

APPENDIX:

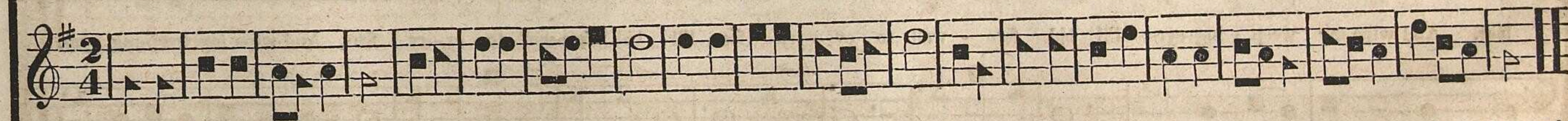
CONTAINING

SEVERAL TUNES ENTIRELY NEW.

INTERROGATION: 7's.

Christopher.

Baptist Harmony, 141.



Hark! my soul, it is the Lord; 'Tis the Saviour, hear his word; Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee— Say, poor sinner, :||: Say, poor sinner, Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?



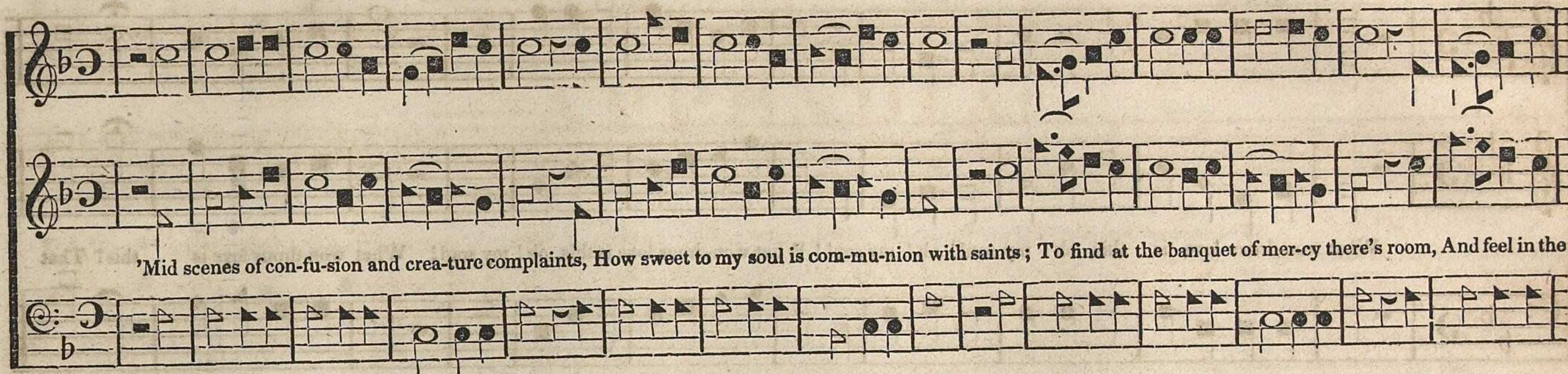
When I can read my ti - tle clear to man - sions in the skies, I'll bid fare - well to ev - ry

fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes. I'll bid fare - well to ev - ry fear, I'll bid fare - well to ev - ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

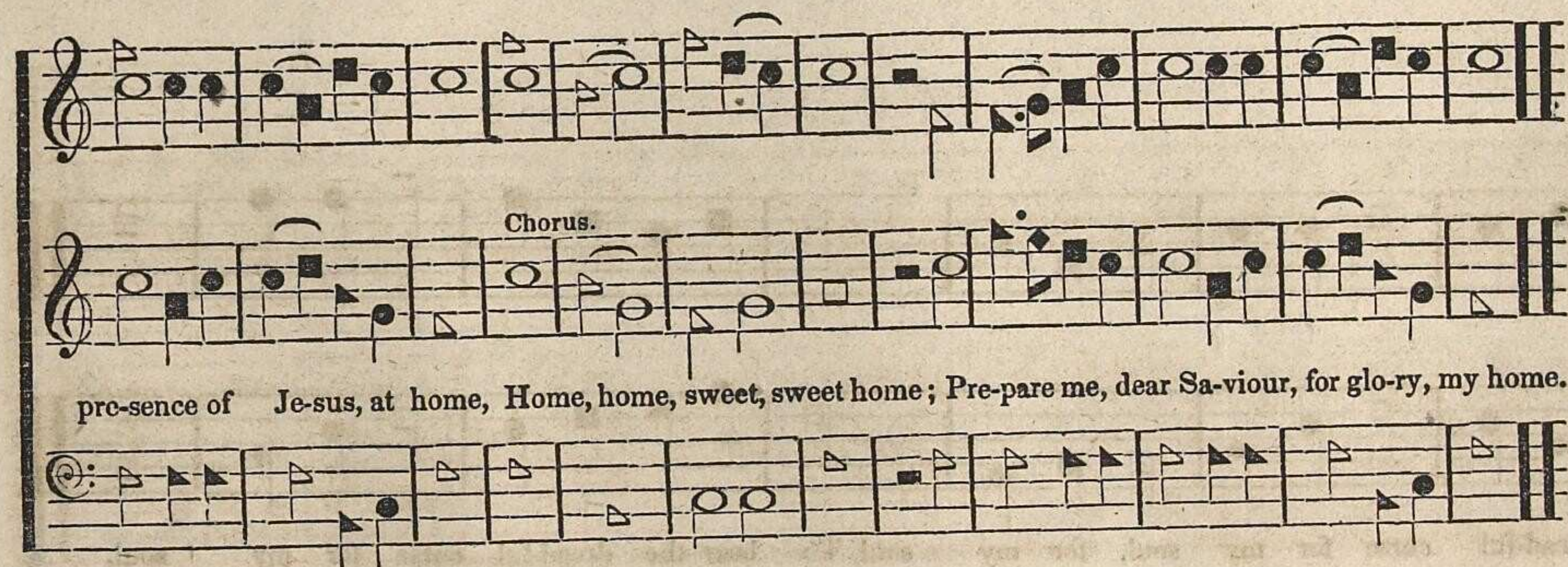
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.



'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture complaints, How sweet to my soul is com-mu-nion with saints; To find at the banquet of mer-cy there's room, And feel in the



Chorus.
pre-sence of Je-sus, at home, Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Pre-pare me, dear Sa-viour, for glo-ry, my home.

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

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

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, home, &c.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.
Home, home, &c.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more, as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet, home,
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home

What won-drous love is this, oh! my soul! oh! my soul! What won-drous love is this, oh! my soul! What won-drous love is this! That

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is written in a style typical of 18th or 19th-century hymnals, with square notes and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first system of music.

caused the Lord of bliss, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul, for my soul, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves, following the same format as the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the second line of lyrics corresponding to the second system of music.

THE HEAVENLY MARCH. C. M.

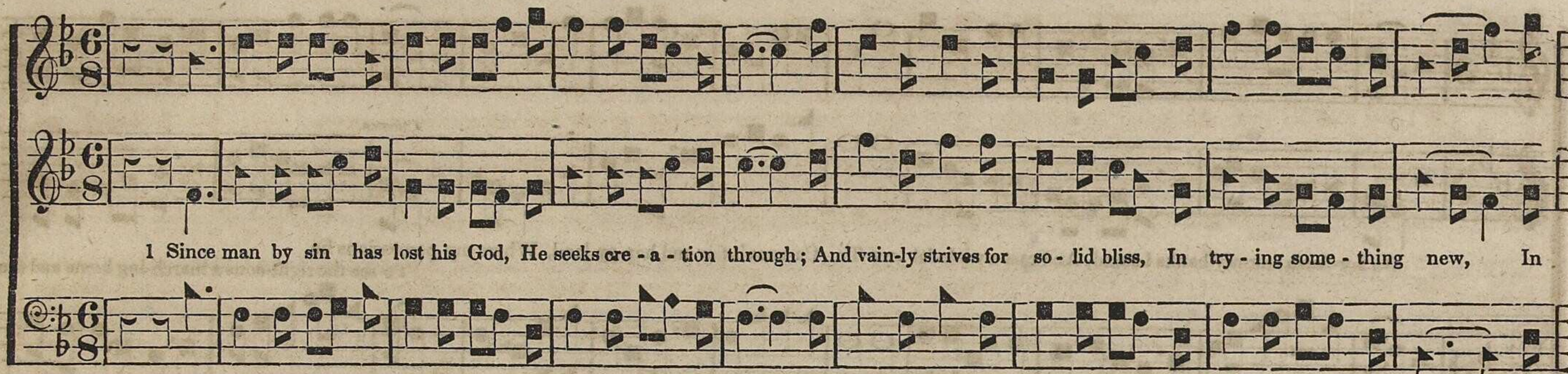
Wm. Walker. Baptist Harmony, p. 422.

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On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my possessions lie.
To see the right-eous a march-ing home and the

Chorus.

an-gels bid them come,
And Je-sus stands a wait-ing, to wel-come trav'-lers home,
To wel-come trav'-lers home, to wel-come trav'-lers home.
And Je-sus stands a wait-ing, to wel-come trav'-lers home.



1 Since man by sin has lost his God, He seeks ere - a - tion through; And vain-ly strives for so - lid bliss, In try - ing some - thing new, In



try - ing some - thing new, And vain - ly strives for so - lid bliss, In try - ing some - thing new.

2 The new possessed like fading flowers,
Soon loses its gay hue;
The bubble now no longer stays,
The soul wants something new

3 Now could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Peru;
The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.

4 But when we feel the power of Christ,
All good in him we view;
The soul forsakes her vain pursuits,
In Christ finds something new.

5 The joy the dear Redeemer gives,
Will bear a strict review.
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new

6 Come, sinners, then and seek the joys
Which Christ bids you pursue;
And keep the glorious theme in view,
In Christ seek something new.

