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COMPILED FROM MANY AUTHORS.

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BY SILAS W. LEONARD AND A. D. FILLMORE

REVISED AND GREATLY ENLARGED BY
S. W. LEONARD.

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- HEAVEN.**—Numbers 71, 113, 132, 142, 146, 147, 197, 206, 227, 229, 242, 243, 268, 269, 310, 312, 344, 442, 449, 456, 504, 505, 512, 538, 550, 563, 564, 616, 674, 689, 690, 730, 739, 744, 745, 753, 760, 776, 789, 814, 830, 844.
- CHRISTMAS.**—Number 328.
- CHILDREN'S HYMNS.**—Numbers 205, 281, 304, 417, 420, 471, 487, 759.
- THE GOSPEL.**—Numbers 407, 446, 448, 484, 485, 486, 501, 562, 598, 614, 747, 753.
- THE PROMISES.**—Number 476.
- MISSIONARY.**—Numbers 55, 61, 94, 119, 121, 122, 136, 151, 305, 316, 317, 380, 397, 622, 667, 676, 726, 787.
- PARTING HYMNS.**—Numbers 117, 189, 258, 331, 351, 353, 381, 392, 651, 831, 832.
- DISMISSION.**—Numbers 123, 152, 286, 376, 722, 757.
- MINISTRY OF ANGELS.**—Numbers 585, 812.
- WEDDING HYMN.**—Number 711.

P R E F A C E .

SEVEN years have passed away, since we delivered to our patrons the first copies of the first edition of the CHRISTIAN PSALMIST. Since July 17th, 1847, the book has gone through more than twenty editions; and largely over one hundred thousand copies have been sold. While the heaviest orders for the CHRISTIAN PSALMIST are from the great cities in the United States, it is also sold in the territories, in the British provinces, and in Mexico.

One editor of note has objected to the PSALMIST as a school book, because it contains sacred words; and yet, with a consistency at least equal to his poetical and musical talent, has recommended the "Sacred Melodeon" and the "Universal Musician," each of which have a large number of sacred pieces in them.

To Professor T. HARRISON, inventor and patentee of the system in which the music of the PSALMIST is written — to brethren B. F. HALL, E. GOODWIN, BENJ. FRANKLIN, D. S. BURNET, and hundreds of others, of various denominations, we express our sincere thanks for their recommendation of former editions of the PSALMIST. We have on file some sixteen hundred letters from distinguished preachers, teachers of music, and booksellers, from which we can select hundreds of recommendations from men of great talents and deep piety, justifying us in every step we have taken, in making a book of hymns with suitable music for the congregation, the social circle, and the school.

We now offer to a generous and discriminating public, the CHRISTIAN PSALMIST *re-stereotyped*, with the tunes and hymns on pages to correspond with former editions, and enlarged by the senior author, by the addition of sixty-four pages a very full set of lessons, one hundred and thirty tunes, three hundred and seven hymns, and an index of subjects. And we trust that nearly a score of years experience as a teacher, seven years experience as a publisher, together with the suggestions of eminent preachers and teachers, have qualified us to make this edition more acceptable than all former editions.

This edition contains four hundred and thirty-one tunes, and eight hundred and twenty-five hymns altogether, which is nearly twice as much as was contained in the first edition, while the prices by retail and per dozen are the same as when the book contained less matter.

This is an age of progress, and we are endeavoring to keep up with the march of improvement; and to all the progressives — to all who desire to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth — this new and last edition is respectfully offered by

S. W. LEONARD.

JEFFERSONVILLE, IND., July 17th, 1854.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST

1, 2. WAYNESVILLE.* 8,7,4. TH. HASTINGS.

4g §

REP. 1-

A	5	3	1	3	2	5	3	1	5	3	1	3	2	1	2	3	-	5	-	3	-	1	-	5	3	1	3	2	1	2	1	-		
23c	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

Songs anew of honor framing, Sing ye to the Lord alone ;
 All his wondrous works proclaiming—Jesus wondrous works hath done ;
 Glorious victory His right hand and arm hath won

4g §

REP 1-

C	3	1	3	5	5	5	3	3	1	3	5	5	5	5	-	5	-	3	-	1	-	3	1	5	5	5	4	3	-				
23c	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

4g §

REP. 1-

D	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
23c	,	5	,	7	7	7	5	,	5	,	7	6	7	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

4g §

REP. 1-

B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
23c	,	,	5	5	,	,	,	,	5	5	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

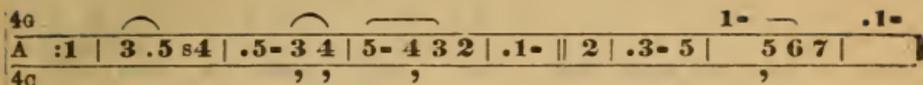
2 Now he bids his great salvation,
 Through the heathen lands be told :
 Tidings spread through every nation
 And his acts of grace unfold :
 All the heathen
 Shall his righteousness behold.

3 Shout aloud—and hail the Saviour ;
 Jesus, Lord of all, proclaim !
 As ye triumph in his favor,
 Spread abroad his matchless fame ;
 Loud rejoicing—
 Shout the honors of his name

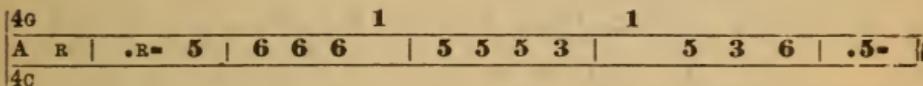
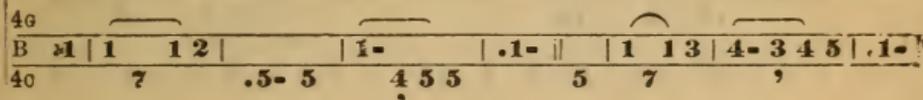
1 HARK ! I hear a voice proclaiming,
 " Every one that thirsts, draw nigh !"
 'Tis the Lord expostulating.
 " Sinners, turn, why will you die ?"
 Turn, poor sinner,
 Sinners, turn, why will you die ?

2 Sinners, hear the invitation,
 Be persuaded by your God ;
 Now repent, and seek salvation
 Through the Saviour's precious blood
 Seek it quickly,
 Through the Saviour's precious blood

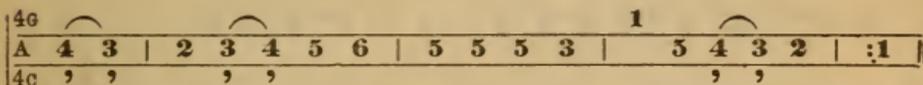
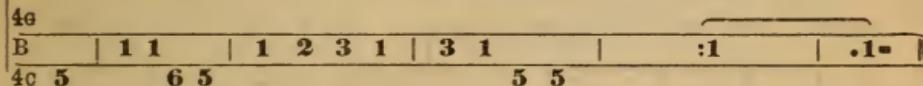
4, 5. EXHORTATION. C. M.



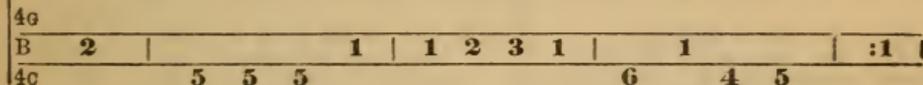
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear, My voice ascending high.



To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee, lift up mine eye.



To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.



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

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

4 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before the gracious throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 O Lord, while in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 With fervor teach our hearts to pray
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

7. S. M.

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise ;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise

2 With joy, thy people stand,
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

8. S. M.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to our reviving breasts —
To our rejoicing eyes.

2 Jesus, our Lord comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see, and hear,
And bless, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my Redeemer's been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure or of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

9. S. M.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the depths unknown,
He gave the seas their bounds ;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his work and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

10. S. M.

1 HOW charming is the place,
Where our Redeemer, Lord,
Unveils the glories of his face,
According to his word.

2 Here, on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

3 To him their prayers and cries
Each contrite soul presents ;
And while he hears their humble sighs
He grants them all their wants.

11. S. M.

1 O PRAISE the Lord, you saints,
And hymns of glory sing ;
He will redress your long complaints,
And swift deliv'rance bring.

2 Oh, 'tis a sweet employ,
To join in worship here ;
But when in heaven, how great the joy
To see each other there !

15. S. M.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our humble prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 4 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

16. S. M.

- 1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify ?
- 3 Oh for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips — our minds inspire,
And raise to heaven our thought.
- 4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours ;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up and bless his glorious name
His love and grace for ever more

17. S. M.

- 1 O LORD, our heavenly king,
Thy name is all divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are spread
And o'er the heavens they shine.
- 2 When to thy works on high,
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies.
- 3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man — that worthless
thing,
Akin to dust and worms ?
- 4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so ?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.
- 5 How rich thy bounties are !
How wondrous are thy ways !
That from the dust, thy power should
frame
A monument of praise.
- 6 To God the Father sing
Hallelujah and praise :
To Christ our great and gracious King
Your loudest anthems raise !

18. S. M.

- 1 IS this the kind return ?
Are these the thanks we owe ?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow ?
- 2 Turn, turn us, mighty God
And mould our souls afresh ;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of
stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 3 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes ;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

19. BURLINGTON.* 12,12,12,8

1g		1	1	3 2 1	2	2 3 4	3 .	
A	1	1 3 5	7		5 5	5	3 1 3	.5

3c
The Prince of Salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends him along his bright way

1g			3 2 1	1	1	1 2	1 1	
C	1	1 3 5	5 4 3	5 4 3	2 2 5	5 5 5	5 5 5	3 1 3 .5

3c								
1g			3 2 1	1	1	1 2	1 1	
D	1	1 3 5		7	7 7 5	7	5	3 1 3 .5

3c								
1g			1		1		1 1	
B	1	1 3 5	5 1	1 5	5 5 5	5 5 5	5	3 1 3 .5

3c								
1g		1 2	1				1 3 1 2	.1
A	5	7	5 3	2 3 4	3 1 1	3 5		

3c
The news of his grace on the breezes are gliding,
And nations are owning his sway

1g						1		
C	5	5 5 5	5 3 1	1 2	1 1 1	3 5	5 3 4	.3

3c				7				
1g		2 3 4	3 1				1 1 1	.1
D	5		5	5 5 5	5 3 1	3 5	7	

3c								
1g						1	1 1	
B	5	5 5 5	1 1 1		1 1 1	3 5	5	.1

3c				5 5 5				
----	--	--	--	-------	--	--	--	--

2 And now through the darkest of earth's gloomy regions,
The wheels of his chariot are rolling sublime,
His banners unfolding his own true religion,
Dispelling the errors of time.

3 Behold a bright angel from heaven descending,
High lifting his trumpet Hosannas to raise,
"Hail, Son of the Highest, let every knee bending,
Adore thee with offerings of praise."

4 Thy sword and thy buckler, shall save and deliver
The poor and the needy from foes that assail;
Thy bow and thy quiver shall vanquish for ever,
The prince and the legions of hell.

* Mason's Sacred Harp, by permission.

- 5 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour,
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign,
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train
- 6 Ride on! till the compass of thy great dominion,
The globe shall encircle from pole unto pole,
And mankind, cemented with friendship and union
Obey thee with heart and with soul.
- 7 Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified nation
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise,
And heaven shall echo the song of salvation
In rich and melodious lays.

20. JEFFERSONVILLE. L. M. s w. L.

5g P P
A .1 | .1 .3 | .1 | | || | .1 .3 | .1 | | .1 |

4c .5 .6 .6 .5 .5 .5 .6 .5

Before the heavens were spread abroad, From everlasting was the Word;

5g P P
B .1 | | | | | || | .1 | | | | .1 |

4c .5 .5 .5 .3 .4 .4 .3 .3 .3 .5 .3 .4 .5

5g P .1 P
A .3 | .5 .5 | .4 .3 | .6 .5 | .5 || .5 | .5 .6 .5 | .5 .3 | .1 |

4c

With God he was — the Word was God, And shall divinely be adored

5g P I
B .1 | .3 .3 | .2 .1 | .4 .3 | .2 || .3 | .5 .3 | .4 .3 | .2 .5 | .1 |

4c

- 2 By his own power were all things made,
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 But lo! he leaves his Father's throne,
Descends to earth the Prince of Peace;
When in his form the Godhead shone,
How full of peace! how full of grace!

21, 22. DUNDEE.* C. M.

4g A .1 | .3 .4 | .5 .1 | .2 .3 | .4 || .3 | .2 .1 | .1 | .1 | P

4c .7

1 Let not despair nor fell revenge, Be to my bosom known

4g C .1 | .1 .1 | .1 | .1 | .1 || .1 | | | P

4c .7 .7 .7 .6 .6 .5 .5

2 Feed me, O Lord, with needful food, I ask not wealth or fame;

4g D .3 | .5 .1 | .2 .1 | .5 .5 | .6 || .5 | .5 .3 | .4 .2 | .3 || P

4c

3 Oh may my days ob - scurely pass, Without re - morse or care;

4g B .1 | .1 | | .1 | | || .1 | | | P

4c .6 .5 .6 .5 .4 .5 .6 .4 .5

4g A .5 | .1 | .7 | .6 .5 | .5 s.4 | .5 || .3 | .2 .1 | .1 | .1 | P

4c .7

Oh give me tears for others' woes, And patience for my own.

4g C .1 | .3 .2 | .1 .2 | .1 .1 | | || .1 | | | P

4c .7 .7 .6 .6 .5 .5

But give me eyes to view thy works, A heart to praise thy name.

4g D .3 | .5 .5 | .3 .2 | .3 .6 | .5 || .5 | .5 .3 | .5 .2 | .3 || P

4c

And let me for my parting hour, From day to day prepare.

4g B .1 | .1 | | .1 .2 | | || .1 | | | P

4c .5 .6 .5 .5 .6 .4 .5

1 THE Saviour risen to-day we praise,
In concert with the blessed:
For now we see his work complete,
And enter into rest.

2 On this first day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed
By the creating Word, than when
The universe was made.

3 He rises who mankind has bought,
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to speak the world from
'Twas greater to redeem. [naught,

4 How vain the stone, the watch, the
Naught can forbid his rise; [seal;
'Tis he who shuts the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

27. 10s & 11s.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full concert join.
With voices united, the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises in strains all divine
- 2 O praise ye the Lord, ye saints of his house ;
His wonders record, and pay him your vows ;
Ye angels adore him, who worship on high,
Fall prostrate before him whose power built the sky
- 3 Yea all that have breath, each breath now accord
Nor cease until death, exalting the Lord :
In loud adoration advancing his praise,
The Lord of creation ! the fountain of grace

28. 10s & 11s.

- 1 THOUGH troubles assail and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The scripture assures us the Lord will provide.
- 2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed ;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread ;
His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written the Lord will provide.
- 3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be tossed
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost :
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages the Lord will provide.
- 4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold ;
For, though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.
- 5 No strength of our own or goodness we claim ;
But since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.
- 6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through ;
Not fearing or doubting with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting the Lord will provide.

29, 30. I WEEP, I MOURN, I PRAY. S. W. L.

1P

A 1- | 3 3 5 3 | 3 1 2 1 | 3 3 5 3 | 6- || 1- | 3 3 5 3 | 3 1 2

23s , , , , , , , , , , ,

Oh Jesus, I have come to thee, My wanderings to deplore,
Wilt thou not set my Spirit free

1P

B 1- | 1 | | | 1 | || 1- | 1 | | |

23s 6 6 6 | 5 5 5 5 | 6 6 7 6- | | 6 6 6 | 5 5 5

1P P

A 6 | 3 2 1 | | || | 1 1 2 3 | 5- 6- | 3 3 1 | |

23s ' , ' 7 | 6- 6- | , , | , , 7 | 6-

My fallen soul restore? I weep, I mourn, I pray, Oh Jesus now forgive

1P P

B | 1 | | | || | | 1- 3- | 1 1 | |

23s 6 , 7 6 s5 | 6- 6- | 5 5 5 5 | , 6 s5 | 6-

2 My sins are more than I can bear,
Oh speak them all forgiven:
My soul away from earth I tear,
To seek a place in heaven.

Chorus.

3 Pity, O Lord, my helpless grief;
My soul's deep anguish see;
And grant me now that sweet relief,
Which none can give but thee.

Chorus.

4 Didst thou not die that I might live,
Might live thy love to know;
Oh let me now thy love receive,
And in thy favor grow.

Chorus.

1 IN duties and in sufferings too,
My Lord I fain would trace;
As he hath done, so would I do,
Sustained by heavenly grace.

2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas his delight,
To do his Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite,
His precepts to fulfill.

3 Meekness, humility, and love,
Through all his conduct shine,
O may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

31. BEALOTH.* S. M. DOUBLE.

6G

REP.

A | 3- 3 3 2 | 1 1 1 1 | 2 2 2 3 2 | .1- || 1 2 3 |

4Q 5 ' , , , 5 6 7
I love thy kingdom, Lord, the house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved, With his own precious blood,
I love thy church, O

6G §

REP.

C | | | | | | | | 1 |

4G 3 5- 5 5 4 | 3 3 3 4 | 4 4 4 5 4 | .3- | 5 5 6 7

6G , , , , , REP.

D 1 | 1- 1 1 | 1 1 1 1 | | | .1- || R | :R |

4Q ' 7 | 7 7 7 7

6G §

REP

B | 1- 1 1 | | | | | | R | :R |

4G 1 , 5 | 1 1 1 1 | 5 5 5 5 | .1-

* Mason's Sacred Harp, by permission.

4a REP. REP. 3s. 1s & 2s.
 A .1- .1 R || .5 5 .5 5 | .6- .6- | .5- .5 R ||

23s

dawn; } For awhile she lingering stood,
 gone; } Filled with sorrow and sur prise.

4a REP. REP. 3s. 1s & 2s.
 C .1- .1 R || .1 1 .1 1 | .1- .1- | .1- .1 R ||

23s

4G REP. REP. 3s 1s & 2s.
 D .3- .3 R || :R- | :R- | :R- ||

23s

4G REP. REP. 3s. 1s & 2s.
 B .1- .1 R || .1 1 .1 1 | .1- .1 R ||

23s

.4- .4-

eyes.

But her sorrows quickly fled,
 When she heard his welcome voice;
 Christ had risen from the dead,
 Now he bids her heart rejoice
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darkness into day!
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

35. 7s. D.

1 WHAT could your Redeemer do
 More than he has done for you!
 To procure your peace with God,
 Could he more than shed his blood?
 After all this flow of love,
 All his drawings from above.
 Why will you your Lord deny!
 Why will you resolve to die?

2 Turn, he cries, O sinner turn,
 By his love your God makes known.
 He would have you turn and live,
 He would all the world receive.
 If your death were his delight
 Would he thus to life invite?
 Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
 Why will you resolve to die?

3 Sinners turn while God is near,
 Do not think him insincere;
 Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
 All day long he spreads his hands:

Cries, "You will not happy be,
 No, you will not come to me;
 Me who life to none deny,
 Why will you resolve to die?"

4 Can you doubt if God is love,
 That to all his bowels move?
 Will you not his word receive?
 Will you not his oath believe?
 See the suffering Lord appears,
 Jesus weeps — believe his tears;
 Mingled with his blood they cry,
 "Why will you resolve to die?"

36. 7s.

1 SINNER, are you still secure?
 Still resolved to disobey,
 Can your heart or hands endure,
 In the Lord's avenging day?

2 Who his advent may abide?
 You that glory in your shame,
 Can you find a place to hide,
 When the world is wrapt in flame

3 Hasten now, the time improve,
 Listen to your Saviour's voice;
 Seek the things that are above,
 Scorn the world's pretended joys

37 LIFT UP YOUR STATELY HEADS. C. M.

6G	A	.1 3 1	.5 .4	.3 2 1	.2 R	1-	1-	2 3-	4	.5
2s						5	5	'	'	'

Lift up you stately heads ye doors, With hasty reverence rise,

6G	A	R 5	.6- 5 4	.5- 4 3	.4- 3 2	.1 .2	3 4 2 1	.1 R
2s			'	'	'		'	'

Ye ev - er - last - ing doors that guard The passage to the skies.

CHORUS.

6G	A	2	.2 R 2	3- 4 5 5	.5 6 5 4 3	.2 R	.1-	1
2s				'	'	'	'	'

For see, For see The King of Glo - ry comes, The King of

6G	C		2	1- 1 1 1	.1 .1	.R	:R
2s	7	.7 R				.7	

6G	D	.5	.5 R 5	5- 5 5 5	.5 .3	.4 .R	:R
2s				'			

6G	B		R	1- 2 3 3	.3 4 3 2 1	.R	R 1 3 1
2s	5	.5	5	'	'	'	.5

For see he

6G	A	2	2	.3 4- 4	.3 .2	.1 .R .6 6 6	.5- 5
2s	7	5		'			

Glory comes A - long the e - ter - nal road, For see the King, the

6G	C	.R-			.R .1 1 1	.1- 1
2s		5	.5 6- 6	.5 .5 .5		

6G	D	.R-		.1 1- 1	.1 .4	.3 .R .6 6 6	.5- 5
2s		7		'			

6G	B	.R		.1		.R .1 1 5 6 7	.1- 1
2s	5	5		1- 1	.5 .5 .1	'	'

comes

41. LIGHT OF THOSE.* 8s, 7s TH. HASTINGS.

1g	1	1								1	1		
A	3 4	5- ' 6 ' ,	5- 4 3 2 3	4- 2 5 4	.3		3 4	5- ' 6 ' ,	5- 4 3				
3c	' ,	' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' ,		' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' , ' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,

Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death!

Rise on us, thyself revealing

1g													
C	1 2	3- 3 4 4	3- 2 1	1	2-	2		1 2	3- 3 4 4	3- 2 1			
3c	' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,		' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' , ' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,

1g			1					1	1	1-		1	1
D	1 1	1- 5 4 6	5 5 5	5- 5 5 5	.5		' ,	' ,	5 4 6				
3c	' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' , ' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' ,		' ,	' ,	' , ' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,

1g													
B	1 1	1- 1 1 1	1 1 5 5	5- 5 5	.1		1 1	1- 1 1 1	1 1				
3c	' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' ,		' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' , ' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,

1g	1		2 1	.1	1	2- 2 1 2	3- 2 2	1	2-	1			
A	' 7	6 ' 7			7 ' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' , ' , ' ,	7 ' ,	7 ' 6	.5			
3c	' ,	' ,	' ,		' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' ,	' , ' ,	' ,		' ,	' ,

Rise, and chase the clouds beneath; Thou, of life and light Creator,

In our deepest darkness rise

1g							1-						
C	5 5	4 4 3 2	.3		5 6	7- 7 6 7	' 7 7 5 6	7- 5 6 s 4	.5				
3c	' , ' ,	' , ' ,	' ,		' , ' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' , ' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,

1g													
D	5 5	6 6 5 5	.5		R	.R-	.R-	.R-	.R-	.R			
3c	' , ' ,	' , ' ,	' ,										

1g													
B	3 3	4 2 5	.1		5 5	5- 5 5 5	5 5 5 5	5- 5 2 2					
3c	' , ' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' ,		' , ' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' , ' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,

1g			1	1				1		2 1	.1		
A	3 4	5- ' 6 ' ,	5- 4 3	' 7	6 ' 7								
3c	' ,	' ,	' , ' ,	' ,	' , ' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,

Scatter all the night of na - ture, Pour the day upon our eyes.

1g													
C	1 2	3- 3 4 4	3- 2 1 5 5	4 4 3 2	.3								
3c	' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' ,		' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,

1g	1	1	1-		1								
D	' ,	' ,	5 4 6		5 5 5	6 6 5 5	.5						
3c	' ,	' ,	' , ' ,	' ,	' , ' ,	' , ' ,	' ,		' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,

1g													
B	1 1	1- 1	1 1	1 1 3 3	4 2 5	.1							
3c	' ,	' ,	' , ' ,	' , ' , ' ,	' , ' ,	' ,		' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,	' ,

* By permission.

- 8 Still we wait for thine appearing ;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.
- 4 Come, and manifest the favor
Thou hast for the ransomed race ;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour,
Come, and bring the gospel grace.
- 5 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince !
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.
- 6 By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release ;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

42. 8s, 7s.

- 1 HEAR the blessed Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice ;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.
Jesus says, let each believer
Be baptized in my name :
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immersed beneath the stream.
- 2 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay ;
Gladly his commands embracing,
Lo ! your Captain leads the way :
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies ;
Be interred at his commanding,
After his example rise.

43. 8s, 7s.

- 1 DARK and thorny is the desert
Through which pilgrims make their
way ;
But beyond the vale of sorrow
Lie the realms of endless day.
Dear young soldiers do not murmur
At the troubles of the way ;
Meet the tempest, fight with courage,
Never faint but often pray.
- 3 He whose thunder shakes creation ;
He that bids the planets roll ;
He that riles upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole ;
Jesus, Jesus, will defend you ;
Trust in him, and him alone ;
He has shed his blood to save you,
And will bring you to his throne

- 3 There on the flowery fields of plea-
sure,
And the hills of endless rest,
Joy, and peace, and love, shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
There ten thousand flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain ;
There they sing immortal praises !
Glory, glory is their theme.

- 4 But, methinks, a sweeter concert
Makes the crystal arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion
Which the angels cannot sing ;
Who can paint those sons of glory,
Ransomed souls that dwell on high,
Who with golden harps for ever
Sound redemption through the sky.

- 5 See the heavenly host in rapture,
Gazing on these shining bands,
Wondering at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hands.
There upon the golden pavement,
See the ransomed march along !
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo with their song.

- 6 Here I see the under shepherds,
And the flocks they fed below ;
Here with joy they dwell together,
Jesus is their shepherd now.
Hail ! you happy, happy spirits !
Welcome to the blissful plain,
Glory, honor, and salvation ;
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign.

44. 8s, 7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS Lord, this morn world
praise thee.
For the bliss thy love bestows :
For the pardoning grace that saves us,
And the peace which from it flows.
Help, O Lord, our weak endeavor ;
These poor hearts to rapture raise,
So that hence we may for ever
Render to thee equal praise.
- 2 Praise this day to God who sought us,
Wretched wanderers far astray ;
Found us lost and kindly brought us
From the paths of sin away.
Praise him with devoutest feeling,
Him who saw our guilty fear,
And the light of life revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear

46, EFFINGHAM. L. M.

5G
A 1 | 5 4 3 | 3 2 1 | 4 3 | 3 2 || .1 | 1 2 3 | 4 3 2 | .1 |

3Q
5 5 7

5G
D 3 | .5 5 | .6 1 | 1 | 1 || .1 2 | 3 5 5 | 6 5 4 | .3 |

3Q
.7 7 7

5G
B 1 | 3 2 1 | | | | || | | | | |

3Q
5 4 3 .2 1 .5 5 .3 4 3 2 1 4 5 5 .1

5G
A 5 | .5 3 | .5 6 | 5 4 3 | 3 2 || 5 | 3- 4 5 5 | 5 5 | 6 5 4 3 2 | .1 |

3Q
" " " " " "

5G
D 3 | .3 1 | .3 4 | 3 2 1 | 1 || 2 | 1 3 3 | .3 5 3 | 4 6 5 4 | .3 |

3Q
7 " " "

5G
E 1 | .1 1 | .1 1 | .1 1 | 1 || .1 1 | .1 1 | | | |

3Q
7 7 4 5 5 .1

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away ;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair ;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams have e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those dangerous seas.
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes ;
Oh ! for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.
- 5 There, from the presence of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll ;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

- 2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherubs guards his feet,
Nor double-flaming sword.
- 3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by his Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' Almighty's throne.
- 4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King
Who lays his anger by.

48. C. M.

- 1 BORNE o'er the ocean's stormy wave,
The beacon's light appears,
When yawns the seaman's watery grave,
And his lone bosom cheers
- 2 Then, should the raging ocean foam,
His heart shall dauntless prove,
To reach, secure, his cherished home,
The haven of his love.
- 3 So, when the soul is wrapt in gloom,
To worldly grief a prey,
Thy beams, blest Hope, beyond the tomb,
Illumine the pilgrim's way.
- 4 They point to that serene abode
Where holy faith shall rest,
Protected by the sufferer's God,
And be forever blest.
- 5 O, still, though sorrow's rayless night
O'ershade our worldly way,
May pure religion's holy light
Shine with overpowering ray.

49. C. M.

- 1 JOY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth — the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

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

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

50. C. M.

- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay,
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining regions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 2 Swift through the vast expanse it
flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
- 5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
God will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die."

51. C. M. L.

- 1 HAIL the blest day the Lord has
made,
This glorious day of rest:
Unto our God be honors paid;
Let love fill every breast.
- 2 Let saints rejoice in Christ their King
Their Saviour, Brother, Friend;
Loud let the swelling anthems ring;
His kingdom ne'er shall end.

52. OLIPHANT.* 8s,7s,4s.

2^a 1

A 5 5 6 | 5 3 | 1 5 6 | 5 3 R || 4 5 | 6 5 | 7 3 | 3 2 || 5 5 6 | 5 3

2^s , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but

2^a

C 3 3 4 | 3 1 | 1 3 4 | 3 1 R || 1 1 | 1 1 | 4 3 1 | 1 | 3 3 4 | 3 1

2^s , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

2^a 1 1 1 1 1 1

D 5 | 5 | 3 | 5 R || 4 3 | 4 5 | 5 5 | .5 || 5 | 5

2^s , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

2^a

B 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 R || 1 | 4 3 | 2 1 | .5 || 1 1 | 1 1

2^s , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

2^a 1

A 1 5 6 | 5 3 R || 3 5 | 6 | 5 4 | .5 || .R | .R | 5 5 6 | 5 3 R

2^s , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

thou art mighty, Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,

2^a

C 1 3 4 | 3 1 R || 1 2 | 3 3 | 2 2 | .2 || .R | .R | 3 3 4 | 3 1 R

2^s , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

2^a 1 1 2 1 1

D 5 | 5 R || 5 | 7 6 | .7 || 5 5 6 | 5 3 R | .R | .R

2^s , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

2^a

B 1 1 | 1 1 R || 1 | 1 | 2 2 | || 3 3 4 | 3 1 R | .R | .R

2^s , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

2^a -1 2 3 -1 2 3 1 2 3 1

A 5 , , , | 5 3 5 | 5 , , , | 5-4 3 R || 3 5 , , , | , , 6 4 | 3 2 | .1

2^s , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

2^a

C 3 4 5 | 3 1 3 | 3 4 5 | 3-2 1 R || 1 3 3 4 | 5 3 4 2 | 1 | .1

2^s , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

2^a

D 5 5 | 5 5 | 5 5 | 5- R || 5 5 | 5 6 | 3 5 | .3

2^s , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

2^a

B 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1- R || 1 1 | 1 4 | 5 5 | .1

2^s , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

* Mason's Sacred Harp, by permission.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still our strength and shield.

3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside;
Bear us through the swelling current
Land us safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises,
We will ever give to thee.

53. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 ENTER, Jesus bids thee welcome,
In the fullness of his grace:
With this hand of love, we give thee
In our hearts the warmest place.
Firm together,
Let us run the Christian race.

2 Trials hard may oft beset thee,
Firmer on the armor brace;
Fight the fight—a crown awaits thee,
Slacken not thy cheerful pace;
Firm together,
Let us run the Christian race.

3 Joys thou'lt find beyond expression,
Find in Zion's loved embrace;
Losses here are turned to treasures,
Gladness smiles in every face;
Aye together,
Let us run the Christian race.

4 Come and share our joys and sorrows,
Zion's friends bring no disgrace;
Bliss not, then, to speak her praises,
Loud proclaim her Saviour's grace,
And together,
He will crown us in the race.

54. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee;
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour
He hath brought salvation near,
Manifests his pard'ning favor,
And, when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
Glory to the great I AM!
I with them will still be vieing,
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived they mix the throng.
Wond'ring at the love that crowns us
Glad to join the holy song!
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong!

5 Now I see with joy and wonder,
Whence the gracious spring arose
Angel minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause,
Yet the blessing
Down to all, to me, it flows.

6 Thsi hath set me all on fire;
Strongly glows the flame of love.
Higher mounts my soul, and higher,
Struggles for its swift remove:
Then I'll praise Him
In a nobler strain above!

55. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 MEN of God, go take your stations,
Darkness reigns throughout the earth
Go, proclaim among the nations,
Joyful news of heavenly birth;
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 What, though earth and hell united
Should oppose the Saviour's plan?
Plead his cause, nor be affrighted;
Fear ye not the face of man:
Vain their tumult,
Stop his work, they never can.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend:
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

57. L. M.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years have ceased to move.

58. L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize our breast;
Oh may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 2 Our souls shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works — and praise his word,
His works of grace — how bright they shine
How deep his counsels,— how divine!
- 3 Sure we shall share a glorious part,
When grace has well refined the heart;
When fresh supplies of joy he sheds,
Like holy oil upon our heads.
- 4 Then shall we see, and hear, and know
All we desired, or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

59. L. M.

- 1 WITH Israel's God who can compare?
Or who, like Israel, happy are?
Oh, people saved by the Lord,
He is our shield and great reward.
- 2 Upheld by everlasting arms,
We are secure from foes and harms:
In vain their plots and false their boasts —
Our refuge is the Lord of hosts

60, 61. OLIVET. 6s, 4s.

5c

A .1 3 5 | 5- 4 .3 || 2 4 | 4- 3 .2 || .3 2 6 | :5 || .5 3 4 |

4c

My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine!

New hear me

5c

C | | 2 | 2- 1 | || .1 1 | | || .3 1 2 |

4c

May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart,

My zeal inspire; As thou hast

5c

D .3 1 3 | 3- 2 .1 || .5 5 5 | 5- 5 .5 || .5 5 s4 | :5 || :R |

4c

While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread,

Be thou my guide: Bid darkness

5c

B .1 1 1 | .1 || | | || .1 2 | | || :R |

4c

5- 5

.5 5 5

5- 5 .5

2 :5

5c

.1

A 5- 6 .5 || .5 3 4 | 5- 6 .5 || 7 6 | 5- 4 3 1 | .2 .5 | :1 ||

4c

when I pray, Take all my guilt away, O let me from this day be wholly thine.

5c

C 3- 4 .3 || .3 1 2 | 3- 4 .3 || .1 1 1 | 1- 1 1 | | :1 ||

4c

died for me, Oh! may my love to thee, Pure, warm, and changeless, be

A burning fire

5c

D :R || :R | :R || .6 5 4 | 3- 2 1 5 | .4 .2 | :3 ||

4c

turn to-day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor ever let me stray From thee aside.

5c

B :R || :R | :R || .1 1 1 | 1- 1 1 | | :1 ||

4c

3

.4 .5

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll.

Blest Saviour then in love
Fear and distress remove;
Oh! bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul

1 SOUND, sound the news abroad,
Bear you the word of God
Through the wide world:
Tell what the Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
Tell from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

Far over sea and land,
Tis Jesus' own command,
Bear you his name;
Bear it to every shore —
Regions unknown explore.
Enter at every door —
Silence is shame.

3 Speed on the wings of love.
Jesus who reigns above,
Bids us to fly:
They who his message bear,
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their friend appear,
He will be nigh.

4 When on the mighty deep
He will their spirits keep,
Stayed on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand —
Jesus their Lord.

5 You who forsaking all
At your loved Master's call
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun,
Then shall you shine.

62. 6s, 4s.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and sky reply,
Praise ye his name;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore.
Worthy the Lamb.

2 Jesus our Lord and God
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye his name;
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won;
Sing his great name alone,
Worthy the Lamb.

3 While they around the throne
Sheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
Those who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God;
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

4 Join all ye ransomed race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise ye his name;

In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice
Worthy the Lamb.

5 What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name;
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

6 Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise his dear name:
To him ascribed be
Honor and majesty,
Through all eternity;
Worthy the Lamb.

63. 6s, 4s.

1 COME, all you saints of God;
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame;
Tell what his love has done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:
Praise you our gracious King;
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb."

64. 6s, 4s.

1 LET us awake our joys;
Strike up with cheerful voice;
Each creature sing;
Angels, begin the song;
Mortals the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad his name;
Tell of his matchless fame;
What wonders done:
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
'Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."

65, WILMOT. 7s.

MASON.

lg	1	3-	2	1	1	3-	2	1	1	3	3	2	1-	1							
A	'	"		5	'	"		R		6	5	'	'	'	7	R					
4s))))))									
	Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord, Be thy glorious name adored!																				
lg																					
C	3	5-	4	3	3	3	5-	4	3	R		6	6	3	5	5	4	3	2	3	R
4s)))))))))			
	Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear, Deign our humble songs to hear;																				
lg																					
D	5	5	5	1	1	5	5	R		1	1	1	1	5	5	5	R				
4s																					
	Then with angel harps a - gain, We will wake a nobler strain;																				
lg																					
B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	R		4	4	3	1	5	1	R					
4s																					
	5																				

lg	4	1	3	2	1-	1	1	3	2	.1								
A	6	5	'	'	'	7	R		6	5	7							
4s))))										
	Lord, thy mercies nev - er fail, Hail, celestial goodness, hail																	
lg																		
C	6	4	3	3	5	4	3	2	3	R		4	6	3	5	4	4	.3
4s)))))))))	
	Purer use we hope to bring, When around thy throne we sing.																	
lg	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	.1							
D	5	5	5	5	R		7											
4s																		
	There in joyful songs of praise, Our triumphant voices raise.																	
lg																		
B	1	1	1	1	1	1	R		4	4	3	1	5	.1				
4s))))))						
	5 5 5																	

66. 7s.

1 SONGS of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

2 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

3 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise

4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

5 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ

73. PILESGROVE.* L. M. N. MITCHELL

5g										
A	1	.3 5	.5 3 2	.1	.1	3	.5 4 3	.2 1	.5 s 4	.5
3c			''	7			''			
	O render thanks to God above. The fountain of e - ternal love,									
5g										
C		.1					1		1	
3c	5	.7 7	5 6	.5 5	.5	5	.5	.7 6	5- 6 7	7
			''						''	
5g										
D	3	.1 2	.3 5 4	.3 2 4	.3	5	.3 6 5	5- 4 3	2- 3 2 6	.5
3c			''	''			''	''	''	''
	Who can his mighty deeds express, Not only vast but number - less?									
5g										
B	1	.1	.1 1			1	.1 1		1 2	
3c		5	' 4	.5 5	.1			.5 6	7- ''	2 .5
			,						,	
5g										
A	5	.5 3- 2	.1	.1 3	.2	1	.1 3	5- 6 5 4	.3 2	.1
3c		''	5					''		
	Whose mercy firm, through ages past, Has stood, and shall for ever last.									
5g										
C	2	.1		1			1	3- 4 3 2	.1	.1
3c		5	.5 5	.5	.7	5	5- 6 5	''		7
							''			
5g										
D	2	.3 3- 4	.5 4	.3 5	.5	3	3- 4 3 5	6	.5 4	.3
3c		''	''				''			
	What mortal eloquence can raise His tri - bute of immortal praise.									
5g										
B		.1 1- 2	.3 3- 2	.1		1	.1 1	.1		
3c	7	''	''	1 .5					4	.5 6 .1

74. L. M.

- 1 HAPPY the church, the sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
The earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against thy throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That break and die upon the shore.
- 3 God is our shield — and God our Sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

* By permission.

75. L. M.

- 1 HAIL, God our Father, glorious King !
Hail, Jesus, Lord, of thee we sing :
Thy death, thy life, thy love shall be
Our anthem through eternity.
- 2 Ye glittering orbs around the skies,
That speak his glories in disguise,
Your silent circlings ne'er can tell
The wisdom of Immanuel.
- 3 Tall mountains that beset the sky,
With all the hills that round you lie,
While time endures, you ne'er can tell
The grandeur of Immanuel.
- 4 Ye seas, tumultuous as you roar,
Whose billows bound from shore to shore,
Your thundering voices ne'er can tell
The power of our Immanuel.
- 5 Ye worlds on worlds, with all your throng,
Through every clime extend your song :
Your thousand tongues would fail to tell
The love of our Immanuel.
- 6 His fame shall spread from pole to pole,
And glory roll from soul to soul ;
The word of God alone shall tell
The glories of Immanuel.

76. L. M.

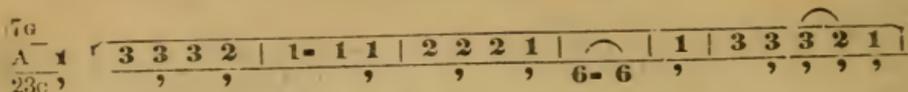
- 1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light
Mercy is found — and peace is given ;
But soon — ah, soon ! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites — how blest the day,
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste — oh haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.
- 4 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave ;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 Now God invites — how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound
Come, sinners, haste — oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

78. SWISS. 8s, 7s.

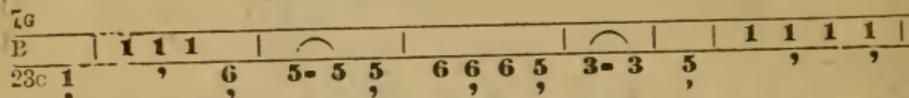
8c																							
A	5-	5	5	5	6	5		5	4	4	.R		4-	3	2	3	4	5		.3	R	5	
4c	,	,	,	,	,	,		,	,	,	,		,	,	,	,	,						
8c																							
B	3-	3	3	3	4	3		3	2	2	.R		2-	1	1	3			.1	R	1		
4c	,	,	,	,	,	,		,	,	,	,		,	7	,	,	,		,				
8c																							
A	1-								2	6	.6	R		5-	6	5	5	6	7				
4c	,	,	,	,	,	,		,	,	,	,		,	,	,	,	,						
8c																							
B	5-	5	4	3	2	1		4	.4	R		3-	4	3	3	3	4						
4c	,	,	,	,	,	,		7	,	,		,	,	,	,	,							
8c																							
A	1-	1	2	1										5-	6	5	5	4			.1	R	
4c	,	7	,	,	7	6	R											,	,	,	,	7	
8c																							
B	.5-								3-	4	3	3	2	4			.3	R					
4c	,	,	,	,	,	,		,	,	,	,	,	,	,									

- 1 WEARY pilgrim, why thy sadness ?
 Why 'mid sorrow's scenes decline ?
 The "trial strange" brings joy and gladness,
 For all things shall yet be thine !
 Yes, all things shall yet be thine !
- 2 Earth anew, with robe of glory,
 Shall rejoice in hill and vale ;
 And sweetest harpings tell the story
 Of the love that could not fail !
 Yes, the love that could not fail !
- 3 Thou shalt range the fields of pleasure,
 Where joy's gushing songs arise ;
 And have all thy well-stored treasure
 In the new earth, paradise !
 In the new earth, paradise !
- 4 Weary pilgrim, leave thy sadness,
 To Mount Zion thou art come !
 Now swell thy songs of joy and gladness,
 And rejoice in thy blest home !
 Thine and Jesus' heav'nly home !

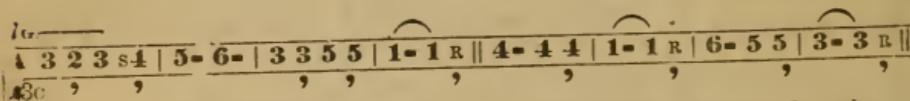
79. KEDRON'S GLOOMY VALE. T. J. EDMONDSON.



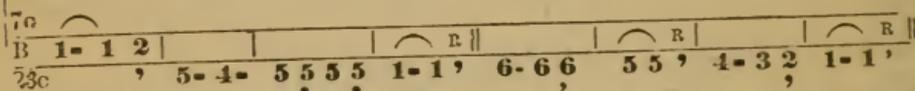
Among the mountain trees The winds were whispering low,
And night's ten thousand



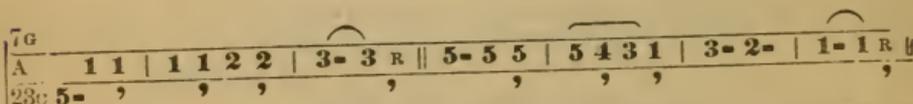
It was the Saviour's prayer That on the silence broke,
Imploing strength from



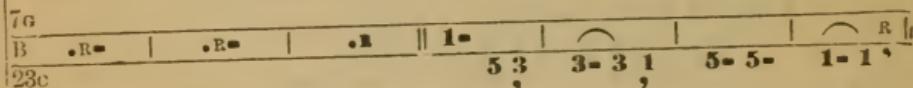
harmonies, Were harmonies of woe; A voice of grief was on the gale,



heaven to bear The sin avenging stroke: As in Gethse - mane he knelt,



It came from Kedron's gloomy vale — It came from Kedron's gloomy vale.



And pangs unknown his bosom felt — And pangs unknown his bosom felt

3 The fatal starlight shone
In dim and misty beams;
Deep was his agonizing groan,
And large the vital streams
That trickled to the dewy sod,
While Jesus raised his voice to God

4 The chosen three that staid,
Their mighty watch to keep,
Left him through sorrows deep to wade
And gave themselves to sleep:
Meekly and sad he prayed alone,
Strangely forgotten by his own.

5 Along the streamlet's banks
The reckless traitor came,
And heavy on his bosom sank
The load of guilt and shame:
Yet unto them that waited nigh
He gave the Lamb of God to die.

6 Among the mountain trees
The winds were whispering low,
And night's ten thousand harmonies
Were harmonies of woe:
For cruel voices filled the gale
That came from Kedron's gloomy vale

30. CLARK. S. M. L.

2G .1 1 .1
 A 5 | .5 3 | .5 7 | | 6 | .5 3 | .2 |

3c
 Let party names no more The Christian world o'erspread,

2G
 B 1 | .3 1 | .3 5 | .1 || 5 | .5 2 | .3 1 |

3c .7

2G .1 2 .1
 A 5 | .5 3 | .5 6 7 | | 6 | .5 1 | .3 2 | .1 |

3c , ,
 Gen - tile and Jew, and bond and free, Are one in Christ our head

2G
 B 1 | .3 1 | .3 4 2 | .5 5 | .1 || 4 | .3 1 | .5 | .1 |

3c , , 5

- 2 Among the saints on earth,
 Let fervent love be found ;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With equal blessings crowned.
- 3 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And every heart is love.

81. S. M.

- 1 JESUS invites his saints,
 To meet around his board :
 Here pardoned sinners sit and hold
 Communion with their Lord.

- 2 For food, he gives his flesh ;
 And bids us drink his blood :
 Amazing favor — matchless grace —
 Of our descending Lord !

- 3 Let all our powers be joined,
 His glorious name to raise :
 Let joy and love fill every mind
 And every voice be praise.

82. S. M.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace.
 Or wash away its stain

- 2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away :
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 Believing, we rejoice,
 To see the curse remove,
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his dying love.
- 4 Hosannas to our King,
 In loftiest strains prolong :
 Our ravished hearts shall ever sing
 In an immortal song.

83. S. M.

- 1 SERENE I laid me down,
 Beneath his guardian care ;
 I slept — and I awoke, and found
 My kind Preserver near.
- 2 Thus does thine arm support,
 This weak, defenceless frame ;
 But whence these favors, Lord, to me
 All worthless as I am ?
- 3 O, how shall I repay
 The bounties of my God ?
 This feeble spirit pants beneath
 The pleasing, painful load.
- 4 My life I would anew
 Devote, O Lord, to thee ;
 In thy service I would spend
 A long eternity

84. MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH. S. W. L.

8c	1-										1-															
A	1	2	3	4	5	7	'	6	5-6	5	5	3-	1	2	3	4	5	7	'	6	5	1	3	2		
2q	5	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	5	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

Along the smooth and slender wires, The sleepless heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays, Go streaming from the

8c	1-										1-														
B	1	2	3	4	5	4	3	2	1-1	1-1	1	1	2	3	2	1-1									
2q	5	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

8c	1										1-										VERY SLOW					
A	1-5	7	7	6	3	8	4	5-	'	5-6	5	5	3-	1	2	3	4	5	7	'	6	5-1	3-2	1-		
2q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	5	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

sun ; No peals or flashes heard or seen, Their wondrous flight betray,
And yet their words are plainly felt, In cities far away

8c	1										1-										VERY SLOW.					
B	1-1	5	5	4	3	2	1-1	1-1	1-	1	2	3	4	5	4	3	2	1-1								
2q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	

2 No summer's heat nor winter's cold,
Can check their rapid course,
They meet, unmoved, the fierce wind's
rage.

The rough wave's sweeping force ;
In the long night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day,
They rush with news of weal or woe,
To thousands far away.

3 But faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord ;
Of him who taught in smiles and tears,
With fervent lips to pray,
Maintains high converse here on earth,
With bright worlds far away.

4 Ah, though no outward wish is
breathed,
Nor outward answer given,
The sighing of that humble heart
Is known and felt in heaven ;
Those long, frail wires, may bend or
break,
Those viewless heralds stray,
But faith's least word shall reach the
throne
Of God, though far away.

85. C. M.

1 BLESSED be the wisdom and the power
The justice and the grace,
That joined in council to restore
And save our ruined race.

2 Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell ;
And we, his children, thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.

3 Christ honored all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobeyed ;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

86. C. M.

1 COME, let us join, with sweet accord
In hymns around the throne :
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath blessed and called his own.

2 This is the day that God hath blest
The sweetest of the seven ;
Oh may we reach the heavenly rest,
And see his face in heaven

87. HOSANNA. L. M. 6s.

6c	REP.										REP. 2s.	
A	1	21	111	2	.21	12	321	1R	111	R		
4c	34	555	7666	77	5675	77	7P					

Thy worthiness is all our song, O Lamb of God : for thou wast slain ;
 And by thy blood broughtest us to God, Out of each nation, tribe, and tongue ;
 To our God mad'st us kings and priests,
 And we shall reign upon the earth. Hosanna

6c	REP.										REP. 2s.	
C								1	1	1	R	R
4c	32	1111	2221	553	453	321	7	.77	57	P	.666	

6c	REP.										REP. 2s.	
D	54	3333	44443	22	121	333	4	.43234	555	R	.333	R
4c				777						P		

6c	REP.										REP. 2s.	
B										P	R	R
4c	54	3135	4644	5253	351	5	.4525	551	.133			

6c											REP. 3s.	
A	.31	R	.43333	22.1	3535	6543.4	4242	5432.3				
4c	66											

Hosanna ! Hosanna to the Lamb of God ! Glory, glory, let us sing,
 Grateful honors to our King.

6c											REP. 3s.	
C		R		.1	1213	4321.2	22	321	.1			
4c	.4	22	.21111	45			77					

6c											REP. 3s.	
D	.644	R	.45555	65.5	55	776.6	6464	7765.5				
4c												

6c											REP. 3s.	
B		R										
4c	.544		.65555	42.1	1111	111	.2	2222	23	.1		

3 Salvation to our God, who deigns
 To look upon us from his throne ;
 All honor to the Son who reigns,
 The just, the true, the mighty one.
 On earth, his saints their voices raise,
 And angels chant his solemn praise.
Hosanna, &c.

3 To him who loved us and has died
 Our souls to cleanse, by his own blood ;
 And who has made us kings and priests
 To his own Father, and our God.
 All glory and dominion be
 To him eternally. Amen.
Hosanna, &c.

90. C. M.

- 1 OUR souls are in our Saviour's hand,
And he will keep them still,
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.
- 2 Him eye to eye there we shall see,
Our face like his shall shine ;
C ! what a glorious company
When saints and angels join !
- 3 O ! what a joyful meeting there !
In robes of white array :
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns that ne'er decay.
- 4 When we've been there ten thousand
years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.
- 5 Then let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home.
Come, O Redeemer ! come away !
O Jesus ! quickly come !

91. C. M.

- 1 COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus !
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us !
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
On earth, in air, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

92. C. M.

- 1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue ;
Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus
lead,
I'll follow where he goes ;
I will arise and be baptized,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duty and through trials too
I'll go at his command ;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

93. C. M.

- 1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart, and see ;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Is not thy name melodious still,
To mine attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 3 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne.
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known ?
- 4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

94. C. M.

- 1 NOW to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.
- 2 Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
And set the prisoners free ;
Hast made us kings and priests to God
And we shall reign with thee.

95. THE TRUMPETER. C. M.

5g											REP.															
A	1-	3	2	1	2	1	1	1	3	5	5	3	2	1	2	1-	R	3	5	4	3	4	5	4	3	
23c		,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Nor to defend his cause ;
 Maintain the honor of his word, the glory of his cross.

Jesus, my Lord, I know his name,

5g											REP.															
D	3-	5	5	5	5	3	3	5	5	3	5	3	1-	R	5	5	6	5	2	3	4	3				
23c		,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	7	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

5g											REP.				
B	1-	1	1	1	3	1	1	1-	R	1	1	1	1	2	2
23c		,	5	4	6	6	,	5	5	,	,	6	,	5	

5g											1-	1-														
A	5	6	5	3	5	6	7	6	5	3	2	1	1	1	3	5	5	3	2	1	2	1	2	1	1	
23c	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	6	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

His name is all my trust, Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.

5g											1								
D	3	4	1	3	4	5-	5-	3	1	5	4	3	3	5	3	5	4	1-	
23c	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	7	,

5g											1								
B	5	5	5	5	5	5-	5-	6	5	4	5	5	6	5	5	3	4	5	1-
23c	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

1 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands
 Till the decisive hour.

2 Then will he own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint for me a place.

96. C. M.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my
 choice,
 My lasting heritage ;
 This shall my noblest powers rejoice,
 My warmest thought's engage.

2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
 And keep thy laws in sight,
 While through the promises I rove,
 With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise ;
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies —

4 The best relief that mourners have,
 It makes our sorrows blest ;
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our eternal rest.

97. C. M.

- 1 TO him that loved the sons of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our heads,
And made us priests to God :
- 2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love ;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.
- 3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
His saints shall bless the day ;
While they that pierced him sadly mourn
In anguish and dismay.
- 4 Thou art the First, and thou the Last ;
Time centers all in thee ;
Almighty Lord, who wast and art,
And evermore shalt be.

- 2 The dying thief in Jesus saw
A majesty divine ;
While scoffing Jews around him stood,
And asked him for a sign !
- 3 The kingdom Lord, is thine, he said,
'Tis thine o'er men to reign ;
Thy wondrous works thy Lordship
prove,
These pains thy love proclaim :
- 4 Honors divine await thee soon,
A scepter and a crown ;
With shame thy foes shall yet behold
Thee seated on a throne.
- 5 Then, gracious Lord, remember me !
Is not forgiveness thine ?
My crimes have brought me to thy side,
Thy love brought thee to mine !

98. C. M.

- 1 AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And groaned, and bled, and died,
He looked with pity on a wretch
That languished by his side.

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

DYING BACKSLIDER. C. M.

6P	§											REP.													
A	.3	1	2	3	3	1	⌒		⌒		1	1				.2	3	s	5	6	6	5	4	3	
4s							7	6	s	5	6	7	6	s	5	.6									
							,"			,"															
6P	§																								
B			1	1	⌒		1							1	1	1	1								
4s	.6	6	5			6	3	4	5	7	6	6	2	3	.6	.5							5	6	3
							,"		,"																
6P																									
A	1	2	2	5	4	.3	.3	6	6	5	3	1	⌒		⌒		1	1							
4s													7	6	s	5	6	7	6	s	5	.6			
													,"		,"										
6P																									
B	1					.1	⌒		⌒		1														
4s		5	5	3	6	.6		6	3	4	5	7	6	6	3	3	5	3	2	3	.6				
								,"		,"															

99. C. M.

- 1 LIFE is a span — a fleeting hour
How soon the vapor flies !
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.
- 2 The once lov'd form, now cold and
dead,
Each mournful thought employs ;

- And Nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
- 4 Cease, then, fond Nature, cease thy
tears ;
Thy Saviour dwells on high.
There everlasting spring appears .
There joys shall never die.

100. HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

G. W. B

4P	(1 1 1	—	3 3 3 s 5	6 s 5 6 3	1 1—REP.	1 1	3 3 3
A	6 7	' ' 7 6		' '	' '	' ' 7 6 6		' 6 6
23s	" "	" "		" "	" "	" P "	"	"

List to the dreamy tone that dwells In rippling wave or sighing tree ;
Go, hearken to the old church bells, The whistling bird, the whizzing bee.
Interpret right, and you will find,

4P	(REP.		1 1 1
D	1 2		3 3 3 4 2		1 1 1 3		4 3 4 5	
23s	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "

4P	(1 1	REP.			
B	6 s 5		6 6 6 5 3		6 6 6 7		7 6	
23s	" P "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "

4P	3	3 3 3 3	4 2 3	3	5 5	3 3 6 3	3 2 1	1
A	'	' ' '	' P	'	6 6	'	' '	' ' ' 7 ' 7
23s								

'Tis power and glory they proclaim ; The chimes, the creatures,
waters, wind, All echo, Hallowed be thy name.

4P	1	1 1 1 1	2 1 1		1	(
D	'	' ' '	7	'	4 4 5 3		6 6 4	'
23s								

4P			P			1 1	1—	
B	5		5 5 5 5		6 s 4 5	5	1 1 3 3	
23s	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"

2 The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds,
To gain the altar of his sires :
The hermit pores above his beads
With zeal that never wanes or tires :
But holiest rite or longest prayer
That art can yield or wisdom frame,
What better import can it bear
Than, " Father, hallowed be thy name."

3 Or nature, or the Bible, read,
Those precious words you'll find there still.
We trace them in the flowering mead,
We hear them in the flowing rill.
One chorus hails the great Supreme,
Each varied breathing tells the same ;
The strains may differ, but the theme
Is, " Father hallowed be thy name."

4 " Oh ! weep not for me, I am anxious to go
 To that haven of rest where tears never flow ;
 I fear not to enter that dark lonely ward ;
 For soon shall I rise from the old church yard :
 Yes, soon shall I join that heavenly band
 Of glorified souls at my Saviour's right hand ;
 Forever to dwell in bright mansions, prepared
 For the saints, who shall rise from the old church yard."

