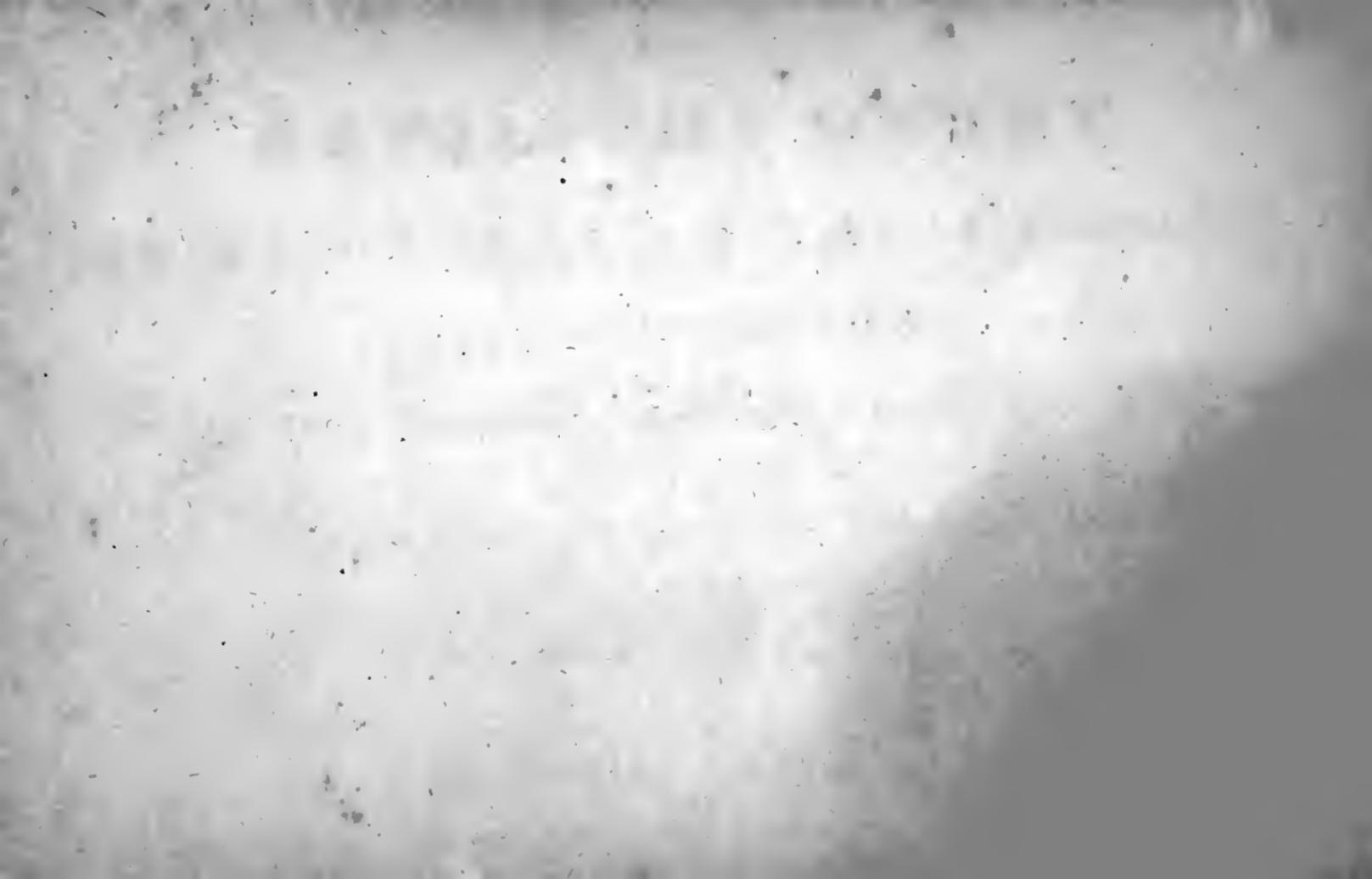


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✓  
THE  
**YOUNG CHORISTER**



A COLLECTION OF NEW AND BEAUTIFUL TUNES,

ADAPTED TO THE USE OF SABBATH SCHOOLS,

FROM SOME OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED COMPOSERS;

TOGETHER WITH

MANY OF THE AUTHOR'S OWN COMPOSITIONS.

~~~~~  
EDITED BY

MINARD W. WILSON.  
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PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

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Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by MINARD W. WILSON, in the clerk's office of the District Court  
of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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STEREOTYPED BY J. FAGAN.

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PRINTED BY W. S. YOUNG.

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## PREFACE.

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THE author of this little work, being a practical Sabbath-school man, has often felt the need of some tunes adapted particularly to the capacity of children, of a pleasing yet not difficult nature.

The author is aware that many efforts have been made to get up a work of this kind, but a difficulty has always seemed to be in the way of accomplishing the desired task. Having spent some time and labor on this work, he hopes he has, in some measure, overcome the difficulty.

A short but concise system of instruction in the elements of vocal music, is first presented, and then follow the tunes, which have been arranged so as to suit the sentiment of every hymn in the hymn-books in use at the present time.

The author would here return thanks to all those gentlemen who have contributed to this work, in order to carry out this most excellent design.

## FOR THE FORMATION OF THE VOICE.

The voice, or sound, should be formed in the throat. This may be done by singing the syllable *ah*, to all the sounds of the scale.

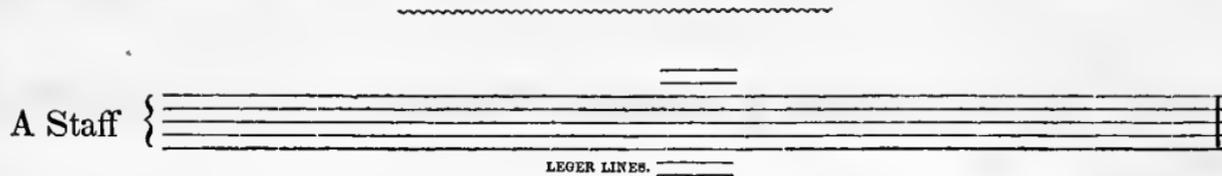
Opening the mouth moderately, and uttering the syllable before-mentioned, then the syllable *la*, then the letter *o*, swelling the sound and expending a whole breath upon one sound.

Should the pupil spend half an hour each day in practising the foregoing, his time will not be lost. On the contrary, he will improve the voice more by this practice than by all the tunes he may sing. Let him ascend as high, and then descend as low as he can; this will give compass and strength.

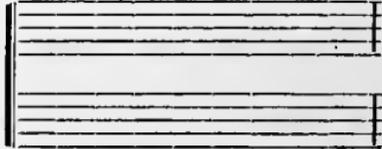
Tunes should be practised also, for this adds variety and takes away the monotony of the study. Care should be observed also in drawing breath, so as to draw it at proper distances. As no rule can be laid down which would be applicable in all cases, the pupil should practise a piece over frequently, drawing the breath at different places, so as to ascertain when it is best and most suitable.

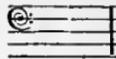
THE AUTHOR.

# ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.



## FIRST LESSON.

1. The Staff consists of five lines and four spaces.
2. We always count from the lowest upward, thus: first line, first space, second line, second space, &c.
3. A short line is drawn above or below the staff for very high or low sounds.
4. It is called a leger line, and is counted thus: first space above, first line above, &c., first space below, first line below, &c.
5. Musical characters are written upon the staff.
6. The first character we see upon the page of music is the Brace, thus : 
7. It is used to connect the parts.
8. There are four parts written in this work.
9. They are called, First Treble, Second Treble, Tenor and Bass.
10. The next character is called a Clef.

11. There are two, called Treble and Bass, marked thus: Treble  Clef. Bass  Clef.

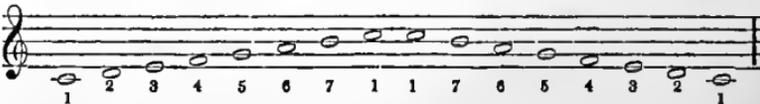
12. The first is called the G Clef, because it represents the letter G on the second line in the Treble Staff, thus: 

13. The second, the F Clef, because it represents the letter F on the fourth line in the Bass Staff, thus: 

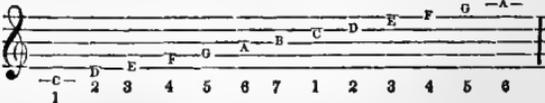
14. Each line and space is called a degree.

15. The Staff contains nine: five lines, and four spaces.

#### SECOND LESSON.

1. In music there are seven sounds, which, with the first added eight sounds higher, make the eight notes, or Diatonic Scale, written thus: 

2. These sounds are also named after the first seven letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, G,—

A being on the second space, thus: 

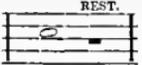
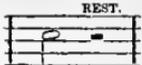
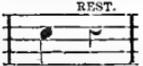
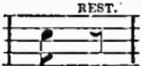
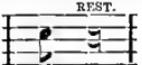
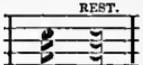
3. The letters never change their places on the staff.

4. In singing we use the syllables, Do, Ra, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, and, Do making an octave.

5. An octave is composed of eight sounds.



1. There are six kinds of notes.

2. They are called the Semibreve, or whole note ; the Minim, or half note ; the Crotchet, or quarter note ; the Quaver, or eighth note ; the Semiquaver, or sixteenth note ; the Demisemiquaver, or thirty-second part of a whole note ; with their accompanying rests.

3. All tunes are divided into Measures.

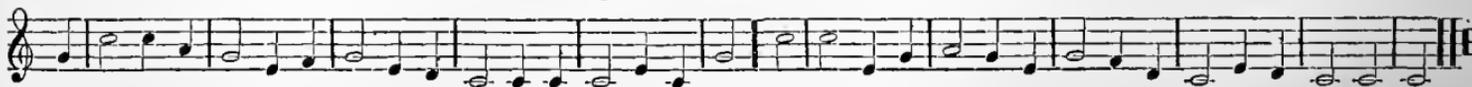
4. A Measure is the space between two Bars.

5. A Bar is a thin line drawn across the Staff.

6. A Double Bar is a thick line drawn across the Staff, and shows the end of a line of poetry, close of a strain of music, or end of a tune.

7. An Interval is the space or distance from one sound to another.

*Example of a Tune divided into Measures.*



FOURTH LESSON.

1. In this work we have six varieties of time, marked thus:  $\frac{2}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{4}{4}$   $\frac{3}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{3}{8}$ .

2. The first three are called Common, or equal Time, the last three Triple, or unequal Time.

3. In beating time to the first two varieties, we make two motions of the hand, one up and one down, counting 1—2, 1—2, &c. To the third, four motions, down, left, right, up, counting 1—2—3—4, &c.

4. The fourth, fifth, and sixth varieties have the same number of motions, viz. three—down, left, up, counting 1—2—3, &c.

5. The upper figure always shows the number, and the under one the kind of notes, in each measure.

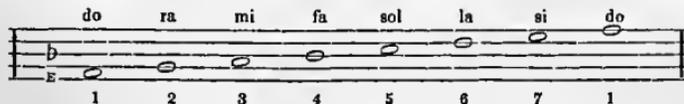
## FIFTH LESSON.

*Table in Transposition.*

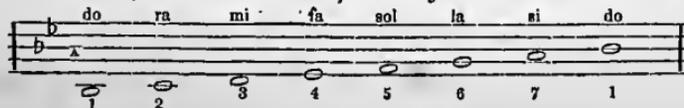
1. If the signature be Natural, (or there be neither Flat nor Sharp at the beginning of the tune,) the syllable *si*, (the leading note) is on B, the third line thus:



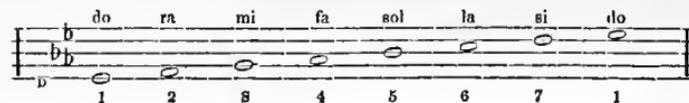
2. If the signature be one Flat (B Flat) the syllable *si* is on E, the first line.



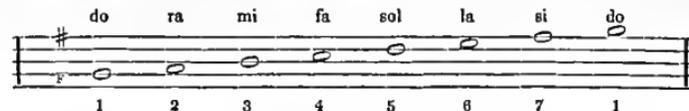
3. If the signature be two Flats (B and E Flat) the syllable *si* is on A.



4. If the signature be three Flats (B, E and A Flat) the syllable *si* is on D.



5. If the signature be one Sharp (F Sharp) the syllable *si* is on F.



6. If the signature be two Sharps (F and C Sharp) the syllable *si* is on C.



7. If the signature be three Sharps (F, C and G Sharp) the syllable *si* is on G.



8. The situation of the syllable Do, may also be ascertained by counting to the fourth degree below the last Flat, or the first degree above the last Sharp of the signature.

NOTE.—The transpositions written above are all that are necessary to sing any tune, one Sharp being equal to six Flats, two to five, or *vice versa*. The syllable would read the same.

*Exercise in Solfeggio.*

FOR MALE AND FEMALE VOICES.

La . . . . . La . . . . . La . . . . . La . . . . .

La . . . . . La . . . . . La . . . . . La . . . . .

*Examples in Transposition.*

TREBLE

BASS.

NOTE.—There is no danger of spending too much time in practising the Scale and Solfeggio Exercise, it forms the voice.

