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SACRED MUSIC

BY

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INSTRUCTOR OF MUSIC IN YALE COLLEGE.

NEW YORK: TAINTOR BROTHERS & CO., 229 BROADWAY. 1868.

To

JOSEPH BATTELL, ESQ.,

THIS COLLECTION IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

The Author.

PREFACE.

Lyric poetry can be best understood and felt when wedded to appropriate music. Particularly in sacred poetry, intended to move and inspire congregations, it is only by the aid of Sono, that the end can be attained. But such song ought to be the true expression of the words to which it is applied, so as to make us feel what we utter—to make us worship, while we pray. The Solo-singer, the Choir, or the whole Congregation, who understand, feel, and express the sentiments of the sacred words they sing, are the true worshippers, and anything else they never ought to be within the sanctuary.

It is quite common to denounce artistic performances as unworthy a place in the house of God. If by this is meant to banish from the church the artificial arrangements, in which certain Hymns might be read best, or the more elaborate treatment of Psalms and Hymns, without regard to the sentiments suggested by the words, of which the whole musical structure ought to be but the realized ideal, that inspired the sacred writer—then, very well; but if art is to aim at the realization of the ideal itself, if she, especially in sacred music, is to afford the means by which we can reach that state of mind and heart, in which alone worship can flow from the soul—then, artistic performances ought to be the rule, instead of the exception. But it must be borne in mind, that simplicity and dignity are essential attributes of music, in which the soul is to commune with its Maker.

In this collection of Sacred-music, it has been my chief object to give to the sentiments of the words their proper expression in music. Hence, most compositions are new, or have at least never been published in the form in which they now appear. Whenever MOTIVES have been taken from the masters, it has been with especial reference to the very same sentiment for which those masters used them as the original expression.

The new features of this collection may be stated as follows, viz.:

4 PREFACE.

- 1. All the compositions were conceived for the words, to which they aim to be simply the EXPRESSION.
- 2. The compositions under the name of Tremo, Jehovah, Glory, Onward, Luther, and Watchman, were composed and arranged to be sung by Choir and Congregation alternately. The choir is to perform the parts marked "Solo," the congregation those marked "Tuttl." Many of the Psalms and Hynns, responsive in their character, seem to demand such a treatment. (However, they may also be performed by the choir only, observing the Solos and Tuttis.) This style of music, which centres in the choir the ability, from which all musical instruction for the congregation must flow, and which also, under the lead of the choir, enables the congregation to worship in Song, is to my conception the true style of church-music. Any suggestions as to the practicability of this mode, I will thankfully receive.
- 3. Interludes have been added to Rinck, Jenovah, Luther, Hesse, Stabat Mater and St. Stephen. Although I do not think it necessary to give to every interlude a polyphonic character, (especially not, when a homophonic treatment takes its motive from the tune, or is conceived free in the spirit of it,) yet, it nevertheless seems to me, that the most superficial observer must see the advantage of this mode over that style of interludes in which a display of the stops of the organ, or of operatic airs and carnivals, or even the most disgusting nonsense, form the leading features.

The anthems were composed for the opening of Divine Service. I hope that leaders, singers, and organists, who understand and feel what they are to sing and accompany, will find in these anthems, as well as in the whole collection, an acceptable addition to many excellent compositions which already have become standard favorites in the American Church.

GUSTAVE J. STOECKEL.

NEW HAVEN, November, 1867.

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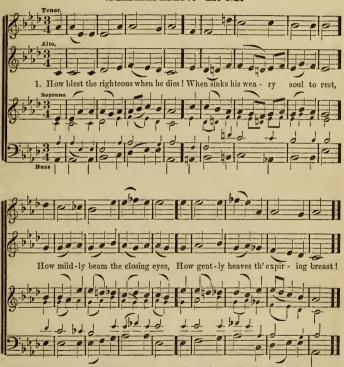
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STOECKEL'S SACRED MUSIC.

I. IAMBIC METERS.

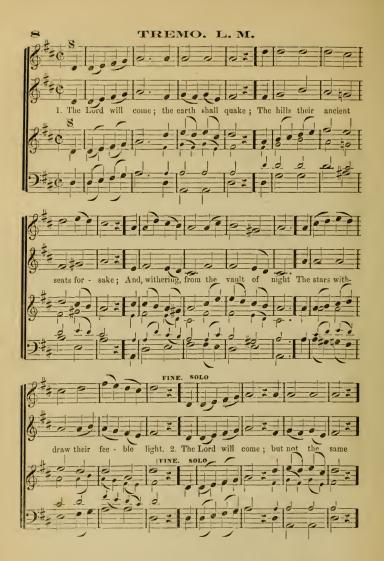
SILLIMAN. L.M.



- 2 So fades a summer cloud away; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er; So gently shuts the eye of day;
 - So dies a wave along the shore.

 So dies a wave along the shore.

 And where
- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
 Fanned by some guardian angel's wing:
 O grave! where is thy victory now,
 - And where, O death, is now thy sting!



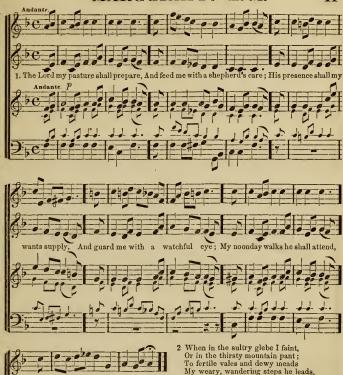




- 3 The Lord will come; a dreadful form, With wreath of flame, and robe of storm, On cherub wings, and wings of wind Anointed Judge of human kind.
- 4 Then sinners to the rocks shall call, And bid the mountains on them fall; But faith, victorious o'er the tomb, Shall sing for joy,—'The Lord is come.'



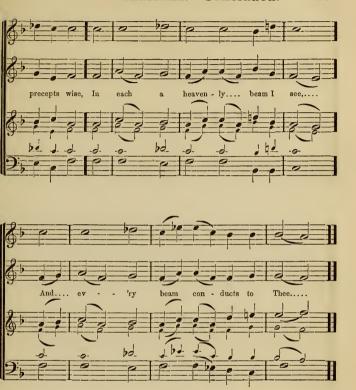
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
 And guide and guard me through the storm;
 Defend me from each threatening ill;
 Control the waves; say,—'Peace, be still!'
 - 3 Amid the roaring of the sea,
 My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
 Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
 Is all that saves me from despair
 - 4 Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreek, My Saviour through the floods I seek; Let neither winds nor stormy main Force back my shattered bark again.





