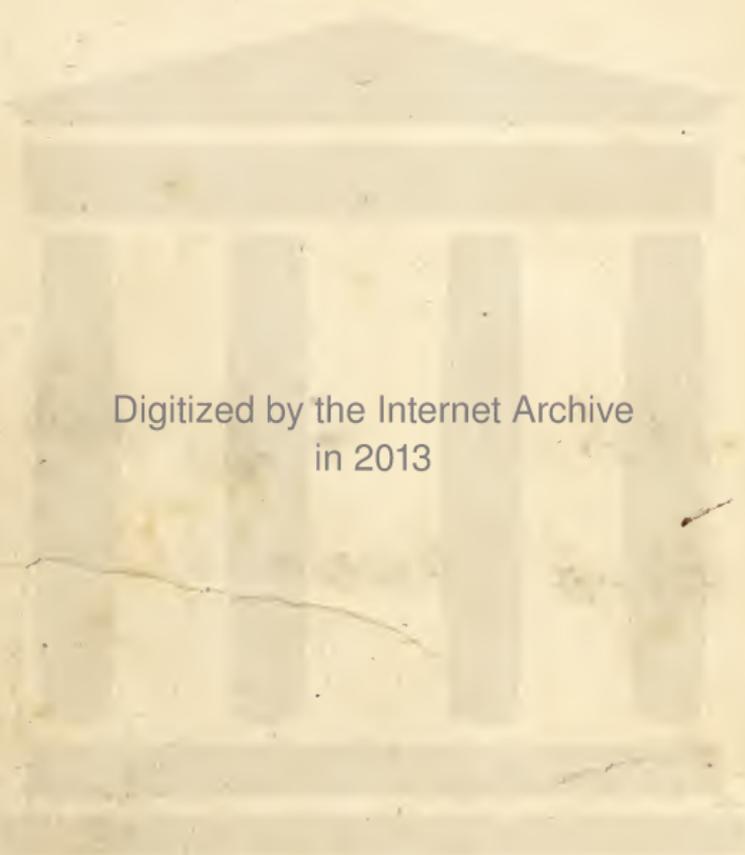






1844

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New York

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Wm. J. Johnson

**THE**  
**SACRED HARP,**

CONTAINING

**PART FIRST,**

A CLEAR COMPENDIUM OF THE RULES AND PRINCIPLES OF VOCAL  
MUSICK.

**PART SECOND,**

A COLLECTION OF THE MOST APPROVED CHURCH TUNES, ARRAN-  
GED FOR THREE OR FOUR VOICES; WITH A LARGE NUMBER  
OF SELECT HYMNS, AND A FEW SET PIECES; DESIGNED  
TO FURNISH SINGING-SCHOOLS AND SOCIETIES, AND  
WORSHIPPING ASSEMBLIES, OF EVERY DENOM-  
INATION; WITH A COMPLETE SET OF TUNES,  
ADAPTED TO ALL METRES IN COM-  
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**PART THIRD,**

A COLLECTION OF POPULAR AIRS, AND DEVOTIONAL HYMNS, DE-  
SIGNED MORE IMMEDIATELY FOR PRAYER MEETINGS AND  
SOCIAL CIRCLES, THAN SCHOOLS AND SOCIETIES.

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BY J. H. HICKOK.

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Lewistown, Pa.

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1832.

**ENTERED,**

According to Act of Congress, in the Clerk's Office of the Western District of Pennsylvania, September 6th. Anno Domini 1832.

# THE SACRED HARP.

## RUDIMENTS OF MUSICK.

### LESSON FIRST.

1. Musick is the ART of combining sounds, in a manner agreeable to the ear: It is, also, a *science* treating of the principles upon which the various combinations of sound are formed, and by which they are regulated.

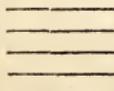
2. There are two departments in musick, *Melody* and *Harmony*.

3. *Melody* is an agreeable succession of sounds.

4. *Harmony* is an agreeable combination of musical sounds, or different melodies, performed at the same time.

5. Musick consists of seven primary *tones* or sounds, which are represented by the first seven letters of the alphabet.

6. Every *eighth* note is considered the same, in nature, as the first; and is always on the same letter repeated, and of the same name.

7. A  is five lines, with their spaces, on which musick is written.

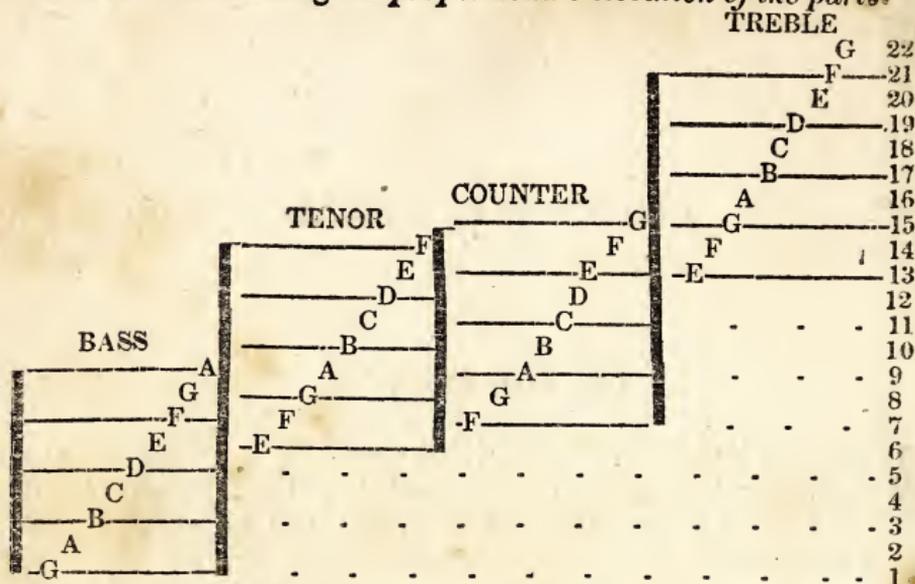
8. The situation of the letters is determined by certain characters, called CLEFS.

9. The  is used in *Bass*, and stands on the fourth line, always counting from the bottom.

10. The  is used either in *Tenor* or *Treble*, and stands on the second line.

11. The  is used in *Counter*, and stands on the third line.—This Clef is seldom used in modern musick.

THE SCALE, showing the proportionate elevation of the parts.



NOTE. This scale comprises three octaves, or eighths, and is considered the extent of an ordinary human voice.—When notes ascend beyond the scale, they are said to be in *alt.* When they descend, below it, they are said to be *double.*—In ascending or descending beyond the staff, the letters are repeated in the same order as upon it.

12. The musical notes, used in this work, are the four following, viz :

The circular note,  which is called *sol*, pronounced sole.

The square note,  which is called *la*, pronounced law.

The diamond note,  which is called *mi*, pronounced mee.

The triangular note  which is called *fa*, pronounced faw.

*Observations.* Guido, an Italian monk who lived in Tuscany about eight hundred years ago, is reputed to be the first who brought the *Scale* or *Gamut*, to something of its present form. He taught the use of the following six notes, viz: *Ut, Ri, Mi, Fa, Sol, La.* Le Maire, a French musician made an addition of *Si*, as follows.

*Ut, Ri, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Ut.*  
C. D. E. F. G. A. B. C.

The Italians have changed *Ut* into *Do*, for sake of a softer sound; thus

*Do, Ri, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.*  
C. D. E. F. G. A. B. C.

Some American Professors use the following, which I think a high improvement where the round notes, only, are sung, viz: *Fa, Sol, La, Ma, Ro, Na, Mi.*

13. Of the seven primary sounds in musick, *five* are *whole tones*, and two are *semitones*, or half tones. The semitones are always between *mi* and *fa*, and between *la* and *fa*.

14. The situation of the notes on the staff is determined by the *Flats* or *Sharps*, at the commencement.

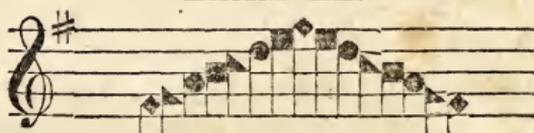
NOTE. These flats or sharps are called the *signature* or *sign*. When no flat nor sharp is placed at the beginning of a tune, its signature is said to be *natural*.

15. *Mi* is the governing note. Its place on the staff is found by the following rule.

The natural place for *mi* is on B. but,  
 If B. be flat, *mi* is on E. If F. be sharp, *mi* is on F.  
 If B. and E.—*mi* is on A. If F. and C. *mi* is on C.  
 If B. E. and A. D. If F. C. and G. G.  
 If B. E. A. and D. G. If F. C. G. and D. D.

16. The order of notes in ascending from *mi* is *fa sol, la, fa, sol, la*—and in descending from it, *la, sol, fa, la, sol, fa*; then *mi* comes again.

## EXAMPLE.



## LESSON SECOND.

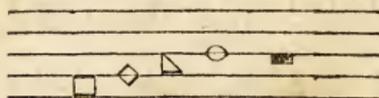
*Of Notes and Rests.*

1. In regard to length of time, there are six different notes, viz. The whole note, the half note, the quarter, the eighth, the sixteenth, and the thirty-second note.

2. Rests, are characters which denote *silence*. Each note has its corresponding rest, which takes its name from the note, and agrees with it in time.

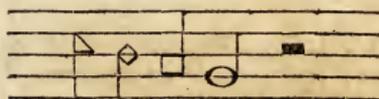
3. The whole note, or *Semibreve*, is a plain open note. The whole note rest is a hyphen placed under the middle line.

## WHOLE NOTE AND REST.



4. The half note or *Minim*, is a semibreve with the addition of a stem. Two of them are sung in the time of one whole note. The half note rest is a hyphen above the middle line.

## HALF NOTE AND REST.



5. The quarter note or *Crotchet*, is a black note with a stem.

Four of them are sung in the time of one whole note. The quarter rest is a hook, turned to the right.

QUARTER NOTE AND REST.



6. The eighth note, or *Quaver*, is made by adding a turn to the stem of the quarter note. Eight are sung in the time of a whole note. The eighth rest is a hook turned to the left.

EIGHTH NOTE AND REST.



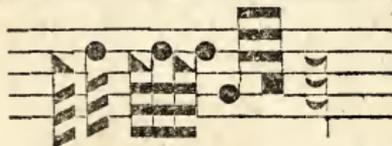
7. The sixteenth note, or *Semiquaver*, has two hooks at the end of the stem. Sixteen are sung in the time of one whole note. The sixteenth rest has two hooks.

SIXTEENTH NOTE AND REST



8. The thirty-second note, or *Demisemiquaver*, has three hooks. Thirty-two of them are sung in the time of one whole note. The thirty-second rest has, also, three hooks.

THIRTY-SECOND NOTE AND REST,

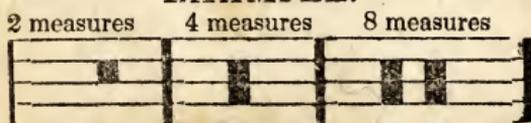


9. When any notes are connected by the turns at the end of the stem, they are said to be *grouped*. As many as are thus grouped, are sung to one syllable.

NOTE. 1. The whole-note rest is understood to fill a measure in all varieties of time.

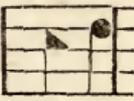
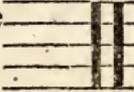
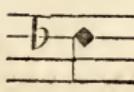
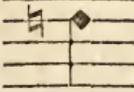
NOTE 2. Besides the rests which have been named, the rest for two measures for four, and for eight measures, is often used.

EXAMPLE.



LESSON THIRD.

*Other characters used in Musick.*

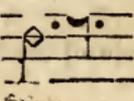
1. A Brace  or  shows how many parts are sung together.
2. Ledger lines  are added when notes ascend, or descend beyond the staff.
3. Single Bars  divide the musick into equal parts, as it regards time. The space between any two bars is called a measure.
4. Double Bars  show the end of a strain.
5. A Sharp  before a note, raises it half a tone.
6. A Flat  before a note, sinks it half a tone.
7. A Natural  Preceding a note, before made flat or sharp, restores it to its primitive tone.

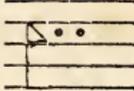
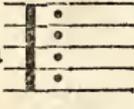
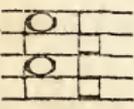
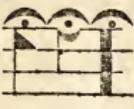
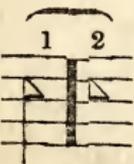
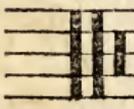
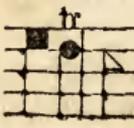
NOTE. 1. Flats, sharps and naturals thus used are called *accidentals*.

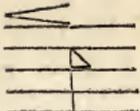
2. An accidental not only affects the note it precedes, but all those that stand on the same letter in the same measure; and when the last note in the measure is affected by an accidental, and the first note in the next measure stands on the same letter, the separating bar does not destroy its effect; it will continue its influence until a note occurs on some other letter.

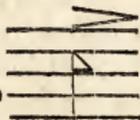
3. Where fa, or sol is to be raised half a tone by an accidental, the performer in order to a correct intonation should call fa, *fi* and sol *si* (pronounced *fee* and *see*.) When mi is to be flatted, the effect may easily be produced by calling it fa. This method has long been practised by the most celebrated European schools.

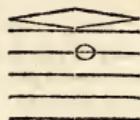
4. The signature flats or sharps, at the beginning of a tune have an influence to the end of the piece, unless their effect be destroyed by a natural. That is, flat signatures require all the notes or letters affected by them, to be sounded half a tone lower, and sharp signatures require them to be sounded half a tone higher. But as the names of the notes on those letters are governed by the signature, this effect is produced without any effort on the part of the singer: only in instrumental musick is a different execution necessary.

8. A Slur  drawn over or under any number of notes, shows that they are to be sung to one syllable.
9. A Point  called a *point of addition*, at the right hand of a note or rest adds to it half its length.

10. A double dot  at the right of a note, adds to it three fourths of its primitive time.
11. A Repeat  points out some part of a tune that is to be sung twice.
12. Repeat before a double bar  shows that the preceding strain is to be repeated.
13. Repeat after a double bar  shows that the following strain is to be sung twice.
14. A Redite :: signifies the repetition of words.
15. A figure 3  called a *mark of diminution*, reduces any three notes to the time of two of the same kind.
16. Choosing notes  give the performer liberty to sing either.
17. A Hold  or pause, placed over a note or rest, shows they are to be held beyond their true time, at the discretion of the performer. When placed over a bar, it denotes a short suspension of sound.
18. Double ending  is used when some part of a tune is to be repeated, and shows that the note or notes under figure 1, should be sung before repeating, and those under 2 after the repeat; if slurred, both are sung after repeating.
19. A Close  shows the end of a tune.
20. A Trill  shows that the note beneath it should be gently shaken. Although this is one of the graces of musick, it had better be omitted than performed unskilfully.

21. The  requires a gradual increase of loudness of voice to the end of the note.

22. The  denote a gradual decrease of voice.

23. The  requires the note over which it stands to be begun and ended soft, and swelled full in the middle.

## LESSON FOURTH.

### *Beating Time and Accent.*

1. Time, in musick, directs the movement of every piece of musical composition, and shows its equal proportions of measure, agreeably to the sign set at the beginning.

2. *Beating time* is generally performed by causing the hand to fall and rise as the movement may require.

*Observation 1.* In country schools where a *Metronome*, or *Musical Time Keeper* cannot be conveniently had, the Teacher may be much aided by a *pendulum* made by attaching a weight to a string, and suspending it so that its vibrations may be seen by all his school.

For a *first* lesson, the length of the cord should be such that the weight shall make about one vibration every second. But for general use, the judgment and taste of the teacher alone should dictate as to the length of his pendulum. It is preposterous to give fixed rules for the quantity of time to be given to each mood. Such a course must be looked upon as an attempt to chain the judgment of the performer, and to exclude from musick that taste and sentiment which are indeed its very essence.

*Observation 2.* If the pendulum be used in school at all, it should accompany the first lesson. The pupil should be taught that *time* and *tone* are inseparably connected in musick. Be ready to set the pendulum in motion, and require the scholar to pronounce *fa*, and continue the sound during four vibrations: stop the pendulum at the fourth. Repeat this several times, calling it a *whole sound* or *note*, and also require every pupil to accompany the pendulum with a motion of the hand. Then divide it into half notes, making two sounds in four seconds, then into quarters, &c. When these exercises have been repeated several times, the Teacher will find his scholars able to proceed to other preparatory lessons.

3. The hand, in beating time, should always fall on the first part of the measure, and rise on the last.

4. *Accent* is a certain stress or force of voice, upon what are termed the *strong* parts of the measure. The unaccented parts are called the *weak* parts.

5. A note which fills a measure should be swelled full.— When a measure contains two notes, the *first* is accented.— When it is divided into three, or four equal parts, the first has a full or *superior* accent, and the third a half, or *inferior* accent. When in triple time a measure contains six notes, the first has the superior, and the fifth the inferior accent; but in compound time, the first has the superior and the *fourth* the half accent.

*Observation 1.* The correct observance of accent in vocal performance, may often be said to produce the same effect on the minds or passions of an audience, as oratory does in speaking. When singing is performed with proper accent, and a just expression of the subject or words sung, the attention of the hearer is arrested, and the tear of devotion or contrition often flows. But vocal musick, divested of accent and expression, is but a continued movement of sounds, producing little or no effect on an audience.

*Observation 2.* By *expression* in musick is meant that clearness and propriety of articulation, which not only enables the hearer to understand every word, but exhibits the subject sung in a just and impressive light. The primary object of vocal music is to impress more deeply on the heart, the sentiments advanced in the poetry. And when it is properly performed, this effect will be produced in a high degree. Every turbulent passion will be subdued—the heart will be softened to devotion. But when the subject is rendered unintelligible by false pronunciation and bad articulation (as is too often the case) the musick becomes a tiresome monotony, and can never reach the heart.

*Observation 3.* To the above rules for accenting musick, there is one exception, and that one of frequent occurrence. Whenever the musical accent happens to be at variance with a true expression and emphasis of the words sung; that is, when an unaccented note is applied to a word which the *sense* of the subject renders *emphatick*—or when a word of *minor* importance in the sentence is applied to an accented note, the music must always yield to the spirit and sense of the subject.

## LESSON FIFTH.

### *Various Moods of Time.*

1. Time is of three kinds; *Common, Triple and Compound.*
2. *Common Time* has three varieties, or *moods.*
3. The *First Mood* has the letter C for its sign, contains a whole note (semibreve) or its quantity in a measure, is usually sung in the time of four seconds, and has four beats in a measure, 1st. down, 2nd. to the left, 3d to the right and 4th. up.

### EXAMPLE.

dlru dl ru dl ru dl ru d l ru

A A a A A a

*Note.* In this and the following examples of the moods of time, the capital letter A is placed beneath such notes as have the full accent, and the small *a* under those that have a half accent. The letters above the staff refer to the movement of the hand in keeping time.

4. The *Second mood* has an inverted C for its sign, contains a whole note, or its quantity in a measure, has two beats, and is usually sung about one third faster than the first mood.

EXAMPLE.

5. The *Third Mood* has the figures 2 and 4 for its sign, contains a half note (minim) in a measure, has two beats, and is performed something faster than the second mood.

EXAMPLE.

*Note.* When figures are used to signify the mood of time, they show the fractional part of a semibreve contained in a measure. For example, the figures 2 and 4 in the third mood of common time show that a measure contains two 4th. or quarter notes.

6. *Triple Time* has three varieties; *first, second and third.*

7. The *First Mood* has 3—2 for its sign, the *Second* 3—4, and the *Third* 3—8. Triple time has three beats in a measure, 1st down, 2nd. horizontally to the left, 3d. up.

EXAMPLES.

*Note.* This is called *Triple Time* from the odd number of notes and beats in a measure.

8. *Compound Time* consists of two varieties, *first* and *second*.

9. The *first Mood* has 6—4, and the second 6—8 for its sign, and each has two beats in a measure.

### EXAMPLES.

The first staff is in 6/4 time, showing four measures. Above the staff are the letters 'd' and 'u' indicating downbeats and upbeats. The notes are represented by triangles and circles. The second staff is in 6/8 time, also showing four measures. Above the staff are the letters 'A' and 'a' indicating downbeats and upbeats. The notes are represented by circles and triangles.

*Note.* This is called *Compound Time* because it is a mixture of *Common* and *Triple*. There is an odd number of notes to a beat, and an even number of beats in a measure.

### LESSON SIXTH.

#### *Of Staccato Marks, Syncopation and Apoggiatures.*

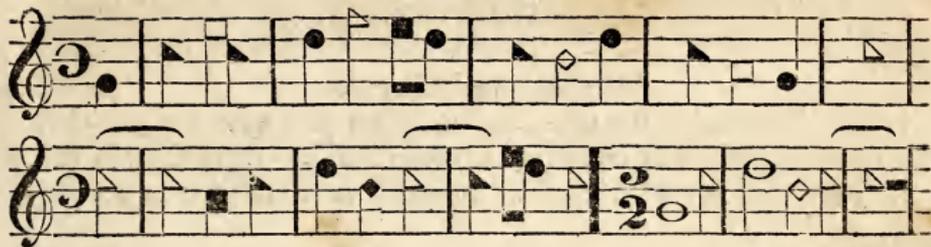
1. Marks of distinction, or *Staccato Marks*, point to notes which should be sung in a distinct and emphatic manner.

#### EXAMPLE.

The example shows two versions of a musical phrase. The first is labeled 'Written' and shows the notes with staccato marks (small triangles) above them. The second is labeled 'Sung' and shows the notes without staccato marks. The lyrics are 'Hark! they whisper, Angels say'.

2. Notes of *Syncopation* are such as begin on the weak and end on the strong part of the measure, and consequently require a swell, or *accent* on the concluding part of the note. *Syncopation* is sometimes formed by slurring notes of the same degree; in such cases, the note is pronounced but once, but the sound is continued to the full time of all the notes so connected; and wherever an accented note occurs, a swell in the sound must be observed.

## EXAMPLE.



3. *Appoggiatures* are small notes inserted to improve the melody. They make no part of the measure, but all the time given them, is borrowed from the principal notes according to their value. They are of two kinds, *Leaning Notes* and *After Notes*.

4. When small notes precede large ones they are called *Leaning Notes*, and usually require the accent. They borrow their true value of time from the principal, except when they precede pointed notes, then they assume *twice* their value.

## EXAMPLE.

## LEANING NOTES WRITTEN.

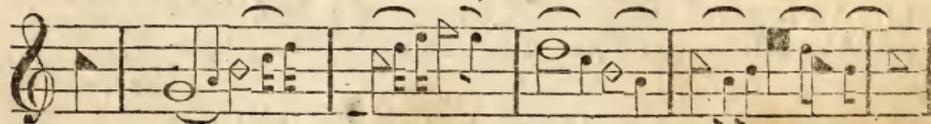


SUNG.



5. *After Notes* are those small ones which *follow* the principal.

## AFTER NOTES, WRITTEN.



SUNG.



## LESSON SEVENTH.

*Intervals and Chords.*

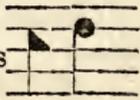
1. An *Interval* is the distance between one note and another, whether immediate or remote, as from C to D—from C to F, &c.

2. The least interval used in modern vocal music, is a semitone.

3. An interval of one semitone, as from *mi* to *fa* is called a *Minor Second*.



4. An interval of a full tone, or two semitones as from *fa* to *sol*, is called a *Major Second*.



5. An interval composed of a full tone and a half tone, or three semitones, as from *mi* to *sol*, is called a *Minor Third*.



6. An interval composed of two full tones, or four semitones, as from *fa* to *la*, is called a *Major Third*.



7. An interval of two full tones and a half tone, or five semitones, as from *mi* to *la*, is called a *Minor Fourth*.



8. An interval of three full tones, or six semitones, as from *fa* to *mi*, is called a *Major Fourth*.



9. An interval of two full tones and two half tones, or six semitones, as from *mi* to *fa*, is called a *Minor Fifth*.



10. An interval of three full tones and a half tone, or seven semitones, as from *fa* to *sol*, is called a *Major Fifth*.



11. An interval composed of three tones, and two semitones, or eight semitones, as from *la* to *fa*, is called a *Minor Sixth*.



12. An interval of four tones and a semitone, or nine semitones, as from *fa* to *la* is called a *Major Sixth*.



13 An interval of four tones, and two semitones, or ten semitones, as from *la* to *sol*, is called a *Minor Seventh*.



14. An interval of five tones and one half tone, or eleven semitones, as from *fa* to *mi* is called a *Major Seventh*.



15. An interval of five tones and two half tones, or twelve semitones, is called an octave.



*Observation.* Having given an explanation of the different intervals in an octave, the next step is to show how they may be used in producing harmony.

16. Those notes which produce harmony, sounded together are termed *concord*s, and their intervals, *consonant intervals*. Those which are disagreeable to the ear when sounded together, are called *Discord*s, and their intervals, *dissonant intervals*.

17. The *Perfect Chords*, are *Unisons*, *Fifths* and *Eighths*.

18. The *Imperfect Chords*, are *Thirds*, *Major Fourths*, *Minor Fifths* and *Sixths*.

19. The *Discord*s, are *Seconds*, *Minor Fourths* and *Sevenths*.

*Note.* Discords are sometimes admissible in musical composition. When they precede perfect chords, they greatly increase their power and beauty; but they should be seldom used.

## LESSON EIGHTH.

### *Of the Scales, Keys and Octaves.*

1. There are two general scales used in modern musick, the *Diatonick* and *Chromatick*.

2. The *Diatonick* Scale is a gradual succession of natural sounds, divided into *octaves*, *tones* and *semitones*.

3, An *octave* contains twelve semitones, viz. five whole tones and two half, or semitones; and consists of eight *degrees*, or sounds; every eighth note (as has been observed) being the same; as from C to C, from G to G, &c.

4. A *Key* in musick is the first degree of an octave, or the principal tone or letter in the scale to which the piece is accommodated. The bass always ends on this note, and from it the pitch should be taken.

*Note 1.* When the interval between the Key note and the third degree above is only a *minor third*, the key is *minor* (vulgarly called the flat key;) but when this interval is a *major third*, the key is *major* (commonly called a sharp key.)

*Note 2.* The *Minor Key* is adapted to airs of the plaintive kind, and the *Major Key* to those of a lively animating description. In selecting tunes for public worship, great care should be taken by the Leader to make choice of such as are adapted to the spirit of the psalm or hymn. He should also be sure to pitch his tunes on the proper key. To pitch them too high, or too low cannot fail to impair the harmony and render the performance painful.

5. In the natural scale, there are but two keys, the *Major Key* of C, and the *Minor Key* of A.

### EXAMPLES.

#### MAJOR KEY OF C.

Ascending Octaves      Octaves      Descending Octaves

The example shows two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves show an ascending octave scale from C to C, followed by a descending octave scale from C to C. The notes are marked with squares and diamonds. The word 'key' is written at the end of each staff.

#### MINOR KEY OF A.

Ascending Octaves      Octaves      Descending Octaves

The example shows two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves show an ascending octave scale from A to A, followed by a descending octave scale from A to A. The notes are marked with squares and diamonds. The word 'key' is written at the end of each staff.

*Note.* The *Minor Key* is esteemed imperfect, and has this peculiarity, that the sixth and seventh of its *ascending* notes in the *Octave*, are each a semitone higher than the same notes *descending*. The minor mood requires that whenever the seventh of the scale ascends to the eighth, it should be sharped.

6. The *Chromatick Scale* is formed by semitones only, and generally ascends by sharps, and descends by flats.

7. In ascending and descending on the chromatick scale, there are thirteen degrees.

### EXAMPLE.

Ascending

The example shows two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves show an ascending chromatick scale from C to C, followed by a descending chromatick scale from C to C. The notes are marked with squares and diamonds. The word 'Ascending' is written above the first staff.

C C#   DD#   E   FF#   GG#   AA#   B   C



C BB b A A b GG b F EE b DD b C

Note. The ENHARMONICK SCALE in modern musick, is a progression of *Quarter tones*, or semitones divided by the Chromatick scale, and is of little use in common vocal musick.

LESSON NINTH.

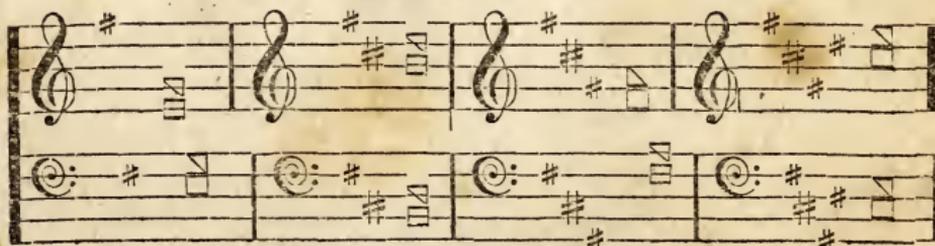
*Transposition and Modulation.*

1. The transposition of the key, is the removal of a tune higher or lower on the scale, than its natural place, by assuming another letter for the key note, and adapting the semitones to it by means of signatures or accidentals.

2. Any letter or tone, of the Diatonick or Chromatick scale, may be assumed as a key. The Minor key will always be found situated two degrees below the Major key.

EXAMPLES.

SHARP SIGNATURES.



FLAT SIGNATURES



Note. The transposition of a tune may also be effected by the aid of accidentals, as well as by change of signature, but is then generally called Chromatick Modulation.

3. *Modulation* is forming a proper choice and variety of chords in harmony, or of sounds in melody, either for retaining, relinquishing, or effecting a complete change, of the key and mode.

4. Modulation is produced by the introduction of a new flat, sharp or natural upon the original scale. It is either *natural* or *abrupt*.

5. When each succeeding chord, and also the key and mode are nearly related to the preceding, the Modulation is natural; but when those are foreign to the preceding one, the Modulation is abrupt.

MODULATION BY FLATS.

B $\flat$  and E $\flat$  and A $\flat$

MODULATION BY SHARPS.

