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THE  
CHRISTIAN HARMONIST:

CONTAINING

A Set of Tunes adapted to all the Metres in Mr. RIPPON's Selection of Hymns, in the Collection of Hymns by Mr. JOSHUA SMITH, and in Dr. WATTS's Psalms and Hymns.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

HYMNS ON PARTICULAR SUBJECTS,  
Set throughout;

Two ANTHEMS, and a FUNERAL DIRGE;

WITH A

CONCISE INTRODUCTION of PRACTICAL PRINCIPLES.


The whole in a familiar Style, designed for the Use of the

Baptist Churches in the United States.

---

*Selected and Composed by* SAMUEL HOLYOKE, A. M.

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PUBLISHED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS.

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PRINTED BY JOSHUA CUSHING, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.

1804.

District of Massachusetts, to wit :

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty-fourth day of December, in the twenty-eighth year of the Independence of the United States of America, SAMUEL HOLYOKE, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the Title of a Book, the Right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, viz. "*The Christian Harmonist: containing a set of Tunes adapted to all the Metres in Mr. Rippon's Selection of Hymns, in the Collection of Hymns by Mr. Joshua Smith, and in Dr. Watts's Psalms & Hymns; to which are added, Hymns on Particular Subjects, set throughout, two Anthems, and a Funeral Dirge: with a concise Introduction of Practical Principles. The whole in a familiar Style, designed for the use of the Baptist Churches in the United States. Selected and composed by SAMUEL HOLYOKE, A. M.*" In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act entitled An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the Benefits hereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching Historical and other Prints."



N. GOODALE, Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

A true Copy of Record.

Attest. N. GOODALE, Clerk.

Schoe.


Feb 16 1828  
MASSACHUSETTS  
NOTES



# INTRODUCTION.

**S**EVEN Letters are used to represent the original founds of the octave, viz. A, B, C, D, E, F, G. When an eighth letter is used, the first is repeated.

## SCALE.

BASS.	TENOR & TREBLE.	COUNTER.	
Space above,	B Space above,	G Space above,	A
Fifth line, —	A Fifth line, —	F Fifth line, —	G
Fourth space, —	G Fourth space, —	E Fourth space, —	F
Fourth line, — 	F Fourth line, —	D Fourth line, —	E
Third space, —	E Third space, —	C Third space, —	D
Third line, —	D Third line, —	B Third line, — 	C
Second space, —	C Second space, —	A Second space, — 	B
Second line, —	B Second line, — 	G Second line, —	A
First space, —	A First space, —	F First space, —	G
First line, —	G First line, —	E First line, —	F
Space below,	F Space below,	D Space below,	E

Above Mi are Faw, Sol, Law, Faw, Sol, Law; then comes Mi.  
Below Mi are Law, Sol, Faw, Law, Sol, Faw; then comes Mi.

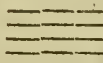
N. B. The Semitones lie between B and C, or Mi and Faw; and between E and F, or Law and Faw.


## Transposition of the Mi.


If there be neither Flats nor sharps at the beginning of a Tune, Mi is in B.


If there be <i>one</i> Flat, Mi is in E	If there be <i>one</i> Sharp, Mi is in F
<i>two</i> Flats, Mi is in A	<i>two</i> Sharps, Mi is in C
<i>three</i> Flats, Mi is in D	<i>three</i> Sharps, Mi is in G
<i>four</i> Flats, Mi is in C	<i>four</i> Sharps, Mi is in D


## Musical Characters.

A Staff  is five lines with their spaces.


A Brace  shows how many parts are sung together.

A Ledger Line  is added when notes go out of the compass of the staff.


A Flat  governs the Mi: when set before a note it sinks it one semitone.

A Sharp  governs the Mi: when set before a note it raises it one semitone.

Both Flats and Sharps, when set at the beginning, have influence through a tune, unless they are contradicted by a Natural.

A Natural  restores a note, made flat or sharp, to its primitive found.

A Repeat  shows what part of a tune is to be sung twice.

A Slur  shows how many notes are to be sung to one syllable.

Figures 1, 2, are used when any part of a tune is repeated: the note under figure 1 is sung before, and the note under figure 2 after the repeat. If they be tied together by a slur, both are to be sung after the repeat.




Point of Addition  set after a note, adds half its original length.


Figure 3      fet over or under any three notes, with a slur, reduces them to the time of two notes of the same kind.


The F Cliff  is used only in Bass, being fet upon F, fourth line.


The C Cliff  is used in Counter, and is fet upon C, third line.

The G Cliff  is used in Tenor and Treble, and sometimes in Counter, and is fet upon G, second line.

Marks of Distinction " show that notes, over which they are placed, should be sung emphatically.


Choosing Notes  are placed one above another, and may be sung together.

Single Bar  divides notes into proportional parts.


Double Bar  shows the close of a strain, or the end of a line of poetry.


Close  shows the end of a tune.

### Of Notes.

A Semibreve  contains two minims, or four crotchets, &c.

A Minim  contains two crotchets, or four quavers.







A Crotchet  contains two quavers, or four semiquavers.

A Quaver  contains two semiquavers, or four demifemiquavers.

A Semiquaver  contains two demifemiquavers.

A Demifemiquaver  is the shortest note used in vocal music.


### Of Rests.


A Semibreve Rest		is equal in time to a Semibreve.
A Minim Rest		is equal to a Minim.
A Crotchet Rest		to a Crotchet.
A Quaver Rest		to a Quaver.
A Semiquaver Rest		to a Semiquaver.
A Demifemiquaver Rest		to a Demifemiquaver.



### Of Time.

There are three divisions of Time, viz. Common, Triple, and Compound.

#### Common Time.


The 1st mark  has 4 beats in a bar.


The 2d mark  has 4 beats in a bar. Some authors use it for two beats only.


The 3d mark  or  has but 2 beats in a bar.

The 4th mark  has but 2 beats in a bar.


#### Triple Time.


The 1st mark  has 3 beats in a bar.

The 2d mark  has 3 beats in a bar.

The 3d mark  has 3 beats in a bar.

#### Compound Time.

The 1st mark  has 2 beats in a bar.

The 2d mark  has 2 beats in a bar.

In time of *four* beats the motions of the hand should be thus :

- 1st, Let the ends of the fingers fall.
- 2d, Let the heel of the hand fall.
- 3d, Raise the heel of the hand.
- 4th, Raise the ends of the fingers ; which completes the bar.

In time of four beats, a Semibreve is 4 beats,  
 a Minim 2 beats,  
 a Crotchet 1 beat,  
 a Quaver half a beat.

In time of *three* beats the motions of the hand should be thus :

- 1st, Let the ends of the fingers fall.
- 2d, Let the heel of the hand fall.
- 3d, Raise the ends of the fingers ; which completes the bar.

In time of three beats, a pointed Semibreve is 3 beats,  
 a pointed Minim 3 beats,  
 a pointed Crotchet 3 beats.

In time of *two* beats the motions of the hand should be thus :

- 1st, Let the ends of the fingers fall.
- 2d, Raise the ends of the fingers ; which completes the bar.

In time of two beats, a Semibreve is 2 beats,  
 a Minim 1 beat.

In beating the time the motions of the hand should be as simple as possible.

### *Of the Modes or Keys.*

There are but *two* modes, viz. the *Major Mode*, or Sharp Key, and the *Minor Mode*, or Flat Key. If the first third be major, a tune is in the sharp key ; if the first third be minor, it is in the flat key. In other words, if a tune close upon *Faw*, it is sharp ; if upon *Law*, it is flat.

### *Of Syncopation.*

SYNCOPIATION, or driving notes through the bars, is a difficult lesson for beginners ; but as some instances occur in this book, an example may perhaps be sufficient.

Bars are often divided as in the following example :

A 2



RULE. Take the first crotchet and half the first minim for the first beat, and the second half of the minim and the last crotchet for the second beat, so that the hand shall begin to rise upon the second beat in the middle of the minim. The four crotchets in the third bar show the division of the bar into two equal parts.

A Sharp, Flat, or Natural, when placed before a note in any bar, will influence all notes upon the same line or space in that bar, unless contradicted by an opposite character. N. B. They have influence only upon the letters in the bar in which they are enclosed, but if there be a necessity for using them in a succeeding bar, they are again inserted.

When the word *Soft* is placed over a tune, the sound should be but about half as strong as common. When the word *Loud* occurs, the sound should be full, but not harsh.

N. B. A finger should always endeavour to pronounce words and syllables distinctly ; for, if he be careless in this respect, hearers can understand but a small part of what may be sung.

A performer ought not to sing as loud as he can bawl, because others will be disgusted, however fond he may be of his own *noise*.

In any tune, where there may be choosing notes, as in page 34, the voices ought to be divided, and part of them take the upper series of notes, and the other part the lower series.

In tunes of four parts, the Air, or leading part, lies next the Bass.

In tunes of three parts, the Air lies in the upper part.

\* \* For the convenience of Choristers the Pitch and Key of every tune is inserted over it ; for instance, page 9th, the tune of Farmingham is in the Pitch and Key of G Major, or Sharp Key ; and page 21st, the tune Lynn is in the Pitch of D Minor, or Flat Key.



# I N D E X O F T U N E S.

*Tunes with these Marks, \* † ‡ § not before published.*

	Page	
<b>A</b> R N H E I M	15	<i>Harm. Americana</i>
Alstead*	20	
Amiens*	21	
Ashbury*	26	
Aylebury	35	<i>Chetham</i>
Augusta	41	<i>Hamilton</i>
Alpha	43	<i>Holden</i>
Adoption*	74	
Ashbrook	76	<i>T. Williams</i>
Angels' Song*	78	
Ascension*	80	
Athol*	90	
Amsterdam	98	<i>Harmonia Sacra</i>
Alcester	101	<i>A. Williams</i>
Abington*	120	
Asking for Mercy*	160	
Admonition*	190	
<b>B</b> O R D E N T O N *	23	
Bethsaida	32	<i>Holden</i>
Buxton*	34	
Barnstead*	51	
Buckingham	58	
Bangor	60	<i>Tanfur</i>
Bedford*	70	
Bowden*	98	
Belfast*	100	
Bermondsey	106	<i>Milgrove</i>
Bethel*	110	
Bethesda	111	<i>Dr. Green</i>
Brookline*	116	
Bridgewater*	129	
Brownfield*	130	
Brimfield*	136	
Bartimeus*	142	
Berlin*	143	
Bath*	196	
Bible*	191	
<b>C</b> A M P T O N *	10	
Chester	16	<i>Billings</i>
Confidence	17	<i>Holden</i>

	Page	
Charlton*	20	
Complaining	41	<i>Holden</i>
Compassion	42	<i>Holden</i>
Creation	48	<i>Stephenson</i>
Coronation	52	<i>Holden</i>
Canton	54	<i>Holden</i>
Claremont	56	<i>Kimball</i>
Cornish*	68	
Conway*	74	
Consolation*	84	
Comforter*	92	
Christian's Inquiry*	95	<i>T. Williams</i>
Chesterton	105	
Cohasset*	105	
Chalcedon*	118	
Christian's }	126	
Warrant* }		
Complainer }	127	
Reformed }		
Christian's }	142	
Triumph* }		
Conversion*	159	
Christian Warrior*	164	
Consider the }	184	
Ravens* }		
Calvary*	190	
Canaan*	191	
Christian's Sa- }	192	
lutation* }		
<b>D</b> U N S T A B L E *	18	
Dublin †	18	
Delhi †	23	
Decision	42	<i>Babcock</i>
Deering †	63	
Dismission †	107	
Dartmouth	112	<i>Dr. Burney</i>
Denston †	119	
Description †	132	
Duxbury †	134	
Dalston	154	<i>A. Williams</i>

	Page	
Despondence †	156	
<b>E</b> D G E W A R E	56	<i>Harm. Americana</i>
Elim †	57	
Ellsworth †	113	
Eton	117	<i>Fer. Clark</i>
Experience †	122	
Enfield †	149	
Exeter †	192	
<b>F</b> A R M I N G H A M *	9	
Farnham	28	<i>Playford</i>
Fairfield †	68	
Freeport †	80	<i>Kimball</i>
Fountain †	84	
Florence	114	<i>Venetian</i>
Free Grace †	144	
Franconia †	153	
Fast Anthem †	181	
Friendship †	185	
Friend †	187	
Funeral Dirge	161	<i>Harm. Americana</i>
<b>G</b> O S H E N †	9	
Gospel Net †	26	
Glastonbury	40	<i>Gillet</i>
Greenham †	65	
Gratitude †	72	
Greenland †	108	
Gethsemane †	124	
Grafton †	148	
Gospel Preacher †	187	
<b>H</b> A R T F I E L D †	37	
Hinsdale	43	<i>Harm. Americana</i>
Hague	62	<i>Columbian Repository</i>
Harvey †	83	
Hounslow	97	<i>Dr. Nares</i>
Hayes	101	<i>Dr. Hayes</i>
Hungary †	115	
Helmley	119	<i>Oliver</i>
Hereford	126	<i>T. Williams's Coll.</i>
Heavenly }	128	
Courtier† }		

	Page	
Hiding Place †	138	
Hexham †	145	
Harvest †	189	
<b>I</b> MMANUEL †	85	
Impartial Song †	137	
Importunity §	103	
Intercession †	144	
<b>J</b> UDEA	69	<i>Jewish Air</i>
Jewin Street	117	<i>Hebrew Chant</i>
Jordan	118	<i>T. Williams's Coll.</i>
Judgment Hymn †	124	
Jewish Shepherds	139	<i>Billings</i>
<b>K</b> ITTERY †	14	<i>Read</i>
Kingston	35	
Kenfington †	49	
Kefwick †	97	
<b>L</b> UBEC †	13	
Lynn †	20	
Lansdown †	29	
Little Marlboro'	38	<i>A. Williams's Coll.</i>
Lebanon	59	<i>Billings</i>
Langdale †	75	
Lyme	87	<i>T. Williams's Coll.</i>
Leomington †	88	
Lincelle †	93	
Lincoln	94	<i>Dr. Boyce</i>
Lewes	114	<i>T. Williams's Coll.</i>
Landaff	148	<i>German</i>
Lenox	159	<i>Edson</i>
<b>M</b> EDFORD †	39	
Maine †	49	
Marlborough	54	<i>Shrubsole</i>
Meriden †	70	
Madely	112	<i>T. Williams's Coll.</i>
Mystery †	137	
Marshgrove	136	<i>Columbian Repository</i>
Middleton †	140	
Mortality †	159	
<b>N</b> ORFOLK	38	<i>Brownson</i>
Norwich	40	<i>Brownson</i>
New Plymouth †	23	

	Page	
New Hampton †	61	
New Bradford †	72	
Newfield †	123	
New-year's Hymn	177	<i>S. H.</i>
Northwood †	147	
Newtown †	186	
New Union †	188	
<b>O</b> LD Hundred	12	<i>Martin Luther</i>
Orton †	36	
Orford †	61	
Oxford	63	<i>Harm. Americana</i>
Oakley	73	<i>Stanley</i>
Orange	90	<i>T. Williams</i>
<b>P</b> EMBROOK †	11	
Paris	16	<i>Billings</i>
Patrick's St.	44	<i>T. Williams's Coll.</i>
Plymouth	60	<i>Tanfur</i>
Patience §	67	
Plimpton †	71	
Providence	82	<i>B. West</i>
Penitence †	91	
Pilgrims' Song †	95	
Pittsfield †	108	
Palestine †	125	
Poem †	133	
Paradox †	134	
Portsmouth	141	<i>Handel</i>
Pelham †	146	
Pennicook †	157	
<b>Q</b> UAKENBURG †	24	
<b>R</b> USSIA	22	<i>Read</i>
Raynham †	31	
Rye †	63	
Resurrection †	79	<i>Kimball</i>
Redemption †	139	
Raymond †	150	
Rock †	160	<i>Holden</i>
Recruiting Orders †	187	

	Page	
<b>S</b> YRACUSE †	15	
Sunbury †	19	
Staffordshire †	27	
Shelburne †	28	
Sutton	28	
Surry †	31	
Stafford	32	<i>Read</i>
Smyrna	44	<i>Holden</i>
Suffield †	53	
Stoneham	57	<i>Holden</i>
Saybrook †	62	
Stratham †	64	
Seaford †	73	
Shapley †	77	
Selbury †	83	
Saurin	86	<i>Schutte</i>
Selden †	86	
Sheffield	91	<i>Taylor</i>
Suncook †	94	
Scotland	99	<i>Fowler</i>
Southampton †	104	
Suffex	106	<i>Dr. Madan</i>
Salisbury †	130	
Sandwich †	131	
Shirley †	135	
Sudbury †	188	
<b>T</b> RUTH †	17	
Thornton †	27	
Testimony †	92	
Trevecca	100	<i>Milgrove</i>
Tuftonboro' †	151	
Tribute of Love †	185	
The Lord will	184	
appear †	184	
Triumphing †	189	
Thanksgiving	193	
Anthem †	193	
<b>U</b> FFINDELL †	79	
Uxbridge †	102	
Union †	140	

	Page		Page		Page
Unity †	155	Windfor	58	Kirby	
VICTORY	45	Walden	59	I. Smith	
Vergennes	64	Wareham †	66		
WELLS	12	Warren †	66	Waterford §	121
Winter	47	Wayne †	76	Weary Traveller §	122
Winchester New †	14	Weston §	77	Wakefield §	152
Wilmington †	19	Wendell §	96	YARMOUTH	33
Woodstreet †	46	Warwick	102	York §	96
Wolfsboro' †	50	Wingfield §	120	ZOAR §	53
				Zealand §	81
				Zion	109
					<i>Martin Luther</i>

*The Reader is requested to correct with his pen the following Errors, which escaped notice.*

- Page 13—First Bass staff, third bar, insert a Point after the Minim.  
Page 19—Third Bass staff, 18th bar, the Crotchet should be A, 5th line.  
Page 57—Third Tenor Staff, first bar, the Minim should be on E, 1st line.  
Page 72—Third Tenor staff, 6th bar, the fourth Crotchet should be on B, 3d line.  
Page 92—Second Bass staff, 1st bar, the Minim should be on C, 2d space.  
Page 122—First Bass Staff, 9th bar, the Semibreve should be on A, 1st space.  
Page 123—Third Bass Staff, 8th bar, the first Crotchet should be on E, 3d space; and in the same staff, last bar but one, the last Crotchet should be E, 3d space. These were corrected in some copies.  
Page 128—First Treble Staff, last bar, the Minim should be on E, 1st line.  
Page 132—Second Bass staff, last bar, the Crotchet should be on A, 1st space.  
Page 188—Third Tenor staff, 2d bar, the first Crotchet should be on D, fourth line.



No. 1.

FARMINGHAM.

Hymn 1. L.

G Major.

9

*AIR.*

To God, the u - ni - - ver - - fal King, Let all mankind their tribute bring: All that have breath your voi - - ces raise,

In songs of never ceasing praise. All that have breath, your voices raise, In songs of never ceas - - ing praise.

No. 2.

GOSHEN.

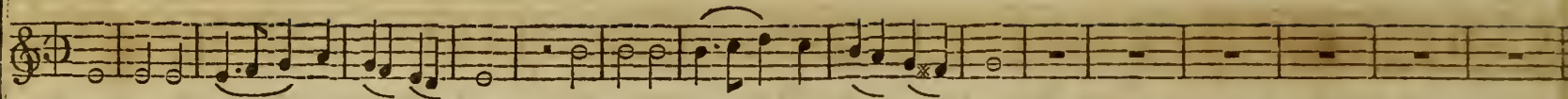
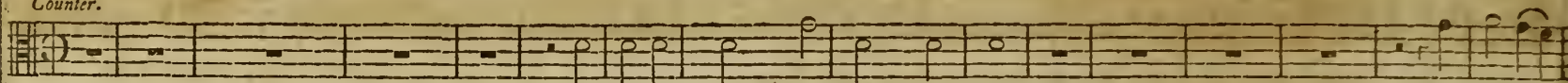
Hymn 2. L.

A Major.

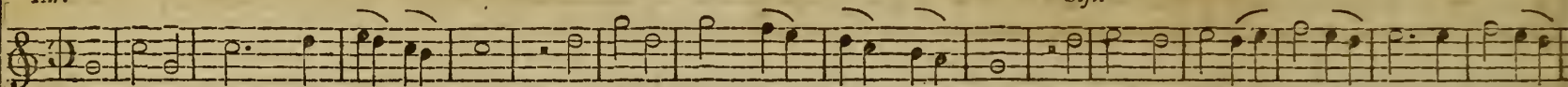
*AIR.**Soft.**Loud.*

Eternal God! Almighty Cause Of earth and seas and worlds unknown! All things are subject to thy laws, All things depend on thee alone. All things, &c.

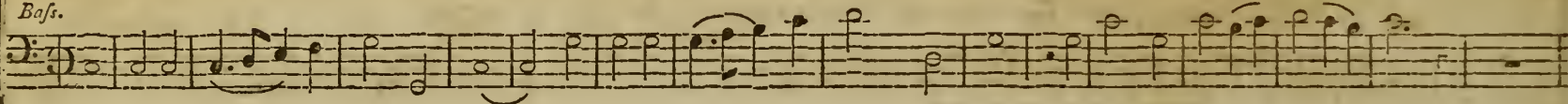
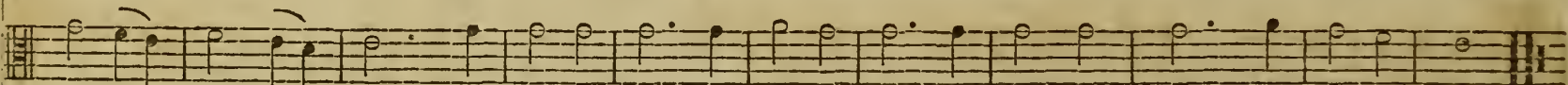
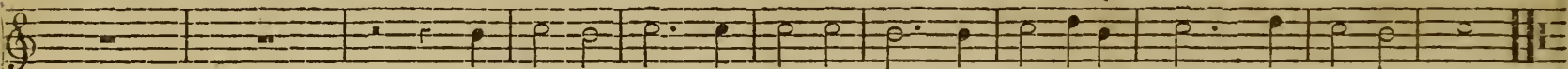
B

*Treble.**Counter.*

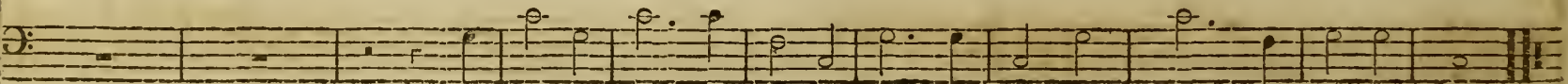
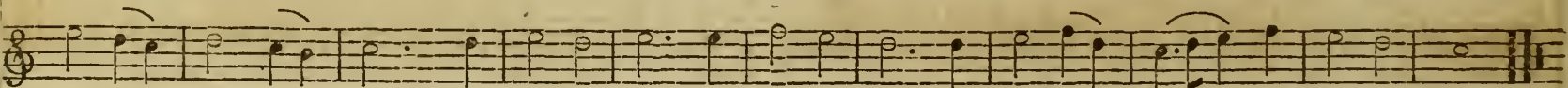
Ye sons of men, with joy re--cord The various won--ders of the Lord; Thro' all your

*Air.**Soft.*

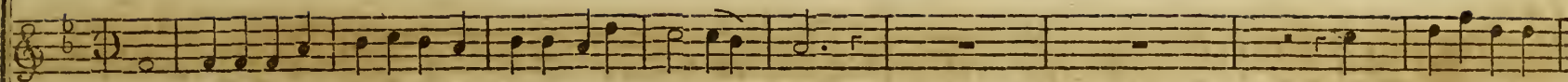
And let his pow'r and goodness sound

*Bass.**Loud.*

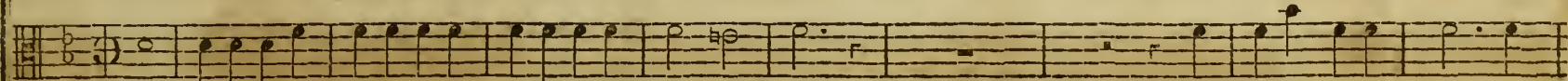
tribes, the world a---round. And let his pow'r and goodness sound Thro' all your tribes, the world a---round.





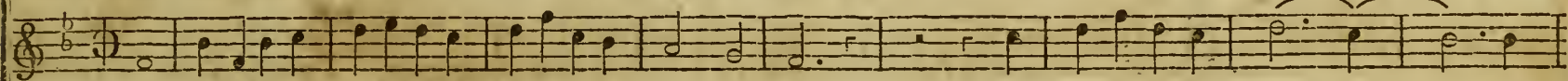


Touch'd by thy love, each

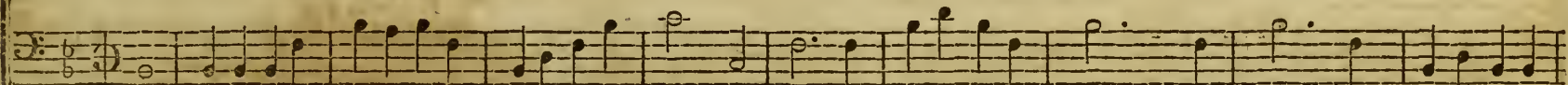


God of my life, to thee belong The thankful heart, the grateful song,

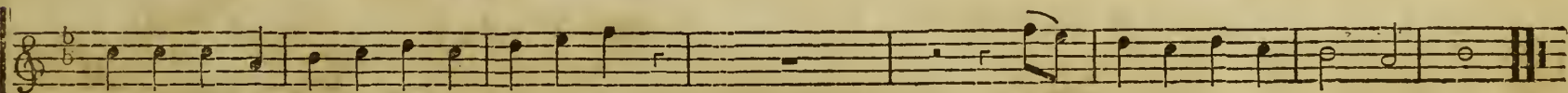
Touch'd by thy love, each tune - ful



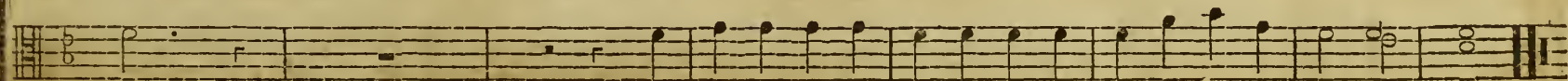
Touch'd by thy love, each tune - - - - - ful



Touch'd by thy love, each tune - ful chord, Touch'd by thy love, each

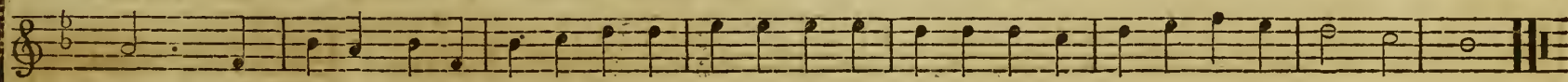


tuneful chord Refounds the goodness of the Lord.

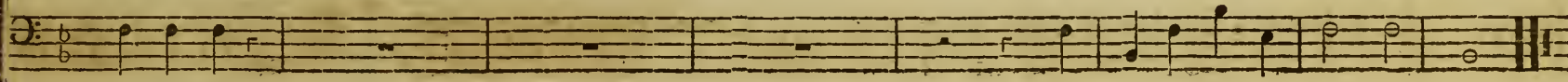


chord

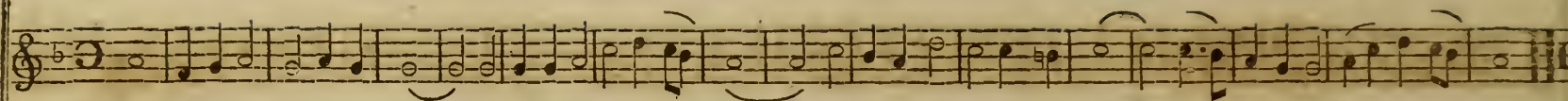
Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord Refounds the goodness of the Lord.



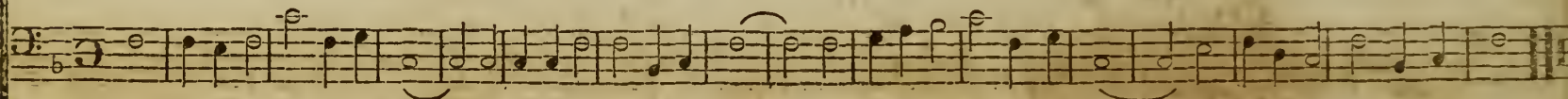
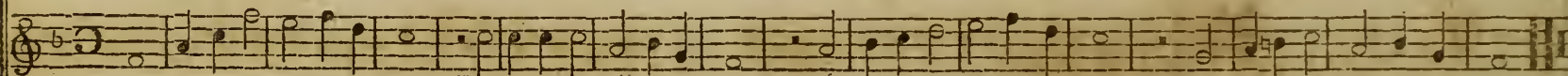
chord Re - founds the goodness of the Lord.



tuneful chord



What heav'nly man, or lovely God, Comes marching downward from the skies, Array'd in garments roll'd in blood, With joy and pi - ty in his eyes !

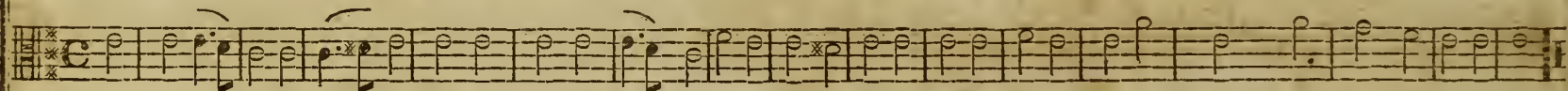
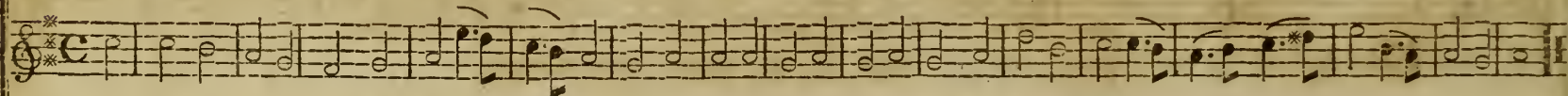


## No. 6.

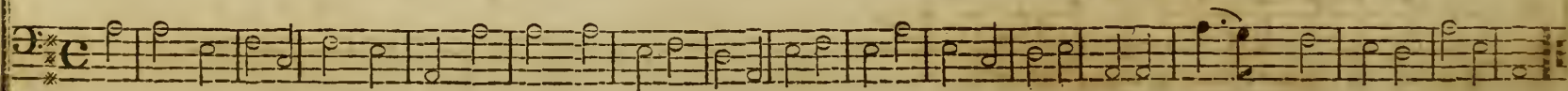
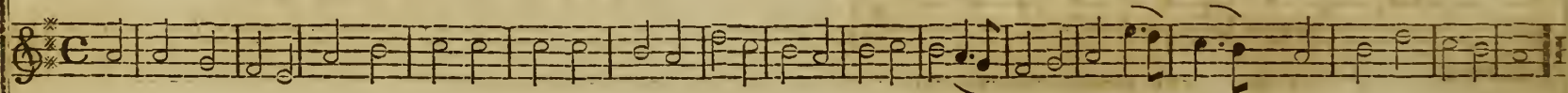
## OLD HUNDRED.

## Hymn 408. L.

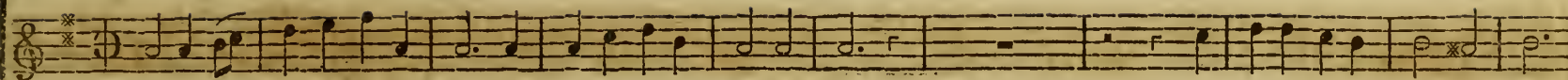
## A Major.



Our God ascends his lof - - ty throne, Array'd in ma - jefty unknown ; His lustre all the temple fills, And spreads o'er all th' ethereal hills.









Great God, we in thy courts appear, With humble joy and holy fear, Thy wise injunctions to o - bey ; Let faints and angels hail the day !

## No. 9.

## WINCHESTER - NEW.

## Hymn 510. L. C Major.

Great God, we sing that mighty hand By which supported all things stand. The op'ning year thy mer - cy shows ; Let mercy crown it till it close.

The op'ning year thy mercy shows ; Let

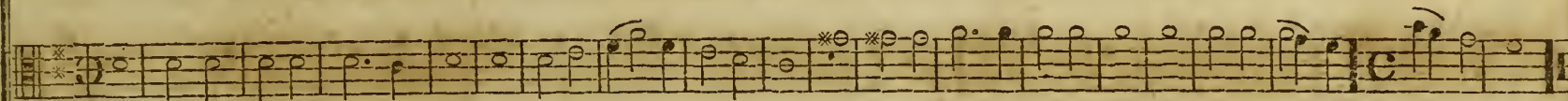
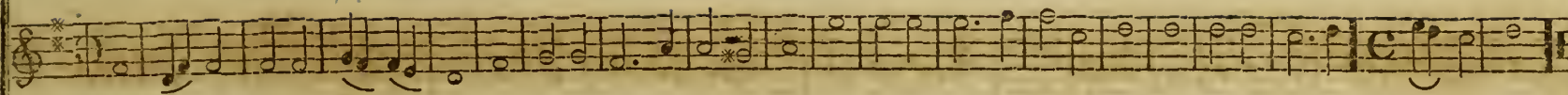
The op'ning year thy mercy shows, The op'ning year thy mercy shows ; Let -

*Soft.**Increase.**Loud.*

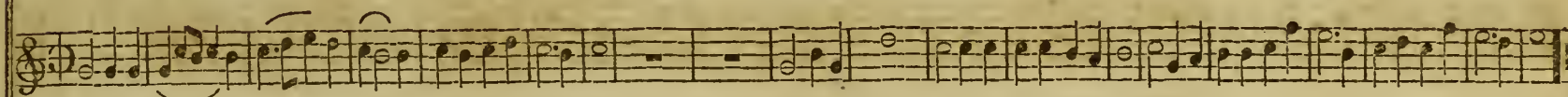
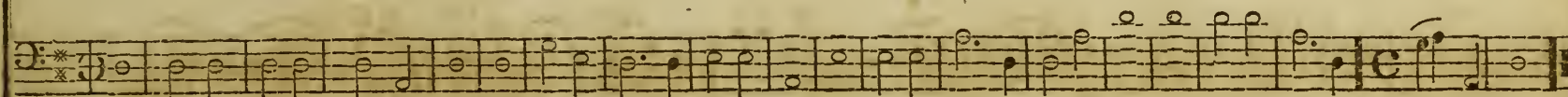
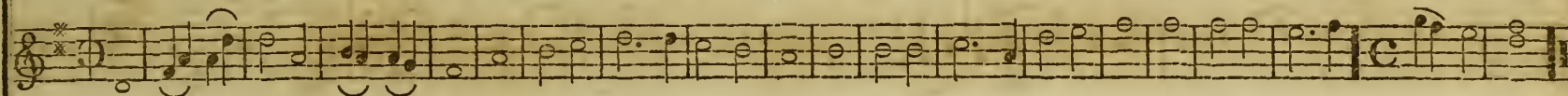
By day, by night, at home, abroad, Still we are guarded by our God, By his incessant bounty fed, By his incessant bounty fed, By his unerring counsel led.

By his incessant bounty fed, By his incessant boun - ty fed, By

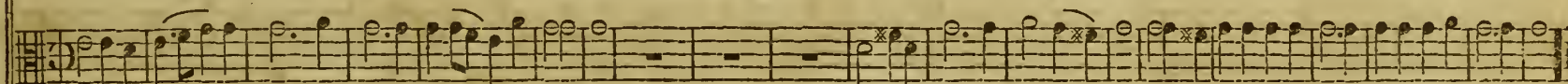
By his incessant boun - ty fed, By



Look up, ye faints, direct your eyes To Him who dwells above the skies; With your glad notes his praise rehearse, Who form'd the mighty universe.

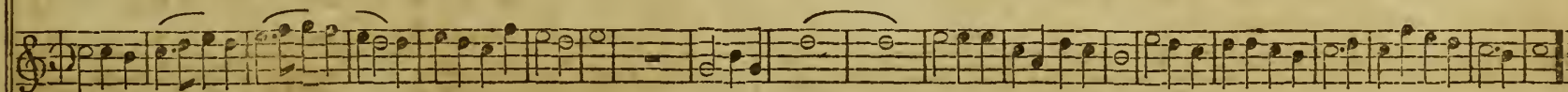


He dwells conceal'd, He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,



What is our God, or what his name, Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;

He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame, He dwells, &c, Where neither eyes nor tho'ts can reach.



He dwells conceal'd, He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame, He



He dwells conceal'd, He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame, He



Jesus, my love, my chief delight, For thee I long, For thee I pray, Amid the shadows of the night, Amid the business of the day.

No. 13.

PARIS.

Hymn 199. L.

A Major.

Great God, amid the darksome night Thy glories dart up - on my sight, While, wrapt in wonder, I be - hold The silver moon, and stars of gold.

*Soft.*

Away, my unbelieving fear ; Let fear no more in me take place ; My Saviour doth not yet appear, He hides the brightness of his face :  
But shall I therefore let him

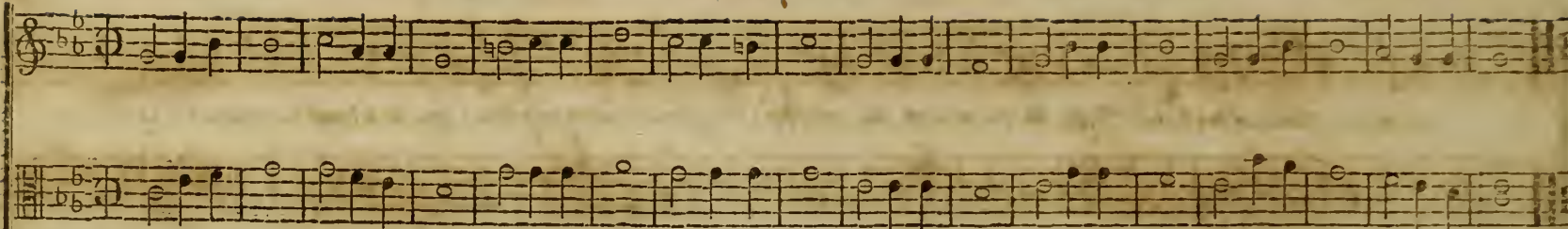
*Soft.* *Loud.*

No, in the strength of Jesus, no, I never will give up my shield. No, in the strength of Jesus, no, I never will, &c.  
go, and safely to the tempter yield ?

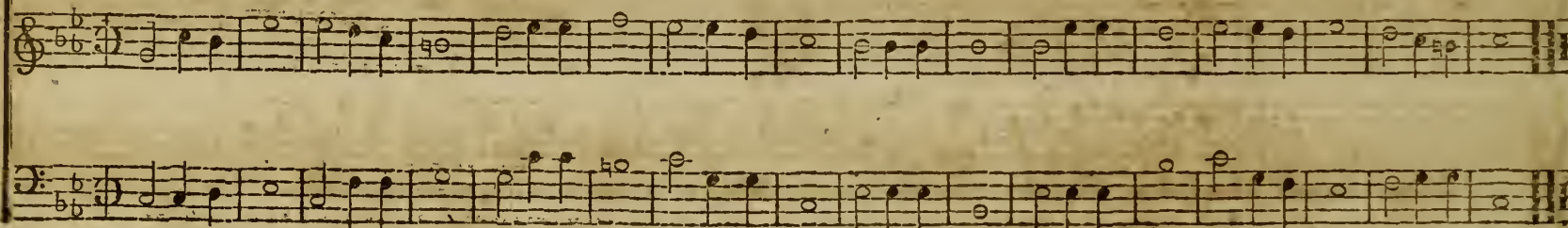
Ye humble souls, proclaim abroad The honours of a faithful God : How just and true are all his ways, How much above your high - est praise !

C





Methinks the last great day is come ; Methinks I hear the trumpet sound, That shakes the earth, rends ev'ry tomb, And wakes the pris'ners under ground.

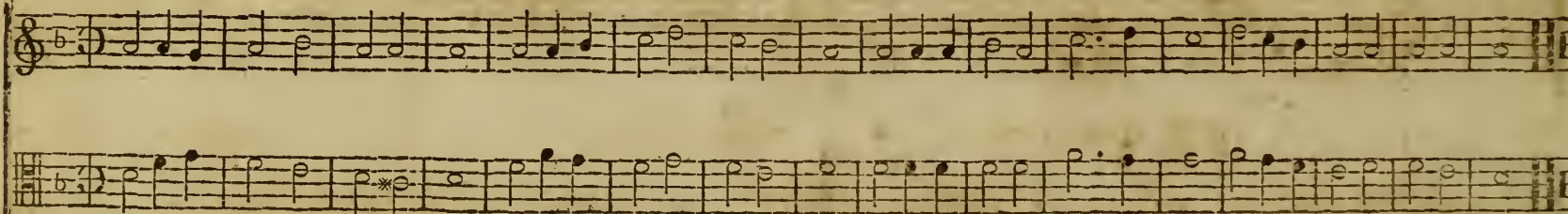


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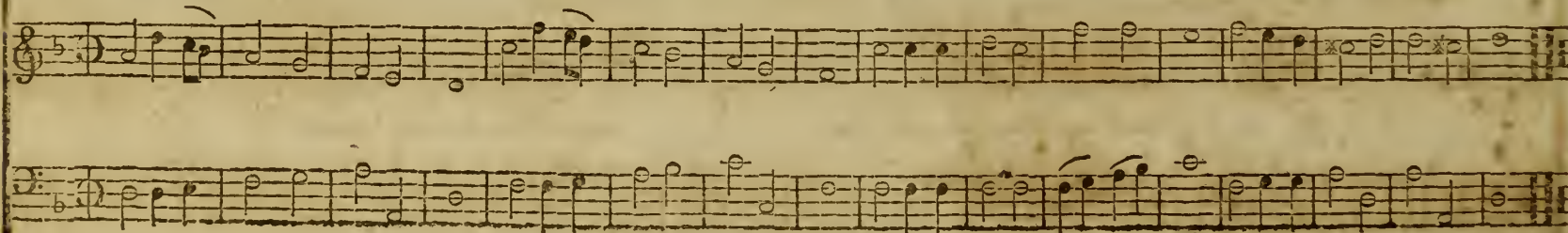
DUBLIN.

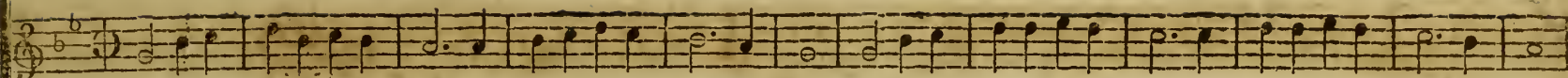
Hymn 581. L.

D Minor.

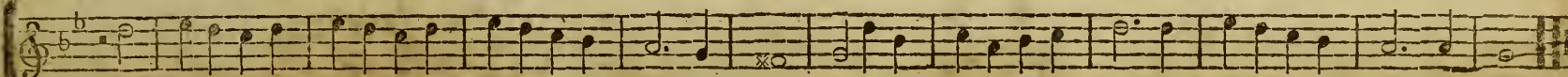
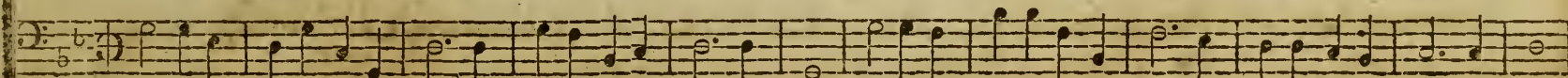


Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown, Why in such dreadful haste to die ? Daring to leap to worlds unknown, Heedless against thy God to fly ?

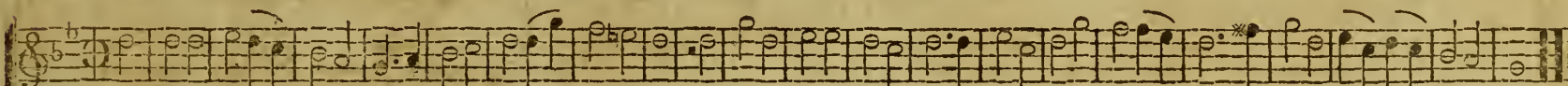
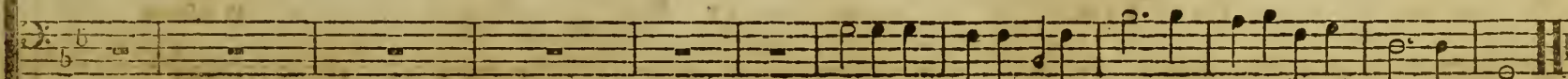
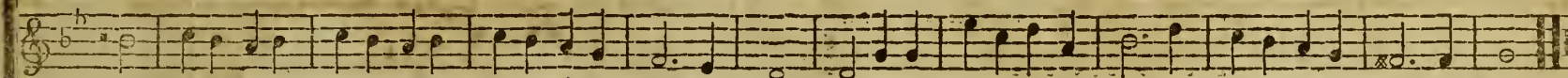




Almighty Maker of my frame, Teach me the measure of my days; Teach me to know how frail I am, And spend the remnant to thy praise.



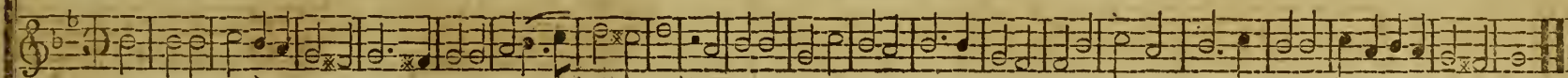
My days are shorter than a span, A little point my life appears; How frail at best is dy - ing man! How vain are all his hopes and fears!



In thee, thou all suf - ficient God,

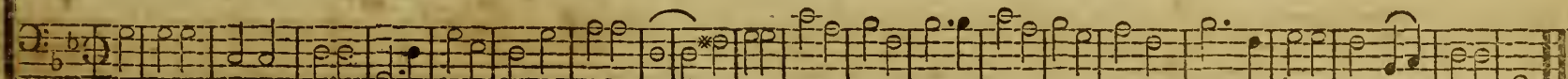
That cheer this howling waste below,

And bless the mansions of the skies.

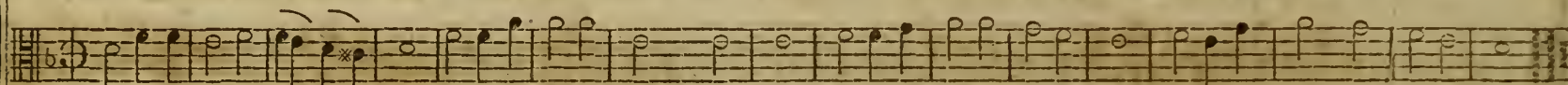
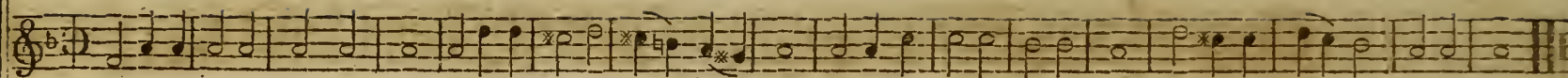


The springs of happiness arise,

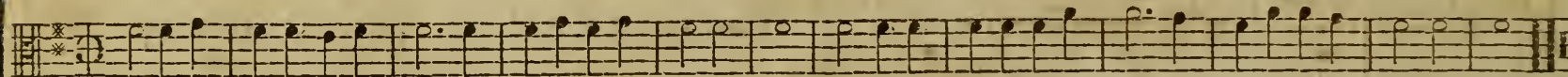
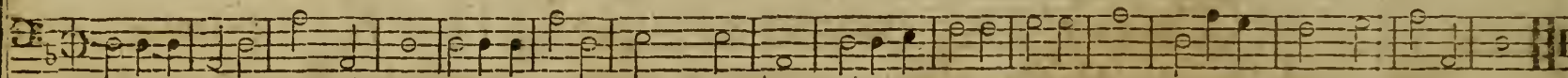
And bless the mansions of the skies.



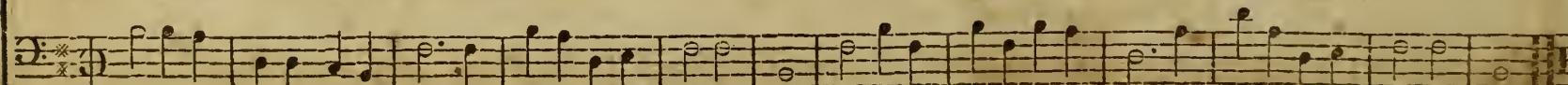
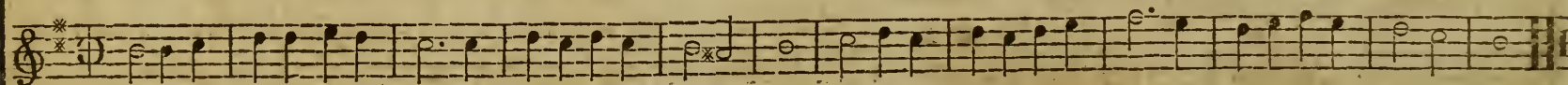




When shall thy lovely face be seen? When shall our eyes behold our God? What lengths of distance lie between, And hills of guilt, a heavy load!



Thou only Sov'reign of my heart, My Refuge, my Almigh - ty Friend! And can my soul from thee depart, On whom alone my hopes depend?



*Moderate.*

Now far above these starry skies Our Jesus fills his brighter throne, In - vi - si - ble to mortal eyes, But not to hum - ble faith unknown.

Now let our faith grow strong, and rise, And view our Lord in all his love ; Look back to hear his dying cries, Then mount and see his throne above.

*Soft.**Loud.*

Beneath our sins he groan'd and dy'd : See where he sits to plead our cause, By his Almighty Father's side.

See where he languish'd on the cross,



Where

What shall the dying sinner do, That seeks relief from all his wo? Where shall the guilty

Where shall the guilty conscience find, Where

Where shall the guilty conscience find, Where shall the guilty

shall the guil - ty con - science find Ease

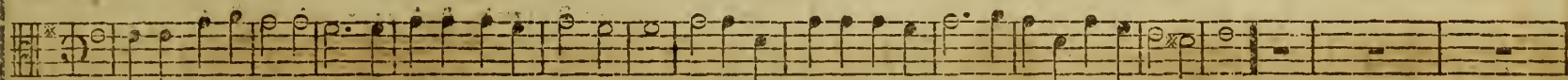
con - science find Ease for the torment of the mind ! mind !

shall the guil - ty conscience find Ease

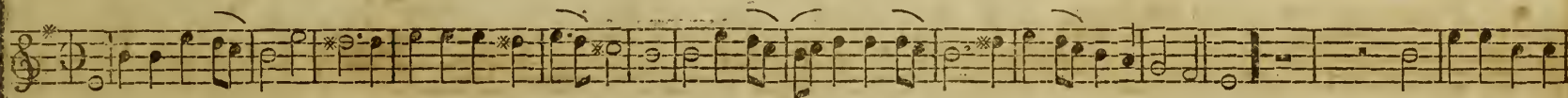
con - science find Ease



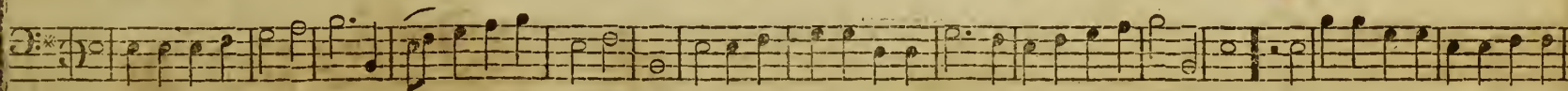
Now



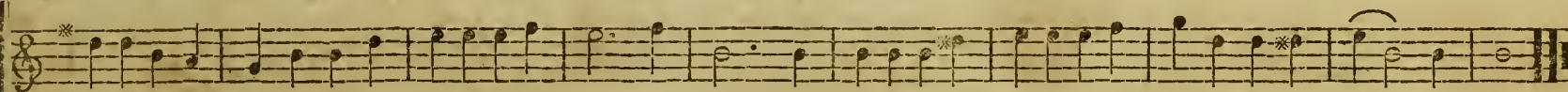
What jarring natures dwell within! Imperfect grace, remaining sin! Nor this can reign, nor that prevail, Tho' each by turns my heart assail.



Now I complain, and



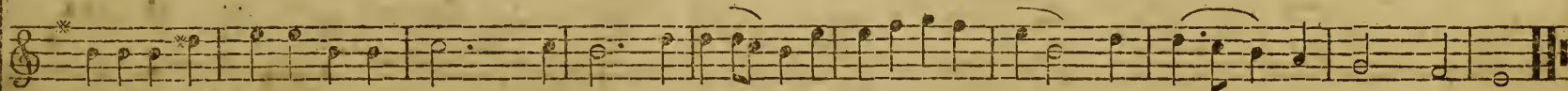
Now I complain, &amp; groan, &amp; die, Now



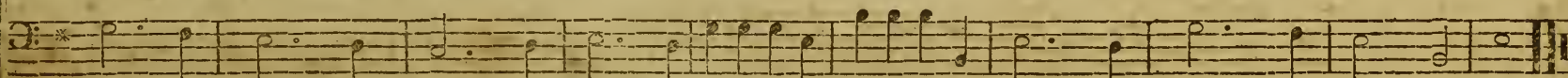
I complain, and groan, and die, Now raise my songs of triumph high, Sing a rebellious passion slain, Or mourn to feel it live a - gain.



