James Barnard
from his friend
C. B. James —
Oct. 1840 —

11/9/17

HAWAIIAN COLLECTION

OF

CHURCH MUSIC:

CONSISTING OF

PSALM AND HYMN TUNES, ANTHEMS, CHANTS, &c.

COMPILED

FOR THE USE OF FOREIGN COMMUNITIES,

AT THE

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

By M. Calkin, J. F. B. Marshall, & F. Johnson.

HONOLULU:
1840.

Jan. M. Barnard

April 6, 1865

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following compilation of Sacred Music, selected from various authors, has been arranged to meet the immediate wants of the congregation with which the Editors are associated. Of course it claims no other merit than being adapted to local convenience, and it is hoped that it will prove acceptable to those who have contributed liberally towards meeting the expense of publication, and to the community in which it is designed to be used. Editors.

EXPLANATION OF MUSICAL TERMS.

A, signifies in, for, at, etc.
Adagio, (or *Ado.*) signifies the slowest time.
Ad libitum, at pleasure.
Affettuoso, in a style of execution adapted to express affection, tenderness, supplication and deep emotion.
Allegro, a brisk and sprightly movement.
Allegretto, less quick than Allegro.
Alto, Counter, or high Tenor.
Amoroso, in a soft and delicate style.
Andante, with distinctness. As a mark of time, it implies a medium between the Adagio and Allegro movements.
Andantino, quicker than Andante.
Anthem, a passage or passages of scripture set to music.
A tempa, in time.
Assai, generally used with some other word to denote an increase or diminution of the time of the movement; as *Adagio Assai*, more slow; *Allegro Assai*, more quick.
Base, the lowest part in harmony.
Bis, this term denotes a repetition of a passage in music.
Brilliante, signifies that the movement is to be performed in a gay, showy and sparkling style.
Cantabile, elegant, graceful, melodious.
Canto, song; or, in choral compositions, the leading melody.
Canto fermo, plain song.
Chorus,, a composition or a passage designed for a full [choir.
Chromatic, a term given to accidental semitones.
Con, with.
Con furia, with boldness.
Crescendo, *Cres.* or <, with an increasing sound.
Con spirito, with spirit.
Da Capo, or *D. C.*, close with the first strain.
Del segno, from the sign.
Diminuendo, *Dim.* or >, with a decreasing sound.
Dirge, a piece composed for funeral occasions.
Divotto, in a solemn and devout manner.
Duetto, or *Duet*, music consisting of two parts.
Dolce, sweetness, softness, gentleness, etc.
E, and.
Expression, that quality of composition, from which we receive a kind of sentimental appeal to our feelings.
Expressivo, with expression.
Forte, strong and full.
Fortissimo, very loud.
Fugue, or *Fuge*, a piece in which one or more of the parts lead, and the rest follow in different intervals of time, and in the same or similar melody.
Forzando, [or *fz.*] the notes over which it is placed are to be boldly struck with strong emphasis.
Giusto, in an equal, steady, and just time.
Grave, *Gravemente*, deep emotion.
Grazioso, graceful; a smooth and gentle style of execution approaching to piano.
Harmony, an agreeable combination of musical sounds, or different melodies, performed at the same time.
Interlude, an instrumental passage introduced between two vocal passages.
Interval the distance between any two sounds
Largo, somewhat quicker than *Grave*.
Larghetto, not so slow as *Largo*,
Legato, signifies that the notes of the passage are to be performed in a close, smooth and gliding manner.
Lento, *Lentemente*, slow.
Ma, not.
Ma non troppo, not too much, not in excess.
Melody, an agreeable succession of sounds.
Men, less.
Mezza voce, with a medium fulness of tone.
Mezza, half, middle, mean.
Moderato between Andante and Allegro.
Motto, much.
Non, not.——*Non troppo presto*, not too quick.
Oratorio, a species of Musical Drama, consisting of airs, recitatives, duets, trios, choruses, etc.
Overture, in dramatic music is an instrumental composition, which serves as an introduction.
Orchestra, the place or band of musical performances.
Pastorale, a composition generally written in measure of 6-4 or 6-8, the style of which is soothing, tender and delicate.
Piano, or *Pia*, soft.
Pianissimo, *Pianiss*,or *PP*, very soft.
Poco, little, somewhat.
Pomposo, grand, dignified.
Presto, quick.
Prestissimo, very quick.
Quartetto, a composition consisting of parts, each of which occasionally takes the leading melody.
Quintetto, music composed in five parts, each of which occasionally takes the leading melody.
Recitative, a sort of style resembling speaking.
Rippienno, full.
Sempre, throughout; as *sempre piano*, soft throughout.
Soprano, the Treble or higher voice part.
Sostenuto, sustaining the sounds to the utmost of their nominal length.
Staccato, the opposite to Legato; requiring a short, articulate, and distinct style of performance.
Senza, without; *Senza Organo*, without the Organ.
Siciliano, a composition written in measure of 6-4, or 6-8, to be performed in a slow and graceful manner.
Soave, agreeable, pleasing.
Spirituoso, with spirit.
Solo, a composition designed for a single voice or instrument. Vocal solos, duets, etc. in modern music, are usually accompanied with instruments.
Subito, quick.
Symphony, a passage to be executed by instruments, while the vocal performers are silent.
Tacit, be silent.
Tardo, slowly.
Mempo, time.
Tasto Solo, denotes that the movement should be performed with no other chords than unisons and octaves.
Trio, a composition for three voices.
Tutti, all, all together.
Veloce, quick.
Vigoroso, with energy.
Verse, one voice to a part.
Vivace, in a brisk and lively manner.
Volti, turn over.

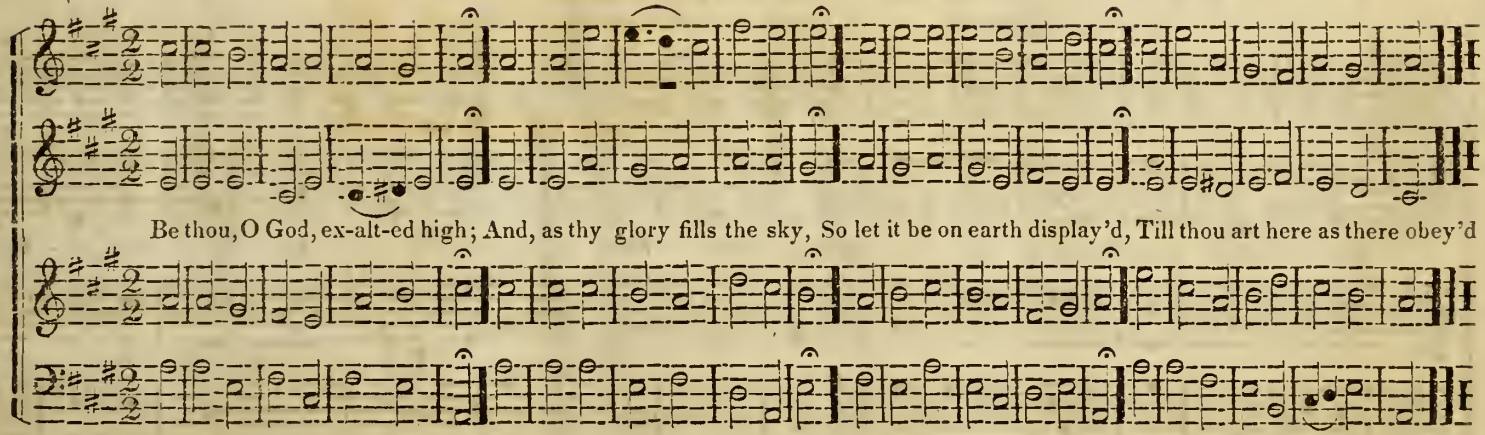
HAWAIIAN

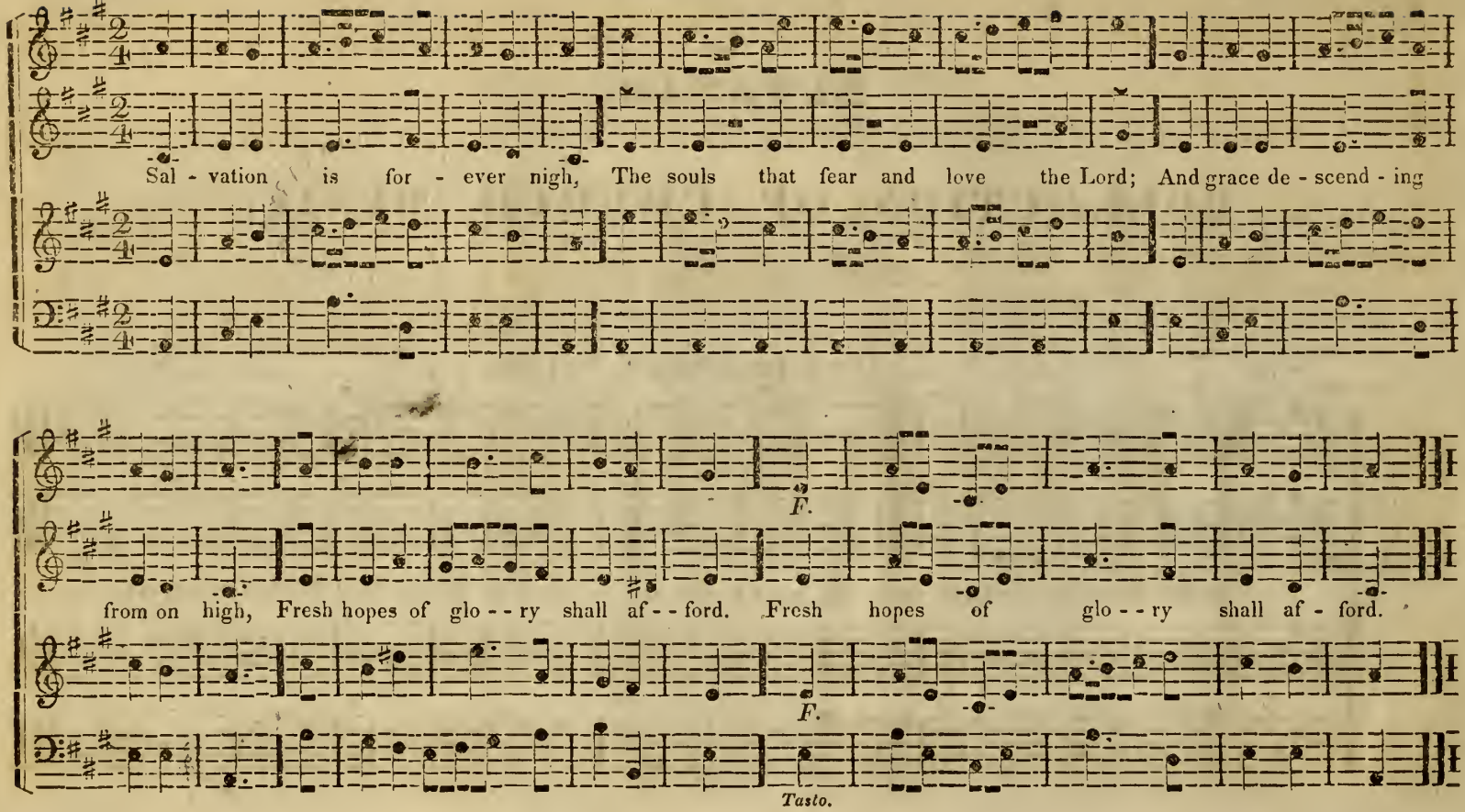
COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC.

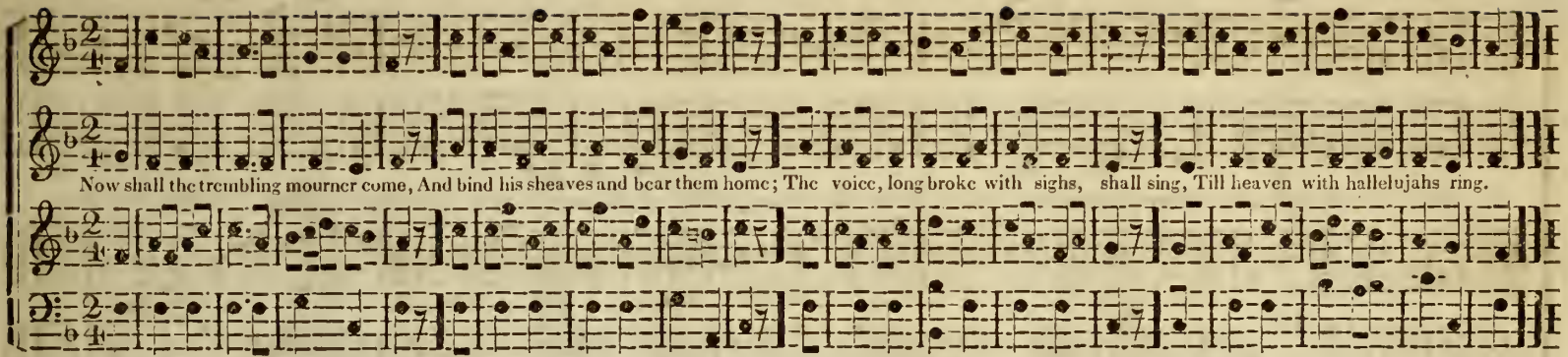
Maelzel's Metronome.
♩ 80

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

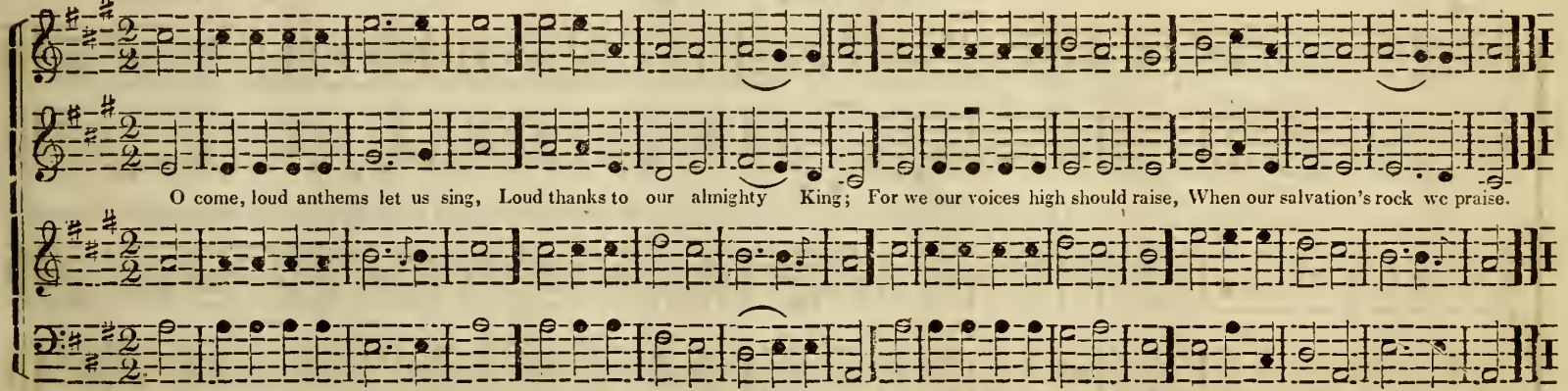
MARTIN LUTHER.




Sal - vation is for - ever nigh, The souls that fear and love the Lord; And grace de - scend - ing
F.
from on high, Fresh hopes of glo - - ry shall af - - ford. Fresh hopes of glo - - ry shall af - ford.
F.
Tasto.



92 STERLING. L. M. [CHANT.]



♩ 144

ROTHWELL.* L. M.

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord, In every star thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines—We read thy name in fairer lines.

* The first four notes of this tune may be sung in unison.

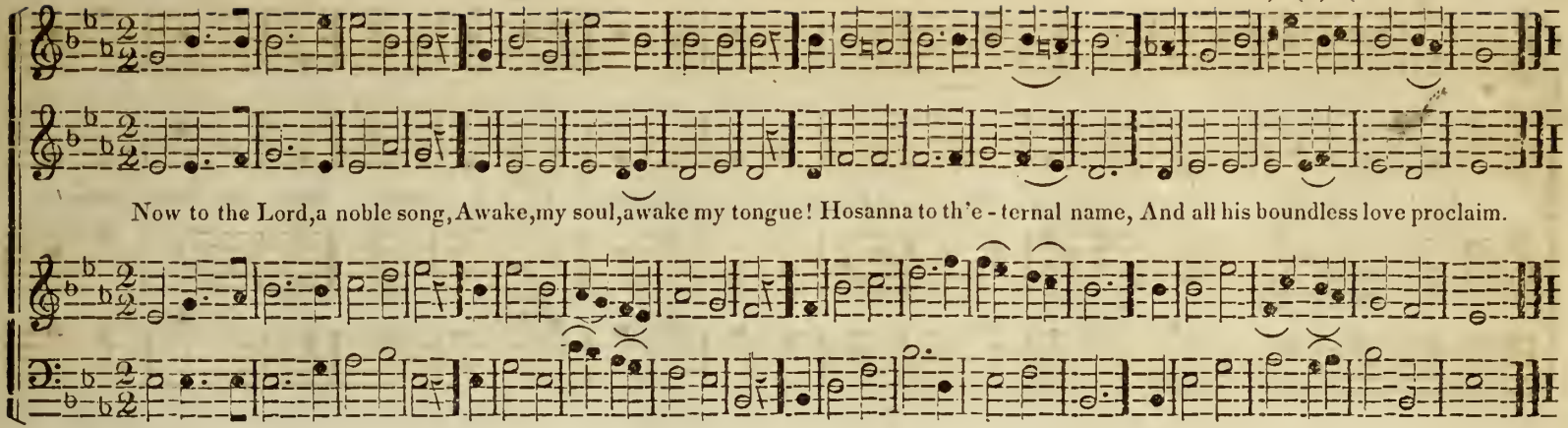
♩ 120

LUTON. L. M.

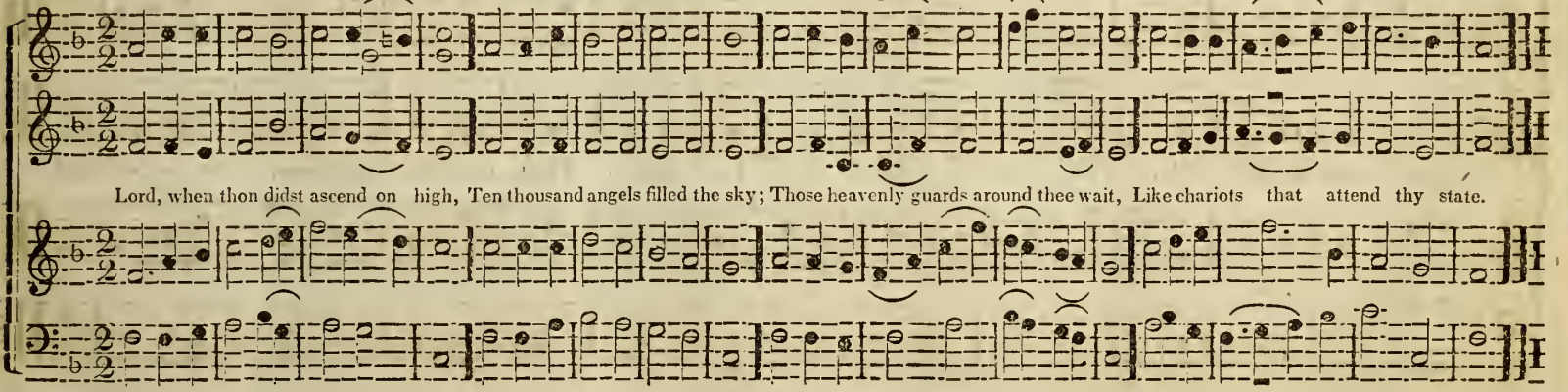
BURDER.

With all my powers of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Maker in my song; Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song and join the praise

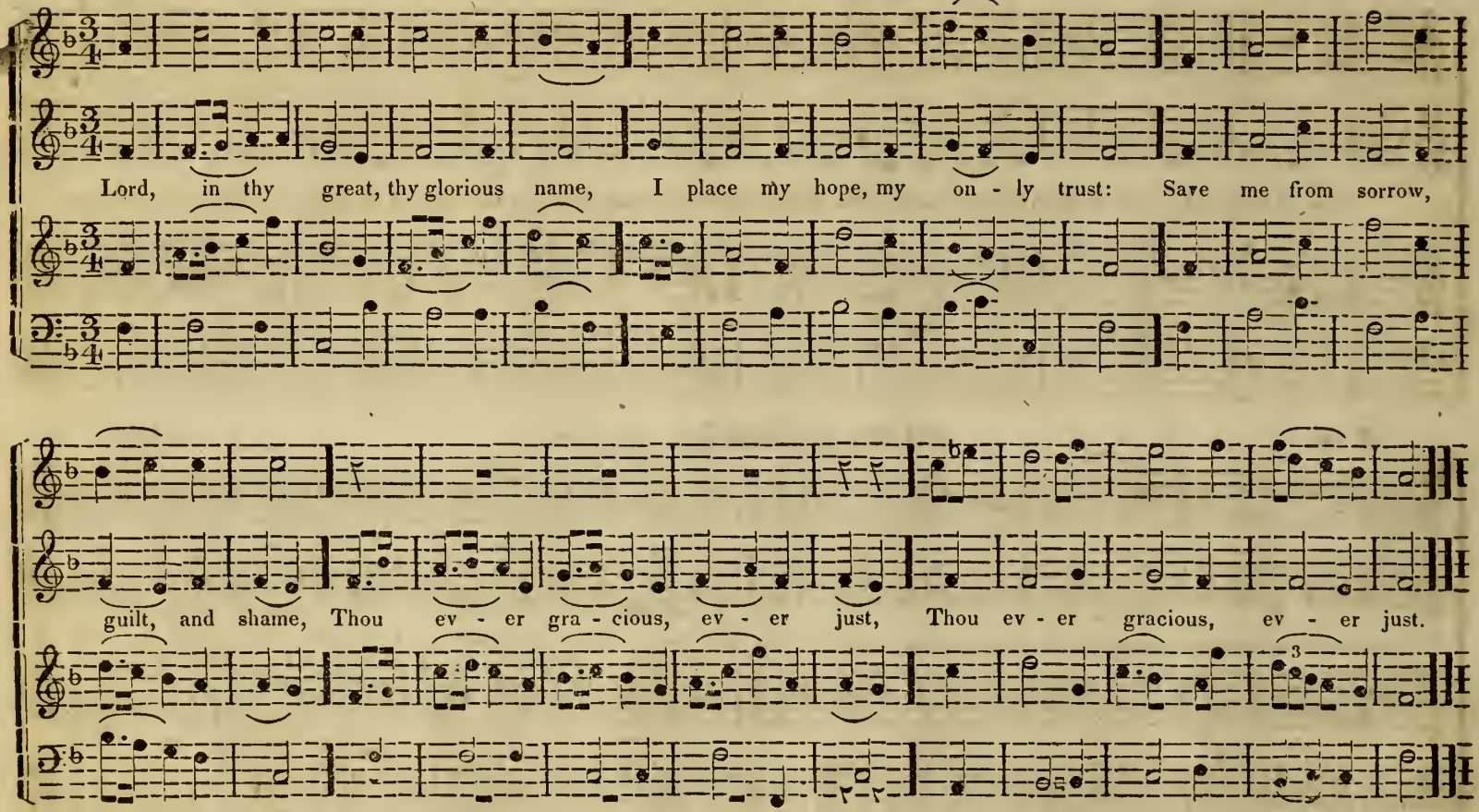
104. TRURO. L. M. DR. CH. BURNEY.



80. DUKE STREET. L. M. J. HATTON.

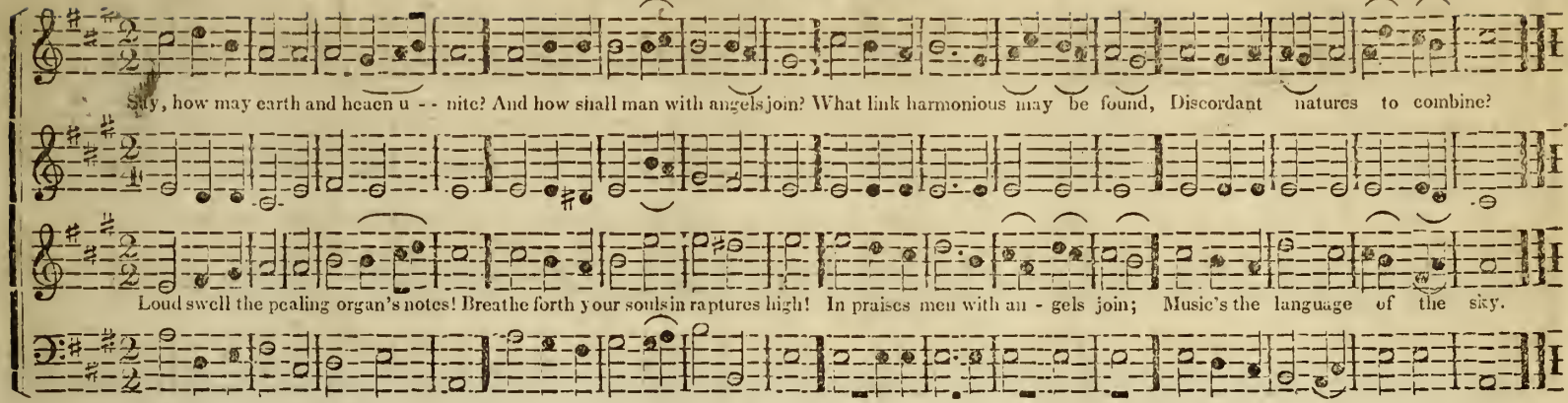


CASTLE STREET. L. M.



ELLENTHORPE. L. M.

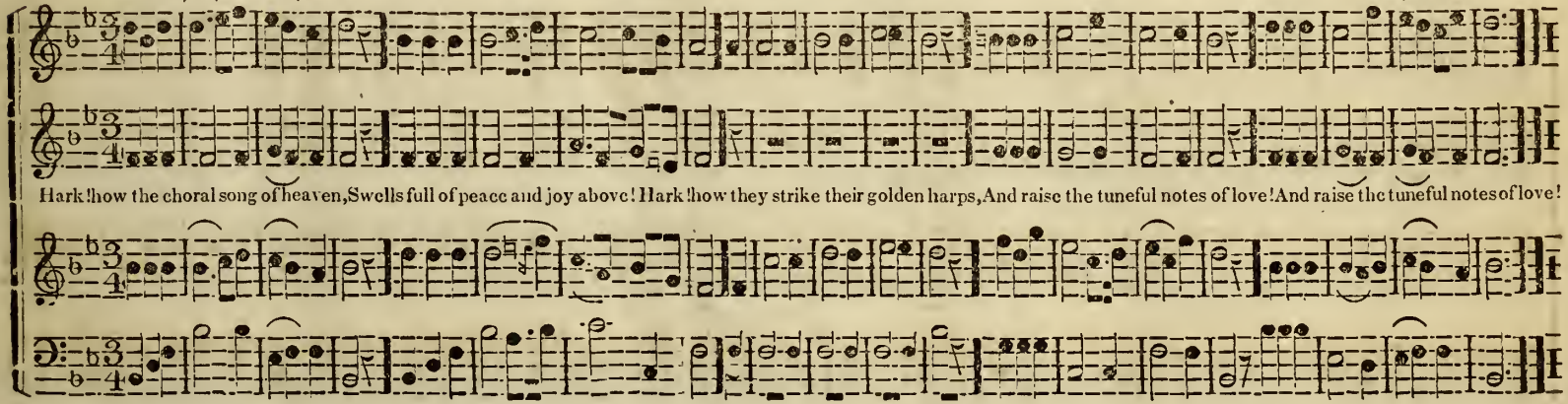
LINLEY.



138.

PARK STREET. L. M.

VENUA.



76.

HEBRON. L. M.

Andante Sostenuto.

Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his power prolongs my days; And every evening shall make known, Some fresh memoral of his grace.

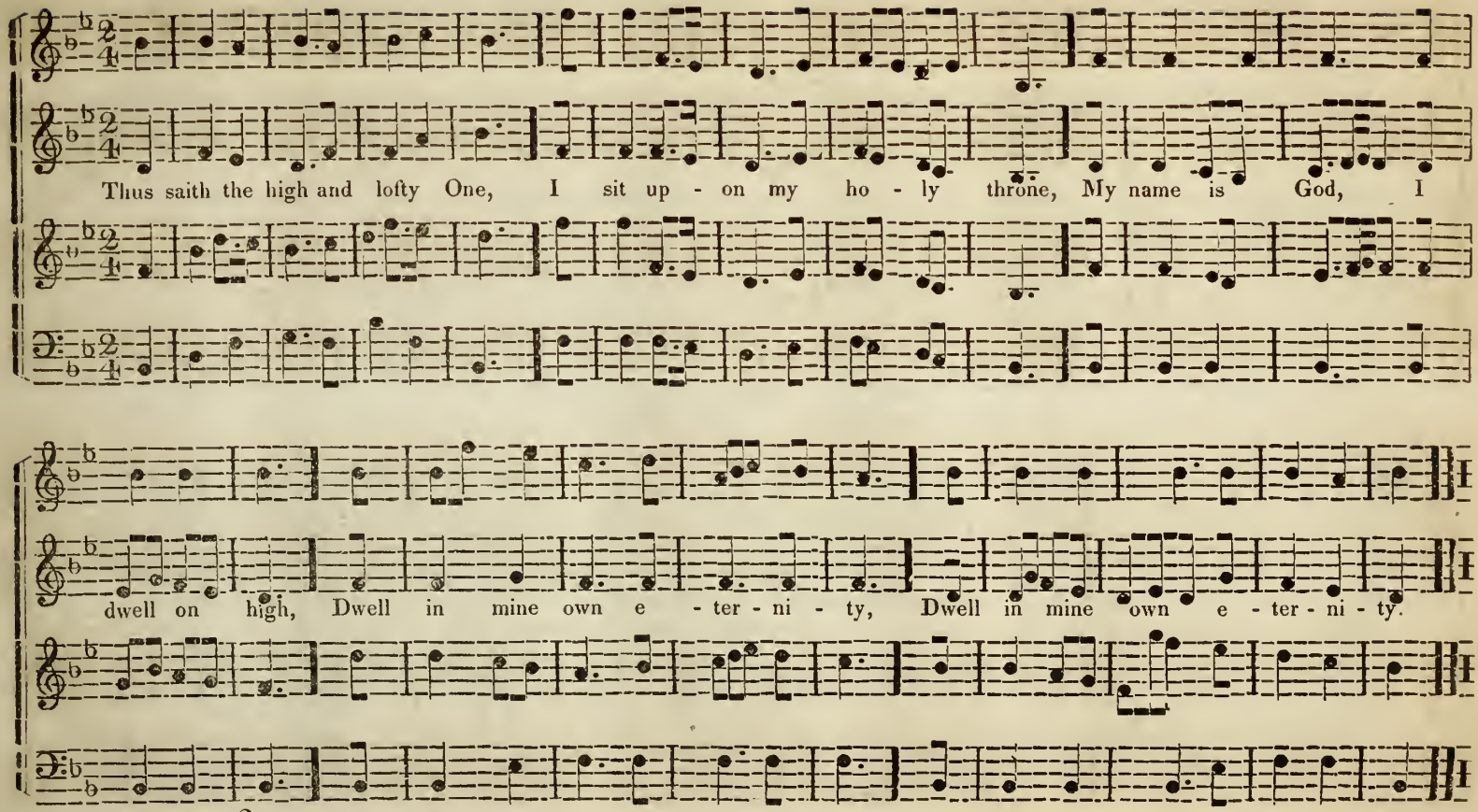
80.

GERMANY. L. M.

BEETHOVEN.

Adagio e sempre piano.

Softly the shade of evening falls, Sprinkling the earth with dewy tears; While nature's voice to slumber calls, And silence reigns amid the spheres.


Thus saith the high and lofty One, I sit up - on my ho - ly throne, My name is God, I
dwell on high, Dwell in mine own e - ter - ni - ty, Dwell in mine own e - ter - ni - ty.

♩ 112.

ANTIGUA. L. M.

The King of saints, how fair his face, Adorned with ma - jes - ty and grace! He comes with blessings from above, And wins the nations to his love.

♩ 80.

Slow.

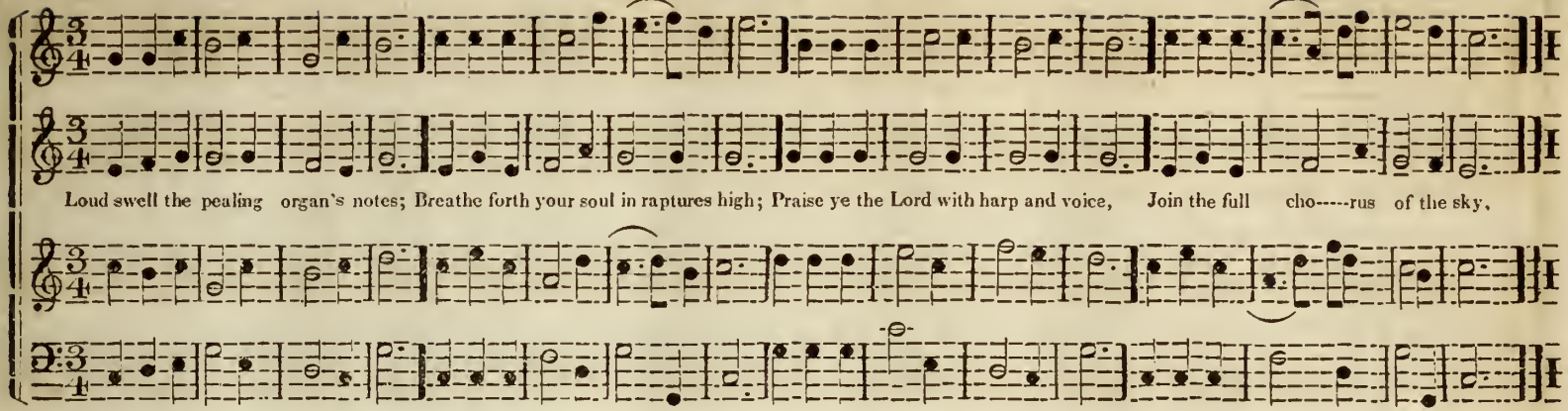
CHELSEA. L. M.

1. Blest are the humble souls, that see Their emptiness and pov - er - ty; Treasures of grace to them are given, And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

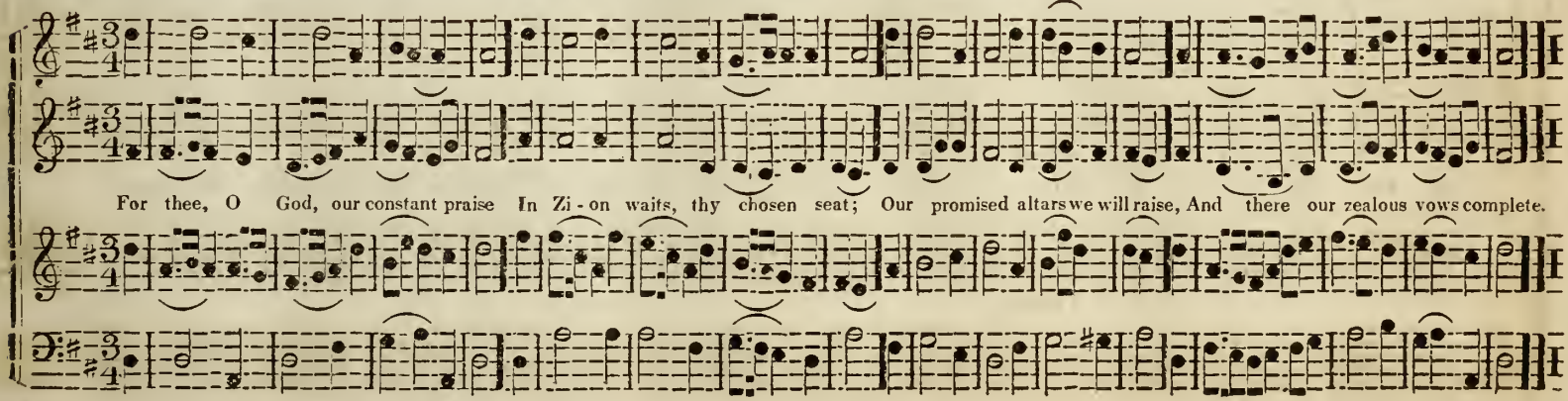
2. Blest are the men of peaceful life, Who quench the coals of burning strife; They shall be called the heirs of bliss, The sons of God, the God of peace.