F $\sharp$  and C $\sharp$  and G $\sharp$

MODULATION BY NATURALS,

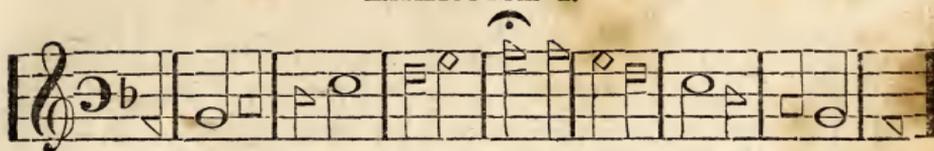
B, E & A $\flat$  A $\flat$  removed E $\flat$  removed

LESSON TENTH,

PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

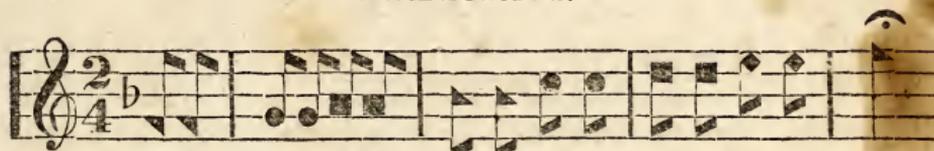
NOTE TO TEACHERS. After scholars shall have practised any of the succeeding Exercises till they can sing them with ease by note, and beat the time correctly, their progress will be greatly facilitated by applying the lines which are placed beneath.

## EXERCISE 1.

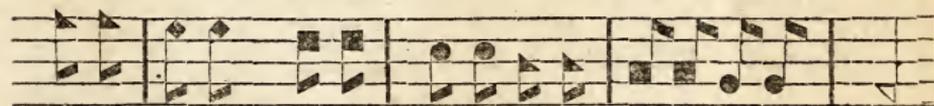


Glory to thee, my God this night, For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O keep me King of kings. Under the shadow of thy wings,

## EXERCISE 2.

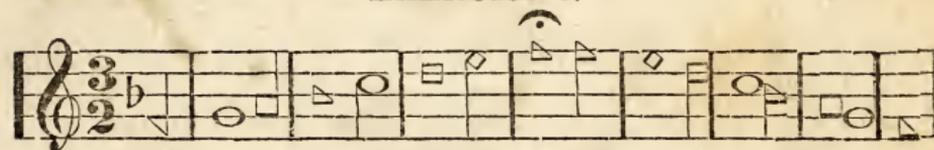


Come thou fount of every blessing Tune my heart to sing thy praise,



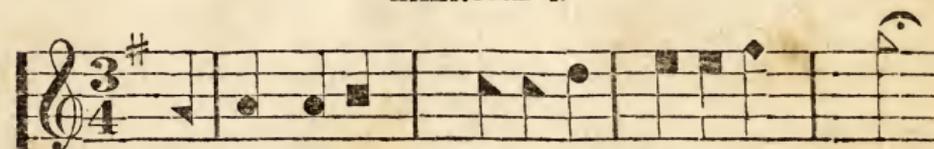
Streams of mercy never ceasing Call for songs of loudest praise.

## EXERCISE 3.

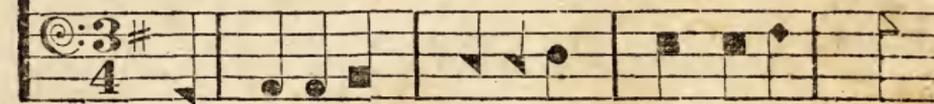


O come loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Almighty King;  
For we, our voices high should raise, When our salvation's Rock we praise.

## EXERCISE 4.



Come children of Zion and help us to sing



Whose life once was given our souls to redeem



Loud anthems of praise to our Saviour and King



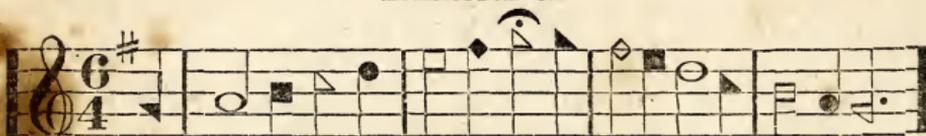
And bring us to heav en to reign there with him.

## EXERCISE 5.

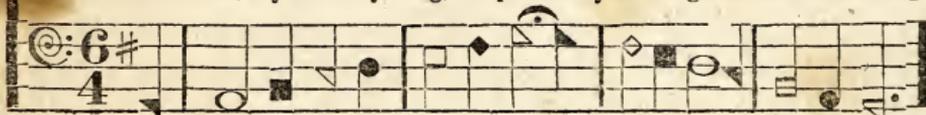


Great God to thee my evening song, With humble gratitude I raise :  
O let thy mercy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with lively praise.

## EXERCISE 6.



Sweet is the work, my God my king, To praise thy name give thanks and sing.

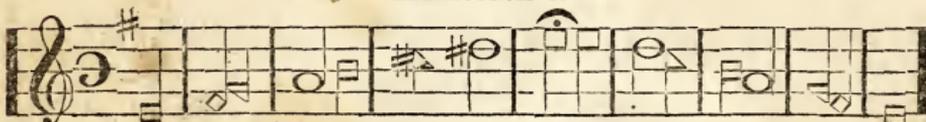


## EXERCISE 7.



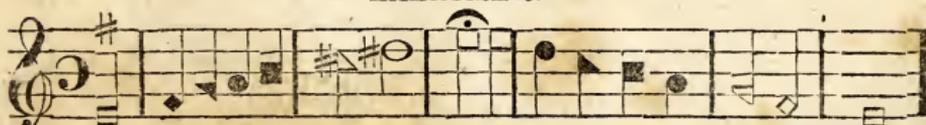
Sweet is the work my God my king,  
To praise thy name give thanks and sing.

## EXERCISE 8.



1. Sweet spirit, if thy airy sleep Nor sees my tears nor hears my sighs,  
O I will weep, in luxury weep Till the last heart's drop fills my eyes.

## EXERCISE 9.



2. But if thy sainted soul can feel, And mingle in my misery,  
Then, then my breaking heart I'll seal, Thou shalt not hear one sigh from me

## EXPLANATION OF MUSICAL TERMS.

- Adagio*—with a slow movement.  
*Alto*—counter, or high tenor.  
*Affettuoso*—in a style of execution expressive of affection, tenderness or supplication.  
*Air*—leading melody in a composition.  
*Allegro*—a brisk and sprightly movement.  
*Allegretto*—less quick than allegro.  
*Andante*—with distinctness.  
*Bis*—a passage to be performed twice.  
*Con spirito*—with spirit.  
*Da Capo* or *D. C.*—close with the first strain.  
*Duetto*, or *Duet*—a piece of music of but two parts.  
*Divoto*—in a solemn, devout manner.  
*Forte*—strong and full.  
*Grazioso*—graceful; a smooth and gentle style of execution.  
*Larghetto*—quicker than largo.  
*Largo*—the slowest degree of movement.  
*Moduato*—between andante and allegro.  
*Primo*—the first or leading part.  
*Piano*—soft.  
*Pianissimo*—very soft.  
*Solo*—a composition designed for a single voice or instrument.  
*Symphony*—a passage to be executed by instruments, while the vocal performers are silent.  
*Tonic*—a term nearly synonymous with key note.  
*Trio*—a composition of three parts.  
*Tutti*—all, or all together.  
*Vivace*—in a brisk and sprightly manner.

# THE SACRED HARP.

## PART 2.

ELLIOT, S. M.

Come sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing, Je-

hovah is a sovereign God, A universal King,

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system has three staves: a treble clef staff, a soprano clef staff, and a bass clef staff. The time signature is 2/4. The first system contains the first line of lyrics. The second system contains the second line of lyrics. The third system contains the third line of lyrics.

**HYMN 1, Sabbath,**  
Welcome, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes!

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

**3** One day amidst the place  
Where my dear Lord hath been;  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasure and of sin.

**4** My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sing, until she soar away  
To everlasting bliss.

WATTS.

Whence ah! whence, this mortal anguish, Surely 'tis the touch of death,

Why do all my senses languish? Why this hard and labor'd breath?

Pale destroyer :: Hast thou come to call me home?

HYMN 2. *Dying Christian.**Furnished for the Harp.*

Whence ah! whence, this mortal anguish?

Surely 'tis the touch of death,

Why do all my senses languish?

Why this hard, and labor'd breath?

Pale destroyer!

Hast thou come to call me home?

O! what scenes of Heav'n's revealing?

Dawn upon my ravish'd sight;

Rays of glory, softly stealing!

Oh! how dazzling! Oh! how bright—

Mortal vision!

Scarce can bear, such growing light.

Distant sounds, of sweetest measure,

Come upon my dying ear,

Breathing notes of holy pleasure,

Hark! oh hark! they're drawing near;

Heaven's music!

Millions singing Jesus' love.

But an object, far more glorious,

Fills my heart with ecstasy!

Were none there, but Christ victorious,

Oh! 'twould be, sweet Heav'n to me:

Farewell sorrow!

Jesus calls,—I must away.

H. M.

HYMN 3. *Gospel Triumph.*

On the mountain's top appearing,

Lo, the sacred herald stands;

Welcome news to Zion bearing,

Zion long in hostile lands:

Mourning captive,

God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful,

All thy friends unfaithful prov'd?

Have thy foes been proud and scornful,

By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?

Cease thy mourning,

Zion still is well belov'd.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee!

He himself appears thy friend:

All thy foes shall flee before the,

Here their boasts and triumphs end:

Great deliv'rance

Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,

All thy warfare now is past,

God, thy Saviour, shall defend thee,

Peace and joy are come at last;

All thy conflicts

End in everlasting rest.

KELLY.

AIR. Soft be the gently breathing notes That sing the Saviour's dying love

Soft as the evening zephyr floats Soft as the tune ful lyres above

**HYMN 4. *The Saviour's Love.***

Soft be the gently breathing notes,  
That sing the Saviour's dying love;  
Soft as the evening zephyr floats,  
Soft as the tuneful lyres above.

- 2 Soft as the morning dews descend,  
While the sweet lark exulting soars;  
So soft, to your Almighty Friend,  
Be every sigh your bosom pours.
- 3 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,  
That scatters life and joy abroad;  
Pure as the lucid car of day,  
That wide proclaims its Maker, God.
- 4 True as the magnet to the pole,  
So true let your contrition be—  
So true let all your sorrows roll,  
To Him who bled upon the tree.

*Collyer*

**HYMN 5. *Death made easy.***

Why should we start, and fear to die?  
What timorous worms we mortals are!  
Death is the gate of endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.  
The pains, the groans, the dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away;

Still we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.

O! if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul would stretch her wings in haste  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there  
*Watts.*

**HYMN 6. *Death-bed of the Righteous.***

Sweet is the scene when Christians die,  
When holy souls retire to rest;  
How mildly beams the closing eye!  
How gently heaves the expiring breast!  
So fades a summer cloud away:  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
So gently shuts the eye of day:  
So dies a wave along the shore.  
Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,  
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing;  
O grave! where is thy victory now?  
And where, insidious death, thy sting?  
*Barbauld.*

Awake and sing the song Of Moses and the Lamb, Wake

Wake every heart and every tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.

**HYMN 7. Rev. 15, 3.**

Awake, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb;  
Wake every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising power,  
Sing how he intercedes above,  
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day,  
In Christ th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,  
"Ye blessed children, come!"  
Soon will he call us hence away,  
And take his wanderers home.

HAMMOND

**HYMN 8. *Salvation by Grace.***

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound;  
Harmonious to the ear!  
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd the way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies each hour, I meet,  
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise,

DODDRIDGE

When O my Saviour, shall this heart, So feel the influence of thy grace,

That from thy cross t'will ne'er depart, But live around that hallow'd place

## HYMN 9. Ps. 51. 11.

*Take not thy Holy Spirit from me.*

- 1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Tho' I have done thee such despite,  
Cast not a sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight;
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been  
Of all who'er thy grace receiv'd,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness  
griev'd;
- 3 Yet Oh, the chief of sinners spare.  
In honor of my great High Priest;  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,  
I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,  
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;  
Into thy rest of love receive,  
And bless me with the calm repose.
- 5 E'en now my weary soul release,  
And raise me by thy gracious hand!  
Guide me into thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promis'd land.

*C. Wesley.*

HYMN 10. *Loveliness of Christ.*

FURNISHED FOR THE HARP.

Oh Saviour! when I think of thee,  
My heart o'erflows, with grateful love,

Thou! who didst even die for me,  
That I might reach the realms above.  
Tho' thou wert great! supremely great!  
And angels bow'd around thy throne,  
Yet, thou didst leave thy glorious state,  
And to a wicked world come down.  
Tho' thou thy Father's glory shared,  
Yet thou becam'st a mortal man;  
A "man of sorrows," and of care;  
Oh! wondrous! great! mysterious plan  
Jesus! how meek, and lowly thou!  
And yet, how gloriously divine!  
Lord! while around thy feet we bow,  
How bright, thy dear perfections shine  
"Among ten thousands chief thou art,  
And altogether lovely thou,"  
O! come, and dwell within my heart;  
Jesus! my soul is waiting now.  
Lord! when I gaze upon thy cross,  
And all thy matchless love adore,  
"All other things, I count but loss,"  
And long to know, and love thee more.

Then, make me feel, I'm not my own,  
But, dearest Saviour, wholly thine,  
'Bought with a price,' whose worth alone,  
Can make the home of Jesus mine.

H. M.

Jesus thou art the sinner's friend As such I look to  
 Oh, Lord! remember me  
 Thee, Now in the bowels of thy love, Oh, Lord! remember me,  
 Now in

**HYMN 11. Remember me.**

Jesus! thou art the sinner's Friend,  
 As such I look to thee;  
 Now in the bowels of thy love,  
 Oh, Lord! remember me.

- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,  
 Remember Calvary;  
 Remember all thy dying groans,  
 And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wond'rous Advocate with God!  
 I yield myself to thee;  
 While thou art sitting on thy throne,  
 Oh, Lord! remember me.
- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,  
 Yet thy Salvation 's free;  
 Then, in thy all abounding grace,  
 Oh, Lord! remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,  
 Howe'er oppress'd I be,  
 Howe'er afflicted here on earth,  
 Do thou remember me.
- 6 And when I close my eyes is death,  
 And creature helps all flee,

Then, Oh my great Redeemer, God!  
 I pray remember me.

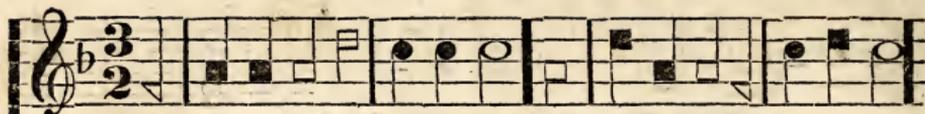
**HYMN 12.**

*The Hope of Heaven our support.*

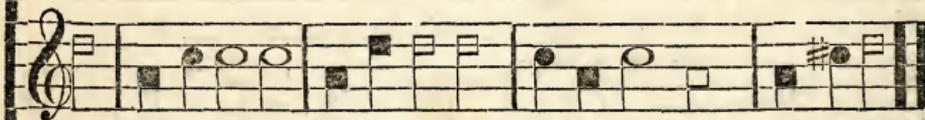
- When I can read my title clear,  
 To mansions in the skies,  
 I bid farewell to every fear,  
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
 And hellish darts be hurl'd,  
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
 And face a frowning world.
  - 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge come,  
 And storms of sorrow fall;  
 May I but safely reach my home,  
 My God, my heav'n, my all;
  - 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
 In seas of heav'nly rest;  
 And not a wave of trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful breast.

WATTS.

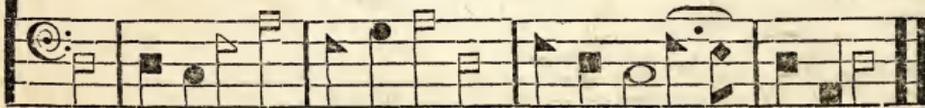
*Note.* In repeating the above tune it is necessary to slur three fourths of the third measure from the beginning, as it is written; but in singing it the first time, omit the slur.



Return my wand'ring soul return, And seek an injured Father's face,



Those warm desires that in thee burn, Were kindled by redeeming grace.



**HYMN 13. Christ's suffering and death.**

- 1 Strech'd on the cross, the Saviour dies;  
Hark! his expiring groans arise:  
See from his hands, his feet, his side,  
Runs down the sacred crimson tide.
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,  
And flows from every bleeding wound;  
The vital stream, how free it flows,  
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!
- 3 Can I survey this scene of wo,  
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;  
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,  
Insensible to love, or pain?
- 4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,  
To warm this cold, this stupid heart!  
'Till all its pow'rs and passions move  
In melting grief, and ardent love.

*Steele.*

**HYMN 14. Penitence.**

- 1 Return, my wandering soul, return,  
And seek an injured Father's face;  
Those warm desires that in thee burn,  
Were kindled by redeeming grace.

- 2 Return, my wandering soul, return,  
And seek a Father's melting heart;  
His pitying eye thy griefs discern,  
His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.
- 3 Return, my wandering soul, return,  
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;  
Go, view his bleeding side, and learn,  
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, my wandering soul, return,  
And wipe away the falling tear;  
'Tis God who says "no longer mourn,"  
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

*Collyer.*

**HYMN 15. A Contrast.**

When feeble nature's strife draws near,  
And struggles with the sinner's sigh,  
Without a hope in Christ, to cheer,  
O! then how hard it is to die.

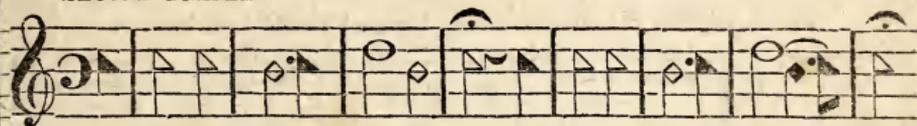
But when with faith, and holy joy,  
The humble Christian mounts on high,  
His Saviour's arms, beneath him laid,  
O! then, how sweet it is to die.

*H. M.*

## AIR



## SECOND TREBLE.



So fades the lovely blooming flower, Frail smiling solace of an hour;



So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasures only bloom to die.



## HYMN 16,—7s. Matt. 28, 2.

- 1 Angels roll the rock away!  
Death gives up the mighty prey!  
See the Saviour quits the tomb—  
Glowing in immortal bloom.
- 2 Now ye saints, lift up your eyes;  
See the conqueror mount the skies;  
Troops of Angels on the road,  
Hail, and sing the incarnate God.
- 3 Heaven unfolds her portals wide—  
Glorious Hero, thro' them ride;  
King of glory mount thy throne,  
Boundless empire is thine own.  
Praise him, ye celestial choirs,  
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;  
Praise him in the noblest songs,  
From ten thousand, thousand tongues.

*Gibbons.*

HYMN 17. *Worship.*

- Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove  
With light and comfort from above:  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;  
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know & choose thy way:  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.
  - 3 Lead us to holiness,—the road  
That we must take to dwell with God;  
Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from his precepts stray.
  - 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
In his enjoyment to be blest;  
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is.

*Browne.*

†This tune may be sung to the 16th. hymn, or any other of the same measure, by omitting the first note of each line.

Jesus, with all thy saint's above, My soul would bear her

part; Would sound aloud thy saving love, And sing thy bleeding heart.

MOUNT CALVARY, 7s. 6 lines. *Jenks.*

Hearts of stone, relent, relent, Break by Jesus cross subdu'd;

See his body mangled, rent, Cover'd with a gore of blood;

Sinful soul what hast thou done? Murder'd God's eternal Son.

HYMN 18. *Mount Calvary.*

- Hearts of stone, relent, relent,  
Break, by Jesus' cross subdu'd;  
See his body, mangled—rent,  
Cover'd with a gore of blood:  
Sinful soul, what hast thou done!  
Murder'd God's eternal Son.
- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,  
Drove the nails that fix'd him there;  
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,  
Pierc'd him with a soldier's spear;  
Made his soul a sacrifice,  
For a sinful world he dies.
- 3 Will you let him die in vain,  
Still to death pursue your Lord;  
Open, tear his wounds again,  
Trample on his precious blood?  
No! with all my sins I'll part,  
Saviour, take my broken heart.

HYMN 19. *Rock of Ages.*

- Rock of ages shelter me.  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure;  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power,
- 2 Not the labor of my hands  
Can fulfil the law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked come to thee for dress,

Helpless look to thee for grace;  
Vile, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my heart-strings break in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of ages shelter me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

TOPLADY.

HYMN 20. *Learning of Christ.*

- Go to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's power,  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with him one bitter hour;  
Turn not from his griefs away,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment hall,  
View the Lord of life arraign'd;  
O the wormwood and the gall!  
O the pangs his soul sustain'd!  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;  
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
There adoring at his feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete:  
'Tis finish'd,' hear him cry;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,  
Where they laid his breathless clay,  
All is solitude and gloom,  
Who hath taken him away!  
Christ is ris'n; He meets our eyes!  
Saviour, teach us so to rise,

C. Lyre.

AIR.

God of my life look gently down, Be-

hold the pains I feel; But I am dumb be-

fore thy throne, Nor dare dispute thy will-

## HYMN 21.

- That awful day will surely come,  
Th' appointed hour makes haste,  
When I must stand before my Judge,  
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,  
Thou Sovereign of my heart,  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
Pronounce the word, "Depart."
- 3 O! wretched state of deep despair,  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my doleful station where  
I must not taste his love.

4 Jesus! I throw my arms around,  
And hang upon thy breast;  
Without a gracious smile from thee,  
My spirit cannot rest.

5 O! tell me that my worthless name  
Is graven on thy hands;  
Show me some promise in thy book,  
Where my salvation stands!

6 Give me one kind assuring word,  
To sink my fears again;  
And cheerfully my soul shall wait  
Her threescore years and ten.

Air. Salvation, O the joyful sound, 'Tis music to our ears, A  
sovereign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears

**HYMN 22. *Worship.***

Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart—  
Inspire each lifeless tongue;  
And let the joys of heav'n impart  
Their influ'nce to our song.

2 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise  
In us the heav'nly flame;  
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,  
Our hearts adore thy name.

3 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,  
And fill thy dwellings here,  
Till life, and love, and joy divine  
A heav'n on earth appear.

STEELE.

**HYMN 23. *Invitation.* John 7. 37,**

The Saviour calls—let every ear  
Attend the heav'nly sound;  
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,  
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For ev'ry thirsty, longing heart,  
Here streams of bounty flow,  
And life, and health, and bliss impart,  
To banish mortal wo.

3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice  
The gracious call obey;  
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys—  
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;  
To thee let sinners fly,  
And take the bliss thy love imparts  
And drink, and never die.

Steele.

**HYMN 24. *Breathing after the Holy Spirit.***

Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers,—  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

2. In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

3 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate?  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers,—  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

WATTS.

Air.

And let this feeble bo-dy fail; And let it faint and die.

My soul shall quit this mournful vale And soar to worlds on high.

**HYMN 25. *Christian Hope.***

And let this feeble body fail,  
And let it faint and die;  
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,  
And soar to worlds on high;

- 2 Shall join the disembod'ed saints,  
And find its long sought rest,  
(Thè only rest for which it pants,  
On the Redeemer's breast.
- 3 In hope of that immortal crown,  
I now the cross sustain;  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain.
- 4 I'll travel my appointed years,  
Till my deliverer come,  
And wipe away his servant's tears,  
And take his exile home.

**HYMN 26. Rev. 3, 20.**

*"Why will ye die?"*

Amazing sight, the Saviour stands  
And knocks at every door!

Ten thousand blessings in his hands  
To satisfy the poor.

- 2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die  
To bring you to my rest:—  
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,  
And be forever blest.
- 3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,  
And choose the way to hell?  
Or in the glorious realms above,  
With me forever dwell?
- 4 "Not to condemn your wretched race  
Have I in judgment come;  
But to display unbounded grace,  
And bring lost sinners home.
- 5 "Will you go down to endless night,  
And bear eternal pain?  
Or in the glorious realms of light  
With me forever reign?
- 6 "Say—will you hear my gracious voice  
And have your sins forgiven?  
Or will you make that wretched choice  
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

When midnight darkness veils the sky, I call thy works to mind ; My  
 thoughts in warm devotion rise, And great ac-cep-tance find.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'ACCEPTANCE, C. M.'. It consists of two systems of three staves each. The top staff of each system is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are placed below the staves, with some words underlined or grouped by a slur. The first system covers the first two lines of the hymn, and the second system covers the last two lines.

## HYMN 27. Dent. 33. 27.

*"Thou God art my refuge."*

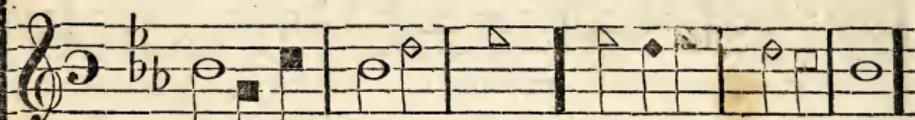
- Dear refuge of my weary soul,  
 On thee, when sorrows rise,  
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,  
 For thou alone canst heal ;  
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
 For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,  
 I fear to call thee mine ;  
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
 And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?  
 Thou art my only trust ;  
 And still my soul would cleave to thee.  
 Tho' prostrate in the dust.
- 2 What, though the arm of conquering  
 death,  
 Does God's own house invade !  
 What, though the prophet and the priest,  
 Be numbered with the dead ?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in  
 The aged and the young, [dust,  
 The watchful eye, in darkness closed,  
 And mute th' instructive tongue ;
- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,  
 New comfort to impart ;  
 His eye still guides us, and his voice  
 Still animates our heart.
- 5 "Lo, I am with you!" saith the Lord,  
 "My church shall safe abide :  
 For I will ne'er forsake my own,  
 Whose souls in me confide."

HYMN 28. *Confidence in Christ.*

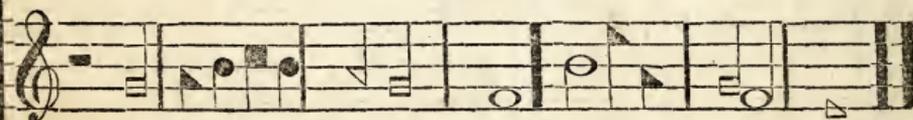
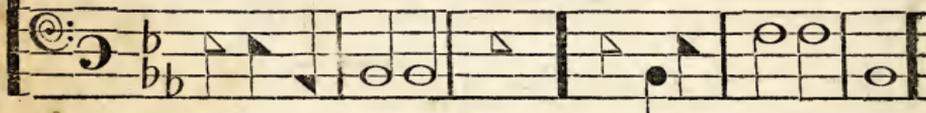
Now let our mourning hearts revive,  
 And all our tears be dry ;  
 Why should those eyes be drowned in  
 Which view a Saviour nigh ? [grief,

- 6 Through every scene of life and death,  
 This promise is our trust ;  
 And this shall be our children's song,  
 When we are cold in dust.

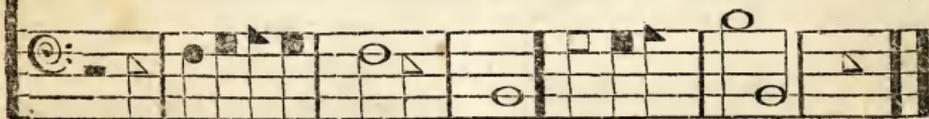
DODDRIDGE.



Come, Holy Spirit, Come, Let thy bright beams arise :



Dispel the sorrow from our mind—The darkness from our eyes—



**HYMN 29.** John 14, 26.

Come, Holy Spirit, come,  
Let thy bright beams arise ;  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,—  
The darkness from our eyes.

- 2 Convince us of our sin ;  
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;  
And to our wond'ring view reveal  
The secret love of God.
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart—  
To sanctify the soul—  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new-create the whole.
- 4 Revive our drooping faith ;  
Our doubts and fears remove ;  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love. *Hart.*

**HYMN 30.** *Invocation to the Holy Spirit.*  
Blest Comforter Divine!

Whose rays of heavenly love  
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,  
And point our souls above ;

- 2 Thou—who with "still small voice"  
Dost stop the sinner's way,  
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,  
Though earthly joys decay ;—
- 3 Thou—whose inspiring breath  
Can make the cloud of care,  
And e'en the gloomy vale of death  
A smile of glory wear ;—
- 4 Thou—who dost fill the heart  
With love to all our race,  
Blest Comforter !—to us impart  
The blessings of thy grace. *Shirland.*

CON. SPIRITO.

Awake my heart, arise my tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice, In God the life of

For.

all my days, Aloud will I rejoice, Aloud &c.

HYMN 31. *Christ's Nativity.*

Mortals, awake, with angels join,  
And chant the solemn lay;  
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine  
To hail the auspicious day.

- 2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift, through the vast expanse it flew,  
And loud the echo roll'd;  
The theme, the song, the joy was new,  
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky  
Th' impetuous torrent ran;  
And angels flew with eager joy,  
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,  
And glory leads the song;  
Good-will and peace are heard thro'out  
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

MEDLEY.

HYMN 32. LUKE 19. 38.

*Triumphs of the Gospel.*

FURNISHED FOR THE HARP,

- O joyful thought! Oh rapt'rous sound!  
His praises let us sing,  
Whose true and faithful word declares  
That Jesus shall be King.
- 2 What tho' our enemy should rise,  
And hosts of agents bring,  
Thy word, our fainting strength renews;  
Our Saviour shall be King.
  - 3 The heathens shall destroy their Gods,  
And Jesus' praise shall ring  
Thro'out a world, which once despis'd  
But then shall hail him King.
  - 4 And He, who once on Calvary groan'd  
Of death, once felt the sting,  
Now reigns, thro'out the hosts of Hea-  
And o'er his saints a King. [ven.
  - 5 Soon shall he come, and earth shall  
And all shall tribute bring; [bow,  
Soon the redeem'd on earth shall soar  
To Heaven where Christ is King.

H. M.

He comes, he comes, the Judge severe, The seventh

FOR.

PIA.

trumpet speaks him near, His lightnings flash, his thunders roll, He's

FOR.

welcome to the faithful soul, His &c.

