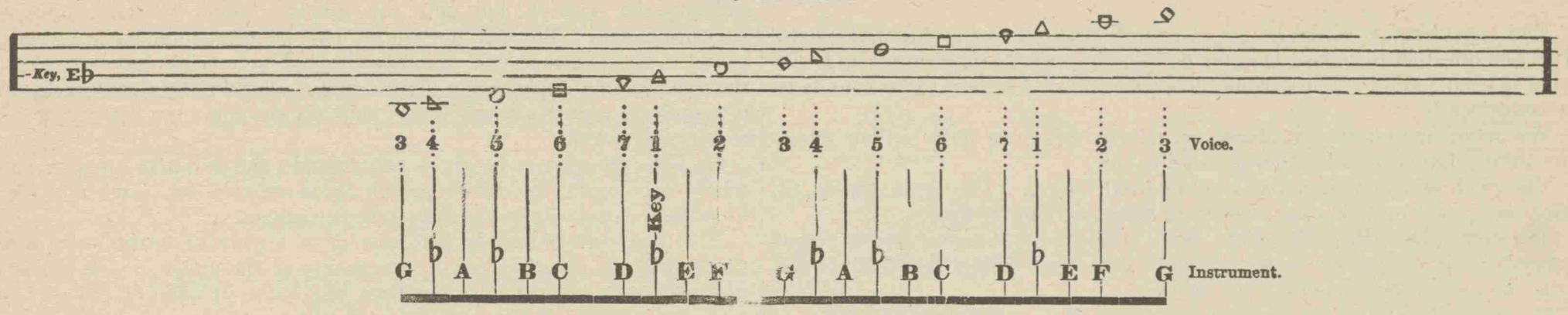
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### QUESTIONS.

On what line or space is Doe in this scale? [*Ans.* On the fourth line and first space below the staff.] What note is on the second line and first space above? [*Ans.* Faw.] What is the name of the note on the added line above the staff? [*Ans.* Sole.] Sing the scale.

*Instrumental.*—What is the pitch of the key or governing sound in this scale? [*Ans.* B♭.] Does the instrument ascend and descend the octave by the same intervals from B♭, as it does from C in the C scale? *Ans.* No.] What sounds different from those in the C scale are required to perform this? [*Ans.* An intermediate sound between A and B, and between D and E.] What letters are performed differently? [*Ans.* B and E are played flat.] What is the rule for performing this scale? [*Ans.* When B flat is the key or governing sound, B and E must be played flat in every octave. Why must B and E be played flat? [*Ans.* To make the instrument correspond with the natural rise and fall of the voice.]

## E♭ SCALE.




In this scale E♭ is the key or governing sound; this is, therefore, called the E♭ scale.

The voice rises and falls by the same intervals, whatever may be the pitch of the key.

In the preceding scales, the *key note*, Doe, has been on every letter on the staff.

INSTRUMENTAL.

In this scale the pitch assumed is E flat. To perform this scale no additional sound is required different from those in the preceding scales. A must be played flat, but G sharp has been already introduced and is precisely the same sound.

RULE.—☞When E flat is the key or governing sound, B, E, and A must be played flat.

*Note.*—This scale may be performed by assuming E as the key or governing sound, then observe the following

RULE.—☞When E is the key, F, C, G, and D must be played sharp.

Instruments, in order to perform the scales, based on every letter, must, it is evident, be constructed upon a scale of half-intervals. Accordingly, all correct instruments are so made.

QUESTIONS.

Is the natural rise and fall of the voice always the same, whatever may be the pitch of the key? [*Ans.* Yes.] In the preceding scales has the key (or 1) been on every letter of the staff? [*Ans.* Yes.] Why are only seven letters used? [*Ans.* Because seven are all that can be used on an instrument, which limits seven to the staff.] What is the use of taking different letters as the key? [*Ans.* It produces a greater variety in the combination of sounds upon the instrument and staff.] Why have such a variety of high and low sounds? [*Ans.* They are used in composing a great variety of tunes.] Is it easier or more natural to sing in one scale than another? [*Ans.* No.] Why? [*Ans.* Because the key may be of any pitch, higher or lower, and the natural rise and fall of the voice will be the same.] On what line or space is Doe in this scale? [*Ans.* On the second line and first space above the staff.] On what letter is Doe? [*Ans.* E.] Is the syllable Doe always applied to the key or 1? [*Ans.* Yes.] What syllable is always applied to 3? [*Ans.* Mee.] What is 5? [*Ans.* Sole.] What to 7? [*Ans.* See.] What to 2? [*Ans.* Ray.] Sing the scale.

QUESTIONS.

*Instrumental.*—What is the key or governing sound of this scale? [*Ans.* E flat.] Is any sound different from those already introduced necessary to perform this scale? [*Ans.* No.] Is A flat the same as G sharp? [*Ans.* Yes.] Is the sharp of any letter the same as the flat of the one next above it? [*Ans.* Yes.] What sounds different from those in the C scale are necessary to perform this? [*Ans.* An intermediate sound between A and B, D and E, G and A.] Which of these are to be performed differently? [*Ans.* B, E and A must be played flat.] What is the rule for performing this scale? [*Ans.* When E flat is the key or governing sound, B, E, and A must be played flat.] Must an instrument be constructed upon a scale of half-intervals in order to perform the scale based on every letter? [*Ans.* Yes.] Can instruments thus made perform this scale of notes, by assuming E as the key? [*Ans.* Yes.] What is the rule? [*Ans.* When E is the key, F, C, G, and D must be played sharp.] Do the numerals, notes, and syllables occupy the same lines and spaces on the staff, when the scale is performed with three flats, as with four sharps? [*Ans.* They do.]

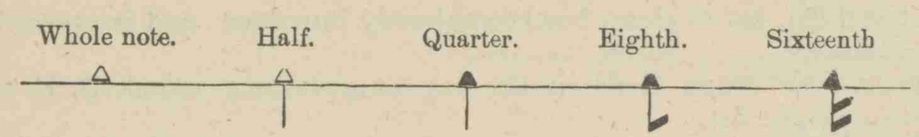
## SECOND DEPARTMENT.—LENGTH.

THE consideration of the length of sounds naturally follows that of pitch. The first question in regard to notes is, What sounds do they represent? Or what is their pitch? The second question is, How long are these sounds to be continued?

We have heretofore considered sounds in reference only to their pitch, and their relation to each other as high or low.

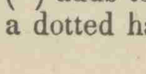
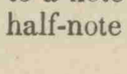
The pitch of sounds is not affected by their length. The same sounds, of whatever pitch, may be continued for a longer or shorter time.

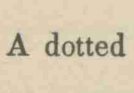
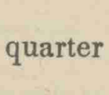
The notes (Doe, Ray, Mee, Faw, Sole, Law, See) which are used to represent *pitch*, also represent *length*, by adding a stem, filling the head of the note, &c., as in the following illustration:




These notes represent five varieties of length, each having its appropriate name expressive of its relative length.

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

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

A dotted quarter  is equal to three eighths  or 

### QUESTIONS.

What is the first question in regard to notes? [*Ans.* What is their *pitch?*] What is the second? [*Ans.* How long are these sounds to be continued?] Does the length of sounds affect their pitch? [*Ans.* No. The same sounds, of whatever pitch, may be continued for a longer or shorter time.] Are we now to consider the same high and low sounds (embraced in the preceding scales) as long or short? [*Ans.* Yes.] Do the same notes which represent *pitch*, also represent *length?* [*Ans.* They do; by adding a stem, filling the head of the note, &c.] How many varieties of length do the notes represent. [*Ans.* Five.] What are their names? [*Ans.* Whole note, half, quarter, eighth, and sixteenth.] How do you know a whole note? [*Ans.* It is an open note without a stem.] How do you know a half-note? [*Ans.* It is an open note with a stem.] How do you know a quarter-note? [*Ans.* The head of the note is filled.] How do you know an eighth-note from a sixteenth? [*Ans.* The eighth-note has one mark to the stem, and the sixteenth has two.] Why is the open note with a stem called a half-note? [*Ans.* Because it represents a sound half as long as the whole note.] What one note is equal to two halves? [*Ans.* The whole note.] What note is equal to two quarters? [*Ans.* The half-note.] How much does a dot add to the length of a note? [*Ans.* The sound is to be continued one-half longer.] Have notes any *positive* length? [*Ans.* No; only the *relative* length of the sounds which they represent.] What is to be our guide as to the time to be occupied in singing a piece of music? [*Ans.* The time occupied in the performance of a piece of music, or any particular passage, is governed by the nature of the music or the character of the sentiment; according to the taste, judgment, or habit of the performer.] How is an idea of the time suggested? [*Ans.* A general idea of the movement of a tune, or of a particular passage, is given by the terms moderate, slow, very slow, lively, very lively, &c.] What are measures? [*Ans.* The equal portions between the bars.] What are bars? [*Ans.* Straight lines drawn across the staff, which divide the tune into the equal portions called measures.]

It should be observed that these notes, whole, half, quarter, &c., do not indicate the positive, but only the relative length of the sounds which they represent. Thus, if the whole note be considered as representing a sound to be continued four *seconds*, the half-note must have two seconds; the quarter, one second; the eighth, half a second; the sixteenth, the fourth of a second; and the dotted whole note, six seconds; the dotted quarter, one second and a half.

Or if to the quarter be given two seconds, the half-note must be four, the whole note eight, the dotted quarter three seconds, &c., each note claiming its relative length in comparison with the others.

The time occupied in the performance of a piece of music, or of any particular passage, is governed by the nature of the music or the character of the sentiment; according to the taste, judgment, or habit of the performer.

A general idea of the movement of a tune, or of a particular passage, is suggested by the use of the following terms, viz: Moderate—slow—very slow—lively—very lively, &c.

*Measures.*—To regulate the time, and to preserve equality throughout, written music is divided into equal portions called *measures*.

*Bars.*—The measures are marked off by straight lines drawn across the staff, which are called *bars*.

Each measure, or portion between the bars, must occupy the same time in the performance, whatever may be the number of the notes.

Measures are also divided into equal portions, called *parts* of *measures*. There are two kinds of measures, equal and unequal.

A measure with two parts is called *equal measure.*

A measure with three parts is called *unequal measure.*

Music written with equal measure is in equal time, and is marked $\frac{2}{2}$ because two half-notes constitute a measure.

Music written with unequal measure is in unequal time, and is marked $\frac{3}{2}$ because three half-notes constitute a measure.

The unequal measure is sometimes doubled, and forms what is called *compound time.* It is marked $\frac{6}{4}$ because six quarter-notes constitute a measure.

To aid in the computation and equal division of the time, certain regular motions of the hand are made; this is called *beating time.*

*Equal measure* has two beats, one to each part of a measure; the first *down*, the second *up.*

*Unequal measure* has three beats, one to each part of a measure; the first *down*, the second *horizontally* to the breast, the third *up.*

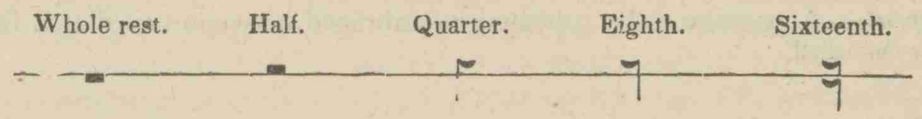
QUESTIONS.

For what are measures used? [*Ans.* To regulate the time, and to preserve a uniformity between different parts of the same piece of music.] Are we governed in time by the length of the measures? [*Ans.* No. By the value of the notes which fill the measures.] If one measure is filled with the whole note, the next measure with two halves, and the next with four quarters, must the time occupied in the performance be the same in each measure? [*Ans.* Yes.] How are measures divided? [*Ans.* Into equal portions, called parts of measures.] How many kinds of measures are there? [*Ans.* Two.] What are they called? [*Ans.* Equal measure and unequal measure.] What is equal measure? [*Ans.* A measure with two parts.] What is unequal measure? [*Ans.* A measure with three parts.] When music is written with equal measure, what kind of time is it called? [*Ans.* Equal time.] How is it marked? [*Ans.* With a figure 2 over a 2 at the commencement of the tune.] Why is it thus marked? [*Ans.* Because two half-notes constitute a measure.] When music is written with unequal measure, what kind of time is it called? [*Ans.* Unequal time.] How is it marked? [*Ans.* With a figure 3 over a figure 2 at the commencement of the tune.] Why is it thus marked? [*Ans.* Because three half-notes constitute a measure.] When the unequal measure is doubled what kind of

Compound time has two beats to the measure, with three quarter-notes, or their value, to each beat.

Rule.—☞The downward beat always begins the measure.

Rests.—There are five different *rests*, or marks of silence, corresponding in time with the five different kinds of notes, as follows:




A *dot* (·) adds to a rest one-half its length.

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

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

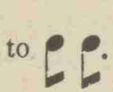
*Slur.*—When one syllable of poetry is to be applied to two or more notes, a *slur* is drawn over or under them, or the stems of the notes are connected. Thus·



QUESTIONS.

time does it form? [*Ans.* Compound time.] How is it marked? [*Ans.* With a figure 6 over a figure 4.] Why? [*Ans.* Because six quarter-notes constitute a measure.] How are we aided in the computation and equal division of the time? [*Ans.* By regular motions of the hand, which is called beating time.] How many beats has equal measure? [*Ans.* Two; one to each part of the measure; the first down, the second up.] How many beats has unequal measure? [*Ans.* Three; one to each part of the measure; the first down, the second left, the third up.] What is the rule? [*Ans.* The downward beat always begins the measure.] What are rests? [*Ans.* Marks of silence.] How many are used? [*Ans.* Five.] How much does a dot add to a rest? [*Ans.* One half its length.] What is said of the pause? [*Ans.* The notes over or under which it is written are to be prolonged indefinitely at the pleasure of the performer.] For what is the staccato used? [*Ans.* It is written over or under a note or several notes when they are to be performed in a short, pointed, and distinct manner.] What is the use of a slur? [*Ans.* When one syllable of poetry is to be applied to two or more notes, a slur is drawn over or under them, or the stems of the notes are connected.]

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

Thus  equal to  or  equal to  .

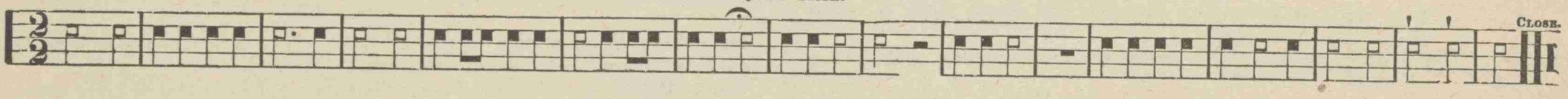
*Repeat.*—A passage to be repeated is embraced between two dotted lines across the staff.

Thus: 

A *double bar* ( ) shows the end of a strain of the music, or of a line of the poetry.

## PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

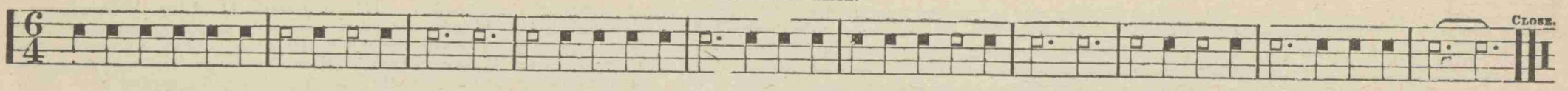
EQUAL TIME.




UNEQUAL TIME.




COMPOUND TIME.




NOTE.—The teacher may add to these exercises, by selecting measures from different tunes through the book, and writing them on the black-board.

### QUESTIONS.

What effect is intended by the figure 3 over or under three notes? [*Ans.* When three notes are to be performed in the time of two of the same nominal value, the figure 3 is written over or under them.] When a passage is to be repeated, what sign is used? [*Ans.* Two dotted lines across the staff.] What are they called? [*Ans.* Repeat marks.] What is the use of a double bar? [*Ans.* A double bar shows the end of a strain of the music, or of a line of the poetry.] How do you know when a piece of music is written in equal time? [*Ans.* By the measures being always filled with two half-notes or their value. or by the figure 2 over 2 at the commencement of the tune.] How do you know when a tune is written in unequal time? [*Ans.* By the measures being always filled with three half-notes or their value, or by the figure 3 over 2 at the commencement of the tune.]

QUESTIONS.

## THIRD DEPARTMENT.—FORCE.

MUSICAL sounds may be loud, very loud, soft, very soft, moderate, or ordinary as to force, without affecting their pitch or length.

*Medium.*—A sound produced by the ordinary action of the organs of voice or of an instrument is a *medium* sound, and is marked *M.*

*Piano.*—A sound produced by the vocal organs somewhat restrained, is a *soft* tone; it is called *piano*, and is marked *P.*

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

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

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

*Accent.—General Rules.* 1st, The first note in every measure must be accented.

2d, When there is more than one note to a beat, the first is accented.

3d, In unequal time, when the measure is filled with two quarters and two half-notes, the first half-note is accented.

In compound time, the first and fourth notes in the measure are accented.

*Organ sounds.*—A sound which is commenced, continued. and ended with an equal degree of force, is called an organ sound.

*Diminishing sound.*—A sound commencing loud, and gradually diminished until it becomes soft, is marked thus >.

*Increasing sound.*—A sound commencing soft, and gradually increased until it becomes loud, is marked thus <.

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

*Pressure tone.*—A very sudden swell is marked thus ◇.

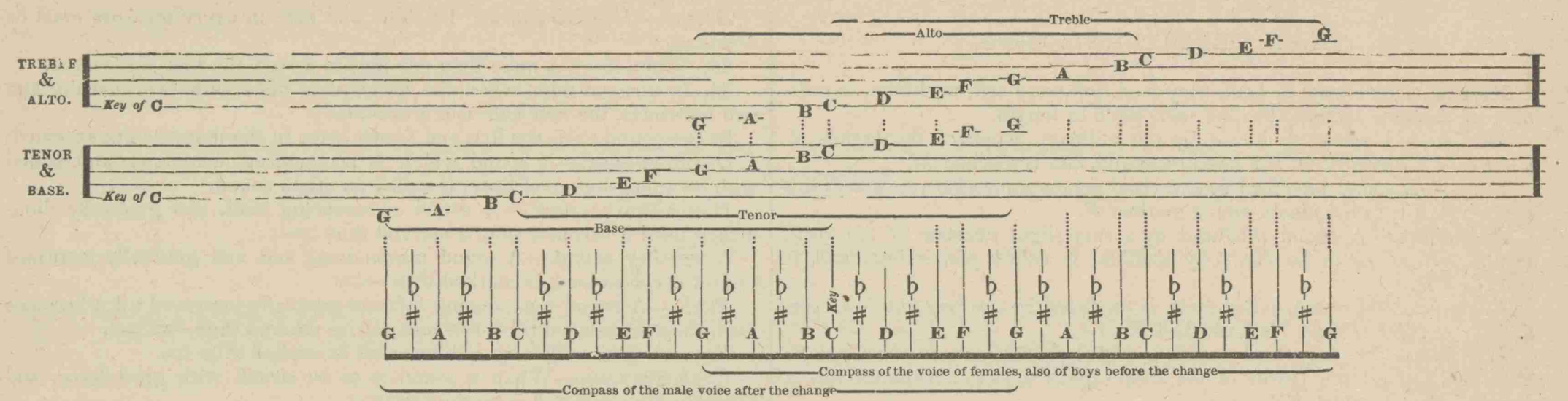
*Explosive tone.*—When a sound is to be struck with great force, and instantly diminished, it is marked thus >.

### PRACTICAL EXERCISE.




### QUESTIONS.

How are musical sounds distinguished in regard to force? [*Ans.* By the use of letters and other characters written over or under the notes which represent pitch and length.] What are these characters called? [*Ans.* Musical expression.] What letter is used to signify medium? [*Ans. M.*] What letter signifies soft, or *piano?* [*Ans. P.*] What for very soft, or *pianissimo?*] [*Ans. PP.*] What does *F* signify? [*Ans.* Loud, or *forte.*] What does *FF* signify? [*Ans.* Very loud, or *fortissimo.*] What is the first rule in regard to accent? [*Ans.* The first note in every measure must be accented.] What is the second rule? [*Ans.* When there is more than one note to a beat, the first is accented.] What is the third rule? [*Ans.* In unequal time, when the measure is filled with two quarters and two half-notes, the first half-note is accented.] What is an organ sound? [*Ans.* A sound which is commenced, continued, and ended with an equal degree of force.] What is a diminishing sound? [*Ans.* A sound commencing loud, and gradually diminished until it becomes soft.] What is an increasing sound? [*Ans.* A sound commencing soft, and gradually increased till it becomes loud.] What is a swell? [*Ans.* A sound commencing soft, and gradually increased till it becomes loud, then diminished till it becomes soft.] What is a pressure tone? [*Ans.* A very sudden swell.] What is an explosive tone? [*Ans.* A sound struck with very great force, and instantly diminished.]




In the preceding scales, we have already seen that an instrument, in order to perform tunes written in all the various keys, must be constructed upon a scale of half-intervals.

But this figure in connection with the staffs, &c., is introduced with a view of illustrating the relations of the different voices.

The human voice is divided into four classes. The treble or highest voice of females, the alto or lowest voice of females. The tenor or highest voice of males, and the base or lowest voice of males. The brackets above and below the staffs show the range of sounds from which the different parts are ordinarily written.

The sound called G on instruments is about the centre of the compass of the voice; it is, therefore, written on the middle of the staff, and the other sounds or letters located accordingly. It must be remembered, however, that the voice of boys—which corresponds with that of females, and is classed with the alto—undergoes a change before they arrive at maturity, and is depressed an entire octave. The voice after the change is on the tenor and base staff.

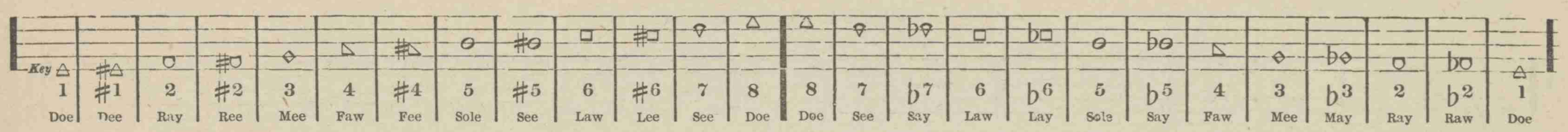
On referring to the tunes, it will be seen that the music for the four classes of voices is written on four staffs, marked *base*, *treble*, *alto*, and *tenor*. The G on the middle line of the base and tenor staffs, representing the centre of the ordinary compass of the voice of males, is an octave lower than G on the treble and alto staffs. Performers on the organ, piano-forte, &c., should not forget that the notes written upon the base and tenor staffs are to be played an octave lower than the notes written upon the treble and alto staffs. Instruments must have a compass of at least three octaves, to embrace these voices, or to play two octaves of written music.

NOTE.—Instruments may be constructed or tuned to different sounds. For example, the German flute is based upon D, some of the clarinets upon B flat. and others upon E flat. The church organ, piano-forte, and several other leading instruments are constructed or tuned to the sound called C. This key, or scale, is therefore called *natural* to instruments, and is made the universal standard of reference and comparison.

### QUESTIONS.

Into how many classes of sounds is the human voice divided? Why is the letter G placed on the third or middle line of the staff? What is the relation of the male voice to that of the female? [*Ans.* The male voice after the change is an octave lower.] Does an instrument require three octaves to play two octaves of written music?

CHROMATIC SCALE




It is proved by instruments that the less intervals which occur between 3 and 4, and between 7 and 8, are precisely half as great as those which occur between the other sounds of the octave.

Now between the other sounds of the octave it has been found by experience that the voice, by an effort, may produce intermediate sounds. Thus intermediate sounds may be produced between 1 and 2, 2 and 3, 4 and 5, 5 and 6, and between 6 and 7; but not between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8, because the intervals between those sounds are naturally half-intervals, and no smaller interval is practicable.

The notes representing intermediate sounds may be written on the same line or space of the staff with either of the notes between which they occur. Thus, the note representing the sound between 1 and 2 may be written on the same line or space with either of those notes. 1 may be elevated a half-interval, or 2 may be depressed a half-interval, and the same sound will be produced.

If it is proposed to elevate the lower sound, a ♯ is used, and the sound is called a sharp 1st, a sharp 4th, &c.

If it is proposed to depress the upper sound, a ♭, (the sign of depression,) is used, and the sound is called a flat 3d, a flat 7th, &c.

☞A sharp (♯) elevates the pitch of a note a half-interval.

☞A flat (♭) depresses the pitch of a note a half-interval.

In the application of names to the intermediate sounds, the voice is assisted in producing the proper elevation or depression by changing the vowel sound of the syllable used. Thus when a sharp occurs before Doe, Ray. Faw, &c., these syllables should be pronounced Dee, Ree, Fee, &c. When a flat occurs before a note, the intermediate sound should be attempted by pronouncing See, Mee, &c., thus, Say, May, &c.

In attempting to sing this scale, it will be difficult to obtain the artificial sounds perfectly without the aid of an instrument.

In the practice, therefore, an instrument should always be introduced as a guide, that shall give the intermediate sounds with accuracy and certainty.

In the preceding scales the key has been so varied as to occupy every letter on the staff and every variety of high and low sounds exhibited, requiring only to extend the scales higher and lower in order to reach the widest range of instruments. From these scales all music is written, of whatever character, and from them every possible combination of sounds may be made.

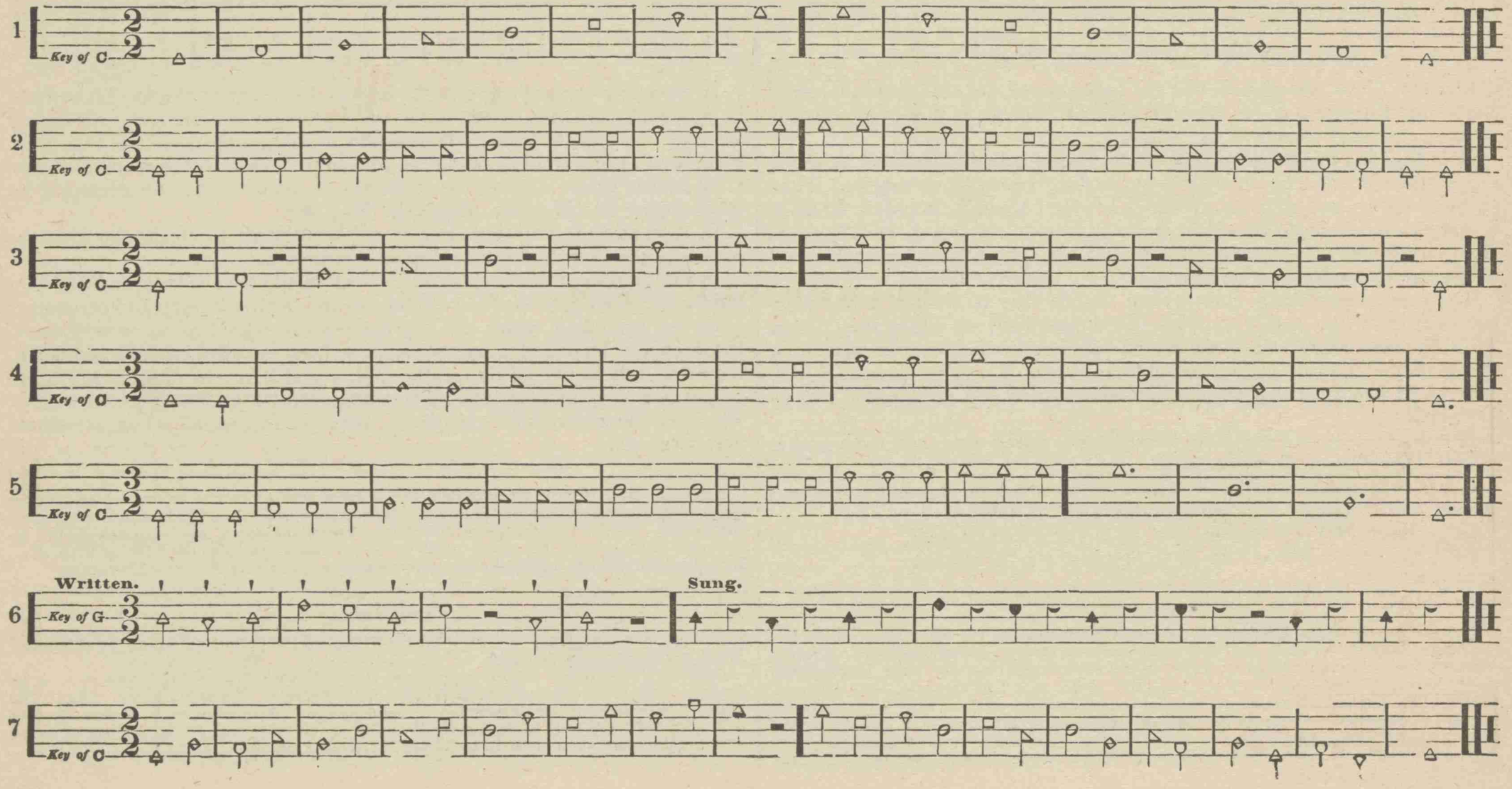
NOTE.—A tune may be written upon two or more scales; that is, a piece of music may commence in one key, and during its progress be changed into another key, which is called *modulation*. When the change is continued several measures, the syllables should be changed, but when the change is made for one or two notes only, the ♯4th, or ♭7th, &c., should be introduced; hence the necessity of singers practising the chromatic scale.

QUESTIONS.

How is it proved that the less intervals are half as great as the whole-intervals? Between what numbers of the octave may the voice produce intermediate sounds? Are the intervals thus produced natural? [*Ans.* No.] Why may we not have intermediate sounds between 3 and 4, and between 7 and 8? What is a Chromatic scale? [*Ans.* A scale of half-intervals.] How are intermediate sounds written on the staff? What character is a sign of elevation? What is the sign of depression? Where a note appears on the staff with a ♯ prefixed, how is it to be sung? [*Ans.* The sound is raised a half-interval.] How when a ♭ is prefixed? [*Ans.* The sound is to be lowered a half-interval.] Is it any advantage in singing sharp and flatted notes to change the pronunciation of the syllables? What change is recommended?

*Instrumental.*—When a note appears on the staff with a ♯ prefixed, how is it to be played? [*Ans.* The sound is to be raised a half-interval.] When a ♭ how? [*Ans.* The sound is to be lowered a half-interval.] In the key of F the ♯4th is on B, how is the note to be played? [*Ans.* B natural, or as B is played in the C scale.] In the key of G the ♭7th is on F, how is the note to be played? [*Ans.* F natural.]

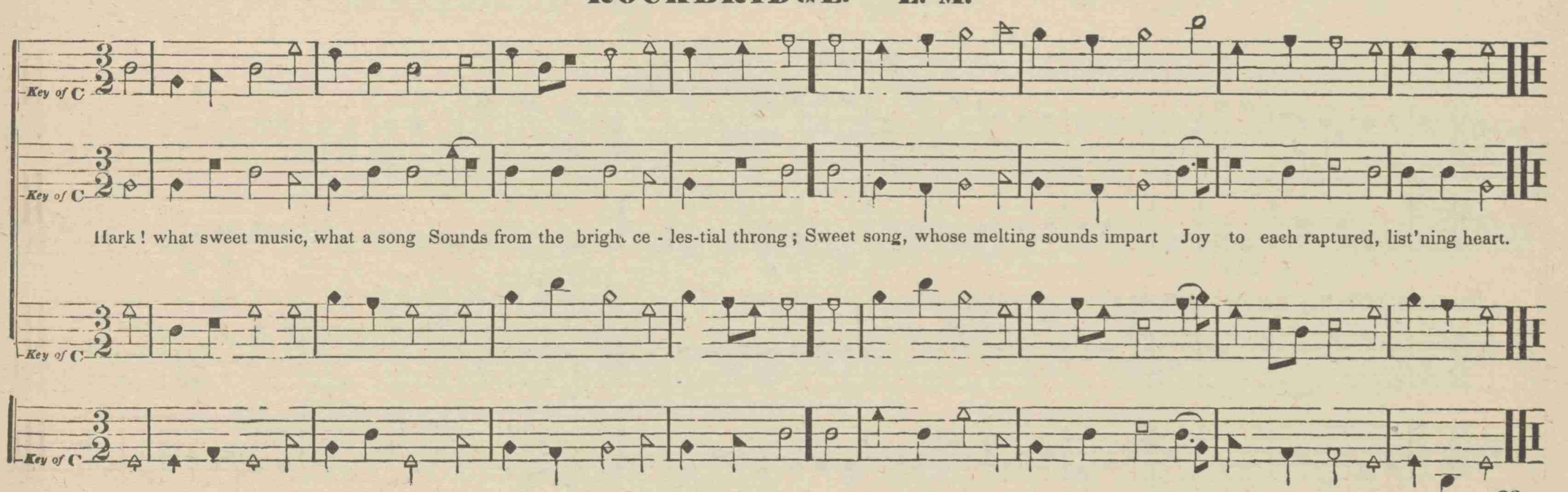
PRACTICAL EXERCISES.



THE

# SACRED MELODEON.

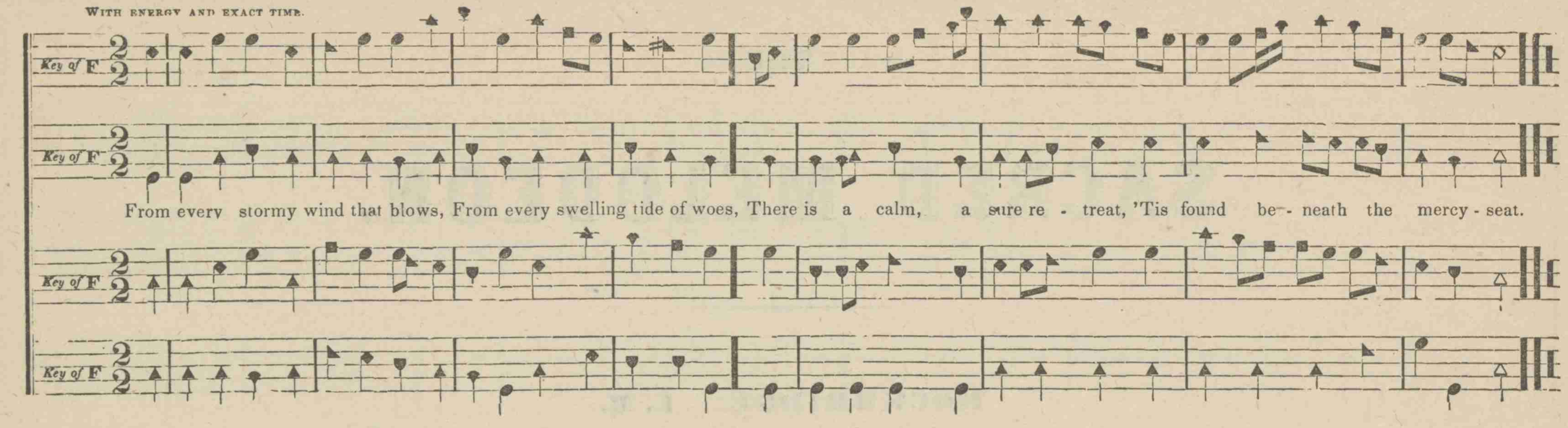
## ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.



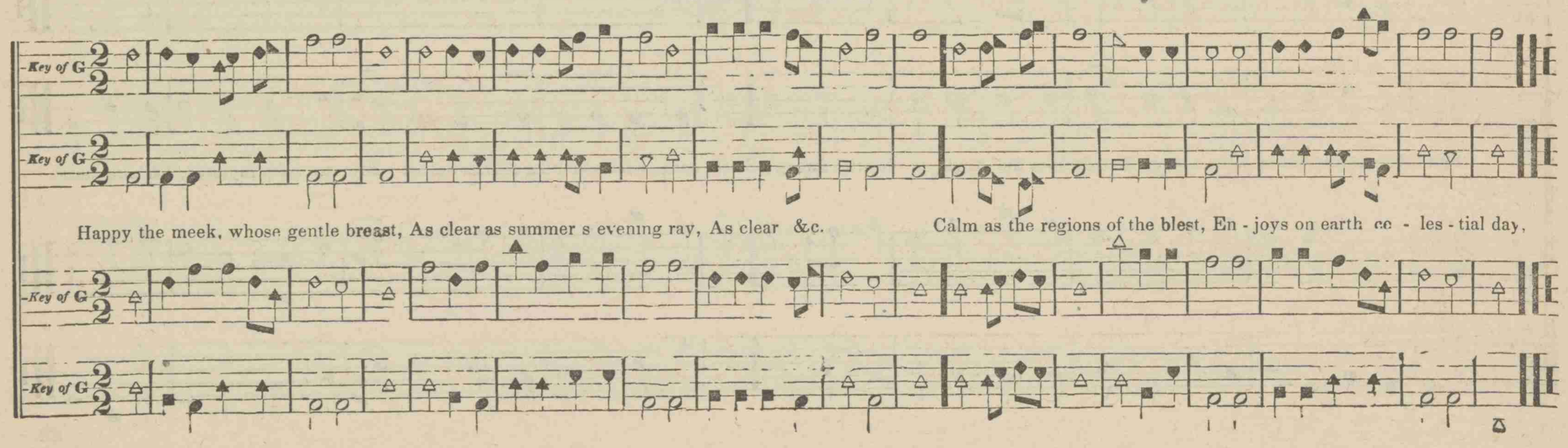
## RIDLEY. L. M.

RICHTER.

WITH ENERGY AND EXACT TIME.

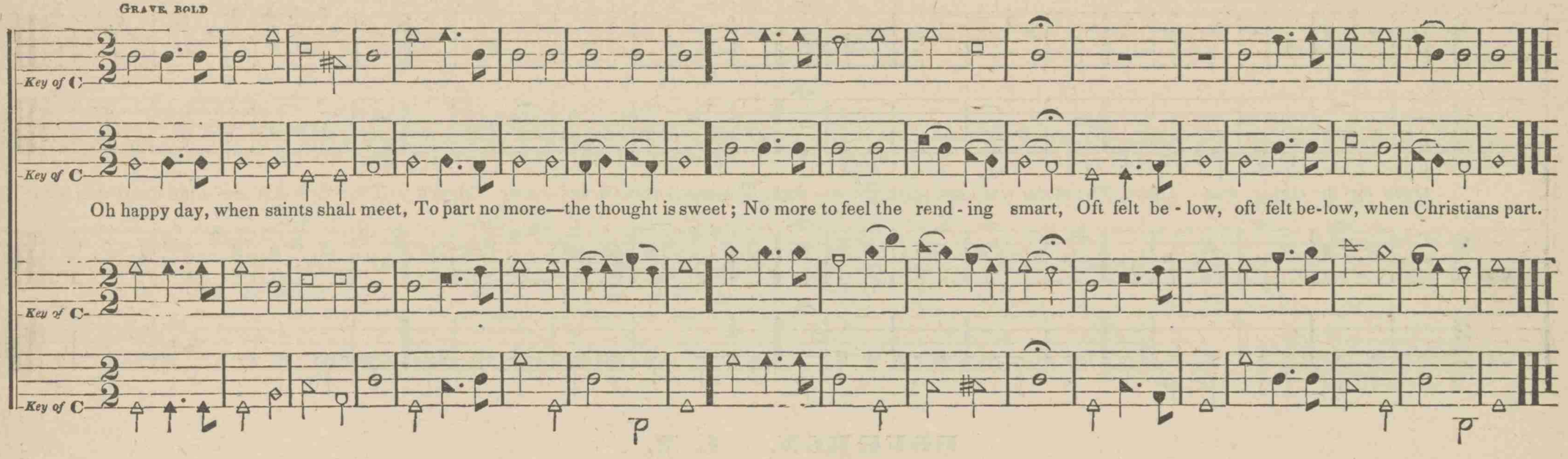



## ZION. L. M.



## JOB. L. M.

GRAVE, BOLD




## DEVOTION. L. M.



SMOOTH AND GENTLE.

## ORFORD. L. M.

Key of D

Once on the raging seas I rode, The storm was loud, the night was dark, The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd The winds that toss'd my found'ring bark.

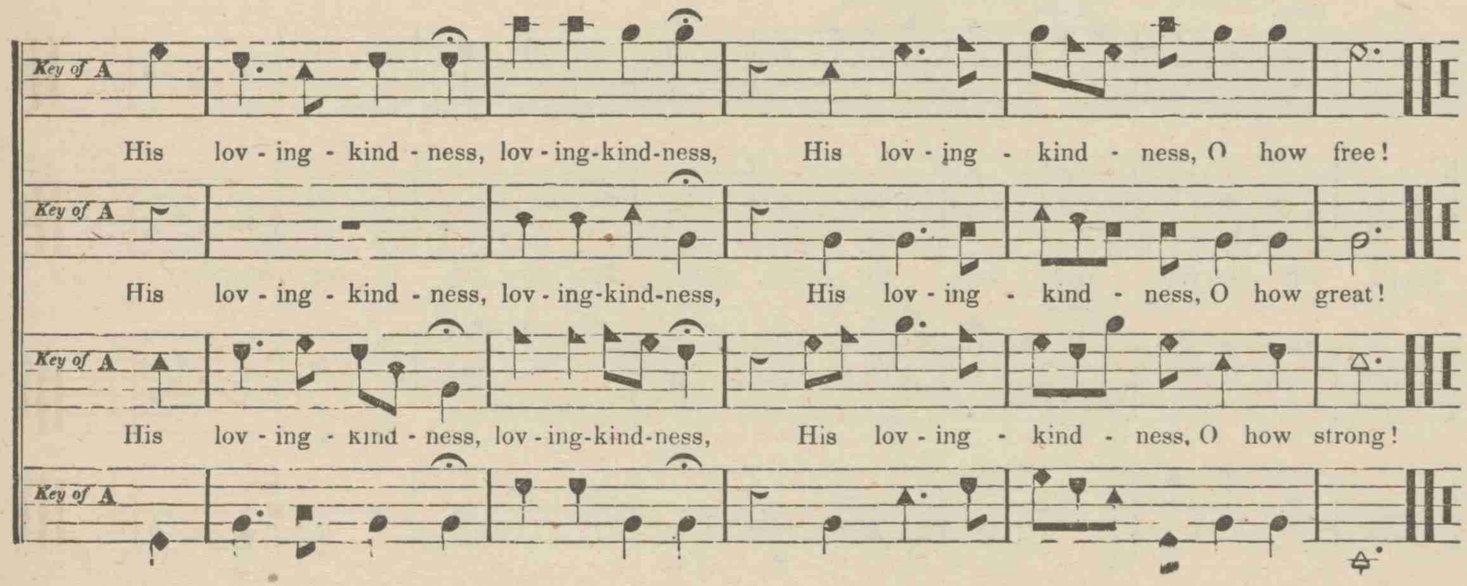
## BOURBON. L. M.

Key of C

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

Here faith re - veals to mortal eyes, A bright - er world beyond the skies; Here shines the light which guides our way From earth to realms of endless day.




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

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

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

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

# CHINA. L. M.

S. CUZEN$^{s}$

VIGOROUS.

Key, B♭

Come hi - ther, all ye wea - ry souls, Ye hea - vy la - den sin - ners, come, I'll give you rest from all your toils.

SOFT.

LOUD.

And bring you to my heav'n - ly home. I'll give you rest from all your toils, And bring you to my heav'n-ly home.

## Coda to China.

WITH FEELING

Key, B♭

Key, B♭

Come to Jesus, Come, and welcome, Come, and welcome, Come, and welcome, Come, Come to Jesus, Come, and welcome, Come, and welcome, Come, and welcome, Come, Come and welcome, sin - ner, come.

ANIMATED.

Key, B♭

Key, B♭

## HARPETH. L. M.

Key of C

Key of C

Say, how may earth and heav'n unite? And how shall man with angels join?
What link har-mo-nious may be found, Dis-cor-dant natures to combine?
An anthem raise, with harp and voice, Join the full chorus of the sky.

Loud swell the peal - ing organ's notes; Breathe forth your souls, in rap-tures high;

D. C.

Key of C

D. C.

Key of C

D. C.

Key of C

D. C.

# BRISTOL. L. M.



Key of F

Key of F

O could I soar to worlds above, The blest abode of peace and love, How gladly would I mount and fly On an - gels' wings to worlds on high.

Key of F

Key of F

Key of F

O come, ye blessed spirits bright, Convey me to yon realms of light; Attend me up the shi - - - ning way, To mansions of e - ter - nal day!

Key of F

O come, ye blessed spirits bright, Convey me to yon realms of light; At - tend me up the shi-ning way, To mansions of e-ter-nal day!

Key of F

O come, ye blessed spirits bright, Convey me to yon realms of light; At - tend me up the shi - - - ning way, To mansions of e-ter-nal day!

Key of F

O come, ye blessed spirits bright, Convey me to yon realms of light; At - tend me up the shining way, At - tend me up the shining way. To mansions of e - ter-nal day!

Key. E♭

No rude alarms of

Key, E♭

No more fatigue, no more distress, Nor sin nor death shall reach the place; No groans shall mingle with the songs, That warble from immortal tongues. No

Key, E♭

No rude alarms of raging foes, No

Key, E♭

No rude alarms of raging foes, No cares to

Key, E♭

raging foes, No cares to break the long re-pose; No midnight shade, no clouded sun, But sa - - - - - cred, high, e-ter - nal noon. But sa-cred, &c

Key, E♭

rude alarms of raging foes, No cares to break the long re - pose; No midnight shade, no clouded sun, But sa - - - - - cred, high, e-ter-nal noon. But sacred, high, e - ter - nal noon.

Key, E♭

cares to break the long repose; No mid - night shade, no cloud - ed sun, But sacred, high, e - ter - nal noon. But sacred, &c.

Key E♭

break the long re - pose; No midnight shade, no clouded sun, But sacred, high, e ter - nal noon. . . . . But sacred, &c

BRISK, CHEERFUL.

Key of G

1. When Da - vid tuned the trembling lyre, The speechless mul-ti-tude were still; He shed abroad ce - les - tial fire, And praise was heard on Zi - on's hill.

2 The tribes par - took the spreading joy, And join'd the cho-rus of the song, And dul-cet voices sounding high, In concert moved the praise a - long.

CHORUS.

Now light - ly moves the gentle strain, And now more loudly swell-ing; The sweetest note, the richest strain, Is of Zi - on's glo - ry tell-ing!

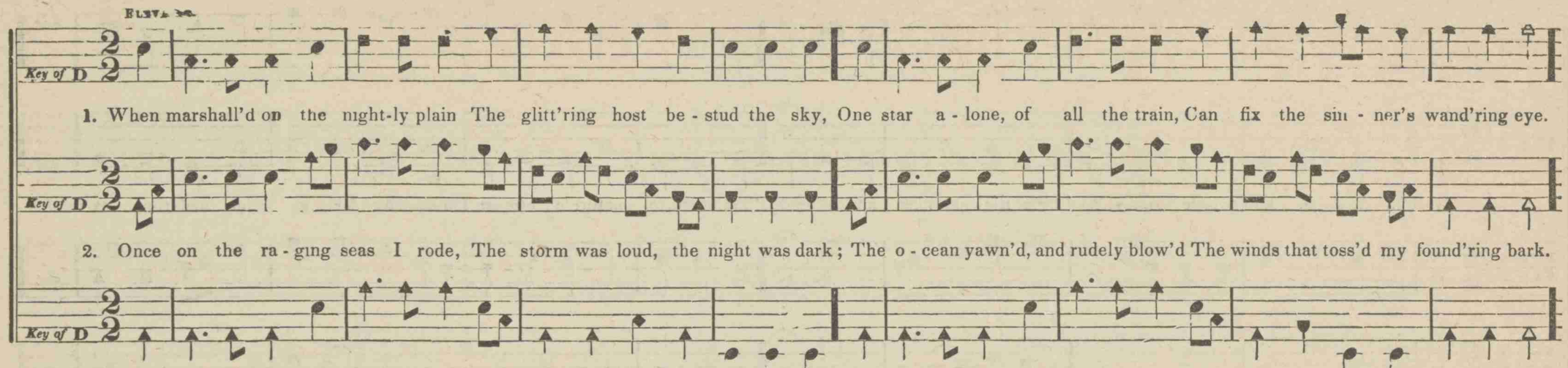
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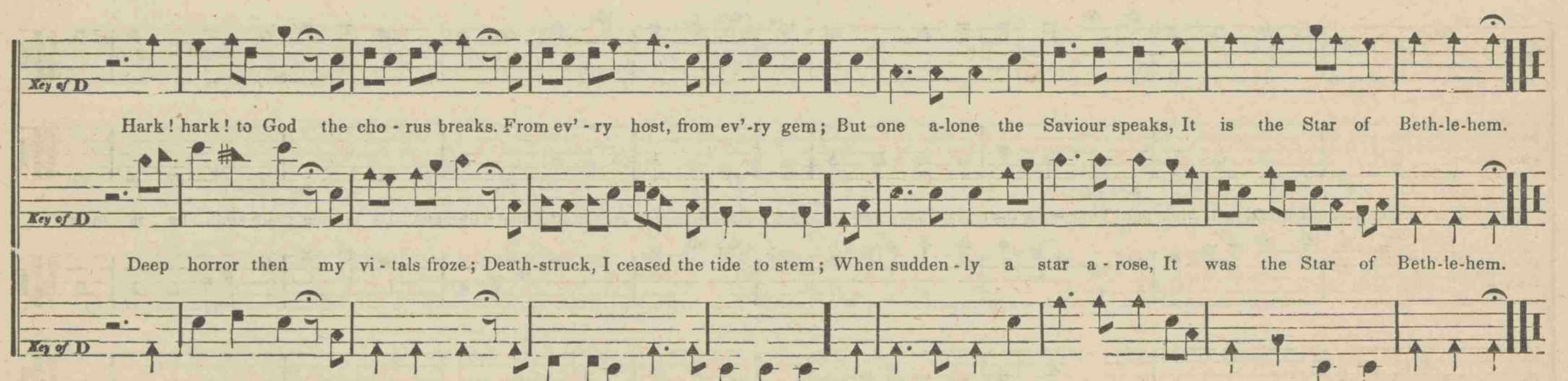
Key of F

Be-hold a voice an-gel-ic sounds, And bids the nations all attend; 'Tis heard to nature's utmost bounds, As far as space and time ex-tend.

"Wit-ness, you skies, and men give ear, That walk the earth from shore to shore; Time's mighty course shall dis-ap-pear, Its rolling years shall be no more!"

## When Marshalled on the Nightly Plain. L. M.



Key of A

Com-

Blest, who with generous pity glows, Who learns to feel for other's woes; Bows to the poor man's wants his ear, And wipes the help - less orphan's tear.

Compassion dwells with-

Compassion dwells within his mind, To

Key of A

1 2

passion dwells within his mind, To works of mercy still inclined, Com- He lends, &c.

Compassion dwells within his mind, To works of mercy still inclined, Com- He lends the poor some pre - sent aid, And gives them not to be . . . . . repaid.

in his mind, To works of mercy still inclined, Com- He lends, &c

works of mercy still inclined, Com- He lends, &c.

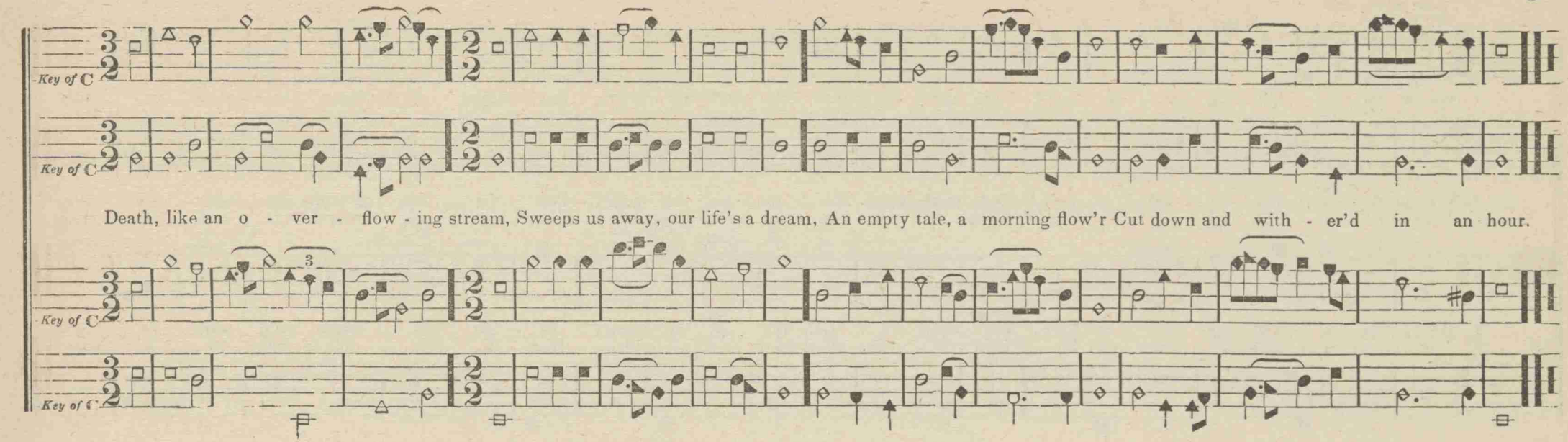
## SEASONS, or SUPPLICATION. L. M.




## SALEM. L. M.

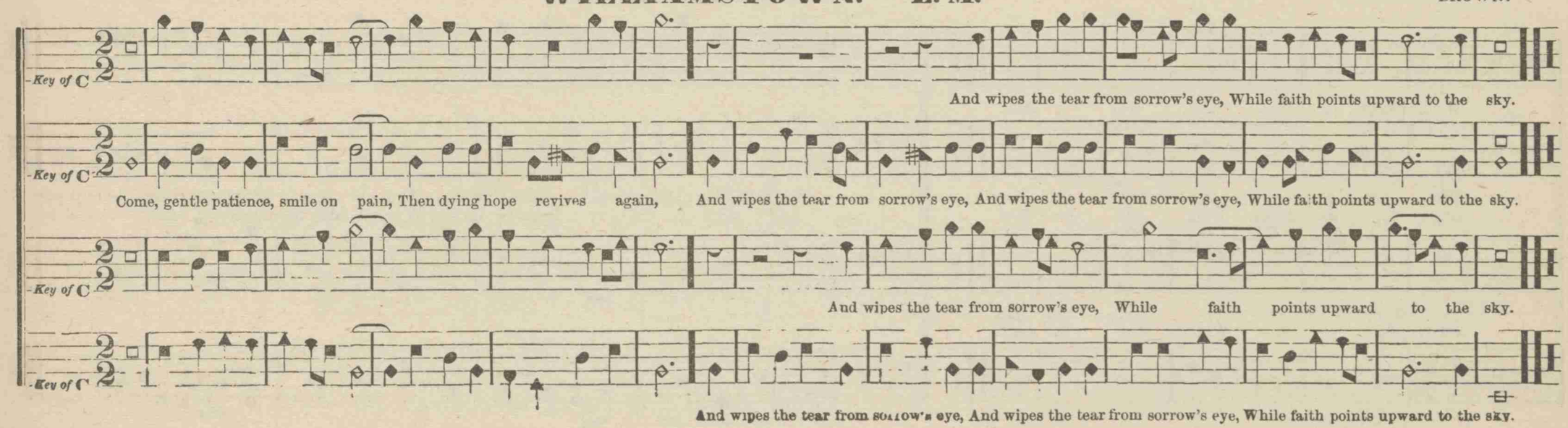


## AMANDA. L. M.




## WILLIAMSTOWN. L. M.

BROWN.



## LIMEHOUSE. L. M

HUSBAND.

WITH TENDERNESS.
NOT TOO SLOW.

Key of G

1. We've no a - bid - ing ci - ty here! This may dis - tress the worldling's mind; But should not cause the saint a tear,
2. We've no a - bid - ing ci - ty here! Sad truth were this to be our home; But let this thought our spi - rits cheer,
3. We've no a - bid - ing ci - ty here! Then let us live as pil - grims do; Let not the world our rest ap - pear,
4. We've no a - bid - ing ci - ty here! We seek a ci - ty out of sight; Zi - on its name, we'll soon be there.
5. Oh sweet a - bode of peace and love, Where pil - grims, freed from toil, are blest; Had I the pin - ions of a dove,

Who hopes a bet - ter rest to find.
We seek a ci - ty yet to come.
But let us haste from all be - low.
It shines with ev - er - last - ing light.
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

## AMBOY. L. M.

Key of A

When Spring displays her various sweets, And op' - ning blossoms cheer the eyes,
And fan - cy ev' - ry beau-ty meets, Whence does the pleas-ing transport rise?

Key of A

Key of A

Soon will their tran-sient date ex - pire, They fly and mock the fond pursuit ; New pleasures then the thought inspire, And beauteous autumn yields her fruit.

Key of A

Key of A

## CONFIDENCE. L. M.

P. ALLYN, JR.

Key of F

Key of F

Blest are the saints who sit on high, A - round a throne a - bove the sky, Where brightest glories shine a-bove, And all their work is praise and love.

Key of F

Key of F

## REST. L. M.

TENDERLY.

W. B. B.

1. "Asleep in Je-sus!" blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep— A calm and un dis - turb'd re - pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.