104. NEW ALBANY. 8s,6s, peculiar. S. W. L

4a BBP.
 A 5 | 5 3 3 6 | 5 1 1 3 | 4 3 2 1 | 5 ||
 2c , , , , , , , , , , , , , , P

Sing hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord ! Sing with a cheerful voice ;
 Ex - alt our God with one ac - cord, And in his name re - joice.

4g BBP.
 B 1 | 3 1 1 4 | 3 1 | 2 1 | 1 ||
 2c , , , , , 5 5 , , , 7 5 P
 , , , ,

4g 1 1 1 2 1 P I
 A 5 | , , , , | , 5 5 3 | 4 3 4 3 | 6 5 5 ||
 2c , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

Ne'er cease to sing, you ransomed host, Or in your Saviour cease to boast,

4g P P
 B 1 | 5 5 5 6 | 5 3 3 1 | 2 1 2 1 | 4 3 3 ||
 2c , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

4g 1 1 1 3 1 P
 A 5 | , , , , | , 5 5 6 | 5 1 3 2 | .1
 2c , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

Till in the realms of endless light Your praises shall u - nite.

4g P
 B 1 | 5 5 5 6 | 5 3 3 4 | 3 1 1 | .1 ||
 2c , , , , , , , , , , , , , 7

2 There we to all eternity
 Shall join the angelic lays,
 And sing in perfect harmony
 To God our Saviour's praise.

He hath redeemed us by his blood,
 And made us kings and priests to God,
 For us, for us the Lamb was slain,
 Praise ye the Lord ! Amen !

105. THY WILL BE DONE. KINGSLEY.

8a											1	
A	1	5-432	123	R3	4-321	2	R2	3-453	6-7	'6	5-342	1
2c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

How sweet to be allowed to pray To God the holy One,
With filial love and trust to say, O God, thy will be done.

8a											P	
C	1	3-21	123	R1		R	1-231	4-56	4	3-1		1
2c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

We in these sacred words can find A cure for every ill,
They calm and soothe the troubled mind, And bid all care be still.

8a											P
B	1	1-11	1	R1	2-342	R	1-111	4-44	4	1-1	1
2c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

3 O let that will, which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4 O could my heart thus ever pray,
Thus imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, with truth to say,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

106. C. M.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight
When those who love the Lord,
With one another thus unite,
And so fulfill the word!

2 O may we feel our brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part:
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 Let love in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In ev'ry action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy world above:
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

107. C. M.

1 ALL nature feels attractive power,
A strong, embracing force;
The drops that sparkle in the shower,
The planets in their course.

2 Thus in the universe of mind
Is felt the law of love;
The charity, both strong and kind,
For all that live and move.

3 In this fine, sympathetic chain
All creatures bear a part;
Their every pleasure, every pain,
Linked to the feeling heart.

4 More perfect bond, the Christian plan
Attaches soul to soul:
Our neighbor is the suffering man,
Though at the furthest pole.

5 To earth below, from heaven above,
The faith in Christ professed,
More clear reveals that God is love,
And whom he loves is blest.

108. C. M.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy Name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our
fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

- 5 He speaks—and, listening to his
voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosens'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

109. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polished gold
The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 They first their own burnt offerings
brought,
To purge themselves from sin:
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt;
But thy one offering takes away
Forever all our guilt.
- 4 Their priesthood ran through several
hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.

- 5 Once, in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appeared
Before the golden throne.
- 6 But Christ, with his own precious
blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows his own sacrifice.
- 7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Zion's holy hill;
Looks like a lamb that had been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.
- 8 He ever lives in heaven to plead
The cause which cost his blood,
And saves unto the utmost, all
Who by him come to God.

110. C. M.

- 1 SWEET is the prayer whose holy
stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme
And warm and warmer glows.
- 2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And love, celestial love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

111. C. M.

- 1 HIS reconciling sacrifice,
Hath answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies,
Come to us by his hands.
- 2 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord,
'Tis on thy cross we rest;
Forever be thy love adored,
Thy name forever blest.

112. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, what pity touched the heart
Of God's beloved Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He leaves his Father's throne.
- 2 His living power and dying love
Redeemed unhappy man,
And raised the ruins of our race,
To life and God again.

113. HEAVENLY HOME. 7s.

3P	.3- 4	.2- 3	1-	-1	.2-	.1- 4	.3- 2	1-	REP.
A			7 6		R			6 .7	:6

4c §

Brethren, while we sojourn here, Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a friend, One that loves us to the end.

3P						.1- 2	.3	REP	
B	.6- 6	.7- 3	.6	.6	.5- R	.6- 7		.3	:6

4c

3P	.6	.3	.6- 8	7 6 8 5 6	.7-	.6 5 4	.3 .6	.3 5 4	.3 1
A				⌣	⌣	R		⌣	

4c

Forward, then, with courage go, Long we shall not dwell be - low;

3P						.1		.1-	
B	.6	.6	.6- 6	.3	.3	.3- R	.6 .7	.6	.5 .5

4c

3P	.2-	.2- 2	3 4	5 3	.6-	.3- 1	.2-	1-
A	7			⌣	⌣	R		7

4c

Soon the joyful time will come, Child, your Father calls, come home.

3P			1 2 3 1					
B	.5- 5	.5- 5		⌣	⌣	.6- R	.6- 6	.5- 5

4c

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares:
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart
But from Satan's malice free
Saints shall soon in glory be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home"

3 But of all the foes we meet
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, come home."

114. 7s.

1 FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me,
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.

2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown,
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all resign'd,
To thy will — thy will be done; —
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod,
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to thee, my God

115. CELEBRATION. 7s. T. HARRISON.

2 ^a	1	1	.1
A	5 5 3 3 4 .5 5 5 7 5 6 7 .1		
2 ^q	§	' ,	REP.
Swell the anthem, raise the song, Praises to our God be - long:			
2 ^a			
D	3 3 3 1 1 2 .3 3 3 4 4 2 2 4 .3		
2 ^q	§	' ,	REP.
Saints and angels join to sing Praises to the heavenly King.			
2 ^a			
B	1 1 1 1 1 .1 1 1 .1		
2 ^q	7	5 5 5 5	
Guarded by his watchful eye, We still stand se - cure y high			

2 ^a			REP. 1, 2s.
A	2 2 5 2 2 4 .3 2 2 5 2 2 4 .3		
2 ^q			
Blessings from his liberal hand, Flow around this happy land.			
2 ^a	.		REP. 1, 2r.
D	2 .1 2 .1		
2 ^q	7 7 7 7 7	7 7 7 7 7	
2 ^a			REP. 1, 2s.
B	.1 1		
2 ^q	5 5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5 5 5	

3 Here, beneath bright freedom's ray,
 We enjoy a glorious sway —
 Never feel oppression's rod —
 Always have the smile of God.
 Hark! the voice of nature sings
 Praises to the King of kings:
 Let us join the choral song,
 And the grateful notes prolong

2 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
 You near Jesus' throne shall rest;
 There your seats are now prepared,
 There your kingdom and reward.
 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of our land
 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
 Bids you undismayed go on.

116. 7s.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King
 As ye journey sweetly sing;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.
 We are traveling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod;
 They are happy now and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O, ye banished seed, be glad!
 Christ our Advocate is made;
 Us to save, our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes
 Lord! obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee!

ASCENSION. L. M.

3P ♪											REP.																
A	2	2	2	3	4	3	1	1	2	3	6	6	3	2	1	2	1										
23s 6	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	6	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	7 6										
3P ♪											REP.																
B						1	1	1	2	2	1																
23s 6	6	6	6	6	6	6	,	,	,	,	7 6	5	5	6													
3P ♪											REP. 2s.																
A	3	3	5	6	6	3	2	3	5	5	6	6	3	2	1	2	1	1	2	3	6	6	3	2	1	2	1
23s 6	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	7 6
3P ♪											REP. 2s.																
B	1	1	2	3	3	1	1	2	2	3	3	1															
23s 6	,	,	,	5	,	,	,	7 6	6	6	5	5	6	6	,	,	,	6									

118. L. M.

- 1 HE dies, the friend of sinners dies !
 Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men !
 But, lo ! what sudden joys we see !
 Jesus the dead revives again !
- 3 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb !
 (The tomb in vain forbids his rise !)
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 4 Break off your tears you saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns ;
 Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster Death in chains !
- 5 Say, live forever, wondrous King !
 Born to redeem, and strong to save !
 Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting ?
 And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave ?

119. FLORENCE. 8s, 7s, 4s. L.

	1ST TIME.				2ND TIME.							
	REP. ls.				1-							
4g	A	335-3	6553	335-3	43.2	67	1	32.1	3-155	67	1	32.1
4c		,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,
	Yes, we trust the day is breaking; Joyful times are near at hand; God — the mighty God is speaking, By his word in every land, When he chooses, Darkness flies at his command.											
	1ST TIME.				2ND TIME.							
	REP. ls.				1-							
4g	D	1-1	11	1-1	21	1			11	1		
4c		,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,
	Lift your heads, ye friends of Je - sus, Partners in his patience here; Christ, to all believers precious, Lord of lords will soon appear.											
	1ST TIME.				2ND TIME.							
	REP. ls.				1-							
4g	B	111-1	1111	111-1		1		.1	3-211	1		.1
4c		,	,	,	65.5	54-s4	57	,	55-5	57	,	

120. LIFT YOUR HEADS.

	1P	§	1-	2	3	2	1	2-	1	1-	1	REP.				
A	6	6-	7	,	,	,	,	7		7	6	s5	6	7	7	.6
4c	,	,	,					,	,	,	,	,				
	Lift your heads, ye friends of Je - sus, Partners in his patience here; Christ, to all believers precious, Lord of lords will soon appear.															
	1P	§	1-	2	3	2	1	2-	1	1-	1	REP.				
B	6	6-	s5		6	6	3	3		1	1	2	3	3		
4c	6	,						6-	7	,	7	,	,	,		.6

	1P	§	1	1	2	2	3	6	1-	1	REP.								
A	3	3	s4	5	s5	6	6	7		7	6	s5	6	7	7	.6			
4c	,	,	,	,					P	,	,	,	,	,					
	Mark the tokens, Mark the tokens, Mark the tokens Of his heavenly kingdom near.																		
	1P	§	1	1	2	2	3	6	1-	1	REP.								
B	3	3	s4	5	s5	6	6	7		7	7	6	6		1	1	2	3	3
4c	,	,	,	,					P	6-	7	,	7	,	,	,			.6

1 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming
Nature's swift approaching doom;
War, and pestilence, and famine,
Signify the wrath to come;
Cleaves the centre,
Nations rush into the tomb

3 Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming revelation!
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's gaze.

1 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light.

5 See the stars from heaven falling!
Hark! on earth the doleful cry!
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning judge draws nigh;
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!

6 With what different exclamation
Shall the saint his banner see.
By the monuments of passion,
By the marks received for me!
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out — "'Tis He!"

7 "Lo! 'tis He! our heart's desire,
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with the choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow,
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow."

8 Yes, the prize shall sure be given;
We his open face shall see:
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love our full reward shall be,
Love shall crown us
Through all eternity.

121. 8s, 7s, and 4s.

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

4 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
Christ our Saviour is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad.
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

8 Oh! 'tis pleasant — 'tis reviving
To our hearts to hear each day,
Joyful news from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way;
Those enlightening,
Who in death and darkness lay

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand:
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world — in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

122. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 CHRISTIANS, see the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky,
Lo! the expected day is dawning,
Glorious day spring from on high.
Halleluiah, Halleluiah,
Glory be to God on high.

2 Soon the valleys and the mountains,
Breaking forth in joy shall sing:
And the living crystal fountains
From the thirsty ground shall spring.

2 While the wilderness rejoices,
Roses shall the desert cheer;
And the dumb shall tune their voices—
Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear.

4 Light shall burst on every nation
Truth shall spread from pole to pole—
And the anthem of salvation
Round the universe shall roll.

123. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 LORD, dismiss us hence with gladness
Be thy people's lot our choice;
In thy love we know not sadness;
In thy love our souls rejoice.
Naught can harm us,
While we hear and know thy voice

2 From thy word with food provided,
May we feed thereon and grow;
And by thee, our Saviour, guided
Through the pathless desert go,
While thy favors
In the streams of mercy flow

3 Soon, all sin and error over,
All will be divinely bright;
For in love thou wilt discover
All thy glory to our sight, --
God our portion,
God our everlasting light

NASHVILLE. 8s, 6s.

L.

6g
 A 1 1 1 3 | 2 1 2 3 | 1 1 1 3 | 2 1 | 1 3 2 | 1- ||
 23c 5 , , , , , , , 5 5 , 7
 , , , , , , , , ,

5g
 B 1 1 1 | | 1 1 1 | | 1 | 1- ||
 23c 5 , 6 5 5 5 5 , 6 5 5 5 5 6 5 5
 , , , , , , , , , , , ,

6g
 A 3- | 5 3 3 1 | 4 4 4 6 | 5 3 3 1 | 2 2 2 3 | 1 | 1- ||
 23c , , , , , , , , , 6 6 5
 , , , , , , , , ,

6g
 B 1- | 3 1 1 1 | | 3 | 3 1 1 | | | |
 23c , , 6 6 6 , , 6 5 5 5 5 6 4 4 5 1-
 , , , , , , , , , , , ,

124. CANAAN.

5g § 1- REP.
 A 1 3 2 4 | 3 1 , 6 5 3 4 | 5 3 1 4 3 2 | .1 1 ||
 4c 5 , , , , , , , , ,

To - gether let us sweet - ly live, I am bound for the land of Canaan;

5g § REP.
 D 5 | 5 5 4 4 | 3 4 3 1 2 | 3 1 3 5 4 | .3 3 ||
 4c , , , , , , , , ,

To - gether let us sweetly die, I am bound for the land of Canaan;

5g § REP.
 B 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 1 1 1 | 1 | | | |
 4c 5 5 , , 3 4 5 5 .1 1
 , , , , , , , , ,

Oh Canaan is my happy home, I am bound for the land of Canaan

5g REP. 1s.
 A 3 4 | 5- 6 5 3 | 4- 5 4 2 2 | 3 1 3 5 3 | .2 5 ||
 4c , , , , , , , , ,

Oh Canaan, bright Canaan, I am bound for the land of Canaan;

5g REP. 1s.
 D 5 | .3 3 1 | .2 2 | 1 1 1 3 5 | .5 5 ||
 4c , , , , , , , , ,

5g REP. 1s.
 E J | .1 1 1 | | 1 1 1 | | | |
 4c , .5 5 5 5 , , 5 3 .5 5
 , , , , , , , , ,

2 Together let us praise and pray,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Together tread the good old way,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan, &c.

2 Together let the saints go on,
Who are bound for the land of Canaan;
Believers in the Lord are one,
We are bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan, bright Canaan;
We are bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan is our happy home;
We are bound for the land of Canaan.

125. 4 8s, 2 6s.

1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already sav'd from low design,
From every creature love!
Blessed with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue;
And happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean
I neither have nor want.

4 I have no babes to hold me here:
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim:
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesus name.

5 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness:
A poor way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

6 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise:
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

7 There is my house and portion fair
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

8 I come,—thy servant, Lord, replies
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend
Receive me to thy breast!

126. 8s, 6s.

1 COME, let us sing the coming fate
Of Mystic Babylon the Great,
Her doom is drawing near:
Jesus now comes on earth to reign,
His cause and people to maintain,
For them he'll soon appear.

2 Before him flows a fiery stream,
The heavens above with lightning gleam,
A thousand thunders roar:
A heavenly host with him descends,
His voice to all the earth extends,
His saints now grieve no more.

3 Eclipsed by glory so divine,
Sun, moon, and stars refuse to shine,
The spheres now cease to roll;
Earth, wrapt in darkness deep as night,
With horror stricken at the sight,
Now quakes from pole to pole.

4 Angels of light, at his command,
Ten thousand times ten thousand stand,
Waiting his voice to hear:
The fiery cherubs spread their wings,
The air with loud hosannas rings,
While all his saints draw near.

127. 8s, 6s.

1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine;
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spill'd
My ransom from the dreadful guilt,
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect heav'nly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the character He bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest strains of sweetest praise
I would to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

128. ZION.* 8s, 7s, 4s. HASTINGS.

2a		1-		1-	1	2-	2	1		.1							
A	5-	5	5	3	'	5	6	5	'	"	'	"	7		5-	5	
3c	'	"			"										REP.	'	'

Lo! he comes with clouds descending, Once for favored sinners slain,

2G																		REP.	
C	3-	3	3	1	3-	3	4	3	5-	5	4-	4	3	2		.3		3-	3
3c	'	"		'	"		'	"	'	"	'	"	'	"		'	"	'	"

Thousand, thousand saints attending, Swell the triumph of his train, Halle-

2G																			REP.
B	1-	1	1	1	1-	1	4	1	3-	3	4-	4	5			.1		.R-	
3c	'	"		'	"		'	"	'	"	'	"	5						

2G																			P				
A	5	3	5-	5	4-	4	3	2	.3	5-	5	5	3	5-	5	4-	4	3	2		.1		
3c	'	"	'	"	'	"			'	"	'	"	'	"	'	"	'	"	'	"			

lujah! Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

Hallelujah, Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2G																			P			
C	3	1	3-	3	2-	2	1	.1	3-	3	3	1	1-	1	2-	2	1			.1		
3c	'	"	'	"			7	'	"		'	"	'	"	'	"	7					

2G																			P
B	.R-		.R-		R	1-	1	1	1	3-	3	4-	4	5			.1		
3c					'	"		'	"	'	"	'	"	5					

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!

Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day —
“Come to judgment!”
Come to judgment! come away!”

4 Yes, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Make thy righteous sentence known,
O come quickly —
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

129. 8. 7. 4.

1 HEAR, O sinner, mercy hails yet,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste — accept the Saviour
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Hear, O sinner —
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 See the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread,
The reward which God is measuring,
Soon shall turn upon your head;
Turn, O sinner —
Lest his lightnings strike you dead.

3 Haste, and flee to Christ your Saviour,
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over,
Soon your life must pass away;
Haste, O sinner —
You must perish if you stay.

* By permission.

130. LOVE. D. C. M. WM. COLE.

5G	5	REP.										1										
A	1	3	5	5	6	5	3	1	1	2	2	3	2	1-R	5	6	5	6	5	3	1	1
28q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

What wondrous, mighty work is this, Unfolded by our Lord ;
 It gives our souls a taste for bliss, To read his holy word ;
 'Twas born in "Heaven's immortal bow'rs,"

5G	5	REP																				
B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	R	1	3	4	3	4	3	1	1
23q	,	,	4	5	5	,	5	5	5	5	5	5	1-	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

5G	1	1																	
A	5	6	7	5	6-R	5	6	5	6	5	3	1	1	2	2	3	2	1-R	
23q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

That blessed heaven above ; It gives us strength in lonely hours,
 And is the work of love.

5G	1	1																			
B	1	3	4	5	3	R	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	R
23q	,	,	,	6-	,	,	4	5	5	,	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	1-

2 We have received by this bright theme
 A hope of lasting life,
 Beyond the shore of death's dark stream,
 Beyond this world of strife ;
 'Tis far beyond the stars and sun,
 That blissful heaven above ;
 There we can dwell, when time is done,
 By serving God in love.

3 'Twas from that realm of love divine,
 That Jesus came to die ;
 As "God is love," let it combine
 To aid us home on high ;
 O'er all our race may it prevail,
 As it prevails above ;
 And they at death will not bewail,
 For they have lived in love.

4 'Tis love unites God's church on
 earth,
 As it unites in heaven ;
 Then may we live to own His worth,
 And love the law He's given ;
 Let every breast retain its joy,
 Till Jesus from above

Calls us where pain will ne'er annoy
 Where all is peace and love.

G. W. T.

131. D. C. M.

1 LIKE snow that falls where waters
 glide,
 Earth's pleasures pass away ;
 They float on time's resistless tide,
 Are cold while yet they stay ;
 But joys that from religion flow,
 Like stars that gild the night,
 Amid the darkest gleam of wo,
 Will shine with sweetest light.

2 Religion's way no clouds obscure,
 But o'er the Christian's soul,
 It sheds a radiance calm and pure.
 Though tempests round him roll :
 His heart may break 'neath sorrow's
 stroke,
 Yet still its latest thrill,
 Like diamonds shining when they're
 broke,
 That ray will light it still.

137. LOVELY MORNING. WITH A CHORUS.

6a♯ REP. P P
 A | 1.3 | 21234 | 3231 | 21||3-4 | 5-43-23-4 | .543 | 46543 | 32||
 3c5 , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

The last lovely morning, All blooming and fair,
 Is fast onward fleeting, And soon will appear ;
 While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump Sounds "Come, come away.

6g♯ REP. P REP. 1st
 B | 1.1 | | 1 | P||1-2 | 3-21- 1-2 | .3 21 | 24321 | ||
 3c1 , , 5 1 51 , , , , , , , , , , , , .5

0 let us be ready, And hail the bright day,	4 The graves will be opened, The dead will arise, And with the Redeemer Mount up to the skies ; While the mighty, &c.
2 All nations in judgment That morning shall stand, To hear their last sentence, Jehovah's command ; While the mighty, &c.	5 The saints then immortal In glory shall reign ! The Bride with the Bridegroom Forever remain ; While the mighty, &c.
3 And when that bright morning In splendor shall dawn, Our tears will be ended, Our sorrows all gone ; While the mighty, &c.	

138. NEW ORLEANS. C. M. D.

5P §
 A | | 1 2 .3 | .5 3 3 | 2 1 || | | 1 2 | .3 |
 4c :6 6 6 6 5 6 , , 6 .5 .5 6 6 6 5 6 , ,

When I look o'er the waste of years, My weary feet have passed,
 I find my progress wet with tears,
 Thus hope sometimes illumines the eye,

5P
 B | | 3 2 | 1 | .3 1 1 | || | 3 2 1 | |
 4c :6 6 6 6 , , 7 .6 5 3 .5 .5 6 6 6 , , 7 .6

5P REP. 2s
 A | .5 | 3 3 2 1 | || .2 3 s 5 | 6 6 6 7 6 s 5 | 6- 5 3-1 | 2 1 ||
 4c , , 6 s 5 :6 , , , , , , , , , , 6 .5

And dark from first to last :
 Then leaves the heart to grieve.
 The sun that lights the morning sky, Sinks down again at eve

5P REP. 2s
 B | .1 | 1 | || 1 2 | 3 3 3 4 3 2 | 3- 2 1- | ||
 4c 6 5 s 5 :6 .5 , , , , , , 6 5 3 .5

2 This head has worn a regal crown, On Israel's throne erewhile ; Destruction waited on my frown, And fortune on my smile ; I sought to fill my breast with mirth, From dance, and song, and wine : But vain were all the joys of earth To light this heart of mine.	3 I gathered wealth from many a mart, Built many a towering fane ; But soon experience told my heart, That these were all in vain. I gave my mind with ardent zest, To wisdom's varied lore ; And found that knowledge lights the To make it ache the more. [breast,
---	---

139. C. M.

- ON Tabor's top the Saviour stood
With Peter, James and John ;
And while he talked of Calv'ry there,
His face resplendent shone.
- While on his sufferings he conversed,
And spoke of griefs to come,
His countenance assumed a light
Much brighter than the sun.
- In dazzling brightness all arrayed
Jesus transfigured stands,
From heaven descends the man who
gave
To Israel God's commands
- Elijah, too, of burning zeal,
Who did that law restore,
Appeared with Moses on this mount
And talked his sufferings o'er.
- Transported with this glorious scene,
The witnesses exclaim,
'Tis good, Lord, with such guests to
dwell :
Here let us still remain,
- Three tents with joyful hands we'll
raise,
And place them side by side,
For these celestials, and for thee,
And here let us abide.
- While thus they spoke, a cloud de-
scends,
And takes them from their sight ;
But Jesus yet remains with them,
The Father's chief delight.
- This is my Son, his voice declares,
Hear him in all he says,
Not Moses nor Elijah now
Shall guide you in my ways
- With joy this more illustrious guide
Henceforth we'll still obey,
Till we behold the glorious light
Of an eternal day.

140. C. M.

- WE sing the Saviour's wondrous
death —
He conquered when he fell ;
He finished, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

- 'Tis finished, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done ;
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.
- His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He passed to reach the crown.
- Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
His praises to record ;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To your victorious Lord.
- Bright angels, strike your loudest
strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heaven, and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

141. C. M.

- WHEN floating on life's troubled sea,
By storms and tempests driven,
Hope, with her radiant finger points
To brighter scenes in heaven.
- She bids the storms of life to cease,
The troubled breast be calm ;
And in the wounded heart she pours
Religion's healing balm.
- Her hallowed influence cheers life's
hours,
Of sadness and of gloom ;
She guides us through this vale of tears,
To joys beyond the tomb.
- And when our fleeting days are o'er,
And life's last hour draws near,
With still unwearied wing she hastes
To wipe the falling tear.
- She bids the anguished heart rejoice
Though earthly ties are riven,
We still may hope to meet again
In yonder peaceful heaven.

142. JERUSALEM. C. M. WITH A CHORUS.

4G	P											P											REP. 1, 2s.
A	5	1	1	1	2	3	4	5	6	2		R	5	1-	1	4	3	2	1-				
2c	'	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"		'	"	"	"	"	"	"	"				

Je - ru - salem my happy home, Oh how I long for thee;
When will my sorrows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?

4G	P											REP. 1, 2s.								
B	1	1-	1												R	1	1-	1-		
2c	'		5	'	6	5	4	5	'	'					4	5	5			

4G	1										2-1													
A	3	4	5	5	'	6	5	4	3	4-		3	2	2	'	"	7	6	5	4	4	3	R	
2c	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	

We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,

4G																								
B	1	1	3	1												1	1	2	1	1	R			
2c	'	'	'	'	6	6	6	5	4-	"	5	5	7-	"	5									

4G	§											2											REP. 5, 6s.									
A	2	1-	2	3	4	5	6	2		R	5	1	1	4	3	2	1		R	5	3	5	5	5	7	6	5	4	4	3	R	
2c	'	'	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"

And then we shall our Jesus meet, And never, never part again,
What never part again? No, never part again

4G																							REP. 5, 6s.									
B	1-	1												R	1												R	.R	.R	R-		
2c	5	'	5	'	6	'	5	'	4	'	5	5	"	4	3	4	5	5	"	4	3	4	5	5	1							

2 Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold!

Thy gates are richly set with pearls,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens
My study long have been,
Such sparkling gems, by human sight,
Have never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 't is that I should dread
To die and go from hence.

5 Reach down, reach down, thine arm
of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up.
And praises never end.

6 Jesus, my love to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

143. C. M.

1 HAIL, sacred truth! whose piercing
Dispel the shades of night, [rays,
Diffusing o'er the mental world,
The healing beams of light.

2 Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet,
Converts the sorrows of the mind,
To joys divinely sweet.

3 Oh, send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze;
And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace

144. HINTON. 11s.

5a
A 5 | 5-135 | 4-324 | 31 2 | .1 || 5 | 5-135 | 4-324 | 3421 | .1-||

4q ' ' 6 7 ' ' 7
O thou who hast led us so safely along,
And borne with our weakness, and banished our fear,

5a
D 3 | 3-213 | 2-1 2 | 1 | | 3 | 3-213 | 2-1 2 | 1 | |

4q ' ' 7 344 .32 ' ' 7 6432 .3-
The winter's keen frosts, and the spring's blooming flowers,
The summer that ripens the autumn's rich store.

5a
B 1 | .1 1 1 | | .1 | | 1 | .1 1 1 | | 1- | |

4q .5 5 7 44 .5- .5 5 7 4 5 5 .1-

5a
A 2 | 2-1 | 4-322 | .3s44 | .5-|| 5 | 5-135 | 4-324 | 3421 | .1-||

4q ' 75 ' ' ' 7
To thee, O our God, would we tune the glad song,
Whose mercies have filled up our circle of years.

5a
D | | 2-1 | .1 1 1 | | 3 | 3-213 | 2-1 2 | 1 | |

4q 7 7-655 ' 77 .7- ' ' 7 64 32 .3-
The seed-time and harvest, the sunshine and showers,
Thy promise fulfill, and thy love we adore

5a
B | | | .1 2 | | 1 | .1 1 1 | | 1 | |

4q 5 .5 5 5 .5 5 5 2 .5- .5 5 7 4 5 5 .1-

- 3 O Father, still guide us through life's troubled way,
Throw round us the shield of thy infinite love,
And bring us at last to the regions of day —
The regions of glory and rapture above.

145. 11s.

- 1 THE Prince of Salvation is coming, prepare
A way in the desert his blessings to share;
He comes to release us from sins and from woes,
And make the rude wilderness bloom like the rose.
- 2 His reign shall extend from the east to the west,
Compose all the tumults of nature to rest;
The day-spring of glory illumine the skies,
And ages on ages of happiness rise.
- 3 Hail, scenes of felicity, transport, and joy,
When hatred and passion shall cease to annoy:
Rich blessings of grace from above shall be given,
And life only serves as a passage to heaven.

7a	3	2	2	3	1	3	5	1-	1	2-	1	2	3	1
A	'	'	'	'	'	'	"	"	"	'	"	'	'	'
3g	gloom, And the lamp of His love was his guide through the gloom.													
7g	1	1	1	3										
8c	'	7	7	'	'	'	5-	5	5-	5	5	5	5	5
	'	'	'	'	'	'	"	"	'	"	'	'	'	'
7g	died, And sinners may hope since the Saviour hath died.													
D	5	5	5	5	5	5	3-	3	5-	5	5	5	3	3
8c	'	'	'	'	'	'	"	"	'	"	'	'	'	'
7g	song And the sound that he heard was the seraphim's song.													
B	5	5	'	3	1	1-	1	5-	5	5	5	1	1	1
8c	'	'	'	'	'	"	"	'	"	'	'	'	'	'

4 He has gone to the grave ! but 't were wrong to deplore him,
 When God was his ransom, his guardian, and guide ;
 He gave him, and took him, and soon will restore him,
 And death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died.

150. 12s.

- 1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
 When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
 Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
 We fly to our Maker — " Save, Lord, or we perish ! "
- 2 O Jesus ! once tossed on the breast of the billow,
 Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
 Now, — seated in glory, — the mariner cherish,
 Who cries in his danger — " Save, Lord, or we perish ! "
- 3 And O ! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
 When hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging,
 Arise in thy strength, thy redeemed to cherish,
 Rebuke the destroyer — " Save, Lord, or we perish ! "

151. 11s, 12s.

- 1 A VOICE from the savage, a voice from the slave,
 Comes afar o'er the mount and the dark rolling wave :
 'Tis heard in the zephyrs perfumed by the myrrh,
 And heard in the winds from the forests of fir.
- 2 And, hark ! from the islands that spot the blue sea,
 I heard a wild cry as they bend low the knee !
 They are groping their way 'mid the gloom of the night,
 While the dim star of nature yields only its light

2 Prince of Peace, in love be near us,
 Fix in all our hearts thy home;
 With thy blessed presence cheer us, —
 Let thy sacred kingdom come.
 Raise to heaven our expectation;
 Give our favored souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.

153. 8s,7s.

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story,
 Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me;
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story,
 Gathers round its head sublime.

154. 8s,7s.

1 HAIL, you sighing sons of sorrow,
 Learn with me your certain doom;
 Learn with me your fate to-morrow,
 Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb.
 See all nature fading, dying,
 Silent, all things seem to mourn,
 Life from vegetation flying,
 Calls to mind the mouldering urn.

2 While the autumn frosts are cropping
 Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
 So our friends are yearly dropping —
 We are like to one of these.
 What to me is autumn's treasure,
 Since I know no earthly joy;
 Long I've lost all youthful pleasure,
 Time will health and youth destroy

3 Former friends — how oft I've sought
 them,
 Just to cheer a troubled mind;
 Now they're gone, like leaves of autumn,
 Driven before the dreary wind.
 When a few more days are wasted,
 And a few more scenes are o'er,
 When a few more griefs I've tasted,
 I shall rise to fall no more.

4 Fast my sun of life's declining,
 Soon 't will set in shades of night,
 But my hopes, so brightly shining,
 Rise to fairer worlds of light.
 Cease this trembling, mourning, sighing
 Death shall burst this sullen gloom,
 Then my spirit, fluttering, flying,
 Shall be borne beyond the tomb.

155. 8s,7s.

1 WHEN I see thee hanging, bleeding,
 Dying, on the cruel tree,
 Pale in woe, yet interceding
 For the men that murdered thee;
 How can I refrain from giving
 Life and soul and all away,
 On thy promise ever living,
 Thee adoring, night and day!

2 When I see thee upward breaking
 From the grave, on high to stand,
 And thy rightful empire taking
 At the Father's blest right hand;
 Can I longer doubt thy favor,
 Or thy willingness to bless?
 No, my interceding Saviour,
 Words can ne'er my hope express.

3 When I feel the fresh bedewing
 Of thy spirit on my heart,
 All the Father's mercy viewing
 In the gifts thy pangs impart;
 Faith accepts the heavenly sealing;
 Tenderness and joy combine,
 Peace o'er all my soul is stealing,
 I am Christ's, and Christ is mine

4 Thus when life's short day is ending
 And this mortal yields its power,
 May thy spirit condescending
 Cleanse and arm me for the hour.
 At the river's brink arriving,
 In thy smile I lose my fear,
 Victory then crowns my striving,
 Death is gain, for Christ is here!

3 Time speeds away, away, away,
 No eagle through the skies of day,
 No wind along the hills can flee
 So swiftly, or so smooth as he.
 Like fiery steed from stage to stage
 He bears us on, from youth to age.
 Then plunges in the fearful sea
 Of fathomless eternity.

157. L. M. D.

- OH! let me sing of sins forgiven,
 The tranquil triumph of my soul;
 Oh! let me sing a song of heaven,
 While streams of living comfort re^l.
 Adieu to every earthly toy,
 For nobler objects I am bound;
 Since not one single drop of joy,
 I ever yet from earth have found.
- Its brightest beauties fade away,
 Its richest jewels are but dross;
 Its honors scarcely live a day,
 And every gain has proved a loss.
 But there's an honor that will live,
 A gem that never will decay;
 There is a gain that can't deceive,
 And beauty fading not away.
- 3 This priceless boon I humbly claim,
 This speechless joy of sins forgiven;
 The love of God, that, like a flame,
 Burns on, and lights the soul to heaven.
 By faith I have this treasure found,
 And gaze with wonder and surprise,
 While in this dark, enchanted ground,
 "The day-spring" opens from the rock.
- 4 My home is in the distance seen,
 And gales come soft from Canaan's shores,
 Though dark the wilderness between,
 I have sweet hopes of getting o'er
 Oh! happiness! it is no dream,
 For glory's opened in my soul;
 And love divine shall be my theme
 Long as eternal ages roll!

160. L. M.

- 1 BLESSED are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty ;
 Treasures of grace to them are given,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blessed are the men of broken heart,
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart ·
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,
 A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blessed are the souls who thirst for grace,
 Hunger and thirst for righteousness ;
 They shall be well supplied, and fed
 With living streams and living bread.
- 4 Blessed are the men of peaceful life,
 Who quench the glowing coals of strife ;
 They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
 The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 5 Blessed are the faithful who partake,
 Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
 Their souls shall triumph in the Lord :
 Glory and joy are their reward.

161. L. M. D.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;
 Our Jesus is gone up on high !
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragged to the portals of the sky.
 There his triumphant chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay :
 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates ;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold th' ethereal scene ;
 He claims these mansions as his right —
 Receive the King of Glory in.
 Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?
 The Lord that all our foes o'ercame,
 The world, sin, death, and hell, o'erthrew ; —
 And Jesus is the conqu'ring name.

162. UXBRIDGE. L. M.

MASON.

4G									.1	P
A	.1	3 2 3 2	.1		.1		.3	5 5 6 7	.6	.5
4Q			.7							
	There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God;									
4G										P
B	.1	1 1			.1		.1	1	.1 .2	
4Q		5 4	.5 .5					7 6 5		.5
4G	1									P
A	.5	5 6 5	.4 .3	.2		.2	3 5 5 4	.3 .2	.1	
4Q										
	Life, love and joy, still gliding through, And watering our divine a - bode									
4G										P
B	.1	3 1 4 3	.2 .1				1 1			.1
4Q			.5 .5				7 4	.5 .5		

2 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
 Supports our faith, our fear controls;
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

163. GRATITUDE. L. M.

BOST.

3G♯		—1					REP.			
A	5	5 3	3 5 3	2 4	.1		3	4 5 4		
3c				7						
	My God, how endless is thy love, } And morning Thy gifts are ev - ery evening new, }									
3G♯	1	3 1	1—				REP.			
D		7	5 5	4 6 4	.3		5	7 5 6		
3c										
3G♯							REP.			
B	1	.1 1	1		.1		1			
8c			.5 .5	.5 5				.5 5		
3G										
A	3 2 3	4 5 4	.3		5	5- 4 3	3- 2 1	2 4	.1	
3c								7		
	mercies from a - bove, Gen - tly dis - till like early dew.									
3G				.1						
D	5 4 5	7 5 6	.5		5	5- 4 3	.5	5	.3	
3c										
3G										
B	1 1	2	.1		1	1	.1 1	2	.1	
3c	7	5 5	.5					.5		

- 2 I yield my power to thy command,
 To thee I consecrate my days,
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.
- 3 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers ;
 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours

164. L. M.

- 1 WELCOME, thou well beloved of God,
 Thou heir of grace, redeemed by blood
 Welcome with us, thine hand to join
 As partner of our lot divine.
- 2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace,
 We're traveling to a blissful place ;
 The Holy Spirit knows the way,
 And he'll conduct from day to day.
- 3 Take up thy cross and bear it on,
 It shall be light, and not be long ;
 Soon shalt thou sit with Jesus down,
 And wear an everlasting crown.

165. L. M.

- 1 COME, ye who know the Saviour's love,
 And his unbounded mercies prove ;
 In cheerful songs his praise express,
 For He'll not leave you comfortless.
- 2 He ever acts the Saviour's part,
 With strong compassions in his heart ;
 The least and weakest saint he'll bless,
 Nor will He leave him comfortless.
- 3 His wisdom, goodness, power and care,
 They largely, sweetly, daily share ;
 He will their every fear suppress,
 Nor will he leave them comfortless.
- 4 While they are strangers here below,
 And travel through this world of woe
 In storms and floods of deep distress,
 He will not leave them comfortless.

^{2c}	A	R	5	5	3	5	6	4	2	3	5	3	1	5	3	3	2	R	1	2	3	1	3	5	4	3	2	.1
2c				,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	5			,	,	,	,	,			
^{6c}	B	B	3	3	1	3	4	2	1	1								R										
2c				,	,	,	,	7				1	.5	5	1	5									4	5	.1	

- 2 Oh! blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favors raise,
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing their never-ceasing praise.
- 3 Happy the men whom strength divine,
With ardent love and zeal inspires;
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires
- 4 One day within thy sacred gate,
Affords more real joy to me,
Than thousands in the tents of state;
The meanest place is bliss with thee.

168. L. M.

- 1 NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To our blest Lord our voices raise;
Let all the saints unite to tell
Our Saviour has done all things well.
- 2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
His wisdom all his works express;
But, oh, his love, what tongue can tell
Our Saviour has done all things well.
- 3 We spurned his grace, we broke his laws,
But yet he undertook our cause,
To save our ruined souls from hell;
Our Saviour has done all things well
- 4 And now our souls have known his love,
What mercy has he made us prove!
His mercy doth all praise excel;
Our Saviour has done all things well.
- 5 Soon shall we pass the vale of death,
And in his arms resign our breath;
And then our happy souls shall tell
Our Saviour has done all things well

169, 170. ORTONVILLE.* C. M. HASTINGS.

7G
A | 1 1 2 2 | 3 2 1 || | 1 | () || | 1 1 2 2 |
23s 5 , , , 5 6 6 6 5- 5 5 , ,
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned, Upon the Saviour's brow,
His head with radiant

7G
C | | || | () || | |
23s 3 5 5 5 5 5 4 3 3 4 4 6 4 3- 3 3 5 5 5 5
He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the

7G
D | 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 || 1 | 1 1 1 1 | 1- 1 || 1 | 1 1 |
23s ' , 7 7 , 7 , , , 1- 1 , , 7 7 ,
To heaven, the place of his abode, He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories

7G
B | | 1 || | () || | |
23s 1 3 3 5 5 5 1 1 4 4 4 4 1- 1 1 3 3 5 5
glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

7G
A | 3 4 5 || 3 2 | 1 1 2 2 | 1- 1 || 1 | 3 3 2 2 | 1- 1 |
23s ,
glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

7G
C | || () | | () || | | () || |
23s 5 5 5 5 4 3 3 4 4 3- 3 3 5 5 5 4 3- 3
shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief.

7G
D | 1 2 3 || 1 | | () || 1 | 1 1 | 1- 1 |
23s ' , 5 5 5 5 5- 5 , , 7 7 ,
of my God, And makes my joys complete, And makes my joys complete

7G
B | 1 1 1 || | | () || | 1 1 | | () || |
23s ' , 1 5 5 5 5 1- 1 1 , 5 5 1- 1
of my God, And makes my joys complete, And makes my joys complete

4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

I 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?

* By permission.

1 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?

Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!

I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

6 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious morn shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory, through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

171. C. M.

1 JESUS, great Shepherd of thy sheep,
To thee for help we fly,
Thy little flock in safety keep;
For oh! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm;
Unless thy fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Gether let us die;
Each a starry crown receive,
And reign in worlds on high!

172. C. M.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view,
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

173. C. M.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening
song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off-rings of my tongue,
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood
I lay me down to rest;
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast

174. BALERMA. C. M.

7G
A 1 | .3 2 | .1 | | .1 || 2 | .3 2 | 3 5 3 | .2 |

8c 6 .5 6
With cheerful notes let all the earth To heaven their voices raise.

7G
C | | | | | || | | | | |

8c 3 .5 4 .3 4 .3 4 .3 5 .5 5 .5 5 .5

7G
D | | | 1 | .1 1 | .1 || | .1 | .1 1 | |

8c 5 .5 5 .5 7 7 .7

God's tender mercy knows no bound, His truth shall ne'er de - cay;

7G
B | | | | | || | .1 | .1 | |

8c 1 .1 1 .1 1 .1 1 .1 5 5 1 .5

7G
A 2 | .3 2 | .1 | | || 2 | 3 5 3 | 2- 1 2 | .1 "

8c 6 .5 3 .5 ,

Let all inspired with holy mirth, Sing solemn hymns of praise

7G
C | | | | | || | | | | |

8c 5 .5 4 .3 4 .5 1 .2 5 .5 5 4- 3 4 .3

7G
D | .1 | .1 1 | .1 1 | || | 1 3 1 | | .1 ||

8c 7 7 .7 7 .5 7

Then let the willing nations round, Their grateful tribute pay.

7G
B | .1 | | | | || | .1 | | |

8c 5 5 .6 4 .1 6 .5 5 1 .5 5 .1

175. C. M.

1 HERE will we meet the Saviour's poor,
And fill their souls with bread;
The wretched step at Jesus' door,
And shall be largely fed.

2 Accept, O Lord, our prayers and vows,
The offerings which we bring,
Shall fill, like incense, all thy house,
The palace of our King.

Thanks to thy great, thy glorious
name,
For all that we receive;

'Tis meet that we should have the same,
And all thy poor relieve.

176. C. M.

1 I 'LL haste me to some secret place,
Where I may find the Lord;
I'll spread my wants before his face,
And pour my words abroad.

2 Arise, my soul, from deep distress
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

177. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines!
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a rich repast;
Sublimers sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice,
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 6 Oh may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

178. C. M.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh! the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!
- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and
vales,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er these wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away

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

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

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll
Fearless I'd launch away.

179. C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, where'er we pitch our
tent,
Let us an altar raise:
And there, with humble frame, present
Our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 To thee we give our health and
strength,
While health and strength shall last;
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

180. C. M.

- 1 MY God was with me all the night,
And gave me sweet repose;
His angels watched me while I slept,
Or I had never rose.
- 2 Now, for the mercies of the night,
My humble thanks I'll pay;
And unto God I'll dedicate
The first fruits of the day.
- 3 In midst of dangers, fears, and death's
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 4 My life, if thou preserve my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
My death, when death shall be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee.

181.

INVITATION. C. M.

L.

3G P P
 A 1 | 3 2 | 1 3 | 4 3 | 2 4 | 5- 4 | 3 2 | 1 |

2c
 O sinner, come to Jesus now, Come taste redeeming love;

3G P P
 C 3 | 1 | 1 | 2 1 | 2 | 3- 2 | 1 | 1 ||

2c 7 6 7 ' 7
 Then, sinner, come to Jesus, come, Count all things else but loss.

3G P P
 B 1 | | 1 | 2 1 | | 1- 2 | | 1 ||

2c 5 5 5 5 7 ' 5 5

3G P 1 1 1 r
 A 5 | 7 | 6 | 7 6 | 5 6 | 7- ' | 3 s4 | 5 ||

2c
 The Holy Spirit calls to you, The voice of God a - bove.

3G P P
 C 3 | 5 5 | 4 5 | 2 2 | 3 2 | 5- 5 | 3 2 | 2 ||

2c

3G P P
 B 1 | 3 3 | 1 1 | 4 4 | 3 4 | 2- 1 | | 1 ||

2c ' 5 5

3G P 1 1 3 2 1 REP. ls. P
 A 5 | 7 | 6 | | 3 ' s4 5 | 6 s4 | 5 ||

2c
 What more could he have done for you, Who died up - on the cross.

3G P REP. ls. P
 C 3 | 5 6 | 3 5 | 5 5 | 5 1 | 2 2 ' 4 2 | 3 ||

2c

3G P P
 B 1 | 3 2 | 4 3 | 5 4 | 3 | | | 1 ||

2c 5 6 5 4 6 5

3 Come, sinner, come, cast far away
 Your love of wealth and fame,
 And seek by humble confidence
 An interest in his name;
 The name of Him who died for you,
 Who ever lives on high,
 fo advocate the cause of those
 Who, by His blood, draw nigh.

3 By faith, by true repentance, and
 Confession, sinner, come,
 Come, nothing doubting — linger not
 For yet there still is room;
 Come, make the promises your own,
 And from destruction flee;
 Live godly in Christ Jesus, and
 Be saved eternally.

183. HIBERNIA. 8s,6s.

4c	P									
A	1	246	533-5	56543	133	1	246	533-5	56542	.1-
4c	7		'	'		7		'	'	

I've wandered long in folly's maze, Wildly pursuing sweets that cloy,
And madly tracing sin's dark ways, Which lead but to destroy.

4c	P									
B	1	24	311-3	34321	11	1	24	311-3	3432	.1-
4c	57		'	'	5	57		'	'	5

4c	P											
A	1	46	6	533-5	56542	133	1	46	6	533-5	56542	.1-
4c				'	'			'	'			

But now by faith I tread the way, The narrow path to life and light,
Which leads to everlasting day, To climes of pure delight.

4c	P									
B	1	2464	311-3	3432	11	1	2464	311-3	3432	.1-
4c			'	'	7	5		'	'	7

- 2 Farewell, farewell, ye joys of earth,
I'm on my way to heaven above;
I join not in your noisy mirth,
I sing my Saviour's love:
I sing the joys of sins forgiven;
My soul is filled with light and peace;
I sing the hope that lifts to heaven,
The place where Jesus is.
- 3 Farewell to sorrow, toil and care,
And sin a final full adieu;
My heart 's in heaven, my treasure 's
there;
I've Canaan's land in view.
Loved ones have gone to that blest land,
Who oft have joined with me in prayer;
I long to join that glorious band,
And dwell forever there.

184. 8s,7s,4s.

- 1 CROWN the Saviour, angels crown
him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concave rings:
Crown him, crown him!
Crown the Saviour, King of kings!
- 2 Hark! those bursts of acclamation,
Hark! those loud triumphant chords,
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him!
King of kings and Lord of lords.

185. 8s,7s,4s.

- 1 THOU hast said, exalted Jesus,
"Take thy cross and follow me;"
Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from the burden flee?
Lord, I'll take it,
And, rejoicing, follow thee.
- 2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No! I'll enter:
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.
- 3 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love for me;
But more blest the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to thee:
Oh, what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be.
- 4 Should it rend some fond connection
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me,
When I faint beneath the cross.
- 5 Fellowship with him possessing,
Let me die to earth and sin;
Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing
Which the faithful soul shall win:
May I ever
Follow where my Lord has been.

- 5** Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
 The earth shall dissolve and the heavens shall fade,
 The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand,
 What power, then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid ?

194. 10s, 11s.

- 1** MY God, I am thine, what a comfort divine,
 What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine !
 In th' heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am,—
 My heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.
- 2** True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound ;
 Whoever hath found it, hath paradise found :
 My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,—
 'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.
- 3** Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast
 That, that is the fullness ; but this is the taste !
 And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
 To th' heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

195. 11s.

- 1** DRAW nigh to the Holy, bend low at his throne ;
 There, penitent, lowly, thy sinfulness own.
 There, there, if thou yearnest for pardon and rest —
 There, fervent and earnest, prefer thy request.
- 2** Confess thy backsliding, thy weakness and fears ;
 In Jesus confiding, there pour out thy tears.
 Think not he will scorn thee, though wretched thy case :
 His hand will adorn thee, with garments of grace.
- 3** More precious than treasure, more vast than the sea,
 His love has no measure, nor limit to thee.
 His easy yoke wearing, his pleasure abide - -
 In all thy cross-bearing, he'll walk by thy side.

1 When with torrents of temptation,
Satan shall thy soul assail ;
Then his standard of salvation,
Shall against the foe prevail :
He will give both grace and glory,
No good thing will he deny ;
He a table spreads before thee,
And shall all thy wants supply

202. 8s, 7s.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee ;
Friendless, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own !

2 Let the world despise and leave me ;
They have left my Saviour too :
Human hearts and looks deceive me —
Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me ;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure ;
Come disaster, scorn and pain :
In thy service pain is pleasure ;
With thy favor loss is gain :
I have called thee Abba, Father, —
I have set my heart on thee ;
Storms may howl, and clouds may
gather.
All must work for good to me.

4 My trouble and distress me, —
'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me, —
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh ! 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me ;
Oh ! 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee !

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee ;
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
Think that Jesus died to win thee :
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise

203 8s, 7e.

1 SEE the leaves around you falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling
In a sad and solemn sound.
Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

2 What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.
On the tree of life eternal
Let your highest hopes be stayed,
This alone forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

204. 8s, 7s.

1 COME, poor sinners, seek salvation,
Now embrace your precious Lord :
God commands that every nation,
Shall obey his saving word.

2 Sinners, none but he can save us
Fly, embrace your Saviour's love
He now breathes his Spirit in us ;
Let his grace your bosom move.

205. 8s, 7s.

1 JESUS says that we must love him ;
Helpless as the lambs are we ;
But he very kindly tells us,
That our Shepherd he will be.

2 Heavenly Shepherd, please to watch us
Guard us both by night and day ;
Pity show to little children,
Who, like lambs, too often stray.

3 We are always prone to wander :
Please to keep us from each snare ;
Teach our infant hearts to praise thee,
For thy kindness and thy care.

206. HEAVEN IS MY HOME. C. M. S. W.

2g		REP.	113 2 1	REP. 1g.							
A	1	3331	5556	5432	.1	5	5'	'7	3-4	5555	.3
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

I have no resting place on earth, On which to fix my love;

But O my heart is yearning for The promised rest above.

'Tis true the earth is passing fair, O'er which I sadly roam,

But yet it hath no charms for me, For heaven is my home

2G		REP.		REP.						
C	3	3333	3333	311	.1	3	3333	555	5-4	3331
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

2G		1 1	REP.	1 1 1	1 1 1 1	REP.				
D	5	5555	555	555	.5	5	5	555	5	.5
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

2G		REP.		REP.						
B	1	1111	1111	1	.1	1	1111	1	1	1111
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

2 A pilgrim long I've wandered here,
But with a steadfast eye

I see a rest reserved for me

At God's right hand on high;

Then all the joys of earth in vain

Will tempt my feet to roam,

Or seek a rest on earth below,

Since heaven is my home.

3 Oh! were this world as fair as when
Primeval Eden smiled,

I would not by its glowing charms,

To dwell here, be beguiled;

But I would seek a higher world,

Where God has bid me come,

Then seek no more to bind me here

For heaven is my home.

KENTUCKY. S. M.

1G															
A	.1	1	.21		.1	1	.232	.1	5	.321	13	.21			
3c	5	6'	'6	.5	5	6'	'	'	'	.6	'	'6	.5		
7G													REP. 2s		
B		1			1		.1	3	.1						
3c	5	.5	.5	4	.3	5	.5	.5	7	6	.4	6	.5	4	.2

207. S. M.

1 QUICK as the spark inspires
This mortal flesh of ours,

So quick the word of Jesus fires
The soul's immortal powers.

2 He speaks our spirits wake,

Astonished and renewed,
And mounting up, his grace partake,
With strength divine endued.

4 We walk, we run, we fly,
Along the heavenly way'

'Scaped from the jaws of death, on high
We seek a brighter day.

208. C. M.

- O GOD, with humble heart and voice,
We now approach thy throne,
Released from every earthly thought,
To worship thee alone.
- 2 Thy all-sustaining hand has kept
Us safe since morning light,
And now we thy protection ask,
To guard us through the night.
- 3 O may our thankful songs to thee,
Like grateful incense rise,
And mingle with the praises which
Are sung above the skies.
- 4 But when we lift the voice in prayer,
With reverential fear,
Bow down from out thy high abode,
And condescend to hear.
- 5 For O, we come as children come,
And ask thee to supply
Our hungry souls with living food,
Which thou wilt ne'er deny.
- 6 But as the gentle dews descend,
So may thy grace be given,
To cheer us in thy earthly courts,
While on our way to heaven.
- 7 O may our hearts all yield to thee;
Our stormy passions cease,
As fall the waters of the deep,
When thou commandest peace.
- 8 And when all earthly scenes shall fade,
O may we joyful stand,
To worship with the ransomed throng
Who dwell at thy right hand.

209. C. M.

- 1 ATTEND, ye children of your God;
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents so divine as these
Might charm the dullest ear.
- 2 Baptized into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ your Lord ye live anew
With Christ ascend on high.
- 3 There, by his Father's side, he sits
Enthroned divinely fair,
Yet owns himself your brother still,
And your forerunner there.
- 4 Rise, from these earthly trifles rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above, your choicest treasure lies,
Then set your hearts above.

210. C. M.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
Who clothed himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the painful sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus with his Father sits
On the celestial throne.
- 5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs,
To our incarnate God.
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest
strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

211. S. M.

- 1 YOUR harps, you trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every strain awake.
- 2 His grace shall to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall mar his love divine.
- 3 The glorious time will come,
When all shall plainly see,
And know ev'n as we now are known,
Throughout Eternity.
- 4 Lord search and know our hearts,
Oh make our souls sincere:
Bid all hypocrisy depart,
And keep our conscience clear

Doxology.

- O Holy, Holy Lord!
Salvation all is thine:
Righteous art thou in all thy ways,
Thy work is all divine.

212. HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS.

7G	A	.1		1		R		.3 2-2	.1			
3c		7-6	5 5 5	6 6	6 5			' "	7-7	6 5 8 4	.3-	
		' "							' "			

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;

7G	C					R						
3c		.3 3-4	3 3 3	4 6 4	4 3			.5 5-5	.4 5-5	3 2 1	.3-	
		' "						' "	' "			

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;

7G	B					R		.1				
3c		.1 1-1	1 1 1	4 4 4	1 1			7-7	.6 5-5	1 2 2	.5-	
		' "						' "	' "			

7G	A	.1		4 4 3	3 2 R		.5 3-4	5 1	4 3 2	.1-
3c		7-6	5 5 5				' "	7		
		' "								

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign

7G	C			1	1	R		.3 1-2	3	5 4 3	6 5 4	.3-
3c		.3 3-4	3 3 5	7 7	7			' "	' "			
		' "							' "			

Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold

7G	B					R		.1 1-1	1			
3c		.1 1-1	1 1 3	2 2 1	5 5			' "	5 6	4 5 5	.1-	
		' "										

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along!
Loud from the mountain tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See the dead, risen from land and from ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

217. 8s,7s,4s.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above!
Every sentence — oh how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it —
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
Pardon to each rebel sinner! —
Free forgiveness in his name."
How important!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears.
Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.

False professors, groveling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you —
Take the warnings they afford.

6 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it?
Offered to you by the Lord?

218. 8s,7s,4s.

1 LIGHT of them who sit in darkness,
Rise and shine — thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing:
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

2 Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word — at thy command,
In each nation under heaven
Preachers shall pervade the land:
Lord, be with them,
Who for truth and scripture stand

219. 8s,7s,4s.

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Saviour,
Bless the sower and the seed:
Let each heart possess thy favor;
Raise the weak — the hungry feed:
By the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 We are come to seek thy blessing;
Thou art here thy grace to give;
Let us all thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

220. 8s,7s,4s.

1 COME, you sinners, come to Jesus;
Think upon your gracious Lord;
He has pitied your condition,
He has sent his gospel word:
Mercy calls you;
Mercy flows in Jesus' blood.

2 Dearest Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wondrous love;
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve:
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining courts above.

3 Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the gospel feast;
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them,
Every soul be Jesus' guest:
Oh, receive us!
Let us find thy promised rest.

221. 8s,7s,4s.

1 LORD, to us thy word is precious
Thy redeeming love we sing;
Thou art ever, ever gracious.
Mediator, Priest, and King.
May thy people,
Evermore thy glory sing.

2 May we feel thy full salvation,
In thy grace forever grow;
And may every tribe and nation,
Thy redemption fully know:
That thy glory
All the earth may overflow.

