THE

New Harp of Columbia:

A SYSTEM OF MUSICAL NOTATION,

WITH A NOTE FOR EACH SOUND, AND A SHAPE FOR EACH NOTE;

CONTAINING A VARIETY OF MOST EXCELLENT

PSALM AND HYMN TUNES, ODES AND ANTHEMS,

HAPPILY ADAPTED TO

CHURCH SERVICE, SINGING-SCHOOLS AND SOCIETIES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY M. L. SWAN.

NASHVILLE, TENN.
DALLAS, TEX.; RICHMOND, VA.
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.
SMITH & LAMAR, PUBLISHING AGENTS.
1916



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PREFACE.

In this, the NEW HARP OF COLUMBIA, the same system of Notation is adhered to as in the old Harp.

The "Elements of Music" are arranged in a different form, and somewhat extended. They are written as short as possible, and but little space is taken up with practical exercises. In many books the Elementary Principles, or Rudiments, by the introduction of many exercises for practice, are swelled to from twenty to thirty pages, and yet contain no more important directions than are found in the few pages of this work. The new beginner, in looking at the many pages of rules, may suppose that all of this long list is something obliged to be learned, and hence is disheartened, and often deterred from an effort to learn. Then let the practical part be obtained in singing tunes anywhere through the book, by which an interest is kept up in the mind of the learner.

Between fifty and one hundred tunes, selected and original, will be found in this that are not in the old Harp. Such tunes as are seldom used have been discarded, and their places filled by others of superior merit. No alterations whatever have been made in the tunes retained from the old book.

A lesson on the transposition of the keys will be found, and all the newly inserted tunes are written with the signs of transposition. Teachers who feel it important to give instructions in this lesson can question their classes as to what signatures (*sharps* or *flats*) would be placed to those tunes having none, and thus advance them as fast as by any other means.

The objection to the system of *round* notes is the constant exertion necessary to read the music with facility and certainty, even by good singers and those of much practice.

A very popular error exists in the minds of many, who are not strangers altogether to music, in regard to transposition, or the characters called *flats* and *sharps*. Many suppose that they affect the music: when the truth is, they serve no purpose but as signs of the key, and without which music in *round* notes would be a sealed book. The stereotyped argument in favor of *round* notes, "that before you can sing you must know the principles," is true; but it is no more true than that they must be understood to sing *shaped* notes. Think of a man attempting to sing a tune, in any kind of notes, that he never heard, without knowing the time, the relative length of the notes, the key, the sounds of the scale, tones and semitones, &c.!

The English alphabet is composed of twenty-six sounds, for each of which there is a distinct character or shape representing it, called a letter. We might, possibly, have learned to read with these all of the same *shape*, but we could not have learned any more correctly than we have done.

Music, then, has seven natural sounds, for each of which, in this work, there is a character, or *shape*, called a note, from which any one can sing much more readily, and as correctly as if they were all the same *shape*.

The use of the system of *four notes* has generally, very willingly, and reasonably, given way to this.

Not expecting nor desiring to entirely supersede all other books, the "Elements of Music" in this are made sufficiently comprehensive to enable any one who understands them to sing from others.

The parts are arranged as will be seen in Lesson VI. In some books the Air is termed the Treble. It can make no difference which it is called, Treble or Tenor, so it is understood. Teachers can direct their class in this as they may prefer. See the definition by Webster.

As the Air is the leading part, and as the female voice is superior, I would assign that part mainly to females, and the Treble (as here called) to men whose voices are high. Thus I present the book to the public.

M. L. SWAN

BELLEFONTE, ALA., 1867.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by M. L. SWAN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Microfilmed
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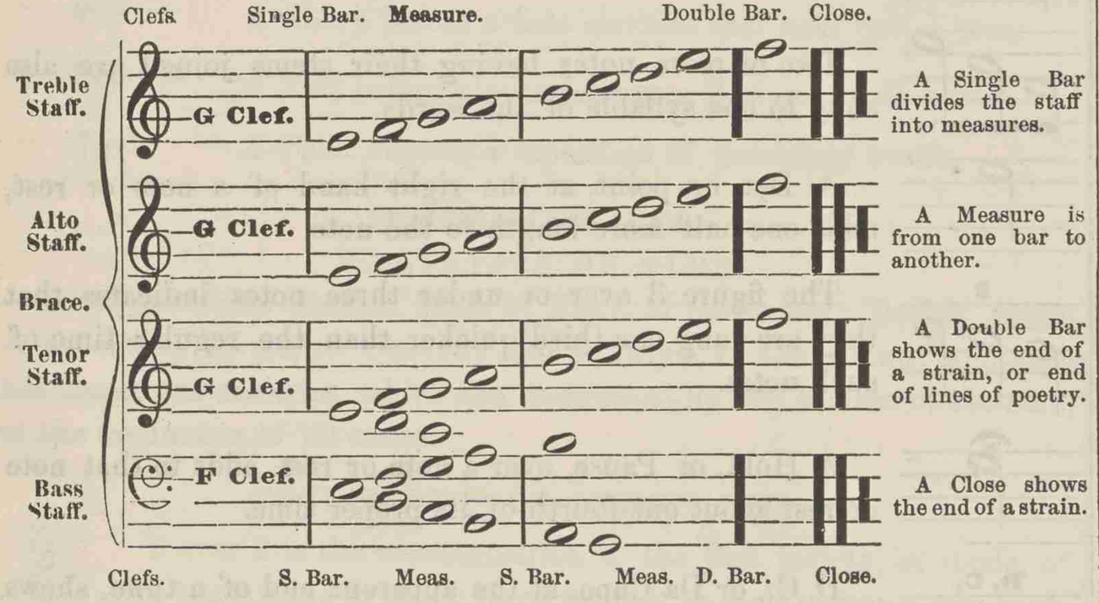
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON I.

BRACE, CLEFS, STAFF, AND BARS.

MUSIC is written on five parallel lines and the spaces between, which is called a Staff.

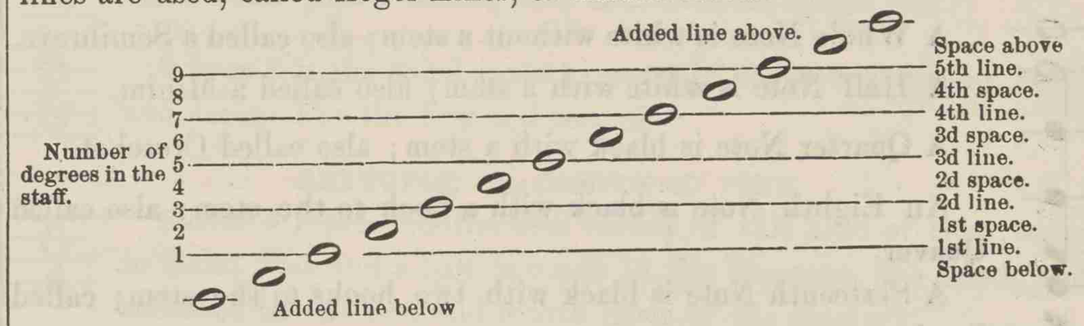
In Vocal Music there are mostly four parts: Bass, Tenor, Alto, and Treble. These parts are included by a Brace at the beginning, represented by characters called Clefs, and are entitled to a note, or sound, for each degree, or line and space, and are divided into measures by perpendicular lines, called Bars, as in the example below.



G Clef always stands on the Tenor and Treble, and generally on the Alto; giving the same line or space in each of these parts the same sound. Thus, the notes or characters on the Tenor, Alto, and Treble staffs, as in the above example, have the same sound on a corresponding degree.

F Clef always stands on the Bass staff, and places it one sixth below the other three parts; thus making the third space in the Bass to have the same sound as the first line of the other parts. When the Alto is represented by the F Clef, it is sounded like the Bass.

In counting the degrees of the staff, count from the lowest line upward. When notes transcend the staff, either above or below, short lines are used, called Leger Lines, or Added Lines.



The staff having nine degrees does not show that there are nine distinct sounds, as will be seen hereafter
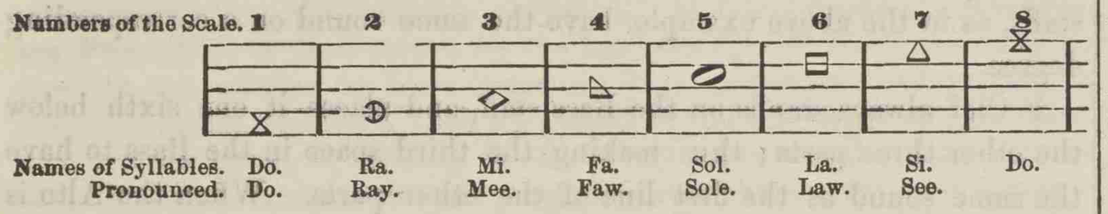
LESSON II.

NOTES AND RESTS.

Notes of different names and different lengths are used to convey musical

sounds,—either high or low, from their place on the staff, or long or short, from forms representing a relative length.

In this work, seven notes of different shapes and names are used to represent the seven natural sounds of music, which are shaped and called thus:—



In the above scale, the 8th note is the same sound as the 1st; that is, the same character of sound, but a higher pitch.

RELATIVE LENGTH OF NOTES.

A Whole Note is white without a stem; also called a Semibreve.

A Half Note is white with a stem; also called a Minim.

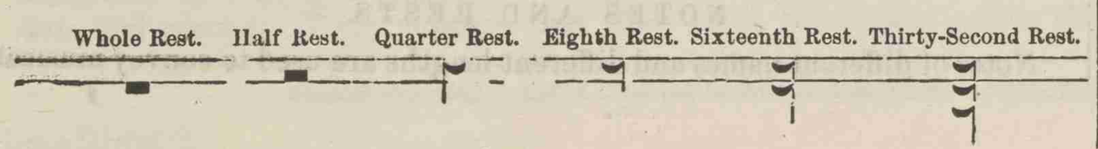
A Quarter Note is black with a stem; also called Crotchet.

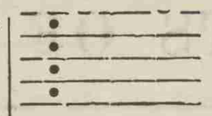
An Eighth Note is black with a hook to the stem; also called Quaver.

A Sixteenth Note is black with two hooks to the stem; called Semi-quaver.
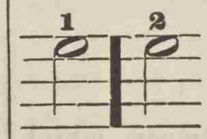
A Thirty-Second Note is black with three hooks to the stem; called Demi-semi-quaver.

Each of these notes has a rest of equal length to itself.
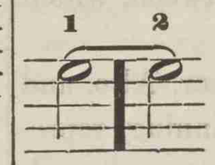




A Repeat—or points in the spaces of the staff—directs a return from the first double bar, or close, and to sing that strain again.
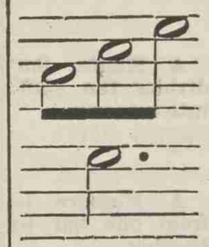


The figures 1 and 2 show that the note under 1 is sung before repeating, and that under 2 in repeating.
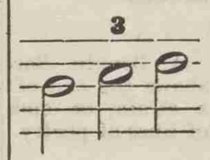


If two notes are connected by a slur, the one under the figure 1 is sung before repeating, and both in repeating.

The Slur shows the number of notes sung to one syllable of the words.
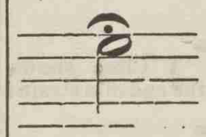


Two or more notes having their stems joined are also sung to one syllable of the words.

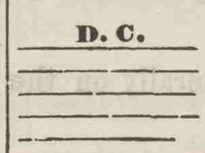
A Dot, or point, at the right hand of a note or rest, adds one-half more length to the note.
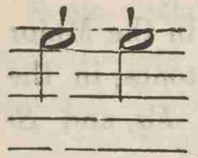


The figure 3 over or under three notes indicates that they are sung one-third quicker than the regular time of such notes.



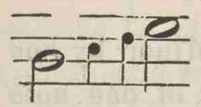
A Hold, or Pause, over a note or rest, adds to that note or rest about one-fourth of its proper time.
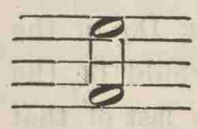


D. C., or Da Capo, at the apparent end of a tune, shows that the tune is concluded with the first strain, or any designated strain
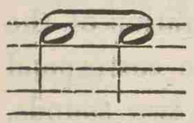


Staccato marks show that the notes over which they are placed are to be sung short and distinct.



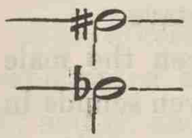
Grace Notes guide the voice to the succeeding note, with slight stress,—being barely sounded.



Choosing Notes are placed one over the other:—either may be sung, or one voice may sound one, and another voice the other.



When two or more notes of the same sound are slurred, the first, only, is named, and the sound continued on the length of the others.



A Sharp before a note elevates that note half a tone.

A Flat before a note depresses that note half a tone.

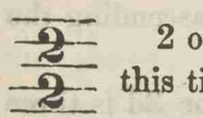
:‖: A Prisa denotes a repetition of preceding words.

LESSON III.

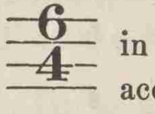
VARIETIES OF TIME.

There are three distinct kinds of Time, or movement: Double, Even, or Common; Triple, or Uneven; and Sextuple, or Compound; and each has consistent varieties, which are designated by two figures in the staff, at the beginning of all tunes.

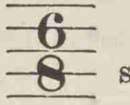
DOUBLE, EVEN, OR COMMON TIME



2 over 2 is the representation of the first variety, or mode, of this time; sung in about three seconds to each measure, two beats, accented on both parts of the measure when filled by half-notes, and when filled by fourths, on the first and third parts of these.

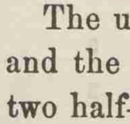


4 over 4 represents the second variety of this time (or it may be called Quadruple time); sung in about two seconds and a half to the measure, four beats, and accented on the first and third parts of the measure.

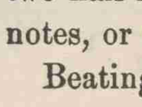


2 over 4 is the third variety; sung in about one and a half seconds to the measure, two beats, and accented on the first part of the measure.

TRIPLE OR UNEVEN TIME.



3 over 2 represents the first variety of this time; sung in about three seconds to a measure, three beats, full accent on the first and partial on the second part of the measure.



3 over 4 marks the second variety of this time; sung in about two seconds to a measure, beat and accented as the first.

3 over 8 is the third variety; sung in about one second, beats and accent like the first and second.

SEXTUPLE OR COMPOUND TIME.

6 over 4 represents the first variety of this kind of time; sung in about two and a half seconds to the measure, two beats, and accented on the first and fourth parts of the measure.

6 over 8 is the second variety; sung in about one and a half seconds to the measure, same beats and accent as the first.

The upper figure shows how many parts the measure is divided into, and the lower figure the value or length of these parts: $\frac{2}{2}$ shows that two half-notes fill a measure, $\frac{3}{2}$ that three half-notes, or $\frac{6}{4}$ that six fourth-notes, or their equivalent, fill a measure.

Beating Time is a motion of the hand to regulate the time all the way

through the tune; by which every measure, and the notes of each measure, are apt to be made equal, in proportion to their value.

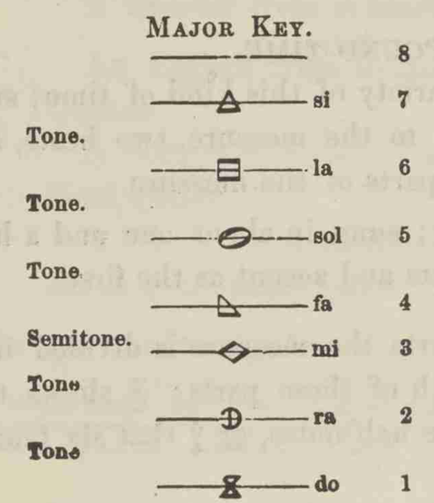
In beating two beats, perform them down and up; three beats, down, left, and up; and for four beats, down, left, right, and up.

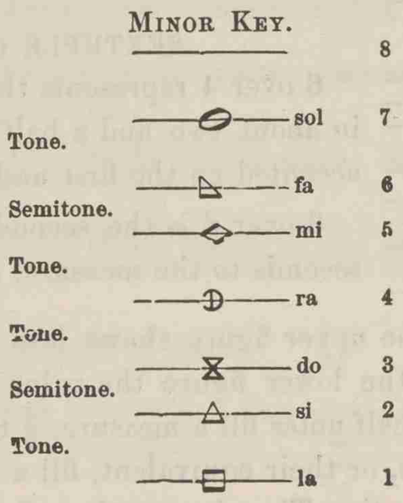
In Sextuple, or Compound time, six beats, down, down, left, right, up, up, would be a complete and proper keeping of the time; but it may be kept very properly, and perhaps with more ease, to beat down on the first part, rest the hand on the second and third, up on the fourth, and rest on the fifth and sixth.

LESSON IV.

OF THE KEYS.

There are two keys: the Major, or greater key, and the Minor, or lesser key. In all properly arranged tunes the last note in the Bass is the key-note. If that note is Do, it is 1 of the scale, and is the representative and foundation of the Major key. If it is La, the tune is a Minor key, and that note is 1 of that scale. In the seven sounds, natural with the voice, there are five tones, and one semitone, or half-tone, in the Major key; while there are but four whole tones, and two semitones, in the Minor key. The semitones always occur between *Mi* and *Fa*, and *Si* and *Do*. See example.





Thus it is seen that the Major key is greater than the Minor by one half-tone. In each of the above examples there is a lack of one note to complete the Octave, or eighth sound. This would be Do in the Major, and La in the Minor key. Each of these sounds would be the same as the first, only on a higher pitch, and would be the last of that Octave, or the first of another going on higher. The vibration of the human voice, in making this eighth sound, is discovered to correspond so exactly with the first, that a similarity is seen in these two sounds, the 1st and 8th, not to be found in any other two of the Octave.

This, together with the singular natural difference between the male and female voices, justifies the opinion that there are but seven sounds in music. The female voice is naturally eight degrees more acute, or higher, than the male voice, and thus when 1 of the scale is sounded by the male voice, that of the female, in imitating it, makes exactly the pitch of the male voice for the 8th sound, and so on as far as the voices can reach, either high or low; the female voice an 8th, or an Octave higher, and yet the same sound.

The note on the next degree of the staff, either above or below any given note, is called a Second, the next a Third, &c. In counting these degrees, or intervals, as sometimes called, the first and last notes are always counted with those intervening; as from *Do* to *Sol*, ascending the scale, is a fifth, and in descending, a fourth.

A Major 3d is three sounds without a semitone; a Minor 3d is three sounds with a semitone.

Some authors insist that there is but one key, but the majority of writers adopt the two keys; although it must be admitted that the distinction of sounds in the two is slight.

In the Major scale, Do is 1, Mi is 3, and Sol is 5; while in the Minor we take La as 1; then Do is 3, and Mi 5, of that scale, which brings the semitones lower in this scale than in the Major key.

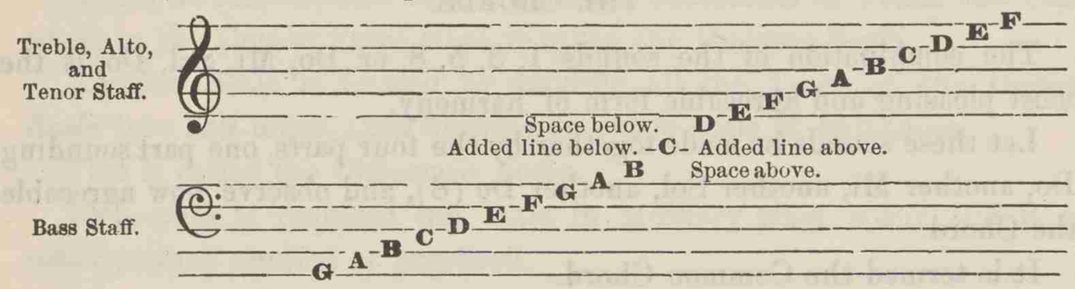
When the key is changed in a tune, the key-note to which it is changed takes the same sound as the other had, if occupying the same degree of the staff.

The key is rarely changed, except in Anthems.

LESSON V.

MUSICAL LETTERS, AND TRANSPOSITION OF THE KEYS.*

The different sounds of the Natural, or Diatonic Scale, are said to be represented by the first seven letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, and G, and each line and space of the staff is named from one of these letters, as in the example below:—



It thus appears that the first line of the Bass Staff is called G, and the other degrees go on with the letters in regular order to the added line above (or middle line), and then into the Tenor, Alto, and Treble Staffs, E being the first line of these staffs, etc.

* For remarks on this lesson, see the Preface.

If the Alto is represented by the F, or Bass Clef, as it sometimes is, the letters then stand on it as on the Bass.

Transposition is removing the key from one letter, or place, upon the staff to another, either higher or lower.

The key takes its name from the letter on which it stands: as, for example, when Do is on C it is called the key of C, and is said to be the Natural key.

When no signatures, (♯) sharps or (♭) flats, are found at the beginning of the tune, immediately after the Clefs, Do is on C, and the Relative Minor key, La, is on A

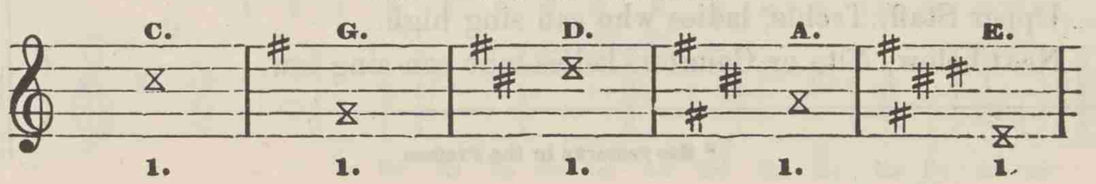
The Relative Minor to any Major key is found a sixth above, or a third below.

When Do, or the key-note, stands on other letters of the staff, one or more of the characters called (♯) sharps or (♭) flats are placed on certain letters of the staff, at the beginning of the tune, as a sign of the key.

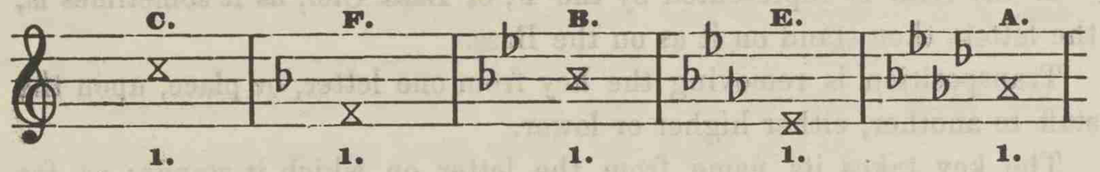
One	♯	is the signature of	G.		One	♭	is the signature of	F.
Two	♯♯	" " "	D.		Two	♭♭	" " "	B.
Three	♯♯♯	" " "	A.		Three	♭♭♭	" " "	E.
Four	♯♯♯♯	" " "	E.		Four	♭♭♭♭	" " "	A.

Or, as in the next example, which shows the letters of the staff, upon which these signatures are placed for each key.

THE KEYS BY SHARPS



THE KEYS BY FLATS



The above are the keys of the several letters, and are pitched high or low, as they stand high or low on the staff.

To get the proper pitch of a tune, in any of the keys, by the voice, sound the key-note, and pass from that to the lowest note in the Bass, and also to the highest note in the Tenor or Treble. If both of these are made with ease, the proper pitch is supposed to be very nearly, if not exactly, ascertained. If the result is not satisfactory, the effort is continued until satisfactory.

LESSON VI.

MUSIC IN PARTS.

A Part in music appears to the eye as any number of notes on any one staff. The Treble is one Part, the Bass is another Part, &c.

Music is composed of one, two, three, four, and sometimes more parts.

When in one part, it is called Melody; in two or more parts, it is said to be in Harmony; and these parts are so composed that all will harmonize when sung together.

Four parts are as many as are used in ordinary church music. The parts, most generally, in this country, have been arranged in the following order:*—
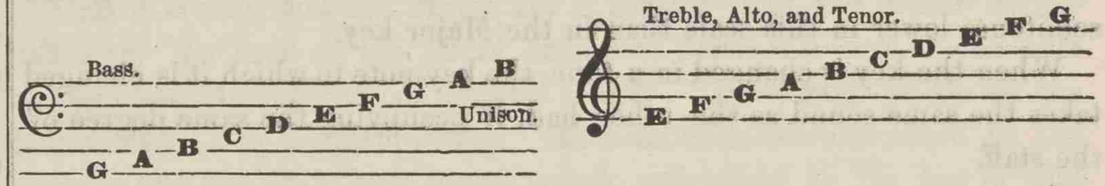
Upper Staff, Treble, ladies who can sing high.

Next below, Alto or Counter, ladies who can sing low.

Next below, Tenor, men who can sing high.

Lowest Staff, Bass, men who can sing low.

Below is a scale showing the connection of the parts, or which degrees of the Bass and the other parts have the same sound, &c.



The above scale contains fifteen sounds, or two Octaves; which is about the compass of ordinary voices.

There is no distinction in the sounds of the Tenor, Alto, and Treble, unless the Alto is represented by the F, or Bass Clef. Then it bears the same connection to the Tenor and Treble that the Bass does

THE CHORDS.

The combination of the sounds 1, 3, 5, 8, or Do, Mi, Sol, Do, is the most pleasing and agreeable form of harmony.

Let these sounds be made together by the four parts, one part sounding Do, another Mi, another Sol, another Do (8), and observe how agreeable the Chord.

It is termed the Common Chord.

The 6th is classed among the Concords.

The 2d, 4th, and 7th are reckoned as Discords, but the 4th is used in composition, and is a reasonably good chord.

The 2d and 7th are to be avoided, as being particularly harsh and disagreeable to the ear.

* See remarks in the Preface.

SCALE OF CHORDS, WITH THEIR OCTAVES.

	Concrete.				Discrete		
Single Chords.	1	3	5	6	2	4	7
Their Octaves.	8	10	12	13	9	11	14
	15	17	19	20	16	18	21

Two sounds of the same pitch are called a Unison.

When any sound is succeeded by the sound on the first degree of the staff, either above or below, the interval is called a Second; if by the sound on the second degree, the interval is called a Third, &c.

LESSON VII.

CHROMATIC SCALE.
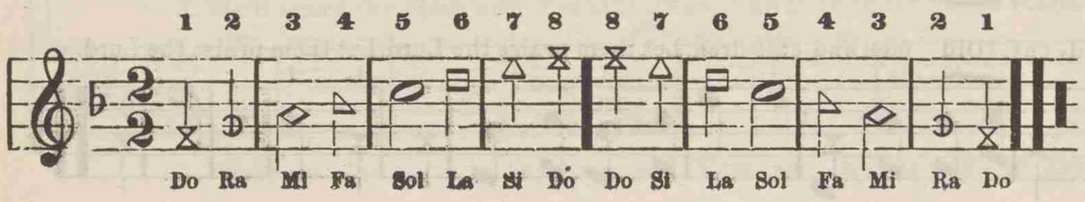
It will be remembered that the natural succession of Tones and Semitones in the Octave forms what is called the Diatonic Scale.

Another Scale is formed by dividing all the Tones of the Diatonic Scale into half-tones, thus forming an entire scale of half-tones.

This is called the Chromatic Scale.

This scale is required but little in ordinary plain music, and is not usually much studied or practised.

MAJOR SCALE.



OF PERFORMANCE.

To sing in good taste and with the greatest effect, the sounds should be varied,—sometimes singing louder, and sometimes softer, according to the character and sentiment of the words.

One strain, or even one measure, of a tune may be sung loud, and another soft, as the meaning or expression of the words may direct.

In some books, terms are used to denote these distinctions.
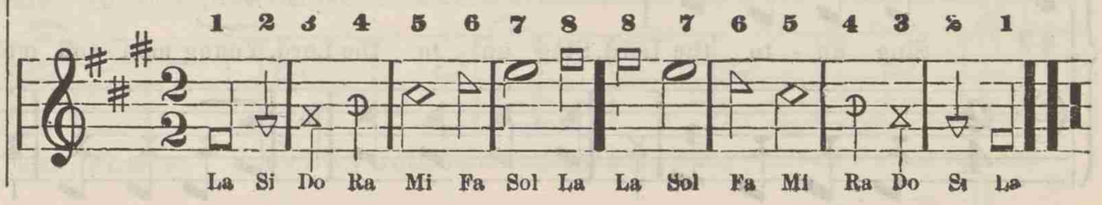
Let all singers exercise their own good sense, and vary the performance according to the spirit of the song; study the meaning and sense of every song they sing, and enter into the spirit of the same, never indulging in a careless, lifeless performance.

Let every word, in singing, be spoken or pronounced as distinctly as in speaking; so that not only the sounds of the music are heard, but the song is comprehended, and an effect produced that would not be from sounds alone.

Enter into the emotions expressed by the poetry, and let the sounds come from the heart with an energy, a meaning, and a soul.

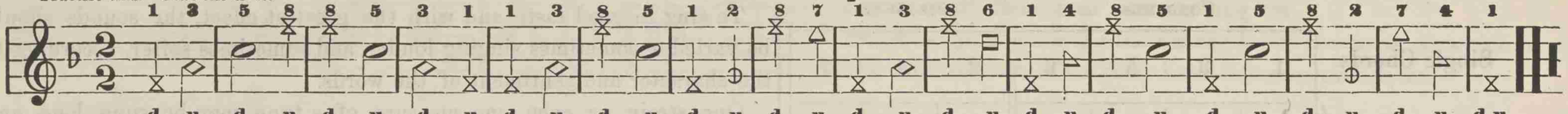
And now that the important principles of Vocal Music are explained in the foregoing lessons, on this and the next page will be found exercises of the scale and the intervals, which should be practised until every sound becomes entirely familiar, remembering that all tunes are formed from these sounds.

MINOR SCALE.

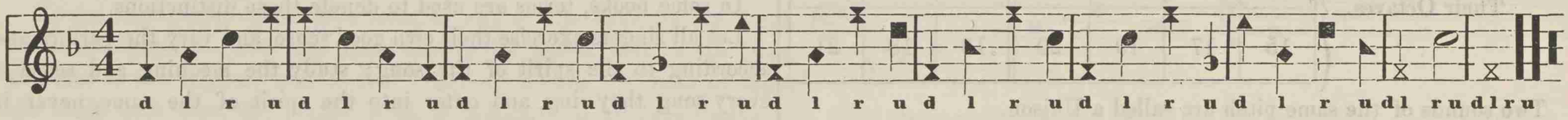


Practise this. Beat the time.

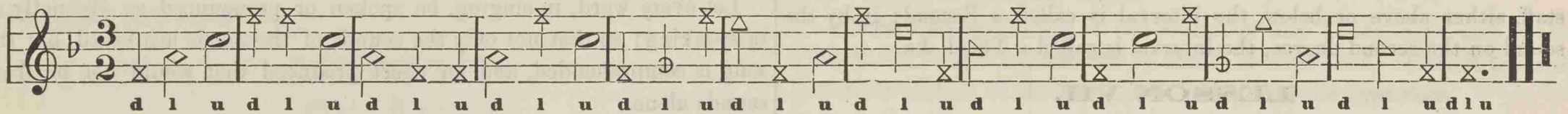
INTERVALS IN $\frac{2}{2}$ TIME



INTERVALS IN $\frac{4}{4}$ TIME.



INTERVALS IN $\frac{3}{2}$ TIME.


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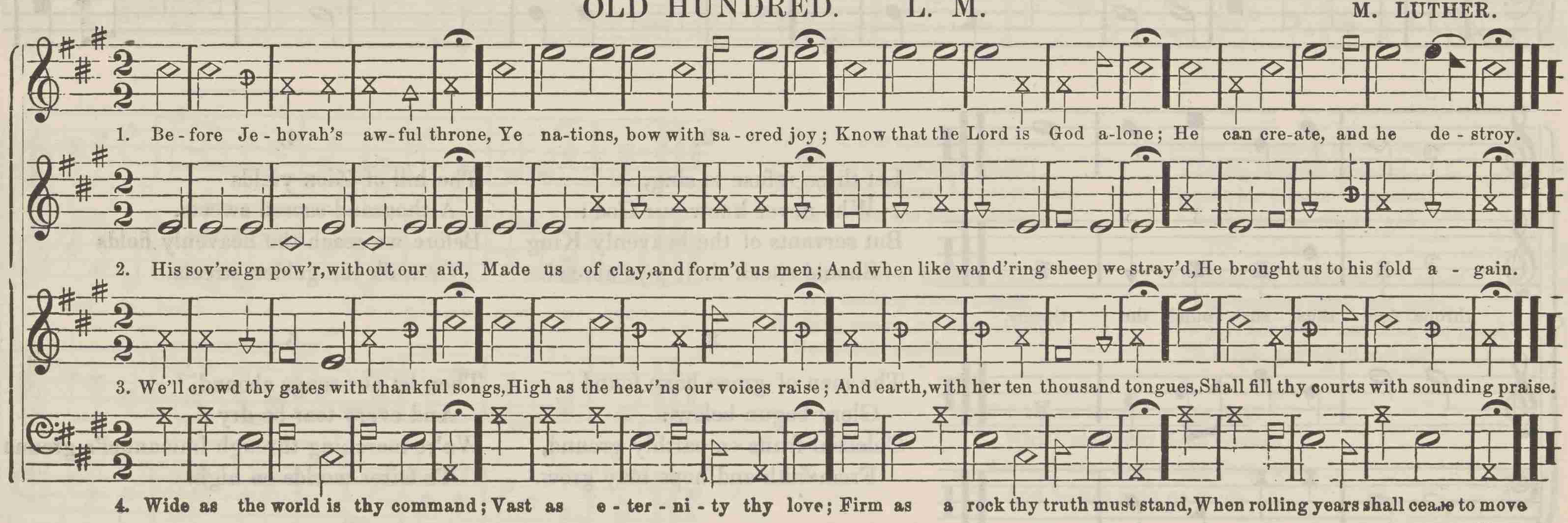
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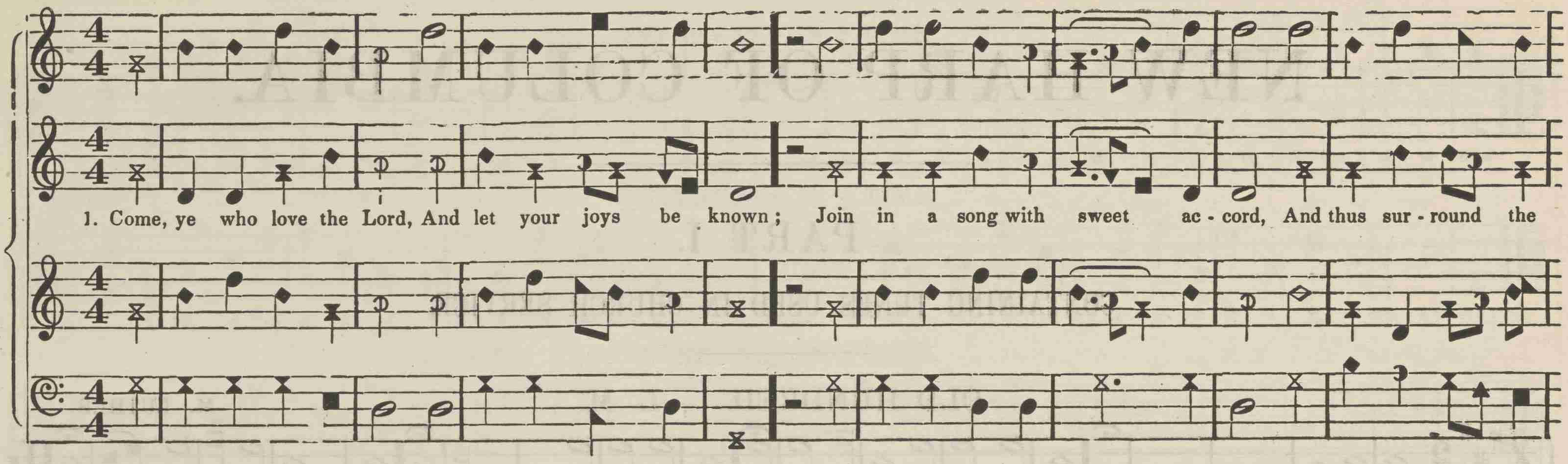
NEW HARP OF COLUMBIA.
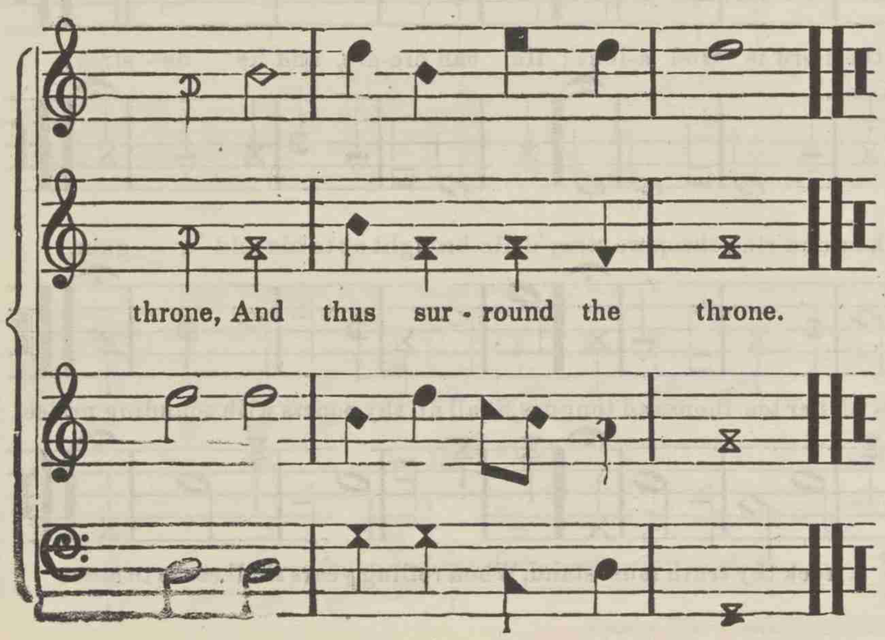
PART I.

CONTAINING TUNES USED IN CHURCH SERVICE.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M. M. LUTHER.







2.

Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

3.
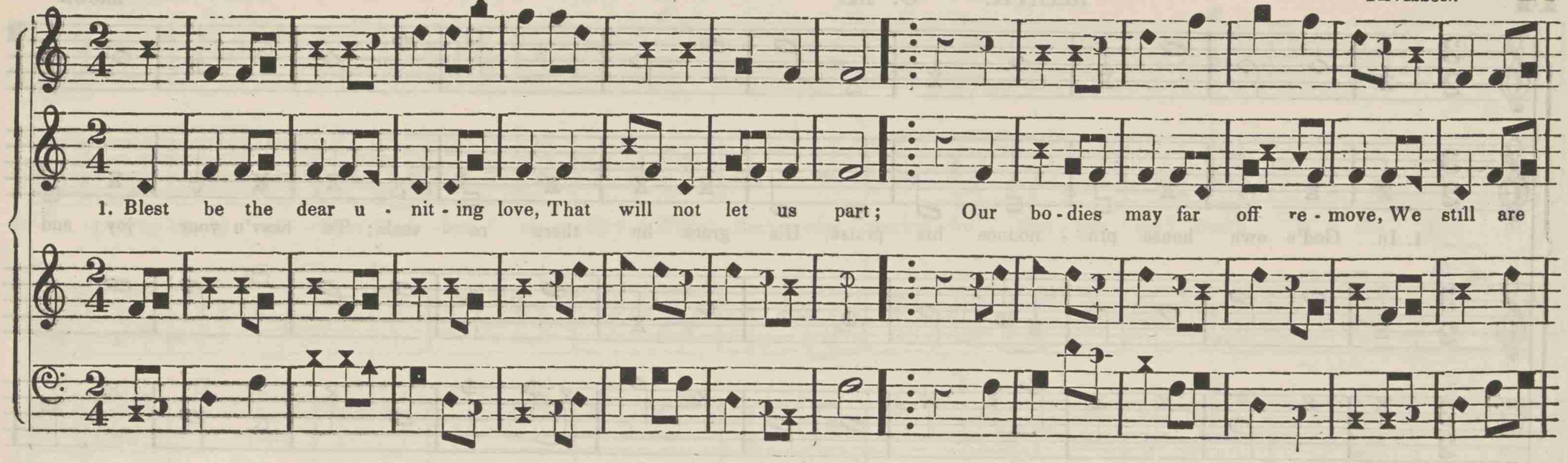
The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
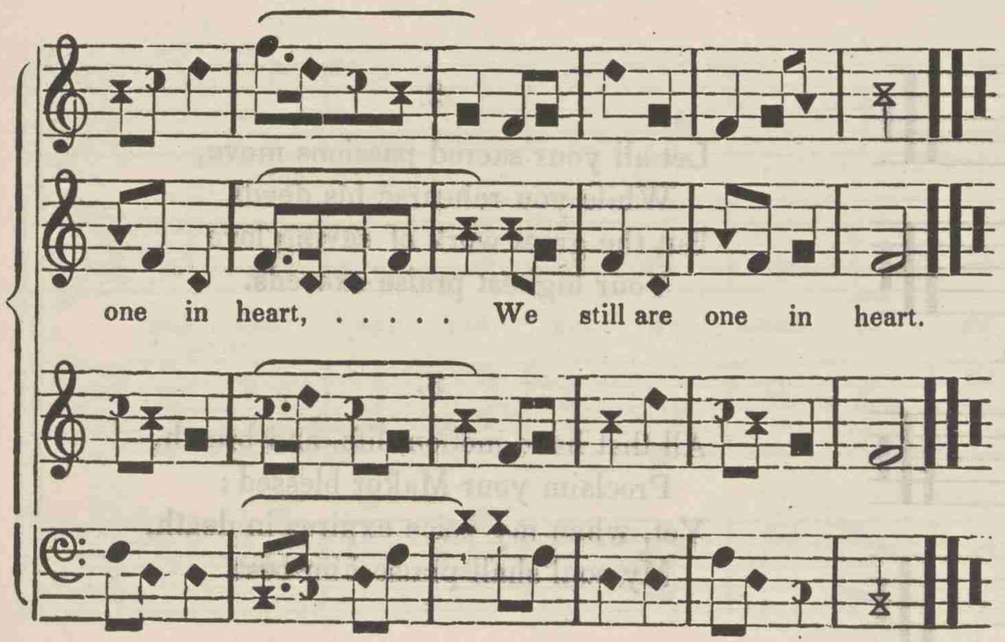
4.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

5.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.





2. Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread.
And show his praise below.