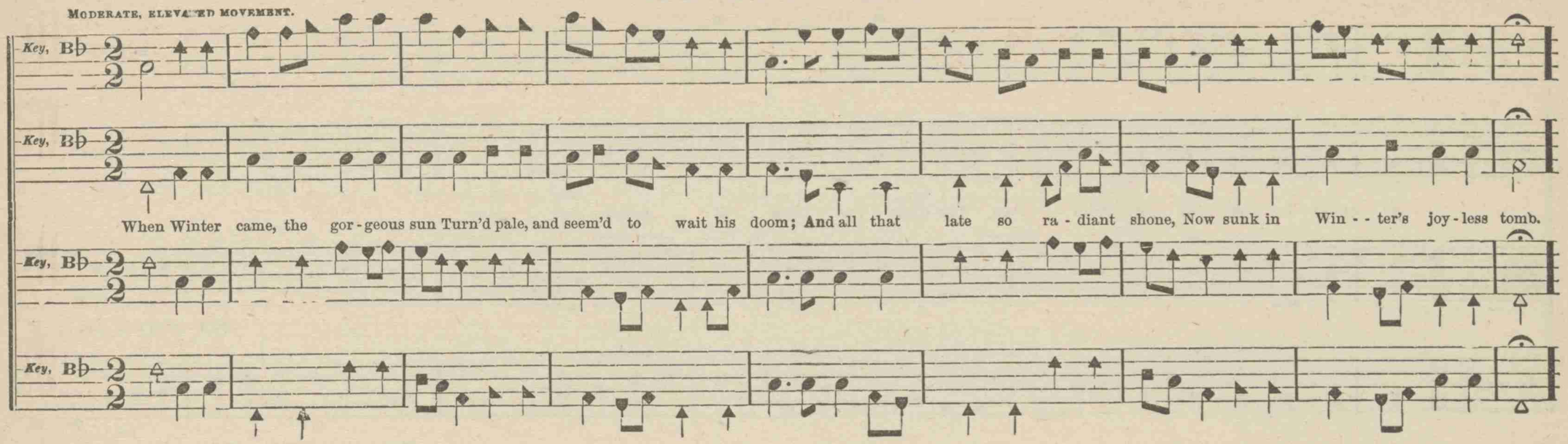
2. "Asleep in Je-sus!" oh, how sweet, To be for such a slumber meet! With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That Death has lost his venom'd sting.

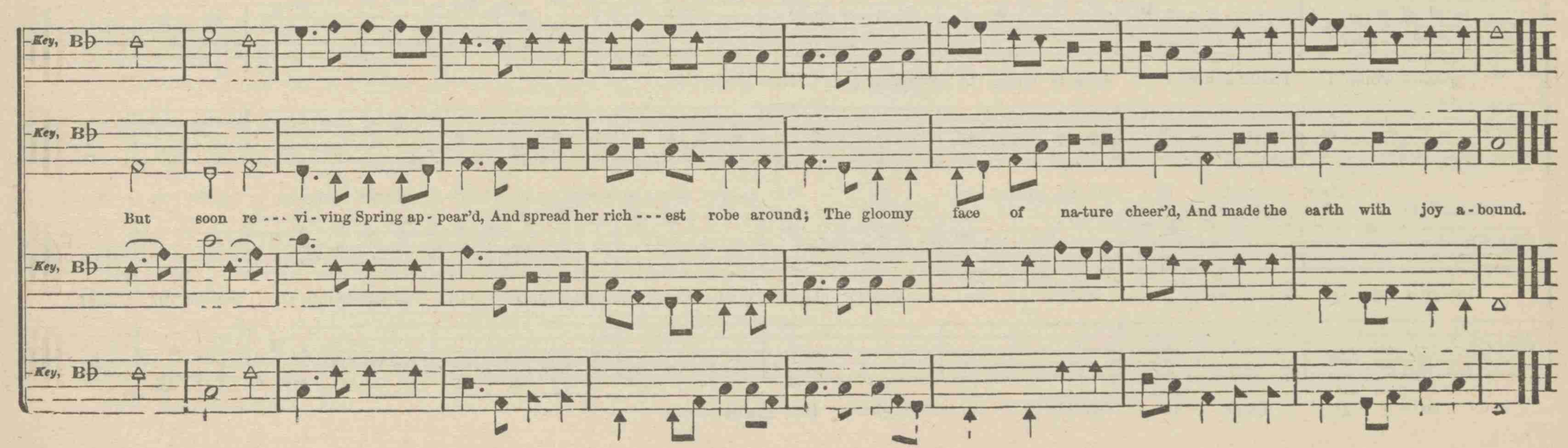
3 "Asleep in Je-sus!" peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest: No fear nor wo shall dim that hour That man-i - fests the Saviour's pow'r.
4. "Asleep in Je-sus!" oh, for me May such a blissful refuge be: Se-cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the summons from on high.

## ACCOMACK. L. M.

REV. E. R. DARE.

Oh sweet a - bode of peace and love, Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest; Had I the pin - ions of a dove I'd fly to thee and be at rest.


MODERATE, ELEVATED MOVEMENT.
Key, B♭
When Winter came, the gor-geous sun Turn'd pale, and seem'd to wait his doom; And all that late so ra-diant shone, Now sunk in Win--ter's joy-less tomb.


Key, B♭
But soon re---vi-ving Spring ap-pear'd, And spread her rich---est robe around; The gloomy face of na-ture cheer'd, And made the earth with joy a-bound.

# COMPLAINT L. M.



Key of G

How

O could I soar to worlds a - - bove, The blest a - - - - bode of peace and love,

How glad - ly would I

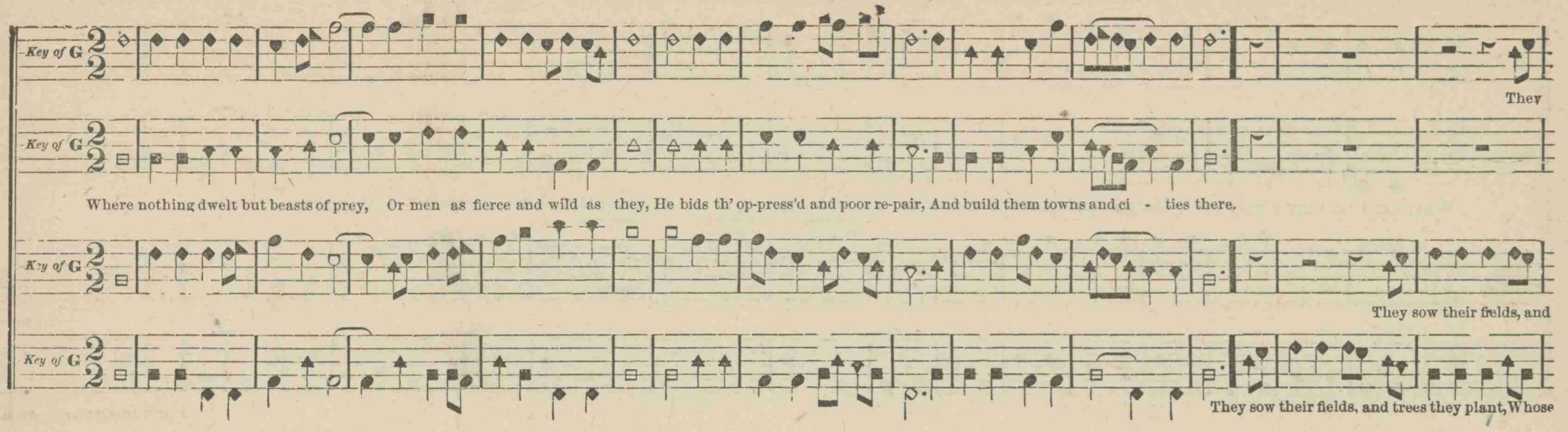
How glad-ly would I mount and fly On

glad-ly would I mount and fly On an-gels' wings to worlds on high! How gladly, &c.

How glad - ly would I mount and fly On angels' wings to worlds on high! On angels' wings to worlds on high!

mount and fly On angels' wings to worlds on high! How gladly would I mount and fly On angels' wings to worlds on high!

an - - - gels' wings to worlds on high! How gladly, &c.


Key of G
They
Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey, Or men as fierce and wild as they, He bids th' op-press'd and poor re-pair, And build them towns and ci - ties there.
They sow their fields, and
They sow their fields, and trees they plant, Whose


sow their fields, and trees they plant, Whose yearly fruit supplies their want; . . . .
Their race, &c.
They sow their fields. and trees they plant. Whose yearly fruit supplies their want; . . .
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks, Their wealth in-creases with their flocks.
trees they plant, Whose yearly fruit sup - plies their want; . . . .
Their race, &c.
yearly fruit supplies their want, . . . . . .
their race, &c.

Key of F

Where'er I turn my weary eyes, Distress and griet before me rise, And ev' - ry gale a - long that blows, Brings its sad tale of human woes.

For human woes, what

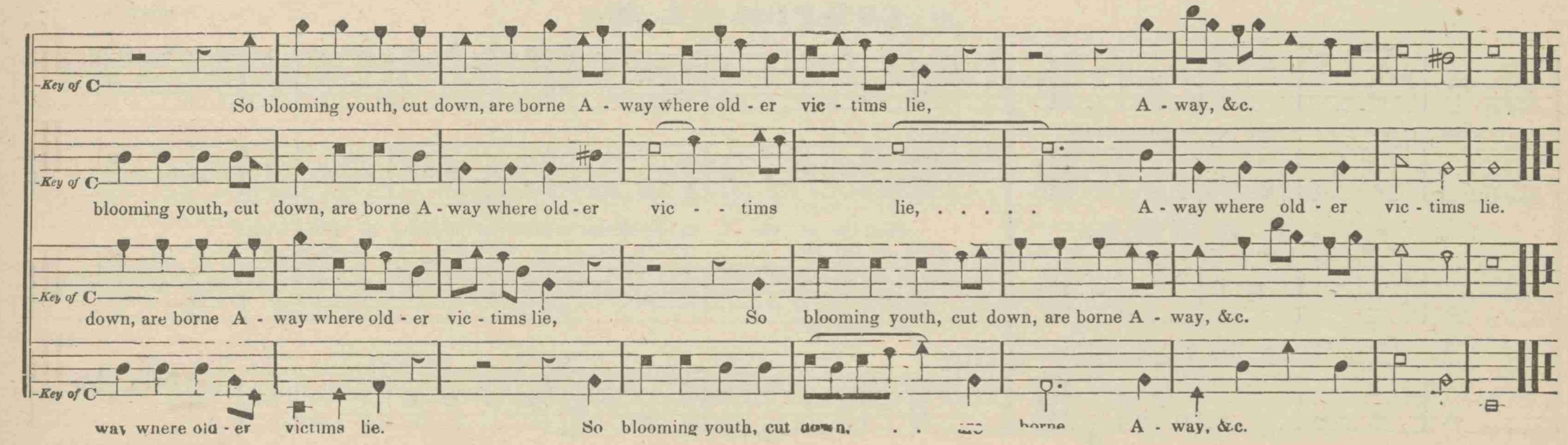
For human woes, what harp is strung, Or who to mis' - 'ry lends a song? Can we . . . depend on joys to come? When all, &c.

For human woes, what harp is strung, Or who to mis'ry lends a song? Can we depend on joys to come, When all are hurried to the tomb?

human woes, what harp is strung, Or who to mis'ry lends a song? Can we depend on joys to come, When all are hurried to the tomb? When all, &c.

harp is strun to mis'ry lends a song? Can we ae pend on joys to come, When all are hurried to the tomb? When all. &c.


Key of C
How soon the glo - ries of the morn Their fra - grance shed, and fade and die; So
So blooming youth, cut
So blooming youth, cut down, are borne A-


Key of C
So blooming youth, cut down, are borne A - way where old - er vic - tims lie, A - way, &c.
blooming youth, cut down, are borne A - way where old - er vic - - tims lie, . . . . . A - way where old - er vic - tims lie.
down, are borne A - way where old - er vic - tims lie, So blooming youth, cut down, are borne A - way, &c.
way where old - er victims lie. So blooming youth, cut down, . . . borne A - way, &c.

## KINGSBRIDGE. L. M.

1. Why should we start and fear to die? What tim - 'rous worms we mor-tals are; Death is the gate to end - less joy,
2. The pains, the groans, the dy - ing strife, Fright our ap - proach-ing souls a - way; And we shrink back a - gain to life,
3. O if my Lord would come and meet, My soul would stretch her wings in haste; Fly fear - less through death's i - ron gate,
4. Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down - y pil-lows are; While on his breast I lean my head,

## COWPER. L. M.

HOLDEN.

And yet we dread to en - ter there.
Fond of our pri - son and our clay.
Nor feel the ter - rors as she pass'd.
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Shall life re - vis - it dy-ing worms, And spread the joyful in - sect's wing?
And,
And, oh! shall man a

Key, B♭

And, oh! shall man a - wake no more, And, oh! shall man awake no more, And, oh! &c.

Key, B♭

And, oh! shall man awake no more, And, oh! shall man awake no more, To see a glad re - viv - ing spring?

Key, B♭

oh! shall man awake no more, To see a glad re - viv-ing spring? And, oh! &c.

Key, B♭

wake no more, To see a glad re-viv-ing spring? And, oh! shall man awake no more, And, oh! &c.

## DEVOTION, 2d. L. M.

JOEL READ.

Key of C

The summer rays with vigour shine, To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Key of C

The flow'ry spring, at thy command, Embalms the air and paints the land; The summer rays with vigour shine, To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Key of C

The summer rays with vigour shine, To raise the corn and cheer the vine, To raise, &c

Key of C

The summer rays with vigour shine, To raise the corn and cheer the vine, To raise, &c.

# I'M ON MY JOURNEY HOME. L. M.

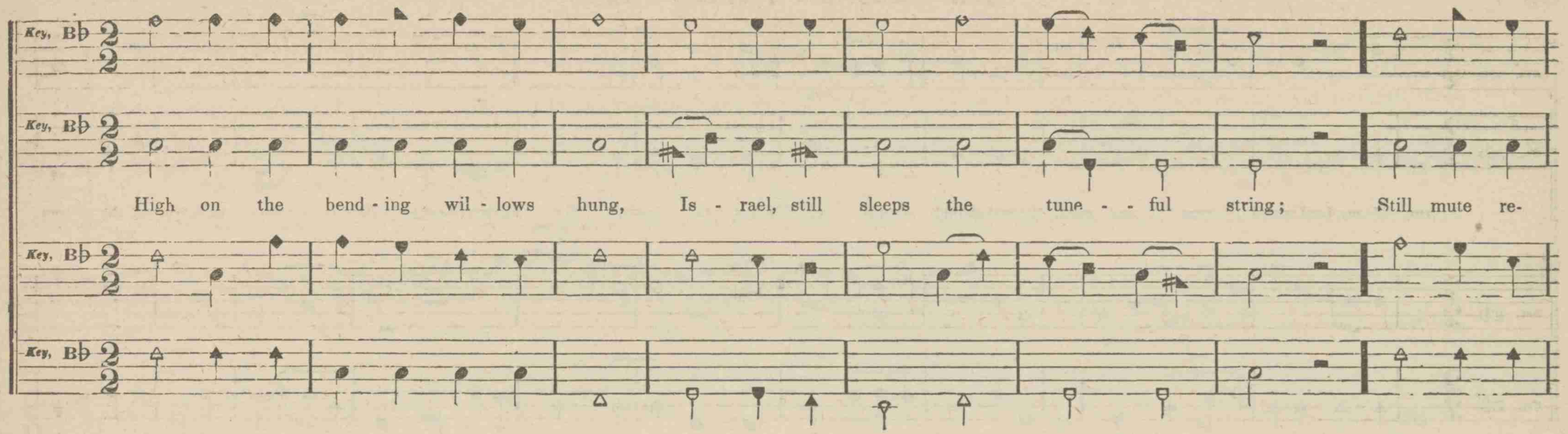



3. This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4. The more I strove against its power
I felt its weight and guilt the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way"

5. Lo! glad I came to thee, blest Lamb,
And made confession of thy name.
Myself alone had I to give,
Nothing but love did I receive.

6. Now will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God"


Key, B♭
High on the bend - ing wil - lows hung, Is - rael, still sleeps the tune - - ful string; Still mute re-
mains the sul - len tongue, And Zi - on's song de - nies to sing, And Zi - on's song de - nies to sing.

Key, E♭

Oh, if my Lord would come and meet, My soul should stretch her wings in haste, Fly fearless through Death's i - ron gate, Nor feel the ter-rors

3

Je - sus can make a dy-ing bed Feel soft as downy pil - lows are; While on his breast I lean my

as she pass'd. Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as downy pil - lows are; While on his breast I

Je-sus can make a dying bed Feel soft as downy pil - lows are; While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out

Je-sus can make a dy-ing bed Feel soft as downy pil - lows are; While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my




## PARTING HAND. L. M.




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# GREENWICH. L. M.

DR. REED.

Key of G

Key of G

Oh what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn and murmur and re - pine, To see the wicked, placed on high, In pride and robes of hon - our shine!

Key of G

Key of G

Key of G

But oh their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanc-tu - a - ry taught me so; On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand, And fiery billows roll be - low.

Key of G

But oh their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanc-tuary taught me so; On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand, And fiery billows roll be - low.

Key of G

But oh their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanc-tu - a - ry taught me so; On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand, And fie - ry bil - lows roll be - low.

Key of G

But oh their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanc - tu - a - ry taught me so; On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand, And fie - ry bil - lows roll be - low.

Key of C

1. When we, our wea - ried limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Eu - phra - tes' stream; We wept, with dole - ful

Key of C

2. Our harps, that when with joy we sung, Were wont their tune - ful parts to bear; With si - lent strings neg-

Key of C

3. O Sa - lem, our once hap - py seat, When I of thee for - get - ful prove, Let, then my trembling

Key of C

thoughts op - press'd. And Zi - on was our mourn - ful theme, And Zi - on was our mourn-ful theme.

DUETT. *p*

Key of C

lect - ed hung, On wil - low trees that with - er'd there, On wil - low trees that wither'd there.

Key of C

hands for get The speak - ing strings with art to move, The speak - ing strings with art to move.

Key of C

*Inst.* *p* *f*

## RUSSIA. L. M

Key of C

Laid in a ba-lance, both appear Light as a puff of empty air

Key of C

False are the men of high de-gree; The baser sort are van-i-ty: Laid in a ba-lance, both ap-pear Light as a puff of empty air.

Key of C

Laid in a balance, both appear Light as a puff of empty air, Light as a puff of empty air.

Key of C

Laid in a balance, both appear Light as a puff of emp-ty air, Light as a puff of empty air.

## ANVERN. L. M.

SLOW.

Key of F

1. Tri-umphant Zi-on! lift thy head From dust and darkness and the dead! Tho' humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
2. Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy excellence be known; Deck'd in the robes of righteous-ness, Thy glories shall the world con-fess, Thy glories shall the world con-fess.

Key of F

3. No more shall foes unclean in-vade, And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread; No more shall hell's insulting host Their vict'ry and thy sor-rows boast, Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.

Key of F

4. God, from on high has heard thy prayer; His hand thy ruin shall repair: Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease To guard thee in e-ter-nal peace, To guard thee in e-ter-nal peace.

Key of F

## FAYETTE. C. M.

Key of F

1. O choose the path of heavenly truth, And glo - ry in thy choice: Not all the riches of the earth, Not all the rich - es of the earth, Can make thee so re - joice.

Key of F

2. A brighter day than earth affords A - waits the sons of peace; The meek shall have their just rewards, The meek, &c. And mortal cares shall cease.

Key of F

## BROWN. C. M

W. B. B.

Key of C

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.

Key of C

2. I love in sol i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear; And all his pro - mi - ses to plead When none but God is near.

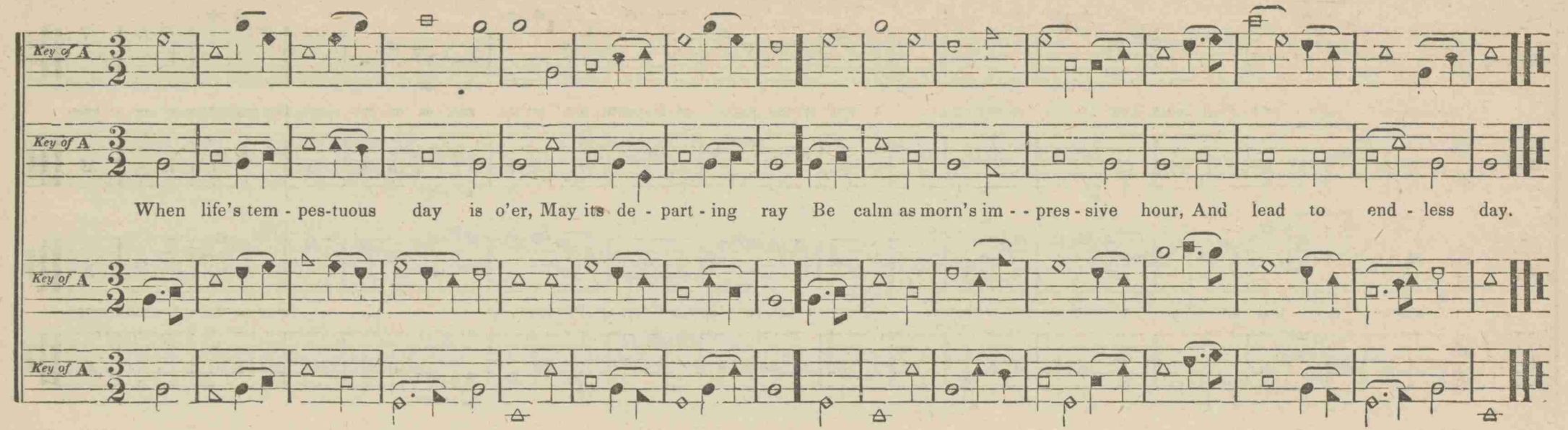
Key of C

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

Key of C

## ROCKINGHAM. C. M.

S. CHAPIN.

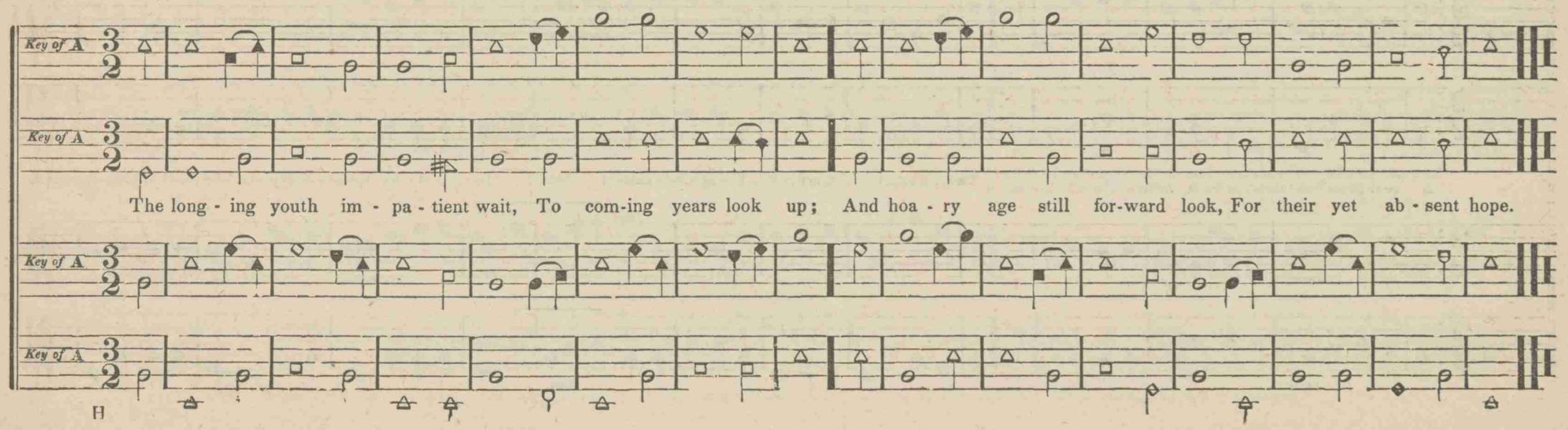



## HOPEWELL. C. M.



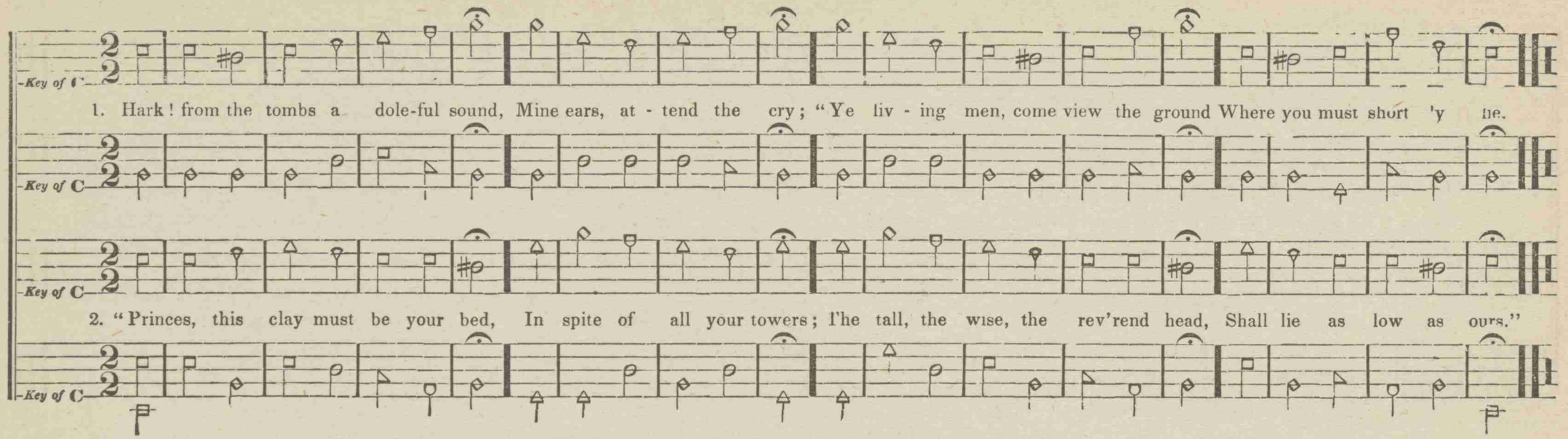



## HARMONY GROVE. C. M.



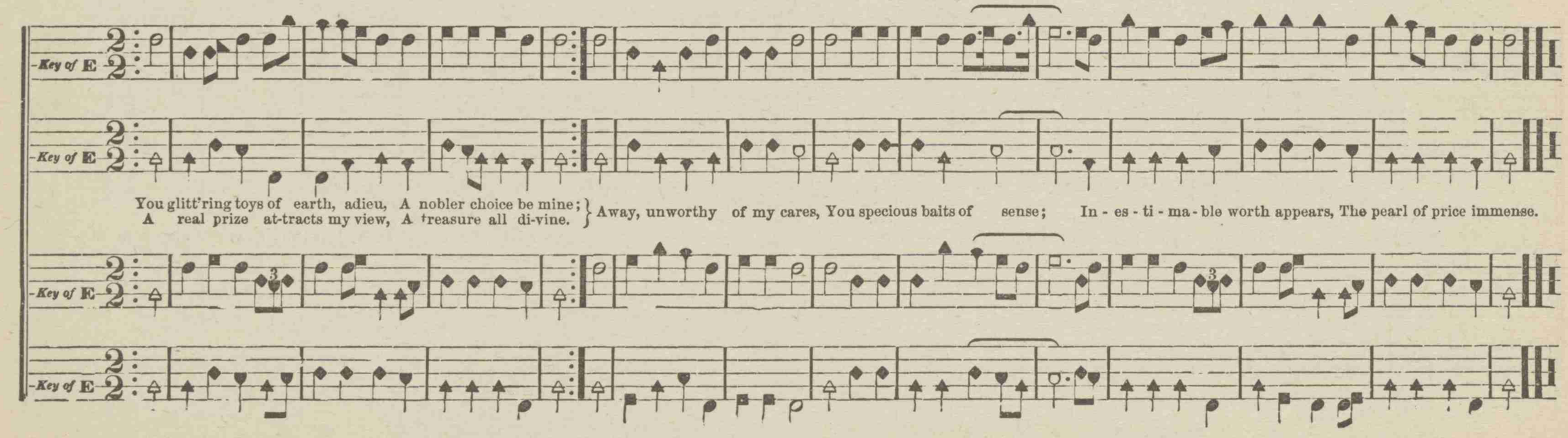
## WINDSOR. C. M.

KIRBY.

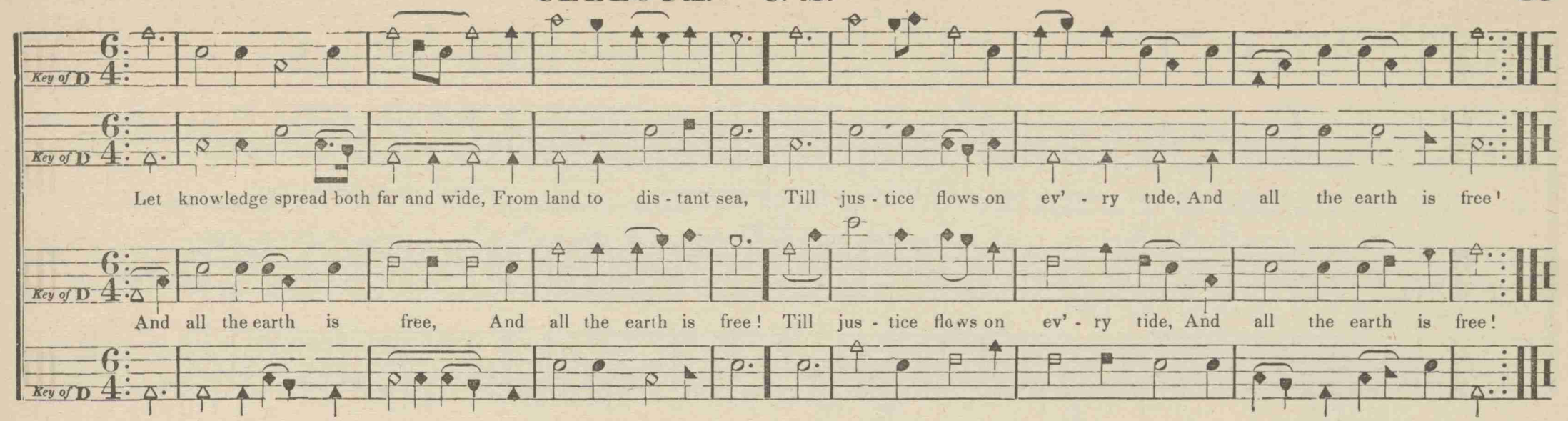



## COMMUNION. C. M.

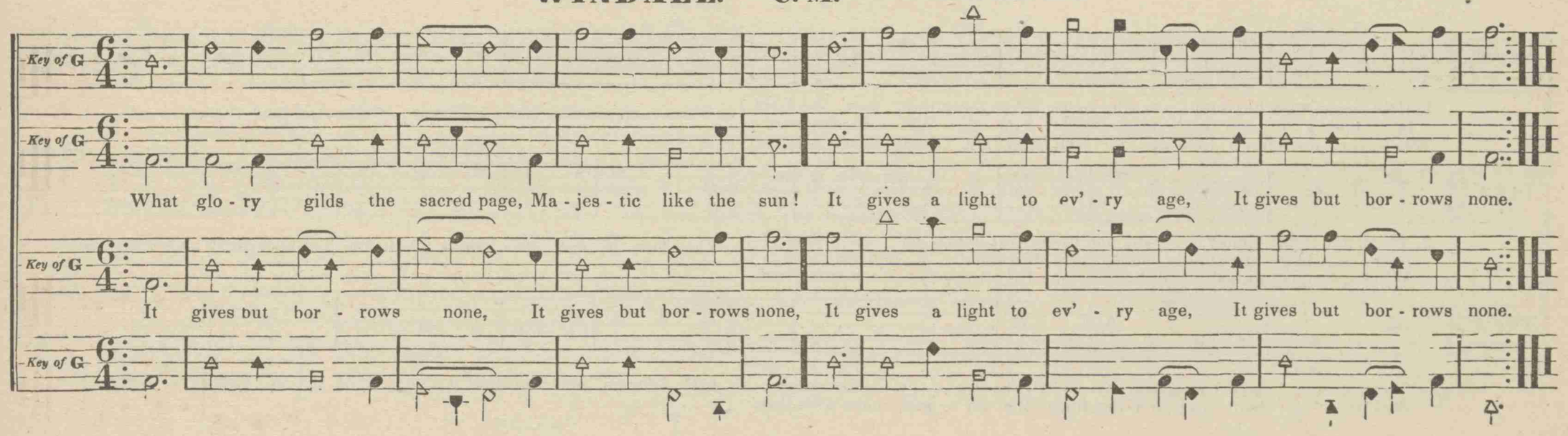
J. ROBERTSON



## CELESTA. C. M.




## WINDALL. C. M.




NOTE.—The slur over the third measures of the above tunes to be observed only when the tune is repeated. To be repeated or not, at pleasure.

## PLEASANT HILL. C. M.

In steady time.

Key of E

Blest is the man whose soften'd heart Feels all another's pain: } Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth, And bleeds in pi - ty o'er the wound
To whom the sup - pli - cat-ing eye Was ne - ver raised in vain. } A stranger's woes to feel; He wants the pow'r to heal.

## CANAAN'S LAND. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

Key of A

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those that love the Lord, } 2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part,
In one a - no - ther's peace delight, And so ful - fil the word ;
When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

D. C.

3. When free from envy, scorn, and pride, Our wish - es all above, } 4. When love in one de - light - ful stream, Through every bo - som flows,
Each can his bro - ther's failings hide, And show a brother's love ;
When u - nion sweet and dear esteem, In eve - ry action glows.

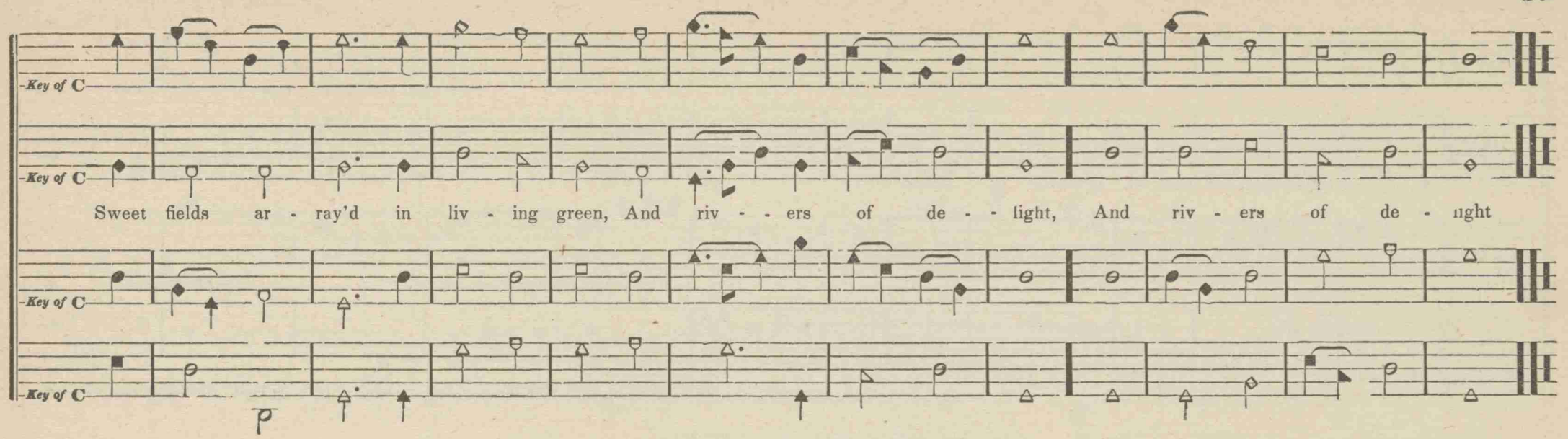
D. C.

5 Love is the gold - en chain that binds The hap - py souls above, And he's an heir of heav'n that finds His bo som glow with love.
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds His bo - som glow with love.

D. C.


Key of A
The mea-dows dress'd in
The lit - tle hills on ev' - ry side Re - joice at fall - ing show'rs; The
The mea-dows dress'd in all their pride, The
The mea-dows dress'd in all . . . . . their pride, Per-
all . . . . . their pride, Per - fume, &c.
mea-dows dress'd in all their pride, Per - fume the air with flow'rs, The meadows dress'd in all their pride, Per - fume the air with flow'rs.
meadows dress'd in all their pride, Per - fume, &c.
fume the air with flow'rs, Per-fume &c.


Key of C
On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - tul eye; To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where
my pos - ses - sions lie. Oh! the trans - port-ing, rap - t'rous scene That rises to my sight, That rises to my sight, That rises to my sight;


Key of C
Key of C
Sweet fields ar - ray'd in liv - ing green, And riv - - ers of de - - light, And riv - ers of de - ught
Key of C
Key of C

## CANAAN. C. M.


Key of G
And, as a lamp, our footstep leads, To walk in wis - dom's way.
Key of G
The sun of science kindly sheds On us a cheering ray;
And, as a lamp, our footstep leads, To walk in wisdom's way.
Key of G
And, as a lamp, our footstep leads, To walk in wisdom's way, To walk in wisdom's way.
Key of G
And, as a lamp, our footstep leads, And, as a lamp, our footstep leads, To walk in wis - dom s way.

## LIBERTY. C. M.



Key of F

Be - hold the smiling, happy land, Behold, &c.

No more beneath th' oppressive hand Of Ty-ran-ny we moan, Be - hold the smiling, happy land, Behold, &c.

Be - hold the smiling, happy land, Behold, &c. That Freedom, &c.

Be - hold the smiling, happy land, Be - hold the smi - ling hap - py land That Freedom calls her . .

## COMMUNION. No. 2.

Key of A

For me, oh did my Sa - viour bleed, And did my Sove - reign die?

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I'

Chorus. { Re - mem - ber me, re - mem - ber me! O Lord, re - mem - ber me!
Re - mem - ber all thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me!

Key of F

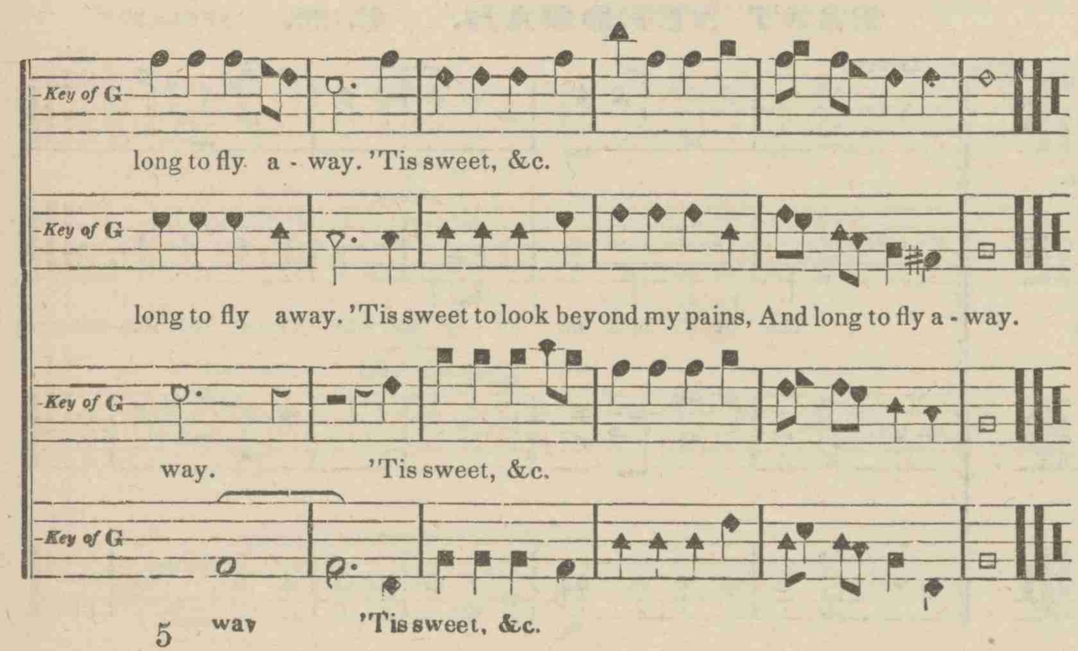
That Freedom, &c. That Freedom calls her own!

That Freedom, &c. That Freedom calls her own!

own That Freedom calls her own!

. . . . . own . . . . . That Freedom calls her own!




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

3. Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4. Sweet, to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet, to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.

5. Sweet, in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

6. Sweet, on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.

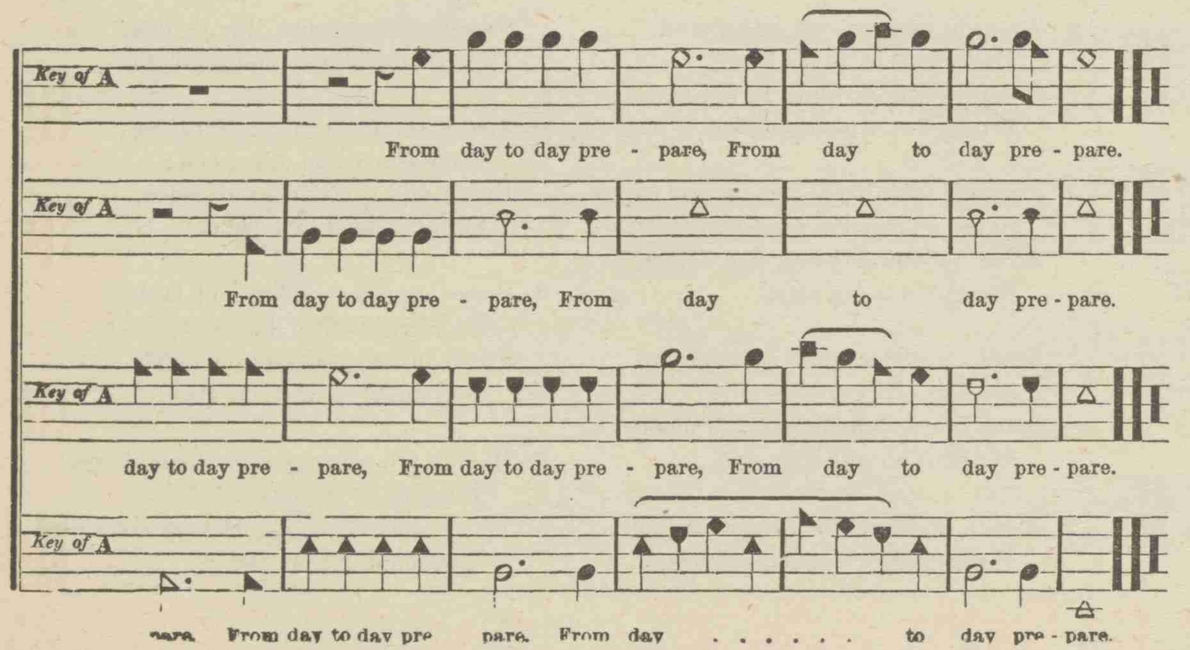
7. Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

8. If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee?

## LINGHAM. C. M.




## EAST NEEDHAM. C. M. BELKNAP.






Key of G

The meadows, dress'd in all their pride, Per-fume the air with flowers, Per - fume . . . . . the air with flowers.

Key of G

The meadows, dress'd in all their pride, Per-fume the air with flowers, Per - fume the air with flowers.

Key of G

The meadows, dress'd in all their pride, Per-fume the air with flowers. The meadows, dress'd in all their pride, Per - fume the air with flowers.

Key of G

The meadows, dress'd in all their pride, Per - fume the air with flowers. The meadows, dress'd in all their pride, Per - - - fume . . . . . the air with flowers

## ARCADIA. C. M.

Key of A 3/2

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

Key of A 3/2

2. And what is life, mid toil and strife, What ter - ror has the grave? Thine arm of power, in per - il's hour, The trembling soul will save, The trembling soul will save.

Key of A 3/2

3. In dark-est skies, though storms a-rise, I will not be dis - may'd: O God of light, and boundless might! My soul on thee is stay'd, My soul on thee is stay'd.

Key of A 3/2

Key of F

Key of F

Be - hold, a glorious sound we hear, Our tribes devoutly say: "Up, Is - rael, to the tem - ple haste, And keep your festal day." At Salem's courts we must appear With

Key of F

At Salem's courts we

Key of F

At Salem's courts we must appear With

Key of F

At Salem's courts we must appear With our . . . . . assembled pow rs, In strong, &c.

Key of F

our as-sem-bled pow'rs, . . . . In strong and beauteous order ranged, Like her u - ni - - ted tow'rs.

Key of F

must appear, With our as-sem-bled pow'rs, In strong, &c.

Key of F

our as - sem-bled pow'rs. . . . . In strong, &c.


With spirit.
Key of G
And realms of in - fi - nite de-
Far from these nar - row scenes of night, Un - bound - ed glo - ries rise, Un - bound - ed glo - ries rise; And
And realms of in - fi - nite de-
And
light,
And realms, &c.
realms of in - fi - nite de - light,
And realms of in - fi - nite de - light, Un - known to mor - tal eyes.
light, . . . . . Un - known to mortal eyes, And realms, &c.
realms of in - fi - nite de - light, Un - known, &c.

# HAMPSHIRE. C. M.

MORETON

Key of A

Be calm as morn's im - pres - sive

When life's tem - pes - tuous day is o'er, May its de - part - ing ray Be calm as morn's im - pres - sive hour,

Soft.

Be

Be calm as morn's im - pres - sive

hour, And lead to end-less day, And lead to end - less day. Be calm, &c.

Be calm as mor, impressive hour, Be calm as morn's im-pres-sive hour, And lead to end - less day.

Loud.

calm as morn's impressive hour, . . . . . And lead to end-less day. Be calm, &c.

hour And lead to end - less day. Be calm, &c.

Key of G

The hand that safe-ly keeps my days Will all . . . . .

Key of G

Now with my thoughts composed to peace, I'll give mine eyes to sleep; The hand that safe-ly

Key of G

The hand that safe - ly keeps my days Will all . . . . . my

Key of G

The hand that safe - ly keeps my days Will all . . . . . my slumbers keep

Key of G

. . . . . my slumbers keep. The hand that safe - ly keeps my days Will all, &c.

Key of G

keeps my days Will all . . . . . my slum - - bers keep, Will all my slumbers keep, Will all . . . . my slumbers keep.

Key of G

slumbers keep. The hand that safe-ly keeps my days Will all. &c.

Key of G

The hand that safe-ly keeps my days Will all my slumbers keep, Will, all, &c.

# EDOM. C. M

CHEERFUL

Key of F

The clouds bring down refreshing rains On parched lands and

Where na - ture spreads her bound - less plains, Be - neath a summer sky, . . . . . The clouds bring down re-

The clouds bring down refreshing rains On parch - ed lands and

The clouds bring down re-

dry, . . . . On parched lands . . . . . and dry. The bending trees their tribute yield, And

fresh - ing rains On parch - ed lands and dry. The bend - ing trees their tribute yield, And herds to grazing roam The grateful sower

dry. On parch - - ed lands and dry. The bending trees their tri - bute yield, And herds to graz - ing roam;

freshing rains. On parch - - ed lands . . . . and dry.

Key of F

herds to grazing roam, And herds to graz - - ing roam; The grateful sower reaps his field, And sings the harvest home, And sings the harvest home.

Key of F

reaps his field, And sings the harvest home, . . . . . The grateful sower reaps his field, And sings the har - vest home, And sings the harvest home.

Key of F

. . . . . The grateful sower reaps his field The grateful sower reaps his field, And sings the harvest home, And sings the harvest home.

Key of F

. . . . . The grateful sower reaps his field, And sings the harvest home, . . . . . And sings the harvest home.

## CONDESCENSION. C. M.

Key of C

Key of C

Come, humble sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve; Come, with your guilt and fear op - press'd, And make this last re - solve.

Key of C

Key of C

# MILBOURN PORT. C. M.






Key of F

The world, at each re - turn - - - ing day, A - wakes a - gain to light.

When

When morn - ing drives the

When morning drives the shades a - way, And makes an end of night, . . . . . And makes an end of night.

When morning drives the shades a - way, And makes an end of night, . . . And makes an end of night.

morning drives the shades a - way, And makes an end of night. When morn - ing drives the shades a - way, And makes an end of night.

shades a - way, And makes an end of night. . . . . When morning drives the shades a - way, And makes an end of night.

# BAND OF LOVE. C. M.

Key of G

Our souls, by love to - ge - ther knit, Ce - ment - ed, join'd in one; One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice, 'Tis heav'n on earth begun. Our

Key of G

Key of G

LIVELY.

hearts have burn'd while Je - sus spoke, And glow'd with sacred fire; He stoop'd, and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd, And fill'd the enlarged desire. A Sa - viour,

Key of G

Key of G

let cre - a - tion sing! A Savior let all heaven ring! He's God with us, we feel him ours; His ful - ness in our soul he pours. 'Tis

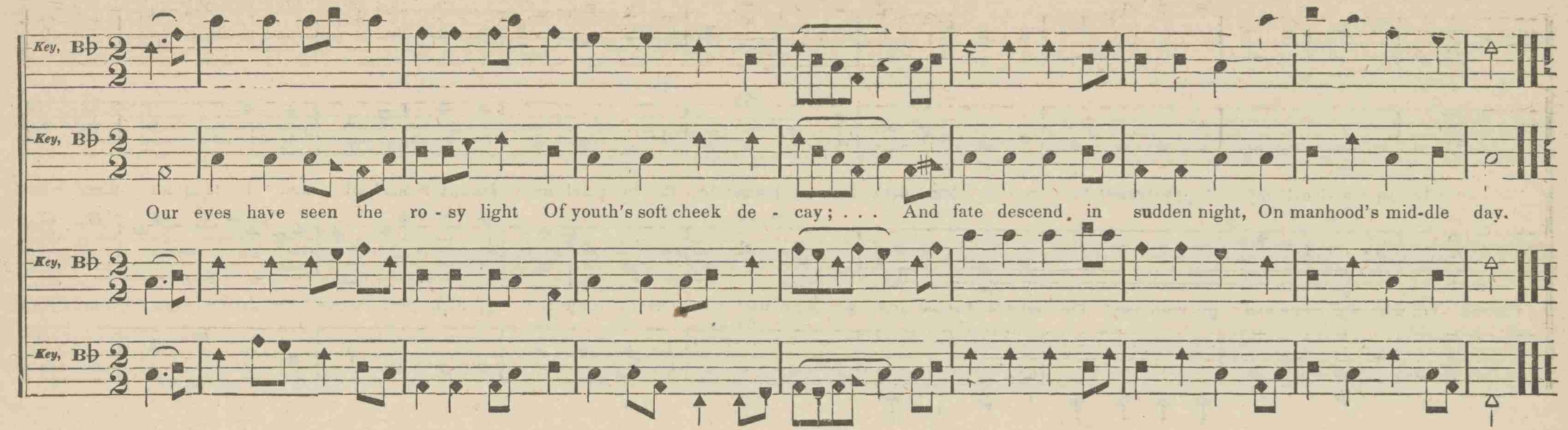
Key of G

Key of G

al - most done, 'Tis al - most o'er; We're joining them who're gone be - fore, We soon shall meet to part no more. We soon shall meet to part no more.

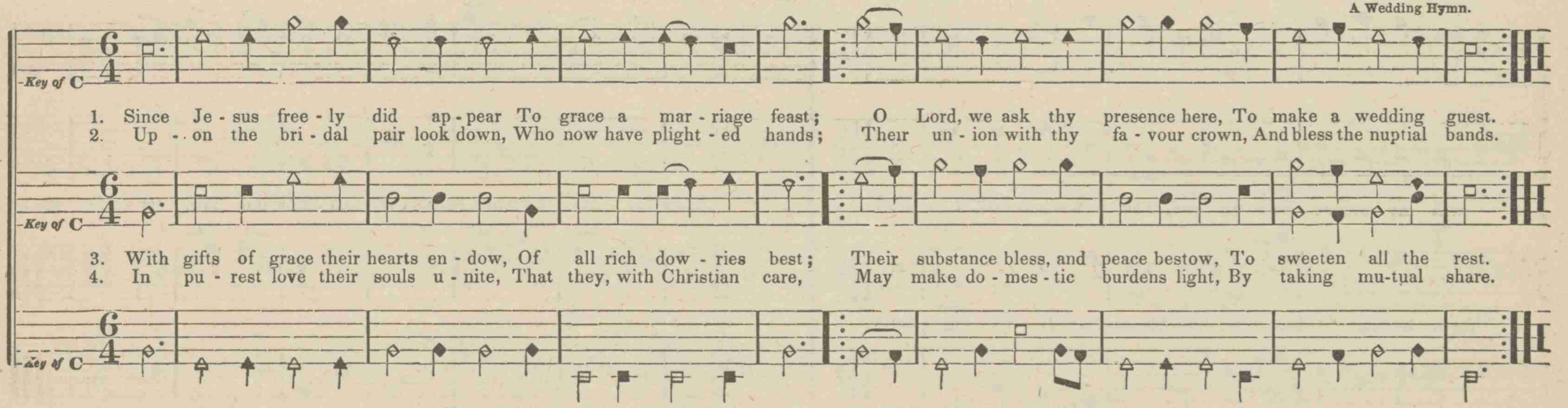
Key of G

## PISGAH. C. M.




## WAVERLY. C. M.

A Wedding Hymn.




NOTE.—Let the *lower* choosing notes in the Air be sung the *first* time; the *upper*, the *last time*.

## GEORGETOWN. C. M.

Key of A

Je - ru - sa-lem! my happy home! Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap-py home! Oh how I long for thee! When

*Chorus.* Oh who will come and go with me! Oh who will come and go with me! Oh who will come and go with me! To the New Je - ru - sa - lem! From

## DARLINGTON. C. M.

Key of A

will my sorrows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?

earth be-low, to heav'n we go, To the New Je - ru - sa - lem!

Key of G

How ma - ny wretched souls have fled Since the last set - ting sun;

Key of G

Yet mercy lengthens out our thread, And yet our moments run, And yet our moments run, And yet our moments run.

Key of G

Yet mercy lengthens out our thread, And yet our moments run, And yet our moments run, And yet our moments run.

Key of G

Yet mercy lengthens out our thread, And yet our moments run, And yet our moments run, And yet our moments run.

Key of G

## WALSAL. C. M.

Key of C

Key of C

How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? The Word the choicest rules im - parts, To keep the conscience clean.

Key of C

Key of C

## VICTORY. C. M.

D. REED

Key, E♭

sound, Within the temple sound, Within the temple sound.

Now shall my head be lift - ed high, Above my foes a - round; And songs of joy and vic - to-ry With-in the temple sound, sound, sound, Within the temple sound.

And songs of joy and vic - to - ry With - in the temple sound, sound, Within the temple sound

And songs of joy and vic - to - ry Within the temple sound, . . . . . sound, Within the temple sound.

## HUBBARD. C. M.

Key of A

D. C.

1. The year rolls round and steals a - way The breath that first it gave,
   Whate'er we do, where'er we be, We're trav'ling to the grave,
   And yet how un - con-cern'd we go, Up - on the brink of death.

2. In - fi - nite joy or end - less wo At-tends on ev' - ry step,

Key of D

The plenteous fruits make harvest glad, And flowers a

The morning light and ev'ning shade, Succes - sive comforts bring;

The plenteous fruits make harvest glad, And flowers adorn the spring. An

The plenteous fruits make harvest glad And flowers adorn the spring And flowers a-

The plenteous fruits make harvest glad, And flowers . . . . adorn the spring, And flowers

dorn the spring. And flowers a - dorn the spring.

The plenteous fruits make harvest glad, And flowers a - dorn the spring.

flowers . . . . . a - dorn the spring.

The plenteous fruits make harvest glad, And flowers a - dorn the spring.

dorn the spring.

The plenteous fruits make harvest glad, And flowers a - dorn the spring, And flowers adorn the spring.

6 s dorn the spring. The plenteous fruits make harvest glad. And flowers a dorn the spring

## POLAND. C. M

SWAN.

Key of E

Turn, mortal, turn! thy dan - ger know; Where'er thy feet can tread, The earth rings hol - low from be - low, And warns thee of her dead!

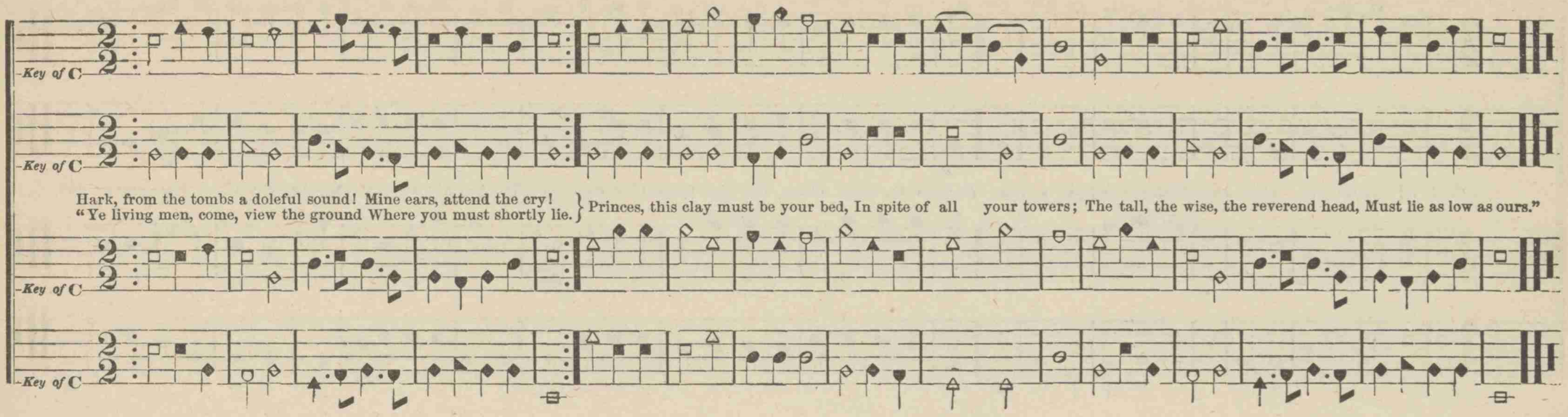
## LIBERTY HALL. C. M.

CHAPIN.