## MELVILLE.

M. W. W.

The morning light is break - ing A - long tho eastern sky ; The birds with joy are rais - - - ing Their silvery notes on high.

## DELIGHT.

M. W. W.

LIVELY.

Through val - ley and meadow, from fountain and rill, The streamlets me - an - der o'er mountain and hill;

Their waters like mu - sic flow si - lent - ly down, While moisture from each spreads a ha - lo a - round.

## SIXTH LESSON.

1. Music is of two kinds, bold and cheerful, or mournful and pathetic.
2. The first is sung in the Major Mode.
3. The second is sung generally in the Minor Mode.
4. The Major Mode consists of the Diatonic Scale, or eight notes, written low or high as the tune may require.
5. Tunes in the Major Mode always commence on one note of the first common chord, Do, Mi, Sol. Do is the Key Note.

6. The Minor Mode consists of the Diatonic Scale sung with the aid of Flats or Sharps, commencing on La, the Key Note, three degrees lower than the Major.

7. Tunes in the Minor Mode commence on one of the three following notes, the first chord, La, Do, Mi.

8. The Key Note is always the last note of the Bass Staff.

*Diatonic Scale, Major Mode.*

do ra mi fa sol la si do do si la sol fa mi ra do

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 1 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

*Diatonic Scale, Minor Mode.*

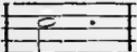
la si do ra mi fa sol la la sol fa mi ra do si la

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 1 1 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

9. The Semitones occur between the second and third, and seventh and eighth notes ascending; and between the third and fourth, and sixth and seventh descending, from the Key Note.

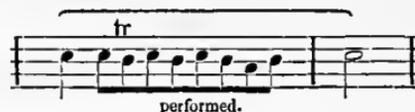
### SEVENTH LESSON.

#### *Of the Graces.*

1. A Dot placed after a note, thus  adds to it half its length.

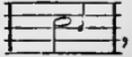
2. The Slur  shows that those notes over or under which it is placed are sung to the same syllable.

3. The Swell  $\langle \rangle$  increases and decreases the sound on the same note.
4. The Crescendo  $\langle$  increases the sound in a strain of music.
5. The Diminuendo  $\rangle$  diminishes the sound in like manner.
6. The Sforzando  $>$  denotes a burst of sound.
7. The Shake or Trill ( $tr$ ) signifies that the notes over or under which it is placed should be performed in a tremulous manner.



8. The Hold  $\frown$  prolongs the sound beyond its usual length.
9. The Staccato  $\uparrow$  requires the note over which it is placed to be sung in a short and distinct manner.

10. Appoggiaturas are small notes which precede an essential note, thus ; they take their time from an essential note, and are sung as if connected by a Slur.

11. When this note is placed after an essential note, it is called an after-note, thus , and is sung in the same manner.

#### *Of Accent and Emphasis.*

In all varieties of time the accent falls on the first note in the measure. If the first measure is not full, the tune commences on the unaccented part of the measure. There are accents also, though slight, on the third note of the measure in the third variety of equal time; in unequal time on the third note of every measure. The first accent should always be more expressive than the third. Too much care cannot be taken to give the proper expression to the words we are singing. This is

too often neglected: hence, sacred music, instead of being of the most dignified and beautiful character, is considered by the multitude to be rather inferior; and secular music and ballads (because the expression is exhibited here with studied ability) is pronounced the very perfection of music. This should not be. Sacred music should combine all the beauties of the secular, and be performed with as much care; it is of a more grand and imposing order, at times profoundly solemn, at times brilliant and enlivening, the composition unexcelled: why, then, should it not be of the highest order, requiring the utmost care in its performance?

*Marks of Emphasis.*

*Pia*, in a soft yet full voice.

*PP*, very soft.

*Forte*, loud and full.

*Mezzoforte*, not so loud.

*FF*, very loud.

*Andante*, slow.

*Andantino*, a little faster than *Andante*.

*Adagio*, slower than *Andante*.

*Affettuoso*, with feeling, tenderly.

*Allegro*, quick, lively.

*Allegretto*, slower than *Allegro*.

*Ad Libitum*, at pleasure.

*Con Spirito*, with spirit.

*Dolce*, sweetly.

*Lentando*, a little slower.

*Maestoso*, in a majestic manner.

*Moderato*, in a slow and easy manner.

*Presto*, quick.

*Sostenuto*, in a smooth and gliding manner.

*Da Capo*, or *D. C.*, end with the first strain.

∴ *A Repeat*, or sing the passage twice.

NOTE.—Teachers should practise all the various Examples as they proceed, with, occasionally, a tune, plain and easy; it takes away the monotony of the study, while it varies and pleases.

**ROUND.** 1

The ro - sy morn appears, O'er nature's dewy tears, Bright Sol his rays extends, We'll all sing merri - ly, oh!

2

3

We'll shout 'right cheeri - ly, oh! New life to earth he sends; We'll all sing mer - ri - ly, oh! Sing merrily, oh! cheerily, oh!

4

**CHORUS.**

We are happy, oh! as to work we go, And we sing with glee, Shout cheerily, oh! We are happy, oh! as to work we go, Singing merrily, singing cheerily as on to work we go.

THE SKY-LARK. (*Duett or Trio.*)

M. W. W.

**LIVELY.**

Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
O, to abide in the desert with thee.

1. Bird of the wilderness, Blithesome and cumberless,  
Emblem of happiness, Blest is thy dwelling-place—

2

Wild is thy lay, and loud,  
Far in the downy cloud,  
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth;  
Where, on thy dewy wing,  
Where art thou journeying?  
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

3

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
O'er moor and mountain green,  
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,  
Over the cloudlet dim,  
Over the rainbow's rin,  
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

4

Then when the gloaming comes,  
Low in the beather blooms,  
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be:  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
O, to abide in the desert with thee!

## ALLEGRETTO.

Tenor.

1. How kind in all his works and ways Must our Cre-a - tor be; We learn some lesson of his praise From every thing we see.

Second Treble.

2. The glorious sun that blazes high, The moon more pale and dim, With all the stars that fill the sky, Are made and ruled by him.

First Treble.

3. And this vast world of ours below, The water and the land, And all the trees and flow'rs that grow, Were fashion'd by his hand.

Bass.

## CROWN POINT. C. M.

M. W. W.

## CON SPIRITO.

Tenor.

1. There's not a tint that paints the rose, Or decks the li - ly fair, Or streaks the humblest flow'r that blows, But God has placed it there.

Second Treble.

2. At ear - ly dawn there's not a gale Across the landscape driven, And not a breeze that sweeps the vale, That is not sent by heaven.

First Treble.

3. There's not a tempest, dark and dread, Or storm that rends the air, Or blast that sweeps the ocean's bed, But God's own voice is there.

Bass.

SLOW AND SMOOTH.

1. When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys. Trans - ported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise!

3. To all my weak complaints and cries Thy mercy lent an ear, Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd To form themselves in prayer.

2. Thy providence my life sustain'd, And all my wants redrest, When I a helpless infant lay Up - on my mother's breast.

4. Unnumber'd blessings on my soul Thy tender care bestow'd, Be - fore my infant heart could know Whence all those blessings flow'd.

LYDIA. C. M.

ALLEGRO.

1. I sing the might - ty power of God That made the mountains rise; That spread the flowing seas abroad, And built the lofty skies. And built the lof - ty skies.

2. I sing the wis - dom that ordain'd The sun to rule the day; The moon shines full at his command, And all the stars obey. And all the stars o - bey.

3. I sing the good - ness of the Lord, That fill'd the earth with food; He form'd the creatures with his word, And then pronounced them good. And then pronounced them good.

LAUREL HILL. C. M.

M. W. W.

DOLCE.

1. The Lord of glo - ry is my light, And my sal - va - tion too: God is my strength, nor will I fear What all my foes can do.

2. One pri - vi - lege my heart desires; O grant me mine a - bode Among the churches of thy saints, The temples of my God!

3. There shall I of - fer my requests, And see thy glo - ry still; Shall hear thy messages of love, And learn thy ha - ly will.

*SLOW.*

1. Al-mighty Father, gracious Lord, Kind guardian of my days, Thy mercies let my heart record In songs of grateful praise. In songs of grateful praise.

2. In life's first dawn, my tender frame Was thy indulgent care, Long ere I could pronounce thy name, Or breathe the infant prayer. Or breathe the infant prayer.

3. Each rolling year new favours brought From thy exhaustless store; But, ah! in vain my labouring thought Would count thy mercies o'er. Would count thy mercies o'er.

## BALERMA. C. M.

SCOTTISH.

*SLOW.*

1. O thou, from whom all goodness flows, I lift my heart to thee; In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me!

2. When on my guilty, burden'd heart My sins lie hea-vi-ly, My par-don speak, new peace impart, In love, re-mem-ber me!

3. Temptations sore obstruct my way, And ills I cannot flee; Oh! give me strength, Lord, as my' day, And still re-mem-ber me!

ANDANTE SOSTENUTO.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed! And did my Sovereign die! Would he devote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree? A - mazing pi - ty grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in; When Christ, the mighty Saviour, died For man the creature's sin.

For such a worm as I? For such a worm as I? Would he de - vote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

*DUETT.*  
And love be - yond de - gree, And love be - yond degree; A - mazing pi - ty, grace unknown, And love beyond de - gree!

For man the creature's sin, For man the creature's sin; When Christ, the mighty Saviour, died, For man the creature's sin.

1. Our souls, by love to - ge - ther knit, Cement - ed, mix'd in one, One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice, 'Tis heav'n on earth begun.

2. Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spake, And glow'd with sacred fire ; He stopp'd, and talk'd, and fed, and blest, And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

3. A rill, a stream, a tor - rent flows ! But pour a migh - ty flood ; O sweep the nations, shake the earth, Till all proclaim thee God.

## G I L B E R T . C . M .

M . W . W .

WITH SPIRIT.

1. Mortals, a - wake, with angels join, And chant the solemn lay ; And chant the solemo lay : Joy, love, and gra - titude com - bine To hail th' auspicious day.

2. Wrapt in the si - lence of the night, The world in darkness lay, The world in darkness lay, When sudden, glorious, heavenly light Burst in e flood of day.

3. Hark ! the che - rub - ic armies shout, And glory leads the song ; And glory leads the song ; Good will and peace are heard, throughout Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

*ALLEGROTTTO.*

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? Or blush to speak his name?

2. Shall I be carried to the skies, On flowery beds of ease? While others fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas. And sail'd thro' bloody seas.

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

REDEMPTION. C. M.

M. W. W.

*CON SPIRITO.*

*UNISON.*

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King, Let every heart prepare him room, And heaven and na - ture sing.

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

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

## DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

ANDANTE.

1. God's angels come from heav'n on high, To keep me safe from harm; To guard my head from danger nigh, My bosom from a - - larm.

2. They keep a care - ful watch all night, Around my peaceful bed; They will not let an e - vil light Up - on my slumbering head.

3. They love to hear an in - fant pray And praise the name di - vine; I cannot hear their songs, but they Can hear and join in mine.

## WOODLAND. C. M.

1. Hosannas were by childreo sung When Je - sus was on earth; Then surely we are not too young, Then surely we are not too young To sound his praises forth.

2. The Lord is great, the Lord is good; He feeds us from his store With earthly and with heavenly food; With earthly and with heavenly food; We'll praise him evermore.

3. We thank him for his gracious word; We thank him for his love; We'll sing the praises of our Lord, We'll sing the praises of our Lord, Who reigns in heaven above.

MODERATO.

1. Where is the high and lof-ty one? His dwelling is a - far; He lives be-yond the blaz - ing sun, And eve - ry dis - tant star .

2. But God, whom thousnd worlds o - bey, Descends to earthly ground, And dwells in cot - ta - ges of clay, If there his saints are found.

3. Is not the heaven of heavens his own? Yes—he is Lord of all;— And there, be - fore his aw - ful throne, The saints and an - gels fall.

DEVIZES. C. M.

1. Come, let us join the hosts above, Now in our youthful days; Remember our Crea - tor's love, And lisp our Father's praise, And lisp our Father's praise.

2. His Majesty will not despise The day of fee - ble things; Grateful the songs of children rise, And please the King of kings, And please the King of kings.

3. He loves to be remember'd thus, And honour'd for his grace; Out of the mouths of babes like us His wisdom calls forth praise, His wisdom calls forth praise.

NOT TOO FAST.

1. When Je - sus to the temple came, The voice of praise was heard ; The little children own'd his claim, And in his train appear'd.

2. Ho - san - nas made the temple ring, For ma - ny tongues agreed ; Ho - sanna to the heavenly king ! To David's promised seed.

3. O let those scenes be now renew'd, Where children lisp thy praise ! Thou art as gracious and as good As in the former days.

## CANTON. C. M.

ANDANTINO.

1. Amazing grace ! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me ! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved ; How precious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first believed.

3. Thro' ma - ny dangers, toils, and snares, I have al - ready come : 'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

## CORONATION. C. M.

27

WITH SPIRIT.

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

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name ! Let angels prostrate fall ; And crown him Lord of all.

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

CHORUS.

Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all. Oh ! crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all. Oh ! crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all. Oh ! crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
A remnant weak and small !  
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall ;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Teachers, who surely know his love,  
Who feel your sin and thrall,  
Now join with all the hosts above,  
And crown him Lord of all.

5 May we with heaven's rejoicing throng  
Before his presence fall,  
Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all !

## CHINA. C. M.

*AFFETTUOSO.*

1. Death may dissolve my bo - dy now, And bear - my spir - it home; Why do my minutes move so slow, Nor my sal - va - tion come?

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

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

## BERGEN HILL. C. M.

*CON SPIRITO.*

1. On Jordan's stor - my banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - sessions lie.

2. O the transport - ing, rapturous scene That rises to my sight! Sweet fields, array'd in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light!

3. On all those wide - ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day; There God the Son for e - ver reigns, And scat - ters night away.

## COLSTON. L. M.

M. W. W.

29

MODERATO.

1. I love to have the Sabbath come, For then I rise and quit my home; And haste to school with cheerful air, To meet my dearest teachers there.

2. 'Tis there I'm always taught to pray That God would bless me day by day, And safely guard, and guide me still, And help me to o - bey his will.

3. 'Tis there I sing a Saviour's love, Which brought him from his throne above, And made him suffer, bleed and die, For sinful creatures, such as I.

## MENDON. L. M.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon; His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way till him I view.

2. This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not; My grief and burden long have been, That I was not released from sin.

3. The more I strove against its power, I felt its weight and guilt the more; At length I heard my Saviour say, "Come hither, soul, I am the way."

## BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

1. O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last submit, At Jesus' feet to lay it down! To lay my soul at Jesus' feet! To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2. Rest for my soul I long to find; Saviour of all, if mine thou art, Give me thy meek and lowly mind, And stamp thine image on my heart, And stamp thine image, &c.

3. Break off the yoke of inbred sin, And fully set my spirit free; I cannot rest till pure within, Till I am wholly lost in thee, Till I am wholly lost in thee.

## SHOEL. L. M.

NOT TOO FAST.

1. Come hither, all ye weary souls! Ye heavy-laden sinners! 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 lowly mind; But passion rages like the sea, And pride is restless as the wind.

3. Blest is the man whose shoulders take My yoke, and bear it with delight! My yoke is easy to his neck; My grace shall make the burden light.

1. Another six days' work is done, Another Sabbath is begun: Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest, Improve the day that God hath blest.

2. Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns So sweet a rest to wearied minds; Draws us away from earth to heaven, And gives this day the food of seven.

3. O may our prayers and praises rise As grateful incense to the skies; And draw from heaven that sweet repose Which none but he who feels it knows.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

1. Descend from heav'n, immor - tal Dove, Stoop down and take us on thy wings, And mount and bear us far a - bove The reach of these in - fe - rior things.

2. Beyond, beyond this low - er sky, Up where eter - nal a - ges roll: Where solid pleasures ne - ver die, And fruits immor - tal feast the soul.

3. O for a sight, a pleasing sight, Of our Almigh - ty Father's throne! There sits our Saviour crown'd with light, Clothed in a bo - dy like our own.

## ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.

1. Say, sinner, hath a voice within Oft whisper'd to thy se-cret soul, Urged thee to leave the ways of sin, And leave thy heart to God's control?

2. God's Spirit will not always strive With harden'd, self-destroying man; Ye, who persist his love to grieve, May ne-ver hear his voice again.

3. Sin-ner, perhaps this ve-ry day Thy last ac-cept-ed time may be; O, should'st thou grieve him now away, Then hope may never smile on thee.

## ORNAN. L. M

M. W. W.

*MOTENUTO.*

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!

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

1. Thus far we're spared again to meet Before Je-hovah's mer-cy-seat; To seek his face, to praise and pray, And hail an-oth-er Sabbath-day.

2. Let every tongue its silence break, Let every tongue his goodness speak, Who deigns his glory to display On each re-turn-ing Sabbath-day.

## ZEPHYR. L. M.

ARRANGED BY M. W. W.

1. Take up thy cross! the Saviour said, If thou wouldst my dis-ci-ple be; Take up thy cross with willing heart, And humbly fol-low af-ter me.

2. Take up thy cross! let not its weight Fill thy weak spirit with a-larm; My strength shall bear thy spirit up, And brace thy heart and nerve thy arm.

3. Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame, And let thy foolish pride be still; Thy Lord did not refuse to die Up-on a cross on Calvary's hill.

## STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M.

MODERATO.

1. When, marshall'd on the nightly plain, The glittering host bestud the sky, One star a-lone, of all the train, Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye:

2. Once on the ragin seas I rodc— The storm was loud, the night was dark; The ocean yawnd—and rudely blow'd The wind that toss'd my found'riog bark :

3. It was my guide, my light, my all; It bade my dark forebodings cease; And thro' the storm, and danger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From every host, from eve-ry gem; But one a-lone the Saviour speaks, It is the Star of Beth-lehem.

Deep horror then my vi-tals froze; Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem, When sudden-ly a star a-rose, It was the Star of Beth-lehem.

Now safely moored—my perils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's di-a-dem, For ev-er and for ev-er-more, The Star—the Star of Beth-lehem.

## EFFINGHAM. L. M.

35

1. Je - sus, the sinner's friend, to thee, Lost and undone, for sid I flee; Weary of earth, myself, and sin; O - pen thine arms, and take me in.

2. Pi - ty and heal my sin-sick soul; 'Tis thou alone canst make me whole; Dark, till in me thine image shine, And lost I am till thou art mine.

3. The mansion for thyself prepare, Dispose my heart by entering there; 'Tis this a - lone can make me clean; 'Tis this a - lone can cast out sin.

## PLAINFIELD. L. M.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. See from his head, his hands his feet, Sor - row and love flow mingled down; Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

3. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small; Love so a - mazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

*SLOW.*

1. A mourning class, a vacant seat, Tell us that one we loved to meet Will join our youthful throng no more, Till all these changing scenes are o'er.

2. No more that voice we loved to hear Shall fill his teacher's listening ear; No more its tones shall join to swell The songs that of a Saviour tell.

3. That welcome face, that sparkling eye, And sprightly form, must buried lie; Deep in the cold and silent gloom, The rayless night that fills the tomb.

## POTTSGROVE. L. M.

M. W. W.

*LIVELY.*

1. Welcome, sweet morn, we hail with joy Thy holy light, thy best employ; And come, a lit - tle favoured band, One sacred hour with Christ to spend.

2. Our infat hearts would humbly pray That he will bless our school to-day; To him our joy - ful notes of praise, With ooe unit - ed voice we raise.

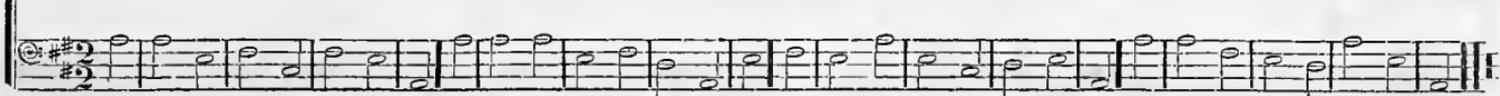
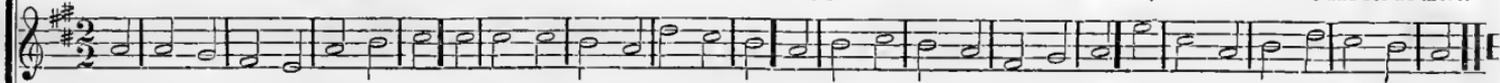
3. An offering to our heavenly King Of glad ho - san - nas now we bring: And hope at last in his embrace, Secure from sin, to find a place.



1. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Thro' every land, by eve - ry tongue.



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



VENANGO. L. M.

CHORAL. M. W. W.



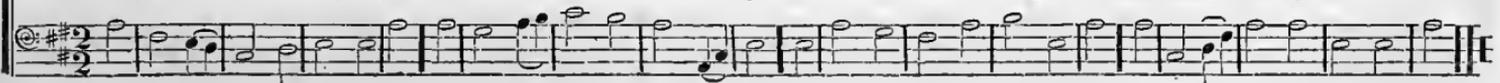
1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his succes - sive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.



2. For him shall endless prayer be made, And endless praises crown his head; His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With every morning sa - cri - fice.



3. People and realms of every tongue Dwell on his love with sweetest song; And in - fant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on his name.



## AUGUSTA. L. M.

1. Happy is he who ear - ly steers, Like a trim vessel, straight for heaven ; Who Christian colours bravely rears, And keeps the course that God has given.

2. Life is the ocean ; years the tide That floats ten thousand barks a - long ; Sins are the rocks on every side, Where passion drives a current strong.

3. Pleasure that looks so bright and fair, Is like the shallows, set with sands ; And many a wreck, forlorn and bare, Lies high and dry upon those strands.

## MOSCOW. L. M.

M. W. W.

1. What various hindrances we meet In coming to a mercy - seat ! Yet who that knows the worth of prayer But wishes to be of - ten there ?

2. Prayer makes the darken'd heart withdraw, Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw, Gives ex - er - cise to faith and love, Brings every blessing from above.

3. Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ; Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright ; And Satan trembles when he sees The weakest saint up - on his knees.

NOT TOO FAST.

1. Awoke, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy great Re - deemer's praise; He justly claims a song from thee,— His lov - ing kindness,

2. He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me not - withstanding all; He saved me from my lost estate— His lov - ing kind - ness,

3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along,— His lov - ing kind - ness,

O how free! His lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kindness, O how free!

O how great! His lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kindness, O how great!

O how strong! His lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kindness, O how strong!

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

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

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

## DUANE STREET.\* L. M.

NOT TOO FAST.

1. Be merci - ful, O God of grace, To us thy people: let thy face Beam on us, that thy church may shine, In this dark world, with light divine.

2. Let them with joy thy praises sing, Earth's righteous Judge and sovereign King; Illumined by thy ho - ly word, Let all the na - tions praise the Lord.

Re - vesl, O Lord, thy saving plan, To all the fa - mi - lies of man: Let distant nations hear thy word, Let all the nations praise the Lord.

Then shall this harren world assume New beauty, and the desert bloom; Our God shall richly bless us then, And all men fear his name. Amen!

SLOW AND IN EXACT TIME.

1. A poor, wayfar - ing man of grief Hath often cross'd me on my way, Who sued so humbly for relief, That I could ne - ver an - swer Nay.

2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread, He enter'd; not a word he spake; Just perish - ing for want of bread, I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake,

3 I spied him where a fountain burst Clear from the rock; his strength was gone; The heedless water mock'd his thirst; He heard it, saw it hurrying on.

I had not power to ask his name, Whither he went, or whence he came; Yet there was something in his eye That won my love, I knew not why.

And ate, but gave me part again. Mine was an angel's portion then; And while I fed with ea - ger haste, The crust was manna to my taste.

I ran and raised the sufferer up; Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup; Dipp'd, and return'd it running o'er; I drank, and ne - ver thirsted more.

1. When gathering clouds around I view, And days are dark and friends are few, On him I lean, who, not in vain,

2. If aught should tempt my soul to stray From heavenly vir-tue's nar-row way, To fly the good I would pur-sue,

3. When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend, Which co-vers all that was a friend; And from his voice, his hand, his smile,

4. And, oh! when I have safe-ly pass'd Through every con-flict but the last, Still, still un-changing, watch be-side

Ex-perienced eve-ry human pain; He sees my wants, al-lays my fears, And counts and trea-sures up my tears.

Or do the sin I would not do, Still, he who felt temp-tation's power Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

Di-vides me—for a lit-tle while— Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed, For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

My pain-ful bed—for thou hast died; Then point to realms of cloudless day, And wipe the la-test tear a-way.

## SILVER STREET. S. M.

43

1. Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah is the sovereign God, The u - - ni - ver - sal King.

2. He formed the deeps unknown, He gave the seas their bound; The watery worlds are all his own, And all the so - lid ground.

3. Come worship at his throne; Come bow be - fore the Lord; We are his works, and not our own; He form'd us by his word.

## CEPHAS. S. M.

M. W. W.

ANDANTE SOSTENUTO.

1. When sickness, pain, and death Come o'er a god - ly child, How sweetly then de - parts the breath! The dy - ing pang how mild!

2. It gent - ly sinks to rest, As once it used to do Up - on its mo - ther's ten - der breast, And as se - cure - ly too.

3. The spi - rit is not dead, Though low the bo - dy lies; But, freed from sin and sor - row, fled To dwell be - yond the skies.

*ALLEGRETTO.*

1. Is this the kind re - turn, Are these the thanks we owe, Thus to a - buse e - ter - nal love, Whence all our blessings flow?

2. Turn, turn us, mighty God, And mould our souls a - fresh: Break, sovereign grace, our hearts of stone, And give us hearts of flesh.

3. To what a stubborn frame Hath sin re - duced our mind; What strange re - bellious wretches we, And God as strangely kind.

## GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

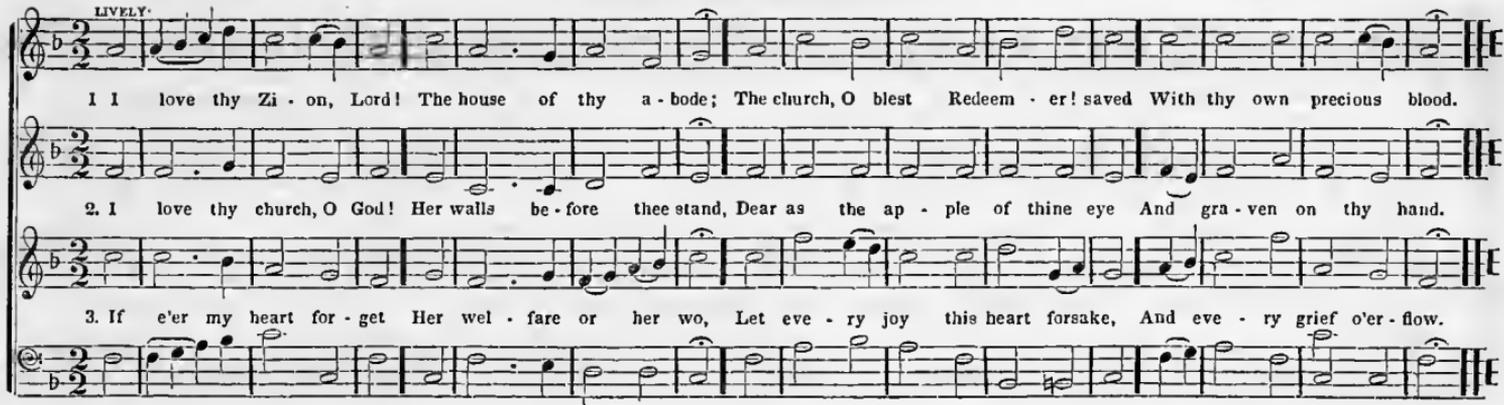
WESTERN TUNE.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, come, Let thy bright beams a - rise: Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.

2. Re - vive our drooping faith, Our doubts and fears re - move; And kin - dle in our breasts the flame Of ne - ver - dy - ing love.

3. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc - ti - fy the soul, To pour fresh life in eve - ry part, And new - create the whole.

LIVELY.

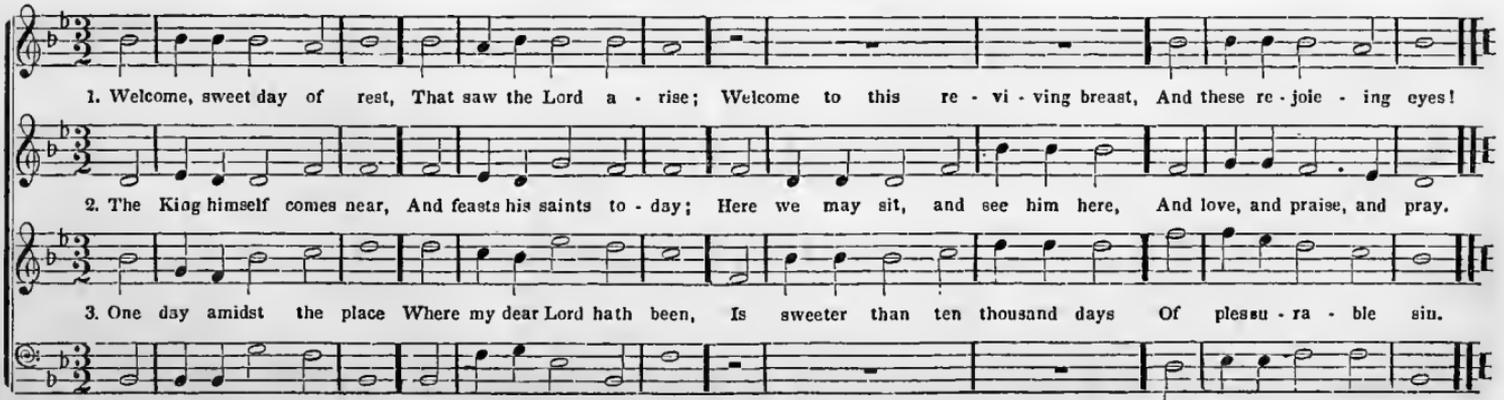


1 I love thy Zi-on, Lord! The house of thy a-bode; The church, O blest Redeem-er! saved With thy own precious blood.

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

3. If e'er my heart for-get Her wel-fare or her wo, Let eve-ry joy this heart forsake, And eve-ry grief o'er-flow.

## LISBON. S. M.



1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a-rise; Welcome to this re-vi-ving breast, And these re-joice-ing eyes!

2. The King himself comes near, And feasts his saints to-day; Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day amidst the place Where my dear Lord hath been, Is sweeter than ten thousand days Of plesu-ra-ble sin.

1. To praise the Saviour's name, Let lit - tle chil - dren try; While saints and an - gels do the same In the bright world on high.

2. His love in heaven is sung, His name is there a - dored; And children here, how - e - ver young. May learn to praise the Lord.

3. The wonders of that love No earth - ly tongue can tell, Which brought the Saviour from a - bove, To save our souls from hell.

## COMMUNION. S. M.

WITH FEELING.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of pe - ni - ten - tial grief Burst forth from eve - ry eye.

2. The Son of God in tears, An - gels with won - der see! Be thou aston - ish'd, O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.

3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin demands a tear; In heaven alone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.

1. Fa - ther of mercies! hear The notes that children raise; To our re - quest bow down thy ear, And hearken to our praise.

2. Within our hearts, the seed Of sa - cred truth is sown; But, Lord! the blessing that we need Must come from thee a - lone.

3. That seed will buried lie Till thou the increase give; Yet then, although it seem to die, It shall re - vive and live.

## WHITE PLAINS. S. M.

M. W. W.

1. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - pen door! Has - ten to gain that blest a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.

2. There safe shalt thou a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest; And eve - ry wish be sa - tis - fied, With full salvation blest.

3. And when the waves of wrath A - gain the earth shall fill, Thine ark shall ride the sea of fire, And rest on Zion's hill.

1. There is, beyond the sky, A heaven of joy and love; And god - ly children, when they die, Go to that world a - bove.

2 There is a dreadful hell, And e - verlast - ing pains; There sin - ners must for e - ver dwell, In dark - ness, fire, and chains.

3. Can such a wretch as I Es - cape this dreadful end? And may I hope, when'er I die, I shall to heaven as - cend?

## PRESCOTT. S. M.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And of - tea for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thi - zing tear.

*SLOW.*

1. A dread and solemn hour To us is drawing near; When we, before the throne of God, All present shall sp - pear, All present shall appear.

2. What answer shall we give, When God himself demands, The uses of such times as these, In judgment at our hands? In judgment at our hands?

3. This will be woe indeed: To regions of despair Our own neglect will sink us down, To mourn for ever there, To mourn for e - ver there.

## RODNEY. S. M.

M. W. W.

*MODERATO.*

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

2. Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in his mighty power, Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - que - ror.

3. Stand then in his great might, With all his strength endued: But take, to arm you for the fight, The pa - no - ply of God.

Musical score for "PRAISE. S. P. M." in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves: a vocal line, a piano accompaniment line, and two additional staves (likely for organ or another instrument). The lyrics are: "How pleased and blest was I, To hear the people cry, Come, let us seek our God to-day; Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honours pay."

## W O R S H I P . S . P . M .

- M . W . W .

WITH SPIRIT.

Musical score for "WORSHIP. S. P. M." in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves: a vocal line, a piano accompaniment line, and two additional staves. The lyrics are: "The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal state maintains, His head with awful glories crown'd; Array'd in robes of light, Begirt with sov'reign might, And rays of majesty around."

*SOSTENUTO.*

Hymn 1.—The Lord in - to his gar - den came, The spi - ces yield a rich per - fume, The li - lies grow and thrive;

Hymn 2.—1. Where two or three to - ge - ther meet, My love and mer - cy to re - peat, And tell what I have done,

2. Make one in this as - sem - bly, Lord, Speak to each heart some cheer - ing word, To set the spi - rit free;

Re - fresh - ing show'rs of grace di - vine, From Je - sus flow to eve - ry vine, And make the dead re - vive.

There will I be, saith God, to bless, And eve - ry bur - den'd soul re - dress, Who wor - ships at my throne.

Im - part the Spi - rit's gra - cious power, And grant that we may spend an hour In fel - low - ship with thee.

STEADY AND IN EXACT TIME

1. Lo! on a narrow neck of land, 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand, Yet how insen - - si - ble! A point of time, a moment's

2. O God! my inmost soul con - vert, And deeply on my thoughtless heart E - ter - nal things im - press; Give me to feel their solemn

3. Be - fore me place, in dread ar - ray, The pomp of that tremendous day, When thou with clouds shalt come To judge the nations at thy

space, Removes me to that heavenly place, Or shuts me up in hell!

weight, And save me ere it be too late— Wake me to righteous - ness.

bar; And tell me, Lord, shall I be there, To meet a joy - ful doom?

4

Be this my one great business here—  
With holy trembling, holy fear.  
To make my calling sure;  
Thy utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure

5

Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,  
Transported from this vale, to live  
And reign with thee above;  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full, supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.

NOT TOO FAST.

1. When gather'ng clouds a - round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few, On Him I lean, who, not in vain,

2. If aught should tempt my soul to stray From heavenly vir - tue's nar - row way, To fly the good I should pur - sue,

3. And O, when I have safe - ly past Through every con - flict but the last, Still, still un - chang - ing, watch be - side

Ex - perience'd eve - ry hu - man pain, He sees my wants, al - lays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears,

Or do the sin I should not do; Still he, who felt temp - ta - tion's power, Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

My painful bed, for thou hast died; Then point to realms of cloud - less day, And wipe the la - test tear a - way.

1. I love the vo - lume of thy word; What light and joy those leaves af - ford To souls be - night - ed and distress'd!

2. Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes, And warn me where my dan - ger lies; But 'tis thy bless - ed gos - pel, Lord,

3. Who knows the er - rors of his thoughts? My God, for - give my se - cret faults, And from presump - tuous sins restrain:

Thy pre - cepts guide my doubt - ful way, Thy fear for - bids my feet to stray, Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

That makes my guilt - y conscience clean, Converts my soul, sub - dues my sin, And gives a free, but large re - ward.

Ac - cept my poor at - tempts of praise, That I have read thy books of grace And book of na - ture not in vain.

1. Give thanks to God most high, The u - - ni - ver - sal Lord; The sove - reign King of kings, And be his  
UNISON.

2. How mighty is his hand! What won - ders hath he done! He form'd the earth and seas, And spread the

3. He saw the na - tions lie, All per - ish - ing in sin, And pi - tied the sad state The ru - - in'd

grace a - dored. Thy mer - cy, Lord, Shall still en - dure, And e - ver sure A - bides thy word, And e - ver sure A - bides thy word.

heavens a - lone. His pow'r and grace Are still the same, And let his name have endless praise, And let his name have end - less praise.

world was in. Thy mer - cy, Lord, Shall still en - dure, And e - ver sure A - bides thy word, And e - ver sure A - bides thy word.  
UNISON.

## WARDELL. 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.

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 To praise the Lord.

## BERNE. H. M.

M. W. W.

*ALLEGRO MAESTOSO.*

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's re-motest bound: The year of Ju-bi-lee is come, Re-

2. Ex-alt the Lamb of God, The sin-a-toning Lamb; Redemption by his blood Through all the lands proclaim; The year of Ju-bi-lee is come, Re-

3. Ye who have sold for nought The he-ritage a-bove, Shall have it back unbought, The gift of Je-sus' love; The year of Ju-bi-lee is come, Re-

turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home, Re - turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home, Re - turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home, Re - turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home, Re - turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

The musical score for 'BERNE. (Concluded.)' consists of four staves. The first three staves are vocal lines in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, with lyrics: 'turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home, Re - turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home.' The fourth staff is a basso continuo line in G major and 4/4 time.

1. When little Samuel woke, And heard his Maker's voice, At

2. If God would speak to me, And say he was my friend, How

3. And does he never speak? O yes! for in his word He

The musical score for 'LENOX. H. M.' consists of three systems. Each system has a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, and a basso continuo line in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: '1. When little Samuel woke, And heard his Maker's voice, At', '2. If God would speak to me, And say he was my friend, How', and '3. And does he never speak? O yes! for in his word He'.

every word he spoke, How much did he re - joice; O blessed, happy child, to find The God of heaven so near and kind, The God of heaven so near and kind.

happy should I be! O, how would I at - tend! The smallest sin I then should fear, If God Al - mighty were so near, If God Al - mighty were so near.

bids me come and seek The God whom Samuel heard; In almost every page I see, The God of Samuel calls to me, The God of Samuel calls to me.

The musical score for 'LENOX. H. M.' (continued) consists of three staves. The first two staves are vocal lines in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, with lyrics: 'every word he spoke, How much did he re - joice; O blessed, happy child, to find The God of heaven so near and kind, The God of heaven so near and kind.' and 'happy should I be! O, how would I at - tend! The smallest sin I then should fear, If God Al - mighty were so near, If God Al - mighty were so near.' The third staff is a basso continuo line in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics: 'bids me come and seek The God whom Samuel heard; In almost every page I see, The God of Samuel calls to me, The God of Samuel calls to me.'