3. O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

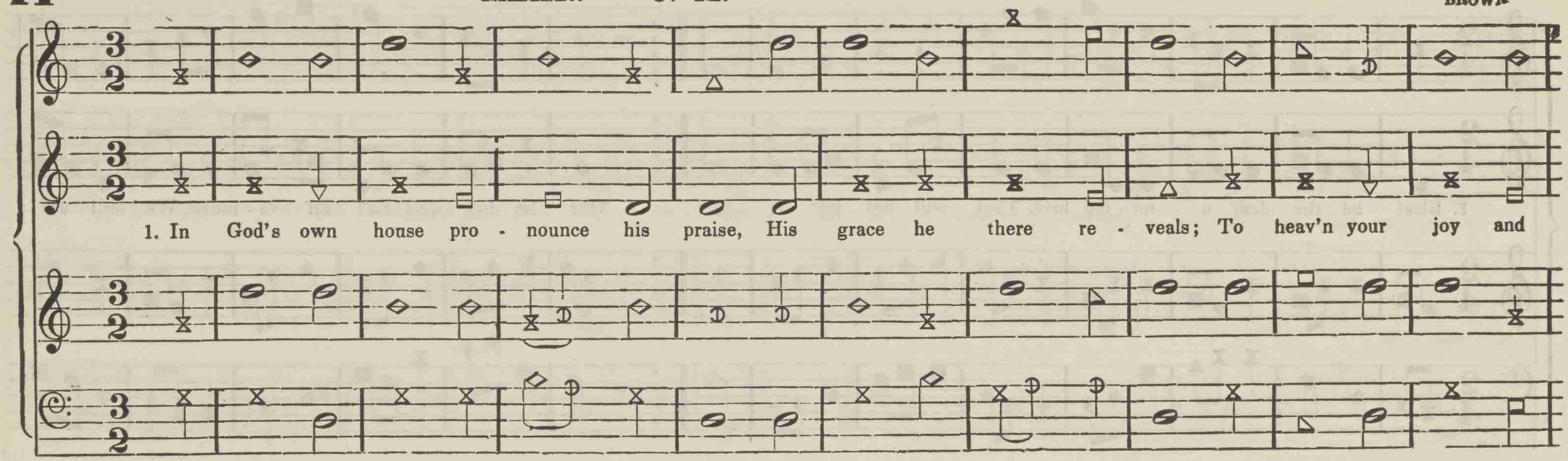
4. Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace:
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

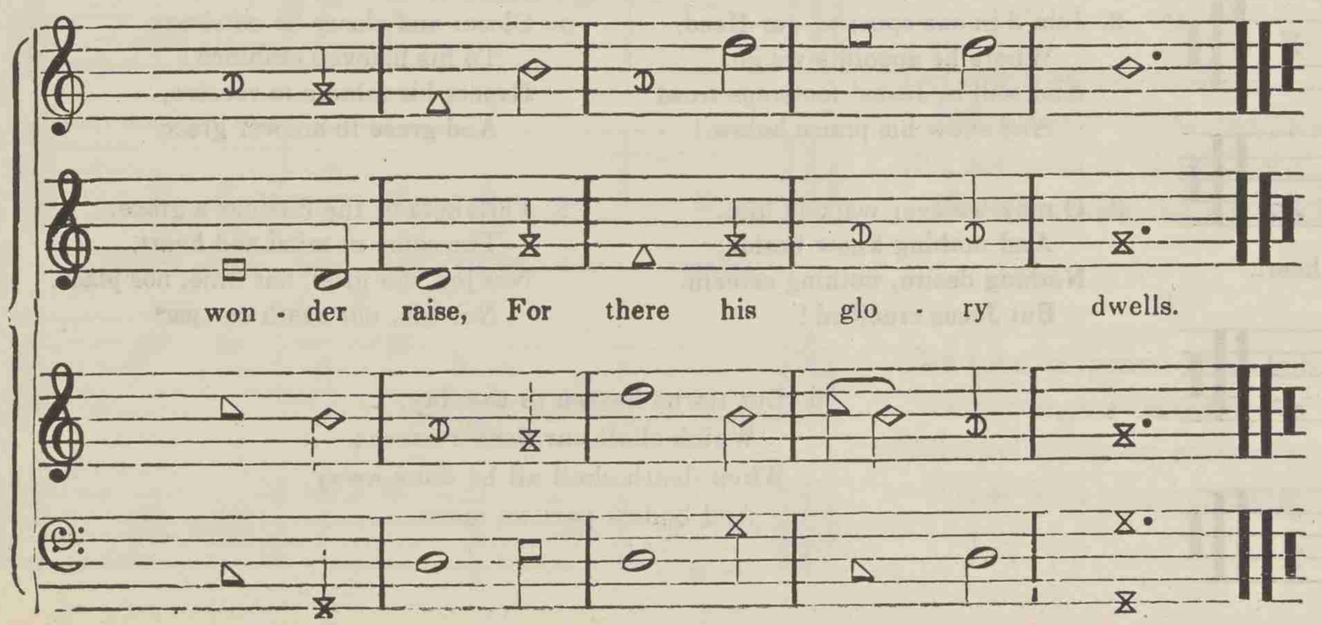
5. Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6. But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

MEAR. C. M.

BROWN





2.

Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3.

All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blessed;
Yet, when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

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

2. The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3. Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste;
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4. Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
Have lost all their sweetness to me:

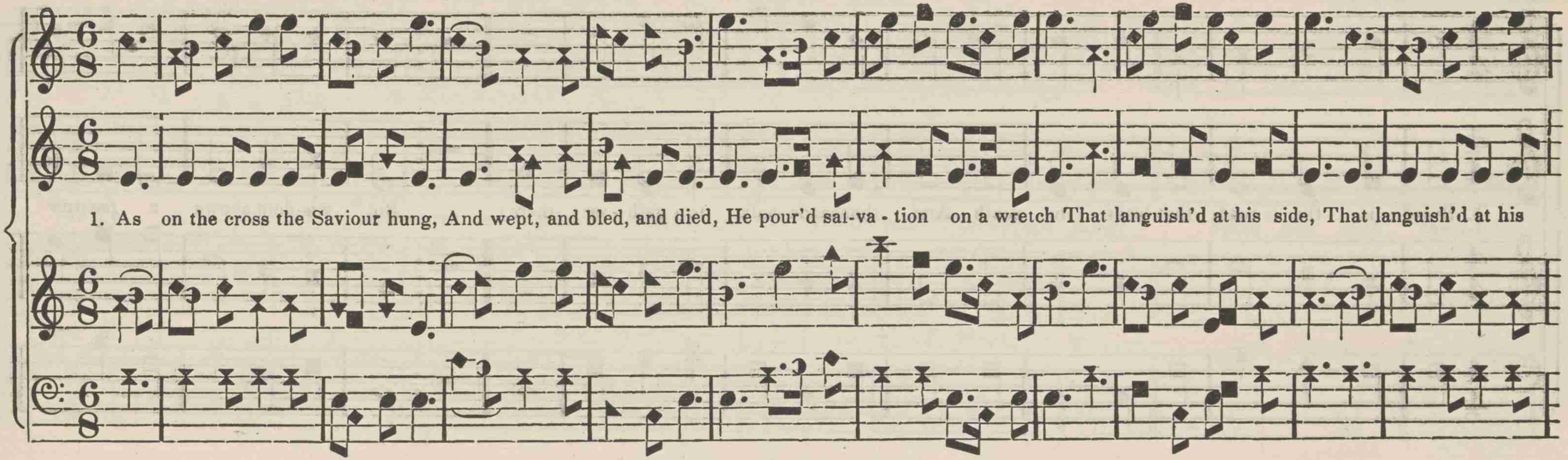
The midsummer sun shines but dim, But
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
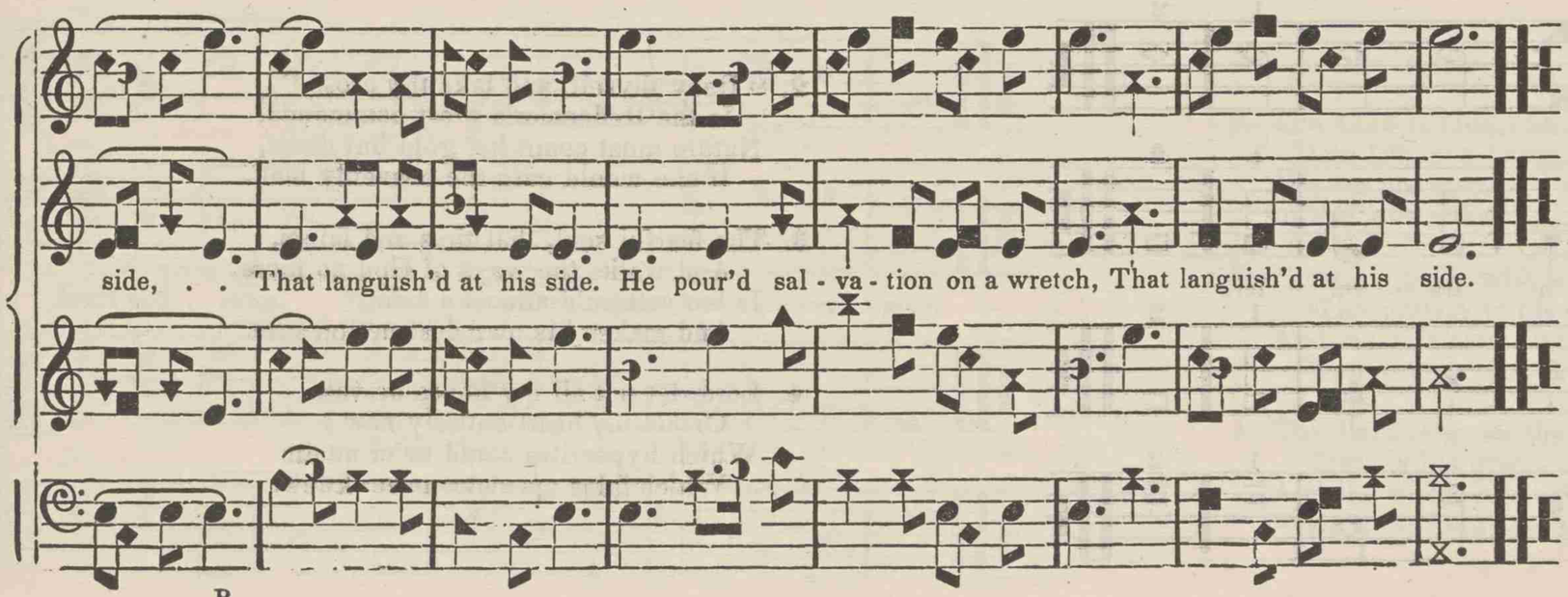
when I am hap-py in him, De-cem-ber's as pleasant as May.

2. His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice,
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3. Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there

4. Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more





2. His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd,
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd:
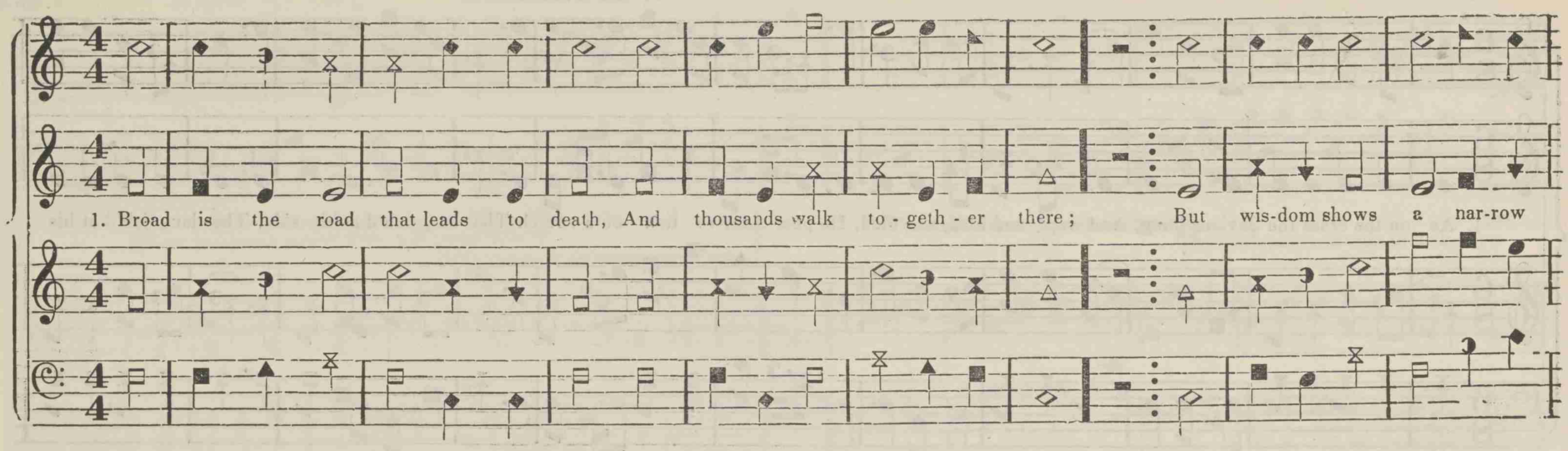
3. "Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death
And shine above the skies."

4. This prayer the dying Jesus heard,
And instantly replies,
"To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in paradise."

5. Jesus, thou Son and heir of Heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God,
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in thy blood.

6. Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me,
And in the vict'ries of thy death
Let me a sharer be.
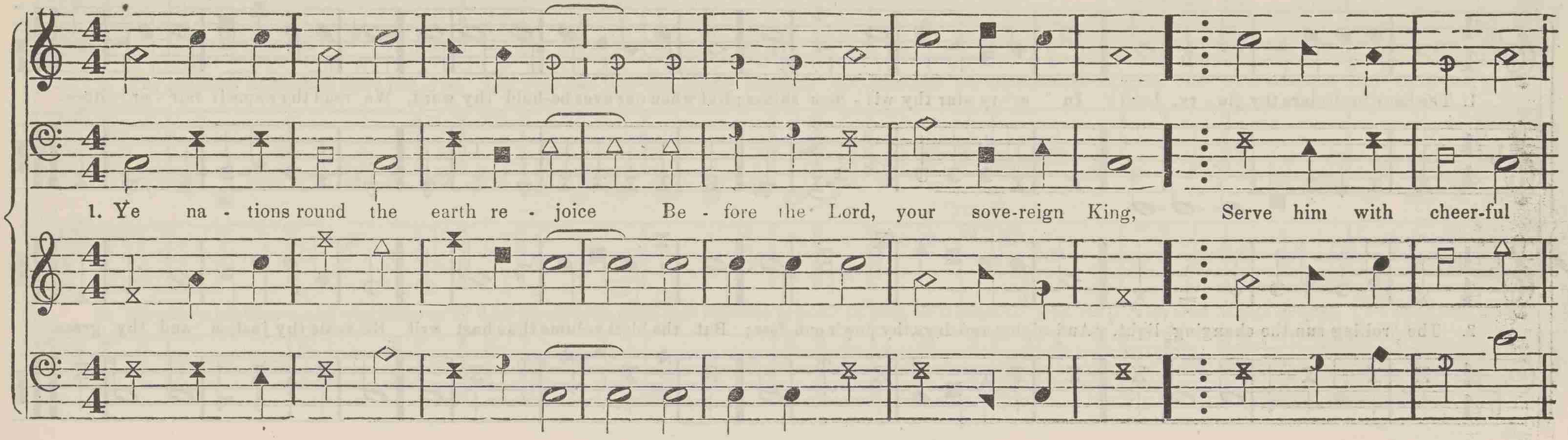
WINDHAM. L. M

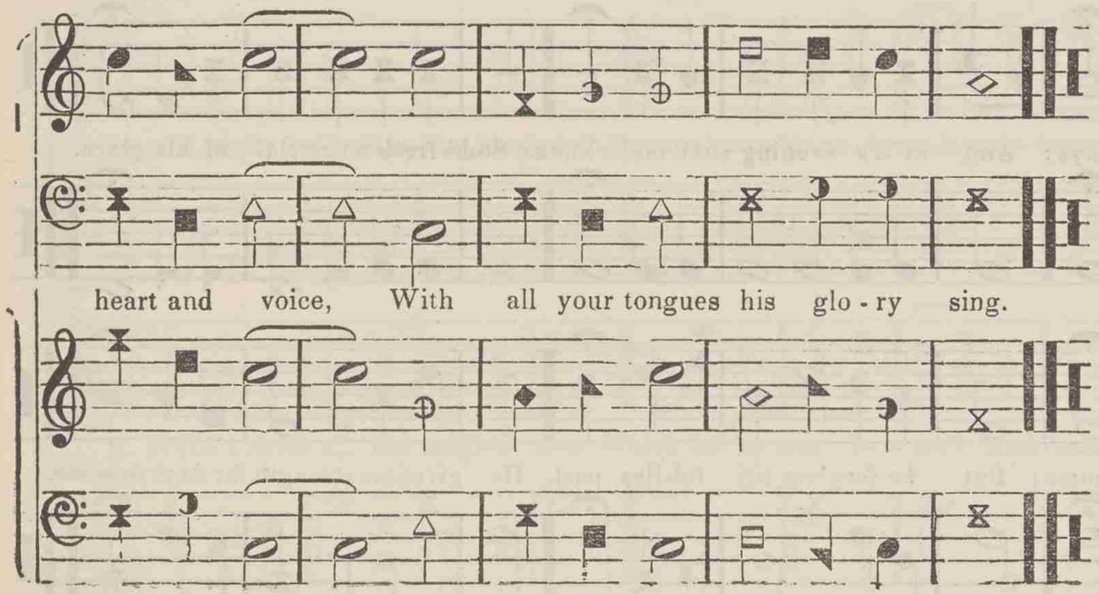


2. "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command!
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain the heavenly land.

3. The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.





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

3. Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honors there.

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

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. The heav'ns declare thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev'-ry star thy wis - dom shines; But when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.

2. The rolling sun, the changing light, And nights and days, thy pow'r con-fess; But the blest volume thou hast writ Re-veals thy justice and thy grace.

HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON.

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

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

1. Thy praise, O Lord, shall tune the lyre, Thy love our joy-ful songs inspire; To thee our cor-dial thanks be paid, Our sure defence, our constant aid

2. Why, then, cast down, and why distress'd? And whence the grief that fills our breast? In God we'll hope, to God we'll raise Our songs of grat - i - tude and praise.

MENDON. L. M.

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

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

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M

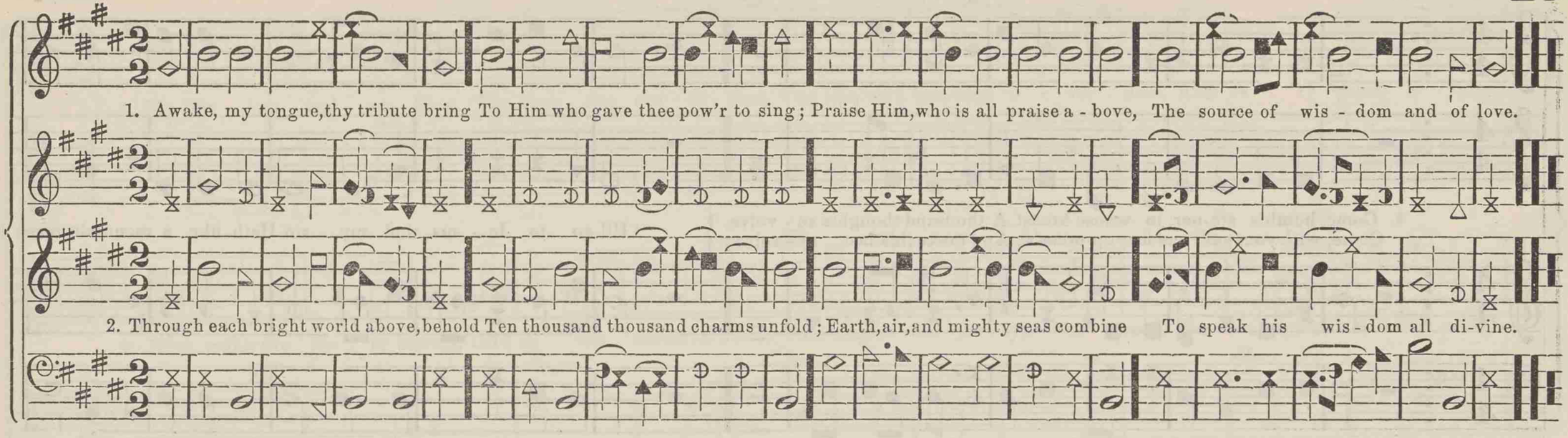
1. Ye Christian heroes, go pro-claim Sal - vation in Im-manuel's name; To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sha - ron there.

2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With ho - ly zeal your hearts in-spire, Bid raging winds their fu-ry cease, And calm the savage breast to peace.

ORFORD. L. M.

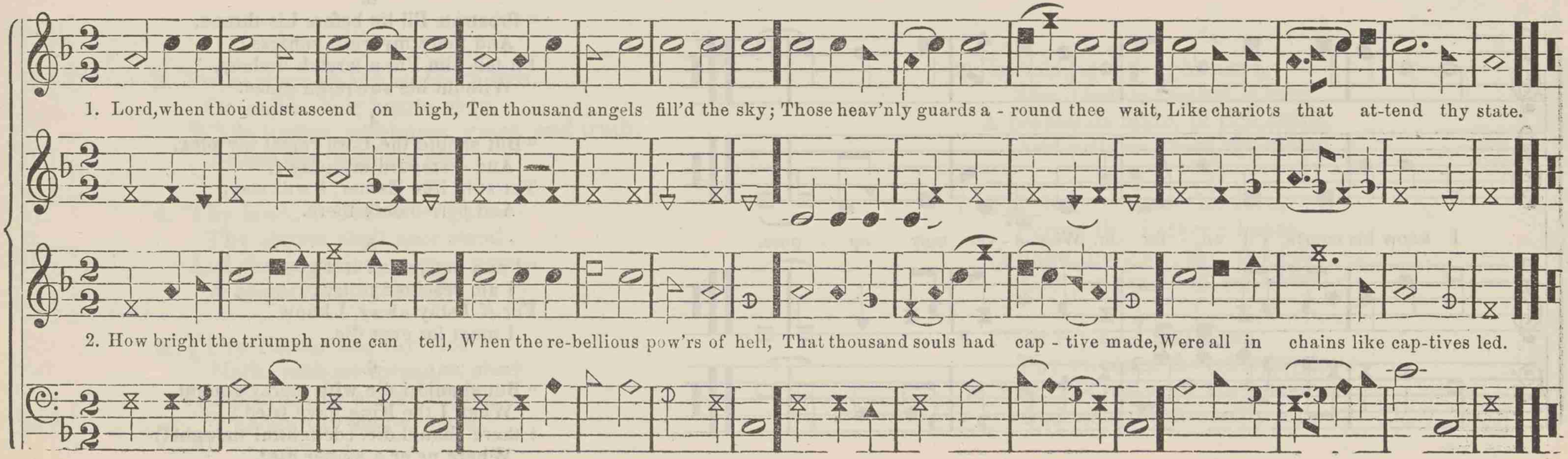
1. How sweet the light of Sabbath eve, How soft the sunbeams ling'ring there! For these blest hours the world I leave, Waft - ed on wings of praise and pray'r.

2. The time how lonely and how still! Peace shines and smiles on all below: The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill, All fair with evening's setting glow.

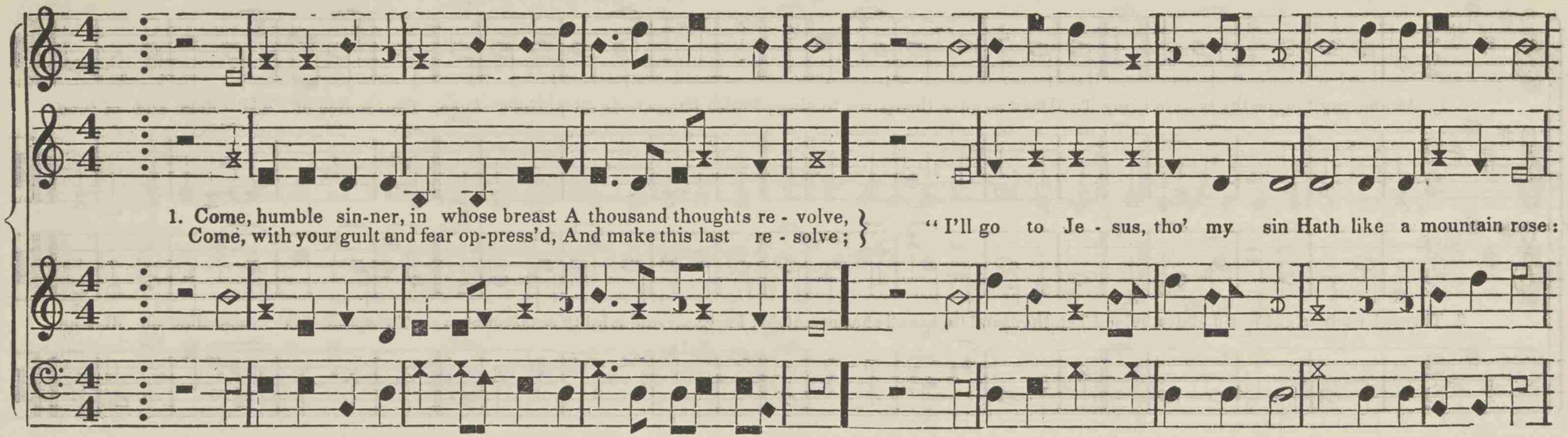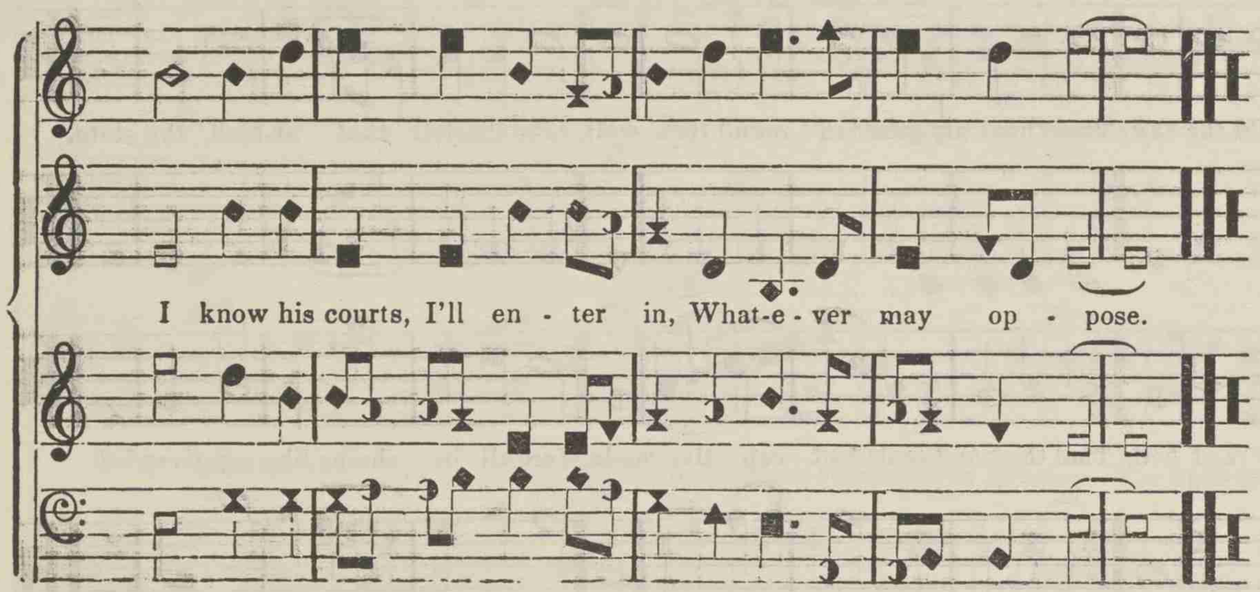


DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.



SALVATION. C. M.





3.

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

4.

"But should the Lord reject my plea,
And disregard my pray'r,
Yet still, like Esther, I will stay,
And perish only there.

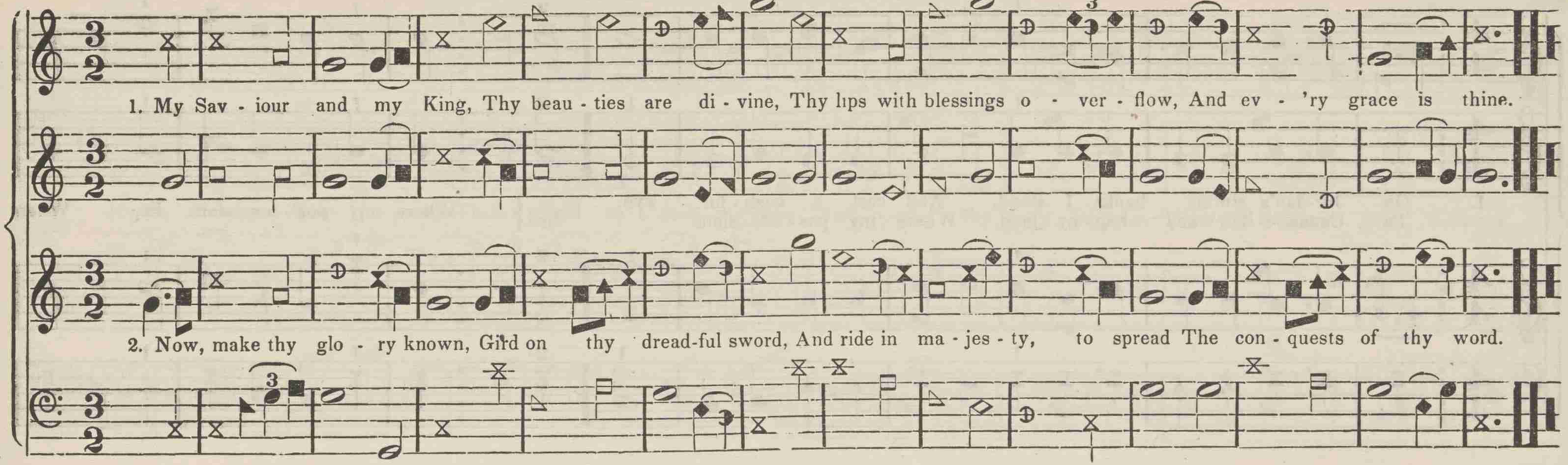
5.

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

6.

"But should I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried:
I there should die, (delightful thought!)
Where ne'er a sinner died.

NINETY-THIRD. S. M.



3. Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or make their hearts obey,
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

4. Thy laws, O God, are right,
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel prove
A sceptre in thy hand.

5. [Thy Father and thy God
Hath, without measure, shed
His Spirit, like a grateful oil,
T"anoint thy sacred head.

6. Behold, at thy right hand,
The Gentile church is seen,
A beauteous bride, in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.]

7. Fair bride, receive his love,
Forget thy Father's house,
Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods
And pay the Lord thy vows.

8. O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall his honour sing,
And taste the heavenly joy.

ERIN. C. M.

SWAN.

1. On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie:} Where my pos-ses-sions lie, Where

my pos-ses-sions lie; To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.

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

3. On all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4. No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more!

5. When shall I reach that happy place
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

Je-sus, Mas-ter, hear me now, While I would re - new my vow, And re-cord thy dy - ing love,—Hear and help me from a - bove.

CHORAL SONG. 7s.

SWAN.

Swell the an - them, raise the song, Prais-es to our God be - long; Saints and angels join to sing, Praise to heaven's al - migh - ty King.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

1. Awake, my soul, to joy-ful lays, And sing the great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me; His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how free! His loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His

2. He saw me ru - in'd in the fall, Yet loved me not-withstanding all; He saved me from my lost estate: His lov-ing-kindness, oh, how great! His loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His

MAYSVILLE. L. M. (6 LINES.)

lov-ing-kindness, oh, how free!

loving-kindness, oh, how great!

1. { Father of mer-cies, God of love! Oh, hear an humble suppliant's cry; / Bend from thy lofty seat a - bove, Thy throne of glori - ous majes-ty: } Oh, deign to hear my mournful voice, And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

2. { I urge no merits of my own, No worth to claim thy gracious smile; / No! when I bow be - fore thy throne, Dare to converse with God a while, } Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea, Dearest and sweetest name to me.

Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are ;
Trav'ler o'er yon mountain's height, See that glory beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Israel !

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE!

SWAN.

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel :
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.

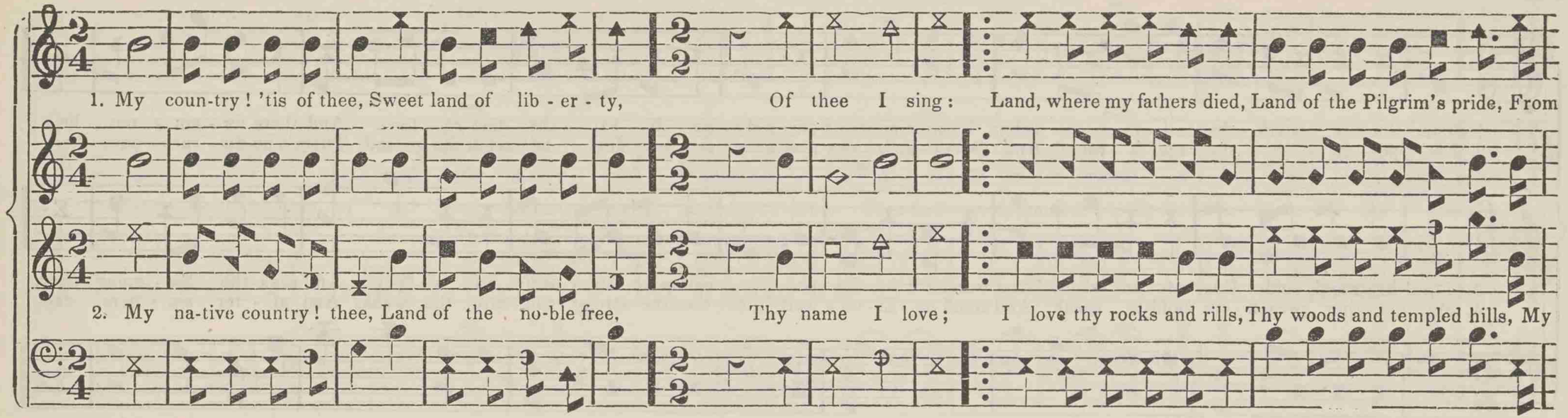
SION'S SECURITY. 8s & 7s
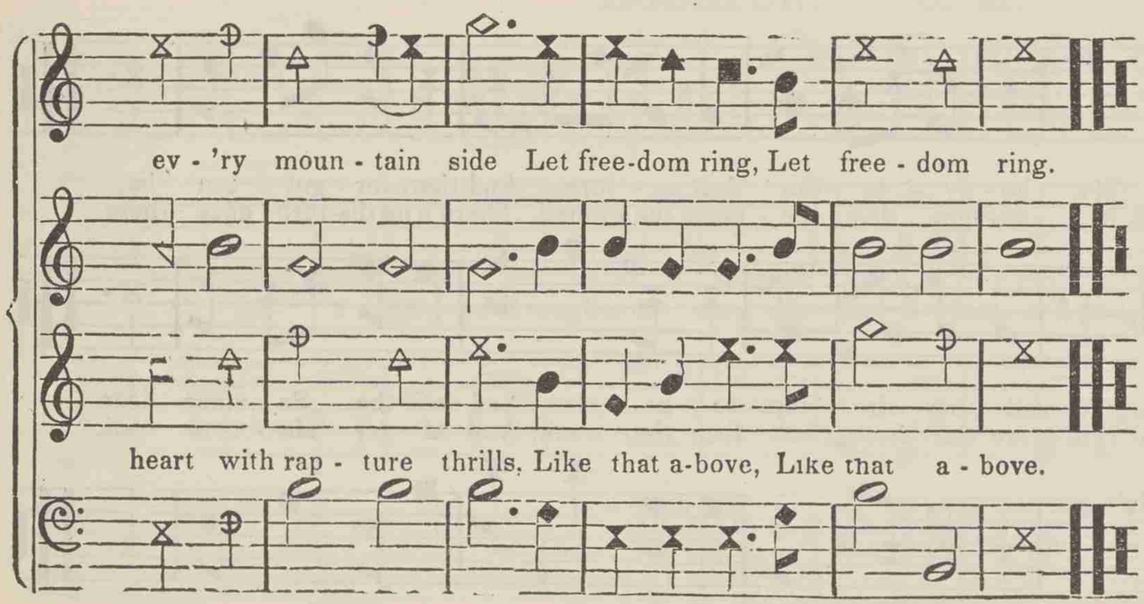
M. L. SWAN.

1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo - ken, Si - on, ci - ty of our God;
He, whose word can not be bro - ken, Formed thee for his own a-bode:
On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round-ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2. See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3. Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near,
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them when they pray





3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song,
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4. Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our king.

FAREWELL. C. M.

W. ATCHLEY.

1. The time is swift - ly roll - ing on, When I must faint and die: My bo - dy to the dust re - turn, And there for - got - ten lie,
2. Let per - se - cu - tion rage a - round, And An - ti-christ ap - pear; My si - lent dust be - neath the ground, There's no dis - turb - ance there

3. Thro' heats and colds I've oft - en went, And wander'd in des - pair, To call poor sin - ners to re - pent, And seek the Sa - viour dear,
4. My bro - ther preach - ers bold-ly speak, And stand on Zi - on's wall, T're - vive the strong, con - firm the weak, And af - ter sin - ners call,

And there for - got - ten lie, And there for - got - ten lie. My bo - dy to the dust re - turn, And there for - got - ten lie.
There's no dis - turb - ance there, There's no dis - turb-ance there. My si - lent dust be - neath the ground, There's no dis-turb - ance there.

And seek the Sa - viour dear, And seek the Sa - viour dear. To call poor sin - ners to re - pent, And seek the Sa - viour dear.
And af - ter sin - ners call, And af - ter sin - ners call. T're - vive the strong, con - firm the weak, And af - ter sin - ners call.

EBENEZER. C. M.

SWAN.

Why should the chil-dren of a King Go mourn-ing all their days? Great Com-fort - er, descend and bring Some to - kens of thy grace.

HOLSTON. C. M.

SWAN.

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

C

ANVERN. L. M.

Arranged from the German by L. MASON.

1. Tri-umphant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust and darkness and the dead! Tho'humbled long,a-wake at length,And gird thee with a Saviour's strength,And gird thee with a Saviour's strength.
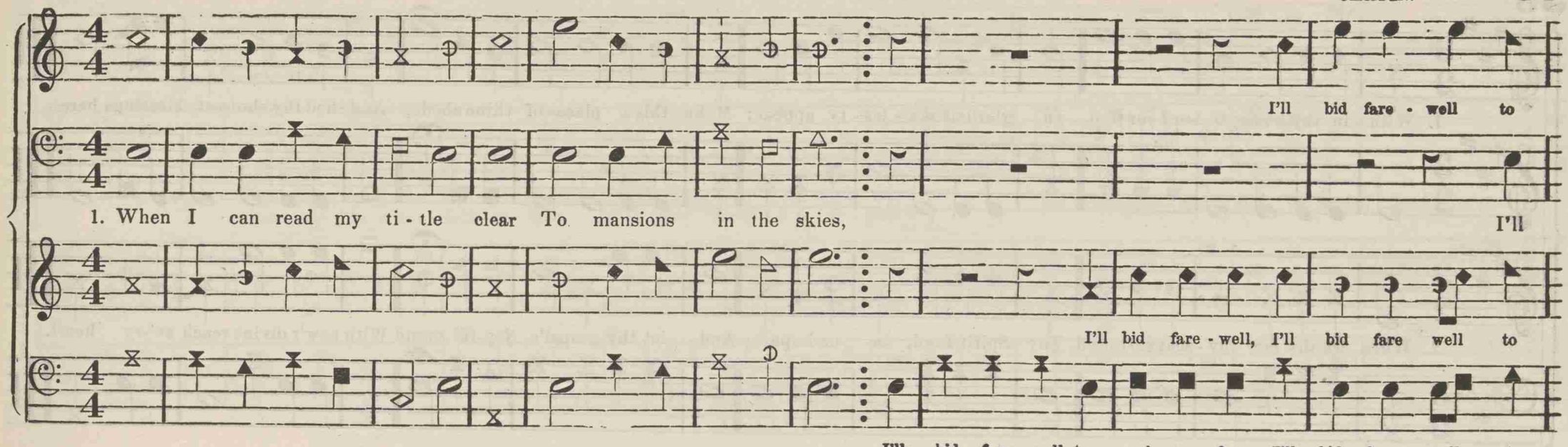
2. Put all thy beauteous garments on,And let thy ex - cel-lence be known; Deck'd in the robes of righteousness, Thy glories shall the world confess,Thy glories shall the world confess.
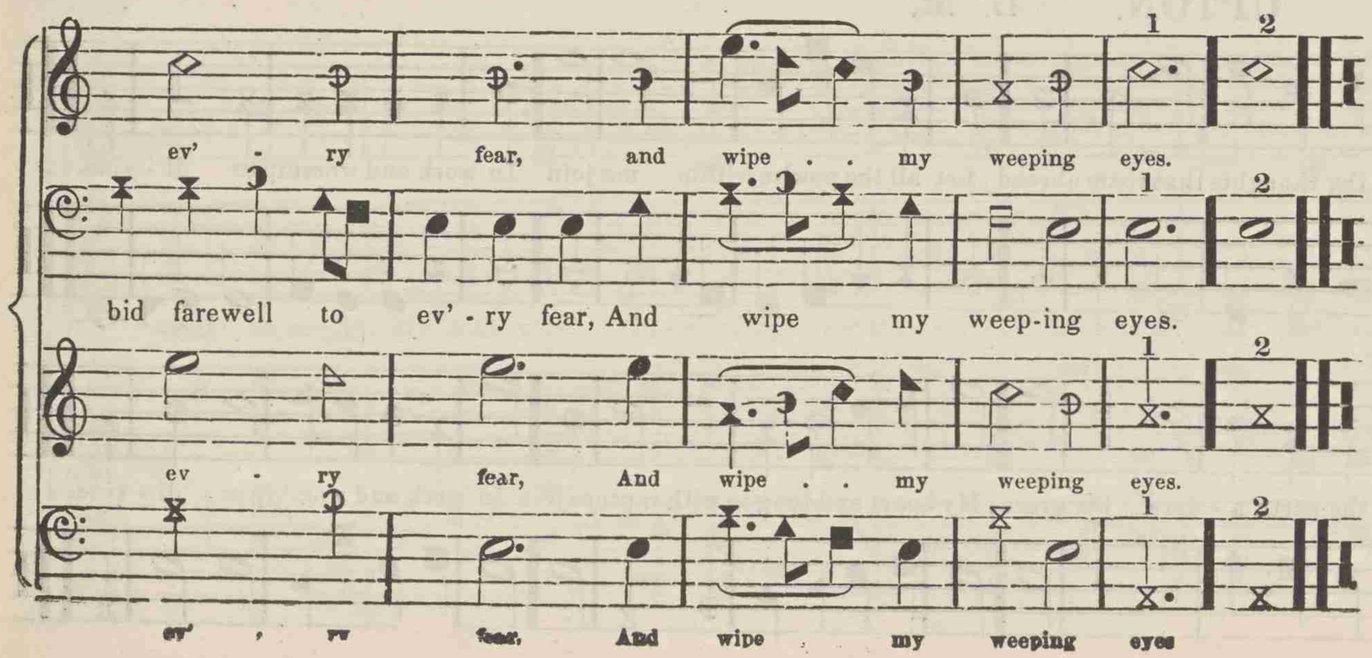
MIGDOL. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise Thro' all the mil - lions of the skies, That song of triumph which re-cords That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2. Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be O - be - dient, migh - ty God, to thee, And o - ver land and stream and main Now wave the scep - tre of thy reign.