3. Blest are the faithful, who partake Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake, Their souls shall triumph in the Lord, E - ternal life is their reward.

112. **MENDON. L. M.**



108. **NEW SABBATH. L. M** ISAAC SMITH.



BOSTON. L. M.

Presto.

SOLO.

My God, my King, thy - va - rious praise, Shall fill the - remnant of - my days; Thy grace employ my hum - ble tongue, Till

SOLO.

TUTTI. CRESC.

death and glo - ry raise the song, Thy grace em - ploy my hum - ble tongue, Till death and glo - ry raise the song.

TUTTI. CRESC.

Allegretto.

How pleasant, how di - - vinely fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwel - lings are; With long desire my spirit faints, To meet th'assemblies of - thy saints.

CALVIN. L. M.

Alla Capella.

SOLO. TUTTI.

A - rise! a - rise! — with joy sur - vey, The glory of the lat - ter day; Al - rea - dy is the dawn be - gun, Which marks at hand a ris - ing sun.

UNISON. SOLO. TUTTI. FINE.

Allegro Moderato.

DUNSTAN. L. M.

DR. MADAN.

1st time. 2d time.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun, Does his suc - cessive jour - nies run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. more.

1st time. 2d time.

Un poco Adagio.

GILMORE. L. M.

To thee, O Lord, I raise my cries, My fervent pray'r in mer - cy hear; For ru - in waits my trembling soul, If thou re - fuse a gracious ear.

Choral Style.

TIMSBURY. L. M.

I. SMITH.

Je - ho - vah reigns, his throne is high, His robes are light and majes - ty; His glories shine with beams so bright, No mortal can sus - tain the sight.

Allegro.

STONEFIELD. L. M.

STANLEY.

SOLO. TUTTI.

God of the seas, thine awful voice Bids all the rolling waves re - joice; And one soft word of thy - command, Can sink them silent on the sand

SOLO.

Allegro Assai.

THE SEAMAN'S SONG. L. M.

Oh praise - the - Lord in that - - blest place, - From whence his goodness large - ly flows; Praise him in heav'n where

UNISON.

he his face - - Un - veiled - - in - - - per - - - fect glo - - - ry - shows, Un - veiled in per - - fect glo - - ry shows.

UNISON.

Allegro.

WINCHELSEA. L. M.

In-cumbent on the bending sky, the Lord de-scended from on high, And bade the darkness of the pole, Beneath his feet tremendous roll.

Allegretto.

ZION'S HYMN. L. M.

SOLO. TUTTI.

Je - sus de - mands the voice of joy Loud through the land let triumph ring; His honors should your songs em - ploy, Let glorious praises hail the King.

SOLO. TUTTI.

Allegretto.

MUSIC. L. M.

DR. ARNE.

All pow'r and grace to God - be - long, He is - my strength and he - my song; He comes, my Saviour, from his throne, He comes to bring sal - va - tion down.

Vivace.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

Ye Christian he - roes, go pro - claim, Salvation in Im - manuel's name; To distant climes the tidings baar, And plant the rose of Sharon there.

Allegro Moderato.

MOUNT ARARAT. L. M.

All pow'r and grace to God belong; He is my strength and he my song: He comes, my Saviour — from his throne, He comes to bring sal - vation down.

Allegretto.

BOWEN. L. M.

HAYDN.

Up to the fields where angels lie, And living waters gent - ly roll; Fein would my thoughts as - cend on high, But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

CLYDE. L. M. [CHANT.]

2d ending.

1. Give to our God immortal praise; Mercy and truth are all his ways; Wonders of Grace to God belong; Repeat his mercies in your song.

2. He built the earth—he spread the sky, He fixed the starry lights on high: His mercies ever shall endure, When suns and moons shall shine no more.

DANVERS. L. M.

1. Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring To him who gave thee power to sing; Praise him, who is all praise above, The source of wis - dom and of love.

2. Through each bright world above, behold Ten thousand thousand charms unfold: Earth, air, and mighty seas combine, To speak his wis - dom all divine.

HAMBURG. L. M.

2d ending.

1. Kingdoms and thrones to God belong; Crown him, ye nations, in your song: His wondrous name and power rehearse; His honors shall enrich your verse.‖ *Slow & soft.*

2. God is our shield – our joy—our rest; God is our King—proclaim him blest: When terrors rise—when nation's faint, He is the strength of every saint.‖ *Slow & soft.*

MARION. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Arise! arise! with joy survey The glo - ry of the latter day: Al - ready is the dawn be - gun Which marks at hand a rising sun—Which marks at hand a rising sun!

2. Auspicious dawn! thy rising ray With joy we view, and hail the day: Great Sun of Righteousness! arise, And fill the world with glad surprise, And fill the world with glad surprise.

TATNALL. L. M.

ALTERED FROM ORLAND.

Let every creature rise and bring, Glory and honor to our King: While angels strike their lyres again, Earth shall respond the joyful strain–Earth shall respond the joyful strain.

UNISON.

WAYNE. L. M.

O, all ye people, clap your hands, And with triumphant voices sing; No force the mighty power withstands, Of God the u - - niversal King—Of God the u - - niversal King.

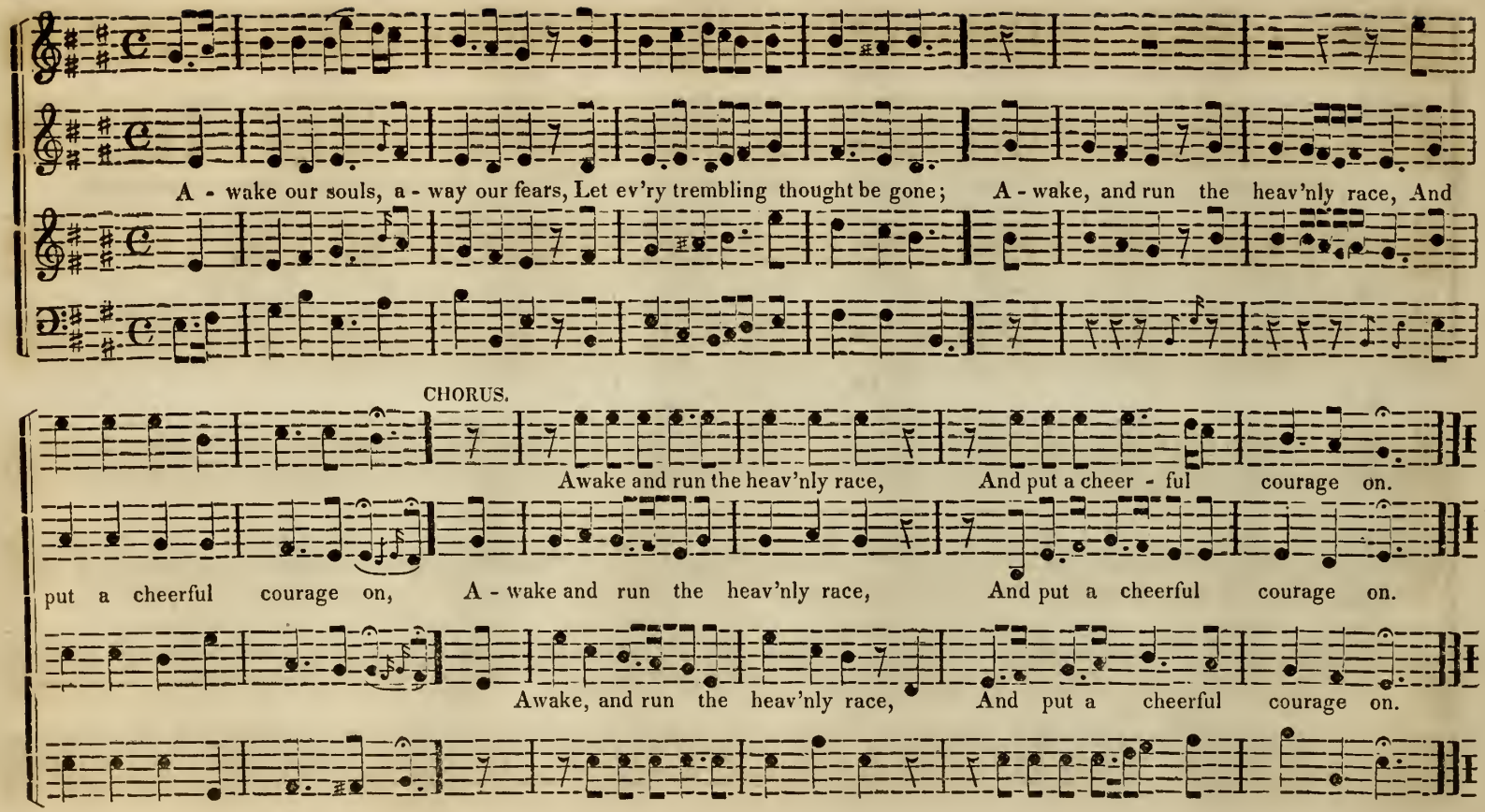
88. **SLADE. L. M.**

Sweet is the work, my God, my King; To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night

88. **WAKEFIELD. L. M.**

Come, weary souls with sin distrest, Come and accept the promis'd rest; The Saviour's gacious call o - bey, And cast your gloomy fears away.

EATON. L. M.


A - wake our souls, a - way our fears, Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone; A - wake, and run the heav'nly race, And
CHORUS.
Awake and run the heav'nly race, And put a cheer - ful courage on.
put a cheerful courage on, A - wake and run the heav'nly race, And put a cheerful courage on.
Awake, and run the heav'nly race, And put a cheerful courage on.

I will ex - tol thee, Lord, on high, At thy command dis - eas - es fly; Who, but a God, can speak and save, From the dark borders of the grave?

UNISON.

VANHALL'S HYMN. L. M.

Mod. Expressivo.

O render thanks to God above, The object of e - ternal love; His mercies firm thro' ages past Have stood, and shall for ever last, Have stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise,
His tribute of immortal praise.

mp 3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
mf Let thy salvation visit me.

f 4 Oh render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past
Has stood [illegible]

Allegro Moderato.

SOUTH BOSTON. L. M. OR L. P. M.

He reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns, Sing to his name in lof - ty strains; Let all the earth in songs rejoice, And

in his praise ex - alt their voice. Let all the earth in songs rejoice, And in his praise ex - alt their voice.

WARRINGTON. L. M.

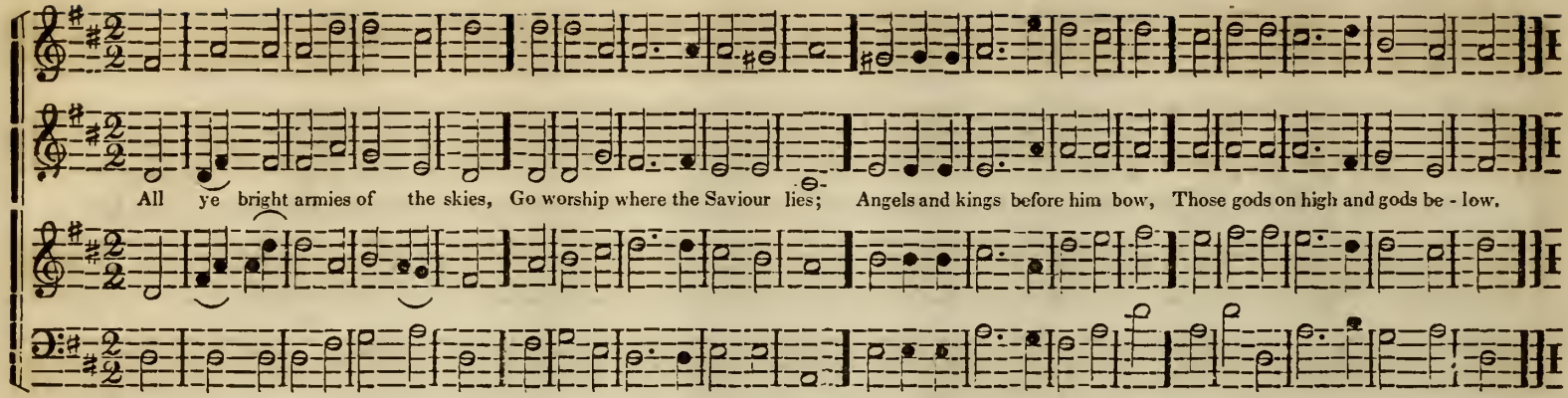
Just are thy ways, and true thy word, Great Rock of my secure abode; Who is a God beside the Lord, Or where's a refuge like my God.

SHERBURNE. L. M.

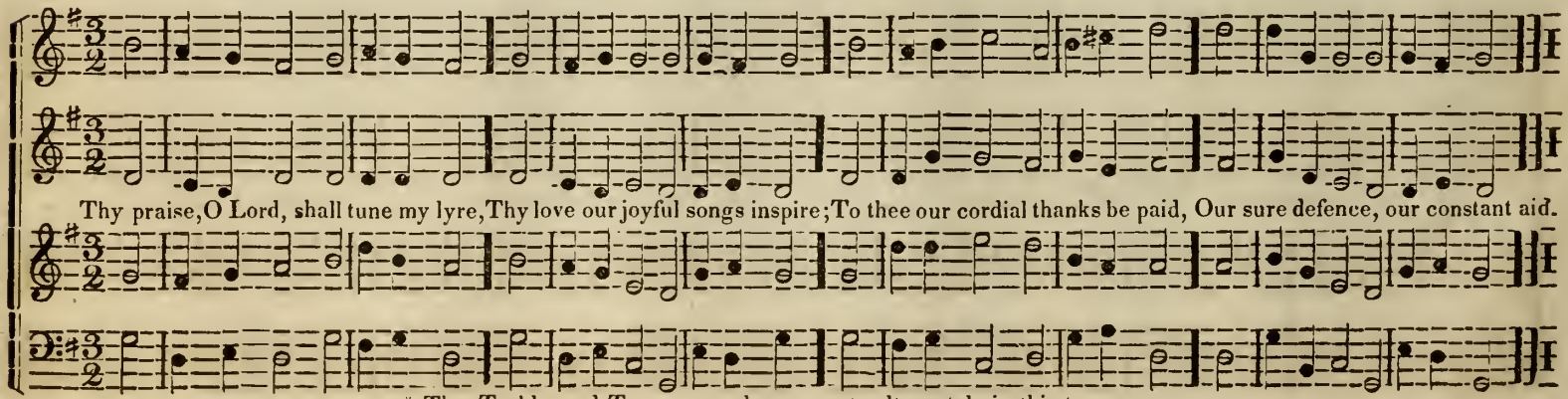
To God our voices let us raise, And loudly chant the joyful strain; That rock of strength—O let us praise, Whence free salvation we ob - tain.

ARNHEIM. L. M.

ALTERED FROM S. HOLYOKE.



ROCKINGHAM. L. M.*



* The Treble and Tenor may change parts alternately in this tune.

Affetuoso.

ELIM. L. M.

The God of love will sure in-dulge The flow-ing tear, the hea-ving sigh, When his own chil-dren fall around, Or ten-der friends and kin-dred die.

Vigroso.

GREENE. L. M.

Arm of the Lord, a-wake, a-wake! Put on thy strength, the na-tions shake; And let the earth a-do-ring see, Triumphs of mer-cy wrought by thee.

ASHFIELD. L. M.

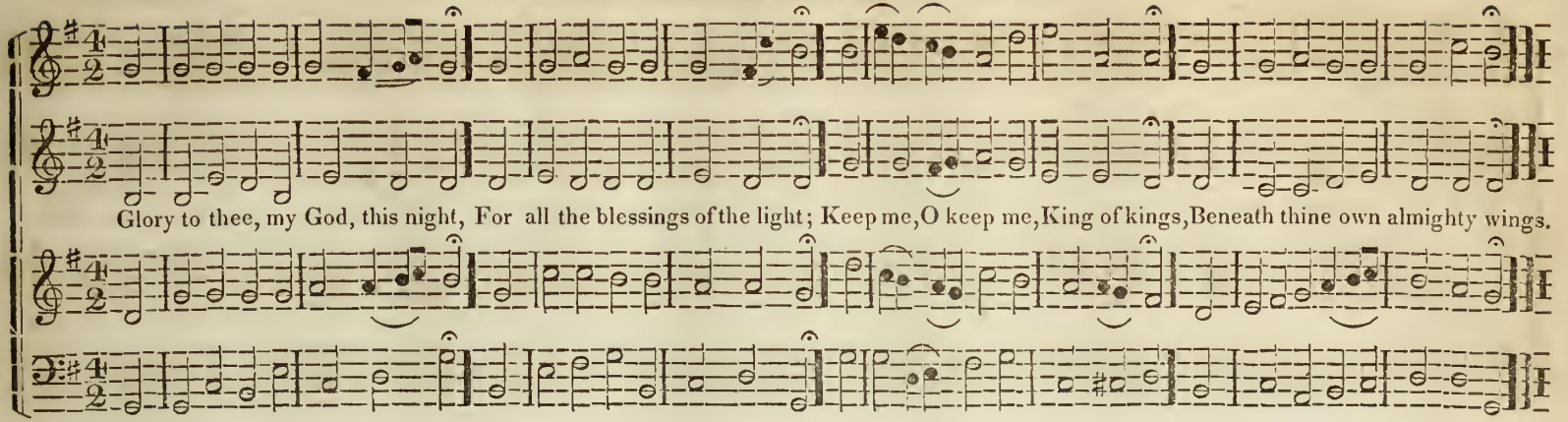
2d ending.

Deep in our hearts let us record, The deeper sorrows of our Lord; Behold the rising billows roll, To overwhelm his holy soul.

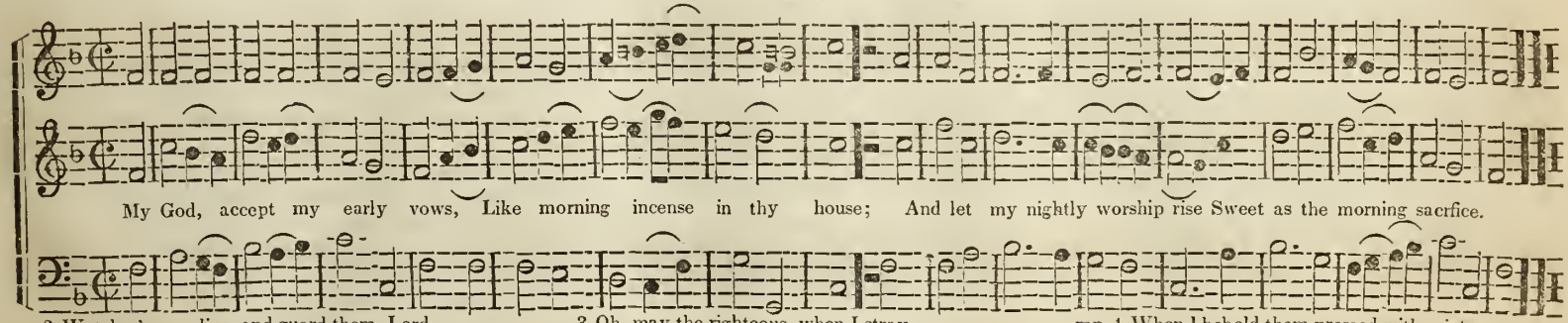
WELLS. L. M.

HOLDRAYD.

Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'in-sure a great re-ward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may re - turn.



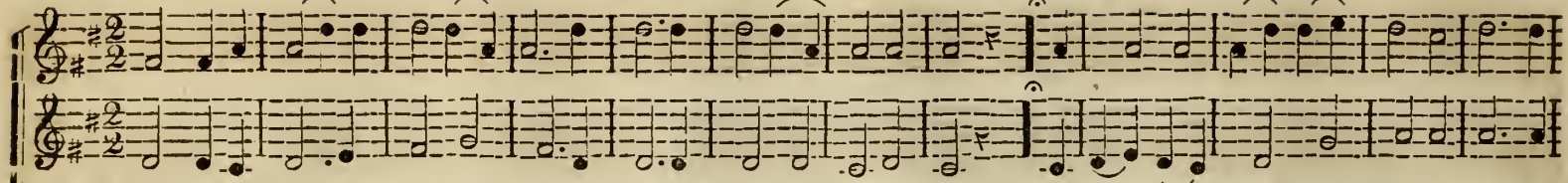
ALFRETON L. M.



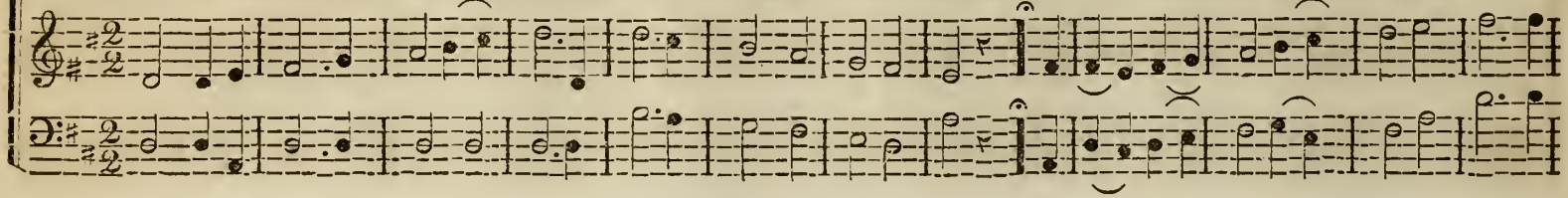
2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path, where sinners lead.

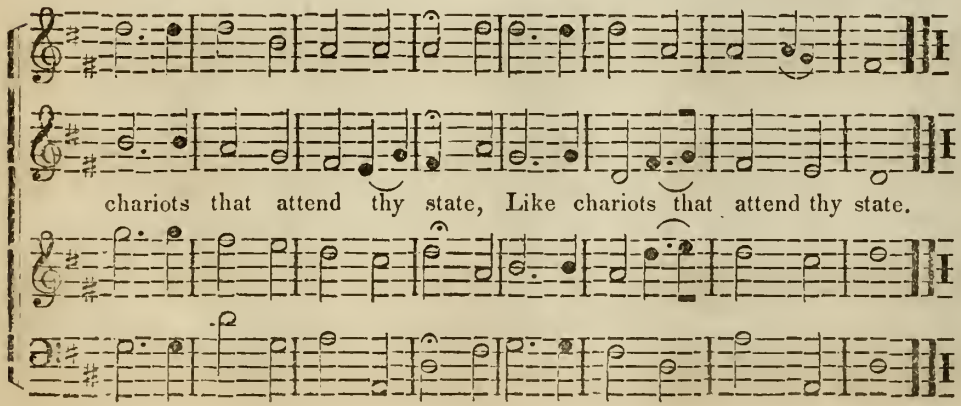
3 Oh, may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite, and reprove my wandering way;
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

mp 4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions, prove
mf How much I prize their faithful love.



1. Lord, when thou didst as - cend on high, Ten thou-sand an - gels fill'd the sky; Those hea - v'nly guards a - round thee wait, Like



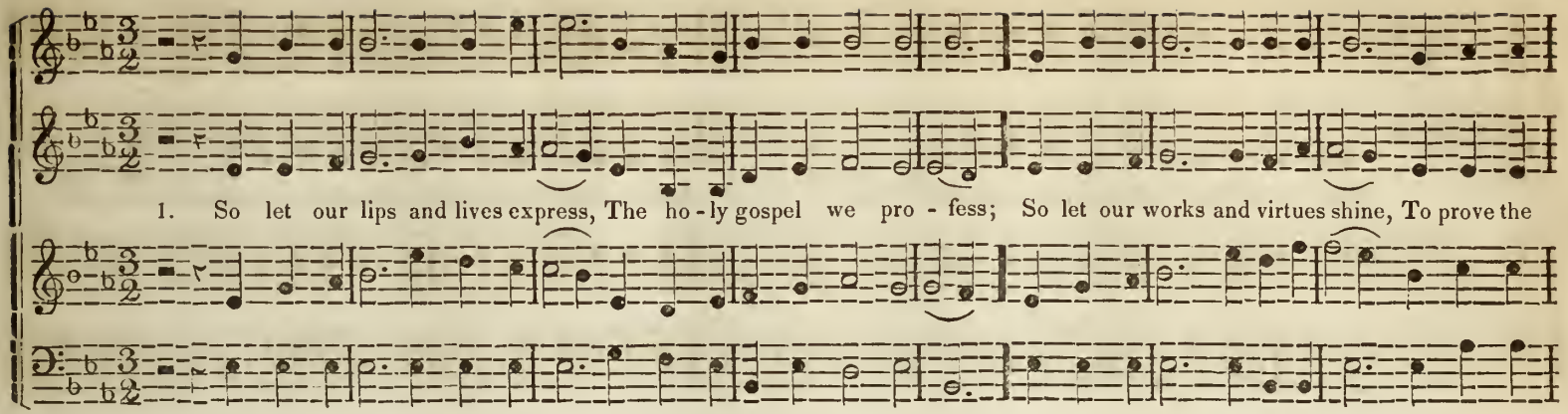


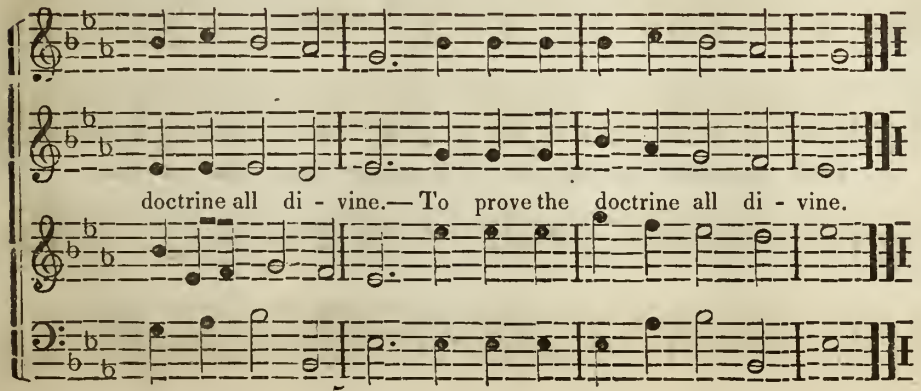
chariots that attend thy state, Like chariots that attend thy state.

2.
Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounced his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3.
How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellous powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4.
Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.





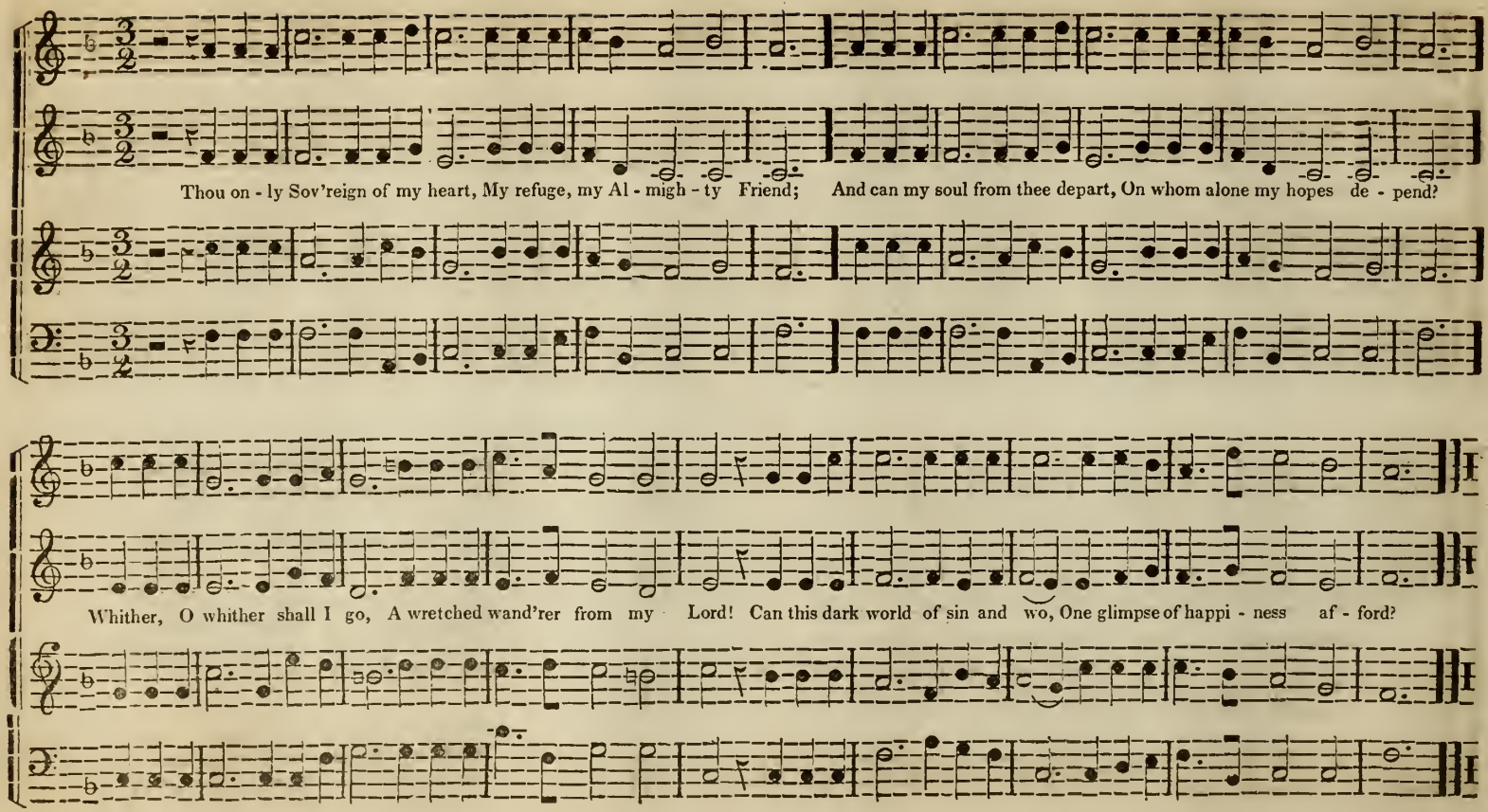
5

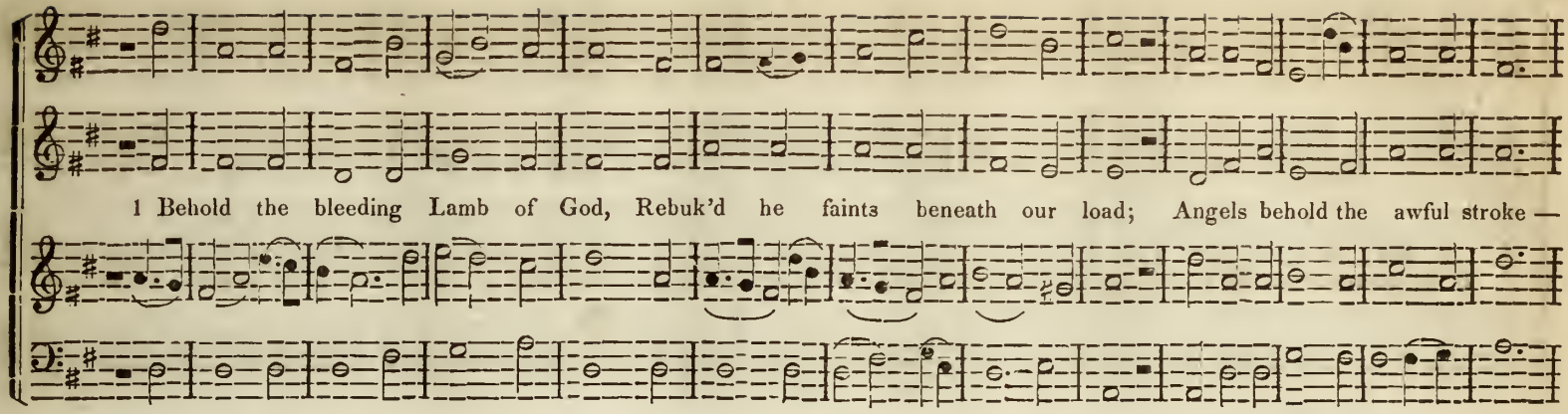
2.
Thus shall we best proclaim abroad,
The honors of our Saviour God;
While his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

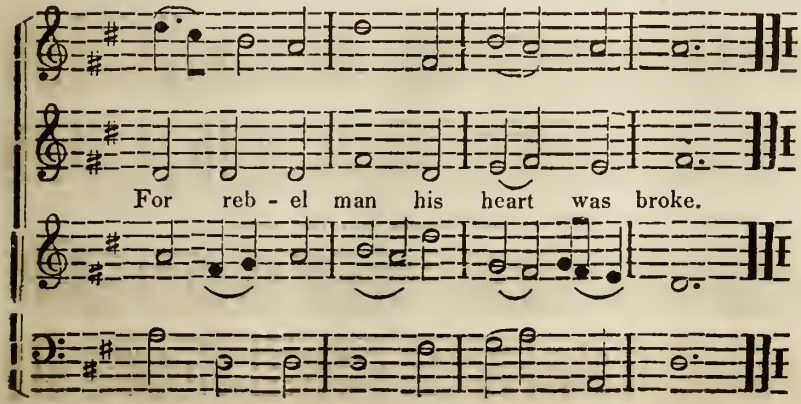
3.
[Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth aud love
Our inward piety approve.]

4.
Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

EUXINE. L. M. (DOUBLE.) Kl—ff.







2 While on death's borders dark we strayed,
On him the world's vast sin was laid;
Redemption's countless price to pay,
He bore our woe and guilt away.

3 Cold midnight knew the Victim's pain;
Creation sighed when Christ was slain:
Shall man's cold heart ingrate despise
The world-redeeming Sacrifice?

4 Great Sacrifice of noblest blood,
Thou hast redeemed our souls to God:
With anthems here, and songs above,
We'll praise thy bleeding, boundless love.

HANOVER. L. M.

1. *Aff* Show pity, Lord—O Lord, forgive, Let a repent - ing reb - el live; Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in thee?

2. My crimes are great—but can't surpass The power and glory of thy grace: Great God, thy nature hath no bound, So let thy pardoning love be found.

Legato e Piano.

WARD. L. M.

2d ending.

There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God! Life, love, and joy still gliding through, And watering our divine abode.

QUITO. L. M.

Who is this stranger in distress,, That travels through this wilderness? Oppressed with sorrow and with sin On her beloved Lord she leans—On her beloved Lord she leans.

Maestoso. Pia.

BERLIN. L. M.

H.

God is a King of pow'r unknown, Firm are the or - ders of his throne; If he resolves who dare op-pose, Or ask him why or what he does!

BRATTLE STREET. C. M.

PLEYEL.

1. While thee I seek, protecting Power! Be my vain wishes stilled; And may this conse - crated hour With better hopes be filled.