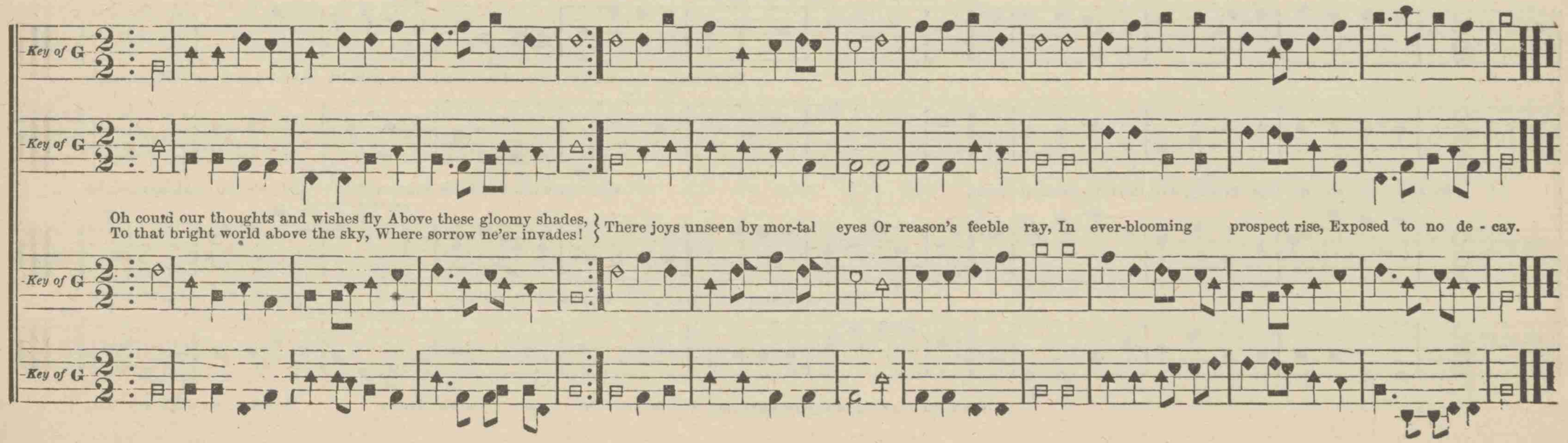
Key of C

Death, what a so - lemn word to all! What mor - tal things are men! We just a - rise, and soon we fall, To mix with earth a - gain.

## FIDUCIA. C. M.




## SALVATION. C. M.



## FAIRFIELD. C. M.

HITCHCOCK.

Key of C

Key of C

Come, let us lift our voices high, High as our joys a - rise; And join the songs a-bove the sky, Where pleasure never dies, And join the songs above the sky, Where pleasure never dies.

Key of C

Key of C

## SUTTON. C. M.

GOFF.

Key of A

When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands, And fly to unknown lands.

Key of A

My soul, come me - di - tate the day, And think how near it stands,

When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands.

Key of A

When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands, . . . . . And fly to unknown lands.

Key of A

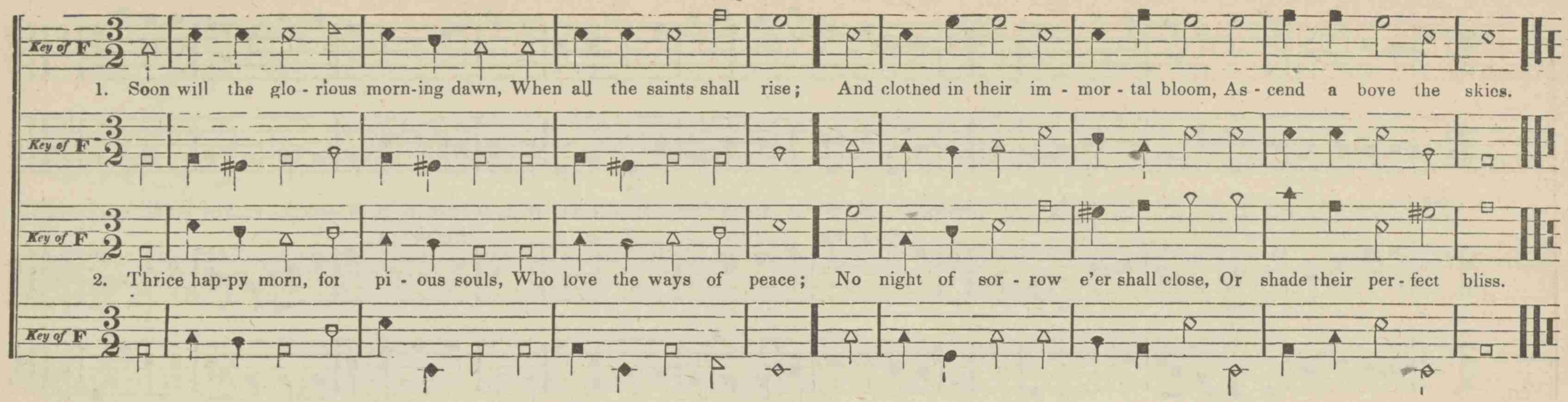
When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to un - known lands. . And fly to unknown lands.

Oh! beauteous were the pa - la - ces On Jor - dan wont to be,
And still they glimmer'd to the breeze, Like stars beneath the sea.
But vultures held their ju - bi - lee, Where harp and cymbal rung; And there, as if in mock - e - ry, The baleful satyr sung

## TRIBULATION C. M.

A. CHAPIN.

Hope looks be - yond the bounds of time, When what we now de - plore Shall rise in full im - mor - tal prime, And bloom to fade no more.




## O land of rest. [HYMN.]







2. No tranquil joys on earth I view,
No peaceful, shelt'ring dome;
This world's a wilderness of wo—
This world is not my home.

3. To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And fly for refuge to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4. When, by affliction sorely tried,
I view the gaping tomb.
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

5. Weary of toil, and wand'ring round
This vale of sin and gloom;
I long to quit th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

FLOWING STYLE.

Key of D

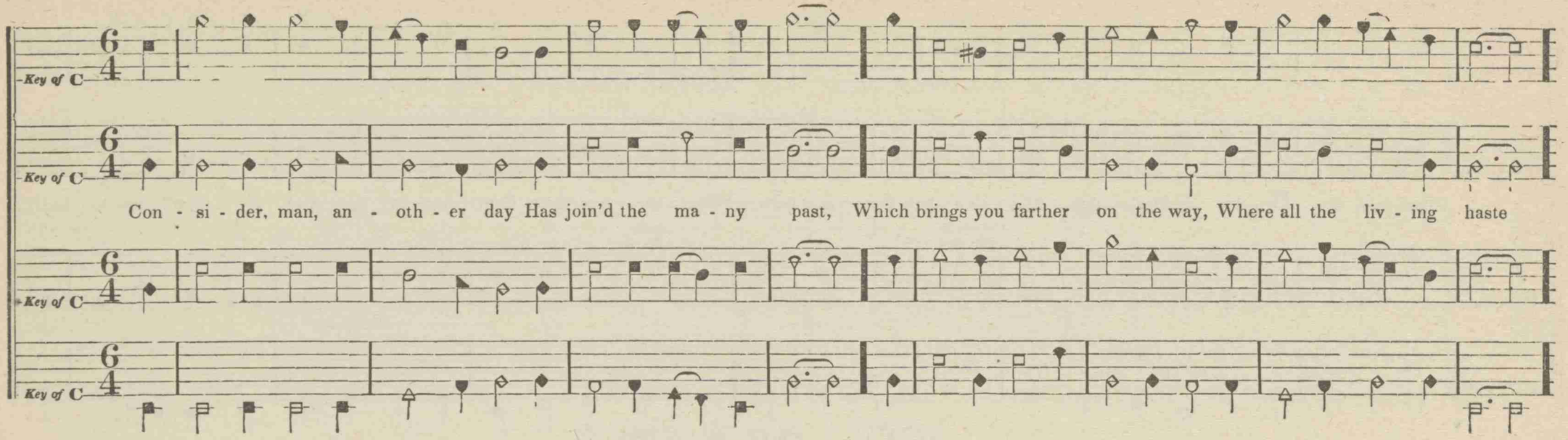
When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part; When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart,

SOFT. LOUD.

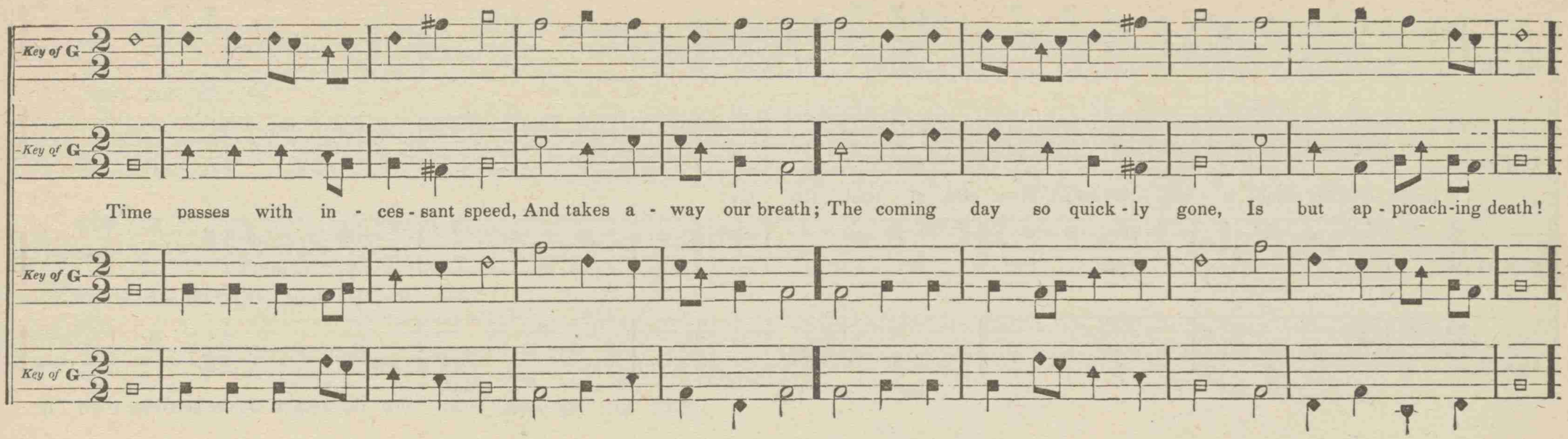
Key of D

And joy from heart to heart, And joy from heart to heart. When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

## LEANDER. C. M. (DOUBLE)







Key of G
Key of G
Time passes with in - ces - sant speed, And takes a - way our breath; The coming day so quick - ly gone, Is but ap - proach - ing death!
Key of G
Key of G


Key of G
Key of G
3
The hur - ried mo-ments from us fly, Nor heed our earn - est pray'r, As mes - sen - gers to bear on high What we are do - ing here.
Key of G
Key of G

Key of D

"Ye liv - ing men, come

Hark! from the tombs a dole - ful sound, Mine ears, at - tend the cry; "Ye

"Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where

"Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must short - ly

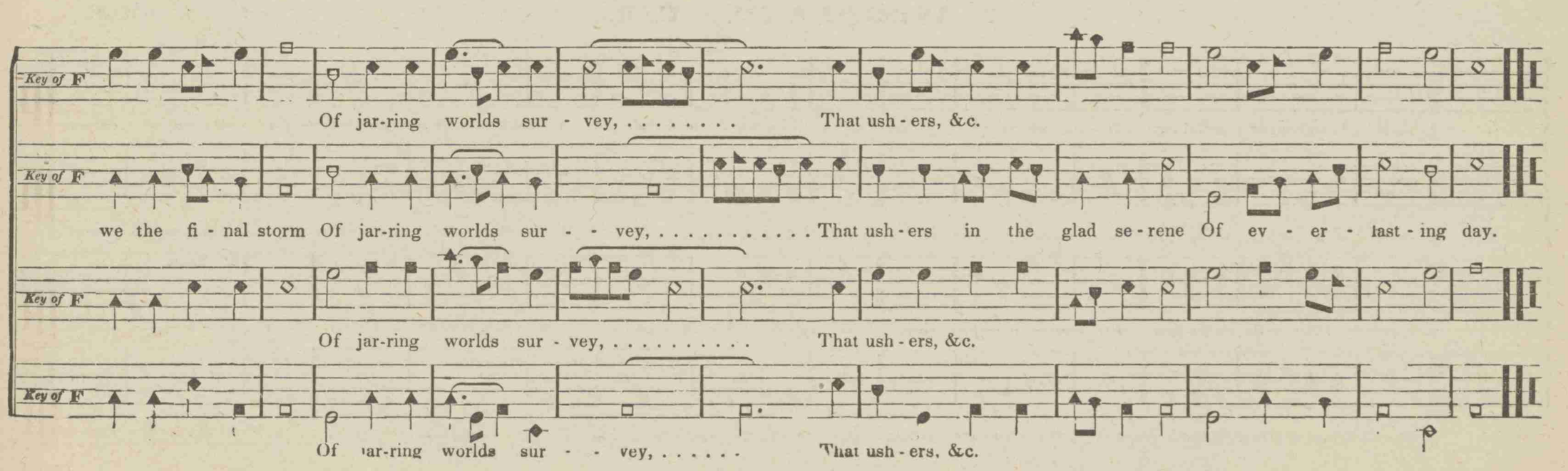
view the ground Where you must short - ly lie." . . . . .

liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must short - ly lie." "Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

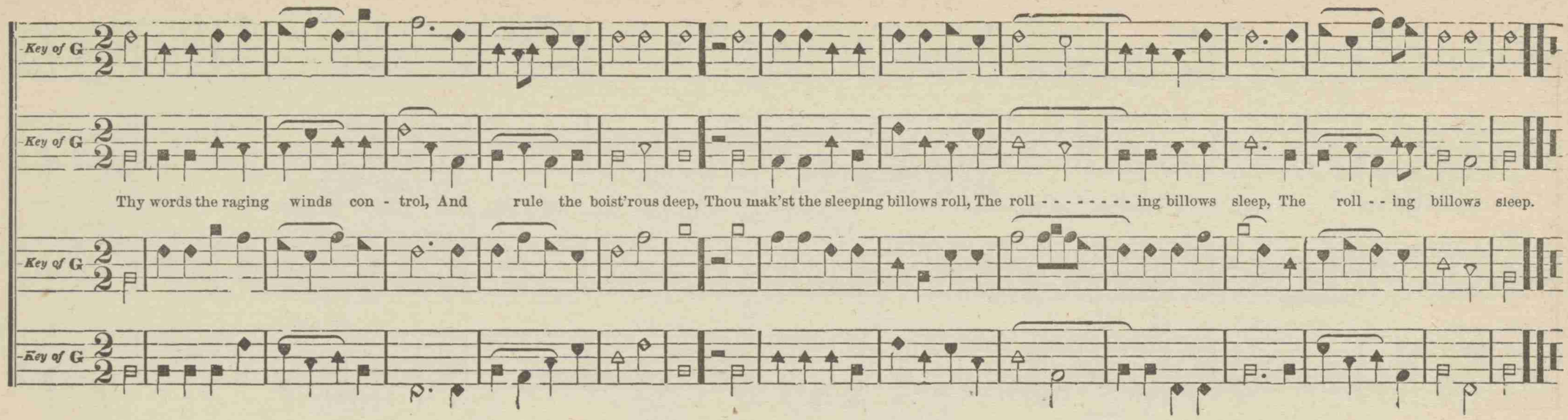
you must short - ly lie." . . . . .

lie." . . . . .


Key of F
When thro' cre - a - tion's vast expanse, The last dread thunders roll, Untune the concord of the spheres, And shake the ris - ing soul; Un - mov'd may

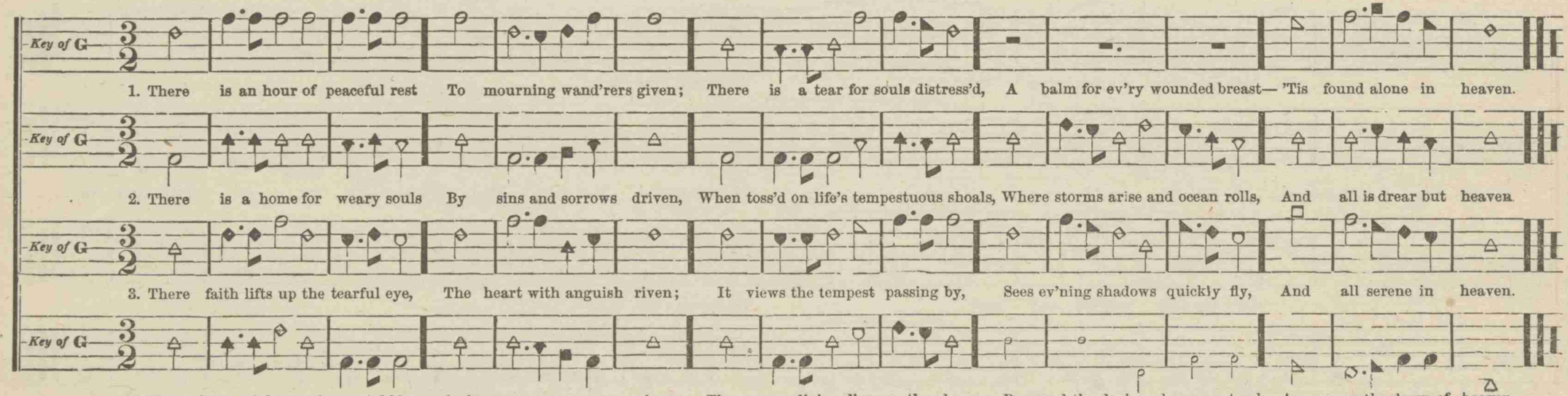

Key of F
Of jar-ring worlds sur - vey, . . . . . That ush - ers, &c.
we the fi - nal storm Of jar-ring worlds sur - - vey, . . . . . That ush - ers in the glad se - rene Of ev - er - last - ing day.
Of jar-ring worlds sur - vey, . . . . . That ush - ers, &c.
Of jar-ring worlds sur - - vey, . . . . . That ush - ers, &c.

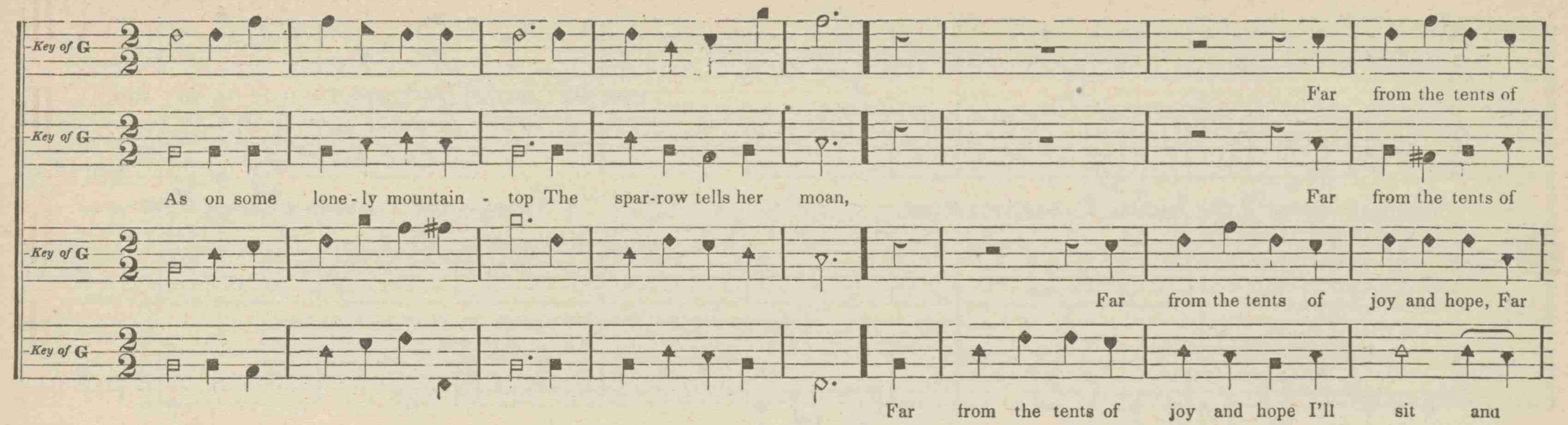
## VIRGINIA. C. M.




## WOODLAND. C. M.

GOULD.




Key of G
Far from the tents of
As on some lone-ly mountain - top The spar-row tells her moan, Far from the tents of
Far from the tents of joy and hope, Far
Far from the tents of joy and hope I'll sit and


Key of G
joy and hope, Far from the tents of joy . . . and hope, Far from, &c.
joy and hope, Far from the tents of joy . . . and hope, Far from the tents of joy and hope I'll sit and grieve a - lone.
from the tents of joy and hope I'll sit and grieve a - lone. Far from, &c.
grieve a - - - lone. I'l' sit and grieve a - lone. Far from &c.

# GRAFTON. C. M.

Key of C

Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace, If Christ be in my arms.

Key of C

Jesus, the vi - sion of thy face Hath o - ver-pow'ring charms;

Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace, If Christ be in my

Key of C

Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace, If Christ be in my arms, Scarce

Key of C

Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace, If Christ be in my arms, Scarce shall I feel death's

Key of C

Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace, If Christ be in my arms. Then, while you hear my heart-strings break, How

Key of C

arms, Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace, If Christ be in my arms. Then, while you hear my heart-strings break, How sweet the minutes roll, . . . . .

Key of C

shall I feel death's cold embrace, If Christ be in my arms, If Christ be in my arms. Then, while you hear my heart-strings break, How sweet the minutes

Key of C

cold embrace, If Christ be in my arms, If Christ be in my arms Then, while you hear my heart-strings break. How sweet the minutes roll. . .

Key of C

sweet the mi - nutes roll, . . . . . A mor - tal pale - ness on my cheek, And glo - ry in my soul, And glo - ry in my soul.

Key of C

. . . . . How sweet the minutes roll, . . . . . A mortal pale - ness on my cheek, And glory in my soul, And glory in my soul.

Key of C

roll, . . . . . A mortal paleness on my cheek, And glo - ry in my soul. A mortal paleness on my cheek, And glory in my soul.

Key of C

. . . . . A mor - tal pale - ness on my cheek, And glo - ry in my soul. A mor - tal paleness on my cheek, And glory in my soul.

## BOWERBANK. C. M.

Key of C

Key of C

Vain man, thy fond pursuit forbear, Re - pent, thy end is nigh; Death at the far - thest can't be far, Death at the far - thest can't be far, Oh think be - fore you die.

Key of C

Key of C

# MONTGOMERY. C. M.

Key of C

So pilgrims on the

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

So pilgrims on the scorching sand, So pilgrims on the

My thirsty spirit faints a - way . . . . . Without thy cheering grace; So pilgrims on the scorching sand, So pilgrims on the scorching

Key of C

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

Key of C

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

Key of C

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

Key of C

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

Key of G

Key of G

The Lord, the Judge, be - fore his throne Bids the whole earth draw nigh; The na-tions near the ris - ing sun, And near the west - ern sky. Throned on a cloud, our God shall come;

Key of G

Key of G

Key of G

Thunder and darkness, fire and storm Lead on the dreadful day. Thunder, &c. Lead on, &c.

Key of G

Bright flames prepare his way; Thunder and darkness, fire and storm Lead on the dreadful day, Lead on the dread-ful day.

Key of G

Thunder, &c. Lead on, &c. Thunder, &c. Lead on, &c. Lead on, &c.

Key of G

7

Thunder and darkness, fire and storm Lead on the dreadful day, Thunder, &c. Thunder, &c.

Key of A

Plunged in a gulf of dark de-spair, We wretch-ed sin-ners lay, Without one cheering beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.

With pitying eye, the Prince of Peace Be-

With pitying eye, the

With pitying eye, the Prince of Peace . .

Key of A

pitying eye, the Prince of Peace Beheld our help-less grief; He saw, and oh, a - maz-ing love! He ran, &c. He ran, &c.

held our helpless grief, Be - held our help-less grief; He saw, and oh, a - maz-ing love! He ran to our re - lief, He ran to our re - lief.

Prince of Peace Be - held our help-less grief; He saw, and oh, a - maz-ing love! He ran, &c. He ran, &c.

. . . . . Be - held our help-less grief; He saw, and oh, a - maz-ing love! . . . . . He ran, &c. He ran, &c.

Key of D

1. To our Redeemer's glorious name A - wake the sacred song! On may his love, im - mor - tal flame! Tune ev'ry heart and tongue. 2. His love what mortal

Key of D

Key of D

. 3. Dear Lord, while we a - dor - ing pay Our humble thanks to thee, May ev'-ry heart with rapture say, "The Saviour died for me!" 4. Oh may the sweet, the

Key of D

Inst.

Key of D

thought can reach! What mor - tal tongue dis - play! Im - ag - i - na - tion's ut-most stretch In won-der dies a - way, In wonder dies a - way.

Key of D

Key of D

bliss - ful theme, Fill ev' - ry heart and tongue, Till strangers love thy charming name, And join the sa - cred song, And join the sa-cred song.

Key of D

## FOSTER. C. M.


Key of G
Key of G
Ye wea - ry, hea-vy - la - den souls, Who are op-press - ed sore, Ye trav'lers through the wil-der-ness, To Ca-naan's peaceful shore;
Key of G


Key of G
Key of G
The chilling winds, and beating rain, The waters deep and cold, And en - e - mies sur - rounding you, Take cou - rage and be bold.
Key of G


Key of F
Around whose throne dread thunders roll, And liv - id lightnings play, And
Thou great and good, the Lord of all, Whom heav'nly hosts o - bey;
Around whose throne dread thunders roll, And liv - id lightnings
Around whose throne dread thunders roll, And liv-id lightnings play, Around whose throne dread
Around whose throne dread thunders roll, And liv - id lightnings play, Around whose throne dread thunders roll. And
liv - id lightnings play, play, play, And liv - id lightnings play, A - round, &c.
play, And liv - id lightnings play, And liv - id lightnings play, Around whose throne dread thunders roll, And liv - id lightnings play.
thunders roll, And liv - id lightnings play, play, play, Around, &c.
And liv - id lightnings play, And liv - id lightnings play, Around, &c.

# ENFIELD C. M.

Key of E

Be - fore the ro - sy dawn of day, To thee, my God I'll sing; Awake each soft and tune - ful lyre, A - wake each charming string.

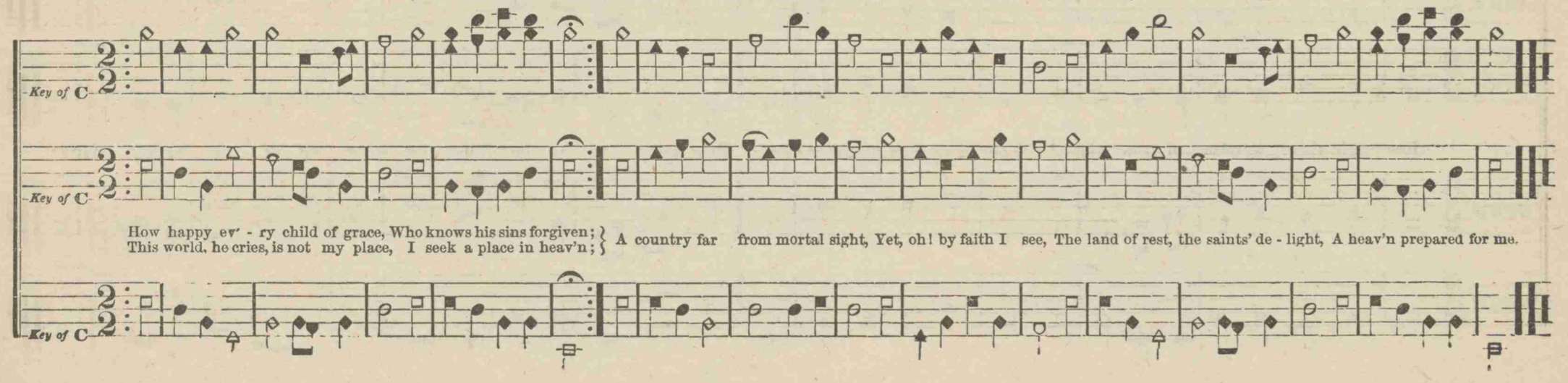
Key of E

A - wake, and let thy flow - ing strains Glide through the midnight air, While high amidst her si - lent orb, The sil - ver moon runs clear.

## FAREWELL. C. M. (6 LINES.)




## THE CHILD OF GRACE. C. M. (DOUBLE.)



## ELGIN. C. M

Key of G

1. That aw - ful day will sure-ly come, Th' ap - point-ed hour makes haste, When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the solemn test.

4. Oh! tell me that my worthless name Is gra - ven on thy hands; Show me some promise in thy book, Where my sal - va - tion stands.

## SUFFIELD. C. M.

KING.

Key of F

How bright these glo-rious spi - rits shine! Whence all their bright ar - ray? How came they to the bliss - ful seats Of ev - er - lasting day?

## BIGGLESWADE. C. M.







2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4. Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor Death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore

# CHURCHWARD. C. M.

W. CHURCHWARD.

Key of G

1. How bless'd are they who al - ways keep The pure and per - fect way; Who nev - er from the sa - cred paths Of God's commandments stray!

2. Such men their utmost cau - tion use To shun each wick - ed deed; But in the path which he di - rects With con - stant care pro - ceed.

3 Oh, then, that Thy most ho - ly will Might o'er my ways pre - side, And I the course of all my life By thy di - rec-tion guide.

DUETT, TWO TREBLES.

How bless'd who to his right - eous laws Have still o - be-dient been; And have, with fer - vent, hum-ble zeal, His favour sought to win.

Thou strict - ly hast en - join'd us, Lord, To learn thy sa - cred will, And all our dil - i - gence em-ploy Thy sta-tutes to ful - fil.

Then with as - su - rance should I walk, From all con - fu - sion free; Convinced, with joy, that all my ways With thy commands a - gree.

Inst.

Voice.

SLOW AND VERY SOFT. *ff* LIVELY.

Key, B♭ 3/2 2/2

1. With joy we med - - - i - - tate the grace Of our High - Priest a - bove; His heart is

DUETT, TWO TREBLES. *pp*

Key, B♭ 3/2 2/2

2. Touch'd with . . . a sym - - - pa - - thy with - - - - in, He knows our fee - - ble frame; He knows what

Key, B♭ 3/2 2/2

3. He, in . . . . the days of fee ble flesh, . . . Pour'd out strong cries and tears, And in his

*Inst.* *Voice.*

Key, B♭ 3/2 2/2

4. He'll ne - - - ver quench the smok - - ing flax, But raise it to a flame; The bruised

*p* *f* SLOW.

Key, B♭

made of ten - der - ness, His heart is made of ten - der - ness, His bow-els melt with love, His bow - els melt with love.

Key, B♭

sore temp - ta - tions mean, He knows what sore temp - - ta - tions mean, For he hath felt the same, For he hath felt the same.

Key, B♭

mea-sure feels a - fresh, And in his mea - sure feels a - fresh What ev' - ry mem-ber bears, What ev' - ry mem - ber bears.

Key, B♭

reed he ne - ver breaks. The bruis - ed reed he ne - ver breaks Nor scorns the mean-est name, Nor scorns the mean - est name.

## MOUNT NEBO. C. M.

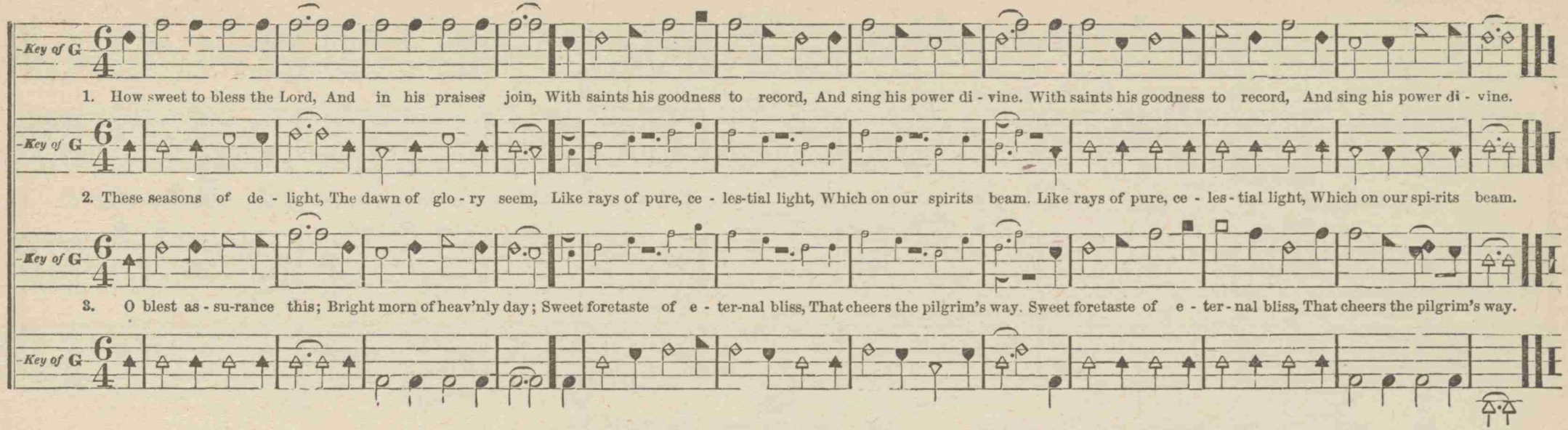



## ERASMUS. S. M.

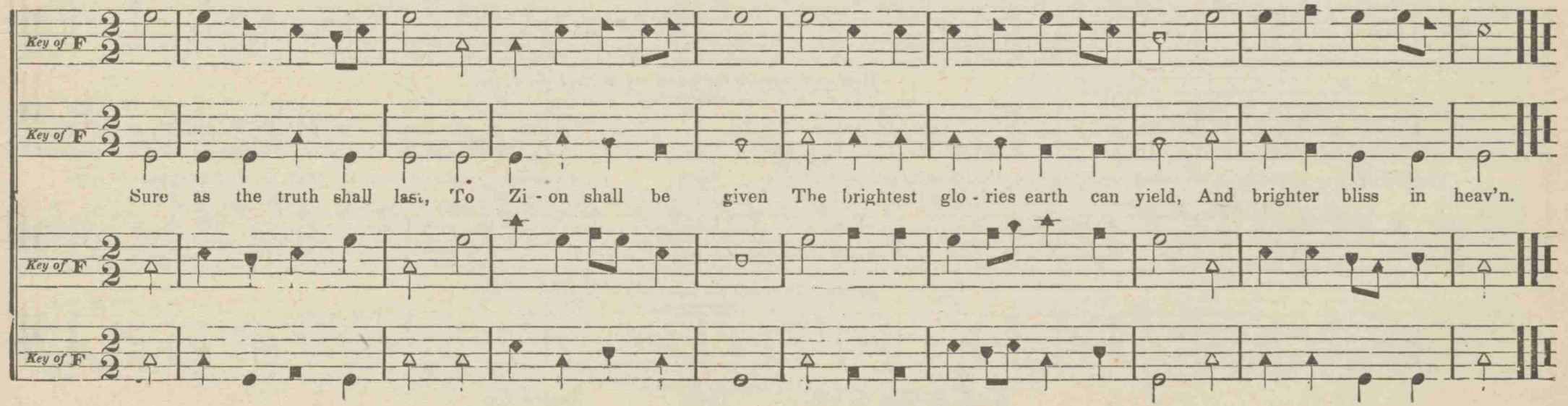
T. HASTINGS.



## BARON. S. M.




## WEBSTER. S. M.



## CONGREVE. S. M.

W B. BRADBURY.

ANIMATED.

Key of C

Be - hold the morning sun Be - gins his glo - rious way; His beams, &c.

Be-hold the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glorious way; His beams thro' all the na-tions run, And life and light con - vey.

Be-hold the morn - ing sun Be-gins his glo - rious way, His beams, &c.

Be - hold the morning sun Be - gins his glo-rious way; His beams. &c

## CONCORD. S. M.

HOLDEN.

Key of C

Be-fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Before, &c.

The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Be-fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Before, &c.

Before we reach the heav'nly fields. Before. &c.

Key of C

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

Key of C

Blest is the peace - ful house, Their songs, &c.

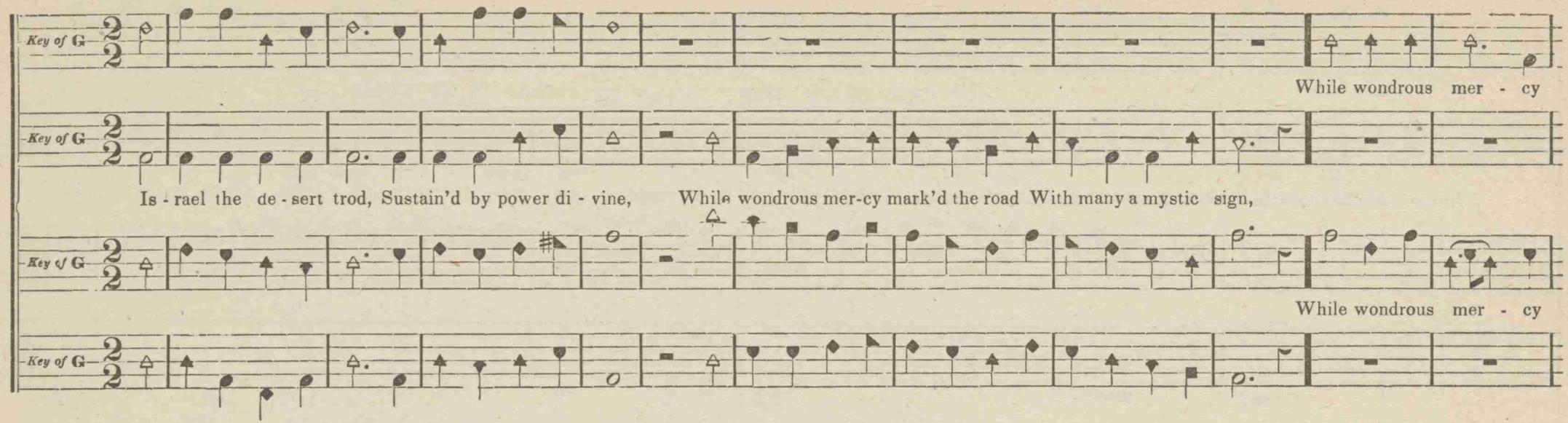
Key of C

Blest is the peace - ful house, Where zeal and friend-ship meet; Their songs of praise, their mingled vows, Make their com - mu-nion sweet.

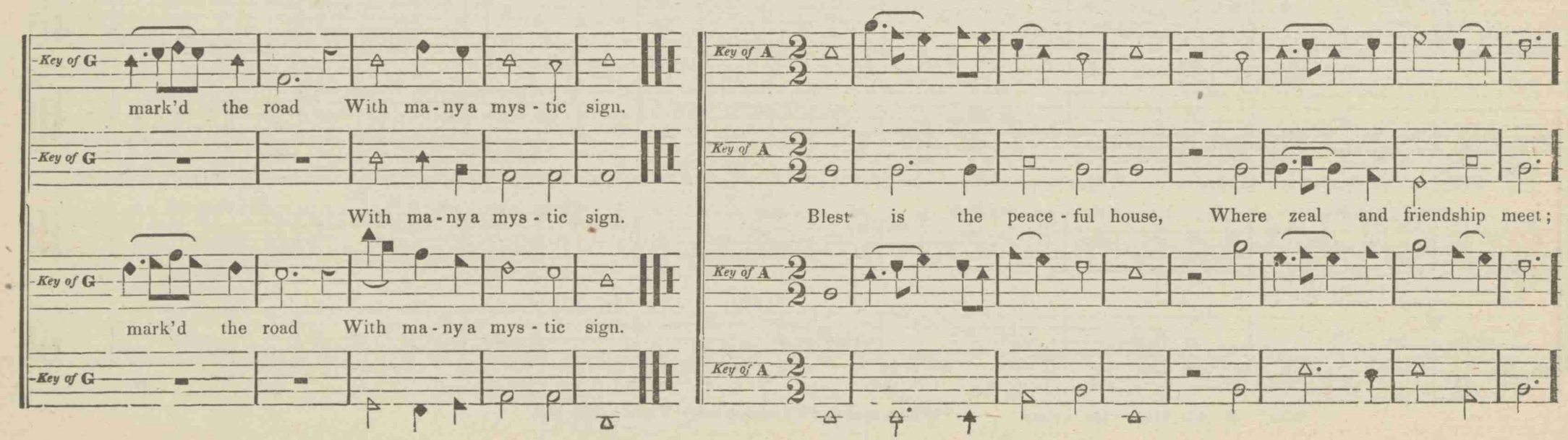
Key of C

Blest is the peace - ful house, Where zeal and friendship meet; Their songs. &c.

## HOPE. S. M.




## STAFFORD. S. M.



Key of A

Their songs of praise, their min - gled vows, Make their . . . . . com - mu - nion sweet

Key of A

Their songs of praise, their min - - - - - gled vows, Make their . . . . . com - mu - nion sweet

Key of A

Their songs of praise, their mingled vows, Their songs of praise, their min - gled vows, Make their . . . . . com - mu - nion sweet

Key of A

Their songs of praise, Their min - gled vows, Their songs of praise, their min - gled vows, Make, &c.

## HUMILITY. S. M.

E. HERITAGE.

Key of G 3/2

Key of G 3/2

Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn ing flow'r: If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, It with - ers in an hour.

Key of G 3/2

## MOUNT SION. S. M.

Key of C

Then

The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Then let your songs a-

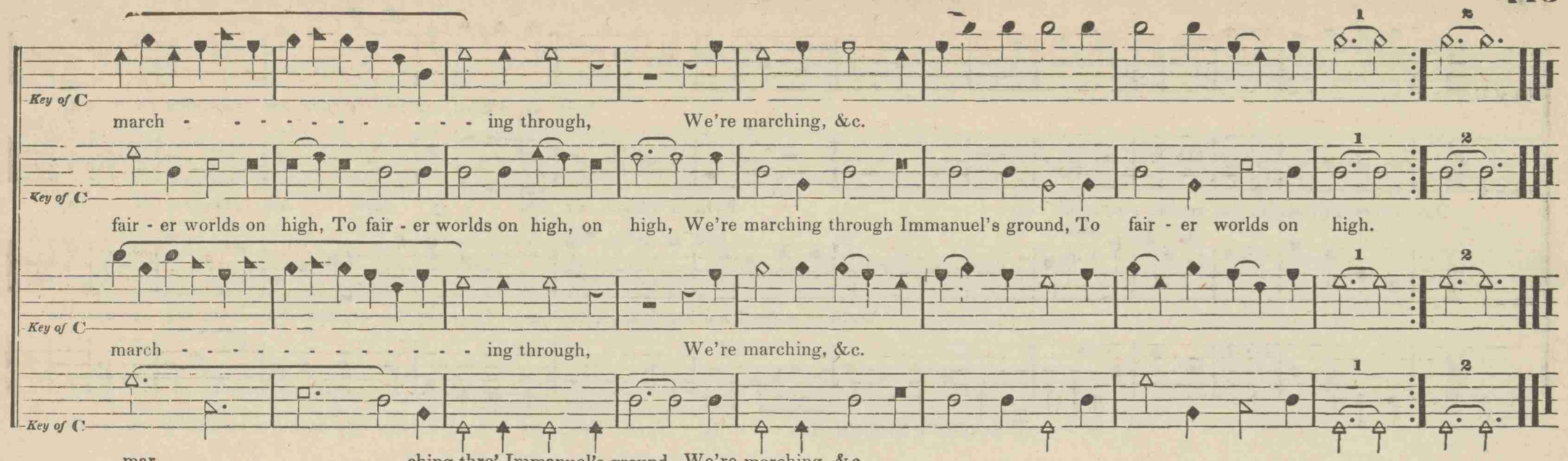
Then let your songs a - bound, And

let your songs a - bound, And ev'ry tear be dry, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're

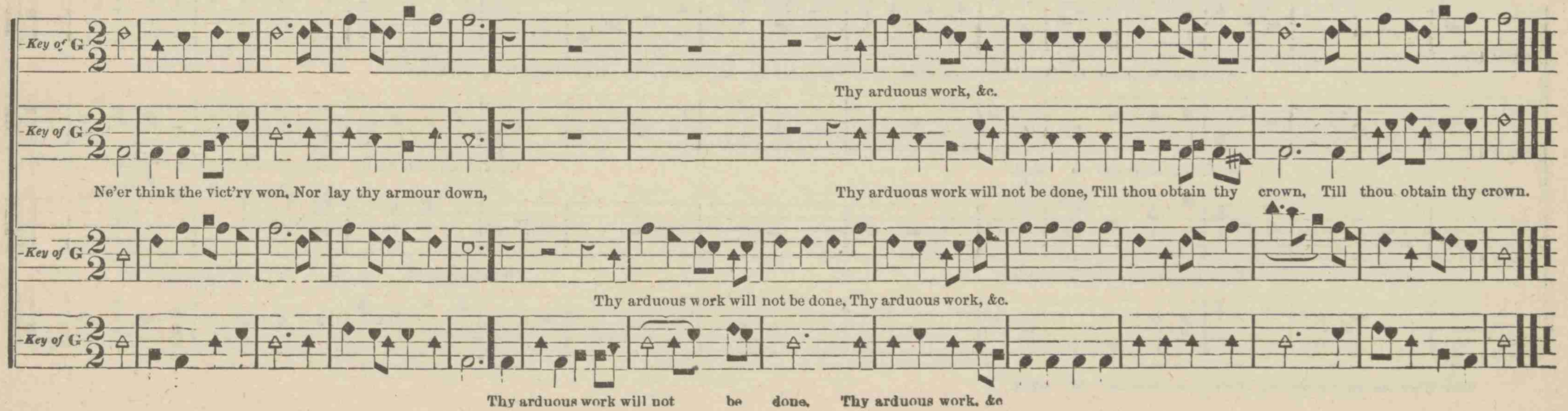
Then let your songs a - bound, And ev'ry tear be dry, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching, &c. To

bound, And ev'ry tear be dry, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high, We're marching thro', We're marching, &c. We're

ev' - ry tear be dry. We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high, We're marching thro We're marching, &c. We're




## WILMINGTON. S. M.



## NEWBURGH. S. M.

MUNSON.

Key of C

Swift as a flood, our has-ty days Are sweeping us a-way.

Our moments fly apace, Our fee-ble pow'rs de-cay: Swift as a flood, our has - - ty days Are sweeping us a way.

Swift as a flood, our has-ty days, Swift as a flood, our has-ty days Are sweep-ing us a-way.

Swift as a flood, our has - - ty days, Swift as a flood, our has-ty days Are sweep-ing us a-way.

SOFT. LOUD.

We'll keep their end in sight, We'll spend them all in wisdom's ways, And let them speed their flight, We'll spend, &c.

We'll keep their end in sight, We'll spend them all in wisdom's ways, And let them speed their flight.

We'll keep their end in sight, We'll spend, &c.

Then since our days must fly, We'll keep their end in sight.

WITH ENERGY AND SPIRIT.

Key of C

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

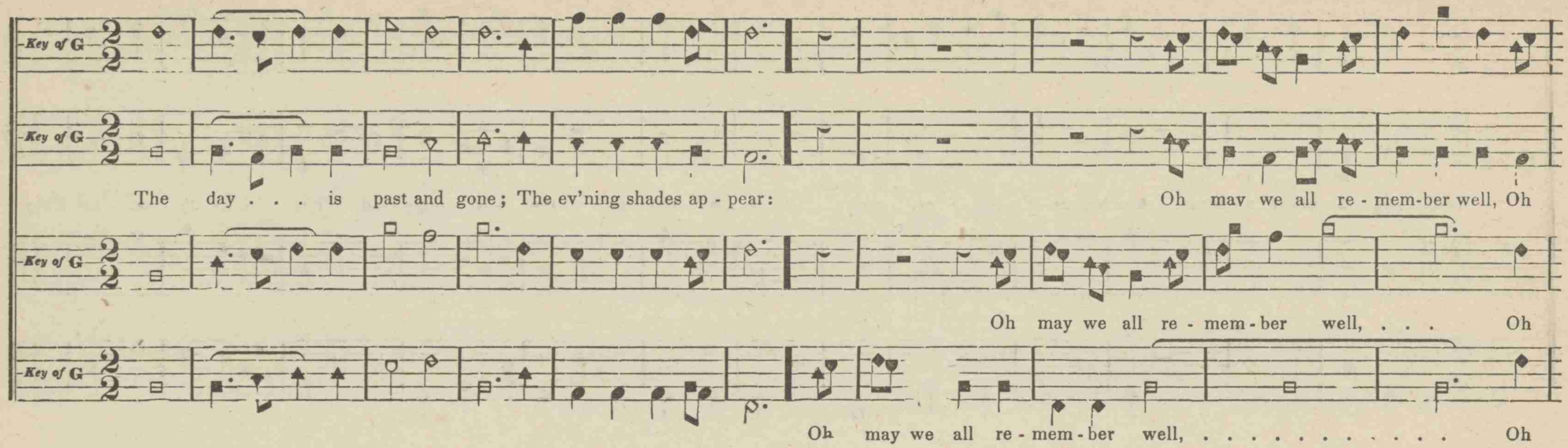
## Coda.

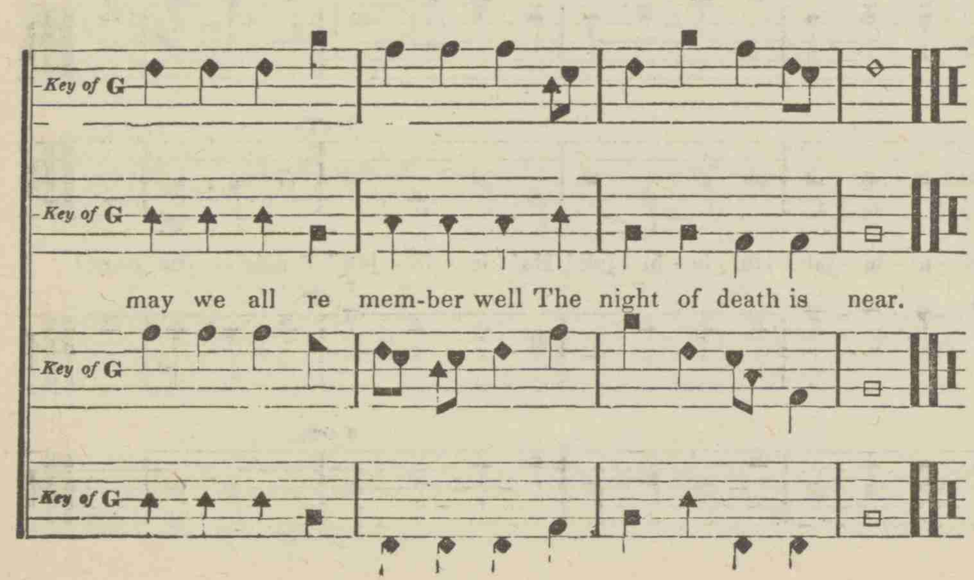
LOUD. SLOW.

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

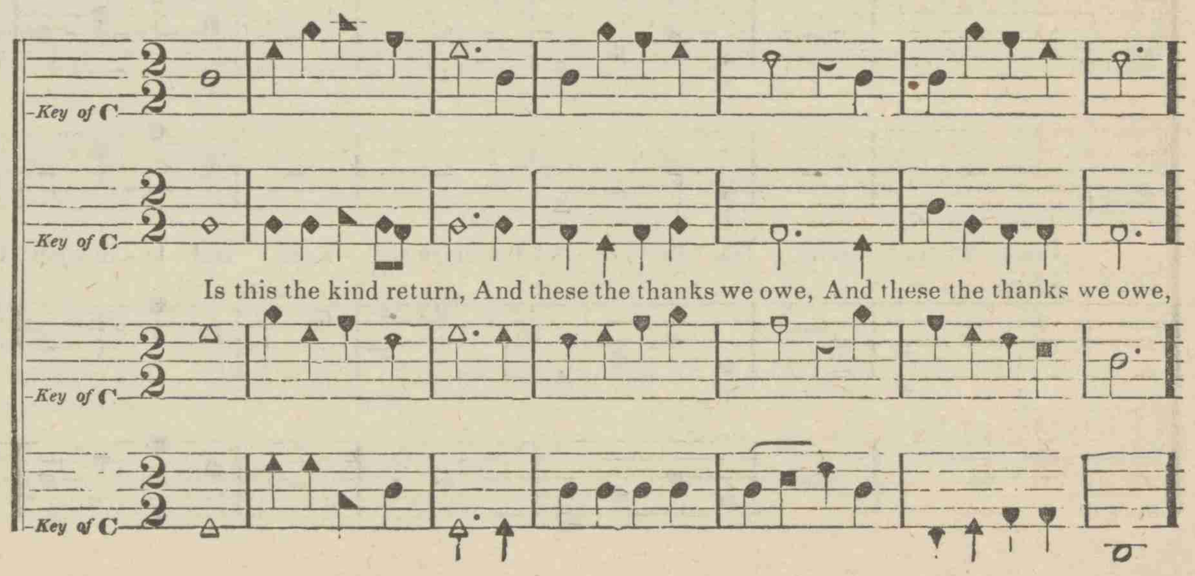
SOFT.

## EVENING SHADE. S. M.




## BOWMANVILLE. S. M.



Key of C

Whence all our blessings flow, Thus to a-buse e - ter-nal love, Whence all our blessings flow?

Key of C

Thus to a - buse e - ter - nal love, Whence all our blessings flow, Thus to a-buse e - ter-nal love, Whence all our blessings flow?

Key of C

Whence all our blessings flow? Thus to a - buse e - ter-nal love, Whence all, Whence all our blessings flow?

Key of C

Whence all our blessings flow? Thus to a-buse e - ternal love, Whence all our blessings flow?

## AMERICA. S. M.

WETMORE.

Key of C

If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, It with-ers in an hour.

Key of C

Our days are as the grass, Or like the morning flower, If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, . . It with-ers in an hour.

Key of C

If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, It with-ers in an hour, It with-ers in an hour.

Key of C

If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field. If one sharp blast. &c. It with-ers in an hour

## LISBON. S. M.

Key of C

Thro' all their actions run, Thro' all their ac - tions run.

Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hopes and hearts are one, Whose kind de-signs to serve and please . . . . . Thro' all their ac - tions run.

## OLD LISBON. S. M.

READ.

Key, B♭

To sing the blessings of the day, And evening joys to greet.

Let ev-'ry cheerful lay Be join'd in concert sweet, To sing the blessings of the day, And eve - - ning joys to greet.

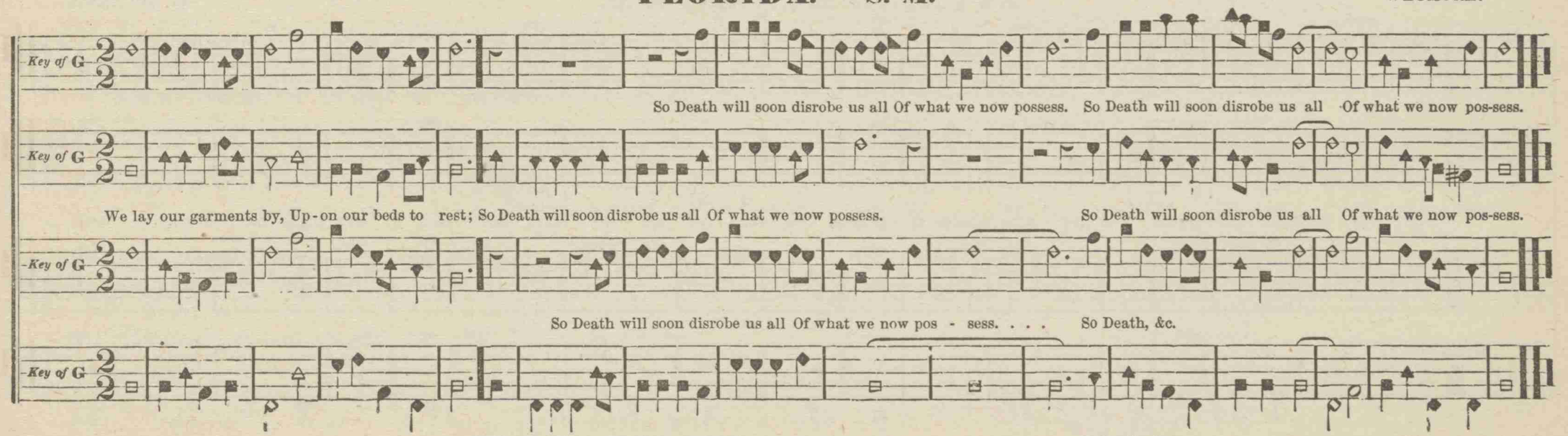
To sing the blessings of the day, And evening joys to greet, And evening joys to greet.

To sing the blessings of the day, And eve - - ning joys to greet, And eve - ning, &c.




## FLORIDA. S. M.

WETMORE.



## DAUPHIN. S. M

Key of C

The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies, To draw thee from . . . the skies.

Key of C

My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise, The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from . . . . . the skies.

Key of C

The hosts of sin are pressing hard, The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

Key of C

The hosts of sin are pressing hard, The hosts, &c. To draw thee from the skies, To draw thee from the skies.

## EVENING HYMN. S. M.

A. GOODRICH.

Key, B♭

Key, B♭

The day is past and gone, The eve - ning shades ap - pear; Oh, may we all re - mem - ber well The night of death is near.

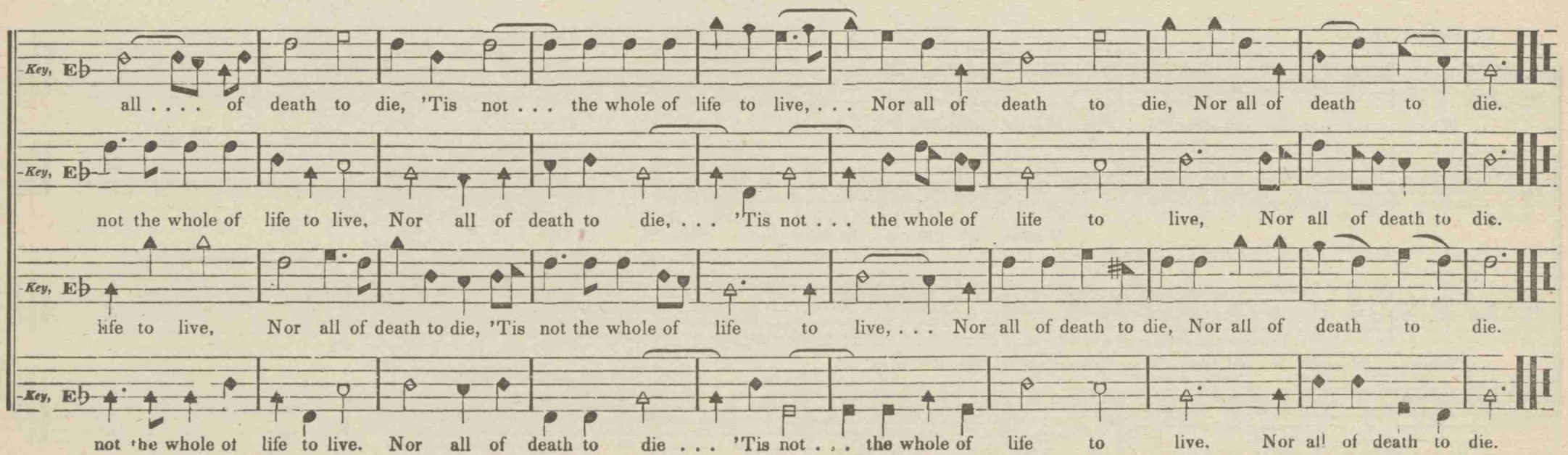
Key, B♭

Key, B♭


Key of A
My soul, re - - - - - peat His praise, Whose mer - - - cies are so great,
Key of A
Key of A
Key of A


p
f
Key of A
Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, Whose an - ger, &c.
Key of A
Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So rea - - - - dy to . . . . a - - bate.
p
f
Key of A
3
Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, Whose an - ger, &c.
Key of A


Key, E♭
'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor
This world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh, 'Tis not the whole of life to live, 'Tis
'Tis not the whole of
'Tis


Key, E♭
all . . . . of death to die, 'Tis not . . . the whole of life to live, . . . Nor all of death to die, Nor all of death to die.
not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die, . . . 'Tis not . . . the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
life to live, Nor all of death to die, 'Tis not the whole of life to live, . . . Nor all of death to die, Nor all of death to die.
not the whole of life to live. Nor all of death to die . . . 'Tis not . . . the whole of life to live. Nor all of death to die.

