

THE
AMERICAN VOCALIST.

A SELECTION OF
TUNES, ANTHEMS, SENTENCES, AND LYMNS,
OLD AND NEW,

DESIGNED FOR THE
CHURCH, THE VESTRY, OR THE PARLOR.

ADAPTED TO EVERY VARIETY OF MEETINGS IN COMMON USE, AND APPROPRIATE TO EVERY OCCASION
WHERE GOD IS WORSHIPPED AND MEN ARE BLESSED.

FROM THE COMPOSITIONS OF

Billings, Holden, Maxim, Edison, Holyoke, Read, Kimball, Morgan, Wood, Swan, &c., &c., and eminent American Authors now living, as well as from
Distinguished European Composers.

EMBRACING A GREATER VARIETY OF MUSIC FOR CONGREGATIONS, SOCIETIES, SINGING SCHOOLS,
AND CHOIRS, THAN ANY OTHER COLLECTION EXTANT.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY L. V. D. H. MANSFIELD.

BOSTON: THOMPSON, BIGELOW & BROWN,

SUCCESSORS TO TAGGARD & THOMPSON, 29 CORNHILL.

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REVISED EDITION.

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PREFACE.

THE design of the compiler in adding another to the numerous musical publications now in use, is, to preserve in a single volume, the most valuable music now in existence, much of which had been crowded from our churches, by the soulless and unmeaning harmony of the present day.

It is divided into three parts. The First, contains Church Music; the Second, the more important Vestry Music; and the Third, the lighter kind of Vestry music, or that which is more appropriate to particular occasions.

A great portion of the church music, is old. But that it is more generally admired, is evident from the fact, that no publisher dares to issue a collection of sacred music without inserting enough of it, say, just to preserve his book. And certainly, of many singing books published within a few years, it may well be said, the less "original" music they contain, the better the collection.

Another evidence of the inferiority of most modern music, is its short life. What has become of the ten thousand tunes composed within the last twenty years? With few exceptions, they are "dead and gone." Old "Windham," and "China," have acted as pall bearers for half a century, and were it not for "Old Hundred," and tunes of like character, there had been no music suitable either for a Doxology, or a Benediction upon surviving friends. The fact is, the old composers were probably better acquainted both with God and man. They had studied human nature as well as scientific theories. Many of them were holy men, and *their* music, composed among the hills and forests of Puritanic New England, is but an embodiment of pious devotion. This will explain the reason why old "Majesty," and "Hallelujah," will make the eyes of a congregation sparkle, or "Hatfield" and "New Durham," make them weep, while modern compositions produce little or no effect.

Another fact. In every part of the United States, even where new music is sung in the public congregation because it is fashionable, let any one mingle with the devout worshippers of God in their social meetings, and he will hear—not the scientific gingling of imported discord, but the simple harmony of old "Turner," "Northfield," the "Union Hymn," or something that moves the hearts of good men, if it does not tickle the fastidious fancy of infidels.

If it is said that the rules of modern composition are frequently violated by the old composers, we will only say that old rules are as often violated by the new—and then appeal to the *effect* of their music to prove its comparative value. Every one knows how much old tunes have suffered by the modern "improvements" imposed upon them. In this volume, the old church music remains unaltered, but the mistakes of printers have not been copied.

The Vestry music has been harmonized expressly for this work, and with the design of suiting the popular taste, and thus being useful, rather than of pleasing a few scientific ears, and thus being, in many instances, totally unfitted for general use. Some tunes, as well as poetry, have been admitted, not so much because they accord with the taste of the compiler, as with the belief, (and I beg the libtanti to consider this,) that they have been and will be useful to thousands of illiterate persons, who know more of God's pardoning love, than of Mozart, Beethoven, or the British poets, and whose songs of praise are most assuredly acceptable to Him, though they should prefer the music of old "Canon," to that of Haydn's "Creation." No tune, however good it may be, is appropriate to every time and place. But it is very easy for persons of judgment to determine when and where a tune may be useful; and it is hoped the following pages contain something appropriate to every occasion connected with the worship of God.

With regard to the law of copyright, especially as it has been taken. The compiler is not aware of a single violation. A few tunes have been written from memory, the origin of which is uncertain; and it is not known that any one claims a copyright to them. The compiler takes pleasure in acknowledging his especial obligation for favors received, to Lowell Mason, (to whom our country owes a debt of gratitude,) G. J. Webb, Rev. G. Colea, G. Kingsley, I. B. Woodbury, and E. L. White, Professors of Music—to the Boston "Handel and Haydn Society," and the "Boston Academy,"—to C. Bradlee, O. Ditson, Wilkins, Carter & Co., publishers, and generally to all the Professors, Editors, Publishers, Composers, and lovers of sacred music, since David.

If any one, already, predisposed to criticism, should, upon the appearance of this humble work, detect in himself returning symptoms, it is absolutely necessary, in order to any good result, that his heart should be filled with love to God and good will to man. The compiler assures him that much time and labor have been spent upon it, and that he has done all within his power, under existing circumstances, to produce a work that shall promote the cause of virtue and religion; and he sincerely hopes that all who sing from these pages may join the full chorus of "Worthy the Lamb," in the swelling anthems of eternity.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by D. H. MASSFILL, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

STEREOTYPED BY A. B. KIDDER, 7 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

CHAPTER I.

RHYTHM.*

NOTES AND RESTS.

1. **NOTES** represent musical sounds.
2. **RESTS** indicate silence.
3. As musical sounds differ in length, the notes which represent them differ.
4. There are six kinds of notes in general use, each of which has its corresponding rest.

The WHOLE NOTE or Semibreve.	The HALF NOTE or Minim.	The QUARTER NOTE or Crotchet.	The EIGHTH NOTE or Quaver.	The SIXTEENTH NOTE or Semiquaver.	The 32ND NOTE or Demisemiquaver.
is a plain white note. Its rest is a heavy dash under the line.	is a white note with a stem. Its rest is a stem with one hook above the line.	is a black note with a stem. Its rest is a stem with one hook turned to the right.	is a black note with a stem and a hook. Its rest is a stem with two hooks turned to the left.	is a black note with a stem and two hooks. Its rest is a stem with two hooks turned to the left.	is a black note with a stem and three hooks. Its rest is a stem with three hooks turned to the left.

5. One whole note is (of course) equal in length to 2 half notes, 4 quarter notes, 8 eighths, 16 sixteenths, or 32 thirty-seconds.

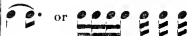
6. Besides the above notes, sixty-fourths and double notes are sometimes used.

NOTE. The whole rest, alone, is used to fill a measure in all kinds of time. When placed under the staff, it represents a whole strain

* **RHYTHM** relates to the *length*, **MELODY** to the *pitch*, **DYNAMICS** to the *power*, and **HARMONY** to the *combination* of musical sounds

7. A Dot adds one half to the length of a note. Thus a dotted whole is equal to a is equal to

8. A dotted note may be lengthened by a second dot, which adds half as much as the first dot. Thus a double dotted quarter is equal to



NOTE. Dots are applied to rests as well as to notes, and with the same effect.

9. When a figure 3 is placed over or under three notes of the same kind they are called a **TRIPLET**, and are performed in the time of two without the figure.

QUESTIONS.

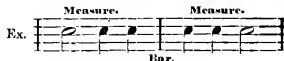
Of what does Chap. I. treat? To what does Rhythm relate? Melody? Dynamics? Harmony? What do notes represent? Rests? How many kinds of notes are there? Rests? Describe a whole note and its rest. Half note. Quarter. Eighth. Sixteenth. Thirty-second. What other notes are sometimes used? What rest is used to fill a measure in all kinds of time? When placed under the staff what does it represent? What is the effect of a dot? Examples Of a second dot? Examples? Describe a TRIPLET?

CHAPTER II.

RHYTHM.

TIME—MEASURE.

10. Music is divided into equal portions, called **MEASURES**.



11. A **BAR** is used for separating measures

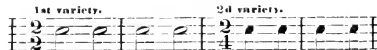
12. In order to give each note its right time, certain motions of the hand are made, called BEATING TIME.

REMARK. 1. He who does not learn to beat time will never learn to sing.

2. After one has learned to sing, it is not necessary for him to beat time.

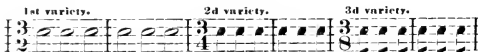
13. A measure with two parts is called DOUBLE MEASURE. It has *two beats*, viz. Down, Up—and is accented on the *first* part. It has two varieties, marked 2-2 and 2-4—the upper figure, in all cases, denoting the kind of time, and the lower, the particular note used to fill each part of the measure. Thus 2-2 signifies that it takes 2 half notes—2-4 that it takes 2 quarter notes to fill a measure.

DOUBLE MEASURE.



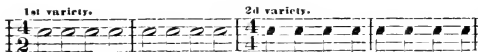
14. A measure with three parts is called TRIPLE MEASURE. It has *three beats*, viz. Down, Left, Up—and is accented on the *first* part. It has three varieties in common use.

TRIPLE MEASURE.



15. A measure with four parts is called QUADRUPLE MEASURE. It has *four beats*, viz. Down, Left, Right, Up—and is accented principally on the *first*, and slightly on the *third* part. It has two varieties in common use.

QUADRUPLE MEASURE.



16. A measure with six parts is called SEXTUPLE MEASURE. It is accented principally on the *first*, and slightly on the *fourth* part; and has either six beats, or, which is quite as well and much more convenient, *two beats*, viz. Down, Up—three parts being sung to each beat. It has two varieties in common use.

SEXTUPLE MEASURE.



Sing all the above to the syllable La, and beat the time.

NOTE 1. Each kind of time may have as many varieties as there are different kinds of notes. The above only, are in general use. Sometimes 9-4, 9-8, 12-4, 12-8 are used.

NOTE 2. As notes have only a *relative* length 2-2 time is not necessarily slower than 2-4 time, nor is 3-8 necessarily faster than 3-2.

EXERCISES.

Sing La or any other syllable, and beat time.



QUESTIONS.

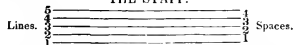
Of what does Chapter II. treat? How is music divided? What is used for separating measures? What is done in order to give each note its right time? What is said in Remark 1?—What is a measure with two parts called? How many beats has Double measure? What are they? Beat and describe—Down, Up—one, two. On which part is the accent? Beat and sing—la. How many varieties has double measure? How marked? What does the upper figure always denote? Lower? What does 2.2 signify? 2.4?—Will you describe Triple measure? How many parts? Beats? How beat? Beat and describe. How accented? Beat and sing. Varieties? How many parts has Quadruple measure? Beats? Beat and describe. How accented? Beat and sing. Varieties?—Sextuple measure—Parts? How accented? Beats? How many parts to a beat? Sing and beat. Varieties?—How many kinds of measure in general use? Have notes a positive or only a relative length? Consequence? Exercises.

CHAPTER III.

MELODY.

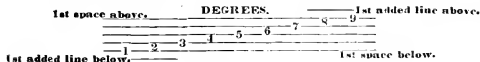
THE STAFF, SCALE, &c.

17. Music is written upon five parallel lines and their spaces called THE STAFF.



18. Each line and space is called a DEGREE. Thus the staff contains nine degrees which, like the lines and spaces are numbered upward.

19. The number of degrees may be increased by ADDED LINES either below or above the staff.



THE SCALE.

20. The *pitch* of notes is represented by their situation on the staff.

21. The difference of pitch between any two notes is called an INTER-

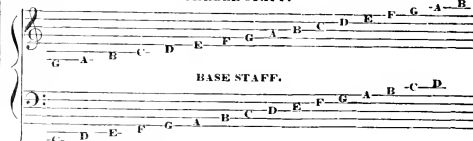
VAL

22. The Diatonic Major, or Natural scale is a series of eight sounds which succeed each other at different intervals, but are numbered in regular order, upward. From 1 to 2, 2 to 3, 4 to 5, 5 to 6 and 6 to 7 the interval is a whole tone. From 3 to 4 and from 7 to 8 the interval is a semitone.

23. CLEFS are characters used to distinguish the parts. The G clef is applied to the Treble, Alto and Tenor—the F clef to the Base.

24. The first seven letters of the Alphabet are applied to the staff as follows.

TREBLE STAFF.



25. The BRACE is used to connect staves and show how many parts are sung together.

NOTE. The situation of the letters upon the staff should be thoroughly committed to memory.

26. In singing the scale the following SYLLABLES are used.

Written Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

Pronounced DOE. RAY. ME. FA. (not FAR, but as in FATHER.) SOL, (o as in whole, told,) LA, (a as in fa,) SEE, DOE.

NOTE. The application of these syllables to music is called SOLMIZATION.

27. The letters, numerals, and syllables are applied to the natural C scale as follows.

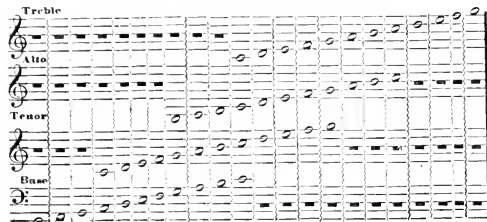


NOTE. The letters never change their places on the staff, but the numerals and syllables change with the scale or key. Thus, though, in the major scale, Do is always applied to One, One is not always on C.

23. These eight sounds complete the scale. When sounds above eight are sung, eight becomes One of a higher scale, and when sounds below one are sung, one becomes eight of a lower scale.

29. The human voice may be divided into four classes, viz. the lowest male, or Base voice, the higher male, or Tenor voice, the lower female or Alto, and the highest female or Treble voice.

THE USUAL COMPASS OF THE HUMAN VOICE.



30. The difference of pitch denoted by the different clefs is, practically, six degrees—i. e. music written on the Treble staff, *when sung by the same voice*, is six degrees higher in pitch than that written on the same degrees in the Base staff. But as there is a natural difference of an octave in pitch between the male and female voice, there is an actual difference of fourteen degrees, or an octave and a sixth between a note on any degree in the Base staff sung by a male voice, and a note on the same degree in the Treble staff sung by a female voice. Thus a note on Middle C or the first added line above in the Base, though fourteen degrees higher with regard to its situation upon the staff, when sung by a male voice, is the same in pitch as a note on the first added line below in the Treble, sung by a female voice.

NOTE. The difference between the male and female voice is easily seen in the following manner. Let both sound any given note—say one in the scale of C—and while the female voice prolongs the sound let the male voice run up the scale or octave, and their voices will then be in the same pitch.

QUESTIONS.

Of what does Chapter III. treat? What is the character called upon which music is written? How many lines has it? Spaces? What is each line and space called? How many degrees does the staff contain? How are they numbered? How may the number be increased? What is the space next above the staff called? Below?—Next line above? Below? How is the pitch of notes represented? What is an interval? The Diatonic Major scale? What is the interval from one to two? 2 to 3? &c. 3 to 4? 7 to 8?—What are clefs? On what letter is the Treble clef situated? The Base clef? To what parts is the G clef applied? What letters are applied to the staff? Repeat them in the order in which they are applied to the Treble staff. [The whole school.] How are they situated? Ans. G, third space below—A, second added line below, &c. through. Where is G? Where, else? Where is A? B? &c. through. Repeat the letters in the order they are applied to the Base staff. [whole school] How are they applied? Ans. C 2d added line below, &c. through. Where is C? Where, else?—What is the Base used for? Repeat the syllables applied to the scales. What is the application of these syllables called? Sing the scale by numerals and syllables. What is the interval from Do, to Re? and so forth. Do the letters change their places? Do the numerals and syllables? What syllable is always applied to ONE in the major scale? Is one always on C?—When sounds above eight are sung what does eight become? When sounds below one are sung what does One become? How many classes of voices are there? What are they?—What is the difference of pitch between the Base and Treble staff? Difference between the male and female voice? How many degrees difference in pitch between a note in the Base sung by a male voice, and a note on the same degree in the Treble sung by a female voice? Read tunes in the key of C—by letters, numerals, and syllables.

CHAPTER IV.

DYNAMIC TONES.

31. A tone produced by ordinary exertion is a medium tone It is called *Mezzo*, and is marked *m*.

32. A soft tone is called *Piano*, and is marked *p*.

33. A loud tone is called *FORTE*, and is marked *f*.

34. A very soft, yet audible tone is called *Pianissimo*, marked *pp*.

35. A very loud tone, approximating to a shout, is called *Fortissimo*, marked *ff*.

EXERCISE.



36. A tone commenced, continued, and ended with the same degree of power is called an *ORGAN TONE*. [—]

37. A tone gradually increasing in power is called *CRESCENDO*. [*Cres* or <]

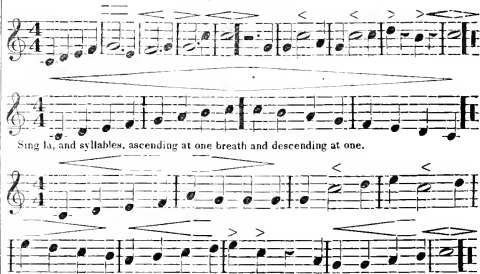
38. A tone gradually diminishing is called *DIMINUENDO*. [*dim.* or >]

39. A union of the crescendo and diminuendo forms a *SWELL*. [<>]

40. A sudden crescendo or swell is called a *PRESSURE TONE*. [$\text{< or } \text{>}$] Like many other dynamic signs it is an exception to the general rule of accent.

41. A tone struck suddenly with great force and instantly diminished is called an *EXPLOSIVE TONE*. [$\text{~ or } sf \text{ or } fz.$]

EXERCISES.



Sing la, and syllables, ascending at one breath and descending at one.

QUESTIONS.

Of what does Chapter IV treat? What is a medium tone? What is it called, and marked? What is a soft tone called? Marked? What is a loud tone called, and marked? What is a very soft tone called, and marked? What is a very loud tone called, and marked? What is an organ tone? What is a gradually increasing tone called? A gradually diminishing tone? When a tone gradually increases and then gradually decreases, what is it called? What is a sudden crescendo called? To what does it form an exception? What is a tone called which is struck suddenly and forcibly, and instantly diminished?

CHAPTER V.

MELODY.

INTERVALS.

42. Two sounds of the same pitch are said to be in *UNISON*.

43. The interval from any note to that on the next degree of the staff is a *SECOND*—as from one to two, two to three

44. The interval from one to three, two to four, &c, or from any note to the next degree but one, is a **THIRD**.

45. The interval from any note to another on the fourth degree from it, (always counting the starting point) is a **FOURTH**—to the 5th degree, a **FIFTH**, &c.

46. An interval of a whole tone is a **MAJOR SECOND**—of a semitone, a **MINOR SECOND**.

47. An interval of a tone and a half is a **Minor Third**.

48. An interval of two tones is a **Major Third**.

49. An interval of two tones and a half is a **Perfect Fourth**.

50. An interval of three tones is a **Sharp Fourth**.

51. An interval of two tones and two semitones is a **Flat Fifth**.

52. An interval of three tones and a semitone is a **Perfect Fifth**.

53. An interval of three tones and two semitones is a **Minor Sixth**.

54. An interval of four tones and one semitone is a **Major Sixth**.

55. An interval of four tones and two semitones is a **Flat Seventh**.

56. An interval of five tones and one semitone is a **Sharp Seventh**.

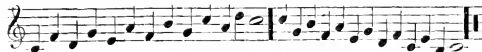
57. An interval of five tones and two semitones is an **Eighth**, or **Octave**.

EXERCISES.

THIRDS AND SECONDS.



FOURTHS AND THIRDS.



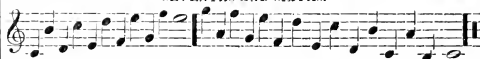
FIFTHS AND FOURTHS.



SIXTHS AND FIFTHS.



SEVENTHS AND SIXTHS.



EIGHTHS AND SEVENTHS.



58. If an interval extend beyond the octave it does not lose its relation to the key. Thus, whether a note be two tones; or an octave and two tones from One in the lower scale, it is reckoned, in harmony, as a *third*. And thus, also, whether sounds are in the same pitch, as at 42, or one, two or three octaves from it, they are still reckoned to be in **Unison**.

59. The intervals which are agreeable to the ear, as both the **Thirds**, the **Fourth**, the **Fifth**, both the **Sixths**, and the **Octave**, are called **Consonant** intervals.

60. Both the **Seconds**, the **Sharp Fourth**, the **Flat Fifth**, and both the **Sevenths** are **Dissonant**.

61. The **Fourth**, **Fifth**, and **Octave** cannot be altered without becoming dissonant, and are therefore called **PERFECT** intervals. The **Thirds** and **Sixths** are consonant, whether major or minor, and are therefore called **IMPERFECT** intervals.

62. The **Key** note or **One** of any scale is called the **Tonic**. It is always the last note in the **Base**, and shows whether the key is **Major** or **Minor**. If it be **Do** the key is major. If **La**, the key is minor.

63. The perfect fifth is called the **DOMINANT** of the key.

64. The perfect fourth is called the **SUB-DOMINANT**.

65. The sharp seventh is the **LEADING NOTE** to the **Tonic**, which requires to be heard after it.

86. Thirds and Sixths are the only intervals which are allowed, by the rules of Composition, to proceed in consecutive order.

QUESTIONS.

Of what does Chapter V. treat? When are two sounds said to be in Unison? What is a second? A third? A fourth? A fifth? A sixth? A seventh? An octave!—What is a minor second? A major second? A minor third? A major third? A perfect fourth? A sharp fourth? A flat fifth? A perfect fifth? A minor sixth? A major sixth? A flat seventh? A sharp seventh? An octave? Suppose a note an octave and two tones from the key note or One in the lower scale, what is the interval called? An octave and *five*? If two notes be in the same pitch, or distant any number of *octaves* are they still said to be in unison? What are intervals, that are agreeable to the ear, called? Which are the consonant intervals? Which, the dissonant? Which are the perfect intervals? Why are they called perfect? Which are the imperfect intervals? Why are they called imperfect? What is *one* in every scale called? What is always the last note in the Base? What is its name when the key is major? When the key is minor?—What is the perfect fifth called? The perfect fourth? The sharp seventh? What are the only intervals allowed to succeed each other in consecutive order?

CHAPTER VI.

MELODY.

THE CHROMATIC SCALE.—MODULATION.

67. A SHARP # raises a note half a tone.

68. A FLAT ♭ lowers a note half a tone.

69. A NATURAL ♮ cancels either a flat or sharp and restores a note to its original sound.

70. Flats and sharps are called **ESSENTIAL** when placed at the beginning of a tune, but when flats, sharps, or naturals occur in the course of a piece of music they are called **ACCIDENTALS**, and their effect unless cancelled, extends to every note on the same degree throughout the measure, but never beyond.

NOTE. Some writers extend the effect beyond when notes are continued on the same degree, **uninterrupted**, but it saves trouble to confine it to the measure.

71. Between the notes of the Diatonic scale which form the interval of a major second there may be an intermediate tone. Thus, between one and two there is a tone, which can be represented by a note located on either. If it is located on *one*, it has a sharp before it and is called **SHARP one**, or C sharp. If on *two*, it has a flat before it and is called **FLAT two**, or D flat.

72. The interval between any letter and its sharp or flat is a *minor* or **CHROMATIC semitone**. The interval between a letter sharpened or flattened and the letter on the next degree is a *major* or **DIATONIC semitone**. Thus, from C to C# is a Chromatic semitone—from C# to D is a Diatonic semitone. From D to D♭ is a Chromatic semitone—from D♭ to C is a Diatonic semitone.

73. In applying the syllables to the *sharped* notes the vowel sound is changed. Thus—Do becomes Di, (Dee) Re, Ri (Ree) Fa, Fi (Fee) Sol, Si (See) La, Li (Lee).

74. When applied to the flattened notes Mi becomes Me (May) Sol, Se (Say) La, Le (Lay) Si, Se (Say)

75. The **CHROMATIC SCALE** consists of thirteen sounds and has twelve intervals of a semitone each.

LETTERS, NUMERALS, AND SYLLABLES APPLIED TO THE CHROMATIC SCALE.

C	C#	D	D#	E	F	F#	G	G#	A	A#	B	C		
1	#1	2	#2	3	4	#4	5	#5	6	#6	7	8		
Do	Di	Re	Ri	Mi	Fa	Fi	Sol	Si	La	Li	Si	Do		
C	B	Bb	A	Ab	G	Gb	F	E	Eb	D	Db	C		
8	7	b7	6	b6	5	b5	4	3	b3	2	b2	1		
Do	Si	Se	La	Le	Sol	Se	Fa	Mi	Me	Re	Re	Do		

76. Any of the notes in the above scale beside C may be made the foundation of a new scale, in which case the scale is said to be **TRANSPOSED**.

77. The most common transpositions are from 1 to 5 and from 1 to 4.

78. The transposition from 1 to 5 is done by sharpening 4, which becomes 7 in the new key.

79. The transposition from 1 to 4 is done by flattening 7, which becomes 4 in the new key.

80. The flattened or sharpened note is called the **NOTE OF MODULATION**.

81. When this transposition takes place during the progress of a piece of music, it is not necessary, generally, to change the syllables, but merely their vowel sounds, as at 73, 74.

EXAMPLE.



82. In some instances, however, it may be well for learners to change he solmization according to the new key.

NOTE. The change of key should be anticipated, and the new solmization commenced, if possible, on some convenient note preceding the note of modulation.

EXAMPLE.



Transposition from 1 to 4 and back.



83. A transient modulation into another key may take place in any piece of music, but, according to the rules of Composition, the tune must return and end in the principal key.

QUESTIONS.

Of what does Chapter VI. treat? What effect has a sharp placed before a note? A flat? A natural? When are flats and sharps called essential? When are they called accidentals? How far does their effect extend? Between what tones of the Diatonic scale may there be an intermediate tone? Where may the tone between one and two be represented? If it is represented on one, what is its letter called? What, its numeral? If it is represented on two, what is its letter called? What, its numeral? What is a Chromatic semitone? A Diatonic semitone? What is the interval from C to C \sharp ? From C \sharp to D? From D to D \sharp ? From D \sharp to E? In applying the syllables to the sharpened notes what is done? Example? When the syllables are applied to the flattened notes, how are they pronounced? How many sounds and intervals has the Chromatic scale? What are its intervals? When any note beside C is taken as one, what is said of the scale? What are the most common transpositions? How is the transposition from 1 to 5 effected? What does 4 become? How is the transposition from 1 to 4 effected? What does 7 become? What is the altered note called? Is it always necessary to change the syllables? What is done? Is it ever convenient to change the solmization? What is solmization? (See 26, Note.) Where should the new solmization be commenced? Must the tune always end in the principal key?

CHAPTER VII. MELODY.

TRANSPOSITION.

84. The intervals of the Diatonic scale are natural to the human voice: it is, therefore, called the Natural scale. C is assumed as the foundation of the natural scale from the fact, perhaps, that, to a great majority

of voices, the *pitch* is more natural, and consequently, the scale is sung more easily in C than in any other key.

NOTE. The key of a tune receives its name from the letter which is taken as *one*.

85. When it becomes convenient to adopt, permanently, any other key than C, in order that the intervals of the natural scale may be preserved it is necessary to introduce flats or sharps; and, to avoid the inconvenience of writing them before every note that is to be flatted or sharped, they are placed at the beginning, and affect every note in the tune upon the degrees where they are situated. These flats or sharps indicate the key, and are therefore called the **SIGNATURE**.

NOTE. The absence of any *positive* sign is the only, and very *natural* signature to the key of C.

86. If we change the key from C to G, *four* in the scale of C will become *seven* in the scale of G. Now between 7 and 8 there must be only the interval of a semitone. But assuming G as *one*, and ascending, we find F, the *seventh*, to be (according to the scale of C,) only a semitone from *six*, but a whole tone from *eight*—both of which intervals are wrong. To remedy this it is necessary that F should be sharped; and this F# is the only difference between the key of C and the key of G. This sharp is placed immediately after the clef, and is called the signature to the key of G.

87. If we change the key from C to F, *seven* in the scale of C will become *four* in the new scale of F. From 3 to 4 there must be only the interval of a semitone. But assuming F as *one* and ascending the scale, we find B, the *fourth*, to be (according to the scale of C,) a whole tone from 3, and only a semitone from 5—both of which intervals are wrong. To remedy this, B must be *flatted*—and this B \flat is the only difference between the key of C and the key of F.

88. Every sharp added to the signature raises the key a *fifth*, or (which is the same thing) lowers it a *fourth*.

89. Every flat added to the signature raises the key a *fourth* or lowers it a *fifth*.

90. To find the key of a tune

WITH A SIGNATURE OF SHARPS. WITH A SIGNATURE OF FLATS.

1 sharp, the key is G,
2 sharps, the key is D,
3 sharps, the key is A,
4 sharps, the key is E.

1 flat the key is F,
2 flats . . B \flat ,
3 flats . . E \flat ,
4 flats . . A \flat

TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL KEYS,

WITH THE SITUATION OF THE MAJOR SCALE.

KEY OF C.		KEY OF C.	
KEY OF G.		KEY OF F.	
KEY OF D.		KEY OF B \flat .	

KEY OF A.



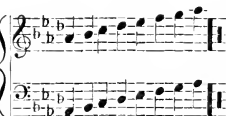
KEY OF E♭.



KEY OF E.



KEY OF A♭.



QUESTIONS.

Of what does Chapter VII. treat? Why is the Diatonic scale called the natural scale? Why is C assumed to be the natural position of the scale? From what does the key of a tune derive its name? What do the flats or sharps at the beginning of a tune indicate? What are they called? What notes do they affect? What is the signature to the key of C? If the key is changed from C to G what does 4 become? What must be the interval between 7 and 3? In order to make the intervals right in the key of G what must be done to F? What is the only note in the key of G that differs from the key of C? If the key is changed from C to F what will 7 become? What must be the interval between 3 and 4? In order to make the intervals right in the key of F, what must be done to B? What is the only note in the key of F that differs from the key of C? How much does every sharp added to the signature, raise or lower the key? Every flat? If the signature be one sharp, what is the key? Two? Three? Four? If the signature be one flat, what is the key? Two? Three? Four? How much lower are the keys of B♭, E♭, & A♭ than the keys of B, E & A?

CHAPTER VIII.

MELODY.

THE MINOR SCALE.

91. Besides the Diatonic Major, and the Chromatic scale, there is another, called the MINOR SCALE, which differs from the Major with regard to its intervals, and the application of its syllables.

92. In the minor scale, *ascending*, six and seven are sharpened, and the semitones occur between 2 and 3, and 7 and 8. In *descending*, all the notes are restored to the signature, and the semitones are between 6 and 5, and 3 and 2.

93. When a major and minor key have the same signature they are said to be related. Thus, in the minor key of A, the scale is said to be in its natural position, because of its relation to the natural key of C major.

94. To find the key of any minor scale having the same signature with any given major scale, you will ascend a sixth, or descend a third from the key of the major.

95. The major key, relative to any minor, is based upon its third.

THE SCALE IN A, MINOR.

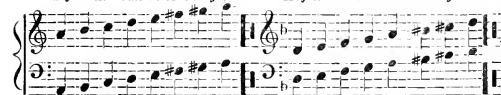


* In many compositions the sixth *descending* must also be sharpened, though no sign appears. Indeed, in regard to the structure of the Minor scale, there appears to be no little diversity of opinion, even among distinguished composers. The uncertainty of its structure, together with the comparative difficulty of its performance, has created an aversion to the study of the minor scale, though by far the sweetest and most effective music is found in it.

TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL KEYS,
WITH THE SITUATION OF THE MINOR SCALE.

Key of A. Relative to C major.

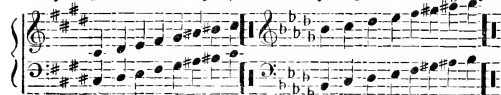
Key of D. Relative to F major.



Key of E. Relative to G major.

Key of G. Relative to B \flat major.

Key of B. Relative to D major.

Key of C. Relative to E \flat major.Key of F \sharp . Relative to A major. (Seldom used.) Key of F. Relative to A \flat major.Key of C \sharp . Relative to E major. (Seldom used.) Key of B \flat . Relative to D \flat major.

QUESTIONS

Of what does Chap. VIII. treat? How does the minor scale differ from the major? Where are the semitones, ascending? What notes are sharped? In descending, where are the semitones? When are major and minor keys said to be related? How do we find the key of a minor scale having the same signature with any given major scale? Upon what numeral in any minor scale is its relative major based? To what major key is A minor related? D? G? C?

CHAPTER IX.

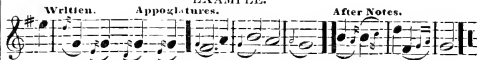
MISCELLANEOUS.

96. The principal embellishments introduced in music to heighten the effect of certain passages, are the *Passing Note*, (written in small characters,) the *Turn*, and the *Shake*.

97. When a passing note precedes an essential note it is called an *Appoggiature*, and occurs on an *accented* part of the measure. When it follows an essential note it is called an *After-Note* and occurs on an *unaccented* part.

98. The time given to an appoggiature is left, generally, to the judgment of the performer. It is sometimes barely touched in order merely to soften an interval. At other times it is considered a *leaning* note. It then requires the accent and takes half the time of the principal note if plain, and two thirds if dotted.

EXAMPLE.



Performed.



98. The *Turn* [~] retains the principal sound, and requires also the tones next above and below it. It should not be hurried, but performed distinctly.

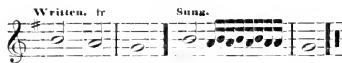
100. When a sharp, flat, or natural is placed over or under a turn it denotes that the highest or lowest note is to be sharp, flat, or natural.

EXAMPLE.



101. The SHAKE [tr] denotes a rapid iteration of two sounds.

EXAMPLE.



102. STACCATO passages, marked *stacc.* are to be performed in a very pointed and distinct manner.

103. POINTED passages, marked *acc.* are performed gently and distinctly.

104. A TIE is used—1, to connect notes on the same degree which are not separated in sou. d; 2, to connect notes on different degrees that are sung to one syllable; 3, to denote the LEGATO style of singing—a close, gliding manner.

105. A DOUBLE BAR | denotes the end of a strain, or line of poetry. It does not interfere with the division of measures unless it is in the place of a single bar, in which case the last is not necessary.

106. A REPEAT :: requires the repetition of a strain or more. If placed before a double bar, repeat the preceding music, or as far as to a former repeat. If after a double bar, repeat the music that follows. If it occurs where there is no double bar, (as in old music,) repeat what follows.

107. A PAUSE ∞ over a note requires that it be prolonged beyond its usual time. Over a double bar, it denotes that the next strain is not commenced so soon as usual.

108. A CLOSE || denotes the end of a piece of music, but not always of its performance.

109. DA CARO [D. C.] written over the staff denotes a return either to the first or some former strain with which the performance is to close.

110. The figures 1 and 2, placed over one or more notes at the close of a tune or movement that is to be repeated, signify that the phrase marked 1 is to be sung the first time, and that marked 2, the last time.

QUESTIONS

What are the principal embellishments introduced in music? When a passing note precedes an essential note, what is it called? And where does it occur? When it follows an essential note, what is it called, and where does it occur? What is the time given to an appoggiature? How is it sometimes used? How at other times? What does it then require? What is said of the Turn? Effect of a flat, sharp or natural over or under a turn? What does the shake denote? How are staccato passages performed? Pointed passages? What is the first use of a tie? Second? Third? What does the double bar denote? What does a repeat require? Before a double bar? After? Effect of a pause over a note? Over a double bar? What does the close denote? Da Capo? The figures 1 and 2?

A; m, by, at. &c.

Accelerando; accel; accelerate the time.

Adagio; slow.

Ad Libitum, or Ad Lib; at pleasure.

Affetuoso, Affet; affectingly.

Agitato; agitated, impassioned.

Allegro, All; quick

Allegro Assai; very quick.

Amabile; in a tender and gentle manner.

Amaroso, or Con Amare; affectionately.

Andante; slow and gentle, yet distinct.

Andantino; a little quicker than Andante.

Animo, or Con Animo; animated, with spirit.

Arioso; lightly.

Assai; much, or more.

A Tempo; in time.

Baritone; between the Base and Tenor.

Bi; twice.

Brilliant; brilliant.

Cadence; closing strain.

Cadenza; an extempore flourish.

Calando; softer and slower.

Cantabile; graceful, flowing style.

Choral; a slow psalm tune with notes of equal length.

Coda; an end or finish.

Con; with, as *Con Eleganza*, with elegance.

Con Espressione; with expression.

Con Moto; with emotion.

Con Spirito; with spirit.

Crescendo, or Cres; increase the sound.

Da Capo, or D C; return to the first, or a former part.

Declamando; in the style of declamation.

Diminuendo, or Dim; diminish the sound.

Devoto; devoutly.

Dolce; soft, sweet, tender, delicate.

Doloroso; mournful.

Energico; with energy.

Espressivo; expressive

Fine; the end.

Finale; the last movement.

Forle; loud.

Fortissimo; very loud.

Fugue; a composition in which a subject proposed by one part is repeated by other parts in succession.

Giusto; in exact time. Just right.

Graziosa; gracefully.

Grave; very slow and solemn.

Gusto; with taste.

Impetuoso; with impetuosity.

Innocente; in an artless and simple style.

Largo; slow and measured.

Legato; in a close, connected, and gliding style.

Lento; slow and sustained.

Loco; as written; [used after Sva., which signifies an octave higher than written.]

Majestoso; majestic.

Mezzo; medium.

Moderato; moderately

Molto; Much, very.

Molto voce; with a full voice.

Motett; a piece of sacred music in several parts.

Orchestra; a company of instrumental performers.

Parlando; in a conversational style.

Pastorale; in a rural style.

Piano; soft.

Pianissimo; very soft.

Poco; a little

Precisione; with precision.

Presto; quick.

Prestissimo; very quick.

Primo; first

Rallentando; softer and slower by degrees

Recitativo; in a speaking manner.

Recitative; musical declamation.

Rinforzando, Rinf; suddenly increasing in power.

Ritornello; prefatory symphony

Risolto; with boldness.

Ritard, or Ritenuto; slacken the time.

Semplice; chaste, simple.

Sempre; throughout, always.

Sentimento; with feeling.

Serioso; serious, grave.

Sforzando; with sudden force; instantly diminishing

Siciliano; smooth and graceful movement.

Slentando; slackening the time.

Solfeggio; a vocal exercise.

Solo; for a single voice or instrument.

Soli; a single voice or instrument on each part.

Sostenuto; sustained

Sotto; under, below.

Sotto voce; with subdued voice.

Spiritoso; with spirit.

Staccato; short, detached, distinct.

Strepitoso, Con strepito; boisterously.

Tasto Solo; without chords.

Tempo; time.

Tempo Primo; in the original time.

Temo; subject or theme.

Timoroso; timidly.

Tremando, Tremolo; tremulously.

Tutti; the whole; full chorus.

Un, or A; as *Un Poco;* a little.

Un poco ritenuto; with a little restraint

Veloce, Con Veloce; in rapid time

Vigorous; vigorously, energetic.

Vivace; quick and cheerful.

Voce di petto; the chest voice.

Voce di testa; the head voice.

Voce sola; voice alone

Volti subito; turn over quickly.

1. Singing, as a part of public worship should, if possible, be performed by the whole congregation. But if there are any who cannot, or will not *learn* to sing, they ought not to mar the devotion by *attempting* to sing in public.

2. Every singer should have a tune book; but he ought to commit so thoroughly to memory as not to be entirely dependent upon it in a public performance. The singer who is obliged to refer constantly to the *music* he is performing, will produce but little effect.

3. Musical instruments may be useful where singers are not thoroughly trained, but if they are, no instrument can add to the sweetness or effect of their music. If instruments are used, great care should be taken not to disturb the congregation in tuning them.

4. If there is a select choir, the members of it should receive their places with reference principally to their singing abilities, and not with reference to their wealth, station, or general talent.

5. The tune must be keyed to suit the singers. It is supposed to be written where it can generally be performed with the greatest effect. Some choirs may require it a note higher or lower.

6. If, under a dispensation of grace, sinners may come into the "congregation of the Lord," to hear and receive the benefits of the gospel, no person who is profane or vicious, should be permitted to abuse the worship of God by taking a place in the choir.

It is a painful fact that, many who assume this responsible part of public worship, feel themselves at liberty to disturb the remaining exercises, by turning over their books, reading, whispering, &c. &c., as if every thing of importance was done when they had gone through with their thoughtless and miserable apology for SINGING PRAISE TO GOD, and they were not at all interested in the great truths of the gospel.

Remember then, my *young singing* friends especially, your duty. Why are you permitted to sing?—*God is merciful*. Praise Him! Why are you called together on the holy Sabbath? JESUS CHRIST HATH DIED!—AND IS RISEN! Praise Him! O praise Him! What influence is that which moves so sweetly upon your hearts while you hear the blessed gospel? 'Tis the Holy Ghost! He would win you gently back to God! Praise Him! Sing praises! Think what the gospel offers you,—

Sing then. There is cause for joy—

"SALVATION on earth, and a MANSION IN HEAVEN

PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW
PRAISE HIM, ALL CREATURES HERE BELOW!
PRAISE HIM ABOVE, YE HEAVENLY HOST!
PRAISE FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST

THE
AMERICAN VOCALIST.

PART I.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

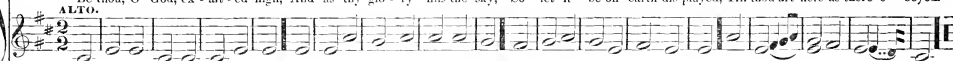
MARTIN LUTHER.

TENOR.



Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high, And as thy glo - ry fills the sky, So let it be on earth dis - played, Till thou art here as there o - beyed.

ALTO.

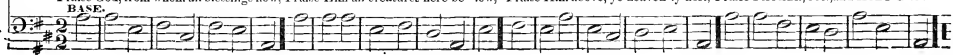


AIR.



Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here be - low, Praise Him above, ye heaven - ly host, Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

BASE.



WINDHAM. L. M.

READ

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-gether there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav-el-ler.

2. "De-ny thy-self and take thy cross," Is thy Re-deemer's great command; Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain the heavenly land.

WELLS. L. M.

HOLDRAYD.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time to insure the great re-ward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vil-est sin-ner may re-turn.