2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4. There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

WATTS. L. M.

M. L. SWAN.

1. With - in thy house, O Lord our God, In glorious ma - jes - ty appear; Make this a place of thine abode, And shed thy choicest blessings here.

2. When we thy mer - cy - seat surround, Thy Spirit, Lord, to us impart; And let thy gospel's joy-ful sound With pow'r divine reach ev'-ry heart.

UPTON. L. M.

1. Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God; Call home thy thoughts that roam abroad; Let all the pow'rs within me join In work and worship so di - vine.

2. Let ev' - ry land his pow'r con-fess, Let all the earth a - dore his grace; My heart and tongue with rapture join In work and worship so di - vine.

HOPEWELL. C. M.

1. When ris - ing from the bed of death, O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear;
I view my Ma - ker face to face, Oh how shall I ap - pear!

2. If yet while par - don may be found, And mer-cy may be sought, My soul with in - ward hor - ror shrinks, And trem-bles at the thought.

3. When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh how shall I appear!
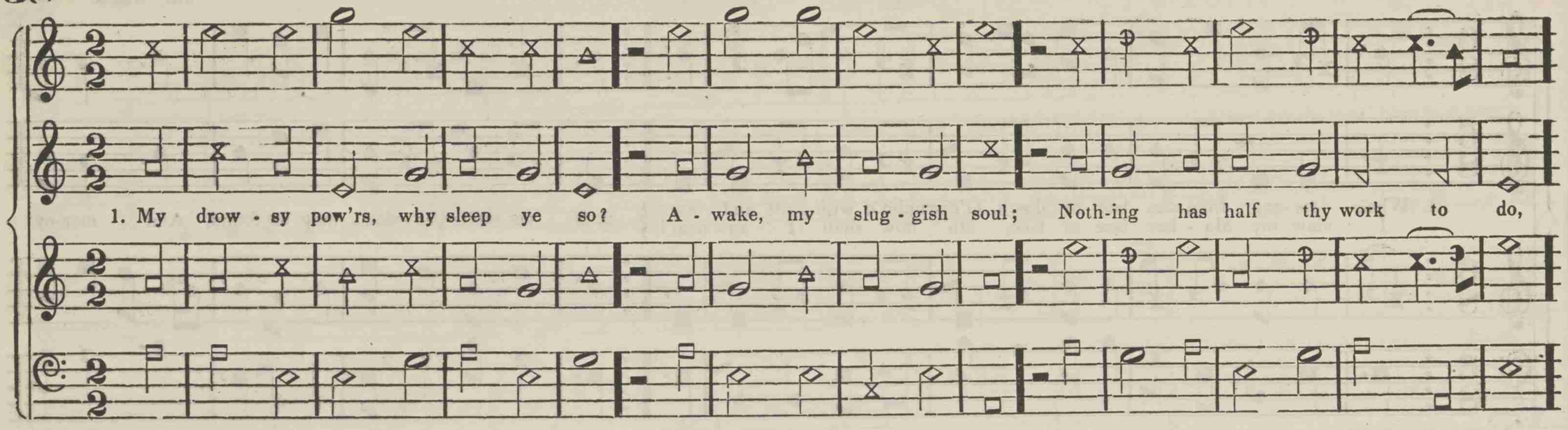
4. Oh may my broken, contrite heart
Timely my sins lament,
And early, with repentant tears,
Eternal wo prevent.

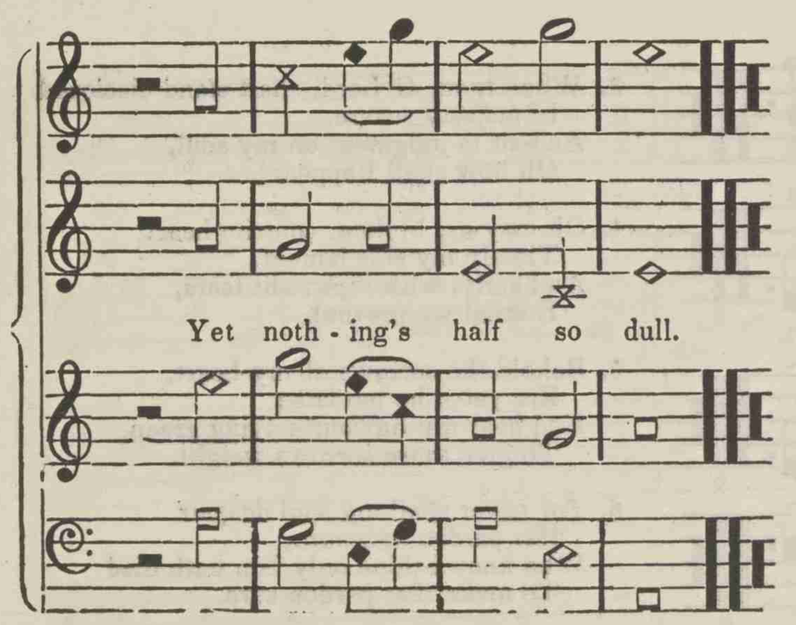
5. Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late:
And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
To give those sorrows weight.

6. For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thine only Son hath died
To make that pardon sure.

BRADLEY. C. M

SWAN.





2. The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and strive,
Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3. We for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

4. We for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5. Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still?
And never act our parts!
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

6. Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

CHINA. C. M.

SWAN.

Thee, we adore, E - ter - nal Name, And hum - bly own to thee How fee - ble is our mor - tal frame. What dy - ing worms we be!

ST. MARTINS. C. M.

TANSUR.

U - nite my rov - ing thoughts, u - nite, In si - lence soft and sweet, And thou, my soul, sit gent - ly down, At thy great Sovereign's feet.

AURORA. C. M

SWAN.

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

I'll bid fare - well to ev' - ry fear, I'll bid fare-well to ev' - ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes

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

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all

4. There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

SUDBURY. L. M. 6 Lines.

1. The Lord my pas-ture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His pres-ence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watch-ful eye;
D.C. My noon-day walks he shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M.

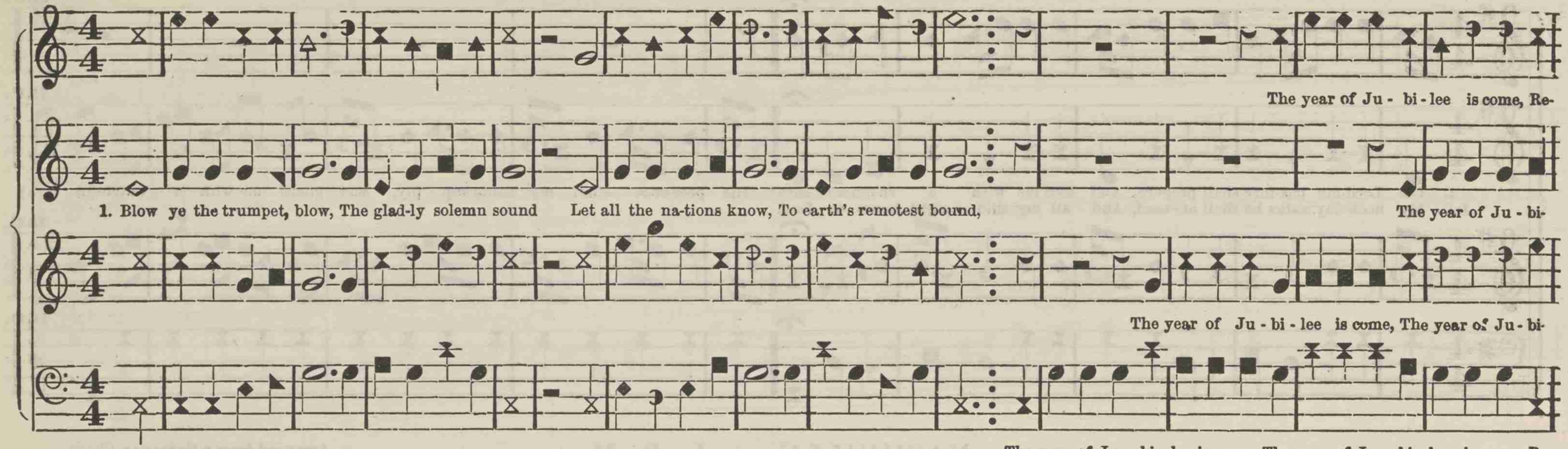
Arranged from a Gregorian Chant by L. MASON.
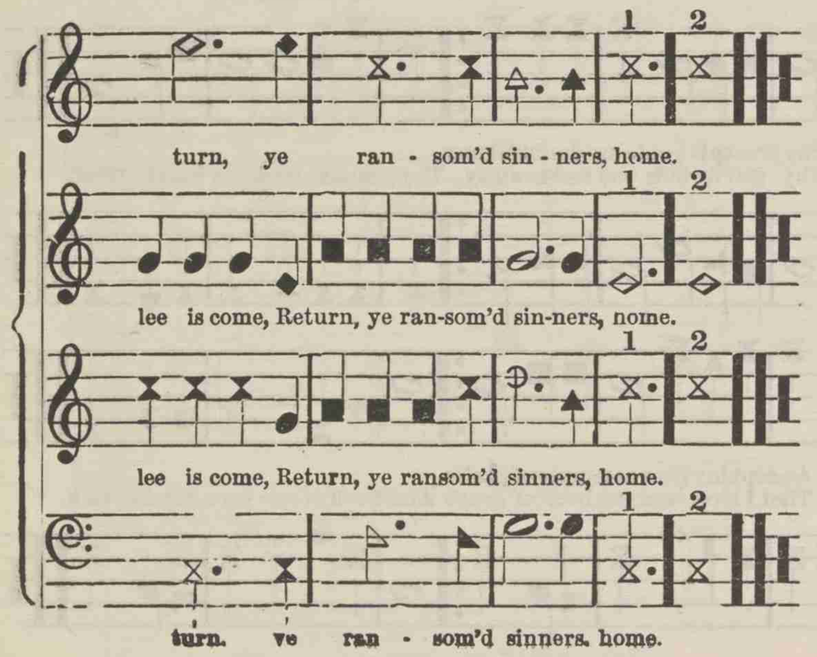
1. I love the vol - ume of thy word; What light and joy those leaves afford To souls benighted and distress'd! Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray, Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

3. Who knows the errors of his thoughts? My God, forgive my se - cret faults, And from presumptuous sins restrain; Ac-cept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace And book of na - ture not in vain.

LENOX. P. M

EDSON.





2. Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3. Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4. Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5. The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home

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

2. In hope of that im - mor - tal crown, I now the cross sus - tain;
And glad - ly wan - der up and down, And smile at toil and pain:
I'll suf - fer on my three-score years, Till

find its long-sought rest, That on - ly bliss for which it pants, In the Re-deem - er's breast.
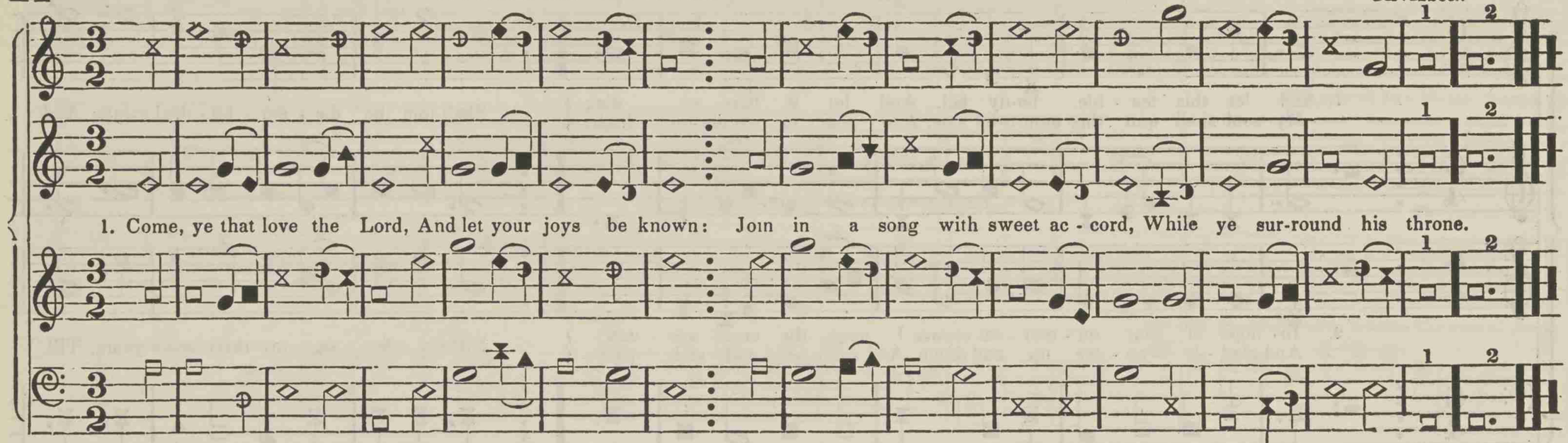
my De - li - v'rer come; And wipe a way his ser-vant's tears, And take his ex - ile home.

3. Oh what hath Jesus bought for me
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there!
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4. Oh what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away:
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

IDUMEA. S. M.

DAVISSON.



2. Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3. The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;

4. This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

5. There we shall see his face
And never, never sin,
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:

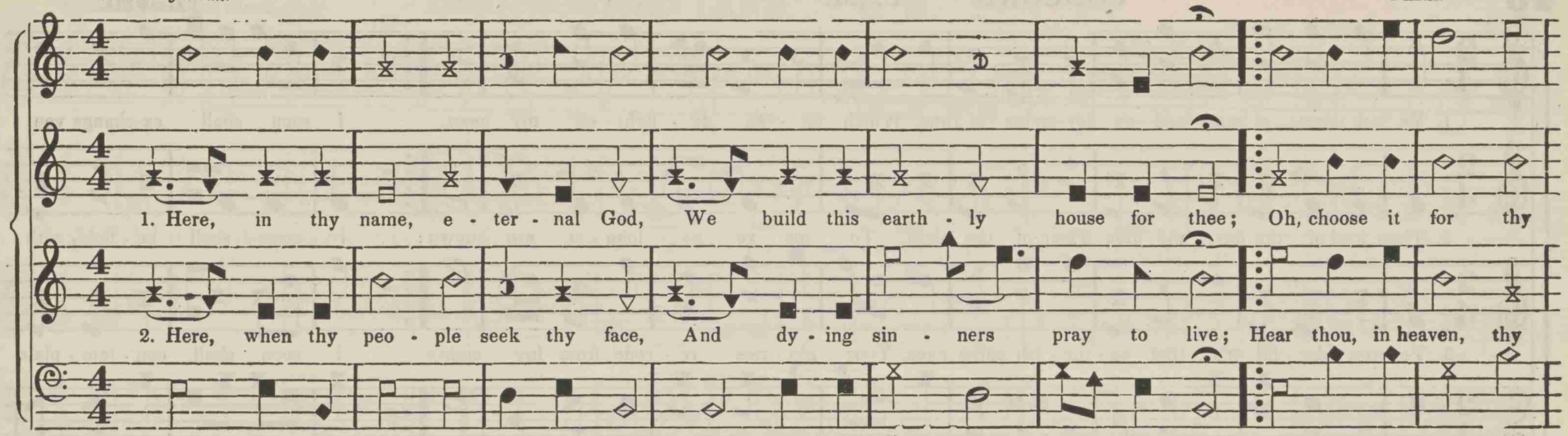
6. Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

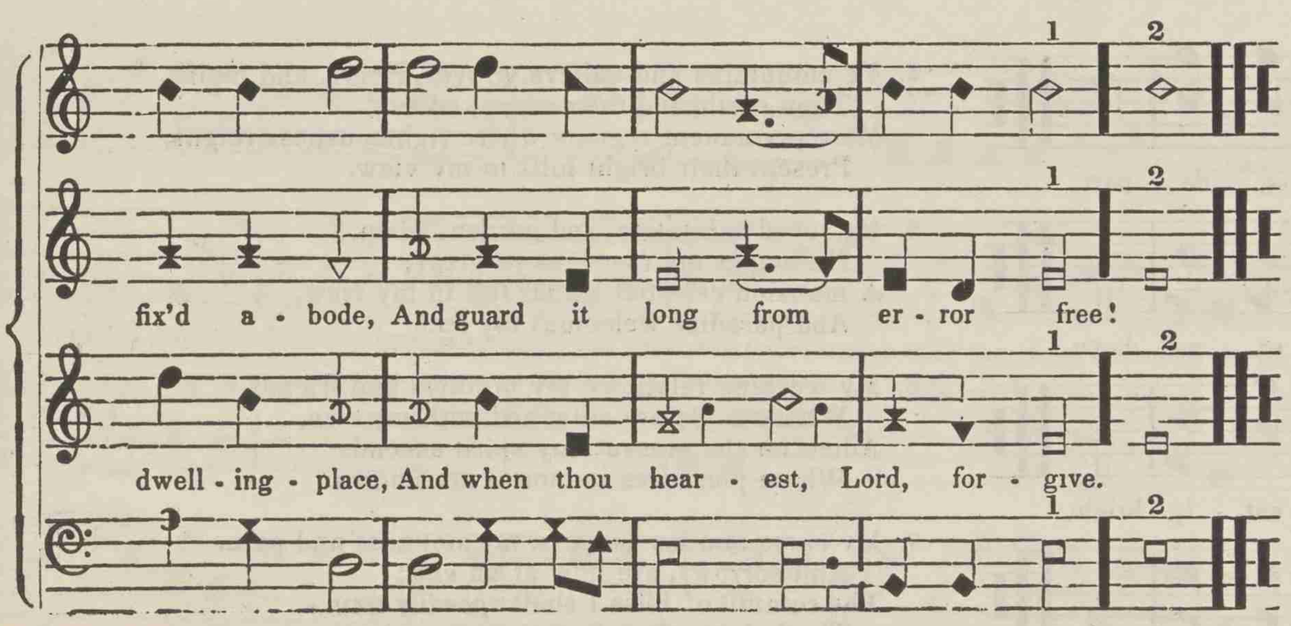
7. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow;

8. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

KEDRON. L. M

Counter by Swan.





3. Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4. When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong
Hosanna! let the angels sing.

5. But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest!
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6. Thy glory never hence depart,
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart
In every bosom fix thy throne.

CONCORD. P. M.

CALDWELL.

1. Ye ob - jects of sense and en - joy-ments of time, Which oft - en de - light - ed my heart, I soon shall ex-change you

2. Thou lord of the day, and thou queen of the night, To me ye no long - er are known: I soon shall be - hold, with

3. Ye won - der - ful orbs, that as - ton - ish mine eyes, Your glo - ries re - cede from my sight; I soon shall con - tem - plate

for joys more sub - lime, For joys that shall nev - er de - part.

in - creas - ing de - light, A Sun that shall nev - er go down.

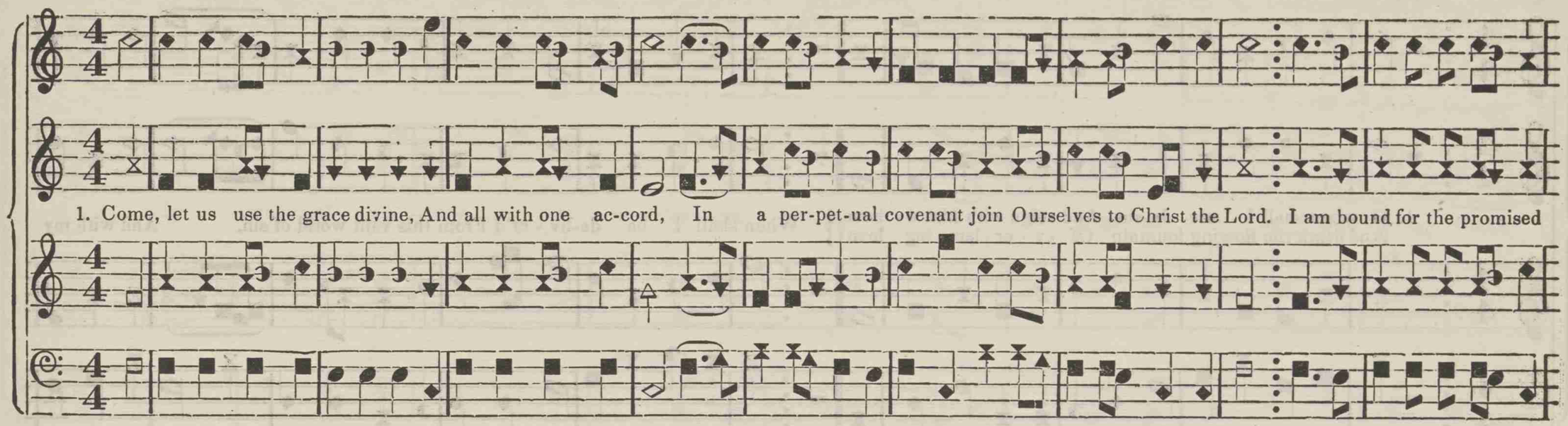
more beau - ti - ful skies, And stars more transcend - ent - ly bright.

4. Ye mountains and valleys, groves, rivers, and plains,
Thou earth, and thou ocean, adieu;
More permanent regions where righteousness reigns,
Present their bright hills to my view.

5. My loved habitation, and garden, adieu,
No longer my footsteps ye greet;
A mansion celestial stands full in my view,
And paradise welcomes my feet.

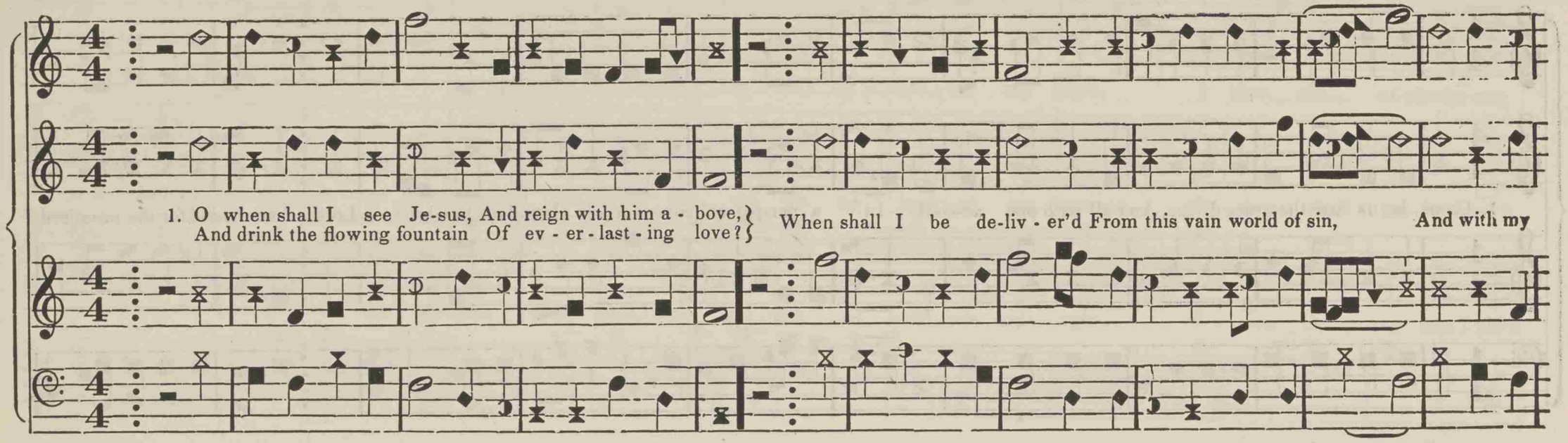
6. My weeping relations, my brothers and friends,
Whose souls are entwined with my own,
Adieu for the present, my spirit ascends
Where pleasures immortal are known.

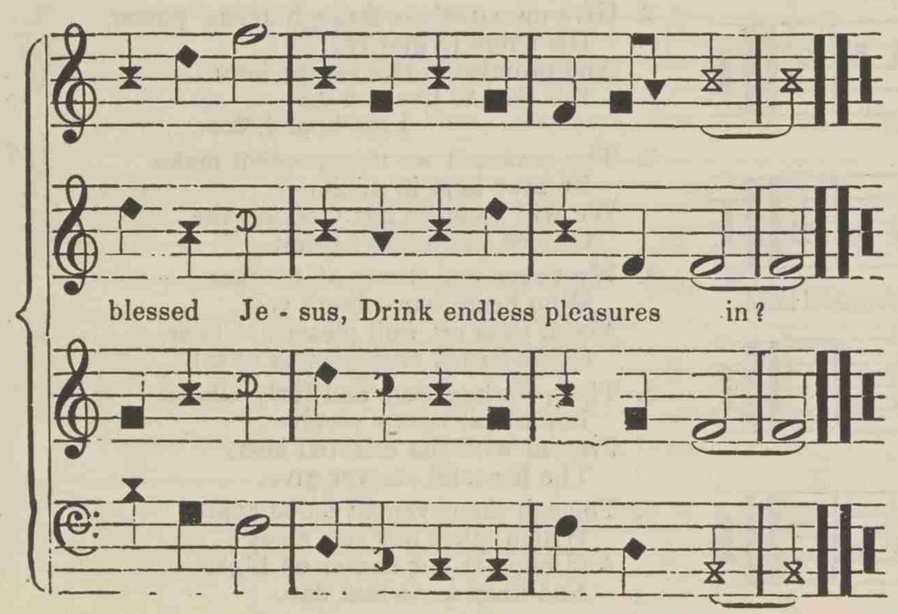
7. My cares and my labours, my sickness and pain,
And sorrows, are now at an end;
The summit of bliss I shall speedily gain,
The height of perfection ascend.



2. Give up ourselves through Jesus' power,
   His name to glorify;
   And promise in this sacred hour
   For God to live and die.
   I am bound, &c.
3. The covenant we this moment make,
   Be ever kept in mind;
   We will no more our God forsake,
   Or cast his words behind.
4. We never will throw off his fear,
   Who hears our solemn vow,
   And if thou art well pleased to hear,
   Come down, and meet us now!
5. Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
   Let all our hearts receive;
   Present with the celestial host,
   The peaceful answer give.
6. To each the covenant blood apply,
   Which takes our sins away;
   And register our names on high,
   And keep us to that day.

CALDWELL.





2. But now I am a soldier,
   My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
   And tells me not to fear;
And if I hold out faithful,
   A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
   Eternal life shall have!

3. Through grace I am determined
   To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
   On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
   I bid you all adieu;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
   And on your way pursue.

4. And if you meet with trials
   And troubles on the way,
Cast all your cares on Jesus,
   And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the gospel armour,
   Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
   You'll reign with him above.

5. O! do not be discouraged,
   For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
   He'll not forget to lend:
Neither will he upbraid you,
   Though oftener you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
   And take you up to rest.

6. Farewell, my Christian brethren,
   I'm going home to God,
To see my blessed Jesus,
   Who bought me with his blood;
There I will sit and praise Him,
   A crown He's bought for me,
And sing the song of Moses
   To all eternity.

In songs of sub - lime a - do - ra - tion and praise, Ye pil - grims for Zi - on who press, Break

forth and ex tol the great An - cient of days, His rich and dis - tin - guish - ing grace.

D

BENEVENTO. 8 lines 7s.

1. Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God your Maker asks you why? God who did your being give, Made you with himself to live. He the fa-tal cause demands,

Asks the work of his own hands; Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross his love and die?

2. Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live,
Will ye let him die in vain,
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye rebel sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace and die?

3. Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you why?
Many a time with you he strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love;
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why will ye for ever die?
Oh! ye guilty sinners, why?

Hark! how the cho - ral song of heav'n, Swells full of peace and joy a - bove; Hark!

Hark! how they strike their

Hark! how they strike their gold - en harps, And

Hark! how they strike their gold - en harps, And raise their tune - ful notes of love, And, &c.

how they strike their gold - en harps, And raise their tune - ful notes of love, ... And raise their tune-ful notes of love

gold - en harps, And raise their tune - ful notes of love, ... And, &c.

raise their tune ful notes of love, ... And, &c

New Treble by M. L. Swan.

BALLERMA. C. M.

1. Oh, hap - py is the man who hears In - struc-tion's warn - ing voice; And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.

2. For she has trea-sures great -er far Than east or west un- fold; More pre- cious are her bright re-wards Than gems, or stars of gold.

HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND.

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

2. Thy morning light, and evening shade, Successive com - forts bring; Thy plen-teous fruits make har - vest glad, Thy flow'rs a - dorn the spring.

WARWICK C M.

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

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

DUNDEE. C. M.

1. Let not de - spair, nor fell re -venge, Be to my bo -som known: Oh, give me tears for oth- ers' woes, And pa- tience for my own.

2. Feed me, O Lord, with need - ful food; I ask not wealth, or fame; But give me eyes to view thy works, A heart to praise thy name.

Treble by Oz. Ivell.

HOME. 11,11,11,5,11.

'Mid scenes of con - fu-sion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is commu - nion with saints: To find at the banquet of Mer-cy there's

room, And feel, in the presence of Je - sus, at home! Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Re - ceive me, dear Saviour, in glo - ry, my home!

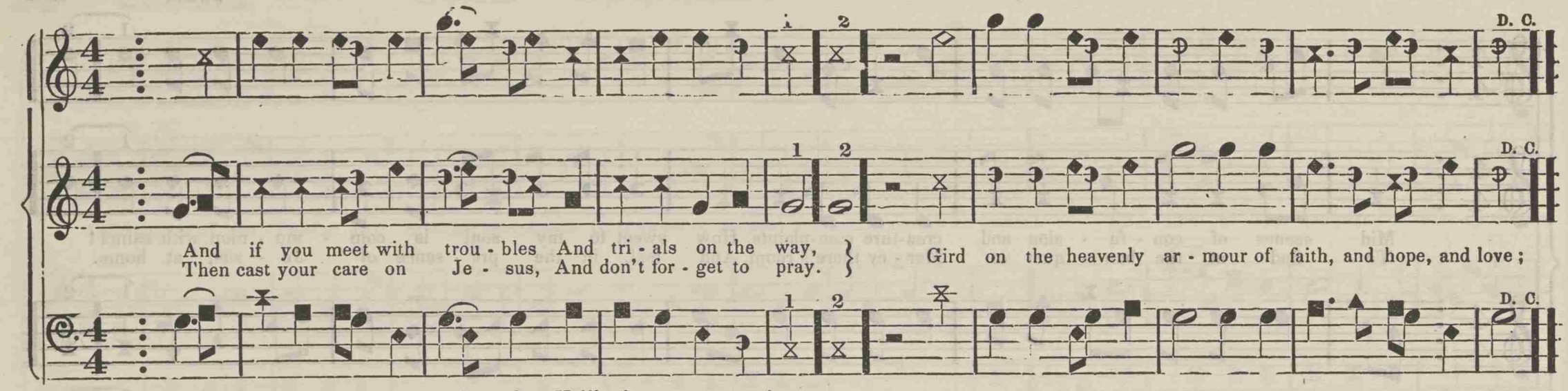
Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea-ture com-plaints, How sweet to my soul is com - mu - nion with saints!
To find at the ban - quet of Mer - cy there's room, And feel, in the pre - sence of Je - sus, at home.

SLOW.
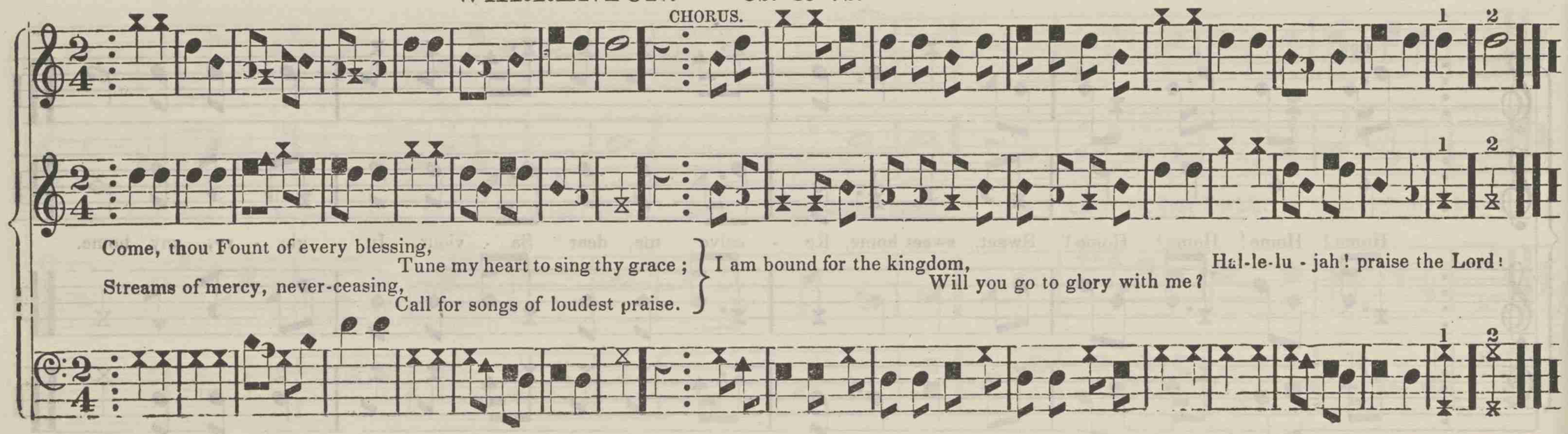
Home! Home! Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home, Re - ceive me, dear Sa - viour, In glo - ry, my home.

HEAVENLY ARMOUR. 8s & 7s.

Wm. WALKER



WARRENTON. 8s. & 7s.



How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel lent word! What

more can he say than to you he hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for re - fuge have fled?

LANESBORO'. C. M.

1. Ear- ly, my God, with-out de - lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirs - ty spi -rit faints a - way, My thirs - ty spi - rit faints a - way, Without thy cheer-ing grace

2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cool-ing stream at hand, Long for a cool-ing stream at hand, And they must drink, or die.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. DUTTON, JR.

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

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

MARLOW. C. M.

1. Let all the land, with shouts of joy, To God their voi - ces raise, Sing psalms in hon - or of his name, And spread his glo - rious prai se.
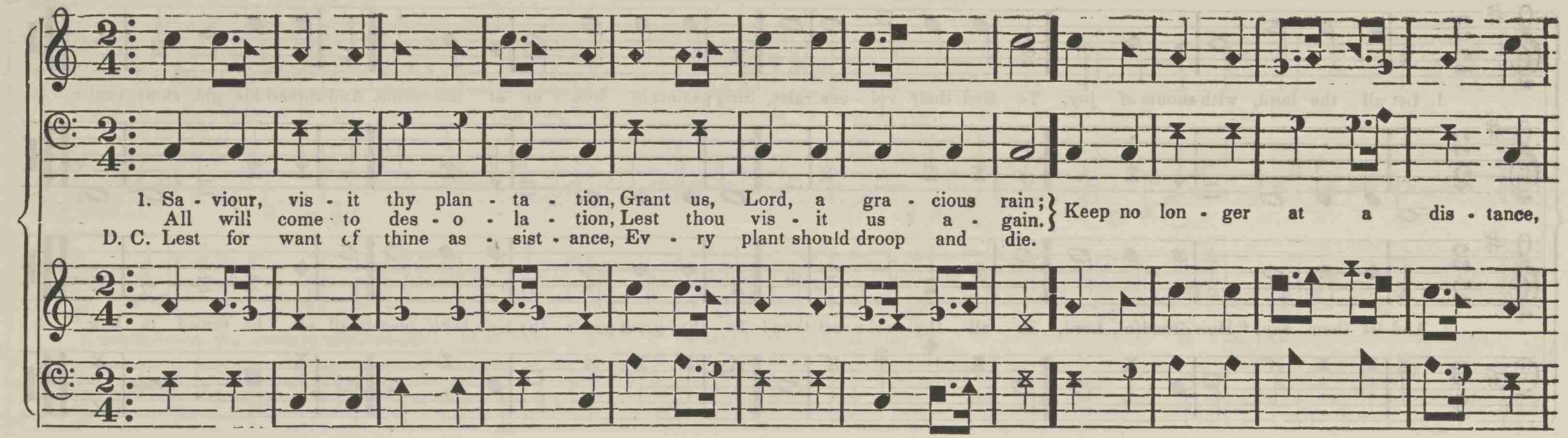
2. And let them say, "How dreadful, Lord, In all thy works art thou! To thy great pow'r thy stub-born foes Shall all be forced to bow."
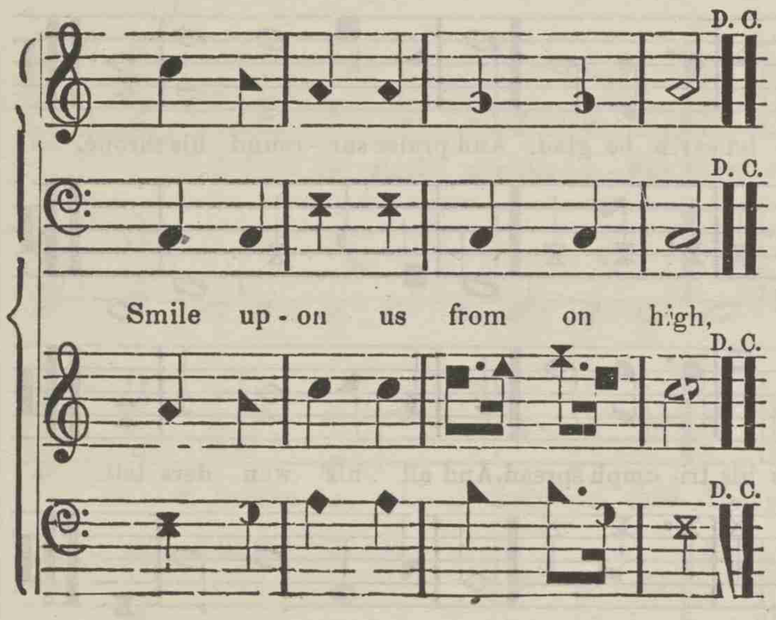
ARLINGTON. C. M.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours his own; Let heav'n re- joice, let earth be glad, And praise sur - round his throne.

2. To- day he rose, and left the dead, And Sa - tan's em - pire fell; To - day the saints his tri- umph spread, And all his won - ders tell.

IMPORTUNITY.





3. Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
Every part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd;
Happy seasons we have seen!

4. But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed;
Help can only come from thee.

5. Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples for our youth!
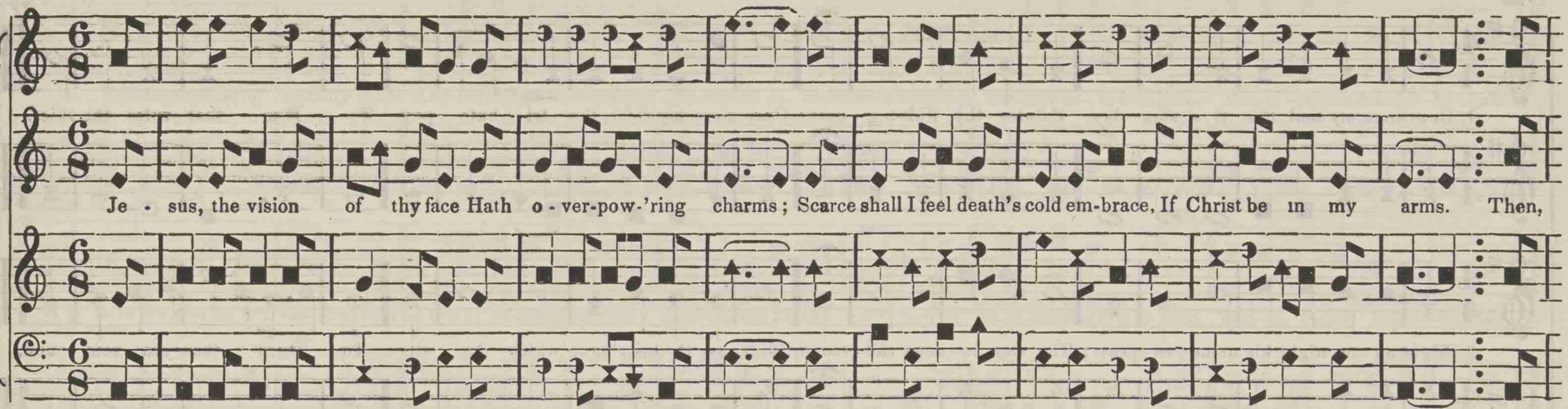
6. Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below:
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show
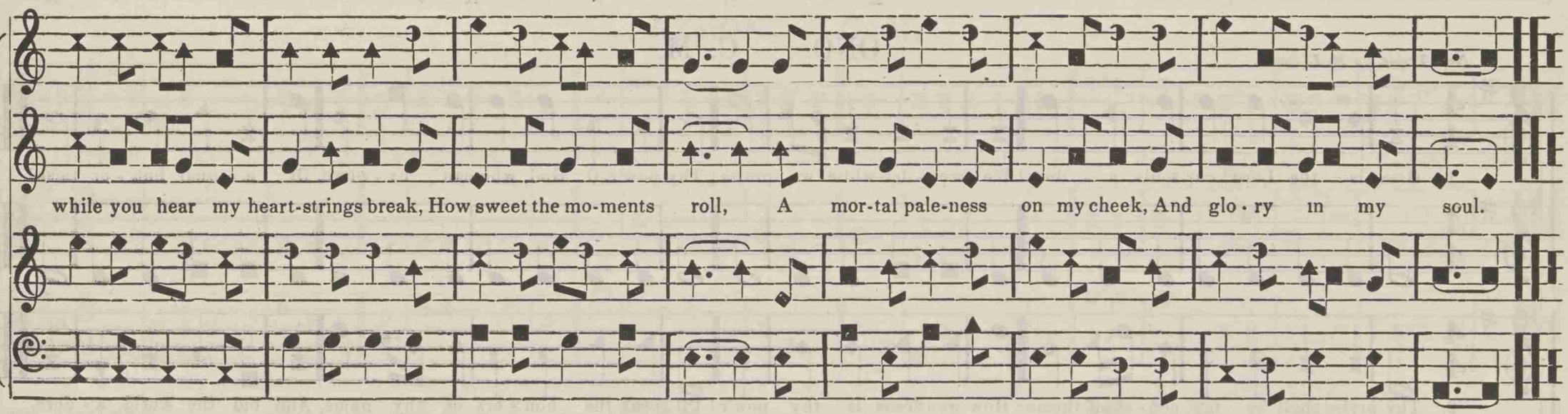
7. Younger plants—the sight how pleasant.
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood·
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud.