7 But soon a change awaits us all,
Before the great review;
And at his feet with rapture fall,
And Heaven brings something new



1 See how the wick-ed kingdom Is fall-ing ev'-ry day! And still our bless-ed Je-sus Is winning souls a-way: But O how I am



2 With weeping and with praying, My Je-sus I have found, To cru-ci-fy old na-ture, And make his grace a-bound. Dear children, don't be
3 If sin-ners will serve Satan, And join with one ac-cord, Dear brethren, as for my part, I'm bound to serve the Lord; And if you will go



tempted, No mortal tongue can tell! So oft-en I'm surrounded With enemies from hell.



wea-ry, But march on in the way; For Je-sus will stand by you, And be your guard and stay. with me, Pray give to me your hand, And we'll march on together, Unto the promised land.



4 Through troubles and distresses,
We'll make our way to God;
Though earth and hell oppose us,
We'll keep the heavenly road.
Our Jesus went before us,
And many sorrows bore,
And we who follow after,
Can never meet with more.

5 Thou dear to me, my brethren,
Each one of you I find.
My duty now compels me
To leave you all behind:
But while the parting grieves us,
I humbly ask your prayers,
To bear me up in trouble,
And conquer all my fears.

6 And now, my loving brothers,
I bid you all farewell!
With you my loving sisters,
I can no longer dwell.

Farewell to every mourner!
I hope the Lord you'll find,
To ease you of your burden,
And give you peace of mind.

7 Farewell, poor careless sinners!
I love you dearly well;
I've labour'd much to bring you
With Jesus Christ to dwell,
I now am bound to leave you—
O tell me, will you go?
But if you won't decide it,
I'll bid you all adieu!

8 We'll bid farewell to sorrow,
To sickness, care, and pain,
And mount aloft with Jesus
For evermore to reign;
We'll join to sing his praises,
Above the ethereal blue,
And then, poor careless sinners,
What will become of you?

1 Friend-ship, to ev' - ry will-ing mind, O-pens sweet and heav'nly treasure; There may the sons of sor-row find Sources of re-al plea-sure.

See what em-ploy-ments men pur-sue, Then you will own my words are true; Friendship a-lone un-folds to view Sour-ces of re-al plea-sure.

2 Poor are the joys that fools esteem,
Or fading and transitory;
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
Or a delusive story;
Luxury leaves a sting behind,
Wounding the body and the mind;
Only in friendship can we find
Sources of real pleasure.

3 Learning, that boasting glittering thing,
Is but just worth possessing;
Riches, forever on the wing,
Scarce can be called a blessing;
Fame like a shadow flies away;
Titles and dignity decay;
Nothing but friendship can display
Joys that are freed from trouble.

4 Beauty, with all its gaudy shows,
Is only a painted bubble;
Short is the triumph wit bestows,
Full of deceit and trouble;
Sensual pleasures swell desire
Just as the fuel feeds the fire,
Friendship can real bliss inspire,
Bliss that is worth possessing.

Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee, Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb; The Saviour has pass'd through its por-tals before thee, And the

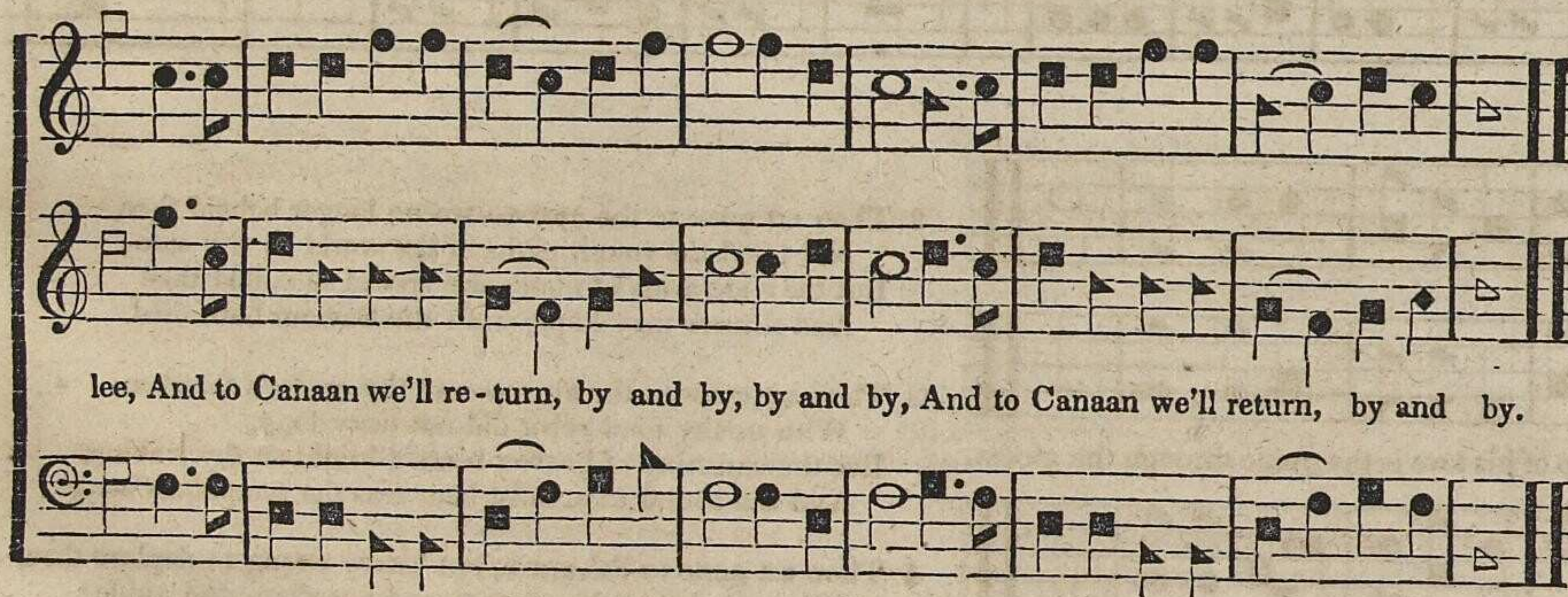
lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

- 2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side,
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave—and thy cradle's forsaken,
With us thy fond spirit did not tarry long,
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, and guardian, and guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died

THE SAINTS BOUND FOR HEAVEN. 12, 9.

By J. King and W. Walker


1 Our bondage it shall end, by and by, by and by, Our bondage it shall end, by and by; From Egypt's yoke set free; Hail the glorious jubi-



lee, And to Canaan we'll re-turn, by and by, by and by, And to Canaan we'll return, by and by.

2 Our deliverer he shall come, by and by,
And our sorrows have an end,
With our threescore years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day, by and by

3 Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on
Though our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo, Sinai's God is near,
While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on.

4 Though Marah has bitter streams, we'll go on;
Though Baca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply;
To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on.

5 And when to Jordan's floods, we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he'll divide,
And the ransom'd host shall shout, we are come,

6 Then friends shall meet again, who have loved,
Our embraces shall be sweet
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more, who have loved.

7 Then with all the happy throng, we'll rejoice
Shouting glory to our King,
Till the vaults of heaven ring,
And through all eternity we'll rejoice.



In the floods of tri - bu - la - tion, While the bil - lows o'er me roll, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah,
Je - sus whis - pers con - so - la - tion, And sup - ports my faint - ing soul,



Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

2 Thus the lion yields me honey
From the eater food is given,
Strengthen'd thus, I still press forward,
Singing as I wade to heaven:
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
And my sins are all forgiven. Sweet, &c.

3 Mid the gloom the vivid lightning,
With increasing brightness play:
Mid the thorn bright beauteous flowrets
Look more beautiful and gay.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord. Hallelujah, &c.

4 So in darkest dispensations
Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With his richest consolations
To reanimate and cheer.
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near. Sweet, &c.

5 Floods of tribulations brighten,
Billows still around me roar;
Those that know not Christ ye frighten,
But my soul defies your power.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord. Hallelujah, &c.

6 In the sacred page recorded;
Thus the word securely stands,—
Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
Nought shall pluck thee from my hands.
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Every word my love demands. Sweet, &c.

7 All I meet I find assist me,
In my path to heavenly joy;
Where the trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord. Hallelujah, &c.

8 Wearing there a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll near forget,
But exulting cry it led me
To my blessed Saviour's feet.
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Which has brought to Jesus' feet. Sweet, &c.

1 Co - lum-bia! Co - lum-bia! to glo - ry a-rise, The queen of the world, and the child of the skies, Thy ge-nius com-mands thee, with

2 To con-quest and slaugh-ter let Eu-rope as-pire, Whelm na - tions in blood, or wrap ci-ties in fire; Thy he-roes the rights of man-

rap-tures be-hold, While a - ges on a - ges thy splen-dours un-fold: Thy reign is the last and the no - blest of time, Most

kind shall de-fend, And tri-umph pur - sue them and glo-ry at - tend. A world is thy realm, for a world be thy laws, En-

The musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The time signature is 2/4. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first two verses of the song. The second system contains the third verse. The lyrics are written below the corresponding musical staves.

STAR OF COLUMBIA. *Concludea.*

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fruit ful thy soil, most in - vi-ting thy clime; Let crimes of the east ne'er en - crim - son thy name, Be free-dom, and sci-ence, and vir-tue thy fame.



larged as thy em-pire, and just as thy cause; On free-dom's broad ba - sis that em-pire shall rise, Ex - tend with the main, and dis-solve with the skies.



3 Fair science her gate to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star;
New bards and new sages unrivall'd shall soar
To fame unextinguish'd, when time is no more.
To the last refuge of virtue design'd,
Shall fly from all nations, the best of mankind,
There, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odours of spring.

4 Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
Their graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul still enliven the fire:
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image enstamp'd on the mind;
With peace and sweet rapture shall teach life to glow
And light up a smile in the aspect of wo.

5 Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold,
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendours shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union in triumph unfurl'd,
Hush anarchy's sway, and give peace to the world.