2. Life is the hour that God has given, To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven; The day of grace, and mercies may, Se-secure the blessings of that day.

Allegro.

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

2. Earth from a - far hath heard thy fame, And men have learned to hush thy name; But O! the glories of thy mind, Leave all our soar - - ing thoughts behind.

HARLEIGH. L. M.

1. Stay, thou in - sult-ed Spir - it, stay, Though I have done thee such despite, Nor cast the sin - ner quite a-way, Nor take thine ev - er - last-ing flight.

2. Tho' I have most un - faith - ful been, Of all who e'er thy grace received; Ten thousand times thy goodness seen; Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved

3. Yet O! the chief of sin - ners spare, In hon - or of my great High Priest; Nor in thy righteous anger swear, T'exclude me from thy people's rest

MATTHEWS. L. M.

1 Come hither, all ye wea-ry souls, Ye heav-y lad-en sin-ners, come, I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest, that learn of me; I'm of a meek and low-ly mind; But passion rag-es like the sea, And pride is rest-less as the wind.

3. Bless'd is the man, whose shoulders take My yoke, and bear it with de-light; My yoke is ea-sy to his neck, My grace shall make the bur-den light.

4. Je-sus, we come at thy command; With faith, and hope, and humble zeal, Re-sign our spir-its to thy hand, To mould and guide us at thy will.

MONMOUTH. L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Slow.

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, &c.

PILESGROVE. L. M.

MITCHELL.

5

Awake, my soul, to hymns of praise, To God the song of tri-umph raise; A-lorn'd with maj-es-ty divine, What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine.

SEASONS. L. M.

PLEYEL.

Dolce.

1. The flowery spring, at God's command, Perfumes the air, and paints the land; The summer rays with vig-or shine, To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

2. The changing seasons, months, and days, Demand succes-sive songs of praise: And be the cheer-ful hom-age paid, With morning light and evening shade

STONEFIELD. L M

STANLEY

God of the seas, thine awful voice, Bids all the roll-ing waves rejoice; And one soft word of thy command, Can sink them silent on the sand.

LIMEHOUSE. L. M.

HUSBAND.

1. Come, saints, and view the Lamb of God, Dy-ing in ag - o - nies and blood, Be - hold his side, and ven-ture near, The WELL of ENDLESS LIFE is here.

2. In mem-ory of your dy - ing Friend, Do this, he said, till time shall end, Meet at my ta - ble and record The love of your de - part - ed Lord.

HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON. By permission.

7

Modern to

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on; Thus far his power pro-longs my days: And every evening shall make known, Some fresh me-mo-rial of his grace.

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

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

4. Thus when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground, And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb, With sweet sal-va-tion in the sound.

WARD. L. M.

By permission.

Slow and Soft.

There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the cit-y of our God! Life, love, and joy still gliding through, And watering our di-vine a - bode.

ARMLEY. L. M.

1. Thou whom my soul ad-mires, a-bove All earth-ly joys, all earth-ly love, Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know, Where do thy sweet-est pastures grow.

2. The foot-steps of thy flock I see, Thy sweet-est pas-tures here they be; And to these hills my soul would come, Till my Be-lov-ed lead me home.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

Con Spirito.

Blest be the Father and his love, To whose ce-lestial source we owe Rivers of endless joy a-bove, And rills of comfort, And rills of comfort here be-low.

PARK STREET. L. M.

VENUE.

9

Resoluto.

p *f*

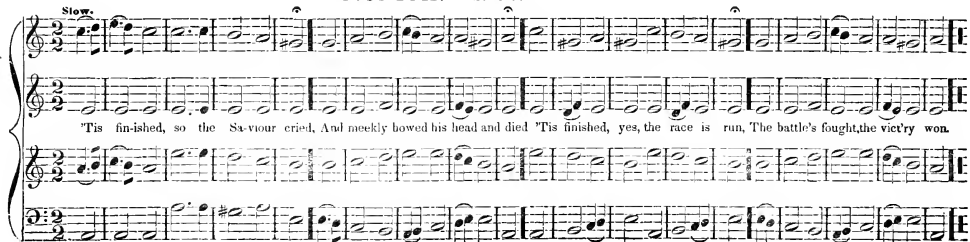


Hark! how the choral song of heav'n Swells, full of peace and joy a-bove! Hark! how they strike their golden harps, And raise the tuneful notes of love, And raise, &c.

p

MUNICH. L. M.

Slow.



'Tis finished, so the Sa-viour cried, And meekly bowed his head and died 'Tis finished, yes, the race is run, The battle's fought, the vict'ry won.

RUSSIA. L. M.

False are the men of high degree, The baser sort are van-i-ty; Laid, &c.

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

PARIS. L. M.

He reigns, the Lord the Saviour reigns, Praise him in e-van-gel-ic strains; Let the whole earth in songs rejoice, And distant islands join their voice.

MORTALITY. L. M.

READ-

11

Death, like an o - ver-flow-ing stream, Sweeps us a - way; our life's a dream; An empty tale; a meroing flower, Cut down and withered in an hour.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

HATTON.

Lord, when thou didst as-cend on high, Ten thousand an - gels filled the sky; Those heavenly guards a - round thee wait, Like chariots that at-tend thy state.

Spare us, O Lord, a - loud wo cry, Nor let our sun go down at noon, Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, And

years are one e - ter - nal day, And must thy chil - dren die so soon. Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, Thy years are one e - ter - nal day, And must thy chil - dren die so soon. tor - nal day, And must thy children die so soon. thy chil - dren die so soon.

Andante.

1. Who, from the shades of gloomy night, When the last tear of hope is shed, Can bid the soul re - turn to light, And break the slum - ber of the dead!

2. Tho' in the dust I lay my head; Yet, gra - cious God, thou wilt not leave My soul for - ev - er with the dead, Nor lose thy chil - dren in the grave.

3. My flesh shall slumber in the ground, Till the last trumpet's joy - ful sound; Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's im - age rise

4. O glorious hour! O blest a - bode! I shall be near, and like my God! And flesh and sin no more con - trol The sa - cred pleasures of the soul.

TRURO. L. M.

BURNBY.

Con spirito.

Now to the Lord a noble song, A - wake, my soul, awake, my tongue, Ho - san - na to th'E - ter - nal Name, And all his boundless love pro - claim.

No more fa-tigue, no more dis-tress, Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place; No groans shall min-gle with the songs,

Which war - ble from im - mor-tal tongues, Which warble from im-mor - tal tongues.

1
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.

2
No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place
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.

Slow.

Who is this stranger in dis - tress, That travels thro' the wil - der - ness! Oppressed with sorrow and with sin, On her be - lov - ed Lord she leans, On her be - lov - ed Lord she leans.

The musical score for 'QUITO. L. M.' is written for four staves. The first two staves are treble clef, and the last two are bass clef. The key signature is two flats (Bb and Eb), and the time signature is 2/2. The tempo marking 'Slow.' is at the top left. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

COSTELLOW. L. M.

COSTELLOW.

Sostenuto.

Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn, Let noise and van - i - ty be-gone, In se-cret silence of the mind, My heaven, and there my God, I find.

The musical score for 'COSTELLOW. L. M.' is written for four staves. The first two staves are treble clef, and the last two are bass clef. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/2. The tempo marking 'Sostenuto.' is at the top left. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

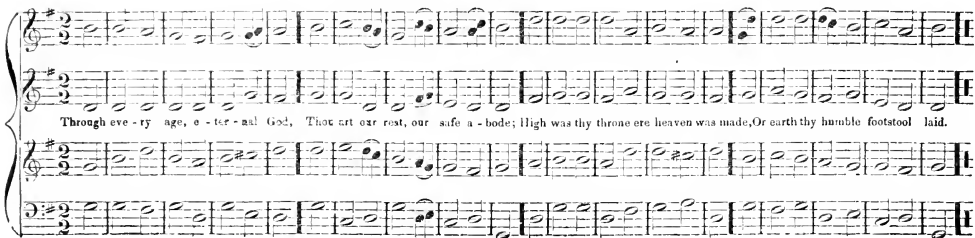


1. With all my powers of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Maker in my song; Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Ap - prove the song, and join the praise.

2. From all that dwell be-low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a-rise! Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Through every land by eve-ry tongue.

HAGUE. L. M.

JOHN HUSS, Burnt as a martyr, 1415.



Through eve-ry age, e - ter - nal God, Thou art our rest, our safe a - bode; High was thy throne ere heaven was made, Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

LESON.

17

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

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

SHARON. L. M.

With Energy.

*mp**m**f*

D. H. M.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim Sal-va-tion in Emmanuel's name To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there, And plant the rose of Sharon there.

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

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

Y'e sons of men with joy record, The various wonders of the Lord, And let his power and goodness sound, Thro' all your tribes the world around.

Let
Let the high heavens your

Detailed description: This is the first system of a musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for a vocal melody in treble clef, and the bottom two are for piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

Let the high, &c.

Let the high heavens your songs invite, Those spacious fields of brilliant light, Where sun, and moon, and planets roll, And stars that glow from pole to pole.

the high heavens your songs invite, Those spacious fields of brilliant light, Where sun, and moon, and planets roll, Where, &c

songs invite. Those spacious fields of brilliant light. Where, &c

Where &c

Detailed description: This is the second system of the musical score. It continues with four staves (vocal melody and piano accompaniment). The lyrics continue across the staves. The system ends with a double bar line.

1 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong; Crown him, ye na-tions, in your song: His wondrous name and power rehearse, His honors shall enrich your verse.

2. I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice, While I have breath to pray or praise, This work shall make my heart rejoice, And spend the remnant of my days.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

THORLEY.

O could I soar to worlds above, The blest a-bode of peace and love, How glad-ly would I mount and fly, On angel's wings to joys on high.

BROOKFIELD. L. M.

BILLINGS

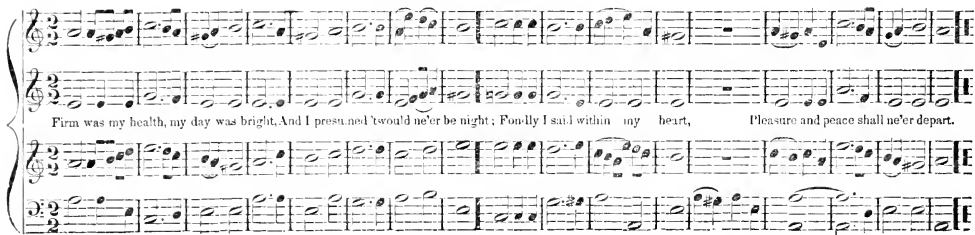


1. Shall the vile race of flesh and blood, Contend with their Cre-a-tor, God! Shall mortal worms pre-sume to be More ho-ly, wise, or just than he!

2. Dear Father, tho' thy lift-ed rod Re-solve to scourge us here be-low, Still we must lean up-on our God Thine arm shall bear us safe-ly through!

WOBURN. L. M.

KIMBALL.



Firm was my health, my day was bright, And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night; Fondly I said within my heart, Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.

Where he is gone they fain would know,
 When strangers stand and hear me tell, What beauties in my Sav-iour dwell,
 Where he is gone they
 Where he is gone they fain would know, That
 Where he is gone they fain would know. That they may seek and

That they may seek and love him too, Where he is gone they fain would know, That, &c.
 fain would know, That they may seek and love him too, Where he is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love him too.
 they may seek and love him too, That they may seek and love him too, Where, &c.
 love him too, That they may seek and love him too, Where, &c.

David's harp of solemn sound, Like David's harp of solemn sound, O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound

solemn sound, Like David's harp of solemn sound, O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

Like David's harp of solemn sound, O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound, Like David's harp of solemn sound

solemn sound, O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound, Like David's harp of solemn sound

Lord, in thy great, thy glorious name, I place my hope, my only trust; Save me from sorrow, guilt and shame, Thou ev-er gracious, ev-er just, Thou ever gracious ev-er just.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Castle Street' in the Large Meeting (L. M.) style. It is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the Soprano part, with piano accompaniment in the other three parts. The lyrics are: 'Lord, in thy great, thy glorious name, I place my hope, my only trust; Save me from sorrow, guilt and shame, Thou ev-er gracious, ev-er just, Thou ever gracious ev-er just.' The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

MOUNT VERNON. L. M.

MERRILL.

With God, &c.

Ere the blue heavens were stretched abroad, From everlasting was the word; With God he was, the word was God, And must divinely be adored, And must di-vine-ly be adored.

With God, &c.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Mount Vernon' in the Large Meeting (L. M.) style, composed by Merrill. It is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the Soprano part, with piano accompaniment in the other three parts. The lyrics are: 'With God, &c. Ere the blue heavens were stretched abroad, From everlasting was the word; With God he was, the word was God, And must divinely be adored, And must di-vine-ly be adored. With God, &c.' The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

High was thy throne ere heaven was made, High

Through every age e - ter - nal God, Thou art our rest, our safe a-bode; High was thy throne ere

High was thy throne ere heaven was made, High

High was thy throne ere heaven was made, High was thy throne ere

was . . thy throne ere heaven was made, Or earth, &c.

heaven was made, ere heaven was made, Or earth thy humble footstool laid, Or earth thy humble footstool laid, Or earth thy hum - ble foot - stool laid.

was thy throne ere heaven was made, Or earth, &c.

heaven was made. Or earth, &c.

Lord, what a tho'tless wretch was I, To mourn and murmur and re - pine, To see the wicked placed on high, In pride and robes of hon - or shine.

But O their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanctuary taught me so, Oo, &c.

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

But, O their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanc - tu - ary taught me so; On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand, And fi - ery bill ows roll be - low.

But, O their end, their dreadful end Thy sanc - tu - a - ry taught me so. On, &c

BOLDEN

For-give the song that falls so low Be-neath the grat-i-tude I owe; It means thy praise how - ev - er

It means thy praise, how-ev-er poor; It means, &c.

It means thy praise, howev - er poor; It means thy praise, how

poor,

ev - er poor, An angel's song can do no more; It means thy praise, how - ev - er poor; An ao-gel's song can do no more

1. Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear! Thy great Pro-vid - er still is near: Who fed thee last, will feed thee still, Be calm and sink in - to his will.

2. Without reserve give Christ your heart, Let him his righteousness impart, Then all things else he'll free - ly give, With him you all things shall receive.

EFFINGHAM. L. M.

At anchor laid, re-mote from home, Toiling, I cry, sweet spirit come, Ce-les - tial breeze, no long-er stay, But swell my sails, and speed my way.

My flesh, &c.

This life's a dream, an empty show. But the bright world to which I go, Hath joys substantial and sincere, When shall I wake and find me there. My

My flesh shall slumber in the ground, Till

My flesh, &c. Till the last trumpet's

in the ground, Till the, &c. Then burst, &c. And in, &c. Then burst, &c.

flesh shall slumber in the ground, Till the last trumpet's joyful sound, Then burst, &c. And in, &c. Then burst, &c.

the last &c. 'Till the, &c. And in, &c. Then burst, &c.

joy - ful sound. Then burst. &c. Then burst. &c. And in my Savior's image rise. Then burst the chains with sweet surprise And in &c.

Come, my be-lov-ed, haste a-way, Cut short the hours of thy delay, Fly like a youthful hart or roe, O-ver the hills where spices grow.

Fly like a

Fly like a youthful hart o.

Fly like a youthful hart or roe, O-ver the hills where spices grow, O-ver, &c.

Fly like a youthful hart or roe, O-ver the hills where spices grow, O-ver the hills where spi-ces grow.

youthful hart or roe, O-ver the hills where spices grow, Fly like a youthful hart or roe, O-ver the hills where spi-ces grow

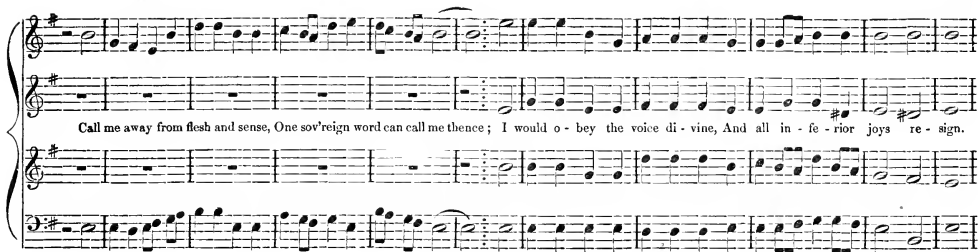
roe O-ver the hills where spi-ces grow, Fly, &c.

My God per-mit me not to be, A stranger to myself and thee! Amidst ten thousand tho'ts I rove, For-get-ful of my high-est love.

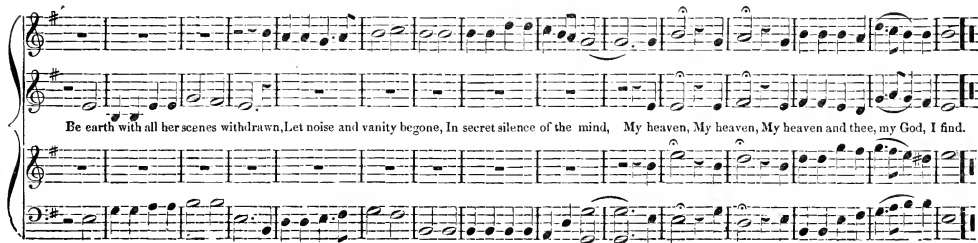
The first system of the musical score is written for four staves. The top staff is a single treble clef. The bottom three staves are grouped by a brace and feature a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the upper staves, with the lower staves providing harmonic support. The lyrics are printed below the second staff.

Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus debase my heavenly birth? Why should I cleave to things below, And let my God, my Sa-vior go?

The second system of the musical score continues the composition. It follows the same four-staff layout as the first system. The melody continues across the staves, with the lyrics printed below the second staff. The musical notation includes various note values, rests, and phrasing slurs.



Call me away from flesh and sense, One sov'reign word can call me thence; I would o - bey the voice di - vine, And all in - fe - rior joys re - sign.



Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn, Let noise and vanity begone, In secret silence of the mind, My heaven, My heaven, My heaven and thee, my God, I find.

Now shall my soul in God re-joice, I feel my Savior's cheering voice, My heart awakes to sing his praise, And longs to join immortal lays. Hold me, O Jesus, in thine

arms, And cheer me with im-mor-tal charms, Till I awake in realms above, Forev-er to en-joy thy love, Till I awake in realms above, Forev-er to en-joy thy love.

1. High on his ev - er - lasting throne. The king of saints his work surveys; Marks the dear souls he calls his own. And smiles on his pe - cu - liar race.

2. He rests well pleased their toils to see; Beneath his ea - sy yoke they move: With all their heart and strength agree In the sweet la - bor of his love.

NINETY-SEVENTH PSALM TUNE. L. M.

TUNE.

Darkness, and clouds of aw - ful shade, His dazzling glo - ry shroud in state; Justice and truth his guards are made, And fixed by his pa - vil - ion wait.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

MARSH.

1. The heavens declare thy glory, Lord, In every star thy wisdom shines: But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines.
 2. Great Sun of Righteous-ness, a - rise! Oh bless the world with heavenly light! Thy Gospel makes the simple wise: Thy laws are pure—thy judgments right.

WELTON. L. M.

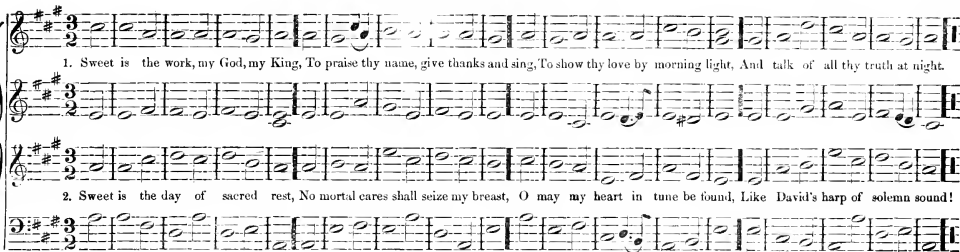
REV. C. MALAN.

Thou great Instructor lest I stray, Oh teach my erring feet thy way! Thy truth with ever fresh de - light Shall guide my doubtful steps a - right.

MEDWAY. L. M.

PERGOLESI.

My God, permit me not to be, A stranger to my - self and thee: Amidst ten thousand thoughts I rove, Forgetful of my highest love.



1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing, To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

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

WYOMING. L. M.

MOZART.

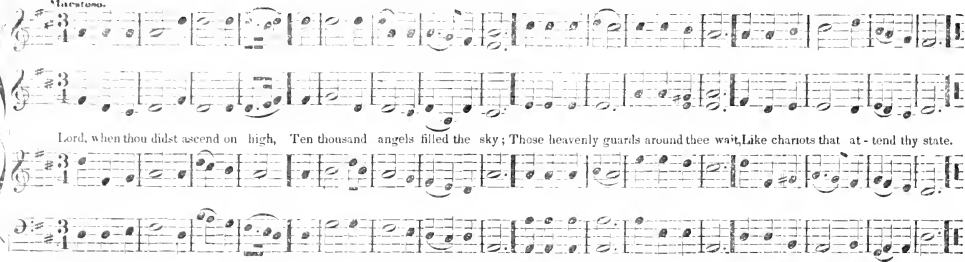


1. The wond'ring world inquires to know, Why I should love my Je - sus so; 'What are his charms,' say they, 'above The objects of a mortal love?'

2. His hands are fair-er to be - hold, Than diamonds, set in rings of gold: Those heavenly hands, that on the tree Were nailed, and torn, and oled for me.

3. His eyes are maj - es - ty and love, The ea - gle tempered with the dove; No more shall trickling sorrows roll, Thro' those dear windows of his soul.

Moderato.



BRENTFORD. L. M.



O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp, Like David's, &c.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal care shall seize my breast.

O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound, Like David's, &c.

O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound, Like David's, &c.

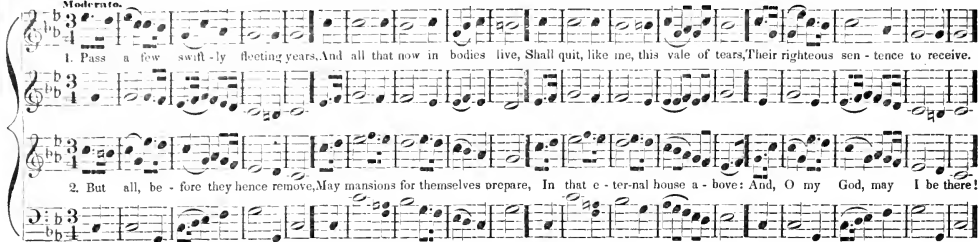
NANTWICH. L. M.

DR. MADAN.

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 below; On earth I have a man - sion too; The humble spir - it and contrite Is an abode of my delight, Is an abode of my de-light

Moderato.

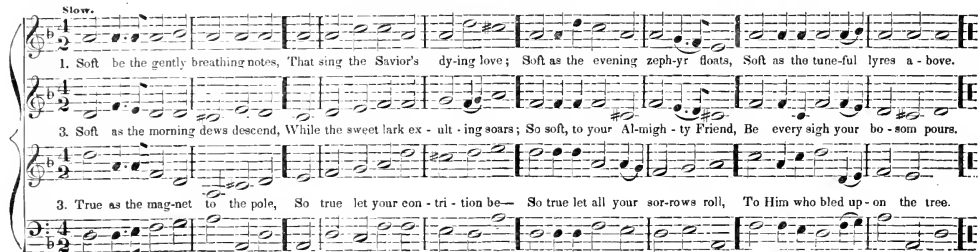


1. Pass a few swift-ly fleeting years, And all that now in bodies live, Shall quit, like me, this vale of tears, Their righteous sen-tence to receive.

2. But all, be-fore they hence remove, May mansions for themselves prepare, In that e-ter-nal house a-bove: And, O my God, may I be there!

ZEPHYR. L. M.


Slow.



1. Soft be the gently breathing notes, That sing the Savior's dy-ing love; Soft as the evening zeph-yr floats, Soft as the tune-ful lyres a-bove.

3. Soft as the morning dews descend, While the sweet lark ex-ult-ing soars; So soft, to your Al-migh-ty Friend, Be every sigh your bo-som pours.

3. True as the mag-net to the pole, So true let your con-tri-tion be— So true let all your sor-rows roll, To Him who bled up-on the tree.



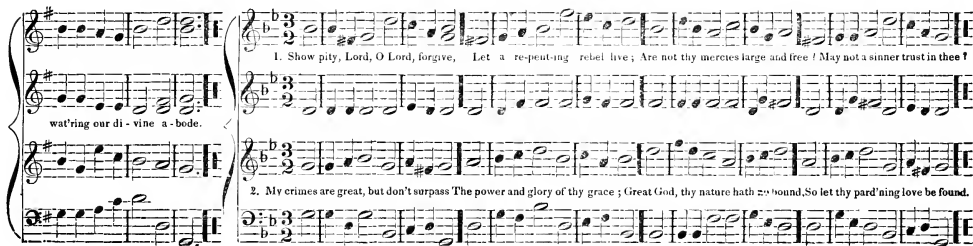
Life, love and joy still gliding thro', And wat'ring our divine abode,

There is a stream whose gen - tle flow, Supplies the city of our God; Life, love and joy still gliding thro', And wat'ring our divine abode, And

Life, love and joy, &c.

SUNDERLAND. L. M.

RAVENS CROFT.



wat'ring our di - vine a - bode.

1. Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a re-pent-ing rebel live; Are not thy merces large and free! May not a sinner trust in thee?

2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The power and glory of thy grace; Great God, thy nature hath no bound, So let thy pard'ning love be found.

LINCOLN. L. M.

GUTHRIE.

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!

3 Blest are the souls 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.

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

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

WILMER. L. M.

German.

Loud swell the pealing organ's notes, Breathe forth your soul in raptures high; Praise ye the Lord, with harp and voice, Join the full chorus of the sky.



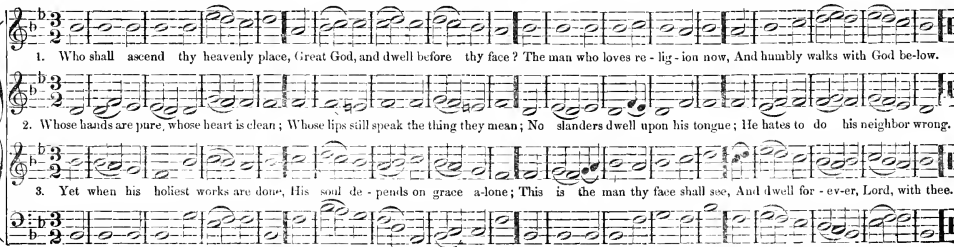
1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing, To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night, And talk of all thy truth at night.

2. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest, No mortal care shall seize my breast; Oh may my heart in tune be found. Like David's harp of solemn sound, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

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

ALL-SAINTS. L. M. Or 6 l. by repeating the first two lines.

W. KNAPP.



1. Who shall ascend thy heavenly place, Great God, and dwell before thy face? The man who loves re - lig - ion 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 upon his tongue; He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

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

Now let our mournful songs re - cord, The dy - ing sor - rows of our Lord, When he complained in tears and blood, Like one for - sak - en of his God.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1. Lord, how secure and blest are they Who feel the joys of pardoned sin! Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2. The day glides sweetly o'er their heads, Made up of in - nocence and love; And soft and si - lent as the shades, Their nightly minutes gent - ly move.

3. Quick as their thoughts their joys come on, But fly not half so swift a - way: Their souls are ev - er bright as noon, And calm as sum - mer evening be.

My God, ac - cept my ear - ly vows, Like morning in - cense in thy house; And let my nightly wor - ship rise, Sweet as the eve - ning sac - ri - fice,

This musical score is for the hymn 'Winchester' by Dr. Croft. It is written in 3/4 time and consists of four staves. The first staff is the vocal melody, followed by three staves of piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'My God, accept my early vows, Like morning incense in thy house; And let my nightly worship rise, Sweet as the evening sacrifice,'.

WINCHELSEA. L. M.

PRELLEUR.

Incum - bent on the bending sky, The Lord descended from on high; And bade the darkness of the pole, Be - neath his feet tre - men - dous roll.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Winchelsea' by Preleur. It is written in 3/4 time and consists of four staves. The first staff is the vocal melody, followed by three staves of piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Incumbent on the bending sky, The Lord descended from on high; And bade the darkness of the pole, Beneath his feet tremendous roll.'

CORONATION. C. M.

H. G. D. A. N.

1. All ye kings of the earth, attend, Let us adore you, O Lord, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.

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

PLYMOUTH. C. M.

TANSUR.

With reverence let the saints ap - pear, And bow be - fore the Lord, His high com-mand with reverence hear, And tremble at his word.

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 la-bor free, 'Tis sweet con-vers-ing on my bed, With my own heart and thee.

ST. MARTINS. C. M.

TANBUR

O thou to whom all crea-tures bow, With-in this earthly frame, Thro' all the world how great art thou, How glo-rious is thy name.



1. My heart and flesh cry out for thee, While far from thine a-bode; When shall I tread thy courts and see My Sa - vour and my God.

2. Lord, at thy threshold I would wait, While Je - sus is with - in, Rath - er than fill a throne of state, Or dwell in tents of sin.



1. The spar-row buildeth - self a nest And suf - fers no re - move, O make me like the sparrow blest To dwell but where I love.

2. Had I the treasures of the land, Or all the boundless sea; For one blest hour at thy right hand, I'd give them all a - way.

10 W.

Lord, who's the hap - py man that may, To thy blest courts re - pair, And while he bows be - fore thy throne, Shall find ac - cept - ance there.

BARBY. C. M.

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

POLAND. C. M.

God of my life, look gent - ly down, Behold the pains I feel; But I am dumb be - fore thy throne, Nor dare dis - pute thy will

WINTER. C. M.

READ.

His ho - ry frost, his fle - cy snow, De - scend and clothe the ground; The liquid streams for - bear to flow In i - cy fet - ters bound.

Con Animo. *m* *p*

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

2. There gen-erous fruits that nev-er fail, On trees im-mor-tal grow: There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vale, There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vale,

Precisioso. *m* *f* *m* *Cres.*

1. And pleasures banish pain, And pleasures banish pain, And pleasures, pleas-ures ban-ish pain.

2. With milk and honey flow, With milk and hon-ey flow, With milk, with milk and honey flow.

3
All o'er those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4
No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath,
Can reach that blissful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

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



Far from, &c.

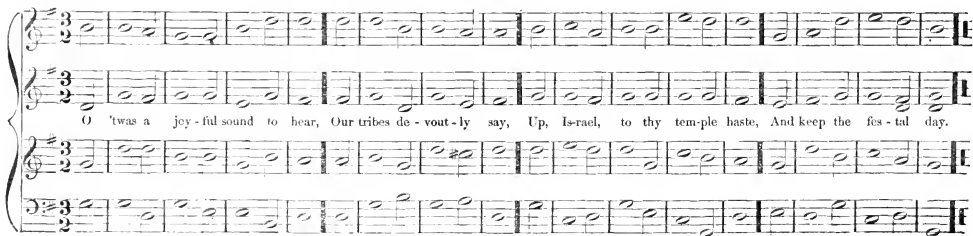
As on some lonely building's top, The sparrow tells her moon—

Far from the tents of joy and hope, I sit and grieve alone, Far from the tents of joy and hope, I sit and grieve alone.

Far from the tents of joy and hope, Far from, &c.

Far from the tents of joy and hope, I sit and grieve a - lone, I sit, &c.

MEAR. C. M.



O 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear, Our tribes de - vout - ly say, Up, Is-ra-el, to thy tem-ple haste, And keep the fes - tal day.

FUNERAL THOUGHT. C. M.

SMITH

51

Slow.



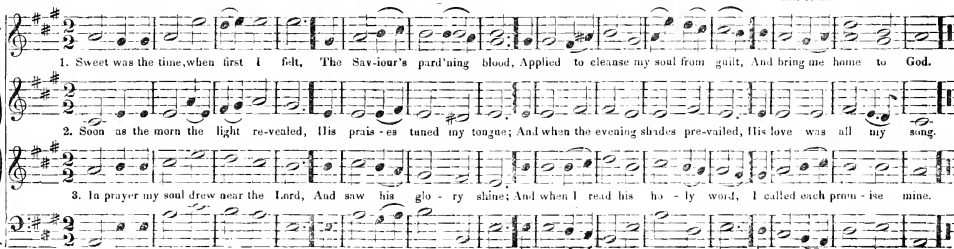
1. Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound, Mine ears at-tend the cry; Ye liv-ing men come view the ground, Where you must short-ly lie.

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

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

DEDHAM. C. M.

GARDINER.



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

2. Soon as the morn the light re-vealed, His prais-es tuned my tongue; And when the evening shades pre-vailed, His love was all my song.

3. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord, And saw his glo-ry shine; And when I read his ho-ly word, I called each prom-ise mine.

On Jer - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye, To Ca - naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-sess-ions lie. O, the transporting,

O, the transporting,

O, the transport-ing, rapt'rous scene that ris - es to my sight, Sweet, &c.

rapt'rous scene, That ris - es to my sight! That ris-es to my sight! Sweet fields arrayed in living green, And rivers of de-light!

the transport-ing, rapt'rous scene That rises to my sight!

rapt'rous scene, That ris - es to my sight, Sweet, &c.

BANGOR. C. M.

RAVENS-CROFT

53

Slow.

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?

This musical score is for the hymn 'Bangor. C. M.' by Ravenscroft. It is marked 'Slow.' and is in 2/2 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The score consists of four staves: a vocal line and three piano accompaniment staves. The lyrics are: '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?' The music features a steady, slow pace with a focus on the vocal melody and the piano's harmonic support.

DUNDEE. C. M.

RAVENS-CROFT.

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

This musical score is for the hymn 'Dundee. C. M.' by Ravenscroft. It is in 2/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The score consists of four staves: a vocal line and three piano accompaniment staves. The lyrics are: 'Let not de-spair nor fell re-venge, Be to my bo - som known, Oh give me tears for oth-ers' woe, And pa-tience for my own.' The music is characterized by a steady, moderate pace with a focus on the vocal melody and the piano's harmonic support.

1. How vain are all things here be-low, How false and yet how fair!

Each pleasure hath its poi-son too, And

Each pleas-ure hath its

Each pleasure hath its poison too, And eve-ry sweet a

Each pleasure hath its poison too, And eve-ry sweet a snare . . .

eve-ry sweet a snare.

poi-son too, And every sweet a snare, Each pleasure hath its poi-son too, And every sweet a snare.

snare

- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light:
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood—
How they divide our way'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal fool;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

1. Death may dissolve my body now, And bear my spirit home! Why do my minutes move so slow, Nor my salvation come, Nor my redemption come.

2. With heavenly weapons I have fought The battles of the Lord; Finished my course, and kept the faith, And wait the sure reward, And wait the sure reward.

3. God has laid up in heaven, for me, A crown that can not fade! The righteous Judge, at that great day, Shall place it on my head. Shall place it on my head.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

INGALLS

Fly swifter round, thou wheel of time And bring the welcome day.

How long, dear Saviour, O, how long Shall this bright hour delay; Fly swifter round, thou wheel of time, And bring the welcome day.

Fly swifter round, thou wheel of time, And bring the welcome day, And bring, &c.

Fly swifter round, thou wheel of time. Fly, &c.

Come shed a-broad a Sa-viour's love, And
 Come, Ho - ly Spir - it heavenly dove With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Come shed a-broad a
 Come shed abroad a Sa-viour's love, Come, shed a-broad a
 Come shed abroad a Sa - - viour's love, And that shall kin - dle

that shall kin - - dle ours.
 Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours. Come shed abroad a Sa-viour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.
 Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.
 ours. And that shall kindle ours.

- 2 Look how we grovel here below
 Fond of these earthly toys,
 Our souls how heavily they go,
 To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, and shall we ever live,
 At this poor dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

Great Comfort-er de-scend and bring, Some

Why should the children of a King, Go mourning all their days; Great Comfort-er descend and bring, Some to - - kens

Great Comfort-er descend and bring, Some to - - kens of thy grace, Some

Great Comforter descend and bring, Some to - - - - kens of thy grace, Some

to - kens of thy grace, Some to - - kens of thy grace, Great Comforter, &c.

of thy grace, Some to - kens of thy grace, Some to - kens of thy grace, Great Comfort-er, de-scend and bring, Some tokens of thy grace.

to - kens of thy grace, Great Comfort-er, de-scend and bring, Some to kens of thy grace, Some, to - kens of thy grace.

to - - - - kens of thy grace, Great &c

When snows descend and robe the fields, In winter's dread array,
 Touched by the sun, the lustre fades, Touched, &c.
 Touch'd by the sun, the lustre fades, Touch'd by the sun, the lustre fades, And weeps itself away.
 Touch'd by the sun, the lustre fades, Touch'd, &c. And, &c.
 Touch'd by the sun, the lustre fades, Touch'd, &c.

SUTTON. NEW. C. M.

GOFF.

Save me, O God, the swelling floods, Break in upon my soul;
 I sink, and sorrows o'er my head, Like mighty waters roll, Like, &c.
 I sink, and sorrows o'er my head, Like mighty waters roll, Like mighty wa-ters roll.
 I sink, and sorrows o'er my head, Like mighty waters roll, Like mighty wa-ters roll.
 I sink, and sorrows o'er my head, Like migh-ty wa - ters roll, Like migh-ty wa-ters roll.

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as-cend-ing high; To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye. Up

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

* 4. O may thy Spir-it guide my feet in ways of righteousness! Make every path of duty straight, And plain before my face, Up to the hills where

* 5. Now to thy house will I re-sort, To taste thy mercies there; I will frequent thy ho-ly court, And worship in thy fear. Up to the hills where Christ is gone,

to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all his saints, Presenting at his Fa-ther's throne, Pre-sent-ing at his Father's throne, Our songs and our complaints.

Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all his saints, To plead for all his saints, Pre-sent-ing at his Father's throne, Our songs and our complaints.

Christ is gone, To plead for all his saints, Presenting at his Father's throne, Our songs and our complaints, Presenting, &c.

To plead for all his saints, Presenting, &c. Pre-sent-ing, &c.

* To be sung after the repeat

The angel of the Lord came down, And

While shepherds watched their flocks by night All seat-ed on the ground; The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry

The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone around, And

The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone around, And

glo - ry shone around, And glo - ry shone a - round. The an-gel, &c.

shone around, And glo - - ry shone a - round. The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glory shone a - - round.

glo - ry shone a - round. The an-gel, &c.

glo - - ry shone around. The an-gel, &c.

My soul oppressed with
 Had not thy word been my de - light, When earth-ly joys were fled, My soul oppressed with sorrow's weight, Had
 My soul oppressed with sorrow's weight, Had sunk a -
 My soul oppressed with sorrow's weight, Had sunk a-mong the dead, Had

sorrow's weight, Had sunk among the dead, Had sunk among the dead, My soul, &c.
 sunk among the dead Had sunk among the dead. My soul oppressed with sorrow's weight, Had sunk a - mong the dead
 mong the dead, Had sunk among the dead, My soul oppressed with sorrow's weight. Had sunk, &c.
 sunk among the dead, My soul oppressed with sorrow's weight, Had, &c.

KNARESBORO'. C. M.

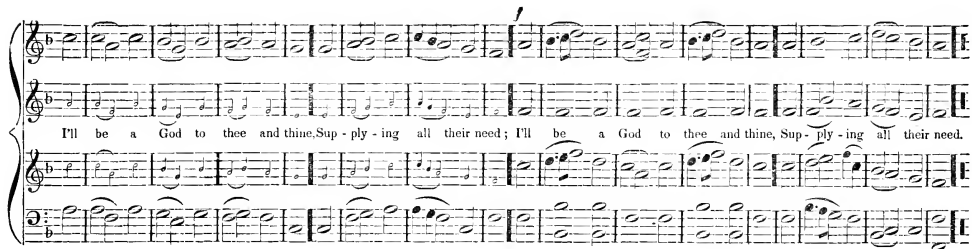
LEACH.

Hark! how the feathered warblers sing, 'Tis nature's cheerful voice, 'Tis nature's cheerful voice, Soft music hails the lovely spring,
Soft music hails the lovely spring, And woods and fields re-
Soft music hails the lovely spring,

WAREHAM. C. M.

DR. ARNOLD.

Soft music hails the lovely spring And woods and fields rejoice,
joyce, How large the promise how di-vine, To Abr'ham and his seed;



I'll be a God to thee and thine, Sup- ply - ing all their need; I'll be a God to thee and thine, Sup- ply - ing all their need.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

DR. RANDALL.



1. Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A sovereign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.

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

3. Sal - va - tion! O thou bleeding Lamb! To thee the praise belongs: Sal - va - tion shall inspire our hearts, And dwell upon our tongues, And dwell upon our tongues, And dwell, &c.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

The Lord de-scend-ed from above, And bowed the heavens most high, And under - neath his feet he cast The dark - - - - ness of the sky.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

On cherubs and on cherubim, Full roy - al - ty he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came flying all abroad, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad.

1. In vain we lav - ish our eyes, To gath - er up - ty wind. The choicest bless - ings earth can yield, Will starve a hun - gry mind.

2. Ho! ye that pant for liv - ing streams, And pine a - way and die; Here you may quench your rag - ing thirst, With springs that nev - er dry.

1. Come, and the Lord will feed your souls, With more sub - stan - tial meat, With such as saints in glo - ry love, With such as an - gels eat.

2. Riv - ers of love and mer - cy here, In a rich o - cean join; Sal - va - tion in a - bun - dance flows, All heavenly and di - vine.

The new Jerusalem comes down, A - dorned with shining grace, The new Je-

From the third heaven where God resides, That holy happy place; The new Jerusalem comes down, A - dorned with

The new Jerusalem comes down, A - dorned with shining grace, The new Jerusa-

The new Jerusalem, &c. The new Jerusalem, &c.

BALLERMA. C. M.

ras:lem, &c.

shin-ing grace, Adorned with shining grace, Adorned, &c.

lem, &c.

Oh happy is the man who hears, Instruction's warning voice, And who celestial wisdom makes, His early, only choice.

Moderato.

1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tu - mult far. From scenes where Sa-tan wa - ges still, His most success - ful war.