Now I complain, and groan, and die, Now raise my songs of triumph high, Sing a rebellious passion slain, Or mourn to feel it live a - gain.

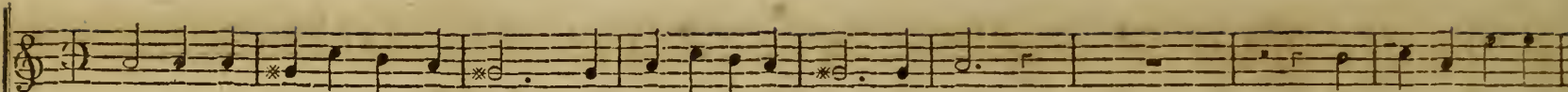


groan and die, Now raise my songs of tri - umph high, Sing a rebellious passion slain, or mourn to feel it live again.



raise my songs of tri - umph high, Sing a rebellious passion slain, Or mourn to feel it live a - gain.



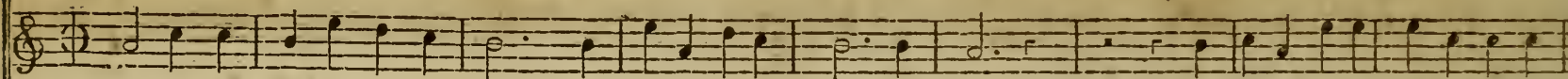


Yet still our joy is

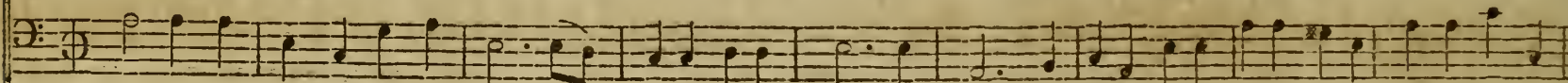


Je - fus, our foul's delight - ful choice, In thee believing we re - joice ;

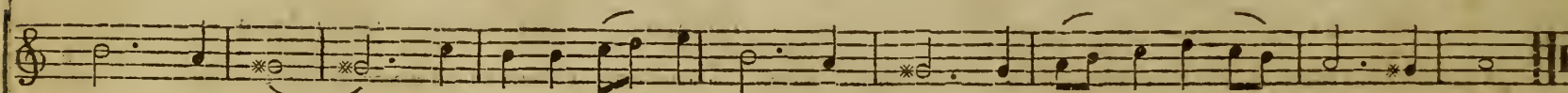
Yet



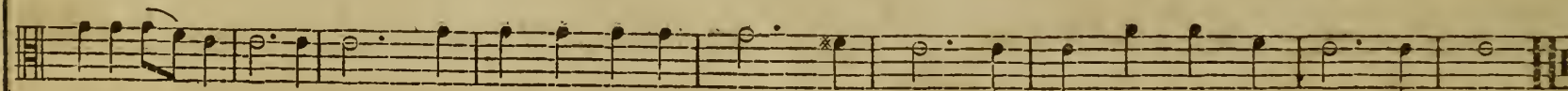
Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief, Yet



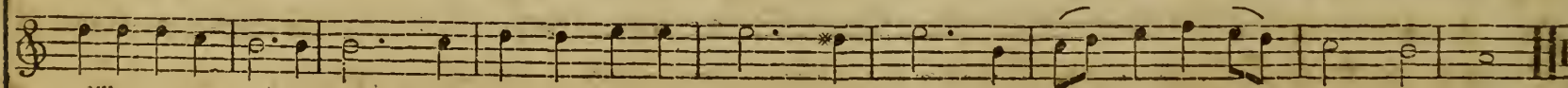
Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief, Yet still our joy is



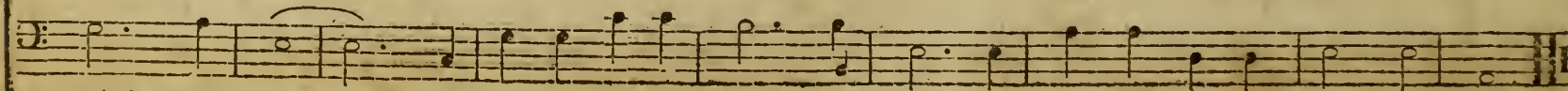
mix'd with grief, While



still our joy is mix'd with grief, While faith contends with un - be - lief, While faith contends with un - be - lief.



still our joy is mix'd with grief, While



mix'd with grief, While

While o'er our guilty land, O Lord, We view the terrors of thy sword, Oh! whither shall the helpless fly, To whom but thee direct their cry?

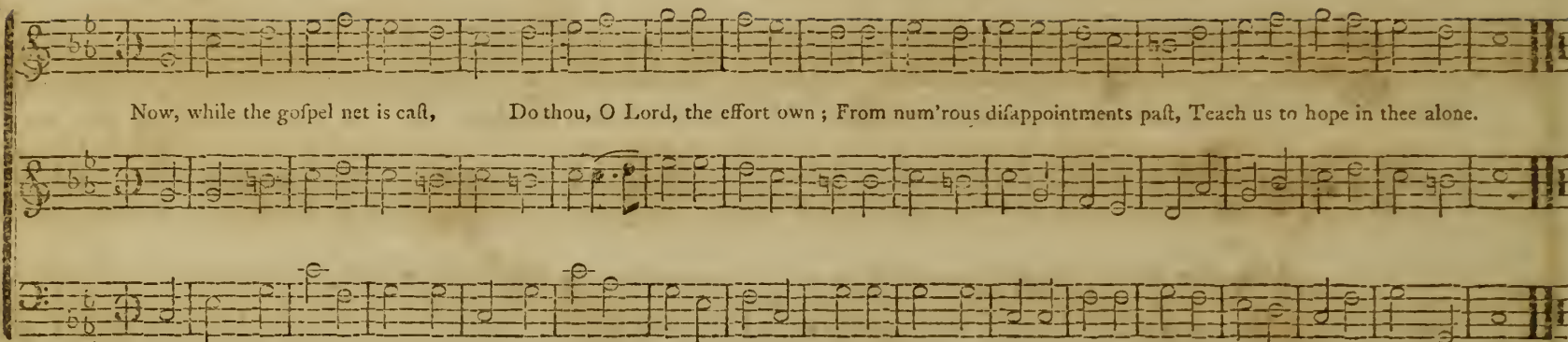
*Soft.**Loud.*

The helpless sinner's cries and tears Are grown familiar to thine ears; Oft has thy mercy sent relief, When all was fear and hopeless grief.

Afflicted faint, to Christ draw near, Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear; His faithful word declares to thee, That as thy days thy strength shall be.

D



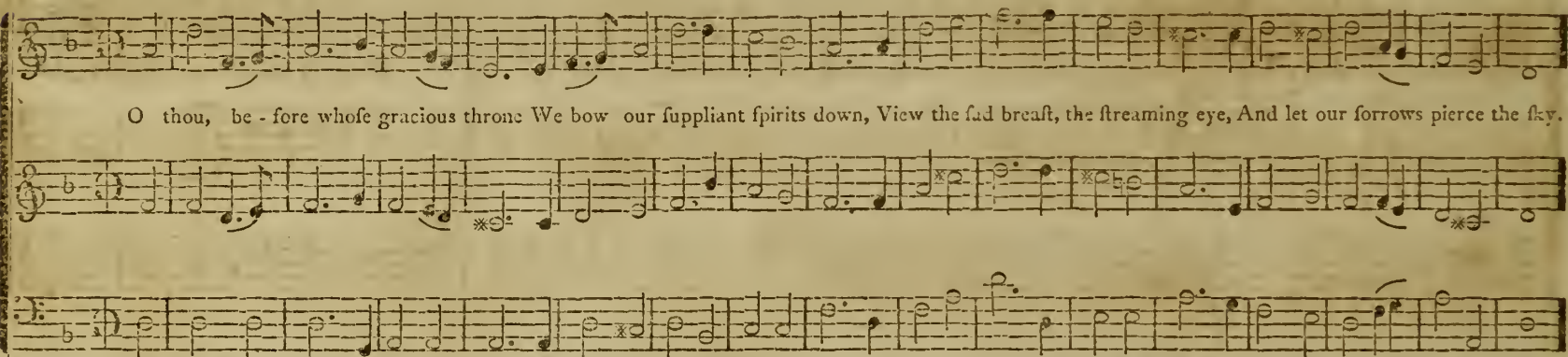
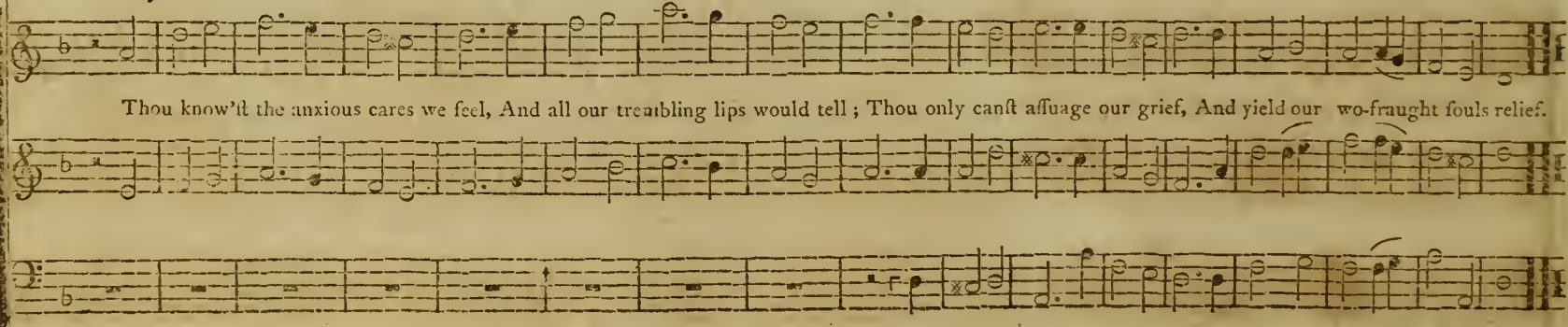


No. 30.

ASHBURY.

Hymn 413. L.

D Minor.

*Soft.**Loud.*

While my Re - deemer's near, my Shep - herd and my Guide, I bid farewell, I bid farewell to anxious fear, My wants are all supply'd, My wants, &c.

I bid farewell to anxious fear, I bid farewell, &c. My wants, &c. My

I bid farewell to anxious fear, My wants, My

How charming is the place Where my Redeemer God Unveils the beauties of his face, And sheds his love abroad!

Unveils the beauties of his face, Unveils the beauties of his face, And

Unveils the beauties of his face, And

*Soft.**Increase.*

Not the fair palaces, To which the great resort, Are once to be compar'd to this, Are once to be compar'd to this, Where Jesus holds his court.

Are once to be compar'd to this, Are once to be compar'd to this, compar'd to this, Where

Are once to be compar'd to this, Where



My soul, with joy attend, While Jesus silence breaks; No angel's harp such music yields, As what my Shepherd speaks, As what my Shepherd speaks.

No angel's harp such music yields, No angel's harp such music yields, As

No angel's harp such music yields, As

## No. 34.

## SUTTON.

## Hymn 336. S.

## F Major.

Great God, now con-de-scend To blefs our rif-ing race; Soon may their willing spi-rits bend To thy vic-torious grace!

## No. 35.

## FARNHAM.

## Hymn 381. S.

## G Major.

O that the Lord in-deed Would me, his feryant, blefs, From ev'-ry evil shield my head, And crown my paths with peace.



*Lively.*

Now let our voices join To form a sacred song; Ye pilgrims in Je - hovah's ways, With music pass a - long. Ye

Ye pilgrims in Je-

*Slow.*

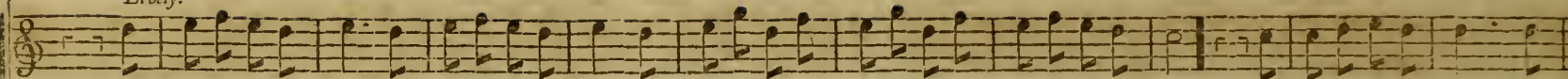
pilgrims in Jehovah's ways, Jehovah's ways, With music pass, with music pass along. How straight the path appears! How pleasant and how fair! No lurking

Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways With

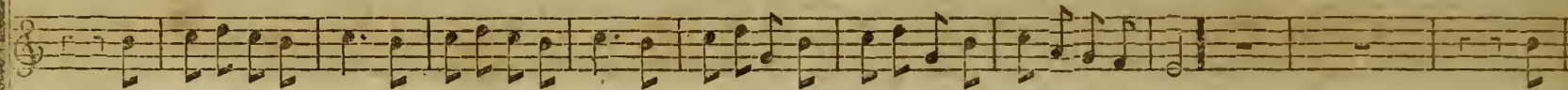
ho - vah's ways, Je - hovah's ways, With music pass, With

*Moderate and Soft.*

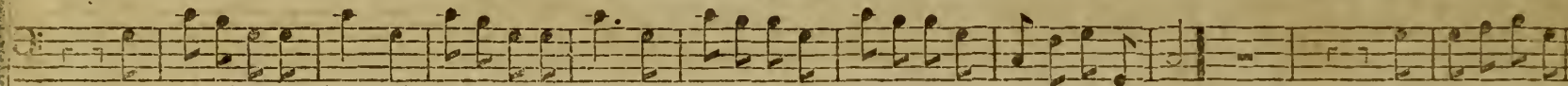
gins t'entrap our feet, No fierce destroyer there. But flow'rs of paradise In rich profusion spring; The Sun of Glory gilds the path, And dear companions sing.

*Lively.*

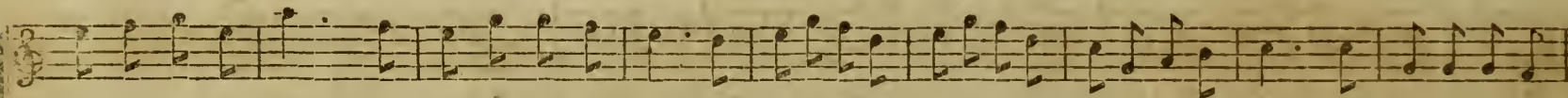
See Salem's golden spires In beauteous prospect rife, And brighter crowns than mortals wear, Which sparkle through the skies. All honour to his name, All



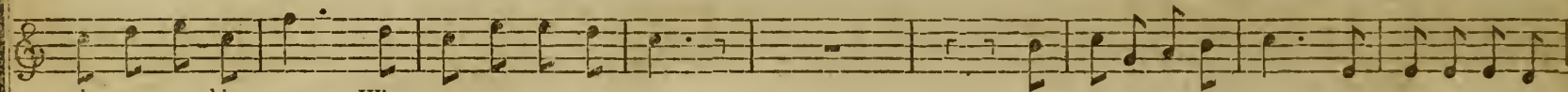
All



All honour to his



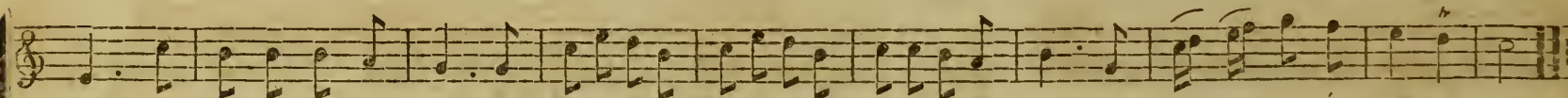
honour to his name, Who marks the shining way; To him who leads the wand'ers on To realms of endless day. All honour to his



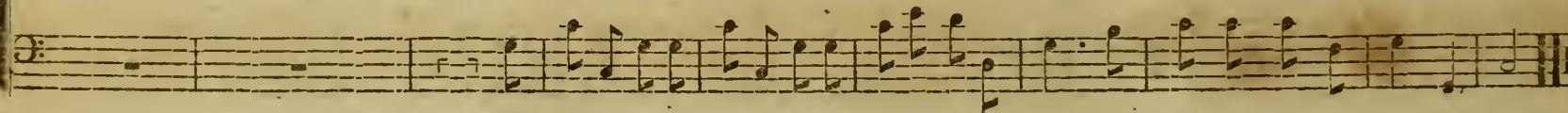
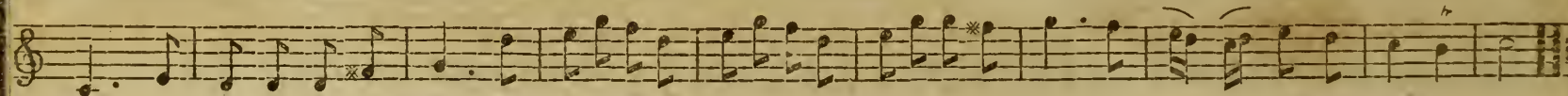
honour to his name, Who



name, his name, Who



name, Who marks the shining way; To him who leads the wand'ers on To realms of endless day. To realms of endless, endless day.





From winter's barren clods, From winter's joyless waste, The spring in sudden youth ap - pears, With bloom - ing beauty grac'd.

The spring in sudden youth appears, With

The spring in sudden youth appears, The spring in sudden youth appears, With

How va - rious and how new Are thy compassions, Lord! Each morning shall thy mercy shew, Each night thy truth record.

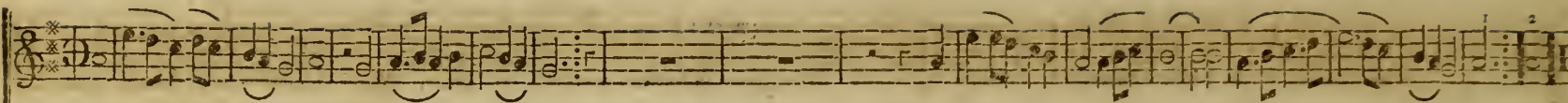
Each morning shall thy mercy shew, Each

Each morning shall thy mer - - cy shew, Each

Thy goodness, like the sun, Dawn'd on our infant days, Ere infant reason had begun To form, To form our lips to praise.

Ere infant reason had begun To form, To

Ere infant reason had be - gun To form, To

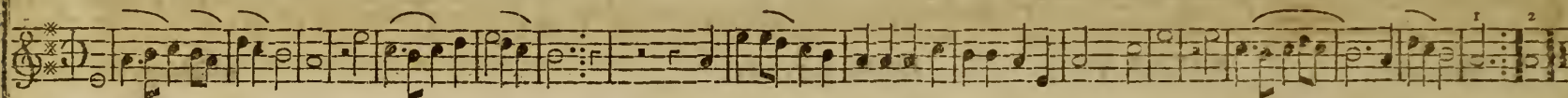


Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord, Bid

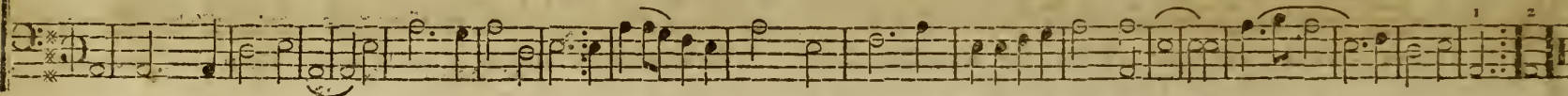


Your harps, ye trembling fairs, Down from the willows take;

Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord Bid ev' - ry string awake!



Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord, Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord Bid



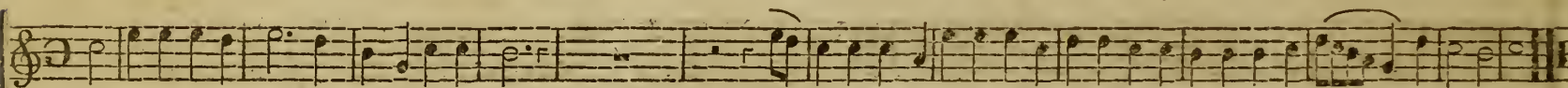
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord, Loud to the praise, &c. Bid

No. 40.

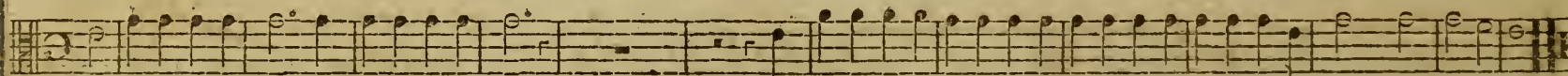
BETHSAIDA.

Hymn 255. S.

C Major.

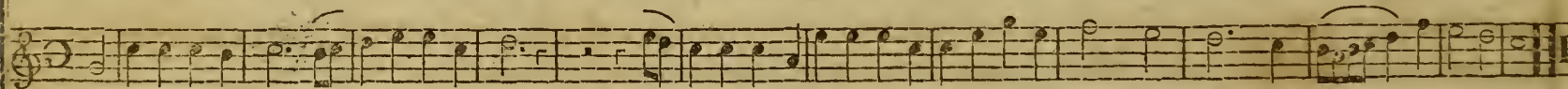


Gentile and Jew, and bond and free, Gentile and Jew, and bond and free, Are

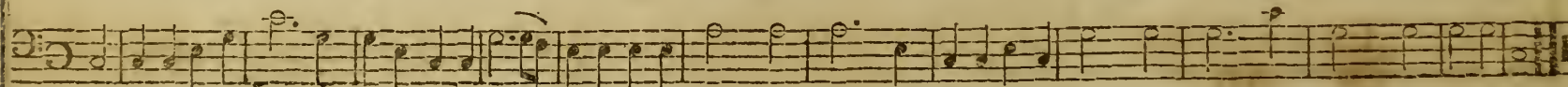


Let party names no more The Christian world o'erspread;

Gentile and Jew, and bond and free, Gentile and Jew, &c. Are one in Christ their Head.

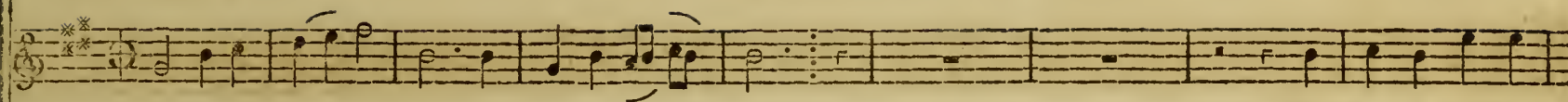


Gentile and Jew, and bond and free, Gentile and Jew, &c. Are

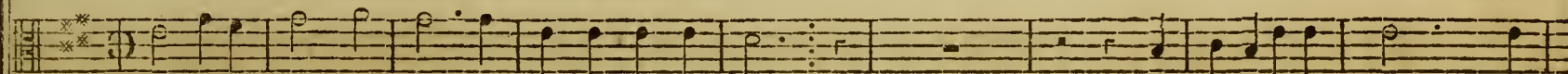


Gentile and Jew, and bond and free, Gentile and Jew, and bond and free, Are



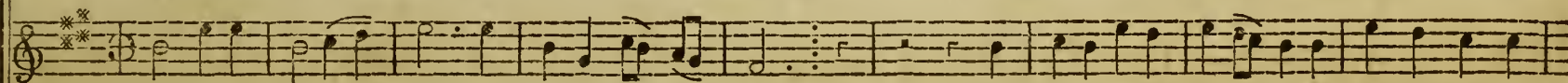


With both our friendship

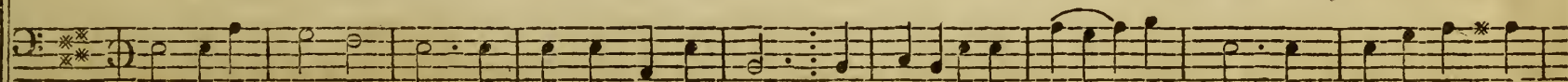


Our heav'nly Fa - ther calls, And Christ invites us near;

With both our friendship shall be



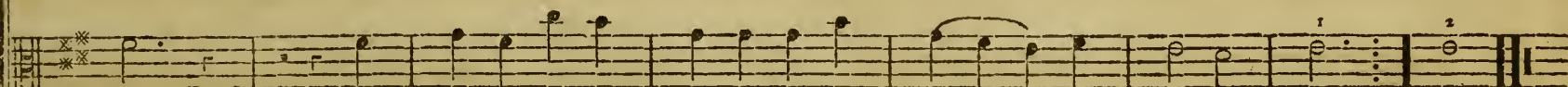
With both our friendship shall be sweet, And our communion



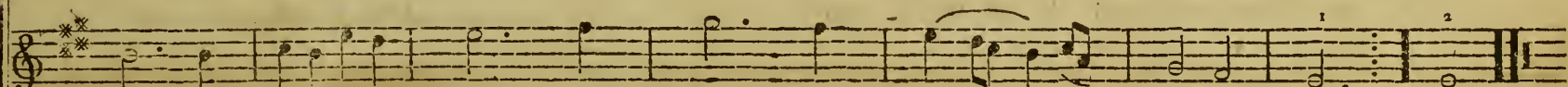
With both our friendship shall be sweet, And our commu - nion



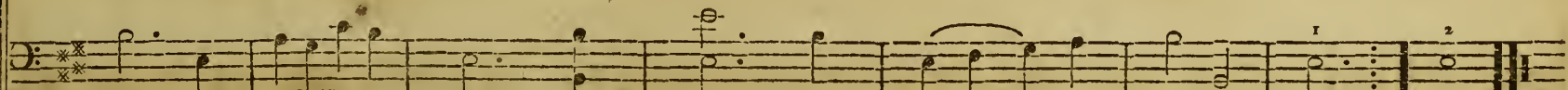
shall be sweet, With both our friendship shall be sweet, And



sweet, With both our friendship shall be sweet, And our com - mu - nion dear.



dear. With both our friendship shall be sweet, And our com - mu - nion dear.



dear. With both our friendship shall be sweet, And

It boasts of a ce - les - tial birth, It

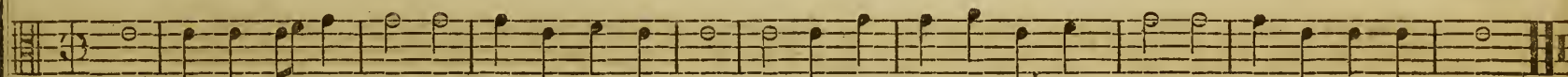
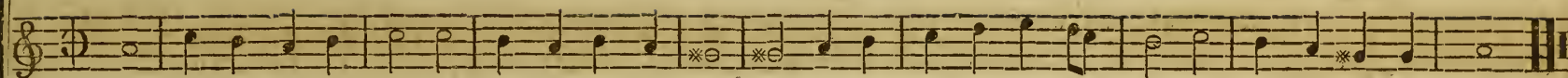
Faith! 'tis a precious grace, Where'er it is bestow'd; It boasts of a ce -

It

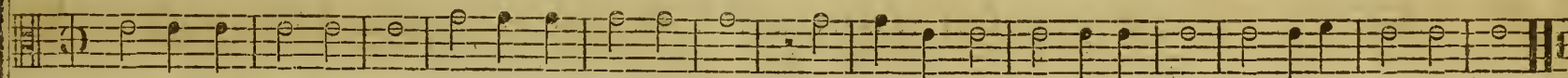
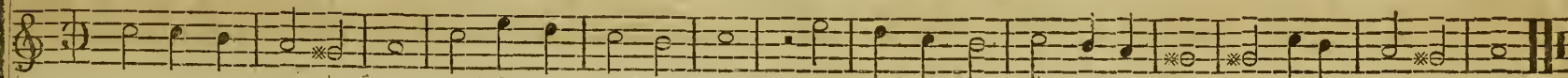
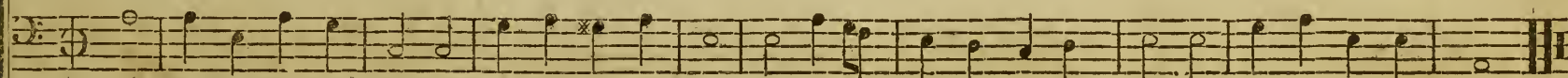
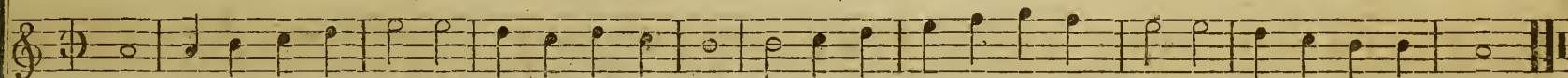
It

les - - tial birth, And is the gift of God, And is the gift of God.

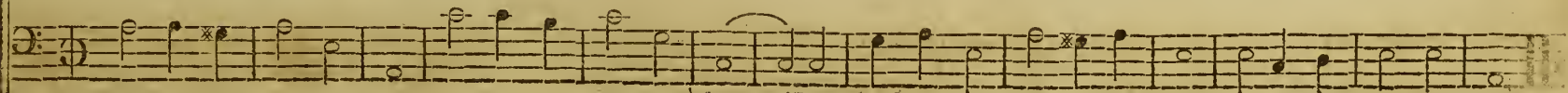
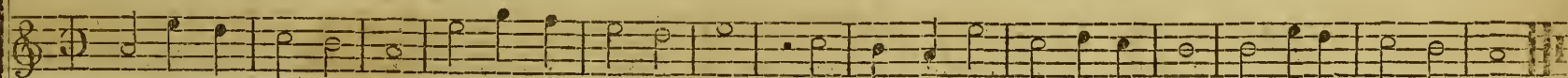


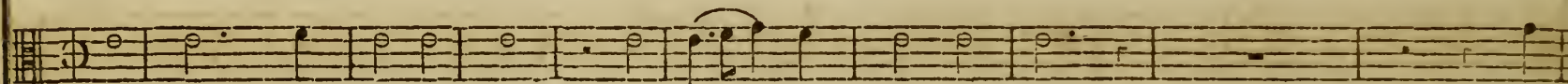
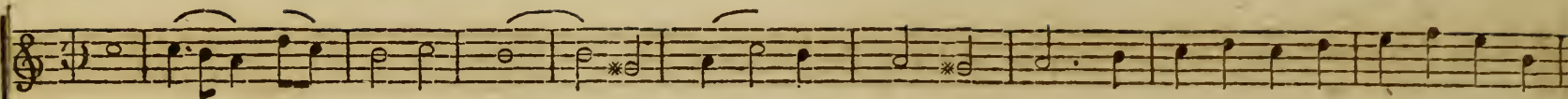


Thou very paschal Lamb, Whose blood for us was shed! Thro' whom we out of Egypt came, Thy ransom'd people led.

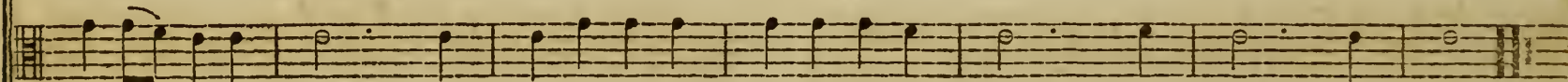
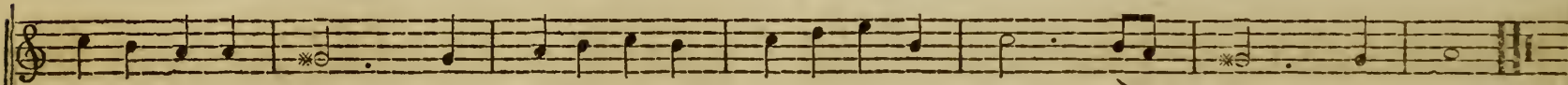
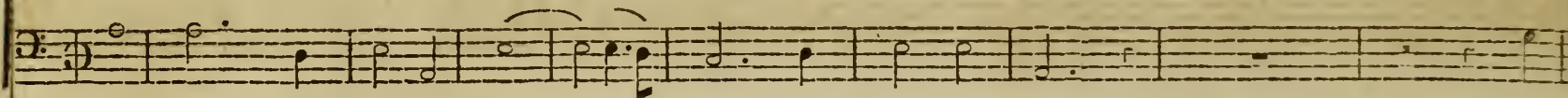
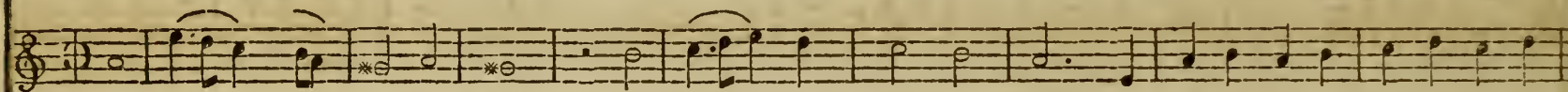


Astonish'd and dis-trest, I turn my eyes with-in; My heart with loads of guilt op-press'd, The feat of ev'-ry sin.

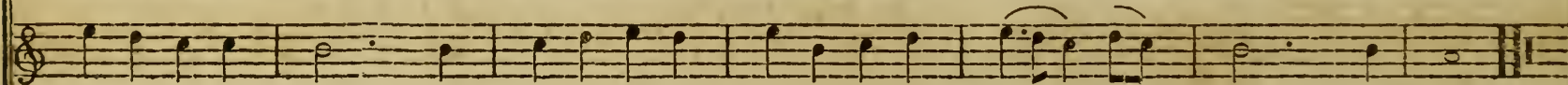




With hum - ble heart and tongue, My God, to thee I pray ; O make me learn while I am young How



I may cleanse my way. O make me learn while I am young How I may cleanse my way.





The fellowship, The

Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The

The fellowship of kindred minds, The

The fellowship of kin - dred minds, The

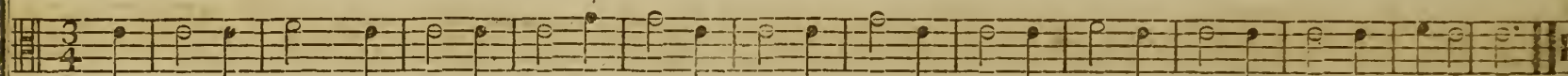
*Sofi.* *Loud.*

fel - lowship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove, Is

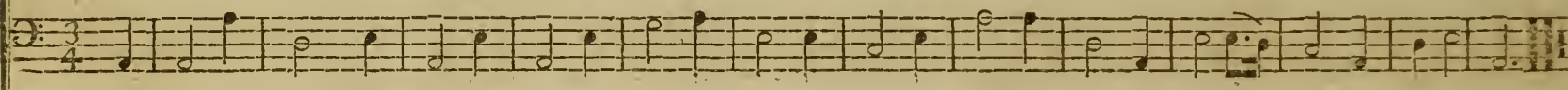
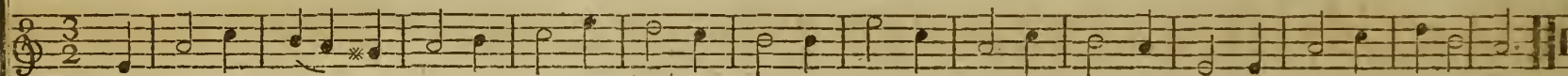
fellowship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

fellowship of kin - dred minds, Is like to that a - bove, Is

fellowship of kin - dred minds Is



Prepare me, gracious God, to stand be - fore thy face; Thy Spirit must the work perform, For it is all of grace.

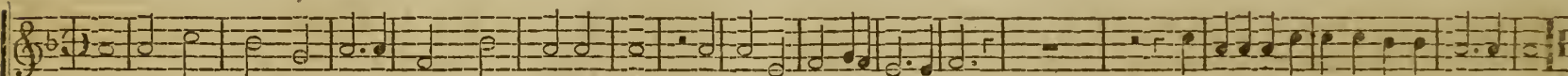


No. 48.

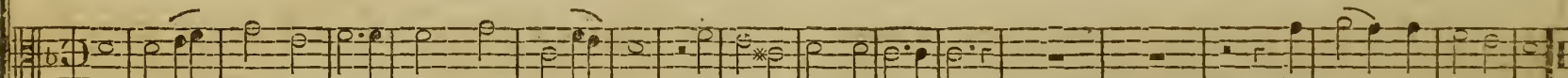
NORFOLK,

Hymn 540. S.

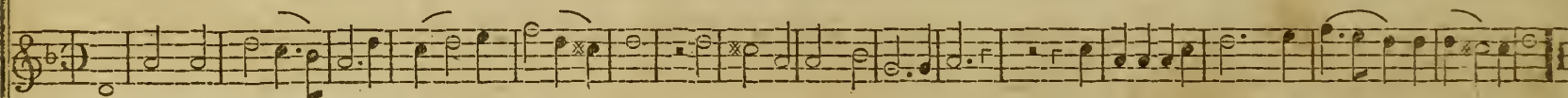
D Minor.



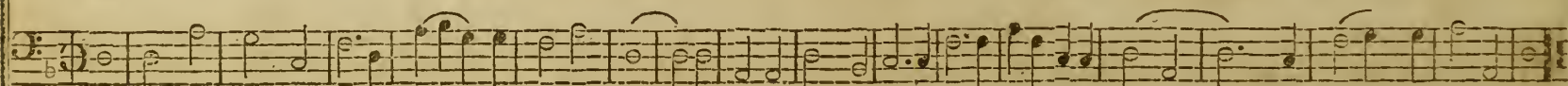
There's honey at the end, There's honey, &c.



Dost thou my profit seek, And chasten as a friend? O God, I'll kiss the smarting rod; There's ho - ney at the end.

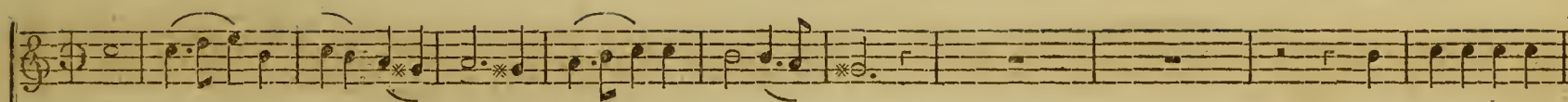


There's honey at the end, There's honey

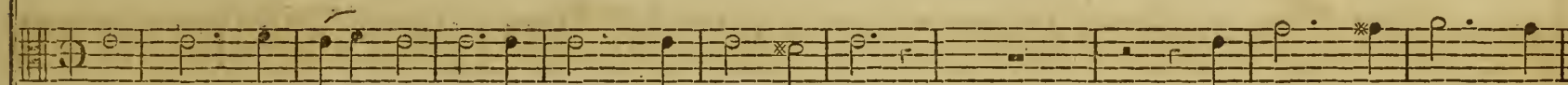


There's honey at the end, There's honey



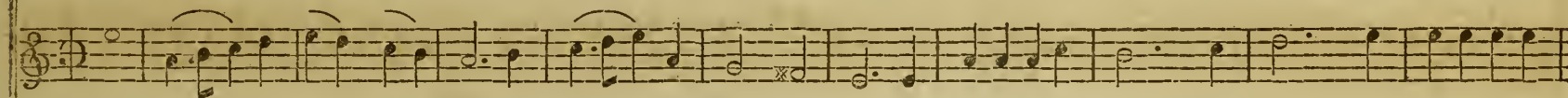


In - to thy bosom,

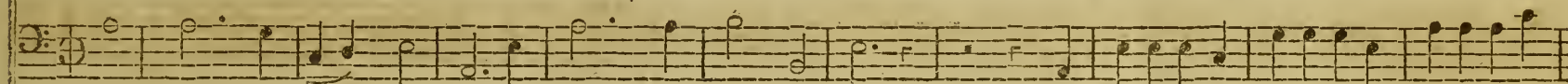


My for - rows like a flood, Im - pa - tient of re - straint,

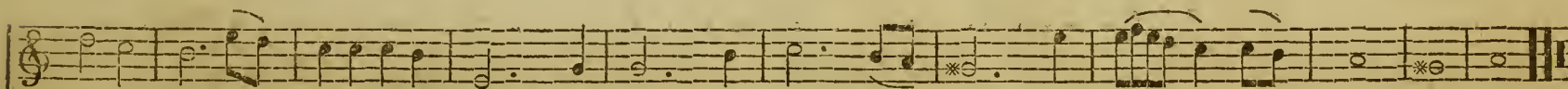
In - to thy bo - som,



In - to thy bosom, O my God, In - to thy bosom,



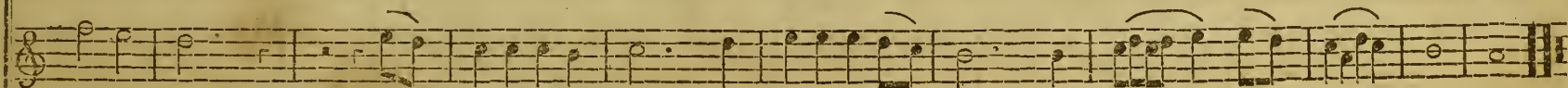
In - to thy bosom, O my God, In - to thy bosom,



O my God, pour out a long complaint, Pour out a long com - plaint, Pour



O my God, Pour out a long complaint, Pour out a long complaint, Pour out a long com - plaint.



O my God, Pour out a long complaint, Pour out a long complaint, Pour



Pour out a long complaint, Pour

And wilt thou graciously accept Of

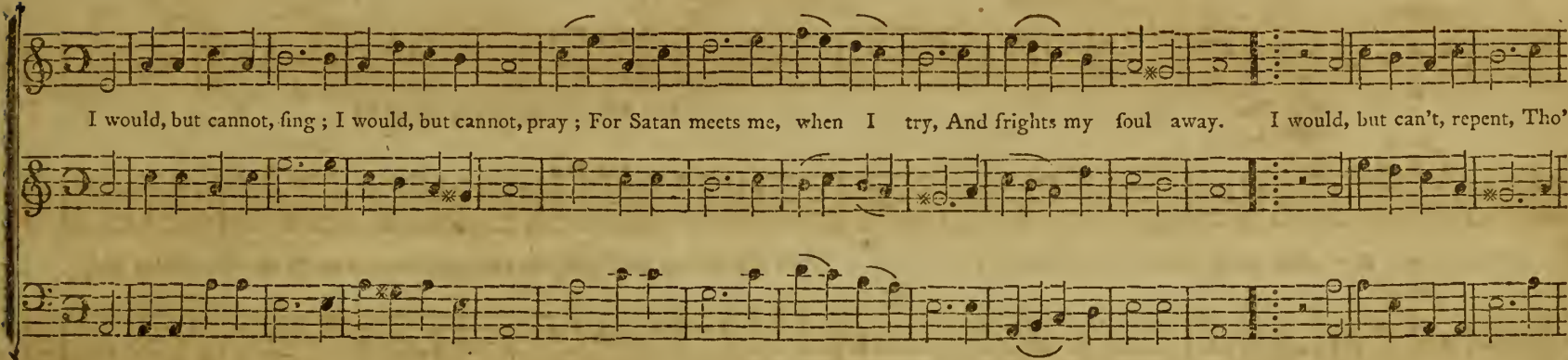
Un - to thine altar, Lord, A broken heart I bring ;      And wilt thou graciously, & wilt thou graciously accept Of such a worthless thing ?

And wilt thou graciously accept, And wilt thou, &c.      Of

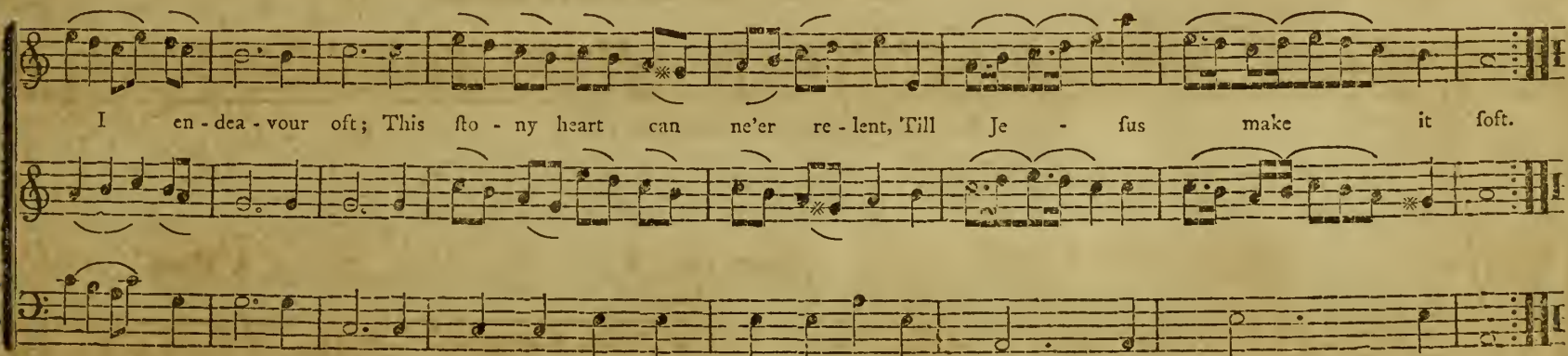
And wilt thou graciously accept, And wilt      Of

Behold the leprous Jew,      Op - - press'd with pain and grief,      Pouring his tears at Jesus' feet, For pity and relief, For pity and re - lief.

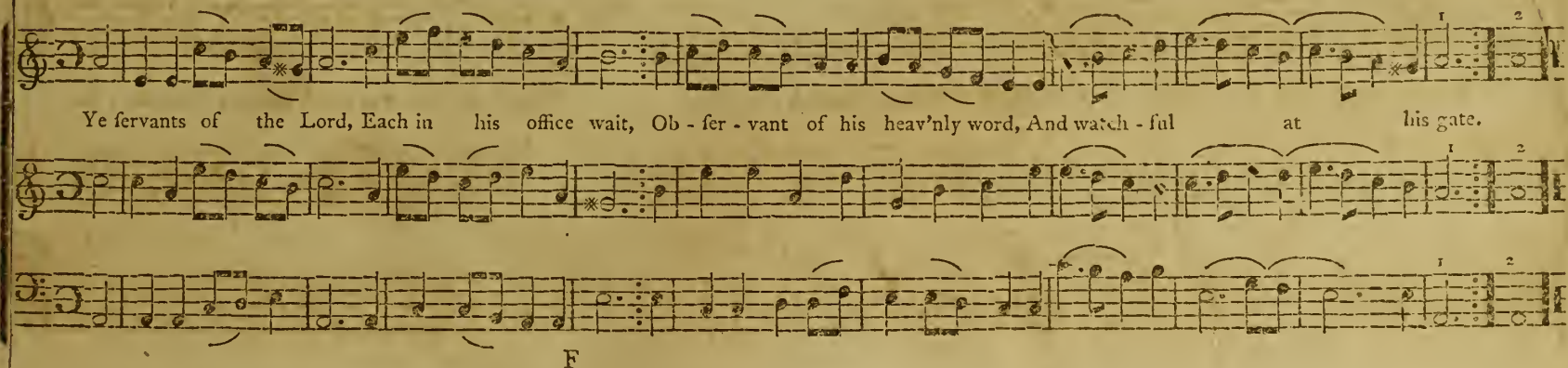




I would, but cannot, sing; I would, but cannot, pray; For Satan meets me, when I try, And frights my soul away. I would, but can't, repent, Tho'



I en-dea-vour oft; This sto-ny heart can ne'er re-lent, 'Till Je-fus make it soft.



Ye servants of the Lord, Each in his office wait, Ob-ser-vant of his heav'nly word, And watch-ful at his gate.

And will the Judge de - - scend! And must the dead a - - rise? And not a fin - gle soul escape His all dif - cern - ing eyes? And not a fin - gle soul e - - scape His all dif - cerning eyes? And fowl escape his all discerning eyes? And eyes - - - - - ? And

No. 55.

COMPASSION.

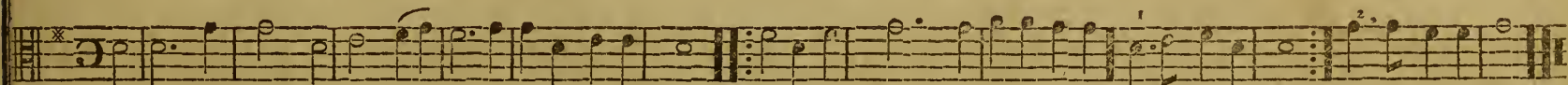
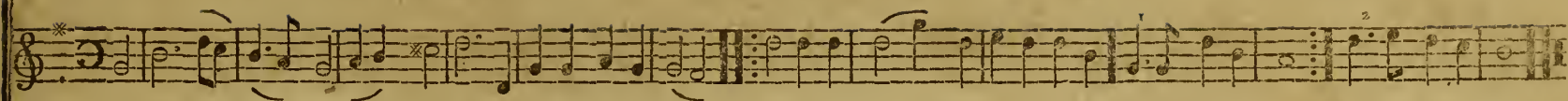
Hymn 367. S.

D Minor.

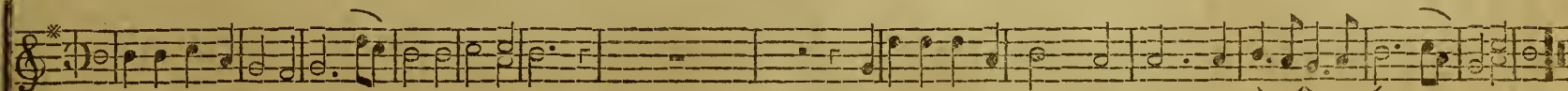
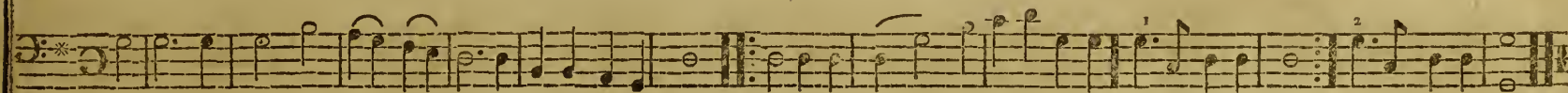
*Moderate.*

Did Christ for sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of peni - - tential grief - - - - Burst forth from ev'ry eye. Let floods of penitential grief Burst Let floods of penitential grief - - - - - Burst

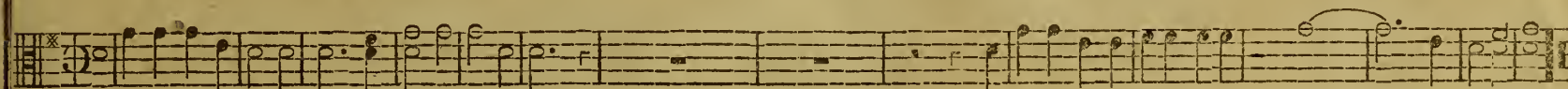




Lord, when our raptur'd tho't surveys Creation's beauties o'er, All nature joins to teach thy praise, And bids our souls adore, bids our souls adore.

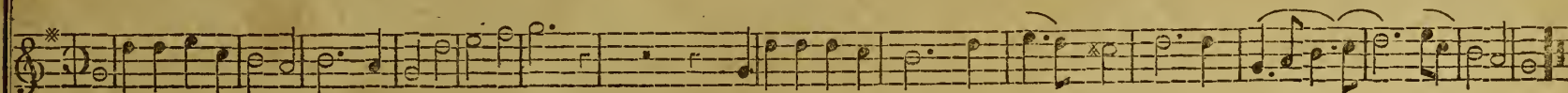


With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills and seas, And



Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise, Thee the creation sings :

With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills and seas, And heav'n's high palace rings.



With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, rocks, hills and seas, And

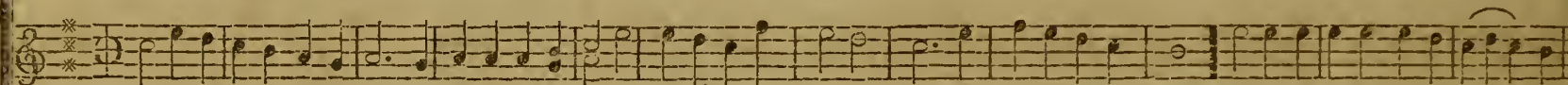


With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills & seas, With thy lov'd name rocks, hills & seas, And heav'n's

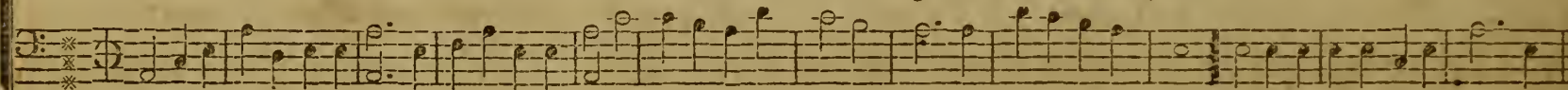
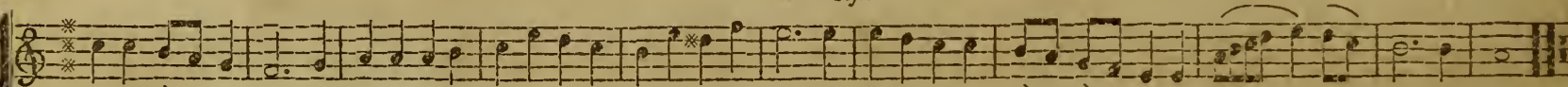
*Soft.**Loud.*

Hail, mighty Jesus! how divine Is thy victorious sword!

