



FROM THE LIBRARY OF
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO
THE LIBRARY OF
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Cur.

Division

SCC

Section

4801

Lowell Mason Esq

from

The Publishers.

Aug 13. 1852.

✓

The Family Choir;

OR,

PSALMS, HYMNS, AND SPIRITUAL SONGS

FOR

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

THE MUSIC

SELECTED FROM HANDEL, HAYDN, MOZART, BEETHOVEN, RIGHINI, ROMBERG,
CROFT, WEBBE, MEHUL, RITTER, RINK, L. MASON,
HASTINGS, SILCHER, &c.

ARRANGED FOR FOUR VOICES,

AND THE

PIANOFORTE OR ORGAN.

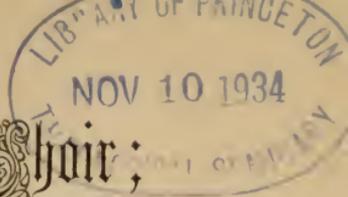
THE POETRY

FROM WATTS, WESLEY, NEWTON, DODDRIDGE, STEELE, TOPLADY, LOGAN, HERER,
MONTGOMERY, SIGOURNEY, HASTINGS, S. F. SMITH, &c.

LONDON:

BENJAMIN L. GREEN, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1849.



THOMS,
TYPOGRAPHICAL MUSIC PRINTER, ETC.,
WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON.

P R E F A C E.

THE adaptation of the human voice to the utterance of musical sounds, and the instincts which prompt to that utterance, the interest which these sounds of themselves excite, and the exquisite pleasure which many of them give, supply the most satisfactory proofs that music has its foundations in the constitution of our common nature, and that it holds a high place among the provisions made by God for awakening and expressing the sensibilities of the heart, and for the communication of happiness. Its employment, as the language both of the softest and the most violent passions—of the most pleasing and painful emotions—and for the purpose of awakening corresponding sensibilities in others, has characterised the most barbarous as well as the most polished stages of society, the war cry, the funeral dirge, the discordant sounds of a Chinese regimental band, and the perfect harmonies of a European choir, sufficiently attest. By its sounds, therefore, the Muses are represented as causing the heaven, the stars, the rivers, and the sea to stand still, and Mount Helicon to leap for joy; and by these sounds, softly and sweetly flowing from his harp, David calmed the perturbed spirit of his fierce and ungrateful master, and expressed the joyous and mournful feelings of his own. Well, therefore, has it been observed by that eminent writer, Dr. Busby, “The expression of the passions, by vocal and appreciable sounds is so natural, that we cannot but imagine its origin to have been coeval with that of the human race. The complaints of pain and the exclamations of joy, require no other guide or tutor than the sentiment to be developed; and nature, faithful to herself, spoke in tones inspired and modulated by her feelings. The observation applies even to language. Though in *writing* a word is ever the same, in *delivery* it is susceptible of a thousand shadings, accommodated to the sense and the sensation meant to be conveyed. All these shadings, or variations, it is music’s very office to furnish. The heart gives her the clue, but the voice is her own providing. The grief and the pleasure, the hatred and affection exist without her; but without her, want their most forcible expression.”

It is, however, as connected with *Religion*, that music puts on her loveliest character, and exerts the most hallowing influences. Here she appears as the handmaid of piety, and opens an additional channel of communication between earth and heaven. Allying herself to her twin sister, sacred poesy, and availing herself of the noble images and measured strains with which she thus finds herself so richly furnished, she ascends to that God whose love bestowed her existence and her charms, and presents to him those holy affections and aspirations, which in his sight, are more precious than clouds of incense, rivers of oil, or seas of blood. The most *powerful* feelings are indeed such as language and imagery

but inadequately express: still when the spirit is torn by anguish, or burns with holy ardour, or is entranced by the visions of eternity, it finds in the impassioned poetic strain, and in the animated and mournful sounds supplied by music, the channels through which its feelings are most freely poured forth, and the modes in which it most satisfactorily expresses its joys and woes. He, therefore, who takes human nature as he finds it actually constituted, is quite prepared to expect that both poetry and music would be consecrated to the service of the sanctuary, and hold a high place in the exercises of religious worship. And such, with some rare exceptions, is found to have been the case. Whilst idolaters thus praised their gods of wood and stone, Miriam and her attendants poured forth their gratitude to Jehovah who had triumphed gloriously: David found it *good to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto the name of the Most High*; to show *forth his loving-kindness in the morning, and his faithfulness every night, upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; upon the harp with a solemn sound*: David's Lord and Zion's King, together with his chosen apostles, thus expressed the warm emotions inspired by the celebration of the passover: and Christians in every age are directed to *speak to themselves, and to teach and admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in their hearts to the Lord*.

Whether music as connected with religion, should be confined to simple Psalmody, or extended to those superior species of composition of which it is found susceptible, is a question on which widely different judgments have been pronounced by some of the brightest ornaments of the Christian church, and on which, any attempt to decide, within the limits of a short preface, might be justly deemed presumptuous. The statement of a few general principles may, however, be neither unacceptable nor useless. The only legitimate object recognised by Christianity in the exercise of singing in its connection with worship, is *spiritual edification*, by the more impressive expression of religious sentiment, and the more powerful excitement of religious affections. But sentiments to be rationally expressed, must be understood, and no emotion entitled to be called religious can be awakened or invigorated, except by means of such sentiment. Those compositions, therefore, which, instead of increasing the clearness and force of the truths they are employed to express, either conceal or perplex them, must be hinderances rather than helps to devotion, whatever the dignity or sweetness of their strains, or the richness or perfection of the harmonic combinations. It thus becomes abundantly obvious that *simplicity* should characterize all compositions intended for public worship; that tunes selected to be sung by a congregation should be adapted to the actual requirements of, at least the great majority of, the individuals composing it; and that even in attempts to improve their taste, or in the introduction of compositions better fitted to the solemnities of the sanctuary than those previously in use, all should be so done as to infringe as little as possible on the liberty of the congregation to join in the singing.

By simplicity, however, is meant, not that dry succession of sounds, without melody or pathos, which, with some rare and noble exceptions, once constituted

the current psalmody of Christian congregations in this country. Such, indeed seems to be the simplicity some have laboured to perpetuate, and in support of it have referred to the character of the singing practised by Christ and the first churches. But this is a standard to which the referrers themselves have not exclusively conformed. That singing consisted of a simple melody, or chant, probably adapted to the poetic composition, and frequently sung by alternate choirs, without those combinations of sounds which constitute *harmony*. It is, however, important to observe, that that was the highest point to which singing had then been carried; so that the singing of the first Christian churches combined all the excellencies of which the art had then been found susceptible, while its performance was such as to attract idolaters to the Christian assemblies, and powerfully to impress their minds. But since that period, all the beauties of counterpoint have been unfolded, giving additional variety and grace and energy to the expression of devotional feeling; and to contend that such modes of expression ought not to be adopted by us because they were not adopted by Christ and the first Christian churches, is as absurd as to contend, that in *speaking* on religious subjects such terms only should be used as are found in the Old and New Testaments. Happily, simplicity may be associated with dignity and taste; and among the offerings placed by cultivated musical genius on the altar of Christian devotion, many are found which combine melodies the most grave, or bold, or chaste, and sweetly flowing, with all the fulness, and richness, and variety, of the most perfect harmony; and which, if placed within the reach, are both grateful to the ear and easy to the powers of the most uncultivated, while to the refined taste they present every thing it expects to find in music adapted to awaken and express the devotional feelings of the heart.

The remarks thus applied to simple psalmody may be extended to many compositions of a higher and more complex character, of which Latrobe has eloquently stated, "The genuine chorale, instead of being wrapt up in monotony and dullness, offers scope, within the bounds of its own enchanted circle, for the exercise of the richest musical imagination. But it raises a forbidding wand against a wanton running beyond these bounds; and presents no inducement for human vanity to seek after idle display. It allows every thing for the glory of God—nothing for the ambition of man. At the same time, it claims attention from the most fastidious, by the richness and might of its materials. Instead of the few meagre chords upon which the lighter tunes raise their fanciful superstructure, it grasps, in its ample comprehension, the most magnificent combinations, the boldest transitions, the simplest modulations, and the sweetest melody, clothed in a chastity that alike attracts the untutored, and approves itself to the mind of the learned." Whatever difference of opinion may exist on the propriety of introducing compositions of this class into the exercises of public worship, it will perhaps be generally acknowledged, that in associations of individuals, whether in the domestic or social circle, able to appreciate and execute such compositions, or even the sublimest strains of a Handel, a Haydn, or a Mozart, and thus fitted to become the subjects of the emotions which those strains are so well calculated to awaken and invigorate, scarcely can any exer-

cise be more pleasing, and but few more spiritually profitable. And did such exercises but lessen the idle chit-chat, or preclude the more objectionable topics of conversation too often indulged in those associations ;—more especially, were the sentiments made to supply (as they easily might) subjects of thought and mutual intercourse, an advantage of no common magnitude would be secured.

The following compilation being designed first and principally, as its title expresses, for the family, most of the compositions introduced are supposed to be such as are peculiarly adapted to domestic religious exercises. The poetry is selected chiefly from authors whose classic elegance, devotional feeling, and, generally, high evangelical sentiments, have given them the first place among Christian Poets ; and it is hoped that, in the selections made, these qualities will be recognised as predominant. The music is chiefly selected from the works of the most eminent composers ; and though some of the melodies were not, as at first, intended for the purpose to which they are thus appropriated, yet they are so harmonized, as, in the judgment of the compiler, to combine all the peculiar excellencies of sacred music, and will, he hopes, be deemed well adapted to the poetry with which they are connected. His wish and endeavour have been to unite poetry pure in diction, rich in evangelical sentiment, and ardent in devotional feeling, with musical compositions best adapted to the sentiments they are designed to express ; and thus, by engaging the highest powers of the understanding, and the purest and warmest affections of the heart, to render singing, what the God of nature and revelation doubtless designed it to be, a source of the most satisfying pleasure, and an instrument of abundant spiritual good.

The compiler cannot indeed flatter himself with the belief that he has, in every case, been equally successful. In some instances he may have erred in judgment, while in others his own wishes have not been fully realized. But having exercised his best powers of discrimination, he commits his work, with humble confidence, to the consideration of a candid and enlightened public, and to the blessing of that God whose honour he wishes thus to promote.

GENERAL INDEX OF THE TUNES.

NAME.	AUTHOR.	PAGE.	NAME.	AUTHOR.	PAGE.
Abana	<i>Lockhart</i>	60	Laight Street.....	<i>Hastings</i>	40
Agnor	<i>Romberg</i>	74	Lamartine.....	<i>S. B. Pond</i>	24
Alma.....	<i>Missal Book</i>	52	Lebanon.....	<i>Haydn</i>	14
Antioch	<i>Book of Chants</i>	169	Lentwood.....	<i>Car Sacra</i>	194
Antonia	<i>Heinrich</i>	102	Lord of the Sabbath	<i>Webbe</i>	150
Arimathea	<i>Chants</i>	162	Luther	<i>Chants</i>	173
Arne.....	<i>Dr. Arne</i>	136	Maysville	<i>Mason</i>	50
Asaph	<i>Kingsley</i>	120	Mazzaroth	<i>Blangini</i>	165
Babylon	<i>Chants</i>	183	Midst sorrow	<i>Car Sacra</i>	53
Barby	<i>Tansur</i>	126	Milman	<i>Chants</i>	81
Barrington	<i>L. Mason</i>	96	Miserere Domine .	<i>U. S. P.</i>	36
Benevolence	<i>G. J. Webb</i>	56	Montgomery	<i>Chants</i>	80
Bentley	<i>Righini</i>	140	Mornington	<i>Lord Mornington</i> ..	1
Beersheba	<i>German</i>	178	Mount Vernon....	<i>Winter</i>	124
Bethlehem	<i>Chants</i>	108	Myra	<i>Haydn</i>	44
Boston	<i>Mason</i>	114	Nuremburgh	<i>German</i>	196
Bowring	<i>Chants</i>	97	Oberlin	<i>Bost</i>	48
Carparthus.....	<i>Mason</i>	26	Orontes	<i>Haydn</i>	158
Chant (No. 1)....	<i>Chants</i>	101	O sacred Head....	<i>Kolb</i>	29
Chelsea	<i>G. Dudley Wells</i> ..	174	Osgood	<i>Ritter</i>	82
Cesarea	<i>Mozart</i>	156	Palermo.....	<i>Anon</i>	8
Cilicia	<i>G. Kingsley</i>	110	Palestine	<i>C. H. Lovett</i>	42
Collyer.....	<i>S. Songs</i>	206	Paradise.....	<i>J. A. Naumann</i> ..	132
Confession	<i>Zeuner</i>	64	Patton	<i>Hastings</i>	180
Consolation	<i>S. Songs</i>	142	Pentonville.....	<i>H. K. Oliver</i>	171
Corydon	<i>German Choral</i> ..	72	Phenice	<i>Oates</i>	38
Cyprus	<i>Henkel</i>	106	Praise the Lord...	<i>Rolle</i>	182
David	<i>Chants</i>	167	Princeton	<i>S. Songs</i>	46
Dear is the hallow'd	<i>Webbe</i>	4	Rosefield	<i>Dr. C. Malan</i>	28
Death Chant	<i>Zeuner</i>	63	Salem	<i>Chants</i>	162
Dedham	<i>Haydn</i>	78	Sardis	<i>Beethoven</i>	34
Departure	<i>Manhattan, C.</i> ..	160	Shetland	<i>Dr. Miller</i>	58
Duren	<i>B. A. Coll.</i>	116	Sharon	<i>S. Songs</i>	144
Earth's stormy ...	<i>E. Ives, jun</i>	192	Serenity	<i>S. Bryan</i>	157
Eberwein.....	<i>Zeuner</i>	133	Siddim	<i>Handel</i>	76
Ellsworth.....	<i>Kingsley</i>	202	Sing unto God...	<i>Silcher</i>	90
Elome	<i>Abbe Stadler</i>	20	Sphor	<i>Sphor</i>	128
Elon	<i>Mason</i>	68	Stoelzel	<i>Zeuner</i>	70
Egedi	<i>Hastings</i>	22	Sychar	<i>R.</i>	130
Ezra	<i>Chants</i>	166	Tabor	<i>Chants</i>	152
Unveil thy bosom, }	<i>Winter</i>	146	Tadmor	<i>Stanley</i>	86
&c.....			Thaxted.....	<i>Beethoven</i>	54
Franconia.....	<i>Hastings</i>	32	Thessaly	<i>Webb</i>	207
Frankfort	<i>German</i>	168	The Sabbath Bell	<i>Spanish Chant</i>	10
Gilboa	<i>U. S. P.</i>	164	The House of God	<i>Kreutzer</i>	134
Gilead	<i>Mehul</i>	148	Thine Lord, for ever	<i>Bost</i>	170
Grace	<i>Beethoven</i>	95	To-day	<i>S. Songs</i>	189
Gratitude.....	<i>Webb</i>	66	Tiberias	<i>Graun</i>	2
Hadoram	<i>Webb</i>	184	Uxbridge	<i>Mason</i>	176
Harlan	<i>S. Songs</i>	16	Virginia.....	<i>Yoakley</i>	12
Hastings	<i>S. Songs</i>	190	Waldron	<i>German Choral</i> ..	118
Hermon	<i>Beethoven</i>	112	Walney	<i>Dr. Boyce</i>	88
Hinnom	<i>C. M. V. Weber</i> ..	138	Waltham	<i>Dr. Green</i>	154
Hosanna	<i>Webb</i>	200	Warriner	<i>Adamson</i>	62
Horeb	<i>Chants</i>	109	Watchman	<i>Anon</i>	18
Hour of Prayer(the)	<i>Kingsley</i>	186	Wilmot	<i>C. M. V. Weber</i> ..	98
Jordan.....	<i>Clementi</i>	6	Winchelsea	<i>Prelleur</i>	104
Judah	<i>Chants</i>	172	Wittenberg	<i>Haydn</i>	84
Judgment	<i>Hastings</i>	100	Wenton.....	<i>Ch. Hymns</i>	19
Kingswood	<i>Anon</i>	204	Zurich	<i>B. A. Coll.</i>	199
Lane.....	<i>F. Dunzi</i>	122			

METRICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

L. M.	Page	6-8's.	Page	P. M.—Continued.	Page
Agnor	74	Sphor	128	Gilboa	164
Benevolence	56	Arne	136	Grace, A	95
Boston	114	Maysville	50	Harlan	16
Confession	64	Virginia	12	Hinnom	138
Dear is the hallowed	4	Wittenburgh	84	Lebanon	14
Gilead	48	7's.		Lentwood	194
Gratitude	66	Beersheba	178	Midst Sorrow and Care	53
Hastings	190	Corydon	72	Osgood	82
Lane	122	Mount Vernon	124	Paradise	132
Lord of the Sabbath..	150	Nuremburgh	196	Phenice....	38
Myra	44	Palestine	42	Praise the Lord.....	182
Oberlin	48	Sychar	130	Princeton	46
Orontes	158	Tadmor	86	Sharon	144
Pentonville.....	171	Thessaly	207	Stoelzel	70
Tiberias	2	Wilmot	98	The Sabbath Bell	10
Uxbridge.....	176	6-7's.		To-day	189
Winchelsea.....	104	Miserere Domine	36	Warriner	62
C. M.		Patton	180	Zurich	199
Antonia	102	Rosefield	28	METRICAL AND OTHER	
Asaph	120	Shetland	58	CHANTS.	
Barby	126	8's-7's.		Antioch	169
Collyer	206	Bentley	140	Arimathea	162
Cyprus	106	Cesarea	156	Babylon	183
Death Chant	63	Chelsea	174	Bethlehem	108
Earth's Stormy	192	Jordan	6	Bowring	97
Elon	68	Sardis	34	Chant	101
Ellsworth	202	7's-6's.		David	167
Laight Street.....	40	Abana	60	Ezra	166
Palermo	8	Consolation	142	Horeb	109
Siddim	76	Kingswood	204	Judah	172
Thaxted	54	Lamartine	34	Luther	173
Waldron	118	P. M.		Milman	81
Walney	88	Alma	52	Montgomery	80
Waltham	154	Barrington	96	Salem	162
Wenton	198	Carparthus	26	Tabor	152
S. M.		Cilicia	110	SHORT PIECES.	
Dedham	78	Departure	160	Unveil thy bosom, &c.	146
Elome	20	Duren	116	Hosanna	200
Hadoram	184	Eberwein.....	133	O Sacred Head	29
Hermon	112	Engedi	22	Sing unto God	90
Judgment	100	Franconia	32	The Hour of Prayer..	186
Mazzaroth	165	Frankfort	168	The House of God ..	134
Mornington	1			Thine Lord, for ever..	170
Serenity	157			Watchman	18

The Family Choir.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

TENOR.
SECOND
TREBLE.

AIR,
PIANO-
FORTE OF
ORGAN.

BASS.

How gen-tle God's com-mands! How kind his pre-cepts are!

p *f*

Come cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust his con-stant care.

1 Casting our Carcs on God.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care. | 3 Why should the anxious load
Press down our weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find. |
| 2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well. | 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll lay my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away. |

TIBERIAS. L. M.

Andante.

Fa-ther of all, thy care we bless, Which crowns our

Alto.

2d Treble.

p

Tenor.

fa - mi - lies with peace : From thee they sprung, and by thy

Alto.

f

hand Their root and branches are sus - tain'd.

f

2 God's gracious Approbation of Religious Families. *Gen. xviii. 19.*

- 1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace:
From thee they sprung, and by thy
hand
Their root and branches are sustain'd.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of Heaven, scorns not to
dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To Thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows:
Our servants there, and rising race
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 Oh may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
When, pleased and thankful, we re-
move,
To join the family above!

3 Morning or Evening.

Lam. iii. 23. Isaiah xlv. 7.

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the
night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

4 At Noon will I pray. *Ps. lv. 17.*

- 1 FULL speed along the world's highway,
By crowds of eager trav'lers trod,
My soul! my soul! a moment stay,
To hold communion with thy God.
- 2 He spake with Abraham at the oak,
He called Elisha from the plough,
David he from the sheepfolds took,
Thy day, *thine* hour of grace, is now.
- 3 Earth, with thy vanities, depart!
My God, I stand alone with thee:

Thine eye is looking on my heart,
Oh what a Noon is risen on me!

- 4 Struck to the ground, like conscious
Saul,
And blinded with the sudden view,
Trembling, astonish'd, "Lord," I call,
"What wouldst thou have thy servant
do?"
- 5 My sins, as fresh committed, rise:
My secret sins, by darkness seal'd,
Before my Judge's flaming eyes,
Are all in naked guilt reveal'd.
- 6 Lord, lay thy hand upon my head;
A touch, a word will make me whole:
Speak, with the voice which wakes the
dead,
Peace, pardon, comfort to the soul.

5 An Evening Song.

- 1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 Thy love and power, Celestial Guard,
Preserve me from surrounding harm.
Can danger reach me while the Lord
Extends his kind, protecting arm?
- 4 Let this blest hope my eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

6 Be ye Followers of God.

Ephesians v. 1.

- 1 GREAT God thy peerless excellence
Let all created nature own:
Deep on our minds impress the sense
Of glories which are thine alone.
- 2 But where we may resemble thee,
And in the godlike nature share,
Thine humble followers let us be,
And somewhat of thy likeness bear.
- 3 Pure may we be, averse to sin,
Just, holy, merciful, and true;
And let thine image, form'd within,
Shine out in all we speak and do.

DEAR IS THE HALLOWED MORN. L. M.

Affetuoso.

Dear is the hal - low'd morn to me, When vil - lage

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower two staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music begins with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The lyrics are: "Dear is the hal - low'd morn to me, When vil - lage".

bells a - wake the day; And by their sa - cred min - strel -

Detailed description: This system contains the next two staves of music. The vocal line continues in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower two staves. The music begins with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The lyrics are: "bells a - wake the day; And by their sa - cred min - strel -".

sy, Call me from earth - ly cares a - way.

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of music. The vocal line continues in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower two staves. The music begins with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The lyrics are: "sy, Call me from earth - ly cares a - way." The piece concludes with a double bar line.

7 Blessings of the Sabbath.

- 1 DEAR is the hallowed morn to me,
When village bells awake the day;
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.
- 2 And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy holy courts, O Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy Word.
- 3 And dear to me the loud Amen,
Which echoes through the blest abode;
Which swells and sinks, and swells
again—
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.
- 4 And dear the rustic harmony,
Sung with the pomp of village art;
That holy, heavenly melody,
The music of a thankful heart.
- 5 In secret I have often prayed,
And still the anxious tear would fall;
But, on thy sacred altar laid,
The fire descends, and dries them all.
- 6 Oft, when the world with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six-days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's
bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.
- 7 Then dear to me the Sabbath Morn,
The village bells, the shepherd's voice!
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid that heart rejoice.
- 8 Go, man of pleasure, strike the lyre,
Of broken sabbaths, sing the charms—
Ours be the Prophets' car of fire,
Which bears us to a Father's arms.

8 Lord's Day Morning.

Matthew xxviii. 1.

- 1 HAIL, morning known among the blest!
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,
Of heavenly peace, and holy rest;
Pledge of the endless rest above.
- 2 Blest be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead hath brought his
Son,
Hope to the lost was then restor'd,
And everlasting glory won.

- 3 Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose—unsetting sun!
The dawn of Joy's eternal day!
- 4 Mercy look'd down, with gracious eye,
When our Immanuel left the dead:
Faith mark'd his bright ascent on high,
And Hope, with gladness, rais'd her
head.
- 5 Thy goodness, Lord, we bear in mind,
Who to thy saints this day hast given,
For rest and holy joy design'd,
To fit our souls for death and heaven.
- 6 Descend, O Spirit of the Lord!
Thy fire to every bosom bring:
Then shall our hearts and lips accord,
While God's high praise we, joyful,
sing.

9 Lord, show us the Father.

John xiv. 8.

- 1 ENOUGH of life's vain scene I've trod;
Sweet is this interval of rest;
With cheerful heart I meet my God:
His presence makes me truly blest.
- 2 Pleasant is life, and sweet the light
That pours from the bright orb of day,
Revealing to our raptur'd sight
The world in all its rich display.
- 3 Pleasant is life, and sweet its ties,
The touching charities of man;
Friend, fellow, child, and parent rise,
Endearing life's progressive plan.
- 4 But light and life would soon be vile,
And all their dearest pleasures pall,
Nor sun would shine, nor earth would
smile
Without thy presence gladdening all.

10 Her Sun is gone down.

Jer. xv. 9.

- 1 SAY not their sun goes down at noon:
Early they die, but not too soon,
Who live until the heart is chang'd,
And from the world and sin estrang'd.
- 2 Taught by the Lord, whose love they
knew,
They learnt to smile with death in view;
Life's noblest end thus gain'd betimes,
Their sun enlightens other climes.

JORDAN. 8's & 7's.

Slow and Expressive.

Part-ing soul, the floods a - wait thee, And the

mp

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The lyrics are 'Part-ing soul, the floods a - wait thee, And the'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand treble clef staff and a left-hand bass clef staff. The piano part begins with a dynamic marking of *mp*. The music features a mix of quarter and eighth notes, with some slurs in the piano part.

bil-lows round thee roar; Yet re - joice the ho - ly

p

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'bil-lows round thee roar; Yet re - joice the ho - ly'. The piano accompaniment continues on the two staves, with a dynamic marking of *p*. The music includes a double bar line in the middle of the system, indicating a measure rest or a section break.

ci - ty Stands on yon ce - les - tial shore.

f *dim.*

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of music. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'ci - ty Stands on yon ce - les - tial shore.'. The piano accompaniment continues on the two staves, featuring a dynamic marking of *f* followed by *dim.* (diminuendo). The system ends with a double bar line.

11 The Dying Saint.

-
- 1 PARTING soul, the floods await thee,
And the billows round thee roar;
Yet rejoice, the holy city
Stands on yon celestial shore.
 - 2 There are crowns and thrones of glory;
There the living waters glide:
There the just in shining raiment,
Standing by Immanuel's side.
 - 3 Linger not, the stream is narrow,
Though its cold dark waters rise;
He who pass'd the flood before thee,
Guides thy path to yonder skies.
-

12 The Dying Child's Address
to its Mother.

-
- 1 CEASE here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother, drown'd in woe;
Now thy kind caresses pain me,
Morn advances—let me go!
 - 2 See yon orient streak appearing
Harbinger of endless day;
Hark! a voice, the darkness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away.
 - 3 Lately launch'd, a trembling stranger,
On the world's wide boist'rous flood,
Pierc'd with sorrow, toss'd with danger,
Gladly I return to God.
 - 4 Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart find rest:
Kinder arms than thine receive me,
Softer pillow than thy breast.
 - 5 Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
Upward turning to thy home;
They will soon forget all anguish,
While I wait to see thee come.
 - 6 There, my mother, pleasures centre:
Weeping, parting, care, or woe,
Ne'er our Father's house shall enter—
Morn advances!—let me go!
 - 7 Through this calm, this holy dawning,
Softly glides my parting breath,
To an everlasting morning:—
Gently close my eyes in death.

- 8 Though to leave thee sorrowing, grieve
me,
Yet again the voice I hear!—
See! the opening heav'ns receive me!
Rise—and seek to meet me there!
-

13 Confession of Covenant-
breaking.

-
- 1 LORD, we bow with deep contrition,
Low before thy throne of grace;
Hear us, in thy kind compassion,
While we seek thy smiling face.
 - 2 Where but to a bleeding Saviour
Should we come for life and peace?
Nothing but thy boundless favour,
Can our burden'd souls release.
 - 3 Thou hast witness'd our transgression,
Thou hast seen our load of guilt;
Witness now our deep confession,
Thou whose precious blood was spilt.
 - 4 Ah, this sin of cov'nant-breaking!
Canst thou, wilt thou, Lord, forgive?
Shall we hear thy mercy speaking?
Canst thou bid us look and live?
 - 5 Pardon, peace, and consolation,
At thy bleeding cross we see:
There we take an humble station,
There our children bring to thee.
-

14 Prayer for Forgiveness.

-
- 1 SAVIOUR, hear us through thy merit,
Lowly bending at thy feet;
Oh draw near us by thy Spirit,
Prostrate at thy mercy seat.
 - 2 Wretched, sinful, and unworthy;
Sick, and poor, and deaf, and blind;
Oft unmindful, while before thee,
Of our need of such a Friend.
 - 3 Oh how precious is the favour
Of forgiveness through thy blood!
Come, thou gracious, bleeding Saviour,
Be our advocate with God.
 - 4 For the joys of thy salvation
Still we raise our cries to thee;
Hear the voice of supplication,
Set our souls at liberty.

PALERMO. C. M. D.

Lively.

By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How sweet the li - ly

The first system of the musical score for 'Palermo' consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are 'By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How sweet the li - ly'. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef, both in 4/4 time and one sharp key signature.

grows ; How sweet the breath be - neath the hill, Of Sha-ron's dewy rose ;

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'grows ; How sweet the breath be - neath the hill, Of Sha-ron's dewy rose ;'. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and accidentals.

Duet.

And such the child whose ear-ly feet, The paths of peace have trod,

The third system of the musical score is marked 'Duet'. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'And such the child whose ear-ly feet, The paths of peace have trod,'. The piano part includes a dynamic marking 'p' (piano) and a slur over a series of notes in the bass clef.

Whose se-cret heart with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.

15 *Early Pictry.*

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows ;
How sweet the breath beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose ;
And such the child whose early feet,
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 2 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away ;
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour,
Of man's maturer age,
May shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions rage.
- 3 O thou, whose infancy was found,
With heavenly rays to shine,
Whose years with changeless virtue
crown'd,
Were all alike divine :
Dependent on thy bounteous breath
We seek thy grace alone ;
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

16 *Spring Spiritualized.*

- 1 At length the op'ning spring has come
How joyous is the scene !
The air is fill'd with rich perfume,
The fields are dress'd in green :

I see my Saviour, from on high,
Break through the clouds and shine ;
No creature now more blessed than I,
No heart more glad than mine !

- 2 Thy word bids all my hopes revive,
It overcomes my foes ;
It makes my languid graces thrive,
And blossom like the rose :
Thus, Lord, a monument I stand,
Of what thy grace can do ;
Still guide me with thy gentle hand,
The changing seasons through.

17 *Morning or Evening Worship.*

- 1 On thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend ;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end :
My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys ;
And fired with grateful zeal ; prepares
A sacrifice of praise.
- 2 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety, I commit
My wearied limbs to rest :
My spirit in his hand, serene,
Fears no approaching ill ;
For whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

THE SABBATH BELL. P.M.

Slow.

Far far o'er hill and dell, On the winds steal - ing,
 List to the Sabbath bell Solemn - ly peal - ing;

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment with treble and bass staves. The tempo is marked 'Slow'.

Hark! hark! it seems to say, Bid earth - ly cares a - way,

The second system continues the musical score. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) in the bass staff.

Hal - low the Sab - bath day, Fer - vent in feel - ing.

The third system concludes the musical score. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) in the bass staff.

18 Sabbath Worship.

- 1 FAR, far, o'er hill and dell,
On the winds stealing,
List to the Sabbath bell,
Solemnly pealing ;
Hark ! hark ! it seems to say,
Bid earthly cares away,
Hallow the Sabbath-day
Fervent in feeling.
- 2 Now to the church repair,
Slowly ascending ;
Join in the praise and prayer,
Reverently bending ;
Still to thy spirit say,
Drive earthly cares away,
Hallow the Sabbath-day,
Thy life amending.
- 3 Now to the truth attend
Devoutly hearing ;
Think of thy latter end,
Hoping, yet fearing ;
Still to thy spirit say,
Drive earthly cares away,
Hallow the Sabbath-day,
Thy God revering.
- 4 Now to thy home return
In meditation ;
Eternal truth discern,
Seek for salvation ;
Still to thy spirit say,
Drive earthly cares away,
Hallow the Sabbath-day,
Flee from temptation.

19 Funeral.

- 1 FAR, far, o'er hill and dell
On the winds stealing,
List to the tolling bell,
Mournfully pealing ;

Hark ! hark ! it seems to say,
As melt those sounds away,
So earth's best gifts decay,
Whilst new their feeling.

- 2 Now through the charmed air,
Slowly ascending,
List to the mourner's prayer,
Solemnly bending :
Hark ! hark ! it seems to say,
Turn from those joys away,
To those which ne'er decay,
For life is ending.
- 3 O'er father's dismal tomb,
See the orphan bending,
From the solemn churchyard's gloom,
Hear the dirge ascending ;
Hark ! hark ! it seems to say,
How short Ambition's sway,
Life's joys and Friendship's ray,
In the dark grave ending.

20 The Judgment.

- 1 FAR, far, from yonder cloud,
O'er the storm stealing,
List to the trumpet loud,
Awfully pealing ;
Hark ! hark ! it seems to say
Come, spirit, come away,
For time's best gifts decay
Short pleasure yielding.
- 2 Now through the brightened blaze,
Swiftly ascending,
List to the angel praise
Solemnly blending ;
Hark ! hark ! it seems to say,
Come from such scenes away,
To those which ne'er decay,
For time is ending.

VIRGINIA. 6 lines 8's.

Affetuoso.

Thou art, O God! the life and light Of
Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are

mf
repeat mp

all the wond'rous world we see; Where'er we turn thy
but re - flec-tions caught from thee:

glo - ries shine, And all things fair and bright are thine.

21 "The Day is thine, the Night
also." *Psalm lxxiv. 16.*

- 4 THOU art, O God ! the life and light,
Of all this wond'rous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee ;
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Thro' golden vistas into heaven :
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are thine.
- 3 When youthful spring around us
breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye,—
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

22 For in that he himself hath
suffered, &c. *Hebrews ii. 18.*

- 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain
Experienc'd every human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismay'd my spirit dies ;
Yet he, who once vouchsaf'd to bear
The sick'ning anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
Thou, Saviour, see'st the tears I shed,
For thou did'st weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 4 And O, when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

23 Plea for British Emigrants.
Isaiah xl. 3.

- 1 SERVANTS of Christ ! by God's right-
hand
Scatter'd throughout the favour'd land,
If to your hearts the Word be dear,
Oh think of those who pine to hear,
Far from their native shores exil'd,
A pastor's voice amidst the wild.
- 2 Oh let a voice of comfort bless
The lone and rugged wilderness ;
Send faithful shepherds forth, to feed
The scatter'd wand'ers in their need ;
Straight paths for feeble knees prepare,
And drooping hands sustain by prayer.
- 3 The Heathen, who in darkness lay,
Wake to the dawn of heavenly day,
But shall a worse than pagan night
O'er take the race which dwelt in light ;
And Britain's God, to Briton's, thrown
On distant shores, become unknown ?
- 4 Great Shepherd of the ransom'd seed !
For thy dispersed ones we plead.
How shall these multitudes be fed ?
'Tis thine to multiply the bread.
Richly hast thou our wants supplied :
By us, for them, for all provide.

24 Entrance on the Sabbath Hours.

- 1 SWEET is the last the parting ray,
Which ushers placid evening in ;
When, with the still, expiring day,
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin :
How grateful to the anxious breast
The sacred hours of holy rest !
- 2 Hush'd is the tumult of the day,
And worldly cares and business
cease ;
While soft the vesper breezes play,
To hymn the glad return of peace :
Delightful season ! kindly given
To turn the wand'ring thoughts to
heaven.
- 3 Oft as this peaceful hour shall come,
Lord, raise my thoughts from earthly
things ;
And bear them to my heavenly home,
On faith and hope's celestial wings—
Till the last gleam of life decay,
In one eternal Sabbath-day.

LEBANON. 11's & 12's.

Moderato.

How sweet to the soul are the breath - ings of peace, When the

still voice of. par-don bids sor-row to cease ; When the welcome of mercy falls

soft on the ear ; " Come hither, ye la- den, ye wea - ry draw near."

25 Rest for the Weary.

- 1 How sweet to the soul are the breathings of peace,
When the still voice of pardon bids sorrow to cease ;
When the welcome of mercy falls soft on the ear,
" Come hither, ye laden, ye weary draw near."
- 2 There is rest for the soul that on Jesus relies,
There's a home for the homeless prepared in the skies,
There's a joy in believing, a hope and a stay,
That the world cannot give, nor the world take away.
- 3 O had I the wings of a dove, I would fly,
And mount on the pinions of faith to the sky ;
Where the still and small breathing to earth that was given,
Shall be changed to the anthem and chorus of heaven.