## STIRLING CASTLE. 7's, or 6 lines.

*DOLCE.*

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?

2. Could my heart so hard remain, Prayer a task and burden prove, Eve - ry trifle give me pain, If I knew a Saviour's love?

3. When I turn my eyes within, All is dark, and vain, and wild, Fill'd with un - be - lief and sin, Can I deem my - self a child?

## SPANISH HYMN. 7's. Double or 6 lines.

*ANDANTINO.* *FINE.* **D. C.**

1. Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God your Maker asks you why! } He the fa - tal cause demands, Asks the work of his owa hands;  
 God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with himself to live: }

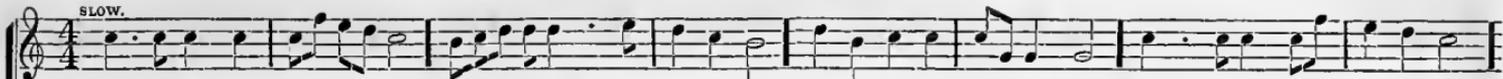
Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye slight his love and die? **D. C.**

2. Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God your Saviour asks you why? } Will you let him die in vain? Cru - cify your Lord again?  
 He who did your souls retrieve, Died himself that you might live. }

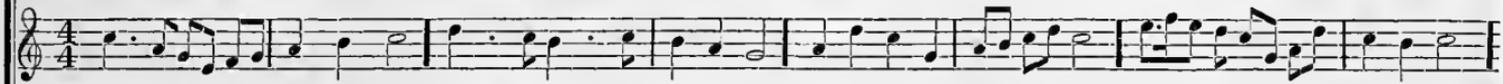
Why, ye careless sinners, why Will ye slight his grace and die?

# BENEFICENCE. 7's.

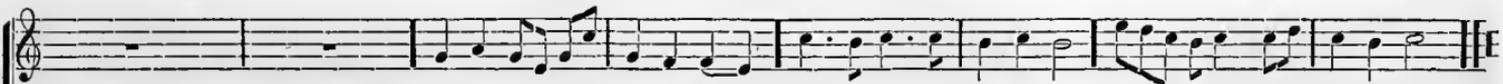
SLOW.



1. Why did Christ my Lord appear, Why to sin - ners thus draw near? Why his glories veil - ing thus? Was it not in love to us?



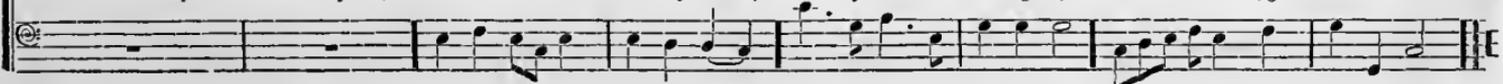
2. While I sing the Saviour's birth, Heaven rejoice, and triumph earth! I will love and serve him more, And his grace to me adore!



Oh what matchless grace to deign, Thus to stoop my heart to gain! Thus to live, and love, and die! Oh! thou blessed Jesus, why?



Like the shepherds on the plain, Listen to the heavenly strain; Glo - ry be to God again, Peace on earth, good-will to men.



**SLOW.**

1. Sing, my soul, his wondrous love, Who, from yon bright world above, Ever watchful o'er our race, Still to man extends his grace; Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

2. Heaven and earth by him were made, He by all must be obey'd; What are we, that he should show So much love to us below! Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

3. God, thus mer-ciful and good, Bought us with a Saviour's blood, And, to make our safety sure, Guides us by his Spirit pure: Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

## BURFORD. 7's, or 8,7's.

M. W. W.

**LIVELY.**

1. Hear ye not a voice from heaven, To the listening spi-rit given? Children, come! it seems to say, Give your hearts to me to-day.

2. Sweet as is a mother's love, Tender as the heavenly Dove, Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms; Thus it wins us to his arms.

3. Lord, we will re-mem-ber thee, While from pains and sorrows free; While our day is in its dew, And the clouds of life are few.

*FINE.*

1. Saviour, vi - cit thy plan - tation, Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain! } Keep no longer at a distance, Shine up - on - us from on high. **D.C.**  
 All will come to de - so - lation, Unless thou return a - gain; }

Lest, for want of thy as - sistance, Every plant should droop and die. **D.C.**

2. Surely once thy gar - den flourish'd, Every part look'd gay and green; } But a drought has since succeeded, And a sad decline we see;  
 Then thy word our spirit nourish'd; Happy seasons we have seen! }

Lord, thy help is great - ly needed,— Help can on - ly come from thee.

## FAIRHILL. 7's

M. W. W.

*SOSTENUTO.*

1. Children of the heavenly King, As we journey, sweetly sing; Sing our Saviour's wor - thy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

2. We are travelling home to God In the way the fa - thers trod; They are happy now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

3. Fear not, brethren, joy - ful stand, On the borders of our land, Je - sus Christ, our Fa - ther's Son, Bids us un - dismay'd go on.

MODERATO.

1. Come, ye children, and adore him, Lord of all, he reigns a - bove; Come and worship now before him, He hath call'd you by his love.

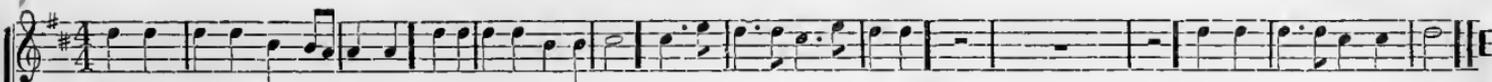
2. On this ho - ly day of gladness, We will join in praises meet; Eve - ry bosom free from sadness, All with happi - ness replete.

3. Dearest children, now adore him, Swell aloud the joy - ful strain; Let the nations bow before him, E - cho back the notes a - gain.

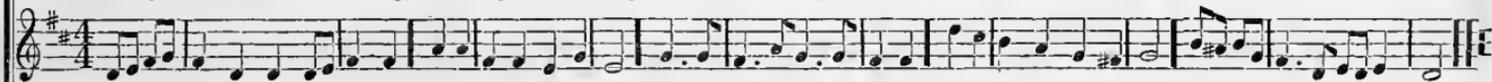
He will grant you eve - ry blessing Of his all - a - bounding grace; Come, with humble hearts expressing All your gra - ti - tude and praise.

O to feel the love of Je - sus! O to know that, from above, Still our heavenly Fa - ther sees us With an eye of ten - der love!

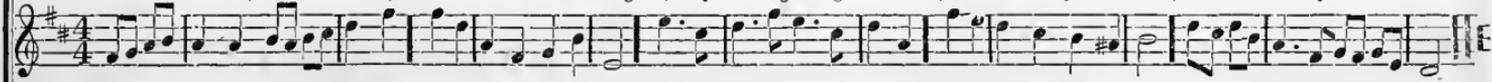
While he will ac - cept the praises, E'en from eve - ry heart and tongue, Those to him an in - fa - ct raises, Still are sweetest of the song.



1. " Feed my lambs !" how condescending, How compassionate the grace, Of the Saviour, just ascending, Thus to bless our infant race, Thus to bless our infant race.



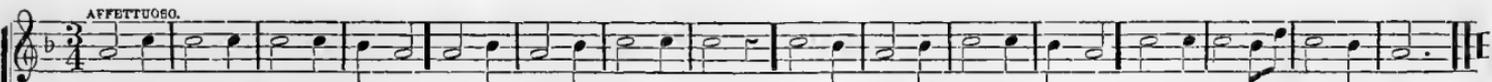
2. Richest treasure, dearest token, From his stores of love to give ; Kept from age to age unbroken, Till its bounty we receive, Till its bounty we receive.



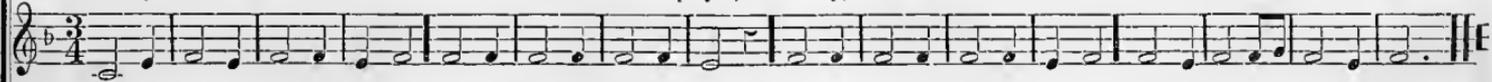
3. Who, without that word of blessing, Could our dark estate have told ? Sin and wo our souls distressing, Lost and wand'ring from his fold, Lost and wand'ring, &c.



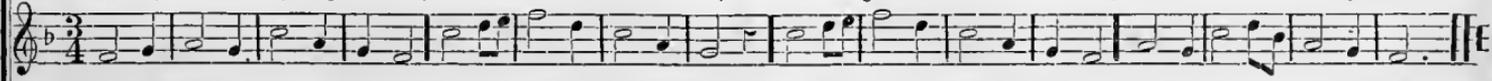
## BARTIMEUS. 8's &amp; 7's.



1. " Mercy, O thou Son of David !" Thus the blind Bar - timeus pray'd ; " Mercy, O thou Son of Da - vid ! Now to me af - ford thine aid."



2. Ma - ny for his cry - ing chid him, But he call'd the louder still, Till the gracious Saviour bid him, " Come and ask me what you will."



3. O that all the blind but knew him, And would be advised by me ! Sure - ly they would hasten to him, He would cause them all to see.



## CHADWICK. 8,7's, 6 lines, or 7's 6 lines.

1. Wea - ry souls that wan - der wide, From the cen - tral point of bliss, Turn to Je - sus cru - ci - fied,

2. Oh! be - lieve the re - cord true, God to you his Son hath given; Ye may now be hap - py too—

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The time signature is 3/4. The first system contains the first two stanzas of the hymn. The second system continues the musical accompaniment for the first stanza.

Fly to those dear wounds of his; Sink in - to the pur - ple flood; Rise in - to the life of God.

Find on earth the life of heaven, Live the life of heaven a - bove, All the life of glo - rious love.

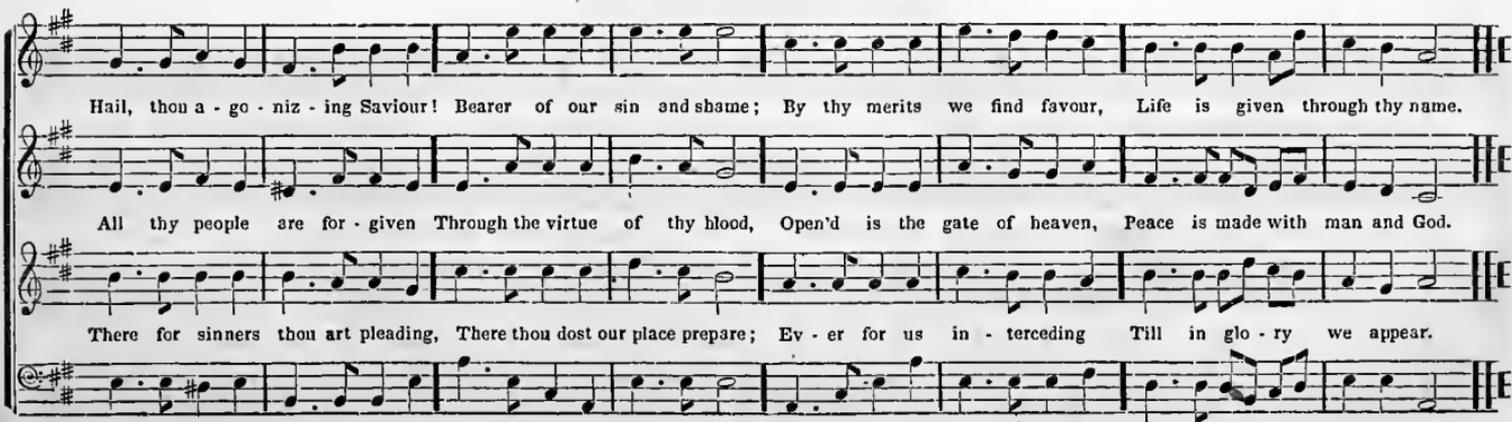
The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The time signature is 3/4. The first system contains the third stanza of the hymn. The second system continues the musical accompaniment for the third stanza.



1. Hail, thou once de - spised Je - sus! Hail, thou e - ver - last - ing King! Thou didst suffer to release us, Thou didst free sal - vation bring.

2. Pas - chal Lamb! by God ap - pointed, All our sins on thee were laid; By al - mighty love anointed, Thou hast full a - tonement made.

3. Je - sus, hail! enthroned in glo - ry, There for - ever to abide; All the heavenly hosts adore thee, Seat - ed at thy father's side;



Hail, thou a - go - niz - ing Saviour! Bearer of our sin and shame; By thy merits we find favour, Life is given through thy name.

All thy people are for - given Through the virtue of thy blood, Open'd is the gate of heaven, Peace is made with man and God.

There for sinners thou art pleading, There thou dost our place prepare; Ev - er for us in - terceding Till in glo - ry we appear.

1. Welcome, welcome, quiet morning, I've no task, no toil to-day; Now the Sabbath morn returning, Says a week has pass'd away.

2. Let me think how time is gliding; Soon the longest life departs; Nothing human is a-biding, Save the love of humble hearts.

3. Love to God and to our neighbour Makes our purest hap-piness; Vain the wish, the care, the labour, Earth's poor trifles to possess.

## O P O R T O. 8's &amp; 7's.

1. My be-loved, wilt thou own me, When my heart is all de-filed? Thu' thy dying love has won me, Can I deem thee re-conciled?