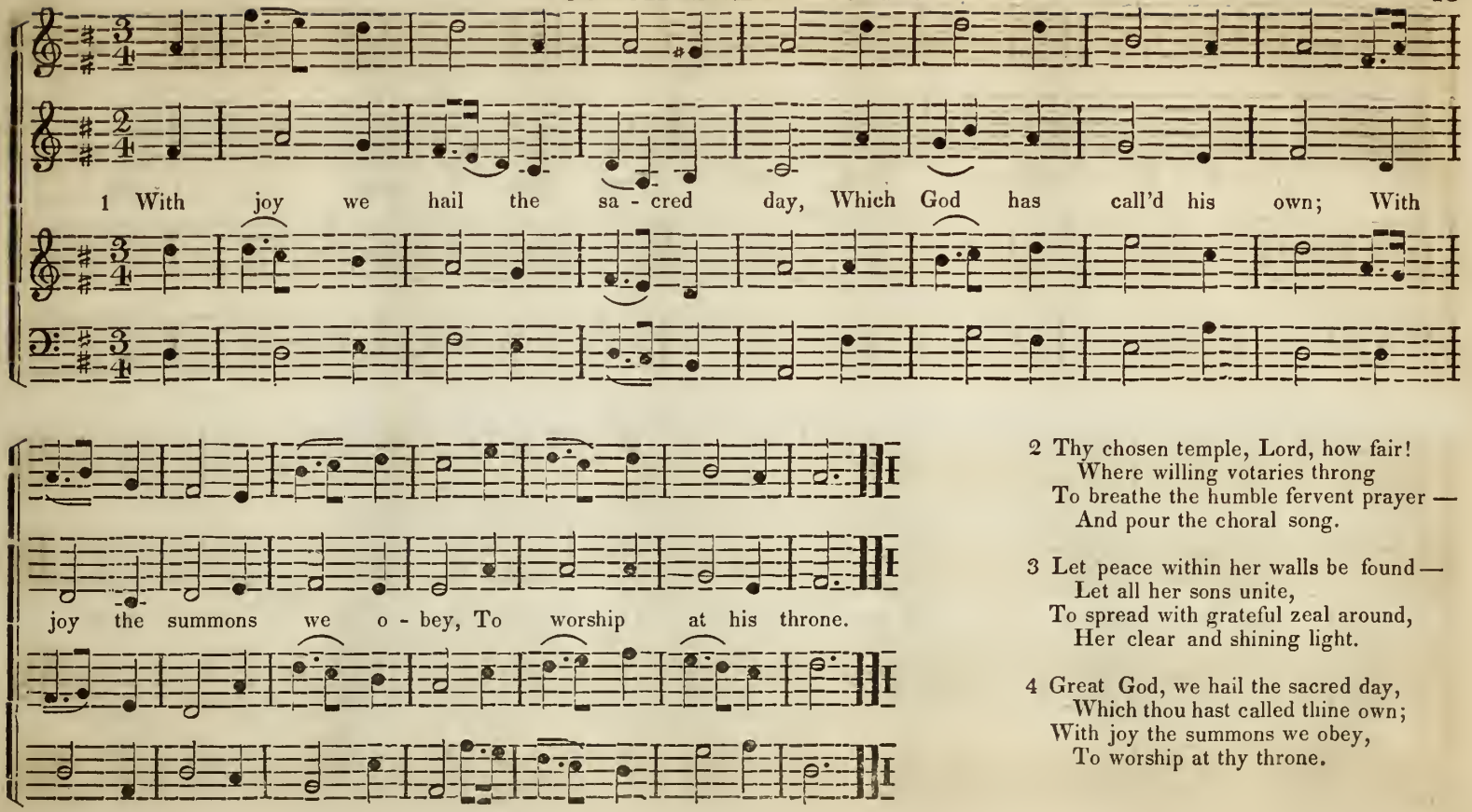
2. In each e - vent of life, how clear Thy ruling hand I see! Each blessing to my soul most dear, Because conferred by thee.

3. When gladness wings my favored hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Resigned when storms of sorrow lower, My soul shall meet thy will.

1. Thy love the power of thought bestowed; To thee my thoughts would soar: Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed; That mercy I a - dore.

2. In every joy that crowns my days, In every pain I bear, My heart shall find delight in praise,, Or seek relief in prayer,

3. My lifted eye, without a tear, The gathering storm shall see *mf* My steadfast heart shall know no fear; That heart will rest on thee.

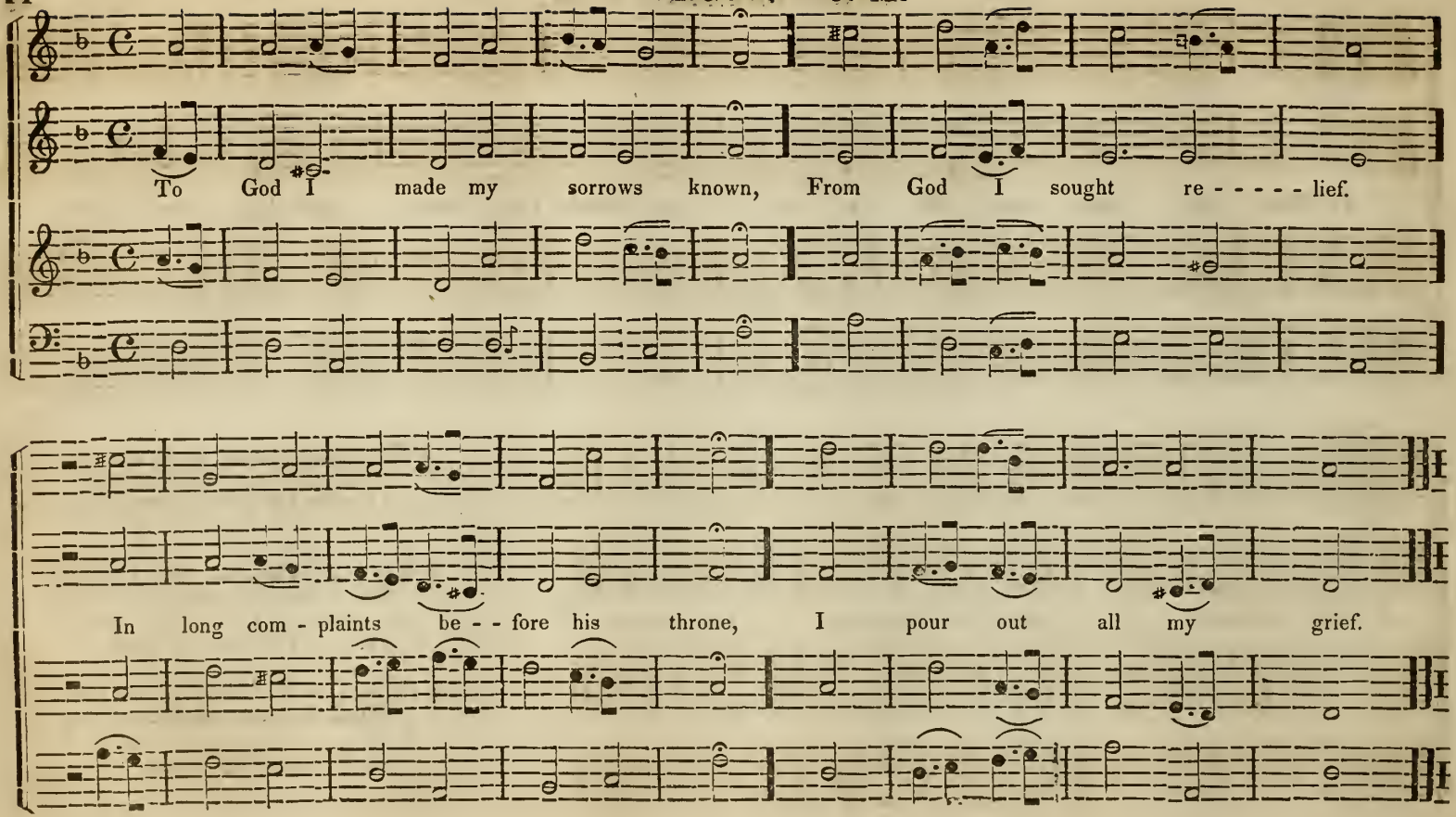


2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble fervent prayer —
And pour the choral song.

3 Let peace within her walls be found —
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

4 Great God, we hail the sacred day,
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

BANGOR, C. M.


To God I made my sorrows known, From God I sought re - - - - - lief.
In long com - plaints be - - fore his throne, I pour out all my grief.

1 Life is a span — a fleet - ing hour— How soon the va - - - por flies!

Man is a ten - - der, transient flow'r, That e'en in blooming dies.

2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
Aud nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
mf Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears
Thy Saviour dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears—
There joys shall never die.

CHESTER. C. M.

Pia. *Cresc.*

1 How sweet the name of Je - - sus sounds In a be - - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sorrows,

Pia.

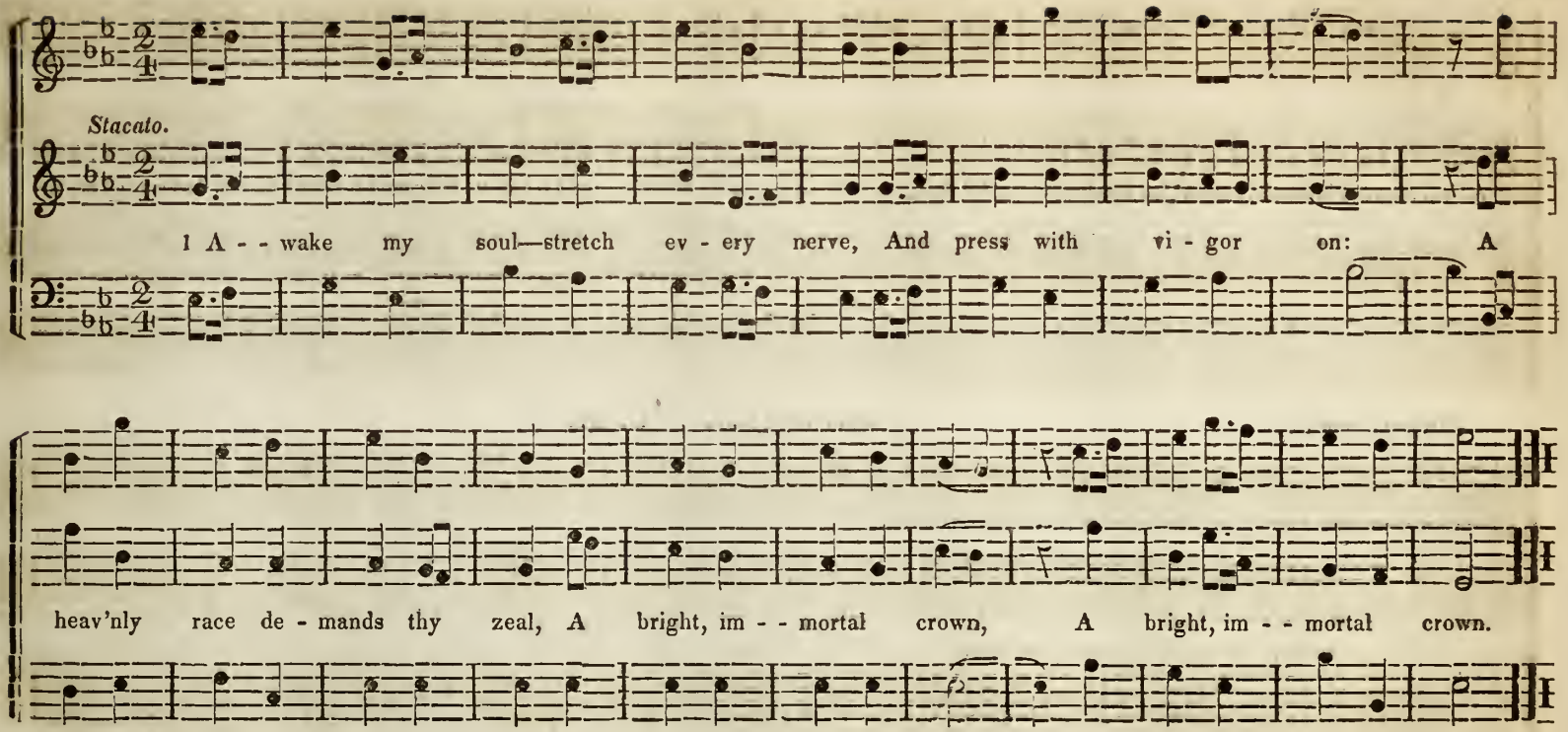
heals his wounds, and drives a - way his fear, and drives a - way his fear.

Pia.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 By him, my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.



2 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey:—
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour—introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.

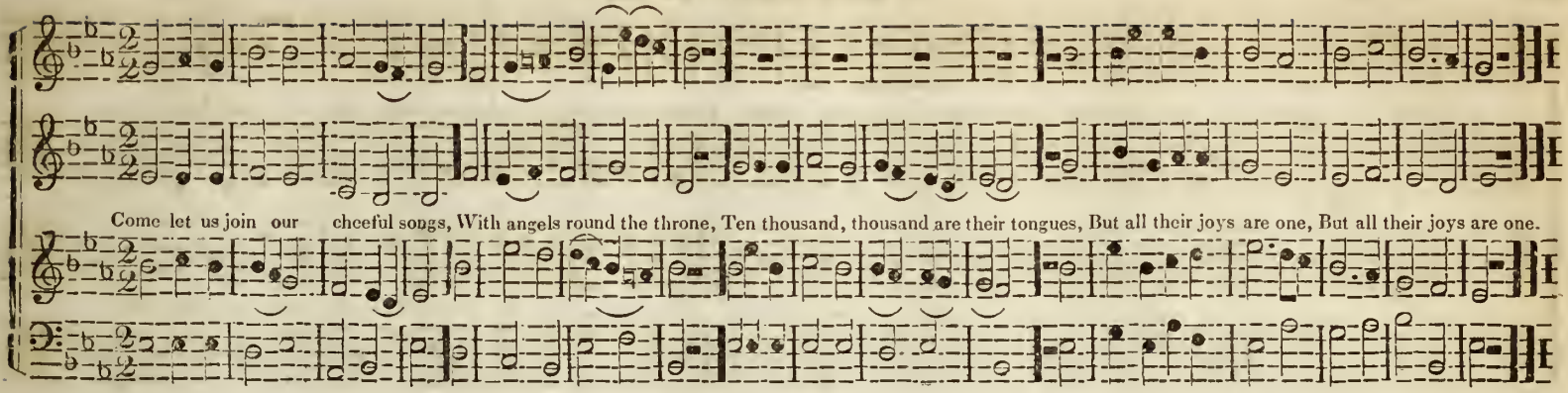
All hail the great Immanuel's name! Let angels prostrate fall: Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all—Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him, &c.

Allegro Assai.

HUMMEL. C. M.

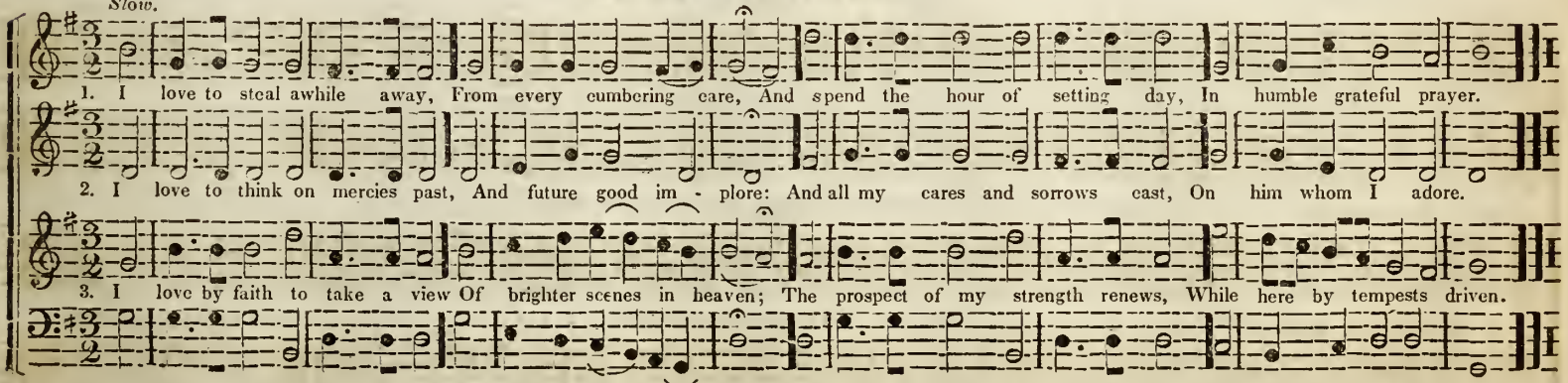
Awake, ye saints, to praise your King, your sweetest passions raise; Your pi - ous pleas - ure, while you sing, increasing with the praise.

WESTFORD. C. M.



WOODSTOCK. C. M.

J. DUTTON. JR.



LABNA. C. M.

1. To God address the joyful psalm, Who wondrous things hath done; Whose own right hand, and holy arm, The vic - tory have won.

2. *mp* The promised Saviour meekly came, And man's full ran - som paid; Again he comes, his own to claim, In awful pomp arrayed.

WARWICK. C. M.

STANLEY.
2d ending.

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear, My voice as - cending high; To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.

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

4. *mf* But to thy house will I resort, To taste thy mercies there; I will frequent thine holy court, - - - - - - - - - - - And worship in thy fear.

BALLERMA. L. M.

Oh happy is the man who hears, Instruction's warning voice; And who celestial wisdom makes, His ear - ly on - ly choice.

ARCHDALE. C. M.

ANDREW LAW.

When God revealed his gracious name, And changed my mournful state, My rapture seemed a pleasing dream, The grace appeared so great.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE.

2d ending.

This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours his own; Let heaven rejoice—let earth be glad, And praise surround his throne.

DEDHAM. C. M.

1. Whence do our mournful thou ghts arise? And where's our courage fled? Has restlss sin, and raging hell Struck all our comforts dead?

2. Have we forgot th' ahmighty name That formed the earth and sea? And can an all-creating arm Grow weary or decay?

3. Almigty strength and boundless grace In our Jehovah dwell! He gives the conquest to the weak. And treads their foes to hell.

4. Mere mortal power shall fade and die, And youthful vigor cease; But we, that wait upon the Lord, Shall feel our strength increase.

CHELMSFORD. C. M.

WESTERN AIR.

1 O, how can praise my tongue em - ploy while darkness reigns with - in? How can my soul exult for joy, which feels this load of sin?

2 If falling tears and ris - ing sighs in triumph share a part; Then, Lord, behold these streaming eyes, and search this bleeding heart.

3 My soul forgets to use her wings; My harp neg - lect - ed lies; For sin has brok - en all its strings, And guilt shuts up my joys.

4 The pow'r, the sweetness of thy voice Alone my heart can move; Make me in Christ, my Lord, rejoice, And melt my soul to love.

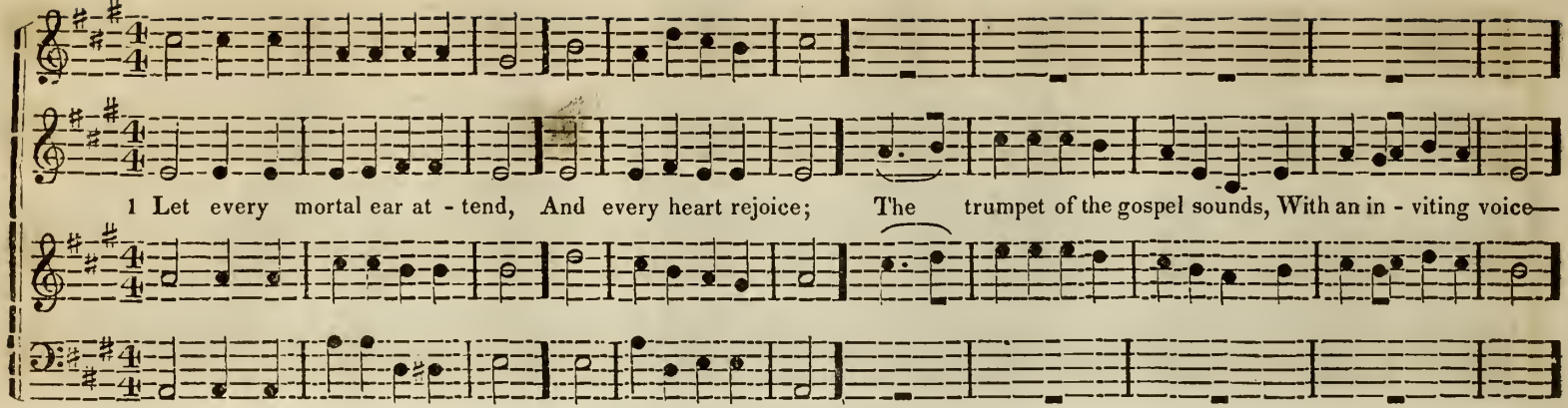
92.

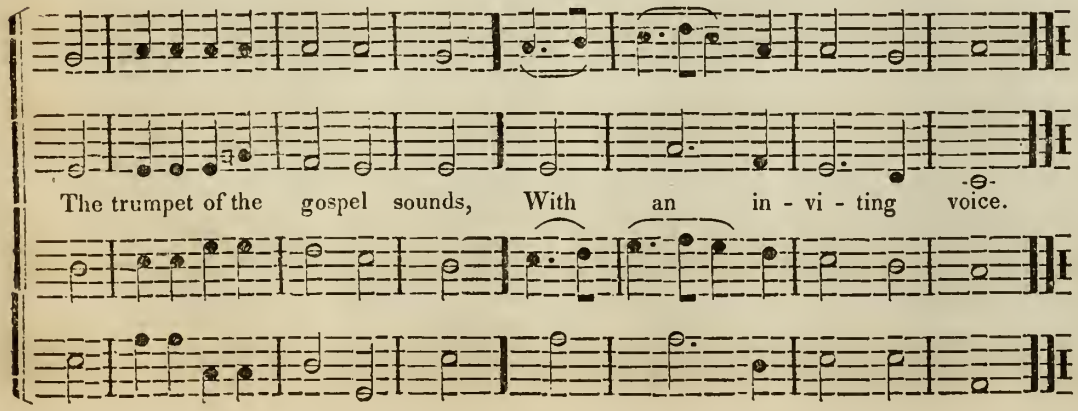
CLARENDON. C. M.

ISAAC. TUCKER.

What shall I render to my God, For all his kindness shown? My feet shall visit thine abode, My songs address thy throne.

RINDGE. C. M.





2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill th' immortal mind,—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die—
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

Allegretto.—Un Poco Staccato.

MILETUS. C. M.

[HYMN CHANT.]

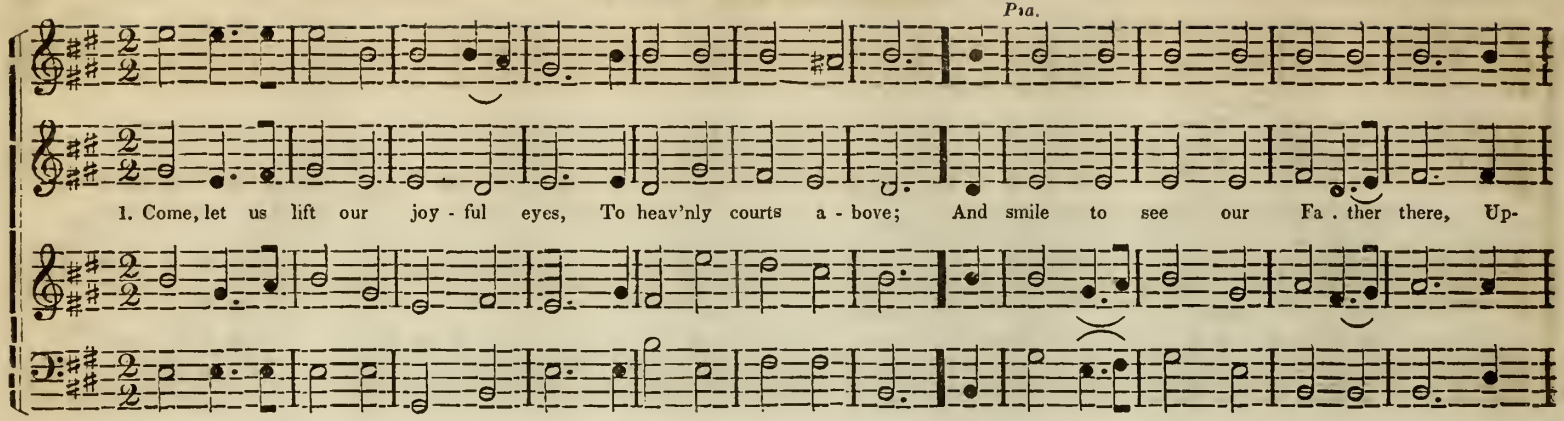
Thy goodness, Lord, our souls con - fess, Thy goodness we a - dore; A spring whose blessings nev - er fail, A sea without a shore.

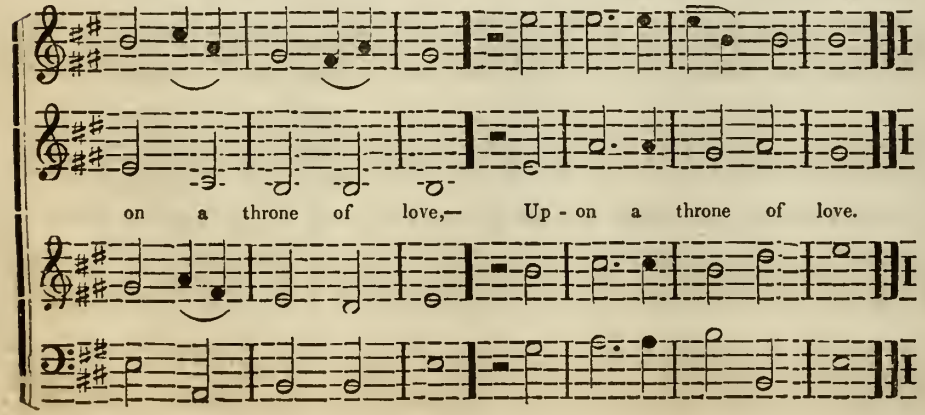
UNISON.

ORLEANS. C. M.

OLD PAROCHIAL.

O for an over - flow - ing faith, To cheer my dy - ing hours; To triumph o'er the monster death, and all his frightful pow's.

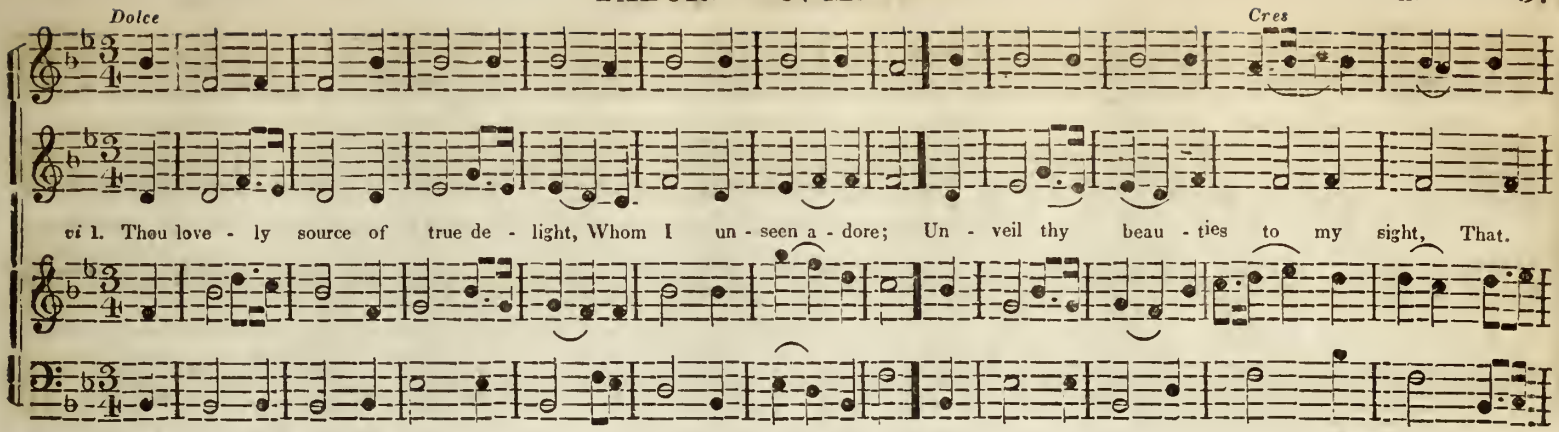


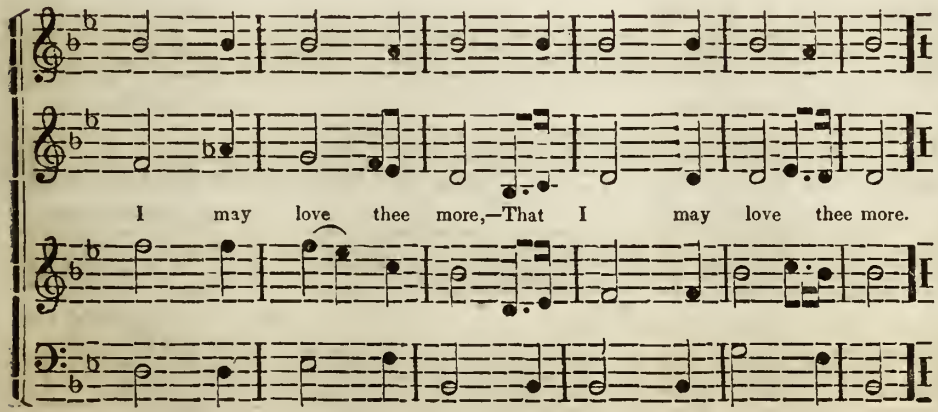


p 2 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood
That calm'd his frowning face;
ag That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

p 3 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
Are open'd by the Son;
f High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' Almighty throne.

4 To thee, ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high:
And glory to th' Eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.





2. Thy glory o'er creation shines:
But in thy sacred word,
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3. Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

mp. 4. But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain:
aff. My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

d 5. Jesus, my Lord, my Life, my Light,
Oh come with blissful ray,
vi Break radiant through the clouds of night,
And chase my fears away.

NICHOLS. C. M.

1. Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord, Your great Deliverer sing: Ye pilgrims, now for Zi - on bound, Be joyful in your King—Be joyful in your king.

2. His hand di - vine shall lead you on, Through all the blissful road; Till to the sacred mount you rise, And see your gracious God—And see your gracious God.

3. Bright garlands of immor - tal joy Shall bloom on every head; While sorrow, sighing, and distress,—Like shadows, all are fled—Like shadows, all are fled.

4. March on, in your Redeemer's strength, Pursue his footsteps still; With joyful hope still fix your eye On Zion's heavenly hill—On Zion's heavenly hill.

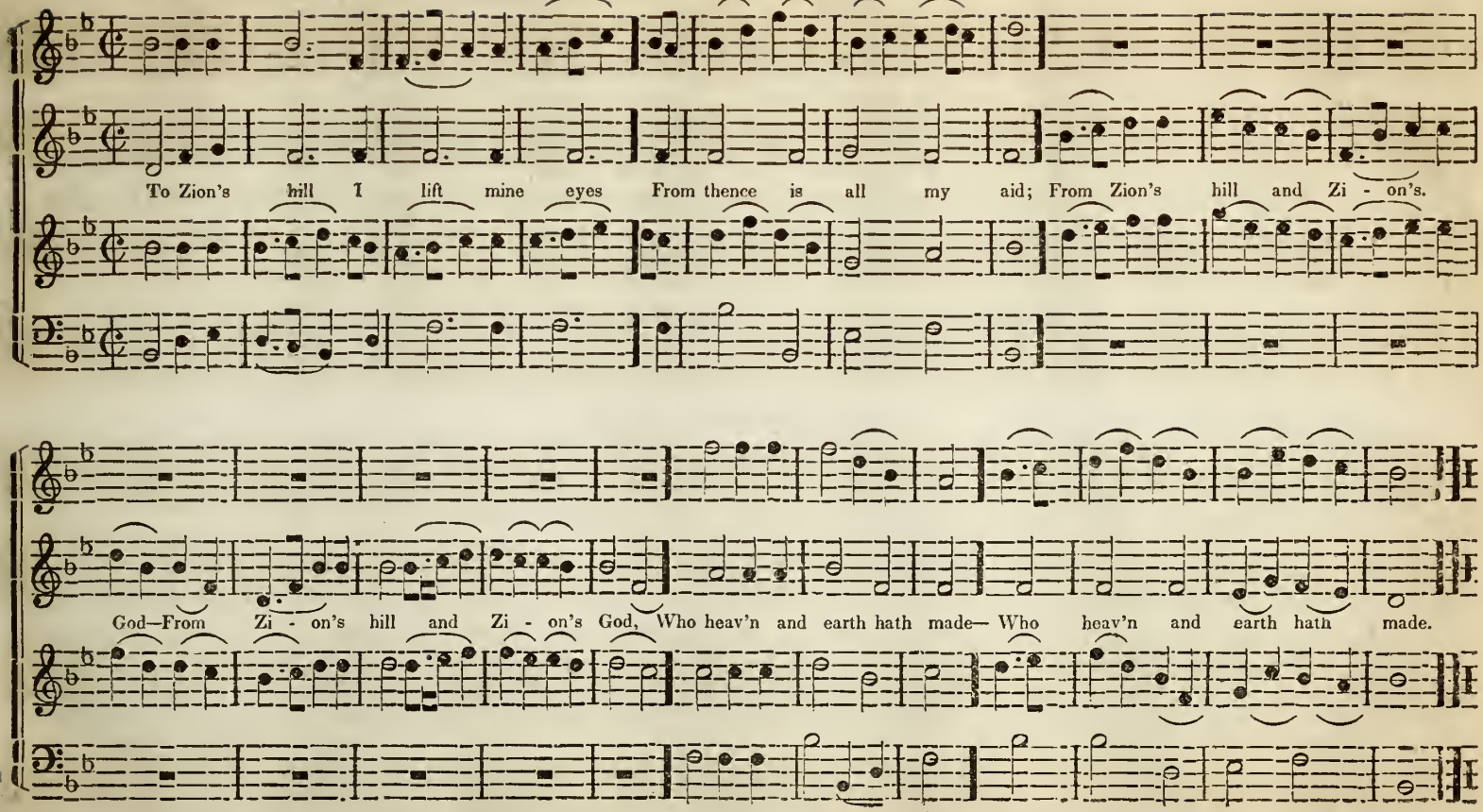
MERIDEN. C. M.

TH. CLARK.

1. Sing, all ye nations, to the Lord, Sing with a joyful noise; With melody of sound record. His honors and your joys.

2. Sing to the power that formed the sky, How terrible art thou! Sinners before thy presence fly, Or at thy feet they bow.

3. Oh bless our God, and never cease; Ye saints, fulfil his praise; He keeps our life—maintains our peace, And guides our doubtful ways.


To Zion's hill I lift mine eyes From thence is all my aid; From Zion's hill and Zi - on's.
God—From Zi - on's hill and Zi - on's God, Who heav'n and earth hath made— Who heav'n and earth hath made.

PATMOS. C. M. ARRANGED FROM A GREGORIAN CHANT.

1. Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name, And in his strength rejoice; When his salvation is our theme, Ex - alt - ed be our voice.

2. With thanks, approach his awful sight, And psalms of honor - sing; The Lord's a God of boundless might, The whole creation's King.

3. Come—and with humble souls, adore, Come—kneel before his - face: Oh may the creatures of his power Be child - ren of his grace!

4. Now is the time—he bends his ear, And waits for your request; Come—lest he rouse his wrath—and swear, "Ye shall not see my rest."

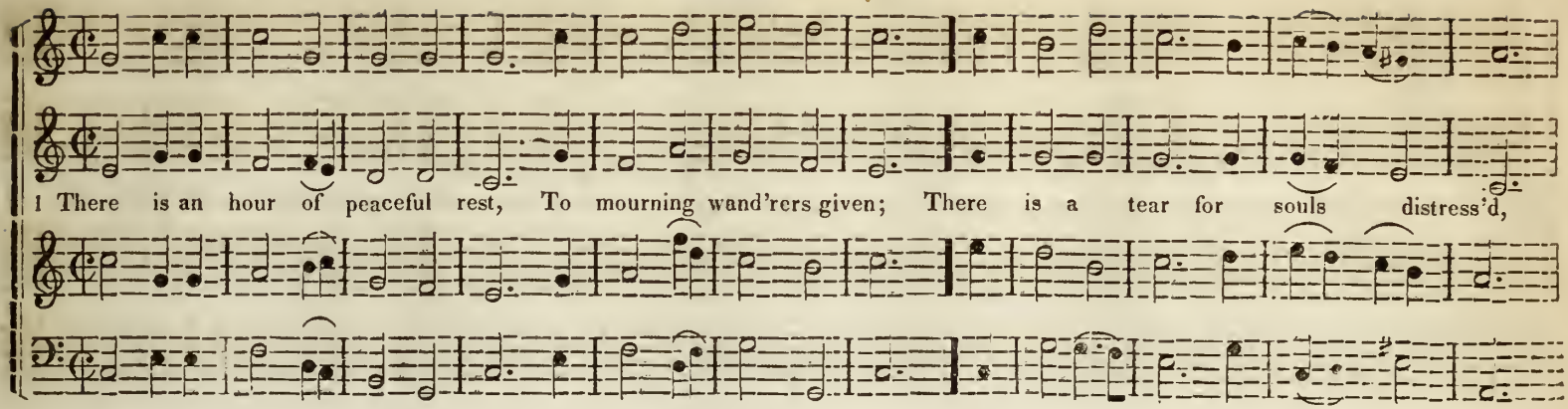
MARTYRS. C. M.

