THE

PRESBYTERIAN PSALMODIST:

A COLLECTION OF

Tunes adapted to the Psalms and Hymns

OF THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

APPROVED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

EDITED BY THOMAS HASTINGS.

CHARACTER-NOTE EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.
No. 265 CHESTNUT STREET.

The
WILLIAM L.
CLEMENTS
LIBRARY
University of Michigan

Gift of

Walter L. Powell
Dr. John Schwarz
Collection

Solid

1855

THE

Presbyterian Psalmodist:

A COLLECTION OF TUNES ADAPTED TO THE PSALMS AND HYMNS

OF THE

Presbyterian Church in the United States of America.

APPROVED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

EDITED BY THOMAS HASTINGS.

CHARACTER-NOTE EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.
No. 265 CHESTNUT STREET.

The Seven character Notes, as used in the "Christian Minstrel" by Mr. J. B. Aikin, have been secured for this work by special contract with the proprietors.

PREFACE.

THE following work has been issued in compliance with reiterated calls from various parts of the Church. The introduction of the seven character notes has been received with so much favour, as affording great facilities to the study of vocal music, and so many have already accustomed themselves to their exclusive use, that the Board of Publication were convinced that the duty was imperative to issue the Psalmodist in this new form, without at all interfering with the usual issues of the original book. The success of the Psalmodist has thus far been highly flattering. The various tastes of the Church will now be satisfied by the employment of both the old and new musical characters.

☞ *Persons ordering the* "PSALMODIST" *will please be particular to specify whether they wish the round-note, or character-note edition.*

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by
A. W. MITCHELL, M.D.
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

STEREOTYPED BY L. JOHNSON & CO.
PHILADELPHIA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

An overture was presented to the General Assembly of 1848, by the Synod of Philadelphia, "to take into consideration the subject of Church Music, with special reference to the preparation of a book of tunes adapted to our present psalmody."

The Assembly accordingly appointed a committee "to report to the next General Assembly, upon the general subject of congregational singing, suggesting such Scriptural measures as may seem calculated to improve it, and such remedies of existing evils as the case may seem to require."

The Committee thus appointed presented a report which is printed in the Appendix to the minutes of the Assembly, of 1849. They further submitted a list of tunes selected in conformity with the principles set forth in their report.

The Assembly of 1849 approved the suggestions of the Committee respecting a compilation of Sacred Psalmody, and authorized the Committee to go on, and, at their discretion, to revise and complete their work, and to publish the same through the Board of Publication.

The plan of the work being thus sanctioned, the Committee proceeded carefully and deliberately. And, at length, having been enabled by large correspondence throughout our Church, and with the aid of the high professional skill of Mr. Thomas Hastings, to accomplish the preparation of such a book as it was hoped would meet the wants of our churches, the whole matter was finally submitted to the General Assembly of 1851; and that body committed the work to the Board of Publication to be published.*

* The Board of Publication, both on their own behalf, and on behalf of the General Assembly, under whose special direction they act in publishing this work, take occasion here to acknowledge the liberality of Messrs. Thomas Hastings, Lowell Mason, George Kingsley, Timothy B. Mason, S. B. Pond, W. B. Bradbury, Nathan D. Gould, Isaac B. Woodbury, Edward Howe, Jr., and other composers, in allowing, for this compilation, the free use of the various pieces selected from their compositions, and of which they hold a copyright. The pieces which are thus protected are distinguished, in the General Index, by this mark. *

It is deemed proper to insert the following extracts from the first report made to the General Assembly by the Committee which compiled this book :—

"There are different opinions, in various parts of the Church, in regard to the present state of congregational singing. What the taste and usages of the churches, in one section, may highly approve, other churches, possibly, would disapprove. Conformity, in all points of opinion and practice, is, perhaps—nay, most probably—unattainable. And, in cases, wherein the differences arise, not in view of unmistakable decisions of the Bible, or of our Standards, but simply from considerations of taste, convenience, longer or shorter usage, and varying application, and, indeed, varying interpretation, of the notices of this subject which are contained in the sacred oracles, much must necessarily be left to the mutual forbearance and conceded Christian liberty of God's people. These diversities may be either rendered more tolerable, or altogether removed, by increasing intercourse and communion, by frank and friendly comparison of views, and by the influence of more extended public discussion. Without entering into that discussion here, or indicating any opinion, beyond that which we have just expressed, we deem it to be incumbent on us to notice some other points on which there is occasion for present animadversion.

"We would specify, in the first place, the great neglect, which, in some places, appears to characterize the singing in public worship—whereby that solemn and important exercise degenerates into a careless, slovenly, unsuitable style—equally unfitted to honor God and to edify man. And this is the more inexcusable, because facilities abound for making such genuine improvements in this department of worship, as would make it at once more worthy as an offering to God, more expressive of the emotions of sincere piety, and more delightful, not only to the tuneful ears, but to the tuneful hearts, of the worshippers themselves, when they would make inward melody unto God, and refresh the spirit with psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs.

"But, on the other hand, while we rejoice to believe that very great improvements have been successfully attempted, and a purer taste has been created, and is increasingly cultivated and cherished, the very effort for improvement is not free from some defects that need attention.

"1. The great multiplication of tune-books has tended to displace the old familiar melodies, which have been handed down through past generations—the offspring of the pure and pious taste of earlier times—venerable, alike, on account of their intrinsic and unsurpassed excellence, and on account of that familiar, household, and edifying use and association which have consecrated them in the affections of the saints. While

later times have furnished many valuable additions to our stock of sacred melodies, many of which have already become familiar, and are deservedly cherished, there has also been introduced into the churches, a class of tunes which, on account of their intrinsic character, or of their degrading associations, are entirely unfit to be used in God's sanctuary. These should be excluded promptly, no matter what pretence of putting them to a sanctified use may be urged for their protection. The melodies of the Church should be her own in every sense—made for, and adapted to her sacred songs. There is no deficiency of such. She has no need to rake the kennel, nor to sweep the purlieus of the theatre and the opera, nor even to ask contributions from the concert-room. There is no want of skill and taste among her Asaphs, Hemans, and Jeduthans, her Gregories and her Luthers, to supply her with sacred melodies, at once worthy of their spiritual themes, and vying with the boastful productions of profaner schools.

"2. The employment of irreligious, and even immoral persons, to teach congregational singing-schools, and to officiate as precentors and choristers in public worship, is an evil that has been confined neither to former nor to later days; but it *is* an evil, which should not be countenanced for a moment, and it can never be justified by the mere desire of a people to avail themselves of the professional skill of such persons, any more than the settlement of a minister of doubtful reputation solely on account of his popular talents.

"3. Singing-schools, also—although they are susceptible of being properly conducted, in such a manner as to make them cheerful assemblies, while they should be so conducted as to make them the occasions of salutary impression and devout emotion—may be, and often have been, the scenes and occasions of such rude hilarity and irreligious levity, as involve them in the same objections which are justly urged against those assemblages whose professed design is merely worldly amusement and dissipation. This evil may be easily corrected by pastors and sessions exercising a prudent discrimination in the selection of instructors of suitable character, by being present and giving their countenance to discreet measures for securing a good government of the schools, and by employing the hallowing influence of prayer, both at the opening and at the closing of the exercises.

"4. There is, further, a certain tendency to forget the great design of singing in public worship, when, under cover of the zealous efforts for improvement, the music is cultivated with too great reference to its merely æsthetic and commercial uses. It degenerates into an office of simply pleasing the ear, and of attracting worldly persons to the sanctuary with too exclusive regard to the pecuniary advantage to be derived from their attendance in the *support* of public worship. We could name some churches where this object has been carried so far, and the means employed are so scandalous—as, for example, the hiring of operatic and other histrionic singers—that the *places of worship* in question, have come to be stigmatized, even by the worldly and irreligious, as the 'Sunday Opera!' There is, in the degenerate motive at the foundation of such an abuse of congregational music, something so merely sensual, so disparaging to the ministration of the gospel, and so degrading to the Church and to public worship, that its character soon becomes apparent, and the Divine rebuke may be discerned in the lowered tone of piety, in irreverence, in parochial dissensions, and, not seldom, in the utter failure of the unhallowed enterprise.

"5. While, in some places, as yet, singing in public worship is *conducted* by a precentor, or a choir, and the congregation generally join their voices—in other places, a select choir *performs* the singing with little or no assistance from the great body of the congregation. We are free to say that we consider the latter practice as very undesirable, at the least. It results, in some cases, from the too frequent introduction of new tunes, which are repeated so seldom, and at such long intervals, that the congregation has no sufficient opportunity to become familiar with them—and this is one important reason of the dislike which is occasionally felt toward new tunes, otherwise unexceptionable. But the disuse of congregational singing arises, also, from the fact that as the more cultivated and skilful singers are apt to be collected in the choir, there is not only a corresponding diminution of the number of singers in the body of the congregation, by the transfer of voices which formerly rose from various points in the assembly, but a further diminution is effected, because other persons, who now miss the leading voices, by whose vicinity they were encouraged to sing, have now ceased to sing at all;—and at length, if the singing of the choir happens to be very excellent, the pleasure of *listening* to it supersedes what ought to be the pleasure, and is the duty, of following it and uniting with it; and in the end, the mass of the worshippers sit completely silent.

"We do not object to choirs. They are eminently useful as *leaders*. The evil alluded to is not necessarily to be remedied by disbanding them. There is a more excellent way of supplying the defect. We do not insist that it is the duty of all to sing. We think rather that it is the duty of some persons not to attempt to sing in public worship. Such are the *incurables* in voice and ear. But, at the same time, far more persons than now attempt to sing, may, can, and ought to qualify themselves for an edifying use of their voices in praising God in his courts. And before we too soon conclude against choirs, as the cause of the disuse of congregational singing, a little inquiry into the habits of the people, in regard to this matter, may disclose a reason or two, which make greatly against some of those who complain of the evil. In the first place, is it not a fact that people generally do not pay sufficient regard to the excellent recommendation in the *Directory* (chap. 4, sec. 2,) to "cultivate some knowledge of the rules of music, that we may praise God in a becoming manner, with our voices, as well as our hearts?" What can be expected from indolence on this point, but the dissonant marring of "becoming praise," which no man has a right to produce, or an unseemly silence, which no man has a right to relapse into, until he has made a fair, but fruitless effort to learn to sing. Secondly, let us inquire how much of this evil is to be attributed to another evil probably lying back of it: is there not reason to believe that singing in family worship has fallen into general desuetude? Where this exercise is neglected, not only does family worship lose one of its sweetest elements and attractions, with all its soothing and elevating influences, but the young are deprived of one of the most likely and important means and aids for acquiring the taste, the practice, and the skill which fit them to join in the praises of the Lord's house with advantage to themselves and others. The operation of these two causes appears to us to be so obvious, that they need only to be indicated in order to suggest the remedy. On this point, proper care must be exercised by pastors, elders, and heads of families. Let them co-operate in promot-

ing the cultivation of sacred music in families, in singing-schools, in Sunday-schools, in singing meetings, and even in the week-day schools: and let the officers of the church take the supervision both of the instruction of their people, and especially the youth, and of the whole department of the singing in public worship. Thus, much will be done to correct any undue innovations by precentors and choirs, and to secure that co-operation of choir and people which is most desirable and practicable. This combination is attainable in entire consistency with a style of church-music, such as is demanded by the dignity of the service and approved by good taste, and with the edification of the people and the greater glory of God. Otherwise, it may well be feared that the work of "praising God in his sanctury" will be monopolized by a very few persons; and it will be no sufficient apology for the indolent worshipper, that he is ready to objurgate "singing by Committee," and "praising God by proxy," while, in contrast with his own remissness, the zeal and pains which strive to rescue the singing of God's praise from utter neglect and contempt, are worthy of all commendation.

"In conformity with these views, it is our hope, that the following collection of sacred tunes, especially adapted to our book of Psalms and Hymns, prepared with such knowledge of our own people as might more intelligently reflect the best usages of the various sections of our Church, and meet the real wants of this communion, without pandering to a mean or corrupt taste, and embracing, in one volume, the approved melodies which are now scattered through many books, inaccessible to a large number of our churches: the whole arranged with their appropriate harmonies, by the best available scientific ability, may prove acceptable to the churches of our communion.

"The principles by which we were guided, in making the compilation now submitted are such as the following:—

"1. To restore and preserve old standard tunes, and, as far as practicable, in their original forms, both as to air and harmony.

"2. To select, from more recent compositions, such as had been approved by trial in many places, or might be suitably introduced into all their churches.

"2. To insert some tunes which appeared to be favorites in some considerable sections. We desired not to forget that we were making provision for the edification of a large community of various tastes. While we desired to insert only music of such a character as might elevate and improve the standard of taste throughout the Church, we did not feel at liberty to discard such tunes as, after all, might be approved by a better judgment than our own, especially such as were endeared by long and hallowed association, and would be extensively and painfully missed from the collection.*

"4. To provide tunes for all the various metres of our Psalms and Hymns, and in suitable proportion as to their respective numbers and the various character of the words. And also to illustrate the tunes by words selected from our own psalmody.

"5. To provide a sufficient body of sacred music of such various style and character, that the collection might serve for all ordinary purposes; especially for Sunday-schools, families, social worship, and congregations, as these various exigences may require.

"6. To add an appropriate selection of set pieces for special occasions, such as Anthems and Chants, both metrical and prose, adapted to our psalmody, and also to portions of the common prose version of the book of Psalms, and other inspired lyrics from the Old and New Testaments.

"We believe that this work will be of advantage in these respects:—

"1. It embodies in one volume, of convenient size, a collection of tunes, the most approved and in use among our churches—to the greater part of which, very few individual churches have access at present.

"2. It may be enlarged, if hereafter that should appear desirable, by an Appendix or Supplement, without displacing the book or disturbing it in any manner.

"3. It may serve to produce, to a very considerable extent, that uniformity in the praises of our Church, as a whole, which cannot but be thought desirable.

"4. It will promote congregational singing, and prevent its disuse, which, in part, at least, arises from the frequent change of books and introduction of new tunes, many of which never become known and domesticated in our public worship.

"5. It will be an appropriate accompaniment to our authorized book of Psalms and Hymns—prepared as it has been with reference to that book throughout, and to the state of our churches. It may be, too, that such a work as this will aid in promoting the more general use of that book in all our congregations.

---

* The more ungrammatical tunes of this character are inserted in an Appendix.

May 1849.

RUDIMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

VOCAL MUSIC is that blending of song and speech which unites agreeable melody with impressive verbal enunciation. The rudiments of the art may here be arranged under three general divisions.

I. NOTATION.
II. STYLE.
III. ADAPTATION.

PART I.

NOTATION.

SECTION I.—OF THE OCTAVE.

1. Eight distinct musical sounds, ascending or descending, bearing the simplest relations to each other, form the octave.

2. A familiar knowledge of these sounds is gained wholly by practice and imitation.

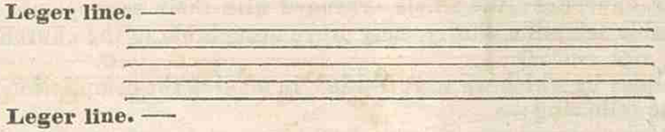
3. For this purpose syllables should be applied to the sounds, and uttered with force and precision. Formerly only four syllables were used for this purpose—*faw, sol, la, mi;* but now we more frequently use seven—DO, RE,* MI, FAW, SOL, LA, SI.

* Pronounced RAY, MEE, SEE.

4. Music is written on a staff which consists of five lines with their spaces. The lines and spaces are called degrees.

5. Short lines, called *leger* or *added* lines, are employed for very low or high sounds.

STAFF.



6. The octave may be thus written upon the staff, commencing with the lower leger line, and ending on the third space: the series of syllables is thus applied.



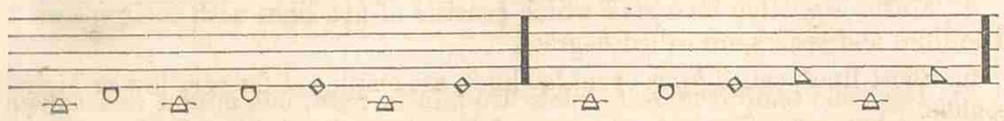
7. Though other syllables are in use, the pupil should accustom himself to only one series; the selection is less material.*

* The editor is aware of some differences of opinion among practical musicians in respect to syllables. But really, after the most abundant opportunities for personal research and ob-

8. When the octave shall have been fully mastered, certain portions of it variously arranged may be attempted in the manner following:

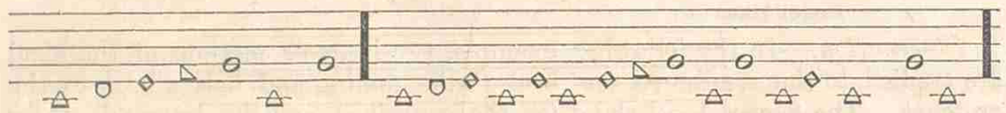
Observation.—The pupil should learn names and sounds by noticing their *relative distances* from each other, rather than from the particular places they occupy in the staff. To this end the teacher, in such exercises as the following, should present the octave in different situations, as if the music were transposed.

1.



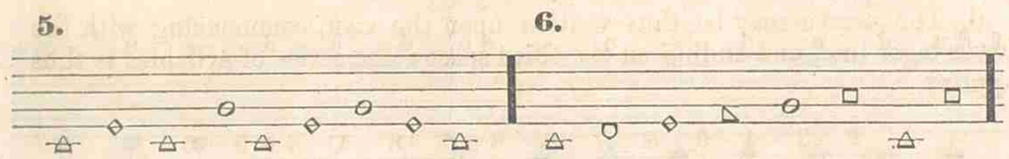
2.

3.



4.

5.



6.

7.



8.

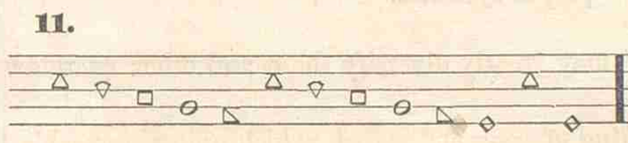
servation, he cannot make up his mind to attach much importance to such differences. However, it may be confidently affirmed that to the *mere* vocalist who is unaccompanied with instruments, *some system* of solmization is needed.

9.

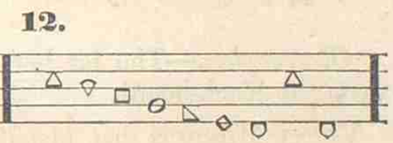


10.

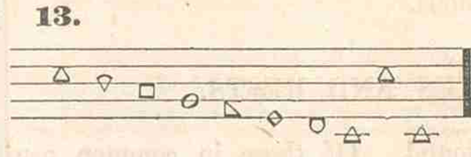
11.



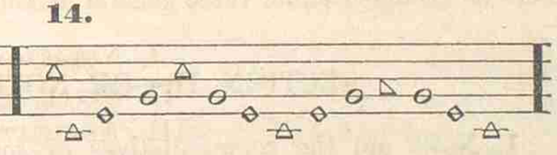
12.



13.



14.



9. Portions of the octave variously arranged, form regular tunes or melodies.



Observation.—Such little melodies should be read first by music syllables, and rendered familiar before they are sung to words.

10. The pupils may next sing according to the numbers of the degrees of the octave without the notes being written.

EXAMPLES.

Sing 1, 2, 1, 2, &c., by their proper syllables, as in the first and second degrees of the scale *do, re.*

Sing, in a similar manner, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1, 3, &c.; also, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, &c., applying in every case the proper syllables.

Observation.—The teacher may greatly diversify these and other exercises upon the black-board.

SECTION II.—OF NOTES AND RESTS.

1. Notes are the representatives of sound. Of those in common use, there are six,* representing proportional lengths or durations of time—these are the

Semibreve. Minim. Crotchet. Quaver. Semiquaver. Demisemiquaver.†



2. The proportional lengths of the notes are as one to two in the order just mentioned; *i. e.* one semibreve equals two minims; one minim equals two crotchets, &c. Or, considering the semibreve as a unit the minim will be a half, the crotchet a quarter, the quaver an eighth, the semiquaver a sixteenth, and the demisemiquaver a thirty-second.

3. Notes may in general be described as consisting of heads, stems, and hooks. The heads are either open or closed. The semibreve *e. g.* is an open head, the minim an open head with a stem, the crotchet a closed head with a stem, &c.

4. Rests are marks of silence. These also are six in number, having the same names and lengths that are given to the notes.*

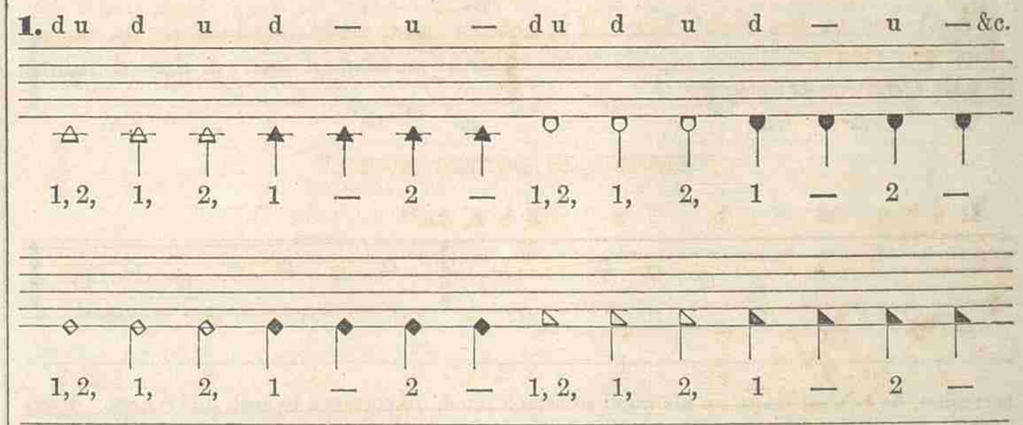
Semibreve. Minim. Crotchet. Quaver. Semiquaver. Demisemiquaver.



5. Here one semibreve rest equals two minim rests, one minim rest equals two crotchet rests, &c., as in the case of the notes already described.

6. The time of notes and rests is reckoned by beating and counting. Exercises of this nature should be repeated till they become quite familiar.

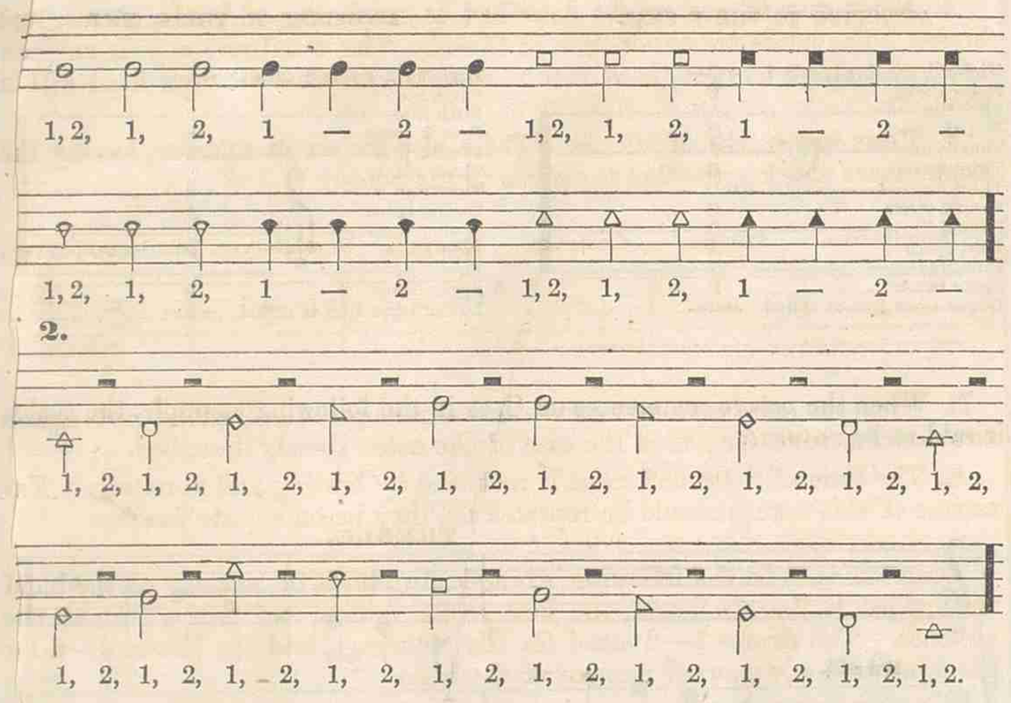
Observation.—In the following example, two beats or motions of the hand are applied to the semibreve, one beat to the minim, and half a beat to the crotchet. The figures 1—2 stand for the countings, and the letters d—u for the downward and upward motions of the hand.



* To these are occasionally added the breve and demiquaver, with their corresponding rests. The breve is a square note having twice the length of the semibreve; and the demiquaver is a note with four hooks, equal to half the length of the demisemiquaver.

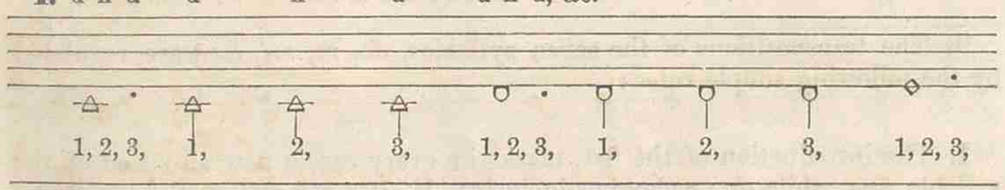
† Called now more frequently *whole-notes, half-notes, quarter-notes, eighth-notes, sixteenth-notes, and thirty-second-notes.*

* The semibreve rest, however, is always used as a rest of one measure.

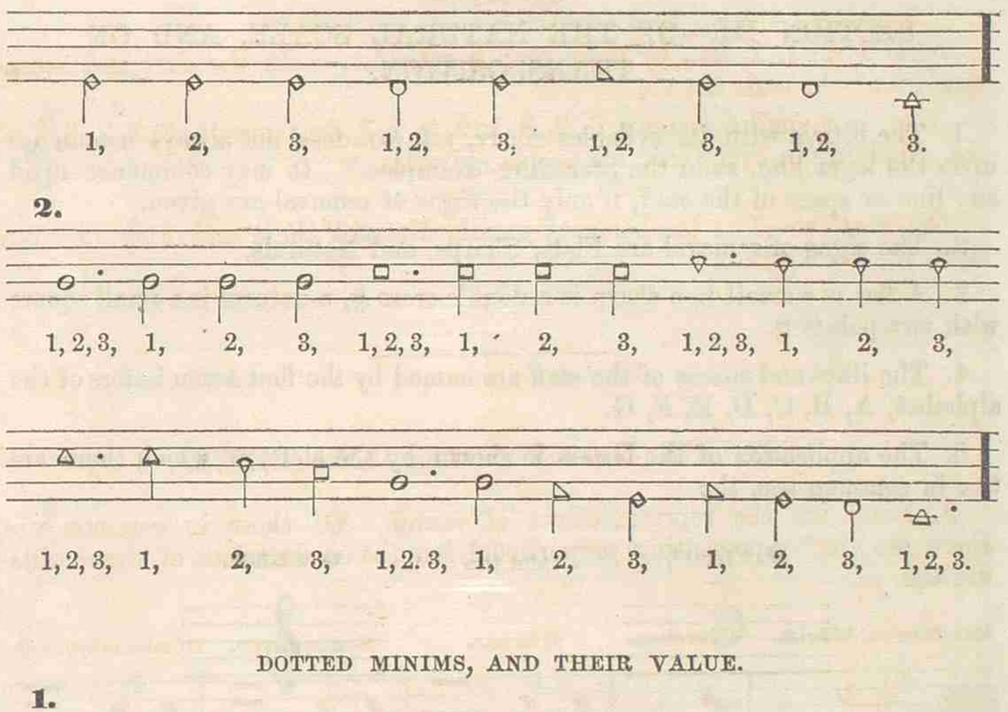


7. A dot at the right hand of a note or rest, adds one-half to its value: thus, a dotted semibreve equals three minims instead of two; a dotted minim equals three crotchets, &c.

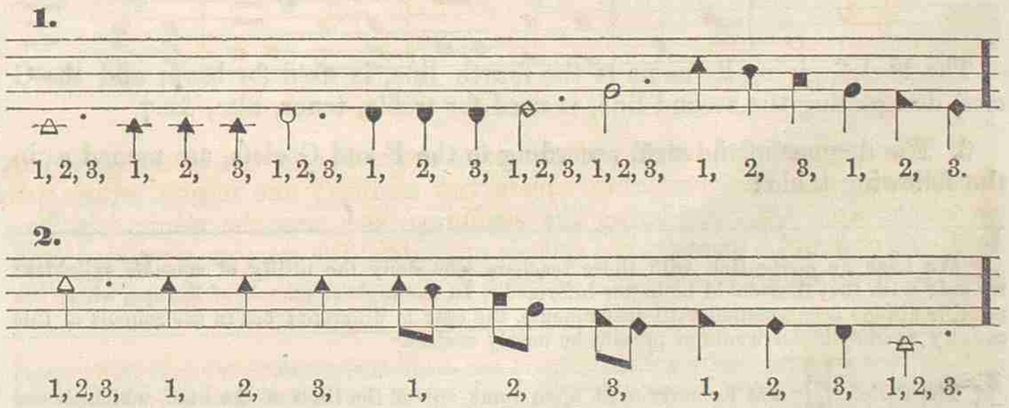
EXERCISE IN DOTTED NOTES.*



* The letters *d, h, u,* represent the *downward, hither,* and *upward* motions of the hand, as in triple time. See Section IV.



DOTTED MINIMS, AND THEIR VALUE.



8. Notes are sometimes furnished with a double dot, which adds three quarters, instead of half, to their length.

SECTION III.—OF THE NATURAL SCALE, AND OF TRANSPOSITION.

1. The octave with its syllables *do, re, mi,* &c. does not always commence upon the leger line, as in the preceding examples.* It may commence upon any line or space of the staff, if only the signs of removal are given.

2. The signs of removal are Flats, Sharps, and Naturals.

3. A flat is a small ♭, a sharp is a double cross ♯, a natural is a small square with two points ♮.

4. The lines and spaces of the staff are named by the first seven letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

5. The application of the letters is shown by the clefs, of which there are two in common use, the

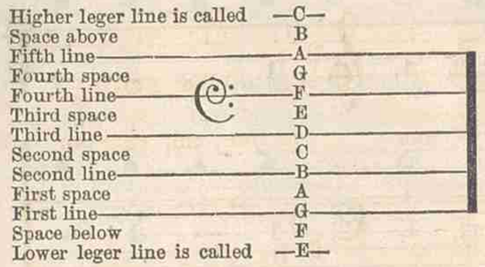
F CLEF, and the **G CLEF.**



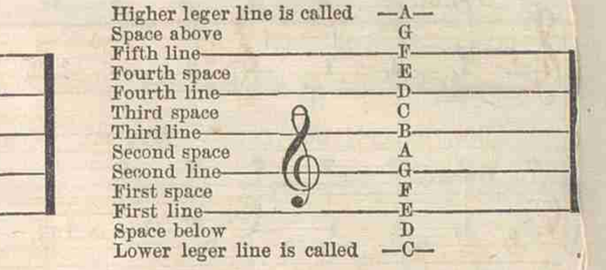
The F clef, giving its name to the fourth line, is used for base; and the G clef, designating the second line, is used for treble, tenor, alto, &c.†

6. The degrees of the staff, according to the F and G clefs, are named as in the following table:

ACCORDING TO THE F CLEF.

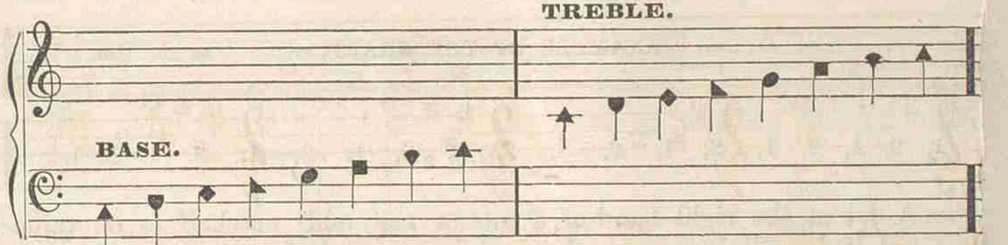


ACCORDING TO THE G CLEF.



7. When the octave commences on C, as in the following example, the scale is said to be *natural.*

TREBLE.



8. When the same octave, with its syllables, commences on any other letter or degree of the staff than that of C, the scale is said to be transposed.

9. The transpositions of the seven syllables, *do, re, mi,* &c., are regulated by the following simple rules:

I. The introduction of the flat, marks in every case a new situation of the syllable *faw,* while *do* (reckoning inclusive) is always found on the fourth degree below.

---

* We have no contention with those teachers who deny the utility of *movable* syllables: we only wish that they could be better informed. In the highest schools of Europe, where the pupil is always accompanied with instruments, the case is different; but in the schools of this country *fixed* syllables would at present be nearly useless.

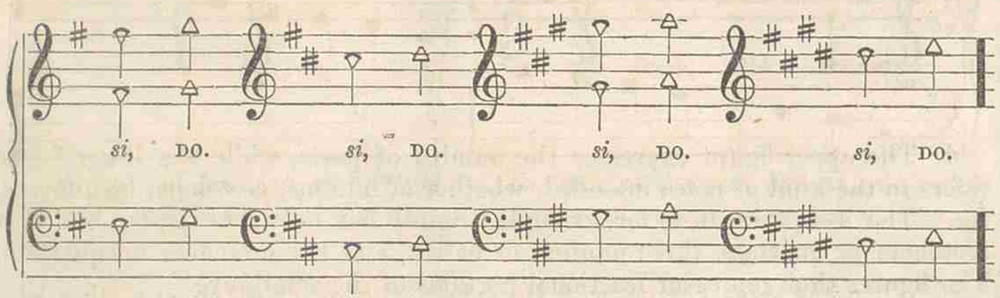
† The C clef  was formerly used upon some one of the lines of the staff, which thence took its name, giving a corresponding location to the seven letters. At present it is little used in this country.

EXAMPLE OF THE FLAT.



II. The introduction of the sharp, marks in every case a new situation for the syllable *si*, while *do* is always found on the next ascending degree.

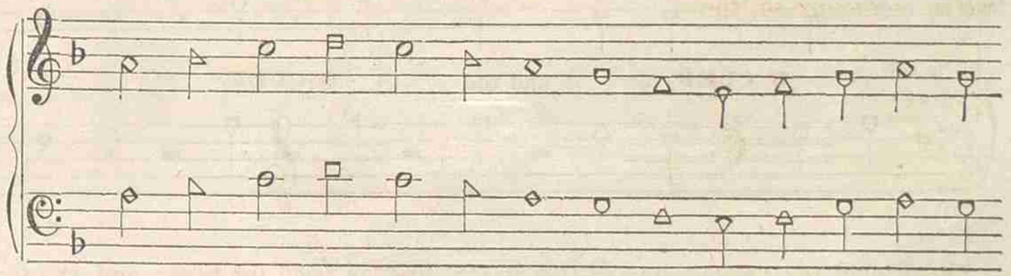
EXAMPLE OF THE SHARP.

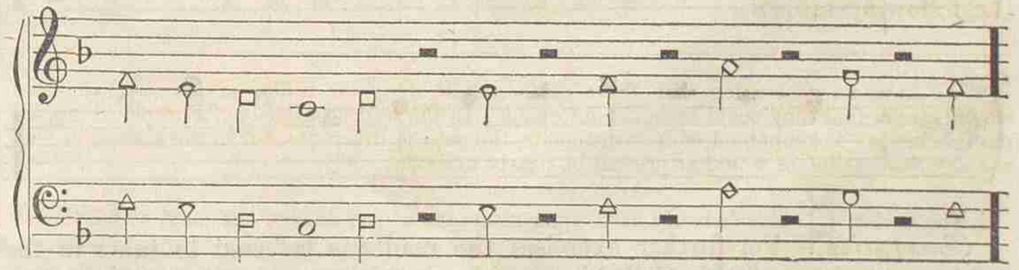


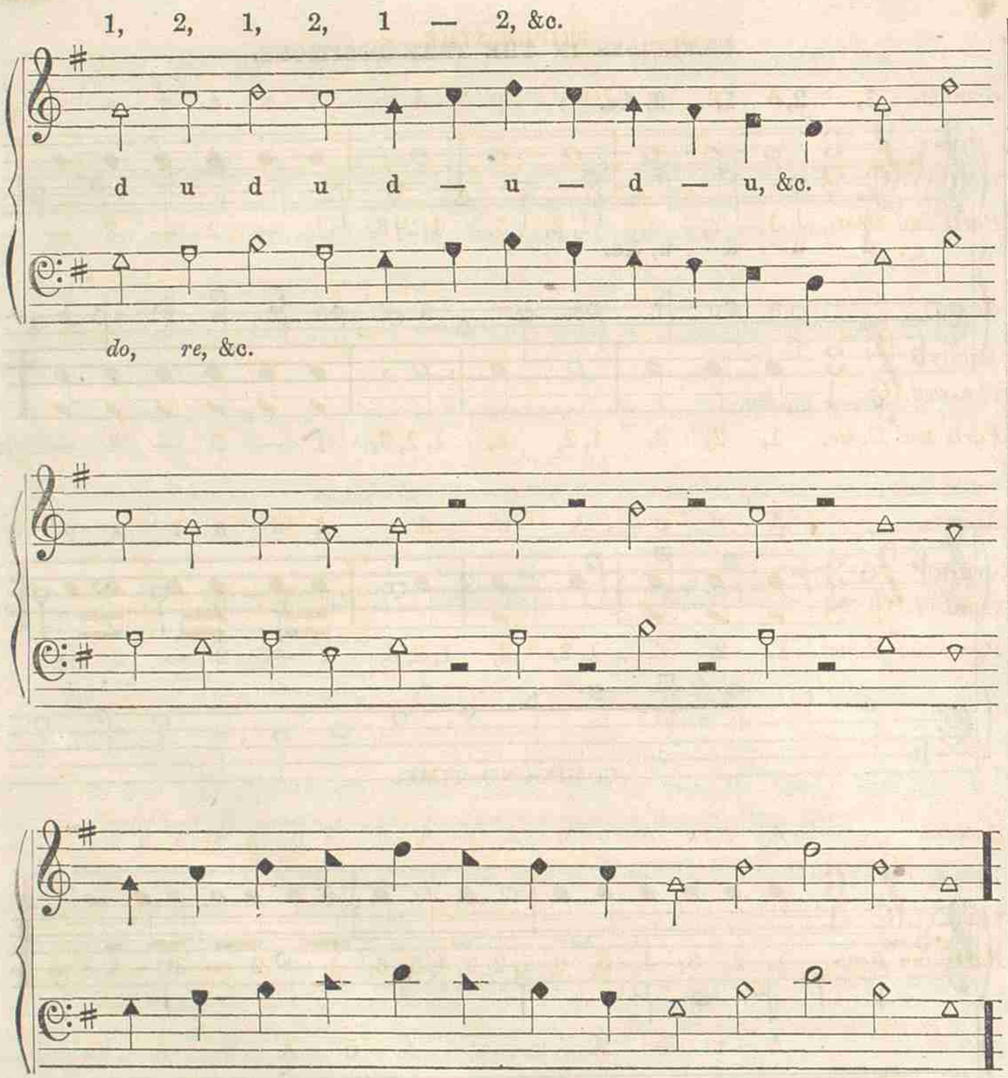
III. Flats or sharps used, as above, to mark the transpositions, are said to form the *Signature*. Greater numbers of flats and of sharps are sometimes used, but the order is fixed. The first flat is always on B; the second on E; the third on A; the fourth on D; the fifth on G, and the sixth on C. While the sharps stand, the first on F; the second on C; the third on G; the fourth on D; the fifth on A, and the sixth on E.

EXERCISES IN THE TRANSPOSITIONS.







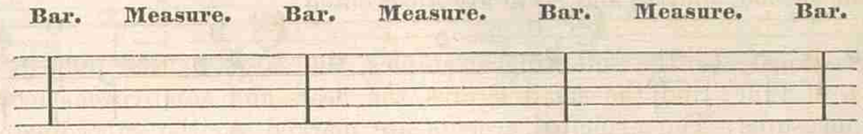


Observation.—For further exercises the reader is referred to tunes in the subsequent pages of this Collection.

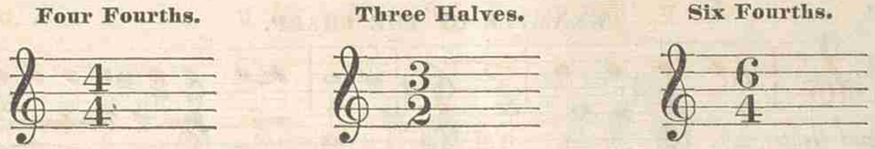
SECTION IV.—OF TIME, ACCENT, &c.

1. Strains of music are divided into small, equal portions, called measures.

2. Measures are formed by the single bar, which is a straight mark crossing the staff. The distance between two bars is called a measure.



3. The measures are also regarded as containing sub-divisions, parts, or tunes, which are expressed by large figures at the clef, thus:



4. The upper figure expresses the number of parts, while the lower figure refers to the kind of notes intended, whether of minims, crotchets, or quavers, &c. The 4–4, 3–2, 6–4, for example, signify not only four parts, but four crotchets or quarters, three minims or halves, and six crotchets or quarters. The figures thus represent fractional portions of the semibreve.

5. Time, with respect to the measures, is either common, triple, or compound.* Under each of these descriptions there are several varieties.

6. In common time, the measures consist of either two or four parts; in triple time, they consist of three parts; and in compound time of six parts.

* For the convenience of teaching, however, we more usually speak of time, as *Double, Triple, Quadruple, Sextuple,* &c.

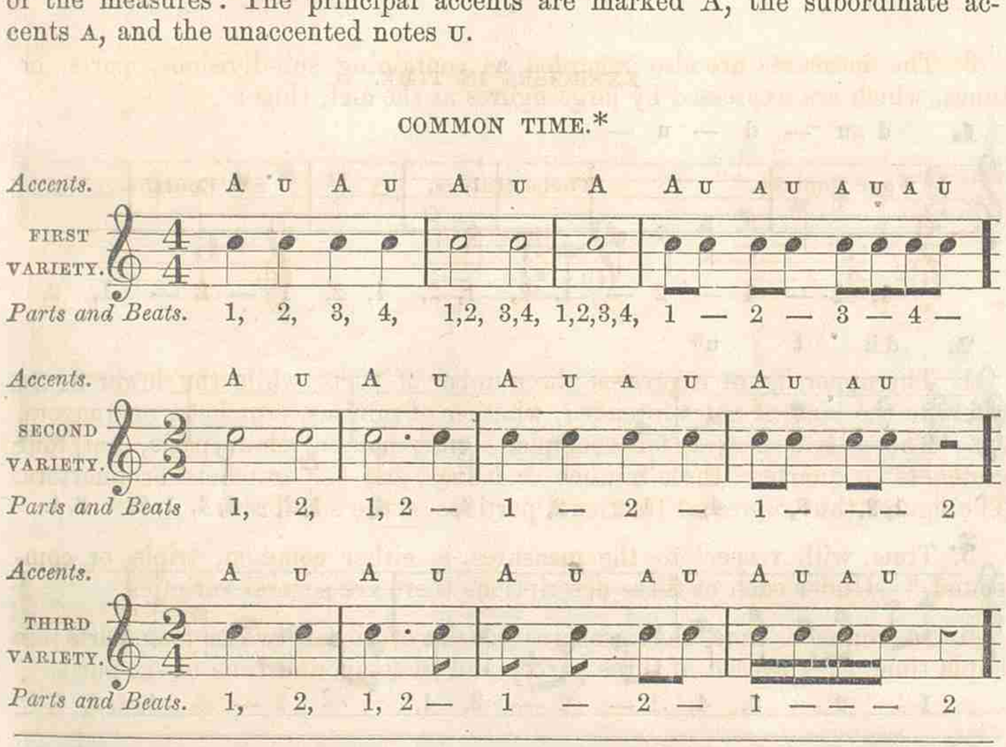
7. The parts of the measure generally require a corresponding number of beats, except in the quicker movements of compound time.

8. Accent is a stress of voice applied in common time to the first, or to the first and third parts of the measure; in triple time to the first part of the measure; and in compound time to the first and fourth parts of the measure.

9. When shorter notes occur, which are of equal length among themselves, snbordinate accents take place on the first, third, fifth, and seventh notes, &c., while the second, fourth, and sixth are unaccented.

Observation.—In the following examples, the large figures indicate the varieties of time; and the small figures, the beats and subdivisions or parts of the measures: The principal accents are marked A, the subordinate accents A, and the unaccented notes U.

COMMON TIME.*



* In practising these time lessons, the syllable *Law* may be applied.

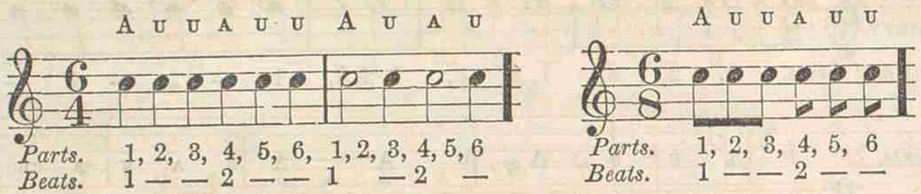
TRIPLE TIME.



COMPOUND TIME.



10. When the movement in compound time is rapid, three parts of a measure are taken to each beat, so that two beats answer the purpose of the six above-mentioned. In this case, there is but one principal accent in a measure:



11. The first and second varieties of common time were formerly designated by the

Semicircle, and the **Barred Semicircle.**

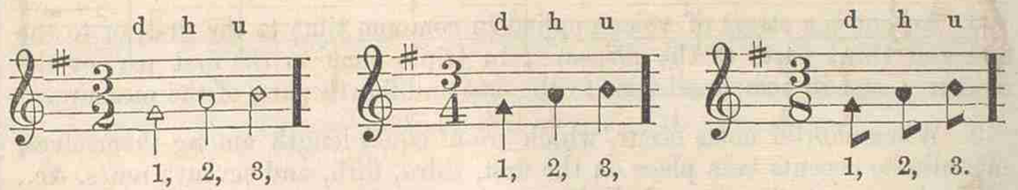


The first of these signs is equivalent to that of 4–4, and the second to that of 2–2. They are still used in some collections.

12. Other varieties of time are occasionally used, but being marked by appropriate figures at the clef, their nature will be readily understood. Thus, $\frac{4}{2}$ indicates four minims, and four parts and beats in a measure; and $\frac{4}{8}$ four quavers, parts, and beats in a measure.

13. The terms *Largo, Adagio, Allegro, Presto, &c.*, have a further influence upon the movement. See table of technical terms. In the higher species of music it often happens, by this means, that pieces written in one variety of time are actually performed in another. Much, in these cases, is left to the taste and discrimination of the performer.

Observation.—In this point of view, it matters not whether a tune be written in minims, crotchets, or quavers, if only the beats, parts, and accents are properly managed. Take the following example of a single measure:



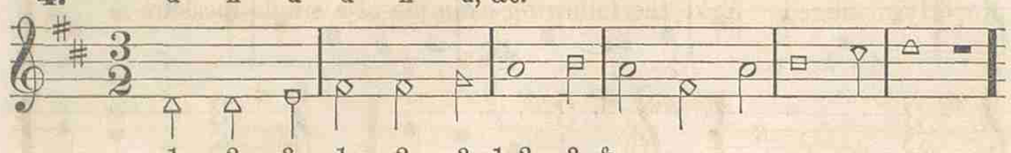
14. In psalmody the subject of song, as contained in the words of the text, has great influence upon the movement; and the beats and countings are left therefore more or less indefinite as to slowness or rapidity.

EXERCISES IN TIME.

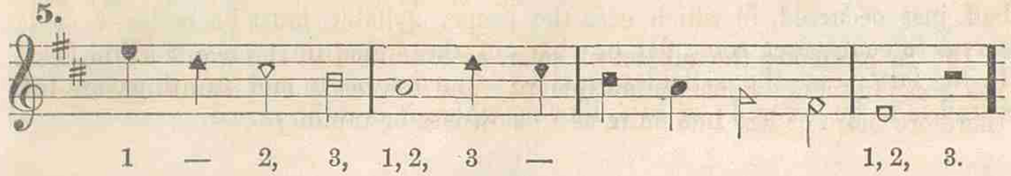


* *i. e.* downward, hither, thither, upward.

4. d h u d h u, &c.



5.



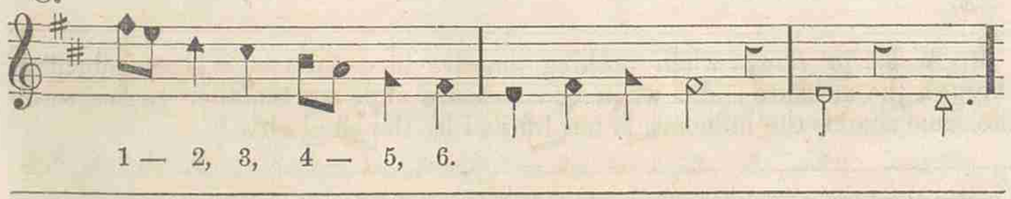
6. d h u d h u dh, &c.



7. d h u d h u*



8.



* *i. e.* "downward, upward, hither" repeated in each measure. Some teachers prefer the "downward, downward, hither, thither, upward, upward" motions.

EXERCISE IN DOTTED NOTES.*



* The slurs and the quaver-hooks illustrate the time or value of the dotted notes. The teacher should by all means write similar exercises in other varieties of time upon the blackboard.

SECTION V.—OF TONES, SEMITONES, AND ACCIDENTALS.

1. The degrees of the octave, as presented in section first, appear *equal* to the eye of the observer; yet they are not really so, but *unequal.*

2. The larger degrees are called tones, and the smaller degrees semitones. The degrees are also called intervals.

3. In the octave hitherto presented, the voice proceeds by tones, except between the third and fourth, and the seventh and eighth degrees, where it proceeds by semitones.

Observation.—In the application of the seven syllables, the semitones occur between mi and faw, and si and do.

4. The voice, by practice, acquires the habit of governing the sounds entirely by the names of the music syllables, so that the first pitch being given, the right name suggests the right sound, and the wrong name the wrong sound.

5. But in the course of a tune the order of the tones and semitones is occasionally changed; in which case a flat, sharp, or natural, is applied to sounds which are to be altered in pitch; and some kind of alteration must generally be made in the music syllables.

6. A flat set before a note requires it to be sung a semitone lower than in the natural scale. The syllable applied in this case must be so altered as to end with the long sound of the letter *a;* thus, *si* becomes *say; mi* becomes *may; law* becomes *lay,* &c.

7. A sharp set before a note, requires it, on the contrary, to be sung a semitone higher, while the syllable applied must be so altered as to embrace the sound of *ee:* thus *do* becomes *di, re* becomes *ri, faw* becomes *fi, sol* becomes *si,* &c.



8. The natural is used either to remove the effect of some flat or sharp that had just occurred, in which case the proper syllable must be restored, or it serves to counteract some flat or sharp of the signature. (See Section III.) In the latter case the syllables must be altered so as to end in *ay,* where the sound is to be lowered; or in *i,* like *ee,* where it is to be raised.

FIRST CASE.—SYLLABLES RESTORED.



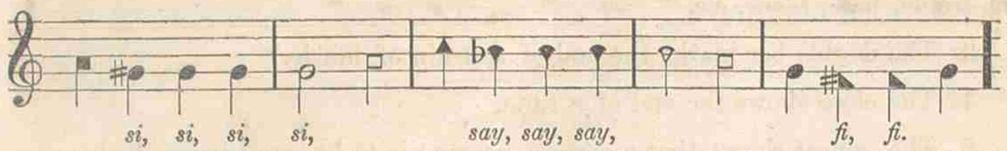
SECOND CASE.—SYLLABLES ALTERED.



9. A flat or sharp, when nothing appears to counteract it, has influence through the measure; and when one measure ends and another begins with the same sound, the influence is not limited by the single bar.*

* This rule is not very closely followed. The flat, sharp, or natural, is often inserted wherever it is in danger of being forgotten.

INFLUENCE EXTENDED.



10. When a natural has influence upon some flat or sharp of the signature, as mentioned at article eight of this section, the *re-insertion* of such flat or sharp has no other effect than that of *counteracting the natural.*



11. Flats, sharps, or naturals, occurring in the midst of a strain, in any of the ways above-mentioned, are called *accidentals;* and music where they frequently occur is said to be *chromatic.**

12. In the *practice* of chromatic passages, much advantage will be gained by applying *different classes of syllables* which require the *same sound.*

CLASSES OF SYLLABLES.



1*st Class*,	do,	*si,*	do,	sol,	do,	*say,*	*law,*	*si,*	do.	sol,	law,	si,	do.
2*d Class*,	sol,	*fi,*	sol,	re,	sol,	*faw,*	*mi,*	*fi,*	sol.	do,	re,	mi,	faw.
3*d Class*,	law,	*si,*	law,	mi,	law,	*sol,*	*fi,*	*si,*	law.	law,	fi,	si,	law.
4*th Class*,	re,	*di,*	re,	law,	re,	*do,*	*si,*	*di,*	re.	re,	mi,	fi,	sol.

* From a Greek word, signifying color. For the Greeks designated such sounds by colors.

Observation.—Exercises of this kind should not be multiplied till the pupil has somewhat advanced in his knowledge of the power of syllables in bringing sounds to mind.

SECTION VI.—REMAINING CHARACTERS.

1. The characters which remain to be described, are the *Brace, Double Bar, Close, Repeat, Pause, the Figure Three, Choosing Notes, Marks of Distinction, the Slur, the Crescendo, the Diminuendo, the Swell, the Appoggiatures, and After Notes, and Abbreviations.*

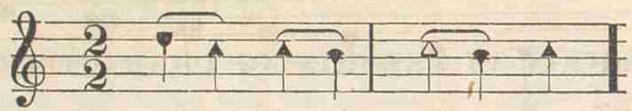


APPOGGIATURES.

Written.



Sung.

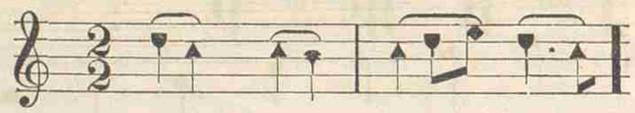


AFTER NOTES.

Written.



Sung.

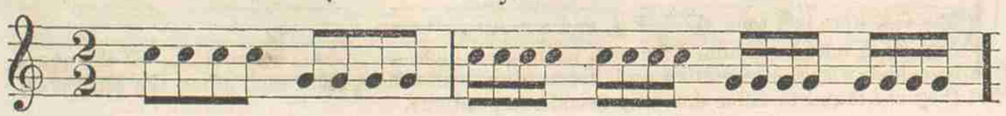


ABBREVIATIONS.

Written.



Played.



2. The brace includes the different parts of a tune which are sung together, as treble, base, tenor, &c.

3. The double bar marks the end of a strain of music.*

4. The close shows the end of a tune.

5. The repeat shows that a certain passage is to be sung twice during the single performance of a tune.

6. The pause, sometimes called the hold, leaves the *time* of a note or rest at the *pleasure of the performer*.

7. The figure three *reduces the time* of any three notes to that of two of the same name; as three crotchets to two crotchets, &c.

8. Choosing notes allow the performer to make his own selection, but not to sing more than the value of the measure.

9. Marks of distinction show that the sounds of notes are to be shortened as if small rests were placed between them. Sometimes the dot over notes is used for a similar purpose.

10. The slur includes such notes as belong to one syllable. Joining the hooks of quavers, semiquavers, &c., together, answers the same purpose as a slur.†

11. The mark crescendo, requires a gradual increase in loudness of voice; the mark diminuendo, a gradual decrease in loudness.

12. The swell requires a gradual increase of voice, followed by a gradual diminish.

13. Appoggiatures borrow their time from the large notes which follow them; after-notes borrow theirs from the large notes which precede them. *See Examples.*

14. Abbreviations are of various kinds, chiefly used in instrumental music.

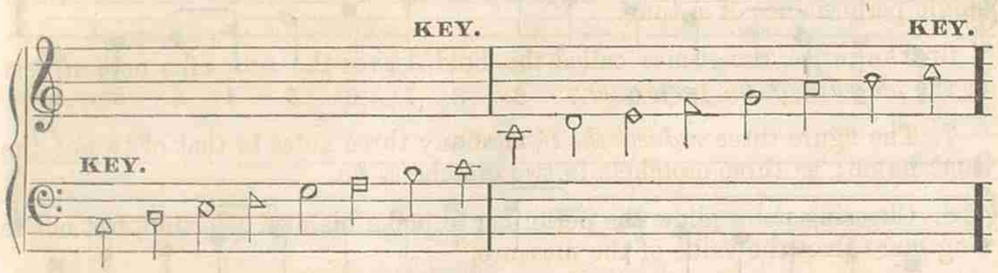
---

* In our books of psalmody it now commonly marks the termination of a line of poetry. In this case, a tune of two strains may contain half a dozen of double bars.

† Sometimes the slur is used when the hooks are joined, in which case the second note in each pair is to be shortened and sung as if a small rest were to fill the vacancy. See to this purpose a passage in the Dying Christian, "Trembling, hoping," &c.

SECTION VII.—OF KEYS, MAJOR AND MINOR SCALES.

1. The first note of the ascending or descending octave is called a Key. In the natural scale of the octave, beginning with C, for example, the key is found in all the lines or spaces where the letter occurs.



2. In the octave which commences with C, having the two semitones between the third and fourth, and the seventh and eighth degrees, the scale is said to be *Major*. The last example, therefore, presents us with the *natural major scale* in the *Key of C*.

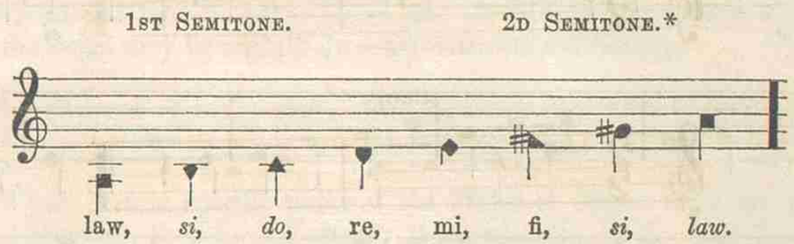
3. This scale, as we have shown in section third, may be variously transposed; yet in all the transpositions the scale is still *Major*, and the key is with the syllable *do*.

4. But by a different arrangement of tones and semitones in the octave, another scale is formed, called *Minor*, which has also an equal number of transpositions.*

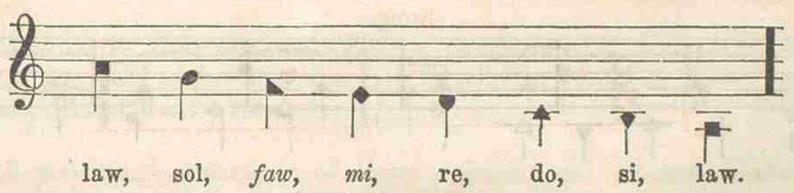
5. The minor scale *ascending*, has its first semitone between the second and third degrees, and its second semitone between the seventh and eighth degrees, by means of accidentals.

* Scales, whether major or minor, are obtained by analyzing the chords of which music is composed. *See the next section, Articles* 10, 11, and 12. The three chords *do, mi, sol,—faw, law, do,*—and *sol, si, re,* for example, embrace all the eight notes of the major scale. While the chords, *law, do, mi,—re, faw, law,*—and *me, sol*♯, and *si* embrace the corresponding series of the ascending minor scale.

6. The natural minor scale commences with *law* on A, three degrees below that of the natural major scale on C, and is thus written in the ascending order:



7. The descending minor scale differs from the ascending, by not requiring the pitch of the sixth and seventh degrees to be raised by accidentals: the highest of the two semitones, therefore, is here between the fifth and sixth degrees of the scale.



8. The minor scale of the octave, like that of the major, must be rendered familiar by practice; the sounds, with respect to tones and semitones, being uniformly governed by the music syllables. When the whole scale has thus been rendered familiar, portions of it may be attempted.†

* The G♯ here is a tone above F♯, and a semitone below A.

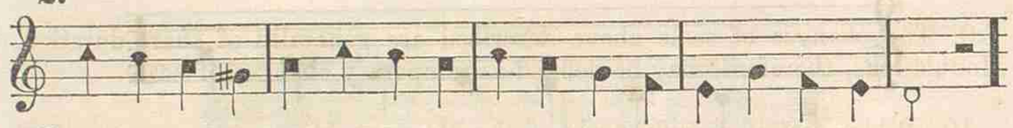
† Any pitch may be assumed for such exercises which seems most convenient. If the question be asked, why the ascending and descending scales differ from each other, the answer is, that they are found to differ thus in musical compositions.

EXERCISES.

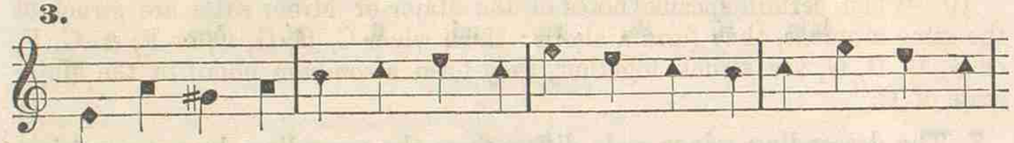
1. d h t u



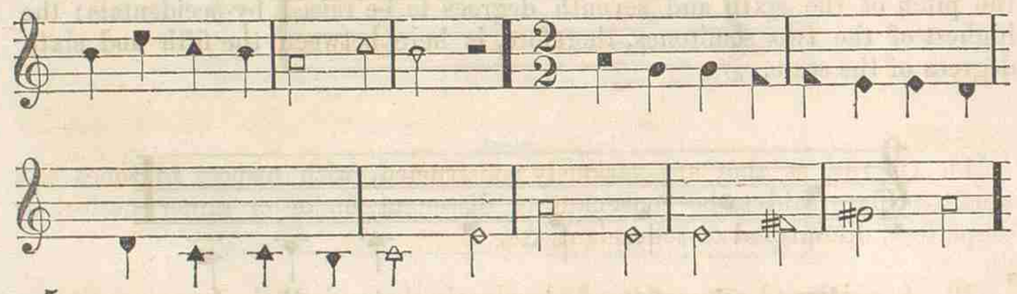
2.



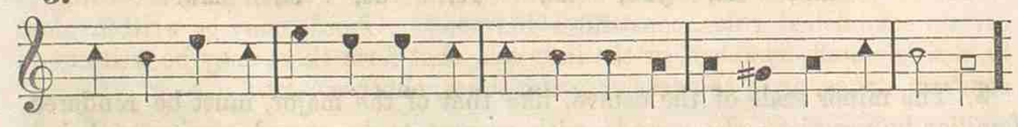
3.



4.



5.



6.



9. In all the transpositions by flats and sharps, the key of the minor scales is with the syllable *law*, the third degree below that of the major.

10. The last note in the base is the key note; if this note is *law*, the scale is minor, and if it is *do*, the scale is major.

11. The real difference between the two scales is seen in the following example, where the slurs show the places of the semitones.

Ascending. MAJOR. Descending.



MINOR.



12. The pupil should notice well the difference between the two scales, and practise them in connection with syllables and with numbers. See Section 1, Article 10.

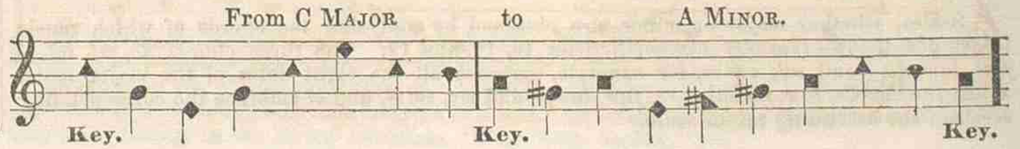
SECTION VIII.—OF MODULATION, CHORDS, &c.

1. Accidentals, as mentioned in the last section, are always required in the ascending minor scale; and we may here add, that they are occasionally used as mere graces, or licenses to improve the melody.

2. When accidentals are employed to alter the order of tones and semitones according to some form of transposition, they are said to produce modulation.

3. The scale readily changes from *major* to *minor*, where the accidentals of the minor scale are inserted.

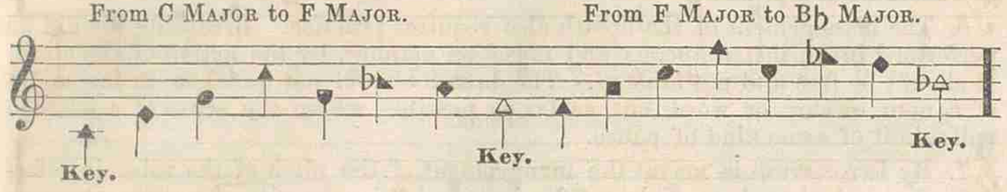
From C MAJOR to A MINOR.



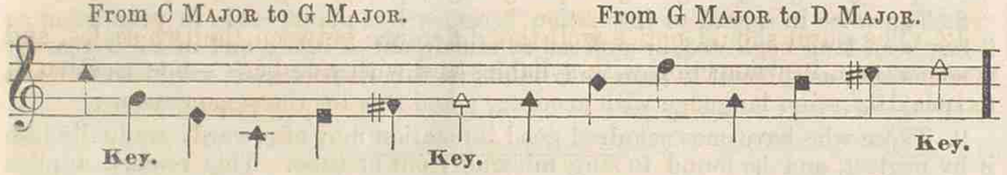
These accidentals could not be framed into a signature, because the second sharp in the series is C and not G. See Rule III, Section III, Article 9.

4. The following examples are of a different character, inasmuch as the accidentals follow the order of the signatures just referred to in Chapter III.

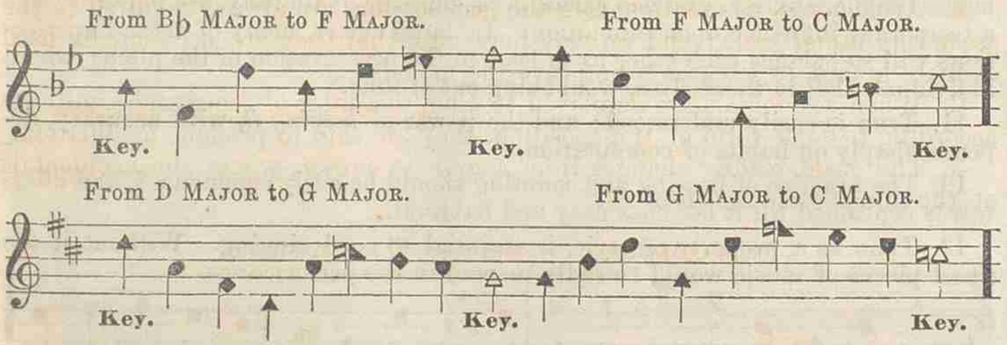
MODULATION BY FLATS.