- My weary, wandering steps he leads, Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloomy horrors overspread, My steadfast heart shall fear no ill. For thou, O Lord, art with me still: Thy friendly rod shall give me aid, And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way, Through devious lonely wilds I stray, Thy bounty shall my wants beguile: The barren wilderness shall smile, With sudden greens and herbage crowned, And streams shall murmur all around.





- 3 Almighty Lord! the sun shall fail,
 The moon forget her mighty tale,
 And deepest silence hush on high
 The radiant chorus of the sky—
- 4 But fixed for everlasting years,
 Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
 Thy word shall shine in cloudless day
 When heaven and earth have passed away.





- 2 See where rebellious passions rage, And fierce desires and lusts engage; The meanest foe of all the train Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 3 Thou treadest on enchanted ground; Perils and snares beset thee round; Beware of all, guard every part,— But most the traitor in thy heart.
- 4 Put on the armor, from above,
 Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love,
 The terror and the charm repel,
 And powers of earth and powers of hell.



- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place Within thy house, O God of grace, Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun—he makes our day; God is our shield—he guards our way From all th'assaults of hell and sin, From focs without and focs within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow, And crown that grace with glory too; He gives us all things, and withholds No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God our King, thy sovereign sway The glorious hosts of heaven obey, And devils at thy presence flee; Blest is the man that trusts in thee!



- 2 The Lord of life, the Saviour, dies For mortal crimes a sacrifice: What love, what mercy, how divine! Jesus, and can I call thee mine?
- 3 Be all my heart, and all my days
 Devoted to my Saviour's praise:
 And let my glad obedience prove
 How much I owe—how much I love.



- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace, We see thy feet and we adore; We gaze upon thy lovely face, And learn the wonders of thy power.
- 3 Father! my soul would still abide
 Within thy temple, near thy side;
 But if my feet must hence depart,
 Still keep thy dwelling in my heart,







- 2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare Resist his will, distrust his care? Holy and true are all his ways: Let every creature speak his praise.
- 3 The Lord is King! exalt your strains, Ye saints, your God, your Father, reigns; One Lord, one empire, all secures: He reigns,—and life and death are yours.
- 4 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake, His might decay, his love forsake, Then may his children cease to sing,— The Lord omnipotent is King.

INTERLUDE No. 1.





INTERLUDE No. 2.



INTERLUDE No. 3.









- 2 When to heaven's great and glorious King, My morning sacrifice I bring, And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame, Ask merey, in my Saviour's name; Then, Jesus, sprinkle with thy blood, And be my advocate with God.
- 3 When each day's scenes and labors close, And wearied nature seeks repose, With pardoning mercy, richly blest, Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest: And as each morning sun shall rise, O lead me onward to the skies!
- 4 And at my life's last setting sun,
 My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
 Jesus, tly heavenly radiance shed,
 To cheer and bless my dying bed—
 And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
 To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

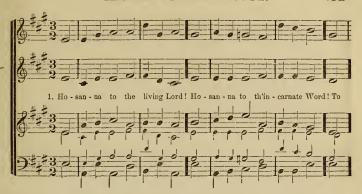














- 2 Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
 Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply:
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead and living swell the sound.
- 3 O Saviour! with protecting care, Return to this thy house of prayer: Assembled in thy sacred name, Here we thy parting promise claim.
- 4 But, chiefcst, in our cleansed breast, Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest, And make our secret soul to be A temple pure, and worthy thee!
- 5 So in the last and dreadful day, When earth and heaven shall melt away, Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain, Shall swell the sound of praise again.





- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands, Of all, within itself, possessed; Controlled by none are thy commands; Thou, from thyself alone, art blest.
- 3 To thee alone, ourselves we owe,
 To thee alone, our homage pay
 All other gods we disavow,
 Deny their claim, renounce their sway.
- 4 Spread thy great name through every land,
 All idol-deities dethrone;
 Subdue the world to thy command,
 And reign, as thou art—God alone.







- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain, And melt in flowing tears!
 - My weak resistance !--ah, how vain! How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God! in whom I live, My feeble efforts aid; Help me to watch, and pray, and strive, Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith—increase my hope When foes and fears prevail; And bear my fainting spirit up, Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 O keep me in thy heavenly way, And bid the tempter flee; And let me never, never stray From happiness and thee.





- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back, When I forsake his ways; And leads me, for his mercy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.
- When I walk through the shades of death,
 Thy presence is my stay;
 A word of thy supporting breath
 Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes, Doth still my table spread; My cup with blessings overflows, Thine oil anoints my head.
- The sure provisions of my God
 Attend me all my days:
 O may thy house be mine abode,
 And all my work be praise!
- 6 There would I find a settled rest,
 While others go and come,
 No more a stranger, or a guest,
 But like a child at home.

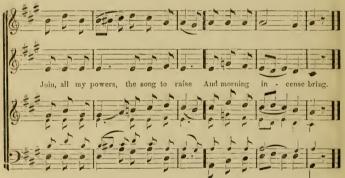


- 2 Well might the heavens with wonder view A love so strange as thine! No thought of angels ever knew Compassion so divine!
- 3 Is there a heart that will not bend To thy divine control? Descend, O sovereign love, descend And melt that stubborn soul.

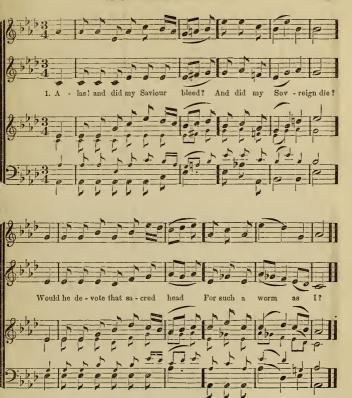


- 2 He will not rest, or cease to keep Thy footsteps from the snare: He will not rest, he will not sleep, While Israel is his care.
- 3 Jehovah, as a shade, shall run,
 Attendant on thy right;
 By day to shield thee from the sun,
 And from the moon by night.
- 4 Jehovah's strength, Jehovah's love, Shall still thy soul befriend; Thy wanderings guide, thy fears remove, Till time shall have an end.

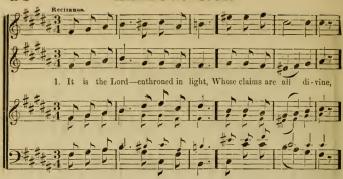




- 2 Among the people of his care,
 And through the nations round,
 Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
 And there his name resound.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
 Above the starry train;
 Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
 And teach the world thy reign.
- 4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
 And throng thy courts above;
 While sinners hear thy pardoning voice,
 And taste redeeming love.