HYMN 33, *The Convert.*

- 1 I hear a voice that comes from far;  
From Calvary it sounds abroad;  
It sooths my soul, and calms my fear:  
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.
- 2 And 'tis it true, that many fly  
The sound that bids my soul rejoice;  
And rather choose in sin to die,  
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice!
- 3 Alas, for those!—the day is near,  
When mercy will be heard no more;

- 4 Then will they ask in vain to hear  
The voice they would not hear before.
- 5 With such, I own, I once appear'd,  
But now I know how great their loss;  
For sweeter sounds were never heard,  
Than mercy utters from the cross.
- 6 But let me not forget to own,  
That if I differ aught from those,  
'Tis due to sov'reign grace alone,  
That oft selects its proudest foes.

KELLY.

AIR.

My sorrows like a flood, Impatient of re-straint, In-

to thy bosom O my God, Pours out a long complaint.

HYMN 34 *Rest and peace in Heaven.*

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

MONTGOMERY.

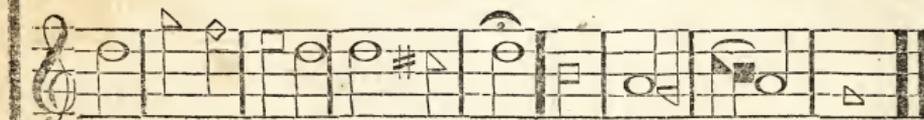
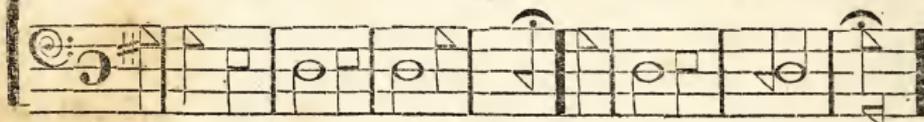
## HYMN 35. S. M.

- And must this body die?  
 This mortal frame decay?  
 And must these active limbs of mine  
 Lie mouldering in the clay!
- 2 God my Redeemer lives,  
 And often from the skies  
 Looks down and watches all my dust,  
 Till he shall bid it rise.
- 3 Arrayed in glorious grace,  
 Shall these vile bodies shine,  
 And every shape, and every face,  
 Look heavenly and divine.
- 4 These lively hopes we owe  
 To Jesus' dying love:  
 We would adore his grace below,  
 And sing his power above.
- 5 Dear Lord, accept the praise  
 Of these, our humble songs,  
 Till tunes of nobler sound we raise  
 With our immortal tongues.

WATTS.



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

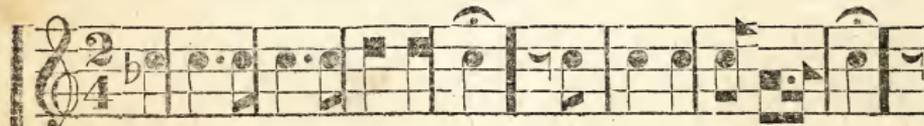


O give me tears for others' woe, And patience for my own.

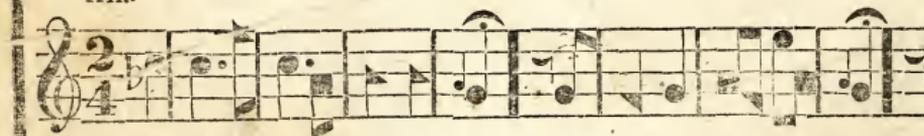


RETIREMENT. C. M. D.

*Pleyel.*



AIR.



While thee I seek, Protecting Power, Be my vain wishes still'd,



And may this consecrated hour, With better hopes be fill'd,



PIA.

Thy love the power of thought bestow'd, To thee my thoughts would soar;

FOR.

Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer-cy I adore,

HYMN 36. *Devotion.*

Whilst thee I seek, protecting Power!  
 Be my vain wishes stilled;  
 And may this consecrated hour  
 With better hopes be filled.

- 2 Thy love the power of tho't bestowed,  
 To thee my thoughts would soar:  
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;  
 That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
 Thy ruling hand I see,  
 Each blessing to my soul most dear,  
 Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
 In every pain I bear,  
 My heart shall find delight in praise,  
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour  
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower  
 My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
 The gathering storm shall see,  
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear;  
 That heart will rest on thee.

HELEN M. WILLIAMS.

HYMN 37. *Evening twilight.*

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 heav'n;  
 The prospect doth my strength renew  
 While here by tempests driv'n.
- 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.

B—

AIR.

Sing to the Lord a new made song ; Let earth in one assembled throng, Her  
 common patron's praise resound, Sing to the Lord and bless his name,  
 From day to day his praise proclaim, Who us has with salvation crown'd.

## HYMN 33. Ps 96.

Let all the earth their voices raise,  
 To sing the choicest psalm of praise,  
 To sing and bless Jehovah's name ;  
 His glory let the heathen know,  
 His wonders to the nations show,  
 And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathen know thy glory, Lord.  
 The wondering nations read thy word :  
 But here Jehovah's name is known :  
 Nor shall our worship e'er be paid  
 To gods that mortal hands have made ;  
 Our Maker is our God alone,

3 He framed the globe, he built the sky  
 He made the shining worlds on high,  
 And reigns complete in glory there ;  
 His beams are majesty and light ;  
 His beauties how divinely bright !  
 His temple how divinely fair !

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,  
 When earth shall feel his saving power,  
 And barbarous nations fear his name :  
 Then shall the race of men confess  
 The beauty of his holiness,  
 And in his court his grace proclaim.

WATTS.

Second Treble.



AIR.

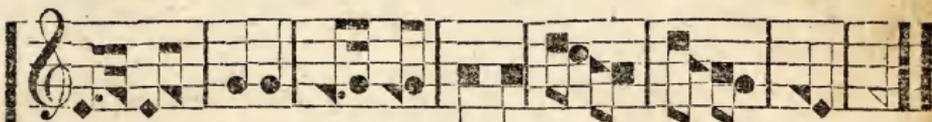


Lord dismiss us with thy blessing, Smile upon us from above,



PIA.

FOR.



May we each thy peace possessing, Triumph in eternal love.

HYMN 39. *Friend*, Prov, 18, 24.

1 One there is above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend ;  
His is love, beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood ?  
But this Saviour dy'd to have us  
Reconcil'd in him to God.

3 When he liv'd on earth abased,  
Friend of sinners was his name ;  
Now above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften !  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;  
We, alas ! forget too often,  
What a Friend we have above.

3 Whither should a wretch be flying,  
But to him who comfort gives ?  
Whither from the dread of dying,  
But to him who ever lives ?

4 Sav'd—the deed shall spread new glory  
Thro' the shining realms above ;  
Angels sing the pleasing story,  
All enraptured with thy love.

HYMN 41, *Christ our Mediator*.

1 Hail, thou once despised Jesus !  
Hail, thou Galilean King !  
Thou didst suffer to release us ;  
Thou didst free salvation bring !

2 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame ?  
By thy merits we find favour,  
Life is given through thy name.

3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on thee were laid ;  
By almighty love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made.

4 All thy people are forgiven,  
Through the virtue of thy blood ;  
Opened is the gate of heaven ;  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

## HYMN 40.

1 Jesus, full of all compassion,  
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry ;  
Let me know thy great salvation,  
See, I languish, faint, and die.

2 Guilty but with heart relenting,  
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief—  
Prostrate at thy feet repenting—  
Send, O send me quick relief!

*Air.*

Second Treble.

TENOR. Ye tribes of Adama join, With heaven and earth and seas,

vine And To your Creator's praise To

Ye holy throng of angels bright In worlds of light begin th

Song, Ye holy throng of angels bright, In worlds of light begin the song.

HYMN 42. *Jubilee.*

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow  
The gladly solemn sound!  
Let all the nations know  
To earth's remotest bound;  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,  
The sin-atonning Lamb;  
Redemption by his blood,  
Thro' all the lands proclaim;  
The year, &c.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive;  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of pard'ning grace;  
Ye happy souls, draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's face.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Has full atonement made;  
Ye weary spirits rest;  
Ye mournful souls be glad! **TOPLADY.** 2

HYMN 43. *Christmas.*

Hark! what celestial notes,  
What melody we hear;  
Soft on the morn it floats,  
And fills the ravish'd ear.  
The tuneful shell, the golden lyre,  
And vocal choir the concert swell.

2 The angelic hosts descend,  
With harmony divine:  
See how from heaven they bend,  
And in full chorus join.  
Fear not, say they; great joy we bring:  
Jesus, your King, is born to-day.

3 He comes from error's night,  
Your wandering feet to save;  
To realms of bliss and light,  
He lifts you from the grave.  
This glorious morn, (let all attend!)  
Your matchless friend, your Saviour's  
born.

4 Glory to God on high!  
Ye mortals, spread the sound,  
And let your raptures fly  
To earth's remotest bound:  
For peace on earth, from God in heav'n  
To man is given, at Jesus' birth.

HYMN 44.

*A sweet savor.* 2 Cor. 2, 15 16.

Praise to the Lord on high,  
Who spreads his triumphs wide!  
While Jesus' fragrant name  
Is breath'd on every side:  
Balmy and rich the odors rise,  
And fill the earth, and reach the skies.

2 Ten thousand dying souls  
Its influence feel—and live:  
Sweeter than vital air  
The incense they receive:  
They breathe anew, and rise and sing  
Jesus, the Lord, the conqu'ring King.

3 But sinners scorn the grace,  
That brings salvation nigh:  
They turn their away face,  
And faint, and fall, and die.  
So sad a doom, ye saints, deplore—  
For Oh! they fall to rise no more.

DODDRIDGE.

When shall my  
 When shall thy love constrain, And force me to thy breast?  
 soul return . again To her eternal rest?

HYMN 45. *'Fear not for I am with thee.'**Furnished for the Harp.*

- Why should the Christian fear?  
 And yield to sad mistrust?  
 The God of Heaven is his friend,  
 The righteous, and the just
- 2 The Lord himself regards,  
 Each slowly falling tear;  
 "He does not, willingly afflict"  
 Then why, should Christians fear?
- 3 He marks thy changing path,  
 And tho' it may be drear,  
 Does he not send a beacon's light?  
 Then why, believers fear.
- 4 Trials are kindly sent,  
 Lest life should be too dear,  
 Sorrow cuts loose, the ties of earth  
 The pilgrim, need not fear.
- 5 But in the vale of death,  
 A beacon, Christ appears,  
 O! whilst we keep our eyes on Him,  
 We'll sing farewell to fear. H. M.

HYMN 46. *Looking upward.*

- The heavens invite mine eye,  
 The stars salute me round,  
 Father, I blush, I mourn to lie  
 Thus grovelling on the ground.
- 2 My warmer spirits move,  
 And make attempts to fly;  
 I wish aloud for wings of love,  
 To raise me swift and high.
- 3 Beyond those crystal vaults,  
 And all their sparkling balls;  
 They're but the porches to thy courts,  
 And painting on thy walls.
- 4 Vain world, farewell to you;  
 Heaven is my native air;  
 I bid my friends a short adieu,  
 Impatient to be there,
- 5 I feel my powers releas'd  
 From their old fleshly clod;  
 Fair guardian, bear me up in haste,  
 And set me near my God. Watts

Jerusalem my happy home, O how I long for thee; When

will my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

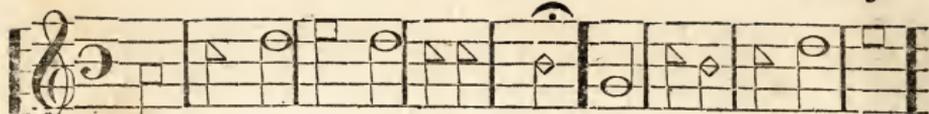
HYMN 47-

*Christ is our strength and righteousness.*

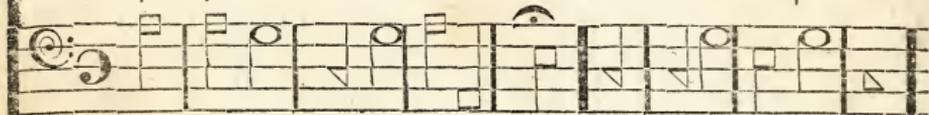
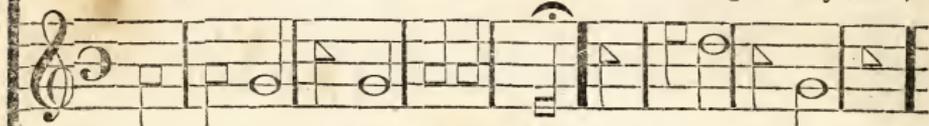
- My Saviour, my almighty friend,  
 When I begin thy praise,  
 Where will the growing numbers end,  
 The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,  
 Thy goodness I adore;  
 And since I knew thy graces first,  
 I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length  
 Of the celestial road,  
 And march, with courage, in thy  
 To see my Father, God. [strength,
- 4 When I am filled with sore distress  
 For some surprising sin,  
 I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,  
 And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
 The victories of my King;  
 My soul redeemed from sin and hell,  
 Shall thy salvation sing. *Watts.*

HYMN 48. "Herein is love."

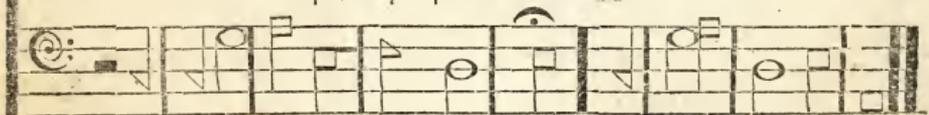
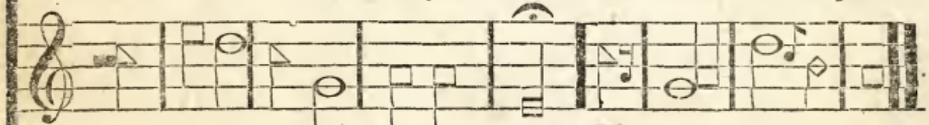
- Ye saints, assist me in my song—  
 Let all your passions move;  
 To Jesus all the notes belong—  
 I sing redeeming love.
- 2 Opposing spirits 'gainst his cross,  
 Their force united prove;  
 But quit the field with mighty loss  
 Crush'd by redeeming love,
- 3 Around the circle of his friends  
 His tender passions move;  
 And while he liv'd his constant theme  
 Was still redeeming love.
- 4 Gently he rais'd his sacred hands,  
 Before his last remove:  
 And the last whispers of his tongue,  
 Sigh'd forth redeeming love.
- 5 Thro' life's wide waste, with weary  
 In darkness I may rove; [feet,  
 But never can my heart forget  
 Redeeming, dying love.
- 6 Oh, that before his sacred throne,  
 I all its sweets may prove;  
 Still as my pleasures rise, my song  
 Shall be redeeming love. *Collyer.*



Thou lovely chief of all my joys, Thou Sov'reign of my heart,

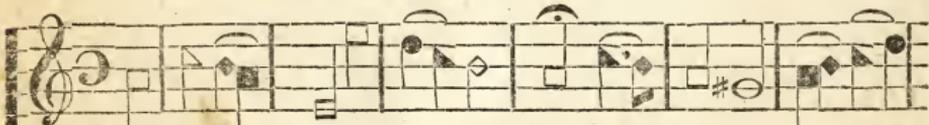


How could I bear to hear thy' voice, Pronounce the sound, "depart!"

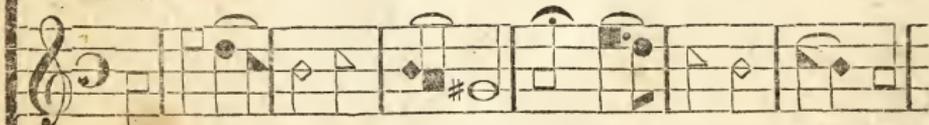


## READING, C. M.

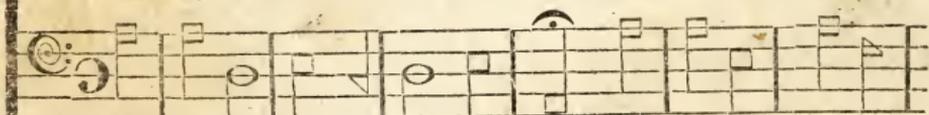
Purcell.



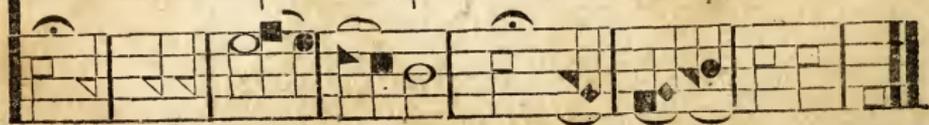
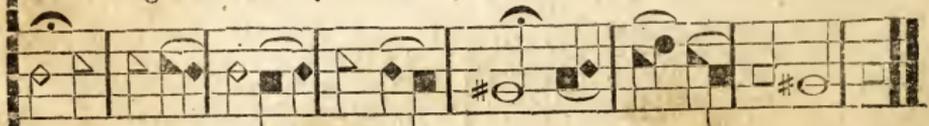
TENOR.

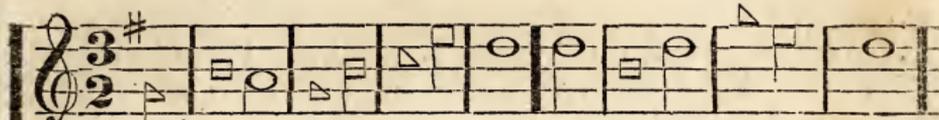


Return, O God of love return, Earth is a tiresome place,

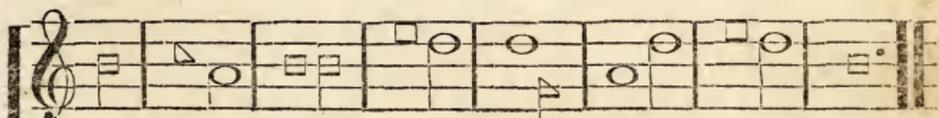
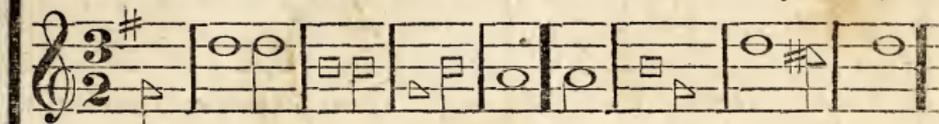


How long shall we thy children mourn The absence of thy face,

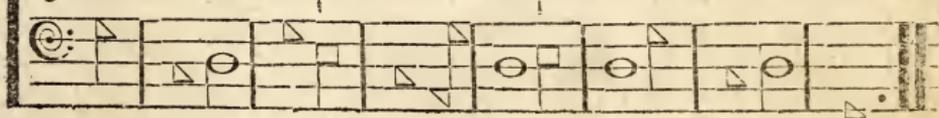
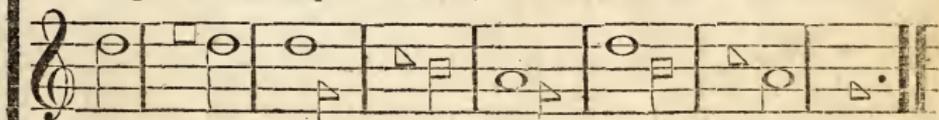




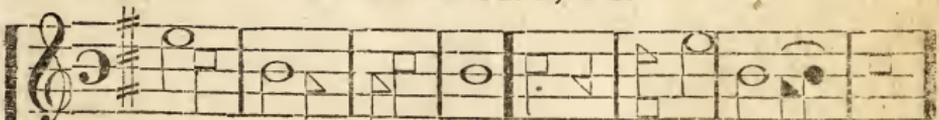
O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame;



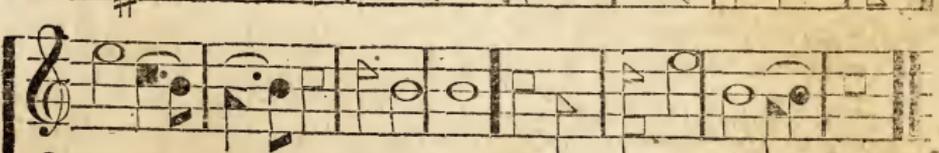
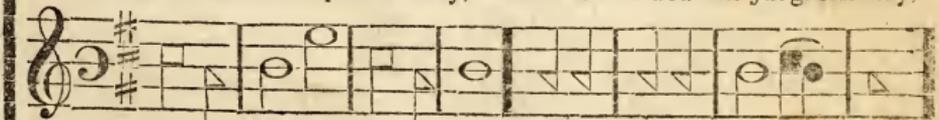
A light to shine upon the road, That leads me to the Lamb.



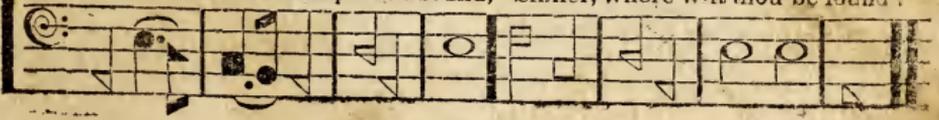
NUREMBURG, 7's.



When the world has pass'd away, When draws near the judgment day,



When the awful trump shall sound, Sinner, where wilt thou be found?



Alt. #

Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations bow with sacred joy,

Air. #

Know that the Lord is God alone, He can create and he destroy.

HYMN 49. *The teaching of Christ.*

How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When listening thousands gathered  
round,

And joy and reverence fill'd the place!

From heaven he came—of heaven he  
spoke,

To heaven he led his followers' way;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.

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!

Decay, then, tenements of dust!

Pillars of earthly pride, decay!

A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepared the way.

BOWRING.

HYMN 50. *Substantial bliss in Heaven.*

What sinners value, I resign;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show;  
But the bright world to which I go,  
Hath joys substantial and sincere;  
When shall I wake and find me there?

O glorious hour! O blest abode!  
I shall be near and like my God!  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;  
Then burst the chains with sweet sur-  
prise,

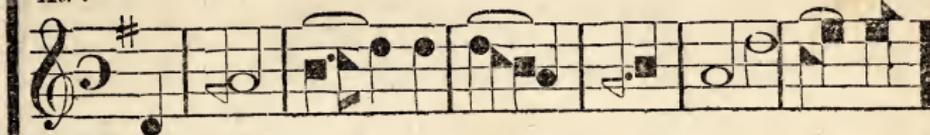
And in my Saviour's image rise.

WATTS.

*Second Treble.*



*Air:* Ye nations round the earth rejoice, Before the Lord your

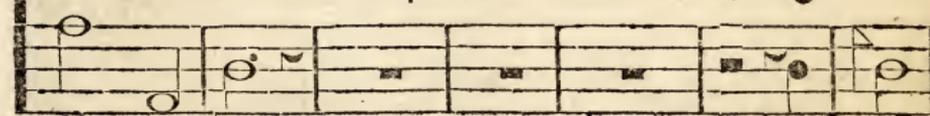
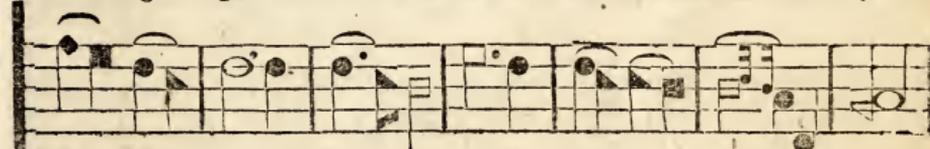


*Pia.*

*For.*

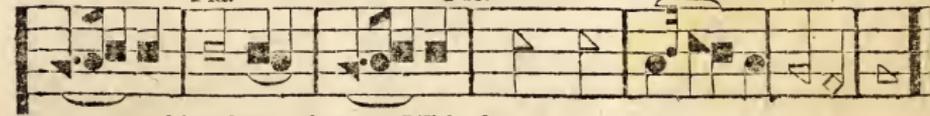


sovereign King, Serve him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your



*Pia.*

*For.*



tongues his glory sing, With, &c.



**HYMN 51. *Worship.***

Come, Saviour Jesus, from above!

Assist me with thy heavenly grace;  
Empty my heart of earthly love,  
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,  
And set my longing spirit free,  
Which pants to have no other will,  
But day and night to feast on thee.

3 That path with humble speed I'll seek,  
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;

Nor will I hear, nor will I speak  
Of any other love but thine.

4 Henceforth, may no profane delight  
Divide this consecrated soul;  
Possess it thou, who hast the right,  
As Lord and Master of the whole.

5 Nothing on earth do I desire,  
But thy pure love within my breast;  
This, only this, will I require,  
And freely give up all the rest.

*Byrom.*

Lo, he cometh! countless trumpets Blow before the bloody sign,

Midst ten thousand saints and angels, See the crucified shine. Halle-

lujah! Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb.

HYMN 52. *Prayer for a Revival.*

Saviour, visit thy plantation:  
Grant us, Lord a gracious rain!  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless thou return again.  
Lord, revive us;  
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;  
Shine upon us from on high,  
Lest, for want of thine assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die.  
Lord, revive us;  
All our help must come from thee.

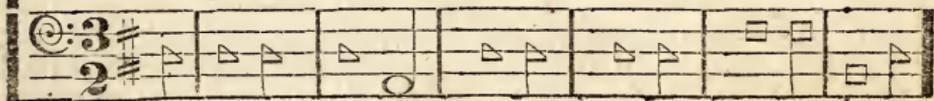
3 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in prayers;  
Let each one esteemed thy servant,  
Shun the world's bewitching snares.  
Lord, revive us;  
All our help must come from thee.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;  
Turn the stony heart to flesh;  
And begin from this good hour  
To revive thy work afresh,  
Lord, revive us:  
All our help must come from thee.

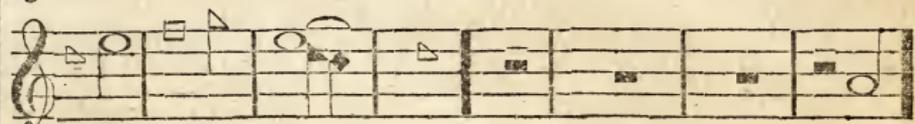
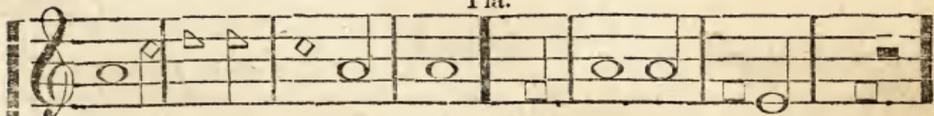
NEWTON.



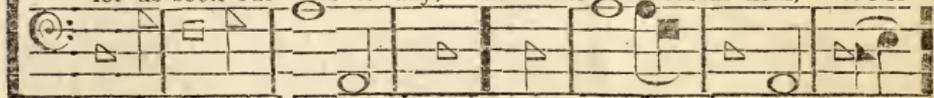
How pleas'd and bless'd was I, To hear the people cry, Come



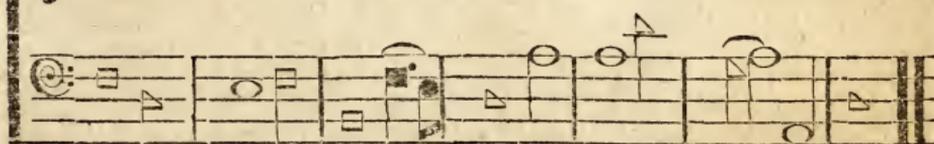
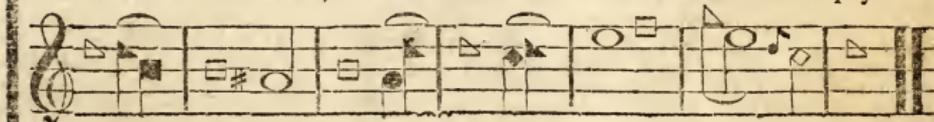
*Pia.*



let us seek our God to day, Yes with a cheerful zeal, We'll



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



**HYMN 53. *Going to Church.***

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

Yes with a cheerful zeal  
We haste to Zion's hill,  
And there our vows and honours pay.

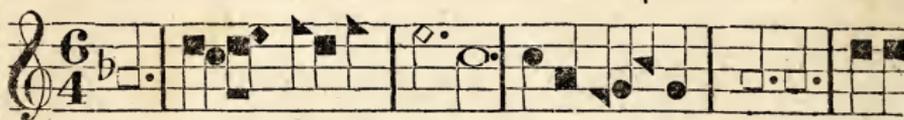
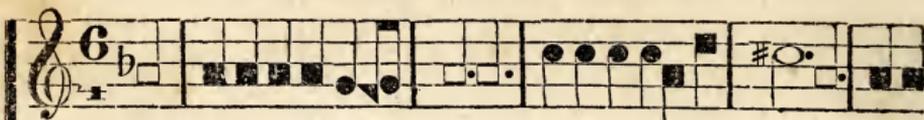
2 Zion thrice happy place,  
Adorned with wondrous grace,  
And walls of strength embrace thee  
round;

In thee our tribes appear  
To pray, and praise, and hear  
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

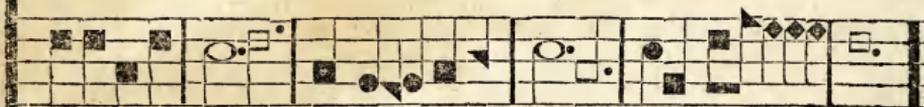
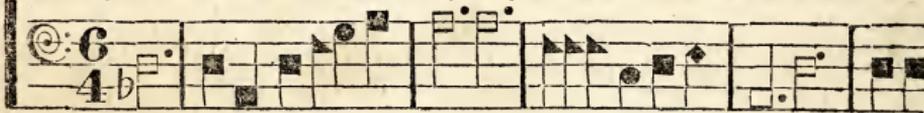
3 May peace attend thy gate,  
And joy within thee wait,  
To bless the soul of every guest:  
The man that seeks thy peace,  
And wishes thine increase,  
A thousand blessings on him rest!

4 My tongue repeats her vows,  
Peace to the sacred house!  
For here my friends and kindred dwell:  
And since my glorious God  
Makes thee his blest abode,  
My soul shall ever love thee well.

WATTS.