Deep are the wounds thy arrows give, They

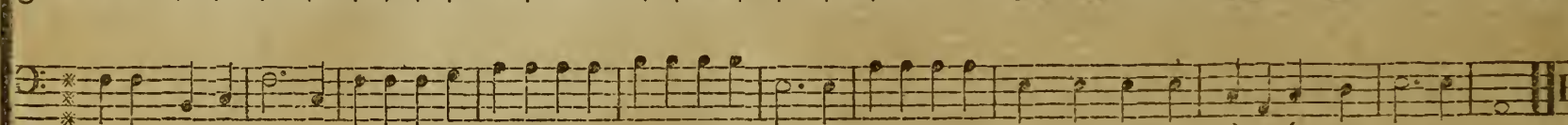
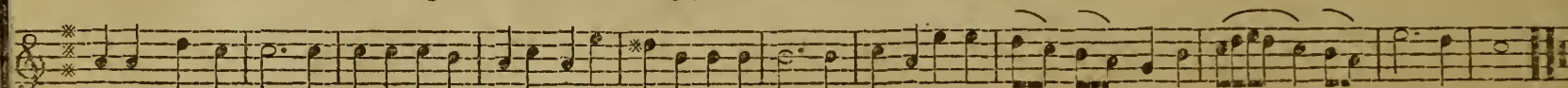


The stoutest rebel must re - sign At thy commanding word.

*Soft.**Loud.*

pierce the hardest heart; Thy smiles of grace the slain revive, And joy succeeds to smart. Thy smiles of grace, &amp;c.

And joy

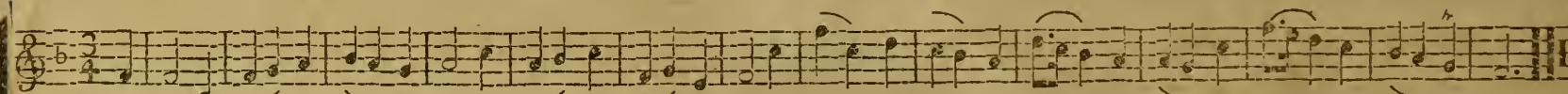


No. 59.

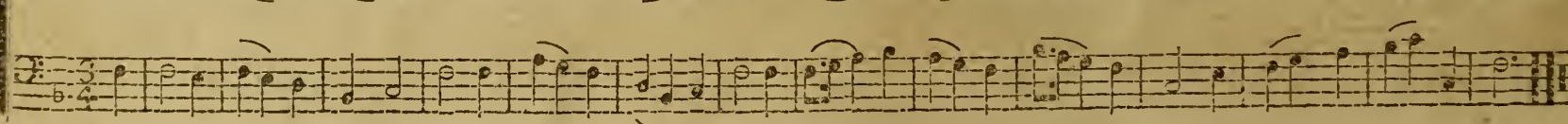
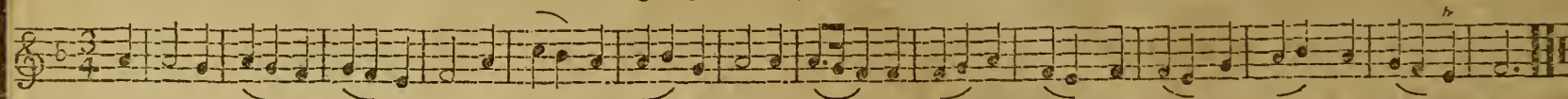
ST. PATRICK'S.

Hymn 45. C.

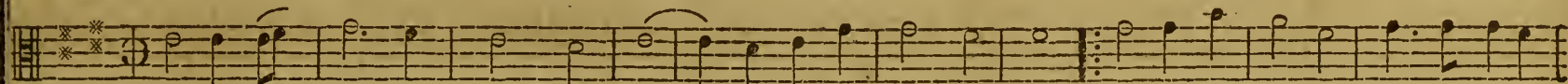
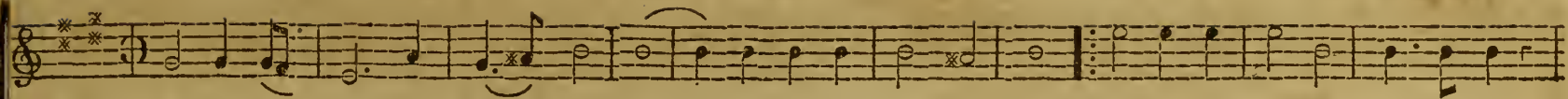
F Major.



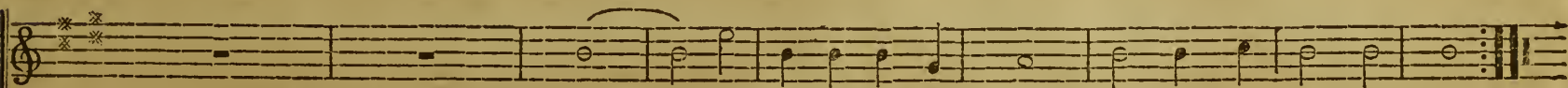
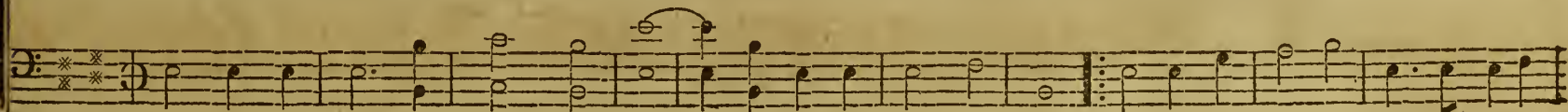
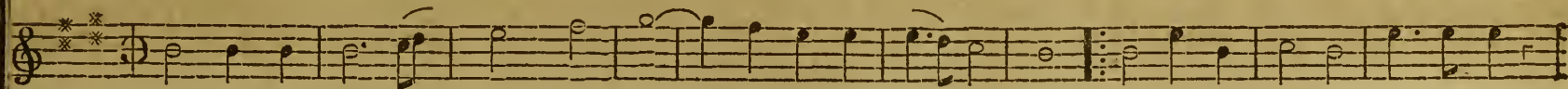
Let a - va - rice, from shore to shore, Her fav'rite god pursue; Thy word, O Lord, we va - lue more Than In - dia or Pe - ru.



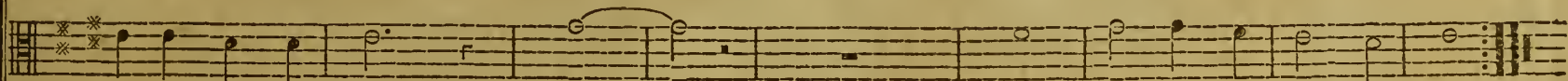




When the E - - - ter - - nal bows the skies, To vi - sit earth - ly things, With scorn di - vine he turns his eyes From



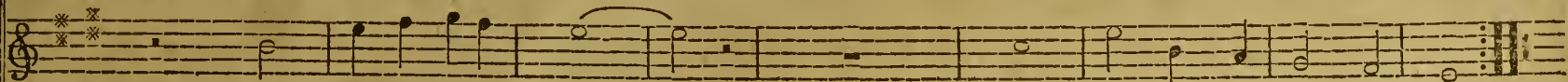
kings, From tow'rs of haughty kings, From



tow'rs of haughty kings,

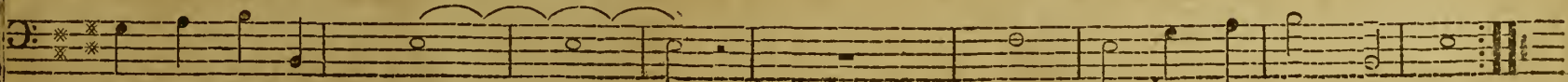
kings,

kings, From tow'rs of haugh - ty kings.



From tow'rs of haughty kings,

kings, From :



tow'rs of haughty

kings,

kings, - From

Sal - va - tion! O me - lo - dious found To wretch - ed, dy - ing men! Sal -

Sal - va - tion, that from God proceeds, Sal -



Sal - va - tion, that from God pro - ceeds, And  
gain. Sal - va - tion, that from God pro - ceeds, And leads to God a - gain.  
Sal - va - tion,  
Sal - va - tion,

No. 62.

WINTER.

Hymn 506. C.

F Major.

Stern winter throws his icy chains, En - circling na - ture round : How bleak, how comfort - less the plains, Late with gay verdure crown'd !

With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills and

E - ternal Wisdom, thee we praise, Thee the cre - a - tion sings: With thy lov'd name, rocks,

With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills and seas, With

With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills and seas, With

seas, With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills and seas, And heav'n's, and heav'n's high palace rings, And

hills, With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills & seas, And heav'n's high pa - lace rings, And heav'n's high pa - lace rings.

thy lov'd name, rocks, hills and seas, And heav'n's high pa - lace rings, And

thy lov'd name, rocks, hills and seas, And heav'n's



Jesus, O word divine - - ly sweet! How charming is the sound! What joyful news, what heav'nly sense, In that dear name is

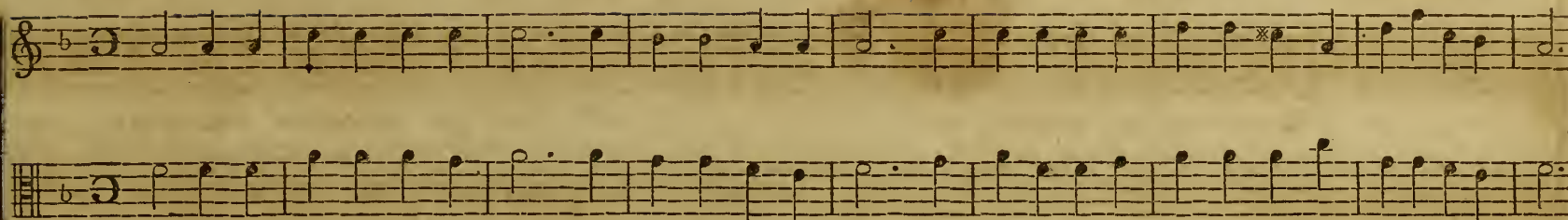
found! What joyful news, what heav'n - ly sense, In that dear name is found! In that dear name is found!

Lord, at thy ta - ble I - - - behold The won - - - ders of thy grace; But most of all ad - mire that I - - - should find a welcome place.

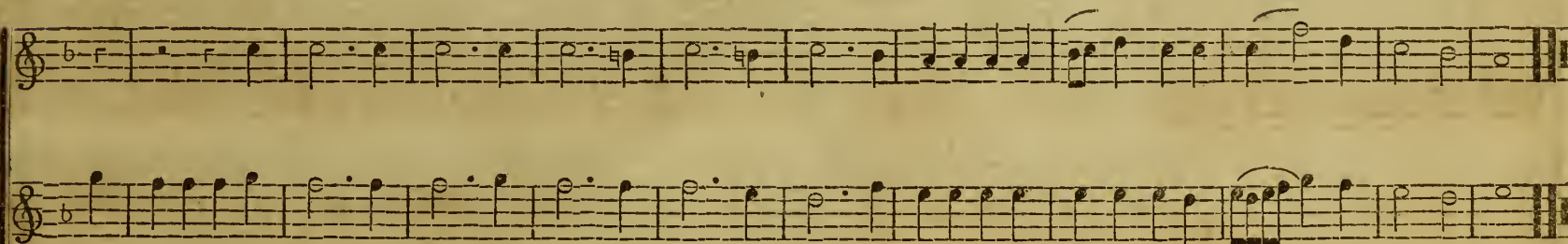
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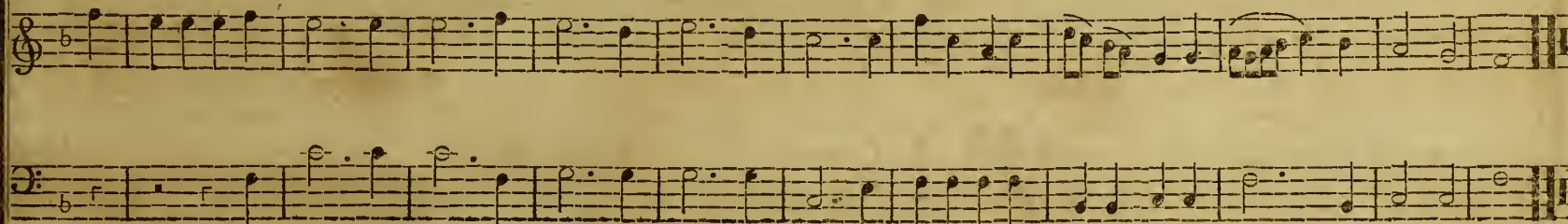




Awake, ye faints, and raise your eyes, And raise your voices high; Awake, and praise that sov'reign love That shows salvation nigh.



On all the wings of time it flies, Each moment brings it near; Then welcome, each declining day, And each re-volv-ing year.



*Soft.*

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal di - - - a - dem, And

*Loud.**Soft.**Loud.*

crown him Lord of all. Bring forth the royal di - - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.



When some kind sheep - - - herd from his fold Has lost a straying sheep, Thro' vales, o'er hills - - , he anxious roves, And

And climbs the mountain's

*Soft.* climbs the mountain's, climbs the mountain's steep. *Loud.* Thro' vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves, And climbs - - - - the mountain's steep.

And climbs the mountain's steep.

steep. And climbs

"Proclaim," faith Christ, "my wond'rous grace To all the sons of men. He, who believes, and is baptiz'd, Salva - tion shall obtain."

Crown him, crown him, crown

Backsliders, who your mis'ry feel, Attend your Saviour's call; Return, he'll your backslidings heal, Crown him Lord of all.

O crown him, crown him, crown him, crown

Crown him, crown

## No. 72.

## CANTON.

## Hymn 126. C.

## C Major.

My God, how cheerful is the sound! How pleasant to re - peat! Well may that heart with pleasure bound, Where God hath fix'd his feat.



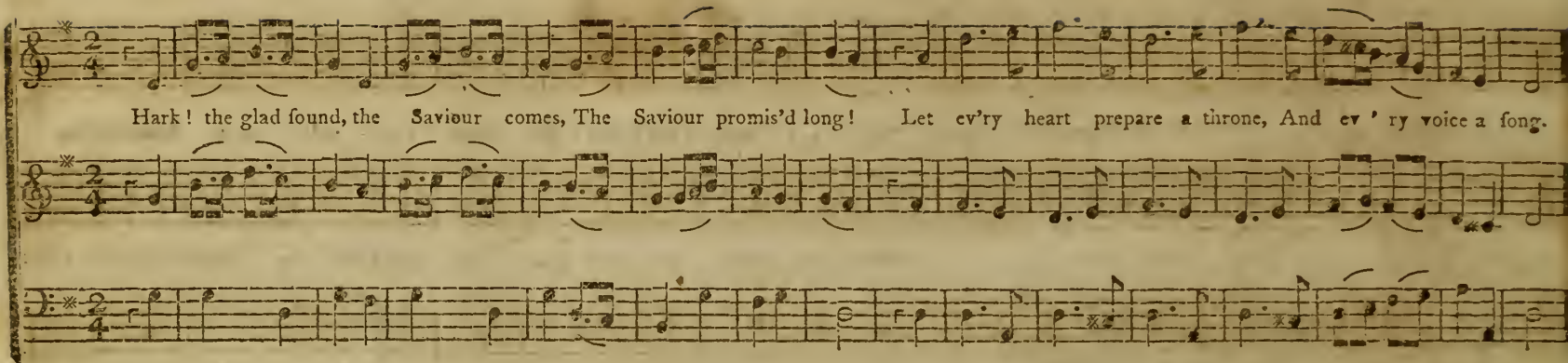
What want shall not our God sup - ply From his redun - dant stores ? What

What want shall not our God sup - - ply From his redundant stores ? What

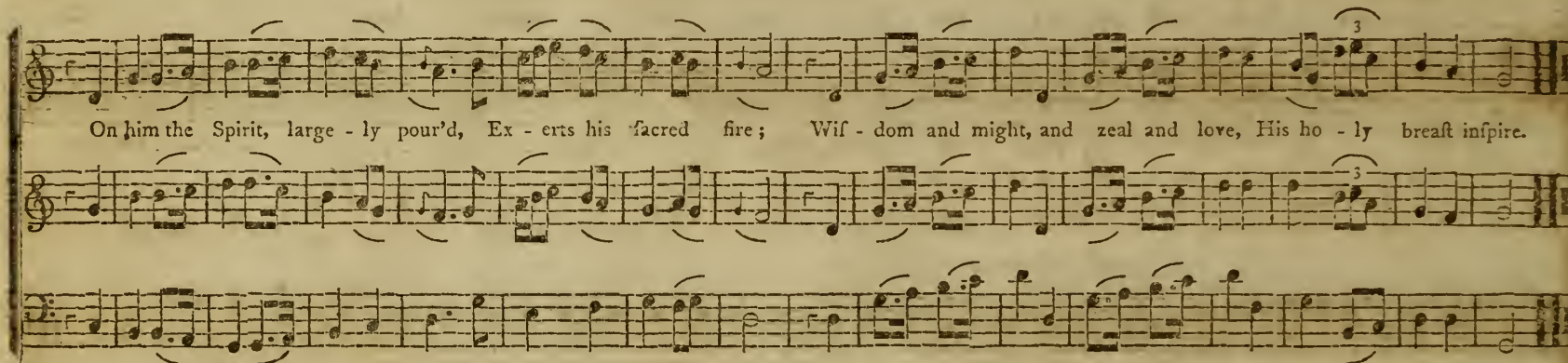
What want shall not our God supply From his re - - dundant stores ? What

want shall not our God sup - ply From his re - dun - dant stores - - - - - ?

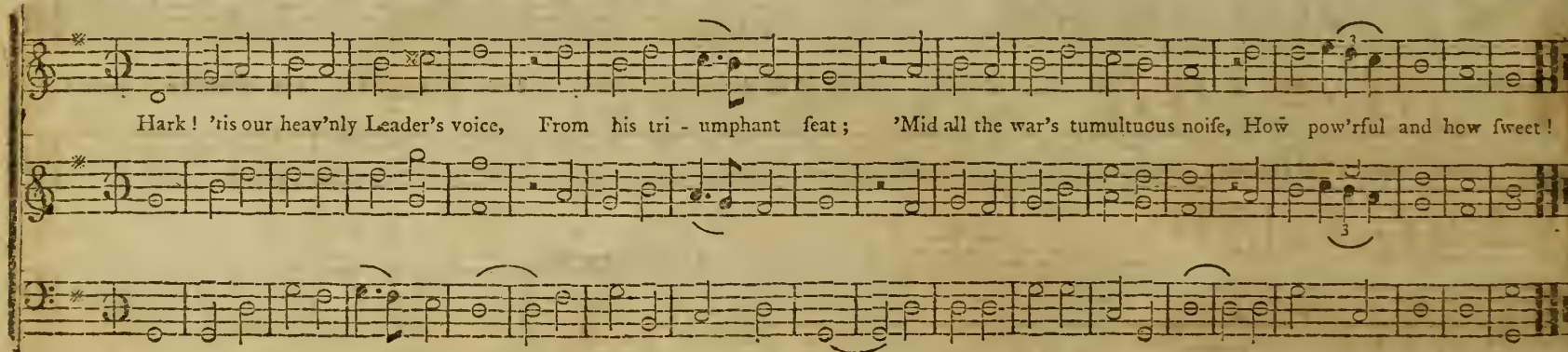
streams of mercy from on high, An arm almighty pours ! What streams of mercy from on high, An arm almighty pours !



Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes, The Saviour promis'd long! Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne, And ev'ry voice a song.

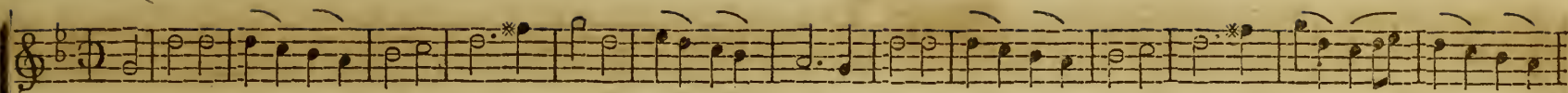


On him the Spirit, large - ly pour'd, Ex - erts his sacred fire; Wis - dom and might, and zeal and love, His ho - ly breast inspire.

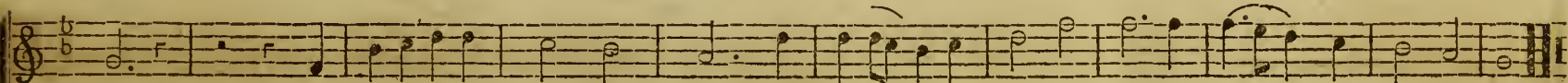
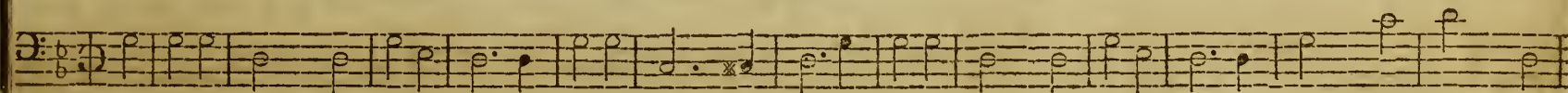
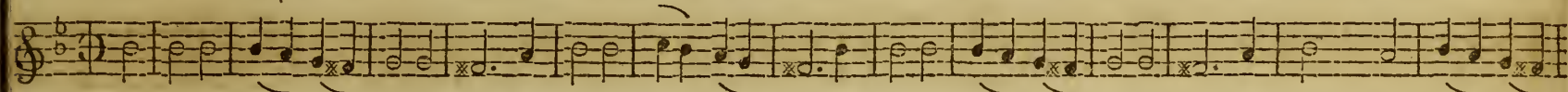


Hark! 'tis our heav'nly Leader's voice, From his tri - umphant feat; 'Mid all the war's tumultuous noise, How pow'rful and how sweet!

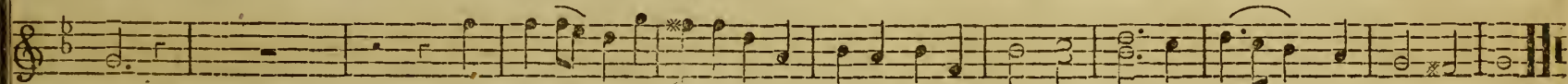




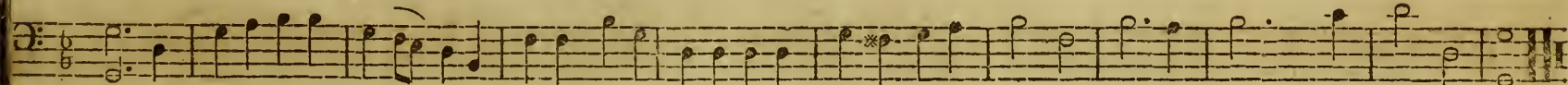
My Saviour, let me hear thy voice Pronounce the words of peace, And all my warmest pow'rs shall join To ce - le - brate thy



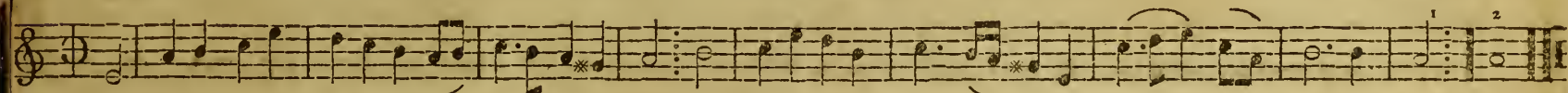
grace. And all my warmest pow'rs shall join, And all my warmest pow'rs shall join To ce - le - brate thy grace.



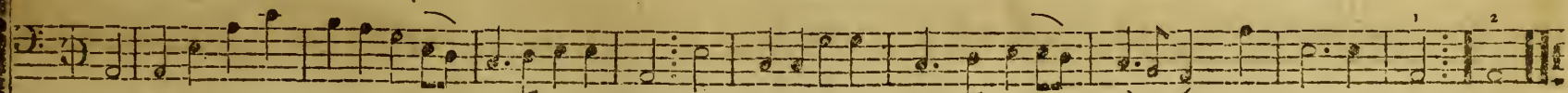
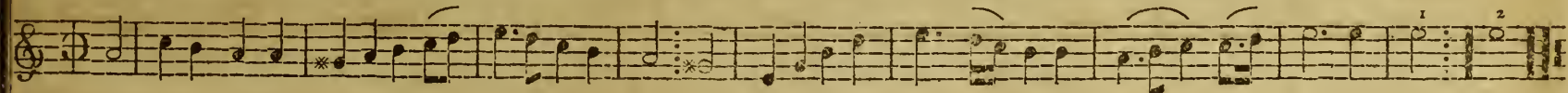
And all my warmest pow'rs shall join, And

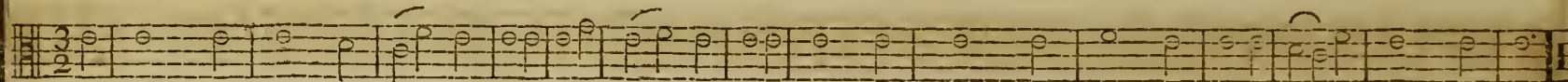
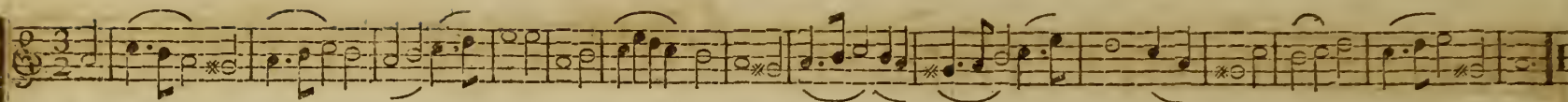


And all my warmest pow'rs shall join, And all my warmest pow'rs shall join, And

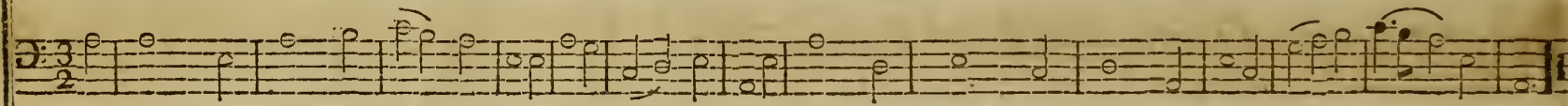
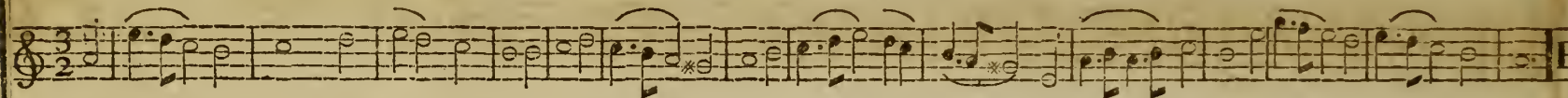


Ye mourning faints, whose streaming tears Flow o'er your children dead, Say not, in transports of despair, That all your hopes are fled.





Lord, when I read the traitor's doom, To "his own place" consign'd, What holy fear, and hum - ble hope, Al - ternate fill my mind!



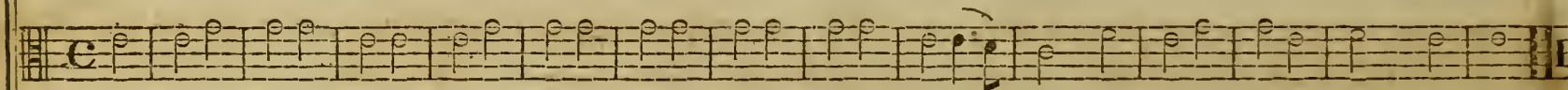
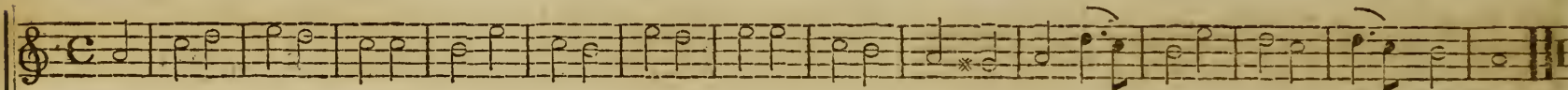
No. 78.

WINDSOR.

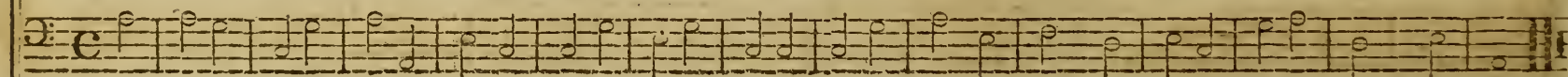
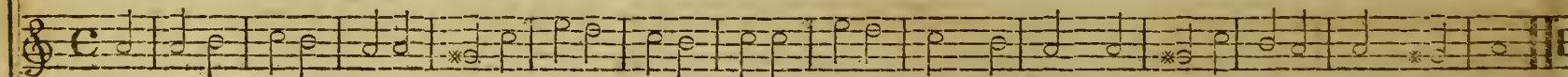
Hymn 557.

C.

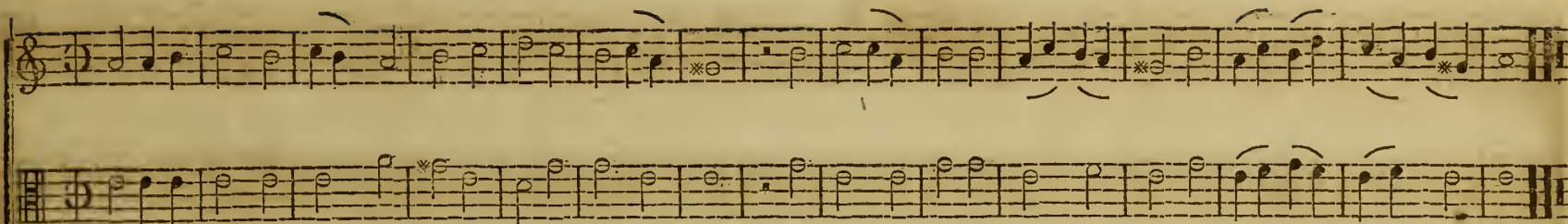
A Minor.



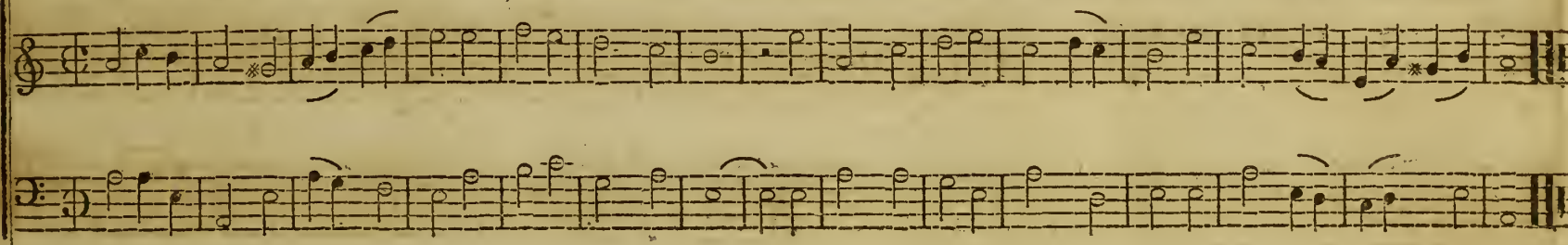
When blooming youth is snatch'd away, By death's resist - less hand, Our hearts the mournful tri - bute pay, Which pity must de - mand.



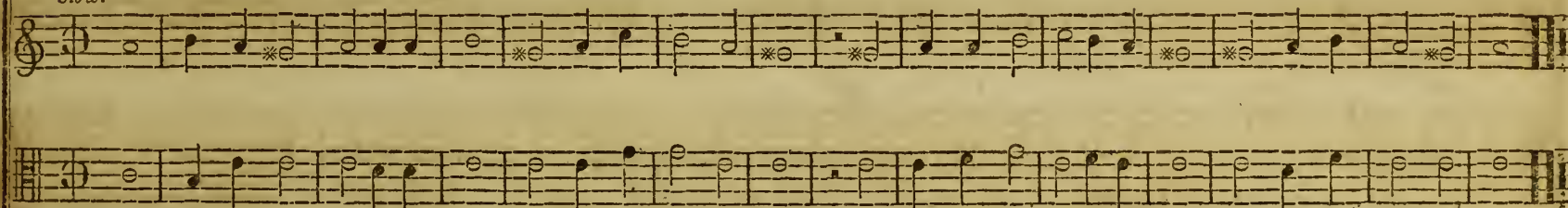




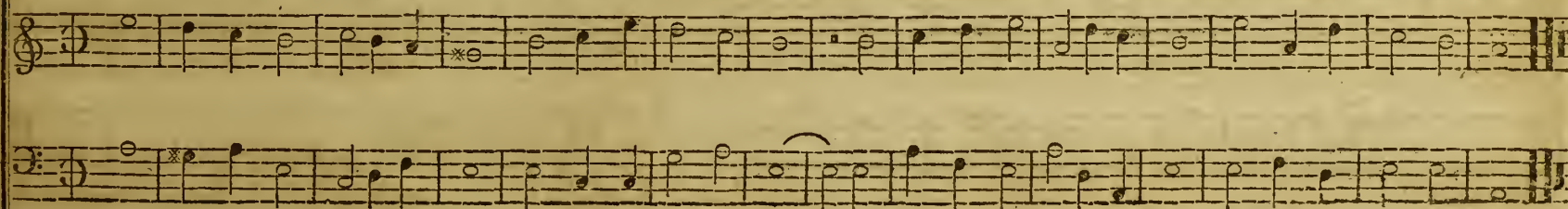
Thrice happy souls, who, born from heav'n, While yet they sojourn here, Humbly begin their days with God, And spend them in his fear.

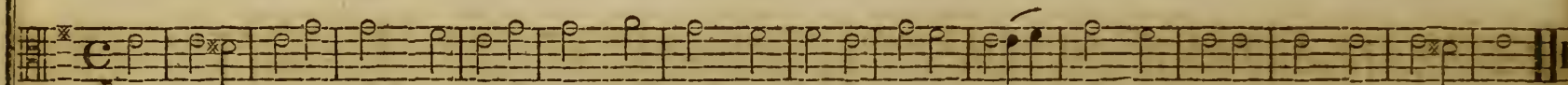
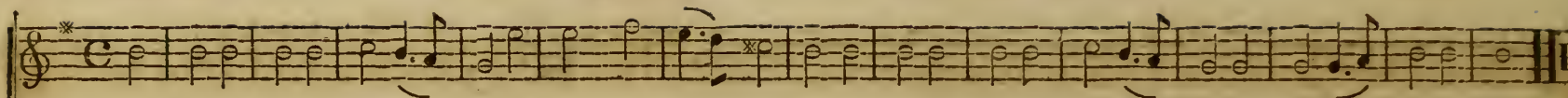


*Slow.*

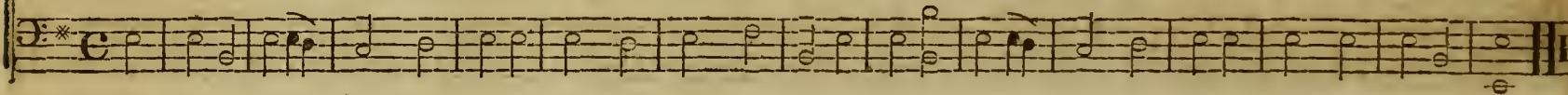
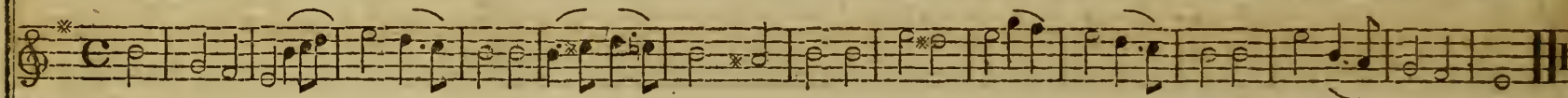


Heav'n has confirm'd the great decree, That Adam's race must die : One gen'ral ru - in sweeps 'em down, And low in dust they lie.





When death appears be - fore my fight In all his dire ar - ray, Un - e - qual to the dreadful fight, My courage dies a - way.

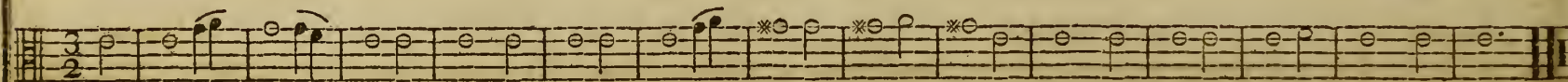
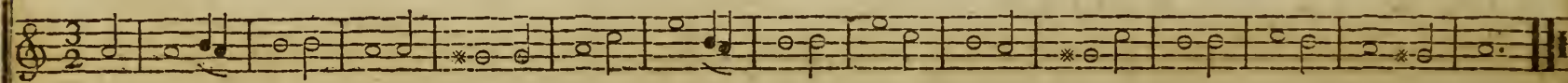


## No. 82.

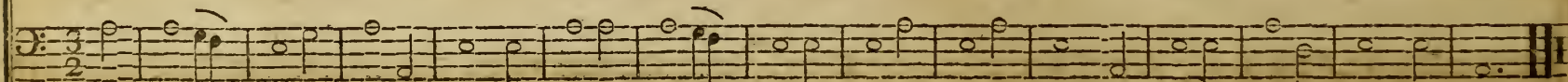
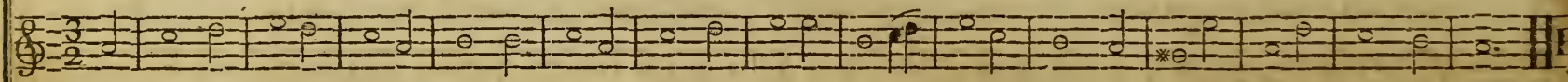
## PLYMOUTH.

## Hymn 204. C.

## A Minor.



Compar'd with Christ, in all be - side, No com - li - nefs I see; The one thing needful, dear - est Lord, Is to be one with thee.





Thou on - ly centre of my rest, Look down with pitying eye, While with protracted pain oppress, I breathe the plaintive sigh.

Thy gracious presence, O my God, My ev'ry wish contain With this, beneath affliction's load, My heart no more complain.

Death, with his dread commission seal'd, Now hastens to his arms; In awful state he takes the field, And sounds his dire alarms.

Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm, In smiling crouds draw near,

And turn from ev'ry mortal charm, A Saviour's voice to

And turn from ev'ry mortal charm, And turn from ev'ry mortal charm, A Saviour's voice to hear.

hear.

No. 86.

HAGUE.

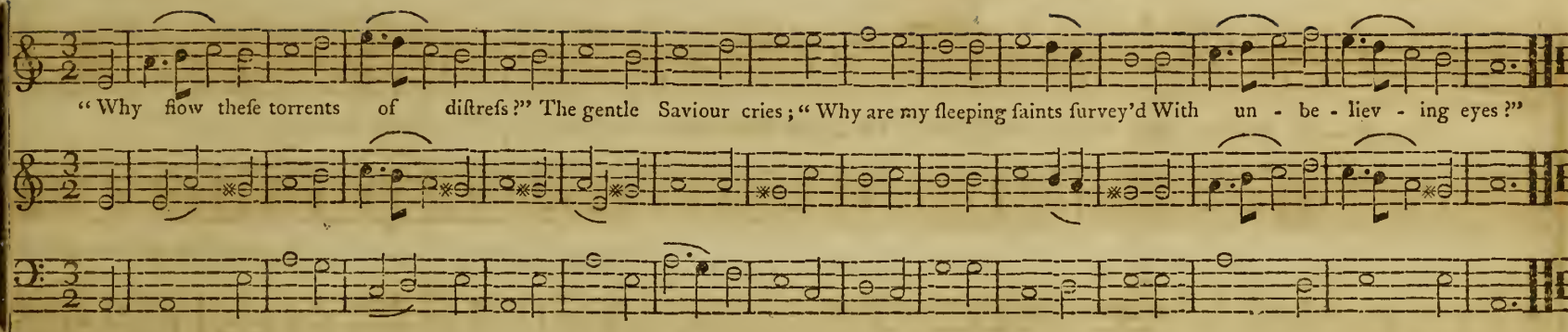
Hymn 524. C.

D Minor.

*Slow.*

Eter-nal God! Enthron'd on high, Whom an-gel hosts a-dore, Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh, Thy presence I implore.





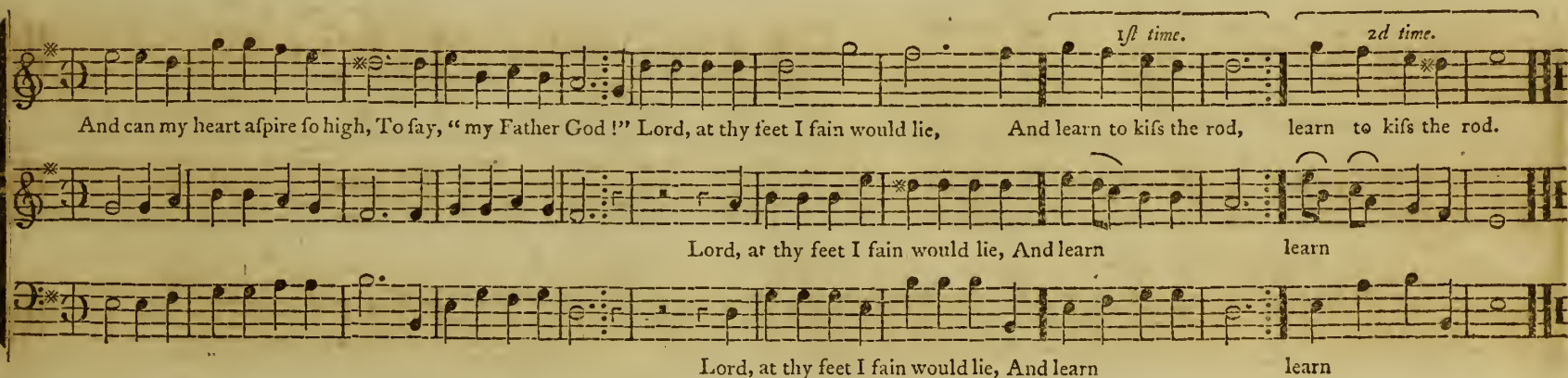
“Why flow these torrents of distress?” The gentle Saviour cries; “Why are my sleeping fairs survey’d With un - be - liev - ing eyes?”

## No. 88.

## DEERING.

## Hymn 278. C.

## E Minor.



And can my heart aspire so high, To say, “my Father God!” Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie, And learn to kiss the rod, learn to kiss the rod.

Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie, And learn learn

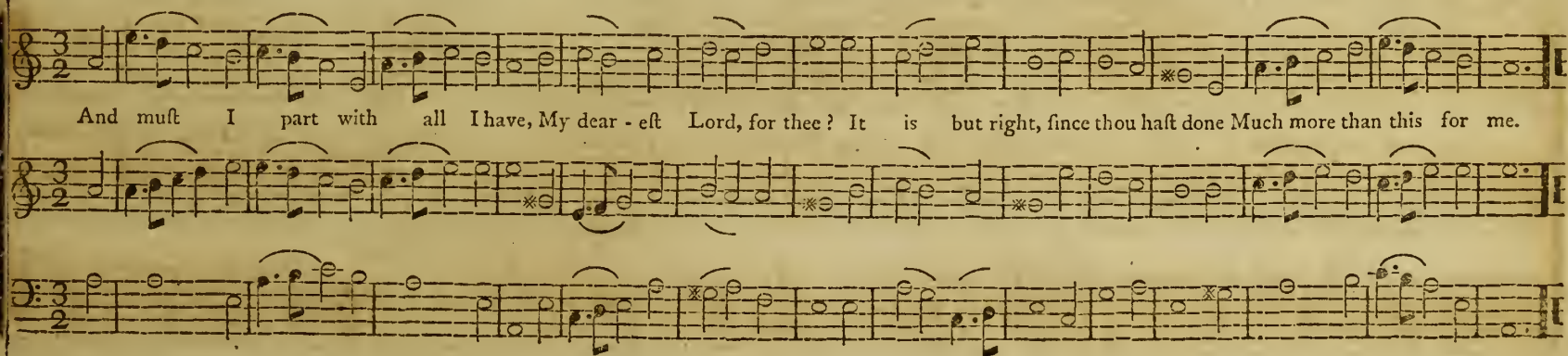
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie, And learn learn

## No. 89.

## O X F O R D.

## Hymn 281. C.

## A Minor.



And must I part with all I have, My dear - est Lord, for thee? It is but right, since thou hast done Much more than this for me.

Lord, at thy feet we sinners lie, And knock at mercy's door ; With heavy heart, & downcast eye, Thy favour we implore.

On us the vast ex-

Take all our heinous guilt away, This heavy load remove. Take all our heinous guilt away, This heavy load remove.

tent display Of thy forgiv - ing love ;

O Lord, I would de - light in thee, And on thy care de - pend ; To thee in ev' - ry trouble flee, My best, my on - ly friend.



*Soft.**Loud.*

When all created streams are dry'd, Thy fulness is the same; May I with this be satis-fy'd, And glory in thy name!

No. 92.

GREENHAM.

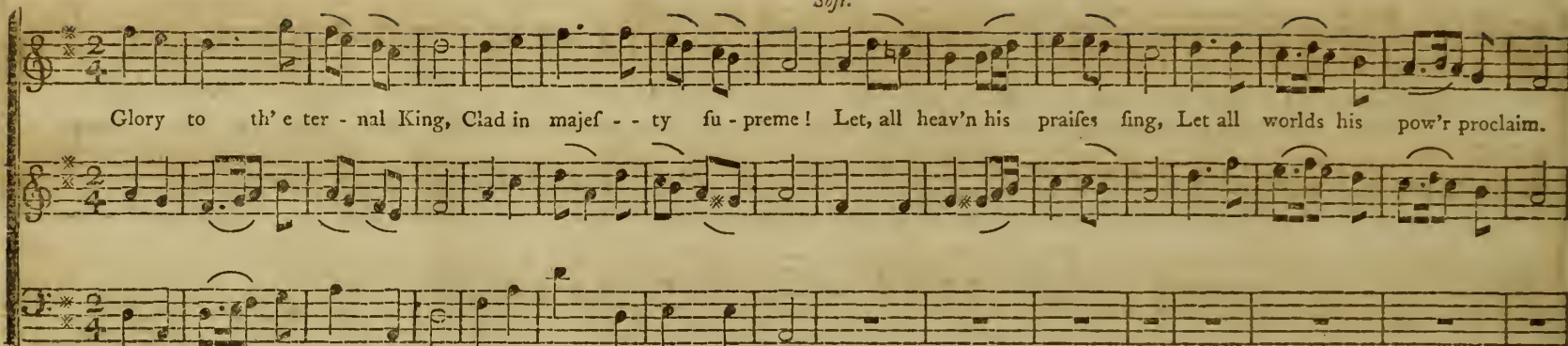
Hymn 267. C.

G Minor.

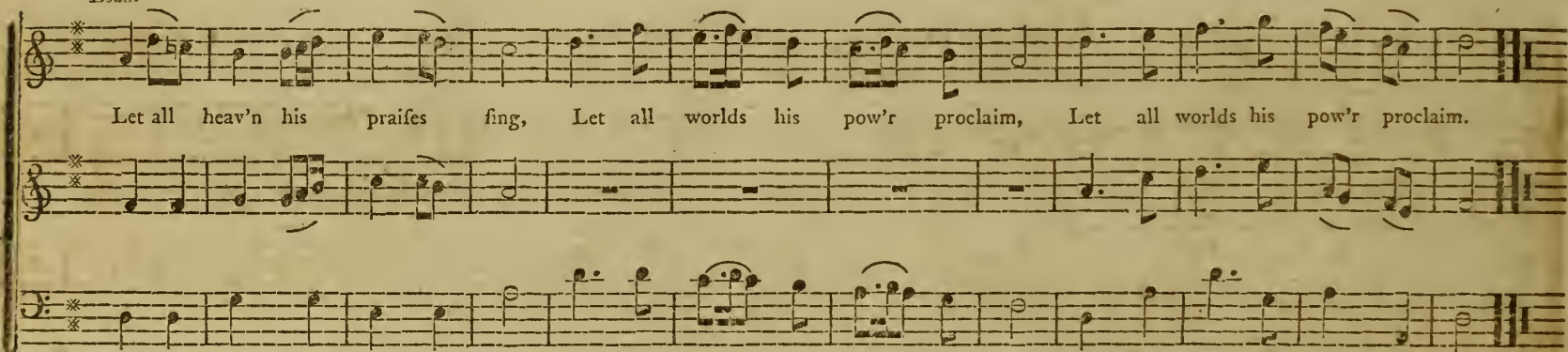
*Soft.**Loud.*

Repent, the voice celestial cries, Nor longer dare de-lay; The wretch, who scorns the mandate, dies, And meets a fie-ry day.

No more the sov'reign eye of God O'erlooks the crimes of men; His heralds are dispatch'd abroad, To warn the world of sin.

*Soft.*

Glory to th' eternal King, Clad in majesty supreme! Let, all heav'n his praises sing, Let all worlds his pow'r proclaim.

*Loud.*

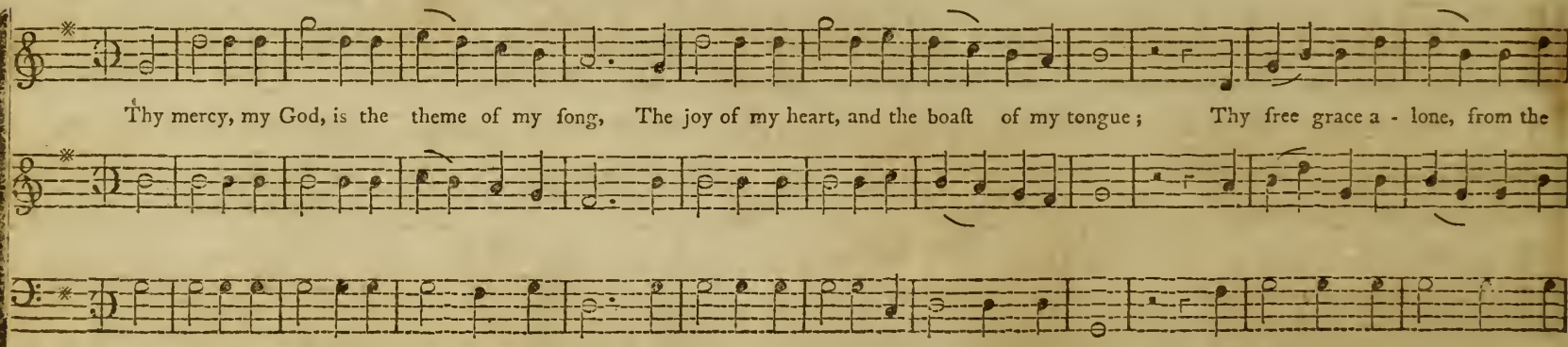
Let all heav'n his praises sing, Let all worlds his pow'r proclaim, Let all worlds his pow'r proclaim.

No. 94.

WARREN.

Hymn 15. 11s.

G Major.



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 af - fections, and bound my soul fast. Hath won my af - fections, and bound my soul fast.

No. 95.

PATIENCE.

Hymn 16. 7s.

A. Minor.

Lord, and am I yet a - - live, Not in torments, not in hell! Still doth thy good Spi - rit strive,

With the chief of sinners dwell! Tell it, un - to sin - ners tell, I am, I am out of hell.

Is' rel in antient days Not only had a view Of Sinai in a blaze, But learnt the gospel too: The

The types and figures were a glaſs, In which they ſaw the Sa - - viour's face.  
The types and figures were a glaſs, In  
types and figures were a glaſs, In

No. 97.

FAIRFIELD.

Hymn 62. 5s &amp; 11s.

A Major.

How happy are we, E - - - leſion who ſee, And venture, O Lord, for fal - - va - tion on thee!



In Je - - sus ap - - prov'd, E - - ter - nally lov'd, Up - held by thy power, We cannot be mov'd.

No. 98.

JUDEA.

Hymn 66. 6, 8 &amp; 4.

A Minor.

The God of Abram praise, Who reigns enthron'd a - bove; Ancient of ever - - last - ing days, And God of love!

*Soft.**Loud.*

Je - - hovah, great *I AM!* By heav'n and earth con - fest, I bow and blest the facred name, For - - e - ver blest!

O Lord, my God, whose sov'reign love is still the same, nor e'er can move, Look to the co-ve-nant, and see, Has

not thy love been shewn to me? Re-mem-ber me, my dearest friend, And love me always, to the end.

No. 100.

BEDFORD.