8. Dearest Saviour, hasten hither;
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh permit them not to wither.
Let not all our hopes be vain!

9. Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

10. Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.





1. It is the Lord—enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine;
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine

2. It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will,
Who cannot do but what is jus
And must be righteous still?

3. It is the Lord—who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease,
And, of his bounties, may recall
Whatever part he please.

4. It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road

PETERBORO'. C. M.

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

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

ONO. C. M.

New Treble, by M. L. Swan.

1. Great is the Lord! our souls a - dore! We won - der while we praise; Thy pow'r, O God, who can ex - plore, Or e - qual hon - or raise?

2. Thy praise shall be my con - stant theme; How wondrous is thy pow'r! I'll speak the hon - ors of thy name, And bid the world a - dore.

NAOMI. C. M

1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies, Ac-cepted at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti-tion rise. Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah!

2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev'ry murmur free; The blessing of thy grace impart, And make me live to thee. Hal-le - lu-jah! Halle - lu - jah!

AZMON. C. M.

1. Plunged in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay, Without one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Halle-lu - jah!

2. With pitying eyes the Prince of grace Beheld our helpless grief; He saw, and, oh, amazing love! He ran to our relief. Halle - lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Halle - lu - jah!

ZERAH. C. M.

1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n : Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him all the hosts of heav'n, Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.

2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For evermore adored, The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The great and mighty Lord, The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The great and mighty Lord.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. There is a foun-tain, fill'd with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guil - ty stains.

2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain, in his day; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the raging billows roll, While the tempest still is high. Hide me, O my Saviour, hide

Till the storm of life is past; Safe into the haven guide, Oh receive my soul at last!
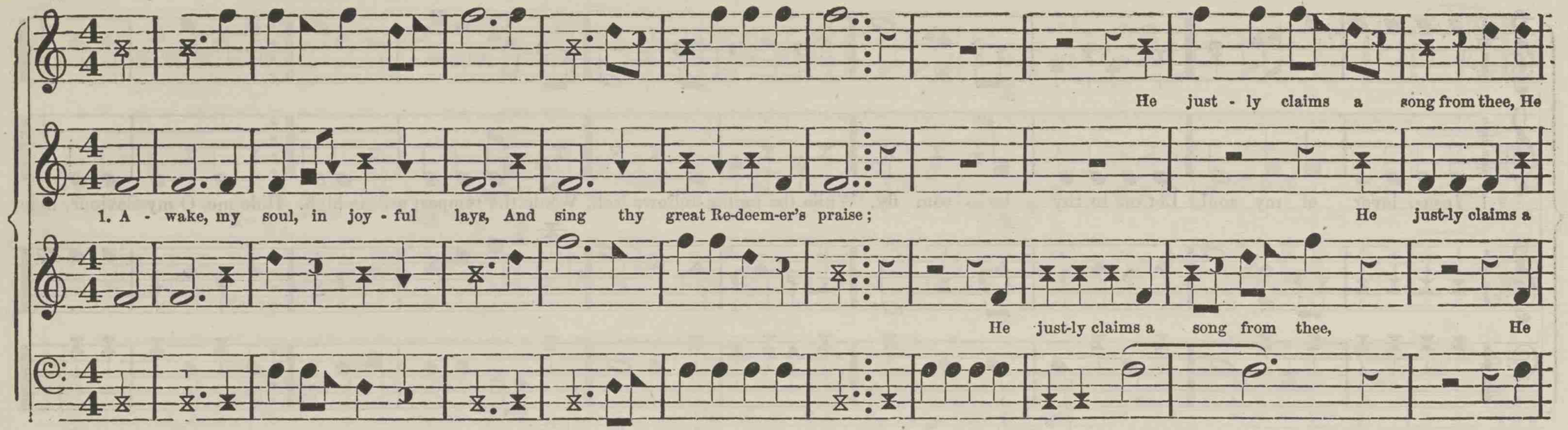
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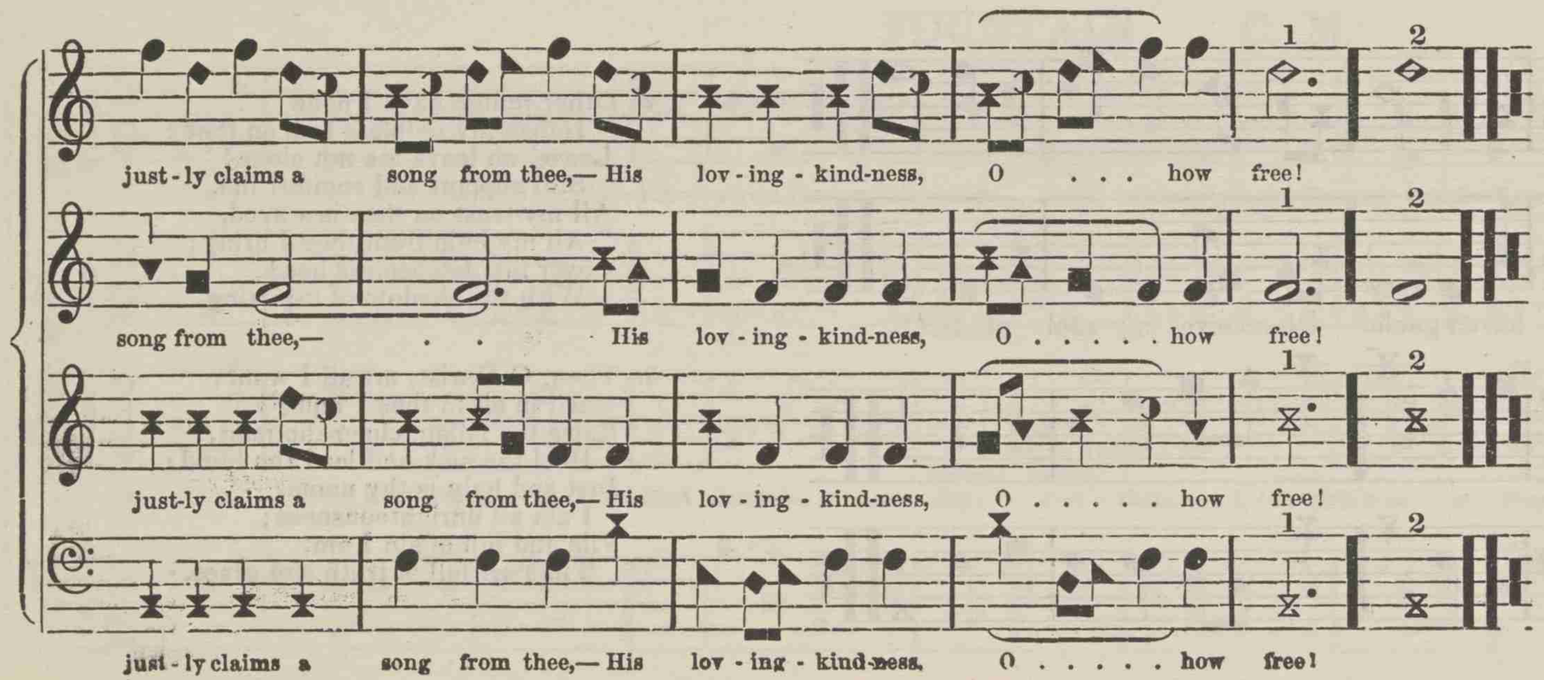
2 Other refuge have I none
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name.
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

CLINTON. L. M.

SWAN.





2. He saw me ruined in the fall,
   Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
   He saved me from my lost estate,—
   His loving-kindness, O how great!

3. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
   Though earth and hell my way oppose,
   He safely leads my soul along,—
   His loving-kindness, O how strong!
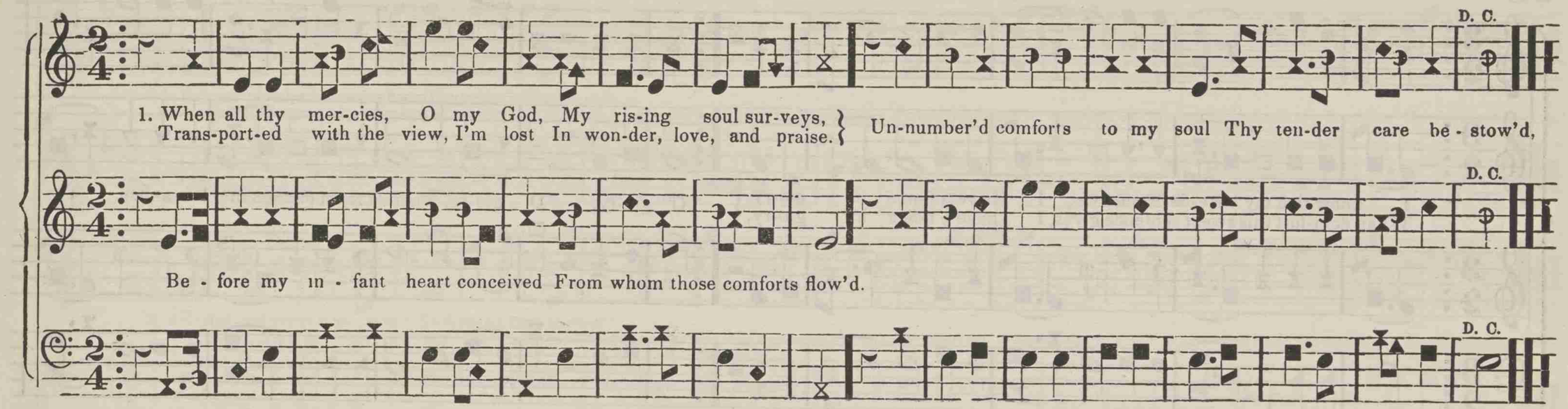
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
   Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
   He near my soul has always stood,—
   His loving-kindness, O how good!

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

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

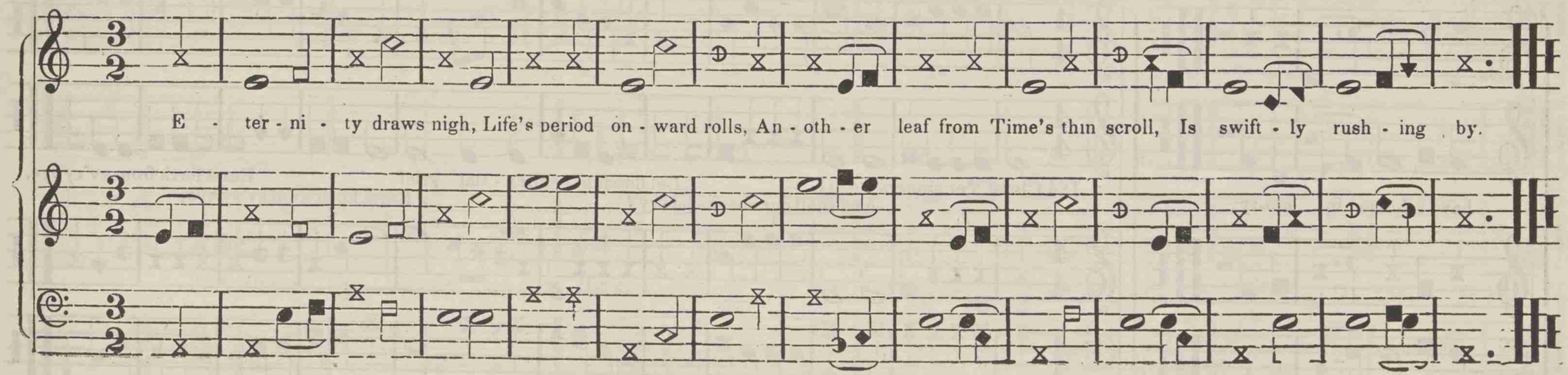
SODA. C. M.

P. M. ATCHLEY.



NEW YEAR. S. M.

P. M. ATCHLEY.



PARADISE. L. M.

SWAN.

I know that my Re-deem-er lives, I have a home in glo-ry,
What com-fort this sweet sentence gives, I have a home in glo-ry,
O glo-ry, O glo-ry, There's room enough in Par-a-dise 'Tis

ALBANY. S. M.

M. L. SWAN.

have a home in glo-ry.

Did Christ o'er sinners weep? Let floods of peniten - tial grief Burst forth from ev'ry eye.
And shall our cheeks be dry? Burst forth from ev'ry eye,

1. O thou whose tender mercy hears Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tear From sorrow's weeping eye. See, low before thy throne of grace, A wretched wand'rer mourn. Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said, Return?
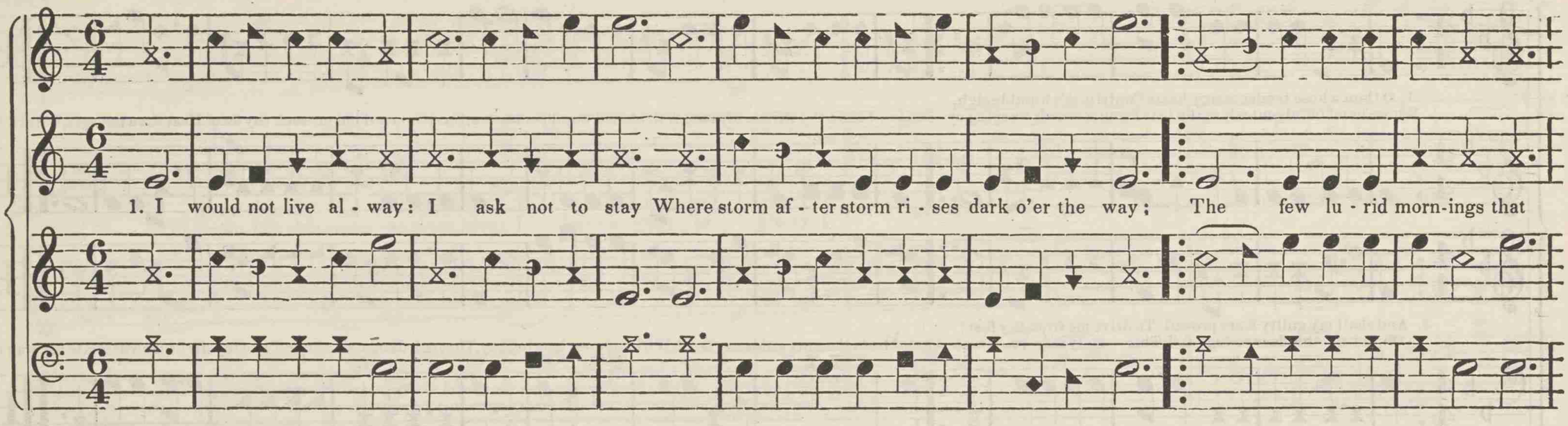
3. And shall my guilty fears prevail To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear re-fuge fail, This on-ly safe re - treat. Absent from thee, my guide, my light, Without one cheering ray, Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night, How desolate my way!

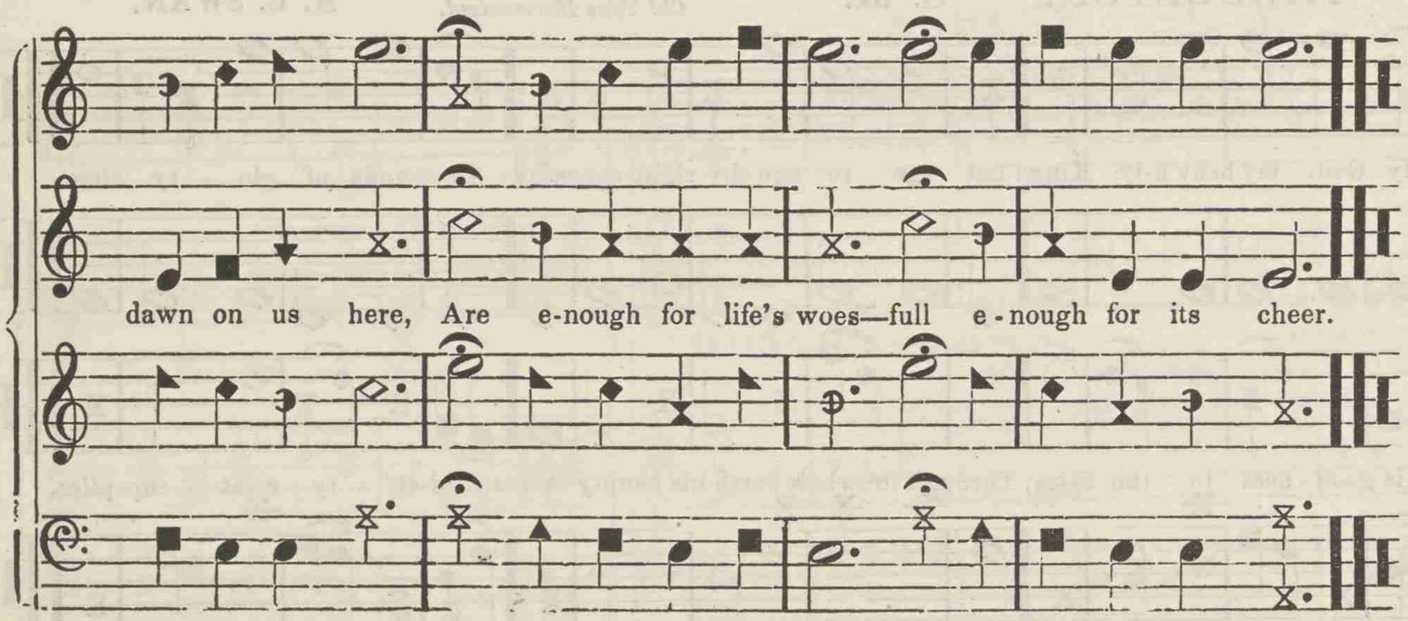
MIDDLETON. C. M.

Old Tune Harmonized. M. L. SWAN.

1. Sweet is the mem' - ry of thy grace, My God, my heav'n-ly King! Let age to age thy right-eousness In sounds of glo - ry sing.

2. God reigns on high, but ne'er con-fines His good - ness to the skies; Through the whole earth his bounty shines, And ev' - ry want sup-plies.





2. I would not live alway: no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3. Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode.
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul

When, in death, I shall calm re-cline, Oh bear my heart to my mis - tress dear,
Tell her it lived on smiles and wine, Of brightest hue while it lin - gered here: } Bid her not shed one tear of sor-row, To

sul - ly a heart so bril - liant and bright, But balmy drops of the red grape bor-row, To bathe the re - lic from morn till night.

"MY MOTHER'S BIBLE." C. M. Double.

Arranged by M. L. Swan.

D. C. 2d strain.

1. This book is all that's left me now; Tears will unbidden start; With falt'ring lip and throbbing brow, I press it to my heart. For ma - ny gen-e - ra-tions past Here is our family tree.
D. C. My mother's hand this Bible clasp'd, She, dying, gave it me.

D. C. 2d strain.

D. C. 2d strain.

2. Ah! well do I remember those Whose names these records bear, Who round the hearth-stone used to close, After the ev'ning prayer, And speak of what these pages said, In tones my heart would thrill
D. C. Though they are with the silent dead, Here are they living still.

D. C. 2d strain.

CHIMES. C. M.

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day Which God has call'd his own; With joy the summons we o - bey To wor-ship at his throne. Hal-le - lujah! Halle - lu-jah! Hal-le- lu - jah!

2. Thy cho-sen tem-ple, Lord, how fair, Where will-ing vo-t'ries throng To breathe the humble, fervent pray'r And pour the cho - ral song. Hal - le -lu-jah! Halle - lu-jah! Halle - lu - jah!

OH, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN! S. M.

Harmony by M. L. Swan.

1. Oh, sing to me of heav'n, When I am call'd to die; Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - sy, To waft my soul on high.

2. When cold and slug-gish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow, Burst forth in strains of joy - ful - ness; Let heav'n be - gin be - low.

BELLEVILLE. 7s 6s & 8s.

1. Brother, thou art gone to rest; We will not weep for thee; For thou art now where oft on earth Thy spir-it long'd to be, Brother, thy spir - it long'd to be.

2. Brother, thou art gone to rest; Thine is an ear - ly tomb; But Jesus summon'd thee away; Thy Saviour call'd thee home; Brother, thy Saviour call'd thee home.

NEVER PART AGAIN. C. M. & CHORUS

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me!
When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee?
then we shall with Je - sus dwell, And nev - er part a - gain.

We're marching through Im-man-uel's ground; We soon shall hear the welcome trumpet's sound. Oh,

2. Oh, when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as-cend,
Where congrega - tions ne'er break up And Sab - baths have no end?
then we shall with Je - sus dwell, And nev - er part a - gain,

We're marching through Imman-uel's ground; We soon shall hear the welcome trumpet's sound. Oh,

then we shall with Je-sus dwell, And nev - er part a - gain. What! nev-er part a - gain? No, nev-er part a - gain, No, nev - er part a - gain, No, nev-er part a - gain. Oh,

then we shall with Jesus dwell, And nev - er part a - gain. What! nev-er part a - gain? No, nev-er part a - gain, No, nev-er part a - gain, No, nev-er part a - gain. Oh.

ANTICIPATION. C. M.

Awake our souls, away our fears! When we get to heaven we will part no more; Fare you well, Oh! fare you well, When we get to heaven we will part no more!
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone; When we get, &c.

Awake, and run the heavenly race; When we get, &c. Fare you well, &c.
And put a cheerful courage on; When we get, &c.

LORINDA. 8,6,8,6,8,8,8,6.

SWAN. D.C.

Sing hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord! Sing with a cheer - ful voice; Ne'er cease to sing, thou ran-som'd host,
Ex - alt our God with one ac - cord, And in His name re - joice! To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,

Till in the realms of end - less light, Your prais - es shall u - nite.

Distinct, and in exact time.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

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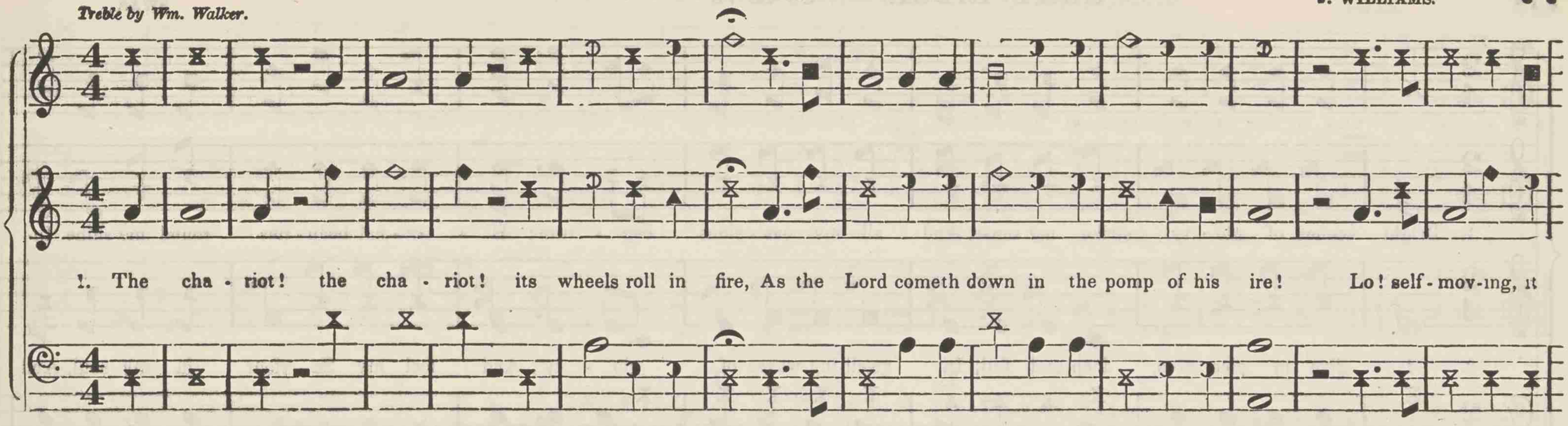
1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sa - viour shine! I'd soar and touch the

2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood he spilt, My ran - som from the dread-ful guilt Of sin, and wrath di - vine; I'd sing his glo - rious

heav'n - ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel, while he sings, In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

right - eous - ness, In which all - per - fect, heav'n - ly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.

Treble by Wm. Walker.



2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord:
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

3. The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard,
Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd;
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth!

4. The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set;
There the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5. O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driv'n,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heav'n!

GRAY RIDGE. 8s & 7s

1. Bright scenes of glo - ry strike my sense, And all my pas - sions cap - ture; E - ter - nal beau - ties round me shine, In-

2. I dive in plea-sures, deep and full, In swell-ing waves of glo - ry; And feel my Sa - viour in my soul, And

fus - ing warm-est rap - ture, rap - ture, rap - ture! E - ter - nal beau - ties round me shine, In - fus - ing warm-est rap-ture!

groan to tell my sto - ry, sto - ry, sto - ry; And feel my Sa - viour in my soul, And groan to tell my sto - ry.

1. Ye sim-ple souls that stray Far from the paths of peace, That un-fre-quent-ed road To life and hap - pi - ness, How long will ye your fol - ly love, And

2. Madness and mi - se - ry, Ye count our lives beneath, And nothing great can see, As glo-rious in our death As born to suf - fer and to grieve, Be-

3. Poor, pensive sojourners, O'erwhelm'd with grief and woes, Perplex'd with needless fears, And pleasure's mortal foes; More irksome than a ga-ping tomb, Our

throng the downward road, And hate the wisdom from above, And mock the sons of God? And mock, &c., And mock, &c., And mock, &c.

neath your feet we lie, And ut - ter-ly contemn'd we live, And unlamented die, And un - la - ment-ed die, And un - la - ment - ed die, And un - la - ment-ed die.

sight ye can-not bear, Wrapt in the me-lan-cho-ly gloom Of fan-ci-ful de-spair, Of fanciful, &c., Of fanciful, &c., Of fanciful, &c.

LABAN. S. M.

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

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

SHAWMUT. S. M.

1. Thy name, al - migh - ty Lord, Shall sound through distant lands; Great is thy grace, and sure thy word; Thy truth for - ev - er stands.

2. Far be thine hon - or spread, And long thy praise en - dure, Till morning light and evening shade Shall be exchanged no more.

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

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

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

1. To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice: Oh, let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re-joice.

2. Thy mer-cies and thy love, O Lord, re-call to mind; And gra-cious-ly con-tin-ue still, As thou wert ev-er, kind.

F

BEALOTH. S. M. (Double.)

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

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

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

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

1. My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rap - id as the whirling spheres, Fly rap - id as the whirling spheres Around the stea - dy pole.

2 The grave is near the cra - dle seen, How swift the moments pass be-tween, How swift the mo-ments pass be-tween, And whisper as they fly—

3. My soul, at - tend the so - lemn call; Thine earth-ly tent must short-ly fall, Thine earthly tent must short-ly fall, And thou must take thy flight
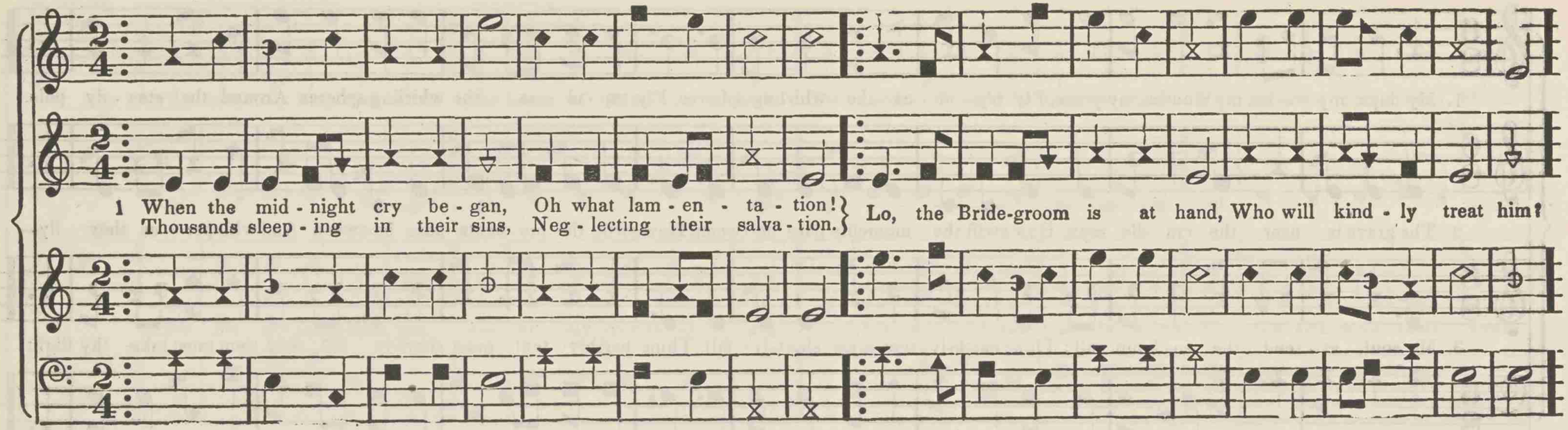
Time, like the tide, its mo - tion keeps, And I must launch thro' endless deeps. And I must launch thro' end-less deeps, Where endless a - ges roll.

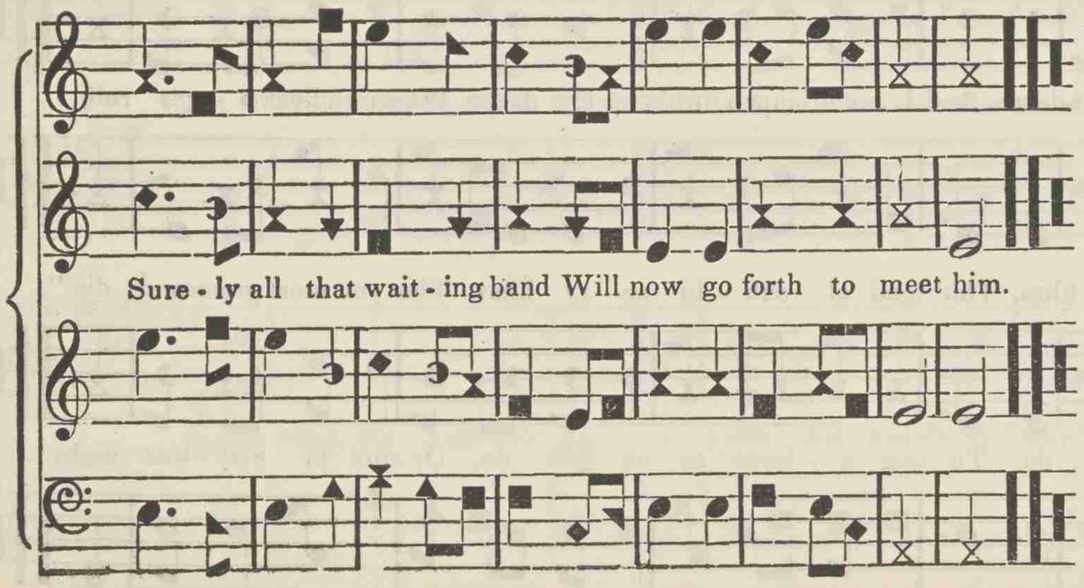
"Un - think-ing man, re - member this, Tho' fond of sub - lu - na-ry bliss, Tho' fond of sub - lu - na - ry bliss, That you must groan and die."

Be - yond the vast ex - pan-sive blue, To sing a - bove as angels do, To sing a - bove as an - gels do, Or sink in end - less night!

Counter by Swan.

THE MIDNIGHT CRY. 7s & 6s.
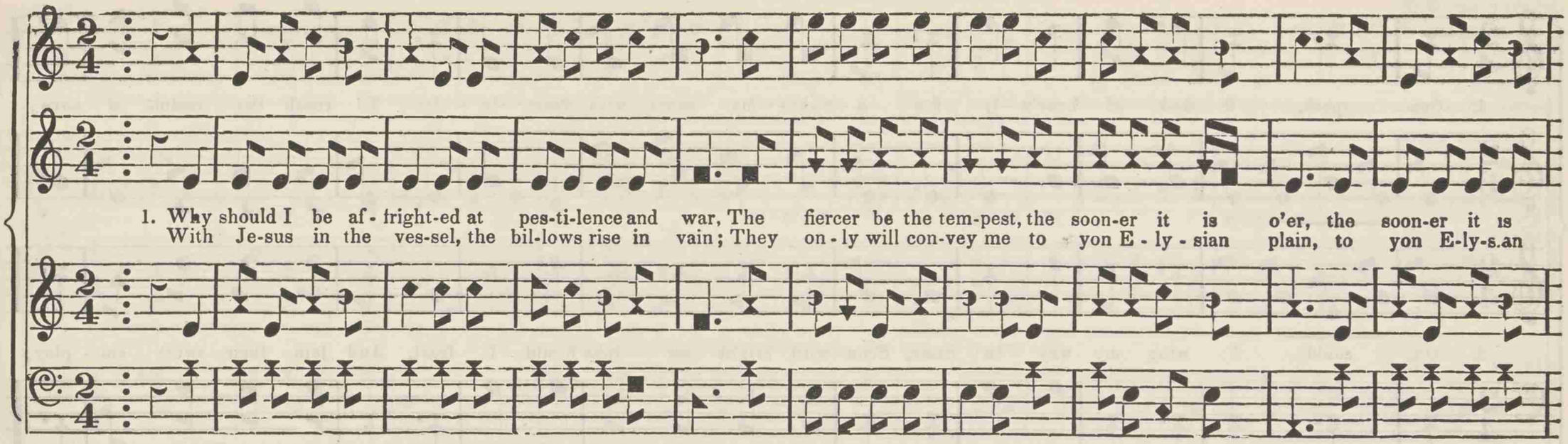




2. Some indeed did wait awhile
And shone without a rival;
But they spent their seeming oil
Long since the last revival.
Many souls who thought they'd light,
Oh, when the scene was closed,
Now against the Bridgroom fight,
And so they stand opposed.

3. While the wise are passing by,
With all their lamps prepared,
Give us of your oil, they cry,
If any can be spared.
Others trimm'd their former snuff,
Oh, is it not amazing!
Those conclude they've light enough,
And think their lamps are blazing.

4. Foolish virgins! do you think
Our Bridegroom's a deceiver?
Then may you pass your lives away,
And think to sleep for ever;
But we by faith do see his face,
On whom we have believed:
If there's deception in the case,
'Tis you that are deceived.

5. And now the door is open wide,
And Christians are invited,
And virgins wise compass the bride,
March to the place appointed.
Who do you think is now a guest?
Yea, listen, carnal lovers,
'Tis those in wedding garments dress'd
They cease from sin for ever.



2. This world is full of dangers and foes tnat press me hard,
But Jesus he has promised that he will be my guard:
Here I shall not be tempted above what I can bear,
When fighting's done, escorted, his kingdom for to share.

3. From him I have my orders, and while I do obey,
I find his Holy Spirit illuminates my way;
The way is so delightful, I wish to travel on
Till I arrive at heaven to receive a starry crown.

TABOR. P. M.

M. L. SWAN.

1. One spark, O God, of heav'n - ly fire A - wakes my heart with warm de - sire To reach the realms a - bove;

2. Oh, could I wing my way in haste, Soon with bright ser - aphs would I feast, And join their sweet em - ploy;

Im - mor - tal glo - ries round me shine, I drink the streams of joy di - vine, And sing re - deem - ing love.

I'd glide a - long the heav'n - ly stream, And join their most ex - alt - ed theme Of ev - er - last - ing joy.

HIGHTOWER. 7s & 6s.

M. L. SWAN.

D.C. 2d Strain.

1. Time is winging us a - way To our e - ter - nal home; Life is but a winter's day, A journey to the tomb. Youth and vigor soon will flee, Blooming beauty lose its charms;
D.C. All that's mortal soon shall be En-closed in death's cold arms.

D.C. 2d Strain.

D.C. 2d Strain.

2. Time is winging us a - way To our e - ter - nal home; Life is but a winter's day, A journey to the tomb. But the Christian shall enjoy Health and beauty soon a - bove,
D.C. Far beyond the world's alloy, Se - cure in Je - sus' love.

D.C. 2d Strain.

"A HOME IN HEAVEN." 9s & 10s.

Arranged by M. L. SWAN.

Slow.

1. A home in heav'n! what a joyful thought! As the poor man toils in his weary lot, His heart oppress'd, and with anguish riven, From his home below to a home in heav'n.

Slow.
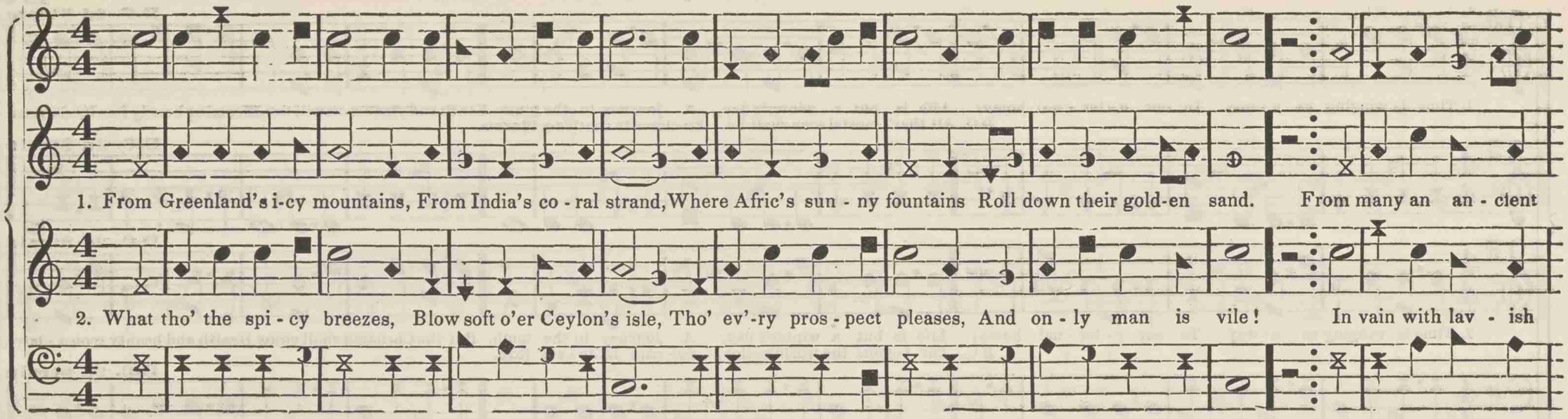
Slow.

2. A home in heav'n! as the suff'rer lies On his bed of pain, and up-lifts his eyes To that bright home, what a joy is given With the blessed thought of a home in heav'n!

Slow.

Treble by Caldwell

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & ôs.



3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

While beau - ty and youth are in their full prime, And fol - ly and pas - sion af - fect our whole time, Oh!

let not the phan - tom ur wish - es en - gage, Let us live so in youth that we blush not in age.

ARBOUR. S. M.

SWAN.

Heav'n with the ech - o shall resound, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear

Grace, 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to mine ear, Heav'n with the ech-o shall re - sound, Heav'n with the ech - o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.
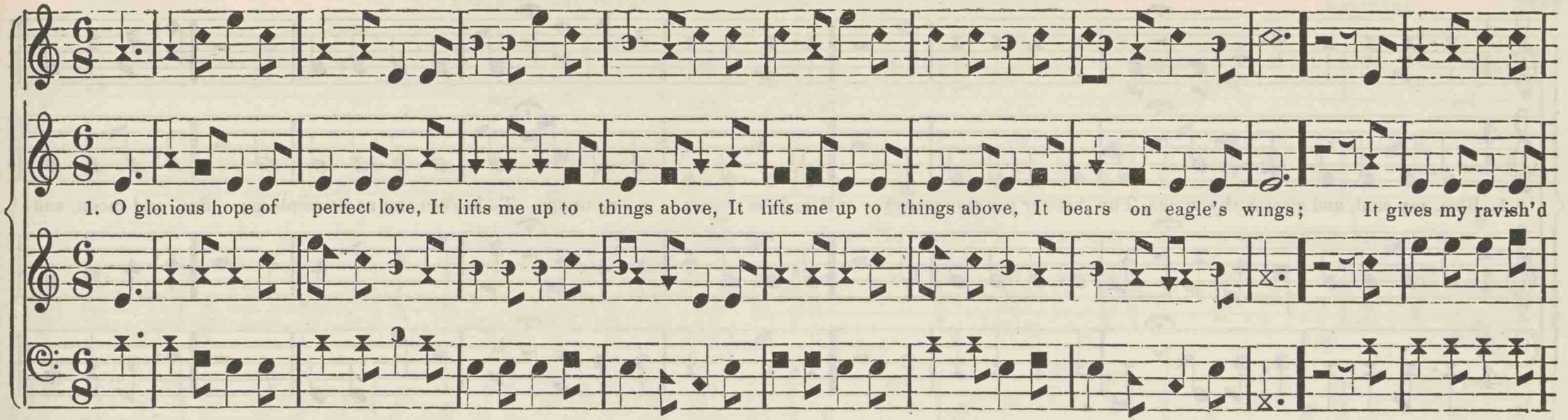
Heav'n with the echo shall resound, Heav'n with the ech - o shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.
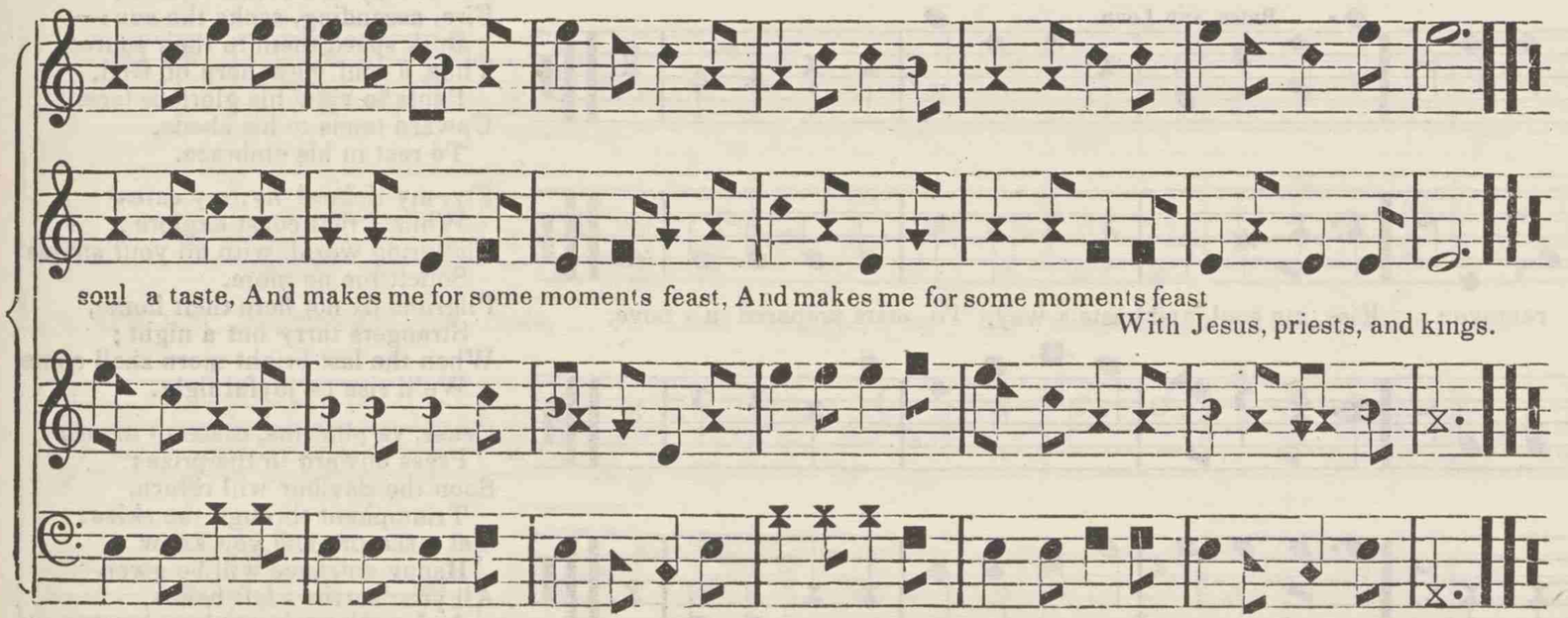
Heav'n with the ech - o shall re - sound, Heav'n with the ech-o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.