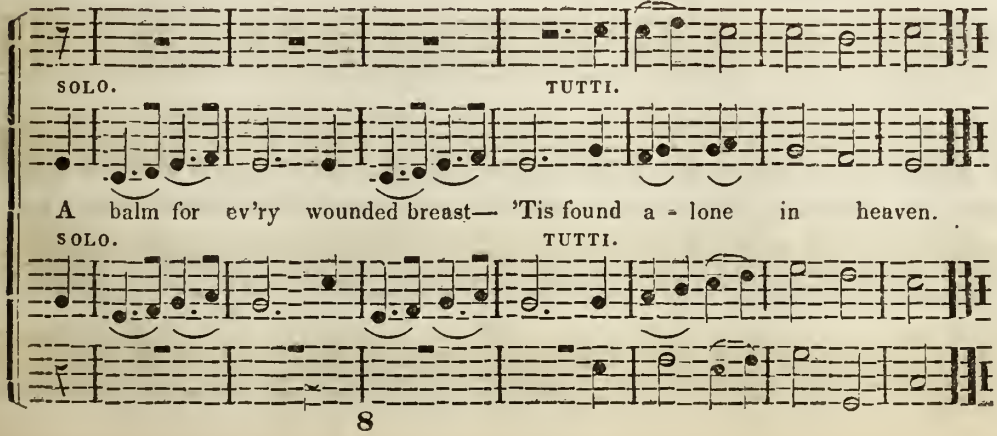
1. Thee we adore, E - ter - nal name; And humbly own to thee, How feeble is our mor - tal frame, What dying worms are we!

2. The year rolls round and steals away The breath that first it gave; Whate'er we do—where'er we be, We're travelling to the grave.

3. Great God! on what a slender thread Hang everlasting things! Th'eternal state of all the dead Upon life's feeble strings!

4. Eternal joy—or end - less woe Attends on every breath! And yet how un - concerned we go Upon the brink of death!





2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise—and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom,
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn—of heaven.

TEMPLETON. C. M.

Mortals awake! with angels join, And chant the cheerful lay—And chant, &c. Joy, love and gratitude combine, To hail th'auspicious day—To hail, &c.

AVON. C. M.

SCOTTISH.

O Thou whose tender mercy hears, contrition's humble sigh; Whose hand indulgent wipes the tear From sorrows' weeping eye.

Moderato Legatto.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

Dim. *Cres.*

1 Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthron'd Up - on the Savior's brow; His head with radient glories crown'd, His

lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - - flow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

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

HENRY. C. M.

S. P. POND.

1. 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of e - ter - nal Power; The sea grows calm at thy command, And tem - pests cease to roar.

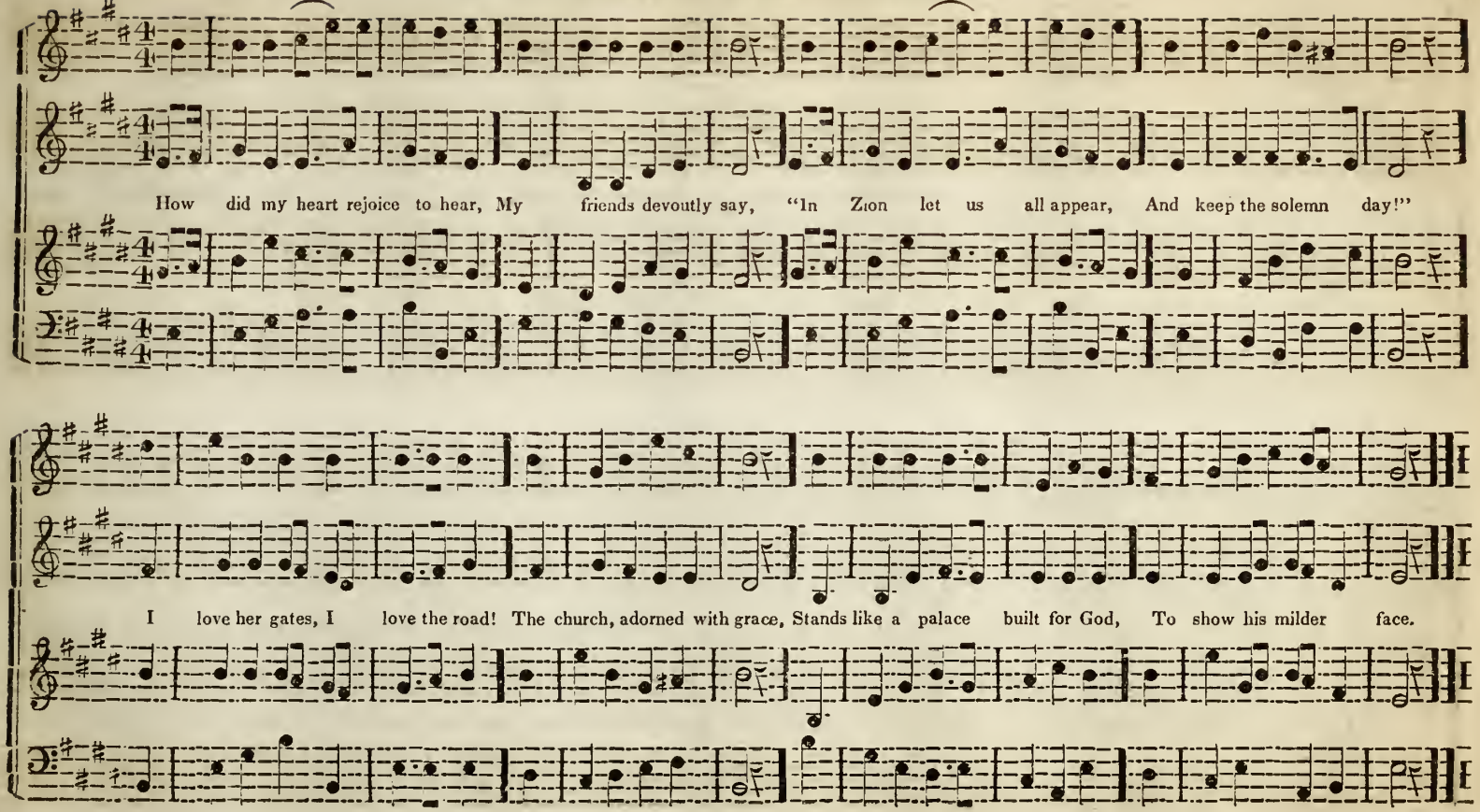
2. Thy morning light and ev'ning shade Successive comforts bring; Thy plenteous fruits make harvests glad, Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.

3. Seasons and times, and moons and hours, Heav'n, earth, and air are thine; When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs, The author is Divine.

4. Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky, Borne by the winds around, With wat'ry treasures well supply The furrows of the ground.

ALEXANDRIA. C. M.

Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Behold my heart and see: And turn each worthless idol out, That dares to rival thee.


How did my heart rejoice to hear, My friends devoutly say, "In Zion let us all appear, And keep the solemn day!"
I love her gates, I love the road! The church, adorned with grace, Stands like a palace built for God, To show his milder face.

BRIMFIELD. C. M. [DOUBLE.]

1. O all ye lands, in God rejoice, To him your thanks belong; In strains of gladness, raise your voice, In loud and joyful song.

2. For he is gracious, just and good; His mercy ever sure, Through ages past has ever stood, And ever shall endure.

P. F.

3. Oh, enter ye his courts with praise, His love to all proclaim; To God the song of triumph raise, And mag - ni - fy his name.

4. O all ye lands, in God rejoice, To him your thanks belong; In strains of gladness, raise your voice, In loud and joyful song.

UNISON.

NEWTON. C. M.

1. I'll bless the Lord from day to day; How good are all his ways! Ye humble souls that use to pray, Come help my lips to praise.

2. Sing to the honor of his name; In deep distress I cried; Nor was my hope exposed to shame, Nor was my suit denied.

3. I told the Lord my sore distress, With heavy groans and tears; He gave my sharpest sorrows ease, And silenced all my fears.

4. Oh sinners, come and taste his love; Come learn his pleasant ways, And let your own experience prove The sweetness of his grace.

ALBANY. C. M.

1. Sweet was the time, when first I felt The Saviour's pardoning blood, Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

2. Soon as the morn the light revealed, His praises tuned my tongue; And when the evening shades prevailed, His love was all my song.

3. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord, And saw his glory shine; And when I read his holy word, I called each promise mine.

4. But now—when evening shade prevails—My soul in darkness mourns: And when the morn the light reveals, No light to me - returns.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.

2d ending.

1. *p.* Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn-ing flower! When blasting winds sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.

2. *mf.* But thy compassions, Lord, To endless years en - dure; And children's children ever find, Thy words of promise sure.

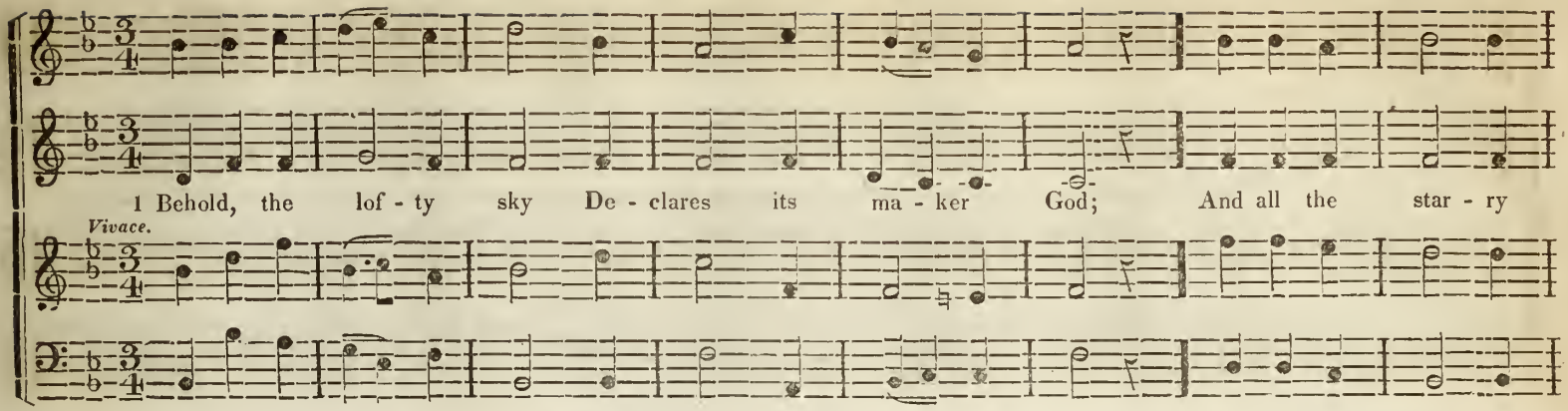
LABAN. S. M.

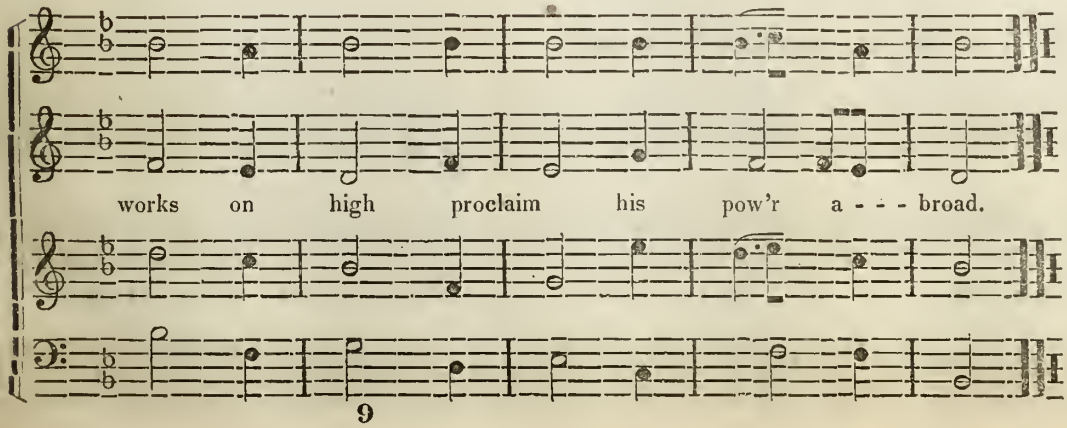
My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard, To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down,
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath
Up to his blest abode.





2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day—and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.

DARTMOUTH. S. M.

SOLO. TUTTI.

See what a liv - ing stone, The builders did re - fuse; Yet God hath built his church thereon, Yet God hath built his church thereon, In spite of envious Jews.

SOLO. TUTTI.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

Ah! when shall I a - wake From sin's soft, soothing pow'r? The slum - bers from my spir - its shake, and rise to fall no more?

COLFORD. S. M.

1. The Lord my shepherd is; I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want beside?

2. He leads me to the place, Where heavenly pasture grows; *f.* Where living waters gently pass, And full sal - vation flows.

3. If e'er I go astray, He doth my soul reclaim; And guides me in his own right way, For his most holy name.

4. While he affords his aid, I cannot yield to fear; Though I should walk through death's dark shade My shepherd's with me there.

OLNEY. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. The Spirit in our hearts, Is whispering, 'Sinner, come;' The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims, To all her children—'Come!'

2. Let him that heareth say To all about him, 'Come!' Let him that thirsts for righteousness, To Christ, the fountain, come!'

3. Yes, who - so - ev - er will, Oh let him freely come, And freely drink the stream of life; 'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4. Lo! Jesus, who invites, Declares, 'I quickly come:' Lord, even so! we wait thy hour, O blest Redeemer, come!

INVERNESS. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. Oh! cease, my wandering soul, On rest - less wing to roam; All this wide world, to either pole, Has not for thee a home.

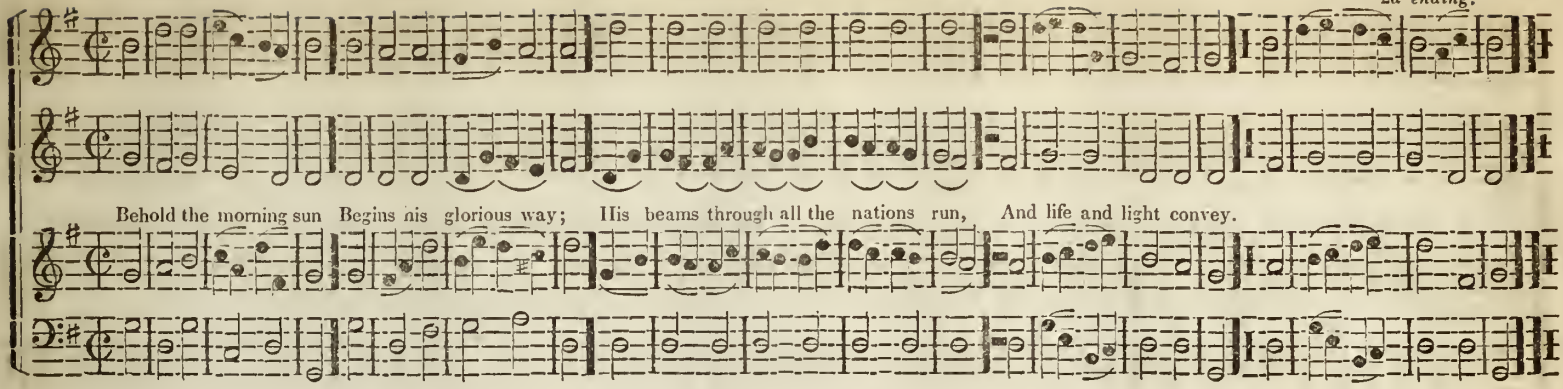
2. Behold the ark of God! Behold the open door; Oh! haste to gain that dear a - - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.

3. There, safe thou shalt a - bide, There, sweet shall be thy rest, And every longing sat - is - fied, With full sal - vation blest.

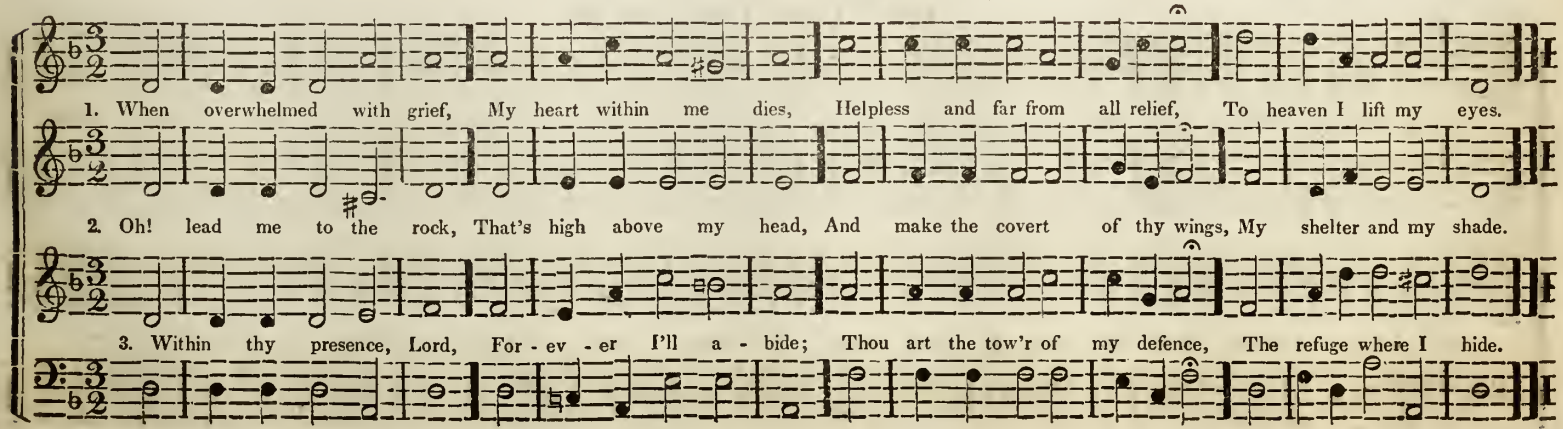
TROAS. S. M.

1. My son, know thou the Lord, Thy father's God o - bey; Seek his pro - tecting care by night, His guardian hand by day.

2. If thou wilt seek his face, His ear will hear thy cry; Then shalt thou find his mercy sure, His grace for - ev - er nigh.



SUNBURY. S. M. [Chant.] MORLEY.



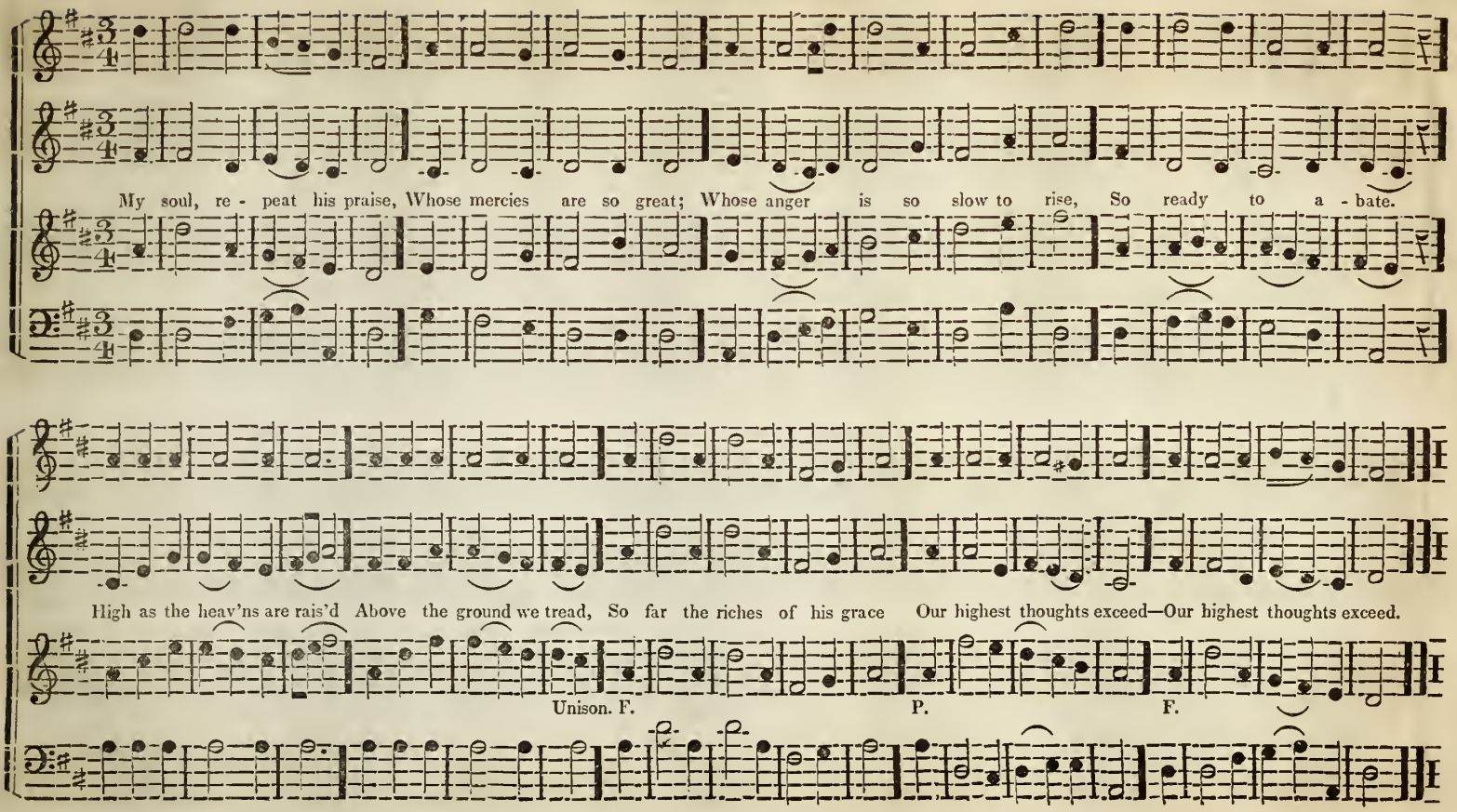
WESTMINSTER. S. M. [Chant.] DR. BOYCE.

1. Great is the Lord, our God, And let his praise be great; He makes the churches his abode, His most delight - ful seat.

SOUTHFIELD. S. M.

1. *f.* Thy name, almighty Lord Shall sound through distant lands; Great is thy grace—and sure thy word; Thy truth forever stands.

2. Far be thine honor spread, And long thy praise endure, Till mornmg light, and evening shade Shall be exchanged no more.


My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to a - bate.
High as the heav'ns are rais'd Above the ground we tread, So far the riches of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed—Our highest thoughts exceed.
Unison. F.
P.
F.

PADDINGTON. S. M.

2d ending.

1. *f* Sing praises to our God, And bless his sacred name: His great salvation, all abroad, From day to day proclaim.

2. Midst heathen nations place The glories of his throne; And let the wonders of his grace Through all the earth be known.

3. The gods, the heathen boasts, Nor hear-nor see-nor move: Jehovah is the Lord of hosts, Who spread the heavens above!

4. Then let our songs arise, In new exalted strains; Let earth repeat it to the skies, The Lord, the Saviour reigns!

OLMUTZ. S. M.

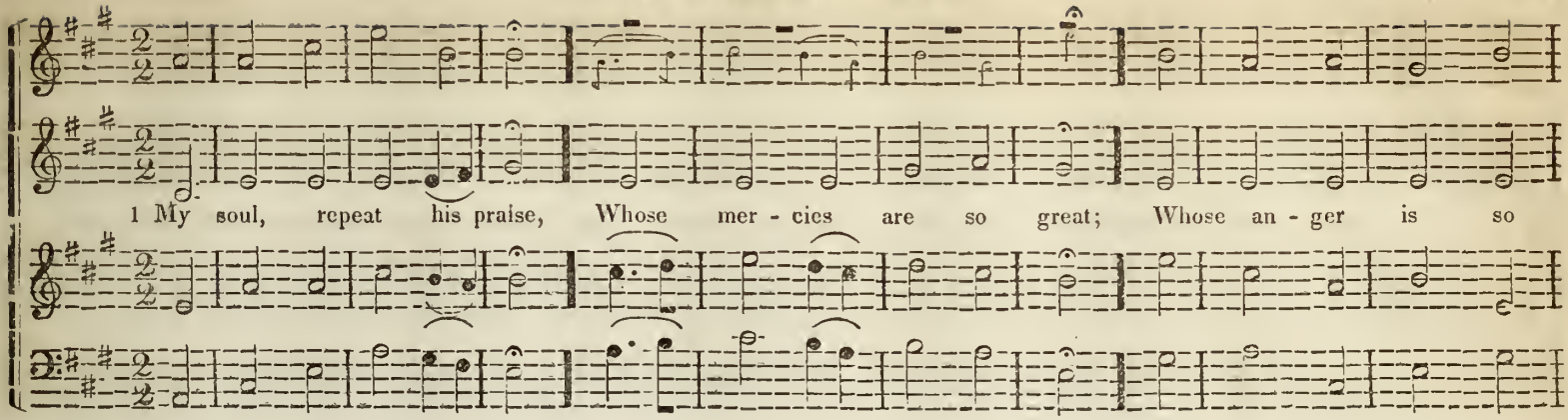
ARRANGED FROM A GREGORIAN CHANT.

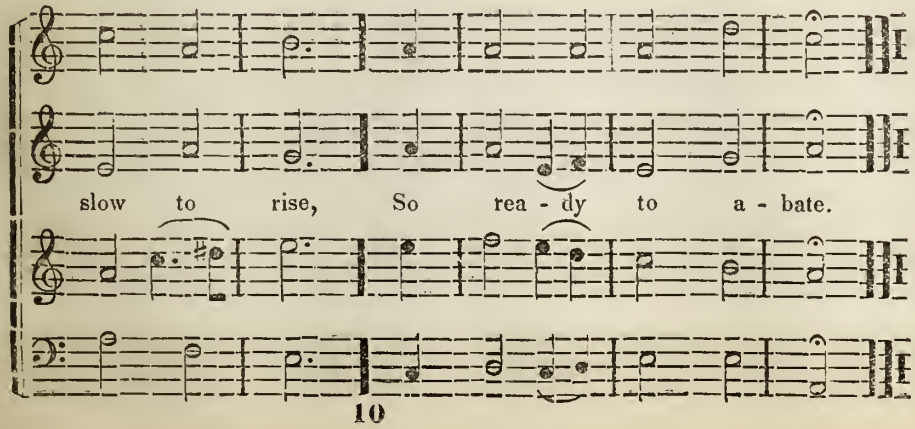
1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take; Loud to the praise of love divine, Bid every string awake.

2. Though in a foreign land, We are not far from home; And nearer to our house above We every moment come.

3. His grace will, to the end, Stronger and brighter shine; Nor present things-nor things to come, Shall quench this spark divine.

4. When we in darkness walk, Nor feel the heavenly flame; Then will we trust our gracious God, And rest upon his name.

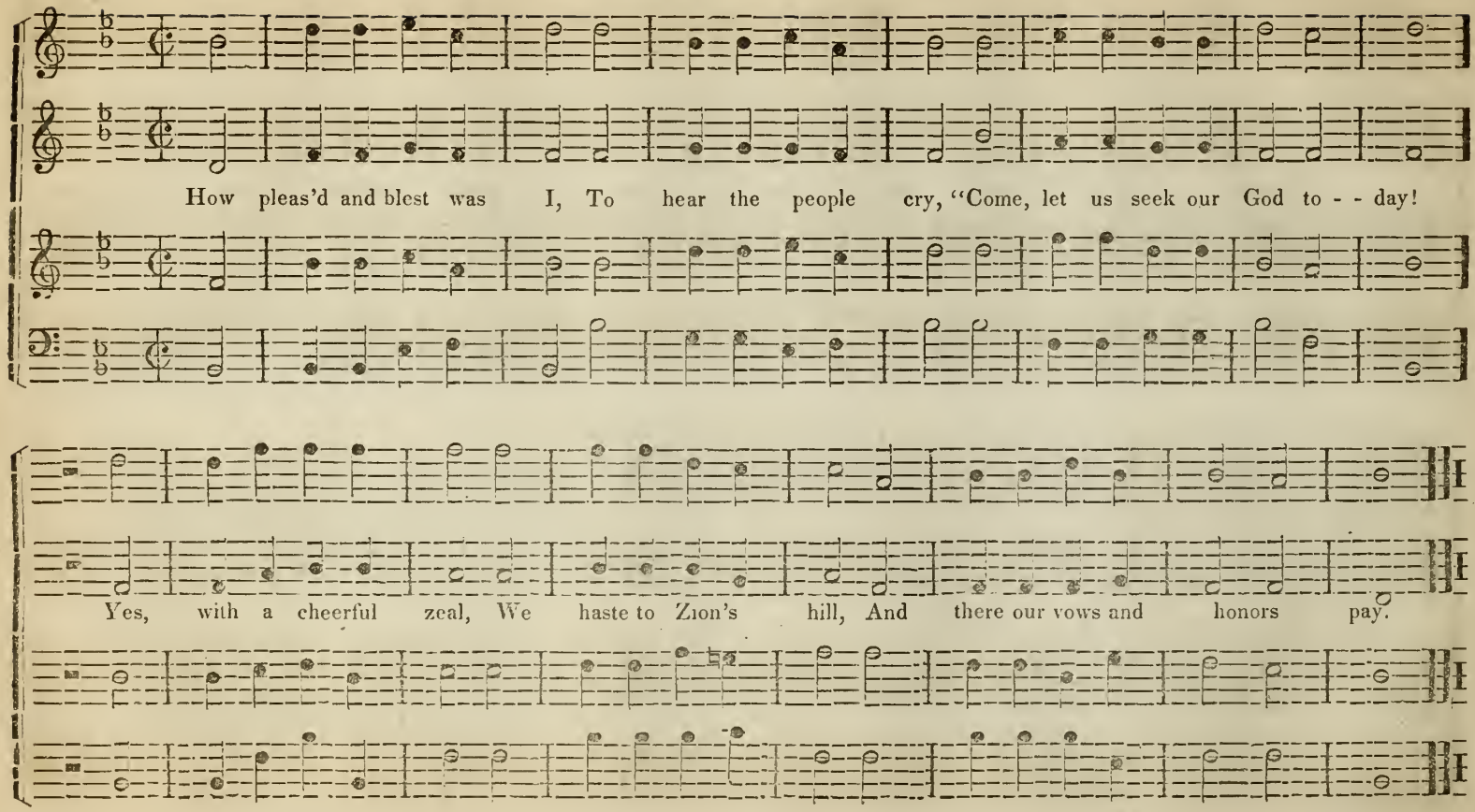


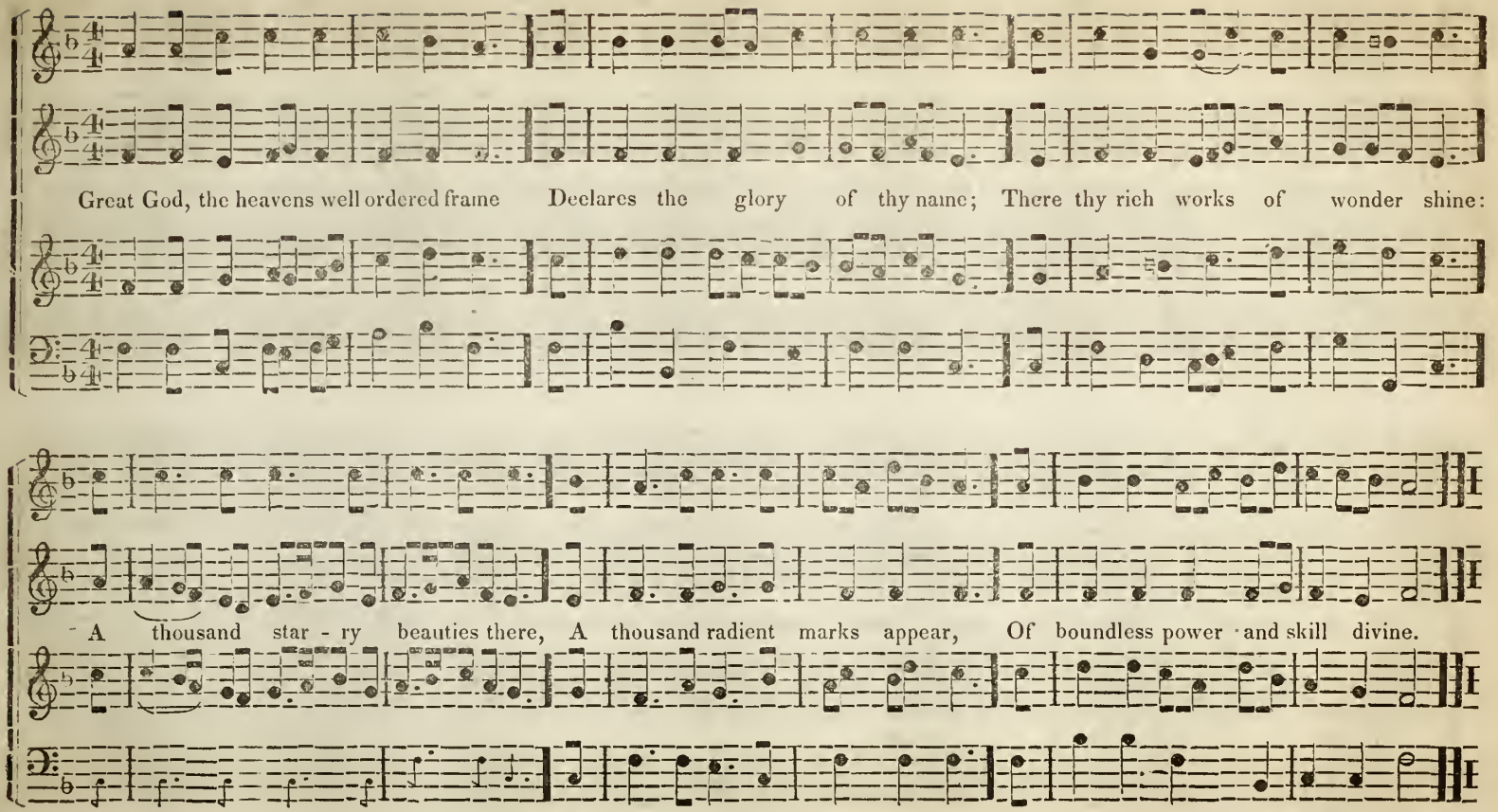


2 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

DALSTON. S. P. M.


How pleas'd 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 honors pay.


Great God, the heavens well ordered frame Declares the glory of thy name; There thy rich works of wonder shine:
A thousand star - ry beauties there, A thousand radient marks appear, Of boundless power and skill divine.