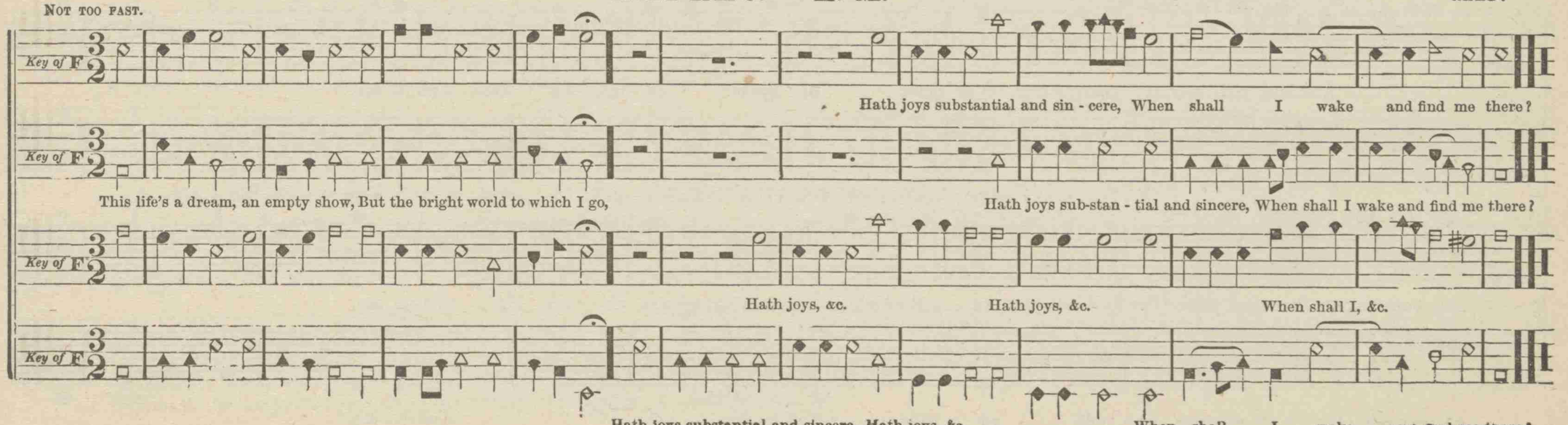
## VERNON. L. M. (6 LINES.)




## NAPLES. L. M.

REED.

NOT TOO FAST.



## GREENFIELD. L. M. (6 LINES.)



Key of C

You shining orbs, whose bril-liant light Dis-pen-ses beau-ty through the night, And cheers the lone-ly wan-d'rer's way,

A -

A - long your mighty

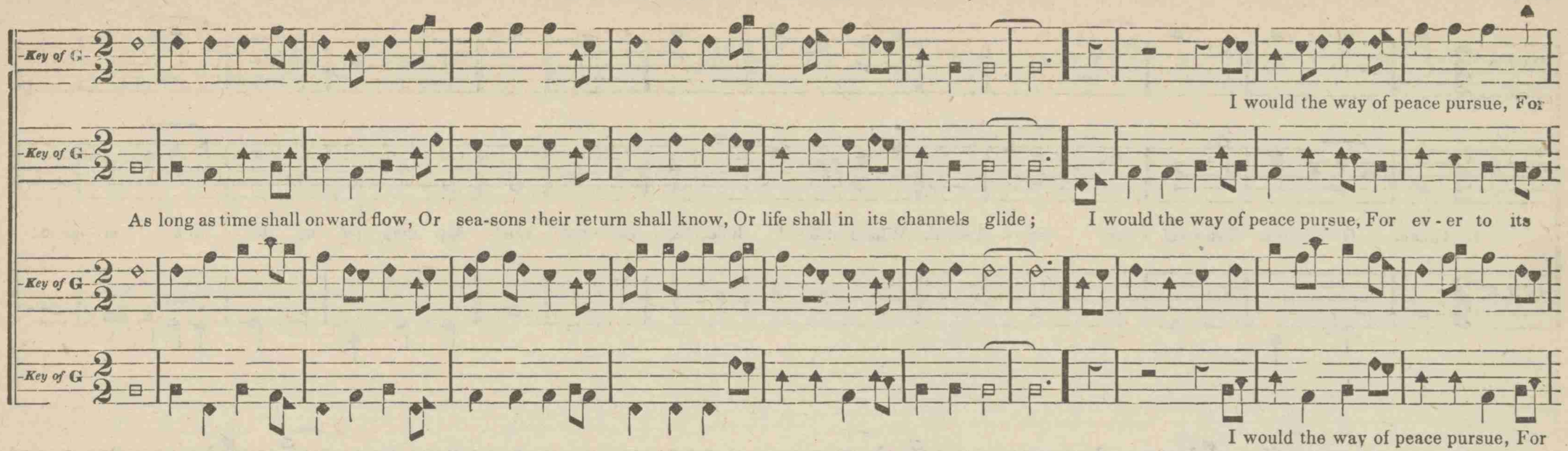
A - long your mighty courses ride O'er fields of space ex-tend-ed wide, And in, &c.

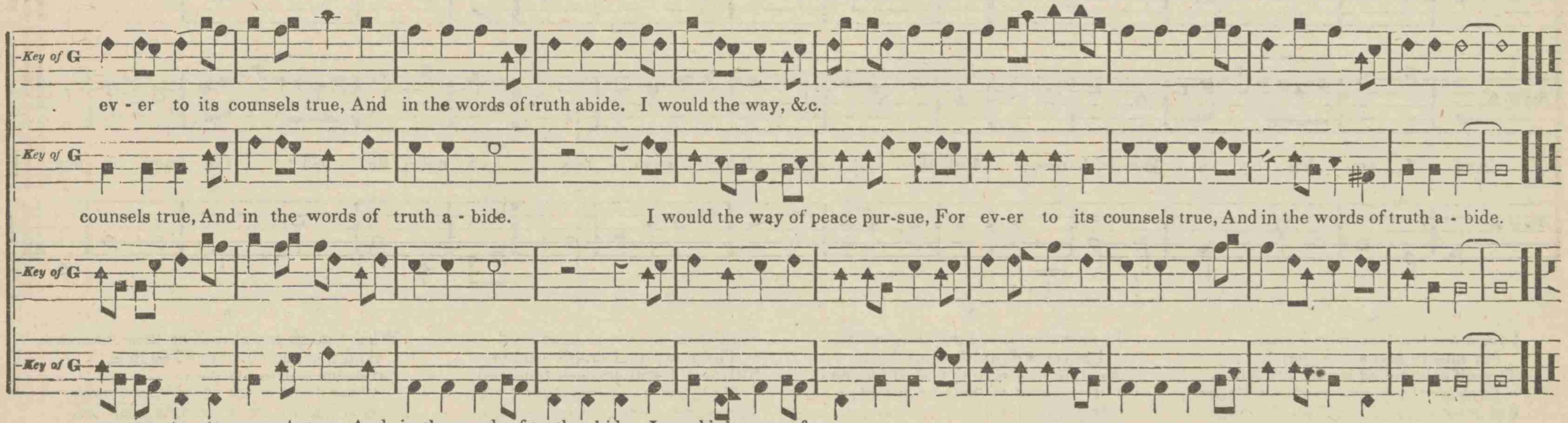
A - long your mighty courses ride O'er fields of space ex-tend-ed wide, And in your an-cient cir-cuits play.

- - long your mighty courses ride O'er fields of space ex-tend-ed wide, And in your ancient cir-cuits play, And in, &c.

courses ride O'er fields of space ex-tend - - ed wide, And in, &c.

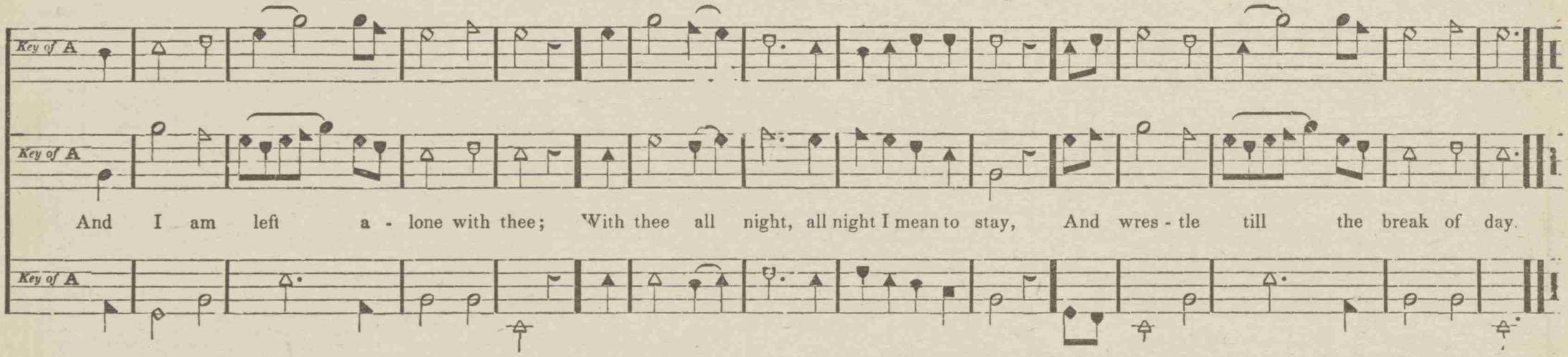
And in, &c.


Key of G
I would the way of peace pursue, For
As long as time shall onward flow, Or sea-sons their return shall know, Or life shall in its channels glide; I would the way of peace pursue, For ev-er to its
I would the way of peace pursue, For


Key of G
ev-er to its counsels true, And in the words of truth abide. I would the way, &c.
counsels true, And in the words of truth a-bide. I would the way of peace pur-sue, For ev-er to its counsels true, And in the words of truth a-bide.
ev-er to its counsels true, And in the words of truth a-bide. I would the way, &c.

## LIBERTY. 8s. (6 LINES.)




2.

I need not tell thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, Who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3.

In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know

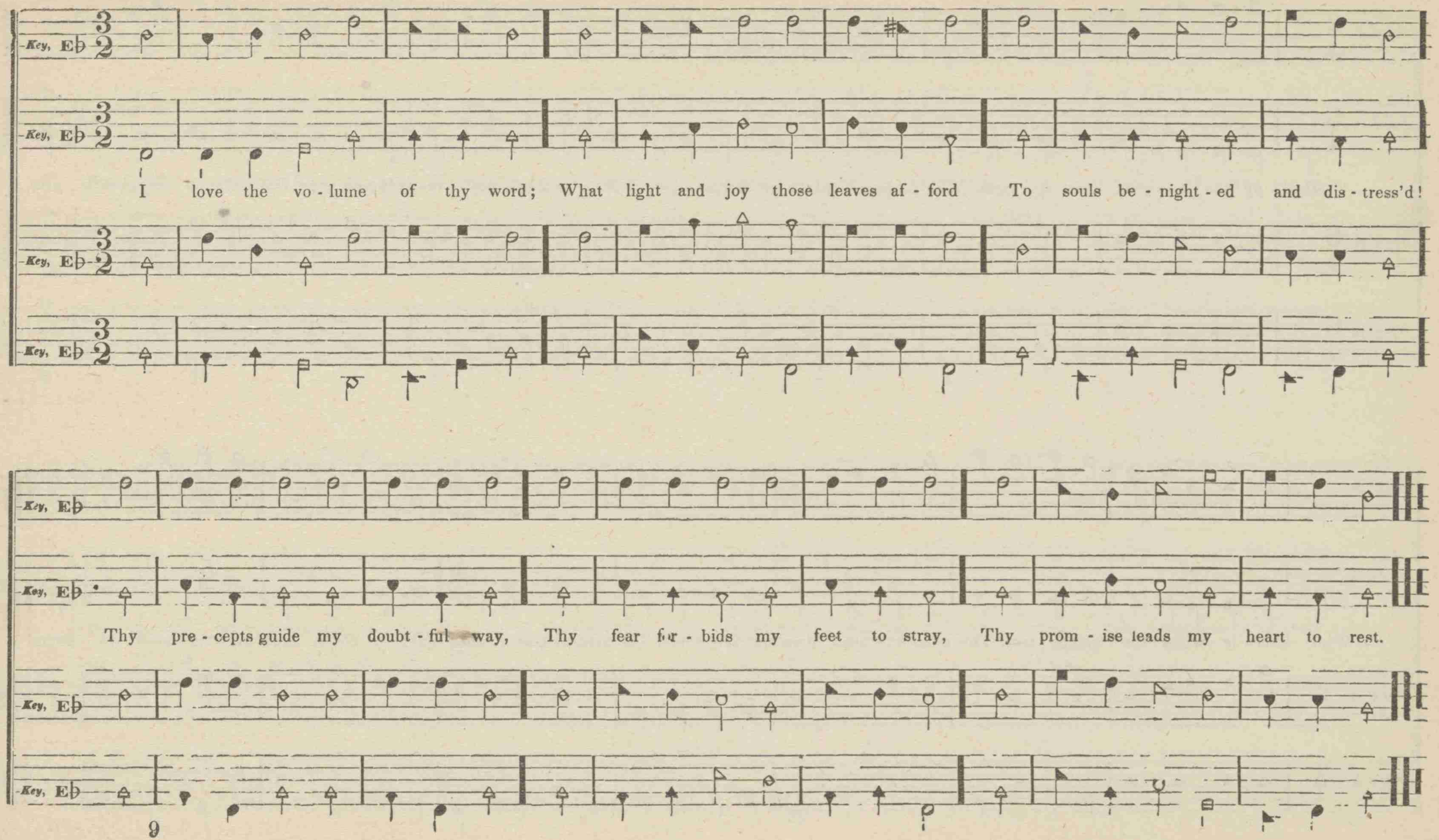
5.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long;
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with Jesus Christ prevail

# KIRBY. L. P. M.

From a celebrated German Choral.
Harmony by RINK





## KINGWOOD. C. P. M.

Key of A 6/4

Key of A 6/4

Hap - py the man of heart up - right, Who harbours not re - venge-ful spite, Who harbours not re - venge-ful spite, But feels his neighbour's pain,

Key of A 6/4

Key of A 6/4

Key of A

Key of A

Who kind - ly wipes the falling tear, The mourning heart does quick-ly cheer, The mourning heart does quick-ly cheer, And growing grief re - strain.

Key of A

Key of A

Key of G

Key of G

Praise shall the gen'rous man at - tend, Whose feel-ing heart does of - ten send, To make the sad re - joice, To make the sad re - joice;

Key of G

Key of G

Key of G

The cheerful or - phan greets his name, The need - y spread a - broad his fame, And bless him with their voice, And bless him with their voice.

Key of G

Key of G

CHEERFUL.

Key of G

Key of G

Wake, all you soar-ing throng, and sing, You cheer-ful war - - blers of the Spring, Har-monious an-thems raise, To Him who shaped your

Key of G

To

To Him who shaped your finer mould, Who

Key of G

Him who shaped your finer mould, Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold. To Him, &c

Key of G

finer mould, Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold. To Him who shaped your finer mould, Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold, And tuned your hearts to praise.

Key of G

tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold. . . . . To Him. &c.

## ELEON. C. P. M.

Arranged from RADIGER.

Key of D

O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sa - viour shine! I'd soar, and touch the

In notes almost di - vine, . . . . . In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al-most di - vine.

heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel while he sings, In notes almost divine, In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

In notes almost divine, In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al-most di - vine.

In notes almost di - vine. . . . . In notes al - most di - vine. In notes al - most di - vine.

# AMITY. S. P. M.



Key of A

How pleased and blest was I, To hear the peo - ple cry—"Come, let us seek our God to - day." Yes;

Yes; with a cheer-ful

Yes; with a cheer-ful zeal We haste to

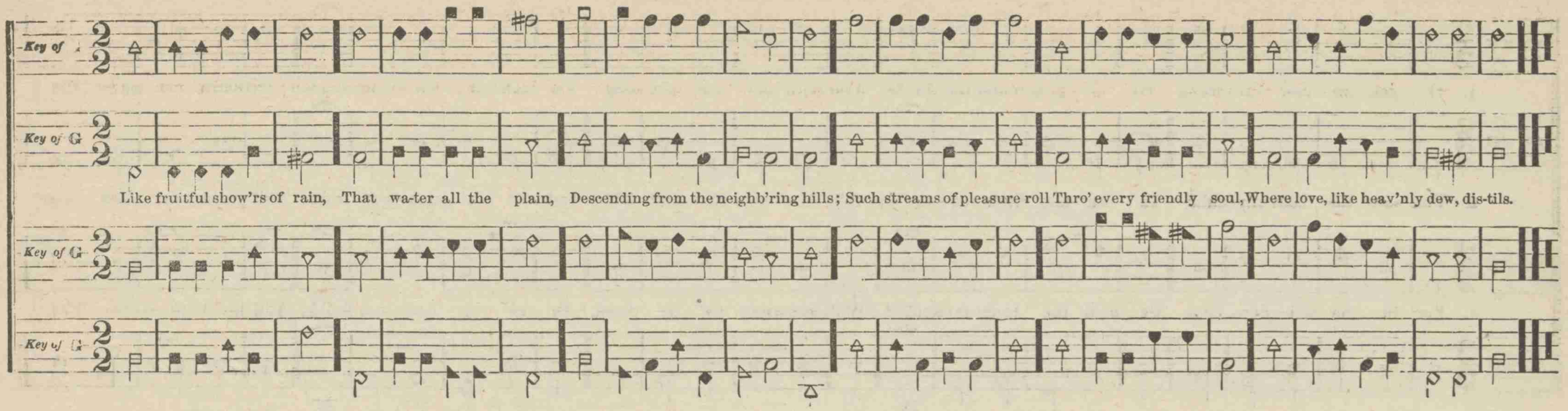
Yes; with a cheer - ful zeal We haste to Zi - on's hill, And there, &c.

with a cheer - ful zeal We haste to Zi - on's hill, And there our vows and hon - ours pay.

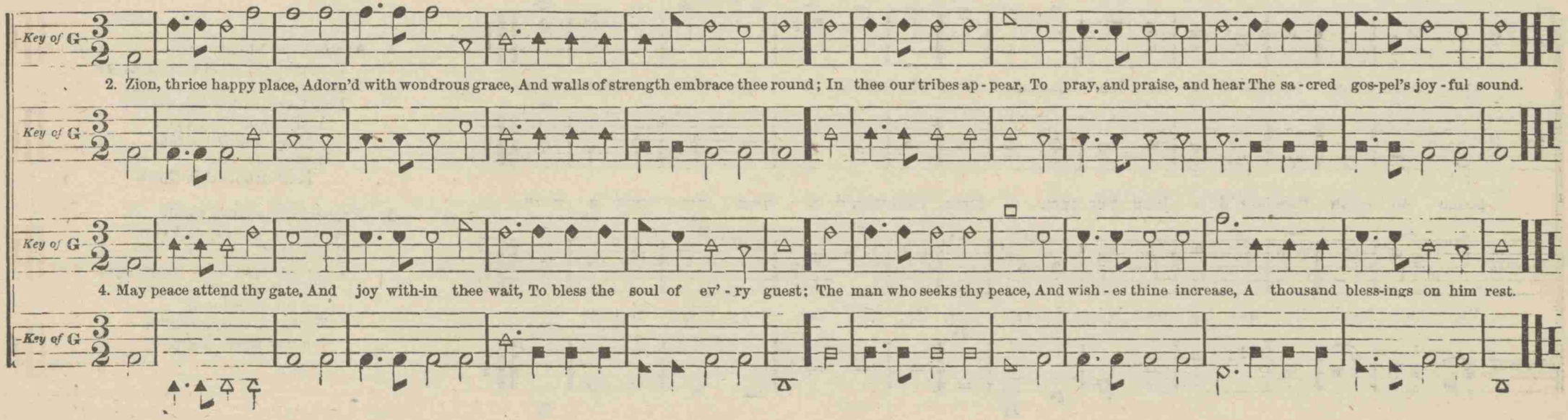
zeal We haste to Zi - on's hill, And there our vows and hon ours pay, And there, &c.

Zi - on's hill, And there our vows and hon - ours pay And there, &c.

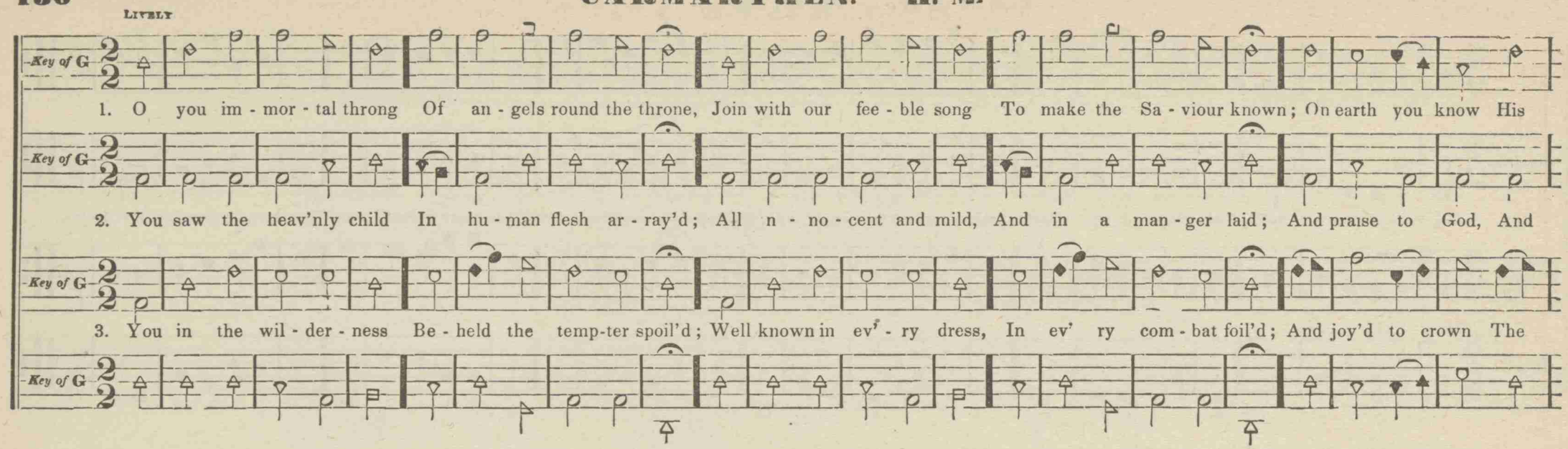
## LAMAR. S. P. M.




## ZADOK. S. P. M.



# CARMARTHEN. H. M.




4. Around the bloody tree
You press'd with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire.
And could your eyes
Have known a tear,
In sad surprise
Had dropped it there.

5. Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep,
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep.
Then rolled the stone,
And all adored
With joy unknown
Your risen Lord.

Key of G

Thou art my sun, and

Key of G

No burning heats by day, Nor blasts of evening air, Shall take my health a - way, If thou be with me there. Thou

Key of G

Thou art my sun, and thou my shade. To

Key of G

T'hou art my sun. and thou my shade, T'o guard my

Key of G

thou my shade, To guard my head by night or noon. Thou art my sun, &c.

Key of G

art my sun and thou my shade, To guard my head by night or noon, by night or noon. Thou art my sun, and thou my shade, To guard my head by night or noon.

Key of G

guard my head by night or noon. Thou art my sun, &c.

Key of G

head by night or noon. . . . . Thou art my sun, &c

# PORTSMOUTH. H. M.

SPIRITED

Key of A

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound; Let all the na-tions know, Let all the nations know, To earth's re - mo-test bound, To

2. Je-sus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made; Ye wea - ry spir - its, rest, Ye wea - ry spir-its, rest, Ye mournful souls, be glad, Ye

earth's remotest bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home. The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re - turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

mournful souls, be glad; The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home. The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re - turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

WITH LIFE AND ENERGY.







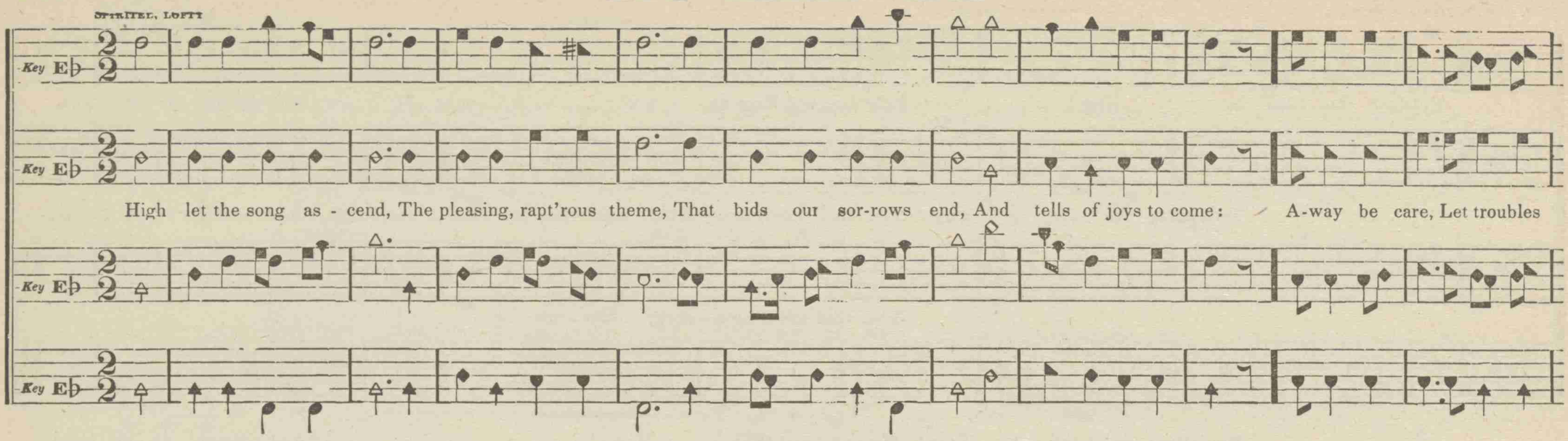
2. His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heav'n,
The keys of death and hell
Are to the Saviour given:
Lift up the heart! lift up the voice!
Rejoice aloud! ye saints, rejoice!

3. He every foe shall quell;
Shall all our sins destroy:
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy.
Lift up the heart! lift up the voice!
Rejoice aloud! ye saints, rejoice!

## NEW WALES. H. M.

Welsh Air

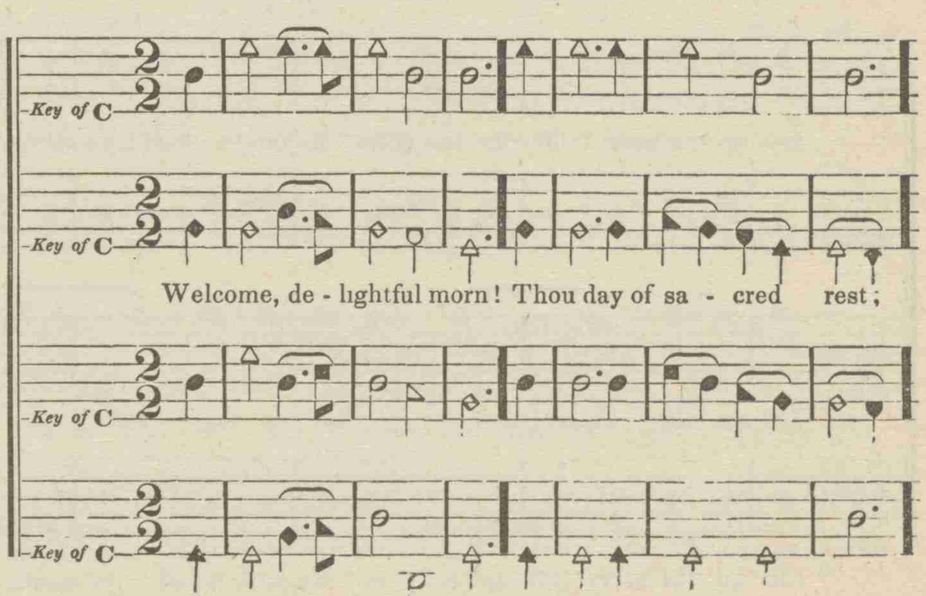
Spirited, Lofty




## MURRAY. H. M.

L. MASON



Key of C

Key of C

I hail thy kind re - turn: Oh make these mo-ments blest. From low de-lights and mor-tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

Key of C

Key of C

## VALLUM. H. M.

Key of F 3/2

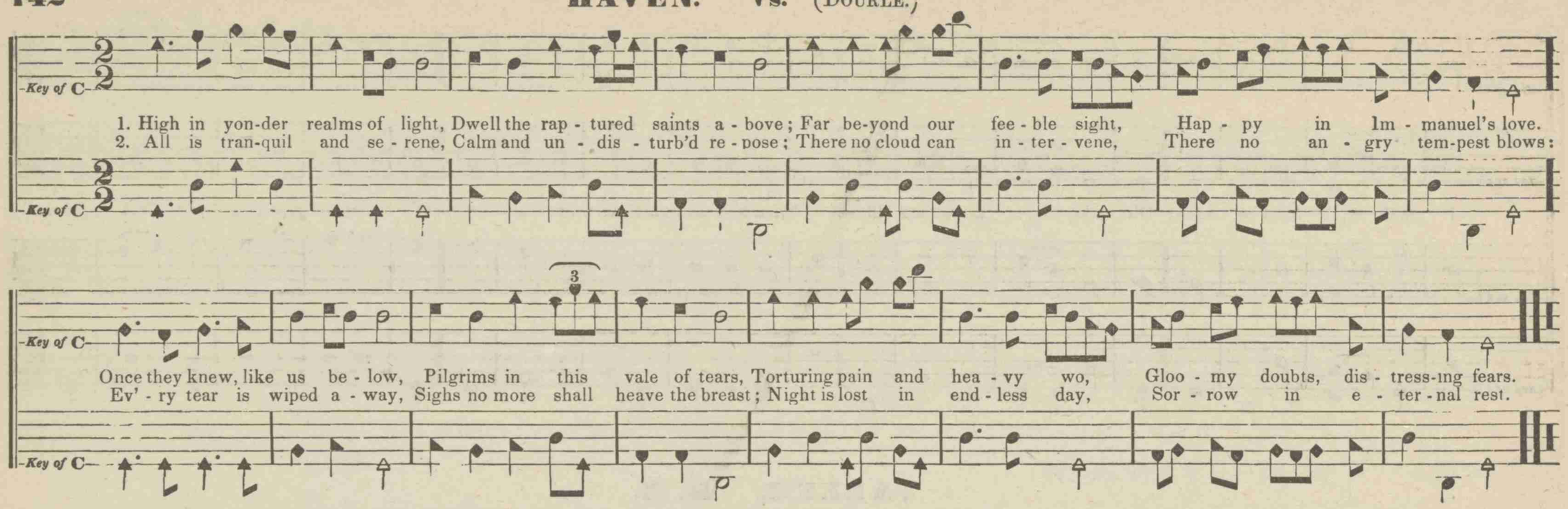
Key of F 3/2

Where can the mourner go, And tell his tale of grief? Ah, who can soothe his wo, And give him sweet relief? Earth cannot heal the wounded breast Or give the troubled sinner rest.

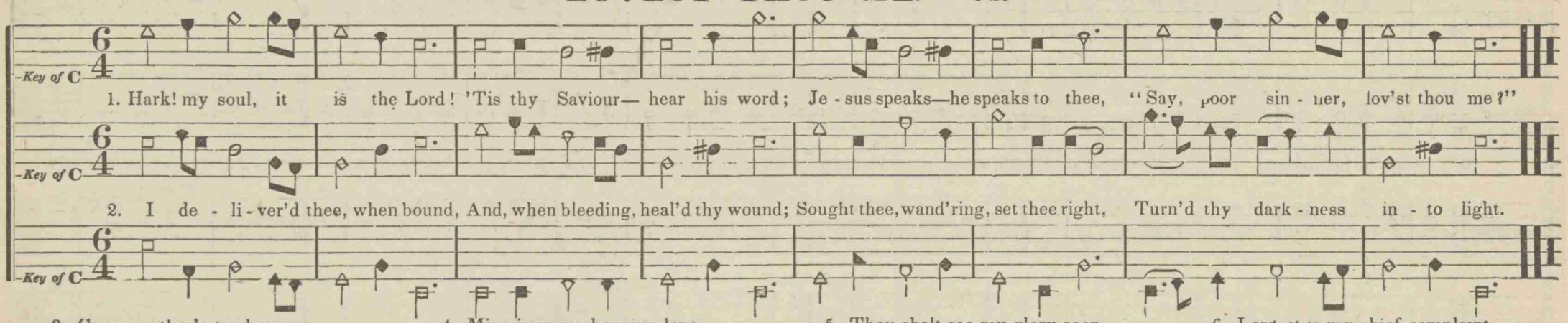
Key of F 3/2

Key of F 3/2

## HAVEN. 7s. (Double.)




## LOVEST THOU ME. 7s.




3. Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bore?
Yes; she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4. Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5. Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

6. Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is still so faint
Yet I love thee, and adore
O for grace to love thee more

## PARTING FRIENDS. 7s. (6 Lines.)




1. Daniel's wisdom may I know;
Stephen's faith and spirit show;
John's divine communion feel;
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal;
Run like the unwearied Paul,
Win the day, and conquer all.

2. Mary's love may I possess;
Lydia's tender-heartedness;
Peter's ardent spirit feel;
James's faith by works reveal;
Like young Timothy, may I
Every sinful passion fly.

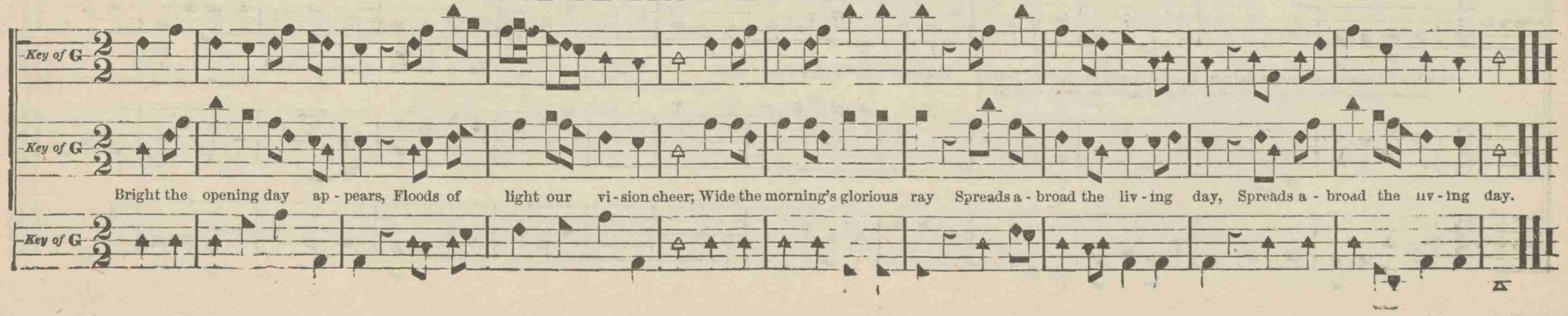
3. Job's submission may I show;
David's true devotion know;
Samuel's call, O may I hear!
Lazarus' happy portion share;
Let Isaiah's hallow'd fire
All my new-born soul inspire.

4. Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer;
Gideon's steadfast, valiant care;
Joseph's purity impart;
Isaac's meditating heart;
Abraham's friendship; let me prove;
Faithful to the God I love.

5. Most of all, may I pursue
That example Jesus drew;
By my life and conduct show
How he lived and walk'd below;
Day by day, through grace restored,
Imitate my blessed Lord.

## REDEEMING LOVE. 7s.

ELY.



## ROSEFIELD. 7s. (6 LINES.)

Subject from Rev Dr. MALAN.

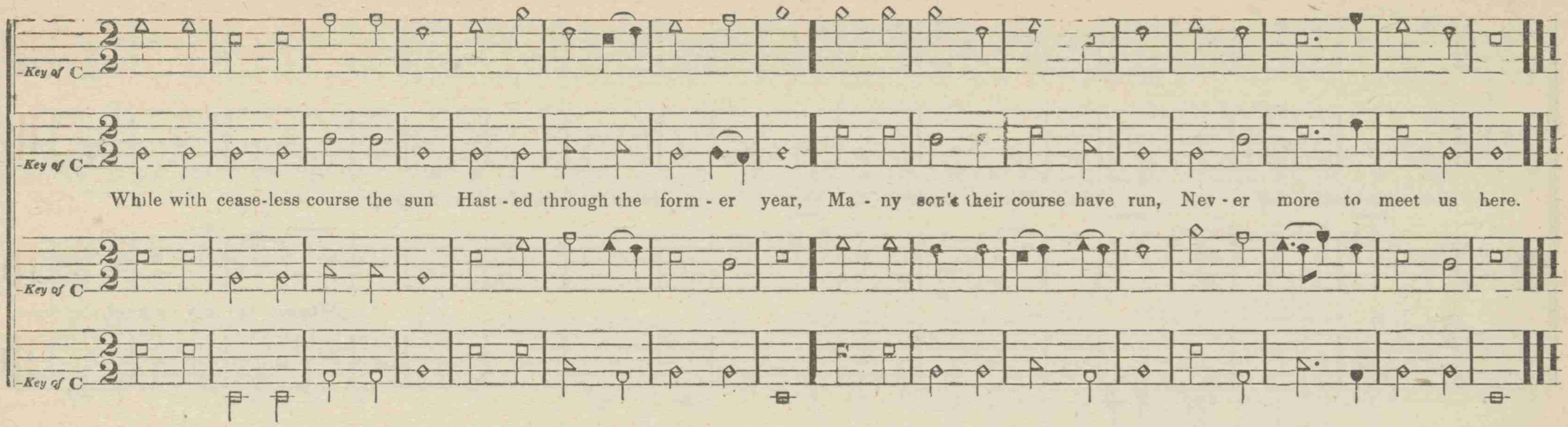
RATHER SLOW.



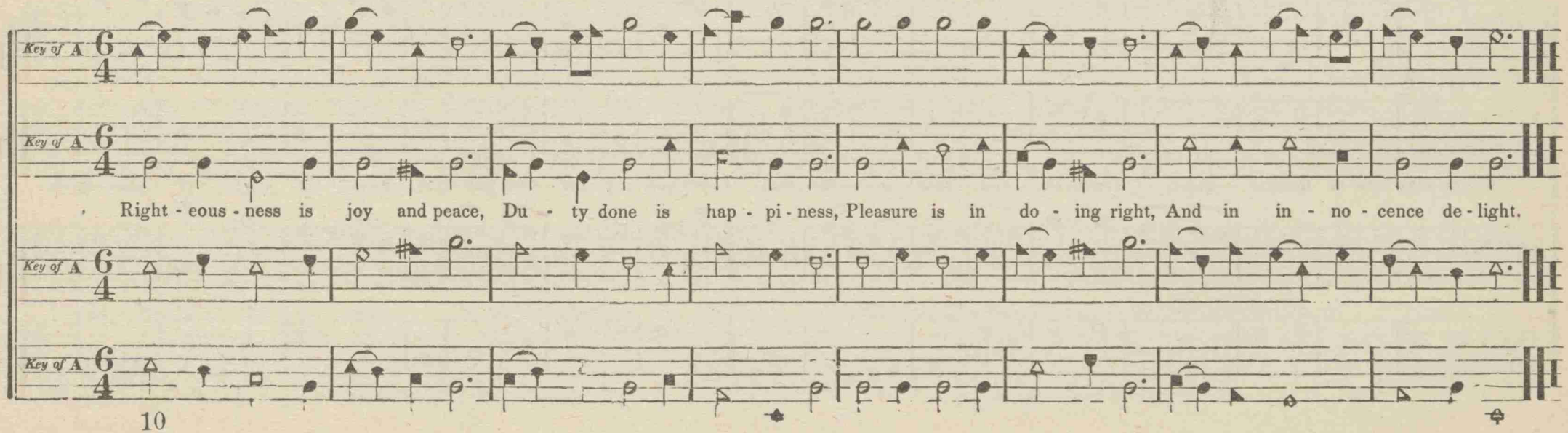

## URANIA. 7s.



## FUNERAL HYMN. 7s.




## WARREN. 7s.

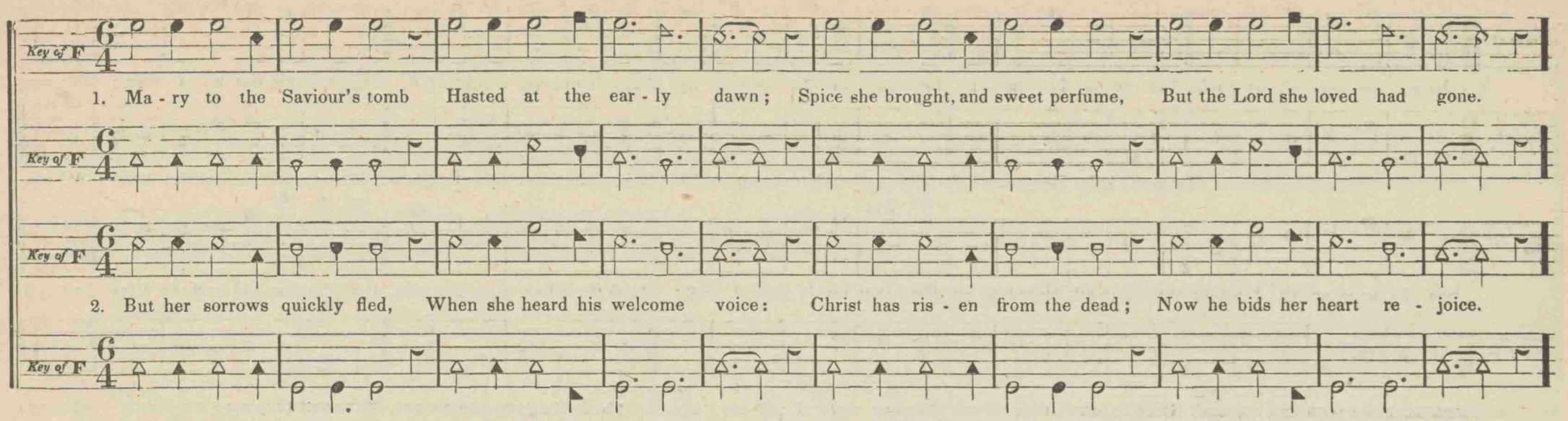


Key of A

Blest the man, and hap - py he, Who from ev - 'ry vice is free, In whose breast compassion glows,

Whence be - nev - o-lence e'er flows.

Storms may rise of fiercest blast, Gloom the hea - vens o - ver - cast; Peace and joy his soul pos - sess, Sweet the way of righteousness.


Key of F
1. Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb Hasted at the ear - ly dawn; Spice she brought, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone.
2. But her sorrows quickly fled, When she heard his welcome voice: Christ has ris - en from the dead; Now he bids her heart re - joice.
For a-while she ling'ring stood, Fill'd with sorrow and sur - prise; Trembling while a crys - tal flood Issued from her weep-ing eyes.
What a change his word can make, Turning darkness in - to day! Ye who weep for Je-sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a - way.

Key of G

1. Jesus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to, Let me to, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high; Hide me,

Key of G

2. Other refuge I have none, Hangs my help- Hangs my help- Hangs my helpless soul on thee; Leave, ah! leave me not alone; Still support and comfort me; All my,

Key of G

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all, More than all, More than all in thee I find; Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind. Just and,

Key of G

4. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov- Grace to cov- Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the healing streams abound, Make and keep me pure within. Thou of,

Key of G

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the haven guide, Safe into the haven guide, Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

Key of G

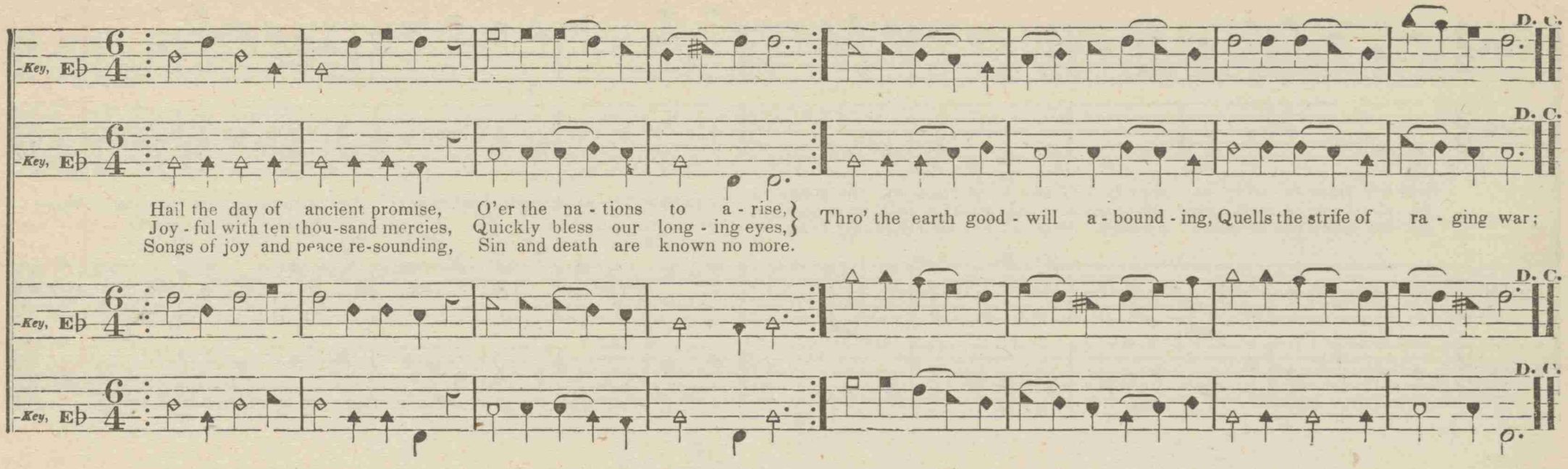
All my trust on thee is stay'd; All my help from thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head, Cover my defenceless head. Cover my defenceless head, With the shadow of thy wing.

Key of G

Just and ho - ly is thy name; I am all unrighteousness; False and full of sin I am, False and full of sin I am, False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

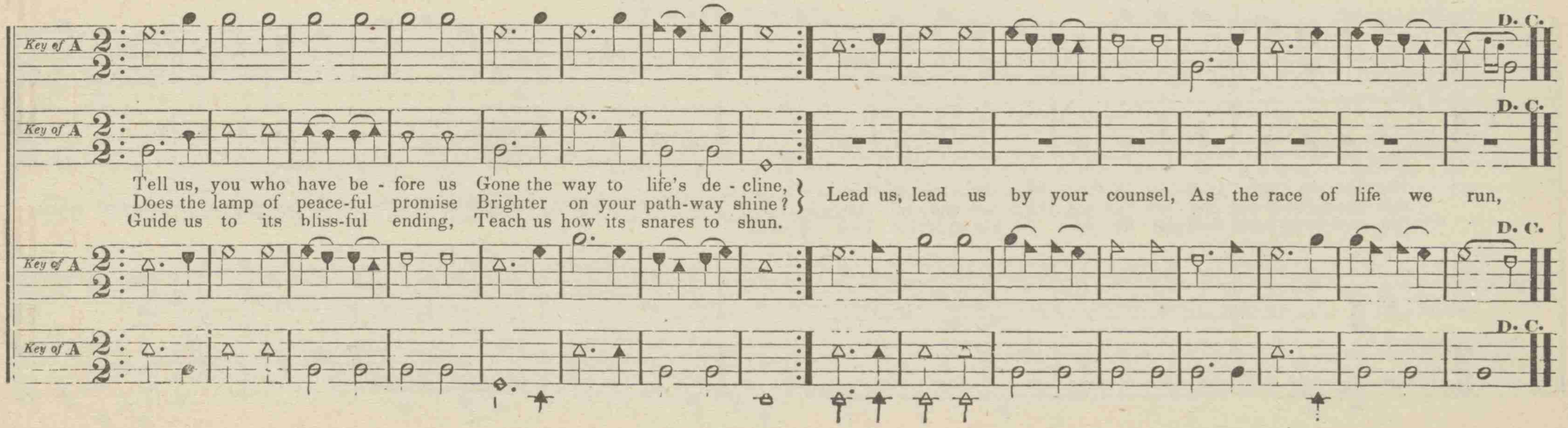
Key of G

Thou of life the fountain art, Freely let me take of thee; Spring thou up within my heart, Spring thou, &c. Spring thou, &c. Rise to all e - ter-ni - ty.

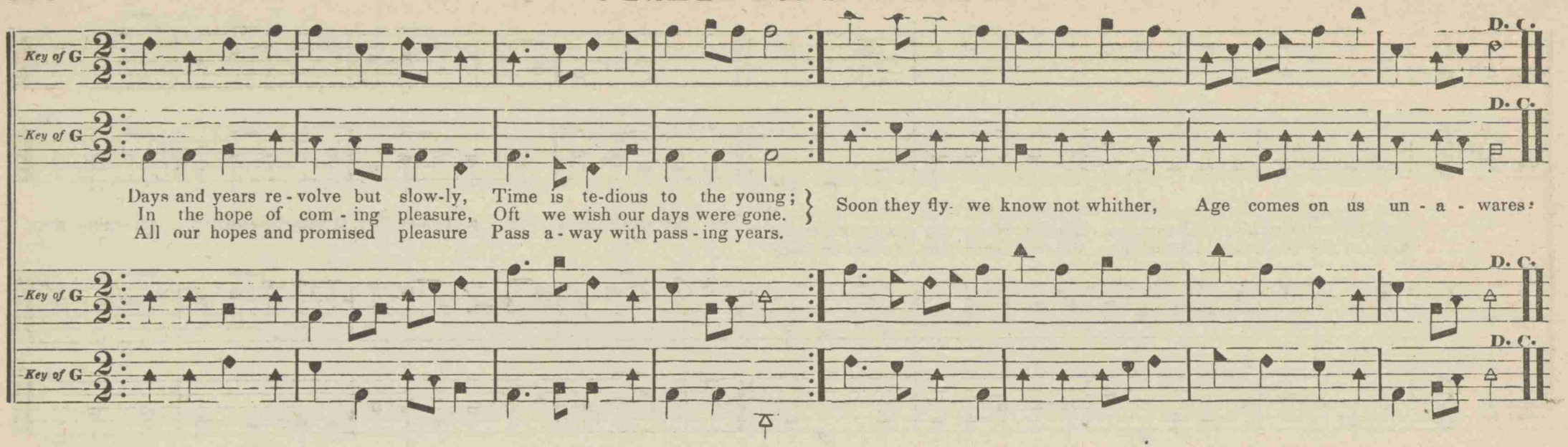



## SHIELDS. 8s & 7s. (Double.)

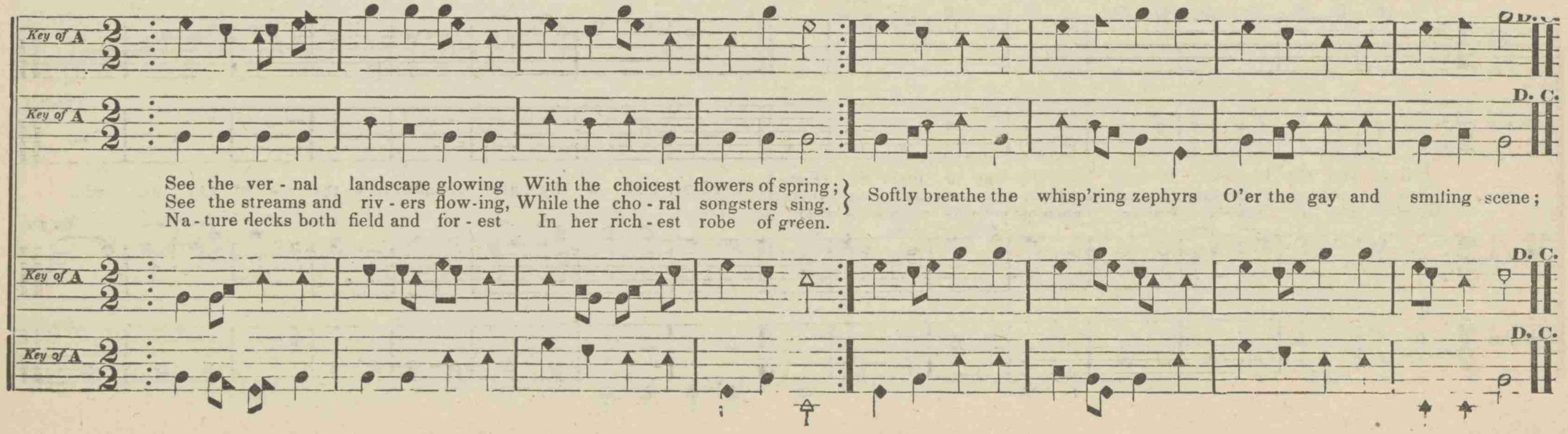




## OLNEY. 8s & 7s




## CAMDEN. 8s & 7s.



## HERRICK. 8s & 7s.

WITH TENDERNESS.

Key of A

D. C.

See the leaves a - round us falling, Dry and wither'd, to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mor-tals calling, In a sad and solemn sound;
Hear the les-son we are reading. 'Tis, a - las! the truth we tell."

Sons of Adam, once in E-den, When, like us, he blight-ed fell,

## LITHUANIA. 8s & 7s.

Theme by MOZART.

Key of A

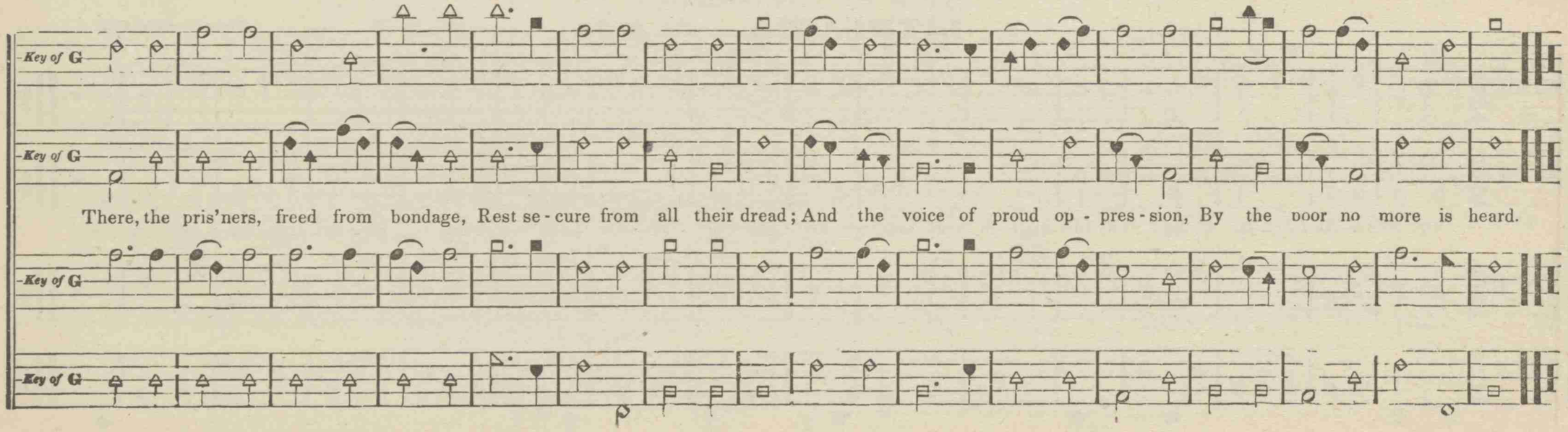
Why lament the Christian dy ing? Why in - dulge in tears and gloom? Calm - ly on the Lord re - ly-ing, He can greet the op'-ning tomb.

# ROME. 8s & 7s.



NOT TOO SLOW.









2. All who join in true devotion
Partners of eternal rest,
Feel this union, like an ocean,
Roll within their peaceful breasts;
They can sing eternal praises
Unto God and to the Lamb,
Though the world around us gazes,
We do feel a heavenly calm.

3. Oh! how peaceful and how lovely
Are the souls where union reigns!
Such are good and kind and holy,
Happy souls who union gain;
'Tis the offspring of kind Heaven,
Pure and lovely, all divine;
Union, gentle, mild, and even,
Union, I will make thee mine.

## LOCHLEVEN. 8s & 7s.







Key of D
Key of D
O'er the gloom - y hills of dark - ness, Look, my soul, be still and gaze; All the prom - i - ses do tra - vail
Key of D
Key of D


Key of D
Key of D
with a glo - rious day of grace; Bless - ed ju - b'lee! Bless - ed ju - b'lee! Bless-ed ju - b'lee! Let thy glo-rious morn-ing dawn.
Key of D
Key of D

# CALCUTTA. 8s, 7s & 4s.






Key, E♭

Let thy glorious morning dawn, Let thy glorious morning dawn, Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Key, E♭

Let thy glorious morning dawn, Let thy glorious. &c.

Key, E♭

glo - rious morn - ing dawn, . . . . . Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Key, E♭

Let thy glorious morning dawn, Let thy glorious morning dawn, Let thy, &c.