2. My be-loved, pass be-fore me; Ne-ver from my sight remove; Many waters flowing o'er me, Fold me in thy sheltring love.

3. My be-loved, safely hide me In the drear and cloudy day; Ere the windy storm has tried me, Hide my trembling soul, I pray.

LIVELY.

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

2. Then from the craggy mountains The sa - cred shout shall fly; And sha - dy vales and foun - tains Shall e - cho the re - ply;

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the first verse, and the last two are for the second verse. The music is in 4/4 time and features a lively melody with various rhythmic patterns and rests.

Pro - claim the con - test end - ed, And Him who once was slain A - gain to earth de - scended In righteous - ness to reign!

DUETT.

TRIO.

High tower and low - ly dwelling Shall send the cho - rus round, All hal - le - lu - jah swell - ing, In one e - ter - nal sound!

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the first verse, and the last two are for the second verse. The music is in 4/4 time and features a lively melody with various rhythmic patterns and rests.

## AMSTERDAM. 7's, &amp; 6's.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace; } Sun and moon and stars decay; Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and  
Rise from transitory things, Towards heaven, thy native place: }

2. Riv - ers to the ocean run, Nor stay in all their course; } So a soul that's born of God Paats to view his glorious face; Upward tends to  
Fire ascend - ing seeks the sun— Both speed them to their source: }

3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn; Press onward to the prize; } Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py entrance will be given; All your sorrows  
Soon the Saviour will return Triumphant in the skies: }

## BENSON.\* 7's &amp; 6's.

JONES.

haste away To seats prepared a - bove.  
his abode, To rest in his embrace.  
left below, And earth exchanged for heaven.

1. It is not earthly pleasure, That withers in a day; } It is not friends that leave us, It  
It is not mortal treasure, That flieth soon away; }

2. But 'tis religion bringeth Joy beyond earth's control; } He that is meek and lowly, The  
Rich from the throne it springeth, A fountain to the soul; }

3. Lord, be thy Spirit near us, While we thy words are taught: } May we, to heaven invited, When  
And may these days that cheer us With future good be fraught; }

is not sense nor sin, That smile but to deceive us, Can give us peace within.  
Saviour's face shall see; To none but to the holy, Heaven's gates shall open'd be.  
youth and life are flown, Teachers and taught united Assemble round the throne.

1. To thee, O blessed Saviour, Our grateful songs we raise; O tune our hearts and  
2. Lord, guide and bless our teachers Who labour for our good, And may the holy  
3. And may the precious gospel Be publish'd all abroad, Till the benighted

voices Thy ho - ly name to praise; 'Tis by thy sovereign mercy We're here allow'd to meet; To join with friends and teachers Thy blessing to entreat.  
Scriptures By us be understood, O may our hearts be given To thee, our glorious King; That we may meet in heaven Thy praises there to sing.  
heathen Shall know and serve the Lord; Till o'er the wide creation The rays of truth shall shine, And nations now in darkness A - rise to light divine.

## GREENFIELD. 8's. (Double.)

LIVELY.

His mercies, in Je - sus renew'd, Each morning I wake to a - dore, } My Lord, in - ex - pres - si - bly kind! O when shall I  
A fountain of in - fi - nite good, A sea without bottom or shore; }

thank him a - bove, To Je - sus e - ter - nal - ly join'd, Absorb'd in the depths of his love.

- 1 Oh! when shall we sweetly remove,  
And enter our heavenly rest;  
Return to the Zion above,  
And join in the songs of the bless'd?  
Oh! when shall we dwell with our King  
Where sorrow and pain are no more,  
Where saints our Immanuel sing  
And cherub and seraph adore?
- 2 Our Saviour, thou knowest our prayer;  
We long thy appearing to see;  
Resigned to the burden we bear,  
But hoping to triumph with thee;  
To mourn for thy coming is sweet,  
To weep at thy longer delay;  
But thou, whom we hasten to meet,  
Wilt chase all our sorrows away.

Weep not for the saint that ascends To partake of the joys of the blest; Weep not for the spirit that bends Near the throne with the weary at rest.

The musical score for 'SAINT'S REST' consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) and 3/2 time. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line. The third staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) and 3/2 time. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written between the second and third staves.

## LITTLE VALLEY. 8's.

1. To Je - sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone; Oh! bear me, ye che - rubim, up, And waft me away to his throne.

2. My Saviour, whom absent I love, Whom not having seen, I a - dore, Whose name is ex - alt - ed a - bove All glo - ry, dominion, and power.

3. Dissolve thou the bands that detain My soul from her portion in thee; Oh! strike off the a - damant chain, And make me e - ter - nal - ly free.

The musical score for 'LITTLE VALLEY' consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in D major (two sharps) and 3/2 time. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line. The third staff is a vocal line in D major (two sharps) and 3/2 time. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written between the second and third staves.

ALLEGRO MAESTOSO.

1. The Lord, the Sovereign, sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations, and awakes the north; From east to west the sounding orders spread,

2. Be - hold the Judge descends; his guards are nigh; Tempests and fire at - tend him down the sky: Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things come,

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The time signature is 2/2. The first system contains the first two stanzas of lyrics. The second system continues the piano accompaniment and ends with a double bar line.

Through distant worlds, and regions of the dead; No more shall atheists mock his long de - lay; His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!

To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom; But gather first my saints, the Judge commands, Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The time signature is 2/2. The first system contains the final stanza of lyrics. The second system continues the piano accompaniment and ends with a double bar line.

1. Come, sinners, attend, And make no delay, Good news from a friend I bring you to-day; Glad news of salvation Come now and receive, There's no condemnation To them that believe.

2. I am that I am Hath sent me to you, Glad news to proclaim, Your sins to subdue: To you, O distressed, Afflicted, forlorn, Whose sins are increased And cannot be borne.

3. But still if you cry, Oh, what is his name? You have the reply, "I am that I am." Though blind, lame, and feeble, And helpless you lie, He's willing and able Your wants to supply.

FERNANDINA. 10's & 11's.

1. Ye servants of God Your Master proclaim, And publish abroad His wonderful Name; The Name all victorious Of Jesus extol; His kingdom is glorious, And rules over all.

2. God ruleth on high, Almighty to save; And still he is nigh, His presence we have; The great congregation His triumph shall sing, Ascribing salvation To Jesus our king.

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thy aid :  
 1. Brightest and best of the Suns of the morning, Star of the east ! the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

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

Gem of the mountains, and pearl of the ocean,  
 3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion, Odours of Eden and offerings divine ; Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

## SAINT'S HOME. 11's.

How sweet to my soul is communion with saints ; And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.  
 1. 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints, To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,

And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease ! I long to behold thee in glory, at home.  
 2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace ! Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,

Which hinders my joy and communion with thee : All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.  
 3. I sigh from this body of sin to be free, Though now my temptations like billows may foam,

# SAINT'S HOME. (Concluded.)

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

# HORON. II's. M. W. W. 75

WITH SPIRIT.

1. Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream

2. How damp were the vapours that fell on his head;

Our Saviour would linger in moonlight's soft beam; And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay, And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed; The angels be-holding, amazed at the sight, At-tended their Master with solemn de-light.



1. Lord of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear; Thy children's voice with tender mercy hear; } Bear thy bless'd promise, fix'd as hills, in mind, And shed renewing grace on lost mankind; }  
 Oh! let thy Spirit like soft dews descend; Thy gospel run to earth's remotest end.



*1st time Solo, 2d time Chorus.*



2. Let Zion's walls before thee ceaseless stand, Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand; } From earth's far regions Jacob's soons restore, Oppress'd by man and scourged by thee no more, }  
 Enrich'd with gold, adorn'd with heavenly grace, Truth their sole guide, and all their pleasure praise.



## GREENCASTLE. 11's.



1. I would not live away, thus fetter'd by sin, Temptation without, and corruption within: E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears, And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.



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



3. Who, who would live 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.



# CONDOLENCE. 8's & 4.

M. W. W.

77

*SOSTENUTO.* *slow.*

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary pilgrims found; They softly lie, and sweetly sleep, Low in the ground.

2. The storm that wrecks the winter sky No more disturbs their deep repose Than summer evening's latest sigh, That shuts the rose.

3. Thou traveller in the vale of tears, To realms of e - ver - lasting light, Through time's dark wilderness of years Pur - sue thy flight.

# ISLE OF WIGHT. 8's & 7s.

MOZART.

*1st time Solo, 2d time Chorus.*

1. Wafted o'er the breast of ocean, Hark! a voice attracts the ear; { Hush'd be eve - ry rude com - motion; Soft and low it murmurs near—  
"Lo, we per - ish! ye can save, Fearless venture o'er the wave."

2. Yes, ye heard it, sainted spirits, Throned in radiance ev - er bright, { Where, ex - alt - ed, each in - herits Glo - ry in yon world of light;  
Heard it, and o - bey'd the call; Served your God, and left your all.

3. And ye hear it, ye who hasten In the path by martyrs trod, { Human suffering to les - sen, Souls im - mortal bring to God:  
Followers of your gracious Lord, Mercy will your names record.

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

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

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

4. The Lord has become our salvation and song, His blessings have follow'd us all our life long; His name we will praise while he leads us our breath, Be cheerful in life and be happy in death.

## FINLAYSON. 8's &amp; 7's. 6 lines.

**FLOW.** **FINE.** **D.C.**

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;  
Life and health and peace possessing, From the sinner's dy - ing friend. **D.C.**

2. Here I'll sit, for - e - ver viewing Mercy flow in streams of blood, Precious drops my soul bedewing, Plead and claim my peace with God.  
Precious drops my soul bedewing, Plead and claim my peace with God.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.

UNISON.

2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

## CANTELO. 6 &amp; 4.

M. W. W.

1. Glory to God on high! Let heav'n and earth reply, " Praise ye his name!" Angels his love adore, Who all our sorrows bore; Saints, sing for evermore, " Worthy the Lamb!"

2. Join all the ransom'd race, Our Lord and God to bless; Praise ye his name, In him we will rejoice, Making a cheerful noise, Shouting with heart and voice, Worthy the Lamb

1. O Lord, let our songs find ac - cept - ance be - fore thee, And pierce through the skies to thine up - permost throne;

The first system consists of four staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, followed by a piano accompaniment consisting of three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 12/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

For thou stoopest to lis - ten when mor - tals a - dore thee, And send - est thy bless - ings like mes - sen - gers down.

The second system also consists of four staves of music, following the same format as the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

ANDANTINO.

1. The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain; For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a fountain; For sin and un-  
 2. Ye souls that are wounded, to Je - sus repair; He calls you in mer - cy, and can you forbear? Though your sins have

CHOIRS.—Hallelujah to the

3. Bless'd Je - sus, thou reignest ex - alt - ed and glorious; O'er sin, death, and hell, thou art e - ver vic - torious; Thy name will we  
 4. With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore; With harps in our hands, we'll praise thee the more; We'll range the sweet

cleanness and eve - ry transgression, His blood flows most freely in streams of sal - vation." His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.  
 arisen as high as a mountain, His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain, His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain.

Lamb, who hath bought us our pardon; We'll praise him again when we pass o - ver Jordan, We'll praise him again when we pass o - ver Jordan.

praise in the great congre - gatinn, And triumph, a - scribing to thee our sal - vation, And triumph, a - scribing to thee our sal - vation.  
 plains on the bank of the river, And sing of sal - vation for e - ver and e - ver, And sing of sal - vation for e - ver and e - ver.

1. The light of Sab-bath eve Is fad - ing fast a - way; What re - cord will it leave, To crown the clos - ing day?

2. How dreadful and how drear, In yon dark world of pain, Will Sabbaths lost ap - pear, That can - not come a - gain.

3. To waste these Sabbath hours, O may we ne - ver dare; Nor taint with thoughts of ours These sa - cred days of prayer:

Is it a Sab - bath spent, Of fruit - less time destroyed? Or have these mo - ments lent Been sa - cred - ly employed?

Then in that hope - less place, The wretched soul will say, "I had those hours of grace, But cast them all a - way."

But may our Sabbaths here In - spire our hearts with love, And prove a fore - taste clear Of that sweet rest a - love."

# BETHESDA. 6's & 5's.

M. W. W 83

SMOOTH AND GLIDING.

1. Come to Be - thes - da's pool, All ye who need it; Let not its wa - ters cool Man - tle un - heed - ed:

2. Is there one im - po - tent On its brink ly - ing? Is there one pen - i - tent Bit - ter - ly sigh - ing?—

3. Now, ho - ly Mes - sen - ger, O - ver us beud - ing, Come, eve - ry bo - som stir, Kind - ly de - scend - ing:

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass line in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves, with line numbers 1, 2, and 3 corresponding to the three vocal parts.

Here bring each grief and pain; Here bring each sin - ful stain; Here wash the vi - lest clean— Come all who need it.

Cour - age, thou help - less one; Cheer up, thou sorrow - ing; Here God's e - ter - nal Son Ruiseth the dy - ing.

While in this tem - ple we Of - fer our praise to thee, Here let thy presence be Aid - ing, de - fend - ing.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass line in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

1. How hap - py sre they Who the Saviour o - - bey, And have laid up their treasure a - bove! Oh, what tongue can ex - press

The sweet comf ort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love!