6 Thus down a lone valley with cedars o'erspread,
From the noise of the town I pensively stray'd,
The bloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
The wind ceas'd to murmur, the thunders expired
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies.

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound, Mine ears, attend the cry; Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie, Where you must shortly

lie. :||: Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.
Where you must shortly lie,

2. "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."
3. Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!
4. 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.

OH! TURN, SINNER. L. M.

263

1. To-day, if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to make your choice; } Oh! turn, sinner, turn, may the Lord help you turn—
 Say, will you to Mount Zi-on go? Say, will you have this Christ, or no? }

Chorus.

Oh! turn, sin-ner, turn, why will you die?

2. Say, will you be for ever blest,
 And with this glorious Jesus rest?
 Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
 Will you with Christ for ever reign?
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.
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?
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.
4. Ye dear young men, for ruin bound,
 Amidst the Gospel's joyful sound,
 Come, go with us, and seek to prove
 The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.
5. Your sports, and all your glittering toys,
 Compared with our celestial joys,
 Like momentary dreams appear:—
 Come, go with us—your souls are dear.
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.

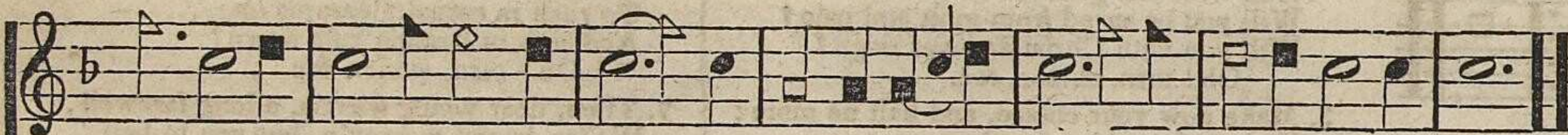
6. Young women, now we look to you,
 Are you resolved to perish too?
 To rush in carnal pleasures on,
 And sink in flaming ruin down?
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.
7. Then, dear young friends, a long farewell,
 We're bound to heav'n, but you to hell.
 Still God may hear us, while we pray,
 And change you ere that burning day.
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.
8. Once more I ask you, in his name;
 (I know his love remains the same)
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
 Oh! turn, sinner, &c.
9. Come, you that love th' incarnate God,
 And feel redemption in his blood,
 Let's watch and pray, and onward move,
 Till we shall meet in realms above.
 Oh! turn sinner. &c.



1. Sometimes a light sur - prises The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord who rises With healing in his wings: When comforts are de -



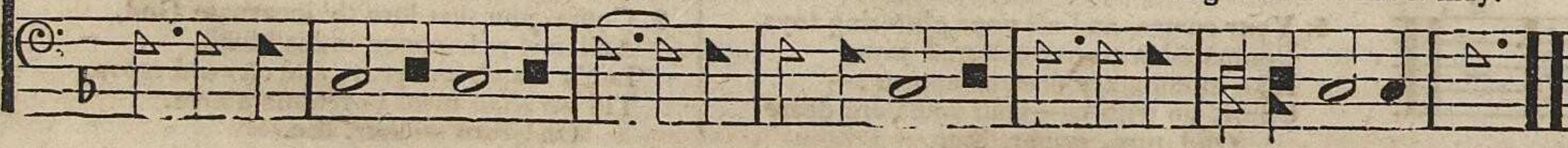
2. In ho - ly contem - plation, We sweetly then pur - sue The theme of God's sal - vation, And find it ever new: Set free from present



clining, He grants the soul a - gain A season of clear shining, To cheer it af - ter rain.



sorrow, We cheerful - ly can say, Let the unknown to-morrow Bring with it what it may.



3. It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed,
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.
4. Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Its wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet God, the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding
I cannot but rejoice.

Slow.



1. *High o'er the hills the mountains rise, Their summits tow - er toward the skies; But far a - bove them I must dwell,

2. Oh, God! for - bid that I should fall And lose my ev - er - last - ing all; But may I rise on wings of love,



Or sink be - neath the flames of hell.

And soar to the blest world a - bove.

3. Although I walk the mountains high,
Ere long my body low must lie,
And in some lonesome place must rot,
And by the living be forgot.

4. There it must lie till that great day,
When Gabriel's awful trump shall say,
Arise, the judgment day is come,
When all must hear their final doom.

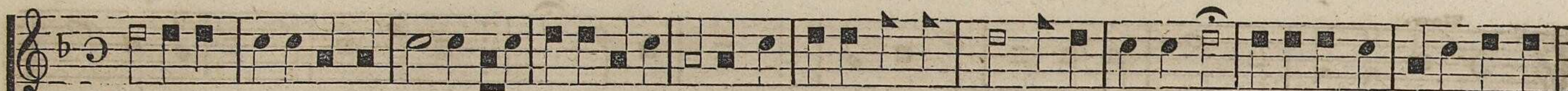
5. If not prepared, then I must go
Down to eternal pain and wo,
With devils there I must remain,
And never more return again.

6. But if prepared, oh, blessed thought!
I'll rise above the mountain's top,
And there remain for evermore
On Canaan's peaceful, happy shore.

7. Oh! when I think of that blest world,
Where all God's people dwell in love,
I oft-times long with them to be
And dwell in heaven eternally.

8. Then will I sing God's praises there,
Who brought me through my troubles here,
I'll sing, and be forever blest,
Find sweet and everlasting rest.

* This song was composed by the AUTHOR, in the fall of 1831, while travelling over the mountains, on French Broad River, in North Carolina and Tennessee.



1. Where are the Hebrew children? Where are the Hebrew children? Where are the Hebrew children? Safe in the promised land: Tho' the furnace flamed around them,



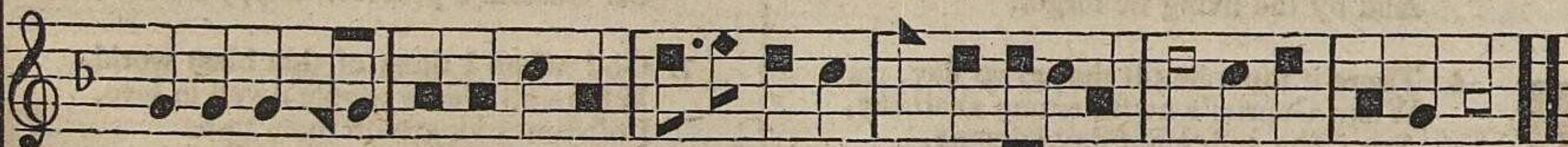
2. Where are the twelve apostles? Where are the twelve apostles? Where are the twelve apostles? Safe in the promised land: They went thro' the flaming fire,



3. Where are the holy martyrs? Where are the holy martyrs? Where are the holy martyrs? Safe in the promised land: Those who wash'd their robes, and made them



God while in their trouble found them; He with love and mercy bound them, Safe in the promised land.



Trusting in the great Messiah, Holy grace did raise them higher, Safe in the promised land.



White and spotless pure, and laid them Where no earthly stain could fade them, Safe in the promised land.

4. Where are the holy Christians? :||
Safe in the promised land:
There our souls will join the chorus,
Saints and angels sing before us,
While all heaven is beaming o'er us,
Safe in the promised land.

5. By and by we'll go and meet them, :||
Safe in the promised land:
There we'll sing and shout together,
There we'll sing and shout hosanna,
There we'll sing and shout forever,
Safe in the promised land.

6. Glory to God Almighty, :||
Who called us unto him,
Who are blind by sinful nature,
Who have sinned against our Maker,
Who did send his son to save us,
Safe in the promised land.

7. Where is our blessed Saviour? :||
Safe in the promised land:
He was scourged and crucified,
He by Romans was derided,
Thus the Lord of glory died,
To raise our souls above.

* This tune was set to music by DAVID WALKER, in 1841; also the last two verses of the song are his composition

BALLERMA. C. M.

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1. If God is mine, then present things, And things to come, are mine; Yea, Christ, his word, and Spir - it too, And glo - ry all di - vine.

2. If he is mine, then from his love, He eve - ry trou - ble sends; All things are working for my good, And bliss his rod at - tends.

3. If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
Their utmost force repel.

4. If he is mine, let friends forsake,—
Let wealth and honours flee—
Sure he, who giveth me *himself*,
Is more than these to me.

5. If he is mine, I'll boldly pass
Through death's tremendous vale:
He is a solid comfort, when
All other comforts fail.

6. Oh, tell me, Lord! that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the *fountain* live,
When all the *streams* are dried.

SHEPHERD. S. M.

Slow.

1. Let par - ty names no more The Christian world o'erspread; Gen - tile and Jew, and bond and free, Are one in Christ their Head.

2. Among the saints on earth, Let mutual love be found; Heirs of the same in - he - ritage, With mutual blessings crown'd.

3. Let en - vy, child of hell! Be banish'd far a - way: Those should in strictest friendship dwell Who the same Lord obey.

4. Thus will the church be - low Re - semble that a - bove; Where streams of pleasure ever flow, And every heart is love.

1. In e - vil long I took de - light, Unaw'd by shame or fear, }
Till a new object struck my sight, And stopp'd my wild career. }

I saw one hanging on a tree In a - go - nies and blood,

2. Sure never to my latest breath Can I for - get that look ; }
It seem'd to charge me with his death, Though not a word he spoke. }

My conscience felt and own'd the guilt, And plunged me in despair ;

Who fix'd his lan - guid eyes on me, As near his cross I stood.

I saw my sins his blood had spilt, And help'd to nail him there.

3. Alas ! I knew not what I did ;
But now my tears are vain :
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.
A second look he gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I'll die that thou may'st live."
4. Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue ;
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too.
With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

THE INDIAN'S PETITION. 12,12,12,12,11

269

Slow.

1. *Let me go to my home in the far distant west, To the scenes of my childhood, in innocence blest, Where the tall cedars wave, and the bright waters

2. Let me go to the spot where the cataracts play, Where I often have sported in boyhood's bright day, And there greet my fond mother whose heart will o'er-

flow, Where my fathers repose, let me go, let me go, . . . Where my fathers repose, oh! there let me go.

flow At the sight of her child, let me go, let me go, . . . At the sight of her child, oh! there let me go.