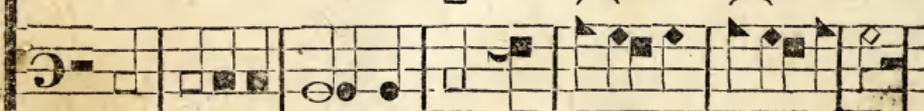
Mine eyes are now closing to rest, My body must soon be remov'd And mould-



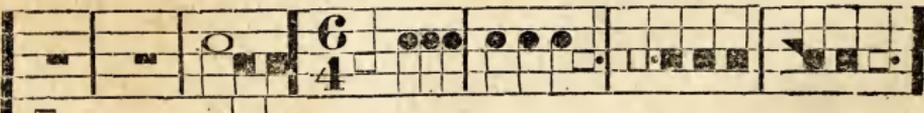
'ring lie buried in dust, No more to be envied or lov'd, No more, &c.



*Affetuoso.*



Ah, what is this drawing my breath, And stealing my senses away?



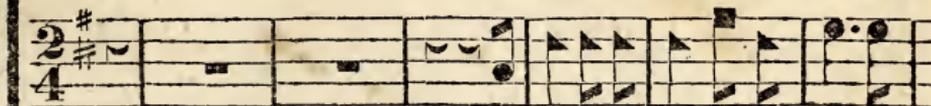
O tell me, ::: ::: O tell me my soul is it death, Releasing me kindly from clay.





Vivace

The regions of pleasure and love, My



Now mounting, my soul shall descry



spirit triumphant shall fly,

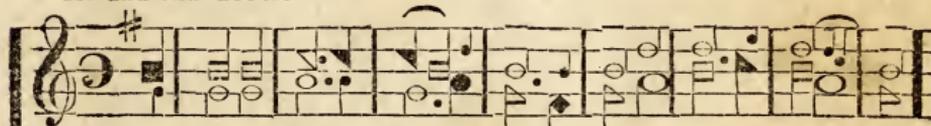
And dwell with my Saviour above.



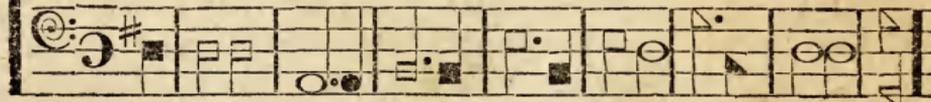
## AVERNO, L. M.

C. Lyre.

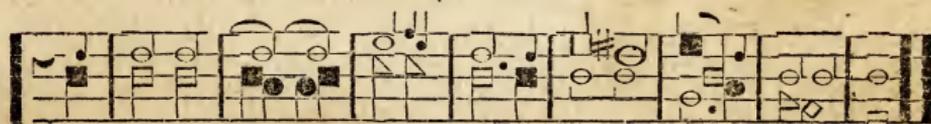
1st. and 2nd. Treble.



Sinners O why so thoughtless grown, Why in such dreadful haste to die?



Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains, Behold the love of God unfold



Daring to leap to worlds unknown, Heedless against this God to fly!



The glories of his dying pains, Forever telling yet un told.

Come children of Zion and help us to sing

And bring us to heaven to

reign there with him.

*Da Capo.*

Loud anthems of praise to our Saviour and King ;  
Whose life once was given our souls to redeem,

**HYMN 54.** 2 Pet. i. 4 *Great and precious promises.*

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word ?  
What more can he say than to you he hath said,  
Who unto the Saviour for refuge hath fled :
- 2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
As thy days may demand, so thy succor shall be.
- 3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,  
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,  
'The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 "When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;

The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design  
The dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;  
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,  
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes ;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

KENNADY.

HMYN 55. *Christ's comfort for the Church.*

1 O Zion afflicted with wave upon wave,  
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save ;  
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,  
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.

2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,  
But skilful's the pilot, who sits at the helm ;  
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends  
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 "O fearful ! O faithless!" in mercy he cries;  
'My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?  
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand;  
Through tempest and tossing, I'll bring thee to land.

4 "Forget thee, I will not, I cannot;—thy name  
Engraved on my heart doth forever remain!  
The palms of my hands while I look on, I see  
The wounds I received, when suffering for thee.

5 "I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,  
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones;  
In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain;  
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

6 "Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is secure,  
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;  
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,  
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine."

JAY'S COL.

Let sinners take their course, And choose the road to death,

But in the worship of my God I'll spend my daily breath.

## HYMN 56.

- 1 Lord, help me to repent—  
With sin forever part;  
And to thy gracious eye present  
An humble, contrite heart—
- 2 A heart with grief opprest,  
For having griev'd thy love;  
A troubled heart that cannot rest,  
Till cleansed from above.
- 3 Jesus, on me bestow  
The penitent desire;  
With true sincerity of wo,  
My aching breast inspire.
- 4 With soft'ning pity look,  
And melt my hardness down,  
Strike, with thy love's resistless stroke,  
And break this heart of stone.

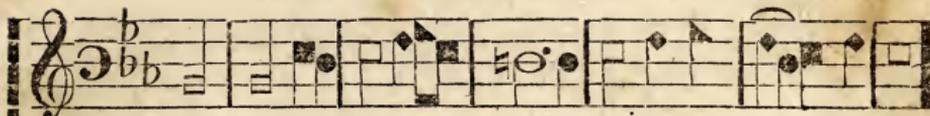
## HYMN 57. Luke 19. 41.

- Did Christ o'er sinners weep?  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,  
Angels with wonder see!  
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,  
He shed those tears for thee.

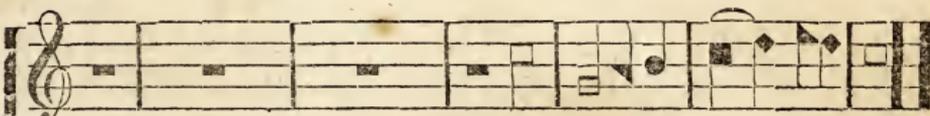
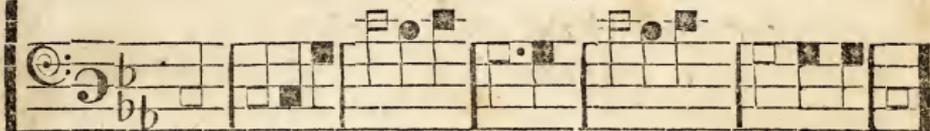
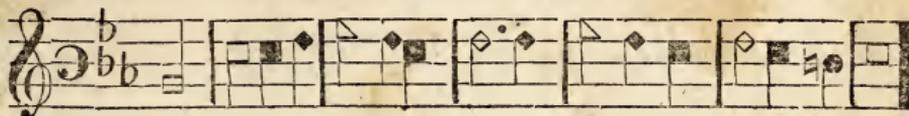
- 3 He wept, that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear:  
In heav'n alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.  
BEDDOME.

## HYMN 58 Job. 14. 11—14.

- The mighty flood that rolls  
Its torrents to the main,  
Can ne'er recall its waters lost  
From that abyss again:
- 2 So days, and years, and time,  
Descending down to night,  
Can thenceforth never more return  
Back to the sphere of light.
  - 3 And man, when in the grave  
Can never quit its gloom,  
Until th' eternal morn shall wake  
The slumber of the tomb.
  - 4 O, may I find in death  
A hiding-place with God,  
Secure from wo and sin; till call'd  
To share his bless'd abode!
  - 5 Cheer'd by this hope, I wait,  
Through toil, and care, and grief,  
Till my appointed course is run,  
And death shall bring relief.



How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see,



Sweet prospects, sweet birds, & sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me



**HYMN 59. Longing to be with Christ.**

To Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone;  
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
And waft me away to his throne.  
My Saviour, whom absent I love;  
Whom, not having seen, I adore;  
Whose name is exalted above  
All glory, dominion, and power:  
Dissolve from these bonds, that detain  
My soul from her portion in thee;  
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,  
And make me eternally free.  
When that happy era begins,  
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,  
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,  
The bosom on which I recline:  
O then shall the veil be removed,  
And round me thy brightness be pour'd:  
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,  
I shall see whom unseen I adored.  
And then, never more shall the fears,  
The trials, temptations, and woes,  
Which darken this valley of tears,  
Intrude on my blissful repose.  
Or, if yet remembered above,  
Remembrance no sadness shall raise;

They will be but new signs of thy love,  
New themes for my wonder & praise.  
Thus the strokes which, from sin and from  
Shall set me eternally free, [pain,  
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain  
Which binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

COWPER.

**HYMN 60.**

How tedious and tasteless the hours  
When Jesus no longer I see!  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet  
flow'rs,  
Have lost all their sweetness to me.  
His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice.  
Dear Lord; if indeed I am thine,  
And thou art my sun and my song;  
Say, why do I languish and pine,  
And why are my winters so long?  
Oh, drive these dark clouds from the sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore,  
Or take me up to thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

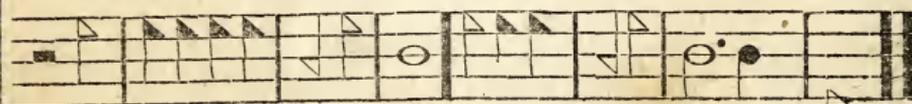
NEWTON.



O come loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;



For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's Rock we praise.



**HYMN 61. *The Heavenly Temple.***

Where high the heavenly temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
The guardian of mankind appears.

2 He who for men their surety stood,  
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,  
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,  
The Saviour and the friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains  
A fellow-feeling of our pains,  
And still remembers in the skies,  
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,  
The Man of sorrows had a part ;  
He sympathizes with our grief,  
And to the suff'rer sends relief,

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne  
Let us make all our sorrows known,

And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r  
To help us in the evil hour.

*Logan.*

**HYMN 62 *Hosanna.***

Hosanna to the living Lord !  
Hosanna to the incarnate Word !  
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,  
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing !

2 Hosanna, Lord, thine angels cry ;  
Hosanna, Lord, thy saints reply ;  
Above, beneath us, and around,  
The dead and living swell the sound.

3 Oh Saviour ! with protecting care,  
Return to this thy house of prayer ;  
Assembled in thy sacred name,  
Where we thy parting promise claim !

4 But chiefest in our cleansed breast,  
Eternal, bid thy spirit rest,  
And make our secret soul to be  
A temple pure, and worthy thee !

5 Lo, in the last and dreadful day,  
When earth and heaven shall melt away  
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,  
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

HEBER.

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow, Descend & clothe the ground; The liquid  
streams forbear to flow, In icy fetters bound

The musical score consists of five staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The third staff is in bass clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat. The fourth and fifth staves are in treble clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat. The music features various note values, rests, and dynamic markings.

**HYMN 63.**

Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears,  
Be mercy all your theme;  
Mercy, which like a river flows,  
In one perpetual stream.

- 2 "Fear not" the powers of earth and hell;  
God will those powers restrain;  
His arm shall all their rage repel,  
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 "Fear not" the want of outward good;  
For his he will provide;  
Grant them supplies of daily food,  
And give them heaven beside.
- 4 "Fear not" that he will e'er forsake,  
Or leave his work undone;  
He's faithful to his promises,  
And faithful to his Son.
- 5 "Fear not" the terrors of the grave,  
Or death's tremendous sting;  
He will from endless wrath preserve,  
To endless glory bring.

BEDDOME.

**HYMN 64. "Blessed be the Lamb."**

Jesus, with all thy saints above,  
My tongue would bear her part,  
Would sound aloud thy saving love,  
And sing thy bleeding heart.

- 2 Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,

Who bought me with his blood,  
And quenched his Father's flaming  
sword  
In his own vital flood.

- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb,  
And never ceasing praise,  
While angels live to know his name,  
Or saints, to feel his grace.

WATTS.

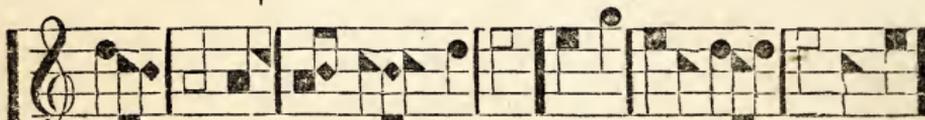
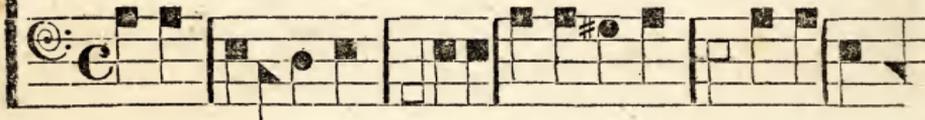
**HYMN 65, The Redeemer's message.**

- 1 Hark the glad sound, the Saviour  
comes,  
The Saviour, promis'd long!  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,  
Exerts his sacred fire;  
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love  
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray;  
And, on the eyes, oppress'd with night  
To pour celestial day.
- 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

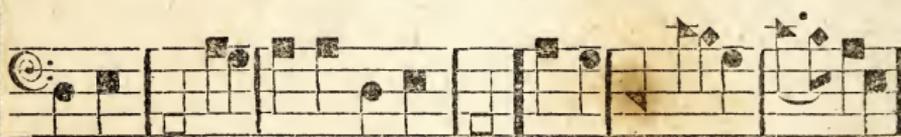
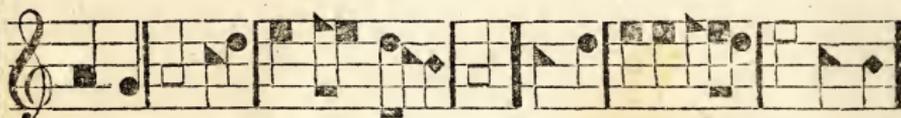
DODDRIDGE.



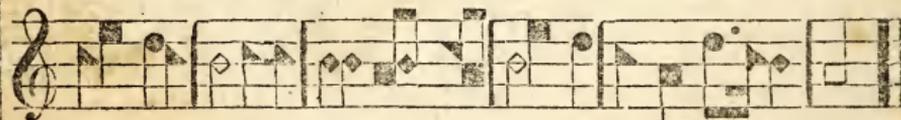
Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the billows



near me roll, While the tempest still is high ; Hide me, O my Saviour hide, Till the



storm of life be past, Safe into the haven guide, O, receive my soul at last!



HYMN 66. Mat. 11. 28.

- 1 Come, ye weary sinners, come,  
All who feel your heavy load ;  
Jesus calls the wand'ers home ;  
Hasten to your pard'ning God,  
Come, ye guilty souls opprest,  
Answer to the Saviour's call :  
"Come and I will give you rest :  
Come and I will save you all."
- 2 Jesus,—full of truth and love,  
We thy kindest call obey,  
Faithful let thy mercies prove,  
Take our load of guilt away.

- Weary of this war within,  
Weary of this endless strife,  
Weary of ourselves and sin,  
Weary of a wretched life.
- 3 Burden'd with a world of grief,  
Burden'd with our sinful load,  
Burden'd with this unbelief,  
Burden'd with the wrath of God.  
Lo, we come to thee for ease,  
True and gracious as thou art ;  
Now our weary souls release,  
Write forgiveness on our heart.

HYMN 67. *Heaven.*

- 1 High in yonder realms of light,  
Dwell the raptur'd sauits above,  
Far beyond our feeble sight,  
Happy in Immanuel's love!  
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,  
Once they knew, like us below,  
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,  
Tort'ring pain and heavy wo.
- 2 Oft the big, unbidden tear,  
Stealing down the furrow'd cheek,  
Told, in eloquence sincere,  
Tales of wo they could not speak.  
But these days of weeping o'er,  
Past this scene of toil and pain,  
They shall feel distress no more,  
Never—never weep again!
- 3 'Mid the chorus of the skies,  
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,  
Hark—their songs melodious rise,  
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!  
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!
- 4 All is tranquil and serene,  
Calm and undisturb'd repose—  
There no cloud can intervene—  
There no angry tempest blows!  
Ev'ry tear is wip'd away.  
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;  
Night is lost in endless day—  
Sorrow—in eternal rest!

HYMN 68. *Wishes.*

FURNISHED FOR THE HARP.

- 1 When we close our eyes in death,  
When we yield our parting breath,  
May we hear our Saviour say,  
Heirs of glory, come away.  
And when round our dying beds,  
Friends would raise our drooping heads,  
Could an earthly arm supply  
Strength, unless our God be nigh?
- 2 In that last extremity,  
Jesus thou our refuge be,  
May we feel thee near our heart,  
Bidding every fear depart.  
With thine arms beneath us laid,  
Need we be so much dismay'd,  
And reclining on thy breast,  
May we find a place of rest.
- 3 May we see thy gracious smile,  
Kindly cheering us the while,  
May we hear thy tender voice,  
Whisp'ring weep not, but rejoice.  
Weep not, earthly cares are past,  
Weep not, this shall be thy last,  
But rejoice, while angels come  
To conduct thee to thy home.

- 4 Then, tho' earthly friends have flown,  
We shall not be all alone,  
But shall find, 'tis sweet to die,  
With a kind Redeemer nigh.  
When eternity unfolds  
All its wonders to our souls,  
May we then in Heav'n be blest.  
And in Jesus sweetly rest. II. M.

## HYMN 69. John 21 15.

*"Lovest thou me."*

- 'Tis a point I long to know  
Oft it causes anxious thought:—  
Do I love the Lord, or no?  
Am I his, or am I not?  
If I love, why am I thus?  
Why this dull, this lifeless frame  
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,  
Who have never heard his name;
- 2 Could my heart so hard remain,  
Pray'r a task and burden prove—  
Ev'ry trifle give me pain—  
If I knew a Saviour's love?  
When I turn mine eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and wild!  
Fill'd with unbelief and sin—  
Can I deem myself a child?
- 3 If I pray, or hear, or read,  
Sin is mix'd with all I do;  
You who love the Lord indeed,  
Tell me—is it thus with you?  
Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
Find my sin a grief and thrall;  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all!
- 4 Lord, decide the doubtful case!  
Thou who art thy people's Sun:  
Shine upon thy work of grace,  
If it be indeed begun.  
Let me love thee more and more,  
If I love at all, I pray;  
If I have not lov'd before,  
Help me to begin to day. *Newton*

HYMN 70. *Morning worship.*

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone;  
Now the morning light is come;  
Lord, may I be thine to-day—  
Drive the shades of sin away.  
Fill my soul with heav'nly light,  
Banish doubt, and cleanse my sight;  
In thy service, Lord, to-day,  
Help me labor, help me pray.
- 2 Keep my haughty passions bound—  
Save me from my foes around;  
Going out and coming in,  
Keep me safe from ev'ry sin.  
When my work of life is past,  
Oh! receive me then at last!  
Night of sin will be no more  
When I reach the heavenly shore.

When I can read my title clear, To man-sions  
in the skies, I bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my  
weeping eyes, And wipe, &c.

HYMN 71. *Faith.*

- Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
And saves me from its snares ;  
Its aid in every duty brings,  
And softens all my cares ;
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,  
And lights the sacred fire  
Of love to God, and heavenly things,  
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its  
power,  
The healing balm to give ;  
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,  
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,  
Where deathless pleasures reign ;  
And bids me seek my portion there,  
Nor bids me seek in vain :
- 5 Shows me the precious promise sealed  
With the redeemers blood ;  
And helps my feeble hope to rest  
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there unshaken, would I rest,  
Till this vile body dies ;  
And then on faith's triumphant wings,  
At once to glory rise.

TURNER.

Come sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing;

Jehovah is a sov'reign God, The universal King.

## HYMN 72. Luke 18. 1—7.

*Impunity.*

- 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 give him rest,  
But knock at mercy’s gate.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear  
His chosen when they cry;  
Yes, though he might awhile forbear  
He’ll help them from on high.
- 5 Then let us earnest cry,  
And never faint in pray’r;  
He sees, he hears, and from on high,  
Will make our cause his care.

NEWTON.

## HYMN 73.

*Christian fellowship.*

- Blest is the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love:  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Fathers throne  
We pour united 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 at death must part,  
How keen, how deep the pain?  
But we shall all be join’d in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
  - 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Throughout eternity.

FAWCETT.

Ye servants of God your Master proclaim, And

publish abroad his wonderful name, The name all victor'ous of

Jesus extol, His kingdom is glorious and rules over all.

## HYMN 74.

*God's servants should praise him.*

- 1 Ye servants of God, your master proclaim,  
And publish abroad his wonderful Name ;  
The Name all victorious of Jesus extol ;  
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save ;  
And still he is nigh, his presence we have :  
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our king.
- 3 Salvation to God who sits on the throne—  
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son :

Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim ;  
 Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.  
 4 Then let us adore, and give him his right ;  
 All glory and power, and wisdom and might :  
 All honor and blessing, with angels above ;  
 And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

MADAN'S COL.

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 HYMN 75.

*"Fear not for I am with you."*

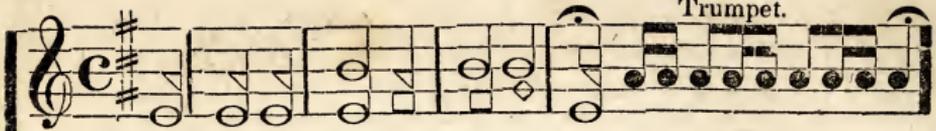
Begone, unbelief ! my Saviour is near,  
 And for my relief, will surely appear :  
 By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform ;  
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.  
 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,  
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide :  
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,  
 The word he has spoken, shall surely prevail.  
 3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think  
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;  
 Each sweet Ebenezer, I have in review,  
 Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.  
 4 Why should I complain of want and distress,  
 Temptation or pain ?—he told me no less :  
 The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,  
 Through much tribulation, must follow their Lord.  
 5 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,  
 The bitter is sweet, the medicine food ;  
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,  
 And then, O how pleasant the conquerors song !

NEWTON.

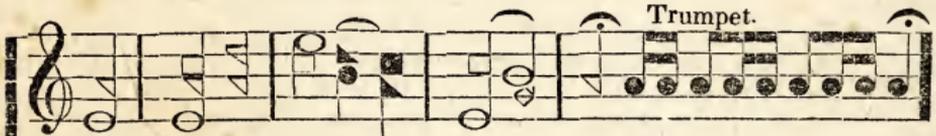
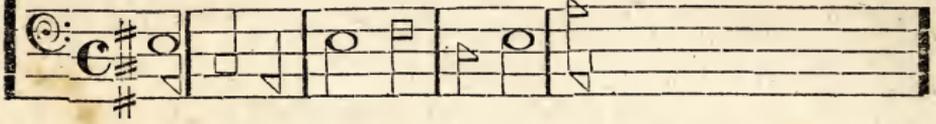
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 HYMN 76. *Gospel tidings.*

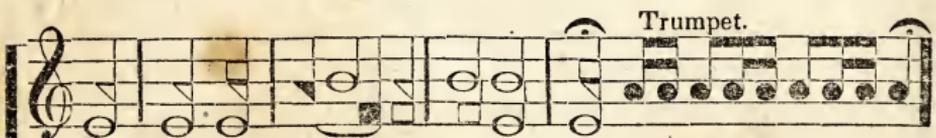
1 Come, sinners, attend, and make no delay ;  
 Good news from a friend, I bring you to day ;  
 Glad news of salvation come now and receive ;  
 There's no condemnation to them that believe.  
 2 I AM THAT I AM hath sent me to you ;  
 Glad news to proclaim your sins to subdue :  
 To you, O distressed, afflicted, forlorn,  
 Whose sins are increased, and cannot be borne.  
 3 But still if you cry, Oh, what is his name ?  
 You have the reply, I AM THAT I AM :  
 Tho' blind, lame, and feeble, and helpless you lie,  
 He's willing and able your wants to supply.  
 4 Then only believe, and trust in his name ;  
 He will not deceive, nor put you to shame ;  
 But fully supply you with all things in store ;  
 Nor will he deny you because you are poor.



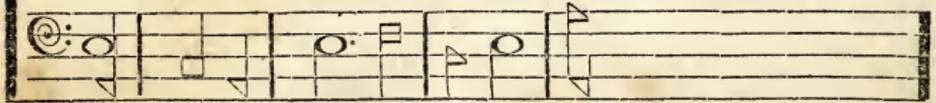
Great God what do I see and hear?



The end of things cre—a—ted:



The Judge of mankind doth appear,



On clouds of glory seat—ed:



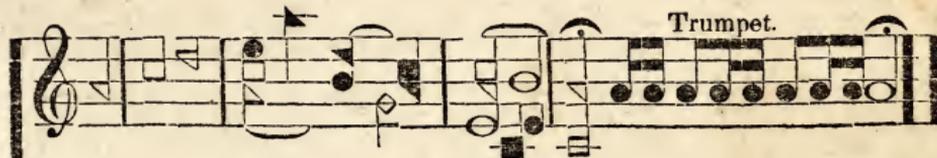
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore,



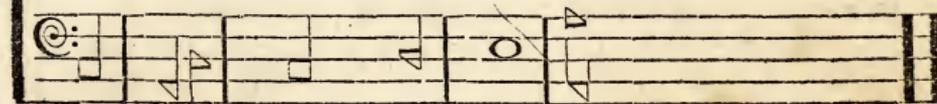
PIA.



The dead which they contained before ;



Prepare my soul to meet him.



ROCHESTER. C. M.

*Williams.*



God, my supporter and my hope, My help forever near,

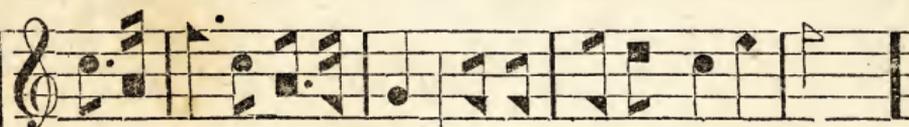


Thine arm of mercy held me up, When sinking in despair.





Guide me O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land ;



I am weak, but thou art mighty, Hold me in thy powerful hand.



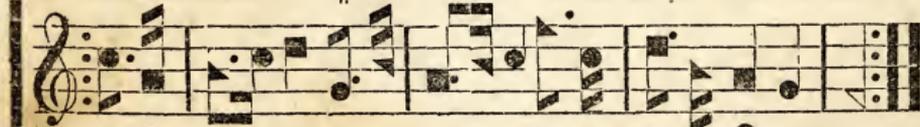
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FOR



Bread of heaven :||

Feed me till I want no more:



HYMN 77. Ps 48, 14.

*The Pilgrim's Guide.*

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim, thro' this barren land ;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
Hold me with thy powerful hand :  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow:  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar

Lead me all my journey through :  
Strong deliv'rer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

ROBINSON.

HYMN 78. *Gospel triumph.*

- O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,  
 Look, my soul, be still, and gaze;  
 All the promises do travail  
 With a glorious day of grace:  
 Blessed Jubilee,  
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,  
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,  
 And from eastern coast to western,  
 May the morning chase the night;  
 And redemption,  
 Freely purchased, win the day.
- 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;  
 Win and conquer, never cease;  
 May thy lasting, wide dominions,  
 Multiply, and still increase!  
 Sway thy sceptre,  
 Saviour, all the world around.

HYMN 79. *The surrender.*

- Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,  
 Welcome to this heart of mine:  
 Lord, I make a full surrender,  
 Ev'ry pow'r and thought be thine,  
 Thine entirely—  
 Thro' eternal ages thine.
- 2 Known to all to be thy mansion,  
 Earth and hell will disappear;  
 Or in vain attempt possession,  
 When they find the Lord is near—  
 Shout, O Zion!  
 Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

## HYMN 80. Luke 13. 28.

- See th' Eternal Judge descending—  
 View him seated on his throne!  
 Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,  
 Stand and hear thy awful doom—  
 Trumpets call thee!  
 Stand and hear thy awful doom,
- 2 Hear the cries he now is venting,  
 Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain;  
 While in anguish thus lamenting,  
 That he ne'er was born again;  
 Greatly mourning,  
 That he ne'er was born again:
- 3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,  
 With the marks of dying love;  
 Oh, that I had sought his favor,  
 When I felt his Spirit move—  
 Golden moments,  
 When I felt his Spirit move."
- 4 Now, despisers, look and wonder!  
 Hope and sinners here must part;  
 Louder than a peal of thunder,  
 Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"  
 Lost for ever,  
 Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

HYMN 81. *It is finished.* John 19. 30.

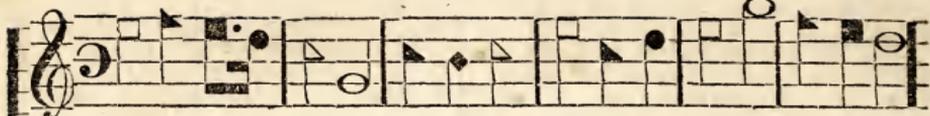
Hark! the voice of love and mercy!  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;

See, it rends the rocks asunder—  
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky!  
 "It is finish'd!"—  
 Hear the Saviour—dying—cry.

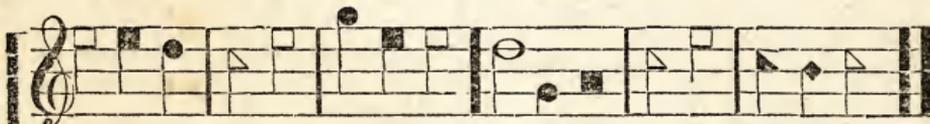
- 2 It is finish'd!—Oh, what pleasure  
 Do these precious words afford!  
 Heav'nly blessings without measure,  
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord:  
 It is finish'd!—  
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd—all the types and shadows  
 Of the ceremonial law;  
 Finish'd—all that God had promised;  
 Death and hell no more shall awe:  
 It is finish'd!—  
 Saints, from hence your comforts  
 draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;  
 All on earth, and all in heaven,  
 Join to praise Immanuel's name:  
 Hallelujah!  
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

HYMN 82. *Expostulation.*

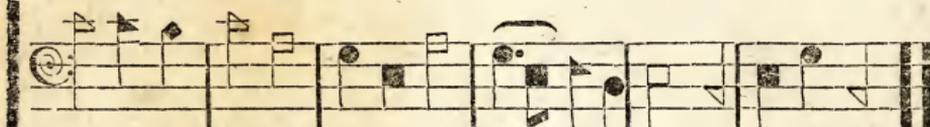
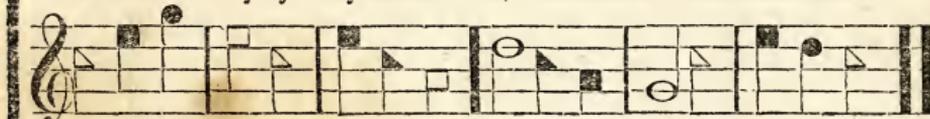
- Sinners, will you scorn the message,  
 Sent in mercy from above?  
 Every sentence—Oh, how tender;  
 Every line is full of love;  
 Listen to it—  
 Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,  
 News from Zion's King proclaim,  
 To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,  
 "Free forgiveness in his name."  
 How important!  
 Free forgiveness in his name!
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour;  
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;  
 And with news of consolation,  
 Chase away the falling tears:  
 Tender heralds—  
 Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 False professors, grov'ling worldlings,  
 Callous hearers of the word,  
 While the messengers address you,  
 Take the warnings they afford;  
 We entreat you,  
 Take the warnings they afford.
- 5 Who hath our report believed?  
 Who received the joyful word?  
 Who embrac'd the news of pardon,  
 Offer'd to you by the Lord?  
 Can you slight it—  
 Offer'd to you by the Lord!
- 6 O, ye angels, hovering round us,  
 Waiting spirits, speed your way  
 Hasten to the court of heaven,  
 Tidings bear without delay;  
 Rebel sinners  
 Glad the message will obey.