## KINGSTON. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Key of C

Key of C

Through ten thousand channels flowing, Streams of mer-cy find their way;
Life and health and joy be - stowing, Making all a - round look gay.

All ye na tions, All ye na - tions, Hail the long-ex - pect - ed day.

Key of C

Key of C

## HIGHTON. 8s, 7s & 4.




1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us each, thy love pos - sessing, Triumph in re - deem - ing grace;
Oh, re - fresh us, Oh, re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-der - ness, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der - ness.

Trav'ling through this wil - der - ness.

Trav'ling, &c.

2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3. Then, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

## MOULTON. 8s & 7s.




1. Shades of evening, close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly bark a - while;
Morn, a - las! will not re - store us Yon - der dim and dis - tant isle.
Dark - er sha-dows round us hov - er, Isle of Beau - ty, fare thee well!
Still my fan - cy can dis - cov - er Sun-ny spots where friends may dwell;

2. 'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light;
Who will fill our vacant places?
Who will sing our song to-night?
Through the mist that floats above us
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing fondly, "Fare thee well!"

3. When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eyes in vain are seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon:
What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell!
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

Arranged from RIGHINI.

Key of C

1. I'll for-bid my vain as - pir-ing, Nor at earthly honours aim; No ambitious heights desiring, Far a - bove my humble claim, Far a - bove my humble claim

Key of C

2. Wean'd from earth's vexatious pleasures, In thy love I'll seek for mine; Placed in heav'n my nobler treasures, Earth I'll quietly resign. Earth I'll qui - et - ly re - sign.

Key of C

## ROYALTY. C. H. M.

W. HAYDEN.

Key of A

To dwell in spacious courts of vice, Or walk in ways of pride, Is not so pleasant as to stay Where peace and truth abide; One day of ho - li-ness is worth A thousand spent in guilty mirth.

Key of A

Key of A

## STEPNEY. C. H. M. (PECULIAR

With tenderness.

*Dim.*

1. Oh! what is life? 'tis like a flow'r, That blos - soms and is gone; It flou - rish - es a lit - tle hour
2. Oh! what is life? 'tis like the bow, That glis - tens in the sky; We love to see its co - lours glow,
3. Lord what is life? if spent with thee, In hum - ble praise and pray'r, How long or short our life may be,

With all its beau - ty on: Death comes, and like a win - try day, It cuts the low - ly flow'r a - way.

But while we look they die: Life fails as soon: to day 'tis here, To mor - row it may dis - ap - pear.

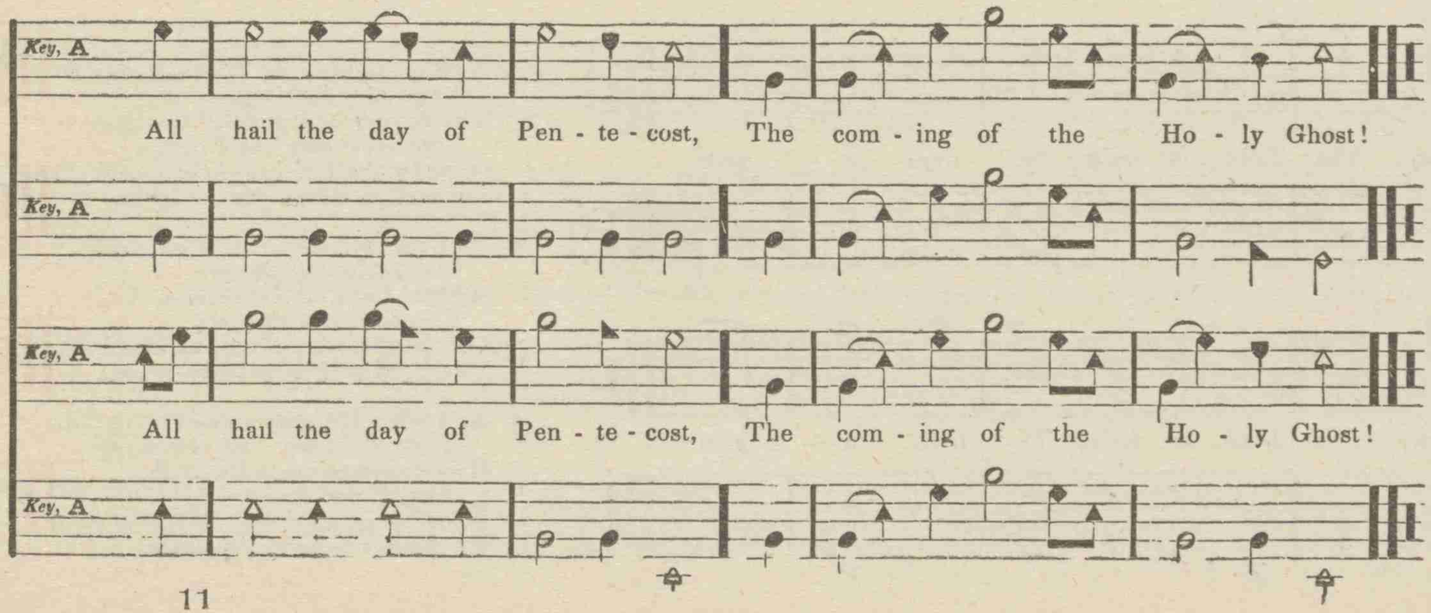
*Dim.*

We feel no anx - ious care. Though life de - part, our joys shall last When life and all its joys are past.

## Let songs of praises fill the sky. C. H. M

IN A SMOOTH STYLE.

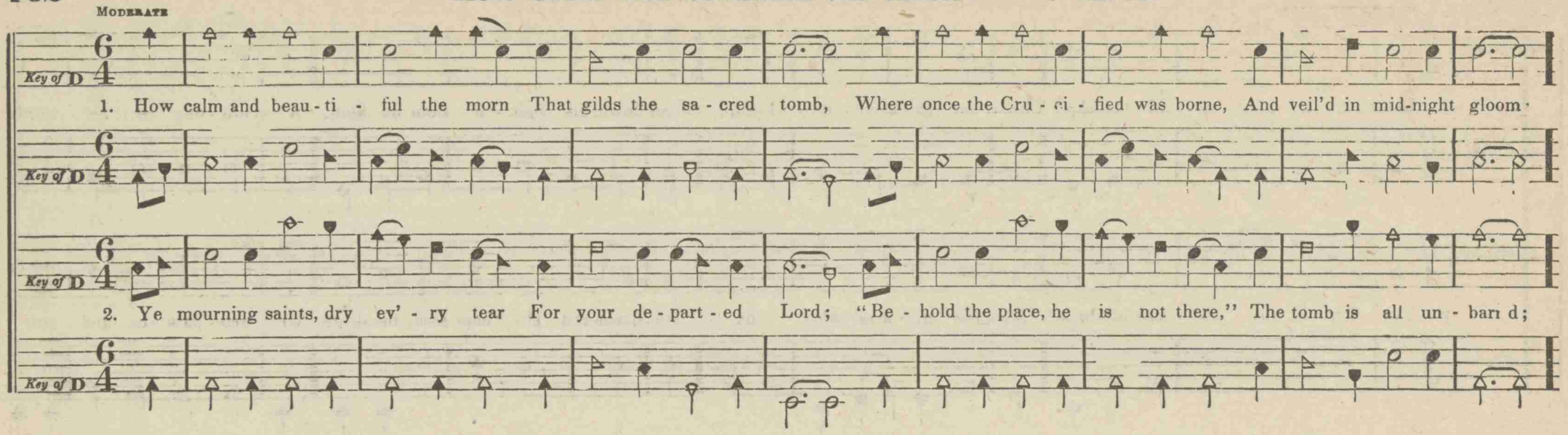


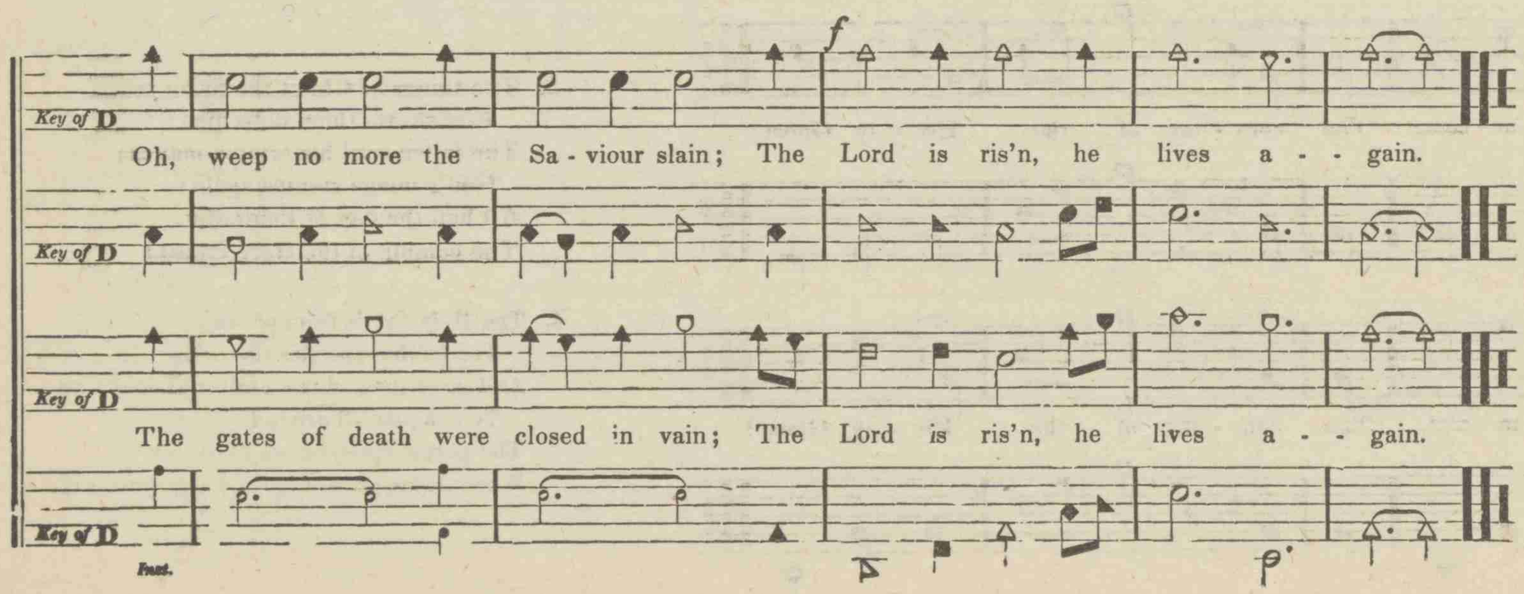




3. The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The fallen soul his temple makes;
God's image stamps again:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

4. The Holy Spirit from above
The twelve apostles crown'd,
And gave them signs, and light, and love,
To conquer all around.
The gospel spread from Pentecost
When Jesus gave the Holy Ghost

## "How calm and beautiful the morn!" C. H. M.



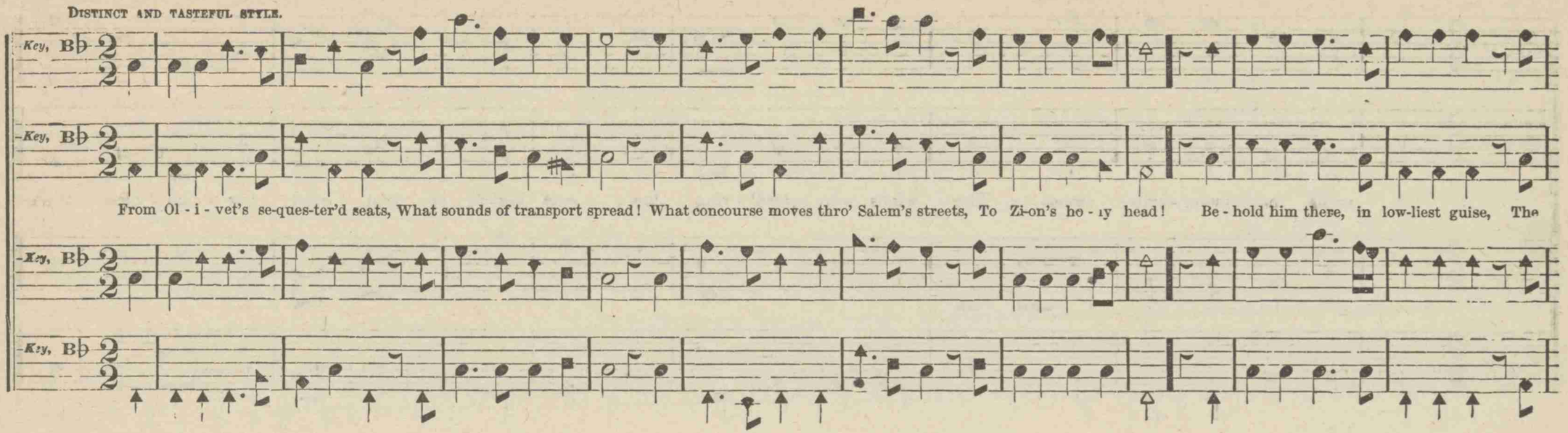



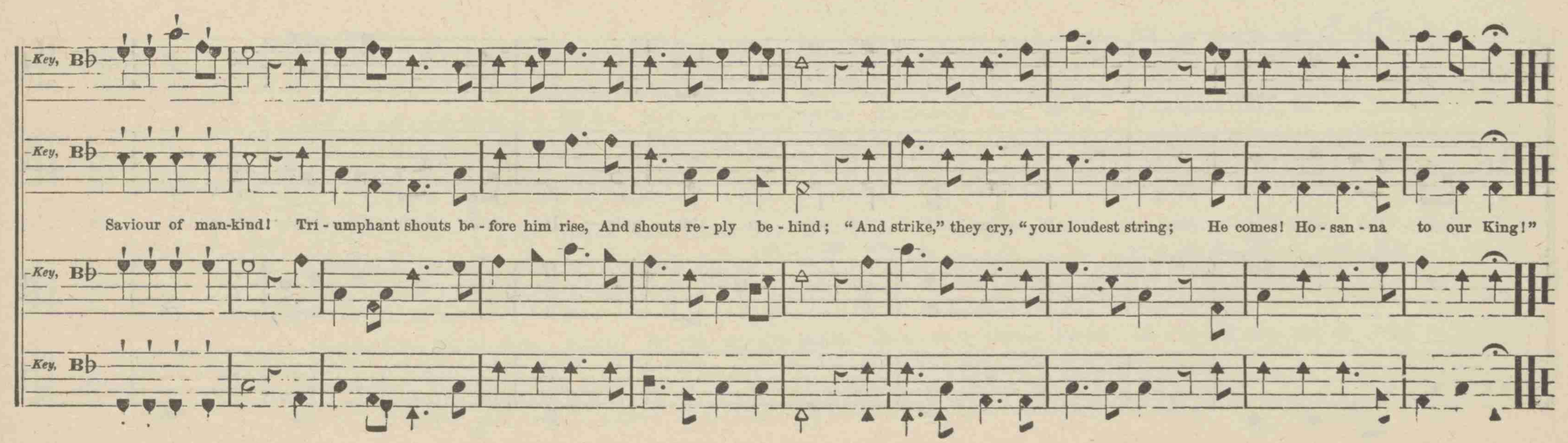

3. Now cheerful to the house of pray'r
Your early footsteps bend;
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4. How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
Oh, weep no more your comforts slain
The Lord is ris'n, he lives again.

5. And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul.
How blissful then to die!
Since he has ris'n that once was slain
Ye die in Christ to live again.

DISTINCT AND TASTEFUL STYLE.



# THE BETRAYAL. S. H. M.

JOHN HENRY.

Key of F

A - mong the moun - tain trees The winds were whisp' - ring low; And night's ten thou - sand har - mo - nies Were

Key of F

har - mo - nies of wo; A voice of grief was on the gale,— It came from Ke - dron's gloom - y vale.

Key, B♭ 2/2

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 - fu - ses to stay: The ar-row is flown, The

3. Oh that each, in the day Of his coming, may say, "I have fought my way through; I have fin - ish'd the work which thou gav'st me to do." Oh that each from his Lord May re-

glad - ly ful - fil, And our tal - ents im-prove, By the pa-tience of hope, and the la - bour of love, By the pa-tience of hope, and the la - bour of love.

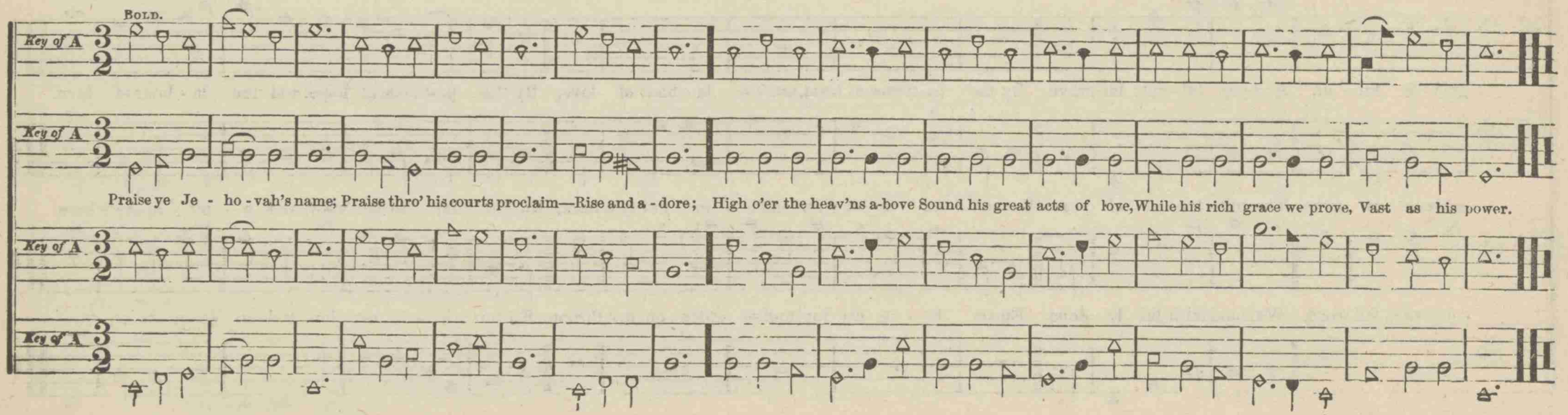
moment is gone, The mil - len - ni - al year Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here, Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here.

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.

## AMERICA. 6s & 4s. (NATIONAL HYMN.)




## SERUG. 6s & 4s.

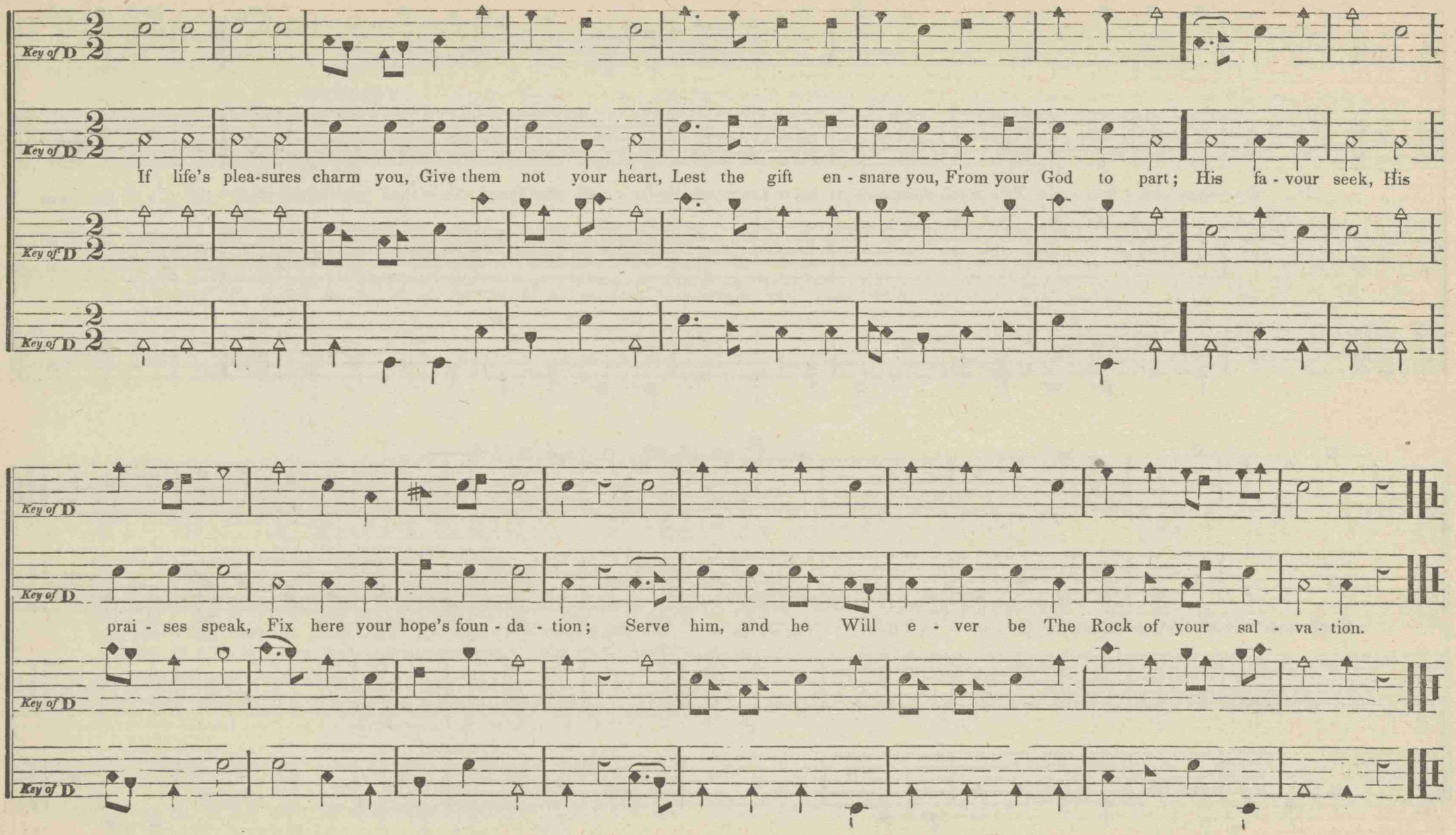


ANIMATED.

Key of C

If dis - tress be - fall you, Pain - ful though it be, Let not grief ap - pal you,—To the Sa - viour flee; He e - ver near,

Your prayer will hear, And calm your per - tur - ba - tion; The waves of wo Shall ne'er o'er - flow . . The Rock of your sal - va - tion.


Key of D
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If life's plea-sures charm you, Give them not your heart, Lest the gift en - snare you, From your God to part; His fa - vour seek, His
Key of D
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prai - ses speak, Fix here your hope's foun - da - tion; Serve him, and he Will e - ver be The Rock of your sal - va - tion.

## NEWARK. 7s & 6s.

Key of A

D. C.

O when shall I see Je - sus, And dwell with him a - bove,
To drink the flow-ing foun-tain Of ev - er - last - ing love?
And with my bless-ed Je - sus Drink end - less pleasures in?

When shall I be de - liv - er'd From this vain world of sin,

## PRINCETON. 6s, 7s & 8s.

W. HAYDEN.

Key of A

When the foes dis - tress comes, When the churches rest comes, We shall have a joy - ful day When the King of kings comes; To

see the New Je - ru - sa - em, Its ful - ness and its matchless frame, Sur - pass - ing all re - port and fame, When the King of kings comes.

# YOUNGSTOWN. 6s, 7s & 8s.

JOHN HENRY.

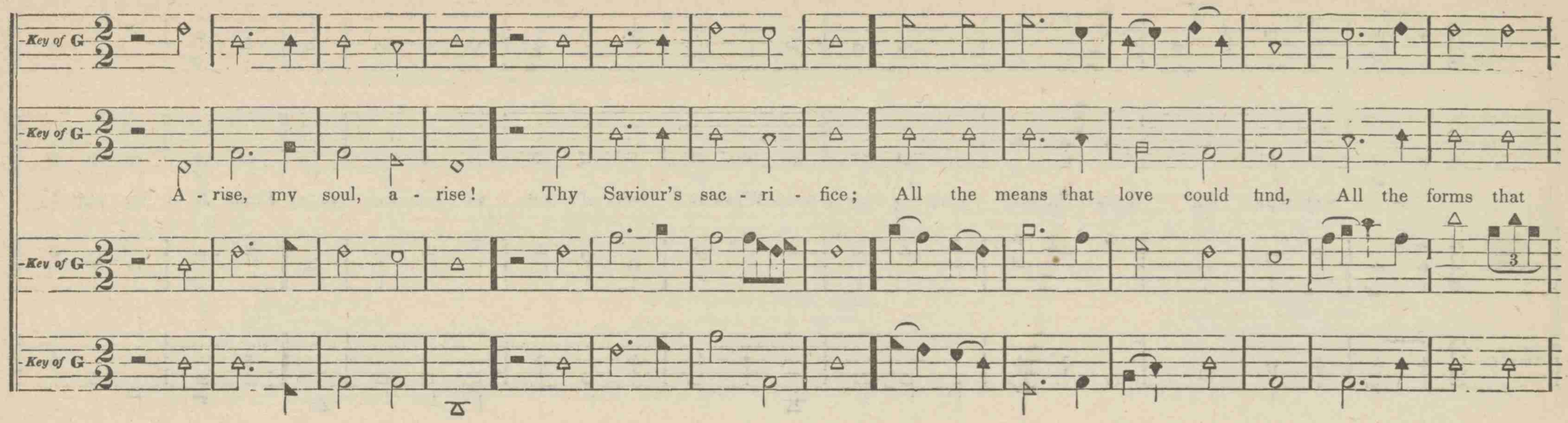
Key of C

When the King of kings comes, When the Lord of lords comes, We shall hear a joy - ful day When the King of kings comes.

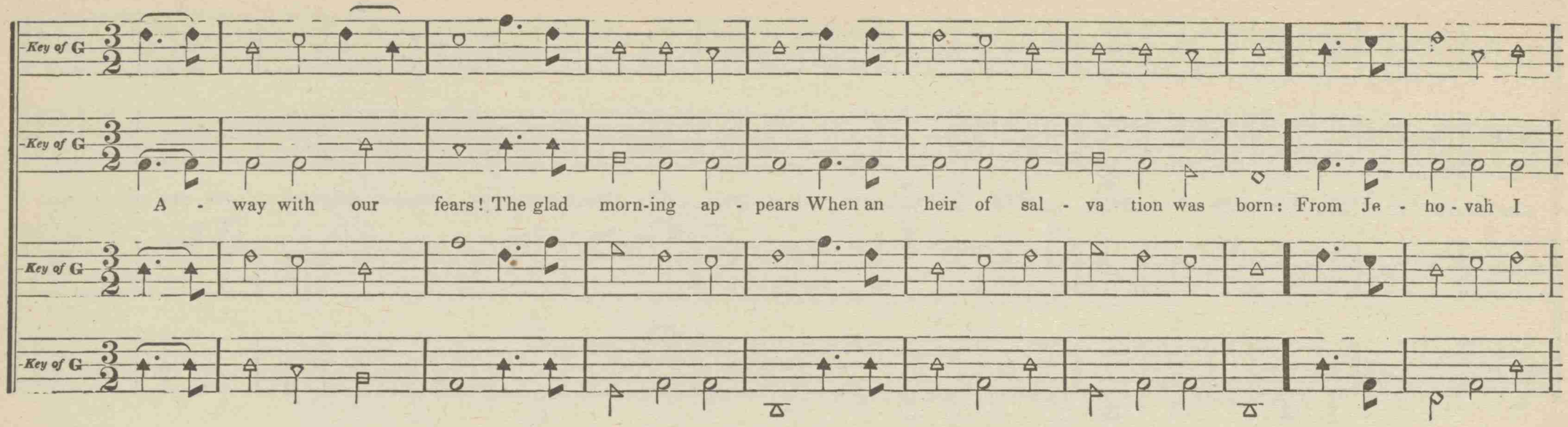
Key of C

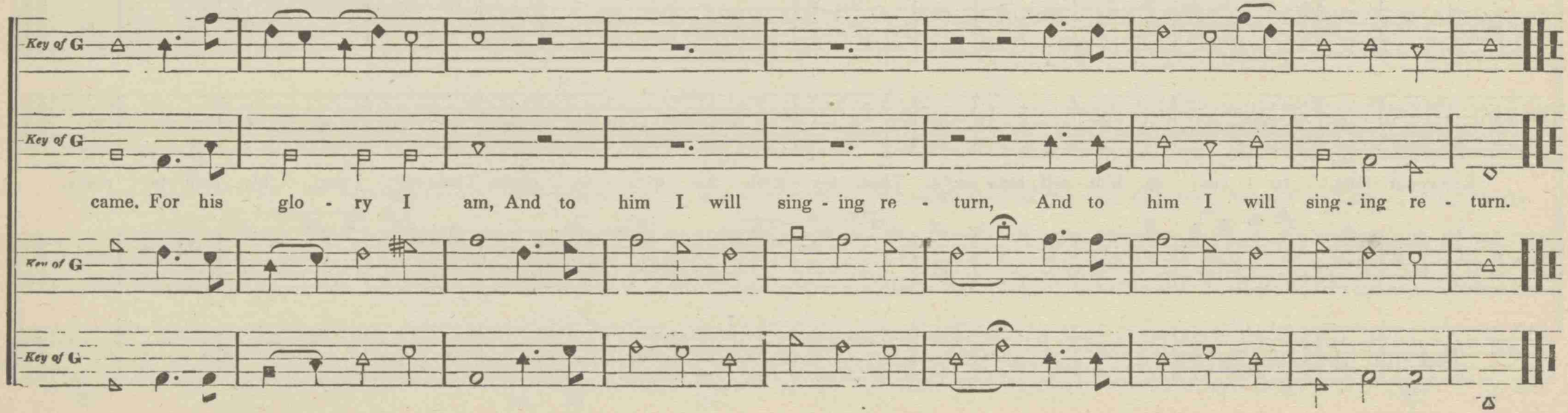
To! see the na - tions broken down, And kingdoms once of great renown, And saints now suff'ring wear the crown, When the King of kings comes.

Key of C

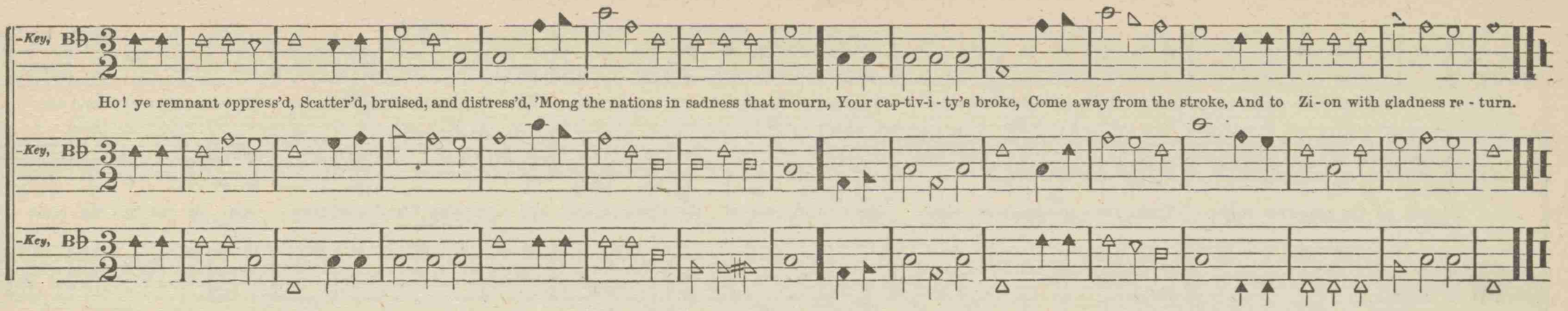

Key of G
A - rise, my soul, a - rise! Thy Saviour's sac - ri - fice; All the means that love could find, All the forms that
love could take, Je - sus in him - self hath join'd, Thee, my soul, his own to make, Thee, my soul, his own to make.

# PARADISE. 6s & 9s.



## BETHPHAGE. 6s & 9s.




2. Lo! a prophet of old,
Of a highway hath told,
Where the ransom'd of Israel may go;
Your Deliverer hath come,
And he calleth you home,
That his mercy and peace you may know.

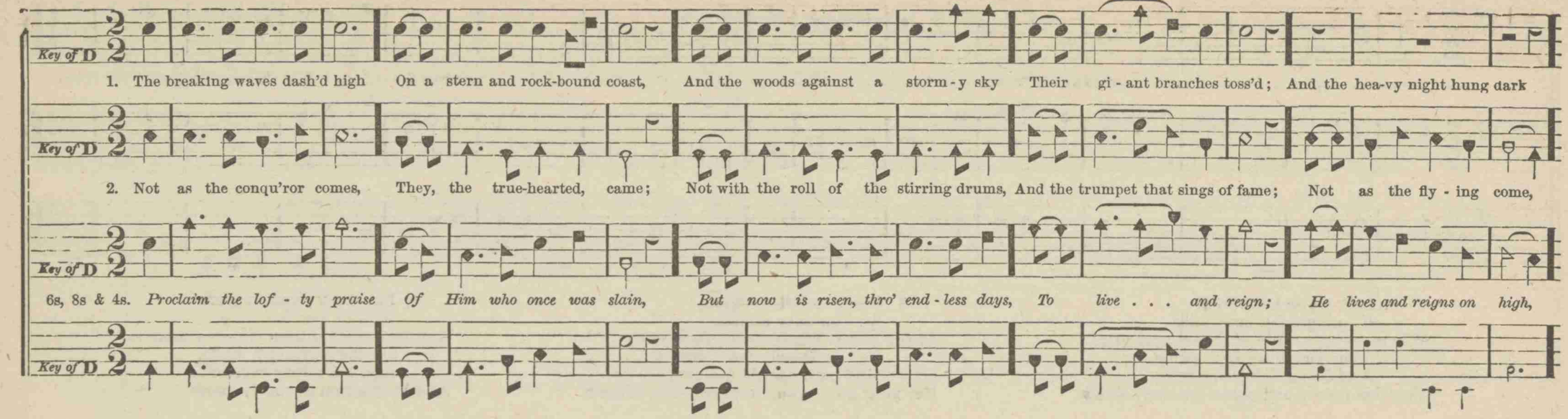
3. Come to Salem again,
And for ever remain
In the places where David hath been;
Lo! in David's own mount
God hath open'd a fount
For your guilt, your transgression, and sin.

4. Let the leprous appear,
And be purified here,
And be banish'd from Zion no more;
On the Saviour believe,
And his mercy receive,
And before him devoutly adore

## HOWARD. 6s & 9s.

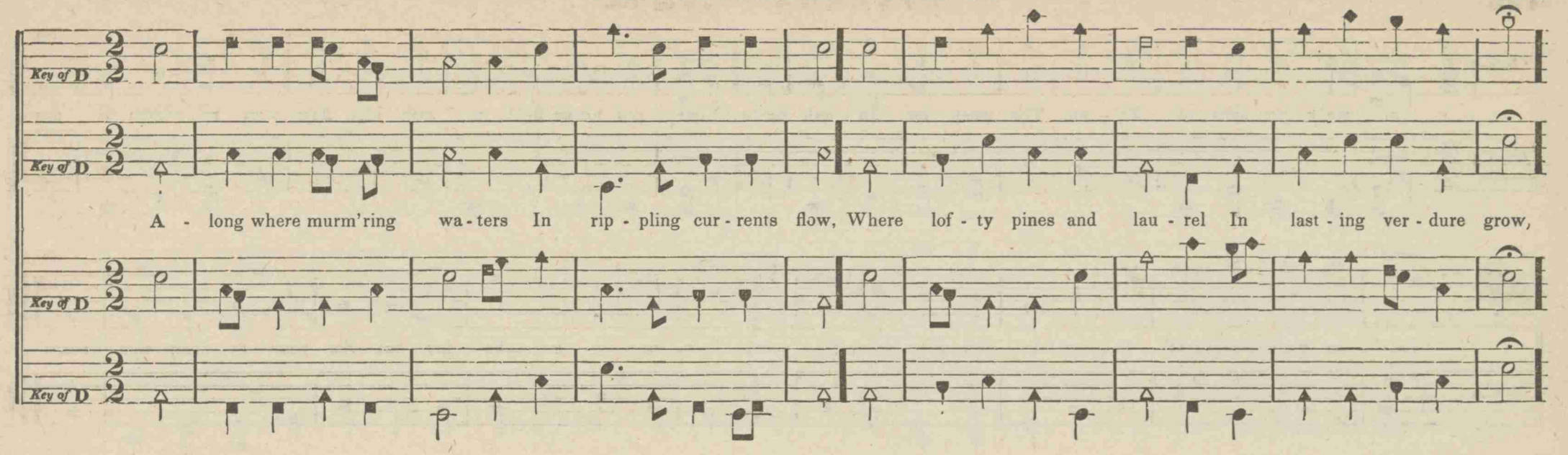


# BROWNSVILLE. S. M. or 6s, 8s & 4s.



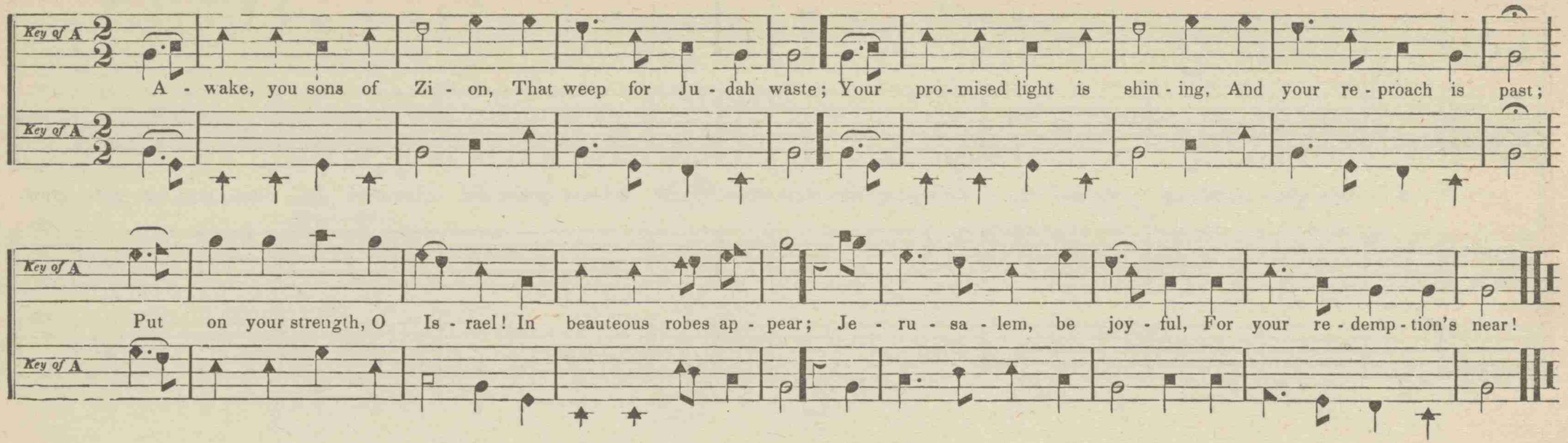

3. Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd—
This was their welcome home!

4. What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstain'd what there they found,
Freedom to worship God!


Key of D
Key of D
A - long where murm'ring wa - ters In rip - pling cur - rents flow, Where lof - ty pines and lau - rel In last - ing ver - dure grow,
Key of D
Key of D


Key of D
Key of D
We'll go and view the em-blems Of ev - er - last - ing bloom, And glo - ry in the pros - pect Of ris - ing from the tomb.
Key of D
Key of D

## MINERVA. 7s & 6s.



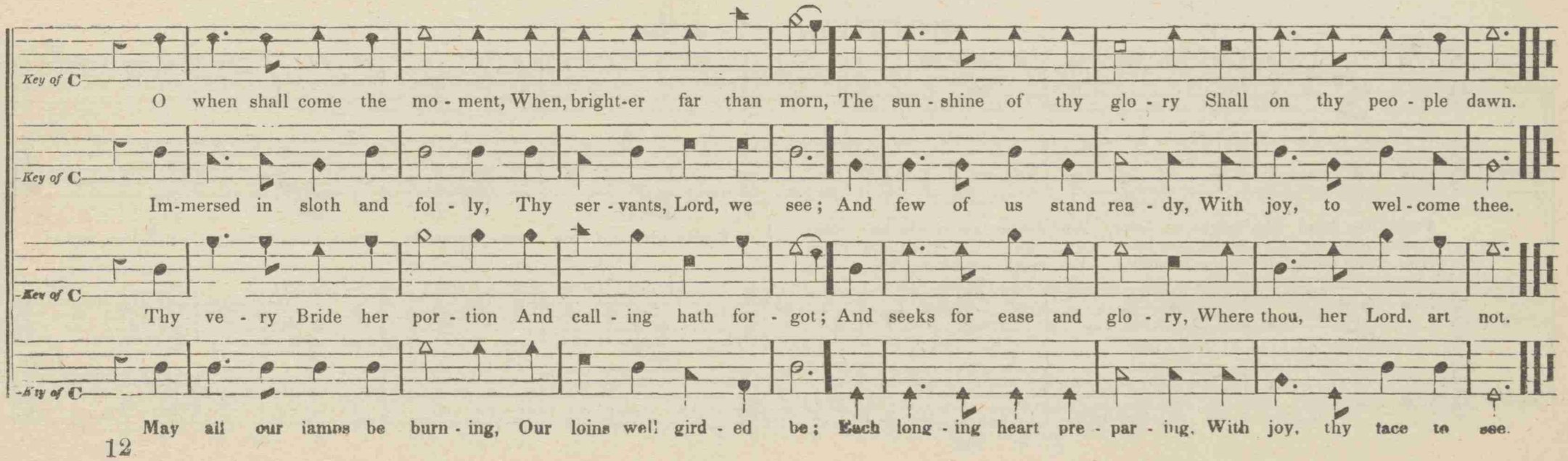

## CEYLON. 7s & 6s.




3. How long, O heav'nly Bridegroom,
How long wilt thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving,
That thou dost absent stay;
Thy very Bride her portion
And calling hath forgot;
And seeks for ease and glory
Where thou, her Lord, art not.

4. O wake thy slumbering virgins!
Send forth the solemn cry!
Let all thy saints repeat it,
The Bridegroom draweth nigh;
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well girded be;
Each longing heart preparing,
With joy, thy face to see


Key of C
1. How long, O Lord, our Sa - viour, Wilt thou re - main a - way; Our hearts are grow - ing wea - ry, Of thy so long de - lay;
2. How long, O gra - cious Mas - ter, Wilt thou thy house-hold leave; So long hast tnou now tar - ried, Few thy re - turn be - lieve.
3. How long, O heav'n - ly Bridegroom, How long wilt thou de - lay; And yet how few are griev - ing, That thou dost ab - sent stay;
4. O wake thy slumbering vir - gins Send forth a so - lemn cry; Let all thy saints re - peat it,—"The Bridegroom draw - eth nigh:"


Key of C
O when shall come the mo - ment, When, bright-er far than morn, The sun - shine of thy glo - ry Shall on thy peo - ple dawn.
Im-mersed in sloth and fol - ly, Thy ser - vants, Lord, we see; And few of us stand rea - dy, With joy, to wel - come thee.
Thy ve - ry Bride her por - tion And call - ing hath for - got; And seeks for ease and glo - ry, Where thou, her Lord, art not.
May all our lamps be burn - ing, Our loins well gird - ed be; Each long - ing heart pre - par - ing, With joy, thy face to see.

## Time is winging us away. 7s & 6s.

QUICK, LIGHT EXPRESSION.

1. Time is wing - ing us a - way To our e - ter - nal home; Life is but a win - ter's day, A jour - ney to the tomb.
2. Time is wing - ing us a - way To our e - ter - nal home; Life is but a win - ter's day, A jour - ney to the tomb:

Youth and vig - our soon will flee, Bloom-ing beau - ty lose its charms; All that's mor - tal soon will be En - closed in death's cold arms.
But the chil-dren shall en - joy Health and beau - ty soon a - bove, Far be - yond the world's al - loy, Se - cure in Je - sus' love.

## ZOPHIM. 7s & 6s.

MODERATE.

D. C.

Praise the Lord who reigns a - bove, And keeps his courts be low;
Praise him for his boundless love, And all his greatness show;
Him, from whom all good proceeds, Let earth and heaven a - dore
} Praise him for his no - ble deeds; Praise him for his match-less power;

WITH TENDERNESS

Key, B♭ 3/2

1. Je - sus, let thy pity - ing eye Call back a wand'ring sheep, False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.

2. Sa - viour, Prince, en-throned a - bove, Re - pent-ance to im - part, Give me, through thy dy - ing love, The hum - ble, con - trite heart.

Let me be by grace re - stored; On me be all long-suff'ring shown; Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Give, what I have long im-plored, A por - tion of thy grief un-known: Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

## WATERFORD. 7s & 6s.

WM H. OAKLEY.

Key, B♭ 3/2

1. Je - sus drinks the bit - ter cup, The wine-press treads a - lone: Tears the graves and moun-tains up, By his ex - pir - ing groan:

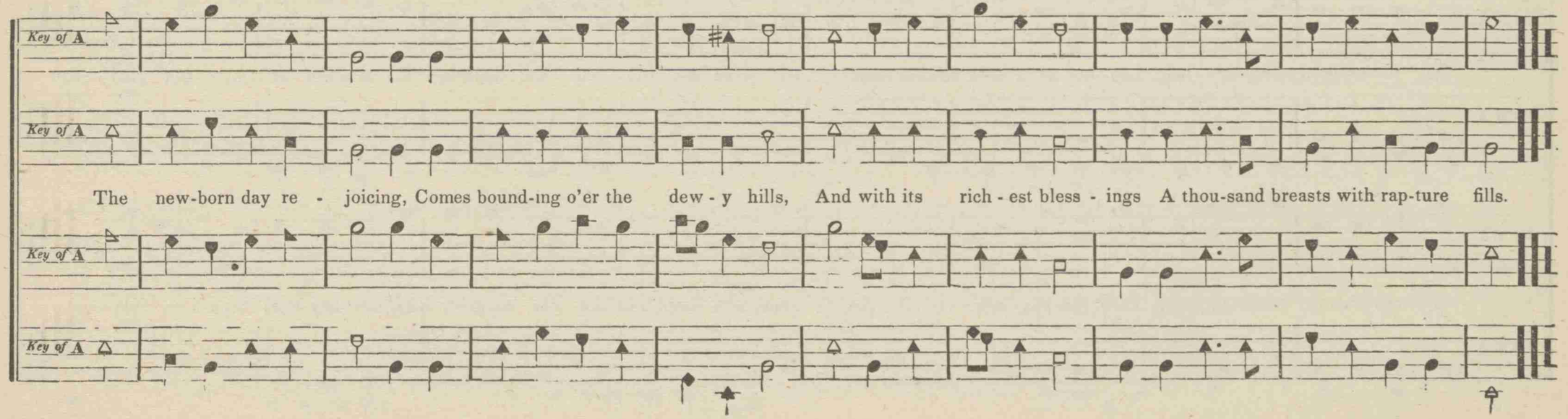
2. O my God, he dies for me, I feel the mor - tal smart! See him hang - ing on the tree, A sight that breaks my heart!

Lo, the powers of heaven he shakes, Na - ture in con - vul-sion lies; Earth's pro-found - est cen - tre quakes, The great Re - deem - er dies.

O that all to thee might turn! Sin - ners, ye may love him too; Look on him ye pierced, and mourn For one who bled for you.

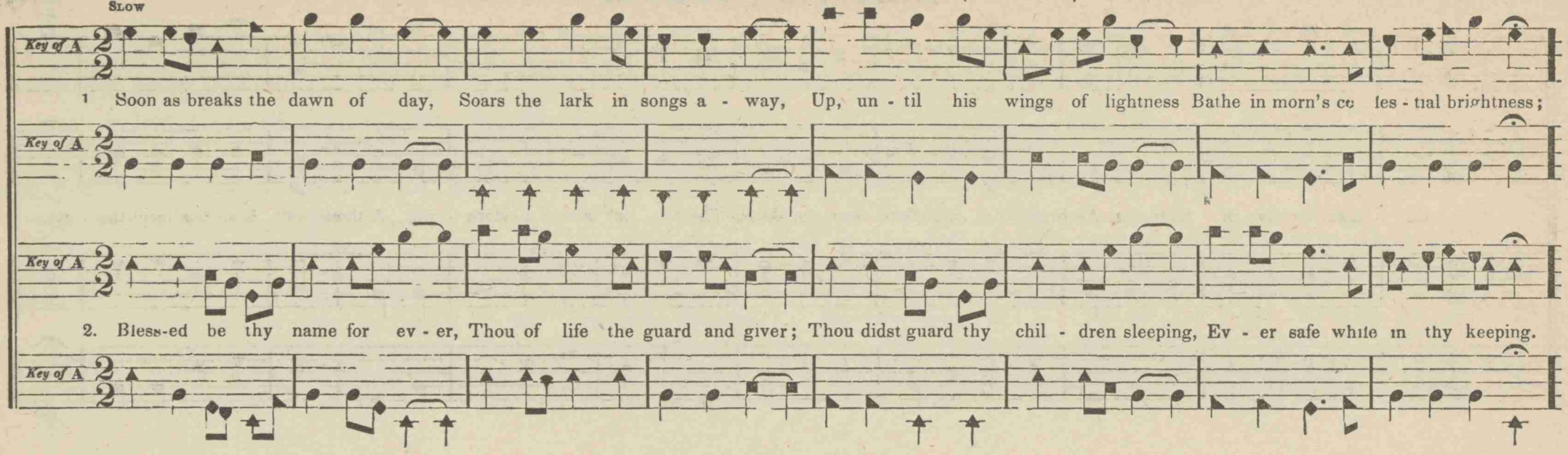
## BEULAH. 7s & 8s.


Key of A
Key of A
Key of A
Key of A
Be - hold the rays of morn-ing, As bright they come from east-ern skies; The ver - nal scenes a - dorn - ing, A thou-sand beau-ties meet the eyes:


Key of A
Key of A
Key of A
Key of A
The new-born day re - joicing, Comes bound-ing o'er the dew - y hills, And with its rich - est bless - ings A thou-sand breasts with rap-ture fills.

# PROTECTION. 7s & 8s. (PECULIAR.)

SLOW



## SAVANNAH.

Key of C

Key of C

Oh why should we weep o'er the dust Of friends who have fall - en a-sleep? Their graves will soon o - pen, we trust, And yield us the bo-dies they keep.

Key of C

Key of C

## AURORA. 8s.

Key of A

Key of A

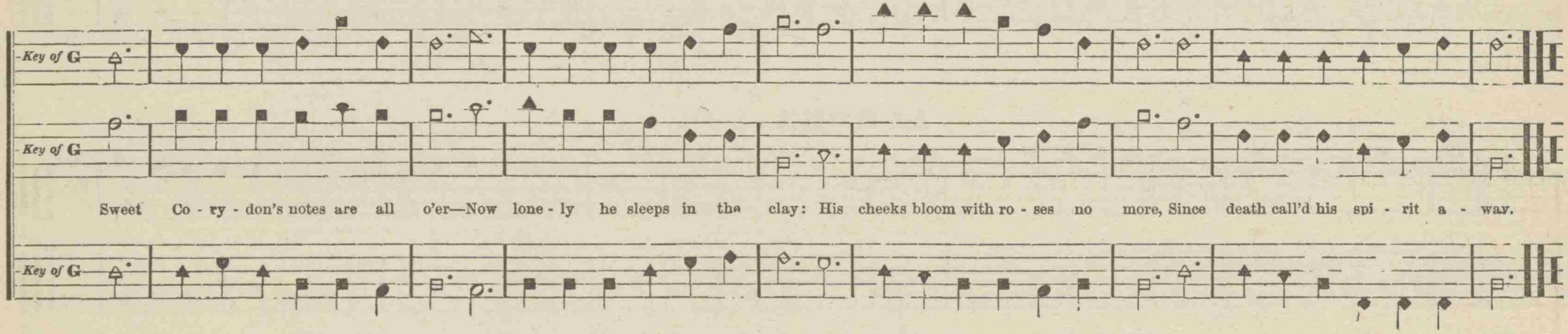
Though storms of ad - ver-si - ty come, And blast ev'ry season of joy, We'll rest from our cares in the tomb, Where troubles no longer annoy, Where troubles no longer annoy.

Key of A

Key of A

# PASTORAL ELEGY. 8s.




2.

Sweet woodbines will rise round his tomb,
And willows there sorrowing wave;
Young hyacinths freshen and bloom,
While hawthorns encircle his grave.
Each morn, when the sun gilds the East,
(The green grass bespangled with dew,)
He'll cast his bright beams on the west,
To charm the sad Caroline's view.

3.

O Corydon! hear the sad cries
Of Caroline, plaintive and slow;
O spirit! look down from the skies,
And pity thy mourner below.
'Tis Caroline's voice in the grove,
Which Philomel hears on the plain,
Then striving the mourner to soothe,
With sympathy joins in her strain.

4.

Ye shepherds, so blithesome and young,
Retire from your sports on the green;
Since Corydon's deaf to my song,
The wolves tear the lambs on the plain:
Each swain round the forest will stray,
And sorrowing hang down his head;
His pipe then in symphony play
Some dirge to young Corydon's shade.

5.

And when the still night has unfurl'd
Her robes o'er the hamlet around,
Gray twilight retires from the world,
And darkness encumbers the ground—
I'll leave my own gloomy abode,
To Corydon's urn will I fly,
There kneeling will bless the just God
Who dwells in bright mansions on high.

6.

Since Corydon hears me no more,
In gloom let the woodlands appear;
Ye oceans! be still of your roar;
Let Autumn extend round the year.
I'll hie me through meadow and lawn,
There cull the bright flowrets of May
Then rise on the wings of the morn,
And waft my young spirit away

Key, E♭

Encompass'd with clouds of dis-tress, Just rea - dy all hope to re - sign; I pant for the light of thy face, And fear it will nev - er be mine.

Key, E♭

Dis-heart-en'd with wait-ing so long, I sink at thy feet with my load; All plaintive I pour out my song, And stretch forth my hand un-to God.

Key of F

Mine eyes are now closing to rest, My bo - dy must soon be removed, And mould'ring, lie buried in dust, No more to be envied or loved, No more to be envied or loved.

Key of F

1 2

Oh! tell me,

Ah! what is this drawing my breath, And stealing my senses a - way? Oh! tell me, Oh! tell me, my soul, is it death, Re-leas-ing me kindly from clay?

Key of F

1 2

Oh! tell me,




## "The sun to the west has descended."




2. The shepherd his flock has now folded,
The birds have all gone to their nest,
The village bell distantly tolling,
Announces the hour of rest

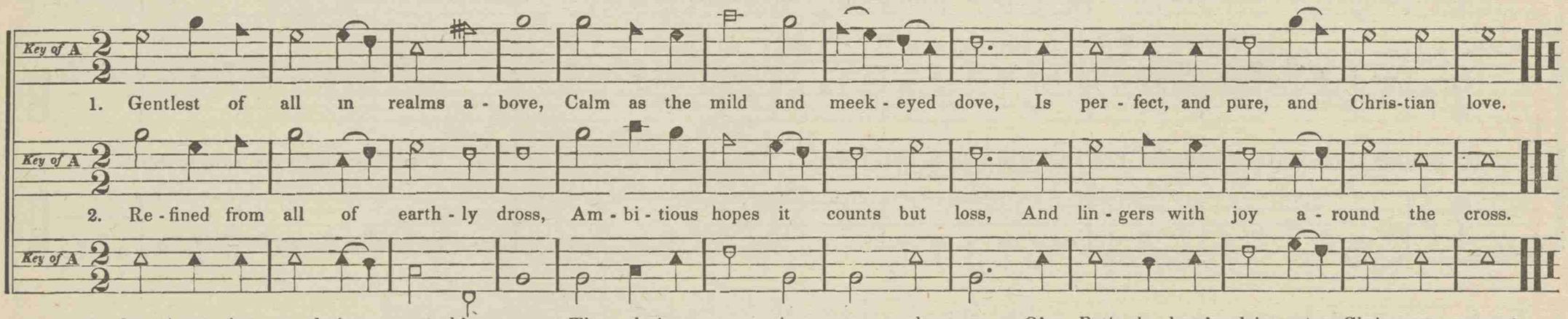
3. The busy fields all are deserted,
All nature is quiet and still.
Save where the fresh breezes are waving
The pines on the side of the hill

4. While all are so lovely and peaceful,
To heaven for one blessing we'll pray;
Oh! may our life's eve be as pleasant,
And mild as the close of the day.