MODULATION BY SHARPS.



MODULATION BY NATURALS.



7. Where Flats, Sharps, or Naturals are used as accidentals, without any special reference to the order of the signature, it will usually happen that the scale is Minor.

8. A perfect knowledge of modulation is not gained without much study and observation: but if the syllables are allowed to have their accustomed power, the voice may be rightly directed with little difficulty.

9. The changes of scale above described are generally of short duration. Modulations, therefore, may be defined as temporary changes of scale.

10. When certain specific notes of the Major or Minor scale are struck at the same moment, they form a chord: thus, when C, E, G, C, or F, A, C, F, or G, B, D, G, are struck together, they form a *common* chord in the Major scale of C.



11. Chords, as they are variously constructed, with respect to tones and semitones, are said to be consonant or dissonant, major or minor, perfect or imperfect, diminished or redundant, &c.

12. A continued succession of chords, similar and dissimilar, according to certain established rules, constitutes harmony. Chords may be written close on a single staff, as above, or the intervals that form them may be written on separate staves, as in the case of psalm-tunes, choruses, &c.

13. A good knowledge of harmony, and of melody and rhythm, embracing the entire grammar of the art, will not alone suffice to constitute a composer. There must be a knowledge of rhetorical principles. There must be genius and application, as well as an intimate acquaintance with existing models. This is no more than is required of literary men and artists generally. Excellence is never attained by superficial means.

PART II.

STYLE.

SECTION I.—GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

1. Persons may have a good knowledge of notation, and yet be indifferent singers, because they have not been properly trained.

2. Persons may have a natural fondness for music, and yet be greatly deficient in taste, because they know too little of the art.

3. Most of the disputes about style may be traced either to a misapprehension of the real nature and object of the art, or to ignorance of its most important principles.

4. No one can be a competent judge of vocal music, who is ignorant of its leading principles.

5. Morally speaking, the most important purposes to which music can be applied are those of a religious nature, and the least important those which relate to public amusement, or display of professional skill.*

6. The true fundamental principles of style, are those which have a direct bearing upon the religious and moral influences of the art.

7. The things most essential to good style in vocal music, are *tone, intonation, time, articulation, accent and emphasis,* and *expression.*

SECTION II.—OF TONE, INTONATION, AND TIME.

1. By the word *tone* is here meant, not the distance between certain sounds of the scale, as in Part I. Section 5, but the voice separately considered: thus, we say, a *good* tone, a *bad* tone, &c.

2. A good tone is formed gradually by exercising the voice upon the open vowels. The sound of *A* as in *law,* of *O* as in *sol,* and of *OO* as in *school,* may first be tried. The mouth should be well opened, the lips removed from the teeth, and the teeth separated.

3. The vowels should have a full, clear utterance, as formed deep in the throat; this will prevent many disagreeable qualities of tone.

* Of course this is not the popular idea.

4. The slender and short vowels, such as *I* in *thine* or *thin, E* in *theme,* or *them, here,* or *her,* &c., should next be tried. Such vowels may be a little modified, but the principle requires extreme delicacy. The long sound of *I,* for instance, should not be like *oi* in toil, but more like *ai* in *aye.* It should be borne in mind, also, that *A* and *I* are diphthongal vowels, the first sound of which is chiefly dwelt upon, while the second is heard just as the voice ceases.

5. A good tone depends on the right treatment of the vowels; and force or feebleness, on the degrees of effort which are habitually put forth in the hours of rehearsal and practice.

6. The management of the breath also requires practice. Breathing should be performed in an instantaneous and noiseless manner, by the action of the chest. It should be free and not labored. The breath should not be taken in the midst of a note, or slur, or word, but, as far as possible, where the sense of a passage will admit of some kind of pause.

7. By Intonation is meant the management of the pitch of the voice in reference to musical scales. This faculty is not simply the gift of nature; it is in every case acquired, more or less gradually, by instruction, imitation, and practice. Imitation commences in infancy, and instruction should be given in early childhood. In this case it is found that all may learn to sing.

8. The voice in regard to intonation becomes less manageable in proportion as it has been long neglected, or suffered to remain out of tune; and in adult years it is sometimes as difficult to gain new habits in this respect as it would be to learn to speak a foreign language with accuracy; and this for the same reasons.

9. Those who have once acquired good intonation may afterwards gradually lose it by neglect, and be found to sing miserably out of tune. This remark applies to the best scholars, as well as to the poorest, and to teachers as well as to pupils. No one can neglect singing for any length of time without getting out of tune.

10. Various causes, such as bad rooms, bad health, bad weather, colds, indolence, fatigue, anxiety, extreme earnestness, languor or timidity, are found to have a temporary influence upon intonation. In large choirs, many of these imperfections will so balance each other as to lead to the preservation of the pitch; where individuals, left to themselves, would sing out of tune.*

11. Time is easily understood; and the power of *keeping it,* with accuracy, depends simply on habits of computation.

12. The practice of beating and counting should be early commenced, and afterwards continued till it becomes easy and habitual.

13. Time as a property of style, is essential to good singing. Without it the finest pieces of music would be sadly marred in the performance.

* The best remedy for false intonation is the practice of scales and harmonic combinations.

SECTION III.—OF ARTICULATION.

1. A good articulation is of great importance, especially in devotional music.

2. Letters are divided into vowels and consonants. The voice, as observed in the last section, is formed wholly upon the vowels. Distinct articulation depends more on the consonants, which are to be spoken at certain instants much as in reading, only with greater power and exactness. In the word *forth*, for instance, the *o* is to be sung, while the *f* and the *th* can only be whispered. This discrimination must be well understood and reduced to practice.

3. Some of the consonants, such as *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, &c., called semivowels, can be a little prolonged, like the vowels; but this should not be done.

4. The letters *b*, *d*, *k*, *t*, &c., called mutes, at the end of such syllables as *eb*, *ed*, *ek*, *et*, &c., must be very distinctly articulated, or they will not be heard at all, and even at the beginning of words they require special care.*

5. Such consonants as *h*,† *f*, *v*, called aspirates, can be articulated only in a whisper. They must therefore have an additional force, proportioned always to the difficulty of being heard.

6. Such consonants as *s*, *c*, *z*, &c., called sibilants, are liable to be too distinct. They must be shortened and softened, or the music will be full of whistling, hissing, buzzing, &c., which is very disagreeable.‡

7. Singers are apt to use one consonant for another, such as *f* for *v*, *s* for *z*, &c., as *lofe* for love, *hiss* for his. The letters should be spoken in their *purity*, just as in good declamation.

8. Letters are also liable to be misplaced, by being carried forward to an adjoining word, as in the following example from the 92 Psalm: *Swee tis the da yof sacre drest*, for *Sweet is the day of sacred rest.* Errors of this kind perpetually occur among pupils, and need careful correction.

9. There must in general be a momentary pause between words, but never between the syllables of which a word is composed. A word must not be divided by taking breath.

10. The first efforts in articulation will of necessity be rude, and give harshness to the music. But time and perseverance will remedy this evil.

11. Articulation should, in the first place, be very accurate, distinct, and strong, as if addressed to deaf persons. Faults should be carefully pointed out at the moment of their occurrence, and remedies proposed. The words should often be *spoken* by the teacher, and repeated by the pupil before they are sung.

12. The strength of articulation should finally be adjusted to the difficulty of being heard, as the teacher places himself at different distances from his pupils. That which is sufficiently strong for a private room, would be too feeble for a public assembly; and that which is right for a public assembly, would be too strong for a private room.* In all cases, however, the language should be made to flow with apparent ease, and not seem labored.

SECTION IV.—OF ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

1. Without accent and emphasis, articulation would only furnish us with unmeaning syllables.

2. Accent has been called the essence of words, and emphasis the essence of sentences.

3. Every word in English, except in the case of monosyllables, is supplied with a full accent; and long words have an additional accent of a feeble character. The words *pleasurable—treasonable*, for example, have a full accent on the first syllable, and a partial one on the third.

4. Emphasis is a greater stress than accent, given to certain words in sentences, upon which the meaning chiefly depends. The omission or removal of the emphasis will often entirely change or destroy the meaning of a sentence.†

5. Musical notation provides, (see Part I, Section IV, articles 8 and 9,) regular places for accent. When the words we are singing agree with this arrangement, as they generally do, we need no further directions. See article 8 of this section.

6. Emphatic words generally fall on some accented notes in the music, which

---

* The names of the letters do not always show us their power. H, for instance, is heard in the action of puffing; F in that of blowing; V in that of vibrating the under lip. The mutes cannot be spoken at all without a vowel, but they can be distinctly whispered in such a manner as to illustrate their exact power in the formation of words.

† H, though written after W, in such words as WHO, WHICH, and WHAT, is always to be spoken before it, just as if the words were written HWO, HWITCH, HWAT.

‡ Some respectable teachers are induced on this account to suppress them altogether. This is wrong. It mars the language by perpetual lisping.

* The organ, as an accompanying instrument, is a great impediment to distinct articulation; and calls for special effort among the members of a choir. Those who stand immediately in front of the instrument require the strongest articulation.

† This subject should be thoroughly illustrated by the teacher, from time to time, as occasion requires.

may be forcibly sung. Where this is not the case, unaccented notes should have additional force.

7. The emphasis in music is often marked by such terms as *crescendo, diminuendo, the swell,* &c. (See Part I, Section VI, articles 11 and 12.)* But in Psalmody, where the same tune is so constantly applied to dissimilar words, the emphasis is to be observed where no such marks occur.

8. Where the accent and emphasis of the words we are singing do not agree with the musical accent, great delicacy of management is required. The musical accent in such cases may be increased or lessened in power, but not entirely destroyed.†

9. Great care should be taken to prevent the habit of laying equal stress on the musical accents, without respect to the meaning of the words. This is a common fault, and one that does great injury, both to the music and the words.

10. The words in religious music must be spoken in an easy, yet distinct and forcible manner. This requires much practice. Separate words, clauses, and single lines of poetry may at first be tried; and afterwards entire stanzas. The tunes for this purpose should at first be very simple, such as "Remembrance," "Peterborough," "Byefield."

11. This forcible pronunciation will somewhat injure the music for a while: but cultivation will in due time remedy this evil, so that the music will derive additional sweetness from the language; and the language itself will appear natural and unembarrassed.

SECTION V.—OF EXPRESSION.

1. The preceding properties of style,—Tone, Intonation, Time, Articulation, and Accent and Emphasis, embrace what is implied in *correct execution.*

2. Expression is the crowning excellence of style; but it is more easily imagined than described; and examples for the most part are more instructive than definitions.

3. To sing with expression, is to sing with proper feeling, and in such a manner as to produce the same feeling in others. Song is, in this respect, like painting, poetry, and eloquence. Where there is no skill, except that which is mechanical, there is no true excellence, and no expression. Where feeling is merely feigned, the affectation, if detected, is disgusting.*

4. In the singing of songs, ballads, &c., where the sole object is amusement, the principle is not so important; but in religious music it lies quite at the foundation of style. Here, without feeling, there can be no religion—no true worship—no real edification. Feeling must also be of the right kind.

5. Feeling expresses itself in various forms of emphasis. Of these there are four which are manifestly important.

6. The first of these may be described as a loud tone, slightly tremulous, sustained without increase or diminution. This form of the emphasis is expressive of alarm or extreme earnestness. It is applied to hymns on the last judgment with great success.

7. The second form, commencing loud, like the first, ends by a rapid diminish. This is appropriate to sentiments of joy and gladness—as in many psalms of praise.

8. The third form, which is, like the second form, inverted, is expressive of emotions of a bold and lofty character. It is applied to passages of prophetic description or exultation, as in the hymns commencing "Our Lord is risen from the dead;"—"Arm of the Lord, awake, awake," &c.

9. The fourth form of the emphasis, which is nothing more than the swell, applied at once with delicacy and with power, is expressive of sentiments of tenderness and sorrow, kind affections, &c., as in the case of penitential, or sacramental, or funeral hymns.

10. The first form of the emphasis may be conveniently represented by two parallel lines; the second, by the diminuendo mark, the third, by the crescendo, and the fourth by the swell. See Part I, Section VI, Articles 11 and 12.

11. These forms of the emphasis are not to be used mechanically, as in dynamics; but under the influence of feeling, when they have become habitual, and appear perfectly natural; indeed, they are so to the singer who has formed his habits without any improper bias. Still the pupil must study these distinctions, and be made to understand them in a practical way.

12. In the next place, we may refer to the qualities of loudness and softness, as essential to just expression. These are carefully to be distinguished from harshness and feebleness: they have more resemblance to what we observe in oratory or animated conversation.

13. The legato and staccato methods of singing are very important to just expression. The former method is that of sustaining the sounds to their entire

---

* This whole subject is too often confounded by teachers with mere dynamic distinctions of this sort. But the practice is opposed to good enunciation.

† The rules here given are not followed at present in secular music. The stress is there more frequently regulated by marks of expression, and by the special phraseology of the strain or movement.

* How, then, ought we to feel, when persons of an irreligious character rise at a public oratorio or concert, just to show us how expressively they can sing, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," or "He was despised and rejected of men."

length, and in the closest connections; the latter, is that of shortening them and observing little pauses between them. (*See Marks of Distinction.—Part I. Section VI. Article* 9.) The legato method is applied to sentiments of tenderness or sorrow; the staccato to sentiments of a bold or joyous character, and even to words that are not impassioned.

14. The time of movement, as to slowness or rapidity, has great influence on expression. In general, those sentiments which are tender and plaintive require the slowest movement. Some reference must also be had to the trains of thought. The act of meditation, for instance, is slow, while that of narration or description is comparatively rapid. The difference in this respect between the hymn "O for a closer walk with God," and that of "From Greenland's icy mountains," is very great.

15. The punctuation of language should not be disregarded in song. For this the psalm and hymn tunes make no special provision, because, the pauses in different stanzas do not correspond with each other. Notes in singing may be shortened to make room for such pauses as the sense requires, but not in general, so as to break the time of a movement.

16. Even in anthems and set pieces the punctuation of the language is but partially provided for in the notation; and the technical terms serve, at best, but as general guides to expression. The mind of the singer, therefore, must be absorbed in his subject, if he would do justice to the text he is enunciating.

17. What has been termed the portamento, or carriage of the voice, or glide, has great influence in tender and plaintive movements, when managed with ease and delicacy. The following example may sufficiently describe it:

Written.



Sung.



This method of carrying the voice should be avoided in staccato movements, and indeed everywhere, unless there is a taste and cultivation. As coarsely imitated in congregational singing, it has a very bad influence.

18. From what has been said in this section, it is easy to see why there is so little expression among the singers. The subject does not receive sufficient attention, and it is too little understood. Even many who are teachers treat it with neglect.

SECTION VI.—GENERAL REMARKS.

1. In religious music there should always be the greatest simplicity of manner. This remark does not apply to the oratorial style; because oratorios, though set to religious words, and called sacred, are not strictly religious in their character and design.

2. The best ornaments of style in church music, are a fine voice, and exact time, connected with a distinct, chaste, free, polished, and impassioned enunciation.

3. Every thing like unnatural labor or painful effort is always to be avoided in musical performances. This rule is perpetually disregarded.

4. The appearance of indolence, or dullness, or insensibility, is wholly inconsistent with that earnestness which belongs to the office of the vocalist.

5. To treat sacred subjects with lightness is always wrong, even in the exercises of schools and classes. This is too often allowed; but the practice is as sinful as it is inappropriate. Serious sentiments can never be well sung but in connection with serious thoughts and feelings.

6. Foolish song tunes can never be set to religious words without offending persons of good taste. The foolishness in this case is inseparable from the music, and cannot illustrate the poetry.

7. Since singers must always enter feelingly into the subject of song, it follows, that the man who would excel in merry ballads must cultivate a merry temper; while the man who would excel in martial, moral, sentimental, or religious song, must cultivate a martial, moral, sentimental, or religious temper.

8. An inference here arises which is truly momentous. If, according to the nature of the art, and the design of the office of sacred song, the performers are bound to act under the influence of appropriate religious principles, motives, and feelings; then the churches that make little or no effort toward securing this end in the public praises of Zion, are accessary to the crime of solemn mockery. There is no avoiding this inference; for piety will never grow without special attention and unremitting effort. It is so in preaching, in prayer, and in the reading of the Scriptures, and it is equally so in the office of praise. The past history and the present state of church music in this country give painful evidence of delinquency in this respect.

PART III.

ADAPTATION.

SECTION I.—OF CHANTS AND PSALM TUNES.

1. Chants are the simplest specimens of cultivated music now in use. Most persons are pleased with them, partly on this account, and partly because they furnish such facilities for distinct enunciation. As the chants are of a fixed character, the work of adaptation is done by the compiler when he completes his arrangement of the words to appropriate strains of music. The recitations of the singers, however, are often too hurried and monotonous. The language should be recited in chants with all that accuracy, deliberation, and pathos, which characterize the dignified manner of a public speaker—fashion to the contrary notwithstanding.

2. Next in the order of simplicity, are the ancient parochial melodies, such as Old Hundred, Luther's Hymn, Winchester, Barby, and Dundee, composed some two or three centuries ago. They were the popular melodies of that period, which all could appreciate and enjoy. Through the progress of the art we no longer feel them to be attractive in this respect, but derive our enjoyment from them through the additional accompanying parts. The latter, therefore, have need to be arranged in the best possible manner, corresponding as far as may be with the original simplicity of the melodies.

3. Notwithstanding the apparent similarity of such tunes as we have just named, the experienced vocalist will not fail to recognise among them very important distinctions. Old Hundred, *e. g.* is of a mild character, but it produces its strongest effects when given to a multitude of voices. Luther's Hymn is a spirit-stirring tune, appropriate to sentiments of earnestness or alarm. Winchester impresses us with solemn dignity. Barby embraces several varieties of character, plaintive or joyous, as the movement is accelerated or retarded, or clothed with characteristic emphasis. Dundee is adapted to a single shade of expression that of tender affection.

4. Such varieties as these can be easily adapted to the ever-changing grades and diversities of sentiment that arise in psalms and hymns of a mediative character, where the cast of thought will not allow the movement to be hurried. For this purpose such tunes are invaluable. What could have a finer effect than St. Ann's, for instance, when set to such meditative lines as these,—

"The Lord—how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command!"

5. Next in simplicity to the above, are later imitations of the same models. All Saints, Bedford, Brentford, Burford, Luton, are of this general character, embracing such varieties of sentiment as have just been described, with perhaps a few others.

6. A third class of tunes may be enumerated, such as German Hymn, Harborough, Careys, Colchester, St. Michael's. The special interest of these tunes, as popular melodies, has gone by; but when clothed with good harmony, they are grateful to the public ear, and susceptible of a good influence. They are best adapted to hymns where the current of thought is not very slow.

7. Another class, less simple and more modern, may be mentioned, which have been derived as abstracts from the larger compositions of the great masters of the art. Of this class are Seasons, German Air, Surry, South Street, St. Edmund's, Degroot, &c. Such pieces are becoming somewhat numerous; they are considerably diversified in style, and generally require skilful execution. They are chiefly remarkable for sweet, refined melody. When adapted to hymns of a corresponding character, and sung with taste and feeling, their influence is irresistible. Uncultivated singers incline to hurry the movement of such pieces; and others are prone to the opposite extreme, either of which is injurious; and what is still worse, such music is often applied to themes which are any thing but poetical. Such delicate tunes require careful treatment.

But enough has been said to show the importance of just discrimination; and the hints here given may serve as incentives to study.

SECTION II.—OF SET PIECES, ANTHEMS, AND CHORUSES.

Under the head of Set Pieces, Anthems, and Choruses, are embraced varieties of style too numerous for specification; yet the existence of certain great outlines should be fully recognised. Musicians in this country generally acknowledge two large classes of specimens under the appellation of sacred music; the one belonging strictly to the church, and the other to the concert-room. The one class purports to be adapted to worship; the other to tasteful amusement or display of talent. The one essays to lead the worshipper in those walks of chaste simplicity that allow him to school his affections, call home his wandering thoughts, and fix them upon divine things; the other makes its strongest appeal to the imagination; shows us the worshippers at a distance, and makes us spectators of the scene, delighted, it may be, with the tastefulness, the dignity, the more than human rhapsody that seems to animate the throng. In short, the one leads us into the realities of religious worship; the other into the mere personations of religion. A few illustrations will serve to place this subject in the right point of view.

1. Let us take the sentiment "Hosanna in the highest," which often occurs in musical pieces. If the singer were to utter this sentiment as coming from the deep-settled affections of his own soul in the sight of a heart-searching God, he would in most cases choose to give it a sweet, mild, and tender enunciation, lest the music should indicate higher feelings of real devotion than he possesses or ever recognises in his fellow-worshippers; but if, on the other hand, the singer is simply painting to our imaginations the enthusiasm of the multitude who uttered that sentiment some eighteen centuries ago, why then he is expected to be vociferous and declamatory. He may fill the ancient multitude as full of rhapsody as he chooses, and become almost frantic in the representation. In either of the two cases, *musically speaking*, he would be in character. In the one case, he would be actually worshipping; in the other, he would be merely personating the ancient worshippers. Yet let him bring his rapturous strains into the solemn assembly, and his gentle, subdued ones in the exhilarating concert-room, and both would be out of place. The one would seem clamorous almost to profaneness, and the other spiritless and insipid.*

2. A similar illustration might be drawn from the words "*Allelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.*" If I am to sing these words as expressive of my own feelings, and the feelings of my hearers, in the direct attitude of solemn worship; then we shall all need very unusual elevation of soul; because our rejoicings in the divine government, though real and sincere, are generally mild and subdued, rather than lofty and sublime. Yet, if, on the contrary, I am understood to be merely describing the songs of the upper sanctuary, then the more elaborate and clamorous the better: the sublimest raptures of a Handel are infinitely below the feeblest whispers of heaven. The Bible, however, presents this sentiment in simple, elevated *narration*, which is perhaps the best *devotional* form of using it. To paint it equal to the reality is impossible; to feel all its raptures is not given to sinful mortals; to mention it with kindling emotions, either in speech or song, is to speak to edification.

3. Another familiar example shall suffice. "*To Thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry, Holy, holy,*" &c. If I feel myself thus directly addressing the great God in a personal act of worship, I shall be filled with awe; and just in proportion as right sentiments prevail, I shall sink in prostration before the divine Majesty, as if my words were to be "swallowed up;" but if simply engaged, as in dramatic personation, I strive to paint the raptures of the angelic host, I may break forth in the loftiest strains of an earth-born "Te Deum," without at all offending against the *received principles** of taste. I may be as clamorous and repetitious as I please, except in regard to the single word "*holy,*" and no one will complain. Genius overpowers every thing. The imagination, indeed, kindles and burns, but the heart is cold.

4. Now when we recollect that the public taste is in favor of that music which is of a high rhapsodic character, because it is lively, animated, and of masterly workmanship, we are continually tempted to yield every thing to popular feeling. And thus it often happens, that concert music passes for music that is devotional; while music which is really devotional is comparatively undervalued. Great injury is thus done to the cause. Spiritually-minded men have thus often been driven from the ranks of cultivation, because experience taught them that from some unknown cause they could never be edified. The great popularity of the one class of pieces, and the undervaluing of the other, has continually a secularizing tendency among musicians, which needs, if possible, to be counteracted. Musical distinctions, however, like others, of a literary nature, are often so blended as to defy any thing like a regular analysis of pieces. The only way to manage safely in regard to church music, is to carry an influence that is truly and decidedly religious into our schools and rehearsals. Then we shall be prepared, at least, to make practical discriminations, retaining what is found to be devotional, and rejecting the rest. Let this be done, and other items of reform will soon follow. Unless this course is adopted, the work of discrimination will fail of its object; and musical adaptation, so far as spirituality is concerned, will, in all probability, be a name without signification.

* Most musicians overlook this distinction. They think that the strong effect of concert-music is owing chiefly to the higher skill of the composer, which is often far from being true.

* I say *received* principles, because, after all, there is not even a *dramatic* propriety in such boldness as is usually found in our multitudinous choruses. The angels worship with veiled faces, and those who would rightly represent them should enter into their humble views.

EXPLANATION OF MUSICAL TERMS.

A—signifies in, for, at, with, &c.
Adagio—a slow movement.
Ad libitum, or *ad lib.*—at pleasure.
Affetuoso—in a style of execution adapted to express affection, tenderness, supplication, or deep emotion.
Air—the leading part, or melody.
Allegro—a brisk and sprightly movement.
Allegretto—less quick than Allegro.
Alto—Counter, or high Tenor.
Andante—with distinction. As a mark of time, it implies a medium between the Adagio and Allegro movements.
Andantino—quicker than Andante.
Animato, or *con Anima*—with animation.
Anthem—a composition set to the language of the Sacred Scriptures.
A Tempo—in time.
Baritone—a voice whose register is between the base and tenor.
Base—the lowest part in harmony.
Bis.—This term denotes a repetition of a passage in music.
Calando—a diminution of time and sound.
Cantibile—a term applied to such movements as require an elegant, graceful style of performance.
Chorus—a composition or passage designed for all the voices and instruments.
Chorals—old melodies in notes chiefly of equal length.
Chromatic—a term given to accidental semitones.
Coda—the close of a composition, or an additional close.
Contralto—the lowest female voice.
Crescendo, or *Cres.*, or <—with an increasing volume of sound.
Da Capo, or *D. C.*—close with the first strain.
Del—by. *Del Segno*—repeat from the sign.
Diminuendo, or *Dim.*, or >—with a decreasing volume of sound.
Divoto—in a solemn and devout manner.
Duetto, or *Duet*—music consisting of two parts.
E—and, as *Moderato e Pianissimo.*
Expression—that union of qualities in a composition, from which we deri[ve] sentimental appeal to our feelings.

Expressivo—with expression.
Forte, or *For.*, or *F.*, or *f.*—strong and full.
Fortissimo, or *FF.*, or *ff.*—very loud.
Forzando, or *fz.*—The notes over which this term is placed, are to be boldly struck and continued.
Fugue, or *Fuge*—a piece in which one of the parts leads, and the rest follow in different intervals of time, and in the same or similar melody.
Grave, or *Gravemente*—slow and solemn.
Grazioso—graceful; a smooth and gentle style of execution.
Giusto—in equal, steady, just time.
Harmony—an agreeable combination of musical sounds, or different melodies, performed at the same time.
Interlude—an instrumental passage introduced between two vocal passages.
Interval—a musical sound. Also the distance between any two sounds, either in harmony or melody.
Introit—a short set piece, to be sung at the opening of public worship.
Largo—a slow movement. A quaver in Largo equals a minim in Presto.
Larghetto—quicker than Largo.
Legato—signifies that the notes of the passage are to be performed in a close, smooth, and gliding manner.
Lentando, or *Lent.*—gradually retarding the time.
Lento—, *Lentemente*— } slow, smooth, and gliding.
Maestoso—with grandeur of expression. *Ma*—but.
Melody—an agreeable succession of sounds.
Mezza voce—with a medium fulness of tone.
Mezzo—half, middle, mean.
Moderato—between Andante and Allegro.
Non—not.
Oratorio—a species of Musical Drama, consisting of airs, recitatives, duets, trios, choruses, &c.
Orchestra—the place or band of *secular* musical performances.
Piano, or *Pia.*, or *P.*, or *p.*—soft.
Pianissimo, or *PP.*, or *pp.*—very soft.
Poco—little, somewhat.
Pomposo—grand and dignified.

Presto—quick.
Prestissimo—very quick.
Primo—the first, or leading part.
Quartette—a composition consisting of four parts, each of which occasionally takes the leading melody.
Recitative—a sort of style resembling speaking.
Secondo—the second part.
Semi-Chorus—half the choir of voices.
Sempre—throughout; as *Sempre Piano*—soft throughout.
Semplice—chaste and simple.
Senza—without; as, *Senza Organo*—without the Organ.
Soave—agreeable, pleasing.
Soli—plural of *Solo*—but denoting only one voice to each of the several parts.
Solo—a composition designed for a single voice, or instrument. Vocal solos, duets, &c., in modern music, are usually accompanied with instruments.
Soprano—the Treble, or higher voice part.
Sostenuto—sustaining the sounds to the utmost of their nominal value in time.
Spirituoso—with spirit.
Staccato—the opposite to Legato; requiring a short, articulate, and distinct style of performance. See *Marks of Distinction* in the rudiments.
Subito—quick.
Symphony, or *Sym.*—a passage to be executed by instruments, while the vocal performers are silent. Also, a species of musical composition.
Tasto Solo, or *T. S.*—denotes that the passage should be performed with no other chords than unisons and octaves.
Tacit—be silent.
Ten., *Tenuto*—sustained after the style of Legato.
Tenor—a high male voice. *Treble*—the female voice.
Trio—a composition of three voices.
Tutti—all together.
Veloce—quick. *Verse*—one voice to a part.
Vigoroso—with energy.
Vivace—in a brisk and lively manner.
Volti—turn over.
Voce di Petto—the chest voice.
Voce di Tetto—the head voice.

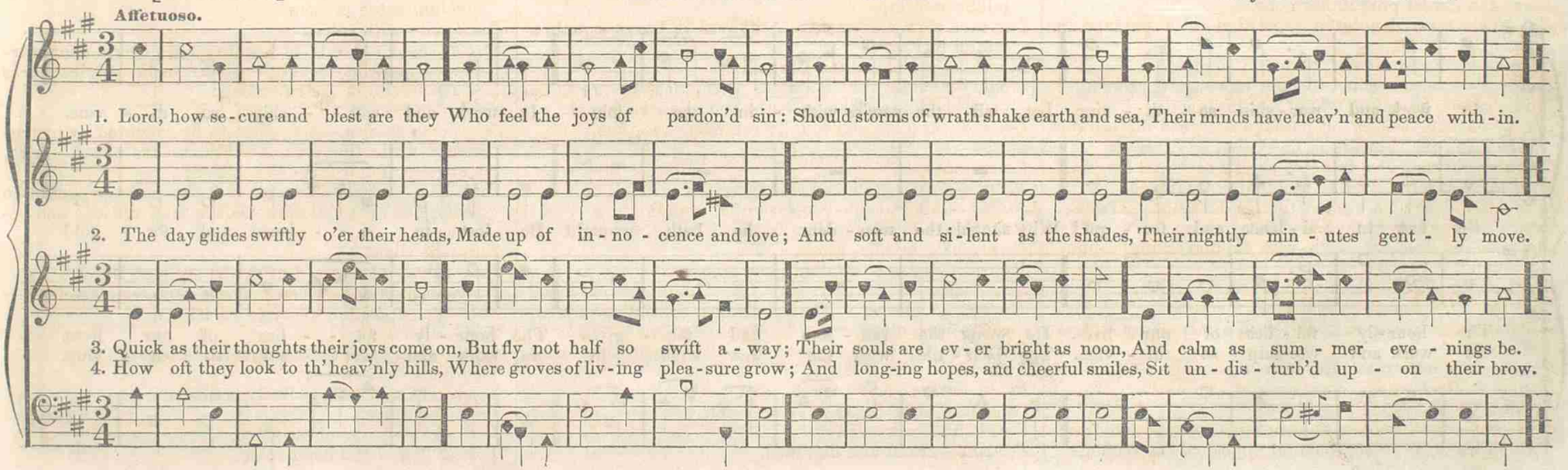
THE

PRESBYTERIAN PSALMODIST.

[Hymn 365.]

ACKWORTH. L. M.

Subject from BEETHOVEN.



[PSALM 103, 1ST PART.]

ADMAH. L. M. or L. M. 6 lines.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God, Call home my thoughts that rove a - broad; Let all the pow'rs with - in me join
2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace; His fa - vors claim the high - est praise; Why should the won - ders He hath wrought
3. 'Tis He, my soul, that sent his Son To die for crimes which thou hast done; He owns the ran - som and for - gives
4. Let the whole earth his pow'r con - fess; Let the whole earth a - dore his grace; The Gen - tile with the Jew shall join

In work and wor - ship so di - vine. Let all the pow'rs with - in me join In work and wor - - ship so di - vine.
Be lost in si - lence and for - got? Why should the won - ders he hath wrought Be lost in si - - lence and for - got?
The hour - ly fol - lies of our lives. He owns the ran - som and for - gives The hour - ly fol - - lies of our lives.
In work and wor-ship so di - vine. The Gen - tile with the Jew shall join In work and wor - - ship so di - vine.

Spirited.

1. Tho' now the na-tions sit be-neath The darkness of o'erspreading death, God will a-rise with light di-vine, On Si-on's ho-ly tow-ers shine.

2. That light shall glance on dis-tant lands, And heathen tribes, in joy-ful bands, Come with ex-ult-ing haste to prove The power and great-ness of his love.

3. Lord, may the triumphs of thy grace A-bound with righteousness and peace, In mild and love-ly forms dis-play The glo-ries of the lat-ter day.

[Hymn 347.]

ALDEN. L. M.

E.F.G.

1. Je - sus, my Sa-viour, let me be More per - fect - ly conform'd to thee; Implant each grace, each sin de-throne, And form my tem - per like thine own.

2. My foe, when hun-gry, let me feed, Share in his grief, sup - ply his need; The haughty frown may I not fear, But with a low - ly meek - ness bear.

3. To oth - ers let me al - ways give What I from oth - ers would re - ceive; Good deeds for e - vil ones re - turn, Nor, when provoked, with an - ger burn.

4. This will pro-claim how bright and fair The pre-cepts of the gos - pel are; And God him - self, the God of love, His own re-sem-blance will ap - prove.

[Psalm 103, 1st Part.]

ALFRETON. L. M.

BEASTALL.

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

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

3. 'Tis He, my soul, that sent his Son To die for crimes which thou hast done; He owns the ran - som, and for - gives The hour-ly fol - lies of our lives.

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

1. Ye ser - vants of th' Al-migh-ty King, In ev' - ry age his praises sing: Where'er the sun shall rise or set, The na - tions shall his praise re - peat.

2. A - bove the earth, be - yond the sky, His throne of glo - ry stands on high; Nor time, nor place, his pow'r re - strain, Nor bound his u - ni - ver - sal reign.

4. Be - hold his love! He stoops to view What saints a - bove and an - gels do; And con - de - scends yet more, to know The mean af - fairs of men be - low.
5. From dust and cot - ta - ges ob - scure His grace ex - alts the hum - ble poor, Gives them the hon - or of his sons, And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.

[PSALM 36, 1ST PART.] ANGEL'S HYMN. L. M. TANSUR.

1. High in the heav'ns, e - ter - nal God, Thy goodness in full glo - ry shines; Thy truth shall break thro' ev' - ry cloud That veils and darkens thy de - signs.

2. For - ev - er firm thy jus - tice stands, As mountains their foun - da - tions keep; Wise are the won-ders of thy hands, Thy judgments are a migh - ty deep.

3. Thy prov - i - dence is kind and large, Both man and beast thy boun - ty share; The whole cre - a - tion is thy charge, But saints are thy pe - cu - liar care.
4. My God, how ex - cel - lent thy grace! Whence all our hope and com - fort springs; The sons of Ad - am in dis - tress Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

[PSALM 84, 2D PART.]

ANTIGUA. L. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.

1. Great God, attend while Sion sings The joy that from thy pres-ence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth Ex - ceeds a thousand days of mirth.

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

3. God is our sun, He makes our day; God is our shield, He guards our way From all th' assaults of hell and sin, From foes with - out and foes with - in.

4. All need-ful grace will God be - stow, And crown that grace with glo - ry too: He gives us all things, and with-holds No re - al good from upright souls.

5. O God, our King, whose sovereign sway The glo - rious hosts of heav'n o - bey, And dev - ils at thy pres - ence flee; Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

[HYMN 560.]

ANVERN. L. M.

Arranged from the German, By LOWELL MASON.

Slow, and in steady time.

Rit.

1. Ascend thy throne, almighty King, And spread thy glories all abroad: Let thine own arm salvation bring, And be thou known the gracious God, And be thou known the gracious God.

2. Let millions bow be-fore thy seat, Let humble mourners seek thy face, Bring daring rebels to thy feet, Subdued by thy vic - torious grace, Subdued by thy vic - to-rious grace.

Rit.

3. O, let the kingdoms of the world Become the kingdoms of the Lord; Let saints and angels praise thy name, Be thou thro' heav'n and earth adored, Be thou thro' heaven, &c.

1. Fa - ther, I bless thy gen - tle hand; How kind was thy chas - tis-ing rod, That forced my conscience to a stand, And brought my wandering soul to God!

2. Fool - ish and vain, I went a - stray, Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord; I left my guide, and lost my way, But now I love and keep thy word.

3. 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke, For pride is apt to rise and swell; 'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke, That I might learn his statutes well.
4. The law that issues from thy mouth, Shall raise my cheer - ful passions more Than all the treasures of the south, Or richest hills of gold-en ore.

[PSALM 106, 1ST PART.] ARMSTRONG. L. M. (Metrical Chant.) DR. BOYCE.

1. To God the great, the ev - er blest,, Let songs of hon-or be ad-dressed; His mer-cy firm for ev - er stands; Give him the thanks his love de - mands.

2. Who knows the wonders of thy ways? Who shall ful - fil thy boundless praise? Blest are the souls that fear thee still, And pay their du - ty to thy will.

3. Re - mem-ber what thy mer-cy did For Jacob's race, thy cho-sen seed; And with the same sal - va - tion bless The meanest suppliant of thy grace.
4. O! may I see thy tribes re - joice, And aid their triumphs with my voice! This is my glo - ry, Lord to be Joined to thy saints and near to thee.

[PSALM 97, 3D PART.]

ARNHEIM. L. M.

HOLYOKE.

1. Th'Al-migh - ty reigns, ex - alt - ed high O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky; Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet, His dwelling is the mer-cy - seat.

2. O! ye that love his ho - ly name, Hate ev-ery work of sin and shame; He guards the souls of all his friends, And from the snares of hell de - fends.

3. Im - mor - tal light, and joys un-known, Are for the saints in darkness sown; Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise, And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4. Re - joice, ye righteous, and re - cord The sa-cred hon-ors of the Lord; None but the soul that feels his grace Can tri-umph in his ho - li - ness.

[PSALM 69, 4TH PART.]

ASHFIELD. L. M.

1. Deep in our hearts let us re - cord The deep - er sor-rows of our Lord; Be-hold the ris - ing bil - lows roll To ov - er-whelm his ho - ly soul.

3. Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love Have made the curse a bless - ing prove; Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son Atoned for crimes which we had done.

4. The pangs of our ex - pir - ing Lord The hon - ors of thy law restored; His sor-rows made thy jus - tice known, And paid for fol - lies not his own.

5. O, for his sake our guilt for - give, And let the mourning sin - ner live: The Lord will hear us in his name, Nor shall our hopes be turned to shame.

ATLANTIC. L. M.

1. Come, dear-est Lord, and bless this day, Come, bear our thoughts from earth away; Now, let our no-blest passions rise With ar - dor to their na - tive skies.

2. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, With rays of light up - on us shine; And let our wait-ing souls be bless'd, On this sweet day of sa - cred rest.

3. Then, when our Sab-baths here are o'er, And we ar - rive on Canaan's shore, With all the ransom'd we shall spend A Sab - bath that shall nev - er end.

BATH. L. M.

Williams' and Tansur's Coll.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' in - sure the great re - ward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vi - lest sin - ner may re - turn.
2. Life is the hour that God has given T' escape from hell and fly to heav'n; The day of grace, and mor - tals may Se - cure the bless-ings of the day.

3. The liv - ing know that they must die, But all the dead for - got - ten lie; Their memory and their sense are gone, A - like un - know-ing and un-known.

5. Then what my tho'ts de - sign to do, My hands with all your might pur - sue; Since no de - vice nor work is found, Nor faith nor hope be - neath the ground.
6. There are no acts of par - don past In the cold grave to which we haste; But darkness, death, and long de - spair Reign in e - ter - nal si - lence there.

[Psalm 139, 1st Part.]

BERLIN. L. M.

HASTINGS.

Maestoso. *p* *m* *cres.*

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

3. With - in thy circ - ling pow'r I stand, On ev' - ry side I find thy hand; A - wake, a - sleep, at home, a - broad, I am sur-round-ed still with God.

p *m* *m*

4. A - maz-ing knowledge, vast and great! What large extent! what lof - ty height! My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast, Is in the boundless pros-pect lost.
5. O! may these thoughts possess my breast, Where'er I rove, where'er I rest; Nor let my weak - er pas-sions dare Con-sent to sin, for God is there.

[Psalm 114.]

BEVERLY. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Andante.

1. When Is - rael, freed from Pharaoh's hand, Left the proud ty - rant and his land, The tribes, with cheerful homage, own, Their King, and Ju - dah was his throne.

2. A - cross the deep their jour-ney lay; The deep di - vides to make them way; Jor - dan beheld their march, and fled With backward cur-rent to his head.

4. What pow'r could make the deep di-vide? Make Jor - dan back-ward roll his tide? Why did ye leap, ye lit - tle hills? And whence the dread that Si-nai feels?
5. Let ev' - ry mountain, ev' - ry flood, Re - tire, and know th' ap-proach-ing God, The King of Is - rael: see Him here! Tremble, thou earth; a - dore and fear.

BLENDON. L. M.

GIARDINA.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He, whom I fixed my hopes up - on; His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The narrow way, till Him I view.

2. This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not; My grief and bur - den long have been, Because I could not cease from sin.

3. The more I strove a - gainst its pow'r, I sinn'd and stumbled but the more, Till late I heard my Saviour say, "Come hither, soul, I am the way."

4. Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb, Shalt take me to thee as I am: Nothing but sin I thee can give, Nothing but love shall I re - ceive.

BLIGHT. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. Who shall as - cend thy heavenly place, Great God, and dwell before thy face? The man that minds re - li - gion now, And humbly walks with God be - low.

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

6. He loves his en - e - mies, and prays For those that curse him to his face; And doth to all men still the same That he would hope or wish from them.

7. Yet, when his ho - liest works are done, His soul depends on grace a - lone; This is the man thy face shall see, And dwell for - ev - er, Lord with thee.

BOWEN. L. M.

HAYDN.

Moderato affet.

1. Up to the hills I lift mine eyes, Th' e-ter-nal hills be-yond the skies; Thence all her help my soul de-rives; There my al-migh-ty Ref-uge lives.

4. Is-rael, a name di-vine-ly blest, May rise se-cure, se-cure-ly rest; Thy ho-ly Guardian's wake-ful eyes Ad-mit no slum-ber nor sur-prise

5. No sun shall smite thy head by day, Nor the pale moon, with sick-ly ray, Shall blast thy couch; no bale-ful star Dart his ma-lig-nant fire so far.

6. Should earth and hell with malice burn, Still thou shalt go, and still re-turn, Safe in the Lord; his heav'n-ly care De-fends thy life from ev-'ry snare.

[Hymn 210.]

BRENTFORD. L. M.

English Tune.

1. Bur-ied in shadows of the night, We lie, till Christ re-stores the light; Wisdom descends to heal the blind, And chase the darkness of the mind.

2. Our guil-ty souls are drown'd in tears, Till his a-ton-ing blood ap-pears: Then we a-wake from deep dis-tress, And sing "The Lord our righteousness."

4. Je-sus be-hold where Sa-tan reigns, Binding his slaves in heav-y chains: He sets the prisoners free, and breaks The i-ron bon-dage from our necks.

5. Poor help-less worms in thee pos-sess Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteous-ness; Thou art our migh-ty all, and we Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

Inst.



2.
Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3.
God is our sun,—He makes our day;
God is our shield,—He guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4.
All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5.
O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

[Hymn 591.]

BREWER. L. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.

1. Great God, we sing thy might - y hand, By which sup - port - ed still we stand: The opening year thy mer - cy shows; Let mer - cy crown it till it close.

2. By day, by night, at home, a - broad, Still we are guard - ed by our God; By his in - ces - sant boun - ty fed, By his un - - err - ing counsels led.

3. With grateful hearts the past we own; The fu - ture, all to us un-known, We to thy guard-ian care com - mit, And peace-ful leave be - fore thy feet.

4. In scenes ex - alt - ed or depress'd, Be thou our joy, and thou our rest; Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise, A - dored thro' all our changing days.

[Psalm 51, 1st Part.]

BROOKFIELD. L. M.

BILLINGS.

1. Show pi - ty, Lord; O Lord, for-give, Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live; Are not thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?

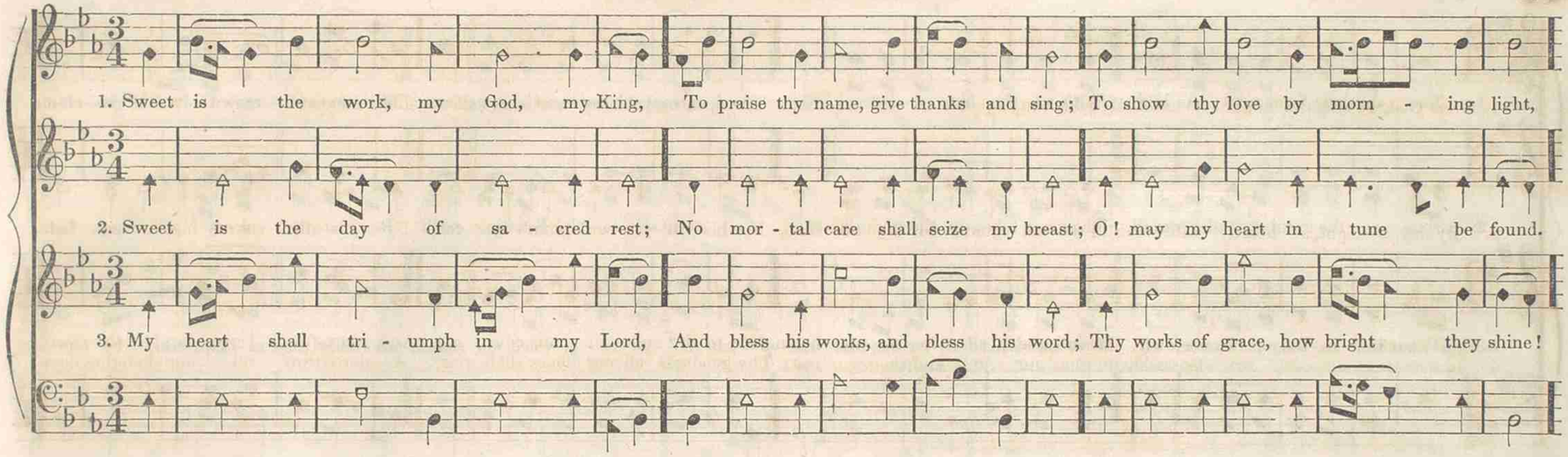
2. My crimes are great, but don't sur-pass The pow'r and glo - ry of thy grace; Great God, thy na - ture hath no bound, So let thy pard'-ning love be found.

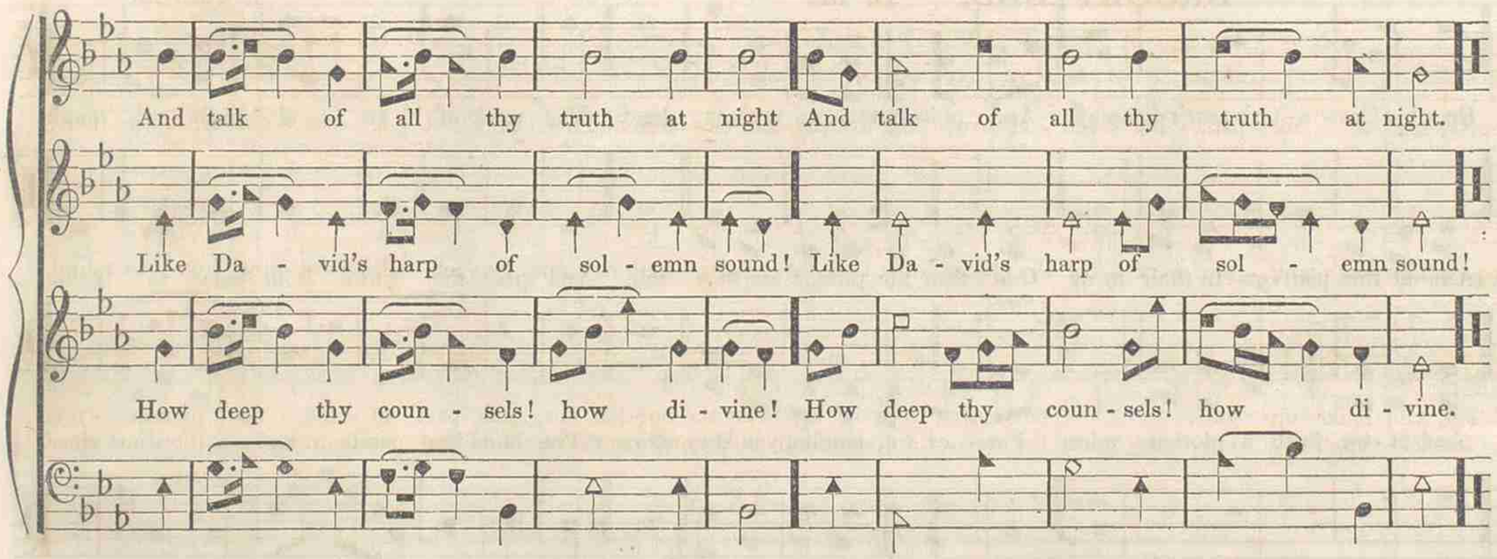
3. O! wash my soul from ev' - ry sin, And make my guilt - y conscience clean; Here on my heart the bur-den lies, And past of - fen - ces pain my eyes.

4. My lips with shame my sins con - fess A - gainst thy law, a - gainst thy grace; Lord, should thy judgments grow severe, I am con-demn'd, but thou art clear.

CASTLE STREET. L. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.





4.
Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast 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.

CEPHAS. L. M. (Double.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue e-the-real sky, And spangled heav'ns, a shi-ning frame, Their great O-rig-i-nal pro-claim.

2. *p* Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And night-ly to the listening earth Re-peats the sto-ry of her birth.

3. *pp* What tho' in solemn silence, all Move round this dark ter-res-trial ball— *p* What tho' no re-al voice, nor sound, *m* A-midst their ra-diant orbs be found—

Cres. *f*

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre-a-tor's pow'r dis-play, And pub-lish-es to ev'-ry land The work of an al-migh-ty hand.

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

Cres. *f*

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

CHINA, or NOTAWAY. L. M.

1. Give thanks to God, he reigns above, Kind are his tho'ts, his name is love; His mercy a - ges past have known, And ages long to come shall own, And ages long to come shall own.
2. Let the re-deemed of the Lord The wonders of his grace re-cord; Israel, the na - tion whom He chose, And rescued from their mighty foes, And rescued from their mighty foes.
3. When God's own arm their fetters broke, And freed them from th' Egyptian yoke, They traced the desert, wand'ring round A wild and sol-i-ta-ry ground, A wild and sol - i - ta - ry gound.
4. There they could find no leading road, Nor ci-ty for their fix'd a-bode; Nor food nor fountain to assuage Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage, Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.
5. In their distress to God they cried; God was their Saviour and their guide; He led their wand'ring march around, And brought their tribes to Canaan's ground, And brought their tribes, &c.

3ds. . . . . .

[Hymn 202.]

DARLEY. L. M.

DARLEY.

Cheerful.

1. Jesus, the spring of joys divine, Whence all our hopes and comforts flow; Je-sus no oth - er name but thine Can save us from e-ternal wo, Can save us from e - ter - nal wo.
2. No other name will heav'n approve; Thou art the true, the liv - ing way, Ordained by ev-er - last-ing love To the bright realms of endless day, To the bright realms of endless day.

[Hymn 248.]

DRESDEN. L. M. Double.

OLD GERMAN.

Legato affet.

1, He dies, the Friend of sin-ner's dies; Lo! Sa-lem's daughters weep a-round;
A so-lemn dark-ness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground; } Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For Him who groan'd beneath your load;
D. C. He shed a thousand drops for you, A thousand drops of rich-est blood.

2. Here's love and grief be-yond de-gree, The Lord of glo-ry dies for men:
But lo! what sud-den joys we see, Je-sus, the dead, re-vives a-gain: } The ris-en God for-sakes the tomb, Up to his Father's court He flies.
Cher-u-bic le-gions guard Him home, And shout Him welcome to the skies.

[Hymn 312.].

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk thro' des-erts dark as night, Till we ar-rive at heav'n our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2. The want of sight she well sup-plies; She makes the pearl-y gates ap-pear; Far in-to dis-tant worlds she pries, And brings e-ter-nal glo-ries near.

[PSALM 36, 1ST PART.]

EFFINGHAM. L. M.

EFFINGHAM.

1. High in the heav'ns, e - ter - nal God, Thy goodness in full glo - ry shines; Thy truth shall break thro' ev' - ry cloud That veils and darkens thy de - signs.

2. For - ev - er firm thy jus - tice stands, As mountains their foun - da - tions keep; Wise are the won-ders of thy hands, Thy judg - ments are a might - y deep.

3. Thy prov - i - dence is kind and large, Both man and beast thy boun - ty share, The whole cre - a - tion is thy charge, But saints are thy pe - cu - liar care.

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

INST.

[PSALM 34, 2D PART.]

ELLENTHORPE. L. M.

LINLEY.

1. Lord, I will bless thee all my days, Thy praise shall dwell up - on my tongue; My soul shall glo - ry in thy grace, While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2. Come, magni - fy the Lord with me; Let ev' - ry heart ex - alt his name; I sought th' eter - nal God, and He Has not ex - posed my hope to shame.

3. I told Him all my se - cret grief; My se - cret groaning reach'd his ears: He gave my inward pains re - lief, And calm'd the tu - mult of my fears.

4. To Him the poor lift up their eyes, With heav'nly joy their fa - ces shine; A beam of mer - cy from the skies Fills them with light and love di - vine.

[Hymn 210.]

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

J. CLARK.

1. Bur - ied in shad-ows of the night, We lie, till Christ re - stores the light; Wisdom de-scends to heal the blind, And chase the darkness of the mind.

2. Our guil - ty souls are drown'd in tears, Till his a - ton - ing blood ap - pears: Then we a - wake from deep dis-tress, And sing "The Lord our righteous-ness."

3. Our ve - ry frame is mixed with sin; His Spir - it makes our na - ture clean; Such virtues from his suff - 'rings flow, At once to cleanse and par-don too.

4. Je - sus be-holds where Sa - tan reigns, Bind-ing his slaves in hea - vy chains: He sets the pris'n-ers free, and breaks The i - ron bond-age from our necks.

[Hymn 669.]

Dulce E Piano.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER. By Permission.

1. As when the wea - ry traveller gains The height of some o'er - look-ing hill His heart re-vives, if 'cross the plains He eyes his home, tho' dis-tant still.

2. While he sur-veys the much loved spot, He slights the space that lies be-tween; His past fatigues are now for - got, Be-cause his jour-ney's end is seen.

3. Thus when the Christian pil-grim views, By faith, his man-sion in the skies, The sight his faint-ing strength re - news, And wings his speed to reach the prize.

4. The thought of home his spir - it cheers, No more he grieves for trou-bles past; Nor a - ny fu - ture tri - al fears, So he may safe ar - rive at last.

1. Come, dear-est Lord, de - scend and dwell By faith and love in ev' - ry breast; Then shall we know, and taste, and feel The joys that can - not be ex-press'd.

2. Come, fill our hearts with in-ward strength, Make our en - larg-ed souls pos-sess, And learn the height, and breadth, and length Of thine un - meas-ur - a - ble grace.

3. Now to the God whose pow'r can do More than our thoughts or wishes know, Be ev - er - last - ing hon - ors done, By all the church through Christ his Son.

[Hymn 327.] GERMAN AIR, or MENDON. L. M.

1. Farewell, ye tran - si - to - ry things, The wealth of kingdoms and of kings: A no - bler ob - ject far than you Ap-pears to my en - rap - tur'd view:

2. Je - sus, in whom all glo - ries meet, Ho - ly and just and good and great, Ev - er com - pas-sion - ate and kind, My Sa-viour, Ad - vo - cate and Friend.

3. His blood re - deem'd my guil-ty soul, On him I all my bur - den roll; From Him I seek in Him pos-sess Wis-dom, and strength, and righteousness.

4. His praise shall all my pow'rs em - ploy, My pre - sent hope, my fu - ture joy; For Him I count my gain but loss, And glo - ry on - ly in his cross.

D

[Hymn 358.]

GERMANY. L. M.

BEETHOVEN.

Moderato.

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

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

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

[Hymn 645.]

GILBERT.* L. M.

* Composed originally to the beautiful words, "Asleep in Jesus."

GEO. KINGSLEY.

Andantino.

1. Where are the dead? In heav'n or hell Their dis-em-bo-died spi-rits dwell; Their perish'd forms, in bonds of clay, Re-served un-til the judg-ment day.

2. Who are the dead? The sons of time, In ev'-ry age, and state, and clime; Renown'd, dis-honor'd, or for-got, The place that knew them knows them not.

3. Where are the liv-ing? On the ground, Where pray'r is heard and mer-cy found: Where, in the com-pass of a span, The mor-tal makes th' immor-tal man.

4. Who are the liv-ing? They whose breath Draws ev'-ry mo-ment nigh to death; Of end-less bliss or wo the heirs— O what an aw-ful lot is theirs!

5. Then, timely warn'd, let us be-gin To fol-low Christ, and flee from sin; Dai-ly grow up in Him our head, Lord of the liv-ing and the dead.

[Hymn 219.]

GILGAL. L. M.

English Tune.

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

2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal, Such deference to thy Father's will, Such love, and meekness so di - vine, I would transcribe and make them mine.

3. Cold mountains and the midnight air Witness'd the fer - vor of thy prayer; The des - ert thy temp - ta - tions knew, Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

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

[Hymn 195.]

GRANDEUR. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Lively.

1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song; A - wake, my soul, a - wake, my tongue; Ho - san - na to th' Eter - nal name, And all his boundless love pro - claim.

2. See, where it shines in Je - sus' face, The brightest im - age of his grace; God, in the per - son of his Son, Has all his mightiest works out - done.

3. The spacious earth, and spreading flood, Pro - claim the wise and powerful God; And thy rich glo - ries from a - far Spar - kle in ev' - ry roll - ing star.

4. But in his looks a glo - ry stands, The no - blest la - bor of thy hands; The pleas-ing lus - tre of his eyes Outshines the wonders of the skies.

[HYMN 446.]

GRATITUDE. L. M.

BOST.

Moderato.

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

2. Thou spreadst the curtain of the night, Great Guardian of my sleep-ing hours; Thy sovereign word re - stores the light, And quickens all my drow-sy pow'rs.

3. I yield my pow'rs to thy com-mand, To thee I con - se - crate my days; Per - pet - ual blessings from thy hand De-mand per - pet - ual songs of praise.

[PSALM 100, 2D PART.]

GREEN'S HUNDREDTH. L. M.

Dr. GREEN.

1. Be - fore Je - ho-vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy: Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy.

2. His sovereign pow'r, without our aid, Made us of clay, and form'd us men; And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd, He brought us to his fold a - gain.

3. We are his peo - ple, we his care, Our souls and all our mor - tal frame: What last-ing hon - ors shall we rear, Al - migh - ty Mak - er, to thy name?

4. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'ns our voi-ces raise: And earth, with her ten thou-sand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5. Wide as the world is thy com-mand, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth must stand, When rolling years shall cease to move.

[Hymn 624.]

HAMBURG. L. M.

From a Gregorian Chant, By L. MASON.

1. How blest the right-eous when he dies! When sinks a wea - ry soul to rest, How mild - ly beam the clos - ing eyes, How gen - tly heaves th' expir - ing breast!
2. So fades a sum - mer cloud a - way, So sinks the gale when storms are o'er; So gen - tly shuts the eye of day, So dies a wave a - long the shore.
3. A ho - ly qui - et reigns a - round, A calm which life nor death de - stroys; No-thing disturbs that peace pro-found Which his un - fet-ter'd soul en - joys.
4. Farewell, con-flict - ing hopes and fears, Where lights and shades al-ter-nate dwell; How bright th' unchanging morn appears! Farewell, in-con-stant world, fare - well!

[Hymn 435.]

HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his pow'r pro-longs my days; And ev' - ry even-ing shall make known Some fresh me-mo - rial of his grace.
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home; But He for-gives my fol - lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.
3. I lay my bo - dy down to sleep, Peace is the pil - low for my head; While well - ap-point - ed an - gels keep Their watch-ful sta-tions round my bed.
5. Thus when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest be - neath the ground, And wait thy voice to rouse the tomb, With sweet sal - va - tion in the sound.

[Hymn 227.]

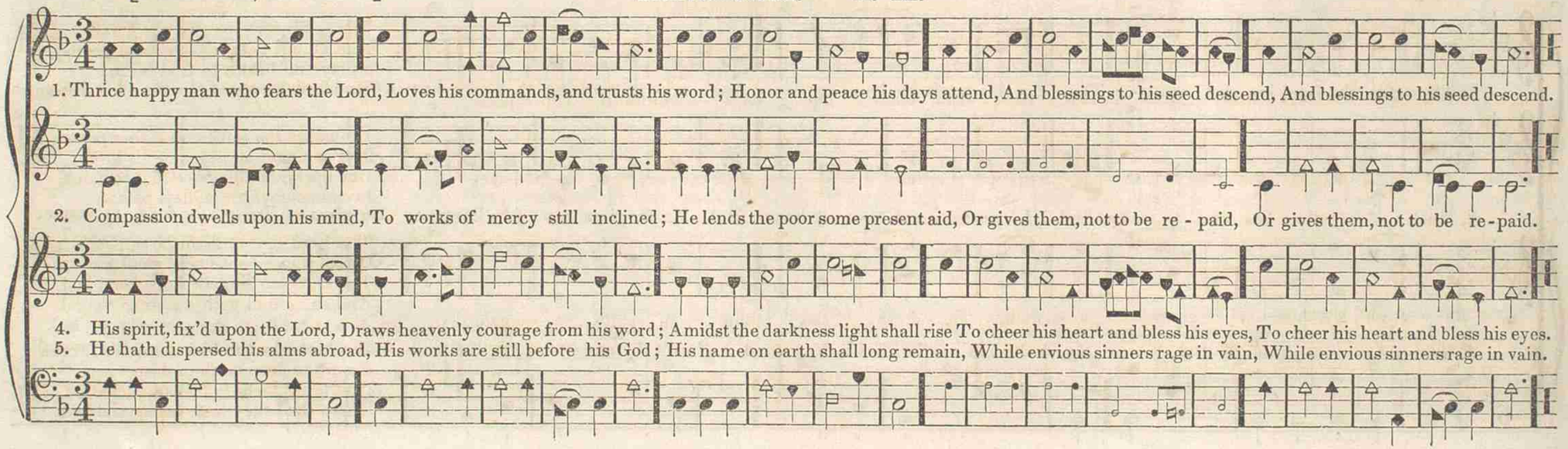
HIDING-PLACE. L. M.

OLD MELODY.



[Psalm 112, 1st Part.]

HINGHAM. L. M.







3.
'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak and guards the strong.

4.
He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide difference that remains,
Is endless joys, or endless pains.

5.
The Lord that bruised the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6.
But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth or deeper seas,
And bring them to his courts above;
There shall they taste his special love.

[PSALM 92, 2D PART.]

ILLINOIS. L. M.

MANHATTAN COLLECTION.

1. Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand In gardens plant-ed by thy hand; Let me with-in thy courts be seen, Like a young ce-dar, fresh and green.

2. There grow thy saints in faith and love, Blest with thine influence from a-bove; Not Le - ba - non, with all its trees, Yields such a come-ly sight as these.

3. The plants of grace shall ev - er live; (Na-ture de-cays, but grace must thrive;) Time, that doth all things else im-pair, Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4. La - den with fruits of age, they show The Lord is ho - ly, just, and true; None that at - tend his gates shall find A God un - faith-ful or un - kind.

[PSALM 97, 1ST PART.]

JUDGMENT HYMN. L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Maestoso.

1. He reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns! Praise Him in evangelic strains: Let the whole earth in songs rejoice, And distant islands join their voice, And distant islands join their voice.

2, Deep are his counsels and unknown; But grace and truth support his throne; Tho' gloomy clouds his ways surround, Justice is their eternal ground, Justice is their e - ter - nal ground.

3. In robes of judgment, lo! He comes, Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs, Before Him burns devouring fire, The mountains melt, the seas retire, The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4. His enemies, with sore dismay, Fly from the sight and shun the day; Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high, And sing, for your redemption's nigh, And sing, for your redemption's nigh.





4.
Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite;
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

5.
Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6.
He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And feed the ravens when they cry.

8.
His saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And finds and loves his image there.

[Psalm 51, 1st Part.]

KINGSBRIDGE. L. M.

OLD ENGLISH.

1. Show pi - ty, Lord; O Lord, for - give; Let a re-pent-ing re - bel live; Are not thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in thee?
2. My crimes are great, but don't sur - - pass The pow'r and glo - ry of thy grace; Great God, thy na - ture hath no bound, So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3. O, wash my soul from ev' - ry sin, And make my guilty conscience clean; Here on my heart the bur - den lies, And past of - fen-ces pain my eyes.

4. My lips with shame my sins con - - fess A-gainst thy law, against thy grace; Lord, should thy judgments grow se - vere, I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
6. Yet save a trembling sin - ner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word, Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure sup-port against despair.

[Hymn 325.]

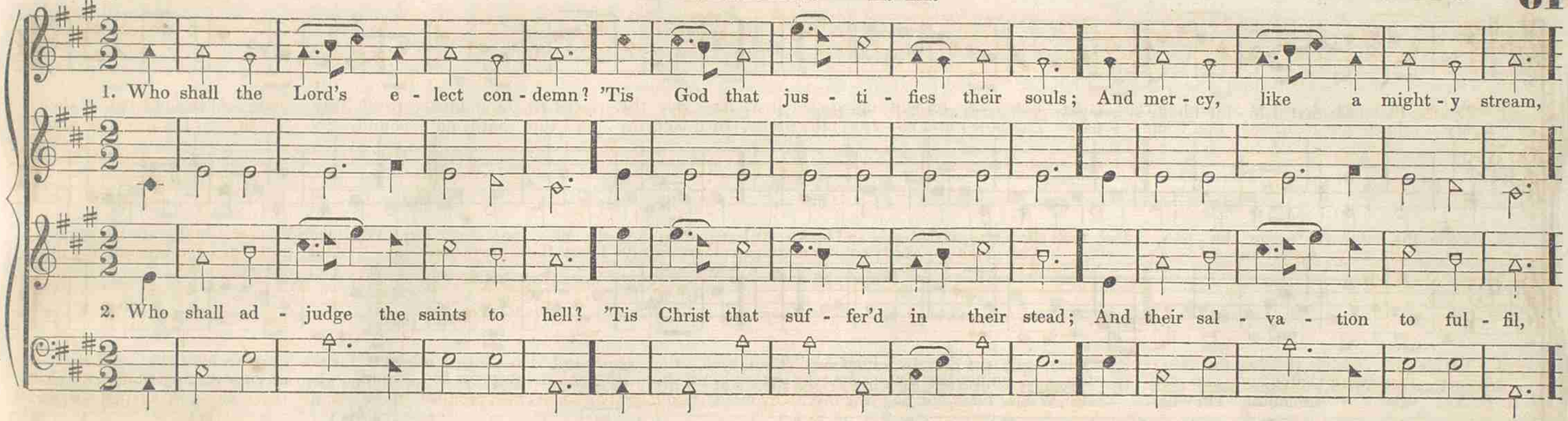
LEIPZIG. L. M.