Far from my thoughts, vain world begone, Let my religious hours alone;



Fain would my eyes my Saviour see, I wait a visit Lord from thee.



HYMN 83. *Praise for redemption.*

Now let us raise our cheerful strains,  
And join the blissful choir above;  
There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
And there they sing his wond'rous love.

2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,  
O, may we feel the sacred flame;  
And every heart and every tongue  
Adore the Saviour's glorious name!

3 Jesus, who once upon the tree  
In agonizing pains expired;  
Who died for rebels—yes, 'tis he!  
How bright! how lovely! how ad-  
mired!

4 Jesus, who died that we might live,  
Died in the wretched traitors place:  
O, wht returns can mortals give,  
For such immeasurable grace.

5 Were universal nature ours,  
And art with all her boasted store;  
Nature and art, with all their powers,  
Would still confess the offer poor!

6 Yet though for bounty so divine,  
We ne'er can equal honours raise,  
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,  
And all our tongues proclaim thy  
praise!

STEELE.

HYMN 84. *The River of God.*

There is a pure, and peaceful wave,  
That rolls around the throne of love;  
Whose waters gladden as they lave  
The bright & heav'nly shores above.

2 While streams which on that tide de-  
pend,  
Steal from those heavenly shores a-  
way;

And on this desert world descend,  
Over our barren land to stray;

3 The pilgrim faint, and near to sink,  
Beneath his load of earthly wo,  
Refresh'd beneath its verdant brink,  
Rejoices in its gentle flow.

4 There, O my soul, do thou repose,  
And hover o'er the hallow'd spring;  
To drink the crystal wave; and there,  
To lave thy wounded weary wing.

5 It may be, that the waft of love  
Some leaves on that pure tide hath  
driven;

Which passing from the shores above,  
Have floated down to us from heav'n.

6 So shall thy wants and woes be heal'd,  
By the blest influence they bring;  
So thy parch'd lips shall be unseal'd,  
Thy Saviour's worthy name to sing.

2d Treble:

Air.

O render thanks to God above, The object of eternal love, His  
 mercy firm through ages past, Have stood and shall forever last, Have, &c.

HYMN 85. *Hardness of heart deplored.*

Oh! for a glance of heavenly day,  
 To take this stubborn stone away;  
 And thaw with beams of love divine,  
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;  
 The sea can roar; the mountains shake;  
 Of feeling all things show some sign,  
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.

To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
 Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;  
 But I can read each moving line,  
 And nothing move this heart of mine.

Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,  
 (Amazing thought!) which devils fear:  
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine,  
 To stir this stupid heart of mine.

But power divine can do the deed,  
 And much to feel that power I need;  
 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,  
 And move and melt this heart of mine,

HART.

HYMN 86. *Prospect of Canaan.*

While on the verge of life I stand,  
 And view the scene on either hand,  
 My spirit struggles with the clay,  
 And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Come, ye angelic guardians, come,  
 And lead the willing pilgrim home;  
 Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,  
 Source of my joys, and of your own.

3 The blissful interview, how sweet!  
 To fall transported at his feet;  
 Raised in his arms to view his face,  
 Through the full beamings of his grace.

4 Yet with these prospects full in sight,  
 I'll wait thy signal for my flight;  
 For, while thy service I pursue,  
 I find my heaven begun below.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 87 *Morning & Evening.*

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 spreadest the curtain of the night  
 Great guardian of my sleeping hours;  
 Thy sovereign 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 thine hand  
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

2d Treble. *Pia.* *For.*

*Air:* 'Tis finish'd. So the Saviour cried, And meekly  
bow'd his head and died, 'Tis finished, yes the race is run, The battle fought,  
the vict'ry won.

## HYMN 88. 'Tis finished.

1 'Tis finish'd:—so the Saviour cried;  
And meekly bow'd his head and died!

'Tis finish'd:—yes, the race is run,—  
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

2 'Tis finish'd:—all that Heav'n decreed,  
And all the ancient prophets said,  
Is now fulfill'd as was design'd,  
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finish'd:—Aaron now no more  
Must stain his robes with purple gore;  
The sacred veil is rent in twain,  
The Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finish'd:—this my dying groan  
Shall sins of ev'ry kind atone:  
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,  
By this my last expiring breath.

5 'Tis finish'd:—Heav'n is reconcil'd.  
And all the pow'rs of darkness spoil'd:  
Peace, love, and happines, again  
Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 'Tis finish'd:—let the joyful sound  
Be heard thro' all the nations round:

'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly  
Thro' heav'n and hell, thro' earth and  
sky. **MUNICH.**

HYMN 89. *Gethsemane.*

'Tis midnight—and on Olive's brow,  
The star is dimm'd that lately shone;  
'Tis midnight—in the garden now,  
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight—and from all remov'd,  
Immanuel wrestles lone with tears;  
E'en the disciple that he lov'd  
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt  
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;  
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,  
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight—and from ether plains,  
Is borne the song that angels know;  
Unheard by mortals are the strains  
That sweetly sooth the Saviour's wo.

**TAPPAN.**

Glory to thee my God this night, For all the blessings of the light ;

Keep me, O keep me King of kings, Under the shadow of thy wings.

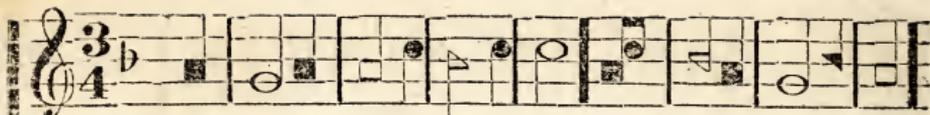
HYMN 90. *Evening Worship.*

- 1 Glory to thee my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light :  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under the shadow of thy wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Triumphing rise at the last day.
- 4 O let my soul on thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close:  
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make,  
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,  
His watchful station near me keep ;  
My heart with love celestial fill,  
And guard me from the approach of ill.
- 6 Lord let my soul forever share  
The bliss of thy paternal care ;  
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,  
'To see thy face, to sing thy love.
- 7 O when shall I, in endless day,

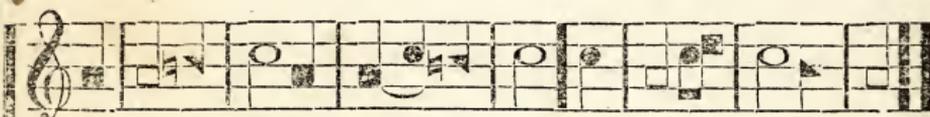
For ever chase dark sleep away,  
And hymns divine with angels sing;  
Glory to thee, eternal king!

HYMN 91. *Evening Worship.*

- 1 Great God! to thee my evening song  
With humble gratitude I raise :  
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,  
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,  
And every onward rolling hour,  
Are monuments of wondrous grace,  
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched  
heart,  
Too oft regardless of thy love,  
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,  
And from the path of duty rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood  
Of Christ, my Lord, his name alone  
I plead for pardon, gracious God,  
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 With hope in him mine eyelids close,  
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;  
Safe in thy care may I repose,  
And wake with praises to thy name.



O holy, holy, holy Lord, Whom heavenly hosts obey,



The world is with the glory fill'd Of thy majestic sway.



HYMN 92. *The Eternity of God.*

Thou didst, O Mighty God, exist  
 Ere time began its race;  
 Before the ample elements  
 Filled up the voids of space.  
 Before the ponderous earthly globe  
 In fluid air was stayed;  
 Before the ocean's mighty springs  
 Their liquid store displayed.  
 Ere men adored, or angels knew,  
 Or praised thy wondrous name;  
 Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of life,  
 And glory were the same.  
 And when the pillars of the world,  
 With sudden ruin break;  
 And all this vast and godly frame  
 Sinks in the mighty wreck—  
 When from her orb the moon shall start,  
 The astonished sun roll back;  
 While all the trembling starry lamps  
 Their ancient course forsake—  
 For ever permanent and fixed,  
 From agitation free;

Unchanged, in everlasting years,  
 Shall thy existence be. *Rowe.*

HYMN 93. *Sabbath Morning.*

Again the Lord of life and light  
 Awakes the kindling ray;  
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,  
 And pours increasing day.  
 2 O what a night was that which wrap'd  
 The heathen world in gloom!  
 O what a sun which broke this day  
 Triumphant from the tomb!  
 3 This day be grateful homage paid,  
 And loud hosannas sung;  
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
 And praise on every tongue.  
 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join  
 To hail this welcome morn,  
 Which scatters blessings from its wings  
 To nations yet unborn.

BARBAULD.

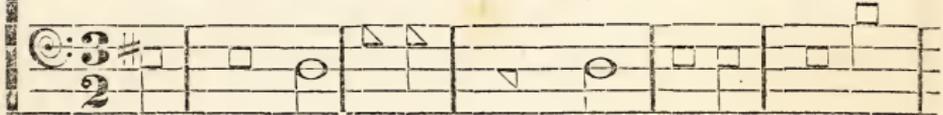
CRUCIFIXION.

M<sup>o</sup> Kyes.

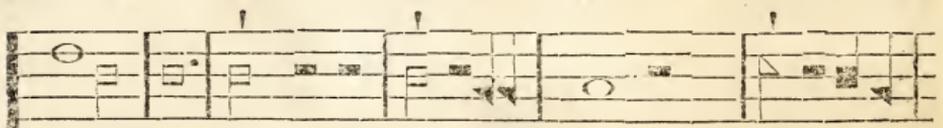
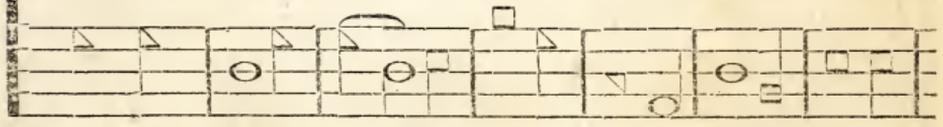
*Affettuoso.*



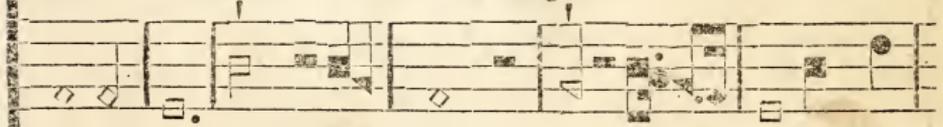
Behold the Saviour of mankind, Nail'd to the



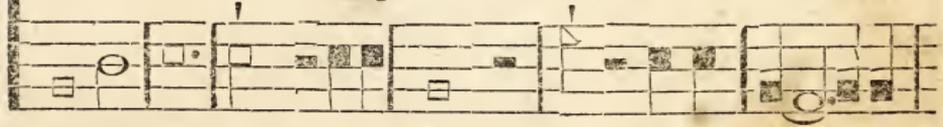
shameful tree; How vast the love that him inclin'd To bleed and



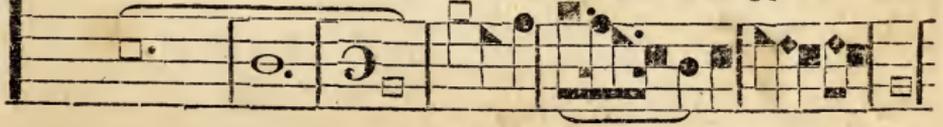
die for thee. Hark! hark! how he groans :::



how he groans! ::: how he



groans! While nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend,



The temple's veil in sunder breaks, The solid marbles rend, 'Tis

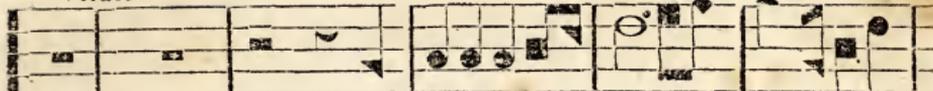
*Allegro.* *Affettuoso. Adagio.*

done! the precious ransom's paid, Receive my soul he cries, See where he bows

his sacred head, He bows his head and dies. :::

*Symphony.*

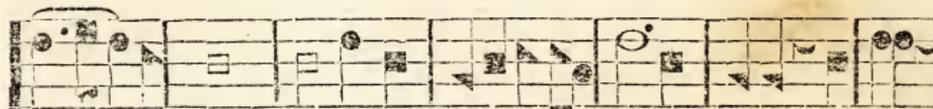
Vivace.



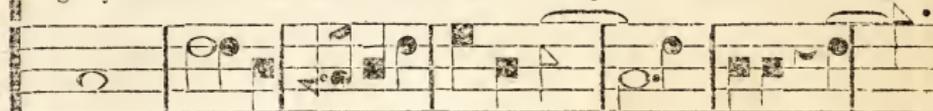
But soon he'll break death's envious chain, And in full



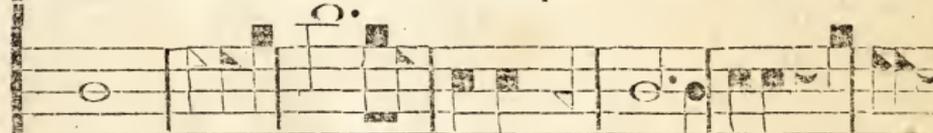
But soon he'll break death's envious chain, And in full glory



glory shine. O Lamb of God was ever pain, was ever



shine. O Lamb of God was ever pain, was ever love



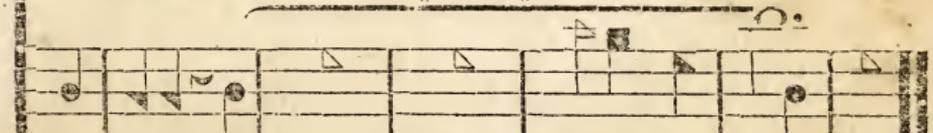
was ever



love like thine, was ever love like thine?



like thine! was ever



love

like thine?

HYMN 94. *The Crucifixion.*  
Behold the Saviour of mankind  
Nail'd to the shameful tree;  
How vast the love that him inclin'd  
To bleed and die for me!

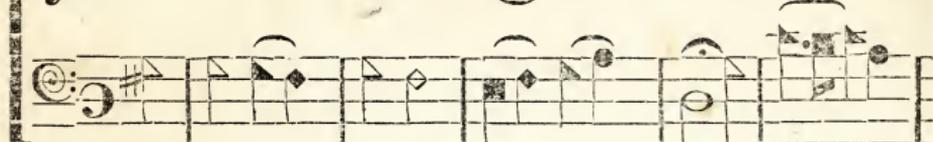
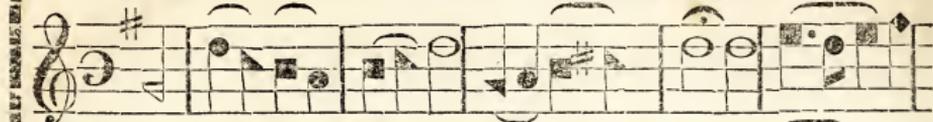
2 Hark, how he groans! while nature  
shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend!  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,  
'Receive my soul!' he cries;  
See where he bows his sacred head!  
He bows his head and dies!

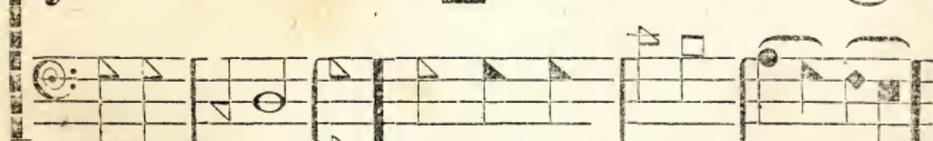
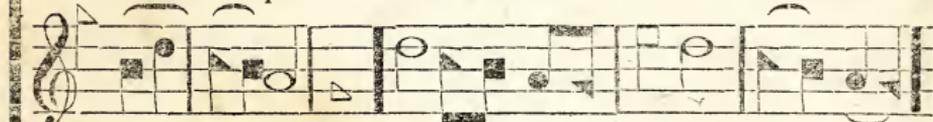
4 But soon he'll break death's envious  
chain,  
And in full glory shine:  
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,  
Was ever love like thine!



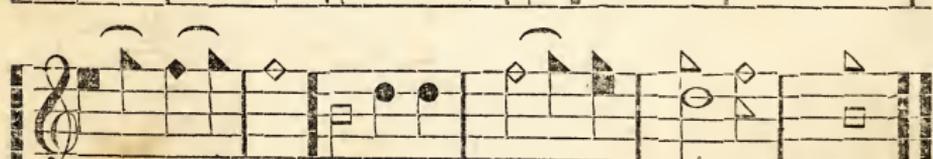
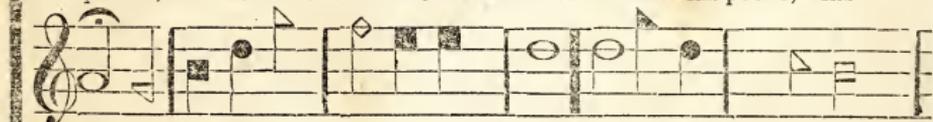
Lo! God is here let us a-dore, And own how



dreadful is this place! Let us all within us feel his



power, And silent bow before his face! Who know his pow'r, his



grace who prove, Love them with awe, with rev'rence love.



Come thou Almighty King, Help us thy name to sing ;

Help us to praise. Father all glorious, O'er all vic-  
tr

tr  
torious, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days.

- HYMN 95. Praise to the Trinity.**
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Come thou Almighty King,<br/>Help us thy name to sing,<br/>Help us to praise!<br/>Father all glorious,<br/>O'er all victorious,<br/>Come and reign over us,<br/>Ancient of days.</p>              | <p>3 Come, holy Comforter,<br/>Thy sacred witness bear,<br/>In this glad hour!<br/>Thou who almighty art,<br/>Now rule in ev'ry heart,<br/>And ne'er from us depart,<br/>Spirit of power.</p> |
| <p>2 Come, thou incarnate Word,<br/>Gird on thy mighty sword ;<br/>Our prayer attend !<br/>Come, and thy people bless,<br/>And give thy word success ;<br/>Spirit of holiness,<br/>On us descend ;</p> | <p>4 To the great One in Three,<br/>The highest praises be,<br/>Hence evermore !<br/>His sovereign majesty,<br/>May we in glory see,<br/>And to eternity<br/>Love and adore.</p>              |

Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair,

The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples are,

To thine abode My heart aspires, With warm desires To see my God,

HMYN 96. *A Saviour's love.*

1 Come, every pious heart  
That loves the Saviour's name,  
Your nobler power exert  
To celebrate his fame:  
Tell all above, and all below,  
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,  
And laid his robes aside;  
On wings of love came down,  
And wept and bled and died:  
What he endur'd, oh, who can tell?  
To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave he rose,  
The mansion of the dead;  
And thence his mighty fons  
In glorious triumph led;  
Up thro' the sky the conqueror rode,  
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay  
The debt we owe thy love;  
Yet tell us how we may  
Our gratitude approve:  
Our hearts—our all to thee we give;  
The gift, tho' small, do thou receive.

STENNETT.

HYMN 97. *Monthly Concert.*

- 1 Sovereign of worlds above,  
And Lord of all below,  
Thy faithfulness and love,  
Thy power and mercy show;  
Fulfil thy word; thy spirit give;  
Let heathens live, and praise the Lord.
- 2 On lands that lie beneath  
Foul superstition's sway,  
Whose horrid shades of death  
Admit no heavenly ray,  
Blest Spirit! shine, their hearts illumine;  
Dispel the gloom with light divine.
- 3 Father, who to thy Son  
Thy steadfast word hast given,  
That through the earth shall run  
The news of peace with heaven;  
Extend his fame; thy grace diffuse,  
And let the news the world reclaim.
- 4 Few be the years that roll,  
Ere all shall worship thee;  
The travail of his soul,  
Soon let the Saviour see;  
O God of grace! thy power employ,  
Fill earth with joy, and heaven with  
praise.

HYMN 98. *Rejoicing in God.*

- 1 Rejoice, the Lord is king,  
Your God and king adore;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore;  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love;  
When he had purged our stains,  
He took his seat above;  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given;  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 4 He all his foes shall quell;  
Shall all our sins destroy;  
And every bosom swell  
With pure seraphic joy;  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice;  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope.  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home;  
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;  
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

HYMN 99. *Immanuel.*

- 1 Hark! hark!—the notes of joy  
Roll o'er the heav'nly plains,  
And seraphs find employ  
For their sublimest strains;  
Some new delight in heav'n is known;  
Loud sing 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.
- 3 Bear, bear the tidings round;  
Let every mortal know  
What love in God is found,  
What pity he can show;  
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,  
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.
- 4 Strike, strike the harps again.  
To great Immanuel's name;  
Arise, ye sons of men,  
And all his grace proclaim;  
Angel's and men, wake ev'ry string,  
'Tis God, the Saviour's praise we sing.

HYMN 100. *Justification by Faith.*

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears,  
The bleeding sacrifice  
In my behalf appears:  
Before the throne my Surety stands,  
My name is written on his hands,
- 2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede,  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead;  
His blood atoned for all our race.  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Received on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly speak for me;  
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,  
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!
- 4 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed One;  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son;  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owns me for his child,  
I can no longer fear;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

*Pia*

Shepherds rejoice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears away,

*For.*

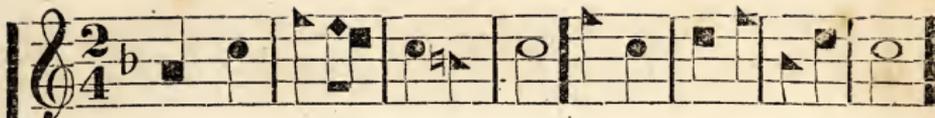
And News from the regions of the skies,

*Pia.* *For.*

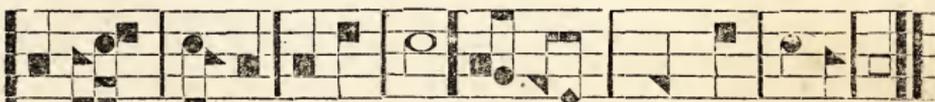
Salvation's born to day, Salvation—

HYMN 101. *Birth of Christ.*

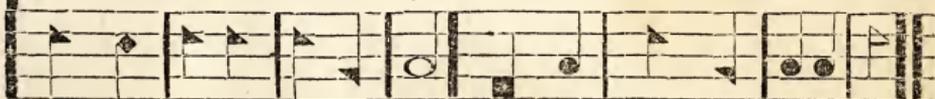
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| <p>1 Shepherds, rejoice; lift up your eyes,<br/>And send your fears away;<br/>News from the region of the skies—<br/>Salvation's born to-day.</p> <p>2 "Jesus, the God, whom angels fear,<br/>Comes down to dwell with you:<br/>To-day he makes his entrance here,<br/>But not as monarchs do.</p> <p>3 "Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,<br/>And see his humble throne;</p> | <p>With tears of joy in all your eyes,<br/>Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."</p> <p>4 Thus Gabriel sang—and straight a-<br/>The heav'nly armies throng; [round<br/>They tune their harps to lofty sound,<br/>And thus conclude the song;</p> <p>5 "Glory to God, who reigns above,<br/>Let peace surround the earth;<br/>Mortals shall know their Maker's love,<br/>At their Redeemer's birth,"</p> |
|---|---|



When the morning paints the skies, When the stars of evening rise,



We thy praises will record, Sovereign Ruler, mighty Lord.

HYMN 102. *Jubilee.*

- 1 Hark! the song of Jubilee,  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fullness of the sea,  
When it breaks upon the shore:—
- 2 Hallelujah! for the Lord,  
God omnipotent, shall reign;  
Hallelujah! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.
- 3 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,  
From the depth unto the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies:—
- 4 See Jehovah's banner furl'd,  
Sheath'd his sword: he speaks; 'tis  
done,  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 5 He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable sway;  
He shall reign, when like a scroll,  
Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away;—
- 6 Then the end;—beneath his rod,  
Man's last enemy shall fall;  
Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
God in Christ, is all in all.

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 103. *Redemption.*

- 1 Now begin the heav'nly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;  
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove;  
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace,  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
Banish all your guilty fears,  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been  
Willing slaves of death and sin!  
Now from bliss no longer rove,  
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd—  
Welcome to his sacred rest:  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing—but redeeming love.
- 6 Hither, then, your music bring,  
Strike aloud each joyful string;  
Mortals, join the hosts above—  
Join to praise redeeming love.

MADAN'S COL.



Who is this stranger in distress, That travels



thro' this wilderness, Oppress'd with sorrows and with sins,

*Pia.* *For.*



On her beloved Lord she leans, On her, &c.

HYMN 104. *Morning worship.*

- 1 Arise, my soul! with rapture rise!  
And, fill'd with love and fear, adore  
The awful Sovereign of the skies,  
Whose mercy lends me one day more.
- 2 And may this day, indulgent Power!  
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;  
But may each swiftly flying hour  
Still nearer bring my soul to Thee!
- 3 But can it be, that Power divine,  
Enthroned in light's unbounded blaze;

Where countless worlds and angels join  
To swell the glorious song of praise:—

4 And will he deign to lend an ear,  
When I, poor abject mortal, pray?  
Yes, boundless goodness! he will hear,  
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

5 Then let me serve thee all my days,  
And may my zeal with years increase:  
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,  
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

C. LYRE.

I ask them whence their vict'ry came, They with u-

*Air.*

nited breath, Ascribe their conquests to the Lamb, Their

triumph to his death, Their, &c.

**HYMN 105. Penitence.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

COWPER.

Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations bow  
with sacred joy; Know that the Lord is God a-  
lone, He can cre-ate, and he de-destroy.

HYMN 105, *The Convert.*

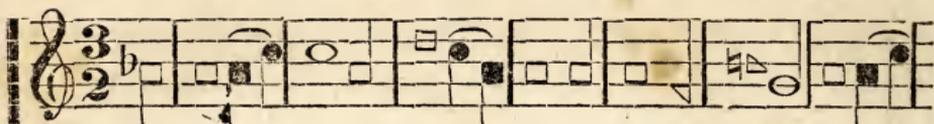
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|--|--|
| <p>1 Far from thy fold, O God, my feet<br/>Once mov'd in error's devious maze,<br/>Nor found religious duties sweet,<br/>Nor sought thy face, nor lov'd thy<br/>ways.</p> <p>2 With tend'rst voice thou bad'st me<br/>flee<br/>The paths which thou could'st ne'er<br/>approve;<br/>And gently drew my soul to thee,<br/>With cords of sweet, eternal love.</p> <p>3 Now to thy footstool, Lord, I fly,<br/>And low in self-abasement fall;<br/>A vile, a helpless worm I lie,</p> | <p>And thou, my God, art all in all.</p> <p>4 Dearer, far dearer to my heart,<br/>Than all the joys that earth can give;<br/>From fame, from wealth, from friends<br/>I'd part.<br/>Beneath thy countenance to live.</p> <p>5 And when, in smiling friendship drest,<br/>Death bids me quit this mortal frame,<br/>Gently reclin'd on Jesus' breast,<br/>My latest breath shall bless his name.</p> <p>6 Then my unfetter'd soul shall rise,<br/>And soar above yon starry spheres,<br/>Join the full chorus of the skies,<br/>And sing thy praise thro' endless<br/>years.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">TATLOCK.</p> |
|--|--|

Jesus who died a world to save, Revives

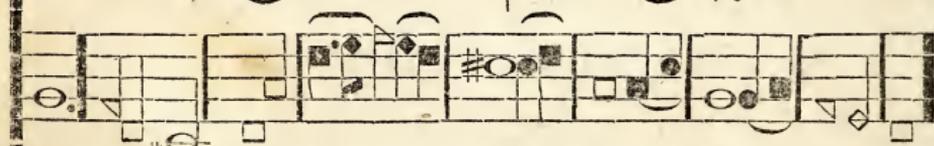
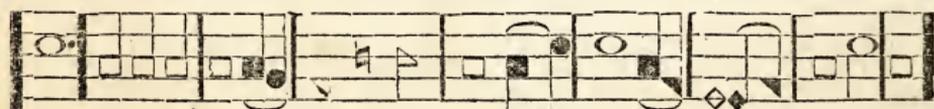
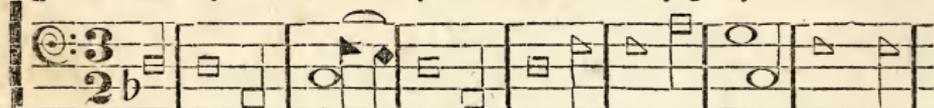
and rises from the grave, By his al-mighty power;

From sin, and death and hell set free, He captive leads

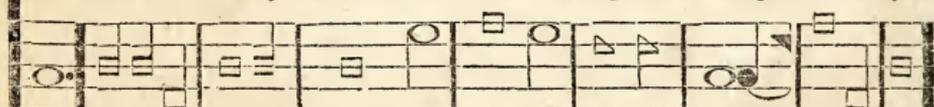
captiv-i-ty, And lives, and lives to die no more.



O wash my soul from every sin, And make my guilty conscience



clean; Here on my heart the burden lies, And past offences pain mine eyes.