## PROCLAMATION. 8s & 3.



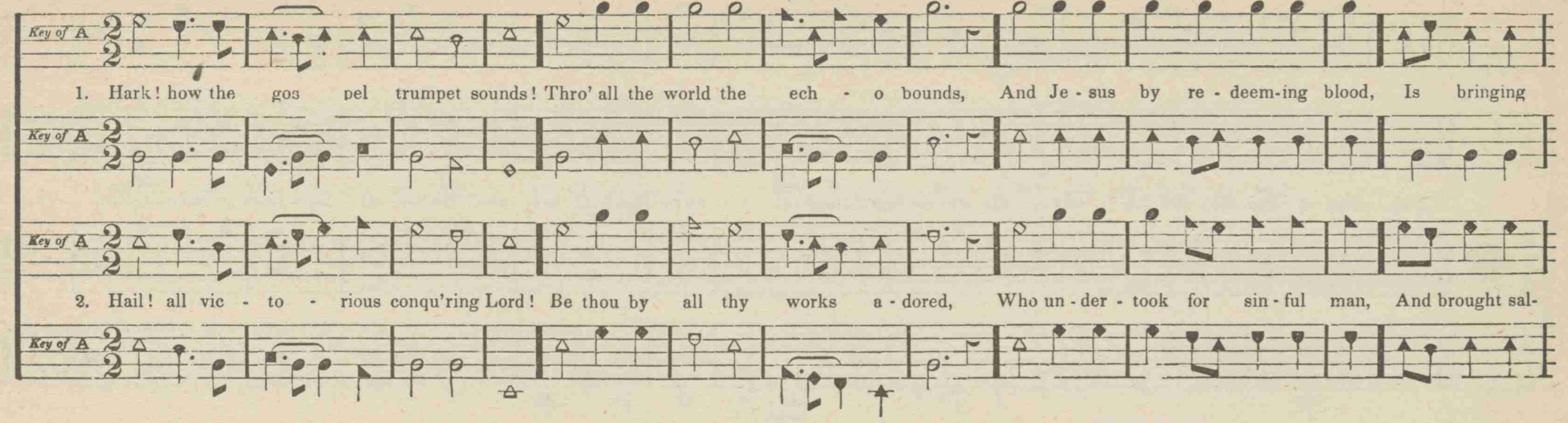

## MEMORIAL.

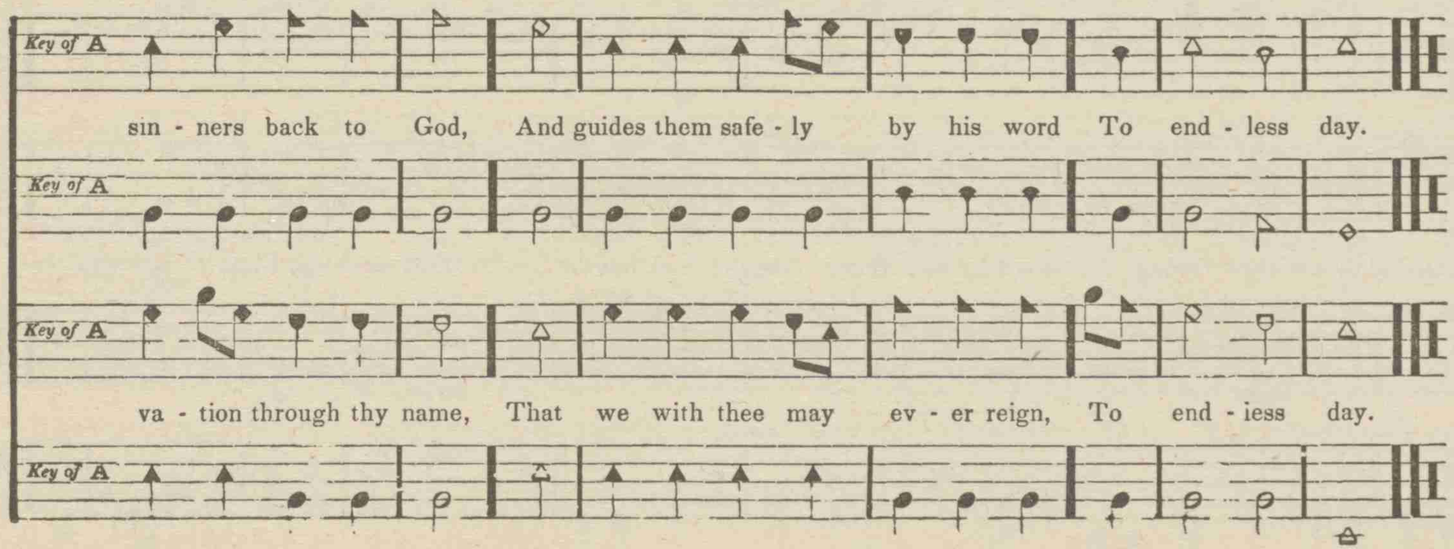



4. The sweetest of all its notes to me,
As sweet, no doubt, it is to thee,
Is "Peace on the earth from sea to sea."

5. Yet peace, as a fruit, from love doth grow
It blooms in the souls of saints below,
And ripens the more that Christ we know.

6. Death will dissolve all earthly ties,
But souls that are one below the skies,
In Christ, will be one in Paradise.

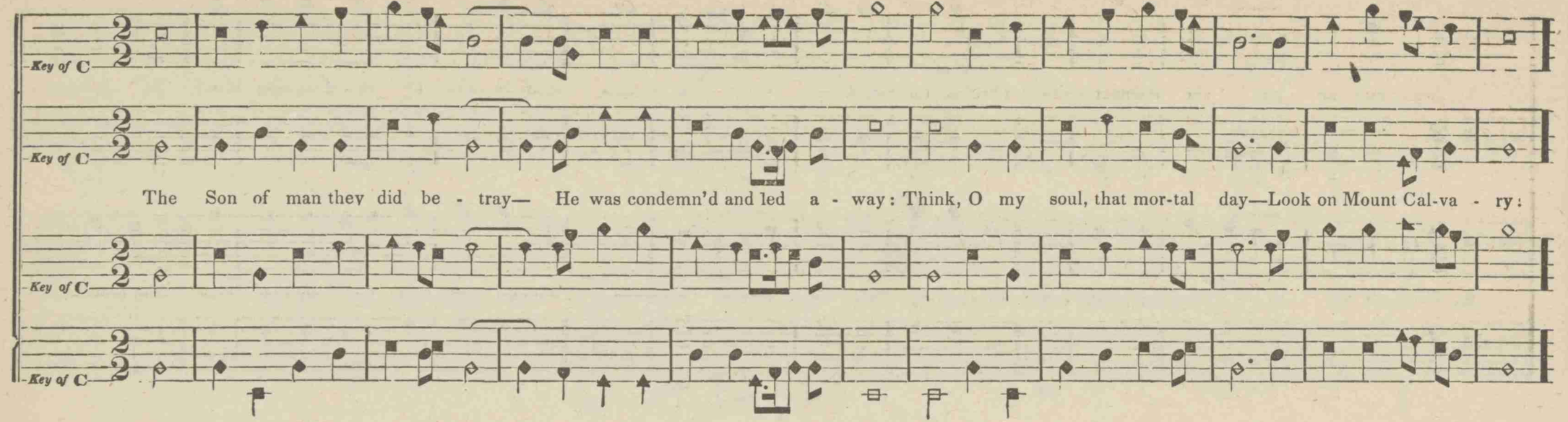


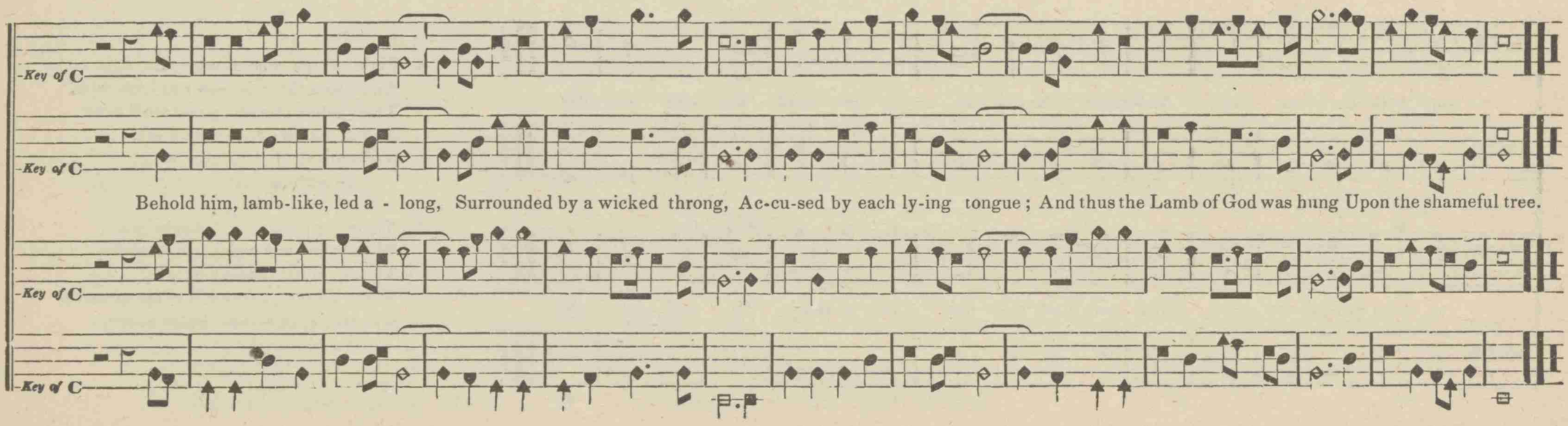




3. Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on!
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share;
And crowns of glory ever wear,
In endless day.

4. There we shall in full chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.

# MOUNT CALVARY. 8s & 6s.



TENDERLY, DISTINCTLY.






# EDINBURGH. 8s & 7s.

J. HENRY

NOT TOO SLOW.

Key of G

Un - der - neath the o - cean's bil - low, Where no rose nor bend - ing wil - low Springs to cheer a lone - ly grave;

Oh! how ma - ny have been hur - ried! Ma - ny thousands there lie bu - ried, Far be - low the surg - ing wave!

TASTEFUL, ELEVATED

Key of C

All hail! ye hosts of seraphs bright, I come to join your company: Here to par-take your pure delight, And join your sa-cred symphony. My pains have ceased, my cares are o'er, I

CHORUS.

now have reach'd the bliss-ful shore, And scenes of joy before me rise, All heaven bursts up-on my eyes. O sound his praise, ye heav'nly choir, Who saved me from the flaming fire.

## SAINTS' REST. 8s & 9s.

M. W. WILSON

SLOW AND SOFT.

Key, B♭ 2/2

1. Weep not for the saint that as-cends To par-take of the joys of the sky; Weep not for the seraph that bends With the wor-ship-ping cho-rus on high.

2. Weep not for the spi-rit now crown'd With the gar-land to mar-tyr-dom given; Oh, weep not for him: he has found His re - ward and his re - fuge in heav'n.

3. But weep for their sorrows who stand And la-ment o'er the dead by his grave; Who sigh when they muse on the land Of their home far a - way o'er the wave.

4. And weep for the nations that dwell Where the light of the truth nev-er shone; Where anthems of peace never swell, And the love of the Lord is un-known.

## HYMN. "Ere I sleep." 8, 3s & 6s.

SOFT.

Key E♭ 3/2

1. Ere I sleep, for ev' - ry fa - vour, This day show'd By my God, I do bless my Saviour, 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, Till thou hence re - move me.

3. Thou, my rock, my guard, my tow - er, Safe - ly keep, While I sleep, Me, with all thy pow-er, Me, with all thy pow - er.

Key of G 6/4

O, may the dis-tant lands re-joice, And sinners hear the Bridegroom's voice, While praise their happy tongues employs, And all obtain im mor-tal joys, And give to Je - sus glo-ry.

## There is a Place. 9s & 8s.

REPEAT FOR CHORUS.

Key, B♭ 2/2

There is a place, There is a place where my hopes are staid, My heart and my treasure are there, Where ver-dure and blossoms nev - er fade, And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair.

CHORUS. That bliss-ful place, That bliss-ful place is my father - land, By faith its delights I ex-plore; Come, favour my flight, an - gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

# THE FATHERLAND. 9s & 8s.

A. M. HALL.









3.

The early shrill notes of a loved nightingale
That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell
To call me to duty, while birds of the air
Sang anthems of praises as I went to prayer.

4.

How sweet were the zephyrs, perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine!
But sweeter, oh sweeter superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer!

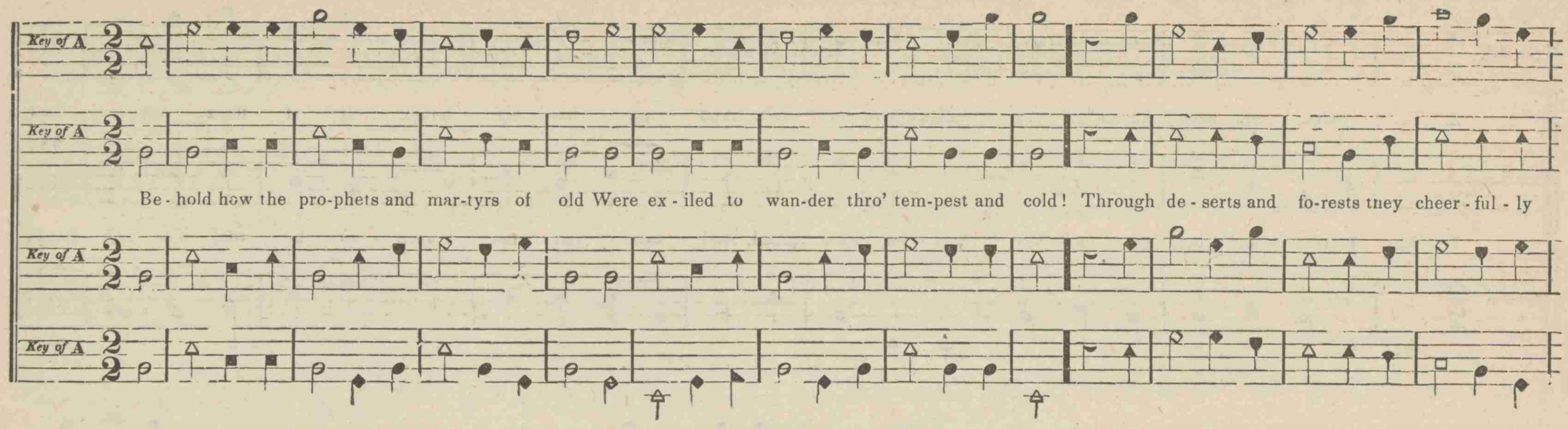
5

For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deigned there to meet
And bless with his presence my lonely retreat;
Oft fill'd me with rapture and blessedness there,
Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer.

6.

Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new;
For Jesus my Saviour can hear everywhere,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

## HUGER. 11s.




## REDEMPTION. 11s.






Key of A

Key of A

voice of the tur - tle is heard in our land; Come, let's join to - gether and fol-low the sound, And march to the place where re - demp-tion is found.

Key of A

Key of A

## IMANDRA. 11s.

Key of C

Key of C

I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my Lord,
I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy word,
} With ten-der e - mo-tion I love sinners too, Since Je-sus has died to re - deem them from w

Key of C

Key of C

## LOUDON. 11s.

MODERATE. AND FULL

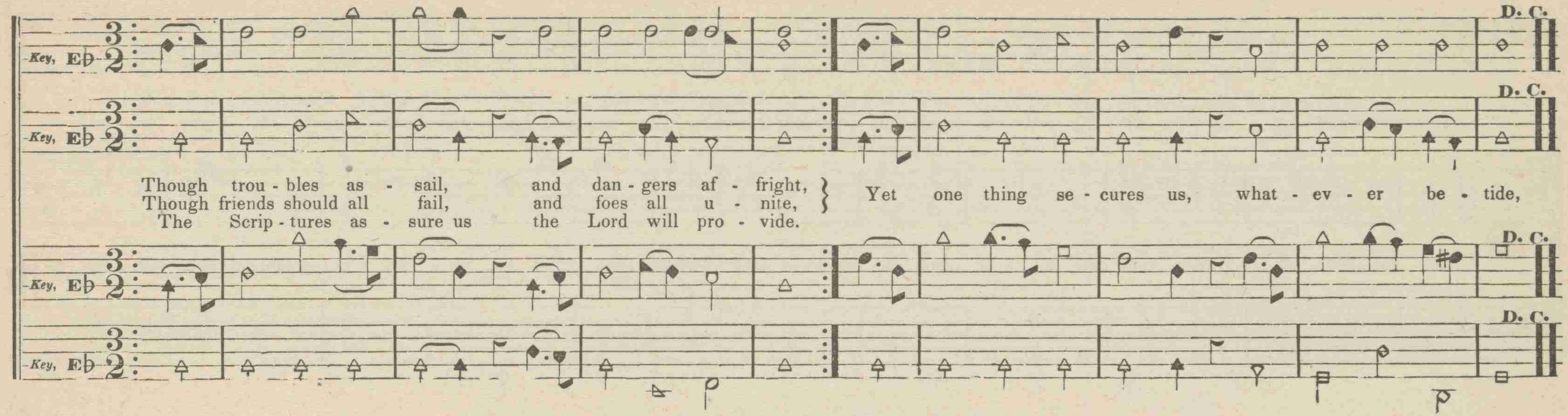
1. As down a lone val - ley with ce - - dars o'er-spread, From war's dread con - fu - sion I pen - sive - ly stray'd, The
2. Per - fumes as of E - den flow'd sweet - ly a - long; A voice as of an - gels en - chant - - ing - ly sung: "Co -

gloom from the face of fair hea - ven re - - tired; The winds hush'd their mur - murs, the thun - ders ex - pired.
lum - bia, Co - lum - bia, to glo ry a - - rise, The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

## SOLICITUDE. 11s.

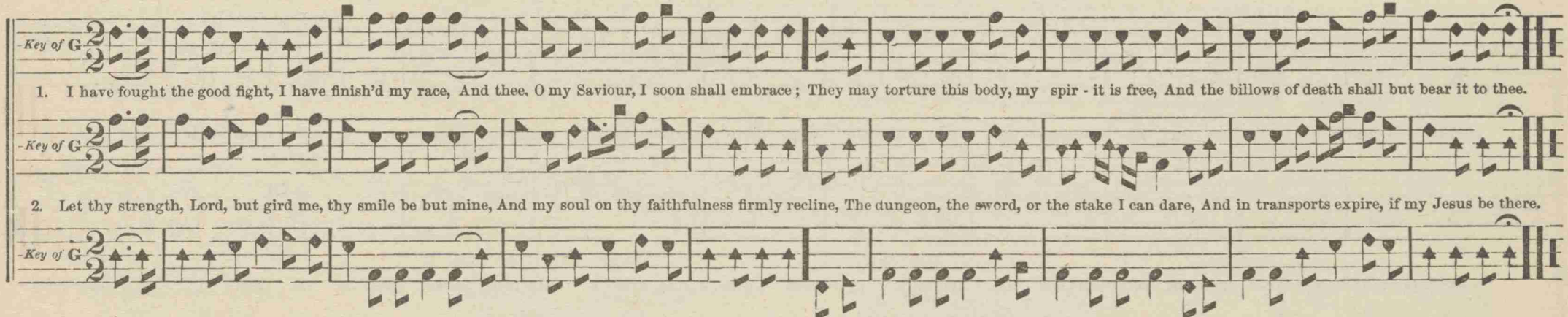
1. As down the calm river our light vessel glides, Or o - ver the bil - lows tri-umph-ant-ly rides, We are making our way to the Land of the Blest, The home of the good, where the weary have rest.

2. Thi ream will convey us, without much delay, From toils and from troubles for ev - er a-way; Se - rene - ly our sun will go down in the west, When safe we re-pose in the Land of the Blest.




NOTE. The first slur in the third measure may be omitted for the last line.

## THE MARTYR'S SONG. 11s.

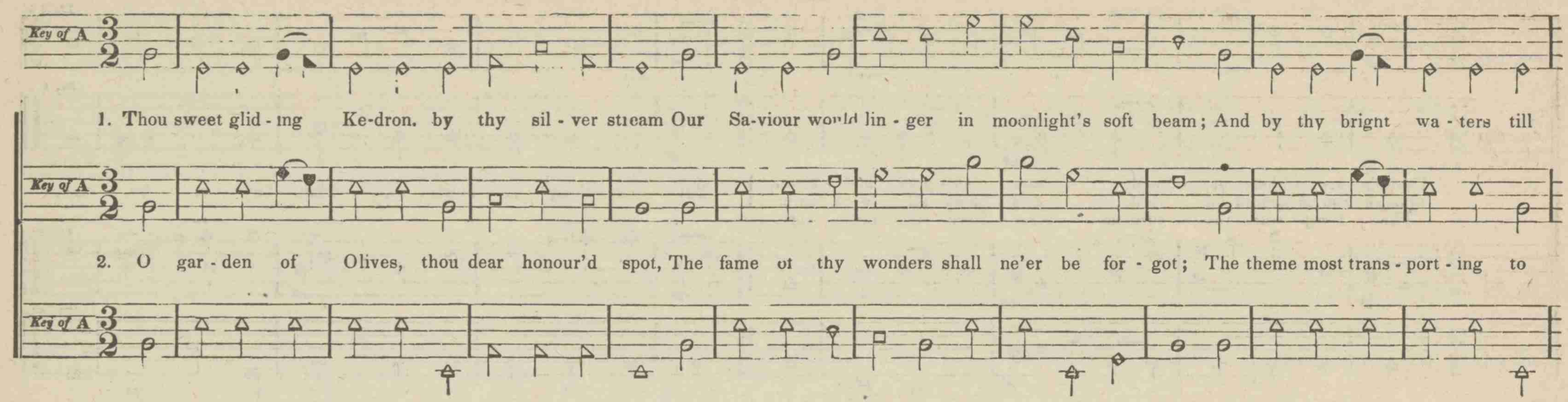


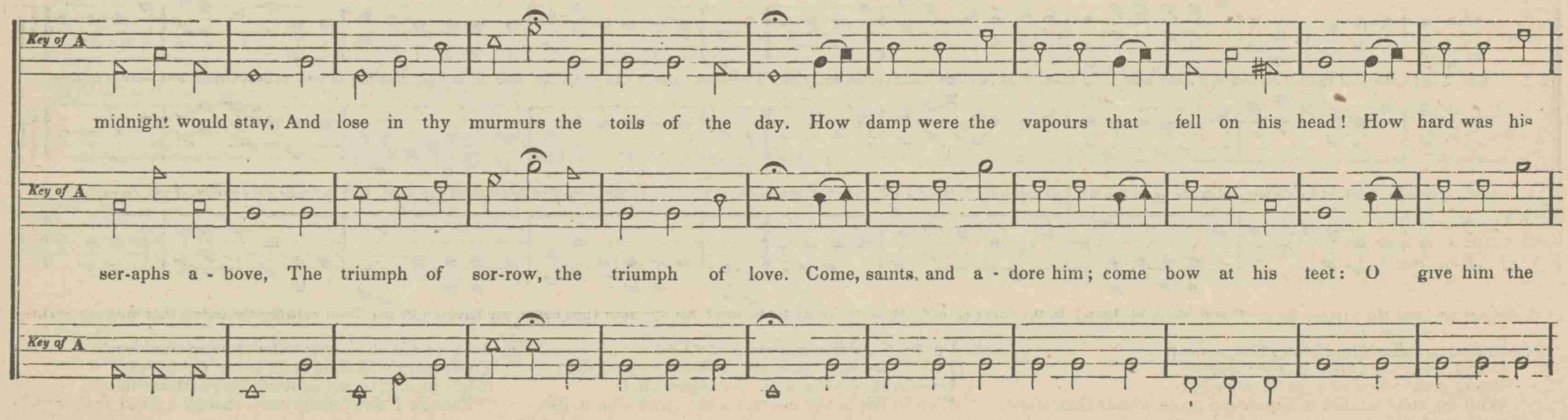

4. United in sufferings, the promise is dear,
I shall, with my Jesus, in glory appear
Out of great tribulation in triumph I go,
With my robe wash'd in blood, and made whiter than snow.

5. I go to my Saviour, I go to my God;
I tread the same path my Redeemer once trod;
Unworthy, my Saviour, unworthy am I
E'en to fall in thy cause, for thy truth e'en to die.

6. Lo! on my clear vision the seats of the bless'd
Seem calmly to shine, and invite me to rest:
Then unshaken my soul on the promise relies,
"Though I die, I shall live; though I fall, I shall rise."

## Thou sweet gliding Kedron." 11s.






## THE RULER'S DAUGHTER. 6s, 7s & 5s, or 11s & 12s.




2. My dear little daughte
   I fear she will die;
O thou merciful Saviour,
   Attend to my cry;
If thou wilt but touch her
   She surely will live,
Then to thee all the glory,
   O Jesus, I'll give.

3. And Jesus went with him,
   But soon it was said
To the heart-stricken father,
   Thy daughter is dead;
Why trouble the Master,
   Thy woes to relieve,
But the kind Saviour whispe
   "Now only believe

4 They came to the house,
   And the mourners were there;
Who with weeping and wailing
   Were rending the air;
But Jesus reproved them,
   Why thus do you weep?
For the maid is not dead,
   She is only asleep.

5. O see, with a touch
   How the maiden awakes,
When the mighty Physician
   Her hand gently takes;
And, see, from her features
   Pale death quickly flies,
At the voice of the Saviour,
   "O damsel, arise. —Mrs D

# RICHLAND. 11s.

WITH SPIRIT AND ENERGY.

Key of G 3/2

1. Daughter of Zi-on, a-wake from thy sadness! A-wake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more; — Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness, A-rise! for the night of thy

Key of G 3/2

2. Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them, And scatter'd their legions, was mighti-er far; They fled, like the chaff, from the foe that pursued them: — Vain were their steeds and their

Key of G 3/2

3. Daughter of Zion! the pow'r that hath saved thee, Ex-toll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be; — Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslaved thee, Th' oppres-sor is vanquish'd, and

Key of G 3/2

**Coda,** for the last stanza.

Key of G

sorrow is o'er. Daughter of Zi-on, a-wake from thy sad-ness! A-wake! for thy foes shall op-press thee no more.

Key of G

chariots of war. Daughter of Zi-on, a-wake from thy sad-ness! A-wake! for thy foes shall op-press thee no more.

Key of G

Zi-on is free. Daughter of Zi-on, a-wake from thy sad-ness! A-wake! for thy foes shall op-press thee no more. Shall op-press thee no more, shall op-press thee no more.

Key of







*From the Psalmist, No.* 843.

1. "Do this," and remember the blood that was shed,
   Ere Calvary's victim to slaughter was led:
   When, sad and forsaken, the garden alone
   Gave ear to his sorrow, and echoed his moan.

2. Remember the conflict with insult and scorn,
   The robe of derision, the chaplet of thorn;
   The sin-cleansing fountain that stream'd from his side,
   When, "Father, forgive them," he utter'd, and died.

3. Remember that victor o'er death and the grave:
   He liveth for ever, his people to save;
   O take, with thanksgiving, this pledge of his love,
   The foretaste of rapture eternal, above.







3. The barb'rous tyrants, to increase the wo,
In taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

4. But now, in heathen chains and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise?
O hapless Salem! God's terrestrial throne!
Thou land of glory,—sacred mount of praise!

5. If e'er my memory lose thy sacred name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
Let dire affliction seize this guilty frame,
My hand shall perish, and my voice shall cease.

6. Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay;
His arm avenge her desolated walls,
And raise her children to eternal day.

Key, E♭

Key, E♭

Behold! the Judge descends! his guards are nigh! Tempests and fire at - tend him down the sky; Heav'n, earth and hell draw near, let all things come, To hear his justice

Key, E♭

Key, E♭

Key, E♭

But gather first my saints, the Judge commands; Bring them, &c.

Key, E♭

and the sin-ner's doom;

Key, E♭

But ga-ther first my saints: Bring them, ye an - - - - - gels, from their distant lands.

Key, E♭

Bring them, &c.

Key, E♭

## ST. MOIFOD. (Pronounced St. Mi-vid.) 5s & 11s.

from the Welsh

Key of C

And bids us, And bids, &c.

The voice of the dead to all speaks a - loud, And bids us pre - pare for the eve - ning of life; Our days, O how

Key of C

And bids us, And bids us, &c.

Key of C

And yet we would lin-ger, And yet, &c.

few, And troublesome, too! And yet we would linger, And yet we would linger, and length - en the strife

Key of C


Key of G
Key of G
O, tell me no more Of this world's vain store, The time for such tri - fles with me is now o'er;
Key of G
Key of G

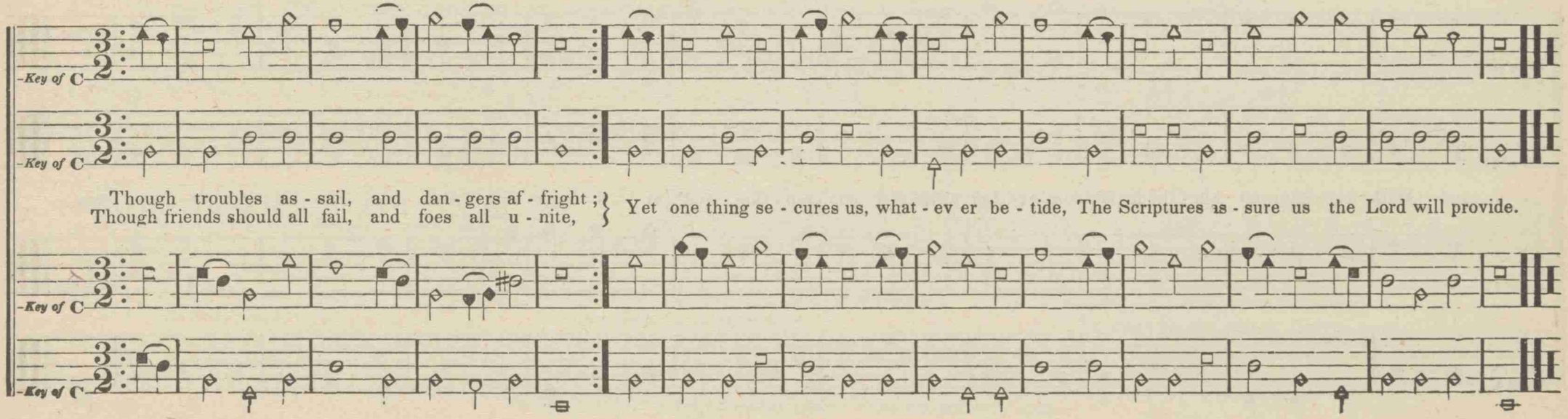

Key of G
Key of G
A coun - try I've found Where true joys a - bound; To dwell I'm de - ter - mined on this hap - py ground.
Key of G
Key of G


Key of D
Key of D
Key of D
Key of D
The birds, with - out barn or store - house, are fed; From them let us learn to trust for our bread,


Key of D
Key of D
Key of D
Key of D
His saints what is fit - ting shall ne'er be de - nied, So long as 'tis writ - ten— the Lord will pro - vide.

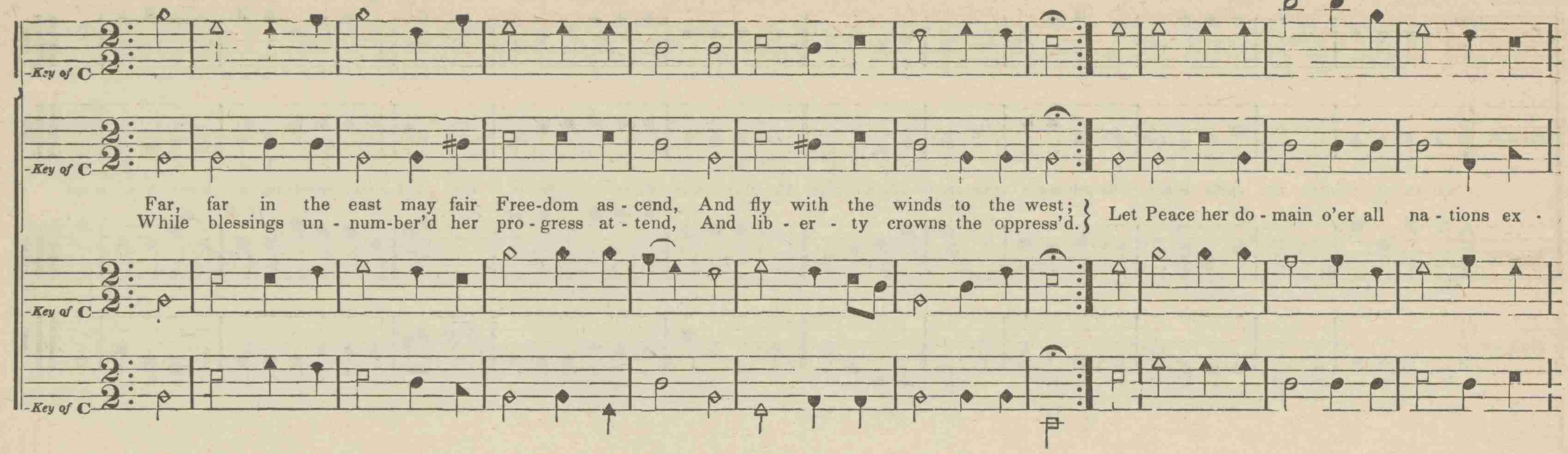



## LEEDS. 10s & 11s.



## SAMANTHA. 11s & 8s.

ROTHBUST.



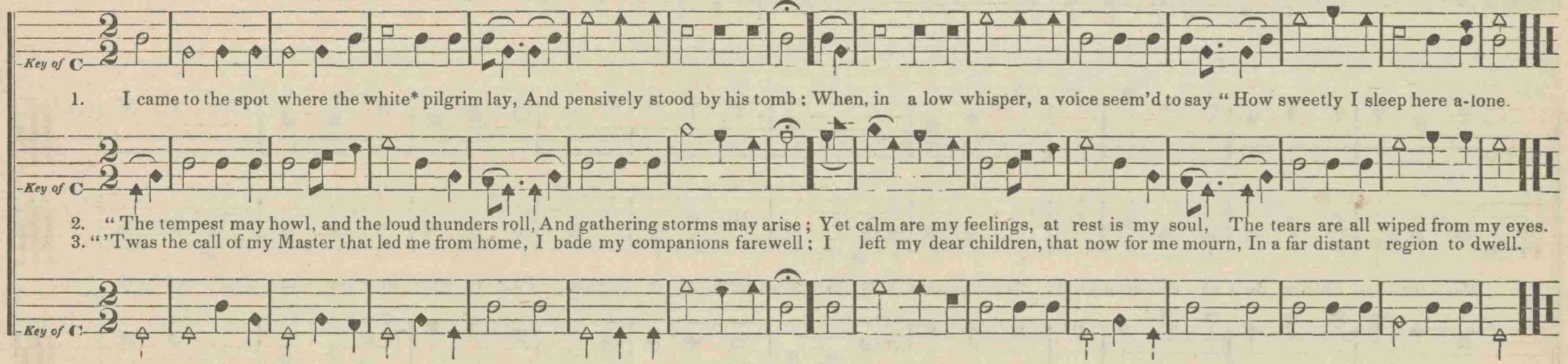






## THE PILGRIM'S REPOSE. 11s & 8s.

Written on the death of Elder Joseph Thomas.

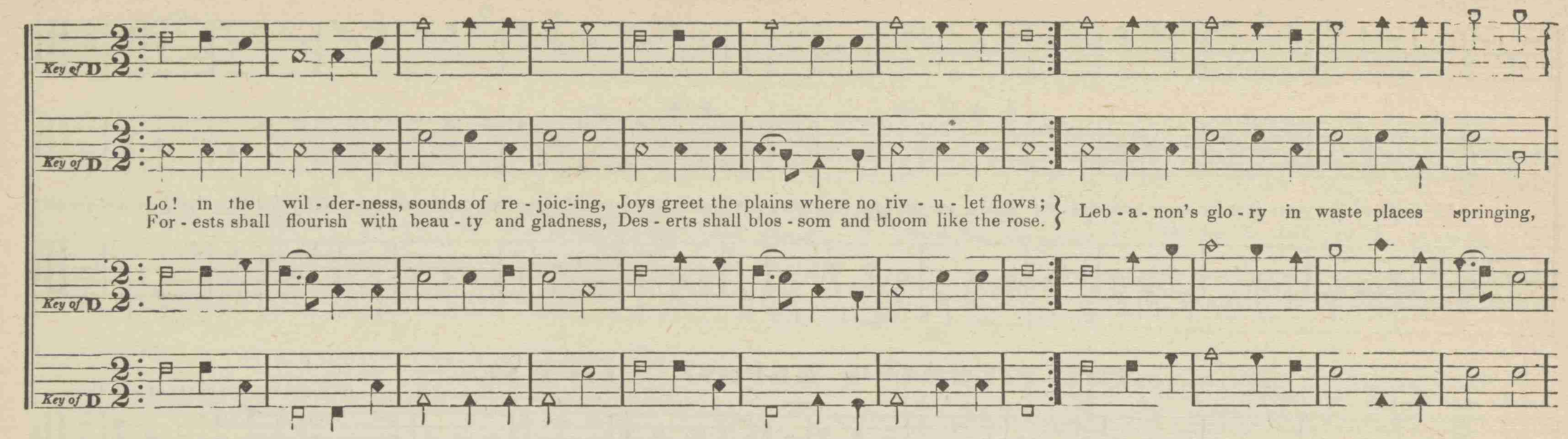


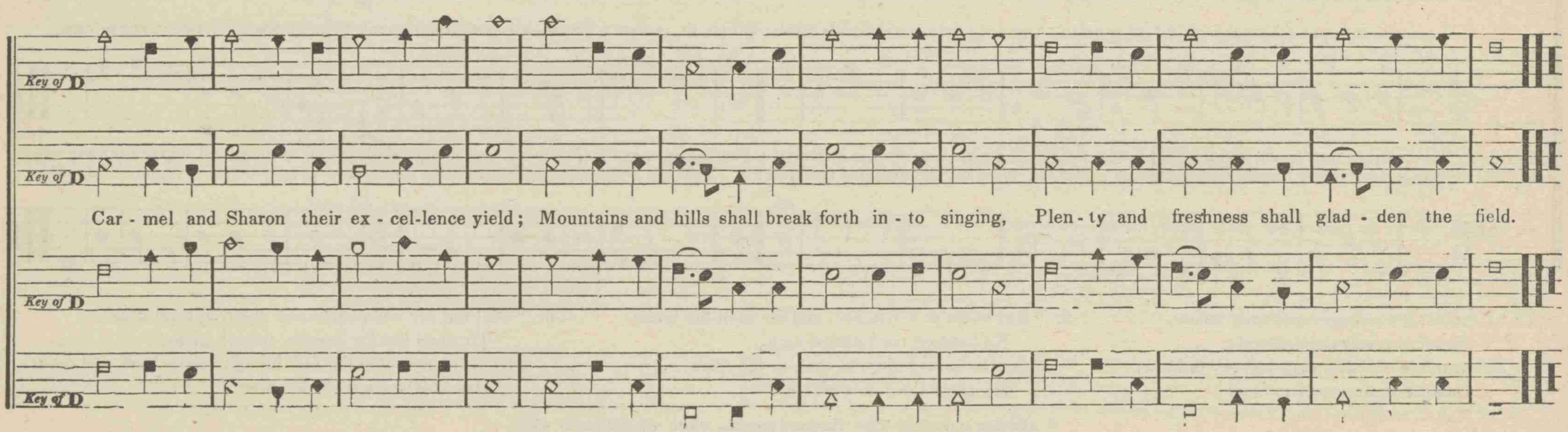

4. "I wander'd a stranger and exile below,
To publish salvation abroad;
The trump of the gospel endeavour to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

5. "But when at a distance, and far from my home
No kindred nor relative nigh,
I met the contagion, and sank in the tomb,
My spirit ascending on high.

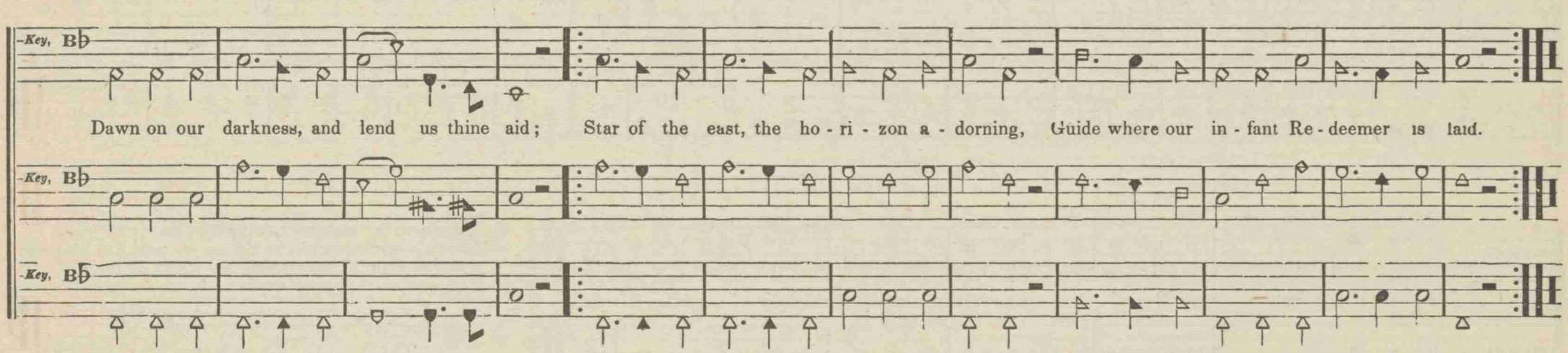
6. "Oh! tell my companion and children most dear,
To weep not for Joseph, though gone;
The same hand that led me through scenes dark and drear
Has kindly assisted me home."

* Allusion is made to Elder Thomas's apparel, which was ordinarily white.


Key of D
Lo! in the wil - der-ness, sounds of re - joic-ing, Joys greet the plains where no riv - u - let flows;
For - ests shall flourish with beau - ty and gladness, Des - erts shall blos - som and bloom like the rose.
Leb - a - non's glo - ry in waste places springing,


Key of D
Car - mel and Sharon their ex - cel-lence yield; Mountains and hills shall break forth in - to singing, Plen - ty and freshness shall glad - den the field.

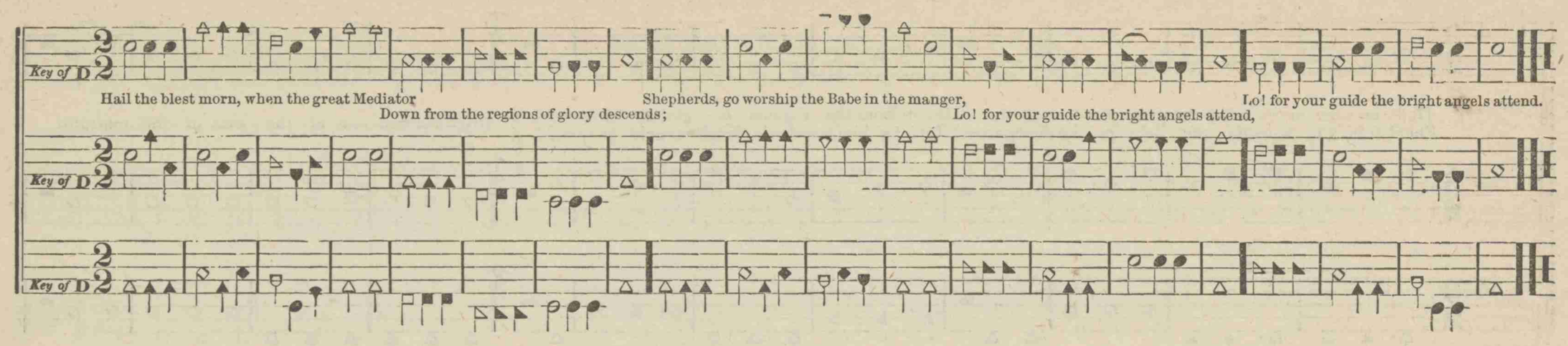



2. Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all

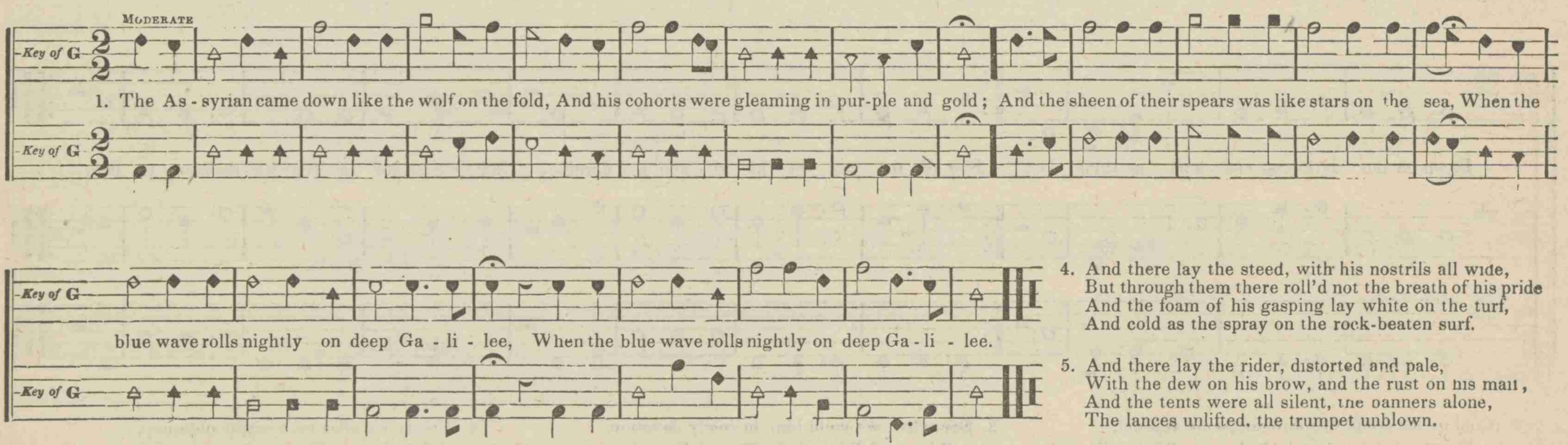
3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Eden, and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure!
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.




## DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

Words by LORD BYRON.




2. Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green.
That host, with their banners, at sunset was seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host, on the morrow, lay wither'd and strown.

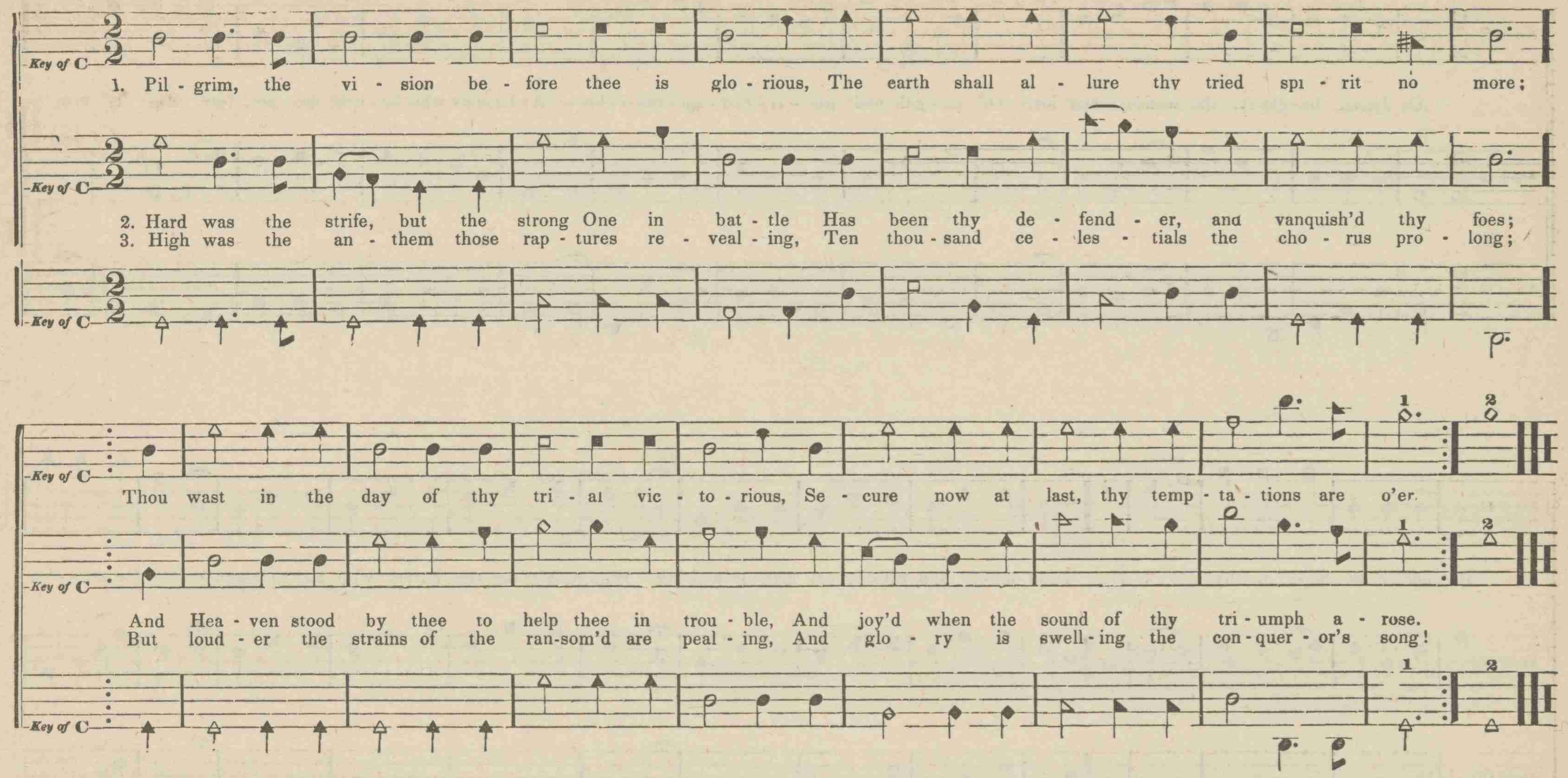
3. For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breath'd in the face of the foe, as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever were still!

4. And there lay the steed, with his nostrils all wide,
But through them there roll'd not the breath of his pride
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray on the rock-beaten surf.

5. 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 trumpet unblown.

6. 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.

DIGNIFIED. NOT TOO FAST.



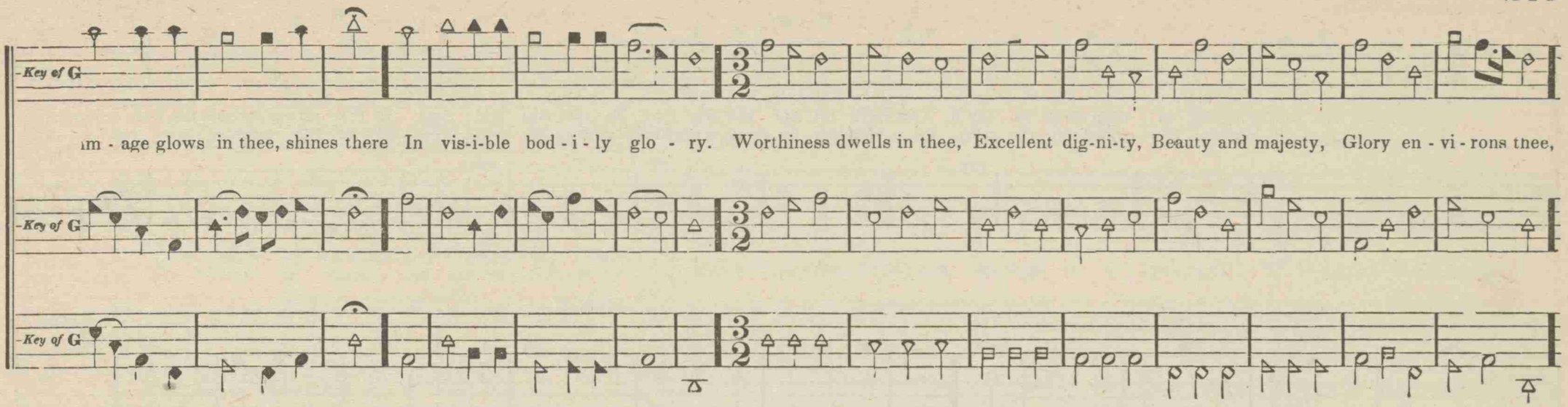

1. Zion, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth;
The brightest of angels in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.
*Chorus.* O shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs—Messiah is King!

2. Tell how he cometh from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the sinner he offers salvation,
His people with joy everlasting are crown'd.
*Chorus.* O shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs—Messiah is King!

3. Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
You angels, the full hallelujah be singing,
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
*Chorus.* O shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs—Messiah is King!


Key of G
O. Jesus, the glo-ry, the wonder, and love Of an - gels and glo - ri - fied spi - rits a - bove, And saints who be - hold thee not, yet dear - ly love,
Key of G
Key of G


Key of G
Re - joicing in hope of thy glo - ry. Thou on - ly and whol-ly art love - ly and fair, Who robb'st not the Father with him to compare, The Fatner's own
Key of G
Key of G


Key of G
Key of G
Key of G
ım - age glows in thee, shines there In vis-i-ble bod - i - ly glo - ry. Worthiness dwells in thee, Excellent dig-ni-ty, Beauty and majesty, Glory en - vi - rons thee,


Key of G
Key of G
Key of G
Power, honour, do-mın-ion, and life rest on thee, O thou chief-est, O thou chief - est, O thou chiefest a - mong the ten thou - sands

# CAMPBELL'S REQUEST. 11s, 9s & 6s.



MODERATE, ELEVATED.

Key of A

When stars in the morn-ing of time were ar - ray'd, And earth on her last-ing foun - da - tion was laid; And in their strong bounds the wide waters were
The new - ly made heavens, dis - closed to the sight, Re - splendent ly shone with the gleamings of light; The sons of the morning in rap - tur - ous

staid, Thick darkness per - vad - ing the bil - - lows:
flight, With shoutings tri - umph-ant, pro - claim - ing:

"Sing a - loud o'er the earth; Songs of hon - or and praise, Let ev' - ry be - ing raise

To him who gave it birth; Ma - jes - ty, or - der, beau - ty, and strength crown his works; Pow - er, mer - cy, and in - fi - nite wis - dom!"

Fine.

Moderate.

Key of A

1. The voice of free grace cries "Escape to the moun-tain:
For A-dam's lost race Christ hath open'd a foun-tain;
For sin and pol - lu - tion, for ev' - ry trans - gres - sion, His blood flows most free-ly in

Key of A

2. Ye souls that are wounded, to th' Saviour re - pair; . .
He calls you in mercy, and can you for - bear? . .
Tho' your sins are in-creas-ed as high as a mountain, His blood can re-move them, it

Key of A

3. Now Je-sus, our King, reigns tri-umph-ant - ly glo - rious:
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than vic - to - rious;
With shouting proclaim it, oh trust in his pas - sion, He saves us most free - ly, oh

Key of A

streams of sal - va - tion. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, &c.

Key of A

flows from the foun - tain. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has bought us a par-don; We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

Key of A

pre - cious sal - va - tion. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, &c.

Key of A

## "Come, Saints, and adore him." 11s.

J. CANDY

SOLO or DUETT.
MODERATE.

Key of G

1 Thou sweet glid - ing Ke - dron, by thy sil - ver stream Our Sa viour would lin - ger in moon-light's soft beam·
2. How damp were the va - pours that fell on his head, How hard was his pil - low, how hum - ble his bed,
3. O gar - den of O - lives, thou dear ho - nour'd spot, The fame of thy won - ders shall ne'er be for got;

Key of G

And by thy bright wa - ters 'till mid - night would stay, And lose in thy mur - murs the toils of the day.
The an - gels, be - hold - ing, a - mazed at the sight, At - tend - ed their Mas - ter with so - lemn ac - light.
The theme most trans - port - ing to se - raphs a - bove, The tri - umph of sor - row, the tri - umph of love.

Key of G

*f* CHORUS. *p* *Increase.* *f*

Key of G

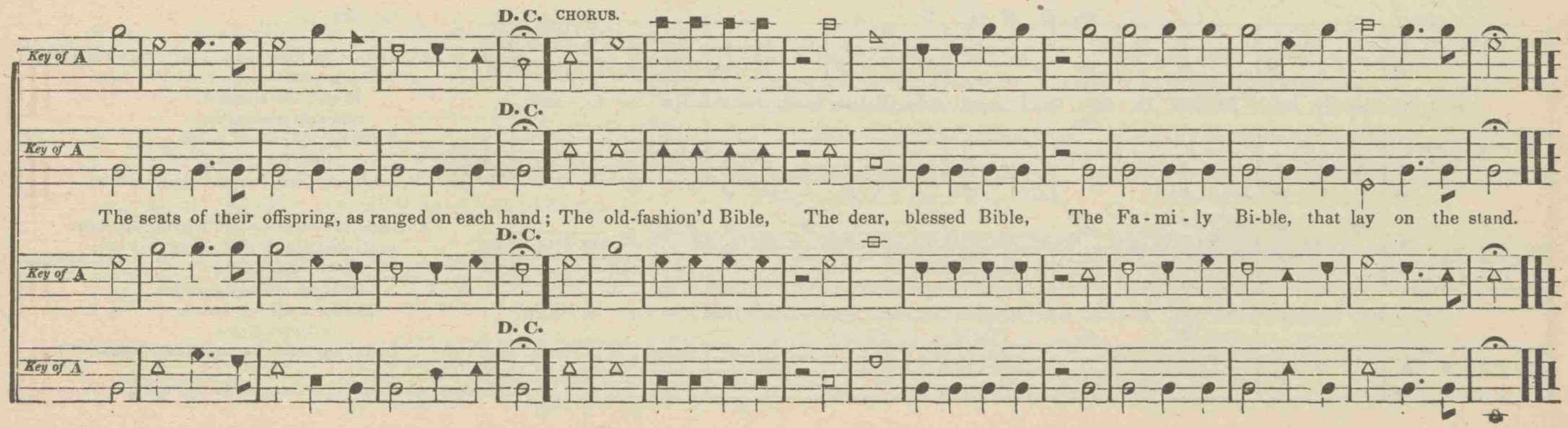
Key of G

Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet, And give him the glory, the praise that is meet; Let joyful ho-san-nahs un - ceas-ing-ly rise, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

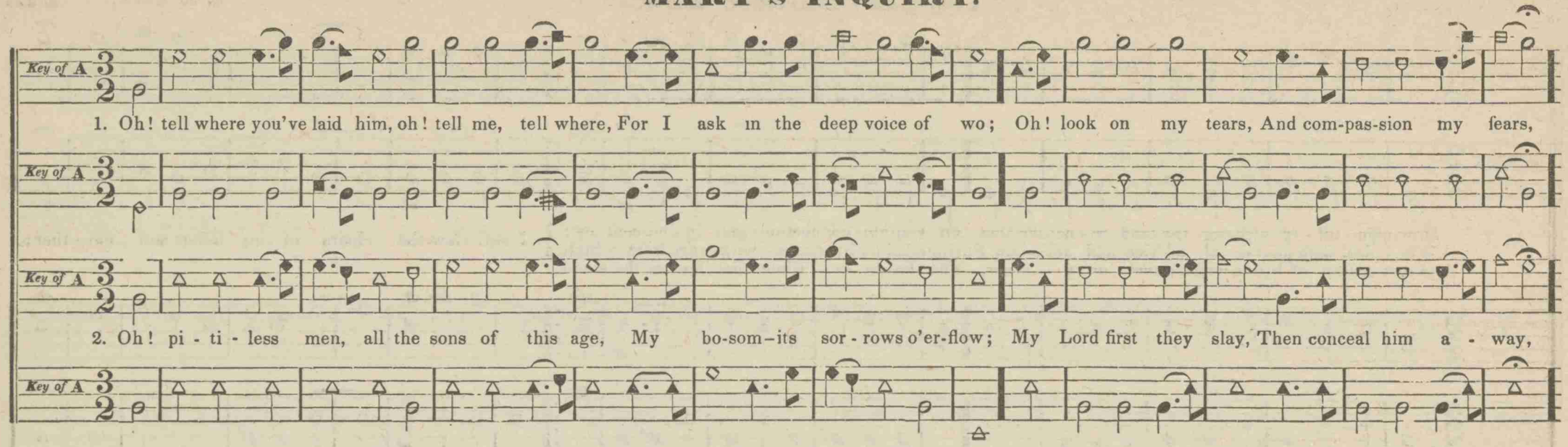
Key of G

Key of G


Key of A
How pain - ful - ly pleasing the fond re - col-lec-tion Of youthful connections and in - no-cent joy;
When blest with pa-ren - tal ad-vice and affec-tion, Surrounded with mercies—with peace from on high.
And that richest of books which excels ev'ry other, The Fa-mi - ly Bible, that lay on the stand.
I still view the chairs of my father and mo - ther;


D. C. CHORUS.
D. C.
The seats of their offspring, as ranged on each hand; The old-fashion'd Bible, The dear, blessed Bible, The Fa - mi - ly Bi-ble, that lay on the stand.