Hymn 69. 7s.

A Major.

Now be-gin the heav'nly theme, Sing a-loud in Jesus' name; Ye, who his salvation prove, Triumph in redeeming love.



*Soft.**Loud.*

Ye, who see the Father's grace, Beaming in the Saviour's face, As to Canaan on ye move, Praise and blest redeeming love.

No. 101.

PLIMPTON.

Hymn 71. 8, 7.

C Major.

*With Spirit.*

Hark! the voice of love and mercy Sounds aloud from Cal - va - - ry! See, it rends the rocks a - funder, Shakes the earth, and veils the

*Soft.**Increasf.**Loud.*

sky! It is finish'd, It is finish'd, It is finish'd, Hear the dy - ing Saviour cry.

Shall Jesus de - scend from the skies, T'atone for our sins by his blood, And shall we such goodness despise, And rebels still be to our God!

No-brute could be ev - er so base! Shall man thus ungrateful then prove! Forbid it, O God of all grace! Forbid it, thou Spirit of love!

No. 103.

NEW - BRADFORD.

Hymn 74. 8, 8 &amp; 6.

C Minor.

*Moderate.*

O thou, who didst thy glory leave, A - postate sinners to retrieve From nature's dead - ly fall: If





No. 104.

OAKLEY.

Hymn 75. 8, 7.

F Major.

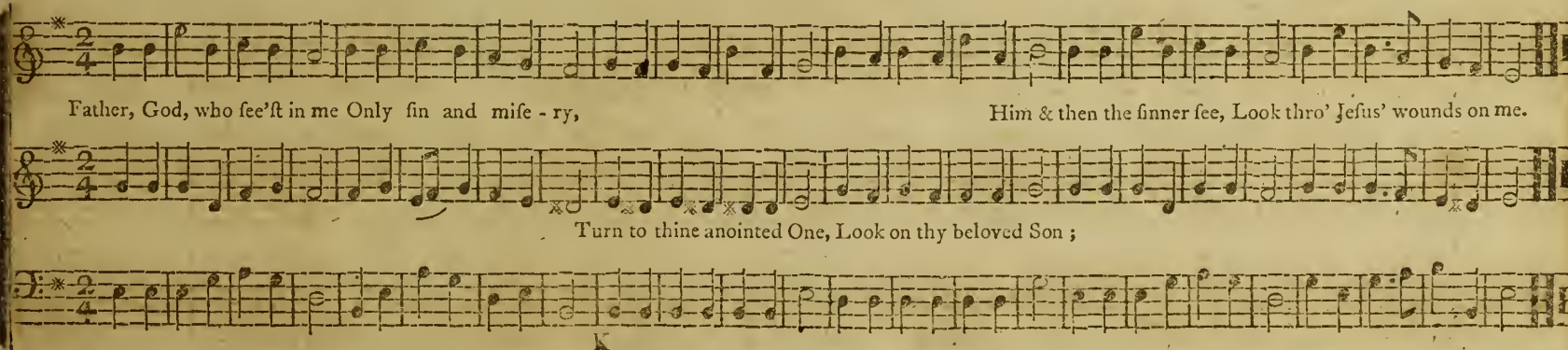


No. 105.

SEAFORD.

Hymn 76. 7s.

E Minor.



Great God of won - ders ! all thy ways Are matchless, godlike, & divine : But the fair glo - ries of thy face More god - like and un -

*Chorus.*

rivall'd shine. Who is a pard'ning God like thee ? Or who has grace so rich and free ?

No. 107.

ADOPTION.

Hymn 91. 8, 6, 8.

G Minor.

Let others boast their an - cient line, In long suc - cession great ; In the proud list of heroes shine, And monarchs swell the



state; Descend - ed from the King of Kings, Each faint a nobler ti - le fings.

Descended from the King of Kings, Each

De - scended from the King of Kings, Descended from the King of Kings, Each

No. 108.

LANGDALE.

Hymn 94. 78.

E Major.

Blessed are the sons of God, They are-bo't with Jesus' blood; They are ransom'd from the grave, Life e - ter - nal they shall have.

CHORUS. *Soft.**Loud.*

With them number'd may we be, Now, and thro' e - ter - ni - ty. With them number'd may we be, Now, and thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

Jefus is our great fal - va - tion, Worthy of our best ef - teem; He hath fav'd his fav' - rite nation; Join to

sing a - loud to him: He hath fav'd us, He hath fav'd us; Christ a - lone could us re - deem.

No. 110.

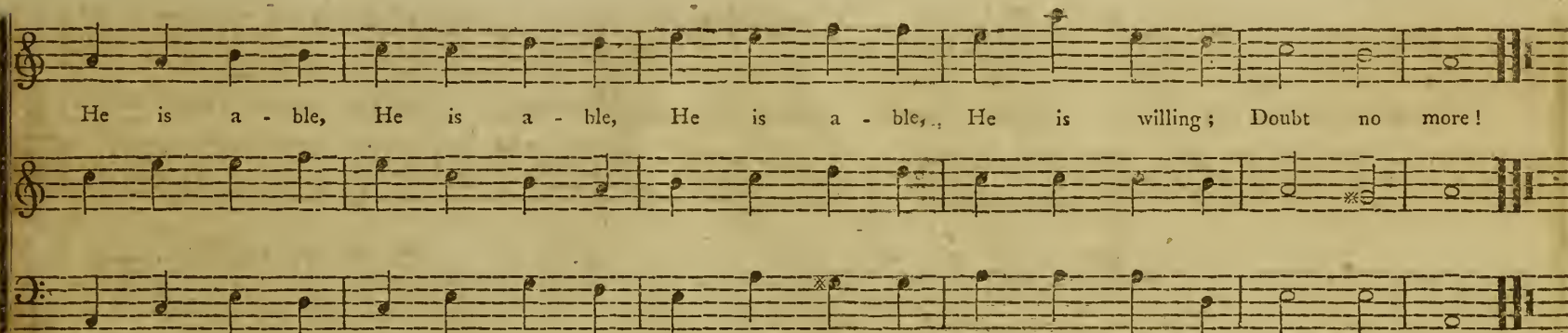
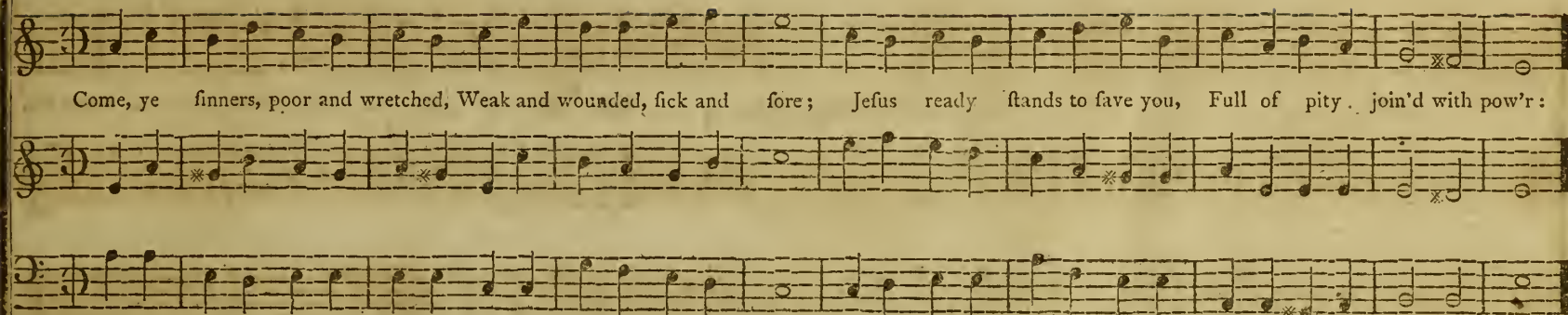
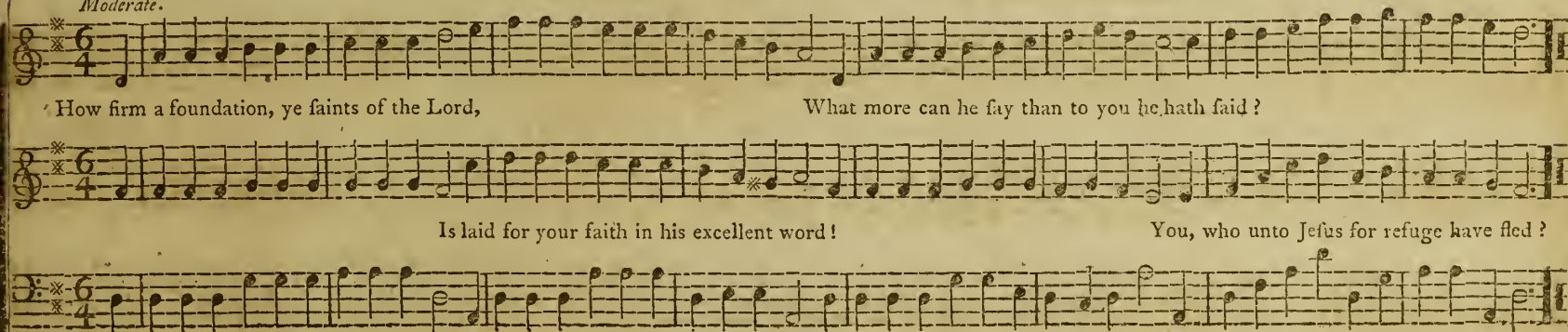
A S H B R O O K.

Hymn 110. 11 &amp; 3.

F Major.

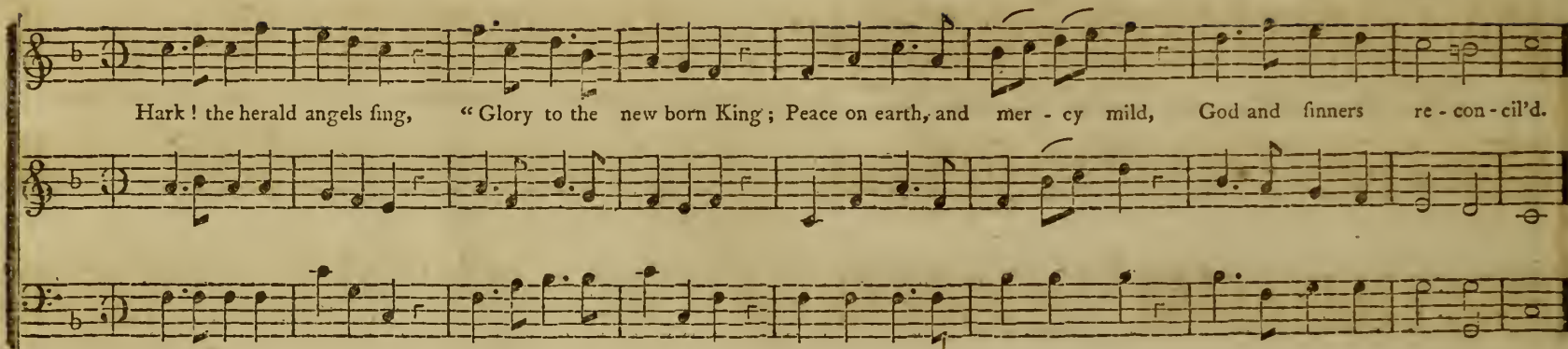
In songs of sublime ado-ration and praise, Ye pilgrims, for Zion who prefs, Break forth, & extol the great Ancient of Days, His rich & distinguishing grace,



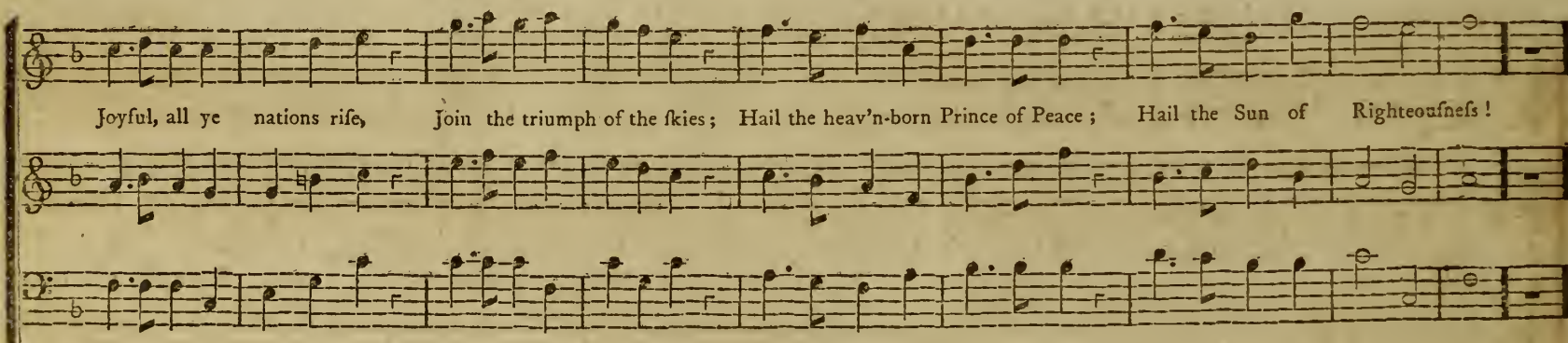
*Moderate.*

Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!

You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?



Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new born King; Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sinners re - con - cil'd.

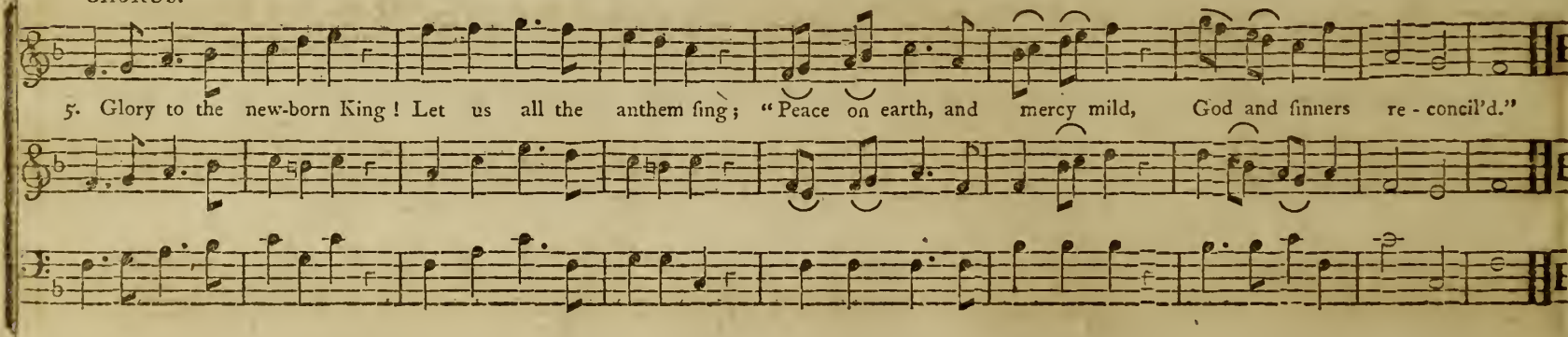


Joyful, all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies; Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace; Hail the Sun of Righteousness!

3. Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born, that man no more may die;  
Born, to raise the sons of earth,  
Born, to give them second birth.

4. Come, Desire of Nations, come,  
Fix in us thy humble home;  
Rise, the woman's promis'd seed,  
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

CHORUS.



5. Glory to the new-born King! Let us all the anthem sing; "Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners re - concil'd."



*Loud when repeated.*

Mighty God, while angels blest thee, May an infant lift thy name? } Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, A - men.  
 Lord of men as well as angels, Thou art ev'ry creature's theme!

No. 115.

RESURRECTION.

Hymn 141. 7s.

D Major.

Christ the Lord has ris'n to day, Sons of men and angels say; Raise your songs and triumphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply.  
 Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight, the bat - tle won; Lo! the sun's e - clipse is o'er; Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Angels, roll the rock a - way, Death, yield up thy mighty prey : See! he rises from the tomb, Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, See! he ri - fes from the tomb, Glowing with immortal bloom. Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

No. 117.

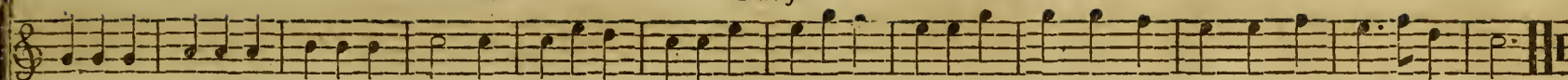
FREEPORT.

Hymn 150. 5, 6, 5.

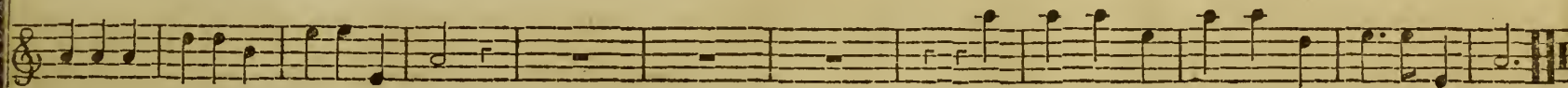
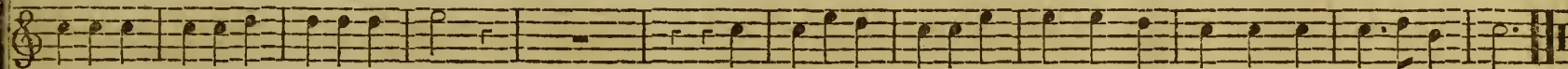
C Major.

A fulness re - sides in Jesus, our head, And ever abides, And ever abides, And ever a - bides, To answer our need ; The



*Soft.**Increase.**Loud.*

Father's good pleasure Hath laid up in store A plentiful treasure, A plentiful treasure, A plentiful treasure To give to the poor.

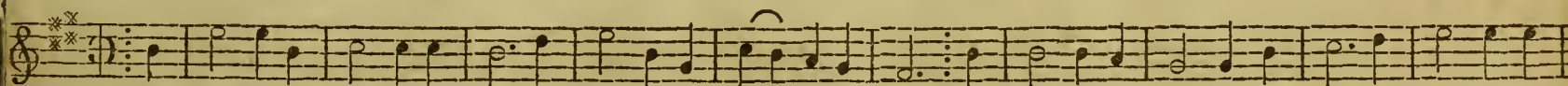


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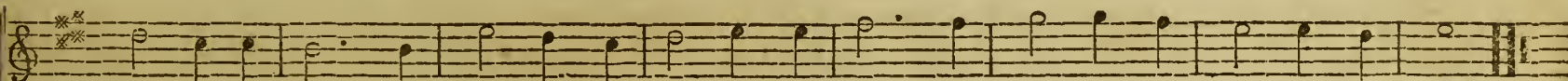
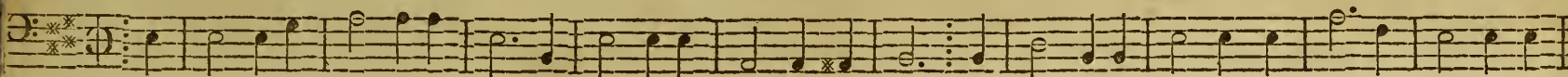
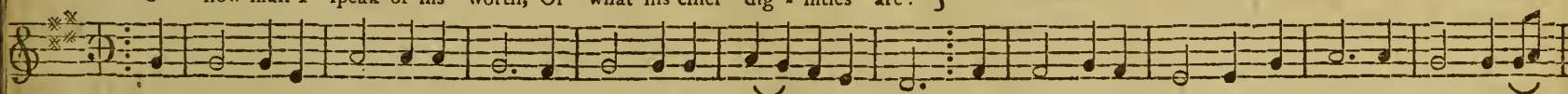
ZEALAND.

Hymn 151. 8s.

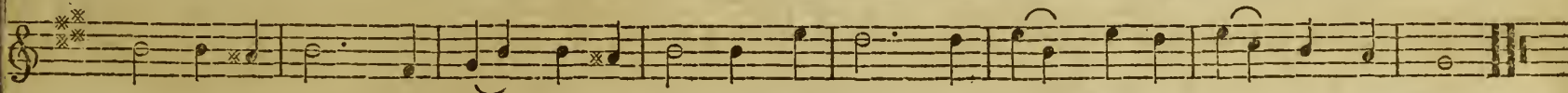
E Major.



How shall I my Saviour set forth? How shall I his beauties declare? } His angels can never express, Nor saints who sit  
O how shall I speak of his worth, Or what his chief dignities are? }



near - est his throne, How rich are his treasures of grace: No, this is a myst'ry unknown.



Rejoice, the Lord is King ; Your Lord and King adore ; Mortals, give thanks & sing, And triumph ever more. Lift

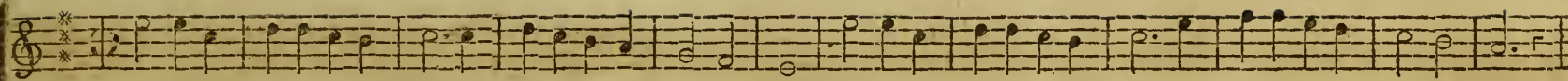
Lift up your hearts, Lift

Rejoice, again I fay rejoice. Lift up your hearts, Lift up your voice, Rejoice, a - gain I fay re - joice.

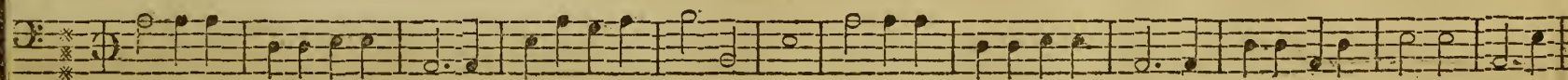
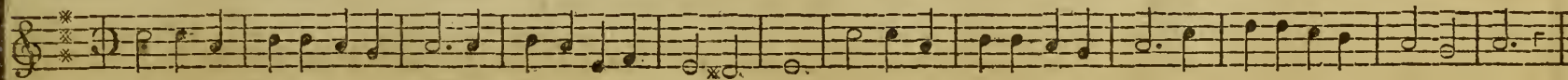
up your voice, Re - joice, re - joice, A - gain I fay re - joice.

up your voice, Rejoice, again I fay rejoice. Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Rejoice, a - gain I fay re - joice.

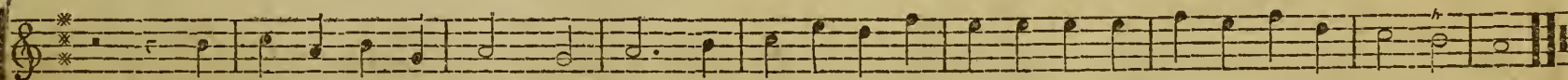




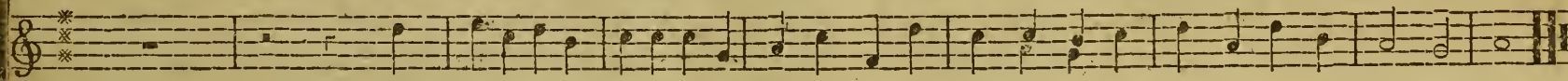
Jesus we claim thee for our own, Our kinsman near ally'd in blood, Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, The Son of Man, the Son of God.



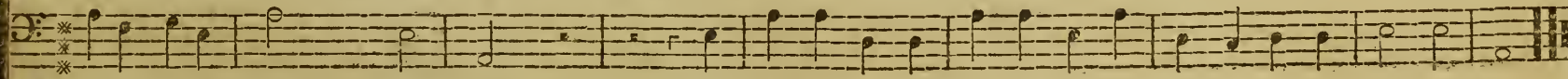
And



And lo, we lay us at thy feet, And lo, we lay us at thy feet, Our sentence from thy mouth to meet.



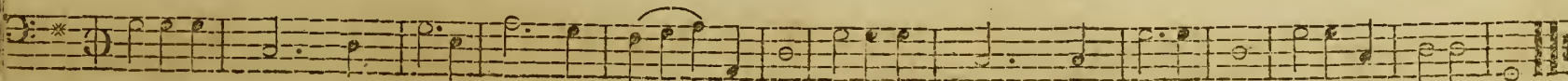
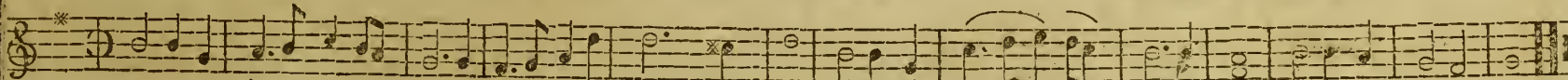
And lo, we lay us at thy feet, And lo,



lo, we lay us at thy feet, And lo,



To the e - ter - nal Three, In will and essence One, Be uni - - ver - sal homage paid, Coequal honours done.



*Soft.*

Come, thou long ex - pect - ed Jesus, Born to set thy peo - ple free, } Israel's strength and con - so - lation,  
From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in thee. }

*Loud.*

Hope of all the faints thou art; Dear desire of ev' - ry nation, Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

No. 123.

FOUNTAIN.

Hymn 168. 5, 6, 5.

E Major.

The fountain of Christ, Lord, help us to sing; The blood of our Priest, Our cru - cify'd King; The fountain that



cleanses From sin and from filth; And rich - ly dis - pen - ses Sal - va - tion and health.

No. 124.

IMMANUEL.

Hymn 174. 75.

G Major.

God with us! O glorious name! Let it shine in endless fame. God and man in Christ unite: O, mysterious depth and height!

God with us! amazing love Bro't him from his courts a - bove: Now, ye faints, his grace admire, Swell the song with holy fire.

Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death, Come, and, thy dear self re - vealing, Dis - sipate the clouds beneath.

*Sof.* *Loud.*

The new heav'n's and earth's Creator, In our deepest darkness rise, Scatt'ring all the night of nature, Pouring eyesight on our eyes.

No. 126.

SELDEN.

Hymn 183. 7s.

E Minor.

*Moderate.*

1. King of Salem, blest my soul, Make a wounded sin - ner whole. King of righteousness & peace, Let not thy sweet vi - sits cease.

2. Come, refresh this soul of mine With thy sacred bread and wine; All thy love to me unfold, Half of which cannot be told.



*Cheerful.**Loud when repeated.*

Hail! Mel - chi - ze - dec divine! Great High Priest, thou shalt be mine. All my pow'rs before thee fall; Take no tithe, but take them all.

No. 127.

L Y M E.

Hymn 186.

7, 8, 6, 8.

D Major.

Christ, our pass - o - ver is slain, To set his peo - ple free, Free from sin's E - gyp - tian chain, And Pha - raoh's ty - ran ny.

*Soft.**Loud.*

Lord, that we may now depart, And truly serve our pard'ning God, Sprinkle ev' - ry house and heart With thine a - ton - ing blood.

*Soft.*

O let me catch th' im - mor - tal

Jefus, how precious is thy name! The great Je - ho - vah's dar - ling thou!

O let me catch th' im - mor - tal

*Loud.*

flame, With which an - gel - ic bo - soms glow.

O let me catch th' im - mor - tal flame, With which an -

flame,



## Chorus.

Since angels love thee, I would love, And

gel - ic bosoms glow; Since angels love thee, I would love, And im - i - tate the

Since angels love thee, I would love, And

Since angels love thee, I would love, And

I would love, And

blefs'd a - bove. Since angels love thee, I would love, And im - i - tate the blefs'd a - bove.

Since angels love thee, I would love, And

Since angels love thee, I would love, And

*Soft.* *Loud.*

Rock of Ages, shelter me, Let the water and the blood, Be of sin the double cure,

Let me hide myself in thee! From thy wounded side which flow'd, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

No. 130.

A T H O L.

Hymn 198.

5, 6 5.

B Minor.

Ye pris'ners of hope, O'erwhelmed with grief, To Jesus look up For certain relief; There's no condem - nation In Jesus the Lord.

But strong con - so - la - tion His grace doth afford. But strong con - so - la - tion His grace doth afford.



There is no path to heav'nly bliss, Or so - lid joy, or last - ing peace, But Christ, th' apoint - ed road: O may we tread the

*Soft.**Loud.*

sacred way, By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray, Till we sit down with God, Till we sit down with God.

Father, at thy call I come; In thy bosom there is room For a guilty soul to hide, Press'd with grief on ev'ry side, Press'd with grief on ev'ry side.

The Bible is justly esteem'd The glory supreme of the land, }  
Which shows how a sinner's redeem'd, And bro't to Jehovah's right hand. } With pleasure we freely con - fess The Bible does all books out-

shine ; But Jesus, his person and grace, Affords it, Affords it, Affords it that lustre di - vine.

## No. 134.

## THE COMFORTER.

Hymn 206. L. 6 lines.

G Minor.

Jesus, we hang upon thy word ; Our longing souls have heard from thee ; Be mindful of thy pro - mise, Lord, Thy



promise made to such as me, To such as Zion's paths pursue, And would believe that God is true.

No. 135.

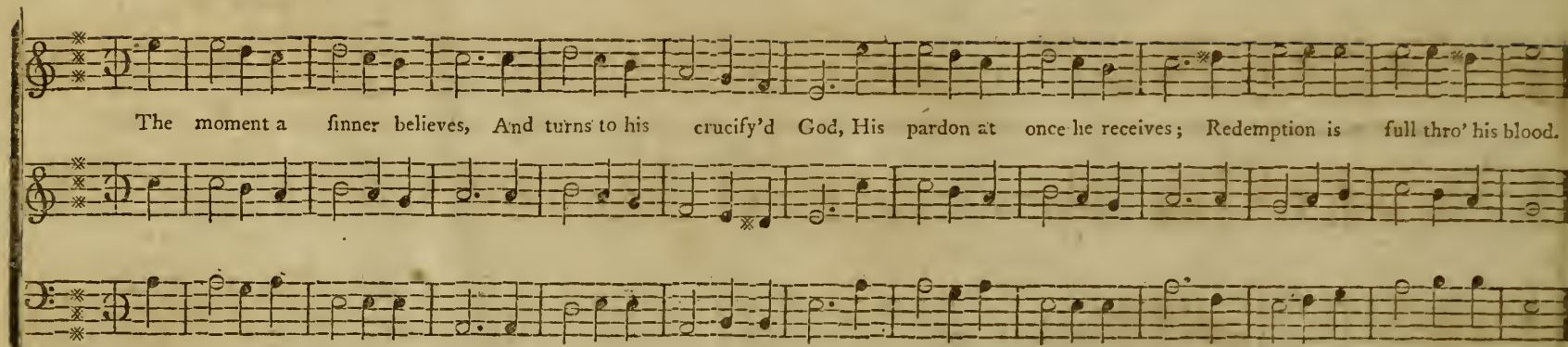
LINCELLE.

Hymn 214. 8s.

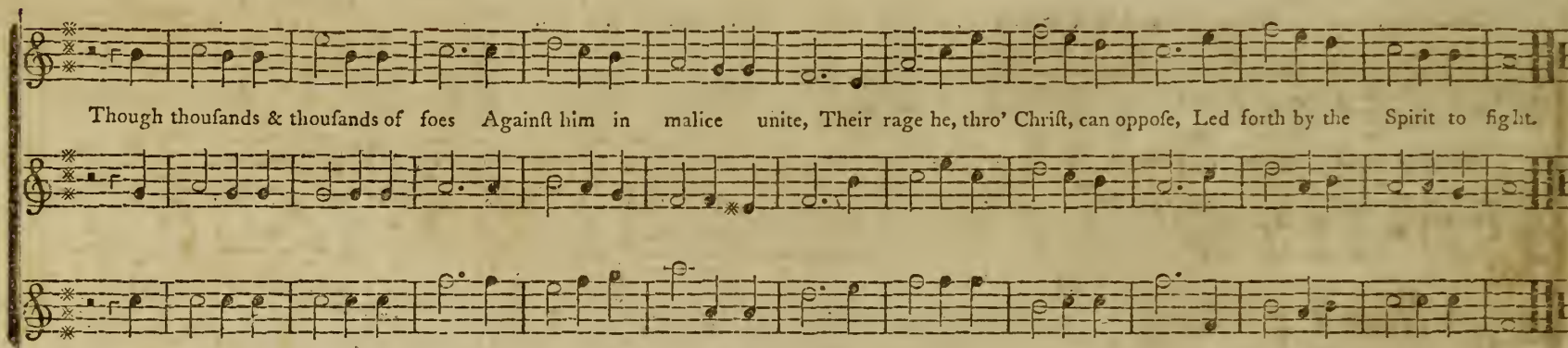
A Minor.

Descend, Holy Spirit, the Dove, And visit a for - rowful breast, My burden of guilt to remove, And bring me assurance of rest: Thou

only hast pow'r to relieve A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load, A sense of election to give, And sprinkle, and sprinkle his heart with the blood.



The moment a sinner believes, And turns to his crucify'd God, His pardon at once he receives; Redemption is full thro' his blood.



Though thousands & thousands of foes Against him in malice unite, Their rage he, thro' Christ, can oppose, Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

No. 137.

LINCOLN.

Hymn 237. 7s.

E Major.



Lord, if thou thy grace impart, Poor in spirit, meek in heart, I shall as my Master be, Rooted in hu - mi - li - ty.



Children of the heav'nly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his

*Soft.**Loud.*

works and ways. Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Sing

'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?

Dear Friend of friendless sin - ners, hear, And magnify thy grace divine; Pardon a worm, that would draw near, That would his heart to

*Chorus.*

thee re - sign; A worm, by self and sin oppress, That pants to reach thy pro - mis'd rest.

## No. 141.

## Y O R K.

## Hymn 290. 5, 6, 5.

## D Minor.

Begone, un - be - lief, My Saviour is near, And for my re - lief Will surely ap - pear: By pray'r let me



wrestle, And he will perform; With Christ in the ves-sel, I smile at the storm.

No. 142.

HOUNSLOW.

Hymn 295. 8, 7.

F Major.

*Soft.**Loud.*

Jesus, full of all com- passion, Hear thy humble suppliant's cry; Let me know thy great sal- vation; See, I languish, faint and die.

No. 143.

KESWICK.

Hymn 296. 7s.

G Minor.

*Loud when repeated.*

Gracious Lord, incline thine ear, My re- quests vouchsafe to hear; Hear my never ceasing cry, Give me Christ, or else I die.

*Repeat Soft. Loud.*

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter portion trace; Sun, and moon, and stars, de-cay,

Rise from tran-si-to-ry things, Tow'rds heav'n, thy native place.

*Soft.**Loud.*

Time shall soon this earth re-move; Rise, my soul, and haste a-way, To seats prepar'd a-bove.

No. 145.

BOWDEN.

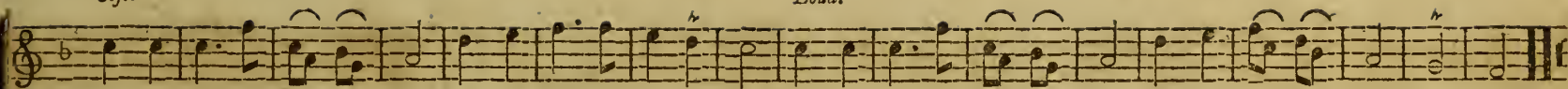
Hymn 305. 7s.

F Major.

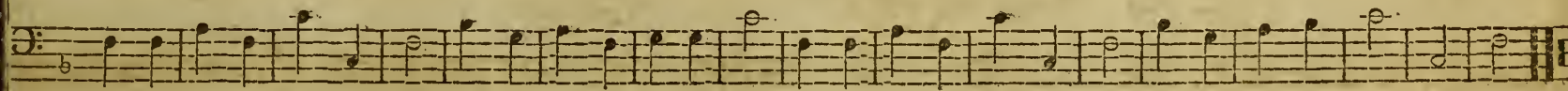
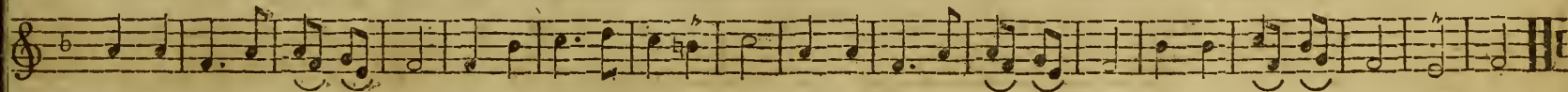
*Moderate.*

Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high;



*Soft.**Loud.*

Hide, me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

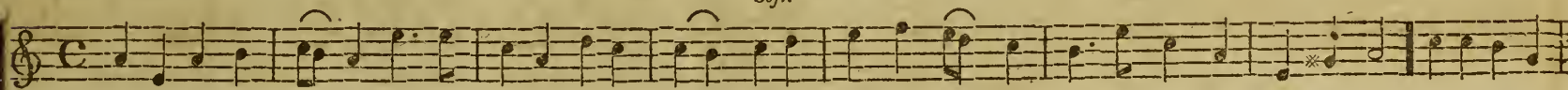


No. 146.

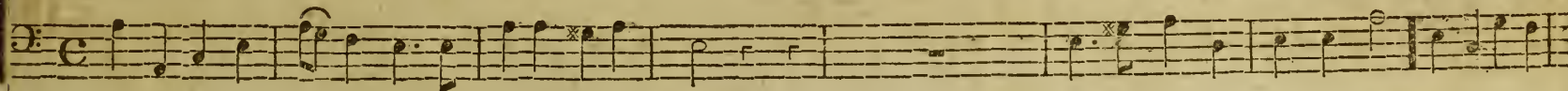
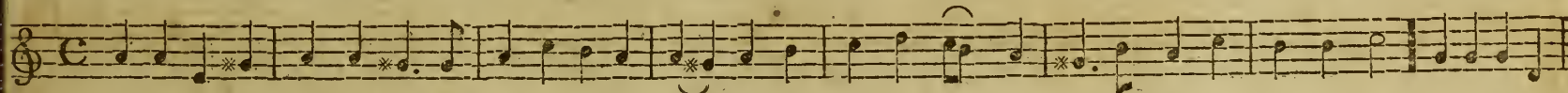
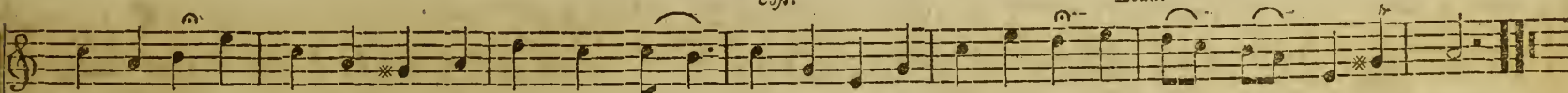
SCOTLAND:

Hymn 313. 8, 7, 6.

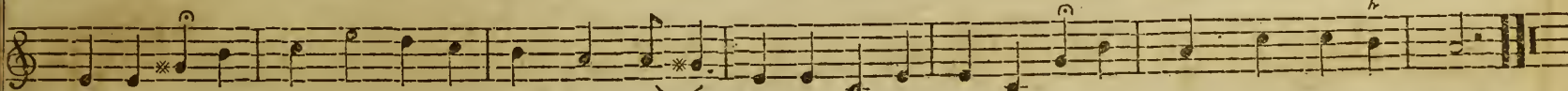
A Minor.

*Soft.**Loud.*

Jesus, let thy pitying eye Call back a wand'ring sheep; False to thee, like Peter, I Would fain like Peter weep. Let me be by

*Soft.**Loud.*

grace restor'd, On me be all its freeness shown: Turn and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.



In sweet ex - - al - ted strains The King of glo - ry praise; O'er heav'n and earth he reigns, Thro' ev - - lasting days; He,

In sweet ex - - al - ted strains The King of glo - ry praise; O'er heav'n and earth he reigns, Thro' ev - er - lasting days; He,

*Soft.* *Loud.*

He

with a nod, the world controuls, Sustains, or sinks the distant poles. He, with a nod, the world controuls, Sustains, or sinks the distant poles.

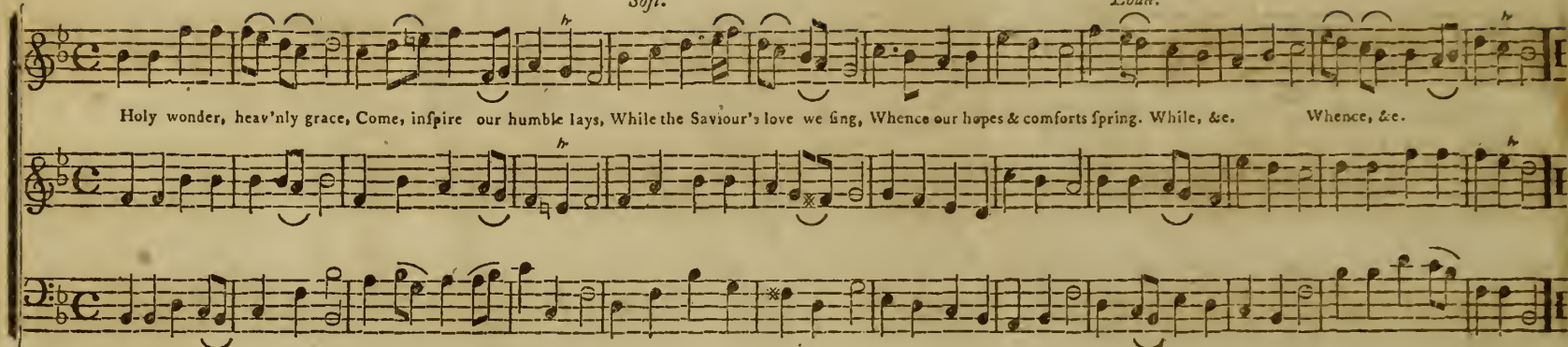
with a nod, the world controuls, Sustains, or sinks the distant poles. He, with a nod, the world controuls, Sustains, or sinks the distant poles.



Lord of Hosts, how lovely fair, E'en on earth, thy temples are ! Here thy waiting people see Much of heav'n, and much of thee.

The joy - ful morn, my God, is come, That calls me to thy honour'd dome, Thy presence to a - dore ; My feet the summons

shall attend, With willing steps thy courts af - cend, And tread the hallow'd floor.

*Soft.**Loud.*


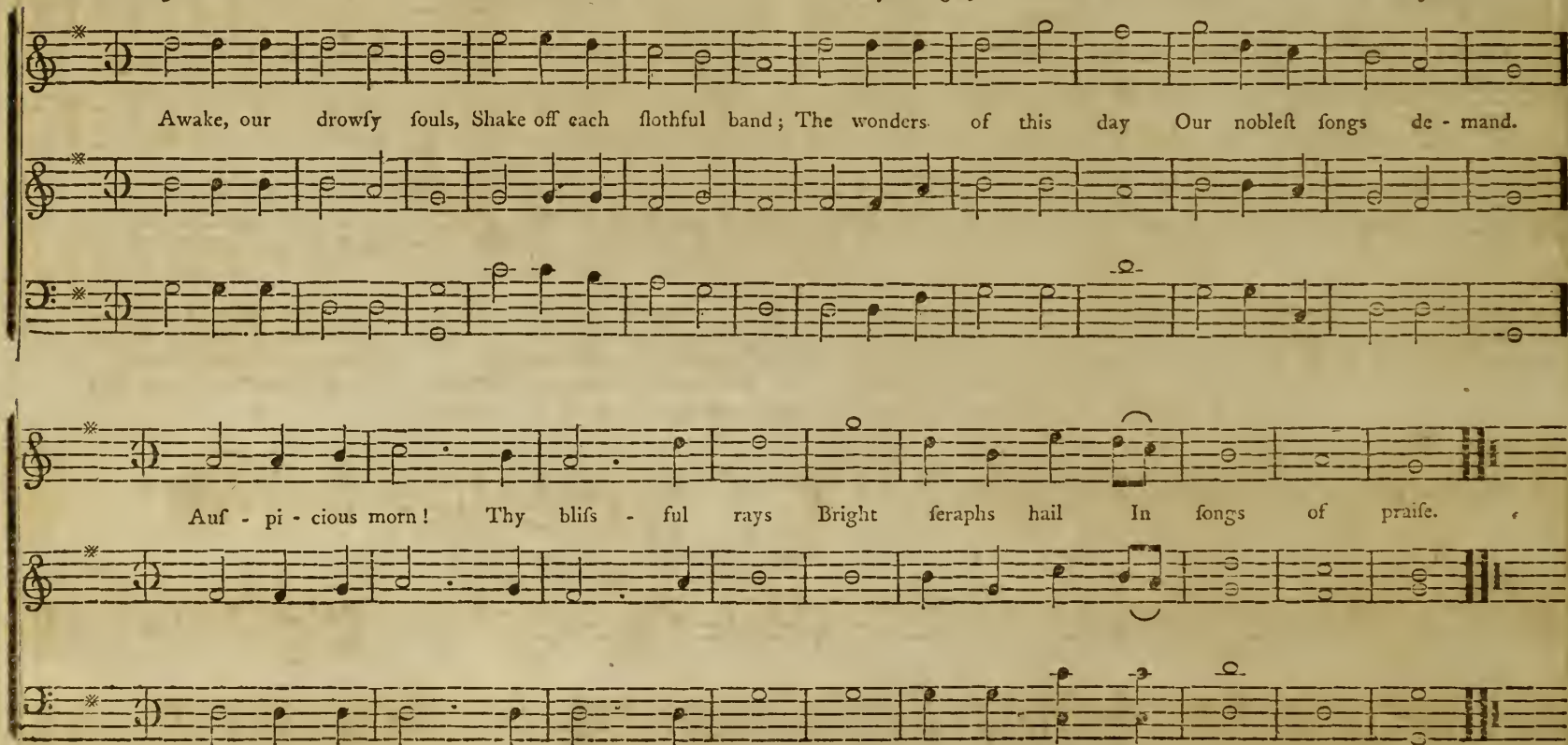
Holy wonder, heav'nly grace, Come, inspire our humble lays, While the Saviour's love we sing, Whence our hopes & comforts spring. While, &c. Whence, &c.

No. 151.

UXBRIDGE.

Hymn 349. H.

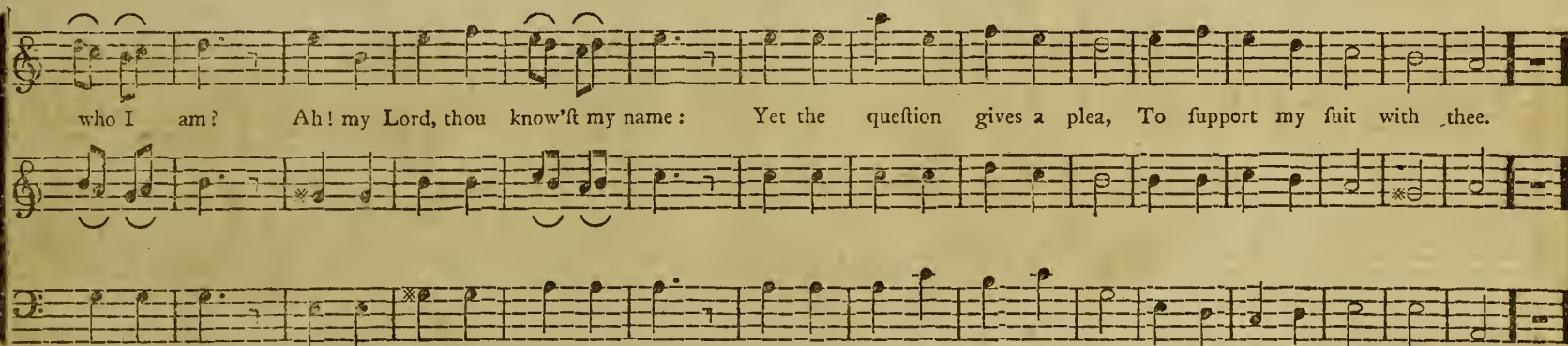
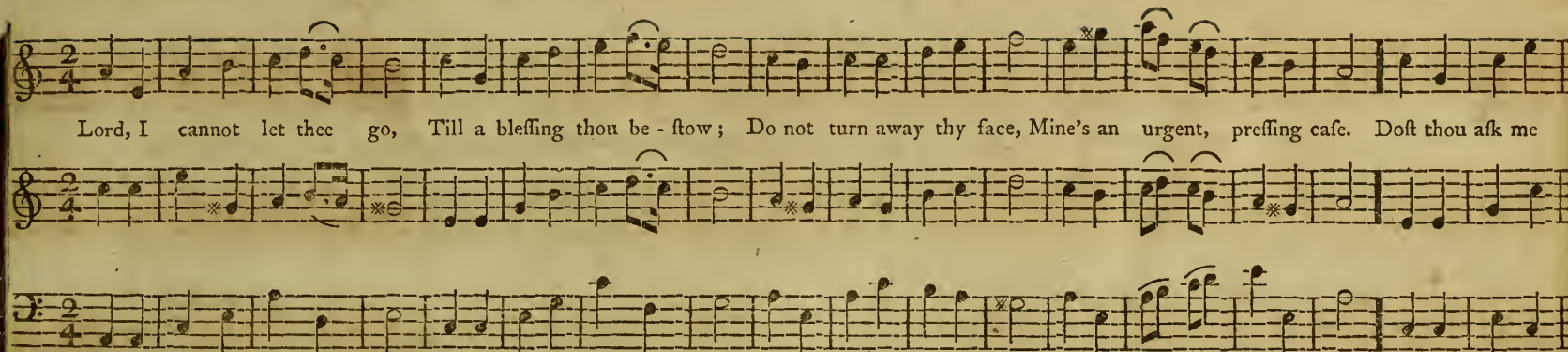
G Major.



Awake, our drowsy souls, Shake off each slothful band; The wonders of this day Our noblest songs demand.

Auf - pi - cious morn! Thy bliss - ful rays Bright seraphs hail In songs of praise.





3. Thou didst once a wretch behold,  
In rebellion blindly bold,  
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy:  
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

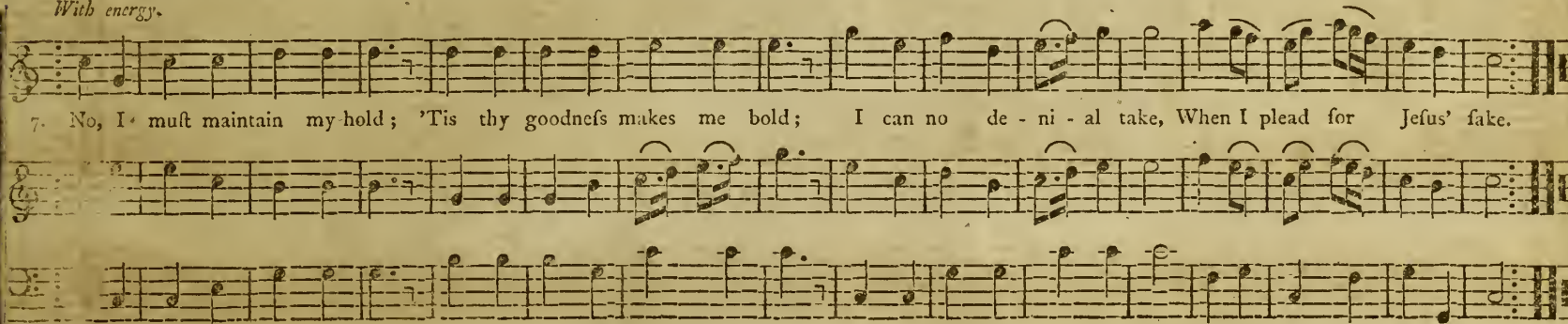
4. Once a sinner, near despair,  
Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r;  
Mercy heard, and set him free:  
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5. Many days have past since then,  
Many changes I have seen;  
Yet have been upheld till now:  
Who could hold me up but thou?

6. Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need;  
This emboldens me to plead:  
After so much mercy past,  
Canst thou let me sink at last?

*N.B. The 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th verses are to be sung in the notes of the 1st and 2d verses.*

*With energy.*



Thy presence, gracious God, afford, Prepare us to receive thy word; Now let thy voice engage our ear, And faith be mix'd with

## CHORUS.

*Soft.**Increase.**Loud.*

what we hear. Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless, And crown thy gospel, crown thy gospel, crown thy gospel with success.

No. 154.

CHESTERTON.

Hymn 365. 8, 7.

C Major.

*Soft.**Moderate.*

Dearest Saviour, keep thy servant To proclaim thy wondrous love; Pour thy grace up - on this people, That thy truth they



*Loud.**Sof.**Loud.*

may approve. Bles, O bles them, Bles, O bles them, Bles, O bles them, From thy shining courts a - bove.

No. 155.

COHASSET.

Hymn 379. 78.

D Minor.

*Slow.*

Self destroy'd, for help I pray, Self destroy'd, for help I pray; Help me, Saviour, from above, Help me to believe, o - bey;

Help me to repent and love. Help to keep the graces giv'n, Help me quite from hell to heav'n. Help, &c.

Our Shepherd a - lone, The Lord, let us blefs, Who reigns on the throne, The Prince of our peace; Who evermore faves us By shedding his

[N. B. Omit this part, between the double bars, in the other verses.]

blood. All hail, all hail, holy Jesus, Our Lord & our God. All hail, all hail, all , hail, holy Je - sus, Our Lord & our God. all hail, holy Jesus,

No. 157.

BERMONDSEY.

Hymn 387. 6, 6, 4.

D Major.