Subject from GLUCK.

1. The God of my sal - va - tion lives; My nob-ler life He will sus-tain; His word im - mor-tal vig - or gives, Nor shall my glo-rious hopes be vain.

2. Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart, Tho' ev' - ry earth - ly com - fort die; Thy smile can bid my pains de - part, And raise my sa - cred pleasures high.

3. O, let me hear thy bliss - ful voice, In-spir - ing life and joy di-vine; The bar - ren des - ert shall re - joice; 'Tis par - a - dise, if thou art mine.



3.
He lives, He lives, and sits above,
Forever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4.
Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath loved us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5.
Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope:
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6.
Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

1. 'Twas on that dark, that dole - ful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a - rose A - gainst the Son of God's de - light, And friends betray'd Him to his foes.

2. Be-fore the mournful scene be - gan, He took the bread, and bless'd and brake; What love through all his ac - tions ran! What wondrous words of grace He spake!

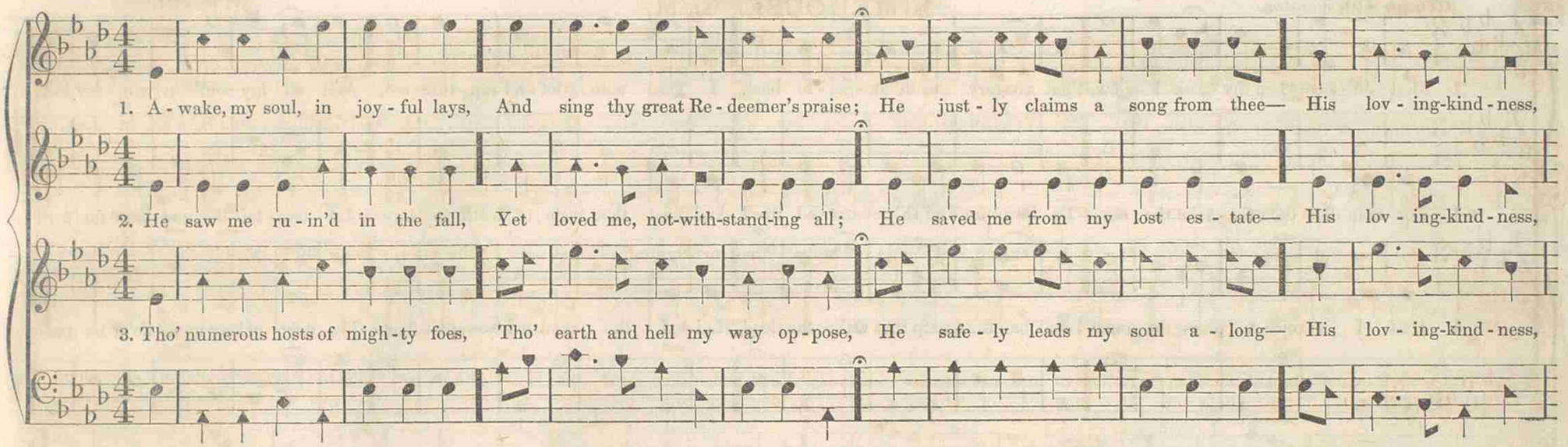
3. "This is my body broke for sin; Re - ceive and eat the liv - ing food;" Then took the cup and bless'd the wine: "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
4. "Do this, (He cried,) till time shall end, In memory of your dy - ing Friend; Meet at my ta - ble, and re - cord The love of your de - part - ed Lord."

[PSALM 136, 3D PART.] LITCHFIELD. L. M.

1. Give to our God im-mor - tal praise; Mer - cy and truth are all his ways; Won-ders of grace to God be - long, Re - peat his mer - cies in your song.

2. Give to the Lord of lords re-nown! The King of kings with glo - ry crown: His mer-cies ev - er shall en - dure, When lords and kings are known no more.

7. He sent his Son with pow'r to save From guilt, and dark - ness, and the grave: Wonders of grace to God be - long, Re - peat his mer - cies in your song.
8. Through this vain world he guides our feet, And leads us to his heav'n-ly seat: His mer-cies ev - er shall en - dure, When this vain world shall be no more.



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!

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

[Hymn 372.]

LOUVAN. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR.

Gentle, with emotion.

1. Blest Je - sus, when thy cross I view, That mystery to th' an - gel - ic host, I gaze with grief and rap - ture too, And all my soul's in won - der lost.

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

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

[Psalm 138.]

LUTON. L. M.

BURDER.

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

2. I'll sing thy truth and mer - cy, Lord; I'll sing the won-ders of thy word; Not all the works and names be - low, So much thy pow'r and glo - ry show.

3. To God I cried when trou-bles rose; He heard me and sub - dued my foes; He did my ris - ing fears con - trol, And strength dif - fused thro' all my soul.

4. The God of heav'n maintains his state, Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great; But from his throne descends to bless The hum-ble souls that trust his grace.

[Hymn 612.]

MASON. L. M.

T. B. MASON.

Larghetto e piano.

1. There is a God who reigns a - bove, Lord of the heav'n, and earth, and seas; I fear his wrath, I ask his love, And with my lips I sing his praise.

2. There is a law which He has made, To teach us all that we must do; My soul, be his com-mands o - bey'd, For they are ho - ly, just, and true.

3. There is a gos - pel rich in grace, Whence sinners all their com-forts draw; Lord, I re - pent, and seek thy face, For I have oft - en broke thy law.

4. There is an hour when I must die, Nor do I know how soon 'twill come; How ma-ny, younger much than I, Have pass'd by death to hear their doom.

[Hymn 561.]

MIGDOL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

Moderate.

1. Be-hold th' ex - pect-ed time draw near, The shades dis - perse, the dawn ap - pear; Be-hold the wil - der-ness as - sume The beauteous tints of E - den's bloom.

2. The untaught heathen waits to know The joy the gos - pel will be - stow; The exiled cap-tive, to re - ceive The free-dom Je - sus has to give.

3. Come, let us with a grate - ful heart In the blest la - bor share a part; Our pray'rs and offerings gladly bring To aid the tri-umphs of our King.

4. In - vite the world to come and prove A Sa - viour's con - de - scend - ing love; And humbly fall be-fore his feet, As-sured they shall ac - cept - ance meet.

[Hymn 14.]

MILO. L. M.

1. Thus saith the high and lofty One, "I sit up - on my ho-ly throne; My name is God; I dwell on high; Dwell in my own e - ter - ni - ty, Dwell in my own e - ter - ni - ty.

2. "But I descend to worlds be-low; On earth I have a mansion too; The humble spirit and contrite Is an a - bode of my de - light, Is an a - bode of my de-light.

3. "The humble soul my words revive, I bid the mourning sin-ner live: Heal all the broken hearts I find, And ease the sor-rows of the mind, And ease the sor-rows of the mind."

5. O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh, Lest we should faint, despair, and die; Thus shall our better thoughts approve The methods of thy chast'ning love, The methods of thy chast'ning love.

[Hymn 100.]

MUNICH. L. M.*

GERMAN.

Slow.

1. 'Tis finish-ed! 'Tis finish-ed! so the Saviour cried, And meekly bow'd his head and died: 'Tis finished! yes, the race is run, The bat-tle fought, the vict'-ry won.

2. 'Tis finish-ed! 'Tis finish-ed!—this his dy - ing groan Shall sins of dark-est hue a - tone, And mil-lions be redeem'd from death By Jesus' last, ex - pir - ing breath.

3. 'Tis finish-ed! 'Tis finished! Heav'n is re-con - ciled, And all the pow'rs of dark-ness spoil'd; Peace, love, and happi-ness again Re - turn and dwell with sin - ful men.

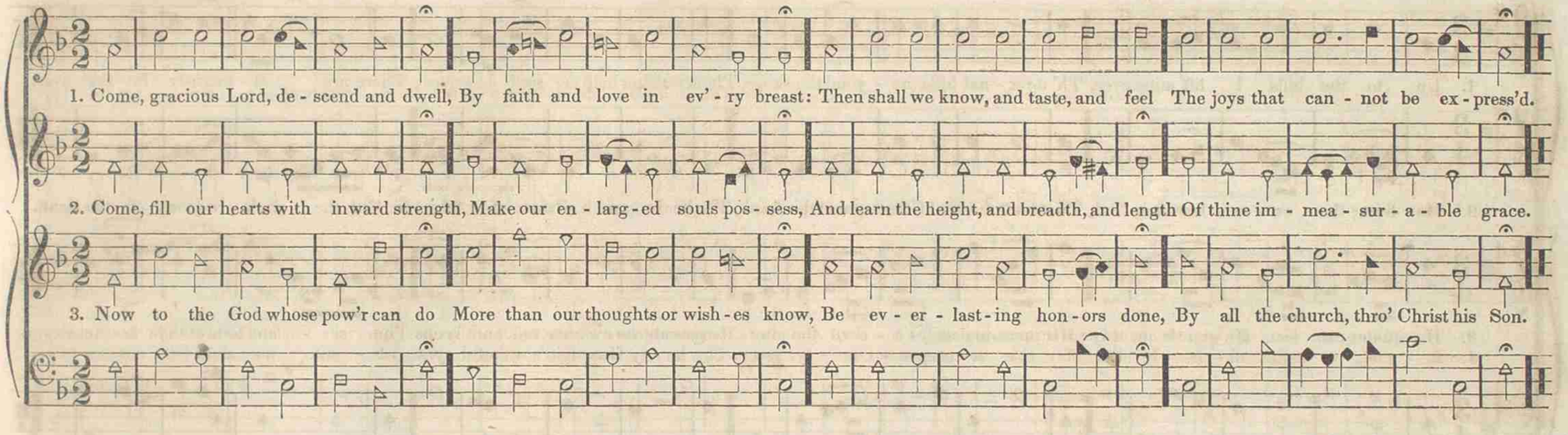
4. 'Tis finish-ed! 'Tis finished! let the joy-ful sound Be heard thro' all the na-tions round: 'Tis finished! let the triumphs rise, Thro' heav'n and hell, thro' earth and skies.

* When applied to other hymns, omit the second measure and put two syllables in the first measure, without regard to rests or pauses.

[Hymn 454.]

NAZARETH. L. M.

GREGORIAN.



[Hymn 276.]

NEWFIELD. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

Bold, Energetic, but not hurried.



[Psalm 121, 1st Part.]

NEW SABBATH. L. M.

I. SMITH.

1. Up to the hills I lift mine eyes, Th' e-ter - nal hills be - yond the skies; Thence all her help my soul de - rives; There my al - migh-ty Re - fuge lives.
2. He lives; the ev - er - last - ing God, That built the world, that spread the flood; The heavens, with all their hosts, he made, And the dark re-gions of the dead.
3. He guides our feet, He guards our way; His morn-ing smiles a - dorn the day: He spreads the evening veil, and keeps The si - lent hours while Is - rael sleeps.
4. Is - rael, a name di - vine - ly blest, May rise se-cure, se - cure - ly rest; Thy ho - ly Guardian's wakeful eyes Ad - mit no slum-ber nor sur-prise.

[Psalm 97, 1st Part.]

NINETY-SEVENTH. L. M.

TUCKEY.

Maestoso.

1. He reigns; the Lord, the Sa-viour reigns! Praise Him in e - van - gel - ic strains: Let the whole earth in songs re - joice, And dis-tant is - lands join their voice.
2. Deep are his coun-sels and un - known; But grace and truth sup - port his throne: Tho' gloomy clouds his way sur-round, Jus-tice is their e - ter-nal ground.
3. In robes of judgment, lo! He comes, Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs; Be - fore him burns de - vour-ing fire, The mountains melt, the seas re - tire.
4. His en - e - mies, with sore dis - may, Fly from the sight and shun the day; Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high, And sing, for your re-demp-tion's nigh.

OBERLIN. L. M.

BOST, of Switzerland.

Affetuoso.

1. Where high the heav'n - ly tem - ple stands, The house of God not made with hands, A great High Priest our na-ture wears, The Ad - vo - cate of saints ap - pears.

3. Tho' now as - cend - ed up on high, He bends on earth a broth-er's eye; Par-tak-er of the hu-man name, He knows the frail - ty of our frame.

5. In ev' - ry pang that rends the heart, The man of sor-rows had a part; He sym-pa - thi - zes in our grief, And to the sufferer sends re - lief.

6. With boldness, there-fore, at the throne, Let us make all our sor-rows known; And ask the aids of heav'n-ly pow'r To help us in the e - vil hour.

[Psalm 100, 1st Part.]

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Old German.

Moderato.

Thus:

or thus.

1. Ye nations round the earth, rejoice Before the Lord, your sov'reign King: Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your tongues his glory sing. [tongues his glory sing.]

2. The Lord is God; 'tis He a-lone Doth life, and breath, and be-ing give; We are his work, and not our own; The sheep that on his pastures live.

3. En - ter his gates with songs of joy, With praises to his courts re-pair; And make it your divine em-ploy To pay your thanks and honors there.

4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind; Great is his grace, his mer-cy sure; And the whole race of man shall find His truth from age to age en - dure.

[HYMN 481.]

ORFORD. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Come, dear-est Lord, and bless this day, Come, bear our thoughts from earth away; Now let our no-blest pas - sions rise With ar - dor to their na - tive skies.

2. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, all di - vine, With rays of light up - on us shine; And let our wait-ing souls be bless'd, On this sweet day of sa - cred rest.

3. Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er, And we ar - rive at Canaan's shore, With all the ransom'd we shall spend A Sabbath which shall nev-er end.

[HYMN 553.]

ORLAND, or TATNAL. L. M.

ENGLISH THEME.

1. Arm of the Lord, awake, awake! Put on thy strength, the nations shake; And let the world, adoring, see Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee, Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2. Say to the heathen, from thy throne, "I am Jehovah—God a - lone:" Thy voice their idols shall confound, And cast their altars to the ground, And cast their altars to the ground.

3. No more let human blood be spilt, Vain sacri-fice for hu-man guilt; But to each conscience be ap-plied The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side, The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

4. Almighty God, thy grace proclaim, In ev'ry land declare thy name, Let adverse pow'rs before thee fall, And crown the Saviour—Lord of all, And crown the Saviour—Lord of all.

[Hymn 676.]

PARK STREET. L. M.

Arranged from VENUA.

Vivace Staccato.

1. Hark! how the choral song of heaven Swells full of peace and joy above; Hark! how they strike their golden harps, And raise the tuneful notes of love, And raise the tuneful notes of love

2. But we are pierced with inward pain, And waste in sighs the livelong day; Or if we join to praise our God, How harsh, how feeble is our lay! How harsh how feeble is our lay!

4. When shall we join the heavenly host, Who sing Immanuel's praise on high, And leave behind our doubts and fears, To swell the chorus of the sky? To swell the chorus of the sky?

5. O come, thou rapture bringing morn, And usher in the joy - ful day; We long to see the rising sun Drive all these clouds of grief away, Drive all these clouds of grief away.

[Psalm 145, 1st Part.]

PARKS, or DWIGHT. L. M.

Arranged from a Passage in DE MONTI.

Allegro.

1. My God, my King, thy various praise Shall fill the remnant of my days; Thy grace em-ploy my hum - ble tongue, Till death and glo - ry raise the song.

2. The wings of every hour shall bear Some thankful tribute to thine ear; And ev' - ry set - ting sun shall see New works of du - ty done for thee.

3. Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim; Thy bounty flows an endless stream; Thy mer - cy swift, thine an - ger slow, But dread - ful to the stub - born foe.

4. Thy works with sovereign glory shine, And speak the majesty divine: Let ev' - ry realm with joy pro-claim The sound and hon - or of thy name.

[PSALM 51, 1ST PART.]

THE PENITENT. L. M.

SOUTHERN MELODY.



[HYMN 256.]

PILESGROVE. L. M.

HON. N. MITCHELL.



PSALM EIGHTY-EIGHT. L. M. Double.

Dr. J. STEVENS.

Affetuoso.

1. While life prolongs its pre - cious light, Mercy is found, and peace is giv'n; But soon, ah! soon, ap - proach-ing night Shall blot out ev' - ry hope of

pp *p* *m* *mf* *Dim.*

3. "Soon, borne on time's most rap - id wing, Shall death command you to the grave, Be - fore his bar your spir - its bring, And none be found to hear, or
5. No wonders to the dead are shown, (The wonders of re - deem - ing love;) No voice his glo - rious truth makes known, Nor sings the bliss of climes a-

heav'n. 2. While God invites, how blest the day! How sweet the gos - pel's charm-ing sound! "Come, sinners, haste, O, haste a-way, While yet a pardoning God He's found.

p *Cres.*

save. 4. "In that lone land of deep de - spair, No Sabbath's heav'nly light shall rise; No God regard your bit - ter pray'r, Nor Saviour call you to the skies."
bove. 6. Silence, and soli - tude, and gloom, In these for - get - ful realms ap-pear, Deep sorrows fill the dis - mal tomb, And hope shall never en - ter there.

[Psalm 132, 1st Part.]

PORTUGAL. L. M.

THORLEY.

1. Where shall we go to seek and find A hab - i - ta - tion for our God, A dwell-ing for th' E - ter - nal Mind, A - mong the sons of flesh and blood?

3. "Here will I fix my gracious throne, And reign for - ev - er," saith the Lord; "Here shall my pow'r and love be known, And blessings shall at - tend my word.

4. "Here will I meet the hun-gry poor, And fill their souls with liv - ing bread; Sin-ners, that wait be - fore my door, With sweet pro - vi - sion shall be fed."
7. Je - sus shall see a numerous seed Born here t' uphold his glorious name; His crown shall flou - rish on his head, While all his foes are cloth'd with shame.

[Psalm 137, 1st Part.]

RAVENSCROFT, or BABYLON. L. M.

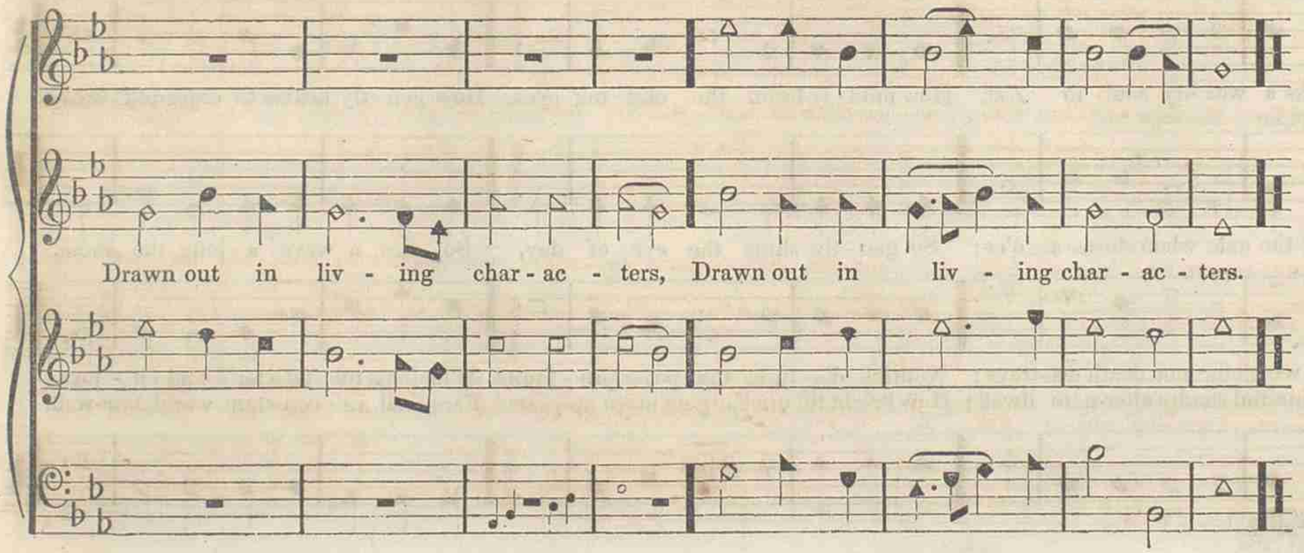
RAVENSCROFT.

1. By Babel's stream the cap - tives sat, And wept for Zi - on's hap - less fate; Use - less their harps on willows hung, While foes re - quired a sa - cred song.

3. If Zi - on's woes our hearts for - get, Or cease to mourn for Is - rael's fate, Let use - ful skill our hands for - sake; Our hearts with hope - less sor - row break.

6. To happier days our bo - soms turn; Those days but teach us how to mourn: The God, who bade his mer-cy flow, In wrath with-draws his bless - ing now.
7. Yet still, thy name be ev - er blest; On thee our hope shall safe - ly rest: Zi - on her Sa-viour soon shall see Ar - ray'd to set his Is - rael free.





2.
Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3.
Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4.
Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

[Hymn 435.]

RELIANCE. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



[Hymn 624.]

REST. L. M.

WM. B. WOODBURY.



1. Je - sus is gone a - bove the skies, Where our weak sen - ses reach Him not; And car - nal ob - jects court our eyes, To thrust our Sa-viour from our thought.

2. He knows what wandering hearts we have, Apt to for - get his glo-rious face; And to re-fresh our minds, He gave These kind me - mo - rials of His grace.

3. The Lord of life this ta - ble spread, With his own flesh and dy - ing blood; We on the rich pro - vi - sion feed, We taste the wine and bless our God.

[Hymn 528.] ROCKBRIDGE, or FOREST. L. M. CHAPIN.

1. Here at thy cross, in - car - nate God, I lay my soul be - neath thy love, Be-neath the droppings of thy blood, Je - sus, nor shall it e'er re - move.

2. Not all that ty - rants think or say, With rage and lightning in their eyes; Nor hell shall fright my soul a - way, Should hell with all its le-gions rise.

3. Should worlds conspire to drive me thence, Move - less and firm this heart should lie; Re-solved, for that's my last de-fence, If I must per - ish, there to die.

4. But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear; Am I not safe be - neath thy shade? Thy vengeance will not strike me here, Nor Sa - tan dare my soul in - vade.

[Hymn 67.]

ROCKINGHAM. (Mason's.) L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Who can de-scribe the joys that rise Thro' all the courts of pa - ra - dise, To see a prod - i - gal re - turn, To see an heir of glo - ry born!
2. With joy the Fa - ther doth ap-prove The fruit of His e - ter - nal love; The Son looks down with joy and sees The purchase of his ag - o - nies.
3. The Spi - rit takes de - light to view The ho - ly soul He form'd a - new; And saints and an - gels join to sing The grow-ing em - pire of their King.

[Hymn 82.]

ROCKINGHAM. (Old.) L. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.

1. To God my Saviour, and my King, Fain would my soul her tri-bute bring; Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise, For ye have known and felt his grace.
2. Wretched and helpless once I lay, Just breathing all my life a - way; He saw me welt'ring in my blood, And felt the pi - ty of a God.
3. With speed he flew to my re - lief, Bound up my wounds, and soothed my grief, Poured joys di-vine in - to my heart, And bade each anxious fear de - part.
4. These proofs of love, my dear-est Lord, Deep in my breast I will re - cord; The life which I from thee re - ceive, To thee, be-hold, I free - ly give.
5. My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise, Thro' the re - mainder of my days; And, when I join the pow'rs a - bove, My soul shall bet-ter sing thy love.

[Psalm 84, 1st Part.]

ROLLAND. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 29

1. How pleasant, how divinely fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are; With long desire my spir-it faints, To meet th' assemblies of thy saints, To meet th'assemblies of thy saints.

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? So far from all my joys and thee?

4. Blest are the saints who sit on high, Around thy throne above the sky; Thy brightest glories shine above, And all their work is praise and love, And all their work is praise and love.
5. Blest are the saints who find a place Within the temple of thy grace; There they behold thy gentler rays,And seek thy face, and learn thy praise,And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

[Psalm 19, 3d Part.]

ROTHWELL. L. M.

1. The heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord: In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes behold thy word,We read thy name in fairer lines,We read thy name in fairer lines.

2. The rolling sun, the changing light,And nights and days thy pow'r confess; But the blest volume thou hast writ,Reveals thy justice and thy grace,Reveals thy jus - tice and thy grace.

3. Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise Round the whole earth, and never stand: So when thy truth began its race, It touch'd and glanced on ev'ry land, It touch'd and glanced on, &c.
4. Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,Till thro' the world thy truth has run; Till Christ has all the nations blest,That see the light, or feel the sun,That see the light or feel the sun.

[Hymn 69.]

SEASONS. L. M.

PLEYEL.

1. For-giveness! 'tis a joy-ful sound To guil-ty reb-els doom'd to die; Pub-lish the bliss the world a-round; Ye ser-aphs, shout it from the sky.

2. 'Tis the rich gift of love di-vine, 'Tis full, ef-fac-ing ev'-ry crime: Un-bounded shall its glo-ries shine, And feel no change by changing time.

3. For this stu-pendous love of heav'n, What grateful hon-ors shall we show? Where much transgression is for-giv'n, Let love with e-qual ar-dor glow.

4. By this in-spir'd, let all our days With ev'-ry heav'nly grace be crown'd; Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise, In all a-bide, in all a-bound.

[Psalm 91, 1st Part.]

SHOEL. L. M.

1. He that hath made his ref-uge God, Shall find a most se-cure a-bode; Shall walk all day be-neath his shade, And there at night shall rest his head.

2. Then will I say, "My God, thy pow'r Shall be my for-tress and my tower; I, that am form'd of fee-ble dust, Make thine al-migh-ty arm my trust."

3. Thrice hap-py man! thy Ma-ker's care Shall keep thee from the fowl-er's snare; From Sa-tan's wiles, who still be-trays Un-guard-ed souls, a thousand ways.

7. What tho' a thousand at thy side, A-round thy path ten thousand died, Thy God his cho-sen peo-ple saves Amongst the graves, a-midst the dead.

[Hymn 402.]

ST. EDMUND'S. L. M.

Arranged from HAYDN by H.

Moderato affetuoso.

1. Be-neath a numerous train of ills, Our fee - ble flesh and heart may fail; Yet shall our hope in thee, our God, O'er ev' - ry gloomy fear pre - vail.

2. Pa-rent and Husband, Guard and Guide, Thou art each ten - der name in one; On thee we cast our hea-vy cares, And com - fort seek from thee a - lone.

3. Our Fa - ther, God, to thee we look, Our Rock, Our Por - tion, and our Friend; And on thy cov'nant love and truth, Our sinking souls shall still de - pend.

[Psalm 117, 2d Part.]

STERLING. L. M. (Metrical Chant.)

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

2. E - ter - nal are thy mer-cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall set and rise no more.

[Hymn 224.]

STEVENS. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Slow and Gentle.

1. And is the gos - pel peace and love? So let our con - ver - sa-tion be; The serpent blend-ed with the dove, Wis-dom and meek sim - plic - i - ty.

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

3. O how be - nev - o - lent and kind! How mild, how rea - dy to for - give; Be his the tem - per of our mind, And his the rule by which we live.

4. To do his heav'nly Fa-ther's will, Was his em-ploy-ment and de - light; Hu-mil - i - ty and ho - ly zeal Shone thro' his life di - vine - ly bright.

[Hymn 195.]

STONEFIELD. L. M.

STANLEY.

1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song; A - wake, my soul, a-wake, my tongue; Ho - san - na to th' E - ter - nal Name, And all his boundless love pro-claim.

2. See where it shines in Je - sus' face, The bright - est im - age of his grace; God, in the per-son of his Son, Has all his mightiest works out-done.

3. The spacious earth, and spreading flood, Proclaim the wise and pow'r-ful God; And thy rich glo-ries from a - far, Sparkle in ev' - ry roll - ing star.

4. But in his looks a glo - ry stands, The no - blest la - bor of thine hands; The pleas - ing lus - tre of his eyes Outshines the wonders of the skies.





2.

In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3.

No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4.

O, long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on this world of wo and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, and rest in God.

[Hymn 450.]

TALLIS' HYMN. L. M.

TH. TALLIS, 1650.

1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be-neath thine own al - migh - ty wings.

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

4. O let my soul on thee re - pose, And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close: Sleep that shall me more vigorous make, To serve my God when I a - wake.

6. O when shall I, in end - less day, For - ev - er chase dark sleep a - way, And hymns di - vine with an-gels sing, Glo - ry to thee, e - ternal King?

[Psalm 112, 1st Part.]

TIMSBURY. L. M.

I. SMITH.

1. Thrice hap - py man, who fears the Lord, Loves his commands and trusts his word; Hon - or and peace his days at - tend, And blessings to his seed descend.

2. Com - pas-sion dwells up - on his mind, To works of mer - cy still in - clined; He lends the poor some present aid, Or gives them, not to be re - paid.

3. When times grow dark, and ti-dings spread, That fill his neighbors round with dread, His heart is arm'd a - gainst the fear; For God with all his pow'r is there.

4. His spi - rit, fix'd up - on the Lord, Draws heavenly courage from his word; A - mid the dark-ness light shall rise To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.

1, The lands that long in darkness lay, Have now be - held a heavenly light: Na - tions that sat in death's cold shade, Are blest with beams divinely bright.

2. The virgin's pro - mised Son is born; Be-hold th' ex-pect - ed child ap - pear! What shall his name or ti - tles be? "The Wonder-ful, the Counsel-lor!"

3. The govern-ment of earth and seas, Up - on his shoulders shall be laid: His wide do - min - ions shall in - crease, And honors to his name be paid.
4. Je-sus, the ho - ly child, shall sit High on his fa - ther David's throne: Shall crush his foes be - neath his feet, And reign to a-ges yet unknown.

[Hymn 129.] TRURO. L. M. Dr. BURNEY.

1. God, in the gos - pel of his Son, Makes his e - ter - nal counsels known; Where love in all its glo - ry shines, The truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2. Here sinners, of an humble frame, May taste his grace, and learn his name; May read, in char-ac - ters of blood, The wis - dom, pow'r, and grace of God.

4. Here faith reveals to mortal eyes A brighter world be - yond the skies: Here shines the light which guides our way From earth to realms of end-less day.
5. O grant us grace, al-migh-ty Lord, To read and mark thy ho - ly word; Its truths with meekness to re - ceive, And by its ho - ly precepts live.

[Psalm 103, 1st Part.]

UPTON. L. M.

H. & H. Society's Coll.

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

2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace; His fa - vors claim the high - est praise; Why should the wonders He hath wrought Be lost in si - lence, and for - got?

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

[Hymn 534.]

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. At thy com-mand, our dear - est Lord, Here we at - tend thy dy - ing feast; Thy love has spread the sa - cred board, To feed the faith of ev' - ry guest.

2. Our faith a - dores thy bleed - ing love, And trusts for life in One that died; We hope for heav'nly crowns a - bove, From a Re-deem - er cru - ci - fied.

3. Let the vain world pronounce it shame, And cast contempt up - on thy cause; We glo - ry in our Sa - viour's name, And make our triumphs in his cross.

4. With joy we tell the scoff - ing age, He that was dead has left his tomb; He lives a - bove their ut - most rage, And we are wait-ing till He come.

[Psalm 46, 1st Part.]

WARD. L. M.

Arranged from a Scottish Theme,
By LOWELL MASON.

Legato e Piano.

1. God is the ref - uge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade; Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be - hold Him pres - ent with his aid.

4. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Sup-plies the ci - ty of our God! Life, love, and joy still glid - ing thro', And watering our di - vine a - bode.

5. That sa - cred stream, thine holy word, Sup-ports our faith, our fear con - trols; Sweet peace thy promi - ses af - ford, And give new strength to faint-ing souls.

6. Zi - on en - joys her Monarch's love, Se - cure a - gainst a threatening hour; Nor can her firm foun-da - tion move, Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

[Hymn 486.]

WARE. (Gold's.) L. M. (Metrical Chant.)

1. An - o - ther six days' work is done, An - o - ther Sab-bath is be - gun; Re-turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Improve the day thy God hath bless'd.

2. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise As grate-ful in-cense to the skies; And draw from heav'n that sweet re-pose, Which none but he that feels it knows.

3. This heav'nly calm with - in the breast, Is the dear pledge of glo - rious rest, Which for the church of God re - mains, The end of cares, the end of pains.

4. In ho - ly du - ties let the day, In ho - ly pleasures, pass a - way; How sweet a Sab-bath thus to spend, In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

[Hymn 435.]

WARE. (New.) L. M. (Chant.)

KINGSLEY.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his pow'r pro-longs my days, And ev'-ry even-ing shall make known Some fresh memo-rial of his grace.

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

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

4. In vain the sons of earth or hell Tell me a thousand fright-ful things; My God in safe-ty makes me dwell Be-neath the sha-dow of his wings.

[Psalm 147, 1st Part.]

WARRINGTON. L. M.

R. HARRISON.

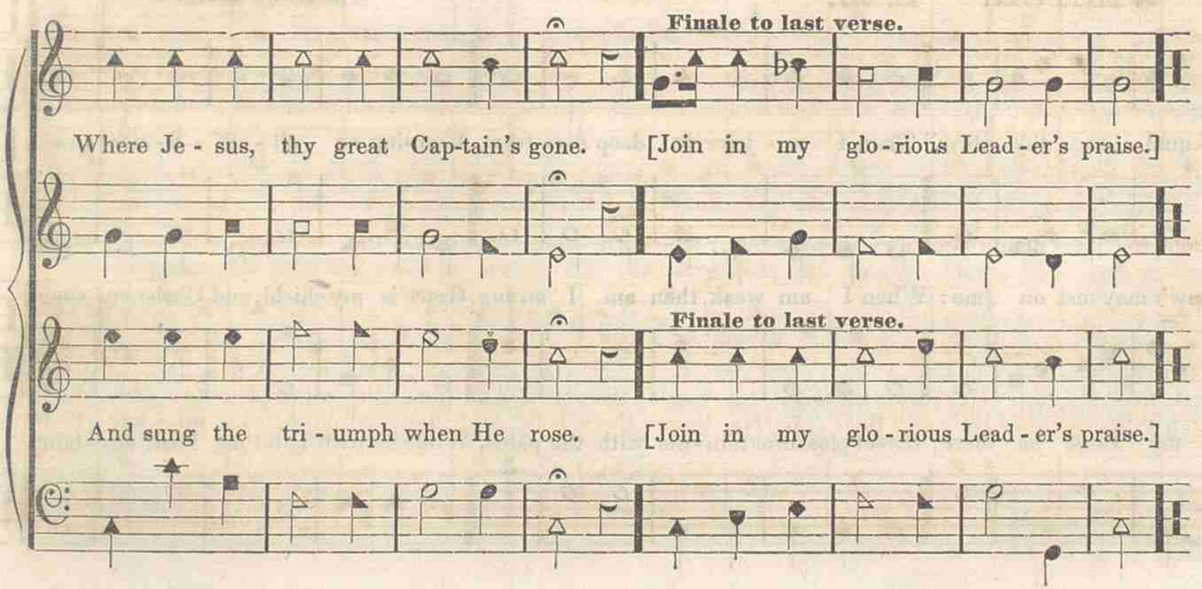
1. Praise ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise Our hearts and voi-ces in his praise: His na-ture and his works in-vite To make this du-ty our de-light.

2. The Lord builds up Je-ru-sa-lem, And gathers na-tions to his name: His mer-cy melts the stub-born soul, And makes the bro-ken spi-rit whole.

4. Great is our Lord, and great his might, And all his glo-ries in-fi-nite: He crowns the meek, re-wards the just, And treads the wick-ed to the dust.

8. His saints are love-ly in his sight; He views his chil-dren with de-light; He sees their hope, He knows their fear, And finds and loves his im-age there.





3.
What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite,
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.

4.
What though thy inward lusts rebel—
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life:
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.

5.
Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

6.
There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

[Hymn 610.]

WELLS. L. M.

HOLDRAYD.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' in-sure the great re - ward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vi - lest sin - ner may re - turn.

2. Life is the hour that God has giv'n, T' es-cape from hell and fly to heav'n; The day of grace, and mor - tals may Se - cure the bless-ings of the day.

5. Then what my thoughts design to do, My hands, with all your might pur - sue; Since no de - vice nor work is found, Nor faith nor hope be-neath the ground.

6. There are no acts of par - don past In the cold grave to which we haste; But darkness, death, and long de - spair Reign in e - ter - nal si - lence there.

[Hymn 222.]

WELTON. L. M.

Theme by MALAN.

1. Let me but hear my Sa-viour say, "Strength shall be e - qual to thy day;" Then I re - joice in deep dis - tress, Lean-ing on all - suf - fi - cient grace.

2. I glo - ry in in - firm - i - ty, That Christ's own pow'r may rest on me; When I am weak, then am I strong, Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3. I can do all things, or can bear All sufferings, if my Lord be there; Sweet pleasures min - gle with the pains, While his own hand my head sus - tains.

Slow.

1. Here at thy cross, in - car - nate God, I lay my soul be - neath thy love, Be - neath the droppings of thy blood, Je - sus, nor shall it e'er re - move.

3. Should worlds conspire to drive me thence, Moveless and firm this heart should lie; Re-solved, for that's my last de - fence, If I must per - ish, there to die.

4. But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear; Am I not safe be - neath thy shade? Thy vengeance will not strike me here, Nor Sa - tan dare my soul in - vade.

5. Yes, I'm se - cure be-neath thy blood, And all my foes shall lose their aim; Ho - san - na to my Sa-viour God, And my best hon-ors to his name.

[Hymn 8.] WINCHELSEA. L. M. PRELLEUR.

Moderato Maestoso.

1. Je - ho - vah reigns, his throne is high, His robes are light and ma - jes - ty; His glo - ry shines with beams so bright, No mor - tal can sus - tain the sight.

2. His ter - rors keep the world in awe; His jus-tice guards his ho - ly law; His love re - veals a smil - ing face, His truth and promise seal the grace.

3. Thro' all his works his wis-dom shines, And baf - fles Sa - tan's deep de - signs; His pow'r is sov-reign to ful - fil The no-blest coun-sels of his will.

4. And will the glorious Lord de - scend To be my Fa - ther and my Friend? Then let my songs with an - gels join; Heav'n is se - cure, if God be mine.

[Hymn 621.]

WINCHESTER. L. M.

GERMAN.

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

2. The pains, the groans, and dy - ing strife, Fright our approaching souls a - way; Still we shrink back a - gain to life, Fond of our pri - son and our clay.

3. O, if my Lord would come and meet, My soul would stretch her wings in haste, Fly fear-less thro' death's i - ron gate, Nor feel the ter - rors as she pass'd.
4. Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as downy pil - lows are, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there.

[Hymn 530.]

WINDHAM. L. M.

READ.

1. 'Twas on that dark, that dole - ful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a - rose A - gainst the Son of God's de - light, And friends betray'd Him to his foes.

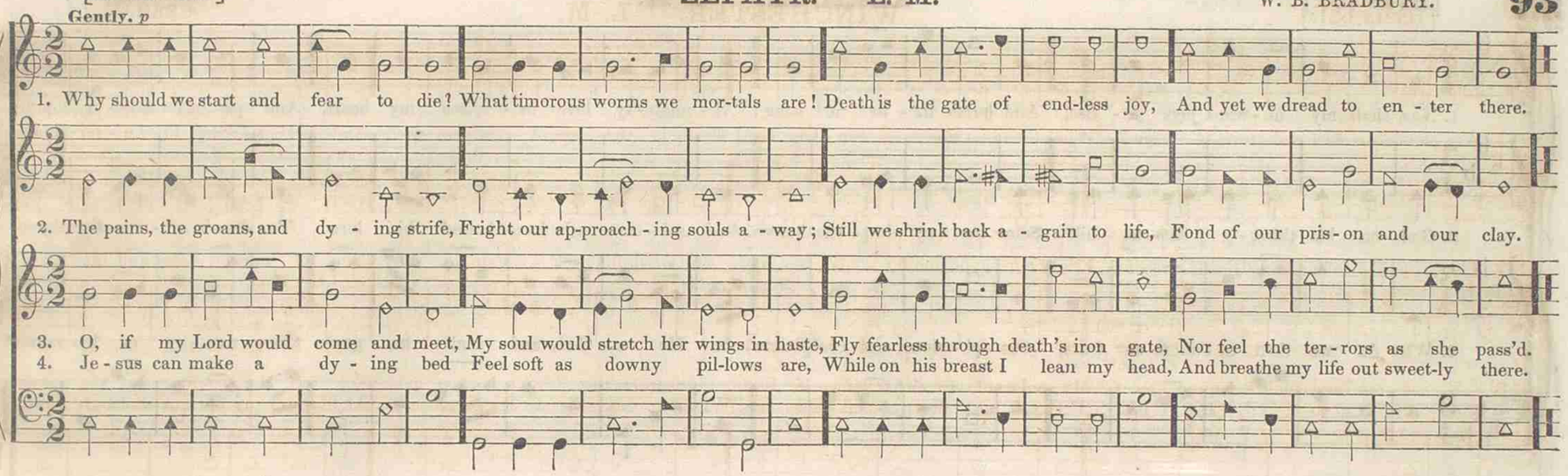
2. Be - fore the mournful scene be - gan, He took the bread, and bless'd and brake; What love thro' all his ac-tions ran! What wondrous words of grace He spake!

3. "This is my bo - dy broke for sin; Re - ceive and eat the liv - ing food:" Then took the cup and bless'd the wine, "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
4. "Do this, (He cried,) till time shall end, In me-mory of your dy-ing Friend; Meet at my ta - ble, and re - cord The love of your de - part - ed Lord."

[Hymn 621.]

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



[Hymn 661.]

ZERED, or DEGROOT. L. M.

HELLENHAGEN.



[Hymn 496.]

ABRIDGE. C. M.

English.

1. Now shall my in - ward joys a - rise, And burst in - to a song; Al - migh - ty love in - spires my heart, And plea - sure tunes my tongue.

2. God on his thirst - y Zi - on hill Some mer - cy drops has thrown, And sol - emn oaths have bound his love To show'r sal - va - tion down.

3. Why do we then in - dulge our fears, Sus - pi - cions, and complaints? Is He a God, and shall his grace Grow wea - ry of his saints?

[Psalm 5.]

ALBERT. C. M.

Theme by CROFFT.

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as - cending high; To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye, To thee lift up mine eye.

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

4. But to thy house will I re - sort, To taste thy mer-cies there; I will frequent thy ho - ly court, And wor-ship in thy fear, And worship in thy fear.

5. O, may thy Spi - rit guide my feet In ways of righteous-ness! Make ev' - ry path of du - ty straight, And plain be-fore my face, And plain be - fore my face.

1. Let them neg - lect thy glo - ry, Lord, Who nev - er knew thy grace; But our loud songs shall still re - cord The won - ders of thy praise.

2. We raise our shouts, O God, to thee, And send them to thy throne; All glo - ry to th'U - ni - ted Three, The Un - di - vi - ded One.

3. 'Twas He, and we'll a - dore his name, That form'd us by a word; 'Tis He re - stores our ru - in'd frame: Sal - va - tion to the Lord.
4. Ho - san - na! let the earth and skies Re - peat the joy - ful sound; Rocks, hills and vales, re - flect the voice In one e - ter - nal round.

[Hymn 483.] ARLINGTON. C. M. Dr. ARNE.

1. Blest morn - ing, whose first dawn - ing light Be - held our ris - ing God; That saw Him tri - umph o'er the dust, And leave his last a - bode.

2. To thy great name, al - migh - ty Lord, These sa - cred hours we pay, And loud ho - san - nas shall pro - claim The tri - umph of the day.

3. In the cold pris - on of the tomb, The dear Re - deem - er lay, Till the re - volv - ing skies had brought The third, th'appoint - ed day.
4. Hell and the grave u - nite their force, To hold our God, in vain; The sleep - ing Con - quer - or a - rose, And burst their fee - ble chain.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Arranged from HANDEL.

Allegretto.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; And

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King! Let ev' - ry heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and na-ture

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; And

heav'n and na-ture sing, ... And heav'n and na - ture sing.

sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

2.

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

3.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4.

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

Moderato. Legato.

Cres.

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

3. "Great is the work," my neigh-bors cried, And own'd the pow'r di - vine; "Great is the work," my heart re - plied, "And be the glo - ry thine."

Cres.

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

Allegro. Staccato.

f

1st time. 2d time.

2. The world be - held the glo - rious change, And did thy hand con - fess; My tongue broke out in unknown strains, And sung sur - pris - ing grace; pris - ing grace.

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

f

1st time. 2d time.

6. Though seed be bu - ried long in dust, It shan't de - ceive their hope; The pre-cious grain can ne'er be lost, For grace in - sures the crop; sures the crop.

[Hymn 371.]

Dolce. Legato.

ARMENIA. C. M.

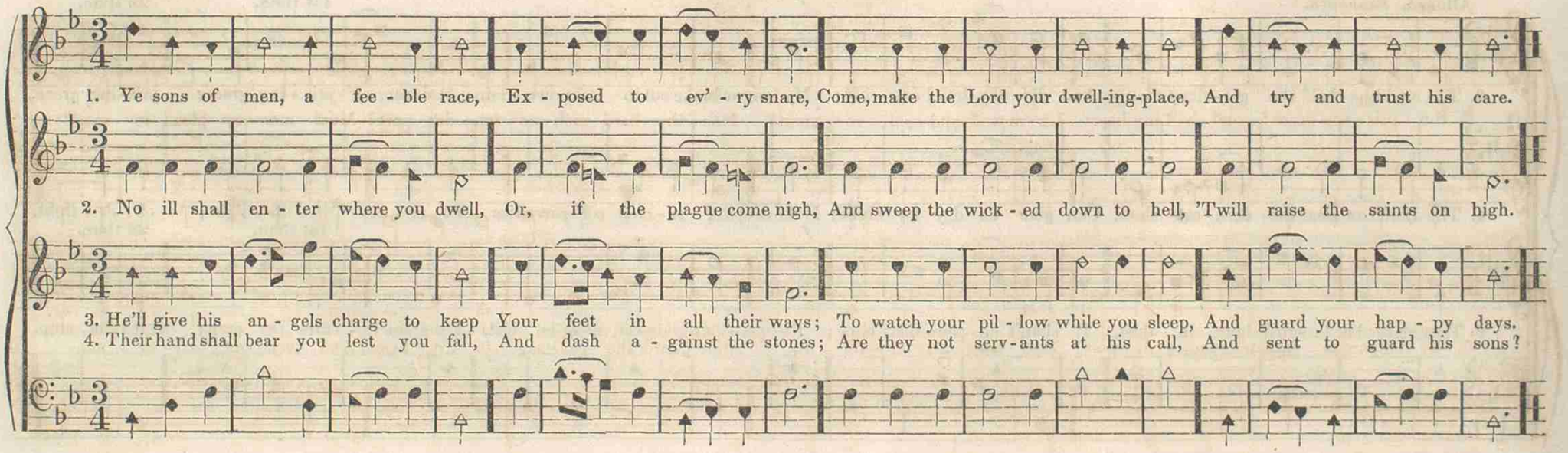
S. B. POND.



[Psalm 91, 2d Part.]

ARUNDEL. C. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.



1. And will the Lord thus con - de-scend To vis - it sin - ful worms? Thus at the door shall mer - cy stand, In all her winning forms?

4. 'Tis sin, a - las! with ty - rant pow'r, The lodg - ing has pos - sess'd; And crowds of trai - tors bar the door A - gainst the heavenly guest.

2. Sur - pris - ing grace!—and shall my heart Un - moved and cold re - main? Has this hard rock no ten - der part? Must mer - cy plead in vain?

5. Ye dangerous inmates, hence de - part; Dear Sa-viour, en - ter in, And guard the pas - sage to my heart, And keep out ev' - ry sin.

[Psalm 121, 2d Part.]

AUBURN. C. M.

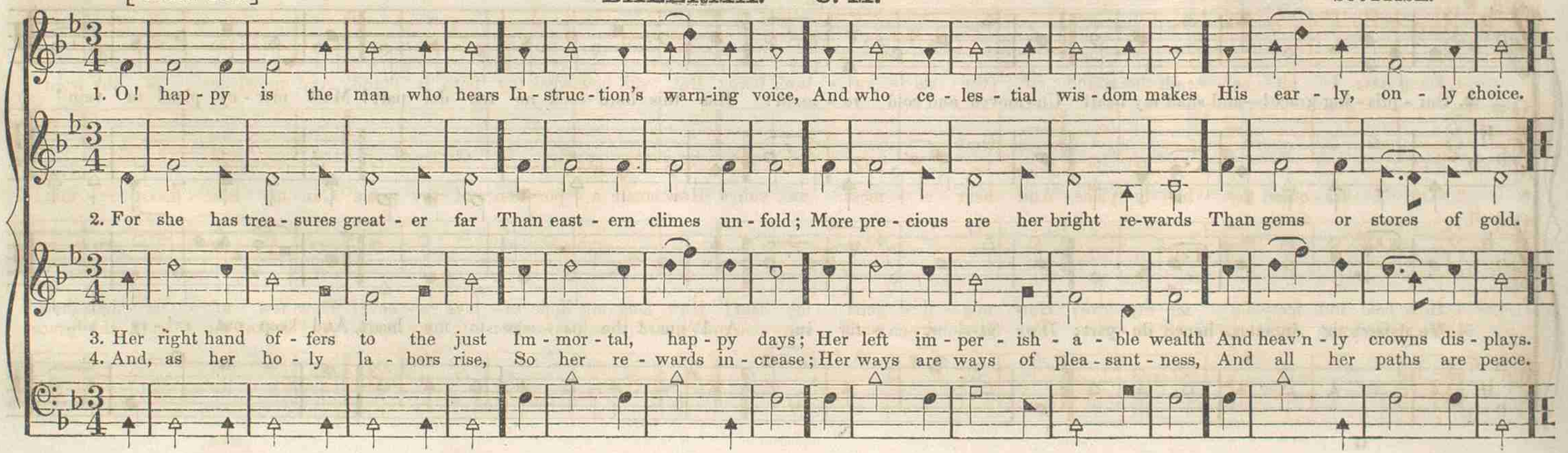
V. C. TAYLOR.



[Hymn 135.]

BALERMA. C. M.

SCOTTISH.



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

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

3. Great God, is this our cer-tain doom? And are we still se-cure? Still walk-ing down-ward to the tomb, And yet pre-pare no more!

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

[Hymn 463.] BARBY. C. M. TANSUR.

1. Long have I sat be-neath the sound Of thy sal-va-tion, Lord; But still how weak my faith is found, And knowledge of thy word!

2. Oft I fre-quent thy ho-ly place, And hear al-most in vain: How small a por-tion of thy grace Can my false heart re-tain!

3. How cold and fee-ble is my love! How neg-li-gent my fear! How long my hope of joys a-bove! How few af-fec-tions there!

4. Great God, thy sov'-reign pow'r im-part, To give thy word suc-cess; Write thy sal-va-tion in my heart, And make me learn thy grace.

[PSALM 4, 2D PART.]

BEDFORD. C. M.

WHEALL.

1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray, I am for - ev - er thine: I fear be - fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.

2. And while I rest my wea - ry head, From cares and business free, 'Tis sweet con - vers - ing on my bed With my own heart and thee.

3. I pay this even - ing sa - cri - fice; And when my work is done, Great God, my faith and hope re - lies Up - on thy grace a - lone.

4. Thus with my thoughts com-posed to peace, I'll give mine eyes to sleep; Thy hand in safe - ty keeps my days, And will my slum - bers keep.

[PSALM 119, 10TH PART.]

BLACKBURN. C. M.

1. Be - hold thy wait - ing serv - ant, Lord, De - vo - ted to thy fear; Re - mem - ber and con - firm thy word, For all my hopes are there.

2. Hast thou not sent sal - va - tion down, And pro-mised quickening grace? Doth not my heart ad - dress thy throne? And yet thy love de - lays.

3. Mine eyes for thy sal - va - tion fail; O bear thy ser - vant up; Nor let the scoff - ing lips pre - vail, Who dare re-proach my hope.

4. Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord? Then let thy truth ap - pear: Saints shall re - joice in my re - ward, And trust as well as fear.





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 excels
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.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. Double.

PLEYEL.

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

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

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

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

5. When gladness wings the favored hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Re-sign'd, when storms of sor-row lower, My soul shall meet thy will.

6. My lift-ed eye, with-out a tear, The gathering storm shall see, My steadfast heart shall know no fear— That heart will rest on thee.

Vivace.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes; Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute 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'n on which He sits, To turn the sea - sons round.

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

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

[Hymn 400.] BRIDGEWATER. C. M. Kingsley's "Harp of David."

1. Sweet was the time, when first I felt The Sa-viour's pard'ning blood, Ap-plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

2. Soon as the morn the light re - veal'd, His prais - es tuned my tongue; And when the even-ing shades pre - vail'd, His love was all my song.

4. But now, when even - ing shade pre - vails, My soul in dark-ness mourns; And when the morn the light re - veals, No light to me re - turns.

5. Rise, Lord, and help me to pre - vail, O, make my soul thy care; I know thy mer - cy can - not fail, Let me that mer - cy share.

[Psalm 117, 1st Part.]

BROOMSGROVE. C. M.

1. O! all ye na - - tions, praise the Lord, Each with a different tongue; In ev'ry language learn his word, And let his name be sung, And let his name be sung.

2. His mercy reigns thro' ev' - ry land; Proclaim his grace a-broad; For ever firm his truth shall stand; Praise ye the faithful God, Praise ye the faith-ful God.

Allegro. [Hymn 449.]

BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev' - ry cumbering care; And spend the hours of set - ting day, In hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r.
2. I love in so - li - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear, And all his pro - mis - es to plead, Where none but God can hear.
3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore, And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.
4. I love by faith to take a view Of bright - er scenes in heav'n; The pros - pect does my strength re - new, While here by tem - pests driv'n.
5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its de - part - ing ray Be calm as this im - pres - sive hour, And lead to end - less day.

1. A - las! what hour - ly dan - gers rise, What snares be - set my way! To heav'n I fain would lift my eyes, And hour - ly watch and pray.

2. How oft my mourn-ful thoughts com - plain, And melt in flow - ing tears! Striv - ing a - gainst my foes in vain, I sink a - mid my fears.

3. O gra - cious God, in whom I live, My fee - ble ef - forts aid: Help me to watch, and pray, and strive, Nor let me be dis - may'd.
4. Do thou in - crease my faith and hope, When fears and foes pre - vail; And bear my faint - ing spi - rit up, Or soon my strength will fail.

[Psalm 119, 10th Part.] CANTON. C. M.

1. Be - hold thy wait - ing ser - vant, Lord, De - vo - ted to thy fear; Re - mem - ber and con - firm thy word, For all my hopes are there.

2. Hast thou not sent sal - va - tion down, And promised quickening grace? Doth not my heart ad - dress thy throne? And yet thy love de - lays.

3. Mine eyes for thy sal - va - tion fail; O bear thy ser - vant up; Nor let the scoff - ing lips pre - vail, Who dare re - proach my hope.
4. Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord? Then let thy truth ap - pear: Saints shall re - joice in my re - ward, And trust as well as fear.

108 [Hymn 400.]

CASWELL, or ST. GEORGE'S. C. M.

OLD MELODY.

1. Sweet was the time, when first I felt The Sa - viour's pard'ning blood Ap-plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

3. In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord, And saw his glo - ry shine; And when I read his ho - ly word, I call each pro - mise mine.

4. But now when eve - ning shade pre - vails, My soul in dark - ness mourns; And when the morn the light re - veals, No light to me re - turns.

[Hymn 330.]

Mod. Legato. Affet.

CHESTER. C. M.

HASTINGS.

CODA for last verse.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spi - rit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry rest.

3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing - place; My nev - er-fail-ing treasury, fill'd With boundless stores of grace,

5. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est thought; But when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought.
6. Till then I would thy love proclaim, With ev' - ry fleet - ing breath; And may the mu-sic of thy name Re - fresh my soul in death, Re - fresh my soul in death.

1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of our High Priest a - bove; His heart is made of ten - der - ness, His bow - els melt with love.

4. He, in the days of fee - ble flesh, Pour'd out his cries and tears; And in his mea - sure feels a - fresh What ev' - ry mem - ber bears.

5. He'll ne - ver quench the smok - ing flax, But raise it to a flame; The bruis - ed reed He ne - ver breaks, Nor scorns the mean - est name.

6. Then let our hum - ble faith ad - dress His mer - cy and his power; We shall ob - tain de - liv' - ring grace, In the dis - tress - ing hour.

[Hymn 622.] CHINA. C. M. SWAN. Arranged.

Second Ending.

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

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

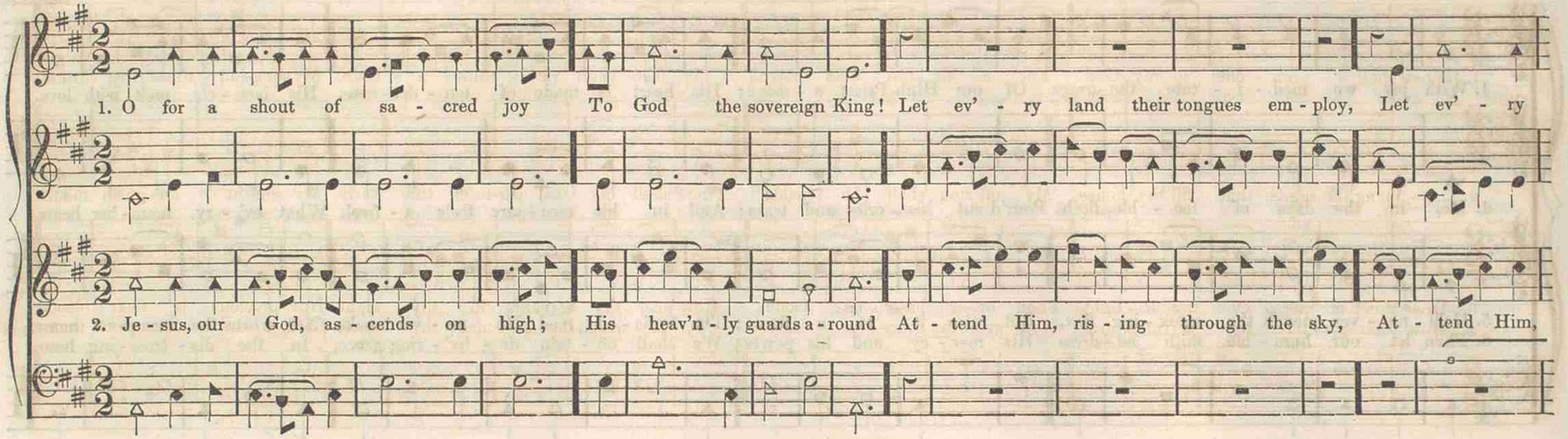
Second Ending.

3. Why should we tremble to con - vey Their bo - dies to the tomb? There the dear flesh of Je - sus lay, And left a long per - fume.

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

CLIFFORD. C. M. or C. P. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.





3.
While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honors sing;
O'er all the earth He reigns.

4.
Rehearse his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5.
In Israel stood his ancient throne—
He loved that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

6.
The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known;
While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before his throne.

CLARENDON. C. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.

1. What shall I ren - der to my God For all his kind - ness shown? My feet shall vis - it thine a - bode, My songs ad - dress thy throne.

2. A - mong the saints that fill thy house, My off'ring shall be paid; There shall my zeal per-form the vows My soul in an - guish made.

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

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

[PSALM 5.]

COLCHESTER. C. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.

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.

4. But to thy house will I re - sort, To taste thy mer-cies there; I will fre-quent thy ho - ly court, And wor - ship in thy fear.

5. O may thy Spi - rit guide my feet In ways of right-eous-ness! Make ev' - ry path of du - ty straight, And plain be - fore my face.

COLESHILL.* C. M.

1. Lord, what is man, poor fee - ble man, Born of the earth at first! His life a sha - dow, light and vain, Still hastening to the dust.

2. O what is fee - ble, dy - ing man, Or all his sin - ful race, That God should make it his con - cern To vi - sit him with grace!

3. That God who darts his lightnings down, Who shakes the worlds a - bove, What ter - rors wait his aw - ful frown! How wondrous is his love!

* The tune "WINDSOR" is evidently derived from this. The melody, as here found, is in the old Scotch scale of six notes instead of eight.

[HYMN 578.]

COMMUNION. C. M.

"TIMBREL."

1. Come, Lord, and warm each lan - guid heart, In - spire each life - less tongue; And let the joys of heav'n im - part Their influence to our song.

2. Come, Lord, thy love a - lone can raise In us the heav'nly flame: Then shall our lips re - sound thy praise, Our hearts a - dore thy name.

3. Dear Sa - viour, let thy glo - ry shine, And fill thy dwell-ings here, Till life, and love, and joy di - vine, A heav'n on earth ap - pear.

1. O! for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free; A heart that al - ways feels thy blood, So free - ly shed for me:

2. A heart resign'd, sub - mis - sive, meek, My great Re - deemer's throne; Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak; Where Je - sus reigns a - lone:

3. A heart in ev' - ry thought re-new'd, And full of love di - vine; Ho - ly, and right, and pure, and good, A co - py, Lord, of thine.

[Hymn 356.] CONWAY. C. M. ENGLISH.

1. Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove, And smile to see our Fa - ther there, And smile to see our Father there, Up - on a throne of love.

3. Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood, That calm'd his frowning face, That sprinkled o'er the burning throne, That sprinkled o'er the burning throne, And turn'd the wrath to grace.

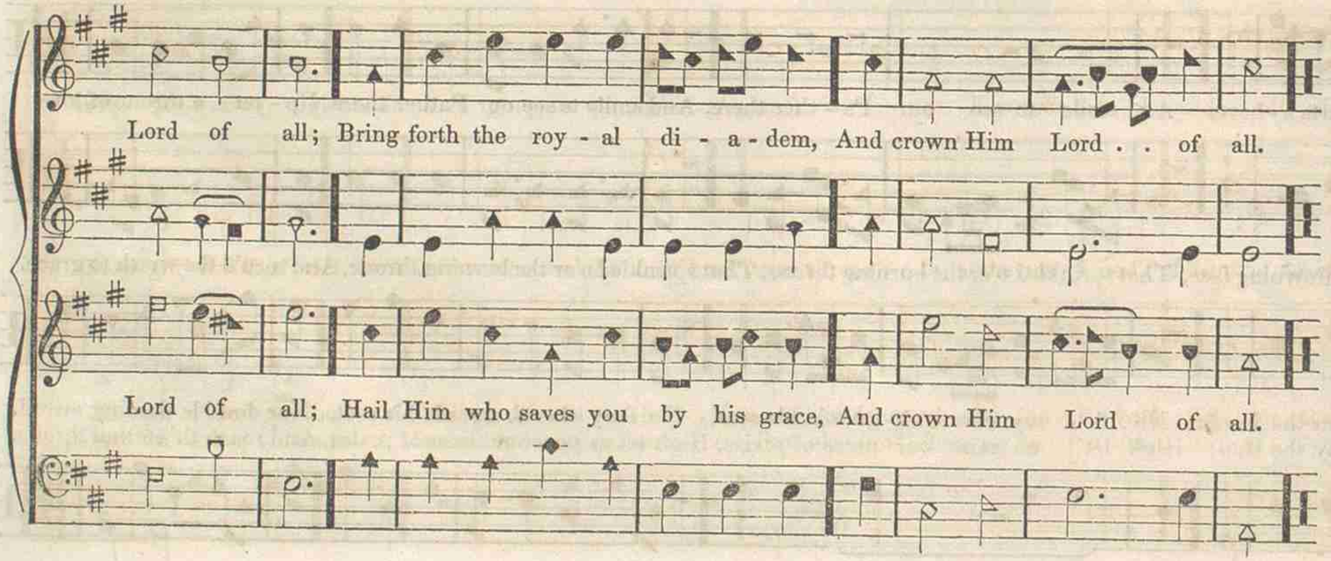
4. Now we may bow be - fore his feet, And venture near the Lord: No fi - ery cher - ub guards his seat, No fiery cherub guards his seat, Nor dou-ble flaming sword.

5. The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss Are open'd by the Son; High let us raise our notes of praise, High let us raise our notes of praise, And reach th' eternal throne.

CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.





3.

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.

4.

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

5.

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

[Hymn 489.]

CORELLI. C. M.

Slow and Gentle.

1. Fre-quent the day of God re - turns To shed its quick'-ning beams; And yet how slow de - vo - tion burns! How lan - guid are its flames.

2. Ac - cept our faint at - tempts to love; Our frail - ties, Lord, for - give: We would be like thy saints a - bove, And praise thee while we live.

3. In - crease, O Lord, our faith and hope, And fit us to as - cend, Where the as - sem - bly ne'er breaks up, The Sab - bath ne'er shall end.

4. Where we shall breathe in heav'n - ly air, With heav'nly lus - tre shine; Be - fore the throne of God ap - pear, And feast on love di - vine.

[Hymn 665.]

CROWNINGSHIELD. C. M.

ENGLISH THEME.

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

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

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

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

H

[Hymn 378.]

DAVIDSON. C. M.

R. DAVIDSON. Arranged.

Allegro.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.
3. 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, Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown, &c.

p *m* *mf* *cres.*

4. Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe, On this ter-restrial ball, To Him all ma-jes-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all, To Him all ma-jes-ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.
5. O that, with yonder sacred throng, We at His feet may fall; We'll join the ever-lasting song, And crown Him Lord of all, We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

[Hymn 95.]

DEVIZES. C. M.

J. TUCKER.

1. Father, how wide thy glo-ry shines! How high thy wonders rise! Known thro' the earth by thousand signs, . . . By thousands thro' the skies, By thousands thro' the skies.
2. But when we view thy strange de-sign, To save re-bellious worms; Where vengeance and compassion join . . . . In their di - vinest forms— In their di - vinest forms;—
3. Here the whole De-i - ty is known, Nor dares a creature guess Which of the glo - ries brightest shone . . . . The jus-tice or the grace, The jus - tice or the grace.
4. Now the full glo-ries of the Lamb Adorn the heavenly plains: Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name, . . . And try their choicest strains, And try their choicest strains.

DOWNS. C. M.

1. Thou art my por - tion O my God; Soon as I know thy way, My heart makes haste t' o - bey thy word, And suf - fers no de - lay.

3. The tes - ti - mo - nies of thy grace I set be - fore my eyes; Thence I de - rive my dai - ly strength, And there my com - fort lies.