26 Psalm LXXXIV.

- 1 How honour'd, how dear, that sacred abode,
Where Christians draw near their Father and God !
Midst worldly commotion my soul, wearied, faints
For the house of devotion, the home of thy saints.
- 2 The birds have their home : they fix on their nest,
Wherever they roam, they return to their rest ;
From them ever learning, my soul would take wing,
To thee so returning, my God and my King !
- 3 How happy the choirs, who praise thee above !
What joy tunes their lyres ! their worship is love :
Yet safe in thy keeping and happy THEY be,
In this world of weeping, whose strength is in thee.
- 4 Though rugged their way, they drink as they go,
Of springs which convey new life as they flow :
The God they rely on, their strength will renew,
Till each, brought to Zion, his glory shall view.
- 5 Thou hearer of prayer, still grant me a place,
Where Christians repair to the courts of thy grace !
More blest, beyond measure, one day so employ'd,
Than years of vain pleasure by worldlings enjoy'd.
- 6 Me more would it please, keeping post at thy gate,
Than lying at ease in chambers of state :
The meanest condition outshines, with thy smiles,
The pomp of ambition, the world with its wiles.
- 7 The Lord is a sun ; the Lord is a shield :
What grace has begun, with glory is seal'd.
He hears the distressed ; he succours the just ;
And they shall be blessed who make Him their trust.

HARLAN. P. M.

My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry ;

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole note chord (F#4, A4, C5) and continues with a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

Sa - viour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray ; Take all my

p

The second system continues the piece. It includes a piano dynamic marking (*p*) above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment has a section marked *Inst.* (Instrumental) in the bass line, which consists of a few notes followed by a rest.

guilt a - way ; O let me from this day be whol - ly thine.

f

The third system concludes the piece. It features a forte dynamic marking (*f*) above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment provides a strong harmonic support for the final phrase.

27 Self-Consecration.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary ;
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart,
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire !
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 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 distrust remove :
O, bear me safe above—
A ransom'd soul !

28 Invocation.

- 1 COME, thou, Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise :
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.
- 2 Come thou incarnate Word,
Jesus, our glorious Lord,
Our prayer attend ;
Come, and thy people bless,
Come, give thy word success ;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend !
- 3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour :
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r !

29 Christ's final Triumph.

- 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 !
Shout through hell's dark profound,
Let all the earth resound,
'Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."
- 3 He vanquish'd sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell ;
Mourners rejoice !
His dying love adore,—
Praise him, now raised in power,
Praise him for evermore
With joyful voice !
- 4 All hail the glorious day,
When through the heav'nly way
Lo, he shall come !
While they who pierc'd him wail—
His promise shall not fail ;
Saints see your King prevail ·
Great Saviour, come !

30 Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 "GLORY to God on high !"
Let heav'n and earth reply,
"Praise ye his name !"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
Sing aloud evermore—
"Worthy the Lamb."
- 2 Join all ye ransom'd race
Our Lord and God to bless,
"Praise ye his name !"
On him we fix our choice,
In him we will rejoice,
Shouting with heart and voice—
"Worthy the Lamb !"
- 4 Soon must we close our race,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name :
But as we upward wing,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through the heavens sing—
"Worthy the Lamb !"

WATCHMAN.

Andantino.

“Watchman! what of the night?”

Treble.

1. Watchman!
2. Watchman!
3. Watchman!

Sempre Legato.

The first system of the score features a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part begins with a series of chords and moving lines. The vocal part, indicated as 'Treble', starts with a rest followed by a melodic line.

Tenor.

tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are! Traveller!
 tell us of the night, Higher yet that star as-cends: Traveller!
 tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn: Traveller!

p

The second system continues the piano accompaniment with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The vocal part, labeled 'Tenor', has three lines of lyrics corresponding to the three vocal parts listed at the top of the page.

Treble.

o'er yon mountain's height, See that glory beaming star! Watchman!
 blessedness and light, Peace and truth its course portends! Watchman!
 darkness takes its flight. Doubt and ter-ror are withdrawn. Watchman!

The third system continues the piano accompaniment. The vocal part, labeled 'Treble', has three lines of lyrics corresponding to the three vocal parts listed at the top of the page.

does its beauteous ray, Aught of hope or joy fore - tel?
will its beams a - lone, Gild the spot that gave them birth?
let thy wand'rings cease. Hie thee to thy qui - et home.

cres.

Tenor.

Trav'ler! yes it brings the day, Promis'd day of Is - ra - el.
Trav'ler! a - ges are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth.
Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!

Chorus to 1st and 2nd verses.

1. Trav'ler, yes it brings the day, Promis'd day of Is - ra - el.
2. Trav'ler, a - ges are its own, See it bursts o'er all the earth.

f

Chorus to 3d verse.

Trav'ler! Lo! the Prince of Peace; Lo! the Son of God is

come! Lo! the Son of God is come.

E L O M E. S. M.

When overwhelm'd with grief, My heart within me dies. Help-

ELOME, *continued.*

less and far from all relief, To heaven I lift my eyes.

32 *God a Refuge in Trouble.*

- 1 WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift my eyes.
- 2 Oh! lead me to the rock
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

33 *Reflections on past Generations.*

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!
- 2 Our fathers! where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs—and hopes and
cares,
And wealth and honour—gone!
- 3 But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While still the remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.

- 4 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.
- 5 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.
- 6 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
'Till with them in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

34 *The last Account.*

- 1 I saw, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepar'd to scan with strict account,
My blessings wasted here.
- 2 His wrath like flaming fire,
In hell for ever burns;
And from that awful world of woe
No fugitive returns.
- 3 Ye sinners, fear the Lord
While yet 'tis call'd to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.
- 4 Soon will the harvest close,
The summer soon be o'er;
Oh, sinner! then your injured God
Will heed your cries no more.

ENGEDI. P. M.

Duet.

What is life? 'Tis but a va-pour, Soon it va-nish - es a-way ;

Inst.

Life is like a dy - ing ta-per, O my soul, why wish to stay ?

Chorus.

Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yon-der world on high ?

35 *Flight to Heaven.* James iv. 14.

- 1 WHAT is life? 'Tis but a vapour :
Soon it vanishes away ;
Life is like a dying taper,
O my soul, why wish to stay ?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world on high ?
- 2 See that glory, how resplendent !
Brighter far than fancy paints ;
There in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world on high.
- 3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love,
Thro' the heavens his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world on high.
- 4 Go, and share his people's glory,
'Midst the ransom'd crowd appear,
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear ;
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world on high.

36 *A Fountain opened for Sin and
Uncleanness.* Zach. xiii. 1.

- 1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruin'd by the fall :
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all ;
In a full, perpetual tide,
Open'd when the Saviour died.
- 2 Come, in poverty and meanness,
Come, defiled without, within ;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white ;
Ye shall walk with God in light.
- 3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind ;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find :
Health this fountain will restore ;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.
- 4 He that drinks shall live for ever :
'Tis a soul-renewing flood :
God is faithful—God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Sign'd, when our Redeemer died,
Seal'd, when he was glorified.

37 *Harvest Home.*

- 1 BRITONS ! now your harvest ended,
All your fruits securely stor'd,
Come, with grateful joy attended,
Meet around the festive board :
Friends and neighbours ! hither come,
Welcome guests at Harvest Home !
- 2 Cheerfulness and sober pleasure
Well become our happy isle,
When our God, in copious measure,
Deigns to bless us with his smile ;
Let his praises fill the room,
While we keep our Harvest Home.
- 3 Sun and showers, his daily blessing,
All our kindly fruits matur'd ;
And his love and care unceasing,
Watch'd till all was safely stor'd ;
Else we had not hither come,
Thus to hail the Harvest Home.
- 4 From his hand all good receiving,
Let us trust in him alone ;
Ever to his glory living,
Through the grace of Christ his
Son ;
'Till, with all his saints, we come
To his heavenly Harvest Home.

38 *I will be glad in thy Mercy, &c.**Psaln xxxi. 7.*

- 1 SING of mercy, sing with gladness,
Let the theme our tongues employ ;
Talk no more of gloom and sadness,
Mercy is a theme of joy ;
Surely they who know not this,
Do not know what mercy is !
- 2 But for this delightful subject,
What a waste the earth would seem !
Mercy now on every object
Seems to shed a cheerful beam ;
'Till we knew the joyful sound,
All was dark and waste around.
- 3 Mercy lightens all our crosses,
Mercy mitigates our pains,
Recompenses all our losses,
And gives worth to what remains ;
All our joys from mercy spring,
Let us then of mercy sing.

LAMARTINE. 7's & 6's.

Repeat p

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter portion trace ;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Tow' rds heav' n thy native place ;

Sun and moon and stars de-cay, Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise my soul &

cres. f *dim.* *f*
haste a-way, To seats prepar'd a - bove, To seats pre-par'd a - bove.

cres. f *f*

39 *The Pilgrim's Song. Phil. iii. 20.*

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place;
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon the earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a spirit born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upwards tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchange'd for heaven.

40 *Prayer for Divine Keeping*

- 1 By me, O my Saviour! stand,
In every trying hour:
Guard me with thine outstretch'd hand,
And hold me with thy power:
Mindful of thy faithful word,
Thine all-sufficient grace bestow:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.
- 2 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart;
That I may from evil near
With watchful care depart:
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy lovingkindness show:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.
- 3 Let me never leave thy breast,
From thee, my Saviour, stray:
Thou art my support and rest,
My true and living way;

My exceeding great reward,
In heaven above and earth below:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

- 4 Never let me go, till I,
Upborne on wings of love,
Gain the regions of the sky,
And take my seat above:
Thou hast pass'd thy gracious word,
That thou wilt bring me safely through;
Thou wilt, therefore, keep me, Lord,
Nor ever let me go.



- 2 For thee the early patriarch sigh'd,
Thy distant beauty faint descried,
And hail'd the blest abode:
A stranger here, he sought a home,
Fix'd in a city yet to come,
The city of his God.
- 3 Oft by Siloa's sacred stream,
In heavenly trance and raptur'd dream,
To faithful Israel shown,
Triumphant over all her foes,
The true celestial Salem rose,
Jehovah's promis'd throne.
- 4 We, too, O Lord, would seek that land,
Follow the tribes that crowd its strand,
From every peril sav'd;
And wake as when in elder time,
Were marshall'd all thy hosts sublime,
And high thy banner wav'd.

45 *The Bible suited to the Wants of Mankind.*42 *Dorology.*

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Eternal and divine,
Round whose throne the heavenly host,
In endless praises join:
Thine the glory and the power,
Thine the wisdom and the might;
Thine the praise for evermore,
O God of life and light.

CARPARTHUS. C. P. M.

Affetuoso

O thou that hear'st the pray'r of faith; Wilt thou not save a soul from

The first system of the musical score for 'Carparrhus'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo/mood is marked 'Affetuoso'. The lyrics are: 'O thou that hear'st the pray'r of faith; Wilt thou not save a soul from'.

Sun and moon and stars de-cay, Tin thee? I have no re-fuge of my

The second system of the musical score. The lyrics are: 'Sun and moon and stars de-cay, Tin thee? I have no re-fuge of my'.

cres. f *dim.*
own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suffer'd once for

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics are: 'own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suffer'd once for'. The system includes dynamic markings: 'cres. f' (crescendo fortissimo) and 'dim.' (diminuendo).

me, And suf - fer'd once for me.

And.

And.

43 **Trusting in Christ for Pardon.**

1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?

I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send:
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogg'd by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

44 **The Better Land.** *Heb. xi. 16.*

1 BEYOND the dark and stormy bound,
That gilds our dull horizon round,
A lovelier landscape swells:
Resplendent seat of light and peace!
In thee the sounds of conflict cease,
And glory ever dwells.

2 For thee the early patriarch sigh'd,
Thy distant beauty faint descried,
And hail'd the blest abode:
A stranger here, he sought a home,
Fix'd in a city yet to come,
The city of his God.

3 Oft by Siloa's sacred stream,
In heavenly trance and raptur'd dream,
To faithful Israel shown,
Triumphant over all her foes,
The true celestial Salem rose,
Jehovah's promis'd throne.

4 We, too, O Lord, would seek that land,
Follow the tribes that crowd its strand,
From every peril sav'd;
And wake as when in elder time,
Were marshall'd all thy hosts sublime,
And high thy banner wav'd.

45 **The Bible suited to the Wants
of Mankind.**

1 How precious, Lord, thy sacred word!
What light and joy those leaves afford,
To souls in deep distress!
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids our 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 the guilty conscience clean,
Converts the soul, and conquers sin,
And gives a free reward.

47 Private Worship.

PART I. MORNING.

- 1 IN this calm, impressive hour,
Let my prayer ascend on high ;
God of mercy, God of power,
Hear me, when to thee I cry :
Hear me from thy lofty throne,
For the sake of Christ, thy Son.
- 2 With this morning's early ray,
While the shades of night depart,
Let thy beams of life convey,
Joy and gladness to my heart ;
Now o'er all my steps preside,
And for all my wants provide.
- 3 Oh ! what joy that word affords—
Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth,
King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Send thy gospel heralds forth ;
Now begin thy boundless way,
Usher in the glorious day.

PART II. EVENING.

- 1 Now from labour and from care
Evening shades have set me free ;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord I would converse with thee ;
Oh ! behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love !
- 2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys ;
Nought can charm me here below
But my Saviour's melting voice :
Lord, forgive, thy grace restore,
Make me thine for evermore.

- 3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour ;
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quick'ning power,
Grateful notes to thee I raise,
Oh, accept my song of praise !

48 Close of a Prayer Meeting.

- 1 O 'TIS sweet to mingle, where
Christians meet for social prayer :
O 'tis sweet with them to raise,
Songs of holy joy and praise ;
Then how blest that state must be,
Where they meet eternally.
- 2 Saviour, let these meetings prove
Scenes of fervent Christian love ;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace ;
Till we, each in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

49 Doxology.

- 1 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 heav'n.
- 2 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my thoughts and words receive,
Claim me for thy service—claim,
All I have, and all I am.

"O SACRED HEAD ONCE WOUNDED."

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble clef for the voice part and a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo/mood is marked 'Espression' for the voice and 'Sym.' for the piano. The score consists of two staves of music. The first staff is the vocal line, and the second staff is the piano accompaniment. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with a focus on the melody and harmonic support.

O SACRED HEAD ONCE WOUNDED, *continued.*

Sa-cred Head once wound - ed, With grief and pain weigh'd down! How scornfully sur-

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is for the vocal part, and the bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time. The lyrics are: "Sa-cred Head once wound - ed, With grief and pain weigh'd down! How scornfully sur-

Lent

round - ed, With thorns thine only crown! O Sacred Head, what

This system contains the second two staves of music. The tempo marking *Lent* is placed above the first staff. The lyrics are: "round - ed, With thorns thine only crown! O Sacred Head, what

f

glo - ry, What bliss till now was thine! Yet, though despis'd & glo - ry, 1

f *dim.*

This system contains the final two staves of music. The first staff begins with a dynamic marking *f*. The lyrics are: "glo - ry, What bliss till now was thine! Yet, though despis'd & glo - ry, 1". The bottom two staves have dynamic markings *f* and *dim.* at the end.

joy to call thee mine. Yet though despis'd and go-ry, I joy to call thee

mine, to call thee mine, to call thee mine, call - thee mine.

50 Scene of the Cross.

- 1 O SACRED Head once wounded,
With grief and pain weigh'd down!
How scornfully surrounded,
With thorns thine only crown!
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despis'd and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.
- 2 How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!
Thy grief and thy compassion,
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.

- 3 What language shall I borrow
To praise thee, heavenly Friend:
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove;
Oh let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love!
- 4 Forbid that I should leave thee,
O Jesus leave not me;
By faith I would receive thee;
Thy blood can make me free:
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.

FRANCONIA. 6's & 5's.

Affetuoso.

Why that look of sad-ness? Why that down-cast eye?

Can no thoughts of glad-ness Lift thy soul on high?

O thou heir of hea-ven, Think of Je - sus' love.

While to thee is giv - en, All his grace to prove.

cres. f dim.

51 **Consolation.**

1 **WHY** that look of sadness?
 Why that downcast eye?
 Can no thought of gladness
 Lift thy soul on high?
 O thou heir of heaven,
 Think of Jesus' love,
 While to thee is given
 All his grace to prove.

2 Is thy burden'd spirit
 Agonized for sin?
 Think of Jesus' merit;
 He can make thee clean:
 Think of Calvary's mountain,
 Where his blood was spilt;
 In that precious fountain
 Wash away thy guilt.

3 Is thy spirit drooping?
 Is the tempter near?
 Still in Jesus hoping,
 What hast thou to fear?
 Set the prize before thee,
 Gird thy armour on:
 Heir of grace and glory,
 Struggle for thy crown.

52 **Trust in God.**

1 God of our salvation,
 Unto thee we pray;
 Hear our supplication,
 Be our strength and stay;
 Wretched and unworthy,
 Poor, and sick, and blind,
 Prostrate we adore thee,
 Call thy grace to mind.

2 He that dwelleth near thee
 Safely shall abide;
 Ever love and fear thee,
 In thy strength confide:
 Sure is thy protection,
 Safe is thy defence,
 While in deep affliction
 Woe or pestilence.

3 God of our salvation,
 Saviour, Prince of peace,
 Boundless thy compassion
 Infinite thy grace:
 While with love unceasing,
 Humbly we adore,
 Grant us thy rich blessing
 And we ask no more.

53 **Song of Gratitude and Praise.**

1 **YES**, I will extol thee,
 Lord of life, and light,
 For thine arm upheld me,
 Put my foes to flight:
 I implor'd thy mercy,
 Thou wert swift to save;
 Heal my wounded spirit,
 Bring me from the grave.

2 O, ye saints, sing praises,
 Call his love to mind,
 For a moment angry,
 But for ever kind;
 Grief may, like a pilgrim,
 Through the night sojourn,
 Yet shall joy to-morrow
 With the light return.

SARDIS. 8's & 7's.

First system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "Cease, ye mourn-ers, cease to lan-guish, O'er the". The piano accompaniment includes a *mp* (mezzo-piano) dynamic marking.

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "graves of those you love ; Pain, and death, and night, and". The piano accompaniment includes a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking.

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "anguish, En - ter not the world a - bove." The piano accompaniment includes a *f* (forte) dynamic marking.

54 Weep not for the departed
Saint.

—

- 1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish,
O'er the graves of those you love :
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.
- 2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely through night's deep'ning
shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the immortal Spirit's head
- 3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never—never die !
- 4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come ;
There, no fear of woe intruding
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.
- 5 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the graves of those ye love :
Far remov'd from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

55 Present with the Lord.

2 Cor. v. 8.

—

- 1 O THE hour when this material
Shall have vanish'd like a cloud ;
When amid the wide ethereal,
All the invisible shall crowd.
- 2 And the naked soul surrounded
With innumerable hosts of light,
Triumph in the view unbounded,
And adore the Infinite.
- 3 In that sudden strange transition,
By what new and finer sense
Shall she grasp the mighty vision.
And receive its influence.
- 4 Angels, guard the new immortal
Thro' the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirits' resting-place.
- 5 Can I trust a fellow being ?
Can I trust an angel's care ?
O thou merciful All-seeing,
Beam around my spirit there !

- 6 Jesus, blessed Mediator,
Thou the airy path hast trod !
Thou the Judge, the Consummator,
Shepherd of the fold of God.

—

56 Come to Jesus.

—

- 1 ' COME'—'tis Jesus' invitation—
Now to mourning souls address'd ;
Why, O why such hesitation,
Mourners, he will give you rest.
- 2 Do ye fear your own unfitness,
Burden'd as ye are with sin ?
'Tis the Holy Spirit's witness :
Christ invites you ;—enter in.
- 3 Stay not pondering on your sorrow,
Turn from your own self away,
Dare not linger till to-morrow,—
Come to Christ, without delay.
- 4 He will give—we ne'er can merit—
Perfect peace and heavenly rest ;
What a treasure we inherit !
How are contrite sinners blest !
- 5 Jesus, with thy word complying,
Firm our faith and hope shall be ;
On thy faithfulness relying,
We will cast our souls on thee.

—

57 Glorifying in the Cross.

—

- 1 WHEN the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fear annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me ;
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
- 2 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 3 Grief and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 4 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.

MISERERE DOMINE.* 6-7's.

Dolce Expressivo.


'Tis the hour when si - lent thought, Com-eth with my



fol - lies fraught; And my soul with - in me dies.

dim.



Yet to heaven I lift mine eyes, Sigh-ing as I

* O Lord, have mercy.

bow to thee, Je - sus! Sa-viour, pi - ty me!

And the smile of the

62 The S

- 1 THOU sweet gliding C
Our Saviour at midnig
Shone bright on the v
And lose in thy murm
- 2 How damp were the v
How hard was his pill
The angels, astonish'd
And followed their ma
- 3 Oh, garden of Olives,
The fame of thy wond
The theme most transp
The triumph of sorrow
- 4 Come, saints, and ado
O, give him the glory,
Let joyful hosannas u
And join the full chor

63 A Voi

- 1 A VOICE from the des
The Lord is advancing
The word of Jehovah
And o'er the dark wor
- 2 Bring down the proud
And be the low valley
The rough path and cr
For Zion, your King,
- 3 The beams of salvation
The lone dreary wilder
The rose and the myrt
And the olive of peace

59 Illustrations of Scripture Promises.

(Comp. *John* iv. 14, vii. 38.)

- 1 GREEN the hill-side, ever fair,
Where perennial waters are;
Drought may parch the fields around.
Purling brooks may cease their sound.
But that hill-side verdant still
Tells that springs its bosom fill.
- 2 Ever joyous thus the heart
Where celestial waters start:
He that comes in thirst to me,
Drinks of living streams and free;
Springing in his soul a well
Into heavenly life shall swell!
- 3 Flowing from that favour'd hill
Courseth on th' unfailing rill;
Other brooks may cease their sound,
Fruitless be the fields around,
But along that water'd vale
Bloom and beauty cannot fail.
- 4 Ever from the Christian heart,
Thus shall living waters start:
He that me believes and loves,
Forth from him, where'er he roves,
Living streams shall richly flow,
Gladdening wastes of human woe.

60 Remember me.

LORD, remember me for good,
Passing through this mortal vale!
Shew me thy atoning blood,
When my strength and courage fail,
Let me oft in spirit see,
Jesus, crucified for me!

PHENICE. 11's.

Smooth and with Expression.

I would not live al-way: I ask not to stay, Where storm af-ter

storm ri - ses o'er the dark way; soul with - in me dies.

eyes, Sigh-ing as I

on us here, Are enough for life's

mercy.

dim.

61 "I would not live alway."

- 1 I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises o'er the dark way :
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway : no—welcome the tomb :
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 3 Who, who would live alway away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ?
- 4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
While the anthem of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul ?

62 The Saviour's Sorrows.

- 1 THOU sweet gliding Cedron, by thy silver streams,
Our Saviour at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.
- 2 How damp were the vapours that fell on his head ;
How hard was his pillow,—how humble his bed ;
The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And followed their master with solemn delight.
- 3 Oh, garden of Olives, thou dear honour'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot ;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above ;
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love !
- 4 Come, saints, and adore him,—come, bow at his feet !
O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet ;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

63 A Voice from the Desert.

- 1 A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill
The Lord is advancing—prepare ye the way ;
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendour of day.
- 2 Bring down the proud mountain, tho' towering to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high ;
The rough path and crooked, be made smooth and even,
For Zion, your King, your Redeemer is nigh.
- 3 The beams of salvation his progress illumine,
The lone dreary wilderness sings of her God,
The rose and the myrtle shall suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spread its branches abroad.

LAIGHT STREET. C. M.

Moderato Sostenuto.

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked *Moderato Sostenuto*. The lyrics for this system are: "Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, And lift your".

Second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature and time signature remain the same. The lyrics for this system are: "souls a - bove; Let e - very heart and voice ac - cord, To". A piano dynamic marking (*p*) is present above the vocal line.

Third system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature and time signature remain the same. The lyrics for this system are: "sing, that God is love, To sing, that God is love." A forte dynamic marking (*f*) is present above the vocal line.

64 God is Love.

- 1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing, that God is love.
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, ap-
pears,
To show that God is love.
- 3 Behold his lovingkindness waits,
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach that God is love.
- 4 And oh that you whose hardened hearts
No fears of hell can move,
May hear the gospel's milder voice—
That tells you God is love.
- 5 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts—in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that God is love.

65 Glories of Heaven.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 No cloud those blissful regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 4 Oh, may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love!
Till wings of faith and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.
- 5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

66 Goodness of God seen in his Works.

- 1 HAIL, great Creator—wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze our hearts exult
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in every star,
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn,
With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The lofty hill—the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove—the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.
- 5 Great nature's God! still may these
scenes
Our serious hours engage!
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page!
- 6 And while, in all thy wondrous ways,
Thy varied love we see;
Oh, may our hearts, great God, be led
Through all thy works to thee.

67 Religious Tracts.

- 1 Go, messenger of love, and bear
Upon thy gentle wing,
The songs that seraphs love to hear,
And angels joyful sing.
- 2 Go to the heart with sin oppress'd,
And dry the sorrowing tear;
Extract the thorn that wounds the
breast,
The drooping spirit cheer.
- 3 Go say to Zion, "Jesus reigns;"
By his resistless power,
He binds his enemies with chains;
They fall to rise no more.
- 4 Tell of the spirit's energies,
As he from heaven descends,
Arrests his proudest enemies,
And changes them to friends.

PALESTINE. 7's.

Adagio Sostenuto Piano.

Softly, now the light of day, Fades up - on my sight a - way ;

The first system of the musical score for 'Palestine. 7's.' consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef, with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment in bass clef. The tempo and dynamics are indicated as 'Adagio Sostenuto Piano'.

Free from care, from labour free, Lord, I would commune with thee.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. It features similar notation to the first system, with lyrics written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment includes some dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte).

68 Evening Song.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day,
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care—from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with thee,

2 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee !

69 Morning Song.

1 THOU, O Lord, didst hear my cry ;
Thy protecting hand was nigh ;
Peaceful slumbers thou did'st shed.
On my weary drooping head.

2 Gently with the dawning ray
On my soul thy beams display :
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

70 Spring.

- 1 PLEASING spring again is here !
Trees and fields in bloom appear !
Hark ! the birds with artless lays,
Warble their Creator's praise !
- 2 Lord afford a spring to me !
Let me feel like what I see :
Ah ! my winter has been long,
Chill'd my hopes, suppress'd my song.
- 3 How the soul in winter mourns,
Till the Lord, the Son, returns !
Till the Spirit's gentle rain
Bids the heart revive again !
- 4 O beloved Saviour, haste,
Tell me all the storms are past :
Speak, and by thy gracious voice
Make my drooping soul rejoice.

71 Influences of the Spirit implored
to Comfort.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit—Love Divine !
Let thy light within me shine ;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burden'd sinner free ;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in thy precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart ;
Seal salvation on my heart :
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray.
Keep me in the narrow way ;
Fill my soul with joy divine ;
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

72 Excellence of Christian Unani-
mity and Love.

- 1 SWEET the time—exceeding sweet ;
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they join to sing of him.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move :
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave his Son.

- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love ;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love ;
With our wretched hearts he strove ;
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Saviour near.
- 5 Sweet the place—exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet ;
Where the Saviour's still the theme,
Where we see and sing of him.

73 How wilt thou do in the Swell-
ing of Jordan. *Jeremiah xii. 5.*

- 1 SHUDDER not to pass the stream ;
Venture all thy care on him ;
Him ! whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.
- 2 Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as the summer's eve,
Not one object of his care,
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.
- 3 See the haven full in view !
Love divine shall bear thee through ;
Trust to that propitious gale ;
Weigh thine anchor spread thy sail.
- 4 Saints in glory, hailing thee,
Wait thy passage through the sea ;
Ardent for the coming o'er,
Lo, they throng the blissful shore.
- 5 Mount their transports to improve ;
Join the longing choir above :
Swiftly to their wish be given ;
Kindle higher joy in heaven.
- 6 Such the prospects that arise,
To the dying Christian's eyes ;
Such the glorious vista, faith
Opens thro' the storm of death

74 Self-Consecration.

- 1 DUST and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery ;
Thine we are, thou Son of God !
Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 2 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine !
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
By thy sons of earth and heav'n !

MYRA. L. M.

Largo Affetuoso.

Wear - ry of these low scenes of night, My fainting

mp

This system contains the first five measures of the piece. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature and a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are 'Wear - ry of these low scenes of night, My fainting'.

heart grows sick of time; Sighs for the dawn of

This system contains the next five measures. The lyrics are 'heart grows sick of time; Sighs for the dawn of'. The piano accompaniment includes a fermata over the final measure of the system.

sweet de - light; Sighs for a dis - tant hap - pier clime!

f

This system contains the final five measures of the piece. The lyrics are 'sweet de - light; Sighs for a dis - tant hap - pier clime!'. The piano accompaniment includes a fermata over the final measure. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

75 The Heart brought by Affliction to God.

-
- 1 WEARY of these low scenes of night,
My fainting heart grows sick of time;
Sighs for the dawn of sweet delight;
Sighs for a distant happier clime!
 - 2 'Tis just, 'tis right: thus he ordains,
Who form'd this animated clod;
That needful cares instructive pains,
May bring the restless heart to God.
 - 3 In thee we would behold our rest,
Nor hope for bliss below the sky;
Visit, O Lord, each mourning breast,
And silence every plaintive sigh.
 - 4 Cheerful, our hearts shall then survey
The toils and dangers of the road;
And, patient, keep the heavenly way,
Which leads us homeward to our God.

76 Penitent View of the Saviour's Sufferings.

-
- 1 LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids intruding fears depart.
 - 2 Repentant sorrow fills my heart,
But mingling joy allays the smart;
Oh! may my future life declare,
The sorrow and the joy sincere.
 - 3 Be all my heart, and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe—how much I love.

77 Christ Precious.

-
- 1 JESUS, in whom but thee above
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with thee?
 - 2 How soon, O Lord, will life decay!
How soon this world will pass away!
Ah! what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and life
shall fail?
 - 3 Oh! then be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die;
My strength, my portion, is divine,
And Jesus is for ever mine!

78 The Christian not alone.

-
- 1 CHILD of the dust! I heard thee
mourn—
"Will God forsake and not return?
Unheal'd my wounds, my woes un-
known,
Down to the grave I sink alone."
 - 2 But art thou thus indeed alone,
Quite unbefriended and unknown?
And hast thou then His love forgot,
Who form'd thy frame and fixed thy
lot?
 - 3 Who laid his Son within the grave,
Thy soul from endless death to save;
And gave his spirit to console,
And make thy wounded bosom whole?
 - 4 Each fluttering hope, each anxious fear,
Each lonely sigh, each silent tear,
To thine Almighty Friend are known,
And say'st thou, thou art all alone?

79 Brevity of Human Life.

-
- 1 OH let me, gracious Lord, extend,
My view to life's approaching end!
What are my days?—a span their line;
And what my age, compared with thine?
 - 2 Our life, advancing to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift through an empty shade, we run,
And vanity and man are one.
 - 3 God of my fathers! here as they,
I walk, the pilgrim of a day;
A transient guest, thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire.
 - 4 Oh spare me, Lord—in mercy spare,
And Nature's failing strength repair,
Ere life's short circuit wander'd o'er,
I perish—and am seen no more.

80 Humbly waiting on God.

-
- 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise—
His ways are just—his counsels wise.
 - 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work—the cause conceals;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

PRINCETON. P. M.

With spirit.

Cre - a - tor, Pre - serv-er, Re - deem-er of men, Di -

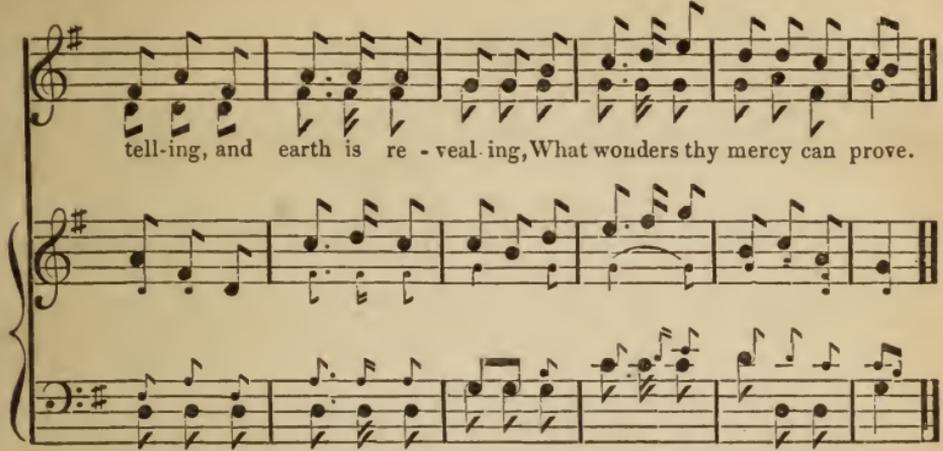
The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/8 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are grouped by a brace and represent a piano accompaniment, with the top staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef, both sharing the F# key signature and 3/8 time signature.

vine In - ter - ces-sor a - bove ; O whereshall the song of thy

The second system of music continues the composition with the same three-staff format as the first system.

prai-ses be - gin, Or how shall I speak of thy love, Heaven is

The third system of music concludes the piece on this page, maintaining the three-staff format.



tell-ing, and earth is re - veal-ing, What wonders thy mercy can prove.

81 Song of Praise to the Redeemer.

- ✓ 1 CREATOR, Preserver, Redeemer of men,
 Divine Intercessor above ;
 Oh, where shall the song of thy praises begin,
 Or how shall I speak of thy love :
 Heaven is telling,
 And earth is revealing
 What wonders thy mercy can prove.
- 2 And do I not love thee, O Saviour, divine,
 The chief of ten thousands to me ?
 Yes, infinite beauty and glory are thine,
 Whose effulgence no mortal can see ;
 Angels shall bless thee,
 And men shall confess thee,
 All worlds shall acknowledge thy sway.
- 3 Thine, thine is the kingdom, the wisdom and power,
 The glory and honour supreme ;
 For ever and ever, my soul would adore
 Th' unspeakable worth of thy name ;
 For ever and ever
 O glorious Saviour,
 I'll dwell on the rapturous theme.

82 Doxology.

ALL honour and praise to the Father, the Son,
 And Spirit, coequal, divine ;
 To the triune Jehovah, supreme on the throne,
 Where glories ineffable shine :
 Prostrate before thee,
 Our spirits adore thee,
 Eternal dominion be thine.

OBERLIN. L. M.

Affetuoso.

Far, far be - yond these low - er skies, Where we by faith lift
Up to the glo - ries all his own,

up our eyes, Is Je-sus, our Fore - run - ner, gone.

83 Jesus our Forerunner. Hebrews vi. 20.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 FAR, far beyond these lower skies,
Up to the glories all his own,
Where we by faith lift up our eyes.
Is Jesus, our Forerunner, gone ?</p> <p>2 High on his throne of heavenly light,
Eternal glory he sustains ;
While saints and angels bless the sight,
There Jesus, our Forerunner, reigns.</p> | <p>3 He lives, salvation to impart,
From sin, and hell, and Satan's wiles,
With love eternal in his heart,
There Jesus, our Forerunner, smiles.</p> <p>4 Before his heavenly Father's face,
For every saint he intercedes,
For mercy and abounding grace,
There Jesus, our Forerunner, pleads.</p> <p>5 But, oh, 'tis this completes the whole,
And all its bliss and glory proves,
That while eternal ages roll,
There Jesus, our Forerunner, loves.</p> |
|--|---|

83 *When he shall come to be
Glorified, &c. 2 Thess. i. 10.*

- 1 YE heavens, with sounds of triumph
ring;
Ye angels, burst into a song;
Jesus descends, victorious king,
And leads his shining train along.
- 2 From realms of death, beneath the
ground,
The saints, in countless millions, rise;
While angels stand admiring round,
And view the change with vast sur-
prise.
- 3 Then let the sons of heaven draw nigh,
While to'the astonish'd hosts you tell,
How feeble mortals rose so high
From graves and worms, from sin
and hell.
- 4 Tell them in accents like their own,
What an incarnate God could do;
Then point to Jesus on the throne,
And boast that Jesus died for you.
- 5 Transported, they no more can hear;
Their voices catch the sacred name;
Harmonious to his Father's ear,
Jesus the God, their harps proclaim.