MARIETTA.

SWAN

Lo! on a narrow neck of land, 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand, 'Twixt two un - bounded seas I stand, Yet how in-sen - si - ble!
A point of time, a moment's space, Removes me to yon heavenly place, Removes me to yon heavenly place, Or shuts me up in hell.





2.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3.

A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile.
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our righteousness.
And keeps his own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

DELAWARE. 7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.

SWAN.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace; Rise from tran-si - to - ry things, To heaven thy na - tive place; Sun, and moon, and

BRISK AND LOUD.

stars decay; Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste a-way, To seats prepared a - bove.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun:—
Both speed them to their source,
Thus, a soul, new-born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Fly, my riches! fly, my cares!
While I that coast explore,
Flattering world, with all your snares
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home,
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last bright morn shall come,
We'll rise to joyful light.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return,
Triumphant through the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

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

side, that languish'd at his side, ... that languish'd at his side, He pour'd sal - va - tion on a wretch That languish'd at his side.

DEVIZES. C. M.

TUCKER.

1. A - wake, my heart, a rise, my tongue, Pre - pare a tune - ful voice; In God, the life of all my joys,

2. 'Tis he a - dorn'd my na ked soul, And made sal - va - tion mine; Up - on a poor pol - lut - ed worm

A - loud will I re - joice,

A - loud will I re - joice.

He makes his gra - ces shine, He makes his gra - ces shine.

3. And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

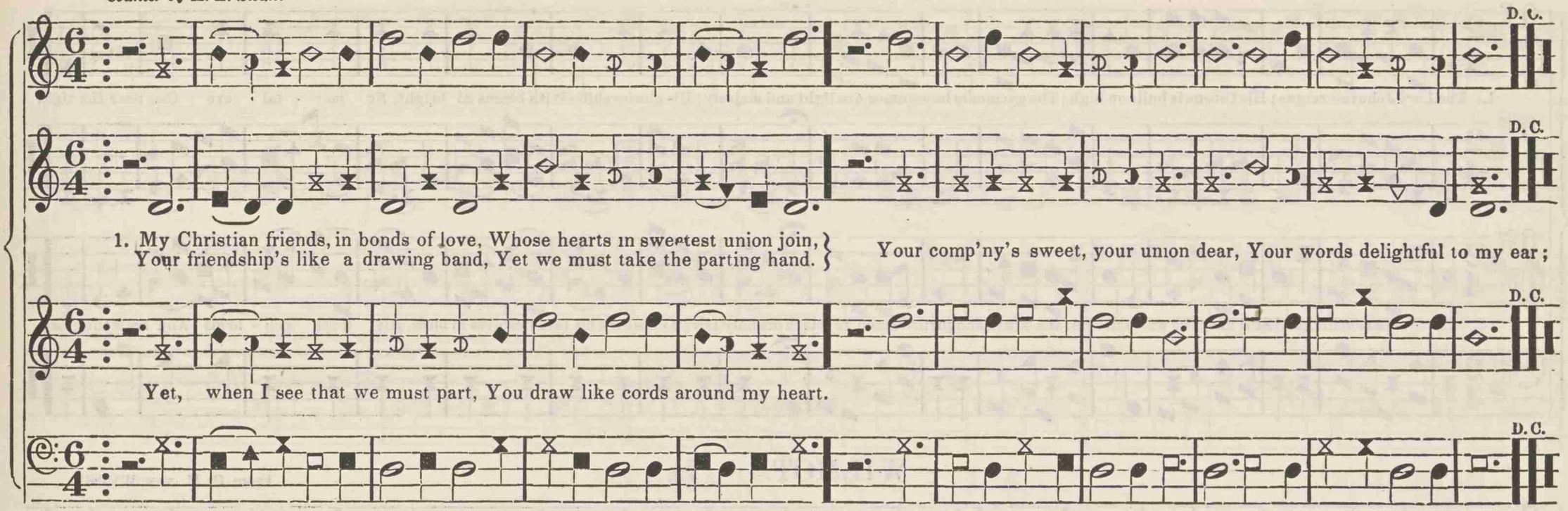
4. How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine
How white the garments are!

5. The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6. Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great Sacred Three:
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

PARTING HAND. L. M

Counter by M. L. Swan.



3. How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
Since we have met to sing and pray,
How loath we are to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face!

4. Oh! could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my drooping mind
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

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

6. My youthful friends, in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on! we'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting will be known no more.

7. How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
Your hearts with love were seen to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

8. Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes,
To glorious mansions in the skies;
Oh! trust his grace—in Canaan's land,
We'll no more take the parting hand!

9. And now, my friends, both old and young,
I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And if on earth we meet no more,
Oh! may we meet on Canaan's shore.

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

11. Oh! glorious day, oh! blessed hope,
My soul leaps forward at the thought!
When, on that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

12. But with our blessed, holy Lord,
We'll shout and sing with one accord;
And there we'll all with Jesus dwell,
So, loving Christians, fare you well!

HADDAM. H. M.

L. MASON.

1. The Lord Jehovah reigns; His throne is built on high; The garments he assumes Are light and majesty; His glories shine With beams so bright, No mor - tal eye Can bear the sight

2. The thunders of his hand Still keep the world in awe; His wrath and justice stand To guard his holy law; And where his love Resolves to bless, His truth con - firms And seals the grace.

WILMOT. 7s.

From C. M. von WEBER.

1. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, sove - reign Lord, Be thy glorious name a-dored! Lord, thy mercies nev - er fail: Hail, ce - les - tial goodness, hail!

2. Though un - wor - thy, Lord, thine ear, Deign our humble songs to hear: Pu - rer praise we hope to bring When around thy throne we sing.

TEMPLE 8s & 7s

M. L. SWAN.

1. Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish O'er the graves of those you love,
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish, Enter not the world above. 2. While our silent steps are straying Lonely through night's deep'ning shade, Glory's brightest beams are playing Round th' immortal [spi - rit's head

3. Endless pleasure pain excluding, Sickness there no more can come;
There, no fear of woe intruding Sheds o'er heav'n a moment's gloom. 4. Now, ye mourners, cease to languish O'er the graves of those ye love: Far removed from pain and anguish, They are chanting hymns above

HERITAGE. 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

M. L. SWAN.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wand'rers giv'n; There is a tear for souls distress'd, A balm for ev'ry wounded breast: 'Tis found a - lone in heav'n.

2. There is a home for wea-ry souls, By sins and sorrows driv'n, When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is drear but heav'n.

G

LIBERTY. C. M.

Lord, 'tis an in - fi - nite de - light To see thy love - ly face; To

To dwell whole a - ges in thy sight, To

To dwell whole a - ges in thy sight, To dwell whole a - ges

dwell whole a - ges in thy sight, To dwell whole a - ges in thy sight, And feel thy vi - tal rays, And feel thy vi - tal rays.

To dwell whole a - ges in thy sight, And feel thy vi - tal rays, And feel thy vi - tal rays.

dwell whole a - ges in thy sight, And feel thy vi - tal rays, And feel thy vi - tal rays.

in thy sight. And feel thy vi - tal rays. . . . . And feel thy vi - tal rays.

MORNING TRUMPET.

Counter by Swan.

CHORUS. B. F. WHITE.

1. O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a-bove? And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morn - ing.
And from the flow-ing foun-tain, Drink e - ver-lasting love? And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morn - ing.

Shout, Oh glo-

When shall I be de - li-vered From this vain world of sin? And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morn - ing.
And with my blessed Je - sus Drink endless pleasures in? And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morn - ing

Shout, Oh glo-

ry! for I shall mount a-bove the skies, When I hear the trumpet sound in that morn - ing.

ry! for I shall mount a - bove the skies, When I hear the trumpet sound in that morn - ing.

2.

But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bids me ne'er give o'er,
His promises are faithful—
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.
Shout, &c.

3.

Through grace I feel determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them both adieu!
And O my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.
Shout, &c
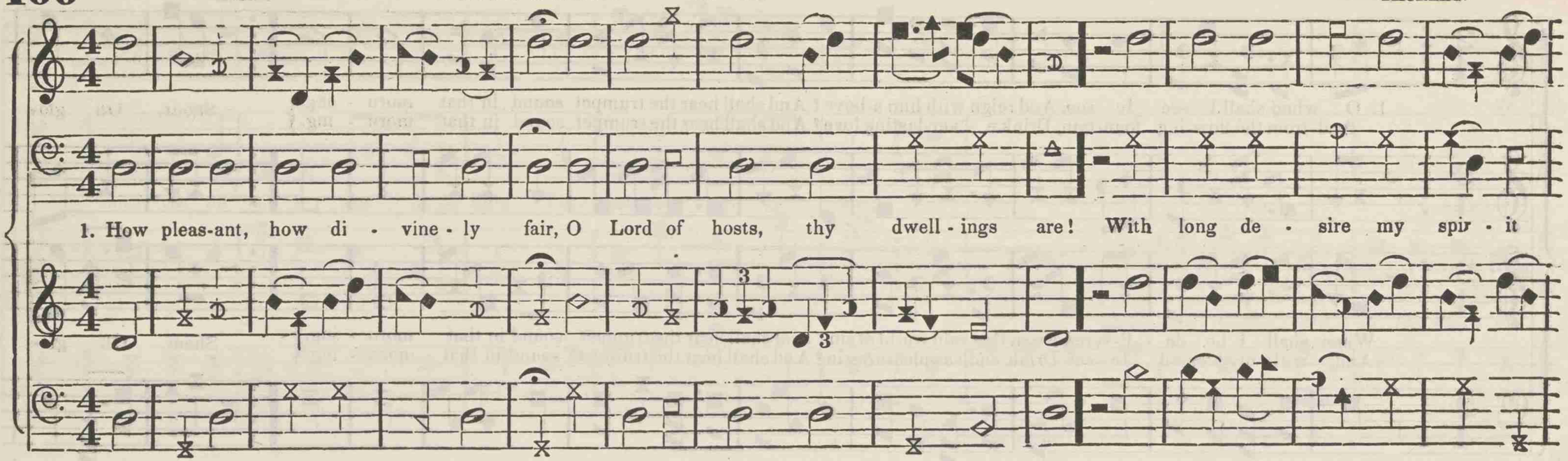
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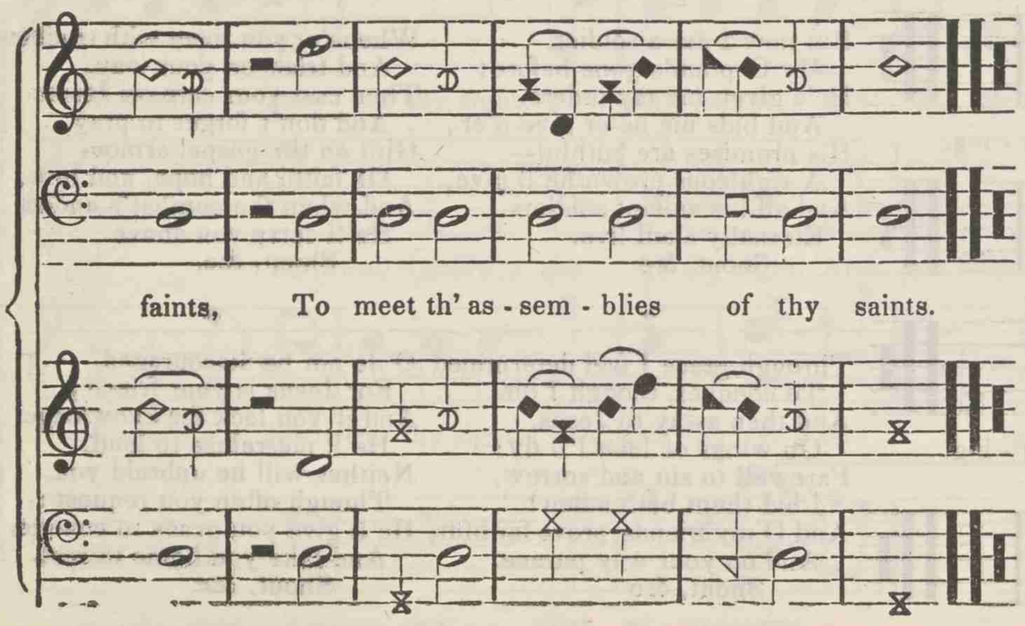
Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the gospel armour
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.
Shout, &c.

5

O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend.
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request:
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.
Shout, &c.

PORTUGAL. L. M.





2.

My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys, and thee?

3.

The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want?

4.

Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5.

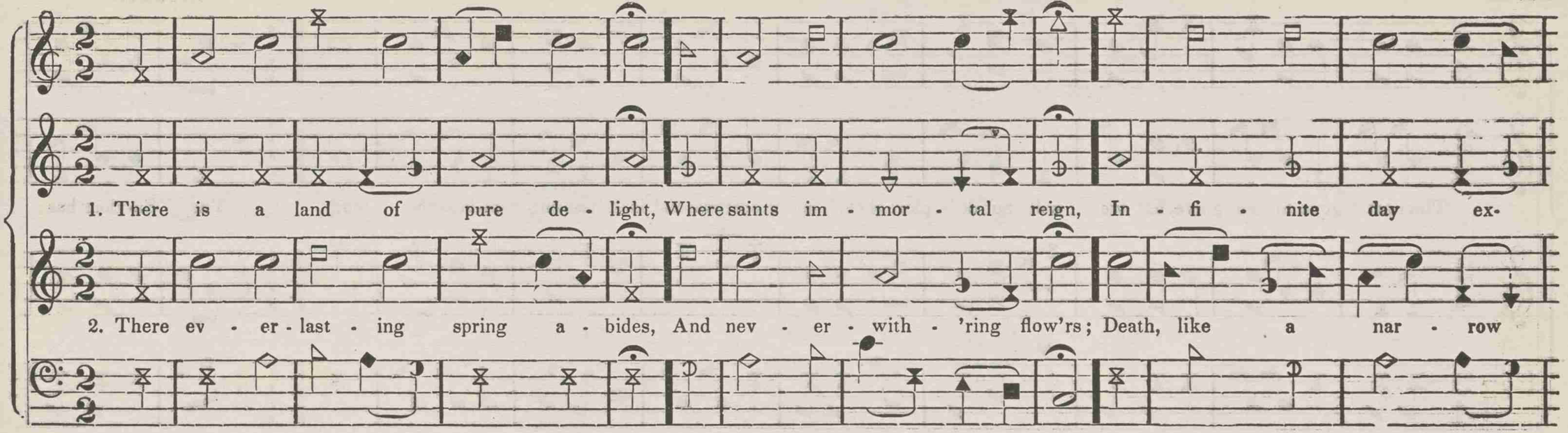
Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace:
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

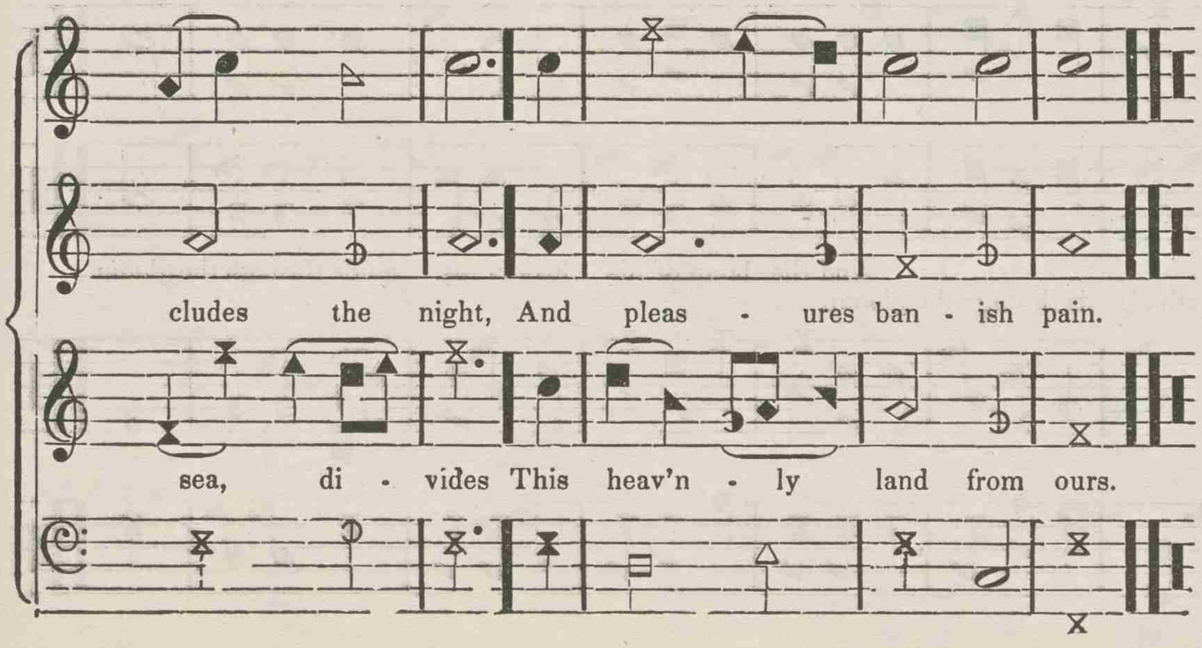
6.

Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate:
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

7.

Cheerful they walk with growing strength
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.





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.

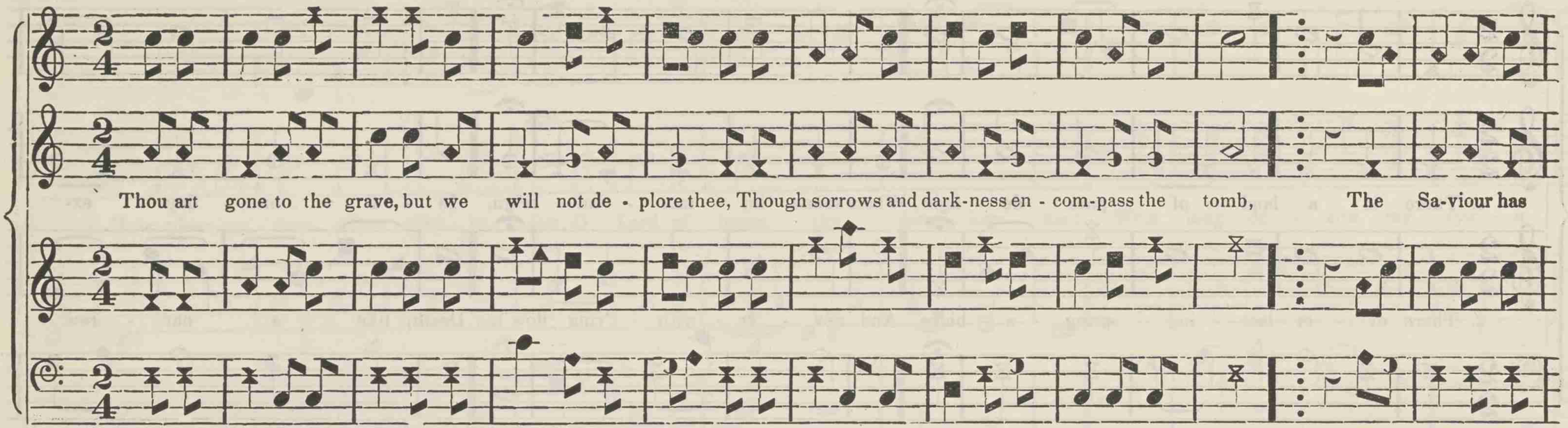
4. But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

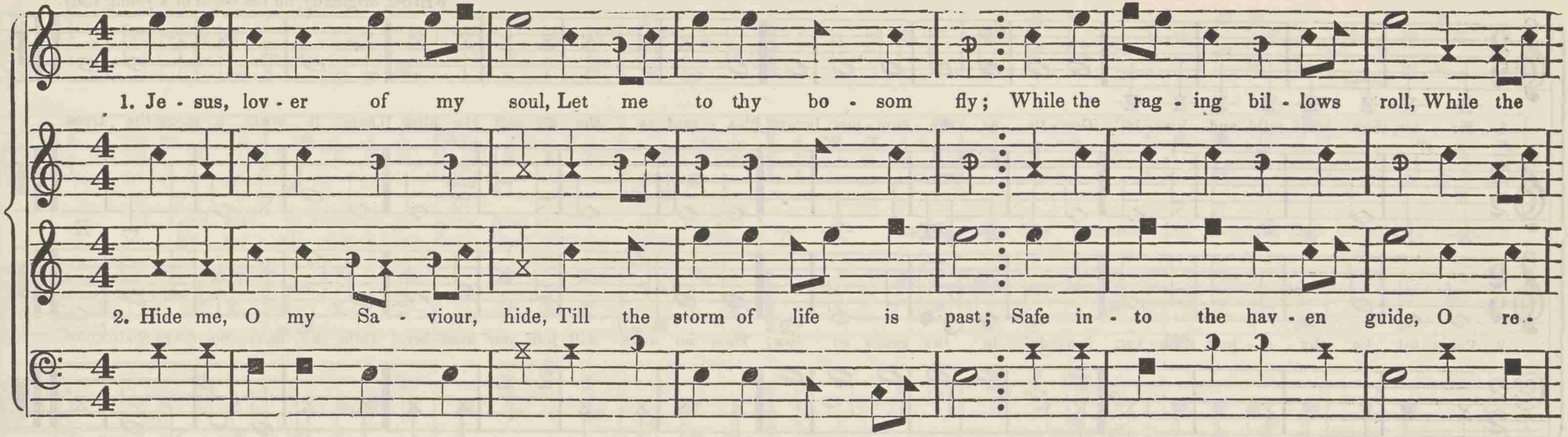
5. Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;
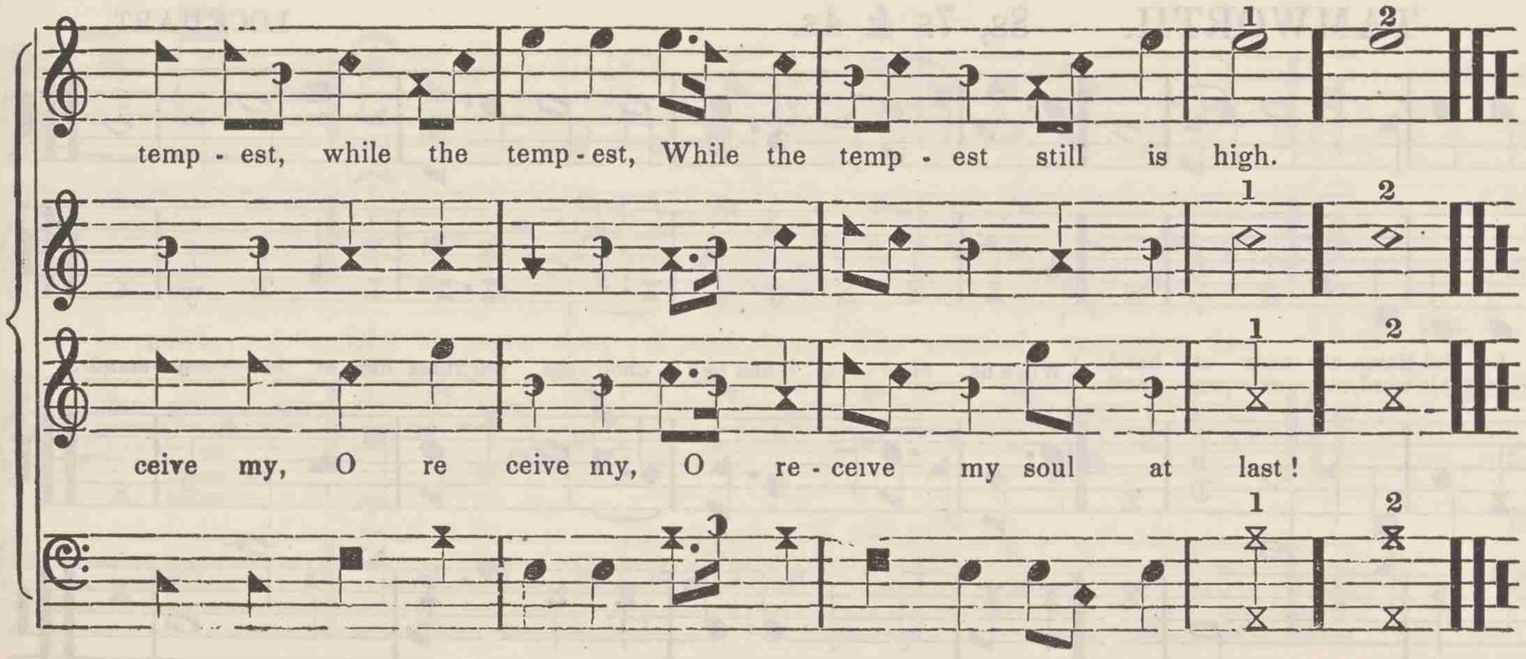
6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore!

FUNERAL THOUGHT. 12s & 11s.

CALDWELL.







3. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!

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

5. Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sins;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

7. Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

L. MASON.

Written, originally, on the death of a young Lady.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze, Plea - sant as the air of eve - ning When it floats a - mong the trees.

2. Peace - ful be thy si - lent slum - ber, Peace-ful, in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our num - ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.

TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s & 4s.

LOCKHART.

1. Yes, we trust the day is break - ing; Joy - ful times are near at hand;
   God, the migh-ty God, is speak - ing, By his word, in ev' - ry land.
   } When he choo - ses, When he choo - ses, Darkness flies, at his com - mand.

1. Lord, and is thine an-ger gone, And art thou pa - ci- fied,
Af - ter all that I have done, Dost thou no longer chide?
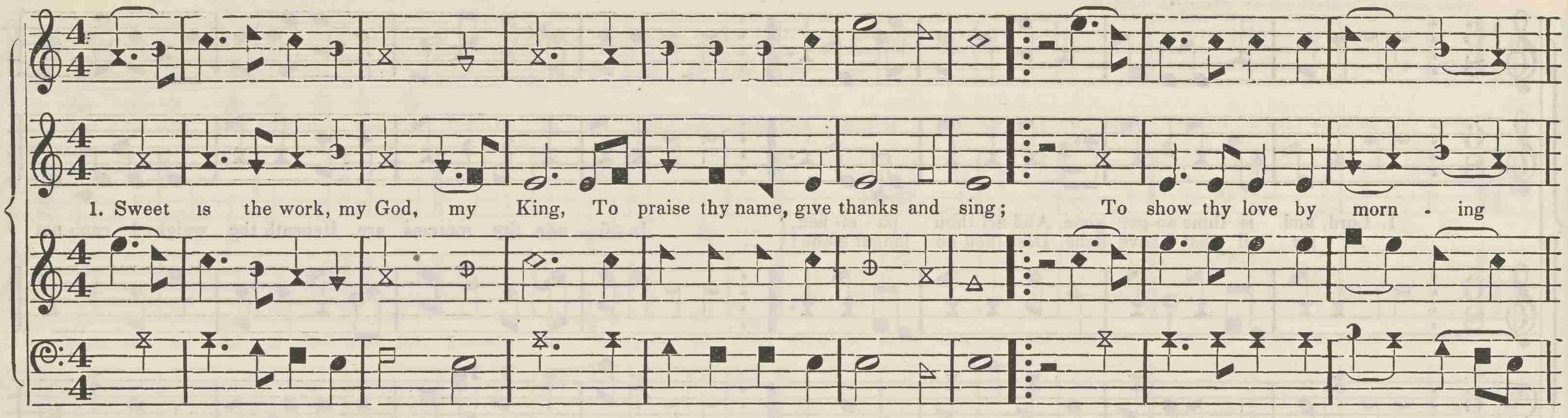
In - fi - nite thy mercies are, Beneath the weight I can - not move, Oh! 'tis more than I can bear, The sense of pard'ning love.
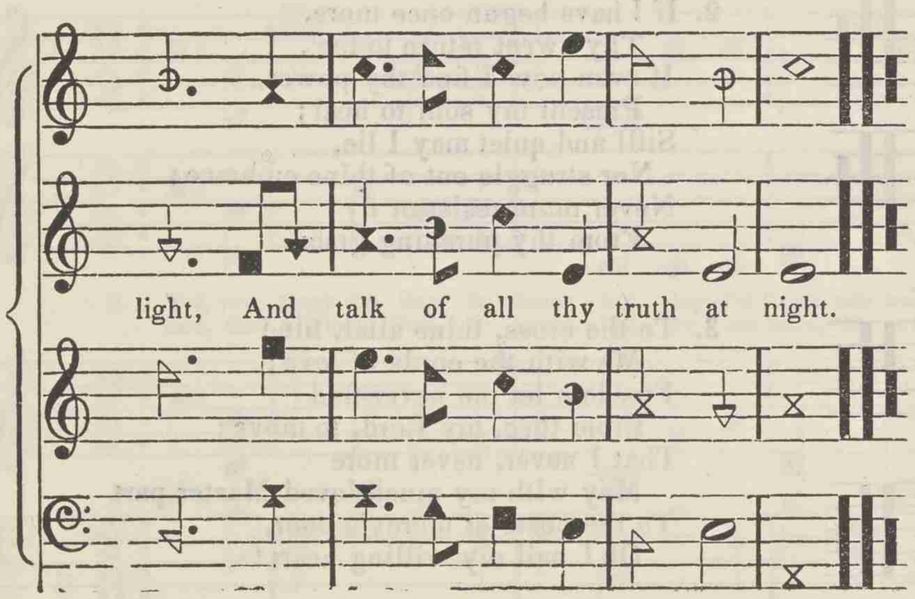
2. If I have begun once more,
Thy sweet return to feel,
If even now I find thy power,
Present my soul to heal;
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor struggle out of thine embrace;
Never more resist or fly
From thy pursuing grace.

3. To the cross, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love;
Freedom let me never find
From thee, my Lord, to move;
That I never, never more
May with my much-loved Master part
To the posts of mercy's door,
Oh! nail my willing heart!

OVERTON. L. M.

SWAN.





2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

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

4. Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die,
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

5. But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6. Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7. Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

HOLY MANNA.

Dr. Mercer by Swan

MORE.

1. Breth - ren, we have met to wor - ship, And a - dore the Lord our God;
Will you pray with all your pow - er, While we try to preach the word?
All is vain, un-less the Spi-rit Of the Ho - ly One come down:

Breth - ren, pray, and ho - ly man - na Will be shower'd all a - round.

2. Brethren, see poor sinners round you.
Trembling on the brink of wo;
Death is coming, hell is moving,—
Can you bear to let them go?
See our fathers, see our mothers,
And our children sinking down·
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

3. Sisters, will you join and help us?
Moses' sisters aided him;
Will you help the trembling mourners,
Who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that he will be found;
Sisters, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

WAYNESVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.
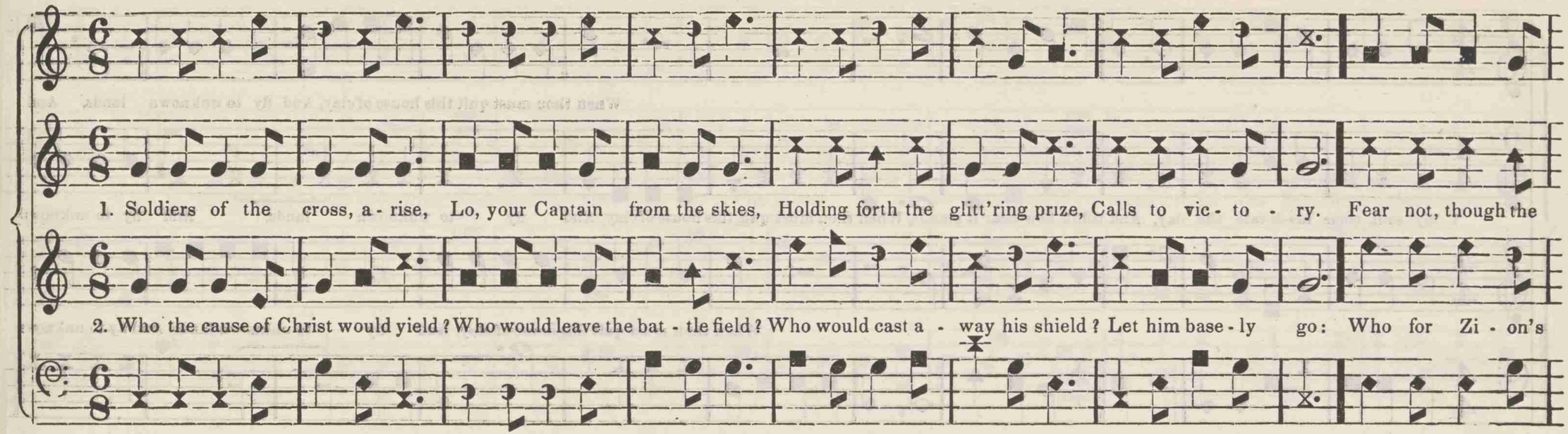
1. Songs a - new of hon - or fra - ming, Sing ye to the Lord a - lone,
All his wondrous works pro - claim - ing,—Je - sus wondrous works hath done!
Glo - rious vic - t'ry His right hand and arm hath won.
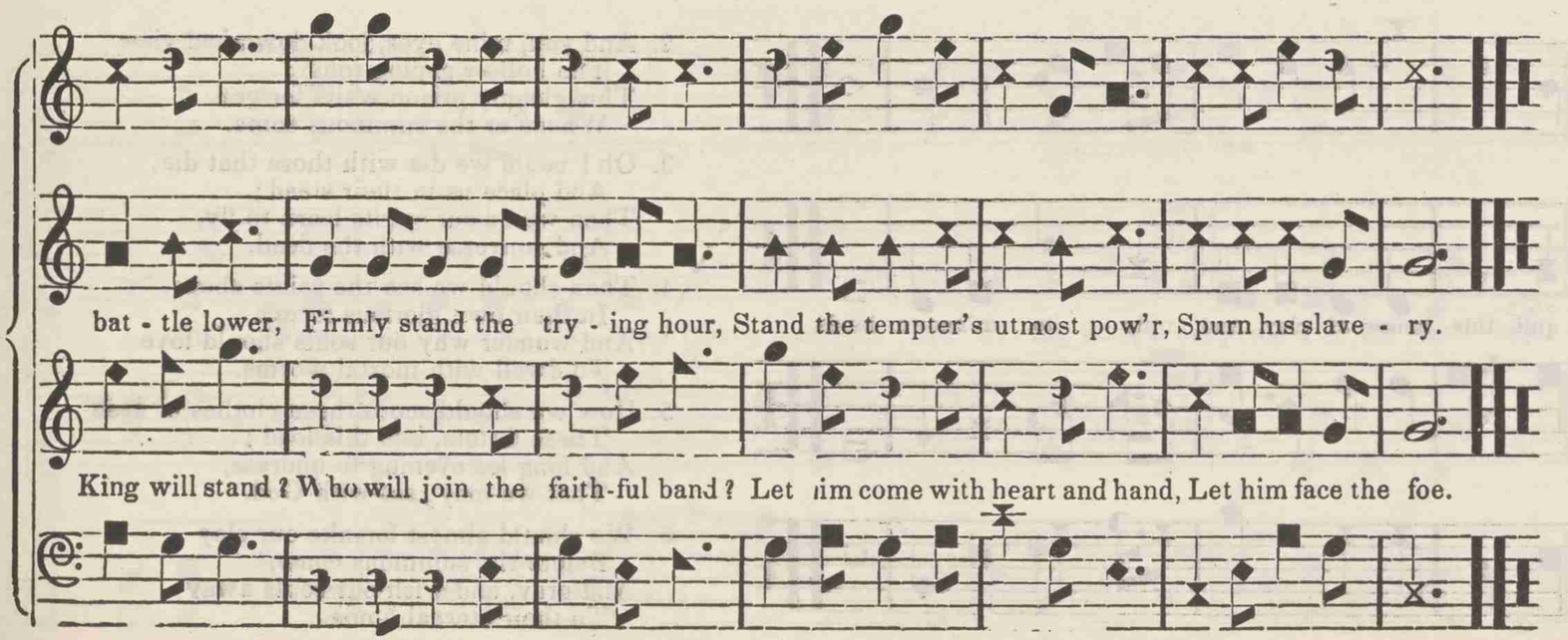
HARWELL. 8s & 7s.

With Animation.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above:
Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices; Jesus reigns, the God of love.
See, he sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world a - lone. Halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah! A - men.

2. Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens All above and gives it worth:
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens, Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth.
When we think of love like thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine. Halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah! A - men.





3.

By the mercies of our God.
By Emmanuel's streaming blood,
When alone for us he stood,
Ne'er give up the strife
Ever to the latest breath,
Hark to what your Captain saith;
"Be thou faithful unto death;
Take the crown of life."

4.

By the woes which rebels prove.
By the bliss of holy love,
Sinners, seek the joys above;
Sinners, turn and live!
Here is freedom worth the name;
Tyrant sin is put to shame;
Grace inspires the hallow'd flame;
God the crown will give.

Counter by Swan.

NORTH SALEM. C. M.

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

1. 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, And fly to unknown

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

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

fly to un-known, lands, When, &c.

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

lands, When, &c.

lands. . . . When, &c
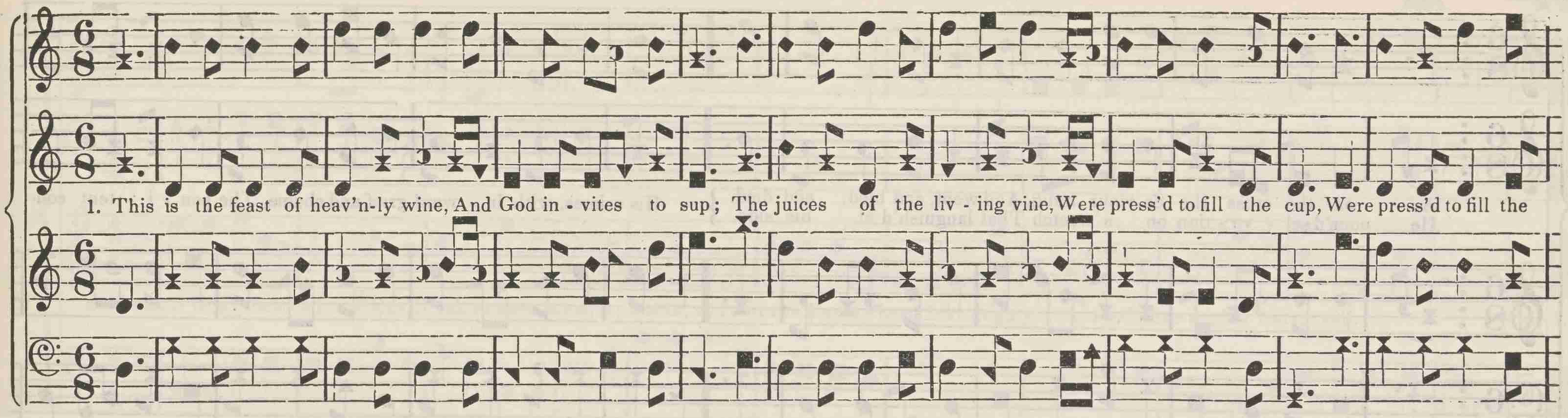
2. And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you
Whene'er the summons come.

3. Oh! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4. Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms.
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

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

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



2. O bless the Saviour, ye that are
With royal dainties fed
Not heav'n affords a costlier fare,
For Jesus is the bread!

3. The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
"Ye trembling souls appear!"
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.

4. "Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you."
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.

HUMILITY. C. M.

CALDWELL.