4. If once I wan - der from thy path, I think up - on my ways, Then turn my feet to thy commands, And trust thy pardoning grace.

5. Now I am thine, for - ev - er thine, O, save thy ser - vant, Lord; Thou art my Shield, my Hi - ding-place, My hope is in thy word.

DUNCHURCH, or DUNKIRK. C. M.

SCOTTISH TUNE.

Legato.

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

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

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

4. Fa - thers to sons shall teach thy name, And chil - dren learn thy ways; A - ges to come thy truth pro - claim, And na - tions sound thy praise.

[Hymn 334.]

DUNDEE. C. M.

OLD PAROCHIAL.*

1. My God, what gen - tle cords are thine, How soft, and yet how strong! While pow'r, and truth, and love com - bine To draw our souls a - long.

2. Thou saw'st us crush'd be-neath the yoke Of Sa - tan and of sin; Thy hand the i - ron bond - age broke, Our worth-less hearts to win.

3. The guilt of twice ten thou-sand sins One offer - ing takes a - way; And grace, when first the war be - gins, Se - cures the crown-ing day.

4. Com - fort thro' all this vale of tears, In rich pro - fu - sion flows, And glo - ry of un - num - ber'd years E - ter - ni - ty be - stows.

* Called French in the Scottish collections.

[Hymn 638.]

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

WESTERN MELODY.

1. How still and peace - ful is the grave, Where, life's vain tu - mults past, Th' ap-point - ed house, by heavn's de - cree, Re-ceives us all at last.

2. The wick - ed there from trou - bling cease, Their pas-sions rage no more; And there the wea - ry pil - grim rests From all the toils he bore.

3. There rest the prisoners, now re - leased From slavery's sad a - bode; No more they hear th' op - pres-sor's voice, Or dread the ty - rant's rod.

4. There ser-vants, mas - ters, poor and rich Par - take the same re - pose; And there, in peace, the ash - es mix Of those who once were foes.

Gently.

1. Oppress'd with fear, oppress'd with grief, To God I breathed my cry; His mer - cy brought di - vine re - lief, And wiped my tear - ful eye.

2. His mer - cy chased the shades of death, And snatch'd me from the grave: O, may his praise em - ploy that breath Which mer - cy deigns to save.

3. Come, O ye saints, your voi - ces raise To God in grate - ful songs; And let the memory of his grace In - spire your hearts and tongues.

4. Its deep - est gloom when sor - row spreads, And light and hope de - part; His smiles ce - les - tial morn - ing sheds, And joy re - vives the heart.

[Psalm 119, 4th Part.] **EDWARDS. C. M.** KINGSLEY'S "Harp of David."

1. How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choic - est rules im - parts, To keep the con-science clean.

2. When once it en - ters to the mind, It spreads such light a - broad, The mean - est souls in - struc-tion find, And raise their thoughts to God.

3. 'Tis like the sun, a heav'n - ly light, That guides us all the day; And through the dan - gers of the night, A lamp to lead our way.

4. The men that keep thy law with care, And med - i - tate thy word, Grow wis - er than their teach - ers are, And bet - ter know the Lord.

[Hymn 655.]

ELGIN. C. M.

SCOTTISH.

1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, Th' ap-poin - ted hour makes haste, When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the sol - emn test.
2. Thou love - ly chief of all my joys, Thou Sovereign of my heart, How could I bear to hear thy voice Pronounce the word "De - part?"
3. O, wretch - ed state of deep des - pair, To see my God re - move, And fix my dole - ful sta - tion, where I must not taste his love.
4. Je - sus, I throw my arms a - round, And hang up - on thy breast; With - out a gra - cious smile from thee, My spi - rit can - not rest.
5. O, tell me that my worth-less name Is gra - ven on thy hands; Show me some prom - ise in thy book, Where my sal - va - tion stands.

[Hymn 392.]

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

Andantino.

1. O! for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and his word?
3. What peaceful hours I once en - joy'd! How sweet their memory still! But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.

1. Now shall my in - ward joys a - rise, And burst in - to a song; Al - migh - ty love in - spires my heart, And plea - sure tunes my tongue.

3. Why do we then in - dulge our fears, Sus - pi - cions and complaints? Is He a God, and shall His grace Grow wea - ry of his saints?

5. "Yet," saith the Lord, "should na-ture change, And mo - thers mon-sters prove, Si - on still dwells up - on the heart Of ev - er - last - ing Love.

2. God on his thirs - ty Si - on hill Some mer - cy drops has thrown, And sol - emn oaths have bound his love, To shower sal - va - tion down.

4. Can a kind wo - man e'er for - get The in - fant of her womb, And, 'mongst a thou - sand ten - der thoughts, Her suck - ling have no room?

6. "Deep on the palms of both my hands, I have en - graved her name; My hand shall raise her ru - in'd walls, And build her bro - ken frame."

FIDUCIA. C. M. Double.

ROBINSON.

1. Fa - ther, I long, I faint to see The place of thine a - bode; I'd leave thine earth - ly courts, and flee Up to thy seat, my God.

2. I'd part with all the joys of sense, To gaze up - on thy throne; Plea - sure springs fresh for - ev - er thence, Un - speak - a - ble, un-known.

3. There all the heav'n - ly hosts are seen, In shin - ing ranks they move, And drink im - mor - tal vi - gor in, With won - der and with love.

4. The more thy glo - ries strike my eyes, The hum - bler I shall lie; Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise Im - mea - sur - a - bly high.

CODA for last verse.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood, 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.
3. Dear, dy - ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r, Till all the ransom'd church of God Be saved to sin no more. *p*
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
5. Then, in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save, When this poor lisping, stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave.

[Psalm 65, 4th Part.] **FRANKLIN. 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 eve - ning shade Suc - ces-sive com - forts bring; Thy plen-teous fruits make har - vest glad, Thy flow'rs a - dorn the spring.
3. Sea-sons and times, and moons and hours, Heav'n, earth, and air are thine; When clouds dis - til in fruit - ful show'rs, The au - thor is di - vine.

[Hymn 636.]

FUNERAL THOUGHT. C. M.

SMITH.

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

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

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

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

[Hymn 465.]

GASTON, or ASMON.* C. M.

GLASER.

1. Come, hap - py souls, ap-proach your God With new, me - lo - dious songs, Come, ren - der to al - migh - ty grace The trib - ute of your tongues.

3. Thy hands, dear Je - sus, were not arm'd With a re - veng - ing rod, No hard com - mis - sion to per - form, The vengeance of a God.

4. But all was mer - cy, all was mild, And wrath for - sook the throne, When Christ on the kind er - rand came, And brought sal - va - tion down.

* Asmon, from the same theme, as usually arranged, employs a very different rhythm.

Moderato.

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

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

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

[Psalm 90, 4th Part.] GEORGIA. C. M.

Slow.

1. Re - turn, O God of love, re - turn; Earth is a tire - some place; How long shall we thy chil - dren, mourn Our ab-sence from thy face?

2. Let heav'n suc - ceed our pain - ful years; Let sin and sor - row cease; And, in pro - por - tion to our tears, So make our joys in - crease.

3. Thy wonders to thy ser - vants show, Make thy own work com - plete; Then shall our souls thy glo - ry know, And own thy love was great.
4. Then shall we shine be - fore thy throne In all thy beau - ty Lord; And the poor ser - vice, we have done, Meet a di - vine re - ward.

GRAFTON. C. M.

HAWEIS.

1. Re - li - gion is the chief con - cern Of mor - tals here be - low; May I its great im - port - ance learn, Its sove - reign vir - tue know!
2. More need - ful this than glitt' - ring wealth, Or aught the world be - stows; Nor rep - u - ta - tion, food, or health, Can give us such re - pose.
3. Re - li - gion should our thoughts en - gage, A - mid our youth - ful bloom; 'Twill fit us for de - clin - ing age, And for the aw - ful tomb.
4. O may my heart, by grace re - new'd, Be my Re - deem - er's throne; And be my stub - born will sub - dued, His gov - ern - ment to own.

[Psalm 116, 2d Part.]

GUERNSEY.* C. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.

1. What shall I render to my God For all his kind-ness shown? My feet shall visit thine a - bode, My songs ad - dress thy throne, My songs address thy throne.
2. Among the saints that fill thy house, My offering shall be paid; There shall my zeal perform the vows My soul in an - guish made, My soul in anguish made.
3. How much is mercy thy de - light, Thou ev - er bless - ed God! How dear thy servants in thy sight! How pre - cious is their blood! How pre - cious is their blood!
4. How happy all thy ser-vants are! How great thy grace to me! My life, which thou hast made thy care, Lord, I de - vote to thee, Lord, I de - vote to thee.

* This tune and Broomsgrove appear to have had a similar origin.

[Hymn 529.]

HANOVER, or ST. JOHNS. C. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.

1. Je - sus, with all thy saints a - bove, My tongue would bear her part, Would sound a - loud thy sav - ing love, And sing thy bleeding heart.

2. Blest be the Lamb, my dear - est Lord, Who bought me with his blood, And quench'd his Fa - ther's flam - ing sword In his own vi - tal flood.

3. All glo-ry to the dy - ing Lamb, And nev - er - ceas - ing praise: While an - gels live to know his name, Or saints to feel his grace.

[Hymn 378.]

HARBOROUGH. C. M.

SHRUBSOLE.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

4. Let ev'-ry kindred, ev'-ry tribe, On this ter - res - tial ball, To Him all ma - jes-ty as - cribe, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

5. O that, with yonder sa-cred throng, We at his feet may fall; We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

[Hymn 489.]

HAVEN. C. M.

HASTINGS.

Moderato.

Coda for last verse.

1. Frequent the day of God re-turns, To shed its quick'ning beams; And yet how slow de-vo-tion burns; How languid are its flames!

2. Ac-cept our faint attempts to love; Our frailties, Lord, for-give: We would be like thy saints a-bove, And praise thee while we live.

3. In-crease, O Lord, our faith and hope, And fit us to as-cend, Where the as-sem-bly ne'er break up, The Sabbath ne'er shall end.

4. Where we shall breathe in heav'nly air, With heav'nly lus-tre shine; Be-fore the throne of God ap-pear, And feast on love di-vine, And feast on love di-vine.

[Hymn 377.]

HEBER. C. M.

KINGSLEY.

1. Come, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known; The sove-reign of your heart pro-claim, And bow be-fore his throne.

2. Be-hold your King, your Sa-viour crown'd With glo-ries all di-vine; And tell the wondering na-tions round, How bright these glo-ries shine.

3. In-fi-nite pow'r and bound-less grace In him u-nite their rays: Ye that have e'er be-held his face, Can ye for-bear his praise!

4. When in his earth-ly courts we view The glo-ries of our King, We long to love as an-gels do, And wish like them to sing.

Affetuoso.

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

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

3. 'Tis He, by his almigh-ty grace, That forms thee fit for heav'n; And, as an earnest of the place, And, as an earnest of the place, Has his own Spi-rit given.
4. We walk by faith of joys to come; Faith lives up-on his word; But while the bo-dy is our home, But while the bo-dy is our home, We're absent from the Lord.

[PSALM 119, 5TH PART.] HERMON. C. M. LOWELL MASON.

Slow and soft.

1. O, how I love thy ho-ly law! 'Tis dai-ly my de-light; And thence my med-i-ta-tions draw Di-vine ad-vice by night.

2. My wak-ing eyes pre-vent the day, To med-i-tate thy word: My soul with long-ing melts a-way, To hear thy gos-pel, Lord.

3. Thy heav'n-ly words my heart en-gage, And well em-ploy my tongue, And in my tire-some pil-grim-age Yield me a heav'n-ly song.
4. Am I a stran-ger, or at home, 'Tis my per-pet-ual feast; Not hon-ey drop-ping from the comb So much al-lures the taste.

130 [Psalm 69, 3d Part.]

HOWARD. C. M.

1. Fa - ther, I sing thy won-drous grace, I bless my Sa-viour's name; He bought sal - va - tion for the poor, And bore the sin - ner's shame.
2. His deep dis-tress has raised us high; His du-ty and his zeal Ful-fill'd the law which mor-tals broke, And fin - ish'd all thy will.
3. His dy - ing groans, his liv - ing songs, Shall bet-ter please my God Than harp or trum - pet's so - lemn sound, Than goat's or bul - lock's blood.
4. This shall his hum-ble follow-ers see, And set their hearts at rest; They by his death draw near to thee, And live for - ev - er blest.

[Hymn 461.]

IRISH. C. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.

1. Come, thou De - sire of all thy saints, Our hum-ble strains at - tend; While, with our prais - es and com-plaints, Low at thy feet we bend.
2. When we thy won - drous glo - ries hear, And all thy sufferings trace, What sweet - ly aw - - - ful scenes ap - pear! What rich, un-bound-ed grace.
3. How should our songs, like those a - bove, With warm de - vo - tion rise! How should our souls, on wings of love, Mount up - ward to the skies!
4. Come, Lord, thy love a - lone can raise In us the heavenly flame; Then shall our lips re - sound thy praise, Our hearts a - dore thy name.

JAZER. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. To thee, be - fore the dawn - ing light, My gra - cious God, I pray; I med - i - tate thy name by night, And keep thy law by day.
2. My spi - rit faints to see thy grace; Thy prom - ise bears me up, And while sal - va - tion long de - lays, Thy word sup - ports my hope.
3. Seven times a day I lift my hands, And pay my thanks to thee; Thy righteous prov - i - dence de - mands Re - peat - ed praise from me.
4. When mid - night dark - ness veils the skies, I call thy works to mind, My thoughts in warm de - vo - tion rise, And sweet ac - cept - ance find.

JORDAN. (New.) C. M.

A. JONES.

1. On Jor - dan's stor - my banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
2. O the trans - port - ing, rapturous scene, That ri - ses to my sight: Sweet fields ar - ray'd in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.
3. There generous fruits, that ne - ver fail, On trees im - mor - tal grow; There, rocks and hills, and brooks and vales, With milk and ho - ney flow.
4. On all those wide, ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day; There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.

JORDAN. (Old.) C. M. Double.

BILLINGS.

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

2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides. And nev - er with' - ring flow'rs; Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'n - ly land from ours.

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

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

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

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

KENDALL. C. M.

J. CLARK.

1. My Shepherd will sup - ply my need, Je - ho - vah is his name; In pas - tures fresh He makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream.

2. He brings my wand'ring spi - rit back, When I for - sake his ways, And leads me, for his mer - cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

3. When I walk through the shades of death, Thy pres - ence is my stay; One word of thy sup - port - ing breath Drives all my fears a - way.

[HYMN 68.]

LACY. C. M.

K. W. PETERSILIE.

1. O! how di-vine, how sweet the joy, When but one sin - ner turns, And with an hum-ble, bro - ken heart, His sins and er-rors mourns! His sins and errors mourns!

2. Pleas'd with the news, the saints below In songs their tongues employ; Be-yond the skies the ti - dings go, And heav'n is fill'd with joy, And heav'n is fill'd with joy.

3. Well pleas'd, the Father sees and hears The conscious sin-ner's moan: Je - sus re-ceives him in his arms, And claims him for his own And claims him for his own.

4. Nor an - gels can their joys con-tain, But kin - dle with new fire; "The sin - ner lost is found," they sing, And strike the sounding lyre, And strike the sound-ing lyre.

LAIGHT STREET. C. M.

HASTINGS.

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? In joy, and peace, and thee?

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

3. O when, thou ci-ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend, Where congre - gations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end? And Sabbaths have no end?

4. There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sor-row know: Blest seats, thro' rude and stormy scenes, I on - ward press to you, I on - ward press to you.

[Psalm 63, 1st Part.]

LANESBOROUGH. C. M.

Attributed to an English Clergyman.

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

3. Not all the blessings of a feast, Can please my soul so well, As when thy rich - er grace I taste, As when thy rich - er grace I taste, And in thy presence dwell.

4. Not life it-self, with all its joys, Can my best passions move, Or raise so high my cheer-ful voice, Or raise so high my cheer - ful voice, As thy for - giv-ing love.

5. Thus, till my last ex - pir - ing day, I'll bless my God and King; Thus will I lift my hands to pray, Thus will I lift my hands to pray, And tune my lips to sing.

1. Plung'd in a gulf of dark de-spair, We wretched sin-ners lay, Without one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimmering day, Or spark of glimmering day.

2. With pity-ing eyes the Prince of grace Beheld our help-less grief; He saw, and, O a-maz-ing love! He ran to our re-lief, He ran to our re-lief.

3. Down from the shining seats a-bove, With joy-ful haste he fled, En-ter'd the grave in mor-tal flesh, And dwelt a-mong the dead, And dwelt among the dead.

5. O! for this love let rocks and hills Their lasting si-lence break; And all har-monious human tongues The Saviour's praises speak, The Saviour's praises speak.

* This tune allows of great varieties of expression, cheerful or plaintive.

[HYMN 623.] LIBERTY HALL. C. M. ARRANGED FROM THE "MISSOURI HARMONY."

Slow.

1. Death! 'tis a mel-an-cho-ly day To those who have no God; When the poor soul is forced a-way To seek her last a-bode.

3. He is a God of sovereign love, Who pro-mised heav'n to me, And taught my thoughts to soar a-bove, Where hap-py spi-rits be.

4. Pre-pare me Lord, for thy right hand; Then come the joy-ful day; Come death, and some ce-les-tial band, To bear my soul a-way.

136 [PSALM 144, 1ST PART.]

LONDON. C. M.

Dr. CROFT.
ARRANGED BY WM. HORSLEY.

1. For - ev - er bless - ed be the Lord, My Sa - viour and my Shield; He sends his Spir - it with his word, To arm me for the field.

2. When sin and hell their force u - nite, He makes my soul his care; In - structs me in the heav'n - ly fight, And guards me thro' the war.

3. A Friend and Help - er so di - vine My faint - ing hope shall raise; He makes the glo - rious vic - tory mine, And his shall be the praise.

[HYMN 119.]

LUCERNE, or TRIAS. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Andante Maestoso.

1. Firm as the earth thy gos - pel stands, My Lord, my hope, my trust; If I am found in Je - sus' hands, My soul can ne'er be lost.

2. His hon - or is en - gag'd to save The mean - est of his sheep; All that his heav'n-ly Fa - ther gave, His hands se - cure - ly keep.

3. Nor death nor hell shall e'er re - move His favor - ites from his breast; In the dear bo - som of his love They must for - ev - er rest.

MAJESTY. C. M. Double.

BILLINGS. ARRANGED.

Moderato.

1. How did my heart re - joice to hear My friends de - vout - ly say, In Zi - on let us all ap - pear, And keep . . . the sol - emn day.

3. Up to her courts, with joy un-known, The ho - ly tribes re - pair; The Son of Da - vid holds his throne, And sits . . . . in judg - ment there.

2. I love her gates, I love the road; The church, adorn'd with grace, Stands like a palace built for God, To show his milder face, Stands like a palace built for God, To show his milder face.

4. He hears our praises and complaints; And while his awful voice Divides the sinners from the saints, We tremble and rejoice, Divides the sinners from the saints, We tremble and rejoice.

138 [Psalm 119, 9th Part.] **MARLOW. C. M. (Major.)** Arranged from a Chant.

1. Thy mer - cies fill the earth, O Lord, How good thy works ap - pear! O - pen my eyes to read thy word, And see thy won - ders there.

2. My heart was fash - ioned by thy hand, My ser - vice is thy due; O make thy ser - vant un - der - stand The du - ties he must do.

3. Since I'm a stran - ger here be - low, Thy path O do not hide, But mark the road my feet should go, And be my con - stant guide.

[Psalm 119, 9th Part.] **MARLOW. C. M. (Minor.)**

4. When I con - fess'd my wand'-ring ways, Thou heard'st my soul com - plain; Grant me the teach - ings of thy grace, Or I shall stray a - gain.

5. If God to me his sta - tutes show, And heav'n-ly truth im - part, His word for - ev - er I'll pur - sue, His law shall rule my heart.

6. This was my com - fort when I bore Va - ri - e - ty of grief: It made me learn thy word the more, And fly to that re - lief.

1. O thou, whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh; Whose hand in - dul - gent wipes the tears From sor - row's weep - ing eye;

2. See, low be - fore thy throne of grace, A wretched wanderer mourn? Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said—Re - turn?

3. And shall my guil - ty fears pre - vail To drive me from thy feet? O, let not this dear ref - uge fail, This on - ly safe re - treat.

5. O, shine on this be - night - ed heart, With beams of mer - cy shine! And let thy heal - ing voice im - part A taste of joys di - vine.

[Hymn 605.] MARTYRS. C. M. SCOTTISH TUNE.

Slow.

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

2. The year rolls round, and steals a - way The breath that first it gave; Whate'er we do, wher - e'er we be, We're travelling to the grave.

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

4. In - fi - nite joy or end - less wo At - tends on ev' - ry breath; And yet how un - con - cern'd we go Up - on the brisk of death!

[Hymn 168.]

MEAR. C. M.

Williams' and Tansur's Coll.

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

2. "Fear not," said he, for migh - ty dread Had seized their troubled mind; "Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind."

5. Thus spake the ser - aph, and forth-with Appear'd a shi - ning throng Of an - gels prais - ing God, who thus Ad - dress'd their joy - ful song:
6. "All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace; Good will, henceforth, from heav'n to men, Be - gin, and nev - er cease."

[Psalm 23, 2d Part.]

MEDFIELD. C. M.

WM. MATHER.

1. My Shep-herd will sup - ply my need, Je - ho - vah is his name; In pas - tures fresh He makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream.

2. He brings my wand'ring spir - it back, When I for - sake his ways, And leads me for his mer-cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

3. When I walk through the shades of death, Thy pres - ence is my stay; One word of thy sup - port - ing breath Drives all my fears a - way.

1. O! how I love thy ho - ly law! 'Tis dai - ly my de - light; And thence my med - i - ta - tions draw Di - vine ad - vice by night.

2. My wak - ing eyes pre - vent the day, To med - i - tate thy word; My soul with long - ing melts a - way, To hear thy gos - pel, Lord.

3. Thy heav'nly words my heart en - gage, And well em - ploy my tongue, And in my tire - some pil - grim - age Yield me a heav'nly song.

4. Am I a stran - ger, or at home, 'Tis my per - pet - ual feast; Not honey, drop-ping from the comb, So much al - lures the taste.

[HYMN 377.] MERIDEN.* C. M. TH. CLARK. ARRANGED.

Larghetto.

1. Come, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known, The sovereign of your heart proclaim, And bow before his throne, ... And bow before his throne.

And bow be - fore his throne.

2. Behold your King, your Saviour crown'd With glories all divine; And tell the wondering nations round, How bright these glories shine, ... How bright these glories shine.

3. In-fi-nite pow'r and boundless grace In Him unite their rays; Ye that have e'er beheld his face, Can ye forbear his praise? . . . . Can ye forbear his praise?

* Appropriate only to such Hymns as close each stanza with some important word.

142 [Hymn 449.] **MONSON.*** **C. M.**

Moderato Affetuoso.

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

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

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

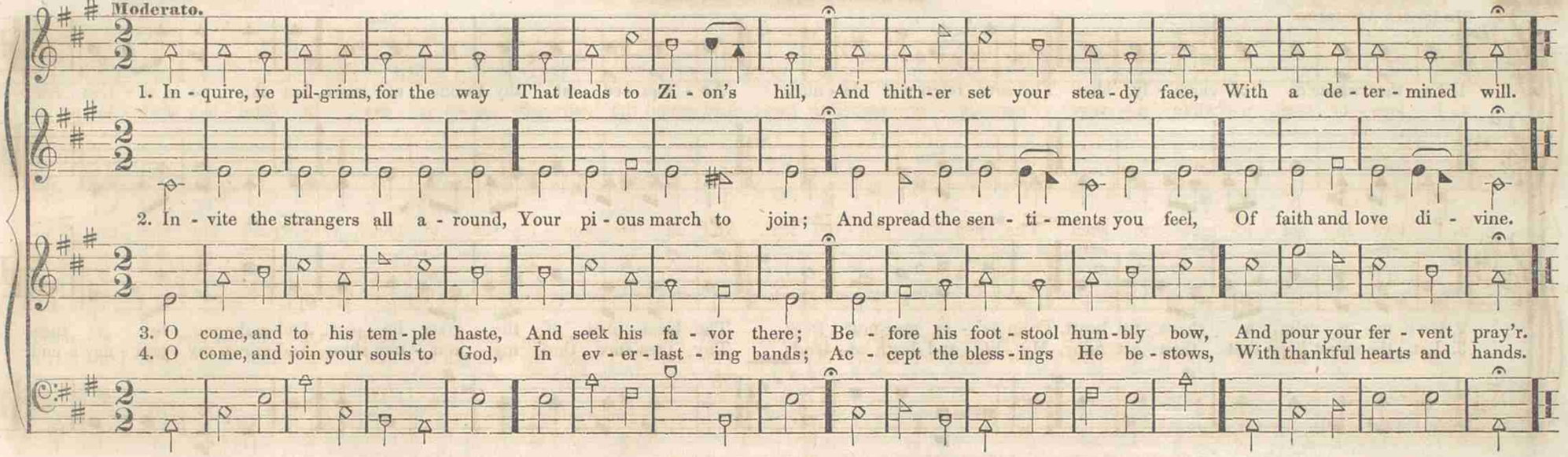
4. I love by faith to take a view Of bright - er scenes in heav'n; The pros - pect does my strength re - new, While here by tem - pests driv'n.

* Words by Mrs. Brown, of Monson, Massachusetts.—Music arranged from an original melody, furnished by her son.

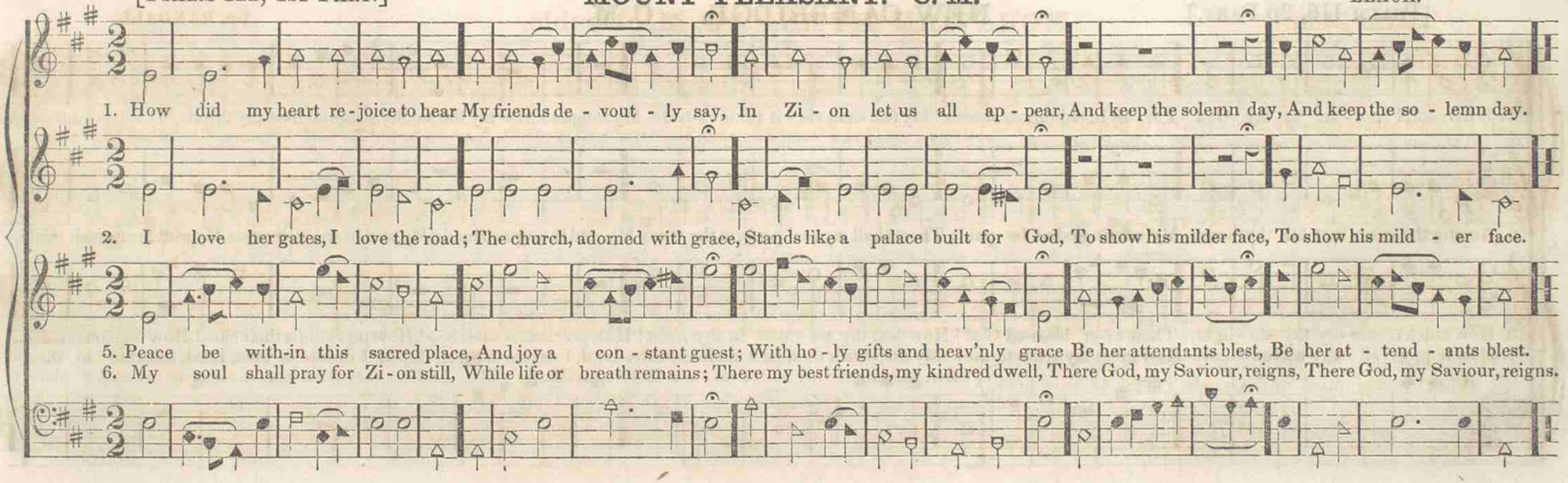
[Hymn 348.] **MORAVIAN HYMN. C. M. Double.**

1. I'm not asham'd to own my Lord, Nor to defend his cause, Maintain the honor of his word, The glory of his cross. } Je-sus, my God, I know his name, His name is all my trust, Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

3. Firm as his throne, his promise stands; And he can well secure What I've committed to his hands, Till the de-cisive hour. } Then will he own my worthless name Before his Father's face; And in the new Jerusalem Appoint my soul a place.



[Psalm 122, 1st Part.] **MOUNT PLEASANT. C. M.** LEACH.



[HYMN 371.]

NAOMI. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



[PSALM 116, 2D PART.]

NEW CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

DR. RANDALL.



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

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

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

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

[Hymn 439.] NEW YORK. C. M. SCOTTISH TUNE.

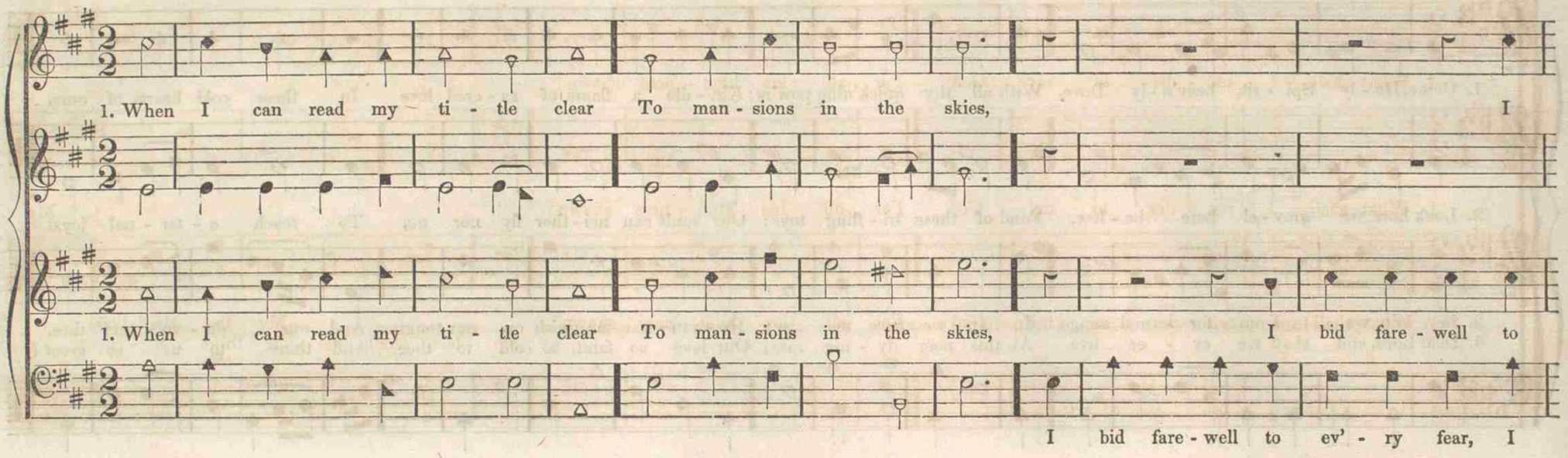
1. Now from the al - tar of our hearts Let flames of love a - rise; As - sist us, Lord, to of - fer up Our eve - ning sa - cri - fice.

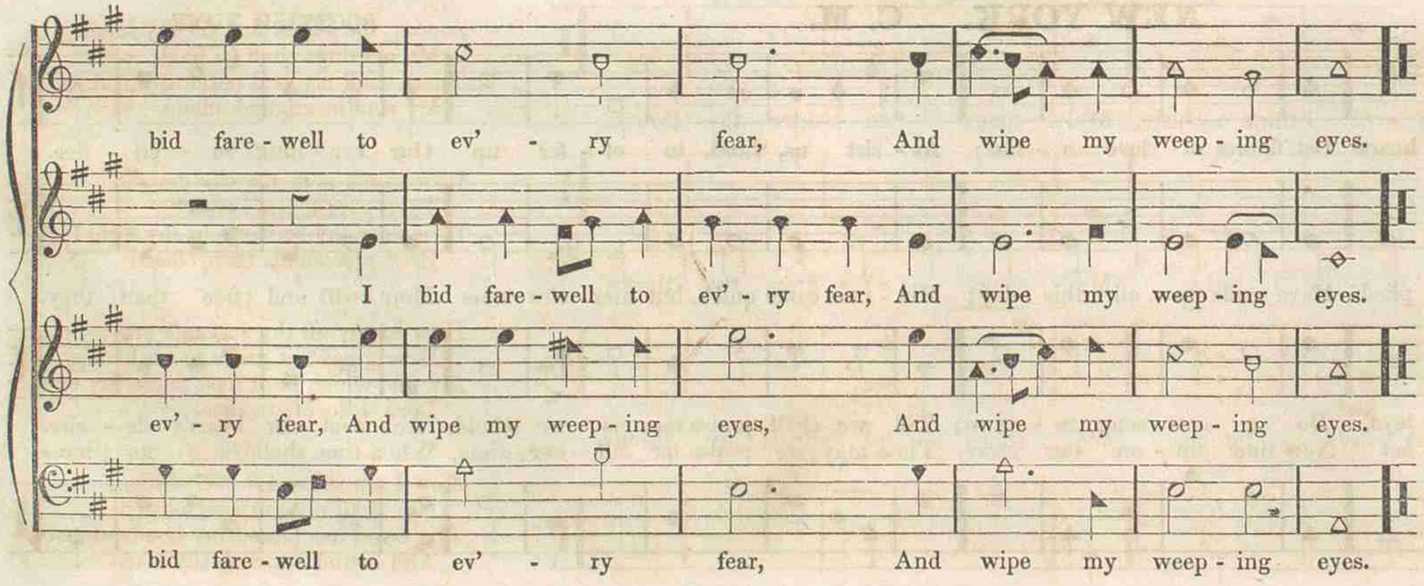
2. Min - utes and mer - cies mul - ti - plied Have made up all this day; Min - utes came quick, but mer - cies were More swift and free than they.

3. New time, new fa - vor, and new joys, Do a new song re - quire; Till we shall praise thee as we would, Ac - cept our heart's de - sire.

4. Lord of our days, whose hand hath set New time up - on our score, Thee may we praise for all our time, When time shall be no more.

NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.





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.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.





2.
Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3.
How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4.
How happy all thy servants are
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5.
Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

[Hymn 392.]

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

HASTINGS.

1. O! for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.

2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul - re-fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and his word, Of Je-sus and his word?

4. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove, re-turn, Sweet Mes-sen - ger of rest; I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast, And drove thee from my breast.

5. The dear-est i - dol I have known, Whate'er that i - dol be, Help me to tear it from thy throne, And worship only thee, And worship only thee.

[Psalm 96, 1st Part.]

PATMOS. C. M.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant.

Bold. Chant-like.

1. Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Ye tribes of ev' - ry tongue; His new dis - cov - er'd grace de - mands A new and no - bler song.

2. Say to the na - tions, Je - sus reigns, God's own al - might - y Son; His pow'r the sink - ing world sus - tains, And grace sur-rounds his throne.

3. Let heav'n pro - claim the joy - ful day, Joy thro' the earth be seen; Let cit - ies shine in bright ar - ray, And fields in cheer - ful green.

4. The joy - ous earth, the bend - ing skies, His glo - rious train dis - play; Ye mountains sink, ye val - leys rise, Pre - pare the Lord his way.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights, The glo-ry of my bright-est days, And com-fort of my nights.

2. In dark-est shades, if He ap-pear, My dawn-ing is be-gun; He is my soul's bright morn-ing star, And He my ris-ing sun.

3. The opening heav'ns a-round me shine With beams of sa-cred bliss, While Je-sus shows his heart is mine, And whis-pers, I am his.

[Hymn 436.] PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris-ing day Sa-lutes thy wak-ing eyes; Once more, my voice, thy trib-ute 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'n on which He sits, To turn the sea-sons round.

5. How ma-ny wretch-ed souls are fled Since the last set-ting sun! And yet thou lengthenest out my thread, And yet my mo-ments run.
6. Great God, let all my hours be thine, Whilst I en-joy the light; Then shall my sun in smiles de-cline, And bring a pleas-ant night.

[Hymn 500.]

PHILLIPS. C. M.

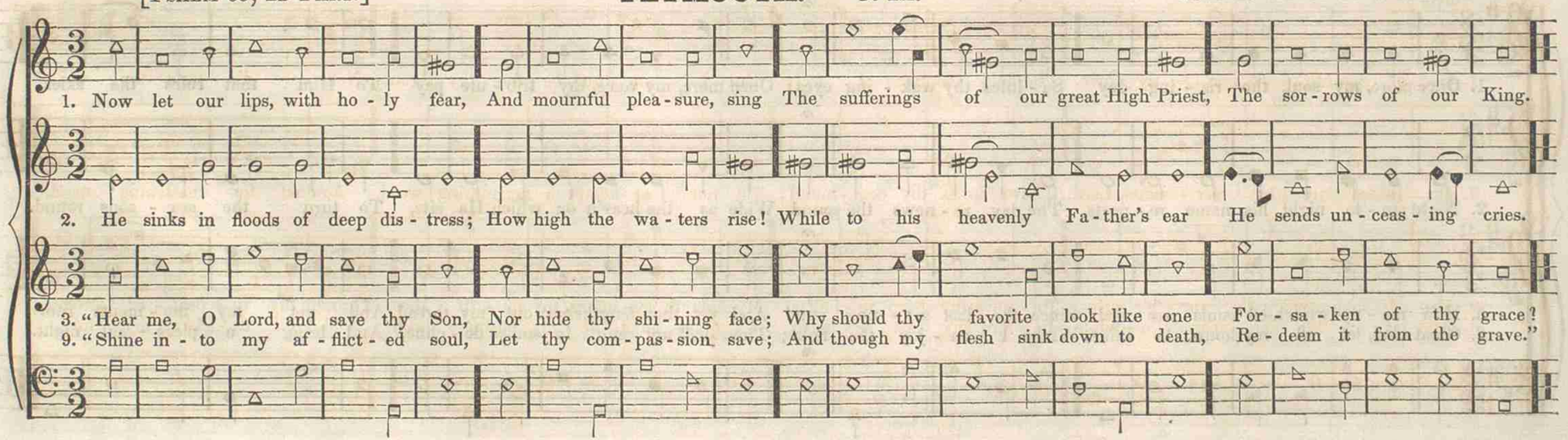
I. B. WOODBURY.



[Psalm 69, 2d Part.]

PLYMOUTH. C. M.

Williams' and Tansur's Coll.



1. Now let our mourn - ing hearts re - vive, And all our tears be dry; Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief, Which view a Sa-viour nigh?

2. What tho' the arm of conquering death Does God's own house in - vade—What tho' the pro - phet and the priest Be number'd with the dead—

3. Tho' earthly shep - herds dwell in dust, The a - ged, and the young, The watchful eye in dark - ness closed, And mute th' instructive tongue;
4. Th' eternal Shep - herd still sur - vives, New com - fort to im - part; His eye still guides us, and his voice Still an - i - mates our hearts.

[Psalm 39, 3d Part.] POLAND. C. M. SWAN.

Slow.

1. God of my life, look gen - tly down, Be-hold the pains I feel; But I am dumb be - fore thy throne, Nor dare dis - pute thy will.

2. Dis - eases are thy ser - vants, Lord, They come at thy com - mand; I'll not at - tempt a murmuring word Against thy chastening hand.

3. Yet I may plead, with hum - ble cries, Re - move thy sharp re - bukes: My strength con-sumes, my spi - rit dies, Through thy re - peat - ed strokes.
6. And if my life be spared a - while Be - fore my last re - move, Thy praise shall be my business still, And I'll de - clare thy love.

PRAISE. C. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.

1. Long as I live I'll bless thy name, My King, my God of love;

1. Long as I live I'll bless thy name, My King, my God of love; My work and joy shall

1. Long as I live I'll bless thy name, My King, my God of love: My work and joy shall be . . . the sa - - - - - -

In the bright world a - bove, In the bright world a - bove.

be . . . the same, In the bright world a - bove, In the bright world a - bove.

- - - - - me, In the bright world a - bove, In the bright world a - bove.

2.
Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

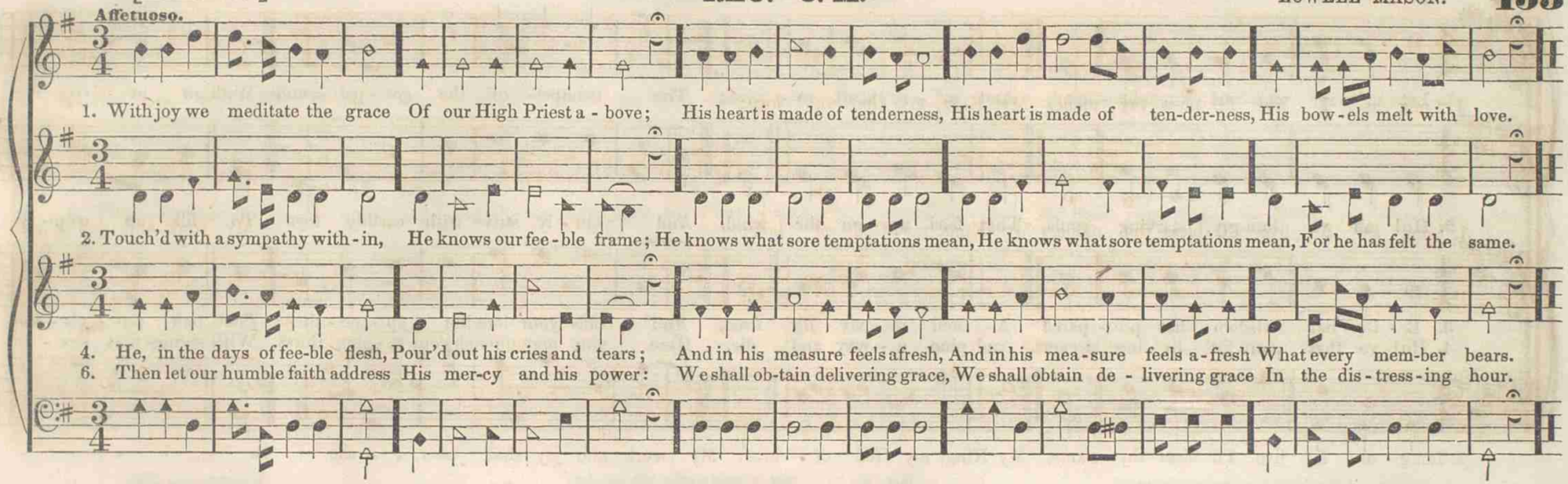
3.
Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4.
Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5.
Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, thy heav'nly state,
With public splendor shown.

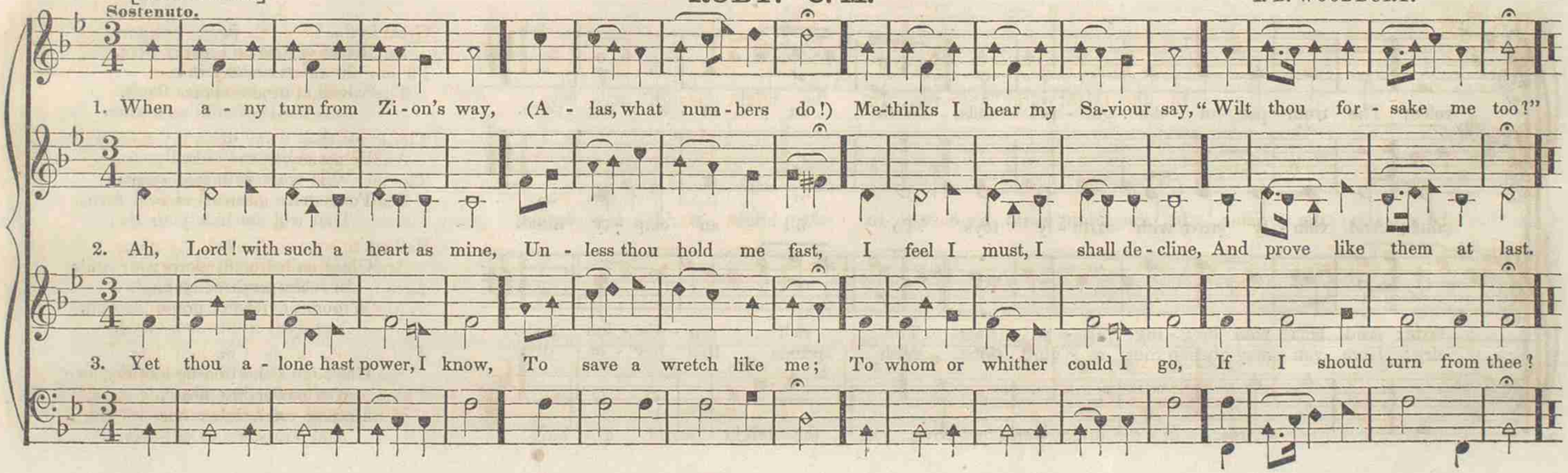
REO. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



ROBY. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



RINDGE. C. M.

1. Let ev' - ry mor - tal ear at - tend, And ev' - ry heart re - joice; The trumpet of the gos - pel sounds, With an in - vit - ing voice; The trum - pet of the gos - pel sounds, With an in - vit - ing voice.

2. Ho! all ye hun-gry, starving souls, That feed up - on the wind, And vain - ly strive with earthly toys To fill an emp - ty mind; And vain - ly strive with earth - ly toys To fill an emp - ty mind.

3. E - ter - nal wisdom has pre - pared A soul re - viv - ing feast, And bids your longing ap - pe - tites The rich pro - vis - ion taste; And bids your long - ing ap - pe - tites The rich pro - vis - ion taste.

4. Ho! ye that pant for liv - ing streams, And pine a - way and die, Here you may quench your ra - ging thirst With springs that nev - er dry; Here you may quench your ra - ging thirst, With springs that nev - er dry.

5.
Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6.
Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin;

7.
Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepared by God,
Wrought by the labors of his Son,
And dyed in his own blood.

8.
Great God, the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

ROCHESTER. C. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.

1. God, my sup - port - er and my hope, My help for - ev - er near, Thine arm of mer - cy held me up, When sink - ing in de - spair.

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

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

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

[HYMN 519.]

ROCKINGHAM. C. M.

"MISSOURI HARMONY." ARRANGED.

1. Thus saith the mer - cy of the Lord, "I'll be a God to thee! I'll bless thy numerous race, and they Shall be a seed for me."

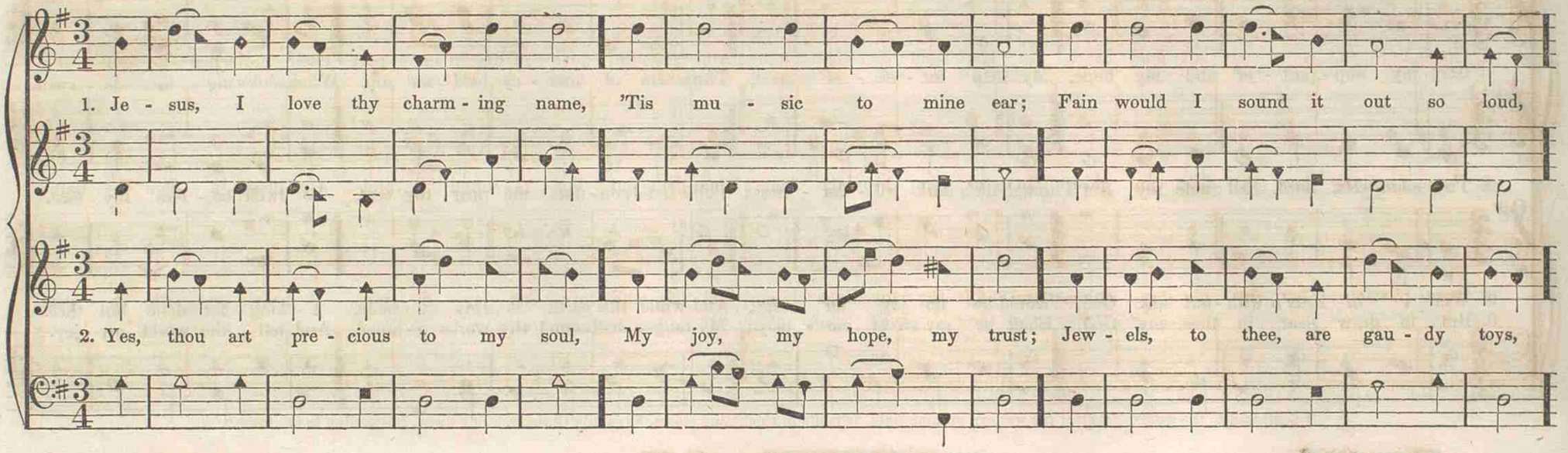
2. A - br'am be - lieved the promised grace, And gave his son to God; But wa - ter seals the bless - ing now, That once was seal'd with blood.

3. Thus Ly - dia sanc - ti - fied her house, When she received the word; Thus the be - liev - ing jail - or gave His household to the Lord.

4. Thus la - ter saints, e - ter - nal King, Thine ancient truths em - brace: To thee their in - fant offspring bring, And humbly claim thy grace.

SALEM. C. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.





3.
All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4.
Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5.
I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, laboring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

1. Come, Lord, and warm each lan - guid heart, In - spire each life - less tongue; And let the joys of heav'n im - part Their in-fluence to our song.

2. Come, Lord, thy love a - lone can raise In us the heav'nly flame; Then shall our lips re - sound thy praise, Our hearts a - dore thy name.

3. Dear Saviour, let thy glo - ry shine, And fill thy dwellings here, Till life, and love, and joy di - vine, A heav'n on earth ap - pear.

* Composed to the words, "Behold the western evening light, It melts in thick'ning gloom, So calmly Christians sink away, Descending to the tomb."

[Hymn 623.] SHIELDS. C. M. LEACH. Arranged.

Slow.

1. Death! 'tis a mel - an - cho - ly day To those who have no God, When the poor soul is forced a - way, To seek her last abode.

2. In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes; But guilt, a hea - vy chain, Still drags her down - ward from the skies, To dark - ness, fire, and pain.

3. He is a God of sovereign love, Who pro - mised heav'n to me, And taught my thoughts to soar above, Where hap - py spirits be.

4. Pre - pare me, Lord, for thy right hand; Then come the joy - ful day; Come death, and some ce - les - tial band, To bear my soul away.

[Hymn 426.]

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Andante Sostenuto.

1. My times of sor - row and of joy, Great God, are in thy hand; All my en - joy - ments come from thee, And go at thy command.

2. O Lord, shouldst thou withhold them all, Yet would I not re - pine; Be - fore they were by me possess'd, They were en - tire - ly thine.

3. Nor would I drop a murmuring word, If all the world were gone, But seek sub - stan - tial hap - pi - ness In thee, and thee a - lone.

[Hymn 532.]

SOUTHWOLD. C. M.

English Tune.

1. The pro - mise of my Fa - ther's love, Shall stand for - ev - er good: He said, and gave his soul to death, And seal'd the grace with blood.

2. To this dear covenant of thy word I set my worthless name; I seal th' engagement to my Lord, And make my hum - ble claim.

3. Thy light, and strength, and pardoning grace, And glo - ry shall be mine; My life and soul, my heart and flesh, And all my pow'rs are thine.

4. I call that le - ga - cy my own, Which Je - sus did bequeath; 'Twas purchased with a dy - ing groan, And ra - ti - fied in death.

1. The Lord, how fear - ful is his name! How wide is his com - mand! Na - ture, with all her mov - ing frame, Rests on his migh - ty hand!

2. Im - mor - tal glo - ry forms his throne, And light his aw - ful robe; While with a smile, or with a frown, He man - a - ges the globe.

3. A word of his al - migh - ty breath Can swell or sink the seas; Build the vast em - pire of the earth, Or break them, if He please!

4. A - dor - ing an - gels round Him fall, In all their shin - ing forms; His sovereign eye looks thro' them all, And pi - ties mor - tal worms.

[HYMN 436.] **STEPHENS. C. M.** JONES, OF NAYLAND.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes; Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute 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'n on which He sits, To turn the sea - sons round.

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

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

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

TANSUR.

1. O! for a shout of sa - cred joy To God, the sovereign King! Let every land their tongues em-ploy, And hymns of triumph sing.

2. Je - sus, our God, as - cends on high; His heav'n-ly guards a - round Attend Him ris - ing through the sky, With trum - pets' joy - ful sound.

3. While an - gels shout and praise their King, Let mor - tals learn their strains; Let all the earth his hon - ors sing; O'er all the earth he reigns.
4. Re - hearse his praise with awe pro-found, Let know-ledge guide the song; Nor mock him with a so - lemn sound Up - on a thoughtless tongue.

[HYMN 588.]

ST. MARY'S. C. M.

DR. CROFT.

Slow.

1. When blooming youth is snatch'd a - way By death's re - sist - less hand, Our hearts the mournful trib - ute pay, Which pi - ty must de - mand.

2. While pi - ty prompts the ris - ing sigh, O may this truth, impress'd With aw - ful pow'r— I too must die— Sink deep in ev' - ry breast.

3. Let this vain world de-lude no more, Be - hold the gap-ing tomb; It bids us seize the pre - sent hour— To - mor-row death may come.
4. The voice of this a - larm-ing scene, Let ev' - ry heart o - bey; Nor be the heav'nly warn-ing vain, Which calls to watch and pray.

ST. OLAVES. C. M.

1. Fa-ther, I long, I faint to see The place of thine abode; I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee Up to thy seat, my God, Up to thy seat, my God.

2. I'd part with all the joys of sense, To gaze upon thy throne; Pleasure springs fresh for-ever thence, Un-speak-a-ble, unknown, Un - speak - a-ble, unknown.

3. There all the heav'nly hosts are seen, In shin-ing ranks they move, And drink immortal vigor in, With wonder and with love, With won - der and with love.

SUFFERING SAVIOUR. C. M. (With a Chorus.)*

POPULAR MELODY.

1. A - las! and did my Sa - viour bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Would he devote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

4. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When God, the mighty Ma - ker, died For man, the creature's sin.

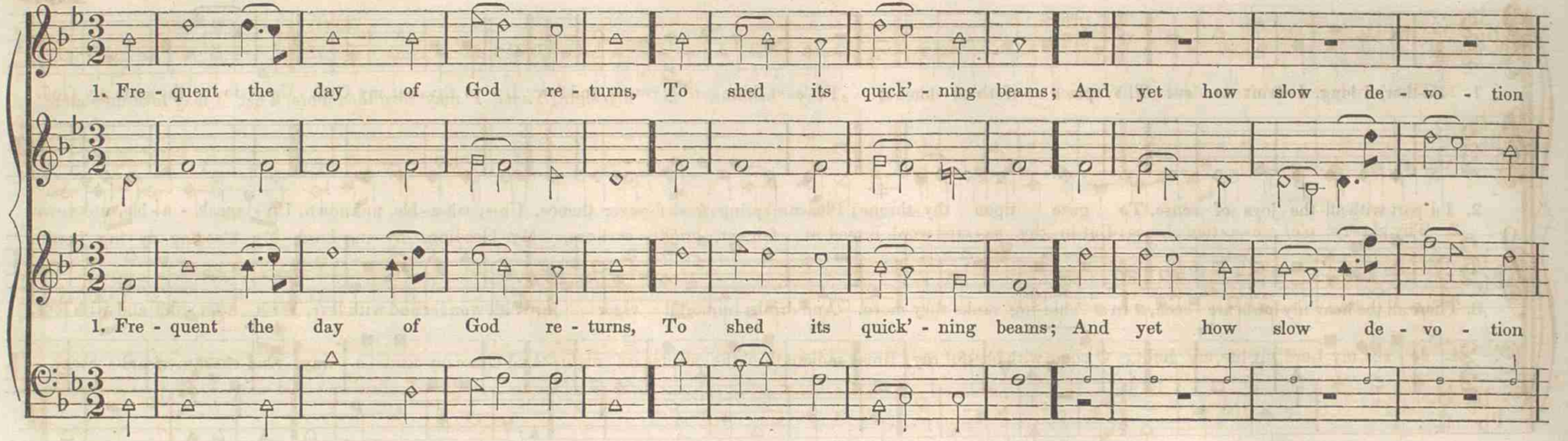
5. Thus might I hide my blushing face, While his dear cross ap - pears, Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt my eyes to tears.

Chorus. O, the Lamb, the lov - ing Lamb, The Lamb on Cal - va - ry— The Lamb that was slain, That liveth a - gain, To in - ter - cede for me!

* For the Chorus, omit the slurs in the first two measures of the second strain, and divide the corresponding notes in the harmony.

SWANWICK. C. M.

J. LUCAS.



2.
Accept our faint attempts to love;
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3.
Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end.

4.
Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

1. Thou love-ly Source of true de-light, Whom I un-seen a-dore; Un-veil thy beauties to my sight, That I may love thee more, That I may love thee more.

2. Thy glo-ry o'er cre-a-tion shines; But in thy sa-cred word I read in fair-er, bright-er lines, My bleeding, dy-ing Lord, My bleeding, dy-ing Lord.

4. Je-sus, my Lord, my life, my light, O come with blissful ray; Break radiant thro' the shades of night, And chase my fears a-way, And chase my fears a-way.

[Psalm 27, 1st Part.] THEODORE. C. M. G. KINGSLEY.

Slow.

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

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

3. There shall I of-fer my re-quests, And see thy beau-ty still, Shall hear thy mes-sa-ges of love, And there in-quire thy will.

4. When trou-bles rise, and storms ap-pear, There may his chil-dren hide; God is a strong pa-vil-ion, where He makes my soul a-bide.

L

TOLLAND. C. M.

HARWOOD.



3.
These lower worlds, that swell thy praise
  High as our thoughts can tower,
Are but a portion of thy ways,
  The hiding of thy power.

4.
O, shouldst thou rend aside the veil,
  And show thy dwelling-place,
The souls which thou hast made would fail,—
  'Twere death to see thy face.

5.
None can behold that face and live;
  Yet sinners may draw near;
Jesus is ready to forgive,
  His love shall cast out fear.

6.
Millions amid his presence stand,
  And feel, while they adore,
Fulness of joy at God's right hand,
  And pleasures evermore.

1. Glo - ry to God the Father's name, Who, from our sin - ful race, Chose out his favorites to pro - claim The hon - ors of his grace.

2. Glo - ry to God the Son be paid, Who dwelt in hum - ble clay, And to re - deem us from the dead, Gave his own life a - way.

3. Glo - ry to God the Spi - rit give, From whose al - migh - ty pow'r Our souls their heav'n - ly birth de - rive, And bless the hap - py hour.
4. Glo - ry to God who reigns a - bove, Th'e - ter - nal Three in One, Who by the won - ders of his love Has made his na - ture known.

[Hymn 7.] VICTORY. C. M. Subject from READ.

1. God, in the high and ho - ly place, Looks down up - on the spheres; Yet in his prov - i - dence and grace, To ev' - ry eye ap - pears.

3. In ev' - ry stream his boun - ty flows, Dif - fus - ing joy and wealth; In ev' - ry breeze his spi - rit blows, The breath of life and health.

4. His blessings fall in plenteous show'rs Up - on the lap of earth, That teams with fo - liage, fruits, and flow'rs, And rings with in - fant mirth.
5. If God hath made this world so fair, Where sin and death a - bound; How beau - ti - ful, be - yond compare, Will par - a - dise be found!

166 [Hymn 620.]

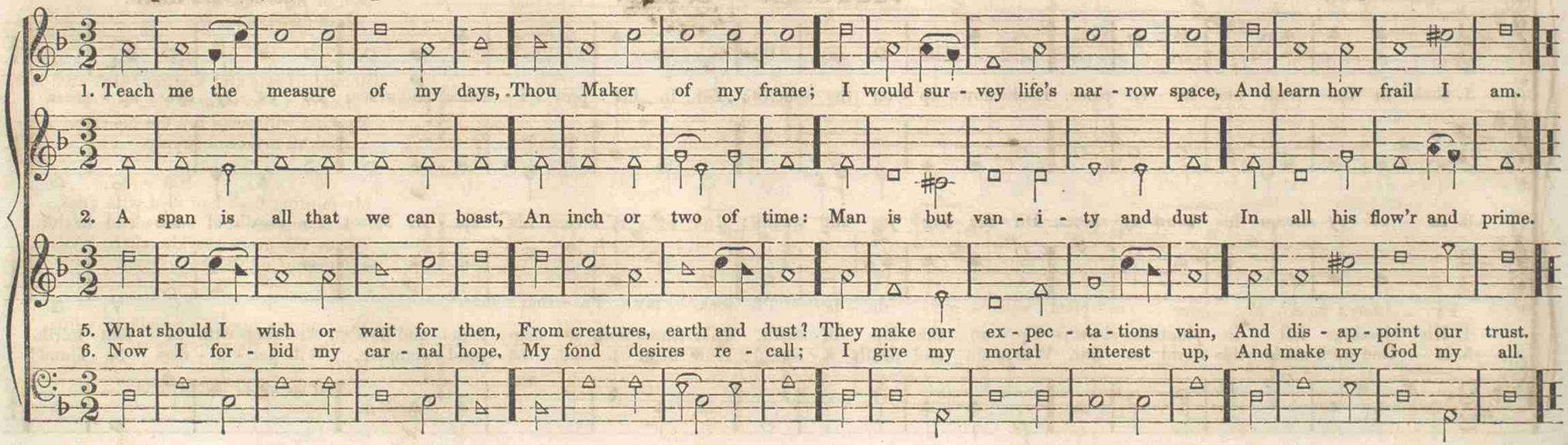
WALSAL. C. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.



[Psalm 39, 2d Part.]

WANTAGE. C. M.





2.

Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

3.

Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My God will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4.

My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed,
To see thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceived.

5.

Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit while it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

WARWICK. C. M.

STANLEY.

1. My soul, how love-ly is the place To which thy God re-sorts! 'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face, Tho' in his earth-ly courts.
2. There the great monarch of the skies His sav-ing pow'r dis-plays, And light breaks in up-on our eyes With kind and quickening rays.
3. With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove De-scends and fills the place, While Christ re-veals his wondrous love, And sheds a-broad his grace.
4. There, migh-ty God, thy words de-clare The se-crets of thy will; And still we seek thy mercies there, And sing thy prais-es still.

[HYMN 664.]

WATTS. C. M.

GOLD.

1. Blest be the ev-er-last-ing God, The Fa-ther of our Lord; Be his a-bound-ing mer-cy prais'd, His ma-jes-ty a-dored.
2. When from the dead He rais'd his Son, And call'd him to the sky, He gave our souls a live-ly hope That they should nev-er die.
3. What though our in-bred sins re-quire Our flesh to see the dust; Yet as the Lord our Sa-viour rose, So all his followers must.
4. There's an in-her-it-ance di-vine, Re-served a-gainst that day; 'Tis un-cor-rupt-ed, un-de-filed, And can-not fade a-way.

1. Thou love - ly Source of true de - light, Whom I un - seen a - dore; Un - veil thy beau - ties to my sight, That I may love thee more.

2. Thy glo - ry o'er cre - a - tion shines; But in thy sa - cred word, I read in fair - er, bright - er lines, My bleed - ing, dy - ing Lord.

3. 'Tis here, whene'er my com - forts droop, And sins and sorrows rise, Thy love, with cheer - ful beams of hope, My faint - ing heart supplies.
4. Je - sus, my Lord, my life, my light, O come with bliss-ful ray, Break ra - diant through the shades of night, And chase my fears a - way.

[Hymn 379.] WILSON. C. M. Arranged from a MS. of J. W., Jr.

1. Al - migh - ty Fa - ther, gra - cious Lord, King Guardian of my days, Thy mercies let my heart re - cord In songs of grate - ful praise.

2. In life's first dawn, my ten - der frame Was thy in - dul - gent care; Long ere I could pronounce thy name, Or breathe the in - fant prayer.

4. How ma - ny bless - ings round me shone, Where'er I turn'd mine eye! How ma - ny pass'd, al - most unknown, Or un - re - gard - ed, by!
5. Each roll - ing year new fa - vors brought From thy ex - haust - less store; But ah! in vain my laboring thought Would count thy mer - cies o'er.

[Hymn 605.]

WINDSOR. C. M.

SCOTTISH THEME.

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

2. The year rolls round, and steals a - way The breath that first it gave; What - e'er we do, wher - e'er we be, We're travelling to the grave.

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

4. In - fi - nite joy, or end - less wo, At - tends on ev' - ry breath; And yet how un - con - cern'd we go Up - on the brink of death!

[Psalm 119, 10th Part.]

WINTER. C. M.

DANIEL READ.

Moderato.

1. Be - hold thy wait - ing ser - vant, Lord, De - vo - ted to thy fear; Re - mem - ber and con - firm thy word, For all my hopes are there.

2. Hast thou not sent sal - va - tion down, And promised quickening grace? Doth not my heart ad - dress thy throne? And yet thy love de - lays.

3. Mine eyes for thy sal - va - tion fail; O bear thy ser - vant up; Nor let the scoff - ing lips pre - vail, Who dare re - proach my hope.

4. Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord? Then let thy truth ap - pear: Saints shall re - joice in my re - ward, And trust as well as fear.

1. This is the day when Christ arose So ear-ly from the dead; Why should I keep my eyelids closed, Why should I keep my eyelids closed, And waste my hours in bed?
2. This is the day when Je-sus broke The pow'rs of death and hell; And shall I still wear Satan's yoke, And shall I still wear Satan's yoke, And love my sins so well?
3. To-day, with pleasure Christians meet To pray, and read thy word; And I would go, with cheerful feet, And I would go, with cheerful feet, To learn thy will, O Lord!
4. I'll leave the world, to read and pray, And so pre-pare for heav'n; O may I love this blessed day, O may I love this blessed day The best of all the seven.

[Hymn 449.] WOODSTOCK. C. M. The late D. DUTTON, Jr.

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

ZERAH. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

Allegro vigoroso.

1. I sing th' al-might-y power of God, That made the moun-tains rise, That spread the flow-ing seas a-broad, And built the lof-ty skies,

2. I sing the wis-dom that or-dain'd The sun to rule the day; The moon shines full at his com-mand, And all the stars o-bey,

That spread the flow-ing seas a-broad, And built the lof-ty skies.

The moon shines full at his com-mand, And all the stars o-bey.

3.
I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4.
Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

5.
There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6.
Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

AIN, or LONSDALE. S. M. Double.

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

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

5. The men of grace have found Glo - ry begun be - low: Ce - les - - tial fruits on earthly ground From faith and hope may grow.

5. The men of grace have found Glo - ry begun be - low: Celestial fruits, &c.

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

Then let, &c. And ev' - ry, &c.

[PSALM 95, 4TH PART.]

ATHOL, or CAMBRIDGE. S. M.

R. HARRISON.

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

2. He form'd the deeps un - known; He gave the seas their bound; The wa - tery worlds are all his own: And all the sol - id ground.

3. Come, wor - ship at his throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord, We are his works, and not our own: He form'd us by his word.