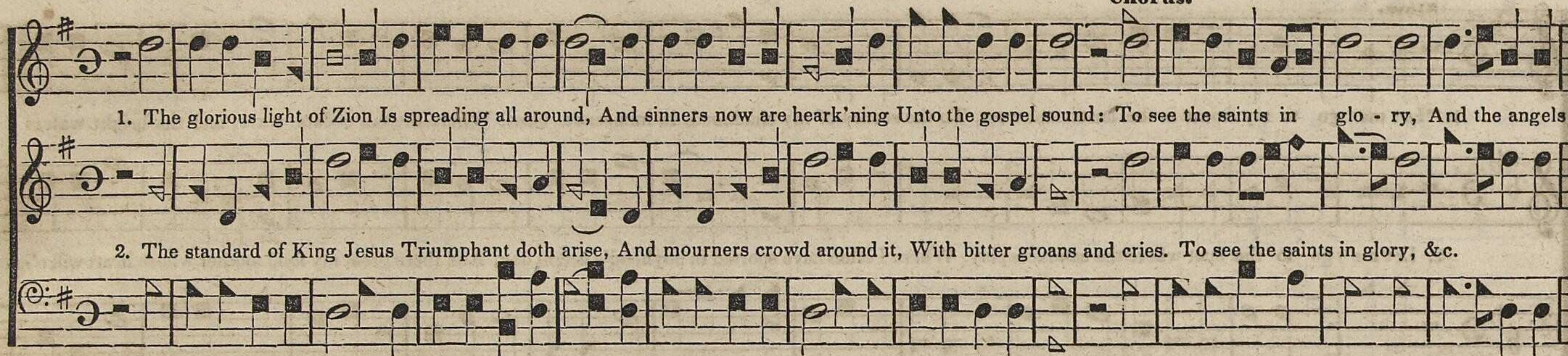
3. Let me go to my sire, by whose battle-scar'd side
I have sported so oft in the noon of my pride,
And exulted to conquer the insolent foe;
To my father, the chief, let me go, let me go,
To my father, the chief, oh! there let me go.

4. And, oh! do let me go to my flashing eyed maid,
Who hath taught me to love 'neath the green willow's
shade;
Whose heart like the fawn leaps, and is pure as the
snow:
To the bosom I love, let me go, let me go,
To the bosom I love, oh! there let me go.

5. And, oh! do let me go to my wild forest home,
No more from its life-cheering fond pleasures to roam;
'Neath the grove of the glen let my ashes lie low;
To my home in the wood let me go, let me go
To my home in the wood, oh! there let me go.

* This song, it is said, was composed by the son of a chief of one of the western tribes, who was sent to the City of Washington to make a treaty with the United States, which treaty was delayed for a while by some unavoidable circumstances.

Chorus.



1. The glorious light of Zion Is spreading all around, And sinners now are heark'ning Unto the gospel sound: To see the saints in glo - ry, And the angels

2. The standard of King Jesus Triumphant doth arise, And mourners crowd around it, With bitter groans and cries. To see the saints in glory, &c.



stand inviting, The angels stand in - viting, to welcome pilgrims home.

3. The suffering, bleeding Saviour,
Who died on Calvary,
Is now proclaim'd to sinners
To set the guilty free;
To see the saints in glory, &c.

4. And while the glorious message
Was circulating round,
Some souls, exposed to ruin,
Redeeming love have found.
To see the saints in glory, &c.

5. And of that favour'd number,
I hope that I am one;
And Christ, I trust, will finish
The work he has begun;
To see the saints in glory, &c.

6. He'll perfect it in righteousness,
And I shall ever be
A monument of mercy,
To all eternity.
To see the saints in glory, &c.

7. I am but a young convert,
Who lately did enlist
A soldier under Jesus,
My Prophet, King, and Priest;
To see the saints in glory, &c.

8. I have received my bounty,
Likewise my martial dress,
A ring of love and favour,
A robe of righteousness.
To see the saints in glory, &c.

9. Now down into the water
Will we young converts go;
There went our Lord and Master,
When he was here below;
To see the saints in glory, &c.

10. We lay our sinful bodies
Beneath the yielding wave,
An emblem of the Saviour,
When he lay in the grave.
To see the saints in glory, &c.

11. Poor sinners, think what Jesus
Has done for you and me:
Behold his mangled body
Hung tortured on the tree!
To see the saints in glory, &c.

12. His hands, his feet, his bleeding side
To you he doth display;—
Oh! tell me, brother sinner,
How can you stay away?
To see the saints in glory, &c.

13. Come, all you elder brethren,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Who, for the sake of Jesus,
Have counted all things loss,—
To see the saints in glory, &c.

14. Come, pray for us, young converts,
That we may travel on,
And meet you all in glory,
Where our Redeemer's gone.
To see the saints in glory, &c.

GOSPEL TRUMPET, (OR WOODSTOCK). C. M.

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1. Let ev' - ry mor - tal ear attend, And ev' - ry heart re - joice, The trum - pet of the gos - pel sounds With an in - vi - ting voice.
2. Ho, all ye hun - gry starv - ing souls, That feed up - on the wind, And vain - ly strive with earth - ly toys To fill an emp - ty mind;
3. E - ter - nal wis - dom has prepared A soul - re - vi - ving feast, And bids your longing ap - pe - tites The rich pro - vi - sion taste.

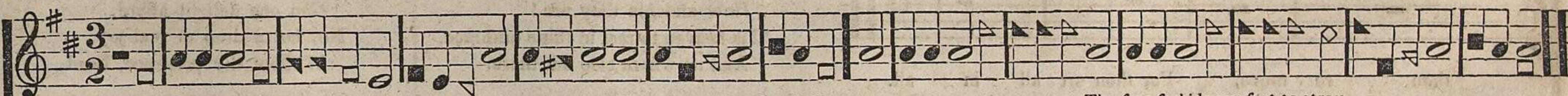


4. Ho, ye that pant for liv - ing streams, And pine a - way and die, Here you may quench your ra - ging thirst With springs that ne - ver dry.
5. Riv - ers of love and mer - cy here In a rich o - cean join; Sal - va - tion in a - bundance flows, Like floods of milk and wine.
6. Ye per - ish - ing and na - ked poor, Who work with migh - ty pain To weave a gar - ment of your own That will not hide your sin;

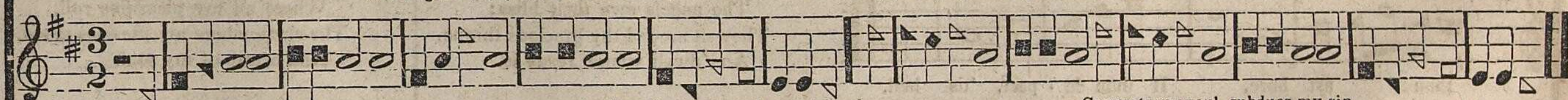


7. Come, naked, and a - dorn your souls In robes pre - pared by God, Wrought by the la - bours of his Son, And dyed in his own blood.
8. Dear God, the treasures of thy love Are e - ver - last - ing mines, Deep as our help - less mis'ries are, And boundless as our sins.
9. The hap - py gates of gos - pel grace Stand o - pen night and day, Lord, we are come to seek sup - plies, And drive our wants a - way.

NASHVILLE. L. M. 6 lines.



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



2. Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes, But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord, Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And warn me where my danger lies; That makes my guilty conscience clean, And give a free and large reward.



1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call, I cannot live if thou remove, For thou art all in all: I cannot live if

2. Thy shining grace can cheer This dungeon where I dwell; 'Tis paradise when thou art here, If thou depart, 'tis hell: 'Tis pa - ra - dise when

For.

thou re - move, For thou art all in all.

thou art here, If thou de - part, 'tis hell.

3. The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

4. To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5. Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6. Nor earth, nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7. Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

8. To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me nigher.

GOSPEL TIDINGS. S. M.

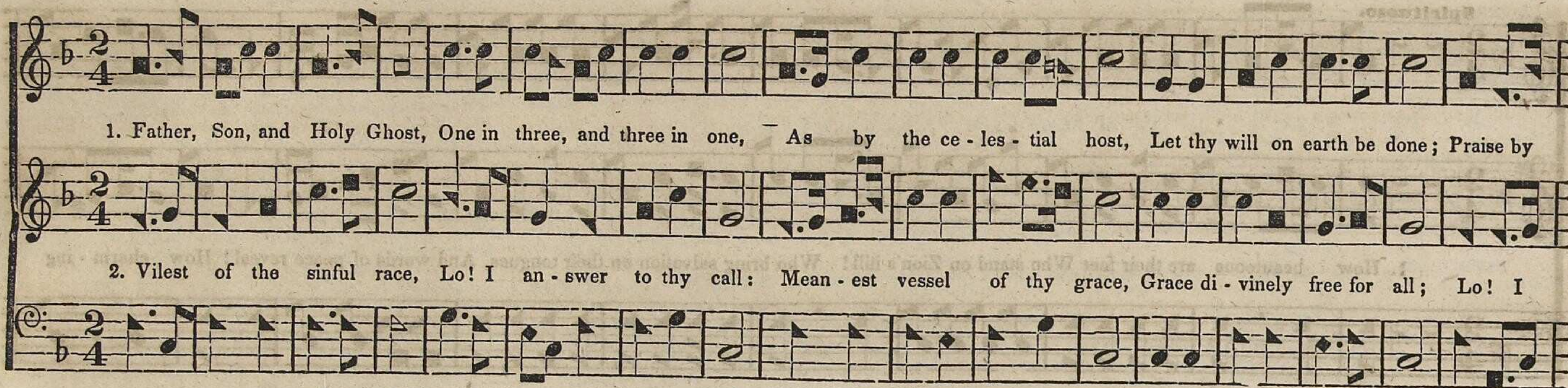
273

Spiritoso.