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

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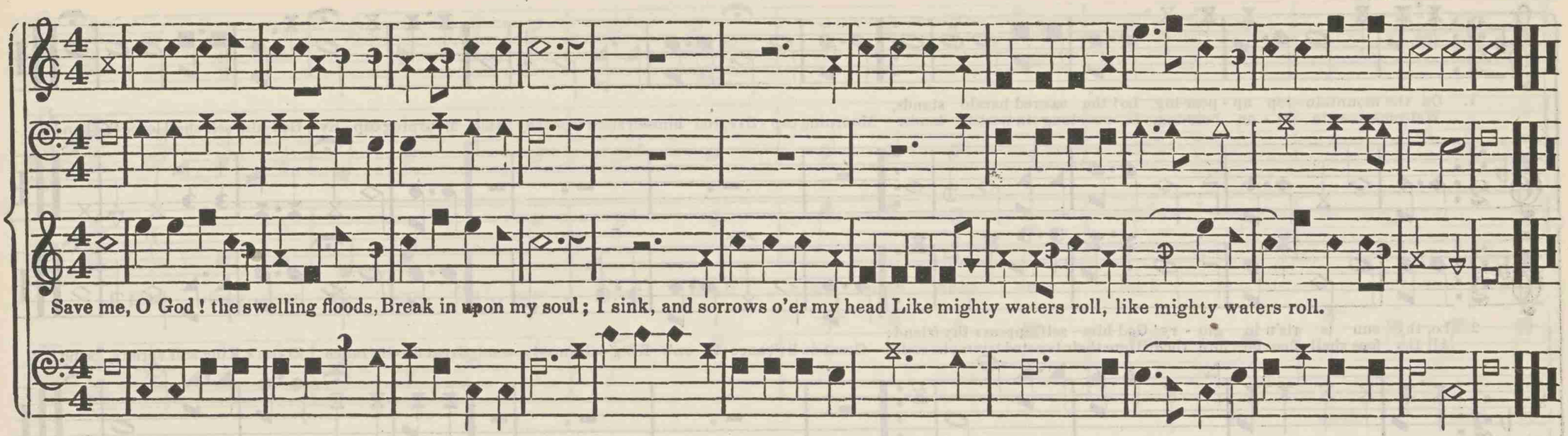
fess'd, Then turn'd his dy - ing eyes to Christ, And thus his prayer ad - dress'd:

3. "Jesus, the Son and heir of heav'n,
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood.
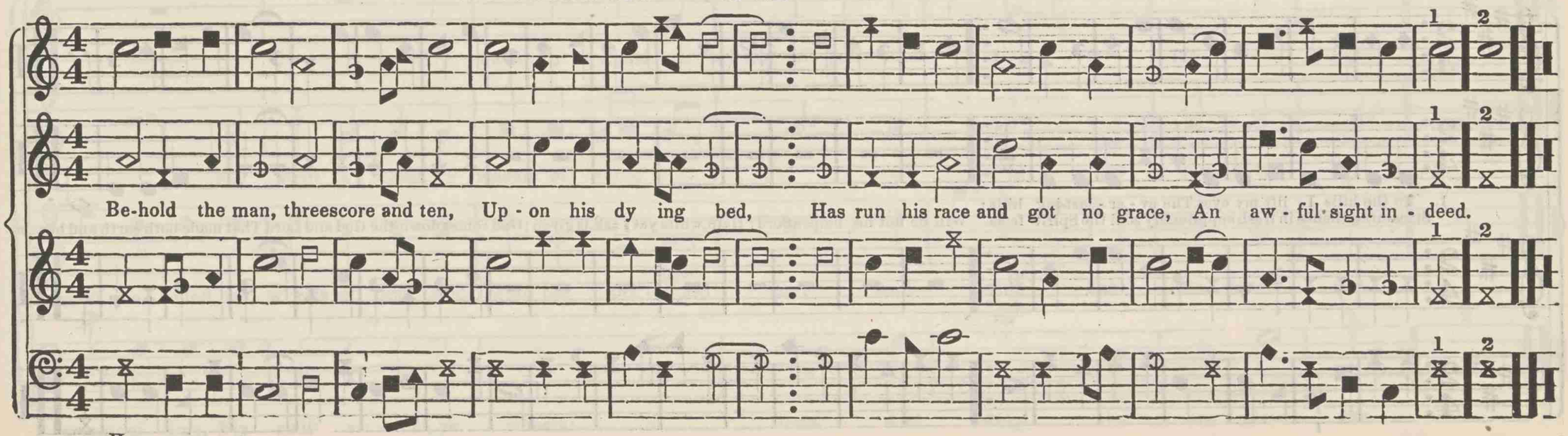
4. "Yet quickly, from those scenes of wo,
In triumph thou shalt rise;
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies!

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

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



LIVERPOOL. C. M.



ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s

1. On the mountain - top ap - pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zi - on bear-ing, Zi - on long in hostile lands. Mourning cap - tive, God himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning cap - tive, God him-self shall loose thy bands.

2. Lo, thy sun is ris'n in glo - ry! God him - self appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee be - fore thee; Here their boasted triumphs end. Great de-liv'rance Zi - on's King will sure-ly send, Great de - liv'rance Zi - on's King will sure-ly send.

RICHMOND. 7s, 6s & 7s.

1. To the hills I lift my eyes, The ev - er - last-ing hills:
Streaming thence in fresh supplies, My soul the Spirit feels. Will he not his help afford? Help, while yet I ask, is given; God comes down, the God and Lord That made both earth and heav'n

How long, dear Sa - viour, Oh! how long Shall this bright hour de - - - lay! Fly

Fly swift a round, ye

Fly swift a - round, ye wheels of time, And bring the pro - mised day.
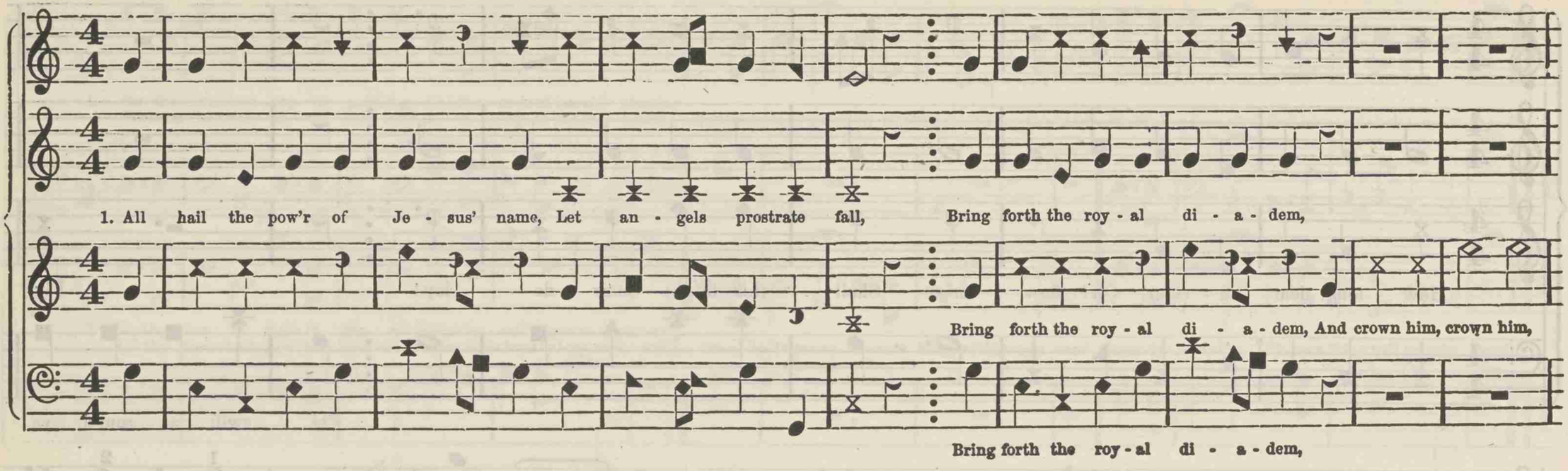
Fly swift a - round, ye wheels of time, ... And bring the pro - mised day.

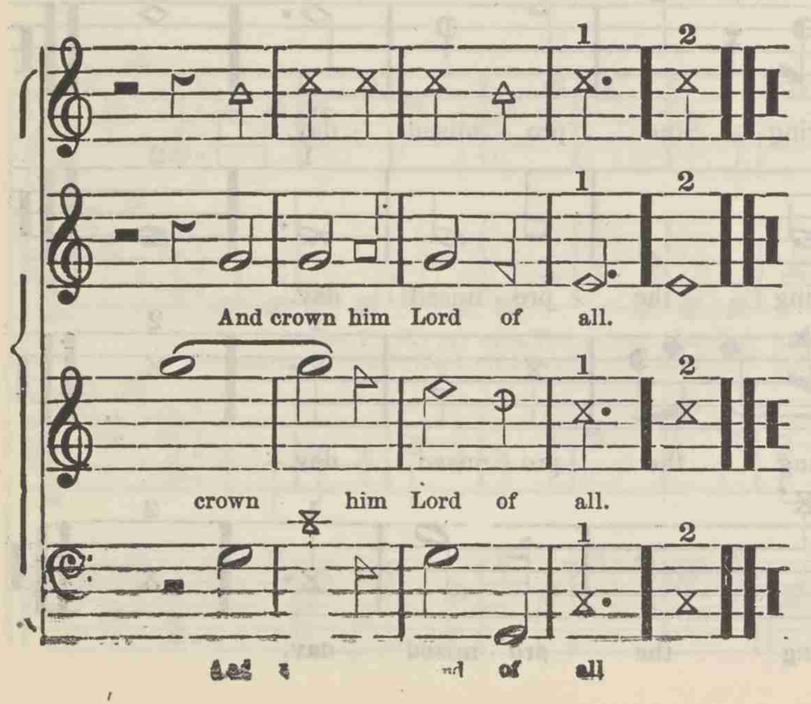
swift a - round, ye wheels of time, And bring the pro - mised day, And bring the pro - mised day.

wheels of time, Fly swift a - round, ye wheels of time, And bring the pro - mised day.

MILES' LANE. P. M

SHRUBSOL.





2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call:
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him—Lord of all.

3. Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man Divine!
And crown him—Lord of all.

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

5. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.

6. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all.

7. Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him—Lord of all

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall, And

Bring forth the roy - al di - a dem, And

Bring forth the roy - al di - a dem, And

crown him Lord of all, Bring, &c. And, &c.

crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

crown him Lord of all, Bring, &c. And, &c.

CELEBRATION. 7s & 6s.

SWAN

1. To thee, O bless - ed Sa - viour, Our grate - ful songs we raise;
O tune our hearts and voi - ces Thy ho - ly name to praise;
'Tis by thy sove-reign mer - cy We're here al - lowed to meet; To join with friends and teach - ers, Thy bless - ing to en - treat.

2. Lord, guide and bless our teachers
Who labour for our good,
And may the holy Scriptures
By us be understood;
Oh may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King!
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.

3. And may the precious gospel
Be published all abroad,
Till the benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the **Lord**;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness
Arise to light divine.

There is one God, and on - ly one; I am bound to die in his ar - my. No ri - vals can his es - sence share; I am

He is Je - ho - vah, He a - lone; I am bound to die in his ar - my. And with the Lord none can com - pare; I am

bound to die in his ar - my. I am bound to live in the ser - vice of my Lord; I am bound to die in his ar - my.

bound to die in his ar - my. I am bound to live in the ser - vice of my Lord, I am bound to die in his ar - my.

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. C. M

SWAN.

1. Lord, what a wretched land is this, That yields us no supply;
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees, Nor streams of liv-ing joy!
But pricking thorns, through all the ground, And mortal poisons grow;
And all the ri - vers that are found, With dang'rous waters flow.

MARTYN. 7s.
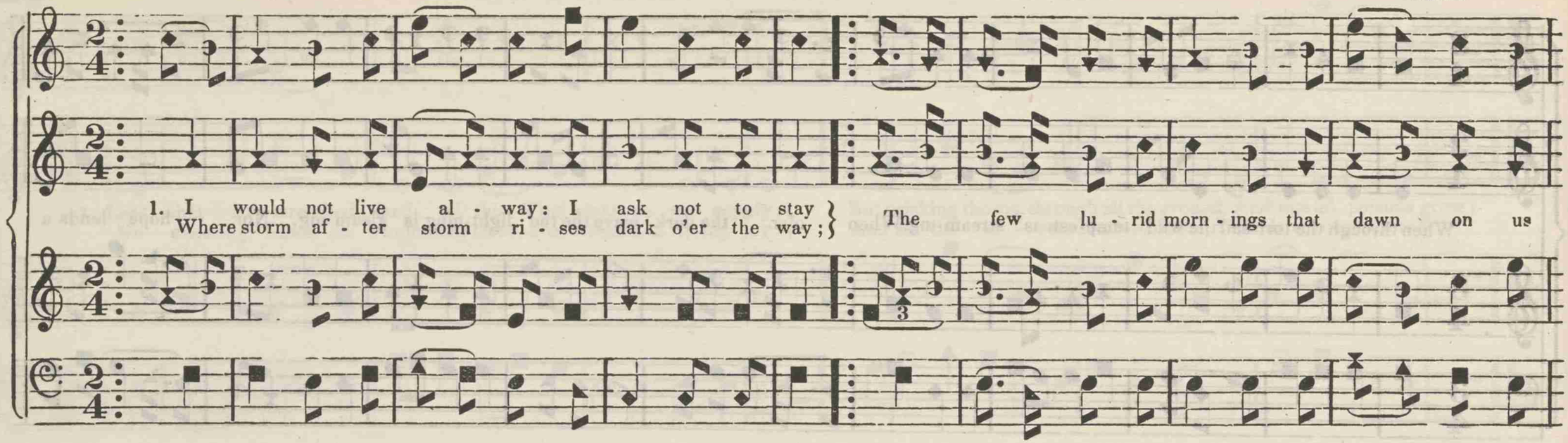
MARSH.
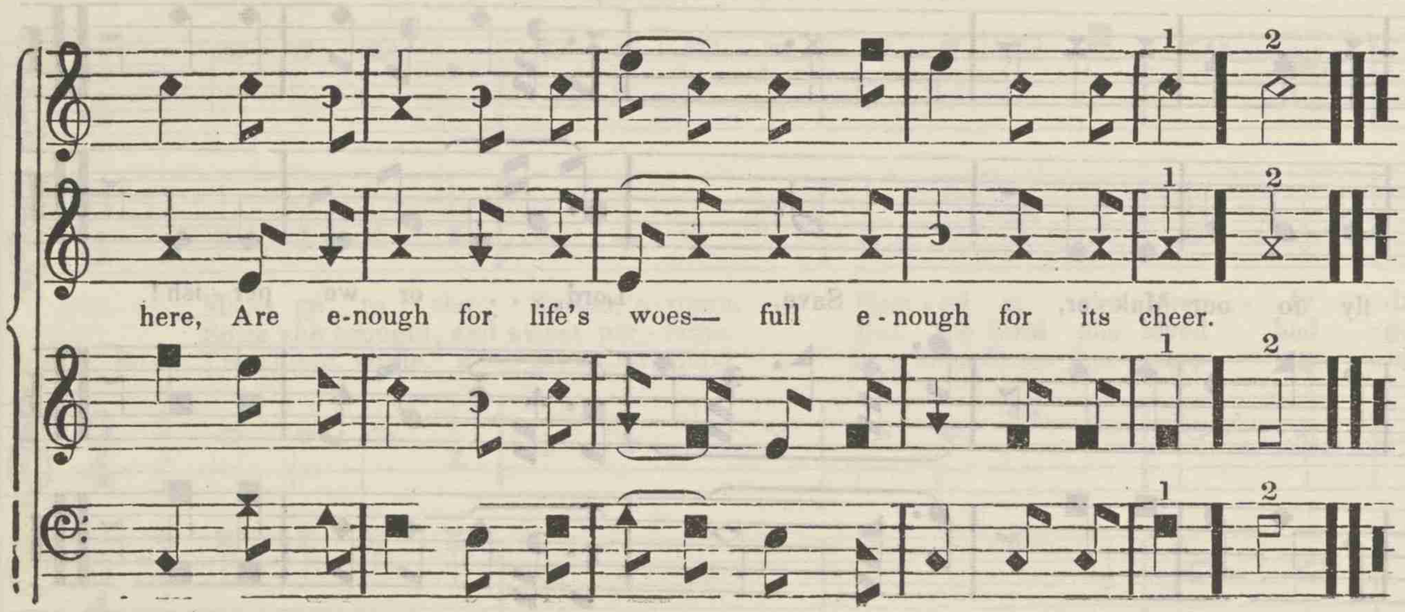
D. C.

Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb, Hast - ed at the ear - ly dawn,
Spice she brought, and sweet per - fume, But the Lord she loved had gone.
D. C. Trembling, while a crys - tal flood Is - sued from her weep - ing eyes.
For a - while she ling' - ring stood,
Fill'd with sor - row and sur - prise,

When through the torn sail the wild temp-est is stream-ing, When o'er the dark wave the red light-ning is gleam-ing, Nor hope lends a

ray the poor sea-man to cher-ish, We fly to our Mak-er, Save, Lord, . . . or we per-ish!





2. I would not live alway: no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3. Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Come a - way to the skies, My be - lov - ed, a - rise, And re - joice in the day thou wast born! On this

fes - ti - val day, Come ex - ult - ing a - way, And with sing - ing to Zi - on re - turn.

THE SAINT'S ADIEU

M. L. SWAN.

1. What's this that steals, that steals up - on my frame, Is it death, is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench, this vital flame, Is it death, is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be From every pain and sorrow free I shall the King of Glo - ry see; All is well, All is well.

2. Weep not my friends, my friends, weep not for me, All is well, All is well.
My sins are pa-don'd, pardon'd, I am free, All is well, All is well.
There's not a cloud that doth arise, To hide my Je - sus from my eyes; I soon shall mount the upper skies; All is well, All is well.

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 waft 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, my friends, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you,
My glittering 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 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,
Ah! hallelujah to the Lamb,
All is well, all is well.

THOU ART PASSING AWAY. 11s.

Arranged by Rev. GEORGE COLES
from Russell's "Mind of the Winter Night."

1. Thou art pass-ing a - way, thou art pass-ing a - way;
Thy life has been brief as a mid-summer day. Thy fore - head is pale, and thy pul - ses are low, And thy once-blooming cheek wears the o - mi-nous glow.

2. Thou art pass-ing a - way from the beau-ti - ful earth,
Thy much-loved a - bode, and the land of thy birth; From its forests and fields,—from its murmur - ing rills,—From its beau - ti - ful plains, and its herb-age-crown'd hills.

NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sa - viour divine; Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away: Oh, let me from this day Be wholly thine.

2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire: As thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be,—A liv - ing fire!

LUCAS. 5s, 6s & 11s.

1. Come, let us a - new Our journey pur-sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap-pear; His a - do - ra - ble

2. Our life is a dream, Our time as a stream Glides swiftly a - way, And the fu - gi - tive moment re - fu - ses to stay. The ar - row is

will Let us gladly ful - fil, And our tal - ents im-prove By the patience of hope and the la - bor of love, By the pa - tience of hope and the la - bor of love.

flown, The moment is gone, The moment is gone, The mil - len - ni - al year rushes on to my view, And e - ter - ni-ty's here, And e - ter - ni - ty's here.

1. In sea - sons of grief to my God I'll re - pair, When my heart is o'er-whelm-ed in sor - row and care; From the ends of the earth un - to thee will I

2. When Sa - tan, my foe, comes in like a flood, To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good, I'll pray to the Sa-viour who kind-ly did

cry, "Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I! High-er than I, High-er than I: Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!"

die, "Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I! High-er than I, Higher than I: Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!"

'Tis re - li - gion that can give Sweet-est plea-sures while we live; Af - ter death its joys will be Last-ing as e - ter - ni-ty.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

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

DUBLIN. C. M

Lord, what is man, poor fee-ble man? Born of the earth at first; His life a sha-dow, light and vain, Still hast'ning to the dust.

WATCHMAN. C. M.

Counter by Swan.

A charge to keep I have, A God to glo ri - fy; A nev - er dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come, Let earth re - ceive her King; Let ev - - 'ry heart pre - pare him

And heav'n, &c. sing, ...

room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, &c., And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

And heav'n, &c. And heav'n, &c.

1. O gracious Lord of all, Thy lit - tle children see, And mer - ci - ful - ly call Our wand' - ring hearts to thee.

2. Oh let thy pow'r - ful grace Our souls' at - ten - tion draw, And on our mem'-ries trace Thy ne - ver - chang - ing law.

BROOMFIELD. S. M.

SWAN

Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Har - monious to mine ear; Heav'n with the ech - o shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.

LISCHER. H. M

1. Welcome de-light - ful morn, Thou day of sac - red rest,
I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these moments blest;

From the low train of mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im-

I soar, &c.

mor - tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

I soar, &c.

2.

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

3.

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

1. To - day the Sa - viour calls, Ye wand'rers come! O ye be - night - ed souls, Why long - er roam?

2. To - day the Sa - viour calls, Oh hear him now! With - in these sa - cred walls, To Je - sus bow.

3. To - day the Sa - viour calls, For ref - uge fly! The storm of Jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.

PERU. C. M.

SWAN.
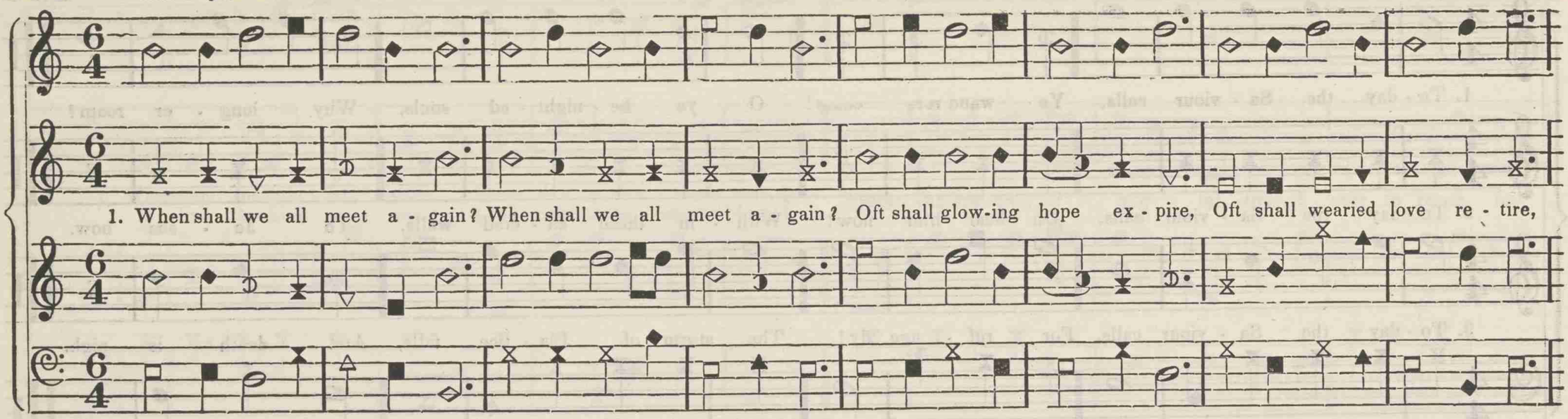
1. Sal - va - tion! Oh the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for every wound, A cor - dial for our fears.
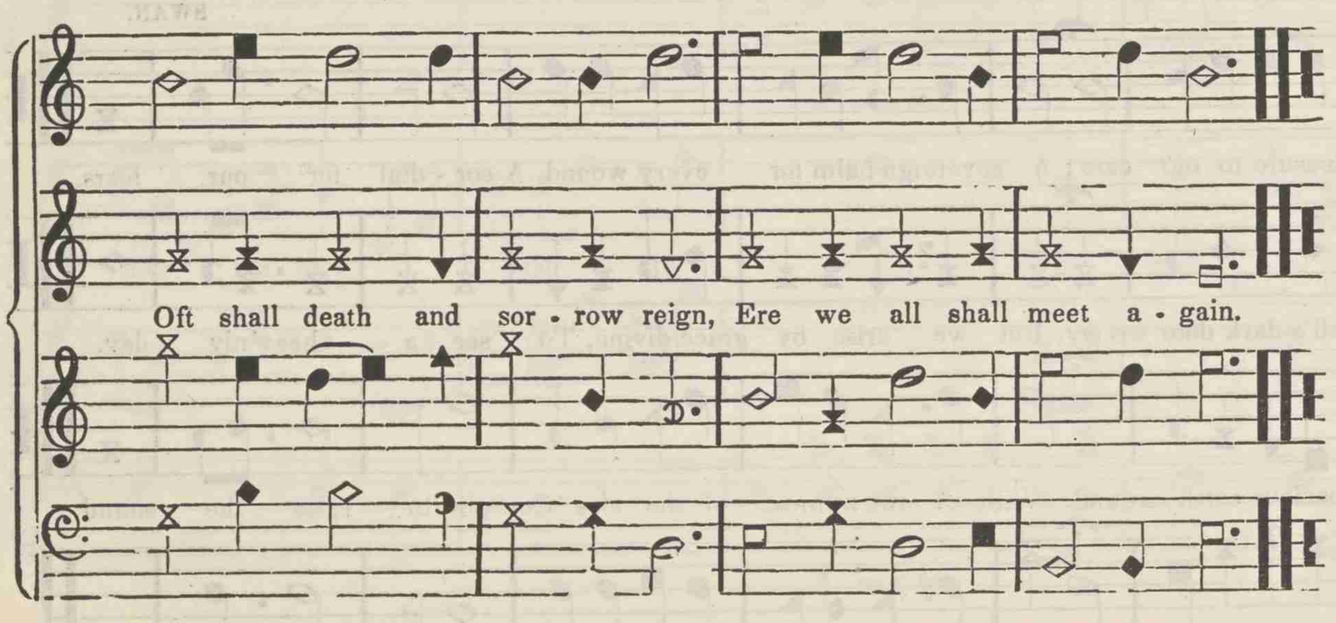
2. Bur - ied in sorrow and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay, But we arise by grace divine, To see a heav'nly day.

3. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly, The spacious earth around, While all the armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.

Counter by Sloan.

INDIAN'S FAREWELL. 7s
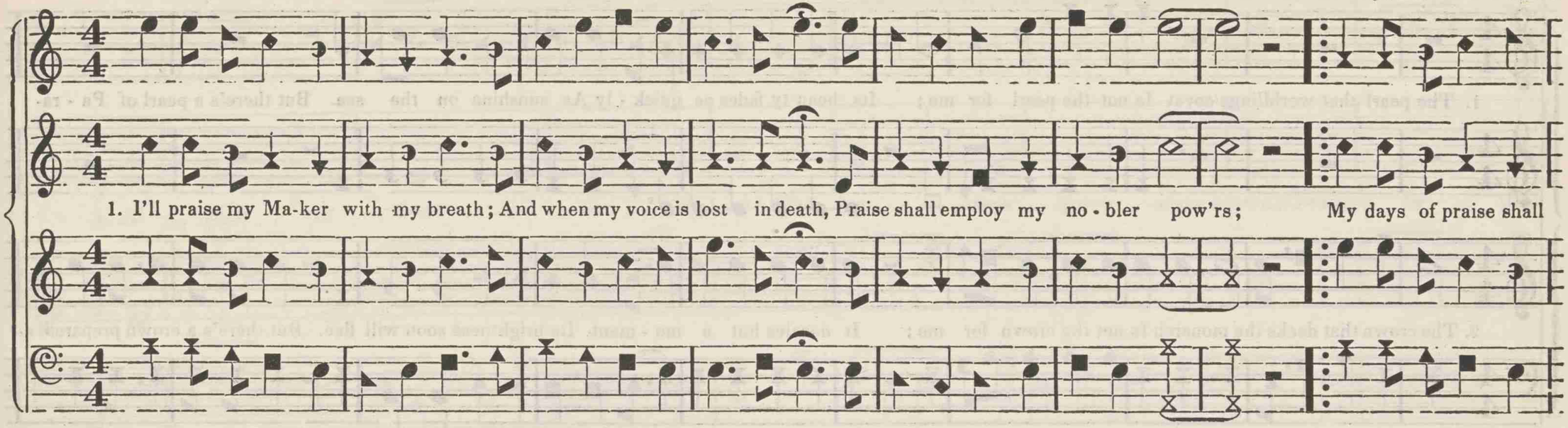


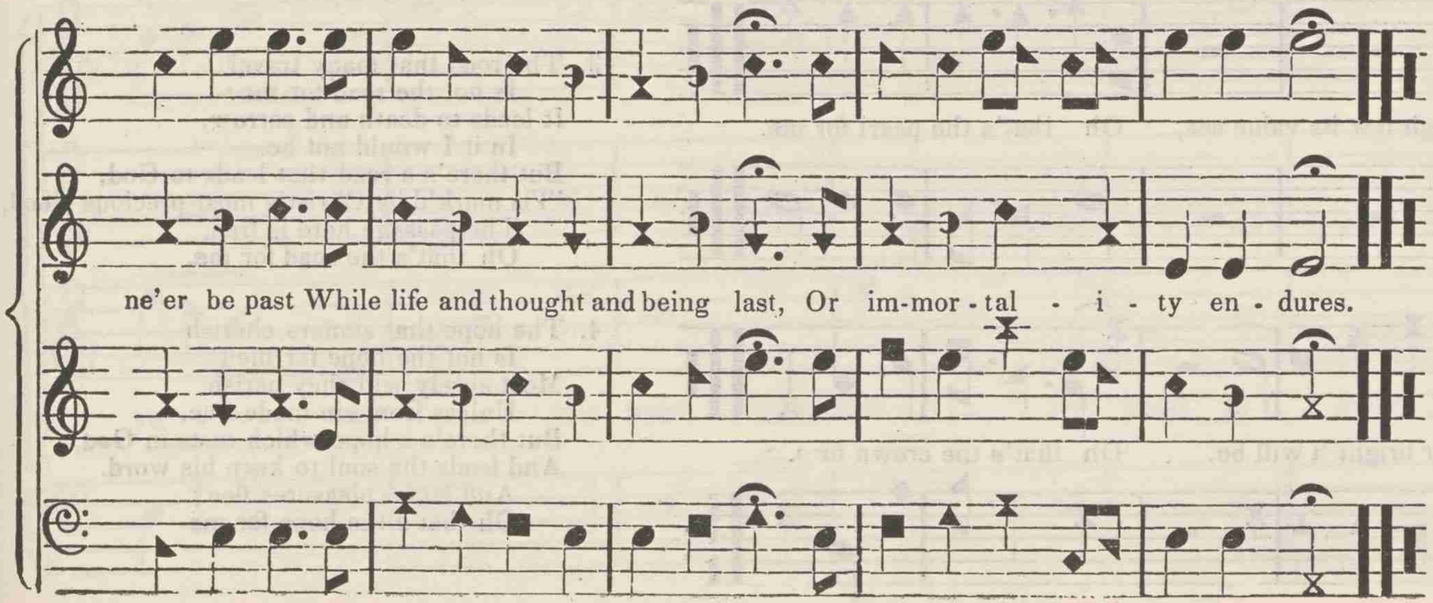


2. Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath the hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain,
There shall we all meet again.

3. When our burnish'd locks are gray,
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day,
When around the youthful pine
Moss shall creep and ivy twine;
Long may the loved bow'r remain,
Ere we all shall meet again.

4. When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth and fame are laid.
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again





2. Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs, their pomp and power
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

3. Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

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

THE PEARL. 7,6,7,6,8,8,6,6.

1. The pearl that worldlings covet Is not the pearl for me; Its beau-ty fades as quick - ly As sunshine on the sea. But there's a pearl of Pa - ra-
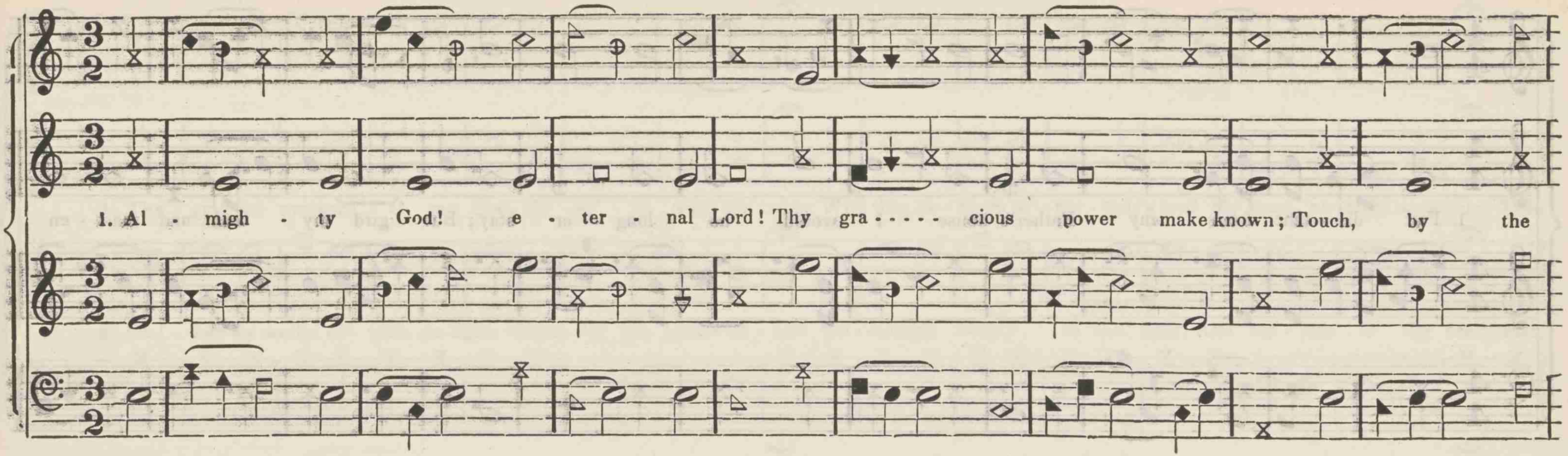
2. The crown that decks the monarch Is not the crown for me; It dazzles but a mo - ment, Its brightness soon will flee. But there's a crown prepared a-

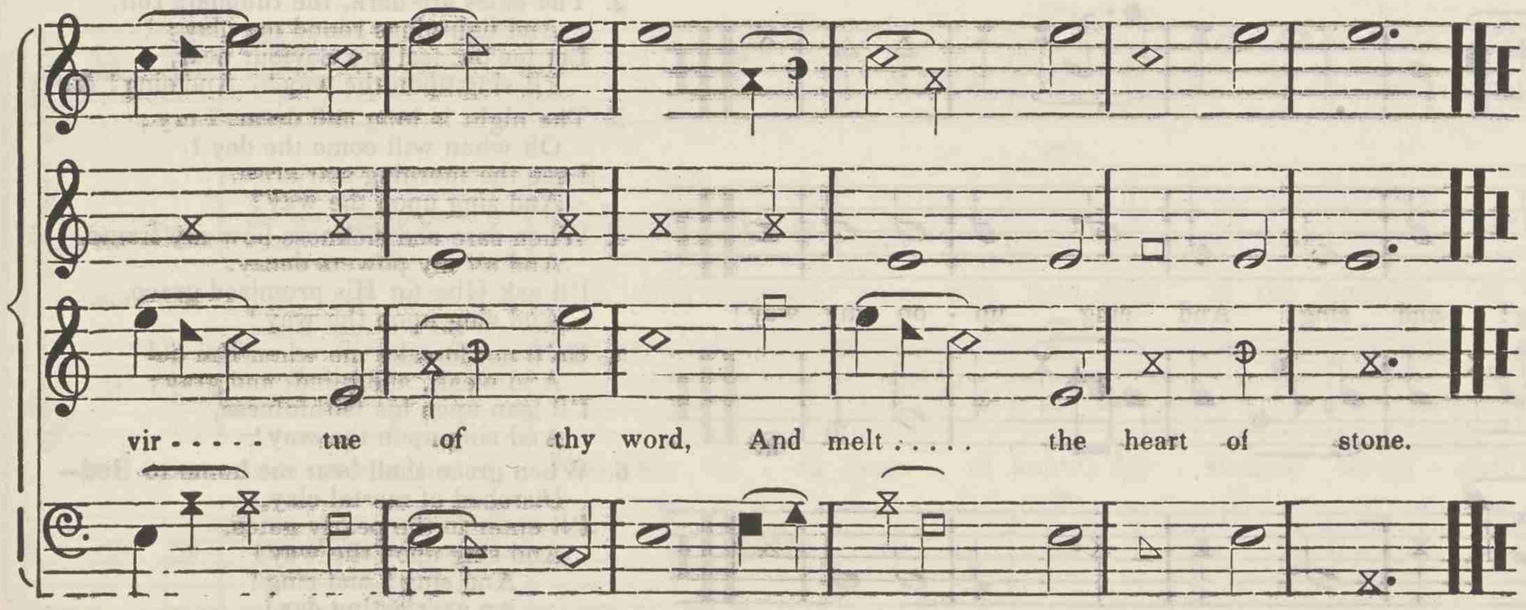
dise—'Tis called the pearl of greatest price; Though few its value see, Oh that's the pearl for me.

bove, For all who walk in humble love; For ever bright 't will be, Oh that's the crown for me.

3. The road that many travel
Is not the road for me
It leads to death and sorrow,
In it I would not be.
But there's a road that leads to God,
'Tis mark'd by Christ's most precious blood,
The passage here is free,
Oh that's the road for me.

4. The hope that sinners cherish
Is not the hope for me;
Most surely will they perish
Unless from sin made free.
But there's a hope which rests in God,
And leads the soul to keep his word.
And sinful pleasures flee;
Oh that's the hope for me



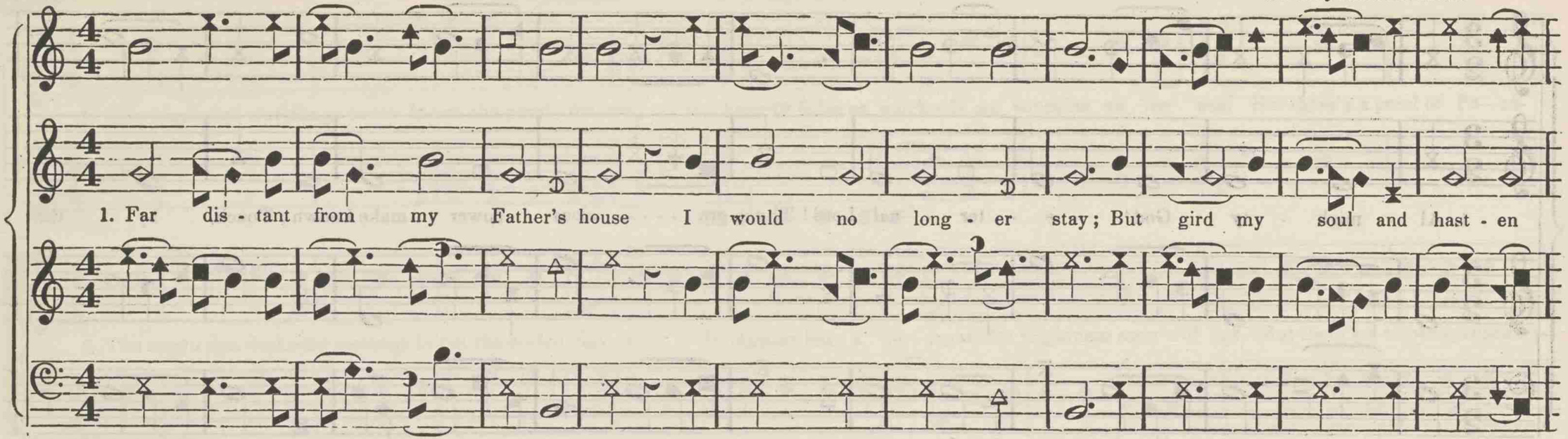


2. Speak with a voice that wakes the dead
And bid the sleeper rise;
And let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

3. Let us receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4. Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

Music by SWAN.
Words by Thos. Mackellar.



2. The skies are dark, the thunders roll,
And lightnings round me play;
Let me but feel my Saviour near,
I'll sing upon the way! And sing! &c

3. The night is long and drear, I cry;
Oh when will come the day?
I see the morning star arise,
And sing upon the way!

4. When care and sickness bow my frame,
And all my powers decay,
I'll ask Him for His promised grace,
And sing upon the way!

5. He'll not forsake me when I'm old
And weak, and blind, and gray;
I'll lean upon his faithfulness,
And sing upon the way!
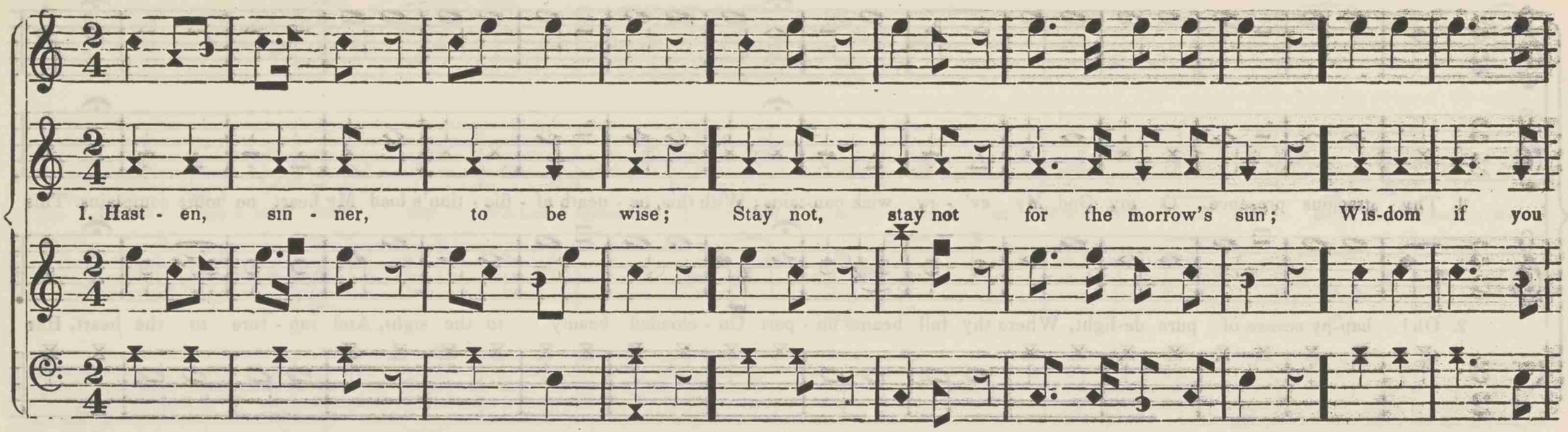
6. When grace shall bear me home to God—
Disrobed of mortal clay,
I'll enter in the pearly gates,
And sing upon the way!
And sing! and sing!
An everlasting day!