2. The calm re - treat, the si - lent shade With prayer and praise a - gree ; And seem by thy sweet boun - ty made For those who fol - low thee.

VIRGINIA. C. M.

BROWNSON

Thy word the raging winds con - trol, And rule the boist'rous deep, Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll, The roll - ing billows sleep, The roll - ing bil - lows sleep.

Slow.

1. When Thee I seek, pro-TECT-ing Pro-TECTOR, Be my vain wish-es still'd; And may this con-se-CRA-ted hour With bet-ter hopes be fill'd.

2. In each e-vent of life, how clear Thy rul-ing hand I see! Each bles-sing to my soul more dear, Be-cause con-ferred by thee

3. When gladness wings my fa-vored hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill— Resigned when storms of sor-row lower, My soul shall meet thy will.

1. Thy love the power of thought be-towed, To thee my tho'ts would soar; Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer-cy I a-dore.

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

3. My lift-ed eye with-out a tear, The gather-ing storm shall see, My steadfast heart shall know no fear, That heart will rest on Thee.

Con Spirito.

Behold the glories of the Lamb, A - mid his Father's throne; Prepare new honors for his name, And songs be-fore unknown, And songs be-fore un-known.

LEBANON. C. M.

BILLINGS.

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

1. I love to steal a-whine a-way From every cumbering care, And spend the hours of set-ting day, And spend the hours of setting day, In humble, grateful prayer.

2. I love in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear, And all his prom-i-ses to plead, 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 implore, And all my cares and sorrows cast, And all my cares and sorrows cast, On him whom I a-dore.

WOODLAND. C. M. [Minor.]

ALTO.

1. Life is a span, a fleet-ing hour, How soon the va-por flies; Man is a ten-der, transient flower, Man is a tender, transient flower, That, e'en in blooming, dies.

2. That once loved form, now cold and dead, Each mourning t'not employs; And na-ture weeps her com-forts fled, And nature weeps, her comforts fled, And withered all her joys.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my glo-rious home! Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee!

2. There happier bowers than E-den's bloom, Nor sin nor sor-row know; Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you.

3. A - post - les, mar-tyrs, prophets, there, A - round my Saviour stand, And soon my friends in Christ below, Will join the glo-rious band.

1. When shall these eyes thy heaven built walls, And pear-ly gates be-hold? Thy bulwarks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold.

2. Why should I shrink at pain and woe? Or feel at death, dis-may? I've Can-nan's heavenly land in view, And realms of end - less day.

3. Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! My soul still pants for thee; Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

GARLAND. C. M.

He sends his showers of bless-ings down, To cheer the plains be-low; He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in val-lies grow.

CHINA. C. M.

SWAN.

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

2. Why should we trem-ble to con-vey Their bod-ies to the tomb? There once the flesh of Je-sus lay, And left a long per-fame.

3. Then let the last loud trum-pet sound, And bid our kin-dred rise: A-wake, ye na-tions un-der ground, Ye saints a-seend the skies.

To Canaan's, &c.

On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye,

To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my possessions lie, Where my, &c.

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where, &c.

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie, To Canaan's, &c.

MOUNT AUBURN. C. M.

Slow.

1. Come, humble sin - ner, in whose breast, A thousand thoughts re-volve; Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re - solve :-

2. I'll go to Je - sus, though my sin Doth like a moun-tain rise; I know his courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - po - se.

3. Per - haps he will ad - mit my plea, Per-haps will hear my prayer; But if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE

Allegro.

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 bleed-ing heart.

HARTLAND. C. M.

DR. DUPUIS.

Moderato.

E - ter-nal Power, Almigh - ty God! Who can approach thy throne? Access-less light is thine a - bode, To an - gel eyes un-known.

When God re-vealed his gra-cious name, And changed my mourn-ful state, My rapture seemed a pleasing dream, The grace ap-peared so great.

The musical score for the first system is written for four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex pattern in the left hand, including some triplets.

Animated.

The world be-held the glorious change, And did thy hand confess; My tongue broke out in unknown strains, And sung sur-pris-ing grace.

The musical score for the second system is also written for four staves. The key signature remains one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo/mood is marked "Animated." The melody continues with similar rhythmic patterns, ending with a repeat sign and two endings. The first ending leads back to the beginning of the system, and the second ending leads to the final measure. The piano accompaniment continues with its steady eighth-note pattern.

COLCHESTER. C. M.

WILLIAMS.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise! The glo-ri-a of my God and King, Thy tri-umphs of his grace.

2. My gra-cious Master, and my God, As-sist me to proclaim, To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of thy Name.

3. Je-sus! the Name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease: 'Tis mu-sic in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

PETERBORO. C. M.

Allegro.

Once more, my soul, the ris-ing day Salutes thy waking eyes: Once more, my voice, thy trib-ute pay To him who rules the skies

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY. By permission

77

Andante Sostenuto.

1. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill, How fair the lil-y grows! How sweet the breath, be-neath the hill, Of Shur-on's dew-y rose!

2. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill, The lil-y must de-cay; The rose, that blooms beneath the hill, Must short-ly fade a-way.

GENEVA. C. M.

JOHN COLE.

Moderato.

When all thy mercies, O my God, Transported with, &c.

When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris-ing soul surveys, Trans-port-ed with the view I'm lost, In won-der, love, and praise

When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul, &c.

When all thy mercies, O my God,

SWANWICK. C. M.

11' CAN

Majestic.

1 Soon shall the glorious morning dawn, When all thy saints shall rise, And clothed in their un-mortal bloom, At-tend thee to the skies, At-tend thee to the skies.

2 Let faith ex-alt her joy-ful voice And thus be-gin to sing, O grave! where is thy triumph now? O death! where is thy sting! O death where is thy sting!

FOUNTAIN.* C. M.

Moderato.

*p*2d Ending. *f*

1 There is a fountain of the living water, Clean from human taint's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day, And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away, Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou alone hast made the precious blood Still never lose its power, Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved and sin no more, Are saved and sin no more.

4 Since first by faith I saw the stream, This dawning world appears, Redeeming love has been my theme, And I shall be, till I die, And I shall be, till I die.

5 And when this feeble, stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave, Then, in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy power to save, [D.M.C. - - -] I'll sing thy power to save.

W.B.T.

With songs and honors sounding loud, Ad-dress the Lord on high: Over the heavens he spreads his cloud, And waters veil the sky. He sends his show'rs of

Over the heavens he spreads his cloud and waters veil the sky, And wa - - ters veil the sky. He

The first system of the musical score for 'EDOM. C. M.' consists of four staves. The top two staves are treble clef, and the bottom two are bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a hymn style with various note values and rests. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes.

He makes the grass, &c. He makes, &c. He makes, &c.

blessings down, To cheer the plains below, He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in valleys grow, He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in valleys grow, And corn, &c.

sends, &c. He makes, &c.

He makes, &c.

The second system of the musical score continues the hymn. It also consists of four staves in the same key and time signature. The lyrics continue, with some words like '&c.' indicating a continuation of the previous phrase. The musical notation includes various note values and rests, with some words aligned under specific notes.

FUNERAL HYMN. C M

DR MILLER.

Slow.

The righteous souls that take their flight, Far from this world of pain, In God's pa-ter-nal bo-som blest, For-ev-er shall re-main.

EMMONS. C. M.

Arranged from BURGMULLER.

Soft, and not too fast.

1. Thou dear Re-deem-er, dy-ing Lamb, We love to hear of thee; No music's like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be, Nor half so sweet can be.

2. When we ap-pear in Je-hu's cloud, With all the favored throng, Then will we sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be our song, And Christ shall be our song.

Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove, Fly, &c.
 My refuge is the God of love, My foes insult and cry, Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove, Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove, To distant
 Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove..... Fly, &c.

Since I have placed my trust in God, A refuge always nigh, Why should I, like a tim'rous bird, Why, &c. Why, &c.
 moun - tains fly my trust in God, A refuge always nigh, Why should I, like a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly, a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly.
 A refuge always nigh, Why should I, like a tim'rous bird, To distant, &c. Why should, &c.
 my trust in God, a refuge always nigh, Why should I like a tim'rous bird, Why, &c. a tim'rous bird To distant mountains fly

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

2. There everlasting spring abides, And never-with'ring flow'rs; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

God, my Supporter, and my Hope, My Help for ever near;

WILLIAMS.

YORK. C. M.

JOHN MILTON.

Thine arm of mercy held me up, When sinking in despair.

Slow.

Thee we a-dore, E-ter-nal Name, And humbly own to thee, How feeble is our mortal frame, What dying worms are we.

If angels sung a Savior's birth, If angels sung a Sa - vior's birth.

If angels sung... a Sa - - vior's, Sa - vior's birth On that auspicious morn.

If angels sung a Sa - - vior's birth, If an - gels sung a Sa - - vior's, Sa - vior's birth. We

If angels sung... a Sa - - vior's birth, If angels, &c. We well may imi -

We well may imi - tate their mirth, Now he again is born, Now he again is born.

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

well may imitate their mirth, We well may imitate their mirth, Now, &c.

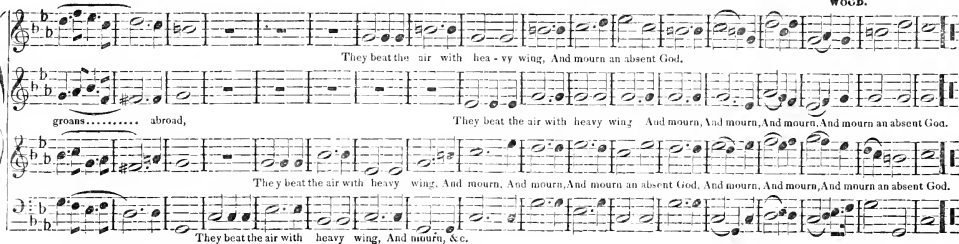
tate their mirth. We well may imitate... their mirth. Now he again is born. Now he again... is born

Let him to whom we now belong, His sov'reign right assert, And take up every thankful song, And every loving heart, He justly claims us for his own. The Who bought us with a price!

ANDOVER. C. M.

Christian lives to Christ alone, To Christ alone he dies, To Christ alone he dies. My passions fly to seek their King, And send their

WOOD.



They beat the air with heavy wing, And mourn an absent God.

groans..... abroad, They beat the air with heavy wing And mourn, And mourn, And mourn, And mourn an absent God.

They beat the air with heavy wing, And mourn, And mourn, And mourn an absent God, And mourn, And mourn, And mourn an absent God.

They beat the air with heavy wing, And mourn, &c.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

J. DUTTON, JR.

Slow and Soft.



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

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

3. I love to think on mercies past, And fu - ture good im - plore, And all my cares and sorrows cast On Him whom I a - dore.

End.

My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights, The glo-ry of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights!

The opening heavens around me shine With beams of sa-cred bliss, If Je-sus shows his mer-cy mine, And whispers I am his.

D. C.

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

1. See Israel's gen-tle Shepherd stand, With all en-gag-ing charms; Hark, how he calls the ten-der lambs, And folds them in his arms.

2. We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands, And yield them up to thee; Joy-ful that we ourselves are thine, Thine let our offspring be.

3. If or-phans they are left be-hind, Thy guardian care we trust; That care shall heal our bleed-ing heart, If weep-ing o'er their dust.

ARUNDEL. C. M.

All glo-ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace, Good will henceforth from heaven to men, Be-gin and nev-er cease.

Dolce.

1. Lo! what an en-ter-taining sight Those friend-ly breth-ren prove, Whose cheerful hearts in hands u-nite Of har-mo-ny and love!

2. Where streams of bliss from Christ the Spring, Descend on eve-ry soul; And heavenly peace with balm-y wing, Shades and revives the whole.

3. 'Tis pleas-ant as the morning dews That fall on Zi-on's hill, Where God his mild-est glo-ry shows, And makes his grace dis-till.

ST. JOHNS. C. M.

Moderato.

1. Once more we come be-fore our God; Once more his bless-ing ask: O may not du-ty seem a load, Nor wor-ship prove a task.

2. Fa-ther thy quickening Spir-it send From heaven, in Je-sus' name, To make our wait-ing minds at-tend, And put our souls in frame.

3. May we re-ceive the word we hear, Each in an hon-est heart; And keep the pre-cious treas-ure there, And nev-er with it part.

1. When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris-ing soul surveys, Transport-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.

2. O how can words with e-qual warmth The grat-i-tude declare, That glows within my ravished heart? But thou canst read it there!

3. Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts My dai-ly thanks employ: Nor is the least a cheer-ful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy.

CLARENDON. C. M.

TUCKER.

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

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

3. Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow, And thy rich grace re-cord; Witness, ye saints, who hear me now, A-l for-sake the Lord.

In Zi-on let us all appear, And keep the solemn day.

How did my heart rejoice to hear, My friends devoutly say; In Zi-on let us all appear, And keep the solemn day, In

In Zi-on let us all appear, And keep the solemn day,

In Zi-on let us all appear, And keep the solemn day, And keep the solemn day,

NORTH SALEM. C. M.

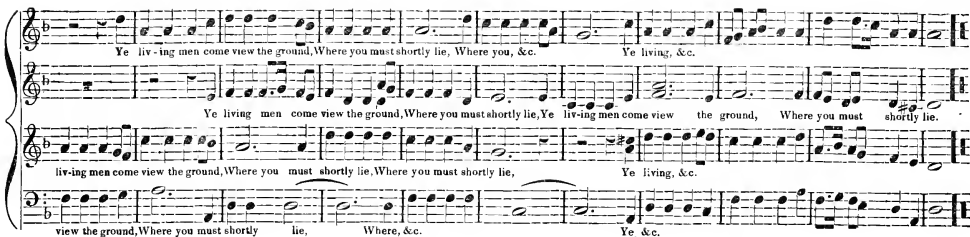
WEST.

Zi-on let us all ap-pear, And keep . . . the solemn day.

Hark from the tombs a doleful sound! Mine ears attend the cry:

Ye

Ye living men, come.



Ye liv-ing men come view the ground, Where you must shortly lie, Where you, &c. Ye living, &c.

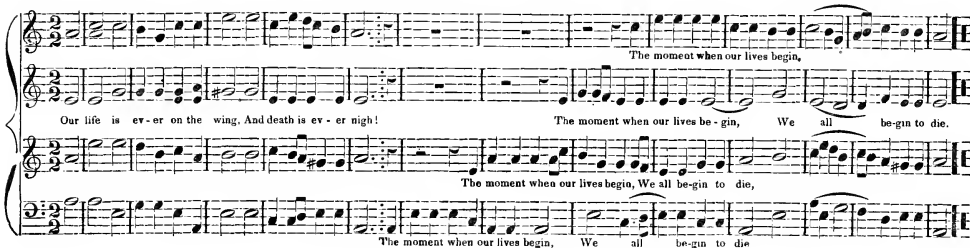
Ye living men come view the ground, Where you must shortly lie, Ye liv-ing men come view the ground, Where you must shortly lie.

liv-ing men come view the ground, Where you must shortly lie, Where you must shortly lie, Ye living, &c.

view the ground, Where you must shortly lie, Where, &c. Ye, &c.

DANBURY. C. M.

READ.



The moment when our lives begin,

Our life is ev-er on the wing, And death is ev-er nigh! The moment when our lives be-gin, We all be-gin to die.

The moment when our lives begin, We all be-gin to die,

The moment when our lives begin, We all be-gin to die

BURFORD. C. M.

PURCH

Moderato.

Dark was the night, and cold the ground, On which the Lord was laid; His sweat, like drops of blood ran down, In ag - o - ny he prayed.

WINDSOR. C. M.

KIRBY.

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

BLACKBURN. C. M.

FISH.

Be - hold thy wait - ing servant, Lord, De - vot - ed to thy fear: Re - member and con - firm thy word, For all my hopes are there.

Now let our droop - ing hearts re - vive And ev' - - ry tear be dry; Why should these eyes be drowned in grief, Which view a Savior nigh?

CHARDON. C. M.

FAWCETT.

1. Shepherds, rejoice: lift up your eyes, And send your fears away, And send your fears away; News from the region of the skies; Salvation's born to-day! Salvation's born to-day!

2. Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around The heavenly armies throng, The heavenly armies throng: They tune their harps to lofty sound, And thus conclude the song, And thus conclude the song:

3. All glo-ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace, And to the earth be peace; Good will henceforth from heaven to men, Begin and never cease, Begin and never cease.

Allegretto Risoluto.

And heav'n and nature sing.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King: Let every heart prepare him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature

And heav'n and nature sing, And

MARLOW. C. M.

WILLIAMS.

And heav'n and nature sing.

And heav'n, And heav'n and nature sing.

heav'n and nature sing. And heav'n and nature sing.

1. How can I sink with such a prop As the eternal God, Who bears the earth's huge pillars up And spread the heav'ns abroad?

2. How can I die while Jesus lives, Who rose and left the dead? Pardon and grace my soul receives From my exalted Head

3. All that I am, and all I have, Shall be forever thine; What'e'r my duty bids me give, My cheerful hands resign.

Very Slow

My God, my portion, and my love, My everlasting all: I've none but thee in heav'n above, Or on this earthly ball.

Slow.

O holy, holv holy Lord, Whom heavenly hosts obey, The world is

MARTYRS. C. M.

Slow.

1. Thee we adore, eternal Name! And humbly own to thee How feeble is our mortal frame, What dying worms are we!

2. Our wasting lives grow shorter still, As days and months increase: And every beating pulse we tell Leaves but the number less.

3. The year rolls round, and steals away The breath that first it gave: What'e'r we do, where'er we be, We're hast'ning to the grave.

Moderato.

1. Jesus, the name high over all, In hell, or earth, or sky! Angels and men before it fall, Angels and men before it fall, Angels and men before it fall, And devils fear and fly.

2. Jesus the name to sinners dear, The name to sinners given! It scatters all their guilty fear, It, &c. It turns their hell to heaven.

3. Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks, And bruises Satan's head; Power into strengthless souls it speaks, Power, &c. And life into the dead, Would all mankind embrace.

4. O that the world might taste and see The riches of his grace, The arms of love that compass me, The, &c.

5. His only righteousness I show, His saving truth proclaim; 'Tis all my business here below, 'Tis &c. To cry, 'Behold the Lamb!'

6. Happy, if with my latest breath, I may but gasp his name! Preach him to all, and cry in death, Preach &c. 'Behold, Behold the Lamb!'

KENDALL. C. M.

CLARK

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in thy word What end - less glo - ry shines! For - ev - er be thy name adored For these ce - les - - tial lines.

2. Here the Re - deemer's welcome voice Spreads heavenly peace a - round; And life and ev - er - last - ing joys Attend the bless - ful sound.

3. O may these heavenly pa - ges be My ev - er dear de-light; And still new beauties may I see, And still in - creas - ing light.

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

MARTYRDOM. C. M.

CUMBERLAND COLL.

Dolce.

1. My span of life will soon be done, The pass-ing moments say; As length'ning shadows o'er the mead Proclaim the close of day.

2. O that my heart might dwell a-loof From all cre-a-ted things, And learn that wis-dom from above, Whence true contentment springs!

3. Con- rage, my soul, thy bit-ter cross, In eve-ry tri-al here, Shall bear thee to thy heaven above, But shall not en-ter there.

3. The sigh-ing ones that hun-bly seek In sorrowing paths be-low, Shall in e-ter-ni-ty re-joice, Where endless comforts flow.

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

BRAINTREE. C. M

While Shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone around.

1. Oh, could our thoughts and wish-es fly, A - bove these gloomy shades, To those bright worlds be - yond the sky, Which sorrow ne'er invades!

2. Oh, then on faith's sub - lim - est wing, Our ar - dent souls shall rise, To those bright scenes where pleasure spring, Im - mor - tal in the skies.

LANESBORO'. C. M.

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

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne: Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where on - ly Christ is hea d to speak, Where Jesus reigns a-lone.

3 O for a low - ly contrite heart, Believ - ing, true, and clean! Which nei ther life nor death can part, Which nei ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells within.

1. Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A sovereign balm for every wound, A cor - dial for our fears

2. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - - round, While all the ar - mies of the sky, Conspire to raise the sound.

3. Sal - va - tion! O thou bleeding Lamb! To thee the praise be - longs: Sal - va - tion shall in - spire our hearts, And dwell up - on our tongues.

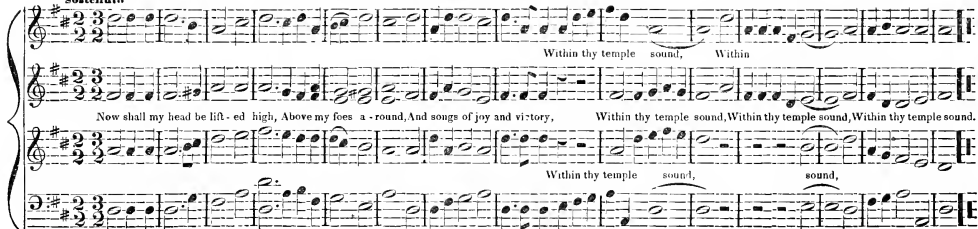
CHORUS. Lively.

Glory, hon - or, praise, and power, Be unto the Lamb for ever! Jesus Christ is our Redeemer! Hallelujah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!

VICTORY. C. M.

101

Sostenuto



STEPHENS. C. M.

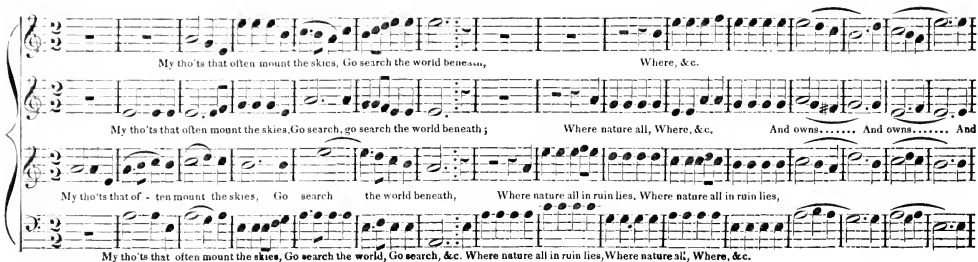
JONES.

Moderate.



CALVARY. C. M.

READ.



My tho'ts that often mount the skies, Go search the world beneath, Where, &c.

My tho'ts that often mount the skies, Go search, go search the world beneath; Where nature all, Where, &c. And owns..... And owns..... And

My tho'ts that of - ten mount the skies, Go search the world beneath, Where nature all in ruin lies. Where nature all in ruin lies,

My tho'ts that often mount the skies, Go search the world, Go search, &c. Where nature all in ruin lies, Where nature all, Where, &c.

LEICESTER. C. M.

KIMBALL.



owns..... her sov'reign power.

Not from the dust affliction grows, Nor troubles rise by chance; Yet we are born to cares and woes, A sad in-her-it-ance.

As sparks fly out from burning coals, And still, &c.

As sparks fly out from burning coals, And still are upward borne; So grief is rooted in our souls, And man grows up to mourn.

As sparks fly out from burning coals, And still are upward borne, And still, &c.

As sparks fly out from burning coals, And still are upward borne, And still, &c.

FLORENCE. C. M. Double.

ITALIAN.

1 I love to steal awhile away From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day, In humble grateful pray'r. } I love in solitude to shed The penitential tear, And all his promises to plead Where none but God can hear.

2 I love to think on mercies past And future good implore, }
And all my cares and sorrows cast On Him whom I adore. } Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its departing ray, Be calm as this impressive hour, And lead to endless [day.

Allegro.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/2. The tempo is marked 'Allegro.' The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.

The second system of the musical score continues the piece with four staves. The vocal parts have rests for the first six measures, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues throughout. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled be-tween.

Sweet fields be-yond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green;

Will be our God while here below, And ours a - bove the sky.

The God we worship now, Will guide us till we die; Will be our God while here be - low. And ours a - bove the sky.

Will be our God while here below, And ours above the sky. And ours a - bove the sky.

Will be our God while here below, Will be our God while here be - low, And ours above the sky

AYLESBURY. S. M.

DR. GREEN.

1. Shall we go on to sin, Because thy grace abounds? Or cruci - fy the Lord again, And open all his wounds?

2. O come and dwell in me, Spi - rit of power within: And bring the glorious lib - er - ty From sorrow, fear and sin!

3. I want the witness, Lord, That all I do is right; According to thy will and word, Well pleasing in thy sight.

A GOOD HOPE.

1. Can sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well;
Or dream of future happiness,
While in the road to hell?
2. Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhalloved tongue.
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbor wrong?
3. Can sin's deceitful way
Conduct to Zion's hill;
Or those expect with God to reign,
Who disregard his will?
4. Thy grace, O God, alone
Can a good hope afford.
The pardoned, faithful soul shall see
The glory of the Lord.

Marcato

First system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts (Soprano and Alto), and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment (Right and Left Hand). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo/mood is indicated as 'Marcato'. The lyrics are: 'Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing: Je - ho-vah is the sover - eign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.'

Chorus. F. Con Spirito.

F. F. Adagio.

Second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The tempo/mood changes to 'F. F. Adagio'. The lyrics are: 'Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord.'

Till morning light, and evening shade, Shall be, &c.
 Far be thine honor spread, And long thy praise endure; Till morning light and eve - ning shade, Shall be exchanged no more, Shall be exchanged no more
 Till morning light and evening shade, Till, &c. Shall be exchanged no more, Shall be, &c.
 Till morning light and even - ing shade, Till, &c.

PROVIDENCE. S. M.

LEACH.

Slow.

1. See Sod - om wrapt in fire! And hark, what pierc - ing shrieks! Those dar - ing reb - els now ex - pire, For God in jus - tice speaks.
 2. O sin - ner, mark thy fate! Thy Judge may soon ap - pear; And then thy cries will come too late, For God him - self to hear.
 3. One on - ly hope I see; O sin - ner, heed it now, The blood that Je - sus shed for thee, No oth - er hope hast thou!

Con a. r.

1. Sol - diers of Christ a - rise And gird your ar - mor on, Strong in the strength which God sup - plies, Through his e - ter - nal Son.

2. Who bow to Christ's command, Your arms and hearts pre - pare, The day of bat - tle is at hand, Go forth to glo - rious war.

LITTLE MARLBORO'. S. M.

1. And are we yet a - live, And see each oth - er's face? Glo - ry and praise to Je - sus give, For his re - deem - ing grace.

2. What tron - bles have we seen? What con - flicts have we past? Fight - ings with - out, and fears with - in, Since we as - sem - bled last.

3. But out of all, the Lord Hath brought us by his love, And still he doth his help af - ford, And hides our life a - bove.

4. Then let us bear the cross, Till we the crown ob - tain, And glad - ly reck - on all things loss, So we may Je - sus gain.

1. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morning flower! When blast-ing winds sweep o'er the field, It with-ers in an hour.

2 But thy com-passions Lord, To end-less years en-dure; And children's chil-dren ev-er find Thy words of prom-ise sure.

DUNBAR. S. M.

CORELLI.

Slow.

1. When o-verwhelmed with grief, My heart with-in me dies, Helpless, and far from all re-lief, To heaven I lift my eyes.

2. Oh! 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. With-in thy pres-ence, Lord, For-ev-er I'll a-hide, Thou art the tower of my de-fence, The ref-uge where I'll hide.

1. O let me feel thy love, Dear Je - sus, eve ry hour: Fix my af - fec - tions all a - bove, By heaven's at - tract - ing power.

2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which I sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

HUDSON. S. M.

D. H. M.

1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The church our blest Redeem - er saved, With his own precious blood, With his own precious blood.

2. 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, This voice in si - lence die.

3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers ascend; To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end, Till toils and cares shall end.

LEWISTON S. M.

TONNEY.

111

Our life, how poor a tri - fle 'tis That scarce, &c.

Lord what a fee-ble piece is this our mortal frame? Our life, how poor a tri - fle 'tis That scarce deserves the name, That scarce deserves the name.

Our life, how poor a tri - fle 'tis, Our life how poor a tri - fle 'tis, That scarce deserves the name, That, &c.

Our life, how poor a tri - fle tis, Our life, &c.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

LEACH.

1. Ah when shall I a - wake From sin's soft soothing power, The slum - ber from my spir - it shake, And rise to fall no more.

2. Since thou hast been my help, To thee my spir - it flies, And on thy watchful prov - i - dence, My taint ing soul re - lies

How free the fountain flows, Of life and endless joy: The stream which no confinement knows, Where waters nev-er cloy, Ho, every thirsty soul, Ap-

The first system of the musical score for 'ORANGEBURG. S. M.' It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

proach the sacred spring; Drink, and your fainting spirits cheer, Renew the draught and sing, Drink, and your fainting spirits cheer: Renew the draught and sing, Renew the draught and sing.

The second system of the musical score, continuing from the first. It also consists of four staves (two vocal, two piano). The lyrics continue below the vocal staves. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs on the vocal staves.

Grazioso.

Dolce. p

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 friendship meet, Their songs of praise, their min - gled vows, Make their com - mun - ion sweet.

3. Thus on the heaven - ly hills, The saints are blest a - bove, Where joy, like morn - ing dew, dis - tils, And all the air is love,

SHAWMUT. S. M.

L. MASON, By permission.

Through all their actions run.

Make their communion sweet.

And all the air is love.

1. Thy name, Almighty Lord, Shall sound thro' distant lands; Great is thy grace, and sure thy word, Thy truth forever stands.

2. Far be thine honor spread, And long thy praise endure, Till morning light, and evening shade, Shall be ex - changed no more.

TROUF.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a whole note G4, followed by a half note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff is a piano accompaniment with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The third staff is another vocal line, similar to the first. The fourth staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

My

The eve-ning shades of life, Have stretched themselves a-long; My threescore years are al-most fled, And like an eve-ning gone, My threescore years are

My

gone, My, &c.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

three-score years are al - most fled, And like, &c.

al - most fled, And like an eve - ning gone, My threescore years are al - most fled, And like an eve - ning gone.

threescore years are al - most fled, And like an eve - ning gone,

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

2. To serve the pre - sent age, My call - ing to ful - fil, O may it all my powers en - gage, To do my Master's will!

3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live; And O, thy ser - vant, Lord, pre - pare, A strict ac - count to give.

4. Help me to watch and pray, And on thy - self re - ly, Assured if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.

He leads me to the place Where heavenly pas - tures grow, Where liv - ing wa - ters gent - ly move, And full sal - va - tion flows.

Vold.

My soul re - peat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate.

Precision.

High as the heavens are raised, Above the ground we tread, So far the rich - es of his grace, Our highest thoughts exceed, Our highest tho'ts ex - ceed.

Allegro vivace.

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

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

DARTMOUTH. S. M.

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?

Be-fore we reach the heavenly fields, Before, &c.

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

Be-fore we reach the heavenly fields, Before, &c.

Before we reach the heavenly fields, Before, &c.

HARTFORD. S. M.

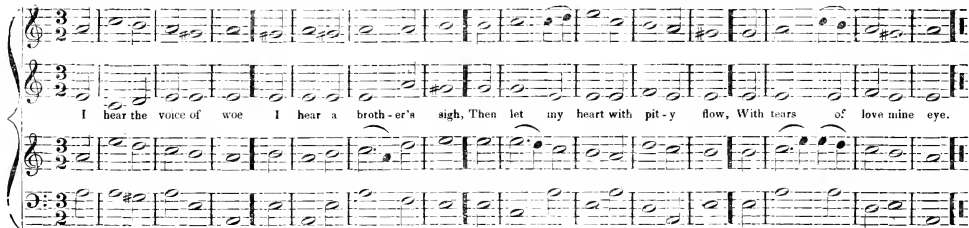
MAXIM.

Each wand'ring in a different way, But, &c.

Like sheep we went astray, And broke the fold of God; Each wand'ring in a different way, But all the downward road, But all the downward road

Each, &c. Each, &c.

Each wand'ring in a different way, Each, &c.



I hear the voice of woe I hear a broth-er's sigh, Then let my heart with pit-y flow, With tears of love mine eye.

UNITY. S. M.



1 Let par-ty names no more The Christian world o'spread; The Jew and Gentle, bond and free, Are one in Christ their Head, Are one in Christ their Head.
 2 A-mong the saint on earth Let mutual love be found; Heirs of the same in-her-i-tance, With mu-tual bless-ings crowned, With mu-tual bless-ings crowned.
 2 Let en-vy and de-ceipt, Be banished far a-way; And all in Christian bonds unite, Who all one Lord o bey, Who all one Lord o bey.
 4 Thus will the church be-low, Re-sem-ble that above; Where no dis-cord-ant sounds are heard, But all is peace and love, But all is peace and love.

1. Soldiers of Christ, arise, And put your armor on, Strong in the strength which God supplies, Thro' his eternal Son; Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in his mighty power

2. Stand then in his great might, With all his strength endued; But take, to arm you for the fight, The panoply of God; That, having all things done, And all your conflicts past,

CRANBROOK. S. M.

CLARK.

Who in the strength of Je-sus trusts, Is more than conquer - or.

Ye may o'ercomethro' Christ alone, And stand en-tire at last.

Grace !'tis a charming sound! Har - mo - nious to the ear!

Heaven with the echo shall resound, Heaven, &c. And all the earth shall hear, And, &c. And all the earth shall hear.

Heaven with the echo shall resound, Heaven, &c. And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

Heaven with the echo shall resound, Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear, And, &c. And all the earth shall hear.

Heaven with the echo shall resound, Heaven, &c. And all the earth shall hear, And, &c. And all the earth shall hear.

IOWA. S. M.

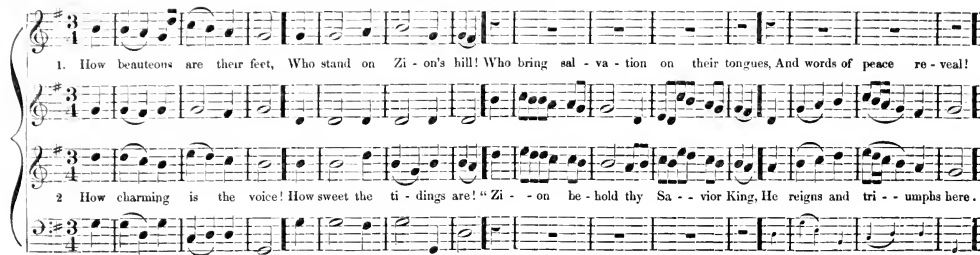
1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known: Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround the throne.

2. The men of grace have found Glory be-gun be-low; Celestial fruits, on earthly ground, Celestial fruits, on earthly ground, From faith and hope may grow.

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

4. Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry! We're marching thro' Emanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Emanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high.

WAKEFIELD. S. M.



1. Howauteons are their feet, Who stand on Zi-on's hill! Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal!

2. How charming is the voice! How sweet the ti-dings are! "Zi-on be-hold thy Sa-vior King, He reigns and tri-umphs here."

WEST SUDBURY. S. M. Double. BILLINGS.



1. Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal.

2. Zi-on be-hold thy Sa-vior—King, He reigns and triumphs here?"

What if the saint must die, And lodge among the tombs: He need not mourn, he

shall return, re-joic-ing as he comes. Tho' death shall hold him down, With bands and mighty bars ; Yet he shall rise above the skies, And sing above the stars.

Tho' death shall hold him down,

EVENING HYMN. S. M.

WEST.

And must this body die, This mortal frame decay? And must these active limbs of mine, And must, &c.

And must these active limbs of mine, Lie mouldering in the clay, Lie mould' - ring in the clay.

And must these active limbs of mine, Lie mouldering in the clay, And must, &c.

And must these active limbs of mine, Lie mouldering in the clay, And must, &c.

Moderato.

The image shows the musical notation for two hymns. On the left is 'Pentonville' in 3/2 time, marked 'Moderato'. It features a four-part vocal setting with treble and bass staves for each part. The lyrics are: 'To bless thy chosen race. In mercy, Lord, incline : And cause the brightness of thy face On all thy saints to shine.' On the right is 'Linstead' in 2/2 time, also marked 'Moderato'. It also features a four-part vocal setting. The lyrics are: 'Mine eyes and my de - sire, Are ev - er to the Lord ;'.

To bless thy chosen race. In mercy, Lord, incline : And cause the brightness of thy face On all thy saints to shine.

Mine eyes and my de - sire, Are ev - er to the Lord ;

LATHROP. S. M.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant.

The image shows the musical notation for the hymn 'Lathrop'. It is in 3/2 time and marked 'Moderato'. The score is arranged in two systems. The first system includes a vocal part with a rest for the first measure, followed by a four-part vocal setting. The lyrics are: 'I love to plead his prom - i - ses, And rest up - on his word.' The second system continues the four-part vocal setting. The lyrics are: '1. How gentle God's commands ! How kind his precepts are ! Come, cast your burdens on the Lord And trust his con - stant care.' and '2. His bounty will provide, His saints securely dwell ; That hand which bears creation up, Shall guard his children well.'

I love to plead his prom - i - ses, And rest up - on his word.

1. How gentle God's commands ! How kind his precepts are ! Come, cast your burdens on the Lord And trust his con - stant care.

2. His bounty will provide, His saints securely dwell ; That hand which bears creation up, Shall guard his children well.

Yet God hath built his church thereon.

See what a living stone, The builders did refuse. Yet God hath built his church thereon, In spite..... of envious Jews.

Yet God hath built his church Yet, &c.

Yet God hath built his church thereon, Yet, &c.

LISBON. S. M.

READ.

Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.

Welcome sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Welcome to this reviving breast, And these re - joic - - - ing eyes.

Welcome to this reviving breast, And these re - joic - - - - ing eyes.

Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes, And these re - joic - - - ing eyes.

Moderato.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known: Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround the throne.

2. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets

1. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who never knew our God; But chil - - dren of the heavenly King, May speak their joys a - broad.

2. Then let our songs a - bound, And every tear be dry, We're marching through Emanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the wil - lows take; Loud to the praise of love di - vine, Bid every string a - - wake.

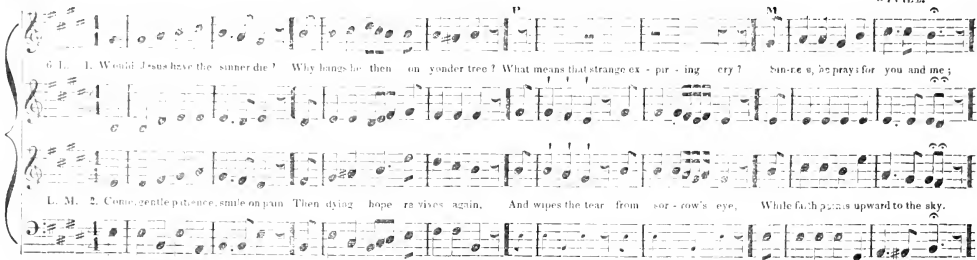
NORWELL. S. M.

Permission of L. MASON.

Moderato.

1. Let songs of end - less praise, From eve - ry na - tion rise; Let all the lands their trib - ute raise, To God who rules the skies.

2. His mer - cy and his love Are boundless as his name; And all e - ter - ni - ty shall prove His truth re - mains the same.



6 L. 1. Would Jesus have the sinner die? Why hangs he then on yonder tree? What means that strange ex - pir - ing cry? Sin - re - v, he pray: for you and me;

L. M. 2. Come, gentle patience, smile on pain. Then dying hope re - vives again, And wipes the tear from sor - row's eye, While faith points upward to the sky.

NEWCOURT. L. P. M.

BOND.



For - give them, Father, O forgive. They know not that by me they live, And wipes the tear from sorrow's eye, While faith points up - ward to the sky.

1 I'll praise my Ma - ker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death,

2 L. M. Blood has a voice to pierce the skies; Revenge, the blood of A - bel cries;

Praise shall em-ploy my nobler powers, My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and be-ing last, Or im-mor-tal-i-ty en-dures.

Re-venge, the blood of A-bel cries; But the dear stream when Christ was slain, Speaks peace as loud from eve-ry vein, Speaks peace as loud from every vein.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M.

By permission.

Moderato.

I love the volume of thy word; What light and joy those leaves afford, To souls benighted and distressed; { Thy precepts guide my doubtful way, } Thy promise leads my heart to rest. { Thy fear forbids my feet to stray, }

God is our ref-uge in dis-tress, A pres-ent help when dan-gers press, I. am un-daunt-ed we'll con-fide;

Though

Though earth were from her

Though earth were from her cen-tre tossed, And moun-tains in the o-cean lost, &c.

Though earth were from her centre tossed, And mountains in the o-cean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roar-ing tide.

earth were from her cen-tre tossed, And mountains, &c. Torn piecemeal by the roar-ing tide, Torn, &c.

cen-tre tossed. And mountains in the o - - - cean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roar-ing tide, Torn, &c.

PLYMOUTH DOCK. L. M. 6 LINES.

131

Con spirito.

Lo! God is here! let us a - dore, And own how dread - ful is this place! Let all with - in us feel his power

And si - lent bow be - fore his face! Who know his power, his grace who prove, Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

1. He framed the globe, he built the sky, He made the shin - ing worlds on high, And reigas com - plete in glo - ry there.

L. M. 2. Look up, ye saints, di - rect your eyes, To him who dwells a - bove the skies; With your glad notes his praise re - hearse,

This musical system consists of four staves. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/2 time signature. It contains the lyrics for the first line of the hymn. The second staff is a vocal line in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, continuing the melody. The third and fourth staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics for the second line of the hymn are written below the piano staves.

1. His beams are unay - es - ty and light, His beau - ties how di - vine - ly bright, His tem - ple how di - vine - ly fair.

2. Who framed the migh - ty u - ni - verse, With your glad notes, his praise re - hearse, Who framed the migh - ty u - ni - verse.

This musical system also consists of four staves. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/2 time signature, containing the lyrics for the third line of the hymn. The second staff is a vocal line in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, continuing the melody. The third and fourth staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics for the fourth line of the hymn are written below the piano staves.

Adagio Sostenuto.