84 *His Lovingkindness.*

Isaiah lxiii. 7.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He claims a thankful song from thee,—
His lovingkindness, oh, how free!
- 2 He saw thee ruin'd by the fall,
Yet lov'd thee in thy dreadful thrall;
He sav'd thee from thy lost estate;—
His lovingkindness, oh, how great!
- 3 Though prone, alas, my roving heart,
From my Redeemer to depart,
And though I him have oft forgot,
His lovingkindness changes not.
- 4 Soon I must pass the darksome vale,
And when my mortal powers shall fail,
Oh let my last expiring breath,
His lovingkindness sing in death.
- 5 And when my spirit soars away,
To brighter worlds of endless day,
I'll sing with rapture and surprise,
His lovingkindness in the skies.

85 *Christ's universal reign.*

Revelation xi. 15.

- 1 HARK! what triumphant strains are
these,
Which echo through the vault of
heaven?
To Jesus, once on Calvary slain,
The kingdoms of the earth are given.
- 2 Hark, the new song before the throne,
Which only the redeemed can raise!
Angels may tune their golden harps,
But cannot reach those notes of
praise.
- 3 They worship our exalted Lord,
And hail him Universal King;
But saints, the purchase of his blood,
Can strike a sweeter, nobler string.
- 4 The wonders of his dying love
Their hallelujahs loud proclaim;
While, with extatic joy, they shout
New honours to his sacred name.
- 5 From every kindred, every tongue,
From barbarous nations long un-
known,
From polish'd Greeks and Scythians
rude,
A countless host surround the throne.
- 6 In robes of spotless white array'd,
And palms of victory in their hand
With holy wonder and delight;
The trophies of his grace they stand.

86 *Far above all Principality, &c.*

Ephesians i. 21.

- 1 Now far above the starry skies,
Our Jesus fills a brighter throne,
Invisible to mortal eyes,
But not to humble faith unknown.
- 2 The countless hosts that round him
stand,
The subjects of his sovereign power;
Fly through the world at his command,
Or prostrate at his feet adore.
- 3 His name above all creatures great,
He all sustains and all controls;
Yet from his high exalted state,
Looks kindly down on humble souls.
- 4 All hail! thou great Immanuel, hail!
Ten thousand blessings on thy name:
While thus thy wondrous love we tell,
Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.

MAYSVILLE. 6-8's.

Moderato.

Forth from the dark and stor - my sky, Lord to thine
 Fort from the world, its hope and fear, Sa-viour we

The first system of the musical score for 'Maysville' features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with a treble clef and a left-hand part with a bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Forth from the dark and stor - my sky, Lord to thine Fort from the world, its hope and fear, Sa-viour we'.

al-tar's shade we fly; Wea-ry and weak thy
 seek thy shel - ter here.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'al-tar's shade we fly; Wea-ry and weak thy seek thy shel - ter here.'.

grace we pray, Turn not, O Lord, thy guests a - way.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The lyrics are: 'grace we pray, Turn not, O Lord, thy guests a - way.'.

87 The Saviour's blessing sought

- 1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek thy shelter here;
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray,
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.
- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain,
'Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at thy feet our sins we lay,
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

88 Christ our Advocate.

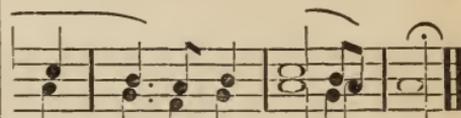
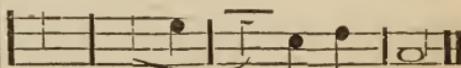
- 1 FATHER of mercies, God of love!
Oh, hear an humble suppliant's cry;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty:
Oh! deign to listen to my voice,
And bid this drooping heart rejoice.
- 2 I urge no merits of my own,
For I, alas, am all that's vile,
No—when I bow before thy throne,
Dare to converse with God awhile,
Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea,
Dearest and sweetest name to me!
- 3 Father of mercies, God of love,
Then hear thy humble suppliant's
cry,
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty:
One pardoning word can make me
whole,
And soothe the anguish of my soul.

89 From whom cometh every good
and perfect gift. *James i. 17.*

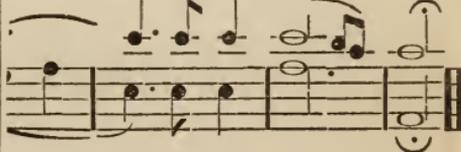
- 1 FOUNTAIN of good, from thee alone,
Our every gift and comfort flows;
Whate'er we fondly call our own,
Thy freely-streaming grace bestows;
Thy blessings all thro' Christ descend,
Our heavenly and eternal friend.
- 2 What are thy gifts, compar'd to thee!
A beam from that bright shining sun,
A drop from that unfathom'd sea,
Fountain of life, and love unknown!
Low at thy feet, O God, I fall,
O God, thou art mine all in all.

90 Prayer under Persecution.

- 1 THOU Lamb of God, for whom alone
We suffer pain, and shame, and loss,
Hear thine afflicted servants' groan,
Crush'd by the burden of thy cross,
And bear our fainting spirits up,
And bless the bitter, sacred cup.
- 2 But wilt thou not at last appear,
Into thy hand the matter take?
We look to no protector here,
But thee our only refuge make;
To thee, O righteous Judge, appeal,
And wait in faith thy holy will.
- 3 Thou wilt not shut thy bowels up,
Or justice to the weak deny:
Thy mercy's ear thou wilt not stop
Against the mourning prisoners' cry;
Who ever make our humble moan,
And look for help to thee alone.
- 4 Then help us meekly to sustain
The cross of man's oppressive power;
To slight the shame, endure the pain,
And calmly wait the welcome hour,
Which brings the fiery chariot down,
And takes us to our heavenly crown.



- - - to re - lieve us.



e Friend.

is near, And ever delights to relieve us.
id, For life and for all its rich blessings.
, He meets us with sweet consolation.
a, And welcomes the cry of the needy.
ve, Are waiting at last to receive us,
nd, My heart shall for ever adore thee.

ALMA. P. M.

Duet.

p
Come, ye dis-con-so - late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come, at the

p

Inst.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the Duet section. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in two staves below. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes the lyrics: "Come, ye dis-con-so - late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come, at the". The piano accompaniment also starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The section concludes with a double bar line.

Coro.

mer-cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel ; Here bring your wounded hearts,

f

f

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the Coro section. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in two staves below. The key signature changes to D major (two sharps) and the time signature remains 4/4. The vocal line begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes the lyrics: "mer-cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel ; Here bring your wounded hearts,". The piano accompaniment also starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The section concludes with a double bar line.

grace we pray, Turn not

has no sorrows, that Heav'n cannot heal.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the final section of the piece. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in two staves below. The key signature remains D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "grace we pray, Turn not" and "has no sorrows, that Heav'n cannot heal." The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout the section, ending with a double bar line.

92 Invitation to the Mercy-seat.

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the Mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish—
Earth has no sorrows that Heav'n cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,—
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrows that Heav'n cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the tree of life—see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the Mercy-seat—come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrows but Heav'n can remove.

MIDST SORROW AND CARE.

*Moderato.**Air.*

2d Treble.
Midst sor-row and care, There's one - - that is near,

Tenor.
And ev - er de - lights - - to re - lieve us.

Bass.

93 The True Friend.

- 1 MIDST sorrow and care, There's one that is near, And ever delights to relieve us.
- 2 'Tis Jesus our friend, On whom we depend, For life and for all its rich blessings.
- 3 When trouble assails, His love never fails, He meets us with sweet consolation.
- 4 His bounties are free, He hears every plea, And welcomes the cry of the needy.
- 5 Blest mansions above, Prepared by his love, Are waiting at last to receive us,
- 6 My Saviour and friend, On whom I depend, My heart shall for ever adore thee.

THAXTED. C. M.

Je - ho-vah, God! thy gra - cious pow'r On

The first system of music for 'Thaxted' consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics 'Je - ho-vah, God! thy gra - cious pow'r On' are written below the notes. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef, both sharing the key signature and time signature.

ev'-ry hand we see; - O may the bless - ings

The second system of music continues the piece. It features the same three-staff format as the first system. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'ev'-ry hand we see; - O may the bless - ings'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and melodic lines in both hands.

of each hour, Lead all our thoughts to thee!

The third and final system of music concludes the piece. The vocal line ends with the lyrics 'of each hour, Lead all our thoughts to thee!'. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic resolution.

94 God's gracious Power.

- 1 JEHOVAH, God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee!
- 2 If, on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our journey lead,
Thine aim our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon—till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from thee.
- 5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In every age—in every clime,
Our Father, and our Friend.

95 Christian Fellowship.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word!
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:
- 3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:
- 4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds,
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

96 Indebtedness to Christ.

- 1 To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
Oh! let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.
- 2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To thine amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.
- 3 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppress'd;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.
- 4 Lead on, dear Shepherd!—led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

97 The Blessedness of Children
Dying in Infancy. *Matt. xviii. 14.*

- 1 THY life we read, O gracious Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.
- 2 Our eyes behold a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms,
Receive thy smiling grace.
- 3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them on my breast:
A shepherd they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.
- 4 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But not dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.
- 5 Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will."
- 6 Thy words let happy parents hear,
And shout with joy divine—
O Saviour, all we have and are,
Be, Lord, for ever thine!"

BENEVOLENCE. L. M.

Thou, Lord, art light; thy na - tive ray, No shade, no

The first system of the musical score for 'Benevolence' consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'Thou, Lord, art light; thy na - tive ray, No shade, no' are positioned below the vocal line.

var - i - a - tion knows; To our dark souls thy light dis -

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'var - i - a - tion knows; To our dark souls thy light dis -' are positioned below the vocal line.

play, The glo - ry of thy face dis - close.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The lyrics 'play, The glo - ry of thy face dis - close.' are positioned below the vocal line. The system ends with a double bar line.

98 Praise.

- 1 THOU, Lord, art light; thy native ray,
No shade, no variation knows;
To our dark souls thy light display,
The glory of thy face disclose.
- 2 Thou, Lord, art love; the fountain thou,
Whence mercy unexhausted flows;
On barren hearts, O shed it now,
And make the desert bear the rose.
- 3 So shall our every power to thee
In love and holy service rise;
Yea, body, soul, and spirit be
Thy ever-living sacrifice.

99 The Sabbath-day.

- 1 O DAY of peace! whose dawning ray
Smiles meekly in the eastern sky,
I love to own thy soothing sway,
While earth's vain cares and tumults die.
- 2 O day of joy! thy choral strain
Sounds sweetly in the pilgrim's ear;
The listening soul forgets its pain,
And loses all its guilty fear.
- 3 O day of love! when he who died,
Removes the sinner's load of wo,
And, smiling, shows his wounded side,
Whence hope, and life, and pardon flow.
- 4 O day of rest! that heavenly calm,
What hallowed peace thine hours im-
part!
How often has thy healing balm
Reviv'd and sooth'd the contrite heart!
- 5 The shades of earth shall cloud these
eyes,
Each earth-born joy be lost, unknown;
Yet still thy memory shall arise,
Till life's last lingering spark is flown.

100 Angels the Ministers of God.

- 1 HIGH on a hill of dazzling light,
The king of glory spreads his seat,
And hosts of angels stretched for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful feet.
- 2 Are they not all thy servants, Lord?
At thy command they go and come;
With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

101 Giving Thanks unto the Father.

Colos. i. 12.

- 1 ALL glorious God, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise!
What flaming love and zeal are due,
While heaven stands open to our view.
- 2 Far, far beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance is ours;
Where saints in light our coming wait,
To share their holy blissful state.
- 3 If now made meet for heaven we shine,
Thine are the robes, the crown is thine:
May endless years their course prolong,
While "Thine the praise," is all our
song.

102 This Life a Pilgrimage.

- 1 ARISE, my soul! on wings sublime,
Above the vanities of time;
Remove the parting veil and see
The glories of eternity!
- 2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should I grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heav'n's eternal joys?
- 3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,
While I am walking back to God?
Or can I love this earth so well,
As not to long with God to dwell?
- 4 To dwell with God,—to taste his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

103 Rejoicing in God as our
Sovereign.

- 1 TH' Almighty reigns—exalted high,
O'er all the earth—o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his
feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
- 2 Immortal light—and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown:
Those glorious seeds shall spring and
rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
- 3 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

SHETLAND. 6-7's.

Slow.

Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Shetland. 6-7's.'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the' are written below the vocal line.

on - ly light, Sun of Right-eous - ness, a - rise,

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'on - ly light, Sun of Right-eous - ness, a - rise,'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same key signature and time signature.

Tri-um-pha o'er the shades of night: Day-spring from on

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'Tri-um-pha o'er the shades of night: Day-spring from on'. The piano accompaniment concludes with the same key signature and time signature.



high be near; Day-star in my heart ap - pear.

104 Christ the Sun of Righteousness.

John i. 9. Luke i. 78.

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Day-spring from on high, be near ;
Day-star, in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee,
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm 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.

105 Pleading with Submission.

- 1 LORD, before thy throne we bend ;
Lord, to thee our eyes ascend :
Servants to our Master true,
Lo ! we yield thee homage due :
Children, to our Sire we fly !
Abba, Father, hear our cry !
- 2 To the dust our knees we bow,
We are weak, but mighty thou ;
Sore distress'd, yet suppliant still,
We await thy holy will ;
Bound to earth and rooted here,
Till our Saviour God appear.

- 3 From the heavens, thy dwelling-place,
Shed, oh shed, thy pard'ning grace :
Turn to save us—none below,
Pause to hear our silent woe ;
Pleas'd or sad, a thoughtless throng,
Still they gaze and pass along.
- 4 Leave us not beneath the power
Of temptation's darkest hour :
Swift to read their captive's doom,
See our foes exulting come !
Jesus, Saviour, yet be nigh,
Lord of life, and victory.

106 Christ the Rock of Ages.

1 Cor. x. 4.

- 1 Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Should my tears for ever 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 eye-lids 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.

ABANA. 7's & 6's.

Andante.

Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor while youth's fair spring is bright ;

Be - fore thy cares are great - er, Be - fore comes a - ges night.

While yet the sun shines o'er thee, while stars the dark-ness cheer.

While life is all be - fore thee, Thy great Cre - a - tor fear.

107 To Youth.

- 1 REMEMBER thy Creator,
While youth's fair spring is bright ;
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night :
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.
- 2 Remember thy Creator,
Before the dust returns
To earth—for 'tis its nature—
And life's last ember burns :
Before, with God who gave it,
The spirit shall appear ;
He cries, who died to save it,
Thy great Creator fear.

108 For a Christian Marriage.

- 1 THE joyful scene before us
Demands a thankful song
While angels hovering o'er us,
May mingle with the throng.
How lovely, how resplendent
Must those bright regions be,
Where now they rise transcendent
In heavenly purity !
- 2 The joyful scene before us,
How faint a type of heav'n,
Where now th' angelic chorus,
Breathe soft as dewy ev'n :
Anon with rapture swelling,
Their loudest anthems raise,
While love, each bosom filling,
Pours forth its notes of praise !

- 3 The joyful scene before us
This heavenly aspect wears,
If Jesus but restore us
The image that he bears :
Thou heavenly bridegroom hear us,
While fervently we pray ;
And be thou ever near us,
In life's bewild'ring way.
- 4 The joyful scene before us
Shall bring no blighting cares,
No perils to devour us,
If Jesus' love appears :
Then shall the happy union,
This evening we behold,
Be like that blest communion
Which tunes the harps of gold.

109 Prayer and Praise.

- 1 To thee, in youth's bright morning,
Father of all, we pray ;
While thought and fancy dawning,
Lead on the rising day ;
To thee, in life's last even,
We'll tune our feeble breath ;
Hear all our sins forgiven,
And softly sleep in death.
- 2 When from death's sleep we waken,
No fears shall us surprise ;
All earthly things forsaken,
What joys shall meet our eyes !
With rapture then increasing,
For ever we'll rejoice ;
All praises never-ceasing,
Shall wake each tuneful voice.

WARRINER. P. M.

Slow.

For-give my fol-ly, O Lord, most ho-ly, Cleanse me from

This system contains the first four measures of the piece. It features a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Slow'.

pp

ev-e-ry stain; For thee I lan-guish, Pi-ty my an-guish,

This system contains the next four measures. The piano part includes a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features some grace notes and slurs.

cres. *f*

Nor let my sigh-ing be vain, Nor let my sighing be vain.

This system contains the final four measures of the piece. The piano part includes *cres.* (crescendo) and *f* (forte) dynamic markings. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment ends with a double bar line.

110 Deep Penitence.

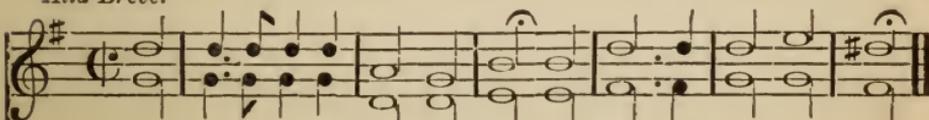
1 Forgive my folly,
O Lord, most holy,
Cleanse me from every stain :
For thee I languish,
Pity my anguish,
Nor let my sighing be vain.

2 Deeply repenting,
Sorely lamenting,
All my departures from thee ;
And now returning,
Thine absence mourning ;
Lord, show thy mercy to me.

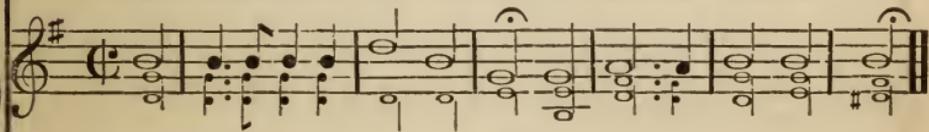
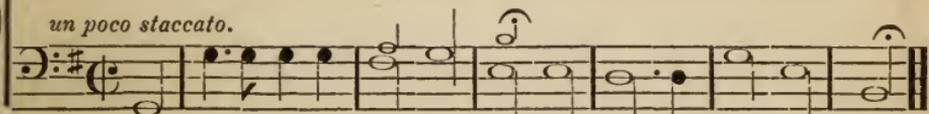
3 Sinful, unworthy
Trembling before thee,
Here at thy cross will I kneel ;
Thy love once bleeding
And now interceding,
Shall with the Father prevail.

4 Through thy rich merit,
By thy free spirit,
Comfort my desolate soul ;
Heav'nly Physician,
In kind compassion,
Now bid the wounded be whole.

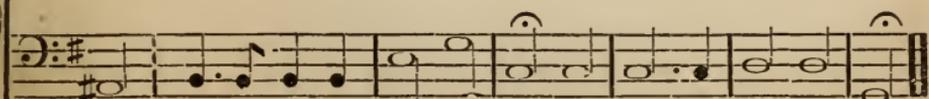
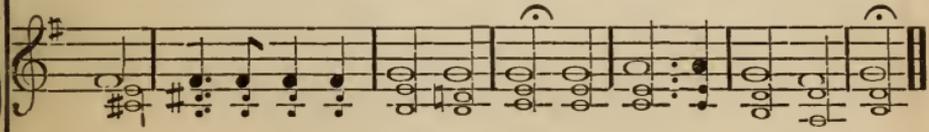
111. A DEATH CHANT. C. M.

Alla Breve.

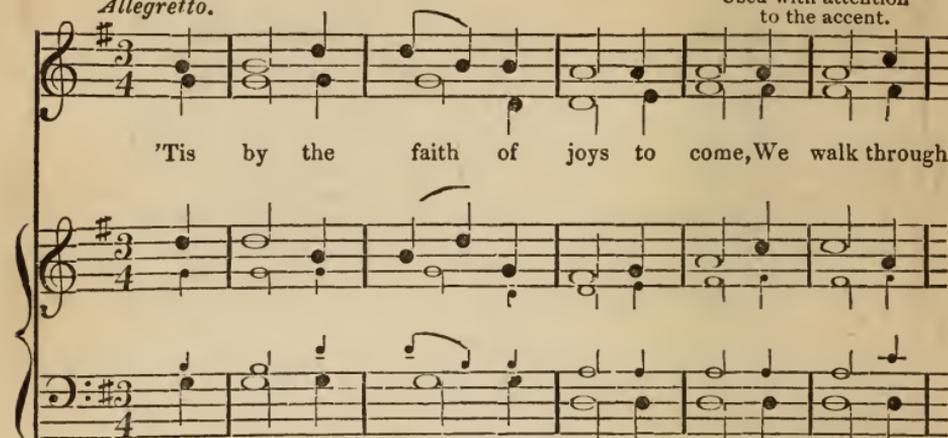
1 Oh, for an ov - er - com - ing faith, To cheer my dy - ing hours ;
2 Joy - ful with all the strength I have, My quiv'ring lips should sing,
3 Now to the God of vic - to - ry, Im - mor - tal thanks be paid,

*un poco staccato.*

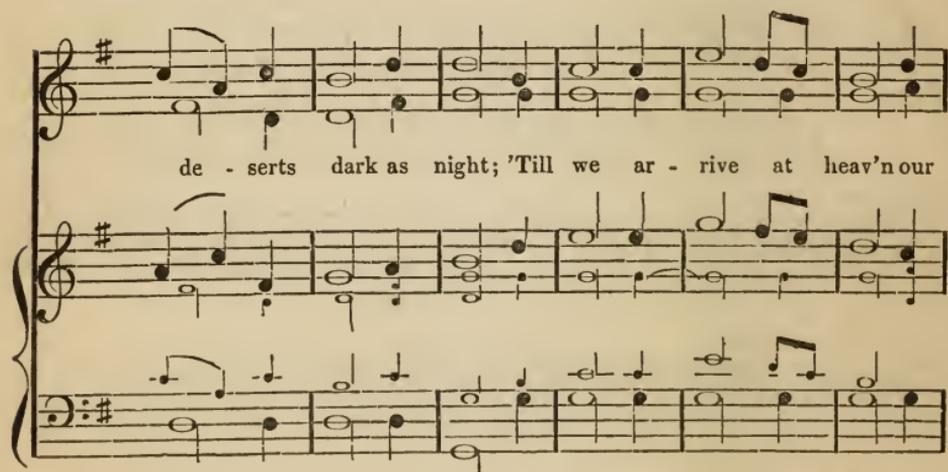
To tri - umph o'er the mon - ster, death, And all his fright - ful pow'rs !
"Where is thy boast - ed vict' - ry, grave ? And where the mon - ster's sting ?"
Who makes us conq' - rors while we die, Thro' Christ our li - ving Head.



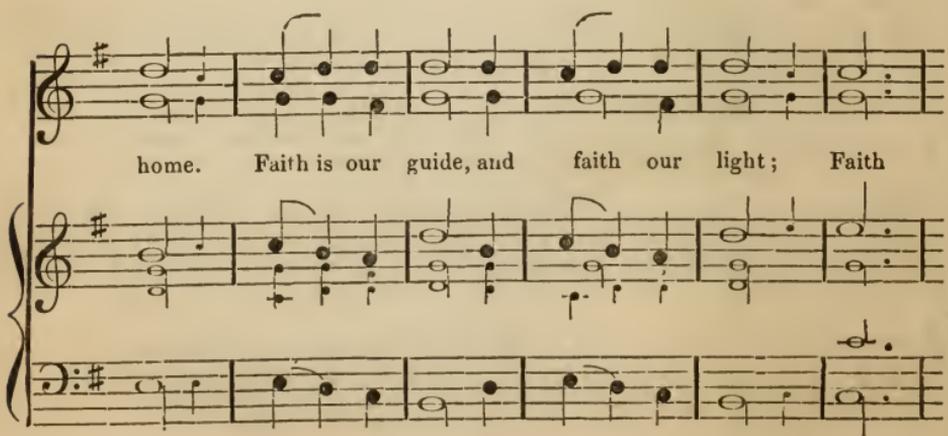
CONFESSION. L. M.

*Allegretto.*Used with attention
to the accent.


'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk through



de - serts dark as night; 'Till we ar - rive at heav'n our



home. Faith is our guide, and faith our light; Faith

is our guide and faith our light :

The image shows a musical score for a choir. It consists of three staves: a vocal line at the top, a piano accompaniment on the right, and a bass line at the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'is our guide and faith our light :' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both the right and left hands. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment.

112 *Walking by Faith.*

- 1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as
night ;
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide—and faith our
light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar—and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

113 *The Lord's Day.*

- 1 How welcome thy returning beams,
Thou fairest morn of all the seven !
Those wake to toil and earthly
schemes ;—
Thou to repose and thoughts of heaven !
- 2 Come let us join the goodly throng,
And pay to God our early vow ;
Repeat his praise in cheerful song,
And at his footstool humbly bow.
- 3 Nor with the Sabbath's parting ray,
Let us our pious zeal conclude ;
But strive to know each passing day,
Some strengthened grace or sin subdued.
- 4 Then we may trust a Saviour's love,
That when we've pass'd these days of
care,

Train'd for the blissful courts above,
An endless sabbath we shall share.

114 *The Christian Pilgrim.*

- 1 THROUGH this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from thy blissful home ;
My earthly joys are from me torn
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 2 My soul with various tempests toss'd,
Her fairest hopes and projects cross'd,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 3 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God ?—
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below ?
- 4 'Tis even so, thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove ;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

115 *The Teaching of Jesus.*

- 1 How sweetly flow'd the gospel sound,
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gath'ring
round,
The voice of Jesus fill'd 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 one immortal day.
- 3 Come, wanderers, 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.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

Maestoso

O Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, Bright

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The lyrics are "O Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, Bright". Below the vocal line is a grand staff for piano accompaniment, consisting of a treble and bass clef with the same key signature and time signature.

in thy deeds and in thy name, For e - ver be thy

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "in thy deeds and in thy name, For e - ver be thy". The piano accompaniment continues with the same key signature and time signature.

name a - dor'd, Thy glo - ries let the world pro - claim

The third system concludes the vocal line with the lyrics "name a - dor'd, Thy glo - ries let the world pro - claim". The piano accompaniment concludes with the same key signature and time signature.

116 Praise to the Triune Jehovah.

-
- 1 O HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,
For ever be thy name ador'd,
Thy glories let the world proclaim !
- 2 O *Jesus*, Lamb once crucified,
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide,
Along the realms of upper day !
- 3 O *Holy Spirit* from above,
In streams of light and glory giv'n,
Thou source of extacy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and
heaven !
- 4 O *God triune !* to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song ;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue !

117 Prayer for Divine Compassion
and Support.

-
- 1 WITH kind compassion hear my cry,
O Father, Lord of life on high,
And on thy servant's drooping head,
Thy dews of blessing gently shed.
- 2 Whene'er I breathe the mournful sigh,
Look down with mercy's gracious eye :
My sense of sorrow for my sin,
To springing comfort change within.
- 3 To my faint soul refreshment give,
And raise my mind and bid me live ;
Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,
But such as owe their birth to joy.

118 Family Devotion.

-
- 1 O God, our Father, and our friend,
To our united prayers attend,
We would our humble homage pay
Before thy throne from day to day.
- 2 May this our habitation, be
A constant residence for thee ;
And may our joint devotion rise
Like holy incense to the skies.
- 3 We would esteem this sweet employ
Part of our business, and our joy ;
We dread the thought of living here,
Without thy worship and thy fear.

- 4 To us thy saving grace impart ;
O dwell and reign in every heart ;
May we in piety and in love,
Be meeten'd for thy house above.

119 I was in the Spirit on the
Lord's Day.

Rev. i. 10.

-
- 1 IN the same spirit, on thy day,
Thy waiting servant, Lord, would be :
Oh send thy spirit, nor delay
The heavenly gift ! it comes from thee—
- 2 Spirit of *prayer*, that I may plead
Like one of wrestling Jacob's race :
Supply in mercy all my need
Of pard'ning love and strength'ning
grace—
- 3 Spirit of *life*, again to blow
Upon this languid heart of mine ;
To make my drooping graces grow,
And breathe a fragrance all divine—
- 4 Spirit of *power*, to bring again
The things which all inactive lie ;
To strengthen what may yet remain,
Though faint, and ready soon to die—
- 5 Spirit of *hearing*, to receive
The truths thy faithful servants preach,
I cannot with the heart believe,
Unless th' inspiring spirit teach—
- 6 Spirit of *tenderness*, to flow
In pity for the human race,
And pant that all the world may know,
And taste the great Redeemer's grace—
- 7 Spirit of *zeal*, to work for Him,
Who shed his precious blood for me ;
And light and easy to esteem
His blessed yoke, who set me free.
- 8 And O my God ! to me impart
Whate'er thy spirit doth approve,
Descend and fill my longing heart
With light, and liberty, and love.
- 9 Thus, in thy spirit, on thy day,
Thy waiting servant, Lord, shall be ;
Hear, read, and meditate, and pray,
And sweet communion hold with thee.
- 10 Till wrapt in extacy subline,
Th' exulting spirit mount and rise ;
Eager to leave this earthly clime,
And spend the sabbath of the skies.

ELON. C. M.

Moderato.

To thee, my righteous King and Lord, My

The first system of the hymn, marked 'Moderato'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a soprano clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/2 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, also in one flat and 3/2 time. The lyrics are: 'To thee, my righteous King and Lord, My'.

grate - ful song I'll raise; From day to day thy

The second system of the hymn. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'grate - ful song I'll raise; From day to day thy'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same musical texture.

works re - cord, And ev - er sing thy praise.

The third and final system of the hymn. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: 'works re - cord, And ev - er sing thy praise.' The piano accompaniment concludes with a final cadence.

120 All Praise Due to God.

- 1 To thee, my righteous King and Lord,
My grateful song I'll raise;
From day to day thy works record,
And ever sing thy praise.
- 2 Thy greatness human thought exceeds;
Thy glory knows no end;
The lasting record of thy deeds,
Through ages shall descend.
- 3 Thy wondrous acts, thy power, and
 night,
My constant theme shall be;
That song shall be my soul's delight,
Which breathes in praise to thee.
- 4 The Lord is bountiful and kind,
His anger slow to move;
All shall his tender mercies find,
And all his goodness prove.
- 5 From all thy works, O Lord, shall
 spring
The sound of joy and praise;
Thy saints shall of thy glory sing,
And show the world thy ways.

121 The Goodness of God.

- 1 God, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet, in his providence and grace,
To every eye appears.
- 2 He bows the heavens! the mountains
 stand
A highway for our God:
He walks amid the desert land!
'Tis Eden where he trod.
- 3 In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his spirit blows,
The breath of life and health.
- 4 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth.
That teems, with foliage, fruits, and
 flowers.
And rings with infant mirth.
- 5 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare,
Will paradise be found.

122 God our Creator and
Benefactor.

- 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 declare
 In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
 And love brings back the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
 With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines
 With strength'ning 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 There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
 Through Jesus' name are giv'n;
He on the cross was lifted high,
 That we might reign in heaven.

123 Glory and Grace of God.

- 1 LONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,
 My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
 In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord; his power unknown;
 And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
 Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
 And while my lips rejoice,
The men who hear my sacred song
 Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
 And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
 And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 The world is managed by thy hands;
 Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
 Though rocks and hills remove.

STOELZEL. 4-6's & 2-8's:

Un poco Allegro.

Ye saints your mu - sic bring, And swell the rapt'rous sound; Strike

unison.

unison.

ev - ry trembling string, Till earth & heav'n re-sound; The triumphs of the

unison.

cross we sing, A - wake, ye saints, each joy - ful string, A -

unison.

The image shows a musical score for three parts: Treble, Bass, and Cello/Double Bass. The lyrics are: 'wake, ye saints, each joy - ful string.' The music is in a common time signature and features a mix of eighth and quarter notes with some rests.

124 *The Cross celebrated.*

- 1 YE saints your music bring
And swell the rapt'rous sound ;
Strike every trembling string,
Till earth and heaven resound ;
The triumphs of the cross we sing,
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.
- 2 The cross, the cross alone,
Subdued the powers of hell ;
Like lightning, from his throne
The prince of darkness fell ;
The triumph of the cross we sing,
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.
- 3 The hand of wrath is stay'd
In its pursuit of blood ;
The cross our debt has paid,
And made our peace with God ;
The triumphs of the cross we sing,
Awake, ye saints, each joyful s'ring.
- 4 The cross hath power to save,
From all the foes that rise :
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies :
Angels and saints its power shall sing,
Till heaven's eternal arches ring.

125 *A general Revival Hymn.*

- 1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And lift thy hands on high ;
Tell all the world thy joys,
And shout salvation nigh :
Cheerful in God | While rays divine
Arise and shine, | Stream all around.

- 2 He gilds thy mourning face,
With beams that cannot fade
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head :
The nations round | With lustre new
Thy form shall view, | Divinely crown'd.
- 3 In honour of his name
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright ;
Pursue his praise | In worlds above
Till sovereign love | Thy glory raise.
- 4 There on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies :
Whileround his throne | In nobler spheres
Ten thousand stars | His influence own.

126 *Sabbath Morning.*

- 1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest
I hail thy kind return—
Lord, make these moments blest :
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the king descend,
And fill his throne of grace :
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face :
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord
- 3 Descend, celestial dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers ;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours :
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor sabbaths be indulged in vain.

CORYDON. 7's.

Choral.

God of mer-cy, hear our prayer, For the chil-dren thou hast giv'n,

Let them all thy hless-ing share, Grace on earth, and bliss in heav'n.

127 Prayer for the Conversion and Sanctification of Children.

1 God of mercy, hear our prayer
For the children thou hast giv'n,
Let them all thy blessing share,
Grace on earth and bliss in heav'n.

2 In the morning of their days
May their hearts be drawn to thee;
Let them learn to lisp thy praise
In their earliest infancy.

3 Cleanse, cleanse their soul from ev'ry
stain,
Through the Saviour's precious blood,
Let them all be born again,
And be reconciled to God.

4 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend thine ever-gracious ear;
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer, in mercy, hear.

128 Asking for Divine Assistance in
teaching Children.

-
- 1 LORD assist us by thy grace
To instruct our infant race ;
Grant us wisdom from above,
Fill us with a Saviour's love.
 - 2 Let us in thy peace abide,
In thy promises confide,
While our children with zeal
Learn of us to do thy will.
 - 3 May we teach them day by day,
In the house and by the way,
When they rise or go to rest,
Till thy truth shall make them blest.
 - 4 While in childhood's tender age
They unfold the sacred page,
May they see in every line,
Kindling rays of light divine.
 - 5 Precious Saviour, hear our prayer !
We commit them to thy care ;
Be their shepherd and their guide,
Bring them to thy bleeding side.

129 Morning Song.

-
- 1 THOU that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song ;
Thankful from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.
 - 2 Thou didst hear my evening cry ;
Thy preserving hand was nigh ;
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.
 - 3 Thou hast kept me through the night ;
'Twas thy hand restor'd the light.
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew
 - 4 Still my feet are prone to stray ;
Oh ! preserve me through the day :
Dangers every where abound ;
Sins and snares beset me round.
 - 5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display ;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

130 Deriving strength from Christ.

-
- 1 SON of God, thy blessing grant,
Still supply my every want,
Tree of life, thine influence shed,
With thy fruit my spirit feed.
 - 2 Tenderest branch, alas ! am I ;
Without thee, I droop and die ;
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.
 - 3 All my hopes on thee depend ;
Love me, save me, to the end !
Give me thy supporting grace,
Take the everlasting praise !

131 Pilgrim's Hymn.

-
- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise !
Glorious in his works and ways.
 - 2 Ye are travelling home to God ;
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
 - 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest ;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest :
There your seat is now prepared—
Their your kingdom and reward.
 - 4 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

132 Spirit of David, hear !

-
- 1 WHEN the heart is sad within,
Burden'd with the weight of sin ;
When the spirit sinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of David, hear !
 - 2 When our heads are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn our children dear,
Jesus, Son of David, hear !
 - 3 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed affection's tear :
Jesus, Son of David, hear !

AGNOR. L.M.

Larghetto.

Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, At - tempt thy

The first system of music features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/2. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line of quarter notes (G2, F#2, E2, D2) and a treble line of quarter notes (G4, A4, B4, C5).

great Cre - a - tor's praise: But, oh, what tongue can speak thy

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

fame! What mor - tal verse can reach the theme.

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. A *ped.* (pedal) marking is present at the end of the piano part.

133 Majesty and Dominion of God.

- 1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But, oh, what tongue can speak his
fame!
What mortal verse can reach the theme.
- 2 Enthron'd amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines,
His works, through all his wondrous
frame,
Declare the glory of his name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

134 The Bright and Morning Star. *Revelation xxii. 16.*

- 1 YE worlds of light that roll so near
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,
Oh tell, how mean your glories are,
How faint and few compar'd with his!
- 2 We sing the bright and morning star,
Jesus, the source of light and love;
His purest rays diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the realms above.
- 3 'Midst gloomy darkness spread abroad,
This light directs the pilgrim's way;
Still, as he goes, he finds the road
That leads him safe to endless day.
- 4 When shall we reach the glorious
height,
Where this bright star shall brightest
shine;
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view the lustre all divine?