PASTORAL PSALM. L. P. M. 6 LINES. ARRANGED FROM SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Pia.

d 1. The Lord my pas-ture shall pre-pare, And feed me with a shep-herd's eare; His presenee shall my wants sup-ply, And guard me with a watch-ful eye:

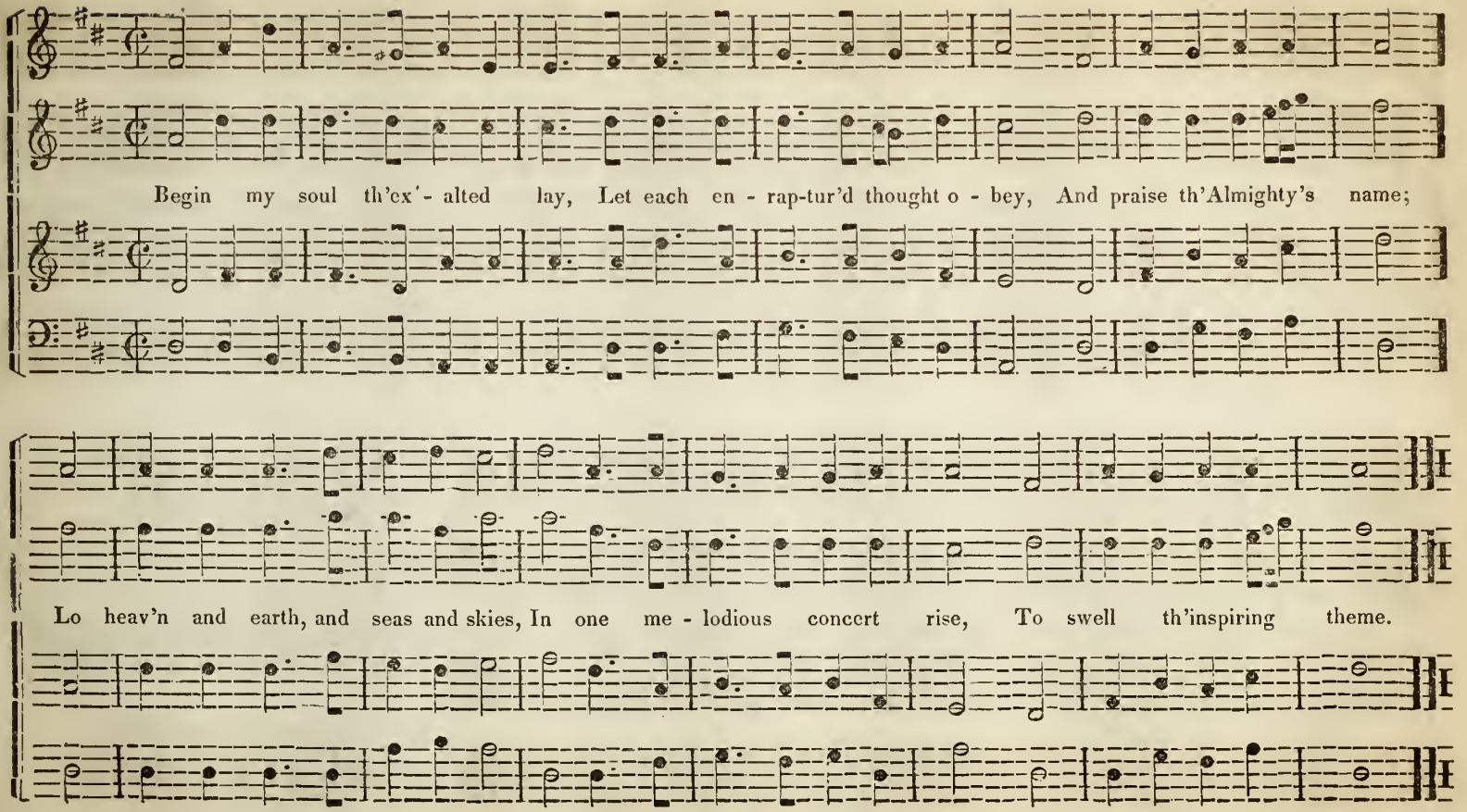
For.

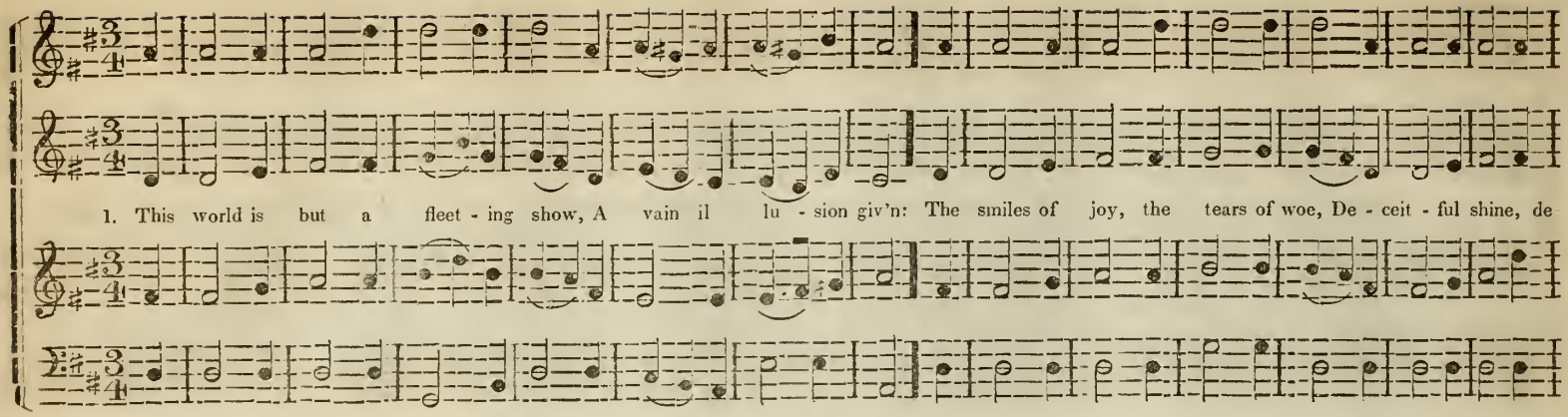
My noon-day walks he shall at-tend, And all my mid-night hours de-fend.

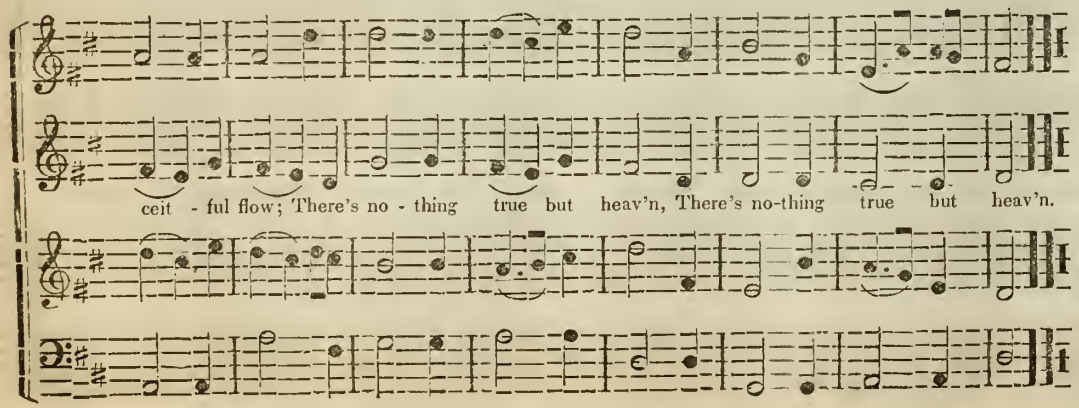
2. When on the sultry plains I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant ladseape flow.

ex 3. Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
di For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4. Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray;
Thy presenee shall my pains beguile:
sr The barren wilderness shall smile,
f With sudden greens and herbage erown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.


Begin my soul th'ex'- alted lay, Let each en - rap-tur'd thought o - bey, And praise th'Almighty's name;
Lo heav'n and earth, and seas and skies, In one me - lodious concert rise, To swell th'inspiring theme.





1. This world is but a fleeting show,
   A vain illusion given
   The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
   Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
   There's nothing true but heaven!

2. And false the light on glory's plume,
   As fading hues of even;
   And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
   Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb;
   There's nothing bright but heaven!

3. Poor wand'rers of a stormy day,
   From wave to wave we're driven;
   And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
   Serve but to light the troubled way;
   There's nothing calm but heaven!

d 1. How calm and beau ti - ful the morn That gilds the sa — cred tomb, Where once the Cru—ci—fied was borne, And veil'd in mid - night gloom

2. Ye mourn—ing saints, dry eve—ry tear For your de — part—ed Lord, "Be—hold the place—he is not there" 'The tomb is all un - barr'd:

Pia. Expressivo. *For.*

O, weep no more, the Sa-viour slain; The Lord is ris'n—he lives a - gain

The gates of death were closed in vain; The Lord is ris'n—he lives a - gain.

vi. 3. Now cheerful to the house of pray'r
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

m. 4. How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O, weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is ris'n—he lives again.

p 5. And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
cr How blissful then to die:
Since he has ris'n that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

Moderato. Affetuoso.

DEPARTURE. S. L. M.

ARRANGED FROM SPIRITUAL SONGS.

1. Friend af-ter friend de - parts; Who hath not lost a friend? There is no u - nion here of hearts, That finds not here an end;

Were this frail world our fin - al rest, Liv-ing or dy - ing, none were blest.

Dim. *Cres.*

2. Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3. There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4. Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

Montgomery.

vi f 1. Give glo - ry to God in the high - est; give praise, Ye no - ble, ye migh - ty, with joy - ful ac - cord; All - wise are his coun-sels, all

per - fect his ways, In the beau - ty of ho - li - ness wor - ship the Lord.

11

di 2. The voice of the Lord on the ocean is known,
The God of eternity thund'reth abroad;
The voice of the Lord, from the depth of his throne,
Is terror and power, all nature is awed.

—cr 3. At the voice of the Lord, the tall cedars are bow'd,
And towers from their base into ruin are hurl'd;
di The voice of the Lord, from the dark-bosom'd cloud,
cr Dissevers the lightning in flames o'er the world.

p 4. The voice of the Lord, through the calm of the wood,
Awakens its echoes, strikes light through the caves;
cr The Lord sitteth King on the turbulent flood;
The winds are his servants, his servants the waves.

5. The Lord is the strength of his people; the Lord
Gives health to his chosen, and peace evermore;
f Then throng to his temple, his glory record;
m-p But oh! when he speaketh—in silence adore.

PERINE. 11s.

aff 1. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, draw near! The wa - ters of life are now flow - ing for thee: No price is de - mand - ed, the

Sa - viour is here, Re - demp-tion is pur - chased, sal - va - tion is free.

di
—p

cr
—di
—p

ag

2. Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compssion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is open'd, how can'st thou refuse,
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood.

3. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4. Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

5. Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand—
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What pow'r then, O sinner! shall lend thee its aid!

1. How cheering the thought, that the spir - its of bliss Will bow their bright wings to a world such as

p

2. They come, on the wings of the morning they come, Im - patient to lead some poor wan - der - er

p

pp *ad lib.*

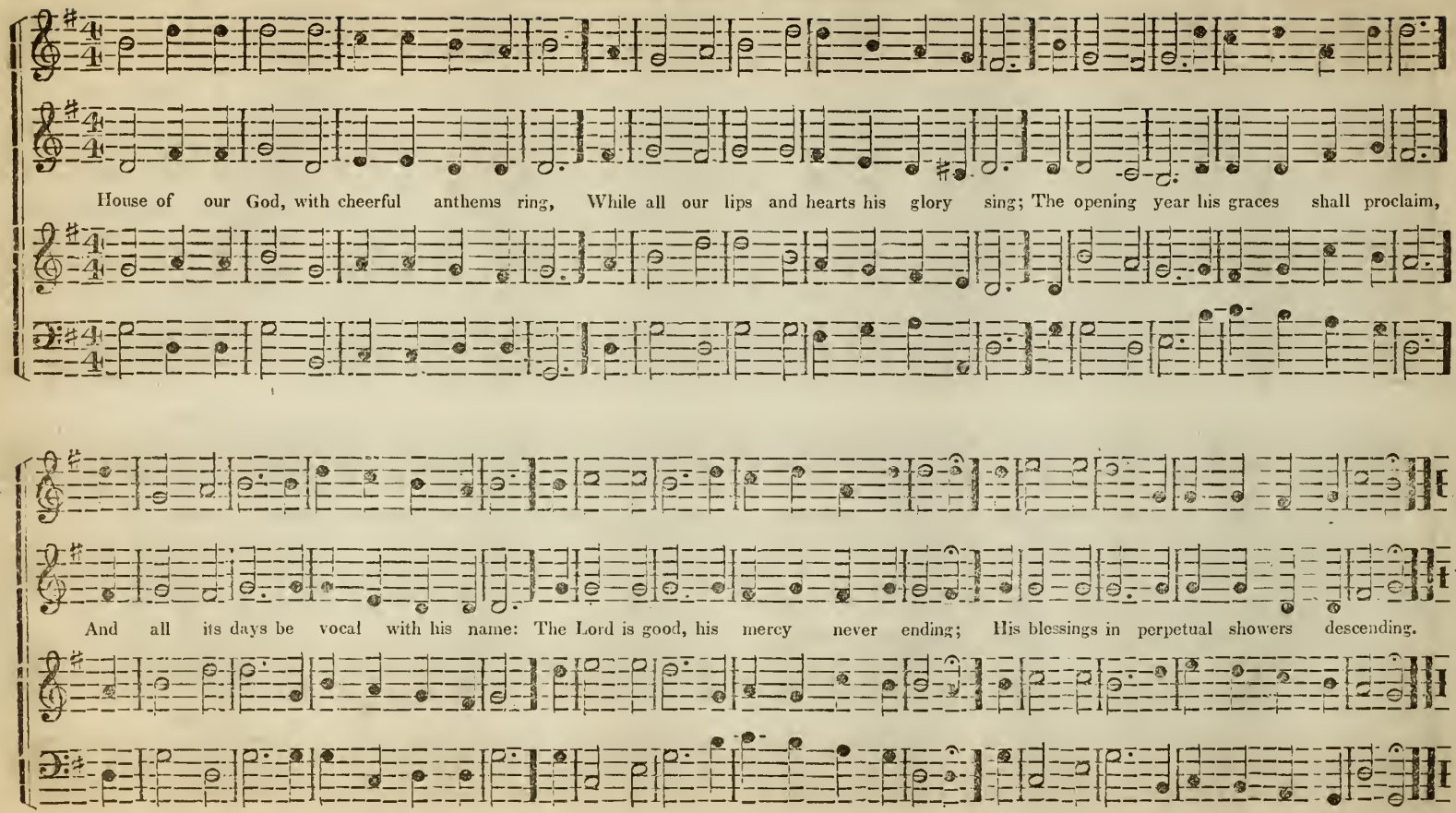
this; Will leave the sweet joys of the mansions a - bove, To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.

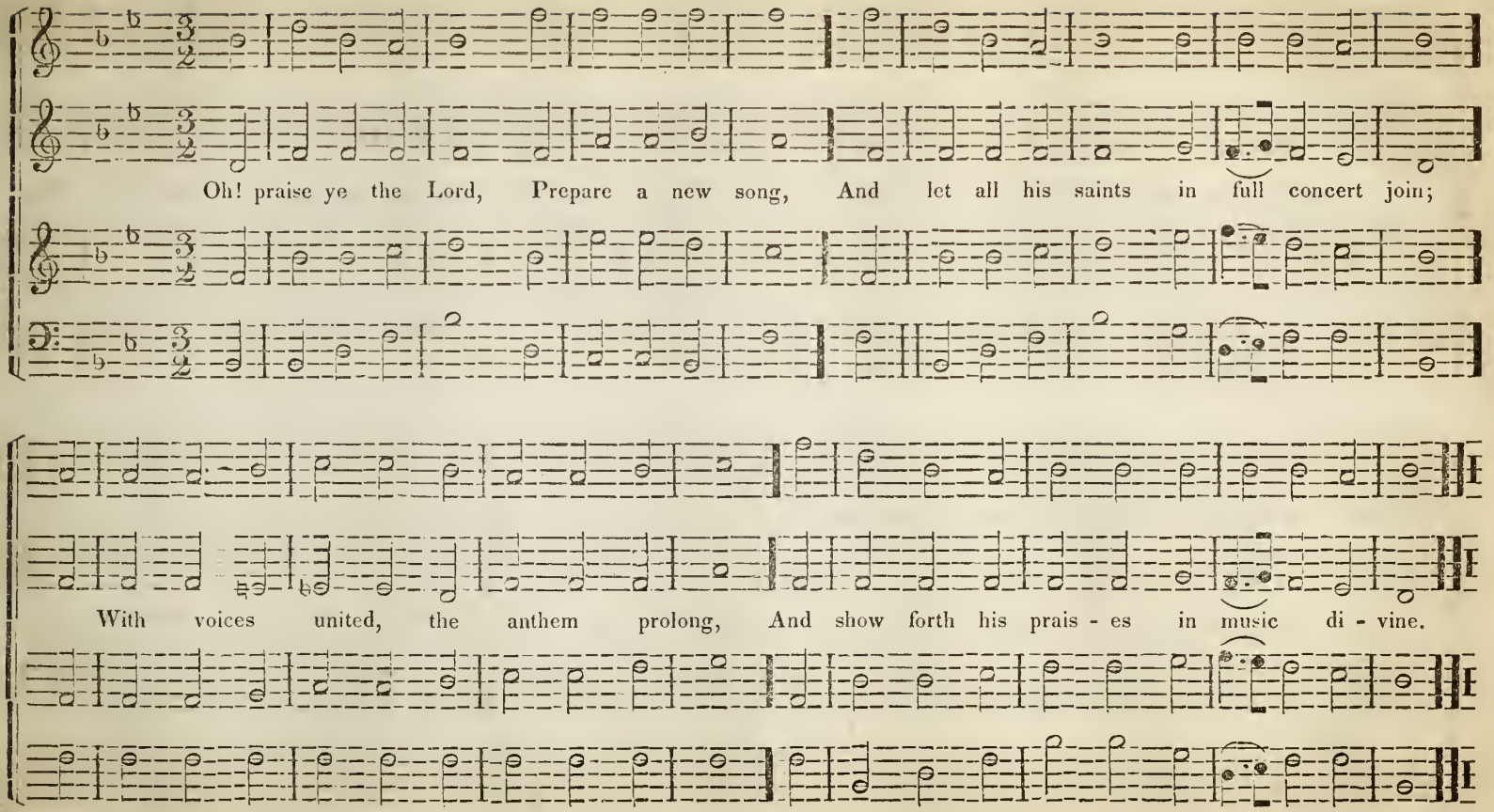
pp

home; Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy a - bode, And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

pp *ad lib.*

CALDWELL. 10s & 11s.




Oh! praise ye the Lord, Prepare a new song, And let all his saints in full concert join;
With voices united, the anthem prolong, And show forth his prais - es in music di - vine.

From Jes - se's root behold a branch a - rise, Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies: The

sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, &c.

sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

Not too fast.

Bright, &c.

1. How pleasing is the voice of God, our heavenly King, Who bids the frosts retire, And wakes the lovely spring! Bright suns arise.

Bright suns a - rise, The

Bright &c.

The mild, &c. And beau-ty glows, Through earth and skies.

The mild, &c. And beauty glows, Through earth and skies.

mild wind blows, And beauty glows, Through earth and skies.

The mild, &c. And beau - ty glows, Through earth and skies.

2.

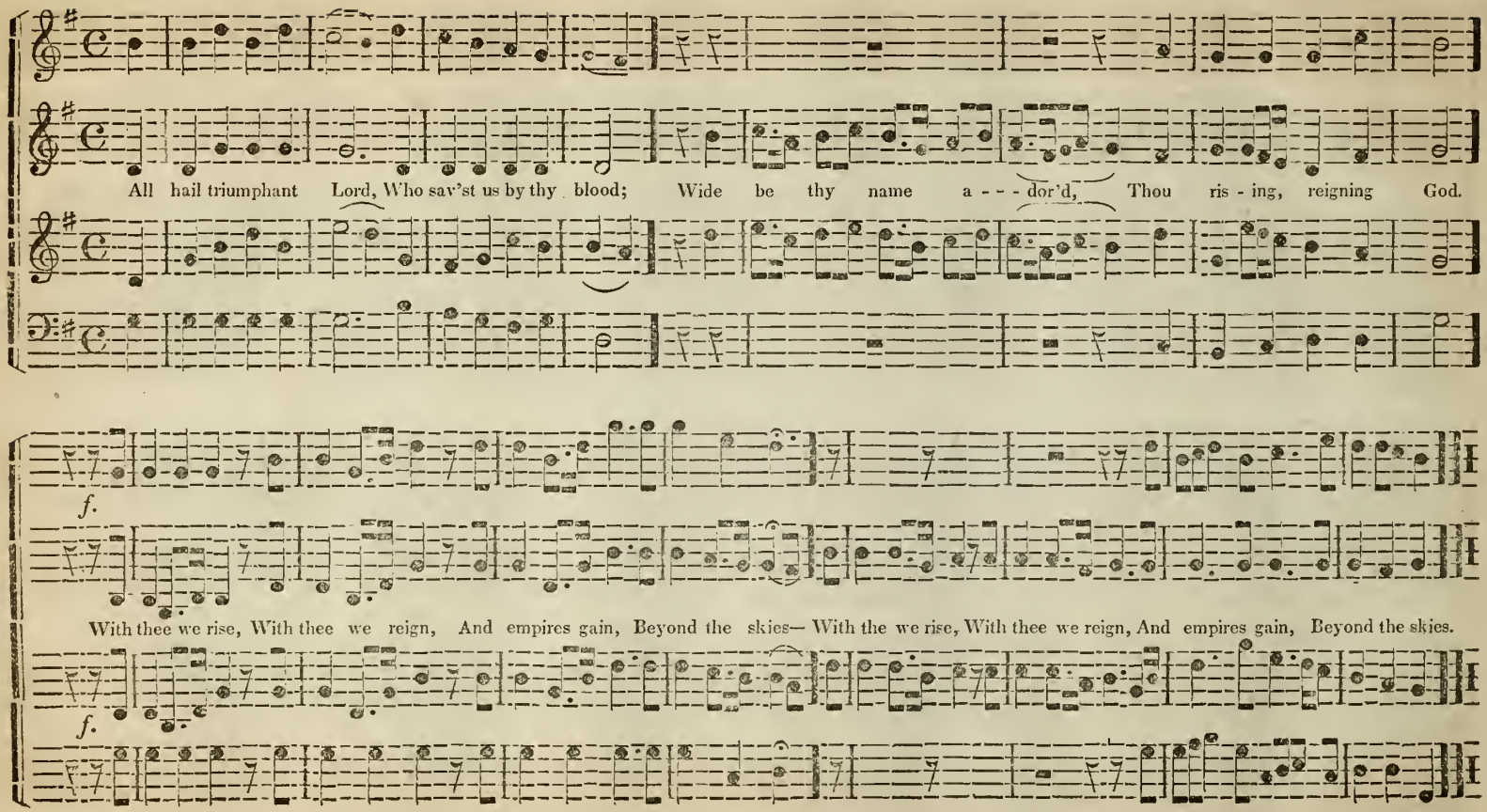
The morn, with glory crowned,
His hand arrays in smiles:
He bids the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills:
The evening breeze | His beauty blooms
His breath perfumes; | In flowers and trees

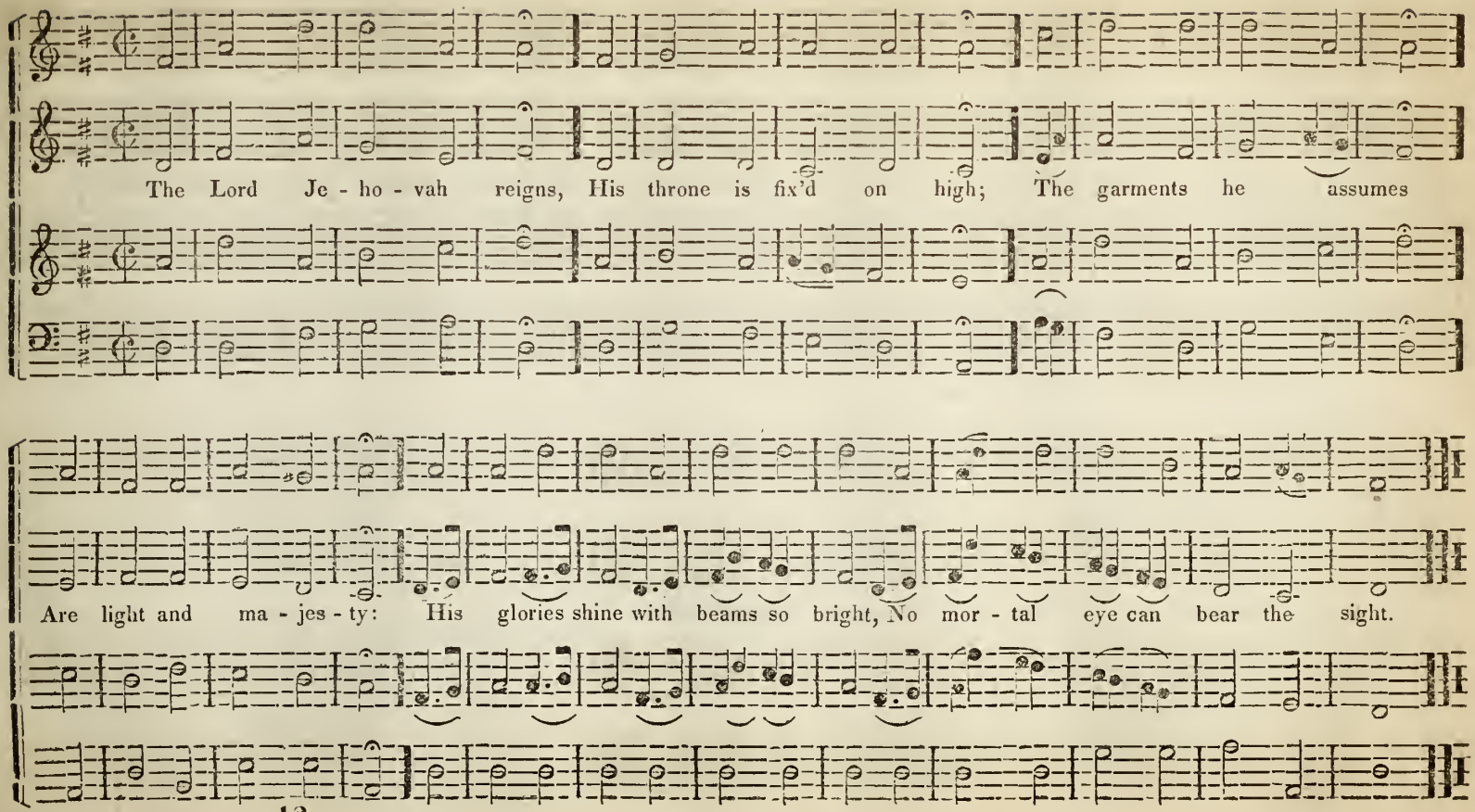
3.

With life he clothes the spring,
The earth with summer warms:
He spreads th' autumnal feast,
And rides on wintry storms:
His gifts divine | And round the year
Through all appear; | His glories shine

Church Psalmody, Hy. 690

100. **WEYMOUTH. H. M.** REV. R. HARRISON.




The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, His throne is fix'd on high; The garments he assumes
Are light and ma - jes - ty: His glories shine with beams so bright, No mor - tal eye can bear the sight.

Vivace.

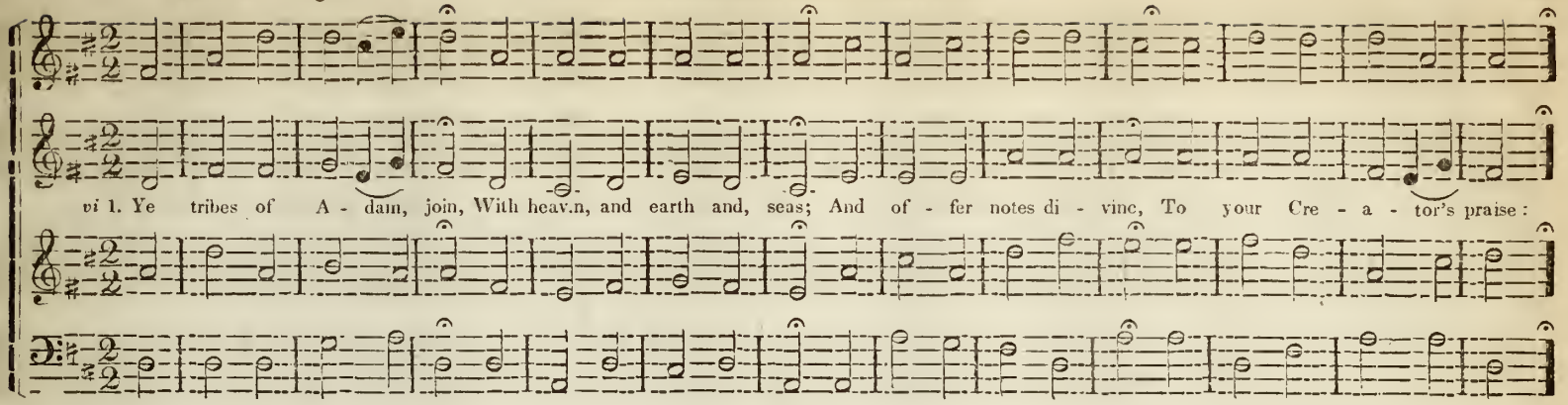
KINGSVILLE. H. M.

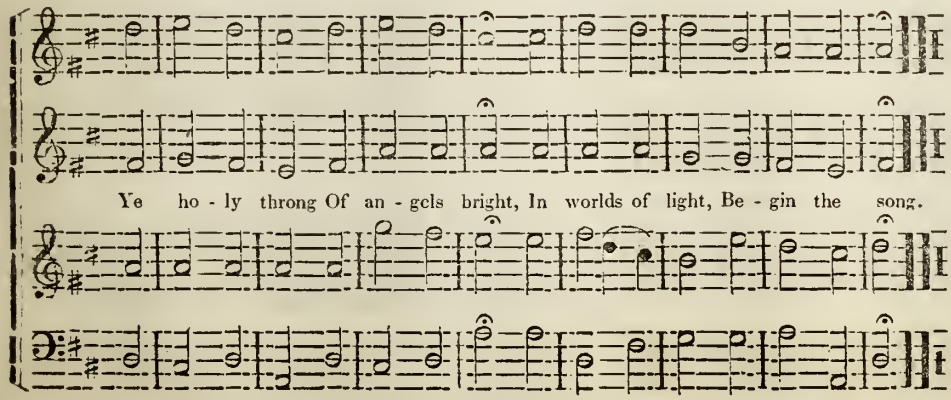
vi 1. In Zi-on's sa-cred gates, Let hymns of praise be-gin; Where acts of faith and love, In cease-less beau-ty shine: In mer - cy

there, While God is known, Be- fore his throne With songs ap - pear.

f 2. The trumpet's martial voice,
The timbrel's softer sound,
The organ's solemn peal,
His praises shall resound:
ff To swell the song
With highest joy,
Let man employ
His tuneful tongue.

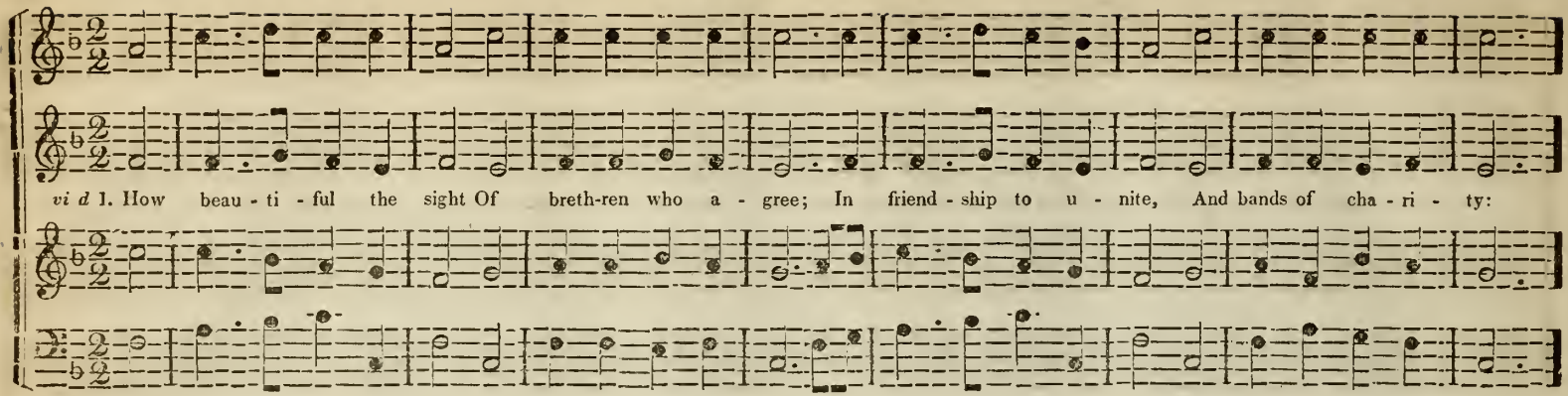
ma 3. In heav'n, his house on high,
Ye angels, lift your voice;
Let heav'nly harps resound,
And happy saints rejoice:
The glories sing,
That ever shine,
With pomp divine,
Around your King.

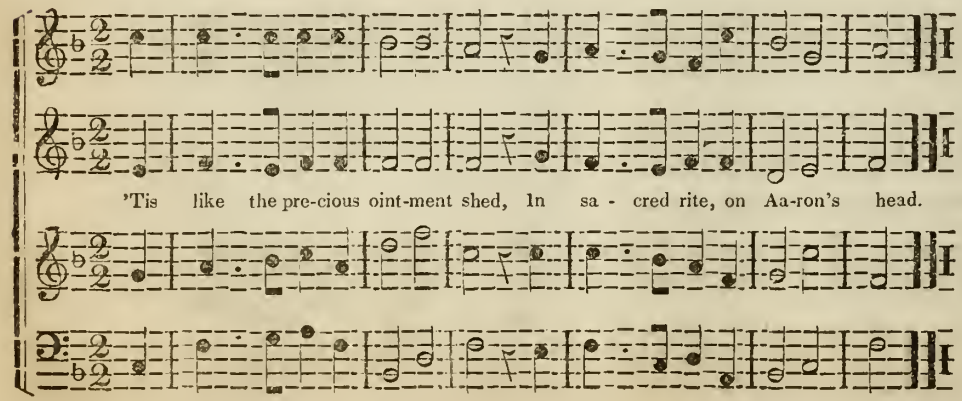




d 2. Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon, that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light:
f His power declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

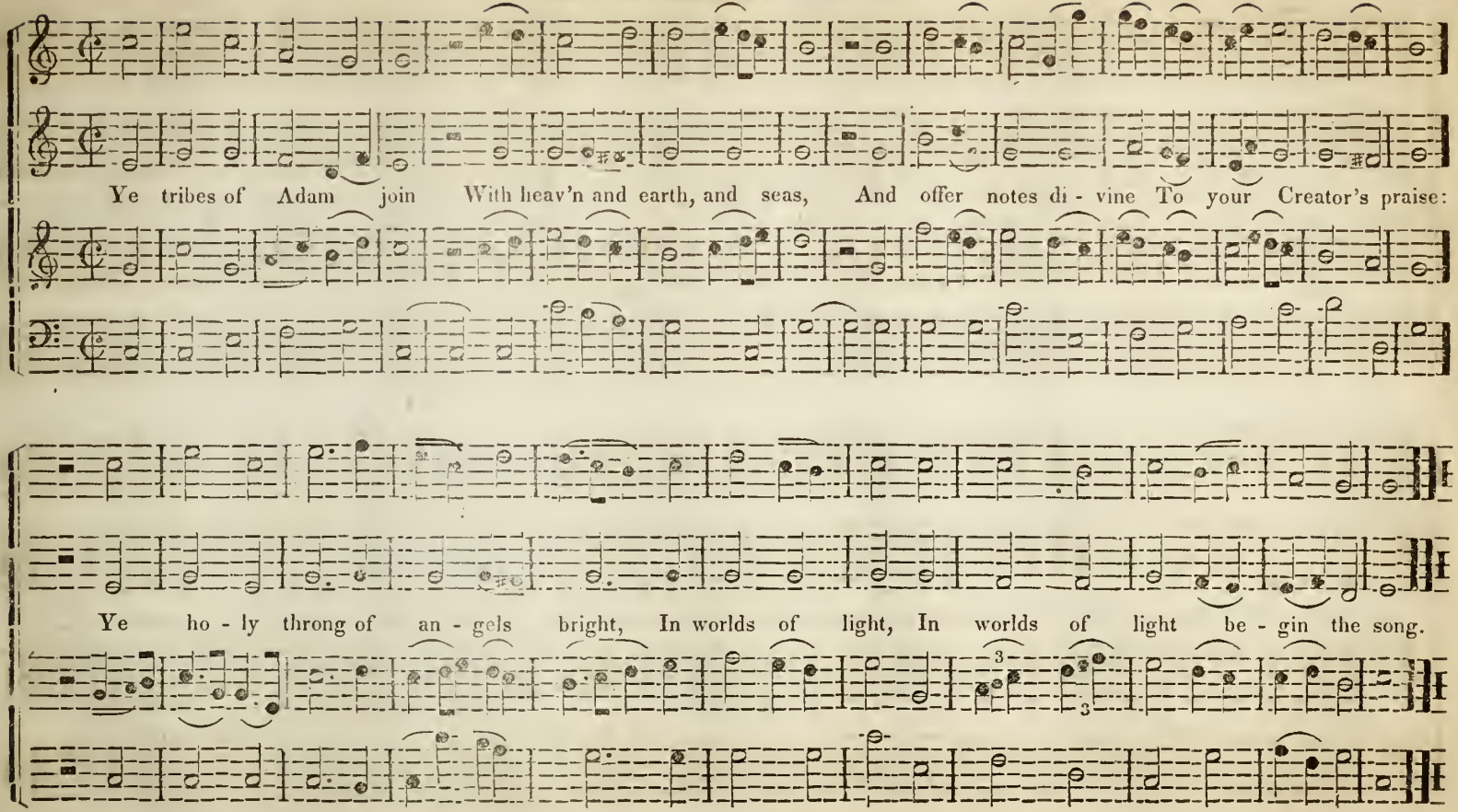
ma 3. The shining worlds above,
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command:
di He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came,
To praise the Lord.