222. MILLENNIAL GLORY.

6c§	REP.										REP. 1a						
A	5	5-3	5	5-3	3	2	2	2	3	2	1-		1	222	1111	222	331
23c'	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	5	,	,	5	,	,	5

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming, }
 Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom, } And Zion's children then shall sing,

6c§	REP.										REP. 1a.										
C	3	3-1	3	3-1		1															
23c'	,	,	5	7	7	7	7	3	3	3	4	4	3	3	3	3	4	4	3	5	5

6c§ REP. The deserts all are blossoming

B	1	1-1	1	1-1	1	1		1-									
23c'	,	,	5	5	5	5	1										

6c	REP										1a.									
A				1	3	3	2	2	1	1					1	3	1	2	2	2
23c5	,	5	5	5	6	5	,	,	,	,	6	6	5	5	6	5	,	6	6	6

6c The gospel banner, wide unfurled, Shall wave in triumph o'er the world
 And every creature, bond or free, Shall hail the glorious jubilee

C			1	1						1																			
23c3	,	3	3	3	3	3	5	,	7	7	6	6	4	4	4	3	3	3	4	3	5	6	4	4	5	4	5	5	6

- 2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing ;
 From Zion shall the law go forth,
 And all shall hear from south to north.
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing ;
 And truth shall sit on every hill,
 And blessings flow in every rill,
 And praise shall every heart employ,
 And every voice shall shout for joy.
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.
- 2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign ;
 And lambs may with the leopard play,
 For nought shall harm in Zion's way.
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign ,
 The sword and spear of needless worth,
 Shall prune the tree and plow the earth,
 For peace shall smile from shore to shore,
 And nations shall learn war no more.
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.

226. LOOK ALOFT.

5g	SOFT.									
A	1 1-1	1 1	2 2-2	2	1	2 2-2	2 1 2	3 3-3	3	
2q	5 5	' "	7	' "	7	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "
In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,										
5g										
C				2-1				1 1-1	1	
2q	5 5	5 5-5	5 5 5	7 7-7	7	' "	7 7-7	7 5 7	' "	' "
5g										
D	5 4	3 3-3	3 4 3	5 5-5	5 5-5	5 5-5	5 5 4	3 3-3	3	
2q	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "
5g										
B	1 1-1	1 1								
2q	5 5	' "	7	5 5-5	5 5-5	5 5-5	5 5 5	5 5-5	5	
5g										
5g	P LOUD. P P very loud P									
A	5 5	5 3-3	3 3 3	3-2 3-2	1 6-6	6 6-6	6 5 5 5	5 5 5 5	1 3-3	3
2q	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart, "Look aloft! Look aloft!" and be firm, and be fearless of heart. "Look aloft!"										
5g	P P P P									
C	1 1	1 1-1	1 1 1		1 1-1	1 1-1	1 1 1	1 1 1	1-1	1
2q	' "	' "	' "	6 7-7	' "	' "	' "	' "	7 5 5-5	' "
5g	P P P P									
D	1 1	1 5-5	5 5 5	4 4-4	3 4-4	4 4-4	4 3 3 3	3 3 3	2 4 4-4	3 5-5
2q	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "
5g	P P P P									
B	3 3	3 1-1	1 1 1		1 4-4	4 1-1	1 1 1	1 1 1		1 1-1
2q	' "	' "	' "	4 5-5	' "	' "	' "	' "	5 5 5	1

- 2 If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee, when sorrow-like clouds are arrayed,
"Look aloft!" to the friendship which never will fade.
- 3 Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and in tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft!" to the sun that is never to set.
- 4 Should they who are dearest — the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom,
"Look aloft!" from the darkness and dust of the tomb.

¶ Here fierce temptation beset me around ; Here is no rest, here is
no rest :

Here I am grieved while my foes me surround ; Yet I am blest — I
am blest.

Let them revile me, and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping — endeavor to shame

I will go forward, for this is my theme ; There, there is rest — there
is rest.

8 Here are afflictions and trials severe ; Here is no rest, here is no rest ;

Here I must part with the friends I hold dear ; Yet I am blest — I
am blest.

Sweet is the promise I read in his word ;
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord ;

They have been called to receive their reward ; — There, there is
rest — there is rest.

4 This world of cares is a wilderness state, Here is no rest, here is
no rest ;

Here I must bear from the world all its hate, — Yet I am blest — I
am blest.

Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,

Soon shall I lean upon Jesus's breast — There, there is rest — there
is rest.

233. 10s, 8s, 7s.

L.

- 1 WHERE are the fathers who guided our youth,
Where are they gone, where are they gone ?
They taught us the lessons of wisdom and truth,
Where are they gone, are they gone ?
They're gone from this low ground of sorrow and pain,
They're gone from earth's pleasures so fleeting and vain.
But say, oh ! say, shall we meet them again ?
Where are they gone, are they gone ?
- 2 Where are the lovely — our fond hearts' delight,
Where are they gone, where are they gone ?
They've left this lone valley of canker and blight,
Where are they gone, are they gone ?
Sad memory treasures each fond look and tone,
Each kind word and token. Alone, all alone,
Affection remembers. Where are they gone,
Where are they gone, are they gone ?

- 3 They've gone to the land where all mourners have rest,
 There they are gone, there they are gone;
 They've gone to the land where all true hearts are blest,
 There they are gone, they are gone:
 They've gone to the city where parting's no more,
 To the heavenly mansions where weeping is o'er;
 They've gone to enjoy their reward evermore,
 There they are gone, they are gone.

234. UNION. 8s,7s.

1P\$		REP.	12	32	123	21		1	
A	6	653321	322	s5	66	'	'	'	'
23c'		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
O Jesus, now thy power display, That we at last may hear thee say, Come reign And stir us up to watch and pray. [with me in endless day, And feel eternal union.									
1P\$		REP.							
B	3	3211	1	3	3355	5555	6532	3451	1
23c'		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
		76	55	'	'	'	'	76	6'6s5 66
		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

- 2 Come, brethren, let us heavenward go,
 Until we end our race below,
 Then we shall leave this world of wo,
 And everlasting pleasures know,
 And feel immortal union.
- 3 Our race is short, 'twill soon be o'er,
 Then we shall weep and sigh no more,
 And join the saints on Canaan's shore,
 The name of Jesus to adore,
 And feel that endless union.
- 4 Then when this mortal frame shall die,
 And long in death's embraces lie,
 My soul to realms of bliss shall fly,
 And sing and shout beyond the sky,
 And feel that heav'nly union.
- 5 And when to that bright world I come,
 And gain my everlasting home,
 My soul shall there for ever bloom,
 Until my body leaves the tomb,
 Then both shall join that union.
- 2 Thou art our *Prophet*, to foretell
 All the device and plots of hell,
 That we thy favors, Lord, may share,
 And rest within thy sacred care.
 And give to Jesus glory.
- 3 Thou art our *Priest*, both to atone,
 And bring thy people into one,
 That Jew and Greek, and bond and free,
 May serve the Lord in harmony.
 And give to Jesus glory.
- 4 Thou art our *King*, to point the way
 That leads to everlasting day;
 And to control the powers that rise,
 To keep us from the upper skies.
 And we will give thee glory.
- 5 May we receive thee for our all,
 And thus be saved from sin and thrall,
 Thy holy precepts may we love,
 And seek the rest enjoyed above.
 And give to Jesus glory.
- 6 When we are called to yield our breath
 And pass the gloomy vale of death;
 Thy presence, Lord, vouchsafe to give,
 And our freed souls in heaven receive
 And we will give thee glory

235. 8s,7s.

- 1 JESUS! a name forever dear,
 To such as love thy voice to hear.
 Thy promises rejoice our soul;
 Thy titles all thy charms unfold
 And we will give Thee glory

236. 8s, 7s.

1 REJOICE, O earth, the Lord is King!
To him your humble tribute bring;
Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
And all the world with praises ring:
And give to Jesus glory.

2 O may the saints of every name
Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb!
May jars and discords cease to flame,
And all the Saviour's love proclaim:
And give, &c.

3 We long to see the Christians join
In union sweet and love divine,
And glory through the churches shine,
And Gentiles crowding to the sign:
And give, &c.

4 O may the distant lands rejoice,
And sinners hear the Bridegroom's voice,

While praise their happy tongues employ,
And all obtain immortal joys:
And give, &c.

5 A few more days of pain and wo,
A few more sufferings here below,
And then to glory we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow:
And give, &c.

6 Then we shall part and weep no more
When we have met on Canaan's shore,
For Zion's warfare now is o'er;
Such shouts were never heard before:
And give, &c.

7 Then tears shall all be wiped away,
And Christians never go astray;
When we are freed from cumbrous clay
We'll praise the Lord in endless day:
And give to Jesus glory.

237. THE GREAT REWARD. 6s, 4s. L.

1P 1

A	1	2	3	s4	5	5	3	s5	6	1	2	3	s4	5	3	7	6
2s	6	,	,	,					6	,	,	,					

When shall I see the day, That ends my woes; When shall I victory gain,
O'er all my foes;

1P

B	1	2	3	3	1	2	3	1	2	3	1	5	5	3	1
2s	6	6	7	,	,			6	6	7	,	,			

1P

A	3	6	6	6	s5	6	3	5	3	2	1	5	3	6	3	5	3	2	3	1		
2s	,	,	,	,		,	,	,	,	,	,			,	,	,					7	6

When will the trumpet sound, That calls the exile home,
The grand Sabbathic year, When will it come.

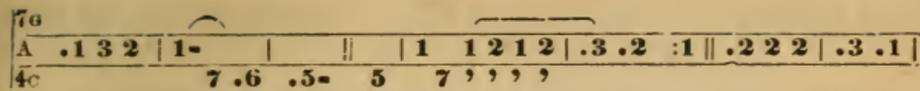
1P

B	1	3	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	1	3	1	2	1	6	s5	6
2s	,	,	,	,		,	,	7	6	5	,	,	7	6	6	s5	6

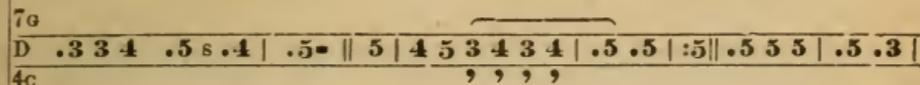
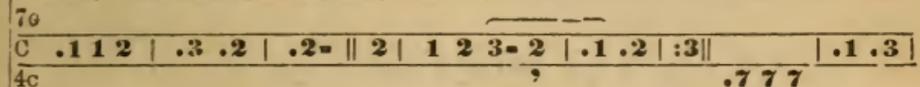
2 A crown of glory bright,
By faith I see,
In yonder realms of light,
Prepared for me.
O, may I faithful prove,
And keep the prize in view;
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.

3 Jesus, be thou my guide,
My steps attend;
O keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend;
Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard;
And when my work is done,
My great reward.

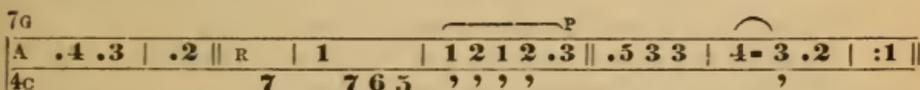
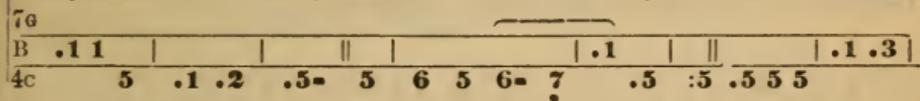
239. HANTS. S. M.



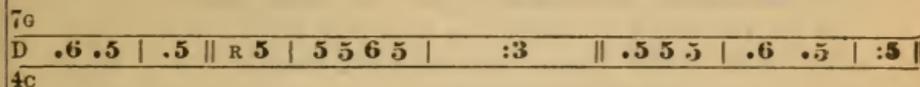
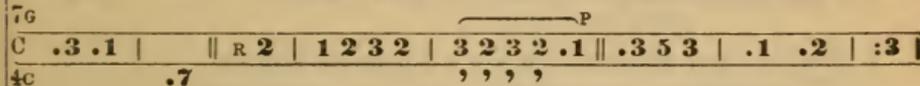
Lord, in the strength of grace, With a glad heart and free, Myself, my resi-



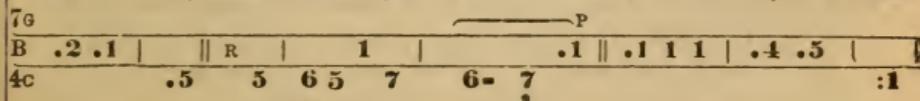
Thy ransomed servant I, Restore to Thee thine own, And from this moment



due of days, I consecrate to Thee— I consecrate to Thee.



live or die, Will serve my God alone — Will serve my God alone.



240. S. M.

1 HOW sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join,
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine!

2 These seasons of delight
The dawn of glory seem,
Like rays of pure, celestial light,
Which on our spirits beam.

3 O, blest assurance this;
Bright forer of heavenly day;
Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss,
That cheers the pilgrim's way.

4 Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent grow,
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
Refresh our souls below.

5 But O, the bliss sublime,
When joy shall be complete,
In that unclouded, glorious clime
Where all thy servants meet!

6 Then shall the ransomed throng
The Saviour's love record,
And shout, in everlasting song,
"Salvation to the Lord!"

245. GETHSEMANE. 7s.

5c	4											REP.		
A	3	3	3	5	4	3	.2	3	2	3	4	2	1	.1
2c	, , 7													
Hallow - ed Gethsem - a - ne, Once the Saviour knelt in thee, And up - on the midnight air, Rose his voice in humble prayer;														
5c	4											REP.		
B	1	1	1	1	1				1					
2c	.4 .5 5 5 .4 5 5 .1													
To - gether, hear thy suffer - ing Son, Yet thy ho - ly will be done.														
5c											REP.			
A	3	3	1	1	2	4	.3	5	5	6	5	5	s.1	.5
2c														
Hark! methinks I hear him say, Let this cup now pass a - way;														
5c											REP.			
B	1	1	1	1			.1	1	1	1	1	2		
2c	5 5 2 .5													

2 Sorrowful Gethsemane,
There the Saviour bowed for me;
Lord of all, behold he pleads;
Sinless, yet behold he bleeds;
All this fearful agony,
O my soul, he bears for thee;
Freely for thee there drinks up
To its dregs the bitter cup.

3 Triumphant Gethsemane!
Satan's power was crushed in thee;
For when Jesus humbly knelt
To the stroke man should have felt,
Man was rescued in that hour
From the yoke of Satan's power;
Rescued, then, he hopes to rise
To the joys of paradise.

246. 7s.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
You who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 You who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on you move
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 You, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above - -
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 He subdued th' infernal powers,
Those tremendous foes of ours
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

7 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love,

247. 7s.

1 'T IS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'T is religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys shall be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

248. MILDNESS. D. C. M.

6G § REP.

A	1-	1-2	3-3	5-3	2-1	2-3	1-5	5-	2	2-1	1-1
2q	5	7	,	,	,	,	,	7	7-	,	,

Oh! no, we cannot sing the song Formed for Jehovah's praise;
 Our sorrowing harps refuse their strings, To Zion's gladsome lays.
 They bid us be in mirthful mood,

6G § REP.

D			1-1	3-								
2q	3	3-2	3-5	,	5	4-3	4-5	3-7	7-5	5-4	4-3	3-

6G § REP.

B	1	1-	1-	1-1	1- 1			1-				
2q	,	5	7	,	5-5	5-5	,	5	5-5	5-5	5-1	1-

6G P

A		1	1 2 3	2-	1-	1-2	3-3	5- 3	2-2	5-	1-
2q	6	5-	,	5	7	,	,	,	,	,	7

And dry those tears so sad; But Judsh's hearths are desolate,
 And how can we be glad?

6G P

D			1				1-1	3-		P		
2q	4	3-3	3 5	,	7-3	3-2	3-5	,	5	4-4	4-4	3-

6G P

B				1	1-	1-	1-1	1- 1			
2q	4	1-1	1-1	5-	,	7	,	,	5-5	5-5	1-

2 Silent our harps o'er Babel's stream
 Are hung on willows wet;
 And Zion we no more shall see —
 But can we e'er forget,
 Jerusalem, thy banished ones
 Prove anguish and regret,
 But heaven's own curse shall rest on
 them
 If thee they e'er forget.

2 Speak gently to the young, for they
 Will have enough to bear:
 Pass thro' this life as best they may,
 'Tis full of anxious care.
 Speak gently to the aged one,
 Grieve not the care-worn heart;
 The sands of life are nearly run
 Let such in peace depart.

249. C. M.

1 SPEAK gently — It is better far
 To rule by love than fear;
 Speak gently — let no harsh word mar
 The good we might do here.
 Speak gently to the little child;
 Its love be sure to gain;
 Teach it, in accents soft and mild,
 From evil to refrain

3 Speak gently — He who gave his life
 To bend man's stubborn will,
 When elements were fierce with strife
 Said to them — "Peace be still."
 Speak gently — 'tis a little thing,
 Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
 The good, the joy, which it may bring
 Eternity shall tell.

251. THE SUNSET TREE.

2a	§	3	.1							332	1-1	21	1-							
A	5				3-33		55	3-3		2345		3-5		5''''		''7		6''7		
2c					''''		''''	''''		''''		''''		''''		''''		''''		

Love! love! love! Love for the fallen weak! From realms of joy he fled,
The lost in sin to seek, And to bring to life the dead;

2g																				REP. 1a											
A	3		2	5	5	s4		5	5		7	6	5	s4		6	5	5		4-4	4	4		333		2''7		7			
2c																															

He left his glorious throne, And his angel hosts above, And claimed us
for his own, It was love, unbounded love.

2 Love! love! love!
Love for the sick and faint!—
'T was love his footsteps moved:
Where sorrow dwelt he went,
And the poor his friendship proved:
The haunts of grief he sought,
And the dungeons of despair:
And oh! what deeds he wrought
For the sick and dying there.

3 Love! love! love!
Love on the cross displayed!
The Prince of Life to bleed!
In death's damp prison laid!—
It was love, pure love indeed:
For us from death arose!—
He arose and went on high—
He triumphed o'er our foes,
And he lives no more to die.

4 Love! love! love!
Love on the throne of Heaven!
He changes not his name;
All power to him is given,
And his love is still the same:
And we shall share his throne,
For he died and lived for this;
Bright heaven shall be our own—
An eternity of bliss.

The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us is given
By the cool soft evening hours.
Come, come, &c.

2 Sweet is the hour of rest!
Pleasant the heart's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie.
When the burden and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.
Come, come, &c.

3 Yes; tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs,
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows
But rest more sweet and still
Than ever night-fall gave,
Our longing hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.
Come, come, &c.

4 There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noon-tide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
Nor weary wandering feet.
And we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.
Come come, &c.

252.

1 COME. to the sunset tree,
The day is past and gone,
The woodman's ax lies low,
And the reaper's work is done

257. HOW CHEERING THE THOUGHT. G. J. WEBB

6G

A 3 | 3- 11 | .3 1- 1 | 2- 12 | .3 3 | 3- 11 | .3 1- 1 | .2 3- 2 | .1

3q , , , , , , , , , ,

How cheering the thought, that the spirits of bliss,
Will bow their bright wings to a world such as his;

6G

C | | | | | | | | | |

3q 5 | 5- 3 3 | .5 3- 3 | 5- 5 5 | .5 5 | 5- 3 3 | .5 5- 5 | .6 5- 4 | .3

, , , , , , , , , ,

6G

D 1 | 1- 11 | .11- 1 | | | .1 1 | 1- 11 | .1 1- 1 | .1 | | .1

3q , , , 7- 6 7 , , , 7- 7 , ,

They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home

6G

B | | | | | | | | | |

3q 1 | 1- 11 | .11- 1 5- 5 5 | .1 1 | 1- 11 | .1 3- 3 | .4 5- 5 | .1

, , , , , , , , , ,

6G

A 1 | | | .5 3- 2 | 1- 1 2 | .3 1 | | | | 1 3- 2 | .1

3q 7- 6 5 , , , 7- 6 5 5 6 7 ,

Will leave the sweet joys of the mansions above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love

6G

C | | | | | .1 | | | | |

3q 5 | 5- s 4 5 | .5 5- 5 | 5- 5 7 | 5 | 5- s 4 5 | 5 s 4 1 1 | 3 5- 4 | .3

, , , , , , , , , ,

6G

D 3 | 2- 1 | | 4 | 3- 3 5 | .5 3 | 2- 1 | | 1 2 | 1 1- | .1

3q , 7 . 7 7- , , , , 7 7 , 7

Some pilgrim to snatch from his stormy abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God

6G

B | | | | | 1- 1 | | | | |

3q 1 | 5- 5 5 | .5 5- 5 | , 5 | .1 1 | 5- 5 5 | 5 5 5 | 1 1- 5 | .1

, , , , , , , , , ,

258. 11s.

- 1 FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,
That we must be parted from this social band ;
Our several engagements now call us away,
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.
- 2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a while,
We'll soon meet again, if kind Providence smile ;
But when we are parted and scattered abroad,
We'll pray for each other, and wrestle with God.

- 3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you 'll soon be discharged,
The war will be ended, your treasures enlarged ;
With shouting and singing, though Jordan may roar,
We 'll enter fair Canaan, and stand on the shore.
- 4 Farewell, you young converts, who 've 'listed for war,
Sore conflicts await you, but Jesus is near ;
Although you must travel the dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he 'll lead you to peace.
- 5 Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell, all around,
Perhaps we 'll not meet till the last trump shall sound ;
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
Our Saviour to praise in the heavenly land.

259. 11s.

- 1 O, HOW can we slumber ! the Master is come
And calling on sinners to seek them a home ;
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.
- 2 O, how can we slumber ! our foes are awake ;
To ruin poor souls every effort they make ;
To accomplish their object no means are untried,
The careless they comfort, the wakeful misguide.
- 3 O, how can we slumber ! when so much was done,
To purchase salvation by Jesus the Son !
Now mercy is proffered, and justice displayed,
Now God can be honored, and sinners be saved.

260. 11s.

- 1 O TURN you, O turn you, for why will you die,
When God in his mercy is coming so nigh ?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
The brethren are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay
Your hearts may grow better by staying away ;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
Here streams of salvation are flowing most free.
- 3 Here Jesus is ready your souls to receive ;
O how can you question since now you believe ?
Since sin is your burden why will you not come ?
He now bids you welcome — he now says there's room.
- 4 In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction or banish your pain ?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high ?

263. C. M.

- 1 BRIGHT glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wondering eyes —
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies.
- 2 All hail, you fair, celestial shores,
You lands of endless day;
A rich delight your prospect pours,
And drives my griefs away.
- 3 There's a delightful clearness now;
My clouds of doubt are gone;
Fled is my former darkness, too;
My fears are all withdrawn.
- 4 Short is the passage, short the space,
Between my home and me;
There, I behold the radiant place!
How near the mansions be!
- 5 Immortal wonders! boundless things,
In those bright worlds appear;
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in thy glories share.

264. C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.
- 3 Lord, make me understand thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
The pardon of my sin.

265. C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.
- Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the everliving God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God! there's nothing new.

- 4 Our lives through varying scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee

266. C. M.

- 1 FROM thee, O God, our joy shall rise
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of our souls
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where our blessed Saviour reigns,
In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
We'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Blest Saviour, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.
- 5 Haste, our beloved, bear our souls
Up to thy blest abode;
Haste, for our spirits long to see
Our Saviour and our God.

267. C. M.

- 1 COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.
- 2 The sense of thy expiring love,
It to my soul convey;
Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
My ALL in ALL I pray.
- 3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than thyself I cannot crave;
And thou canst give no more.
- 4 Whate'er consists not with thy love
O teach me to resign;
I'm 'sch to all th' intents of bliss
If thou, O God, art mine.

2 The kings and lords of nations,
Are not the kings for me ;
Too low their highest stations,
Too mean their dignity :
The King of kings and Lord of lords
Almighty in his ways and words,
The word of his salvation,
O that's the King for me

3 This house of death and mourning
Is not the house for me,
Where all to dust are turning,
In tears and agony ;
But there's a house not made with hands,
It ever stood and ever stands,
Beyond the world's last burning,
O that's the house for me.

4 The wars the hero fights in
Are not the wars for me,
The war my heart delights in
Shall end in victory ;
'Tis not a war of flesh and blood —
I fight for heaven, I fight for God,
A kingdom with my rights in,
O that's the war for me.

5 This land of sin and sorrow
Is not the land for me,
Where anguish oft I borrow
From dying company ;
Th' immortal laud is far away,
I'll enter it on some bright day,
That day may be to-morrow,
O that's the land for me.

269. 7s, 6s, 8s.

1 THE pearl that worldlings covet,
Is not the pearl for me ;
Its beauty fades as quickly,
As sunshine on the sea.
But there's a pearl sought by the wise,
It's called the pearl of greatest price,
Though few its value see,
O that's the pearl for me !

2 The crown that decks the monarch,
Is not the crown for me ;
It dazzles but a moment,
Its brightness soon will flee :
But there's a crown prepared above,
For all who walk in humble love,
Forever bright 'twill be —
O that's the crown for me

3 The road that many travel,
Is not the road for me,
It leads to death and sorrow,
And endless misery :
But there's a road that leads to God
'Tis marked by Christ's most precious
blood ;
The passage here is free —
O that's the road for me !

The hope that sinners cherish,
Is not the hope for me :
Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin set free,
But there's a hope which rests in God,
And leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures flee —
O that's the hope for me !

270. 8s, 6s, 7s.

1 MUST Simon bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free ?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
Yes, there's a cross on Calvary,
Through which by faith the crown I see,
To me 'tis pardon bringing ;
O that's the cross for me !

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went mourning here !
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
For perfect love will dry the tear,
And cast out all tormenting fear.
Which round my heart is clinging ;
O that's the love for me !

3 We'll bear the consecrated cross,
Till from the cross we're free ;
And then go home to wear the crown,
For there's a crown for me.
Yes, there's a crown in heaven above,
The purchase of my Saviour's love,
For me at His appearing ;
O that's the crown for me !

4 The saints shall hear the midnight
cry ;
The Lord will then appear,
And virgins wise, with burning lamps,
Will meet him in the air ;
For there's a home in heaven prepared
A house by saints and angels shared,
Where Christ is interceding ;
O that's the home for me !

1 The music of the pearly gates,
When back by angels flung,
Admitting there a ransomed soul,
Their sinless bands among :
The silvery sound that's swelling up
When flows the stream of life ;
The rustle of the emerald leaf
With healing virtues rife :

2 And then the tide of melody,
That swells, and bursts, when rings
The New Song in that far off world,
That thrilling rapture brings :—
But awed, we may not note its power,—
Its depths we may not sound ;
Unfathomed, fathomless it rolls
In glorious might around.

272. C. M.

1 OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, joined in one ;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one
voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun :
Our hearts have burned while Jesus
spoke,
And glowed with sacred fire ;
He stooped, and talked, and fed and
blessed,
And filled the enlarged desire.

2 We're soldiers, fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly :
We'll stand unshaken, firm and fixed,
With Christ to live and die :
Let Satan rage, and hell assail,
We'll fight our passage through ;
Though foes unite and friends desert,
We'll seize the prize in view.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain :
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain :
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
Now pours the mighty flood—
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee Lord !

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown,
And all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Pr acclaimed by thee thine own,
May we, a little band of love
We sinners saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thy lovely face.

273. C. M.

1 YOU burdened souls to Jesus go,
Forgiveness you shall find—
You shall his Holy Spirit know,
And learn that he is kind.

2 You humble souls obey his voice,
And he who made you see,
Shall by his Spirit wake your joys,
And grant you liberty.

274. C. M.

1 THERE is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies ;
My Father's house, my heavenly home,
Where "many mansions" stand,
Prepared by hands divine for all
Who seek the better land.

2 When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side—
When fiercely howls the gathering
storm,
And foams the angry tide—
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

3 In that pure home of tearless joy,
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete :
There, there adieus are sounds unknown ;
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life, and glorious beauty, shine,
Untroubled and serene.

275. C. M.

1 NOW let the saints rejoice to sing,
Of Christ, their risen Lord—
Of Christ the everlasting King—
The Great—the Incarnate Word.

2 Hail, mighty Saviour, thee we hail !
High on thy throne above,
Till time, and flesh, and heart shall fail
We'll sing thy matchless love

276. SIMPLICITY. C. M.

T. HARRISON.

6G	P										r
A	.1	.1 .2	.3 .4	.3 .2	.1	.1	.2 .3	.4 .3	.2		
4c	Our life is like an idle dream, Or fleeting as the day:										
6G	P										P
C											
4c	.5	.5 .5	.5 .6	.5 .5	.5	.5	.5 .5	.6 .5	.5		
6G	If life's so brief, why then prepare, For all the joys it brings,										P
D	.3	.3	.1 .1	.1 .4	.3	.3	.1	.1 .1			
4c	No more to trifling toys of time, Let precious hours be given,										.7
6G	P										P
B											
4c	.1	.1 .5	.4	.5 .5	.1	.1	.5	.4 .1	.5		
6G	P										P
A	.2	.3 .4	.5 .5	.4 .3	.2	.2	.3 .4	.3 .2	.1		
4c	A shining bubble on the stream, As soon to pass a - way.										
6G	P										P
C											
4c	.5	.5 .6		.5 .5	.5	.5	.5 .6	.5 .5	.5		
6G	Or give one thought of anxious care, To mere ter - restrial things.										P
D											
4c	.7	.1 .1	.3 .1		.1		.1 .1	.1 .1	.3		
6G	But live to God a life sublime, And wear a crown in heaven.										P
B											
4c	.5	.6	.5 .3	.2 .1	.5	.5	.4	.5 .5	.1		

ELMIRA. C. M.

JACOB IMMEL.

6G										
A	1	.3-5	.5-4	.3 .2	.1-	2	3 5 3 1	.2-	5	.5 .3
4q										
6G										
B	1	.1-1	.1-					1 1 1	1 .3 .1	
4q	4 .5 .5 .1- 5 1 .5-									
6G										
A	.2- 1			1		3 5 3 1	.2-	2	.5 .5	.4 .2 .1-
4q	.7 .6 .5-									
6G										
B	1	.2			1 1 1				.1 .1	
4q	.7-	.2	.5-	5	1	.5-	5	.4 .5		.1-

277. C. M.

- 1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure :
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone :
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward with the flood,
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten as a dream,
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come !
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home !

278. C. M.

- 1 OH Thou who didst uphold my way
From earliest infancy,
Before my lisping tongue could say,
Oh " Lord, remember me ! "
- 2 Still through the path of youth, my
guide
And my protector be ;
And when my feet would turn aside,
Oh " Lord, remember me ! "
- 3 And shouldst thou graciously ordain
That manhood I should see,
Oh, let me never live in vain ;
Oh " Lord, remember me ! "
- 4 If thou shouldst pain or sickness send,
From murm'ring keep me free ;
Or, if thy hand should riches lend,
Oh " Lord, remember me ! "
- 5 And when this earthly scene I leave,
And worldly prospects flee,
As then my latest sigh I heave,
Oh " Lord, remember me ! "

279. C. M.

- 1 'TIS faith supports my feeble soul,
In times of deep distress :
When storms arise, and billows roll,
Great God, I trust thy grace
- 2 Thy powerful arm still bears me up
Whatever griefs befall
Thou art my life, my joy, my hope
And thou my all in all.
- 3 Bereft of friends beset with foes,
With dangers all around,
To thee I all my fears disclose,
In thee my help is found.

280. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
Let saints adore thy name ;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribes, and priest
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell with
stood ;
Yet must this building rise ;
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

281. C. M.

- 1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose.
- 2 Lo, such a child, whose early feet,
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose heart, with holy influence,
Is upward drawn to God !
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 O Thou ! who giv'st us life and breath.
We seek thy grace alone ;
In childhood, manhood, age and death
To keep us still thine own.

283 L. M.

- 1 I LOVE to see the glorious sun
First tinge the east with purple dye,
And then with glowing splendor run,
Along the lofty azure sky.
- 2 I love to see the orb of night
Glide o'er her glittering starry way,
And with her brilliant silver light
Upon the water's surface play.
- 3 Bat lovelier far than these appear
Religion's calm and flowery ways:
They sooth: vain sorrow, dry the tear,
And end with joy our earthly days.

284. L. M.

- 1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds
In sweet communion kindred minds!
How glad the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love! what holy fear!
How does the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin.
- 3 Nor shall the glorious flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire:
Then shall they meet in realms above,
And celebrate their Saviour's love.

285. L. M.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God, he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love,
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 He feeds and clothes us all the day;
He guides our footsteps in the way,
And guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.
- 3 Oh, let the saints with joy record,
The truth and goodness of the Lord.
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise!

287. L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God:
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too:
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name.
But, oh! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short our tunes: our words be few:
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

288. C. M.

- 1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun!
It gives a light to every age —
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it still supplies
His gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise —
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes the world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

289. C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY GOD! thy word is cast,
Like seed, into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all, whose souls the truth receive
Its saving power may know.

290. C. M.

- 1 TEACH us, O Lord, we earnest pray
Let grace to us be given,
To point our rising charge the way
To happiness and heav'n.
- 2 O that with wisdom from above,
Our minds may be imbued,
With patience, tenderness, and love,
And zeal in doing good.
- 3 The Saviour's mind may we possess,
And in his strength be strong;
Through disappointment and success,
Pass steadily along!
- 4 And, in that day when worlds shall
stand
Before the judgment throne,
Smile, Saviour, on this youthful band,
And claim them for thine own.

OLD CANAAN. C. M.

5c	§			REP.		1			1		REP. 1s.	
A	.1	5535	66532	3	321	.1	.5	765	76535	67	67s	.6
4c		"	"	6	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
5c	§			REP.							REP. 1s.	
B	.1	1113	21	1		.1	4433	21	1	2	3	3
4c		67		65s		.6	67				6	

292. C. M.

- 1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp through all the tedious
night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

293. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne,
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.
- 4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with
blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.
- 6 All hail! thou only glorious Lord!
By all the sons of men
Be thou eternally adored,
Amen, Amen, Amen.

294. C. M.

- 1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan holds the captive mind,
Fast in his slavish chains.

- 2 But hark. a voice of grace divine,
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord!"

295. C. M.

- 1 WELL met, dear friends, in Jesus'
name,
Come, let us now rejoice,
While we our Saviour's praise proclaim,
With cheerful heart and voice.
- 2 But ah! dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Send down the heavenly Dove;
Thy blessing now diffuse abroad,
And warm our hearts with love.
- 3 In vain, dear Saviour, here we meet,
Except thy face we see;
Thy presence makes a heaven most
sweet,
Whene'er we meet with thee.
- 4 Then, O dear Jesus, condescend
To meet us with a smile;
The Spirit's quickening influence send,
And purge our hearts from guile.

296. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, we in thy footsteps tread,
With joy the cause maintain;
Like Jesus, numbered with the dead,
Like him we rise again.
- 2 Down to the hallowed grave we go,
Obedient to thy word;
'Tis thus the world around shall know
We're buried with the Lord.
- 3 'Tis thus we bid the pomps adieu,
And boldly venture in;
O, may we rise to live anew,
And only die to sin.

297. 8s,6s.

! THAT sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one —
That sacred hope that binds our minds
To harmony divine —
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given —
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

CHORUS.

We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry
blast
Shall howl around my cot,
What, though beneath a southern sun
Be cast my distant lot,
Yet we shall have the blissful hope
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.
We all shall, &c.

3 From Birmah's shore, from Afric's
strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again ;
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.
We all shall &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows,
There friendship beams in every eye,
And hope immortal grows :
O sacred hope, O blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.
We all shall, &c.

298. C. M.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform :
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his gracious will

3 You fearful saints, fresh courage take
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break,
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace,
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

299. C. M.

1 COME to the glorious gospel-feast,
Ho ! every one that will ;
Oh come you starving souls and taste
Those joys that none can tell.

2 Arise you mortals that are sad,
And bordering on despair,
Lo ! there is balm in Gilead,
And a Physician there

3 Look to the Saviour's bleeding side,
Behold the purple gore ;
It was for wounded souls he died
The sin-sick to restore.

4 Behold him on the cursed tree,
With arms extended wide,
For sinners such as you and me,
The bleeding Saviour died.

5 'Tis finished, said his dying breath.
He conquered death and hell ;
That rebels doomed to endless death,
Might in his bosom dwell.

6 Come, then, receive his grace, and tell
The wonders of his love ;
Till we arrive with him to dwell,
In brighter worlds above.

7 No sin or foe shall there annoy,
Or wound our peaceful breast ;
But boundless love, unmingled joy,
And everlasting rest.

CHORUS.

When we've been there ten thousand
Bright shining as the sun ; [years.
We're no less days to sing his praise,
Than when we first began.

301. 8s,7s.

1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing;
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

302. 8s,7s.

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount — I'm fixed upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God!
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love —
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

303. 8s,7s.

1 CEASE, you mourners. cease to
languish,
O'er the grave of those you love:
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above;
While in darkness you are straying,
Lonely in the deep'ning shade:
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the ransomed spirit's head.

2 Cease, you mourners! cease to languish
O'er the graves of those you love,
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above;
Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high;
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

304. 8s,7s.

1 JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour
Once became a child like me;
Oh, that in my whole behaviour,
He my pattern still may be.

2 If my feelings are not holy,
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly.
And was never known to sin.

3 While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,
He was always self-denying —
Patient in his worst distress.

4 Lord, assist a feeble creature,
Guide me by thy word of truth;
Condescend to be my teacher
Through my childhood and my youth.

305. 8s,7s.

1 HARK! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky!
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
"Come and help us, or we die!"

2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining
Christians, hear their dying cry,
And the love of Christ constraining
Join to help them, ere they die

306. DEVOTION. D. C. M. PLEYEL.

3^a 1 1

A	5	5-	'	5-3	44	2-		2	12	3153	32		5	5-	'	5-3	44	2-
2 ^c	'			'		'		'		'	'		'		'	'		'

When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost

3^a

C	3	3-3	3-1	22		1	1	31	1		3	3-3	3-1	22		
2 ^c	'	'	'			7-	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'		7-

3^a

D	5	5-5	5-3	66	5-		5	55	55	5-		5	5-5	5-5	66	5-
2 ^c	'	'	'				'					'	'	'		'

3^a

B	1	1-1	1-1			1	11			1	1-1	1-1				
2 ^c	'	'	'			44	5-	5		5-	'	'	'	'	44	5-

3^a 1 1

A	4	35	'	64	22	1-		2	2-3	4-6	5-3	1-		3	2-3
2 ^c	'	'	'	'	'	'		'	'	'	'	'		'	'

In wonder, love, and praise, O, how can words, with equal warmth, The grati-

3^a

C	2	3	1	1	1-		1	2-4	3-1	1-		1	1
2 ^c	'						7	7	7-	'	'	'	7-

3^a 1

D	7	6	54	3-		5	5-5	5-4	5-5	3-		5	5-5
2 ^c	'						'	'	'	'		'	'

3^a

B	1	4	5	1-				1-1	1-		1
2 ^c	5		5	5	5-5	5-7		'	'	'	5-5

3^a 1-

A	4	456	65		5	5	3-5	44	2-		4	35	'	64	32	1-
2 ^c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'		'	'	'	'	'	'

tude declare, That glows within my ravished heart?

But thou canst read it there.

3^a

C	2	234	43		3	3-3	3-3	22		2	3	2	1	1-
2 ^c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'		7-	'	'		7

3^a 1

D	5	5	45		5	5-5	5-5	66	5-		7	6	54	3-
2 ^c	'	'	'		'	'	'	'	'		'	'	'	'

3^a

B	7-		1	1-1	1-1			1	4	5	1-
2 ^c	5	7		'	'	44	5-	5			5

2 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
When, in a state of helplessness,
I hung upon the breast.
To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

3 Unnumbered comforts on my soul,
Thy tender care bestowed;
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed
When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Through hidden dangers, toils and
deaths,
Thy goodness cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.
Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.
Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

307. C. M.

1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not paradise with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given;
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the founder's name

308. C. M.

1 JESUS, our Lord, the glory take,
The glory of thy grace,
Thy gifts to thee we render back,
In songs of thankful praise.

2 Through thee, we have together met
In singleness of heart;
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind,
Our aim continues one,
And heart to heart in Jesus joined,
We'll hand in hand go on.

4 Him, eye to eye, we there shall see
Our face, like his, shall shine;
Oh, what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

5 Oh, what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white arrayed;
Palms in our hands in triumph bear,
And crowns upon our heads!

6 In such society as this,
My weary soul shall rest;
The man who dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest.

309. C. M.

1 LORD, at thy temple we appear
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
Oh, make our joys the same.

2 With what divine and vast delight,
The good old man was filled,
When fondly, in his withered arms,
He clasped the holy child.

3 Now I can leave this world, he cried,
Behold thy servant dies;
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.

4 This is the light prepared to shine,
Upon the Gentile lands!
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
To break their slavish bands.

5 Jesus, the vision of thy face,
Has overpowering charms!
I shall not feel death's cold embrace,
When dying in thy arms!

6 Then, while you hear my heartstrings
break,
How sweet my moments roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul!

ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARR. R.

5G
A .1 3- 3 | .3 .2 | 1- 1 .1 || .2 3 5 | .4 .3 | .3 .2 |
4Q ' ,

5G
D .1 1- 1 | .1 | || 1 1 | .2 .1 | .1 |
4Q ' .7 6- 6 .6 .7 .7

5G
B .1 1- 1 | .1 | || 1 1 | .1 |
4Q ' .5 6- 6 .6 .5 .7 :5

5G
A .4 3- 3 | .3 .6 | 5- 5 .5 || .1 2 4 | .3 .2 | :1 ||
4Q ' ,

5G
D .2 1- 1 | .1 .4 | 3- 3 .3 || .1 | | | |
4Q ' , 6 6 .5 .4 :3

5G
B 1- 1 | .1 .4 | 1- 1 .1 || .1 | | | |
4Q .5 ' , 4 4 .5 .5 :1

ASPIRATION. C. M.

6G
A .1 | 1 2 3 4 | .3 .2 | :1 || .2 3 4 | .5 8.4 | .5- || | 1 1 1 1 2 |
4Q R 5 ' ,

6G
D | 1 2 | .1 | :1 || 1 2 | .3 2 1 | | | |
4Q R .3 3 5 .7 .7 .7- 3 3 3 3 5 , ,

6G
B .1 | 1 1 | | | || 1 | .1 .2 | | R | :R |
4Q R 7 4 .5 .5 :1 .5 7 .5-

6G
A 3 3 3 4 3 | 2 2 2 3 4 | .5 8.4 | .5- || 5 | 1- 2 3 4 | .3 .2 | .
4QR ' , ' , ' ,

6G
D 1 1 1 2 1 | | 1 2 | .3 2 1 | || 3 | 1 2 | .1 | .1 |
4QR ' , 7 7 7 ' , .7- 3- 5 , .7

6G
B .R- | | | .1 .2 | || 1- | .1 | | |
4QR 5 5 5 5 5 .5- 5 7 6 5 .5 .1

310. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints in glory reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 Yet timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

311. C. M.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

312. C. M.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unseen by mortal eyes.
- 2 Celestial land! could our weak eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no place obtains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

4 No cloud those blissful regions knew
Forever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of every woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

313. C. M.

- 1 SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt;
Look to the atoning precious blood,
That for our sins he spilt.
- 2 Sinners, to Jesus now draw near,
Invited by his word;
The chief of sinners need not fear;
Behold the Lamb of God.

3 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood;
Arise! return from grievous falls;
Behold the Lamb of God.

314. C. M.

1 JESUS! delightful, charming name!
It spreads a fragrance round;
Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
In union here are found.

2 He is our life, our joy, our strength;
In him all glories meet;
He is a shade above our heads,
A light to guide our feet.

3 The thickest clouds are soon dispersed,
If Jesus shows his face;
To weary, heavy-laden souls,
He is the resting-place.

4 When storms arise and tempests blow
He speaks the stilling word;
The threatening billows cease to flow,
The winds obey their Lord.

5 Through every age he's still the same,
But we ungrateful prove,
Forget the savor of his name,
The sweetness of his love

FAVORITE. C. M. ARR. BY A. C. WILLIAMSON.

6P	A										REP.																	
	3	-	3	2						2	2	3	4	5	3	2	R		2	3	4	5	3	5				
23c	'	'	7		6	5	6	7	'	7	'	'	'	'	'	7	6-	'		'	'	'	'	'	'			
6P	B										REP.																	
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23c	6-	6	3		2	2	5	5	5	5	6	6	3	3	6-	6		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'			
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	6	6	2	2	3	4	5	3	5	6	5	3-	6-	5	3	2	3	R		2	3	4	5	3	2			
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6P	B										REP.																	
	3	3	R		1											R		1										
23c	'	6	5	'	7	6	3	3	6-	6-	3-	2	5	5	6	3	3	3	5	6	'	3	3	6-				

315. C. M.

- 1 AMID the splendors of the sun,
Great God! thy love appears,
In the soft radiance of the moon,
Among a thousand stars.
- 2 Nature, through all her ample round,
Thy boundless power proclaims;
And in melodious accents speaks
The goodness of thy name.
- 3 Thy justice, holiness and truth,
Our solemn awe excite;
But the sweet charm of sovereign grace
O'erpower us with delight.
- 4 In all thy doctrine and commands —
Thy counsels and designs —
In every work thy hands have framed,
Thy love supremely shines.
- 5 Angels and men, the news proclaim,
Through earth and heaven above,
The joyful, all-transpiring news
That God, the Lord, is love.

316. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, is not thy promise pledged
To thine exalted Son?
That through the nations of the earth,
The word of life shall run?
- 2 From east to west, from north to south,
Be then his name adored;
Let earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord

317. C. M.

- 1 O WHEN shall the glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?
- 2 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel rays.
And build on Jesus Christ the rock,
A temple to thy praise.
- 3 Through all eternity to thee,
A joyful song we'll raise;
For O! eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise.

318. C. M.

- 1 SALVATION! oh the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At death's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 O happy period — glorious day,
When heaven and earth shall raise
With all their powers, the raptured
To celebrate thy praise.

320. L. M.

- 1 THAT day of wrath ! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away :
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?
- 2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
And louder yet — and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead †
- 3 Oh ! on that day — that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ ! thy people's stay,
Though heaven and earth should pass away.

321. L. M.

- 1 HOW pleasing to behold and see,
The friends of Jesus all agree,
To sit around his sacred board,
As members of one common Lord.
- 2 Here we behold the dawn of bliss —
Here we enjoy the Saviour's grace —
Here we behold his precious blood.
Which sweetly pleads for us with God.
- 3 While here we sit we would implore,
That love may spread from shore to shore,
Till all the saints like us combine,
To praise the Lord in songs divine.

322. 7s.

1 **CHRIS** ! the Lord is risen to-day !
Scns of m'n and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
Sing, you heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done —
Fought the fight — the battle won —
Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

3 **Vain** the stone, the watch, the seal —
Christ has burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise ;
Christ has opened Paradise.

† **Lives** again our glorious King ;
Where, O death is now thy sting ?

Once he died our souls to save
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave !

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like him, like him we rise —
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies !

6 What though once we perished all
Partners of our parents' fall,
Second life we now receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.

7 Hail, thou Lord of earth and heaven
Praise to thee by both be given !
Thee we greet triumphant now ;
Hail the resurrection thou !

TRUEMAN. C. M.

A. LANE.

2a											.1	1								
A	5	.5	5	.1	6	4-	5	6	.5	4	5		.6	84	.5					
3c																				
2a																				
B	1	.1	1	.1	2	.2	3	.1		1	.3	3	.4	2	.3					
3c																				
2a	3	.3	1	.1											1-	2	3	.4	2	.1
A					6	.4	84	.5		5										
3c																				
2a																				
B	5	.5	3	.1	4	.2	82	.3		1	3-	2	1	.4	5	.1				
3c																				

324. C. M.

1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days shall rise,
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow,
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill,
Shall 'lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feud
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their
swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

6 No longer host encountering host,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

7 Come, then, O house of Jacob, come,
To worship at his shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine

325. C. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every
nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye,

3 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And urge thy onward way.

4 Bless'd Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our honors down

326. C. M.

1 DEATH, 'tis a melancholy day,
To those who have no God;
When the poor soul is forced away,
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
For guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand
Then come the joyful day;
Come, death, and come celestial land,
And bear my soul away.

327. 11s.

- 1 TO go from my home, and with kindred to part,
To break up my friendships, affects not my heart,
Like leaving that blissful and holy place, where
Jehovah has heard and has answered my prayer,
And has answered my prayer.
- 2 And often the Saviour has come to my bower.
In all the rich fullness of love and of power,
And raptured my spirit ineffably there,
Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer,
Own language my prayer.
- 3 The early sweet notes of the loved nightingale,
My hours of devotion would faithfully tell —
Would call me to duty, while birds in the air
Sang anthems of praises as I went to prayer,
As I went to prayer.
- 4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine ;
But sweeter, O sweeter the pleasures which there
I often have tasted while offering my prayer,
While offering my prayer.
- 5 But soon I must bid my loved bower adieu,
And leave for a region that's distant and new ;
Yet oh, blessed thought ! I've a friend everywhere,
Who will, in all places, give ear to my prayer,
Give ear to my prayer.
- 6 Through life's troubled scenes I will fearlessly go,
Move onward with triumph o'er every foe ;
I'll never, no, never, indulge in despair,
For Jesus will grant the requests of my prayer,
The requests of my prayer
- 7 His love and his power he will daily impart,
To strengthen my mind and to gladden my heart .
And when on my death-bed, he'll be with me there,
And take me to heaven in answer to prayer,
In answer to prayer.
- 8 And high in the mansions of glory and joy,
My soul shall be blessed with delightful employ —
Be freed from all sorrow, and anguish and care —
And bask in his smile who has answered my prayer,
Who has answered my prayer.

MERCY. 7s.

7G
A 1 | 1 3- | 1- 2- | .1 || 3 2 1- | 2- | 1- | | ||
2s 7 " " 5 6 ' 7 ' " " 7 ' 5 6 ' 7 6- .5
" " " " " " " " " "

7G
B 1 | | | | | || 1 | | | | | ||
2s 5 5 5 4 5 4 .5 5 5 3 4 5 .1

7G
A 1 1 | 1 3- 1 | | | || 3 2 1- | 2- | 1- 2- | .1 ||
2s " ' 5 4 .3 " ' 7 ' 5 6 ' 7 ' " " " "

7G
B 1 | | | | | || 1 | | | | | ||
2s 6 5 3 3 2 .1 5 5 3 4 5 .1

329. 7s.

- 1 WHO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun,
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
- 2 These are they that bore the cross —
Nobly for their master stood —
Sufferers in his righteous cause —
Followers of the dying Lord.
- 3 Out of great distress they came —
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow.
- 4 Therefore are they next the throne —
Serve their Maker day and night :
God resides among his own —
God doth in his saints delight.
- 5 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er ;
They have all their sufferings passed —
Hunger now and thirst no more.
- 6 No excessive heat they feel,
From the sun's direct ray :
In a milder clime they dwell —
Region of eternal day.
- 7 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed —
With the tree of life sustain —
To the living fountains lead.
- 8 He shall all their sorrows chase —
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face —
Fill up every soul with love

330. 7s.

- 1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirits sink with awe.
- 2 When in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious height I climb
In the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth and grace.
- 4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep, and gaze my soul away :
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

331. 7s.

- 1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer ;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep ;
Let thy mercy and thy care,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong ;
Sweeten every cross and pain ;
And our wasting lives prolong,
Till we meet on earth again.

2 If life's so brief, why then prepare,
For all the joys it brings.
Or give one thought of anxious care,
To mere terrestrial things.

3 No more to trilling toys of time
Let precious hours be given,
But live to God a life sublime,
And wear a crown in heaven!

333. C. M

1 AT Jacob's well a stranger sought
His drooping frame to cheer,
Samarita's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was there.

2 This had she known, her fainting mind,
For richer draughts had sighed!
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied.

3 This ancient well, no glass so true,
Our nature's image shows;
Here Christ presents himself to view,
But who the stranger knows?

4 Yet sinners must the Saviour know,
Or soon their loss deplore:
Come, see the living waters flow.
Come, drink, and thirst no more.

334. C. M.

1 COME, let our hearts and voices join,
And strains of triumph raise;
Sing to the Lord in songs divine,
Our Rock, the Saviour praise.

2 Come where his glory he displays,
Your lips in thanks employ:
Come, speak the wonders of his grace
In holy songs of joy.

335. C. M.

1 RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient heroes trod;
Ambitious view these holy men,
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's
ear,
And in example live;
Their faith and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most pre-
cious blood,
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns and honor owe.

4 Lord, may we ever keep in view
The pattern thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
Which led them safe to heaven.

336. C. M

1 A RULER came to Christ on earth
Instruction to obtain;
The lesson taught was the New Birth -
"Ye must be born again."

2 Sinners, this solemn truth regard!
Hear, all ye sons of men
For Christ, the Saviour, hath declared
"Ye must be born again."

3 What'er may be your birth or blood
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."

4 That which is born of flesh is flesh,
And flesh it must remain;
Then marvel not that Jesus says,
"Ye must be born again."

5 Dear Saviour, may they now believe,
Hear, and obey thy word,
Remission of their sins receive,
And thus be "born of God."

337. C. M.

1 ALL who, through Christ the living
way,
Would e'er to heaven attain;
Must bear the cross from day to day
Else all their hopes are vain

2 "Beneath the cross this friend I found
In garments rolled in blood;
With cords of love, on me he bound,
The painful, pleasing load.

3 These silken cords of love divine,
So bind my soul to God,
And round my Saviour cling and twine
That he sustains the load."

339. HALL. 8s, 7s.

S. W. L.

4P												
A	1-	12	33	53	2-321		1-	12	33	3s5	6-31	
8s	66	6	6	6	6	.7	66	6	6	6	6	.6

Brethren, see poor sinners round you, Slumbering on the brink of woe
Far from God and unconverted; Can you bear to see them go?

4P												
C	33	3-31	11	23	5-654	.3	33	3-31	11	12	3-354	.3
8s	66	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6

4P												
B	1		1-1		1		1-					
8s	66	6-6s5	66	55	76	.5	66	6-6s5	66	67	63s5	.6

2 There are fathers — there are mothers,
And their children sinking down;
Brethren, go, exhort poor sinners,
Speak the word to all around.

3 Now their Saviour offers pardon,
If they will repent and turn;
Brethren, go, exhort the sinner;
Speak the word to all around.

4 Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that he may be found;
Brethren, go, exhort the mourner,
Speak the word to all around.

340. 8s, 7s.

1 WHEN the orb of morn enlightens
Hill and mountain, mead and dell,
When the dim horizon brightens,
And the serried clouds dispel;
And the sunflower eastward bending,
Its fidelity to prove;
Be thy gratitude ascending
Unto Him whose name is love.

2 When the vesper star is beaming
In the coronet of even;
And the lake and river gleaming
With the ruddy hues of heaven;
When a thousand notes are blending,
In the forest and the grove;
Be thy gratitude ascending
Unto Him whose name is love.

3 When the stars appear in millions,
In the portals of the west,
Bright bespangling the pavilions
Where the blessed are at rest;

When the milky way is glowing
In the cope of heaven above,
Let thy gratitude be flowing
Unto Him whose name is love.

341. 8s, 7s.

1 LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour
Come and bid our jarring cease;
Come, O come, and reign forever,—
Lord of life and Prince of Peace:
Visit now thy bleeding Zion,
Lo! thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy flock is crying,
Gracious Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Some for Paul — some for Apollos —
Some for Cephas — few agree,
With thy holy word that calls us,
Or resolve to follow thee:
Lord, in us there is no merit,
At thy name our hearts do leap;
Guide us by thy holy Spirit,
Till in death our souls shall sleep.

3 Come, blest Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution rages here;
Naught, we know, can ever harm us,
If our Shepherd be but near:
Glory, glory, be to Jesus!
At his name our hearts do leap;
He both comforts us, and saves us;
Gracious Shepherd, bless thy sheep.

4 Hail, thou Prince of our salvation!
Ever will we be thy flock;
Thou, the church's sure foundation,
And the everlasting rock:
May we shun the paths of folly,
Scale the high, the arduous steep.
Look to thee and still be holy;
Gracious Shepherd, bless thy sheep.

347. P. M.

- 1 COME—come—come to the Saviour,
Rich—rich mercy receive,
Here—here you will find pardon,
Jesus from sin will relieve ;
Come—come—come—come,
Come to the Saviour and live.
- 2 Come—come laden and weary,
Christ—Christ calls thee to come ;
Leave—leave paths dark and dreary,
Cease from the Saviour to roam ;
Come—come—come—come,
Jesus will guide thee safe home.

3 Come—come seek his salvation.
Now—now hear and obey ;
Hark—hark the sweet invitation,
Angels invite you away ;
Come—come—come—come,
Sinner believe and obey.

4 Hark—hark, angels are singing,
Love—love—love is their theme ;
Peace—peace joyfully bringing,
Mercy from God the Supreme : —
Come—come—come—come,
Jesus is rich to redeem.

A. D. B.

348. 10s.

- 1 HOW beauteous is the earth ! how bright the sky !
How wisely planned by Him who reigns on high !
His love is rich and free — a boundless store !
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, forever more !
- 2 By day he makes the sun to pour forth light :
The moon and starry host to shine by night ;
He waters hill and dale with dews and showers ;
And crowns their varied soils with fruits and flowers :
- 3 He sent his only Son to save the world,
When, from its Eden bowers, fallen man was hurled .
His face hath smiled on us above all lands ;
Our thousand splendid gifts are from his hands.

T. B

349. 6s, 4s.