135 A Blessing invoked.

- 1 INDULGENT God of love and power,
Be with us at this solemn hour!
Smile on our souls; our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.
- 2 Let each discordant thought be gone,
And love unite our hearts in one;
Let all we *have* and *are* combine,
To forward objects so divine.

136 Delight in the Scriptures.

- 1 I LOVE the sacred book of God;
No other can its place supply:
It points me to the saints' abode,
And lifts my joyful thoughts on high.
- 2 Blest book! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord!
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 But while I'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love.
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And thus partake of joys above.

137 The noblest Resolution.

Joshua xxiv. 15.

- 1 MAY I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the
Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 2 Oh, be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.
- 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 4 Oh, may I never faint, nor tire,
Nor wand'ring, leave his sacred ways;
Great God accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to love thy
praise!

138 Prayer for National Gratitude and Holiness.

- 1 LORD! let thy goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour, and our King.
- 2 Let every public temple raise
Triumphant songs of holy praise;
Let every peaceful private home
A temple Lord to thee become.
- 3 Still be it our supreme delight,
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still on thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour to persevere.

SIDDIM. C. M.

Moderato.

O Lord, I would de - light in thee, And on thy

The first system of the musical score for 'Siddim' features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The vocal line begins with a half note 'O', followed by quarter notes 'Lord, I would de - light in thee, And on thy'. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass clef with chords and moving lines.

care de - pend; To thee in ev'-ry trou-ble flee, My

The second system continues the vocal line with 'care de - pend; To thee in ev'-ry trou-ble flee, My'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support.

best my on-ly friend, Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!

The third system concludes the piece with the vocal line 'best my on-ly friend, Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!'. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic resolution.

139 Rejoicing in God.

-
- 1 O LORD ! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend ;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.
 - 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same ;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name !
 - 3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee :
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.
 - 4 He that has made my heav'n secure,
Will here all good provide :
While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?
What can I want beside ?
 - 5 O Lord ! I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be,
To love and please thee more.
-

140 Youth invited to Christ.

-
- 1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near ;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
 - 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your welfare to pursue.
 - 3 "The soul who longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain ;
And those who early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain."
 - 4 What object, Lord, my soul should
move,
If once compared with thee ?
What beauty should command my love
Like what in Christ I see ?
 - 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind !
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

141 Evening Hymn.

-
- 1 INDULGENT God, whose bounteous
care
O'er all thy works is shown,
Oh let my grateful praise and prayer
Arise before thy throne !
 - 2 What mercies has this day bestow'd !
How largely hast thou blest !
My cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness my breast.
 - 3 Now may soft slumber close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free ;
And let my waking thoughts arise,
To meditate on thee.
 - 4 Thus bless'd each future day and
night,
Till life's vain scene is o'er ;
And then to realms of endless light,
O let my spirit soar.
-

142 Salvation.

-
- 1 SALVATION ! oh, melodious sound,
To wretched, dying men !
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.
 - 2 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye,
To blessings so divine ?
 - 3 The lustre of so bright a bliss,
My feeble heart o'erbears ;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.
 - 4 My Saviour God, no voice but thine,
These dying hopes can raise ;
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my praise to prayer.
-

143 Doxology.

-
- 1 THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.
 - 2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

DEDHAM. S. M.

Lord, bring me to re - sign My doubting heart to thee ;

The first system of the musical score for 'Dedham' in G major, 2/2 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Lord, bring me to re - sign My doubting heart to thee ;'.

And whe-ther cheerful or distress'd, Thine, thine a - lone to be.

The second system of the musical score for 'Dedham'. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'And whe-ther cheerful or distress'd, Thine, thine a - lone to be.'

144 Self-surrender to God.

- 1 LORD, bring me to resign
My doubting heart to thee ;
And whether cheerful or distress'd,
Thine, thine alone to be.
- 2 My only aim be this,
Thy purpose to fulfil,
In thee rejoice with all my strength,
And do thy holy will.

- 3 Lord, thy all-seeing eye
Keeps watch with jealous care ;
Thy great compassion never fails ;
Thou hear'st my ready prayer.
- 4 So will I firmly trust,
That thou wilt guide me still,
And guard me safe throughout the way
That leads to Zion's hill.

145 Christ the Sun of Righteous-
ness.

- 1 We lift our hearts to thee,
Thou Day-star from on high ;
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.
 - 2 Oh let thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night ;
And let the glories of thy love,
Come like the morning light.
 - 3 How beautiful nature now !—
How dark and sad before !—
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.
 - 4 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past ;
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.
-

146 Hymn for Maternal Meetings.

- 1 THOU God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear ;
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.
 - 2 Our children take to-day,
O Shepherd of thy flock !
And wash the stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten rock.
 - 3 Thy saving health impart,
O comforter divine !
Now make these children pure in heart,
Make them entirely thine.
 - 4 To-day in love descend,
Oh come this precious hour !
In mercy now their spirits bend,
By thy resistless power.
-

147 Self-dedication.

- 1 LORD ! I would come to thee,
A sinner all defiled ;
O take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child.
- 2 I cannot live in sin
And feel a Saviour's love,
Thy blood can make my spirit clean ;
O write my name above !

148 Hymn to the Church of Christ.

- 1 I LOVE thy Zion, Lord !
The house of thine abode ;
The church, O blest Redeemer ! saved
With thine own precious blood.
 - 2 I love thy church, O God !
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
 - 3 If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny ;
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.
 - 4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her wo :
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.
 - 5 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
 - 6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
-

149 Pleasures of Social Worship.

- 1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad !
- 2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 3 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents ;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

MONTGOMERY. (METRICAL CHANT, No. 1.)

Sop^o.
#

Alto
Holy.... | glorious | birth; All....|| While....|| Ho-ly,

Tenor

Bass

Ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord! A - men.

150 Adoration.*

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God of Hosts! when heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at thy word,
Issued into | glorious | birth;
All thy works around thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good, ||
While they sang with sweet accord, ||
Holy, | holy, | holy, | Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit!—We
Dust and ashes, | would a | dore.
Lightly by the world esteem'd,
From that world by thee redeem'd, ||
Sing we here with glad accord, ||
Holy, | holy, | holy, | Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransom'd nations fall
At the | footstool.. of their | King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell! one hymn, ||
Blending in sublime accord, ||
Holy, | holy, | holy Lord!

* The Bars thus (|), and double Bars (||), the dots (.), show to which note of the cadence the words are sung, when there are more than two syllables. The dash (—) shows that the words are to be prolonged throughout the measure.

MILMAN. (METRICAL CHANT, No. 2.)

The chariot.. | fire, As | pomp of his | ire; Self.... |

cloud, And.... | Godhead are | bow'd. A - men.

A - men.

151 The Coming of Christ.

- 1 THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in | fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the | pomp .. of his | ire;
Self-moving it drives on its pathway of | cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of | Godhead are | bow'd.
- 2 The glory! the glory! around him are | pour'd,
The myriads of angels that | wait .. on the | Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are | there,
And all who the palm-wreaths of | victo - ry | wear.
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all | heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd | monuments | stirr'd!
From ocean and earth, from the south pole and | north,
Lo, the vast generations of | ages .. come | forth.
- 4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all | set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested | elders .. are | met;
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 a | bove,
Redeemer, on us, thy sad | children .. with | love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are | driven,
May our justified souls find a | wel .. come in | heaven!

Note.—There are two extremes in the manner of chanting which should be avoided. The first consists in allowing the voice to dwell on the sound as in common singing; or rather, perhaps, in drawing out the words in a lingering, careless, and monotonous manner: the second in an excessive rapidity of utterance, by which the words and sense are both in a degree lost. *Let the words be carefully delivered, to the exact pitch of the chanting note, about as fast as a good reader would utter them, and with appropriate feeling and expression.*—MASON ON CHANTING.

OSGOOD. P. M.

With tenderness and feeling.

Hear, O sinner! mercy hails you, Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you hasten to seek the Saviour, Ere the hand of justice falls;

Hear, O sin - ner! Hear, O sin - ner! 'Tis the voice of

pia.

mer - cy calls. 'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

retardo. tempo. tempo. retardo. for. ped.

152 The Sinner invited and threatened.

- 1 HEAR, O sinner!—mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek 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;
Hark! the awful thunders rolling
Loud, and louder o'er your head;—
Turn, O sinner!
Lest the lightnings strike you dead.
- 3 Haste! O sinner! to the Saviour,
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away;
Haste, O sinner!—
You must perish—if you stay.

153 Missionaries' Farewell.

- 1 YES, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger-heart can tell!
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!
Can I—can I say—farewell.
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well!
Far away ye billows bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

- 5 In the deserts let me labour,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell—
Heave my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee
Native land! FAREWELL—FARE-
WELL!

158 Longing for Heaven.

- 1 PAIN would I leave the world below,
Of pain and sin the dark abode;
Where shadowy joys or solid woe,
Allures, or tears me, from my God!
Doubtful and insecure of bliss,
Since faith alone confirm me his.
- 2 Till then, to sorrow born, I sigh,
And gasp, and languish after home!
Upward I send my streaming eye,
Expecting, till the Bridegroom come!
Come quickly, Lord! thy own receive?
Now let me see thy face and live.
- 3 Absent from thee, my exil'd soul
Deep in a fleshly dungeon groans:
Around me clouds of darkness roll,
And lab'ring silence speaks my
moans:
Come quickly, Lord! thy face display,
And look my darkness into day.
- 4 Sorrow, and sin, and death are o'er,
If thou reverse the creature's doom:
Sad Rachael weeps her loss no more,

155 Hope encouraged.

- 1 O MY soul, what means thy sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears be gone:
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou treadst the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praise him—
Praise the Great Redeemer's name.

WITTENBERG. 6-8's.

Slow with expression.

When streaming from the east - ern skies, The morn - ing ' light sa -

The first system of the musical score for 'Wittenberg' features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part in treble clef and a left-hand part in bass clef. The left hand starts with a 4/4 time signature, which changes to 3/4 in the second measure. The lyrics are 'When streaming from the east - ern skies, The morn - ing ' light sa -'.

Hear, O sin - ner! Hear, (of righte - ous - ness di - vine, on

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature changes to two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature remains 3/4. The lyrics are 'Hear, O sin - ner! Hear, (of righte - ous - ness di - vine, on'.

retardo.

me with beams of mer - cy shine; Chase the dark clouds of

The third system begins with a *retardo.* marking. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'me with beams of mer - cy shine; Chase the dark clouds of'. The piano accompaniment includes a double bar line in the middle of the system. The key signature changes to one sharp (F#) and the time signature remains 3/4.

sin a - way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day.

156 Prayer for Christ's presence
through life.

- 1 WHEN streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me, with beams of mercy, shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day!
- 2 When to heaven's great & glorious king
My morning sacrifice I bring;
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's Name,
Then, Jesus, sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.
- 3 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trial and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end
Be thou my Counsellor and Friend!
Teach me thy precepts all divine;
And be thy great example mine!

157 The gospel giveth peace and rest.

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive
moan
Hath taught these rocks the notes of
woe;
Cease thy complaint—suppress thy
groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.
- 2 Come freely, come, by sin oppressed,
Unburden here thy weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God:
He is thy Saviour—glorious word!
For ever, love, and praise the Lord.

158 Longing for Heaven.

- 1 FAIN would I leave the world below,
Of pain and sin the dark abode;
Where shadowy joys or solid woe,
Allures, or tears me, from my God!
Doubtful and insecure of bliss,
Since faith alone confirm me his.
- 2 Till then, to sorrow born, I sigh,
And gasp, and languish after home!
Upward I send my streaming eye,
Expecting, till the Bridegroom come!
Come quickly, Lord! thy own receive?
Now let me see thy face and live.
- 3 Absent from thee, my exil'd soul
Deep in a fleshly dungeon groans:
Around me clouds of darkness roll,
And lab'ring silence speaks my
moans:
Come quickly, Lord! thy face display,
And look my darkness into day.
- 4 Sorrow, and sin, and death are o'er,
If thou reverse the creature's doom:
Sad Rachael weeps her loss no more,
If thou the God, the Saviour come;
Of thee possess, in thee we prove
The light, the life, the heaven of love.

159 A last Prayer. *Psalm lxxiii. 26.*
Isaiah xli. 4.

- 1 IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless world redeem?
Jesus! my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart!
Oh let me catch a smile from thee,
And drop into Eternity!

TADMOR. 7's.

With spirit.

Songs of praise the an - gels sang ; Heav'n with

The first system of the musical score is in 2/2 time, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

hal - le - lu - jah's rang, When Je - ho - vah's

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a more active rhythm with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

p
work be - gun, When he spake and it was

The third system concludes the piece. It features a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The vocal line has a slower, more sustained feel with longer note values. The piano accompaniment is also marked *p*.

done; When he spake and it was done.

160 *Songs of Praise.*

- 1 *Songs of praise* the angels sang,
Heaven with Hallelujah's rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.
- 2 *Songs of praise* awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.
- 3 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.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No;—the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and *songs of praise.*
- 5 Saints below with heart and voice,
Still in *songs of praise* rejoice:
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

161 "Give me thy Heart."

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

- 2 Sweet as is a mother's love,
Tender as the heavenly Dove,
Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms
Thus it wins us to his arms.
- 3 Lord, we will remember thee,
While from pains and sorrow free;
While our day is in its dew,
And the clouds of life are few.
- 4 Then when night and age appear
Thou wilt chase each doubt and fear;
Thou our glorious Leader be,
When the stars shall fade and flee.
- 5 Now to thee, O Lord! we come,
In our morning's early bloom;
Breathe on us thy grace divine;
Touch our hearts, and make them thine!

162 *The Resurrection.*

- 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomo,
Jesus scatters all its gloom!
Day of triumph! through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise!
- 2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 Christians dry your flowing tears;
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

WALNEY. C. M.

Moderato.

When a - ny turn from Zi - on's way, As

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The lyrics are "When a - ny turn from Zi - on's way, As". The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef, both in the same key signature and time signature.

num - bers of - ten do,) Me-thinks I hear my

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The lyrics are "num - bers of - ten do,) Me-thinks I hear my". The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef, both in the same key signature and time signature.

Sa-viour say, "Wilt thou for - sake me too?"

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The lyrics are "Sa-viour say, 'Wilt thou for - sake me too?'". The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef, both in the same key signature and time signature.

163 *Will ye also go away?**John vi. 67.*

- 1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(As numbers often do,) Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"
- 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
My faith will fail, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.
- 3 'Tis thou alone hast power and grace,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom then shall I turn my face,
If I depart from thee?
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd
Thou art the *Christ of God*;
Who hast eternal life secur'd,
By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd,
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

164 *To whom shall we go?**John vi. 68.*

- 1 To whom my Saviour shall I go,
If I depart from thee?
My guide through all this vale of woe,
And more than all to me.
- 2 The world reject thy gentle reign,
And pay thy death with scorn;
Oh, they could plait thy crown again,
And sharpen every thorn.
- 3 But I have felt thy dying love
Breathe gently through my heart,
To whisper hope of joys above—
And can we ever part?
- 4 Ah, no; with thee I'll walk below,
My journey to the grave:
To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
When only thou canst save?

165 *We seek a city to come.**Hebrews xiii. 14.*

- 1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground,
We seek that promis'd soil;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bath'd in tears;
Yet nought but heav'n our hopes can
raise,
And nought but sin our fears.
- 3 Our pow'rs are oft dissolv'd away,
In ecstasies of love;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fix'd above.
- 4 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

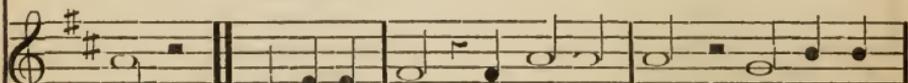
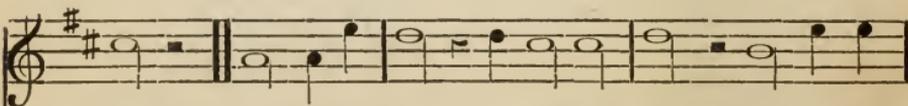
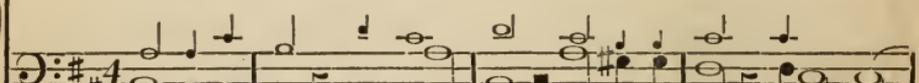
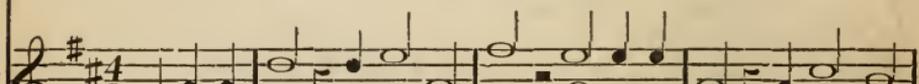
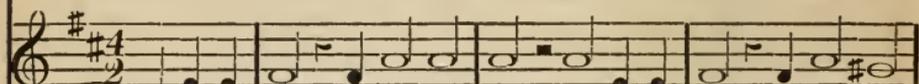
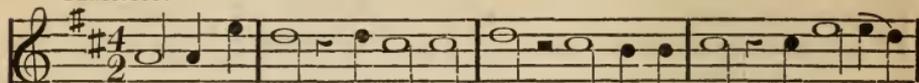
166 *Pleasures unseen.* 2 *Cor. iv. 18.*

- 1 OH, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 2 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine.
To guide our upper aim!
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 Then shall on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes, whence pleasures
spring
Immortal in the skies.

167 *Treasures in Heaven.*

- 1 YES, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store!
Treasures, beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.
- 2 To that bright world my soul aspires,
With rapturous delight:
Oh for the Spirit's quick'ning powers,
To speed me in my flight!

168. "SING UNTO GOD."

Maestoso.

God, ex - alt his name, Sing un - to God, Sing un - to

God, ex - alt his name, ex - alt his name,

God, ex - alt his name, Sing un - to God, Sing un - to

God, ex - alt his name, *ped.* ex - alt his name.

God, Sing un-to God, ex - alt his name for he

exalt his name, ex - alt his name, for

God, Sing un-to God, ex - alt his name

ex - alt his name, ex - alt, ex - alt his name. for he

- is good, for he is good, & his mer-cy is ov - er all, for he

he is good, for he is good, & his mer-cy is ov - er all, for

he is good, for he is good, and his mer-cy is ov - er all, for

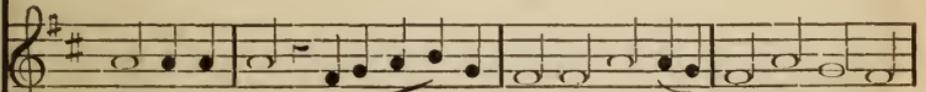
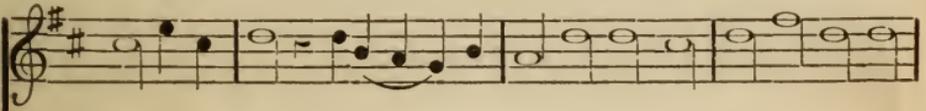
- is good, for he is good, and his mer-cy is ov - er all, for he

- is good, for he is good, & his mer-cy is ov - er all.

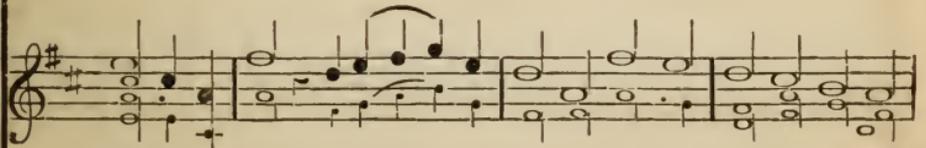
he is good, for he is good, & his mer - cy is ov - er all.

he is good, for he is good, and his mer - cy is ov - er all.

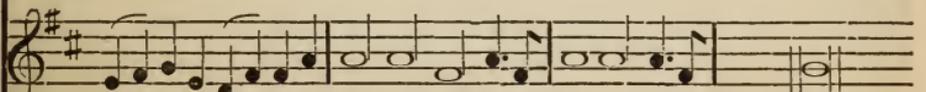
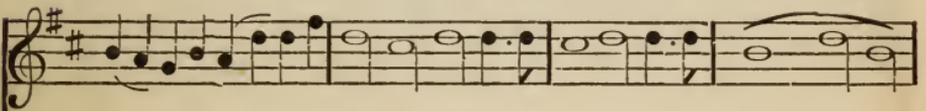
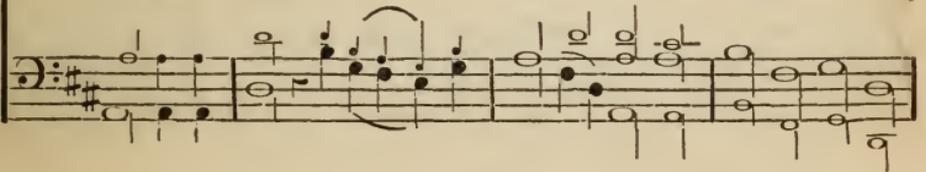
- is good, for he is good, and his mer - cy is ov - er all.



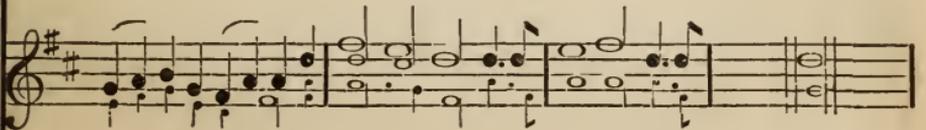
Sing un-to God, ex - alt his name, ex - alt his name, for he is



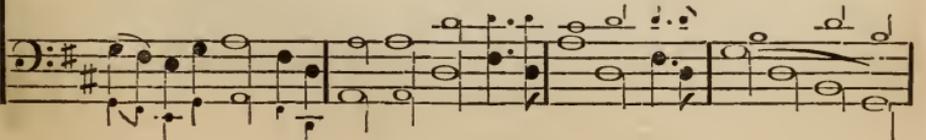
Sing un-to God, ex - alt his name, ex - alt his name, for he is



good, & his mer-cy is ov - er all, Hal-le - lu-jah, Halle - lu -



good, & his mer-cy is ov - er all, Hal-le - lu-jah, Halle - lu .



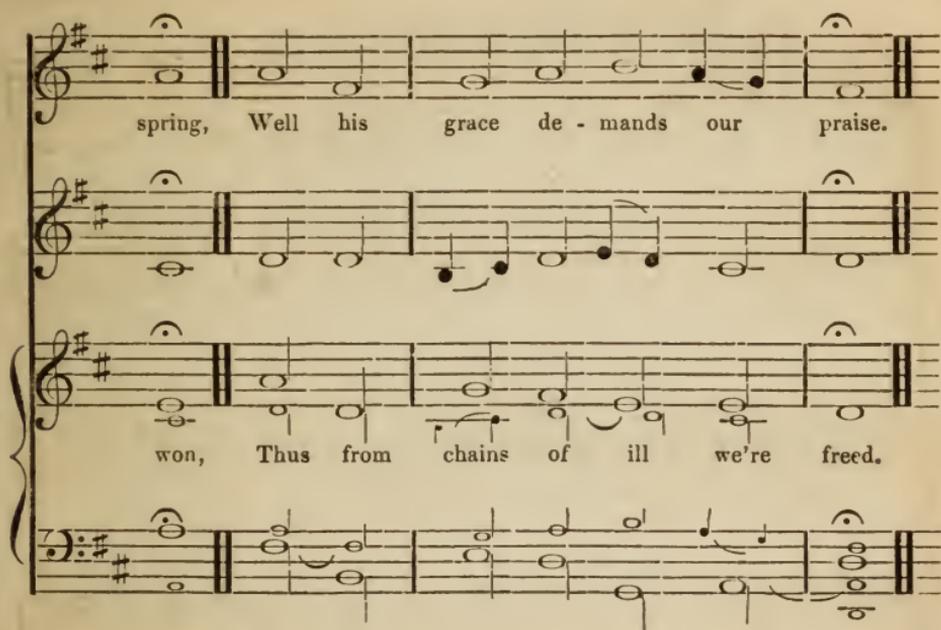
CHORAL.*

1. Grate - ful hon - ours let us sing, High our
jah!

jah! 2. Praise to him who sent his Son, Ag - es

voi - ces let us raise; God's of all the good the
past for sin to bleed, Heavn' high glo - ry thus we've

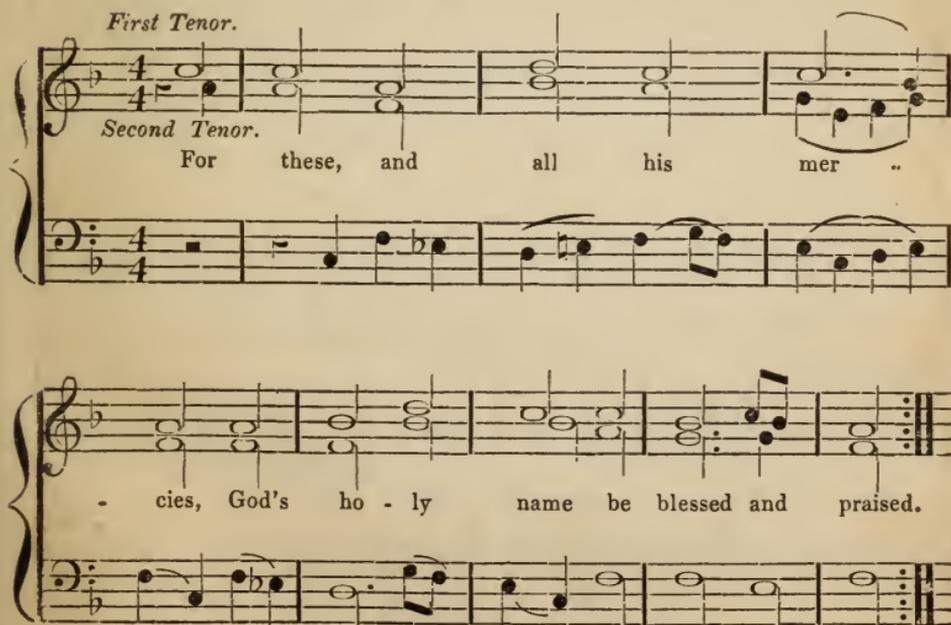
* This Choral may be used as a common Psalm Tune, separate from the Anthem.



spring, Well his grace de - mands our praise.

won, Thus from chains of ill we're freed.

168.* A GRACE.



First Tenor.

Second Tenor.

For these, and all his mer ..

.. cies, God's ho - ly name be blessed and praised.

169. BARRINGTON. P. M.

Affetuoso.

Child of sin and sor-row, Fill'd with dis - may, Wait not for to -

mf *p*

ped.

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom two staves are the piano accompaniment. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are 'Child of sin and sor-row, Fill'd with dis - may, Wait not for to -'. The piano part includes dynamic markings *mf* and *p*, and a 'ped.' (pedal) marking.

mor-row, Yield thee to day: Heav'n bids thee come,

mf

Detailed description: This system contains the second two lines of the musical score. The lyrics are 'mor-row, Yield thee to day: Heav'n bids thee come,'. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mf*.

While yet there's room; Child of sin and sor-row, Hear and o - bey.

f *mp* *p*

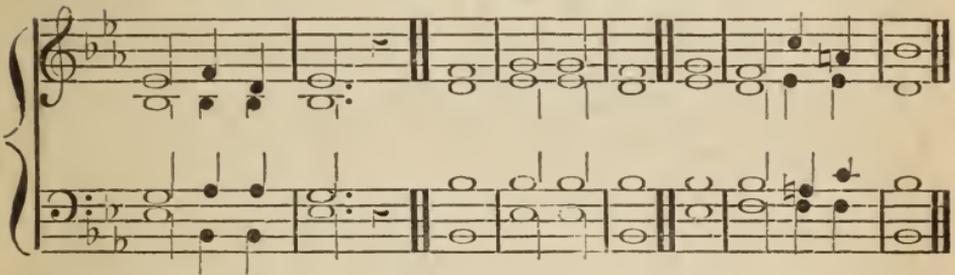
Detailed description: This system contains the final two lines of the musical score. The lyrics are 'While yet there's room; Child of sin and sor-row, Hear and o - bey.' The piano part includes dynamic markings *f*, *mp*, and *p*.

170 Exhortation to immediate submission.

1 CHILD of sin and sorrow,
 Fill'd with dismay,
 Wait not for to-morrow,
 Yield thee to-day ;
 Heaven bids thee come,
 While yet there's room ;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Why wilt thou die ?
 Come, while thou canst borrow
 Help from on high :
 Grieve not that love,
 Which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Would bring thee nigh.

BOWRING. (METRICAL CHANT, No. 3.)



171 "Thy Will be done."

"THY will be | done !" || In devious way
 The hurrying stream of | life may | run ; ||
 Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
 "Thy will be | done."

"Thy will be | done !" || If o'er us shine
 A gladdening and a | prosp'rous | sun, ||
 This prayer will make it more divine— |
 "Thy will be | done."

"Thy will be | done !" || Though shrouded o'er
 Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort—one
 Is ours :—to breathe, while we adore, |
 "Thy will be | done."

WILMOT. 7's.

Maestoso.

Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, sov'-reign Lord, Be thy glorious name a - dor'd !

The first system of the musical score for 'Wilmot' consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a 4/2 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The music is marked 'Maestoso' and features a steady, solemn rhythm.

Lord, thy mer-cies ne - ver fail; Hail, ce - les - tial good-ness, hail !

The second system of the musical score continues the piece. It follows the same three-staff format as the first system, with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Lord, thy mer-cies ne - ver fail; Hail, ce - les - tial good-ness, hail !'

172 Humble Adoration and Praise.

1 HEAVENLY Father—sovereign Lord,
Be thy glorious name ador'd !
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !

2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

4 Then with angel-harps again
We will make a nobler strain ;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

173 The Citizen of Zion.

- 1 WHO, O Lord, when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar
Who, an ever welcome guest,
In thy holy place shall rest ?
- 2 He, whose heart thy love has warm'd ;
He, whose will to thine conform'd,
Bids this life unsullied run ;
He, whose words and thoughts are
one ;—
- 3 He, who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God ;
Who, with hope, and faith unfeigned,
Treads the path by thee ordained ;—
- 4 He, who trusts in Christ alone,
Not in aught himself hath done :—
He, great God, shall be thy care,
And thy choicest blessings share.

174 Saints in Heaven.

- 1 WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song ?—
- 2 " Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain ;
New dominion every hour !
- 3 These through fiery trials trod :
These from great affliction came.
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his Almighty name.
- 4 Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
- 5 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed,
Them, the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead :
- 6 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
Perfect love dispels all fears ;
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away the tears.

175 New Year.

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
- 2 Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait ;
But how little—none can know.
- 3 Spared to see another year,
Let thy blessing meet us here ;
Come, thy dying work revive,
Bid thy drooping garden thrive.
- 4 Sun of Righteousness, arise !
Warm our hearts and bless our eyes ;
Let our prayer thy pity move
Make this year a time of love.
- 5 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.
- 6 Bless thy word to old and young,
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

Praise to Christ.

- 1 Now with one consent we sing,
Glory to our God and King :
All our hearts and voices raise,
To proclaim the Saviour's praise.
- 2 While in him we live and move,
He defends us by his love,
Wandering through this desert-land,
He upholds us by his hand.
- 3 While we see each other's face,
Gladly we unite to bless
Him that leads us by his love,
To his blissful throne above.
- 4 May we walk with God below,
In his likeness daily grow,
Till our joyful spirits rise
To behold him in the skies.

JUDGMENT. S. M.

Dark brood the heavn's o'er thee, Black clouds are gathering fast; In aw-ful

p. *f.*
cres.

Detailed description: This is the first system of a musical score for a family choir. It consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are 'Dark brood the heavn's o'er thee, Black clouds are gathering fast; In aw-ful'. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, written in treble clef, with dynamics markings *p.* (piano) and *f.* (forte), and a *cres.* (crescendo) instruction. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment, written in bass clef.

Power thy God has come, Thy days of mirth are past.

dim.

Detailed description: This is the second system of the musical score. It also consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics 'Power thy God has come, Thy days of mirth are past.' The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in treble clef, with a *dim.* (diminuendo) instruction. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef.

177 A Vision of Judgment.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 DARK brood the heavens o'er thee !
Black clouds are gathering fast ;
In awful power thy God has come,
Thy days of mirth are past.</p> <p>2 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee !
Red flames are bursting round ;
Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders
roar ;
How shakes the trembling ground !</p> | <p>3 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee !
Behold the Judge appears :
Unnumber'd millions throng around,
Rais'd from the dust of years.</p> <p>4 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee !
Soon thou wilt hear thy doom ;
Destruction opens wide for thee,
Thy chosen, final home.</p> <p>5 Yet stay—the vision lingers ;
Why, sinner, wilt thou die ?
Dark brood the heavens, but mercy waits,
This hour to Jesus fly.</p> |
|--|---|

CHANT. (No. 1.)

Hal-le - lu - jah!

Hal-le - lu - jah!

178 (Selection 1.)

(From Rev.)

HALLELUJAH!

1 For the *Lord* God om- | nipo-tent | reigneth!

2 { The kingdoms of this world are become
The kingdoms of our *Lord* and of his Christ;
And he shall | reign for- | ever .. and | ever.

Hallelujah!

3 { We give thee thanks, O *Lord* God Almighty,
Which art, and wast, and | art to | come.

4 King of | kings, and | Lord of | lords.

Hallelujah!

5 { Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne,
And | unto .. the | Lamb.

6 A— | men! Halle | lujah .. A— | men.

Hallelujah!

7 { Blessing, and glory, and wisdom,
And thanksgiving, and honour, and | power, and | might,

8 Be unto our | God for- | ever .. and | ever.

A - men. Hal - le - u - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

ANTONIA. C. M.

Maestoso.

O for a shout of sa - cred joy, To God the sov - reign

King! Let ev' - ry land their tongues em - ploy, Let ev' - ry

land their - tongues em - ploy, And hymns of tri - umph sing.

ped.

8vi.

179 *Christ ascending and reigning.**Psalm xlvii.*

- 1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sovereign King !
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus our God ascends on high,
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their
King,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honours sing,
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song,
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race ;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.
- 6 The British islands are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known ;
While powers and princes, shields and
swords,
Submit before his throne.

180 *Hosanna to the risen Saviour.**Psalm cxviii.*

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made.
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead.
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' Anointed King,
To David's Holy Son !
Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God his Father's Name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise ;
The highest heaven in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

181 *The blessed Society in Heaven.*

- 1 HIGH on the heaven's majestic throne
Th' Almighty Father reign,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.
- 2 Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon ;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights
To want the feeble moon.
- 3 Amid those ever-shining skies
Behold the Sacred Dove,
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.
- 4 The glorious tenants of the place,
Stand bending round the throne ;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The Infinite Three-One.
- 5 Oh when to us shall that great day,
That joyful hour appear,
When we shall quit our house of clay
To dwell among them there ?

182 *Celestial Prospects.*

- 1 SWEET glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wond'ring eyes ;
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies !
- 2 All hail ! ye fair celestial shores,
Ye lands of endless day ;
Swift on my view your prospect pours,
And drives my grief 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 ! there behold the radiant place
How near the mansions be !
- 5 Immortal wonders ! boundless things,
In those dear worlds appear !
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in those glories share.

WINCHELSEA. L. M.

Andante.

E - ter - nal God! I bless thy name, The same thy

power, thy grace the same; The to - kens of thy

friend - ly care Be - gin, and close, and crown the year.

p

f

ped.

183 Praise for Providential Goodness.

- 1 ETERNAL God ! I bless thy name,
The same thy power—thy grace the
same ;
The tokens of thy friendly care
Begin, and close, and crown the year.
- 2 Supported by thy guardian hand,
Amid ten thousand deaths I stand,
And see, when I survey thy ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far thine arm has led me on—
Thus far I make thy mercy known ;
And while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 My grateful voice on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

184 The Christian Farewell. 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

- 1 THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad :
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain ;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.
- 3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet ;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us in thy beloved house
Again to pay our grateful vows
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

185 Rest, Quiet, and Joy of the Sabbath.

- 1 How welcome to our souls opprest
With earthly noise, and care and toil,
Is this returning Day of Rest,
Which hides us from the world
awhile !
- 2 Now, from the throng withdrawn away,
We seem to breathe a different air ;
Compos'd and soften'd by the day,
Another aspect all things wear.

- 3 With joy we hasten to the place
Where we our Saviour oft have met ;
And while we feast upon his grace,
Our burdens and our griefs forget.
- 4 We thank thee for thy Day, O Lord ;
And now thy promis'd presence seek :
Open thy hand with blessings stor'd,
And *give us manna* for the week.