2

'Twas heaven below  
 My Redeemer to know,  
 And the angels could do nothing more  
 Than to fall at his feet,  
 And the story repeat,  
 And the lover of sinners adore.

3

Then, all the day long,  
 Was my Jesus my song,  
 And redemption through faith in his name:  
 Oh! that all might believe,  
 And salvation receive,  
 And their song and their joy be the same.

1. All the week we spend Full of child - ish blis - a, Eve - ry chang - ing scene  
 2. Love - ly is the dawn Of each ris - ing day, Love - li - est the morn  
 3. To our hap - py ears Bless - ed news is brought, Ti - dinga of the work  
 4. Sweet - ly fades the light Of each pass - ing day; Peace - ful is the night

Brings its hap - pi - ness; Yet our joys would not be full, Had we not the Sab - bath - school.  
 Of the Sab - bath - day; Then our in - fant thoughts are full Of the pre - cious Sab - bath - school!  
 Love di - vine has wrought; Gra - cious news and mer - ci - ful; How we love the Sab - bath - school!  
 Of the Sab - bath - day; Then our hearts with praise are full For the pre - cious Sab - bath - school!

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; } He is able, He is willing, doubt no more, He is able, He is willing, doubt no more.  
Je - sus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love and power; }

2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome, God's free bounty glorify; } Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy, Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy.  
True belief, and true repentance, Every grace that brings you nigh, }

3. Let not conscience make you linger; Hasten! at his footstool fall; } Not the righteous, Sinners Jesus came to call, Not the righteous, Sinners Jesus came to call.  
If you tarry till you're better, You will never come at all: }

## ELLSWORTH. 8, 7, &amp; 4.

M. W. W.

1. Yes, we trust the day is breaking, } Joyful times are near at hand; } By his word in every land; } Darkness flies at his command.  
God, the mighty God, is speaking } When he chooses, when he chooses, }

2. Let us hail the joyful season, } Let us hail the dawning ray; } To expect a glorious day; } Gloom and darkness flee away.  
When the Lord appears, there's reason } At his presence, at his presence }

1. In songs of sublime a - do - ra - tion and praise, Ye pilgrims, for Zi - on who press, Break forth and ex - tot the great

2. His love from e - ter - ni - ty fix'd up - on you, Broke forth and dis - co - ver'd its flame, When each with the cords of his

Ancient of days, His rich and dis - tin - guishing grace.

kindness he drew, And brought you to love his great name.

3

Oh! had not he pitied the state you were in,  
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt;  
You all would have lived, would have died too in sin,  
And sunk with the load of your guilt.

4

What was there in you that could merit esteem,  
Or give the Creator delight?  
'T was "Even so, Father," you ever must sing,  
"Because it seem'd good in thy sight."

5

Then give all the glory to his holy name,  
To him all the glory belongs;  
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his fame,  
And crown him in each of your songs.

## MELVIN GROVE. 5's, &amp; 6's.

1. Be - gone, un - be - lief! My Saviour is near; And for my re - lief Will sure - ly ap - pear: By pray'r let me

2. De - termined to save, He watch'd o'er my path, When, Satan's blind slave, I sport - ed with death: And can he have

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves correspond to the first verse, and the last two staves correspond to the second verse. The music is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

wrestle, And he will per - form; With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

3 Why should I complain  
Of want or distress,  
Temptation or pain?  
He told me no less:  
The heirs of salvation,  
I know from his word,  
Through much tribulation  
Must follow the Lord.

4 Though dark be my way,  
Since he is my guide,  
'Tis mine to obey,  
'Tis his to provide;  
His way was much rougher  
And darker than mine;  
Did Jesus thus suffer,  
And shall I repine?

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves correspond to the third verse, and the last two staves correspond to the fourth verse. The music is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

*AFFETTUOSO.*

1. When the spark of life is waning, Weep not for me; When the languid eye is steaming, Weep not for me.

2. When the pangs of death assail me, Weep not for me; Christ is mine, he can not fail me, Weep not for me.

When the fee - ble pulse is ceasing, Start not at its swift de - creasing, 'Tis the fetter'd soul's re - leasing; Weep not for me.

Yes, though sin and doubt endea - vour, From his love my soul to se - ver, Je - sus is my strength forev - er! Weep not for me.

TENOR.

1st TREBLE.

1. How pleasant thus to dwell be - low, In fellow - ship of love; } The good shall meet a - bove, The good shall meet above, And though we  
 And though we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove. }

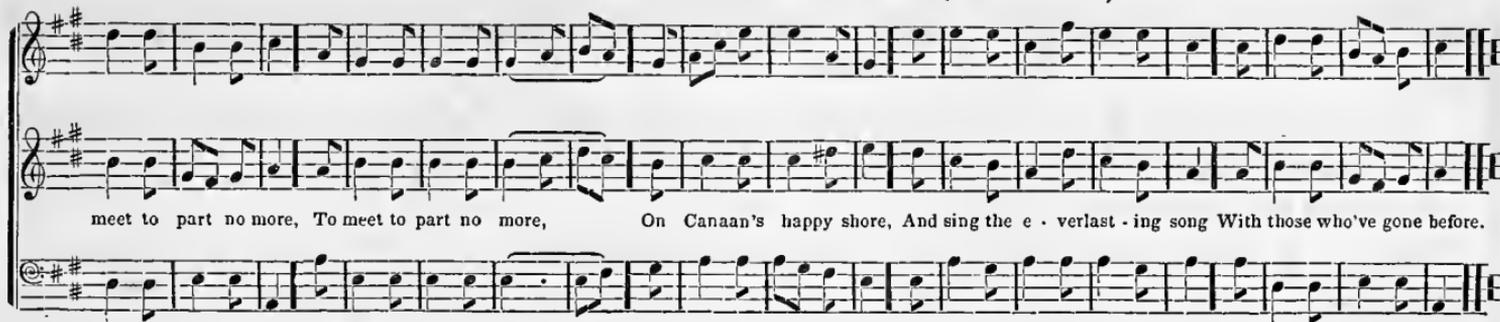
part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet above; Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful, Oh! that will be joy - ful, To

2 Yes, happy thought! when we are free  
 From earthly grief and pain,  
 In heaven we shall each other see,  
 And never part again.  
 Oh! that will be joyful, &c.

3 The children who have loved the Lord  
 Shall hail their teachers there;  
 And teachers gain the rich reward  
 Of all their toil and care.  
 Oh! that will be joyful, &c.

4 Then let us each, in strength divine,  
 Still walk in wisdom's ways:  
 That we, with those we love, may join  
 In never-ending praise.  
 Oh! that will be joyful, &c.

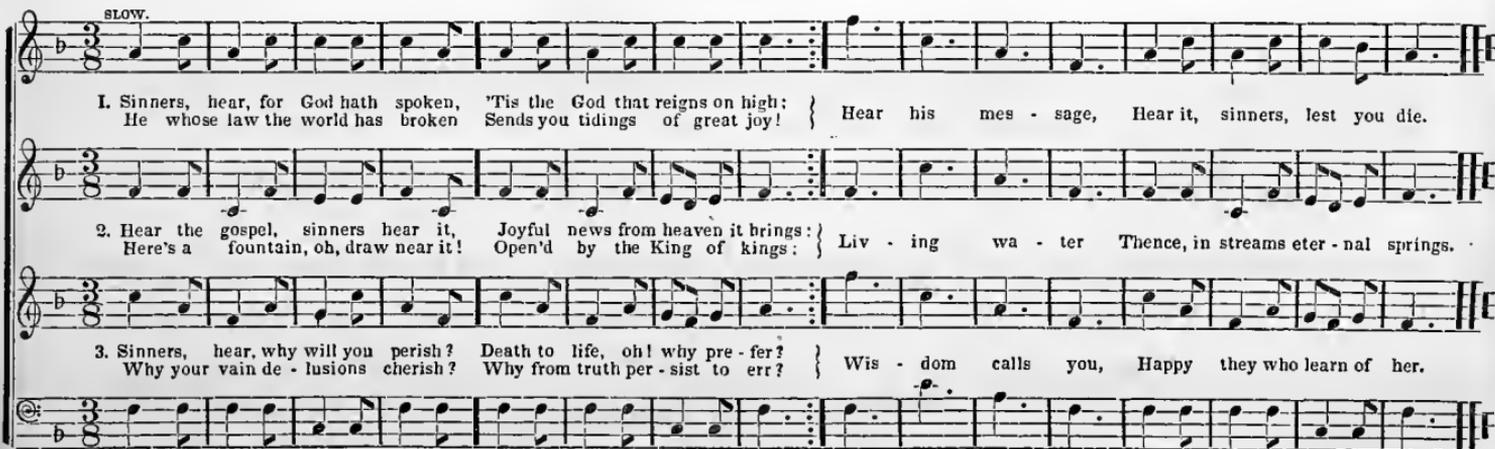
# THE PARTING HYMN. (Concluded.)



meet to part no more, To meet to part no more, On Canaan's happy shore, And sing the everlasting song With those who've gone before.

## MEDFORD. 8, 7's & 4.

*SLOW.*



I. Sinners, hear, for God hath spoken, 'Tis the God that reigns on high; Hear his mes - sage, Hear it, sinners, lest you die.  
He whose law the world has broken Sends you tidings of great joy!

2. Hear the gospel, sinners hear it, Joyful news from heaven it brings: Liv - ing wa - ter Thence, in streams eter - nal springs.  
Here's a fountain, oh, draw near it! Open'd by the King of kings:

3. Sinners, hear, why will you perish? Death to life, oh! why pre - fer? Wis - dom calls you, Happy they who learn of her.  
Why your vain de - lusions cherish? Why from truth per - sist to err?

## SONG OF JUBILEE.

BOLD BUT NOT TOO FAST.

1. Hark! the song of Ju - bi - lee, Loud as mighty thunders roar, Or the fulness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore—

1<sup>st</sup> TREBLE.

2. Hal - le - lu - jah! hark! the sound, From the depth un - to the skies, Wakes a - bove, beneath, a round, All cre - a - tion's harmonies—

3. He shall reign from pole to pole With il - lim - it a - ble sway; He shall reign, when, like a scroll, Yonder beav'ns have pass'd away—

Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord, God om - ni - po - tent shall reign; Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word E - cho round the earth and main.

See Je - hovah's banner furl'd, Sheath'd his sword; he speaks; 'tis done, And the kingdoms of this world Are the kingdoms of his Son.

Then the end; beneath his rod Man's last en - e - my shall fall; Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ in God, God in Christ, is all in all

# HEAVENLY PEACE.

M. W. W.

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*AFFETUOSO.*

1. Come, heavenly peace of mind, I sigh for thy re-turo; I seek, but cannot find The joys for which I mourn; Ah! where's the Saviour now

2. I tried each earthly charm—In pleasure's haunts I stray'd—I sought its soothing balm— I ask'd the world its aid; But ah! no balm it had

3. Where can the mourner go And tell his tale of grief? Ah! who can soothe his woe And give him sweet re-lief? Thou, Jesus! canst im-part

Whose smiles I once possess'd? Till he return, I bow, By heaviest grief oppress'd; My days of happiness are gone, And I am left to weep alone.

To heal a wounded breast, And, I, forlorn and sad, Must seek an-other rest; My days of happiness are gone, And I am left to weep alone.

By thy long-wish'd return, Ease to this wounded heart, And bid me cease to mourn: Then shall this night of sorrow flee, And I rejoice, my Lord, in thee.

WITH SPIRIT.

1. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is com - ing, Rejoice, rejoice, the wilder - ness shall bloom; And Zion's children then shall sing, The

2. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is com - ing, Rejoice, rejoice, Je - ru - sa - lem shall sing; From Zion shall the law go forth, And

3. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is com - ing, Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign, And lambs may with the leopard play, For

deserts are all blossom - ing. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming; Rejoice, rejoice, the wilder - ness shall bloom;

all shall hear, from south to north. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming; Rejoice, rejoice, Je - ru - sa - lem shall sing;

naught shall harm in Zion's way. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming; Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign;



The gospel ban ner, wide unfurl'd, Shall wave in triumph o'er the world, And every creature, bond or free, Shall hail that glorious



And truth shall sit on every hill, And blessings flow in eve-ry rill, And praise shall every heart em-ploy, And eve-ry voice shall



The sword and spear, of needless worth, Shall prune the tree and plough the earth, For peace shall smile from shore to shore, And nations shall learn



ju-bi-lee. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is com-ing, Re-joice, re-joice, the wil-der-ness shall bloom.



shout for joy. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is com-ing, Re-joice, re-joice, Je-ru-sa-lem shall sing.



war no more. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is com-ing, Re-joice, re-joice, The Prince of Peace shall reign.

LIVELY.

1. Joyful hail the ju - bi - lee of earth; Children's voices high ascending, With che - rubic strains are blending, Joyful hail the ju - bilee of earth.

2. 'Tis the Saviour's love inspires the song, Changing every note of sadness, Filling eve - ry heart with gladness; 'Tis the Saviour's love inspires the song.

3 See the day-spring dawning from on high; Thro' the night of death 'tis gleaming—  
Doubt and sorrow flee its beaming;  
See the day-spring dawning from on high.