Glory to God on high! Let earth & skies reply, Praise ye his name: His love & grace adore, Who all our sorrows bore; Sing aloud evermore, Worthy the



*Soft.* *Loud.*

Lamb. Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb; Sing aloud evermore, Worthy the Lamb.

No. 158.

## DISMISSION.

Hymn 389. 8, 7.

G Major.

Lord, dis - miss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us, each thy love possessing, Triumph

*Soft.* *Increase.* *Loud.*

in re - deem - ing grace. O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav'ling through this wilderness.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, With the Holy Spirit's favours, Rest up-on us from above. Thus may we abide in

*Soft.* *Loud.*

union With each other, and the Lord; And possess, in sweet communion, Joys which earth cannot afford. And possess, &c. Joys,

No. 160.

GREENLAND.

Hymn 406. II.

E<sup>b</sup> Major.

*Soft.*

Great Father of mankind, We bless that wond'rous grace, Which could for Gentiles find Within thy courts a place: How kind the care Our



*Loud.*

God displays, For us to raise A house of pray'r! How kind the care Our God displays, For us to raise A house of pray'r!

No. 161.

Z I O N.

Hymn 418. 8, 7.

F Major.

*Soft when repeated.**Loud.*

Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God; }  
He, whose word cannot be broken, Form'd thee for his own abode. } On the rock of ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose?

*Soft.**Loud.*

With sal - va - tion's walls surround - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. Thou may'st smile, &c.

*Chorus.*

Saviour, visit thy plantation, Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain! All will come to dissolution, Unless thou return again: Lord, revive us, Lord, re-

*Conclude with the Chorus.*

vive us; All our help must come from thee. Keep no longer at a distance, Shine upon us from on high, Lest, for want of thy assistance, Ev'ry plant will droop & die. Ev'ry plant, &c.

No. 163.

T R E V E C C A.

Hymn 428. 8, 7.

F Major.

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Look, my soul, be still and gaze; All the promises do travel On a glorious day of



*Soft.**Loud.**Soft.**Loud.*

grace; Bleſſed Jub'lee, Bleſſed Jub'lee, Bleſſed Jub'lee, Let thy glo - rious mor - ning dawn. Bleſſed Jub'lee, Bleſſed Jub'lee, Let thy glo - rious morning dawn.

No. 164.

BETHESDA.

Hymn 430. H.

G Major.

All hail, in - car - nate God! The wondrous things foretold Of thee in ſacred writ, With joy our eyes behold;

Still does thine arm New tro - phies wear, And mon - u - ments of glo - ry rear.

*Soft.* *Loud.*

Sing to the Lord above, the Lord above, Who deigns on earth to raise A temple to his love, A monument of praise, A monument of

*Soft.* *Loud.*

praise: Ye saints around, thro' all its frame, Har - mo - nious sound the Builder's name. Harmonious sound, &c.

No. 166.

MADELY.

Hymn 432. 8, 7.

D Major.

Praise the Saviour, all ye nations, Praise him, all ye hosts above;  
Shout, with joyful acclamations, His divine, vic - to - rious love. } Be his kingdom now pro - moted, Let the earth her



Mon - - arch know; Be my all to him de - - vot - - ed, To my Lord my all I owe.

No. 167.

ELLSWORTH.

Hymn 444. 8, 8, 6.

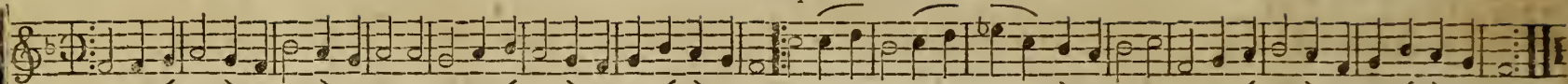
A Minor.

*Moderate.*

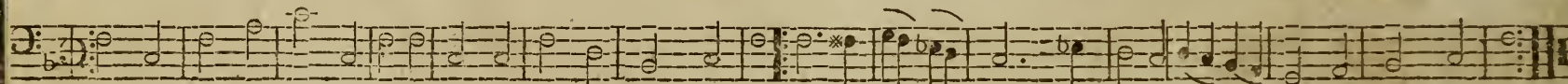
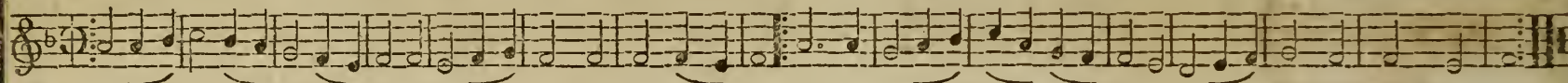
Thus it became the Prince of grace, And thus should all the favour'd race High Heav'n's be - hefts ful - - fil; For that the conde-

scending God Should lead his foll'wers thro' the flood, Was Heav'n's e - - ter - nal will, Was Heav'n's e - - ter - nal will.

p

*Repeat Loud.*

Humble souls, who seek salvation, Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood, Hear the voice of rev - e - lation, Tread the path that Je - - sus trod.

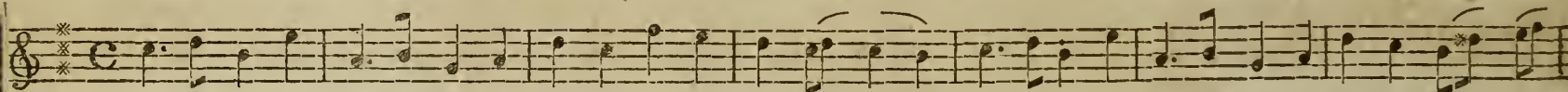


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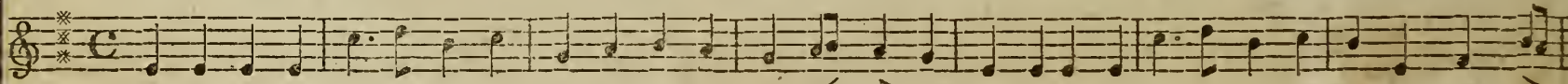
LEWIS.

Hymn 449. 8, 7.

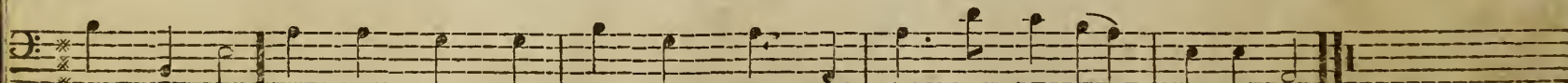
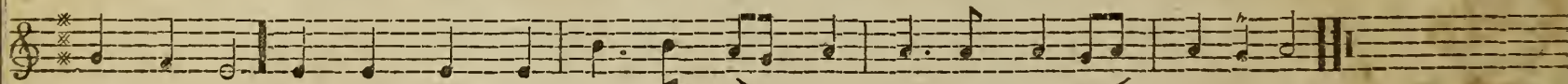
A Major.



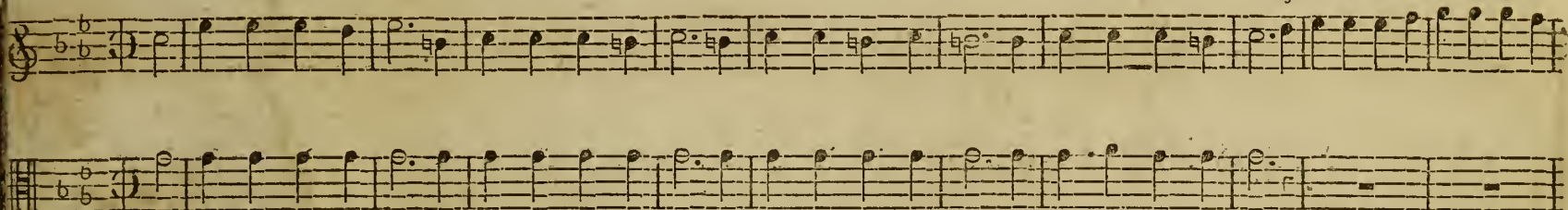
Jesus, mighty King of Sion, Thou alone our guide shalt be, Thy commission we re - ly on, We would fol - - low

*Soft.**Loud.*

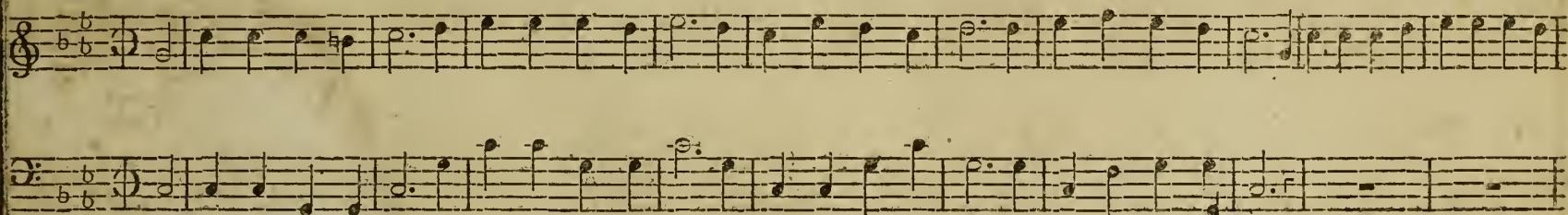
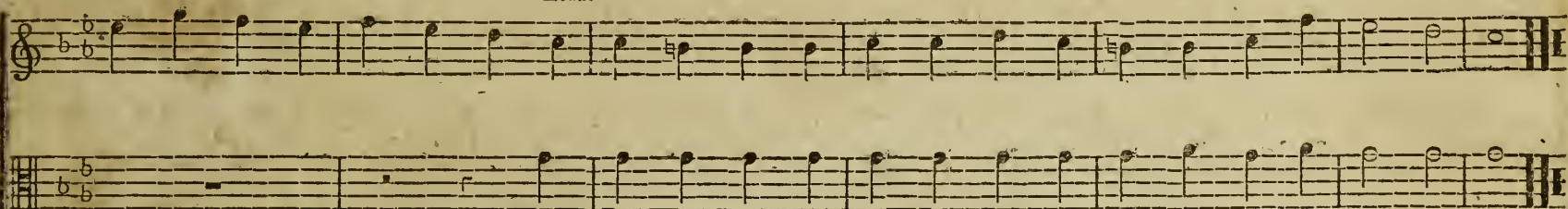
none but thee. Thy com - - mis - - sion we re - - ly on, We would follow none but thee.



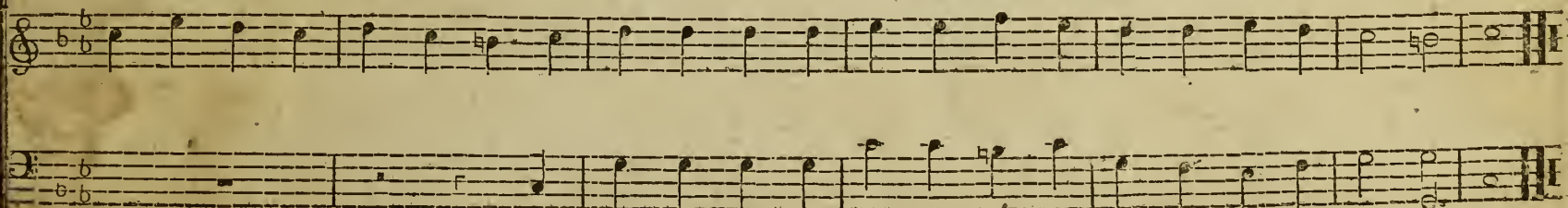


*Soft.*

Descend, celestial Dove, And make thy presence known, Reveal our Saviour's love And seal us for thine own. Unblest by thee, our works are vain, Nor

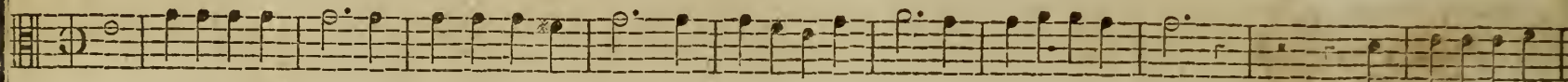
*Loud.*

can we e'er ac - cep - tance gain. Un - blest by thee, our works are vain, Nor can we e'er ac - cep - tance gain.



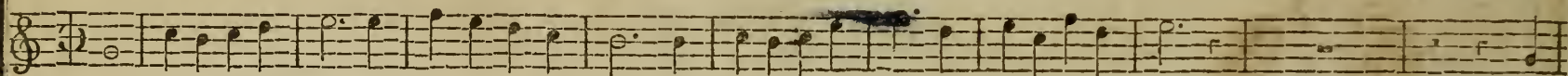


Tell . all above, and all below, The

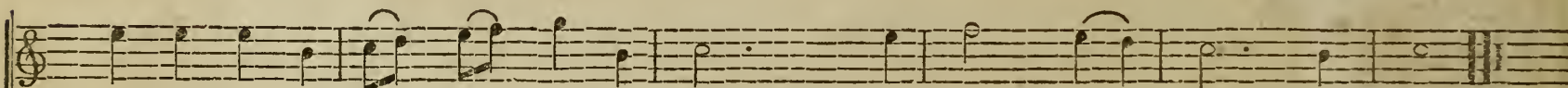
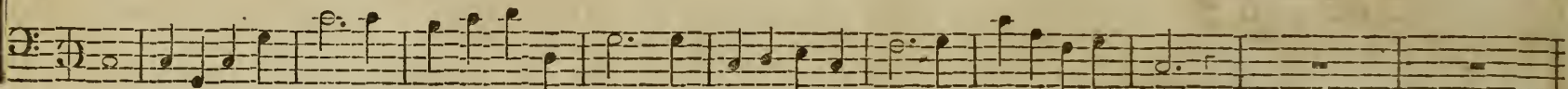


Come, ev'ry pious heart, That loves the Saviour's name, Your noblest pow'rs exert, To celebrate his fame:

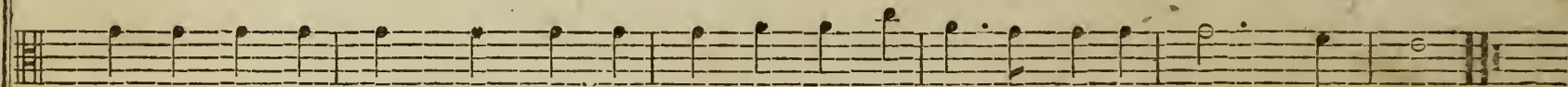
Tell all above, and



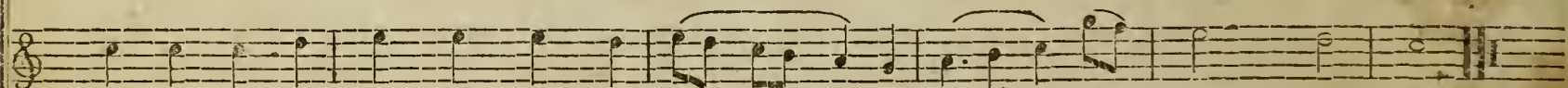
Tell



debt of love to him you owe. The debt of love to him you owe.



all be - low, The debt of love to him you owe. The debt of love to him you owe.



all above, and all be - low, The debt of love to him you owe.



Tell all above, and all below, The debt of love to him you owe.



Come, thou Fount of Streams of mercy, ev'ry blessing, never ceasing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Call for songs of loudest praise. } Teach me some me-lo-dious sonnet, Sung by flaming

*Soft.* *Loud.*

tongues a-bove; Praise the mount, praise the mount, praise the mount, O fix me on it, Mount of God's unchanging love.

Sov'reign Ruler of the skies, Ever gracious, ever wise! All my times are in thy hand, All events at thy command.

'Tis finish'd, 'tis done, The spirit is fled; Our brother is gone, the Christian is dead. The Christian is living in

Je - fus' s love, And gladly re - ceiv - ing a kingdom a - bove. And gladly, &c.

No: 175.

JORDAN.

Hymn 567. 8, 7.

A Minor.

*Repeat Soft.**Loud.**Soft.**Loud.*

Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land; } Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.  
I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy pow'rful hand.



Lo, he comes with clouds de - scend - ing, Once for favour'd sin - ners slain; 'Thousand thousand faints attend - ing,

Swell the triumph of his train: Hal - le - lujah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lujah, Jesus now shall ever reign.

*With Energy.*

Lo, he cometh; countless trumpets Blow to raise the sleeping dead: } Hal - le - lujah, Hal - le - lujah, Welcome, welcome, Son of God. }  
Mid ten thousand saints & angels, See their great ex - alt - ed Head. }

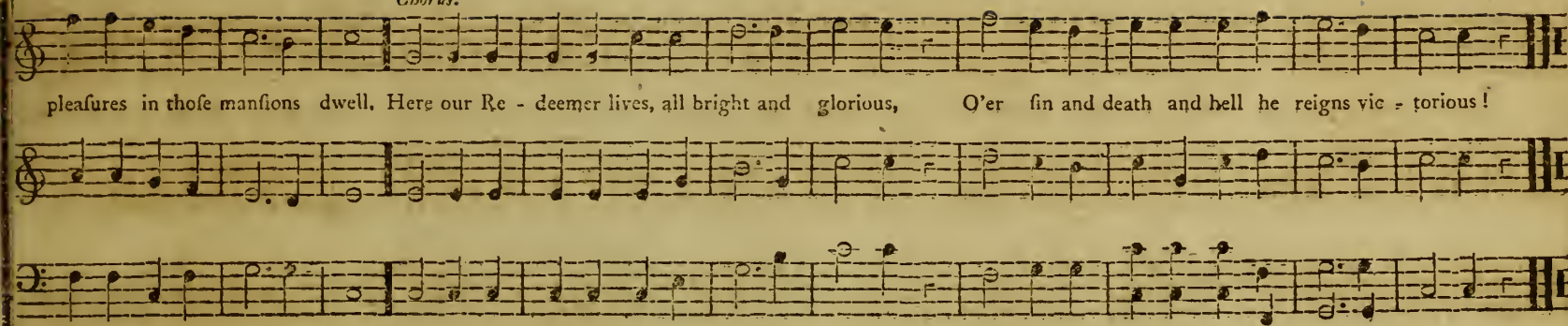
Day of Judgment! day of wonders! Hark! the trumpet's awful sound, Louder than a thousand thunders, Shakes the vast cre - a - tion

*Soft.* *Increase.* *Loud.*

round! How the summons, how the summons, how the summons will the sin - ner's heart confound!

On wings of faith mount up, my soul, & rise, View thine in - heritance beyond the skies! No heart can think, no mortal tongue can tell, What endless



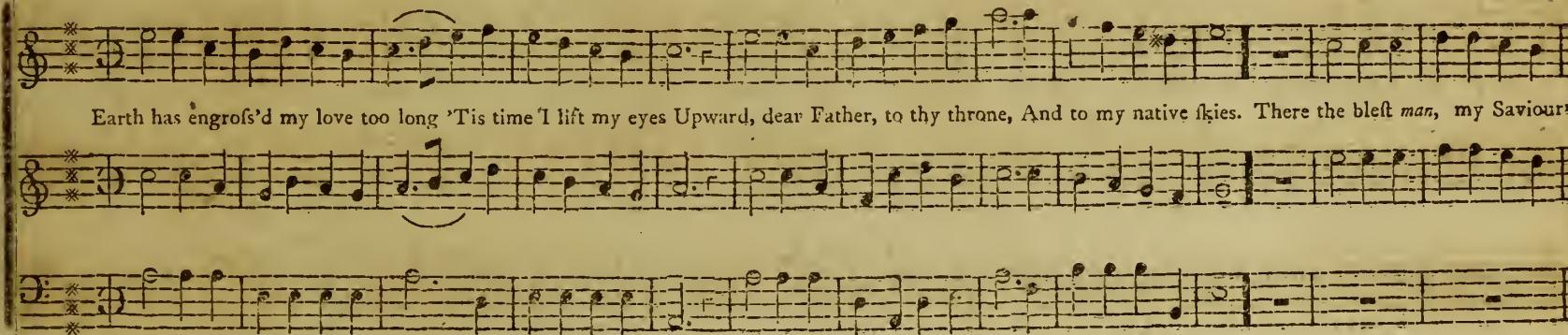
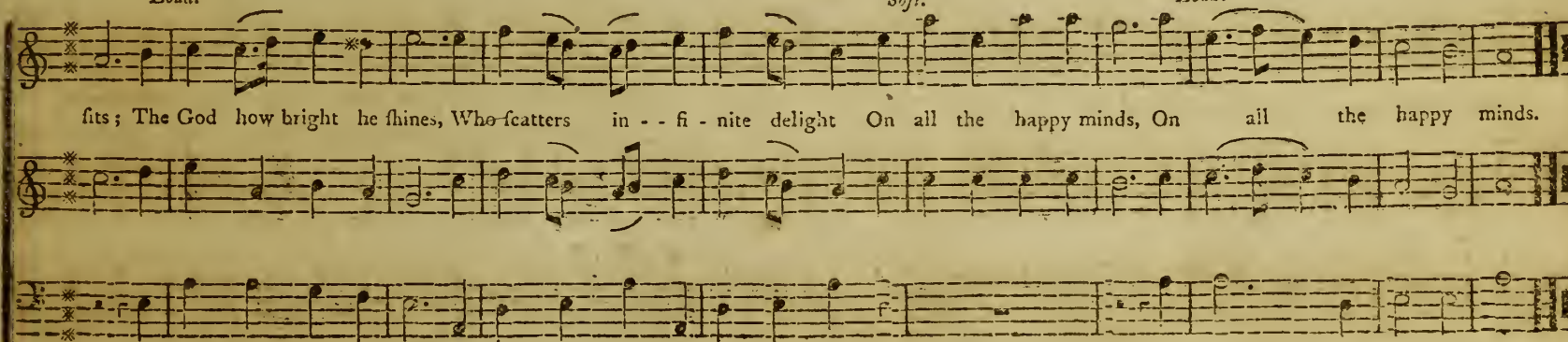
*Chorus.*

No. 180.

WATERFORD.

Hymn. 588. C.

A Major,

*Loud.**Soft.**Loud.*

*Soft.*

Come, brethren and sisters, who love my dear Lord, I pray give attention and ear to my word; A wonder of mercy! behold now I

*Loud.*

I see What a tender, kind Saviour has done for poor me. A wonder of mercy! behold now I see What a tender, kind Saviour has done for poor me!

No. 182.

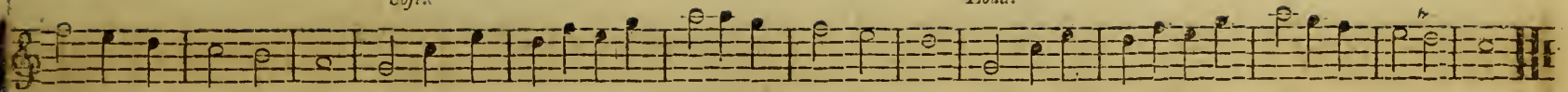
THE WEARY TRAVELLER.

7, 6.

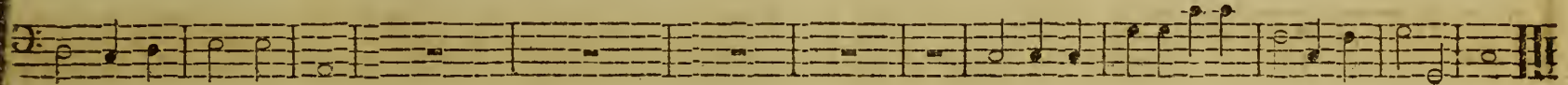
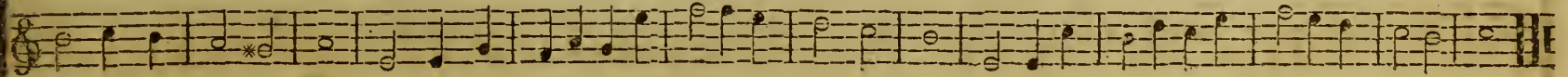
C Major.

Come, all ye weary travellers, Now let us join and sing The everlasting praises Of Jesus our great King, We've had a tedious journey,



*Soft.**Loud.*

And tirefome, it is true; But see how many dangers The Lord has bro't us thro'. But see, &c.

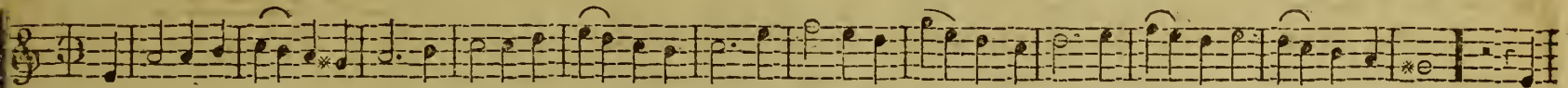


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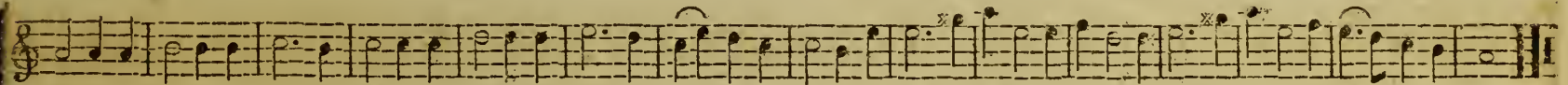
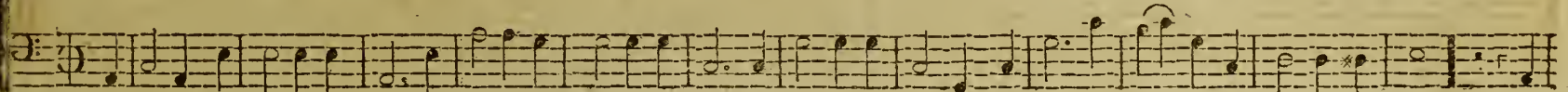
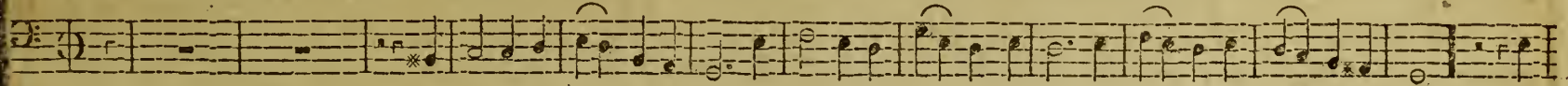
NEW FIELD.

8s...

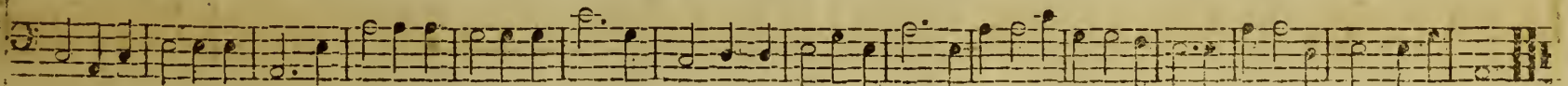
A Minor...

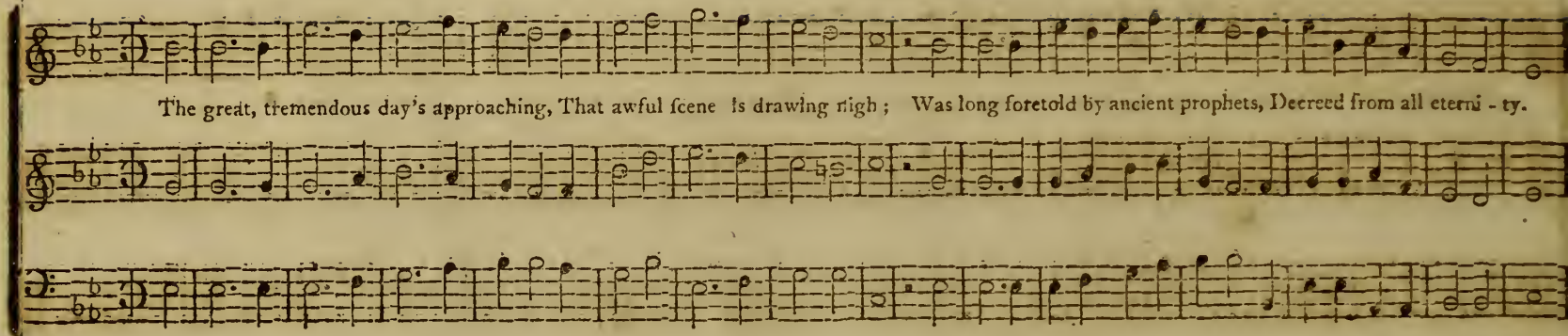


How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see! Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs Have lost all their sweetness to me. The

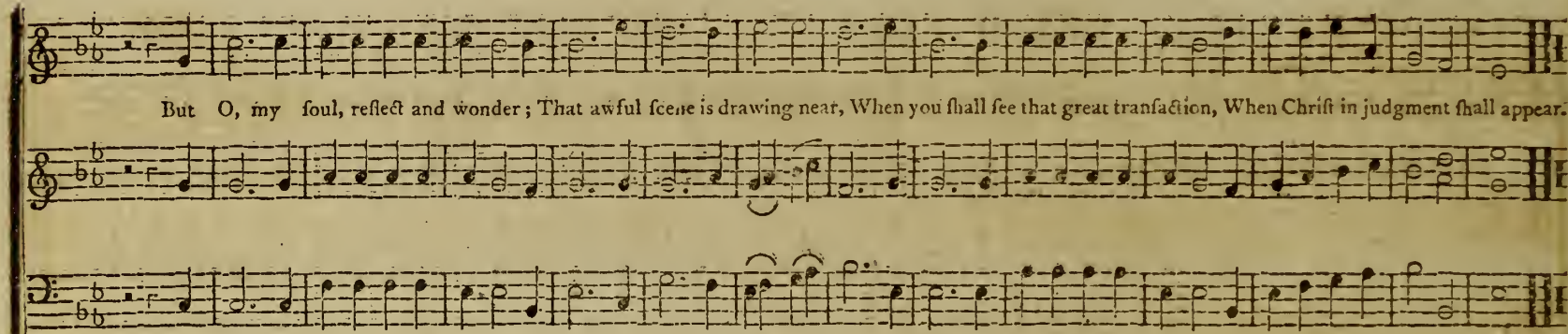


midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay: But when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May. December's as pleasant as May.





The great, tremendous day's approaching, That awful scene is drawing nigh; Was long foretold by ancient prophets, Deceed from all eterni - ty.



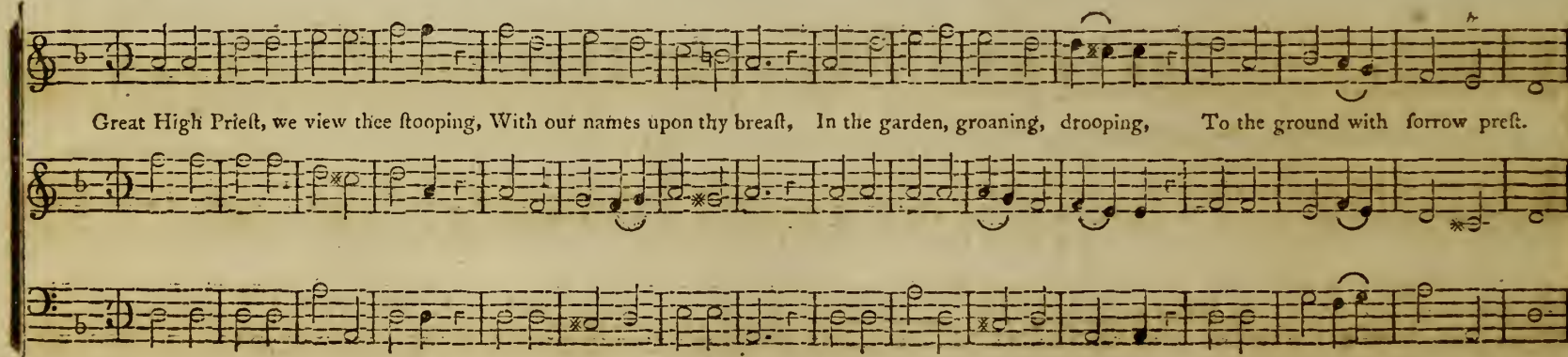
But O, my soul, reflect and wonder; That awful scene is drawing near, When you shall see that great transaction, When Christ in judgment shall appear.

No. 185.

GETHSEMANE.

8, 7.

D Minor.



Great High Priest, we view thee stooping, With our names upon thy breast, In the garden, groaning, drooping, To the ground with sorrow prest.



*Soft.*

Three staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music is marked 'Soft'.

Weeping angels stood confounded, To behold their Mak - er thus ; And can we remain unwounded, When we know 'twas all for us ?

No. 186.

PALESTINE.

5, 3.

A Major.

*Moderate.*

Three staves of music in A major, 6/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music is marked 'Moderate'.

Arise, my dear love, My undefil'd dove, I hear my dear Jesus now say ; The winter is past, the spring's come at last, My love, & my dove, come away.

Three staves of music in A major, 6/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music is marked 'Moderate'.

This earth, that is green, Is fair to be seen ; The little birds, chirping, do say, That they do rejoice in each other's voice : My love, & my dove, come away.

*Soft.* *Loud.*

I am that I am, Saith Christ, the dear Lamb. What think ye, O sinners, of this wondrous name? What, &c.

## No. 188.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S WARRANT.

5, 6, 5.

G Minor.

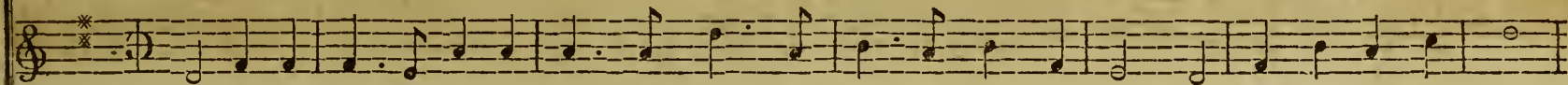
*Soft.* *Loud.*

Tho' troubles assail, And dangers affright, Tho' friends all should fail, And foes all unite, Yet one thing secures us, Whatever betide; The promise assures us, The Lord will provide. Yet one thing secures us, What - ever betide; The promise assures us, The Lord will provide.

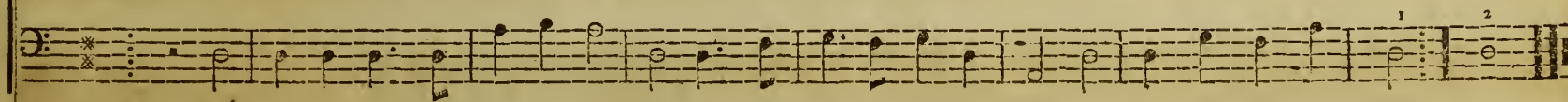




I set myself against the Lord, Despis'd his Spirit and his word, And wish'd to take his place :



It vex'd me fore that I must die, And pe - rish too e - ter - nal - ly, Or else be fav'd by grace.



Let Christ, the glorious lover, Have ever - last - ing praise; He comes for to dis - cover The riches of his grace.

This musical score is for the hymn 'THE HEAVENLY COURTIER'. It is written in D Major and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Let Christ, the glorious lover, Have ever - last - ing praise; He comes for to dis - cover The riches of his grace.'

He comes to wretched sinners, To woo himself a bride, Re - solving for to win her, And will not be deny'd.

This is the continuation of the musical score for 'THE HEAVENLY COURTIER'. It continues the melody and bass line from the previous section. The lyrics are: 'He comes to wretched sinners, To woo himself a bride, Re - solving for to win her, And will not be deny'd.'

## No. 191.

## THE GOSPEL TRUMPET.

8, 4.

A Major.

Hark ! how the gospel trumpet sounds ! Thro' all the world the echo bounds, And Jesus Christ's redeeming blood

This musical score is for the hymn 'THE GOSPEL TRUMPET'. It is written in A Major and 8/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Hark ! how the gospel trumpet sounds ! Thro' all the world the echo bounds, And Jesus Christ's redeeming blood'.



*Soft.**Loud.*

Is bringing sinners home to God, And guides them safely by his word, And guides them safely by his word To end - - - less day.

No. 192.

BRIDGE WATER.

6, 3.

A Major.

Thro' all this world below, God we see All around, Search hills and vallies thro', There he's found.

The lil - ly and the

In growing fields of corn,

thorn, The pleafant and forlorn, All declare, God is there; In meadows drest in green, There he's feen.

When John, tho' a man, bap - - - tiz - - ing be - gins Be - lie - vers in Jor - dan, con - - fel - - sing their sins, The

Pha - - ri - - fees came, in A - - bra - - ham's name, For to be bap - tiz - - ed, And laid in their claim.

No. 194.

SALISBURY.

C.

D Minor.

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die? Would he devote that fa - - cred head For such a worm as I?



Chorus.

135

Thanks to the Lamb, the loving Lamb, Who dy'd on Cal - va - ry ; } The Lamb was slain, yet lives again, To in - ter - cede for me.  
The Lamb was slain, from heav'n he came, To bleed and die for me.

No. 195.

SANDWICH.

10, 11.

G Major.

Come, brethren, let's sing Of Jesus our King, Who dy'd for to save us from hell and from sin.

We've heard his sweet voice, . We've made him our choice, We've felt a free pardon, so we will rejoice.

O what a glorious mystery, Wonder, wonder, wonder, That I should ever faved be, Wonder, wonder, wonder. No

heart can think, no tongue can tell, Wonder, wonder, wonder, The love of God unchangeable, Wonder, wonder, wonder.

## No. 197.

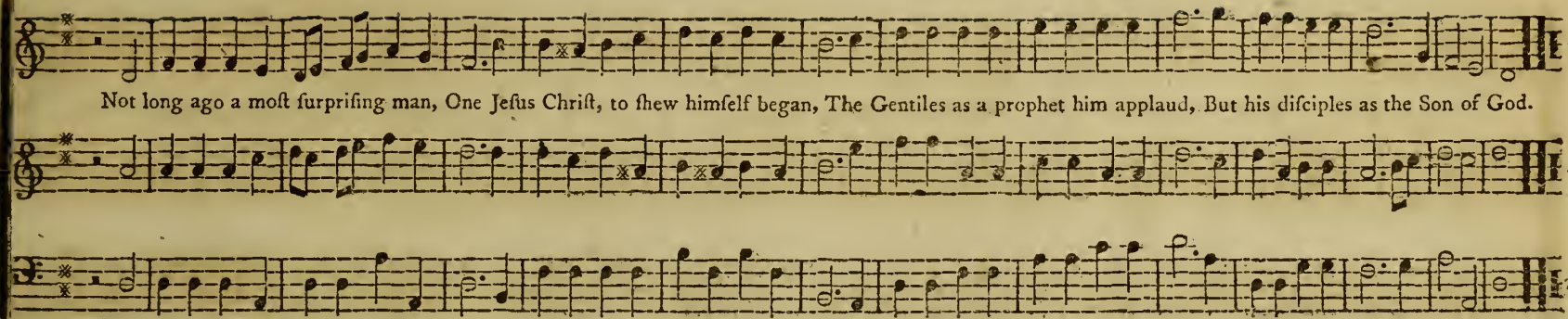
## DESCRIPTION.

IOS.

D Major.

When fierce Tiberius Rome's vast empire sway'd, And east & west un - willing homage paid, His Prætor in Ju - de - a, Lentu - lus, Wrote to the senate and the people thus:





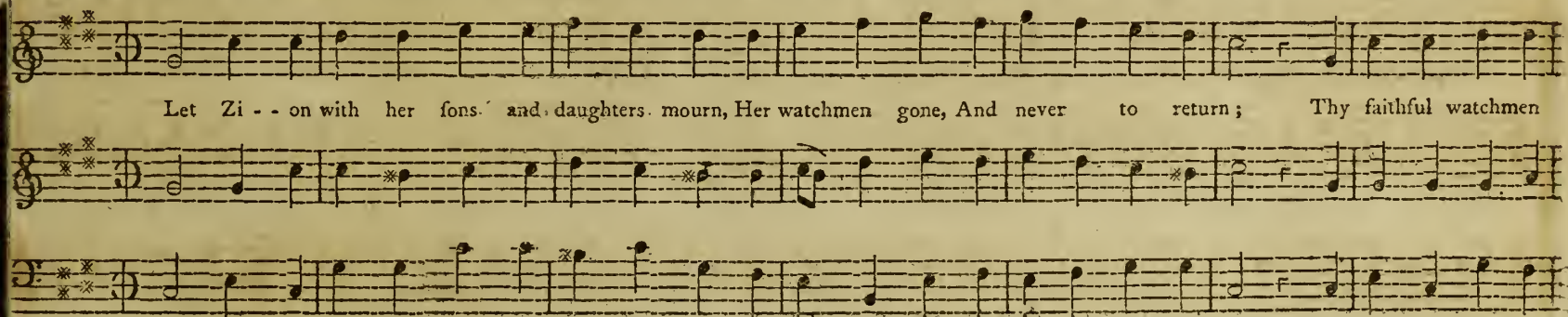
Not long ago a most surprising man, One Jesus Christ, to shew himself began, The Gentiles as a prophet him applaud, But his disciples as the Son of God.

No. 198.

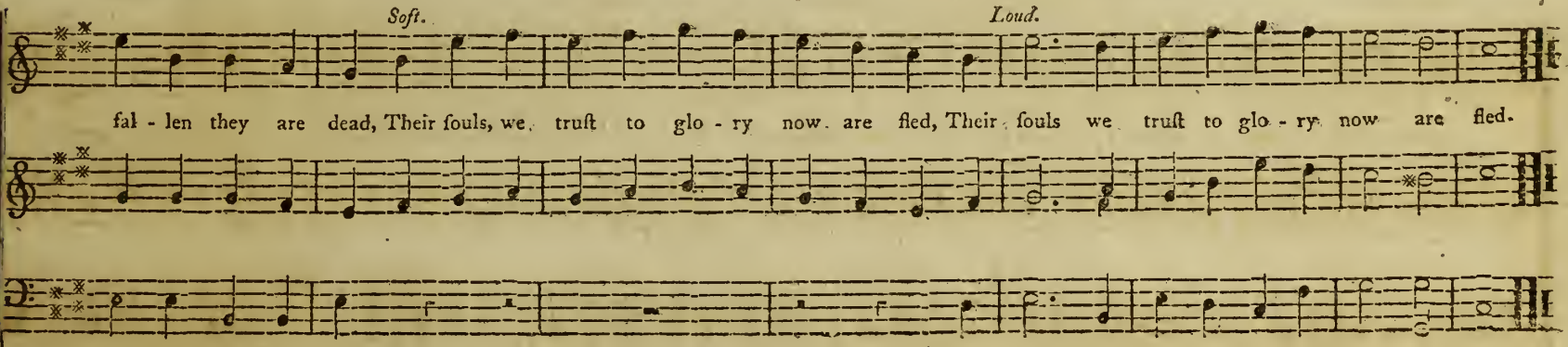
POEM ON THE DEATH OF J. W. & S. S.

100.

C\* Minor



Let Zi - - on with her sons and daughters mourn, Her watchmen gone, And never to return; Thy faithful watchmen



fal - len they are dead, Their souls, we trust to glo - ry now are fled, Their souls we trust to glo - ry now are fled.

*Soft.*

How strange is the course that a Christian must steer! How perplex'd is the path he must tread! When the hope of his happiness

*Loud.*

rises from fear, And his life he receives from the dead! When the hope of his happiness rises from fear, And his life he receives from the dead!

No. 200.

DUXBURY.

8, 7.

C Minor.

Jesus is our God and Saviour, Guide and counsel - lor and friend, } Trust him, he will not de - ceive us, Tho' we  
Bearing all our mis - be - haviour, Kind and loving to the end.



hard - ly of him deem; He will nev - er, nev - er leave us, Nor will let us quite leave him.

No. 201.

SHIRLEY.

7, 6.

E Minor.

Brethren, those who come to bliss, Come thro' sore temp - tations,  
 Let us all, re - mem - bring this, Pray for faith and patience. } See the suff'ring church of God, Gath - er'd from 'all  
 quar - ters; All con - tain'd in that red list, Were not mur - - der'd mar - tyr.

*Soft.*

The God I trust Is true and just, His mercy hath no end; Himself hath said, My ransom's paid, And

*Loud.*

I on him depend. Himself hath said, &c. And I on him de - pend.

No. 203.

BRIMFIELD.

5. 6.

G Major.

The fear of the Lord Our days will prolong, In trouble afford a confidence strong, Will keep us from



fin - ning, Will prosper our ways, And is the be - gin - ning Of wis - dom and grace.

No. 204.

## THE IMPARTIAL SONG.

5, 5, 8.

C Major.

The great God of Love Hath shown us the way, Hath taught us the impartial song; The Spirit is come, And the

*Soft.**Loud.*

work is begun, And we all are u - nit - ed in love. And we all are u - nit - ed in love.

S

*Soft.*

Come, friends and relations, let's join heart & hand, The voice of the turtle is heard in our land; Let us all walk to - gether and

*Loud.*

follow the sound, And march to the place where redemption is found. Let us all, &c. And march, &c.

No. 206.

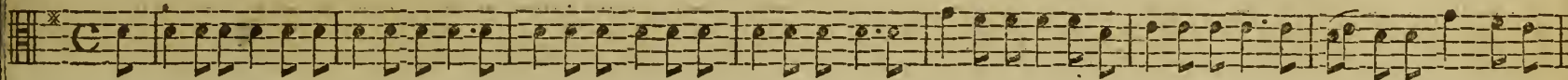
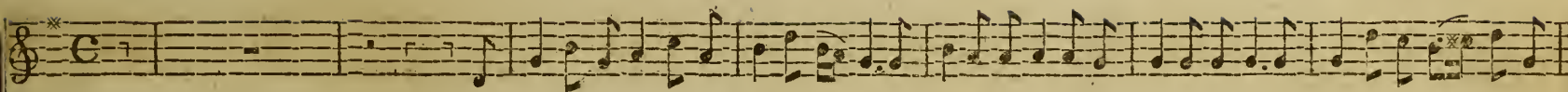
THE HIDING PLACE.

L.

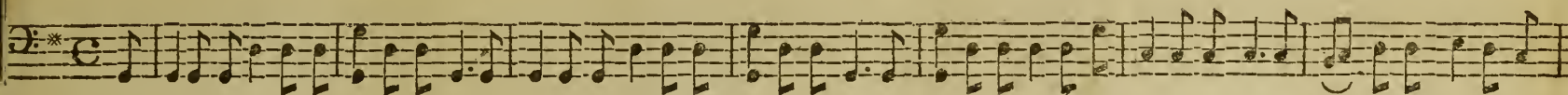
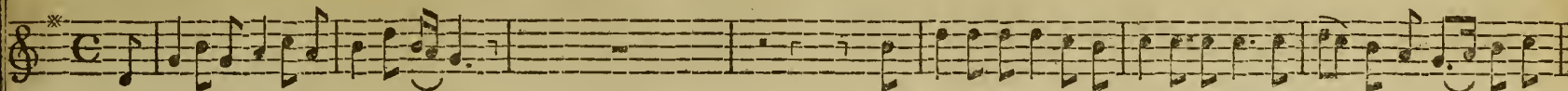
E $\flat$  Major.

Hail, sov'reign love! that first began The scheme to rescue fallen man: Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace, That gave my soul a hiding place.

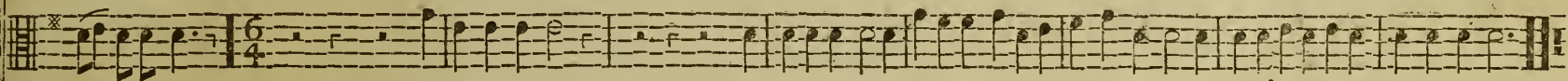
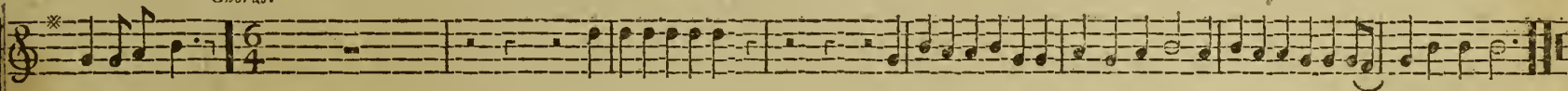




As shepherds in Jewry were guarding their sheep, Promiscuously seated, estranged from sleep, An angel from heaven presented to view, And thus he accost - ed the

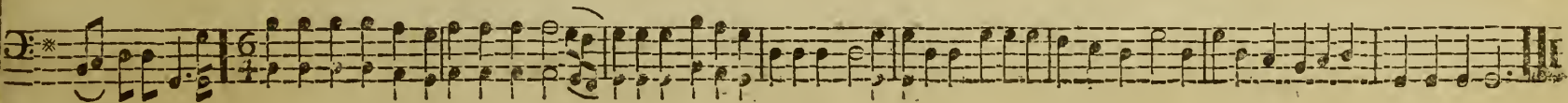
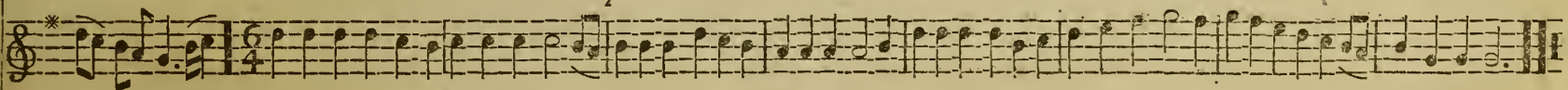


*Chorus.*



trembling few : Dis - pel all your sorrows, & banish your fears, For Jesus, your Saviour, in Jewry appears. Dispel all your sorrows, &c.

For Jesus, &c.



From whence doth this union arise, That hatred is conquer'd by love? } It cannot in Eden be found, Nor yet in a

It fastens our souls in such ties As nature and time can't remove. }

paradise lost; It grows on Im - ma - nuel's ground, And Jesus' dear blood, And Jesus' dear blood did it cost.

No. 209.

MIDDLETON.

8s.

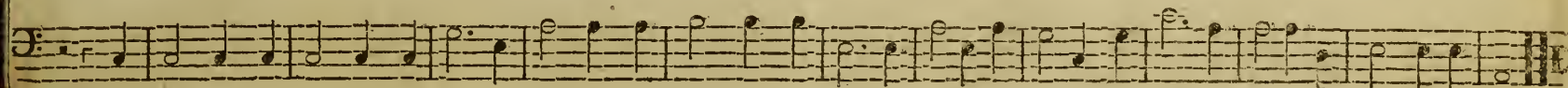
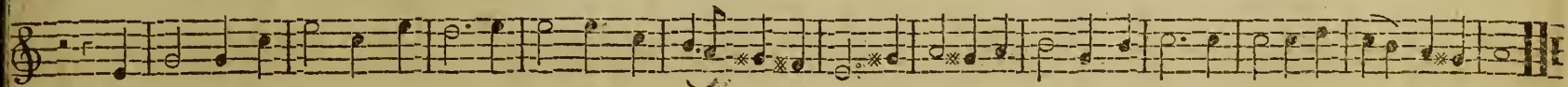
A Minor.

Still out of the deepest abyfs Of trouble I mournfully cry, And pine to re - co - ver my peace, And see my Re - deemer and die.





I cannot, I cannot forbear These passionate longings for home; O when shall my spirit be there? O when will the messenger come?



No. 210.

PORTSMOUTH.

H.

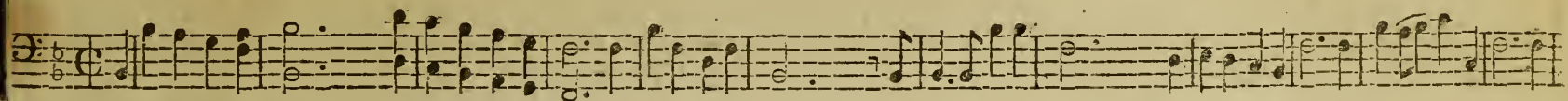
B $\flat$  Major.