186 The Sight of God and Christ the Joy of Heaven.

- 1 OH ! for a sight—a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne !
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with
light,
Clothed with a body like our own.
- 2 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him
fall ;
The God shines gracious through the
man,
And sheds bright glories on them all.
- 3 Oh ! what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps theysing
And echo from each heavenly hill,
The glorious triumphs of their King !
- 4 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amidst them there,
And view thy face—and sing thy love ?

187 Goodness of God.

- 1 INDULGENT Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide, celestial plains ;
And thence its streams redundant flow
To cheer th' abodes of men below.
- 2 Through nature's works its glories
shine ;
The cares of providence are thine ;
And grace erects our ruin'd frame,
A fairer temple to thy name.
- 3 Oh ! give to every human heart
To taste and feel how good thou art !
With grateful love and holy fear,
To know how blest thy children are.
- 4 Let nature burst into a song ;
Ye echoing hills the notes prolong ;
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems
raise,
All vocal with your Maker's praise !

CYPRUS. C.M.

Vivace.

4/4

Come, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known; The

4/4

4/4

Detailed description: This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The time signature is 4/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "Come, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known; The".

Sov-reign of your heart pro-claim, And bow be-fore his throne.—

Detailed description: This system contains the second line of music. It features a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The time signature is 4/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "Sov-reign of your heart pro-claim, And bow be-fore his throne.—".

The sovereign of your heart proclaim, And bow be - fore his throne

Detailed description: This system contains the third line of music. It features a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The time signature is 4/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "The sovereign of your heart proclaim, And bow be - fore his throne".

188 *Delight in Worship.*

- 1 COME ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known ;
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 3 And shall we long and wish in vain ?
Lord, teach our songs to rise :
Thy love can raise our humble strain,
And bid it reach the skies.
- 4 Oh, happy period !—glorious day !
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, their raptured lay
To celebrate thy praise !

189 *Providential Goodness of God.*

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 The spring's sweet influence, Lord,
was thine ;
The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gav'st the summer's suns to shine,
The mild, refreshing dew.
- 3 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain ;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 4 We own and bless thy gracious sway ;
Thy hand all nature hails ;
Seed-time nor harvest—night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

190 *Adoration and Praise.*

- 1 MY God, my King, to thee I'll raise
My voice and all my powers ;
Unwearing songs of sacred praise
Shall fill the circling hours.
- 2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue
While suns shall set and rise,
And tune my everlasting song,
When time and nature dies.

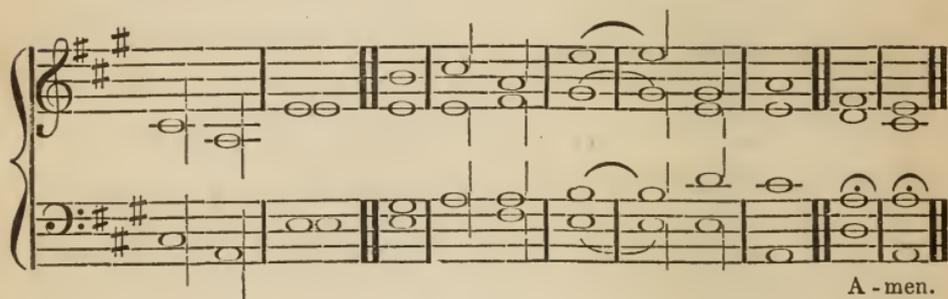
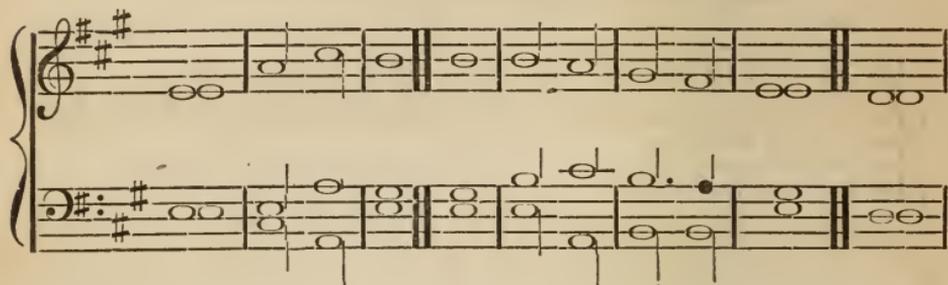
191 *Incomprehensibility of God.*

- 1 How wond'rous great—how glorious
bright
Must our Creator be !
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of an eternal day !
- 2 Our soaring spirits upward rise
Toward his celestial throne ;
Fain would we see the blessed Three,
And the Almighty One.
- 3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And mounts above the skies :
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grovelling reason lies !
- 4 Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore ;
Thy power we feel—thy glory see
Thy mercy we implore.
- 5 With humble notes we raise the song,
To heaven's almighty King,
While angels tune their nobler powers,
And sweep th' immortal string.

192 *Delight in the Sabbath and Temple of God.*

- 1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own ;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.
- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair !
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.
- 3 Spirit of grace ! oh deign to dwell
Within thy church below ;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.
- 4 Let peace within her walls be found—
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.
- 5 Great God ! we hail the sacred day,
Which thou hast called thine own ;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

BETHLEHEM. (METRICAL CHANT, No. 4.)



A - men.

193 The Star of Bethlehem.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host be | stud the sky
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the | sinner's wandering | eye.
 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks
 From every host from | every | gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
 It is the | Star, the | Star of | Bethlehem !

Once on the raging seas I rode ;
 The storm was loud, the | night was | dark,
 The ocean yawn'd and, and rudely blow'd
 The wind that | toss'd my | foundering | bark
 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceas'd the | tide to | stem :
 When suddenly a star arose,—
 It was the | Star, the | Star of Bethlehem !

It was my guide, my light, my all :
 It made my dark fore | bodings | cease ;
 And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
 It | led me .. to the | port of | peace.
 Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, | first .. in night's | diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The | Star ! the | Star of | Bethlehem !

HOREB. (METRICAL CHANT, No. 5.)

The image shows a musical score for a family choir. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system contains the main melody and accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with the word 'A - men.' written below the notes. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with a common time signature.

194 Adoration.

- 1 Holy, holy, holy, | Lord .. God Al | mighty ! ||
 Early in the morning shall our | song a- | rise to | thee ! ||
 Holy, holy, holy ! | merci .. ful and | mighty ! ||
 Je | hovah ! | Father .. of e | ternity ! ||
- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! | all the .. saints a- | dore thee, ||
 Casting down their golden | crowns a- | round the .. glassy | sea, ||
 Cherubim and seraphim, falling | down be- | fore thee, ||
 Who wast, and art. and | ever- | more shalt | be ! ||
- 3 Holy, holy, holy ! | though the .. darkness | hide thee, ||
 Though the eye of sinful man thy | glory | may not | see, ||
 Only thou art holy, there is | none be .. side | thee, ||
 Perfect in | power, .. in | love, and | purity. ||
- 4 Holy, holy, holy, | Lord .. God Al | mighty ! ||
 All thy works shall praise thy name, in | earth, and | sky, and | sea. ||
 Holy, holy, holy ! | merci .. ful and | mighty ! ||
 Je | hovah ! | Father .. of e | ternity ! ||

CILICIA. P. M.

Moderato.

I would not live al-way! Yet 'tis not that here, There's

The first system of the musical score for 'CILICIA. P. M.' consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are 'I would not live al-way! Yet 'tis not that here, There's'. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, with the same key signature and time signature.

2d Treble.

nothing to live for, There's nothing to love. The cup of life's blessing tho'

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'nothing to live for, There's nothing to love. The cup of life's blessing tho''. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

Organ.

mingled with tears, Is crown'd with rich tokens of good from a-bove.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The lyrics are 'mingled with tears, Is crown'd with rich tokens of good from a-bove.'. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

195 *There's a better, a holier Rest in the Sky.*

- 1 I WOULD not live alway ! Yet 'tis not that here
There's nothing to live for, and nothing to love ;
The cup of life's blessings, though mingled with tears,
Is crowned with rich tokens of good from above.
- 2 And dark though the storms of adversity rise,
Though changes dishearten, and dangers appal,
Each hath its high purpose both gracious and wise,
And a Father's kind providence rules over all.
- 3 I would not live alway ! because I am sure
There's a better, a holier rest in the sky ;
And the hope that looks forth to that heavenly shore,
Overcomes timid nature's reluctance to die.
- 4 I would not live alway ! Yet 'tis not that time,
Its hopes, loves, and friendships, cares, duties, and joys,
Yield nothing exalted, or pure, or sublime,
The heart to delight, and the soul to employ.
- 5 No—the angels might oftentimes sinlessly dwell
Midst the innocent scenes to life's pilgrimage given ;
And though passion and folly can make earth a hell,
'T was designed as a paradise half-way to heaven.
- 6 I would not live alway ! And yet while I stay
In this Eden of time, 'mid these gardens of earth,
I'd enjoy the sweet flowers and fruits as I may,
And gain with their treasures whate'er they are worth.
- 7 I would not live alway ! yet willingly wait,
Be it longer or shorter, life's journey to roam ;
Ever ready and girded, with spirits elate,
To obey the first call that shall beckon me home.
- 8 O, yes ! it is better, far better, to go
Where pain, sin, and sorrow can never intrude ;
And yet I would cheerfully tarry below,
And, expecting the *better*, rejoice in the GOOD.

HERMON. S. M.

Slow and soft.

p

While my Redeemer's near, My Shepherd and my Guide, I

p

dim.

bid farewell to ev'ry fear, My wants are all sup - plied. Hal-le-lu jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.

dim.

196 Jehovah the Shepherd of his People. Psalm xxiii.

1 WHILE my Redeemer's near
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear:
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

197 *Death of a Minister.*

-
- 1 REST from thy labour, rest,
Soul of the just, set free ;
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be.
 - 2 Faith, perseverance, zeal,
Language of light and pow'r,
Love, prompt to act and quick to feel,
Mark'd thee till life's last hour.
 - 3 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
Go, take with saints thy place :
But go as each hath gone before,
A sinner saved by grace.
 - 4 Lord Christ ! into thy hands
Our pastor we resign : [mands ;
And now we wait thine own com-
We are not *His*, but *Thine*.
 - 5 Thou art thy Church's Head ;
And when thy members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead
To thee we lift our eyes.
 - 6 On thee our hopes depend :
We gather round our Rock :
Send whom thou wilt ; but conde-
scend
Thyself to feed the flock.
-

198 *The Influence of the Spirit.*

-
- 1 BLEST comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.
 - 2 Draw with thy still small voice,
Us from each sinful way ;
And bid the mourning saints rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.
 - 3 By thine inspiring breath,
Make ev'ry cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.
 - 4 Oh ! fill thou every heart
With love to all our race !
Great Comforter ! to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

199 *Affliction Blessed.*

-
- 1 How tender is thy hand,
O thou beloved Lord !
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.
 - 2 How gentle was the rod
That chasten'd us for sin,
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been.
 - 3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew :
With tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.
 - 4 We told him all our grief ;
We thought of Jesu's love ;
A sense of pardon brought relief,
And bade our pangs remove.
 - 5 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide :
For ever be his name ador'd,
For there is none beside.
-

200 *Faith under Discipline.*

-
- 1 OH throw away thy rod !
Oh throw away thy wrath !
My gracious Saviour and my God
Oh ! take the gentle path.
 - 2 Thou see'st my heart's desire
Still unto Thee is bent :
Still does my longing soul aspire
To an entire consent.
 - 3 Not e'en a word, or look,
Do I approve or own,
But by the model of thy Book,
Thy Sacred Book alone.
 - 4 Although I fail, I weep ;
Although I halt in pace,
Yet still with trembling steps I creep
Unto the throne of grace.
 - 5 Oh throw away thy rod !
What though man frailties hath,
Thou art my Saviour and my God !
Oh throw away thy wrath.

BOSTON. L. M.

Affetuoso.

O, do not let the word de - part, And close thine

8 vi - - - - -

eyes a - gainst the light! Poor sinner, harden not thy heart thou

Pia. Ped.

wouldst be sav'd, why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved, why not to - night?

201 *The Accepted Time.*

- 1 O do not let the word depart, [light ;
And close thine eyes against the
Poor sinner harden not thy heart,
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-
night ?
- 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long deluded sight ;
This is the time, O then be wise,
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-
night ?
- 3 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus his love requite ?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will,
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-
night ?
- 4 The world has nothing left to give,
It has no new, no pure delight ;
Oh ! try the life which Christians live,
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-
night ?
- 5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite ;
Then be the work of grace begun,
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-
night ?

202 *Morning Hymn.*

- 1 In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I sa'ely passed the silent night ;
Again I see the breaking shade,—
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New born I bless the waking hour ;
Once more, with awe rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs my guardian God to thee.
- 3 Oh ! guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are yet to tread,
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress ;—
Yet then thy strength shall still defend
Thy goodness still delights to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my
eyes,
Thy light shall give eternal day,
Thy love the rapture of the skies.

203 *The Sinner Warned.*

- 1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control ?
- 2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointing to the coming wrath,
And warn'd thee from that wrath to
flee ?
- 3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call ;
It bade thee make the better choice
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light ;
Regard in time the warning kind ;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd, self-destroying man ;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.
- 6 Sinner—perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be ;
Oh ! shouldst thou grieve him now
away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

204 *Inconstancy Regretted.*

- 1 Ah ! how deceitful is this heart—
How prone to act the traitor's part :
Professing to renounce the earth,
Yet always dwelling on its worth.
- 2 Oh, who that heard my solemn prayer,
Would e'er suppose that sin was there ;
Or think the vows so freely made,
With such reluctance would be paid ?
- 3 But day by day with pain I find
Corruption active in my mind ;
And most I suffer in that hour, [power.
When least I dread the tempter's
- 4 O search me Lord, and try my heart,
And purify each inward part ;
Nor let iniquity prevail,
To make my prayer of no avail.

DUREN. P. M.

Slowly.

There's a re-fuge of peace from the tempests that beat, From the

The first system of the musical score for 'Duren. P. M.' consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics 'There's a re-fuge of peace from the tempests that beat, From the' are written below the notes. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in a treble clef and the bottom staff in a bass clef. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

dark clouds that threaten, the storm wind that blows, A ho-ly, a sweet, and a

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'dark clouds that threaten, the storm wind that blows, A ho-ly, a sweet, and a' are written below the vocal staff. The musical notation includes various note values and rests, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support.

love-ly re - - treat, A spring of re-freshment, a place of re - pose.

The third and final system of the musical score concludes the piece. The lyrics 'love-ly re - - treat, A spring of re-freshment, a place of re - pose.' are written below the vocal staff. The music ends with a final cadence in the piano accompaniment.

205 Public Worship.

- 1 THERE 's a refuge of peace from the tempests that beat,
From the dark clouds that threaten, the storm wind that blows,
A holy, a sweet, and a lovely retreat,
A spring of refreshment, a place of repose.
- 2 'Tis the house of my God,—'tis the dwelling of prayer,—
'Tis the temple all hallowed by blessing and praise ;
If sorrow and faithlessness conquer me there,
My heart to the throne of his grace I can raise !
- 3 There comfort, refreshing, and teaching are found,
The communion of saints, the remembrance of thee ;
There 's something of heaven in all that 's around,
There 's something consoling in all that we see !
- 4 There 's something that speaks of a future of peace,
For the pilgrim a home, and a long desir'd shore ;
Where all that on earth has perplexed him shall cease,
And anguish and grief shall attack him no more.
- 5 For a refuge like this, O what praises are due ;
For a rest so serene, for a covert so fair ;
O why are the seasons of worship so few ?
O why are so seldom the meetings of prayer ?

206 Acquaint now Thyself with Him. *Job xxii. 21.*

- 1 ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road,
And peace, like the dew-drop, shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.
- 2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad ;
Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path ;
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

207 Angels Ministering Spirits.

- 1 How charming the thought that the spirits in bliss,
Should bow their bright wings to a world such as this.
And leave the sweet songs of the mansions above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.
- 2 They come—on the wings of the morning, they come,
The pilgrim to waft from this stormy abode,
To convoy the stranger in peace to his home,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

WALDRON. C. M.

Andante.

Come let us strike our harps a - fresh To great Je - hovah's name;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues, When we his love pro - claim.

207 Friends Meeting.

1 COME let us strike our harps afresh,
To great Jehovah's name;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues,
When we his love proclaim.

2 'Twas by his bidding we were call'd,
In pain, awhile to part;
Tis by his care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.

3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare;
And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.

4 Oh! may the Spirit's quick'ning power
Now sanctify our joy;
And warm our zeal, in works of love,
Our talents to employ.

5 Fast, fast our minutes fly away,
Soon shall our wanderings cease;
And with our Father we shall dwell,
A family of peace.

209 **God the Portion of the Soul.**

- 1 **WHOM** have we, Lord, in heaven but thee ;
And whom on earth beside ?
Where else for succour can we flee ;
Or in whose strength confide ?
- 2 Thou art our portion here below,
Our promised bliss above :
Ne'er may our souls an object know,
So precious as thy love.
- 3 When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail,
Thou wilt our spirits cheer,
Support us through life's thorny vale,
And calm each anxious fear.
- 4 Yes—thou shalt be our guide thro' life,
And help and strength supply :
Sustain us in Death's fearful strife,
And welcome us on high.

210 **Grateful Remembrance of Christ.**

- 1 **IF** human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie ;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh,—
- 2 Oh ! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe,
To him who died our fears to quell,
And save from death and woe !
- 3 While yet in anguish, he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed—
“Meet and remember me !”
- 4 Remember thee !—thy death, thy shame—
Our sinful hearts to share !
O memory ! leave no other name
But his recorded there !

211 **The Resurrection.**

- 1 **THROUGH** sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

- 3 Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 These ashes poor, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.
- 5 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye,
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.
- 3 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skilful hands ?
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands ?
- 4 O Salem, our once happy seat !
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The tuneful strings with art to move.
- 5 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue ;
Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliverance is my song.

223 **Worship of God in his Temple.**

- 1 **FOR** thee, O God ! our constant praise
In Zion waits—thy chosen seat ;—
Our promised altars there we'll raise,

213 **Asking Spiritual Blessings for Children.**

- 1 **O LORD**, behold us at thy feet,
A needy sinful band ;
As suppliants round thy mercy-seat,
We come at thy command.
- 2 'Tis for our children we would plead,
The children thou hast given :
Where should we go in time of need,
But to the God of Heaven ?
- 3 We ask not for them wealth, or fame,
Amid the worldly strife ;
But in the all-prevailing name,
We ask eternal life.
- 4 We crave the Spirit's quick'ning grace,
To make them pure in heart ;
That they may stand before thy face,
And see thee as thou art.

ASAPH. C. M. (CHANT.)

Not too fast.

Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb, We love to hear of thee ;

Sweet be the accents of our Saviour's name, Nor half so sweet can be.

Organ.

214 Christ our Song.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee ;
No music 's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.</p> <p>2 O let us ever hear thy voice !
In mercy to us speak,
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.</p> | <p>3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in the world we stay ;
We 'll sing our Saviour's lovely name
When all things else decay.</p> <p>4 When we appear in yonder cloud
With all the ransom'd throng, [loud,
Then will we sing, more sweet more
And Christ shall be our song.</p> |
|---|---|

LANE. L. M.

Andante.

O Zion! when I think on thee, I wish for
Thou dear Redeemer, dyi

The first system of the musical score is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part has a 2/2 time signature. The lyrics are: "O Zion! when I think on thee, I wish for Thou dear Redeemer, dyi".

Sweet be the accents of or e, And mourn to think that I should

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown. The lyrics are: "Sweet be the accents of or e, And mourn to think that I should".

Organ.

be So distant from the place I love.

The third system shows the organ part of the score. The lyrics are: "be So distant from the place I love."

220 The Prospect of Heaven.

Psalm cxxxvii.

- 1 O ZION! when I think on thee,
I wish for pinions like the dove,
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.
- 2 A captive here and far from home,
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh;
Thither the ransom'd nations come,
And see the Saviour eye to eye.
- 3 While here, I walk on hostile ground:
The few that I can call my friends,
Are, like myself, with fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.
- 4 But we shall yet behold the day,
When Zion's children shall return:
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.
- 5 The hope that such a day will come,
Makes e'en the captive's portion
sweet,
Though now we wander far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

221 Remonstrance with the Jews.

- 1 WHY, on the bending willows hung,
Israel! still sleeps thy tuneful string?
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing?
- 2 Awake!—thy sweetest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promised King his sceptre sways;
Jesus, thine own Messiah reigns!
- 3 No taunting foes the song require:
No strangers mock thy captive chain!
But friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.
- 4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share,
A heavenly city claims thy song,
A brighter Salem rises there.
- 5 By foreign streams no longer roam;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's
flood:
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

222 Lamenting the Desolations of Zion.

- 1 WHEN we, our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates'
stream, [pressed,—
We wept,—with doleful thoughts op-
And Zion was our mournful theme.
- 2 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung,
On willow trees that withered there.
- 3 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skilful
hands?
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
- 4 O Salem, our once happy seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The tuneful strings with art to move.
- 5 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue;
Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliverance is my song.

223 Worship of God in his Temple.

- 1 FOR thee, O God! our constant praise
In Zion waits—thy chosen seat;—
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And there our zealous vows complete.
- 2 O thou, who to our humble prayer
Didst always bend thy list'ning ear!
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.
- 3 How blessed the man, who near thee
placed,
Within thy heavenly dwelling lives;
While we, at humbler distance, taste
The vast delight thy temple gives.

224 Prayer of the Aged Christian.

- 1 BELOVED Saviour! let not me
In thy kind heart forgotten be!
Of all that deck the field or bow,
Thou art the sweetest, fairest flower!
- 2 Youth's morn has fled, old age comes
on;
But sin distracts my soul alone;
Beloved Saviour! let not me
In thy kind heart forgotten be!

MOUNT VERNON. 4-7's.

Adagio.

Lord of mer-cy and of might! Of man-kind the life and light!

Maker, Teacher in - fi - - nite! Jesus, Jesus! hear and save!

225 Jesus! Hear and save!

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 LORD of mercy and of might!
Of mankind the life and light!
Maker, Teacher infinite!
Jesus! hear and save!</p> <p>2 Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
Jesus! hear and save!</p> <p>3 Mighty monarch! Saviour mild!
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus! hear and save!</p> | <p>4 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings!
Jesus! hear and save!</p> <p>5 Who shalt yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us! help us when we cry!
Jesus! hear and save!</p> <p>6 Lord of mercy and of might!
Of mankind the life and light!
Maker, Teacher infinite!
Jesus! hear and save!</p> |
|--|--|

226 *On the Death of a Female.*

-
- 1 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.
 - 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low ;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.
 - 3 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.
-

227 *Mourning over Indwelling Sin.*

-
- 1 God of mercy—God of grace !
Hear our sad, repentant songs,
Oh ! restore thy suppliant race,
Thou, to whom our praise belongs !
 - 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted—time misspent ;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent,—
 - 3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain ;—
 - 4 These and every secret fault,
Fill'd with grief and shame, we own :
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from my throne !
-

228 *To-day if ye will hear His Voice.*

-
- 1 SINNERS hear the living word ;
Sinners bow before the Lord ;
Seek his face without delay,
Seek him while it yet is day.
 - 2 Floods of wrath are swelling high,
Storms of vengeance lowering nigh :
Fierce destruction waits our stay,
Seek him while it yet is day.
 - 3 Shades of night are falling fast,
Day of grace will soon be past,
Jesus calls you—while you may
Seek him, for it yet is day.—

- 4 Ah, the day of grace may close
Ere thy rebel spirit bows—
Then thy schemes for ever cross'd
Heaven, and Christ, and soul are lost.
-

229 *The Christian Pilgrim.*

-
- 1 PILGRIM burden'd with thy sin,
Haste to Zion's gate to-day ;
There, 'till mercy let thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch and pray
 - 2 Knock—for mercy lends an ear ;
Weep—she marks the sinners sigh ;
Watch—'till heavenly light appear ;
Pray—she hears the mourner's cry.
 - 3 Mourning pilgrim ! what for thee
In this world can now remain ?
Seek that world from which shall flee
Sorrow, shame, and tears, and pain.
 - 4 Sorrow—shall for ever fly ;
Shame—shall never enter there ;
Tears—be wip'd from every eye,
Pain—in endless bliss expire.
-

230 *Fulness of Christ.*

-
- 1 BLEEDING hearts defiled by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean ;
Contrite souls with guilt oppress'd,
Jesus Christ can give you rest.
 - 2 You that mourn o'er follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste ;
Turn to God, O turn and live,
Jesus Christ can still forgive.
 - 3 You that oft have wander'd far
From the light of Bethlehem's star,
Trembling, now your steps retrace,
Jesus Christ is full of grace.
 - 4 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Griev'd, afflicted, tempest worn,
Now in Israel's Rock confide,
Jesus Christ for man has died.
 - 5 Fainting souls in peril's hour,
Yield not to the tempter's pow'r ;
On the risen Lord rely,
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

BARBY. C. M.

O thou, who driest the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be,
If when by sorrows wounded here, We could not fly to thee!

231 *Light in Darkness.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O THOU, who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when by sorrows wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!</p> <p>2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.</p> | <p>3 Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting thro' the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?</p> <p>4 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows
bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.</p> |
|---|--|

232 *Bearing the Cross.*

- 1 DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
Oh let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.
- 3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness
shine,
Nor love, nor zeal, grow cold.

233 *My Soul grieved for the Poor.* Job xxx. 25.

- 1 FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All powerful, from above:
To form in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.
- 2 Oh, may our sympathising breasts,
That generous pleasure know,
Freely to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!
- 3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their praise to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
When thron'd above the skies;
And, midst the glories of his state,
Felt his compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground;
And shed the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

234 *Secret Devotion.* Ps. cxix. 164.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

- 3 There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.
- 4 Then, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine;
And all-harmonious names in one—
Blest Saviour, thou art mine.
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what
love;
And praise, a boundless store,
Shall echo through thy realms above,
When time shall be no more.

235 *God is Love.* 1 John iv. 8, 16.

- 1 AMID the splendour of thy state,
O God, thy love appears,
Soft as the radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.
- 2 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs,
In every work thy hands have framed
Thy love supremely shines.
- 3 Sinai in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thine awful name;
But Zion sings in melting notes,
The honours of the Lamb.
- 6 Angels and men the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above
And all with holy transport sing,
That God the Lord is love.

236 *Excellence of Christ.*

- 1 JESUS, thou fairest, dearest one,
What beauties thee adorn!
Far brighter than the noon-day sun,
Or star that gilds the morn.
- 2 The joy of all the saints above,
And hope of all below;
O may I taste thy richest love,
And thine endearments know.
- 3 Here let me fix my wandering eyes,
And all thy glories trace;
Till in the world of endless joys,
I rise to thine embrace.

SPHOR. S. M.

Soft and slow.

Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the weary soul?

'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to either pole.

237 The Soul made for God.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Oh, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.</p> <p>2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.</p> <p>3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above;
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.</p> | <p>4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"</p> <p>5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be driven from thy face,
For evermore undone.</p> <p>6 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.</p> |
|--|---|

238 *The Accepted Time.*

-
- 1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace,
Now sinners come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face
 - 2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?
 - 3 Now is the accepted time,
The Gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
 - 4 Lord draw reluctant souls,
To seek a Father's love;
Then shall attendant angels bear,
The joyful news above.

239 *In Sickness.* *Is. i. 5.*

-
- 1 BEFORE thy footstool kneeling,
To thee, O Lord, we cry;
While for thy gift of healing
We raise our voice on high.
 - 2 Diseases and afflictions
Thy ready servants are;
Chastisements and corrections
To quicken us to prayer.
 - 3 We own our guilt and folly,
But thou can'st still forgive;
And thou, most High and Holy,
Canst bid the sick revive.
 - 4 Though now cast down in sorrow,
In darkness and distress,
Joy may return to-morrow,
Through thy restoring grace.
 - 5 As suppliants now before thee,
In thy great name we plead;
Physician, we adore thee,
And trembling ask thine aid.
 - 6 Before thy footstool kneeling,
To thee—to thee we cry:
Send down thy gift of healing,
On thee our souls rely.

240 *In my Father's House are many Mansions.* *John xiv. 2.*

-
- 1 THIS world of sin and death,
Is not to be our home;
No—by the light of precious faith,
We seek a world to come.
 - 2 Jesus is gone before,
And shows our feet the way;
His death has made an open door
To everlasting day.
 - 3 Our load of earthly care,
Temptation, grief, and pain,
Will never find admittance there,
Or break our peace again.
 - 4 We may behold the tomb,
And songs of victory sing;
For death itself has lost its gloom,
Since Christ destroy'd its sting!
 - 5 Oh! may we walk by faith,
'Till hence our souls remove;
Then by its light rejoice in death,
And find our home above.

241 *Benefits of Affliction.**Ps. cxix. 67.*

-
- 1 How tender is thy hand,
O thou beloved Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.
 - 2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God,
Where deep distress had been.
 - 3 A Father's hand we felt;
A Father's heart we know;
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.
 - 4 We told him all our grief;
We thought of Jesu's love;
A sense of pardon brought relief,
And bade our pangs remove.
 - 5 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide:
For ever be his name ador'd,
For there is none beside.

SYCHAR. 4-7's.

Slow.

Soft and holy is the place, Where the light that beams from heav'n

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/2 time signature. It begins with the tempo marking 'Slow.' and contains the lyrics 'Soft and holy is the place, Where the light that beams from heav'n'. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs respectively, also in 2/2 time and two sharps key signature. The music features a simple, hymn-like melody with sustained chords and a steady bass line.

Shows the Saviour's smiling face, With the joy of sin forgiv'n

The second system of the musical score continues the piece with three staves. The vocal line (top staff) contains the lyrics 'Shows the Saviour's smiling face, With the joy of sin forgiv'n'. The piano accompaniment (middle and bottom staves) continues with similar harmonic support. A dynamic marking of 'f' (forte) appears in the bass line of the second system.

242 Public Worship on the Sabbath. Ps. xcv. 6.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Soft and holy is the place [heav'n,
Where the light that beams from
Shows the Saviour's smiling face,
With the joy of sin forgiven.</p> <p>2 There with one accord we meet,
All the words of life to hear,
Bending low at Jesu's feet,
Worshipping with godly fear.</p> | <p>3 Let the world and all its cares,
Now retire from every breast;
Let the tempter and his snares,
Cease to hinder or molest.</p> <p>4 Precious Sabbath of the Lord,
Fairest type of heav'n above,
Purest joy thy scenes afford
To the heart that 's tun'd to love.</p> |
|--|--|

243 Invitation to the Sinner.

- 1 'Tis the day of grace and love,
Mercy hails you from above ;
Whither, sinner, would you stray ?
Come to Jesus while you may.
- 2 Days and years have run to waste,
Life escapes with ceaseless haste ;
Wherefore, sinner, would you stay ?
Come to Jesus while you may.
- 3 Look around, the world will fade,
All by mortal eye surveyed—
Sinner, these will soon decay :
Come to Jesus while you may.
- 4 There 's a day ; 'tis on the wing,
Awful tidings it may bring :
Sinner, if you dread that day,
Come to Jesus while you may.

244 Invitations of Mercy.

Matt. xi. 13.

- 1 COME ! said Jesu's sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice :
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrims hither come.
- 2 Hither come, for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace which ever shall endure,
Rest eternal—sacred—sure !
- 3 Ye who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long have borne the world's proud scorn,
Long have roam'd the barren waste,
Weary pilgrims ! hither haste.
- 4 Ye who, toss'd on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain—
Ye, whose swoll'n and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise—
- 5 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care :
Who can a wounded spirit bear ?
- 6 Hither come, for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace which ever shall endure,
Rest eternal—sacred—sure !

245 The Three Mountains.

- 1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious height I climb,
In the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 5 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 for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away :
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

246 Sabbath School Hymn.

- 1 SUPPLIANT, lo ! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now ;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend ;
We are weak, almighty thou.
- 2 With the peace thy word imparts,
Be the taught and teacher blest ;
In our lives and in our hearts,
Father, be thy laws imprest.
- 3 Pour into each longing mind
Light and pardon from above ;
Charity for all our kind,—
Trusting faith, and holy love.

PARADISE. P. M.

Very slow and soft. *cres.* *p*

There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv'n: There is a joy

cres. *p*

m *p* *dim.*

for souls distress'd, A balm for ev'ry wounded breast, 'Tis found alone in heaven.

m *p*

m *p*

aven.

- 3 There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
The heart no longer riven ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 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.

EBERWEIN. 6's & 4's.

Allegro.



Heralds of Christ the Lord, Publish the gracious word, Speak in his
name, Strong in Je-hovah's might, Filled with ce-lestial light 'Mid error's
darkest night, His truth pro-claim, His truth pro-claim.

249 Missionary Hymn.

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|--|
| 1 | HERALDS of Christ the Lord,
Publish the gracious word ;
Speak in his name ;
Strong in Jehovah's might,
Filled with celestial light,
Mid error's darkest night,
His truth proclaim. | 2 | Heirs of a blest abode,
Point to the Lamb of God
Wounded and slain ;
Tell of a Saviour's love,
Tell of a heav'n above,
Time's fleeting hours improve,
Ere life shall wane. |
| 3 | Heralds of life and peace,
Let not your labours cease,
Faint not in prayer ;
Still at the throne of grace
Plead for the dying race,
And may heaven's smiling face
Visit you there. | | |

"THE HOUSE OF GOD."

Rather slow.

From the "Chapel," by KREUTZER.

O sacred place where God has fix'd his seat, Where saints to pay their

vows de - voutly meet! Where saints to pay their vows de - - voutly meet!

Solo. What hallowed thoughts thy tow'ring walls surround, What holy scenes within her

Solo.

Solo.

Cho. *p*
gates are found. What hallowed thoughts thy tow'ring walls surround! What holy scenes with-

Cho. *p*

Cho. *p*

f
in her gates are found, What holy scenes within her gates are found.

f

f

250 The House of God.

- 1 O SACRED place where God has fixed his seat,
Where saints to pay their vows devoutly meet!
What hallowed thoughts, thy towering walls surround,
What holy scenes within thy gates are found.
- 2 'Tis here, creation's king proclaims his law:
'Tis here, his people bow with reverent awe:
'Tis here, is heard the cheering gospel's voice:
'Tis here, that men in mercy's smiles rejoice.
- 3 Within this sacred house of prayer and praise,
Devotion's songs the tribes of Zion raise;
'Tis here, that hope points up to endless day,
Where life in glory blooms without decay.

ARNE. 6-8's.

Larghetto.

O ye, who, with the frequent tear, And
Your sorrows hush, your griefs dis - - pel, The

sadden'd step, as - - - semble here, To bear these cold yet
Saviour lives—All, all is well!

lov'd re-mains, Where dark and cheerless si - lence reigns,
D.C.

251 Consolation at the Funeral of the Pious Young.

- 1 O YE, who with the frequent tear
And sadden'd step, assemble here,
To bear these cold yet lov'd remains,
Where dark and cheerless silence reigns,
Your sorrows hush, your griefs dispel,
The Saviour lives—all, all is well!
- 2 Let unbelief, lament, or frown,
To see so fair a flower cut down;
But Faith shall still direct her eye,
Amidst her tears, to yonder sky,
And on this firm assurance dwell,
The Saviour lives, and all is well.
- 3 Those eyes, indeed, are rayless now,
And pale that cheek, and chill that
brow;
Yet could that lifeless form declare
The joys its soul is called to share,
How would those lips rejoice to tell,
The Saviour lives—all, all is well!
- 4 Oh were it but to mortals given
To hear, through yonder vault of
heaven,
The strains which ransom'd spirits sing,
Thus would the joyous descant ring—
"The Lord, who sav'd our souls from
hell,
The Saviour lives, and all is well!"
- 5 Then let us now no more repine,
But all the glorious anthem join;
And while our fondest hopes decay,
Still learn to wipe our tears away,
And loud the heavenly chorus swell—
"The Saviour lives—all, all is well!"

252 Death of an Infant Daughter.

- 1 AND is the lovely shadow fled,
The blooming wonder of her years!
So soon enshrin'd among the dead,
She justly claims our pious tears,
Who, to those heavenly spirits join'd,
Hath left a wretched world behind.
- 2 In vain the dear departing saint,
Forbids our gushing tears to flow,
"Forbear, my friends, your fond com-
plaint,
From earth to heaven I gladly go;
To glorious company above,
Bright angels and the God of love!"