- 1 JOYFULLY, joyfully onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above ;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
- 2 Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home, to that land of delight will I go ;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.
- 3 Friends fondly cherished have passed on before,
Waiting they watch me approaching the shore ;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
- 4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear ;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear !
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

352. ROCK OF AGES. 7s. A. D. FILLMORE.

4G §
A 1 3 | 5- 6 | 5 4 | .3 || 5 3 | 6- 4 | 2 1 2 3 | .1 ||
2Q , , , , , , , ,
4G §
D 1 1 | 3- 4 | 3 2 | .1 || 3 1 | 4- 2 | 1 | .1 ||
2Q , , 7 6 7 ,
4G §
B 1 1 | 1- | | .1 || 1 1 | | | .1 ||
2Q , 4 5 5 4- 4 5 5
4G 1 1 REP. 1, 2s.
A 3 5 | 7 | 6 5 | .5 || 3 5 | 5 6 | 7 6 5 4 | .5 ||
2Q , , , , , , , ,
4G Let the water and the blood, From thy side a heal - ing flood. REP. 1, 2s.
D 1 3 | 3 5 | 4 3 | .3 || 1 3 | 1 1 | 2 1 | | ||
2Q , , , , 7 , , 7 6 .7
4G REP. 1, 2s.
B 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | .2 || 1 1 | | 2 2 | | ||
2Q 6 5 .5

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath:
When mine eyelids close in death;
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

4 Wake the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with kingly power;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns forever more.

5 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings;
Jesus is the King of kings!
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns forever more.

353. EBENEZER. 7s.

5G
A 1 2 1 2 | 3 2 4 3- | 1 3 5 3 | 2 3 2- || 5 3 6 5 | 3 1 5- | 1 3 5 6 4 | 3 2 1 ||
23s , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,
5G Christians, brethren, ere we part, Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise One last hymn of grateful praise
D 3 4 5 3 | 3 5 5- | 3 5 3 3 | 5 6 5- || 3 3 4 5 | 6 5 5- | 5 6 3 4 | 5 5 3- ||
23s , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,
4G Though we here should meet no more, Yet there is a brighter shore;
5G There, released from toil and pain, There, we all may meet again.
B 1 | | 1 1 | 1 || 1 | 1 | 1 1 | | ||
23s 5 1 6 5 5 1- . 5 7 5- 5 6 7 15- 5 6 5 1-

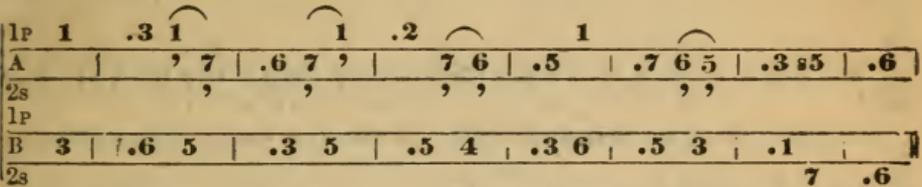
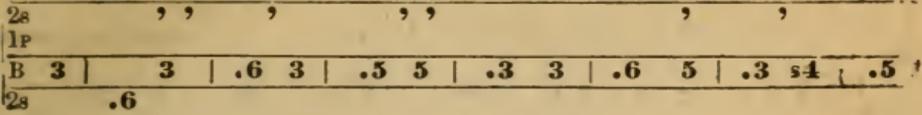
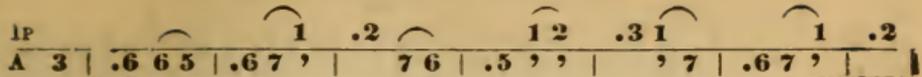
359. CORONATION. C. M. HOLDEN.

8⁶
A | 1 1 3 3 | 2 1 2 3 | 2 1 3 2 | .1- | 2 | 3 2 1 3 | 5 4 3 2 3 5 | .5 .5 |
4² .5
'Tis faith that purifies the heart; 'Tis faith that works by love;
6⁶ It bids all sinful joys depart, And lifts the
C | | | | 1 | .1- | R | R | .a- | | .1.2 |
4² .3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 7 5 7 7
This faith shall every fear control: By its celestial power:
6⁶ With holy triumph fill the soul, In death's ap
D | .1 | 3 3 3 3 | 4 3 4 3 | 4 3 5 4 | .3- | R | :R | .a- 2 | .3.2 |
4²
By faith, where'er his hand shall lead, The darkest path we'll tread:
6⁶ By faith we'll quit these mortal shores, And mingle
B | | 1 1 | | | | | 1 | 1 | 3 2 1 | 1 | .1 |
4² .1 1 1 5 5 5 5 5 6 5 5 .1- 3 5 3 ' ' ' 7 5 .7
6⁶
A | .6 5 4 | .5- | 3 | 5 3 1 3 | 2 1 2 3 2 1 | .5 .4 | 3- 4 2 2 | .1 |
4²
thoughts above, It bids all sinful joys depart, And lifts the thoughts above.
6⁶
C | .1 | | | | | | 1 | .1 | | | |
4² 7 6 .7- 5 5 5 5 5 5 7 .6 .5- 5 .5
proaching hour, With holy triumph fill the soul, In death's approaching hour.
6⁶
D | .3 .2 | .2- | 1 | 3 5 5 5 | 4 3 4 5 4 3 | .1 .1 | 1-2 2 4 | .3 |
4²
with the dead, By faith we'll quit these mortal shores, And mingle with the dead.
6⁶
B | .2 | | 1 | 1 1 3 1 | | | | | | |
4² .6 .5- 5 5 5 6 .3 .4 .5- 5 .1

PISGAH. C. M.

7⁶
A | 1 1 1 2 3 1 | | | | | 1 | 3- 2 1 3 2 |
4² 5 ' ' ' ' 6 6 6 5 3 5 5 6 ' ' ' '
6⁶
B | 1 | 1 3 2 1 | | | | | | | | | |
4² ' ' 6 5 3 3 3 5 6 5 5 3 1 1 1- 2 3 4 5
7⁶
A | 1 3 | 5 5 5 6 5 | 3 3 2 1 | 1 | | | | .1- |
4² ' ' ' ' ' ' 6 5 6 7 ' '
6⁶
B | 1 | 1 1 1 | 1 | | | | | | | | | |
4² 6 ' 5 5 5 3 5 6 6 5 3 2 .1-

LIBERTY HALL. C. M.



360. C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, you martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call:
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 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.
- 4 You Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Babes, men, and sires, who know his
love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 7 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

361. C. M.

- 1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each succeeding path of life,
Our wand'ring footsteps guide,
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh spread thy sov'reign wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease.
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

362. C. M.

- 1 BACKSLIDERS who your mis'ry feel,
Attend your Saviour's call;
Return, He'll your backsliding heal;
Oh, crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Though crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall,
For broken hearts his blood was spilt,
Oh, crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Take with you words, approach his
throne,
And low before him fall;
He understands the spirit's groan,
Oh, crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Whoever comes he'll not cast out,
Although your faith be small;
His faithfulness you cannot doubt,
Then crown him Lord of all.

- 3 He smiles on morning's rosy way ;
 He paints the gorgeous clouds of even ;
 To noon he gives its ripening ray ;
 To night the view of glorious heaven.
- 4 He drives along those sparkling globes
 In circles of unerring truth ;
 He decks them all in radiant robes,
 And crowns them with eternal youth.
- 5 So will he crown the deathless mind,
 When life and all its toils are o'er :
 Then let his praise by all mankind,
 Be loudly sung for evermore.

364. WORSHIP.

L.

4g	1	1 1	1 1								
A	5	5 3 4 4	6 5 5 5	6 7 5	6 s 4 5	5	7 5	6 7	7 6 5 4	3 2 1	
3s	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

Nature with all her powers, shall sing Her great Creator, and her King :
 Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas, Deny the tribute of their praise.

3G	1 1										
D	5	' ' 6 6	4 2 3 3	4 s 4 5 3	4 2 3	3	5 5 5 3	4 2 3 3	4 2 3 1	1 1	1
3s	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

3g											
B	1	1 1 2 1	1 1	4 4 4 2	1 2 3	1	5 5 5 3	4 s 4 5 3	4 4 3 4	5 1	
3s	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

- 2 Ye angels near his radiant throne,
 Unite to make his glories known ;
 Attune your harps, and spread the sound
 Throughout creation's utmost bound
- 3 O may our grateful zeal employ
 Each power of mind to hymns of joy,
 And join, with heart-inspiring songs,
 The anthems of angelic tongues.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, our feeble frame
 Attempts in vain to reach thy name,
 The highest notes that angels raise
 Fall far below thy glorious praise.

366. 11s.

- 1 THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream
 Our Saviour, at midnight, when moonlight's pale beam
 Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
 And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day;
 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
 How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
 The angels astonished grew pale at the sight,
 And followed their master with solemn delight.
- 2 O garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
 The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
 The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
 The triumph of sorrow — the triumph of love!
 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
 Oh! give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
 And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

367. 11s.

- 1 THERE'S no name among men, nor angels, so bright,
 As is the name Jesus, the Father's delight;
 The joy of his children; they speak of his name,
 And sweetly its praises in songs they proclaim.
- 2 In all Christian churches this name is adored,
 As their shield and their glory with cheerful accord,
 And there 'tis declared, the help of distressed.
 The hope of the hopeless, and ease of oppressed.
- 3 The church of the first-born with angels of light;
 Shall sound forth its praises with endless delight.
 But fully unfolded, it can be by none,
 Save Jesus among them the Father's own SON.

368. 11s.

- 1 O JESUS, my Saviour, in thee I am blessed!
 My life, and my treasure, my joy and my rest,
 Thy grace is my theme, and thy love is my song,
 Thy charms do inspire my heart and my tongue
- 2 All human expression is empty and vain;
 Tongue cannot unriddle the heavenly flame;
 And sure, if the language of angels I had,
 I could not, completely, the mystery describe.

370. C. M.

AS pants the hart for living streams,
So, Lord I pant for thee ;
And where thy worshipers are found,
My dwelling place shall be.

2 No earthly idol e'er shall tempt
My steadfast soul to rove,
For I desire no higher bliss
Than to enjoy thy love.

3 Give me but this, I nought can ask,
I nought can wish beside ;
For in thy faithfulness and truth
I safely can confide.

4 Blest with this gift, for earthly joys
I never can repine ;
But gladly yield myself to thee,
To be forever thine.

371. C. M.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That heaven and earth might hear.

2 Yes thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust ;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All that my ardent soul can wish
In thee doth richly meet :
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath,
And, dying, glory in thy cross,
The antidote of death.

372. C. M.

1 C JOYFUL sound of gospel grace !
Christ shall in me appear ;
I even I, shall see his face :
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view ;
Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall
seize,
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see ;
My hope is full (O glorious hope !)
Of immortality.

4 He visits now the house of clay ;
He shakes his future home ;
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come.

5 With me, I know, I feel, thou art ;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

373. C. M.

1 O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God :
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my wants abroad.

2 Arise my soul from deep distress,
And banish every fear ;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

3 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones ;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

4 Arise, my soul from deep distress,
And banish every fear ;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

374. C. M.

1 THERE is an hour of hallowed ~~peace~~,
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs, and sorrowing tears shall
~~cease~~,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears,
And doubts which here annoy ;
Then they that oft have sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more ;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

4 There purity with love appears
And bliss without alloy ;
There they that oft have sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

380. WINDHAM. L. M.

READ.

3P P P

A 1 2 | .3 .3 | 1 || 1 | .1 .3 | 1 1 || 1 2 |

4c .6 7 .6 .6 7 .7 .7

You Christian heroes, go proclaim, Salvation through Immanuel's name, To barren

5P P

C | .1 | || | .1 | || |

4c .6 6 s5 .6 6 s5 .6 .6 6 s5 .6 s5 6 .5 .5 6 7

He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your breast inspire, Bid raging

5P P

D .1 3 2 | .1 .3 | 3 3 .3 || .1 3 3 | .3 .1 | 2 3 .2 | .3 2 5 |

4c

And when our labors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more; Meet with the

3P P

B | .1 | || | .1 | || |

4c .6 6 7 .6 3 3 .6 .6 6 3 .6 7 6 .3 .3 6 5

3P

A .3 .6 | 6 s5 .6 | .6 || .3 | 3 4 3 2 | .1 | |

4c

climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there.

3P

C .1 .1 | 2 .1 | .1 || | | | |

4c 7 .6 6 6 6 6 .6 s5 :6

winds their fury cease, And hush the tempest into peace.

3P

D .5 .3 | 4 3 .3 | .3 || .1 | 1 2 3 4 | .3 .3 | :3 ||

4c

blood-bought thro' to fall, And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

3P

B .1 | 2 3 | || | 1 2 | .3 | |

4c .6 .6 .6 .6 .6 6 7 .3 :6

381. SALEM. L. M.

7P -1 3 .2 1 -

A .6 5 s4 | .3 6- ' | 7 7 .6 || .6 7 | 6 | s5 6 .7 |

4c

Behold a sinner, gracious Lord, Encouraged by thy precious word,
Do not the humble suit deny, Of such a guilty wretch as I;

7P

B .6 3 s4 | .5 .2 | 3 3 || 3 3 | .5 .5 | 7 6 .3 ||

4c .6 .6

7P 1 2 .3 1 - -1

A .3 | 6 | 7 3 .2 || .3 1 2 | .3 6- ' | 7 7 .6 |

4c

Would venture near to seek that bread, By which thy children here are fed.
But let me feed on crumbs, though small, Which from thy bounteous table fall.

7P 1

B .3 1 | .6 | s5 6 .2 || .7 7 | .6 .2 | 3 3 ||

4c 7 .6 .6

382. THE YOUTH'S WARNING. L. M. DOUBLE.

4G ♪ REP.

A	1-	3	5	3	2	1	3	2	2	2	3	5	3	6	5	3	2	1	1	1-
23s		,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	

My Christian friends in bonds of love, Whose hearts the sweetest union prove,
Your friendship's like the strongest band, Yet we must take the parting hand.

4G ♪

B	1-	1	1	1	1	1	3	2	1	1-
23s		,	,	7	6	5	5	5	,	5

And when I see that we must part, You draw like cords around my heart.

4G REP. 1b.

A	5-	5	6	7	7	6	5	6	5	3	5	6	7	7	6	5	6-
23s		,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	

Your presence sweet, our union dear, What joys we feel together here!

4G REP. 1s

F	1-	1	2	3	4	4	4	3	2	1	1	1	2	3	4	4	4	3	2	3-
23s		,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,			

- 3 How sweet the hours have passed away,
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loath are we to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.
- 4 Oh could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my fainting mind!
But pilgrims in a foreign land,
We oft must take the parting hand.
- 5 My Christian friends, both old and young,
I trust you will in Christ go on;
Press on, and soon you'll win the prize—
A crown of glory in the skies.
- 6 A few more days, or years at most,
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.
- 7 Oh blessed day! Oh glorious hope
My soul rejoices at the thought,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

GREENFIELDS. 8s.

6g	§		P		P		P		P
A	.1	1 1 313 5 .4 352 212 1 .5 535 535 6 .4 355 543 2							
3q		5			REP.				REP. 1, 2s.
6g	§		P		P		P		P
D			1 3 .2 131		.3 313 313 4 .2 133 321				
3q	.3	333	53		535	3			7
					REP.				REP. 1, 2s
6g			P		P		P		P
B	.1	111 111 1		111		.1 111 111			111 111
3q			.4		555	1			4 .4
									5

PRESERVATION. 8s. A. D. WILLMORE

4g	§								REP.
A	R	3	4	5-	6 5 5 4 3 2-	R 3 4-	5 6 5 4 2 1-		
23q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
4g	§								REP.
D	R	1	2	3-	4 3 3 2 1		B 1 2-	3 4 3 2 1-	
23q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
					7-				7
4g	§								REP.
B	R	1		1-	1 1 1 1 1		R 1		1-
23q	'		'	'	'	'	'	'	'
					5-			6-	5 4 5 5 5
4g			1-	1 1		1-		1	REP. 1, 2s.
A	R	5		' "	' 7 6 7		R 4 3-	4 5 ' 7 6 5-	
23q	'		'	'	'	'	'	'	'
4g									REP. 1, 2s
D	R	3		3-	3 3 3 1 2 3-	R 2 1-	2 3 3 2 1		
23q	'		'	'	'	'	'	'	'
									7-
4g									REP. 1, 2s.
B	R	1		1-	1 1		R	1-	1 1 1 2 2
23q	'		'	'	'	'	'	'	'
					5 5 5			5	'

383. 8s.

1 WHEN morning reviveth her beams,
 And earth is yet pearly with dew,
 And mercy's delectable streams,
 Their equable courses renew;
 Come then to the altar of prayer,
 And bow to the ancient of days,
 Your sacrifice offer, and there
 Peal high the pure anthem of praise.

2 The God of the seasons adore,
 When spring breathes her earl-
 breeze,
 When winter reluctant is o'er,
 And smile all the rivers and trees;
 When summer, in showers and gales,
 Her merciful mission fulfills;
 When plenty matures in the vales,
 And joy speaks aloud from the hills

8 When autumn is sober and sere,
And pours out her plentiful store,
O then, as declineth the year,
The God of abundance adore;
When winter obscureth the sky,
And vapory turbulence blows,
Forbid that devotion should die.
Or freeze with the frosts and the
snows.

4 At home with thy kindred and friends
Alone, or with strangers abroad,
Whatever kind Providence sends,
O call on the name of thy God:
When sickness at last is thy lot,
And death hastens on in the gloom,
The monarch of terrors fear not.
For Jesus has conquered the tomb.

A. CRIEFIELD.

384. 8s.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me, —
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;

But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May

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

8 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No change of the season or place
Would make any change in my mind
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there

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

385. ADORATION. 8s.

5c5

REP. 1s.

A 2-	1	1	1	1-	1-	223213	5-	6-	532113	3-	3-	1	1	1	2-
23c	'6	'56'				'''''''			'''''''			'6	'56'		
		'	'									'	'		

How shall I my Saviour set forth, How shall I his beauties declare,
O how shall I speak of his worth, Or what his chief dignities are,

5c5

REP. 1s.

B 1-	1		1-	1-		1	2-	1-	11		1-	1-	1		1
23c	'66545					'55556'			'7665				'53'54s45-		
	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

Or what his chief dignities are.

2 His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest the throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace —
No — that is a secret unknown.

8 In him all the fullness of God
Forever transcendently shines;
Though once like a mortal he stood
To finish his gracious designs.

4 Though once he was nail'd to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free,
His glory sustained no loss,
Eternal his kingdom shall be

5 O sinners! believe and adore
This Saviour, so rich to redeem;
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him.

6 Come all you who see yourselves lost
And feel yourselves burden'd with sin,
Draw near while with terror you're
tossed;
Obey, and your peace shall begin.

7 He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste
Here's pardon, here's grace — ~~yes~~ and
more,
Here's glory eternal at last!

CONTRITION. 7s. MRS. HARRISON.

6P	.1	1	.2 1	.1 2	.3	.3 1	.3 3	.2 1		
A	7	.6		.7-	6	.6 s5	.6-			.7-
3s	§									REP. 2s.
6P										
C	.3 3	.3 3	.5 6	.3-	.6 s5	.6 6	.3 3	.3-	.6 6	.6 3
3s	§									REP. 2s
6P	.1			.1	.1	.1	.1	.1 1		
D	.6 7	6	.7 6	.5-	.6 7	6	7	.6-	6	.7 6
3s	§									REP. 2s.
6P										
B	.6 s5	.6 6	.5 6	.3-	.1	2	.3 3		.1 1	.1 2
3s	§ 7 .6									.6-
										REP. 2s.

SOLEMNITY. 7s. T. HARRISON.

7P	1	1	§	.1	.1	1	REP. 2s.	
A	.6 7	7	.6	.7-	.6 7	7	.6 s5	
3s	§							REP. 2s.
7P								
C	.3 3	.3 2	.1 2	.3-	.3 3	.3 2	.1 3	
3s	§							REP. 2s.
7P	.1	.1	.3 1	.1	.1	1		
D	7	.6 7	6	.5-	.6 s5	7	.6-	
3s	§							REP. 2s.
7P								
B	.6 3	.1 2	.3 3	.3-	.6 3	.1 2	.3 3	
3s	§							.6-

386. GERMANY. 7s. DOUBLE.

6G	§										REP. 2s.
A	3 5	2- 3	4 2	.3	3 5	2- 3	4 2	.1	2 3	1- 2	
2c	,										7 6 .5
<p>Now may He, who from the dead, Brought the Shepherd of the sheep, Jesus Christ, our King and Head, All our souls in safety keep.</p>											
6G	§										REP. 2s.
C											
2c	5 5	5- 5	6 5	.5	5 5	5- 5	6 5	.3	5 5	3- 5	
6G	§										REP. 2s.
D	1 1	1 2	.1	1 1	1 2	.1	1	2 2	.2		
2c	7- ' 7										7- ' 7
<p>May he teach us to fulfill What is pleasing in his sight, Perfect us in all his will, And preserve us day and night.</p>											
6G	§										REP. 2s.
B											
2c	1 3	5- 3	2 5	.1	1 3	5- 3	2 5	.1	5 3	6- 2	
	,										5 2 .5

387. 7s.

1 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust:"
Here the evil and the just —
Here the matron and the maid
In one silent bed are laid.

2 Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lay withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust;
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

3 Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng:
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep.

4 Song of peace or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more:
Death shall keep his solemn trust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

5 But a day is coming fast,
Earth! thy mightiest and thy last:
It shall come in strife and toil —
It shall come in blood and spoil —

6 It shall come in empire's groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones;
Then ambition rue thy lust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

7 Then shall come the judgment sign;
In the east the King shall shine:
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
Thousand thousands round his state.

8 Heaven shall open on our sight:
Earth be turned to living light:
Kingdoms of the ransomed just;
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

9 Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than paradise;
Earth by angel feet be trod:
One great garden of her God.

10 Till are dried her martyrs' tears
Through a glorious thousand years,
Now in hope of him we trust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

388. 7s.

1 HARK, my soul, — it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word:
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee!
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me!"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,
Partner of my throne shall be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint;
Yet I love thee and adore:
O for grace to love thee more.

389. 7s.

1 NOW the shades of night are gone
Now is passed the early dawn:
Lord, we would be thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noonday clear
Banish every doubt and fear;
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
We would labor, we would pray.

3 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us all at last;
Labor then will all be o'er;
Sin's dark night will be no more.

390. 7s.

1 "WIDE, ye heavenly gates, unfold,
Closed no more by death and sin:
Lo! the conquering Lord behold;
Let the King of glory in."

2 Hark! th' angelic host inquire,
"Who is he, the almighty King?"
Hark, again! the answering choir,
Thus in strains of triumph sing —

3 "He whose powerful arm alone,
On his foes destruction hurl'd;
He who hath the victory won;
He who saved a ruined world."

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so! we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

DOXOLOGY.

TO God and to his Son,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be ever more.

398. S. M.

1 ETERNAL truth has said,
'Tis with the righteous well:
What glorious cheering words are these,
Their sweetness who can tell?

2 'Tis well when joys arise —
'Tis well when sorrows flow —
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And dreadful tempests blow.

3 'Tis well when Jesus calls
Their spirits to the skies,
To join the blest from every clime,
The great, the good, the wise.

399. S. M.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one:
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled
vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distills,
And all the air is love.

400. S. M.

1 MY soul repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt.
His strokes are fewer than our crimes.
And lighter than our guilt

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed

4 His power subdues our sin;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 Our days are like the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

401. S. M.

1 AWAKE and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name!

2 Sing of his dying love!
Sing of his rising power!
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
You ransomed children sing:
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ the glorious King.

4 Soon shall you hear him say,
"You blessed children come,
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his pilgrims home

6g
A .432 | .11R | .66-6 | .65R | .44-4 | .43R | .53-4 | 5:4 | 3:2--1:1 | }
4q , , , , , , , , , ,

dureth forever, Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord,
praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord

6g
C .41 | R | .11-1 | .1-R | | 1R | .11- | :1 | :1 | :1 | }
4q 5 .55 , .77-7 .7 , 7 .5--5 :5

6g
D .654 | .33R | .44-4 | .43R | .22-2 | .21R | .31-2 | 3:6 | 5:4--3 | 3: }
4q , , , , , , , , , ,

6g
B | R | | 1R | | 1R | .11- | | | | | }
4q .455 .11 .44-4 , .4 .55-5 .5 , 5 :4 :5 .5--1 :1

403, 404. THE FIRMANENT. A. D. FILLMORE.

2g 1 1 .1-
A 5-3 ' 534 | 2-3432 | 265 .3 | 5-3 ' 534 | .26535 | .153567 | }
4q ,

Sun that ruleth o'er the day, How sweet thy rays to me, Playing o'er
the laughing hills, Sparkling o'er the sea, Sparkling o'er the sea

2g 1- 2- 21- 1- .3- .22 .1-
A 465 | 65 | 753 | .5 | 765 | .35 | 5-31 | 6-42 | 53 | 135 | | | }
3c ,

Shining, shining, shining, To praise your Maker's name ; O, praise the Lord,
praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O, praise, praise the Lord

2g .1- .1-
B 431 | 431 | .555 | .55 | .5 5 | .11 | 1-11 | 4-44 | 5-51 | | | .5 5 | .1- }
3c ,

2 Moon that rideth high in heaven,
I love thy pensive beam,
Lighting up the meadows green,
Silvering the stream.

3 Stars that twinkle in the sky,
All through the live-long night,
Making every placid lake
Beautifully bright.

1 Sun and moon and stars rejoice,
God's handiwork ye show,
While in yonder firmament,
Day and night ye glow

1 LIFE, at best, is but a span,
A fleeting, fading hour;
It lieth like the morning mist —
Man dieth like the flower:
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him,
Praise Him who giveth hope.
Oh! praise the Lord, praise the Lord
praise the Lord,
Oh! praise, praise the Lord.

2 He giveth life, and hope, and joy,
His word shall be our stay;
And all his saints be'll safely bring,
To realms of endless day.
Praise Him, &c.

- 2 Oh ! how shall I, a sinner born,
Lift up my head on that dread morn,
When glory, brightening to excess,
Proclaims the God of holiness ? —
The holy God, the lofty Lord,
Who, by his own omnific word,
Made thousand thousand worlds to be ; —
He speaks again ; and lo ! they flee.
- 3 When orbs on orbs affrighted fly,
In lawless terror through the sky ;
When thrones and powers celestial fall
Before the glorious ALL IN ALL ;
Oh ! how shall I of baser birth,
A sinful man, a worm of earth,
Presume to meet the burning gaze
That wraps the heavens in sheets of blaze !

407. L. M.

- 1 AND is the gospel peace and love ?
Such let our conversation be :
The serpent blended with the dove —
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 When'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts and tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 Oh how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility, and love, and zeal,
Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love —
Oh ! if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.
- 6 But ah ! how blind, how weak we are !
How frail, how apt to turn aside !
Lord, we depend upon thy care ;
Oh may thy Spirit be our guide !

16	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	2	3	3	3	3	2	2	.2	5	.1		
A														5					
4q	ŷ	SOFT.											REP. LOUD.	2	END.				
lg														1	1	1	1		
D	3	3	3	3	5	5	5	5					7	7	.7	5	4	.3	
4q	ŷ	SOFT.											REP. LOUD.	2	END.				
lg														5	5	.5	5	5	.1
B	1	2	3	1	5	6	7	5	9	2	1	3	5	5	.5	5	5	.1	
4q	ŷ	SOFT.											REP. LOUD.	2	END.				

409. 8s, 7s, 6s

WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord,
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.

Hallelujah —

Now we offer to the Lord.

2 While the heralds of salvation,
His abounding grace proclaim;
Let his saints of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

Hallelujah —

Gifts we offer to his name.

3 May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Saviour know;
Be to him these gifts devoted,
For to him may all I owe.

Hallelujah —

Run ye heralds to and fro.

4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love.

Hallelujah —

By this gift our love we'll prove.

410. 8s, 7s, 4s.

COME, you sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:

He is able,

He is willing — doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;

This he gives you;

'Tis the Saviour's rising beam

3 Come, you weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous —
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

5 Lo: the rising Lord ascending
To his Father and his God
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, joined in concert
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo to his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners, now his love proclaim.

411. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 COME, you poor and thirsty sit none,
To the living waters come;
Jesus bids you come and welcome,
And declares he'll cast out none;
His rich-bounty
Freely take — he makes it thine.

2 Wherefore toil you still for nothing
Spend your strength and treasure to
Joyfully receive the blessing
Which his liberal hands bestow:
All his goodness
Let your souls delight to know

413. C. M.

1 THIS is the day the first ripe sheaf
Before the Lord was waved,
And Christ, first-fruits of them that
slept,
Was from the dead received.

2 He rose for them for whom he died,
That, like to him, they may
Rise when he comes, in glory great,
That ne'er shall pass away.

3 This is the day the Spirit came,
With us on earth to stay —
A comforter, to fill our hearts
With joys that ne'er decay.

4 His comforts are the earnest sure
Of that same heavenly rest
Which Jesus entered on, when he
Was made forever blest.

6 This day the Christian church began,
Formed by his wonderous grace;
This day the saints in concord meet,
To join in prayer and praise.

6 To nourish faith, and hope, and love,
His death they do show forth,
His resurrection they record,
And glory in his worth.

7 This joyful day let us observe;
Redemption's work is done;
The Jewish Sabbaths are no more,
The earthly rest is gone.

8 To heaven's rest we'll follow Him
(His death has paved the way;)
And there in nobler anthems sing
The glad redemption day.

414. C. M.

1 BLESSED is the man who shuns the
place
Where sinners love to meet,
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat.

1 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight,
By day he reads and hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear,
Like clusters on the vine.

4 Not so the impious and unjust:
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

5 Sinners in judgment shall not stand,
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

6 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

415. C. M.

1 FATHER of peace and God of love,
We own thy power to save;
That power by which our Saviour rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

2 We triumph in that Saviour's name,
Still watchful for our good;
Who brought th' eternal covenant down,
And sealed it with his blood.

416. C. M.

1 RELIGION is the balm of life;
Its healing virtues feel;
It calms the soul, and quells all strife;
It melts the heart of steel.

2 Religion breaks the bond of death,
It bids the sleeper rise;
It gives the palsied sinner health,
And all his wants supplies.

3 Religion will the passions chide.
The stubborn will control;
It calms our fears, expels our pride,
And sanctifies the soul.

4 Religion will through life sustain;
And after death has given
Its lingering gasp and latest pang,
Will take us home to heaven.

418. 7s,6s.

- 1 I HEAR the voice of singing
Among the waving trees ;
Its echoes still are ringing
In every playful breeze ;
The bud its leaves extending
The dew-drop in its cell ;
Their equal beauties blending,
The song of praise to swell.
- 2 The brooks with murmuring voices,
Pour forth their noisy lays ;
And every thing rejoices
To sing Jehovah's praise :
On every cloud it lingers.
And thunders back in fire,
And winds with breezy fingers,
Awake the sleeping lyre.

4 The summer's cloud unfolding
Its misty scarf of air,
Which mountain hands are holding
To veil the sunset fair ;
Whose golden rays ascending,
Gleam up the western sky,
And point the one offending
To mercy's bow on high.

4 Then let each heart with gladness
Employ the circling year,
To banish every sadness,
And drooping hearts to cheer ;
And when our years are ended,
And silent are our lays,
Then may our notes be blended
In everlasting praise.

S. DYER.

419. 7s,6s.

1 GO, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the noon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night ;
Go with pure mind and feeling.
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray !

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee :
Pray too for those who hate thee
If any such there be ;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
The spirit's silent breathing,
In meekness raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Who's Mercy, Truth, and Love.

4 Oh ! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that he has given us
To pour our souls in prayer : --
Whene'er thou pinest in sadness
Before his footstool fall,
And turn thee in thy gladness,
To him who gave thee all.

420. 7s,6s.

1 GO thou, in life's fair morning
Go, in the bloom of youth,
And buy, for thy adorning,
The precious pearl of truth.
Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart,
And let no worldly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

2 Go while the day-star shineth.
Go, while thy heart is light,
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright :
Sell all thou hast, and buy it,
'Tis worth all earthly things,
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres, and crowns of kings

3 Go, e'er the cloud of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth.
Defer not till to-morrow,
Go now and buy the truth.
Go, seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise,
Go, place upon his altar,
A morning sacrifice !

421. 7s,6s.

1 OUR days are swiftly moving ;
The night of death draws nigh
Then let us be improving
The moments as they fly.
While yet the heart is beating,
While yet 'tis called "to-day,"
While time is swiftly fleeting,
O let us watch and pray.

2 They once with troubles were opprest ;
Like us they suffered here ;
But Jesus Christ has made them blest,
And wiped off every tear.

3 With joy they crossed the mighty
stream,
On which their souls were tossed ;
They 've reached the new Jerusalem,
Where faith in sight is lost.

4 If faithful, we expect, ere long,
To reach that happy place,
To mingle with the blood-washed throng
And shout redeeming grace.

424. 8s, 7s.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain,
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again :
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high.
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die

2 Surely once thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green ;
Then thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen ;
But a drought has since succeeded.
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Where are those we counted leaders,
Filled with zeal and love and truth —
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples of our youth ?
Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;
Some, alas ! we fear, are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayer ;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snare :
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh

425. 8s, 7s.

1 HAIL ! thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free ;
Thou from sin and fear released us,
Make us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all thy saints thou art ;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born, thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet Christ the King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thy word and blessed spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

5 Now we wait for thy appearing,
From the realms of bliss above,
With thy word each other cheering,
Save, us Prince of Peace and love.

426. C. M.

1 JESUS, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast ;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

2 Oh ! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands ?
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

3 Give me some kind assuring word,
To sink my fears again ;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.

427. C. M.

1 WE sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name :
The Christian church unites the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

2 Great God, how wondrous are thy
works
Of vengeance and of grace ?
Thou King of saints — almighty Lord —
How just and true thy ways !

3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne ?
Thy judgments speak thy holiness
Through all the nations known.

429. 8s, 7s.

GOD forbid that I should glory
 Save in Christ the crucified,
 Or should blush to tell the story,
 How for sinners Jesus died.
 Let the rich display their treasures,
 Let them boast how bright they shine,
 I will never seek their pleasures,
 While the dear Redeemer's mine.

2 Though from kings I had descended,
 And could boast of noblest birth,
 Though my brilliant fame extended
 Far and wide o'er all the earth,
 Though the utmost stores of learning,
 All were treasured in my mind,
 From the whole with gladness turning,
 All my joy in Christ I'd find.

3 What is all the wealth of nations?
 What their glittering pomp and power?
 What the most exalted stations,
 In the sinner's dying hour?
 When the world is fast retreating,
 Greatest gains appear but loss:
 When the parting breath is fleeting,
 Naught can cheer but Calvary's cross.

4 Let me hear my Saviour saying,
 "I'll be with thee to the end;
 I will answer thee when praying,
 I will prove thy faithful friend;"
 Then, though all the world forsake me,
 I'll rejoice in Christ my Lord;
 Soon from sufferings freed he'll take me
 To enjoy a full reward.

5 When at last from earth I'm shrinking,
 When my pulses feebly beat,
 When in death's cold arms I'm sinking,
 Then with joy I'll still repeat —
 God forbid that I should glory,
 Save in Christ the crucified;
 Still in death I'll tell the story,
 How for sinners Jesus died.

430. 8s, 7s.

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:
 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed in this station,
 Low before his cross to lie;
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye:
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze:
 Love I much? I've much forgiven —
 I'm a miracle of grace!

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go;
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And himself more deeply know.

431. 8s, 7s.

1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
 Gentle as the summer's breeze,
 Pleasant as the air of evening,
 When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
 Peaceful in the grave so low;
 Thou no more will join our number,
 Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
 Here thy loss we deeply feel;
 But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
 He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
 When the day of life is fled;
 Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
 Where no farewell tear is shed.

432. 8s, 7s.

1 WHAT a mercy, what a treasure
 We possess in God's own word,
 Where we read with sacred pleasure
 Of the love of Christ our Lord.
 That blest word reveals the Saviour
 Whom our souls so deeply need,
 Oh, what mercy, love, and favor,
 That for sinners Christ should bleed

2 While each wretched heathen nation
 Nothing knows, dear Lord, of thee;
 In this happy land, salvation
 Clearly is revealed to me.
 Oh, the blessedness of knowing
 Christ our Saviour's precious love;
 Freshly on a child bestowing
 Grace and mercy from above.

436. 8s, 6s.

1 TO Him who did salvation bring,
Wake every tuneful power, and sing
A song of sweetest praise ;
His grace diffuses, as the rains
Crowns nature's flowery hills and plains,
And spreads a thousand ways.

2 Salvation is the noblest song,
Oh may it dwell on every tongue,
And all repeat, Amen !
The Lord will come from heaven to earth
To give his people second birth,
And make them one again.

3 We feel redemption drawing near ;
We soon in glory shall appear,
And be forever blest ;
His promise never can delay ;
Our Jesus, on the appointed day,
Will give his people rest.

4 By faith we view him coming down,
With angels hovering all around ;
He smiles upon his saints :
He cries aloud in melting strains,
" I come to save you from your pains,
And end your sore complaints."

5 The smiling millions rise and sing,
All glory ! glory to our King !
The grand Assize is come :
You everlasting doors, fly wide,
The church is glorious as a bride,
And Jesus takes her home.

6 In all the heavens there's not a tear,
Nor in the realms of bliss a fear,
But pleasures yet unknown ;
From heaven to heaven we sound the
bliss,
Oh what a blest abode is this,
Forever round the throne !

7 The joys of heaven will never end ;
All glory to the Sinner's Friend !
Roll on, you happy scenes !
You winged seraphs, help us praise
The Author of eternal joys !
Our Jesus ever reigns.

437. 8s, 6s.

1 C GLORIOUS hope of perfect love !
It lifts me up to things above ;
It bears on eagles wings ;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus, priests and kings.

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

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

4 Oh that I might at once go up !
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess !
This moment end my legal years :
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears
A howling wilderness.

438. 8s, 6s.

1 HOW precious, Lord, thy sacred word
What life and joy those leaves afford,
To thine in their distress !
Thy precepts guide their doubtful way :
Thy voice forbids their feet to stray,
Thy promise leads to rest.

2 Thy threatenings wake our slumbering
eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies ;
But 'tis thy gospel, Lord,
That makes our guilty conscience clear
Converts the soul and conquers sin,
And freedom full affords.

439. 8s, 6s.

1 GREAT God, our voice to thee we raise
Tune thou our lips and hearts to praise
Thy goodness to adore ;
Our life, our health, and every friend,
From thee arise — on thee depend,
Kind Father of the poor !

2 Stretch o'er our heads thy guardian
wings,
Secure the weak, O King of kings !
Our shield and refuge be :
Thy Spirit, Lord, conduct our days,
That we may walk in all thy ways,
And come at last to thee.

3 We thank thee for thy precious word
And all thy mercies, gracious Lord,
Oh crown us with thy love ;
Then joy shall tune our constant songs
Till we shall join immortal tongues,
In nobler praise above.

444. CONCORD. S. M.

1c 1 1 3 2 1 .2- 4 3 2 1 .1-
 A .5 | ' ' | || | 7 |

4c Lord, from thy bounteous hand, In - cessan good dis - tills ;
 1g 1 1
 B .1 | 1 1 6 | .5- || 5 | 6 7 5 | .1.

1c 1 3 1 2 3 2 2 2 2 3 5 3 1 2 2 2 4 3- 2 1 .1
 A B | .R- | | | ' 7 |

4c And all in air, or sea, or land, And all in air, or sea, or land,
 Thy love with gladness fills
 1g 3 3 1 3 1 1 1 1 1
 B | 1 5 1 5 | ' ' ' ' .5 | .5- 5 | 5 5 5 6 | 6- 7 5 | .1 ||

4c 5

2 In thee all live and are :
 Thy power doth all sustain ;
 Even those thy daily labors share,
 Who spurn thine easy reign.
 3 Thy sun his genial ray
 On all impartial pours ;
 On all who hate or bless thy sway,
 Descend the fruitful showers.
 4 O praise the eternal King !
 Your strains to him belong ;
 Cherubic choirs his goodness sing,
 Awake the ceaseless song !
 6 Lord ! thine the kingdom is ;
 All power and might are thine ;
 And when created nature dies,
 Thy glories still shall shine !

2 Grace first contrived the way
 To save rebellious man ;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan
 3 Grace led our wandering feet
 To tread the heavenly road ;
 And new supplies each hour we meet,
 While pressing on to God.
 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days ;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves our praise.

445. S. M.

1 WAKED by the trumpet's sound,
 I from the grave must rise,
 And see the Judge with glory crowned,
 And see the flaming skies.
 2 How shall I leave my tomb ?
 With triumph or regret ?
 A fearful or a joyful doom,
 A curse or blessing meet ?

446. S. M.

GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmoni us to the ear ;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

447. S. M.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears :
 Hope, and be undismayed :
 God hears thy sighs, and cures by
 tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.
 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms
 He gently clears the way ;
 Wait thou his time, so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.
 3 Thine everlasting truth,
 Father, thy ceaseless love,
 Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
 What best for each will prove.

6G
 A .2 R= 2 | F3--2 1 3 2 1 | 1 R= 5 | .5 5= 2 F3= 1 | .2 R= 5 |
 4Q , , , , , , 7 7 , , , , , ,

spread, Each glimmering ray of hope exciuding, When lo . a Saviour came ! The

6G
 C R= | | R= | | R= |
 4Q .5 5 5--5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 .5 5= 2 F3= 1 .5 5

6G
 D R= | 1--4 F3 5 4 3 | F3 2 2 R=5 | .5 5= 2 F3= 1 | R= 5 |
 4Q .7 7 , , , , , , , , , , , , .7

6G
 B P= | | R=5 | .5 5= 2 F3= 1 | R= 5 |
 4Q .5 5 5--5 5 5 5 5 5 5 , , , , , , .5

6G REP
 A .5 5= 2 F3= 1 | .2 R | .1-1 | .3-3 | .456 | .2R6 | .55-34-2 | .1
 4Q , , , , 5 , , , ,

star o'er Bethlehem gleamed ; And angels tuned their harps of joy.
 To hail a world redeemed

6G REP.
 C R | .1-1 | .1-1 | R1 | .11= |
 4Q .5 5= 2 F3= 1 .5 5 .5-5 .7 , 5 5=5 .3
 , , , , , , , ,

6G REP.
 D .5 5= 2 F3= 1 | R 2 | .3-3 | .5-5 | .414 | .2R4 | .33-12-4 | .3
 4Q , , , , .7 , , , ,

6G
 B .5 5= 2 F3= 1 | R | .1-1 | .1-1 | R | R |
 4Q , , , , .5 7 , F7 .634 .5 4 .55-5 5=5 .1
 , , , , ,

2 But ingrate man by sin benighted,
 Too oft repelled salvation's ray,
 The gentle sigh of Calvary slighted,
 And turned with rebel heart away.
 God looked from heaven and all had wandered,
 Like erring sheep had gone astray,
 And rushing down destruction's way,
 Immortal treasures madly squandered ;
 When the blest spirit came.
 With light and power divine ;
 Bow, contrite sinners, to his sway,
 And Christ and heaven are thine.

449. LAND OF BEAUTY. 7s. Words, T. HARRISON

5G
A .1 2 | 3 2 1 | 2 1 | .1- || .3 4 | 5 4 3 | 6 5 4 | .3- || .66 | 5 4 3 |

3Q
7
There's a glorious land on high, Far beyond the starlight sky ;
All things there are

5G
D | | | | || .1 2 | 3 2 1 | 4 3 2 | .1- || .4 4 | 3 2 1 |

3Q .3 4 | 5 4 3 | 4 3 2 | .3-

5G
B .1 | | | | || .1 1 | .1 1 | | .1- || | .1 1 |

3Q 5 | 1 2 3 | 4 5 5 | .1- | | | | 4 5 5 | .4 4

5G
A 4- 3 2 1 | 1 R || .1 2 | 3 2 1 | .3 4 | 5 4 3 | .66 | 5 4 3 | 2 1 | .1- ||

3Q ' ' | 7 | | | | 7
fair and bright, Land of beauty, Land of beauty, Land of beauty, land of light

5G
D | | R || | | | .1 2 | 3 2 1 | .4 4 | 3 2 1 | | | |

3Q 6- 5 4 3 | 3 2 | .3 4 | 5 4 3 | | | | 6 4 3 2 | .3-
' ' | | | | ' ' |

5G
B | | R || .R- | .R- | .R- | .R- | | | | | |

3Q .4 s 4 | .5 | | | | .4 4 | 1 2 3 | 4 5 5 | .1-

2 Living splendor beameth there —
Holy fragrance fills the air —
All is rich with spotless white ;
Land of beauty ! land of light !

3 There no angry tempest blows —
No red bolt the thunder throws —
No dread gloom is spread by night ;
Land of beauty ! land of light !

4 There the holy mountains are —
And sweet valleys, stretched afar —
There are rivers, pure and bright :
Land of beauty ! land of light !

5 Radiant verdure decks the ground,
Lovely flowers rejoice around —
All is glorious to the sight :
Land of beauty ! land of light !

450. 7s.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He himself, has bid thee pray
Wherefore should'st thou stay away ?

2 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Teach me what I ought to do,
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

451. 7s.

1 POOR and needy though I be ;
God, my Maker, cares for me ;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.

2 He will listen when I pray ;
He is with me night and day ;
When I sleep and when I wake,
Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.

3 He who reigns above the sky,
Once became as poor as I ;
He whose blood for me was shed,
Had not where to lay his head.

4 Though I labor here awhile,
He will bless me with his smile ;
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with him at last.

- 3 These holy men arose that night,
 As guided by that star divine,
 That, pouring floods of glorious light
 Did all the host of heaven outshine:
 Thus guided by its light on high,
 O'er mountain huge and rugged gleam,
 Still gliding through the azure sky,
 It leads them safe to Bethlehem.
- 4 And when they saw the infant mild,
 For sinners born to bleed and die,
 They worshiped there the holy child,
 While tears came trickling from their eyes:
 They open now their treasures great,
 Incense and myrrh, and gold, and gem,
 And poured them at Emmanuel's feet,
 The lowly babe of Bethlehem.

454. L. M.

- 1 SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne,
 Make all my wants and wishes known!
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
 Of those whose anxious spirits burn
 With strong desires for thy return.
 With such I hasten to the place
 Where God my Saviour shows his face,
 And gladly take my station there,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 Thy wings shall my petition bear,
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless;
 And since he bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word and trust his grace,
 I'll cast on him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

2 The waves may roar, the mountains
Our comforts shall not cease; [shake,
The Lord his saints will not forsake;
The Lord will give us peace.

3 A gentle stream of hope and love,
To us shall ever flow;

It issues from his throne above;
It cheers his church below.

4 When earth and hell against us came,
He spake and quelled their powers;
The Lord of hosts is still the same:
The God of grace is ours.

459. HUBBARD. C. M. DOUBLE.

1P^y 123 -121 P 23 REP. 2 3-234 32 REP. 1^s 23-2 54.3

A .6 9 9 | 7 9 9 665 | .356 | 7 7 | .6 .R || R | 9 | 9 9 7.6 | 6 9 |

Sweet rivers of redeeming love Lie just before mine eye;
Had I the pinions of a dove, I'd to those rivers fly;
I'd rise superior to my pain, With joy outstrip the wind,

1P^y 1 P REP. 1- 1

B .6 6 | 5 5 3 2 | .1.3 | 2553 | .6 .R || R 5 | 766 | 55.3 | 3s56-5 | 76 |

I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main, And leave the world behind.

2 I view the monster, death, and smile,
Now he has lost his sting;
Though Satan rages all the while,
I still in triumph sing;
I hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go;
I'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I'll know.

3 A few more days, or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er,
I hope to join the heavenly host,
On Canaan's happy shore.
My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea:
This glorious hope of endless rest
Is now transporting me.

460. C. M.

1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds,
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

461. C. M.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!
Oh! may his love — immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can
What mortal tongue display? [reach?
Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder, dies away.

3 Dear Lord! while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"

4 Oh! may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

462. C. M.

1 INFINITE loveliness is thine,
Thou glorious Prince of grace;
Thine uncreated beauties shine,
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and songs ascend
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thine exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And heaven can give no more.

464. 8s, 7s.

1 JESUS! hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;

Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

465. 8s, 7s.

1 HARK! the judgment-trumpet sound
ing,
Rends the skies and shakes the pole
Lo! the day, with wrath abounding,
Breaks upon astonished souls.

CONTRITION. C. M. L.

3G		P	1	REP. ls.	1	2				
A	5	5-5 6 5	3 8 4 5-	5	5 5	7 6	.5-	7 6	5 5 4 3 3 2	.1-
4s										
3G		P		REP. ls.	2					
C	3	3-3 4 3	1 3 3-	3	3 3 4 3	.3-	6 5 4	3 3 2 1 1	.1-	
4s										
3G			1	1-	1	1 1	REP. ls.		1	
D	5	5-5 6 7	7 P		'	4 5 4	.5-	5	5 6 7 5	.3-
4s										
3G		P		REP. ls.						
B	1	1-1 2	1		1 1 2 1		3	2	.1-	
4s		' 7	5 5-	5			.5-		5 6 7	

466. C. M.

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears,
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See, now before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said — "Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail;
This only safe retreat!

4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

467 8s, 7s.

1 LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious
See the man of sorrows new,
From the fight returned victorious;
Every knee to him shall bow.

Chorus.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels! crown
him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels, crowd around him
Own his title, praise his name.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh! what joy the sight affords!

469. SABBATH. 7s,6s.

L.

6g §	(REP.)											
A	1	1-322	.5	65	31232	.1	33	5-565	.3	65	31232	.1
3c	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

Safe ly through another week, God has brought us on our way;
 Let us all a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to-day,
 Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest.

6g §	(REP.)											
B	11	1	.1	33	11	.1	11	3-343	.1	33	11	.1
3c	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the blest Redeemer's name;
 Show thy reconciling face —
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise,
 Let us feel thy presence near,
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear.
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief to all complaints;
 Thus let all our worship prove
 Till we join the courts above.

5 Glory be to God on high —
 God, whose glory fills the sky;
 Glory to the Lamb be given —
 Glory in the highest heav'n;
 Wisdom, riches, praise, and power,
 Be to God for evermore.

470. 7s,6s.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul!
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past
 Safe into the haven guide;
 Oh! receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,—
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
 Leave, oh! leave me not alone;
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is stayed;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head,
 With the shadow of thy wing

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sins;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within;
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

471. 7s.

1 MANY voices seem to say,
 "Hither, children — Here's the way,
 Hasten along, and nothing fear,
 Every pleasant thing is here!"

2 Yes — but whither would you lead?
 Is it happiness indeed?
 Or a little shining show,
 Leading down to death and wo?

3 We were made for better things,
 High as heaven our nature springs;
 Like the lark that upward flies,
 We were made to seek the skies.

4 We were made to love and fear
 That great God who placed us here;
 Made to study and fulfill
 All his good and holy will.

472. 7s.

1 NOW behold the mid-day sun
 Sheds around a golden light.
 Every leaf that meets his ray
 Glitters gaily to the sight.

2 He who formed the seeing eye,
 He who made the hearing ear,
 Gave each beauty we behold,
 Each delightful sound we hear.

3 If he did not keep our life,
 We could neither think nor move;
 Every blessing we enjoy
 Is a gift of tender love.

RESPLENDENCE. 1. 8.

6c											
A	12	3343	32232	12	1	12	3343	32232	1324	2	.1
3q	'	'	'	'	7	5	'	'	'	'	'

6c											
B	1	111				1	111				
3q			5	5	5	6	4	5	.1		

6c											
A	1	2212	3323	4434	65	12	3343	32232	1324	2	.1
3q	7	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

6c											
B					.1	1	111				
3q	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	6	4	5

PREBLE. 11s.

T. MILTENBERGER

1g																													
A	5	5	'	'	'	7	6	6	'	'	'	'	7	6	5	-	5	'	'	'	'	7	6	6	'	'	'		
2q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

1g														
B	1	111	1244	2	2	2	5-	5	1	1	1	1-244	4331	5-
2q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

1g																												
A	5	5	'	'	'	7	6	6	'	'	'	'	7	6	5-	5	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
2q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

1g														
B	1	111	1244	2	2	2	5-	5	5	3	3	113	455	1-
2q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

473. 11s.

- 1 THE Lord is the fountain of goodness and love,
Which, flowing in Eden, in streams from above,
Refreshed every moment, the first happy pair,
Till sin stopped the torrent, and brought in despair.
- 2 Oh wretched condition! what anguish and pain!
They thirst for the fountain, and seek it in vain;
To sin's bitter waters they fly for relief,
They drink, but the draught still increases their grief
- 3 Glad tidings! glad tidings! no more we complain!
Our Jesus has opened the fountain again!
Now mingled with mercy, and rich with free grace,
From Zion 'tis flowing to all the lost race.

- 4 How happy the prospect! how pleasant the road,
When led down the stream by the angel of God;
Though shallow at first, yet we find it at last,
A river so boundless it cannot be passed.
- 5 Come, sinner, poor sinner! 'tis boundless and free,
In Eden once flowing, 'twas opened for thee:
This water has virtue to heal all complaints:
Come, drink, ye diseased, and rejoice with the saints.
- 6 Say not "I'm a sinner, and must not partake,"
For this very reason the Lord bids you take;
Say not "Too unworthy, the vilest of all;"
For such, not the righteous, the Lord came to call.
- 7 Come, all ye dead sinners, here life you may find;
Come, all ye poor beggars, ye halt and ye blind,
The Spirit invites you, the Bride bids you too:
Come, call all your neighbors, they're welcome with you.

474. 11s.

- 1 HOW sweet is the Lord's day, the morning of rest,
The day of the week which I ought to love best,
The morning the Saviour arose from the tomb,
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.
- 2 Oh let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
And not spend a moment in trifling or play;
Rememb'ring these seasons were graciously given,
To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven.
- 3 In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
While I worship to-day may my heart be sincere;
In the school while I learn, may I listen with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.
- 4 Instruct me, my Saviour, for thine would I be,
Nor am I too young to be noticed by thee.
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways,
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee the praise.

475. SILVER STREET. S. M.

lg .1 .1- 3 .2 1- () P .1 .3 .1-
 A 5- 5 | .3 .5 | || | .5 | 6 5 6 4 | .5 || .5 | | 5 |

4q ' ,

Now let our voices join, To form a sa - cred song; Ye pilgrims in Je-

lg P
 C .3 1- 2 | .3 .2 | .3- || 5 | .5 .3 | .3 .2 | .2 || .3 | .3 .5 | .3- 5 |

4q ' ,

lg .1 .1- 1 .2 () P .1 1
 D .5 5- 7 | .7 | || | .7 | 6 7 6 | .7 || | .5 .5 | .5- |

4q ' ,

lg .1 P
 B .1 3- 5 | .5 .1- || 1 | .3 | .1 .2 | || .1 | .1 .1 | .1- 1 |

4q ' ,

lg () 1 () 1 4 .3 .2 :1 .1 ()
 A 6 5 6 7 | .7- || 5 | 6 7 | | || 5- 4 | .4 .3 | 2 5 3 1 |

4q ' , ' , ,

ho - vah's ways, With mu - sic pass along. Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah

lg () ()
 C .4 5 4 3 | .2- || 1 | .4 5 6 | .5 .4 | :3 || :R | :R | 2 5 3 1 |

4q ' , ' ,

lg .1- 1 1 2 1 1 .1 :1 2 5 3 1
 D 6 4 5 | 5- || | () | .7 | || :R | :R | |

4q ' , ' ,

lg () ()
 B 4 3 2 1 | .5- || 3 | 4 2 3 4 | .5 | :1 || :R | :R | 2 5 3 1 |

4q

.5

lg 2- 1 .1- 2 3 2 3 2 1 1 1 4 .3 2- 2 :1
 A .6 ' | .7 | 6 7 5 | | 7 5 | 6 7 | | ' | ||

4q

Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Praise ye the Lord.

lg
 C :R | :R | 2 | 5 5 5 5 | 3 3 3 3 | 1 4 3 6 | .5 5- 4 | :3 ||

4q

lg 2 1 2 1 2 3 3 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 .1 :1
 D :R | :R | 6 7 5 | | ' , | | 7- 7 | |

4q

lg 2 1 1
 B :E | :R | 6 7 5 | 7 7 | 6 5 6 3 | 4 2 3 4 | .5 5- 5 | :1 ||

4q

How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking snares are in the way,
No fierce destroyer there.

8 But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And sweet companions sing.

4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Sparkle through all the skies.

5 Our Father's glorious house!
Home of the good! how near
Its bright foundations, jasper walls,
And pearly gates appear.

6 With him at our right hand,
Our hearts shall never fail:
By him supported we shall stand,
And over all prevail.

7 All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way!
To him who leads the wanderers on
To realms of endless day!

476. S. M.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise brings me near:
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round, I see;
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4 Beyond thy utmost wants,
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

5 Since 't is the Lord's command,
My mouth I open wide;
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supplied.

6 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below
And reign with thee above.

7 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death
And then in glory shine.

477. S. M.

1 JESUS, the friend of man,
Invites us to his board;
The welcome summons we obey
And own our gracious Lord.

2 Here we survey that love,
Which spoke in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.

3 Here let our powers unite,
His honored name to raise;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know;
Brethren we are; let every heart
With kind affections glow.

478. S. M.

1 AH! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay?

3 What is it keeps me back
From which I will not part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus, the hinderance show,
Which I have feared to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

484. 7s,6s.

1 THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us,
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending,
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing
A nation in a day.

4 Best river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim the Lord has come.

485. 7s,6s.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
And hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound!

486. s,6s

1 NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What, though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious!
Immanuel, Prince of Peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
Oh Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

487. 7s,6s.

Sunday-School Celebration.

1 TO thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
O, tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise;
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet;
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.

2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
Who labor for our good,
And may the holy 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.

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

488. THE CHARIOT.

WILLIAMS

1g 3 .331 .21 .1 3 .122 .322 .1
 A 5 | .55 | | 7 | || 5 | | | 76 | .5 ||

4q
 The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire

1g
 C 3 | .335 | 553 | .432 | .3 || 35 | .355 | .543 | .331 | |

4q
 lc 1 | .111 | .111 | | 1 | .1 | | | .7
 D | | | .655 | .5 || 5 | .577 | 55 | .555 | 5 |

4q
 1g
 B 1 | .111 | .111 | .455 | .1 || 11 | .155 | .1 | | .122 | ||

4q
 lc 1 | 32 | .1 | 1 | 1 | .312 | .14 | .322 | .1-
 D | | | .655 | .5 || 5 | .577 | 55 | .555 | 5 |

4q
 1g
 A 5 | .5 | | 34 | .56 | .5 || 5 | | | 5 | | |

Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
 And the heavens with the burden of God-head are bowled.