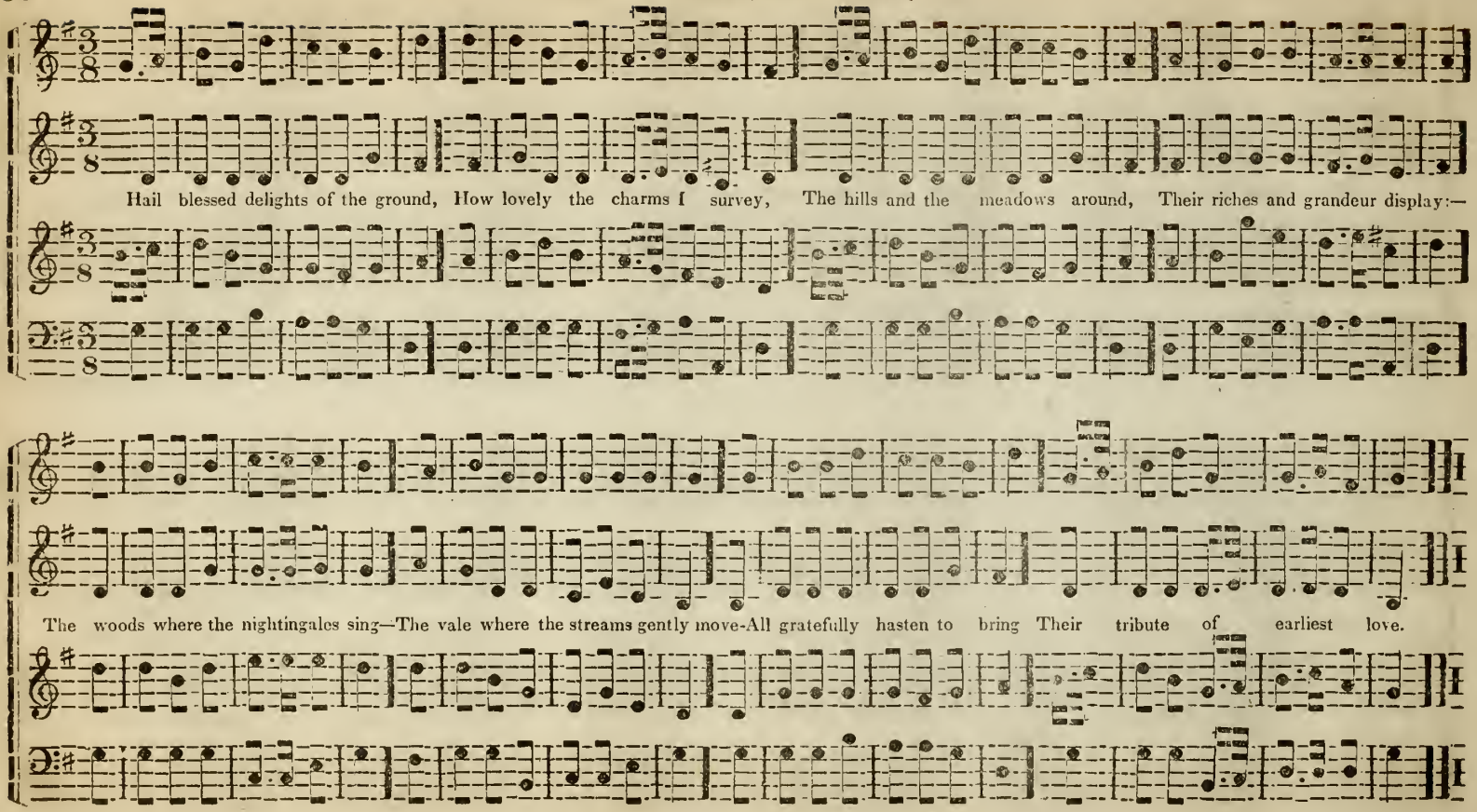


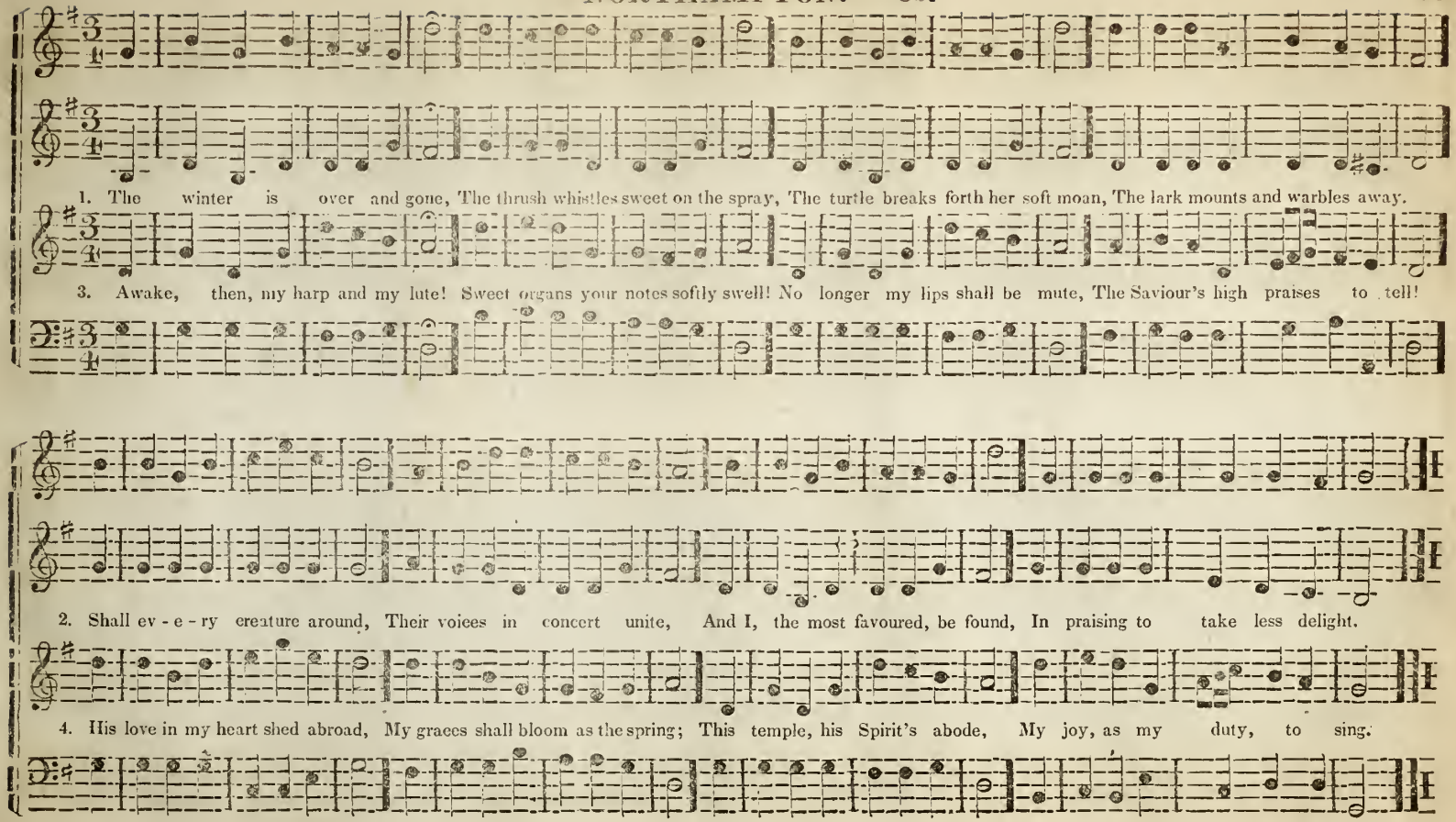
2. 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flow'rs;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
cr Bright with the drops of show'rs:
di Where mingling odors breathe around,
—f And notes of grateful joy resound.

di 3. For there the Lord commands
Blessings in boundless store,
From his unsparing hands—
E'en life forevermore:
—f Thrice happy they who meet above,
To spend eternity in love.


Ye tribes of Adam join With heav'n and earth, and seas, And offer notes di - vine To your Creator's praise:
Ye ho - ly throng of an - gels bright, In worlds of light, In worlds of light be - gin the song.

AUBURN. 8s.


Hail blessed delights of the ground, How lovely the charms I survey, The hills and the meadows around, Their riches and grandeur display:—
The woods where the nightingales sing—The vale where the streams gently move-All gratefully hasten to bring Their tribute of earliest love.


1. The winter is over and gone, The thrush whistles sweet on the spray, The turtle breaks forth her soft moan, The lark mounts and warbles away.
3. Awake, then, my harp and my lute! Sweet organs your notes softly swell! No longer my lips shall be mute, The Saviour's high praises to tell!
2. Shall ev - e - ry creature around, Their voices in concert unite, And I, the most favoured, be found, In praising to take less delight.
4. His love in my heart shed abroad, My graces shall bloom as the spring; This temple, his Spirit's abode, My joy, as my duty, to sing.

Affet.

1 Zion dreary and in anguish, 'Mid the desert hast thou stray'd? O, thou weary, cease to

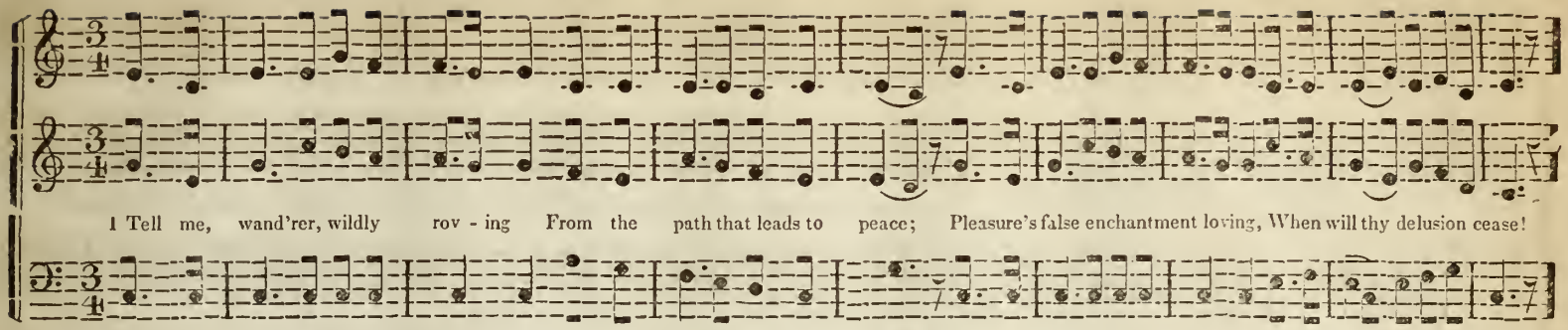
Chorus.

languish: Jesus shall lift up thy head. O, thou weary, cease to languish: Jesus shall lift up thy head.

2 Still lamenting
And bemoaning,
Mid thy follies and thy woes
Soon repenting,
And returning,
All thy solitude shall close.
Soon repenting, &c.

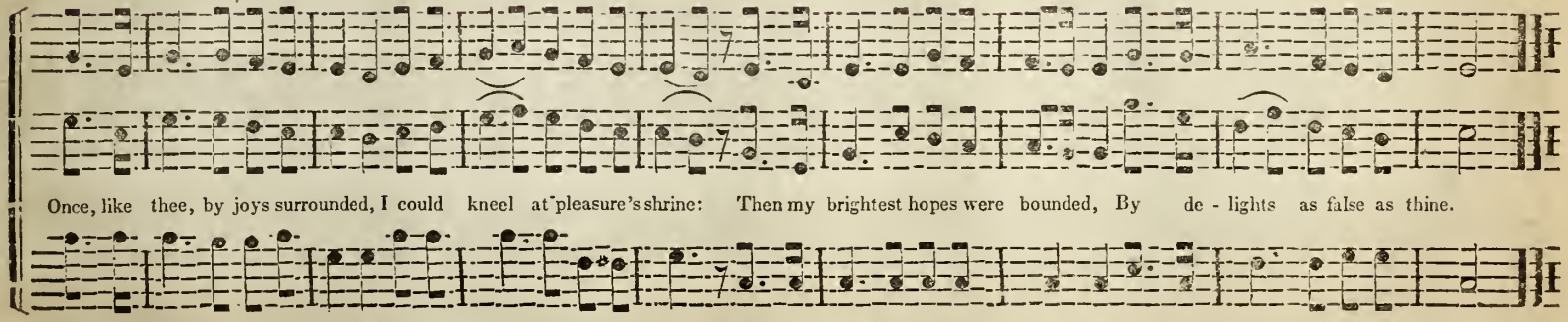
3 Though benighted
And forsaken,
Though afflicted and distress'd;
His almighty
Arm shall waken;
Zion's King shall give thee rest.
His almighty, &c.

4 Cease thy sadness
Unbelieving;
Soon his glory shalt thou see!
Joy and gladness,
And thanksgiving,
And the voice of melody.
Joy and gladness, &c.



1 Tell me, wand'rer, wildly rov - ing From the path that leads to peace; Pleasure's false enchantment loving, When will thy delusion cease!

2 But those visions scarce had bless'd me, When that fleeting day was o'er, Then the world that had caress'd me, Charm'd me with its smiles no more.



Once, like thee, by joys surrounded, I could kneel at pleasure's shrine: Then my brightest hopes were bounded, By de - lights as false as thine.

Such is pleasure's transient story; Lasting happiness is known] On - ly in the path to glo - ry— In the Saviour's love a - lone.

1. Hark, how the gospel trumpet sounds, Through all the world the echo bounds! And Jesus, by re-

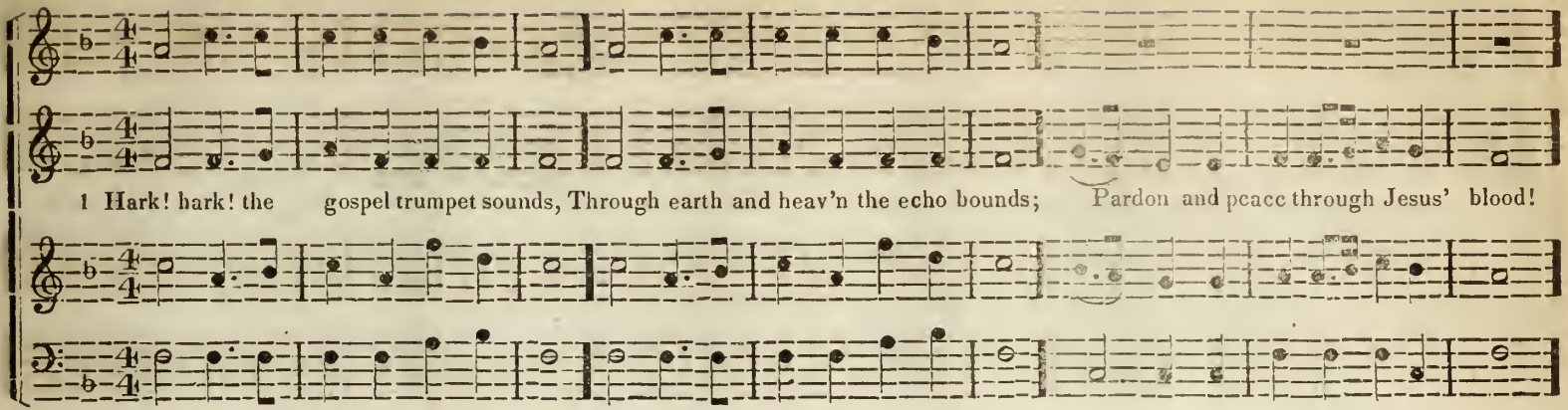
2. Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on, And when the conquest you have won, Then palms of victory

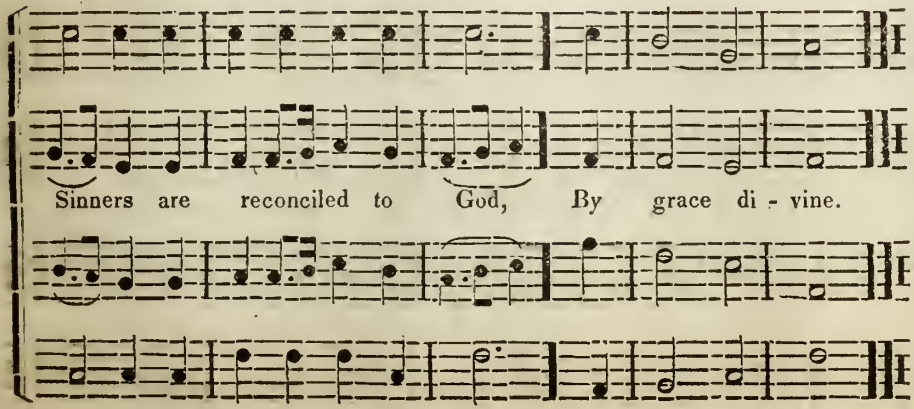
3. There we shall in full chorus join, With saints and angels all combine, To sing of his re-

deeming blood, Is bringing sinners back to God, And guides them safely by his word, To endless day.

you shall bear, And in his kingdom have a share, And crowns of glory ever wear, In endless day.

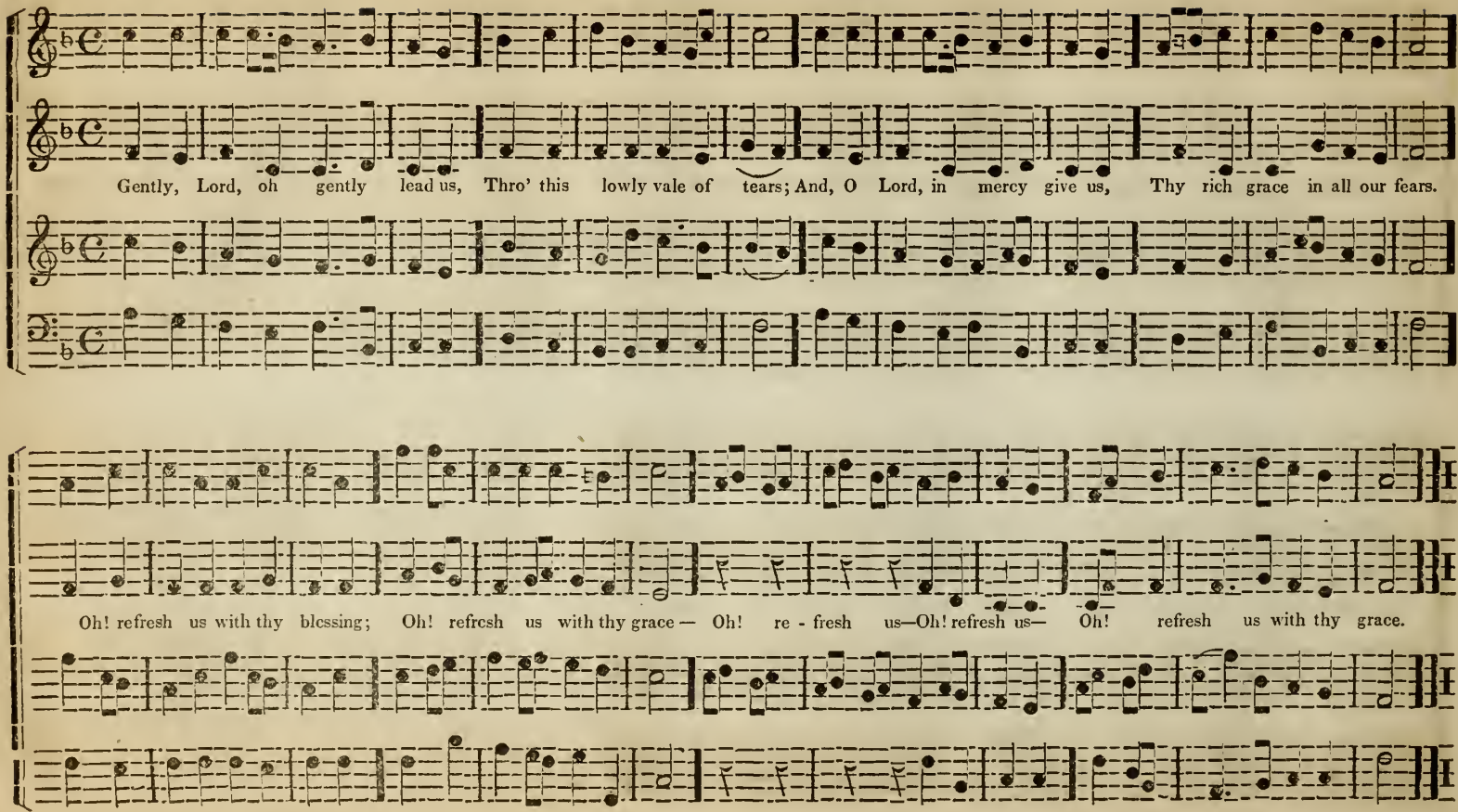
deeming love, When rolling years shall cease to move, And this shall be our theme above, In endless day.

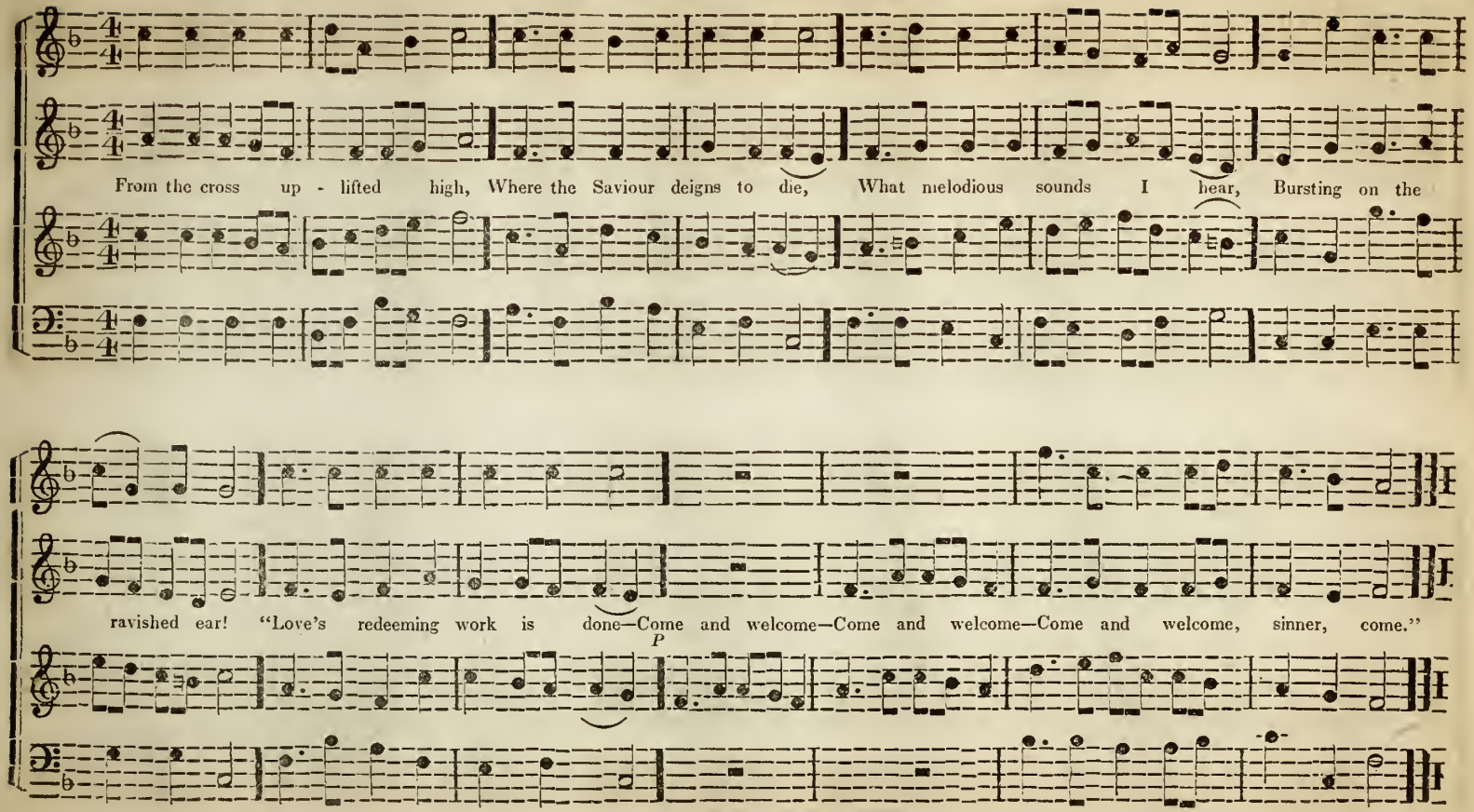




2 Come, sinners, hear the joyful news,
Nor longer dare the grace refuse;
Mercy and justice here combine,
Goodness and truth harmonious join.
T'invite you near.

3 Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre;
Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire;
Let both the Saviour's love proclaim
Forever worthy is the Lamb
Of endless praise.


Gently, Lord, oh gently lead us, Thro' this lowly vale of tears; And, O Lord, in mercy give us, Thy rich grace in all our fears.
Oh! refresh us with thy blessing; Oh! refresh us with thy grace — Oh! re - fresh us—Oh! refresh us— Oh! refresh us with thy grace.

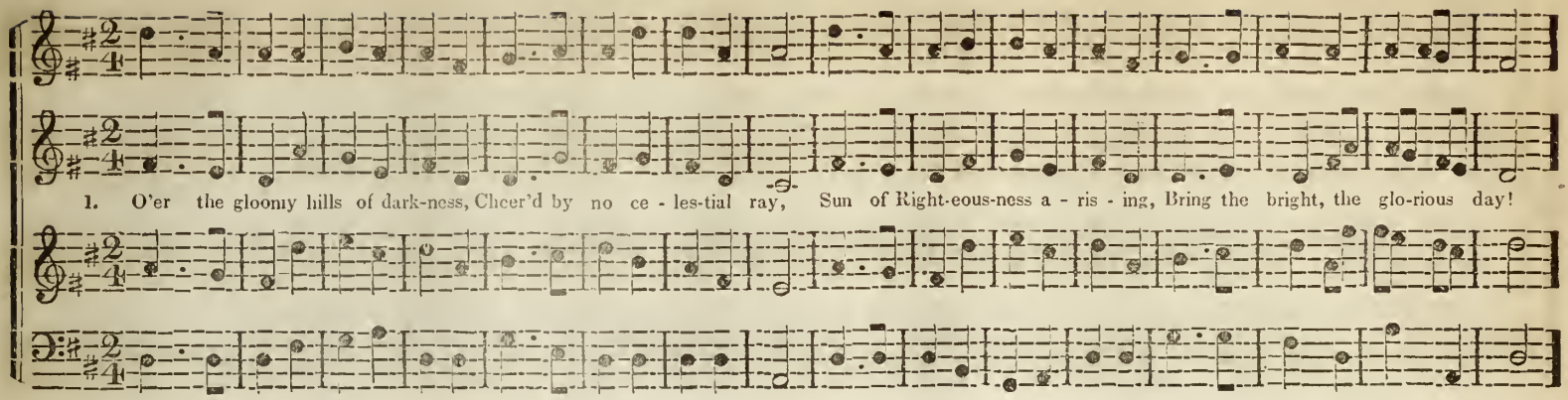

From the cross up - lifted high, Where the Saviour deigns to die, What melodious sounds I hear, Bursting on the
ravished ear! "Love's redeeming work is done—Come and welcome—Come and welcome—Come and welcome, sinner, come."
P

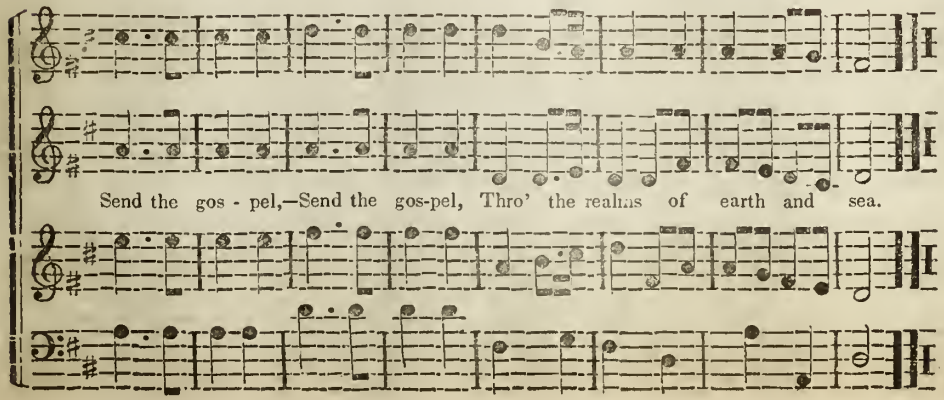
1. Look, ye saints! the day is break-ing; Joy-ful times are near at hand: God, the mighty God, is speak-ing, By his word in eve - ry land:

Day ad - vanc-es, Day ad - vances;—Dark ness flies at his com - mand.

1. Look, ye saints! the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand:
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word in every land:
Day advances,
Darkness flies at his command.

2. God of Jacob, high and glorious!
Let thy people see thy power;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world forevemore;
Then shall idols
Perish, while thy saints adore.





2. Kingdoms long by sin beclouded,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now from, eastern coast to western
Bid the morning chase the night:
Bid redemption
Pour its beams divinely bright.

cr 3. Bid the everlasting gospel
Win and conquer, and increase,
Bid the Saviour's wide dominions
Multiply and still increase,
Till his sceptre
Fills the world with life and peace.

PILTON. 7s.

1. Praise the Lord—his glo - ry bless—Praise him in his ho - li - ness; Praise him as the theme inspires, Praise him as his fame requires.

4, All who dwell beneath his light In his praise your hearts unite; While the stream of song is poured, Praise and mag - ni - fy the Lord.

NUREMBURG. 7s.

Slow.

1. Praise to God!—im - mortal praise, For the love that crowns our days: Bounteous Source of every joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2. All that spring, with bounteous hand, Scatters o'er the smiling land; All that liberal autumn pours From her rich, o'erflowing stores.

3. These, to that dear Source we owe Whence our sweetest comforts flow; These, through all my happy days, Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

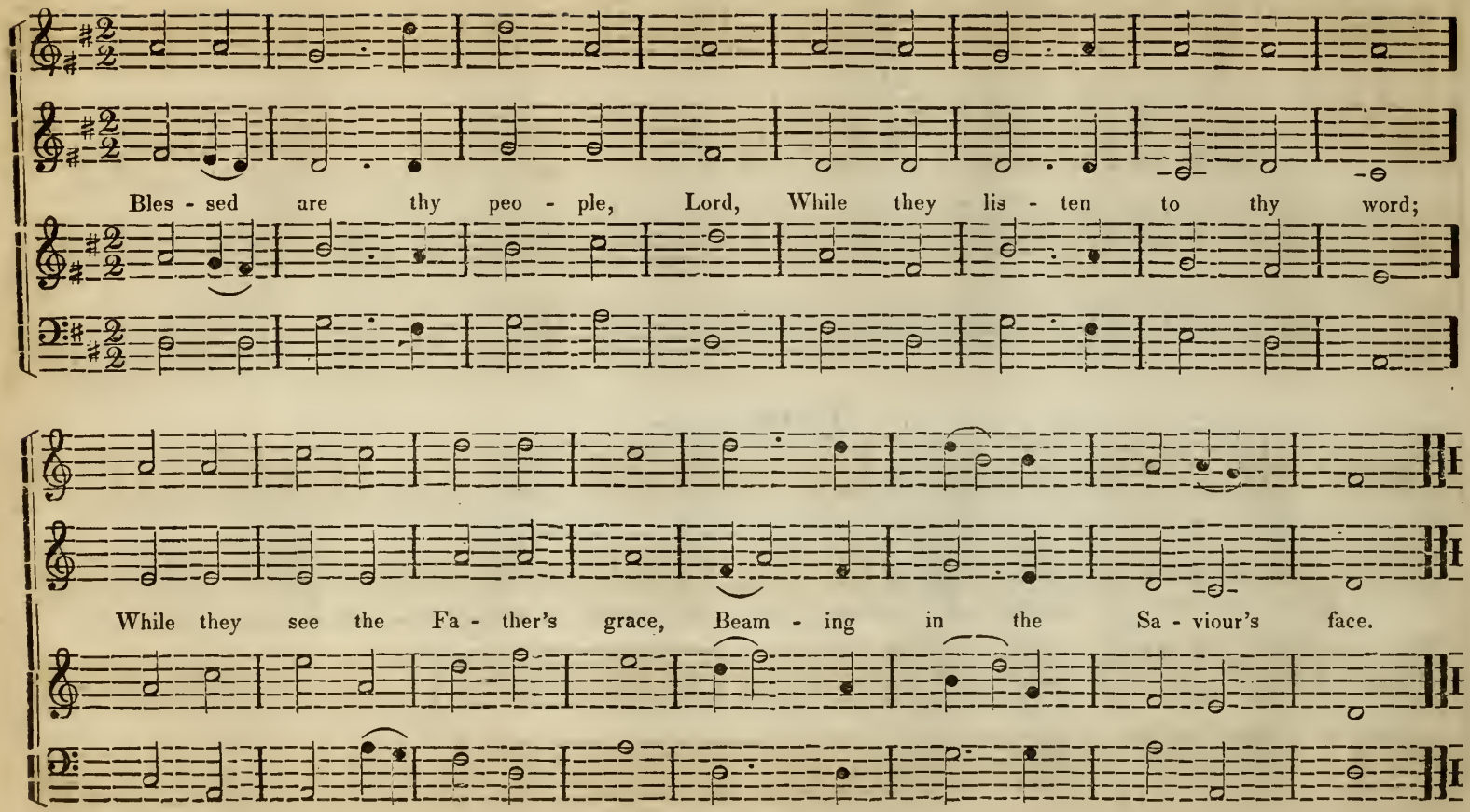
GERMAN HYMN. 7s.

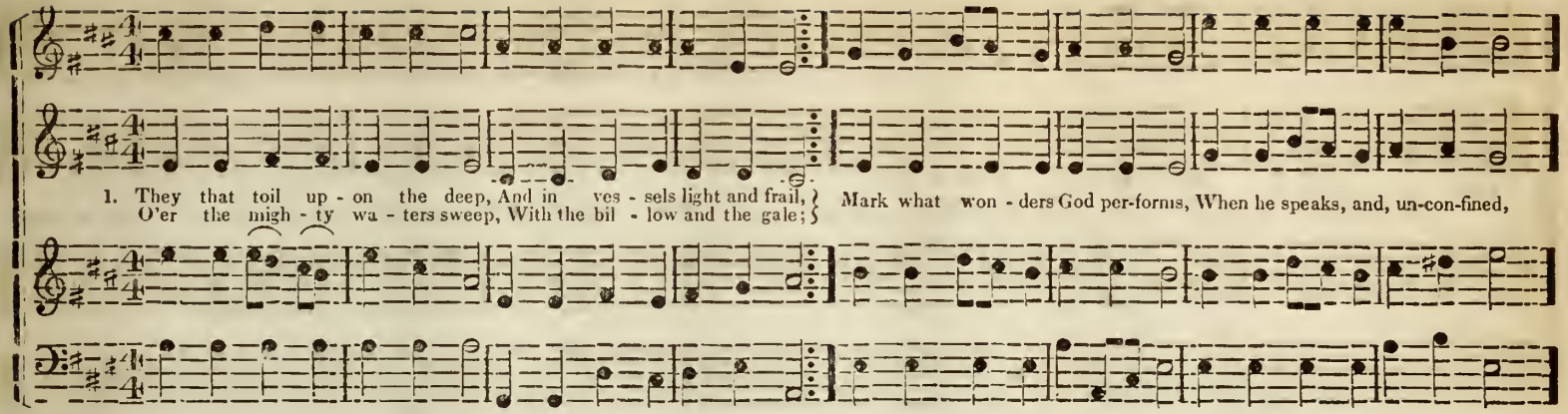
Angels roll the rock away! Death give up thy mighty prey! See! he ri - ses from the tomb, Cloth'd in heav'n's immortal bloom.