- 3 "Oh praise him, and rejoice for me
So happy, happy in my God!
So soon from all my pains set free—
And hasten to that blest abode:
With swift desire my steps pursue,
And take the prize prepared for you.
- 4 "Meet am I for the free reward,
The free reward I know is mine!
Come, O my great Redeeming Lord,
Open those loving arms of thine,
And take me up thy face to see,
And let me die to live with thee!"
- 5 The prayer is heard! the soul is fled!
She sees her Saviour face to face:
But still she speaks to us though dead,
She calls us to that heavenly place,
When all the storms of life are o'er,
And pain and parting are no more.

253 Death of an Infant Son.

- 1 DEAD! dead! the child I lov'd so well;
Transported to the world above!
I need no more my heart conceal;
I never dar'd indulge my love:
But may I not indulge my grief,
And seek in tears a sad relief?
- 2 But hath not He who first bestow'd,
A right to take his gifts away?
I bow me to the sovereign God,
Who snatch'd him from the evil day!
Yet nature WILL repeat her moan,
And fondly cry, "My son, my son!"
- 3 Turn from him, turn, officious thought,
Officious thought presents again
The thousand little acts he wrought,
Which wound my heart with sooth-
ing pain:
His looks, his winning gestures rise—
His waving hands, and laughing eyes?
- 4 Those waving hands no more shall move,
Those laughing eyes shall smile no
more;
He cannot now engage our love—
With sweet insinuating power,
Our weak unguarded hearts ensnare.
And rival his Creator there.
- 5 From us as we from him, secure;
Caught to his heavenly Father's
breast;
He waits, till we the bliss insure—
From all these stormy sorrows rest,
And see him with the angels stand,
To waft and welcome us to land.

HINNOM. P. M.

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not de - plore thee, Though

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest followed by a half note G4, then a quarter note A4, and continues with a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass clef with chords and moving lines.

sorrows and darkness en-compass the tomb : The Saviour has passed thro' its

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a whole rest, then a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

portal be - - fore thee, And the lamp of his

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line has a whole rest, then a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

love is thy guide through the gloom!

The image shows a musical score for a choir. It consists of three staves: a soprano staff, an alto staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics 'love is thy guide through the gloom!' are written below the notes. The music features a mix of half and quarter notes, with some rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

254 Farewell to a Friend Departed.

- 1 THOU art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:
 Thy Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
 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 path of the world by thy side;
 But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may die, for the SINLESS has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansions forsaking,
 Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long;
 But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,
 And the sound which thou heard'st was the Seraphim's song!
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide;
 He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
 And Death has no sting, for the Saviour has died!

255 The Tomb without Terror.

- 1 OH why, ye redeemed, should the breath of the tomb,
 Though ever so humid and cold it arise,
 The heart of the Christian distress with its gloom?—
 The Christian,—a child and an heir of the skies.
- 2 'Tis true that the grave is a dreary abode,
 Where darkness, and silence, and solitude reign;
 Where time and the worm shall these bodies corrode,
 And nought but its dust shall of beauty remain.
- 3 But lo, the freed spirit! see, upwards she bends,
 Her seraph wing'd flight when the struggle is o'er;
 And while the pale form into darkness descends,
 She walks the bright fields on eternity's shore.
- 4 Then why, ye redeemed, should the breath of the tomb,
 Though ever so humid and cold it arise,
 The heart of the Christian distress with its gloom?—
 The Christian,—a child and an heir of the skies!

BENTLEY. 8's, 7's.

Andante.

Let thy grace, Lord, make me holy; Humble all my swelling pride: Fallen, guilty,

and unholy, Greatness from my eyes I'll hide, Greatness from my eyes I'll hide, Greatness from my eyes I'll hide,

256 Resignation and Contentment.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 LET thy grace, Lord, make me lowly ;
Humble all my swelling pride :
Fallen, guilty, and unholy,
Greatness from my eyes I'll hide.</p> <p>2 I'll forbid my vain aspiring,
Nor at earthly pleasures aim ;
No ambitious heights desiring,
Far above my humble claim.</p> <p>3 As the weaned child repining,
Weeps upon the mother's breast,
Then, its hopes and griefs resigning,
Smiles, and yields, and sinks to rest :</p> | <p>4 So my soul, the conflict stronger,
Shall at last to thee submit,
Thee, my God, resist no longer,
Own thy will, and patient sit.</p> <p>5 Wean'd from earth's vexatious pleasures
In thy love I'll seek for mine ;
Placed in heaven my noble treasures,
Earth I quietly resign.</p> <p>6 Israel, thus the world despising,
On the Lord alone rely ;
Then from Him thy joys arising,
Like Himself shall never die.</p> |
|---|---|

257 *Light Shining in Darkness.*

- 1 SAVIOUR hast thou fled for ever,
From my tempest riven breast?
Will thy gracious Spirit never
Come and cheer my breast?
- 2 Long, dear Lord, in silent sorrow,
I have sighed to taste thy love;
Hoping on some sweet to-morrow,
Thou would'st all my guilt remove.
- 3 Peace, my soul, thy Saviour hears thee,
He will chase thy fears away;
'Tis his gracious presence cheers thee,
Turning darkness into day.
- 4 Precious Saviour have I found thee?
Wilt thou then my portion be?
Spread thy sheltering arms around me,
Let me lean alone on thee.
- 5 Through this world so dark and dreary,
Be my constant friend and guide;
Hungry, thirsty, faint and weary,
Keep me ever near thy side.
- 6 Blessed be his name for ever,
For his pardoning grace to me;
Sinners doubt his promise never
Jesus' love is full and free.

258 *Grateful Acknowledgment of
Divine Compassion.*

- 1 LORD with glowing heart I'd praise thee,
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pard'ning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
- 2 Help, O God, my weak endeavour,
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame or never
Can my soul be warm'd to praise.
- 3 Praise my soul the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
- 4 Praise with love's devoutest feeling,
HIM who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.
- 5 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling,
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before my footstool kneeling,
Deign thysuppliant's prayer to bless.

259 *Morning and Evening
Worship.*

- 1 WHEN my voice at morn or even,
Seeks, O Lord, thy gracious ear—
Let the incense waft to heaven,
Hear the vow—accept the tear.
- 2 Oh! from fault and hourly weakness,
Guard me first, and then forgive;
Saviour, let thy love and meekness
Clothe my spirit while I live.
- 3 Eve to eve, and morn to morning,
Heaven and earth shall thus display,
Till I change, at thy sweet warning,
Heaven for earth, and night for day.

260 *Missionary Hymn.*

- 1 ONWARD, onward, men of heaven!
Bear the gospel banner high:
Rest not till its light is given,
Star of every Pagan sky.
- 2 Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints 'neath Asia's vertic ray;
Bid the red brow'd forest ranger
Hail it ere it fades away.
- 3 Where the arctic ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow;
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bids its radiance flow.
- 4 India marks its lustre stealing;
Shivering Greenland loves its rays;
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.
- 5 Rude in speech, or grim in feature,
Dark in spirit though they be,
Show that light to every creature,
Prince or vassal, bond or free.
- 6 Lo! they haste to every nation;
Hosts on hosts, the ranks supply;
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

261 *Benediction.*

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union,
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

CONSOLATION. P. M.

Not too fast.

Drooping souls, no longer mourn, Jesus still is precious:

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "Drooping souls, no longer mourn, Jesus still is precious:". The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The music is marked "Not too fast."

If to him you now re - turn, Heav'n will be pro - - pitious.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "If to him you now re - turn, Heav'n will be pro - - pitious.". The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment.

Jesus now is passing by, Calling wand'ers near him.

Ped.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "Jesus now is passing by, Calling wand'ers near him.". The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The system concludes with the instruction "Ped." (Pedal) written below the left-hand staff.

Drooping souls, you need not die ; Go to him and hear him.

The image shows a musical score for a choir. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is also a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the staves. The music is in a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a focus on the lyrics.

262 Mourning Penitents.

- 1 DROOPING souls, no longer mourn,
Jesus still is precious :
If to him you now return,
Heav'n will be propitious.
Jesus now is passing by,
Calling wand'ers near him .
Drooping souls, you need not die ;
Go to him and hear him.
- 2 He has pardons, full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden ;
Still he cries, " Come unto me,
Weary, heavy, laden."
Tho' your sins like mountains high,
Rise, and reach to heaven ;
Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.
- 3 Precious is the Saviour's name,
All his saints adore him ;
He to save the dying came,
Prostrate, bow before him.
Wand'ring sinners, now return :
Contrite souls, believe him !
Jesus calls you ; cease to mourn :
Worship him ; receive him.

263 Confession.

- 1 DYING souls, fast bound in sin,
Trembling and repining,—
With no ray of light divine
On your pathway shining,

- Why in darkness wander on,
Filled with consternation ?
Jesus lives : in him alone
Can you find salvation.
- 2 Worthless all your righteousness ;
You the law have broken .
Flee you then to sovereign grace !
Mercy thus hath spoken.
Why in deeds that you have done
Seek for consolation ?
Jesus lives : in him alone
Can you find salvation.
- 3 Guilty, helpless, and distress'd,
Ruined and despairing,—
Toiling for deceitful rest,
Rebel, heaven-daring !
Prostrate bow before the throne ;
Take the lowest station ;
Jesus lives : in him alone
Can you find salvation.
- 4 [Prostrate bow ; confess your guilt ;
Own your lost condition ;
Yield to him, whose blood was spilt.
Unreserved submission ;
Then no more in anguish groan :
Seek his mediation !
Jesus lives : in Him alone
Can you find salvation.]
- 5 Linger not on all the plain ;
Vengeance is pursuing :
'Mid the dying and the slain,
Save your souls from ruin.
Flee to Him who can atone,
Flee from condemnation !
Jesus lives : in Him alone
Can you find salvation.

SHARON. P. M.

Andante.

Where the
The Lord is my Shepherd, He makes me re - pose, Where the pastures in
Where
pastures in beauty are growing;
beauty are grow - - ing; He leads me a - - far from the
world and its woes, Where in peace the still waters are flow - - ing.

264 Psalm XXIII.

- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd ; he makes me repose
Where the pastures in beauty are growing ;
He leads me afar from the world and its woes,
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.
- 2 He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path,
Where the arms of his love shall enfold me ;
And when I walk through the dark valley of death,
His rod and his staff will uphold me !

265 Solomon's Songs. I. 7-8.

"Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest the flock to rest at noon ; for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?"

- 1 O TELL me, thou life and delight of my soul,
Where the flock of thy pasture are feeding :
I seek thy protection, I need thy control ;
I would go where my Shepherd is leading.
- 2 Oh, tell me the place where thy flock are at rest,
Where the noontide will find them reposing ?
The tempest now rages, my soul is distrest,
And the pathway of peace I am losing.
- 3 Oh, why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes,
'Mid the desert where now they are roving,
Where hunger and thirst, where afflictions and woes,
And temptations their ruin are proving ?
- 4 Oh, when shall my woes and my wanderings cease ?
And the follies that fill me with weeping !
Thou Shepherd of Israel ! restore me that peace
Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping.
- 5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids thee return,
By the way where the foot-prints are lying :
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn ;
O, fair one ! now homeward be flying !

266 The End of Affliction.

- 1 THE gloom of the night adds a charm to the morn.
Stern winter the spring-time endears ;
And the darker the cloud on which it is drawn,
The brighter the rainbow appears.
- 2 So trials and sorrows the Christian prepare,
For the rest that remaineth above ;
On earth tribulation awaits him, but there
The smile of unchangeable love.

REQUIEM.

“UNVEIL THY BOSOM, FAITHFUL TOMB.”

ARRANGED FOR FOUR VOICES.

MUSIC FROM

WINTER'S “BRIGHT SHINES THE GOLDEN SUN.”

Moderato.

TENOR.

Verse 1. Un - veil thy bo-som, faith-ful tomb, Take this new treasure,

AIR.

ALTO.

BASS.

to thy trust; And give these sa-cred re-lics room To slum-ber

in the si - lent dust!

2

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
 Invade the bounds. No mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch their soft repose.

3

So Jesus slept:—God's dying Son
 Pass'd thro' the grave, and blest the bed.
 Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.

TRIO.

V. 4. Break from his throne, il - lus-trious morn! At - tend, O earth, his

CHORUS.

Sovereign word; Re - store thy trust, a glo - rious form,

Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord, — Re-store thy trust, a

glo-rious form, Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord.

Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord.

Shall then a - rise to

GILEAD. L. M.

Maestoso. *MEHL.*

Ye mighty rulers of the land, Give praise & glo-ry to the Lord ;

Unison.

And while be-fore his throne ye stand, His great and pow'ful deeds re-cord.

268 God the Universal King.

Psalm xxix.

- 1 YE mighty rulers of the land,
Give praise and glory to the Lord ;
And while before his throne ye stand,
His great and powerful deeds record.
- 2 Oh render unto God above
The honours which to him belong ;
And in the temple of his love
Let worship flow from every tongue.
- 3 His voice is heard the earth around,
When through the heav'ns his thunders
roll,
The troubled ocean hears the sound,
And yields itself to his control.
- 4 God on the floods has fix'd his throne,
For ever shall his reign endure ;
His chosen ones his praise make known,
His peace shall bless them evermore.

269 Praise to God.

- 1 WE praise, we worship thee, O God !
Thy sov'reign pow'r we sound abroad—
All nations bow before thy throne,
And thee the great Jehovah own.
- 2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name,
Angels and seraphim proclaim :
By all the pow'rs and thrones in heav'n,
Eternal praise to thee is given.
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord !
Thou God of Hosts, by all ador'd,
Earth and the heav'ns are full of thee,
Thy light, thy pow'r, thy majesty.
- 4 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song :
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.
- 5 Glory to thee, O God most high,
Father we praise thy majesty :
The Son, the Spirit, we adore,
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

270 The Spreading Gospel.

- 1 TELL, Gospel, tell thy news to man :
Thy stream of life o'er deserts roll ;
O let thy bonds the wide earth span,
And brethren make from pole to pole.
- 2 Tread, Gospel, thro' the nations tread,
With every virtue in thy train :
Be all to thy blest freedom led,
And Christ the liberator reign.
- 3 Spread, Gospel, spread thy growing
wings,
Gather the host from every land ;
Oh call them to the King of kings—
Proclaim them his—'tis Christ's com-
mand !

271 God's Guardian Care of His People.

- 1 HE lives—the everlasting God,
Who built the world—who spread the
flood ;
The heavens, with all their host, he
made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 2 He guides our feet, he guards our way
His morning smiles adorn the way ;
He spreads the evening veil, and keep
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.
- 3 Israel—a name divinely blest,
May rise secure—securely rest :
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber or surprise.
- 4 Long as I live I'll trust his power ;
Then in my last, departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear me homeward to my God.

LORD OF THE SABBATH. L. M.

Moderato.

Lord of the Sab - bath and its light, I hail thy

This system contains the first vocal line and the piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand treble staff and a left-hand bass staff, both in the same key and time signature. The music features a mix of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests and ties.

hal - lowed day of rest; It is my wea-ry souls' de-

This system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes a fermata over the word "rest". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. The system concludes with a double bar line and the number "8vi" below the bass staff.

light, The so - lace of my care-worn breast.

This system contains the final vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a fermata over the word "breast". The piano accompaniment concludes with a final cadence. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

272 *The Sabbath.*

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath and its light :
I hail thy hallowed day of rest ;
It is my weary soul's delight,
The solace of my care-worn breast.
- 2 Its dewy morn, its glowing noon,
Its tranquil eve, its solemn night,
Pass sweetly ; but they pass too soon,
And leave me sadden'd at their flight.
- 3 Yet, sweetly as they glide along,
And hallowed though the calm they
yield,
Transporting though their rapturous
song,
And heavenly visions seem reveal'd.
- 4 My soul is desolate and drear,
My silent harp untun'd remains,
Unless, my Saviour, thou art near,
To heal my wounds and soothe my
pains.
- 5 O, Jesus, ever let me hail
Thy presence with thy day of rest,
Then will thy servant never fail
To deem thy Sabbath doubly blest.

273 *It is good to be here.**Matt. xvii. 4.*

- 1 AWAY, ye dreams of mortal joy !
Raptures divine my thoughts employ ;
I see the King of glory shine ;
And feel his love, and call him mine.
- 2 On Tabor thus his servants view'd
His lustre, when transform'd he stood ;
And bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, " Lord, 't is pleasant here to
dwell,"
- 3 Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise ;
That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.
- 4 That mount, how bright ! those forms,
how fair !
'T is good to dwell for ever there :
Come, death, dear envoy of our God,
To bear us to that bless'd abode.

274 *Happiness in Heaven.*

- 1 O HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus clothed in white ;

- Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.
- 2 Released from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life ;
An opened cage to let them fly,
And build their happy nest on high.
- 3 And now they range the heavenly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains,
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.
- 4 He cheers them with eternal smile,
They sing hosannahs all the while ;
Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at his feet.
- 5 Ah ! Lord, with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes
weep ;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

275 *Sabbath Evening.*

- 1 ANOTHER day has pass'd along,
And we are nearer to the tomb ;
Nearer to join the heavenly song,
Or hear the last eternal doom.
- 2 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams ling'ring
there ;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.
- 3 The time, how lovely and how still !
Peace shines and smiles on all below,
The plain, the stream, the wood, the
hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.
- 4 Season of rest ! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts in
love,
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.
- 5 Nor will our days of toil be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod ;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

276 *After Meals.*

- WE praise thee, Lord, for every good ;
For life, and health, and needful food ;
Oh, may our souls be daily fed
With Christ, the true and living bread !

TABOR. (METRICAL CHANT, No. 6.)

O - - - | all the earth! Who - - | glo - ry a - bove the heav'ns. A - men.

277 Psalm VIII.

- 1 { O LORD, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in | all the | earth !
- 2 Who hast set thy | glo . . ry a - | bove the | heavens.
- 3 { Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings
Hast thou ordained strength, be - | cause of . . thine | enemies ;
- 4 That thou mightest still the | ene . . my | and . . the a - | venger.
- 5 { When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers ;
The moon and the stars, which | thou . . hast or - | dained :
- 6 { What is man that thou art mindful of him ?
And the son of | man, . . that thou | visit - est | him.
- 7 { For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,
And hast crowned him with | glory . . and | honour.
- 8 { That thou madest him to have dominion over the work of thy hands ;
Thou hast put | all things | under . . his | feet.
- 9 { All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field ;
The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,
And whatsoever passeth through the | paths . . of the | sea.
- 10 { O Lord, our Lord,
How excellent is thy | name in | all the | earth !

278 View of the Creation.

1

Look up, ye saints, direct your eyes
To him who dwells a - | bove the | skies ;
With your glad notes his praise rehearse,
Who | form'd the | mighty | universe.

2

He spake, and from chaotic night
At once sprang forth the | cheering | light :
Him discord heard ; and, at his rod,
Expanded | beauty | spoke the | God.

3

The word he gave,—th' obedient sun
Began his glorious | race to | run ;
Nor silver moon, nor stars delay
To glide a - | long th' e - | thereal | way.

4

Teeming with life :—air, earth and sea,
 Obey th' Almighty's | high de- | cree ;
 To every tribe he gives their food,
 Then speaks the | whole di- | vinely | good.

5

But, to complete the wondrous plan,
 From earth and dust he | fashions | man ;
 In man the last, in him the best,
 The maker's | image | stands con- | fest.

6

OLD HUNDREDTH *in the Key of G.*
 LORD, while thy glorious works I view,
 Form thou my heart and soul anew ;
 Here bid thy purest light to shine.
 And beauty glow with charms divine.

279 *World Forsaken.*

1

No more, vain world, with thy alluring toys,
 No more ensnare my easy | yielding | heart :
 Vanish, ye unsubstantial airy forms,
 Delusive shadows, cheat mine eyes no more
 With | painted | shows of | pleasure.

2

One ray of heaven, bright dawning o'er my soul,
 Eclipses all your | vision. . ary | charms,
 And points to | happi. . ness be- | yond your | reach. (*Sym.*)

3

Ye sons of harmony, who ardent tune
 To boundless joy the heaven re- | sounding | song ;
 Oh ! could I hear your rapture-breathing strains,
 How would my kindling powers awake to praise,
 And join with | ecsta - sy the | blissful | theme ;

4

Earth's flattering trifles then should | tempt in | vain,
 Nor interrupt my | sweet, my | blest em- | ploy.

280 *For Divine Illumination.*

1

O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
 Whose voice created, and whose | wisdom | guides ;
 On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
 And cheer the clouded | mind with | light di- | vine.

2

'T is thine alone to calm the pious breast,
 With silent confidence and | holy | rest ;
 From Thee, great God ! we spring—to Thee we bend,
 Path, Motive, | Guide, O- | rigi. . nal, and | End

WALTHAM. C. M.

Blest day of God, how calm! how bright! A day of joy and praise;

The musical score for the first system consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef and two piano accompaniment staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

The lab'rer's rest, the saint's de - light, The last and best of days.

The musical score for the second system consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef and two piano accompaniment staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

281 Blessings of the Sabbath.

- 1 BLEST day of God, how calm! how bright!
A day of joy and praise;
The labourers' rest, the saints' delight,
The first and best of days.
- 2 This Day Believers doth enrich,—
May grace rest on them all;—
It is their Pentecost, on which
The Holy Ghost doth fall.
- 3 As the first-fruits an earnest prove
Of all the sheaves behind,
So they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week shall find.

282 The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

- 1 OH! the delight, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace.
- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.
- 3 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we, unseen, adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

283 Union of Christians in and
to their Head.

- 1 BLESSED be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part :
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.
- 3 O, may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified !
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace :
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart ;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

- 6 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore ;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

284 Prayer founded on Jacob's
Vow. Gen. xxviii. 20—22.

- 1 O GOD of Israel, 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 ! still be God
Of each succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our feet arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand,
In Christ we now implore ;
And thou shalt be our only God,
And portion evermore.

285 To Die is Gain.

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain ;
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that heaven is gain.
- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will ;
'T is not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still :—
- 3 It is that heaven-taught faith surveys
The path to realms of light ;
And longs her eagle plumes to raise
And lose herself in flight.
- 4 It is, that hope with ardour glows,
To see Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.
- 5 O, let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care ;
And soar beyond those realms of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

286 Evening Meditation and
Prayer.

- 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 doth 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.

287 Doxology.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored, [known,
Where there are works to make him
Or saints to love the Lord.

CESAREA. 8's & 7's.

Moderato.

Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweetly sounding through the skies!

Lo! th' angelic host re - joi - ces; Heav'nly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.

288 Nativity of the Saviour.

- 1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 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!
- 3 Peace on earth—good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found."
"Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven"—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!
- 5 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!

289 Praise.

- 1 SAINTS with pious zeal attending,
Now a grateful tribute raise;
Solemn songs to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.

- 2 Round Jehovah's footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite souls;
Here his milder grace revealing,
Here his wrath no thunder rolls.
- 3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thoughts of sin;
Seize, oh, seize the proffer'd blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within.

290 The Divine Blessing necessary to Success.

- 1 VAINLY through night's weary hours,
Keep we watch lest foes alarm;
Vain our bulwarks and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.
- 2 Vain were all our toil and labour,
Did not God that labour bless;
Vain, without his grace and favour,
Every talent we possess.
- 3 Vainer still the hope of heaven;
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given,
Who in humble faith applies.
- 4 Seek we then the Lord's anointed,
He shall grant us peace and rest;
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who through Christ his prayer ad-
dress'd.

SERENITY. S. M.

C. BRYAN.
From Hallelujah.

Lord Je - sus ! come ; for here Our path through wilds is laid ;

We watch as for the day-spring near, A - - mid the breaking shade.

291 The Coming of Christ in the
Power of his Gospel.

- 1 LORD JESUS ! come ; for here
Our path through wilds is laid ;
We watch as for the day-spring near,
Amid the breaking shade.
- 2 Lord Jesus ! come ; for hosts
Meet on the battle plain :
The patriot mourns, the tyrant boasts,
And tears are shed like rain.
- 3 Lord Jesus ! come ; for still
Vice shouts her maniac mirth ;
The famish'd crave in vain their fill,
While teems the fruitful earth !
- 4 Hark ! herald voices near,
Lead on thy happier day :
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear ;
We wait to strew thy way.
- 5 Come, as in days of old,
With words of grace and power !
Gather us all within thy fold,
And never leave us more.

292 The Kingdom of God.

- 1 COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light of love,
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
- 2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign ;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.
- 3 Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine ;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles, the rod
That flowers with grace divine.
- 4 Soon may all tribes be blest,
With fruit from life's glad tree ;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.
- 5 Come, kingdom of our God,
And raise thy glorious throne,
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless his own.

ORONTES. L. M.

Maestoso.

Hail, heaven-ly Sa-lem! hap-py place, Where God un-

The first system of the musical score for 'Orontes' consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a 3/2 time signature. The lyrics 'Hail, heaven-ly Sa-lem! hap-py place, Where God un-' are written below the notes. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The music features a steady, slow tempo as indicated by the 'Maestoso' marking.

veils his ra-diant face! Where he his throne e - - ter - nal

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'veils his ra-diant face! Where he his throne e - - ter - nal' are written below the vocal staff. The musical notation includes various note values and rests, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support.

rears, And, drest in light, there - on ap - - pears.

The third and final system of the musical score concludes the piece. The lyrics 'rears, And, drest in light, there - on ap - - pears.' are written below the vocal staff. The music ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment continues to provide harmonic support throughout the system.

293 *And he showed me that great City.* *Rev. xxi. 10, 11.*

- 1 HAIL, heavenly Salem, happy place,
Where God unveils his radiant face!
Where he his throne eternal rears,
And, drest in light, thereon appears.
- 2 Magnificent thy structures rise,
And lift their heads above the skies;
While order, beauty, grace divine,
Through all the architecture shine.
- 3 One pearl entire is every gate,
At which bright bands of angels wait;
Ten thousand thrones and mansions
there,
Jesus ascended to prepare.
- 4 Loud hallelujahs, heavenly strains,
Shall echo through the happy plains;
And sin and pain the place shall fly,
And death itself for ever die.

294 *Here have we no continuing City.* *Heb. xiii. 14.*

- 1 "WE 've no abiding city here,"
This may distress the worldling's
mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better world to find.
- 2 "We 've no abiding city here,"
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirit 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,—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 O! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims, free from toil, are
blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!
The time my God appoints is best:
While he re, to do his will be mine;
And his to fix my time of rest.

295 *The Sabbath was made for Man, &c.* *Mark ii. 27.*

- 1 HAIL peaceful day of hallow'd rest!
Sweet harbinger of joys above:
Thine hours are all by Jesus blest,
And shine on man with beams of love.
- 2 'Twas mercy first ordain'd the day,
In kind compassion to our woes;
That we might learn the heavenly way,
And find in Christ our true repose.
- 3 It comes this dreary waste to cheer,
And shed celestial peace abroad;
With sacred truth to bless the ear,
And raise the immortal soul to God

296 *Social Duties.*

- 1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue:
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task thy wisdom has assign'd,
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy acceptable will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance
see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.
- 4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look;
And hasten to thy glorious day.
- 5 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace has
given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

297 *Thanksgiving for a good Harvest.*

- 1 ONCE more our condescending God
Has sent a harvest rich and good;
No cank'ring worm, nor hostile band,
Has spoil'd the produce of the land.
- 2 We bless thy name for sun and showers,
And all the good that nature pours,
But thy enriching stores of grace
Transcend our highest notes of praise.

DEPARTURE. P. M.

Affetuoso.

Friend af-ter friend de - parts; Who hath not lost a

friend? There is no union here of hearts, That

finds not here an end. *p* Were this frail world our

p

p

fi - nal rest, Living or dy - ing, none were blest.

298 Heaven.

- 1 FRIEND after friend departs ;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.
- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath ;
Nor life's affection's transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.
- 3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone ;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.
- 4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away ;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own
light.

299 Death of the Righteous.

- 1 THIS place is holy ground ;
World, with its cares away ;
Silence and darkness reign around,
But soon the break of day—
The resurrection dawn appears,
To shine upon this scene of tears.
- 2 Behold the bed of death,
This pale and lovely clay,
Heard ye the sob of parting breath ?
Mark'd ye the eye's last ray ?
No ! life so sweetly ceas'd to be,
It lapsed in immortality.
- 3 Could tears revive the dead,
Rivers would swell our eyes ;
Could sighs recall the spirit fled
We would not quench our sighs.
Till love illum'd this altered mien,
And all th' embodied soul were seen.
- 4 Bury the dead, and weep,
In stillness o'er the loss,
Bury the dead ; in Christ they sleep,
Who bore on earth his cross,
Soon from the grave the dust shall rise.
In his own image in the skies.

ARIMATHEA. (METRICAL CHANT, No. 7.)

"The Lord is risen in - deed !" Then - - - | Mercy - - - - -

300 Redemption completed by the Resurrection. *Luke xxiv. 6.*

SOLO.
1 "THE Lord is | risen in- | deed !"
SEMI-CHORUS.
Then justice asks no | more ;
Mercy and truth are now agreed,
Who | stood op- | posed be- | fore.

SOLO.
2 "The Lord is | risen in- | deed !"
SEMI-CHORUS.
Then is the work per- | formed ;
The mighty captive now is freed
And | death, our | foe, dis- | armed.

SOLO.
3 "The Lord is | risen in- | deed !"
SEMI-CHORUS.
Then hell has lost his | prey ;
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To | reign in | endless | day.

SOLO.
4 "The Lord is | risen in- | deed !"
SEMI-CHORUS.
Attending angels | hear ;
Up to the courts of heaven with speed,
The | joyful | tidings | bear.

CHORUS.
5 Then wake your | golden | lyres,
And strike each cheerful | chord ;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To | sing our | risen | Lord.

SALEM. (METRICAL CHANT, No. 8.)

Rise - - - lift thy eyes ! See - - - in thy tem-ple bend. A - men.

301 The Latter-Day Glory.

1
RISE, crowned with light ; imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy towering head, and | lift thy | eyes !
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and | in thy | temple | bend !

2

No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening moon shall fill her | silver | horn :
 But in thy courts, THE LIGHT HIMSELF shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's e- | ternal | day be | thine.

3

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt a- | way ;
 But fix'd his word, his saving power remains—
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy | own Mes- | siah | reigns :

302 Psalm CXXXIII.

- 1 { BEHOLD how good and how pleasant it is,
 { For brethren to dwell to- | gether . . in | unity.
- 2 { It is like the precious ointment upon the head,
 { That ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard ;
 { That went down to the | skirts | of his | garments.
- 3 { As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew
 { That descended upon the | mountains of | Zion.
- 4 { For there the Lord commanded the blessing,
 { Even | life for | ever | more.

303 God the Creator adored.

1

ALMIGHTY former of the wondrous plan,
 Faintly reflected on thine | image, | Man—
 Holy and just—the greatness of whose name
 Fills and sup- | ports this | uni . . versal | frame.

2

Diffused throughout th' infinitude of space,
 Who art thyself thine | own vast | dwelling place ;
 Soul of our soul, whom yet no sense of ours
 Discerns, e- | luding . . our most | active | powers.

3

Encircling shades attend thine awful throne,
 That veil thy face, and keep thee | still un- | known ;
 Unknown, though dwelling in our inmost part,
 Lord of our | thoughts, and | sov'reign . . of the | heart !

4

All darkness flies when thou art pleas'd t' appear,
 A sudden spring renews the | fading | year ;
 Where'er I turn, I see thy power and grace,
 The watchful | guardians . . of our | heedless | race.

5

Thy various creatures in one strain agree,
 All, in all times and places, | speak of | thee ;
 Ev'n I, with trembling heart and faltering tongue,
 Attempt thy | praise, and | join the . . general | song.

GILBOA. P. M.

Moderato.

Hark! hark! the notes of joy Roll o'er the heav'nly plains, And

seraphs find em-ploy For their sublimest strains; Some new de-

light in heav'n is known; Loud sound the harps a - round the throne.

light in heaven is known.

304 Rejoicing in a Revival.

- 1 HARK! hark!—the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains;
Some new delight in heaven is known;
Loud sound the harps around the throne.
- 2 Hark! hark!—the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend,
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend;
He comes to bless our fallen race,
He comes with messages of grace.

305 Christian Friends meeting.

- 1 COME, all who e'er have set
Your faces Zion-ward,
In Jesus let us meet,
And praise our common Lord:
In Jesus let us still walk on,
Till we appear before his throne.
- 2 Nearer, and nearer still
We to our country come;
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home—
The new Jerusalem above,
The seat of everlasting love.

MAZZAROTH, S. M.

Slow, and in exact time.

My Father's house on high! Home of my soul! how near,

At times, to faith's fore - see - - ing eye Thy gold - en

gates ap - - - pear. Thy gold - en gates ap - - - pear.

306 Home in Heaven.

- 1 My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.
- 2 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Seraphic music pour.
- 3 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

307 The Delight of Worship.

- 1 PRAY for Jerusalem,
The city of our God;
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode.
- 2 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found,
Zion, in all thy palaces
Prosperity abound!
- 3 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayers shall never cease;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace.

EZRA. (CHANT, No. 2.)

Why - - - vain - thing? The - - gainst his An-ointed saying. A - - - men.

Unison or Verse. *Chorus*

308 Psalm II.

- 1 { WHY do the heathen rage,
And the people imagine a | vain— | thing?
- 2 { The kings of the earth set themselves,
And the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord,
And a- | gainst . . his An- | ointed | saying :
- 3 { ' Let us break their bands asunder,
And cast away their | cords— | from us,'
- 4 { He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh ;
The Lord shall | have them | in de- | rision.
- 5 { Then shall he speak to them in his wrath,
And vex them in his | sore dis- | pleasure.
- 6 { Yet have I set my King
Upon my | holy | hill of | Zion.
- 7 { I will declare the decree :
The Lord hath said unto me, ' Thou art my Son ;
This day have | I be- | gotten thee,
Ask of me, and I will give thee
- 8 { The heathen for thine inheritance,
And the uttermost parts of the | earth for | thy pos- | session,
- 9 { Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron ;
Thou shalt dash them in pieces | like a . . potter's | vessel.'
- 10 { Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings ;
Be in- | structed, . . ye | judges . . of the | earth.
- 11 { Serve the Lord with fear,
And re- | joice with | trembling.
- 12 { Kiss the Son, lest he be angry,
And ye perish from the way,
When his wrath is kindled but a little.
Blessed are all they that put their | trust, their | trust in | him.

309 From Psalm XXXVII.

- 1 FOR yet a little while, and the wicked | shall not | be.
- 2 { Yea thou shalt diligently consider his place,
And it | shall . . not, it | shall not | be.
- 3 { But the meek shall inherit the earth,
And shall delight themselves in the a- | bundance . . of | peace.
- 4 { The Lord knoweth the days of the upright ;
And their in- | heri . . tance shall | be for | ever.

DAVID. (CHANT, No. 3.)

O, sing - - - all the earth. Sing - - - vation from day to day. A - - men,

310 Psalm XCVI.

- 1 { O SING unto the Lord a new song ;
 { Sing unto the Lord, | all the | earth.
- 2 { Sing unto the Lord, bless his name :
 { Show forth his sal- | vation . . from | day to | day.
- 3 { Declare his glory among the heathen,
 { His wonders a- | mong all | people.
- 4 { For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised,
 { He is to be | feared a- | bove all | gods.
- 5 { For all the gods of the nations are idols ;
 { But the | Lord . . made the | heavens.
- 6 { Honour and majesty are before him ;
 { Strength and | beauty . . are | in his | sanctuary.
- 7 { Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people,
 { Give unto the Lord | glory . . and | strength :
- 8 { Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name ;
 { Bring an offering, and | come in- | to his | courts.
- 9 { O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
 { Fear before him, | all the | earth.
- 10 { Say among the hea'h'en, that the Lord reigneth :
 { The world also shall be established that it shall not be moved :
 { He shall | judge the | people | righteously.
- 11 { Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad ;
 { Let the sea roar, and the | fulness . . there- | of.
- 12 { Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein :
 { Then shall all the trees of the wood
 { Re- | joice be- | fore the | Lord ;
- 13 { For he cometh,
 { For he cometh to | judge the | earth.
- 14 { He shall judge the world with righteousness,
 { And the | people | with his | truth.

311 Psalm LXXII. 18, 19.

- 1 BLESSED be the Lord God, the God of Israel ;
 Who only doeth | wondrous | things.
- 2 { And blessed be his glorious name for ever ;
 { And let the whole earth be filled with his glory.
 { A- | men, and | A- | men.