1g
 C 35 | .354 | .312 | .334 | .3 || 33 | .533 | .336 | .544 | .3-

4q
 1g 13 | .1 | | .1 1 | | 11 | .1

D | 55 | .555 | .556 | | 5 | .555 | .5 | | 55 | .5-

4q
 1g
 B 11 | .111 | .111 | .111 | .1 || 15 | 7 | 4 | .555 | .1-

4q

- 2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured
 Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
 And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
 And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
 Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!
 From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
 All the vast generations of men are come forth!
- 4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
 Where the Lamb and the bright crowned elders are met,
 There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
 And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.
- 5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
 Great Creator, on us, thy poor children, with love!
 When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
 May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

489. JOB. 8s, 4s. WORDS BY W. BAXTER

lg	.1 1-1 .1	.1 .1	1 2	:1	.3 3-3
A	'	.5 .6 .6 :5 .5 6-7	7	7	'
4c					
	O could I now but flee away, And ease the anguish of my breast, To bask in				
lg					.1 1-1
D	.3 3-3 .3 .3 .1 .1 :3 .3 4-4 .3 .3 2 3 4 2 :3				'
4c					
lg					
B	.1 1-1 .1 .1 .4 .4 :1 .1 4-2 .1 .1 .5 :1 .1 1-1				'
4c				.5	'
lg	.2 3 5	4 3 2 1	.1	:1	.1 2-3
A			.7 .5 6-7		' .7
4c					
	an eternal day, And be at rest! And be at rest! And be at rest.				
lg	.1				P
D	.7 6 5 4 3 .3 .2 .3 4-4 :3 .3 5-5 .6 .5 4 3 .2 :3				
4c					
lg			1	P	
B	.5 .1 .4 .4 :5 .1 4-2 :1 .1 3- ' .4 .1 .4 .5 1				'
4c					

- 2 With joy I'd leave these courts below,
And join the songs above the sky,
Which angels bright are singing now —
They never die.
- 3 There elders tune their harps of gold,
And seraphs strike the sounding lyre :
Their ceaseless story ne'er is told —
They never tire.
- 4 Millions of saints surround the throne —
Praise Him to whom all praise belongs,
While swells to their chief Corner-stone,
Triumphant songs.
- 5 There we shall part with every tear,
When we once reach that blissful shore ;
For sorrow cannot enter there —
We'll weep no more.
- 6 We'll praise him there in loftier song,
Who has redeemed us by his blood ;
Praise shall resound from every tongue,
O Son of God !

490. C. M.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry—
Thrice holy let us sing.

The deepest reverence of the mind
Is due unto the Lord,
And he by all about him should
With reverence be adored.

2 With sacred awe pronounce his name.
Whom words nor thoughts can reach :
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God preserve our souls
From all pollution free ;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

491. C. M.

1 KEEP silence — all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod,
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds
unknown
Hang on his firm decree ;
He sits on an eternal throne,
Supremely high is he.

3 His providence unfolds his book,
And makes his counsels shine,
Each opening leaf — and every stroke
Fulfill some deep design.

4 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath the Lord, the Lamb.

492. C. M.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,—
Come, with your guilt and fear o'prest,
And make this last resolve :

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
His kingdom I will enter in,
Whatever may oppose ;

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace :

4 The Saviour will admit my plea,
For he has bid me come ;
Forthwith I'll rise and to him flee,
For yet, he says, "there's room."

5 I cannot perish if I go,
I am resolved to try :
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die

493. C. M.

1 ONCE more we keep the sacred day
That saw the Saviour rise ;
Once more we tune our thankful song
To him that rules the skies.

2 What numbers vainly spend these
That are to Jesus due ! [hours,
Children and parents, how they sin !
And how they perish, too.

3 But we, a happier few, are taught
The better paths of truth ;
We hail, once more, the plan of love
That pities wandering youth.

4 Our foolish hearts are prone to err ;
Too oft we find it so ;
Oh, may the God of grace forgive,
And better hearts bestow

5 Oh, may the God who gave our life,
And thus far leads us on,
Be pleased to train our youthful minds
To know and love his Son.

494. C. M.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your
eyes,
And raise your voices high :
Awake and praise that sovereign grace
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies ;
Each moment brings it near
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year.

3 Nor many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course
Ye mortal powers decay !
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

3 For thy glory we were
First created to share
Both thy nature and kingdom divine ;
Now created again,
That our souls may remain,
Both in time and eternity, thine.

4 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which has joined us in Christ's precious
name ;
So united in heart
That we never can part —
We shall meet at the feast of the Lamb.

5 There, oh ! there at his feet,
We shall joyfully meet,
And be parted in body no more ;
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour, in glory, adore.

6 "Hallelujah !" — we sing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat ;
To the Lamb that was slain,
"Hallelujah !" — again —
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

496. 5s, 6s, 9s.

1 O PARENT of light,
Thou hast scattered the night,
And burnished the wings of the morn :
In this balmy hour,
On the breath of the flower
The voice of our prayer shall be borne.

2 The warblers gay throats
Are alive with the notes,
That gush from the verdure-clad grove,
And nature's glad lays
Are all tuned to his praise,
Who has taught them to whisper his
love.

3 Thy life-giving dews
Have enlivened the hues
That pencil the violet's crest,
O shed from above
The dews of thy love,
And make us to shine with the blest.

4 With thanks for thy care
That encircled us there,
When our pillow in slumber we pressed
Now Parent we pray
That each hour of this day
May find us reposed on thy breast

5 O Father, through life,
With its billowy strife,
And its ocean of tremulous foam,
Be our guardian and guide,
Till full safe we may ride
In the haven of Heaven, our home.

497. 5s, 6s, 9s.

1 NOW dry up your tears,
The glad morning appears,
When the Prince of Salvation was born
From Jehovah he came,
To Jehovah again,
With glory and fame to return.

2 In a rapture of joy
Our life we'll employ,
The God of salvation to praise :
'Tis worth living for this,
To partake of such bliss,
And salvation in Jesus's name.

3 Our remnant of days
Will we spend to his praise,
Who died, us from sin to redeem :
Whether many or few,
All our days are his due :
They shall all be devoted to him.

498. 5s, 6s, 9s.

1 COME and sing of that love ;
All earth's treasures above ;
The great love of the Saviour divine :
From bright glory he came,
Our poor souls to redeem,
From the pathway of error and crime,

2 O praise ye the Lord,
For the gift of his Word,
To teach us our duty to know :
May we walk in truth's way,
And its precepts obey,
'Till we triumph o'er every foe. L.

MEAR. C. M.

5g
 A 1 | .5 5 | .3 3 | .1 3 | .3 3 | .3 1 | .5 84 | .5
 3c
 5g
 C | | 1 | 1 | || | | .1 | | |
 3c 5 | .5 7 | .6 | .6 | .7 6 | .5 5 | 6 | .7
 5g
 D 3 | .3 3 | .1 5 | .4 5 | .5 || | | .1 5 | .3 2 | .2
 3c
 7
 5g
 B 1 | .1 | | | | || | | .1 3 | .1 2 | ||
 3c 5 | .6 3 | .4 1 | .5 5 | .5

5g
 A 5 | .6 5 | .5 1 | .4 3 | .3 || 1 | .5 3 | .4 2 | .1 ||
 3c
 5g
 C 1 | .1 | | .1 1 | .1 1 | || | | | | |
 3c 7 | | | .7 6 | .7 5 | .5 5 | .5
 5g
 D 3 | .4 2 | .3 3 | .6 5 | .5 || 3 | .2 1 | .1 4 | .3 ||
 3c
 5g
 B 1 | | | .1 | | | | || | | 1 | | | ||
 3c .4 5 | 6 | .4 1 | .5 6 | .5 | .4 5 | .1

499. ROCHESTER. C. M.

6g P P
 A .112 | .3.1 | 2 .1 || .345 | .6.4 | :5 || .542 | .6.5 | 43.2 || .31 | 43.2 | :1 ||
 4q 7 5
 Laden with guilt and full of fears, I fly to thee, my Lord ;
 And not a glimpse of hope appears, But in thy written word
 6g P P
 B .1 | .1.1 | || .1 1 | .2 | || .1 | .1 | || .1 | | | ||
 4q 65 55.1 4 .6 :5 65 .4 41.5 65 .4.5 :1

2 The volume of my Father's grace
 Does all my grief assuage,
 Here I behold my Saviour's face
 In almost ev'ry page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
 The pearl of price unknown ;
 That merchant is divinely wise,
 Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein

5 This is the judge which ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail ;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command,
Nor I forsake the happy road,
Which leads to thy right hand.

500. C. M.

1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore,
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars thy love attest,
In every golden ray ;
Love draws the curtain of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields ;
With joyful clusters load the vines —
With strengthening grain, the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen ;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Through Jesus' name is given ;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might rise to heaven.

501. C. M.

1 JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak ;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Does thy salvation flow :
Tis not confined to sex nor age,
The lofty nor the low.

3 While grace is offered to the prince,
The poor may take his share ;
No mortal has a just pretense
To perish in despair

4 Come, all you rebel sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew ;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

5 His doctrine is almighty love,
There's virtue in his name,
To turn a raven to a dove,
A lion to a lamb.

6 Come, then, accept the offered grace,
And make no more delay ;
His pardon will your guilt efface,
And wash your sins away.

502. C. M.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O, what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O, what a sun which rose this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand different lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

503. C. M.

1 COME, let us join the hosts above,
Now in our youthful days ;
Remember our Creator's love,
And hush our Father's praise.

2 His majesty will not despise
The day of feeble things ;
Grateful the songs of children rise,
And please the King of kings.

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

4 Glory to God, and praise, and power
Honor and thanks be given !
Children and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heaven.

AMSTERDAM. 7s,6s.

6g											§										
A	1	12	32	34	5	65	43	.2		1	12	32	34	5							
2q	5			'	'					5			'	'							
6g											§										
D			1	123	43	21					1	123									
2q	33	35	7	'	'			.7	33	35	7	'	'								
6g											§										
B	11	1	1	11	1	1		11	1	1	1	11									
2q		7	5		4	7		.5		7	5										
6g											§										
A	654	32	.1		56	56	543	.2	323	43	2123	.2									
2q	'	'					'		'	'	'	'									
6g											§										
D	432	1	{		34	34	321		1	1	21	1									
2q	'	'	5	.3			'	'	.7	7'	767'	.7									
6g											§										
B	1				11	11	11														
2q	4'	4	55	.1					.5	55	55	55	.5								

FUTURITY. 7s,6s.

T. HARRISON.

6g	§											P											REP.
A	5-	4	35	22	23-	4	5-	4	32	.1													
2q	'				'	'		'															
6g											P												
D	3-	2	13			1-	2	3-	2	1													
2q	'		77	7'	'	'		'		5	3												
6g	§											P											REP.
B	1-	1	11																				
2q	'		55	1-	2	3-	4	55	.1														
6g											§											REP. 1 AND 2a.	
A	2-	2	22	33	2-	2	5-	5	55	s4	4	.5											
2q	'				'	'		'															
6g											§											REP. 1 AND 2a.	
D			11																				
2q	7-	7	77			7-	7	7-	7	75	66	.7											
6g											§											REP. 1 AND 2a.	
B			11							1	2												
2q	5-	5	55			5-	5	5-	6	7	2	.5											

504. 7s,6s.

WHERE shall true believers go,
 Where from the flesh they fly?
 Glorious joys ordained to know,
 They mount above the sky,
 To that bright celestial place;
 There they shall in rapture live,
 More than tongue can e'er express,
 Or heart can e'er conceive.

1 When they once are entered there,
 Their moorning days are o'er;
 Pain, and sin, and want, and care,
 And sighing are no more:
 Subject then to no decay,
 Heavenly bodies they put on,
 Swifter than the lightning's ray,
 And brighter than the sun.

2 But their greatest happiness,
 Their highest joy shall be,
 God their Saviour to possess,
 To know, and love, and see.
 With that beatific sight
 Glorious ecstasy is given;
 This is their supreme delight,
 And makes a heaven of heaven.

505. 7s,6s.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things
 To heaven, thy native place;
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove,
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course:
 Trees and flowers seek the sun,
 Drawn by its cheering force:
 So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

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

506. 7s,6s.

1 SINNER, stop, O stop and think,
 Before you further go;
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting wo!
 On the verge of ruin stop:—
 Now the friendly warning take:
 Stay your footsteps, ere you drop
 Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose?
 Fear you not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes?
 Can you stand in that dread day,
 Which his justice shall proclaim,
 When the earth shall melt away,
 Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
 And drag you to his bar:
 Then you'll hear your awful doom,
 And sink in deep despair!
 All your sins will round you crowd;
 You will mark their crimson dye,
 Each for vengeance crying loud,
 And then — no refuge nigh.

507. 7s,6s.

1 JESUS, faithful to his word,
 Shall with a shout descend;
 Heaven's host their glorious Lord,
 Shall pompously attend.
 Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
 Lightnings swift, and thunders loud,
 With the great archangel's voice,
 And with the trump of God.

2 First the dead in Christ shall rise;
 Then we that yet remain
 Shall be caught up to the skies,
 And see our Lord again.
 We shall meet him in the air;
 All rapt up to heaven shall be;
 Find, and love, and praise him there,
 To all eternity.

3 Who can tell the happiness
 This glorious hope affords?
 Joy unutter'd we possess
 In these reviving words:
 Happy while on earth we breathe;
 Mightier bliss ordain'd to know;
 Trampling down sin, hell, and death,
 To heaven shall we go.

509. C. M.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy loved name rocks, hills, and
seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through thy works abroad.
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

3 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,
How glorious to behold:
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

4 There thou hast bade the globes of
light
Their endless circuits run:
There the pale planet rules the night,
The day obeys the sun.

5 On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around:
At thy command they freely drop
Their fatness on the ground.

6 There like a trumpet, loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast;
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thy host.

6 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wondering sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid
ground,
With terror and delight.

3 But the mild glories of thy grace
Our softer passions move:
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

9 The Saviour calls — let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

10 For every thirsty, longing heart.
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

510. SHE DIED IN BEAUTY.

3P 1 1- 2 3- 3- 2 1- s5 6 6- s5 6- 3 s5
A 6 | " " " " | " " " " | " " " " | " " " "

2s She died in beauty, like a rose, Blown from its parent stem; She
3P 1 1- 1-
C 3 | 6 6- 5 6- | 5- 4 2- 7 | " " 7 " | 6 7 |
8c " " " " | " " " " | " " " "

P P
3P 6 6- s5 6- 5 4 3 6 | 3 3 1
A " " " " | " " " " | " " " " | " " " "

2s died in beau - ty, like a pearl, Dropp'd from some di a dem
3P 1 1- 2 3- 1 P 1
C " " " " | " 7 6 " | 6 6 3 s5 | 6 |
2s " " " " | " " " " | " " " "

3 She died in beauty! like a lay
Along a moonlit lake;
She died in beauty! like the song
Of birds, amid the brake.
1 She died in beauty! like the snow,
On flowers dissolv'd away;

She died in beauty! like a star,
Lost on the brow of day.
5 She lives in glory! like night's gems
Set round the silver moon;
She lives in glory! like the sun,
Amid the blue of June.

513. LENOX. 6s, 8s.

1g .1 1 1 1 2 3 2 .1 .1 3 5 3 1 .2- 2 3 1 2 .1-

A | 5 6 | .5- 5 | | | | | | 7 |

4q
Blow ye the trumpet, blow, the gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound ;1g 1 1 1 1 1
B .1 | 1 1 3 4 | .1- 1 | 3 5 5 | .1 || .1 | | .5- 5 | 6 4 5 | .1- |4q
1g 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 3 1 1 1 1 .2- .1
A 5 | 5 | 6 6 6 | | | 5 | 6 6 6 | 7 |4q
The year of jubilee is come, The year of jubilee is come,
Return ye ransomed sinners home1g
B 1 | 1 1 1 3 | 4 4 4 6 | 5 5 5 5 | 1 1 1 1 | 4 4 4 6 | .5- 5 | .1 ||

4q

2 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb:
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim.3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Propitiation made ;
You weary spirits rest,
You mournful souls be glad :4 You slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive.
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blessed in Jesus live.5 You bankrupt debtors, know
The wondrous grace of Heaven,
Though suns immense you owe,
A free discharge is given.6 You who have sold for naught,
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love ;
The year of jubilee, &c.

514. 6s, 8s.

1 THROUGH tribulation deep
The way to glory is ;
This stormy course I keep
On the tempestuous seas :
By winds and waves I'm toss'd and
driven,
Freighted with grace, and bound for
heaven.2 The Bible is my chart —
By it the seas I know ;
I cannot with 't part —
It rocks and sands doth show :
It is my chart and compass, too,
Whose needle points forever true.3 'Ere I reach heaven's coast,
I must a gulf pass through,
Which gloomy proves to most,
For all this passage go ;
But all death's waves can't me o'er
whelm,
If God himself is at the helm.4 When through death's gulf I get,
Though rough, it is but short,
The pilot angels meet
And bring me into port ;
And when I land on that blest shore,
I shall be safe for evermore.

515. 6s, 8s.

1 KIND Lord, before thy face
Again with joy we bow ;
For all the gifts and grace,
Thou dost on us bestow
Our tongues would all thy love proclaim,
And chant the honors of thy name.2 Here, in thine earthly house,
Once more with joy we meet ;
Here pay our holy vows,
And feel our union sweet ;
For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honors of thy name.

516. 6s, 8s.

1 YES, the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er his hellish foes
High raised his conquering head:
In wild dismay the guards around
Fall to the ground and sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come, and wing their way
From realms of day to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air:
Their anthems say, "Jesus who bled
Has left the dead — He rose to-day."

4 You mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported, cry, "Jesus, who bled,
Has left the dead no more to die!"

5 All hail! triumphant Lord,
Who saved us by thy blood;
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou reigning Son of God!
With thee we rise, with thee we reign,
And kingdoms gain beyond the skies.

517. 6s, 8s.

1 REJOICE! the Lord is king,
The Prince of Life adore;
O Zion! shout and sing,
And triumph evermore —
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
With gladness great do you rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
His character is love;
When he hath purged our sins
He took his seat above.

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour given.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow at his command,
And fall beneath his feet.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home —
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice

518. 6s, 8s.

1 JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep;
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine

2 Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!

I trust my faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

3 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast:
Oh, may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more

GETHSEMANE, No. 2.

L.

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519. C. M.

- 1 COME, all you mournful souls, and hear
The joyful news we tell;
The Lord has brought salvation down
To save our souls from hell.
- 2 The angels sung the tidings glad,
To shepherds in the field;
"Good will to men, and peace on earth—
The Saviour is revealed."
- 3 Come, all you poor, despairing souls
Now to the fold repair;
Here God his boundless love unfolds,
And says he'll meet you here.
- 4 His glorious presence fills our souls
With songs of loudest praise:
You shall his Holy Spirit taste,
If you will keep his ways.
- 5 Here's peace and glory to your souls,
It comes from heaven above;
Enkindling all the inward man,
With highest heavenly love.
- 6 Then serve the bleeding Lamb of God,
Approve his ways full well:
For know his precious blood was shed
To save your souls from hell.
- 7 Salvation, what a glorious plan!
How suited to our need!
The grace that raises fallen man,
Is wonderful indeed.
- 8 'Twas wisdom formed the vast design,
To ransom us when lost,
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the cost.

520. C. M.

- 1 IT is the Lord — enthroned in light,
His claims are all divine;
He has an undisputed right
To govern thee and thine.
- 2 Let then thine anxious doubts and fears
All yield to his control;
His tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of thy soul.
- 3 Then may'st thou close thine eyes in death,
Free from distracting care;
For death is life — the grave is rest,
If Christ be with thee there.

521. C. M.

- 1 CHRIST, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid,
The Sons of God to sin.
- 2 Not by the terrors of a slave,
Do they perform his will;
But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfill.
- 3 They find access at every hour,
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

522. L. M.

- 1 PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.
- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak —
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail
Make all thy wants and wishes known
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

523. C. M.

- 1 THAT awful day will surely come;
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart;
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"
- 3 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove;
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!
- 4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

525. CHRISTIAN. 6s,8s

L.

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- 1 OH the arm of the Lord is my shield and my sword
And I fear not though foemen are nigh,
Their hosts will he smite by the blow of his might,
And the vanquished before him shall fly.
- 2 Though Satan may rage, and new forces engage,
To conquer my soul in the fray;
The strongest shall fail, for the Lord will prevail,
And win for his chosen the day.
- 3 Though the waters of woe may my spirit o'erflow,
They shall never — no, never destroy:
I will lean on the arm that shall quell my alarm,
And turn all my mourning to joy.
- 4 Though I on the brink of despondency sink,
At the sight of corruptions within,
From the depths of despair that arm shall upbear
My spirit, and free it from sin.
- 5 Each burden shall roll like a weight from my soul,
And strength shall her weakness renew —
With joy the bright road to a blissful abode,
My feet shall unfettered pursue.

2 But when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply ;
Jesus will lead his armies through
To living fountains clear and pure,
That never will run dry.

3 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout, and
sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
When all the saints get home ;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

4 Amen ! amen ! my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there :
Now here's my heart, and here's my
hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

528. 8s, 6s.

1 'T WAS on a sultry summer's day,
When faint and weary with the way,
And by the heat oppress'd,
I stooped to taste the rippling rill
That wound around the sunny hill,
Where I had lean'd to rest.

2 Recruited by the cooling drop,
I hastened to the mountain top,
To view the plain below ;
And wished my power the stream could
swell,
To those who in a region dwell,
Where no such waters flow.

3 So have I oft, when nigh despair,
Oppressed with guilt, and worn with
care,
Reclined on Zion's hill ;
And there did I my strength renew,
And draughts of living water drew
From many a crystal rill.

4 O Christians, spread these cooling
streams,
Wide as the sun's enlivening beams,
That all their powers may prove ;
Yours are the means, be yours the will,
To send to all from Zion's hill,
Rivers of joy and love.

529. 8s, 6s.

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through this wilderness
Who still your burdens feel :
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

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

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

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

530. 8s, 6s.

1 O LET your mingled voices rise,
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth !
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus, all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.

2 He came to bid the weary rest,
'To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart ;
To spread the light of truth around,
And, to the world's remotest bound,
The heavenly gift impart.

3 He came, our sinful race to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away ;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.

531. COLUMBIA.

5g P
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 2q 7- ' , ' 7 ,

Thus saith the Church's Head, The Judge of quick and dead,
 Quickly I come; Let my redeemed

5g P
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 2q 6 7- 6 5 , 6 5 5 5 ,

5g P
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pray, O Lord make no delay, Thus all my saints shall say, Lord quickly come.

5g P
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5g P
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Let them with one accord,
 Shout their returning Lord;
 Welcome him near:
 Soon shall he come again,
 Soon shall we with him reign,
 Soon shall his foes be slain,
 Soon he'll appear.

Earthquakes and storms attend,
 Rocks, hills, and mountains rend;
 Who shall abide?
 Heavens melt and thunders roar,
 Seas swell and rend the shore;
 Hope sinks to rise no more;
 Rocks cannot hide.

Jesus who died for sins,
 Now in his glory reigns;
 Claiming his own:
 Father, I will, saith he,

Those thou hast given me,
 Should all my glory see;
 Sharing my throne.

5 Let the redeemed throng,
 Make sovereign grace their song;
 Mercy adore:
 Ascribe salvation's song
 To him who fills the throne,
 And to the Lamb alone,
 For evermore.

532. 6s, 4s.

1 BANISH each doubt and care,
 Let us thy blessings share,
 Father above!
 Keep and preserve us, Lord,
 And through thy precious word
 May we all be prepared
 To live in love.

533. LUTHER.

MARTIN LUTHER.

6g P § P
 A .1 | .1 .3 | .2 .1 | .2 .2 | .3 || .1 | .3 .4 | .5 4 3 | .3 .2 | .1 ||
 4s REP.
 Great God! what do I see and hear? The end of things cre - a ted ;

6g P § P
 C | | | | | || | | .1 | | | ||
 4s .5 | .5 .5 | .5 .3 | .6 .5 | .5 .5 | .5 .6 | .6 | .5 .4 | .3 ||
 REP.

6g P § P
 D .3 | .3 .1 | .1 | .1 | .1 || .1 | .1 .1 | .1 .1 | .1 | .1 ||
 4s .7 | .7 | .7 ||
 The Judge of mankind doth appear, On clouds of glory seat - ed :

6g P § P
 B .1 | .1 .1 | | | || .1 | .1 | | | | ||
 4s .5 .6 | .4 .5 | .1 | .6 .3 .4 | :5 | .1 ||
 Prepare my soul to meet him.

6g P P
 A .3 | .4 .3 | .2 .1 | .1 | .2 || .3 | .1 | .1 | .1 .2 | .3 ||
 4s .7 | .7 | .5 | REP. 2s.
 The trumpet sounds : the graves restore The dead which they contained before.

6g P P
 C | | | | .1 | | | | | | | ||
 4s .5 | .5 .5 | .5 .3 | .5 | .7 .5 | .5 .5 | .5 .5 | .3 .5 | .5 ||
 REP. 2s.

6g P P
 D .1 | .1 | .1 | .2 .5 | .5 || .5 | .5 .4 | .3 .2 | .1 | .1 ||
 4s .6 | .7 | .7 ||
 REP. 2s.

6g P P
 B | | | | | || .1 | .3 .2 | .1 | | | ||
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2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding,
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold his wrath prevailing ;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing :

The day of grace is past and gone :
 Trembling they stand before the throne.
 All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear?
 The end of things created :
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated :
 Beneath his cross I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet him.

NINETY-THIRD. S. M.

1 ^e	(.1	.2	1-	(.1	-1	.2	3	2	.1	5		
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1P	.1													
B	5	.4	6	.5	3	.5	5	.4	4	.5	5	.1		
3c														

535. S. M.

- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in his own right way.
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's
dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

536. S. M.

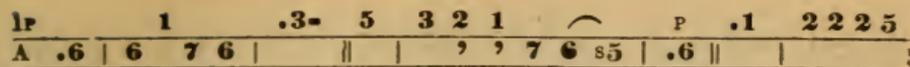
- 1 BEHOLD the amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high;
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony.
- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that painful smart,
And meet that various scorn?

- 3 For us he hung, and bled,
For us in torture died;
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
And ope'd his gushing side.
- 4 I see, and I adore,
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.
- 5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardor, to confess
The energy divine.
- 6 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from the cross pursue their light
To thy triumphant throne.

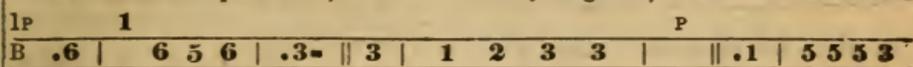
537. S. M.

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

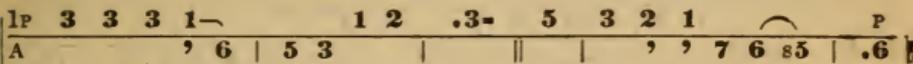
539. AMERICA. S. M. WHETMAN.



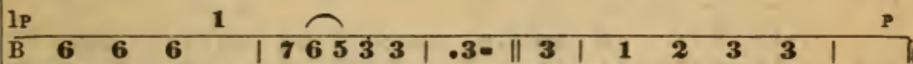
4q Now is th' accepted time, Now is the day of grace; Now sinners come with



4q .6



4q out delay, And seek the Saviour's face, And seek the Saviour's face



4q .6

2 Now is th' accepted time,
 The Saviour calls to-day;
 To-morrow it may be too late —
 Then why should you delay!

6 Now is th' accepted time,
 The gospel bids you come;
 And every promise in his word,
 Declares there yet is room.

540. S. M.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill;
 Oh, may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live;
 And thy poor servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely;
 Assured if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

541. S. M.

- 1 OUR Father and our God,
 Who art in heaven above;
 Thy name be praised, by all adored.
 In sweetest strains of love.
- 2 Thy kingdom spread as leaven,
 And every heart control;
 Thy will be done on earth as heaven
 By every living soul.
- 3 Give us our daily bread —
 Forgive, as we forgive;
 O may we not in sin be led,
 But humbly with thee live.
- 4 Free us from every ill —
 Our trembling souls defend,
 For thine's the kingdom, power, and will
 For evermore.—Amen.

542. S. M.

- 1 HERE, Saviour, we would come,
 In thine appointed way;
 Obedient to thy high commands,
 Our solemn vows to pay.
- 2 O bless this sacred rite,
 To bring us near to thee;
 And may we find that as our day,
 Our strength shall also be. L

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are :
Take ready for your full reward,
Go forth, with joy, to meet your Lord.

Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend—
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend :
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his spirit liv'd,
And thirsted for his love,
Jesus shall claim you for his bride .
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne ;
Called to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

6 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
With seraphs, thrones, and powers,
In glorious joy to live :
And far from sorrow, pain, and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

7 When let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound,
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found !
Enrob'd in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine.

546. S. M.

1 GREAT God, at thy command,
Seasons in order rise ;
Thy power, and love in concert reign,
Through earth, and seas, and skies.

2 With grateful gifts we own,
Thy providential hand ;
While grass for kine, and herb and corn
For men, enrich the land.

3 But greater still the gift
Of thy beloved Son :
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
Through endless ages run.

547. S. M.

1 CH bless the Lord, my soul
His grace to thee proclaim :
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

2 Oh bless the Lord, my soul ;
His mercies bear in mind ;
Forget not all his benefits :
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide ;
He will with patience wait ;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath,
He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death

5 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days,
Oh bless the Lord, my soul !

548. S. M.

1 THE day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear ;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death is near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest,
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we now possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

550. STOCKTON. L. M.

lg 1 1 1 1 .2- 1 3 1 2 1- 2 .1-
 A 7 | .5 | .7 | || | .6 | ' 7 | ||

3q
 Thine earthly rests, O Lord, we love, But there's a nobler rest a - bove;

lg
 B 1 2 3 | .3 1 | 5 1 | .5- || 1 1 1 | .4 4 | .5 | .1- ||
 3q 5 5

lg 2 2 2 .3 1 .4 3 .2- 1 3 1 2 1- 2 .1-
 A | | | || | .6 | ' 7 | ||

3q
 To that our longing souls as - pire, With cheerful hope and strong desire.

lg
 B | 1 3 5 | .4 1 | .5- || 1 1 1 | .4 4 | .5 | .1- ||
 3q 5 7 5 5

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place,
 No groans shall mingle with the songs
 Which warble from immortal tongues.

551. L. M.

1 AS the sweet flower that scents the
 morn,
 But withers in the rising day —
 Thus lovely seemed the infant's dawn;
 Thus swiftly fled his life away!

2 Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
 Death timely came with friendly care;
 The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
 And bade it bloom forever there.

552. L. M.

1 HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
 When all is peaceful and serene,
 And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
 Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
 So peacefully he sinks to rest;
 When faith, endued from heaven with
 power,
 Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
 That smile upon his wasted cheek;
 They tell us of his glory nigh,
 In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
 The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
 And angels are attending near,
 To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those
 Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
 To sink into that soft repose,
 Then wake to perfect happiness?

553. L. M.

1 YOU saints of God, arise and sing,
 Behold your Saviour, Friend, and King
 With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
 And cries, "Press on, and take the
 crown.

2 "Prove faithful yet a few more days
 Fight the good fight, and win the race
 And then your soul with me shall reign,
 Your head a crown of glory gain,"

3 Your flesh shall slumber in the ground
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
 Then burst the tomb with sweet surprise
 And in the Saviour's image rise.

- 2 The Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
 At morning and evening could yield us delight;
 The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
 For mercy by day, and for safety by night;
 Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
 All warm from the heart of the family band,
 Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling
 Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.
- 3 You scenes of tranquility long have we parted,
 My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more
 In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
 And wander alone on a far distant shore;
 Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection —
 Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand:
 Oh! let me with patience receive his correction,
 And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.
- 4 Blest Bible, the light and the guide of the stranger,
 With thee I seem circled with parents and friends,
 Thy blest admonitions shall guard me from danger,
 On thee my last lingering hope still depends:
 Hope wakens to vigor and rouses to glory —
 I'll hasten and flee to the promised land,
 And for refuge lay hold on the hope set before me,
 Revealed in the Bible that lay on the stand.
- 5 Hail, Bible, the brightest and best of the morning —
 The star that has guided my parents quite home,
 The beams of thy glory my pathway adorning,
 Shall scatter the darkness and brighten the gloom,
 As did eastern sages, to worship the stranger,
 Glad hasten with joy to behold Canaan's land,
 I will bow to adore him, but not in a manger:
 He's seen in the Bible that lay on the stand.
- 6 Though age and misfortune press hard on my feelings
 I'll cleave to the Bible and trust in the Lord;
 Though darkness may cover his merciful dealings,
 My soul shall be cheered by his heavenly word;
 And now from things earthly my soul is removing,
 I soon shall shout glory with heaven's bright band,
 And in raptures of joy be forever adoring
 The God of the Bible that lay on the stand.

REST. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.*

8g	1	2	1-	1
A	555 553 2- 444 767 555 5345 6- 6'6 5325 1-			
3c	''' '' ''' '' ''' '' '' '' ''			
3g				
D	111 3311 222 4222 3- 111 1111 1- 111 11 2 1-			
3c	''' '' 7- ''' '' ''' '' '' '' '' 7			
8g	1			
D	333 5 55 5- 555 5555 5- 333 3543 4- 464 355 5 3 1			
3c	''' '' ''' '' ''' '' '' '' '' '' ''			
3g				
B	111 1131 1- 111 11 1			
3c	''' '' 5- 555 5555 ''' 767 4- 444 5555			

555. L. M.

1 "ASLEEP in Jesus," blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 "Asleep in Jesus," oh, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venom'd sting.

3 "Asleep in Jesus," peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
Nor fear nor woe shall dim the hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 "Asleep in Jesus," oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high

556. L. M.

- 1 THE time of my departure 's nigh,
When I must quit life's fleeting day,
And soar away to joys on high,
Where Jesus wipes all tears away.
- 2 The battle 's fought, my warfare 's done,
I meekly lay my armor down;
The faith I've kept, my race is run,
I shall receive the immortal crown.
- 3 With joy I wait that blessed word,
"Well done, thou good and faithful one
Enter the mansions of thy Lord,
Where sin and sorrow are unknown."
- 4 Then, dearest Lord, let me depart,
And go in peace where joys are given.
Where nothing e'er shall grieve the heart,
And calmly rest with thee in heaven.

* By permission.

1 ~~On~~ happy, thrice happy exchange,
 My Saviour, with eyes full of love,
 Now beck'ning me, soon I shall range
 The fields of bright glory above.
2 Break off these fetters of clay;
 I long to be freed from my load;
3 Jesus, I mourn thy delay,
 Impatient to be with my God:
 Each moment seems ling'ring and slow,
 While far from my home I must stay;
 I long for the pleasures that flow
 Unceasing, in regions of day.

3 No more to be tempted by sin,
 No longer by Satan be vex'd,
 My conscience is peaceful within,
 And is by no passion perplex'd.
 Lo! speedily wafted on wings,
 This world in a moment I leave —
 "O death, where now is thy sting?
 And where is thy victory, grave?"
 Now, mounting, my soul shall descry
 The regions of pleasure and love;
 My spirit triumphant shall fly,
 And dwell with my Saviour above.

559. TRUE RICHES.

7G	A	1	1-	1	1	1	2	2-	2	2-	1	3	3-	2
2c	5	,	"	7	,	,	"	,	"	,	"	,	"	

I'm happy, I'm happy, oh, wond'rous account, My joys are im-

7G	B														
2c	1	1	1-	1	1	3	1	5	5-	5	5-	3	6	6-	6
		,	"	,	"	,	"	,	"	,	"	,	"	,	"

7G	A	3	5	5	4	3	1-	1	1-	3-	4	5	3	1	2-
2c	,	,	,	,	,	,	"	,	"	,	"	,	,	,	7
															5
															"
															"
															"

mor - tal, I stand on the mount! I gaze on my treasure and

7G	B	1	1							1	1	1		
2c	,	4	5	5-	5	1-	5	,	"	5	5	3		
		,	,	,	"	,	"	,	"	,	,	,		

7G	A	1	4	3	2				1	2	3	4	3-	2	.1
2c	,	,		5	4	3	4	5	,	,	,	,	"	"	
				,	,	,	,	,							

long to be there, With Jesus, my Saviour, the kingdom to share.

7G	B														
2c	1	2	1	5	3	2	1	2	3	4	4	4	4	5-	5
	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	"
															.1

- 2 Oh, Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am blest!
 My life and my treasure, my joy and my rest!
 Thy grace be my theme, and thy name be my song;
 Thy love doth inspire my heart and my tongue.
- 3 Oh, who is like Jesus! he's Salem's bright King;
 He smiles, and he loves me, he taught me to sing;
 I'll praise him, I'll praise him, and bow to his will,
 While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill

560. STAR IN THE EAST. 10s, 11s.

2P § REP

A .6 6 7 | 6- 5 3 3 | .5 5 6 | .5 .3 | .6 6 7 | 6- 5 3 2 | .3 5 5 | :6 ||

4C

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2P § REP

C .6 6 5 | .3 3 5 | | .7 | .6 6 5 | 5 5 | 7 7 | :6 ||

4C

2P § REP.

D .3 3 3 | .3 3 3 | .5 5 3 | .5 .5 | .3 3 3 | 3- 2 1 2 | .3 3 3 | :3 ||

4C

Say, shall they yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden and offerings divine ?
Gems of the mountains, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

2P § REP.

B .6 6 3 | 3 | .1 1 1 | .1 .5 | .6 6 3 | 1 | .1 3 3 | ||

4C .6 6 .6 7 :6

2P 1 2 .3 2 1 .2 3 1 1 2 .3 2 1 .2 3 1

A .6 | | | 7- 6 .5 | .6 | | | :7 ||

4C

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining ;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall

2P .1 1 .1 1 1 .2 .2 .1 .1 1 3

C 7 | 7 6 | .7 | | | 6 7 | 7 6 | .7 | :7 ||

4C

2P

D .3 3 3 | .5 5 3 | .5 5 1 | .5 .2 | .3 3 2 | .5 5 3 | .2 3 6 | :5 ||

4C

Vainly they offer each ample oblation, Vainly with gifts would his favor secure

2P .1

B .6 6 7 | 7 6 | .5 1 1 | .5 .5 | .6 6 5 | .3 2 3 | .5 6 6 | :3 ||

4C

2P 1 1

A .6 7 | 6- 5 3 3 | .5 5 6 | .5 .3 | .6 7 | 6- 5 3 2 | .3 5 5 | :6 ||

4C

Sages adore him in slumbers reclining ; Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

2P .3 .1 1 1 1 .1 .1 .1

C 6 5 | .3 3 5 | | .7 | .6 6 5 | 5 5 | 7 7 | :6 ||

4C

2P

D .3 3 3 | 3- 2 1 3 | .5 5 3 | .5 .3 | .3 3 3 | .3 3 2 | 1- 2 3 3 | :3 ||

4C

Richer by far is the heart's adoration, Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

2P

B .3 6 3 | 3 | .1 1 1 | .1 .5 | .6 6 3 | 1 | .1 3 3 | ||

4C .6 6 .6 7 :6

- 3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
 Who suffered and worshiped with me;
 Exalted with Christ, high on his throne.
 The King in his beauty they see.
 That blissful place, &c.
- 4 There is a place where I hope to live,
 When life and its labors are o'er;
 A place which the Lord to me will give,
 And then I shall sorrow no more.
 That blissful place, &c.

W HUNTER

564. 9s, 8s.

- 1 I SEEK a place which is out of sight,
 A city high up in the skies;
 There, there is my home, all pure and bright,
 And homeward my spirit still hies.
- MORUS** — I'm bound for home, for my blissful home,
 The house and the city above;
 And all who forsake their sins may come.
 And dwell in that city of love.
- 2 I seek a place where they heave no sigh,
 Where sorrow can never be known;
 But where I shall drink from fountains of joy,
 That gush ever bright from the throne.
 I'm bound for home, &c.
- 3 I seek a place where they never die,
 Where beauty and youth never fade,
 Where never is heard the mournful cry,
 "My friend, my beloved, is dead."
 I'm bound for home, &c.
- 4 I seek a place where they sin no more,
 Where Satan, my foe, cannot lure;
 And oh! when I reach that blessed shore,
 My soul is forever secure.
 I'm bound for home, &c.
- 5 I seek a place where the patriarchs shine,
 Apostles, and martyrs, and seers;
 Encircled in robes of light divine,
 Triumphant o'er sorrow and fears.
 I'm bound for home. &c.

6 I seek a place where the Saviour reigns,
 That Jesus once nailed to the tree;
 He purchased that place with blood and pains,
 And went to prepare it for me.
 I'm bound for home, &c. W. HUNTER.

NUREMBURG. 7s.

5a	()												()											
A	31	25	31	.2	11	11	232	.1				2		11	11	232	.1							
2c							''				55	55	6		.7			''						
5a																								
B	11			11						.1									.1					
2c		57			.7	65	45	67			55	33	47	.5	65	45	67							

LIGHT. 7s. L.

4a													1-						
A	31	3-123	.1	31	5-365	.3		31	2-346	.5		67	532	.1					
3s	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''				
4a																			
B	11	1-1			11	3-342	.1		11	1 3	.2		42	5-1				.1	
3s	''				''	''	''	''	''	5-6		''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''

565. 7s.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away,
 Death yeld up thy mighty prey;
 See! he rises from the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom.
 2 'Tis the Saviour, angels raise
 Fame's eternal trump of praise:
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
 Now to glory see him rise,
 In long triumph up the sky,
 Up to waiting worlds on high.
 4 Heav'n displays her portal wide,
 Glorious Saviour, through them ride,
 King of glory, mount thy throne,
 Thy great Father's and thy own.
 5 Praise him, all ye heav'nly choirs,
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
 Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
 Let the strains be sweet and strong.

6 Ev'ry note with wonders swell,
 Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell;
 Where is hell's once dreaded king?
 Where, O death, thy mortal sting!

566. 7s.

1 THEY who on the Lord rely,
 Safely dwell, though danger's nigh.
 Lo! his sheltering wings are spread
 O'er each faithful servant's head.
 2 Vain temptation's wily snare;
 Christians are Jehovah's care;
 Harmless flies the shaft by day,
 Or in darkness wings its way.
 3 When they wake, or when they sleep
 Angel guards their vigils keep;
 Death and danger may be near,
 Faith and Love have naught to fear.

- 6 In this blest employment our spirits shall rest,
 In sweetest enjoyment on Jesus' own breast;
 We'll drink of the streams of Immanuel's love,
 And bask in the beams of his glory above.

572. 11s.

- 1 THE Bible! the Bible! 't is heaven's own book,
 We love, oh! we love on its pages to look
 It gives us bright hopes of a glorious rest,
 A happier state in the land of the blest;
 We love it; it tells of the goodness of God;
 It gives us glad tidings to publish abroad;
 And oh! it refreshes the sin-burdened heart,
 To read of the Saviour — I can't with it part
- 2 The Bible! the Bible! assist us dear Lord,
 To treasure the precepts of thy holy word;
 To learn from its pages the lessons of love,
 Of wisdom and peace that come down from above,
 May we not be ashamed of thee nor thy word,
 For such thou hast taught us, thou wilt not regard;
 And oh! may we live, so that when we shall die,
 Our souls may ascend to bright mansions on high. L.

573. 11s.

- 1 WHY stand you here idle, my friends, all the day?
 Your moments so fleeting, will soon pass away;
 All things are provided for sinners undone,
 And you are invited, and welcome to come.
- 2 Here mercy and pardon, here love and free grace,
 Here strong consolation, here great joy and peace,
 Here hope for the hopeless — the weary find rest;
 Here all things are plenty for sinners distressed.
- 3 Here wine, milk, and honey, are plenty in store,
 Sufficient for thousands, yea, millions, and more;
 Here balm for the wounded, here strength for the weak
 Here cordials divine are prepared for the sick.
- 4 Here armor and weapons for soldiers to wield,
 A breastplate, a helmet, a sword and a shield,
 The poor receive riches, a crown for the head,
 Eternal salvation, and life from the dead.
- 5 Oh come all ye needy, ye poor and distressed,
 Partake of his grace, and then ever be blessed;
 Oh come, without money, to Jesus and buy,
 Then love him and praise him forever on high.

574. AMAZING GRACE. Arranged by s w. L.

5a											.1			
A	3	.1 3	.5 5	.2 3	.1	5	.5 7	6	.5					
8c														
A	- mazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me,													
5a											.1			
C	1	.3 1	.3 3	1	.1	3	.3 5	.6 s4	.5					
8c											.7			
5a											.1 1	1	.1 2	.1
D	5	.5 5		.5 5	.5				6	.5				
8c														
5a														
B	1	.1 1	.1 1		.1	1	.1 2	.3 1						
8c											.5 5	.5		
5a											.1			
A	5	.3 7	6	.5 3	.4	5	.6 s4	.5 3	.1					
8c														
I	once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.													
5a														
C	3	.3 5	.6 4	.3 1	.2	3	.4 s2	.3 1	.1					
8c														
5a	1	.1 1	.1	.1		1	.2	.1 1	.1					
D			6	5	.5		7							
8c														
5a														
B	1	.1	1	.1 1	.1	1			.1					
8c											5	.6	.4 s4	.5 5

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
fear,

And grace my fears relieved ;

How precious did that grace appear,

The hour I first believed !

3 Through many dangers, toils, and
snares,

I have already come ;

'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,

And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,

His word my hope secures :

He will my shield and portion be,

As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall
fail,

And mortal life shall cease,

shall possess, within the veil,

A life of joy and peace.

575. C. M.

1 COURAGE, my soul, thy heavy cross

In every trial here,

Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,

But shall not enter there.

The sighing ones that humbly seek,

In sorrowing paths below,

Shall in eternity rejoice,

Where endless comforts flow.

2 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er,

Of sublunary care,

And life's dull vanities no more

This anxious breast ensnare.

Courage, my soul, on God rely,

Deliv'rance soon will come,

A thousand ways has Providence

To bring believers home.

576. C. M.

1 GOD of all grace and majesty,
Supremely great and good,
If I have mercy found with thee,
Through the atoning blood,—
The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear, lest I should ever grieve
The Comforter divine.

1 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
My strict Observer see;
And thou, by reverent love, unite
My child-like heart to thee:
Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesus' feet abide;
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his side.

577. C. M.

1 ATTEND, young friends, while I relate,
The dangers you are in,
The evils that around you wait,
While subject unto sin.

2 Although you flourish like the rose,
While in its branches green;
Your sparkling eyes in death will close,
No more now to be seen.

3 In vain you'll mourn your days are past,
Alas! those days are gone,
And you will leave your friends at last,
And never to return.

4 In silent shades you will lie down,
Long in your graves to dwell;
Your friends will then stand weeping round,
And bid a long farewell.

5 Oh! come this moment and begin,
While life's sweet moments last,
Turn to the Lord, forsake your sins,
And he'll forgive what's past.

578. C. M.

1 C WHAT a power has years to change
Each transient earthly scene,
To make the pleasures of the past,
As though they had not been,

2 'Tis mournful to retrace the past,
And bring to memory's eye
The days, our brightest, happier days,
Of joyous infancy

3 The world, was it not brighter then,
Without those cares and fears,
Which oft, like storm-clouds, rise to
burst
On our maturer years?

4 Have all the hopes been realized,
Which thronged life's early dreams,
Or on the future does the star
Of promise shed its beams!

5 Ah, no! the flowers of hope we've
learned,
Oft blossom but to fade,
And though life has its sunny spots,
It also has its shade.

6 But, ah! the dream of youth has fled,
The brightest, purest ray,
Which lights our pathway till the hour
We seek our kindred clay.

579. C. M.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly
bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares.

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its
power,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign,
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

5 Shows me the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood,
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there, unshaken, would I rest,
Till this vile body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise!

584. CONDOLENCE.

W. S. FISHER.

4G § 1 REP. 1 1 21 REP. 1, 2s
 A 5-6, 33 21 | 35||5-7 | 3-4 | 22|.1|| 7|6 | |75||4-2|35|6s4|.5||
 2c ' , , , , ,

Life is but a fleeting vapor, Soon, full soon, it flies away,
 All its joys are short-lived ever, All its pleasures soon decay.

4G § REP. 1 REP. 1, 2s
 D 3-4 | 55 | 53 | 53||3-5 | 5-6 | 54|.3||55| 5|76|55||6-5||52|2 2|.3||
 2c ' , , , , ,
 But there is in yonder heaven, Everlasting life and love,

4G § REP. REP. 1, 2s
 B 1-1 | 11 | | 11||1-1 | 1- | |.1||12|13|51|2 || |11| | |
 2c ' , 5 6 , 4 55 5 6-7 7 6 .5

And to patient souls 'tis given, To enjoy that life above.

2 Dearest friends are doomed to sever,
 And to meet on earth no more;
 Yet, blest thought! 'tis not forever:
 But we'll meet on Canaan's shore.
 There around the throne of glory,
 With the blood-washed throng above,
 We shall meet and chant the story
 Of the Saviour's gracious love

4 Angels ministered to Jesus
 When he took his upward flight
 From the world he came to ransom,
 To the glorious realms of light;
 See, they form his willing escort,
 As his chariot mounts the sky,
 And the golden gates of glory
 At their challenge open fly.

585. 8s, 7s.

1 ANGELS ministered to Jesus,
 When the subtle tempter fled
 From the mountain of temptation,
 When his dart had vainly sped:
 Down to earth they fly from heaven,
 See, what crowds are gathered round,
 And the scene of his fierce trial
 Now becometh hallowed ground.

5 They will minister to Jesus
 When the skies are backward rolled,
 And revealed high in heaven.
 All the world their Judge behold:
 They will gather all his children
 To their dear Redeemer's side,
 Free from earth and all its sorrows,
 With him ever to abide. WM. BAXTER

2 Angels ministered to Jesus,
 In the garden, when he lay
 Praying unto God his Father,
 That the cup might pass away;
 He was strengthened there to drink it
 For our fallen guilty race,
 And his follower's purest feelings
 Linger round that sacred place.

586. 8s, 7s.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion city of our God!
 He whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for his own abode:
 On the rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

3 Angels ministered to Jesus
 On the morn he left the tomb,
 When the dawn of day eternal
 Burst upon its cheerless gloom;
 Down they struck the fearful soldiers,
 Rolled the massive stone away,
 And behold in death's dominions,
 Life now holds its sovereign sway

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

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

4 Blessed inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
Tis his love his people raises,
With himself to reign as kings;
And as priests his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, since of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:

Fading is the worldling's treasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!
Solid joys and lasting pleasure
None but Zion's children know.

587. 8s, 7s.

1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here his saints securely meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires;
From the fount of glory streaming
Life eternal through us rolls;
Mercy from his presence beaming
Peace and pardon on our souls.

2 Who may share this great salvation,
Every pure and humble mind —
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the guilt of sin refined;
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne

FILLMORE. 7s.

L.

2G §	.1	REP. 1s.	1	2-	.1	1	2-	32	.1
A	55	5-365	55	5-342	.3	7'	567	7'	5''
3c	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''

2G §	REP. 1s.											
C	33	3-133	.5	33	3-12	.1	55	5-34s4	.5	55	5-365	.3
3c	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''

2G §	REP. 1s.											
B	11	1-	.1	11	1-	.1	11	1-122	.3	33	1-	.1
3c	''	567	''	555	.5	''	''	''	''	567	''	''

588. 7s.

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns —
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh! receive me into rest.

Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die, shall be my grave:

4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

5 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, or power;
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour;

6 "Follow me;" I know thy voice;
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice;
Light thy burden now to me.

- 6 Oh! let me with that radiant band,
 Unite my trembling heart and hand,
 Nor thence again be riven:
 In life, in death, oh let me be
 One of that goodly company,
 And shine with them in heaven.

592. BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

7G	A	1	3	1	2	2	1	1-	3	2	1	4	3	2	1	3	2	R	.1	1
8s		,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,			

The Lord shall come! the earth shall quake, The mountains to their
 centre shake; And, withering from

7G	B																			1	1	1	
8s	1	3	4	5	5	6	5	1-	5	5	6	4	1	2	3	4	5	5	,	,	6		

7G	A	3	3	3	3-2	1	1	1	2	2	2	3	1	1	1	3	2	2	2	1	4	3	2	.1
8s	,	,	,	,	,	,	5	,	2c	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	

the vault of night, The stars shall pale their feeble light,
 The stars shall pale their feeble light.

7G	B																							
8s	6	6	6	3-2	1	1	1	1	5	5	5	3	2c	4-	1	5-	1	4	5	.1				

- 2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
 As once in lowliness he came;
 A silent Lamb before his foes,
 A weary man, and full of woes.
- 3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
 With rainbow-wreath, and robes of storm,
 On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,
 Appointed Judge of all mankind.
- 4 Can this be He, who went to stray
 A pilgrim on the world's highway,
 Oppressed by power and mocked by pride,
 The Nazarene — the crucified?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
 "Rocks, hide us: mountains, on us fall!"
 The saint, ascending from the tomb,
 Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

593. L. M.

- 1 THE Lord of lords and King of kings,
In realms of bliss exalted reigns ;
Ah ! who can touch the trembling strings,
And hymn his praise with equal strains ?
- 2 The grandeur of his works may show,
In beams of lasting, heavenly light,
To all who love their radiant glow,
The wisdom of his boundless might
- 3 But Zion, on thy portals fair,
His wondrous name resplendent shines,
And every child of wisdom there,
Shall read it in the clearest lines.
- 4 Yes, there we learn that God is love !
The lucid truth let angel choirs,
(Circling the shining throne above,)
Resound upon their golden lyres.
- 5 With deep astonishment they saw
Immanuel, the Virgin's Son !
And heard, with fixed and sacred awe,
The Lord of glory cry, 'Tis done !
- 6 But quit the endless theme, my soul,
And wait resigned a brighter day,
Above mortality's control,
To wake a more enraptured lay.
- 7 The crown of life, the harp of gold,
And palm of victory, all proclaim
That nobler songs shall yet unfold
The glories of Jehovah's name.

594. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee,
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days ?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ? Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star !
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ? Just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee

- 4 Ashamed of Jesus? that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus? Yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then — nor is my boasting vain —
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain!
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

595, 596. UNIVERSAL PRAISE. 8s, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. BOST.

4g				1				P																										
A	1	3	1		1	3-	4	5	3		5	3	1		2-	3	4-	3	2	R		3	3-	4	5	5								
4c		5				'	'									'	'	'	'															
	Praise to God, the great Creator, Praise to God from every tongue; Join, my soul, with																																	
4g																					P													
B	1	1	1	1		1	1	1	1		1	5	3	1							R		1	1										
4c																																		
	5 5 5 7 7																																	
4g	1	1																																
A		7-	6	5		5		1-	3		3	3	1	R		1	1-	3		3	3	.	1											
4c		'	'					'	'																									
	every creature, Join the u - ni - versal song, Join the u - ni - versal song.																																	
4g																																		
B		3																																
4c		6																																
	5 5 7 5 5																																	

2 Father, source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine;
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine.

3 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our songs we raise;
Then enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

4 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
Praise him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

1 COME, ye saints, come and adore Him,
Fall before his glorious throne;
Angels prostrate fall before Him,
Their Creator and our own.

2 Sinners, come and make confession,
Of his high exalted name,
He was bruised for your transgressions,
To redeem your souls he came.

3 All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to chant a solemn song:
Unto Jesus should be given,
Praises that to Him belong.

597. JEFFERSON. 8s,7s.

1P	6	6	5	3	5	6	7	6	6	5	3	2	3	5	6	7	.6	7	6	7	6
2c	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9

Who will go to rear the standard, Of the cross in heathen lands,
Where the people sit in darkness, Bound by superstition's bands?
Who will leave their friends and country

1P	3	3	5	6	6	5	3	4	5	3	1	2	3	5	6	7	.6	7	6	6	5	6	3	3
2c	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9

1P	1	2	3	3	1	12	3	3	1	1															
A						7	6	.7	6	9			7	6	7	6	6	5	3	2	3	5	6	7	.6
2c						9	9						9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	

Bid adieu to earthly bliss, Yield their lives a willing offering,
To so great a work as thine!

1P	7	6	6	5	4	.2	6	5	6	5	4	3	3	4	2	3	1	2	3	3					.6
2c							9	9				9	9				9	9	9	9					

2 Who will go to Afric's centre,
Tell the Echiop there's a God,
Point him to the crimson fountain
Of a Saviour's cleansing blood?
Who will climb the Rocky mountains,
Through the western forests stray,
Where thick gloom and pagan darkness
Long have held despotic sway?

3 Oh! for Paul's denying spirit,
For his missionary zeal;
And the perfect love of Jesus,
Ev'ry Christian heart to fill:
Then the earth would soon be covered
With the knowledge of the Lord,
And the far-off isles of ocean
Soon would all receive his word.

598. 8s,7s.

1 HARK, the gospel trumpet's sounding,
Sinners hear the joyful call;
Christ, in pardoning love abounding,
Offers liberty to all.

2 Though your crimes have reached to
heaven,
And of deepest dye appear,
Ask, and they shall be forgiven,
Seek, and you shall find him near.

3 Cast your load of guilt upon him,
To the Lord for mercy flee;
Though the strongest fetters bind you,
His salvation makes you free.

4 Turn to Jesus, seek salvation,
Sound aloud his gracious name;
Glory, honor, adoration!
Christ the Lord to save us came.

599. 8s,7s.

1 SINNERS, hear your Lord and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day;
Turn from all your vain behavior,
O repent, return, obey.

2 O be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife;
Endless joy, or endless anguish,
Turn upon th' events of life.

3 Open now your case before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in;
O receive him, O adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.

4 Come, for all things now are ready
Yet there's room for many more;
O you blind, you lame, you needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store.