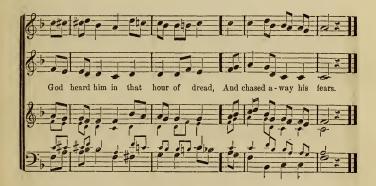
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When Christ, the Lord of glory, died For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I give myself away; 'Tis all that I can do.





- 2 It is the Lord—who gives me all— My wealth, my friends, my ease; And of his bounties may recall Whatever part he please.
- 3 It is the Lord—my covenant God, Thrice blessed be his name; Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood, Must ever be the same.
- 4 Can I, with hopes so firmly built,
 Be sullen, or repine?
 No-gracious God-take what thou wilt,
 To thee I all resign

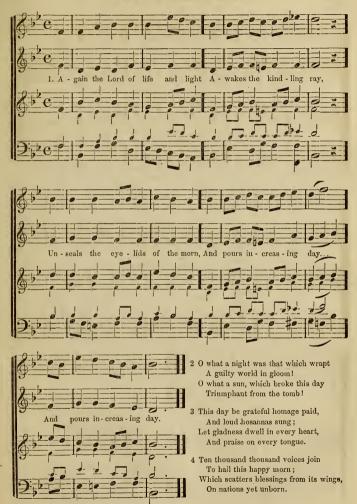




- 2 Great was the victory of his death, His throne exalted high: And all the kindreds of the earth Shall worship or shall die.
- 3 A numerous offspring must arise
 From his expiring groans;
 They shall be reckoned in his eyes
 For daughters and for sons.
- 4 The meek and humble souls shall see His table richly spread; And all that seek the Lord shall be With joys immortal fed.
- 5 The isles shall know the righteousness Of our incarnate God, And nations yet unborn profess Salvation in his blood.



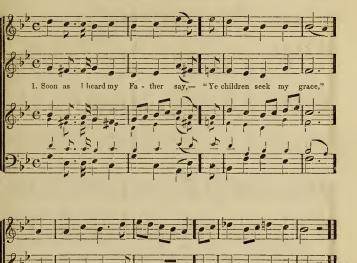
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My dear Redeemer's throne; Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone:—
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart, Believing, true, and clean, Which neither death nor life can part From him that dwells within;—
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed, And filled with love divine; Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,— An image, Lord! of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord! impart, Come quickly from above: Write thy new name upon my heart; Thy name, O God, is love.







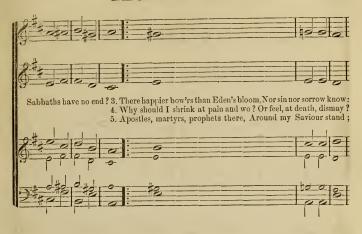
- 2 Look how we grovel here below, Fond of these trifling toys: Our souls can neither fly nor go, To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs; In vain we strive to rise; Hosannas languish on our tongues, And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live At this poor dying rate? Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers; Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.

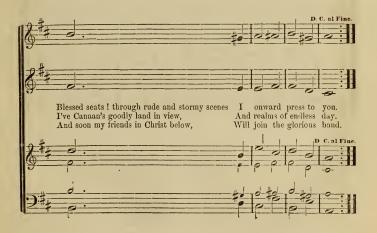




- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me, Nor frown my soul away; God of my life! I fly to thee In each distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear, Leave me to want, or die; My God would make my life his care,
 - And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had died with grief, Had not my soul believed To see thy grace provide relief; Nor was my hope deceived.
- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints, And keep your courage up; He'll raise your spirit when it faints, And far exceed your hope.









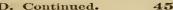
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
 Angels with wonder see!
 Be thou astonished, O my soul,
 He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;
 Each sin demands a tear;
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.





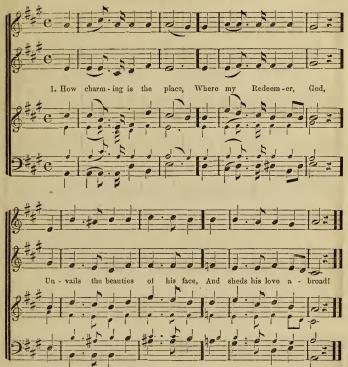
- 2 The king himself comes near
 And feasts his saints to-day;
 Here we may sit and see him here
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amid the place
 Where God, my God, hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Within the tents of sin,
- 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.











- 2 Not the fair palaces,

 To which the great resort,

 Are once to be compared with this,

 Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
 With radiant glory crowned,
 Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
 And smile on all around.
- 4 To him their prayers and cries

 Each humble soul presents;

 He listens to their broken sighs,

 And grants them all their wants.
- To them his sovereign will
 He graciously imparts;
 And in return accepts, with smiles,
 The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place Within thy blest abode, Among the children of thy grace, The servants of my God.



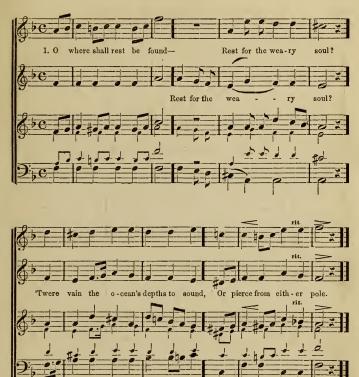
Still sink thy spirits down? Cast off the weight, let fear depart, Bid every care begone.

4.

What, though thou rulest not? Yet heaven, and earth, and hell Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne, And ruleth all things well.







- 2 The world can never give The bliss for which we sigh: 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,

 There is a life above,

 Unmeasured by the flight of years;

 And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath:
 O what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death!
- 4 Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be banished from thy face,
 And evermore undone.







- 2 Sin, and the powers of hell,
 Persuade me to despair:
 Lord, make me know thy covenant well,
 That I may shun the snare.
- 3 From the first dawning light, Till the dark evening rise, For thy salvation, Lord, I wait With ever longing eyes.
- 4 Remember all thy grace,
 And lead me in thy truth;
 Forgive the sins of riper days,
 And follies of my youth.
- 5 The Lord is just and kind; The meek shall learn his ways, And every humble sinner find The blessings of his grace.
- 6 For his own goodness' sake He saves my soul from shame; He pardons, though my guilt be great, Through my Redeemer's name.