1. How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill! Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal! How charm - ing

is their voice! How sweet the tidings are! 'Za - on, behold thy Saviour King, He reigns and triumphs here.'

2. How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
3. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.



1. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One in three, and three in one, As by the ce - les - tial host, Let thy will on earth be done; Praise by

2. Vilest of the sinful race, Lo! I an - swer to thy call: Mean - est vessel of thy grace, Grace di - vinely free for all; Lo! I



all to thee be given, Gracious Lord of earth and heaven!

come to do thy will, All thy counsel to ful - fil.

3. If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4. Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will:
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new!

5. Now, my God, thine own I am,
Now I give thee back thine own:
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die.

6. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in three, and three in one.
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done.
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

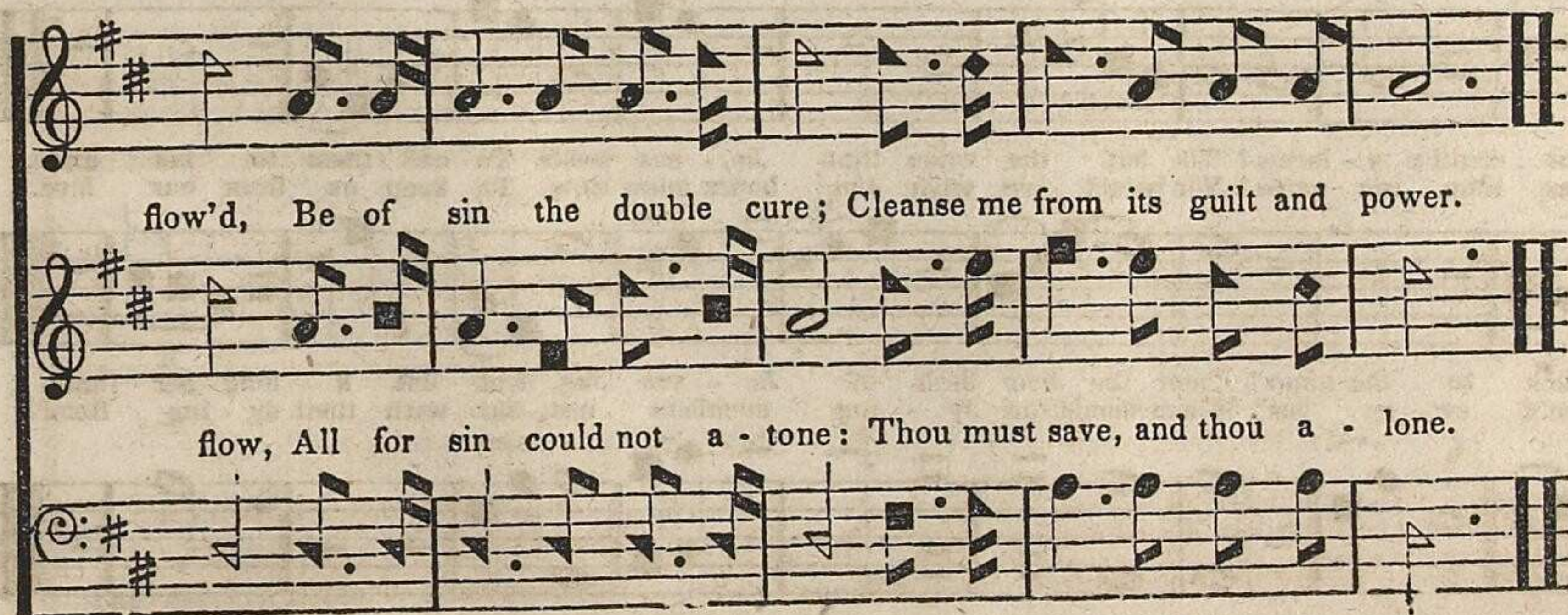
ROCK OF AGES. 6 lines, 7's

275



1. Rock of A - ges, shel - ter me! Let me hide myself in thee! Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which

2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil thy law's demands: Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for ev - er



flow'd, Be of sin the double cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

flow, All for sin could not a - tone: Thou must save, and thou a - lone.

3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace:
Black, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

F. Lewis.

1. My God, my por - tion, and my love, My ev - er - last - ing all, I've none but thee in heaven a - bove, Or on this earth - ly ball.
 2. What emp - ty things are all the skies, And this in - fe - rior clod! There's nothing here de - serves my joys, There's nothing like my God.

3. In vain the bright, the burning sun Scatters his - fee - ble light; 'Tis thy sweet beams cre - ate my noon; If thou withdraw 'tis night.
 4. And whilst up - on my restless bed, Amongst the shades I roll, If my Re - deem - er shows his head, 'Tis morning with my soul.

5. To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
 And health, and safe abode;
 Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
 But they are not my God.

6. How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
 If once compared to thee;
 Or what's my safety, or my health,
 Or all my friends to me?

7. Were I possessor of the earth,
 And call'd the stars my own,
 Without thy graces and thyself
 I were a wretch undone.

8. Let others stretch their arms like seas,
 And grasp in all the shore,
 Grant me the visits of thy face,
 And I desire no more.

CHINA. C. M.

Swan.

1. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends? Or shake at death's a - larms? 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends To call them to his arms.
 2. Are we not tending up - ward too As fast as time can move? Nor would we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

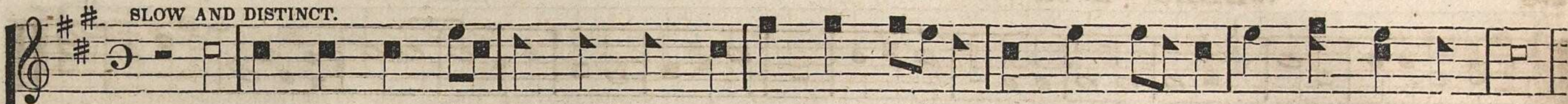
3. Why should we tremble to con - vey Their bo - dies to the tomb? There the dear flesh of Je - sus lay, And left a long per - fume.
 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd, And sof - ten'd ev - ry bed; Where should the dy - ing members rest, But with their dy - ing Head?

5. Thence he a - rose, as - cend - ed high, And show'd our feet the way; Up to the Lord our souls shall fly At - the great ris - ing - day.
 6. Then let the last loud trumpet sound. And bid our kin - dred rise, A - wake, ye na - tions un - der ground, Ye saints, as - cend the skies

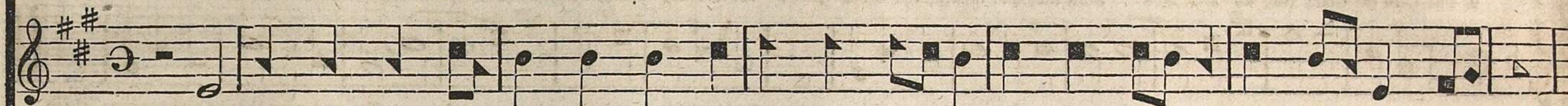
WILLOUGHBY. 8,8,6.

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SLOW AND DISTINCT.



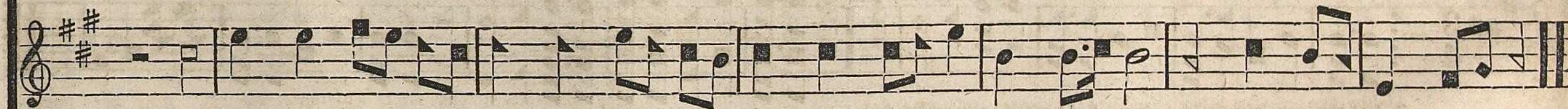
1. How pre - cious, Lord, thy sa - cred word, What light and joy those leaves af - ford, To souls in deep dis - tress;



2. Thy threat'nings wake our slumb'ring eyes, And warn us where our dan - ger lies, But 'tis thy gos - pel, Lord,



Thy pre - cepts guide our doubt - ful way, Thy fear for - bids our feet to stray, Thy pro - mise leads to rest.



That makes the guilt - ty con - science clean, Con - verts the soul and con - quers sin, And gives a free re - ward.



1. Ye nations of the earth, re - joice Be - fore the Lord, your sov'reign King; Serve him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your tongues his glory sing.

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

3. Enter his gates with songs of joy, With praises to his courts re - pair, And make it your di - vine em - ploy To pay your thanks and honours there.

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

ZION. 8,7,4.

Thos. Hastings.

1. On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands, } Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zi - on long in hostile lands, } Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands.

2. Lo! thy sun is ris'n in glory, God himself appears thy friend, } Great deliv'rance Zion's king vouchsafes to send: Great deliv'rance, &c.
All thy foes shall flee before thee, Here thy boasted triumphs end; }

2, En - e - mies no more shall trouble, All thy wrongs shall be redress'd, } All thy conflicts end in an eternal rest; All thy conflicts &c.
For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Maker's favor blest; }

ROCHESTER. C. M.

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The first system of musical notation for 'ROCHESTER. C. M.' consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The middle staff is also in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written across these staves, with lyrics placed below the notes.

1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im mor - tal reign, In - finite day excludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.

2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And ne - ver with'ring flowers; Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heavenly land from ours.

3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4. But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5. Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes.

6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

STONINGTON. S. M.

The first system of musical notation for 'STONINGTON. S. M.' consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/2 time signature. The middle staff is also in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written across these staves, with lyrics placed below the notes.

1. Ye trembling captives hear! The gos - pel trum - pet sounds, No mu - sic more can charm the ear, Or heal thy heart - felt wounds.

2. 'Tis not the trump of war, Nor Si - nai's aw - ful roar, Sal - va - tion's news it spreads a - far, And vengeance is no more.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

J. Street.


1. Come, sound his name a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah is the sov' - - reign God, The u - - ni - ver - sal King.

2. He form'd the deeps unknown: He gave the seas their bound; The wat' - ry worlds are all his own, And all the so - lid ground.