600. HE DIED AT HIS POST. P. M. N. W.

6a											P	
A	.111	.112	.332	.1-			.11		.112	.7/2		
2q 5						5 .666 .656			6 .556			
Away from his home and the friends of his youth, He hasted, the herald of mercy and truth ; For the love of his Lord, and t												
6a											P	
B			.11							1		
2q 1	.111	.435		5 .1-1	.444	.111	.444	.154	.335	13		
6a											P	
A	.112	.334	.553	.111	.222	.334	.553	.112	.332	.1		
2q	seek for the lost ; Soon, alas ! was his fall, but he died at his post, Soon, alas ! was his fall, but he died at his post.											
6a											P	
B		.112	.311			12	.311					
2q	.335				.411	.555	.5			.444	.554	.1

- 2 The stranger's eye wept, that, in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb ;
For in ardor he led in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier — he died at his post
- 3 He wept not himself that his warfare was done,
The battle was fought and the victory won ;
But he whispered of those whom his heart clung to most,
“ Tell my brethren, for me, that I died at my post.”
- 4 He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse,
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse ;
But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.
- 5 Victorious his fall — for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell ;
He has passed o'er the stream, and has reached the bright coast
For he fell like a martyr — he died at his post.
- 6 And can we the words of his exit forget ?
Oh no ! they are fresh in our memory yet :
An example so brilliant shall never be lost,
We will fall in the work — we will die at our post.

605. OLDEN TIMES. 7s, 6s. S. W.

6c P P
 A .1 | 3 3 5 5 | .4 3 3 | 2 1 3 2 | .1 .1 | 3 3 5 5 | .4 3 3 | 2 1 3 2 | .1 |

4c
 When I set out for heaven, But few were in the way,
 But oftentimes together, We met to praise and pray;

6c P P
 B .1 | 1 1 1 1 | | 1 | .1 | 1 1 1 1 | | 1 | |

4c .4 5 5 6 5 5 .1 .4 5 5 6 5 5 .1

6c A 1 | 2 2 2 | .1 1 2 3 | 4 4 3 2 | .3 2 - 4 | 5 5 4 | .3 3 2 | 1 1 2 | .1 |

4c 7 - ' ' ' ' 7
 Our bosom glowed with rapture, With love our hearts were fired;
 We sung and talked of glory, We sung and never tired.

6c B | | | 1 1 | 1 - 2 | 3 3 3 2 | .1 1 | | | |

4c .5 5 5 5 5 .1 1 5 4 4 .5 ' 5 6 6 5 5 1

2 Those days were full of sweetness,
 I think upon them yet;
 Their holy joys and gladness
 I never can forget:
 We were a band of brothers,
 Of brothers fond and true;
 We were a band of brothers,
 And loved as brothers do.

3 The world was all against us,
 What cared we for its frown?
 A better world before us
 Contained a starry crown:
 We trampled on earth's pleasures,
 Its riches were but dross;
 Its glory was all tarnished,
 We gloried in the cross.

4 When one was called to leave us,
 And fly away to God,
 We cheered him with our voices
 While crossing Jordan's flood:
 We sung the songs of Zion
 Around his dying bed,
 And witnessed with what triumph
 The soul from sorrow fled.

5 Then with our friends departed,
 We seemed the earth to leave;
 And soaring up like seraphs
 Forgot to weep and grieve;
 With patriarchs and prophets,
 And blood-washed throngs above,
 We sung the loud hosannah —
 The song of heavenly love.

6 Ye friends of former seasons,
 Of happy youthful days,
 All, all have gone before me,
 Ye all have run your race;

And mine will soon be finished;
 I haste to grasp your hand,
 To join again my comrades
 In that undying land.

606. 7s, 6s.

1 SOON as the morn with roses
 Bedecks the dewy east,
 And when the sun reposes
 Upon the ocean's breast;
 Our voice in supplication,
 Jehovah, thou shalt hear;
 O grant us thy salvation,
 And be thou ever near.

2 By thee through life supported,
 We pass the dang'rous road,
 By heavenly hosts escorted
 Up to their bright abode;
 There cast our crowns before thee,
 Our toils and conflicts o'er,
 And day and night adore thee,
 Forever, ever more.

607. 7s, 6s.

1 GOD is my strong salvation;
 What foe have I to fear?
 In darkness and temptation,
 My light, my help, is near;
 Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm in the fight I stand;
 What terror can confound me,
 With God at my right hand!

ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.

1G	1		1	1	3	2	1	1	3	5	3	1	3	1	2	
A	5	6			'	'			'	'		'	'			
3s	'	'														
1G																
B	1	1	1	4	3	5	1		4	3	2	2	4	3	4	5
3s	'	'		'	'				'	'		'	'		'	
1G	2	3	5	3	1	3	1		2	1		1	3	2	1	
A	'	'		'	'	6-		'	'	6	5	6		'	'	
3s										"	"					
1G		1	1												P	
B	5	'	5	4	3	5	6-		5	3	1	2	1	1	5	1
3s	'		'	'	'	'			'	'	'	'	'	'	'	

609. FRIENDSHIP. P. M. S. WAKEFIELD.

7G																	
A	.1	1	1		1	1	3	5	.2	R	.1	1	R	1	1		
4c	6	6	6	5	5	5			5		6	6	6	5	5		
	Can there a balm on earth be found, To heal the wounded soul? 'Tis friendship, for it cheers, though all around																
7G																	
B									R		R						
4c	.1	1	1	1	1	1	3	4	4	3	1	.5	5	.1	1		
7G																	
A	4	3	5	2	3	.1	R	3	.4	.3	.2	3	4	.5	.5		
4c									"	"	"	"	5				
	The waves of trouble roll ; But friends must die, But friends must die, And in the grave forsaken lie																
7G																	
B											.1	-					
4c	1	5	5	5	.1	1	.4	.1	.5	-	5	.5	.5	1	3	3	4

- 2 If there be aught beneath ^{the} skies,
That vies with things above,
'Tis friendship ; when its sacred charms arise
From pure and virtuous love,
But still how vain !
Dust must return to dust again
- 3 Yet, while our earthly comforts fly,
We still retain one friend ;
'Tis Jesus ! while he lives we cannot die,
Nor can his friendship end :
His love shall last
When death expires, and time is past.

610. L. M.

- 1 "WHERE two or three, with sweet accord
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
Meet to record his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise ;
- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company ;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word ;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

611. L. M.

- 1 TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice ;
Say, will you to mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 2 Say, will you be forever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest ?
Will you be saved from guilt and pain ?
Will you with Christ forever reign ?
- 3 Make now your choice, and halt no more
He now is waiting for the poor ;
Say now, poor souls, what will you do ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 4 Fathers and sons, for ruin bound,
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us and seek to prove,
The joys of Christ's redeeming love
- 5 Matrons and maids, we look to you,
Are you resolved to perish too ?
To rush in earthly pleasures on,
And sink in flaming ruin down ?
- 6 Once more we ask you in his name ;
(We know his love remains the same,)
Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?

612. WAREHAM. C. M. R. ARNOLD.

6a
A 5 | 535 | 424 | 343 | .2||2 | 345 | 6-543 | .2||5 | 535 | 424 | 343 | .2 |

3q " " " " " "

For me, O did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
Would he devote that sacred head

6a
D 3 | 313 | 2 2 | 121 | || ' 123 | 4-331 | || 3 | 313 | 2 2 | 121 | ||

3q " " " " " " " " " " " "

6a
B 1 | .1 1 | | 1 1 | || .1 1 | | || 1 .1 1 | | 1 1 | ||

3q .5 5 7 .5 5 .4 54 .5 .5 5 7 .5

6a
A 2 | 345 | 5-432 | .1||5 | 6-7 6 | 535 | 6-7 6 | .5||5 | 67 '5 | 432 | .1 | ||

3q " " " " " " " " " "

For such a worm as I! Would he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I

6a
D | 123 | 3-21 | .1||3 | 4-564 | 313 | 4-564 | .3||3 | 4563 | 21 | | ||

3q 7 " " 7 " " " " " " 5 .3

6a
B | .1 1 | .1 | || 1 | .4 4 | .1 1 | .4 4 | .1 | 1 | 4 2 1 | | | ||

3q 5 5 .1 455 .1

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.

8 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the Lord, was crucified
For man, the rebel's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But tears of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
As all that I can do.

613. C. M.

1 WITH warm affection let us view,
With pious grief improve,
The solemn and impressive scene
Of Jesus' dying love.

2 Not all the malice of his foes
His pity could subdue;
"Father! forgive," he meekly prayed,
"They know not what they do."

3 O, what a love was here displayed,
Beyond our utmost thought!
How pure the lessons, how sublime,
In life and death, he taught!

4 Let not his sacred truths by us
Be lost, or misapplied;
Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget,
That 'twas for us he died.

- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
 Pity me, pity me ?
 And did he snatch my soul from ruin,
 Can it be, can it be ?
 Oh yes, he did salvation bring,
 He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
 And now my happy soul can sing,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes —
 Mercy's free, mercy's free —
 And every moment Christ is precious,
 Unto me, unto me ;
 None can describe the bliss I prove,
 While through this wilderness I rove,
 All may enjoy the Saviour's love —
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 4 This precious truth, ye sinners hear it —
 Mercy's free, mercy's free —
 Ye ministers of God declare it —
 Mercy's free, mercy's free :
 Visit the heathen's dark abode,
 Proclaim to all the love of God,
 And spread the glorious news abroad —
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 5 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
 And this shall be my theme when dying,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free :
 And when the vale of death I've passed,
 When lodged above the stormy blast,
 I'll sing while endless ages last,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

615. C. M.

1 FATHER of all ! on this Lord's day
 To thee for help we cry,
 To guide us through the dreary way
 Of dark mortality !

2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame
 Or tongues of various tone ;
 But long thy praises to proclaim
 With fervor in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
 Is found on earth no more ;
 Enough for us to trace thy will
 In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear
 No mystic dreams we share ;
 Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
 And bless thee in our prayer.

616. THE LAND OF REST. C. M.

2g		.1- 32 1		.1- 32 1		
A	5- .65	.22.31	.1-	.65 .5-	.65 .65.31	212.31
23c						
2g						
C	.2- .35	.56.54	.3- .3-	.3 3.6 5	.3- .3-	.33.43 .65.53 .2 2.65
23c						
2g	.1- .11	.1		.11		.11 .11
D		6.55 .5- .5-	656	.5- .6- .56	.55 .6 5.35	
23c						
2g						
B	.1- .11	.1 2	.1- .1-	.5,6.3 1	.1- .1- .11	.1 1.11
23c		.56			.65	.6556
2g						
A	.1- .3-	.55 .65 .5- .5-	.6556	.65 .65.31	212.31	.1-
23c						
2g						
C	.3- .R-	.R- .R-	.R- .3-	.32334	.5- .3-	543.43 .45.53 .22.65 .3-
23c						
2g						
D	.3- .3-	.55.65 .5- .5-	8	.5- .6- .56	.55 .65.35 .5-	
23c						
2g						
B	.1- .R-	.R- .R-	.R- .5-	.65531	.1- .1- .11	.1 1.11
23c					.65	.6556

1 OH land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home?
Oh, this is not my home. Oh, this, &c.
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

2 No tranquil joy on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 When by afflictions sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide
Yet still I sigh for home.

4 Weary of toil and wandering rous I
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit the unhallow'd ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

5 Our tears shall all be wiped away,
When we have ceased to roam;
And we shall hear our Father say,
Come, dwell with me at home.

617. C. M.

1 HOW oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

618. SHELBYVILLE. Arranged by s. w. L.

3G	§									REP.							
A	.1	5	5	1	6	5	5	3	1	1	3-	4	5	3	.1		
2c	, , ,																
Come, let us join our friends above, That have obtained the prize ;																	
3G	§														REP.		
C	.3	3	3	3	3	3	3	1	3		1-	2	3	2	.3		
2c	, .5																
And on the eagle wings of love, To joys ce - lestial rise ;																	
3G	§	1	1	1	1	1	1	1							.1		
D	.5											5		5-	6	5	5
2c	, REP.																
For all the servants of our King, In earth and heaven are one.																	
3G	§														REP.		
D	.1	1	1	1	4	1					1					.1	
2c	5 5 5- 6 5 5																
3G			1-	1	3	3					1-	1	1	REP.	1, 2s.		
A	R	5	5				7	5	5			6	.5				
2c	, REP. 1, 2s.																
Let all the saints ter - restrial sing, With those to glory gone ;																	
3G	§														REP.		
C	R	3	5-	3	5	5	5	3	3	4-	4	4	4	.3			
2c	, ,																
3G	§	1	1-	1	1	1	1	1	1-	1	1	1	.1				
D	R			7	5												
2c	, REP. 1, 2s.																
3G	§														REP.		
B	R	1	1-	1	1	2	2	1	3	3-	1				.1		
2c	, , 6 6																

2 One family we dwell in him,
 One church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.
 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow ;
 Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home
 This solemn moment fly ;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And we expect to die :
 His militant embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to see that happy coast,
 And reach the heavenly land

4 Our old companions in distress
 We haste again to see,
 And eager long for our release,
 And full felicity ;
 E'en now by faith we join our hands
 With those that went before ;
 And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
 On the eternal shore.

5 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
 Like theirs with glory crown'd.
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,
 To hear his trumpet sound.
 O that we now might grasp our Guide
 O that the word were given !
 Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
 And land us all in heaven !

WILHOYTE. C. M.

2a								1	1										
A	5	5	6	5	3	4	2	.1				7	6	6					5
3c		,	,	,	,	,	,												
2g																			
B	1	5	6	5	3	4	2	.1	1	2	5	1	2						
3c		,	,	,	,	,	,												.5
2g		1		1							3	1							.1
A	5		5		5	3	1	.2	5	6		7							
3c			,		,	,	,												
2g		1		1															
B	5		5		5	3	1	.2	3	4	2	5							.1
3c			,		,	,	,												5

619. C. M.

1 JESUS, O Lord, how rich thy grace!
 Thy bounty how complete!
 How shall we count the matchless sum?
 How pay the mighty debt?

2 Lord, thou hast brethren here below,
 Partakers of thy grace;
 And wilt confess their humble names
 Before thy Father's face.

3 In them thou mayst be clothed and fed.
 And visited and cheer'd;
 And in their accents of distress,
 Thy needful voice is heard.

4 Thy face with reverence and with love,
 We in thy poor would see:
 As thou bestow'st our daily bread—
 We share it thus with thee.

620. CONDESCENSION. C. M.

4g																						
A	1	3	3	3	3	4	5	4	3	3	5	5	,	6	5	4	3	3	2			
2q		,	,	,	,									,	,	,	,					
O	for	a	faith	that	will	not	shrink,	Though	pressed	by	many	a	foe;									
4g																						
B	1	1	1	3	5	4	3	2	1	1	5	3	1			1						
2q				,	,						,	,	7						.5			
4g																						
A	R	2	5	3	4	3	3	2	1	3	3	4	5	5	6	5	6	5	4	3	2	1
2q			,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,			
That	will	not	tremble	on	the	brink	Of	pover-	ty	or	woe.											
4g																						
B	R			1			1		1	4	4	5							1			
2q	5	5	5	5	6	7	6	5				5							5			

4 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod;
 But in the hour of grief or pain
 Can lean upon its God.

5 A faith that shines more bright and
 When tempests rage without; [clear
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread
 Nor heeds its scornful smile; [frown.
 That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
 Nor its soft arts beguile.

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
 By truth restrained and led,
 And with a pure and heavenly ray
 Lights up a dying bed.

HARMONY. D. C. M.

8c	P										REP.										P										REP. 1, 2s										
A	11	3-1	55	3	1	22	1	34	55	6-5	31	5-	4	33	23	1	1	34	55	6-5	31	5-	4	33	23	1	1	34	55	6-5	31	5-	4	33	23	1					
2q	5						567																																		
6c	P										REP.										P										REP. 1, 2s.										
D	1	33	5-3	22	1	3	55	5	4	2	1	22	3-1	55	3-	2	11	55	3	1	22	3-1	55	3-	2	11	55	3	1	22	3-1	55	3-	2	11	55	3	1			
2q																																									
6c	P										REP.										P										REP. 1, 2s.										
B	1	11	1-				1	1									1																								
2q							5	55									55	5	5	1																					

622. 7s, 6s.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in their blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

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

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

623. C. M.

1 FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
Some fellowship with God.

2 Say, what is there below the sky,
Or all the paths thou'st trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God?

3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart
As fellowship with God.

4 Not health nor friendship here below
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delights and comforts show,
As fellowship with God.

5 When I in love am made to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet and kind the strokes appear
Through fellowship with God.

6 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
And dark distraction's road,
I'm happy, if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.

7 And when the icy arms of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.

8 When I at last to heaven ascend,
And gain that blest abode;
There an eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God.

624. ALL IS WELL.

6c § P REP.

A	1	1-12	3-31	123	4R321	2-1	1-1	34	55543	4443
6s	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame, Is it death? is it death?
 That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame. Is it death? Is it death?
 If this be death I soon shall be

6c §

B	1	1-1	1-43	4321	R 111			1	111	
6s	'	5	'	'	6	'	4-55	1-1	'	1 5 5 5

6c

A	7	33543	2221		1	12	3s45-	5R321	3-1	1-1
6s	'	'	'	'	7	7	'	'	'	7

From every pain and sorrow free, I shall the King of glory see,
 All is well, all is well

6c

B		1	1	1		1	1	R 111		
6s	5	'	1	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

- 2 Weep not my friends, my friends weep not for me,
 All is well, all is well;
 My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free,
 All is well, all is well;
 There 's not a cloud that doth arise,
 To hide my Saviour from mine eyes,
 I soon shall mount the upper skies,
 All is well, all is well.
- 3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps ye saints in glory,
 All is well, all is well;
 I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,
 All is well, all is well;
 Bright angels are from glory come,
 They 're round my bed, they 're in my room,
 They wait to waft my spirit home,
 All is well, all is well.
- 4 Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me,
 All is well, all is well;
 I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory,
 All is well, all is well;
 Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu,
 I can no longer stay with you,
 My glittering crown appears in view,
 All is well, all is well.

2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
 Their passions rage no more;
 And there the weary pilgrim rests
 From all the toils he bore.

3 All, leveled by the hand of death,
 Lie sleeping in the tomb,
 Till God in judgment call them forth
 To meet their final doom.

627. BETHESDA. 6s, 8s. A. S. HAYDEN.

6s

A | :1 .3 | :4 .3 | :2 .1 | :2 || 1 | .1 | :2 | :1 |

6s

.5 7 :6 .7
 Five porches for the sick were made, Where oft an angel came,

6s

D | .1 | :3 .5 | 4 .5 | :5 s.4 | :5 || 3 2 | :1 .3 | :2 .2 | :3 |

6s

6s

B | .1 | :1 .1 | .1 | | || | | | | |

6s

:4 :5 .1 :5 .6 :6 .6 :5 .5 :1

6s

A 3-4 | :5 .6 | .5-4 3 4 | .5-4 4 3 | :2 || | :1 .2 | :3 4 3 | :3 .2 | :1 |

6s

' .5
 And there the im-potent were laid, The sick, the halt, the blind, the lame.

6s

D 1-2 | :3 .4 | .3-2 1 2 | .3-2 2 1 | || .5 | :5 3 2 1 | .1 | :1 | :1 |

6s

6s

B | .1 | :1 | :1 .1 | .3-2 .1 | || | :1 | | | | |

6s

.6 :5 .5 .5 :3 .4 :5 .5 :1

2 A man diseased there helpless lay,
 Who many years was bound,
 And when the angel came that way,
 No friend to put him in he found.

3 At length the Saviour passing by,
 Compassion moved his soul;
 He saw him there in sorrow lie, [whole.
 He saw, he spoke, and made him

4 And there, by grief and sin oppress'd,
 At mercy's door I lay,
 When Jesus came and touched my
 breast,
 And bore my grief and sins away.

5 Now light breaks in upon my soul,
 And love for Jesus's name;
 For him who makes the wounded whole,
 Who heals the blind and cures the lame.

628. S. M.

1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
 The prayer we offer now:—
 Thy name be hallowed far and near,
 To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
 On earth be done in love,
 As saints and seraphim fulfill
 Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
 While by thy word we live;
 The guilt of our iniquity
 Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power
 Our feeble hearts defend;
 Deliver in the evil hour,
 And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, forever be
 Glory and power divine;
 The sceptre, throne, and majesty
 Of heaven and earth are thine.

629. S. M.

1 GREAT God, now condescend
 To bless the rising race;
 Soon may their willing spirits bend
 To thy victorious grace!

2 O, what a vast delight,
 Their happiness to see!
 Our warmest wishes all unite
 To lead their souls to thee.

3 May they receive thy word,
 Confess the Saviour's name,
 And follow their despised Lord,
 Amidst reproach and shame.

630. MARCELLUS. S. M.

5a

A	1-112	3RR3	25	1	2RRR	33-332	1	6	5-432	.1
4c	' "		7		' "	76		'		

Soldiers of Christ arise, And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies, Through his beloved Son;

5g

C	3	1RR1	1	RRR	11-11	1	3-21		
4c	5-557		5	567	' "	7	6s56	'	7 .6

5e

D	33-33s4	5RR5	5	76	5RRR	55-554	3214	3-465	.1
4c	' "				' "			'	

5g

B	11-11	1RR1	1	RRR	11-112	321	1		
4c	' "	5		5-4321	5	' "	6	5-7	5 .1

5g

A	RR	22-223	2RR2	35 s4	5RRR	32-216	5-435	6-432	.1
4c	' "				' "	'	'	' "	

Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in his mighty power:
He who in his Redeemer trusts, Is more than conqueror.

5g

C	RR	1	RR	1366	3RRR	1	4	3-213	421	.1
4c	77-77	7	7		7-76	'			7	

5g

D	RR	55-556	5RR5	5	6	5RRR	55-544	3-s453	64-654	.3
4c	' "					' "	'	' "		

5g

B	RR	1	RR	11 2	RRR	1	11			.1
4c	55-55	5	5	6	5	5-56s4	5-7	64-255		

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
Take you, to arm you for the fight,
The canopy of God.

4 Then when your work is done,
And all your conflicts past,
You shall o'ercome, through Christ
alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 Stand then against your foes,
In close and firm array;
Legions of wily fiends oppose,
Throughout the evil day.

6 But meet the sons of night,
Oppose their vain design;
Armed in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

7 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

8 Ever together joined,
To battle all proceed:
Arm you yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your head.

639. MORRIS. C. M., with two 8s.

2a	(.32	1-	((((.32	1-			
A	34	.55		76	543	.65	543	32	34	.55		76
3c	'	'						'	'			

How calm and beautiful the morn. That gilds the sacred tomb,
Whereon the crucified was

2g												
B	1	.11	.11	.11	.11	.43	.21		1	.11	.11	.11
3c								.5				

2a	(2	.1	.11	1	.21	1-1	.21-	(12	.3-	.2-	.1
A	535	.6	7		7		7	'7	.66	.5'	'		
3c								'					

born, And veiled in midnight gloom, O weep no more the Saviour slain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

2g														
B	.13	.42	.5	.1	1	.55	.55	.55	.55	.44	.31	.5-	.5-	.1
3c				5								.5-		

2 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears;
Oh, weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen — he lives again.

8 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shine upon the soul,
How blissful then to die,
Since he has risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

640. C. H. M.

1 COME, let us pray: 'tis sweet to feel,
That God himself is near;
That, while we at his footstool kneel,
His mercy deigns to hear:
Though sorrows cloud life's dreary way,
This is our solace — let us pray.

2 Come, let us pray: the burning brow,
The heart oppressed with care,
And all the woes that throng us now,
Will be relieved by prayer:
Jesus will smile our griefs away;
O, glorious thought: — come, let us pray.

3 Come, let us pray: the mercy-seat
Invites the fervent prayer,
And Jesus ready stands to greet
The contrite spirit there:
Oh, loiter not, nor longer stay
From him who loves us — let us pray

641. C. H. M.

1 HE knelt; the Saviour knelt and
prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked, through the lonely garden's
shade,
On that dread agony;
The Lord of all above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.
2 The sun went down in fearful hour
The heavens might well grow dim
When this mortality had power
To thus o'ershadow him;
That he who gave man's breath might
know,
The very depths of human woe.
3 His sweat, as 't were great drops of
blood,
Falling, bedewed the ground;
In agony unto his God,
He breathed a prayer profound;
"Oh! let this cup pass from thy Son,
Yet not my will, but thine, be done"

642. CORYDON. 11s, 8s.

5G		P					P	P							1																
A	1	3	5	4	3	2	2	1	1	3	.	2	1	1	2	3	5	4	.	3	5	5	3	5	5	5	5				
8c																5															
Enclasped in the arms of a Saviour he loves, No fears can the Christian annoy, With sweet resignation he																															
5G		P							P	P																		P			
B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	3			
8c					4	5	5	5					5	5	6	6	5					5	5								
5G							1	P																					P		
A	6	6	6	.	5	5	5	6	5	3	2	1	2	3	2	1	.	2	5	6	5	3	5	3	2	5	3	2	1		
8c																,	"	,	"	,	"										
gently removes, To reap the fruition of joy, To reap the fruition of joy.																															
5G																													P		
B	2	2	2	1	1	1	2	1		
8c					5	5	6	5					5	.	5	5					5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	1	.	

- 2 But dreary and dark is the night of the tomb,
Where the loved ones of Jesus are laid;
No sunshine of nature can pierce the dark gloom,
Or carols awaken the dead.
- 3 Yet the mandate eternal shall burst the cold tomb,
And virtue in beauty arrayed,
Shall start into life, and eternally bloom
Where the roses of hope never fade.
- 4 Then for the departed no longer we'll mourn,
Nor dare of our God to complain,
While in sadness we gaze on the mouldering urn,
For soon we'll embrace them again.
- 5 See, see through the gloom that o'ershadows our heads,
A starry crowned seraph appears,
In glittering robes of bright glory arrayed,
And beauty immortal she wears.
- 6 'Tis religion: she bends o'er the hallowed urn,
And whispers in accents of love,
"Oh Christians, no longer departed ones mourn,
They triumph in glory above!
- 7 "I taught them to pass the dark valley of death,
With horrors and shades overspread,
And when from their lips fled the last lingering breath,
I placed a rich crown on their head."

8 Then let us prepare to embrace them again,
Where sighing and sorrow shall cease;
In virtue's bright path the bright heaven attain,
Where all is composure and peace.

643. THE STARS SINK ONE BY ONE FROM SIGHT.—S. W. LEONARD

1P
A .6 | 1 2 | 3 s4 5 s5 | 6 6 5 s4 | .3 || .6 | 1 2 |
4s 6 7 6 7

The stars sink one by one from sight, No trace of them we find,
They vanish from the

1P
C .6 | 3 3 3 s5 | 6 6 3 3 | 4 4 2 s2 | .3 || .6 | 3 3 3 s5 |
4s

1P
B | 1 1 1 1 | 2 1 | | | |
4s .6 6 s5 6 7 7 s5 .6 .6 6 s5 6 7

1P P P
A 3 s4 5 s5 | 6 3 4 2 | 3 1 | 1 3- 1 | |
4s 6 6, ' 7 .6

brow of night, And none is left behind Alone, And none is left behind.

1P P P
C 6 6 5 3 | 6 6 6 s5 | 6 3 4 2 | 3 6- 5 s4 | .3 ||
4s ,

1P P P
B 1 1 1 1 | 2 1 | 1 1 | 1- | |
4s 6 7 6 s5 6 7 s5 .6

2 The sun goes to his ocean bed,
In all his rays enshrined;
He wraps them round his crimson head,
And leaveth none behind
To mourn,—
And leaveth none behind.

3 The beautiful and gifted dead,
The noblest of our kind,
Have cast their works aside, and fled,
And we are left behind,
Alone,
And we are left behind.

4 The dear old friends of early times,
Hearts round our hearts entwined,
Have faded from us in their prime,
And we are left behind
To mourn,
And we are left behind

5 Oh! dear ones, teach us so to run
Our race in sun and wind,
That we may win where ye have won
Though we be left behind
Awhile,
Though we be left behind.

644. BENEVENTO. 7s.

4c	A	1 1 1 1	3- 2 .1	2 2 2 2	4- 3 .2		3 3 3 2	
4s			,		,			
	1	While with ceaseless course the sun, Hasted through the former year, Many souls their						
4c	C	1 1 1 1	1- .1		2- 1		1 1 1	
4s			,	7 7 7 7	,	.7		7
4c	2	As the winged arrow flies, Speedily the mark to find, As the lightning						
4c	D	3 3 3 3	5- 4 .3	5 5 5 5	5- 5 .5		5 5 5 5	
4s			,		,			
4c	3	Spared to see another year, Come, thy precious work revive ; Let thy blessing						
4c	B	1 1 1 1	1- 1 .1				1 5 5 4	
4s			,	5 5 5 5	5-	5 .5		
4c		1						
4c	A	5 5 5 6 7	3 3 4	.2 .1		5 5 5 5	7- 6 .5	
4s		,	,				,	
4c		race have van, Never more to meet us here ; Fixed in an e - ternal state,						
4c	C	1 2 1 4 4	3 1 1 1	.1			2- 1	
4s		,	,	.7	7 7 7 7	,	.7	
4c		from the sails Darts, and leaves no trace behind ; Swiftly thus our fleeting days,						
4c	D	5 7 4 5	5 5 6 6	.4 .3		2 2 2 2	2- 2 .2	
4s		,	,				,	
4c		meet us here, Bid thy drooping garden thrive : Sun of Righteousness, arise !						
4c	B	3 4 3 2 2	1 1	.1				
4s		,	,	6 4	.5	5 5 5 5	5- 5 .5	
4c		1						
4c	A	2 2 2 2	4- 3 .2		3 3 3 2	5 5 5 6 7	3 3 4	.2 .1
4s		,	,		,	,		
4c		They have done with all below ; We a little longer wait, But how little none can know						
4c	C		2- 1		1 1 1	1 2 1 4 4	3 1 1 1	.1
4s		7 7 7 7	,	.7	7	,	,	.7
4c		Bear us down life's rapid stream ; Upward, Lord, our spirits raise, All below is but a dream.						
4c		1						
4c	D	5 5 5 5	5- 5 .5		5 5 5 5	5 7 4 5	5 5 6 6	.4 .3
4s		,			,	,		
4c		Let our prayer thy pity move ; Warm our hearts and bless our eyes, Make this year a time of love,						
4c	B				1 5 5 4	3 4 3 2 2	1 1	.1
4s		5 5 5 5	5- 5 .5		,	,	6 4	.5

- 4 Here reigns the Father of my Lord
 In light effulgent dwelling,
 By all in heaven and earth adored,
 All praises far excelling.
 Around his throne the lightnings play
 And elders, ranged in bright array,
 Blessing and glory give, and power,
 To him that lives for evermore.
- 5 Here may I, robed in garments bright,
 Enjoy unfailing treasure;
 Or bathe in pure ethereal light,
 And drink of living pleasure;
 Where moments fly on angel wings,
 And new delight each moment brings,
 Where life, and love, and peace remain,
 And through eternal ages reign.
 O, sound, &c.

L. 648. HOPE. L. M. WORDS BY ELIZA COOK.

1P	1-	2	3	1	2-	2	3	2	1-	1
A	3	6	6	'	'	'	'	'	'	7 6 5-
3s	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
There is a star that cheers our way, A - long this dreary world of woe,										
1P										
C	3	3	3	5-	s5	6	5	5-	s5	6 5 5- 5 4 4 3-
3s	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
2 'Tis Hope! 'tis Hope! that blessed star,										
1P	Which peers through mystery's darkest cloud;									
B		1-				1	1-	1		1-
3s	6	6	6	7	6	5	5-	7	'	7 ' 7 7
	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
1P	1-	2	3	1	2-	2	3	s4	5-	3 1
A	3	6	6	'	'	'	'	'	'	7 6
2s	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
That tips with light the waves of life, How - ever bit - ter - ly they flow.										
1P								1-		
C	3	3	3	5-	s5	6	5	5-	s5	6 7 6 5 5 3
3s	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
1P And only sets where death has brought The pall, the tombstone, and the shroud.										
B		1-				1	2	3-	3	1
2s	6	6	6	7	6	5	5-	7	'	' 7 6
	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

- 3 But, ah! to look upon the dead,
 And know they ne'er can wake again;
 To lose the one we love the best:
 Oh, how it sears the heart and brain.

- 4 Then, but for Hope, the heart would groan,
 And pine beneath the stroke of Fate;
 Or break, to find itself alone,
 A thing all sad and desolate!

649. L. M.

BOWRING

- 1 HOW sweetly flowed the gospel sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 When list'ning thousands gather'd round,
 And joy and gladness filled the place!
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
 To heaven he led his followers' way;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wand'ers, to my Father's home,
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
 Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
 Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

650. L. M.

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear,
 Thy great Deliverer still is near;
 Who fed thee last, will feed thee still:
 Be calm, and sink into his will.
- 2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
 In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
 His promise all may freely claim:
 Ask and receive in Jesus' name.
- 3 Without reserve give Christ your heart;
 Let him his righteousness impart;
 Then all things else he'll freely give;
 With him you all things shall receive.
- 4 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
 That seeks in God his only rest;
 May I that happy person be,
 In time and in eternity.

651. PARTING FRIENDS. 7s.

4P	A	.33.31		.3-		.55.56		.32.3-		.6343-654		321.2		
6s		.76								''''				
		When shall we all meet again? When shall we all meet again? Oft shall glowing hope expire,												
4P	B			.11.33		.1		.1-		.2123-432		1-		
6s		.66.63		.44.6-				7		''''		76.7-		
4P	A	.1		1-										
6s		7												
		Oft shall wearied love retire, Oft shall death and sorrow reign, 'Ere we all shall meet again.												
4P	B	.33.55		.44.3-		67		5		.63.6-		.55		.63.6-
6s														

- 2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a burning sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain,
Oft shall we all meet again.
- 3 When the dreams of life are fled,
And its wasted lamp is dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

652. 7s.

- 1 GENTLE Nature! heavenly fair!
O, how sweet thy pleasures are!
In thy presence while I stay,
As a stream, time glides away
- 2 Here I would serenely rest,
By no worldly cares oppress;
Tasting that sublime repose,
He who slights thee never knows
- 3 Let me in thy beauties trace
Him who lends thee every grace;
While my thoughts rise to his throne,
Thy great Parent and my own!
- 4 When his glories in thee shine,
Then thy face is all divine;
Like a mirror beaming bright,
With a soft, celestial light.
- 5 Fount of light! I look to thee.
Smile on nature — smile on me
Let thy humble suppliant know
Paradise revived below.

653. 7s.

- 1 IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joys and praise —
Passing sweet that state must be,
Where they meet eternally.
- 2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Antepasts to that above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we each in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

654. 7s.

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till thy inward light impart
Warmth and gladness to my heart.
- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day

655. MERCER. L. M.

1c 1 1 1 3 1 -1 2 1- 3 2
 A ' ' | 7 ' | || 5 | 6 6 | 5 | s4 | .5 ||

2c
 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast, Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
 Hark! 'tis the Saviour's gracious call, The invi-tation is to all;

1c
 B 1 1 1 1 3 | 5 | 1- || 1 | 4 4 | 1 1 | 2 2 | ||
 2c ' ' | 5 ' | .5

1c 1 1 1 3 1 -1 2 1- 1 3 3 2 1- .1
 A ' ' | 7 ' | || 5 | 6 6 | 5 ' ' | ' ' ' 7 | ||

2c
 You need not one be left be-hind, For God has bidden all mankind.
 Come, all the world—come, sinner, thou, All things in Christ are ready now.

1c
 B 1 1 1 | 1 3 | 5 | 1- || 1 | 4 4 | 1 3 1 | 5 | .1 ||
 2c ' ' | 5 ' | ' ' | 5

- 3 Come, all you souls by sin oppressed,
 You weary wanderers after rest;
 You poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 The message, as from God, receive,
 You all may come to Christ and live;
 Oh let his love your hearts constrain,
 Nor suffer him to call in vain.
- 5 This is the time — no more delay;
 The Saviour calls you all to-day:
 Oh may his call effectual prove!
 Accept the offers of his love!

656. L. M.

- 1 LORD, we adore thy conqu'ring grace,
 Which crowns the gospel with success,
 Subjecting rebels to thy yoke,
 And leading them unto thy flock.
- 2 May those who have thy truth confessed,
 As their own faith, and hope, and rest,
 From day to day still more increase,
 In faith, in love, in holiness:
- 3 As living members may they share,
 The joys and griefs which others bear;
 And active in their stations prove,
 In all the offices of love.

664. SAVANNAH. 8s. W. BILLINGS

1P .1 .1
 A .3 | .6 6 7 | 7 6 | .7- 7 | 7 6 | .7 5 7 | .6 .

4c
 From whence a - rises this union a - rise, That hatred is conquered by love?

1P
 C .3 | .3 3 3 | .5 5 6 | s.5- 5 | .6 5 3 | .5 5 5 | .3-

4c
 1P .1 .1 1
 D | .6 3 5 | 7 6 | s.5- 5 | .6 7 | 7 5 3 s5 | .6-

4c
 1P
 B .6 | .6 6 3 | .5 5 6 | .3- 3 | .6 s5 6 | .1 3 3 | .6-

4c
 1P () P .1
 A 5 4 | .3 1 3 | .5 6 5 4 | .3 .3 | .6 6 7 | 7 7 | .6

4c ' ' , ,
 It fastens our souls with such ties, That distance nor time can remove.

1P P
 C 3 | .3 5 6 | .3 3 s4 | .5 .5 | .3 3 2 | .3 5 3 | .3

4c
 1P () 1 P 1 ()
 D 6 | .5 5 3 | .5 6 7 | .7 .5 | .6 7 6 | .5 3 s5 | .6

4c , , , ,
 1P P
 B 3 | .1 1 1 | .5 3 6 | .3 .3 | .6 6 5 | .1 3 3 | .6

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
 Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
 It grows on Immanuel's ground,
 And Jesus' life blood it did cost.

3 My friends so endeared unto me,
 Our souls so united in love;
 Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
 In yonder blest mansions above.

4 Why then so unwilling to part,
 Since there we shall soon meet again;
 Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
 At distance we cannot remain.

5 And then we shall see that bright day,
 And join with the angels above,
 Set free from our prisons of clay,
 United in Jesus' kind love.

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
 And all his bright glory shall see;
 Then sing hallelujahs — Amen!
 Amen! Even so let it be!

665. 8s.

1 O THOU whose compassionate care
 Forbids my fond heart to complain
 Now graciously teach me to bear
 The weight of affliction and pain.

2 Though cheerless my days seem to
 flow,
 Though weary and wakeful my nights,
 What comfort it gives me to know
 'Tis the hand of a Father that smites!

3 A tender physician thou art,
 Who woundest in order to heal,
 And comfort divine dost impart
 To soften the anguish we feel.

4 Oh, let this correction be blest,
 And answer this gracious design;
 Then grant that my soul may find rest
 In comforts so healing as thine.

666. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

2g SOLO. .1

A .5 3 1 | 6- 5 5 R | 4- 5 6 7 | 5 R || .333 | 4-4.6 | .5s4-4 | .5.r ' |

4s , , , , , , , ,

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at the shrine of God, fervently kneel;

2g .1 .1 2 1 -331 1

A 7 6 | 5- 4 3 R | , , 7 6 | .5 3 R || 5 | .64 | .32-1 | :1 ||

4c , , , , , , , ,

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal

2g -1 -1 -1

D 3 6 5 4 | 3- 2 1 R | 3- 7 6 5 4 | .3 1 R || 3553 | 6.4 2 | .1 1 | :1 ||

4c , , , , , , , ,

2g

B .1 1 1 | 1- 1 1 R | .1 4 4 | .1 1 R || .1 1 1 | 4.4 | 1 | :1 |

4o , , , , , , , ,

- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter in God's name 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.

667. MISSIONARY. 11s,9s. L.

2g 1 § .1

A 12 | 355 | .565 | 311 | .1||12 | 355 | 76 | .5||12 | 355|565|355| ||

3c ' ' , , , , , ,

They have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest, Where the bones of the
prophets are laid, Where the chosen of Israel the promise possessed

2g §

B 1 | | | 1 | .1||1 | 122 | 321 | .2||1 | 133|232|122|.3 |

3c : 7 653 .567 55 '7 '7 , ,

When he triumphed o'er death
and ascended to God

REP. 3, 4s.

2g 1 111 21 1

A '6 | .564 | 342 | .1||55 | 657 | | 6 | .5||55 | 355 | 67 | .5 |

3c ' ' , , , , , ,

And Jehovah his wonders displayed; To the land where the Saviour of
sinners once trod, Where he labored, and languished, and bled

REP. 3, 4s

2g

B 43 | .232 | 12 | .1||33 | 425 | 366 | 554 | .3||22 | 132 | 154 | .3 |

3c ' ' , , 7 ' , , , ,

As the captive captivity led.

- 2 They have gone — the glad heralds of mercy have gone,
 To the land where the martyrs once bled;
 Where the "Beast and False Prophet" have since trodden down
 The fair fabric that Zion had laid;
 Where the churches, once planted, and watered, and oles.
 With the dews which the Spirit distilled,
 Have been smitten, despoiled, and by heathens possessed,
 And the places that knew them defiled.
- 3 They go to the land where the Indians now dwell,
 Impelled by the love of the Lord;
 His love to proclaim, and His mercy to tell,
 As revealed in his excellent word.
 "Thy blessing go with them, oh be thou their shield
 From the shafts of the fowler that fly;
 Oh, Saviour of sinners, thine arm be revealed,
 In mercy and might from on high."

668. L. M.

- 1 OF Him who did salvation bring,
 I could forever think and sing;
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 't is given!
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins, he blushed in blood,
 He closed his eyes to show us God;
 Let all the world fall down and know,
 That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'T is thee I love, for thee alone
 I shed my tears, and make my moan!
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
 I drink, and yet am ever dry;
 Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
 Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

669. STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Tr	(1 2	3-3	3 2 1	(1-	((p	(
A	1 3	5-5	5 ' '	'	' '	6 5 ' 6	5 3 2 1	2 2	2 1 3	
2q	' '	'	'	'	' '	' '	' '	' '	' '	
2g	When marshalled on the nightly plain. The glittering host bestud the sky, Ours									
B	1	1-1	1 5	'	5 3	1 1	3 1		1	
2q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	5 5	5	
2g	1 2 3-3 3 2 1 (1- ((
A	5-5	5 ' '	'	' '	6 5 ' 6	5 3 2 3	1 1	. 1		
2q	'	'	'	'	' '	' '	' '	' '		
2g	star a - lone of all that train, Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.									
B	1-1	1 5	'	5 3	1 2		1 1	. 1		
2q	'	'	'	'	'	'	5 5			
2g	3 4	5-4	5 ?	1- 1 2	3 ?	((1	?	
A	r ' '		r 5 ' 7 ' '	r 3	4 3 4 5	6 5 ' 3	2 2	2		
2q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'		
2g	Hark! Hark! to God the chorus breaks, From every host, from every gem;									
B	r 1	5 6	5 r 3	1 1	1 r 1	2 1 2 3	1- 1			
2q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	5 5		
2g	(1 2	3-3	3 2 1	(1-	(r		
A	1 3	5-5	5 ' '	'	' '	6 5 ' 6	5 3 2 3	1 1	1	
2q	' '	'	'	'	'	'	'	'		
2g	But one a - lone the Saviour speaks. It is the star of Bethlehem.									
B	1	1-1	1 5	'	5 3	1 2		1 1	1	
2q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	5 5		

- 2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark;
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The winds that tossed my foundering bark:
 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 It was my guide, my light, my all —
 It bade my dark forebodings cease,
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
 Now safely moored — my perils o'er —
 I'll sing first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for ever more
 The star — the star of Bethlehem.

672. HOUSE OF THE LORD. 12s.

8s §	REP. P									
A	1- 2	.3 2 1	1	R 1		1	.1		2- 3	.4 3 2
4c	'		6		.5 6					'
You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale, } But the place most de- Of the silvery streamlet and flowers of the vale; }										
6g §	REP. P									
B		.1		R					1	
4c	1- 5	5 6	4 4	4	.3 4 5	.1	5-	'	.6 5 5	
Is the ' place of de - votion—the house of the Lord.										
8g	REP. 1s.									
A	3 1 R 3	.5 3 1	.2		2- 3	.4 3 2	3 1 R 1		1	4-5 6.5 .R
4c						.5 6				''''
lightful this earth can afford, Is the place of devotion—the house of the Lord.										
6g	REP. 1s.									
B	1 1 R 1	.1			1		1 1 R		.1	.1
4c		1 1	.5	5-	'	.6 5 5	4	.3 4 5	6- 5	

- 2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn —
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone ;
But there's no other season or time can compare
With the hour of devotion — the season of prayer.
- 3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage ;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master — the children of God.
- 4 You may talk of your prospects, of fame, or of wealth.
And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health ;
But the hope of bright glory — of heavenly bliss !
Take away every other, and give me but this.
- 5 Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord !
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word ;
I will walk to the altar with those that I love,
And delight in the prospects revealed from above.

673. 12s.

- WHY silent and sad, dost thou stand here and mourn,
Son of Israel, the days that shall never return ?
And why do those tear drops of misery fall
On the mould'ring ruin, the perishing wall ?
Was yon city, in dust, with the heathen now clad,
Once, the beautiful Zion, where Judah was glad ?
And those walls that in ruins, now scattered all lie,
Were they once reared to heaven, and hallow'd on high ?

2 Yet why dost thou mourn ? O to gladness awaken ;
 Though Jehovah this city of God has forsaken,
 He prepares for his people a city more fair,
 Which the ruthless invader, no, never shall share ;
 No longer the tear from yon city shall flow —
 No longer thy bosom the sad sigh bestow,
 But night shall be followed by glorious day,
 And sorrow and sighing shall vanish away.

674. MONTGOMERY. 3s,6s. N. JUTT.

2o .1 .2 :3 1 1
 A .4 3 5 | .5 6 7 | | || .5 | .7 .6 | :5 || .5 3 5 | .5 6 5 |
 4q This world is but a fleeting show, For man's illusion given
 The smiles of joy, the

2G
 C .3 1 3 | .3 .4 | .3 .2 | :1 || .2 3 3 | .2 .2 | :2 || .3 1 3 | .3 4 3 |
 4q And false the light on glory's plume, As fading hues of even ;
 And love, and joy, and

2G .1 1 1 .1 .1 2-1 .1 1 1 .1 .1
 D | | .5 .5 | :5 || 7 6 | .5 | :7 || | | |
 4q Poor wanderers of a stormy day, From wave to wave we're driven ;
 And fancy's flash, and

2G :1
 B .1 1 1 | .1 4 2 | .1 .5 | || .5 1 1 | .2 .2 | || .1 1 1 | .1 .1 |
 4q :5

2G .1 1 2 .3 2 1 .1
 A .4 .3 | :2 || | 7 6 | .5 || 3 5 | 6 4 | .3 .2 | :1 ||
 4q tears of woe, Uncertain shine, uncertain flow,
 There's nothing true but heaven.

2G
 C .2 .1 | || .3 3 4 | .5 4 3 | .3 .2 | .2 || .1 | .3 .2 | .3 .4 | :3 ||
 4q :7
 beauty's bloom, Are blossoms gathered for the tomb ;
 There's nothing bright but heaven !

2G .1 2 1
 D .6 .5 | :5 || .5 5 7 | 7 6 | .5 | .7 || .5 | .5 4 6 | .5 .5 | :5 ||
 4q reason's ray, Serve but to light the troubled way ;
 There's nothing calm but heaven !

2G .1
 E .1 | || .1 3 5 | .5 .1 .2 | || .1 | .1 .4 | .5 | :1 ||
 4q .4 :5 .5 .5

675. VENANGO. L. M.

1c	1 1	3- 2	1	2	2- 2	1 1	3- 2						
A	5	'	'	5	5- 5	7	'	7	5	5	R 5	'	'
2q	'												

The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my

1c	1	3 3	3- 4	3 1	1- 1	2 2	2- 2	2 1	1	R 1	3 3	3- 4
B	1											
2q												

1c	1	P			P					P	
A	6	6- 5	3 3	5- 3	5 5	6-	5	3 3	5 3 2	1 1	1
2q											

wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye;
And guard me with a watchful eye;

1c		P			P					P
B	3 2	2- 3	1 1	1-	1 1	2-	1	1 1	1	1
2q									5	5 5

1c	3	4 4	4 2	5 5	6- 5	3 3	5 3 2	1 1	.1
A									
2q									

My noon-day walks he will at - tend, And all my midnight hours defend.

1c	1			1 1	2- 1		1		.1
B									
2q	6	6	6 5			6	6	6	5 5

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscapes flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pain beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 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

680. ACCOMACK. L. M.

5P																		
A	1	33	21		1	676	543		6	s563-213	5432		2	3	13	1		
8s	66	''	7	66	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''
My God, permit me not to be, A stranger to myself and thee ; Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove, Forgetful of my highest love																		
5P																		
B	11		11			1	321			1	3							
8s	6	66	763	6	'	6s56	773	6	33	6-7	''''''	5	o5	666	738	''	''	

- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence,
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity begone ;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God I find.

681. L. M.

- 1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven or hell ;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name.
- 4 If love to God and love to man
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfill.

682 ROCK OF SALVATION. A. CRIFIELD

4P

A 3 5 5 6 | 5 2 3 5 | 4 2 1 | :1 || 3 5 5 6 | 5 3 3 5 | 4 3 2 1 | .5 = ||

4C

7

If life's pleasures charm thee, Christian, give them not thy heart,
Lest the gift ensnare thee, Christian, and from God thou part ;

4P

1 1 1 1 | 1 2 | 1 1 1 1 | 1 2 1

D

5 | 6 6 | 7 6 s 4 | :5 || 5 | 6 6 | 7 6 | .5 = ||

1C

4P

B 1 3 3 3 | 1 1 1 1 | 2 1 2 | :1 || 1 3 3 3 | 1 1 1 1 2 | 1 | .1 = ||

4C

5

5 5

4P

1-11 | 1-11 | P | 1-11

A

5 | ' 5 | ' 5 | 4 3 4 5 | .6 5 || 5 | ' 5 | 6 5 3 5 | 6 5 3 2 | .1 1 R ||

4C

His favor seek, his praises speak, Fix here your hope's foundation ;
Serve him, and he will ever be, The Rock of your Salvation

4P

.1 1

D

5 | 5-5 5 5 | 5-5 5 5 | 6 5 6 7 | - || 5 | 5-5 5 5 | 4 3 5 2 | 3 5 5 4 | .3 2 R ||

1C

4P

P

B 1 | 3-3 3 3 | 3-2 3 3 | 4 3 2 2 | .4 3 || 3 | 3-2 1 1 | 2 1 | | .1 1 R ||

4C

, , , 6 5 4 5 7

- 2 If distress befall thee, Christian, painful though it be,
Let not grief appal thee, Christian — to thy Saviour flee.
He, ever near, thy prayer will hear,
And calm thy perturbation ;
The waves of woe shall not o'erthrow
The Rock of thy Salvation.

683. L. M.

- 1 BY faith in Christ I walk with God
With heaven, my journey's end in view,
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.
- 2 I travel through a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray !
But he vouchsafes to be my guide,
And keeps me in the narrow way.
- 3 Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand ;
I triumph o'er all by faith,
Guarded by his almighty hand.

684. BROWN.* C. M.

W B. B.

1g	1-231	1	13	.2	3-213	2-1	1-	1 2	.1-	
A	3	'	6-7	6	55	R5	'	'6'6	5 7	
4c		'								
1g										
B	1	1-	13	4-444	55431	R5	1-231	4-444	5555	.1-
4c		7	'	'	.7		'	'		

There's not a tint that paints the rose. Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that grows, But heaven has placed it there

2 There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

3 There's not a star whose twinkling
light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But heaven gave it birth.

4 There's not a place in earth's vast
round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,—
For God is every where.

685. C. M.

1 JESUS, in thy transporting name,
What glories meet our eyes:
Thou art the seraph's lofty theme,
The wonder of the skies.

2 Well might the heavens with wonder
view
A love so strange as thine;
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.

3 And didst thou, Saviour, leave the sky,
To sink beneath our woes?
Didst thou descend to bleed and die,
For thy rebellious foes?

4 Oh, may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,
Thy righteous rule obey.

686. C. M.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
It pierces through the veil of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets time past in present view
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the world was made
By God's almighty word;
By faith we know the earth shall fade,
And be again restored.

4 Abra'm obeyed the Lord's command,
From his own country driven;
By faith he sought a promised land,
And found his rest in heaven.

5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we
stray,
The promise in our eye;
By faith we walk the narrow way,
That leads to joys on high.

687. C. M.

1 LORD, in the morning I will send
My cries to reach thy ear;
Thou art my father and my friend,
My help forever near.

2 Oh lead me, keep me all the day,
Near thee in perfect peace;
Help me to watch, to watch and pray
To pray and never cease.

3 I know my roving feet will err,
Unless thou be my guide;
Warn me of every foe and snare,
And keep me near thy side.

4 Then shall I pass all dangers safe,
And tread the tempter down;
My trust, my hope, joy and relief,
Shall be in thee alone.

688. JEFFERSON. F. J. WEBSTER.

5_G
A 3 5 3 | .2 3 | 5 4 2 | .3- | 2 2 2 | .3 3 2 | .1 5 4 | 3 2 |
3_Q , , , , , , , ,
Now to the Lord that made us know The wonders of his dy - ing love,
5_G
C 5 5 5 | .5 5 | .5 5 | .5- | 5 5 5 | s.5 5 | .6 6 | .5
3_Q
5_G
D 1 1 1 | 2 1 | 1 | .1- | | | 2 | 1 |
3_Q 7 7 7 7 .7 7 .6 7
To Jesus, our a - toning Priest, To Jesus, our e - - - ternal King,
5_G
B 1 3 1 | 1 | 3 2 | .1- | | | | |
3_Q 5 7 5 5 5 4 .3 3 .6 s4 .5

5_G
A 3 4 | .5 6 5 | .5 3 5 | 5 4 3 | 3 2 R | 5 4 3 2 | .1 2 4 | .3 2 | .1- ||
3_Q , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,
Be humble honors paid below, And strains of nobler praise above
5_G
C R | .R- | .R- | .R- | .R- | 3 2 1 | .1 1 | 1 5 5 4 | .3- ||
3_Q , , 7 , ,
5_G
D 1 2 | .3 4 3 | .3 1 3 | 3 2 1 | 1 R | | | | |
3_Q , , , , , , 7 5 5 s5 .6 6 .5 5 .5-
Be ever - lasting power confessed; Let every tongue his glory sing.
5_G
B R | .R- | .R- | .R- | .R- | | | | | .1- ||
3_Q 1 2 3 3 .4 4 .5 5
, ,

689. L. M.

1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin,
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

2 In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

690. ORFORD. L. M.

4g									P
A	3-4	5 6-5	5 3	2-3 4	3 3-4	5 6-5	5 3	2 6	5
2c	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "		
We've no a - biding city here, This may distress the worldling's mind;									
4g									P
B	1	1 1	1 1		1 1	1 1	1 1	2	
2c				5 5				5 5	
4g	1-	1-		1-		1			
A	5	' 7 6-5	5 3-5	' 7 6-5	5 3-4	5 6-5	5	3 2	.1
2c		' ' "	' "	' ' "	' "	' "	' "		
But should not cost the saint a tear, Who hopes a better rest to find.									
4g									
B	1	1 1	1 1	1 1	1 1	1 1	1		.1
2c							6 5 5		

- 2 We've no abiding city here,
Sad truth, were this to be our home:
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.
- 3 We've no abiding city here,
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 We've no abiding city here,
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name — we'll soon be there,
It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 Zion! — Jehovah is her strength!
Secure she smiles at all her foes:
And weary travelers at length,
Within her sacred walls repose.
- 6 Oh sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest:
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 7 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!
The time my God appoints is best
While here to do his will be mine;
And His to fix my time of rest.

There every sight that pleases,
 There every sound that cheers,
 There sweet immortal breezes
 Inspire the palmy years;
 There all the just join in a band,
 From every age, from every land,

While o'er them reigns king Jesus,
 With crowns of glory now!
 The people of His grace,
 Have reached the heavenly place —
 'T is glory, everlasting glory, now!

AMBOY. L. M. D.

1P	A	3- 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 3 3 4 5 3 2 1	REP.
4C		' 6 6 5 6 ' ' ' ' ' ' 6 :6	
1P	C	1 1 1	REP
4C		.6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 5 6 6 :6	
1P	D	.3 3 6 3 2 3 5 5 5 3 6 3 2 1 1 2 3 3 :3	REP.
4C		' ' ' ' ' '	
1P	B	1 1 1	REP.
4C		.6 3 6 6 5 3 5 5 5 6 7 6 3 3 :6	
1P	A	3- 4 5 5 6 5 3 4 5 5 6 .5 .2 3 6 6 7 6 5 3 .3	REP. ls.
4C		' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' '	
1P	C	1 1 1 3 4 2 3 3	REP. ls.
4C		.6 5 5 5 5 .5 .5 .6	
1P	D	.3 1 1 1 3 2 1 1 3 .5 .5 6 6 6 5 6 3 5 .6	REP. ls.
4C		' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' '	
1P	B	1 1 1 1 2 3 2 1	REP. ls.
4C		.6 5 5 ' 6 5 5 .5 .5 ' ' 7 .6	

692. L. M.

- 1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
 I read my duty in thy word:
 But in thy life the law appears,
 Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
 Such deference to thy Father's will,
 Such love, and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
 Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

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

693. CONDESCENSION. C. M.

1g	2	2	1	2	3	2	.1	.1	2	2	3	4	3	:2
A	.5	5		'	'				'	'				
4c	Calm on the listening ear of night, Come heaven's melodious strains,													
1g				1										
B	.1	3	5	5	6	7	5	.5	.1	5	5	6	6	5
4c				'	'					'	'			:5

1g	.R	5-3	2	1	-1	1	2	3	.2	.2	2-1			1	REP. 2s.									
A		'	'	'	'	6	'	5	5	6	'	'		'	6	5	4	5	6	'	6	.5	:5	
4c						'	'			'	'	'	'	'	1	2								
1g		Where wild Ju - dea stretches far Her silver - mantled plains.																						
B	.R	5-6	4	3	2	1	2	2	1	5	5	.5	.5	.5	3	2	1	2	3	2	.1	:1		
4c		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	1	2

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.
3 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems sing —
'Peace to the earth — good will to men,"
From heaven's eternal King!