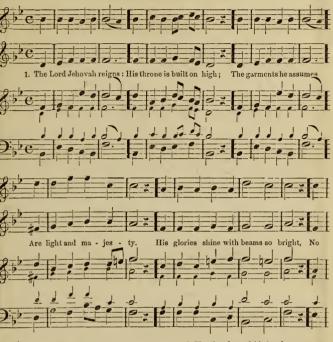


- 2 I shall his goodness see,

 While on his name I call;

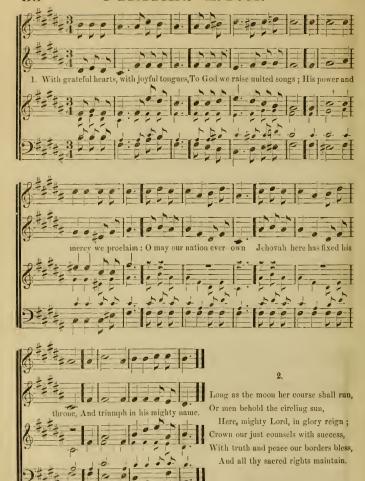
 He will defend and strengthen me,

 And I shall never fall.
- 3 Jesus, to thee I fly,
 My refuge, and my tower;
 Upon thy faithful love rely,
 And find thy saving power.
- 4 Trust in the Lord alone,
 Who aids us from above;
 In every strait surround his throne,
 And hang upon his love.





- 2 The thunders of his hand
 Keep the wide world in awe;
 His wrath and justice stand
 To guard his holy law;
 And where his love Resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms And seals the grace.
- 3 Through all his ancient works
 Surprising wisdom shines,
 Confounds the powers of hell,
 And breaks their cursed designs.
 Strong is his arm, And shall fulfill
 His great decrees, His sovereign will.
- 4 And can this mighty King
 Of glory condescend?
 And will he write his name,
 My father, and my friend?
 I love his name, I love his word;
 Join all my powers, And praise the Lord

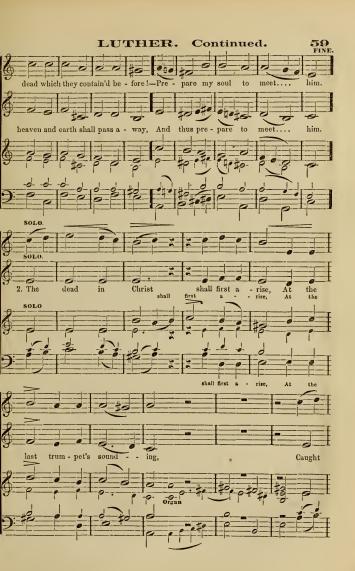




3 Yes! broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice transported shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long;
Till, sinking slow, with caim decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a scraph's song.









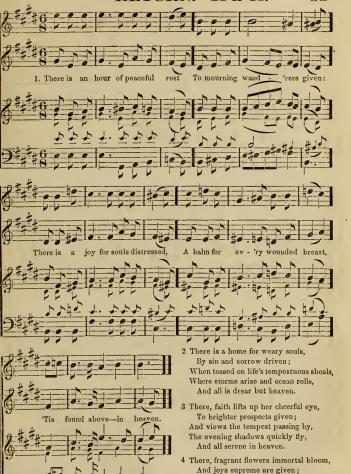








- 2 Zion, thrice happy place, Adorned with wondrous grace, And walls of strength embrace thee round; In thee our tribes appear To pray, and praise, and hear The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 Here David's greater Son
 Has fixed his royal throne;
 He sits for grace and judgment here:
 He bids the saint be glad;
 He makes the sinner sad;
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.
- 4 May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait
 To bless the soul of every guest:
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest!
- 5 My tongue repeats her vows,—
 "Peace to this sacred house!"
 For here my friends and kindred dwell:
 And since my glorious God
 Makes thee his blost abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

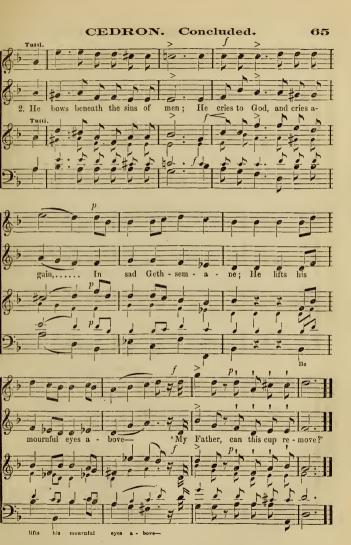


There, rays divine disperse the gloom;— Beyond the confines of the tomb, Appears the dawn of heaven.



- 3 With gentle resignation still, He yielded to his Father's will, In sad Gethsemane;
 - 'Behold me here, thine only Sou; And, Father, let thy will be done.'
- 4 The Father heard; and angels, there, Sustained the Son of God in prayer, In sad Gethsemane; He drank the dreadful cup of pain—

Then rose to life and joy again.

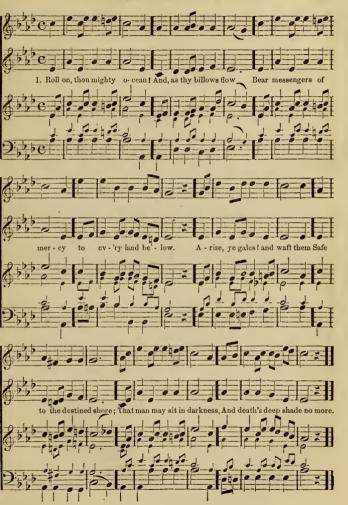






- 2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung. When praise employed and mirth inspired the lay In mournful silence on the willows hung, And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.
- 3 Our cruel tyrants, to increase the wo,
 With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;
 Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
 While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name,
- 4 But how, in heathen chains and lands unknown, Shall Israel's sons, a soug of Ziou raise? O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne, Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise.
- 5 If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name, If my cold heart neglect my kindred race, Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame; My hand shall perish and my voice shall cease.
- 6 Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls, O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay; His arm avenge her desolated walls, And raise her children to eternal day.







- 2 Ye spirits of the blest, Who near the Saviour dwell, And share his blissful rest, Join ye the praise to swell.
- 3 Ye nations of the earth, Extol the world's great King; With melody and mirth His glorious praises sing.
- 4 Sing forth Jehovah's praise, Ye saints that on him call; O magnify his grace, His holy churches all.
- 5 My soul, bear thou thy part; Triumph in God above, And with a well tuned heart Sing thou the songs of love.

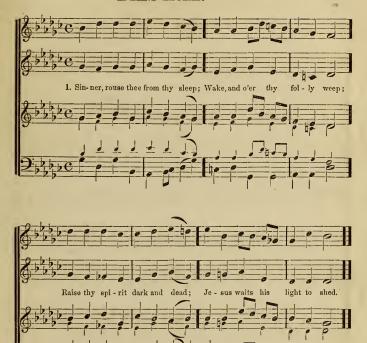


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HOPE. 7s.



