

Eclectic
Tune Book.

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THE
ECLECTIC TUNE BOOK,



A SELECTION OF

STANDARD CHURCH TUNES:

WITH

NEW AND APPROPRIATE PIECES,

FOR THE

OPENING AND CLOSING OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

EDITED BY WM. B. BRADBURY.

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P R E F A C E .

THE aim of the present compilation, as its name indicates, has been to combine the most popular, effective and excellent tunes, old and new, now in use among the Churches. The selection has been *based upon actual returns* contained in more than five hundred lists of tunes furnished in response to a Circular of inquiry sent to leading Churches in every section of the country. After a careful collation of these lists, comprising in the aggregate upwards of sixteen hundred distinct compositions, those were selected that were *most generally recommended*. To these have been added a few new ones furnished by leading Composers.

To meet a very general demand for OCCASIONAL PIECES to be sung by the Choir at the opening and close of service, there have been introduced a somewhat new class of compositions, whose main idea consists in the adaptation of appropriate

music to words freshly selected from the more effective spiritual sentiment embodied in the hymnology of the present day. These pieces, it is believed, will constitute a most attractive feature of the book, and *to these the attention of PASTORS and CHOIR-LEADERS is especially asked*.

Without instituting any comparison with the many excellent Collections widely used by the Churches, it is believed that this, the more thoroughly it is tested, will commend itself as combining, both for the choir and the congregation, every element that is needed for the practical ends of devotional singing. In this conviction, the book is sent forth to the Churches with the prayer, that the blessing of the great Head of the Church may attend its use by choir and congregation.

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THE NEW SINGING CLASS.

LESSON I.

THE SCALE.

§ I "THE SCALE" is a succession of EIGHT Musical Sounds or TONES.

NOTE.—The Teacher will sing or play the scale, slowly at first, allowing the pupils to count each tone as sung, from one to eight. After becoming familiar with its tones by listening, let them then sing it themselves many times, backwards and forwards, before calling their attention to its written form, either in the book or upon the blackboard.

NUMERALS OR NAMES OF THE SCALE.

§ II. The scale is numbered or named from the lowest to the highest tone, thus:

ONE,	TWO,	THREE,	FOUR,	FIVE,	SIX,	SEVEN,	EIGHT.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.

SYLLABLES.

§ III "SYLLABLES" like the following are used to assist the beginner in reading music, i. e., producing the right tones. When all the sounds of the scale have been made familiar by practice, these "syllables," (which are mere helps to the beginner), may be partially or wholly dropped, and one syllable, (La,) or the words ordinarily set to the music, may be used instead.

SYLLABLES, as Written.	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.
SYLLABLES, as Pronounced.	Do,	Ray,	Mee,	Fah,	Sole,	Lah,	See,	Do.
NUMERALS, or Names.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.

REPRESENTATION OF THE SCALE, WITH SYLLABLES AND NUMERALS.

SING, ascending and descending.

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do. Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

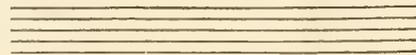
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8. 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1.

THE STAFF.

§ IV. Five horizontal lines with the spaces between them constitute the musical Staff.

and upon this the characters representing the Scale and other musical exercises and tunes are written.

THE STAFF.



PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

NOTE.—In the following Exercises, the teacher will give the pitch generally, as indicated by the numeral 1, (supposing the clef and signature to be the c.) simply saying to the class, "Now Do (1) is on the lowest (or first) line." "Now between the first and second lines," &c. By thus frequently changing the position of the scale, the beginner learns from the first to regard the intervals in their relative position, irrespective of any given space upon the staff. This we deem of much importance in teaching the art of reading music *vocally*. (In learning to play upon an instrument the case is different.) After getting some practical idea of what reading music is—by the preparatory exercises that follow—the pupil will easily understand and appreciate the importance of *fixed sounds*, as indicated by the letters and clefs. "ONE THING AT A TIME," must be the successful teacher's motto.

No. 1.—THE SCALE UPON THE STAFF.

(SING.)

Numerals. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1.

Syllables. Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

No. 2.—THE SCALE IN ANOTHER POSITION (HIGHER).

NOTE.—The teacher will take the pitch a little higher, and sing the scale *first*, calling attention to the notes.

(SING.)

Numerals. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1.

Syllables. Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

No. 3.—THE SCALE IN ANOTHER POSITION (LOWER).

(SING.)

Numerals. 1 2 3 4 5 5 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1.

Syllables. Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

That peace on earth, and joy may reign To heaven we pray. A-men, A-men.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here be-low.

§ V. It will be seen from the foregoing exercises that the scale may be placed in any position upon the Staff, higher or lower, at the option of the writer. In the above a short line below the staff has been added, in order to begin the scale lower. This is usually called a **LEGER LINE**, or **ADDED LINE**.

NOTES AND RESTS.

§ VI. The relative length of musical tones is represented to the eye by characters called **NOTES**.

The different forms of these notes represent the different lengths of musical sounds; while also by their position (higher or lower), they are made to represent the different tones or sounds of the scale.

SILENCE is indicated by characters called **RESTS**. Each **NOTE** has a corresponding **REST**.

ILLUSTRATION OF NOTES WITH THEIR RESTS.