694. C. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Upon the shameful tree;
How great the love that him inclined,
To bleed and die for me!
2 "My God," he cries; all nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The gate of death in sunder breaks;
The solid marbles rend.
3 "'Tis finished; now the ransom's
Receive my soul," he cries; [paid;
Behold, he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies!
4 But soon he'll break death's tyrant
And in full glory shine; [chair
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?

695. C. M.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast! [store,
Here mercy spreads her bounteous
For every humble guest.
2 See Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms:
But see! there yet is room —
3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
4 O! come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand, thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.
6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

700. CHRISTIAN UNION. 7s, 9s.

5G												P
A	1-2	3 5	1-2	3 1	1		1			1-2		
2c	5 6	'	'		6-	5 5	6	5 6	'			
Brethren all who disagree, Yet would have charity to please us,												Union there ca
5G												P
B		1		1			1 1					
2c	1 1	5-5	6	5-5	6	1-5	5 5		1 1	5-5		
5G												P
A	3 5	1-2	3 1	1		1	1 3	5-5	6 s 4	5		
2c	'		6-	5 5	6	'						
never be, Unless that we are one in Jesus, One, as he is one in God,												
5G												P
B	1		1			1 1	1		1 1			
2c	6	5-5	6	1-5	5 5		6	5-5		5		
5G												P
A	5	6-5	3-1	2 2	3 5	6 s 4	5-5	3 2	1-2	3 1	1	
2c	'	'				'	'		6-	5 5	6	
In spirit and in disposition, This the Holy Scriptures teach,												
'Tis plain without an exposition.												
5G												P
B	1-			1 1		1-		1-1		1		
2c	5	7	6-5	5 5	5 5	6	5 5	'	6 5	5-'	5 5 11	

2 Party names then lay aside,
 And cast away your broken cistern,
 Christ, the Lamb, the Church, the Bride,
 Then take no other name but Christian.
 Brides, do take the husband's name,
 Nor would he sanction any other;
 Why should we not do the same?
 What say you, contending brother?

4 All the family on earth,
 Yea, all the family in heaven,
 Take this name, the scripture saith
 Indeed, no other name is given.
 Let us then in one agree,
 And throw aside our party spirit;
 Unto Christ let's married be,
 And all his promises inherit.

4 Thus we shall retain the name
 Which first at Antioch was given,
 The Disciples are the same,
 And shall forever be in heaven;
 Let us show to all around,
 How Christian friends love one another;
 Let us in good works abound,
 And for the faith thus strive together.

5 So shall you with us receive,
 Of all your sins a full remission,
 From your bondage he'll relieve,
 And answer every right petition;
 He will keep you in the way,
 If you'll attend his orders given,
 Raise you up at the last day,
 And seat you by his side in heaven.

701. 7s, 9s.

1 BRETHREN, hear the martial sound,
 The gospel trumpet now is blowing,
 Men in order, listing round,
 And soldiers to the standard flowing!
 Bounty's offered — joy and peace
 To every soldier now is given;
 When from toil and war they cease,
 A mansion bright prepared in heaven

2 Victory is not to the strong;
 The burden's on our Captain's shoulder
 None so aged, nor so young,
 But may enlist, and be a soldier;

Those who cannot fight, nor fly,
 Beneath his banner find protection,
 None who on his name rely,
 Shall be reduced to base subjection.

8 Fear you not — the cause is good;
 Come, who will to the crown aspire?
 In this cause the martyrs bled,
 And shouted victory in the fire;
 In this cause we'll follow on,
 And soon we'll tell the pleasing
 story,
 How by faith we gained the crown,
 And fought our way to life and glory.

4 Lo! the battle is begun!
 Behold the armies now in motion!

Some the fight have almost won,
 And grasp, by faith, their future
 portion!

Hark! the victors sing aloud,
 Immanuel's chariot-wheels are rolling!
 Mourners weeping through the crowd,
 And Satan's throne, like lightning,
 falling!

5 Now, you rebels, come, enlist,
 The officers are still recruiting;
 Will you still in sin persist,
 And spend your time in vain disputing.
 All your cav'ling sure is vain;
 And if you do not sue for favor,
 Down you'll sink to endless pain,
 To bear the wrath of God for ever.

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. 7s, 8s. L.

2g												1			
A	32	1	.1	1	2	43	32-	32	1	13	.5	67	543	21-	
8s	'	'	567	'	'	5	'	'	'	5	'	'	'	'	'
			'			'				'			'		'
2g															
C	1			11	1		1	11	.3	4s4	5321	1-			
8s	55	54s4	.5	55	55	'	'	7-	55	5	'	'	'	7	
	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
2g															
D	55	3365	.3	33	4266	55-	55	3155		65	31	1-			
8s	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	76	5	
													'	'	
2g															
B	2			1			1133	.1	42	11	1-				
8s	55	55	'	.5	55	77	'	6	55-	55	'	'	'	4s4	5
	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

702. 7s, 8s.

1 CHRISTIAN soldier, seize thy sword,
 Seek the field, and take thy station!
 Prince Messiah gives the word,
 Captain of the saints' salvation.

2 Strong the weapons thou must wield,
 Stern the warfare thou art waging;
 Bind the helmet, bear the shield,
 Hell's beleaguering hosts engaging.

3 Lo! the battle is begun!
 Lo! Immanuel's troops in motion!
 Some the prize have nearly won,
 Some already seize their portion.

4 Hear you not the victor's song?
 Hear you not the captives crying!
 Shout! Jehovah's arm is strong:
 Shout! the alien foe is flying.

5 See the crimson banners wave!
 Hear the chariot's rolling thunder,
 Christ the conquered world shall save,
 Cleaving Satan's throne asunder.

6 Lo! the ransomed marching home!
 Anthems loud and palms victorious
 Satan conquered, death o'ercome,
 Crowns secured and mansions glorious

703. THE CHILD OF GRACE. C M.

1P	§	.1											REP.	1 2 .3	2 1 2 3		
A	.6	5 3	.7	6 5 3	.5	.6	3 2 3	s5	.6		.6						
4c	, ,																
O Lord, another day is flown, And we a little band, Are met once more before thy																	
1P	§											REP.	.1				
C	.3	1 1 .5	.5	4 2 3	.3	.3	5 5 5 2	.3		.3	6 7	'	7 6 7 5				
4c	, ,																
1P	§											REP.					
B	.6	3 3 .3	.3	2	1	.1	.1	1	1 2	.1		.1	2 4 .5	.5	5 5		
4c	, 7 7																
1P	.2 .3	1	1 3	.2	.3	1	.1										
A			6				6	.7	6 5 3	.5	.6	3 2 3	s5	.6			
4c	, ,																
throne, To bless thy fostering hand, Are met once more before thy throne, To bless thy fostering hand.																	
1P	.1											.1					
C	.5	6 6 6 6	.7		6 6 .6	.5	4 2 3	.3	.3	6 s5	6 3	.3					
4c	, ,																
1P																	
B	.3 .5	4 4 4 4	.3		.3	4 4 .4	.3	2	1	.1			1				
4c	, 7 .6 6 7 7 .6																

2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear,
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt, for thou dost deign to hear
The song that meekness pours.

3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And are we less than they?

4 Oh, let thy grace perform its part;
Let sin's dominion cease;
And shed abroad in every heart,
Thine everlasting peace.

704. C. M.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

705. C. M.

1 THERE is a calm and pure delight,
Which none but those perceive,
Who love to read the word of truth,
And by its precepts live.

2 The frowns of fortune they can bear
Their griefs it will remove,
Who feel for truth a holy fear,
And that the fear of love.

3 Be it my constant aim to learn
The truth of every line,
That wisdom's path I may discern,
And make this wisdom mine.

706. C. M.

- 1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care :
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear ?
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore ;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect does my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

707. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of peace, and God of love,
We own thy power to save ;
That power by which our Saviour rose
Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 We triumph in that Saviour's name,
Still watchful for our good ;
Who brought th' eternal covenant down,
And sealed it with his blood.

708. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.
- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 4 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

709. H. M.

- 1 LET others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great ;
In the proud list let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state :
Descended from the King of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.
- 2 Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son,
Own me an heir divine ;
I'll pity princes on the throne
When I can call thee mine :
Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their lustre in mine eyes.
- 3 Content, obscure, I pass my days,
To all I meet unknown.
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
And seat me near thy throne ;
No name, no honors here I crave,
Well pleased with those beyond the grave.
- 4 Jesus, my elder brother, lives,
With him I too shall reign ;
Nor sin, nor death while he survives,
Shall make the promise vain :
In him my title stands secure,
And shall while endless years endure.
- 5 When he in robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,
You too, my soul, shall shine in light,
And his full image bear :
Enough ! I wait the appointed day,
Blessed Saviour, haste, and come away

710. L. M.

- 1 ETERNITY is just at hand,
And shall I waste my ebbing sand ?
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away ?
- 2 Be this my chief, my only care —
My high pursuit—my ardent prayer—
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon sealed, and peace with God
- 3 But should my brightest hopes be vain,
The rising doubts, how sharp the pain :
My fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm my title to thy love.
- 4 Search, Lord — O search my inmost heart.
And light, and hope, and joy impart,
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee

716. PASSING AWAY.

REP. SLOW.

1g	5	1	1					1	1	1	2	3	2	1
A	5	'	'	7	5	6	6	5	6	7	'	'	7	5
2c		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

We're passing from the earth away, As mists before the sun;
Our eyes scarce open on the day, Before our race is run; And we're passing away,

1g	5	1	3	3	2	1	2	2	2	3	2	1	1	1	1	4	4	3
D	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	5	5	3	3	5
2c		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

REP.

1g	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	3	4	5	5	4	2	1	1	1	2	6	6
B	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	3	4	5	5	4	2	1	1	1	2	6	6
2c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

1g	1	2	1	1	1	1	2	3	2	1	1	s	1	2	1	1
A	7	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	6	'	'	'	7
2c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

We are passing a - way, We are passing away, To the great judgment day.

1g	2	1						1	4	4	3	3	3	5	1
D	'	'	7	5	5	3	3	5	'	'	'	'	'	5	5
2c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

1g	5	5	5	3	3	1	1	1	2	6	6	5	5	5	3	3	1
B	5	5	5	3	3	1	1	1	2	6	6	5	5	5	3	3	1
2c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

2 We're passing from the earth, as falls
The grass before the blade;
Our wealth, our fame, our honors, all
Will soon be lowly laid.

Our fathers, where are they? and do
The prophets live alway?"
Ah, no! How mournful 'tis, how true?
They all have passed away.

4 We're passing from the earth, as flax
Is by the fire consumed,
Or high, or low, death's scythe attacks,
And brings all to the tomb.

5 We're passing down the stream of life,
Swift as the weaver's thread;
Soon there will be an end of strife,
Soon we shall join the dead.

6 Then let us hear and heed the word,
To us in mercy given,
Believe, repent, obey the Lord,
And seek the bliss of Heaven

L.

717. C. M.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bourn
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their
rounds!

How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey,

3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see;
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 Thus shall their course more grateful
If future years arise; [roll,
Or this shall bear my peaceful soul
To joy that never dies.

718. THE RETURNING PRODIGAL.

4g
A .11-2 | .3R | .33-1 | .52-2 | .33 | 265 | .54 | .322 | 3-8-154 | .5R |

3q " " " " " " " " " " " "
I will arise! I will arise! will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him

4g
C .R- | .R- | .11-2 | .3 | .11 | 11 | .1 | 1-2 2 1 | R |

3q " " 7-7 6 .7- 77 " " .7
" " " "

4g
D .R- | .R- | .R- | .R5-5 | .5 | 443 | .25 | .555 | 5-6 5 2 | .2R |

3q " " " " " " " " " " " "
4g

B .R- | .R- | .R- | .R | .11 | .1 | 1 | R |

3q " " 5-5 445 .5- 55 7 6 .5
" " " "

4g
A .4- | 43R | .2- | 2155 | 651 | 1 23 | 44-434 | .54-3 | .3- | .2- | .R2 | .2- |

3q " " 7 " " " " " " " "
Father, Father, I have sinned, have sinned, I have sinned against heaven,

4g
C .2- | 2 1 R | 111 | 11 | 1 | 2 2-2 1 2 | .3 2-1 | .1- | .R | |

3q .7- 7 " 5 5 5 7 " " " " " " .7- 7 .7-
" " " "

4g
D .R- | .R- | .5- | 5533 | 433 | 3255 | 5 5-5 5 | .5 5-5 | .5- | .R5 | .5- |

3q " " " " " " " " " " " "
4g

B .R- | .R- | .4- | 4311 | 111 | .R |

3q " " 5555 5 5-5 5 .5 5-5 .5- .5- 5 .5-
" " " " " " " " " "

4g
A .3- | .R55 | 76 | 6512 | 3-425 | 4355 | 76 | 6512 | 3-42 | .1- |

3q " " " " " " " " " " " "
thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son,

4g
C .1- | .R 11 | .1 1 | 1111 | 1-2 2 | 2 111 | .1 1 | 1111 | 1-2 | .1- |

3q " " " " 77 " " " " " " " " " "
and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

4g
D .5- | .R33 | 354 | 4346 | 5-5 5 | .533 | 354 | 4346 | 5-54 | .3- |

3q " " " " " " " " " " " "
4g

B .1- | .R 11 | .1 1 | 11 | .111 | .11 | 11 | .1- |

3q " " 64 5-5 5 " " 64 5-5 5
" " " " " " " " " "

719. I LOVE TO SING.

L.

6G ♪	1ST TIME. REP. 1s. 2ND TIME.																							
A	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	3	4-	3	2	5	3	1	2	R	4	2	3	1	3	5	5	3
3c	5	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

I love to sing when I am glad, Song is the echo of my gladness,
I love to sing when I am sad, Till song makes sweet my very sadness.

Tis pleasant time, when

6G ♪	1ST TIME. REP. 1s. 2ND TIME.															
C	1	3	3	3	5	1	2-	1	1	R	1	1	3	3	3	1
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

6G ♪	1ST TIME. REP. 1s. 2ND TIME.																							
D	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	6-	5	5	5	5	5	5	R	6	5	5	3	5	'	'
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

6G ♪	1ST TIME. REP. 1s. 2ND TIME.																							
B										1	1	R	1	1	1	1	1	1						
3c	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4-	5	5	5	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

6G	1																											
A	6	5	5	3	5	5	5	3	6	5	4	2	3	5	5	5	7	6	5	3	4-	3	2	5	4	2	3	1
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

voices chime, To some sweet rhyme in concert only,
And song, to me, is company, Good company when I am lonely.

6G	1																											
C	4	2	3	1	3	3	3	1	4	2	1	3	3	3	6	5	4	3	1	2-	1	1	1					
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

6G	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	1														
D	6	7	'	'	6	5	5	5	5	'	'	'	'	'	'	7	5	6-	5	4	3	2	5	5	3
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	

6G	1																				
B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1										
3c	4	5	'	'	5	4	5	5	5	'	'	5	5	5	7-	5	5	5	4	5	5

2 Whene'er I greet the morning light,
My song goes forth in thankful numbers,
And 'mid the shadows of the night,
I sing me to my welcome slumbers.
My heart is stirred by each glad bird,
Whose notes are heard in summer bowers;
And song gives birth to friendly mirth,
Around the hearth in wintry hours.

3 Man first learned song in Paradise,
From the bright angels o'er him singing;
And in our home above the skies,
Glad anthems are for ever ringing.

God lends his ear, well pleased to hear
 The songs that cheer his children's sorrow,
 Till day shall break, and we shall wake,
 Where love will make unfading morrow.

720. THE VESPER HYMN. A RUSSIAN AIR.

4G	A	3 5 4 5		3 5 2 5		3 5 5 4 - 2		1	.	1		3 5 4 5		3 5 2 5		3 5 5 4 - 2		1	.	1
4C				''				7-7						''				7-7		

Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing, O'er the waters soft and clear;
 Nearer yet, and nearer pealing, Now it bursts upon the ear;

4G	C	:R		:R		:R		:R		.1 .2		.1		.1						
4C										.7		.6		.5		.5				
										Halle - lujah		Amen!		Amen!						

4G	D	:R		:R		:R		:R		.5 .5		.5 .5		5 3 .4		3 2 .3				
4C																				
4G	B	:R		:R		:R		:R		.1		.1		.1		.1				
4C										.7		.5		.4		.5				
										Halle - lujah!		Amen		Amen!						

4G	1	1						1	1											
A	7	5		4 2 3 5		7	5		4 2 .1		1 - 1 1 1		2 - 2 2 2							
4C																				

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen; Farther now, now farther stealing,

4G	C	3 4 2 1 3		2	1 3		3 4 2 1 3		2	.	1					.1				
4C		''		7		''		7		.5		.6		.7						
										Hal - le		lu - jah!								
4G	D	5 - 5 5 5		5 5 5 5		5 - 5 5 5		6 5 4 .3		.3	.3		.6	.5						
4C		'				'		'												
4G	B	1 2 3 1		1 1		1 2 3 1		.1		1										
4C				5 5				4 5		7 6 5		4 8 4		.5						
										Hal - le		lu - jah!								

OLIVE BRANCH. 8s,7s. L.

11

A	55	5-1	1	2-3s-1	5-56s-1	.5	55	5-5	75-42	6-532	.1
3s	''	6	7	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''

4G

C	33	3-144	2	12	3-342	.3	33	3-3	55	53-	1-21	.1
3s	''	''	7-	''	''	''	''	''	''	67	''	''

4G

B	11	1-		1-12	.1	11	1-				.1
3s	''	5-16	55-57	''	''	''	555	55-45	6-555	''	''

727. 8s,7s.

1 DEATH shall not destroy my comfort,
Christ will guide me through the
gloom;

Down he'll send some heavenly convoy,
To convey my spirit home.

2 Jordan's streams shall not o'erflow me,
While my Saviour's by my side;
Canaan, Canaan lies before me,
Soon I'll cross the swelling tide.

3 Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky!
Though by faith I now explore you,
I'll enjoy you soon on high.

4 Soon I'll gain a full possession,
Faith and hope shall thenceforth cease;
Lost in love's unbounded ocean,
Joy forever shall increase.

5 Quickly, Lord, our suit is pressing,
Let thy boundless mercy flow,
Lord, we wait a Father's blessing
On our spirits ere we go.

728. 8s,7s. *Lena*, p. 338.

1 SEE the Lord of glory dying,
See him gasping, hear him crying;
See his burdened bosom heave;
Look, ye sinners, ye that hung him.
Look, how deep your sins have stung
him;
Dying sinners, look and live.

2 See the rocks and mountains quaking,
Earth unto her centre shaking;
Nature's groans awake the dead.
Lo, the sun is struck with wonder,
While the legal peals of thunder
Smite the dear Redeemer's head.

3 Heaven's bright melodious legions,
Chanting through the tuneful regions,
Cease to thrill the quivering strings;
Songs seraphic all suspended,
Till the mighty war was ended
By the all-victorious King.

4 Hell, and all the powers infernal,
Vanquished by the King Eternal,
When he poured the vital flood;
By his groans which shook creation,
Lo! we found a proclamation;
Peace and pardon by his blood.

5 Shout, ye saints, with adoration -
Fill, with songs the wide creation,
He is risen from the grave;
Shout with joyful acclamation,
To the Rock of your salvation,
Who alone has power to save.

6 Bear with patience, tribulation,
Overcoming all temptation,
Till the glorious jubilee;
He will come with bursts of thunder
Then shall we adore and wonder,
Singing on the highest key.

729 PORTUGUESE HYMN. 10s, 1 s.

6G	A	1	1	2	3234	32	1	1	123	R	543	433
2Q	5	5	5	5	76	7	7	7	76-5	5-	5	5

Hither ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph, To Bethlehem,
haste the Lord of Life to meet: To you this day

6G	C	335	555556	5-	s4	454	5s455	5s4-5	5-	7	555	
2Q	3	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	6	5-	s4	454

6G	D	111	22	1211	1	2	222	225	21-	R	555	211
2Q	1	1	1	2	1	2	2	2	2	2	5	5

6G	B	111	557	774	5-	6	652	567	2-2	5-	7	7
2Q	1	1	1	5	5	7	7	7	4	5-	6	6

6G	A	2312	1	1	12	1	3	3234	32	3	4321	12	32-1	1-
2Q	2	3	1	2	1	1	2	1	3	3	2	3	4	3

born a Prince and Saviour, O come and let us worship, O come and let
us worship, O come and let us worship at his feet.

6G	C	556	5-	5	7	5s4	556	54-3	3-
2Q	5	5	6	5-	5	7	5	s4	5

6G	D	132	2-1	3	3234	321	1	12	1	5	5552	211	1	11-
2Q	1	3	2	1	3	2	3	4	3	2	1	5	5	5

6G	B	1	1	21	5	434	55-5	1-
2Q	1	1	2	1	5	4	3	4

2 Oh Jesus, for such wond'rous condescension,
Our praises and rev'rence are an offering meet;
Now is the word made flesh, and dwells among us
Oh come and let us worship at his feet.

3 Shout his almighty name, ye choir of angels,
And let the celestial courts his praise repeat,
Unto our God be glory in the highest;
Oh come and let us worship at his feet.

731. ROWLEY.*

MASON.

5G

A	1-2		321		.5		3-5		432		.3		5-5		535		543		.2		2-2		234		
3C	'		'		'		'		'		'		'		'		'		'		'		'		'

Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth, O serve him with
gladness and fear; Exult in his pro

5G

C			1			1-1		21		.1		1-1		111							12				
3C	5-5		57		.7	'	'	7		'	'	555		.5	7-7		7		'	'					

5G

D	3-4		543		.5		5-3		655		.5		3-3		313		321			5-5		555		
3C	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

5G

B	1-1		1			1-1				.1		1-1		111		1									
3C	'	'	56		.5	'	'	455		'	'	77		.5	5-5		555		'	'					

5G

A	.3		2-2		33s4		.5		5-5		535		543		.2		5-5		535		432		.1	
3C	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

sence with music and mirth, With love and devotion draw near,
With love and devotion draw near

5G

C	.1				111			3-3		313		321			1-1		111		21		.1		
3C	7-7		'	'	.7	'	'	.5	'	'	7		'	'									

5G

D	.5		5-5		566		.5		R		.R-		.R-		.R		3-3		315		654		.3	
3C	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

5G

B	.1				12			R		.R-		.R-		.R		1-1		11					
3C	5-5		6		.5		'	'	3	455		.1		'	'								

- 2 The Lord he is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.
- 3 Oh enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious concordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.
- 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand:
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

*From the Harp, by permission.

THE HEAVENLY CLIME.

3P		2					2		P																
A		13	'	3123		21			12		334s5		66s5		63s2		3		s2		334s5				
2c		6-6		667	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'		
3P		2					2		P																
B		1-1		11231		11							1		342		31						1		
2c		'		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	
3P									P																
A		66s5		65s4		5		55		33		1	1		3	3		12s2		3123		21	'		
2c		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
3P									P																
B		333		432		3		11		11					1										
2c		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

739.

- 1 HAVE you heard, have you heard of that heavenly clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame --
Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame --
Have you heard of that heavenly clime?
- 2 A river of water gushes there,
'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er,
The dazz'ling wave and the golden shore,
That are seen in that heavenly clime.
- 3 Millions of forms, all clothed in bright,
In garments of beauty clear and white --
They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers,
That bloom in that heavenly clime.
- 4 Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen,
Their swelling songs and their changeless sheen,
Their ensigns are waving, their banners unfurled
O'er jasper walls and gates of pearl,
That are fixed in that heavenly clime.
- 6 But far, far away in that sinless clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where amid all things that's fair is given,
The home of the just -- and its name is **Heaven**,
The name of that sinless clime.

740. AWAKE MY FAITH. C. M. s. w.

4c	.1-		P													
A	.5	3	5	6	.5	.4	.3	.3	.2	.5	.6	8.4	:5			
4c	Oh that the Lord would guide my ways, To keep his statutes still!															
4c	P															
B	.1	1	1	.1-	1	.2	.1	.3	.1		.1	.2				
4c												.5	.5	:5		
4c	.1		.1-													
A	.5	3	5	.6	.5	.7	6	5-	6	5	4	.3	.2	:1		
4c	Oh that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will.															
4c																
B	.1	1	1				.1-	1	.1-	4	.5		:1			
4c												.4	.5	.6	.5	.5

2 Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere :
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.

3 H lp me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 No let my head, nor heart, nor hands
 Offend against my God.

741. C. M.

1 LORD, I approach thy mercy seat,
 Where thou dost answer prayer ;
 There humbly fall beneath thy feet,
 For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
 With this I venture nigh ;
 Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
 And such, O Lord ! am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin
 By Satan sorely pressed ;
 By wars without and fears within,
 I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
 That, sheltered near thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him thou hast died

6 Oh wond'rous love ! to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame ;
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead thy gracious name,

742. C. M.

1 COME, let us raise a joyful tune
 To our exalted Lord,
 The saints on high around his throne,
 And we around his board.

2 The tree of life, that near the throne,
 In heaven's high garden grows,
 Laden with grace, bends gently down
 Its ever-smiling boughs.

3 Hov'ring among the leaves, there
 stands
 The sweet celestial dove,
 And *Jesus* on the branches hangs
 The banner of his love.

4 It is a heaven of strange delight,
 While in his shade we sit ;
 His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
 And to the taste as sweet.

5 New life it spreads through dying
 hearts,
 And cheers the drooping mind ;
 Vigor and joy the juice imparts,
 Without a sting behind.

743. C. M.

1 OH for a breeze of heavenly love
 To waft my soul away
 To the celestial world above,
 Where pleasures ne'er decay.

2 Eternal Spirit, deign to be
 My pilot here below,
 To steer through life's tempestuous sea
 Where angry tempests blow.

3 From rocks of pride on either side,
 From quicksands of despair ;
 Oh, guide me safe to Canaan's land,
 Through every latent snare.

744. THE PEACEFUL HOME. Ss.7s.

4G
A 1 | .2 3 | .1 2 | 3- 2 3 | || | .1 | .3 1 | 2 1- || 1 | .2 3 | .1 2 |
3c , .5 5 5 ,
There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for

4G
D 1 | 1 | | 1- 1 | .1 || 1 | .1 | .1 | 1- || | 1 | .1 |
3c .7 .5 7 7 , 7 5 7 5 .7 7 ,
4G
B | | | | || | | | | || | | | |
3c 5 .5 5 .5 5 .5 5 .5 5 .5 5 4 3- 3 .5 5 .5 5 ,

4G 1
A 3- 2 3 | .5 || | .5 3 | .4 3 | 4- 5 6 | || | .1 | .3 1 | 2 1- ||
3c , , .5 5 5 ,
souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above—in heaven.

4G
D 1- 1 | .2 || 6 | .3 1 | .2 1 | 2- 3 4 | .3 || 4 | .3 2 | .1 | 1- ||
3c 7 , 5 7 ,
4G
B | | || 1 | .1 | | | || | | | | 1- ||
3c .5 5 .5 5 .6 5 .2 2 .5 2 .5 5 .5 5 4 ,

- 2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
As fair as breath of even ;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose — in heaven.
- 3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear — but heaven.
- 4 There faith lifts up the the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given ;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene — in heaven.
- 5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom,—
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

745. 8s, 7s.

- 1 THERE is a land of calm delight
 To sorrowing mortals given ;
 There rapt'rous scenes enchant the sight,
 And all to soothe the soul unite —
 Sweet is their rest in heaven.
- 2 There glory beams on all the plains,
 And joy for hope is given ;
 There music swells in sweetest strains,
 And spotless beauty ever reigns,
 And all is love in heaven.
- 3 There cloudless skies are ever bright,
 Thence gloomy scenes are driven ;
 There suns dispense unsullied light ;
 And planets beaming on the sight,
 Illume the fields of heaven.
- 4 There is a stream that ever flows,
 To passing pilgrims given ;
 There, fairest fruit immortal grows,
 The verdant flower eternal blows,
 Amid the fields of heaven.
- 5 There is a great, a glorious prize
 For those with sin who've striven,
 'T is bright as star of evening skies,
 And far above it glittering lies
 A golden crown in heaven.

746. C. M. *Waverly*, p. 366.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 COME boldly to the throne of grace,
 Our great High Priest is there ;
 Come, venture to that holy place,
 Beneath his guardian care.</p> <p>2 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
 Where Jesus kindly pleads ;
 Ours cannot be a desperate case
 While Jesus intercedes.</p> <p>3 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
 The centre of his love ;
 Where sweet attractions never cease
 To draw our hearts above.</p> | <p>4 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
 And all our trials name ;
 In every point our Lord will trace,
 That he endured the same.</p> <p>5 Come boldly to the throne of grace
 With all our wants and fears,
 The Saviour's hand shall kindly chase
 Away the bitterest tears.</p> <p>6 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
 There shall our spirits soar ;
 There we will pray and never cease
 Till time shall be no more</p> |
|--|---|

747. HOW BEAUTEOUS ARE THEIR FEET.

4g () () 1 1

A 5 | 5 5 | 6 5 6 7 | | 5 5 | 3 2 | .1 || .R | R 3 | 5 3 |

2c , , ,

1 How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill, Who bring sal-

4g

C 3 | 3 3 | 4 2 | 3 || 5 | 3 3 | 1 | .1 || .R | R 1 | 3 1 |

2c 7

2 How charming is their voice! How sweet the tidings are! Zi - on be-

4g 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

D 5 | | 7 | 5 || 3 | 5 | 5 5 | .5 || .R | R 1 |

2c

3 How happy are our ears, That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets

4g

B 1 | | | 1 || | 1 1 | | | .R | 1 | | |

2c 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 .5 5 5 1 5

4g 1 1 1 ()

A 1 3 | 5 5 | 5 || 6 7 | | 7 5 | 6 6 | 6 | 5 5 4 | 3 2 | .1 ||

2c , , , ,

vation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal
4g Who brings salvation on their tongues. ()

C 1 1 | 3 3 | 3 || 4 | 5 6 | 5 3 | 4 4 | 4 6 | 3 3 2 | 1 | .1 ||

2c , , 7

hold thy Saviour King; Zion behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here'

4g 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

D 5 | 5 | | || 6 | 5 | 7 7 | | 6 | 7 5 | 5 5 4 | .3 ||

2c , ,

waited for, Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought, but never found!

4g

B | | | || 1 | 1 | 2 | | | | | | | |

2c 5 5 .5 5 5 7 6 4 4 6 3 6 5 5 .1

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.

2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power;
Adore th' exalted Son.
Who died, but lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.

4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause
And spreads through all the earth
abroad.
The triumph of his cross.

748. S.M.

1 JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;

749. COMMUNION. L. M. S. LEIGHTY.

5g
 A .1 | () | .1 1 | .2 3 | .1 || 1 | .3 3 | 2 1 | () 1 | .1 |
 3c 6 5 6 6 5 6
 1 How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a weary soul to rest.

5g
 D .3 | .4 4 | .3 3 | .5 5 | .3 || 5 | .5 5 | 6 5 3 | .2 4 | .3 |
 3c
 2 So fades a summer cloud away · So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;

5g
 B .1 | .1 1 | 1 | 1 | || 1 | .1 1 | .2 1 | | .1 |
 3c .6 .7 .5 .5 6
 5g
 A 1 | .5 5 | 3 2 1 | 1 2 3 | .5 || 5 | 6 5 5 | 3 2 1 | 2 1 2 | .1 |
 3c
 How mildly beam the closing eyes! How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

5g
 D 5 | | 6 5 5 | .4 5 | .3 || 3 | .4 2 | .5 3 | .5 5 | .5 |
 3c
 So gently shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave along the shore.

5g
 B 1 | .3 1 | 1 1 | .2 1 | || 1 | .1 | .1 1 | | .1 |
 3c 7 .5 7 .7 7

- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
 A calm which life nor death destroys;
 And naught disturbs that peace profound,
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay —
 Light from its load the spirit flies,
 While heaven and earth combine to say,—
 How blest the righteous when he dies!

750. L. M.

- 1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
 Vast as the blessings he conveys;
 Wide as his reign from pole to pole;
 And permanent as his control.
- 2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come,
 Then sin and hell's terrific gloom,
 Shall, at his brightness, flee away,
 The dawn of an eternal day.
- 3 Then shall the heathen, filled with awe,
 Learn the blest knowledge of thy law;
 And anti-christs on every shore,
 Fall from their thrones to rise no more.

4 Then shall thy lofty praise resound
On Afric's shores, through India's ground
And islands of the southern sea
Shall stretch their eager arms to Thee

5 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
In pure devotion at thy feet;
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,
Her fullness and her glory too.

752. THE SINNER'S FRIEND. 3s, 7s.

3P	§									REP.								
A	.3	1	1	.2	2	.3		.4	2	.3	3	.1						
3s	.6		7		7		7		.6-									
Great Redeemer, Friend of sinners, Thou hast wondrous power to save.																		
3P	§																	
C	.1	1	.2	3	2	.1		.2	.1	5	.5	2	.3-					
3s	.7		7		7		7											
Grant me grace, and still protect me, Over life's tempestuous wave.																		
3P	§	1		.1		.1		.1		.1		.1-						
D	.5	3	.2	.5	5	7		.6	5			7						
3s	And until the sun arises Lead me by the morning star.																	
3P	§																	
B	.1																	
3s	s5	.6	6	.5	5	5	.5	.6	5	.5	5	.5	5	.6-				
3P												REP. 1, 2s.						
A	.3	s4	5	4	s5	.6	5	4	.2		.3	s4	5	4	3	.1	2	.3-
3s	May my soul, with sacred transport, View the dawn while yet a - far,																	
3P	REP. 1, 2s.																	
C	.1	s2	3	2	.1	3	4	.2		.1	2	3	2	1	.4	.1-		
3s	7																	
3P	.1																	
D	6	5	7	5	.3	1	2		.6	6	5	7	5	.6	5	.5-		
3s	.7																	
3P																		REP. 1, 2s.
B																		
3s	.5	4	.5	5	.5	5	6	.5	.5	s4	.5	s5	.6	5				

2 Oh what madness! Oh what folly!
That my heart should go astray,
After vain and foolish trifles,
Trifles only of a day
This vain world, with all its pleasures,
Very soon will be no more;
There's no object worth admiring,
Save the God whom we adore.

3 See the happy spirits waiting,
On the banks beyond the stream,
Sweet responses still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus, is their theme,
Hark! they whisper—lo! they call me
Sister spirit, come away:
Lo! I come, earth can't content me,
Hail the realms of endless day.

ADOPTION.

3P	§	1	⌒	P	1	3	3	⌒	REP	1	2	2
A	.6	5	3	7	6	7		7	6	s5	.6	1.
2s		,	,							,	,	
3P	§		⌒	P	P				REP.			
C	.3	3	1	5	2	3	5	6	5	5	2	.3
2s		,	,									
3P		1	1	1		P	P		REP.	.1		1
D	.6			5	3	3	4	5	5	7	R	7
2s												
8P	§					P	P		REP.			
B		1	1	1		1	1				R	1
2s	.6			5	5			5	5	s5	.6	5
3P	2	1	3	3	⌒	1	⌒	⌒				
A			7	6	5	6	s5	6	3	s2	3	s5
2s			,	,				,	,	,	,	
3P		5	3	6	6	5	1	5	3	2	3	1
C											1	3
2s										,	7	
3P		1	1	2		1		⌒				
D	7	5		7	5	5		6	5	4	3	3
2s			,					,	,			
3P		1	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	5	1	
B												
2s	5	6								5	7	.6

756.

1 **ARISE**, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,

They strongly speak for me;
"Forgive him, oh forgive," they cry
Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear Anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 To God I'm reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, A-ba father, cry.

757. HERALD. 8s,7s,4s.

lg	§	1-	1	2	2	3-	2	1	1-	1	3	2	REP.			
A	5	5	'			'	''		6	'	6	5	'	''	7	

2c
 God of our salvation, hear us; Bless, oh bless us, ere we go;
 When we join the world be near us, Lest we cold and careless grow;
 lg § 1 REP.
 B 1 1 | 3- 3 | 5 5 | ' | 4 4 | 3 1 | 4 5 | .1

lg	3	1-					1	3-	2	1	.1
A	'	7	6	6	5	4	4	3	5	'	7

2c
 Sa - viour, keep us— Saviour, keep u -Keep us safe from every foe
 lg
 B 1 3 | 4 4 | 5 2 | 1 ' | 3 1 | 1- 4 | 5 5 | .1

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
 To our everlasting home,
 May our view of heaven grow clearer,
 Hope more bright of joys to come;
 And, when dying,
 May thy presence cheer the gloom.

758. 8s,7s,4s.

ON the mountain top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands;
 Joyful news to Zion bearing,
 Zion long in hostile lands;
 Mourning captive,
 God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Hast thy night been long and mournful,
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning,
 Zion still is well-beloved.

3 God, thy God will soon restore thee;
 He himself appears thy friend:
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasted triumphs end:
 Great deliverance.
 Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
 All thy warfare now be past
 God thy Saviour will defend thee,
 Victory is thine at last:
 All thy conflicts
 End in an eternal rest.

759. 8s,7s,4s.

1 ONCE was heard the song of children,
 By the Saviour when on earth;
 Joyful in the sacred temple,
 Shouts of youthful praise had birth.
 And hosannas
 Loud to David's son broke forth.

2 Palms of victory strewn around him,
 Garments spread beneath his feet,
 Prophet of the Lord they crowned him
 In fair Salem's crowded street,
 While hosannas
 From the lips of children greet.

3 Blessed Saviour, now triumphant
 Glorified and throned on high,
 Mortal lays, from man or infant,
 Vain to tell thy praise essay;
 But hosannas
 Swell the chorus to the sky.

4 God o'er all in heaven reigning,
 We, this day, thy glory sing—
 Not with palms thy pathway strewn
 We would loftier tribute bring—
 Glad hosannas
 To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Oh, though humble is our offering,
 Deign accept our grateful lays—
 These, from children once proceeding,
 Thou did'st deem "perfected praise"
 Now hosannas,
 Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise.

2 There's light, effulgent light in Heaven,
It radiates from the throne,
And bright reflects from golden streets,
And walls of precious stone:
Ten thousand times ten thousand stars,
And suns by scores untold,
Could ne'er emit such glorious light,
As there the saints behold

3 There's rest in Heaven, calm repose,
From pain and toil and care;
And there the weary shall enjoy
A peace beyond compare,
A tranquil quiet, calm and deep,
A sea without a shore,
An ocean vast, of bliss, that shall
Endure for evermore.

4 There's music, heavenly music, there
Ten thousand harps of gold
Are tuned and touched by angel hands,
To measures sweet and bold;
Twelve thousand times twelve thousand
Of their redemption sing; [souls,
And louder yet, rank after rank,
Redemption's anthems ring.

5 They sing the wondrous love of God,
To a lost sinful race:
And thousand thousand angel choirs
Take up the notes of praise;
And ransomed souls, a countless host,
Echo the swelling songs,
Honor, and power, and love to Him,
To whom all praise belongs.
Honor and power.

761. PENITENCE. 7,6,8. W.H. OAKLEY.

7G
A .1 | 3- 2 1 | .1 | | | | .1 R | 3- 2 1 | 3- 2 1 |
3C 5 ' 7 6 .5 5 .6 6 .5 5 ' ' , ,

Jesus, let thy pitying eye, Call back a wandering sheep. False to thee, like

7G
B | | | | | | | R | | | | |
3C .1 1 | .1 1 | .4 4 | .11 | .11 | .5 5 | .1 | .1 1 | .1 1 |

Pe - ter, I would fain, like Peter weep. Let me be by grace restored, On

7G
A .1 | | | | .11 | .3 2 | .1 R | | | | | 1 | |
3C 7 6 .5 5 .5 3 4 .5 5 6- 7 .5 5 , , , , , ,

me be all long suffering shown; Turn and look upon me, Lord,

7G
B | | | | | R | | | | | | | | |
3C .4 4 | .1 5 | .3 1 | .5 5 | .1 | .1 1 | .1 1 | .4 4 | .1 1 |

And break my heart of stone.

7G
A 1 | | | | .3 1 | .2 R | 3- 2 1 | 3- 2 1 | .1 | | .1 1 | .3 2 | .1 R ||
3C 6 7 6 .5 ' ' 6 .5 5 , , , ,

me be all long suffering shown; Turn and look upon me, Lord,

7G
B | | | | | R | | | | | | | | | | | R |
3C .4 4 | .1 1 | .1 3 5 | .1 1 | .1 1 | .4 4 | .1 5 | .3 1 | .5 5 | .1

1 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Salvation to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart,—
Give, what I have long implored,
A portion of thy love unknown,
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

763. AUTUMN. 8s,7s.

1P	6	7	6	5	6	7	'	7	6	6	6	.6	'	'	'	'	6
2s	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

Once, oh Lord, thy garden flourished, Every plant looked gay and green ;
 Then thy word our spirits nourished, Happy seasons we have seen !
 But a drought has since succeeded,

1P	3	3	2	1	2	3	3	3	6	5	2	3	.6	3	2	3	3
D	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
2s																	

1P	6	6	3	3	5	5	3	3	6	5	6	3	.6	6	6	5	6
2s																	

1P	3	4	5	3	6	6	5	4	.3	3	4	3	1	5	4	3
A	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
2s																

And a sad decline we see ; Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
 Help can only come from thee.

1P	5	5	3	3	3	2	.3	4	3	2	4	2	3	6	5	2	3	.3
D																		
2s																		

1P	1	1	1	2	1	6	6	6	5	.6	7	7	6	5	3	4	5	5	3	.6
B																				
2s																				

3 Some, in whom we once delighted,
 We shall meet no more below ;
 Some, alas ! we fear are blighted —
 Scarce a single leaf they show.

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

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

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

764. 8s,7s.

1 MOTHER, has the dove that nestled
 Lovingly upon thy breast,
 Folded up its little pinions,
 And in darkness gone to rest ?

2 Nay, the grave is dark and dreary,
 But the lost one is not there.
 Hear'st thou not its gentle whisper,
 Floating on the ambient air ?

3 It is near thee, gentle mother,
 Near thee at the evening hour ;
 Its soft kiss is in the zephyr,
 It floats up from every flower.

4 And when night's dark shadows fleeing
 Low thou bendest thee in prayer,
 And thy heart feels nearest heaven,
 Then thy angel babe is there.

766. 8s,7s.

1 HARK! what mean those heavenly voices.
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices:
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
Hark! the heralds of salvation!
Joyful news the angels bring;
God himself in flesh hath entered,
Jesus is the new-born King!

2 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,

“Glory in the highest -- glory!
Glory be to God most high!
Peace on earth—good will from heaven.
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,”
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

3 Christ is born, the great anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing:
Oh receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!

DAY SPRING. 8s,7s,4.

5g	1																						
A	1	2	3	1	4	3	2	1	3	4	5	5	6	.5	5	5	5	5	6	5	5	4	3
2c																							
5g																							
B	1						1	1	1	1	2	1		1	1	1	1	2	2				
2c	5	3	1	4	6	5	5							.5								5	5
5g																							
A	4	4	4	6	5	3	.5	1	1	2	3	1	2	1	2	3	4	5	5	3	2	.1	
2c																							
5g																							
B							.1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	3						.1	
2c	4	4	4	5	5																		

767. 8s,7s.

1 GENTLY, Lord, oh gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears!
And, oh Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
Oh refresh us!
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
Oh refresh us!
Traveling through this wilderness.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
Oh refresh us!
Traveling through this wilderness.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.
Oh refresh us!
When we've passed the wilderness.

768, 8s,7s.

1 GRACIOUS Saviour! we adore thee
Purchased by thy precious blood,
We present ourselves before thee,
Now to walk the narrow road:
Saviour, guide us,
Guide us to our heavenly home.

2 Thou didst mark our path of duty;
Thou wast laid beneath the wave;
Thou didst rise in glorious beauty
From the semblance of the grave:
May we follow
In the same delightful way.

769. REMEMBER ME. C. M.

1P 1 .1 1 1 .33 .1 1 .1 1
 A 3 | .6 | .6 5 | | .6 || | | 6 | .5 || 3 | .6 | .6 5 | | .6 ||

3a

O thou, from whom all goodness flows, I lift my soul to thee ;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,

1P .1 1
 C 1 | .3 6 | .3 2 | .6 6 | .3 || 6 | | .6 3 | .3 || 1 | .3 6 | .3 3 | .6 6 | .6 ||

3a

1P .1 1 .1 .1 1 1 .1 .1 .1 .1 1
 D 5 | | 5 | | || | .6 6 | .3 | || 5 | 3 | | .3 3 | .3 ||

3a

When trials sore obstruct my way, And ills I cannot flee,
 O let my strength be as my day ;

1P
 B 3 | .1 1 | .1 | .1 1 | | 1 | .1 | .1 3 | .1 || 3 | .1 1 | .1 | .1 | | ||

3a

5 .6 6 5 s5 .6

1P 1 .3 3 .1 3 .5 3 .3 1 .3 2 .1 2 .3
 A | | s5 | .6 | | | | | | || | 6 | .6 s4 | .5 ||

3a

Good Lord, remember me. When on my aching, burdened heart,
 My sins lie heavily,

1P .1 1 .3 1 .1 .1 .1
 C 6 | | .6 3 | .3 | 5 | | 6 | 7 | .6 || 7 | 3 | .3 s2 | .3 ||

3a

1P 1 .1 .1 .1 .1
 D 3 | .6 6 | .3 3 | .3 | | 6 | .6 3 | .6 5 | || 5 | .6 | 5 | .5 ||

3a

Good Lord, remember me. If, for thy sake, upon my name,
 Shame and reproach shall be,

1P
 B 1 | .3 1 | .1 | | 1 | .1 1 | .1 | .1 | | || | .1 1 | | .1 ||

3a

s5 .6 5 s5 .6 5 .6 6

1P 1 .1 1 1 .3 3 .1
 A 3 | .6 | .6 5 | | .6 || | | | s5 | .6 = ||

3a

Thy pardon grant, new peace im - part, Good Lord, re - member me.

1P .1 1
 C 1 | .3 6 | .3 3 | .6 6 | .3 || 6 | | .6 3 | .3 = ||

3a

1P .1 .1 .1
 D 5 | 3 | 5 | .3 3 | | 3 | .6 5 | .3 s5 | .6 = ||

3a

All hail, re - proach, and welcome shame, Good Lord, re - member me.

1P
 B | .1 | 1 | .1 1 | | 1 | .1 1 | | | | |
 2a 5 .5 .6 .6 .5 s5 .6 =

5 When worn with pain, disease, and
This feeble body see: [grief,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me.
6 When in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,

Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.
7 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then with the saints, at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me.

LEAF. C. M. W. G. WARD.

1g	1112	3211		1112	3215	532s4	.53
A	5	'	'	5555	.55	'	'
3c							
1g						1 2	.31
C	3	3334	5433	3334	.33	3334	5467
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
1g						1 1	21
B	1	1115	5511	1111	.11	1115	55
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
1g	2223	4321	234321	1-	1112	3213	43
A	'	'	'	'	75	'	'
3c							
1g	1	21	1	121		1	1
C	777	'	'	7	7	76	.53
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
1c							
B	5555	5555	5555	.55	1115	5511	4455
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

771. C. M.

1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
Oh Lord! remember me.
2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.
3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Oh Lord! remember me.
4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
Oh Lord! remember me.
5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be;
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do Thou remember me

772. C. M.

1 RELIGION! soul-reviving sound!
Makes drooping hearts rejoice;
Where shall the happy man be found,
Who makes it all his choice.
2 Religion! oh how oft abused,
By ign'rance and by pride!
Its sweet inviting voice refused.
And trampled on beside!
3 Religion! oh the heav'nly power
When in the heart it reigns!
The living and the dying hour
It comforts and sustains.
4 Religion! smoothes life's rugged way,
And makes the bitter sweet;
And will in heaven's eternal day,
Be glorious and complete.
5 Let worldlings boast their golden store,
And mighty men their powers;
We ask such empty joys no more,
Be true religion ours.

773. FIDUCIA. C. M.

3P	§	REP. .1 33 .3 .1 21 .2													
A	.6	67	.6	.3	5-6	5-3	32	3s5	.6						
2C															
		Hark from the tombs a doleful sound ! My ears, attend the cry --													
3P	§	REP.													
C	.3	33	.4	.3	3-4	3-1	1	13	.3	.3	53	.3	.5	75	.5
2C							7								
		Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.													
3P	§	1			1-2	1-					11	.1	.1		
D	.6	7	.6	.6			6	55	6s5	.6	.5			55	.5
2C															
		Princes, this clay must be your bed,													
3P	§	REP. .1 .1													
B	.6	63	.2	.3	1-2	1-1	34	33			66	.6		55	.5
2C									.6						
3P		.3	1	.1	.3	.2	.1	3 1							
A		6						.6	.3	5-6	5-3	32	3s5	.6	
2C															
3P															
C	.5	64	.4	.6	.5	.6	66	.3	.1	3-4	3-1	1	1	3	.3
2C															
3P		.1				.1	.1	.1	1-	1-					
D		44	.6	.6	.5		56			7	5	65	5-5	.6	
2C															
		In spite of all your towers, The tall, the wise, the reverend head, Must lie as low as ours !													
3P															
B	.3	32	.1	.1	.5	.3	63	.2	.3	1-2	3-1	34	33		
2C															6

3 Great God ! is this our certain doom ?
And are we still secure ?

Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more !

1 Grant us the power of quickening
grace,

To fit our souls to fly ;

Then, when we drop this dying flesh
We'll rise above the sky.

774. C. M.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our
Are equal warnings given ; [heads,
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven !

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower ;

Each season has its own disease
Its peril every hour.

3 Turn, mortal, turn !—thy danger how
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead !

4 Turn, Christian, turn !—thy soul apply
To truths which loudly tell,
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live for heaven — or hell !

775. C. M.

1 HOW swift the moments speed away—
How certain is our doom !
“ Our eyes scarce open on the day,”
Before we seek the tomb.

2 Dreary and dark and cold may be
Our bed, but we'll arise,
And join the blood-washed company
Of saints in paradise.

SUPPLICATION, No. 2.

L.

3P											1 1	REP. 2s.																			
A	3	6	6	s	6	3	3	3		1	2	3	5	3	3	s	5	6		6	'	'	7	6	s	5	6	3			
3s	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	
9P											§	REP. 2s																			
C	3	3	3	2	3	1	1				1	3	3	3	3		3	5	5	5	4	2	2	2							
3s	'	'	'	'	6	6	s	5	6	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	
9P											P	'	'	REP. 2s																	
B												1	1		1	1	2	1													
3s	6	6	6	7	6	6	6	6	6	7	6	6	'	7	6	6	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

776. L. M.

- 1 I LONG to see the season come,
When sinners shall come flocking home,
To taste the heaven of Jesus' love,
And seek the joys that are above.
- 2 Hark! 'tis the glorious gospel sound,
Inviting sinners all around;
Behold your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 He now stands knocking at your heart,
Waiting salvation to impart,
He'll wash you in atoning blood,
And make you heirs and sons of God.
- 4 A few more days and you must go,
To realms of joy or endless woe;
In worlds above with Christ to dwell,
Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.
- 5 Come, sinners, all now warning take,
And all your sinful ways forsake,
This world give o'er, leave friends behind
In Christ you shall redemption find.
- 6 Take your companions by the hand,
And all your children in a band;
And give them up at Jesus' call,
He'll pardon, bless, and save them all.
- 7 When the great day of Christ shall come,
And He collects His jewels home,
On Zion's mount we then shall stand,
And join the bright angelic band
- 8 Oh what a glorious company,
May I be there the sight to see;
And join in praise of Jesus' name,
All glory in Jerusalem.

- 4 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose ;
And there, to dim the radiant scene.
The tear of sorrow never flows.
- 5 It is not fanned by summer's gale,
'T is not refreshed by vernal showers ;
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.
- 6 No : for this world is ever bright,
With a pure radiance all its own ,
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from the eternal throne.

778. 10s, 11s.

- 1 ALL glory and praise to Jesus our Lord,
So plenteous in grace, so true to his word,
To us he hath given the gift from above,
The earnest of heaven, the spirit of love.
- 2 The truth of our God we boldly assert,
His love shed abroad and power in our heart,
Ye all may inherit, on Jesus who call ,
The gift of his Spirit is proffered to all.
- 3 His witness within, by faith we receive,
And ransomed from sin, in righteousness live ;
Through Jesus's passion we gladly possess
A present salvation, a kingdom of peace.
- 4 The peace and the power, ye sinners embrace,
And look for the shower, the spirit of grace ;
The gift and the giver we all shall receive,
For ever and ever within us to live.

779. L. M.

- 1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your Sovereign King ;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice ;
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God, 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being, give :
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pasture live.

785. L. M.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land by every tongue
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore.
Till suns shall rise and set no more

786. L. M.

- 1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
To thy great name be reverence given,
Thy peaceful kingdom wide extend,
And reign, oh Lord, till time shall end.
- 2 Thy sacred will on earth be done,
As 't is by angels round thy throne ;
And let us ev'ry day be fed,
With earthly and with heavenly bread.
- 3 Our sins forgive, and teach us thus
To pardon those who injure us ;
Our shield in all temptations prove,
And every evil far remove.
- 4 Thine is the kingdom to control,
And thine the power to save the soul ;
Great be the glory of thy reign,
Let every creature say, Amen.

787. C. M.

- 1 GO, heralds of the cross, proclaim
The wondrous word of God ;
Publish aloud, in Jesus' name,
The gospel all abroad.
- 2 Broadcast upon the spacious earth,
Sow ye the precious seed ;
Tell of the Saviour's wondrous birth —
Tell how he lived and died.
- 3 Tell he was buried and arose
Triumphant from the grave,
Exalted high above his foes,
He's mighty still to save. L.

788. C. M.

- 1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,

How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week !

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light !

3 Sweet day ! thine hours too soon will
cease,
Yet while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of
peace
A rest upon my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er :
That heavenly dawn which needs no
sun,
That day, which fades no more !

789. HEAVEN, SWEET HEAVEN.*

7^o
 A $\overset{\frown}{3321}$ | $\overset{\frown}{11}$ | $\overset{\frown}{131}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.2-}$ | $\overset{\frown}{3321}$ | $\overset{\frown}{11}$ | $\overset{\frown}{1231}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.1-R}$
 4s $\overset{\frown}{3-4}$ 5 " $\overset{\frown}{6}$ $\overset{\frown}{76}$ 5 $\overset{\frown}{3-4}$ 5 " $\overset{\frown}{6}$ $\overset{\frown}{76}$ 5 " " " " "

O heaven, sweet heaven, our home on high, Where Jesus ever reigns,
 Where pleasures never, never die, Where friends ne'er part again.

7^o
 C | $\overset{\frown}{11}$ | $\overset{\frown}{}$ | $\overset{\frown}{1}$ | | $\overset{\frown}{11}$ | $\overset{\frown}{}$ | | $\overset{\frown}{R}$ |
 4s 3 3 $\overset{\frown}{76}$ $\overset{\frown}{66654}$ $\overset{\frown}{366}$ $\overset{\frown}{.5-}$ 3 3 $\overset{\frown}{76}$ $\overset{\frown}{66654}$ $\overset{\frown}{366}$ 5 $\overset{\frown}{.5-}$

7^o
 D $\overset{\frown}{1}$ | $\overset{\frown}{1115}$ $\overset{\frown}{4}$ | $\overset{\frown}{33334}$ | $\overset{\frown}{315s4}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.5-}$ 1 | $\overset{\frown}{11154}$ | $\overset{\frown}{33334}$ | $\overset{\frown}{3142}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.3-R}$ |
 4s " " " " " " " " " "

7^o
 B | | $\overset{\frown}{11}$ | $\overset{\frown}{1}$ | | | $\overset{\frown}{11}$ | $\overset{\frown}{1}$ | | $\overset{\frown}{R}$ |
 4s 1 1115 1 6 653 $\overset{\frown}{.5-}$ 1 1115 1 6 645 $\overset{\frown}{.1-}$

7^o
 A 1- | $\overset{\frown}{.231-}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.31}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.2-}$ | $\overset{\frown}{3321}$ | $\overset{\frown}{11}$ | $\overset{\frown}{12342}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.1-}$ |
 4s $\overset{\frown}{.56}$ " $\overset{\frown}{6}$ $\overset{\frown}{3-4}$ 5 " $\overset{\frown}{6}$ $\overset{\frown}{76}$ 5 " " " "

O heaven, sweet heaven, Calm and serene; We long to view thy
 courts of bliss, And fields of living green

7^o
 C | | $\overset{\frown}{1}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.1}$ | | | $\overset{\frown}{11}$ | $\overset{\frown}{}$ | $\overset{\frown}{12}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.1-}$ |
 4s $\overset{\frown}{.336-}$ $\overset{\frown}{.4'6-}$ $\overset{\frown}{46}$ $\overset{\frown}{.5-}$ 3 3 $\overset{\frown}{76}$ $\overset{\frown}{66654}$ $\overset{\frown}{367}$ " " "

7^o
 D $\overset{\frown}{.111-}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.553-}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.54s4}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.5-}$ 1 | $\overset{\frown}{11154}$ | $\overset{\frown}{33334}$ | $\overset{\frown}{54265}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.3-}$ |
 4s " " " " " " " " "

7^o
 B | | $\overset{\frown}{1-}$ | | | | $\overset{\frown}{11}$ | $\overset{\frown}{1}$ | | $\overset{\frown}{P}$ |
 4s $\overset{\frown}{.114-}$ $\overset{\frown}{.16}$ $\overset{\frown}{.121}$ $\overset{\frown}{.5-}$ 1 1115 1 6 567 5 $\overset{\frown}{.1-}$

2 Arrayed in robes of purest white,
 Encrowned with finest gold,
 There, saints and angels dwell in light
 No mortal may behold.