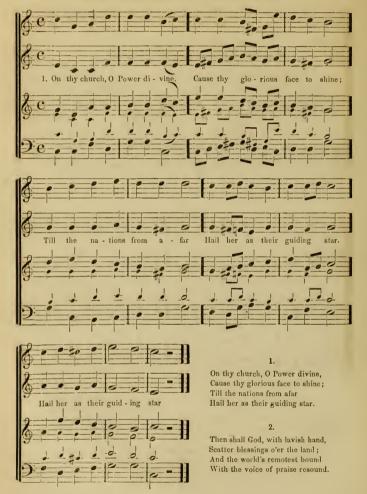
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,
 Thou shalt guide my weary feet
 To the streams that, still and slow,
 Through the verdant meadows flow.
- 3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
 By the shades of death o'erspread.
 With thy rod and staff supplied,
 This my guard,—and that my guide.
- 4 Constant to my latest end,
 Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
 And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
 Yield me an eternal home.



- 2 Wake from sleep, arise from death; See the bright and living path: Watchful tread that path—be wise; Leave thy folly, seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime, From this hour redeem the time; Life secure, without delay; Evil is thy mortal day.
- 4 Rouse thee, sinner, from thy sleep; Wake, and o'er thy folly weep; Jesus calls from death and night, Wake, and he shall give thee light.

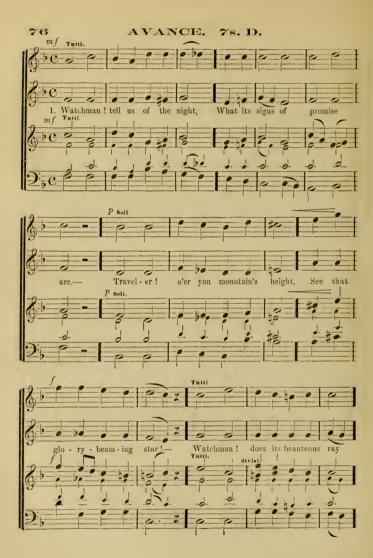
LYRA GERMANICA. 7s.

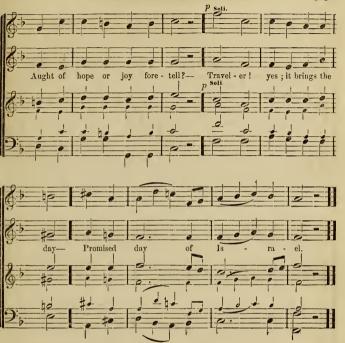
OR 7S, 6 LINES, BY REPEATING THE FIRST TWO LINES.





2 When, in glories all divine, Through the earth thy church shall shine, Kings in prayer and praise shall wait, Bending at thy temple-gate.





2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet the star ascends.—
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!—
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

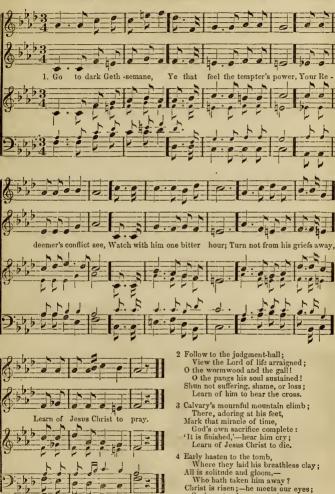
3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn,—
Traveler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.—
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home,—
Traveler! lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!





- 2 He whose heart thy love has warmed;
 He whose will, to thine conformed,
 Bids his life unsullied run,
 He whose words and thoughts are one;—
- 3 He who shuns the sinner's road, Loving those who love their God; Who, with hope, and faith unfeigned, Treads the path by thee ordained;-
- 4 He who trusts in Christ alone,
 Not in aught himself hath done:—
 He, great God, shall be thy care,
 And thy choicest blessings share.





Saviour, teach us so to rise.



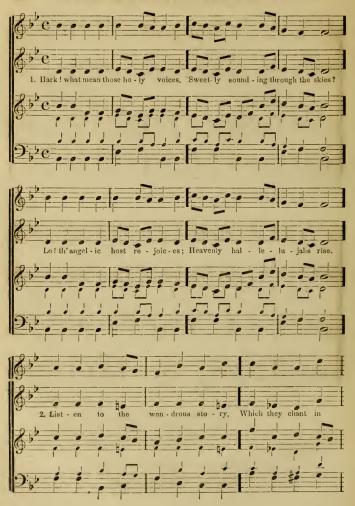


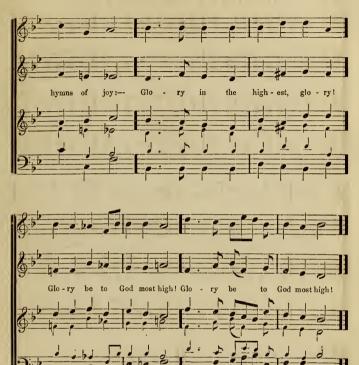
- 2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,— Why beneath thy burdens groan? On my pierced body laid, Justice owns the ransom paid— Bow the knee, and kiss the Son— Come and welcome, sinner, come!
- 3 'Spread for thee, the festal board See with richest bounty stored; To thy Father's bosom pressed, Thou shalt be a child confessed, Never from his house to roam; Come and welcome, sinner, come!
- 4 'Soon the days of life shall end— Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend! Safe your spirit to convey To the realms of endless day, Up to my eternal home— Come and welcome, sinner, come!



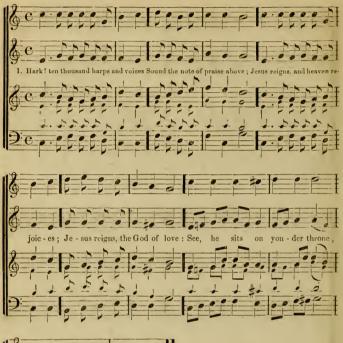


- 2 Teach me some melodious measure, Sung by raptured saints above; Fill my soul with sacred pleasure, While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God; Thou, to save my soul from danger, Didst redeem me with thy blood.



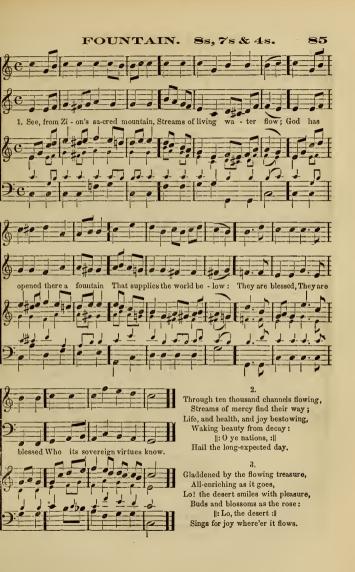


- 3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found; Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;— Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
 Heaven and earth his praises sing!
 O receive whom God appointed,
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King!
- 5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him; Learn his name, and taste his joy; Till in heaven ye sing before him,— Glory be to God most high!