Lord, thou hast known my in - most mind, Thou dost my path and bed in - close; My wak - ing soul on thee re - lies,

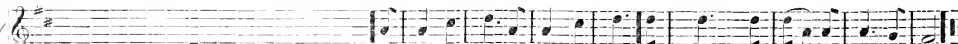
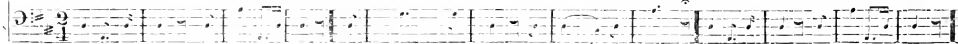
On thee my sleep - ing tho'ts re - pose: Where from thy presence can I fly, Lord, ev - er pres - ent, ev - er night



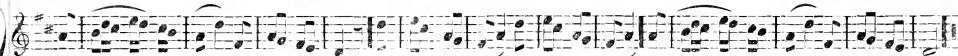
1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan, Hath taught these rocks the notes of woe; Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,



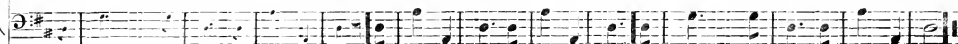
2. Come, freely come, by sin oppressed, Un-burth-en here thy weigh-ty load, Here find thy ref-uge and thy rest,



1. And let thy tears for-get to flow; Be-hold the precious balm is found, To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.



2. And trust the mer-cy of thy God; Thy God's thy Savior, glo-rious word! For-ev-er love and praise the Lord.



Con Spirito.

Prisoners of hope, lift up your heads, The day of lib - er - ty draws near! Je - sus, who on the ser - - pent treads,

Shall soon in your be - half ap - pear: The Lord will to his tem - ple come; Pre - pare your hearts to make him room.

1. The Lord my pasture shall pre-pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care, His presence shall my wants sup-ply, And guard me with a watchful eye;

2. When in the sul-try glebe I faint, Or on the thirs-ty mountains pant, To fer-tile vales and dew-y meads, My weary wandering steps he leads,—

CARTHAGE. L. M. 6 lines.

DALMER.

1. My nooday walks he shall at-tend, And all my midnight hours de-fend.

Affettuoso.

2. Where peaceful riv-ers soft and slow, Amid the verdant landscapes flow.

Father of all, Om-niscient mind, Thy wisdom who can comprehend?

Its highest point, what eye can find, Or to its low - est depths descend? Its highest point what eye can find, Or to its lowest depths descend?

GLOUCESTER. L. M. 6 lines.

End.

MILGROVE.

D. C.

Prisoners of hope, lift up your heads, The day of lib - er - ty draws near! Je - sus, who on the serpent treads, Shall soon in your be - half ap - pear;
The Lord will to his tem - ple come; Prepare your hearts to make him room.

He sends the lab'ring con - - - science

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind, The Lord supports the sink - ing mind; He sends the lab'ring conscience

He sends the lab'ring conscience peace, He sends, &c.

He sends the lab'ring conscience peace; He sends the lab'ring conscience

peace; He helps the stranger in dis - tress, The wid - ow and the fa - ther - less, And grants the pris' - - ner sweet re - lease.

End. D. C.

L. M. And didst thou, Lord, for sinners bleed? And could the sun be - hold the deed? No, he withdrew his sick'ning ray, And darkness veiled the mourning day
No, he withdrew his sick' - ning ray, And darkness veiled the mourning day.

6 L. 8's. Oft as I lay me down to rest, O may the rec - on - cil - ing word Sweet - ly compose my wea - ry breast; While on the bosom of my Lord
I sink in blissful dreams a - way, And visions of e - ter - - nal day.

DRESDEN. L. M. or 6 lines 8's.

HAR. SAC.

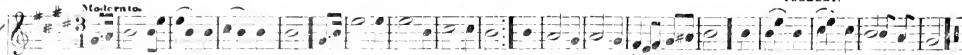
D. C.

End.

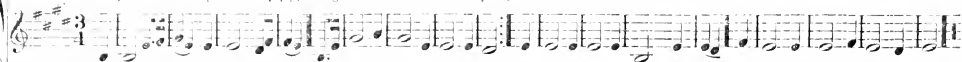
L. M. Preserve me, Lord, in time of need, For succor to thy throne I flee, But have no mer - it there to plead, My goodness can-not reach to thee.
But have no mer - it there to plead, My goodness cannot reach to thee.

6 L. 8's. When in the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the thirs - ty mountains pant, To fertile vales and dew - y meads, My weary wandering steps he leads, -
Where peaceful riv - ers soft and slow, A - mid the verdant landscapes flow.

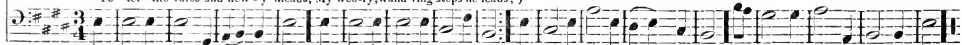
Moderato.



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



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



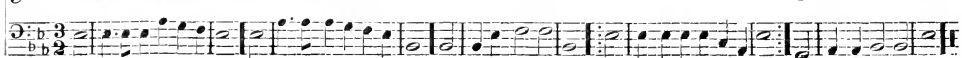
MERIBAH. C. P. M.

L. MASON, By permission.

Moderato.



When thou my righteous Judge shalt come, To take thy ransomed people home, Shall I a-mong them stand? } Shall such a worthless worm as I, } Be found at thy right hand?
Who sometimes am a-fraid to die. }



1. How hap - - py are the lit - - tle flock, Who, safe be - - neath their guar - dian rock In all com - mo - - tions rest!

2. What - ev - er ills the world be - fall, A pledge of end - less good we call: A sign of Je - - sus near;

1. When war's and tu - mult's waves run high, Un - moved a - - bove the storm they lie, They lodge in Je - sus' breast.

2. His char - - iot will not long de - - lay: We hear the rumb - ling wheels, and pray, Tri - umph - ant Lord, ap - pear.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the upper staff, and the bass line is in the lower staff. The music is in 4/4 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

'Twas in a vale where o-siers grow, By murmuring streams we told our woe, And mingled all our cares: Friendship sat pleased in

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and bass line from the first system. It also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs. The key signature remains one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody continues with similar rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes.

both our eyes, In both the weep-ing dews a-rise, And drop al-ter-nate tears, And drop, and drop, and drop al-ter-nate tears.

Moderato.

1st time.

2d time.

O thou that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death, That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suffered once for me

GANGES. C. P. M.

Moderato.

1. Come on, my partners in distress, My comrades thro' this wilderness, Who still your bodies feed—A while forget your griefs and fears, And look beyond this vale of tears, To that celestial hill.

2. Beyond the bounds of time and space Look forward to that heavenly place, The saints' secure abode; On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise, And force your passage to the skies, And scale the
[mount of God.]

3. Who suffer with our Master here, We shall before his face appear, And by his side sit down; To patient faith the prize is sure; And all that to the end endure The cross, shall wear the crown.

4. Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope! It lifts the fainting spirits up, It brings to life the dead; Our conflicts here shall soon be past, And you and I ascend at last—Triumphant with our Head.

Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sa - vior shine! I'd soar, and touch the

In notes almost divine.....

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

In notes almost divine.....

Be - gin, my soul, th' ex - alt - ed lay, Let each en - rap - tured thought o - bey, And praise th' Almigh - ty's name;

Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies, In one me - lo - dious con - cert rise, To swee - n' in - spir - ing theme.

1. How hap - py is the pilgrim's lot; - How free from eve-ry anx-ious thought, From worldly hope and fear! Confined to neither court nor cell, His soul disdains on

2. No foot of land do I pos-sess; No cot-tage in this wil-der-ness: A poor way-fur-ing man, I lodge awhile in tents below; Or glad-ly wander

3. Noth-ing on earth I call my own; A stranger to the world, unknown, I all their goods despise; I trample on their whole delight, And seek a ci - ty

WEYMOUTH. H. M.

REV. R. HARRISON.

Moderato.

1. earth to dwell, He on - ly sojourns here, He on - ly sojourns here.

2. to and fro, Till I my Canaan gain, Till I my Canaan gain.

3. out of sight, A ci - ty in the skies, A ci - ty in the skies.

Jesus! transporting sound! The joy of earth and heaven: No other help is found,

p *m* *f* *Solo.* *f*

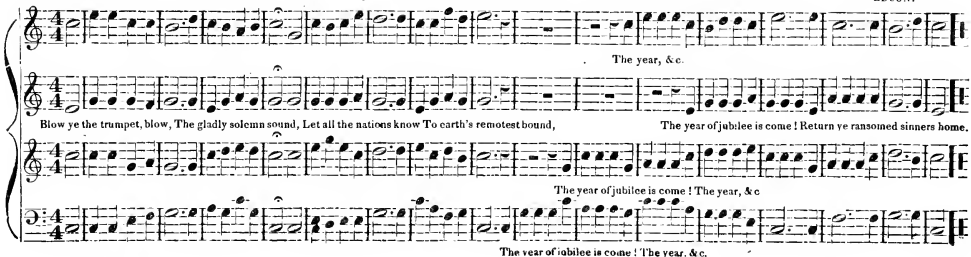


No oth-er name is given, Sal-va-tion now we all may have; For Jesus came the world to save, Sal - va - tion now we all may have; For Je - sus came the world to save.

LENOX. H. M.

EDSON.

The year, & c.



Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound, Let all the nations know To earth's remotest bound, The year of jubilee is come! Return ye ransomed sinners home.

The year of jubilee is come! The year, & c.

The year of jubilee is come! The year, & c.

1. Arise, my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty fears, } Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is written on his hands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.
The bleeding Sacrifice In my be - half appears: }

2. Five bleeding wounds he bears, Received on Calvary; } For - give him, O for - give, they cry, Nor let that ransomed sinner die! Nor let that ransomed sinner die!
They pour effectual prayers, They strongly speak for me; }

3. My God is reconciled, His pard'ning voice I hear; } With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And Father, Abba, Father, cry, And Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Father cry.
He owns me for his child, I can no longer fear; }

AMHERST. H. M.

BILLINGS.

Slow.

Ye boundless realms of joy, Ex - alt your Maker's name; His praise your songs employ, Above this starry frame; Your voices raise, Ye cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, To sing his praise.

Thou

No burning heats by day, Nor blasts of eve-ning air, Shall take my health a-way, If God be with me there;

Thou art my sun, And

Thou art my sun, And thou my shade, To

art my sun, And thou my shade, To guard my head, By night or noon,

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

thou my shade, To guard my head, By night or noon,

guard my head, By night or noon.

Not too fast.

Ye boundless realms of joy, Ex-alt your Maker's fa-mie; His praise your songs employ, His praise your songs em-play, Above this starry frame; A-

f Con spirito.

Soli.

bove this starry frame; Your voices raise, Ye cheru-bim and seraphim, To sing his praise, Your voices raise, Ye cher-u-bim, And ser-a-phim, To sing his praise.

Slow and sustained.

Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thy earthly temples are: To thine abode My heart aspires With warm de-sires, To see my God.

ORION. H. M.

D. H. M.

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

2. And can this mighty King Of glory condescend? And will he write his name? My father and friend? I love his name! I love his word! Join all my powers, And praise the Lord, (the Lord.) Join all my powers And praise

*Con Spirito. Moderato**Legato.*

1. The Lord Jehovah reigus, His torone is built on high; The garments he assumes, Are light and majesty; His glories shine With beams so bright, No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2. And can this mighty King Of glory condescend— And will he write his name, "My father and my friend?" I love his name, I love his word! Join all my powers, And praise the Lord.

JOSEPH. 8s.

Affectionately.

1. How blest is our brother bereeft Of all that could burden his mind, How easy the soul that has left :|| This wea-ri-some body be-hind. :||

2. This languishing head is at rest, Its thinking and aching are o'er, This qui-et immoveable breast :|| Is heaved by affliction no more. :||

3. The lids he so seldom could close, By sorrow for-bid-den to sleep, Now sealed in their mortal repose ; :|| Have strangely forgotten to weep. :||

1. A fountain of life and of grace In Christ, our Redeemer we see: For us, who his offers embrace; For all it is open and free.

2. Je - ho - vah him - self doth in - vite To drink of his pleasures unknown; The streams of im - mortal de - light, That flow from his heavenly throne.

REST. 8s.

1. Ho - san - na to Jesus on high! A - noth - er has entered his rest; A - noth - er has gone to the sky, And lodged in Emmanuel's breast.

2. With songs let us fol - low his flight, And mount with his spirit a - bove; Escaped to the mansions of light, And lodged in the E - den of love.

3. Our brother the haven hath gained, Out-flying the tempest and wind, His rest he hath sooner obtained, And left his companions be - hind.

4. Still tossed on a sea of dis - tress, Hard toiling to make the blest shore, Where all is as - surance and peace, And sorrow and sin are no more.

5. There all the ship's com - pa - ny meet, Who sailed with the Savior beneath; With shouting each other they greet, And triumph o'er sorrow and death.

6. The voyage of life's at an end, The mortal af - fliction is past; The age that in heaven they spend, For ev - er and ev - er shall last.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see; Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me: The mid-summer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay; But

2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music his voice; His presence dispenses my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice: I should, were he always thus nigh, Have nothing [to wish or to fear; No

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

4. Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine, If thou art my sun and my song; Say, why do I languish and pine? And why are my winters so long? O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul-cheering [presence restore: Or

CORYDON. 8s.

ROLLO.

when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May.

1. Ah! lovely appearance of death, What sight upon earth is so fair? Not all the gay pageants that breathe, Can with a dead body [compare.

mortal so happy as I, My summer would last all the year.

prisons would palaces prove, If Jesus would dwell with [me there.

With solemn delight I survey The corpse, when t'ie spirit is fled; In love with the beautiful clay, And longing to lie in its stead.

take me to thee up on high, Where winter and clouds are [two more

1. From whence doth this union a - rise, That ha - tred is conquered by love ; It fas - tens our souls in such ties, As na - ture and time can't remove.

2. It can - not in E - den be found, Nor yet in par - a - dise be lost ; It grows on Emman - u - el's ground, And Je - sus' dear blood it did cost.

3. My friends are so dear un - to me, Our hearts all u - nit - ed in love ; Where Jesus is gone we shall be, In yonder blest mansions a - bove.

4. O why then so loth for to part Since we shall ere long meet again, Engraved on Em - man - u - el's heart ; At distance we can - not re - main.

5. And when we shall see that bright day, U - nit - ed with an - gels a - bove, No lon - ger confined to our clay, O'erwhelmed in the ocean of love.

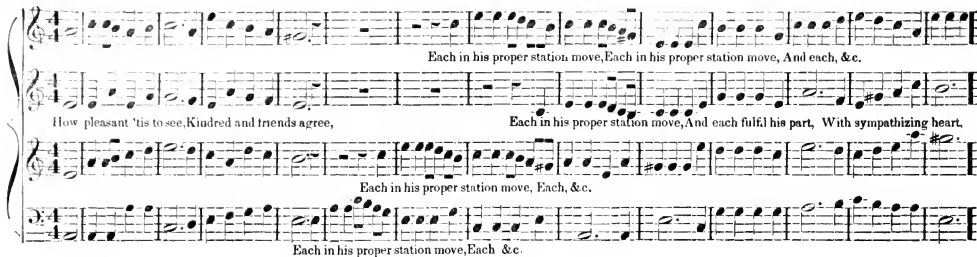
6. O then with our Je - sus we'll reign, And all his bright glory shall see, We'll sing Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, e - ven so let it be.

DALSTON. S. P. M.

WILLIAMS.

Allegretto.

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'll haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.



Each in his proper station move, Each in his proper station move, And each, &c.

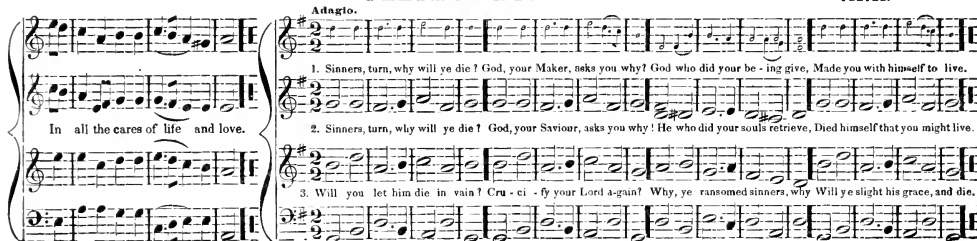
How pleasant 'tis to see, Kindred and friends agree, Each in his proper station move, And each fulfil his part, With sympathizing heart,

Each in his proper station move, Each, &c.

Each in his proper station move, Each &c.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

PLEYEL.



Adagio.

In all the cares of life and love.

1. Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you why? God who did your be-ing give, Made you with himself to live.

2. Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Saviour, asks you why? He who did your souls retrieve, Died himself that you might live.

3. Will you let him die in vain? Cru-ci-fy your Lord a-gain? Why, ye ransomed sinners, why Will ye slight his grace, and die.

Slow.

Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is nigh; Hide me, O my

Sa - viour 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 sor - at last.

MIDDLETOWN. 7s. (DOUBLE.)

Animated.

*p**f**mp*

Cres.

f

♩

Hail the day that saw him rise, Ravished from our wishful eyes; Christ awhile to mortals given, Reascends his native heaven: There the pompous triumph waits, Lift your heads, eternal gates!

ROME. 7s. 6 LINES.

STONE.

Wide un-fold the radiant scene, Take the King of glo-ry in.

Farewell honor's emp - ty pride, Thy own nice, un - certain gust,

If the least mischance be-tide, Lays thee low - er than the dust; Worldly honors end in gall, Rise to-day, to - mor-row fall, Rise to-day, to - mor-row fall.

LINDEN. 7s.

Slow.

1. 'Tis a point I long to know, Oft it causes anxious thought, Do I love the Lord, or no? Am I his or am I not? Am I his or am I not?
 2. Could my heart so hard remain, Prayer a task and burden prove— Every tri-ble give me pain— If I knew a Sa - vior's love? If I knew a Savior's love?

3. Yet I mourn my stubborn will, Find my sin a grief and thrall; Should I grieve for what I feel, If I did not love at all! If I did not love at all!

4. Lord decide the doubtful case Thou who art thy people's Sun, Shine upon thy work of grace, If it be in - deed be gun, If it be in - deed be-gun.

Andantino.

While, with ceaseless course, the sun, Has-ted thro' the form-er year, Man-y souls their race have run, Nev-er more to meet us here,

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be-low; We a lit - tle long-er wait, But how lit - tle none can know.

Slow.

1. Hearts of stone, relent, relent, Break, by Jesus' cross subdued; See his body, mangled—rent, Covered with his precious blood, *S' n' l' e' v' l'*, what hast thou done, Murdered God's eternal Son.

2. Yes, our sins have done the deed, Drove the nails that fixed him there, Crowned with thorns his sacred head, Pierced him with a soldier's spear. Made his soul a sacrifice, For a sinful world he dies.

VOICE OF MERCY. 7s.

Slow.

1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sa-viour, hear his word! Je - sus speaks, he speaks to thee— Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?

2. I de - liv - ered thee when bound. And when bleeding, healed thy wound, Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right, Turned thy dark-ness in - to light.

3. Mine is an unchang-ing love, High - er than the heights a-bove, Deep - er than the depths be-neath, Free and faith-ful, strong as death.

4. Thou shalt see my glo - ry soon, When the work of faith is done, Part-ner of my throne shalt be— Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?

5. Lord, it is my chief complaint, That my love is still so faint; Yet I love thee, and a - dore, O for grace to love thee more!

Ritard.

Keep me, Saviour near thy side, Let thy counsel be my guide; Never let me from thee rove, Sweetly draw me by thy love.

HORTON. 7s.

WARTENSEE.

Adagio.

1. Come! said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice: I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pilgrims! hith - er come.

2. Hith er come, for here is found Balm for ev' - ry bleeding wound, Peace, which ev - er shall endure— Rest, e - ter - nal—sa - cred—sure!

By permission of L. Mason.

Allegro Maestoso.

Chorus.

Soll.

Chorus.

Soll.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
 2. Lo! he ris-es mighty King!

Our triumphant ho-ly day :
 Where, O death ! is now thy sting?

He endured the cross and grave,
 Lo ! he claims his native sky !

3. Sinners ! see your ransom paid, Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Peace with God forever made : Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah ! With your risen Savior, rise ;

4. Christ, the Lord, is risen to day,

Our triumphant holy day :

Loud the song of victory raise ;

Chorus.

Soll.

Chorus.

Coda for the last stanza only.

Sinners to re-deem and save.
 Grave ! where is thy vic - to - ry ?

Hal - le-lu-jah ! Hal-le-lu-jah ! Claim with him the purchased skies. Halle - lu-jah ! Hal-le-lu-jah ! Hal - le - lu-jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah !

Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

(Omit)

Keep me, Savior, near thy side, Let thy counsel be my guide; Never let me from thee rove, Sweetly draw me, Sweetly draw me, Sweetly draw me by thy love.

COLUMBUS. 7s.

(Spanish.)

Come, and let us sweetly join, Christ to praise in hymns divine!
Give we all with one ac-cord, Glo-ry to our common Lord;

An-te-date the joys a-bove, Celebrate the feast of love.

Hands and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days:

Moderato.

1. Praise to God!—immor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days; Bounteous source of ev' - ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2. All that Spring, with bounteous hand, Scatters o'er the smil - ing land; All that liberal Autumn pours, From her rich, o'er - flow - ing stores.

3. These, to that dear Source we owe Whence our sweetest comforts flow; These, through all my happy days, Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

4. Lord, to thee my soul should raise Grateful nev - er end - ing praise; And, when ev' - ry blessing's foun, Love thee for THYSELF a - lone.

HENDON. 7s.

DR. MALAN.

1. To thy pastures fair and large, Heavenly Shepherd lead thy charge; And my couch with tenderest care, Midst the springing grass pre-pare, Midst the springing grass prepare.

2. When I faint with summer's heat, Thou shalt guide my weary feet To the streams that, still and slow, Thro' the verdant meadows flow, Through the verdant meadows flow.

Moderato.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice: I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil-grims, hith - er come.

2. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm for ev - ry bleed-ing wound, Peace, which ev - er shall en - dure— Rest, e - ter - nal—sa - cred—sure!

ZION. 8, 7, 4.

By permission.

Andante.

1. { On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing. Lo! the sa - cred herald stands!

{ Wel - come news to Zi - on bearing. Zi - on long in hostile lands! Mourning captive! God himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning captive! God himself shall loose thy bands.

2. { Lo! thy sun is ris'n in glo-ry! God him - self ap-pears thy friend;

{ All thy foes shall flee be-fore thee; Here their boasted triumphs end: Great de-liverance, Zion's King will surely send, Great deliverance, Zion's King will surely send.

3. { En - e - mies no more shall trouble; All thy wrongs shall be redressed;

{ For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Ma-ker's fa-vor blest; All thy conflicts end in an e - ter - nal rest, All thy conflicts end in an e - ter - nal rest.

Moderato. End. *S. C.*

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and mee - dy, Now is your ac - cept - ed hour, Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love and power;
He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no mere.

2. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream: All the fit - ness he re - quir - eth, Is to feel your need of him—
This he gives you, This he gives you, 'Tis the Spir - it's glimmering beam.

3. Come, ye wea - ry, hea - vy la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall, If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all—
Not the righteous, Not the righteous, Sinners, Je - sus came to call.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.

Moderato.

Lord, dis-miss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us, each thy love pos - sessing, Tri-umph in re - deem - ing grace.

Oh re - fresh us, Oh re - fresh us, Travellers thro' this wil - der - ness.

SLOW.

See the Lord of glo - ry dy - ing! See him gasp - ing! Hear him cry - ing! See his burdened be - som heave!

The first system of the musical score for 'LENA' consists of four staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, marked 'SLOW.'. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third and fourth staves are a piano accompaniment in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'See the Lord of glo - ry dy - ing! See him gasp - ing! Hear him cry - ing! See his burdened be - som heave!'.

Look, ye sin - ners, Ye that hung him; Look how deep your sins have stung him; Dy - ing sin - ners, look and live.

The second system of the musical score continues the piece. It also consists of four staves. The top staff is a single melodic line. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third and fourth staves are a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Look, ye sin - ners, Ye that hung him; Look how deep your sins have stung him; Dy - ing sin - ners, look and live.'.



1. { Lo! he comes! with clouds descending, Once for fa-vored sin-ners slain;
 { Thousand, thousand saints at-tend-ing, Swell the triumph of his train; Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Jesus comes—he comes to reign!

2. { Yea, A-men! let all a-dore thee, High on thine e-ter-nal throne!
 { Sa-viour! take the power and glo-ry; Claim the kingdom for thine own! Oh come quickly—Oh come quickly— Oh come quickly— Hal-le-lu-jah! Come, Lord, come!

CARNES. 8s & 7s.

Largo.



1. Hark! what mean those lam-en-ta-tions, Rolling sadly through the sky? 'Tis the cry of heath-en na-tions, Come and help us, or we die!

2. Hear the heathen's sad com-plain-ing, Christians, hear their dy-ing cry; And the love of Christ constraining, Join to help them, ere they die.

1. Jesus I my cross have tak-en, All to leave, and follow thee ; Naked, poor, de-spised, forsaken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be ; Per-ish eve-ry

2. Let the world despise and leave me ; They have left my Saviour too ; Hum in hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not like them, untrue ; And while thou shalt

5. Haste thee on from grace to glory, Armed by faith, and winged by pray'r, Heaven's eternal day's before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there, Soon shall close thy

fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, Yet how rich is my condition, God and heav'n are still mine own.

smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might, Foes may hate, and friends disown me ; Show thy face and all is bright.

earthly mission, Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days, Hope shall change to glad fruition, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

3
Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn and pain,
In thy service, pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee,
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather:
All must work for good to me.

4
Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do, or bear ;
Think what spirit dwells within thee ;
Think what Father's smiles are thine
Think that Jesus died to win thee
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?

Slow.

Je - sus full of all com - pas-sion, Hear a hum - ble suppliant's cry; Let me know thy great sal - va - tion, See I lan - guish, faint and die.

This musical system consists of four staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, 2/2 time, marked 'Slow.'. The second and third staves are a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the piano accompaniment.

Guilt - y, but with heart re - lent - ing, O-verwhelmed with helpless grief, Pros - trate at thy feet re - lent-ing, Send, O send me quick re - lief.

This musical system also consists of four staves, continuing the melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the piano accompaniment.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend; Life and health and peace pos-ses-sing, From the sinner's dy-ing Friend.

2. Love and grief my heart di-vid-ing, With my tears his feet I'll bathe; Constant still in faith a-bid-ing, Life de-riv-ing from his death.

This musical system consists of four staves. The first three staves are treble clefs, and the fourth is a bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first staff contains the melody for the first verse. The second and third staves provide harmonic accompaniment. The fourth staff contains the melody for the second verse.

1. Tru-ly bless-ed is this station, Low be-fore his cross to lie; While I see di-vine com-pas-sion Beam-ing in his gra-cious eye.

2. May I still en-joy this feel-ing, In all need to Je-sus go; Prove his wounds each day more healing, And him-self more ful-ly know.

This musical system also consists of four staves, with the same key signature and structure as the first system. The first staff contains the melody for the first verse. The second and third staves provide harmonic accompaniment. The fourth staff contains the melody for the second verse.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim through this barren land; }
I am weak, but thou art migh - ty; Hold me with thy powerful hand: } Bread of heaven, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more

2. O - pen, Lord, the crys - tal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow; }
Let the fie - ry, cloudy pil - lar Lead me all my journey through: } Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer, Be thou still my strength and shield.

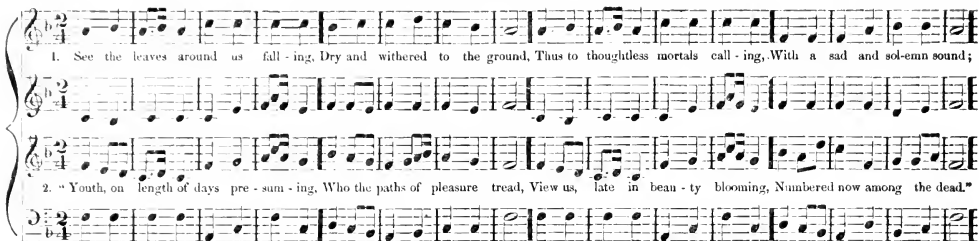
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anxious fears sub - side: }
Bear me through the rag - ing cur - rent; Land me safe on Canaan's side: } Songs of praises, Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to thee.

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

WEBER.

1. Lo! the Lord Je - ho - vah liv - eth! He's my rock, I bless his name: He, my God, sal - va - tion giv - eth; All ye lands ex - alt his fame.

2. God, Mes - si - ah's cause main - tain - ing, Shall his righteous throne extend: O'er the world the Sa - vior reigning, Earth shall at his footstool bend.



1. See the leaves around us fall - ing, Dry and withered to the ground, Thus to thoughtless mortals call - ing, With a sad and sol-enn sound;

2. Youth, on length of days pre - sum - ing, Who the paths of pleasure tread, View us, late in beau - ty blooming, Numbered now among the dead."



1. Sons of Ad - am, once in E - den, When like us he blighted fell, Hear the lecture we are reading, 'Tis, a - las! the truth we tell.

2 On the tree of life e - ter - nal, O, let all our hopes be laid; This a - lone, for ev - er ver - nal, Bears a leaf that shall not fade

1. Sin - ners hear the melt - ing sto - ry Of the Lamb that once was slain; 'Tis the Lord of life and glo - ry; Shall he plead with you in vain?

2. Yield no more to sin and fol - ly, So dis - pleas - ing in his sight: Je - sus loves the pure and ho - ly, They a - lone are his de - light.

WELCH. 8s & 7s. 6 lines, or Double.

End. D. C.

Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heaven to earth come down; }
 Fix in us thy hum - ble dwelling, All thy faith - ful mercies crown! } Jesus thou art all compassion, Pure unbounded love thou art;

Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion; En - ter every trembling heart.

Hark! the voice of love and mercy Sounds aloud from Calvary: See, it rends the rocks asunder, Shakes the earth and veils the sky, 'It is finished!' 'It is finished!' Hear the dying Savior cry.

MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

L. MASON. By permission.

Slow and soft.

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

2. Peaceful be thy si - lent slumber, Peaceful in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our number, Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3. Dearest sis - ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep - ly feel, But 'tis God that hath be - ref - t us, He can all our sor - rows heal.

4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled, Then, in heaven with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

Originally written on the death of a young lady, a member of Mount Vernon School, Boston

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

2. Then from the crag - gy mountains The sa - cred ehout shall fly; And sha - dy vales and fountains Shall ech - o the re - ply, High tower and lowly dwelling

1. And HIM who once was slain, A - gain to earth descended, A - gain to earth descended, A - gain to earth de - scend - ed In right - eous - ness to reign?

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

1 The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears, The sons of earth are waking, To pen-ite[n]tial tears, Each breeze that sweeps the ocean, Brings tidings from afar,

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gentle shower, And brighter scenes before us, Are opening every hour; Each cry to heaven go-ing, Abundant answers brings,

1. Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Prepared for Zi-on's war.

2. And heavenly gales are blowing, With peace upon their wings.

3

See heathen nations bending,
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing.
A nation in a day.

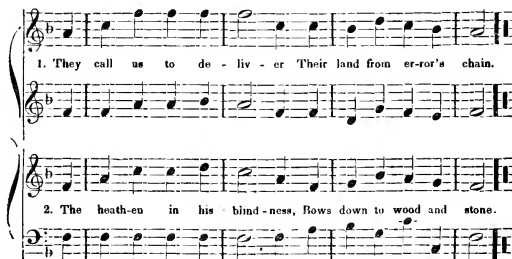
4

Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay,
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not, till all the holy,
Proclaim "The Lord has come.



1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand ; From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain.

2. What tho' the spi-cy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—Tho' every prospect pleases, And on-ly man is vile ?—In vain, with lavish kindness, The gifts of God are strown ;



1. They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er-ror's chain.

2. The heath-en in his blind-ness, Rows down to wood and stone.

- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny ?—
Salvation!— Oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned 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 ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

Animated.

O Al-might-y God of love, Thy ho-ly arm dis-play; Send me suc-cor from above, In this my e-vil day

p *m*

Save me in the try-ing hour, Thou my sure pro-tection be, Shel-ter me from Satan's power, Till I am fixed on thee.

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s. or 7, 6, 8, by singing the small notes in the measure marked * 181

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace.
Rise from transitory things, Tow'rd's heaven, thy native place. Sun, and moon, and stars decay, Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats, prepared above.

WENDELL. 7, 6, 8.

D. H. M.

Andante.

Let the world their virtue boast, Their works of righteousness,
I, a wretch, undone and lost, Am freely saved by grace; Oth-er ti-tle I disclaim, This, only this is all my plea, -I the chief of sinners am, But JESUS DIED FOR ME!

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

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

3. Lord, we bless thee for thy grace And truth, which nev - er fail; Hast'ning to be - hold thy face, Without a dim - ming veil.

1. Lo! the powers of heaven he shakes, Na - ture in con - vul - sion lies; The earth's profoundest centre quakes, The great Je - ho - vah dies!

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

3. We shall see our heavenly King, All thy glo - rious love pro - claim, And help the an - gel choirs to sing Our blest tri - umph-ant Lamb.



My Re-deem - er, let me be Quite hap - py at thy feet; Still, to know my - self and thee, Be this my bit - ter sweet.



Look up - on my in - fant state, And, with a Father's yearnings, bless, Don't thy ransomed child for - get, Nor leave me in dis - tress

Lively

Head of the church triumphant, We joyfully adore thee; Till thou appear, thy members here Shall sing like these in glory; We lift our hearts and voices, With blest anticipation.

WARWICK. 8s & 7s. (PECULIAR.) MILGROVE.

And cry a-loud, And give to God, The praise of our sal - va - tion.

1. The voice of my be - lov - ed sounds, While a'er the mountain top he bounds;

2. The scattered clouds are fled at last, The rain is gone, the win - ter's past,

1. He flies ex-ult-ing o'er the hills, And all my soul with transport fills: Gently doth he chide my stay, Rise, my love, and come away, Rise, my love, and come a-way.

2. The love-ly vernal flowers appear, The warbling choir enchants our ear: Jesus' pard'ning voice is heard, Sinners join to praise the Lord, Sinners join to praise the Lord.

LANSDALE. 8, 7,

D. H. M.

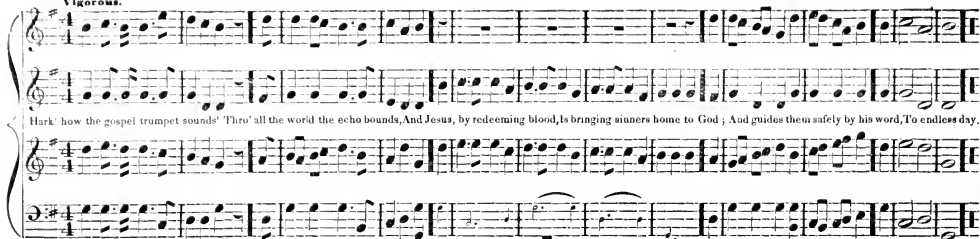
With energy.

1. Watchmen, onward to your stations, Blow the trum - pet long and loud; } See the day is breaking; See the saints awaking, No more in sadness bowed, No more in sadness bowed,
Preach the gospel to the nations, Speak to eve - ry gath'ring crowd: }

2. Watchmen, hail the ris-ing glory, Of the great Mes-siah's reign, } See his love revealing: See the spirit sealing: 'Tis life among the slain! 'Tis life a-mong the slain
Tell the Savior's bleed-ing story, Tell it to the list'ning train: }

3. Watchmen, as the clouds are flying, As the doves in haste return, } All their sighs and sadness, Turn to joy and gladness, When they his grace discern, When they, &c.
Thousands from amid the dying, Fly to Christ, his love to learn: }

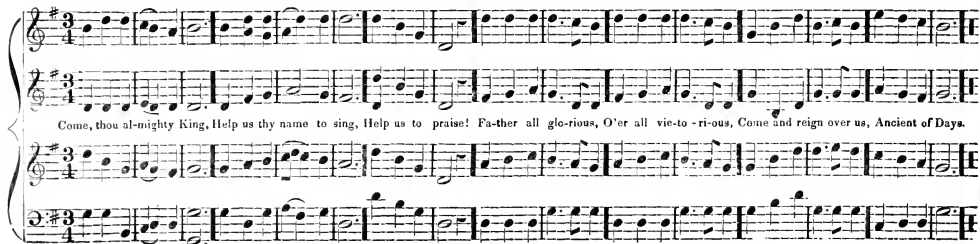
Vigorous.



Hark! how the gospel trumpet sounds! Thro' all the world the echo bounds, And Jesus, by redeeming blood, is bringing sinners home to God; And guides them safely by his word, To endless day.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 4.

GIARDINI.



Come, thou al-mighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa-ther all glo-rious, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come and reign over us, Ancient of Days.

With Energy.

*f**m**Cres.*

1. Glo - ry to God on high! Let heav'n and earth reply—Praise ye his name! His love and grace adore, Who all our sor-rows bore, And sing for -

2. Join, all ye ransomed race, Our Sa-vior God to bless; Praise ye his name! In him we will re-joice, And make a joy - ful noise, Shout-ing with

1. ev - er more—Worthy the Lamb! Wor-thy the Lamb . . . Wor-thy the Lamb . . . And sing for - ev - er - more, Worthy the Lamb!

2. heart and voice—Worthy the Lamb! Wor-thy the Lamb . . . Wor-thy the Lamb . . . We'll sing for - ev - er - more, Worthy the Lamb!

Adagio. Sostenuuto.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty! Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died; Land of the pilgrim's pride; From every mountain side, Let freedom ring.

2. My native country! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

3. Our fa - ther God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty! To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With freedom's holy light, Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

WAYNE. 6, 7.

Savior, the world's and mine, Was ever grief like thine! Thou my pain, my curse, hast borne, All my sins were laid on thee: Help me, Lord, to thee I look; Draw me, Savior, after thee.

Ye sim - ple souls that stray Far from the path of peace, That un - fre - quent - ed way To life and hap - pi - ness,

How long will ye your fol - ly love, And thron the downward road, And hate the wis - dom from a - bove, And mock the sons of God?

JUDEA. 6, 8, 4.

D. H. M.

The God of Abr'am praise, At whose supreme command From earth I rise—and seek the joys At his right hand : I all on earth forsake, Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r; And him my only portion make. [My shield and tower]

Moderato

1. The God of Abra'm praise, Who reigns enthroned above; Ancient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love! Je - ho - vah, great I AM!

2. The God of Abra'm praise, At whose supreme command, From earth I rise, and seek the joys At his right hand: I all on earth for-sake,

1. By earth and heav'n confessed, I bow and bless the sa - cred name, For ev - er blessed.

2. Its wis-dom, fame, and power; And him my on - ly por - tion make, My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abra'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways;
He deigns to call me friend,
He calls himself my God!
And he will save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend.
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore;
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

FRIENDSHIP. 6 & 5. (PECULIAR.)

D. H. M.

191

Allegro *>* *f* *m* *Dim.* *Ad lib.*

1. When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to sever! When will peace wreath her chain Round us forever! Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows In this dark vale of woes, Never, no, never!

2. When shall love freely flow, Pure as life's river! When shall sweet friendship glow, Changeless forever? Where joys celestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, [Never, no, never!]

3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Savior; May we all there unite, Happy forever: Where kindred spirits dwell, There may our music swell, And time our joys dispel, Never, no, never!

4. Soon shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever; Soon will peace wreath her chain Round us forever: Our hearts will then repose, Secure from worldly woes; Our songs of praise shall close, [Never, no, never!]

BETHLEHEM. 8. 6. 4. 5.

DR. MADAN.

Lift up your heads in joyful hope, Salute the happy morn, Salute the happy morn; Each heavenly power Proclaims the glad hour, Lo Jesus the Savior is born, Lo Jesus the Savior is born.

RAPTURE. 6 & 9, or 5 6 9,

1. O how hap-py are they Who the Sav-ior o-bey, And have laid up their treasure above! Tongue can never express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear-li-est love!

2. That sweet comfort was mine, When the fi-vor di-vine I first found in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart first believed, What a joy I received, What a heav-en in Je-sus' name!

3. 'Twas a heav-en be-low, My Re-deem-er to know, And the an-gels could do nothing more, Than to fall at his feet, And the sto-ry re-peat, And the lov-er of sinners a-dore.

4. Je-sus all the day long, Was my joy and my song; O that all his sal-va-tion might see; He hath loved me, I cried, He hath suf-fered and died, To re-deem such a rebel as I.

5. On the wings of his love, I was car-ried above, All my sin, and temptation and pain; And I could not believe That I ev-er should grieve, That I ever should suffer a-gain.

6. O! the rap-turous height Of that ho-ly de-light, Which I felt in the life-giving blood! Of my Sav-ior pos-sess I was per-fect-ly blest, And was filled with the fulness of God.

LYONS. 10s & 11s.

HAYDN.

Allegro.

1. Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish abroad his won-der-ful name; The name all vic-tor-ious of Je-sus ex-tol; His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2. Come, let us a new Ou-journey pursue, Roll round with the year, Roll round with the year, And never stand still till the Master appear, And never stand still till the Master appear.

1. Come, let us a - new our journey pur - sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear! His a - dor - a - ble will

2. Our life is a dream, our time as a stream Glides swift - ly a - way; And the fu - gi - tive moment re - fus - es to stay, The ar - row is flown,

3. O that each in the day of his coming may say, I have fought my way thro'; I have fin - ished the work thou didst give me to do! O that each from his Lord,

1. let us glad - ly ful - fil, And our talents im - prove, By the pa - tience of hope, and the la - bor of love, By the patience of hope, and the la - bor of love.

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

3. may re - ceive the glad word, Well and faithfully done! En - ter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne, Enter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne.

Bless God, O my soul, Rejoice in his name; And let my glad voice Thy great - ness proclaim; Sur-pass-ing in hon-or, Du - min-ion and might,

Thy throne is the heaven, Thy robe is the light, Thy throne is the heaven, Thy robe is the light.

- 1 Our Father in heaven,
We hallow thy name,
Thy kingdom most holy,
On earth be the same
O give to us daily
Our portion of bread,
It is from thy bounty,
That all must be fed.
- 2 Forgive our transgression,
And teach us to know,
That humble compassion
That pardons each foe
Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory
Forever. Amen

Behold, the Judge descends, his guards are nigh, Tempest and fire at - tend him down the sky, HEAVEN, EARTH, and HELL draw near, let all things come, To hear his justice

and the sinner's doom! But gather first my saints, (the Judge commands) Bring them, ye an - gels from their distant lands.