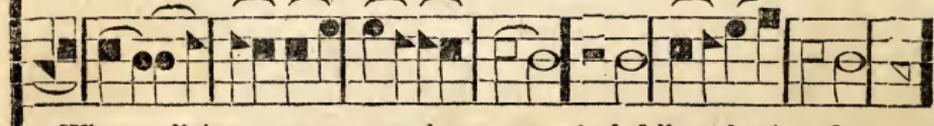
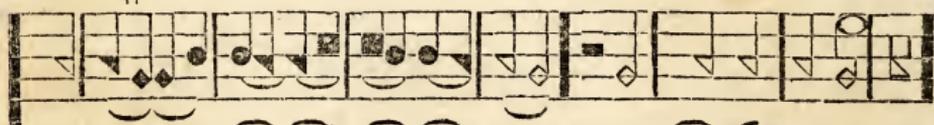


SHIRLAND. S. M.

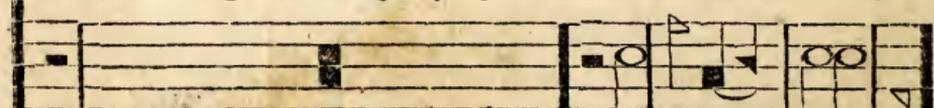
Stanley.



He leads me to the place, Where heavenly pastures grow;



Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flow,



Air.

Come sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing, Je-hovah is a

sovereign God, The universal King. Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah!

Praise ye, &c. hallelujah! :||: :||, :||: Praise, &c.

- HYMN 107. *Morning worship.*
- 1 See how the morning sun  
Pursues his shining way,  
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,  
With every bright'ning ray.
  - 2 Thus would my rising soul,  
Its heavenly parent sing,  
And to its great original  
The humble tribute bring.

- 3 Serene I laid me down,  
Beneath his guardian care;  
I slept, and I awoke and found  
My kind preserver near.
- 4 My life I would anew  
Devote, O Lord to thee;  
And in thy service I would spend  
A long eternity. **Scott.**

\* This tune may be sung with or without the chorus.—For public worship the chorus should be sung only at the close of the hymn.—It may also be appended to any appropriate hymn or psalm, when sung to Hooker, Elliott, or other tunes on the same letter and key.

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed! And did my Sovereign

die! Would he devote that sacred head, For such a worm as I!

PLYMOUTH. C. M.

*Tansur.*

Return, O God of love return, Earth is a tiresome place;

How long shall we thy children mourn The absence of thy face?

HYMN 108. *The Request.*

- 1 Father whate'er of earthly bliss,  
Thy sov'reign will demies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise :
- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From ev'ry murmur free ;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.
- 3 "Let the sweet hope that I am thine,  
My life and death attend ;  
Thy presence thro' my journey shine ;  
And crown my journey's end."

STEELE.

HYMN 109, *Pleading for Mercy.*

- 1 Lord at thy feet we sinners lie,  
And knock at mercy's door ;  
With heavy heart and downcast eye,  
Thy favor we implore.
- 2 Without thy grace, we sink oppress  
Down to the gates of hell ;  
Oh, give our troubled spirit rest,  
Our gloomy fears dispel.
- 3 'Tis mercy, mercy we implore,  
Oh, may thy bowels move :  
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,  
And thou thyself art love.
- 4 In mercy now, for Jesus' sake,  
Our many sins forgive ;  
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,  
And breaking soon relieve.
- 5 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,  
And thy dominion own ;  
Nor let a rival more pretend  
To repossess thy throne.

BROWN.

## HYMN 110 Isa. 55, 7.

- 1 Sinners, the voice of God regard :  
His mercy speaks to-day ;  
He calls you by his sov'reign word,  
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,  
You live devoid of peace :  
A thousand stings within your breast,  
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell ;  
Why will you persevere ?  
Can you in endless torments dwell,  
Shut up in black despair ?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways  
Of sin and folly go ?  
In pain you travel all your days,  
To reap immortal wo !

HYMN 111. *Pardon.*

- 1 How oft, alas ! this wretched heart  
Has wander'd from the Lord !

How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
Forgetful of his word.

- 2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls, "Return ;"  
Dear Lord, and may I come ?  
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;  
Oh, take the wand'rer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive  
And bid my crimes remove ?  
And shall a pardon'd rebel live  
To speak thy wondrous love ?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,  
How glorious, how divine !  
That can to bliss and life restore  
So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,  
Dear Saviour I adore ;  
Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,  
And let me rove no more.

## HYMN 112.

"Thus do in remembrance of me."

- 1 If human kindness meets return,  
And owns the grateful tie,  
If tender thoughts within us burn,  
To feel a friend is nigh :
- 2 O ! shall not warmer accents tell  
The gratitude we owe  
To him who died, our fears to quell,  
Our more than orphan's wo !
- 3 While yet his anguished soul 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 !

HYMN 113. *Christian transport.*

- My God ! the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights !
- 2 In darkest shades if he appear,  
My dawning is begun !  
He is my soul's bright morning star,  
And he my rising sun.
  - 3 The opening heavens around me shine,  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,  
And whispers, I am his !
  - 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
T' embrace my dearest Lord.
  - 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through every foe ;  
The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
Should bear me conqueror through.

Written on the death of E. W. HALE, Esq.

## Adagio Lamentevole \*

Who from the shades of gloomy night, When the last tear of hope is shed, Can  
 bid the soul re--turn to light, And break the slumbers of the dead?

HYMN 114. *Funeral Thought.*

- 1 Oft as the bell with solemn toll,  
Speaks the departure of a soul,  
Let each one ask himself, "Am I  
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"
- 2 "Only this frail and fleeting breath  
Preserves me from the jaws of death;  
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,  
And plung'd into a world unknown.
- 3 "Then leaving all I lov'd below,  
To God's tribunal I must go;  
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,  
And fix my everlasting state."
- 4 *Lord Jesus!* help me now to flee,  
And seek my hope alone in thee;  
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give—  
Subdue my sins and let me live.
- 5 Then when the solemn bell I hear,  
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear;  
Nor would the thought distressing be,  
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

HYMN 115. *Longing for Heaven,*

- 1 Haste, that delightful awful day,  
When this my soul, shall leave her clay  
Mount up and make her last remove,  
And join the church of Christ above.
- 2 Vain world! what are thy toys to me?  
'Tis Jesus, whom I long to see;  
I'd leave my friends, my life, my all,  
And thus address this earthly ball:—
- 3 "Farewell,—no more I tread your  
ground;  
No more I need the gospel sound;  
My feet have reach'd the heavenly  
shore,  
I know no imperfections more.
- 4 "Let friends no more my suff'rings  
mourn,  
Nor view my relics with concern;  
O cease to drop the pitying tear,  
I've past beyond the reach of fear.
- 5 "Thro' tribulation, sharp and long,  
I'm brought to join the sinless throng  
Glory to God for ev'ry woe,  
And all the pain I felt below.
- 6 "All glory to the Lamb of God,  
My robes are spotless thro' his blood;  
'Tis thro' his free and sov'reign grace,  
I now behold his blissful face."
- 7 [Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,  
In glory infinite to reign;  
To him be endless praises giv'n,  
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.]

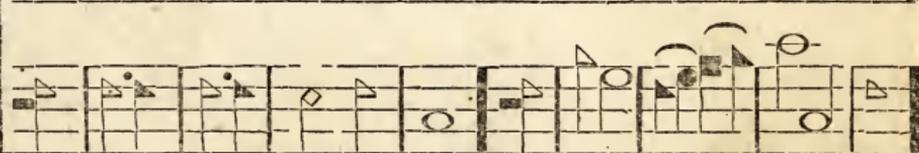
\* *Plaintive, sorrowful.*



His hand will smooth my rugged way, And lead me to the realms of day,



To milder skies and brighter plains, Where everlasting pleasure reigns.



HYMN 116. Heb. 13, 14.

- "We've no abiding city here"—  
This may distress the worldly mind;  
But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here"—  
Sad truth were this to be our home:  
But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
"We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We've no abiding city here"—  
Then let us live as pilgrims do;  
Let not the world our rest appear;  
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here"—  
We seek a city out of sight;  
Zion its name—the Lord is there,  
It shines with everlasting light.

KELLY.

HYMN 117. *Monthly Concert.*

- Thy people, Lord, who trust thy word,  
And wait the smilings of thy face,  
Assemble round thy mercy seat,  
And plead the promise of thy grace.
- 2 We consecrate these hours to thee,  
Thy sov'reign mercy to entreat;

- And feel some animating hope,  
We shall divine acceptance meet.
- 3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,  
That his dominion shall extend,  
Till ev'ry tongue shall call him Lord,  
And ev'ry knee before him bend?
- 4 Now let the happy time appear,  
The time to favor Zion come;  
Send forth thy heralds far and near,  
To call thy banish'd people home.

VOKE.

HYMN 118, *Prayer.*

- Prayer was appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give;  
Long as they live should christians pray,  
For only while they pray they live.
- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress—  
If cares distract or fears dismay—  
If guilt deject—if sin distress,  
The remedy's before thee—pray.
- 3 'Tis pray'r supports the soul that's weak  
Tho' tho't be broken—language lame;  
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak,  
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

HART.

Shall life re-vis-it dying worms, And spread the  
 joyful insect's wings, And O shall man awake no  
 more, To see thy face, thy name to sing.

HYMN 119. *View of the Cross.*

1 When I the blest Redeemer see,  
 All bleeding on the accursed tree;  
 Satan and sin no more can move,  
 For I am all transform'd to love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce thro' my  
 In every groan I bear a part; [heart,  
 I view his wounds with streaming eyes,  
 But see! he bows his head and dies!

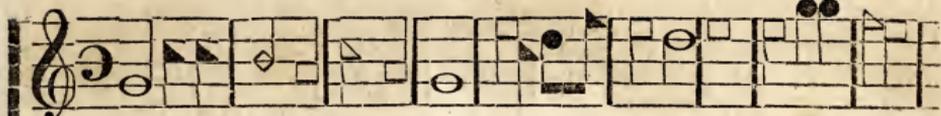
3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God, 6  
 Wounded & dead, and bathed in blood!  
 Behold his side, and venture near,  
 The spring of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains;  
 I drink, yet still my thirst remains;  
 Only the fountain-head above,  
 Can satisfy the thirst of love.

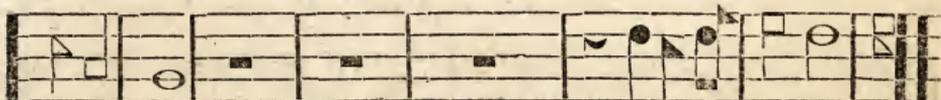
5 Oh, that I thus could always feel!  
 Lord, more and more thy love reveal!  
 Then my glad tongue shall loud pro-  
 claim

The grace and glory of thy name.

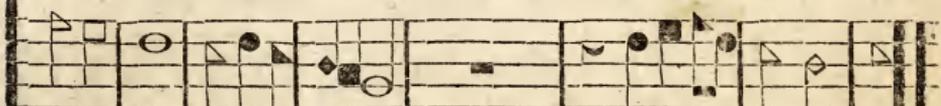
Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,  
 Revives my heart, and charms my ear;  
 Affords a balm for every wound,  
 Then I with love thy praise resound.



How did my heart rejoice to hear, My friends devoutly say, In Zion let us



all appear, And keep the solemn day, And keep the solemn day.



HYMN 120. *Love of God.* 1. John, 4, 8.

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.

This precious truth his word declares,  
And all his mercies prove ;  
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears  
To show, that God is love.

3 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,  
Thunders his dreadful name ;  
But Zion sings, in melting notes,  
The honors of the Lamb.

4 In all his doctrines and commands,  
His counsels and designs—  
In ev'ry work his hands have fram'd  
His love supremely shines.

5 Angels and men the news proclaim,  
Thro' earth and heaven above,  
The joyful and transporting news,  
That God, the Lord, is love.

HYMN 121.

*Behold he prayeth.* Acts, 9. 11.

Pray'r is the soul's sincere desire,  
Unutter'd or express'd,  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

2 Pray'r is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear ;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

3 Pray'r is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

4 Pray'r is the christian's vital breath,  
The christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gate of death—  
He enters heav'n with pray'r.

5 Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice  
And say, —“ Behold he prays.”

MONTGOMERY.



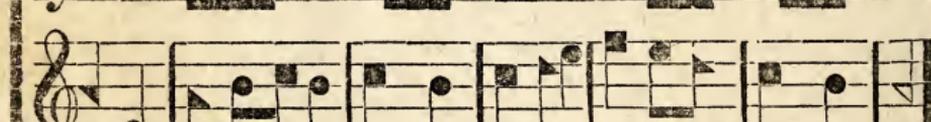
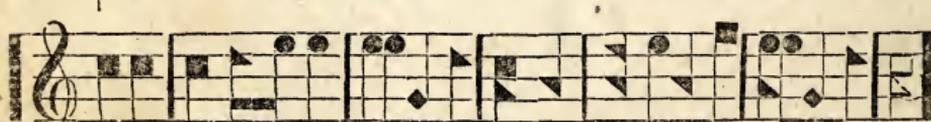
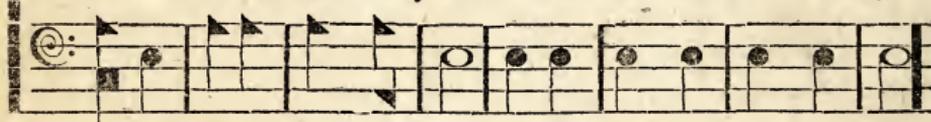
Rise my soul and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace ;



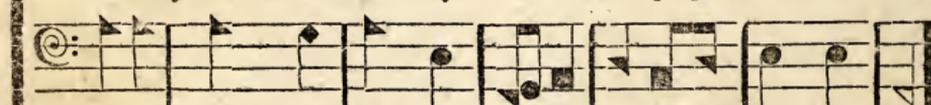
Rise from transitory things, Towards heaven thy native place,



Sun and moon and stars decay, Time shall soon this earth remove ;



Rise my soul and haste away, To seats prepared above.



HYMN 122. *The Pilgrim's Song.*

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 this earth remove :

Rise, my soul, and haste away,  
To seats prepared above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course ;  
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;  
Both speed them to their source :

So a soul that's born of God,  
Pants to view his glorious face :  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;  
Press onward to the prize ;  
Soon our 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 exchanged, for heaven.



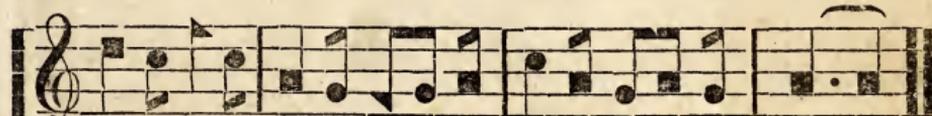
To lands which many ages lay Unsought for and unknown;



Inhabited by beasts of prey, Or man as savage grown;



He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair, And at his word they come, And



find in the wild desert here, A refuge and a home.



HYMN 123. Isa. 44. 23.

*Glories of God in Redemption.*

Father—how wide thy glory shines!  
How high thy wonders rise!  
Known thro' the earth by thousand  
By thousands thro' the skies. [signs,

2 But when we view thy strange design,  
To save rebellious worms;  
Where vengeance & compassion join,  
In their divinest forms;—

Here the whole Deity is known;  
Nor dares a creature guess—

Which of the glories brightest shone—  
The justice or the grace.

4 Now the full glories of the Lamb,  
Adorn the heav'nly plains:  
Bright seraphs learn Emmanuel's name.  
And try their choicest strains.

5 O may I bear some humble part,  
In that immortal song!  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.

WATTS.

The Lord of Sabbath let us praise, In concert  
with the blest, Who joyful in har—  
mo—nious lays, Employ an endless rest.

HYMN 124. *Trials.*

The Lord himself hath bless'd the woes  
That try the faithful few,  
He'll guard them from their deadly foes,  
And be their comfort through,

2 Come listen to the blessed words  
Which God our Saviour spake,  
"The soul that to my love hath fled,  
I never will forsake."

3 He will our joy and portion be,  
In life and death the same,  
Till in a blest eternity,  
We praise his holy name. H. M.

## HYMN 125.

Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire—  
This one great gift impart—  
What most I need—and most desire,  
A humble, holy heart.

2 Bear witness that I'm born again,  
My many sins forgiv'n:  
Nor let a gloomy doubt remain  
To cloud my hope of heav'n.

3 More of myself grant I may know,  
From sins deceit be free,  
In all the christian graces grow,  
And live alone to thee.

Slow.

The first system consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in 2/4 time and have a key signature of one flat (Bb). The music features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line with quarter and eighth notes.

Jehovah reigns, his throne is high, His robes are light

The second system consists of a single staff in bass clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It continues the bass line from the first system.

The third system consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and includes a trill (tr) above a note. The bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in 2/4 time and have a key signature of one flat (Bb).

and majesty, His robes, &c.

The fourth system consists of a single staff in bass clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It continues the bass line.

The fifth system consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and features a sharp sign (#) above a note. The bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in 2/4 time and have a key signature of one flat (Bb).

His glory shines with beams so bright, No

The sixth system consists of a single staff in bass clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It continues the bass line.

The seventh system consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in 2/4 time and have a key signature of one flat (Bb).

mortal can sustain the sight, No mortal, &c.

The eighth system consists of a single staff in bass clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It continues the bass line.

Alto.



Second



I send the joys of earth away; Away ye tempters of the mind;

Air.



False as a smooth deceitful sea, And empty as the whistling wind.



## HYMN 126. Psalm 88.

- 1 While life prolongs its precious light  
Mercy is found and peace is giv'n;  
But soon, ah soon! approaching night  
Shall blot out ev'ry hope of heav'n.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day!  
How sweet the gospel's charming  
sound—  
"Come, sinners, haste, Oh, haste away,  
While yet a pard'ning God is found.
- 3 "Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the grave,  
Before his bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear, or save.
- 4 "In that lone land of deep despair,  
No sabbath's heav'nly light shall rise;  
No God regard your bitter pray'r,  
Nor Saviour call you to the skies."

DWIGHT.

## HYMN 127. Come and see.

- 1 Jesus, dear name, how sweet the sound  
Replete with balm for every wound!  
His word declares his grace is free;  
Come, needy sinner, come and see.
- 2 He left the shining courts on high,  
Came to our world to bleed and die:  
Jesus, the God, hung on the tree;  
Come, careless sinner, come and see.
- 3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,  
'Till death had done its dreadful part:  
Yet his dear love still burns to thee;  
Come, anxious sinner, come and see.
- 4 His blood can cleanse the foulest stain,  
And make the filthy leper clean;  
His blood at once avail'd for me;  
Come, guilty sinner, come and see.

Sing to the Lord that built the skies, The

Lord that rear'd this stately frame, Let all the nations

sound his praise, And lands unknown repeat his name.

## HYMN 128.

Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,  
And fit me to approach' my God;  
Remove each vain, each worldly thot.  
And lead me to thy blest abode.

- 2 Hast thou imparted to my soul  
A living spark of holy fire?  
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame,  
Make me to burn with pure desire.
- 3 A brighter faith and hope impart,  
And let me now my Saviour see:  
Oh! soothe & cheer my burden'd heart,  
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

## HYMN 129.

He comes! he comes! the Judge severe;  
The seventh trumpet speaks him near!  
The lightnings flash, the thunders roll,  
He's welcome to the faithful soul.

- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound,  
See the almighty Jesus crowned!  
Girt with omnipotence and grace;  
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Shout, all ye armies of the sky,  
And all ye saints of God most high;  
Jesus, who now his right obtains,  
For ever, and for ever reigns.

That awful day will surely come, Th' appointed hour makes haste,

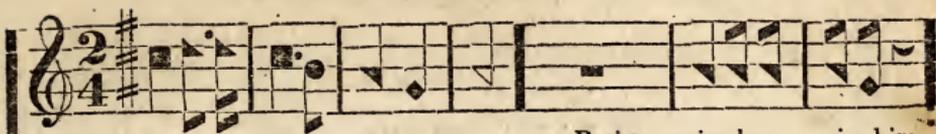
When I must stand before my Judge, And pass the solemn test.

TOWANDA. S. M. [*furnished for the Harp.*] B. Austin.

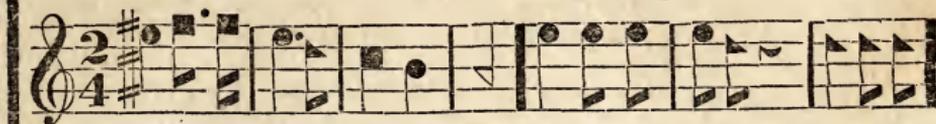
*Allegro.*

Ye birds of lofty wing On high his praises bear, And

sit on flow'ry boughs and sing :: Your Maker's praises there.



Praise praise him, praise him



Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise praise him, praise him, praise &amp;c



Praise praise him, praise him

*Pia. Mod.**For.*

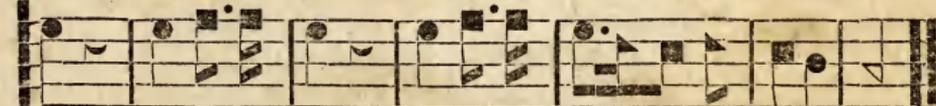
Praise, praise him praise him all—all creatures here below, Praise him a—



praise him, praise him all, all &amp;c.



Praise, praise him, praise him all.



bove, Ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.



NOTE.—This Doxology may be used to close any appropriate psalm or hymn when sung to a tune on the Major key of A or G—as Arlington, Melody, Arcadia, Ituria, &c.

# THE SACRED HARP.

## PART THIRD.

### LOVEST THOU ME, 7's.

Hark my soul!—it is the Lord, 'Tis the Saviour, hear his word,

Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee: 'Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?'

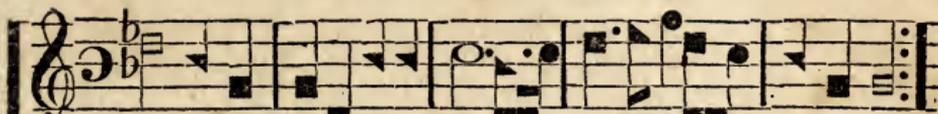
#### HYMN 130. *Watch and Pray.*

- Pilgrim, burden'd with thy sin,  
Haste to Zion's gate to-day;  
There, till mercy let thee in,  
Knock, & weep, and watch & pray.
- 2 Knock—for mercy lends an ear;  
Weep—she marks the sinner's 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.

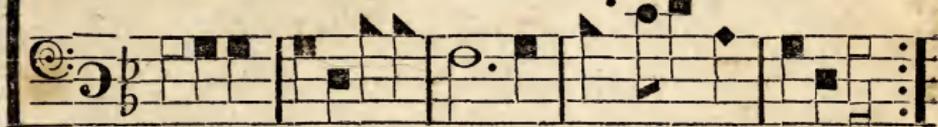
#### HYMN 131. *Lovest thou me.*

- 1 Hark my soul,—it is the Lord!  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word.  
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:  
'Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?'

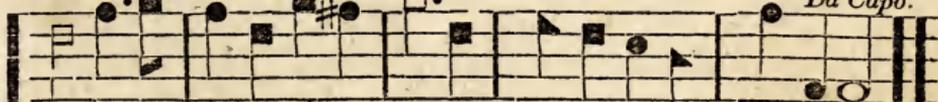
- 2 'I deliver'd thee when bound,  
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound,  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 'Can a mother's tender care  
Cease towards the life she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 'Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 'Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of faith is done,—  
Partner of my throne shalt be:  
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?'
- 6 Lord it is my chief complaint  
That my love is still so faint,  
Yet I love thee and adore:  
O for grace to love thee more!



Turn not away when Jesus pleads, But listen "while 'tis call'd to-day;" }  
 E'en now he kindly intercedes, And woos thee from thy sins away. }



But listen to thy Saviour's voice, "One thing is needful, follow me."  
*Da Capo.*



The world will try to win thy choice, And promise thee felicity,



**HYMN 132. One thing is needful.**

FURNISHED FOR THE HARP.

1 Turn not away when Jesus pleads,  
 But listen 'while 'tis call'd to-day,'  
 E'en now he kindly intercedes,  
 And woos thee from thy sins away.

2 The world will try to win thy choice  
 And promise thee felicity,  
 But listen to thy Saviour's voice;  
 'One thing is needful,' 'follow me.'

3 Say to thy sinful joys, depart,  
 Henceforth, I'll live for God alone,  
 To thy Creator, yield thy heart  
 And Christ will for thy sins atone.  
 Thou shalt then say, 'all things are mine,  
 And I am Christ's and Christ is God's,  
 My cares to thee, I now resign,  
 And only long for thine abode. H. M.

3 But Lord forbid, I should dispute,  
 Or ever at thy will repine.  
 My sojourn here, 'tis thine to fix,  
 And patient, sweet submission mine,  
 4 Then bid my selfish heart be still,  
 And wholly trust my Saviour's love,  
 Contented here to learn thy will,  
 Then joyful soar to realms above.

H. M.

**HYMN 134. To-day, Heb. 4, 7.**

1 Hasten, O sinner, to be wise,  
 And stay not for the morrow's sun;  
 The longer wisdom you despise  
 The harder is she to be won.

2 Oh, hasten mercy to implore,  
 And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
 For fear thy season should be o'er  
 Before this evening's course be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,  
 And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
 For fear thy lamp should fail to burn  
 Before the needful work is done.

4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,  
 And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
 For fear the curse should thee arrest,  
 Before the morrow is begun.

**HYMN 133. Breathing after Heaven.**

FURNISHED FOR THE HARP.

1 When shall I quit this wicked world,  
 When shall my weary spirit rest?  
 Release a from all my earthly cares,  
 When shall I sleep on Jesus' breast!

2 As round my earthly home I look,  
 And often sigh and look in vain,  
 For one dear heav'nly minded saint,  
 My heart is pierc'd with inward pain.



Lord with glowing heart I'll praise thee, For the bliss thy love bestows;  
For the pard'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows.



Thou must light the flame, or never Can my love be warm'd to praise.

DA CAPO.



Help, O Lord, my weak endeavor, This dull soul to rapture raise,



**HYMN 135** *Love.*

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:  
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;  
'This dull soul to rapture raise:  
'Thou must light the flame, or never  
Can my love be warm'd to praise.

Praise my soul, the God that sought thee,  
Wretched wand'rer, far astray;  
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
From the paths of death away:  
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
And the light of hope revealing,  
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express:  
Low before thy footstool kneeling,  
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:  
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
Love's pure flame within me raise;  
And since words can never measure,  
Let my life show forth thy praise.

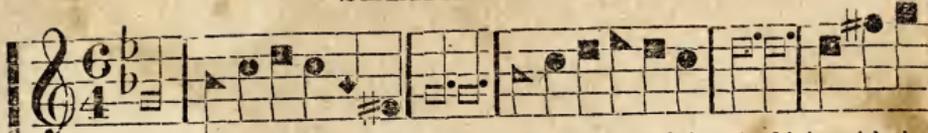
**HYMN 136.** *Joy in forgiveness.*

Hail! my ever blessed Jesus,  
Only thee I wish to sing;  
To my soul thy name is precious,  
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.  
O what mercy flows from heaven!  
O what joy and happiness!  
Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace.

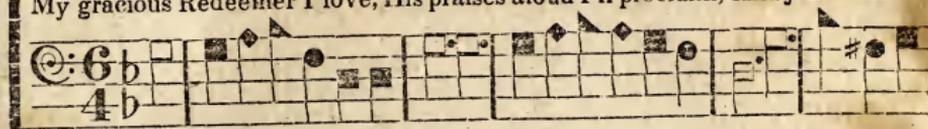
Once with Adam's race in ruin,  
Unconcerned in sin I lay;  
Swift destruction still pursuing,  
Till my Saviour passed by.  
Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,  
My Redeemer's tenderness;  
Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace.

Shout, ye bright angelic choir,  
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;  
Whilst astonished I admire,  
God's free grace, and boundless love.  
That blest moment I received him,  
Filled my soul with joy and peace;  
Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace,

WINGROVE.



My gracious Redeemer I love, His praises aloud I'll proclaim, And join with the



armies above, To shout his adorable name, To shout, &c.



**HYMN 137. Faith fainting.**

- Encompass'd with clouds of distress,  
Just ready all hope to resign,  
I pant for the light of thy face,  
And fear it will never be mine.
- 2 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,  
I sink at thy feet with my load:  
All-plaintive I pour out my song,  
And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,  
My hold on thy promise to keep,  
The billows more fiercely return,  
And plunge me again in the deep.
- 4 While harrass'd and cast from thy sight,  
The tempter suggests with a roar,  
'The Lord has forsaken thee quite:  
'Thy God will be gracious no more.'
- 5 Shine, Lord, and my terrors shall cease;  
The blood of atonement apply;  
And lead me to Jesus for peace,  
The rock that is higher than I.
- 6 Almighty to rescue thou art:  
Thy grace is my shield & my tower;  
Come, succor and gladden my heart,  
Let this be the day of thy power.

TO PLADY.

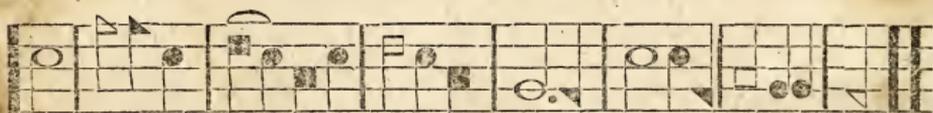
**HYMN 138. Love to Christ.**

- My gracious Redeemer I love,  
His praises aloud I'll proclaim;  
And join with the armies above,  
To shout his adorable name.
- 2 To gaze on his glories divine,  
Shall be my eternal employ—  
To see them incessantly shine.  
My boundless, ineffable joy.
- 3 He freely redeem'd, with his blood,  
My soul from the confines of hell,  
To live on the smiles of my God,  
And in his sweet presence to dwell.
- 4 To shine with the angels in light  
With saints and with seraphs to sing;  
To view with eternal delight,  
My Jesus, my Saviour my King.
- 5 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,  
Your pride with disdain I survey;  
Your pomps are but shadows & sounds;  
And pass in a moment away.
- 6 The crown that my Saviour bestows,  
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;  
My joy everlastingly flows—  
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

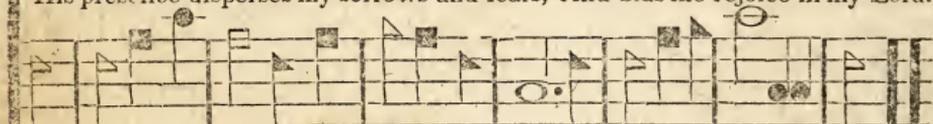
FRANCIS.