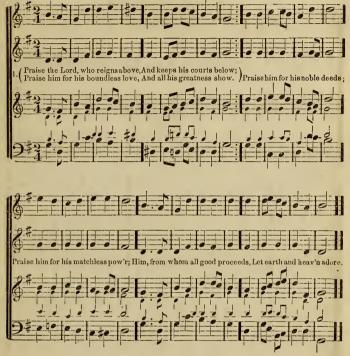
- 2 King of glory, reign forever;
 Thine an everlasting crown:
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own;
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.
- 3 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away:
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,—
 'Glory, glory to our King.'





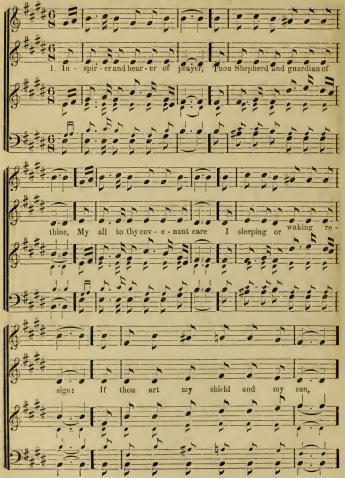


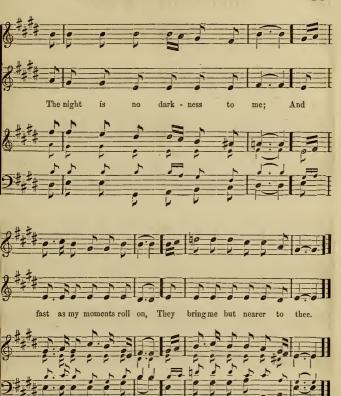
- 2 Like an infant meek and mild, I have learned to rest; Like a gentle, humble child, On his mother's breast.
- 3 Thus, O Israel, trust the Lord,
 Trust him, and adore:
 He shall be thy full reward,
 Now and evermore.



- 2 Publish, spread to all around
 The great Immanuel's name;
 Let the gospel trumpet sound,
 The Prince of peace proclaim.
 Praise him, every tuneful string:
 All the reach of heavenly art,
 All the power of music bring,
 The music of the heart.
- 3 Him, in whom they move and live,
 Let every creature sing;
 Glory to our Saviour give,
 And homage to our King.
 Hallowed be his name beneath,
 As in heaven, on earth adored;
 Praise the Lord in every breath,
 Let all things praise the Lord.







2 Thy ministering spirits descend To watch while thy saints are asleep; By day and by night they attend, The heirs of salvation to keep: Bright seraphs, despatched from the throne, Repair to their stations assigned; And angels elect are sent down,

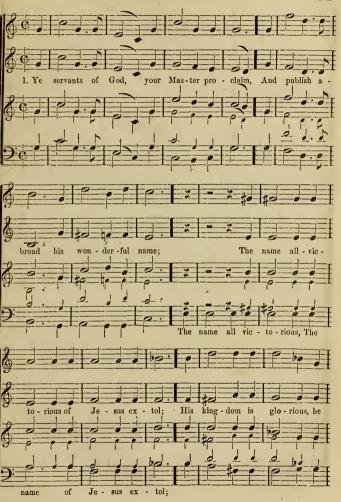
To guard the elect of mankind,

3 Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And while they protect my repose,
The chant to the praise of my King:
I too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus forever shall join,
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

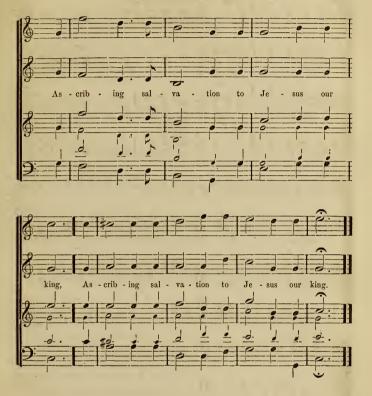


- 2 Weep not for the spirit now crowned With the garland to martyrdom given, O weep not for him: he has found His reward and his refuge in heaven.
- 3 But weep for their sorrows, who stand And lament o'er the dead by his grave— Who sigh when they muse on the land Of their home, far away o'er the wave;—
- 4 And weep for the nations that dwell
 Where the light of the truth never shone,
 Where anthems of praise never swell,
 And the love of the Lamb is unknown.
- E Weep not for the saint that ascends
 To partake of the joys of the sky,
 Weep not for the seraph that bends
 With the worshiping chorus on high;—

6 But weep for the mourners who stand
By the grave of their brother in tears,
And weep for the people whose land
Still must wait till the day-spring appears.



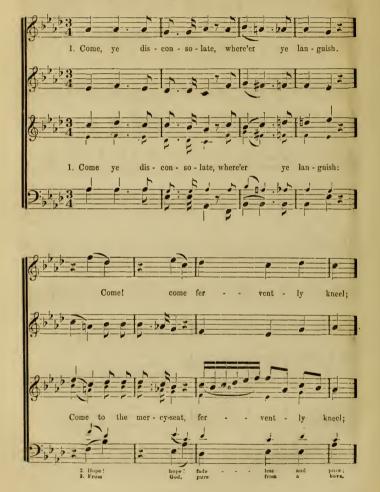




- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
 Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
 The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give him his right, All glory and power, and wisdom and might; All honor and blessing, with angels above, And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

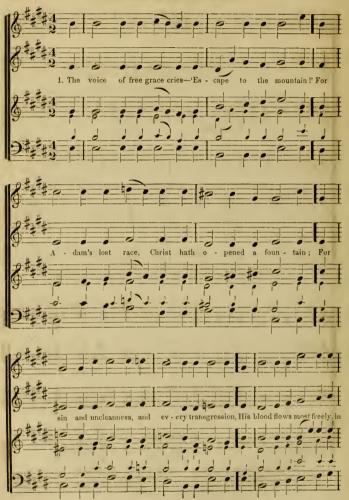








- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying, Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure, Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying, Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure
- 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above,
 Come to the feast of love: come, ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.