4. To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare pro - voke his rod; Come, like the peo - ple of his choice, And own your gracious God.

[PSALM 103, 4TH PART.]

AYLESBURY. S. M.

DR. GREEN.

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

2. God will not al - ways chide; And when his strokes are felt, His strokes are few - er than our crimes, And lighter than our guilt.

7. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn - ing flower: If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.

8. But thy com - pas - sions, Lord, To end - less years en - dure; And children's chil - dren ev - er find Thy words of prom - ise sure.

Moderato.

5. The pi - ty of the Lord, To those that fear his name, Is such as ten - der pa - rents feel— He knows our fee - ble frame.

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

8. But thy com - pas - sions, Lord, To end - less years en - dure; And children's chil - dren ev - er find Thy words of prom - ise sure.

[HYMN 395.] BRAZIL. S. M. ARRANGED FROM THE PORTUGUESE. MANHATTAN COLL.

Moderato.

1. Your harps, ye trem - bling saints, Down from the wil - lows take; Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev' - ry string a - wake.

2. Tho' in a for - eign land, We are not far from home, And near - er to our house a - bove We ev' - ry mo - ment come.

3. His grace will, to the end, Stronger and bright - er shine; Nor present things, nor things to come, Shall quench the love di - vine.
4. When we in dark - ness walk, Nor feel the heav'n - ly flame; Then is the time to trust our God, And rest up - on his name.

[Psalm 95, 2d Part.]

CARMEL. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

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

2. He form'd the deeps un - known; He gave the seas their bound; The watery worlds are all his own; And all the sol - id ground.

3. Come, wor - ship at his throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We are his works, and not our own; He form'd us by his word.

4. To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare pro - voke his rod; Come, like the peo - ple of his choice, And own your gra - cious God.

[Psalm 32, 1st Part.]

CATHARINE STREET. S. M.

S. B. POND. Arranged.

1. O! bless - ed souls are they Whose sins are cov - er'd o'er; Di - vine - ly blest, to whom the Lord Im - putes their guilt no more.

2. They mourn their fol - lies past, And keep their hearts with care; Their lips and lives with - out de - ceit Shall prove their faith sin - cere.

3. While I con - ceal'd my guilt, I felt the fest' - ring wound, Till I confess'd my sins to thee, And rea - dy par - don found.

4. Let sin - ners learn to pray, Let saints keep near the throne; Our help, in times of deep dis - tress, Is found in God a - lone.

1. Thy name, al - migh - ty Lord, Shall sound through dis - tant 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 ex - changed no more.

* This tune was much admired by Haydn.

[HYMN 265.] CLAYTONVILLE. S. M. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, come; Let thy bright beams a - rise; Dis - pel the darkness from our minds, And o - pen thou our eyes.
2. Re - vive our drooping faith; Our doubts and fears re - move; And kin - dle in our breasts the flame Of nev - er - dy - ing love.

p *m* *p* *m*

3. Convince us of our sin, Then lead to Je - sus' blood; And to our wondering view re - veal The gracious love of God.
4. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc - ti - fy the soul, To pour fresh life on ev' - ry part, And new cre - ate the whole.

CRANBROOK. S. M.

THOMAS CLARK, of England.



2.

Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3.

Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4.

Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5.

Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

[Hymn 295.]

CULVERTON. S. M.

REV. R. H. SEELY.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise; And hosts of sins are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies, To draw thee from the skies.

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

3. Ne'er think the victory won, Nor once at ease sit down; Thy arduous work will not be done, Till thou hast got the crown, Till thou hast got the crown.

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

[Psalm 99, 2d Part.]

DOOMSDAY. S. M.

WOOD.

Maestoso.

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

2. When Is - rael was his church, When Aaron was his priest, When Mo - ses cried, when Samuel pray'd, He gave his peo - ple rest, He gave his peo - ple rest.

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

180 [Psalm 133, 2d Part.]

DOVER. S. M.

English Tune.

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

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

3. Thus, when on Aa - ron's head They pour'd the rich per - fume, The oil down to his rai - ment spread, And plea - sure fill'd the room.
4. Thus, on the heav'nly hills The saints are blest a - bove, Where joy, like morn - ing dew, dis - tils, And all the air is love.

[Psalm 61, 1st Part.]

DUNBAR. S. M.

Corelli.

1. When over-whelm'd with grief, My heart with - in me dies, Helpless and far from all re - lief, To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

2. O! lead me to the rock That's high a - bove my head, And make the cov - ert of thy wings My shel - ter and my shade.

3. Within thy pres - ence, Lord, For - ev - er I'll a - bide; Thou art the tow'r of my de - fence, The ref - uge where I hide.
4. Thou giv - est me the lot Of those that fear thy name; If end - less life be their re - ward, I shall pos - sess the same.

Dolce. Moderato.

2. I love thy church, O God! Her walls be - fore me stand, Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye And graven on thy hand.

3. If e'er to bless thy sons, My voice or hands de - ny, These hands let use - ful skill for - sake, This voice in si - lence die.

4. If e'er my heart for - get Her welfare, or her wo, Let ev' - ry joy this heart for - sake, And ev' - ry grief o'er - flow.

5. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend; To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.

[HYMN 125.] **FAIRFIELD. S. M.** R. HARRISON.

1. The Lord de - clares his will, And keeps the world in awe; A - midst the smoke on Si - nai's hill, Breaks out his fi - ery law.

2. The Lord re - veals his face, And smil - ing from a - bove, Sends down the gos - pel of his grace, Th' e - pis - tles of his love.

3. These sa - cred words im - part Our Ma - ker's just com - mands; The pi - ty of his melt - ing heart, And vengeance of his hands.

4. Hence we a - wake our fear, We draw our com - fort hence; The arms of grace are treasured here, And ar - mor of de - fence.

[Psalm 95, 2d Part.]

FALCON STREET, or SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah is the sov - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
2. He formed the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their bound; The watery worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground.
3. Come, worship at his throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We are his works, and not our own: He formed us by his word.
4. To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare pro - voke his rod; Come, like the peo - ple of his choice, And own your gra - cious God.

[Hymn 217.]

FERGUSON. S. M.

G. KINGSLEY.

1. The great Re - deem - er's gone, T' appear be - fore our God, To sprinkle o'er the flam - ing throne, With his a - ton - ing blood.
2. No fi - ery vengeance now, No burn - ing wrath comes down: If jus - tice calls for sin - ners' blood, The Sa - viour shows his own.
3. Be - fore his Fa - ther's eye Our hum - ble suit he moves: The Fa - ther lays his thun - der by, And looks, and smiles, and loves.
4. Now may our joy - ful tongues Our Ma - ker's hon - or sing; Je - sus, the Priest, re - ceives our songs, And bears them to the King.

1. O, bless the Lord, my soul, Let all within me join, And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose fa-vors are di-vine, Whose fa-vors are di-vine.

2. O, bless the Lord, my soul, Nor let his mercies lie For-got-ten in un-thank-ful-ness, And with-out prais-es die, And without prais-es die.

2. 'Tis He for-gives thy sins, 'Tis He re-lieves thy pain, 'Tis He that heals thy sick-ness-es, And makes thee young a-gain, And makes thee young a-gain.

[Psalm 133, 2d Part.] GERAR. S. M.

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

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

3. Thus, when on Aa-ron's head They poured the rich per-fume, The oil down to his rai-ment spread, And plea-sure filled the room.

4. Thus, on the heavenly hills The saints are blest a-bove, Where joy, like morn-ing dew, dis-tils, And all the air is love.

[PSALM 23, 3D PART.]

GERMANY, or THATCHER. S. M.

HANDEL.*

1. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well sup - plied; Since He is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side?
2. He leads me to the place Where heav'nly pas - ture grows, Where liv - ing wa - ters gently pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.
3. If e'er I go as - tray, He doth my soul re - claim, And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho - ly name.
4. While He af - fords his aid, I can - not yield to fear; Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade, My Shepherd's with me there.

* See his "Lord, remember David."

[HYMN 342.]

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

WESTERN TUNE. ARRANGED BY LOWELL MASON.

Slow.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs: Our fears, our hopes, our sins are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear, And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

1. My soul, re-peat his praise, Whose mer-cies are so great; Whose an-ger is so slow to rise, So rea-dy to a-bate, So rea-dy to a-bate.

2. God will not al-ways chide; And when his strokes are felt, His strokes are few-er than our crimes, And lighter than our guilt, And lighter than our guilt.

3. High as the heav'ns are raised A-bove the ground we tread, So far the rich-es of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed, Our highest thoughts exceed.

4. His power subdues our sins; And his for-giv-ing love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re-move, Doth all our guilt re-move.

[PSALM 63, 3D PART.] GORTON. S. M. BEETHOVEN. ARRANGED BY LOWELL MASON.

1. My God, per-mit my tongue This joy, to call thee mine; And let my ear-ly cries pre-vail To taste thy love di-vine.

2. My thirs-ty, faint-ing soul Thy mer-cy does im-plore: Not trav-el-lers in des-ert lands Can pant for wa-ter more.

3. With-in thy churches, Lord, I long to find my place, Thy power and glo-ry to be-hold, And feel thy quickening grace.

4. For life with-out thy love No rel-ish can af-ford; No joy can be com-pared with this, To serve and please the Lord.

[Hymn 385.]

GUILFORD. S. M.

1. Is this the kind re - turn, And these the thanks we owe? Thus to a - buse e - ter - nal love, Whence all our bless - ings flow!

2. To what a stubborn frame Has sin reduced our mind; What strange re - bel - lious wretches we, And God as strangely kind.

5. Turn, turn us, migh - ty God, And mould our souls a - fresh; Break, sov' - reign grace, these hearts of stone, And give us hearts of flesh.
6. Let past in - grat - i - tude Provoke our weep - ing eyes, And hour - ly, as new mer - cies fall, Let hour - ly thanks a - rise.

[Hymn 457.]

HALL. S. M.

ENGLISH THEME.

1. How charming is the place, Where my Re - deemer God Unveils the beauties of his face, And sheds his love a - broad, And sheds his love a - broad.

2. Not the fair pal - a - ces To which the great re - sort, Are once to be compared with this, Where Jesus holds his court, Where Jesus holds his court.

3. Here on the mercy seat, With radiant glo - ry crown'd, Our joyful eyes behold Him sit, And smile on all around, And smile on all a - round.
6. Give me, O Lord, a place With - in thy blest a - bode, Among the children of thy grace, The servants of my God, The servants of my God.

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind designs to serve and please, Thro' all their actions run, Thro' all their actions run.

2. Blest is the pi - ous house Where zeal and friendship meet; Their songs of praise, their mingled vows, Make their communion sweet, Make their communion sweet.

3. Thus, when on Aaron's head They pour'd the rich perfume, The oil down to his raiment spread, And pleasure fill'd the room, And pleasure fill'd the room.

4. Thus, on the heavenly hills The saints are blest a - bove, Where joy, like morning dew, distils, And all the air is love, And all the air is love.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, come; Let thy bright beams a - rise; Dis - pel the darkness from our minds, And o - pen thou our eyes.

2. Re - vive our drooping faith; Our doubts and fears re - move; And kin - dle in our breast the flame Of nev - er dy - ing love.

3. Con - vince us of our sin, Then lead to Je - sus' blood; And to our wondering view re - veal The gracious love of God.

4. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc - ti - fy the soul, To pour fresh life on ev' - ry part, And new cre - ate the whole.

[Psalm 99, 2d Part.]

HUSBAND, or FROOME. S. M.

J. HUSBAND.

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

2. When Is - rael was his church, When Aaron was his priest, When Moses cried, when Samuel pray'd, He gave his peo - ple rest, He gave his peo - ple rest.

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

[Psalm 48, 2d Part.]

JUNIATA. S. M.

T. B. MASON.

2. With joy thy peo - ple stand On Zi - on's cho - sen hill, Pro-claim the won - ders of thy hand, And coun - sels of thy will.

3. Let strang-ers walk a - round The ci - ty where we dwell, Com-pass and view thy ho - ly ground, And mark the build - ing well:

4. The or - ders of thy house, The wor - ship of thy court, The cheer - ful songs, the so - lemn vows; And make a fair re - port.

5. How de - cent and how wise! How glo - rious to be - hold! Be - yond the pomp that charms the eyes, And rites a - dorn'd with gold.

1. Thy name, almighty Lord, Shall sound thro' distant lands: Great is thy grace, and sure thy word: Thy truth forever stands, Great is thy grace, and sure thy word: Thy truth, &c.

2. Far be thine honor spread, And long thy praise endure, Till morning light and evening shade Shall be exchanged no more, Till morning light and evening shade Shall be, &c.

[Psalm 90, 5th Part.] KAMBIA. S. M.

1. Lord, what a fee - ble piece Is this our mor - tal frame! Our life, how poor a tri - fle 'tis, That scarce de - serves the name.

2. A - las, the brit - tle clay That built our bo - dy first! And ev' - ry month, and ev' - ry day, 'Tis mouldering back to dust.
3. Our mo - ments fly a - pace, Our fee - ble powers de - cay; Swift as a flood our has - ty days Are sweep - ing us a - way.

4. Yet, if our days must fly, We'll keep their end in sight, We'll spend them all in wis - dom's way, And let them spend their flight.
5. They'll waft us soon - er o'er This life's tem - pes - tuous sea; Soon shall we reach the peace - ful shore Of blest e - ter - ni - ty.

190 [Hymn 464.]

KENTUCKY. S. M.

WESTERN AIR.

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

2. The God that rules on high, And thun - ders when He please, That rides up - on the stormy sky, And man - a - ges the seas:

3. This aw - ful God is ours, Our Fa - ther and our love; He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs To car - ry us a - bove.

4. There shall we see his face, And nev - er, nev - er sin; There, from the riv - ers of his grace, Drink end - less pleasures in.

[Hymn 233.]

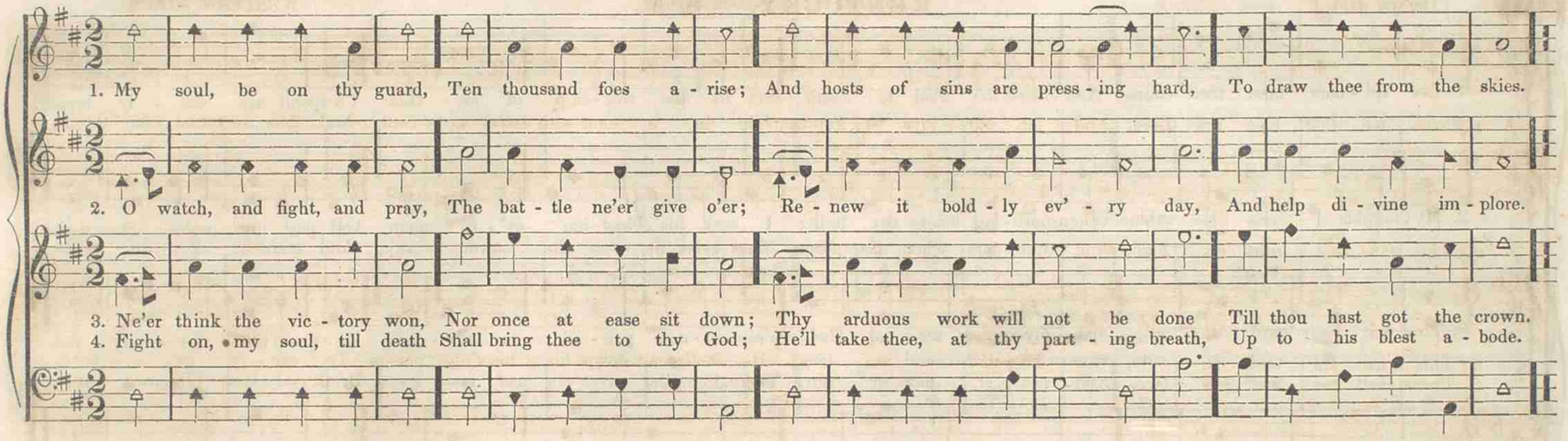
KING. S. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep? And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev' - ry eye.

2. The Son of God in tears An - gels with won - der see; Be thou as - ton - ish'd, O my soul, He shed those tears for thee.

3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de - mands a tear: In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.



[Hymn 485.] **LISBON. S. M.** Theme by READ.



[PSALM 55, 2D PART.]

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.

1. Let sin - ners take their course, And choose the road to death; But in the wor - ship of my God I'll spend my dai - ly breath.

2. My thoughts ad - dress his throne, When morn - ing brings the light; I seek his bless - ing ev' - ry noon, And pay my vows at night.

3. Thou wilt re - gard my cries, O my e - ter - nal God! While sin - ners per - ish in sur - prise Be - neath thine an - gry rod.

[PSALM 8, 1ST PART.]

LOUDON. S. M.

OLMSTED.

Moderato.

1. O Lord, our heavenly King, Thy name is all di - vine; Thy glo - ries round the earth are spread, And o'er the heavens they shine.

2. When to thy works on high I raise my wondering eyes, And see the moon com - plete in light A - dorn the dark - some skies:

3. When I sur - vey the stars, In all their shi - ning forms, Lord, what is man, that worth - less thing, A - kin to dust and worms?

4. Lord, what is worth - less man, That thou shouldst love him so? Next to thine an - gels he is placed, And lord of all be - low.

Vigoroso.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a-rise; And hosts of sins are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies, To draw thee from the skies.

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

3. Ne'er think the victory won, Nor once at ease sit down; Thy ar - duous work will not be done, Till thou hast got the crown, Till thou hast got the crown.

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

[Psalm 19, 2d Part.] MAZZAROTH. S. M. ITALIAN.

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

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

3. How perfect is thy word! And all thy judgments just; For - ev - er sure thy promise, Lord, For - ev - er sure thy promise, Lord, And men se - cure-ly trust.

4. My gracious God, how plain Are thy di - rec-tions given! O! may I ne - ver read in vain, O! may I ne - ver read in vain, But find the path to heav'n.

na - tions run.

MOORFIELD. S. M.

ARRANGED FROM AN ENGLISH TUNE, BY LOWELL MASON.

1. Let ev' - ry creature join To praise th'e - ter - nal God; Ye heavenly hosts, the song be - gin, And sound his name a - broad, And sound his name a - broad.

2. Thou sun with gold - en beams, And moon with pa - ler rays, Ye star - ry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise, Shine to your Maker's praise.

3. He built those worlds a - bove, And fix'd their wondrous frame; By his command they stand or move, And ev - er speak his name, And ev - er speak his name.
6. By all his worlds a - bove, His hon - ors be expressed; But saints that taste his sav - ing love, Should sing his praises best, Should sing his praises best.

[HYMN 118.]

MORNINGTON. S. M.

LORD MORNINGTON.

1. To God, the on - ly wise, Our Sa - viour and our King, Let all the saints be - low the skies Their hum - ble prais - es bring.

2. 'Tis his al - might - y love, His coun - sel and his care, Preserves us safe from sin and death, And ev' - ry hurt - ful snare.

3. He will pre - sent our souls, Un - blemish'd and com - plete, Be - fore the glo - ry of his face, With joys di - vine - ly great.
4. Then all the cho - sen seed Shall meet a - round the throne; Shall bless the con - duct of his grace, And make his wonders known.


Andante.
1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode; The church our blest Re - deem - er saved With his own pre - cious blood.
3. If e'er to bless thy sons My voice or hands de - ny, These hands let use - ful skill for - sake, This voice in si - lence die.
5. 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. If e'er my heart for - get Her wel - fare, or her wo, Let ev' - ry joy this heart for - sake, And ev' - ry grief o'er - flow.
6. Beyond my high - est joys I prize her heavenly ways: Her sweet com - mu - nion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

196 [Hymn 395.] **OLMUTZ. S. M.** Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, by L. MASON.

1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the wil - lows take; Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev' - ry string a - wake.

2. Though in a for - eign land, We are not far from home, And near - er to our house a - bove We ev' - ry mo - ment come.

3. His grace will, to the end, Stronger and brighter shine; Nor pre - sent things, nor things to come, Shall quench the love di - vine.
4. When we in dark - ness walk, Nor feel the heavenly flame; Then is the time to trust our God, And rest up - on his name.

[Hymn 442.] **OLNEY. S. M.** LOWELL MASON.

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

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

3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se - cure from all our fears; May an - gels guard us, while we sleep, Till morn - ing light ap - pears.
5. And when our days are past, And we from time re - move, O, may we in thy bo - som rest, The bo - som of thy love.

1. Where shall the man be fouud That fears t' of - fend his God, That loves the gos - pel's joy - ful sound, And trem - bles at the rod?
2. The Lord shall make him know The se - crets of his heart, The won - ders of his cove - nant show, And all his love im - part.
3. The deal - ings of his power Are truth and mer - cy still, With such as keep his covenant sure, And love to do his will.
4. Their souls shall dwell at ease, Be - fore their Ma - ker's face; Their seed shall taste the prom - i - ses In their ex - ten - sive grace.

[PSALM 103, 5TH PART.] OXFORD. S. M. ENGLISH TUNE.

1. The Lord, the sove - reign King, Hath fix'd his throne on high; O'er all the heavenly world He rides And all be - neath the sky.
2. Ye an - gels great in might, And swift to do his will, Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear, Whose plea - sure ye ful - fil.
3. Let the bright hosts who wait The or - ders of their King, And guard his churches when they pray, Join in the praise they sing.
4. While all his won - drous works Through his vast king - dom show Their Ma - ker's glo - ry, thou, my soul, Shalt sing his prais - es, too.

198 [Hymn 485.] **REST. S. M.** J. W. BELCHER.

Moderato.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Welcome to this re - vi - ving breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

2. The King him - self comes near, And feasts his saints to - day; Here we may sit, and see Him here, And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day a - midst the place Where my dear God hath been, Is sweet - er than ten thousand days Of plea - su - ra - ble sin.

4. My will - ing soul would stay In such a frame as this, And sit and sing her - self a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss.

[Hymn 331.] **SANGER. S. M.** "TIMBREL."

Andante.

1. Not with our mor - tal eyes Have we be - held the Lord; Yet we re - joice to hear his name, And love Him in his word.

2. On earth we want the sight Of our Re - deem - er's face; Yet, Lord, our in - most thoughts de - light To dwell up - on thy grace.

3. And when we taste thy love, Our joys di - vine - ly grow, Un - speak - a - ble, like those a - bove, And heav'n be - gins be - low.

SHAWMUT. S. M. (Chant.)

1. Thy name, al - migh - ty Lord, Shall sound thro' dist - ant 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 morn - ing light and eve - ning shade Shall be exchanged no more.

[Hymn 608.]

SHEFFIELD. S. M.

HASTINGS.

1. To - mor - row, Lord, is thine, Lodged in thy sovereign hand, And if its sun a - rise and shine, It shines by thy com - mand.
2. The pre - sent mo - ment flies, And bears our life a - way; O, make thy ser - vants tru - ly wise, That they may live to - day.
3. Since on this wing - ed hour E - ter - ni - ty is hung, Wa - ken by thy al - migh - ty pow'r The a - ged and the young.
4. One thing demands our care; O, be it still pur - sued, Lest, slight - ed once, the sea - son fair Should nev - er be re - new'd.
5. To Je - sus may we fly, Swift as the morn - ing light, Lest life's young, gold - en beam should die In sud - den, end - less night.

200 [Psalm 32, 1st Part.] **SHIRLAND. S. M.** STANLEY.

1. O, blessed souls are they Whose sins are cov - er'd o'er; Di - vine - ly blest, to whom the Lord Im - putes their guilt no more.

2. They mourn their fol - lies past, And keep their hearts with care; Their lips and lives with - out de - ceit Shall prove their faith sin - cere.

3. While I con - ceal'd my guilt, I felt the fest' - ring wound, Till I con - fess'd my sins to thee, And rea - dy par - don found.

4. Let sin - ners learn to pray, Let saints keep near the throne; Our help in times of deep dis - tress Is found in God a - lone.

[Hymn 264.] **STATE STREET. S. M.** J. C. WOODMAN.

1. Blest Com - fort - er Di - vine, Whose rays of heavenly love A - mid our gloom and darkness shine, And point our souls a - bove;

2. Thou, who with "still small voice" Dost stop the sin - ner's way, And bid the mourning saint re - joice, Though earthly joys de - cay;

3. Thou, whose in - spir - ing breath Can make the cloud of care, And e'en the gloomy vale of death, A smile of glo - ry wear;

4. Thou, who dost fill the heart With love to all our race, Blest Com - fort - er! to us im - part The bless - ings of thy grace.

1. And must this bod - y die, This mor - tal frame de - cay? And must these ac - tive limbs of mine Lie mouldering in the clay?

2. God, my Redeem - er, lives, And oft - en from the skies, Looks down and watch - es all my dust, Till he shall bid it rise.

3. Ar - ray'd in glorious grace, Shall these vile bo - dies shine; And ev' - ry shape and ev' - ry face, Look heavenly and di - vine.

4. These live - ly hopes we owe To Je - sus' dy - ing love; We would a - dore his grace be - low, And sing his power a - bove.

[HYMN 385.] ST. GILES. S. M. SCOTTISH COLL.

Slow.

1. Is this the kind re - turn, And these the thanks we owe? Thus to a - buse e - ter - nal love, Whence all our blessings flow?

2. To what a stubborn frame Has sin re - duced our mind; What strange, re - bellious wretches we, And God as strangely kind.

5. Turn, turn us, mighty God, And mould our souls a - fresh; Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone, And give us hearts of flesh.

6. Let past in - grat - i - tude Pro - voke our weep - ing eyes, And hour - ly, as new mer - cies fall, Let hour - ly thanks a - rise.

[Psalm 63, 3d Part.]

STILLINGFLEET. S. M.

SWISS MELODY.*

1. My God, per - mit my tongue This joy, to call thee mine; And let my ear - ly cries pre - vail To taste thy love di - vine.
2. My thirs - ty, faint - ing soul Thy mer - cy does im - plore; Not trav - el - lers in dis - tant lands Can pant for wa - ter more.
3. With - in thy church - es, Lord, I long to find my place, Thy pow'r and glo - ry to be - hold, And feel thy quickening grace.
4. For life with - out thy love No rel - ish can af - ford; No joy can be compared with this, To serve and please the Lord.

* Probably of a German origin.

[Psalm 125, 2d Part.]

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

1. Firm and unmoved are they That rest their souls on God; Firm as the mount where Da - vid dwelt, Or where the ark a - bode.
2. As mountains stood to guard The cit - y's sa - cred ground, So God and his al - migh - ty love Embrace his saints a - round.
3. What though the Father's rod Drop a chas - tis - ing stroke, Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep, Its fu - ry shall be broke.
4. Deal gen - tly, Lord, with those Whose faith and pi - ous fear, Whose hope and love, and ev' - ry grace, Pro - claim their hearts sin - cere.

TILLOTSON. S. M.

GUIL. FRANK.*

1. God of e - ter - nal love, How fic - kle are our ways! And yet how oft did Is - rael prove Thy con - stan - cy of grace! Thy con - stan - cy of grace!

2. They saw thy wonders wrougnt, And then thy praise they sung; But soon thy works of power for - got, And murmur'd with their tongue, And murmur'd with their tongue.

3. Now they be - lieve his word, While rocks with riv - ers flow! Now with their lusts pro-voke the Lord, And He re-duced them low, And He re - duced them low.
4. Yet when they mourn'd their faults, He hearken'd to their groans, Brought his own covenant to his thoughts, And call'd them still his sons, And call'd them still his sons.

* Arranged from a Te Deum of 1552. The rhythm and harmony are modernized.

[HYMN 301.]

WALLBRIDGE. S. M.

J. LUCAS.

1. Je - sus, who knows full well The heart of eve - ry saint; In - vites us all our griefs to tell, To pray and nev - er faint.

2. He bows his gra - cious ear, We nev - er plead in vain: Yet we must wait till He ap - pear, And pray, and pray a - gain.

3. Though un - be - lief sug - gest, Why should we long - er wait? He bids us nev - er give Him rest, But be im - por - tu - nate.
4. Je - sus the Lord will hear His cho - sen when they cry, Yes, though He may a - while for - bear, He'll help them from on high.

204 [Hymn 23.]

WATCHMAN. S. M.

LEACH.

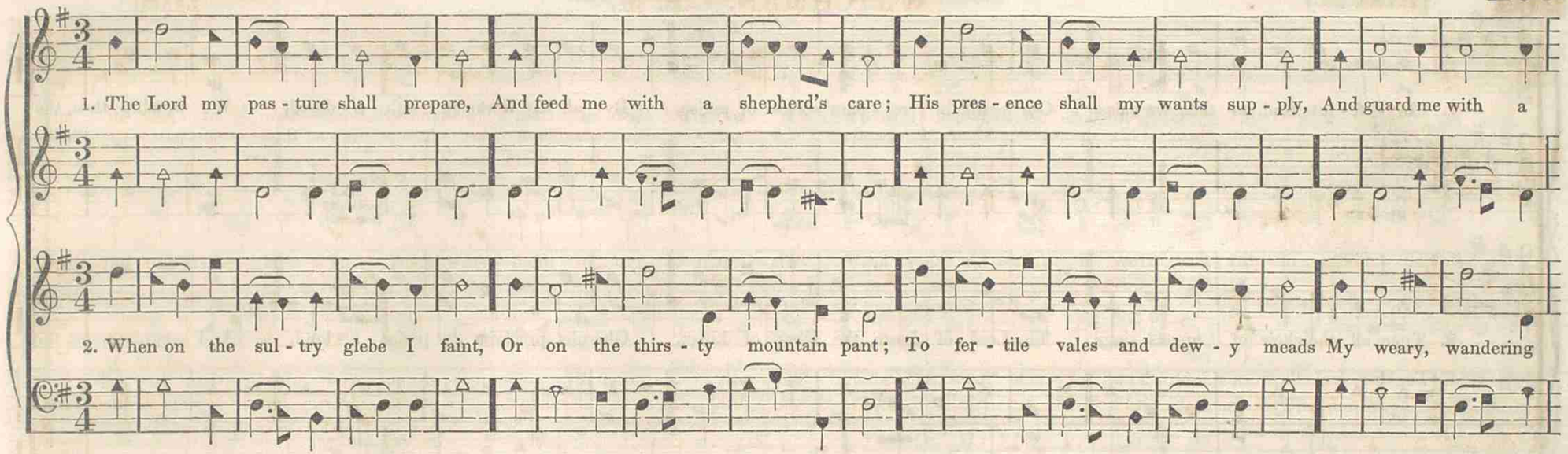
1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call; I can - not live if thou re - move, For thou art All in all.
2. Thy shining grace can cheer This dun - geon where I dwell; 'Tis par - a - dise when thou art here, If thou de - part, 'tis hell.
3. The smilings of thy face, How a - mia - ble they are! 'Tis heav'n to rest in thine em - brace, And no where else but there.
4. To thee, and thee a - lone, The an - gels owe their bliss; They sit a - round thy gra - cious throne, And dwell where Je - sus is.
5. Not all the harps a - bove Can make a heav'n - ly place, If God his res - i - dence re - move, Or but con - ceal his face.

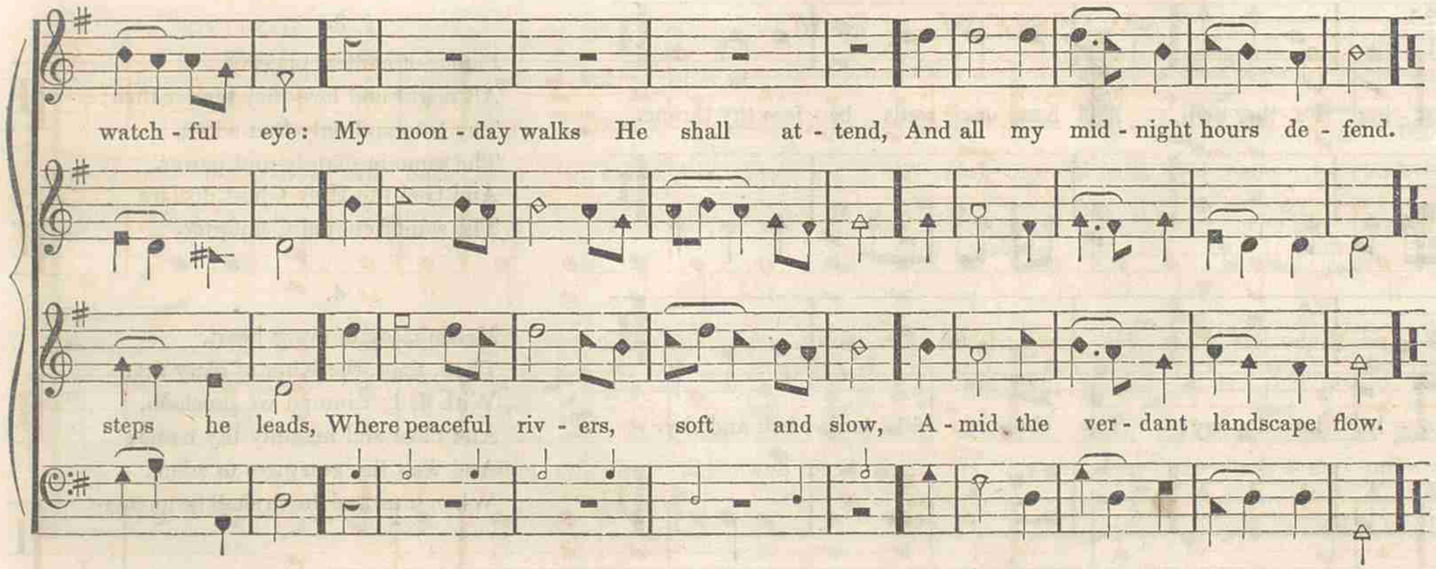
[Hymn 464.]

WINSLOW. S. M.

HASTINGS.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.
2. The God that rules on high, And thun - ders when He please, That rides up - on the stormy sky, And man - a - ges the seas:
3. This aw - ful God is ours, Our Fa - ther and our love; He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs To car - ry us a - bove.





3.
Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly arm shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4.
Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,—
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd;
And streams shall murmur all around.

EATON. L. M. 6 lines.



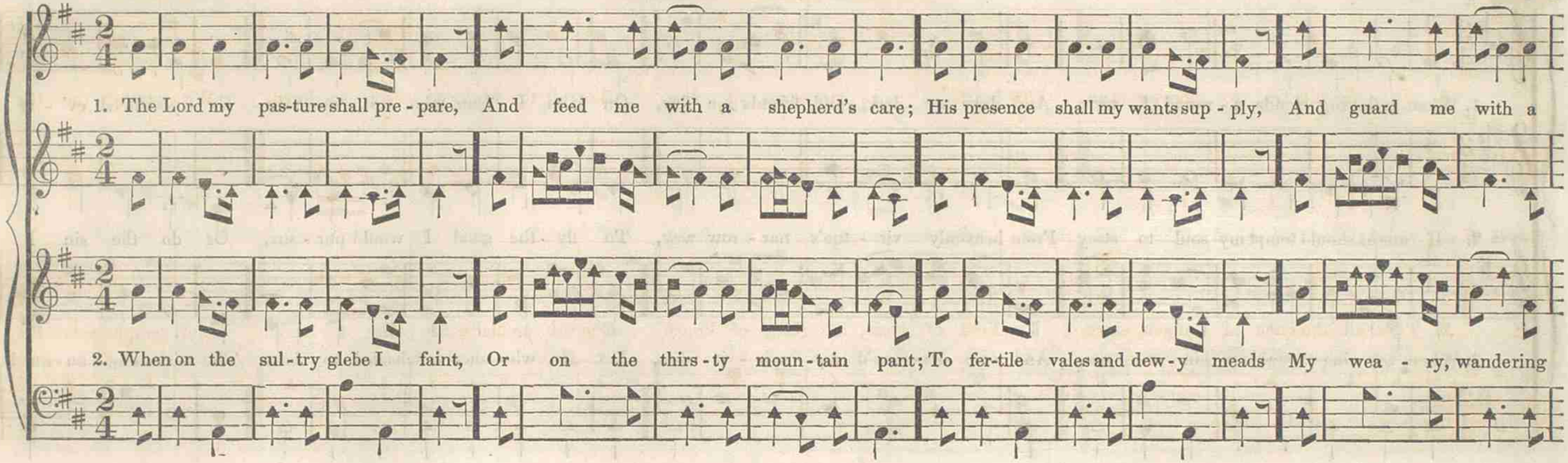


3.

Father of endless majesty,
All might and love they render thee;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power,
And God the Holy Ghost declare
The saints' eternal Comforter.

4.

Messiah, joy of every heart,
Thou, thou, the King of glory art;
With daily triumph we proclaim,
And bless and magnify thy name;
And wait thy greatness to adore,
When time and death shall be no more.



3.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly arm shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,—
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd;
And streams shall murmur all around.

MILTON. L. M. 6 lines, or L. M. Double.*

HAYDN.





4.

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

5.

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

* By repeating the first strain.

1. Let all the earth their voic - es raise, To sing the choic - est psalm of praise, To sing and bless Je - ho - vah's name:

2. The hea - then know thy glo - ry, Lord, The wondering na - tions read thy word; But here Je - ho - vah's name is known,

3. He framed the globe, He built the sky, He made the shin - ing worlds on high, And reigns com - plete in glo - ry there;

4. Come the great day, the glo - rious hour, When earth shall feel his sav - ing power, And barbarous na - tions fear his name;

His glo - ry let the hea - then know, His won - ders to the na - tions show, And all his sav - ing works pro - claim.

Nor shall our wor - ship e'er be paid To gods which mor - tal hands have made; Our Ma - ker is our God a - lone.

His beams are ma - jes - ty and light: His beau - ties how di - vine - ly bright! His tem - ple how di - vine - ly fair!

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

210 [PSALM 19, 5TH PART.] **NASHVILLE. L. P. M.**

ARRANGED FROM A GREGORIAN CHANT,
BY LOWELL MASON.

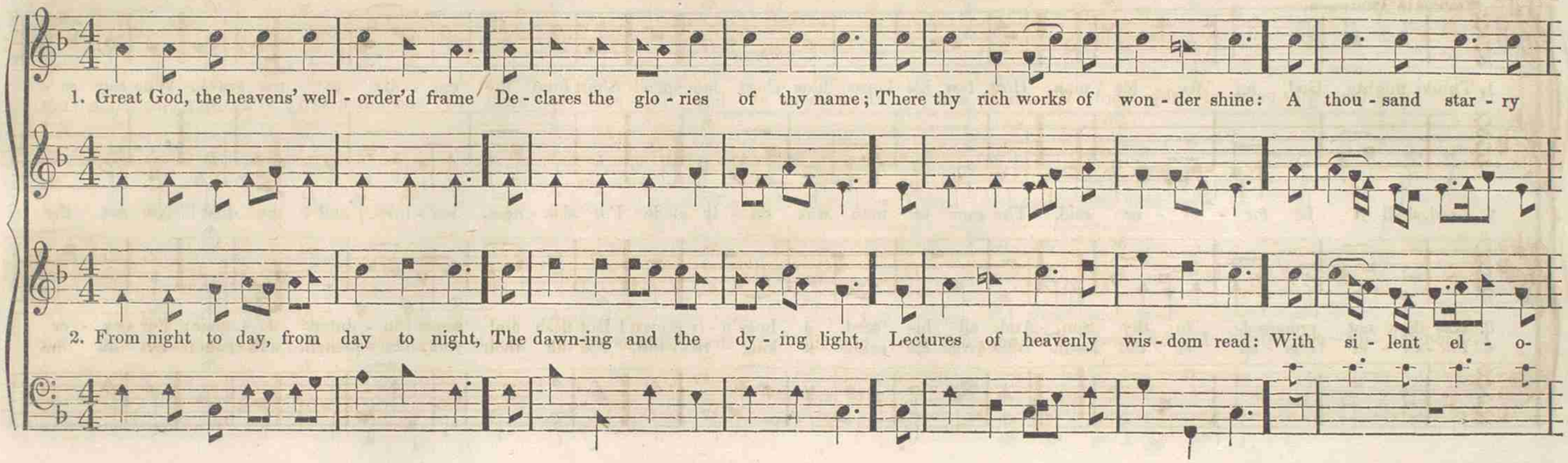


3.

Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

4.

Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.





3.

Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
  And every nation knows their voice;
The sun, like some young bridegroom dress'd,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
  Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4.

Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his Maker, God;
  All nature joins to show thy praise:
Thus God in every creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines;
  But fairer is the book of grace.

212 [Psalm 89, 8th Part.] **NORFOLK. L. P. M.** Arranged from HANDEL.

Moderato Affetuoso.

1. Think, mighty God, on fee - ble man, How few his hours, how short his span! Short from the cra - dle to the grave; Who can se -
2. Lord, shall it be for - ev - er said, "The race of man was on - ly made For sick - ness, sor - row, and the dust?" Are not thy
3. Has thou not promised to thy Son, And all his seed, a heav'n - ly crown? But flesh and sense in - dulge de - spair: For - ev - er
4. For - ev - er bless - ed be the Lord, Who gives his saints a long re - ward, For all their toil, re - proach, and pain; Let all be-

cure his vi - tal breath, Against the bold demands of death, With skill to fly, or power to save? With skill to fly, or power to save?
servants, day by day, Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay? Lord, where's thy kindness to the just? Lord, where's thy kind - ness to the just?
blessed be the Lord, That faith can read his ho - ly word, And find a res - ur - rec - tion there, And find a res - ur - rec - tion there.
low, and all a - bove, Join to proclaim thy wondrous love, And each re - peat their loud A - men, And each re - peat their loud A - men.

1. I'll praise my Ma - ker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers; My days of
3. Hap - py the man, whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's God: He made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train: His truth for
4. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind; The Lord sup - ports the sink - ing mind; He sends the laboring con-science peace: He helps the
5. He loves his saints, He knows them well, But turns the wick - ed down to hell; Thy God, O Zi - on, ev - er reigns: Let ev' - ry

praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.
ev - er stands se - cure; He saves th' oppress'd, He feeds the poor, And none shall find his prom - ise vain, And none shall find his prom - ise vain.
stran-ger in dis - tress, The wi - dow and the fa - ther - less, And grants the prisoner sweet re - lease, And grants the prisoner sweet re - lease.
tongue, let ev' - ry age, In this ex - alt - ed work en - gage; Praise Him in ev - er - last - ing strains, Praise Him in ev - er - last - ing strains.

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

JENNINGS.

Vivace Forte.

1. I'll praise my Ma - ker with my breath; And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers: My days of praise shall
2. Why should I make a man my trust? Prin - ces must die and turn to dust: Vain is the help of flesh and blood; Their breath de - parts, their
3. Hap - py the man whose hopes re - ly On Israel's God: He made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train: His truth for - ev - er
4. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind; The Lord supports the sink - ing mind; He sends the laboring conscience peace; He helps the stranger

ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.
pomp, and power, And thoughts, all van - ish in an hour; Nor can they make their prom - ise good.
stands se - cure; He saves th' oppress'd, He feeds the poor, And none shall find his prom - ise vain.
in dis - tress, The wid - ow and the fa - ther - less, And grants the prisoner sweet re - lease.

5.

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

6.

I'll praise Him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.





3.

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

4.

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

ARIEL. L. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. O! could I speak the matchless worth, O! could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine; I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,

2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin and wrath divine: I'd sing his glorious righteousness,

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

In which all-per-fect, heavenly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.

3.

I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4.

Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will call me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Siciliano.

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

2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin and wrath di - vine: I'd sing his glo - rious

heavenly strings, And vie with Ga - briel, while he sings, In notes al - most di - vine.

right - eous - ness, In which all - per - fect, heavenly dress My soul shall ev - er shine.

3.

I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4.

Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will call me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

GANGES. L. C. M.



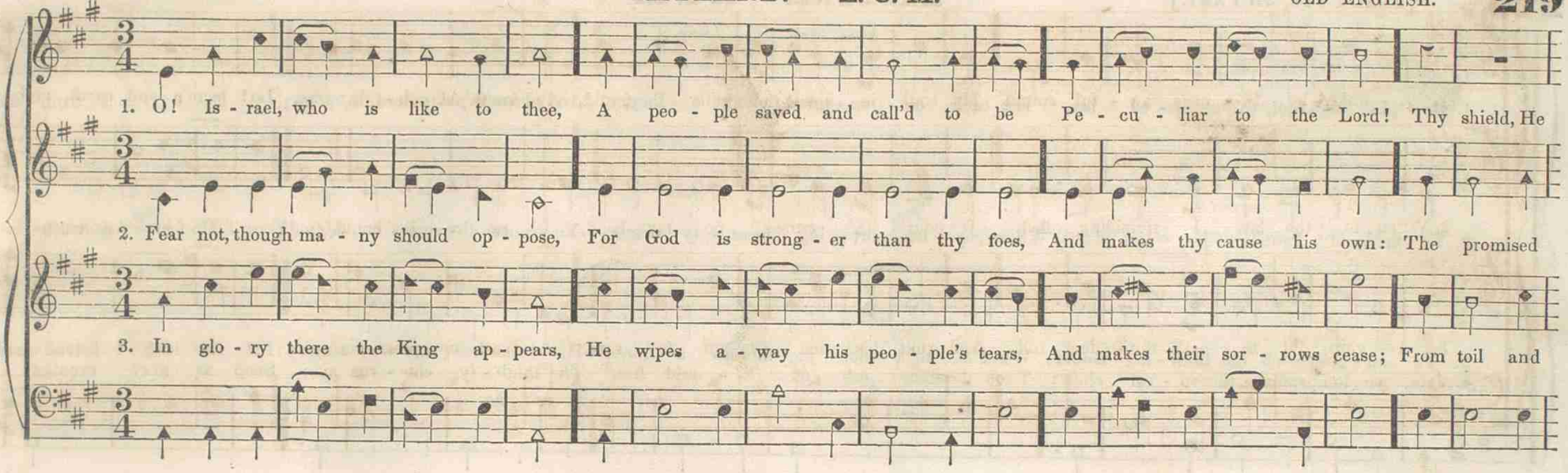


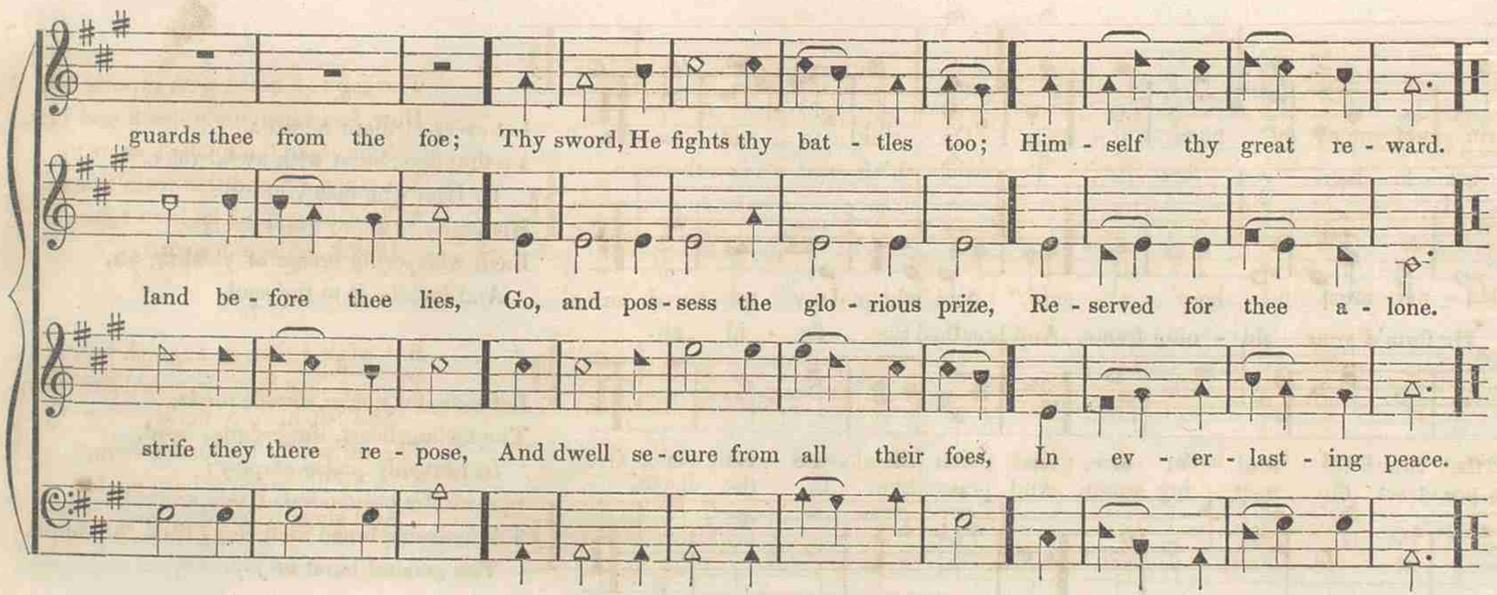
4.

The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

5.

But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour pass'd this way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.





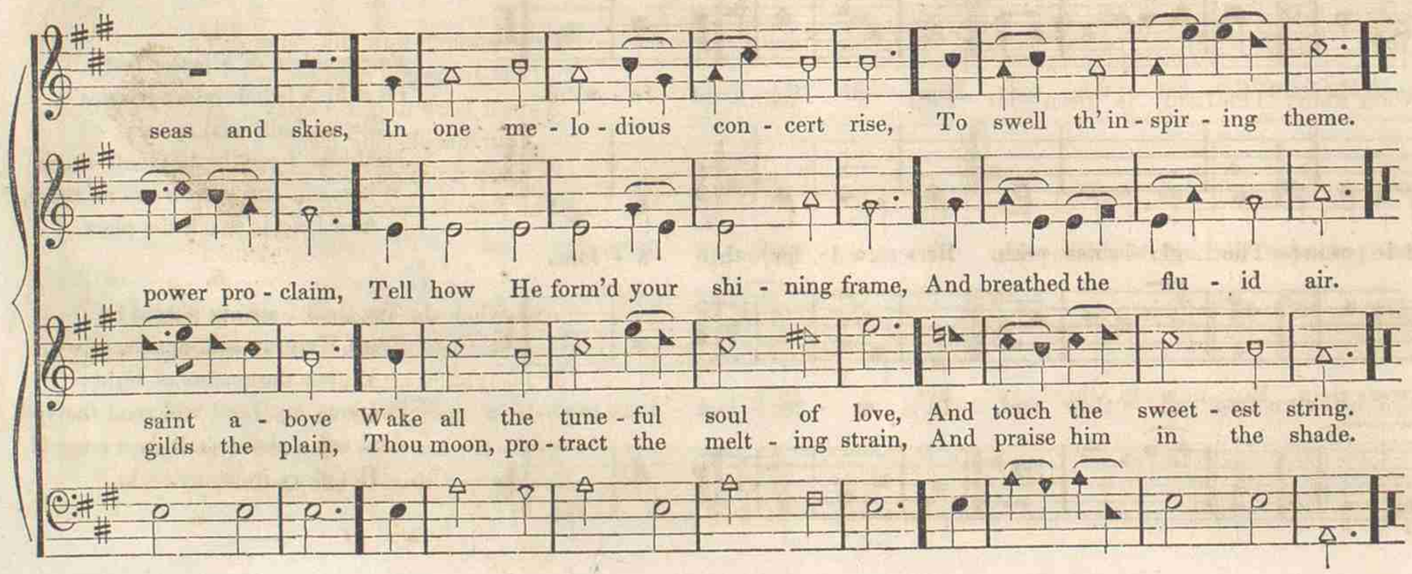
4.
Fair emblem of a better rest,
Of which believers are possess'd,
Beyond material space;
Methinks I see the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more,
And long to reach the place.

5.
Nor shall I always absent be
From Him my soul desires to see,
Within the realms of light;
Ere long my Lord will rend the veil,
And not a cloud shall then conceal
His glory from my sight.

RAPTURE. L. C. M.

HARWOOD.



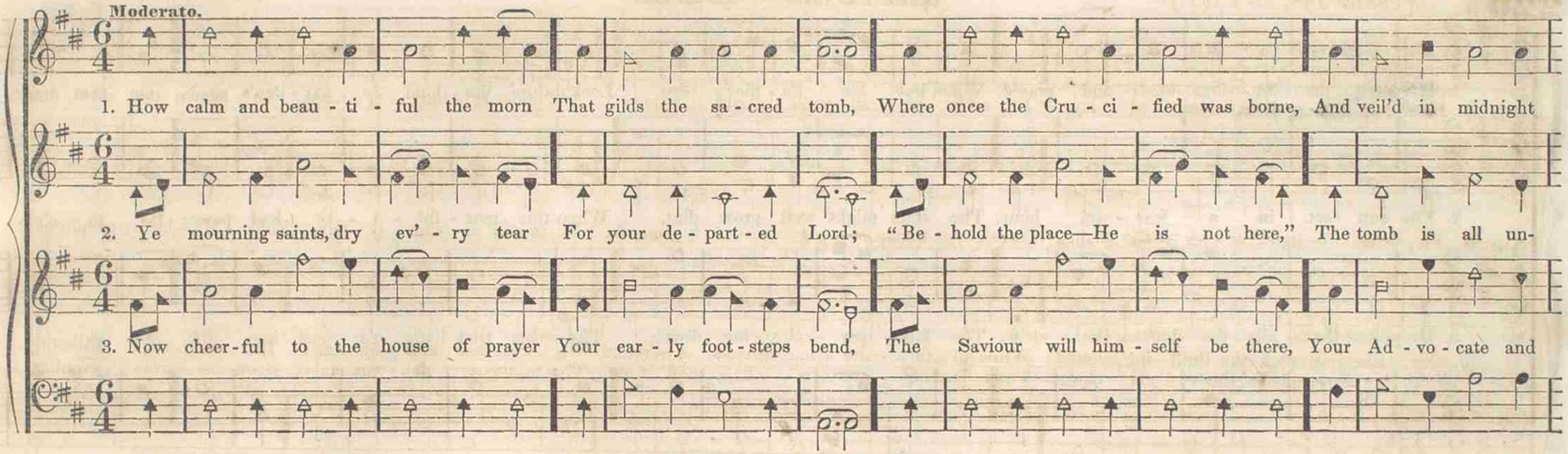


5.

Let every element rejoice:
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice,
To Him who bids you roll:
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

6.

Let man, for nobler service made,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ:
Spread His tremendous name around,
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy.





4.

How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O, weep no more your comforts slain;
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

5.

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

[Hymn 234.]

HUNTERSVILLE. C. L. M.

ENGLISH THEME.



4.

It pass'd not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread;
It pass'd not, though to Him the grave
Had yielded up its dead;
But there was sent Him, from on high,
A gift of strength for man to die.

5.

And was the Sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet,
In the dark, narrow way?
Through Him, through Him, that path who trod;
Save, or we perish, Son of God.

1. How pleased and blest was I To hear the people cry, "Come, let us seek our God to-day!" Yes, with a cheerful zeal We haste to Z-ion's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.

2. Zion, thrice happy place, Adorn'd with wondrous grace, And walls of strength embrace thee round: In thee our tribes appear To pray, and praise, and hear The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

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

4. May peace attend thy gate, And joy within thee wait, To bless the soul of every guest: The man that seeks thy peace, And wishes thine increase, A thousand blessings on him rest!

[PSALM 93, 3D PART.] PETERS. S. P. M. CARMINA SACRA.

Allegro.

1. The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal state maintains, His head with aw - ful glories crown'd; Array'd in robes of light, Begirt with sovereign might, And rays of majesty a - round.

2. Upheld by thy commands, The world securely stands, And skies and stars obey thy word, Thy throne was fix'd on high Ere stars adorn'd the sky: Eter-nal is thy kingdom, Lord.

4. Let floods and nations rage, And all their power engage; Let swelling tides assault the sky; The terrors of thy frown Shall beat their madness down, Thy throne forever stands on high.

WESTERN, or WORSHIP. S. P. M.

ENGLISH TUNE.



4.

May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5.

My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house!
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

GEZER. 10s. 6 lines.

T. B. MASON.

1. Not to our names, thou on - ly just and true, Not to our worthless names is glo - ry due: Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice claim

2. Heaven is thy high - er court: there stands thy throne, And through the low - er worlds thy will is done; Earth is thy work; the heavens thy wisdom spread;

5. Be heaven and earth amazed! 'Tis hard to say Which are more stu - pid, or their gods, or they. O Israel! trust the Lord; He hears and sees;
6. O Zi - on! trust the Lord; Thy foes in vain Attempt thy ru - in, and op - pose his reign; Had they prevail'd, darkness had closed our days,

Im - mor - tal hon - ors to thy sovereign name, Shine through the earth from heaven, thy blest a - bode, Nor let the heathen say, "And where's your God?"

But fools a - dore the gods their hands have made; The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, be - hold Their sil - ver saviours and their saints of gold.

He knows thy sor - rows, and restores thy peace; His wor - ship does a thousand comforts yield; He is thy help, and he thy heavenly shield.
And death and si - lence had for - bid his praise. But we are saved, and live; let songs a - rise, And saints a - dore the God that built the skies.

MONTAGUE, or WELDON. 10s & 11s, or 10s.*

GUIL. FRANCK, of the 16th Century.





* By substituting the small notes for the large ones near the close.

1. Not to our names, thou on - ly just and true, Not to our worthless names is glo - ry due; Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice claim
2. Heaven is thy higher court: there stands thy throne, And thro' the low - er worlds thy will is done; Earth is thy work; the heavens thy wis - dom spread;
5. Be heaven and earth amazed! 'tis hard to say Which are more stu - pid, or their gods or they, O Is - rael! trust the Lord; He hears and sees;
6. O Zi - on! trust the Lord: thy foes in vain At - tempt thy ru - in, and op - pose his reign; Had they prevail'd, darkness had closed our days,

Im - mor - tal hon - ors to thy sovereign name, Shine thro' the earth from heaven, thy blest a - bode, Nor let the heathen say, "And where's your God?"
But fools a - dore the gods their hands have made; The kneeling crowd, with look de - vout, be - hold Their sil - ver saviours and their saints of gold.
He knows thy sorrows and re - stores thy peace; His wor-ship does a thousand com-forts yield; He is thy help, and he thy heavenly shield.
And death and si - lence had for - bid his praise, But we are saved, and live; let songs a - rise, And saints a - dore the God that built the skies.

P

1. The God of glo - ry sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations, and awakes the north; From east to west the sovereign or - ders spread, Thro' distant

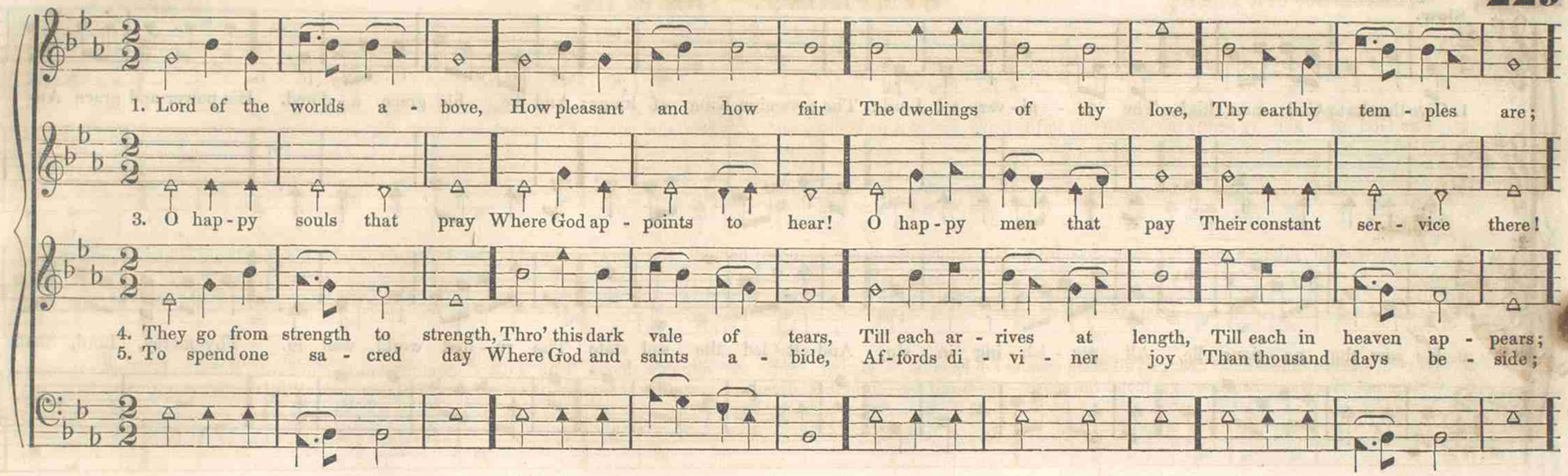
2. No more shall atheists mock his long de - lay; His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the day; Behold the Judge descends; his guards are nigh; Tempest and

3. "Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near; let all things come To hear my justice and the sinner's doom; But gather first my saints (the Judge commands), Bring them, ye
6. "Sinners, a - wake betimes; ye fools, be wise; A - wake be - fore this dreadful morning rise; Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works amend, Fly to the

worlds, and regions of the dead, The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n re - joices, Lift up your heads, ... ye saints, with cheerful voi - ces.

fire at - tend him down the sky. When God ap - pears, all na - ture shall a - dore Him; While sin - ners trem - - - - ble, saints re - joice be - fore Him.

an - gels, from their distant lands." When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion; And shout, ye saints, ... He comes for your sal - va - tion.
Saviour; make the Judge your friend." Then join the saints, wake every cheerful passion: When Christ returns, ... He comes for your sal - va - tion.



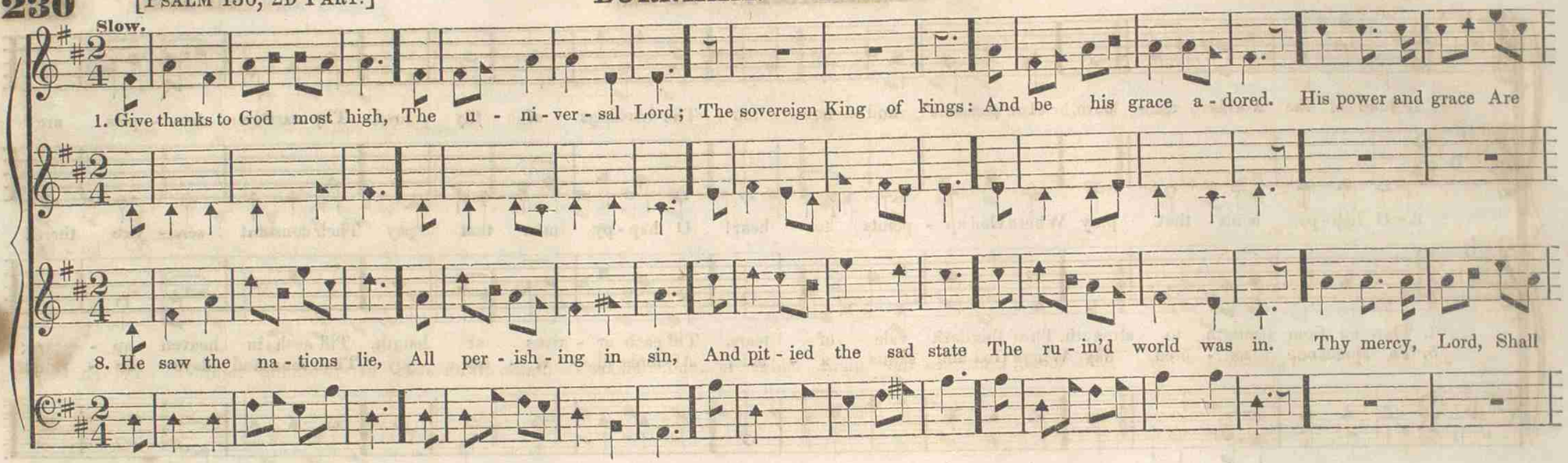


6.
God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd;
We draw our blessings thence;
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race peculiar grace,
And glory too.

7.
The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves;
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy be,
O God of hosts, whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

BURNHAM. H. M.

T. CLARK.





9.
He sent his only Son
To save us from our wo;
From Satan, sin, and death
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

10.
Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King:
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.





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

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

232 [Hymn 1.]

HADDAM. H. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns; His throne is built on high; The garments He as - sumes Are light and ma - jes - ty. His glo - ries shine with
2. The thunders of his hand Keep the wide world in awe; His wrath and jus - tice stand To guard his ho - ly law, And where his love re -
3. Through all his an - cient works, Sur - pris - ing wis - dom shines; Confounds the powers of hell, And breaks their cursed de-signs. Strong is his arm, and
4. And can this might - y King Of glo - ry con - de - scend? And will He write his name My Fa - ther and my Friend? I love his name, I

[Psalm 148, 1st Part.]

LENOX. H. M.

EDSON.

1. Ye tribes of Adam, join With heav'n, and earth, and seas, And of - fer notes di -
1. Ye tribes of Adam, join With heav'n, and earth, and seas, And of - fer notes di -
1. Ye tribes of Adam, join With heav'n, and earth, and seas, And of - fer notes di -

beams so bright, No mor - tal eye can bear the sight.
solves to bless, His truth con - firms and seals the grace.
shall ful - fil His great de - crees, his sovereign will.
love his word; Join all my powers and praise the Lord.

vine, To your Cre - a - tor's praise, Ye ho - ly throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light, Be - gin the song.

vine, To your Cre - a - tor's praise, Ye ho - ly throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light, Be - gin the song.

vine, To your Cre - a - tor's praise, Ye ho - ly throng Of angels bright, Ye ho - ly throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light, Be - gin the song.

vine, To your Cre - a - tor's praise, Ye ho - ly throng Of angels bright, Ye ho - ly throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light, Be - gin the song.

[Psalm 136, 2d Part.]

HARWICH. H. M.

H. and H. Soc. Coll.

1. Give thanks to God most high, The universal Lord; The sovereign King of kings: And be his grace adored. His pow'r and grace Are still the same; And let his name Have endless praise.

8. He saw the nations lie, All perishing in sin, And pitied the sad state The ruin'd world was in. Thy mercy, Lord, Shall still endure, And ever sure Abides thy word.

9. He sent his only Son To save us from our wo; From Satan, sin, and death, And every hurtful foe. His power and grace Are still the same; And let his name Have endless praise.

10. Give thanks aloud to God, To God the heavenly King; And let the spacious earth His works and glories sing. Thy mercy, Lord, Shall still endure, And ever sure Abides thy word.

[Hymn 501.]

NEWBURY. H. M.

MICHAEL HAYDN.

1. In sweet ex - alt - ed strains The King of glo - ry praise; O'er heaven and earth He reigns, Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; He with a nod the
2. To earth He bends his throne, His throne of grace di - vine: Wide is his boun - ty known, And wide his glo - ries shine; Fair Sa - lem, still his
3. Then, King of glo - ry, come, And with thy fa - vor crown This tem - ple as thy dome, This peo - ple as thy own: Be - neath this roof, O
4. Here may thine ears at - tend Our in - ter - ce - ding cries, And grateful praise as - cend, All fra - grant to the skies: Here may thy word me-

world con - trols, Sus - tains or sinks the dis - tant poles.
cho - sen rest, Is with his smiles and pres - ence blest.
deign to show How God can dwell with men be - low.
lo - dious sound, And spread ce - les - tial joys a - round.