1. Thy gracious presence, O my God, My ev' - ry wish con-tains; With this, be - neath af - flic - tion's load My heart no more complains. This

2. Oh! hap-py scenes of pure de-light, Where thy full beams im - part Un - clouded beauty to the sight, And rap - ture to the heart. Her

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

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



2. Hasten mercy to implore;
Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's course be run.

3. Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4. Hasten, sinner, to be bless'd;
Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

5. Lord, do thou the sinner turn;
Rouse him, rouse him from his senseless state;
Let him not thy counsel spurn,
And lament his choice too late.

PART II.

CONSISTING PRINCIPALLY OF PIECES USED IN SCHOOLS AND SOCIETIES.

JOYFUL. C. M.

Counter by Swan.

Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?}
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?} Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease. Whilst others

JOYFUL. *Concluded.*

fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas? Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful, Oh! that will be joy - ful, to meet to part no

more, To meet to part no more, On Canaan's hap - py shore, We all shall meet at Je - sus' feet, With those who've gone be - fore.

What wondrous love is this, oh! my soul! oh! my soul! What wondrous love is this, oh! my soul! What wondrous love is

this! That caused the Lord of bliss, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul, for my soul, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul.

ROWLEY. 6s & 9s, or 5s & 8s.

1. Come a - way to the skies, My be- lov - ed, a - rise, And re - joice in the day thou wast born. On this fes - ti - val day

2. With sing - ing we praise The o - rig - i nal grace By our hea - ven - ly Fa - ther be - stow'd, Our be - ing re - ceive

Come ex - ult - ing a - way, And with sing - ing to Zi - on re - turn, And with sing - ing to Zi - on re - turn.

From his boun - ty, and live To the hon - or and glo - ry of God, To the hon - or and glo - ry of God.

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

2.

When I tread the verge of Jordan
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee

3.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

EDOM. C. M.

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

And wa-ters veil the

sky, ... And wa-ters veil . . . the sky. He sends his show'rs of bless-ings down, To

sky, And wa- . . . ters veil the sky. He sends his show'rs of bless-ings down, To cheer the plains be - low; . . .

sky, ... And wa - ters veil . . . . . the sky. He sends his show'rs of bless-ings down, To cheer the plains be - low; . . .

EDOM. *Concluded*

cheer the plains be-low, To cheer the plains . . . be - low; He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in val - leys grow, And corn in val-leys grow.

. . . . He makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in val-leys grow, And corn in val-leys grow.

. . . . . He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in valleys grow, ... And corn in val-leys grow.

MEXICO. 7s & 6s.

SWAN.

D. C.

How lost was my con - di-tion, Till Je-sus made me whole,
There is but one phy - si-cian Can cure my sin - sick soul!
D. C. On eve - ry part it seizes, But rages most with - in.

The worst of all dis - eases Is light compared with sin,

D. C.

D. C.

FRANCE 7s & 6s.

SWAN

Good morn-ing, broth-er pil - grim, What! bound for Canaan's coast? March you to-wards Je - ru - sa-lem To join the hea-v'nly host.
Pray where-fore are you smil - ing While tears run down your face? We soon shall cease from toil - ing, And reach that hea-vn'ly place.

And reach that heav'nly place, And . . . reach that heav'nly place; We soon shall cease from toil - ing, And reach that heav'nly

place ; Pray, where-fore are you smil - ing, While tears run down your face ? We soon shall cease from toil - ing, And reach that heav'nly place.

OLNEY. S. M.

The Spi - rit in our hearts Is whis-p'ring, "Sin - ner, come," The bride, the church of Christ, pro - claims To all his chil - dren "Come."

How hap-py the people that dwell Se-cure in the ci-ty a-bove! No pain the in-hab-i-tants feel, No sick-ness or sorrow shall prove. Phy-

sician of souls, un-to me For-give-ness and ho-li-ness give; And then from the bo-dy set free, And then to the ci-ty re-ceive.

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

Thy love the power of thought bestow'd, To thee my thoughts would soar, Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer - cy I a - dore.

MILFORD. C. M.

STEPHENSON.

If an-gels sung . . a Saviour's birth, If angels, &c. On that au - spi-cious morn,

If an-gels sung . . a Sa - viour's, Sa-viour's birth, On that au - spi-cious morn,

If an-gels sung . . . a Sa - viour's birth, If an-gels sung a Sa - - viour's, Sa - viour's birth, On that au - spi-cious morn, We

If an-gels sung . . . . a Sa viour's birth, If an-gels sung a Sa - viour's birth, On that au - spi-cious morn, We well may imi-

We well may imi - tate their mirth, Now he a-gain is born, Now he a-gain is born, Now he, &c.

We well may im-i - tate . . . . . their mirth, Now he again is born, ... Now he a-gain, Now he a-gain is born.

well may im - i - tate their mirth, We well, &c. Now he a-gain is born, Now he again is born.

tate their mirth. We well &c. Now he a-gain is born, Now he a - gain . . . is born.

Each in his pro - per station move, Each in his pro-per

How pleasant 'tis to see Kindred and friends a - gree, Each in his pro-per station move, Each in his pro - per station move, And

Each in his pro - per sta-tion move, . . . Each in his pro - per station move,

Each in his pro - per station move, Each in his pro - per station move,

station move, And each ful - fil his part, ... With sym-pa-thi-zing heart, In all, &c.

each ful - fil his part, ... With sym-pa - thi-zing heart, ... In all the cares of life, In all the cares of life and love.

. . . And each ful - fil his part, With sym-pa-thi - zing heart, . . . In all, &c.

. . . . . And each ful-fil his part, With sym-pa-thi-zing heart, In all, &c.

YARMOUTH. 7s & 6s.

1. When shall the voice of sing - ing Flow joy-ful - ly a - long? When hill and val - ley, ring-ing With one tri - umphant song, Proclaim the contest end - ed,

2. Then from the craggy mountains The sa-cred shout shall fly, And sha - dy vales and fountains Shall echo the re - ply: High tow'r and low-ly dwell-ing

And Him who once was slain, A - gain to earth de - scend-ed, A-gain to earth de-scend - ed, A - gain to earth-de - scended, In righteousness to reign.

Shall send the cho-rus round, All hal - le - lu - jah swell-ing, All hal - le - lu - jah swell-ing, All hal - le - lu - jah swelling, In one e - ter - nal sound.

Now in the heat of youth - ful blood, Re - mem - ber your Cre - a - tor, God; Be-

Be - hold the months come

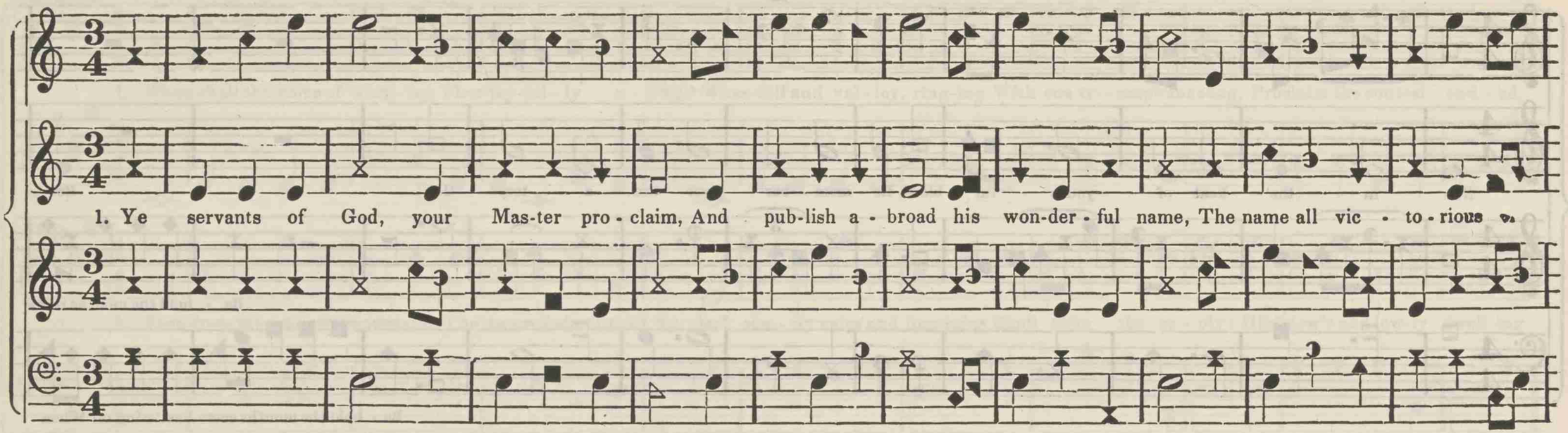
Be - hold the months come hast'-ning on When

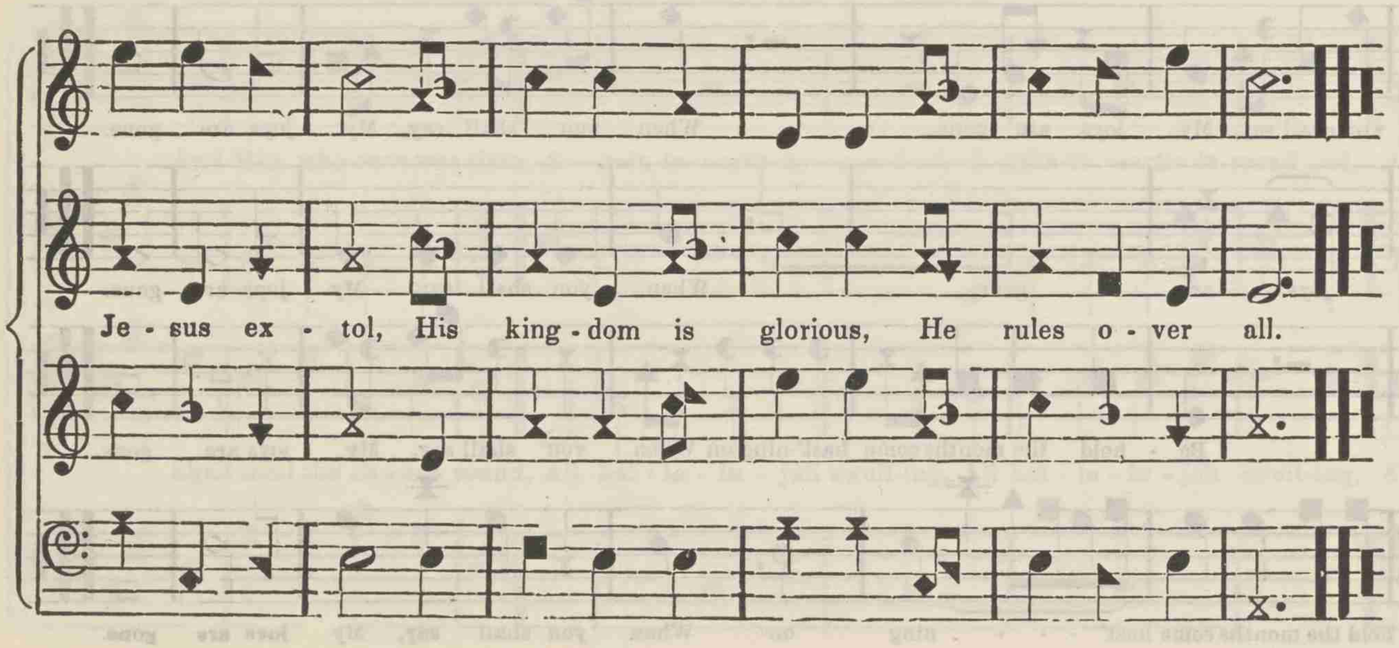
Be - hold the months come hast'-ning on When you shall say, My joys are gone, When you shall say, My joys are gone.

hold the months come hast'-ning on When you shall say, My joys are gone, ... When you shall say, My joys are gone.

hast'-ning on When you shall say, My joys are gone. Be - hold the months come hast'-ning on When you shall say, My joys are gone.

you shall say, My joys are gone. Be - hold the months come hast' - - - ning on When you shall say, My joys are gone.





2.

God ruleth on high, Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh, his presence we have.
The great congregation his triumphs shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3

Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:
The praises of Jesus, the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4.

Then let us adore and give Him his right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might,
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love

Let every creature join, To praise th' eternal God; Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin, And sound his name, And sound his name abroad.

Thou

The sun with golden

Thou sun with golden beams, And moon with

Thou sun, &c.

sun with, &c.

Shine to, Shine

beams, And moon with paler rays, And moon, &c.

Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise, Shine to your Maker's praise.

paler rays, And moon, &c.

Ye starry, &c

MONTGOMERY. C. M

Ear-ly, my God, without de - lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spi-rit faints a - - - way, ... Without thy cheering grace.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Beneath the burning sky, Long for a cool - ing stream at hand, . . .

So pilgrims on the scorch - ing sand, Be-neath the burning sky, Long for a cooling stream .

So pilgrims on the scorching sand, So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Beneath the burning sky, Long for a

So pilgrims on the scorching sand, So pilgrims on the scorch - ing sand Be-neath the burning sky,

. . . . Long for a cool - ing stream at hand, Long, &c.

. . . Long for a cool - ing stream at hand, Long for a cool - ing stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

cool - ing stream . . . . . at hand, Long, &c.

Long for a cool - ing stream at hand, Long, &c.

OCEAN. C. M.

SWAN.

Thy works of glo - ry, might - y Lord, That rul'st the bois - t'rous sea; The sons of cour - age shall re - cord,

At thy command the winds a-rise, And swel. . . . .
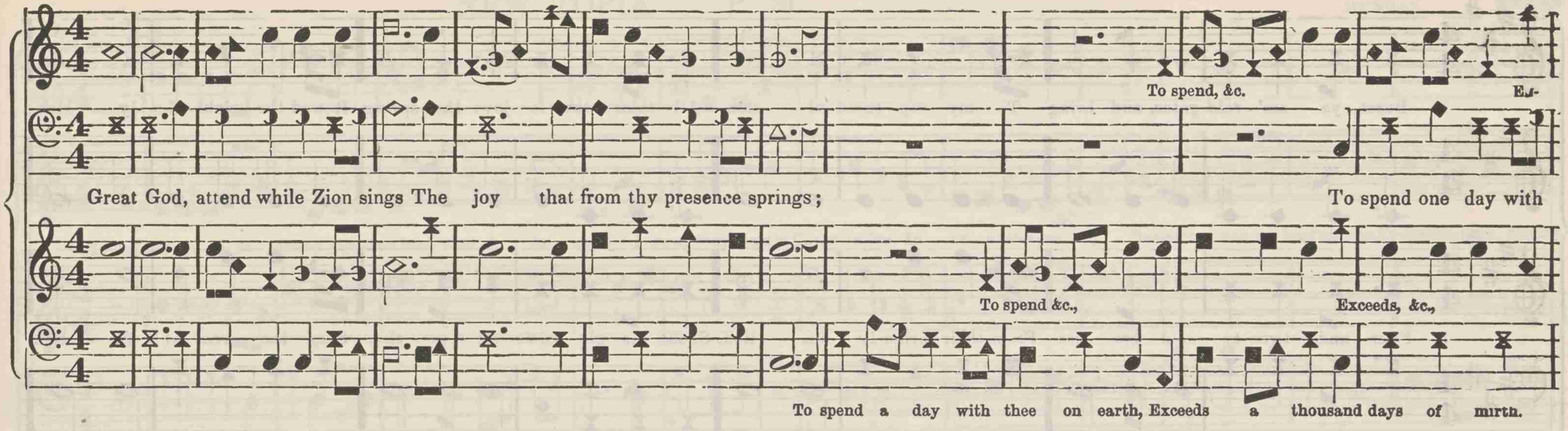
Who tempt the dangerous way. At thy command the winds a-rise, And swell the tow'ring waves; . . . .
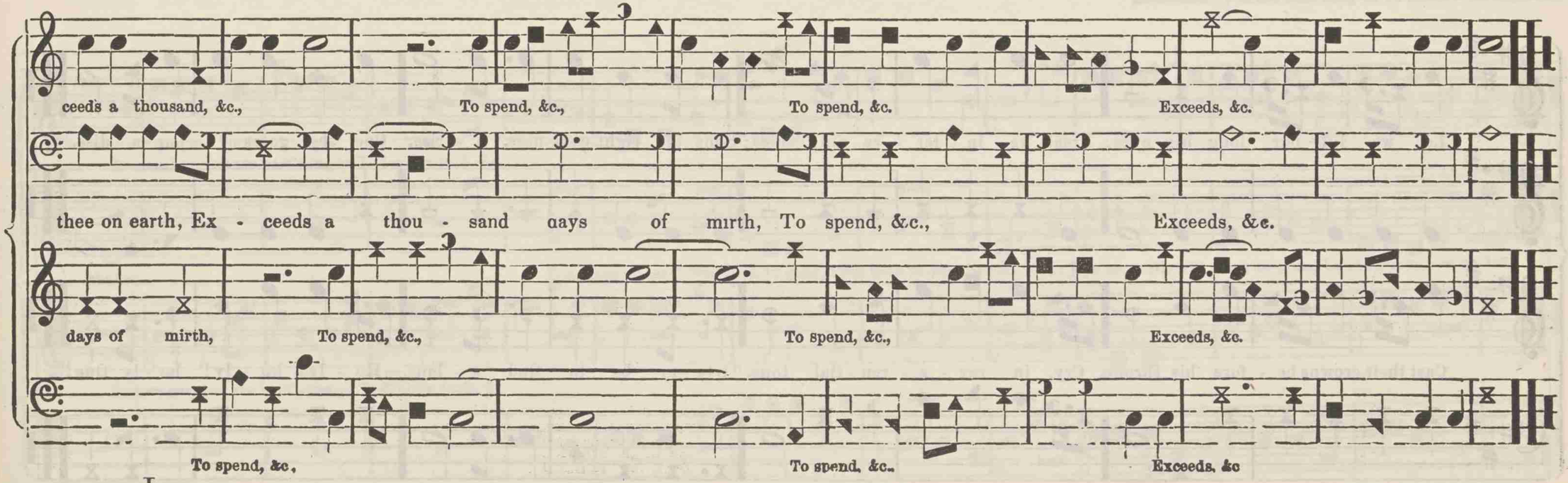
At thy command the winds a-rise, And swell the tow-'ring waves;

At thy command the winds a-rise, And swell the tow'ring waves . . . . . .

. . the tow-'ring waves;

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


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


ceeds a thousand, &c.,
To spend, &c.,
To spend, &c.
Exceeds, &c.
thee on earth, Ex - ceeds a thou - sand days of mirth, To spend, &c.,
Exceeds, &c.
days of mirth,
To spend, &c.,
To spend, &c.,
Exceeds, &c.
To spend, &c.,
To spend, &c.
Exceeds, &c

L

MERDIN. 7s, 6s & 7s.

1. Burst, ye em'-rald gates, and bring To my rap-tured vi - sion All th'ec-stat-ic joys that spring Round the bright E - ly - sian:

2. Four- and- twen-ty e'd-ers rise From their princely sta - tion, Shout his glo-rious vic-to-ries, Sing the great sal-va-tion,

Lo! we lift our long-ing eyes; Break, ye in-ter-ve-ning skies; Sons of right-eous-ness, a-rise, Ope the gates of par-a-dise.

Cast their crowns be-fore his throne, Cry, in rev-e-ren-tial tone, "Glo-ry be to God a-lone,—Ho-ly! ho-ly! ho-ly One!"

Young peo-ple, all at - tention give, And hear what I do say; I want your souls in Christ to live, In ev - er-last-ing day; Remember, you are hast'ning on To death's dark, gloomy

Re-member, you are hast'ning on To death's dark, gloomy

Remember, you are hast'ning on To death's dark, &c.

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

Remember, you are hast'ning on To death's dark, &c.

shade. Your joys on earth. &c.

MARION. S. M
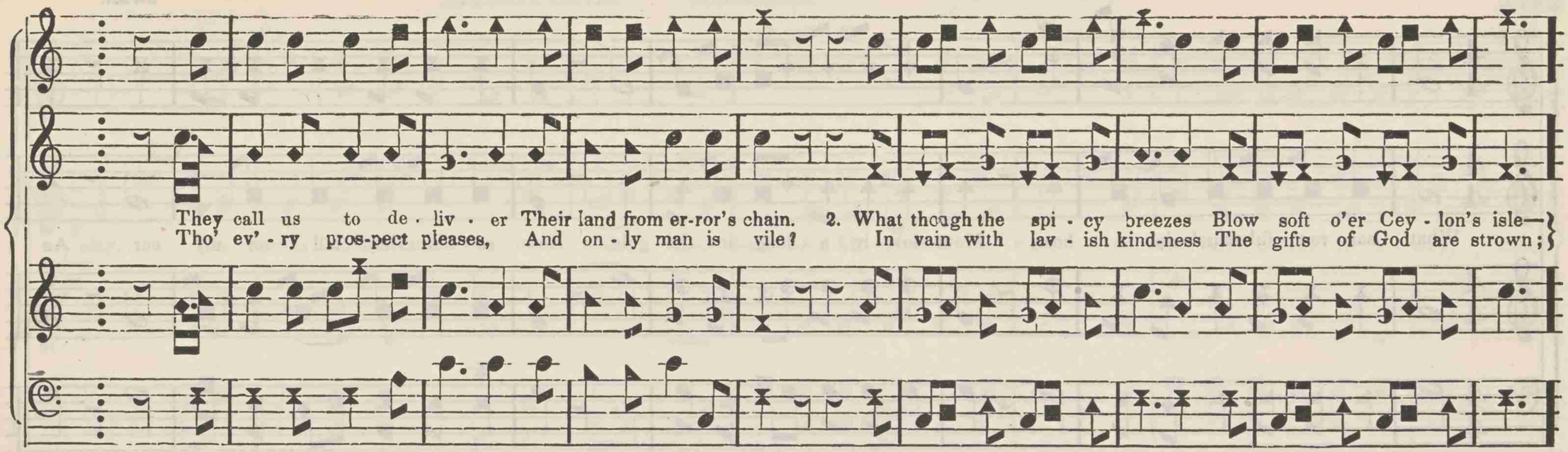
SWAN

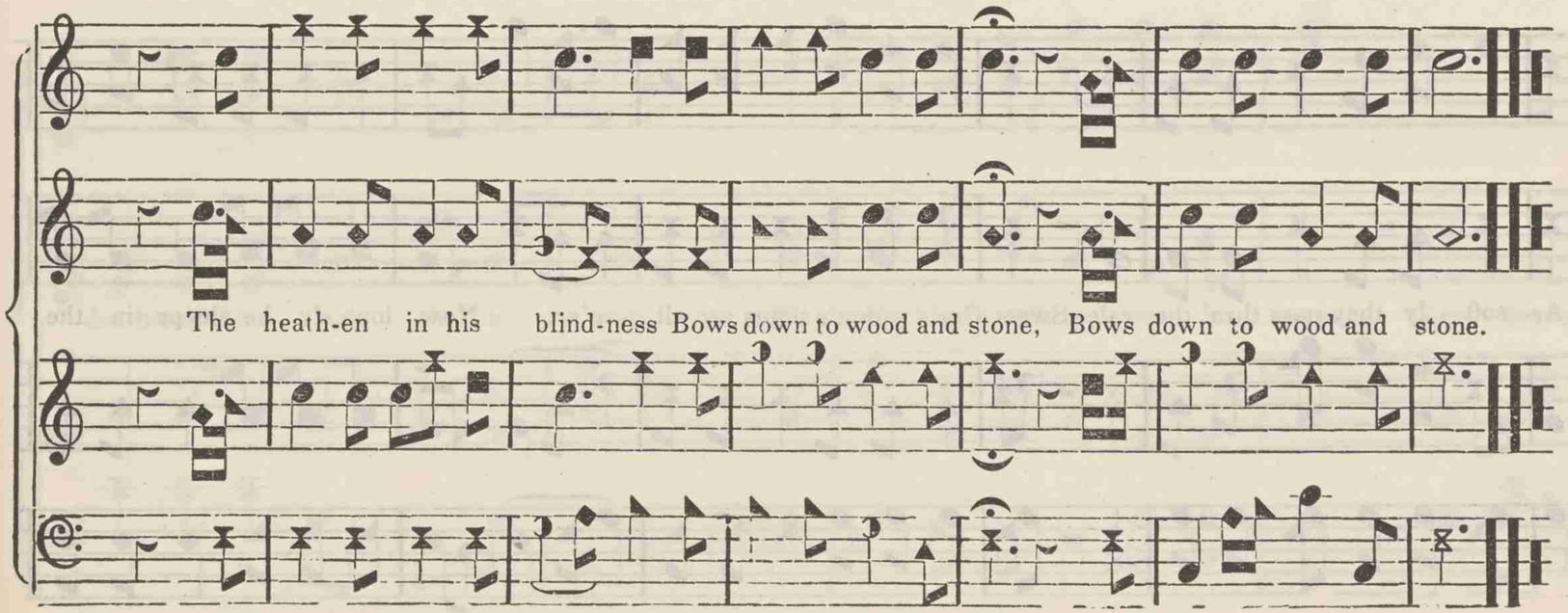
1. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.

EUSEBIA. 7s & 6s.

SWAN.

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun - tains, From India's co - ral strand,
   Where Af - ric's sun-ny foun - tains Roll down their golden sand;
   From ma-ny an an - cient riv - er, From ma - ny a palm - y plain,





3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

What sor - row - ful sounds do I hear, Move slow - ly a - long in the gale, How so - lemn they fall on my ear. As

soft - ly they pass thro' the vale, As soft - ly they pass thro' the vale. Sweet Cor - y-don's notes are all o'er, Now lone -ly he sleeps in the

clay, His cheeks bloom with ro - ses no more, Since death call'd his spi - rit a - way, Since death call'd his spi - rit a - way, Since

death call'd his spi - rit a way. His cheeks bloom with ro - ses no more, Since death call'd his spi - rit a - way.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN? (HYMN.)

Alto by M. L. SWAN.

1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will Peace wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er?

2. When shall love free - ly flow Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet friendship glow Change-less for - ev - er?

Our hearts will ne'er re - pose Safe from each blast that blows In this dark vale of woes, Nev-er, no, nev-er!

Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of part - ing chill Nev-er, no, nev-er!

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por-tion trace ; Rise from all ter - res- trial things, To heav'n, thy native place. Sun, and moon, and

stars de - cay ; Time shall soon this earth re - move. Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats pre - pared a - bove.

Counter by Swan.

SPRING. P. M.

1. The scat - ter'd clouds are fled at last, The rain is o'er, the win - ter's

past; The love - ly ver - nal flowers ap - - pear, The war - bling choirs en - - chant our ear:

Now, with sweet - ly pen - - sive moan, Coos the tur - tle - dove a - lone, Coos, &c.

Coos . . . . . .

Coos the tur - tle - dove a - - - - lone, Coos - - - the tur - tle - dove a-lone.

Coos. . . . . .

Coos the tur - tle - dove a - - - - - - lone. Coos. &c.

2.

The voice of my beloved sounds,
While o'er the mountain top he bounds;
He flies exulting o'er the hills,
And all my soul with transport fills
Rise, my soul, and come away,
Gently doth he chide my stay

URMUND. 8s & 4s.

1. Hark how the gos - pel trum-pet sounds! Thro' all the world its ech - o bounds, And Je - sus, by re deem-ing blood, Is bring-ing sin-ners back to God, And guides them safe-ly by his word, To end-less day.

2.

Hail! all-virtuous, conquering Lord!
Be thou by all thy works adored,
Who undertook, for sinful man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee may ever reign
In endless day.

3.

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

Hail the day that . . . saw him rise, Rav - ish'd from our wish-ful eyes; Christ, a - while to mor-tals given,

Re - - - - a - scends his na-tive heaven.

There the pomp-ous tri-umph waits, Lift your heads, e - ter - nal gates, ... Wide un-fold the ra - diant scene, Take the King of glo - ry in.

SWAN.

Be - - - hold! . . . . Be - hold! . .
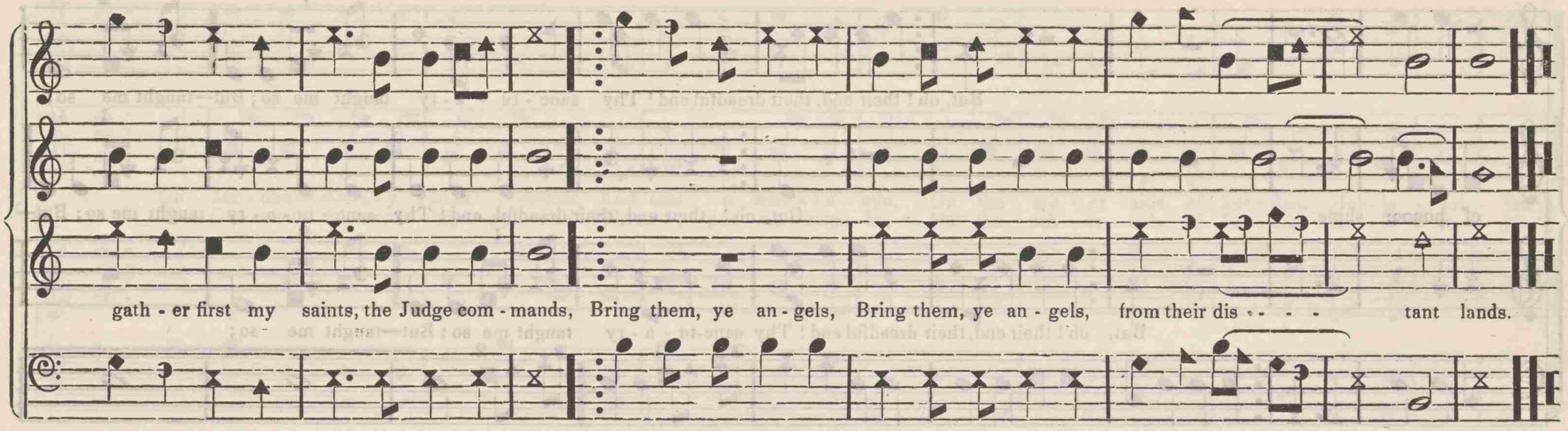
Be - - - hold! . . . . Be - hold! .

Be - hold! the Judge de - scends! Be - - hold! . . Tem-pest and fire at - tend him down the sky! Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near, Let
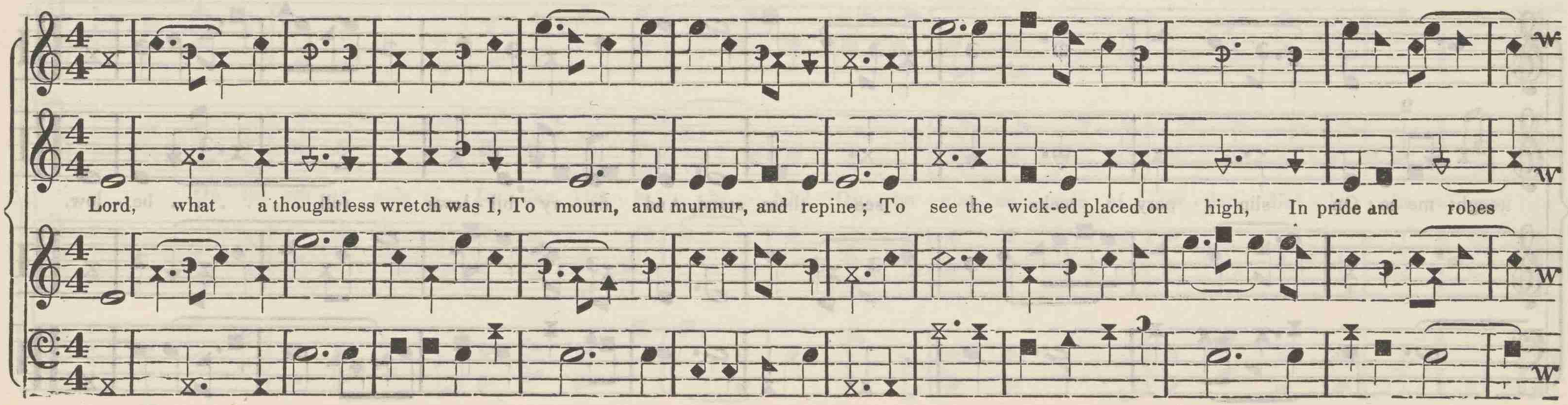
Be - - - hold! . . . . His guards are nigh!
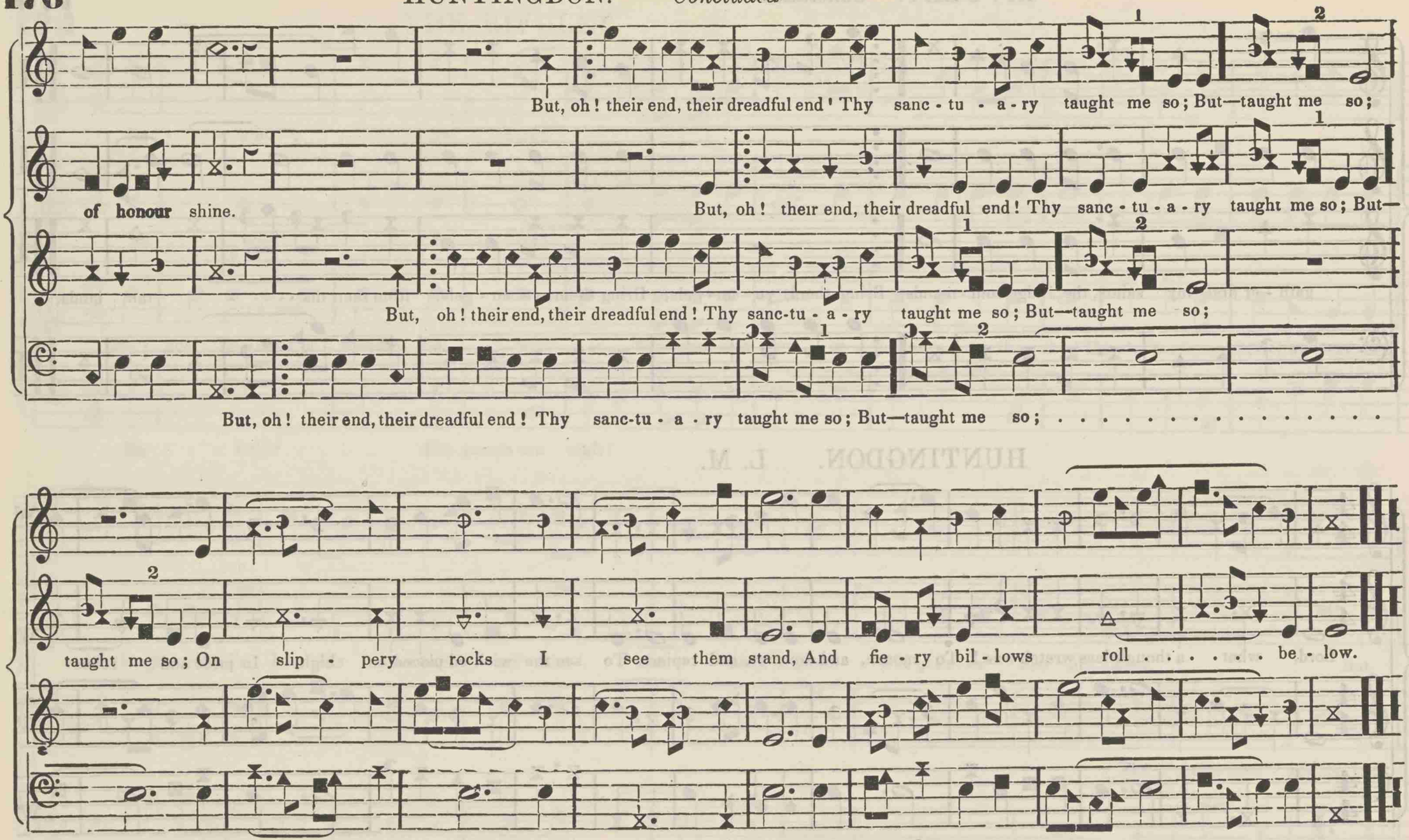
all things come, To hear his jus - tice, and the sin - - ner's doom. But gath - er first my saints, But

The Judge com - mands, But



HUNTINGDON. L. M.




But, oh! their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanc - tu - a - ry taught me so; But—taught me so;
of honour shine.
But, oh! their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanc - tu - a - ry taught me so; But—
But, oh! their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanc-tu - a - ry taught me so; But—taught me so;
But, oh! their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanc-tu - a - ry taught me so; But—taught me so; . . . . . .
taught me so; On slip - pery rocks I see them stand, And fie - ry bil - lows roll . . . . . be - low.

JORDAN'S SHORE. C. M.

On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye, On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, Hal - le - lu - jah!
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land Where my pos - ses - sions lie, On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, Hal - le - lu - jah!

On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, Hal - le - lu - jah! On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Has - ten, O sin - ner, to be wise, And stay not for to - mor - row's sun; The long - er wis - dom you de-spise, The hard - er is she

INVITATION. L. M.

KIMBOL.

to be won, The hard-er is she to be won.

Hark! the Re - deem - er, from on high, Sweet-ly in - vites his fa - v'rites

Come, my be - lov-ed, haste a-

nigh, From caves of darkness and of doubt, He gent-ly speaks and calls us out.

Come, my be-

Come, my be - lov-ed, haste a - way, Cut short the

Come, my be-lov-ed, haste a - way, Cut short the hours of thy .

way, Cut short the hour of thy de - lay; Fly like a youth - ful hart or roe, O - ver the hills where spi - - - ces grow.

lov-ed, haste a - way, Cut short the hours of thy de - lay; Fly like a youthful hart or roe, O - ver the hills where spi-ces grow.

hours of thy de - lay; Fly like a youthful hart . . . . or roe, O - - - ver the hills . . where spi - - - ces grow.

de - lay; Fly like a youthful hart . . or roe. . . . O - ver the hills where spi - - - ces grow

WHITESTOWN. L. M.

WARD.

Re - mem-ber, Lord, our mor - tal state, How frail our lives, how short the date! Where is the man that draws his breath, Safe

from dis - ease, se - cure . . . . from death?

Lord, while we see whole na-tions die, Our flesh and strength re-

Lord, while we see whole na-tions die, Our

Lord, while we see whole na-tions die, Our flesh and strength re - pine, and cry, . .

Lord, while we see whole na-tions die, Our flesh and strength re - pine, and cry, ...

pine, and cry, ... Must death. &c.

flesh and strength re - pine, and cry, ... Must death for ev - er rage and reign? Or hast thou made man - kind in vain?

BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.

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.

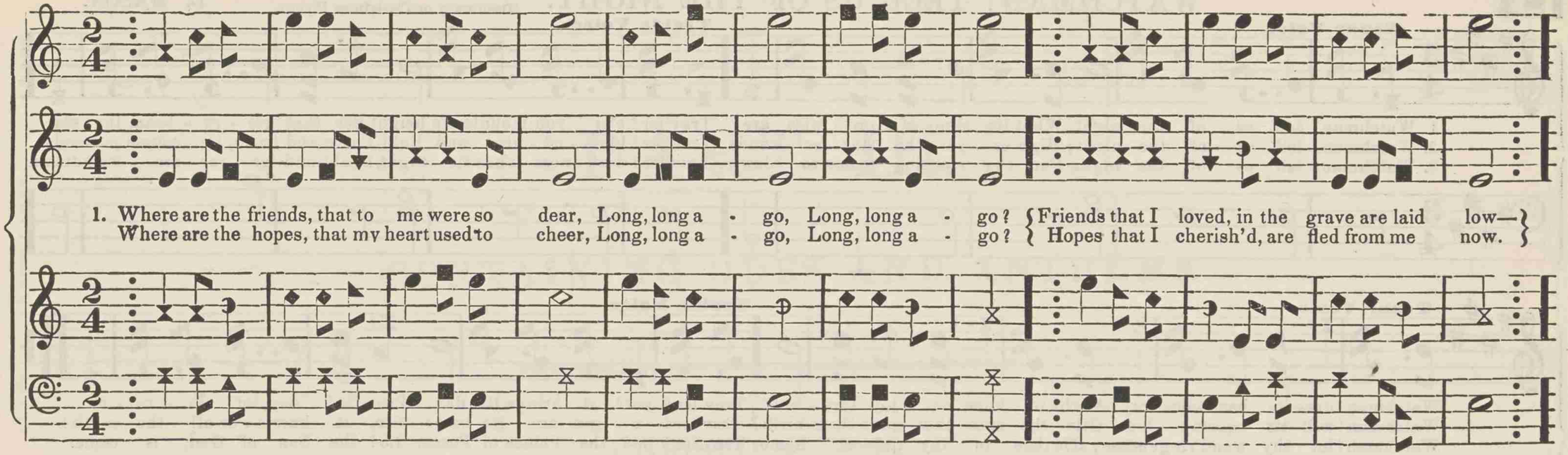
ORNAN. 8s & 7s

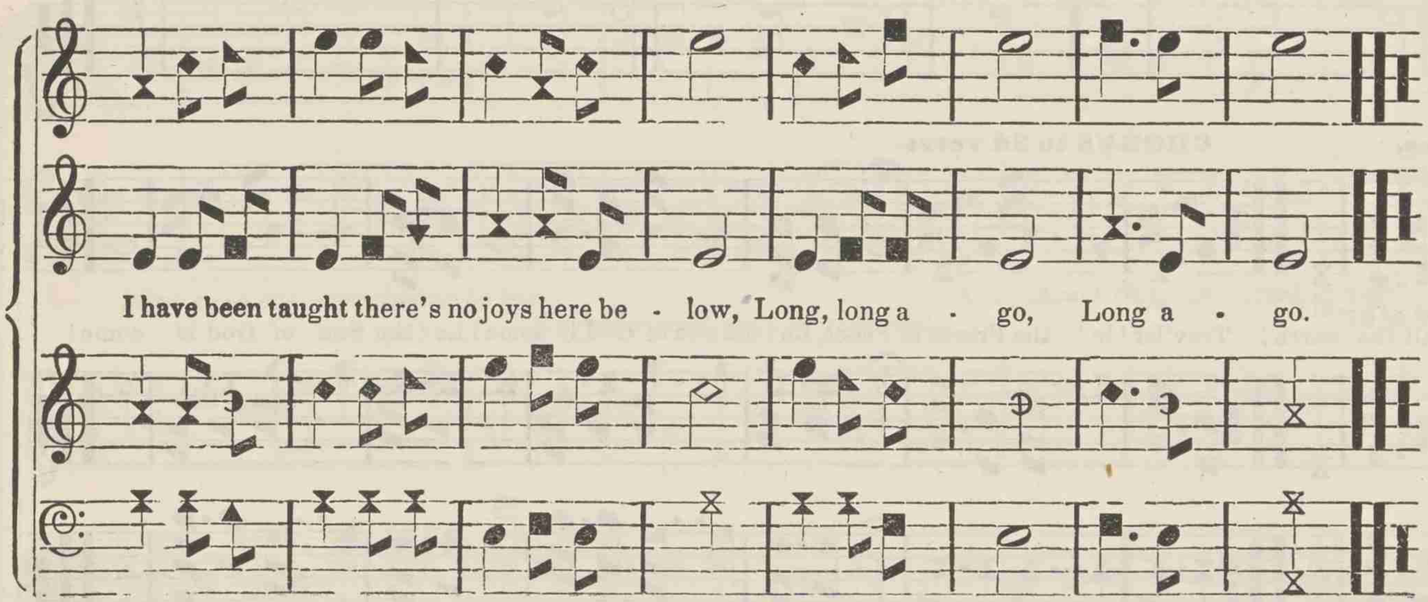
1. Yes, my na - tive land, I love thee, All thy scenes, I love them well; Friends, con-nec-tions, hap - py coun-try, Can I bid you all fare-well?