{ Not to our names, thou on - ly just and true, Thy power and grace, Thy truth and jus - tice claim Im - mor - tal hon - or - s to thy sovereign name,
 { Not to our worth - less names is glo - ry due;

HINTON. 11s.

Shine thro' the earth, from heaven thy blest abode, Nor let the heathen say "Where is your God?"
 The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian and guide.

What - ev - er we want he will kind - ly pro - vide; To sheep of his pas - ture, his mer - cies abound, His care and pro - tect - ion his flock will sur - round.

MARTYR'S DEATH SONG. 11s.

Adagio.

1. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my race, And thee, O my Savior, I soon shall embrace, The, may torture this body, my spirit is free, And the billows of death shall but waft it to thee.

2. Let thy strength, Lord, but gird me, thy smile be but mine, And my soul on thy faithfulness, firmly recline, The dungeon, the sword, or the stake, I can dare, And in transports expire, if my Jesus be [there!]

3. Did my Lord feel the scourge? Did the thorns pierce his brow? In the darkness of death, on the cross did he bow? All this didst thou suffer, my Savior for me? Then welcome the fetters that link [me to thee!]

4. Lo! on my dear vision the seats of the blest Seem calmly to shine, and invite me to rest; Then unshaken, my soul on the promise relies "Tho' I die, I shall live, tho' I fall I shall rise

From east to west the sov' - reign

The God of glory sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations and awakes the north, From east to west the sov'reign orders spread, From east to

From east to west the sov'reign orders spread, From east to west the

From east to west the sov'reign orders spread,

or - - - ders spread, The trumpet sounds, hell trem-bles, heaven re - joic - es, The

west the sov'roign or - ders spread, Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead: The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n re - joi - ces,

sov' - reign or - ders spread, The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n re - joi -

The trumpet sounds, hell trem - bles.

trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices, The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices,

The trumpet sounds, The trumpet sounds, hell trem-les, heaven re-joices, Lift up your heads, ye saints, With cheer - - ful voi - ces.

- - ces, The trum-pet, &c.

heaven re - joic - es, The trumpet, &c.

KINGSLEY. 11s.

G. KINGSLEY.

I would not live alway; I ask not to stay, Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way: The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

By permission.

Allegretto.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid, Star in the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
 2. Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall, Angels adore him in slumber re - clin - ing, M - uker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.

3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion, O - d - o - r - s of Edom, and offerings divine? Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean, Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4. Vain - ly we of - fer each ample oblation; Vainly with gifts would his favors secure! Richer by far is the heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

HAMILTON. 10s & 11s.

The day is far spent, the evening is nigh,
 When we must lay down this bod - y and die. Great God, we sur - ren - der our dust to thy care; But, oh! for the summons our spirits prepare.

1
 O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave,
 Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
 With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
 In toiling and rowing, my strength is decayed.

2
 Forget thee I will not—I cannot; thy name
 Engraved on my heart doth forever remain;
 The palms of my hands while I look on, I see
 The wounds I received when suff'ring for thee.

3
 Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is secure,
 My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power.
 In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine.
 To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

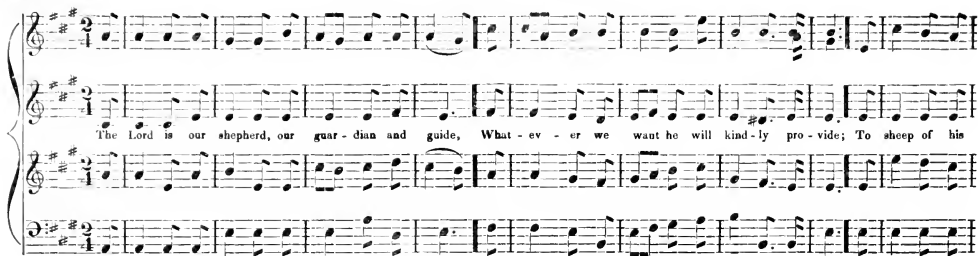
1. I would not live al-way; I ask not to stay, Where storm af-ter storm ris-es o'er the dark way; The few lu-rid mornings that

dawn on us here, Are e-nough for life's woes—full e-nough for its cheer.

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

3
Who, who would live away, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns;

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



The Lord is our shepherd, our guar - dian and guide, What - ev - er we want he will kind - ly pro - vide; To sheep of his



pasture his mer - cies a - bound, His care and pro - tect - ion, His care and pro - tect - ion his flock will sur - round.

1. I would not live alway ; I ask not to stay, Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ; The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2. 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.

This musical score is for the hymn 'AFTON' (118). It is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The score consists of two systems. The first system contains two verses of lyrics. The second system contains two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment is written in the right hand (treble clef) and left hand (bass clef). The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

1. 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.

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

This musical score is a continuation of the hymn 'AFTON' (118). It is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The score consists of two systems. The first system contains two verses of lyrics. The second system contains two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment is written in the right hand (treble clef) and left hand (bass clef). The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

Tenerly

1. How cheering the tho't, that the spirits in bliss Will how their bright wings to a world such as this; Will leave the sweet joys of the mansions above, To breathe o'er our bosoms some message [of love].

2. They come—on the wings of the morning they come, Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home, Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy abode, And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

HOME. 11s.

Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men.

Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, A-men.

Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men.

1. 'Mid scenes of affliction with sorrow oppressed,

2. No spot on this earth can give permanent bliss,

This hope cheers the prospect that's gloomy and drear,

How oft have I sighed for the season of rest, When no more in this wilderness world I shall roam; But find in the bosom of Jesus, a home, Home, sweet home. But find in the bosom of Jesus, a home.

No home for the stranger and pilgrim is this; But beyond the bright azure, the star-spangled dome, We'll find in the bosom of Jesus, a home, Home, sweet home, We'll find in the bosom, &c.

And points to the haven of rest that is near; O there in sweet fields of delight we shall roam, And find in the bosom of Jesus, a home, Home, sweet home, And find in the bosom, &c.

KEDRON. 11s.

S. HUBBARD.

Moderato.

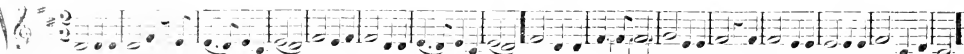
1. Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream, The Savior at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams. Shone bright on the waters would frequently stray, And lose, in thy murmurs, the tones [of the day.]

2. How damp were the vapors that fell on his head; How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed; The angels, astonished grew sad at the sight, And followed their Master with solemn delight.

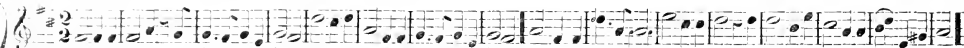
3. Oh garden of Olivet, thou dear honored spot, The fane of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot, The theme most transporting to seraphs above; The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

4. Come saints and adore him; come hark at his feet; O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet; Let joy-ful hosannas unceasing arise, And join the full chorus, that gladdens the skies.

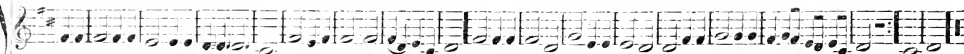
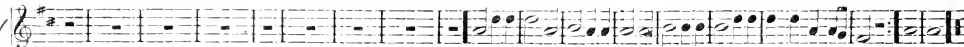
Dolce.



1. Fading still fading, The last beam is shining, Father in heaven, the day is declining, Safety and innocence fly with the light, Temptation and danger walk forth with the night,



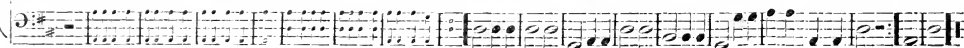
2. Father in heaven, O hear when we call, Hear for Christ's sake, who is Savior of all; Feeble and fainting we trust in thy might, In doubting and darkness thy love be our light,



1. From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield me from danger, save me from crime, Father have mercy, Father have mercy, Father have mercy thro' Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.



2. Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns, Wake in thy arms when morning returns, Father have mercy, Father have mercy, Father have mercy thro' Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.



ANTHEM FOR EASTER.

WILLINGS

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The Lord is risen in - deed, Hal - le - lu - jah, The Lord is risen indeed, Hal-lelujah, Now is Christ risen from the dead, And become the first

fruits of them that slept. Now is Christ ris - en from the dead, and be - come the first fruits of them that slept. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

ANTHEM FOR EASTER. Continued.

And did he rise, And did he rise, . . .

And did he rise, did he rise? Hear, O ye nations, Hear it, O ye dead. He rose, he rose, he rose, he rose, He

And did he rise, And did he rise, . . .

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass line. Dynamics include *ff* and *m*. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#).

burst the bars of death. He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, and triumphed over the grave. Then, then, then I rose, Then I rose, Then I rose,

This system contains the next three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass line. The key signature remains two sharps.

Then I rose, Then first ha - man - i - ty tri-umph-ant passed the crystal ports of light, And seized e - ter - nal youth. Man all im-mor-tal hail!

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

Marstoso.

Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throno, 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 sov'reign power with - out our aid,

Made us of clay, and formed us men; And when, like wan'dring sheep, we strayed, He brought us to his fold a - gain—

Con spirito.

He brought us to his fold a - gain. We'll crowd thy gates with thank - ful songs, High as the heavens our voi - ces raise.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are treble clef, and the bottom two are bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music is written in a common time signature. The first staff has a forte dynamic marking (*f*) above it. The second staff has a crescendo hairpin above it. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

And earth, and earth with her ten thou - sand, thou - sand tongues; Shall fill thy courts with sound - ing praise, Shall fill thy courts with

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are treble clef, and the bottom two are bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music is written in a common time signature. The first staff has a crescendo hairpin above it. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

sound - ing praise, Shall fill, shall fill thy courts with sound - ing praise. Wide! wide as the world is thy com-mand,

Vast as e - ter - ni - ty—e - ter - ni - ty thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth shall 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.

Andante.

The morning sun shines from the east, And spreads his glories to the west, All na - tions with his beams are blest, Where'er his radiant light appears.

This musical system consists of four staves. The top two staves are for a vocal melody in treble clef, and the bottom two are for piano accompaniment in bass and treble clefs. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/2. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Sostenuto.

So science spreads her lu - cid ray, O'er lands which long in darkness lay; She vis-its fair Co - lum-bi - a, And sets her sons a-mong the stars.

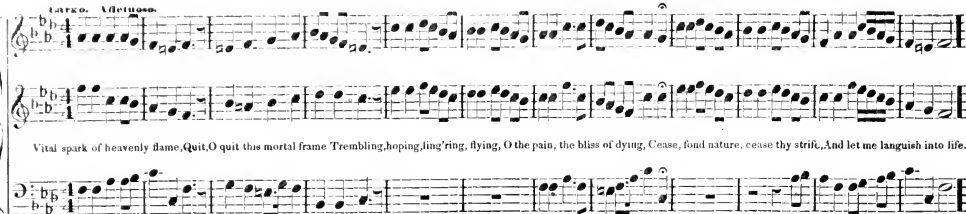
This musical system also consists of four staves, following the same vocal and piano arrangement as the first system. The tempo is marked 'Sostenuto.' The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Allegro.

Fair Freedom her attendant waits, To bless the porters of her gates, To crown the young and rising states, With laurels of im-mortal day. The British yoke, the

Gal-lic chain, was urged up-on our necks in vain, All haughty ty-rants we disdain, And shout long live A-mer-i-ca.

Largo. Affettuoso.



Vital spark of heavenly flame, Quit, O quit this mortal frame Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying, O the pain, the bliss of dying, Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life.



f *p* *f* *Dim.* *p*

Sister spirit come a - way. What is this, absorbs me quite, Steals my senses, shuts my sight, drowns my spir-it, draws my breath, Tell me, my soul, can

f *p* *Andante.* *p* *Cresc.* *f* *Dim.* *Cresc.* *f*

this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? The world recedes, it dis - ap-pears, Heaven opens on my eyes; My ears with sounds ser - aph - ic ring.

Suave. f

Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy vic-to-ry, O grave where is thy vic - to - ry, O death, where is thy sting? O

p *Cres.*

grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, O death, where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings I mount, I fly, O grave where is thy

f *Dim.* *p* *f* *p* *Sistando.*

vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry, O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry, O death, where is thy sting? O death, where is thy sting?

f *ff* *f* *Adagio.*

Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly; O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry? O death, O death, where is thy sting?

FUNERAL ANTHEM

KIMBALL.

f *p* *f* *p*

I heard a great voice from heaven, I heard a great voice from heaven, saying un-to me, say-ing unto me, write, from henceforth, write, from henceforth,

p *f* *p* *f*

write, Blessed are the dead, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, Ev-en so, ev - en so, saith the spir-it, For they rest from their labors, they rest from then

p *f* *Very Slow.*

la - bors, they rest from their la - bors, and their works do fol - low them, their works do fol - low them, their works do fol - low them.

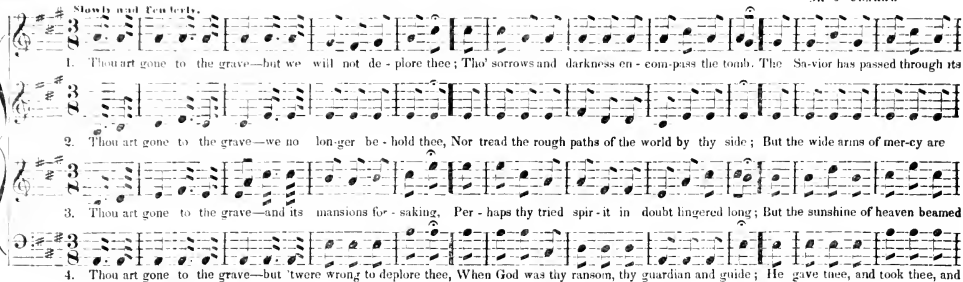
COME YE DISCONSOLATE.

S. WEBBE.

1. Come ye disconsolate, where'er you languish, Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel, Here bring **your** wounded hearts, here tell your anguish, Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

2. Joy of the desolate, light of the straying, Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure, Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying, Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

Slowly and Tenderly.

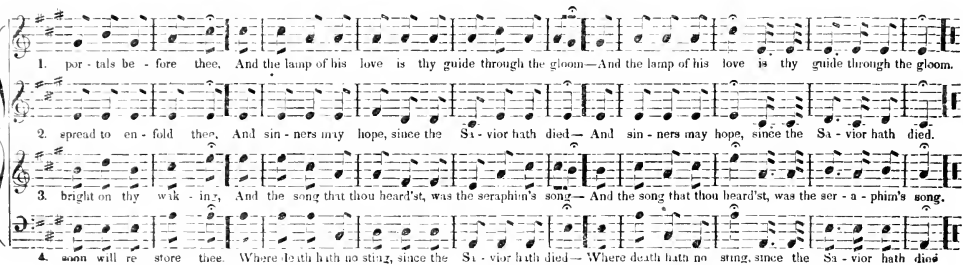


1. Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not de-plore thee; Tho' sorrows and darkness en-compass the tomb. The Sa-vior has passed through its

2. Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer be-hold thee, Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side; But the wide arms of mer-cy are

3. Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansions for-saking, Per-haps thy tried spir-it in doubt lingered long; But the sunshine of heaven beamed

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



1. por-tals be-fore thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom—And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2. spread to en-fold thee, And sin-ners may hope, since the Sa-vior hath died—And sin-ners may hope, since the Sa-vior hath died.

3. bright on thy wik-ing, And the song that thou heard'st, was the seraphin's song—And the song that thou heard'st, was the ser-a-phim's song.

4. soon will re-store thee. Where death hath no sting, since the Sa-vior hath died—Where death hath no sting, since the Sa-vior hath died.

THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

KINGSLEY.

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Slow.

Thou art gone to the grave, we no longer behold thee, Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side, But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee, And sinners may die, since [the Savior hath died.

The musical score is for a four-part setting of the hymn. It features a soprano line, an alto line, a tenor line, and a bass line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Slow.' The lyrics are written below the tenor and bass staves. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

DOXOLOGY.

Handel and Haydn Soc. Coll., by permission.

Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him all crea - tures here oe - low— Praise him all crea - tures here to - day;

The musical score is for a four-part setting of a doxology. It features a soprano line, an alto line, a tenor line, and a bass line. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are written below the tenor and bass staves. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

DOXOLOGY. Continued

Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heavenly host, Praise him a - bove, Praise him above.

Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him above ye heavenly host, Praise him above, Praise him above, Praise him a - bove, ye

Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heav - enly host, Praise him a - bove, Praise him above,

Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,

heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,

Praise Fa - ther Son and Holy Ghost

Soli.

Sal - va - tion be - long-eth be - long-eth un - to the Lord, And thy bles-sing, and thy bles-sing is a - mong thy peo - ple.

Organ.

Tutti.

And thy bles-sing, thy blessing,

Sal - va - tion be - long-eth— be - long-eth un - to the Lord. And thy bles - - sing, thy bles-sing is a - mong thy peo-ple,

And thy bles-sing, thy blessing,

And thy

And thy blessing, and thy blessing, And thy blessing, And thy blessing, and thy blessing, &c.

And thy blessing, and thy blessing, and thy bles - - - sing, and thy bles-sing is a - mong thy peo-ple, is a - mong thy peo - ple.

bless - - - - ing, thy bless - - - ing, thy

and thy blessing, And thy blessing, thy

THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.

D. H. M.

Slow and Soft.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given: There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast, 'Tis found a-lone in heaven.

2. There is a home for wea-ry souls, By sin and sorrow driven; When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is drear but heaven.

3. There faith lifts up her tear-less eye, The heart no longer riven; And views the tempest passing by, The evening shadows quick-ly fly, And all se-re-ne in heaven.

4. There fragrant flowers, in mortal bloom, And joy's sunbeams are given: There rays living disperse the gloom; B-voad the dark and narrow tomb. Appears the dawn of heaven.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Sab - a - oth, Heaven and earth, Heaven and earth, Heaven and earth are full of the

Inst.

Voice

Allegro.

Allegro.

maj - es - ty of thy glo - ry. Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord, Most High.

VESPER HYMN. 8s & 7s. Double by singing small notes.

(RUSSIAN.)

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Solo.

Quartette.

Ju - bi - la - te, A - men A - men.

1. Hark! the ves-per hymn is stealing, O'er the wa - ters soft and clear; Near-er yet, and near-er pealing, Now it bursts up - on the ear.
2. Now like moonlight waves re - treat-ing, To the shore it dies a - long, Now, like an - gry sur-ges meeting, Breaks the mingled tide of song.

Ju - bi - la te, A men A - men.

Chor. *f*

p

Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men.

Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men. Farther now, now far-ther stealing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.
Hush a - gain like waves re - treat-ing To the shore it dies a - long.

Ju - bi - la - - te, A men, A - men.

DISMISSION

Händel and Haydn Soc. Codi. by permission

Lord, dis-mis us with thy blessing, Bid us all depart in peace, Still on gospel man-na feeding, Pure aer-aph-ic love-increase,

The first system of the musical score for 'DISMISSION'. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, key of B-flat major (two flats), and 2/2 time. It contains the lyrics: 'Lord, dis-mis us with thy blessing, Bid us all depart in peace, Still on gospel man-na feeding, Pure aer-aph-ic love-increase,'. The bottom three staves are a piano accompaniment in bass and tenor clefs, also in B-flat major and 2/2 time. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests in the vocal line.

Fill each breast with con-so-la-tion, Up to thee our voi-ces raise; When we reach that blissful station, Then we'll give thee nobler praise,

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody from the first system. The vocal line (top staff) has the lyrics: 'Fill each breast with con-so-la-tion, Up to thee our voi-ces raise; When we reach that blissful station, Then we'll give thee nobler praise,'. The piano accompaniment (bottom three staves) continues with similar rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes.

Solo.

Tutti. *f*

Solo.

Tutti. *f*

Then we'll give thee nobler praise. And we'll sing Hallelujah, Amen, Hal-le-lujah, And we'll sing Hallelujah, Amen, Hal-le-lujah, to God and the Lamb. Hallelujah for-

Largo.

Hal-le-lu-jah for ev er, Hal-le-lu-jah for - ev - er, for - ev - er and ev-er, A - men. Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men, A-men, A - men. ev - er, Hal-le-lu-jah for - ev - er, Hal-le-lu-jah for - ev - er and ev-er, A - men.

I WILL ARISE

C&C.L.

Solo

Tutti.

Con moto.

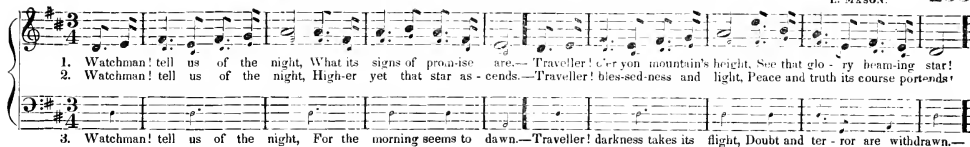
I will a-rise, I will a-rise, will a-rise and go to my Fa-ther, and will say un-to him: Fa-ther! Fa-ther, I have sin-ned, have

sin-ned, I have sinned against Heaven and be-fore thee, And am no more wor-thy to be call-ed thy son, And am no more wor-thy to be call-ed thy son.

WATCHMAN TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

L. MASON.

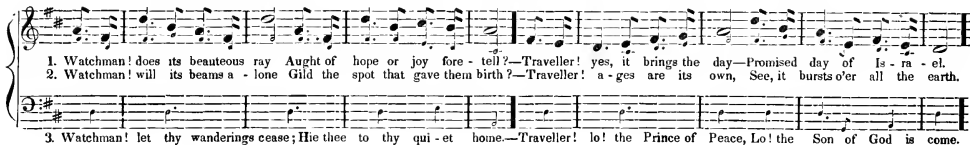
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1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are.— Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo-ry beam-ing star!

2. Watchman! tell us of the night, High-er yet that star as-cends.—Traveller! bles-sed-ness and light, Peace and truth its course portends!

3. Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn.—Traveller! darkness takes its flight, Doubt and ter-ror are withdrawn.—




1. Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell?—Traveller! yes, it brings the day—Promised day of Is-ra-el.

2. 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.

3. 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 for 1st & 2d Verse.

Chorus for 3d Verse.



1. Traveller! yes, it brings the day—Promised day of Is-ra-el!

3. Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come!

2. Traveller! a-ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

First system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#), containing the lyrics. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment, with a treble and bass clef respectively, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are: "Bless - ed, Bless - ed, Blessed be the Lord for - - ev - - er - more. Blessed be the Lord, Blessed be the Lord,"

Bless - ed, Bless - ed, Blessed be the Lord for - - ev - - er - more. Blessed be the Lord, Blessed be the Lord,

Second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#), containing the lyrics. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment, with a treble and bass clef respectively, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are: "Blessed be the Lord, for - ev - - er - more, Blessed be the Lord, for - - ev - - er - more. A - men, and A - men. A - - men."

Blessed be the Lord, for - ev - - er - more, Blessed be the Lord, for - - ev - - er - more. A - men, and A - men. A - - men.

Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be praised—and greatly to be praised—and great-ly to be praised.

This musical system consists of four staves. The top staff is a single treble clef. The second and third staves are grouped by a brace on the left and represent the right hand of a piano accompaniment. The bottom staff is a single bass clef and represents the left hand. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the piano staves.

In the ci - ty of our God, In the ci - ty of our God, In the mountain of his ho - li - ness—In the mountain of his ho - li - ness.

This musical system continues the piece with four staves, maintaining the same layout as the first system (treble, piano right hand, piano left hand, and bass). The lyrics continue below the piano staves.

Great..... is the Lord..... and greatly to be praised In the ci - ty of our God, In the ci - ty of our God, In the

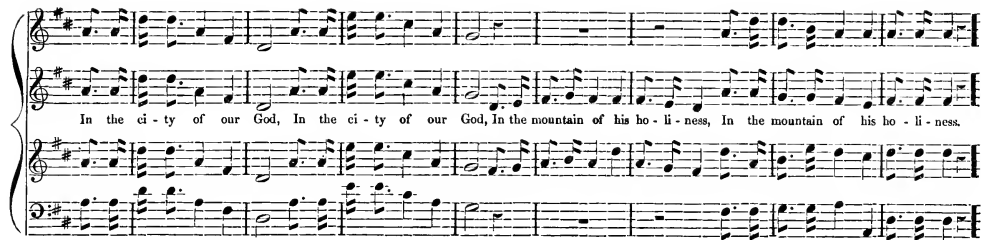
Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised.

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, featuring a melody with dotted rhythms and eighth-note patterns. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a steady eighth-note bass line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

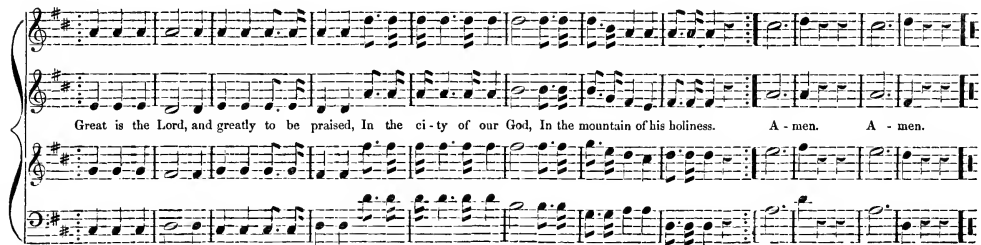
mountain of his ho - liness, In the mountain of his holiness.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised.

This musical system continues the piece with three staves. The vocal line (top staff) continues the melody, including the phrase 'mountain of his holiness'. The piano accompaniment (bottom two staves) maintains the harmonic support with chords and a consistent bass line. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal melody.



In the ci - ty of our God, In the ci - ty of our God, In the mountain of his ho - li - ness, In the mountain of his ho - li - ness.



Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, In the ci - ty of our God, In the mountain of his holiness. A - men. A - men.

O PRAISE THE LORD.

HANDEL.

Moderato. Maestoso.

O praise the Lord with one consent, O praise the Lord with one consent, And mag - - - ni - fy his name, Praise the Lord with one consent, And mag - ni - fy his name.

Allegro Staccato. f

His worthy praise, his worthy praise proclaim.

Let all the servants of the Lord, His worthy praise, his worthy, worthy praise proclaim. O be joyful in God, all ye lands, O be joyful in God all ye lands.

His worthy praise, his worthy praise proclaim.

His worthy praise, his worthy, worthy praise proclaim.

all ye lands, O be joyful in God, all ye lands, O be joyful in God, all ye lands, make his praise glorious, O be joyful in God, all ye

Adagio.

lands in God, all ye lands..... in God, all ye lands, in God, all ye lands, O be joyful in God, all ye lands, make his praise glo - rious.

lands, in God, all ye lands, O be joyful in God all ye lands, in God, all ye lands, O be joyfut in God, all ye lands, make his praise glo - rious.

O be joy-ful in God al re lands.....

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST

BREUTZER.

Mus. to G. f *m* *f* *m* *p*

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men, and on earth, peace, good

f *m* *f* *m* *p*

Glo-ry to God in the highest.....

f *p* *f* *ff*

will to men. Glory to God in the high - est, and on earth, peace, good will to men. Glory to God in the highest. Glory to God in the high - est.

f *p* *f* *ff*

FUNERAL DIRGE.

HANDEL.

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Affettuoso.

1. Un - veil thy bo - som, faith - ful tomb! Take this new treasure to thy trust, And give these sa - cred rel - ics room

2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - ious fear, In - vade thy bounds,—no mor - tal woes Can reach the love - ly sleep - er here,

3. So Je - sus slept; God's dy - ing Son, Passed through the grave and blessed the bed;— Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne,

4. Break from his throne, il - lus - trious morn, At - tend, O earth, his sov' - reign word; Re - store thy trust, a glo - rious form

1. To slum - ber in the si - lent dust. And give these sa - cred rel - ics room To slum - ber in the si - lent dust.

2. While an - gels watch the soft re - pose. Can reach the love - ly sleep - er here, While an - gels watch the soft re - pose.

3. The morn - ing break and pierce the shade. Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne, The morn - ing break and pierce the shade.

4. Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord! Re - store thy trust, a glo - rious form Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord!

HEAVENLY VISION.

FRENCH.

Thousands of thousands and

I be-held, and lo, a great mul-ti-tude which no man could num-ber, Thousands of

I beheld, and lo Thousands of thousands and ten times

Thousands of thousands and ten times thousands, thousands of thousands and

ten times thous - - ands, thousands of thousands and ten times thousands, thousands of thousands and ten times thousands stood be-fore the

thousands and ten times thousands, thousands of thousands and ten times thous - - ands, thousands of thousands and ten times thousands, stood be-fore the

thous-ands, thousands of thousands and ten times thous - - ands, thousands of thousands and ten times thousands. thousands of thousands and ten times thousands stood before the

ten times thousands, thousands, & c. thousands of thousands and ten times thousands of thousands stood be - - - fore the

Lamb, and they had palms in their hands, And they cease not day and night, saying, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-

migh - ty, which was, and is, and is to come, which was, and is, and is to come. And I heard a migh-ty an - gel

fly - ing thro' the midst of heaven, crying with a loud voice, *f* Wo, wo, wo, *ff* wo, be un-to the earth by

This musical system consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first part of the system is in 2/4 time, and the second part is in 3/2 time. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *ff* (fortissimo). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

reason of the trumpet which is yet to sound. And when the last trumpet sounded, the great men and nobles, rich men and poor, bond and free, gath-er-

This musical system also consists of four staves, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. It maintains the same key signature and time signature changes. The lyrics continue below the vocal staves.

ed themselves to - geth - er, and cri - ed to the rocks and mountains, to fall up - on them, and hide them from the face of him that sit - teth

on the throne, for the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be a - ble to stand? And who shall be a - ble to stand

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

D. H. M.

Cres. *f* *Sostenuto.*

Our Fa - ther who art in heaven; Hallow - ed be thy name—Thy kingdom come—Thy will be done on earth . . . as it is in heaven.

Divoto. *p* *Cres.*

Give us, this day our dai - ly bread; And forgive us And forgive us for-give, forgive, forgive, forgive, forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.

And forgive—

Sotto Voco. *m* *Cres.* *f* *Adagio.*

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil— For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever, forever, for-ev-er and ev-er. A - men A - men.

THE AMERICAN VOCALIST.

PART II.

ATONEMENT. L. M.

SMITH.

1. Hail! sov'reign love, that first be-gan The scheme to rescue fall-en man; Hail! matchless, free, e - ter - nal grace, That gave my soul a hid - ing place.

2. Against the God who rules the sky, I fought with hands uplifted high; Despised the offers of his grace, Too proud to seek a hid - ing place.

3. En-wrap'd in dark E - gyptian night, And fond of darkness more than light, Mad - ly I ran the sin - ful race, Secure with-out a hid - ing place.

4. But lo! the gracious coun-sel ran, "Almighty love arrest the man!" I felt the arrows of dis-tress, And found I had no hid - ing place.

5. E - ter-nal jus-tice stood in view, To Sinai's fiery mount I flew; But jus - tice cried with frown-ing face, "This mountain is no hid - ing place."

6. But lo! a heavenly voice I heard, And Mercy for my soul ap - peared; She led me on with smil-ing grace, To Jesus Christ my hid - ing place.

7. Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll, And shake the globe from pole to pole, No thun-der-bolt shall daunt my face. For Je - sus is my hid - ing place.

8. A few more rolling suns at most, Will land me safe on Canaan's coast; Where I shall sing the song of grace, Safe in my glorious hid - ing place.

1 When marshalled on the night - ly plain, The glittering host be - stud the sky; One star alone of all the train, Can fix the sinner's wandering eye

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

3. It was my guide, my light, my all; It bade my dark fore - bod-ing cease; And thro' the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace.

1. Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From eve - ry host, from eve - ry gem; But one alone the Savior speaks, It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2. Deep horror then my vitals froze; Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem; When sudden-ly a star a-rose, It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3. Now safely moored - my perils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's di - a-dem, For ev - er and for ev - ermore, The Star! the Star of Bethlehem.

1. Soft be the gent-ly breath-ing notes, That sing the Sav-ior's dy-ing love; Soft as the eve-ning zeph-yr floats, Soft as the tune-ful lyres a-bove.

2. Soft as the morn-ing dews de-scend, While the sweet lark ex-alt-ing soars; So soft, to your Al-migh-ty Friend, Be every sigh your bo-som pours.

3. True as the mag-net to the pole, So true let your con-tri-tion be— So true let all your sor-rows roll, To him who bled up-on the tree.

1. How blest the right-eous when they die, When holy souls re-tire to rest! How mildly beams the clos-ing eye! How gently heaves th' expir-ing breast!

2. So fades a sum-mer cloud a-way: So sinks the gale when storms are o'er: So gent-ly shuts the eye of day: So dies a wave a-long the shore.

3. Farewell, con-flict-ing hopes and fears, Where lights and shades alter-nate dwell! How bright th' unchang-ing morn ap-pears! Farewell, in-con-stant world, fare-well.

DEAL GENTLY WITH THY SERVANTS, LORD. 8 & 7.

1. Gent-ly Lord, O gent-ly lead us, Thro' this lone-ly vale of tears, And, O Lord, in mer-cy give us, Thy rich grace in all our fears.

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.

3. When this mor-tal life is end-ed, Eil us in thine arms to rest, Till by an-gel bands at-tend-ed, We a-wake a-mong the blest.

1. Come, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast, Let every soul be Je - sus' guest: Ye need not one be left behind, For God hath bid - den all mankind.
 2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in - vi - ta - tion is to all: Come, all the world! come, singer, thou! All things in Christ are ready now.

3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed, Ye rest - less wand'ers af - ter rest; Ye poor, and maimed, and halt and blind, In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4. My mes - sage as from God receive; Ye all may come to Christ and live, O let his love your hearts constrain, Nor suffer him to die in vain!
 5. This is the time, no more de - lay! This is the Spir - it's gra - cious day; Come in this moment at his call, And live for him who died for all.

LOVE FEAST. 7s.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

1
 Those evening bells—those evening bells,
 How many a tale their music tells
 Of youth, and home, and native clime,
 When I last heard their soothing chime.

2
 Those pleasant hours have passed away,
 And many a heart, that then was gay,
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those evening bells.

3
 And so 'twill be when I am gone;
 That tuneful peal will still ring on,
 When other hands shall walk those dells,
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells

TENOR, or 2d ALTO. End. D. C.

1. Come, and let us sweetly join, Christ to praise in hymns divine } Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
 Give we all with one accord, Glo - ry to our common Lord. } Sing as in the ancient days;
 An - te-date the joys above, Cel - e-brate the feast of love.

2. Sing we then in Jesus' name, Now as yester - day the same; } We for Christ, our Master, stand,
 One in every time and place, Full for all of truth and grace, } Lights in a be - nighted land:
 We our dying Lord confess, We are Je - sus' wit - nesses.

3. Make us all in thee complete; Make us all for glo - ry meet; } Call, O call us each by name,
 Meet t' appear before thy sight, Partners with the saints in light, } To the marriage of the Lamb
 Let us lean up - on thy breast, Love be there our endless feast!

Lively, but not too fast.

1. Go worship at Emmanuel's feet, See, in his Name what wonders meet; Earth is too narrow to express His worth, his glory or his grace. The whole creation can afford,



2. Is he a Fountain? There I'll bathe, And heal the plague of sin and death, These waters all my soul renew, And cleanse my spotted garments too. Is he a Sun? His beams are grace,



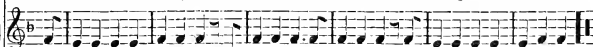
3. Is he a Rose? Not Sharon yields Such fra-gran-cy in all her fields. Or if the lil-y he assume The valleys bless the rich perfume. Is he a Star? He breaks the night



4. Is he a Way? He leads to God, The path is drawn in lines of blood ' There would I walk with hope and zeal, Till I arrive at Zion's hill. Is he a Door? I'll en-ter in—



1. But some faint shadow of my Lord: Nature, to make his beauties known, Must mingle colors not her own.



2. His course is joy and righteousness—Is he a tree? The world receives Sal-va-tion from his healing leaves.



3. And spreads for all the dawning light—I know his glories from a-far, I know the bright, the Morning Star.



4. Behold the pastures large and green, A Par-a-dise di-vinely fair. And all the saints have freedom there.

9

Is he a Rock? How firm he proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves:
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

10

Is he designed a Corner Stone,
For men to build their heaven upon?
I'll make him my foundation too;
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

11

Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears'
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

1. I saw a wide and well spread board, And children young and fur, Come one by one, the eldest first, And took their stations there, All neatly clad and beautiful, And with fa-mil-iar tread,
 2. Beside the board the fatter sat, A smile his features wore As on the little group he gazed, And told their portions o'er, A meagre form arrayed in rags Anear the the threshold stood,
 3. Said one, 'Why standest here, my dear! See, there's a vacant seat Amid the children—and enough For them and thee to eat!' 'Alas, for me!' the child replied, In tones of deep despair:
 4. Oh hour of fate! when from the skies With notes of deepest dread The far resounding trump of God Shall summon forth the dead, What countless hosts shall stand without The heavenly threshold fair,

They gathered round with joy to feast On meats and snow-white bread.
 2. A half-starved child had wandered there, To beg a little food.
 3. 'No right have I amid your group, I have no father there.'
 4. And, gazing on the blest, exclaim I have no father there.

1
 Let every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice;
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.

2
 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind;

3
 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
 A soul-reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.

4
 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die,
 Here you may quench your raging thirst
 With springs that never dry.

5
 Rivers of love and mercy here,
 In a rich ocean join;
 Salvation in abundance flows
 Like floods of milk and wine.

6
 The happy gates of gospel grace,
 Stand open night and day:
 Lord, we are come to seek **suppliee**
 And drive our wants away.

* The character here does not appear the most happily chosen to represent one beyond the reach of mercy.

Audante. **End.** **D. C.**

1. Here o'er the earth, as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest, here is no rest, Here as a pilgrim, I wander a-lone, Yet I am blest, I am blest; } For I look forward to that glorious day,
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say, There there is rest, there is rest. } When sin and sorrow shall vanish away,

2. Here fierce temptations beset me around, Here is no rest, here is no rest, Here I am grieved while my foes me surround; Yet I am blest, I am blest; } Let them revile me, and scoff at my name,
I will go forward, for this is my theme, There, there is rest, there is rest. } Laugh at my weeping, endeavor to shame,

3. Here are afflictions and trials severe; Here is no rest, here is no rest; Here I must part with the friends I hold dear, Yet I am blest, I am blest; } Sweet is the promise I read in his word,
They have been called to receive their reward; There, there is rest, there is rest. } Blessed are they who have died in the Lord,

4. This world of cares is a wilderness state, Here is no rest, here is no rest; Here I must bear from the world, all its hate, Yet I am blest, I am blest; } Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast, There, there is rest, there is rest. } Soon shall the weary forever be blest,

THOU KNOWEST THAT I LOVE THEE. 7, 6, 4.

Slow.

1. Thou, Lord, reign'st in this bosom, There, there hast thou thy throne; Thou, thou knowest that I love thee, Am I not surely thine own? O Lord, my God! am I not surely thine own?

2. Speak, Lord, speak, I implore thee, Say, say I shall be thine—Thou, thou knowest that I love thee, Say but that thou wilt be mine, Je - sus, my God! say but that thou wilt be mine.

3. Faith, faith now has embraced thee, Hope, hope, pierces the skies, Joy, joy now hath o'erwhelmed me, On wings of bright glory I rise, Glory! glo-ry! I am for-ev-er thine own.

1. What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame, Is it death? Is it death? }
That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame, Is it death? Is it death? } If this be death, I soon shall be From ev'ry pain and sorrow free, I shall the King of glory see, All is well, All is well.

2. Weep not my friends, my friends weep not for me, All is well. All is well. } [is well.
My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free. All is well. All is well. } There's not a cloud that doth arise 'To hide my Savior from my eyes, I soon shall mount the upper skies. All is well, All is well.

3. Tune, tune your harps, your harps ye saints in glory All is well. All is well. } [is well. All is well.
I will rehearse, rehearse, the pleasing story All is well. All is well. } Bright angels are from glory come, They're round my bed, they're in my room. They wait to waft my spirit home. All is well.

CRUCIFIXION. P. M.

1. Saw ye my Savior! Saw ye my Savior! Saw ye my Savior God! O he died on Calvary, To atone for you and me, And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2. He was extended, he was extended, Painfully nailed to the cross; There he bowed his head and died, There my Lord was crucified, To atone for a world that was lost.

2. Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding, Three dreadful hours in pain; And the solid rocks were rent, Thro' creation's vast extent, When the Jews crucified the Lamb.

4. Darkness prevailed, Darkness prevailed, Darkness prevailed o'er the land; And the sun refused to shine, While his Majesty divine Was derided, insulted and slain.

5. When it was finished, when it was finished, And the atonement was made, He was taken by the great, And embalmed in spices sweet And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6. Hail, mighty Savior, hail, mighty Savior, Author and Prince of peace, O! he burst the bars of death, And triumphant from the earth, He ascended to mansions of bliss.

Moderato.

1. Hearken ye sprightly, and attend ye vain ones, Pause in your mirth, ad-ver-si-ty con - sid-er; Learn from a friend's pen, sentimental, painful, Death-bed reflections

2. Healthful and gay, like you I spent my moments, Bold-ly my heart said, joy shall last for-ev-er, But I'd for - got-ten man has no en-joy-ment, Bet by per-mis-sion.

3. Sud-den and aw-ful, from the height of pleasure, By pain and sickness, thrown upon a down bed. Vain is its softness to assuage the painful Raging dis-or - der.

4. Ah! many years I lived without considering Man is a mortal, dependent on a moment, Life but a shadow, time a flying ar-row, Quick to dis-pep it.

5. Oft I have listen-d, while death-bells were tolling, Seen the graves opening, and spectators mourning, But was myself, in spite of all these warnings Long life expecting.

6. Counsels I've slighted, warnings I've neg-lect-ed, In my gay moments, that's of death I banished, When grown gray-headed, I have oft resolved Death to prepare for.

7. Tortured in bod-y, and condemned in spirit, No sweet composure, to direct one prayer, All is dis - or-der, yet my state e-ter-nal, Now is de-pend-ing.