- 2 Ye souls that are wounded! O flee to the Saviour; He calls you in mercy,—'tis infinite favor; Your sins are increasing,—escape to the mountain,— His blood can remove them,—it flows from the fountain.
- 3 O Jesus! ride onward, triumphantly glorious, O'er sin, death and hell, thou art more than victorious; Thy name is the theme of the great congregation, While angels and men raise the shout of salvation.
- 4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore; With harps in our hands, we praise him the more; We'll rauge the sweet plains on the bank of the river, And sing of salvation for ever and ever!



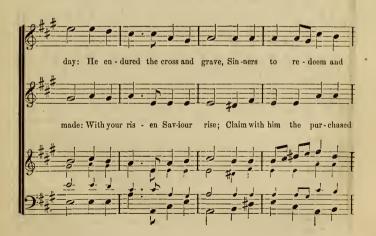


- 2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee, Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side; But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee, And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion forsaking, What though thy weak spirit in fear lingered long: The sunshine of Paradise beamed on thy waking, And the sound which thou heard'st, was the seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
 For God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide:
 He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour hath died.

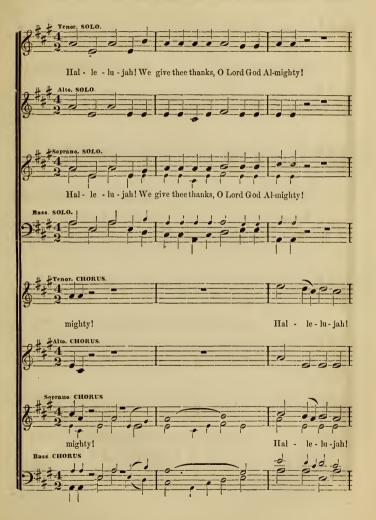










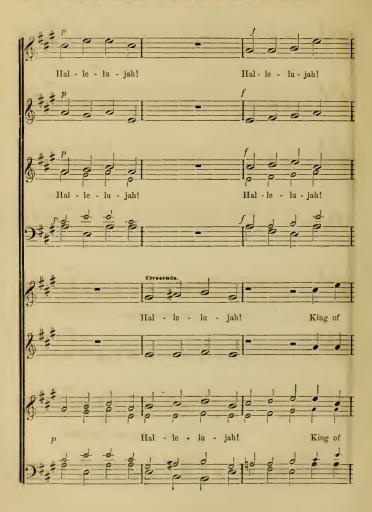












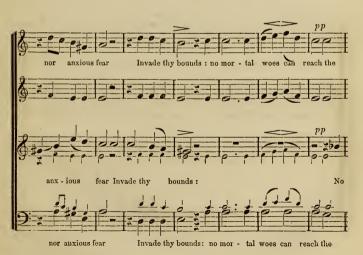


112 THE BURIAL OF A SAINT.

Composed for the funeral of JEREMIAH DAY, Ex. President of Yale College.





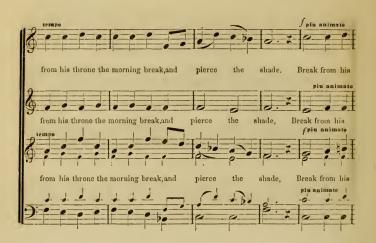


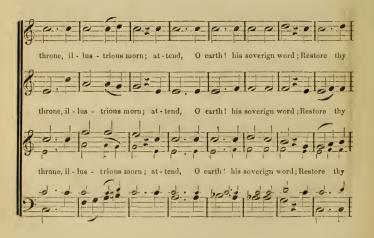
114 THE BURIAL. Continued.















CHRIST, THE ROCK OF AGES. 119





120 CHRIST, THE ROCK. Continued.





CHRIST, THE ROCK. Continued. 121





122 CHRIST, THE ROCK. Continued.







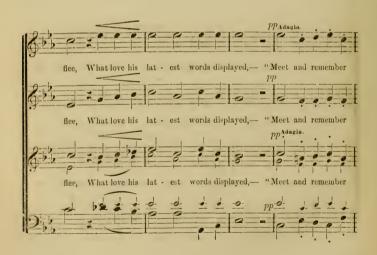




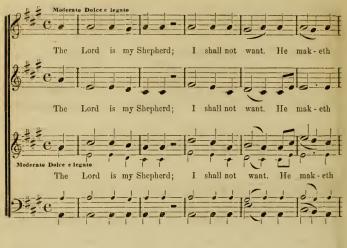












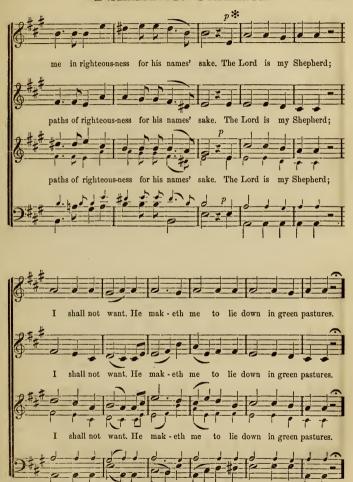


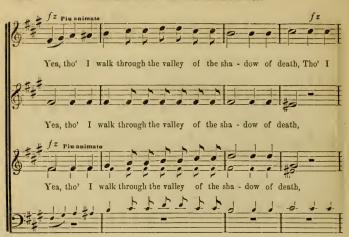


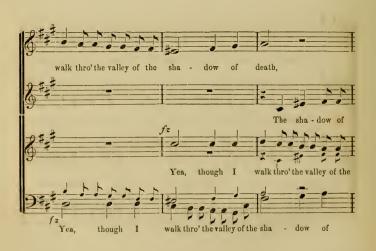


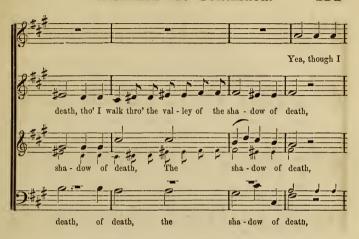


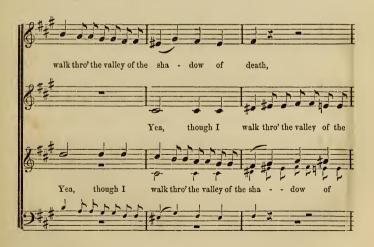


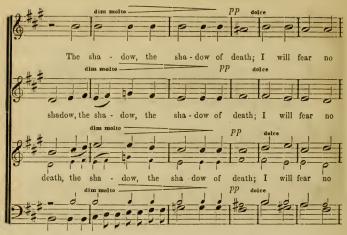




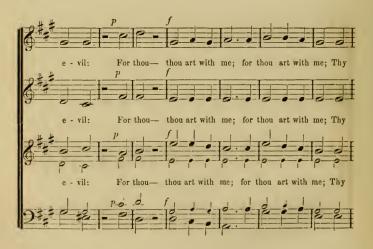


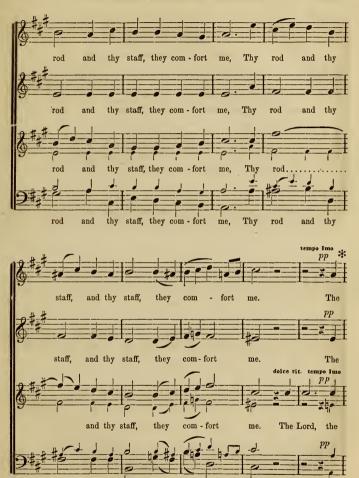






Yea, tho' I walk thro' the valley of the shadow of death;