[Hymn 581.]

RHINE. H. M.

HASTINGS.

1. O Zi - on, tune thy voice, And lift thy hands on high; Tell
2. He gilds thy mourning face With beams that cannot fade, His
3. In hon - or to his name Re - flect that sa - cred light, And
4. There on his ho - ly hill, A brighter Sun shall rise, And

all the world thy joys, And shout sal - va - tion nigh; Cheer - ful in God, A - rise and shine; While rays di - vine Stream all a - broad.

all resplendent grace He pours around thy head: The na - tions round Thy form shall view, With lus - tre new Di - vine - ly crown'd.

loud that grace pro - claim Which makes thy darkness bright: Pur - sue his praise, Till sovereign love In worlds a - bove Thy glo - ry raise.
with his radiance fill Those fair - er, purer skies: While round his throne, Ten thou - sand stars, In no - bler spheres, His in - fluence own.

[Hymn 240.]

STOW. H. M.

LOWELL MASON.

Moderato.

1. Yes, the Re-deem - er rose, The Saviour left the dead; And o'er our hell - ish foes High raised his conquering head; In wild dismay, the guards around Fall to the ground, and sink away.

2. Lo! the an - gel - ic bands In full as - sem-bly meet, To wait his high commands, And worship at his feet; Joy - ful they come, and wing their way From realms of day to Jesus' tomb.

3. Then back to heaven they fly, The joy - ful news to bear; Hark! as they soar on high, What mu - sic fills the air! Their anthems say "Jesus, who bled, Hath left the dead; He rose to-day."

236 [PSALM 84, 4TH PART.] **THORLEY, or CULLODEN. H. M.** ENGLISH MELODY.

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thy earthly temples are; To thine a - bode My heart as-

5. To spend one sacred day Where God and saints a - bide, Af - fords di - vi - ner joy Than thousand days be - side; Where God resorts, I love it

6. God is our sun and shield, Our light and our defence; With gifts his hands are fill'd; We draw our blessings thence; He shall bestow On Ja - cob's

7. The Lord his peo - ple loves; His hand no good withholds From those his heart approves; From pure and pi - ous souls: Thrice happy he, O God of

pires with warm desires To see my God.

more to keep the door Than shine in courts.

race pe - cu - liar grace, And glo - ry too.

hosts, whose spir - it trusts A - lone in thee.

[HYMN 251.] **TRIUMPH. H. M.** LOCKHART.

1. Re - joice, the Lord is King, Your God and King a - dore; Mortals, give

2. Re - joice, the Sa - viour reigns, The God of truth and love; When He had

3. His king - dom can - not fail, He rules o'er earth and heaven; The keys of

4. He all his foes shall quell, Shall all our sins destroy; And ev' - ry

thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more: Lift up the heart, Lift up the voice, Re - joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice.

purged our stains, He took his seat a - bove: Lift up the heart, Lift up the voice, Re - joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice.

death and hell Are to our Je - sus given: Lift up the heart, Lift up the voice, Re - joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice.
bo - som swell With pure se - raph - ic joy: Lift up the heart, Lift up the voice, Re - joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice.

[Hymn 164.]

VALLUM. H. M.

CARMINA SACRA.

Moderato.

1. Ye sin-sick souls, draw near, And banquet with your King, His royal bounty share, And loud hosannas sing: Here mercy reigns, here peace abounds, Here's blood to heal your dreadful wounds.

3. He's on a throne of grace, And waits to answer prayer; What tho' thy sin and guilt Like crimson doth appear, The blood of Christ divinely flows, A healing balm for all thy woes.

4. O wondrous love and grace! Did Jesus die for me? Were all my numerous debts Discharged on Calvary? Yes, Jesus died; the work is done, He did for all my sins a - tone.

[Hymn 240.]

WARSAW, or BALTIMORE.

T. CLARK.

1. Yes, the Redeemer rose, The Sa - viour left the dead; And o'er our hellish foes High raised his conquering head; In wild dis-may, the guards around Fall
2. Lo! the an - gel-ic bands In full as - sem - bly meet, To wait his high commands, And wor - ship at his feet; Joyful they come, and wing their way From
3. Then back to heaven they fly, The joy - ful news to bear: Hark! as they soar on high, What mu - sic fills the air! Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled, Hath
4. Ye mortals, catch the sound, Re-deem'd by Him from hell: And send the ech-o round The globe on which you dwell; Transported cry, "Jesus, who bled, Hath

[Hymn 251.]

WEYMOUTH. H. M.

R. HARRISON.

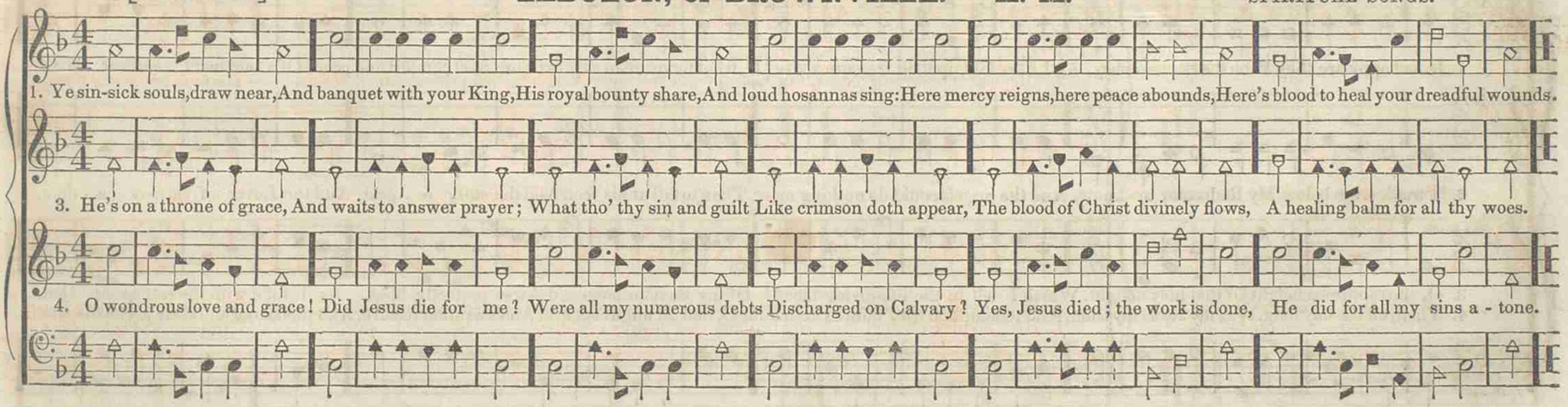
1. Rejoice, the Lord is King, Your God and King adore; Mor-tals, give thanks and sing, And triumph ev-er-more:
2. Rejoice, the Saviour reigns, The God of truth and love: When he had purged our stains, He took his seat a-bove:
3. His kingdom cannot fail, He rules o'er earth and heaven; The keys of death and hell . . . . . Are to our Je-sus given:
4. He all his foes shall quell, Shall all our sins destroy; And ev' - ry bo - som swell . . . . With pure, se-raphic joy:



[Hymn 164.]

ZEBULON, or BROWNVILLE. H. M.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.



[Hymn 316.]

MENDELSSOHN. 6s & 9s.

1. How happy are they Who the Saviour obey, And have laid up their treasure above! O, what tongue can express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its earliest love!

2. 'Twas heaven below My Redeemer to know, And the angels could do nothing more, Than to fall at his feet, And the story re - peat, And the Lover of sinners a - dore.

3. O, the rapturous height Of that holy delight, Which I felt in the life-giving blood! Of my Saviour possess'd, I was perfectly blest, As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

4. Then, all the day long, Was my Jesus my song, And redemption thro' faith in his name; O, that all might believe, And salvation receive, And their song and their joy be the same,

[Hymn 316.]

THE CONVERT. 6s & 9s.

POPULAR MELODY.

1. How happy are they Who the Saviour obey, And have laid up their treasure above! O, what tongue can express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its earliest love!

2. 'Twas heaven below My Redeemer to know, And the angels could do nothing more, Than to fall at his feet, And the story re - peat, And the Lover of sinners a - dore.

3. O, the rapturous height Of that holy delight, Which I felt in the life-giving blood! Of my Saviour possess'd, I was perfectly blest, As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

4. Then, all the day long, Was my Jesus my song, And redemption thro' faith in his name; O, that all might believe, And salvation receive, And their song and their joy be the same.

1. Come, thou al-mighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise. Father all glo - rious, O'er all vic - to - rious, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days.

3. Come, thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword; Our prayer attend. Come, and thy people bless, And give thy word success, Spirit of ho - li-ness, On us descend.

4. Come, Ho-ly Com-forter, Thy sacred witness bear, In this glad hour. Thou, who al - mighty art, Now rule in every heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spi-rit of power.
5. To the great One in Three, The highest praises be, Hence ever-more. His sovereign ma-jesty, May we in glo-ry see, And, to e - ter-ni-ty, Love and a - dore.

[Hymn 18.] **ITALIAN HYMN, or TRINITY.** 6s & 4s. GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou al - mighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise. Father all glo-rious, O'er all vic - to-rious, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days.

3. Come, thou in - car-nate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword; Our prayer attend. Come, and thy people bless, And give thy word success; Spirit of ho - li-ness, On us descend.

4. Come, Holy Com - fort - er, Thy sacred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour. Thou, who al - mighty art, Now rule in ev'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power.
5. To the great One in Three, The highest prais - es be, Hence ev - er - more. His sovereign ma-jesty, May we in glo - ry see, And, to e - ter - ni - ty, Love and adore.

1. Come, thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise. Father, all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days.

3. Come, thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword; Our prayer attend. Come, and thy people bless, And give thy word success; Spirit of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.

4. Come, Holy Comfort-er, Thy sacred witness bear, In this glad hour. Thou, who almigh-ty art, Now rule in every heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power.
5. To the great One in Three, The highest praises be, Hence ev - er - more. His sovereign ma-jes - ty May we in glo-ry see, And, to e - ter - ni - ty, Love and a - dore.

[Hymn 467.] OLIVET. 6s & 4s. SPIRITUAL SONGS.

1. Glory to God on high! Let earth and skies reply, Praise ye his name; His love and grace adore, Who all our sorrows bore: Sing loud, for-ev - er-more, Worthy the Lamb.

2. Jesus our Lord and God, Bore sin's tremendous load, Praise ye his name; Tell what his arm has done, What spoils from death He won: Sing his great name alone, Worthy the Lamb.

3. While they, around the throne, Cheerfully join in one, Praising his name: Those who have felt his blood Sealing their peace with God, Sound his dear fame abroad, Worthy the Lamb.
4. Join, all ye ransom'd race, Our ho - ly Lord to bless; Praise ye his name; In Him we will rejoice, And make a joyful noise, Shouting, with heart and voice, Worthy the Lamb.





3.

When, in their lonely bed,
Loved ones are lying;
When joyful wings are spread,
To heaven flying;
Would we to sin and pain
Call back their souls again,
Weave round their hearts the chain
Sever'd in dying?

4.

No, dearest Jesus, no;
To thee, their Saviour,
Let their free spirits go,
Ransom'd forever:
Heirs of unending joy,
Theirs is the victory;
Thine let the glory be,
Now and forever.

GRAY, or SPANISH HYMN. 5s & 6s.



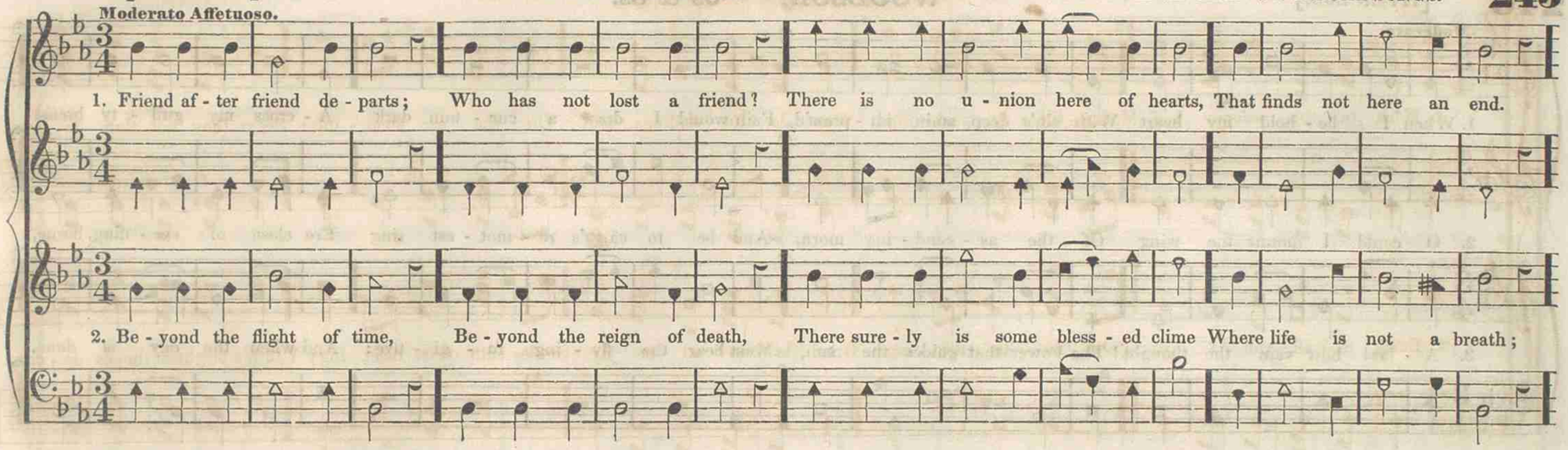


3.

When, in their lonely bed,
Loved ones are lying;
When joyful wings are spread,
To heaven flying;
Would we to sin and pain
Call back their souls again,
Weave round their hearts the chain
Sever'd in dying?

4.

No, dearest Jesus, no;
To thee, their Saviour,
Let their free spirits go,
Ransom'd forever:
Heirs of unending joy,
Theirs is the victory;
Thine let the glory be,
Now and forever.





3.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

WOODSON.* 6s & 8s.



4.

O, whither shall I fly,
Omniscient God, from thee?
Within the deep, impervious folds
Of night's dark canopy?
'Twere vain, I could not 'scape thy sight,
For thou thyself, my God, art light.

5.

Jesus, to thee I fly,
In thine embrace to rest;
O shield me from my Father's frown,
Within thy sheltering breast;
But no! within that hiding-place,
Frowns turn to smiles, and wrath to grace.

* Arranged from a MS. of the late Rev. Dr. W. W. Waddel, of Tallahassee, Florida.

1. Lord, I can - not let thee go, Till a bless - ing thou bestow: Do not turn a - way thy face, Mine's an urgent, press - ing case.

4. Once a sin - ner near de - spair Sought thy mercy - seat by prayer; Mer - cy heard, and set him free; Lord, that mercy came to me.

5. Many days have pass'd since then, Many changes I have seen; Yet have been up - held till now; Who could hold me up but thou?
6. Thou hast help'd in ev' - ry need; This em - boldens me to plead; Af - ter so much mer - cy past, Canst thou let me sink at last?

[Hymn 538.] ESHTEMOA. 7s. T. B. MASON.

1. 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.

2. Feed me, Sa - viour, with this bread, Bro - ken in thy bo - dy's stead; Cheer my Spi - rit with this wine, Streaming like that blood of thine.

3. And as now I eat and drink, Let me tru - ly, sweet - ly think, Thou didst hang up - on the tree, Bro - ken, bleeding, there—for me.

248 [Hymn 245.] **GERMAN HYMN. 7s.** PLEYEL.

1. Lo! the stone is roll'd a - way, Death yields up his mighty prey; Je - sus, ris - ing from the tomb, Scatters all its fear - ful gloom.
2. Praise Him, ye ce - les - tial choirs, Praise and sweep your golden lyres; Praise Him in the noblest songs, From ten thousand thousand tongues.
3. Ev' - ry note with rapture swell, And the Saviour's triumph tell; Where, O death, is now thy sting? Where thy ter - rors, vanquish'd king?
4. Let Im - man - uel be a - dored, Ransom, Me - di - a - tor, Lord! To cre - a - tion's ut - most bound Let th' e - ter - nal praise re - sound.

[Hymn 6.] **HENDON. 7s.** MALAN.

Moderato.

1. Sovereign Ru - ler of the skies, Ev-er gracious, ev - er wise! All my times are in thy hand, All e - vents at thy command, All e - vents at thy command.
4. Times of sickness, times of health; Times of pen - u - ry and wealth; Times of trial and of grief; Times of triumph and re - lief; Times of triumph and re - lief;
5. Times the tempter's power to prove; Times to taste a Saviour's love; All must come, and last, and end, As shall please my heavenly Friend, As shall please my heavenly Friend.
6. Thee at all times will I bless; Having thee, I all pos - sess; How can I be - reaved be, Since I cannot part with thee! Since I cannot part with thee!

[HYMN 474.]

HORTON. 7s.

Gently.

1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow: O, do not our suit disdain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
2. Lord, on thee our souls depend; In com - pas - sion, now descend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace; Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
3. In thine own appoint - ed way, Now we seek thee, here we stay; Lord, we know not how to go, Till a blessing thou be - stow.
4. Send some message from thy word, That may joy and peace af - ford; Let thy Spi - rit now impart Full sal - va - tion to each heart.

[HYMN 117.]

IONIA. 7s.

J. W. BELCHER.

1. Children of the heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing: Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
2. Ye are travelling home to God, In the way the fathers trod; They are hap - py now, and ye Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
3. O, ye mourning souls, be glad; Christ our ad - vo - cate is made; Us to save, our flesh assumes, Brother to our souls becomes.
4. Shout, ye lit - tle flock, and blest, Soon you'll en - ter in - to rest; There your seat is now prepared, There your kingdom and reward.

250 [Hymn 268.] **NORWICH. 7s.** GERMAN.

1. Gracious Spi - rit, Love di - vine, Let thy light with - in me shine; All my guilty fears re - move— Fill me full of heaven and love.
2. Speak thy pardoning grace to me, Set the burden'd sin - ner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God, Wash me in his precious blood.
3. Life and peace to me im - part, Seal sal - va - tion on my heart; Breathe thy - self in - to my breast, Earn - est of im - mor - tal rest.
4. Let me nev - er from thee stray, Keep me in the nar - row way; Fill my soul with joy di - vine, Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er thine.

[Hymn 268.] **OREB. 7s.** Arranged by T. B. MASON.

1. Gra-cious Spi - rit, Love di - vine, Let thy light with - in me shine; All my guilty fears re - move— Fill me full of heaven and love.
2. Speak thy pardoning grace to me, Set the burden'd sin - ner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God, Wash me in his precious blood.
3. Life and peace to me im - part, Seal sal - va - tion on my heart; Breathe thy - self in - to my breast, Earn - est of im - mor - tal rest.
4. Let me nev - er from thee stray, Keep me in the nar - row way: Fill my soul with joy di - vine, Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er thine.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer; He him - self has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay.

2. Thou art com - ing to a King, Large pe - ti - tions with thee bring; For his grace and power are such, None can ev - er ask too much.

3. With my bur - den I be - gin, Lord, re - move this load of sin; Let thy blood, for sin - ners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.

4. Lord, I come to thee for rest, Take pos - ses - sion of my breast; There thy blood-bought right maintain, And with - out a ri - val reign.

[HYMN 143.] WILMOT. 7s. SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Slow. With tenderness and delicacy.*

1. Sin - ner, art thou still se - cure? Wilt thou still re - fuse to pray? Can thy heart or hand en - dure, In the Lord's a - veng - ing day?

3. At his presence na - ture shakes, Earth, af - fright - ed, hastes to flee; Sol - id mountains melt like wax— What will then be - come of thee?

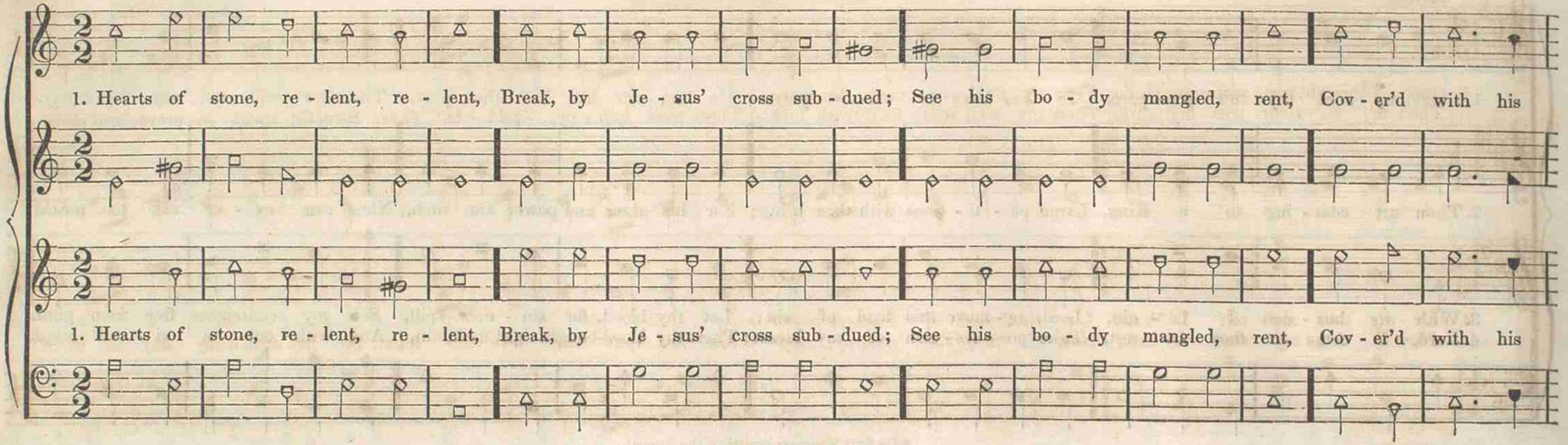
4. Who his com - ing may a - bide? You that glo - ry in your shame, Will you find a place to hide, When the world is wrapp'd in flame?

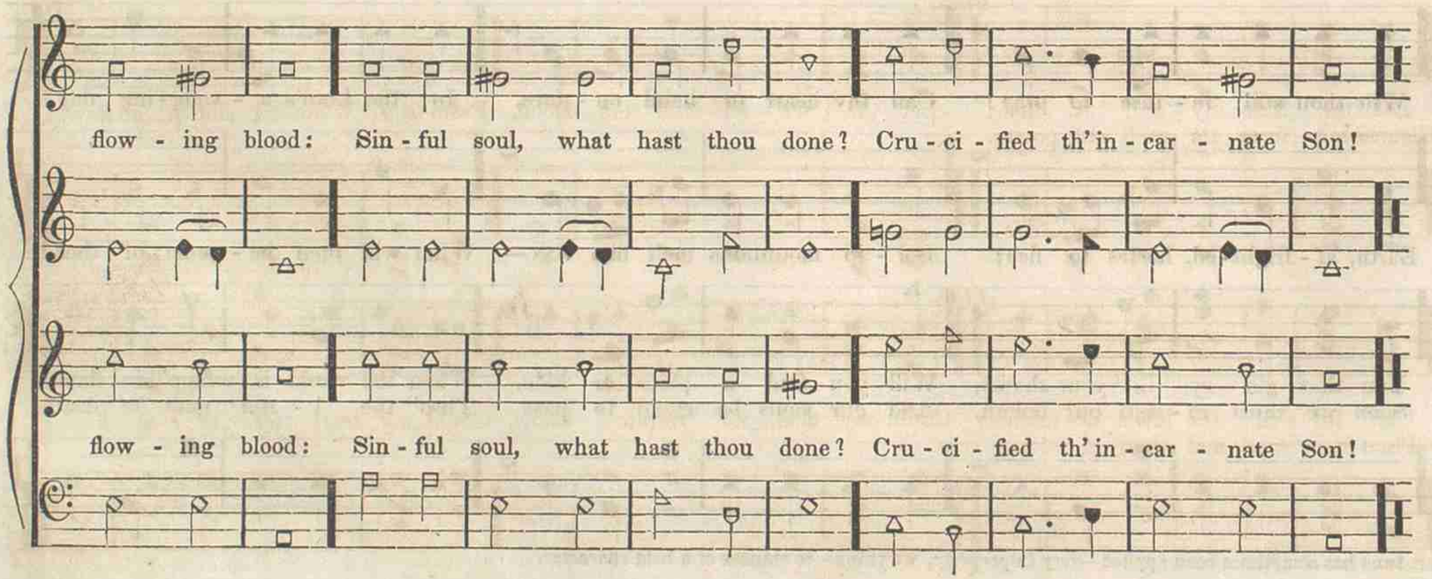
5. Lord, pre - pare us by thy grace; Soon we must re - sign our breath, And our souls be call'd to pass Thro' the i - ron gate of death.

* This tune has sometimes been applied—very improperly, we think—to stanzas of a bold character.

MOUNT CALVARY. 7s. 6 lines.

OLD GERMAN.





2.

Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fix'd Him there;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced Him with a soldier's spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice;
For a sinful world He dies.

3.

Will you let him die in vain,
Still to death pursue the Lord;
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
No, with all my sins I'll part,—
Saviour, take my broken heart.

Vivace.

1. Once I thought my mountain strong, Firm - ly fix'd, no more to move:
Then my Sa - viour was my song, Then my soul was fill'd with love: Those were hap - py, gold - en days, Sweetly spent in prayer and praise

2. Lit - tle then my - self I knew, Lit - tle thought of Sa-tan's power;
Now I feel my sins a - new, Now I feel the stormy hour: Sin has put my joys to flight, Sin has turn'd my day to night.

* Or four lines, by omitting the Repeat.

[Hymn 199.] "Rock of Ages." 7s. 6 lines. HASTINGS.

Fine. D.C.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd,
D. C. Be of sin the double cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Fine. D.C.

2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil the law's de-mands; Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
D. C. All for sin could not a - tone—Thou must save, and thou a - lone.

254 [Hymn 452.] **SABBATH. 7s. 6 lines.** LOWELL MASON.

Larghetto.

1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to - day; Day of
2. While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the dear Re - deemer's name, Show thy rec - on - ci - ling face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our
3. Here we're come thy name to praise; Let us feel thy presence near; May thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap - pear: Here af-
4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Conquer sin - ners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all complaints: Such let

all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.

worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.

Second Ending.

ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast; Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church a - bove; Such let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church a - bove.

Second Ending.





1.

Ye that in his courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Full of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2.

Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bleeding sacrifice,
See in Him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

SULLIVAN. 7s. 6 lines.

C. A. P.



3.

Here we're come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4.

May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Such let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.





1.
Ye that in his courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Full of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2.
Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bleeding sacrifice,
See in Him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

ZADOC. 7s. 6 lines.

HASTINGS.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded

2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil the law's demands; Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for-

side which flow'd, Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

ev - er flow, All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and thou a - lone.

3.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

BENEVENTO.* 7s. Double.

Mod. Leg. Affet.

1. Sin - ners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Ma - ker, asks you why; God who did your be - ing give, Made you with him - self to live,

2. Sin - ners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Sa - viour, asks you why; He who did your soul re - trieve, Died him - self that ye might live,

3. Sin - ners, turn, why will ye die? God, the Spir - it, asks you why; Many a time with you He strove, Woo'd you to em - brace his love;

He the fa - tal cause demands, Asks the work of his own hands; Why, ye thank - less creatures, why Will ye cross his love and die?

Will ye let him die in vain, Cru - ci - fy your Lord a - gain? Why, ye reb - el sin - ners, why Will ye slight his grace and die?

Will ye not his grace re - ceive? Will ye still re - fuse to live? Why will ye for - ev - er die, O, ye guil - ty sin - ners, why?

* The pathetic emphasis should be strongly marked in this tune.

[Hymn 677.]

ELTHAM. 7s. Double.

1. { High in yon-der realms of light, Dwell the raptured saints a - bove;
   { Far be-yond our fee-ble sight, Hap-py in Im-man-uel's love:
   Pil-grims in this vale of tears, Once they knew, like us be - low,

D. C. Gloomy doubts, dis-tress-ing fears, Torturing pain, and hea - vy wo.

Pil-grims in, &c. Once they knew, &c.

2. { Oft the big un-bid-den tear, Steal-ing down the furrow'd cheek,
   { Told in el - o-quence sin-cere, Tales of wo they could not speak.
   But these days of weep-ing o'er, Past this scene of toil and pain,

D. C. They shall feel dis-tress no more, Nev-er, nev-er weep a - gain.

[Hymn 273.]

ENNIUS. 7s. Double.

J. W. BELCHER.

1. { Peo-ple of the liv-ing God, I have sought the world a - round,
   { Paths of sin and sor-row trod, Peace and com-fort no-where found:
   Now to you my spi-rit turns—Turns a fu-gi-tive un-blest;

D. C. Brethren, where your al-tar burns, O re-ceive me in-to rest.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the raging billows roll, While the tempest still is high. Hide me, O my

2. Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee; Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still support and com - fort me; All my trust on

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

Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive, O re - ceive, O re - ceive my soul at last.

thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring; Cover my de - fence - less head With the shadow, With the shadow, With the shadow of thy wing.

is thy name, I am all un-righteousness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full, Thou art full, Thou art full of truth and grace.
foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of thee: Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all, Rise to all, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

[Hymn 273.]

HOMER. 7s. Double.*

GERMAN.



* Or, 7s, 6 lines; 8s & 7s, Double; 8s & 7s, 6 lines; and 8s, 7s & 4s, by omitting the repeat, by the use of the small notes, or the omission of the slur at the end of the line.

[Hymn 105.]

MARTYN. 7s. Double.†

S. B. MARSH.



† For the occasional line of 8s, which occurs in this hymn, omit the crotchet rest, and supply a crotchet, on the same pitch with the previous note.

ONEIDA. 7s. Double.

1. While with ceaseless course the sun Hast - ed through the for - mer year, Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here.

2. As the wing - ed ar - row flies Speed - i - ly the mark to find; As the lightning from the skies Darts and leaves no trace be - hind

3. Thanks for mer - cies past re - ceive, Par - don of our sins re - new; Teach us henceforth how to live, With e - ter - ni - ty in view.

Fix'd in their e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low; We a lit - tle long - er wait, But how lit - tle none can know.

Swift - ly thus our fleet - ing days Bear us down life's ra - pid stream; Upward, Lord, our spir - its raise; All be - low is but a dream.

Bless thy word to young and old, Fill us with a Sa - viour's love; And when life's short tale is told, May we dwell with thee a - bove.

264 [Hymn 570.] **WATCHMAN. 7s. Double.** LOWELL MASON.

Andante. Treble Voice. Tenor Voice.

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

Treble Voice. Tenor Voice.

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

CHORUS to 1st and 2d Stanzas. CHORUS to 3d Stanza.

1. Traveller, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.
2. Traveller, a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth. 3. Traveller, lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come, Lo! the Son of God is come.


1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; Rise, from tran - si - to - ry things, Towards heaven, thy na - tive place:
2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire as - cend - ing seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source:
3. Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn; Press on - ward to the prize; Soon our Sa - viour will re - turn, Tri - umph - ant in the skies.


Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move: Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.
So a soul that's born of God Pants to view his glo - rious face, Upward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his em - brace.
Yet a sea - son, and you know, Hap - py entrance will be given; All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth exchanged for heaven.

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

2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire as - cend - ing seeks the sun: Both speed them to their source.

3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn; Press on - ward to the prize; Soon our Sa - viour will re - turn, Tri - umphant in the skies.

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

So a soul that's born of God, Pants, to view his glo - rious face, Upward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his em - brace.

Yet a sea - son, and you know, Hap - py en - trance will be given; All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth exchanged for heaven.

1. Stop, poor sin - ners, stop and think, Be - fore you fur - ther go; Will you sport up - on the brink Of ev - er - last - ing wo? On the
2. Say, have you an arm like God, That you his will op - pose? Fear ye not that i - ron rod With which He breaks his foes? Can you
3. Ghast - ly death will quickly come, And drag you to his bar; Then to hear your aw - ful doom, Will fill you with de - spair. All your
4. Though your heart were made of steel, Your fore - head lined with brass, God at length will make you feel, He will not let you pass. Sin - ners

verge of ru - in stop, Now the friend-ly warning take; Stay your foot-steps, ere ye drop In - to the burning lake, In - to the burn-ing lake.
stand in that dread day, Which his jus - tice shall pro-claim, When the earth shall melt a - way, Like wax be - fore the flame? Like wax be - fore the flame?
sins will round you crowd; You shall mark their crimson dye; Each for ven-geance cry - ing loud; And what can you re - ply? And what can you re - ply?
then in vain will call, Those who now despise his grace, "Rocks and mountains, on us fall, And hide us from his face, And hide us from his face."

LEXINGTON. 7s & 6s.

WESTERN MELODY.







3.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With 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 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.

ROMAINE. 7s & 6s. Peculiar.

BANISTER.





1. The ro - sy light is dawn - ing Up - on the mountain's brow; It is the Sabbath morning, A - rise and pay thy vow.

2. The landscape, late - ly shrouded By evening's pa - ler ray, Smiles beauteous and un - cloud-ed, Be - fore the eye of day:

3. O see those wa - ters streaming In crys - tal pu - ri - ty; While earth with verdure teeming, Gives rapture to the eye.

Lift up thy voice to heaven In sa - cred praise and prayer, While un - to thee is giv - en The light of life to share.

So let our souls, be - night-ed Too long in fol - ly's shade, By thy kind smiles be light - ed To joys that nev - er fade.

Let riv - ers of sal - va - tion, In lar - ger cur - rents flow, Till ev' - ry tribe and na - tion Their heal - ing vir - tues know.

EUPHRATES. 7s, 6s & 8s.*

T. CLARK.

1. Sa - viour, I thy word be - lieve, My un - be - lief re - move; Now thy quickening Spir - it give, The unc - tion from a - bove:
3. Bless - ed Com - fort - er, come down, And live and move in me; Make my ev' - ry deed thy own, In all things led by thee;
4. Let me in thy love re - joice, Thy shrine, thy pure a - bode; Tell me, by thine in - ward voice, That I'm a child of God:
5. Whom the world can - not re - ceive, O, man - i - fest in me: Son of God, I cease to live, Un - less I live in thee:

Show me, Lord, how good thou art, My soul with all thy ful - ness fill; Send the wit - ness, in my heart The Ho - ly Ghost re - veal.
Bid my ev' - ry lust de - part, And now with me vouch - safe to dwell; Faith - ful Wit - ness, in my heart Thy per - fect love re - veal.
Lord, I choose the bet - ter part, Je - sus, I wait thy peace to feel; Send the wit - ness, in my heart The Ho - ly Ghost re - veal.
Now im - pute thy whole de - sert, Re - store the joy from which I fell; Breathe the wit - ness, in my heart The Ho - ly Ghost re - veal.

* Differing one syllable only from 7s and 6s, and easily arranged to that metre. See also the tune "Mendon," in this respect.

MENDON. 7s, 6s & 8s.

1. Sa-viour, I thy word be-lieve, My un-be-lief re-move; Now thy quickening Spirit give, The unc-tion from a-bove:

2. Dead in sin till then I lie, Be-reft of power to rise; Till thy Spir-it in-ward-ly Thy sa-ving blood ap-plies;

3. Bless-ed Com-fort-er, come down, And live and move in me; Make my ev'-ry deed thy own, In all things led by thee;
4. Let me in thy love re-joice, Thy shrine, thy pure a-bode; Tell me, by thine in-ward voice, That I'm a child of God:

Show me, Lord, how good thou art, My soul with all thy ful-ness fill; Send the wit-ness, in my heart The Ho-ly Ghost re-veal.

Now the mighty gift im-part, My sin e-rase, my par-don seal: Send the wit-ness, in my heart The Ho-ly Ghost re-veal.

Bid my ev'-ry lust de-part, And now with me vouch-safe to dwell; Faithful Wit-ness, in my heart Thy per-fect love re-veal.
Lord, I choose the bet-ter part, Je-sus, I wait thy peace to feel; Send the wit-ness, in my heart The Ho-ly Ghost re-veal.

274 [Hymn 322.]

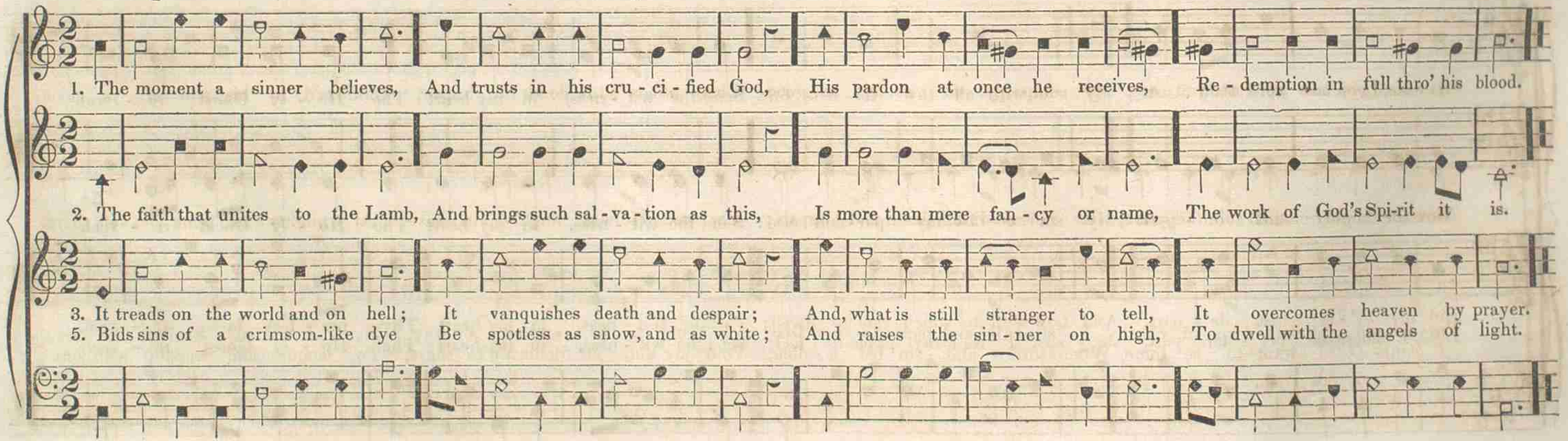
TIMNA. 8s. 4 lines.



[Hymn 322.]

WILTON, or SHARON. 8s. 4 lines.

ENGLISH TUNE.



BIRMINGHAM. 8s. Double.

Arranged from T. Williams's Coll.

1. Ye angels, who stand round the throne, And view my Im - man - u - el's face, In rap - turous songs make Him known; Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.

2. Ye saints, who stand nearer than they, And cast your bright crowns at his feet, His grace and his glo - ry dis - play, And all his rich mercy re - peat:

3. O when will the period ap - pear, When I shall u - nite in your song? I'm wea - ry of lin - ger - ing here, And I to your Saviour be - long.
4. I want to put on my at - tire, Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb; I want to be one of your choir, And tune my sweet harp to his name:

He form'd you the spi - rits you are, So hap - py, so noble, so good; While others sunk down in despair, Confirm'd by his pow - er, ye stood.

He snatch'd you from hell and the grave, He ransom'd from death and despair; For you He was mighty to save, Al - mighty to bring you safe there.

I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay; I struggle and pant to be free; I long to be soaring a - way, My God and my Saviour to see.
I want—O I want to be there, Where sorrow and sin bid a - dieu, Your joy and your friendship to share, To wonder and worship with you.

CONFIDENCE. 8s. Double.

S. B. POND.

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

2. If sometimes I strive, as I mourn, My hold on thy promise to keep: The billows more fiercely re - turn, And plunge me a - gain in the deep:

3. Shine, Lord, and my ter-rors shall cease; The blood of a - tonement ap - ply; And lead me to Je-sus for peace, The rock that is high-er than I.

Dis - hearten'd with waiting so long, I sink at thy feet with my load; All plaintive I pour out my song, And stretch forth my hands un - to God.

O'erwhelm'd and cast out from thy sight, The tempter sug - gests in that hour, The Lord has for - got-ten me quite, My God will be gra-cious no more.

Al - mighty to res-cue thou art; Thy grace is my shield and my tower: O, glad-den my des - o - late heart; Let this be the day of thy power.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s. 4 lines.

1. Je - sus, full of all com-pas - sion, Hear thy hum - ble suppliant's cry; Let me know thy great sal - va - tion: See, I languish, faint, and die.

2. Guil - ty, but with heart re - lent - ing, O - verwhelm'd with helpless grief, Prostrate at thy feet, re - penting, Send, O! send me quick re - lief.

3. Whither should a wretch be fly - ing, But to Him who comfort gives? Whither, from the dread of dy - ing, But to Him who ev - er lives?
4. While I view thee, wounded, grieving, Breathless, on the cursed tree, Fain I'd feel my heart be - liev - ing That thou suffer'dst thus for me.

CARNES. 8s & 7s. 4 lines.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Je - sus, full of all com - pas - sion, Hear thy humble suppliant's cry; Let me know thy great sal - va - tion: See, I languish, faint, and die.

2. Guil - ty, but with heart re - lent - ing, O - verwhelm'd with help - less grief, Prostrate at thy feet re - pent - ing, Send, O! send me quick re - lief.

6. Saved!—the deed shall spread new glo - ry Thro' the shi - ning realms a - bove; An - gels sing the pleas - ing sto - ry, All en - raptured with thy love.

[HYMN 626.]

"CHRISTIAN DYING." 8s & 7s. 4 lines.

GERMAN TUNE.

1. Why la - ment the Christian dy - ing? Why indulge in tears or gloom? Calmly on the Lord re - ly - ing, He can greet the ope - ning tomb.
2. What if death, with i - cy fin - gers, All the fount of life con - geals? 'Tis not there thy bro - ther lin - gers, 'Tis not death his spir - it feels.
3. Tho' for him thy soul is mourning, Tho' with grief thy heart is riven, While his flesh to dust is turn - ing, All his soul is fill'd with heaven.
4. Scenes se - raph - ic, high and glorious, Now for - bid his long - er stay; See him rise o'er death vic - to - rious, Angels beck - on him a - way.

[HYMN 353.]

DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s. 4 lines.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Andante semplice.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend, Life, and health, and peace pos - sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.
3. Tru - ly bless - ed is this sta - tion, Low be - fore his cross to lie; While I see di - vine com - pas - sion Floating in his lan - guid eye.
4. Here it is I find my hea - ven, While up - on the cross I gaze; Love I much? I'm much for - giv - en: I'm a mir - a - cle of grace.
5. Love and grief my heart di - vi - ding, With my tears his feet I bathe; Constant still in faith a - bi - ding, Life de - ri - ving from his death.

MARWELL. 8s & 7s. 4 lines.

EDWARD HOWE, Jr.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voices, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies! Lo! th' an - gel - ic host re - joi - ces, Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.

2. Lis - ten to the wondrous story, Which they chant in hymns of joy; Glory in the highest, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God on high!

3. Peace on earth, good will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found; Souls redeem'd, and sins for - giv - en, Loud our gold-en harps shall sound.

4. Christ is born, the great A - nointed, Heaven and earth his praises sing; O! receive, whom God ap - pointed, For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

[Hymn 626.]

SALISBURY. 8s & 7s. 4 lines.

SYLVANUS B. POND.

Slow.

1. Why lament the Christian dying? Why indulge in tears or gloom? Calmly on the Lord re - ly - ing, He can greet the opening tomb.

2. What if death, with i - cy fin - gers, All the fount of life congeals? 'Tis not there thy brother lingers, 'Tis not death his spi - rit feels.

3. Though for him thy soul is mourning, Though with grief thy heart is riven, While his flesh to dust is turn - ing, All his soul is fill'd with heaven.

4. Scenes seraph - ic, high, and glorious, Now forbid his long - er stay; See him rise o'er death vic - to - rious, An - gels beck-on him a - way.

280 [Hymn 548.] **PEREZ. 8s & 7s. Single. With "Hallelujah."**

Arranged from the German, By LOWELL MASON.

Allegro.

1. Zion's King shall reign vic - to - rious, All the earth shall own his sway; He will make his kingdom glo-rious, He shall
He will make his kingdom glo - rious, He shall reign thro' endless
1. Zion's King shall reign vic - to - rious, All the earth shall own his sway; He will make his kingdom glorious, He shall
reign thro' end-less day. A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men.
day. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men.
reign thro' end-less day. A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men.

3.

See the ancient idols falling,
Worshipp'd once, but now abhorr'd;
Men on Zion's King are calling,
Zion's King, by all adored.
Hallelujah, Amen.

6.

Mighty King, thine arm revealing,
Now thy glorious cause maintain;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to thy reign.
Hallelujah, Amen.

7.

Angels, in their lofty station,
Praise thy name, thou only wise·
O, let earth, with emulation,
Join the triumph of the skies.
Hallelujah, Amen.

1. Lord of ev' - ry land and na - tion, Ancient of e - ter - nal days, Sounded thro' the wide cre - a - tion Be thy just and aw - ful praise.

2. For the grandeur of thy na - ture, Grand beyond a seraph's thought; For cre - a - ted works of power, Works with skill and kindness wrought;

3. For thy prov - i - dence, that governs Thro' thine empire's wide do-main; Wings an an - gel, guides a sparrow; Bless - ed be thy gen - tle reign.
4. But thy rich, thy free re - demp - tion, Dark thro' brightness all along; Thought is poor, and poor ex - pres - sion; Who can sing that aw - ful song?

* Double, by repeating each strain; or 6 lines, by repeating the first strain. These several methods are much in use with respect to this tune.

[Hymn 189.] **BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. Double.** POPULAR MELODY.

Slow. Fine. D.C.

1. Come, thou long ex-pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set thy people free,
From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in thee:
D. C. Dear De - sire of ev' - ry na - tion, Joy of ev' - ry longing heart.

Israel's Strength and Con - so - la - tion, Hope of all the saints Thou art;

Fine. D.C.

[Hymn 286.]

DRESDEN. 8s & 7s. Double.

OLD CATHEDRAL MELODY.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low thee;
Na - ked, poor, despised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my All shalt be;
Let the world neglect and leave me: They have left my Saviour too.

2. Perish, earthly fame and treasure, Come, dis - as - ter, scorn, and pain;
In thy service, pain is pleasure; With thy fa - vor, loss is gain;
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy bleed - ing love I see.

[Hymn 444.]

ERITH, or MADRID. 8s & 7s. Double.

Arranged by V. C. Taylor.

Human hopes have oft deceived me; Thou art faith - ful, thou art true.

O, 'tis not in joy to charm me, When that love is hid from me.

1. Sa - viour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re -
Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, (*Omit* - -
D. C. An - gel - guards from thee sur - round us, We are

ERITH, or MADRID. Concluded.

Fine. D.C.

- pose our spi - rits seal:
- - - - - - - - - - - -) Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
safe if thou art nigh, We are safe if thou art nigh.

Though de - struc-tion walk a - round us, Though the ar - row near us fly,

Fine. D.C.

[Hymn 375.]

GOOD SHEPHERD, or FOUNT. 8s & 7s. Double.

Fine. D.C.

1. Come, thou fount of ev' - ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
D. C. Praise the mount—O, fix me on it, Mount of God's unchanging love.

Teach me some me - lo - dious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;

Fine. D.C.

3. O, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fet - ter, Bind my wandering heart to thee.
D. C. Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, Seal it from thy courts a - bove.

Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love;

284 [Hymn 405.] **GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. Double.*** ROUSSEAU.

1. { Gent-ly, Lord, O! gent-ly lead us, Thro' this lone-ly vale of tears;
   { Thro' the changes thou'st de-creed us, Till our last great change ap-pears. } When temp-ta-tion's darts as-sail us, When in devious paths we stray,

2. { In the hour of pain and an-guish, In the hour when death draws near,
   { Suf-fer not our hearts to lan-guish, Suf-fer not our souls to fear. } And when mor-tal life is end-ed, Bid us in thine arms to rest,

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

Till, by an-gel bands at-tend-ed, We a-wake a-mong the blest.

* Or 8s, 7s & 4s, by omitting the Repeat.

[Hymn 494.] **HARWELL. 8s & 7s. Double.**

Animated. LOWELL MASON.

1. { Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, ci-ty of our God;
   { He whose word cannot be broken, Form'd thee for his own a-bode; }

2. { See the streams of liv-ing waters, Springing from e-ter-nal love,
   { Well sup-ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re-move. }

1. On the Rock of a - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - va - tion's walls surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

On the Rock, &c. What can shake, &c.

2. Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t' assuage; Grace, which like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age!

[Hymn 444.]

MIDDLETOWN. 8s & 7s. Double.

Fine. D. C.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re - pose our spi - rits seal:
   Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
   D. C. An - gel-guards from thee surround us, We are safe if thou art nigh.

Though destruc - tion walk a - round us, Though the ar - row near us fly,

Fine. D. C.

2. Tho' the night be dark and drea - ry, Darkness can - not hide from thee;
   Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watchest where thy people be.
   D. C. May the morn in heaven a - wake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch be - come our tomb,

286 [Hymn 353.] **ROBINSON. 8s & 7s. Double.** HASTINGS.



[Hymn 352.] **OTTO. 8s & 7s. Double.** H. B. O. Car. Sacra.



Moderato Pia.

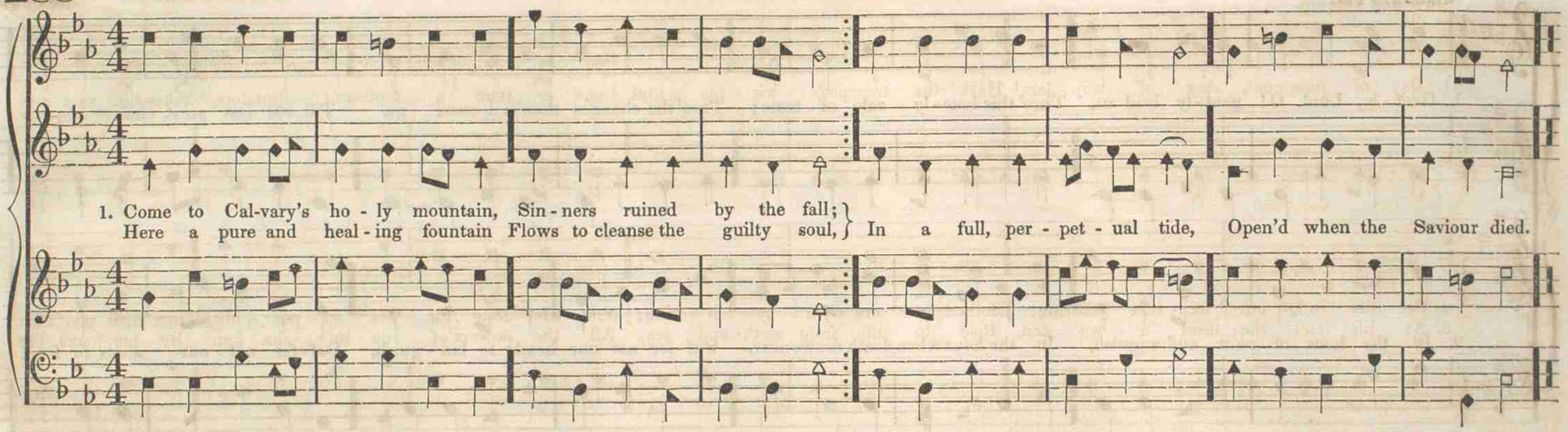
1. Gent-ly, Lord, O! gent-ly lead us, Thro' this lone-ly vale of tears; Thro' the changes thou'st decreed us, Till our last great change ap-pears.

2. In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near, Suf-fer not our hearts to lan-guish, Suf-fer not our souls to fear;

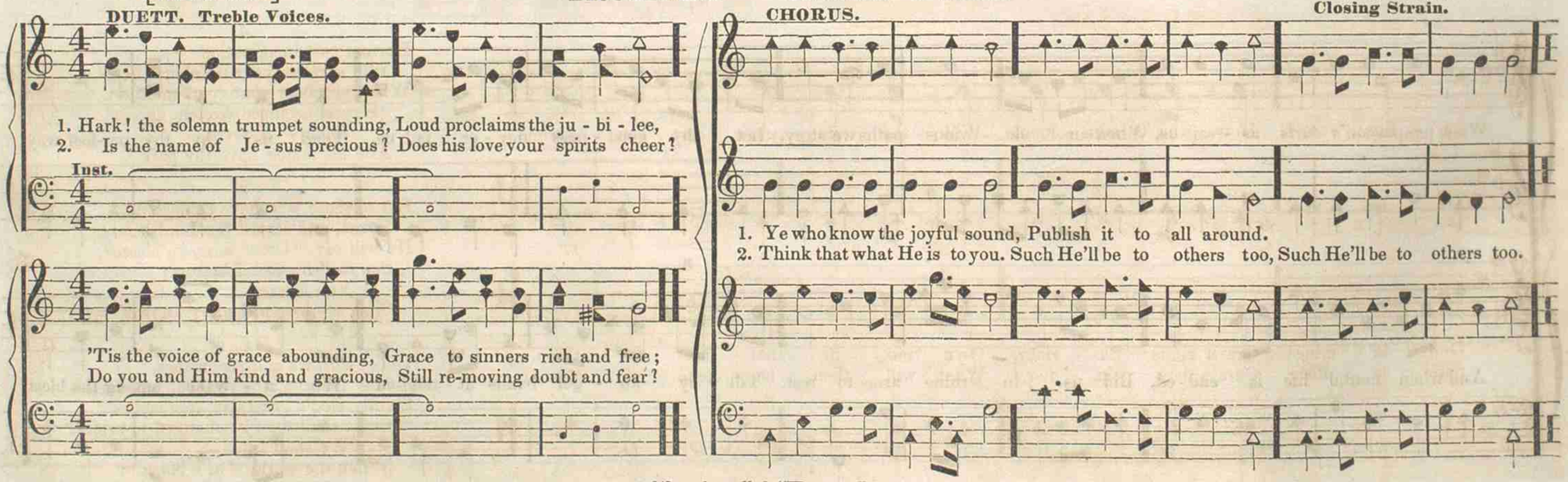
When temptation's darts as-sail us, When in de-vious paths we stray, Let thy good-ness nev-er fail us, Lead us in thy per-fect way.

And when mortal life is end-ed, Bid us in thine arms to rest, Till by an-gel bands at-tend-ed We a-wake among the blest.

288 [Hymn 162.] **STUTTGARD. 8s & 7s. 6 lines.** GERMAN TUNE.



[Hymn 567.] **TRUMPET.*** **8s & 7s. 6 lines.** HASTINGS.



* Otherwise called "What is Life."





4.
Horrors past imagination
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
Thou with Satan
And his angels have thy part."

5.
But to those who have confessed,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow;
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

6.
Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought your courage raise—
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be changed to praise:
We shall triumph,
When the world is in a blaze.

[Hymn 101.]

CALVARY. 8s, 7s & 4s.

STANLEY.

Tenderly.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry; See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky.
2. It is finish'd—O! what plea-sure Do these pre-cious words af - ford! Heavenly bless - ings with-out measure Flow to us from Christ the Lord!
3. Finish'd—all the types and shadows Of the cer - e - mo - nial law; Finish'd— all that God had promised; Death and hell no more shall awe;
4. Tune your harps a - new, ye seraphs, Join to sing the pleasing theme; All on earth, and all in heaven, Join to praise Im - manuel's name:

[Hymn 556.]

DELIVERANCE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

KINGSLEY'S "Harp of David."

"It is fin-ish'd!" "It is fin-ish'd!" Hear the dy - ing Sa-viour cry.
It is fin - ish'd! It is fin - ish'd! Saints, the dy - ing words re - cord.
It is fin - ish'd! It is fin - ish'd! Saints from hence your comfort draw.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb.

1. O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Look, my soul, be still, and gaze;
2. Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness, Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
3. Fly a - broad, thou mighty gospel; Win and conquer, never cease;

All the pro - mi-ses do tra - vail With a glorious day of grace; Blessed Jubilee, Let thy glorious morning dawn, Blessed Jubilee, Let thy glorious morning dawn.

And, from eastern coast to western, May the morning chase the night; And redemption, Freely purchased, win the day, And re - demption, Freely purchased, win the day.

May thy lasting, wide dominions Mul - ti - ply, and still increase! Sway thy sceptre, Saviour, all the world a - round, Sway thy sceptre, Saviour, all the world a - round.

[Hymn 654.]

HELMSLEY. 8s, 7s & 4s.

English tune, of Scotch derivation.

Maestoso.

1. { Lo! He comes, with clouds de - scending, Once for favor'd sinners slain;
   { Thousand thousand saints at - tending, Swell the triumph of his train: } Hal - le - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lujah! Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2. { Ev'-ry eye shall now be - hold Him, Robed in dreadful maj - es - ty;
   { Those who set at naught, and sold Him, Pierced and nail'd Him to the tree, } Deep - ly wailing, Deep - ly wailing, Deep - ly wailing, Shall the true Messiah see.

T

FARLAND. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

HASTINGS.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mercy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry; See, it rends the rocks a-sunder, Shakes the earth and veils the sky.

2. It is finish'd—O, what pleasure Do these precious words af-ford! Heavenly blessings without measure, Flow to us from Christ the Lord:

3. Finish'd—all the types and shadows Of the cer-e-mo-nial law; Finish'd—all that God had promised: Death and hell no more shall awe:

4. Tune your harps a-new, ye seraphs, Join to sing the pleasing theme: All on earth, and all in heaven, Join, to praise Im-manuel's name:

[Hymn 556.]

HERALD. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

S. B. POND.

Express.

"It is finish'd! It is finish'd!" Hear the dy-ing Saviour cry.

It is finished! It is finished! Saints, the dy-ing words re-cord.

It is finish'd! It is finish'd! Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry to the bleeding Lamb!

1. O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Look, my soul, be still, and gaze;

2. Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness, Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;

3. Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel; Win and conquer, nev-er cease;

All the prom - i - ses do tra - vail With a glo - rious day of grace; Bless - ed Ju - bilee, Bless - ed Ju - bilee, Let thy glo - rious morning dawn.

And, from eastern coast to western, May the morning chase the night; And re - demption, And re - demption, Free - ly purchased, win the day.

May thy lasting, wide do - minions Mul - ti - ply, and still increase! Sway thy sceptre, Sway thy sceptre, Sa - viour, all the world a - round.

[Hymn 575.]

KERSHAW.* 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Sa - viour, vis - it thy plan - ta - tion, Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
   All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un - less thou re - turn a - gain. } Lord, re - vive us; Lord, re - vive us; All our help must come from thee.

2. Keep no longer at a distance, Shine up - on us from on high,
   Lest, for want of thine as - sist - ance, Ev' - ry plant should droop and die; } Lord, re - vive us; Lord, re - vive us; All our help must come from thee.

* This melody greatly varies in the different publications. We select the most available copy.

294 [Hymn 142.] **LITTLETON. 8s, 7s, & 4s.** ENGLISH TUNE.

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

2. Hear the heralds of the gospel, News from Sion's King proclaim To each rebel sinner, "Pardon, Free forgiveness in his name:" How important! How important! How important!

3. Tempted souls, they bring you succor, Fearful hearts, they quell your fears: And with news of consolation Chase away the falling tears; Tender heralds, Tender heralds, Tender heralds,

[Hymn 220.] **OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s, & 4s.** German. Arranged by L. MASON.

Ev'-ry line is full of love.

Free for-give-ness in his name.

Chase a-way the fall-ing tears.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty,

2. O-pen now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow; Let the fiery, cloudy pil-lar,

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears sub-side: Death of death, and hell's destruction,

Hold me with thy powerful hand: Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

Lead me all my jour-ney through: Strong Deliverer, Strong De-liverer, Be thou still my strength and shield, Be thou still my strength and shield.

Land me safe on Canaan's side; Songs of praises, Songs of praises I will ev-er give to thee, I will ev-er give to thee.

[Hymn 556.]

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

HASTINGS.

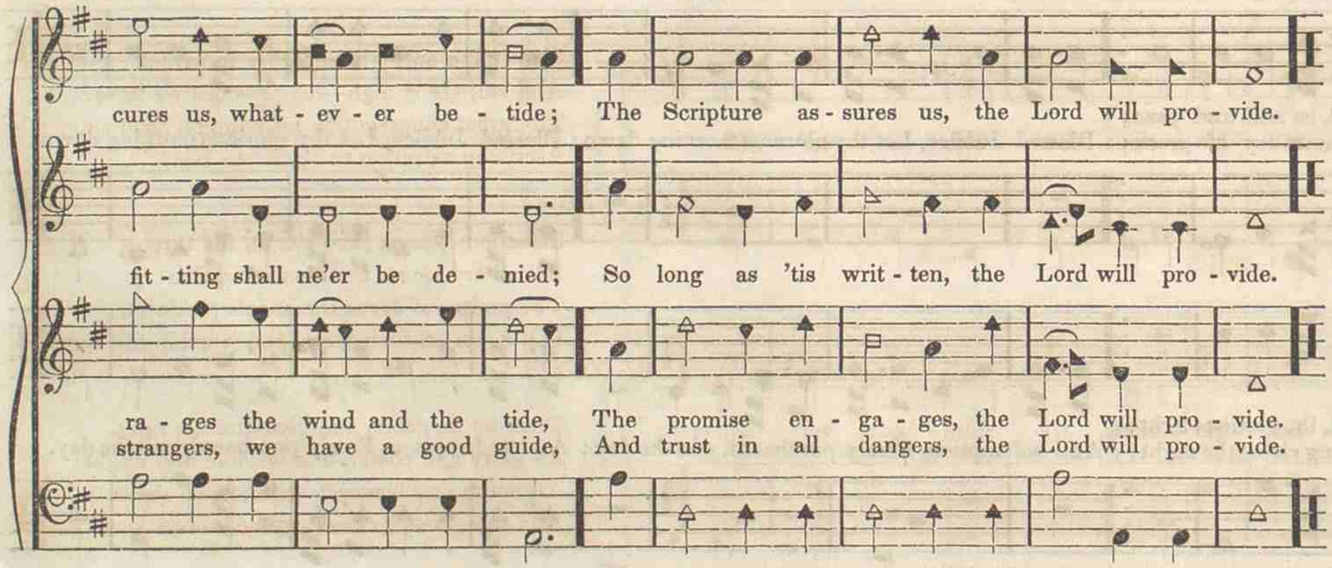
1. { O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Look, my soul, be still, and gaze; }
{ All the promi-ses do travail With a glorious day of grace; } Blessed Jubilee, Let thy glorious morning dawn; Blessed Jubilee, Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2. { Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness, Grant them, Lord, the glorious light; }
{ And, from eastern coast to western, May the morning chase the night; } And redemption, Freely purchased, win the day; And redemption, Freely purchased, win the day.

DEVONSHIRE. 10s & 11s.*

S. NORTON.





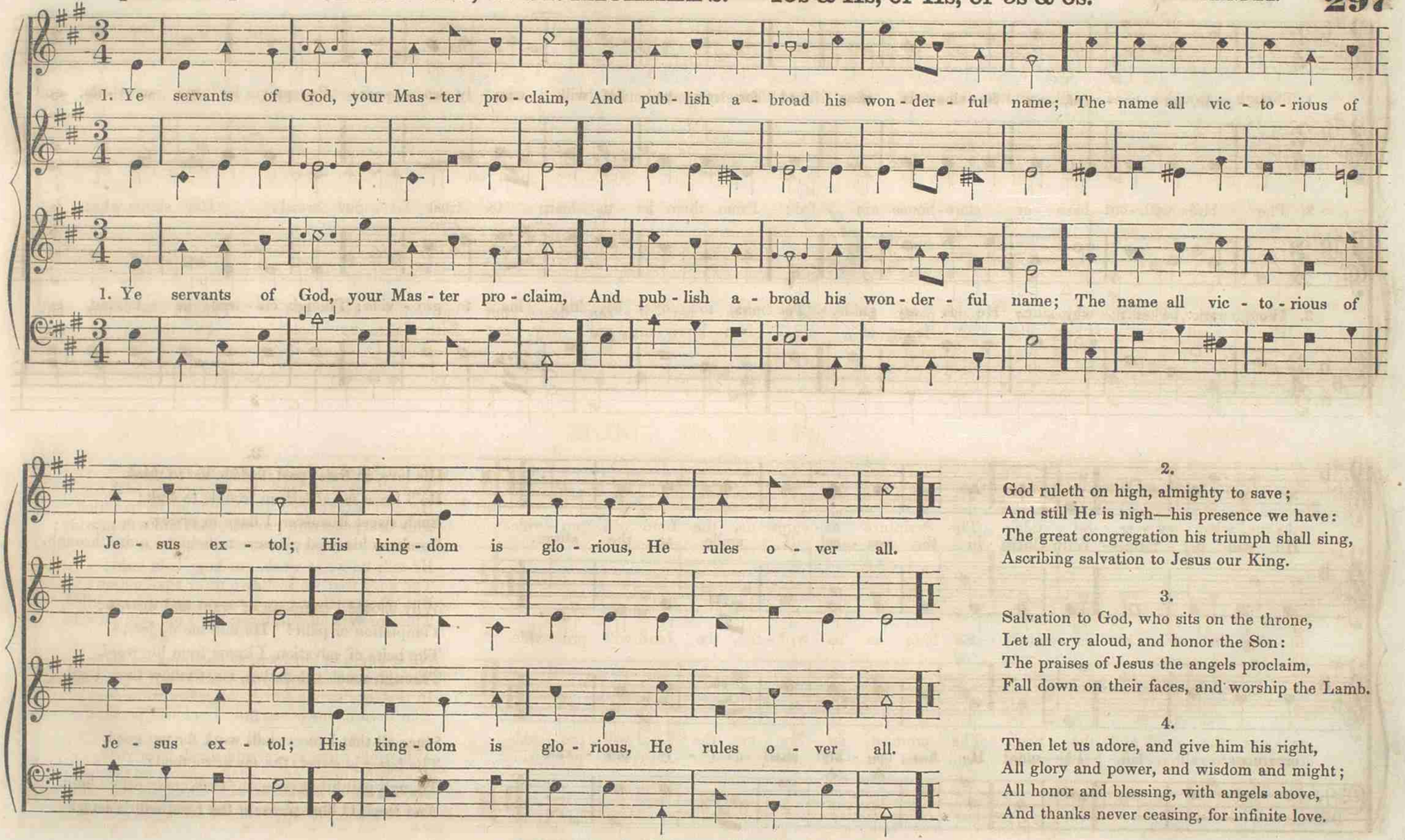
5.
When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith:
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide;

6.
He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our spirits have plied,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7.
No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

8.
When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us through:
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide!

* Or 11s; or 5s & 6s. These metres require only the division of an occasional note, or the application of a slur; things easily done.