8. O ghastly death! pray stop one single moment! While I give warning to my gay companions—No time is granted for ex-pos-tu-la-tion,—SHUN MY EXAMPLE.

FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD. C. M.

End.

Da Capo.

1. From all that's mortal, all that's vain, And from this earthly elod, Arise, my soul, and strive to gain Some fellowship with God, Some fellowship with God, Some fellowship with God.

2. Say, what is there below the sky, In all the paths thou'st trod, Can suit thy wishes or thy joys, Like fellowship with God? Like, &c.

3. Nor life, nor all the toys of art, Nor pleasure's flowery road, Can to my soul such bliss im - part, As fellowship with God

4. When I in love am made to bear Affliction's needful rod; Light, sweet and kind it now ap - pears Thro' fellowship with God.

5. And when the icy arms of death Shall chill my flowing blood, With joy I'll yield my la-test breath In fellowship with God.

6. When I at last to heaven ascend And join that blest a-bode, There an e - ter-ni - ty I'll spend In fellowship with God.

1. O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call; My comfort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all.

2. O why should I wander an alien from thee, Or cry in the desert for bread: Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed

3. Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen The star that on Israel shone: Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been, And where with his flock he has gone.

4. His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet, Is heard thro' the shadows of death; The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet, The air is perfumed with his breath.

5. His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow, To water the gardens of grace; From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of his face.

6. He looks and ten thousand of angels rejoice, And myriads wait for his word; He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice, Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

O LAND OF REST! C. M.

1. Oh, land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell with Christ at home.

2. No tranquil joys on earth I knew, No peaceful, sheltering dome; This world's a wilderness of woe, This world is not my home.

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

4. When by afflictions sharp-ly tried, I view the gaping tomb; Al-though I dread death's chilling flood, Yet still I sigh for home.

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

1. Fly away to the promised land, sweet Dove, Fly a - way to the promised land; And bear these sighs to the friends I love—The happy, the beautiful band.

2. O fly to their bowers, sweet Dove, and say That hope is up - on me now; I long to list to a seraph's lay, With bright glory upon my brow

3. I will wait thy coming at dawn, sweet Dove, I will wait thy coming at eve, But bear some news from the friends I love, And then I will cease to grieve.

1. *aff* Deep gloom hath saddened my weary breast—With sorrow my heart is stirred—I long to hear from the land of the blest— O fly to their bowers, sweet Bird!

2. *p* I feel that this world is not my home— An Angel's sweet voice I've heard! It comes from beyond the dark, lone tomb, O fly to their bowers, sweet Bird!

3. I could spring from this prison on wings of love, I could fall by death's conquering sword, But I cannot stay from the friends I love, O fly to their bowers, sweet Bird!

MY MOTHER'S LAST GIFT. C. M.

1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will unbidden start; With falt'ring lip and throbbing brow, I press it to my heart; For man-y gen-er-ations passed

2. Ah! well do I remember those Whose names these records bear; Who round the hearth-stone used to close, After the evening prayer, And speak of what these pages said,
1. Here is our family tree; My mother's hands this Bible clasped; She, dying, gave it me.

- 3 My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear—
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear.
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met,
Within the walls of home.
- 4 Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false I've found thee true
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give,
That could this volume buy—
In teaching me the way to live,
It learnt me how to die.

Adagio.

1. A father is praying 'The Savior to hear For his daughter is dying. With no helper near Beseeching him greatly, He falls at his feet; And his story of sorrow, O, hear him repeat.

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

3. And Jesus went with him; But soon it was said To the heart-stricken father, 'Thy daughter is dead! Why trouble the Master Thy woes to relieve?' But the kind Savior whispered 'Now only be-
[lieve.]

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

4. O, see! with a touch How the maiden awakes, When the mighty Physician Her hand gently takes! And see! from her features Pale death quickly flies, At the voice of the Savior, O damsel arise.'

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN. 6 & 5.

1. When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreath her chain Round us forever? Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows In this dark world of woes—
[Never, no, never! No—No—Never!]

2. When shall love freely flow, Pure as life's river? When shall sweet friendship glow, Changeless forever? Where joys celestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, &c.

3. Up to that world of light, Take us, O Savior, May we all there unite, Happy forever, Where kindred spirits dwell, There may our music swell, And tune our joys dispet, Never, &c.

4. Soon shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever, Soon will peace wreath her chain Round us forever. Our hearts will then repose, Safe from all worldly woes, Our songs of praise shall close, &c.

Moderato.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can he say than to you he hath said, You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

2. In every condition, in sickness or health, in poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth, At home, or abroad, on the land, on the sea, As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.

3. When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of woes shall not thee overflow; For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4. When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply, I will alone shall not hurt thee; I only design, Thy dress to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5. Even 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 stand on my bosom and be at ease.

6. The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose, I will not, I will not, desert to his foe; That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

ALWAYS NEW. C. M.

Slow.

1. Since man by sin, has lost his God, He seeks creation through, And vainly hopes for solid bliss, In trying something new. And vainly hopes for solid bliss, In trying something new.

2. The new possessed, like fading flowers, Soon loses its gay hue; The bubble now no longer takes, The soul wants something new. The bubble, &c.

3. And could we call all Europe ours, With India and Peru; The mind would feel an aching void, And still want something new.

4. But when we feel the Savior's power, All good in him we view, The soul forsakes its vain pursuit, Nor seeks for something new.

5. The joys a dear Redeemer brings, Will be but a strict review, Nor need we ever change again, For Christ is ALWAYS NEW.

1. O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb. Where is the blest-ness I knew,

2. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed, How sweet their memory still! But they have left an aching void The world can never fill. Re-turn, O ho-ly Dove, re-turn.

3. The dearest i-dol I have known, Whate'er that i-dol be, Help me to tear it from thy throne, And worship on-ly thee. So shall my walk be close with God,

1 When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and his word?

2. Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest! I hate the sins that made thee mourn And drove thee from my breast.

3. Calm and serene my frame; So pur-er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

THE BLEST, ETERNAL HOME.—BY MRS. DANA.

- 1 There's not a bright and beaming smile,
Which in this world I see,
But turns my heart to future joy,
And whispers "heaven" to me.
Though often here my soul is sad,
And falls the silent tear,
There is a world where all are glad,
And sorrow dwells not there.
- 2 I never clasp a friendly hand,
In greeting, or farewell,
But thoughts of an eternal home
Within my bosom swell:
A prayer to meet in heaven so ~~last~~
Where all the ransomed come,
And where eternal ages still
shall find us all at home

1. How lost was my con-dition I'll Je-sus made me whole; There is but one Physician Can cure the sin-sick soul: Next door to death he found me, And snatched me from the grave,
 2. The worst of all dis-eases is light, compared with sin; On every part it seiz-es, But ra-ges most with-in: 'Tis palsy, plague, and fe-ver, and mad-ness a-combined;

3. From men great skill professing I sought a cure to gain; But this proved more distressing, And added to my pain, Some said that nothing ailed me, Some gave me up for lost;

4. At length this great Physician, (How matchless is his grace!) Accepted my pe-ti-tion, And undertook my case: First gave me sight to view him, For sin my eyes had sealed;
 5. A dy-ing, ris-en Je-sus, Sees by an eye of faith, At once from danger frees us, And saves the soul from death, Come, then, to this Physician, His help he'll freely give;

FUNERAL BELL. 4, 3, 7.

1. To tell to all around me His wondrous power to save.
 2. And none but a be-liev-er The least re-lief can find.

3. Thus every refuge failed me, And all my hopes were crossed.

4. Then had he look unto him; I looked—and I was healed!
 5. He makes no hard condition—'Tis on-ly look and live.

Adagio.

1. Hark! the peal-ing Soft-ly steal-ing, Fu-neral bell Sad-ly speaks a soul's fare-well.
 2. Wel-come, wel-come Is thy mu-sic Sil-very bell, Thou hast tolled a saint's fare-well.

3. Sweet-ly sleep-ing, Friends why weep-ing? "All is well," Tells the sol-emn fu-neral bell.
 4. Hap-py hour, When God's pow-er Fills the breast; Sweetly sooth-ing souls to rest.

5. Time is fleet-ing, Hearts now beat-ing, Fu-neral bell, Soon will bid the world fare-well.
 6. Of our num-ber, All will slum-ber! Sol-emn bell, 'Thou mayst toll our last fare-well.

1. The pearl that worldlings covet, Is not the pearl for me; }
 Its beauties fade as quickly, As sunshine on the sea; } But there's a pearl whose beauty Fades not, tho' bright it be; But few its value see, Oh, that's the pearl for me.

2. The crown that decks the monarch, Is not the crown for me; }
 It dazzles but a moment, Its brightness soon will flee; } But there's a crown whose radiance No mortal eye can see; For ever, ev - er shining—Oh! that's the crown for me.

3. The road that ma - ny travel, Is not the road for me; }
 It leads to death and sorrow, To it I would not be; } But there's a road tho' narrow, Hath pleasures rich and free; 'Tis marked by Jesus' footsteps; Oh! that's the road for me.

4. The hope that sinners cherish, Is not the hope for me; }
 Most surely will they perish, Un - less from sin made free; } But there's a hope that calmeth The waves of life's dark sea; It pointeth up to heav'n—Oh! that's the hope for me.

WARREN. 7s.

BILLINGS.

1. Chil - dren of the heav - en - ly king, As we jour - ney let us sing; Sing our Sa - vior's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.

2. We are travelling home to God, In the way our fa - thers trod; They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

3. Fear not, brethren, joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of our land; Je - sus Christ, our Fa - ther's Son, Bids us un - dis - mayed go on.

4. Lord, o - be - dient - ly we'll go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low; On ly thou our lead - er be, And we still will fol - low thee.

1. Would Je - sus have the sinner die? Why hangs he then on yonder tree? } " Forgive them, Father, O forgive, They know not that by me they live!" }
 What means that strange expiring cry? Sinners, he prays for you and me; } O sinner then thy Savior see, Remember him who died for thee. }

2. Thou lov-ing, all-a-toning Lamb, Thee by thy painful ag-ni - ny, } Thy precious death and life—I pray, Take all, take all my sins away. }
 Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame, Thy cross and passion on the tree, } O sinner then thy Savior see, Re-mem-ber him who died for thee. }

3. O let me kiss thy bleeding feet And bathe and wash them with my tears; } That all may hear the quick'ning sound, Since I, e'en I have mercy found. }
 The sto-ry of thy love repeat In every drooping sinner's ears; } O sinner thou thy Savior see, Remember him who died for thee. }

O TURN YE. 11s.

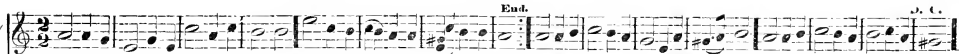
1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die? } When God in great mercy is coming so nigh,
 And an-gels are waiting to welcome you home. } Since Jesus invites you, the Spir-it says come,

2. How vain the delusion, that while you de-lay, } Your hearts may grow better by staying a-way;
 While streams of salvation are flowing so free. } Come wre-ched, come starving, come just as you be,

3
 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
 To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain:
 To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
 Or waft you to mansions of glory on high

4
 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
 There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare,
 If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
 And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

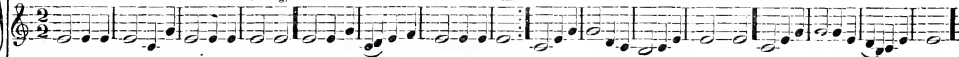
5
 Come, give us your hand, and the Savior your heart
 And trusting in heaven we never shall part
 O, how can we leave you? why will you not come
 We'll journey together, and soon be at home



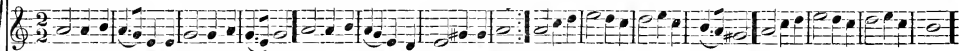
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J. C.

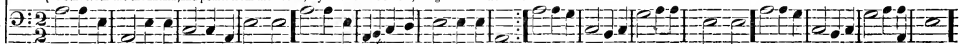
1. { Hail! thou blest morn, when the Great Mediator, Down from the regions of glo - ry de-scends;
 { Shepherds, go worship the Babe in the man-ger, Lo! for his guard the bright angels at - tend.
 Star in the East the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.



2. { Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
 { An-gels a - dore him in slumbers re-clin - ing, Maker, and Monarch, and Sa-vior of all. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid.



3. { Say, shall we yield him in cost-ly de-vo - tion, O - dors of E - dom, and offerings di - vine.
 { Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean, Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

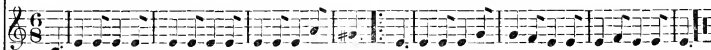


4. { Vain-ly we offer each am - ple ob - la - tion, Vainly with gold would his fa - vor se-cure;
 { Rich-er by far is the heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Dear-er to God are the prayers of the poor.

GLAD TIDINGS. C. M.



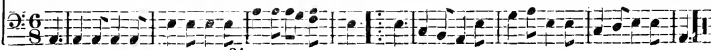
1. What heavenly music do I hear, Sal - va-tion sounding free! Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear, This is the Ju - bi - lee!



2. How sweetly do the tidings roll All round from sea to sea, From land to land, From pole to pole, This is the Ju - bi - lee.



3. Good news, good news to Adam's race; Let Christians all agree, To sing redeeming love and grace This is the Ju - bi - lee.



4
 The gospel sounds a sweet release
 To all in misery,
 And bids them welcome home to peace,
 This is the Jubilee.

5
 Jesus is on the mercy-seat,
 Before him bend the knee;
 Let heaven and earth his praise repeat
 This is the Jubilee.

6
 Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring
 With songs of harmony;
 While on the road to Canaan sing,
 This is the Jubilee

1. The char-iot ' the chariot ' its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire ; Lo, self-moving it drives on its path way of cloud, And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed
 2. The glo - ry ' the glory ' around him arrayed, Mighty hosts of the angels now wait on the Lord ; And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there, And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear

The trumpet ' the trumpet ' the dead all have heard : Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred : From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north, All the vast generations of men are come forth

4. The judgment ' the judgment ! the thrones all are set, Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met ! There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord, And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.
 5. O mercy ' O mercy : look down from above, Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love ! When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven, May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.

THE RELEASE. 6, 4.

1. When shall I see the day That ends my woes ; }
 When shall I vic - try gain O'er all my foes ; } When will the trumpet sound, That calls the exile home, The grand sab-bat - ic year, When will it come ?

2. A crown of glo - ry bright By faith I see, }
 In yonder realms of light Pre - pared for me. } O, may I faith-ful prove, And keep the prize in view ; And thro' the storms of life, My way pur-sue

3. Je - sus, be thou my guide, My steps at - tend ; }
 O keep me near thy side, Be thou my Friend ; } Be thou my shield and sun, My Sa-rior and my guard ; And when my work is done, My great re-ward.

4. O, how I long to see That hap - py day, } When all the heavenly tribes Shall find their long-sought home ; The Jubilee of heav'n, When will it come
 When sor-row, sin and pain Shall flee a - way ; }

Cres. *Soli.*

1. Children of Zi-on! what harp notes are stealing, So soft o'er our senses, so soothingly sweet? 'Tis the music of angels, their raptures revealing, That you have been brought to the

2. Children of Zi-on! no long-er in sadness, Refrain from the feast that your Savior hath given: Come, taste of the cup of salvation with gladness, And think of the banquet still

3. Children of Zi-on! we joy-ful-ly hail you Who've entered the fold thro' Jesus, the door, While pilgrims on earth, tho' the foe may assail you, Press forward, and soon will the

Tutti. *p*

1. Ho-ly One's feet. Children of Zi-on! we join in their welcome, 'Tis sweet to lie low in that bles-sed re-treat, 'Tis sweet to lie low in that bles-sed re-treat.

2. sweeter in heaven. Children of Zi-on! our hearts bid you welcome To the church of the ransomed, the kingdom of heaven, To the church of the ransomed, the kingdom of heaven

3. conflict be o'er. Children of Zi-on! oh! welcome, thrice welcome! Till we meet where the foe shall oppress you no more, Till we meet where the foe shall oppress you no more.

1. Go when the morning shineth, Go when the noon is bright; Go when the eve doth set, Go in the hush of night, Go with pure mind and feeling, Fling earthly thought away,
 2. Remember all who love thee— All who are loved by thee; Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If any such there be, Then for thyself in meekness A blessing humbly claim,
 3. Or if 't is e'er de-nied thee In sol-i-tude to pray, Should holy tho'ts come o'er thee When friends are round thy way, E'en then the silent breathing Of thy spirit raised above,
 4. Oh not a joy or blessing With this can we compare— The power that he hath given us, To pour our souls in prayer; When'er thou pine'st in sadness, Before his footstool fall,

1. And in thy chamber kneeling, Do thou in se-cret pray.
 2. And link with each petition Thy great Redeemer's name.
 3. Will reach his throne of glory, Who is mercy, truth, and love.
 4. And remember in thy gladness His grace who gave thee all.

THE SAINT'S ADIEU TO EARTH.

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

5
 My weeping relations, my brethren and friends,
 Whose souls are entwined with my own,
 Adieu for the present, my spirit ascends,
 Where friendship immortal is known.

6
 The sight of transgression shall grieve me no more,
 'Mid foes I no longer reside,
 My conflicts with sin and with sinners are o'er,
 With saints I shall ever abide.

7
 Ye Sabbaths below, which have been my delight,
 And thou blest Volume divine,
 Ye've guided my footsteps, like stars during night;
 Adieu, my conductors benign.

8
 Thou tottering seat of disease, and pain,
 Adieu, my dissolving abode;
 I soon shall behold and possessa thee again—
 A beautiful building of God.

9
 Come, come, my dear Jesus! come quickly! release
 The soul thou hast bought with thy blood,
 And bid me ascend the bright regions of peace
 To feast on the smiles of my God

1. Ye objects of sense and enjoyments of time, Which oft have de-lighted my heart, I soon shall exchange you for joys more s'cure, And joys that will never de-part.

2. Ye won-der-ful orbs that as-ton-ish mine eyes, Your glo-ry recedes from my sight, I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies, And stars more transcendently bright.

3. Thou lord of the day, and thou queen of the night, To me ye no longer are known, I soon shall behold with in-creasing de-light, A sun that will never go down.

Remainder of poetry on opposite page

FAR FROM MY THOUGHTS. L. M.

PRAYER.

1. Far from my tho'ts, vain world, begone. Let my religious hours alone : }
 I can would my eyes my Savior see ; I wait a visit Lord from thee : }
 Come, my dear Jesus, from above And feed my soul with heavenly love. }
 My heart grows warm with holy fire, And kindles with a pure desire :

2. Blessed Jesus, what delicious fare ! How sweet thine entertainments are ! }
 Nev-er did angels taste above Redeeming grace and dying love. }
 Hail great Emmanu'el ! all divine ! In thee thy Father's glories shine,
 Thou brightest sweetest, fairest One That eye hath seen or angel known

1
 Prayer is appointed to convey
 The blessings God designs to give ;
 Long as they live should christians pray
 They learn to pray when first they live.

2
 If pain afflict or wrongs oppress,
 If cares distract, or fears dismay ;
 If guilt deject ; if sin distress :
 In every case, still watch and pray.

3
 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak ;
 Though thought be broken, language lame
 Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak,
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4
 Depend on him ; thou canst not fail,
 Make all thy wants and wishes known
 Fear not ; his merits must prevail
 Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

Slow

1. When shall we all meet again? When shall we all meet again? Oft shall glowing hope expire, Oft shall wearied love retire; Oft shall death and sorrow reign, Ere we all shall meet again.

2. 'Tho' in distant lands we sigh, Marched beneath a burning sky; 'Tho' the deep between us roll, Friendship shall unite our souls; And in fancy's wide domain, Oft shall we all meet a-gain.

3. When these burnished locks are grey, Thinned by many a toil-spent day; When around this youthful pine, Moss shall creep and ivy twine; (Long may this loved bower remain :) Here may we all meet again.

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

* This poetry, it is said, was composed and sung by three Indians, who were educated at Dartmouth, at their last interview before leaving college, in an enchanting bower whither they had often resorted, and in the midst of which grew a 'youthful pine.' Nearly half a century afterwards they providentially met again—the recollection of by-gone days drew them to the same spot and, at a meeting still more affecting, they composed and sung the following. —[TRADITION.]

THE MEETING.

1
Parted many a toil-spent year,
Pledged in youth, to memory dear;
Still, to friendship's magnet true,
We, our social joys renew;
Bound by love's unsevered chain,
Here, on earth, we meet again.

2
But our bower, sunk to decay,
Wasting time has swept away;
And the youthful evergreen,
Lopped by death, no more is seen;
Bleak the winds sweep o'er the plain,
When, in age we meet again.

3
Many a friend we used to greet,
Here, on earth, no more we meet:
Oft the fun'ral knell has rung;
Many a heart has sorrow stung,
Since we parted on this plain,
Fearing ne'er to meet again.

4
Worn with toil, and sunk with years,
We shall quit this vale of tears;
And these hoary locks be laid
Low in cold oblivion's shade;
But, where saints and angels reign,
We all hope to meet again!

- 4 Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not hear him,
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted;
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded,
Waits to embrace thee.
- 5 Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment,
Just as you are, but come with heart relenting,
Come to the fountain open for the guilty;
Jesus invites you.
- 6 But, if you trifle with his gracious message,
Cleave to the world and love its guilty pleasures,
Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous judgment,
Leave you forever.
- 7 Oh! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning;
Fly to the Savior, and embrace his pardon;
So shall your spirit meet, with joy triumphant,
Death and the judgment

HAIL, SWEETEST, DEAREST TIE. C. M.

Music by REV. W. F. FARRINGTON :
Poetry by REV. A. SUTTON, Missionary to India. 271

1. Hail, sweetest, dearest tie that binds Our glowing hearts in one, }
Hail sacred hope that tunes our minds To har-mo - ny di - vine. } It is the hope, the blissful hope Which Jesus' grace has given, The hope, when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heaven.

2. What tho' the Northern wintry blast Shall howl around thy cot, }
What tho' beneath an Eastern sky Be cast our dis-tant lot, } Yet still we share the blissful hope Which Jesus' grace has given, The hope, when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heaven.

3. From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand, From India's burning plain, }
From Europe, From Columbia's land, We hope to meet a - gain, } It is the hope, the blissful hope Which Jesus' grace has given, The hope, when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heaven.

4. No lingering look, no parting sigh Our fu-ture meeting knows, }
There friendship beams from every eye And hope im-mortal glows, } O sacred hope ! O blissful hope ! Which Jesus' grace has given, The hope, when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heaven.

THE WARNING. 11 & 5.

Slow.

1. Ah, guilt - y sin-ner, ruined by transgression, What shall thy doom be, when, arrayed in terror, God shall command thee, covered with pollution, Up to the judgment! Up to the judgment.

2. Wilt thou escape from his omniscient notice, Fly to the caverns, seek an - ni - hi - la - tion? Vain thy presumption ; justice still shall triumph In thy destruction, In thy de-struction.

3. Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder, Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge, in vengeance, Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit, Swift to perdition, Swift to per di-tion.*

* Remainder of poetry on opposite page.

Anonim.

1. See, broth-ers, see! how the day rolls on, Soon we'll hail the ris-ing sun, Hark! 'tis the spir-it's warn-ing voice, Lift your heads, ye saints re-joice!

2. See, broth-ers, see! how the day comes on, Soon the tramp of God will sound! Lightnings may flash, and thunders roll, Welcome to the faith-ful soul!

3. Hark! us the trum-pet's joy-ful sound! See the Almighty Jesus crowned! Saints of the Lord, a-wake, a-rise! Bid him welcome from the skies!

Chorus.

Then haste, let us work till pro-ba-tion is o'er, We go to the land where our toil-ing is o'er, Our earth-ly la-bor being done, How sweet the Christian's welcome home

To be sung at the end of the last verse.

SECOND HYMN.

1
This world's not all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
He that hath soothed a widow's wo,
Or wiped the orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of Heaven.

2
And he that walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even,
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of Heaven.

3
He who the Christian's course hath run
And all his foes forgiven—
Who measures out life's little span,
In love to God, and love to man,
On earth has tasted Heaven.

Home, home, home! the Christian's welcome home! Sweet, oh sweet the Christian's welcome home. Welcome home, welcome home, welcome home.

NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN. 8 & 7.

Slow.

1. This world is all a fleeting show For man's illusion given; The smiles of joy, the tears of wo, Do- centful shine, do- centful flow; There's nothing true but Heaven.

2. As false the light on glory's plume, As fading hues at e- ven; And genius' bud and beauty's bloom, Are blossoms gathered for the tomb; There's nothing bright but Heaven.

3. Poor wanderers on a stor-my sea, From wave to wave we're driven; And fancy's flash, and reason's ray Serve but to light us on the way; There's nothing calm but Heaven.

4. And where's the hand held out to cheer The heart with anguish riven? For sorrow's sigh, and trouble's tear Have never found a refuge here; There's nothing kind but Heaven.

5. In vain do mortals sigh for bliss, Without their sins for given; True pleasure, ev-er- lasting peace, Are only found in God's free grace; There's nothing good but Heaven.

6. From such as walk in wisdom's road, Cor- rod-ing fears are driven; They're washed in Christ's atoning blood, Enjoy communion with their God, And find their way to Heaven.

Moderato. *End* *D. C.*

1. There's not in this wide world so blest a retreat As the bower where young converts so frequently meet }
 Oh the last ray of feeling and life must depart Ere that bower, so sacred, shall fade from my heart. } Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene Her purest of crystal and brightest of [green
 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill—Oh no, it was something more glo-ri-ous still.

2. 'Twas that Jesus my Lord and my Savior was near, And o'er innocent souls breathed a spirit of pray'r. }
 'Twas that over the Mercy Seat where we adored, The wings of the cherubim graciously lowered! } Thou dear blessed bower since I knelt in thy shade, The friends I once met there, now [sleep with the dead.
 And sorrows and sins and repentings and fears Have embittered my life in this dark vale of tears—

But amid all my sorrows, repentings and cares I cannot forget thee, thou dear bower of prayer.

3 Then hail, blessed state! hail ye songsters of glory! Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story, Salvation from sorrow through Jesus' love:
 Though 'prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation, Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
 Of joys that await me, when freed from probation: My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love!

EDEN OF LOVE.

1 How sweet to reflect on the joys that await me
 In you blissful region, the haven of rest,
 Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
 And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest.
 Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
 My happiness perfect my mind's sky unclouded,
 I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
 And range with delight thro' the Eden of love.

2 While angelic legions with harps tuned celestial,
 Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
 The saints as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
 In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
 Then songs to the Lord shall res-echo thro' heaven,
 My soul will respect, to Him need be given,
 All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
 Who brought us thro' grace to the Eden of love.

PISGAH. C. M.

TENOR.

How hap-py every child of grace, Who knows his sins forgiven! This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heaven!

I seek my place in heaven, I seek my place in heaven, This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heaven.

Slow.

1. Sol-diers of the cross, a-rise! Lo! your Leader from the skies. Waves before you glory's prize; The prize of victory! Seize your armor, gird it on! Now the battle will be won!

2. Now the fight of faith be-gin; Be no more the slaves of sin; Strive the victor's palm to win, Trusting in the Lord. Gird ye on the armor bright, War-ri-ors of the King of light,

3. Jesus conquered when he fell, Met and vanquished earth and hell: Now he leads you on, to swell The triumphs of his cross. Tho' all earth and hell appear Who will doubt, or who can fear?

4. Fear not, though a feeble band, Marching thro' a hostile land; Guided by a mighty hand, Ye shall win the day. Faithful to your banner be. Ev-er fighting man - ful - ly:

5. Onward, then, ye hosts of God! Jesus points the victor's rod; Follow where your Leader trod; You soon shall see his face. Soon, your enemies all slain Crowns of glory you shall gain.

THE DEMONSTRATION. C. M.

MOZART.

D. C.

1. See! the strife will soon be done; Then struggle manfully.

2. Never yield, nor lose by flight Your divine re-ward.

3. God our strength and shield, is near; We cannot lose our cause.

4. Laurels shall be won by thee, Finding not a - - way. And walk among that glorious train, Who shout their Savior's praise.

1 When I can read my ti - de clear To mansions in the skies; I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes, Should earth against my soul engage, And fiery darts be hurled,

2. Let cares like a wild deluge come, Let storms of sorrow fall; May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all, There I shall bathe my weary soul, In seas of heavenly rest,

THERE ARE ANGELS HOVERING ROUND!

HUSBAND.

1. Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.

2. And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.

1. There are angels hov'ring round, There are angels hov'ring round, There are angels, an - gels hov'ring round.
2. To car-ry the tidings home, To car-ry the tidings home, To car - ry, to car - ry the tid - ings home.

3. To the new Je - ru - sa - lem, To the new Je - ru - sa - lem, To the new, the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
4. Poor sinners are coming home, Poor sinners are coming home, Poor sin - ners, sin - ners are com - ing home.

5. And Jesus bids them come, And Jesus bids them come, And Je - sus, Je - sus bids them come.
6. There's glo - ry all a - round. There's glo - ry all a - round, There's glo - ry, glo - ry all a - round.

1. A poor wayfaring man of grief hath often crossed me on my way, Who sued so humbly for relief, That I could never answer nay; I had not power to ask his name, Whither he went or whence he came

2. Once when my scanty meal was spread, He entered, not a word he spake, Just perishing for want of bread, I gave him all, he blessed and brake, And ate, but gave me part again, Mine was an angel's portion then,

3. I spied him where a fountain burst Clear from the rock, his strength was gone, The heedless water mocked his thirst, He heard it, saw it hurrying on, I ran and raised the sufferer up, Thrice from the stream he drained (my cup.

1. Yet there was something in his eye, That won my love I knew not why.

2. And while I fed with eager haste, The crust was manna to my taste.

3. Dipped, and returned it running o'er, I drank, and never thirsted more!

4
 'Twas night, the floods were out; it blew
 A wintry hurricane aloof,
 I heard his voice abroad, and flew
 To bid him welcome to my roof.
 I warmed, and clothed, and cheered my guest.
 Laid him on mine own couch to rest,
 Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
 In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

5
 Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
 I found him by the high-way side;
 I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
 Revived his spirit, and supplied
 Wine, oil, refreshment—he was healed,
 I had myself a wound concealed,
 But from that hour forgot the smart
 And peace bound up my broken heart.

6
 In prison I saw him next, condemned
 To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
 The tide of lying tongues I stemmed
 And honored him 'mid shame and scorn,
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
 He asked if I for him would die.
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
 But the free spirit cried "I will!"

7
 Then, in a moment, to my view
 The stranger started from disguise;
 The tokens in his hands I knew,—
 My SAVIOR stood before my eyes!
 He spake, and my poor name he named—
 "Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
 These deeds shall thy memorial be,
 Fear not, thou dust it unto me."

1. Brother, I go: farewell! farewell! One sigh, one prayer and all is o'er;
My na-tive land, the cord must thrill, And break, that binds me to thy shore: } The zephyrs o'er thee soft-ly play, But waft the wanderer for a-way.

2. Brother I go: farewell! farewell! A star is gleaming o'er the wave, } The star of hope: its heavenly ray Shall gild the wanderer's lone-ly way.
Far, far he-yond the hil-lows' swell: It comes not like the meteor's blaze,

3. Brother, I go farewell! farewell! The o-cean may my ho-som lave, } But when the surg-es cease to roar, Brother, we'll meet to part no more.
The hil-lows o'er me proud-ly swell, The dark sea be the ex-ile's grave:

4. Brother, I go farewell! farewell! I go to wipe that fal-ling tear, } And flowers shall blush on desert strands, And springs shall flow thro' burning sands.
To soothe that troubled breast, and tell A Sa-vior hears the negro's prayer;

EVENING PRAYER. 8 & 7.

- 5 Brother, I go: farewell! farewell!
The sacred banner's waving now,
And every heart with praise shall swell,
And smiles shall deck the dark one's brow;
The star that beamed on Bethlehem's plain,
Shall shine on Afric's shores again.
- 6 Brother, I go: farewell! farewell!
A voice is ringing wildly now
From every hill, from every glen,
And echoing from each mountain brow;
The dark hand stretching o'er the sea,
The big tear rolling fast and free.
- 7 The wanderer's gone, farewell! farewell!
Thy God shall guide thee, exiled one;
A cloud of glory o'er thee spread,
And shield thee till thy work is done:
A wreath Liberia's twining now,
And God shall bind it on thy brow

End. D. C.

1. Sa-vior, breathe an eve-n-ing blessing Ere re-pose our spir-its seal, } Sin and want we come con-fes-sing,
Sin and want we come con-fes-sing, Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

Sin and want, &c.

2. Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch becomes our tomb; } May the morn in heaven a-wake us,
May the morn in heaven a-wake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom!

May the morn. &c.

1. A - las! and did my Sa - vior bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
O the Lamb, the lov - ing Lamb! The Lamb on Cal - va - ry! The Lamb was slain, yet lives a - gain, To in - ter - cede for me.

2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up-on the tree? A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!

3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in; When Christ the might-y Ma - ker died, For man the crea-ture's sin!

4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face, While his dear cross ap-pears; Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

THE SOLEMN INQUIRY. C. P. M.

1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take thy ransomed children home, Shall I among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?

2. I love to meet among them now, Before thy gracious throne to bow, Though weakest of them all; But can I bear the piercing thought, To have my worthless name left out, When thou for them shalt call?

3. Prevent, prevent it, by thy grace! Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place, To that expected day. Thy pard'ning voice O let me hear, To still each un - be - hev-ing fear, Nor let me fall, I pray.

4. Let me among thy saints be found Whene'er th'archangel's trump shall sound, To see thy smiling face; Then loud thro' all the cross I'll sing, While heaven's resounding mansions ring With shouts of endless grace

1. What ser-aph-like music falls sweet on my ear In strains so de-light-ful? Oh! list that ye hear - Those rich flowing numbers, so li-quit and clear,

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano part begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Breathe rapture untold, From some heavenly sphere.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano part begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

2

'Tis the sweet flowing music that steals o'er the wave
Of Jordan's lone river as its billows I brave;
'Tis the music of angels who hasten to bear
My soul o'er the waters to that blessed shore.

3

A glimpse of bright glory now beams on my sight,
I sink in sweet visions of heaven's dawning light.
Bright spirits are whispering so soft in my ear
Of heaven, sweet heaven! I long to be there

Andante.

1. How cheering the thought, that the spirits in bliss Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this; Will leave the sweet joys of the mansions above, To breathe o'er our bosoms some [message of love]

2. They come! on the wings of the morning they come! impatient to lead some poor wanderer home; Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy abode, And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

LONG TIME AGO. 8 & 4.

Slow.

1. Je - sus died on Calvary's mountain, Long time a - go, And sal - va - tion's rolling fountain, Now free - ly flows!

2. Once his voice in tones of pi - ty, Melt - ed in wo, And he wept o'er Judah's ci - ty, Long time a - go.

3. On his head the dews of midnight Fell, long a - go, Now a crown of dazzling sunlight Sits on his brow.

4. Je - sus died - yet lives forev - er, No more to die - Bleeding Je - sus, Blessed Savior, Now reigns on high!

5. Now in heaven he's inter - ced - ing For dy - ing men, Soon he'll fin - ish all his pleading, And come a - gain.

6
Budding fig-trees tell that summer
Dawns o'er the land,
Signs portend that Jesus' coming,
Is near at hand

7
Children, let your lights be burning,
In hope of heaven,
Waiting for our Lord's returning
At dawn or even.

8
When he comes a voice from heaven
Shall pierce the tomb,
"Come ye blessed of my Father
Children, come home"

p

1. I'm a lone-ly trav'ler here, Wea-ry, op-prest; But my journey's end is near— Soon I shall rest, Dark and dreary is the way, Toil-ing I've come—
 2. I'm a wea-ry trav'ler here, I must go on, For my journey's end is near— I must be gone, Brighter joys than earth can give, Win me a - way;

3. I'm a trav'ler to a land Where all is fair; Where is seen no broken band, Saints, all are there, Where no tear shall ev-er fall, Nor heart be sad;

4. I'm a trav'ler, and I go Where all is fair; Farewell all I've loved below— I must be there, Worldly honors, hopes and gain, All I re - sign;
 5. I'm a trav'ler, call me not— Upward's my way; Yonder is my rest and lot, I can-not stay, Farewell earthly pleasures all, Pil-grim I roam;

COMING HOME. C. M.

1. Ask me not with you to stay, Yon-der's my home.
 2. Pleasures that for - ev - er live, — I can-not stay.

3. Where the glo - ry is for all, And all are glad.

4. Welcome sor - row, grief and pain, If heaven be mine!
 5. Hail me not, in vain you call, Yon-der's my home.

1. The day has come, the joy - ful day, At length the day has come,
 2. How beau - ti - ful on mountains' top, The her - ald's feet ap - pear;

3. The saints of God fresh cour-age take, Are strong in conquering prayer;

4. Pleased with the news, the saints be - low, In songs their tongues em-ploy,

1. When saints and angels joy display, O'er sinners coming home; They're coming home, they're coming home, Behold them coming home, And saints and angels joy display, O'er sinners coming home.

2. While tidings, blessed tidings drop, The broken heart to cheer, They're coming, &c.

3. The hosts of hell with terror shake, While God displays his power, They're coming, &c.

4. Beyond the skies the tidings go, And heaven is filled with joy, They're coming home, &c.

VICTORY. 7s.

1. Children of the heavenly King, As we journey let us sing; }
Sing our Savior's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways. }

Vic-to-ry! victory, When we've gained the victory, Oh how happy we shall be, When we've gained the victory.

2. We are traveling home to God, In the way our fathers trod; }
They are happy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see. }

1. Ye who know your sins for-giv-en, And are hap-py in the Lord, Have you read that gracious promise, Which is left up-on re-cord; I will sprinkle you with water,

2. Tho' you have much peace and comfort, Greater things you yet may find, Freedom from unho-ly tempers, Freedom from the carnal mind, To procure your perfect freedom,

3. Be as ho-ly and as hap-py, And as use-ful here be-low, As it is your Father's pleasure, Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus know, None but holy ones can en-ter

1. I will cleanse you from all sin: Sanc-ti - fy and make you ho - ly, I will dwell and reign within.

2. Je-sus suffered, groaned, and died, On the cross the healing fountain, Gush-ed from his wounded side.

3. To the pure ce-lestial sphere, Let me ask the sol-omn question, Has the Lord a wit-ness here?

HYMN.

- Gently Lord, O gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears,
And O Lord in mercy give us,
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
O refresh us with thy blessing,
O refresh us with thy grace;
May thy mercies, never ceasing,
Fit us for thy dwelling place.
- In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest

1. Thou sweetgliding Kedron, by thy silver stream, The Savior at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray, And lost, in thy mists, the toils of the day.
 2. How damp were the vapors that fell on his head, How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed! The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight, And followed their Master with solemn delight.

3. O gar-den of Olivet, thou dear honored spot, The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot; The theme most transporting to seraphs above, The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.
 4. Come, saints, and adore him, come, bow at his feet: O, give him the glo-ry, the praise that is meet, Let joy-ful ho-san-na un-cens-ing a-rise, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

GLOOM OF AUTUMN. 8 & 7.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| 1 Hail, ye sighing sons of sorrow,
View with me th' autumnal gloom;
Learn from thence your fate, to-morrow
Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb!
See all nature fading, dying,
Silent, all things seem to mourn;
Life from vegetation flying,
Brings to mind the mould'ring urn. | 3 Sorrow now my mind depresses,
Autumn shows me my decay;
Brings to mind my past distresses,
Warns me of a dying day.
Autumn makes me melancholy,
Strikes dejection through my soul,
While I mourn my former folly,
Waves of sorrow o'er me roll. | 5 Former friends, how oft I've sought them,
Just to cheer my drooping mind,
But they're gone like leaves in autumn,
Driven before the dreary wind.
As the annual frosts are cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
So my friends are yearly dropping,
Through old age and dire disease. |
| 2 Oft autumnal tempests rising,
Make the lofty forest nod;
Scenes of nature, how surprising!
Read in nature, nature's God.
See the God, the great Creator,
Lives eternal in the sky,
While we mortals yield to nature,
Bloom awhile, then fade and die. | 4 What to me are autumn's treasures,
Since I know no earthly joy?
Long I've lost all youthful pleasures,
Time must youth and health destroy.
Age and sorrow now have blasted
Every youthful, pleasing dream;
Quivering age with youth contrasted,
Oh how short life's glories seem! | 6 Fast my sun of life's declining,
I must sleep in death's dark night;
But my hope, pure and refining,
Rests in future life and light.
When a few more years I've wasted,
When a few more springs are o'er,
When a few more griefs I've tasted,
I shall live to die no more. |

GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Eph. 4-30

IRISH AIR.

POETRY COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Andante.

1. At life's ear - ly morn, When my Bi - ble was dear, A voice from its pa - ges Oft breathed o'er my ear,—"Oh grieve not the Spir - it!

2. Of my mother I asked, As I knelt at her knee To say my sweet prayer, *What was whispering to me?* She answered, "The Spirit!

3. When I mus'd all alone, And gray twi-light was nigh, While the bright streams of childhood Went mur-mur-ing by, A voice warn'd me heavenward!

1. Oh grieve not the Spir - it! Oh grieve not His love."

2. The blest, Ho - ly Spir - it! Oh grieve not His love."

3. The Voice of the Spir - it, The Spir - it of love.

- 4
Then youth, with its snares
Did my footsteps entwine,
And I hardened my heart
To that impulse divine—
"Repent!" cried the Spirit, the witnessing Spirit, For I slighted the Spirit—the long waiting Spirit,
The Spirit of love.
- 5
But years fled apace,
And with sin I grew wild,
For the world and its tempters
My conscience defiled—
So I slighted the Spirit, the pitying Spirit
The Spirit of love.
- 6
And now I am old,
My temples are hoar
And I feel the warm breath
Of His impulse no more,
I mocked at His love.
- 7
Alas! I must die,
And I fear to depart.
Forsaken by Him
Who converteth the heart!
Oh! grieve not the Spirit—the life-giving Spirit
The Spirit of love.

Andante.