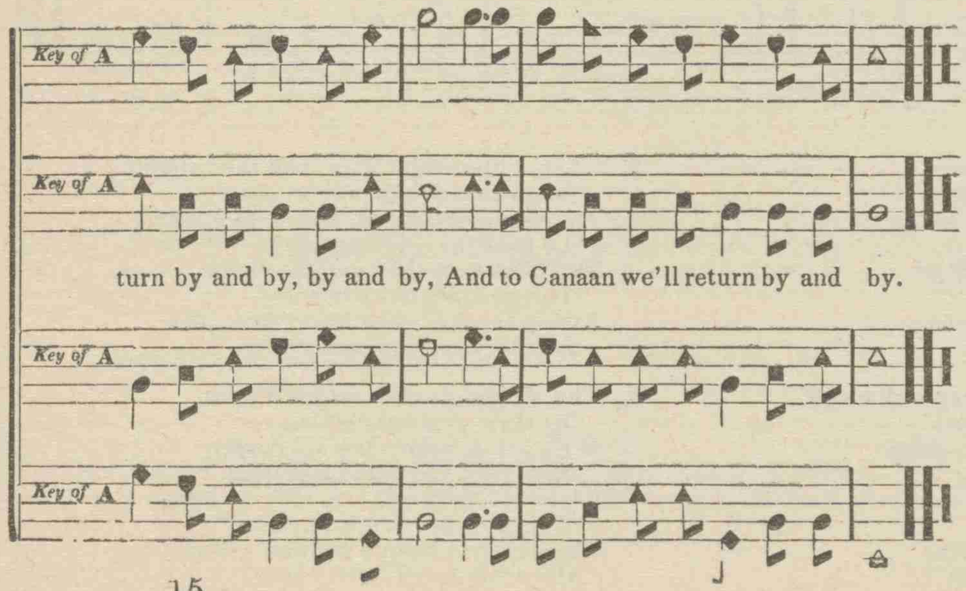
# MARY'S INQUIRY.




3. To where you have laid him, my steps hence direct,
This tribute so sacred I owe—
To weep o'er his grave,
And with spices to save
His body, if you will bestow.
Grief fondly calls,
Oh! my Lord, then, and Master bestow.

4. Refuse, oh! refuse not, oh! hear my complaint!
My soul pressed with sorrow bows low:
Give me this delight,
Point my pathway aright,
This Jesus so lovely bestow.
Grief is my plea,
Oh! my Lord, then, and Master bestow.




2 Our Deliverer will come by and by,
And our sorrows have an end
With our three-score years and ten;
And vast glory crown the day by and by.

3. Our enemies are strong; we'll go on,
Though our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo! Sinai's God is near;
While the fiery pillar moves we'll go on.

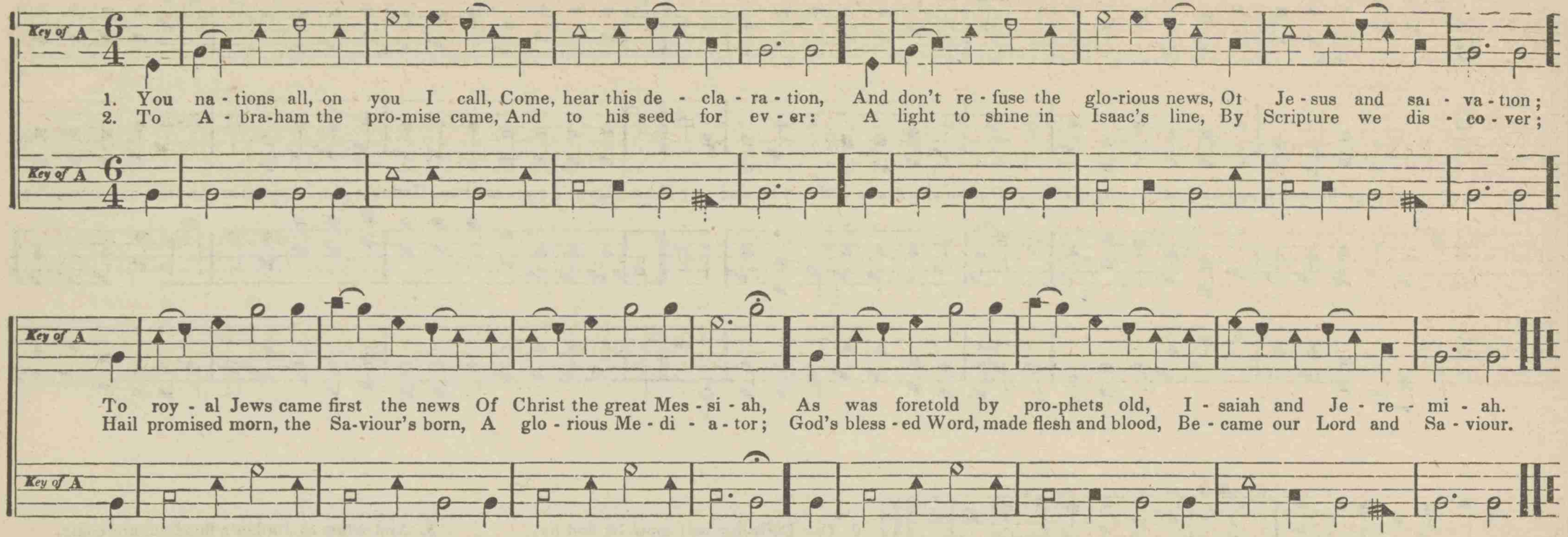
4. By Marah's bitter streams we'll go on,
Though Baca's vales be dry,
And this land yields no supply,
To a land of corn and wine we'll go on.

5. And when to Jordan's flood we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters will divide,
And the ransom'd host will shout, We are come.

6. There the friends will meet again who have loved,
Our embraces will be sweet
At our dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more, who have loved

7. There with all the happy throng we'll rejoice
Shouting glory to our King,
Till the vaults of heaven ring,
And to all eternity we'll rejoice.

# THE NATIVITY. 8s & 7s. (Peculiar.)




3. His parents, poor in earthly store,
To entertain the stranger,
They found no bed to lay his head
But in the oxen's manger;
No royal things, as used by kings,
Were seen by those who found him,
But in the hay the infant lay
With swaddling bands around him.

4. On the same night a glorious sight
To shepherds there appeared:
In shining flame an angel came,
They saw and greatly feared.
The angel said, "Be not afraid,
Although we much alarm you,
We do appear good news to bear,
As now we will inform you.

5. "The city's name is Bethlehem,
In which God hath appointed,
This glorious morn a Saviour's born,
For him hath God anointed;
By this you'll know, if you will go
To see this little stranger,
His lovely charms in Mary's arms,
Both lying in a manger."

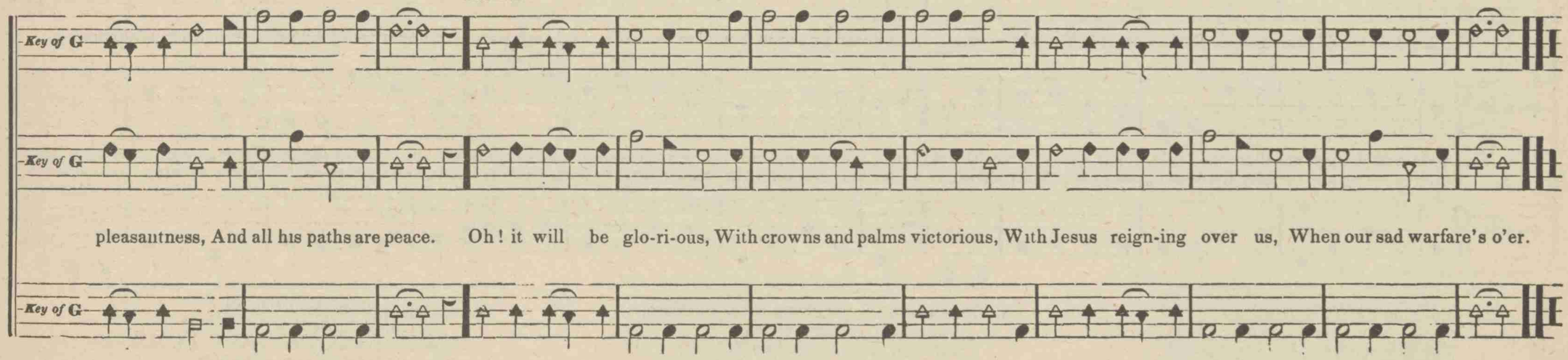
6. When this was said, straightway was heard
A glorious sound from heaven:
Each flaming tongue an anthem sung,
"To man a Saviour's given;
In Jesus' name, the glorious theme,
We elevate our voices;
At Jesus' birth be peace on earth,
Meanwhile all heaven rejoices."

7. Then with delight they took their flight,
And winged their way to glory,
The shepherds gazed, and were amazed
To hear the pleasing story.
To Bethlehem they quickly came,
The glorious news to carry,
And in the stall they found them all—
Joseph, the babe, and Mary.

8. The shepherds then return'd again
To their own habitation,
With joy of heart they did depart,
Now they had found salvation.
"Glory," they cry, "to God on high,
Who sent his Son to save us;
This glorious morn a Saviour's born.
His name it is Christ Jesus

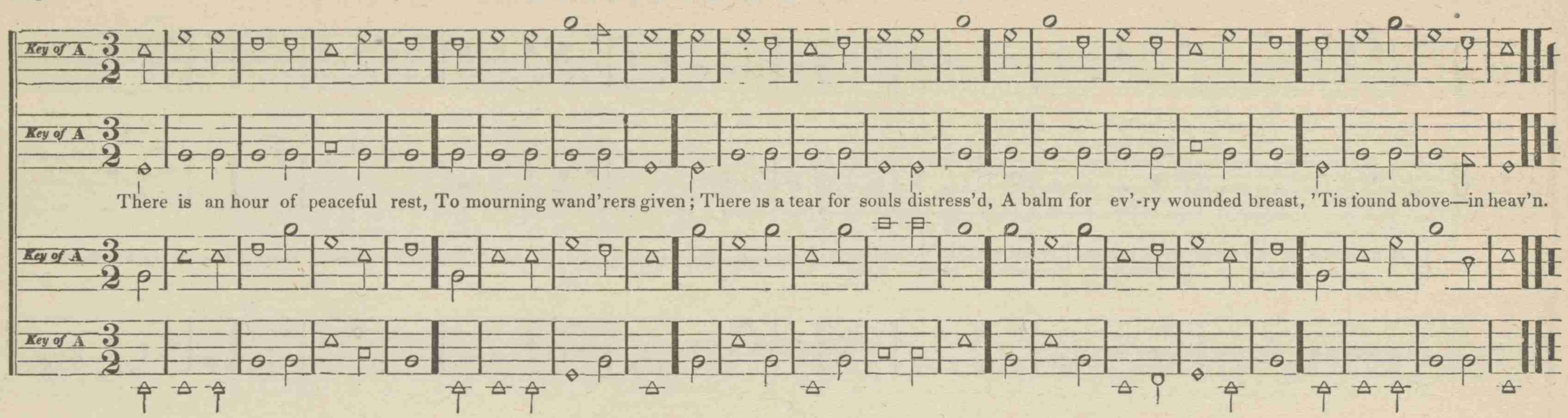

Key of G
Key of G
Key of G
O Christians, keep your ar-mour bright; Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
In union strong to - geth-er fight, Ho - san-na to our King.
Come laud and mag-ni - fy his name, Nor let his praises cease, His ways are ways of

CHORUS.

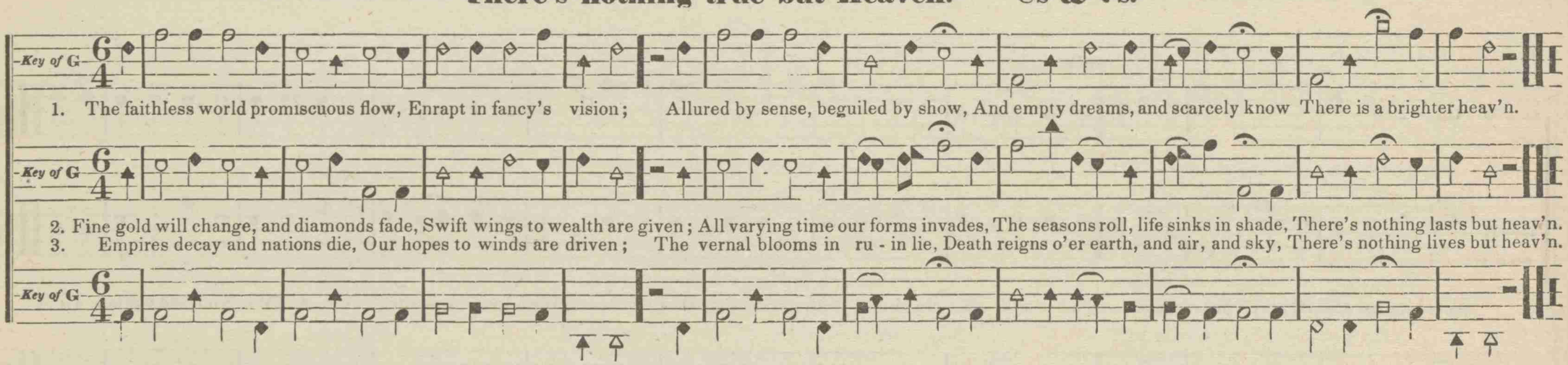

Key of G
Key of G
Key of G
pleasantness, And all his paths are peace. Oh! it will be glo-ri-ous, With crowns and palms victorious, With Jesus reign-ing over us, When our sad warfare's o'er.

## PEACEFUL REST. 8s & 7s.

A. M. HALE



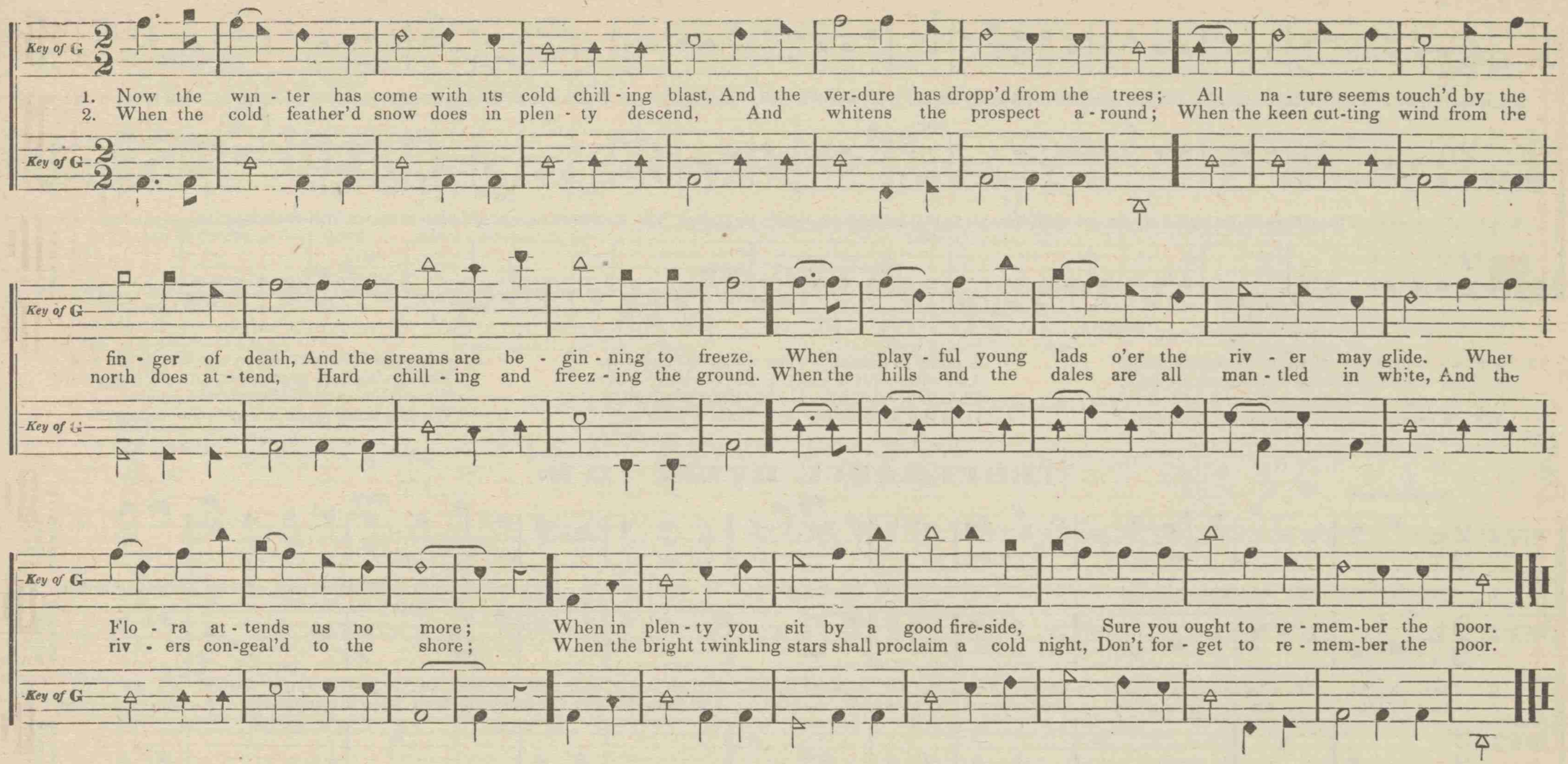

## "There's nothing true but Heaven." 8s & 7s.




4. Creation's mighty fabric all
Will be to atoms riven;
The sky consume, the planets fall,
Convulsions wreck this earthly ball:
There's nothing firm but heaven.

5. This world is poor, from shore to shore,
And like a baseless vision,
Their lofty domes, and brilliant ore,
Their gems and crowns are vain and poor
There's nothing rich but heaven.

6. Adieu to all below—adieu;
Let life's dull chain be riven;
The charms of Christ have caught my view,
To worlds of light I will pursue,
To live with Him in heaven.




3. When the poor, harmless hare may be traced to the wood,
By her footsteps indented in snow;
When the lips and the fingers are all starting in blood,
And the marksmen a fowl-shooting go;
When the poor robin-red-breast approaches the cot,
And the icicles hang at the door;
When the board smokes with something reviving and hot,
That's the time to remember the poor

4. When a thaw shall ensue, and the waters increase,
And the rivers all insolent grow;
When the fishes from prison obtain a release;
When in danger the travellers go;
When the meadows are hid by the proud swelling flood,
And the bridges are useful no more;
When in life you enjoy every thing that is good,
Can you murmur to think of the poor!

5. Soon the day will be here when the Saviour was born,
All the world should agree with one voice,
All nations unite to salute the blest morn,
All the ends of the earth should rejoice
Grim death is deprived of his all-killing sting,
And the grave is triumphant no more;
Saints, angels, and men, hallelujah's shall sing,
And the rich shall remember the poor

## "A home in heaven."




3. A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;
And our strength decays, and our health is riven;
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4. A home in heaven! when the sinner mourns,
And with contrite heart to the Saviour turns;
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

5. A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless grave of the mould'ring dead;
We wait in hope of the promise given,
We will meet again in our home in heaven.

## TEMPERANCE HYMN. L. M.

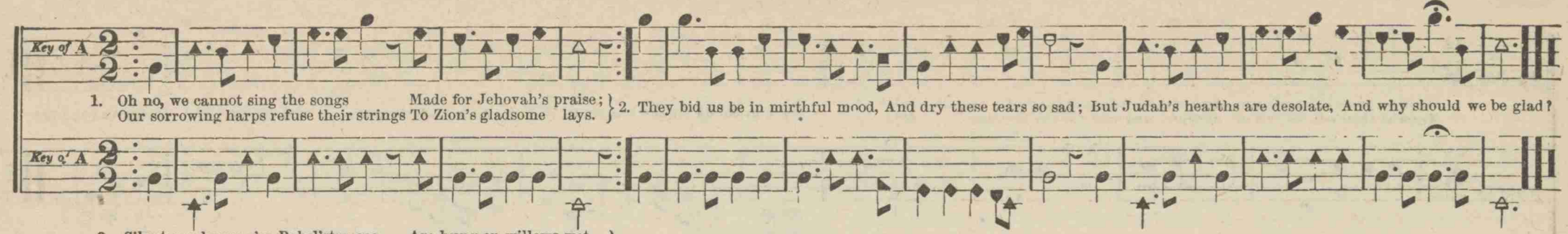



4. Stay, father, stay: oh! leave this night
The maddening bowl, whose withering blight
Hath cast so dark a shade around
The home where joy alone was found.

5. Stay, father, stay: alone—alone—
With none to cheer, and none to mourn;
How can I leave this world of wo,
And to the land of spirits go?

6. Stay, father, stay: once more I ask;
Oh! count it not a heavy task
To stay with me till life shall end
My last, my only earthly friend

## THE CAPTIVE'S SONG. C. M.




"LIGHT IN DARKNESS."

1. O Thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be
If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,
We could not fly to thee.

2. The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3. Oh who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting thro' the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

4. Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

## FRIENDSHIP. 8s & 7s. (PECULIAR.)




2. Sinners, repair to Jesus' arms;
Why will you slight his favour?
Now he invites you to his charms,
Willing to be your Saviour.
O that you would on him believe!
All your transgressions he'll forgive;
Comfort and peace shall you receive,
Flowing from Christ for ever.

3. Now is the time: no more delay—
Fly from the path of nature:
Fear not what scoffing sinners say
Yield to your great Creator.
So shall your dying souls obtain
Freedom from all your guilt and pain;
So shall you soon in glory reign,
Praising your great Creator.

4. Then shall the heavenly arches ring
"Glory to God our Saviour!"
Angels and saints shall join to sing
Praises for all his favour:
Then shall the theme of perfect love,
Sounding through all the courts above
Every tuneful passion move,
Praising the Lord for ever

# THE FEMALE PILGRIM. 8s & 7s




2. Pilgrim thou dost rightly call me,
Wand'ring through this waste so wide;
But no harm will e'er befall me
While I'm bless'd with such a Guide.
I am bound, &c.

3. Such a guide! No guide attends thee;
Hence for thee my fears arise:
If some guardian power defends thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
I am bound, &c.

4. Yes, unseen—but still, believe me,
Such a Guide my steps attends;
He from every strait relieves me,
He from every harm defends.
I am bound, &c.

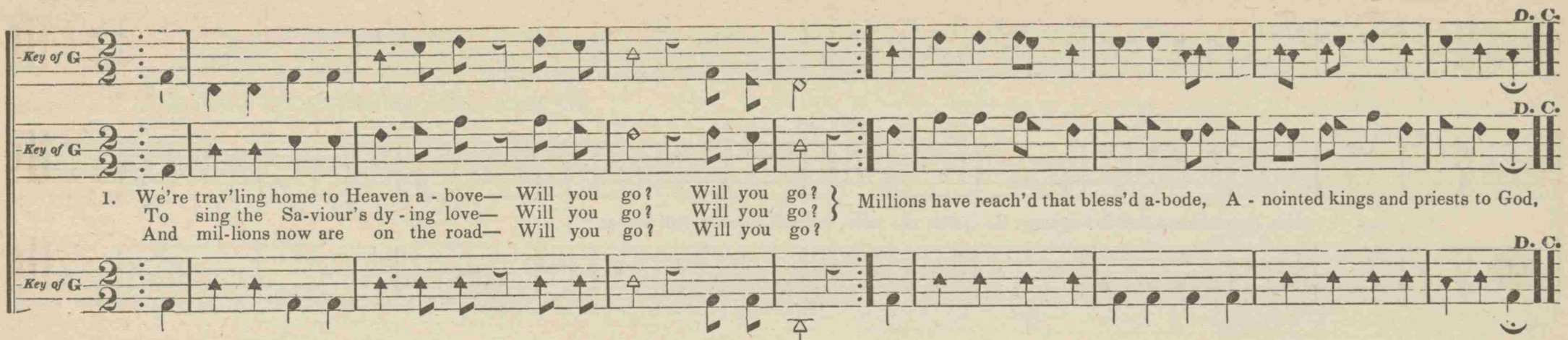
5. Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly wand'ring through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail
I am bound, &c.

6. No; that stream has nothing frightful:
To its brink my steps I bend;
There to plunge will be delightful—
There my pilgrimage will end.
I am bound, &c.

7. While I gazed, with speed surprising
Down its banks she plunged from sight:
Gazing still, I saw her rising
Like an angel, clothed in light!
I am bound. &c.

# HOME.






1. We're trav'ling home to Heaven a - bove— Will you go? Will you go? } Millions have reach'd that bless'd a-bode, A - nointed kings and priests to God,
   To sing the Sa-viour's dy - ing love— Will you go? Will you go? }
   And mil-lions now are on the road— Will you go? Will you go?

2. We're going to see the bleeding Lamb—Will you go?
   In rapturous strains to praise his name—Will you go?
   The crown of life we there shall wear,
   The conqueror's palm our hands shall bear,
   And all the joys of Heaven we'll share—Will you go?

3. We're going to join the heavenly choir—Will you go?
   To raise our voice and tune the lyre—Will you go?
   There saints and angels gladly sing
   Hosanna to their God and King,
   And make the heavenly arches ring—Will you go?

4. You weary, heavy laden, come—Will you go?
   In the bless'd house there still is room—Will you go?
   The Lord is waiting to receive:
   If you will on him now believe, [Oh believe!
   He'll give your troubled conscience ease—Come, believe!

5. The way to Heaven is free for all—Will you go?
   For Jew and Gentile, great and small—Will you go?
   Make up your mind, give God your heart,
   With every sin and idol part,
   And now for glory make a start—Come away!

6. The way to Heaven is straight and plain—Will you go
   Believe, repent, be born again—Will you go?
   The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
   "Take up thy cross and follow me,
   And thou shalt my salvation see—Come to me!"

7. Oh could I hear some sinner say—"I will go!
   I'll start this moment, clear the way—Let me go!
   My old companions, fare you well,
   I will not go with you to hell;
   I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell—Let me go!
   —Fare you well!"

## LOVELY MORNING.




1. The last love - ly morn - ing, All bloom-ing and fair, } While the migh ty, migh-ty, migh-ty, trump Sounds, Come, come a - way!
   Is fast on - ward fleet - ing, And soon will ap-pear, }
   Oh let us be rea - dy To hail the glad day!

2. And when that bright morning
   In splendor shall dawn,
   Our tears will be ended.
   Our sorrows all gone,
   While the mighty, &c.

3. The Bridegroom from glory
   To earth shall descend,
   Ten thousand bright angels
   Around him attend,
   While the mighty, &c

4. The graves will be open'd,
   The dead will arise,
   And, with the Redeemer
   Mount up to the skies,
   While the mighty, &c.

5. The saints, then immortal,
   In glory shall reign,
   The Bride with the Bridegroom
   For ever remain,
   While the mighty, &c.

# MILLENNIAL GLORY.

CHORUS

Key of A 6/4

And Zion's children then shall sing, The deserts are all blossoming;

Repeat the first Strain

Key of A 6/4

Re - joice, re - joice, the promised time is coming; Re - joice, re - joice, the wil-derness shall bloom.

Key of A 6/4

D. C.

Key of A

The Gos-pel ban-ner, wide un furl'd, Shall wave in tri-umph o'er the world; And ev' - ry crea - ture, bond or free, Shall hail the glo - rious ju - bi - lee.

D. C.

Key of A

D. C.

Key of A

2. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming;
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
From Zion shall the law go forth,
And all shall hear, from south to north:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming;
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.
And truth shall sit on every hill,
And blessings flow in every rill;
And praise shall every heart employ,
And every voice shall shout, for joy,
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming;
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.

3. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming;
Rejoice, rejoice, the "Prince of Peace" shall reign.
And lambs may with the leopard play,
For naught shall harm in Zion's way:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming;
Rejoice, rejoice, the "Prince of Peace" shall reign
The sword and spear, of needless worth,
Shall prune the tree and plough the earth:
For peace shall smile from shore to shore
And nations shall learn war no more!
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming;
Rejoice, rejoice, the "Prince of Peace" shall reign

# THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

Air by EDSON



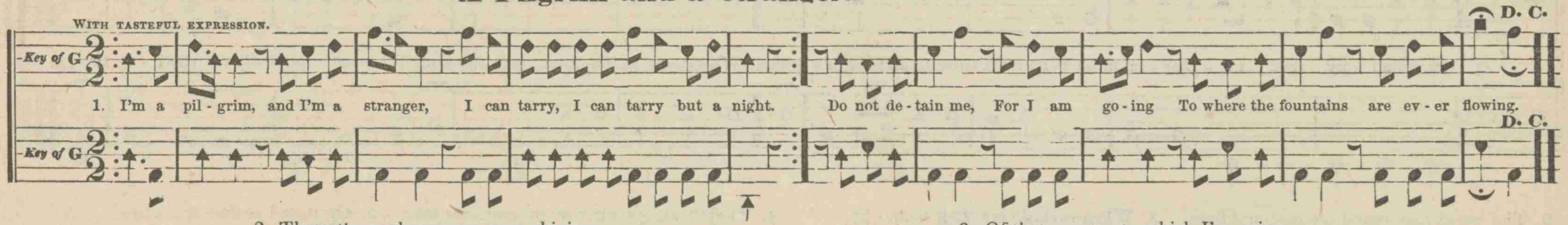

2. Sorrow's child I long have been,
Often for unkindness mourn'd;
Friendless orphan, poor and mean,
By the proud and wealthy scorn'd.

Still to God will I repair,
God will hear the orphan's prayer;
God will hear,
God will hear the orphan's prayer.

3. Earthly comforts fade and die,
Sorrows oft our joys attend;
But, if we on God rely,
He will prove a constant friend.

On Him I'll cast ev'ry care,
He regards the orphan's prayer;
He regards,
He regards the orphan's prayer.

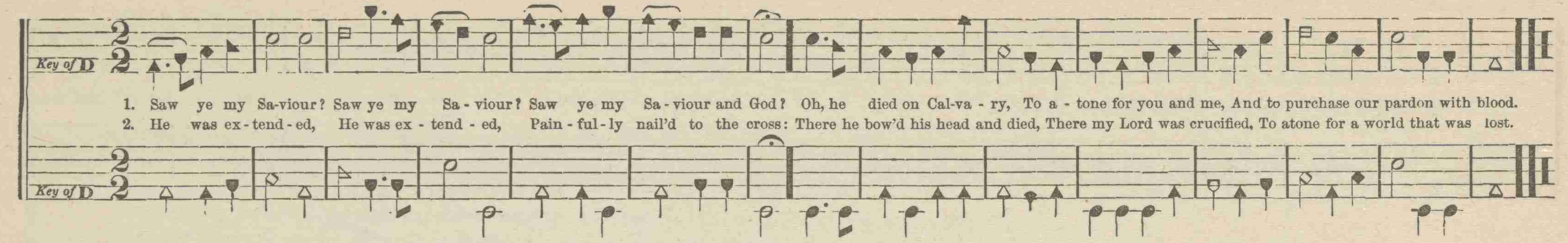
## "A Pilgrim and a Stranger."




2. There the sunbeams are ever shining,
I am longing for the sight;
Within a country, forlorn and dreary,
I have been wandering, alone and weary
I'm a pilgrim, &c

3. Of that country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

## ATONEMENT.




3. Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding
Three dreadful hours in pain;
And the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the Lamb.

4. Darkness prevail'd, darkness prevail'd,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land,
And the sun refused to shine
When his Majesty divine
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

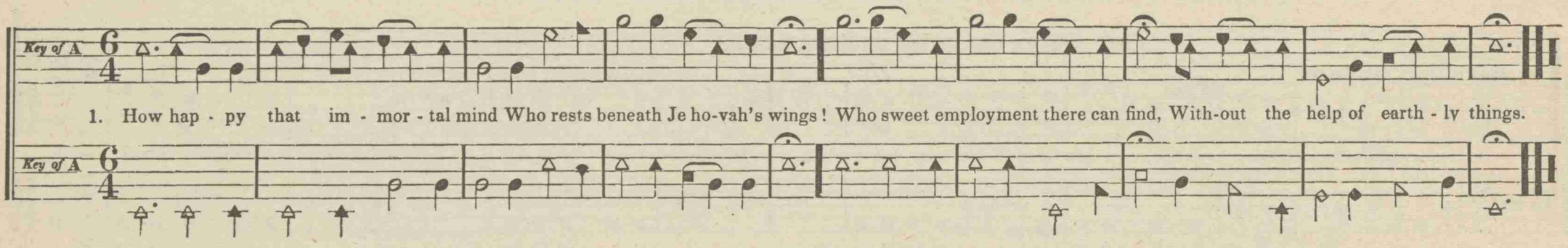
5. When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great
And embalm'd in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6. Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Saviour,
Prince, and the Author of Peace!
Oh, he burst the bars of death,
And, triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7. There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying, "Father, I have died,
Oh behold my hands and side,
To redeem them—I pray thee, forgive."

8. "I will forgive them—I will forgive them,
When they repent and believe:
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

## THE PILGRIM'S REST. L. M.

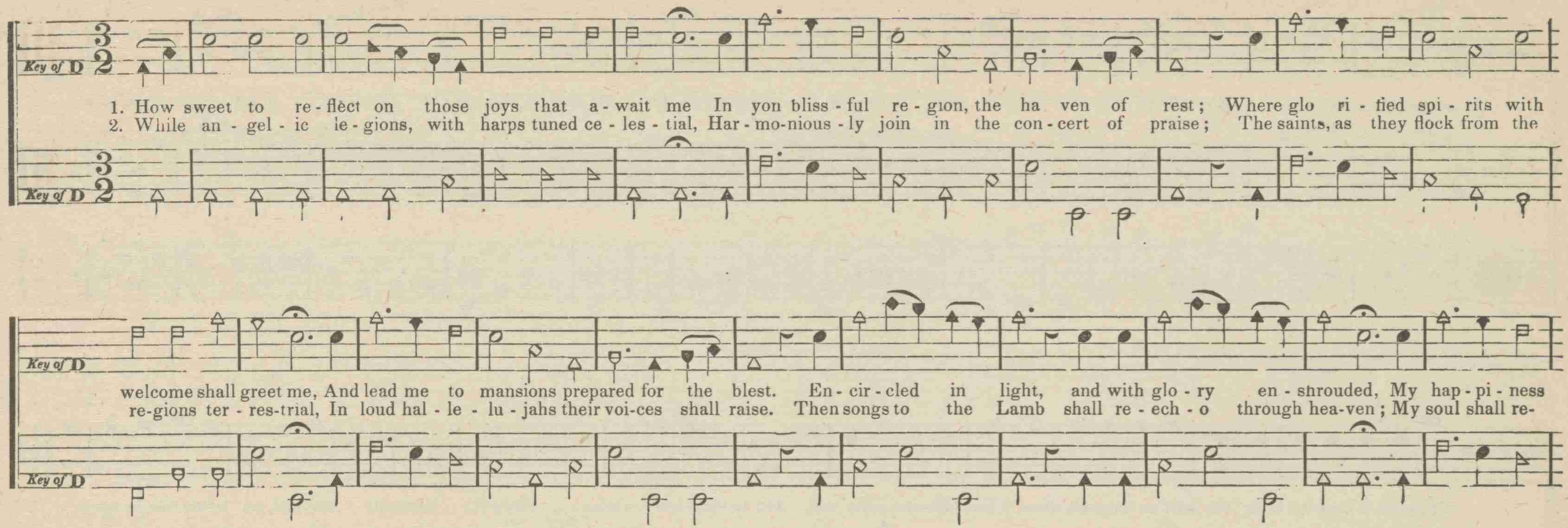



2. The world may round me rage and fight,
And lay in dust their highest throne,
But nothing can that soul affright
Who lives for God, and him alone.

3. When such do lay their bodies by,
And from their annual labours cease,
They'll find a band of angels nigh
To waft their souls to realms of peace.

4. They'll wing their way to mansions fair
Where Christ the Lord in glory reigns,
Meet hosts of shining spirits there,
Beyond the reach of mortal pains.

5. Oh may I realize and know
My span of time, how swift it flies!
I soon must quit this house below,
To praise my Lord above the skies.




3. Then hail! blessed state; hail! ye songsters of glory
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above
I'll join your full choir, in rehearsing the story,
Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love.

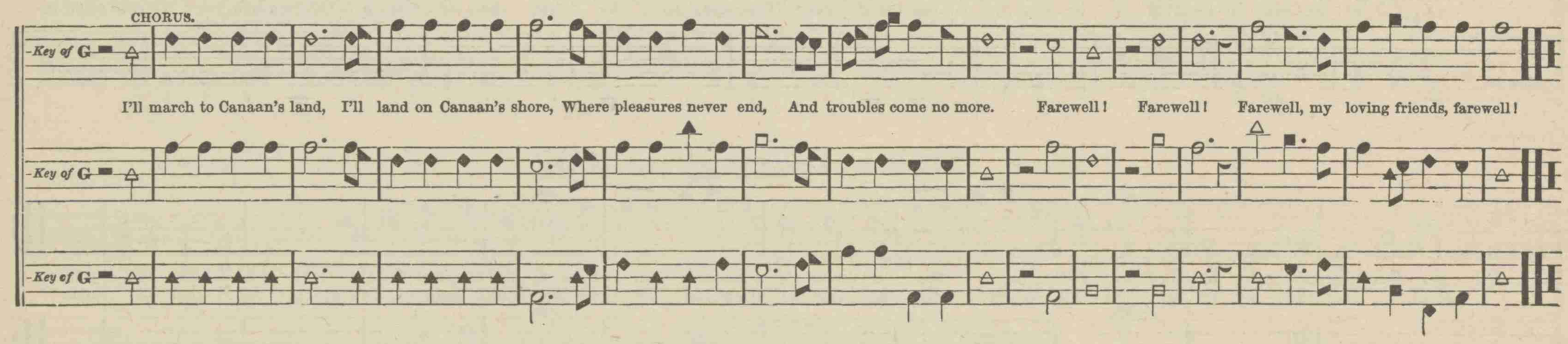
Though prison'd in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation·
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love

# PILGRIM'S FAREWELL




1. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell, my friends, I must be gone; I have no home nor stay with you; I'll take my staff and trav - el on, Till I a bet - ter world can view.

CHORUS.



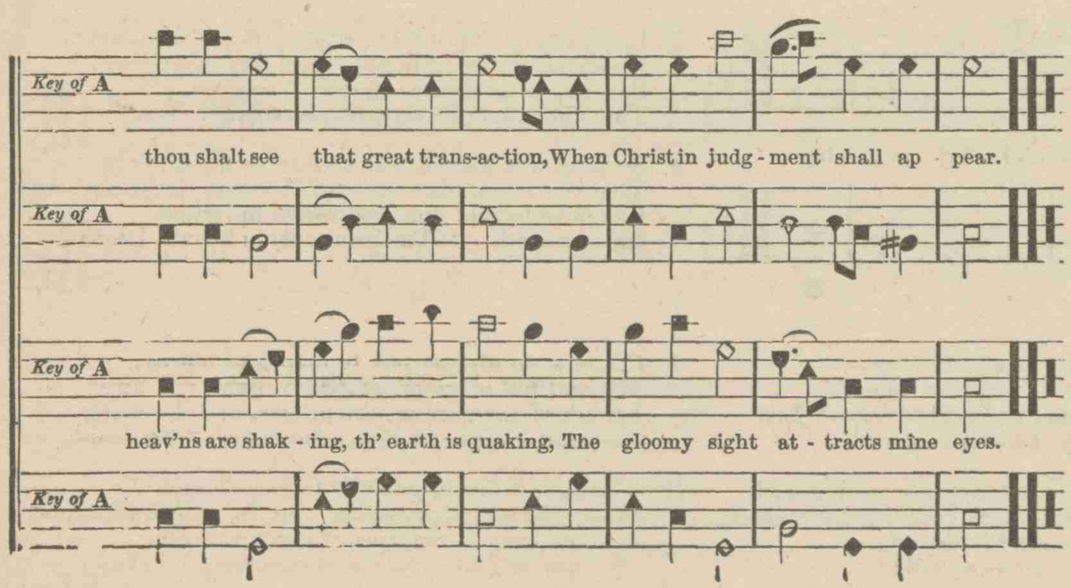

I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, And troubles come no more. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell, my loving friends, farewell!

2. Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal cares or bliss;
I'll leave you here, and travel on
Till I arrive where Jesus is
I'll march. &c.

3. Farewell, dear brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound with cords of love;
But we believe his gracious word,
That we ere long shall meet above.
I'll march, &c.

4. Farewell, you blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet remain for you;
But dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view
I'll march. &c




3. The orbit lamps, all veil'd in sackcloth,
No more their shining courses run;
The wheels of Time, stopp'd in a moment,—
Eternal things are now begun!
Huge, massy rocks, and tow'ring mountains
Over their tumbling bases roar;
The raging ocean, all in commotion,
Is dashing round her 'frighted shore.

4. Green, turfy graveyards, and tombs of marble
Give up their dead, both small and great;
See the whole world, both saint and sinner,
Are coming to the judgment-seat!
See Jesus, on the throne of justice,
Come hast'ning down the parted skies,
With countless armies of shining angels,—
To meet him all the saints arise!

5. Bright shining streams from his holy presence;
His face ten thousand suns outshines;
Behold him coming in power and glory,—
To meet him all his saints combine.
"Go forth, ye heralds, with speed like lightning,
Call in my saints from distant lands:
Those that my blood has wash'd and ransom'd,
Whose names in Life's fair book do stand."

6. O come, ye blessed of my Father,
The purchase of my dying love,
Receive the crowns of life and glory,
Which are laid up for you above!
For you, dear souls, who have continued
With me in all temptations bore,
I have provided for you a kingdom,
To reign with me for evermore.

7. There are flowing fountains of living waters;
No sickness, pain, nor death to fear;
No sorrow, sighing, no fears nor dying,
Shall ever have admittance there;
But how will sinners stand and tremble,
When justice calls them to the bar;
Those that reject his offer'd mercy,
Their everlasting doom to hear.

# Christ in the Garden. 11s.




2. I pass'd near a garden: there fell on my ear
A voice of deep anguish from one that was there;
The tones of his agony melted my heart,
While earnestly pleading the lost sinner's part.

3. In offering to heaven his strong, matchless prayer,
He spake of the torments the sinner must bear;
His life, as a ransom, he offer'd to give,
That sinners, redeemed, in glory might live.

4. So deep was his sorrow, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom roll'd sweat, blood, and tears.
I wept to behold him, and asked his name,
He answer'd,—"'Tis Jesus: from heav'n I came.

5 "I am thy Redeemer,—for th e I must die:
The cup is most painful, bu annot pass by;
Thy sins, like a mountain, e laid upon me,
And all this deep anguish suffer for thee!"

6. I heard, with attention, the tale of his wo,
While tears, like a fountain of waters did flow;
The cause of his sorrow to hear him repeat,
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet

7. I trembled with horror, and loudly did cry—
"Lord, save, or I perish! O save, or I die!"
He smiled when he saw me, and said to me—"Live!
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive."

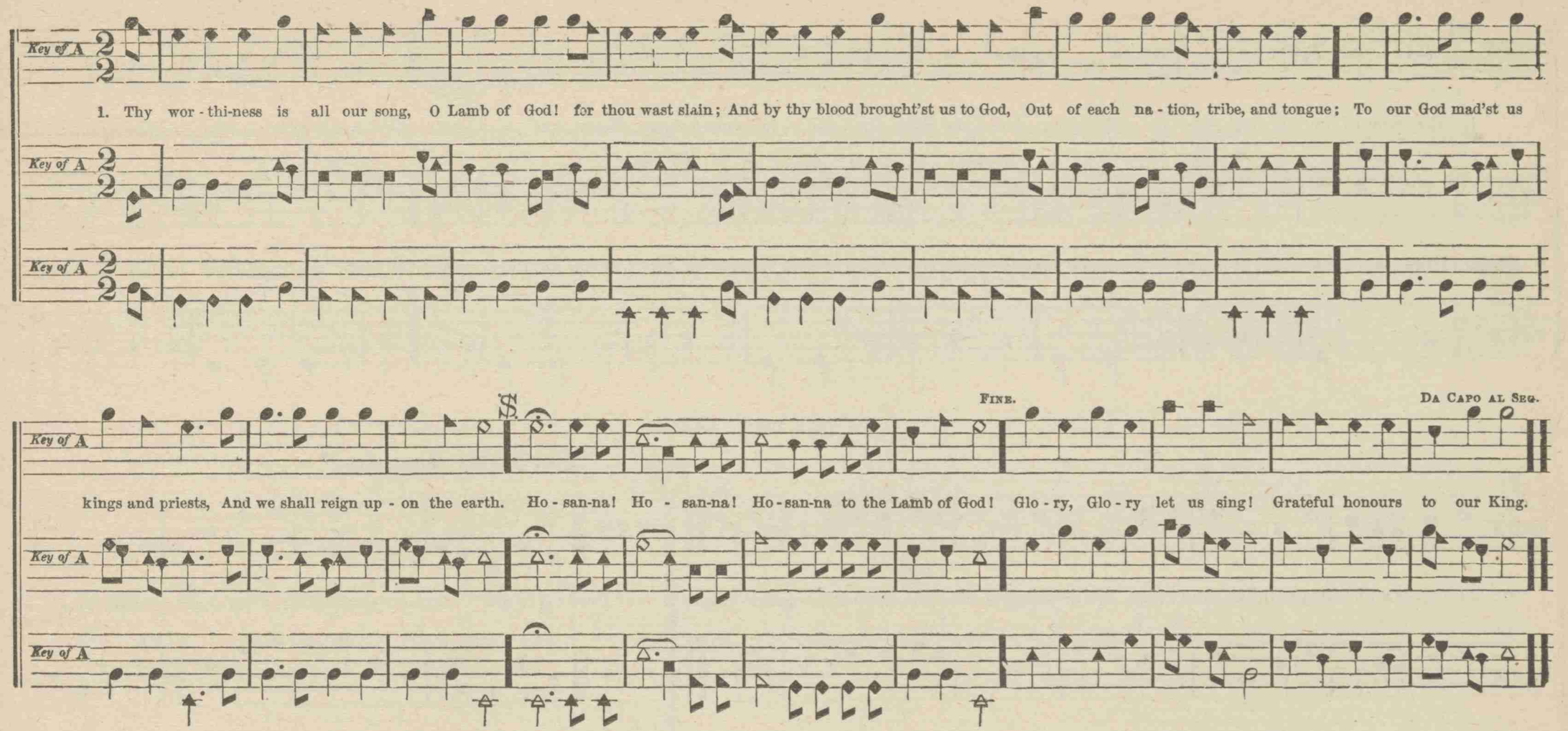
8. How sweet was that language! it made me rejoice!
His smiles, O how pleasant! how cheering his voice!
I ran from the garden to spread it abroad:
I shouted, "Salvation! O, glory to God!"

9. I'm now on my journey to mansions above:
My soul full of glory, of peace, light, and love!
I think of the garden, the prayer, and the tears,
And that loving stranger, who banish'd my fears.

10. The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When Gabriel, descending, the trumpet shall sound;
My soul then in raptures of glory will rise,
To gaze on that Stranger with unclouded eyes

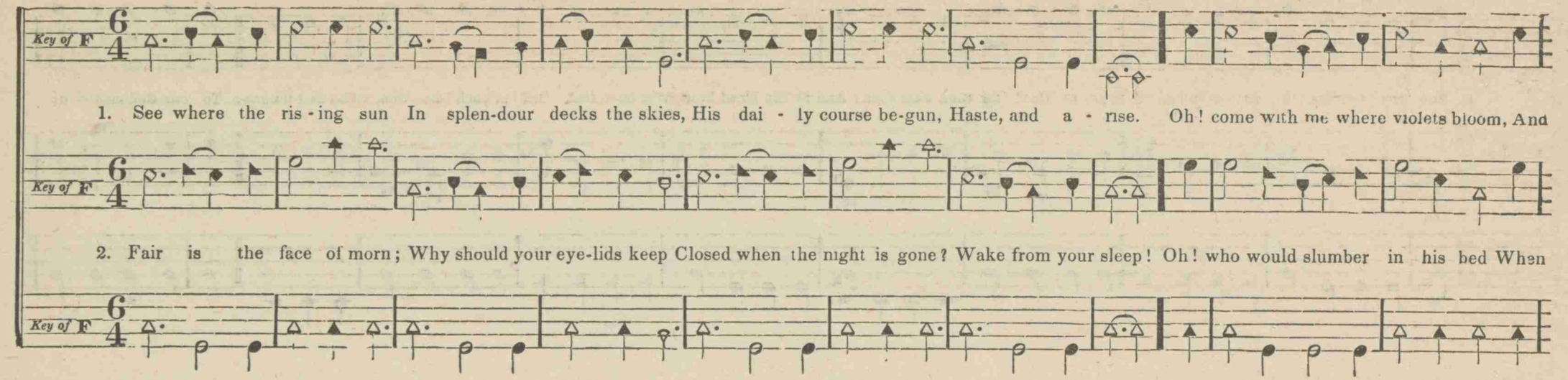
# HOSANNA.

Arranged by M C. RAMSEY. 

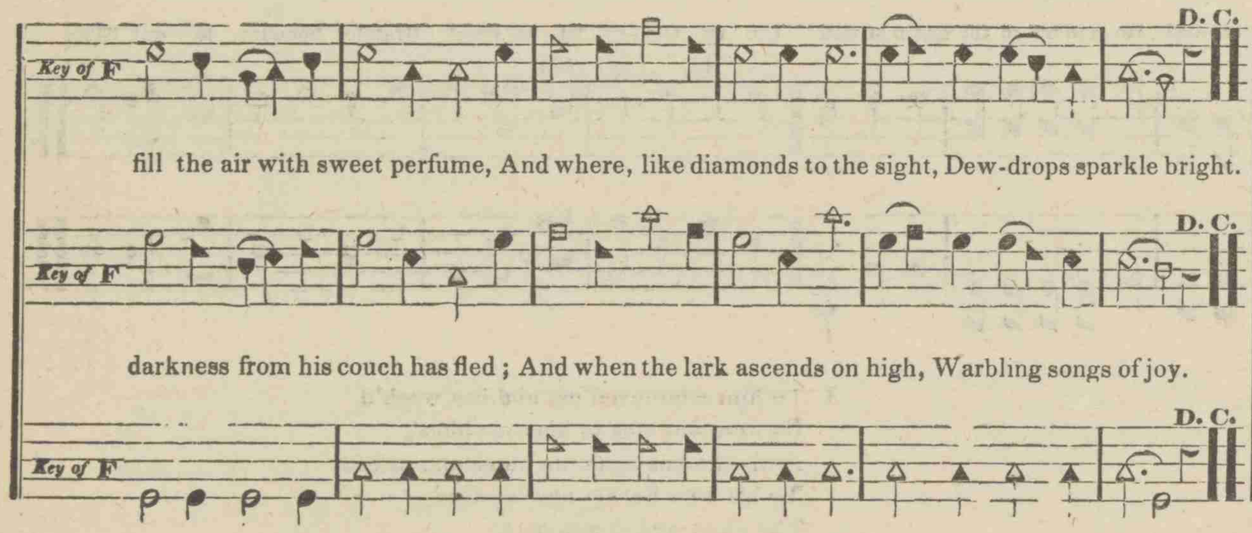


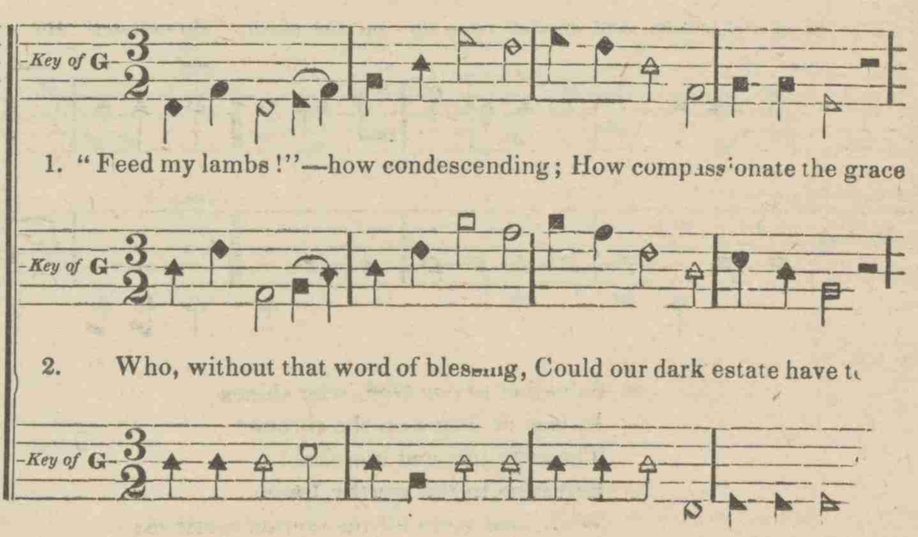

2. Salvation to our God, who shines
In face of Jesus on the throne!
The only just and merciful!
Salvation to the worthy Lamb,
With loud voice all the church ascribes:
Amen! say angels round the throne.

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 Father and his God,
The glory and dominion be
To him eternally. Amen!




## "Feed my Lambs."




NOTE.—For Da Capo, repeat the first four lines.

Key of G

Of the Saviour, just ascending, Thus to bless our infant race! Richest treasure, dearest token, From his stores of love to give; Kept from age to age unbroken, Till its bounty we receive.

Key of G

Sin and wo our souls distressing, Lost and wand'ring from his fold. "Feed my lambs!" ye pastors, hear it; Feed the flock of his own hand: Oh, for him, for us revere it; Keep the Shepherd's last command.

Key of G

## GOD IS LOVE.

SLOW.

Key E♭

1. Lo! the heav'ns are breaking, Pure and bright a - bove; Life and light a - wak - - ing, Murmur "God is love!" "God is love!"

Key E♭

2. Round yon pine-clad mountain
Flows a golden flood:
Hear the sparkling fountain
Whisper "God is good!"

3. See the streamlet bounding
Through the vale and wood,
Hear its ripples sounding,
Murmur "God is good!"

4. Music now is ringing
Through the shady grove,
Feather'd songsters singing,
Warble "God is love!"

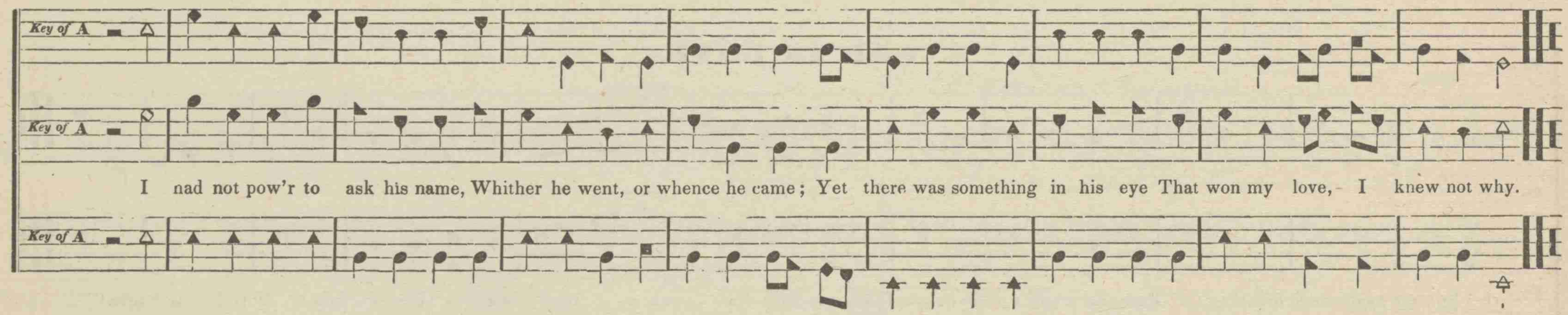
5. Wake my heart, and springing
Spread thy wings abroad,
Soaring still and singing,
God is ever good!

# "A poor, wayfaring man of grief."

(DUANE STREET.)

REV. GEO. COLES.




2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered; not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then;
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

3. I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mock'd his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup;
Dipp'd, and returned it running o'er,
I drank, and never thirsted more.

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

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

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

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




3. Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory,
All is well—All is well.
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well—All is well.
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to wait my spirit home,
All is well—all is well.

4. Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me,
All is well—all is well.
I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory,
All is well—all is well.
Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu!
I can no longer stay with you,
My glitt'ring crown appears in view,
All is well— All is well.

5. Hail, hail, all hail! all hail! ye blood-wash'd throng;
Saved by grace—Saved by grace.
I've come to join, to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace—Saved by grace.
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heaven and glory now are mine·
All hallelujah to the Lamb,
All is well—All is well.

# NEVER PART AGAIN.

CHORUS.

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

We're marching, &c.

2. Oh when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend;
Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end.

We're marching through Im-man-uel's ground, We soon shall hear the

3. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap-py home! My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my la-bours have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

We're marching, &c.