*Soft.*

*Loud.*

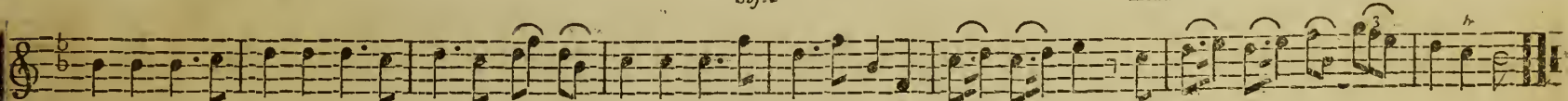


Blow ye the trumpet, blow! The gladly solemn sound Let all the nations know, Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound, To earth's, &c. The



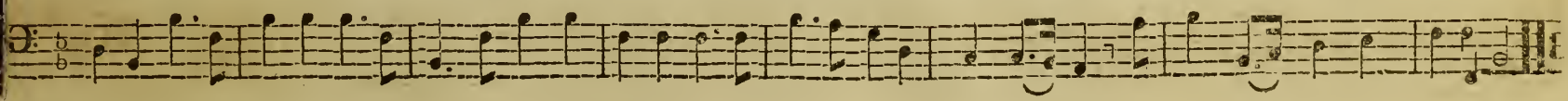
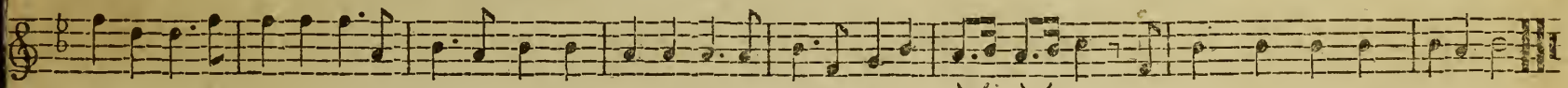
*Soft.*

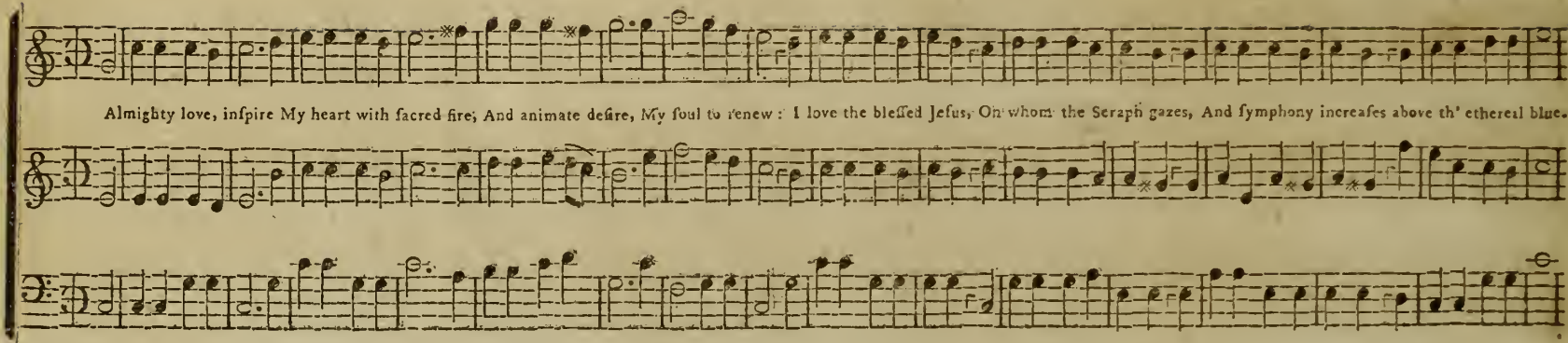
*Loud.*



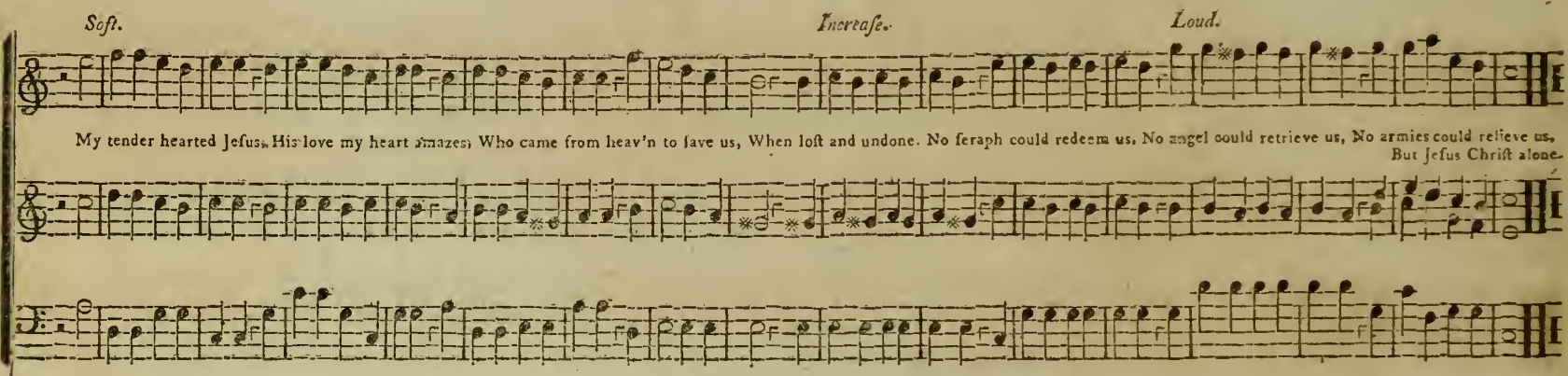
year of Ju-bi-lee is come, Return, ye-ran-som'd sinners, home. The year, &c.

Return, &c.





Almighty love, inspire My heart with sacred fire; And animate desire, My soul to renew: I love the blessed Jesus, On whom the Seraph gazes, And symphony increases above th' ethereal blue.



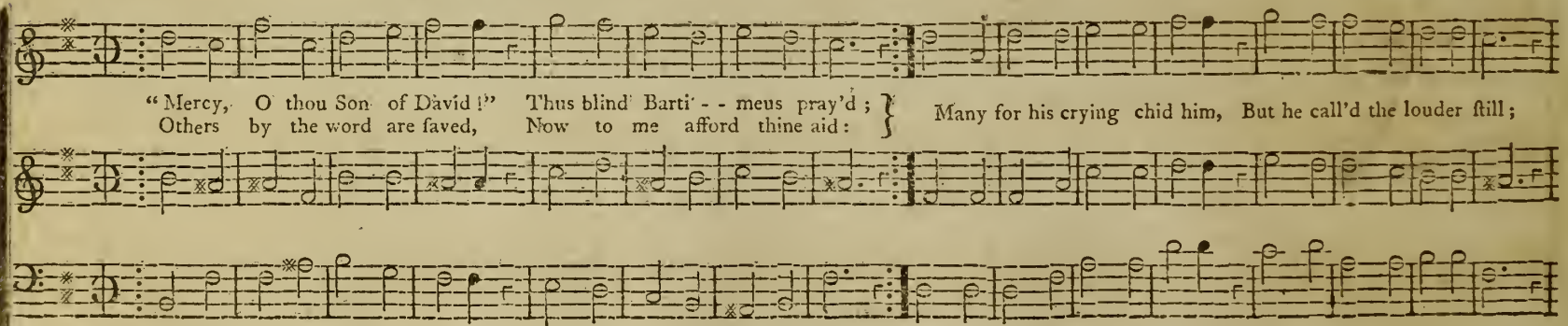
My tender hearted Jesus, His love my heart amazes; Who came from heav'n to save us, When lost and undone. No seraph could redeem us, No angel could retrieve us, No armies could relieve us, But Jesus Christ alone.

## No. 212.

## BARTIMEUS.

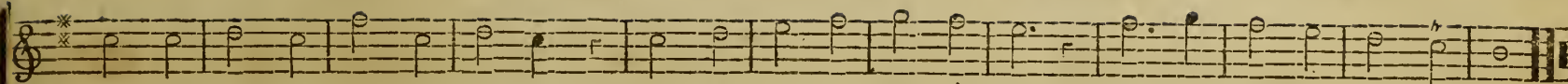
## 8, 7.

## B Minor.

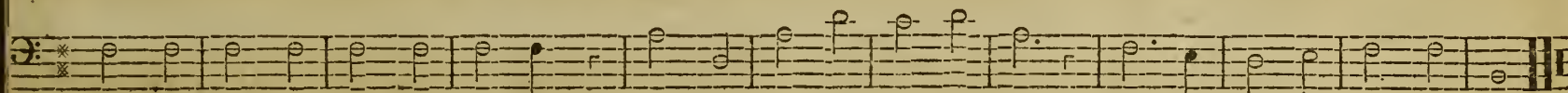
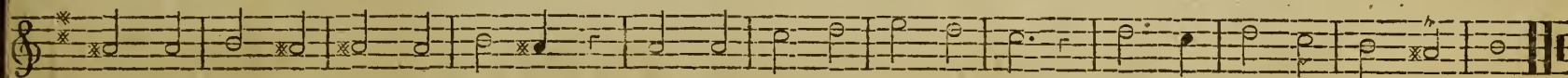


"Mercy, O thou Son of David!" Thus blind Barti - - meus pray'd; } Many for his crying chid him, But he call'd the louder still;  
Others by the word are saved, Now to me afford thine aid: }





Till the gracious Saviour bid him, "Come, and ask me what you will." Come, and ask me what you will.

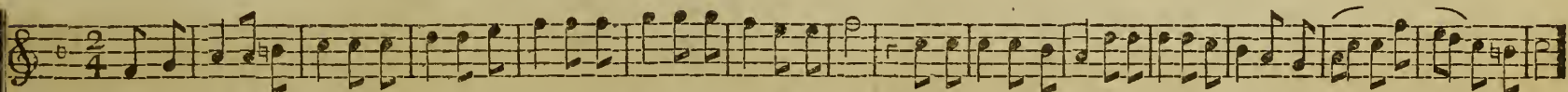


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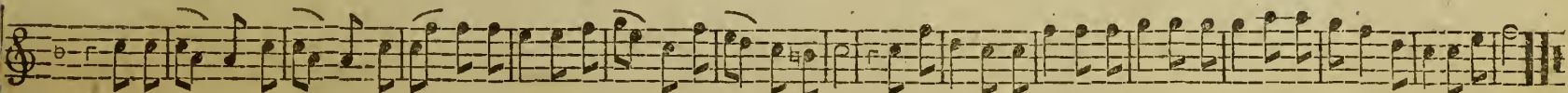
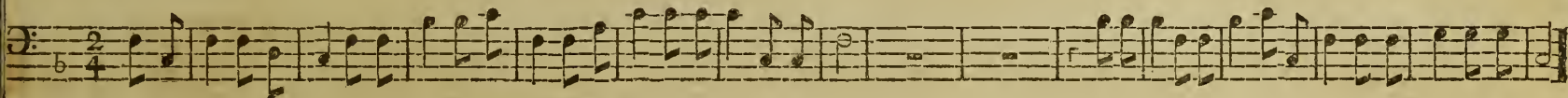
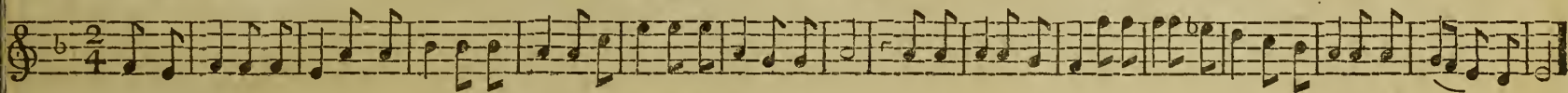
BERLIN.

6, 9.

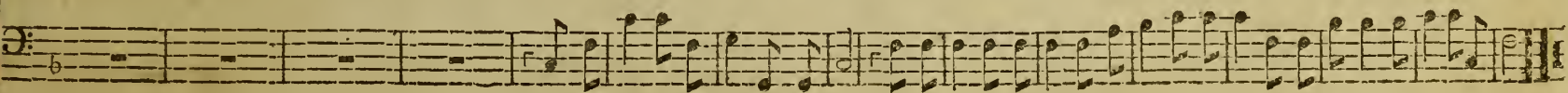
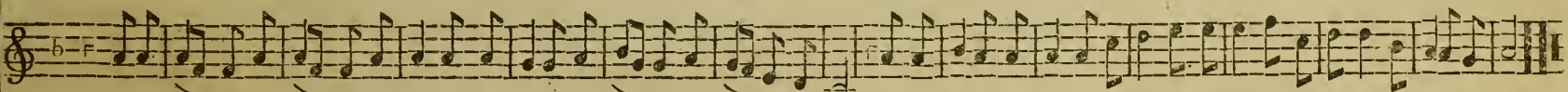
F Major.

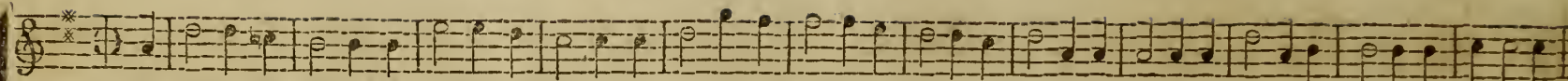


Come away to the skies, My beloved, arise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born; On this festival day, Come exulting away, And with singing to Zion return.

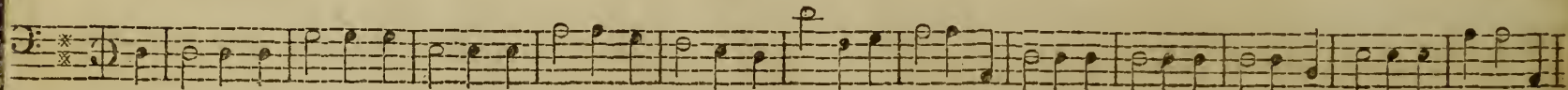
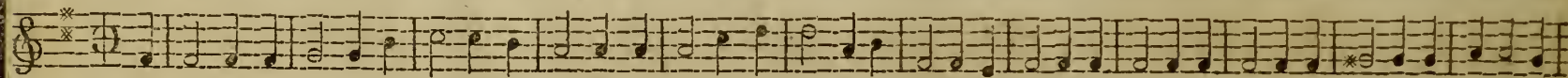


We have laid up our love, And our treasure above, Tho' our bodies continue below; The redeem'd of the Lord, We remember his word, And with singing to paradise go!

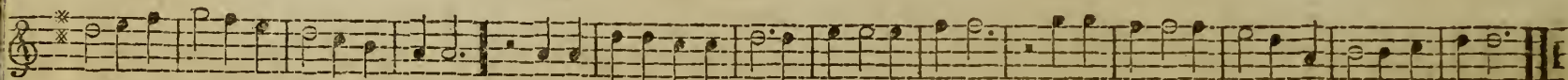




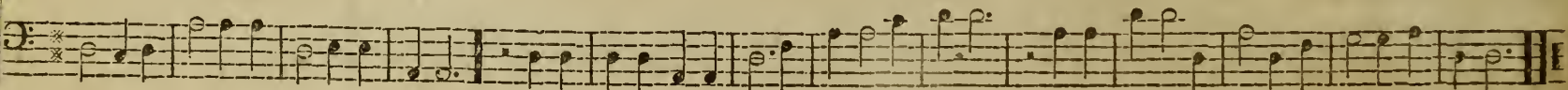
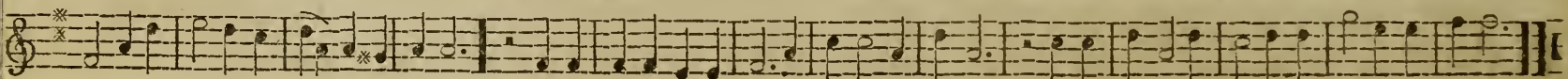
The voice of *free grace* cries, escape to the mountain, For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a fountain For sin and transgression and ev'ry pollution, The



*Chorus.*



blood it flows freely in streams of salvation. Hallelujah to the Lamb, who purchas'd our pardon, We will praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

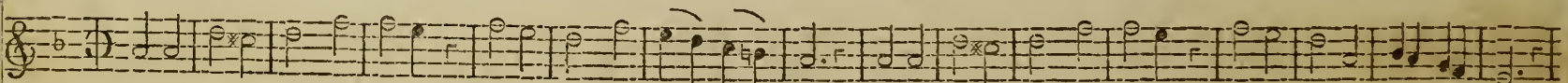


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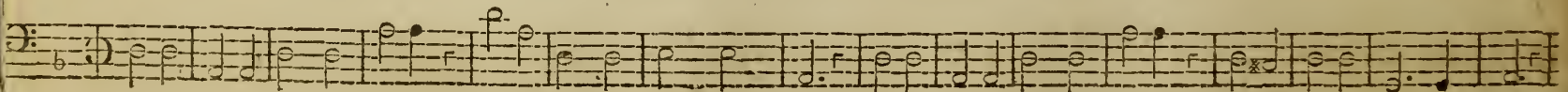
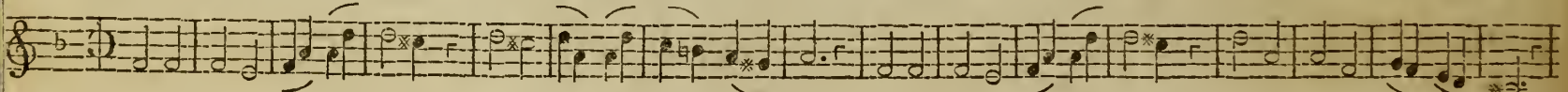
INTERCESSION.

8, 7.

D Minor.

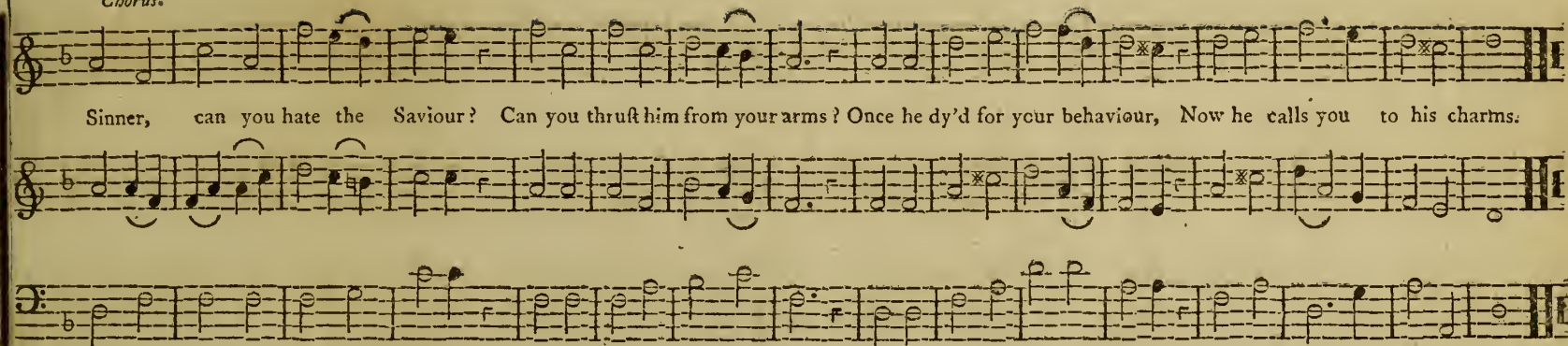


Now the Saviour stands a pleading, At the sinner's bolt - ed heart, Now in heav'n he's interceding, Undertaking sin - ner's part.





## Chorus.

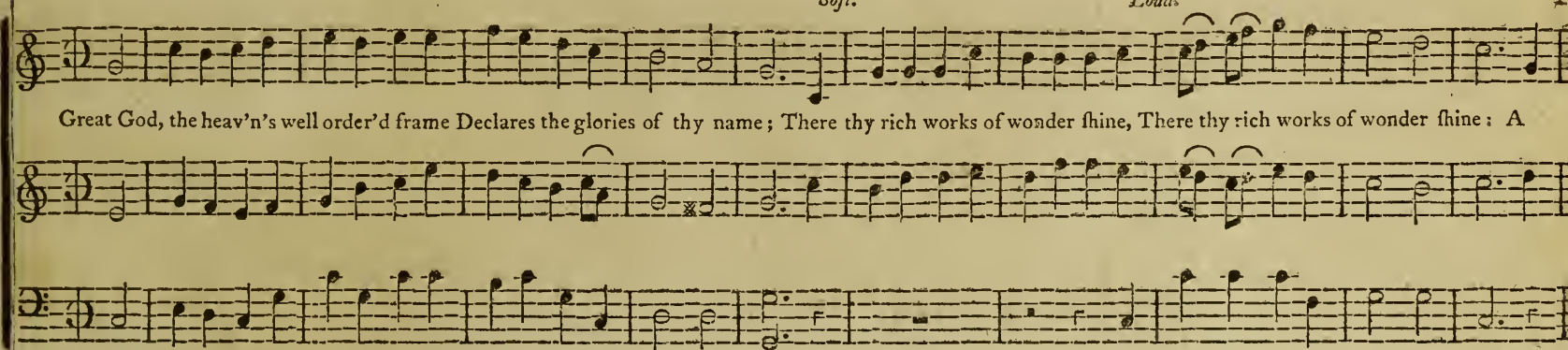
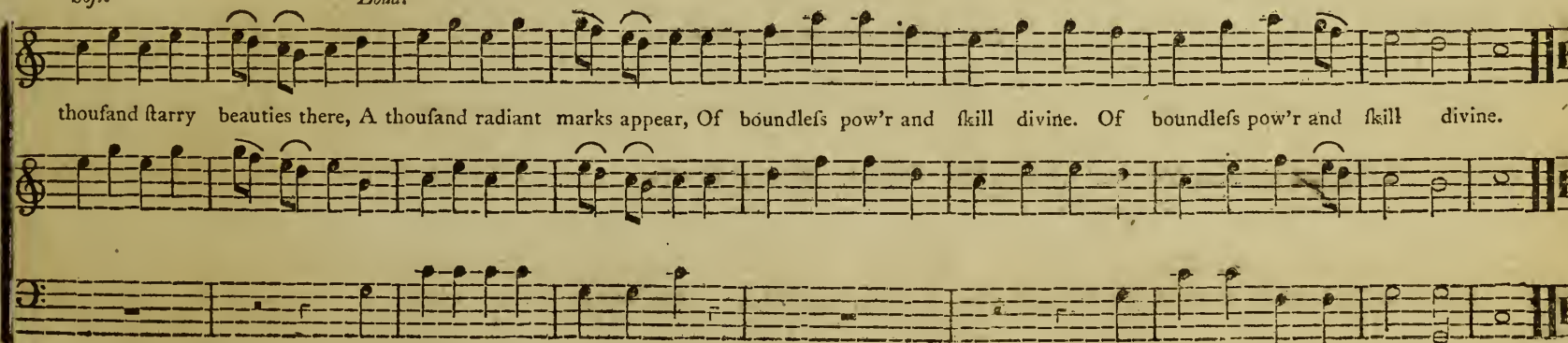


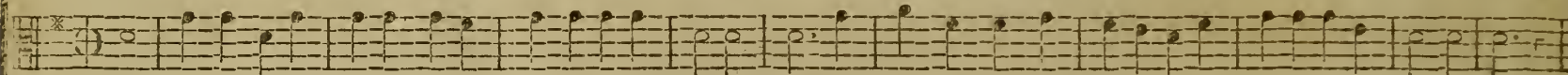
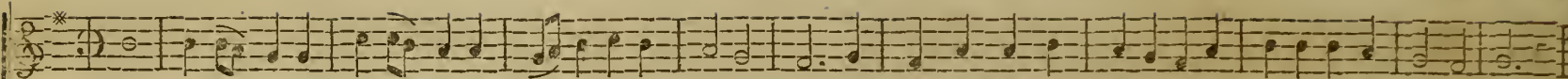
No. 216.

HEXHAM.

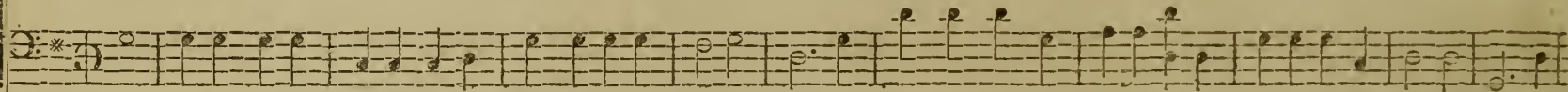
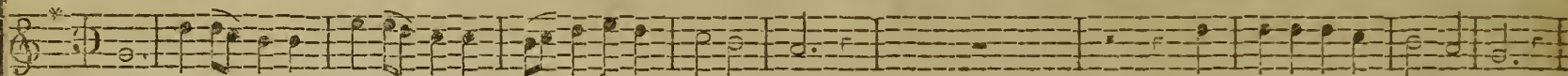
Psalm 19. P.

C Major.

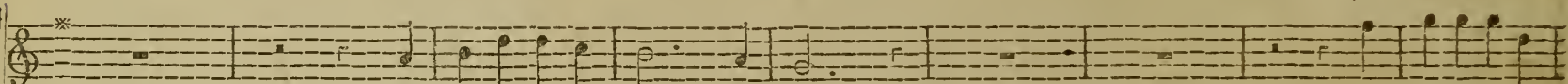
*Soft.**Loud.**Soft.**Loud.*



Ye holy souls, in God rejoice, Your Maker's praise becomes your voice ; Great is your theme, your songs be new, Great is your theme, &c.

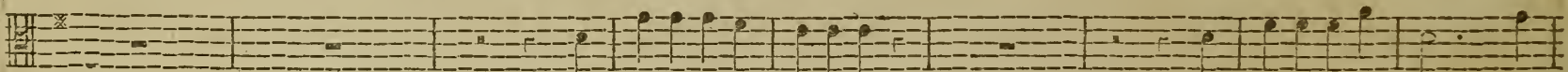


Sing



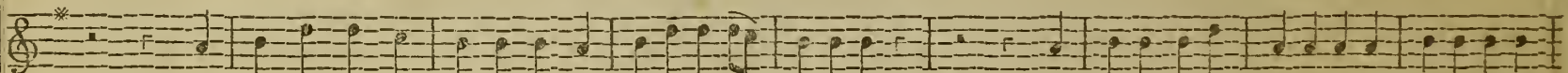
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,

His works of nature



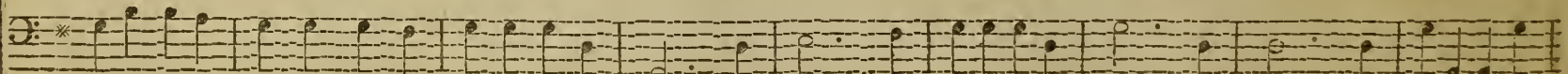
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,

His works of nature and of



Sing of his name, his word, his ways, Sing of his name, his word, his ways,

His works of nature and of grace, His works of nature



of his name, his word, his ways, Sing of his name, his word, his ways, His works of nature and of grace, His works of nature



and of grace, How wise and holy, just and true! How

grace, How wise and holy, just and true! How wise and holy, just and true!

and of grace, How wise and ho - ly, just and true! How

How wise and ho - ly, just and true! How

No. 218.

NORTHWOOD.

Psalm 50. 108.

A Minor.

The Lord, the Sov'reign, sends his summons forth, Calls the fourth nations, and awakes the north : From east to west the sounding orders spread, Thro' distant worlds &

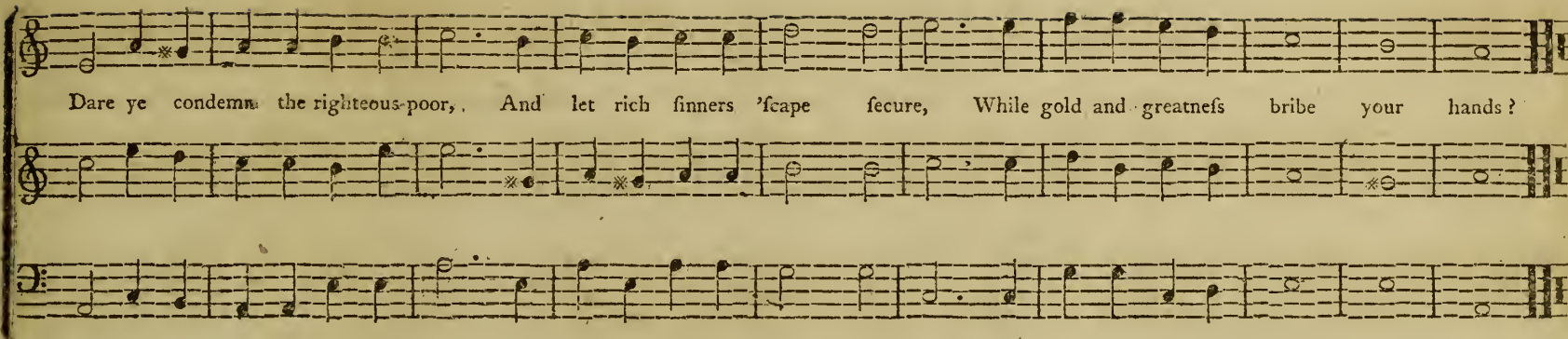
regions of the dead. No more shall atheists mock his long delay, His vengeance sleeps no more, behold the day!

The God of Glory sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations, and awakes the north: From east to west the sov'reign orders spread,

Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead. The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices; Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

Judges, who rule the world by laws, Will ye despise the righteous cause, When th' injur'd poor be - fore you stand?





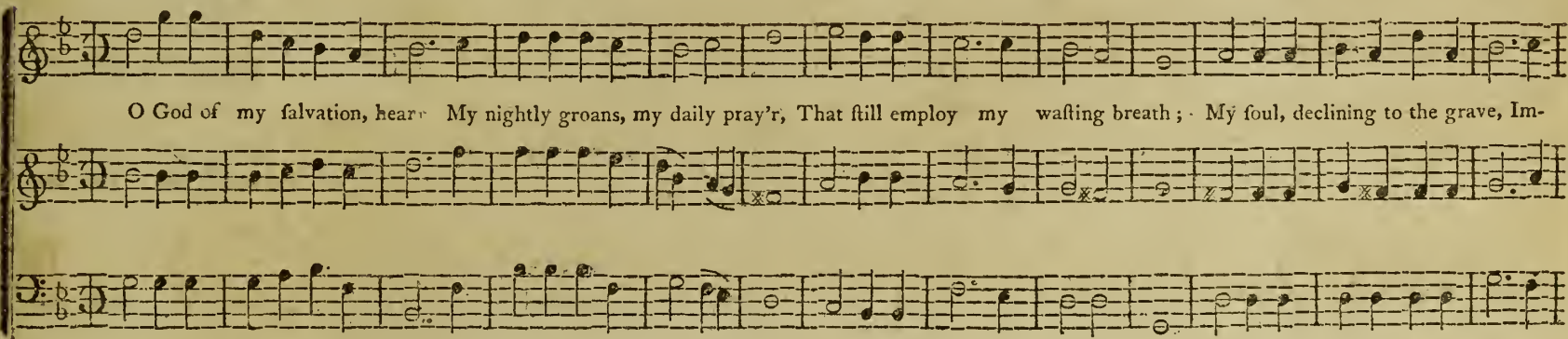
Dare ye condemn the righteous-poor, And let rich sinners 'scape secure, While gold and greatness bribe your hands?

No. 221.

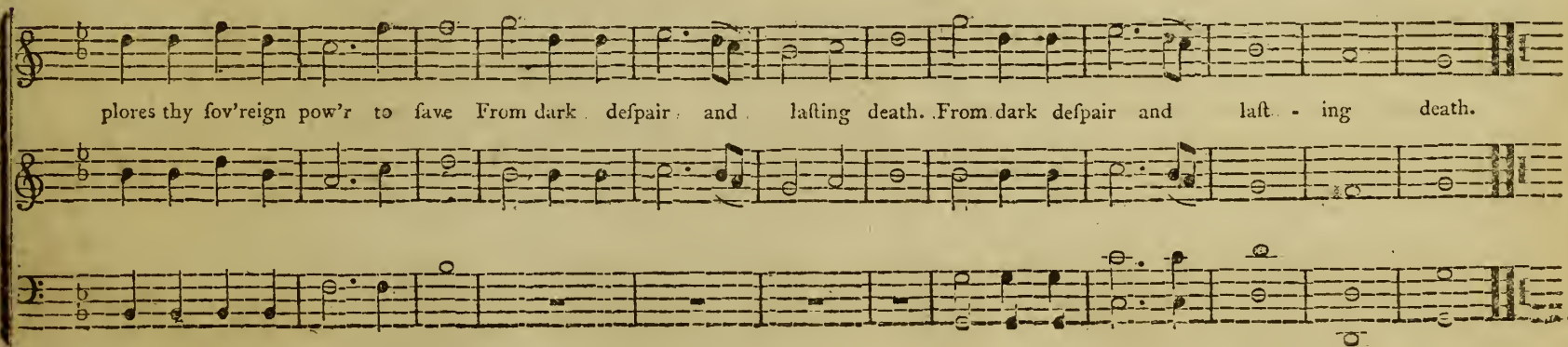
ENFIELD.

Psalm 88. P.

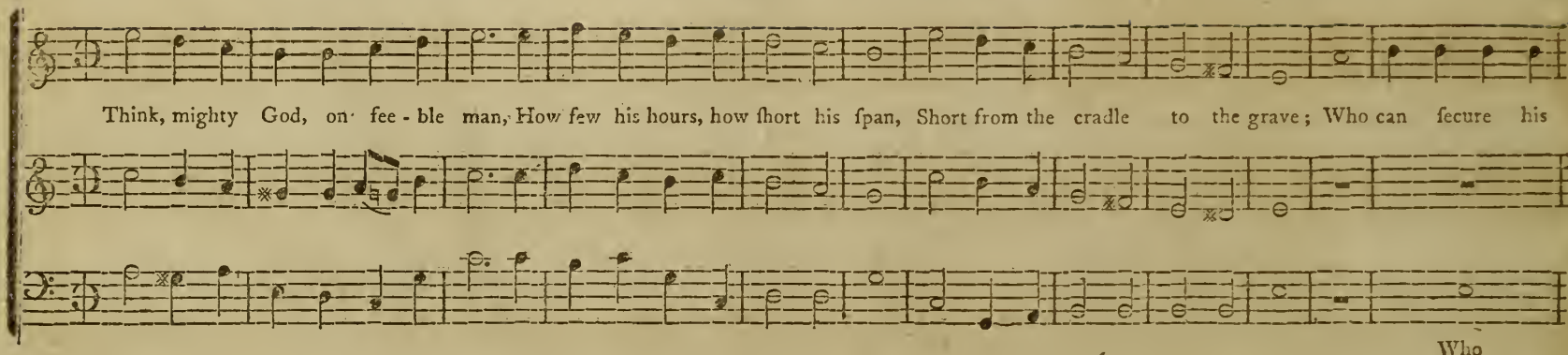
G Minor.



O God of my salvation, hear My nightly groans, my daily pray'r, That still employ my wasting breath; My soul, declining to the grave, Im-

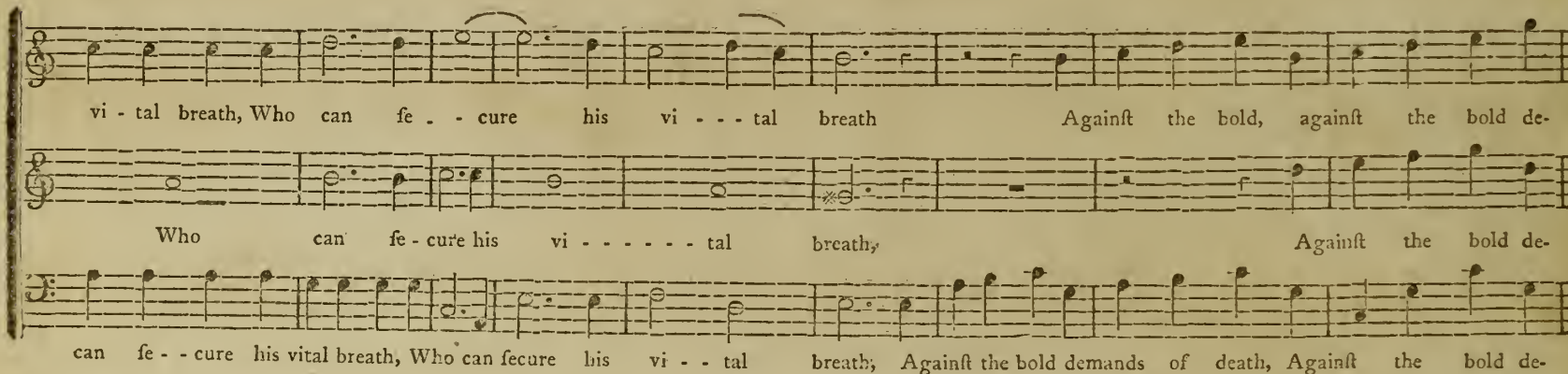


plores thy sov'reign pow'r to save From dark despair and lasting death. From dark despair and last - ing death.



Think, mighty God, on fee - ble man, How few his hours, how short his span, Short from the cradle to the grave; Who can secure his

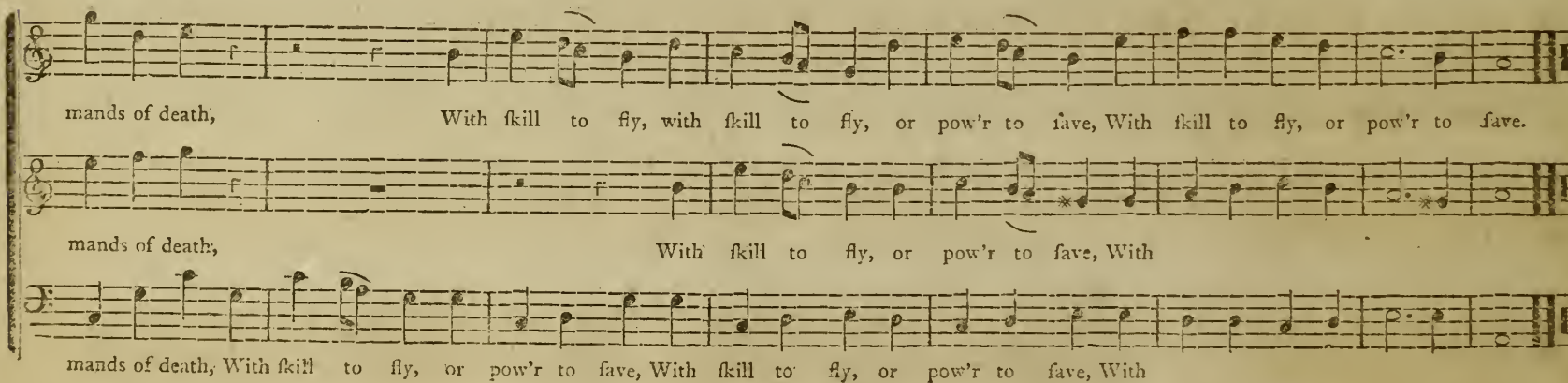
Who



vi - tal breath, Who can se - cure his vi - - - tal breath Against the bold, against the bold de-

Who can se - cure his vi - - - - - tal breath, Against the bold de-

can se - - cure his vital breath, Who can secure his vi - - tal breath, Against the bold demands of death, Against the bold de-

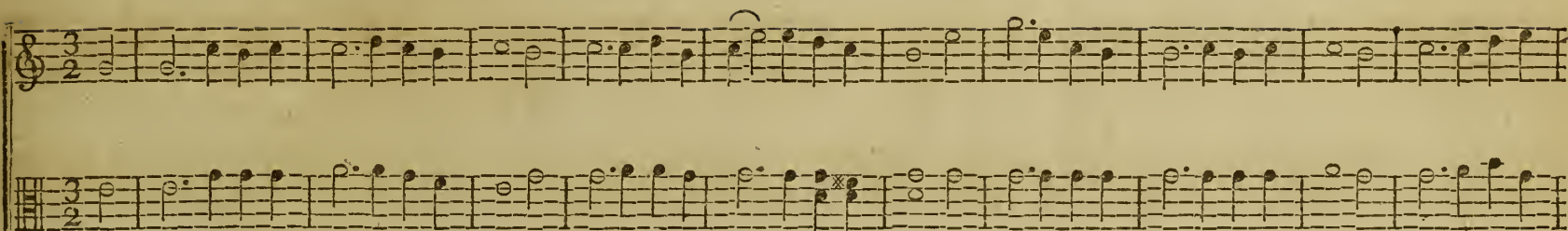


mands of death, With skill to fly, with skill to fly, or pow'r to save, With skill to fly, or pow'r to save.

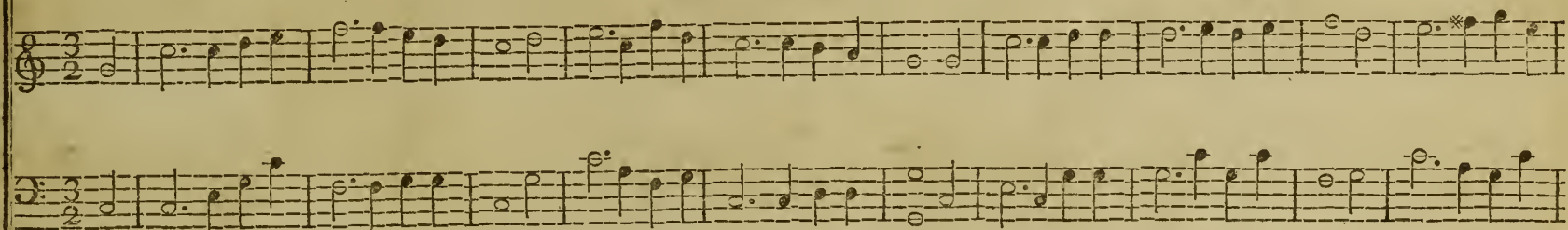
mands of death, With skill to fly, or pow'r to save, With

mands of death, With skill to fly, or pow'r to save, With skill to fly, or pow'r to save, With

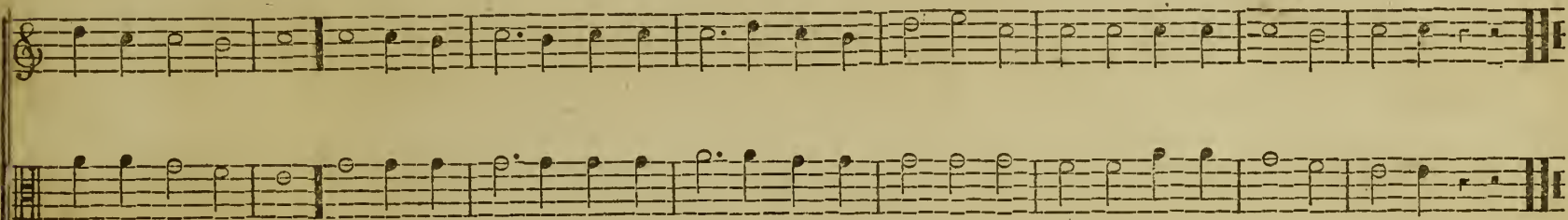




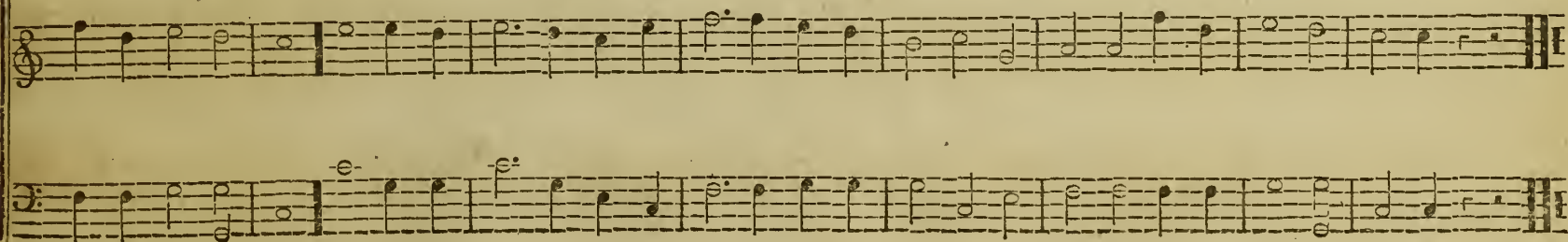
The Lord of Glory reigns, he reigns on high, His robes of state are strength & majesty ; This wide creation rose at his command, Built by his word, and

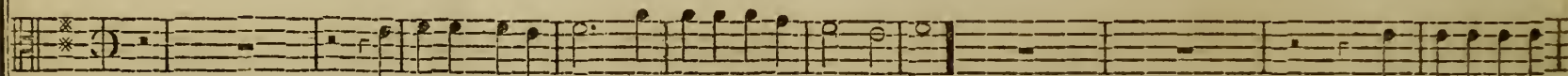
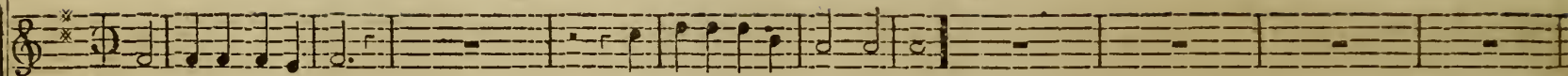


*Chorus.*



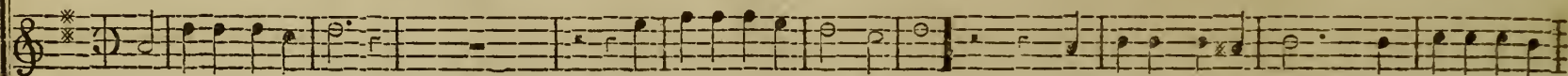
'stablish'd by his hand. Long stood his throne ere he be - gan cre - ation, And his own godhead was the firm foun - dation.



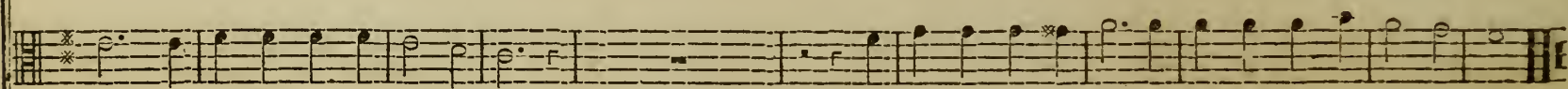
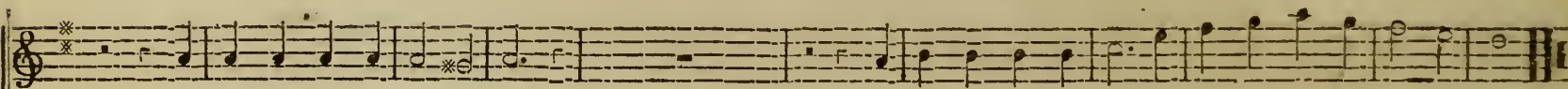
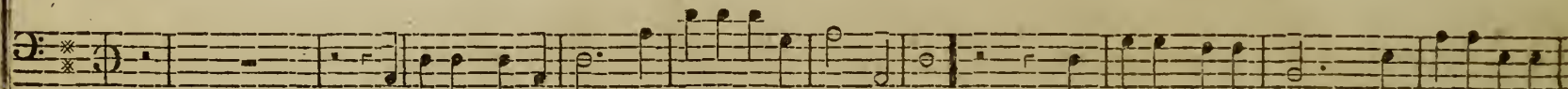


The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal state maintains, His head with awful glories crown'd.

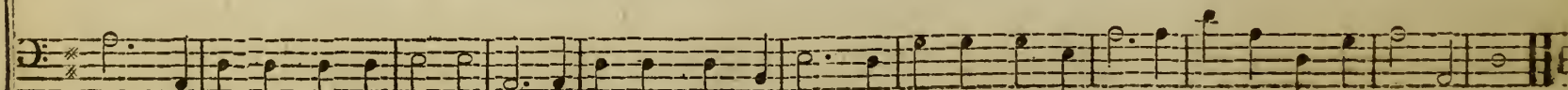
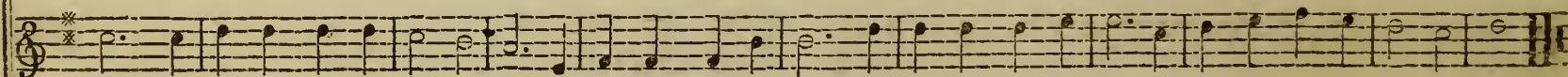
Begirt with sov'reign



Array'd in robes of light



might, And rays of ma-jes-ty around. Ar-ray'd in robes of light, Begirt with sov'reign might, And rays of ma-jes-ty around.





Not to our names, thou only Just 'and True, Not to our worthless names is glo - ry due; Thy pow'r and grace, thy

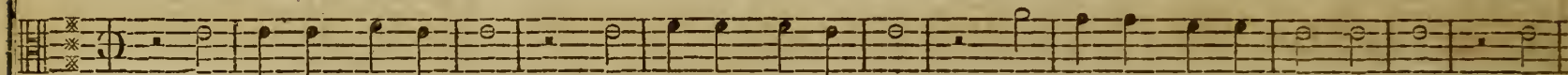
This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with many whole and half notes.

*ff.*  
truth and justice claim Immortal honours to thy sov'reign name. Shine thro' the earth from heav'n, thy blest abode, Nor let the

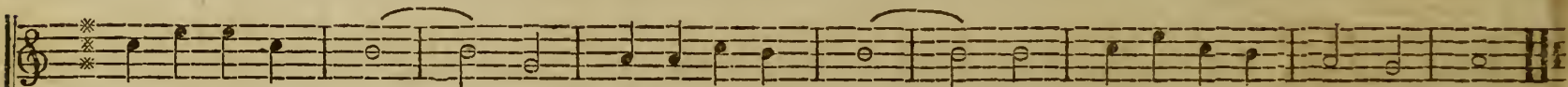
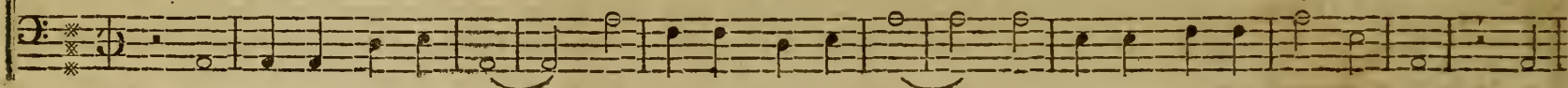
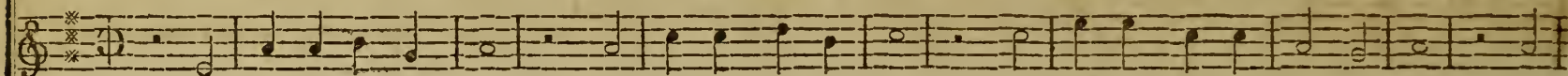
This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The music continues with a forte dynamic marking (*ff.*) above the first staff.

*Loud.*  
heathen say, "And where's your God?" Shine thro' the earth from heav'n, thy blest abode, Nor let the heathen say, "And where's your God?"

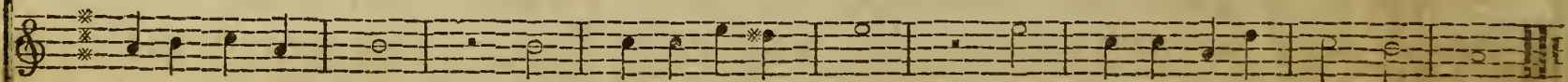
This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The music continues with a loud dynamic marking (*Loud.*) above the first staff.