1. Oh no, we cannot sing the song, Made for Jehovah's praise ;
Our sorrowing harps refuse their strings, To Zion's glad some strains ; They bid us lie in mournful mood And dry these tears so sad ; But Judah's hearths are desolate, And how can we be glad ?

2. Silent our harps o'er Babel's streams Are hung on willows wet ;
And Zion we no more shall see ; But we can ne'er for - get. Jerusalem, thy banished ones, Prove anguish and regret ; But heaven's own curse shall rest on them, If thee they e'er forget.

HOPE.

"My soul, hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him."—[DAVID.]

- 1 O thou who driest the mourner's tear
How dark this world would be,
If, pierced by sins and sorrow here,
We could not fly to thee!
- 2 The friends, who in our sunshine live
When winter comes, are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
- 3 Oh ! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above ?
- 4 Then sorrow touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day

KEYES. C. M.

ALTO.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

2. Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease ; While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?

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

4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign ; Increase my courage, Lord ; I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Support - ed by thy word.

5. Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer, tho' they die ; They see the triumph from afar, By faith they bring it nigh.

6. When that illustrious day shall rise, And all thy armies shine In robes of victory thro' the skies The glo - ry shall be thine.

TENOR.

Ecc.

D. C.

1. Tossed up - on life's rag - ing bil - low, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know ;
 Thou didst press a sai - lor's pil - low, And canst feel a sai - lor's wo. } Nev - er slumbering, nev - er sleep - ing, Tho' the night be dark and drear,
 Thou the faith - ful watch art keep - ing, " All, all's well," thy con - stant cheer.
2. And tho' loud the wind is howl - ing, Fierce tho' flash the lightnings red ;
 Dark - ly tho' the storm cloud's lowering, O'er the sai - lor's anx - ious head ; } Thou canst calm the rag - ing o - cean, All its noise and tu - mult still,
 Hush the tem - pest's wild com - mo - tion, At the bid - ding of thy will.
3. Thus my heart the hope will cher - ish, While to thee I lift mine eye ;
 Thou wilt save me ere I per - ish, Thou wilt hear the sai - lor's cry. } And tho' mast and sail be riv - en, Life's short voy - age will soon be o'er ;
 Safe - ly moored in heaven's wide ha - ven, Storm and tem - pest vex no more.

HE HATH DONE ALL THINGS WELL. L. M.

1. Now in a song of grateful praise, To my dear Lord, my voice I'll raise, With all the saints I'll join to tell My Je - sus hath done all things well.
 2. All worlds his glorious power con - fess, His wis - dom all his works express ; But O his love what tongue can tell ! My Je - sus hath done all things well.
3. I spurned his grace—I broke his laws, And yet he un - der - took my cause, To save my sin - ful soul from hell ; My Je - sus hath done all things well.
 4. Tho' oft my Lord his face doth hide To make me pray, or kill my pride, Yet on my mind it still doth dwell, My Je - sus will do all things well.
5. Soon I shall pass the vale of death, And in his arms re - sign my breath : O then, my hap - py soul shall tell, My Je - sus hath done all things well.
 6. And when to that bright world I rise, And join sweet seraphs in the skies, A - bove the rest this note shall swell, My Je - sus hath done all things well.

TENOR.

1. 'Twas thus by the glare of false science betrayed, That leads, to bewilder ; and dazzles to blind ; My tho'ts wont to roam from shade on ward to shade. Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

2. And darkness and doubt are now flying away, No longer I roam in conjecture for-lorn : So breaks on the traveller, faint and a-stray, The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.

1. O pity, great Father of light, then I cried, Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee ! Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride ; From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free

2. See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descend. And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom ! On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses will blend And beauty immortal awake from the tomo !

THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION. 88. (PECULIAR.)

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves are for voices (Soprano and Alto), and the last two are for piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score begins with a series of rests for the vocal parts, followed by a chorus entry marked 'Chorus. f' and 'Ritard.' at the end. The lyrics are printed below the piano part.

Chorus. *f* *Ritard.*

1. Hear the royal proclamation, The glad tidings of salvation, Publishing to ev'ry creature, To the dying sons of nature. Jema reigns! he reigns victorious! Over heaven and earth most glorious! Je - ase reigns.

ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

2
See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Savior. CHORUS.

3
Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing;
Here is life and free salvation
Offered to the whole creation!

4
Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
Come, and purchase without money;
Mercy like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain!

5
For this love let rocks and mountains
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightnings' blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.

6
Now our hearts have caught new fire,
Brethren, raise your voices higher;
Shout with joyful acclamation,
To the Prince of our salvation.

7
Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchased our redemption;
Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory.

BOWER OF PRAYER.

4
How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed with the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine;
But sweeter, O sweeter, superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

5
For Jesus my Savior oft deigned to meet,
And bless with his presence my humble retreat;
Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there
Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer.

6
Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu
And pay my devotions in parts that are new;
Well knowing my Savior resides everywhere.
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

1. Come sinners to the gospel feast, Let every soul be Jesus' guest : Ye need not one be left behind, For God hath bidden all mankind.

Thro' grace, free grace, Thro' grace, free grace, To all the Jew and Gentile race.

2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in-vi-ta-tion is to all: Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou! All things in Christ are ready now.

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves are for the first voice, and the last two are for the second voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with a clear melody and accompaniment.

THE BOWER OF PRAYER. 11s.

1. To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part, And go from my home affects not my heart, Like the thought of absenting myself for a day, From that blest retreat where I've chosen to pray,—where I've chosen to pray.

2. Dear bower, where the pine and the poplar have spread, And woven their branches a roof o'er my head; How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there, And poured out my soul to my Savior in prayer,—to my, &c.

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

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves are for the first voice, and the last two are for the second voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with a clear melody and accompaniment.

Remainder of the hymn on opposite page

Slow

1. Mother! I'm dy-ing now! There's a deep suf-f-o-cation in my breast, As if some hea-vy hand my bosom pressed, And on my brow,
2. I feel the cold sweat stand, My lips grow dry and tremu-lous, my breath Comes fee-bly up—O tell me, is this death? Moth-er, your hand—

3. Here; lay it on my wrist, And place the oth-er thus beneath my head, And say, sweet mother, say when I am dead, Shall I be missed?

4. Oh, at the time of prayer, When you look round and see my vacant seat, You will not wait then for my com-ing feet— You'll miss me there.

DYING BOY

5
Never, beside your knee,
Shall I, again, kneel down at night to pray,
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught to me.

6
Father! I'm going home
To that good home you spoke of, that blest land
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do not come.

7
I must be happy there—
From pain and death you say I shall be free—
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again!

8
Brother, the little spot
I used to call my garden, where, long hours,
We've stayed to watch the budding things and flowers,
Forget it not

9
Plant there some Box or Pine,
Something that lives in winter, and shall be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine

10
Sister, the young rose tree
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee.

11
And when its roses bloom,
I shall be gone away—my short life done!
But will you not bestow a single rose
Upon my tomb?

12
Now Mother, sing the tune
You sang last night—I'm weary and must sleep—
Who was it called my name! nay, do not weep,
You'll all come soon.

SAINTS' SWEET-HOME.

4
Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
The Savior invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home.

5
Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.

6
The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence, forever at home.

7
Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,
The saints will unite to be parted no more;
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with their Savior forever at home.

Andante.

1. 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is com-munion with saints; To find at the banquet of mer-cy there's room,

2. An al-ien from God, and a stran-ger to grace, I wandered thro' earth, its gay pleasures to trace, In the path-way of sin I continued to roam,

3. The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade a-way, They bloom for a sea-son, but soon they de-cay, But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are giv-en,

2d Ending.

1. And feel in the pres-ence of Je-sus at home.

2. Un-mind-ful, a-las! that it led me from home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Pre-pare me, dear Savior, for heaven, my home.

3. Sal-va-tion on earth, and a mansion in heaven.

* Re-ceive me dear Sa-vior, to glo-ry, my home.

* To be sung only at the end of the hymn.—See opposite page

1. 'Tis the last sun that ever Will rise on my sight! For my earthly existence Will fade with its light, Life's sands will be numbered Ere twilight shall fall,

2. 'Twas the last faithful warning, That fell on my ear, 'Twas the last gospel sermon I ever should hear, That last prayer so earnest Was offered in vain,

1. And Night's dreary mantle Spread o'er me a pall.

2. There remains to me, only, The "wages of sin."

1
 'Tis the last blooming summer
 These eyes may behold,
 Long, long ere another,
 This heart may be cold!
 But time's golden moments
 My sins have beguiled,
 And I grieve that so shortly
 This pulse must be stilled.

2
 On a death bed of sorrow
 Dark hours roll by,
 Forsaken of Heaven
 Ah, who dares to die!
 The turf will press sadly
 Upon my lone grave,
 For, alas! I have spurned Him
 Who only can save.

HE RESTORETH MY SOUL.

3
 I love the Lord, he heard my cries,
 And pitied every groan,
 Long as I live when troubles rise,
 I'll hasten to his throne

4
 My God hath saved my soul from death
 And dried my falling tears,
 Now to his praise I'll spend my breath
 And my remaining years

Ent.

D. C.

1. My God the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights, } In darkest shades, if he appear, My dawning is be-gun, He is my soul's bright morning star, And he my rising sun.
The glo-ry of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights. }

In darkest shades, &c.

2. The Lord beheld me sore distressed, He bade my pains remove, } The gates of the devouring grave, Are opened wide in vain, If he that holds the keys of death, Commands them fast again.
Re-turn my soul to God thy rest, For thou hast known his love, }

The gates, &c.

WEEP NOT FOR ME. 8 & 4.

*p**pp*

1. When the spark of life is waning, Weep not for me, When the languid eye is streaming, Weep not for me; When the feeble pulse is ceasing, Start not at its swift decreasing, 'Tis the fettered
[soul's releasing, Weep not for me.

2. When the pangs of death assail me, Weep not for me; Christ is mine, he cannot fail me, Weep not for me: Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor, From his love my soul to sever, Jesus is my
[strength forever; Weep not for me.

1. Joyfully, joyfully onward I move, Bound for the land of bright spirits above,
 Angelic choristers, sing as I come, 'Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, haste to thy home.' } Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below, Home to the land of bright spirits I go, Pilgrim and

2. Friends fondly cherished have passed on before, Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore; }
 Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom, 'Joyfully, joy-ful-ly haste to thy home.' } Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear; Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear! Rings with the

1. stranger no more shall I roam, Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

2. harmony heaven's high home, "Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."

3
 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
 Strike, King of terrors, I fear not the blow;
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb:
 Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
 Joyfully then, shall I witness his doom;
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

THE CHRISTIAN VICTOR.*

1 Happy the spirit released from its clay;
 Happy the soul that goes bounding away;
 Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,
 "Victory! victory! homeward I rise."
 Many the toils it has passed through below,
 Many the seasons of trial and wo;
 Many the doubtings it never should sing,
 Victory! victory! thus on the wing.

* Select Melodies.

2
 There lies the wearisome body at rest;
 Closed are its eyelids, and quiet its breast;
 But the glad spirit, on pinions of light,
 "Victory! victory!" sings in its flight.
 While we are weeping our friends gone from
 earth,
 Angels are singing their heavenly birth:
 "Welcome, oh welcome to our happy shore;
 Victory! victory! weep ye no more."
 3 [home,
 How can we wish them recalled from their
 Longer in sorrowing exile to roam? [neath,
 Safely they passed from their troubles he-
 Victory! victory! shouting in death,
 Thus let them slumber, till Christ from the skies,
 Bids them in glorified bodies arise;
 Singing as upward they spring from the tomb.
 "Victory! victory! Jesus hath come!"

End.

1. How painfully pleasing the fond recollection, Of youthful emotions and in-ocent joy,
When blest with parental advice and affection, Surrounded with mercies, and peace from on high. } I still view the chair of my sire and my mother, The seats of their offspring arranged on each hand

Cho. The old fashinnd Bible, the dear blessed Bible, The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

Ritard. D. C.

And that blessed book which ex-cels eve-ry oth-er, The fun-i-ly Bi-bble, that lay on the stand.

2
That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight,
The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day, and safety through night.
Our hymns of devotion in harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.

3
Ye scenes of tranquility long have we parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more,
In sorrow and sadness I roam broken hearted,
And wander alone on a far distant shore;
Yet how can I doubt a dear Savior's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand;
Oh! let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand,
The old fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

AMAZING GRACE. C. M.

1. AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me! } 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved; How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed.
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

2 Through many dan-gers, toils and snares, I have abren-dly come, } The Lord hath promised good to me, His word my hope secures; He will my shield and portioo be, As long as life en-dures.
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

3 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease: } This earth will soon dissolve like snow, The sun forbear to shine; But God, who called me here below, Will be for-ev-er mine.
I shall possess with-in the veil, A life of joy and peace.

REMEMBER ME. C. M.

Key of G.

Chorus.

1

2d ending.

I own I'm base, I own I'm vile, But mercy's all my plea.

Alas and did my Savior bleed And did my Sovereign die, Would he devote that sacred head, For such a worm as I, Remember, Lord, thy dying groans, Remember Calvary!

Remember Lord, thy dying groans, (- Omit - -) And then remember me!

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie. O the transporting rapturous scene,

2. There gen'rous fruits that never fail On trees im-mor-tal grow: There rocks, and hills, and brooks and vale, With milk and honey flow. All o'er those wide extended plains

3. No chilling winds or pois'ous breath Can reach that healthful shore; Sick-ness and sorrow, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more. When shall I reach that happy place,

2d Ending.

1. That ris-es to my sight! Sweet fields arrayed in living green, And riv-ers of de-light!

2. Shines one e-ter-nal day; There God the Son for - ev-er reigns, And scatters night away.

3. And be for ev-er blest! When shall I see my Father's face, And in his bosom rest?

7

Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay!
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

8

There on those high and flowery plains
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But, in perpetual joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire

Slow.

Spirit! spirit! spirit, thy la-bor is o'er, Thy term of probation is run, Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore, And the race of immortals begun.

THE DEATH OF MOZART.

History informs us that Wolfgang Mozart, the great German composer, died at Vienna in 1791.—There is something strikingly beautiful and touching in the circumstances of his death. His sweetest song was the last he sung, the "REQUIEM." He had been employed on this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with inspiration of richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it his last touch, and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time as his cyenian strain, he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the light footsteps of his daughter Emelie, awoke him. "Come hither, Emelie," said he, "my task is done; the Requiem—my Requiem—is finished!" "Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him as tears stood in her eyes. "You must be better—you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it. I am sure we will nurse you well again. Let me bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father; this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid in this my dying hour. You spoke of refreshment, my Emelie; take these my last notes; sit down to my piano

here—sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother; let me once more hear those tones which have been my solace and delight." Emelie obeyed, and with tenderest emotion sang the following stanzas:

- 1 Spirit, thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.
- 2 Spirit! look not on the strife,
Or the pleasures of earth with regret,
Nor pause on the threshold of immortal life,
To mourn for the day that is set.
- 3 Spirit! no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest;
There the weary like thee—there the mourners shall find
A Heaven, a mansion of rest!

As she concluded, says an account before us, she dwelt for a moment on the low notes of the piece, and then turning from the instrument, looked in vain for the approving smile of her father. It was the still, passionless smile which the wrapt and joyful spirit had left, with the seal of death upon those features.

THE BURIAL OF MRS. JUDSON. (AT ST. HELENA, SEPT. 1845.)

Poetry by H. S. WASHBURN Esq.
Music by L. HEATH.

301

Affettuoso.

1. Mournful-ly, ten-der-ly, bear on the dead, Where the warrior has lain, Let the Christian be laid; No place more befitting—O Rock of the sea

2. Mournfuly, ten-der-ly, Solemn and slow, Tears are be-dew - ing The path as ye go; Kindred and strangers, Are mourners to day,

3. Mournfully, ten-der-ly, Gaze on that brow, Beau - ti - ful is it In qui - e-tude now: One look! and then settle The loved to her rest,

1. Never such treasure Was hidden in thee, Nev-er such treasure Was hidden in thee.

2. Gently, so gently, O! bear her a-way, Gent-ly, so gently, O! bear her a - way.

3. The ocean beneath her, The turf on her breast, The ocean beneath her, The turf on her breast.

4

So have ye buried her—
Up! and depart,
To life and to duty
With undismayed heart:
Fear not—for the love
Of the stranger will keep,
The casket that lies
In the Rock of the deep.

5

Peace! to thy bosom,
Thou servant of God!
The vale thou art treading,
Before, thou hast trod:
Precious dust thou hast laid
By the Hopia tree,
And treasure as precious
In the Rock of the sea!

Moderato.

1. A - way from his home and the friends of his youth, He hast-ed, the herald of mer-cy and truth; For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost;

2. The stranger's eye wept, that in life's brightest bloom, One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb: For in ar - dor he led in the van of the host,

3. He wept not himself that his warfare was done: The battle was fought, and the victory won; But he whispered of those whom his heart loved the most,

Soon, a - las! was his fall, but he died at his post, Soon, a-las! was his fall, but he died at his post.

And he fell like a soldier, he died at his post—And he fell like a soldier, he died at his post.

"Tell my brethren for me, that I died at my post, Tell my brethren for me, that I died at my post."

4

He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse;
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse;
But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5

Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
He has passed o'er the sea, he has reached the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

6

And can we the words of our brother forget?
Oh, no! they are fresh in our memory yet:
An example so sacred shall never be lost,
We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

Moderato.

1. There's not a star whose twinkling light, Shines on the distant earth, And cheers the silent gloom of night, But goodness gave it birth. There's not a cloud whose dews distil

2. There's not a place in earth's vast round, In ocean's deep, or air, Where skill and wisdom are not found, For God is every - where. A - round, beneath, be - low, above,

Up - on the parching clod, And clothe with verdure vale and hill, That is not sent by God.

Wher - ev - er space ex - tends, 'There God displays his boundless love, And power with mercy blends.

HYMN.

1

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

2

"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee"

3

"Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine
And crown my journey's end."

End.

1 Oft in the stilly night, Ere slumber's chain hath bound me, Fond memory brings the light Of other days around me. The joys, the tears, of early years, The vows to Heaven then spoken, Thus, in the stilly night, Ere slumber's chain hath bound me, Sad memory brings the light Of other days around me.

2 While I re-member all The friends so linked to-gether, I've seen around me fall By sin's subdu-ing power, I feel like one, now left alone; My Savior I de-parted; Thus in the stilly night Ere slumber's chain hath bound me, Sad memory brings the light Of other days around me.

D. C.

Those youthful hopes now dimmed and gone. Those sacred vows now broken.

My hopes are fled, my comforts dead, And Mercy hath de-part-ed.

O COME, COME AWAY. 12, 5, 8. S. S. Har.

1. O come, come a-way! the Sabbath morn is pass-ing, Let's
 2. My comrades in-vite to join their hap-py number, And
 3. While oth-ers may seek for vain and fool-ish pleasures, The
 4. 'Tis there I may learn the ways of heavenly wisdom, To
 5. I there hear the voice in heavenly accents speaking, "Let
 6. With joy I ac-cept the gracious in-vi-ta-tion, My

1. hasten to the Sabbath school; O come, come away! The Sabbath bells are ringing clear, Their joyous peals salute my ear, I love their voice to hear, O come, come away!
 2. gladly will I meet them there; O come, come away! 'Tis there we meet to sing and pray, To read God's word on his glad day, Then joyful haste away, O come, come away!

3. Sabbath school shall be my choice; O come, come away! How dear to hear the plaintive strain From youthful voices rise again, With sweetest tones again,—O come, come away!
 4. guide my steps to joys on high; O come, come away! The flow'ry paths of peace to tread, Where rays of heavenly bliss are shed, My wand'ring steps to lead, O come, come away!

5. little children come to me: O come, come away! Forbid them not their hearts to give, Let them on me in youth believe, And I will them receive.—O come, come away!
 6. heart exults with rapt'rous hope; O come, come away! My deathless spirit when I die, Shall on the wings of an-gels fly, To mansions in the sky,—O come, come away!

TELL ME, WANDERER. 8s & 7s.

Eud. D. C.

Tell me, wanderer, wildly roving, From the path that leads to peace,
 Pleasure's false enchantment loving, When will thy de-lu-sion cease? Once, like thee, by joys sur-round-ed, I could kneel at pleasure's shrine;
 Then my brightest hopes were bounded, By de-lights as false as thine.

But those visions scarce had blest me, When that fleeting day was o'er;
 Then the world, that had caressed me, Charmed me with its smiles no more. Such is pleasure's transient sto-ry; Last-ing hap-pi-ness is known,
 On-ly in the path to glo-ry, In the Savior's love a-lone.

1 The vernal flowers their beauties spread, Delightful to the eye; But quick-ly all their hues are fled, They wither, droop, and die, Emblem of beauteous childhood's bloom, Em-

2 Why should we mourn these fading flowers, From this low vale removed, To bloom afresh in angel's bowers, By them and Christ-beloved? Thus severed from their parent stem, Our

blem of its de-cay; Swift-ly they leave us for the tomb, With-er and pass a-way.

bles go on be-fore; That our fond hearts may fol-low them, To that im-mor-tal shore.

HYMN.

NEWTON.

- 1 Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.
- 2 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.
- 3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?
- 4 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst
I cannot doubt thy will;
For, if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still

1. While life pro-longs its precious light, Mer-cy is found, and peace is given; But soon, ah, soon, approaching night Shall blot out eve - ry hope of heaven.

2. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing, Shall death command you to the grave, Before his bar your spirits bring, And none be found to hear or save.

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody for the first verse begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment starts with a quarter note G3, followed by eighth notes A3, B3, and C4.

1. While God in-vites, how blest the day! How sweet the gospel's charming sound! Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away, While yet a pardoning God is found.

2. In that lone land of deep des-pair, No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise, No God re - gard your bit-ter prayer, No Savior call you to the skies.

This section continues the musical score. The vocal melody for the first verse begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment starts with a quarter note G3, followed by eighth notes A3, B3, and C4. The second verse begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5.

1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will unbidden start; With falt'ring lip and throbbing brow, I press it to my heart; For many generations passed,

2. Ah! well do I remember those Whose names these records bear; Who round the hearth-stone used to close, After the evening prayer, And speak of what these pages said,

1. Here is our family tree; My mother's hands this Bible clasped; She, dying, gave it me.

2. In tones my heart would thrill! Tho' they are with the silent dead, Here are they living still.

3
My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear—
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear.
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met,
Within the walls of home.

4
Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false I've found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give,
That could this volume buy—
In teaching me the way to live,
It learned me how to die.

1. From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat—"Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat, 'Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat.

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads; A place, of all on earth most sweet— It is the blood-bought Mercy-seat, It is the blood-bought Mercy-seat.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common Mercy-seat, Around one common Mercy-seat.

4. There, there, on eagle-wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more, And heaven comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the Mercy-seat, And glory crowns the Mercy-seat.

COMING TO CHRIST. 8 & 5.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!

3. Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come!

4. Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come!

3. Just as I am, thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Be - cause thy promise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come!

6. Just as I am—thy love unknown Has bro - ken every barrier down, Now to be thine, yea, thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come!

1. O Zi-on, af- flicted with wave upon wave, Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save; With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed, In

2. 'O fearful! O faithless!' in mercy he cries, 'My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes? Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand, Thro'

3. 'I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans, For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones; In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain— Yet

1. toiling and rowing, thy strength is decayed. Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm, But skillful 's the Pilot who sits at the helm; His wisdom conducts thee, his

2. tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land. Forget thee I will not—I cannot; thy name Engraved on my heart doth forever re - main; The palms of my hands, while I

3. all are most needful, not one is in vain. Then trust me and fear not; thy life is secure, My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power; In love I cor-rect thee, thy

1. power thee defends; In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends, His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends: In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

2. look on, I see The wounds I received when suff'ring for thee, The palms of my hands, while I look on, I see The wounds I received when suff'ring for thee.'

3. soul to re - fine, To make thee at length in my likeness to shine. In love I cor-rect thee, thy soul to re - fine, To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.'

NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS. L. M.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mortal man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2. Ashamed of Je - sus, sooner far, Let evening blush to own a star: He sheds the beams of light di-vine O'er this be - nighted soul of mine.

3. Ashamed of Je - sus, that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend! No, when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.

4. Ashamed of Je - sus! yes I may, When I've no sins to wash a - way; No tears to wipe, no joys to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save!

5. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—Till then, I boast a Savior slain! And O, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not ashamed of me.

1. Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, dear friends, I must be gone, I have no home or stay with you; I'll take my staff and travel on, Till I a better world do view.

2. Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, my friends, time rolls along, Nor waits for mortal's care or bliss: I leave you here and travel on, Till we arrive where Jesus is.

3. Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, old soldiers of the cross, You've struggled hard and long for heaven; You've counted all things here but loss, Fight on, the crown will soon.

4. Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, ye youth, be bold, be strong, And firm the hallowed cross sustain; In Jesus' service, earthly loss, Will but increase your heavenly gain.

5. Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, poor careless sinners, too, It grieves my heart to leave you here, Eternal vengeance waits for you; O turn, and find salvation near.

6. Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, my friends we soon shall rise, And join the angelic host on high; I gaze on heaven with wishful eyes, And long with angel-wings to fly.

I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, Where troubles come no more, Farewell, farewell, farewell my loving friends, farewell.

Andantino.

1. The pearl that worldlings covet, Is not the pearl for me, Its beau-ty fades as quickly, As sunshine on the sea; But there's a pearl sought

2. The crown that decks the monarch, Is not the crown for me, It dazzles 'but a moment, Its brightness soon will flee; But there's a crown pre-

3. The road that ma-ny trav-el, Is not the road for me; It leads to death and sor-row, In it I would not be. - But there's a road that

4. The hope that sin-ners cherish, Is not the hope for me; Most sure-ly will they per-ish, Un-less from sin made free. But there's a hope which

by the wise, 'Tis called "the pearl of greatest price;" Tho' few its value see, - O, that's the pearl for me, O, that's the pearl for me, O, that's the pearl for me.

pared above, For all who walk in humble love, For - ev - er bright 'twill be, O, that's the crown for me, O, that's the crown for me, O, that's the crown for me.

leads to God, 'Tis marked by Christ's most precious blood, The way for all is free, O, that's the road for me, O, that's the road for me, O, that's the road for me.

rests in God, And leads the soul to keep his word, And sinful pleasures fly, O, that's the hope for me, O, that's the hope for me, O, that's the hope for me.

Andante.

1. Happy soul, thy days are ended, All thy mourning days be-low; Go, by an-gel guards attended, To the sight of Je - sus go, Waiting to receive thy spirit,

2. Struggle thro' thy latest pas-sion, To thy dear Redeemer's breast; To his ut - ter-most sal-va-tion, To his ev - er-last - ing rest. For the joy he sets before thee,

Lo! the Savior stands a-bove! Shows the purchase of his mer-it, Reaches out the crown of love

Bear a mo-men - ta - ry pain: Die to live a life of gio - ry! Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

HYMN.

- 1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.
- 2 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more fully know.

1. It is not that my lot is low, That bids the silent tear to flow :
It is not grief that bids me moan : It is—that I am all alone. } All alone, all alone. It is that I am all alone.

2 In woods and glens I love to roam, When the tired hedger hies him home, } [on its breast.
Or, by the woodland pool to rest, When pale the star looks on its breast. } On its breast, on its breast; When pale the star looks

3. Yet when the silent evening sighs, With hallowed airs and symphonies, }
My spirit takes another tone, And sighs that it is all alone. } All alone, all alone, And sighs that it is all alone.

4
The autumn leaf is sear and dead :
It floats upon the water's bed :—
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh.

5
The woods and winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale :—
I've none to smile when I am free,
And, when I sigh, to sigh with me.

6
Yet in my dreams, a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too :
I start;—and when the vision's flown,
I weep, that I am all alone.

CONTRITION. C. M.

1. O tell me where the dove has flown, To build her downy nest, And I will rove this world all o'er, To win her to my breast, To win her to my breast
2. I sought her in the grove of love, I knew her tender heart ! But she had flown ; the pensive Dove Had felt the traitor's dart ; Had felt the traitor's dart.

3. I sought her on the flowery lawn, Where pleasure holds her train ; But fan-cy flies from flower to flower, So there I sought in vain, So there I sought in vain.
4. Up - on am-bi-tion's crag-gy hill, This pensive bird might stray. I sought her there ; but vain-ly still, She never flew that way, She never flew that way.

5. Faith smiled and shed a silent tear, To see me search a - round ; Then whispered, " I will tell thee where The dove may yet be found, The dove may yet be found."
6. " By meek Religion's humble cot. She builds her downy nest : O seek that sweet secluded spot, And win her to thy breast, And win her to thy breast."

1. With a witness within, and a record on high, Say why should the chosen of God fear to die— Why tremble and pause at the portal which opens To the scene of their joys and the
To the laboring man, when his task is nigh done: How welcome the sight of the fast-setting sun: When the burden and heat of his toiling are o'er, How glad is the greeting that

3. How sweet is repose to the weary and worn; How bright to the watcher the waking of morn; How grateful is peace to the spirit distressed, The moment of joy to the

4. 'Tis thus with the Christian when death comes apace: There is hope in his heart, and a smile on his face; There's a heavenly calm, and a rapture sublime, As a child of eternity's
5. To the laborer for God, 'tis the sunset of life, The end of its trials, its toil, and its strife— When done with his labors, he enters his rest, The place where the faithful fore-

1. home of their hopes? To the scene of their joys and the home of their hopes?
2. waits at his door, How glad is the greeting that waits at his door.

3. war-riven breast! The moment of joy to the war-riven breast.

4. parting with time, As a child of e - ter - nity's parting with time.
5. ev - er are blest, The place where the faithful for - ever are blest.

6

To the servant who, watching, doth wait for his Lord,
'Tis the pious, "Well done!" the welcoming word!
The passport to glory, sent down from the sky,
The signal that saith, "Thy redemption is nigh!"

7

Yea, blessed are they, who by conquering grace,
Have fought a good fight and have finished their race,
And, who, when the time of departure is near,
Have found that in faith there is triumph o'er fear.

8

O Lord! when thy servant shall enter the vale
Of the shadow of death, may his courage not fail—
Having Christ formed within, and his prize full in view,
May thy rod and thy staff guide him happily through.

BURST YE EMERALD GATES.

3

Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station:
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation:
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry, in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy, holy, holy One!

4

Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we to the holy lays—
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue
Sweetest carol ever sung:
Jesus! Jesus! flow along

End. D. C.

1. Afflictions tho' they seem se-vere, In mercy oft are sent, They stopped the prodigal's career, And caused him to repeat. I'll die no more for bread, I'll die no more for bread he cried, Nor starve in foreign lands; My Father's house has large supplies, And bounteous are his hands.

2. What have I gained by sin he said, But hunger, shame and fear? My Father's house abounds with bread While I am starving here.

3. I'll go and tell him all I've done, Fall down before his face, Un-wor-thy to be called his son, I'll seek a servant's place. I'll die no more for bread,

4. His Father saw him com-ing back, He saw, and ran, and smiled, And threw his arms around the neck Of his rebellious child.

5. 'Father, I've sinned, but O for-give! Enough! the Father said: Rejoice, my house, my son's alive For whom I mourned as dead.

6. Now let the fat-ted calf be slain, And spread the news around: My son was dead, and lives again, Was lost, but now is found.

7. 'Tis thus the Lord his love re-veals, To call poor sinners home, More than a Father's love he feels, And welcomes all that come.

BURST YE EMERALD GATES.

7s. & 6s.

1. Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring To my raptured vision, All the ecstatic joys that spring, Round the bright Elysium! Lo! we lift our longing eyes: Break, ye intervening skies, Sons of righteousness, arise! Ope the gates of paradise.

2. Floods of ev-er-lasting light Freely flash before him: Myriads, with supreme delight, lustantly a-dore him; Angel trumps resound his fame: Lutes of lucid gold proclaim, All the music of his name. Heaven echoing the theme.

1. Farewell, Mother!—tears are streaming Down thy pale and ten-der cheek,— I in gems of glo-ry beam-ing, Scarce a *sad* fare-well can speak

2. Farewell, Father!—thou art yearning O'er thy cherished one laid low; Surely thou would'st not re-call me To in-ferior joys be-low.

3. Farewell, Sister!—didst thou li-ger Round me still, as when I slept? Didst thou wait one kind-ly greet-ing Ere I passed be-yond thy sight?

4. Farewell, Brother!—thou wilt miss me From our broken household band, Yet a lit-tle, I shall greet thee In the bright, the "Better Land!"

1. Farewell, Mother:— Do not grieve thee; Heavenly bliss my spir-it thrills; Trust in Him whose love hath saved me—Dearest Mother—fare thee well.

2. Farewell, Father:— Thou didst bless me Ere my lips thy name could tell; Now in heaven I yearn to bless *thee*— Father, Guardian—fare thee well.

3. Farewell, Sister:— cease thy grieving, Bow to thy Dread Sovereign's will; Sadly thou a-lone art weeping— Sis-ter, dear, I love thee still!

4. Softly now on earth I'll watch thee, All thy steps, I'll guard them well— Father, Mother, Sis-ter, Brother, All beloved ones, Fare ye well!

1. Morning breaks upon the tomb, Jesus scatters all its gloom; Day of triumph thro' the skies See the glo-rious Savior rise.

Chorus. Christians dry your flowing tears,
Chase those unbelieving fears; Look on his deserted grave; Doubt no more his power to save

2. Ye who are of death afraid, Triumph in the scattered shade: Drive your anxious cares away; See the place where Jesus lay.

THE BEATITUDES. L. M.

1. Blest are the humble souls who see Their emptiness and poverty; Treasures of grace to them are given, And crowns of joy laid up in heaven, And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2. Blest are the men of broken heart, Who mourn for sin with inward smart; The blood of Christ divinely flows, A healing balm for all their woes, A healing balm for all their woes.

3. Blest are the meek, who stand afar, From rage and passion, noise and war; God will secure their happy state, And plead their cause against the great, And plead their cause against the great.

4. Blest are the souls who thirst for grace, Hunger and long for righteousness; They shall be well supplied and fed With living streams and living bread, With living streams, and living bread.

5. Blest are the men whose bowels move And melt with sympathy and love; From Christ the Lord shall they obtain Like sympathy and love a - gain. Like sympathy and love again.

6. Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean From the defiling power of sin; With endless pleasure they shall see A God of spotless pu - ri - ty, A God of spotless pu - ri - ty.

7. Blest are the men of peaceful life, Who quench the coals of growing strife; They shall be called the heirs of bliss, The sons of God, the God of peace, The sons of God, the God of peace.

8. Blest are the sufferers who partake Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake; Their souls shall triumph in the Lord, Glo - ry and joy are their reward, Glo - ry and joy are their reward.

1. It was not sleep that bound my sight, Up - on that well-remembered night; It was not fancy's fit - ful power Beguile me in that solemn hour.

2. Be - fore my wandering eyes there stood A vast, a countless mul - ti - tude; The hoary sire, the prattling child, The mother and the maiden mild,

3. Still o'er the crowded scene I gazed: Against the lu - rid eastern sky I saw the shameful CROSS upraised; I saw the sufferer doomed to die.

4. Then softly from that gathering throng A - rose the sound of solemn song; And while I caught the swelling lay, The myriad voi - ces seemed to say—

5. I woke;—thou wast not by my side, I heard a loud ex - ult - ing cry: I heard the scornful priests deride, The elders murmur 'Cru - ci - fy!'

6. Our scenes of ear - ly love are past; Our youthful spring is withered all; A - far from Rome our lot is east, Beneath the sun - ny skies of Gaul;*

1. But o'er the vision of my soul The mys - tic future seemed to roll; And in the deep prophetic trance, Revealed its treasures to my glance.

2. The gladsome youth, and man of care—All tribes, all a - ges, mingled there; And all, where'er I turned to see, In humble silence bent the knee.

3. 'Twas He whom late with sorrowing mien, In Zi - on's streets I oft had seen; And now, in blood and ag - o - ny, He turned a dy - ing look on me.

4. And we be - lieve in him that died, By PONTIUS PILATE crucified—That He shall come, when time is fled, To judge the liv - ing and the dead!

5. O PILATE! ha!st thou marked my prayer, That guiltless blood to shield and spare, That deed of horror would not be A stain to thine—a curse to thee!

6. The thoughts that memory treasures yet Of oth - er days, be - gin to flee; But nev - er shall my heart for - get The CRUCIFIED OF GALILEE!

* Pontius Pilate died in exile at Viconia, a small town near Lyons, in France.

THE
AMERICAN VOCALIST.

PART III.

CANAAN. L. M.

1. Together let us sweetly live, I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
Together let us sweetly die, I am bound for the land of Canaan ;

O Canaan, bright Canaan, I am bound for the land of Canaan ; O Canaan, it is my happy home, I am bound for the land of Canaan.

2. The way the holy prophets went, I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
The road that leads from banishment, I am bound for the land of Canaan.

1. The Lord in - to his gar-den comes; The spices yield a rich perfume, The lil-ies grow and thrive; The lil-ies grow and thrive: Re - fresh-ing show-ers of

2. O that this dry and bar-ren ground In springs of wa-ter may a-bound, A fruit-ful soil be - come! A fruit-ful soil be - come! The des-ert blossoms

3. The glo-rious time is roll-ing on, The gra-cious work is now begun, My soul a wit-ness is: My soul a wit-ness is: I taste and see the

4. The worst of sin-ners here may find A Sav-ior pit-i-ful and kind, Who will them all re - ceive! Who will them all re - ceive! None are too late who

1. grace di-vine, From Je-sus flow to ev-ry vine, Which makes the dead re-vive, Which makes the dead re-vive.

2. as the rose, When Je-sus conquers all his foes, And makes his people one, And makes his people one

3. par-don free, For all mankind as well as me, Who come to Christ may live, Who come to Christ may live.

4. will re-pent; Out of one sin-ner le-gions went; Je-sus did him re - lieve, Je - sus did him re - lieve.

5
Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6
Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there;
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

Lively.

> *f*

1. When converts first be-gin to sing, Wonder, wonder, wonder, }
 Their hap-py souls are on the wing, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah. } Their theme is all redeeming love—Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Fain would they be with Christ above, Sing, g'ory, hallelujah.

2. They wonder why old saints don't sing, Wonder, wonder, wonder; }
 And make God's earthly temples ring, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah. } They view themselves upon the shore—Glory, hal-le-lu-jah; And thank the battle all is o'er, Sing, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

3. The Bi-ble now ap-pears so plain, Wonder, wonder, wonder, }
 They wonder they should read in vain, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah. } The air is all perfumed with love, Glory, hal-le-lu-jah, And earth appears like heaven above, Sing, glory, hallelu-jah!

A LITTLE WHILE AND YE SHALL SEE ME.

Retard.

1. We shall see a light appear, By and by when He comes—We shall see a light appear, When he comes;
 2. We shall shout above the fire, &c. We shall shout, &c.

3. We shall see him as he is, &c.

Ride on, Je sus, O ride on, We are on our journey home.

4. We shall walk the golden streets, &c.

Slow.

1. Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand, That we must be parted from this social band; Our several engagements now call us away, Our parting is needful and we must o-bey.

2. Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharged, The war will be ended your treasures enlarged, With shouting and singing, tho' Jordan may roar, We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore

3. Farewell, weeping mourners with sad broken heart, O hasten to Jesus and choose the good part, He's full of compassion and mighty to save, His arms are extended your souls to re-ceive.

CAMP OF THE HEBREWS. 8 & 7.

4
Farewell, careless sinner, for you I do mourn.
To think of your danger while quite unconcerned:
I've heard of a judgment where all must appear,
O there you'll stand trembling with tormenting fear.

5
Your frolics and pastimes in which you delight,
Will serve to torment you with dreadful alight.
You'll think of the sermons that you've heard in vain
When hope's gone forever, of hearing again.

6
Farewell, faithful christians, farewell all around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound.
To meet you in glory I give you my hand;
Our Savior to praise in a pure social band

1. Come, thou fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

2. Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it: Mount of thy redeeming love! Shout, O glo-ry, O glo-ry, O glory, to the Dying Lamb!

3. Here I'll raise mine El ezer, Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home:

1. Jesus my all to heav-en is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes up-on, } So I leave my young companions Re-solved I will be free— So I leave my young companions, To sound the Ju-bi-lee!

2. The way the ho-ly proph-ets went,
The road that leads from banishment, } So I leave, &c

3. Then will I tell to sin-ners round }
What a dear Sa-rior I have found, } So I left my old companions And resolved I would be free— So I left my old compan-ions, To sound the Ju-bi-lee!

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD. C. M.

1. Thy life I read, my gracious Lord, With transport all divine; Thine image trace in every word, Thy love in every line. 2. Methinks I see a thousand charms Spread o'er thy lovely face,

While in-fants in thy ten-der arms Receive the smil-ing grace.

3 I take these little lambs, said he,
And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love:
Millions of infant souls compass
The family above.

5 Their feeble frames my power shall raise
And mould with heavenly skill;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.

6 His words the happy parents hear
And shout with joys divine;
O Savor all we have and are
Shall be forever thine.

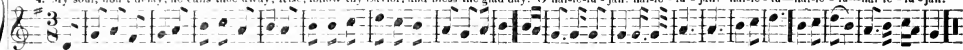
Lively.



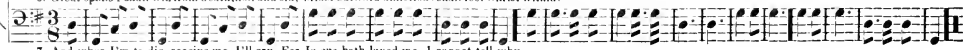
1. O tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
 2. A country I've found, where true joys abound, To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.



3. The souls that believe, in par-a-dise live, And me in that number will Je-sus receive:
 4. My soul, don't delay, he calls thee away, Rise, follow thy Savior, and bless the glad day. O hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!



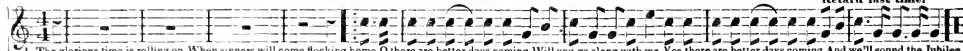
5. No mortal doth know what he can bestow, What light, strength, and comfort—go after him, go:
 6. Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin, 'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within:



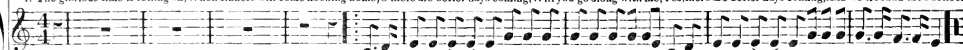
7. And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry, For Je-sus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.
 8. But this I do find, we two are so joined, He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind.