4 Peace on earth, and joy, are now complete;  
O that all might hear the story!  
All behold the gospel glory;  
Peace on earth, and joy, are now complete.

5 Hallelujah! to the new-born King;  
In each heart his throne be seated,  
By each tongue his praise repeated,  
Hallelujah! to the new-born King.

6 Loud, and yet more loud hosannas! raise;  
Hear them, distant isles of ocean,  
Heathen, catch the glad emotion,  
Loud, and yet more loud hosannas! raise.

## THE HAPPY MEETING.\* 7,7, & 6. ARRANGED BY S. ASHMEAD.

1. Here we suffer grief and pain, Here we meet to part again, In heav'n we part no more, O! that will be joyful! Joyful, joyful, joyful! O! that will be joyful! When we meet to part no more.

2. All who love the Lord below, When they die to heav'n will go, And sing with saints above. O! that will be joyful, &c.

3 Little children will be there,  
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,  
From every Sunday-school.  
O! that will be joyful, &c.

4 Teachers, too, shall meet above,  
And our Pastors, whom we love,  
Shall meet to part no more.  
O! that will be joyful, &c.

5 O! how happy we shall be!  
For our Saviour we shall see,  
Exalted on his throne!  
O! that will be joyful, &c.

6 There we all shall sing with joy,  
And eternity employ  
In praising Christ, the Lord.  
O! that will be joyful, &c.

**CHEERFUL.**



1. Oh! come, come a - way, from la - bor now re - pos - ing, Let anxious care a - while for - bear, Oh! come, come a - way.

**1st TREBLE.**



2. From toil, and the cares on which the day is clos - ing, The hour of eve brings sweet re - lieve, Oh! come, come a - way.




Oh! come, our sa - cred joys re - new, And here, where faith will strengthen you, And Christ will welcome you— Oh! come, come a - way.



Oh! come, where God will smile on thee, And in our hearts will rap - ture be, And time pass hap - pi - ly— Oh! come, come a - way.



3

While, tuned to God's love, the angel harps are ringing,  
And sound his praise, through endless days,  
Oh! come, come away.  
In answering songs of sympathy,  
We'll sing in tuneful harmony,  
From earth's temptations free—  
Oh! come, come away.

4

The bright day is gone, the moon and stars appearing,  
With silver light, illumine the night,  
Oh! come, come away.  
Come, join your prayers with ours; address  
Kind Heaven, our meeting here to bless,  
With Peace, Hope, Happiness—  
Oh! come, come away.

1. Come away to the skies, My beloved, arise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born; On this festival day, Come exulting away, And with singing to Zion return.

2. We have laid up our love, With our treasure above; Tho' our bodies continue below; The redeem'd of the Lord, We remember his word, And, with singing, to paradise go.

## MORNING HYMN.

1. The moon is very fair and bright, And also very high; I think it is a pretty sight To see it in the sky; It shone upon me as I lay And seem'd almost as bright as day.

2. The stars are very pretty too, And scatter'd all about; At first there seems a very few, But soon the rest come out; I'm sure I could not count them all,  
They are so very bright and small.

3. God made and keeps them, every one, By his great power and might; And all the stars of light: If pure in heart, shall see his face.  
He is more glorious than the sun Yet though so great, we by his grace,

# NATIVITY.

M. W. W.

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WITH SPIRIT. CRES.

We come, we come, with loud acclaim, To sing the praise, &c.

UNISON. GIRLS.

1. We come, we come, with loud acclaim, To sing the praise of Jesus' name, of Jesus' name, And make the vaulted temple ring With loud hosannas to our King, With joyful heart and

2. We come, we come, The song to swell, To him who loved our world so well, That stooping from his Father's throne, He died to claim it as his own. With joy we haste the

We come, we come, The song to swell, To him who loved our world so well, our world so well.

*p* *f*

BOYS. CHORUS.

And lowly head to offer there, From infant lips, our humble prayer, To him who slept on Mary's knee, A gentle child as young as we.

Oh! thus may we in heav'n above, Unite in praises and in love; "They come, they come."

aisles to fill, Yet youthful hands are gather'ing still: And still the angels fill their home With joyful cry,

*p* *f*

\* The lower notes for the close of the first verse, the upper notes for the close of the second verse.

CHORUS.

1. The Sabbath morn is breaking, The Sabbath bells are waking, Our homes with joy for - saking, To join the Sabbath - school. Shout, shout, shout, we  
 2. How joyful is the meeting, Each other kindly greeting, Sweet hymns of praise repeating, While in the Sabbath - school. Shout, shout, shout, &c.

3. 'Tis here we join in singing The songs of love redeeming, Our little offerings bringing, Hosannas to our King. Shout, shout, shout, we  
 4. Our teachers we'll re - member; Ten thousand thanks we render For thoughts of us so tender, While in the Sabbath - school. Shout, shout, shout, &c.

hail the Sabbath-school; Shout, shout, shout, we hail the Sabbath-school.

hail the Sabbath-school; Shout, shout, shout, we hail the Sabbath-school.

## RISE, RISE, FROM THY MOURNING.

M. W. W.

SLOW.

1. Rise, rise, free from thy mourning, Light, light, beams from his eye, See, see,  
 2. Come, come, sing to the Saviour, Love, love, breaks from the sky, Haste, haste,

3. Praise, praise, yield him with gladness, Earth, earth banish thy gloom; Where, death,  
 4. Hail, hail, children adore thee, Here, here, anthems we give, There, there,

M. W. W.

CHORUS.

bright the day dawning, Jesus is risen oo high; Rise, rise, rise, rise, Jesus is risen on high.  
 share in his favour, Worship the Saviour on high; Come, come, come, come, Worship the Saviour on high.

where is thy sadness? Jesus returns from the tomb. Praise, praise, praise, praise, Jesus returns from the tomb.  
 dwelling in glory, Love in thy life we'll receive. Hail, hail, all hail, Love in thy life we'll receive.

SLOW.

1. Come, let us anew, Our journey pursue,  
 2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream,  
 3 O! that each in the day Of his coming may say

His odorable will Let us gladly fulfil,  
 Roll round with the year, And never stand still till the Master appear; And our talents improve By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.  
 Glides swiftly away; And the fugitive moment refuses to stay. The arrow is flown, The moment is gone, The millennial year Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do!" May receive the glad word,  
 "I have fought my way through, O! that each from his Lord "Well and faithful; done, Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne!"

*CON SPIRITO.*

1. Re - jice, the Lord is king, Your God and king a - dore; Mortals, give thanks, and sing, And triumph e - vermore; Lift up the heart,

2. Re - jice, the Saviour reigns The God of truth and love; When he had purged our stains, He took his seat a - bove: Lift up the heart,

3. His kingdom cannot fail, He rules o'er earth and heaven; The keys of death and hell Are to our Je - sus given; Lift up the heart,

Lift up the voice, Re - jice aloud, ye saints, rejoice, Re - jice aloud, ye saints re - jice.

Lift up the voice, Re - jice aloud, ye saints, rejoice, Re - jice aloud, ye saints re - jice.

Lift up the voice, Re - jice aloud, ye saints, rejoice, Re - jice aloud, ye saints re - jice.

- 4 He all his foes shall quell,  
Shall all our sins destroy;  
And every bosom swell  
With pure seraphic joy:  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home:  
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

The morning sky is bright and clear; Away to Sabbath-school; Let each one in the class appear; A-way to Sabbath-school;

'Tis there we learn His ho - ly word, And find the road that leads to God. A - way, away, a - way, away, A - way to Sabbath-school.

1. Hark! hark! the notes of joy Roll o'er the heavenly plains, And seraphs find employ For their sublimest strains;

2. Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh, The joyful hosts descend; Je - sus for - sakes the sky, To earth his footsteps bend;

3. Bear, bear the tidings round; Let every mortal know What love in God is found, What pi - ty he can show;

4. Strike, strike the harps again, To great Immanuel's name; A - rise, ye sons of men, And all his grace proclaim;

UNISON.

Some new delight in heav'n is known; Some new delight in heav'n is known. Loud ring the harps around the throne, Loud ring the harps around the throne,

He comes to bless our fallen race; He comes to bless our fall - en race; He comes with messages of grace, He comes with messages of grace.

Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll, Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll, Bear the glad news from pole to pole, Bear the glad news from pole to pole

Angels and men, wake every string, Angels and men, wake every string, 'Tis God, the Saviour's praises we sing, 'Tis God, the Saviour's praise we sing.

*DOLCE.* *FINE.*

1. Blessed Saviour, thou hast told us, In the midst of two or three, Thou art present to behold us, If we humbly call on thee;  
Blessed promise, blessed promise, May we thy sal - vation see! **D.C.**

2. Oh! in - struct us, gracious Master, While thy ten - der lambs we guide; May we lead them to green pasture, By the living water's side,  
Where the fountain of sal - vation Pours its soul - re - freshing tide.

PULASKI. (*Duett.*)

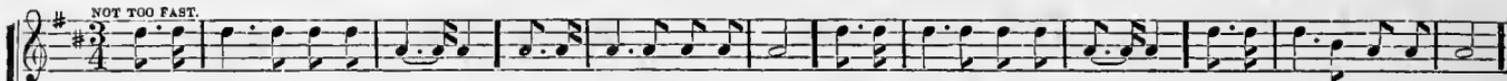
*LIVELY.*

1. The happy morn we hail a - gaio, When heav'n seems smiling o'er us, And from the sky, in joyful strain, Breaks forth the angel's cho - rus;  
2. And with the humble shepherd throng, Around his cradle man - ger, We gather now, with prayer and song, To greet the infant stran - ger.

3 We bring no gems, nor rich perfume,  
Nor wisdom's years before him,  
But come in childhood's early bloom,  
In childhood's praise t' adore him.  
Peace on earth, &c.

4 Oh! send thy Spirit us to bless,  
That, in thy footsteps holy,  
Our feet may turn to righteousness,  
From paths of sin and folly.  
Peace on earth, &c.

NOT TOO FAST.



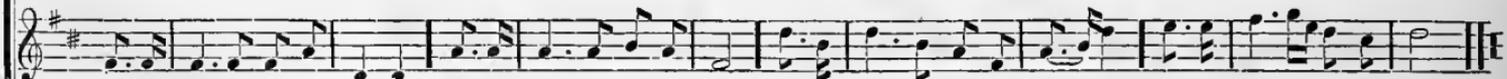
1. Gently, Lord, O gently lead us, Thro' this lonely vale of tears; Thro' the changes thou'st de - creed us, Till our last great choage appears.



2. In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour wheo death draws near, Suffer not our hearts to languish, Suffer not our souls to fear;



When temptatioo's darts as - sail us, When in devious paths we stray, Let thy goodness ne - ver fail us, Lead us in thy perfect way.



And when mortal life is ended, Bid us in thine arms to rest, Till, by an - gsl hands at - tend - ed, We awake among the blest.



ANDANTINO.

1. Who are these that come from far, Swifter than a fly - ing cloud? Thick as flocking doves they are, Ea - ger in pursuit of God;

2. Who are these but sin - ners poor, Conscious of their low estate, Sin-sick souls, who for their cure On the good Phy - si - cian wait:

3. He who hath their cure begun, Will he now de - spise their pain? Can he leave his work undone, Bring them to the birth in vain?

Trembling as the storm draws nigh, Hast'ning to their place of rest; See them to their windows fly, To the ark of Je - sus' breast!

Fall - en, who bewail their fall. Proffer'd mercy who embrace, List'ning to the gos - pel call, Longing to be saved by grace.

No; we all, who seek, shall find, We who ask, shall all receive, Be to Christ in spirit join'd, With him ev - er, ev - er live.

## PARK CHAPEL. L. M. (Double.)

MAESTOSO.

This life's a dream, an emp - ty show, But the bright world to which I go Hath joys sub -

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The tempo marking 'MAESTOSO.' is written above the first few notes. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The second staff is the piano accompaniment, also in treble clef with one sharp. The third staff is the bass line, in bass clef with one sharp. The fourth staff is the bass line, in bass clef with one sharp. The music is in a 4/4 time signature.

When shall I wake and find me there?

stan - - tial and sin - cere, When shall I wake and find me there?

When shall I wake and find me there?

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The second staff is the piano accompaniment, also in treble clef with one sharp. The third staff is the bass line, in bass clef with one sharp. The fourth staff is the bass line, in bass clef with one sharp. The music is in a 4/4 time signature.

Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;

My flesh shall slumber in the ground; Then burst the chains in sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise.

Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;

Detailed description: This musical score is for a hymn in G major. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound; My flesh shall slumber in the ground; Then burst the chains in sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise. Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;'. The music features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a piano accompaniment with a steady eighth-note bass line.

REPENTANCE. 7's.

*DOLCE.*

Hasten, sinner, to be wise, Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun; Wisdom, if you still de - spise, Harder is it to be won.

Detailed description: This musical score is for a hymn in B-flat major, marked 'DOLCE'. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Hasten, sinner, to be wise, Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun; Wisdom, if you still de - spise, Harder is it to be won.'. The music features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a piano accompaniment with a steady eighth-note bass line.

From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre - a - - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Redem - er's name be sung

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

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