SOLI. TUTTI.

welcome trumpet's sound; Oh there we shall with Je - sus dwell, And nev - er part a - gain, What, nev - er part a gain? No,

NOTE.—SOLI, one voice on each part. TUTTI, in full chorus.

Soli. Tutti.

Key of F

Soli. Tutti.

Key of F

nev - er part a-gain. What, nev - er part a - gain? No, nev - er part a - gain, Oh then we shall with Je - sus dwell, And nev - er part a - gain.

Soli. Tutti.

Key of F

Soli. Tutti.

Key of F

## WELTON. 6s & 5s.

Slow

Key of G

1. If life's pleasures charm thee, Give them not thy heart; Lest the gift ensnare thee, From thy God to part. Lest the gift ensnare thee, From thy God to part.

Key of G

2. If distress be - fall thee, Painful though it be, Let not grief ap - pal thee, To thy Saviour flee. Let not grief ap - pal thee, To thy Saviour flee.

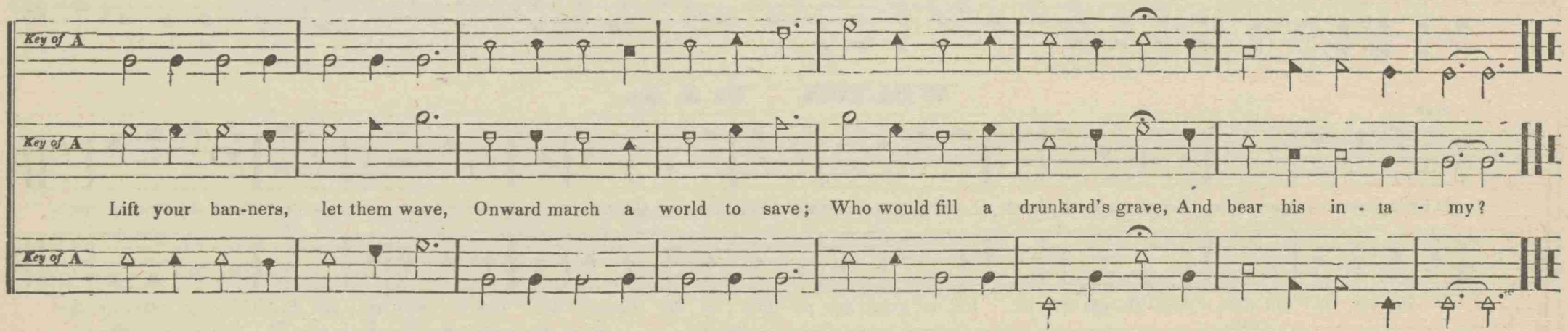
Key of G

3. When earth's prospects fail thee, Let it not dis - tress: Bet-ter comforts wait thee, Christ will free-ly bless. Better comforts wait thee, Christ will free-ly bless.
4. Let not death a-larm thee, Shrink not from his blow; For the conflict arm thee, Triumph o'er the foe. For the conflict arm thee, Triumph o'er the foe.

Key of G

# "Friends of Freedom, swell the song."



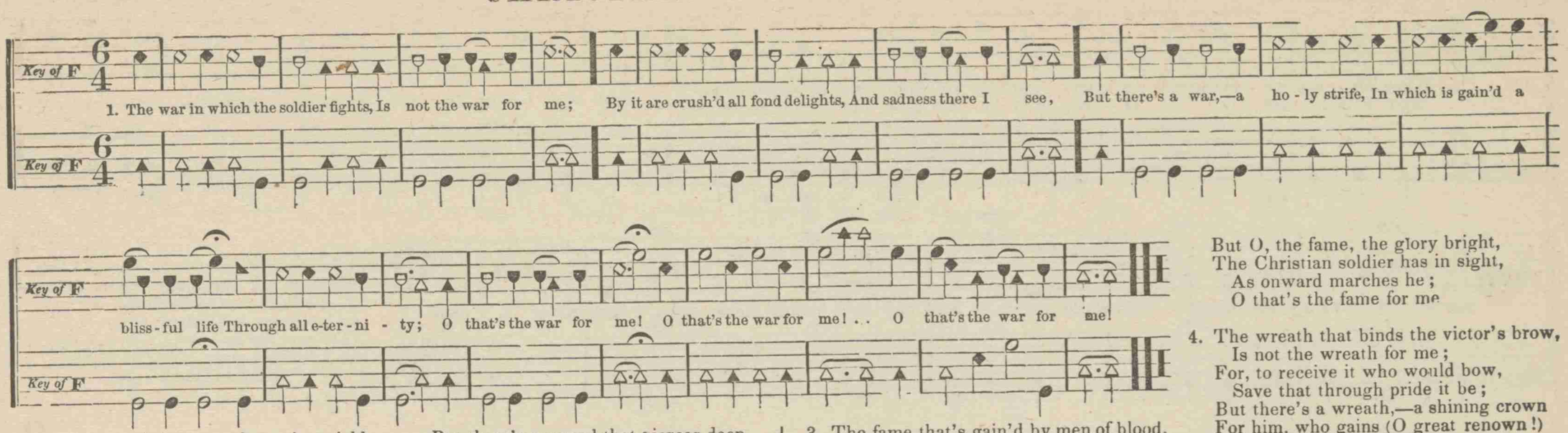




2. Shrink not when the foe appears;
Spurn the coward's guilty fears,
Hear the shrieks, behold the tears,
Of ruin'd families!
Raise the cry in every spot,
"*Touch not, taste not, handle not;*"
Who would be a drunken sot,
The worst of miseries!

3. Give the aching bosom rest,
Carry joy to every breast;
Make the wretched drunkard blest,
By living soberly.
Raise the glorious watchword high,
"*Touch not, taste not, till you die!*"
Let the echo reach the sky,
And earth keep jubilee.

4. God of mercy, hear us plead.
For thy help we intercede:
See how many bosoms bleed,
And heal them speedily.
Hasten, Lord, the happy day,
When, beneath thy gentle ray,
Temperance all the world shall sway,
And reign triumphantly.

## CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. 8s & 6s.




2. The sword the crested warrior wields,
Is not the sword for me;
While marching over tented fields,
To death or victory;
But there's a sword that pierces deep,
And often makes the sinner weep,
And to the Saviour flee;
O that's the sword for me!

3. The fame that's gain'd by men of blood,
Is not the fame for me;
By drenching earth in gory flood,
Of friend and enemy;
But O, the fame, the glory bright,
The Christian soldier has in sight,
As onward marches he;
O that's the fame for me

4. The wreath that binds the victor's brow,
Is not the wreath for me;
For, to receive it who would bow,
Save that through pride it be;
But there's a wreath,—a shining crown
For him, who gains (O great renown!)
O'er sin the victory;
O that's the wreath for me!

## HIDING PLACE. L. M.




2. Against the God that built the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despised the mansions of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

3. Enwrapt in dark, Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding-place.

4. But lo! th' eternal counsel ran,
"Almighty love, arrest the man!"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

5. But lo! a heav'nly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel soon appear'd,
Who led me on a gentle pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

## SONNET.




2. With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore,
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream:
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
"I'm going home."

3. The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager still her powers expand;
With steady helm, and free-bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail.
And now for joy she folds her wings
And her celestial sonnet sings,
"I'm safe at home."

4. "Now safely moor'd, no storms I fear,
My God, my Christ, my heaven are here,
And all the joys of Paradise
In loveliness and beauty rise.
'Tis now the soul, with folded wing,
Her thrilling notes of joy shall sing,
"Glory to God!"

## Precious Bible, what a treasure. 8s & 7s.



# Far, far at sea.

Arranged from a MS. of G. E. P







2. Star of Hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow
Far, far at sea.
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3. Star of Faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4. Star Divine! O safely guide him,
Bring the wand'rer home to thee:
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

# "Holy is the Lord." [SENTENCE.]

*The time should be kept steady, and without change throughout this piece.*

BOLD AND FULL.

Key of C

Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly is the Lord! Ho-ly! Ho-ly is the Lord of Sa-ba-oth! Heaven and earth are full of his glo-ry, Heaven and earth are full of his glo-ry,

Key of C

Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly is the Lord . . . . . of Sa-ba-oth! Heaven and earth are full of his glo-ry, Heaven and earth are full of his glo-ry,

Key of C

Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly is the Lord! Ho-ly! Ho-ly! is the Lord of Sa-ba-oth! Heaven and earth are full of his glo-ry, Heaven and earth are full of his glo-ry,

Key of C

Key of C

*NOTE.—If the Alto is weak, the Tenor may sing the small notes in this passage.*

Ho - san-na, Ho - san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest! Ho

Key of C

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, Ho-

Key of C

Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest! Ho-

Key of C


Key of C
san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, in the highest, Ho
Key of C
san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest, Ho-
Key of C
san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest, Ho-
Key of C
san-na, Ho san-na, Ho-san-na, in the highest the highest, Ho-san-na, Ho san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest Blessed is he that


Key of C
san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho - san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, &c.
Key of C
san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho - san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho san-na, Ho-san-na, in the highest, Ho-san-na in the highest.
Key of C
sanna, Ho-san-na, Ho - san-na, Ho-san na, Ho-san-na, &c.
Key of C
cometh in the name of the Lord, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord Ho-san-na, &c.

# THANKSGIVING ANTHEM

LIVELY. PSALM 117.

Key of A

Oh praise the Lord, all ye nations! Praise him, all ye people, Praise him, Praise him, all ye peo - ple, Praise him, Praise him all ye

1st. 2d.

For his mer-ci-ful kindness is great toward us, And the truth, &c.

peo-ple, peo-ple, For his mer - ci - ful kindness is great toward us, is great . . . . . And the truth of the Lord en-

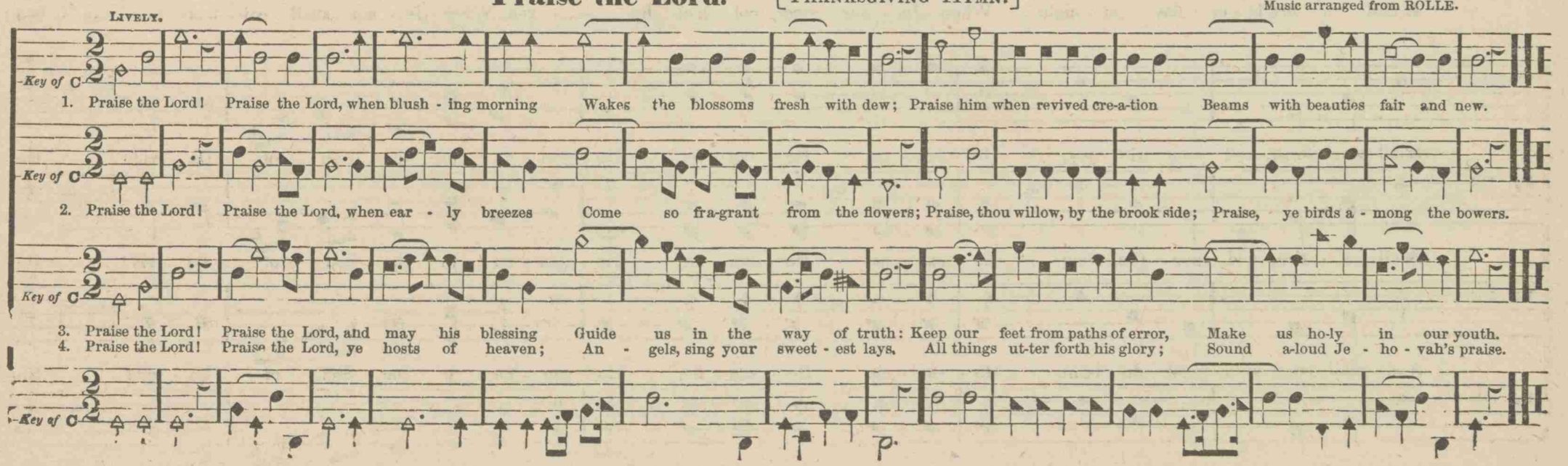
For his mer - ci - ful, kindness is great toward us, is great . . . . . And the truth, &c.

For his mer-ci-ful kindness is great toward us, And the truth. &c.




## Praise the Lord. [Thanksgiving Hymn.]

Words translated from the German.
Music arranged from ROLLE.



# "Yes, we hope the day is nigh."

THOS. KELLY.

"And so all Israel shall be saved."—Rom. xi. 26.

MODERATO.

Key, B♭ 2/2

1. Yes, we hope the day is nigh, When ma - ny na - tions, long en - sla - ved, When ma - ny na - tions, long en - sla - ved,

Key, B♭ 2/2

2. Abra'am's seed, cast off so long, Shall then ap - pear a - mong the sa - ved, Shall then ap - pear a - mong the sa - ved,

Key, B♭ 2/2

3. Jews and Gen - tiles shall u - nite, By Sa - tan's pow'r no more en - sla - ved, By Sa - tan's pow'r no more en - sla - ved.

Key, B♭ 2/2

4. But a bright - er day is nigh, When Je - sus shall col - lect his sa - ved, When Je - sus shall col - lect his sa - ved;

Key, B♭

Shall break forth, and sing with joy, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to the Son of Da - vid! Ho-

Key, B♭

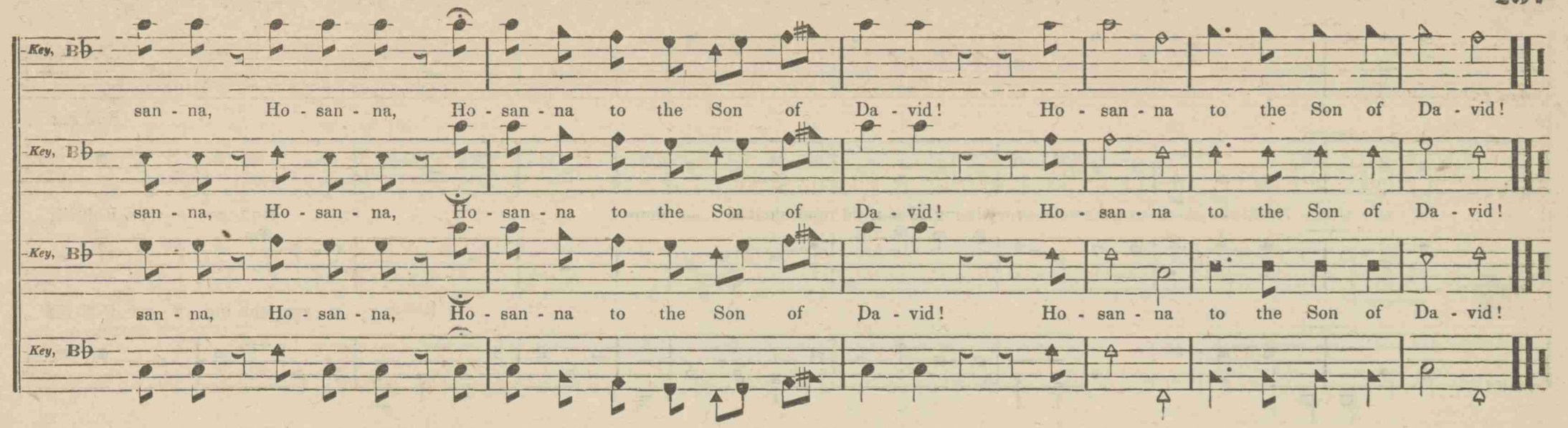
Shall a - rise, and join the song, Ho san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to the Son of Da - vid! Ho-

Key, B♭

And shall sing with great de light, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to the Son of Da - vid! Ho-

Key, B♭

Men and an - gels then shall cry Ho - san - na Ho - san - na Ho - san na to the Son of Da vid! Ho




## "Hark, ye mortals! hear the trumpet." [ASHFIELD.]



Key of C

Roll-ing

Key of C

be no more. Hark! the Arch-an-gel's voice proclaiming, Thou, old time, shalt be no more. Roll-ing a - ges, Roll-ing

Key of C

Roll-ing a - ges, Roll-ing a - ges, Roll-ing

Key of C

Rolling a - ges, Roll-ing a - ges, Roll - - - - - - ing

Key of C

a - ges, Now your sol-emn close ap - pears. Roll-ing a - ges, Roll - ing a - ges, Roll-ing a - ges, Now . . . your sol - emn close ap - pears.

Key of C

a - ges, Now your sol - emn close ap - pears. Roll-ing a - ges, Roll - ing a - ges, Roll-ing a - ges, Now . . . your sol - emn close ap - pears.

Key of C

a - ges, Now your sol - emn close ap - pears. Roll-ing a - ges, Roll - ing a - ges, Roll-ing a - ges, Now . . your sol - emn close ap - pears.

Key of C

MODERATE.

Loud, 2d time.

Key of A

Although the fig - tree, Although the fig-tree shall not blos - som, nei - ther shall fruit be in the vine; tne labour of tne

Loud, 2d time.

olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall:

Sprightly.

Yet will I re-joice in the Lord—Yet will I re-joice in the Lord—Yet will I re-joice, will re - joice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my sal - vation

Loud, 2d time.

Slow.

I will joy, I will joy, I will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion,— of my sal - va - tion.

- will joy, I will joy in the God, the God of my sal - va - tion-

# THE CHURCH'S DESOLATION. 8s & 7s. (PECULIAR.)

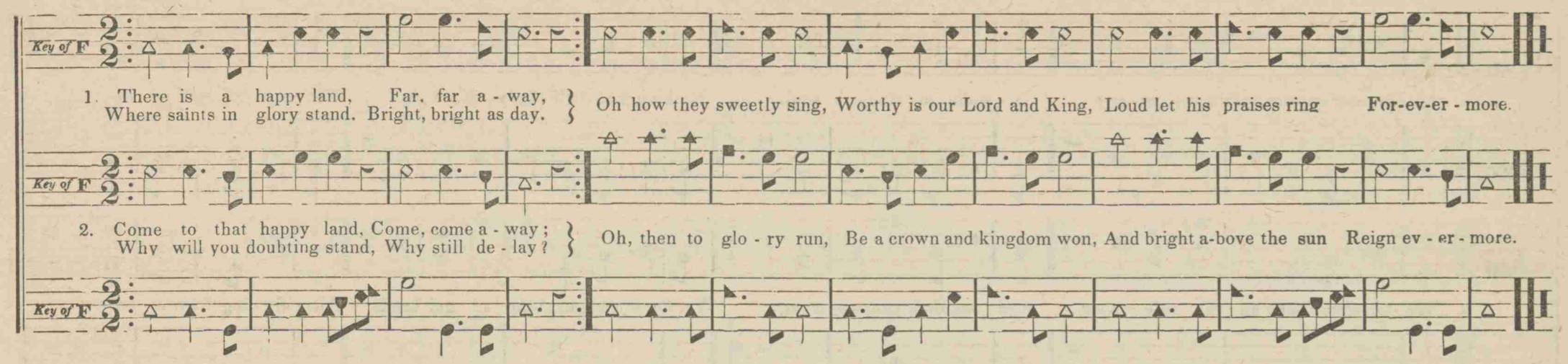



2. Her pastors love to live at ease;
They covet wealth and honour;
And while they seek such things as these,
They bring reproach upon her.
Such worthless objects they pursue,
Warmly and undiverted,
The church they lead and ruin, too—
Her glory is departed.

3. Her private members walk no more
As Jesus Christ has taught them·
Riches and fashion they adore—
With these the world has bought them.
The Christian name they still retain,
Absurdly and false-hearted;
And while they in the church remain,
Her glory is departed.

4. And has religion left the church,
Without a trace behind her?
Where shall I go, where shall I search,
That I once more may find her?
Adieu! ye proud, ye light and gay!
I'll seek the broken-hearted,
Who weep, when they of Zion say,
Her glory is departed.

5. Some few, like good Elijah stand,
While thousands have revolted;
In earnest for the heavenly land,
They never yet have halted.
With such, religion doth remain.
For they are not perverted;
Oh! may they all through them regain
The glory that is departed.




3. Bright, in that happy land,
Beams ev'ry eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die
There we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall reign with thee,
Blest evermore.

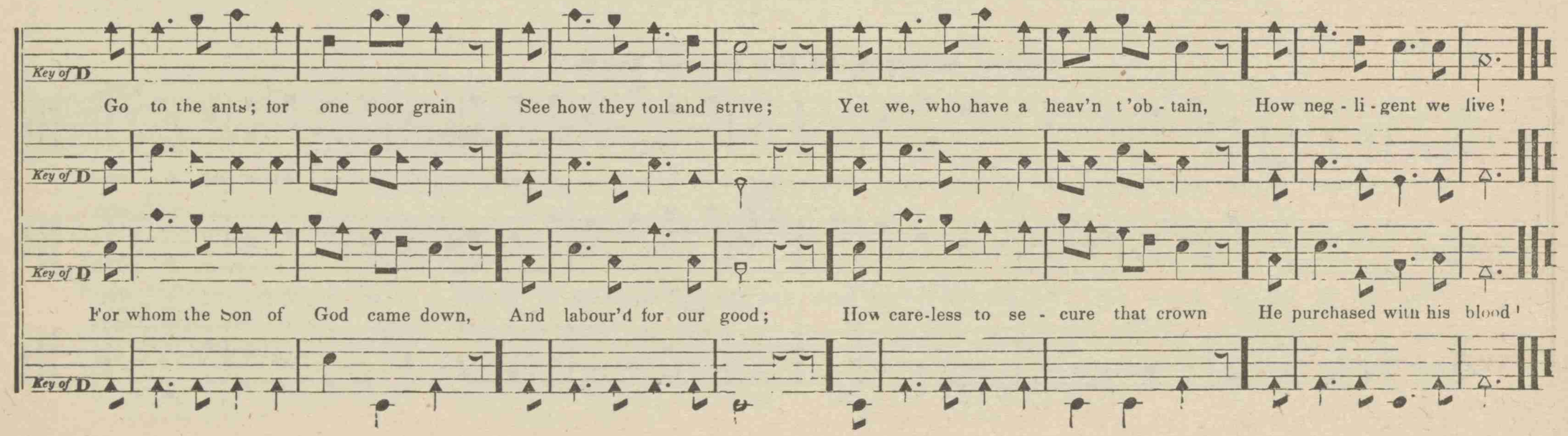
4. Oh, how I long to see
Jesus above,
From sin and sorrow free,
Perfect in love.
Oh! then, with angels bright,
I shall range the worlds of light,
And in my Saviour's sight
Live evermore.

## "Come, sinners, to the gospel feast."



## "Awake, my Soul." C. M.









2. Let others hug their chains,
For sin and Satan plead,
And say, from sin's remains
They never can be freed:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

3. In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he, and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me:
We shall from all our sins be free

4. Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near;
Again, I say, rejoice with me:
We shall from all our sins be free.

Key, B♭

Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise, Shake

A-wake, my soul, and with the sun, Thy dai - ly course of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and

Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise, To pay thy morning

Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise, To pay thy morn-ing sa - cri - fice, Shake

off dull sloth, and ear-ly rise, To pay thy morning sa - cri-fice, thy morning sa - cri - fice. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart, And with the angels bear . .

ear - ly rise. Shake off dull sloth, and early rise, To pay thy morning sa - cri - fice. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart, And with the

sa - cri-fice. Shake off dull sloth, and ear-ly rise, To pay thy morning sa - cri - fice. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart, And with the angels

on dull sloth, and ear-ly rise, To pay thy morn - - ing sa - - - cri - fice. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart, And with the an-gels bear . . . .

Key, B♭

. . . . . thy part; Who all night long unwearied sing, Who all night long un - wea - - ried sing, "Glo-ry to the e - ter - nal King,

Key, B♭

angels bear thy part; Who all night long unwearied sing, Who all night long un - wea-ried sing, "Glo - - ry,

Key, B♭

bear thy part; Who all night long unwearied sing, Who all night long un-wea-ried sing, un-wea-ried sing, "Glory to the e - ter - nal King, Glo - - ry,

Key, B♭

. . . . . thy part; Who all night long un-wea-ried sing, "Glo-ry to the e - ter-nal King,

Key, B♭

Glo - - - - - - - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - - - - ry, Glo - - - - - ry, Glo-ry to the e - ter - nal King."

Key, B♭

Glo-ry to the e - ter - nal King, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo-ry to the e - ter - nal King."

Key, B♭

Glo - ry, Glo - - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - - - - - - ry, Glo-ry to the e - ter - nal King."

Key, B♭

Glo - ry. Glo - - - - rv Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - - - - - - ry, Glo-ry to the e - ter - nal King."

## SOVEREIGN BALM. C. M.

J. FAWCETT. OF ENGLAND.

*f* *m* *p*

Key of F

1. Sal - va - tion! oh the joy - ful sound! What plea - sure to our ears! A sov'-reign balm for ev' - ry wound, A cor - dial

Key of F

2. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - round, While all the ar - mies of the sky Con - spire to

Key of F

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

Key of F

*m* *ff* CHORUS. *p*

Key of F

for our fears, A cor - dial for our fears. Glo - ry, hon - our, praise, and pow - er, Be un - to the Lamb for

Key of F

raise the sound. Con - spire to raise the sound. Glo - ry, hon - our, praise, and pow - er, Be un - to the Lamb for

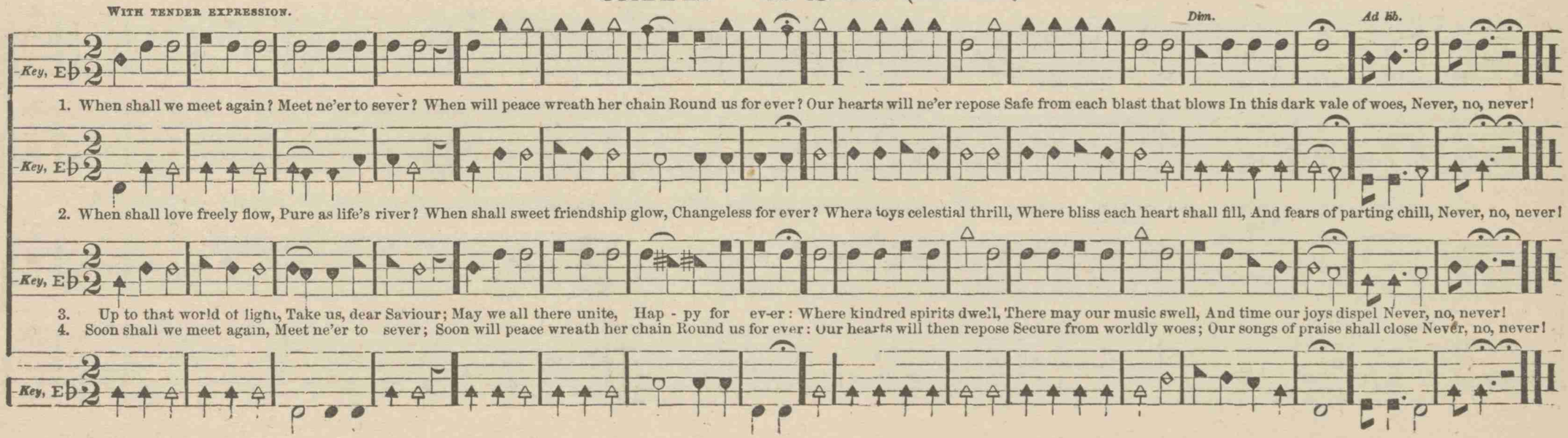
Key of F

on our tongues, And dwell up - on our tongues. Glo - ry, hon - our, praise, and pow - er Be un - to the Lamb for

Key of F




## UNITY. 6s & 5s. (PECULIAR.)



Key, E♭

Fa - ther, how wide thy glo - ry shines! How high thy won-ders rise! Known thro' the earth by thou-sand signs, By thousands thro' the skies. These

might - y orbs pro - claim thy pow'r; Their motion speaks thy skill; And on the wings of ev'- ry hour We read thy patience still.

Key, E♭ — Key of G

But when we view thy grand de-sign, To save re - bel - lious worms, Where vengeance and com-pas-sion join. . . In

their di - vi-nest forms; Our thoughts are lost in rev'rend awe! We love and we a - dore! The highest an-gel ne-ver saw So much of God be-fore.

Key of E

plains; Sweet cher - ubs learn Im-man - u - el's name, And try their choicest strains.

Now the full glo - ries of the Lamb A - dorn the heav'nly plains;

plains; Sweet cher - ubs learn Im-man - u - el's name, And try their choicest strains.

Oh may I bear some hum - ble part In that im - mor - tal song! Won-der and joy shall tune my heart, And love com-mand my tongue.

# VITAL SPARK

Words by POPE. 

MODERATE MOVEMENT. INCREASE SOFT. SLOW. QUICK.

Key of D

Vi tal spark of heav'n - ly flame! Trembling, hop - ing, ling'ring, fly - ing,

Quit, O quit this mor - tal frame!

LOUD. DECREASE

Key of D

Oh! the pain, the bliss . . . of dy - ing! Cease, fond na - ture! cease thy strife,—Let me lan - guish in to life!

SOFT. QUICK. DISTINCT. MODERATE.

Key of D

Hark! they whis - per— an - gels say, "Sis - ter spir - it, come a - way!"

What is this ab - sorbs me quite;

WITH EARNESTNESS.

3

Shuts my sight, Tell me, &c.

Steals my sen - ses Drowns my spi - rit. Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

draws my breath, Tell me, &c.

IN STEADY TIME, GLIDING MOVEMENT

Key, B♭ 6/4

The world recedes! it dis - ap - pears! Heav'n o - pens on, Heav'n o - pens on my eyes! my ears With sounds, &c.

Heav'n o - pens on my eyes! my ears With sounds se -ra - phic ring!

The world recedes! it dis - appears! Heav'n o - pens on my eyes! my ears With sounds, &c.

INCREASE. LOUD. MODERATE, EMPHATIC.

Key, B♭ 2/2

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O grave! where is thy vic - to - ry? O death! where is thy sting?

Rev. vii. 9. Rev. v. 11.

Key of G

I beheld, and, lo, a great mul - ti - tude, which no man could number, Thousands of thousands, and ten times thou - sands, Thousands of

Key of G

I beheld, and, lo, a great mul - ti - tude, which no man could number, Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, Thousands of

Key of G

I beheld, and, lo, . . . a great mul - ti - tude, which no man could number, Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, Thousands of thousands, and ten times

Key of G

I beheld, and, lo, a great mul - ti - tude, which no man could number, Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, Thousands of thousands, &c. Thousands of thousands, and

Rev. vii. 9.

Key of G

thousands, and ten times thousands, Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, Stood be-fore the Lamb, &c.

Key of G

thousands, and ten times thou - sands, Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, Stood be - fore the Lamb, and they had palms in their hands, And they

Key of G

thou - - sands, Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands, Stood before the Lamb, &c.

Key of G

ten times thousands, Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands of thousands, Stood be fore the Lamb, &c.

Rev. iv. 8.

Key of G

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - might-y, Which was, &c.

Key of G

cease not day nor night, say-ing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - might-y, Which was, and is, and is to come, Which

Key of G

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - might-y, Which was, &c.

Key of G

**Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - might-y, Which was, &c.**

Rev. viii. 13

Key of G

was, and is, and is to come. And I heard a mighty an - gel fly - - - - - ing in the midst of

Key of G

Key of G

Key of G

Key of G

heav'n, cry-ing, with a loud voice, Wo, wo, wo, wo, . . . . . be un - to the earth, by rea-son of the trumpet which is

Key of G

Key of G

yet to sound. The great men and no-bles, rich men, and poor, bond and free, ga - ther - ed themselves to - geth - er, and

Key of G

Key of G

And when the last trumpet sounded.

Rev. vi. 16. 17

Key of G

Key of G

cried, cried to the rocks and mountains to fall up - on them, and hide them from the face of Him that sit - teth on the throne;

Key of G

Key of G

Rev. vi. 17.

MODERATE.

Key of G

Key of G

For the great day of his wrath is come, And who shall be a - ble to stand? And who shall be a - ble to stand?

Key of G

Key of G

# JUDGMENT ANTHEM

Key of G

Hark! hark! ye mortals, hear the trumpet Sounding loud the mighty roar; Hark! the archangel's voice proclaiming, Thou, old time, shalt be no more!

Hark! hark!

Thou, old time, shalt be no more!

Hark! hark!

Hark! the archangel's voice proclaiming, Thou, old time, shalt be no more!

Hark!

Sounding loud the mighty roar; Hark! the archangel's voice proclaiming, Thou, old time, shalt be no more!

His loud trumpet, His loud trumpet

See the purple banner flying, Hear the judgment chariot roll, . . . . roll, . . . . .

His loud trumpet, His loud trumpet

Hear the judgment chariot roll, . . . . roll, . . . . .

His loud trumpet, His loud trumpet rends the tombs—

Hear the judgment chariot roll, . . . . . .

His loud trumpet, His loud trumpet rends the tombs—Ye dead awake.

Hear the judgment chariot roll. . . . . .

Key of G

roll, . . . . .

Key of G

roll; Hear the sound of Christ vic-to-ri-ous, Lo he breaks thro' yonder cloud, Midst ten thousand

Key of G

roll;

Key of G

SLOW. LIVELY.

Key of G

Key, E♭ 2

Is that he who died on Calv'ry, That was pierced with the spear. Tell us

Key of G

Key, E♭ 2

thousand, thousand, thousand saints and angels see the cru - ci - fi - ed shine;

Key of G

Key, E♭ 2

Key of G

Key, E♭ 2

Key, E♭

seraphs, you that wonder'd, See he rises thro' the air, Hail him ! hail Hal-le - lu-jah, hal - le - lu-jah. Oh ! yes, 'tis Je-sus,

Key, E♭

Hail him ! hail ! Hal-le - lu-jah ! hal - le - lu-jah !

Key, E♭

Hail him ! Oh ! yes, 'tis Jesus, Hal-le - lu-jah ! Hal-le - lu-jah ! hal - le - lu-jah !

Key, E♭

Hail ! Hal-le - lu-jah ! Hal - le - lu-jah !

VERY LIVELY.

Key, E♭

Oh ! . . . . . Oh ! . . . . . come quickly, Hal-le - lu-jah ! come, Lord, come.

Key, E♭

Oh ! come quickly, Oh ! come quickly, Oh ! come quickly, Oh ! . . . . . come quickly, Hal-le - lu-jah ! come, Lord, come.

Key, E♭

Oh ! come quickly, Oh ! . . . . . come quickly, Hal-le - lu-jah ! come, Lord, come.

Key, E♭

Oh ! come quickly, Oh . . . . . come quickly, Hal-le - lu-jah ! come, Lord, come.

SLOW AND GRAVE.

Key of G

Key of G

Happy, happy

Key of G

Key of G

Key of G

All ye nations

Key of G

mourners, happy mourners, hap - py mourners, Lo in clouds he comes, he comes

All ye nations

Key of G

Now determin'd ev'-ry e - vil to de-stroy,

Soft.

Key of G

View him smiling,

Loud.

Key of G

Key, E♭

now shall sing him songs of ev - er-last-ing joy.

Key of G

Key E♭

now shall sing him songs of ev er-last-ing joy. Now redemption long ex-pect-ed, See the solemn pomp appear, All his people, once re-ject-ed, Now shall meet him

Key of G

Key, E♭

Key of G

Key, E♭

Key, E♭

Key, E♭ — in the air, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu-jah! welcome, welcome bleeding Lamb. Now his mer-it by the harpers, Thro' th' e-ter-nal deep re-sounds. Now re-

Key, E♭

Key, E♭

Key, E♭ — Key of G — They who pierced him shall at his appearance wail. . . . . .

Key, E♭ — Key of G — splendent shine his nail-prints, ev'ry eye shall see the wounds, They who pierced him shall at his appearance wail.

Key, E♭ — Key of G — They who pierced him shall at his ap - pearance wail. . . . . .

Key, E♭ — Key of G — They who pierced him shall at his appearance wail. . . .

Key of G

Key of G

Ev'ry island, sea and mountain, Heav'n and earth shall flee away ; All who hate him must, ashamed, Hear the trump proclaim the day, Come to judgment, Come to judgment.

Key of G

Key of G

Key of G

swells . . . . . the solemn summons loud, { Tears the strong pil- - -
{ Hark, the shrill out- - -

Key of G

come to judgment, Stand before the Son of man. Hark! { Tears the strong
{ Hark. the shrill

Key of G

Hark! the archangel swells . . . the solemn summons loud, { Tears the strong pil- - -
{ Hark. the shrill out- - -

Key of G

Hark! swells . . . . . the solemn summons loud, { Tears the strong pil- - -
{ Hark, the shrill out- - - -

Key of G

- - - - - - lars of the vaults of heaven, Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes; Flames all around them.
- - - - - - cries of the guilty wretches, Lively bright horror and amazing anguish gnawing within them.

Key of G

pil - lars of the vaults of heaven, Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes; Flames all around them. See the Judge's
outcries of the guilty wretches, Lively bright horror and amazing anguish gnawing within them.

Key of G

- - - - - - lars of the vaults of heaven, Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes; See the graves open, Flames all around them.
- - - - - - cries of the guilty wretches, Lively bright horror and amazing anguish Stare thro' their eyelids; gnawing within them.

Key of G

- - - - - - lars of the vaults of heaven, Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes; See the graves open, and the dead arising, Flames all around them.
- - - - - - cries of the guilty wretches, Lively bright horror and amazing anguish Stare thro' their eyelids; while the living worm Lies gnawing within them.

BRISK. VERY LOUD

Key of G

Down to hell, there's no redemption, Ev'ry Christless soul must go, Down to hell, depart, depart, depart, ye cursed, in - to ev - er - last-ing flames.

Key of G

hand arising, Fill'd with vengeance on his foes, Down to hell, depart, depart, depart, ye cursed, in - to ev - er - last-ing flames.

Key of G

Down to hell, there's no redemption, Ev'ry Christless soul must go, Down to hell, depart, depart, depart, ye cursed, in - to ev - er - last-ing flames.

Key of G

Down to hell, depart, depart, depart, ye cursed, in - to ev - er - last-ing flames.

VERY SLOW AND SOFT

LIVELY AND LOUD.

Key of G

Key, E♭

Hear the Saviour's words of mercy, Come, ye ransom'd sinners, home: Swift and joyful on your journey, To the palace of your God.

See the souls that earth despised,
Joy ce-les-tial, hymns harmonious,

VERY SLOW.

1 2

In ce-les-tial glories move, Hal-le-lu-jah, big with wonder, Praising Christ's eternal love: Hal-le-lu-jah, hal - le - lu-jah, e-cho thro' the realms of light.
In soft symphony resound; Angels, seraphs, harps and trumpets, Swell the sweet angelic sound: Hail Almighty, hail Almighty, great. eternal Lord. A - men.

## COME AWAY.



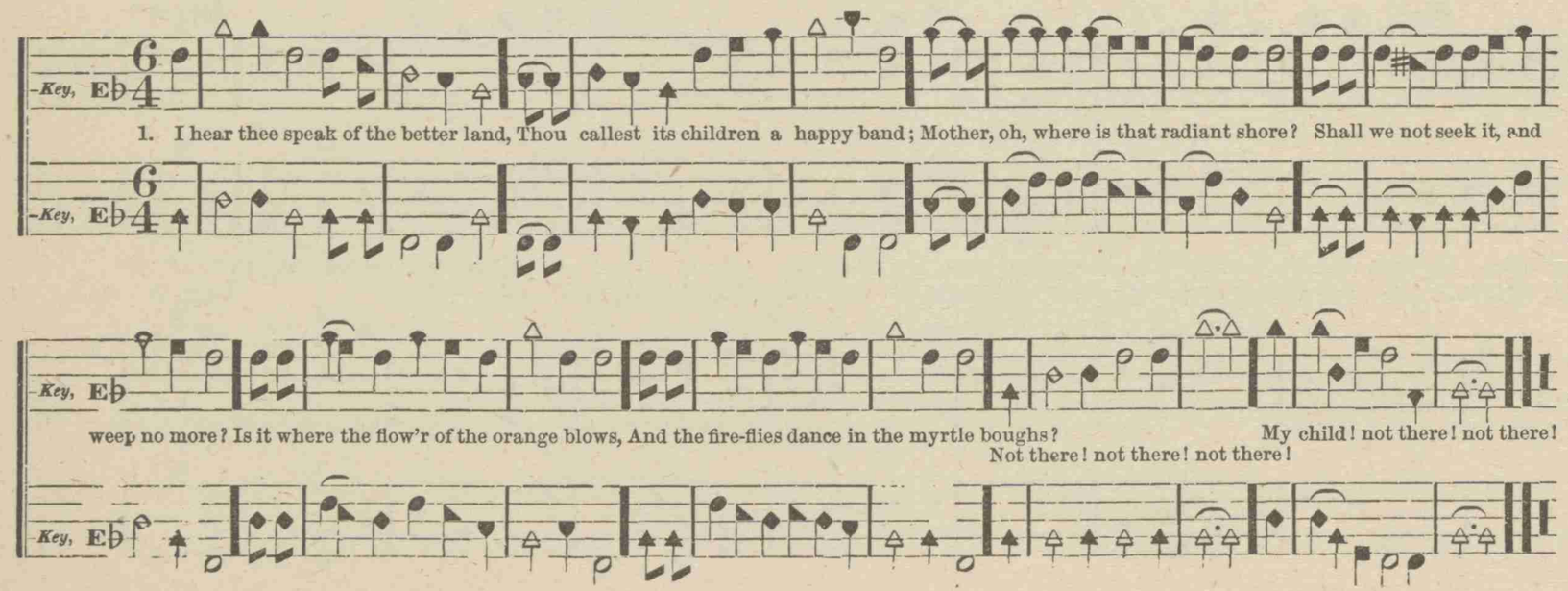

1. Oh come, come away, from labour now reposing, Let anxious care awhile forbear, Oh come, come away. Oh come, our sacred joys renew, And Christ will welcome you,
And here where faith will strengthen you, Oh come, come away.

2. From toil, and the cares on which the day is closing,
The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve,
Oh come, come away.
Oh come where God will smile on thee,
And in our hearts will rapture be,
And time pass happily,
Oh come, come away.

3. While tuned to God's love, the angel harps are ringing,
To sound his praise through endless days,
Oh come, come away.
In answering songs of sympathy
We'll sing in tuneful harmony,
From earth's temptations free,
Oh come, come away.

4. The bright day is gone, the moon and stars appearing,
With silver light illume the night,
Oh come, come away.
Come, join your prayers with ours, address
Kind Heav'n our meeting here to bless
With peace—hope—happiness—
Oh come, come away.

## THE BETTER LAND.

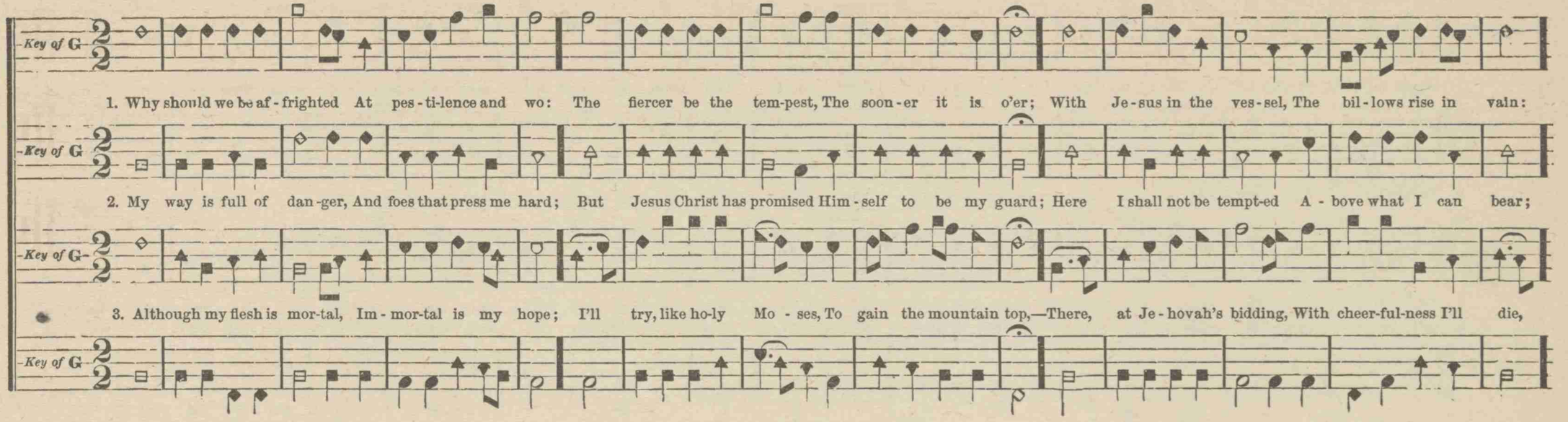



1. I hear thee speak of the better land, Thou callest its children a happy band; Mother, oh, where is that radiant shore? Shall we not seek it, and weep no more? Is it where the flow'r of the orange blows, And the fire-flies dance in the myrtle boughs?
My child! not there! not there!
Not there! not there! not there!

2. Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies;
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
Not there! not there!

3. Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold;
And the burning rays of the rubies shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl glows forth from the coral strand:
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
Not there! not there!

4. Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its song of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time may not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb
'Tis there! 'Tis there!—Mrs. Hemans







4. I feel that Jesus loves me,
But why, I do not know;
To him I'm so unfaithful
In all I have to do.
I grieve to see my failings,
Yet he doth all forgive,
Which makes me love him dearly,
And strive, by faith, to live,
With glory in my soul!

5. From him I have my orders;
And while I do obey,
I find his Holy Spirit
Illuminates my way:
The way is so delightsome,
I mean to travel on,
Till I am call'd to heaven,
To receive my starry crown.
With glory in my soul.

6 I soon shall reach fair Canaan,
And on that happy shore,
Beyond the reach of sorrow,
Shall reign for evermore;
There walk the golden pavements,
And blood-wash'd garments wear
And, to complete my raptures,
King Jesus will be there!
With glory in my soul.

7. My song I now have ended,
Though 'tis against my will:
I long to have the promise,
And sing what I can feel;
I long to see the time, when,
Immortal I shall be,
And sing and praise my Saviour
To all eternity!
With glory in my soul.

## Head of the church triumphant.

Key of A

1. Head of the church tri - umph - ant, We joy - ful - ly a - dore thee; Till thou ap - pear, thy mem-bers here Shall sing like those in glo - ry:

2. While in af - flic - tion's fur - nace, And pass-ing through the fire, Thy love we praise, which knows no days, And ev - er brings us nigh-er:

3 Thou dost con-duct thy peo - ple Through torrents of temp - ta - tion; Nor will we fear, while thou art near, The fire of tri - bu - la - tion:
4. By faith we see the glo - ry, To which thou shalt re - store us, And earth despise, for that high prize Which thou hast set be - fore us:

Key of A

We lift our hearts and voi - ces With blest an - ti - ci - pa - tion, And cry a - loud, and give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion.

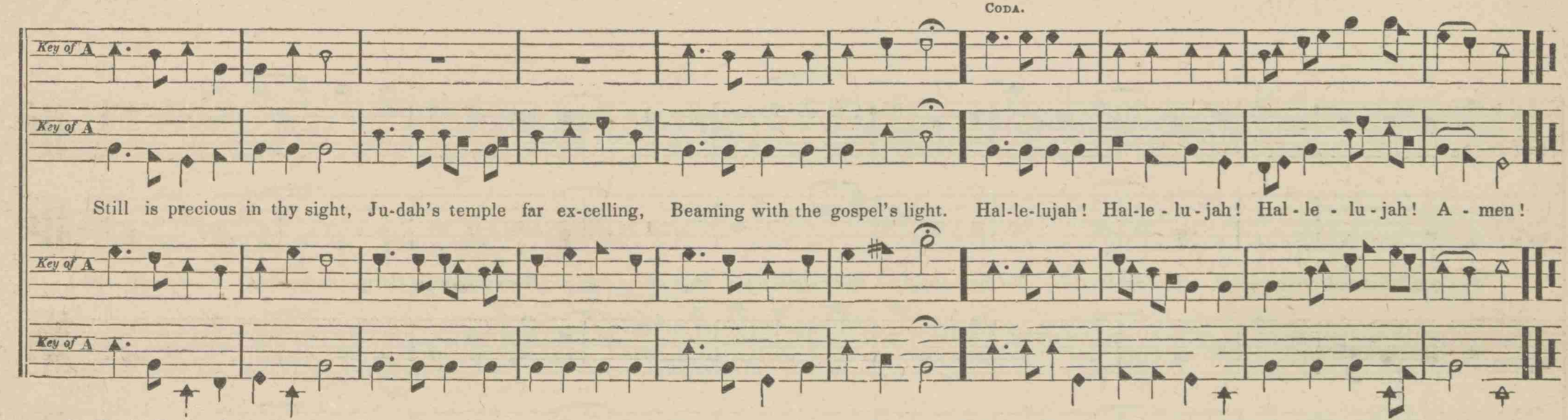
We clap our hands ex - ult - ing In thine al - might - y fa - vour; The love di - vine, which made us thine, Can keep us thine for ev - er.

The world, with sin and Sa - tan, In vain our march op - po - ses; By thee we shall break through them all, And sing the song of Mo - ses.
And if thou count us wor - thy, We each, as dy - ing Ste-phen, Shall see thee stand at God's right hand, To take us up to hea - ven.




1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, ci-ty of our God; He, whose word can ne'er be broken, Chose thee for his own abode. Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling

CODA.




Still is precious in thy sight, Ju-dah's temple far ex-celling, Beaming with the gospel's light. Hal-le-lujah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!

2. On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded
She can smile at all her foes.

See the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply her sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

3 Round her habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.

Key of D

The Lord, the Sovereign, sends his sum-mons forth, Calls the south na-tions and a-wakes the north; From east to west the sove-reign or-ders spread, Through

Key of D

dis - tant lands and re-gions of the dead. No more shall a - theists mock his long de - lay; His ven-geance sleeps no more— be - hold the day!

Key, E♭

Key, E♭

Th' Eternal speaks—all Heav'n attends: Who that un-hap-py race de - fends, While Justice aims the blow? See Na-ture trem - ble at their fate; Death, with his iron sceptre, waits·

Key, E♭

Key, E♭

Key, E♭

Key, E♭

Hell opes her ad-a-man-tine gates, And tri-umphs in their wo, And triumphs in their wo, wo, . . wo. . . . Hell opes her ad-a - man-tine gates, And triumphs in their wo.

Key, E♭

And tri - umphs in their wo . . . . .

Key, E♭

# LAND OF THE BLEST. 12s & 11s.

By Miss C. W.

WITH STEADY MOVEMENT AND DISTINCT EXPRESSION

Key of A 3/2

1. Hast thou heard of the land where no sor-row nor sad - ness Can dim for a mo - ment the light of the skies? Hast thou heard of the land where the deep tones of glad - ness Ne'er

Key of A 3/2

2. No eye hath e'er seen its bright splendours, ex - cel - ling The visions of fan - cy, the dreams of the soul; No thought can e'er soar where heav'n's anthem is swell - ing,

Key of A

melt in - to tears, nor are ech-oed in sighs: Where mu - sic, sweet mu - sic for - ev - er is flow - ing, And flow'rs, ev - er spring-ing, waft fragrance a - round; And

Key of A

Ear hath not heard its deep mel - o - dies roll; Death, with the touch of his cold, i - cy fin - ger, No more can a - larm, for his triumphs are o'er, And

Key of A

Key of A

zephyr's soft wings, (for no rough winds are blow - ing,) Are la - den with sweets from the balm-breathing ground. Where the wea - ry re - pose, all their troubles at rest, 'Tis the

Key of A

time can - not breathe on its glo - ries, nor lin - ger A - mid the fair scenes of that hea-ven - ly shore. Where the wea - ry re - pose, all their troubles at rest, 'Tis the

Key of A

Key of A

Canaan a - bove, 'tis the land of the blest. Where the wea - ry re - pose, all their troubles at rest, 'Tis the Ca-naan a - bove, 'tis the land of the blest.

Key of A

Canaan a - bove, 'tis the land of the blest. Where the wea - ry re - pose, all their troubles at rest, 'Tis the Ca-naan a - bove, 'tis the land of the blest.

Key of A

Key of A

Hal - le - lu - jah! The Lord is risen in - deed! Hal - le - lu - jah!

The Lord is risen in - deed,

Now is Christ

Key of A

Hal-le - lu-jah!

Now is Christ ris - en from the dead, and be - come the first fruits of them that slept.

Hal-le - lu-jah!

ris-en from the dead, and be-come the first fruits of them that slept.

Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu jah!

Key of A

And did he rise? And did he rise? . . . . he rose! he rose!

Key of A

Hal - le - lu - jah! And did he rise? did he rise? Hear, O ye nations, hear it, O ye dead!

Key of A

And did he rise? And did he rise? . . . . he

Key of A

And did he rise? . . . . . And did he rise? . . . . . he rose! he rose! he

Key of A

he burst the bars of death, then I rose!

Key of A

he burst the bars of death, and triumph'd o'er the grave! Then, then,

Key of A

rose. he rose! he burst the bars of death, then I rose!

Key of A

he burst the bars of death. then I rose!

Key of A

Key of A

then I rose! then first hu - man - i - ty, tri-umph-ant, pass'd the crystal ports of light, and seized e - ter - nal youth. Man, all im-mor - tal

Key of A

then I rose!

Key of A

Key of A

Key of A

hail! hail! Hea - ven, all lav-ish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glo - ry, man's the boundless bliss, Thine all the glo - ry, man's the boundless bliss.

Key of A

Key of A

## HYMN. "How beauteous are their feet." S. M. (DOUBLE.)

NOT TOO FAST.

Key of F 6/4

1. How beau-teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill! Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.

2. How hap - py are our ears, That hear this joy - ful sound, Which kings and pro - phets wait - ed for, And sought, but nev - er found!

3. The watch-men join their voice, And tune - ful notes em - ploy; Je - ru - sa - lem breaks forth in songs, And de-serts learn the joy.

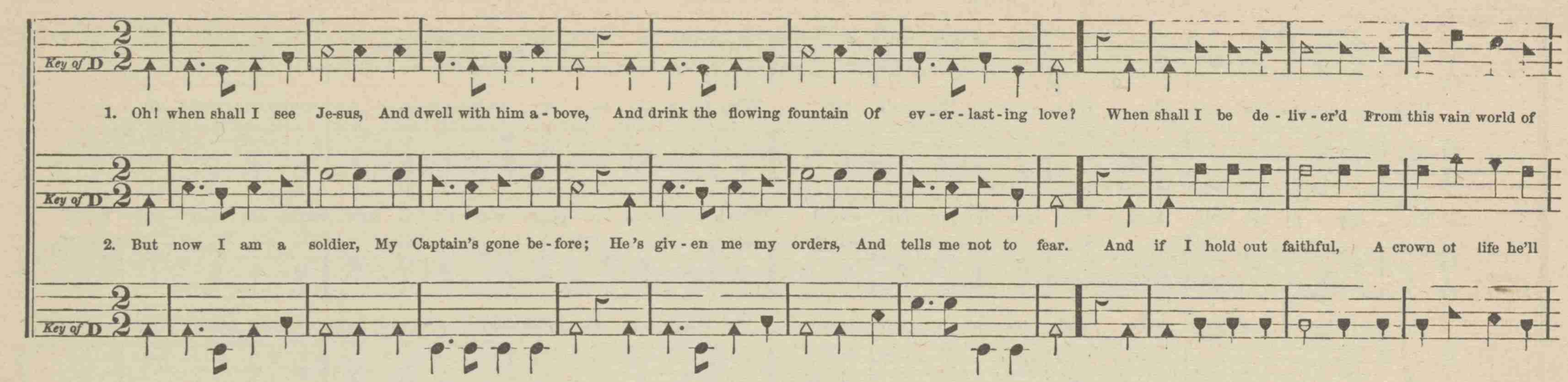
How charming is their voice! How sweet the tid - ings are! "Zi - on, be - hold thy Saviour King! He reigns and tri - umphs here!"

How bless-ed are our eyes, That see this heav'n-ly light! Prophets and kings de - sired it long, But died with - out the sight.

The Lord makes bare his arm Through all the earth a - broad; Let ev' - ry na - tion now be - hold Their Sa - viour and their God.

# THE WATCHER. 7s & 6s.

Arranged from Dr. W. LARDNER.




Key, B♭
1. Loud let the gos - - - pei trum - pet sound, And spread the joy - ful tid - - - ings round;
Let ev - 'ry soul with tran-sport hear, And hail the Lord's ac - - cept - - ed year.
2. Ye debtors, whom he
When humblest at his
Key, B♭
Key, B♭


Key, B♭
gives to know That you ten thou - sand tal - ents owe, That you ten thou - sand tal - ents owe,
feet you fall, Your gra - cious God for - gives them all, Your gra - cious God for gives them all.
Key, B♭
Key, B♭

Key, B♭

3. Slaves, that have borne the hea - vy chain Of sin and hell's ty - ran - nic reign,
To lib - er - ty as - sert your claim, And urge the great Re - deem - er's name.

4. The rich in-her-itance of heav'n, Your joy, your boast, is

Key, B♭

3. Slaves, that have borne the hea - vy chain Of sin and hell's ty - ran - nic reign,
To lib - er - ty as - sert your claim, And urge the great Re - deem - er's name.

4. The rich in-her-itance of heav'n, Your joy, your boast, is

Key, B♭

freely giv'n; Fair Sa - lem your ar - ri - val waits, With gold - en streets, and pearl - y gates.

5. Her blest in - hab - it -
No debt but love im -

Key, B♭

freely giv'n; Fair Sa - lem your ar - ri - val waits, With gold - en streets, and pearl - y gates.

5. Her blest . . . in - hab - - - it
No debt . . . but love . . . . . im -

Key, B♭

Key, B♭

- - - ants no more Bondage and pov - er - ty . . . . de - plore,
- - - mense - ly great, Their joy still ri - ses with . . the debt.

6. O hap - py souls, that know the sound! Ce - les - tial light their steps sur - round,

Key, B♭

- - - ants no more Bondage and pov - er - ty . . . . de - plore,
- - - mense ly great, Their joy still ri - ses with . . the debt.

6. O hap - py souls, that know the sound! Ce - les - tial light their steps sur - round,

Key, B♭

And show that ju - bi - lee begun, that ju - bi - lee be - gun, that ju - bi - lee be - gun, That through e - ter - nal years shall run.

Key, B♭

And show that ju - bi - lee begun, that ju - bi - lee be - gun, that ju - bi - lee be - gun, That through e - ter - nal years shall run

Key, B♭

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