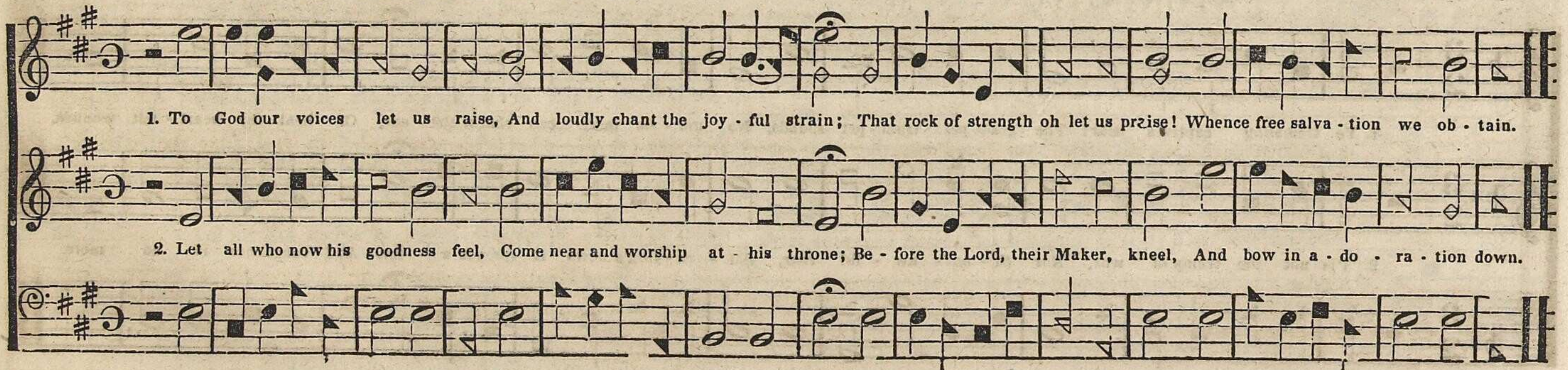
3. Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

4. To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5. But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;

5. The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
"You that despise my promised rest
Shall have no portion there."

SHERBURNE. L. M.



1. To God our voices let us raise, And loudly chant the joy - ful strain; That rock of strength oh let us praise! Whence free salva - tion we ob - tain.

2. Let all who now his goodness feel, Come near and worship at - his throne; Be - fore the Lord, their Maker, kneel, And bow in a - do - ra - tion down.

AYLESBURY. S. M.

Chetham.

28



1. And am I born to die? To lay this bo - dy down? And must my trembling spi - rit fly In - to a world un known?
 2. A land of deep - est shade, Unpierced by human thought; The drea - ry re - gions of the dead, Where all things are for - got!

3. Soon as from earth I go, What will be - come of me? E - ter - nal hap - pi - ness or wo Must then my por - tion be:
 4. Waked by the trumpet's sound, I from my grave shall rise! And see the Judge with glo - ry crown'd, And see the flaming skies!

5. How shall I leave my tomb?
 With triumph or regret?
 A fearful, or a joyful doom,
 A curse, or blessing meet?

6. Will angel bands convey
 Their brother to the bar?
 Or devils drag my soul away,
 To meet its sentence there?

7. Who can resolve the doubt
 That tears my anxious breast?
 Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
 Or number'd with the bless'd?

8. I must from God be driven,
 Or with my Saviour dwell;
 Must come at his command to heaven,
 Or else—depart to hell.

JOY TO THE WORLD, (OR PAXTON). C. M.



1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come, Let earth re - ceive her king, Let ev' - ry heart pre - pare his room, And heaven and na - ture sing.

2. Joy to the world, the Sa - viour reigns, Let men their songs em - ploy, While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sounding joy.

Yes

1. How pleased and blest was I, To hear the people cry, "Come, let us seek our God to-day;"

Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to

Yes, with a cheerful zeal, &c.

with a cheerful zeal, &c.

Zion's hill, And there our vows and honours pay, And there our vows and honours pay.

And there our vows, &c.

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

How long, dear Je - sus, oh! how long Shall that bright hour de - lay; Fly swiftly round, ye

Fly swift - ly round, ye wheels of time, Fly

The first system of the hymn consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing on the top staff and others on the bottom staff.


Fly swift - ly round, &c. And bring, &c.

wheels of time, And bring the pro - mised day, And bring the pro - mised day.

swift - ly round, ye wheels of time. And bring, &c.

The second system of the hymn consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing on the top staff and others on the bottom staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

WATCHMAN. S. M.



1. Shall wisdom cry a - loud, And not her speech be heard? The voice of God's e - ter - nal Word, De - serves it no re - gard?

2. "I was his chief de - light, His ev - er - last - ing Son, Be - fore the first of all his works, Cre - a - tion was be - gun.

3. "Be - fore the fly - ing clouds, Be - fore the so - lid land, Be - fore the fields, be - fore the floods, I dwelt at his right hand.

4. "When he a - dorn'd the skies, And built them, I was there To or - der when the sun should rise, And mar - shal ev' - ry star.

5. "When he pour'd out the sea,
And spread the flowing deep,
I gave the flood a firm decree
In its own bounds to keep.

6. "Upon the empty air
The earth was balanced well;
With joy I saw the mansion where
The sons of men should dwell.

7. "My busy thoughts at first
On their salvation ran,
Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
Was fashion'd to a man.

8. "Then come, receive my grace,
Ye children, and be wise;
Happy the man that keeps my ways;
The man that shuns them dies."

SPRAGUE. C. M.

Arranged from J. Smith.

GENTLE.



1. Give me the wings of faith, to rise With - in the veil, and see The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.

2. Once they were mourning here be - low, And wet their couch with tears; They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins and doubts and fears.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Dr. Arne.

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1. And must I be to judgment brought, And answer in that day, For ev' - ry vain and i - dle thought, And ev'ry word I say?

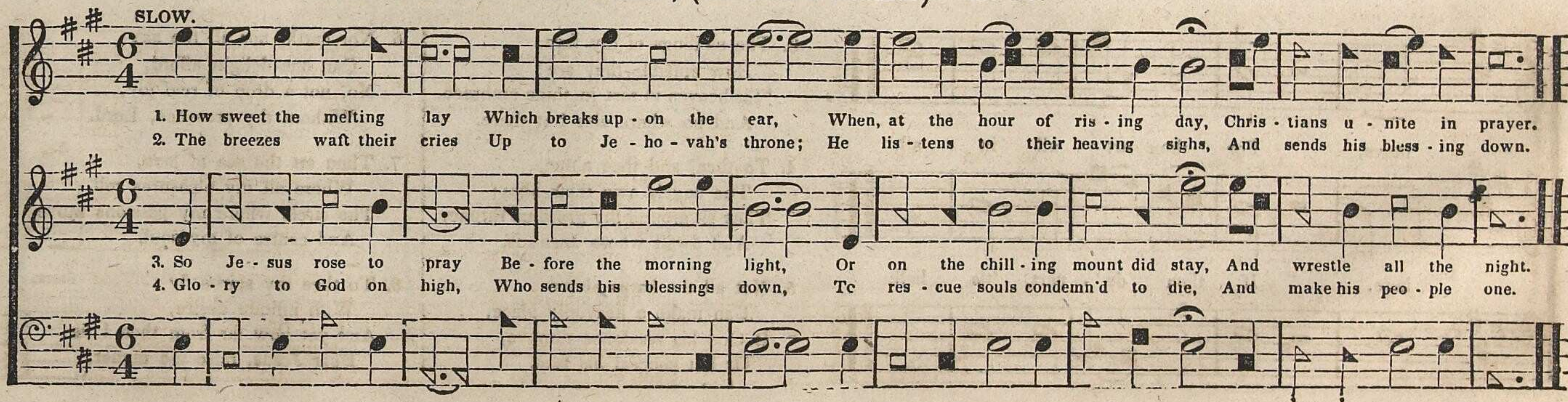
2. Yes, ev' - ry se - cret of my heart Shall shortly be made known, And I re - ceive my just de - sert For all that I have done.

3. How careful then ought I to live!
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here!

4. Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5. If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near!
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

MORNING WORSHIP, (OR NATCHEZ). S. M.



SLOW.

1. How sweet the melting lay Which breaks up - on the ear, When, at the hour of ris - ing day, Chris - tians u - nite in prayer.

2. The breezes waft their cries Up to Je - ho - vah's throne; He lis - tens to their heaving sighs, And sends his bless - ing down.

3. So Je - sus rose to pray Be - fore the morning light, Or on the chill - ing mount did stay, And wrestle all the night.

4. Glo - ry to God on high, Who sends his blessings down, To res - cue souls condemn'd to die, And make his peo - ple one.

Slow.

1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call, I can - not live if thou re-

2. Thy shi ning grace can cheer This dungeon where I dwell; 'Tis pa - ra dise when thou art

move, For thou art all in all.

here, If thou de - part, 'tis hell.

3. The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

4. To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5. Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6. Nor earth, nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7. Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move
And centre of my soul.

8. To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie.
Dear Jesus, raise me nigher.

PORUGAL. L. M.

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1. How pleasant, how di - vine - ly fair, Oh! Lord of hosts, thy dwell - ings are! With long de - sire my

2. My flesh would rest in thine a - bode, My pant - ing heart cries out for God; My God! my King! why

3. The sparrow chooses where to rest, And for her young pro - vides her nest; But will my God to



spi - rit faints To meet th' as - sem - blies of thy saints.

should I be So far from all my joys and thee!

spar - rows grant That pleasure which his children want?

4. Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
5. Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
6. Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.
7. Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there

HEBRON. L. M.