How lovely the place where the Saviour appears, To those who believe in his word ;



His presence disperses my sorrows and fears, And bids me rejoice in my Lord.

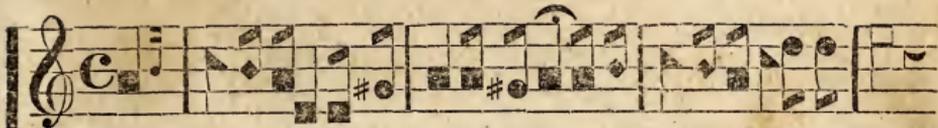


**HYMN 139. Social Worship.**

- 1 How lovely the place where the Saviour appears,  
To those who believe in his word ;  
His presence disperses my sorrows and fears,  
And bids me rejoice in my Lord.
- 2 A day in his courts, than a thousand beside,  
Is better and lovelier far—  
My soul hates the tents where the wicked reside,  
And all their delights I abhor.
- 3 Lord ! give me a place with the humblest of saints,  
For low at thy feet I would lie ;  
I know that thou hearest my feeble complaints ;  
Thou hearest the young raven's cry.
- 4 Give strength to the souls that now wait upon thee,  
O ! come, in thy chariot of love ;  
From earth's vain enchantments, O ! help us to flee,  
And to set our affections above.

**HYMN 140. Contrition.**

- 1 O God of salvation, in mercy attend  
The voice of contrition and wo ;  
While a suppliant knee at thy footstool we bend,  
Thy pardon and favor bestow.
- 2 And may we, kind Father, still hope in thy grace !  
And may we still seek thee in prayer !  
With the heirs of thy love wilt thou give us a place,  
And grant us thy presence to share ?
- 3 Unworthy, unholy, and sinful we are ;  
Forgetful of mercies received ;  
From the paths of thy children we've wander'd afar,  
And often thy spirit have grieved.
- 4 O grant us repentance for every misdeed,  
And help us our ways to amend ;  
With the grace of thy Spirit supply us in need ;  
In every temptation defend.



How happy are they, Who the Saviour obey, And have laid up their treasure  
above;



O what tongue can express, The sweet comfort and peace, Of a soul in its ear-  
liest love!



HYMN 141. *First love.*

How happy are they who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above !  
Oh, what tongue can express the sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love !

- 2 'Twas heaven below my Redeemer to know,  
And the angels could do nothing more  
Than to fall at his feet, and the story repeat,  
And the lover of sinners adore.
- 3 Then, all the day long, was my Jesus my song,  
And redemption thro' faith in his name;  
Oh, that all might believe, and salvation receive,  
And their song and their joy be the same.

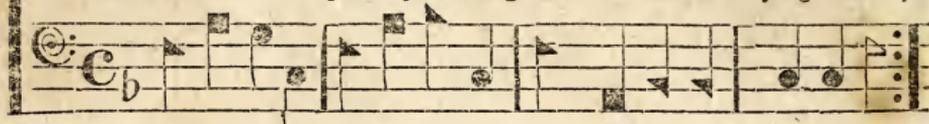
HYMN 142. *The Banquet above.*

Come, let us ascend, my companion and friend,  
To a taste of the banquet above !  
If thy heart be as mine, if for Jesus it pine,  
Come up into the chariot of love.

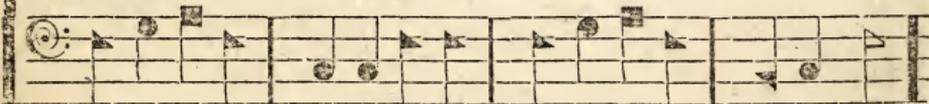
- 2 Who in Jesus confide, we are bold to outride  
The storms of affliction beneath,  
With the prophet we soar to the heavenly shore,  
And outfly all the arrows of death.
- 3 By faith we are come to our permanent home,  
By hope we the rapture improve ;  
By love we still rise, and look down on the skies,  
For the heaven of heavens is love.
- 4 What a rapturous song, when the glorified throng  
In the spirit of harmony join ;  
Join all the glad choirs, hearts, voices, and lyres,  
And the burden is mercy divine.
- 5 Hallelujah, they cry, to the King of the sky,  
To the great everlasting I AM ;  
To the Lamb that was slain, and that liveth again,  
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.



Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend, }  
Life and health, and peace possessing, From the sinner's dying friend, }



Love and grief my heart dividing, With my tears his feet I'll bathe.



Constant still in faith abiding, Hope deriving from his death.



HYMN 143. *Sitting at Jesus' feet.*

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend:  
Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death.

2 Truly blessed is this station—  
Low before his cross I'll lie;  
While I see divine compassion  
Floating in his languid eye;  
Here I'll sit—for ever viewing  
Mercy streaming in his blood:  
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

ROBINSON.

HYMN 144. *The Great High Priest.*

Great High Priest, we view thee stoop-  
ing,  
With our names upon thy breast;

In the garden groaning, drooping,  
To the ground with sorrow prest.  
Weeping angels stood confounded,  
To behold their Maker thus;  
And can we remain unwounded,  
When we know 'twas all for us?

2 On the cross thy body broken,  
Cancels every penal tie;  
Tempted souls produce this token,  
All demands to satisfy.  
All is finish'd; do not doubt it,  
But believe your dying Lord;  
Never reason more about it,  
Only take him at his word.

3 Lord, we fain would trust thee solely,  
'Twas for us thy blood was spilt;  
Gracious Saviour, take us wholly,  
Take and make us what thou wilt.  
Grant us now thy heavenly blessing,  
Let thy love our songs employ;  
Thus we'll find, thy peace possessing,  
In thy service all our joy.

Why should the children of a King Go mourning  
all their days, Great comforter descend and bring Some  
tokens of thy grace, Some tokens of thy grace.

- HYMN 145. *Longing to be with Christ.* 4 It is that hope with ardour glows,  
When musing sorrow weeps the past,  
And mourns the present pain,  
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,  
And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'Tis not that murmuring tho'ts arise,  
And dread a Father's will;  
'Tis not that meek submission flies,  
And would not suffer still;—
- 3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys  
The path that leads to light,  
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,  
And lose herself in sight.
- 4 'To see him face to face,  
Whose dying love no language knows  
Sufficient art to trace,
- 5 It is that harrassed conscience feels,  
The pangs of struggling sin;  
And sees, tho' far, the hour that heals,  
And ends the strife within.
- 6 O let me wing my upward flight,  
From earth-born woe and care,  
And soar above these clouds of night,  
My Saviour's bliss to share!

NOEL.



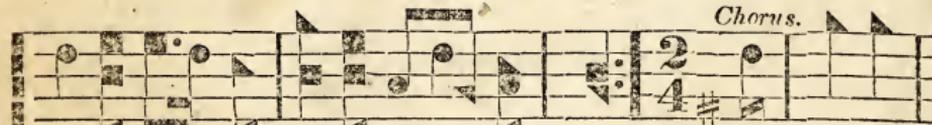
Our souls by love together kuit, Cemented mix'd in one; One



hope, one heart, one mind, one voice, 'Tis heaven on earth begun. Our hearts have



often burn'd within, And glow'd with sacred fire; While Jesus spoke and



*Chorus.*

fed and bless'd, And fill'd th' enlarged desire. "A Saviour"



let creation sing; "A Saviour" let all heaven ring, 'Tis





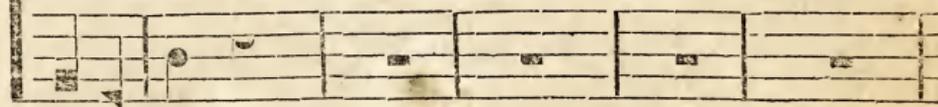
God with us, we feel him ours, His fulness in our



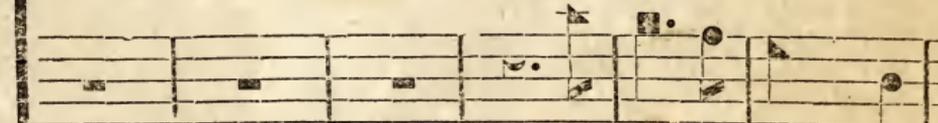
*Pia.*



souls he pours: 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er; We'll



join with those who've gone before, We soon shall reach the



blessed shore, We soon shall meet to part no more.



HYMN 146. *A Saviour's love.*

The Saviour! O what endless charms  
Dwell in the blissful sound!  
Its influence every fear disarms,  
And spreads sweet comfort round.  
Here pardon, life, and joys divine,  
In rich effusion flow,  
For guilty rebels lost in sin,  
And doomed to endless wo.

"A Saviour, &c."

Th' almighty former of the skies  
Stooped to our vile abode;  
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes  
And hailed the incarnate God!  
O the rich depths of love divine!  
Of bliss a boundless store!  
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;  
I cannot wish for more!

"A Saviour, &c."

STEELE.

\* The crescendo sometimes extends its influence to a whole strain, as in the example above. The strength of voice increases to the end of the passage noted

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

HYMN 147. *Excellency of Christ.*

- 1 O could I speak the matchless worth,  
O could I sound the glories forth,  
Which in my Saviour shine;  
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,  
And vie with Gabriel while he sings  
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt;  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin and wrath divine:  
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
In which all perfect heav'nly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,  
And all the forms of love he wears,  
Exalted on his throne:  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all his glories known.
- 4 [But ah! I'm still in clay confin'd,  
And mortal passions clog my mind,  
And downward drag me still:  
O when shall I attain the skies,  
And to immortal glories rise,  
On Zion's heav'nly hill!]

- 5 Well—the delightful day will come,  
When my dear Lord will bring me  
And I shall see his face: [home,  
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in his grace. *Medley.*

HYMN 148. *Sinai and Calvary.*

- 1 Awak'd by Sinai's awful sound,  
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,  
And knew not where to go;  
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,  
'The sinner must be born again,  
Or sink to endless wo.'
- 2 When to the law I trembling fled,  
It pour'd its curses on my head,  
I no relief could find;  
This fearful truth increas'd my pain,  
'The sinner must be born again,'  
And whelm'd my tortur'd mind.
- 3 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,  
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,  
A vast, oppressive load;  
Alas, I read, and saw it plain,  
'The sinner must be born again,'  
Or drink the wrath of God.

4 The saints I heard with rapture tell,  
How Jesus conquer'd Death and Hell,  
And broke the fowler's snare;  
Yet, when I found this truth remain,  
'The sinner must be born again,'  
I sunk in deep despair.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay,  
The gracious Saviour pass'd this way,  
And felt his pity move;  
The sinner, by his justice slain,  
Now by his grace is born again,  
And sings redeeming love. *Ockum.*

## HYMN 149.

1 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
Yet how insensible!  
A point of time—a moment's space—  
Removes me to yon heav'nly place,  
Or—shuts me up in hell!

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtless heart,  
Eternal things impress;  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And save me, ere it be too late—  
Wake me to righteousness,

3 Before me place in bright array,  
The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When thou with clouds shalt come,  
To judge the nations at thy bar;  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
To meet a joyful doom?

WESLEY.

## HYMN 150,

*The mind stretching forward to eternity.*

Ah! why should this immortal mind,  
Enslaved by sense, be thus confined,  
And never, never rise?  
Why thus, amused with empty toys,  
And soothed with visionary joys,  
Forget her native skies?

The mind was formed to mount sublime,  
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,  
To everlasting things;  
But earthly vapours cloud her sight,  
And hang with cold oppressive weight  
Upon her drooping wings.

The world employs its various snares,  
Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,  
And chained to earth I lie:  
When shall my fettered powers be free,  
And leave these seats of vanity,  
And upward learn to fly?

Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,  
Invite my soul—O could I rise,  
Nor leave a thought below!  
I'd bid farewell to anxious care,  
And say to every tempting snare,  
Heaven calls, and I must go.

Heaven calls, and can I yet delay?  
Can ought on earth engage my stay?  
Ah, wretched, lingering heart!  
Come, Lord with strength and life & light  
Assist and guide my upward flight,  
And bid the world depart.

STEELE.

## HYMN 151.

*The sinner subdued by mercy.*

If God had bid his thunders roll,  
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,  
I still had stubborn been:  
But mercy has my heart subdued—  
A bleeding Saviour I have view'd,  
And now I hate my sin.

Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;  
Come take possession of thine own,  
For thou hast set me free;  
Releas'd from Satan's hard command,  
See all my pow'rs in waiting stand,  
To be employ'd by thee.

My will conform'd to thine would move;  
On thee my hope, desire and love,  
In fix'd attention join:  
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,  
Have Satan's servants been too long,  
But now they shall be thine.

And can I be the very same,  
Who lately durst blaspheme thy name,  
And on thy gospel tread?  
Surely each one, who hears my case?  
Will praise thee, and confess thy grace  
Invincible indeed! NEWTON.

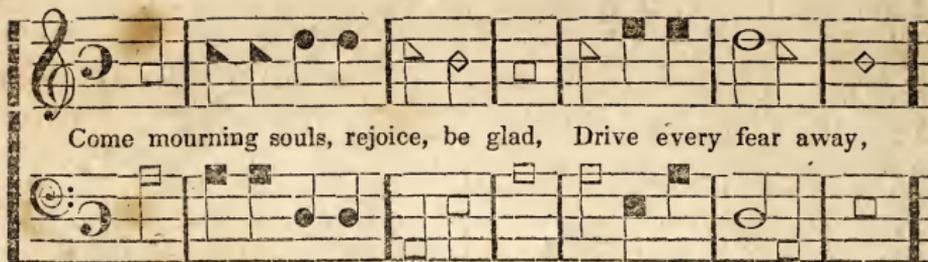
HYMN 152. *Solid joys.*

1 I quit the world's fantastic joys,  
Her honors are but idle toys,  
Her bliss an empty shade:  
Like meteors in the midnight sky,  
That glitter for a while, and die,  
Her glories flash and fade.

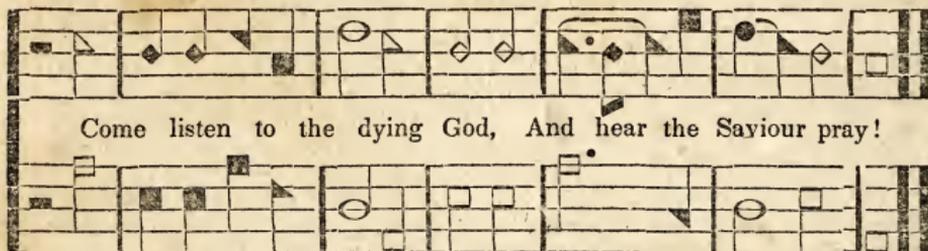
2 Let fools for riches strive and toil,  
Let greedy minds divide the spoil,  
'Tis all too mean for me;  
Above the earth, above the skies,  
My bold aspiring wishes rise,  
My God, to heaven and thee!

3 O source of glory, life and love!  
When to thy courts I mount above,  
On contemplation's wings,  
I look with pity and disdain  
On all the pleasures of the vain,  
On all the pomp of kings.

Thy beauties, rising in my sight,  
Divinely sweet, divinely bright,  
With raptures fill my breast:  
Though robbed of all my earthly store  
With thee I never can be poor,  
But must be ever blest.



Come mourning souls, rejoice, be glad, Drive every fear away,



Come listen to the dying God, And hear the Saviour pray!

HYMN 153. Luke 23, 34.

*Father forgive them for they know not what they do.*

Written by MOSES M'LEAN, Esq. late of Harrisburg. Furnished for the Harp by W. M. Hall, Esq.

Come mourning souls, rejoice, be glad,  
Drive every fear away;  
Come listen to the dying God,  
And hear the Saviour pray!

Legions of Angels were his own,  
Obedient to his word;

With zeal th' immortal warriors stood  
To vindicate their Lord.

Michael, of Heaven's own armies prince,  
Thou did'st no succours bring;

Nor grasp thy spear, Hell's terror once,  
To save thy suffering king!

For him no warrior angels fought,  
No thunders roll'd abroad;

For meek-eyed Love their vengeance  
chain'd

Fast to the throne of God!

'Father forgive them,' Jesus cried,  
'Let vengeance not pursue;'

'Father forgive them,' was his prayer,  
'They know not what they do.'

Come sorrowing soul, again rejoice,  
Cause every doubt to flee;

Thy Saviour for his murderers prayed,  
And he will pray for thee.

Should persecution's eager shaft  
Pursue us whilst we live;

Jesus, benevolent, divine,  
O teach us to forgive!

HYMN 154.

*The sweetness of resting on God.*

When languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
And long to soar away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend  
The whispers of his love;  
Sweet to look upward to the throne  
Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my name  
In life's fair book marked down;  
Sweet to look forward, and behold  
Eternal joy my own.

Sweet to reflect, how grace divine  
My sins on Jesus laid:  
Sweet to remember that thy death  
My debt of suffering paid.

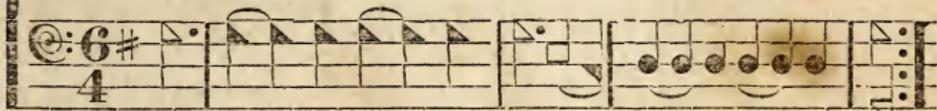
Sweet on thy faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end;  
Sweet on thy covenant of grace  
For all things to depend.

Sweet in the confidence of faith,  
To trust thy truth divine;  
Sweet to lie passive in thy hands,  
And have no will but thine.

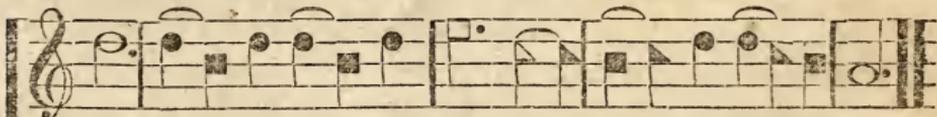
If such the sweetness of the streams,  
What will that fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from thee! TOPLADY



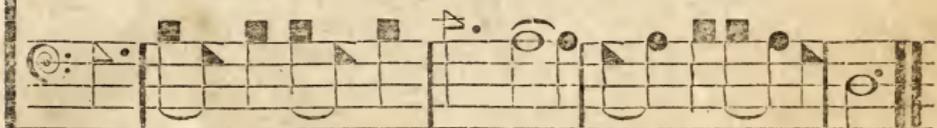
Ye angels who stand round the throne, And view my Immanuel's face,  
 In rapturous songs make him known, Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise. }  
 Sometimes a light surprises, The christian while he sings, }  
 It is the Lord who rises, With healing in his wings. }



When others sunk down in despair, Confirm'd by his power ye stood,  
 A season of clear shining To cheer it after rain.



He form'd you the spirits you are, So happy, so noble so good,  
 When comforts are declining, He grants the soul again,

HYMN 155. *Panting for Heaven.*

- 1 Ye angels who stand round the throne  
 And view my Immanuel's face,  
 In rapturous songs make him known ;  
 Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.  
 He form'd you the spirits you are,  
 So happy, so noble, so good ;  
 When others sunk down in despair,  
 Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.
- 2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,  
 And cast your bright crowns at his feet,  
 His grace and his glory display,  
 And all his rich mercy repeat :  
 He snatch'd you from hell and the grave—  
 He ransom'd from death and despair ;  
 For you he was mighty to save,  
 Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 3 Oh, when will the period appear,  
 When I shall unite in your song ?  
 I'm weary of lingering here,  
 And I to your Saviour belong !  
 I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay ;  
 I struggle and pant to be free ;  
 I long to be soaring away,  
 My God and my Saviour to see !

DE FLEURY.

HYMN 156. *Devotional light.*

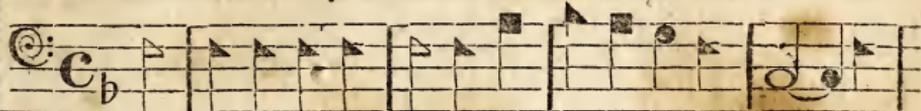
- 1 Sometimes a light surprises  
 The Christian while he sings ;  
 It is the Lord who rises,  
 With healing on his wings :  
 When comforts are declining,  
 He grants the soul again,  
 A season of clear shining,  
 To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,  
 We sweetly then pursue  
 The theme of God's salvation,  
 And find it ever new :  
 Set free from present sorrow,  
 We cheerfully can say,  
 Let the unknown to-morrow  
 Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,  
 But he will bear us through ;—  
 Who gives the lilies clothing,  
 Will clothe his people too :  
 Beneath the spreading heavens,  
 No creature but is fed ;  
 And he who feeds the ravens,  
 Will give his children bread.

\* This tune is equally applicable to either of the hymns affixed to it.—  
 In singing it to 8's—use the slurs in the 3d and 7th measures, and omit all the  
 others ; but in applying it to 7's & 6's, omit the first named slurs, and use the rest.





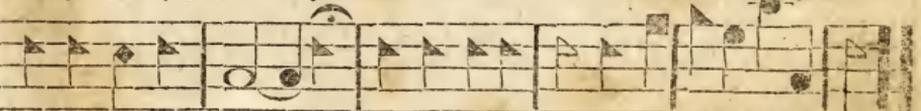
From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where



Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand: From many an ancient  
river, From



many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.



HYMN 160. *Monthly Concert.*

From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand;  
Where Afric's sunny fountains,  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What, though the spicy breezes,  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;  
In vain with lavish kindness,  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we, to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O Salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,

The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

BP. HEBER.

HYMN 161 *Looking forward.*

From every earthly pleasure,  
From every transient joy,  
From every mortal treasure  
That soon will fade and die;  
No longer these desiring,  
Upwards our wishes tend,  
To nobler bliss aspiring,  
And joys that never end.

- 2 From every piercing sorrow,  
That heaves our breast to-day,  
Or threatens us to-morrow,  
Hope turns our eyes away;  
On wings of faith ascending,  
We see the land of light,  
And feel our sorrows ending,  
In infinite delight.

- 3 'Tis true, we are but strangers,  
And sojourners below;  
And countless snares and dangers  
Surround the path we go:  
Though painful and distressing  
Yet there's a rest above;  
And onward still we're pressing,  
To reach that land of love



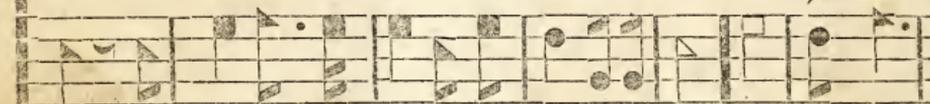
An alien from God and a stranger from grace, I wander'd thro'



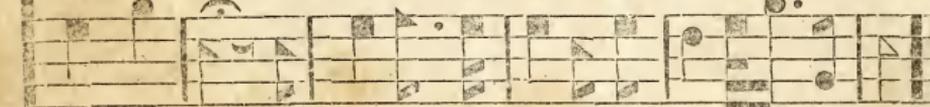
earth its gay pleasures to trace ; In the pathway of sin I continued to



roam, Unmindful alas! that it led me from home, Home :::



sweet :: home, Prepare me dear Saviour, for Heaven my home,



### HYMN 162. *Home*

- 1 An alien from God, and a stranger from peace,  
I wander'd thro' earth, its gay pleasures to trace,  
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,  
Unmindful, alas ! that it led me from home.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Prepare me dear Saviour for glory my home.
- 2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,  
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay ;  
But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are given,  
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heav'n.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
'The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

- 3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms,  
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms,  
At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,  
O there may I feast with his children at home,  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
O Jesus ! conduct me to heaven, my home !
- 4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu,  
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view ;  
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,  
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven my home !  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
O when shall I share the fruition of home.
- 5 The days of my exile are passing away,  
The time is approaching when Jesus will say  
Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,  
And dwell in my presence forever at home,  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
O there shall I rest with my Saviour at home.
- 6 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er ;  
The saints shall unite to be parted no more ;  
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,  
They dwell with the Saviour forever at home.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
They dwell with the Saviour forever at home.

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HYMN 163.\* *I would not live always.* Job, 7. 16.

- 1 I would not live alway : I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the 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, thus fetter'd by sin ;  
Temptation without, and corruption within :  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway ; no—welcome the tomb,  
Since Jesus hath laid there, I dread not its gloom ;  
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God ;  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns :
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet ;  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul !

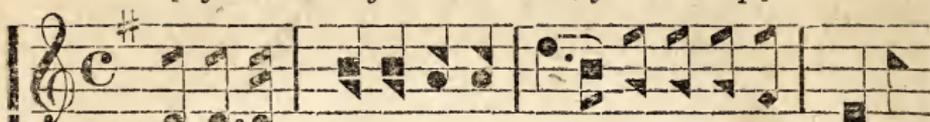
HEBER.

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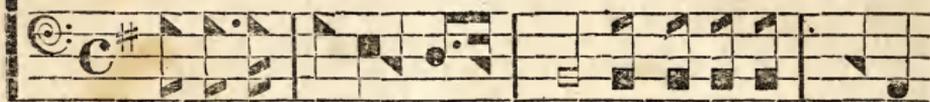
\* In singing this hymn the tune may be closed at the 2d double bar ; or, the chorus, affixed to the first verse of the preceding hymn, may be appended to each verse of this.

MARSEILLES. *The New Jerusalem.*

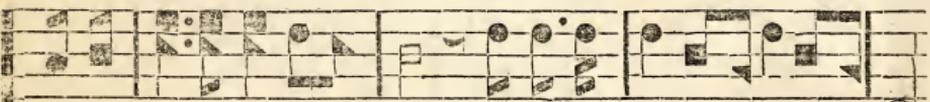
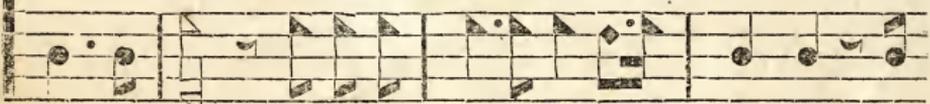
[Hymn written by Dr. A. M'Leod, for the Harp.]



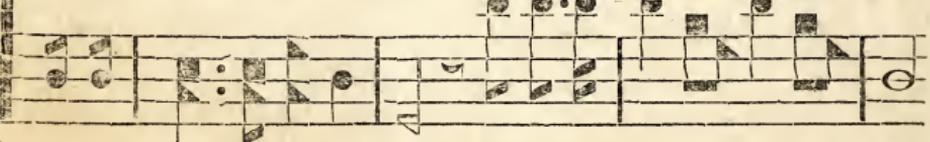
Behold the seer of Patmos hoary, As the vast heavens he



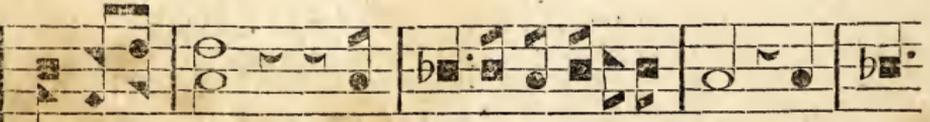
raptur'd scans, A radiance bless'd beyond earth's glory, Shines



on him while his soul expands, Shines on him while his soul expands.



Hail holy city! mystic greatness! With glit'ring walls, and

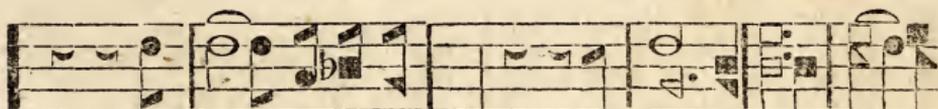
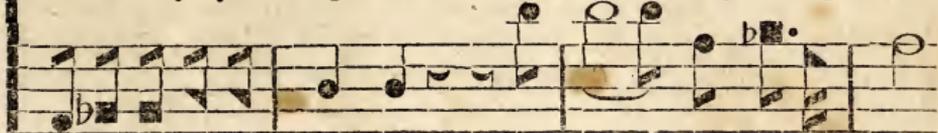


golden way! No sun there regulates the day For God

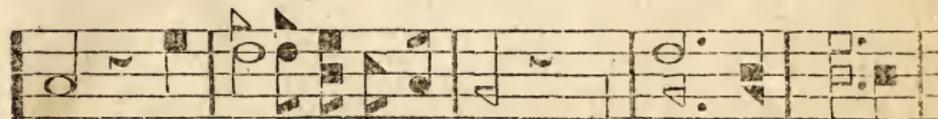




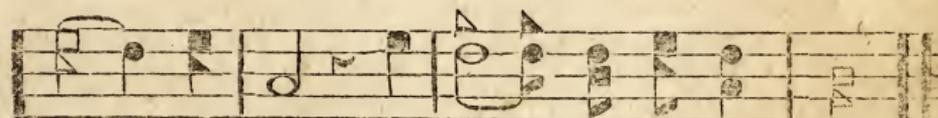
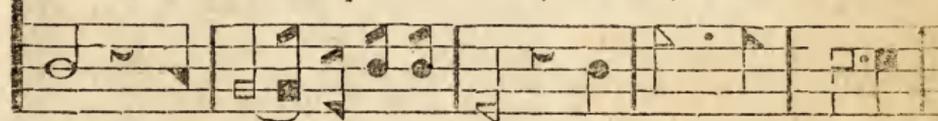
in majesty is brightness. Nations and Kings and power



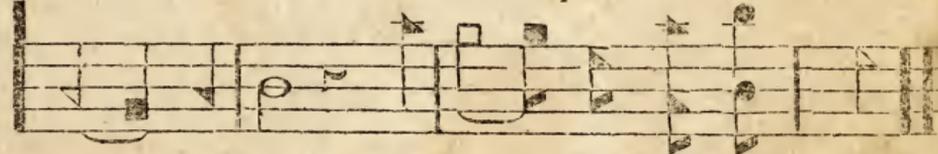
There all their honor show'r, Avaunt, avaunt! unholi-



ness, The Lamb's pure rest is there, Avaunt, avaunt! un-



holiness The Lamb's pure rest is there.