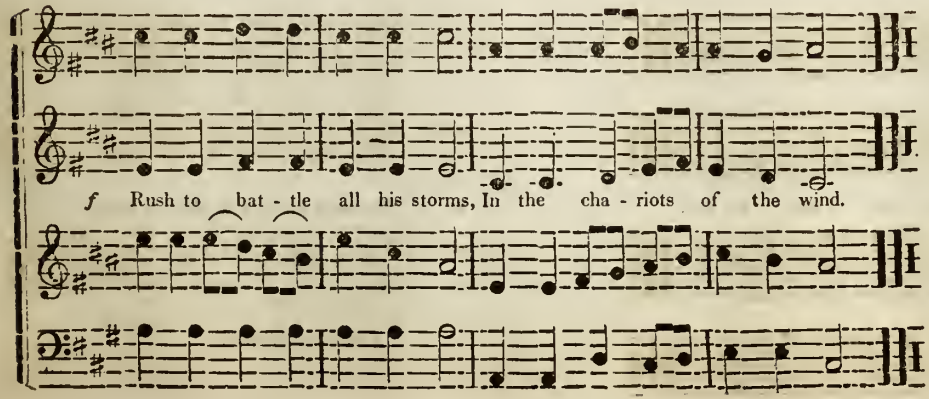
OLEAN. 7s.

H.

Jesus, Lord, we look to thee, Let us in thy name a - gree; Show thyself the Prince of peace, Bid conten - tion ever cease.


Bles - sed are thy peo - ple, Lord, While they lis - ten to thy word;
While they see the Fa - ther's grace, Beam - ing in the Sa - viour's face.





ff 2. Up to heav'n their bark is whirl'd,
On the moutain of the wave;
di Downward suddenly'tis hurl'd,
d To th' abysses of the grave;
cr Mid the tempest now they roll,
As intoxicate with wine;
ag Terrors paralyze their soul,
—p Helm they quit and hope resign.

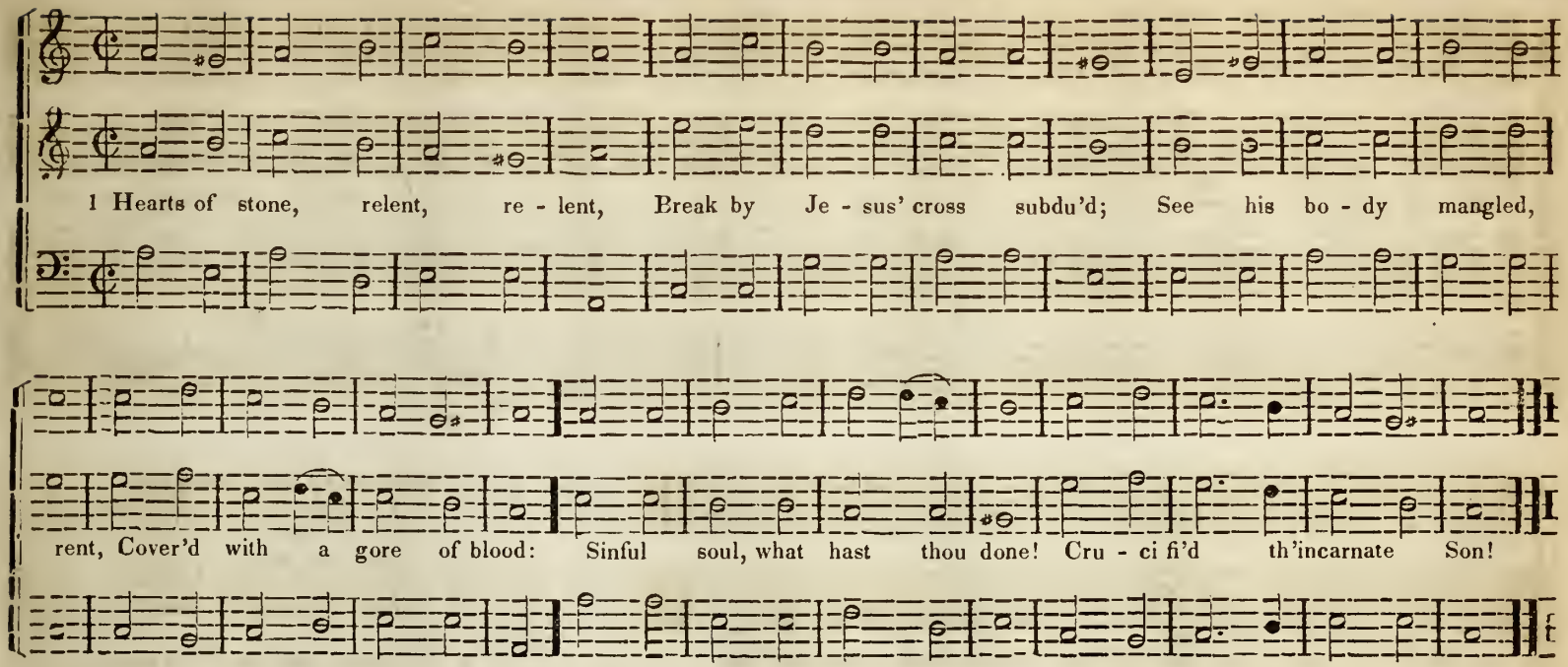
nff 3. Then unto the Lord they cry:
He inclines a gracious ear;
Sends deliv'rance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear:
f O, that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace.

aff 1. Je - sus! lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high:
Hide me, O my Sa-viour, hide, Till the storm of life be past:

di Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; *cr* O re-ceive my soul at last.

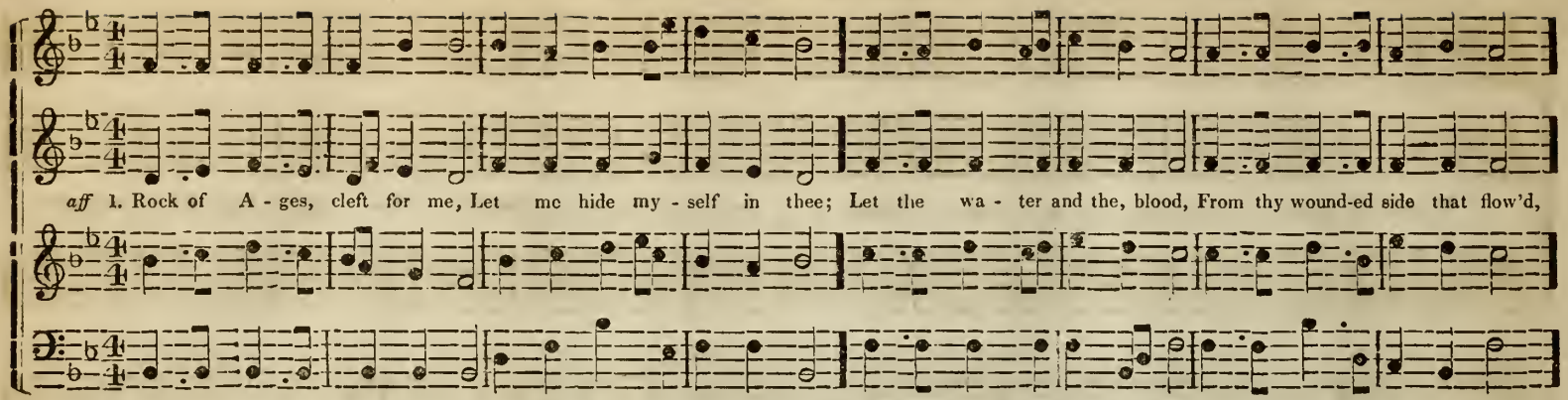
2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
—di Cover my defenceless head,
—p With the shadow of thy wing.

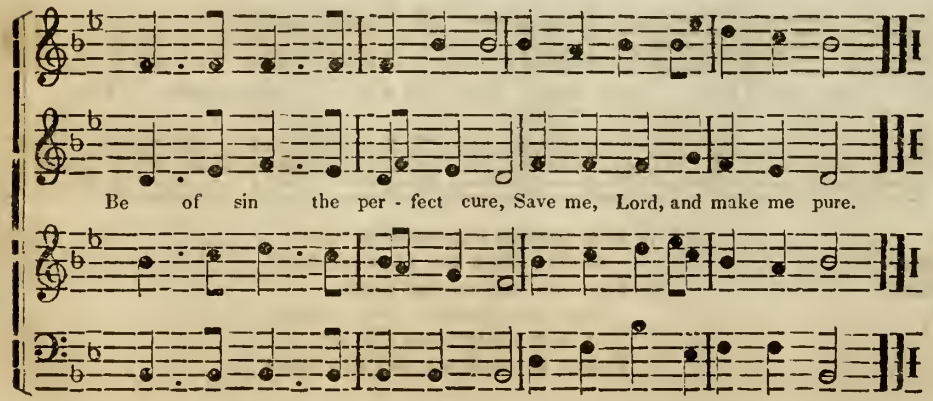
cr 3. Plenteous grace with thee is found
Grace to pardon all my sin;
vi Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within
Thou of life, the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.



2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driv'n the nails that fix'd him there;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Plung'd into his side the spear;
Made his soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man he dies.

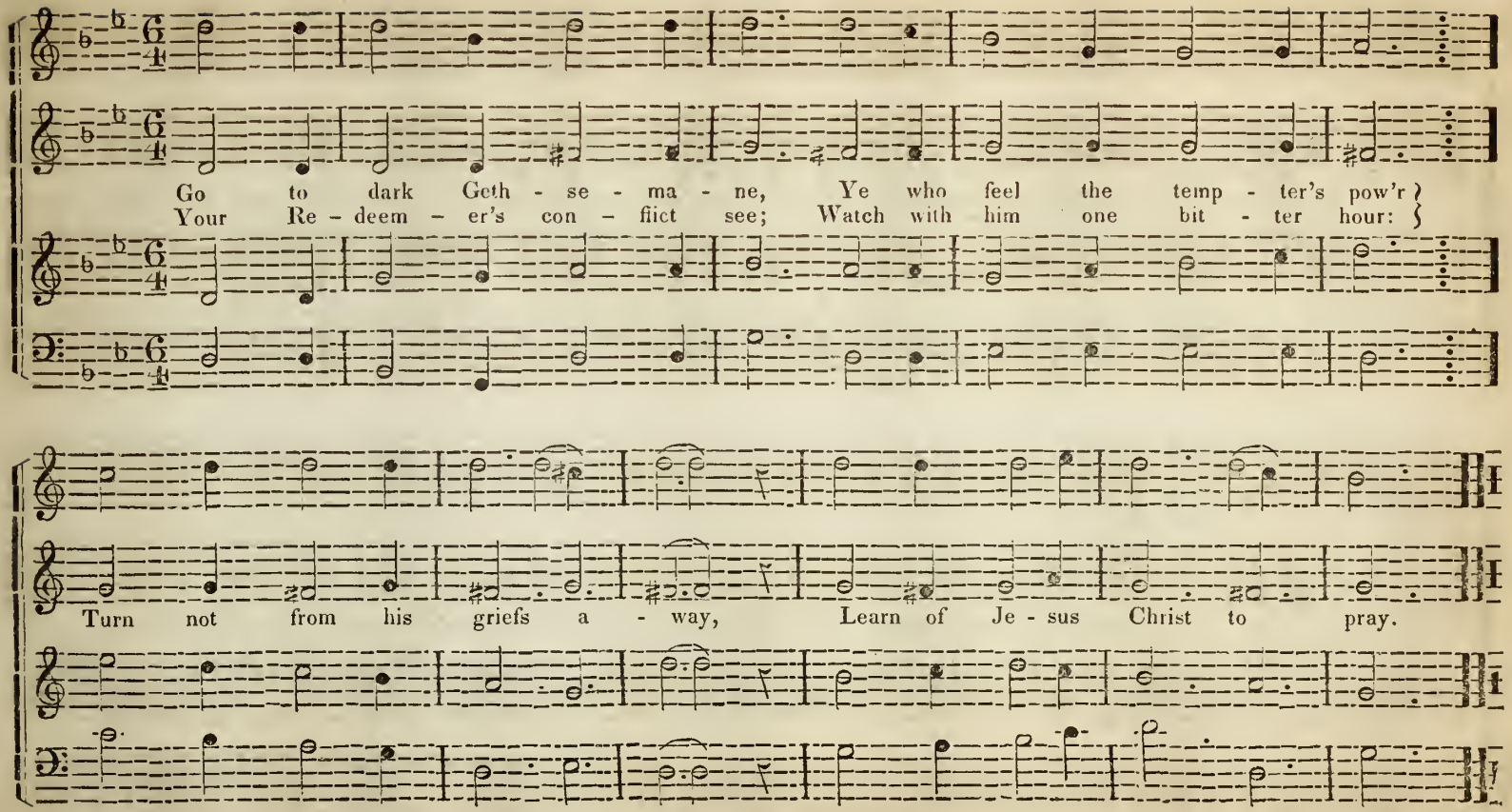
3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again
And the shameful cross renew?
No! with all my sins I'll part:
Break, O break my bleeding heart.

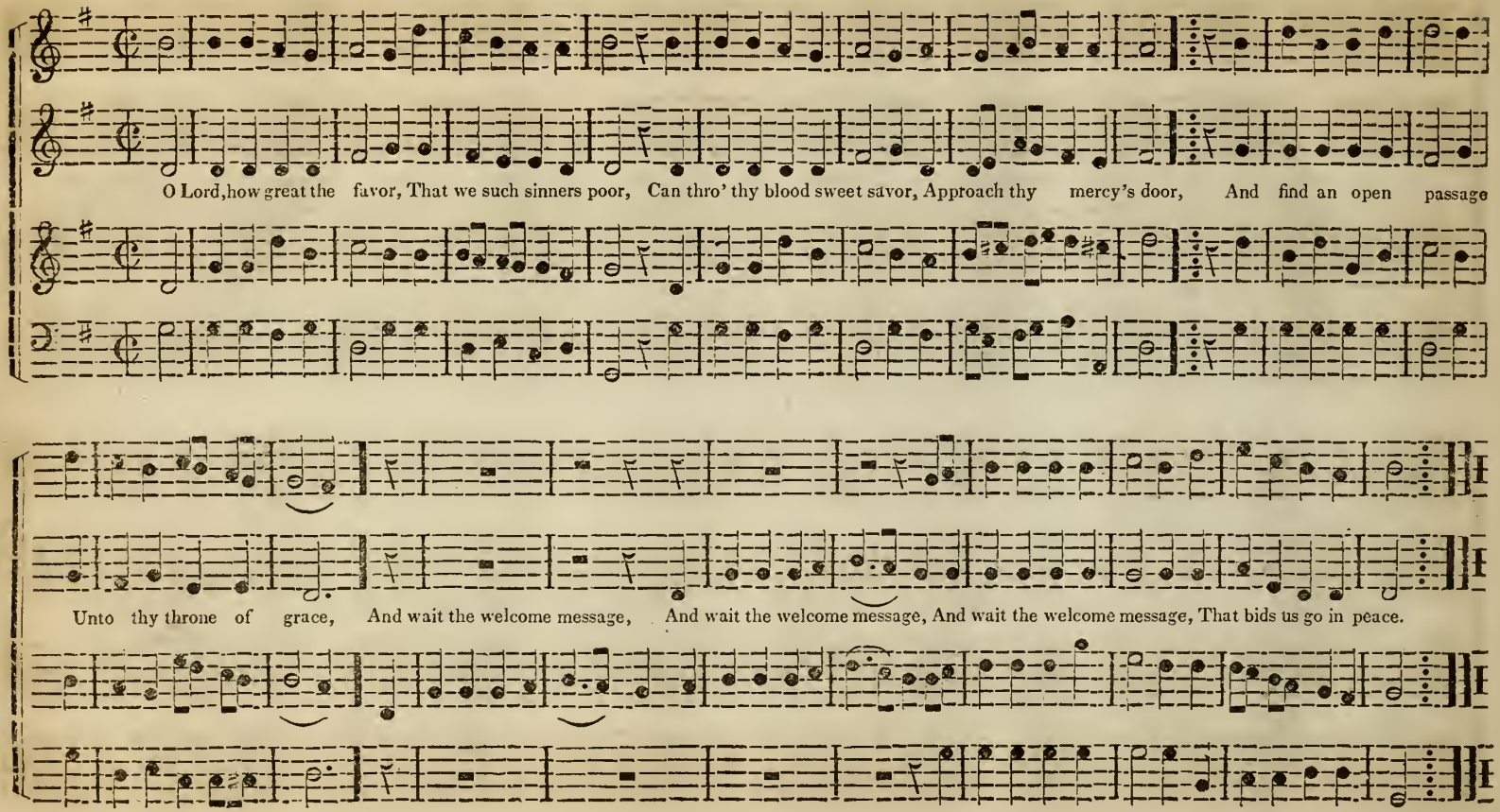


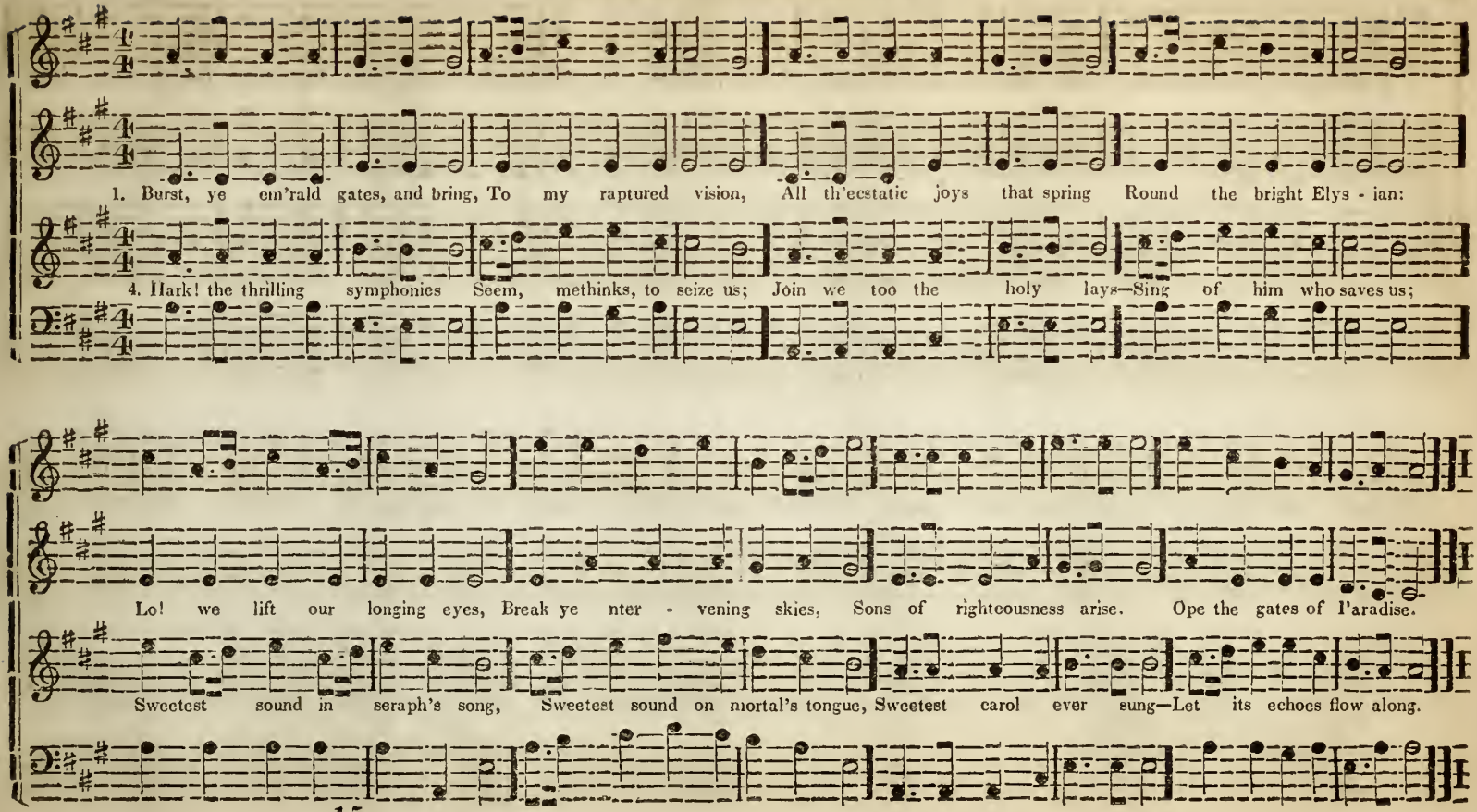


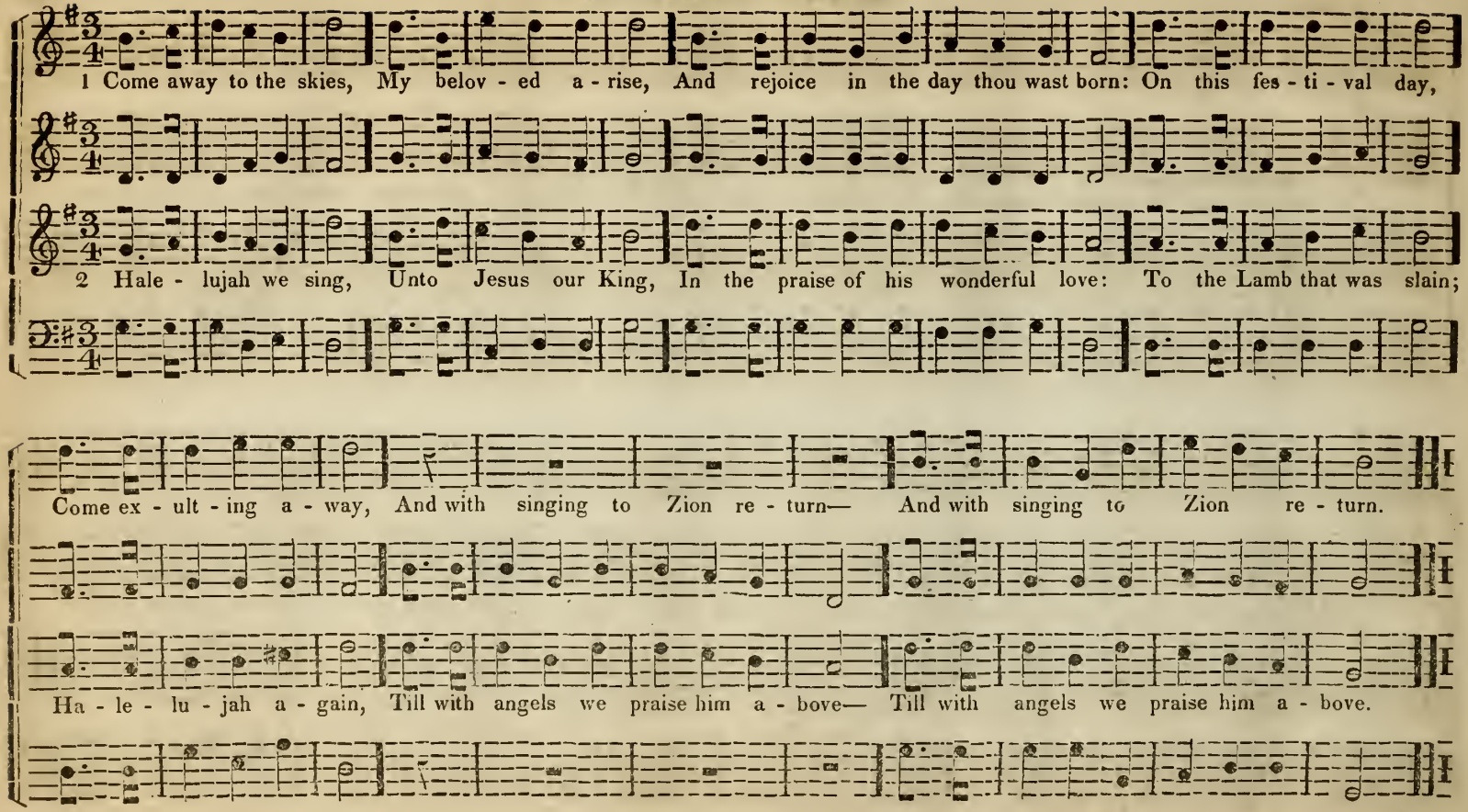
2. Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
cr Thou must save, and thou alone:
di In my hand no price I bring;
ag Simply to thy cross I cling.

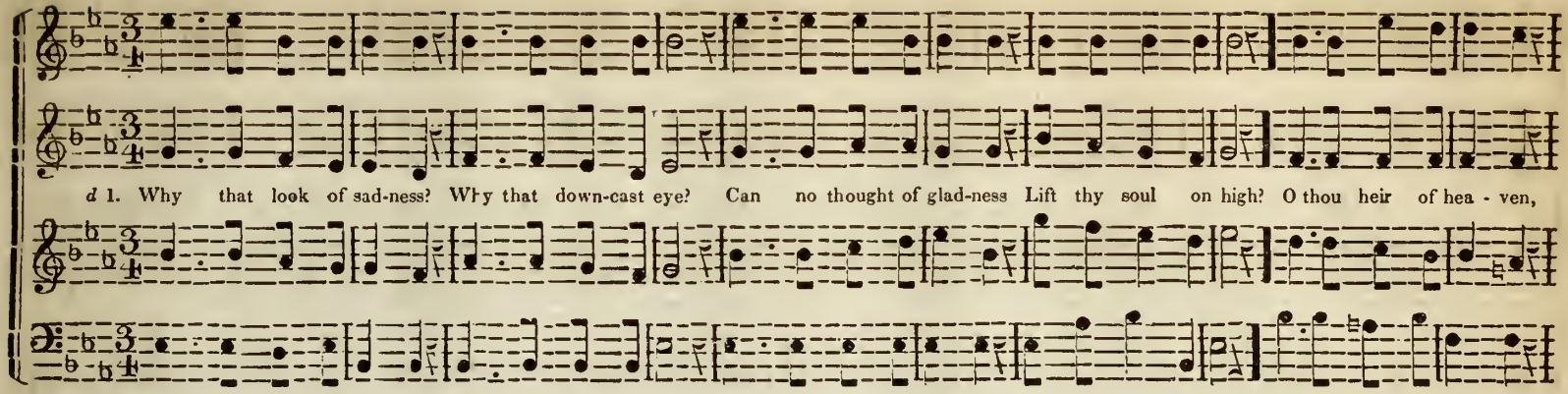
p 3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
ma When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
d Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
—*di* Let me hide myself in thee.

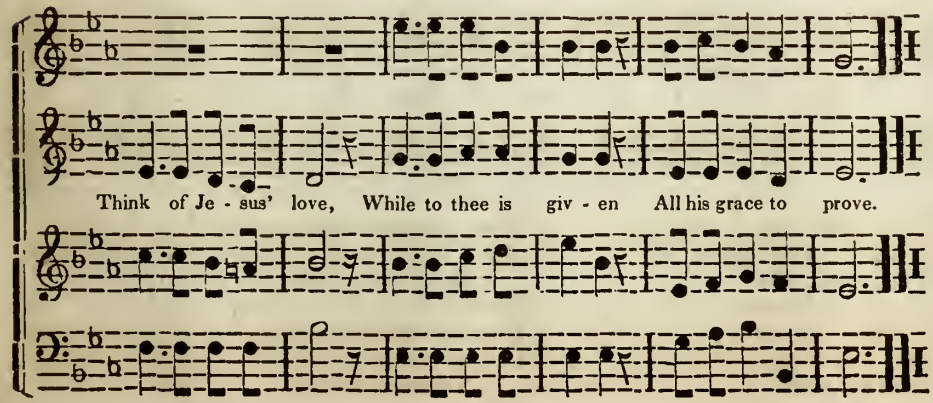

Go to dark Geth - se - ma - ne, Ye who feel the temp - ter's pow'r
Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see; Watch with him one bit - ter hour:
Turn not from his griefs a - way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.


O Lord, how great the favor, That we such sinners poor, Can thro' thy blood sweet savor, Approach thy mercy's door, And find an open passage
Unto thy throne of grace, And wait the welcome message, And wait the welcome message, And wait the welcome message, That bids us go in peace.


1. Burst, ye em'rald gates, and bring, To my raptured vision, All th'ecstatic joys that spring Round the bright Elys - ian:
4. Hark! the thrilling symphonies Seem, methinks, to seize us; Join we too the holy lays—Sing of him who saves us;
Lo! we lift our longing eyes, Break ye nter - vening skies, Sons of righteousness arise. Ope the gates of Paradise.
Sweetest sound in seraph's song, Sweetest sound on mortal's tongue, Sweetest carol ever sung—Let its echoes flow along.


1 Come away to the skies, My belov - ed a - rise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born: On this fes - ti - val day,
2 Hale - lujah we sing, Unto Jesus our King, In the praise of his wonderful love: To the Lamb that was slain;
Come ex - ult - ing a - way, And with singing to Zion re - turn— And with singing to Zion re - turn.
Ha - le - lu - jah a - gain, Till with angels we praise him a - bove— Till with angels we praise him a - bove.

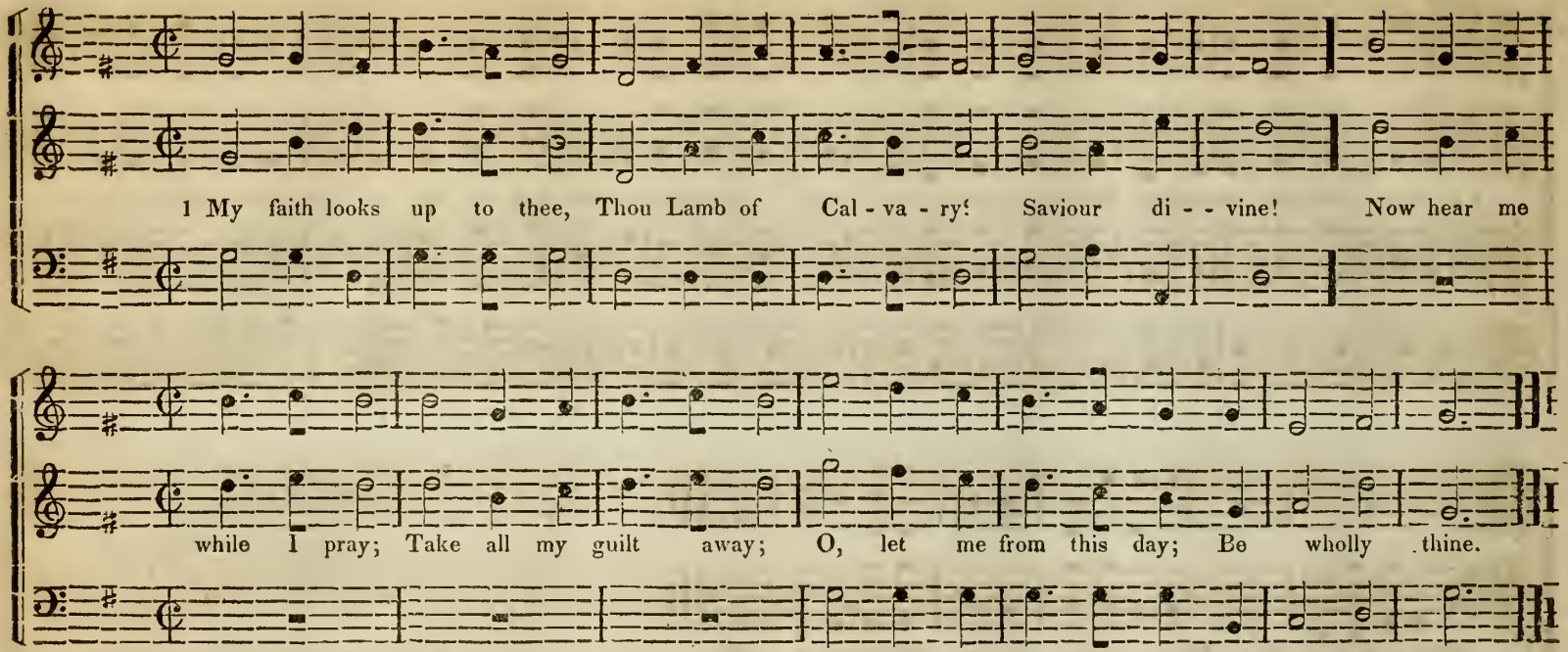




2. Is thy burden'd spirit
Agonized for sin?
Think of Jesus' merit;
He can make thee clean:
Think of Calv'ry's mountain,
Where his blood was spilt;
In that precious fountain,
Wash away thy guilt.

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

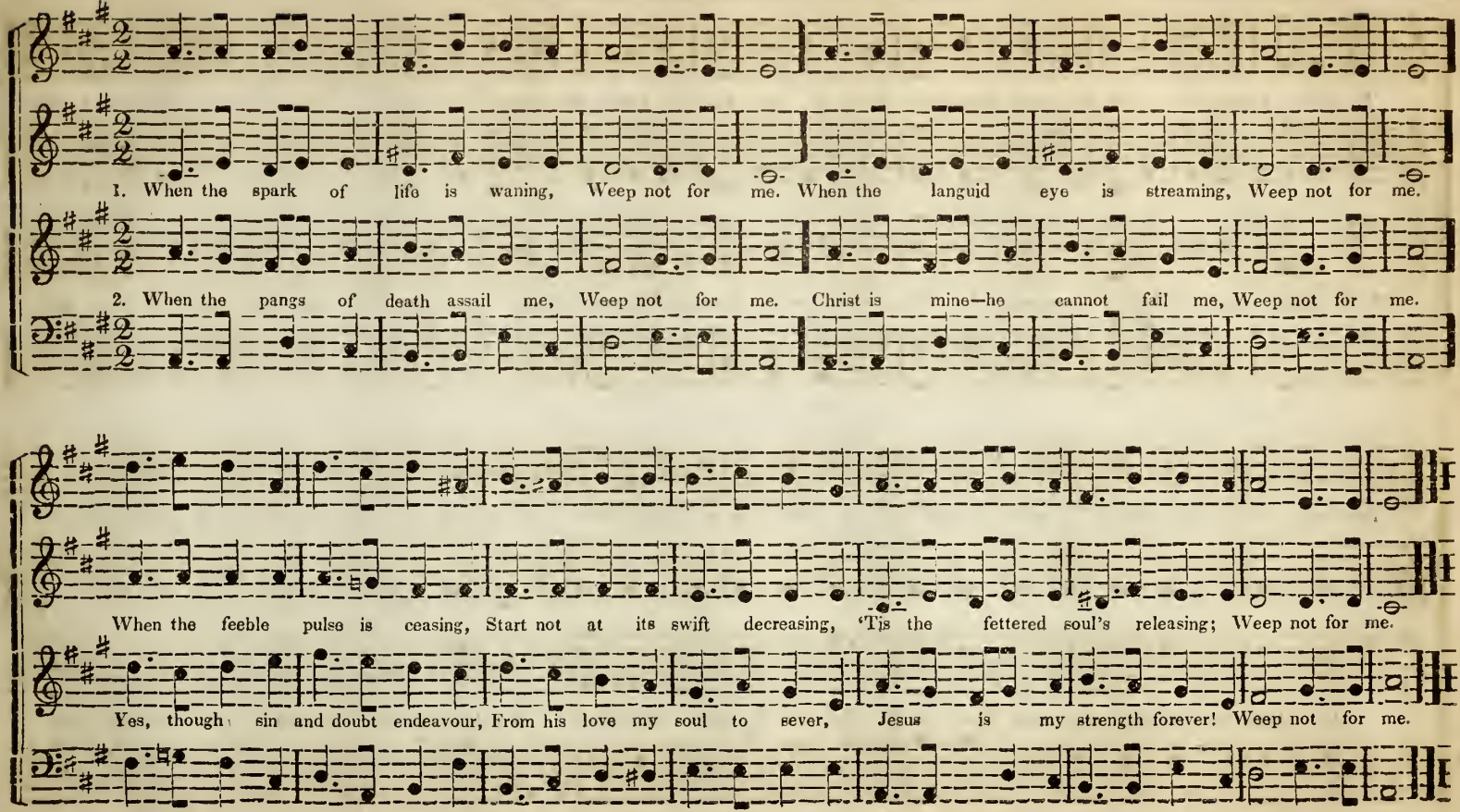
"MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE." 6s & 4s.