2. Home, thy joys are pass-ing love-ly, Joys no stranger's heart can tell; Hap - py home, in - deed I love thee; Can I, can I say fare-well?

Can I leave you, can I leave you, Far in hea-then lands to dwell? Can I leave you, can I leave you, Far in hea - then lands to dwell?

Can I leave thee, can I leave thee, Far in hea-then lands to dwell? Can I leave thee, can I leave thee, Far in hea - then lands to dwell?





2. Jesus, the Saviour, has died on the cross,
Long, long ago—long, long ago;
Told me believe in his name, or be lost,
Long, long ago—long, long, ago;
Had I repented and turned to the Lord,
Trusted his grace and believed in his word,
Pleasures for me had been placed on record,
Long, long ago—long ago.

WATCHMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

Missionary or Christmas Hymn. L. MASON.

Tenor Voice. Treble Voice.

1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of pro - mise are: Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry - beam-ing star.
2. Watchman! tell us of the night; High-er yet the star as - cends: Trav'ler! bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth, its course portends.
3. Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn: Trav'ler! dark - ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are withdrawn.

Tenor Voice. Treble Voice.

Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell? Trav'ler! yes! it brings the day, Promised day, of Is - ra - el.
Watchman! will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Trav'ler! a - ges are its own: See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home: Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God, is come.

CHORUS to 1st and 2d verses.—All voices.

Trav'ler! yes! it brings the day, Promised day, of Is - ra - el!
Trav'ler! a - ges are its own: See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

CHORUS to 3d verse.
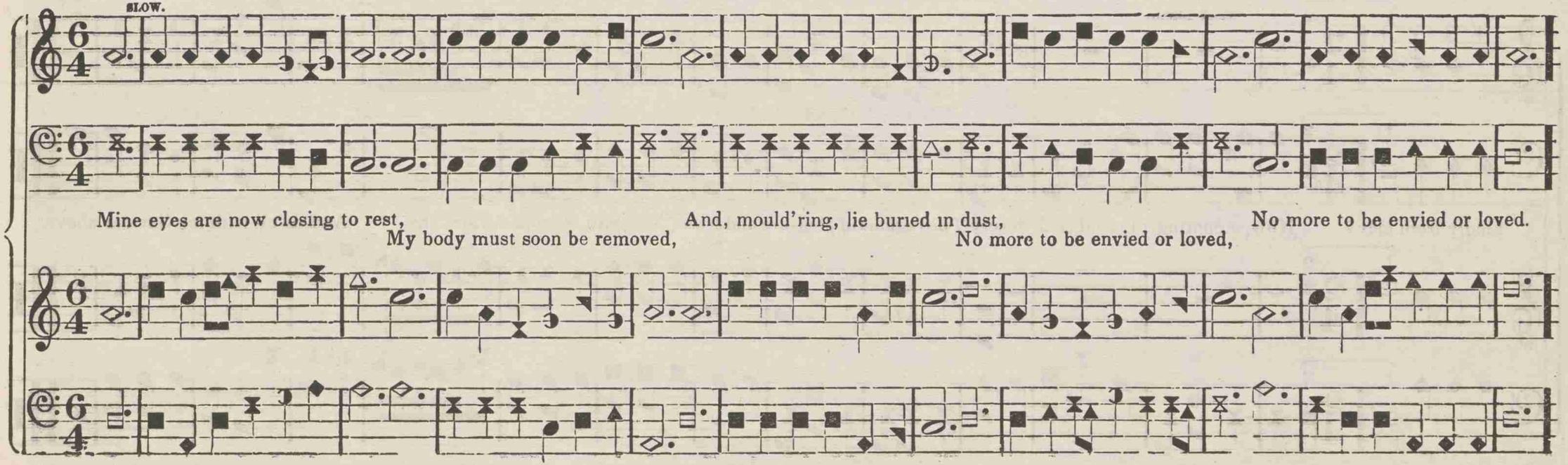
Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God, is come! Lo! the Son of God is come!

PART III.

CONTAINING ODES AND ANTHEMS.

CHRISTIAN SONG.

Alte by Swan.
SLOW.



CHRISTIAN SONG. *Concludea.*

SOFT AND SLOW. BRISK.

Oh! what is this drawing my breath, And stealing my senses away? O tell me, :‖: :‖: O tell me, my soul, is it death Releasing me

VERY BRISK.

kindly from clay? Now, mounting, my soul shall descry The regions of pleasure and love; My spirit triumphant shall fly, And dwell with my Saviour above.

Be hold, thou art fair, my love; Be - hold, thou art fair; thou hast dove's eyes within thy locks: thy hair is as a flock of goats, that ap-

pear from mount Gil-e-ad. Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof every one bear twins,

and none is bar-ren a-mong them. Thy lips are like a thread of scar-let, and thy speech is comely: thy temples are like a
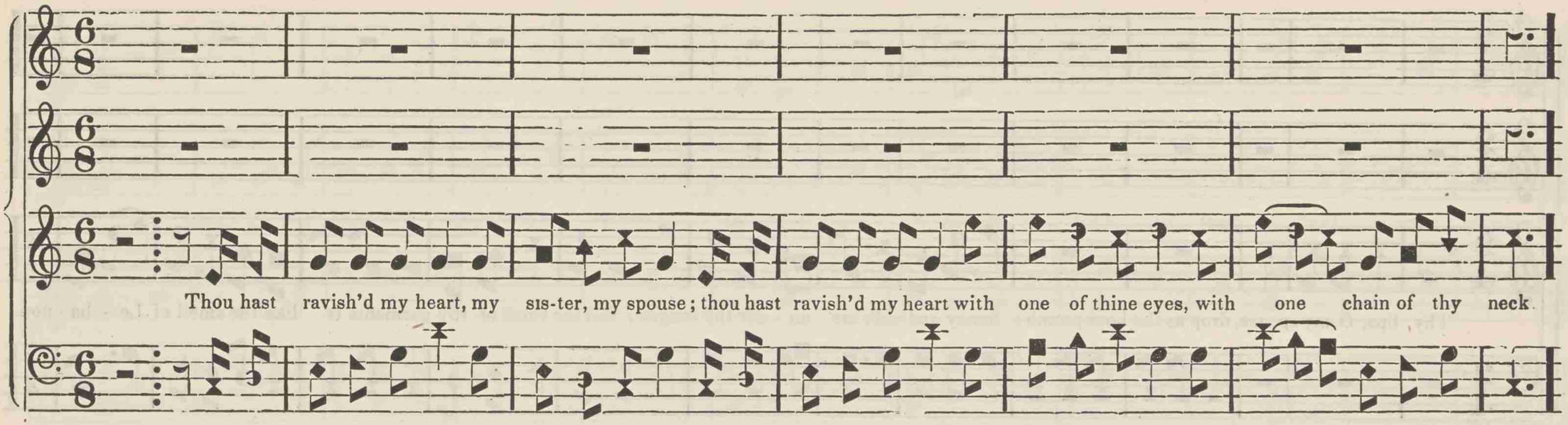
piece of a pomegranate with-in thy locks. Thy neck is like the tow-er of Da-vid build-ed for an ar-mo-ry, where-
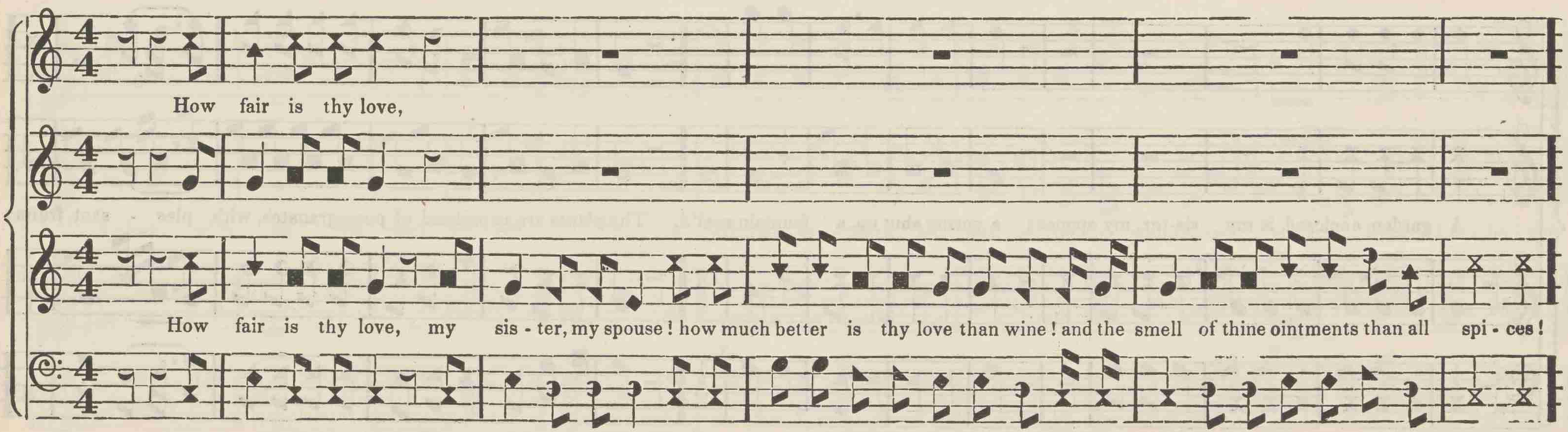
on there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of might - y men. Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the li - lies.

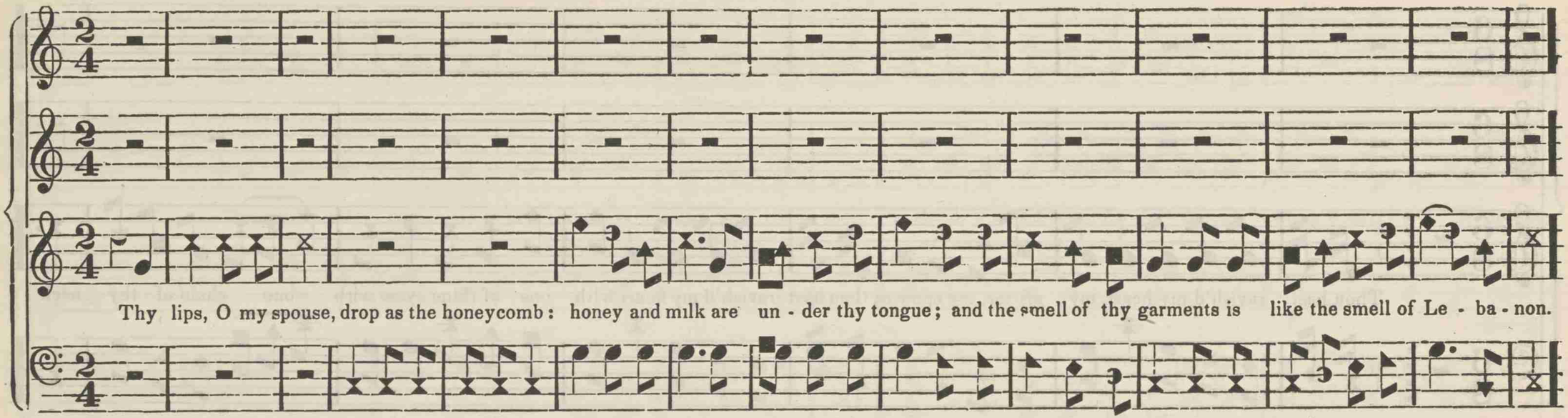
Un - til the day break, and the shadows flee a - way, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.
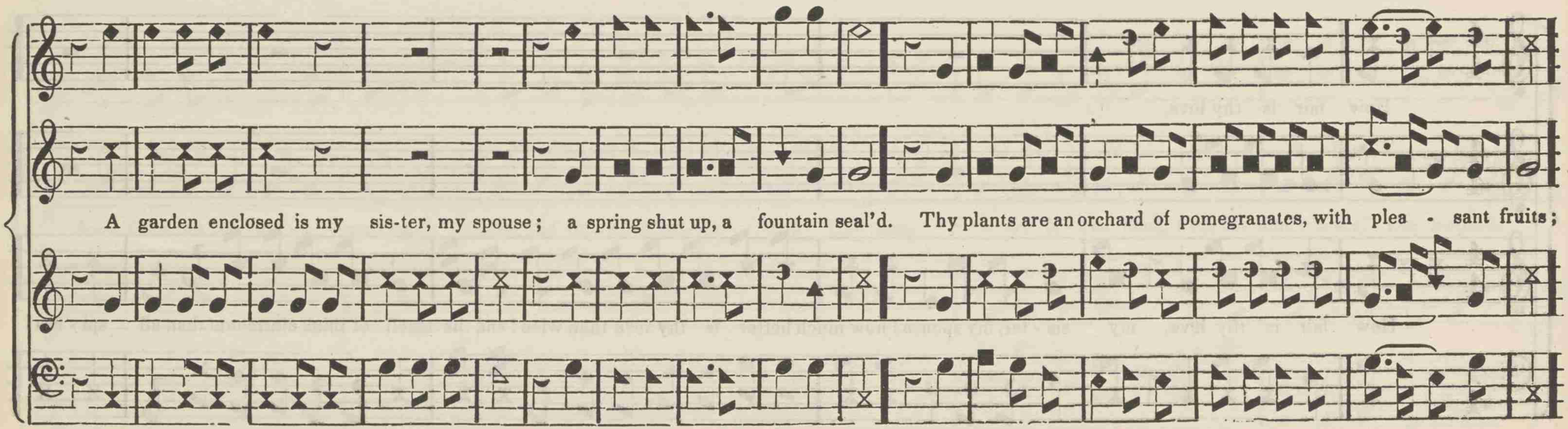
Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee. Come with me from Le-ba-non, my spouse, with me from Le ba-non:

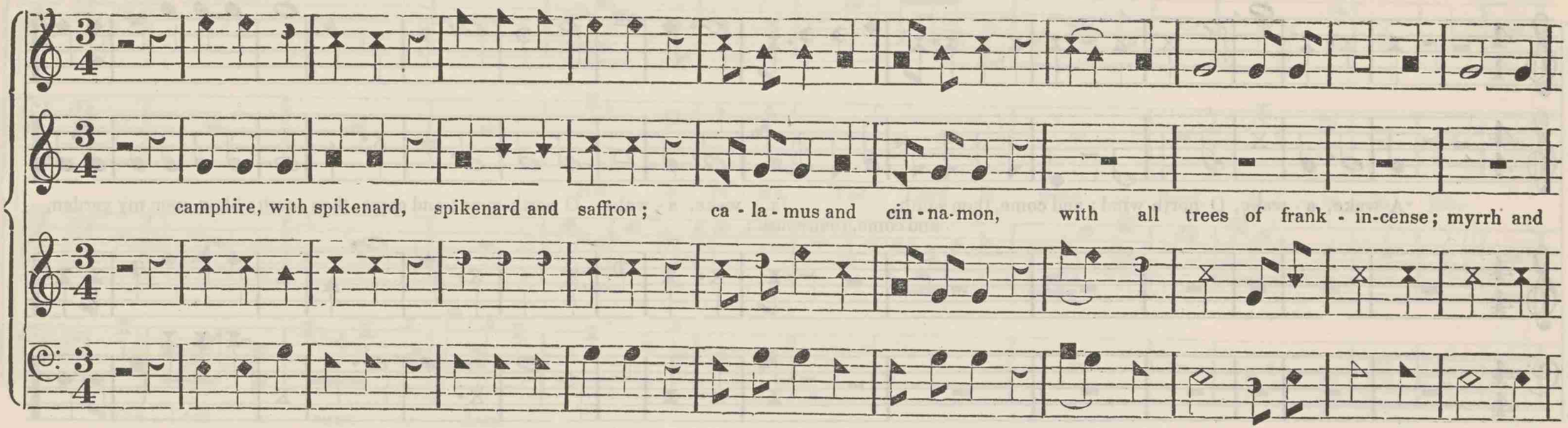
look from the top of A-ma-na, from the top of She-nir and Her-mon, from the li-ons' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.

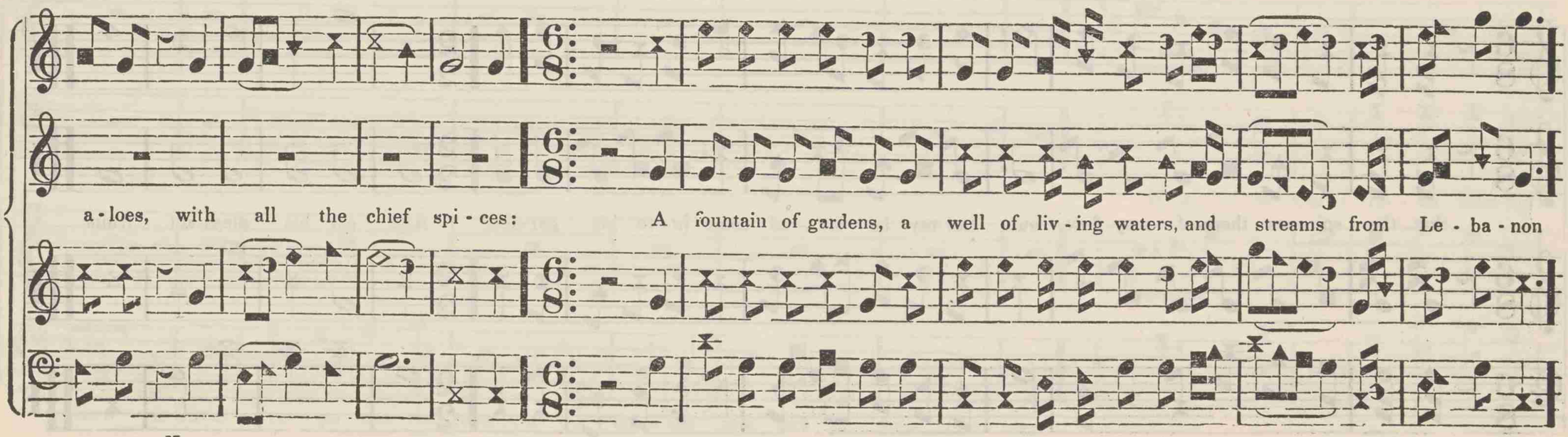

Thou hast ravish'd my heart, my sis-ter, my spouse; thou hast ravish'd my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck.


How fair is thy love,
How fair is thy love, my sis - ter, my spouse! how much better is thy love than wine! and the smell of thine ointments than all spi - ces!


Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb: honey and milk are un - der thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Le - ba - non.


A garden enclosed is my sis-ter, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain seal'd. Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with plea - sant fruits;


camphire, with spikenard, spikenard and saffron; ca - la - mus and cin - na - mon, with all trees of frank - in-cense; myrrh and


a - loes, with all the chief spi - ces: A fountain of gardens, a well of liv - ing waters, and streams from Le - ba - non

A-wake, a - wake, O north wind; and come, thou south, a - wake, a - wake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, and come, thou south;

that the spi - ces there-of may flow out. Let my be - lov - ed come in - to his gar-den, And eat his pleas-ant fruits.

Hal - le - lu - jah, The Lord is risen in - deed, Hal - le - lu - jah,

The Lord is risen in - deed,

Now is Christ ris - en from the

Now is Christ ris - en from the dead, And be - come the first fruits of them that slept.

dead, and be - come the first-fruits of them that slept, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

And did he rise? And did he rise? . . .

And did he rise? Did he rise? Hear it, ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!

And did he rise? And did he rise? . . .

And did he rise? . . . . And did he rise? . . . . . .

He rose, he rose.

He burst the bars of death, he burst the bars of death, and triumph'd o'er the grave!

He rose, he rose, he burst the bars of death,

He rose, he rose

He rose, he rose

Then, Then, then I rose, then I rose, then I rose, then I rose, then first hu - man - i - ty tri-

umph-ant pass'd the crys - tal ports of light, And seized e - ter - nal youth. Man, all im-mor- tal, hail! Hail,

Heaven! all lav-ish of strange gifts to man, Thine's all the glo - ry, man's the boundless bliss.

Thine's all the glo - ry, man's the boundless bliss.

I am the rose of Sha - ron, and the li - ly of the val - leys.

I am the rose of Sha-ron, and the

li - ly of the val - leys.

As the li - ly a - mong the thorns. so is my love a mong the daugh - ters.

So is my be - lov - ed a - mong the sons.

As the ap - ple tree, the ap - ple tree a - mong . . . . the trees . . . of the wood, so is my be - lov - ed a - mong the sons.

I sat down un - der his sha - dow with great de - light, and his

I sat down un - der his sha dow with great de - light,

So is my be - lov - ed a - mong the sons. I sat down un - der his sha - dow with great de - light,

I sat down un - der his sha - dow with great de light, and his

fruit . . . . was sweet to my taste. And his fruit, And his fruit was sweet to my taste.
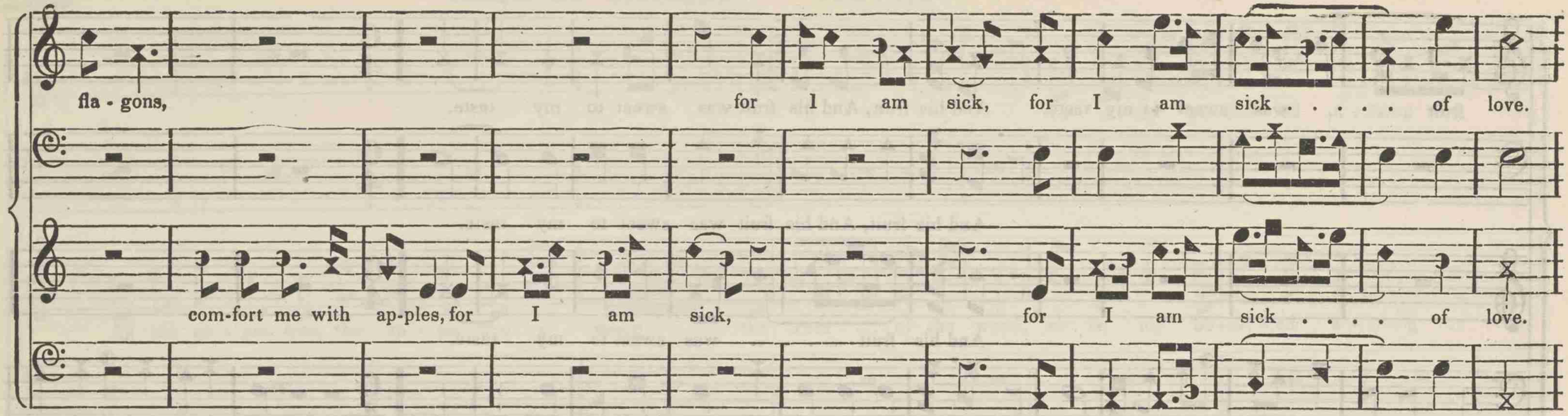
And his fruit, And his fruit was sweet to my taste.

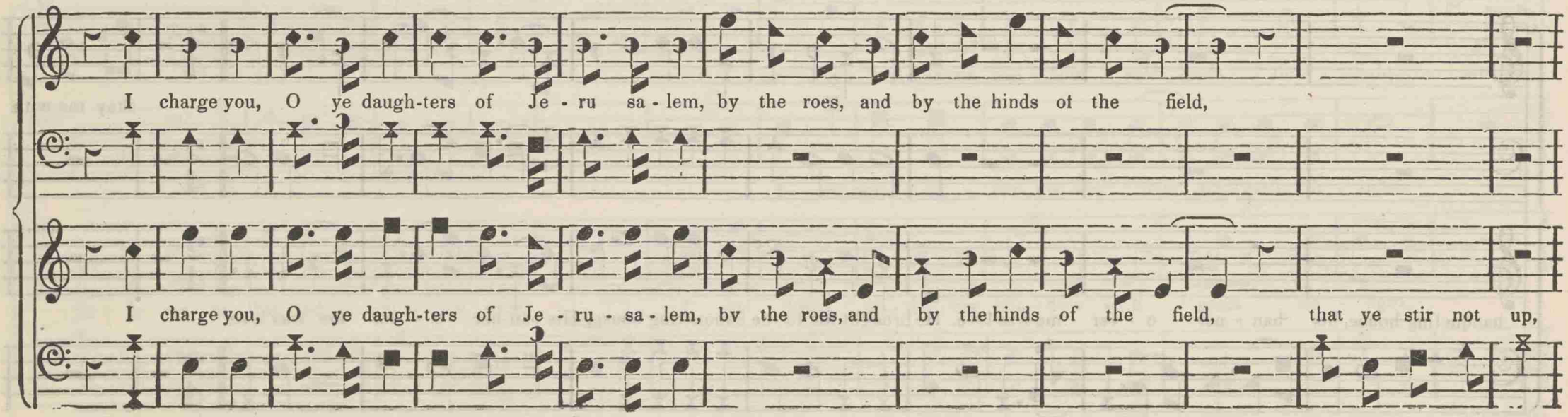
And his fruit . . . . was sweet to my taste.

fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. He brought me to the

Stay me with

banqueting house, his ban - ner o - ver me was love. He brought me to the banqueting house, His ban-ner o - ver me was love.


fla - gons, for I am sick, for I am sick . . . . . of love.
com-fort me with ap-ples, for I am sick, for I am sick . . . . of love.


I charge you, O ye daugh-ters of Je - ru sa - lem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field,
I charge you, O ye daugh-ters of Je - ru - sa - lem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up,

that ye stir not up, that ye stir not up, nor a - wake, a - wake, a - wake, a - wake

that ye stir not up, that ye stir not up, &c.

The voice of my be - lov - ed!

my love, till he please.

be - hold, . . . he cometh leap - ing up - on the mountains,

skipping, leap-ing up - on the moun - tains, skipping up - on the hills. and said un - to
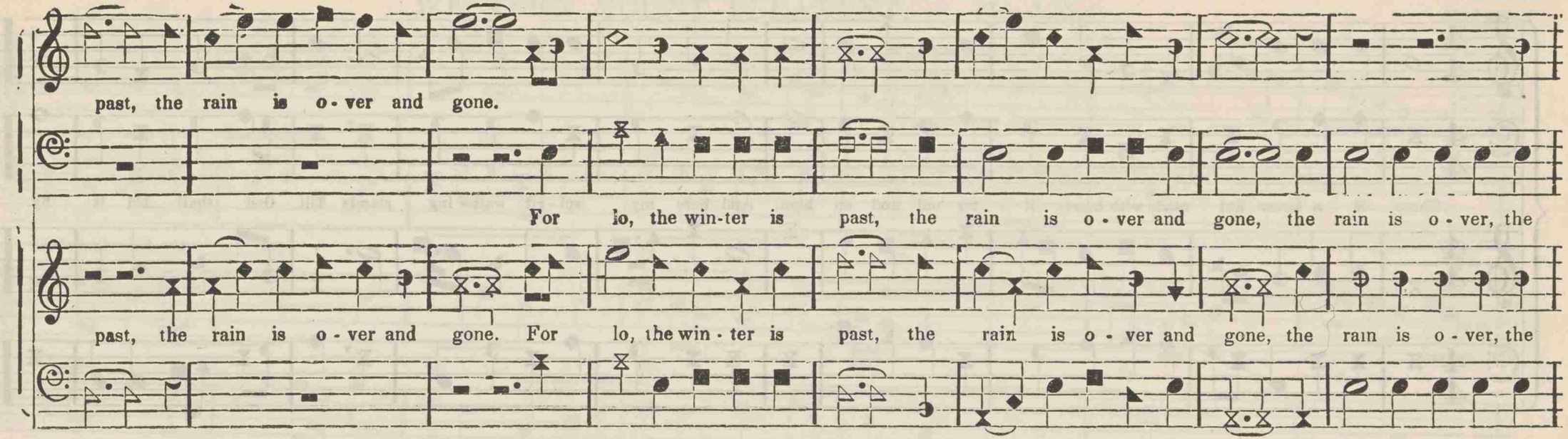
skip-ping,

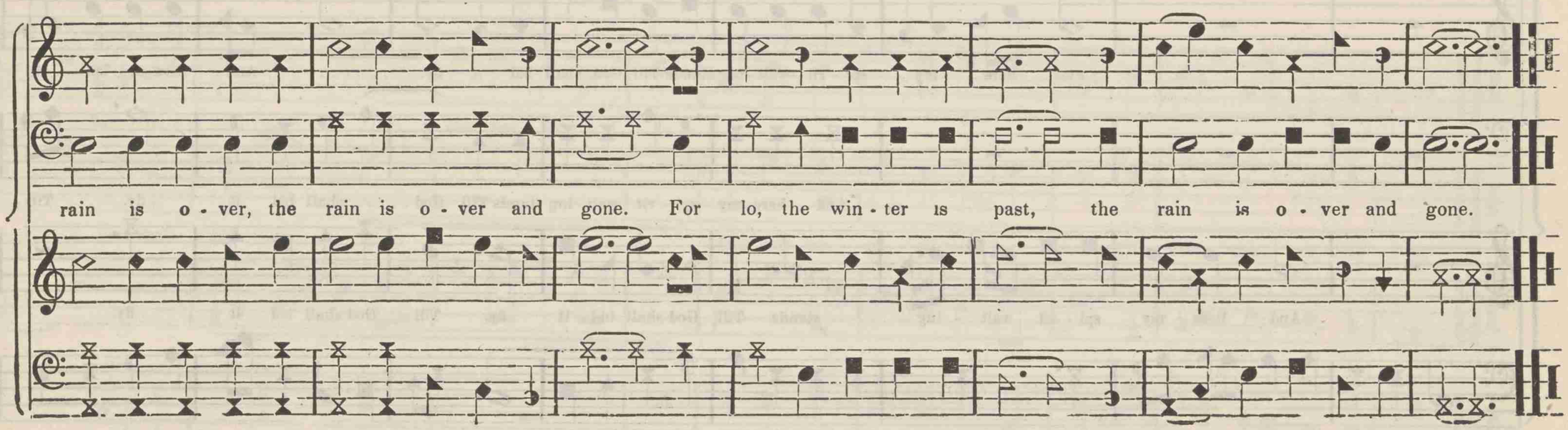
skipping, skip-ping, leaping up - on the moun - tains, skip-ping up - on the hills. My be - lov - ed spake,

me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come a - way. For lo, the win-ter is

Rise up,

Rise up, Rise up, Rise up . . . my love, my fair one, and come a - way. For lo, the win-ter is


past, the rain is o - ver and gone.
For lo, the win-ter is past, the rain is o - ver and gone, the rain is o - ver, the
past, the rain is o - ver and gone. For lo, the win - ter is past, the rain is o - ver and gone, the rain is o - ver, the


rain is o - ver, the rain is o - ver and gone. For lo, the win - ter is past, the rain is o - ver and gone.

WESTERN MOUNT PLEASANT. C. M.

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

And here my spi - rit wait - ing stands Till God shall bid it fly. . . . . And here my spi - rit

And here my spi - rit wait - ing stands Till God . . . . . shall bid it fly, Till

And here my spi - rit wait - ing stands Till God shall bid it fly, Till God shall bid it fly,

And here my spi - rit wait - ing stands Till God shall bid it fly. . . . . And here my spi - rit wait - ing stands Till

wait-ing stands Till God shall bid it fly, fly, ... fly, ...

God shall bid it fly, fly, ... fly, ... fly. . . . . Till . .

fly, ... fly, ... fly, ... fly, ... fly, ... fly, ...

God shall bid it fly, ... fly, ... fly, ...

fly. . . . . Till God shall bid it fly.

. . . . God shall bid it fly. . . . . And here my spi - rit wait - ing stands Till God shall bid it fly.

. . . . fly. . . . . .

fly. fly

The morn - ing sun shines from the east, And spreads his glo - ries to the west: All na - tions with his

beams are blest, Wher - e'er the ra - diant light ap - pears: So sci-ence spreads her lu - cid ray O'er lands which

long in darkness lay; She vi - sits fair Co - lum - bi a, And sets her sons a - mong the stars.

Fair Freedom, her at tend - ant, waits To bless the por - tals of her gates, To crown the young and ris - ing state With

lau - rels of im - mor - tal date. The Bri - tish yoke, the Gal - lic chain Was urged up - on our

necks in vain: All haugh-ty ty - rants we dis dain, And shout, Long live A - me - ri - ca!

Slow.

Trembling, hoping, ling - 'ring, fly - ing, fly - ing, fly - ing,

Vi - tal spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, oh quit this mor-tal frame! Trembling, hoping, ling - 'ring, fly - ing, fly - ing, fly - ing,

Ling - 'ring, fly - ing,

Trembling, hop-ing, ling - 'ring, fly - ing, fly - ing, fly-ing,

Cease, fond na - ture, cease thy strife,

Oh, the pain, the bliss of dy-ing! And let me languish in - to life, And let me languish in - to life.

Cease, fond na - ture, cease thy strife,

CLAREMONT. *Continued.*

Brisk

Hark! they whis - per! an - gels say, Sis - ter spi - rit, come a - way. Hark! Hark! Sis - ter spi - rit, come a - way,

Hark! Hark!

Hark! Hark! Hark! they whisp - er! an - gels say, Sis - ter spi - rit, come a - way,

Hark! they whisp - er! an - gels say, Sis . ter spir - it, come a - way.

Sis - ter spi - rit, come a - way. What is this absorbs me quite, Steals my senses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spir - it, draws

Loud.

Tell me, my soul, &c. Tell me, my soul, &c.

my breath, Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

Tell me, my soul, &c.

Soft.

The world re - cedes—it dis - ap - pears, Heav'n o - pens on my eyes, Mine ears, &c.

Mine ears with sounds se - raph - ic ring, Mine ears with sounds se - raph - ic

The world re - cedes, &c.

CLAREMONT. *Continued.*

Slow. Brisk.

ring, ... Mine ears with sounds se - raph - ic ring. Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, I mount, I fly, O

grave! where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry? O grave! where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry? O death! where is thy sting? Lend,

lend your wings, I mount, I fly . . . . . I mount, I fly, I mount, I fly, I fly, O grave! where is thy vic - to-

ry? O death! where is thy sting? I mount, I fly, I mount, I fly, O grave! where is thy vic - to - ry? O death! where is thy sting?

O PRAISE GOD IN HIS HOLINESS.

O praise God in his ho - li ness; praise him in the fir - ma-ment, in the fir - mament of his pow'r.

Praise him in his no - ble acts, praise him in his no - ble acts; praise him ac - cord - ing to his ex - cel - lent greatness.

praise him up - on the lute and

praise him in the sound of the trump - et, in the sound of the trump - et; praise him up - on the lute, up - on the lute and

praise him up - on the lute and

praise him up - on the lute and

harp; Praise him in the cym - bals, in the cym - bals and dances; praise him on strings, on

Let

strings and pipes; Let ev' - ry thing that hath breath, let ev' - ry thing that hath

Let ev' - ry thing that hath breath, let ev' - ry thing that hath breath, ...

Let ev' - ry thing that hath

ev' - ry thing that hath breath

breath, that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

My friends, I am go-ing a long and te-dious jour-ney, Never to re-turn.

My friends, I am go-ing a long and te-dious jour-ney, Never to re-turn. I am

My friends, I am go-ing a long and te-dious jour-ney, Never to re-turn. I am go-ing, I am

My friends, I am go-ing a long and te-dious jour-ney, ... Never to re-turn. I am go-ing a long jour-ney, Never

I am go-ing a long and te-dious jour-ney, Never to re-turn. I am

go-ing, I am go-ing a long and te-dious jour-ney, Never to re-turn. I am go-ing a long

go-ing a long, ... and te- - - - - - - dious jour-ney, Never to re-turn. I am go-ing a long jour-ney, Never to re- - - - - - turn.

re-turn. . . . . I am go-ing a long jour-ney, Never to re-turn, I am go-ing a long jour-ney, Never to re-

go - ing a long jour - ney, Never to re - turn, Never to re - turn, ... Never to re - turn, Never, never, never,

jour-ney, Never to re - turn, I am go - ing a long jour-ney, Nev - - er, never to re - turn, I am go - ing a long jour-ney,

Never to re - - - - turn, Never to re - - - turn, Never to re - - turn, Never, never, never, never

- - - - - - - - turn, Never to re - - - turn, Never to re - - - - turn, Never to re - - turn, Never, never

never, never to re-turn. Fare you well, my friends, Fare you well, my friends, Fare you well,

Never to re - - - turn. Fare you well, fare you well, my friends, Fare you well, my friends, Fare you well, my
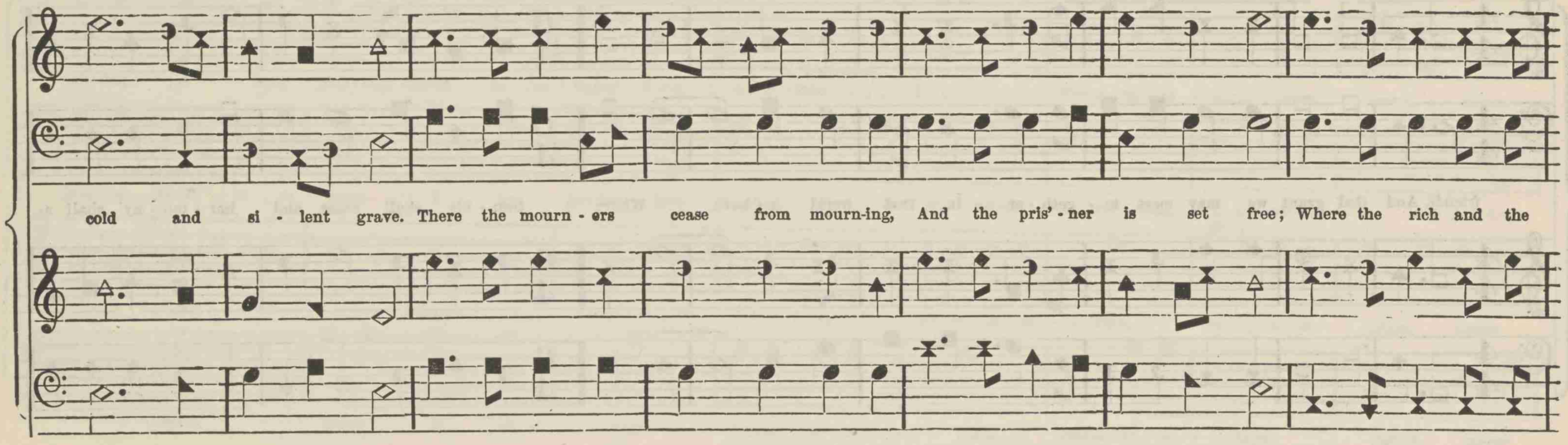
to re - - - turn. Fare you well, my friends,
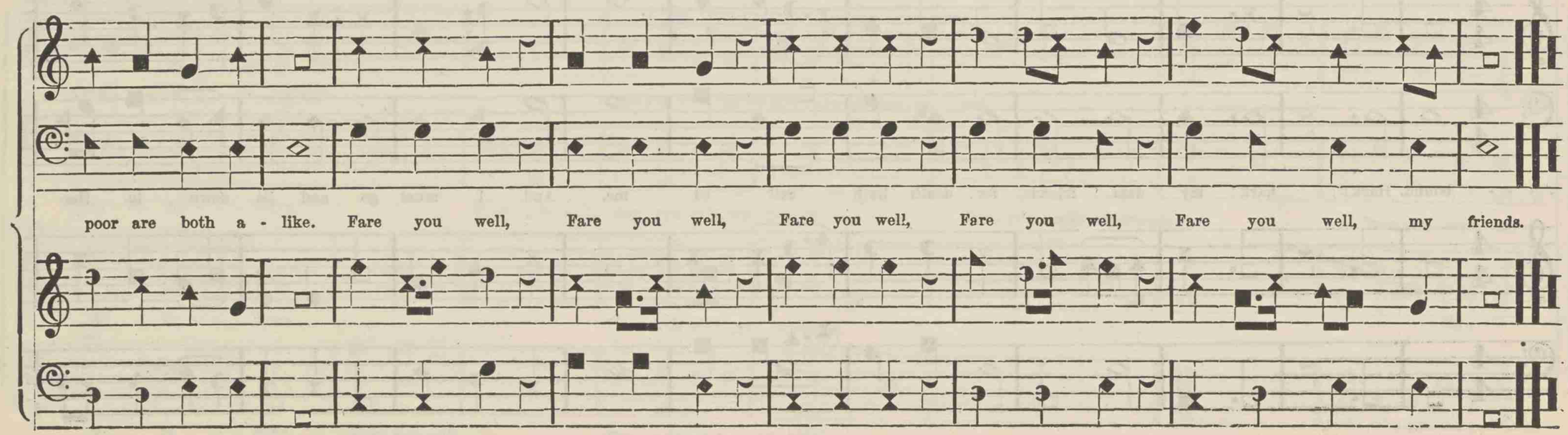
to re - - - turn. Fare you well, Fare you well, my friends.

friends, And God grant we may meet to - geth - er in that world a - bove, ... Where trou - ble shall cease and har - mo - ny shall a-

. . . . . bound. Hark! hark! my dear friends, for death hath call - ed me, And I must go and lie down in the

FAREWELL ANTHEM. *Concluded.*





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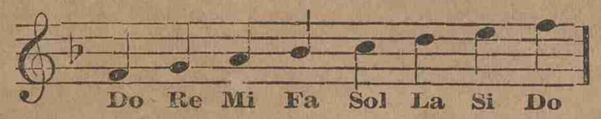
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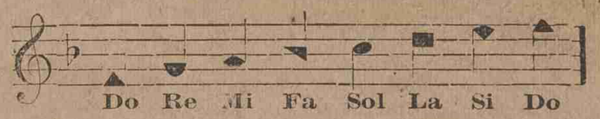
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