2.

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

3.

Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honor 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 honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

LYONS. 11s, or 5s & 6s.*

HAYDN.

* The same as 10s and 11s, in which the lines are doubled.

3.

His love, in times past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last, in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer, I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

4.

Why should I complain of want and distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less,
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation, must follow their Lord.

5.

Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!



3.

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

4.

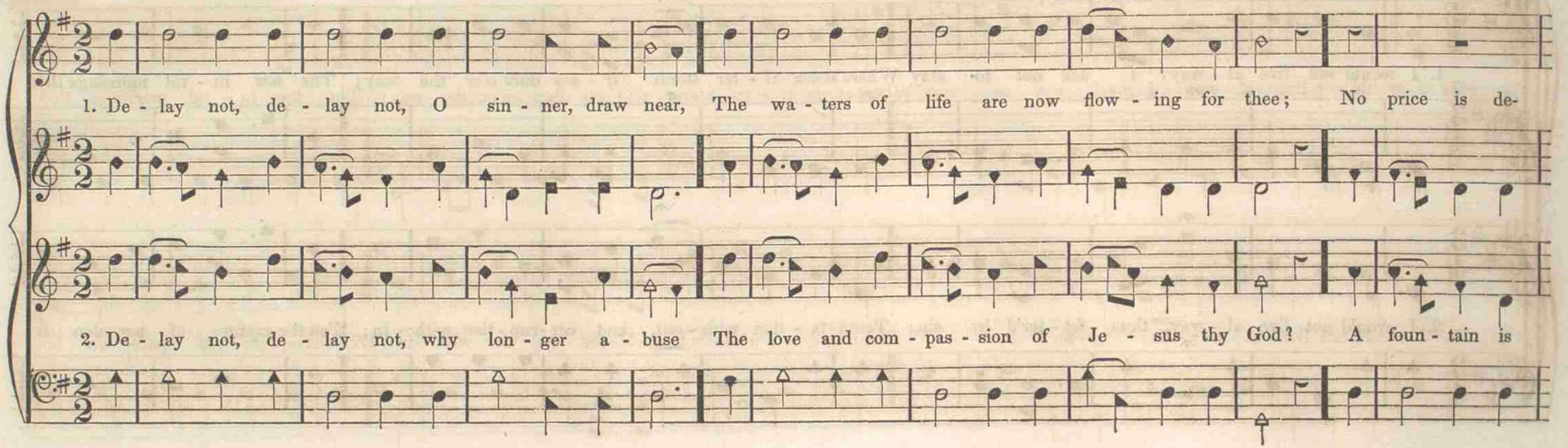
Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

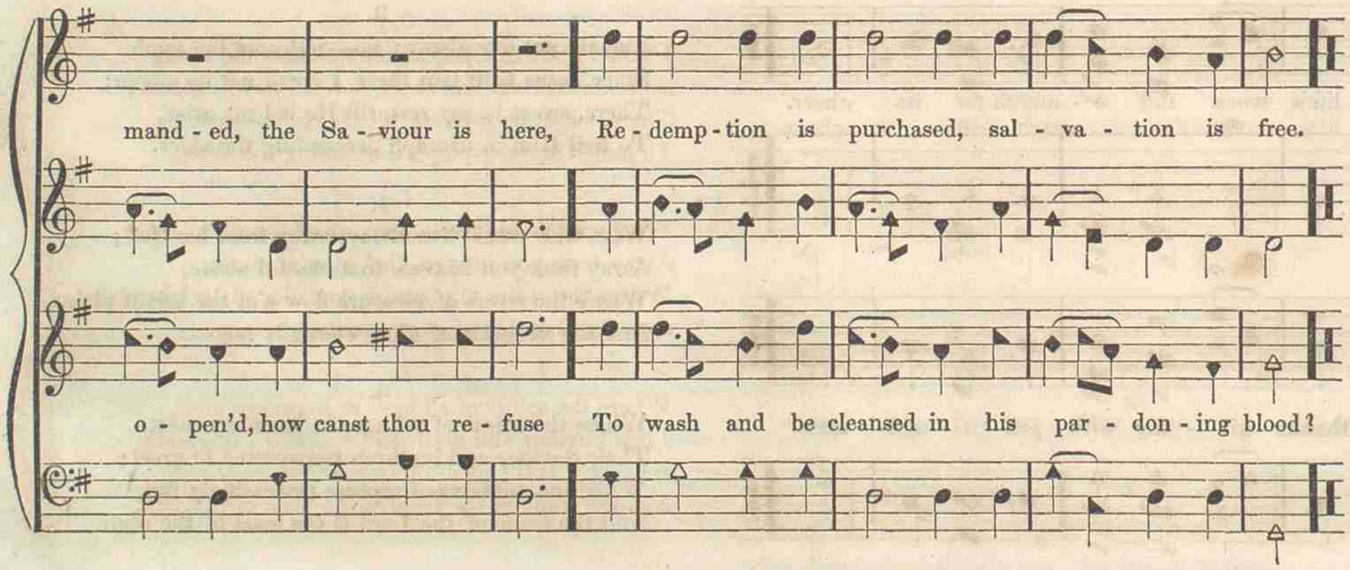
5.

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

GOSHEN, or HINTON. 11s.

OLD GERMAN. Words by HASTINGS.





3.

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

4.

Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5.

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



3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

PERINE. 11s.





4.

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless;
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5.

"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6.

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

7.

"The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

1. In songs of sublime a - do - ration and praise, Ye pilgrims, for Zion who press, Break forth, and ex-tol the great Ancient of days, His rich and distinguishing grace.

2. His love, from e - ter - ni - ty fix'd upon you, Broke forth and discover'd its flame, When each with the cords of his kindness He drew, And brought you to love his great name.

3. O, had He not pitied the state you were in, Your bosom his love had ne'er felt; You all would have lived, would have died too in sin, And sunk with the load of your guilt.

4. What was there in you that could merit esteem, Or give the Cre - a - tor de - light? 'Twas "Even so, Father!" you ever must sing, "Because it seem'd good in thy sight."

[Hymn 86.] **ZION'S PILGRIM. 11s & 8s. 8 lines.** OLD MELODY.*

With Energy. Fine. D.C.

1. { In songs of sublime a - do - ration and praise, Ye pilgrims, for Zion who press, Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of days, His rich and distinguishing grace. } 2. His love, from e - ter - ni - ty fix'd upon you, Broke forth and discover'd its flame,

D. C. When each with the cords of his kindness He drew, And brought you to love his great name.

Fine. D. C.

* Not appropriate to these words, except by the power of long-cherished associations.

[Hymn 316.]

WAREHAM.* 11s & 8s, 4 lines, or 6s & 9s.†

DR. ARNOLD. Arranged.

TRIO. Dolce.

1. How happy are they Who their Saviour o - bey, And have laid up their treasure a - bove! O what tongue can express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its

2. 'Twas heaven be - low, My Re - deemer to know, And the angels could do nothing more, Than to fall at his feet, And the story re - peat, And the Lover of

CHORUS.

ear - li - est love! O what tongue can express the sweet com-fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love!

sin - ners a - dore, Than to fall at his feet, And the sto - ry re - peat, And the Lover of sinners a - dore.

3.

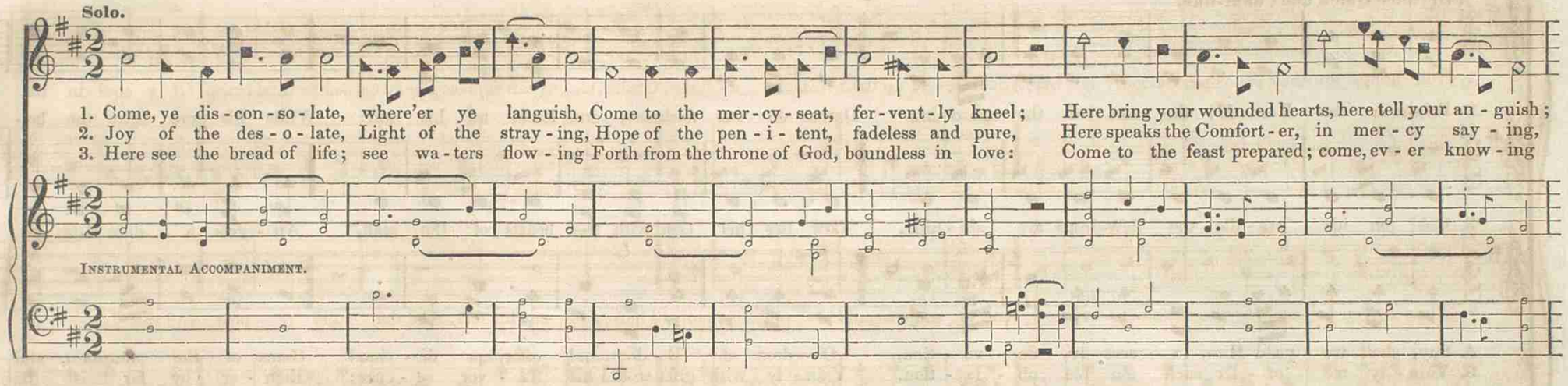
O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly bless'd,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

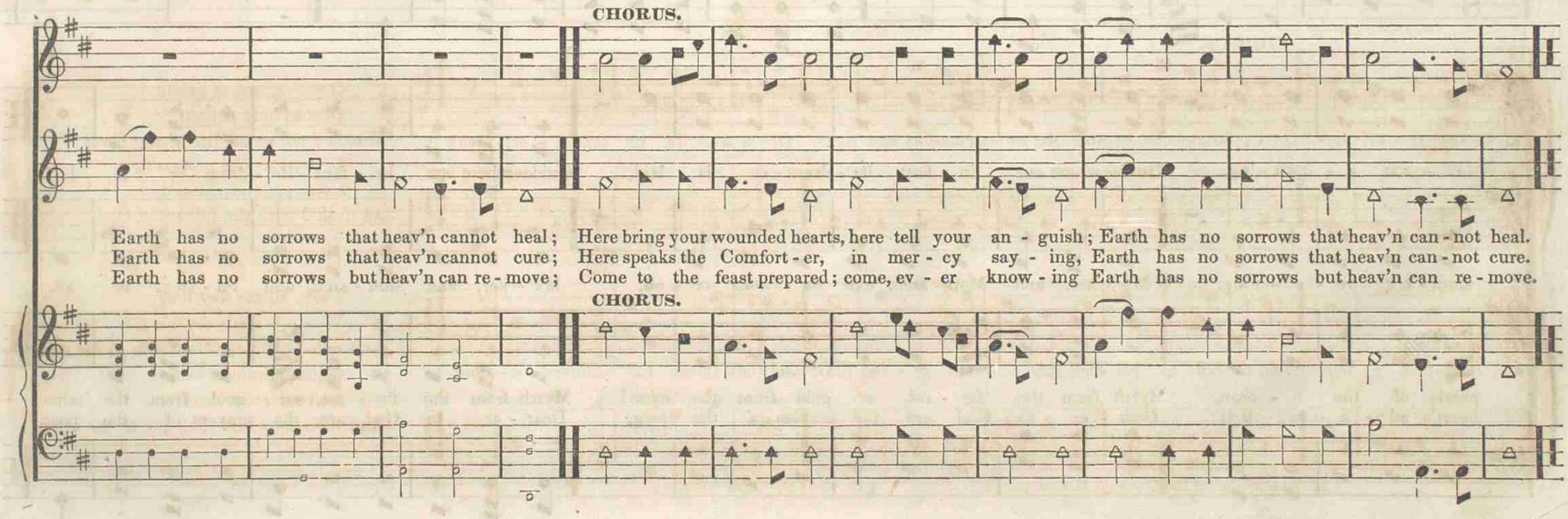
4.

Then, all the day long,
Was my Jesus my song,
And redemption through faith in his name;
O that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

* Found also among the Common Metres, page 167.

† By using the small notes,


Solo.
1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where'er ye languish, Come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish;
2. Joy of the des - o - late, Light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fadeless and pure, Here speaks the Comfort - er, in mer - cy say - ing,
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love: Come to the feast prepared; come, ev - er know - ing
Instrumental Accompaniment.


CHORUS.
Earth has no sorrows that heav'n cannot heal; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sorrows that heav'n can - not heal.
Earth has no sorrows that heav'n cannot cure; Here speaks the Comfort - er, in mer - cy say - ing, Earth has no sorrows that heav'n can - not cure.
Earth has no sorrows but heav'n can re - move; Come to the feast prepared; come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sorrows but heav'n can re - move.
CHORUS.

Utterance Quick and Chant-like.

2. Bright in the East, lo! the son of the morn-ing Dawns on our darkness, and lends us his aid; While his pure light, the ho-

3. Cold on his cra-dle the dew-drops are shi-ning, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall, An-gels a-dore Him in

4. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost-ly de-vo-tion, O-dors of E-dom, and offerings di-vine? Gems of the mountain, and
5. Vain-ly we of-fer each am ple ob-la-tion, Vain-ly with gifts would his fa-vor se-cure; Rich-er by far is the

ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guides where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid, Guides where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.

slum-ber re-cli-ning, Ma-ker, and Mon-arch, and Sa-viour of all, Ma-ker, and Mon-arch, and Sa-viour of all.

pearls of the o-cean, Myrrh from the for-est, or gold from the mine? Myrrh from the for-est, or gold from the mine?
heart's ad-o-ra-tion; Dear-er to God are the prayers of the poor, Dear-er to God are the prayers of the poor.





3.

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

4.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

5.

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

Not too Fast.

1. The voice of free grace cries, Es-cape to the mountain, For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a fountain; For sin and transgression, and ev'-ry pol - lu-tion,
2. Now glo - ry to God in the highest is given, Now glo-ry to God is re - echo'd in heaven: Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
3. O Je - sus, ride on, thy kingdom is glo - ri - ous, O'er sin, death and hell, thou wilt make us vic - to - rious: Thy name shall be praised in the great con-gre - ga-tion,
4. When on Zi - on we stand, having gain'd the blest shore, With our harps in our hands, we will praise ever - more; We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,

His blood flows most freely in streams of sal - va - tion. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon: We will praise Him again when we pass over Jordan.
And sing of his love, his sal - va - tion and glo - ry. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon: We will praise Him again when we pass over Jordan.
And saints shall de-light in as - cri - bing sal - va - tion. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon: We will praise Him again when we pass over Jordan.
And sing Hal - le - lu - jah for ev - er and ev - er. Hal - le - lu - jah, &c.





2.

Thou'rt gone to the grave, we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope since the Sinless has died.

3.

Thou'rt gone to the grave, and its mansions forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the song that thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

4.

Thou'rt gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death has no sting, since the Saviour has died.

SEAMAN'S PRAYER, or "Save, Lord," &c. 12s. 4 lines.





1.

When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker; "Save, Lord, or we perish."

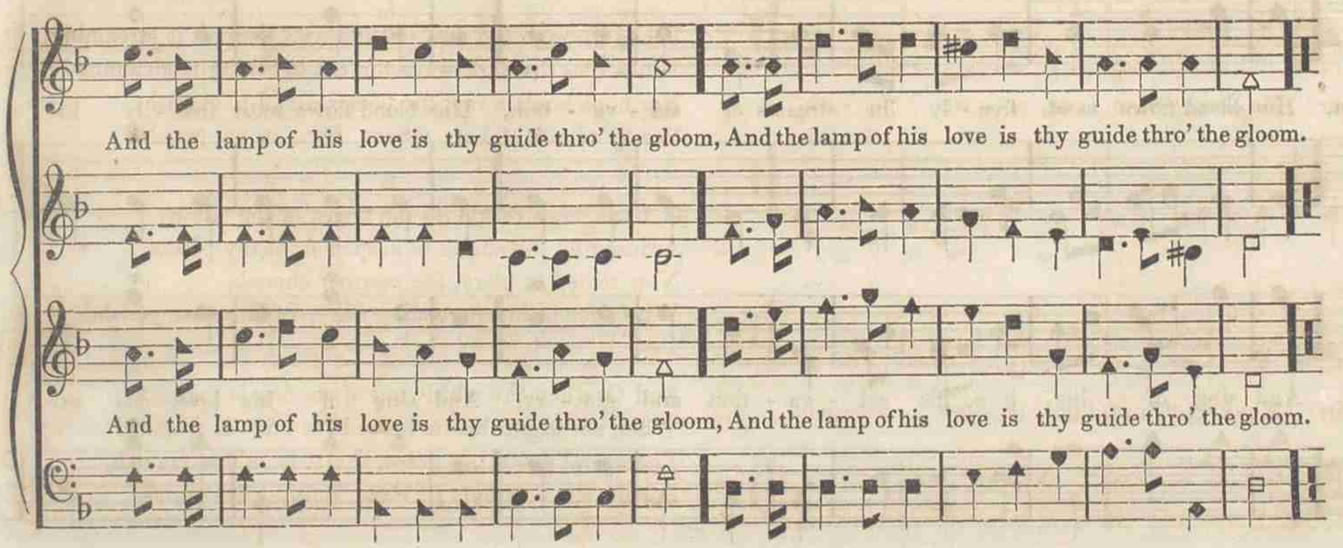
2.

O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish.'

3.

And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeem'd to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord, or we perish."





2.

Thou art gone to the grave, we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope since the Sinless has died.

3.

Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansions forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the song that thou heardst was the seraphim's song.

4.

Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death has no sting, since the Saviour has died.

 [Hymn 569.]

VOICE OF FREE GRACE. 12s.

Arranged from Dr. CLARKE.

1. The voice of free grace cries, Es - cape to the mountain, For Adam's lost race Christ hath o - pen'd a foun - tain: For sin and trans-

2. Now glo - ry to God in the high - est is giv - en, Now glo - ry to God is re - echoed in heav - en: A - round the whole

gres - sion, and ev' - ry pol - lu - tion, His blood flows most free - ly in streams of sal - va - tion, His blood flows most free - ly in

earth let us tell the glad sto - ry, And sing of his love, his sal - va - tion and glo - ry, And sing of his love, his sal-





3.

O Jesus, ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon:
We'll praise Him again when we pass over Jordan.

4.

When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore;
We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
And sing Hallelujah forever and ever.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon:
We'll praise Him again when we pass over Jordan.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

1. Hith - er, ye faith - ful, haste with songs of tri - umph, To Beth - le - hem go, the Lord of life to meet; To you this day, is

2. O Je - sus, for such wondrous con - de - scen-sion, Our praise and rev - e - rence are an offer-ing meet, Now is the Word made

3. Shout his al - mighty name, ye choirs of an - gels, Let the ce - les - tial courts his praise re - peat: Un - to our God be

born a Prince and Sa - viour, O come, and let us worship, O come, and let us worship, O come, and let us wor - ship at his feet.

p *f*

flesh, and dwells a - mong us,

glo - ry in the high - est; O come, and let us worship, O come, and let us worship, O come, and let us wor - ship at his feet.

SET PIECES, ANTHEMS, AND CHANTS.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, of 1843, by which the present Book of Psalms and Hymns was authorized, also "*Resolved*, That the whole, or such portion of the common translation of the Psalms, without note or comment, accompanied, as far as may be, by appropriate music, be appended to such portion of one edition of said Book of Psalmody, as may appear expedient to the Board of Publication."

In substantial accordance with the foregoing resolution, and in the discretion confided to the Committee on Church Music by the Assembly of 1849, in view of their proposition to add, to the list of tunes then submitted, "an appropriate sélection of Set Pieces for special occasions, such as Anthems and Chants, both metrical and prose, adapted to our Psalmody, and also portions of the common prose version of the Book of Psalms, and other inspired lyrics from the Old and New Testaments," the following selection has been prepared.

DENBIGH. "From all that dwell," &c. MADAN.



DENBIGH. Concluded.

land, by ev' - ry tongue. E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to

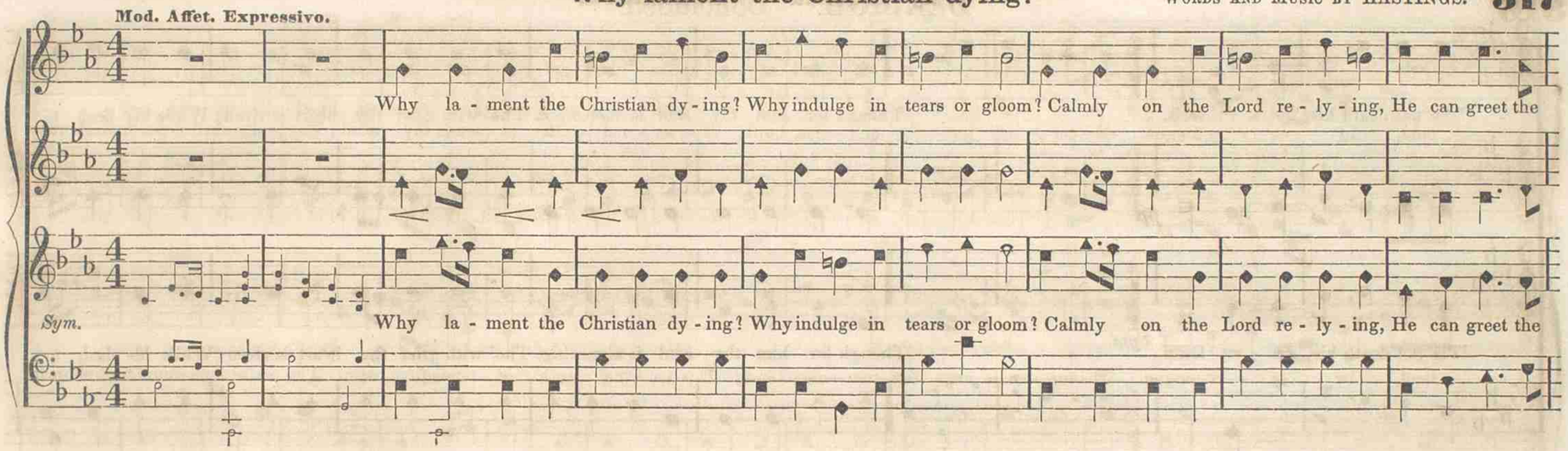
mf

land, by ev' - ry tongue. E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to

shore, Till suns shall set and rise no more, Till suns shall set and rise no more, Till suns shall set and rise no more.

pp *f* *p* *m*

shore, Till suns shall set and rise no more, Till suns shall set and rise no more, Till suns shall set and rise no more.


Mod. Affet. Expressivo.
Why la - ment the Christian dy - ing? Why indulge in tears or gloom? Calmly on the Lord re - ly - ing, He can greet the
Sym.
Why la - ment the Christian dy - ing? Why indulge in tears or gloom? Calmly on the Lord re - ly - ing, He can greet the


opening tomb; What if death, with i - cy fingers, All the fount of life congeals; 'Tis not there thy brother lingers,
opening tomb; What if death, with i - cy fingers, All the fount of life congeals; 'Tis not there thy brother lingers,

"Why lament." Continued.

'Tis not death his spi - rit feels. Though for him thy soul is mourning, Tho' with grief thy heart is riven; While his flesh to

pp

'Tis not death his spi - rit feels. *Sym.* Though for him thy soul is mourning, Tho' with grief thy heart is riven; While his flesh to

dust is turning, All his soul is fill'd with heaven. Scenes se - raphic, high and glorious, Now for - bid his longer stay;

Cres. *Forte.*

dust is turning, All his soul is fill'd with heaven. Scenes se - raphic, high and glorious, Now for - bid his longer stay;

See him rise o'er death vic - torious, Angels beckon him a - way. Hark! the golden harps are ring - ing, Sounds ce - les - tial fill his ear,

Dim. *pp* *pp* *Cres.*

See him rise o'er death vic - torious, Angels beckon him a - way. Hark! the golden harps are ring - ing, Sounds ce - les - tial fill his ear,

Sym.

Mil - lions now in heav - en sing - ing, Greet his joy - ful entrance there, Greet his joy - ful entrance there.

For.

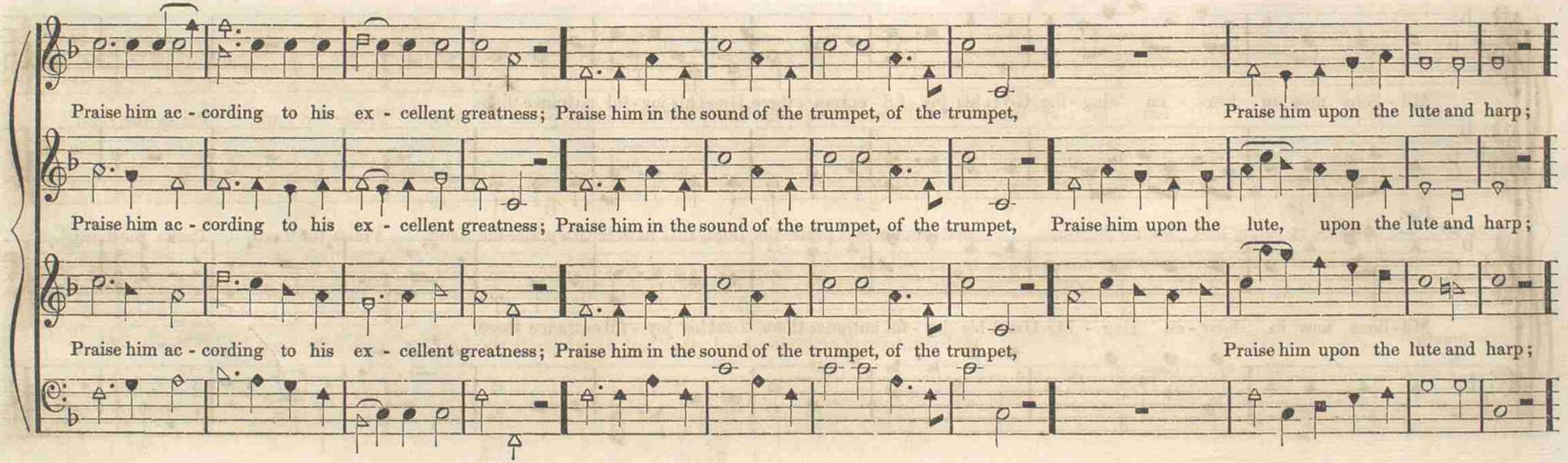
Mil - lions now in heav - en sing - ing, Greet his joy - ful entrance there, Greet his joy - ful entrance there.

[Psalm 150.]

ANTHEM. "O, praise God in his holiness."

LOWELL MASON.





Praise him in the cymbals, in the high sounding cymbals, Praise him on strings, on strings and pipes, Let ev' - ry thing that hath

Praise him in the cymbals, in the high sounding cymbals, Praise him on strings, on strings and pipes, Let ev' - ry thing that hath breath,

Let ev' - ry thing that hath

Let ev' - ry thing that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord

breath, Let ev' - ry thing that hath breath, that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

breath, ... that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

Let ev' - ry thing, &c.

[Isaiah 55 : 1.]

ANTHEM. "Ho! every one that thirsteth."

EDWARD HOWE, Jr.

Chanting style.

Ho! ev' - ry one that thirsteth, Ho! ev' - ry one that thirsteth, Come, come, come ye to the waters, Come, come,

Soli.

p

Soli.

Ho! ev' - ry one that thirsteth, Ho! ev' - ry one that thirsteth, Come, come, come ye to the waters, Come, come,

Tutti.

Soli.

come ye to the wa - ters, And he that hath no mo - ney, come ye, buy and eat; Yea, come; yea, come; come ye to the waters; Yea,

Soli.

Tutti.

Soli.

come ye to the wa - ters, And he that hath no mo - ney, come ye, buy and eat; Yea, come; yea, come; come ye to the waters; Yea,

Soli.

Tutti.

come; yea, come; Buy wine and milk without money and without price. Ho! ev'-ry one that thirsteth, Ho! ev'-ry one that thirsteth,

p Tutti.

come; yea, come; Buy wine and milk without money and without price. Ho! ev'-ry one that thirsteth, Ho! ev'-ry one that thirsteth,

Come ye to the wa - ters, Come ye to the wa - ters, Come, come; yea, come.

Cres. *f*

Come ye to the wa - ters, Come ye to the wa - ters, Come ye to the wa - ters, Come, come; yea, come.

V

324 [Hymn 639.] **"Unveil thy bosom."** HANDEL, Arranged.

1. Un - veil thy bo - som, faith - ful tomb; Take this new trea - sure to thy breast; And give these sa - cred

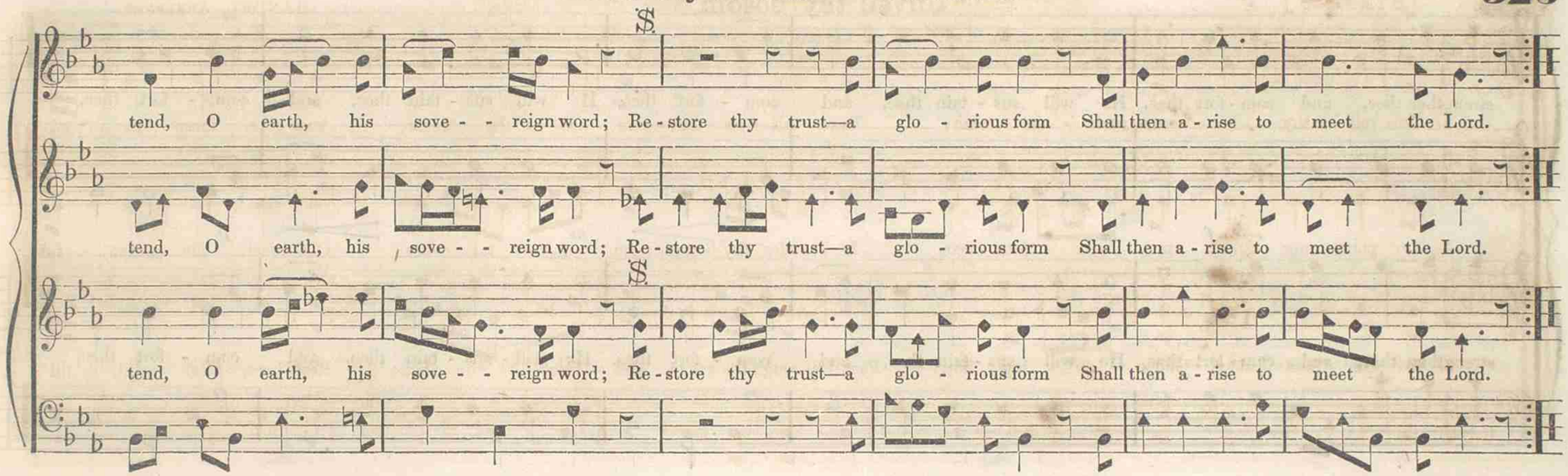
2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - ious fear, In - vades thy bounds: no mor - tal woes Can reach the peace - ful

3. So Je - sus slept, God's dy - ing Son Pass'd through the grave, and blest the bed; Rest here, blest saint, till

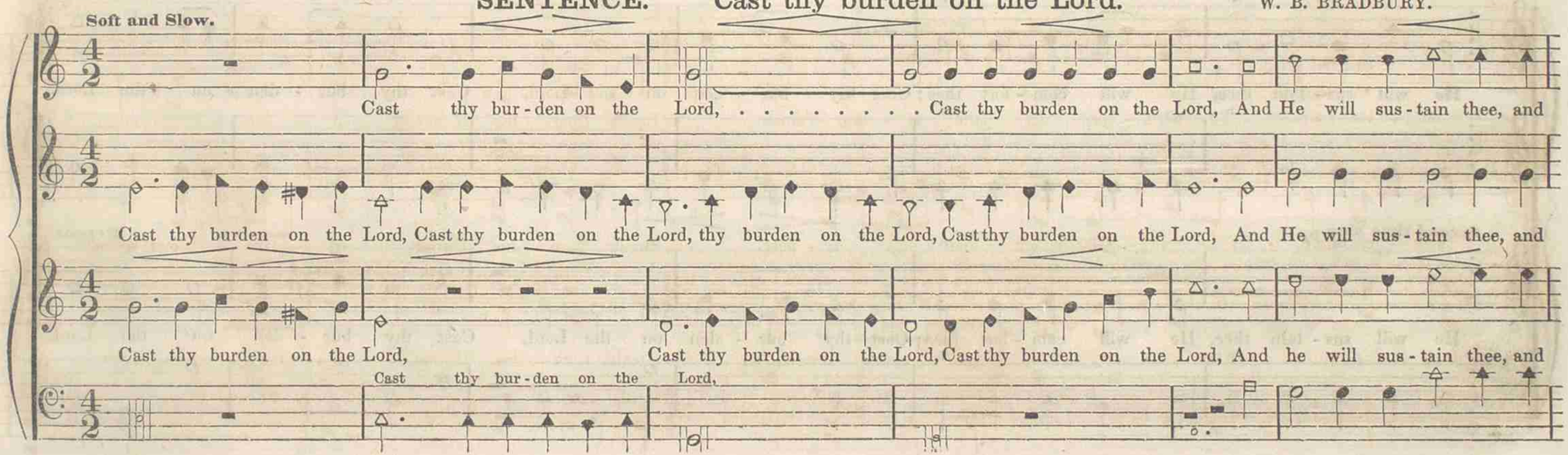
rel - ics room, To slum - ber in the si - lent dust. 4. Break from his throne, il - lus - trious morn, At-

sleep - er here, While an - gels watch his soft re - pose. 4. Break from his throne, il - lus - trious morn, At-

from his throne The morn - ing break, and pierce the shade. 4. Break from his throne, il - lus - trious morn, At-



SENTENCE. "Cast thy burden on the Lord." W. B. BRADBURY.



"Cast thy burden." Concluded.

strengthen thee, and com - fort thee, He will sus - tain thee, and com - fort thee, He will sus - tain thee, and com - fort thee,

f *m* *m* *p*

strengthen thee, and com - fort thee, He will sus - tain thee, and com - fort thee, He will sus - tain thee, and com - fort thee,

Second time sing *pp* **Repeat** *pp*

He will sus - tain thee, He will com - fort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

Second time sing *pp* **Repeat** *pp*

He will sus - tain thee, He will com - fort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

1. Go, watch and pray; thou canst not tell How near thine hour may be; Thou canst not know how soon the bell May toll its notes for thee;
2. Fond youth, while free from blight - ing care, Does thy firm pulse beat high? Do hope's glad vis - ions, bright and fair, Di - late be - fore thine eye?

3. Am - bi - tion, stop thy pant - ing breath; Pride, sink thy lift - ed eye; Be - hold, the cav - erns dark with death Be-fore you o - pen lie!
4. Thou a - ged man! life's win - try storm Hath sear'd thy ver - nal bloom: With trembling limbs and wast - ed form, Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb:

Fine.

Death's countless snares be - set thy way; Frail child of dust, go, watch and pray.
Soon these must change, must pass a - way: Frail child of dust, go, watch and pray.

The heavenly warning now o - bey; Ye sons of pride, go, watch and pray.
And can vain hope lead *thee* a - stray! Go, wea - ry pil-grim! watch and pray; Go, weary pilgrim, weary pilgrim, weary pilgrim, watch and pray.

Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy; Know that the Lord is God a - lone;

Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy; Know that the Lord is God a - lone,

He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy, He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy. His sovereign power, with - out our aid,

He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy, He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy. His sovereign power, with - out our aid,

Made us of clay, and form'd us men; And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd, He brought us to his fold a - gain, He brought us

Made us of clay, and form'd us men; And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd, He brought us to his fold a - gain, He brought us

to his fold a - gain. We'll crowd thy gates with thank - - ful . . . songs, High as the heav'ns our voi - - ces . . .

to his fold a - gain. We'll crowd thy gates with thank - - ful . . . songs, High as the heav'ns our voi - - ces . . .

"Before Jehovah's awful throne." Continued.

raise: And earth with her ten thou - sand, thou - sand, thou - sand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sound - ing praise, Shall fill thy courts with

raise: And earth with her ten thou - sand, thou - sand, thou - sand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sound - ing praise, Shall fill thy courts with

sound - ing praise, Shall fill, shall fill thy courts with sound - ing praise. Wide, wide as the world is thy command, Vast as e -

sound - ing praise, Shall fill, shall fill thy courts with sound - ing praise. Wide, wide as the world is thy command, Vast as e -

ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth must stand, When rolling years shall cease to

ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth must stand, When roll - ing years shall cease to

move, shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, When roll - - - - ing years shall cease to move.

p *Cres.* *f*

move, shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, When roll - - - - - - ing years shall cease to move.

HYMN. "Jerusalem, my glorious home."

LOWELL MASON.

Moderato.

Je - ru - sa - lem, my glorious home! Name ev - er dear to me! When, when shall my labours have an end, In joy, . . . in

Soli.

Soli.

Je - ru - sa - lem, my glorious home! Name ev - er dear to me! When, when shall my labours have an end, In joy, . . in

CHORUS.

joy, . . . In joy . . . . . and peace, in thee? O, when, thou ci - ty of our God, Shall I thy courts as -

Soli.

CHORUS.

joy, . . . In joy . . . . . and peace, in thee? O, when, thou ci - ty of our God, Shall I thy courts as -

Soli.

Inst.

cend, Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end? There hap - pier bowers than E - den's bloom, Nor

cend, Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end? There hap - pier bowers than E - den's bloom, Nor

CHORUS.

sin nor sor - row know: Blest seats! Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I on - ward press to you, I on - ward press to you, to

f

CHORUS.

sin nor sor - row know: Blest seats! Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I on - ward press to you, I on - ward press to you, to

"Jerusalem, my glorious home." Continued.

Soli.

you, to you. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me! . Why should I shrink at pain and

f

you, to you. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me! . Why should I shrink at pain and

Soli.

wo? Or feel at death dis - may? I've Ca - naan's good - ly land . . . in view, And realms of end - - - less day.

cres. *f*

Do not hurry the time.

Ritard, a little.

wo? Or feel at death dis - may? I've Ca - naan's good - ly land . . . in view, And realms of end - - - less day.

CHORUS.

Je - ru - sa - lem, my glorious home! My soul still pants for thee! Then, then shall my labours have an end, When I . . . . thy

Soli.

CHORUS.

Soli.

Je - ru - sa - lem, my glorious home! My soul still pants for thee! Then, then shall my labours have an end, When I . . . . thy

CHORUS.

joy, ... When I . . . . thy joy shall see, When I thy joy shall see! Je - ru - salem! Je - ru - salem! Name ev - er dear to me.

CHORUS.

joy, ... When I . . . . thy joy shall see, When I thy joy shall see! Je - ru - salem! Je - ru - salem! Name ev - er dear to me.

"Why on the bending willows."

Affetuoso.

1. Why on the bend - ing wil - lows hung, O Is - rael, sleeps thy tune - ful lyre? Why still re - frain thy

Cres.

Sym.

2. No taunt - ing foes the song re - quire, No strangers mock thy cap - tive chain, But friends pro - voke the

Vivace. For.

p

no - bler tongue? Can no high theme thy soul in - spire? A - wake! thy sweet - est rap - tures raise; Let

Dim.

p

si - lent lyre, And breth - ren ask the ho - ly strain. By for - eign streams no long - er roam, Nor

harp and voice u - nite their strains; Thy prom - ised King his scep - tre sways; Je - sus thine own Mes-

weep - ing think of Jor - dan's flood, At length re - stored be - hold thy home: And in His tem - ple

si - ah reigns! Je - sus thine own Mes - si - ah reigns!

see thy God,— And in His tem - ple see thy God,— And in his tem - ple see thy God.

SALVATION.

LOWELL MASON.

Allegro.

Sal - va-tion ! Sal - va-tion ! O, the joy - ful sound, 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for ev' - ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.

f *mf* *f*

Sal - va-tion ! Sal - va-tion ! O, the joy - ful sound, 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for ev' - ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;— But we arıse, by grace divine, To see a heavenly day. Sal - va-tion ! Sal-vation !

p *Cres.* *Cres.* *f* *Dim.* *f*

Buried in sorrow and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;— But we arise, by grace divine, To see a heavenly day. Sal - va-tion ! Sal-vation !

let the echo fly The spacious earth around; While all the armies of the sky Con - spire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound.

let the echo fly The spacious earth around; While all the armies of the sky Con - spire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound.

SENTENCE. "Holy Lord God of Sabaoth."

T. B. MASON.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy great glo - ry,

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy great glo - ry,

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy great glo - ry,

W

"Holy Lord God of Sabaoth." Concluded.

Heav'n and earth are full, Heav'n and earth are full of the ma-jes-ty of thy great glo-ry. Glo-ry be to thee,

Heav'n and earth are full, Heav'n and earth are full of the ma-jes-ty of thy great glo-ry. Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to

Heav'n and earth are full, Heav'n and earth are full of the ma-jes-ty of thy great glo-ry. Glo-ry be to thee,

Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to thee, O Lord, O Lord Most High.

thee, Glo-ry be to thee, to thee, Glo-ry be to thee, O Lord, O Lord Most High.

Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to thee, O Lord, O Lord Most High.

Moderately quick.

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want: he maketh me to lie down, lie down in green pastures. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want: he maketh me to lie down, lie down in green pastures. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not

want: he maketh me to lie down, lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me, he leadeth me be-side the still waters, he leadeth me, he

want: he maketh me to lie down, lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me, he leadeth me be-side the still waters, he leadeth me, he

"The Lord is my Shepherd." Continued.

lead - eth me be - side the still wa - ters. He re - stor - eth my soul, ... he lead-eth me in the paths of righteousness

lead - eth me be - side the still wa - ters. He re - stor - eth my soul, He re - stor - eth my soul, he lead-eth me in the paths of righteousness

for his name's sake, he lead-eth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, tho' I walk thro' the val - ley of the sha - dow of

p *m* *mf*

for his name's sake, he lead-eth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, tho' I walk thro' the val - ley of the sha - dow of

death, I will fear no e - vil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they com - fort me, thy rod and thy staff they

pp *p* *mp* *f* *pp* *mp* *pp*

death, I will fear no e - vil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they com - fort me, thy rod and thy staff they

com - fort me. Yea, tho' I walk thro' the val - ley of the sha - dow of death, I will fear no e - vil, for thou art with me, thy

Cres. *mf*

com - fort me. Yea, tho' I walk thro' the val - ley of the sha - dow of death, I will fear no e - vil, for thou art with me, thy

"The Lord is my Shepherd." Concluded.

rod and thy staff they com - fort me, thy rod and thy staff they com - fort me, thy rod and thy staff they com - fort me.

Dim - in - u - en - do.

rod and thy staff they com - fort me, thy rod and thy staff they com - fort me. . . . . .

DOXOLOGY. "Now unto the King." HASTINGS.

Allegro Maestoso.

Now, un - to the King e - ter - nal, im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, the on - ly wise, only wise God, be honour and glo - ry for - ev - er and

Now, un - to the King e - ter - nal, im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, the on - ly wise, only wise God, be honour and glo - ry for - ev - er and

ev - er, for - ev - er and ev - er. Now, un - to the King e - ter - nal, im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, the on - ly wise,

ev - er, for - ev - er and ev - er. Now, un - to the King e - ter - nal, im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, the on - ly wise,

on - ly wise God, be hon - or and glo - ry for - ev - er and ev - er, for - ev - er and ev - er. A - men. A - men.

f

on - ly wise God, be hon - or and glo - ry for - ev - er and ev - er, for - ev - er and ev - er. A - men. A - men.

HYMN. "O sacred Head."

ARRANGED FROM KOLB.*

Largo Affetuoso.

1. O sa - cred Head, once wounded, With grief and pain weigh'd down! How scornfully sur - rounded, With
2. How art thou pale with anguish, With sore a - buse and scorn! How does that vis - age languish, Which
3. What language shall I bor - row To praise thee, heavenly Friend: For this, thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy
4. For - bid that I should leave thee; O Je - sus, leave not me; By faith I would re - ceive thee,—Thy

thorns thy on - ly crown! O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was thine! Yet, tho' despised and go - ry, I joy to call thee
once was bright as morn! Thy grief and thy com - pas - sion Were all for sin - ners' gain; Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But thine the deadly

Dim. *p* *m* *mf* *m*

pit - y without end? Lord, make me thine for ev - er, Nor let me faith - less prove; O, let me nev - er, nev - er A - buse such dy - ing
blood can make me free: When strength and com - fort languish, And I must hence de - part, Re - lease me then from an - guish, By thy own wounded

* This piece should be sung with the deepest emotions of tenderness.

mine; Yet, tho' despised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine, call thee mine, to call thee mine, call thee mine.
pain; Mine, mine was the transgres - sion, But thine the dead - ly pain, dead - ly pain, the dead - ly pain, dead - - ly pain.

p *m* **Dim.** *pp* **Ritard.**

love; O, let me nev - er, nev - er A - buse such dy - ing love, dy - ing love, such dy - ing love, dy - - ing love. **Sym.**
heart; Release me then from anguish, By thy own wounded heart, wounded heart, own wounded heart, wound - ed heart.

[PSALM 150, 1ST PART.]

SYDENHAM. "In God's own house."

J. SMITH, ARRANGED.

1. In God's own house pronounce his praise, His grace He there re - veals; To heaven your joy and won - der raise, For there his glo - ry dwells.

3. All that have mo - tion, life, and breath, Proclaim your Ma - ker blest; Yet when my voice ex - pires in death, My soul shall praise him best.

"In God's own house." Concluded.

2. Let all your sa - cred pas - sions move, While you re - hearse his deeds; But the great work of sav - ing love Your high - est

1st strain for 3d verse. **Coda Final.**

Hal - le - lu - jah, praise ye the Lord; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, praise ye the Lord.

praise ex - ceeds.

1st strain for 3d verse. **Coda Final.**

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, praise ye the Lord.

Moderato expressivo.

Soli.

CHORUS.

The Lord is in his ho - ly temple, The Lord is in his ho - ly temple; Let all the earth keep si - lence; Let all the

f *p* *f*

Soli.

CHORUS.

The Lord is in his ho - ly temple, The Lord is in his ho - ly temple; Let all the earth keep si - lence; Let all the

earth keep si - lence, be - fore him, be - fore him.

p *pp* *m* keep si - lence be - fore him. Lent.

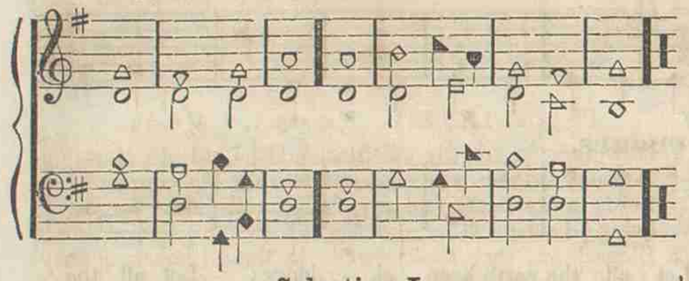
earth keep si - lence, keep si - lence, *sym. pp* keep si - lence be - fore him, be - fore him. *sym. pp*

be - fore him.

CHANTS.

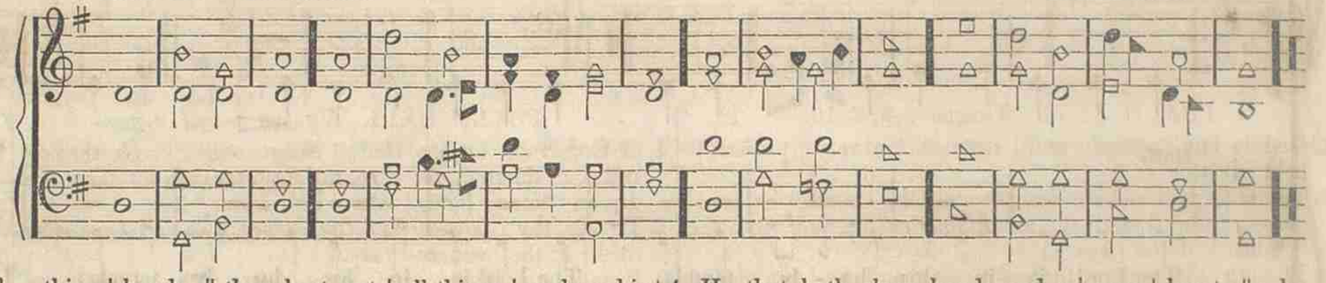
CHANTING of the regular kind is performed in strains alternately of three and of four measures, to which is sometimes superadded a final Coda. The Single Chant consists of two strains, and the Double Chant, of four strains. Every figure in the margin designates two strains; so that when a Double Chant is used, it must be made to include an even number of the figures, such as four, six, or eight. All the Chants which are *numbered* in these selections are regular. The bars which are placed in the text, therefore, will answer equally well for all the several Chants that meet the eye at the same opening. This arrangement, we trust, will prove advantageous. The selections might have been more copious had there been sufficient room. Singers should not indulge in a drawling manner of enunciation. The utterance should be distinct and impassioned, and more like declamation than song.

No. 1.



No. 2. Double.

HASTINGS.



Selection I.

PSALM V. VERSES 1–5, 7.

1. Give ear to my | words, O | Lord, || con- | sider my | medi- | tation. ||
2. Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my | King and my | God; || for unto | thee | will I | pray. ||
3. My voice shalt thou hear in the | morning, O | Lord: || in the morning will I direct my prayer unto | thee, and | will look | up. ||
4. For thou art not a God that hath | pleasure in | wickedness: || neither shall | evil | dwell with | thee. ||
5. The foolish shall not | stand in thy | sight: || thou hatest all | workers | of in- | iquity. ||
6. But as for me, I will come unto thine house in the | multitude of thy | mercy; || and in thy fear will I worship | towards thine | holy | temple. ||

PSALM VIII. VERSES 1, 3–6, 9.

1. O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in | all the | earth! || who hast set thy | glory a- | bove the | heavens. ||
2. When I consider thine heavens the work of thy fingers: the moon and the stars which | thou hast or- | dained. || What is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of | man that thou | visitest | him? ||
3. For thou hast made him a little | lower than the | angels, || and hast | crowned him with | glory and | honour. ||
4. Thou madest him to have dominion over the | works of thine | hands: || thou hast put | all things | under his | feet. ||
5. O | Lord our | Lord, || how excellent is thy | name in | all the | earth. ||

PSALM XIX. VERSES 1, 2, 7–9, 14.

1. The heavens declare the | glory of | God: || and the firmament | showeth his | handy- | work. ||
2. Day unto | day, uttereth | speech, || and night unto | night | showeth | knowledge. ||
3. The law of the Lord is perfect, con- | verting the | soul: || the testimony of the Lord is | sure, making | wise the | simple. ||
4. The statutes of the Lord are right, re- | joicing the | heart: || the commandment of the Lord is | pure, en- | lightening the | eyes. ||
5. The fear of the Lord is clean, en- | during for- | ever: || the judgments of the Lord are true and | righteous | altogether. ||
6. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation | of mine | heart || be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord my | strength and | my Re- | deemer. ||

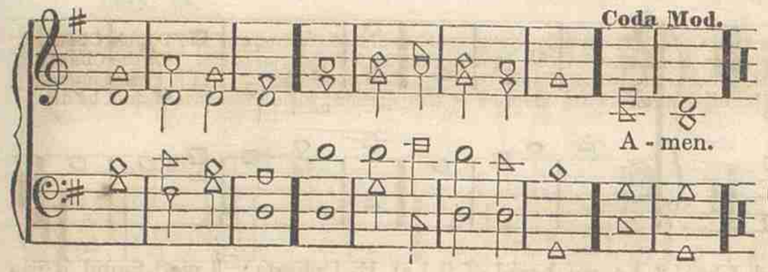
PSALM XXIV. VERSES 1–6.

1. The earth is the Lord's, and the | fulness there- | of; || the world and | they that | dwell there- | in. ||
2. For He hath founded it up- | on the | seas; || and es- | tablished it up- | on the | flood. ||
3. Who shall ascend into the | hill of the | Lord? || and who shall | stand || in his | holy | place? ||
4. He that hath clean hands and a | pure | heart; || who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor | sworn de- | ceitful- | ly. ||
5. He shall receive the | blessing from the | Lord, || and righteousness from the | God of | his sal- | vation. ||

PSALM XXVII. VERSES 1, 4, 5, 7–9, 13, 14.

1. The Lord is my light and my salvation: | whom shall I | fear? || The Lord is the strength of my life; of | whom shall I | be a- | fraid. ||
2. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the | days of my | life, || to behold the beauty of the Lord and to in- | quire | in his | temple. ||
3. For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in | his pa- | vilion: || in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me: he shall set me | up, up- | on a | rock. ||
4. Hear O Lord when I | cry, with my | voice: || have mercy also up- | on me and | answer | me. ||
5. When thou saidst | seek ye my | face: || mine heart said unto thee, thy | face Lord | will I | seek. ||
6. Hide not thy face far from me: put not thy servant a- | way in | anger: || thou hast been my help: leave me not, neither forsake me O | God of | my sal- | vation. ||
7. I had fainted unless I had believed to see the | goodness of the | Lord || in the | land | of the | living. ||
8. Wait on the Lord: be of good courage and he shall | strengthen thine | heart: || wait, | wait, I | say, on the Lord. ||

No. 3.



PSALM XLVI. Verses 1–5, 7, 10.

1. God is our | refuge···and | strength, || a very | present | help in | trouble. ||
2. Therefore will not we fear, though the | earth···be re- | moved, || and though the mountains be | carried···into the | midst···of the | sea. ||
3. Though the waters thereof | roar···and be | troubled, || though the mountains | shake···with the | swelling··· there- | of. ||
4. There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the | city of | God, || the holy place of the | taber···nacle | of the···Most | High. ||
5. God is in the midst of her: she shall | not be | moved: || God shall | help her···and | that right | early. ||
6. The Lord of | Hosts is | with us: || the God of | Jacob | is our | refuge. ||
7. Be still and know that | I am | God: || I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be ex- | alted | in the | earth. ||
8. The Lord of | Hosts is | with us: || the God of | Jacob | is our | refuge. ||

PSALM XLVIII. Verses 1–3, 12–14.

1. Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised in the | city ···of our | God, || in the | mountain | of his | holiness. ||
2. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole | earth is··· Mount | Zion, || on the sides of the north, the | city···of the | great | King. ||
3. God is known in his palaces for a refuge. Walk, | walk a-···bout | Zion, || and go round a-···bout her: | tell the | towns there- | of. ||
4. Mark, | mark ye···well her | bulwarks: || consider her palaces, that ye may | tell it···to the | gener-···ation | following. ||
5. For this God is our God for- | ever and | ever: || he will be our | guide | even···unto | death. ||

No. 4.



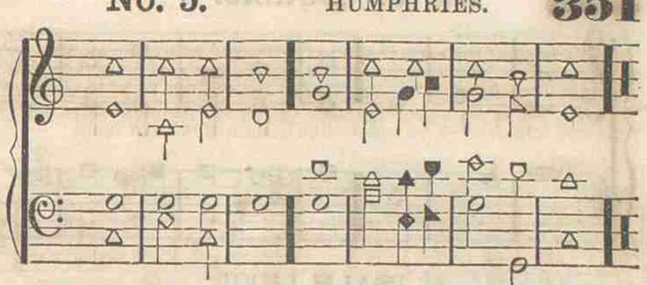
PSALM LXIII. Verses 1–5, 7, 8.

1. O God, thou art my God: | early···will I | seek thee: || my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, | where no | water | is. ||
2. To see thy | power···and thy | glory, || so as I *have* seen thee | in the | sanctu- | ary. ||
3. Because thy loving kindness is | better···than | life, || my | lips shall | praise | thee. ||
4. Thus will I bless thee | while I | live: || I will lift | up mine | hands···in thy | name. ||
5. My soul shall be satisfied as with | mar-···row, and | fatness, || and my mouth shall | praise···thee with | joyful | lips; ||
6. Because thou hast | been mine | help, || therefore in the shadow of thy | wings will | I re- | joice. ||
7. My soul followeth hard | after | thee: || thy right | hand up- | holdeth | me. ||

PSALM LXVIII. Verses 11, 18–20, 26, 32.

1. The Lord | gave the | word: || great was the company of | those that | published | it. ||
2. Thou hast ascended on high: thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received | gifts for | men; || yea for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might | dwell a- | mong | them. ||
3. Blessed be the Lord who daily | loadeth···us with | benefits, || even the | God of | our sal- | vation. ||
4. He that is our God is the | God···of sal- | vation: || and unto God the Lord be- | long-···eth the | issues from | death. ||
5. Bless ye God in the | congre- | gations, || even the | Lord ···from the | fountains···of | Israel. ||
6. Sing unto God ye | kingdoms···of the | earth; || O sing | praises | unto···the | Lord. ||

No. 5.



PSALM LXXXIV. Verses 1, 2, 4, 8–12.

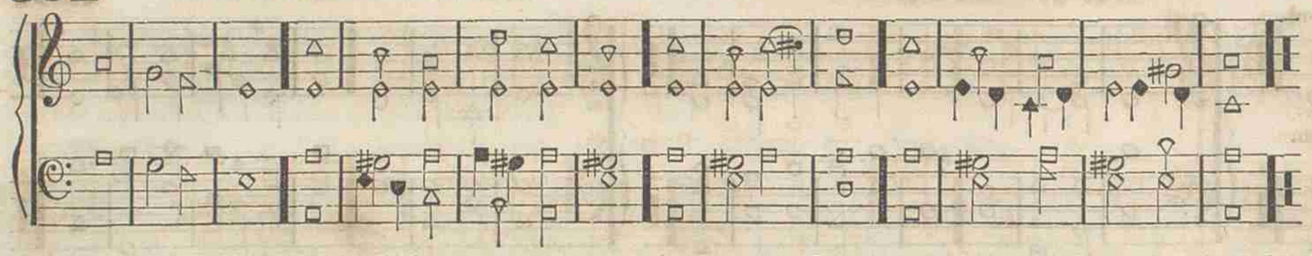
1. How amiable are thy tabernacles O | Lord of | Hosts? || My soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: mine heart and my flesh crieth | out···for the | living | God. ||
2. Blessed are they that | dwell···in thine | house: || they | will be···still | praising | thee. ||
3. O Lord God of Hosts, hear my prayer: Give ear O | God of | Jacob. || Behold O God our shield, and look upon the | face of | thine a- | nointed. ||
4. For a day in thy courts is | better···than a | thousand. || I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to | dwell···in the | tents of | wickedness. ||
5. For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give | grace and | glory: || no good thing will he withhold from | them that | walk up- | rightly. ||
6. O | Lord of | Hosts, || blessed is the | man that | trusteth···in | thee. ||

PSALM XCVI. Verses 1–3, 8, 9, 11–13.

1. O sing unto the Lord, a new song: sing unto the Lord | all the | earth. || Sing unto the Lord, bless his name show forth his sal- | va···tion from | day to | day. ||
2. Declare his glory a- | mong the | heathen, || his | wonders a- | mong all | people. ||
3. Give unto the Lord the glory | due un-···to his | name: || bring an offering and | come in- | to his | courts. ||
4. O worship the Lord in the beauty of | holi- | ness: || fear be- | fore him | all the | earth. ||
5. Let the heavens rejoice, and let the | earth be | glad: || let the sea | roar,···and the | fullness there- | of. ||
6. Let the field be joyful and all that | is there- | in: || then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord: for he cometh, for he | cometh to | judge the | earth. ||
7. He shall judge the world with | righteous- | ness, || and the | people | with his | truth. ||

No. 6. Double.

BATTISHILL. ARRANGED.



PSALM LXVII.

1. God be merciful unto | us and | bless us: ‖ and cause his | face to | shine up···on | us. ‖
2. That thy way may be | known up···on | earth: ‖ thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations. ‖
3. Let the people | praise thee···O | God: ‖ let | all the··· people | praise | thee. ‖
4. O let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy: ‖ for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | na-···tions up- | on | earth. ‖
5. Let the people | praise thee···O | God: ‖ let | all the··· people | praise | thee. ‖
6. Then shall the earth | yield her | increase: ‖ and God, even | our own | God shall | bless us. ‖
7. God | shall bless | us: ‖ and all the ends of the | earth shall | fear | him. ‖

PSALM C.

1. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands; ‖ serve the Lord with gladness, come be- | fore his | presence···with | singing. ‖
2. Know ye that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us, and not | we our- | selves; ‖ we are his | people,··· and the | sheep···of his | pasture. ‖
3. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise; ‖ be thankful unto | him, and | bless his | name. ‖
4. For the Lord is good, his mercy is | ever- | lasting: ‖ and his truth endureth to | all | gener- | ations. ‖

PSALM CXVIII. VERSES 22–29.

1. The stone which the builders refused, is become the | head stone···of the | corner. ‖ This is the Lord's doing, it is | marvellous | in our | eyes. ‖
2. This is the day which the | Lord hath | made: ‖ we will re- | joice···and be | glad in | it. ‖
3. Save now, I be- | seech thee,···O | Lord; ‖ O Lord, I beseech thee, | send···now pros- | peri- | ty. ‖
4. Blessed is he that cometh in the | name···of the | Lord: ‖ we have blessed you | out of···the | house of···the | Lord. ‖
5. God is the Lord which hath | showed us | light; ‖ bind the sacrifice with cords, | even···unto the | horns of···the | altar. ‖
6. Thou art my God, and | I will | praise thee; ‖ thou art my | God, I | will ex- | alt thee. ‖
7. O give thanks unto the Lord, for | he is | good; ‖ for his | mercy en- | dureth for | ever. ‖

PSALM CXXX.

1. Out of the depths have I cried unto | thee, O | Lord: ‖ Lord hear my voice; let thine ears be attentive to the | voice···of my | suppli- | cations. ‖
2. If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity, O Lord, | who shall | stand? ‖ but there is forgiveness with | thee,···that thou | mayest be | feared. ‖
3. I wait for the Lord, my | soul doth | wait, ‖ and in his | words | do I | hope. ‖
4. My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that | watch···for the | morning; ‖ I say, *more* than | they that | watch···for the | morning. ‖
5. Let Israel | hope···in the | Lord; ‖ for with the Lord there is mercy, and with | him is | plen···teous re- | demption. ‖
6. And he shall re- | deem | Israel ‖ from | all···his in- | iqui- | ties. ‖

I.M CXXXII. VERSES 4–9, 14–16.

1. [illegible] h[e] give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine e[yelids] until I find out a | place···for the | Lord, ‖ an ha[bitation] for the | mighty | God of | Jacob. ‖

No. 7.

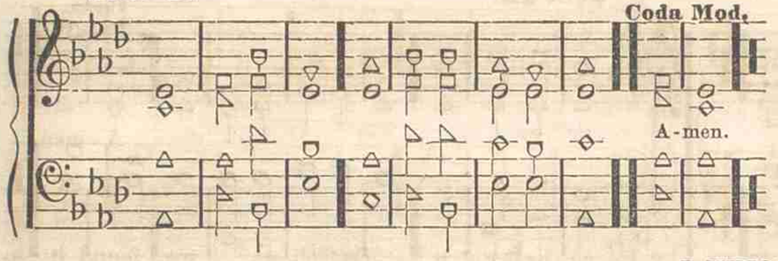


2. Lo, we heard of it | at E- | phrata; ‖ we | found it···in the | fields···of the | wood. ‖
3. We will go into his | taber- | nacles; ‖ we will | worship | at his | footstool. ‖
4. Arise, O Lord, | into···thy | rest; ‖ thou, | thou···and the | ark of···thy | strength. ‖
5. Let thy priests be clothed with | righteous- | ness, ‖ and | let thy | saints···shout for | joy. ‖
6. This is my | rest for- | ever: ‖ here will I | dwell, for | I···have de- | sired it. ‖
7. I will abundantly | bless···her pro- | vision; ‖ I will | satis···fy her | poor with | bread. ‖
8. I will also clothe her | priests···with sal- | vation, ‖ and her saints shall | shout a- | loud for | joy. ‖

ISAIAH. CHAP. LX. VERSES 1–5, 18, 21.

1. Arise, shine, for thy | light is | come, ‖ and the glory of the | Lord is | risen up- | on thee. ‖
2. For behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross | dark···ness the | people; ‖ but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his | glory | shall be···seen up- | on thee. ‖
3. And the gentiles shall | come···to thy | light: ‖ and | kings to the | brightness···of thy | rising. ‖
4. Lift up thine eyes round about and see: all they gather themselves together, they | come to | thee: ‖ thy sons shall come from far, and thy | daughters···shall be | nursed at···thy | side. ‖
5. Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and | be en- | larged; ‖ because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the | gentiles···shall | come···unto | thee. ‖
6. Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction with- | in thy | borders; ‖ but thou shalt call thy walls Sal- | vation···and thy | gates | praise. ‖

No. 8.



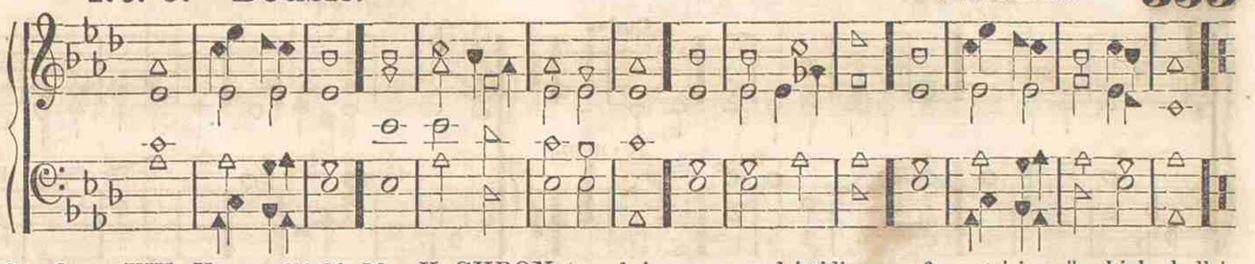
ISAIAH. Chap. LXII. Verses 1, 2, and LV. 12, 13.

1. For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I | will not | rest, ‖ until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a | lamp, a | lamp that | burneth. ‖
2. And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all | kings thy | glory: ‖ and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the | mouth···of the | Lord shall | name. ‖
3. For ye shall go out with joy and be led | forth with | peace: ‖ the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the | field shall | clap their | hands. ‖
4. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the | myrtle | tree: ‖ and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting | sign···that shall | not be···cut | off. ‖

PSALM LXVIII. Verse 18. REV. Chap. XXI. 3, 4, and XXII. 17–20.

1. Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led cap- | tivity | captive: ‖ thou hast received gifts for men: yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord | God might | dwell a- | mong them. ‖
2. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall | be his | people, ‖ and God himself shall be | with them···and | be···their | God. ‖
3. And God shall wipe away all | tears···from their | eyes: ‖ and | there shall···be | no more | death. ‖
4. Neither shall there be | any more | pain, ‖ for the former | things have | passed a- | way. ‖
5. And the Spirit and the Bride say come. And let him that heareth, say come. And let | him that is a-···thirst | come. ‖ And whosoever will let him take the water of | life | free- | ly. ‖
6. He which testifieth these things saith, Surely | I come | quickly: ‖ Amen. | Even···so | come Lord | Jesus. ‖

No. 9. Double.