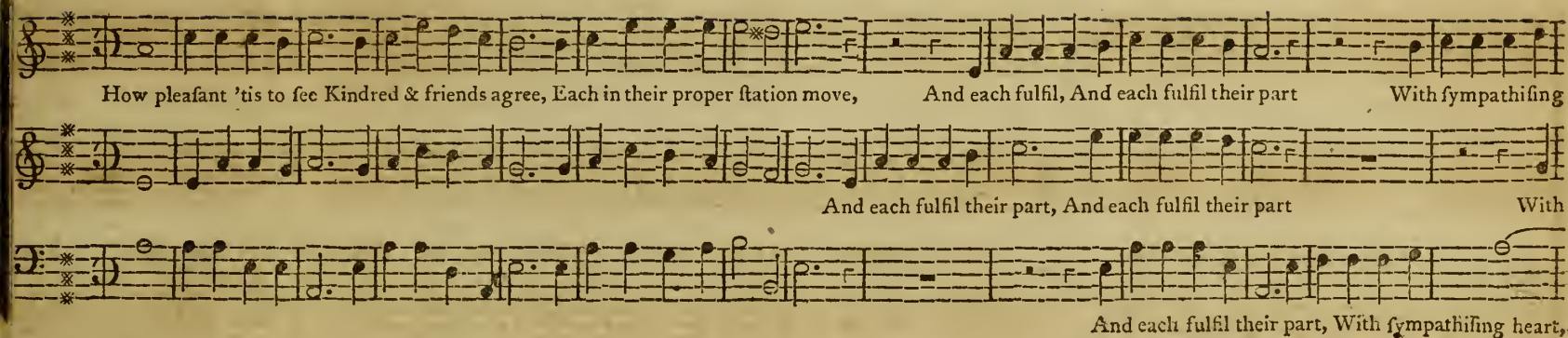
How pleas'd and blest was I To hear the peo - ple cry, "Come, let us seek our God to day;" Yes,



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



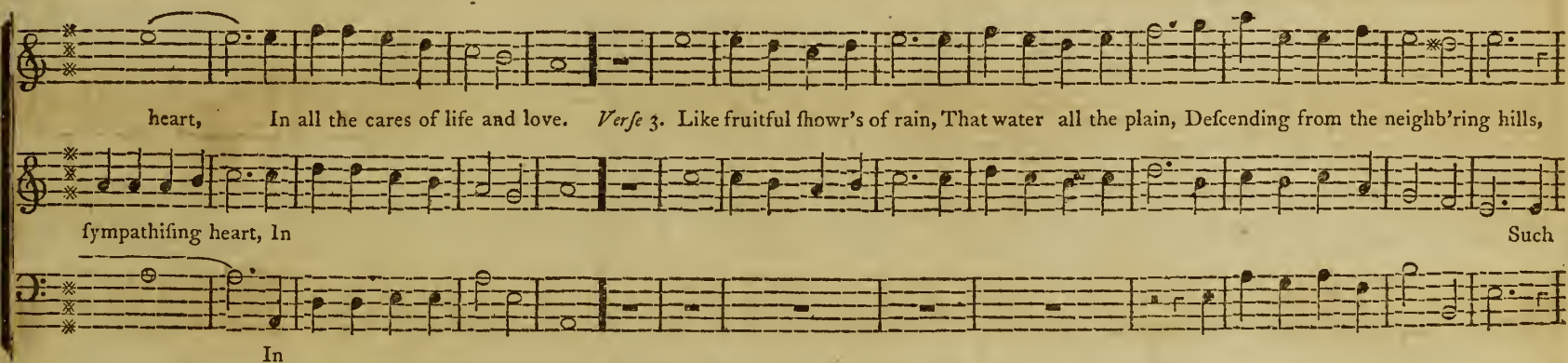




How pleafant 'tis to fee Kindred & friends agree, Each in their proper ftation move, And each fulfil, And each fulfil their part With sympathizing

And each fulfil their part, And each fulfil their part With

And each fulfil their part, With sympathizing heart,

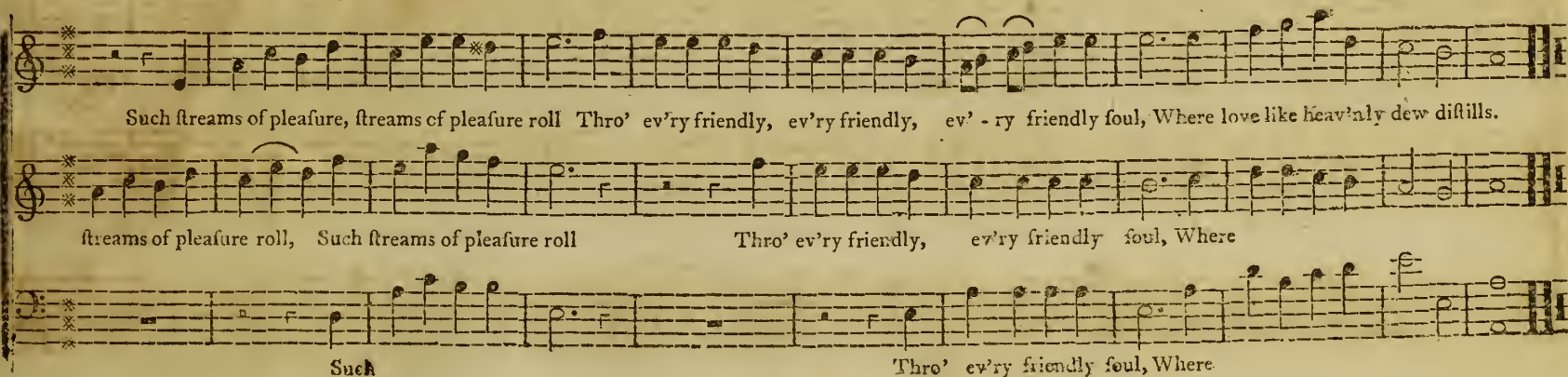


heart, In all the cares of life and love. *Verse 3.* Like fruitful fhower's of rain, That water all the plain, Descending from the neighb'ring hills,

sympathizing heart, In Such

In

*2d verfe, to be fung in the mufic of the firft verfe.* { 'Tis like the ointment fhed On Aaron's fared head,  
Divinely rich, divinely fweet! The oil thro' all the room  
Diffus'd a choice perfume, Ran thro' his robes, & bleft his feet.



Such freams of pleafure, freams of pleafure roll Thro' ev'ry friendly, ev'ry friendly, ev' - ry friendly foul, Where love like heav'nly dew diftills.

freams of pleafure roll, Such freams of pleafure roll Thro' ev'ry friendly, ev'ry friendly foul, Where

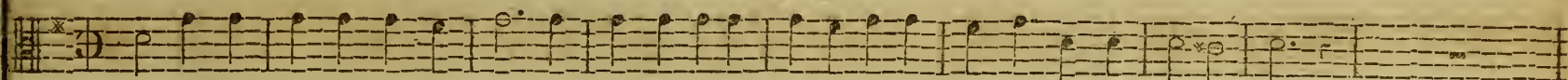
Such Thro' ev'ry friendly foul, Where

Along the banks, where Babel's current flows, Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd, While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose, Her friends, her

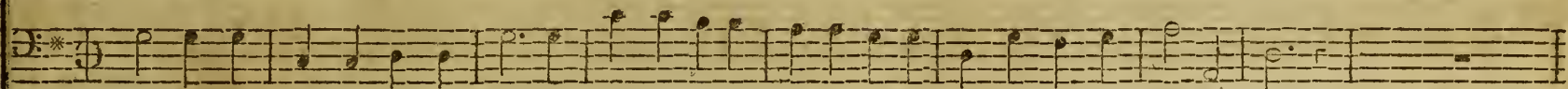
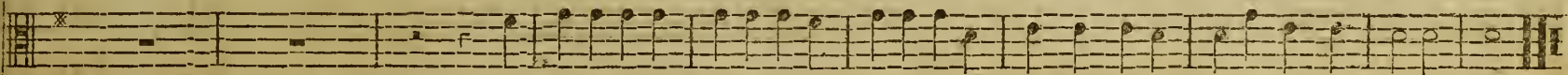
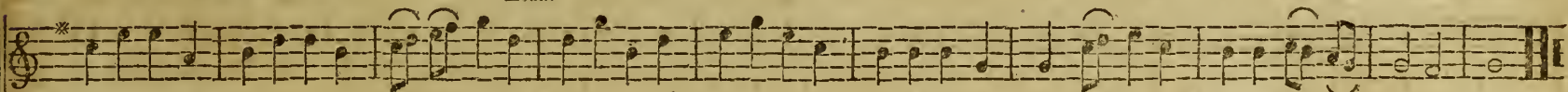
children mingled with the dead. The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung, When praise employ'd, and mirth inspir'd the lay, In

mourn - ful si - - lence on the wil - - lows hung, And grow - ing grief prolong'd the te - - dious day.

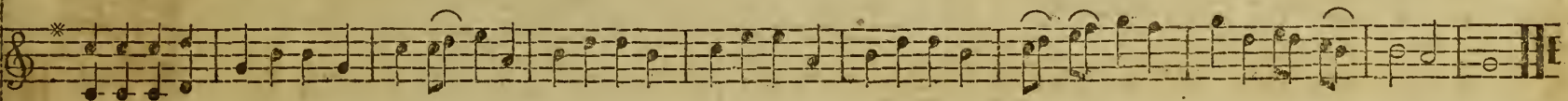


*Soft.*

I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers; My days of praise shall

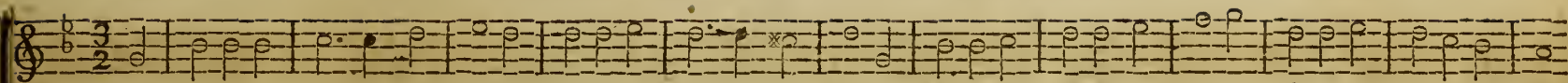
*Loud.*

ne'er be past, While life & thought & being last, My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life & thought & being last, Or immortality endures.

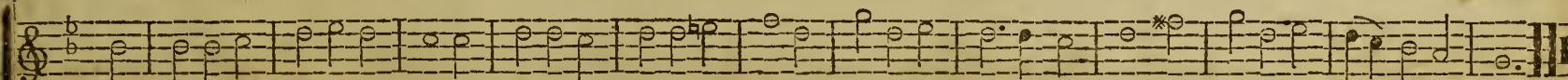
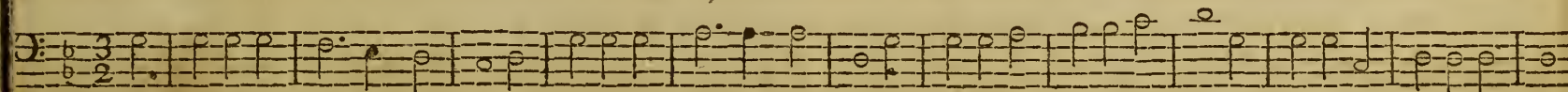




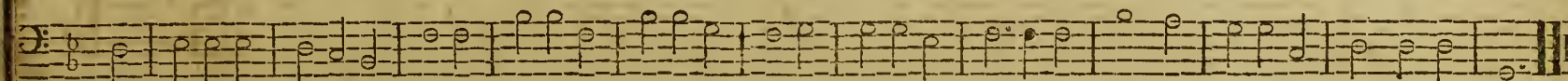
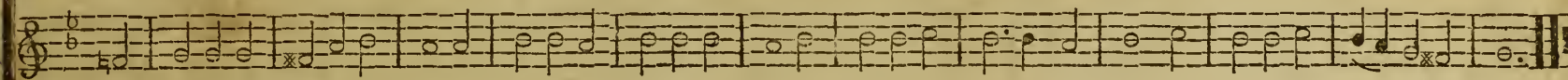
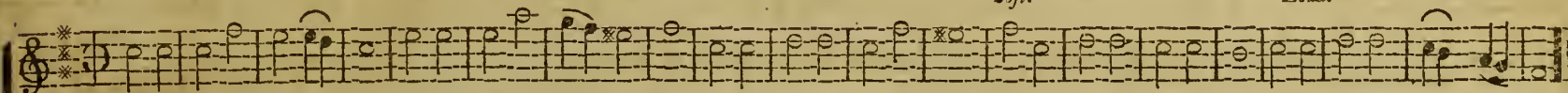




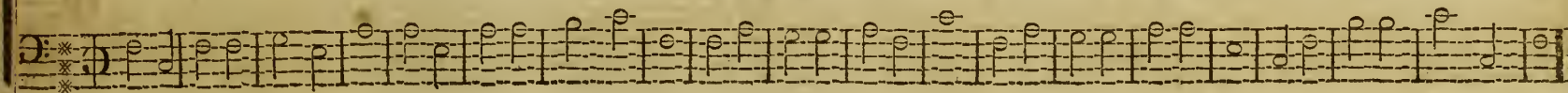
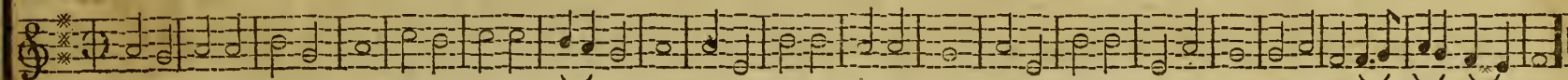
Ah! lovely ap - pearance of death! No fight upon earth is so fair; Not all the gay pageants that breathe Can with a dead body compare.

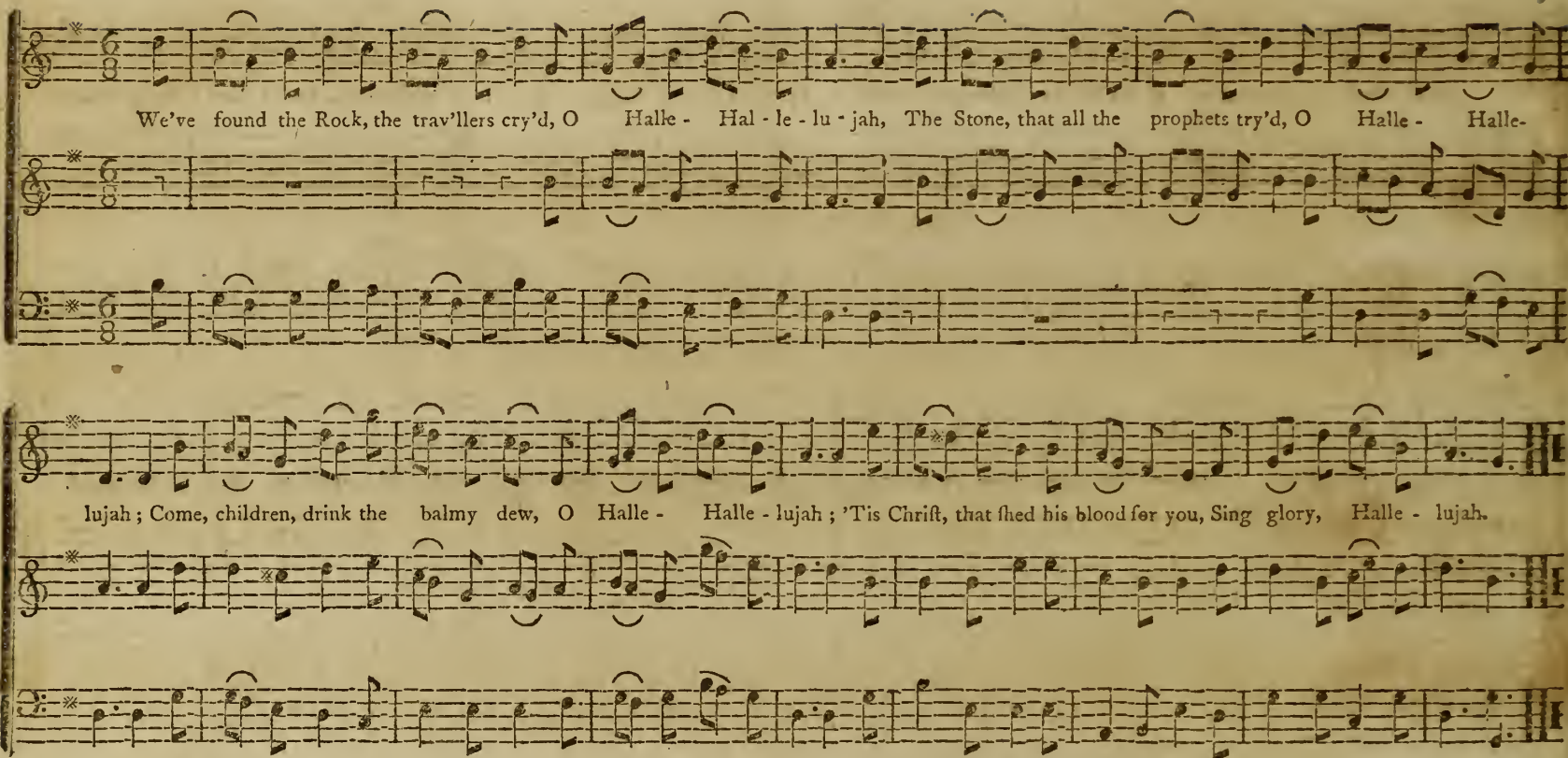


With solemn delight I survey The corpse, when the spirit is fled, In love with the beautiful clay, And longing to lie in its stead.

*Soft.**Loud.*

Sov'reign grace has pow'r alone To subdue an heart of stone, And the moment grace is felt, Then the hardest heart will melt, Then, &c.



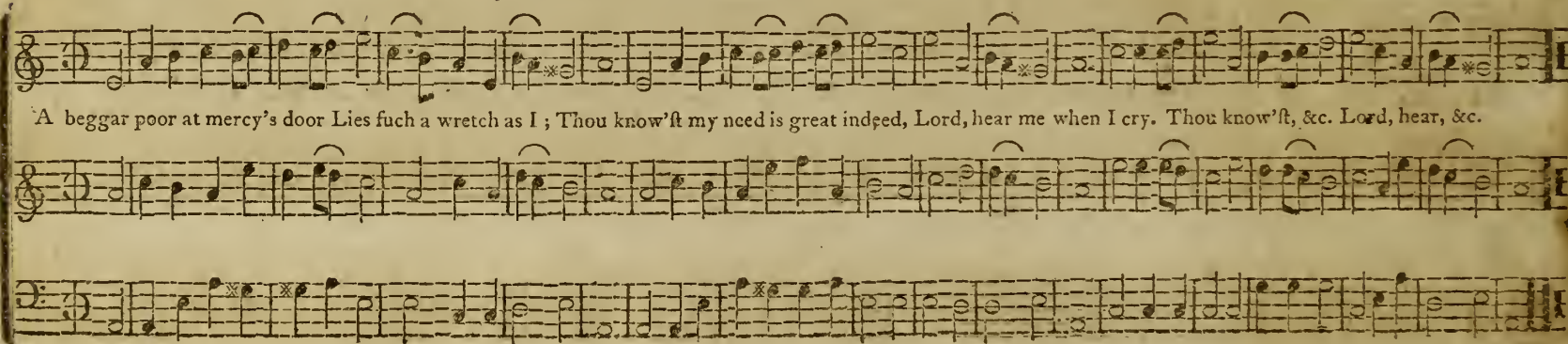


We've found the Rock, the trav'lers cry'd, O Halle - Hal - le - lu - jah, The Stone, that all the prophets try'd, O Halle - Halle - lujah; Come, children, drink the balmy dew, O Halle - Halle - lujah; 'Tis Christ, that shed his blood for you, Sing glory, Halle - lujah.

No. 234.

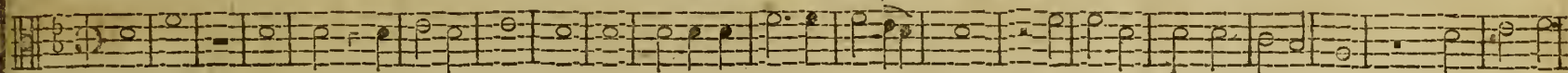
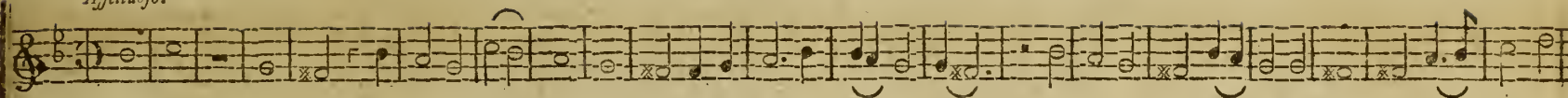
## ASKING FOR MERCY.

A Minor.

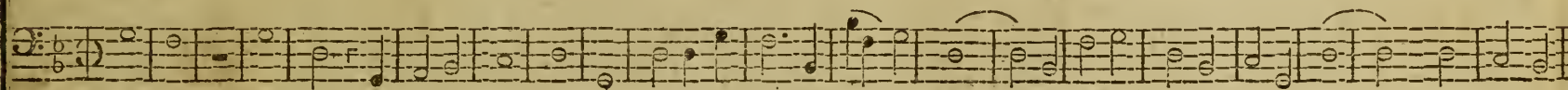
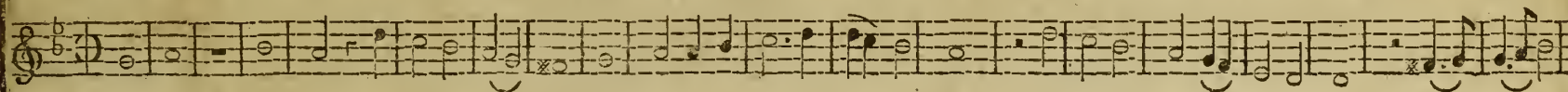
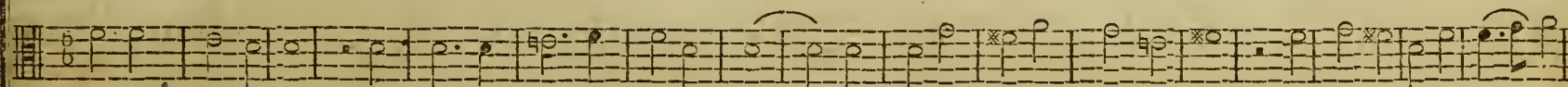
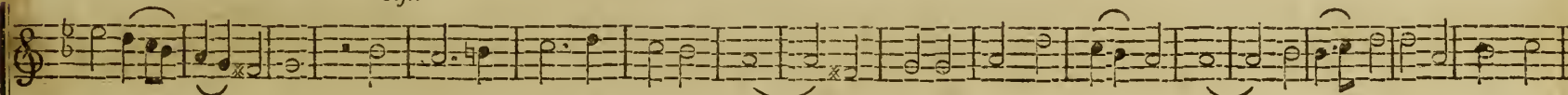


A beggar poor at mercy's door Lies such a wretch as I; Thou know'st my need is great indeed, Lord, hear me when I cry. Thou know'st, &c. Lord, hear, &c.

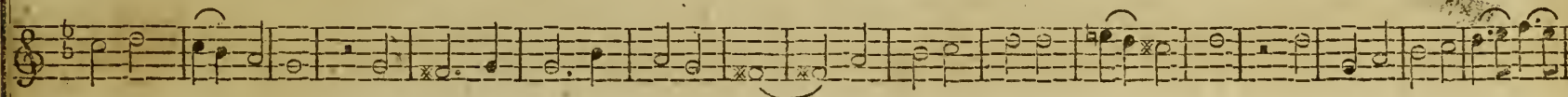


*Affettuoso.*

Farewell, farewell, a sad, a long farewell To this pale clay, whose life hath fled, Resign it back to kindred dust, Till the last

*Soft.*

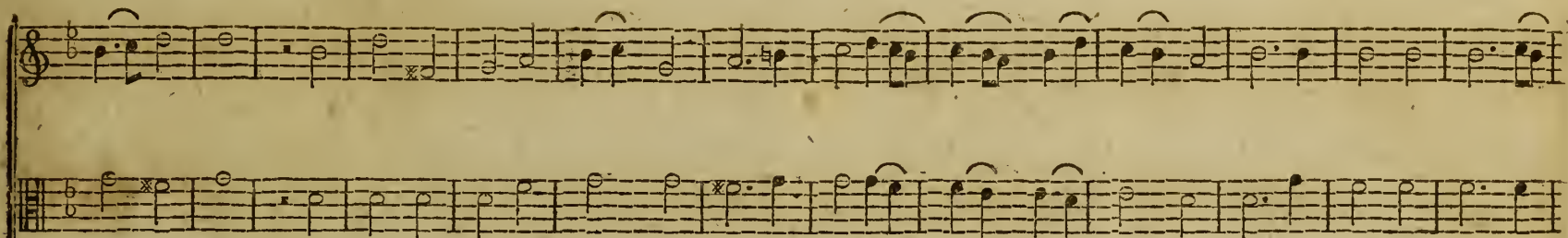
trump awake the dead. Adieu! thou dear de - parting soul! Thou go'st from hence to Christ above, There to partake of endless



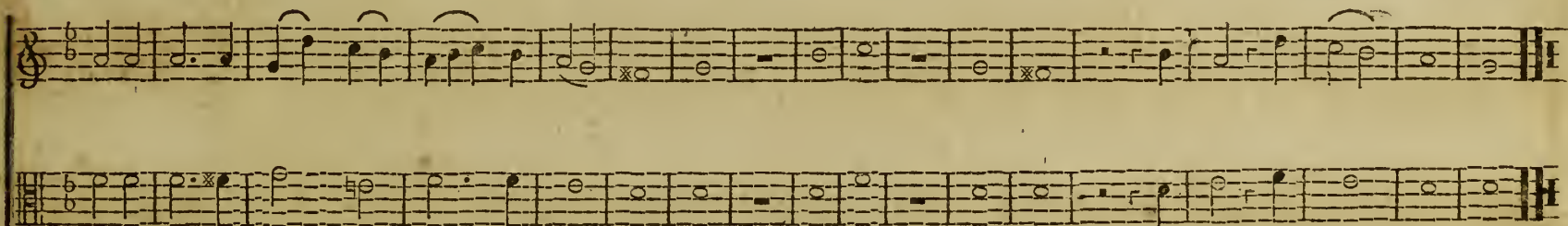
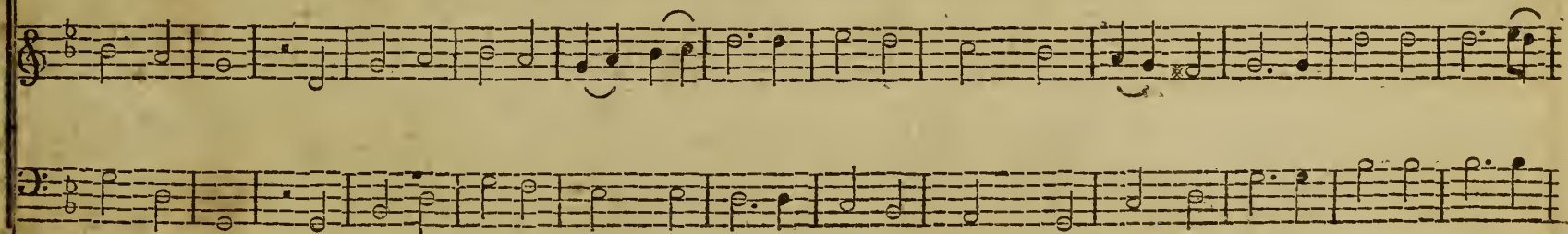
bliss, And ce - le - brate re - deem - ing love. We mourn thy sad - den, swift re - move From

each and all en - joy - ments here : When Christ commands, We must o - bey, Without a mur - mur

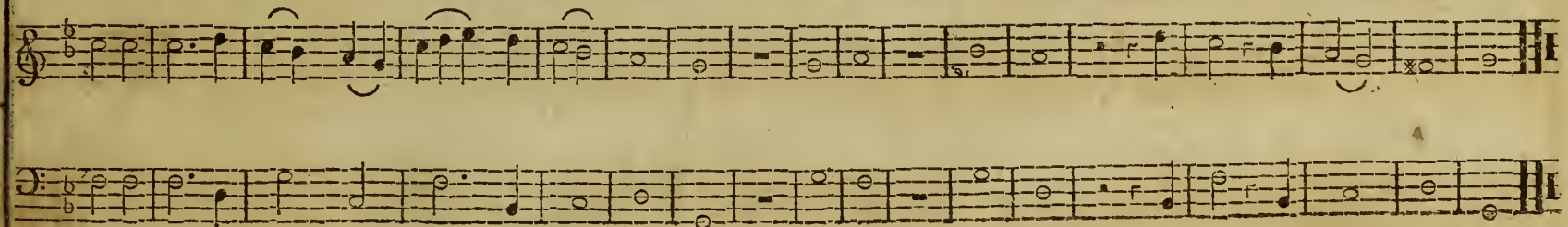




or a tear. Sub - mitting to his sov'reign will, Let us be si - lent, and adore The God who hath cre-



ated all, And all shall rule for - e - ver - more. Farewell, Farewell, a sad, a long farewell.



*Allegro Moderato.**Mezza voce.*

Gird thy loins up, Christian Warrior; Lo, thy Captain calls thee out: Let the danger make thee bolder, War in weakness, dare in doubt,

*Forza.*

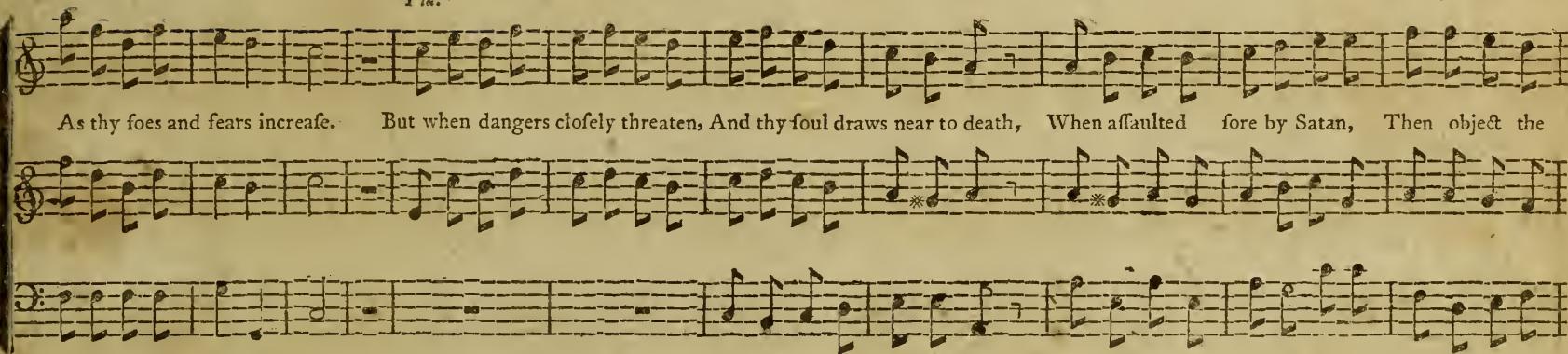
Let the danger make thee bolder, War in weakness, dare in doubt. Buckle on thy heav'nly armour, Patch up no in - glorious peace;

Let thy courage wax the warm - er, As thy foes and fears increase. Let thy courage wax the warm - er,

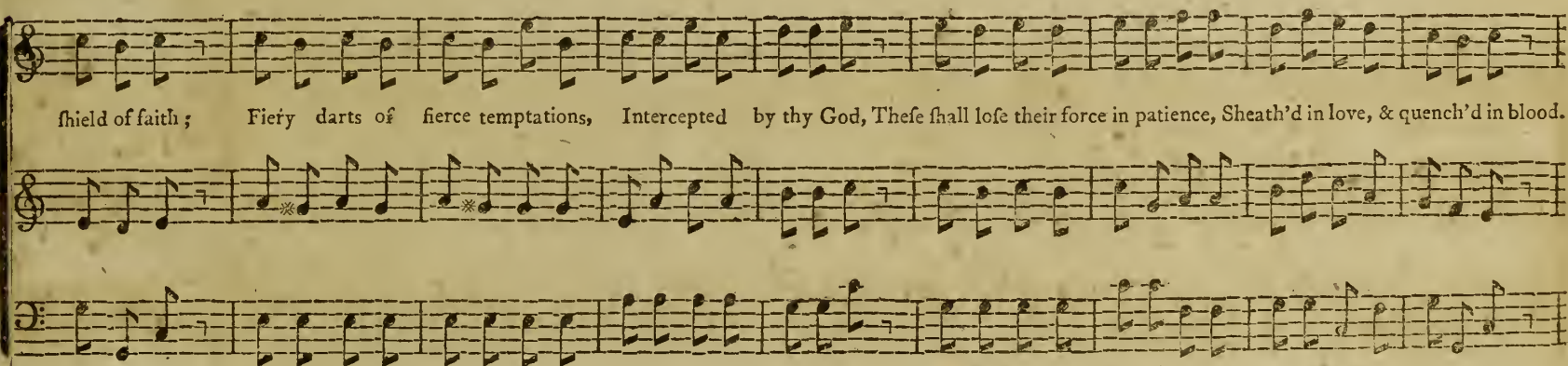
Let thy courage wax the warmer, As Let thy courage wax the warm - er

Let thy courage wax the warmer, wax As Let thy courage wax the warmer,

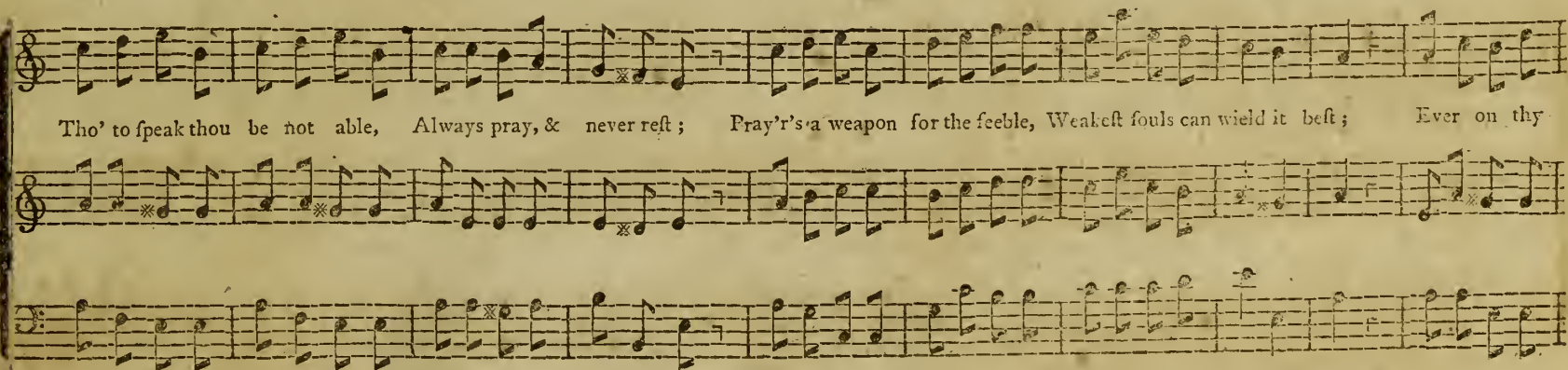




As thy foes and fears increase. But when dangers closely threaten, And thy soul draws near to death, When assaulted fore by Satan, Then object the



shield of faith; Fiery darts of fierce temptations, Intercepted by thy God, These shall lose their force in patience, Sheath'd in love, & quench'd in blood.



Tho' to speak thou be not able, Always pray, & never rest; Pray'r's a weapon for the feeble, Weakest souls can wield it best; Ever on thy

*Mezza voce.*

Captain calling, Make thy worst condition known; He shall hold thee up when falling, Or shall lift thee up when down. Bind thy golden

girdle round thee, Truth, to keep thee firm and tight, Never shall the foe confound thee, Never shall the foe confound thee, While the Truth maintains thy fight.

Never shall the, Never shall the foe confound thee, While

Never shall the foe confound thee, While

*Forte.*

Never shall the foe confound thee, Never shall the foe confound thee, While the Truth maintains thy fight. Righteousness within thee rooted,

Never shall Never

Ne - ver shall the foe confound thee, While



*Fia.**Porte.*

May appear to take thy part, But let righteousness imputed Be the breastplate of thy heart. But let righteouf-

ness imputed Be the breastplate of thy heart. Shod with gospel preparation, In the paths of promise tread ;

Let the hope of free sal - vation, As an helmet, guard thy head, Let the hope of free salvation, As an helmet, guard thy head.

When be - fet with various evils, Wield the Spirit's two-edg'd sword, Cut thy way thro' hofs of

Cut thy way thro'

Cut thy way thro' hofs of

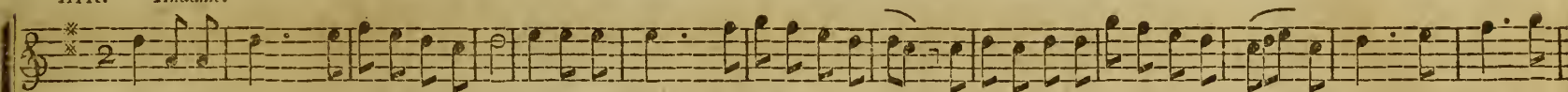
de - vils, While they fall be - fore the word! Cut thy way thro' hofs, thro' hofs of de - vils,

hofs of devils, While Cut thy way thro' hofs, thro' hofs of devils,

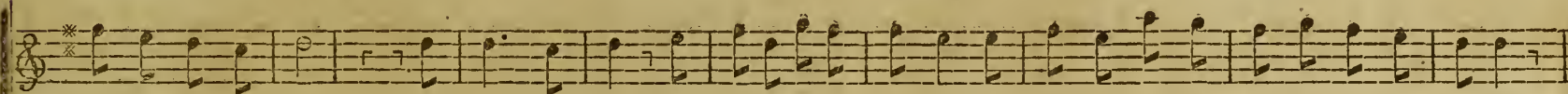
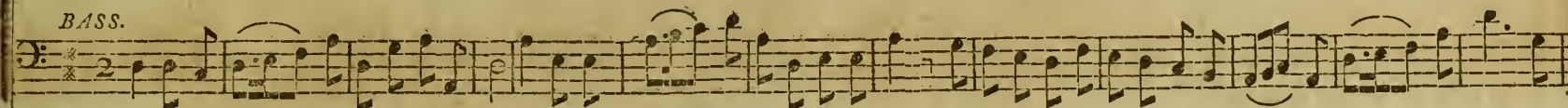
de - vils, While Cut thy way thro' hofs of devils,

While they fall before the word! Cut thy way thro' hofs of de - vils, While they fall be - fore the word!

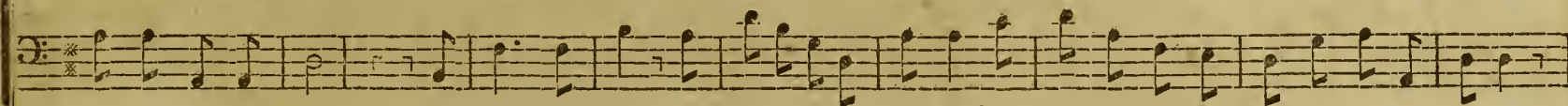
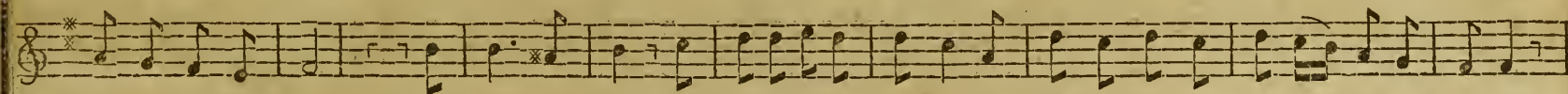
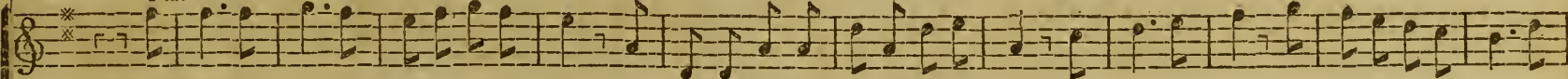


*AIR. Andante.*

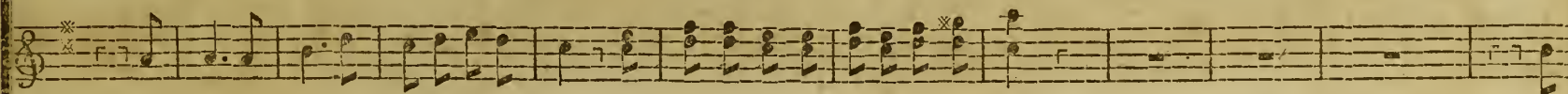
House of our God, with cheerful anthems ring, While all our lips and hearts his graces sing. The op'ning year his graces shall proclaim, And all its days be

*TREBLE.**BASS.*

vo - cal with his name. The Lord is good, his mercy never ending, His blessings in per - pet - ual show'rs descending.

*Pia.*

The heav'n of heav'ns he with his bounty fills; Ye feraphs bright, on ever blooming hills, His honours sound; You, to whom good alone, Un-



*Cres.**For.*

mingled, ever growing, has been known, Thro' your immortal life, with love in - creasing, Proclaim your Maker's goodness, never ceasing.

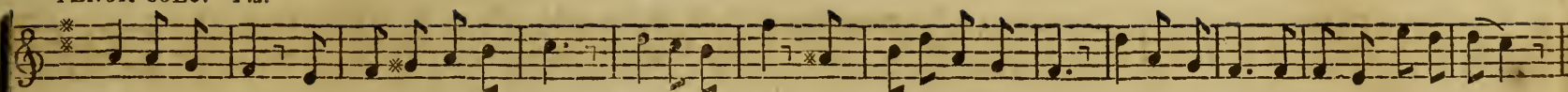
*BASS SOLO.*

Thou earth, enlighten'd by his rays divine, Pregnant with grafs, & corn, and oil, and wine, Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations meet, And

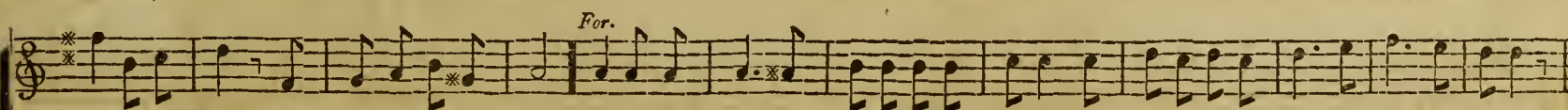
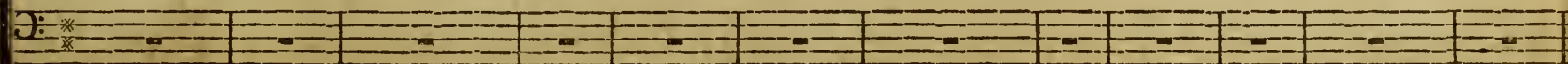
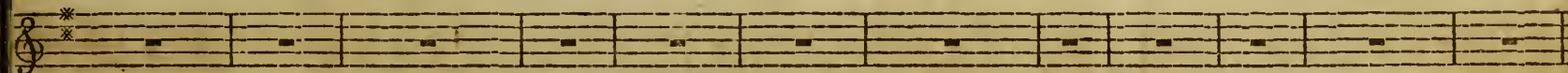
With grateful love, that lib'ral hand con - fessing, Which thro' each heart diffuseth ev'ry blessing.

lay their crowns at his paternal feet ;

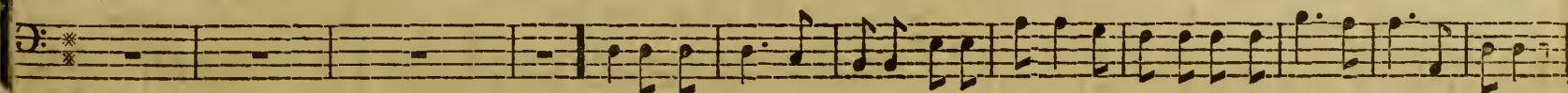
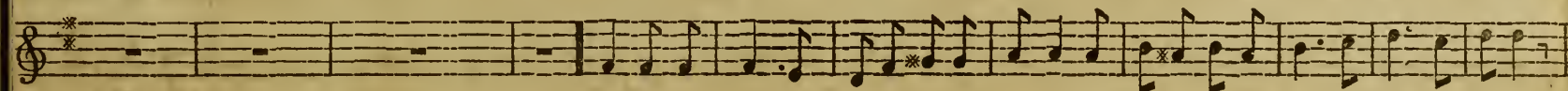
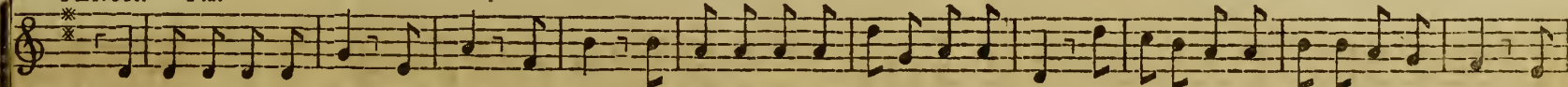


TENOR SOLO. *Pia.*

Zion, enrich'd with his distinguish'd grace, Bless'd with the rays of thine Emanuel's face, Zion, Je . hovah's portion and delight,

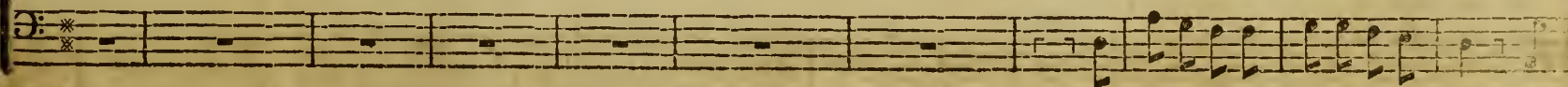


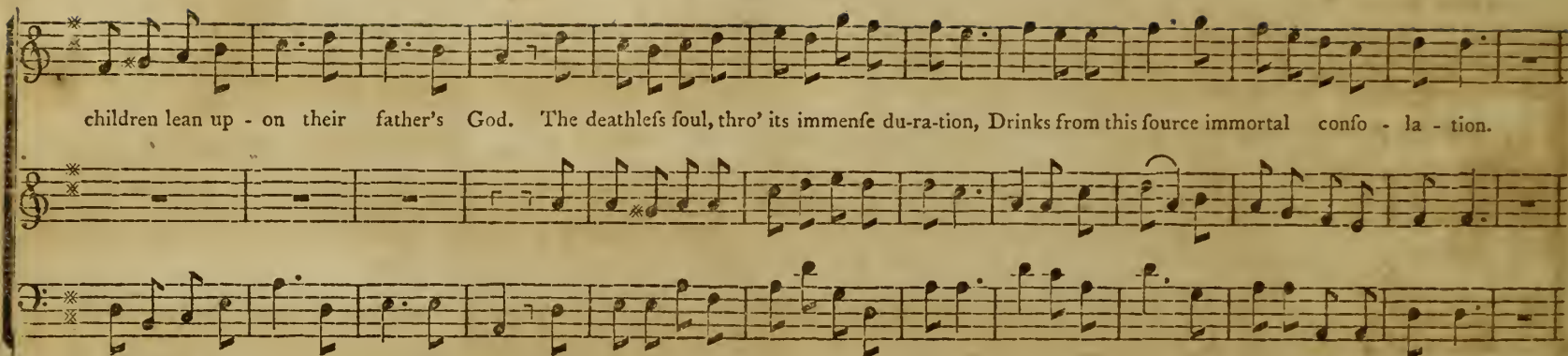
Grav'n on his hands, and hourly in his fight, In sacred strains ex - alt that grace ex - celling, Which makes thy humble hill his chosen dwelling.

TENOR. *Pia.*

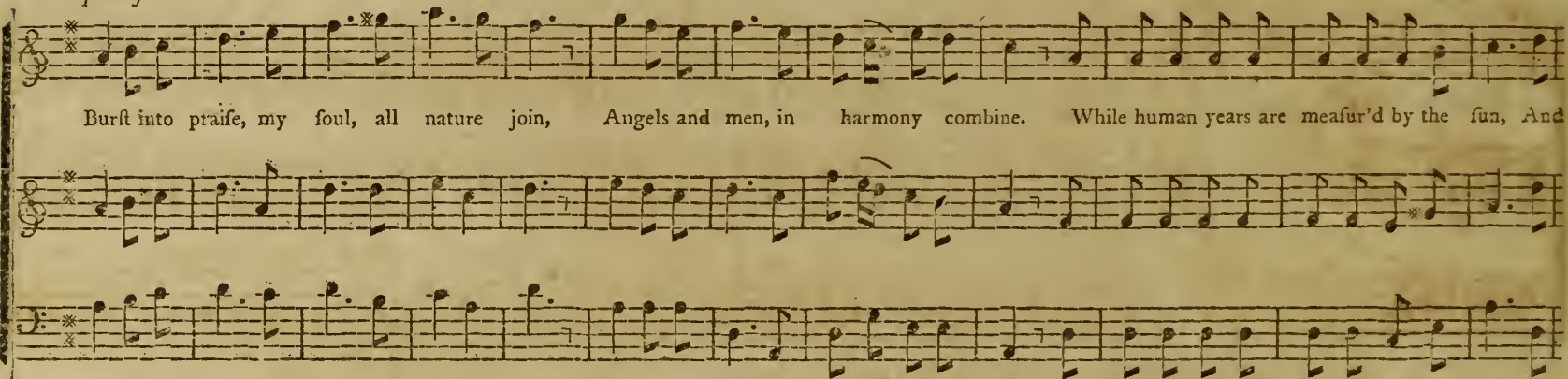
His mercy never ends; the dawn, the shade, Still see new beauties thro' new scenes display'd; Succeeding ages bless this sure a - bode, And

## 2 TREBLES.

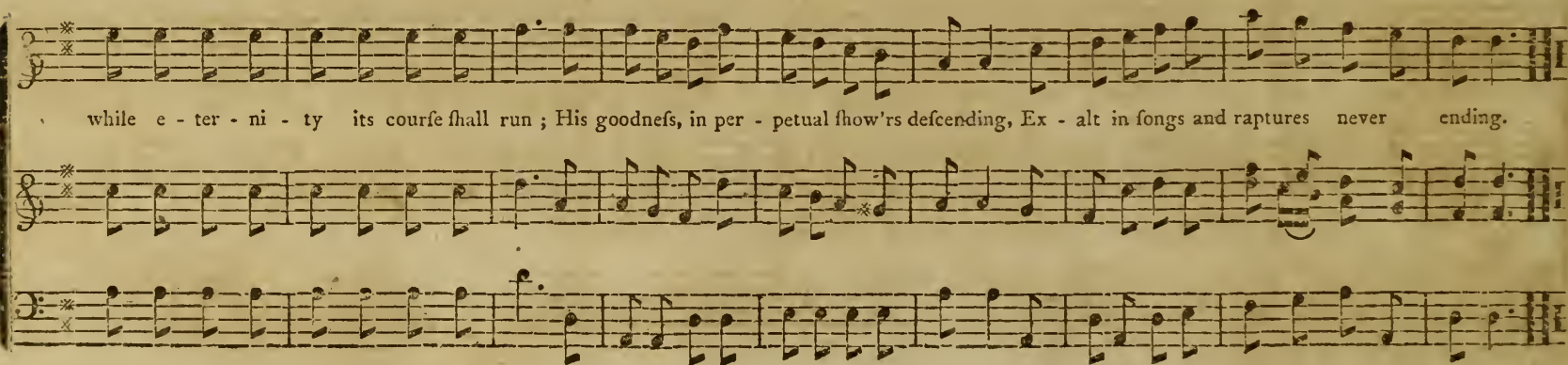




children lean up - on their father's God. The deathless soul, thro' its immense du-ra-tion, Drinks from this source immortal conso - la - tion.

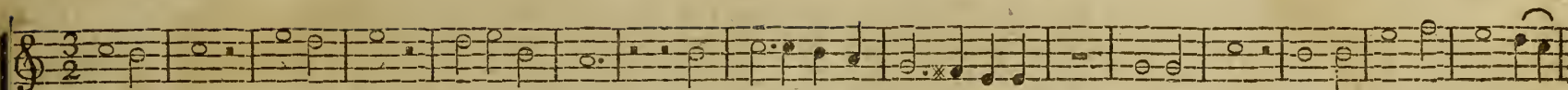
*Spiritofo.*


Burst into praise, my soul, all nature join, Angels and men, in harmony combine. While human years are measur'd by the sun, And

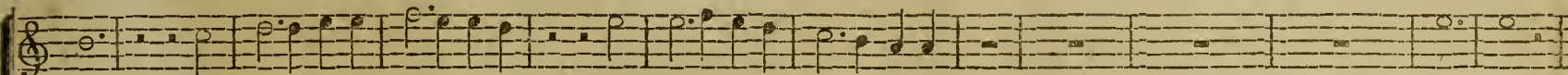
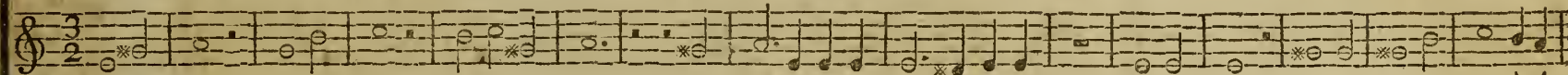


while e - ter - ni - ty its course shall run ; His goodness, in per - petual show'rs descending, Ex - alt in songs and raptures never ending.

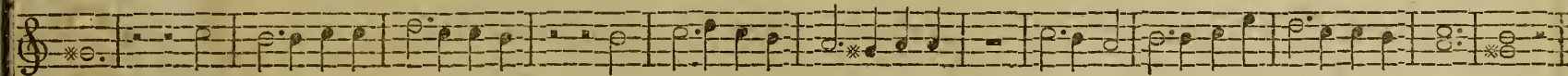




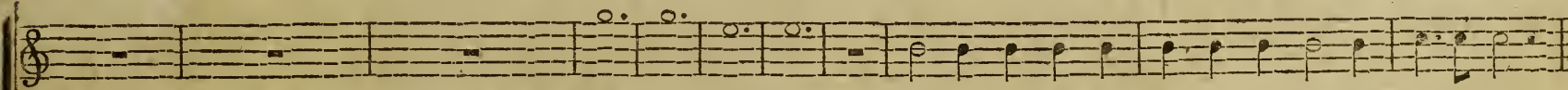
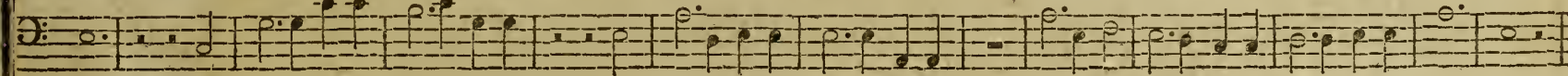
Hear our pray'r, hear our pray'r, O Lord our God; give ear unto our supplications. Hear our pray'r, hear our pray'r, O Lord our



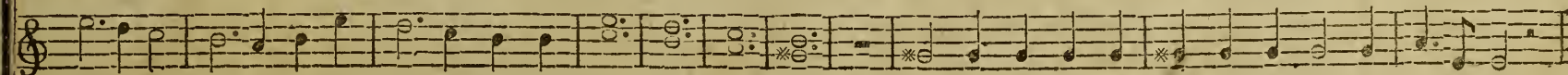
God, give ear unto our supplications, give ear unto our supplications. O Lord,



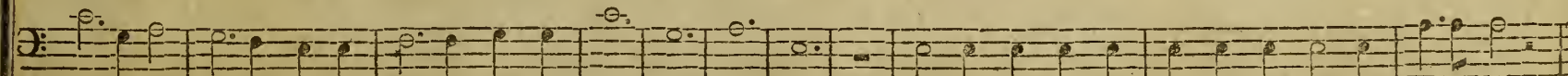
Enter not into judgment with thy people, O Lord,

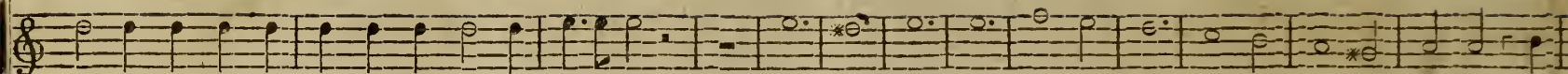


O Lord our God, for in thy sight can no man living be justify'd,



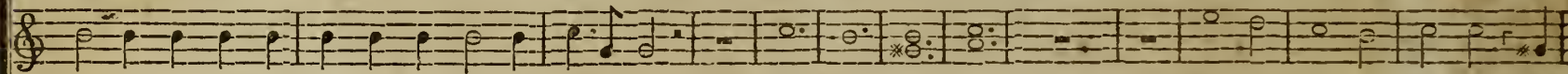
Enter not into judgment with thy people, O Lord our God,



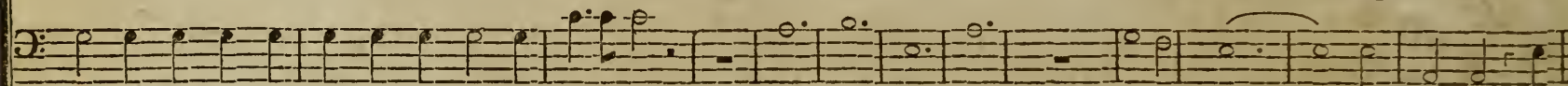


for in thy fight can no man living be justify'd.