Oh heaven, sweet heaven, heaven fair
 and bright.

We long to join the blood-bought
 In regions of delight. [throng

3 The beautiful have gone before,
 To that land of repose;

They await us on that golden shore,
 Which no sad parting knows:

Oh heaven, dear heaven, land of the
 blest;

We long to meet the loved and lost,
 And with them ever rest.

4 Heaven is a clime of peace and joy,
 Where sorrows never come;

We long to reach our home on high,
 With the angel band to roam.

Oh heaven, dear heaven, clime of the
 pure,

Thy mansions bright, thy glittering
 Forever shall endure. [crowns,

5 We long to join the swelling song
 Where heavenly anthems ring,

And loud the echoing notes prolong,
 Of praise to Zion's King.

Oh heaven, dear heaven, throne of the
 Lord,

We long to hear thy golden harps, I.
 Our Saviour's praise record.

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790. THE SUPPER. L.

3P REP.

A	11	1	22	12	3	1	3-4	55	42	12	3-
2s	6-7	6	7''	6-7	7	6	''''				

On that sad night, the paschal night, the blessed Saviour took
 The sacred emblematic loaf, and giving thanks, he broke,
 Saying, "eat, this is my body"

3P

B	11-	1-2	33	2								
2s	6-s5	66	36	55	567	7	6s5	6	''''	7	6s5	6-

3P P P

A	s4	55	3s5	6 3s5	63	31	23	4-22	3	1		11
2s	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	''''	6-7	7	6	6-7

broken for the sins of men, In memory of your suffering Lord,
 unto this rite attend; Oft as this

3P P P

B	11	12	3 33	43	1	1	2-	11-				
2s	7	'	'	'	6	5	7	7	6s5	6	6-s5	66

3P P

A	1-1	22	3 s5	63	31	23	4-22	3	1	
2s	.6	'	7	'	'	'	''''	6-7	7	.6

emblem you shall see, Remember all my sufferings, O then remember me."

3P P

B		33	43	1	1	2-	11-					
2s	.3	6-6	77	5	'	'	6	5	77	7	6s5	.6

2 Likewise the cup, the blessed Lord unto his followers gave,
 Saying, "This is the new covenant in my blood, shed to save
 The world from sin and misery, for you this wine is poured,
 And thus should you oft celebrate the sufferings of your Lord;
 I'll drink no more, until with you,
 In my dear Father's blessed kingdom, I shall drink it new.

791. THE GARDEN. L.

3P 11 12 .3

A	6-7	7766-	3-s455	3s56-	6	77	633s5	67
4c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

Deep silence reigned on Olive's brow, night's myriad stars were pale,
 And scarce was heard the ripple of the streamlet in the vale;

3P .1

A	3-455	5533-	1-233	323-	3	5555	3113	3567
4c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

5g 1 1- VERY SLOW.

A	5	7 7	6 6	3s 4 5 - "	5 - 6 5 5	3 -	1 2 3 4	5 7 6	5 - 1	3 - 2	1 -
2q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

The angel of the Lord comes down, And rolls the stone away :

He wears heaven's splendors for a crown, Is clothed in bright array

5g VERY SLOW.

B	1	5 5	4 4	3 2 1 - 1	1 - 1	1 -	1 2 3 4	5 4 3 2 1 - 1	5 - 5	1 -
2q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

2 The lightnings flash about his head—His raiment white as snow,
The trembling keepers fall, as dead, Prostrate to earth and low;
The Saviour rises from the tomb; To us bright hope he brings,
Henceforth the grave hath no more gloom, And death hath lost its
sting.

796. HAIL, GLORIOUS DAY!

L.

5g

A	. 1	1 s 1 2 s 2	3 s 4 5 - 4	3 3 3 - 2	1 1	1 s 1 2 s 2	3 s 4 5 - 4
2q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

Hail! hail the day, The glorious day, When from death's dark domain

The Saviour rose, O'er all his foes, For-

5g

C	. 1	1 1	1 2 3 - 2	1 1 1 -	1 1	1 1	1 2 3 - 2			
2q	,	,	7 7	,	,	7	,	7 7	,	,

5g

D	. 3	3 3 4 4	5 6 7 - 6	5 5 5 - 4	3 3	3 3 4 4	5 6 7 - 6
2q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

5g

B	. 1	1 1	1 1	1 1	
2q	5 5 6 4	3 4 5 - 6	5 5 5 - 7	5 5 6 4	3 4 5 - 6

5g

A	3 3 3 - 2	1 3	5 3 3 3	4 2 2 2	3 1 1 1	2 1
2q	,	,	,	,	,	7 6 5

ever more to reign. His wonders tell, His praises swell,

And loud prolong The joyous song.

5g

C	1 1 1 -	1 1	3 1 1 1	2	1	1	2 1
2q	,	,	7	,	7 7 7	6 6	7 6 5

5g 1

D	5 5 5 - 4	3 5	5 5 5	6 4 4 4	5 3 3 1	2 1
2q	,	,	,	,	,	7 6 5

5g

B	1 1	1 1 1 1	2	1 1 1 1	2 1
2q	5 5 5 - 7	,	5 5 5	,	7 6 5

7a REP. 1s
A .5 5 6 | .5- || 3 | .4 6 4 | 3- 4 5 3 | 2 1 2 3 | .2 ||
4c
sing them a song, I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms
7g REP. 1s.
C .2 2 3 | .1- || 1 | .1 4 2 | 1- 2 3 1 | 1 | 1 | ||
4c , 7 6 7 .7
7g REP. 1s.
B || 1 | .1 | 1- 1 | | | |
4c .5 5 5 .5- 6 5 7 6 .4 4 s4 .5

2 O Saviour of sinners! thou balm of my soul,
'Twas thou, my dear Jesus, that made my heart whole;
Oh, bring me to view thee, my God and my King,
In oceans of glory thy praises to sing.

FOSTER. C. M.

5g § REP. 1
A 1- | 1 2 3 3 | .3 .6 | 5 5 4 3 3 2 | 1- 2 .1 || .R- s5 | 6- 7 s5 |
4c 7 6 6 7 , , , ,
5g § REP. 1-
D 1 1 2 | 3 4 s5 6 6 | .6 .3 | 5 2 3 3 2 | 1- 2 .3 || .R- 3 | 7 6 3 |
4c 6- 7 , , , , , , , ,
5g § REP.
B | 1 | | | 1 2 3 | | | .R- | 1- 2 3 1 |
4c .6 6 3 7 6 6 .6 .6 3 :6 6 7 , , ,
5g
A 6-7 6 5 3 | 2- 4 3 | 1- 2 1 2 3 | 4 3 2 3 4 5 | 6- 7 6 5 3 | 2- 4 3 2 1 | ||
4c , , , , 6 , , , , , , , , 7 :6
5g 1-
D 1- 2 3 3 | s5- 6 3 3 | .3- s5 | 6 7 6 3 2 | 1- 2 3 3 | 6 5 4 3 3 | :3 ||
4c , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,
5g
B 1 1 | 2 1 | | | 1 2 3 | 1- 1 3 | 4 2 1 2 3 | ||
4c 6- 7 7- ' 6 .5- s5 6 6 7 ' , , 7 , , , , 3 :6

804. C. M.

I HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return!"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh, take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Blest Saviour, I adore;
Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet
And let me rove no more.

- 4 Still may thy children in thy word,
 Their common trust and refuge see.
 Oh bind us to each other, Lord,
 By one pure tie — the love of thee.
- 5 So shall our sun of hope arise,
 With brighter still, and brighter ray
 Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes,
 With beams of everlasting day

808. SLATE. 12s & 9s. L.

7a §	REP. ls.																		
A	'	1	1	2132		1			3211		1		543		232		11		
2a	5	7	'	'	'	'	'	3s4	5	5	'	'	'	'	6'6	5	5	'	'
7a §	REP. ls.																		
C										111			11				1		
2a	3	355	555	522	3	3	555	'	5	3	'6	567							
7a §	REP. ls.																		
B						1							11		1				
6a	1	133	355	567		1	133	444	3	1	5''	5'5	1						

- 1 YE daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
 The star that on Israel shone ?
 Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
 And where with his flock he has gone ?
- 2 This is my Beloved ; his form is divine ;
 His vestments shed odors around ;
 The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
 When autumn with plenty is crowned.
- 3 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
 Is heard through the shadow of death ;
 The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet ;
 The air is perfumed with his breath.
- 4 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
 To water the garden of grace ;
 From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know
 And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 5 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
 And myriads wait for his word ;
 He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,
 Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

- 2 There shall the servants of the Lord,
With never-fading lustre shine ;
Surprising honor ! vast reward !
Conferred on man by love divine.
- 3 Rescued from that destructive way,
Where erring folly thoughtless roves,
The heavenly virtue they display,
Which Jesus taught, and God approves.
- 4 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light ;
But these shall know nor change nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.
- 5 On wings of faith and strong desire,
Oh, may our spirits daily rise ;
And reach at last the shining choir,
In the bright mansions of the skies.

815. HAMBURG. S. M. L.

4G		1		1 1		P P			
A	1-	3 5 2 3	1- 5-	6 ' 7 6	5- 5-	' 7 7	6 6 5 6	5 4 3 2	1-
23s		' ,		' ,		' ,	' ,	' ,	
	To-morrow, Lord, is thine, Lodged in thy sovereign hand ; And if its sun arise and shine, It shines by thy command.								
4G						P P			
C	1-	1 1	1- 3-	4 6 5 4	3- 3-	6 6 5 5	4 4 3 3	2 1 1	1-
23s		' 5 5		' ,		' ,	' ,	' 7	
4G				1 1 2 1		P	P 1		
D	3-	5 5 5 5	3- 5-	' ' 5-	5- 5-	4 4 3 3	2 2 5 ' 7	6 5 4	3-
23s		' ,		' ,		' ,	' ,	' ,	
4G						P P			
B	1-	1	1-	1	1- 1-	1 1	2 1	1	1-
23s		5 5 7'	5-	6 5 5		' 5 5	6 ' 7'	7 ' 5 7	

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
Oh make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour,
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care ;
Oh, be it still pursued —
Lest, slighted once, the season fair,
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should
In sudden endless night. ' die

816. MEMPHIS. 8s & 7s.

L.

6o	I.EP. ls.																				
A	1	1		1-	1		1-		2	2		2-	3	4	3		.2		3	s4	
3c	'	'			5	'	5	'	6	'		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

When we pass through yonder river, When we reach the further shore, We shall

6G	REP. ls.																								
C	3	3		3-	1	3	3		3	1-								1	2	1			1	2	
6c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

There's an end of war forever;

6G	REP. ls.																							
D	5	5		5-	3	5	5		3	5-		5	5		5-	5	6	5		.5		5	5	
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

6G	REP. ls.																								
B	1	1		1-					1-																
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

6G	REP. ls.																									
A	5-	4	3	2		.1		3	s4		5-	6	5	5		.5		3	s4		5-	4	3	2		.1
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	

see our foes no more : All our conflicts then shall cease,

Hallowed by eternal peace

6G	REP. ls.																							
C	3-	2	1		.1		1	2		3-	4	3	3		.3		1	2		3-	2	1		.1
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

6G	REP. ls.																							
D	5-	6	5	5		.3		R		.R-		.R		5	5		5-	6	5	5		.3		
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

6G	REP. ls.																								
B	1-	2	1		.1																				
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

2 After warfare, rest is pleasant ;
 Oh, how sweet the prospect is !
 Though we toil and strive at present,
 Let us not repine at this :
 Toil, and pain, and conflict past,
 All endear repose at last.

3 When we gain the heavenly regions,
 When we touch the heavenly shore—
 Blessed thought !—no hostile legions
 Can alarm, or trouble more :
 Far beyond the reach of foes,
 We shall dwell in sweet repose.

4 Oh, that hope ! how bright how
 glorious !
 'Tis his people's blest reward ;
 In the Saviour's strength victorious,
 They at length behold their Lord

In his kingdom they shall rest,
 In his love be fully blest.

817. 8s, 7s.

1 THROUGH the day thy love has
 spared us,
 Now we lay us down to rest ;
 Through the silent watches guard us,
 Let no foe our peace molest ;
 Father, thou our guardian be ;
 Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth and strangers
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,—
 Us and ours preserve from dangers,
 In thine arms let us repose ;
 And, when life's short day is past,
 Rest with thee in heaven at last.

818. FAIRMOUNT. 7s, 8s, 6s.

L.

1P 1

A	1	1 3	6 5 s5	6 5 3 1	5- 3-	4 2 3 3	6 5 3 1	2 3 1	
2s	6	,	,	,	,	,	,	7	.6-

Brother, thou art gone to rest ; We will not weep for thee ;
For thou art now where oft on earth, Thy spirit longed to be.

1P

B	1 3	5 3 1 2	3 1	1	1 2 3 1					
2s	6 6	,	,	6 6	3- s5-	6 7	6	,	7 6 6 s5	.6-

2 Brother, thou art gone to rest ;
Thine is an early tomb ;

But Jesus summoned thee away ;
Thy Saviour called thee home ;

3 Brother, thou art gone to rest ;
Thy toils and cares are o'er ;
And sorrow, pain, and suffering, now
Shall ne'er distress thee more.

4 Brother, thou art gone to rest ;
Thy sins are all forgiven ;
And saints in light have welcomed thee
To share the joys of heaven.

5 Brother, thou art gone to rest ;
And this shall be our prayer —
That, when we reach our journey's end,
Thy glory we may share.

819. PRAYER. 11s.

L.

1P

A	3 s5	6 3 s5	6 3 3	5 2	5 3 s5	6 6 2	5 3 2	1	
2s	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	6 6	

To prayer, to prayer ! for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes
His light is on all below and above — The light of gladness, and life, and love.

1P

C	1 2	3 3 3	3 3 1	2	1 1	2 1		
2s	,	,	,	7	5 6 7	6	7	6 3 6

1P 1 REP. 1s.

A	3	6 6 7	7 6	5 3 3	5 3	6 6 7	7 6	5 3 2	3	
2s	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,		

O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

1P REP. 1s.

C	3 3 4	5 5 4	3 3 1	3	3 3 4	5 5 4	3 1	
2s	6	,	,	6	,	,	7	6

2 To prayer ! for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on ;
Like a curtain, from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the guardian of night.

822. DEVOTION.—No. 2. L. M.

10		1		1 .1		1 2	.3 .1	2	.1
A	.5	6	.6 .5	6	.5			6	
4s									
10	.1	3 5	.3 .1	4 4 .3	.1 3 2	.1 .3	5 3 .3		
D									
4s									
10	.1	1 1	.1 .1	2 1	.1 1		.1	1	
4s				.5	7	.6	7	.5	
10	.1	3 3 .2		1		1		1	.1
A	.R		.6	6	.5 .5	6	.6	.5 6	
4s									
10	.3	1 1	.1 3 3	.1 .1	3 1 .4	.2 3 3	.3		
D	.R		.5						
4s									
10	.R	.1	5 5 .3	.1	.1 .1	.1	.5 3 5	.1	
4s			6 6		6 5	.5 3 5			

- 1 ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.
- 2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.
- 3 Fountain of being! source of good!
Immutable dost thou remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will:
But thou forever art the same;
"I am" is thy memorial still.

TENDER THOUGHT. L. M.

10		2		12 .3 .3	53 .2 .323				
A	6-7	6535-6	.7 7	.6	6-7 6535-6 .7				.5
4s	'	'	'	'	'				REP. 1s.
10					1				REP. 1s.
B	.6	6 7 6 .5	.323	.6	.6	6 3 .5	.367 .6	.6	6 .5 .6 5 6 .3
4s		'	'						

823. L. M.

- 1 AS body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, decayed and dead,
Is faith ; a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds, the spring
- 2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye, or bended knee.
- 3 In true and heaven-born faith, we trace
The source of every Christian grace ;
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.
- 4 Kind deeds of peace and love betray,
Where'er the stream has found its way ;
But where these spring not rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

824. SCHENECTADY. L. M. D.

3g		1		1		:1	11										
A	.5	3 5		1 1 3 4 5	.5-		6- 5 6 7		5 5 6 7		.5		53166				
4c				' ,			' , ,					' ,					
Bless, oh my soul, the living God, Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ; Let all the powers within me																	
3g																	
B	.1	1 1 1				.1-	3		.2-	5		1 1 4 5		:1 .111 13144			
4c							6 6 7 5						' ,				
3g		1											1				
A	6-	5	5		3 4 5 3 1 1		.1-	R		.R-	3		5 5 5 4 3 4		5 5 5		6 4 2 1
4c		'	'		' , , , ,						' , , , ,						
Bless, oh my soul, etc. join, In work and worship so divine, Bless, oh my soul, the God of grace ; His favors claim thy																	
3g																	
B	2-	2 3 1		1 2 3 5		.1-	3		1	1				.1-1		.2-32	
4c		'	'		' , ,		5		6 6	5 5 5 5				' ,			
3g	1	1 2 1 1															
A	'	'															
4c																	
highest praise ; Why should the wonders he hath wrought, Be																	
3g																	
B	1	1	.1		.1-	3 4		5 5 5 3 1		1							
4c						' ,		' , ,		6 6 6		5 5 5 5					

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here ;
How much they heard, how much they
knew,

How much among the wheat they grew ;
CHORUS — For soon the reaping time
will come, &c.

8 Oh ! this will aggravate their case,
They perished under means of grace ;
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all are wheat,

But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

5 The tares are spared for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends ;
Others, the Lord, against their will,
Employs, his counsels to fulfill.

6 But though they grow so tall and
strong,
His plan will not require them long,
In harvest when he saves his own.
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

844. NEW GENEVA. S. M. A. LANE.

4a 1-

A	1 2	3 3 2 1 2	3- 6 7	' 7 6 5 3	5- 6 7
23c	,	," "	,	,	,

Oh . where shall rest be found ? Rest to the weary soul ? 'Twere

4a

B		1- 3 2	1 2 3 1 1	2- 1 2
23c	6-	6 6 6 5	,	,

4a 1-

A	' 7 6 5 3	5 5 6 3	2 1 1 2	3- 6-	5 3 2 1	
23c	,	,	,	,	," "	6 6-

vain the ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to either pole,
Or pierce to either pole.

4a

B	3 2 1	1 1 3 1	2 3 3 1	1	5 3 3	6-
23c	,	,	,	,	7	6- 6- 5 3 3 6-

2 This world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

8 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above ;
Unnumbered by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

1 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;

Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death.

5 Oh, God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest :—
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

MANUAL OF NUMERAL MUSIC.

FIFTEEN years' experience in teaching vocal music, has convinced the writer that not more than one in a thousand fails, on due trial, to learn how to sing. The experience of teachers and physicians, testifies that singing is a healthy exercise. When properly studied, it tends, as much as any other science, to strengthen the mind; and, probably there is nothing practiced by Christians that exerts so great an influence for good in a moral point of view. It has the authority of divine writ, and the approbation of all good men in its favor; and is the most innocent of all amusements.

A few elementary lessons well studied, will enable a student to sing plain church music at sight. And it is much better to study a few lessons carefully, than to skim over a volume of lessons and exercises.

Exercises in numeral notation are found in all the best instruction books extant. Indeed, the principles of musical science cannot be fully and fairly developed without using numerals; and, since every principle of the science may be as fully and more clearly developed by numerals, it is a waste of time, paper, and money, to study the Guidonian or round note system first. Everything belonging to the round note system of notation, except the position of the notes, is taught in numeral notation, and at least three-fourths of the time is saved. A very small part of that time thus saved, will suffice for the student to learn the position of the notes on the five-lined staff, and the round note, together with the whole tribe of patent note systems, will be understood at once.

The *Christian Psalmist* was first published in round notes, numerals, and patent notes. There were ten thousand copies sold; and the purchasers, having the three systems constantly before them, decided, almost unanimously, in favor of the numeral system. Since that decision, more than one hundred thousand copies have been published entirely in the numeral system, and readily sold, while there is no demand whatever for those with round and patent note music.

MUSIC

Is a pleasing succession, or combination of sounds. A sound is always sustained to a certain height or pitch, while a noise varies, instantly, from one pitch to another. A cricket makes a sound, while a gnat makes a noise.

The sensation of sound is conveyed to the brain by the auditory nerve; this nerve connects with the tympanum, or drum, of the ear; and this drum is caused to vibrate and act upon the auditory nerve, by the undulations of the air. The air is caused to vibrate, is put into an undulating or wavy motion, by effort of the vocal organs, by striking a bell, the string of a violin, and things of like character. If the vibrations are less than thirty-two in a second of time, they do not put the tympanum of the ear into motion, and the sound is too low to be heard. If the vibrations are more than 8192 in a second of time, they strain the tympanum so that it cannot vibrate, and a sound making more than this number of vibrations, is too high to be heard.

A sound must continue at a certain height or pitch for a sensible time, so as to be, musically speaking, appreciable as a sound. To continue it longer than a sensible time, makes it more or less musical, only in relation to preceding and succeeding sounds, or to the syllable or word applied to it. Hence the first thing to be studied in music, and the first division of music, is

TIME.

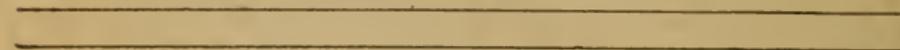
The best readers, speakers, and singers, are those who know best how to time their words. As words are signs of ideas, so numerals may be signs of sounds, and of musical ideas. The length of numerals and rests, is shown in the following table:—

Whole.	Half.	Quarter	Eighth.	Sixteenth.	Thirty-second.	Sixty-fourth.
:1	.1	1	1	1	1	1
			,	''	'''	''''
Or, :1	.2	3	4	5	6	7
			,	''	'''	''''
:R	.R	R	R	R	R	R
			,	''	'''	''''

The letter R always stands for a rest, a suspension of the voice during the time indicated by the periods or commas prefixed or suffixed to the numerals or letters. The student will perceive that a plain numeral or letter is called a quarter; and that a period prefixed doubles it—makes it a half; and an additional period doubles that—makes it a whole. Also, that one comma placed under a plain numeral or letter, takes from it one half its length—

reducing it to an eighth ; and that an additional comma reduces an eighth to a sixteenth, and so on. By remembering this, the student can always determine the time of a note at sight.

While singing a musical exercise, time passes away : and the length of time thus passed away, is represented by the lines on which the exercise is written. Two parallel horizontal lines make a staff in numeral music, thus :—

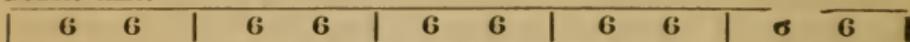


In order that many persons may sing together at once, and that correct accent may be observed, time is divided by perpendicular lines, or bars, into spaces which are called measures, thus :—

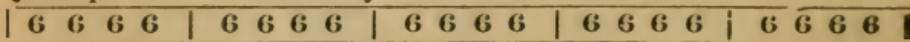


There are, in Nature, perhaps only two kinds of time. The first and most general is that in which a man walks, in which the pulse beats—in which a horse trots, and is called double time. The second is that in which a horse canters—in which a skiff is rowed, and is called triple time. Musicians have fancied that there are also quadruple, sextuple, and various kinds of compound time. The student will readily perceive that quadruple is twice double, and that sextuple is twice triple time : and he may rest assured that, to compound time, is trouble for no profit. Below is a table of the two kinds of time, with their varieties.

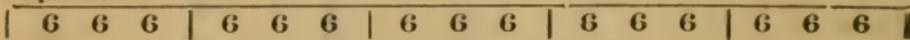
Double time.



Quadruple time. 1st variety — or double double time.



Triple time.



Sextuple time. 2nd variety — or double triple time.



In the above examples the numeral 6 is used, to which the syllable *La* should be applied in singing. *Accent* is always identified with *time* ; and time should always be marked by a motion of the hand or foot. The first part of every measure in all kinds and varieties of time, should always have the downward beat, and be accented, or

sung loudly; while the last part should always have the upward beat, and be unaccented, or, sung softly. In triple time the second part of the measure may have a *slight* accent, and a beat horizontally to the left. In quadruple time the singer may beat down—up, down—up, in each measure, accenting the third part of the measure as the first. Singers find it most convenient in sextuple time to give only two beats to the measure, accenting the first and fourth parts of each measure. Facility and ease in singing this kind of time, may be acquired by counting 1 2 3 to the downward beat, and 4 5 6 to the upward beat. However, the hand should fall instantaneously when you say 1, and rise as quickly when you say 4, remaining stationary while you repeat 2 and 3, and 5 and 6. All motions of the hand or foot, in beating time, should be instantaneous, regular, and exact.

A numeral or rest is lengthened one-half by the addition of a hyphen (-) to the right of it. Thus a quarter with a hyphen

added 1- is equal to three-eighths $\overbrace{1\ 1\ 1}^{\text{—}}$ — a half .R- becomes equal

to three quarters $\overbrace{RRR}^{\text{—}}$ — and an eighth 1- equal to three-sixteenths

$\overbrace{1\ 1\ 1}^{\text{—}}$ and so on. Every additional hyphen, after the first, adds

one-half the amount of the hyphen preceding it, thus .1- - - equal to fifteen sixteenths.

A tie, or slur \frown , is used to connect all the notes to be sung to one syllable, and, while only the first numeral, or one syllable, is pronounced, the sound is continued to the full time of all the syllables thus tied together.

A triplet is three numerals sung in the time of two of the same

length, thus — $\overbrace{G\ G\ G}^{\text{—2—}}$ equal to $G\ G$.

A syncopated note is one which, by its length, or position, carries the regular accent out of, or beyond its proper place, thus —

$\overbrace{5\ |}\text{—}$ 5 or | $\overbrace{666}\text{—}$ |.

The small figure or figures which occur under the beginning of each lesson, and of every tune, will show the time of said lesson or tune: and the capital letter adjoined to said figures, will show whether the exercise shall be sung in slow, common, or quick movement; thus, 2.c means Double time, Common movement. 3.s means Triple time, Slow movement. 4.q means Quadruple time, Quick movement; and 2 3 means Double-triple, or Sextuple time. The letters q.R

introduced into a tune, show that from thence you sing with quicker movement.

The following examples, if often practiced, will suffice to give the student a correct idea of time.

EXAMPLE 1.

G G	.G	G G G	.G	G G G	.G	G G G G	.G
2s		''		''		'' '' ''	

EXAMPLE 2.

G G	G- G	.G	G G G- G	.G	G G G	G G-	.G
2s			'' '' '' ''			'' '' ''	

EXAMPLE 3.

G G	G G	G G	G R	R G	G G G R	R- G	.G
2c					'' '' '' ''		''

EXAMPLE 4.

G G G G	G G G R	G G R G	GRGG	RGGG	GGGGGG	GGG.G	:G
4s					'' '' '' ''		

EXAMPLE 5.

:G	.G.G	GGGGGG	GGGGGG.G	GGGGGGGG	GGGGGG.G	G-GGG-	:G
4Q	''	'' ''	'' '' '' '' '' '' '' ''	'' '' '' '' '' '' '' ''	'' '' '' '' '' '' '' ''	''	''

EXAMPLE 6.

G G G	.G G	G .G	.G-	G G G G G G	G G G G G G	.G-
3c				'' '' '' '' '' '' '' ''	'' '' '' '' '' '' '' ''	

EXAMPLE 7.

G G G G	GGG-G	G-GGG	G.G	G-GGGG	GG-GG	GGG-G	.G-
3Q	''	'' ''	'' ''	'' '' '' ''	'' '' ''	'' '' ''	''

EXAMPLE 8.

G G R	G R G	G G R G	R G G G	G G G G R	R G G G	GGRGG	.G-
3s		''	''	'' '' '' ''	''	'' '' '' ''	

EXAMPLE 9.

G-G-	G G G G	G G G G G G	.G-	GGGGG	GGGG	GGGGG	.G-
23s	''	'' '' '' '' '' ''		'' '' '' '' '' ''	'' '' '' ''	'' '' '' ''	

EXAMPLE 10.

G-GG	GGG-	GGGGGG	G-R-	GGRG	GGGG-	GGGR	.G-
23c	''	'' '' '' '' '' ''		'' '' '' '' '' ''	'' '' '' ''	'' ''	

The singer will perceive that in the above examples, a quarter note has one beat, a half note has two beats, a whole note four beats, in double, triple, and quadruple time; while in sextuple time, a quarter has two-thirds of a beat. In some tunes, however, a half note has a

beat, a whole note two beats, a quarter note only half a beat, &c.. but why it should be so, musicians do not say. As every teacher has, or should have, his own method of teaching, he can ask questions on the above, better suited to his own plan of teaching, and to the circumstances of the class, than can the author or any other person.

MELODY

Is simply a succession of musical sounds which fall pleasantly upon the ear. It is the second grand division of the science of music, and teaches particularly the pitch of sounds. Melody is the work of genius, the effort of the imagination, and is governed by no fixed rules, except those which govern TIME.

A succession of sounds regularly ascending, and regularly descending, in a manner agreeable to the ear, is called a SCALE (*ladder*) of sounds. The scales most used at present, are the Grand, which is also the natural scale, and the Plaintive, which is an artificial scale. We shall consider the GRAND SCALE. To an unpractised ear, ladies and gentlemen appear to sing at the same pitch; but an attentive listener can easily perceive, that a lady's voice is higher in pitch than that of a gentleman. While a string, tensely stretched over supports on a soundboard, will, on being struck, vibrate so as to chord exactly with any given sound a lady may sing: it will require a string precisely twice as long to chord exactly with the voice of the gentleman who aims to make the same sound. Suppose a string thirty-two inches in length to make a given sound, and a given number of vibrations, a string sixteen inches in length will make just twice as many vibrations, and sound just as much higher as a lady's voice is, *naturally*, higher in pitch than a gentleman's voice. Any person can tell the difference between a male's and female's voice. It is more easily discerned in conversation than in singing. Well, this difference is the limits of the Grand or Natural Scale; and the voice may make seven steps in going from one limit to the other; which steps are agreeable to the ear, if made in a certain order, but more or less disagreeable if made in any other order.

Suppose a string thirty-two inches in length makes twenty-four vibrations in a second of time, then a string of the same size and tension, but only sixteen inches in length, will make forty-eight vibrations in a second of time. The sound made by the thirty-two inch string is called the tonic; and as it subsides, the attentive listener may detect two other sounds, faint but still discernible. The first of these secondary sounds will be heard in full, on striking a string twenty-one inches in length, and the second will be given out from a string twenty-seven inches, provided all the strings are of the same size and tension. Thus, from nature we may derive the principal sounds of the natural scale, (*viz.*) 1, 3, 5, 8. Let the following lesson

be practiced, in quadruple time, till the principal sounds of the scale are permanently fixed in the student's ear.

1 3 5 8	3 1 5 8	5 1 3 8	8 1 3 5
1 3 8 5	3 1 8 5	5 1 8 3	8 1 5 3
1 5 3 8	3 5 1 8	5 3 1 8	8 3 1 5
1 5 8 3	3 5 8 1	5 3 8 1	8 3 5 1
1 8 3 5	3 8 1 5	5 8 1 3	8 5 1 3
1 8 5 3	3 8 5 1	5 8 3 1	8 5 3 1

Uniting the numerals 2, 4, 6, and 7, with the above principal sounds of the scale, we have the Octave (eight notes,) all of which will be given by strings of equal size and tension, but of lengths, as follows:—

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	numerals of the scale.
32,	30,	27,	24,	21,	20,	18,	16,	lengths of the strings.

By carefully noticing and counting the vibrations made by the strings which will make the regular sounds of the natural scale, or even by listening to the sounds when sung by a correct voice; it will be seen that the steps made between the sounds differ in size. The step between three and four, and that between seven and eight, are less than any other steps in the scale. Hence they are called half-steps. The following table exhibits the scale, the steps and half-steps, (*or intervals,*) the scientific names, and the musical names of the numerals.

1 step.	2 step.	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ step.	4 step.	5 step.	6 step.	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ step.	8
do,	ra,	me,	fa,	sole,	la,	se,	do.
Tonic.	Super-tonic.	Mediant.	Sub-dominant.	Dominant.	Sub-mediante.	Sub-tonic.	Octave

The names do, ra, &c., should always be applied to the numerals, because, by their euphony, they lead the student to a habit of correct intonation.

1. The *Tonic* means the key-note, the numeral to which all others in a tune stand most intimately related, the note which all ears expect to hear at the close of a piece of music.

2. *Super-tonic* means next above the tonic. (*Super*, above.)

3. *Mediant*, middle or half way between the tonic and the dominant

4. *Sub-dominant*, next below the dominant. (*Sub*, under.)

5. *Dominant*, the governing note: so called because it is oftener used in tunes than any other note, generally precedes the tonic, and leads to a cadence.

6. *Sub-mediante*, middle between the octave and sub-dominant below.

7. *Sub-tonic*, next below the tonic; and *leading note*, because it leads to the tonic.

8. *Octave* is the tonic of the next scale above; the last of one scale and the commencement of another.

EXAMPLE 5.

5G .1 1

A	1 2	2 3	3 4	4 5	6 7		7	7 6	6 5	5 4	3 2	.1
---	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	--	---	-----	-----	-----	-----	----

2c
The dominant of the first key has the same pitch with the key note of the fifth key.

EXAMPLE 6.

6G

B											
2s	1 2	3 4	4 3	2 1	1 4	2 4	3 4	.1			

EXAMPLE 7.

6G

B		1	1 2	3 4	5 6	5 4	3 2	.1
2s	5 6	7						

In examples 6 and 7, the music is written on the bass staff, because very few would be able to sing it, were it written on the air (treble) staff. The key note in the above examples is the last note in example 7, and has the pitch of the sub-mediante in the first key; so this key is five degrees higher than that.

EXAMPLE 8.

7G

B								
3c	1 2 2	3 4 4	4 3 2	.1-	.1 4	2 .4	.3 2	.1-

EXAMPLE 9.

7G

B	1 1	1		1 2 3	4 5 4	.3 2	.1-
3c	5 6 6	7	7 6	.5-			

The two examples above are written in the seventh key; and, for the same reasons with examples 6 and 7, on the bass staff. The key note is the last note in example 9, and is of the same pitch with the sub-tonic of the first key. It is six degrees higher than that key.

There are, in reality, no more than seven keys. Musicians have, for the sake of instrumentation, so mystified the science as to have no seventh key at all in round or patent notes; but, by means of what they term *incidental* flats and sharps, they have invented a number of keys which have no existence in point of fact. The student will please remember that all true principles of science are *discovered*, not invented. Many inventions are *useless*, but some are *useful*, among which we rank the

PLAINTIVE SCALE.

As woman was derived from man, so is the plaintive scale derived from the grand scale; and has a peculiar softness about it which the

grand scale does not possess. By taking the sub-mediante 6, the third numeral below the tonic, as a key note, and ascending to 6 above, we find that by sharpening 5, so as to bring it within half a step of 6, we have a pleasing scale. Then descending from 6 above the dominant to 6 below the tonic, we find the scale most pleasing without the sharp. In numeral music, S stands for sharp, F for flat, and N for natural. Below is the first key, or altitude, of the Plaintive Scale.

EXAMPLE 10.

1P

A	1	2 3	4 s5	6 6	5 4	3 2	1	
2s 6	7						7 6	

In the above scale, the octave, that is the upper 6, or 1a, has the same pitch with the sub-mediante in the first key of the grand scale. The peculiar softness of the plaintive scale arises, principally, from the fact that it is only one step and a half from the tonic, (6,) to the mediant, (1,) in the plaintive scale; while in the grand scale it is two full steps from the tonic, (1,) to the mediant, (3.) We shall see this more fully when we come to study the size of intervals, which exceed the size of half steps and steps.

EXAMPLE 11.

1G

A	1 2	2 1	2 2	.1 3 2	2 3	3 2	.1
---	-----	-----	-----	-----------	-----	-----	----

2C
 EXAMPLE 12.

1G

A	1 2 3	2 2 1	1 2 3	.3- 3 2 1	3 2 1	.2 1	.1-
---	-------	-------	-------	--------------	-------	------	-----

3s
 EXAMPLE 13.

1G

A	1 2 3 4	4 3 2 1	1 2 3 4	.3 .R 3 4 3 2	1 3 2 4	1 4 3 2	: 1
---	---------	---------	---------	------------------	---------	---------	-----

4c
 EXAMPLE 14.

1G

A	1 2 3 4	5 4 3-	3 4 1 4	3 2 1- 1 3 2 4	3 5 2-	5 4 3 2	.1-
---	---------	--------	---------	-------------------	--------	---------	-----

2Ss
 EXAMPLE 15.

1G

A	1 2 3	4 5 6	6 6 6	.5- 5 6 5	6 4 6	6 3 2	.1-
---	-------	-------	-------	--------------	-------	-------	-----

3Q
 EXAMPLE 16.

1G

A	1 2 3 4	5 6 .7	7 7 6 6	3 2 .1 1 3 5 6	7 6 .5	7 5 4 2	.1 .R
---	---------	--------	---------	-------------------	--------	---------	-------

A whole step and a half constitute a Minor Third: two whole steps a Major Third.

EXAMPLE 33.

1G						1	2	.1
A	1 3	2 4	3 5	4 6	5 7	6	7	
2c	ma	mi	mi	ma	ma	mi	mi	

EXAMPLE 34.

1P								
A	1	2	1 3	2 4	3 5	4 6	6 s5	.6
2s	G	7 mi	ma	mi	mi	ma	mi	
	mi							

A Perfect Fourth is two steps and a half; a Sharp Fourth consists of three steps.

EXAMPLE 35.

1G						1	2	3	:1
A	1 4	2 5	3 6	4 7	5	6	7		
2c	p	p	p	p	p	p	p	p	
1G	3	2	1						
	7	6	5	7 4	6 3	5 2	4 1	:1	
2c	p	p	p	p	p	p	p		

A Perfect Fifth is three steps and a half; a Flat Fifth is two steps and two half steps.

EXAMPLE 36.

1G						1	2	3	4	.1
A	1 5	2 6	3 7	4	5	6	7			
2c	p	p	p	p	p	p	f			
1G	5 1	4	3	2	1					
		7	6	5	4	7 3	4	.1		
2c	p	f	p	p	p	p	f 7			

A Major Sixth consists of four steps and a half; a Minor Sixth of three steps and two half steps.

EXAMPLE 37.

1G						1	2	3	4	5	.1
A	1 6	2 7	3	4	5	6	7				
2c	ma	ma	mi	ma	ma	mi	mi				
1G	5	4	3	2	1						
	7	6	5	4	3	7 2	6 1	.1			
2c	mi	mi	ma	ma	mi	ma	ma				

A Flat Seventh consists of four steps and two half steps; a Sharp Seventh of five steps and one half step.

EXAMPLE 38.

1G	1	2	3	4	5 .1	5	4	3	2	1		
A 17	2	3	4	5	6	6	5	4	3	2 7 1 .1		
20	s	f	f	s	f	f	f	f	s	f	f	s

A Unison is a repetition of the same note. An Octave is a perfect interval of five steps and two half steps. Perfect intervals are such as perfectly satisfy the ear. They are the Unison, the Octave, the Fifth, and the Fourth.

- The Ninth is the Tonic (1) and the Octave of the Supertonic, (2)
 - The Tenth " " (") " " " Mediant, (3)
 - The Eleventh " " (") " " " Sub-dominant, (4)
 - The Twelfth " (") " " " Dominant, (5)
 - The Thirteenth " (") " " " Sub-mediante, (6)
 - The Fourteenth " (") " " " Sub-tonic, (7)
- The Fifteenth is the double octave, &c.

There are also superfluous intervals, caused by the introduction of flats and sharps into a tune; in order to understand which, we may first notice an artificial scale called the

CHROMATIC SCALE.

EXAMPLE 39.

1G											1	.1	
1	s1	2	s2	3	4	4	s4	5	s5	6	s6	7	
1													
	7	F7	6	F6	5	F5	4	3	3	F3	2	F2	.1

The letter S before a numeral raises it a half step, and changes the termination of the syllable to ce. F before a note flats or depresses it half a step, and changes the termination to a, except the syllable ra, which it changes to aw. A sharp or flat affects all the same syllables which follow in the measure; also the syllables in following measures, if no other syllable intervene. A natural restores a numeral to its primitive sound and name.

- A *superfluous second* consists of a step and a *chromatic* half step
- A *superfluous third* " " two steps " " "
- A *diminished third* " " half step " " "
- A *diminished fourth* " " one step, one half and a " " "
- A *superfluous fifth* " " three steps " " " "
- A *superfluous sixth* " " four steps " " " "
- A *diminished sixth* " " two steps, two " " "
- A *diminished seventh* " " three steps " " " "

SUPERFLUOUS INTERVALS are major intervals with the upper steps sharpened, or the lower steps flattened.

DIMINISHED INTERVALS are minor intervals with the upper steps flattened, or the lower steps sharpened.

SHARPED INTERVALS have their upper steps sharpened.

FLATTED INTERVALS have their upper steps flattened.

IMPERFECT INTERVALS are such as are not entirely satisfactory to the ear.

THE SMALLEST INTERVAL lies between a sharpened step below and a flattened step next above, as from s2 to f3. It is called a quarter step.

INVERSION OF INTERVALS is transposing a note from below, and placing it above any given note. Thus a unison may become an octave, a major interval may become minor, &c.

I N V E R S I O N .

Direct, unison, second, third, fourth,	Inverted, octave, seventh, sixth, fifth,		Direct, octave, seventh, sixth, fifth,	Inverted, unison, second, third, fourth,
--	--	--	--	--

It is important that the student should be well versed in the knowledge of intervals, in order to understand the distinctive character of the (*minor*) Plaintive scale.

The plaintive scale is always a minor third lower than its relative (*major*) grand scale.

While the grand scale always has 1 (do) for its tonic, the tonic (*key note*) of the plaintive scale is always 6 (la.) The grand scale has no flats or sharps in it, but the plaintive scale must have its sub-tonic sharpened in ascending, though not in descending.

The grand scale abounds in major thirds, but in the plaintive scale the thirds are minor; the sixths and sevenths may generally be minor also in the plaintive scale.

EXAMPLE 40.

3P	A 1 2	.3 .3	1
40	.6		7 6
	u.	mi. T. mi. T.	mi. S. p. F. u.
3P		ma. T. p. F.	
B		.1	
40	.6 6 7	.6	3 3 6

EXAMPLE 41.

3G	A .1 3 4	.5 .5	3 2 .1
40			
	u.	mi. T. ma. T.	mi. T. p. F. ma. S. p. K. u.
3G			
B	.1 1 2	.3 .1	.1
40			5 5

in acquiring the ELOCUTION of music, but a singer must depend mostly on his own judgment. Every singer, like every orator, should have his own STYLE in singing; and there are no two verses, perhaps, in any hymn or song, that should be sung precisely in the same style. Common sense must determine when and where the voice should be grave or cheerful in tone.

EXAMPLE 51.

1G																								
A	.1	1	1	2	3	4	3	2	1	1	.R	.2	2	1	2	3	4	5	4	3	2	2	.R	
		7																						
		Mark						it.																all.

4C																								
.3	3	2	1	2	3	4	5	4	3	3	.R	.4	4	3	4	5	6	5	4	3	4	4	.R	
								Tell			it											To		me,

EXAMPLE 53.

7G																								
										1														
A	.5	5	4	3	4	5	6	7	6	5	5	.R	.6	6	5	6	7	7	6	5	6	6	.R	
								Take			him.											Love		her.

1 2 1										.1 1 1 2 1 1 1														
.7	7	6	7	7	7	6	7	6	7	7	.R		7	7	7	7	6	7					.R	
								Come			in.											An		end.

Examples 51 and 52 are to be practiced with great care, and often repeated. In the application of words to numerals, one syllable of a word, or a word of one syllable, should be applied to every numeral that is disconnected from all other numerals. But when numerals are tied together, all the numerals so tied are applied to one syllable. In the above examples, there are ten numerals and five beats to the first word, and one numeral and one beat to the second word, in each two measures. The student should articulate all the numerals on first practicing the above, then articulate only the first, but sound all the rest. In applying the words, do not sing markit, but mark it; not takall, but take all, &c.

HARMONY

Is the third grand division of the science of music. It treats of the arrangement of sounds so as to form chords, and of the agreeable progression of those chords. While Melody is the gift of nature, Harmony is to be acquired by art. Any person can learn to harmonize a melody, while to originate a melody requires an effort of

genius not possessed by all. Sounds which differ in pitch, when heard together, produce either an agreeable or a disagreeable effect on the ear. If agreeable, we say the sounds constitute a CHORD. If disagreeable, we call it a DISCORD. Some chords are more disagreeable than others. Hence, we have *perfect chords* and *imperfect chords*. COMMON CHORDS are those which embrace none but consonant intervals, and consist of a fundamental numeral, its third, its fifth, and usually its octave. Every numeral of the scale may have its common chord, its major chord, its minor chord, and its imperfect chord.

Perfect chords and common chords are the same.

Direct chords have the fundamental numeral the lowest

Major chords are direct chords, whose essential interval is major.

Minor chords are direct chords, whose essential interval is minor.

Imperfect chords are those which, though not discordant, do not entirely please the ear.

Inverted chords are those which have the fundamental numeral transposed into the upper parts. If the lowest numeral in the chord be the first numeral of the chord (*or the third*) above the fundamental numeral, it is called the first inversion; if the first numeral in the chord be the second numeral of the chord, (*or the fifth*) it is called the second inversion, and so on.

COMMON CHORDS.

EXAMPLE 53.

5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5
3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1
Tonic.	Super. T.	Mediant.	Sub. D.	Dom.	Sub. M.	Sub. T.	Tonic.

Above are given the chord of the tonic, super-tonic, and mediant, all of which lie within one scale; and the sub-dominant, dominant, sub-mediante, and sub-tonic, which last, in this arrangement, go out of the first scale up into the second. The above are called *close chords*, because they have the *fundamental* numeral lowest, the *third* in the middle, and the *fifth* the highest.

The chord of the tonic is a major chord, because its *first* or *lower* third is major. So are the chords of the sub-dominant and dominant.

The chords of the super-tonic, mediant, and sub-mediante, are minor chords, because their *lower* or *first* third is minor.

The chord of the sub-tonic is an *imperfect chord*, because it consists of a third and a false or flat fifth, that is, of two minor thirds. It is ranked, by some, among the discords, but not so by all musicians. However, it must always be followed by a perfect chord.

The above chords may be inverted thus —

EXAMPLE 54.

5	1	3	6	2	4
3	5	1	4	6	2
1	3	5	2	4	6
Tonic.	1st In.	2d in.	Super T	1st In.	2d In.

They may also be dispersed, and placed in position as follows:—

EXAMPLE 55.

3	5	1	5	7	3
5	1	3	7	3	5
1	3	5	3	5	7
1st Position,	2d P.	3d P.	1st P.	2d P.	3d P.

In the first position of a *dispersed* chord, the fundamental is lowest, the fifth in the middle, and the third highest. In the second position, the third is lowest, the first is in the middle, and the fifth is highest. In the third position, the dominant is below, the mediant in the middle, and the tonic above.

A major chord is changed into a minor chord by flattening its lower third; and a minor chord is changed into a major chord by sharpening its lower third.

EXAMPLE 56.

5	5	6	6	2	2	3	3
3	F3	4	s4	7	F7	1	s1
1	1	2	2	5	5	6	6
Major	Minor.	Minor.	Major.	Major.	Minor.	Minor.	Major.

EXAMPLE 57.

.5	.6	.5	.5	.3	.2	.1
.3	.3	.2	.3	.3	.5	.6
.1	.1	.1	.1	.3	.4	.1

2s .7

EXAMPLE 58.

.5	.6	.7	.3	.2	.1	.1	.1	.2	.1	.3	.4	:1
.3	.4	.5	.7	.3	.3	.7	.6	.5	.1	.6	:1	
.1	.1	.2	.1	.5	.1	.1	.2	.1				

40 .5 .1 .7 .5 .5

The student should study the above chords so as to be able to tell which is perfect, which imperfect, direct, dispersed, etc.

DISCORDS

Are those chords which are, more or less, unpleasant to the ear. The chord of the seventh (sub-tonic) is least offensive, and enters most largely into musical composition. All other discords should be *prepared* by having the discordant numeral appear in the preceding concord, and all discords should be resolved by having a concord to follow immediately.

EXAMPLE 59.

.5	.6	.6	.7	:1	.1	.1	.1	.1
.3	.4	.4	.4	:3	.5	.3	.7	.6
.1	.1	.2	.2	:1	.3	.1	.4	.4

40

The second, seventh, and ninth, are naturally discordant, and any note in the scale may be made artificially discordant, by using it in a discordant relation to any other note. The major second may be resolved by any concord except the octave: the minor second should be resolved into the third.

EXAMPLE 60.

1G	1					
A	.5	.6	.5	R 7	6 7 6	s .5-
	.3	.4	.3	.5-	.4-	.3-
2c	3C					
1G						
B	R			R		
2c	5	5 4	.5	3C .5	5 .4	.5-

In example 60, the discord of the major second, which occurs in the second measure, is prepared by the dominant occurring in the first measure, and resolved into the full chord of the mediant in the third measure. In the triple measure, the minor second is prepared by the octave and sixth, and resolved by the chord of the third. The discord of the ninth has been treated of; the discord of the ninth is the octave of the second, and should be treated in like manner. Having thus spoken, briefly, of discords, we proceed to consider

EXAMPLE 61.

COMPOSITION.

1G	.2						.1
A	.5	:5	.5 .6	:5	.5	:5	
	.3 .7	:3	.3 .4	:3	.2 .3	:3	
4C							
1G							
	.1 .5	:1	.1 .1	:1	.1	:1	
4C							
						.5	

In the above example, the fifth is the fundamental numeral of the second chord; and each succeeding chord has five of the preceding chord as its fundamental numeral. Hence, any chord may be followed by a chord constituted on its *fifth*. The chord of the *fifth* is called the DOMINANT chord. The fundamental notes of the above chords are as follows: 1st, the tonic; 2d, the dominant, or 5th above; 3d, the tonic, or 5th below; 4th, the tonic again; 5th, the sub-dominant, or 5th below the tonic; 6th, the tonic, or 5th above the sub-dominant; 7th, the tonic again; 8th, the dominant, or 5th dispersed; 9th, the tonic, or 5th below the dominant chord. The dominant chord, or chords, always lead us to expect the chord of the tonic, and is, therefore, called the LEADING CHORD.

EXAMPLE 62.

1G	.1	.1 .1	:1	.3 .4	:3	.5	:5
A	.5	:5	.5 .6	:5			:5
	.3 .6	:3	.5 .6	:5		.7	
4C							
1G							
B	.1 .4	:1	.3 .4	:3	.5 .6	:5	.3 .2 :3
4C							

From the above succession of chords, it may be seen that any chord may be followed by a chord based on its *fourth*. The chord of the fourth is called the RELATIVE MAJOR, or *sub-dominant chord*.

EXAMPLE 63.

1G	.1		2G		5G	.1	4G
A	.5	:5	.6 .7	:6	.2 .7		.1 .6 :6
4c							
1G							
C	.3 .3	:5	.4 .5	:4	.7 .5	:5	.6 .4 :4
4c							
1G					.1		
B	.1	:1	.2	:2	.5 .3	:3	.4 .2 :1
4c	.6		.7				

Example 63 teaches that any chord may be followed by a chord founded on its 6th. The chord of the sixth, or *sub-médiant*, is called the RELATIVE MINOR chord. The *tonic*, or key note, is the most important note in the scale; and the tonic chord is the most important in writing tunes. It occurs fifteen times in "Old Hundred."

The *fifth*, or dominant, is next in importance; and the dominant chord occurs more frequently in tunes than any other, except the tonic chord. It is found nine times in "Old Hundred."

The *fourth*, or sub-dominant, is next in importance and use.

The *sixth*, or sub-médiant, the principal chord of the relative minor key, is the third in relative importance to the tonic.

THOROUGH BASS

Is a numeral system of music; but without any marks to denote the length of the numerals. It was invented in 1605, and was always considered, by eminent musicians, a most useful invention. And yet, after near 250 years, there are some musicians who pretend to be too scientific to sing numeral music, and sneer at it as a trifling innovation that will soon pass away!

SCALES.

The first scale used in written music was the *tetrachord*, next the *pentachord*, then the *hexachord*. Seventy years before the Christian Era, the *heptachord*, or two conjunct tetrachords, came into use; and, perhaps about the year 100, two disjunct tetrachords making our present *octave*, obtained, and has been in use ever since.

Solmization means giving names to notes or numerals while singing them. The Greeks used the syllables *tah, tee, to, tay*, in solmization. In the eleventh century, Guido, a monk of Aretino, invented the use of the syllables *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la*, in solmization. The Italians substituted *do* in the place of *ut*, and the French added the syllable *si*, thus perfecting the solmization of the octave, which, for centuries gone by, has entirely superseded the hexachordic solmization of Guido.

CADENCE.

A *cadence* is in music what a pause is in reading. It gives rest and relief to the ear. An imperfect cadence is the chord of the dominant, often found at the end of a strain. A perfect cadence is where the tune falls from the chord of the dominant to the common or tonic chord, and there ends.

CHANT,

A kind of melody half way between talking and singing, to which either verse or prose may be applied.

CANTO,

The Italian for *song*. If the author had either time or space, and the reader were willing to pay for rubbish, a great many barbarous and useless mystifications might be translated into plain English.

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Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner,	285	Awake, and sing the song, . . .	201
A few more days or years at most,	325	Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, . . .	97
Again, indulgent Lord, return, . . .	241	Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,	163
Again our earthly cares we leave, . . .	241	Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,	246
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All nature feels attractive power, . . .	60	Behold a sinner, gracious Lord, . . .	192
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Arise and hail the sacred day, . . .	216	Beneath our feet and o'er our head,	402
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Arrayed in clouds of golden light,	428	Beyond where Cedron's waters flow,	444
A ruler came to Christ on earth, . . .	169	Blest are the humble souls, . . .	87
As body, when the soul has fled, . . .	436	Blest are the sons of peace, . . .	201
As flows the rapid river, . . .	173	Blest be the tie that binds, . . .	15
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep, . . .	280	Blest be thou, O God of Israel, . . .	152
As lightly and sweetly we tread, . . .	105	Blest is the man who shuns the place,	209
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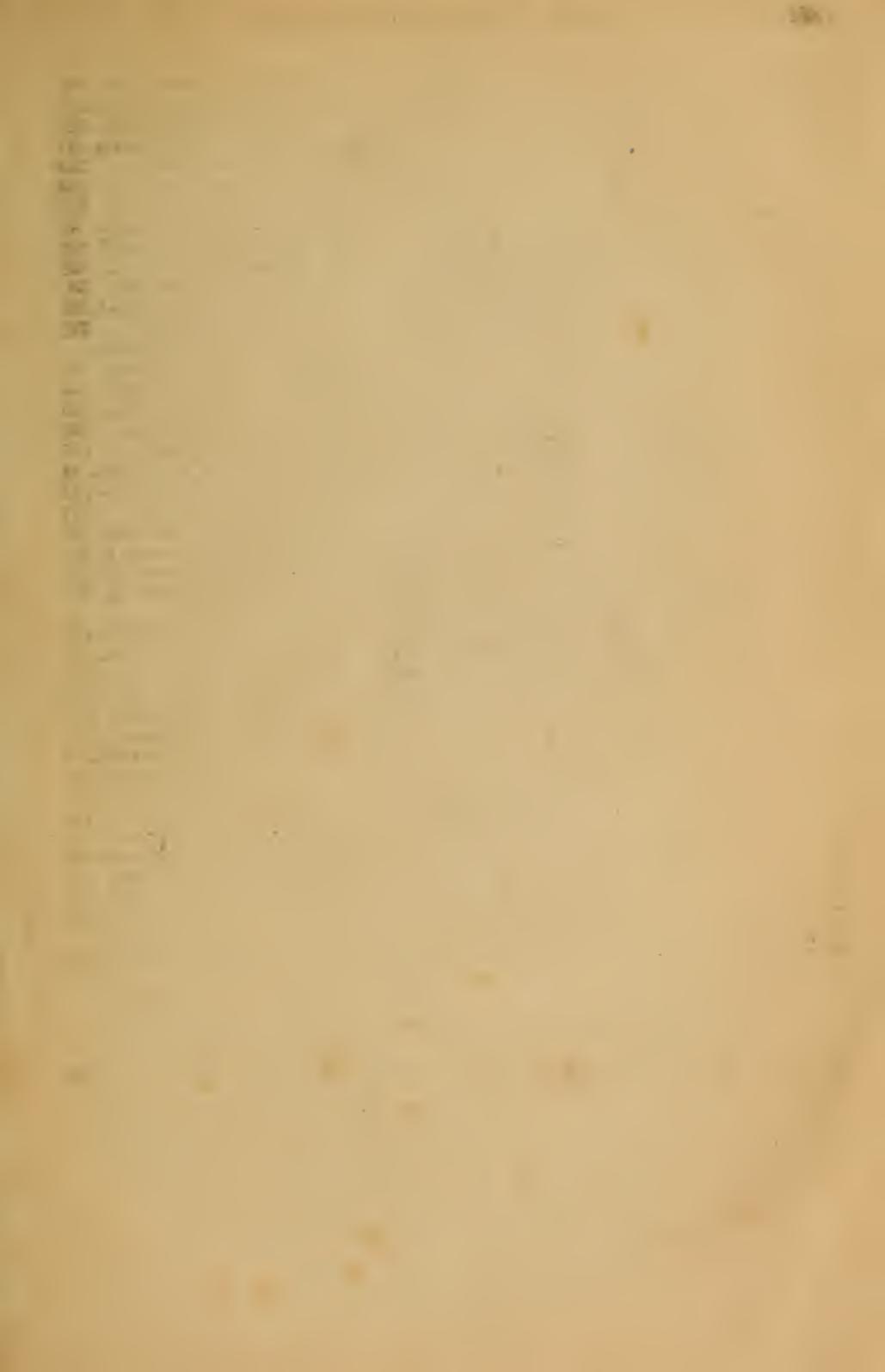
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