I. KINGS. Chap. VIII. Verses 27–30, 56. II. CHRON. Chap. VI. 41.

1. But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold the heaven and the heaven of heavens can- | not···con | tain thee: ‖ how much less this | house that | I have | builded? ‖
2. Yet have thou respect unto the prayer of thy servant, and to his supplication, O | Lord my | God, ‖ to hearken unto the cry and to the prayer which thy servant | pray-···eth be- | fore···thee to- | day. ‖
3. That thine eyes may be open towards this | house···night and | day, ‖ even towards the place of which thou hast | said, My | name···shall be | there. ‖
4. That thou mayest hearken | unto···the | prayer ‖ which thy servant shall | make towards | this | place. ‖
5. And hearken thou to the supplication of thy servants and of thy | people | Israel, ‖ when they shall | pray···toward this | place. ‖
6. And hear thou in heaven thy | dwelling | place: ‖ and | when thou | hearest···for- | give. ‖
7. Blessed be the Lord that hath given rest unto his | people Israel, ‖ according to | all | that he | promised. ‖
8. There hath not failed one word of | all his···good | promise, ‖ which he promised by the | hand of | Moses···his | servant. ‖
9. Now therefore, arise, O Lord God, into thy | resting | place, ‖ thou, | thou and the | ark···of thy | strength: ‖
10. Let thy priests, O Lord God, be | clothed···with sal- | vation, ‖ and let thy | saints re- | joice···in | goodness. ‖

Selection II.

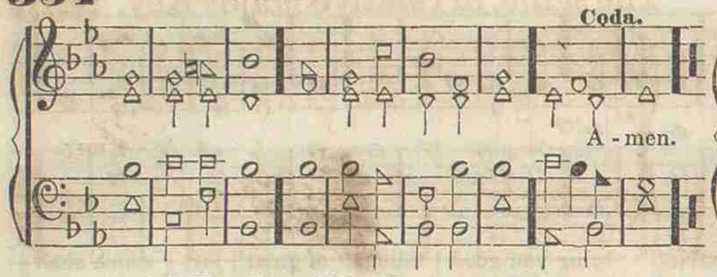
LUKE. Chap. II. Verses 8–14.

1. And there were in the same country, shepherds abiding···in the | field, ‖ keeping | watch···over [illegible] by | night. ‖
2. And lo, the angel of the | Lord···came upon [illegible] and the glory of the Lord shone round about [illegible] | they were | sore a- | fraid. ‖
3. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold I bring you good | tidings···of great | joy, ‖ which shall | be to | all | people. ‖
4. For unto you is born this day in the | city···of | David, ‖ a | Saviour···which is | Christ the | Lord. ‖
5. And this shall be a | sign···unto | you: ‖ ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a | manger, | in a | manger. ‖
6. And suddenly there | was···with the | angel ‖ a multitude of the heavenly host, | praising | God and | saying—‖
7. Glory to | God···in the | highest, ‖ and on earth | peace, good | will towards | men. ‖

LUKE. Chap. I. Verses 68–79.

1. Blessed be the Lord | God of | Israel: ‖ for he hath | visited···and re- | deemed···his | people. ‖
2. And hath raised up a horn of sal- | vation···for | us, ‖ in the | house···of his | servant | David. ‖
3. As he spake by the mouth of his | holy | prophets, ‖ which have | been···since the | world be- | gan. ‖
4. That we should be saved from our | ene- | mies, ‖ and from the | hand of | all that | hate us: ‖
5. To perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember his | holy | covenant: ‖ the oath which he sware to our | father | Abra- | ham: ‖
6. That he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might | serve him without | fear, ‖ in holiness and righteousness before him, | all the | days of···our | life. ‖
7. And thou child shalt be called the | Prophet···of the | Highest, ‖ for thou shalt go before the face of the | Lord ···to pre- | pare his | ways: ‖
8. To give knowledge | of sal- | vation, ‖ unto her people by the re- | mission | of their | sins. ‖
9. Through the tender mercy | of our | God: ‖ whereby the day-spring from on | high hath | visit-···ed | us. ‖
10. To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the | shadow···of | death, ‖ to guide our | feet···into the | way of | peace. ‖

No. 10.



ISAIAH. CHAP. IX. VERSES 2, 6, 7.

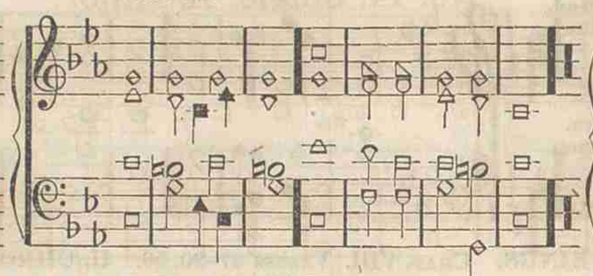
1. The people that walked in darkness, have | seen a···great | light: || they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon | them···hath the | light | shined. ||
2. For unto us a child is born: unto us a | Son is | given: || and the government shall | be up- | on his | shoulder: ||
3. And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the | Mighty | God, || the everlasting | Father,···the | Prince of | Peace. ||
4. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall | be no | end, || upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it: and to establish it with judgment and with justice, from | henceforth | even for- | ever. ||
5. The zeal of the | Lord of | Hosts || will per- | form this. | A- | men. ||

Selection III.

ISAIAH. CHAP. LIII. VERSES 3–6.

1. He is despised and re- | ject-···ed of | men; || a man of | sorrows···and ac- | quainted···with | grief: ||
2. And we hid as it were, our | faces···from | him: || he was despised and | we es- | teemed him not. ||
3. Surely he hath borne our griefs and | carried···our | sorrows: || yet we did esteem him stricken, | smitten···of | God and af- | flicted. ||
4. But he was wounded for | our trans- | gressions, || he was | bruised for | our in- | iquities. ||
5. The chastisement of our peace | was upon | him: || and | with his | stripes···we are | healed. ||
6. All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to | his own | way; || and the Lord hath laid on *him* the in- | iquity | of us | all. ||

No. 11.



ISAIAH. CHAP. LIII. VERSES 7–12.

1. He was oppressed and | he···was af- | flicted; || yet he | opened | not his | mouth: ||
2. He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her | shearers···is | dumb, || so he | opened | not his | mouth. ||
3. He was taken from prison | and from | judgment: || and who shall de- | clare his | genera- | tion? ||
4. For he was cut off out of the | land···of the | living: || for the transgression of my | people | was he | stricken. ||
5. And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the | rich···in his | death: || because he had done no violence, neither was any de- | ceit | in his | mouth. ||
6. Yet it pleased the | Lord to | bruise him; || he | hath put | him to | grief. ||
7. When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall pro- | long his | days, || and the pleasure of the Lord shall | prosper | in his | hands. ||
8. He shall see of the | travail···of his | soul, || and | shall be | satis- | fied. ||
9. By his knowledge shall my righteous servant | justi-···fy | many: || for he shall | bear···their in- | iqui- | ties. ||
10. Therefore will I divide him a portion | with the | great, || and he shall di- | vide the | spoil···with the | strong. ||
11. Because he hath poured out his | soul···unto | death; || and he was | numbered | with the···trans- | gressors: ||
12. And he bare the | sin of | many, || and made inter- | cession···for | the trans- | gressors. ||

Selection IV.

PSALM CIII. VERSES 1–4, 21, 22.

1. Bless the Lord, | O my | soul: || and all that is within me, | bless his | holy | name. ||

No. 12.



2. Bless the Lord, | O my | soul, || and for- | get not | all his | benefits. ||
3. Who forgiveth all thine in- | iqui- | ties, || who | healeth ···all | thy dis- | eases. ||
4. Who redeemeth thy | life···from de- | struction: || who crowneth thee with loving- | kind-···ness and | tender | mercies. ||
5. Bless ye the Lord, | all···ye his | hosts: || ye *ministers* of | his that | do his | pleasure. ||
6. Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of | his do- | minion. || Bless the | Lord, | O my | soul. ||

PSALM CIII. VERSES 8, 9, 10–18.

1. The Lord is merciful and gracious, | slow to | anger: || and | plen- | teous in | mercy. ||
2. He will | not···always | chide, || neither will he | keep his | anger···for- | ever. ||
3. He hath not dealt with us | after···our | sins, || nor rewarded us ac- | cording···to | our in- | iquities. ||
4. For as the heaven is high a- | bove the | earth, || so great is his | mercy···toward | them that | fear him. ||
5. As far as the | east is···from the | west, || so far hath he re- | moved···our trans- | gressions···from | us. ||
6. Like as a father | pitieth···his | children: || so the | Lord ···pities | them that | fear him. ||
7. For he | knoweth···our | frame: || he re- | membereth··· that | we are | dust. ||
8. As for man, his | days are···as | grass: || as a flower of the | field···so he | flourish- | eth. ||
9. For the wind passeth over it, and | it is | gone, || and the place thereof shall | know it | no | more. ||
10. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon | them that | fear him, || and his | righteousness···unto | children's | children. ||
11. To such as | keep his | covenant, || and to those that remember his com- | mand-···ments to | do | them. ||

No. 13. Single.



PSALM CXVII.

1. O praise the Lord | all ye | nations: || praise him, | praise him | all ye | people. ||
2. For his merciful kindness is | great···towards | us, || and the truth of the | Lord en- | dur-···eth for- | ever. ||
3. Praise, | praise···ye the | Lord. || A- | men. Praise | ye the | Lord. ||

ISAIAH. CHAP. XXVI. VERSES 3, 4, and 13.

1. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is | stayed on | thee: || be- | cause he | trusteth···in | thee. ||
2. Trust ye in the | Lord for- | ever: || for in the Lord JE- | HO-···VAH is | ever-···lasting | strength. ||
3. O Lord our God, other lords besides thee have had dominion | over | us; || but by thee only will we make | mention | of thy | name. ||

Selection V.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. MATT. VI. VERSES 9–13.

1. Our Father which | art in | heaven, || Hal- | lowed | be thy | name. ||
2. Thy kingdom come, Thy | will be | done || on | earth··· as it | is in | heaven. ||
3. Give us this day our | daily | bread: || and forgive us our debts as | we for- | give our | debtors. ||
4. And lead us not | into···tempt- | ation, || but de- | liver | us from | evil. ||
5. For thine is the kingdom, the | power···and the | glory, || for- | ever. | A- | men. ||

PSALM LI. VERSES 1–3, 10–13, 15, 16, 17.

1. Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy | loving | kindness: || according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, || blot out | my trans- | gressions. ||

No. 14. Single. In Minor.

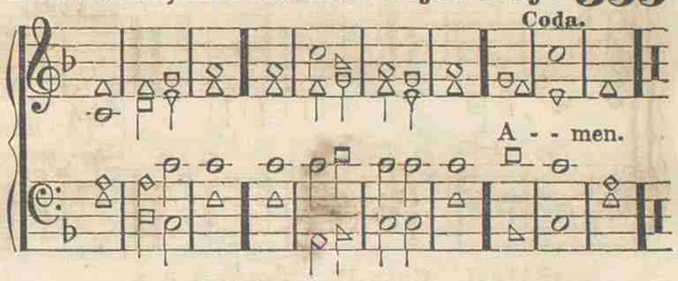


2. Wash me thoroughly from | mine in- | iquity, || and | cleanse me | from my | sin. ||
3. For I ac- | knowledge···my trans- | gressions, || and my | sin is | ever be- | fore me. ||
4. Create in me a clean | heart, O | God: || and re- | new a···right | spirit···with- | in me. ||
5. Cast me not a- | way···from thy | presence: || and take not thine | Holy | Spirit | from me. ||
6. Restore unto me the joy of | thy sal- | vation, || and up- | hold···me with | thy free- | Spirit. ||
7. Then will I teach trans- | gressors···thy | ways, || and sinners shall be con- | verted | unto | thee. ||
8. O Lord, open | thou my | lips, || and my | mouth shall | show forth···thy | praise. ||
9. For thou desirest not sacrifice; | else···would I | give it: || thou de- | lightest···not | in burnt | offerings. ||
10. The sacrifices of God are a | broken | spirit: || a broken and a contrite heart, O | God,···thou wilt | not de- | spise. ||

PSALM CXXX.

1. Out of the depths have I cried unto | thee, O | Lord, || Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the | voice···of my | suppli- | cation. ||
2. If thou, Lord, shouldest | mark in- | iquities, || O | Lord, | who shall | stand? ||
3. But there is for- | give-···ness with | thee, || that | thou | may-···est be | feared. ||
4. I wait for the Lord, my | soul doth | wait, || and | in his | word···do I | hope. ||
5. My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that | watch···for the | morning: || I say *more* than | they that | watch···for the | morning. ||
6. Let Israel | hope···in the | Lord, || for with the Lord there is mercy, and with | him is | plen-···teous re- | demption. ||
7. And | he···shall re- | deem || Israel from | all···his in- | iqui- | ties. ||

The same, in relative Major Key.



Selection VI.

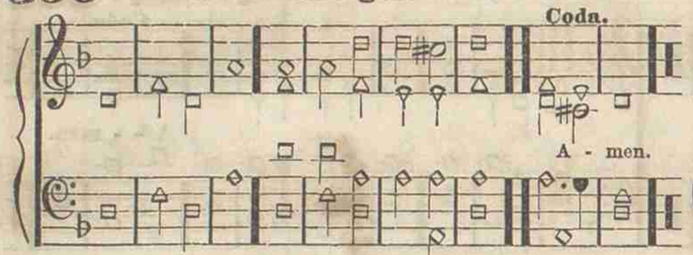
JOEL II. VERSES 15, 17, 27–32.

1. Blow the | trumpet···in | Zion, || sanctify a | fast,···call a | solemn···as- | sembly. ||
2. Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar, and let them say, Spare thy | people···O | Lord, || and give not thine heritage to reproach, that the | heathen···should | rule···over | them. ||
3. Wherefore should they say a- | mong the | people, || Where, | where | is their | God? ||
4. And ye shall know that I am in the midst of Israel, and that I am the Lord your | God, and···none | else, || and my | people···shall | never···be a- | shamed. ||
5. And it shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out my spirit up- | on all | flesh; || and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your | young | men shall···see | visions. ||
6. And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids, | in those | days, || will I | pour | out my | Spirit. ||
7. And I will show wonders in the | heavens and···in the | earth, || blood and | fire, and | pillars of | smoke. ||
8. The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the | moon··· into | blood, || before the great and the terrible | day···of the | Lord | come. ||
9. And it shall | come to | pass, || that whosoever shall call on the name of the | Lord shall | be de- | livered. ||

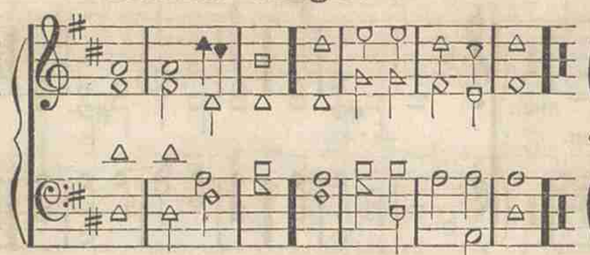
HABAKKUK. CHAP. III. VERSE 2.

1. O Lord, I have | heard thy | speech, || I have heard thy | speech, and | was a- | fraid. ||
2. O Lord, revive thy work in the | midst···of the | years, || in the midst of the years make known; in wrath re- | member | mer- | cy. ||

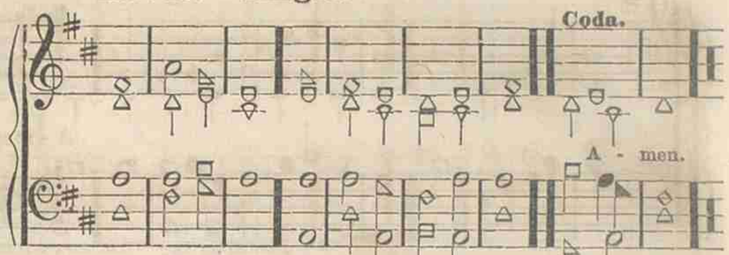
No. 15. Single.



No. 16. Single.



No. 17. Single.



Selection VII.

PSALM XC. Verses 1–4, 11, 12, 14–17.

1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in | all···gener- | ations. ‖ Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to ever- | lasting | thou art | God. ‖
2. Thou turnest | man···to de- | struction: ‖ and sayest, re- | turn ye | children···of | men. ‖
3. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday | when it···is | past,‖ and | as a | watch···in the | night. ‖
4. Who knoweth the | power | of···thine | anger? ‖ Even according to thy | *fear*, | so is···thy | wrath. ‖
5. So teach us to | number···our | days, ‖ that we may ap- | ply our | hearts···unto | wisdom. ‖
6. O satisfy us early | with thy | mercy; ‖ that we may rejoice and be | glad | all our | days. ‖
7. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast af- | flicted | us, ‖ and the years where- | in we | have seen | evil. ‖
8. Let thy work appear | unto thy | servants, ‖ and thy | glory | unto···their | children. ‖
9. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our | hands···up- | on us;‖ yea, the work of our | hands···es- | tablish thou | it. ‖

PSALM XXXIX. Verses 4, 5, 7, 9, 12, 13.

1. O Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my | days,···what it | is; ‖ that I may | know how | frail I | am. ‖
2. Behold thou hast made my days as an handbreadth; and mine age is as | nothing···be- | fore thee: ‖ verily, every man at his best state is | alto- | gether | vanity. ‖
3. And now, Lord, what | wait I | for? ‖ Mine | hope, mine | hope···is in | thee. ‖
4. I was dumb, I opened | not my | mouth, ‖ be- | cause | thou | didst it. ‖
5. Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry: hold not thy | peace at···my | tears: ‖ for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner as | all my | fathers | were. ‖
6. O spare me that I may re- | cover | strength, ‖ before I go | hence and | be no | more. ‖

REVELATION. Chap. XIV. Verse 13.

1. I heard a voice from heaven, saying | unto···me, | Write,‖ Blessed are the dead which | die···in the | Lord from | henceforth. ‖
2. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may | rest from···their | labors: ‖ and their | works do | follow | them. ‖

Selection VIII.

PSALM I. Verses 1–3.

1. Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel | of the···un- | godly, ‖ nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor | sitteth···in the | seat···of the | scornful. ‖
2. But his delight is in the | law···of the | Lord: ‖ and in his law doth he | meditate | day and | night. ‖
3. And he shall be like a tree planted by the | rivers···of | water, ‖ that bringeth | forth his | fruit···in his | season.‖ His leaf also | shall not | wither; ‖ and whatso- | ever··· he | doeth···shall | prosper. ‖

PSALM CXIX. Verses 1, 2, 5–8.

1. Blessed are the unde- | filed···in the | way, ‖ who | walk ···in the | law···of the | Lord. ‖
2. Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the | whole | heart. ‖ O that my ways were di- | rected to | keep thy | statutes. ‖
3. Then shall I | not be a- | shamed, ‖ when I have respect unto | all···thy com- | mand- | ments. ‖
4. I will praise thee with up- | rightness···of | heart, ‖ when I shall have | learned thy | righteous- | judgments. ‖
5. I will | keep thy | statutes: ‖ O forsake me not | utterly. | A- | men. ‖

PSALM CXIX. Verses 9–16.

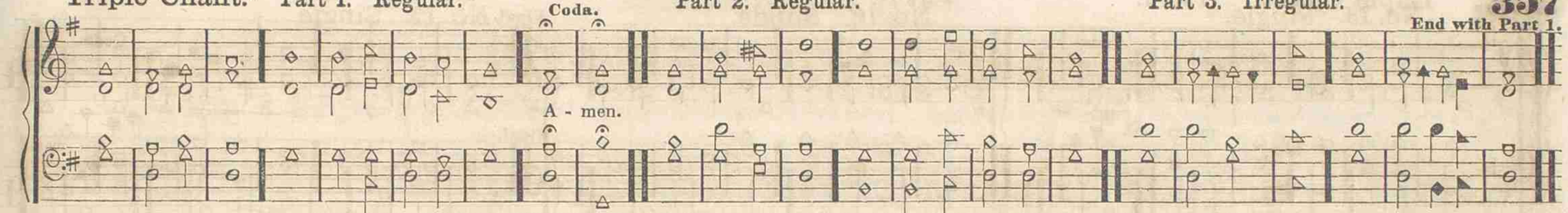
1. Wherewith shall a young man | cleanse his | way? ‖ By taking heed thereto ac- | cording | to thy | word. ‖
2. With my whole heart have I | sought | thee: ‖ O let me not | wander···from | thy com- | mandments. ‖
3. Thy word have I | hid in···mine | heart, ‖ that I | might not | sin a-···gainst | thee. ‖
4. Blessed art | thou, O | Lord, ‖ teach me, | teach | me thy | statutes. ‖
5. With my | lips have···I de- | clared ‖ all the | judgments of | thy | mouth. ‖
6. I have rejoiced in the | way of thy | testimonies, ‖ as | much as | in all | riches. ‖
7. I will meditate | in thy | precepts, ‖ and have re- | spect un- | to thy | ways. ‖
8. I will delight myself | in thy | statutes: ‖ I will | not for- | get thy | word. ‖

Selection IX.

ISAIAH. Chap. LV. Verses 1, 3, 6, 7.

1. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye | to the | waters, ‖ and he that hath no money, | come ye, | buy and | eat. ‖
2. Yea, come, buy | wine and | milk, ‖ without | money··· and | without | price. ‖
3. Incline your ear and come unto me: hear and your | souls shall | live: ‖ and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the | sure | mercies···of | David. ‖
4. Seek ye the Lord while he | may be | found, ‖ call ye up | on···him while | he is | near. ‖
5. Let the wicked for- | sake his | way, ‖ and the un- | righteous | man his | thoughts. ‖
6. And let him return unto the Lord, and he will have | mercy up- | on him, ‖ and to our God, for | he···will a- | bundantly | pardon. ‖

Triple Chant.* Part 1. Regular. Part 2. Regular. Part 3. Irregular.



* Intended for the "GLORIA IN EXCELSIS," but as the first and second parts are regular, they are *equally well* adapted to other selections.

PSALM XXXIII. VERSES 8, 9, 11, 12, 18, 20.

1. Let all the earth | fear the | Lord; ‖ let all the inhabitants of the | world···stand in | awe of | him. ‖
2. For he spake and | it was | done; ‖ he com- | manded··· and it | stood | fast. ‖
3. The counsel of the Lord | standeth···for | ever, ‖ the thoughts of his | heart to | all gener- | ations. ‖
4. Blessed is the nation whose | God···is the | Lord, ‖ and the people whom he hath | chosen···for his | own in- | heritance. ‖
5. Behold the eye of the Lord is upon | them that | fear him, ‖ upon | them that | hope···in his | mercy. ‖
6. Our soul waiteth | for the | Lord: ‖ he | is our | help··· and our | shield. ‖

Selection X.

PSALM XLI. VERSES 1–3.

1. Blessed is he that con- | sidereth the | poor; ‖ the Lord will de- | liver···him in | time of | trouble. ‖
2. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed up- | on the | earth. ‖ And thou wilt not deliver him unto the | will···of his | ene- | mies. ‖
3. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of | languish- | ing: ‖ thou wilt make | all his | bed in his | sickness. ‖

PSALM CXII. VERSES 5–7, 9.

1. A good man showeth | favor···and | lendeth; ‖ he will | guide···his af- | fairs···with dis- | cretion. ‖
2. Surely he shall not be | moved for | ever: ‖ the righteous shall be in | ever- | lasting re- | membrance. ‖
3. He shall not be afraid of | evil | tidings. ‖ His heart is fixed, | trusting | in the | Lord. ‖
4. He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor; his righteousness en- | dur···eth for | ever; ‖ his | horn shall···be ex- | alt···ed with | honor. ‖

Selection XI.

PSALM LXXII. VERSES 18, 19.

1. Blessed be the Lord God, the | God of | Israel, ‖ who | only···doth | wondrous | things. ‖
2. And blessed be his glorious name, for ever: and let the whole earth be | filled···with his | glory. ‖ A- | men··· and | A- | men. ‖

PSALM CIII. VERSES 19–22.

1. The Lord hath prepared his | throne···in the | heavens, ‖ and his | kingdom | ruleth···over | all. ‖
2. Bless the Lord, ye his angels that ex- | cel in | strength, ‖ that do his commandments, hearkening | unto···the | voice ···of his | word. ‖
3. Bless ye the Lord, all | ye his | hosts: ‖ ye ministers of | his, that | do his | pleasure. ‖
4. Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of | his do- | minion: ‖ bless the | Lord | O my | soul. ‖

PSALM CXVII.

1. O praise the Lord, | all ye | nations; ‖ praise, | praise him | all ye | people. ‖
2. For his merciful kindness is | great toward | us; ‖ and the truth of the Lord endureth for | ever. | Praise ye···the | Lord. ‖

LUKE. CHAP. II. VERSE 14.

1. Glory to | God···in the | highest, ‖ and on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men. ‖

EPHESIANS. CHAP. III. VERSES 20, 21.

1. Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we | ask or | think, ‖ according to the | power that | worketh in | us, ‖
2. Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus through- | out all | ages, ‖ world | without | end. A- | men. ‖

REVELATION. CHAP. I. VERSES 5, 6.

1. Unto him that | loved | us, ‖ and washed us from our | sins in | his own | blood, ‖
2. And hath made us kings and priests unto | God···and his | Father; ‖ to him be glory and dominion for ever and | ever. | A- | men. ‖

"GLORIA IN EXCELSIS."

See the angelic hymn in Luke, Chap. II. 14. The remainder is said to have been written by Telesphones, some seventeen centuries ago.

To the First Part of the Chant.

1. Glory be to | God on | high, ‖ and on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men. ‖
2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, ‖ we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee | for thy | great | glory. ‖

To the Second Part.

3. O Lord God, | Heavenly | King, ‖ God the | Father | Al- | mighty! ‖
4. O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ, ‖ O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son···of the | Fa- | ther! ‖

To the Third Part.

5. That takest away the | sins···of the | world, ‖ have mercy up- | on | us. ‖
6. Thou that takest away the | sins···of the | world, ‖ have mercy up- | on | us. ‖
7. Thou that takest away the | sins···of the | world, ‖ re- | ceive our | prayer. ‖
8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Fa- | ther, ‖ have mercy up- | on | us. ‖

To the First Part.

9. For thou only | art | holy, ‖ thou | only | art the | Lord. ‖
10. Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, ‖ art most high in the | glory···of | God the | Father. | A- | men. ‖

Triple Chant.



TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

A Hymn composed in the 5th or 6th century.

TRIPLE CHANT. PART I.

1. We praise thee, O God, we acknowledge thee to | be the | Lord; ‖ all the earth doth worship thee, the | Father | ever- | lasting. ‖
2. To thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the | powers there- | in. ‖ To thee cherubim, and seraphim, con- | tinual- | ly do | cry. ‖

PART II.

3. Holy, holy, holy Lord God of | Saba- | oth; ‖ heaven and earth are full of the majesty | of thy | glo- | ry. ‖
4. The glorious company of the Apostles | praise— | thee.
   { *Repeat the same strain for this line.*
   The goodly fellowship of the prophets | praise | thee. ‖
   { *Repeat the same strain again for this line.*
   The noble army of martyrs | praise— | thee. ‖ The holy church throughout all the | world···doth ac- | knowledge | thee. ‖
5. The Father, of an infinite majesty, thine adorable, true, and | only | Son. ‖ Also, the | Holy | Ghost, the | Comforter. ‖
6. Thou art the King of glory | O— | Christ, ‖ thou art the everlasting | Son···of the | Fa- | ther. ‖

PART III.

7. When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst humble thyself to be | born···of a | virgin. ‖ When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the kingdom of | heaven to | all be- | lievers. ‖

PART II.

8. Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the | glory··· of the | Father. ‖ We believe that thou shalt | come to | be our | judge. ‖

PART III.

9. We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy | precious | blood, ‖ make them to be numbered with thy saints, in | glory | ever- | lasting. ‖
10. O Lord, save thy people, and | bless thine | heritage, ‖ govern them, and | lift them | up for- | ever. ‖

PART II.

11. Day by day we | magnify | thee: ‖ and we worship thy | name···ever | world···without | end. ‖

PART III.

12. Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day | without | sin, ‖ O Lord, have mercy upon us, have | mercy | upon | us. ‖

PART II.

13. O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us, as our | trust···is in | thee, ‖ O Lord, in thee have I trusted, let me | never | be con- | founded. ‖

Illustrations of Chanting in Metre.

THE strict propriety of this species of chanting will be doubted by many, because it serves to promote an unfortunate manner of poetic reading; yet, since it is much in use at the present time, it seems right to bestow some attention upon it. The method of arrangement is very simple. The syllables of the poetic lines being regular, we have only to bar off certain uniform numbers from each stanza of a given metre, and the work is done. The following specimens of arrangements, suited to any *regular* chant, may be applied indifferently to other hymns of corresponding metres. They may be sung also in Parts II. or III. of the Triple Chant, at the head of this page. Part I. is not supplied with a *final* cadence.

L. M.

Why should we start and fear to die?
  What timorous worms we | mortals | are! ‖
Death is the gate of endless joy,
  And yet we | dread to | enter | there. ‖

C. M.

When musing sorrow weeps the past,
  And mourns the | present | pain, ‖
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
  And | feel that | death is | gain. ‖

S. M.

Blest are the sons of peace,
  Whose hearts and | hopes are | one, ‖
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
  Through | all their | actions | run. ‖

L. M. 6 lines.*

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a | shepherd's | care, ‖
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a | watchful | eye; ‖
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my | midnight | hours de- | fend. ‖

L. P. M.

Great God, beneath whose piercing eye,
The world's extended kingdoms lie,
  We bow before thy | heavenly | throne; ‖
Thy favoring smile upholds them all:
Thine anger smites them, and they fall:
  Thy power we | see, thy | greatness | own. ‖

C. P. M.

O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart,
  Eternal | things im- | press: ‖
Cause me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
  And | wake to | righteous- | ness. ‖

7s.

Suppliant, lo! thy children bend,
  Father, for thy | blessing | now; ‖
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;
  We are | weak, al- | mighty | thou. ‖

* For this metre, repeat the first strain of the chant.

1. Daughter of Zi - on, awake from thy sadness ! Awake ! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more ; Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness, Arise ! for the night of thy

2. Strong were thy foes,but the arm that subdued them,And scatter'd their legions, was mighter far; They fled like the chafffrom the scourge that pursued them; Vain were their steeds and their

3. Daughter of Zi-on, the power that hath saved thee Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be; Shout ! for the foe is destroy'd that enslaved thee,Th'oppressor is vanquish'd,and

CHORUS for the end of each stanza.

sorrow is o'er. Daughter of Zi-on, awake from thy sadness ! Awake ! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

chariots of war. Daughter of Zi-on, awake from thy sadness ! Awake ! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

Zi - on is free. Daughter of Zi-on, awake from thy sadness ! Awake ! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

CODA for the close of the Hymn.

Shall oppress thee no more, no more, no more.

Shall oppress thee no more, no more, no more.

Sym.

Shall oppress thee no more, no more, no more.

A FEW tunes embraced in the Assembly's list were found so imperfect in their structure, that any effort towards appropriate correction would have destroyed their identity These tunes the editor has thought fit to throw together at the close of the volume, without the slightest revision.

[PSALM 73, 2D PART.]

GREENWICH. L. M.



TENDER THOUGHT. L. M.

A - rise, my ten-der thoughts, arise, To torrents melt my streaming eyes; And thou, my heart, with anguish feel Those e - vils which thou canst not heal.

A - rise, my ten-der thoughts, arise, To torrents melt my streaming eyes; And thou, my heart, with anguish feel Those e - vils which thou canst not heal.

[Psalm 89, 3d Part.]

VIRGINIA. C. M.

1. With reverence let the saints appear, And bow before the Lord; His high commands devoutly hear, And trem - ble at his word, And tremble at his word.

2. How terri-ble thy glo - ries rise! How bright thine armies shine! Where is the pow'r with thee that vies, Or truth compared with thine, Or truth compared with thine!

3. The northern pole and southern rest On thy supporting hand; Darkness and day, from east to west, Move round at thy command, Move round at thy command.

4. Thy words the raging winds control, And rule the boisterous deep; Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll, The roll - ing billows sleep, The roll - ing billows sleep.

362 [PSALM 103, 4TH PART.]

AMERICA. S. M.

My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mercies are so great, Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to a - bate.

Whose anger, &c.

My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mercies are so great, Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to a - bate, So ready to a - bate.

Whose anger, &c. Whose anger, &c.

[PSALM 55, 2D PART.]

FLORIDA. S. M.

Let sinners take their course, And choose the road to death, But in the worship of my God I'll spend my daily breath, But in the worship of my God, I'll spend my, &c.

But in the worship, &c. But in the worship, &c.

Let sinners take their course, And choose the road to death, But in the worship of my God I'll spend my daily breath, But in the worship of my God I'll spend my daily breath.

But in the worship, &c. But in the worship, &c.

Think, mighty God, on fee - ble man, How few his hours, how short his span! Short from the cradle to the grave; Who

Think, mighty God, on fee - ble man, How few his hours, how short his span! Short from the cradle to the grave; Who can secure his

Who can secure his vital breath A-

can se - cure his vi - tal breath A - gainst the bold . . . de - mands of death, With skill to fly, or power to save?

Who can se - cure, &c.

vi - tal breath A - gainst the bold de - mands of death, With skill to fly, or power to save? With skill to fly, or power to save?

gainst the bold de - mands of death, With skill, &c.

364 [Psalm 51, 3d Part.]

SUPPLICATION. L. M.

1. O Thou, that hear'st when sinners cry, Tho' all my crimes before thee lie, Behold them not with angry look, But blot their memory from thy book.

2. Create my nature pure with - in, And form my soul averse to sin: Let thy good Spirit ne'er de - part, Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

[Psalm 55, 2d Part.]

LANDAFF. S. M.

Slow.

1. Let sin - ners take their course, And choose the road to death; But in the wor-ship of my God I'll spend my dai - ly breath.

2. My thoughts ad - dress his throne When morning brings the light; I seek his blessing ev' - ry noon, And pay my vows at night.

[Hymn 659.]

DE FLEURY. 8s. Double.

Old Ballad.

Fine. D.C.

Ye angels, who stand round the throne, And view my Imman - u - el's face,
In rapturous songs make Him known; Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.
D. C. While others sunk down in de - spair, Confirm'd by his pow - er, ye stood.

He form'd you the spirits you are, So happy, so noble, so good;

TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed. *Suffering Saviour*..... 161
Alas! what hourly dangers rise. *Burford*..... 107
All hail the power of Jesus' name. *Coronation*, 114. *Davidson*, 116. *Harborough*..... 127
Almighty Father, gracious Lord. *Wilson*..... 169
And is the gospel peace and love. *Stevens*..... 82
And must this body die? *St. Brides*..... 201
And will the Lord thus condescend. *Athens*..... 99
Another six days' work is done. *Ware*..... 87
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake. *Orland or Tatnal*..... 70
Ascend thy throne, almighty King. *Anvern*..... 36
As when the weary traveller gains. *Federal Street*..... 50
At thy command, our dearest Lord. *Uxbridge*..... 86
Awaked by Sinai's awful sound. *Ganges*..... 218
Awake, my heart! arise, my tongue! *Bethlehem*..... 103
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays. *Loving Kindness*..... 63
Awake our souls, away our fears. *Newfield*..... 67

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne. *Green's Hundreth*..... 54
Begin, my soul, the exalted lay. *Rapture*..... 220
Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near. *Lyons*..... 298
Behold, the expected time draws near. *Migdol*..... 65
Behold, the morning sun. *Mazzaroth*..... 193
Behold, thy waiting servant, Lord. *Blackburn*, 102. *Canton*, 107. *Winter*..... 170
Beneath a numerous train of ills. *St. Edmunds*..... 81
Bless, O my soul, the living God. *Admah*, 32. *Alfreton*, 34. *Upton*..... 86
Blest Comforter Divine. *State Street*..... 200
Blest are the sons of peace. *Dover*, 180. *Gerar*, 183. *Hants* 187
Blest be the everlasting God. *Watts*..... 168
Blest be the tie that binds. *Golden Hill*..... 184
Blest Jesus, when thy cross I view. *Louvan*..... 64
Blest morning, whose first dawning light. *Arlington*..... 95
Bright in the East. 306. *Folsom*..... 307
Buried in shadows of the night. *Brentford*, 42. *Evening Hymn*..... 50
By Babel's stream the captive sat. *Ravenscroft or Babylon* 74

CHILD of man, whose seed below. *Martyn*..... 262
Children of the Heavenly King. *Ionia*..... 249
Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day. *Atlantic*, 39. *Orford* 70
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell. *Fountain*..... 51
Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell. *Nazareth*..... 67
Come, happy souls, approach your God. *Gaston or Asmon* 124
Come, Holy Spirit, come. *Claytonville*, 177. *Haverhill* 187
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove. *Newmark*..... 145
Come, let us lift our joyful eyes. *Conway*..... 113
Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart. *Communion*, 112. *Serenity*..... 157
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare. *Preparation*..... 215
Come, sound his praise abroad. *Athol*, 174. *Carmel*, 176. *Falcon Street*..... 182
Come, thou almighty King. *Hebron*, 241. *Italian Hymn*, 241. *New Haven*..... 242
Come, thou Desire of all thy saints. *Irish*..... 130
Come, thou fount of every blessing. *Good Shepherd or Fount* 283
Come, thou long expected Jesus. *Bavaria*..... 281
Come to Calvary's holy mountain. *Stuttgard*..... 288
Come we that love the Lord. *Ain or Lonsdale*, 173. *Kentucky*, 190. *Winslow*..... 204
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish..... 305
Come, ye that love the Saviour's name. *Heber*, 128. *Meriden*..... 141

DAY of judgment, day of wonders. *Brest*..... 289
Dear Shepherd of thy people, hear. *Phillips*..... 150
Death cannot make our souls afraid. *Walsal*..... 166
Death! 'tis a melancholy day. *Liberty Hall*, 135. *Shields* 157
Deep in our hearts let us record. *Ashfield*..... 38
Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near. *Goshen or Hinton*..... 300
Descend from heaven, immortal dove. *Zered or Degroot* 93
Did Christ o'er sinners weep. *King*..... 190

EARLY, my God, without delay. *Lanesborough*..... 134
Encompassed with clouds of distress. *Confidence*..... 276
Eternal Spirit, we confess. *Pilesgrove*..... 72
Exalt the Lord our God. *Doomsday*, 179. *Husband or Froome*..... 188

FAREWELL, ye transitory things. *German Air or Mendon* 51
Father, how wide thy glory shines. *Devizes*..... 116
Father, I bless thy gentle hand. *Armley*..... 37
Father, I long, I faint to see. *Fiducia*, 122. *St. Olaves*.. 161
Father, I sing thy wondrous grace. *Howard*..... 130
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss. *Armenia*, 98. *Naomi* 144
Firm and unmoved are they. *St. Thomas*..... 202
Firm as the earth thy gospel stands. *Lucerne or Trias*... 136
Forever blessed be the Lord. *Loudon*..... 136
Forgiveness! 'tis a joyful sound. *Seasons*..... 80
Frequent the day of God returns. *Corelli*, 115, *Haven*, 128. *Swanwick*..... 162
Friend after friend departs. *Departure*..... 245
From all that dwell below the skies. *Sterling*..... 81
From Greenland's icy mountains. *Missionary Hymn*..... 269

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us. *Greenville*, 284. *Smyrna* 287
Give thanks to God he reigns above. *China or Notaway* 47
Give thanks to God most high. *Burnham*, 230. *Harwich* 233
Give to our God immortal praise. *Litchfield*..... 62
Glorious things of thee are spoken. *Harwell*..... 284
Glory to God on high. *Olivet*..... 242
Glory to God the Father's name. *Trinity*..... 165
Glory to thee, my God, this night. *Tallis's Hymn*..... 84
God in the gospel of his Son. *Truro*..... 85
God in the high and holy place. *Victory*..... 165
God is the refuge of his saints. *Ward*..... 87
God of eternal love. *Tillotson*..... 203
God of my life, look gently down. *Poland*..... 151
God my supporter and my hope. *Rochester*..... 155
Grace, 'tis a charming sound. *Cranbrook*..... 178
Gracious Spirit, Love Divine. *Norwich*, 250. *Oreb*..... 250
Great God, attend while Sion sings. *Antigua*, 36. *Bridgewater*..... 43
Great God, the heavens' well-ordered frame. *Newcourt*... 211
Great God, we sing thy mighty hand. *Brewer*..... 44
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah. *Oliphant*..... 294

HAIL! sovereign love, that first began. *Hiding-Place*.... 56
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound. *Bangor*, 101. *Funeral Thought*..... 124
Hark! how the choral song of heaven. *Park Street*..... 72
Hark! the solemn trumpet sounding. *Trumpet*..... 288
Hark to the solemn bell. *Dirge*, 243. *Gray or Spanish Hymn*..... 244
Hark! the voice of love and mercy. *Calvary*, 290. *Farland*..... 292
Hark! what mean those holy voices. *Marwell*..... 279
Hearts of stone, relent, relent. *Mount Calvary*..... 252
He dies, the Friend of sinners dies. *Dresden*..... 48
He knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed. *Huntersville*..... 222

Here at thy cross, incarnate God. *Rockbridge or Forest*, 77. *Wilderness*..... 91
He reigns, the Lord the Saviour reigns. *Judgment Hymn*, 58. *Ninety-Seventh*..... 68
He that hath made his refuge God. *Shoel*..... 80
High in the heavens, eternal God. *Angel's Hymn*, 35. *Effingham*..... 49
High in yonder realms of light. *Eltham*..... 260
Hither, ye faithful. *Portuguese Hymn*..... 314
How blest the righteous when he dies. *Hamburg*, 55. *Rest* 76
How calm and beautiful the morn. *Hastings*..... 221
How charming is the place. *Hall*..... 186
How did my heart rejoice to hear. *Majesty*, 137. *Mount Pleasant*..... 143
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord. *Perine*..... 302
How happy are they. *Mendelssohn*, 240. *The Convert*, 240. *Wareham*..... 304
How pleasant, how divinely fair. *Rolland*..... 79
How pleased and blest was I. *Dalston*, 223. *Western or Worship*..... 224
How shall the young secure their hearts. *Edwards*..... 119
How still and peaceful is the grave. *Dunlap's Creek*..... 118
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds. *Chester*..... 108

I LOVE the volumes of thy word. *Nashville*..... 210
I'll praise my Maker with my breath. *Psalm* 146, 213. *St. Helen's*..... 214
I love thy Church, O God. *Dwight*..... 181
I love thy kingdom, Lord. *Mount Olivet*..... 195
I love to steal awhile away. *Brown*, 106. *Monson*, 142. *Woodstock*..... 171
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord. *Moravian Hymn*..... 142
Infinite God, to thee we raise. *Eaton*..... 206
Inquire, ye pilgrims, for the way. *Mornington*..... 143
In songs of sublime adoration and praise. *Davis*, 303. *Zion's Pilgrim*..... 303
In sweet exalted strains. *Newbury*..... 234
I sing the almighty power of God. *Zerah*..... 172
Is this the kind return. *Guilford*, 186. *St. Giles*..... 201
I would not live alway. *Frederick*, 299. *Muhlenburgh*... 301

JEHOVAH reigns his throne is high. *Winchelsea*..... 91
Jerusalem, my happy home. *Laight Street*..... 134
Jesus, full of all compassion. *Bartimeus*, 277. *Carnes*... 277
Jesus, I love thy charming name. *Salem*..... 156
Jesus, I my cross have taken. *Dresden*..... 282
Jesus is gone above the skies. *Retreat*..... 77
Jesus, lover of my soul. *Hotham*..... 261
Jesus, master, hear me now. *Esthemoa*..... 247
Jesus, my all to heaven is gone. *Blendon*..... 41
Jesus, my Saviour let me be. *Alden*..... 34
Jesus, the spring of joys divine. *Darley*..... 47
Jesus, who knows full well. *Wallbridge*..... 203
Jesus, with all thy saints above. *Hanover or St. John's*... 127
Joy to the world, the Lord is come. *Antioch*..... 96

LET all the earth their voices raise. *Creation or Brooklyn* 209
Let every creature join. *Moorfield*..... 194
Let every mortal ear attend. *Rindge*..... 154
Let me but hear my Saviour say. *Welton*..... 96
Let sinners take their course. *Little Marlborough*..... 192
Let them neglect thy glory, Lord. *Andover*..... 95
Life is the time to serve the Lord. *Wells*, 90. *Bath*..... 39
Lo! He comes with clouds descending. *Helmsley*..... 291
Long as live I'll bless thy name. *Praise*, 182. *Dunchurch or Dunkirk*..... 117
Long have I sat beneath the sound. *Barby*..... 101
Lord, how secure and blest are they. *Ackworth*..... 31
Lord, I cannot let thee go. *Dallas*..... 247
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear. *Albert*, 94. *Colchester*..... 111
Lord, I will bless thee all my days. *Ellenthorpe*..... 49
Lord of every land and nation. *Sicilian Hymn or Dismission* 281
Lord of the worlds above. *Amherst*, 229. *Thornley or Culloden*..... 236
Lord, thou hast searched and seen me through. *Berlin* 40
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray. *Bedford*..... 102
Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand. *Illinois*..... 58
Lord, we come before thee now. *Horton*..... 249
Lord, what a feeble piece. *Kambia*..... 189
Lord, what is man, poor feeble man. *Coleshill*..... 112
Lo! the stone is rolled away. *German Hymn*..... 248

My Redeemer and my Lord. *Gilgal*..... 53
My God, how endless is thy love. *Gratitude*..... 54
My God, my King, thy various praise. *Parks or Dwight* 71
My God, my life, my love. *Watchman*..... 204
My God, permit my tongue. *Gorton*, 185. *Stillingfleet*... 202
My God, the spring of all my joys. *Peniel*..... 149
My God, what gentle chords are thine. *Dundee*..... 118
My Shepherd will supply my need. *Kendall*, 133. *Medfield*..... 140
My soul, be on thy guard. *Culverton*, 199. *Laban or Conflict*, 191. *Luther*..... 193
My soul, how lovely is the place. *Warwick*..... 168
My soul, repeat his praise. *Aylesbury*, 174. *Granby*..... 185
My times of sorrow and of joy. *Siloam*..... 158

NOT to our names, thou only just and true. *Gezer*, 225. *Montague*, 226. *Naples*..... 227
Not with our mortal eyes. *Sanger*..... 198
Now be the gospel banner. *Romaine*..... 270
Now from the altar of our hearts. *New York*..... 145
Now let our lips, with holy fear. *Plymouth*..... 150
Now let our morning hearts revive. *Plympton*..... 151
Now shall my inward joys arise. *Abridge*, 94. *Enfield* 121
Now to the Lord a noble song. *Grandeur*, 63. *Stonefield* 82

O! ALL ye nations praise the Lord. *Broomsgrove*..... 106
O! blessed souls are they. *Catharine Street*, 176. *Shirland*..... 200
O, bless the Lord, my soul. *Founder's Hall*..... 183
O! could I speak the matchless worth. *Ariel*, 216. *Bremen*..... 217
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness. *Deliverance*, 290. *Herald*, 292. *Zion*..... 295
O! for a closer walk with God. *Elizabethtown*, 120. *Ortonville*..... 148
O! for a heart to praise my God. *Contrition*..... 113
O! for a shout of sacred joy. *Clifford*, 110. *St. Martin's* 160
O! happy is the man who hears. *Balerma*..... 100
O! how divine, how sweet the joy. *Lacy*..... 133
O! how I love thy holy laws. *Hermon*, 129. *Melody or Chelmsford*..... 141
O! Israel, who is like to thee. *Nayland*..... 219
O Lord, our heavenly King. *Loudon*..... 192
Once I thought my mountain strong. *Nuremburgh*..... 253
Once more, my soul, the rising day. *Braintree*, 105. *Peterborough*, 149. *Stephens*..... 159
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand. *Jordan*..... 131
Oppressed with fear, oppressed with grief. *Edmeston*..... 119
O thou, who hearest the prayer of faith. *Aithlone*..... 215
O thou, whose tender mercy hears. *Martyrdom or Avon* 139
O Zion, tune thy voice. *Rhine*..... 234

PEOPLE of the living God. *Homer*..... 262
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair. *Latour*..... 135
Praise ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise. *Kimbolton*, 59. *Warrington*..... 88

REJOICE, the Lord is King. *Triumph*, 236. *Weymouth* 238
Religion is the chief concern. *Grafton*..... 126
Return, O God of love, return. *Georgia*..... 125
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings. *Amsterdam*, 265. *Geneva*..... 266
Rock of ages, cleft for me. *Rock of Ages*, 253. *Zadoc* 258

SAFELY through another week. *Sabbath*, 254. *Sullivan* 256
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing. *Erith or Madrid*, 282. *Middleton*..... 285

Saviour, I thy word believe. *Euphrates*, 272. *Mendon*... 273
Saviour, visit thy plantation. *Kershaw*..... 293
Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive. *Kingsbridge*, 60. *Brookfield*, 44. *The Penitent*..... 72
Sinners, turn, why will ye die? *Benevento*..... 259
Sinners, will ye scorn the message. *Littleton*..... 294
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands. *Patmos*..... 148
Sinner, art thou still secure. *Wilmot*..... 251
Sometimes a light surprises. *Lexington*..... 258
Soon as I heard my Father say. *Wareham*..... 157
Sovereign Ruler of the skies. *Hendon*..... 248
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears. *Warfare*..... 89
Stop, poor sinner, stop and think. *Memorial*..... 267
Sweet is the work, my God, my King. *Castle Street*..... 45
Sweet peace of conscience, happy guest. *Germany*..... 52
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing. *Dorrance*, 278. *Robinson*, 286. *Otto*..... 286
Sweet was the time when first I felt. *Bridgewater*, 105. *Caswell or St. George's*..... 108

Teach me the measure of my days. *Wantage*..... 166
That awful day will surely come. *Elgin*..... 120
The Almighty reigns exalted high. *Arnheim*..... 38
The day is past and gone. *Olney*..... 296
Thee we adore, eternal name. *Martyrs*, 139. *Windsor*... 170
The God of glory sends his summons forth. *Symphony*... 228
The God of my salvation lives. *Leipzic*..... 60
The God of nature and of grace. *Tolland*..... 164
The great Redeemer's gone. *Ferguson*..... 182
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord. *Rothwell*..... 79
The lands that long in darkness lay. *Tranquillity*..... 85
The Lord declares his will. *Fairfield*..... 181
The Lord, how fearful is his name. *St. Ann's*..... 169
The Lord Jehovah reigns. *Peters*, 223. *Haddam*..... 232
The Lord my pasture shall prepare. *Carey*, 205. *Mazzinghi*..... 207
The Lord my Shepherd is. *Germany or Thatcher*..... 184
The Lord of glory is my light. *Theodore*..... 163
The Lord the Sovereign King. *Oxford*..... 197
The moment a sinner believes. *Timna*, 274. *Wilton or Sharon*..... 274
The pity of the Lord. *Boyleston*..... 175
The promise of my Father's love. *Southwold*..... 158
There is a fountain filled with blood. *Fountain*..... 123
There is a God who reigns above. *Mason*..... 65
There is a house not made with hands. *Heber (Betha)*... 129
There is a land of pure delight. *Jordan (Old)*..... 132
The rosy light is dawning. *Yorkville*..... 271
The spacious firmament on high. *Cephas*..... 46
The voice of free grace cries. *Duren* 308. *Voice of free grace*..... 312
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love. *Surrey or Repose* 83
Think, mighty God, on feeble man. *Norfolk*..... 212
This is the day when Christ arose. *Woodland*..... 171
Though now the nations sit beneath. *Ae*..... 33
Thou art my portion, O my God. *Downs*..... 117
Though troubles assail and dangers affright. *Devonshire* 296
Thou lovely source of true delight. *Tabor*, 163. *Wellingborough*..... 169
Thou'rt gone to the grave. *Heber*, 309..... 311
Thrice happy man who fears the Lord. *Hingham*, 56. *Timsbury*..... 84
Thus far the Lord has led me on. *Hebron*, 55. *Reliance*, 76. *Ware (New)*..... 88
Thus saith the high and lofty one. *Milo*..... 66
Thus saith the mercy of the Lord. *Rockingham*..... 155
Thy mercies fill the earth, O Lord. *Marlow*..... 138
Thy name, almighty Lord. *Clapton*, 177. *Justus*, 189. *Shawmut*..... 199
'Tis by faith of joys to come. *Duke Street*..... 48
'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand. *Franklin*..... 123
'Tis finished! so the Saviour cried. *Munich*..... 66
To God, my Saviour and my King. *Rockingham (Old)*... 78
To God the great, the ever blest. *Armstrong*..... 37
To God, the only wise. *Mornington*..... 194
To heaven I lift my waiting eyes. *Auburn*..... 100
To-morrow, Lord, is thine. *Sheffield*..... 199
To thee, before the dawning light. *Jazer*..... 131
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night. *Windham*..... 92

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes. *Bowen*, 42. *New Sabbath* 68

Watchman, tell us of the night. *Watchman*..... 264
We bless the Lord, the just, the good. *Islington*..... 57
Welcome, sweet day of rest. *Lisbon*, 191. *Rest*..... 198
What shall I render to my God. *Clarendon*, 111. *Guernsey*, 126. *New Cambridge*, 144. *Northfield*..... 147
When all thy mercies, O my God. *Geneva*..... 125
When any turn from Zion's way. *Roby*..... 153
When blooming youth is snatched away. *St. Mary's*..... 160
When gathering clouds around I view. *Milton*..... 208
When I behold my heart. *Woodson*..... 246
When I can read my title clear. *Crowningshield*, 115. *Ninety-fifth*..... 146
When Israel freed from Pharaoh's hand. *Beverly*..... 40
When God revealed his gracious name. *Archdale*..... 97
When overwhelmed with grief. *Dunbar*..... 180
When through the torn sail. *Seaman's Prayer or Save, Lord*..... 310
Where are the dead? In heaven or hell? *Gilbert*..... 52
Where high the heavenly temple stands. *Oberlin*..... 69
Where shall the man be found. *Orange*..... 197
Where shall we go to seek and find. *Portugal*..... 74
While life prolongs its precious light. *Psalm Eighty-eight*..... 73
While shepherds watched their flocks by night. *Mear*.... 140
While with ceaseless course the sun. *Oneida*..... 263
Whilst thee I seek, protecting power. *Brattle Street*..... 104
Who can describe the joys that rise. *Rockingham*..... 78
Who shall ascend thy heavenly place. *Blight*..... 41
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn? *Leydon*..... 61
Why do we mourn departing friends. *China*..... 109
Why lament the Christian dying. *Christian Dying*, 278. *Salisbury*..... 279
Why should we start and fear to die. *Winchester*, 92. *Zephyr*..... 93
With all my powers of heart and tongue. *Luton*..... 64
With joy thy people stand. *Juniata*..... 188
With joy we meditate the grace. *Chimes*, 104. *Reo*..... 153

Ye angels who stand around the throne. *Birmingham*.... 275
Ye nations round the earth rejoice. *Old Hundred*..... 69
Ye servants of God, your master proclaim. *Hanover or Michael's*..... 297
Ye servants of the Almighty king. *All Saints*..... 35
Ye sin-sick souls draw near. *Vallum*, 237. *Zebulon or Brownsville*..... 239
Ye sons of men, a feeble race. *Arundel*..... 98
Yes the Redeemer rose. *Stow*, 235. *Warsaw or Baltimore*..... 238
Ye that in his courts are found. *Sidmouth*, 255. *Turin* 257
Ye tribes of Adam join. *Claremont*, 231. *Lenox*..... 232
Your harps, ye trembling saints. *Brazil*, 175. *Olmutz*... 196

Zion's king shall reign victorious. *Perez*..... 280

ABRIDGE..... 94
Ackworth..... 31
*Admah..... 32
*Ae..... 33
*Ain..... 173
Aithlone..... 215
Albert..... 94
Alden..... 34
Alfreton..... 34
All Saints..... 35
Amherst..... 229
Amsterdam..... 265
*Andover..... 95
Angel's Hymn..... 35
Antigua..... 36
Antioch..... 96
*Anvern..... 36
Archdale..... 97
*Ariel..... 216
Arlington..... 95
*Armenia..... 98
Armley..... 37
Armstrong..... 37
Arnheim..... 38
Arundel..... 98
Ashfield..... 38
*Asmon..... 124
Athens..... 99
Athol..... 174
Atlantic..... 39
*Auburn..... 100
Aylesbury..... 174

BABYLON..... 74
Balerma..... 100
Baltimore..... 238
Bangor..... 101
Barby..... 101
Bartimeus..... 277
Bath..... 39
Bavaria..... 281
Bedford..... 102
Benevento..... 259
*Berlin..... 40
Bethlehem..... 103
*Beverly..... 40
Birmingham..... 275
Blackburn..... 102
Blendon..... 41
*Blight..... 41
Bowen..... 42
*Boylston..... 175
Braintree..... 105
Brattle Street..... 104
Brazil..... 175
*Bremen..... 217
Brentford..... 42
*Brest..... 289
Brewer..... 44
Bridgewater. L. M. 43
Bridgewater. C. M. 105
*Bright in the East 306
Brookfield..... 44
Brooklyn..... 209
Broomsgrove..... 106
*Brown..... 106
*Brownville..... 239
Burford..... 107
Burnham..... 230

CALVARY..... 290
Cambridge..... 174
*Canton..... 107
Carey..... 205
Carmel..... 176
*Carnes..... 277
Castle Street..... 45
Caswell..... 108
*Catharine Street 176
*Cephas..... 46
Chelmsford..... 141
*Chester..... 108
*Chimes..... 109
China. (L. M.)..... 47
China. (C. M.)..... 109
Christian Dying... 278
Clapton..... 177
*Claremont..... 231
Clarendon..... 111
*Claytonville..... 177
Clifford..... 110
Colchester..... 111
Coleshill..... 112
*Communion..... 112
*Confidence..... 276
Conflict..... 191
Contrition..... 113
*Conway..... 113
*Corelli..... 115
Coronation..... 114
Cranbrook..... 178
Creation..... 209
Crowningshield... 115
Culloden..... 236
Culverton..... 179

DALLAS..... 247
Dalston..... 223
Darley..... 47
Daughter of Zion 359
Davidson..... 116
Davis..... 303
*Deliverance..... 290
*Departure..... 245
Devizes..... 116
Devonshire..... 296
*Dirge..... 243
Dismission..... 281
*Dorrance..... 278
Doomsday..... 179
Dover..... 180
*Downs..... 117
Dresden. (L. M.).. 48
Dresden.(8s&7sD.)282
Duke Street..... 48
Dunbar..... 180
Dunchurch..... 117
Dundee..... 118
Dunkirk..... 117
Dunlap's Creek.... 118
Duren..... 308
Dwight. (L. M.)... 71
*Dwight. (S. M.). 181

EATON..... 206
*Edmeston..... 119
*Edwards..... 119
Effingham..... 49
Elgin..... 120
*Elizabethtown... 120
Ellenthorpe..... 49
*Eltham..... 260
Enfield..... 121
Ennius..... 260
*Erith..... 282
*Eshtemoa..... 247
Euphrates..... 272
Evening Hymn.... 50

FAIRFIELD..... 181
Falcon Street..... 182
*Farland..... 292
*Federal Street... 50
*Ferguson..... 182
Fiducia..... 122
Folsom..... 307
Forest..... 77
Founder's Hall.... 183
Fount..... 283
Fountain. (L. M.) 51
*Fountain. (C. M.) 123
*Franklin..... 123
*Frederick..... 299
Funeral Thought.. 124

GANGES..... 218
Gaston..... 124
*Geneva. (C. M.) 125
*Geneva. (7s & 6s) 266
Georgia..... 125
Gerar..... 183
German Air..... 51
German Hymn.... 248
Germany. (L. M.) 52
Germany. (S. M.) 184
Gezer..... 225
*Gilbert..... 52
Gilgal..... 53
Golden Hill..... 184
Good Shepherd.... 283
Gorton..... 185
Goshen..... 300
Grafton..... 126
Gray..... 244
*Granby..... 185
*Grandeur..... 53
*Gratitude..... 54
Greenville..... 284
Green's 100th..... 54
Guilford..... 186
Guernsey..... 126

*HADDAM..... 232
*Hall..... 186
Hamburg..... 55
Hanover. (C. M.). 127
Hanover. (10s & 11s.) 297
Hants..... 187
Harborough..... 127
*Harwell..... 284
*Harwich..... 233
*Hastings..... 221
*Haven..... 128
Haverhill..... 187
*Hebron. (L. M.) 55
*Heber. (C. M.)... 128
*Heber. (Betha).. 129
*Heber. (12s & 11s.) 309
*Hebron..... 241
Helmsley..... 291
Hendon..... 248
*Herald..... 292
*Hermon..... 129
Hiding Place..... 56
Hingham..... 56
Hinton..... 300
Homer..... 262
Horton..... 249
Hotham..... 261
Howard..... 130
Huntsville..... 222
Husband..... 188

*ILLINOIS..... 58
*Ionia..... 249
Irish..... 130
Islington..... 57
Italian Hymn..... 241

*JAZER..... 131
Jordan (New)..... 131
Jordan (Old)..... 132
Judgment Hymn.. 58
*Juniata..... 188
*Justus..... 189

KAMBIA..... 189
Kendall..... 133
Kentucky..... 190
Kershaw..... 293
Kimbolton..... 59
*King..... 190
Kingsbridge..... 60

LABAN..... 191
Lacy..... 133
*Laight Street.... 134
Lanesborough..... 134
*Latour..... 135
Leipzig..... 60
Lenox..... 232
*Lexington..... 268
Leyden..... 61
Liberty Hall..... 135
Limehouse..... 62
Lisbon..... 191
Litchfield..... 62
Little Marlboro'... 192
Littleton..... 294
London..... 136
Lonsdale..... 173
Loudon..... 192
*Louvan..... 64
Loving Kindness.. 63
*Lucerne..... 136
*Luther..... 193
Luther's Hymn... 58
Lutton..... 64
Lyons..... 298

*MADRID..... 282
Majesty..... 137
Marlow..... 138
Martyn..... 262
Martyrdom..... 139
Martyrs..... 139
*Marwell..... 279
*Mason..... 65
Mazzaroth..... 193
Mazzinghi..... 207
Mear..... 140
Medfield..... 140
Melody..... 141
Memorial..... 267
Mendelssohn..... 240
Mendon. (L. M.).. 51
Mendon. (7s, 6s & 8s.) 273
Meriden..... 141
Middleton..... 285
*Migdol..... 65
Milo..... 66
Milton..... 208
*Missionary Hymn269
*Monson..... 142
Montague..... 226
Moorfield..... 194
Moravian Hymn... 142
Mornington.(C.M.)143
Mornington.(S.M.)194
Mount Calvary.... 252
*Mount Olivet..... 195
Mount Pleasant... 143
*Muhlenberg..... 301
Munich..... 66

*NAOMI..... 144
Naples..... 227
Nashville..... 210
Nayland..... 219
Nazareth..... 67
Newbury..... 234
New Cambridge... 144
Newcourt..... 211
*Newfield..... 67
*New Haven..... 242
Newmark..... 145
Newry..... 48
New Sabbath..... 68
New York..... 145
Ninety-fifth..... 146
Ninety-seventh.... 68
Norfolk..... 212
Northfield..... 147
Norwich..... 250
Notaway..... 47
Nuremburgh..... 253

*OBERLIN..... 69
Old Hundred..... 69
*Olivet..... 242
Olmutz..... 196
*Olney..... 196
Oliphant..... 294
Oneida..... 263
Orange..... 197
*Oreb..... 250
*Orford..... 70
Orland..... 70
*Ortonville..... 148
*Otto..... 286
Oxford..... 197

PARKS..... 71
Park Street..... 71
Patmos..... 148
*Peniel..... 149
Penitent..... 72
*Perez..... 280
Perine..... 302
*Peters..... 223
Peterborough..... 149
*Phillips..... 150
Pilesgrove..... 72
Plymouth..... 150
Plympton..... 151
Poland..... 151
Portugal..... 74
Portuguese Hymn 314
Praise..... 152
*Preparation..... 251
Psalm LXXXVIII. 73
*Psalm CXLVI... 213

QUITO..... 75

RAPTURE..... 220
Ravenscroft..... 74
*Reliance..... 76
*Reo..... 153
Repose..... 83
*Rest. (L. M.)..... 76
Rest. (S. M.)..... 198
*Retreat..... 77
*Rhine..... 234
Rindge..... 154
*Robinson..... 286
*Roby..... 153
Rochester..... 155
Rockbridge..... 77
*Rockingham. (Mason's)..... 78
Rockingham. (Old) 78
Rockingham. C.M. 155
*Rock of Ages.... 253
*Rolland..... 79
Romaine..... 270
Rothwell..... 79

*SABBATH..... 254
Salem..... 156
*Salisbury..... 279
*Sanger..... 198
Savannah..... 227
Seaman's Prayer.. 310
Seasons..... 80
*Serenity..... 157
Sharon..... 274

* The tunes marked with a star, are inserted by permission of the owners of the copyright.

M ic
18
Pr

Music
1855
Pr

The Presbyterian psalmodist

37436
Gift of:
Walter L. Powell
Dr. Johan Schwarz
Collection

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION,

265 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The Presbyterian Board of Publication publish a variety of Books of an evangelical character, suitable for *Ministers' and Church Libraries*, among which are to be found many of the works of

CALVIN, OWEN,	BAXTER, HENRY,	DODDRIDGE, CHARNOCK,	McCRIE, MILLER,	ALEXANDER, HODGE, &c.

Also, a variety of SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS, instructive in their subjects, and attractive in their style of Binding and Embellishments. Orders for Books should be addressed to

JOSEPH P. ENGLES, Publishing Agent,
265 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

THE HOME AND FOREIGN RECORD

OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Is the organ of the Boards of Missions, Education, Foreign Missions, and Publication, and is issued monthly, in newspaper form at Fifty Cents a year, and in pamphlet form at One Dollar.

☞ *Payment in all cases in advance.* Address, *post paid*, "Home and Foreign Record," 265 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE PRESBYTERIAN SABBATH-SCHOOL VISITOR

Is strictly a religious paper, designed for children and youth, and is illustrated with numerous Engravings. Published on the 1st and 15th of every month.

TERMS.—For a single copy, 30 25. Twenty copies to one address, $3 00. Forty copies to one address, $5 00.

The Visitor can be supplied from the commencement, and is sent free of expense for transportation to

NEW YORK, BALTIMORE, CHARLESTON, NEW ORLEANS, PITTSBURGH, WHEELING, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, AND ST. LOUIS.

☞ Orders for the Visitor, and remittances of money, should be addressed, **JOSEPH P. ENGLES, Pub. Agt.,**
No. 265 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.