BETTER DAYS COMING. L. M.

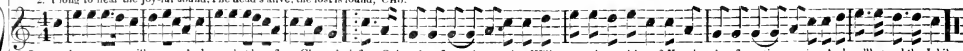
Retard last time.



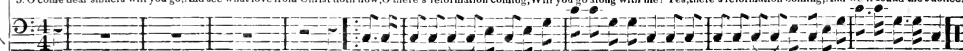
1. The glorious time is rolling on, When sinners will come flocking home, O there are better days coming, Will you go along with me, Yes, there are better days coming, And we'll sound the Jubilee.



2. I long to hear the joy-ful sound, The dead's alive, the lost is found, Cho.



3. O come dear sinners will you go, And see what love from Christ doth flow, O there's reformation coming, Will you go along with me? Yes, there's reformation coming, And we'll sound the Jubilee.



Cho

1. Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-terposed his precious blood! }

2. O to grace how great a debt-or, Dai-ly I'm constrained to be! } When we pass over Jordan, Come go along with me, We'll pass over Jordan, And sound the Jubilee, }
Let thy goodness like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to thee: } On the other side of Jordan, How happy we shall be, We'll pass over Jordan, And sound the Jubilee. }

3. Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love— }
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for thy courts above. }

I LOVE THE HOLY SON OF GOD.

1. I love the holy Son of God, Who once this vale of sorrow trod, And bore my sins—a heavy load, On Calvary's gloomy mountain, High on the cross He shameful hung, The sport of many an envious tongue,
While pains severe his nature wrung, And stream'd life's crimson fountain.

End. D. C.

2
The sun would not behold the scene,
Around was thrown night's sable screen,
Nature was dressed in mournful mien,
And sighed when Jesus suffered.
But ah! his persecutors stood,
That cruel and malicious brood,
Unmoved to see his gushing blood
And shocking insults offered.

3
Say, why did not his anger burn,
And floods of vengeance on them turn?
Amazing! now his bowels yearn,
In soft compassion o'er them.
No fury kindles in his eye,
They beam with love; and when he dies,
"Father forgive," the sufferer cries,
And makes excuses for them!

4
How ardent ought my love to be;
To him who's done so much for me,
My faithful service, constant, free,
And all my powers employing.
I ought his cross with pleasure bear,
And place my all of glorying there,
In his reproach most gladly share,
In tribulation joying.

5
Oh never shall it be concealed,
He hath in me his love revealed,
Of all my sins a pardon sealed,
I feel his blessed favor.
In Him I do and will rejoice,
I'll praise him with a cheerful voice,
Until the theme my tongue employs,
In Heaven above forever.

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

1. I love this pure religion, Soldiers of the Ju-bi-lee;
I love this pure religion, - - - Soldiers of the Cross.

2. We'll preach a full Salvation* Soldiers of the Ju-bi-lee; Remember me while toiling here, Soldiers of the Ju-bi-lee.

3. We'll soon be in the kingdom - - - Soldiers of the Cross, Remember me while toiling here, - - - Soldiers of the Cross.

4. There are no tears in heaven, Soldiers of the Ju-bi-lee.

5. We'll have a shout in glory, - - - Soldiers of the Cross.

* Repeat this line, then sing under 2.

CHRISTIAN BAND. L. M.

1. There is a band of brethren dear, I will be in this band, Hal-le-lu-jah!
Who live as pilgrim strangers here, I will be in this band, Hal-le-lu-jah!

2. The prophets and apostles too, All belonged to this band, Hal-le-lu-jah!
And all God's children here below, I will be in this band, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, I will be in this band, Hal-le-lu-jah!

3. King David on a throne of state, I will be in this band, Hal-le-lu-jah!
And Lazarus at the rich man's gate, Were numbered in this band, Hal-le-lu-jah!

4. And Jew and Gentile, free and bond, I will be in this band, Hal-le-lu-jah!
And rich and poor the world around May be-long to this band, Hal-le-lu-jah!

1. I'm on my way to Canaan, I bid this world fare - well, Come on, my fel-low travellers, In spite of earth and hell, Tho' Satan's army rages hard, And all his hosts combine.
2. I'll blow the gospel trumpet loud And on the nations call, For Christ hath me commissioned To say he died for ail, Come try his grace, come prove him now, You shall the gift obtain,

1. Yet scripture doth engage the sword And strength of love divine.
2. He will not send you empty away, Nor let you come in vain.

3 And if you want more witnesses,
We have some just at hand,
Who lately have experienced
The glory of that land,
It comes in copious showers down—
Our souls can scarce contain,
It fills our ransomed powers now,
And yet we drink again.

4 The glories of that heavenly land
I've oftimes felt before,
And what I feel is but a taste
Which makes me long for more
Had I the pinions of a dove
I'd fly and be at rest,
Then would I soar to worlds above
And dwell among the blest.

5
O could I reach that heavenly throng
I'd ne'er return again,
Nor would I think the season long
That I had suffered pain.
The sons of Zion marching home
Along the heavenly street,
There would I hail them as they come
And fall at Jesus' feet.

6
My soul looks up and sees him smile
While he the blessing sends,
And I am thinking all the while—
"When will this journey end?"
I contemplate it can't be long
Till he will come again,
Then I shall join that heavenly throng
And in his kingdom reign.

7
Says Faith, "look yonder, see the crown
Laid up in heaven above!"
Says hope, "it shortly shall be mine,"
"I'll wear it soon," says love,
Desire says, "this is my home,
Then to my place I'll fly,
I cannot bear a longer stay,
My rest I fain would see."

8
"But stop," says Patience, "wait a while,
The crown's for those who fight,
The prize for those who run the race
By faith and not by sight."
Then faith doth take a pleasing view,
Hope waits, Love sits and sings,
Desire flutters to be gone,
But Patience clips her wings.

I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES. L. M.

1. I know that my Redeemer lives, What comfort this sweet sentence gives! He lives, he lives who once was dead, He lives, my ever living head.
2. He lives, my kind and gracious friend, He lives and loves me to the end, He lives my Prophet, Priest, and King, He lives, and while he lives I'll sing, I'm happy now for Jesus comes To guide me on my journey home.

SWEET WAS THE TIME. C. M.

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Savior's pardoning blood }
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt And bring me home to God. } Soon as the morn the light revealed, His praises tuned my tongue; And when the evening shades prevailed, His love was all my song.

2. In vain the tempter spread his wiles; The world no more could charm; }
I lived upon my Savior's smiles, And leaned upon his arm. } To prayer my soul drew near the Lord, And saw his glory shine; And when I read his ho - ly word, I called each promise mine.

3. But now, when evening shade prevails, My soul in darkness mourns; } My prayers are now a chattering noise, For Jesus hides his face; I read—the promise meets my eyes, But will not reach my case.
And when the morn the light reveals, No light to me re- turns; } Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail— O make my soul thy cure; I know thy mer-cy cannot fail; Let me that mercy share. :||

I'M A PILGRIM.

"Musical Gem."

ALTO. End. Repeat. D. C.

1 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night. Do not de-tain me for I am going To where the streamlets are ever flowing.

2. There the sunbeams are ever shining, I am longing, I am longing for the sight Within a country unknown and dreary, I have been wandering forlorn and weary.*

3. Of that country to which I'm going, My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light, There is no sorrow, or any sighing, Or any sinning, or any dy-ing.

* I'm a pilgrim, &c

Tenor.



3. It would not appear such a mountain high,
Nor such a task, dear sinner, for thee,
If you loved the Man
Who first laid the plan,
Of climbing the mountain Calvary.

4. 'I'd rather abide in this pleasant plain,
My gay and merry friends to see,
And tarry awhile
In the joys of the world,
Than to climb up the mountain Calvary.'

5. Your gay companions must lie in the dust,
Their souls are bound for misery;
And if you ever stand,
On Canaan's happy land,
You must climb up the mountain Calvary.

6. 'I'd rather have peace, and live at my ease,
Thut to be afflicted thus by thee;
When blooming youth is gone,
And when old age comes on,
I will climb up the mountain Calvary.'

7. There is no better time than youth,
To travel the mountain as you see;
When old age comes on,
You are hardened with sin,
Then how can you climb up Calvary?

8. O, hark, I hear a doleful sound!
From scenes of mirth and revelry,
A blooming youth is gone,
And is laid in the tomb,
Who refused to climb Mount Calvary.

9. 'Alas, I know not what to do,
Say, is there mercy still for me,
For in sin I've gone on,
Till I fear I'm undone,
Lord, help me to climb Mount Calvary!'

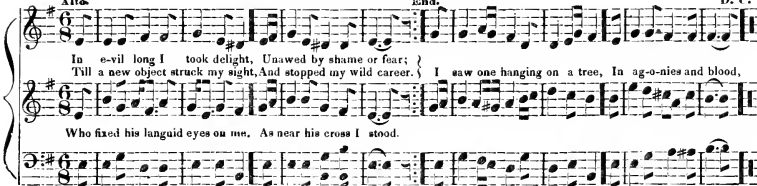
10. O tarry not in all the plain,
Lest it prove a dangerous snare to thee;
But look to the Man,
Who was slain for your sin,
And he'll help you to climb Mount Calvary.

IN EVIL LONG. C. M.

Alto.

End.

D. C.



3

Sure, never, to my latest breath,
Cao I forget that look!
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4

A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid
I die that thou may'et live"

1. When for e - ter-nal worlds we steer, And seas are calm, and skies are clear; }
And faith in - live-ly ex - er - cise, And distant hills of Ca-naan rise. } The soul for joy then claps her wings, And loud her lovely sonnet sings, Vain world adieu!

Vain world a-dieu—And loud her lovely sonnet sings, Vain world adieu!

2
With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore;
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

3
The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand:
With steady helm, and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the veil:
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
Glory to God!

THE IMPARTIAL SONG

1. The great God of love, hath shined from above, Hath taught us the Impartial Song; The Spirit is come, and the work is begun, And we all are a - nit-ed in one.

2. Salva-tion we see, for all nations is free, The members of Christ all are one; So we'll march uniform, and undaunted face the storm, Ever singing the Impartial Song.

3. United in one the race we will run,
Press forward in love without fear,
Those glories pursue which the world never knew,
No'er will till the gospel they hear.

4. We'll mount on the wing, and with ardor we'll sing,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!
With rapture we'll sound, o'er Immanuel's ground
What a loving Redeemer hath done.

5. Then let us be true, and our journey pursue
Toward heaven, our glorious home;
Still ruled by the word, Christ hath left on record,
Singing glory to Jesus—Amen.

1. Through trib-u - la - tion deep The way to glo - ry is ; }
This stormy course I keep O'er these tempestuous seas ; } By waves and winds I'm tossed and driven, Freight'd with grace, and bound [to heaven

2. Sometimes temptations blow A dreadful hur - ri - caine ; }
And high the waters flow, And o'er the sides break in ; } But still my little ship outbraves The blust'ring winds and surging waves.

3. When I in my dis - tress My anchor, hope can cast }
With - in the promi - ses, It holds my ves - sel fast : } Safe - ly she then at anchor rides, 'Mid stormy winds and swelling tides.

- 4 But when a heavenly breeze
Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease
Before the pleasant gale ;
And runs as much an hour, or more,
As in a month or two before.
- 5 The Bible is my chart,
By it the seas I know ;
I cannot with it part.
It rocks and sands doth show :
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points for ever true.
- 6 When through the voy'ge I get,
(Though rough, it is but short,)
The pilot angels meet,
To bring me into port :
And when I land on that blest shore
I shall be safe for evermore.

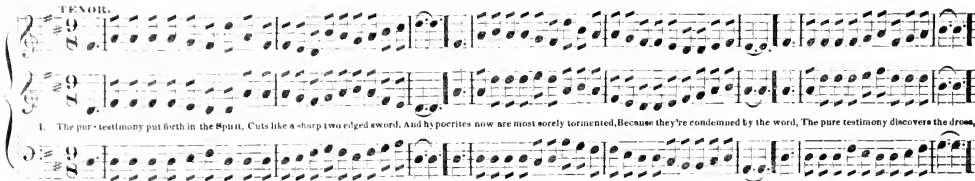
GETHSEMANE. 11s.

1. While na - ture was sink - ing in still - ness to rest, } The last beam of daylight shone dim in the west,
O'er fields by pale moonlight I wandered abroad.

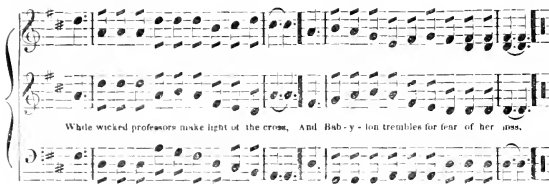
In deep med - i - ta - tion I thought on my God.

- 2 While passing a garden I paused to hear,
A voice faint and plaintive, from one that was near ;
The voice of the suff'rer affected my heart,
While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.
- 3 I listened a moment, then turned me to see
What man of compassion this stranger might be !
I saw him, low, kneeling, upon the cold ground,
The loveliest BEING that ever was found.
- 4 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood and tears
I wept to behold him,—I asked him his name,
He answered, "'tis JESUS! from heaven I came!"
- 5 "I am thy Redeemer! for thee I must die,
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by !
Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon me
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee!"

TENOR.



1. The pure testimony put forth in the Spirit, Cuts like a sharp two edged sword, And hy pocrites now are most sorely tormented, Because they're condemned by the word, The pure testimony discovers the dross,



While wicked professors make light of the cross, And Bab - y - lon trembles for fear of her ass.

4

5

The world will not persecute those who are like them A battle is coming between the two kingdoms The great prince of darkness is mustering his force
 But hold them the same as their own; The armies are gathering round; To make you his pris'ners again,
 The pure testimony cries out separation; The pure testimony and vile persecution By slanders, reproaches, and vile persecution,
 Which causes false teachers to frown; Will come to close contest ere long; That you in his cause may remain:
 Come out from foul spirits and practices too, Then gird on your armor, ye saints of the Lord, Then shun his temptations wherever they lie,
 The track of your Savior keep still in your view, And he will direct you by his living word; And fear not his servants whatever they say;
 The pure testimony will cut the way through The pure testimony will cut like a sword. The PURE TESTIMONY will give you the day

- 2 Is not the time come for the church to be gathered
 Into the one Spirit of God;
 Baptized by one Spirit, into the one body,
 Partaking Christ's flesh and his blood;
 They drink in one Spirit, which makes them all see,
 They're one in Christ Jesus, wherever they be,
 The Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free.
- 3 Then blow ye the trumpet in pure testimony,
 And let the world hear it again;
 O come ye from Babylon, Egypt, and Sodom,
 And make your way over the plain,
 Come, wash all your robes in the blood of the Lamb,
 And walk in the Spirit through Jesus' name,
 In the pure testimony you will overcome.

6

1. This day our souls have caught new fire, Halle—hallelujah, We feel that heaven is drawing nigher, Glory, hallelujah. Shout, shout, shout for joy, Glory, hallelujah! Satan's kingdom to destroy, Glory, hallelujah!

2. Fight on, ye conquering souls fight on, Halle—hallelujah, And when the victory you have won, Sing glory, hallelujah. Shout, shout, shout and sing, Glory, hallelujah! Satan's kingdom's coming down, Glory, &c.

THE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS. 8 & 7. (Peculiar.)

1. Je-sus, to eve-ry willing mind, Opens a heavenly treasure; }
In him the sons of sorrow find Sources of re-al pleasure; } See what employments men pursue, Then you will own the gospel true,
Je-sus a-lone unfolds to view, Sources of re-al pleasure.

2. Poor are the joys that fools esteem, Fad-ing and transi-to-ry; }
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream, Or a de-lu-sive sto-ry; } Lux-ury leaves a sting behind, Wounding the body and the mind;
Only in Je-sus can we find, Pleasure and solid glo-ry.

Learning, that boasting, glittering thing,
Scarcely is worth possessing:
Riches forever on the wing,
Scarce can be called a blessing:
Fame like a shadow flies away,
Titles and dignities decay,
Nought but religion can display,
Joys that are freed from trouble.

Beauty with all its gaudy show,
Is but a painted bubble,
Short are the triumphs wit bestows
Full of decen and trouble;
Sensual pleasures swell desire,
Just as the fuel feeds the fire.
Only religion can inspire,
Bliss that is worth possessing

End. D. C.

1. We're travelling home to heaven above, Will you go? Will you go?
To sing the Savior's dying love, Will you go? Will you go? } Millions have reached that blest abode, Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road, Will you go? Will you go?

2. We're going to see the blessing Lamb, Will you go? Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name, Will you go? Will you go? } The crown of life we soon shall wear, The conqueror's palms our heads shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share, Will you go? Will you go?

3. The way to heaven is free for all,
For Jew and Gentile, great and small,
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now with saints for glory start.
4. The way to heaven is straight and plain
Repent, believe, be born again;
The Savior cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,"
And thou shalt my salvation see.
5. O, could I hear some sinner say,
I will go! I will go!
I'll start this moment, clear the way,
Let me go! let me go!
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,
I will go! I will go!

EXPERIENCE. 8, 5, 7, 4.

Musical Gems.

1. I have sought round the verdant earth, For an-ful-ling joy, }
I have tried eve-ry source of mirth, But all, all will cloy; } Lord be - stow on me, Grace to set the spir-it free, Thine the praise shall be, Mine, mine the joy.

2. I have wandered in maz-es dark, Of doubt and dis-tress, }
I have not had a kindling spark, My spir-it to bless; } Cheerless un-be-lief, Filled my laboring soul with grief; What shall give relief? What shall give peace?

3. I then turned to thy Gospel, Lord, From fol-ly a - way, }
I then trusted thy ho - ly word, That taught me to pray; } Here I found release, Weary spir - it here found rest, Hope of endless bliss, E - ter-nal day.

4. I will praise now, my heavenly king, I'll praise and a-dore; }
The heart's richest tribute bring, To thee God of pow - er, } And in heaven a-bove, Saved by thy re-deem-ing love, Loud the praise shall rise, Forevermore.

1. Delay not, delay not: O sinner draw near: The wa - ters of life are now flowing for thee:
No price is demanded; the Savior is here: Re - demption is purchased, sal - vation is free.

2. Delay not, delay not; why lon - ger a - buse The love and com - pas - sion of Je - sus thy God?
A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse To wash and be cleansed in his pard'ning blood?

3
Delay not, delay not, O sinner to come,
For Mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the shades 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 helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee his aid?

THE OLD CHURCH-YARD.

1. When the Lord of glory cometh, When the Lord of glory cometh, When the Lord of glory cometh, Then the old church yards, Hear the band of music, Hear the band of music, Hear the band of music Which is sound -
From the old church yards, While the band, &c. Shall be sounding thro' the air

2. He'll awake all the nations, &c.

3. You will see the saints arising, &c. From the old church yards, While the band, &c. Shall be sounding thro' the air

4. We'll go up into the city, &c. From the old church yards, While the band, &c. Shall, &c.

5. There we'll shout our sufferings over, &c. From the old church yards, While the band, &c. Shall, &c.

THE OLD SHIP OF ZION

1. O what ship is this that comes sailing by, O glo-ry hal-le—halle - lu-jah! 'Tis the old ship of Zi-on, Hal-le - lu - jah! 'Tis the old Ship of Zion—Halle - lu-jah!

3. And will this ship be able to carry us safe thro' O glory, halle—halle - lu-jah! Yes, Je-sus is her Captain, Halle - lu - jah! Yes, Je-sus is her Captain—Halle-lu-jah!

3. All her passengers will land on the bright eternal shore, O glory, halle—hallelujah! And they'll shout their sufferings over, Hallelujah! And they'll shout their sufferings, &c.

4. She has landed many thousands and will land as many more, O glory, halle—hallelujah! She will land them over Jordan, Hallelujah! She will land them, over Jordan, &c.

THE GOSPEL IS LOVELY.

[A Shaker tune.]

The gos-pel is love-ly and precious to me, There's beauty and glory in it I can see, I've given up all that be-ongs to this world. In which I receive an hun-dred fold.

I'm hap-py, I'm hap-py in bearing the cross, The comfort I find sur-pass-es all loss, There's nothing I've left I'd wish to re-call. I count it all worth—just nothing at all.

Alto **End.**

1. The old Israelites knew what it was they must do, If fair Canaan they would pos - sess, They must still keep in sight of the pillar of light, Which led on to the promised rest.
They all glad of a chance, of a further advance Must then take up their baggage and go.

2. I am thankful indeed, for the heavenly Head, Which before me has hitherto gone; For that pillar of love which doth onward still move, And doth gather our souls into one.
Now all who would stand on the promised land, Let them take up the cross and go.

1. The camps on the road, could not be their abode, But as oft as the trumpet should blow,

2. Now the cross bearing throng, are advancing along, And a clos-er communion doth flow,

9
Now the bright morning dawns for the camps to move on,
And the priests with their trumpets do blow,
As the priests give the sound and the trumpets resound,
All my soul is exulting to go

10
If I'm faithful and true, and my journey pursue,
Till I stand on the heavenly shore,
I shall joyfully see what a blessing to me,
Was the mortifying cross which I bore.

5. The way is all new, as it opens to view,
And behind is a foaming Red sea
So none now need to speak, of the onions and leeks,
Or to talk about garlies to me.

6. On Jordan's near side, I can never abide,
For no place here of refuge I see,
Till I come to the spot, and inherit the lot
Which the Lord God will give unto me

7. What though some in the rear preach up terror and fear,
And complain of the trials they meet;
'Tho' the giants before with great fury do roar,
I'm resolved I will never retreat.

8. We are little 'tis true, and our numbers are few,
And the sons of old Anak are tall;
But while I see a track I will never go back,
But go on at the risk of my all

11. All my honors and wealth, all my pleasures and health,
I am willing should now be at stake;
If my Christ I obtain I shall think it great gain,
For the sacrifice which I shall make.

12. When I all have forsook, like a bubble 'twill look,
From the midst of a glorified throng,
Where all losses are gain, where each sorrow and pain,
Are exchanged for the conqueror's song

1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O may we all remember well, The night of death draws near.
 2. We lay our garments by, Up on our beds to rest; So death will soon disrobe us all, Of what we here possess.
 3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Secure from all our fears; My angels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light appears.
 4. And if we early rise, And view the unwearied sun, May we set out to win the prize, And af-ter glo-ry run.
 5. And when our days are past, And we from time remove, O may we in thy bosom rest, The bosom of thy love.

HYMN TO TUNE BELOW.

- 1 How vain is all beneath the skies!
 How transient every earthly bliss!
 How slender all the fondest ties,
 That bind us to a world like this.
- 2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
 The withering grass, the fading flower,
 Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
 The glory of a passing hour!
- 3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
 And all beneath the skies is vain,
 There is a land whose borders lie
 Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- 4 Then let the hope of joys to come
 Dispel our cares, remove our fears.
 If God be ours, we're travelling home,
 Though passing through a vale of tears.

JOHN COLBY'S HYMN. L. M.

1. Oh if poor sinners did but know, How much for them I un-der-go, They would not treat me with contempt, Nor curse me when I say re-pent.

2. For lo, a heavenly voice I hear, "Go preach my gos-pel to the poor, Bid mourning souls on me be-lieve, Bid all the world free grace re-ceive."

3. And when my work is done be-low, I trust to glo-ry I shall go, Meet all my Fa-ther's children there, And in God's kingdom have a share.

End.

J. C.

3

Joseph took his body down,
Shrouded it in linen;
Laid it in the silent tomb,
And returned mourning.

4

Jesus rises from the tomb!
Angels fly from glory!
See that glory shines around!
Hallelujah, glory!

5

Brethren, don't you feel the flame?
Sisters, don't you love him?
Let us join to praise his name;
Let us never grieve him.

6

Soon we'll meet to part no more,
Soon we'll meet in heaven;
There to join with those above,
And forever praise him.

HOW PRECIOUS IS THE NAME.

End.

D. C.

1. How precious is the name, brethren sing, brethren sing, How precious is the name, brethren sing, How precious is the name, Of Christ our Paschal Lamb, Who bore our sin and shame, on the tree, on the tree, Who bore our sin and shame on the tree.

2. I've giv-en all for Christ, he's my all, he's my all, I've giv-en all for Christ, he's my all; I've giv-en all for Christ, And my spirit can-not rest, Un-less he's in my breast, reigning there, reigning there, Unless he's in my breast reigning there.

3. His ea-sy yoke I'll bear, with delight, with delight, His ea-sy yoke I'll bear with delight; His ea-sy yoke I'll bear, and his cross I will not fear; His name I will de-clare ev-er-more, ev-er-more, His name I will de-clare ev-er-more.

1. What sound is this salutes my ear! 'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear, 'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear, The expected day has come. Behold the heavens, the earth, the sea,

2. Behold the fair Je - ru - sa - lem, Il - lu - mi - nat - ed by the Lamb, Il - lu - mi - nated by the Lamb, In glo - ry doth appear; Fair Zi - on ris - ing from the tombs,

3. Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly, I thirst, I pant, I long to try, I thirst, I pant, I long to try, An - gel - ic joys to prove! Soon shall I quit this house of clay,

O WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS. 7s & 6s.

Proclaim the year of Ju - bi - lee, Proclaim the year of Jubilee, Re - turn ye exiles home.

To meet the Bridegroom, lo! he comes, To meet the Bridegroom, lo! he comes, And hails the festive year.

Clap my glad wings and soar away, Clap my glad wings and soar away, And shout redeeming love.

1. O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him above?
2. But now I am a sol - dier, My Captain's gone before;

3. Thro' grace I am de - termined To conquer tho' I die,

4. And if you meet with tri - als, And troubles on your way,
5. O do not be dis - couraged, For Je - sus is your friend,

1. And from the flowing fountain, Drink ev-er-last-ing love! When shall I be de-liv-ered From this vain world of sin, And with my blessed Je-sus Drink endless pleasures in?

2. He's given me my or-ders, And bids me not give o'er; If I con-tinue faith-ful, A righteous crown he'll give, And all his valiant sol-diers, E-ternal life shall have.

3. And then away to Je-sus On wings of love I'll fly: Farewell to sin and sor-row, I bid you all a-dieu; And O, my friends, prove faithful, And on your way pursue

4. Cast all your care on Je-sus, And don't forget to pray: Gird on the heavenly ar-mor Of faith, and hope, and love, And when the combat's end-ed, You'll reign with him above.

5. And if you lack for knowledge, He'll not refuse to lend; Nei-ther will he up-braid you, Tho' ob-ten you re-quest; He'll give you grace to con-quer, And take you home to rest.

DAY OF WRATH. L. M.

1. There comes a day, a fearful day, When earth and heaven shall flee away,
When, flaming on his great white throne, Naught shall be seen but God alone: } The myriad crowds from every clime, Shall gaze upon that throne sublime, The great and small, the quick
[and dead, Shall shout for joy or quake with dread.

2
Oh! how shall I, a sinner born,
Lift up my head on that dread morn,
When glory, brightening to excess,
Proclaims the God of holiness?
The triune God, the lofty Lord,
Who, by his own omnific word,
Made thousand thousand worlds to be
He speaks again; and lo! they flee.

3
When orbs on orbs affrighted fly,
In lawless terror through the sky;
When thrones and powers celestial fall
Before the glorious ALL IN ALL;
Oh! how shall I, of baser birth,
A sinful man, a worm of earth,
Presume to meet the burning gaze,
That wraps the heavens in sheets of blaze

4
Father, Eternal! God of love!
Look down from mercy's seat above;
Through Jesus now be reconciled
To me, a wayward, wandering child:
Be thou, O Christ, my stay, my trust,
And when I moulder into dust,
And when I rise from dust again,
Be mine, O God!—Amen—Amen.

1. Review the palsied sinner's case, Who sought for help in Jesus;
His friends conveyed him to the place, Where he might meet with Jesus. A multitude were thronging round, To keep them back from Jesus: But from the roof they let him down, Before
[the face of Jesus]

2
Thus fainting souls by sin diseased,
There's none can save but Jesus;
With more than plague or palsy seized,
Oh! help them on to Jesus.
Oh! Savior hear their mournful cry,
And tell them thou art Jesus;
Oh! speak the word, or they must die,
And bid farewell to Jesus:

3
Now let them hear thy voice declare,
Thou sin-forgiving Jesus,
That thou didst die to hear their prayer,
And give them help in Jesus,
The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus.

4
All glory to the dying Lamb,
I now believe in Jesus.
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus;
And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love,
The blessed name of Jesus

SINNER, CAN YOU HATE THE SAVIOR.

O THAT WILL BE JOYFUL. C. M.

End.
Now the Savior stands a pleading At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now, in heaven he's interceding, Undertaking sinners' part.
Once he died for your behavior, Now he calls you to his charms.

D. C.
Sinners, can you hate this Savior! Will you thrust him from your arms

When I can read my title clear, To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to eve-ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. And wipe my weeping eyes, And
To rest to part no more, On

Eno.

D. C.

wipe my weeping eyes, I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. Oh that will be joy-ful, joy - ful. joy - ful, Oh, that will be joy-ful, to meet to part no more.

Canaan's happy shore: 'Tis there we'll meet at Jesus' feet, We'll meet to part no more.

GIVE ME JESUS. 7 & 4.

When I'm happy hear me sing, When I'm happy, hear me sing, When I'm happy hear me sing, Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus, You may have all the world, Give me Jesus.
When in sorrow hear me pray, When in, &c. When in, &c. Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus, Give, &c. You, &c. Give me Jesus.

When I'm dying hear me cry, When I'm, &c. When, &c. I have Je - sus, I have Je - sus, I have Je - sus, You may, &c. Give me Jesus.

When I'm rising hear me shout, When, &c. When, &c. I have Je - sus, I have Je - sus, I have Je - sus, You, &c. Give me Jesus.
When in heaven we will sing, When in, &c. When, &c. Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, By thy grace we are saved, Blessed Je - sus.

1. Beside the gospel pool, Appointed for the poor, From year to year a sinful soul Had waited for a cure.

2. The voice of one unknown, Advancing where he lay, Bespoke him in a gentle tone, And thus it seemed to say—

3. "Poor, sinful, dying soul, Why linger here and die? Only consent to be made whole, You need no longer lie.

4
 "The Savior passing by,
 Well knows your sinking state,
 And while the Savior is so nigh,
 The sinner need not wait."

5
 That voice dispelled the charm,
 His fatal slumbers broke :
 He saw his sins with fresh alarm,
 And feared the vengeful stroke.

6
 Unable to endure,
 He called for aid divine—
 The great Physician wrought the cure ;
 That guilty soul was mine.

THE HAPPY MAN. 6 & 7.

1. How happy is the man who has chosen wisdom's ways, And measured out his span to his God in prayer and praise ; His God and his Bible are all that he desires To holiness of heart he continu-
 In poverty he's happy, for he knows he has a Friend, Who never will forsake him till the world shall have an end. ally aspires.

2
 He rises in the morning, with the lark he tunes his lays,
 And offers up a tribute to his God in prayer and praise,
 And then to his labor he cheerfully repairs,
 In confidence believing that God will hear his prayers,
 Whatever he engages in at home or abroad,
 His object is to honor and to glorify his God

3
 In sickness, pain and sorrow, he never will repine,
 While he is drawing nourishment from Christ the living
 vine,
 When trouble presses heavily he leans on Jesus' breast,
 And in his precious promises he finds a quiet rest.
 The yoke of Christ is easy, and his burden always light,
 He lives, nor is he weary till Canaan heavens in sight.

4
 'Tis thus you have his history thro' life from day to day,
 Religion is no mystery, with him 'tis a beaten way ;
 And when upon his pillow he lies down to die,
 In hope he rejoices for he knows his God is nigh,
 And when life's lamp is flickering, his soul on wings of
 love
 Away to realms of glory flies to reign with Christ above

1. Sovereign grace has power a-lone To sub-due a heart of stone; And the mo-ment grace is felt, Then the hard-est heart will melt.
 2. When the Lord was cru-ci-fied, Two transgress-ors with him died; One, with vile blas-phem-ing tongue, Scoffed at Je-sus as he hung.
 3. Thus he spent his wick-ed breath, In the ve-ry jaws of death; Perished, as too ma-n-y do, With a Sav-ior in his view
 3. But the oth-er touched with grace, Saw the dan-ger of his case, Faith received to own his Lord, Whom the scribes and priests abhorred.
 5. "Lord," he prayed, "re-mem-ber me. When in glo-ry thou shalt be," 'Soon with me,' the Lord re-phes, 'Thou shalt be in par-a-dise'
 6. This was wondrous grace in-deed, Grace bestowed in time of need! Sin-ners, trust in Je-sus' name, You will find him still the same.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. 8s & 7s.

End. D. C.

1. Let thy kingdom, blessed Savior, Come, and bid our jarring cease,
 Come, O come, and reign forever, God of love and prince of peace. Visit now poor bleeding Zi-on, Hear thy people mourn and weep,
 Day and night thy lambs are crying, Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2. Lord, in us there is no merit, We were sinners from our youth,
 Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit, Which shall teach us all the truth. On thy gospel word we'll venture, I'll in death's cold arms we sleep.
 Love our Lord, and Christ our Savior, O! good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3. Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
 Persecution rages here,—
 Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
 While our Shepherd is so near.
 Glory, glory be to Jesus,
 At his name our hearts do leap,
 He both comforts us and frees us,
 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep

4. Hear the Prince of our salvation,
 Saying, "Fear not, little flock;
 I myself am your Foundation,
 You are built upon this Rock;
 Shun the paths of vice and folly,
 Scale the mount, although it's steep,
 Look to me, and be ye holy,
 I delight to feed my sheep."

YE CHRISTIAN HEROES

With energy.

1. Ye Christian heroes, wake to glory, Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise; See heathen nations bow before you, Behold their tears and hear their cries, Behold their tears and hear their cries.

2. O Truth of God! can man resign thee, Once having felt thy glorious flame? Can rolling oceans e'er prevent thee? Or gold the Christian spirit tame? Or gold the Christian spirit tame?

Shall Pagan priests, their errors breeding, With darkling hosts their banners unfold, And spread delusion o'er the world, Tho' Jesus on the crosses hung bleeding, To arms! to arms! ye brave—

Too long the world has wept bewailing, The WORD OF GOD, the Christian's creed, Is yet almost unknown to man, While millions throng the road to ruin. To arms! to arms! ye brave—

Affect. *Retard.* *Con spirito.* *Retard.*

1. The Christian spirit breathe—March on! march on! all hearts resolved To bring a world to God! March on! march on! all hearts resolved to bring a world to God!

2. The Christian sword unsheath, March on! march on! all hearts resolved To bring the world to God—March on! march on! all hearts resolved TO BRING THE WORLD TO GOD!

THE SOLDIERS OF JESUS. 11s.

Lively.

1. Ye soldiers of Jesus, Pray stand to your arms, Prepare for the battle, The gospel alarms, The trumpets are sounding, come, soldiers, and see The standard of Jesus, 'SALVATION IS FREE,'
2. In the mount of salvation, In Christ's army, There are swords, shields, and breast plates, And helmets for thee, The signal for victory! hark! hark! from the sky; 'Shout, shout, ye brave armies,' the watchmen all cry.

King Jesus is riding The white horse before, The watchmen close after, The trumpets do roar; Some shouting, some singing, 'Salvation' they cry; 'In the strength of King Jesus all hell we defy.'

4. Behold all the armies Are now marching home, God's trumpet is sounding, And bids them to come All shouting and singing on Canaan's bright shore, Where wars and commotions can reach them ^(no more.)

1 2

1. Wither goest thou, pilgrim stranger, Wandering thro' this lonely vale, }
Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger? And will not thy courage fail? }

CHO. "No—I'm bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me? Hallelujah, O hal - le - la-jah,

2. "Pilgrim thou hast justly called me, Passing thro' a waste so wide,
But no harm will e'er befall me, While I'm blest with such a guide," }

I'm bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me? Hallelujah, O praise ye the Lord."

3
Such a guide ' on guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my tears arise;
If some guardian power befriended thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
' O I'm bound, &c.

4
'Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend,
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.
' I am bound, &c.

5
Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee;
Would not then thy courage fail?
' No—I'm bound, &c.

6
'No that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend,
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.
' I am bound, &c.

7
While I gazed, with speed surprising,
Down the stream she plunged from sight
Gazing still, I saw her rising,
Like an angel clothed with light.
O she's gone to, &c.

8
Cease my heart this mournful crying, .
Dearth will burst this sullen gloom;
Soon my spirit, fluttering, flying,
Will be borne beyond the tomb.
O I'm bound, &c.

Alleg.

1. All the week we spend Full of childish bliss,
Every changing scene Brings its hap-pi-ness; } Yet our joys would not be full, Had we not the Sabbath School, Yet our joys would not be full. Had we not the Sabbath School, Had we not &c

2. Love-ly is the dawn Of each ris-ing day,
Love-ly - est the morn Of the Sab-bath day, } Then our infant tho'ts are full, Of the pre-cious Sabbath School, Then our infant tho'ts are full Of the pre-cious Sabbath School, Of the pre-cious, &c.

3

To our happy ears
Blessed news is brought,
Tidings of the work
Love divine has wrought,
Gracious news, and merciful,—
How we love the Sabbath School.

4

Teachers, you are kind,
Thus to point the road
Leading us from sin
To our Father God!
May we all be dutiful
In the precious Sabbath School.

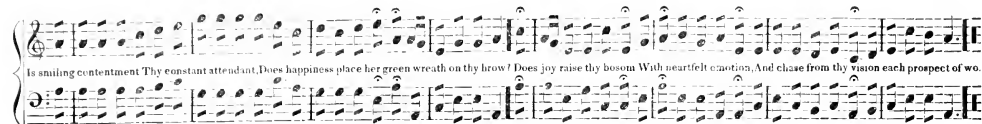
5

Sweetly fades the light
Of each passing day,
Fairest is the night
Of the Sabbath day,
Then our hearts with praise are full
For the precious Sabbath School.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.

CHILD OF PROSPERITY.



BRETHREN SING. 8 & 7. (Peculiar.)

- 3 Ah, no wealth or grandeur,
Or titles of honor,
Can ever impart a sweet calm to the mind;
All, all is delusion,
Their pleasures, confusion,
They leave no enjoyment or comfort behind.
- 4 Then haste to the mountain,
Where flow from a fountain,
The streams of enjoyment, unmingled with care;
The Eden of pleasure,
A permanent treasure,
The harbor of rest, for no billows are there.
- 5 Your peace, like a river,
For ever and ever,
Shall glide undisturbed in its channel along,
To that blissful region,
Where dove-eyed religion,
Invites you—O haste, for she beckons you home.



1. O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, O there will be mourning at the Judgment seat of Christ, Parents and children there will part, Parents and children there will part,

2. O there will be mourning, &c.

3. O there will be mourning, &c.

Brothers and sisters, &c.
Friends and neighbors, &c.

4. O there will be glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, O there will be glo - ry at the Judgment seat of Christ, Saints and angels there will meet, Saints and angels there will meet,

BRETHREN, PRAY. L. M.

Slow.

Parents and children there will part, Will part to meet no more.

Friends and neighbors, &c.
Brothers and sisters, &c.

Saints and angels there will meet, Will meet to part no more.

1. What various hindrances we meet In coming to the mercy seat, Yet who that knows the worth of prayer, But wishes to be often there.

2. Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw, Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw; Gives exercise to faith and love, Brings every blessing from above.

Restraint prayer, we cease to fight, Prayer makes the christian's armor bright, And Satan trembles when he sees The weakest saint upon his knees.

When Moses stood with arms spread wide, Success was found on Israel's side; But when thro' weariness they failed, That moment Amalek prevailed.

5. Have you no words? Ah think again, Words flow apace when you complain, And fill your fellow creature's ear With a sad tale of all your cares.

6. Were half the breath thus vainly spent, To Heaven in supplication sent, Your cheerful song would often be, Hear what the Lord hath done for me.

1. Sing praise! the tomb is void Where the Redeemer lay; Sing of our bonds destroyed, Our darkness turned to day.

2. Weep for your dead no more, Friends, be of joyful cheer, Our Star moves on before, Our narrow path shines clear.

3. He who, so patiently, The crown of thorns did wear, He hath gone up on high, Our hope is with him there.

1. Lord of mer-cy and of might, Of mankind the life and light,

2. Strong Creator, Savior mild, Humbled to a lit-tle child,

3. Borne a-loft on angel's wings, Throned above celestial things,

4. Soon to come to earth a - gain, Judge of angels and of men.

THE SURE GUIDE. 8 & 4.

D. H. M.

1. Maker, Teacher, In - fi - nite,—Je - sus! hear and save.

2. Captive, beaten, bound, reviled, Je - sus! hear and save.

3. Lord of lords, and King of kings—Je - sus! hear and save.

4. Hear us now, and hear us then,—Je - sus! hear and save.

1. Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed His last farewell, A Guide—A Comforter, bequeathed, With us to dwell.

2. He comes, his graces to impart; A wil - ling guest, While he can find one humble heart Wherein to rest.

3. And all the good that we possess, His gift we own; Yea, every thought of holiness, And vict'ry won.

4. Spir - it of pu - ri - ty and grace, Our weakness see; O make our hearts thy dwelling place, And worthy thee.

1. Fa-ther of spirits! hear our prayer: Our life our hope, our comforter, Our strong abode: To thee our thankful hearts we raise. And humbly, gladly hymn thy praise, Preserver, God!

2 Thy gentle hand hath smoothed our way; Fed and sustained us day by day; In thee we move: O may thy mercies, Lord, inspire Our hearts with gratitude and fire Our souls with love.

OMEGA. 6 & 8.

D. H. M.

1. Friend after friend departs: Who hath not lost a friend! There is no union here of hearts That finds not here an end: Were this frail world our only rest, Living or dying, none were blest.

2. Beyond the flight of time. Beyond this vale of death, There surely is some blessed clime Where life is not a breath, Nor life's affection transient fire Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3. There is a world above, Where parting is unknown; A whole eternity of love, Formed for the good alone: And faith beholds the dying here Translated to that happier sphere.

4. Thus star by star declines, Till all are passed away. As morning high and higher shines, To pure and perfect day: Nor sink those stars in empty night,—They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

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