2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove:
O, bear me safe above—
A ransom'd soul.

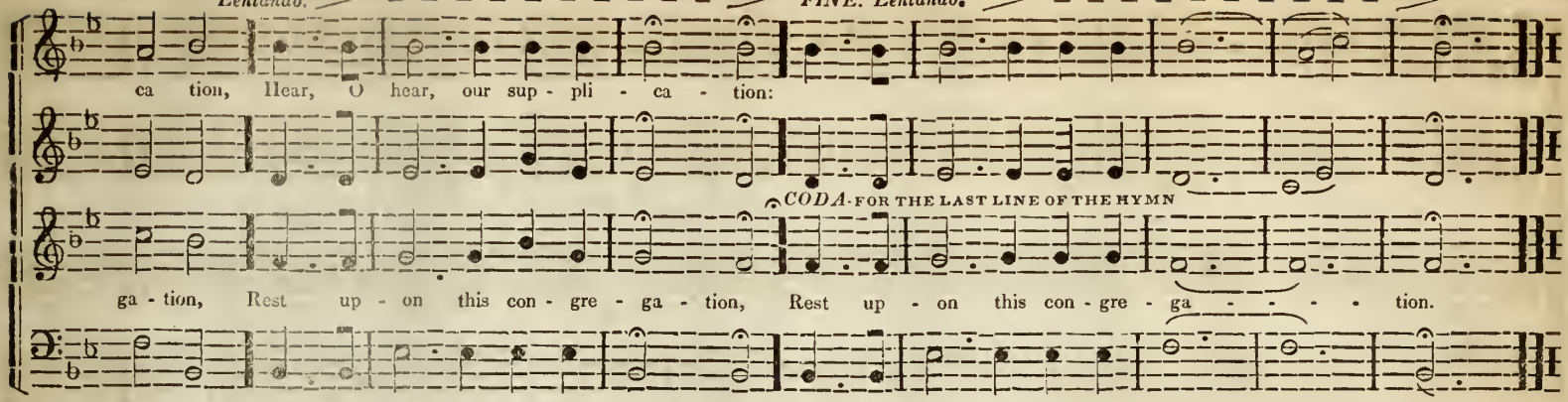

1. When the spark of life is waning, Weep not for me. When the languid eye is streaming, Weep not for me.
2. When the pangs of death assail me, Weep not for me. Christ is mine—he cannot fail me, Weep not for me.
When the feeble pulse is ceasing, Start not at its swift decreasing, 'Tis the fettered soul's releasing; Weep not for me.
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour, From his love my soul to sever, Jesus is my strength forever! Weep not for me.

1. Ho-ly Ghost, dis - pel our sad - ness, Pierce the clouds of sin - ful night; Come, thou source of joy and gladness, Breathe thy life and shed thy light:

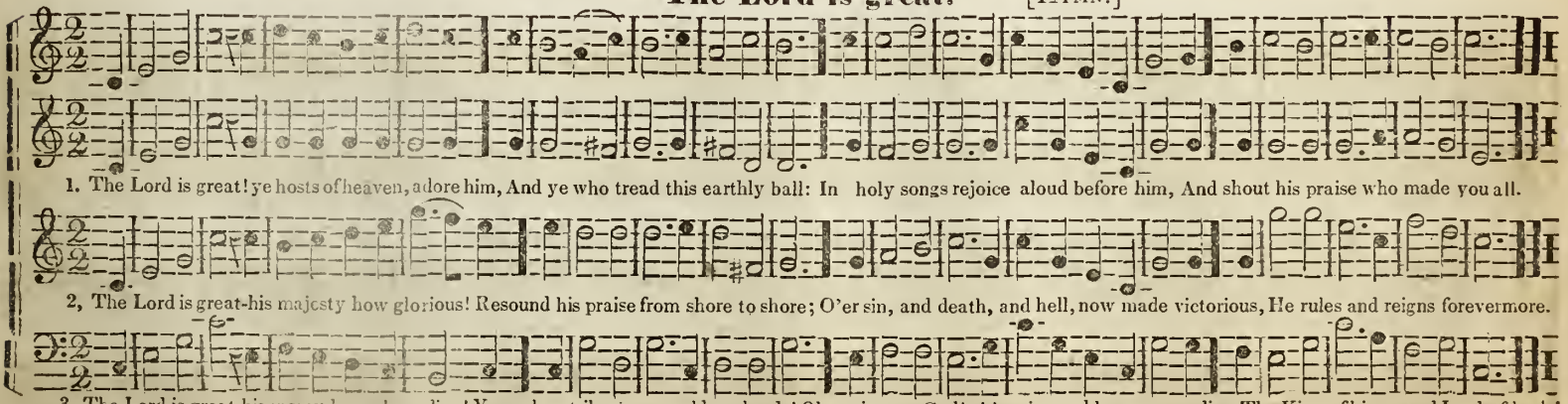
2. From the height that knows no mea-sure, Let the gra-cious show'r de-scend, Bring-ing now the rich-est treasure, Man can wish or God can send:

Heav'n-ly Spi - rit, God of peace, Great dis - tri - bu - tor of grace, Rest up- on this con - gre - ga-tion; Hear, O hear our sup-pli-

O thou, Glo - ry shin - ing down, From the Fa - ther and the Son, Grant us thy il - lu - mi -na - tion, Rest up - on this con - gre-



"The Lord is great." [HYMN.]



Largo. Pia. Sostenuto.

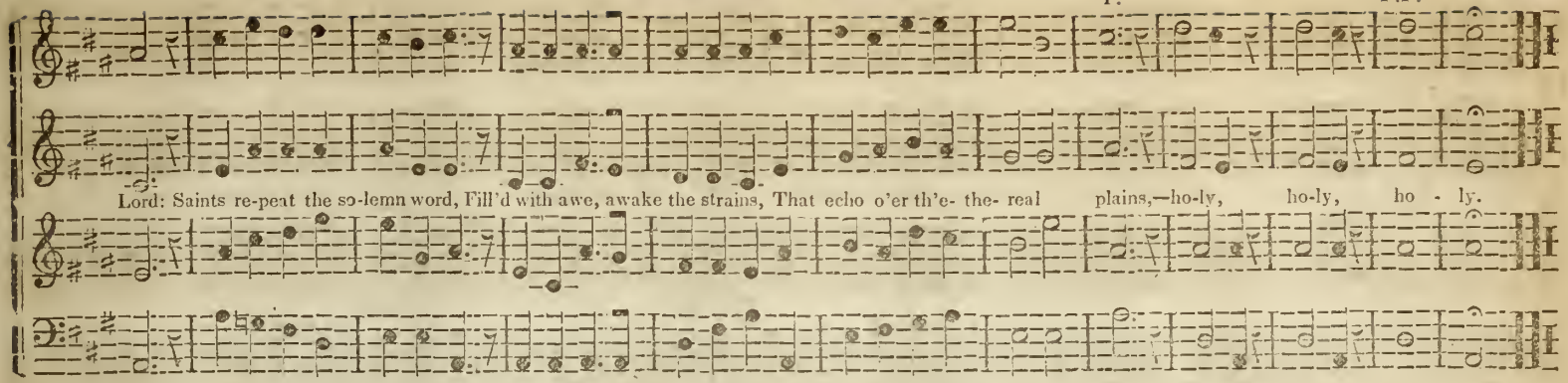
SANCTUS.

ARRANGED FROM NAGELI.

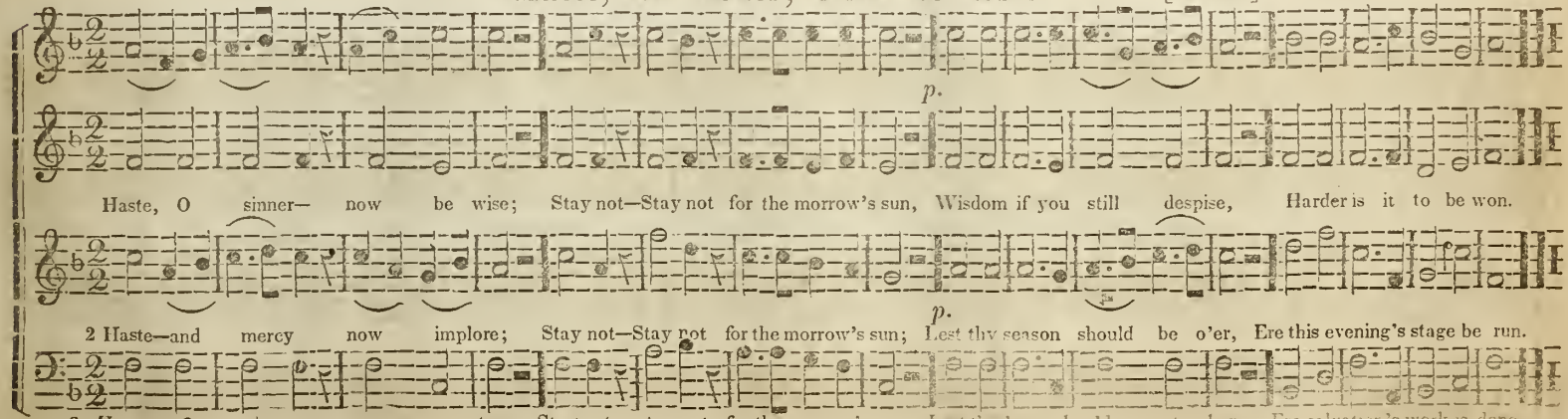
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts, on high a -dored! Who shall now thy glo-ry sing, O Al-migh-ty King! Ho - ly,

Cres. *Dim.*

ho - ly ho - ly Lord; An-gels touch the trembling chord, And their sweetest notes employ, Fired with holy joy: Ho - ly, ho - ly ho-ly



'Haste, O sinner, now be wise.' [HYMN.]



mp. *f.f.*

Hark! the song of Ju - bi - lee, Loud as mighty thunders roar; Or the fulness of the sea, When it breaks upon the shore.

mp. *f.f.*

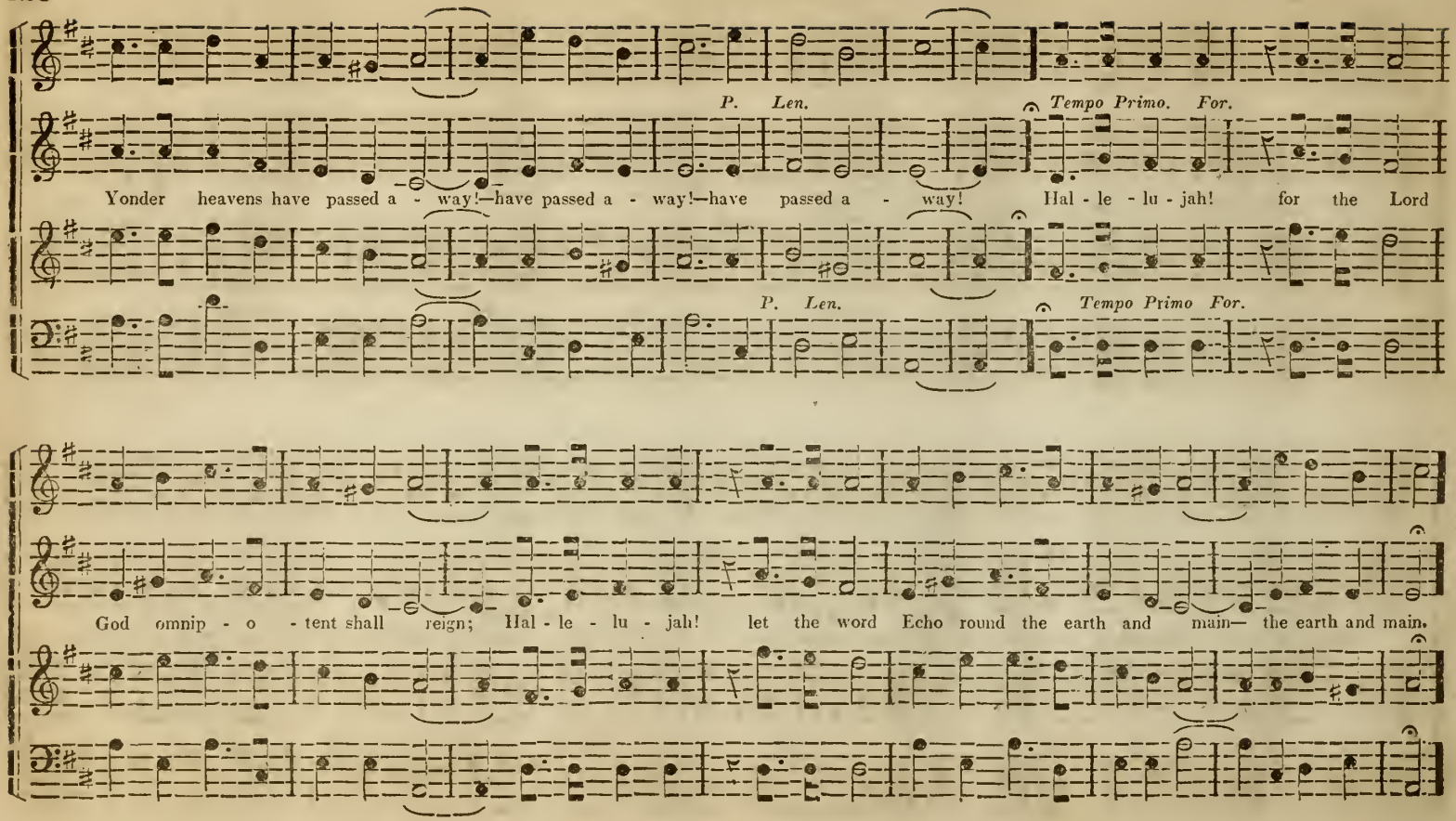
Ad Lib. *P.* *fr* *Tempo Primo.*

See Je - ho - vahs banners furled! Sheathed his sword; he speaks—'tis done! Now the kingdoms of this world, Are the kingdoms

Ad Lib. *P.* *f.* *Tempo Primo.*

of his Son, Are the kingdoms of his Son. He shall reign from

pole to pole, With supreme unbounded sway: He shall reign, when like a scroll, Yonder heavens have passed away! He shall reign, when like a scroll,


P. Len.
Tempo Primo. For.
Yonder heavens have passed a - way!—have passed a - way!—have passed a - way! Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord
P. Len.
Tempo Primo For.
God omnip - o - tent shall reign; Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Echo round the earth and main— the earth and main.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu -jah! Let the word Echo— Echo— Echo round the earth and main—

Hal -le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Echo round the earth and main—

round the earth and main—round the earth and main. - - - - - - -

round the earth and main—round the earth and main. - - - - - - -

Echo— Echo round the earth and main. - - - - - - -

round the earth and main—round the earth and main.

Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness, Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more; Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day star of gladness, A-

Tutti.

rise! For the night of thy sorrow is o'er. Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness, Awake for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

Soli.

Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdu'd them And scatter'd their legions was mightier far; They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursu'd them,

Tutti.

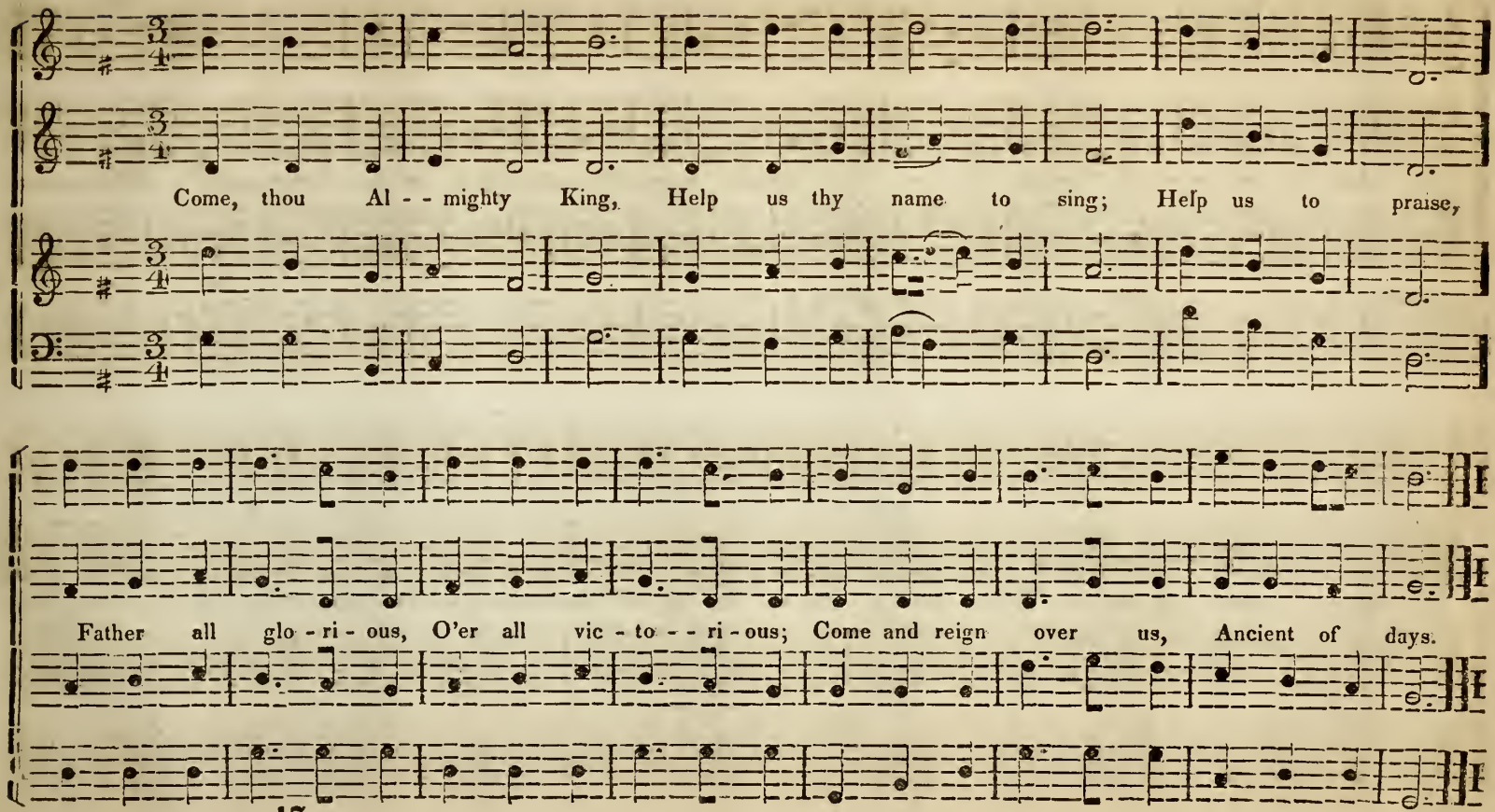
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war. Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness, Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

Soli.

Daughter of Zion, the pow'r that hath sav'd thee, Extoll'd with the harp, and the timbrel should be; Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd thee, Th'oppressor is vanquish'd and

Tutti.

Zion is free. Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness, Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more—shall oppress thee no more—no more—no more.


Come, thou Al - - mighty King, Help us thy name to sing; Help us to praise,
Father all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - - ri - ous; Come and reign over us, Ancient of days.

"Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing." [Dismission.]

Lord, dis - miss us with thy blessing, Bid us all depart in peace, Still on gospel manna feeding, Pure se - raph - ic love increase!

Fill each breast with con - so - - lation, Up to thee our voi - ces raise; When we reach that blissful station, Then we'll give thee nobler praise,

Pia

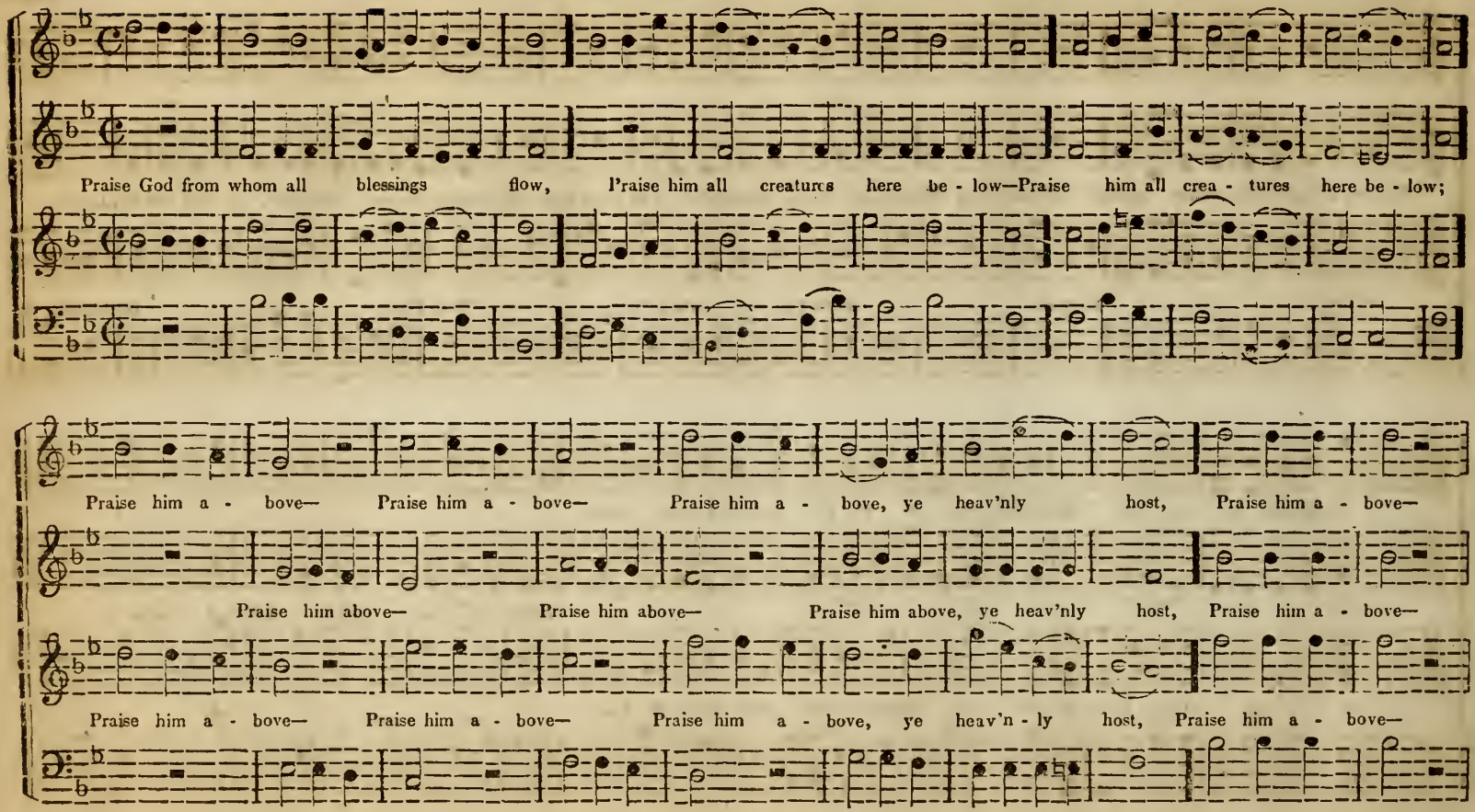
Then we'll give thee nobler praise. And we'll sing Hallelujah, Amen, Hallelujah, And we'll sing Hallelujah, Amen, Hallelujah, to God and the Lamb.

Solo Pia Tutti For Solo Pia Tutti For Hallelujah, for-

Hallelujah for - ev - er, Hallelujah for - ev - er, for - ever and ever, Amen.

Halle - lu - jah, Amen, - Amen, Amen.

- ev - er, Halle - lujah for - ev - er, Hallelujah for - ever and ever, Amen.


Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise him all creatures here be - low—Praise him all crea - tures here be - low;
Praise him a - bove— Praise him a - bove— Praise him a - bove, ye heav'nly host, Praise him a - bove—
Praise him above— Praise him above— Praise him above, ye heav'nly host, Praise him a - bove—
Praise him a - bove— Praise him a - bove— Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host, Praise him a - bove—

Praise him a - bove— Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost—Praise

Praise him a - bove— Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—Praise

Praise him &c. Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost—Praise

Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost— Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost Halle - lujah, Halle-

Tutti

Hal - le - lu - jah, Soli

- - lujah, Halle - lujah, Amen, Amen, Hal - le - lujah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah Halle - lujah, Halle-

- - lujah Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lujah, A - men, A - men, Halle - lujah, Amen, Halle - lujah, Amen.

1 The Lord our God is full of might, The winds obey his will; He speaks, and in his heav'nly height, The rolling sun stands still.

2 Ye winds of night, your force combine, Without his high behest; Ye shall not in the mountain pine, Disturb the sparrow's nest.

3 He lives, he reigns in ev'ry land, From winter's polar snows, To where across the burning sand The blasting meteor glows.

Re - bel, ye waves, and o'er the land With threat'ning aspect roar, The Lord uplifts his awful hand, And chains you to the shore.

His voice sublime is heard afar, In dis - tant peals it dies; He yokes the whirlwind to his car, And sweeps the howling skies.

Ye nations bend, in rev'rence bend, Ye monarchs wait his nod, And bid the choral song ascend To cele - brate your God.

The breezes have borne the glad ti - dings a - broad;

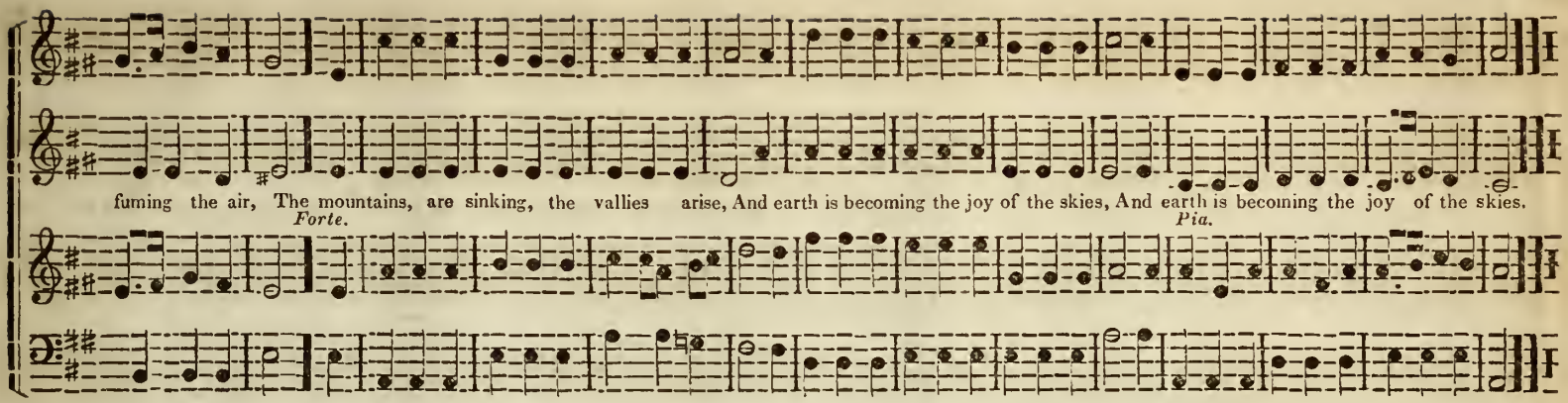
The sound of salvation is echo'd a - - - fa - r, The light that is beaming from Bethlehem's Star, Is

The breezes have borne the glad ti - dings a broad;

Unison. *Unison.*

chasing the darkness from sorrow's abode, Is chasing the darkness from sorrow's abode: The wastes of the desert in verdure ap-pear, In rich blooming fragrance per-

Pia.



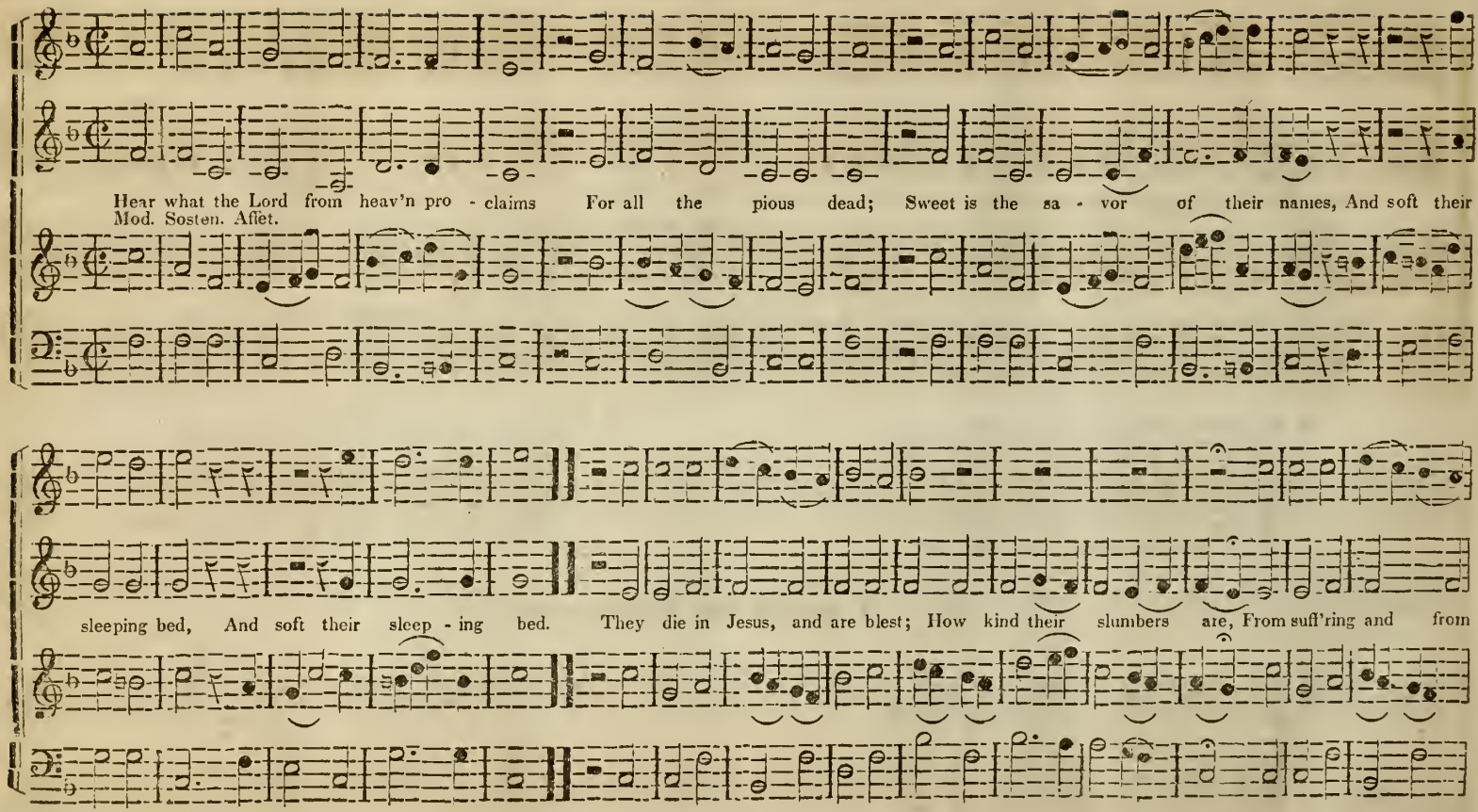
2 The sound of salvtion is echo'd afar;
The heralds aloud the glad tidings proclaim;
The sons of redemption now waken to prayer,
And millions rejoice in Immanuel's name:
O tremble, ye fugitives, monsters of sin!
Ye demons of darkness, ye foul and unclean!
Ye soon shall descend to your destined abode,
While earth shall rejoice in the smiles of her God.

3 The sound of salvation is echo'd afar;
And converts outnumber the drops of the morn;
Loud songs of rejoicing are borne through the air,
From regions long wasted, despised, and forlorn:
Now millions of heathen receive the glad word,
The outcasts of Israel return to the Lord,
The earth and the sea shall be cleans'd from their stain,
And Jesus, triumphant, begin his glad reign.

I would not live always.

1 I would not live alway, I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.
The few lucid moments that dawn on us here,
Are follow'd by gloom and beclouded with fear
I would not live alway; no, blest is the tomb,
Since Jesus has died, I will welcome its gloom:
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph, descending the skies.

2 Who, who would live alway away from his God,
An exile from heaven, that blissful abode;
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet.
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.


Hear what the Lord from heav'n pro - claims For all the pious dead; Sweet is the sa - vor of their names, And soft their
Mod. Sosten. Affet.
sleeping bed, And soft their sleep - ing bed. They die in Jesus, and are blest; How kind their slumbers are, From suff'ring and from

sin re - leas'd, And freed from ev' - ry snare, And freed, and freed from ev'ry snare. Far from this world of sin and

For. Vivace.

strife, They're present with the Lord; The labors of their mor - tal life End in a large re - ward, End in a large re - ward.

DEVONSHIRE.

PROF. NORTON.

Allegro. Staccato.

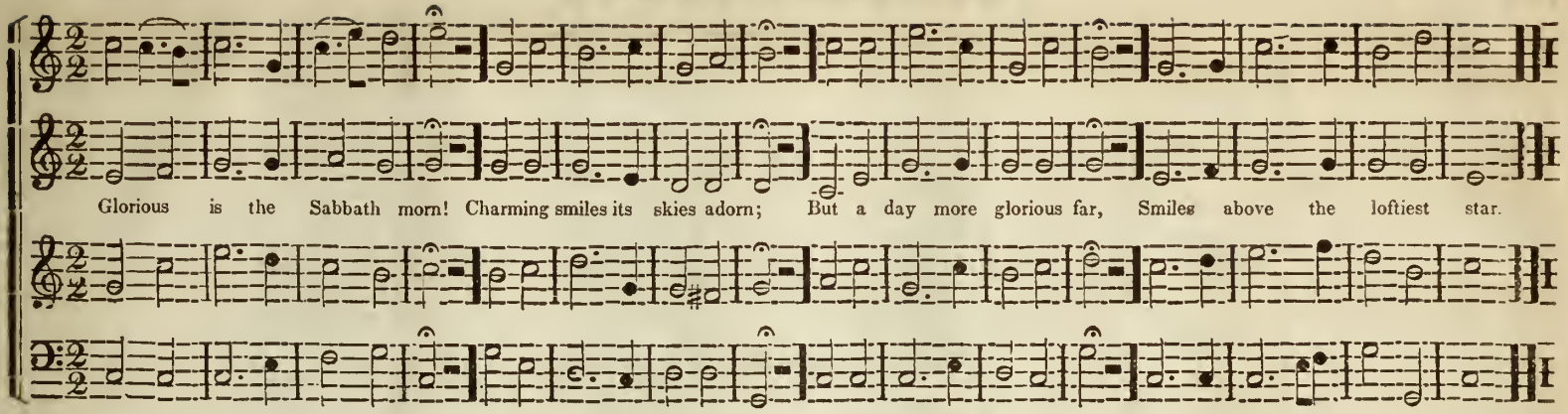
Ye servants of God, Your Mas - ter pro - claim, And publish a - - - broad His won - der - ful

name: The name all vic - torious Of Je - sus ex - - tol; 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' 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 pow'r,
And wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.



'The Sabbath a Delight.'

1 Glorious is the Sabbath morn!
Charming smiles its skies adorn;
But a day more glorious far,
Smiles above the loftiest star.

2 Happy is this sacred day,
While the friends of Zion pray;
Happier still those glorious days,
When, in heaven, their songs they raise.

3 Sweet the Sabbath songs below,
Where God's people meet and bow;
Sweeter far the immortal strains,
Where the Great Redeemer reigns.

4 Christ our Sun arose with power—
Blest the Sabbath's earliest hour;
Now, in heaven, with beams divine,
His eternal glories shine.

5 Mortals, hear your Savior's word;
Heaven and Earth, adore your Lord;
Anthems sweet, and long, and loud,
Fill the Paradise of God.

6 May we spend our Sabbath hours,
Praising God with all our powers;
Then, with strains, sweet, loud, and long,
Swell th'eternal Sabbath song.

GENERAL INDEX.

Anthems and Set Pieces.

METRICAL INDEX.