HYMN 164. *The New Jerusalem.*

*See Revelation, Chap. xxi.*

Behold the seer of Patmos hoary,  
As the vast heav'ns he raptur'd scans,  
A radiance bless'd beyond earth's glory,  
Shines on him, while his soul expands—  
Hail holy city! mystic greatness!

With glitt'ring walls, and golden way!  
No sun *there* regulates the day.  
For God in majesty is brightness!  
Nations and Kings and Pow'r  
There all their honor show'r:  
Avaunt, avaunt! unholiness!  
The Lamb's pure rest is there.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain, The glittering  
star alone, of all the train, Can fix the

one alone, the Saviour speaks, It is the

1 host be—stud the sky, One  
sin—ner's wandering eye: Hark! hark! to God the

star of Bethlehem. *Du Capo.*

chorus breaks, From eve-ry host, from eve-ry gem; But

HYMN 165. *The Star of Bethlehem.*

When marshall'd on the nightly plain,  
The glittering host bestud 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 of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,  
The storm was loud, the night was  
dark,  
The ocean yawn'd, 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 of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all,  
It bad' my dark foreboding cease;  
And thro' 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 forevermore,  
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

KIRKE WHITE.

HYMN 166. *The Ransomed Spirit.*

The ransom'd spirit to her home,  
The clime of cloudless beauty flies;  
No more on stormy seas to roam,  
She hails her haven in the skies:  
But cheerless are those heavenly fields,  
That cloudless clime no pleasure  
yields,  
There is no bliss in bowers above,  
If thou art absent, Holy Love!

2 The cherub near the viewless throne,  
Hath smote the harp with trembling  
hand;  
And one with incense-fire hath floun,  
To touch with flame the angel band;  
But tuneless is the quivering string,  
No melody can Gabriel bring,  
Mute are its arches when above  
The harps of heaven wake not to Love!

3 Earth, sea and sky one language speak,  
In harmony that soothes the soul;  
'Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs  
wake,  
And when on thunders thunders roll;  
That voice is heard, and tumults cease,  
It whispers to the bosom peace;  
Speak, thou Inspirer, from above,  
And cheer our hearts, celestial Love!

TAPPAN.

The musical score consists of five systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef and a 6/8 time signature. The second system has a bass clef and a 6/8 time signature. The remaining three systems continue the melody in a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are: "Come on my partners in distress, My comrades thro' this wilderness, Who still your bodies feel; A while forget your grief & fears, And look beyond this vale of tears, To that celestial hill, To that celestial hill."

HYMN 167.

- 1 Come on my partners in distress,  
My comrades thro' the wilderness,  
Who still your bodies feel,  
A while forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond this vale of tears,  
To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
Look forward to that heavenly place,  
The saints secure abode,  
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our master here,  
We shall before his face appear,  
And by his side sit down,  
To patient faith the prize is sure,  
And all that to the end endure,  
The cross shall wear the crown.

HYMN 168. 1 Thess. 4 16, 17.

*Longing for a place at the right hand of Christ.*

- 1 When thou, my righteous Judge, shall come  
To fetch thy ransom'd people home,

Shall I among them stand?  
Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
Whosometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at thy right hand?

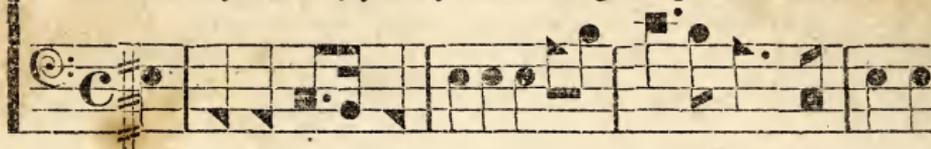
- 2 I love to meet among them now,  
Before thy gracious feet to bow,  
Tho' vilest of them all;  
But can I bear the piercing thought?  
What, if my name should be left out,  
When thou for them shalt call.

- 3 Dear Lord!—prevent it by thy grace,  
Be thou, my only hiding-place,  
In this th' accepted day;  
Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,  
To still my unbelieving fear,  
Nor let me fall, I pray:

- 4 Among thy saints let me be found  
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall  
To see thy smiling face: [sound,  
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
While heav'n's resounding mansions  
With shouts of sov'reign grace. [ring



Awake my soul to joyful lays, And sing the great Redeemer's



praise, He justly claims a song from me; His loving kindness O how



free! His loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, O how free!



HYMN 169. *Awake, my soul.*

1 Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,  
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me,  
His loving-kindness, O, how free!

*Chorus.*—His loving kindness—Loving-kindness,  
His loving-kindness, O, how free!

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,  
He saved me from my lost estate,  
His loving-kindness, O, how great!

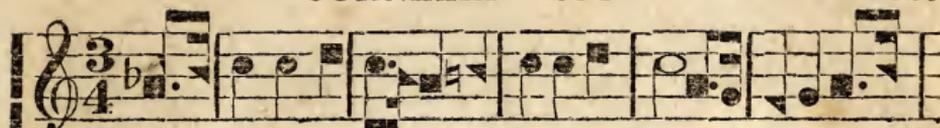
3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving-kindness, O, how strong!

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

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

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

7 Then let me mount and soar away,  
To the bright world of endless day,  
And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
His loving-kindness in the skies.



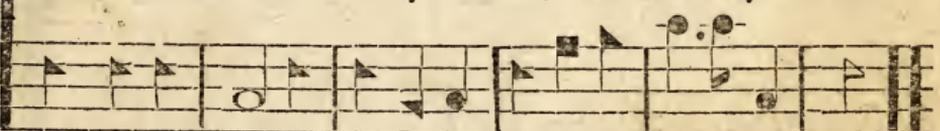
Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song, The joy of my



heart, and the boast of my tongue ; Thy free grace alone, from the



first to the last, Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

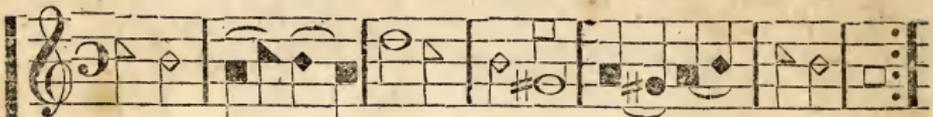


### HYMN 170. *Divine Mercy.*

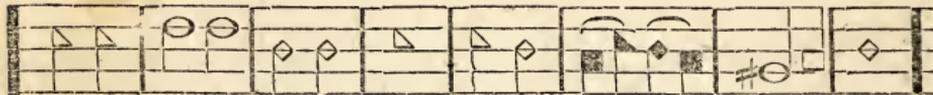
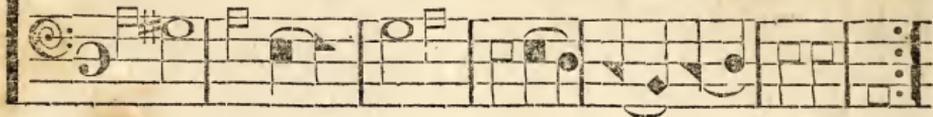
- 1 Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,  
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue ;  
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,  
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.
- 2 Without thy sweet mercy, I could not live here,  
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair ;  
But thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,  
And he that first made me still keeps me alive.
- 3 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell ;  
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell :  
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,  
That open'd the channel of mercy for me.
- 4 Great Father of mercies ! thy goodness I own,  
And the cov'nant love of thy crucifi'd Son ;  
All praise to the Spirit, whose witness divine  
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine.

WHITFIELD'S COL.

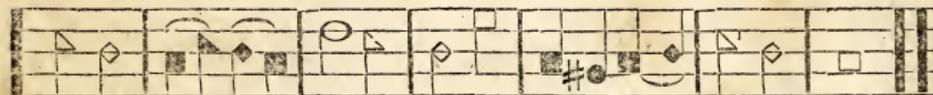
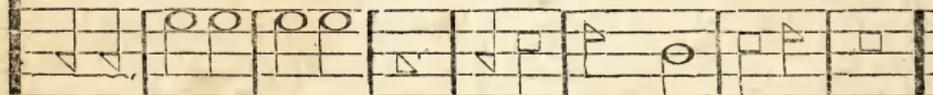
\* Composed by Miss Cornelia Brackenridge, late of Carlisle.



Stop poor sinner, stop and think, Before you farther go;  
Will you sport upon the brink Of everlasting woe.



On the verge of ruin stop, New the friendly warning take,



Stay your footsteps, ere ye drop Into the burning lake.



HYMN 171. *The Alarm.*

Stop, poor sinners. stop and think,  
Before you further go,;  
Will you sport upon the brink  
Of everlasting wo?  
On the verge of ruin stop—  
Now the friendly warning take—  
Stay your footsteps ere ye drop  
Into the burning lake.

- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,  
That you his will oppose?  
Fear ye not that iron rod  
With which he breaks his foes?  
Can you stand in that dread day,  
Which his justice shall proclaim,  
When the earth shall melt away  
Like wax before the flame?
- 3 Ghastly death will quickly come,  
And drag you to his bar;  
Then to hear your awful doom,  
Will fill you with despair!  
All your sins will round you crowd;  
You shall mark their crimson dye;  
Each for vengeance crying loud,  
And what can you reply?

- 4 Tho' your heart were made of steel,  
Your forehead lin'd with brass;  
God at length will make you feel,  
He will not let you pass;  
Sinners then in vain will call,  
Those who now despise his grace,  
'Rocks and mountains on us fall,  
And hide us from his face.'

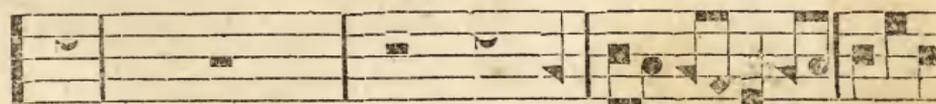
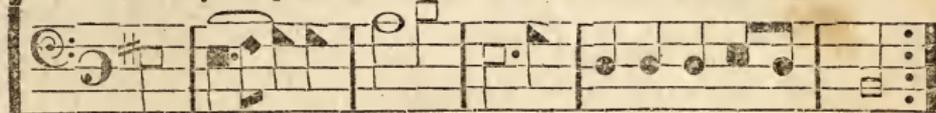
NEWTON.

HYMN 172. *The Crucifixion.*

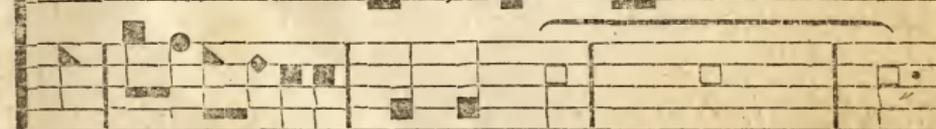
- Jesus drinks the bitter cup,  
The wine-press treads alone:  
Tears the graves and mountains up  
By his expiring groan:  
Lo, the pow'rs of heaven he shakes,  
Nature in convulsion lies;  
Earth's profoundest centre quakes,  
The great Jehovah dies.
- 2 O my God, he dies for me,  
I feel the mortal smart!  
See him hanging on the tree,  
A sight that breaks my heart!  
O that all to thee might turn!  
Sinners, ye may love him too;  
Look on him ye pierc'd, and moura  
For one who bled for you.



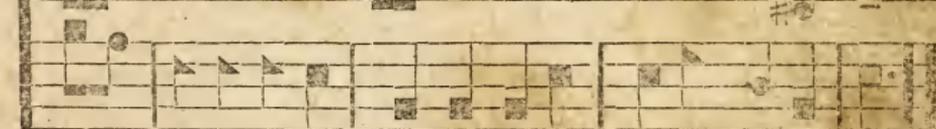
The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear ;



O may we ever keep in mind



O may we ever keep in mind, The night of death draws near.



HYMN 173. *Evening Hymn.*

The day is past and gone,  
The ev'ning shades appear ;  
Oh, may we ever keep in mind  
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our bed to rest ;  
So death will soon remove us hence,  
And leave our souls undrest.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears ;

May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,  
To view th' unweaped sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
O, may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.

[Furnished for the Harp by Rev. J. Nourse.]

Poor wilder'd weeping heart,      What can re—lieve thee?  
Come, sinful as thou art,      Christ will receive thee.

There may'st thou sweetly rest, There nought shall grieve thee,

Come tho' with woe oppress'd,      Soft is the Saviour's breast.

*Da Capo.*

HYMN 174. *Come to Jesus.*

[WRITTEN FOR THE HARP.]

Poor, wilder'd, weeping heart,  
What can relieve thee?  
Come, sinful as thou art,  
Christ will receive thee.  
Come, though with wo oppress'd,  
Soft is the Saviour's breast,  
There, may'st thou sweetly rest,  
There, nought shall grieve thee.

- 2 Come, trembling, timid soul,  
Why this delaying?  
Thunders, that o'er thee roll,  
Fall on the straying.  
Turn from destruction's ways,  
Turn to the throne of grace,  
There, seek thy Father's face,  
Weeping and praying.
- 3 Hence, guilty fear and doubt,  
'Leave me forever!  
'Lord, wilt thou cast me out?  
'Never—oh, never?  
'From unbelief of mind,  
'From thoughts to sin inclin'd,  
'From flesh and hell combin'd,  
'Thou wilt deliver.'      J. BURTT.

HYMN 175. *Christian Effort.*

[WRITTEN FOR THE HARP.]

- Wake—wake, each slumb'ring saint!  
'Midst the gloom sounding,  
List to your Lord's complaint,  
Death his soul wounding!  
Rise—rise, his sorrows flow,  
That sinners doom'd to woe,  
The bliss of heav'n may know,  
His throne surrounding.
- 2 Hail—hail our gracious Lord—  
God's Son, our Saviour:  
Send o'er the earth his Word,  
Of grace the savour:  
Far—far, make known his love,  
Whilst sinners come and prove,  
Its sweetness, far above  
The world's frail favour.
- 3 Loud—loud, O let us sing,  
With bosoms glowing;  
And off'rings freely bring,  
Before him bowing:  
Bright—bright his glories shine,  
All beauteous and benign,  
Whilst yet his grace divine  
O'er earth is flowing.      J. W. SCOTT.

NOTE.—In singing the first verse of the 17<sup>th</sup> hymn, it will be found necessary to connect the 3d and 4th notes in the third measure, instead of the 1st and 2d.

Jerusalem my happy home, Name ever dear to  
 me! When shall my labours have an end, In joy and peace and  
 thee? When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls And pearly gates behold?  
 Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong, And streets of shining gold?

HYMN 176. *The New Jerusalem.*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>Jerusalem! my happy home!<br/>         Name ever dear to me!<br/>         When shall my labours have an end,<br/>         In joy, and peace, and thee?</p> <p>2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built<br/>         And pearly gates behold? [walls<br/>         Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,<br/>         And streets of shining gold?</p> <p>3 O, when, thou city of my God,<br/>         Shall I thy courts ascend,<br/>         Where congregations ne'er break up,<br/>         And Sabbaths have no end?</p> <p>4 There happier bowers than Eden's<br/>         Nor sin nor sorrow know: [bloom</p> | <p>Blest seats! thro' rude &amp; stormy scenes<br/>         I onward press to you.</p> <p>5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?<br/>         Or feel at death, dismay?<br/>         I've Canaan's goodly land in view,<br/>         And realms of endless day.</p> <p>6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,<br/>         Around my Saviour stand;<br/>         And soon my friends in Christ below,<br/>         Will join the glorious band.</p> <p>7 Jerusalem! my happy home!<br/>         My soul still pants for thee;<br/>         Then shall my labours have an end,<br/>         When I thy joys shall see.</p> |
|--|---|

SEATON.



Come, my fond flutt'ring heart,      Come, struggle to be free.  
Thou and the world must part,      However hard it be,



My trembling spirit owns it just,      But cleaves yet closer to the dust.



HYMN 177. *Renouncing the world.*

Come, my fond fluttering heart,  
Come, struggle to be free,  
Thou and the world must part,  
However hard it be:  
My trembling spirit owns it just,  
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets forbear,  
Ye dearest idols fall;  
My love ye must not share,  
Jesus shall have it all:  
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,  
But ah! thou must consent, my heart!

3 Ye fair enchanting throng,  
Ye golden dreams, farewell!  
Earth has prevailed too long,  
And now I break the spell:  
Ye cherished joys of early years—  
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

4 But must I part with all?  
My heart still fondly pleads;  
Yes—Dagon's self must fall,  
It beats, it throbs, it bleeds:  
Is there no balm in Gilead found,  
To soothe and heal the smarting wound?

5 O yes, there is a balm,  
A kind Physician there,  
My fevered mind to calm,  
To bid me not despair:  
Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,  
And I will all resign to thee.

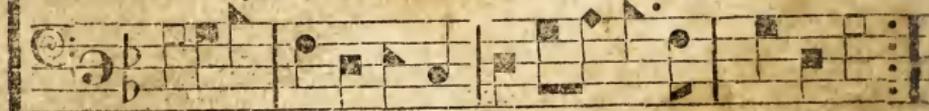
6 O may I feel thy worth,  
And let no idol dare,  
No vanity of earth,  
With thee, my Lord, compare!  
Now bid all worldly joys depart,  
And reign supremely in my heart.

JANE TAYLOR.

WILLIAMSON. C. M. D.



Come humble sinner in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve,  
Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd And make this last resolve,



I know his courts, I'll enter in,      Whatever may oppose,



I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sins Have like a mountain rose;



**HYMN 178. *Come to Jesus,***

Come, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve;  
Come with your guilt & fear oppressed  
And make this last resolve:—

2 'I'll go to Jesus, though my sins  
Have like a mountain rose;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

3 'Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess;  
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,  
Without his sovereign grace.

4 'I'll to the gracious King approach,  
Whose sceptre pardon gives;  
Perhaps he may command my touch—  
And then the suppliant lives.

5 'Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.

6 'I can but perish if I go,  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must for ever die.'

E. JONES.

**SUFFERING SAVIOUR. C. M.**



Alas! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign



die! Would he devote that sacred head, For such a worm as I?



**HYMN 179. *The Suffering Saviour.***

Alas, and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die!  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

And love beyond degree!

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

*Chorus.*\*—O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb!  
The Lamb of Calvary!  
The Lamb that was slain, but  
lives again  
To intercede for me.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,  
He groaned upon the tree!  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do.

\* In applying this chorus to *Suffering Saviour*, omit the first note, and the stars in the 6th measure.



The voice of free grace, Cries escape to the mountain, For Adam's



Hallelujah to the Lamb Who purchas'd our pardon, We'll praise him



lost race, Christ has open'd a fountain, For sin and transgression, and every



again When we pass over Jordan.



*Da Capo.*

pollution, The blood it flows freely, In streams of salvation.



HYMN 180. *Free Grace.*

From Jesus the fountain.

Hallelujah, &c.

- 1 The voice of free grace  
Cries, escape to the mountain,  
For Adam's lost race,  
Christ has opened a fountain,  
For sin and transgression  
And every pollution,  
The blood it flows freely  
In streams of salvation.  
  
Hallelujah to the Lamb,  
Who purchased our pardon,  
We'll praise him again,  
When we pass over Jordan.
- 2 This fountain so clear,  
In which all may find pardon,  
From Jesus' side flows  
In plenteous redemption:  
Though your sins they were raised  
As high as a mountain,  
The blood it flows freely

- 3 O Jesus! ride on,  
Thy kingdom is glorious,  
O'er sin, death and hell  
Thou wilt make us victorious,  
Thy name shall be praised  
In the great congregation,  
And saints shall delight  
Ascribing salvation.

Hallelujah, &c.

- 4 When on Zion we stand,  
Having gain'd the blest shore,  
With our harps in our hands  
We will praise evermore,  
We will range the blest fields  
On the banks of the river,  
And sing hallelujahs  
For ever and ever.

Hallelujah, &c.

Vain delusive world adieu, With all of creature good; Only Jesus

I'll pursue, Who bought me with his blood; All thy pleasure I'll forego, I'll

tram—ple on thy wealth and pride, Only Jesus will I

know, And Je - - - - - sus cru - ci - fied!

HYMN 181. *Jesus Crucified.*

- 1 Vain delusive world adieu,  
With all of creature good,  
Only Jesus I'll pursue,  
Who bought me with his blood;  
All thy pleasure I'll forego,  
I'll trample on thy wealth and pride;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified!
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,  
'Tis all but vanity;  
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,  
He tasted death for me!  
Me to save from endless woe  
The sin atoning victim died;  
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,  
And ever in his love abide;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified!
- 4 O that I could all invite,  
This saving truth to prove;  
Show the length, & breadth, & height,  
And depth of Jesus' love;  
Fain I would to sinners show,  
This blood alone by faith applied;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified!

When shall we all meet again? When shall we all meet again?  
 Oft shall glowing hope aspire, Oft shall wearied love retire,  
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign, Ere we all shall meet again.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The piece ends with a double bar line.

HYMN 182. *Parting Friends.*

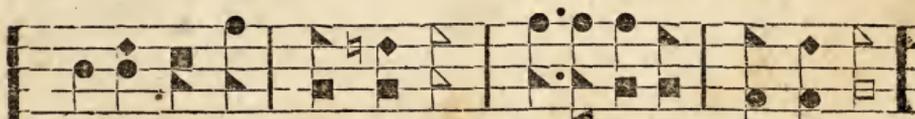
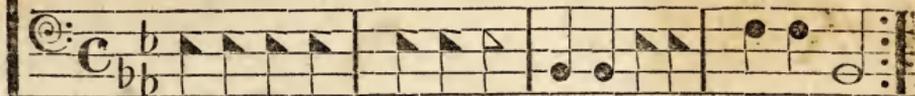
- 1 When shall we all meet again?  
 When shall we all meet again?  
 Oft shall glowing hope aspire,  
 Oft shall wearied love retire,  
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign,  
 Ere we all shall meet again.
- 2 Tho' in distant lands we sigh,  
 Parch'd beneath a hostile sky;  
 Tho' the deep between us rolls,  
 Friendship shall unite our souls;  
 Still in fancy's rich domain,  
 Oft shall we all meet again.
- 3 When the dreams of life are fled,  
 When its wasted lamps are dead,  
 When in cold oblivion's shade  
 Beauty wealth and fame are laid,  
 Where immortal spirits reign,  
 There may we all meet again.

## HYMN 183.

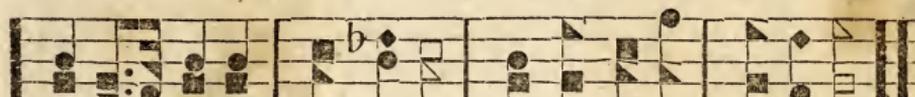
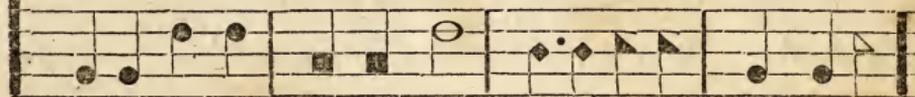
- Earnest desires to do the will of God.*
- 1 Jesus, by whose grace I live,  
 From the fear of evil kept,  
 Thou hast lengthened my reprieve,  
 Held in being while I slept;  
 With the day my heart renew,  
 Let me wake thy will to do.
  - 2 Since the last revolving dawn,  
 Scattered the nocturnal cloud,  
 O how many souls have gone  
 Unprepared to meet their God!  
 Yet thou dost prolong my breath,  
 Nor has sealed my eyes in death!
  - 3 O that I might keep thy word,  
 Taught by thee to watch and pray!  
 To thy service, dearest Lord,  
 Sanctify the present day:  
 Swift its fleeting moments haste;  
 Doomed, perhaps, to be my last!
  - 4 Crucified to all below,  
 Earth shall never be my care;  
 Wealth and honour I forego,  
 This my only wish and prayer—  
 Thine in life and death to be,  
 Now and to eternity!
- TOPLADY.



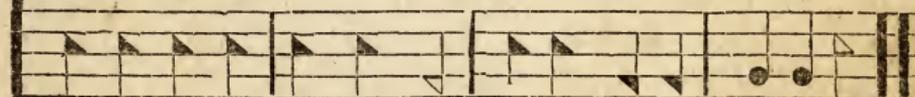
See salvation's banner wave! 'Tis a guilty world to save:  
Loud, and louder still is heard, Mercy's sweetly rallying word:



Heralds go, to sinners tell, By the cross the way from hell,



Jesus Christ was crucified; 'Twas for man the Saviour died.



The following hymn written for the occasion, was sung in Philadelphia on the evening of the 12th of Oct. 1832, at the ordination of Rev. John P. Pinney and Joseph W. Barr, who have devoted themselves to missionary service in the interior of Africa.

HYMN 184 *Salvation's Banner.*

1 See salvation's banner wave!

'Tis a guilty world to save:

Loud, and louder still is heard,

Mercy's sweetly rallying word:

Heralds! go,—to sinners tell,

By the Cross the way from hell:

Jesus Christ was crucified;

'Twas for man the Saviour died.

2 Hark!—the angel hosts rejoice,

Thus to hear the herald's voice;

Loud they sing while sinners fly

To salvation's banner nigh:

O'er the earth ye heralds go

Light and life to heathen show;

Jesus Christ for sinners bled;

Rising, Death he captive led.

3 See the day spring from on high;

'Tis salvation's banner nigh:

Pagan's from perdition's night,

Rising, hail redemption's light:

Christians! send to all the world

This broad banner wide unfurl'd;

Jesus Christ was crucified;

'Twas for man the Saviour died.

4 Haste,—O hasten to proclaim,

Freedom in the Saviour's name:

Gospel heralds! ye shall prove,

'Tis the banner of his love:

He to you will strength impart;

We will bear you on our heart:

Jesus died for man;—He rose.

Rising, he repulsed his foe.

5 Lo! amid the shades of death,

By the Holy Spirit's breath,

Wide unfurl'd the banner waves,

While the foe in terror raves:

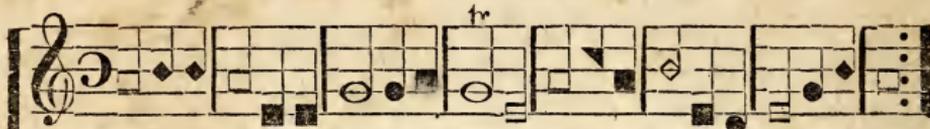
Matchless grace! almighty sword!

Haste the victory of the Lord!

Christ was slain,—the tidings tell;

Jesus lives to save from hell!

J. WELWOOD & SOTT.



Hail the blest morn! See the great Mediator, Down from the regions of glory descend,  
 Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger, Lo! for his guards the bright  
 angels attend,



Star of the East, the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid,



Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Down on our darkness and lend us  
 thine aid,

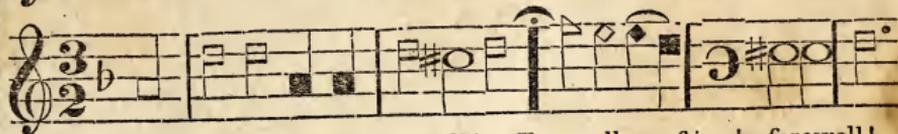
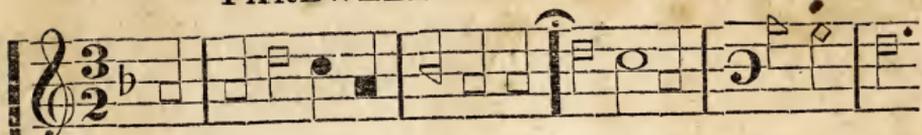


### HYMN 185. *The Birth of Christ.*

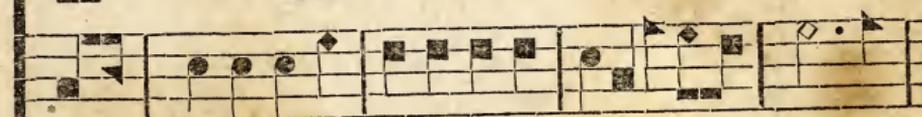
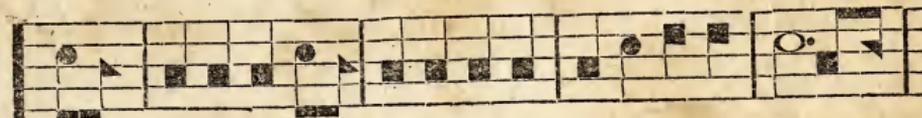
- 1 Hail the blest morn! see the great Mediator,  
 Down from the regions of glory descend!  
 Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,  
 Lo, for his guard, the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.—Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining;  
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;  
 Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,  
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.  
 Brightest and best, &c.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
 Odors of Eden, and offerings divine,  
 Gems from the mountains, and pearls from the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?  
 Brightest and best, &c.
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
 Vainly with gold would his favor secure;  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.  
 Brightest and best, &c.



My friends, I bid you all farewell! Farewell, my friends, farewell!



And if I never see you more, While we on earth remain, O



may we meet on Canaan's shore, And never part again.



HYMN 186. *Farewell.*

[WRITTEN FOR THE HARP.]

Farewell! dear christian friends, farewell!

The hour at last draws near,  
When tend'rest ties must all be rent,  
And those we hold so dear  
Like stranger pilgrims, must remove  
And here no more appear.

The vanish'd past, we fondly trace,  
Those hours of sweetest peace,

When in Jehovah's holy place,  
And from the world releas'd:  
Our spirits then, have soar'd away  
To heaven's celestial feast.

But tho' we sunder wide below,  
This cheering hope sustains,  
Far, far, beyond this world of wo,  
A heavenly rest remains:  
And we, if faithful, shall enjoy  
That home, where Jesus reigns.

H. M.

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*Extract from the Minutes of the Synod of Philadelphia.*

“At a meeting of the Synod of Philadelphia, held at Lewistown, Pennsylvania, October 30, 1832, Mr. Wilson made the following report, which was adopted, viz: “The committee, to whom was referred the consideration of a work on Sacred Music (by Mr. J. H. HICKOK) called the “Sacred Harp,” beg leave to report; “That having given this work as careful an examination as circumstances would admit, they are of opinion that the following resolution ought to be adopted, viz: “Resolved, That the work referred to above be recommended to the patronage of the churches under the care of this Synod.

Attested by  
HENRY R. WILSON, *Stated Clerk*”









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