FRANKFORT. P. M.

*Slow.**German Chorale.*

1 { O, God of strength, whose mighty hand Has caus'd the earth and
I see thy power in all a-round, And love thy praises

heav'ns to stand, I love and I a - - dore thee!
to re - sound, While bow - ing low be - - fore thee. } Ho - ly,

Migh - ty God of na - ture, Great Cre - a - tor, All things praise

thee, E - ver cry - ing "Worthy, wor - thy!"

312 Hymn to God.

1 O God of strength, whose mighty hand
Has caus'd the earth and heavens to
stand,
I love and I adore thee :
I see thy power in all around,
And love thy praises to resound,
While bowing low before thee.
Holy,
Mighty,
God of nature,
Great Creator,
All things praise thee,
Ever crying "Worthy, worthy !"

2 Come, great God, thy grace impart,
Renew and sanctify my heart,
And keep my feet from falling :
From days of youth to days of age,
Make clear to me that holy page.
Where truth to heaven is calling.
Keep me,
Near thee,
Be my leader,
My defender,
Till in glory
Endless praises I shall give thee.

ANTIOCH. (CHANT, No. 4.)

Unison.
There - - - ternal throne, Which.. all the groves of paradise. A - men.

313 Selection.—Psalm XLVI.

1
THERE is a river of immortal peace,
Clear springing from the high e- | ternal | throne, ||
Which flows in blissful streams through | all the | groves
Of | Paradise ;

2
From this eternal spring
Some little rivulets descend, to cheer
The | city . . of our | God,— ||
the sacred place
Of | his a- | bode on | earth ;

3
Though all around
Be | discord . . and com- | motion,— ||
she shall dwell
Unmov'd, serene, and | safe, for | God is | there :

4
His arm omnipotent is | ever | near, ||
Her present | help, . . her | all-suf- . . ficient | guard.

5
The Lord of | Hosts is | with us ; ||
Israel's God
Is our defence, our | ever- | lasting | refuge.

314 THINE, LORD, FOR EVER. P. M.

Expressive.

BOST.

1. Thine, Lord, for e-ver; No pow'r can sever, O never, never,

8vi throughout.

From thee we'll rove; Thy smile so gracious, Thy word so precious,

Thee from our inmost soul we love: Angels and saints in realms of glory,

p
Veiling their fa-ces, chant thy praise; Like them we bow, like them a - - dore thee!
p

Help us the feeble song to raise. *Sym.*

2 Thine, Lord, for ever ;
 No power can sever,
 O never, never,
 Leave us alone ;
 O'er our transgression
 Thine intercession,
 Still shall prevail before the throne :
 Thou didst behold our lost condition,
 When we were wand'ring far from thee ;
 Thou didst regard our deep contrition,
 Pardon our sins and set us free.

3 Thine, Lord, for ever ;
 No power shall sever,
 O never, never,
 Will we again
 In paths of folly,
 Vile and unholy,
 Follow the steps of impious men :
 Grace will restrain and love defend us,
 Oft as we feel the tempter's power ;
 Strong is thine arm ; our God will send us
 Help in the dark and trying hour.

315 PENTONVILLE. L. M.

1. Saviour, when night shuts in the skies, My soul a - do - ring turns to thee ;

Thee self a - based in mortal guise, And wrapt in shades of death for me.

2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
 When crimson gleams the east
 adorn ;
 Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
 Thee, source of life's eternal morn,

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
 To thee my soul triumphant springs ;
 Thee, thron'd in glory's endless blaze,
 Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.

JUDAH. (METRICAL CHANT, No. 9.)



From --- Father, hear it! Borne -- For-give its weakness. A - - - - - men.

316 Humble Devotion.

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
 My humble pray'r ascends—O | Father, | hear it!
 Borne on the trembling wings of fear and meekness : ||
 For- | give its | weakness.

I know—I feel how mean, how unworthy
 The lowly sacrifice I | pour be- | fore thee:
 What can I offer thee, O thou most holy! ||
 But | sin and | folly.

Lord, in thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
 Cold in our warmest vows, and | vain our | truest;
 Thoughts of a hurrying hour—our lips repeat them— ||
 Our | hearts for- | get them.

We see thy hand—it leads us—it supports us :
 We hear thy voice—it | counsels, . . and it | courts us ;
 And then we turn away! and still thy kindness, ||
 For- | gives our | blindness!

Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing
 To every generous thought and | grateful | feeling!
 Oh! who can hear the accents of thy mercy,
 And | never | love thee?

Kind Benefactor! plant within this bosom
 The | seeds of | holiness, || and let them blossom
 In fragrance, and in beauty bright and and vernal, ||
 And | spring e- | ternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
 Where angels walk, and | seraphs . . are the | wardens ;
 Where every flower, brought safe through death's dark portal, ||
 Be- | comes im- | mortal.

LUTHER. (METRICAL CHANT, No. 10.)

God . . . dread Om - nipotence : Earth . . . 'neath us shrink ;

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "God . . . dread Om - nipotence : Earth . . . 'neath us shrink ;".

The . . . deep tide sink ; Let . . . refuge and defence. A - men.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, with a key signature of one flat. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "The . . . deep tide sink ; Let . . . refuge and defence. A - men.".

CHELSEA. 8's & 7's.

Hail, Im - - man-uel, e - ver gra-cious! Thy re.

Unison.

...ing.

re

ing.

318 *Redeeming Love.*

- 1 HAIL, Immanuel ever gracious !
Thy redeeming love I sing ;
To my soul thy name is precious ;
Thou, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcern'd in sin I lay ;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour pass'd that way.
- 3 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness !
"Love I much? Ah! much forgiv'n,
I'm a miracle of grace."

319 *Praise to God.*

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens adore him,
Praise him angels in the height ;
Sun and moon rejoice before him,
Praise him all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd ;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious ;
Never shall his promise fail ;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

320 *The Incarnation.*

- 1 SHEPHERDS, hail the wondrous stran-
ger ;
Now to Bethlehem speed your way ;
Lo! in yonder humble manger,
Christ the Lord is born to-day.
- 2 Christ, by prophets long predicted,
Joy of Israel's chosen race ;
Light to Gentiles, long afflicted,
Lost in error's darkest maze.
- 3 Bright the star of your salvation,
Pointing to his rude abode !

- 4 Glad, we trace th' amazing story,
Angels leave their bliss to tell ;
Theme sublime, replete with glory,
Sinners sav'd from death and hell.
- 5 Love unbounded mov'd the Saviour,
Thus to lay his radiance by,
Blessings on the Lamb for ever,
Glory be to God on high !

321 *Spiritual Harvest.*

- 1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing still the precious seed,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
All his labour shall succeed.
- 2 Then will fall the rain of heaven,
Then the sun of mercy shine ;
Precious fruits will then be given,
Through an influence all divine.
- 3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Nor let fears thy mind employ ;
Be the prospects ne'er so dreary,
Thou may'st reap the fruits of joy.
- 4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening !
See the rising grain appear !
Look again ! the fields are whitening
Sure the harvest time is near.

322 *The Rising Glories of the Church.*

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.
- 2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
Who can shake her sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.
- 3 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply her sons and daughters,
And the fear of want remove.
- 4 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
Ever slow and a covering

* Translated from the German of Luther, being a versification of a part of the 46th Psalm; and the same which was set to music, and sung by the great Reformer on the occasion of his journey to Worms, where he was summoned to appear before the Diet, in 1521.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

Maestoso.

God of my life to thee be - long The grate-ful

The first system of the musical score for 'UXBRIDGE. L. M.' features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a 4/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are 'God of my life to thee be - long The grate-ful'. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with a melody and a left-hand part with a bass line.

heart, the joy - ful song; Touch'd by thy love each tuneful

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line lyrics are 'heart, the joy - ful song; Touch'd by thy love each tuneful'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic structure.

Chord. re - sounds the goodness of the Lord.

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line lyrics are 'Chord. re - sounds the goodness of the Lord.'. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation for the final phrase.

323 Praise for Sparing Mercy.

- 1 GOD of my life, to thee belong
The grateful heart, the joyful song ;
Touch'd by thy love each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.
- 2 Thou hast preserv'd my fleeting breath,
And chas'd the gloomy fears of death ;
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
While God, our great deliverer's nigh.
- 3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care ?
Why does thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which so little fruit is found ?
- 4 Still let the barren fig tree stand,
Upheld and foster'd by thy hand ;
And let its fruit and verdure be
A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee.
- 5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
Through life, and in the arms of death,
My soul, the pleasant theme prolong ;
Then rise to aid th' angelic throng.

324 The World is full of God.

- 1 ALL that in this wide world we see,
Almighty Father, speaks of thee ;
And in the darkness or the day
Thy monitors surround our way.
- 2 Each mercy sent when sorrows lower,
Each blessing of the passing hour,
All we enjoy, and all we love,
Bring with them blessings from above.

325 Preparation for the Duties of the Sabbath implored.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth
away :
Now, let our noblest passions rise
With ardour to their native skies.
- 2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine ;
And let our waiting souls be blest
On this sweet day of sacred rest.
- 3 Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransom'd we shall spend
A Sabbath, which shall never end.

326 Christ the Lord of Angels.

- 1 GREAT God, to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanced the Lord, thy
Son !
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.
- 2 Before his feet their armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance or of love.
- 3 Now they are sent to guide our feet,
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet,
In travelling o'er the heavenly road.
- 4 Lord ! when we leave the mortal
ground,
And thou shalt bid us rise and come,
Send thy beloved angels down,
Safe to conduct our spirits home.

327 The Nativity.

- 1 O ZION lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 2 See, mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to those that
mourn !
Behold, she binds with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair !
- 3 He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart ;
Again the Day-Star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.

328 And behold the Lord passed,
&c. 1 Kings xix. 11, 12.

- 1 NOT in the strong impetuous wind
Can I my gentle Saviour find :
Not in the hurricane of sound,
Which rends the rocks and shakes the
ground.
- 2 Not in the heaven, in kindled fire,
The flashes of indignant ire :
But I expect him from above,
In the soft whispering voice of love.
- 3 That voice which speaks Jehovah near,
That still small voice I long to hear :
O might it now the Lord proclaim,
And fill my soul with holy shame.

BEERSHEBA. 7's.

Moderato Expressivo.

Tell me, Shepherd, from a - bove, Dear-est

ob - ject of my love, Where thy lit - tle flocks a-

bide, Shelter'd by thy bleed - ing side.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is divided into three systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line is a single staff with lyrics underneath. The tempo and expression are marked as 'Moderato Expressivo'. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

329 *The Good Shepherd.*

- 1 TELL me, Shepherd, from above,
Dearest object of my love,
Where thy little flocks abide,
Shelter'd by thy bleeding side.
- 2 Tell me, Saviour, all divine,
Where I may my soul recline;
Where I shall for refuge fly,
When the burning sun is high.
- 3 Claim me, Shepherd, as thine own,
O protect me, thou alone;
Let me hear thy gracious voice;
Make my fainting heart rejoice.

330 *Ruth I. 16, 11.*

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God!
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found.
- 2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren! where your altar burns,
O, receive me into rest.
- 3 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.

331 *Prayer under Calumnies and Sufferings for Christ.*

- 1 SAVIOUR in this hour be near!
On thy servant's side appear—
Call'd thine honour to maintain,
Help a feeble child of man.
- 2 Thou, who, at thy creatures' bar,
Didst thy Deity declare,
Now my mouth and witness be,
Witness for thyself and me.
- 3 All of mine be cast aside,
Anger, fear, and guile, and pride:
Only give me, from above,
Simple faith and humble love.

332 *Christian Union and Love.*

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid contention ever cease.
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Wholly like the precious Lord.
- 3 Let us each for others' care,
Each his brother's burden bear,
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.
- 4 Free from envy and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide,
And the depths of love express,
And the heights of holiness.
- 5 Let us then with joy remove,
To thy Family above;
There in perfect union raise
Sweeter songs and nobler praise.

333 *The Cross.*

- 1 To the cross where Jesus dies,
Where my Lord resigns his breath,
Where affliction veils his eyes,
Swimming in the tears of death.
- 2 Thither bringing all my guilt,
From avenging wrath I flee,
To the blood of sprinkling spilt—
Spilt to let the sinner free.
- 3 'Mid convulsive agonies,
Peace his quivering lips impart;
Pardon seal'd by broken sighs
Issuing from a bursting heart.
- 4 Let us feel this healing power,
Let this harden'd heart of stone,
Melt beneath this purple shower,
From his body trickling down.
- 5 On those temples, crown'd with thorns,
Suff'ring majesty appears;
Love that dying face adorns,
Stain'd with blood and soil'd with tears.
- 6 Pierce the shadows of my heart,
With the lightning of that eye,
Smiles of peace to me impart,
Let me feel, or I must die!

PATTON. 6-7's.

Not too fast.

Hearken, Lord, to my com-plaint, For my soul within me faints ;

The first system of the musical score for 'PATTON. 6-7's.' features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo instruction is 'Not too fast.' The lyrics are 'Hearken, Lord, to my com-plaint, For my soul within me faints ;'. The piano part consists of a treble and bass clef staff with a brace between them, showing chords and arpeggiated figures.

Thee, far off, I call to mind, In the land I left be - hind,

The second system continues the musical score. The lyrics are 'Thee, far off, I call to mind, In the land I left be - hind,'. The musical notation follows the same format as the first system, with a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Where the streams of Jordan flow, Where the heights of Hermon glow.

The third system concludes the musical score on this page. The lyrics are 'Where the streams of Jordan flow, Where the heights of Hermon glow.' The musical notation remains consistent with the previous systems.

334 Prayer and Hope in Deep
Affliction.

- 1 HEARKEN, Lord, to my complaints,
For my soul within me faints ;
Thee far off I call to mind,
In the land I left behind,
Where the streams of Jordan flow,
Where the heights of Hermon glow.
- 2 Tempest-tost my failing bark
Founders in the ocean dark,
Deep to deep around me calls,
With the rush of waterfalls,
While I plunge to lower caves,
Overwhelm'd by all thy waves.
- 3 Once the morning's earliest light
Brought thy mercy to my sight,
And my wakeful song was heard
Later than the evening bird :
Hast thou all my prayers forgot ?
Will thy mercy heed them not ?
- 4 Why, my soul, art thou perplex'd ?
Why with faithless troubles vex'd ?
Hope in God, whose saving name
Thou shall joyfully proclaim,
When his countenance shall shine
Through the clouds that darken thine.

335 The Dying Christian.

- 1 HASTE, my spirit, haste away,
'Tis thy glorious Saviour calls ;
Leave this tenement of clay :
Quit its broken shatter'd walls :
Through these ruins I descry
Gleams of immortality.
- 2 Cease, my friends, to weep for me,
Let me rather mourn for you ;
Far from sin and woe I flee,
Christ and heav'n are in my view :
Dare not wish my soul to stay,
Angels beckon me away.
- 3 To the sovereign hand of death,
Earthly blessings I resign ;
Lord, to thee I yield my breath,
Take this ransom'd soul of mine,
And my songs of joy shall be
Ceaseless as eternity.

336 Saturday Evening.

- 1 SAFELY through another week
God hath brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On the' approaching Sabbath-day :
Day of all the week the best
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we pray for pardoning grace
Through the blest Redeemer's name,
Show us, Lord, thy smiling face,
And remove our guilt and shame :
Thus from every care set free,
May we rest this night with thee.
- 3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near ;
May thy glory meet our eyes
When we in thy courts appear ;
There in spirit may we taste
Fruits of heaven's eternal rest.
- 4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
Bid the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints ;
Thus may every Sabbath prove,
Till we join the church above.

337 Jesus Christ the same Yes-
terday, &c. *Heb. xiii. 8.*

- 1 WHAT a changing world is this !
Void of all substantial bliss ;
All we see beneath the sun
In successive changes run ;
But our Jesus proves the same,
Endless blessings on his name !
- 2 Boundless goodness, love supreme,
Flow'd eternally from him !
Priests and prophets, all have told,
What he did for saints of old ;
Jesus Christ is still the same,
Endless blessings on his name !
- 3 Let us to his throne repair,
Wait with humble patience there ;
He will soon our cries attend,
Love and save us to the end ;
He will ever prove the same,
Endless blessings on his name !

"PRAISE THE LORD."

Words from the German.

Music from ROLLE.

Allegro.

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, when blush-ing morning

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/2 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of a simple harmonic accompaniment with a bass line of G2, B2, D3, and a treble line of G4, B4, D5.

Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew; Praise him when revived cre-

The second system continues the vocal line with a half note C5, followed by a quarter note D5, and then a half note E5. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar harmonic structure, ending with a double bar line.

ation, Beams with beauties fair and new.

The third system concludes the vocal line with a half note F5, followed by a quarter note G5, and then a half note A5. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar harmonic structure, ending with a double bar line.

338 Thanksgivings.

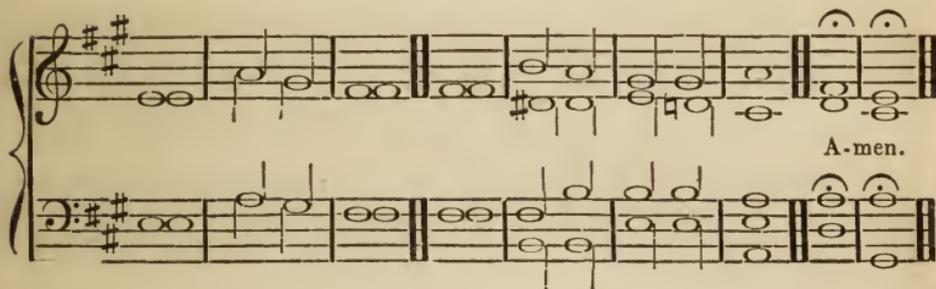
1 PRAISE the Lord! when blushing
morning
Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew;
Praise him when reviv'd creation
Beams with beauties fair and new.

2 Praise the Lord! when early breezes
Come with fragrance from the
flowers;
Praise, thou willow, by the brookside;
Praise, ye birds among the bowers.

3 Praise the Lord! and may his blessing
Guide us in the way of truth;
Keep our feet from paths of error.
Make us holy in our youth.

4 Praise the Lord! ye hosts of heaven;
Angels, sing your sweetest lays,
All things utter forth his glory;
Sound aloud Jehovah's praise.

BABYLON. (CHANT, No. 5.)



339 Psalm CXXVI.

- 1 { WHEN the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion,
} We were like | them that | dream.
- 2 { Then was our mouth filled with laughter,
} And our | tongue broke | out with | singing.
- 3 { Then said they among the heathen,
} The Lord hath done great | things for | them.
- 4 { The Lord hath done great things for | us,
} Where- | of . . we are | glad.
- 5 { Turn again our captivity, O Lord,
} As the | streams . . in the | south.
- 6 They that sow in tears shall | reap, shall | reap in | joy.
- 7 He that goeth forth weeping, | bearing . . precious | seed,
3 Shall, doubtless, come again with rejoicing,
| Bringing . . his | sheaves | with him.

HADORAM. S. M.

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

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The time signature is 2/2. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

340 Watch and Pray. Matt. xxvi. 41.

- 1 My soul be on thy guard;
 Ten thousand foes arise;
 And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
 To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly day by day,
 And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor once at ease sit down;
 Thy arduous work will not be done,
 Till thou hast got thy crown.

341 Isaiah IX. 8.

- 1 THE day is drawing nigh,
 Still brighter far than this;
 When converts like a cloud shall fly
 To seek the realms of bliss.
- 2 What rapturous scenes of joy
 Shall burst upon our sight,
 When sinners up to Zion's hill,
 Like doves shall speed their flight.
- 3 Beneath thy balmy wing,
 O sun of Right-ousness,
 These happy souls shall sit and sing
 The wonders of thy grace.

342 Grieve not the Spirit.

Eph. iv. 30.

- 1 AND canst thou, sinner slight
The call of love divine!
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?
- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit, from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppress'd?
- 3 To-day, a pardoning God,
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood,
Will wash thy guilt away.
- 4 But grace so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom with vengeance
fraught
Will fill thee with surprise.

343 Hymn at Parting.

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

344 Importunate Prayer.

- 1 JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Though unbelief suggest
"Why should we longer wait?"
He bids us never let him rest,
But knock at mercy's gate.
- 4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

345 We must through much tribulation enter into the Kingdom of God. *Acts xiv. 22.*

- 1 As strangers here below,
With various woes oppress,
We must through tribulation go
To our eternal rest.
- 2 Thus Christ, our glorious head,
Ascended to his throne;
Why should his saints refuse to tread,
The way their Lord has gone?
- 3 The path to glory lies
Through anguish and distress;
But joyful we at length shall rise,
The kingdom to possess.
- 4 'Tis needful that we bear
Our Father's rod of love;
We pass through tribulation here,
That we may rest above.

346 For the Spread of the Gospel

- 1 O God of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne;
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.
- 2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways;
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's name.

347 THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

(TRIO FOR THREE TREBLES.)

POETRY BY MRS. HEMANS.

MUSIC BY G. KINGSLEY.

Andantino Staccato.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a series of chords in a 2/4 time signature, marked with a *Dolce* dynamic. The left hand (bass clef) provides a steady accompaniment with chords and some moving lines.

The piano accompaniment for the first system of the choir, consisting of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with some grace notes, while the left hand continues with a supporting accompaniment.

1st Treble.

The musical notation for the first treble part, showing a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats.

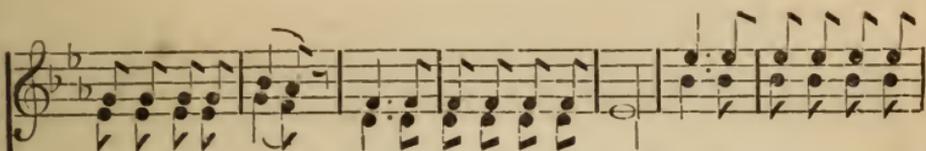
2d Treble.

1 Ver. Child a - midst the flow'rs at play, While the red light fades a - way, Mother
 2 „ Tra-v'ller in the stran-ger's land, Far from thine own household band; Mourn-er,
 3 „ War-rior, that from bat-tle won, Breath-less now at set of sun! Wo-man,

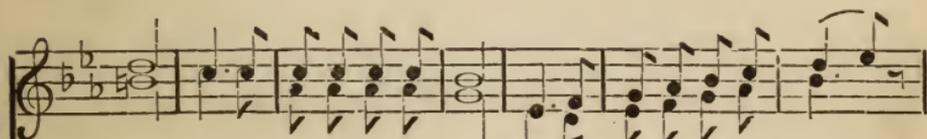
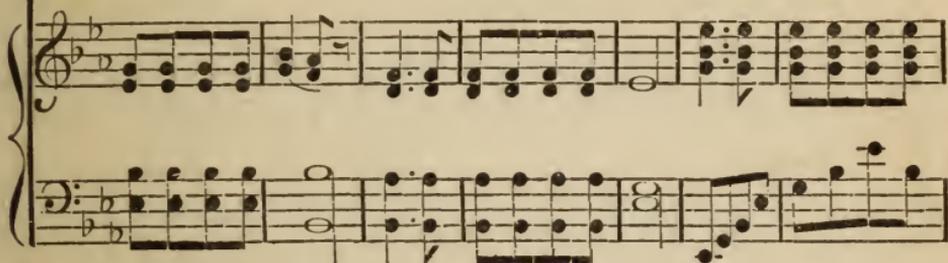
The musical notation for the second treble part, showing a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats.

3d Treble.

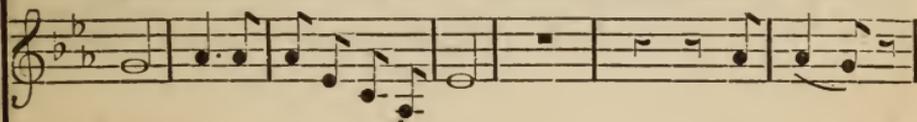
The piano accompaniment for the second system of the choir, consisting of two staves. The right hand continues the melodic line, and the left hand provides accompaniment.

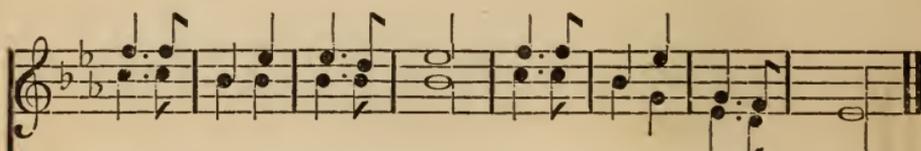


with thine earnest eye, Ev-er following silent - ly ; Father, by the breeze of
 haunted by the tone Of a voice from this world gone ! Captive in whose narrow
 o'er the lowly slain, Weeping on his burial plain, Ye that triumph, ye that

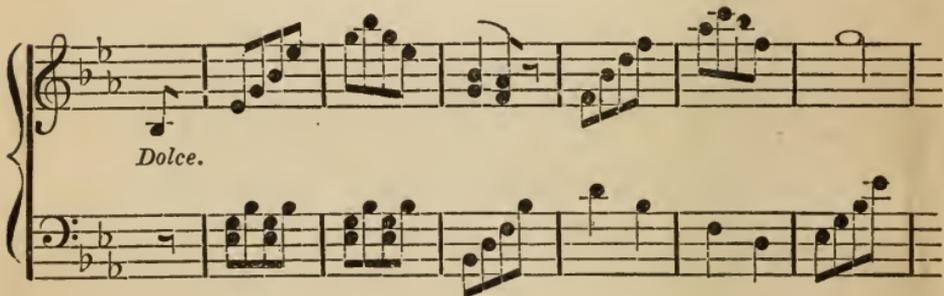
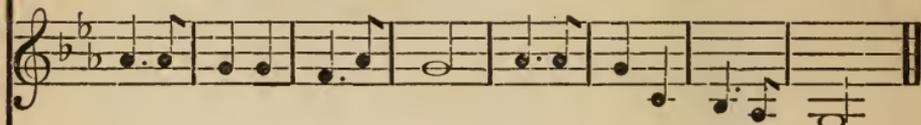


eve, Call'd thy harvest work to leave, Pray ere yet the dark hours be,
 cell, Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ; Sail-or, on the dark'ning sea—
 sigh, Kindred by one ho-ly tie, Heaven's first star alike ye see—





Lift the heart and bend the knee—Lift the heart and bend the knee.
 Lift the heart and bend the knee—Lift the heart and bend the knee.
 Lift the heart and bend the knee—Lift the heart and bend the knee.



Octave higher - loco

Octave higher - - -



loco.

Piano accompaniment for the first system, marked *loco.* It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/2. The music features a melodic line in the treble and a more rhythmic, accompanimental line in the bass.

TO-DAY.

*Air.**Alto.**Tenor.**Bass.*

Vocal staves for the first system, marked *Air.* It includes four staves: Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are: "To - day, the Sa-viour calls, Ye wand'ers come :

Piano accompaniment for the second system. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are: "O, ye be-night-ed souls! Why longer roam ?

348 To-day.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 To day the Saviour calls,
Ye wanderers come :
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam ?</p> <p>2 To-day the Saviour calls,
O listen now :
Within these sacred walls,
To Jesus bow.</p> | <p>3 To-day the Saviour calls,
For refuge fly,
The storm of vengeance falls,—
Ruin is nigh.</p> <p>4 The Spirit calls to-day,
Yield to his power :
O grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.</p> |
|---|--|

HASTINGS. L. M.

Ye worldly cares and themes be - gone! Far other thoughts our

The first system of the musical score for 'Hastings' consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The music is in 2/2 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are: 'Ye worldly cares and themes be - gone! Far other thoughts our'.

bosoms fill! A - no-ther week has swift-ly flown, And we are

The second system of the musical score continues the piece. It also consists of three staves (vocal, right-hand piano, and left-hand piano). The lyrics are: 'bosoms fill! A - no-ther week has swift-ly flown, And we are'.

spared and liv - ing still, And we are spared and liv - ing still.

The third and final system of the musical score concludes the piece. It consists of three staves. The lyrics are: 'spared and liv - ing still, And we are spared and liv - ing still.'

349 Prayer for a Blessing on the Sabbath.

- 1 YE worldly cares and themes begone !
Far other thoughts our bosoms fill !
Another week has swiftly flown,
And we are spared and living still.
- 2 Lord teach us so to count our days,
That we our hearts and souls may give,
With all their powers to wisdom's ways,
And to thy praise and glory live.
- 3 Soft let the dews of sleep descend,
This night, upon thy servants' heads;
And, while we rest, thy wings extend,
Thy guardian wings, around our beds.
- 4 Then, when the holy morn shall break,
And chase the darkness from the sky,
Give us in health and peace to wake,
To seek thy face, and feel thee nigh.
- 5 Sweet is the Sabbath's dawn to them
Who thy salvation long to see,
And on the new Jerusalem,
With fervour hope to dwell with thee.
- 6 Such be to us the hallow'd morn !
Such joy let its return afford !
Thine image on our hearts be borne,
And all our spirits praise the Lord !
- 7 For built up thus, in faith and love,
Our souls shall pant to reach the skies,
And in thy holy courts above,
A Sabbath spend, which never dies.

350 Colossians II. 19.

- 1 HEAD of the Church, our risen Lord,
Who by thy spirit does preside
O'er the whole body ; by thy word
They all are ruled and sanctified :
- 2 Our prayers, our intercessions hear,
For all thy family at large,
That each, in his appointed sphere,
His proper service may discharge.
- 3 So, through the grace deriv'd from thee,
In whom all fullness dwells above,
Let thy whole church united be,
And edify itself in love.

351 On removing to a new Habitation.

- 1 THOU sovereign Lord of earth and skies,
Supremely good, supremely wise !
Fix thou the place of our abode ;
But may we still live near to God.
- 2 Where'er our dwelling shall be found,
We will thy throne of grace surround ;
An altar to thy name will raise,
With sacrifice of prayer and praise.
- 3 With faith and with devotion, Lord !
Teach us each day to hear thy word :
Grant us thy light to learn thy will,
And strength our duties to fulfil.
- 4 Our circle with thy presence bless :
Keep out each root of bitterness :
And may, to each, the last remove
Be to the mansions of thy love.

352 Parents' Prayer. Ps. xc. 1.

- 1 THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been ;
Through every age eternal God,
Thy presence their secure abode.
- 2 In Thee, our fathers sought their rest :
In thee our fathers still are blest :
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too.
- 3 So, when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell in flesh no more,
To thee our separate souls shall come,
And find in thee a surer home.
- 4 To thee our infant race we leave :
Them, may their father's God receive !
That voices yet unform'd may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

353 Desiring the Presence of God.

- 1 MY God, I bow before thy feet ;
When shall my soul approach thy seat ?
When shall I see thy glorious face
With mingled majesty and grace ?
- 2 How should I love thee, and adore
With hopes and joys unknown before !
And bid this trifling world begone,
Nor tease my heart so near thy throne.
- 3 My soul should pour out all her cares
In flowing words, and flowing tears ;
Thy smiles would ease my sharpest pain,
Nor should I seek my God in vain.

“EARTH’S STORMY NIGHT.”

Earth's stormy night will soon be o'er: The raging wind shall cease;

The first system of the musical score for "Earth's Stormy Night." It features a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Earth's stormy night will soon be o'er: The raging wind shall cease;"

The Christian's bark will reach the shore Of heaven's e - ter - nal peace:

The second system of the musical score. The lyrics are: "The Christian's bark will reach the shore Of heaven's e - ter - nal peace:"

p
E'en now the distant rays ap-pear, To chase the gloom of night.

The third system of the musical score. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: "E'en now the distant rays ap-pear, To chase the gloom of night." The piano accompaniment also includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

The Sun of Righteousness appears, and terrors take their flight.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with a dynamic marking of *f*. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major. The bottom staff is a bass line in G major. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

354 **Preparing for Death.**

1 If I must die, oh! let me die
 With hope in Jesus' blood—
 The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
 And reconciles to God.
 If I must die, oh! let me die
 In peace with all mankind,
 And change these fleeting joys below
 For pleasures more refin'd.

2 If I must die—and die I must—
 Let some kind seraph come,
 And bear me on his friendly wing
 To my celestial home.
 Of Canaan's land, from Pasgah's top,
 May I but have a view;
 Though Jordan shall o'erflow its banks,
 I'll boldly venture through.

355 **Delight in the Presence and
 Worship of God.**

1 We love thy holy temple, Lord,
 For there thou deign'st to dwell;
 And there the heralds of thy word
 Of all thy mercies tell:
 There, in thy pure and cleansing fount,
 Wash'd from each guilty stain,
 Our souls on wings of faith shall mount
 To heaven's eternal fane.

2 Around thine altar we will kneel
 In penitence sincere,
 A Saviour's mercy deeply feel,
 And words of pardon hear;—
 Or, mingling with the choral throng,
 Our joyful voices raise,
 And pour the full, melodious song,
 In notes of grateful praise.

356 **Fear ye not me. Jer. v. 22.**

1 WHEN on the giddy cliff I stand,
 Beneath the billows' roar,
 And, breaking on the rocky strand,
 Whiten with foam the shore;
 Shall winds and waves their God obey,
 And I refuse to hear?
 Shall He that bounds the flowing sea
 Not bind me with his fear?

2 O Thou! that rulest seas and skies;
 Corruption's flood control,
 Nor let the waves of passion rise,
 Within my troubled soul:
 Then I within thy sacred mound,
 In due obedience blest,
 Calm, gently flowing, kiss the bound,
 And wait eternal rest.

LENTWOOD. 10's.

Rather Slow.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef staff with a 3/4 time signature. The two lower staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a 3/4 time signature. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The music is marked 'Rather Slow.' and features a melody in the upper voice with accompaniment in the piano.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef staff. The two lower staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The music continues from the first system with similar melodic and accompanimental lines.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef staff. The two lower staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The music concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

357 *The Sabbath Welcomed.*

- 1 HAIL, happy day! thou day of holy rest,
What heavenly peace and transport fills our breast!
When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends,
And kindly holds communion with his friends.
- 2 Let earth and all its vanities begone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.
- 3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes:
Oh! meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
And waft it to the blissful realms above.

358 *The Sabbath.*

- 1 AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which when he made the world, Jehovah blest,
When, like his own, he bade our labours cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.
- 2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear when fervently we raise
Our supplications, and our songs of praise.
- 3 Father of heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our guardian—and in death our friend;
Glory supreme be thine, 'till time shall end.

359 *Lamenting the Desolation of Zion.*

- 1 ALONG the banks where Babel's current flows,
Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed,
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.
- 2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,
When praise employed and mirth inspired the lay;
In mournful silence—on the willows hung,
And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.
- 3 Our hard oppressions, to increase our woe,
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.
- 4 But how, in heathen chains, and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise?
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory—sacred mount of praise;—
- 5 If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
If cold heart neglect my kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame:
My hand shall perish, and my voice shall cease.

NUREMBURG. 7's.

Moderato. *German.*

Hap-pi-ness, thou lovely name, Where's thy seat, O tell me where ?

The first system of the musical score is for the song 'Nuremburg. 7's.'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' and the style is 'German.'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/2. The lyrics are: 'Hap-pi-ness, thou lovely name, Where's thy seat, O tell me where ?'.

Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame, All cry out, " It is not there."

The second system of the musical score continues the song. The lyrics are: 'Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame, All cry out, " It is not there."'

360 "Commune with your own Heart upon your Bed."—*Psalm iv. 4.*

1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head!
My Great Master still allows,
Needful periods of repose.

2 By my heavenly Father blest,
Thus I give myself to rest;
Heavenly Father! gracious name!
Night and day his love the same.

3 Far be each suspicious thought,
Every anxious care forgot:
Thou, my ever bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good.

4 Thy kind eye, which cannot sleep,
These defenceless hours shall keep,
Blest vicissitude to me!
Day and night I'm still with thee.

361 *Who will show us any Good.**Psalm clvi.*

- 1 HAPPINESS, thou lovely name,
Where's thy seat, O tell me where?
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All cry out, "It is not there."
- 2 Not the wisdom of the wise,
Not the grandeur of the great,
Can inform me where it lies,
Can the bliss I seek create.
- 3 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
- 4 Source and Giver of repose,
Peace and happiness are thine,
Singly from thy smile it flows,
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

362 *Appeals from Eternity.*

- 1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death shades o'er thee spread,
Thou hast finish'd earth's career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?
- 2 When the world has pass'd away,
When draws near the Judgment Day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, oh where wilt thou be found?
- 3 When the Judge descends in light,
Cloth'd in majesty and might;
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, oh where wilt thou appear?
- 4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crown'd,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

363 *Expostulation.*

- 1 SINNER, what hast thou to show,
Like the joys believers know?
Is thy path of fading flowers
Half so bright, so sweet as ours?
- 2 Doth a skilful, healing friend,
On thy daily path attend,
And where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm in every wound?