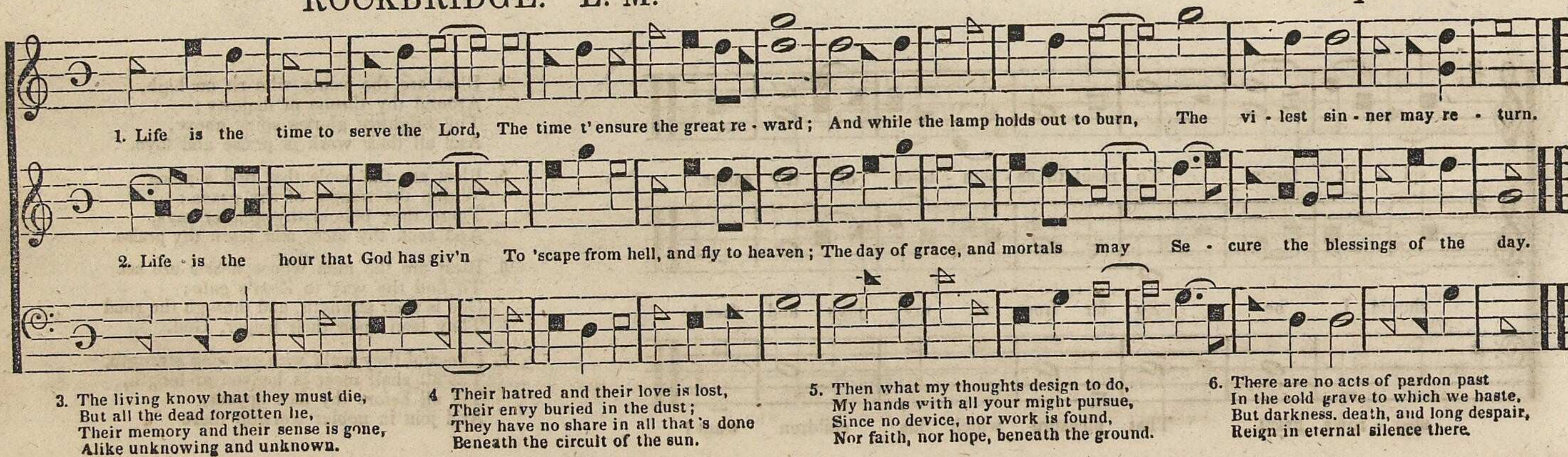
1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days, And ev' - ry evening shall make known Some fresh me - morial of his grace.
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home; But he forgives my fol - lies past, He gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my bo - dy down to sleep, Peace is the pil - low for my head, While well - appoint - ed an - gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.
 4. In vain the sons of earth or hell Tell me a thousand frightful things; My God in safe - ty makes me dwell Be - neath the sha - dow of his wings.

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

ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.

Chapin.



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

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

3. The living know that they must die,
 But all the dead forgotten lie,
 Their memory and their sense is gone,
 Alike unknowing and unknown.

4. Their hatred and their love is lost,
 Their envy buried in the dust;
 They have no share in all that's done
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5. Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands with all your might pursue,
 Since no device, nor work is found,
 Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6. There are no acts of pardon past
 In the cold grave to which we haste,
 But darkness, death, and long despair,
 Reign in eternal silence there.

THE NARROW WAY. L. M.

Rev. Andrew Grambling.

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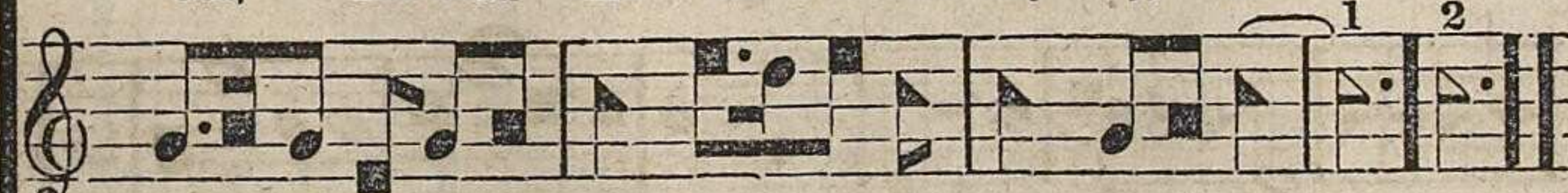
1. Come ye who know the Lord in - deed, Who are from sin and bondage freed, Sub - mit to all the ways of



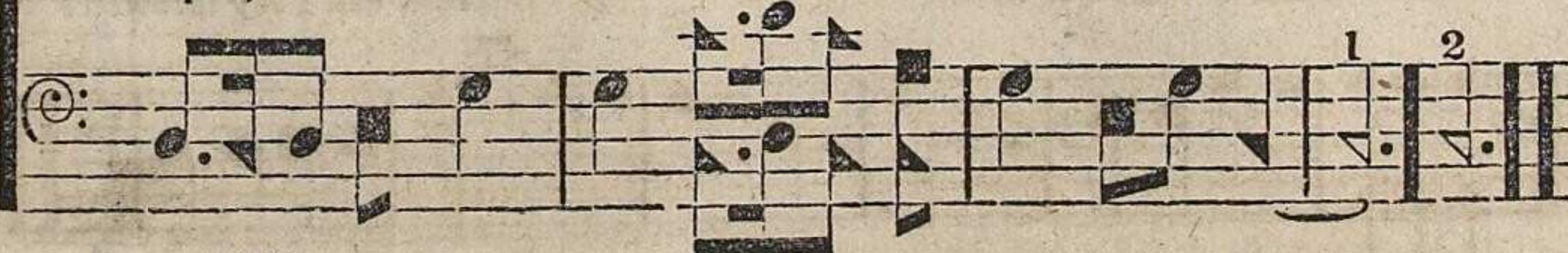
2. Great tri - bu - la - tion you shall meet, But soon shall walk the gold - en street; Though hell may rage and vent her



God, And walk the nar - - row hap - py road.



spite, Yet Christ will save his heart's de - light.



3.
That awful day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear
Sound through the earth, yea down to hell,
To call the nations great and small.

4.
To see the earth in burning flames,
The trumpet louder here proclaims,
"The world shall hear and know her doom,
The separation now is come."

5.
Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come;
While Christ, the judge, with joy proclaims,
"Here come my saints, I'll own their names."

6.
"Ye everlasting doors fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride;
Ye trumps of heaven proclaim abroad,
Here comes the purchase of my blood."

7.
In grandeur see the royal line
In glitt'ring robes the sun outshine;
See saints and angels join in one
And march in splendour to the throne.

8.
They stand and wonder, and look on—
They join in one eternal song,
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While raptures set their souls on fire.

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER, (OR AVON). C. M.

Scottish.

1. Oh! thou, whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh; Whose hand in - dul - gent wipes the tears From sor - row's weeping eye.

2. See, low be - fore thy throne of grace, A wretched wand'rer mourn; Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said—re - turn?

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. Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray;
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5. Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

MISSIONARY'S ADIEU. C. M.

My dearest, lovely, native land, Where peace and pleasure grow, } Thy Sabbath's laws, and happy shores,
Where joy, with fairest softest hand, Wipes off the tear of woe; } And names I love them well,
And looking o'er those richest stores,
How can I say farewell?

DUKE STREET. L. M.

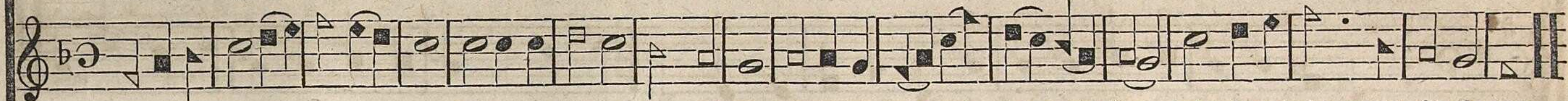
Hutton.

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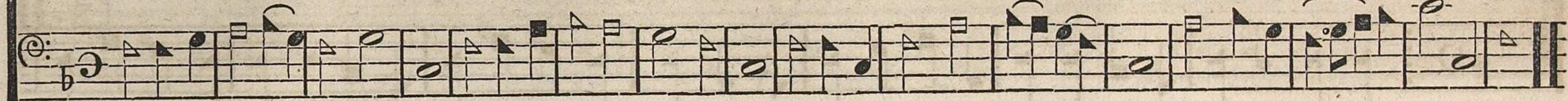
Slow.



1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk through deserts dark as night, Till we ar - rive at heaven our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
2. The want of sight she well sup - plies; She makes the pearly gates ap - pear; Far in - to dis - tant worlds she pries, And brings e - ter - nal glo - ries near.



3. Cheerful we tread the de - sert through, While faith inspires a heavenly ray, Though lions roar and tem - pests blow, And rocks and dan - gers fill the way.
4. So Abraham, by di - vine com - mand, Left his own house to walk with God; His faith be - held the pro - mised land, And fired his zeal a - long the road.



WARWICK. C. M.

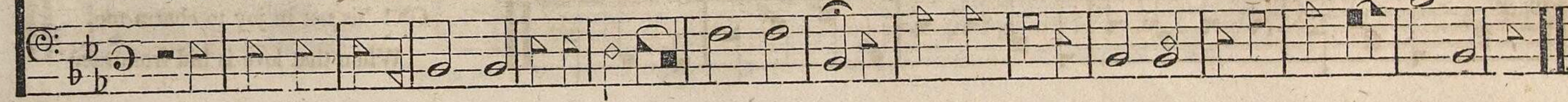
J. Stanley.



1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice a - scend - ing high; To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.
2. Thou art a God, be - fore whose sight The wicked shall not stand; Sin - ners shall ne'er be thy de - light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.



3. But to thy house will I re - sort, To taste thy mer - cies there; I will fre - quent thine ho - ly court, And wor - ship in thy fear.
4. O may thy spi - rit guide my feet In ways of righteous - ness; Make every path of du - ty straight And plain be - fore my face.



1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and fol - low thee; } Let the world ne - glect and leave me, They have left my
Naked, poor, despised, for - saken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:

Saviour too; Hu - man hopes have oft deceived me, Thou art faithful, thou art true.

2.