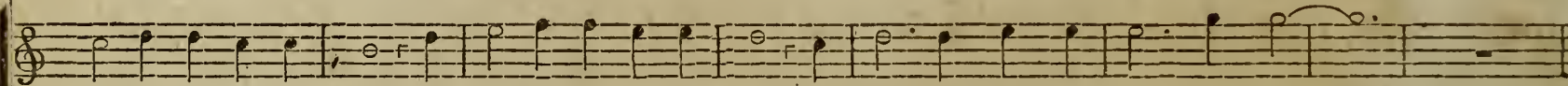
O Lord our God, we have sinn'd, we have sinn'd against thee; our



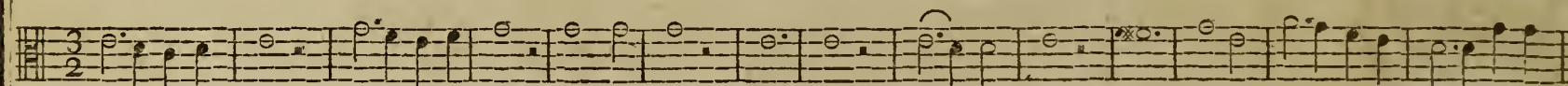
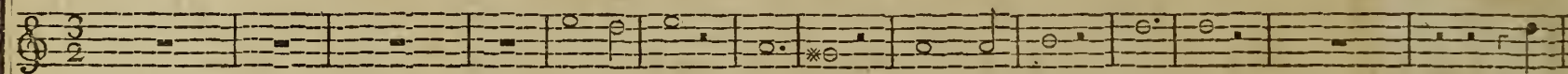
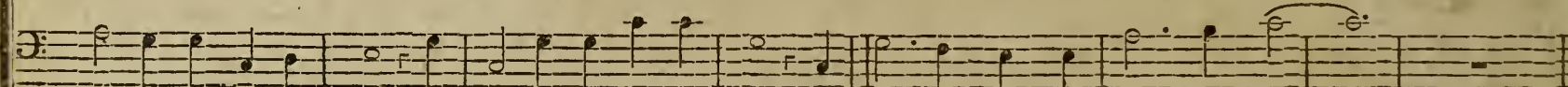
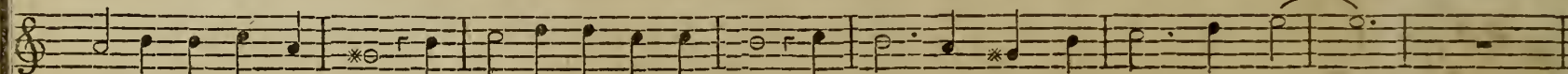
we have sinn'd against thee, our



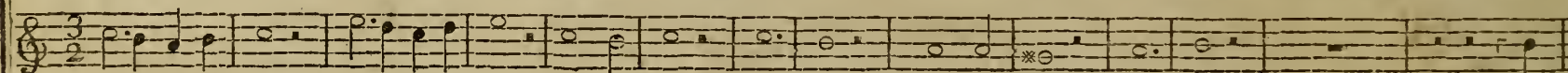
We have sinn'd a - gainst thee, our



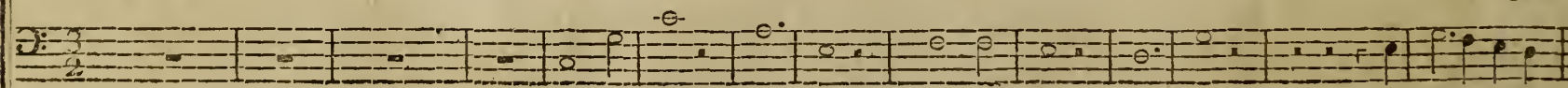
sins are exceeding great, our sins are exceeding great, and reach un - to the ve - ry heav'ns.



For thy mercy's sake, for thy mercy's sake, hear our pray'r, O Lord, hear our pray'r; O Lord, give ear unto our supplications;



give



give ear unto our



ear unto our supplications,  
 un - to our supplications; incline thine ear un - to us, incline thine ear un - to us, and  
 ear unto our supplications. For thy mercy's sake, incline  
 sup - pli - cations, supplications.

hear us, and hear us; for thy mercy's sake, in Christ Jesus, give ear un - to our: suppli - cations.

My soul, Lord, inflame With zeal from above, Thy praise to proclaim, And sing of thy love; To lift up my voice in Thanksgiving sin-

The musical score for No. 239 is written for three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs). It is in D Major (one sharp) and 3/2 time. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

No. 240.

CONSIDER THE RAVENS.

5, 6.

A Major.

cere, This truth to re-joice in, *The Lord will ap-ear.* Kind Teacher & Lord, Thy wisdom we blefs, Who doft in thy word This precept exprefs;

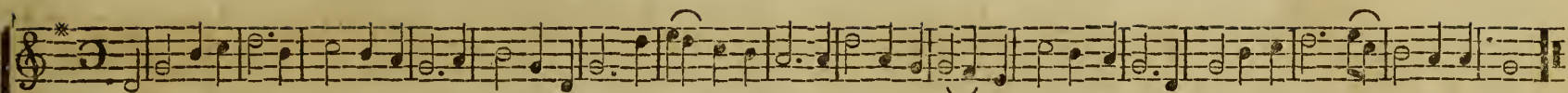
The musical score for No. 240 is written for three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs). It is in A Major (no sharps or flats) and 3/2 time. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the lyrics 'cere, This truth to re-joice in, The Lord will ap-ear.' and the second system contains 'Kind Teacher & Lord, Thy wisdom we blefs, Who doft in thy word This precept exprefs;'. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style.

*Soft.**Loud.**Soft.**Loud.*

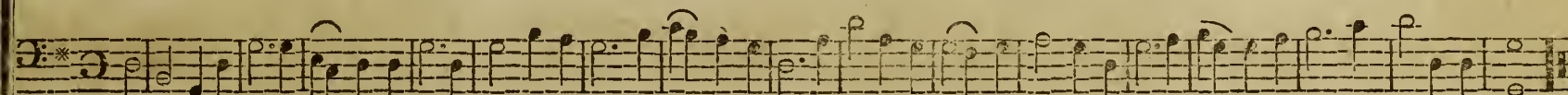
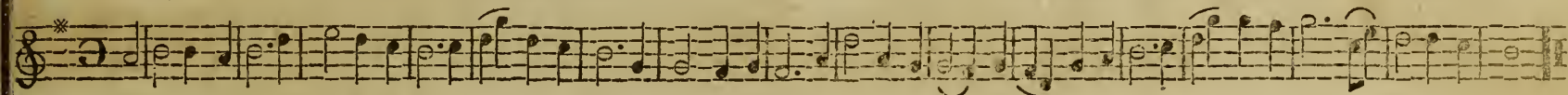
May we from the heavens this counfel receive, *Con-fi-der the ravens,* And learn to believe, *Consider, &c.*

The musical score for No. 240 continues on a third system. It is written for three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs). The lyrics are 'May we from the heavens this counfel receive, Con-fi-der the ravens, And learn to believe, Consider, &c.'. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style. The tempo/dynamics markings 'Soft.' and 'Loud.' are placed above the first and second staves of this system.





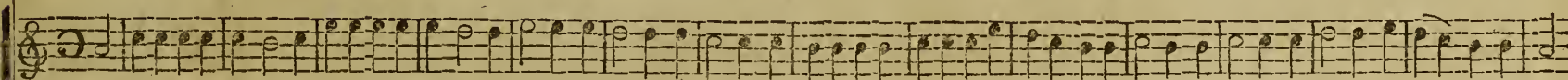
Of Jesus I sing, now reigning above, And to him I bring this tribute of love : For, O ! I desire His love to command, Who me from the fire pluck'd out as a brand.



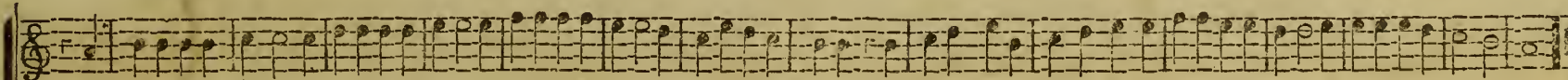
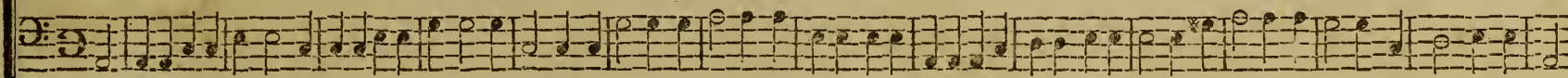
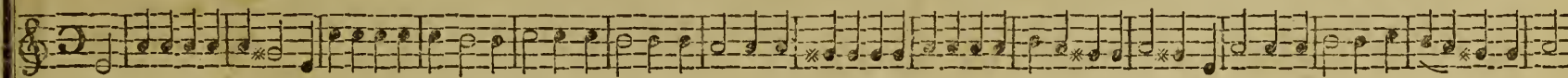
## No. 242.

## FRIENDSHIP.

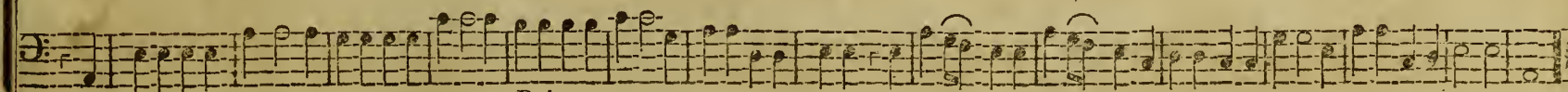
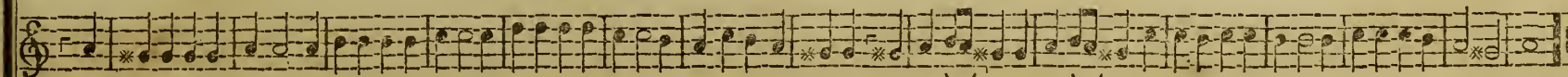
## A Minor.



The reason we love friendship we will deny to no man ; How shall we, how shall we, how shall we, who are thus form'd for happiness, E'er slight a loving Christian, Since Jesus, since Jesus hath dy'd on the tree,



To rescue men, all sinful, from violence & treason, That we might love each other, and seek our soul's salvation. 'Twas love that mov'd the mighty God For to redeem the nations, That we might happy, happy  
[bc.]



O when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above, And from that flowing fountain Drink everlasting love? When shall I be deliver'd From this vain world of

*Soft.* fin, *Loud.* Drink endless pleasures in, And with my blessed Jesus Drink endless pleasures in?  
And with my blessed Jesus Drink

No. 244.

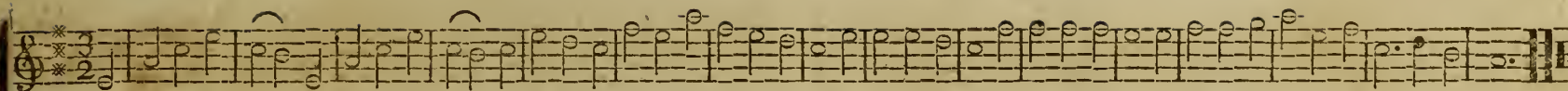
NEW TOWN.

118.

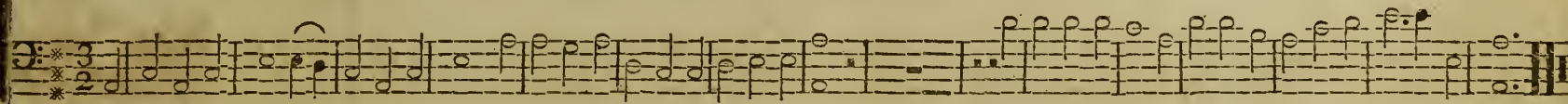
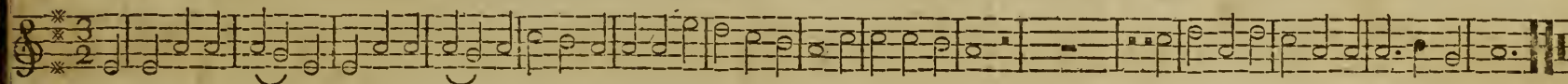
E<sup>b</sup> Major.

A fountain in Jesus, which always runs free, For washing and cleansing such sinners as we; Our sins, tho' like crimson, made white as the wool; No lack in the Fountain, it always is full.





My Christ is my friend, To him I attend, And on his great friendship would ever depend. When I'm in distress He speaks my release, And fills my whole soul with unspeakable peace.

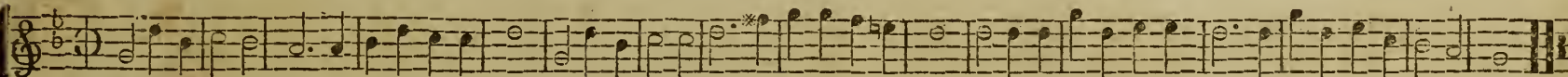


## No. 246.

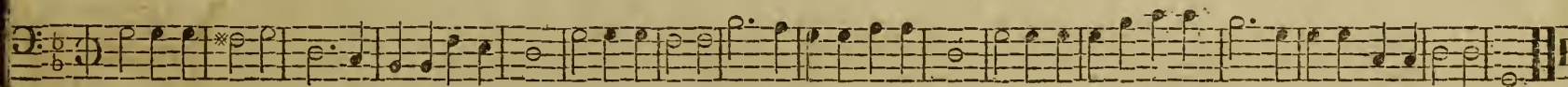
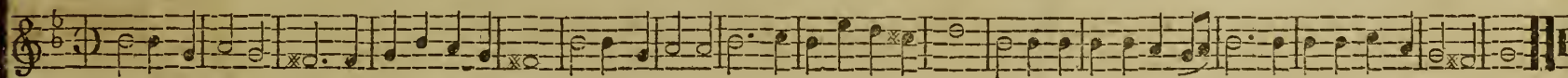
## THE GOSPEL PREACHER.

H.

G Minor.



What contradictions meet In ministers' employ! It is a bitter sweet, A sorrow full of joy: No other post affords a place For equal honour & disgrace.

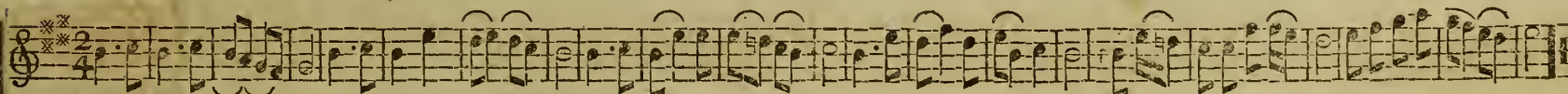


## No. 247.

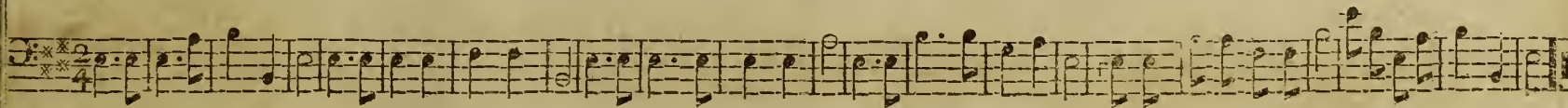
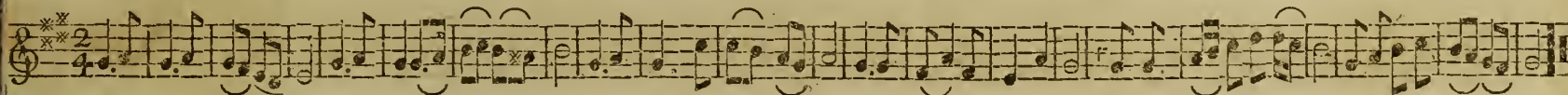
## RECRUITING ORDERS.

7s.

E Major.



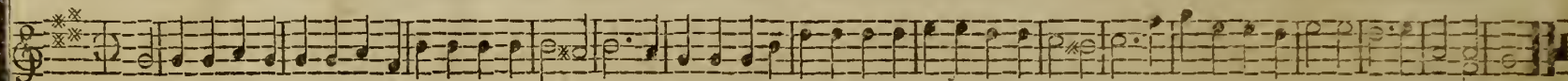
Christ is set on Zion's hill, He receiveth sinners still; Who will serve this blessed King, Come, enlist, & with me sing: I his soldier sure will be Happy in eternity.



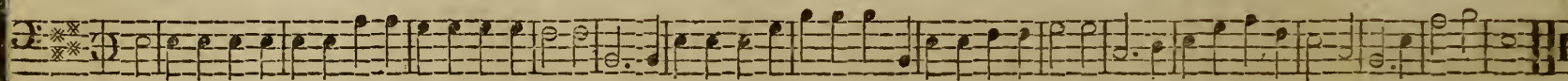


Come on, my fellow pilgrims, come, And let us all be hast'ning home ;

There we our Jesus shall adore, Forever blest.



We soon shall meet on yon blest shore, Where pains & sorrows are no more ;

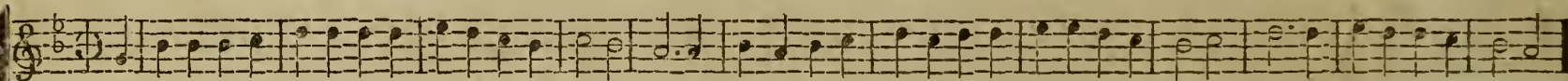


No. 249.

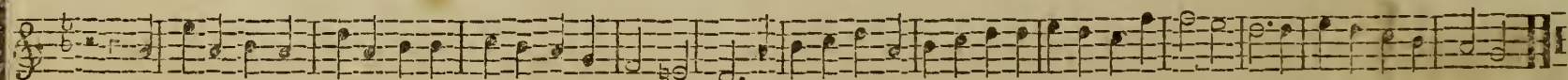
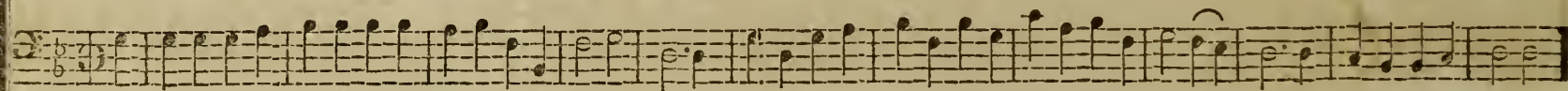
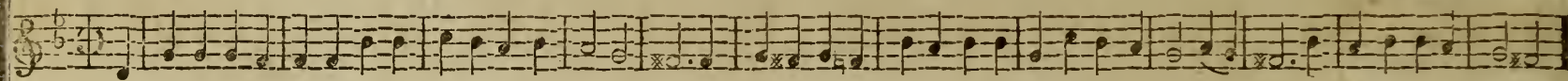
NEW UNION.

L. 7s.

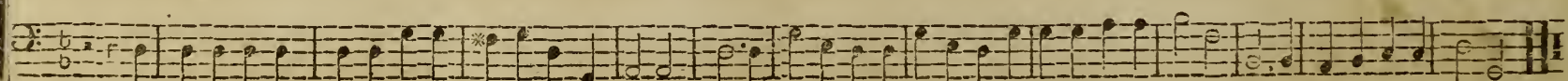
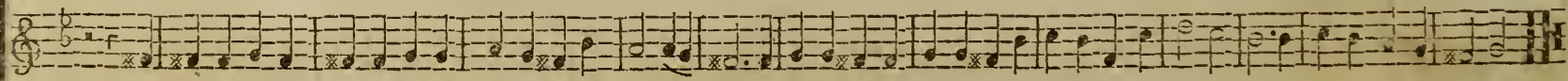
G Minor.



Attend, ye faints, & hear me tell The wonders of Immanuel ; He sav'd me from a burning hell, And bro't my soul with him to dwell, And feel a blessed union.



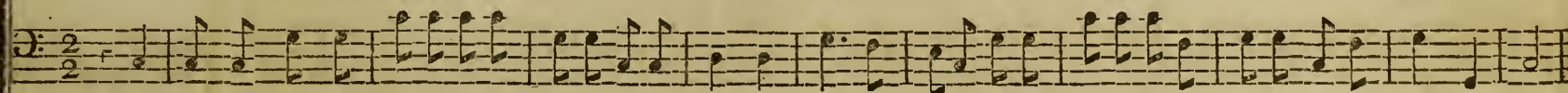
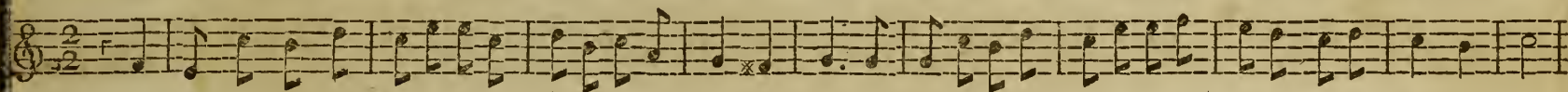
At first he saw me from on high, Beheld my soul in ru - in lie, He look'd on me with pitying eye, And said to me as he pass'd by, With God you have no union.



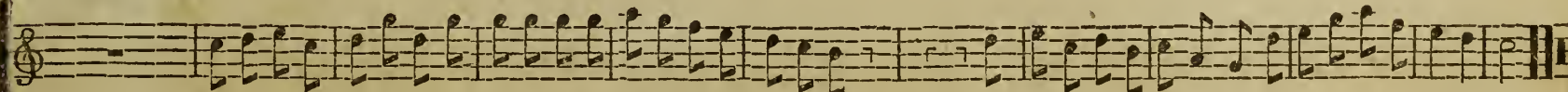




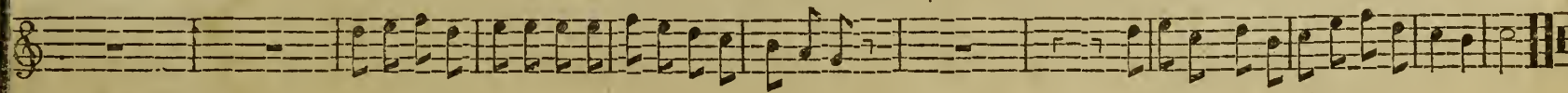
Come, angels, seize your harps of gold, The song of love to man unfold ; Assist our joys, exalt your praise ; Another sinner fav'd by grace.



*Chorus.*

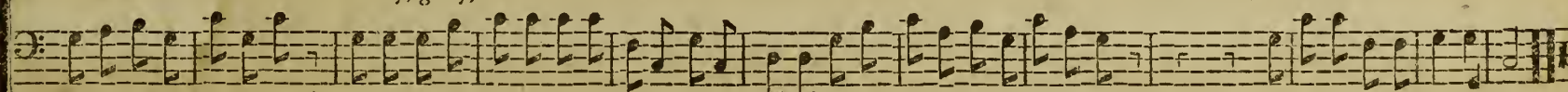


Glory, glory, glory, glory, let us sing, While heav'n & earth with glory ring ; Hosanna to the Lamb of God, Hosanna to the Lamb of God.



Glory, glory,

Hosanna to, Hosanna to



Glory, glory, let us sing,

Glory, glory,

Hosanna to the Lamb of God,

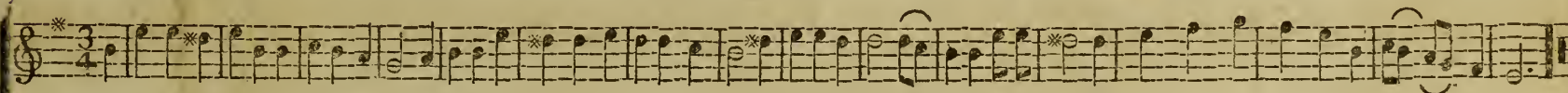
Hosanna

No. 251.

THE HARVEST.

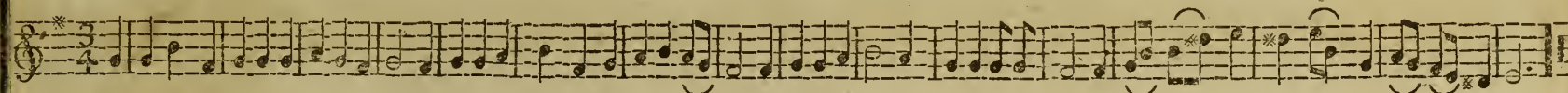
118.

E Minor.



The fields are all white, & the harvest is near,

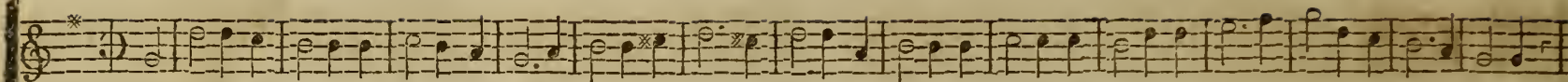
To reap down the wheat, & gather it in barns,



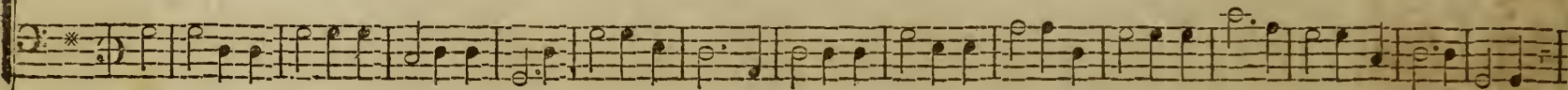
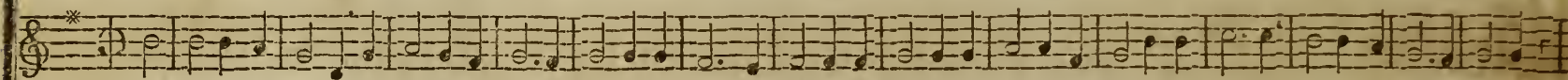
The angels all with their sharp sickles appear,

While wild plants of nature are left for to burn.





Come, all ye dear souls, who are of Adam's loins, Join with me to seek salvation, With hearts fill'd with friendship, let us all combine, And seek for the land of Canaan.

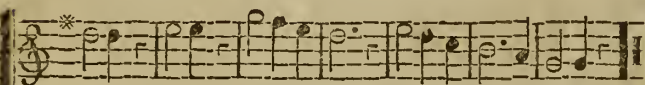


No. 255.

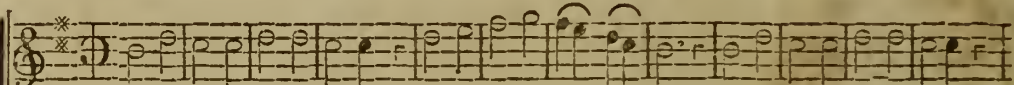
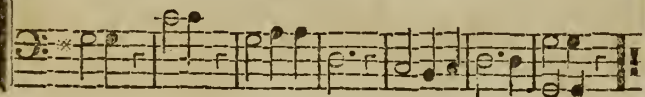
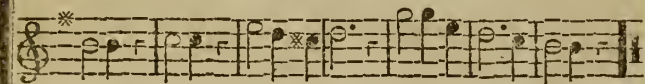
THE BIBLE.

8, 7.

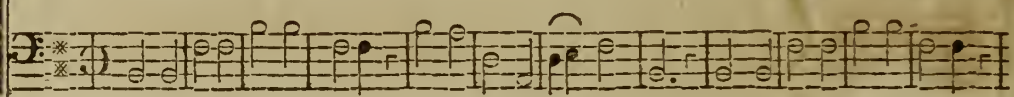
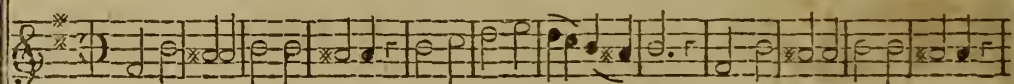
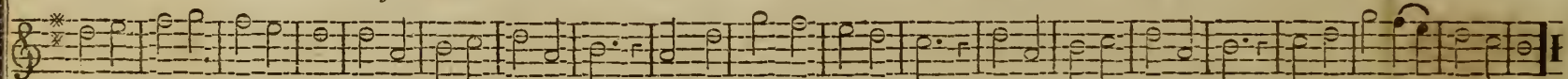
B Minor.

*Chorus.*

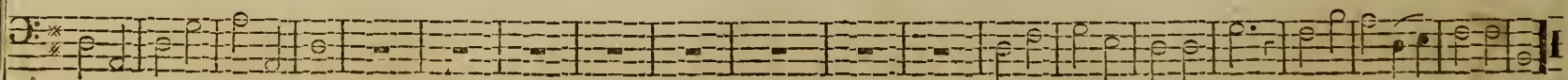
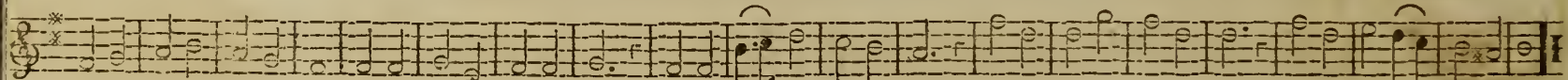
Canaan, Canaan, my happy home, O how I long for Canaan !



Precious Bible ! what a treasure Does the word of God afford ! All I want for life, or pleasure,

*Soft.**Loud.*

Food & med'cine, shield & sword. Let the world account me poor ; Having this, I need no more.      Let the world      Having





My soul, now arise, My passions, take wing, Look up to the skies, And cheerfully sing ; Let God be the object In praises address'd, And this be my subject, 'Tis all for the best.

*Soft.**Increase.**Loud.*

Search all the world thro', Examine & see, And what canst thou view More suited to thee Than this declaration, In scripture express'd, That God, thy salvation, *Does*  
[all for the best ?]

No. 257.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SALUTATION.

H.

F Major.

Peace be unto this house, The Son of Peace, draw near ; But has my Master's Son A tabernacle here ? If so, then I will here remain ; If not, adieu, I'll go again.

*Moderate.*

See the Lord of glory dying! Look, ye sinners, ye who hung him, Look, how deep your sins have stung him!

Hear him groaning, hear him crying! See his burden'd bosom heave! Dying sinners, look & live.

No. 253.

ADMONITION.

7, 6.

A Minor.

*Moderate.*

Stop, poor sinner, stop & think, Before you farther go; Will you sport upon the brink Of everlasting woe? Hell beneath is gaping wide, Vengeance waits the dread command.

*Chorus.*

Soon to stop your sport & pride, And sink you with the damn'd. Ere you are aware you'll drop Into the burning lake.

O be entreated now to stop, For, unless you warning take,



*Andante.*

O be joyful in the Lord, be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands, O be joyful in the Lord, O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands;  
O be joyful in the Lord, O be joyful in the Lord, O be joyful, joyful in the Lord, O be joyful in the Lord,

*Slow.*

Serve the Lord with gladness, & come before his presence with a song. Serve, Be ye sure that the Lord he is

*Moderate.*

God. Be ye sure that the Lord he is God, that the Lord he is God. It is he that has made us, and not we ourselves, It is he that has made us, and

*Quicker.**Slow.*

not we ourselves, and the sheep of his pasture. We are his people, & the sheep of his pasture. O go your way in-

We are his people, & the sheep of his pasture.

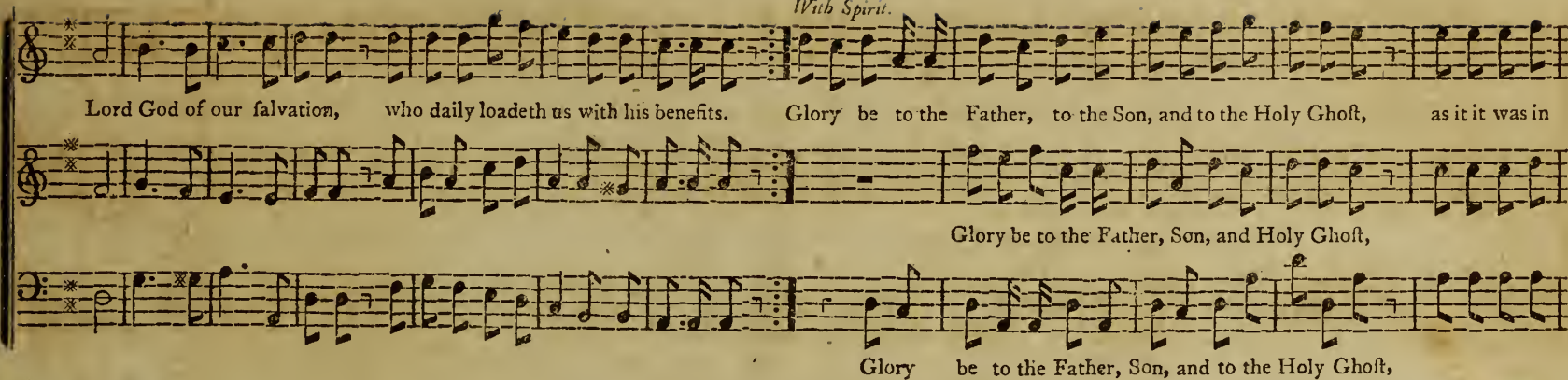
*Quicker.*

to his gates with thanksgiving, with thanksgiving, & into his courts with praise. Be thankful unto him, be thankful unto him, speak

*With Spirit.**Moderate.*

good of his name. For the Lord is gracious, For the Lord is gracious, and his mercy is everlasting, and his mercy is everlasting. Blessed be the

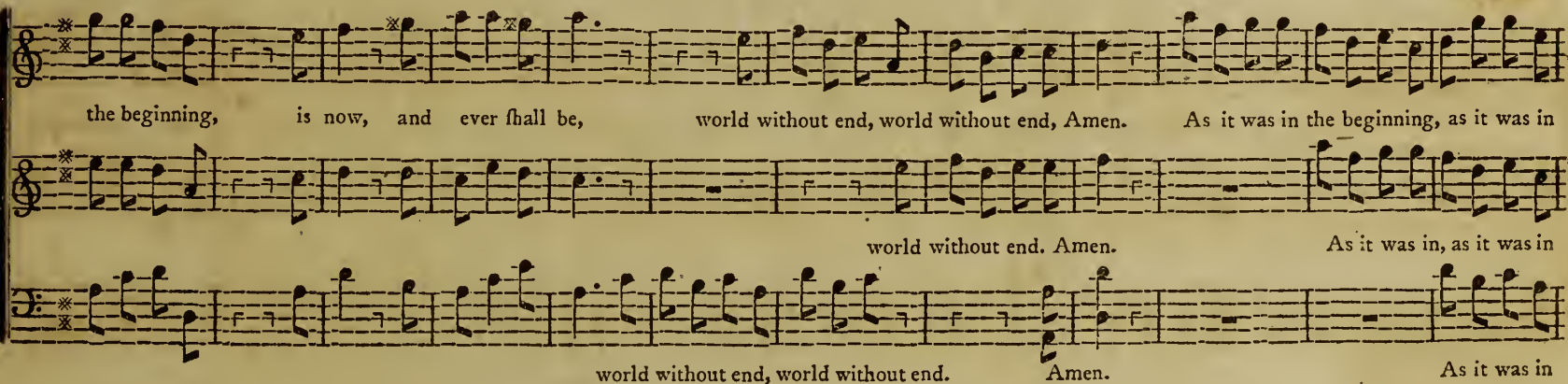


*With Spirit.*


Lord God of our salvation, who daily loadeth us with his benefits. Glory be to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it it was in

Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

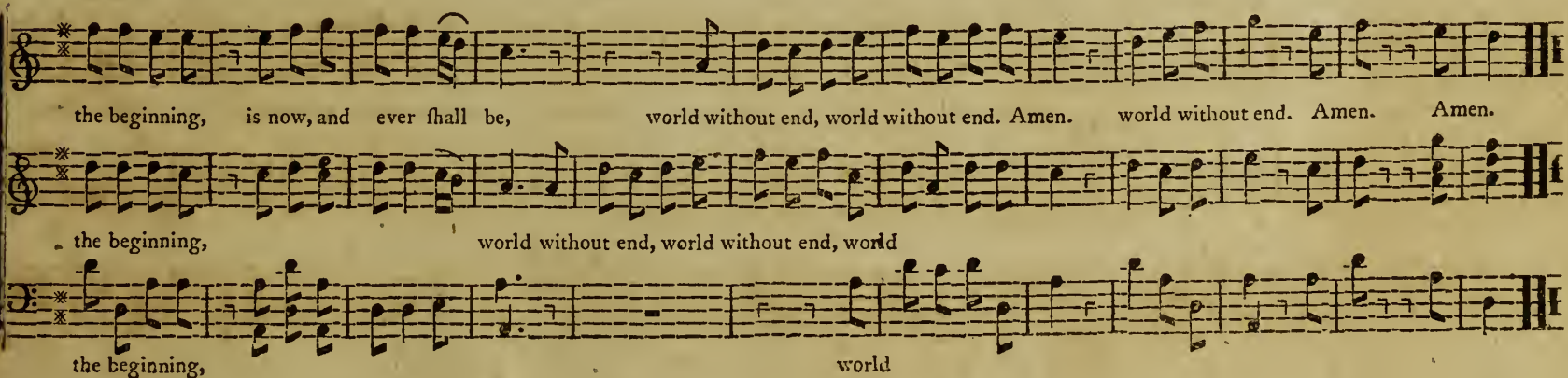
Glory be to the Father, Son, and to the Holy Ghost,



the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, world without end, Amen. As it was in the beginning, as it was in

world without end. Amen. As it was in, as it was in

world without end, world without end. Amen. As it was in



the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, world without end. Amen. world without end. Amen. Amen.

the beginning, world without end, world without end, world

the beginning, world





# INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Of all the Particular Metres in RIPPON's, SMITH's and WATTS's Psalms and Hymns.

*N. B. The Figures immediately following the several lines direct to the Number of the tune to which the hymn is set. The other figures refer to the Page.*

**A**NGELS, roll the rock away

A fulness resides

A good High Priest is come

A debtor to mercy alone

Awake, our drowsy souls

All hail, incarnate God

Arise, my dear love

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed

Ah me! I'm never well

Ah, lovely appearance of death

As shepherds in Jewry

And must it, Lord, be fo

And now the work is done

And must it, Lord, be fo

A beggar poor

A fountain in Jesus

Almighty love, inspire

Attend, ye faints, and hear me tell

Ah, what can I do

Along the banks where Babel's current flows

**B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow

Blessed are the sons of God

Begone, unbelief

Brethren, those who come to blifs

By whom was David taught

**C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched

Christ the Lord has ris'n to day

Come, thou long expected Jesus

Christ our passover is slain

Come, Lord, and help us to rejoice

Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit

Come, ev'ry pious heart

Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing

Come, brethren and sisters who love

Come, all ye weary travellers

Come, friends and relations

Come away to the skies

Christians, if your hearts be warm

Come, brethren, let's sing

Come, ye Christians, sing the praises

Come, ye backsliding sons of God

Come and taste along with me

Children of the Heav'nly King

No. Page

116 80

117 80

96 68

183 123

151 102

164 111

186 125

194 130

103 72

231 159

207 139

170 115

96 68

96 68

234 160

244 186

211 142

249 188

141 96

228 156

210 141

168 75

141 96

201 135

170 115

111 77

115 79

122 84

127 87

189 127

176 119

171 116

172 117

181 122

182 122

205 138

213 143

173 117

195 131

200 134

107 74

139 95

138 95

Christ is set on Zion's hill

Come on, my fellow pilgrims, come

Come, all ye dear souls who are of

Come, angels, seize your harps of gold

**D**ESCEND, Holy Spirit, the Dove

Dear Friend of friendless sinners, hear

Dearest Saviour, help thy servant

Descend, celestial Dove

Day of judgment, day of wonders

Deep in a cold and joyless cell

**E**TERNAL Spirit, source of light

Encompass'd in clouds of distress

Encourag'd by thy word

**F**ATHER, God, who see'st in me

From whence this fear and unbelief

Father, at thy call I come

Father of faithful Abra'm, hear

For a season call'd to part

Farewell, my brethren in the Lord

From whence doth this union arise

**G**LORY to th' eternal King

Great God of wonders, all thy ways

God with us, O glorious name

Gracious God, incline thine ear

Glory to God on high

Give glory to God, ye children of men

Great Father of mankind

Glorious things of thee are spoken

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah

Great High Priest, we view thee stooping

Go, my heralds, blow the trumpet

Gird thy loins up, Christian warrior

Gracious Lord, our children see

Great God, the heav'n's well order'd frame

Give thanks to God most high

**H**OW happy are we

Hark, the voice of love and mercy

Hail, thou once despised Jesus

How firm a foundation

Hark, the herald angels sing

How shall I my Saviour set forth

How happy is the pilgrim's lot

D d

No. Page

247 187

248 188

254 191

250 189

135 93

140 96

154 104

170 115

178 120

99 70

128 88

183 123

170 115

105 73

103 72

132 91

140 96

126 86

134 92

208 140

93 66

106 74

124 85

143 97

157 106

193 130

160 108

161 109

175 118

185 124

114 79

166 112

232 159

216 145

230 158

97 68

101 71

104 73

112 77

113 78

118 81

103 72

Holy wonder, heav'nly grace

Humble souls, who seek salvation

How tedious and tasteless the hours

Hark! how the gospel trumpet sounds

How vain are the pleasures of time

Hail the day that saw him rise

How strange is the course

How lost was my condition

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord

How pleas'd and blest was I

How pleasant 'tis to see

Hosanna to the King

**I**SR'EL in ancient days

In songs of sublime adoration & praise

In sweet, exalted strains

In Jordan's tide the Baptist stands

I my Ebenezer raise

I am that I am

I set myself against the Lord

I bless the Lord

If ever it could come to pass

In the house of King David

I dreamt that I saw Jesus

I'll praise my Maker with my breath

I give immortal praise

**J**ESUS is our great salvation

Jesus, we claim thee for our own

Jesus, how precious is thy name

Jesus, we hang upon thy word

Jesus, full of all compassion

Jesus, at thy command

Jesus, lover of my soul

Jesus, let thy pitying eye

Jesus, mighty King of Zion

Jesus, once for sinners slain

Jesus drinks the bitter cup

Jesus is our God and Saviour

Jesus, our triumphant head

Judges, who rule the world by laws

Join all the glorious names

**K**ING of Salem, blest my soul

Kind Teacher and Lord

No. Page

150 102

168 114

183 123

191 128

183 123

100 70

199 134

190 128

232 159

226 155

227 155

230 158

96 68

110 76

147 100

140 96

139 95

187 126

189 127

202 136

99 70

94 66

243 174

229 157

165 112

109 76

120 83

128 88

134 92

142 97

170 115

145 98

146 99

163 114

232 159

127 87

200 134

100 70

220 148

164 111

126 86

240 184

	No.	Page		No.	Page		No.	Page
<b>L</b> ORD, and am I yet alive	95	67	O, what a glorious mystery	196	132	Though strait be the way	141	96
Let others boast their ancient line	107	74	Of Jesus I sing	241	185	The triune God above	170	115
Lord, how large thy bounties are	145	98	O, eternal, blessed Spirit	159	108	'The God I trust	202	136
Light of those whose dreary dwelling	125	86	Oh, when shall I see Jesus	243	186	The good hand of God	203	136
Lord, if thou thy grace impart	137	94	O God of my salvation, hear	221	149	The fear of the Lord	203	136
Lord of Hosts, how lovely fair	148	101	O happy nation, where the Lord	229	157	The great God of Love	204	137
Lord, I cannot let thee go	152	103	<b>P</b> RAISE the Saviour, all ye nations	166	112	The voice of free grace cries	214	144
Lord, we come before thee now	145	98	Precious Eible! what a treasure	255	191	The reason we love friendship	242	185
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing	158	107	Peace be unto this house	257	192	'Tis Jesus doth save	187	126
Lord, I am vile, what shall I say	103	72	<b>R</b> EJOICE, the Lord is King	119	82	The fields are all white	251	189
Lord, thou hast bid thy people pray	103	72	Rock of Ages, shelter me	129	90	'Tis my happiness below	95	67
Lo, he cometh! countless trumpets	177	119	Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	144	98	The Lord, the Sov'reign, sends his summons	218	147
Lo, he comes, with clouds descending	176	119	<b>S</b> ONS we are, thro' God's election	162	110	The God of Glory sends his summons	219	148
Let Christ, the glorious lover	190	128	Shall Jesus descend from the skies	102	72	Think, mighty God, on feeble man	222	150
Let Zion with her sons	198	133	Sinful and blind and poor	96	68	The Lord of Glory reigns	223	151
Lamb of God, we fall before thee	166	112	Self-destroy'd, for help I pray	155	105	The Lord Jehovah reigns	224	152
Let us ask th' important question	200	134	Saviour, visit thy plantation	162	110	That man is blest who stands in awe	217	146
Lord of the worlds above	160	108	Sing to the Lord above	165	112	To Him who chose us first	171	116
Let all the earth their voices raise	216	145	Sov'reign Ruler of the skies	173	117	<b>U</b> NCLEAN, unclean, and full of sin	103	72
<b>M</b> IGHTY God, while angels blest thee	114	79	Saviour, I do feel thy merit	159	108	Upward I lift mine eyes	151	102
My gracious Redeemer I'll love	136	94	Sin is the fatal cause of woe	103	72	<b>W</b> HEN thou, my righteous Judge,		
May the grace of Christ our Saviour	159	108	Still out of the deepest abyss	209	140	shalt come	103	72
Mercy, O thou Son of David	212	142	Sov'reign grace has pow'r alone	232	159	Wand'ring pilgrims, mourning Christians	166	112
My days, my weeks, my months, my years	167	113	Stop, poor sinner, stop and think	253	190	What think ye, my friends, of the preaching	94	66
Mistaken men may bawl	170	115	Sinner, are you still secure	143	97	While I am blest with youthful bloom	103	72
My soul, Lord, inflame	239	184	See the Lord of Glory dying	252	190	When John, tho' a man	193	130
My soul, now arise	256	192	Sav'd by thy blood, I live to tell	138	95	When Joseph his brethren beheld	183	123
My Christ is my friend	245	187	<b>T</b> HE God of Abra'm praise	98	69	When fierce Tiberius Rome's	197	132
<b>N</b> OW begin the heav'nly theme	100	70	The Father we blest	97	68	We've found the Rock	233	160
Now let our hearts conspire to raise	189	127	Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song	94	66	What contradictions meet	246	187
Now the shades of night are gone	126	85	The fountain of Christ	123	84	When first my soul enlisted	190	128
Now I have found the ground wherein	140	96	There is a path to heav'nly bliss	131	91	What think ye of Christ? is the test	183	123
Now while I try my heart	170	115	The Bible is justly esteem'd	133	92	Wak'd by the gospel's pow'ful sound	103	72
No prophet nor dreamer of dreams	118	81	The moment a sinner believes	136	94	With cheerful voice I sing	230	158
Now the Saviour stands a pleading	215	144	'Tis a point I long to know	139	95	<b>Y</b> E dying sons of men	96	63
Never does truth more shine	246	175	The joyful morn, my God, is come	149	101	Ye scarlet colour'd sinners, come	103	72
Not to our names, thou only Just & True	225	153	Thy presence, gracious God, afford	153	104	Yes, the Redeemer rose	171	116
<b>O</b> MY distrustful heart	96	68	This God is the God we adore	136	94	Ye virgin souls, arise	171	116
O Lord my God, whose sov'reign love	99	70	To Father, Son and Holy Ghost	189	127	Ye pris'ners of hope	150	90
O Thou, who didst thy glory leave	103	72	Thus it became the Prince of Grace	167	113	Ye souls that are weak	141	96
O, ye immortal throng	165	112	Thou God of glorious majesty	103	72	Ye lambs of Christ's fold	141	96
O my soul, what means this sadness	178	120	'Tis finish'd, 'tis done	174	118	Ye try'd sons of God	187	126
Our Father, whose eternal sway	103	72	The great, tremendous day's approaching	184	124	Ye holy souls, in God rejoice	217	146
On what has now been sown	96	68	Throughout the Saviour's life we trace	103	72	Ye who delight to serve the Lord	216	145
Our Shepherd alone	156	106	The table spread, my soul there spies	103	72	Ye tribes of Adam, join	230	158
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	163	110	The Saviour meets his flock to day	106	74	<b>Z</b> ACCHEUS climb'd the tree	160	108
On wings of faith mount up, my soul	179	120	Though troubles assail	188	126			
Omnipotent Lord, my Saviour & King	205	138	Through all this world below	192	129			



# Index of the Metres most commonly used.

<i>Long Metre.</i>			<i>Long Metre.</i>			<i>Short Metre.</i>			<i>Short Metre.</i>		
No.	SHARP KEY.	Page	No.	FLAT KEY.	Page	No.	SHARP KEY.	Page	No.	FLAT KEY.	Page
1	Farmingham	9	16	Dunstable	18	31	Thornton	27	43	Kingston	35
2	Goslen	9	17	Dublin	18	32	Staffordshire	27	44	Aylebury	35
3	Campton	10	18	Sunbury	19	33	Shelburne	28	45	Orton	36
4	Pembroke	11	19	Wilmington	19	34	Sutton	28	46	Hartfield	37
5	Wells	12	20	Alstead	20	35	Farnham	28	47	Little Marlborough	38
6	Old Hundred	12	21	Charlton	20	36	Lansdown	29	48	Norfolk	38
7	Lubec	13	22	Lynn	21	37	Raynham	31	49	Medford	39
8	Kittery	14	23	Amiens	21	38	Surry	31	50	Norwich	40
9	Winchester New	14	24	Russia	22	39	Stafford	32	51	Glastonbury	40
10	Arnheim	15	25	New Plymouth	23	40	Bethsaida	32	52	Complaining	41
11	Syracuse	15	26	Quakenburg	24	41	Yarmouth	33	53	Augusta	41
12	Chester	16	27	Delhi	25	42	Buxton	34	54	Decision	42
13	Paris	16	28	Bordenton	25	394	Harvey	83	55	Compassion	42
14	Confidence	17	29	Gospel Net	26						
15	Truth	17	30	Ashbury	26						
206	Hiding Place	138									

<i>Common Metre.</i>			<i>Common Metre.</i>			<i>Particular Metre.</i>			<i>Particular Metre.</i>		
No.	SHARP KEY.	Page	No.	FLAT KEY.	Page	No.	SHARP KEY.	Page	No.	FLAT KEY.	Page
56	Alpha	43	75	Elim	57	216	Hexham	145	220	Grafton	148
57	Hinsdale	43	76	Stoneham	57	217	Pelham	146	221	Enfield	149
58	Smyrna	44	77	Buckingham	58	229	Pennicook	157	222	Raymond	150
59	Patrick's St.	44	78	Windfor	58						
60	Victory	45	79	Lebanon	59						
61	Woodstreet	46	80	Walden	59						
62	Winter	47	81	Bangor	60						
63	Creation	48	82	Plymouth	60						
64	Kenington	49	83	New Hampton	61						
65	Maine	49	84	Orford	61						
66	Wolfsborough	50	85	Saybrook	62						
67	Barnstead	51	86	Hague	62						
68	Coronation	52	87	Rye	63						
69	Suffield	53	88	Deering	63						
70	Zoar	53	89	Oxford	63						
71	Marlborough	54	90	Vergennes	64						
72	Canton	54	91	Stratham	64						
73	Claremont	56	92	Greenham	65						
74	Edgeware	56									
180	Waterford	121									

<i>Hallelujah Metre.</i>			<i>Hallelujah Metre.</i>		
No.	SHARP KEY.	Page	No.	FLAT KEY.	Page
119	Providence	82	96	Cornish	68
147	Belfast	100	170	Hungary	115
151	Uxbridge	102			
160	Greenland	108			
164	Bethesda	111			
165	Dartmouth	112			
171	Brookline	116			
230	Lenox	158			