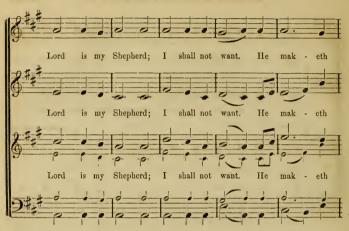
staff.

and thy staff.

they

comfort

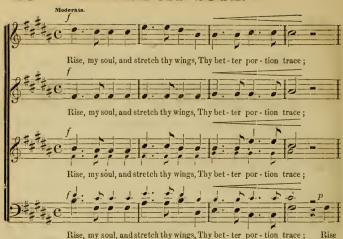
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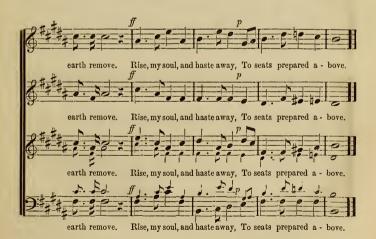
N. B. This piece may be abbreviated by omitting what is written between these two signs, viz: $\divideontimes-\divideontimes$



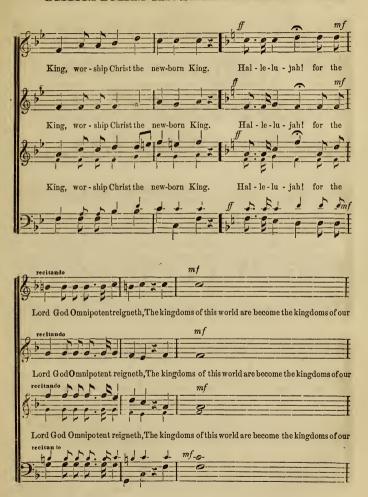


RISE MY SOUL. Concluded. 139



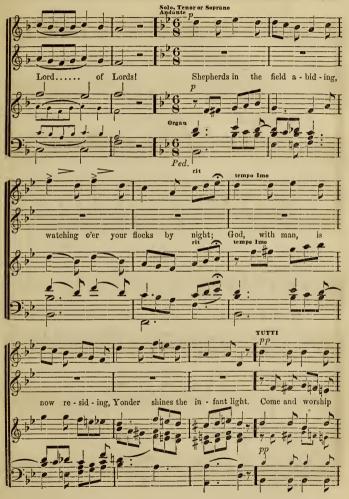


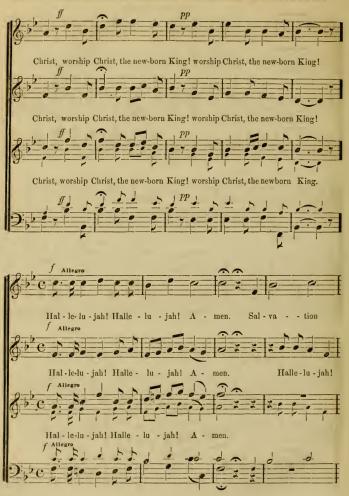




142 CHRISTMAS ANTHEM. Continued.







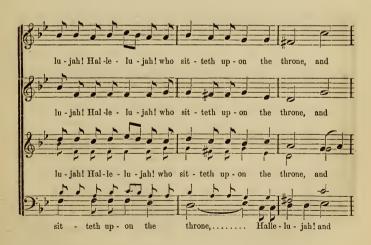






















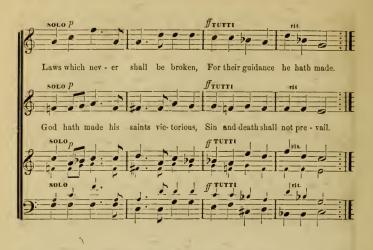


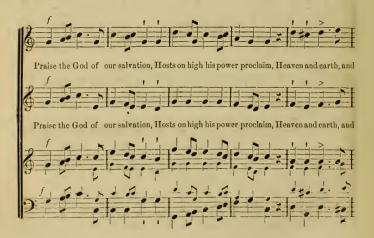


152 CHRISTMAS ANTHEM. Concluded.













(This composition is performed annually at Yale College on the Sabbath before Presentation Day -The first thirteen measures are by Mendelssohn, the rest by the author of this collection.



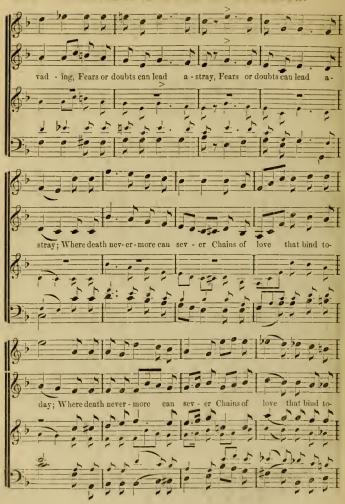
PARTING HYMN. Continued. 157 out up - on life's wea-ry Bless us part - ing, bless us Bless are soonest

158 PARTING HYMN. Continued.



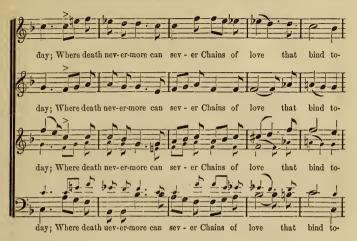
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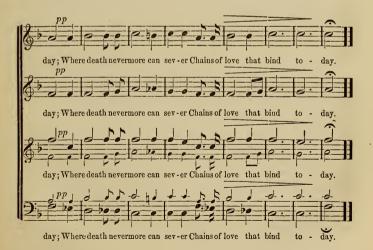




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- VI. A new and very striking serial story will be commenced upon the completion of "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," It will run for several months, and be followed in turn by a new novel by a distinguished author.
- VII. Arrangements have been made, which will secure to The Galaxy contributions from the most distinguished writers of England and France.
- VIII. Contributions may also be expected from the following regular contributors to THE GALAXY:

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