Perish earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn and pain,
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favour loss is gain:
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy bleeding love I see;
Oh! 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me.

WINTER. C. M.

Reed.

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His hoary frost, his flee - cy snow, Descend and clothe the ground, The li - quid streams for - bear to flow, In i - cy fet - ters bound,

THIS WORLD IS NOT MY HOME. C. M.

As sung by Rev. Mr. Gamewell.

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

CHORUS. — This world is not my home, This world is not my home, This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, But hea - ven is my home.

2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4. There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

5. 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.

* The slur is only used in singing the chorus; in singing the verses, sing as if there was no slur.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where'er ye languish: Come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your

wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor - row that heaven can - not heal.

2.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3.

Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever know-
ing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

GLASGOW. L. M.

Dare.

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Slow.

This system consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The tempo marking 'Slow.' is written above the first staff. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

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

Pia. **FORT.**

This system also consists of three staves in the same key signature and clefs as the first system. The tempo markings 'Pia.' and 'FORT.' are written above the first staff. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

joys sub - stan - tial and sin - cere; When shall I wake, when shall I wake and find me there.

1. Let eve-ry creature join To praise th' e - ter - - nal God; Ye heaven - ly hosts, the song be - gin, Ye

Ye heavenly hosts, the song be - gin, Ye

heavenly hosts, the song be - gin, And sound his name a - broad. And moon with pa - ler

heavenly hosts, the song be - gin, And sound his name a - broad. And moon with pa - ler

heavenly hosts, &c. Thou sun with gold - en beams, And moon with pa - ler

NEWBURGH. (Concluded.)

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rays, Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise. Ye starry lights, &c.

rays, Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise.

rays, Ye starry lights, &c.

2. He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.
Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,
Ye thunders murm'ring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

3. Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.
By all his works above
His honours be exprest;
But saints that taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE I.

4. Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise;
Praise him, ye watery worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.

From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

5. Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.
Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear;
Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.

6. Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show,
And flies, in all your shining swarms,
Praise him that dress'd you so.
By all the earth-born race
His honours be exprest:
But saints that know his heavenly grace
Should learn to praise him best.

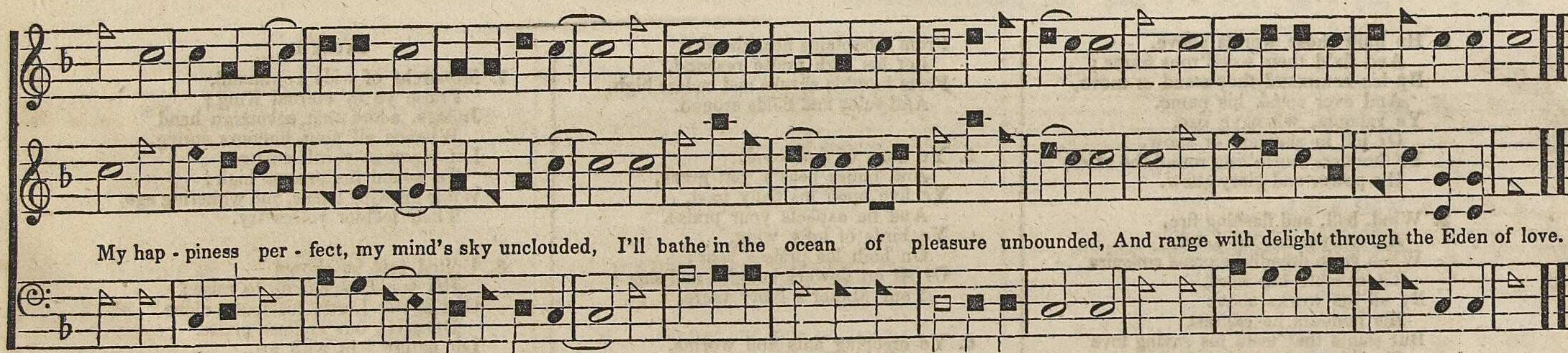
PAUSE II.

7. Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that sovereign hand
Whence all your honours spring.
Let vigorous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes, and withering age,
Their feebler voices try.

8. United zeal be shown
His wond'rous fame to raise;
God is the Lord: his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest;
But saints that dwell so near his heart
Should sing his praises best.



1. How sweet to reflect on the joys that await me In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me, And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest; } En - circled in light, and with glory en - shrouded,



My hap - piness per - fect, my mind's sky unclouded, I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded, And range with delight through the Eden of love.

2. While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujah their voices will raise;
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given
All glory, all honour, all might and dominion,
Who brought us, through grace, to the Eden of love.

3. Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
Salvation from sorrow through Jesus's love;
Though prison'd in earth, yet by anticipation
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me when freed from probation
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love:

CORONATION.* C. M.

Holden.

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1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all. Bring

All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; And crown him Lord of all. Bring



forth the royal di - adem, And crown him Lord of all.

forth the royal di - adem, &c.

2.
Crown him, ye 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.
Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5.
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.

* This tune was a great favourite with the late Dr. Dwight. It was often sung by the College Choir, while he, "catching, as it were, the inspiration of the heavenly world, would join them, and lead them with the most ardent devotion."—*Incidents in the Life of President Dwight*, p. 26.

MILLEDGEVILLE. C. M.

Original parts from Rev. A. Grambling.

1. Oh! for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

2. Where is the blessed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and his word?

3. What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd?
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4. Return, oh 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.

ROCKINGHAM. C. M.

Chapin.

1. Come, hap - py souls, ap - proach your God With new me - lo - dious songs; Come, tender to Al - migh - ty grace The tri - butes of your tongues.

2. So strange, so boundless was the love That pitied dy - ing men, The Fa - ther sent his e - qual Son To give them life a - gain.

3. Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4. But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.


5. Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6. See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

THE TRUMPETERS. C. M.

(MELODY BY REV. MR. MCCLOUD.)
PARTS BY WM. WALKER.

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1. Hark! lis - ten to the trum - pet - ers! They sound for vol - un - teers! } Their horses white, their garments bright, With crown and
On Zi - on's bright and flow' - ry mount Be - hold the of - fi - cers—

2. It sets my heart all in a flame; A sol - dier I will be; } They want no cowards in their band, (They will their
I will en - list, gird on my arms, And fight for lib - er - ty.



bow they stand, En - list - ing sol - diers for their King, To march for Canaan's land.

co - lours fly,) But call for valiant - hearted men, Who're not a - fraid to die.

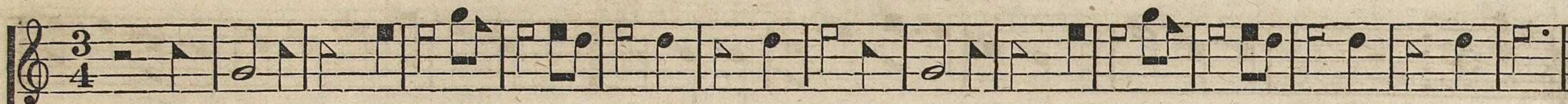
3. The armies now are in parade,
How martial they appear!
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war;

They follow their great General,
The great Eternal Lamb
His garments stain'd with his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.

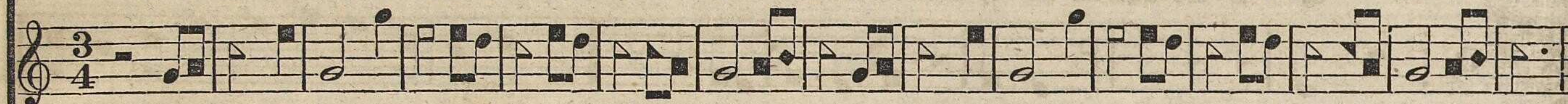
4. The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,
And drive the hosts of hell;
How dreadful is our God in arms!
The great Immanuel!—
Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ
Th' eternal Son of God,
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

5. There is a green and flow'ry field,
Where fruits immortal grow;
There, clothed in white, the angels bright
Our great Redeemer know.
We'll shout and sing for evermore
In that eternal world;
But Satan and his armies too,
Shall down to hell be hurl'd.

6. Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound.
'T will shake both earth and sky;
In fiery chariots then we'll fly,
And leave the world on fire.
And meet around the starry throne
To tune th' immortal lyre.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my happy home, Oh! how I long for thee! When will my sorrows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?



2. Thy walls are all of precious stone, Most glorious to be-hold! Thy gates are rich-ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.



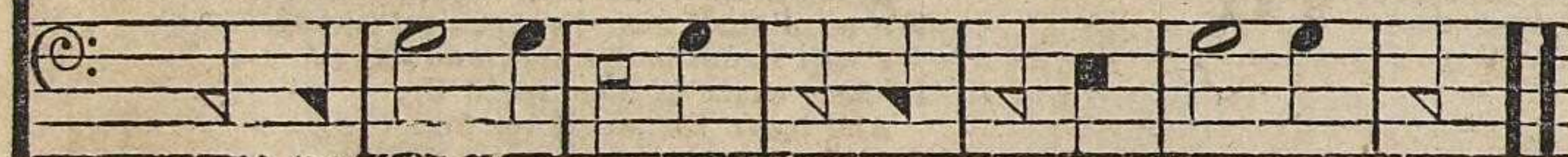
Chorus.



Home, sweet home, my long sought home, My home in heaven a - bove.



Home, sweet home, my long sought home, My home in heaven a - bove.



3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens,
My study long have been;
Such sparkling light, by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.
Home, sweet home, &c.

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 sabbaths 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.

7. My friends, I bid you all adieu!
I leave you in God's care;
And if I never more see you,
Go on,—I'll meet you there.
Home, sweet home, &c.

8. There we shall meet and no more part,
And heaven shall ring with praise;
While Jesus' love, in every heart,
Shall tune the song *free grace*.

9. And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round the throne we meet!

10. Millions of years around may run—
Our songs shall still go on,
To praise the *Father* and the *Son*,
And *Spirit*,—*Three in One*.
Home, sweet home. &c.

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