- 3 When the tempest rolls on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, O can thy dying breath,
Summon one more strong than death?
- 4 Canst thou on that awful day,
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom given,
Burst from earth, and soar to heaven?

364 *On the Death of a Believer.*

- 1 Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of *his** fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered unto God.
- 2 Lo! the pain of life is past,
And *his* warfare now is o'er:
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.
- 3 Yes! the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight the crown is won,
Death is swallow'd up of life.
- 4 Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth *his* spirit flies,
To the Lord *he* loved, and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.
- 5 Join we then with one accord,
In the new and joyful song:
Absent from our loving Lord,
We shall not continue long.
- 6 We shall quit the house of clay
Better joys with Him to share:
We shall see the realms of day,
We shall meet our *brother* there.

365 *By Faith he stands.*

2 Cor. i. 24.

- 1 STRANGERS, pilgrims, here below,
Travelling to fair Canaan's land,
Lean on Jesus as ye go,
For by faith alone ye stand.
- 2 Glory in the Saviour's name,
Join with all the ransom'd band,
Trust the Lord, he's still the same,
For by faith alone ye stand.
- 3 Trust the Lord, in life and death,
Trust your all in Jesus' hand;
Trust him with your latest breath,
For by faith alone ye stand.

* Her, she, sister.

WENTON. C. M.

In all my Lord's appointed ways, My journey I'll pur - sue ;

The first system of the musical score for 'Hinder me not'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'In all my Lord's appointed ways, My journey I'll pur - sue ;'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

"Hinder me not," ye much lov'd saints, For I must go with you.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics '"Hinder me not," ye much lov'd saints, For I must go with you.' The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

366 Hinder me not.

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
leads,
I'll follow where he goes ;
Hinder me not," shall be my cry ;
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.

367 The Saints in Glory.

- 1 How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their glad array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?
- 2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every voice to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray:
God is their sun! whose cheering beams
Pour round eternal day.
- 6 The Lamb, who dwells amidst the
throne,
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine
And all their footsteps guide.
- 7 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Whose living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

368 ZURICH. 7's & 5's.

Slow

1 Mark the virtuous man, and see, Peace and joy his steps attend;
2 Come and see his dy-ing bed: Calm his lat-est moments roll;

All his path is pu-ri-ty, Hap-py is his end.
An-gels ho-ver round his head; Heav'n receives his soul.

369 HOSANNA.

f Ho - - san - - na, Ho - - san - - na, Ho - *p*

ped.

f *p*
san - - na! Blessed is he, Blessed, blessed is

f *cres.*
he that cometh in the name. in the name of the Lord:

f *cres.*

f Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - *p*
f *ped.*

Detailed description: This system contains the first three measures of the piece. The vocal line starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic and ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with a 'ped.' (pedal) marking under the first two measures.

f san - na, Ho - san - na in the highest! Ho -
f

Detailed description: This system contains the next three measures. The vocal line continues with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

ff san - na in the high - est, in the high - est!
ff

Detailed description: This system contains the final three measures of the piece. The vocal line reaches a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord and a fermata over the last note.

ELLSWORTH. C. M.

Sweet is the friend - ly voice which speaks The

words of life and peace ; Which bids the pe - ni - - tent re-

joice, And sin and sor-row cease.

The score consists of three systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef) and piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "Sweet is the friend - ly voice which speaks The words of life and peace ; Which bids the pe - ni - - tent re-joice, And sin and sor-row cease." The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the vocal melody. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

370 *Peace to the Penitent.*

- 1 SWEET is the friendly voice which
speaks
The words of life and peace ;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.
- 2 No healing balm on earth like this,
Can cheer the contrite heart ;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.
- 3 Thou still art merciful and kind,
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal,
The broken heart 'tis thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
Peace to my anxious breast ;
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

371 *The Vicissitudes of Life.*

- 1 IN all thy mercies may my soul
A father's bounty see ;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.
- 2 Teach me in time of deep distress
To own thy hand, my God,
And in submissive silence hear
The lessons of thy rod.
- 3 In every varying mortal state,
Each bright, each gloomy scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.
- 4 Then shall I close mine eyes in death
Without one anxious fear ;
For death itself is life, my God,
If thou art with me there.

372 *The Christian Pilgrim.*

- 1 CHILDREN of God, who trav'ling slow,
Your pilgrim path pursue, [woe,
In strength, and weakness, joy and
To God's high calling true ;—
- 2 Why move ye thus with lingering tread
A doubtful mournful band ?
Why faintly hangs the drooping head ?
Why fails the feeble hand ?

- 3 Was the full orb that rose in light,
To cheer your early ray,
A treacherous meteor, falsely bright,
That blazed and pass'd away ?
- 4 Was the rich vale that proudly shone
Beneath the morning beam,
A soft illusion, swiftly gone—
A fair and faithless dream ?
- 5 Oh ! weak to know a Saviour's power,
To feel a Father's care :
A moment's toil, a passing show'r
Is all the grief ye share.

373 *Secret Prayer.*

- 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 blessings she desires ;
Hope points the upward gaze ;
And love, celestial love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.
- 3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Heard by no human ear,
When Jesus makes the heart rejoice,
And dries the bitter tear.
- 4 Not accents flow, nor words ascend :
All utterance faileth there, ;
But Christian spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

374 *The Dying Parent.*

"I die: but God shall be with you."
Gen. xlviii. v. 21

- 1 AMIDST the anguish and the strife,
Which shrinking nature fears,
Look gently down, great source of life,
And dry my starting tears.
- 2 Serene, like Jacob, I would die,
And gather up my feet [fly
Would chide the lingering hours, and
My Saviour God to meet.
- 3 My dearest comforts I would leave,
With glory in my eyes ;
Would wipe the tears of those who
grieve,
And point them to the skies.
- 4 My trembling lips, if thou art nigh
When life's sad hours are few,
With joy shall say—" Behold I die !
But God shall be with you."

KINGSWOOD. 7's & 6's.

1 { Lamb of God, whose bleed-ing love We now re-
Send the an - swer from a - bove, And let us

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are: "1 { Lamb of God, whose bleed-ing love We now re- Send the an - swer from a - bove, And let us".

call to mind; } Think on us who think on thee;
mer - cy find: }

p

This system contains the next three staves of music. The lyrics are: "call to mind; } Think on us who think on thee; mer - cy find: }". A piano dynamic marking (*p*) is placed below the piano accompaniment. The musical notation includes repeat signs at the end of the first and second staves.

Ev - 'ry bur-den'd soul re - lease; Oh, re - mem - ber

This system contains the final three staves of music. The lyrics are: "Ev - 'ry bur-den'd soul re - lease; Oh, re - mem - ber". The music concludes with a double bar line at the end of the first staff.

Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.

375 *Pleading by the Cross.*

- 1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind ;
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find :
Think on us who think on thee ;
Every burden'd soul release,
Oh remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.
- 2 Through thy blood by faith applied,
Let us thy pardon feel ;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal,
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease ;
Oh remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.
- 3 Can we ever hence depart
Till thou our wants relieve ?
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give :
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
Still renew'd by holiness ;
Oh remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

376 *Christ, and Him Crucified.*

- 1 VAIN, delusive world adieu,
With all of creature good ;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood.
All thy pleasure I forego ;
All my wealth and all my pride,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

- 2 Turning to my rest again,
The Saviour I adore ;
He relieves my grief and pain
And bids me weep no more.
Rivers of salvation flow
From his head, his hands, his side :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
- 3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end :
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend—
Daily in his grace to grow,
In his favour to abide :
Only Jesus will I know
And Jesus crucified.

377 *Flight of Time.*

- 1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb :
Youth and vigour soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms,
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.
- 2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home ;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb :
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesu's love.

378 COLLYER. C. M.

*Mod. dolce.**Air.*

2d Treble.

1 Re-turⁿ, O wand' rer to thy home, Thy Fa - ther

Bass.

p *cres.*

calls for thee; No lon ger now an ex - ile roam,

In guilt and mi - se - ry; Re - turn, re - turn!

2 Return O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee:
The Spirit and the Bride say—come.
O, now for refuge flee:
Return, return!

3 Return O wanderer to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay:
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day:
Return, return!

379 God's Gracious Call to Sinners.

1 RETURN, O wanderer—now return!
And seek thy Father's face!
Those new desires which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace—
Return, return!

2 Return, O wanderer—now return!
He hears thy humble sigh,
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.
Return, return!

3 Return, O wanderer—now return!
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Go to his feet, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.
Return, return!

4 Return, O wanderer now return!
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn:
'Tis love invites thee near.
Return, return!

THESSALY. 7's.

Dolcemento.

High in yonder realms of light, Dwell the raptured saints a - bove,
Far be-yond our fee-ble sight, Happy in Im - man-uel's love.

380 The Saints in Glory.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 High in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptur'd saints above;
Far beyond our mortal sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.</p> <p>2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts distressing fears—
Torturing pain—and heavy woe.</p> | <p>3 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.</p> <p>4 Happy spirits! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lull'd to rest the aching head,
Sooth'd the anguish of the mind.</p> <p>5 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturb'd repose—
There no cloud can intervene—
There no angry tempest blows.</p> |
|---|--|

INDEX OF THE HYMNS.

FIRST LINES.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
Acquaint thyself quickly, oh sinner, with God	<i>Sacred Songs</i> ..	117
Again the day returns of holy rest	<i>Church Psalmody</i> ..	195
Along the banks where Babel's current flows	<i>Barlow</i>	195
All glorious God what hymns of praise ..	<i>Leeds Selection</i> ..	57
All honour and praise to the Father ..	<i>Sacred Songs</i> ..	47
All that in this wide world	<i>Dobell</i>	177
Almighty former of this wondrous plan ..	<i>Guion</i>	163
Ah! how deceitful is the heart	<i>Dr. Reed</i>	113
Amid the splendour of thy state	<i>Pratt's Collection</i> ..	127
Amidst the anguish and the strife	<i>Anon.</i>	203
And is the lovely shadow fled	<i>Wesley</i>	137
And canst thou, sinner, slight	<i>Hyde</i>	185
Another day has pass'd along	<i>Edmeston</i>	151
Arise, my soul, on wings sublime	<i>Church Psalmody</i> ..	57
As strangers here below	<i>Anon.</i>	185
At length the opening spring has come ..	<i>Sacred Songs</i> ..	9
A voice from the desert comes awful ..	<i>Drummond</i> ..	39
Away ye dreams of mortal joy	<i>Leeds Selection</i> ..	151
Before thy footstool kneeling	<i>Hastings</i>	129
Behold how good and how pleasant	<i>Psalms</i>	163
Beloved Saviour, let not me	<i>Abdool-Mesah</i> ..	123
Beyond the dark and stormy bound	<i>Hamilton</i>	27
Bleeding hearts defiled by sin	<i>Sacred Songs</i> ..	125
Blessed be the Lord God	<i>Psalms</i>	167
Blest be the dear uniting love	<i>C. Wesley</i>	155
Blest be the tie that binds	<i>Fawcett</i>	185
Blest comforter Divine	<i>Pratt's Collection</i> ..	113
Britons, now your harvest ended	<i>Pratt's Collection</i> ..	23
By cool Siloam's shady rill	<i>Heber</i>	9
Cease here longer to detain me	<i>Cecil</i>	7
Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish	<i>Collyer</i>	35
Child, amid the flowers at play	<i>Hemans</i>	186
Child of the dust, I heard thee cry	<i>Conder</i>	145
Child of sin and sorrow	<i>Hastings</i>	97
Children of the Heavenly King	<i>Cennick</i>	73
Children of God, who travelling slow	<i>Village Hymns</i> ..	203
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	<i>C. Wesley</i>	59
Creator, Preserver, Redeemer of men	<i>Sacred Songs</i> ..	47
Come all who'er have set	<i>Wesley</i>	64
Come, dearest Lord, and this day	<i>Dobell</i>	177
Come let us join our souls to God	<i>Montgomery</i> ..	121
Come let us strike our harps afresh	<i>Dr. Reed</i>	119
Come, kingdom of our God	<i>Johns</i>	157
Come, O my soul in sacred lays	<i>Blacklock</i>	75
Come, said Jesu's sacred voice	<i>Pratt's Collection</i> ..	131

FIRST LINES.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
Come, thou Almighty King.	<i>Madan's Collection</i>	17
Come to Calvary's holy mountain	<i>Montgomery</i>	23
Come 'tis Jesus' invitation	<i>Vestry Hymns</i>	35
Come ye disconsolate	<i>Anon.</i>	53
Come ye that know and fear the Lord	<i>Burder</i>	41
Come ye that love the Saviour's name	<i>Steele</i>	107
Dark brood the heavens o'er thee	<i>Hastings</i>	100
Dead! dead! the child I loved so well	<i>Wesley</i>	137
Dear is the hallowed morn	<i>Cunningham</i>	5
Dearest sister! thou hast left us	<i>Boston Selection</i>	125
Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame	<i>Kirkham</i>	127
Drooping souls no longer mourn	<i>Hastings</i>	143
Dust and ashes though we be	<i>Sacred Songs</i>	43
Dying souls fast bound in sin	<i>Hastings</i>	143
Enough of life's vain scene I've trod	<i>Leeds Selection</i>	5
Eternal God, I bless thy name	<i>Doddridge</i>	105
Fain would I leave the world below	<i>Wesley</i>	85
Far, far o'er hill and dell	<i>Am. Collection</i>	11
Far, far o'er hill and dell	<i>Sacred Harmony</i>	11
Far, far from yonder cloud	<i>Rev. T. Lowe</i>	11
Far, far beyond these lower skies	<i>Pratt's Collection</i>	48
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee.	<i>Couper</i>	127
Far from these narrow scenes of night	<i>Steele</i>	41
Father of all, thy care we bless	<i>Doddridge</i>	3
Father of mercies, God of love	<i>Collyer</i>	51
Father of mercies send thy grace	<i>Doddridge</i>	127
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Eternal	<i>Anon.</i>	25
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One in	<i>Sacred Songs</i>	29
Forgive my folly	<i>Hastings</i>	63
Forth from the dark and stormy skies	<i>Heber</i>	51
Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go	<i>Wesley</i>	159
For these and all thy mercies	<i>Selection</i>	95
For thee, O God, our constant praise	<i>Tate and Brady</i>	123
For yet a little while.	<i>Selection</i>	166
Fount of everlasting love	<i>R. Palmer</i>	131
Fountain of good, from thee alone	<i>Leeds Selection</i>	51
Fountain of mercy, God of love	<i>Epis. Selection</i>	107
Friend after friend departs	<i>Montgomery</i>	161
From the cross uplifted high	<i>Dr. Hawes</i>	28
From the recesses of a lowly spirit.	<i>Dr. Bowring</i>	172
Full speed along the world's highway	<i>Montgomery</i>	3
Glory to God on high	<i>Selection</i>	17
Glorious things of thee are spoken.	<i>Newton</i>	175
Go, messenger of love, and bear	<i>Christian Psalmist</i>	41
God in the high and holy place	<i>Anon.</i>	69
God is our refuge and defence	<i>Luther</i>	173
God of mercy, hear our prayer	<i>Mother's Hymn Book</i>	72
God of mercy, God of grace	<i>Lutheran Collection</i>	125
God of my life, to thee belongs	<i>Scott</i>	177
God of our salvation.	<i>Hastings</i>	33
Gracious spirit, love divine	<i>Stocker</i>	43
Great God, thy peerless excellence	<i>Hamilton</i>	3
Great God, to thee my evening song	<i>Steele</i>	3

FIRST LINES.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
Great God, to what a glorious height	<i>Pratt's Collection</i> ..	177
Green the hill-side ever fair	<i>S. S. Cutting</i> ..	37
Hallelujah ! for the Lord	<i>Selection</i>	101
Hail, great Creator, wise and good.. ..	<i>Lutheran Collection</i>	141
Hail, happy day, thou day of holy .. .	<i>Brown</i>	195
Hail, heavenly Salem, happy place.. ..	<i>Leeds Selection</i> ..	159
Hail, Immanuel, ever gracious	<i>Anon.</i>	175
Hail, morning known among the blest	<i>Dr. Wardlaw</i>	5
Hail, peaceful day of hallowed rest.. ..	<i>Anon.</i>	159
Happiness, thou lovely name	<i>Leeds Selection</i> ..	197
Hark ! hark the notes of joy	<i>Village Hymns</i> ..	164
Hark ! what mean those holy voices	<i>Cawood</i>	156
Hark ! what triumphant strains	49
Haste, my spirit, haste away	<i>Sacred Songs</i> ..	181
Head of the church, our risen Lord	<i>Conder</i>	191
Hearken, Lord, to my complaint	<i>Montgomery</i> ..	181
Hear, oh sinner ! mercy hails you	<i>Dr. Reed</i>	83
Hear ye not a voice from heaven	<i>Anon.</i>	87
Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord	<i>Salisbury Collection</i>	98
Heralds of Christ the Lord	<i>Pratt's Collection</i> ..	133
He lives, the everlasting God	<i>Watts</i>	149
He that goeth forth weeping	<i>Hastings</i>	175
High in yonder realms of light	<i>Meth. Collection</i> ..	207
High on a hill of dazzling light	<i>Watts</i>	57
High on the heavens' majestic throne	<i>Watts</i>	121
Holy, holy, holy Lord	<i>Montgomery</i> ..	80
Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty	<i>Sale's Collection</i> ..	109
Hosanna in the highest	<i>Selection</i>	201
How bright those glorious spirits shine	<i>Pratt's Collection</i> ..	199
How charming the thought	<i>Cunningham</i> ..	117
How gentle God's commands	<i>Doddridge</i>	1
How honoured, how dear that sacred abode	<i>Conder</i>	15
How lovely are thy dwellings, Lord.. ..	<i>Milton</i>	121
How precious, Lord, thy sacred word	<i>Burder's Collection</i>	27
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight	<i>Swain</i>	55
How sweet to the soul are the breathings	<i>Anon.</i>	15
How sweetly flowed the gospel sound	<i>Bowring</i>	65
How swift the torrent rolls	<i>Doddridge</i>	21
How tender is thy hand	<i>Mother's Hymn Book</i>	113
How welcome thy returning beams	<i>Hancox</i>	65
How welcome to our souls opprest	<i>Newton</i>	105
How wondrous great, how glorious bright	<i>Watts</i>	107
I love to steal awhile away	<i>Mrs. Brown</i>	155
I love the sacred book of God	<i>Maxwell's Collection</i>	75
I love thy Zion, Lord	<i>Dwight</i>	79
I saw beyond the tomb	<i>Dwight</i>	21
I would not live away, I ask	<i>Muhlenberg</i> ..	39
I would not live away, yet 'tis not	<i>S. S. Cutting</i> ..	111
If I must die, oh let me die	<i>Beddome</i>	192
If human kindness meets return	<i>G. T. Noel</i>	119
Interval of grateful shade	<i>Doddridge</i>	197
In all thy mercies may my soul	<i>Higginbotham</i> ..	203
In all my Lord's appointed ways	<i>Chapel Hymns</i> ..	198
In age and feebleness extreme	<i>Wesley</i>	85
Indulgent God of love and power	<i>Sacred Songs</i> ..	75
Indulgent Lord, thy goodness reigns	<i>Doddridge</i>	105

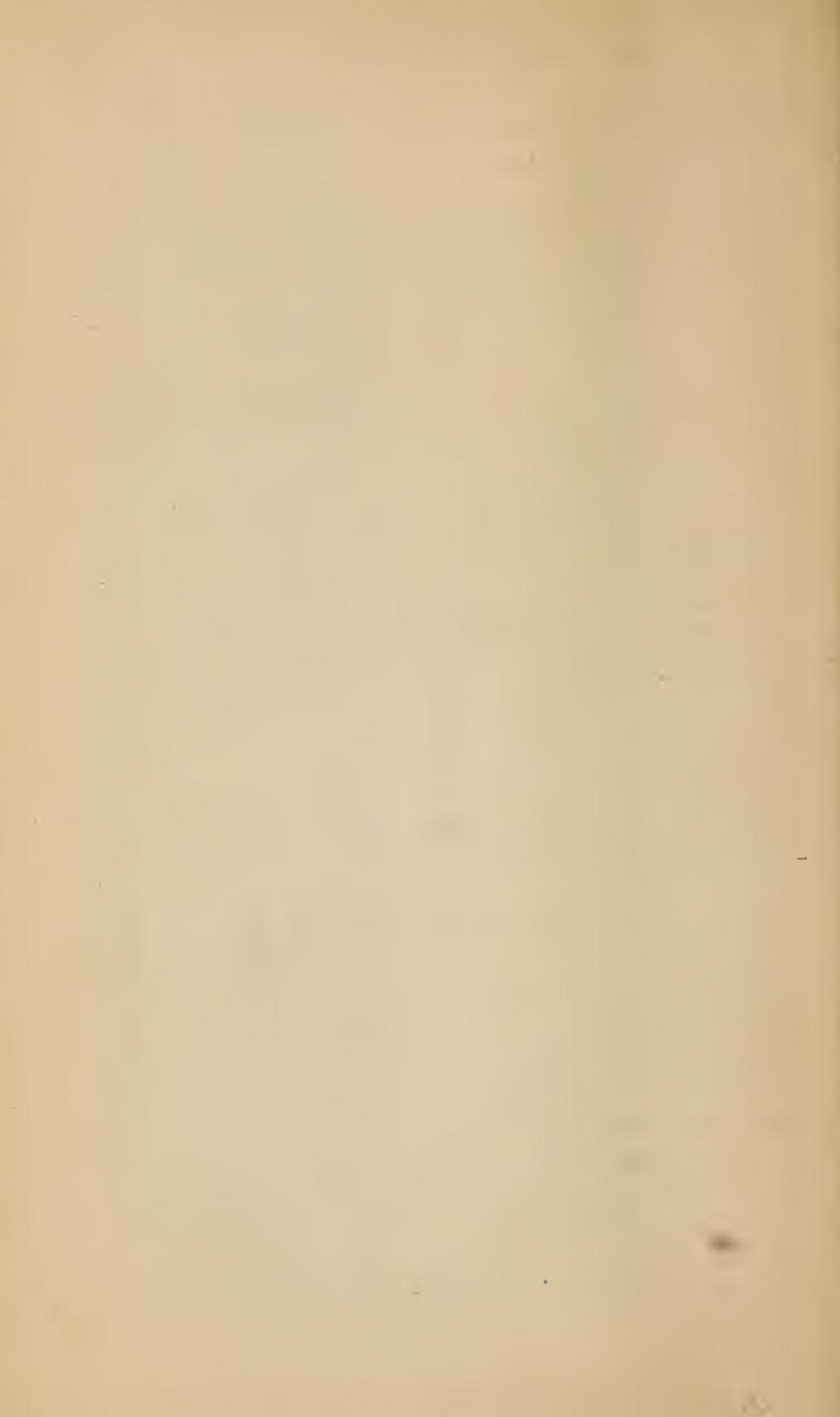
FIRST LINES.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
In sleep serene oblivion laid	<i>Hawkesworth</i>	115
In the same spirit on the day	<i>Dr. Raffles</i>	67
Jehovah God! thy gracious power	<i>Thomson</i>	55
Jesus, in whom but thee above	<i>Conder</i>	45
Jesus, thou fairest, dearest one	<i>Beddome</i>	127
Jesus, who knows full well	<i>Newton</i>	185
Lamb of God, whose bleeding love	<i>Wesley</i>	205
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	<i>Edmeston</i>	83
Let thy grace, Lord, make us lowly	<i>Pratt's Collection</i>	140
Let us awake our joys	<i>Kingsbury</i>	17
Lo! the prisoner is released.. ..	<i>Anon.</i>	197
Long as I live I'll bless thy name	<i>Watts</i>	69
Look up, ye saints, direct your eyes	<i>Needham</i>	152
Lord, assist us by thy grace	<i>Hastings</i>	73
Lord, bring me to resign	<i>Moravian Collection</i>	78
Lord, before thy throne we bend	<i>Pratt's Collection</i>	59
Lord Jesus come, for here	<i>Harriet Martineau</i>	157
Lord, let thy goodness lead our land	<i>Pratt's Collection</i>	75
Lord, I would come to thee	<i>Mother's Hymn Book</i>	79
Lord of mercy and of night	<i>Heber</i>	124
Lord of the Sabbath and its light	<i>Sacred Songs</i>	151
Lord, remember me for good	<i>Anon.</i>	37
Lord, when my thoughts delighted rove	<i>Steele</i>	45
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee	141
Lord, we bow with deep contrition	<i>Hastings</i>	7
Mark the virtuous man and see	<i>Anon.</i>	199
May I resolve with all my heart	75
May the grace of Christ our Saviour	141
Midst sorrow and care	<i>German</i>	53
Morning breaks upon the tomb	<i>Dr. Collyer</i>	87
My faith looks up to thee	<i>Ray Palmer</i>	17
My Father's house on high	<i>Montgomery</i>	165
My God, how endless is thy love	<i>Watts</i>	3
My God, I bow before thy feet	<i>Watts</i>	191
My God, my king, to thee I'll raise	<i>Steele</i>	107
My soul, be on thy guard	<i>Heath</i>	184
No more, vain world, with thy alluring toys	<i>Steele</i>	153
Not in the strong impetuous wind	<i>Leeds Selection</i>	177
Now far above the starry skies	<i>Leeds Selection</i>	49
Now is the accepted time	<i>Dobell</i>	129
Now with one consent we sing	99
O day of peace, whose dawning ray	<i>Christian Offering</i>	57
O do not let the word depart	<i>Dr. Reed</i>	115
O God of Israel, by whose hand	<i>Logan</i>	155
O God of strength, whose mighty hand	<i>German</i>	169
O God of sovereign grace	<i>Vestry Hymns</i>	185
O happy saints who dwell in light	151
O holy, holy, holy Lord	67
O Lord, behold us at thy feet	<i>Hastings</i>	119
O Lord I would delight in thee	<i>Ryland</i>	77
O Lord, our Lord, how excellent	<i>Selection</i>	152
O, my soul, what means this sadness	<i>Fawcett</i>	83
Once more our condescending God	<i>Anon.</i>	159

FIRST LINES.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
O sacred head once wounded	<i>From the German</i> ..	31
O sacred place, where God	<i>From the German</i> ..	135
O sing unto the Lord a new song	<i>Selection</i>	167
O the hour when this material	<i>Leeds Selection</i> ..	55
O thou who driest the mourner's tear	<i>Hastings</i>	126
O thou that hearest the prayer of faith	<i>Toplady</i>	27
O thou whose power o'er moving worlds	<i>Dr. Johnson</i>	153
O ye who with the frequent tear	<i>Dr. Huie</i>	137
O Zion, lift thy raptured eye	<i>Campbell</i>	177
O Zion, tune thy voice	<i>Church Psalmody</i> ..	71
O Zion, when I think on thee	<i>Church Psalmody</i> ..	123
Oh could our thoughts and wishes fly	<i>Steele</i>	89
Oh for an overcoming faith	<i>Watts</i>	63
Oh for a sight, a pleasing sight	<i>Watts</i>	105
Oh for a shout of sacred joy	<i>Watts</i>	103
Oh let me, gracious Lord, extend	<i>Merrick</i>	45
Oh tell me thou life and delight	<i>Sacred Songs</i>	145
Oh the delights, the heavenly joys	<i>Watts</i>	154
Oh throw away thy rod	113
Oh where shall rest be found	<i>Montgomery</i>	128
Oh why, ye redeemed, should	<i>R. W. Cushman</i> ..	139
On thee each morning, O my God	<i>Liverpool Collection</i>	9
Onward, onward, men of heaven	<i>Mrs. Sigourney</i> ..	141
Parting soul, the floods await thee	<i>Sacred Lyre</i>	7
Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan	<i>Vestry Hymns</i>	85
People of the living God	<i>Montgomery</i>	179
Pilgrim burdened with thy sins	125
Pleasing spring again is here. . . .	<i>Collyer</i>	43
Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore him	<i>Dublin Collection</i> ..	175
Praise the Lord when blushing morning	<i>From the German</i> ..	183
Remember thy Creator	<i>S. F. Smith</i>	61
Return, O wanderer, to thy home	<i>Sacred Songs</i>	206
Return, O wanderer, now return	<i>Collyer</i>	206
Rest from thy labours, rest	<i>Montgomery</i>	113
Rise crowned with light	<i>Pope</i>	162
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	<i>Whitfield</i>	25
Rock of ages cleft for me	<i>C. Wesley</i>	59
Salvation, oh melodious sound	<i>Doddridge</i>	77
Safely through another week	<i>Newton</i>	181
Saints with pious zeal attending	<i>Taylor</i>	156
Say not their sun goes down at noon	<i>Leeds Selection</i> ..	5
Say, sinner, hath a voice within	<i>Hyde</i>	115
Saviour hast thou fled for ever	<i>McCartee</i>	141
Saviour, hear us through thy merit. . .	<i>Hastings</i>	7
Saviour, in the hour, be near	<i>Anon</i>	179
Saviour, Prince enthroned above	<i>Wesley</i>	25
Saviour, when night shuts in the skies	<i>Gisborne</i>	171
Servants of Christ by God's right hand	<i>Conder</i>	13
Shepherds hail the wondrous stranger	<i>Christian Psalmist</i> ..	175
Shudder not to pass the stream	<i>Leeds Selection</i> ..	43
Sing of mercy, sing with gladness	<i>Leeds Selection</i> ..	24
Sinner what hast thou to show	<i>Urwick Collection</i> ..	197
Sinners hear the living word.	125
Soft and holy is the place	<i>Hastings</i>	131
Softly now the light of day	<i>Episcopal Collection</i>	42

FIRST LINES.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
Son of God thy blessing grant	<i>H. F. Burder</i>	73
Songs of praise the angels sang	<i>Music of the Church</i>	80
Spirit of peace, celestial dove	<i>Spirit of the Psalms</i>	121
Spirit, no restless wing	<i>S. S. Cutting</i>	157
Strangers, pilgrims here below	<i>Leeds Collection</i>	197
Sweet is the last, the parting ray	<i>Sacred Songs</i>	13
Sweet is the friendly voice which speaks	<i>Jervis</i>	203
Sweet is the prayer whose holy strain	<i>Martineau Collection</i>	203
Sweet glories rush upon my sight	103
Sweet the time, exceeding sweet	<i>Burder's Collection</i>	43
Suppliant, lo! thy children bend	<i>Grey</i>	131
Tell, gospel, tell thy news to man	<i>Ashworth</i>	149
Tell me, Shepherd from above	<i>Montgomery</i>	179
The Almighty reigns exalted high	<i>Pratt's Collection</i>	57
The chariot, the chariot its wheels	<i>Milman</i>	81
The day is drawing nigh	<i>Vestry Hymns</i>	184
The gloom of the night adds	<i>Dr. Ford</i>	145
The God of mercy be adored	77
The joyful scene before us	<i>Hastings</i>	61
The Lord is risen indeed	<i>Kelly</i>	162
The Lord is my shepherd, he makes	<i>Hastings</i>	145
There's a refuge of peace from the tempest	117
There is an hour of peaceful rest	<i>Tappan</i>	102
There is a river deep and broad	<i>Noel</i>	119
There is a river of immortal peace	<i>Steele</i>	169
This is the day the Lord hath made	<i>Watts</i>	103
This place is holy ground	<i>Montgomery</i>	161
This world of sin and death	129
Thou art gone to the grave	<i>Heber</i>	139
Thou art, O God, the life and light	<i>Moore</i>	13
Thou dear Redeemer, dying lamb	<i>Cennick</i>	120
Thou God of sovereign grace	<i>Mother's Hymn Book</i>	79
Thou Lamb of God, for whom alone	<i>Pratt's Collection</i>	51
Thou, Lord, art light, thy native ray	<i>From the German</i>	57
Thou, Lord, through every changing scene	<i>Doddridge</i>	191
Thou, O Lord, didst hear my cry	<i>Episcopal Collection</i>	42
Thou sovereign Lord of earth and skies	<i>Pratt's Collection</i>	191
Thou that dost my life prolong	<i>Church Psalmody</i>	73
Thou sweet gliding Cedron	<i>Anon.</i>	39
Through this wide wilderness I roam	65
Through sorrow's night and danger's path	<i>H. K. White</i>	119
Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess	<i>Gibbons</i>	69
Thy life we read, O gracious Lord	<i>Stennett</i>	65
Thy presence, everlasting Lord	<i>Doddridge</i>	105
Thy will be done	<i>Bowring</i>	97
Time is winging us away	<i>Burton</i>	205
'Tis by the faith of joys to come	<i>Watts</i>	65
'Tis the day of grace and love	<i>Dr. Reed</i>	131
'Tis the hour when silent thought	<i>Churchman</i>	37
To-day the Saviour calls	<i>Hastings</i>	189
To the cross where Jesus dies	<i>Collyer</i>	179
To thee in youth's bright morning	<i>Church Psalmody</i>	61
To thee, my righteous King and Lord	<i>Wrangham</i>	69
To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord	<i>Higginbotham</i>	55
To whom, my Saviour, shall I go	<i>Hastings</i>	89
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb	146

FIRST LINES.	AUTHOR.	PAGE
Vain, delusive world adieu	<i>Wesley Hymns</i> ..	205
Vainly through night's weary hours..	<i>Spirit of the Psalms</i>	156
Wait, O my soul, thy maker's will ..	<i>Beddome</i>	45
Watchman, tell us of the night ..	<i>Bowring</i>	18
Weary of wandering from my God ..	<i>Wesley</i>	51
Weary of these low scenes of night ..	<i>Steele</i>	45
We lift our hearts to thee	<i>Church Psalmody</i> ..	79
We love thy holy temple, Lord	<i>Anon.</i>	193
We praise thee, Lord, for every good	151
We praise, we worship thee, O God ..	<i>Pratt's Collection</i> ..	149
We sing to thee, thou Son of God ..	<i>Toplady altered</i> ..	121
Welcome, delightful morn	<i>Hayward</i>	71
We've no abiding city here	<i>Kelly</i>	159
What a changing world is this	<i>Leeds Selection</i> ..	181
What are these in bright array	<i>Montgomery</i> ..	99
What is life—'tis but a vapour	<i>Kelly</i>	23
When any turn from Zion's ways	<i>Watts</i>	89
When gathering clouds around I view ..	<i>Lord Glenelg</i> ..	13
When my voice at morn or even	<i>A. C. Cox</i>	141
When marshalled on the nightly plain ..	<i>H. K. White</i>	108
When musing sorrow weeps the past ..	<i>G. T. Noel</i>	155
When overwhelmed with grief	<i>Watts</i>	21
When on Sinai's top I see	<i>Montgomery</i> ..	121
When on the giddy cliff I stand	<i>Leeds Collection</i> ..	193
When streaming from the eastern skies ..	<i>Christian Observer</i> ..	85
When the heart is sad within	<i>Mother's Hymn Book</i>	73
When the mortal life is fled	<i>S. F. Smith</i>	197
When the woes of life o'ertake me	<i>Bowring</i>	35
When we our wearied limbs to rest	<i>Tate and Brady</i> ..	123
With joy we hail the sacred day	<i>Spirit of the Psalms</i>	107
With kind compassion hear my cry	67
While with ceaseless course the sun ..	<i>Newton</i>	99
While my Redeemer's near	<i>Watts</i>	112
Who, O Lord, when life is o'er	<i>Spirit of the Psalms</i>	99
Whom have we, Lord, in heaven, but thee ..	<i>Spirit of the Psalms</i>	119
Why on the bending willows hung	<i>Pratt's Collection</i> ..	123
Why that look of sadness	<i>Hastings</i>	33
Ye hearts with youthful vigour	<i>Doddridge</i>	77
Ye heavens with sounds of triumph ring ..	<i>Leeds Selection</i> ..	49
Ye mighty rulers of the land	<i>Wrangham</i>	149
Ye saints, your music bring	<i>Dr. Reed</i>	70
Ye worldly cares and themes begone	<i>Dr. Huie</i>	191
Ye worlds of light that roll so near	<i>Leeds Selection</i> ..	75
Yes I will adore thee.	<i>Hastings</i>	33
Yes my, native land, I love thee	<i>S. F. Smith</i>	83
Yes there are joys that cannot die	89
Zion, awake, thy strength renew	<i>Pratt's Collection</i> ..	149

THE END.



Wanda Parki Loh
Boston Oct 8 1903
m x