WHOLE NOTE, also called SEMI-BREVE.	HALF NOTE, also called MINIM.	QUARTER NOTE, also called CROTCHET.	EIGHTH NOTE, also called QUAVER.	SIXTEENTH NOTE, also called SEMIQUAVER.	THIRTY-SECOND NOTE, also called DEMISEMIQUAVER.
					
WHOLE REST.	HALF REST.	QUARTER REST.	EIGHTH REST.	SIXTEENTH REST.	THIRTY-SECOND REST.
					

NOTE.—By practice the pupil becomes familiar with the different forms and shapes of the above notes and rests, and soon learns to govern the length of his tones entirely by them. This is called **KEEPING TIME**.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

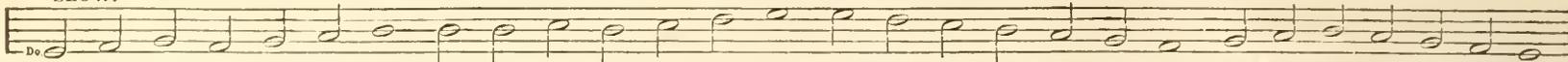
No. 4.—“LET US NOW BE UP AND DOING.”—SCALE EXERCISE.



Let us now be up and do-ing, With a heart for a - ny fate, Still a - chiev-ing, still pur - su - ing, Learn to la - bor and to wait.
Up and down, o'er hills and meadows, Rid-ing, walking, quick or slow, On wher - ev - er fan - cy leads us, O'er the fair, bright world we go.

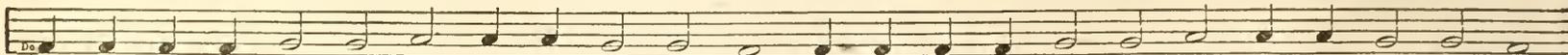
No. 5.—“LET US, WITH A JOYFUL MIND.”—TUNE.

SLOW.

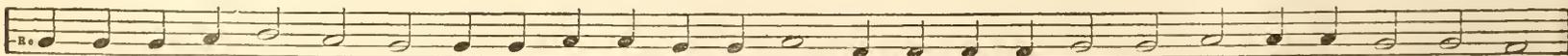


1. Let us, with a joy - ful mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind; For his mer - cies shall en - dure Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
2. He with all - eom - mand - ing might Filled the new - made world with light; For his mer - cies shall en - dure Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
3. All things liv - ing he doth feed, His full hand sup - plies their need; For his mer - cies shall en - dure Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

No. 6.—“SWIFTLY ROLL THE SEASONS ROUND.”—SONG EXERCISE.



Swift - ly roll the sea - sons round; Sum - mer's passed a - way, Now the fo - liage strews the ground, Leaf - less mourns the spray.



From the sad and na - ked bower, From the bit - ter storms that lower, Far each feathered song - ster flies, Seek - ing mild - er skies.

THE NEW SINGING CLASS.

EXERCISES WITH SKIPS.

(Omitting or passing over certain tones of the scale.)

TO THE TEACHER.—Exercise the class on the skips of ONE, THREE, and FIVE, and explain the REPEAT and DA CAPO.

No. 10.—SKIP OF THE THIRD. (OMITTING ONE TONE.)

What kind of measure?

No. 11.—SKIP OF THE FIFTH (OMITTING THREE TONES.)

What kind of measure?

Do,
One, two, three, one, three, one, three, Come, and skip this third with me.

One, two, three, four, five, one, five, five, one, five, Af-ter wisdom let us strive,

No. 12.—"THE CHEERFUL DAY."—SONG.

Commencing on the second part of the measure.

FINE.—(End.)

DA CAPO.*

let us strive. 1. { The cheerful day is dawn-ing, I hear the cuckoo sing, }
 { To greet the ear-ly morn-ing, And ush-er in the Spring, } O, welcome, welcome, cuck-oo! O, welcome, gen-tle Spring!
 d. c. O, cuck-oo, cuckoo, wel- come! O, welcome, gentle Spring!

* DA CAPO—Return to the beginning.

No. 13.—"NOW THE GENTLE MAY."—SONG EXERCISE ON ONE, THREE, AND FIVE.

Do, Do, Mi, Mi, Sol, Sol, Mi, Mi, Do, Do, Mi, Mi, Re, Re, Re. Do, Do, Mi, Mi, Sol, Sol, Mi, Mi, Do, Mi, Sol, Mi, Re, Re, Do.

1. Now the gen-tle May approaching, Shin-ing, fleec-y clouds are seen, And a joy-ful song of welcome Sounds from ev-ery cop-pice green.
 2. Dai-ly come the feathered her-alds, From a-far, a-cross the sea; And a-broad the hap-py children Shout and sing in harm-less glee.
 3. O'er the hills and meadows scat-ter, Low-ing cat-tle, far and near; And on zeph-yrs gen-tly floating, Mark the sheep-bell tinkling clear.

No. 14.—"UP AND OFF, BOYS."—SONG EXERCISE ON ONE, THREE, AND FIVE.

SPRIGHTLY.

Do, Mi, Sol, Mi,

Up and off, boys, Sun is ris-ing, Let him not be-hold you here; Up and off, boys, fields are smil-ing, Ev-ery bird is sing-ing clear.
 Light-ly step-ping, gay-ly step-ping, Still our hap-py voic-es join; If the storm comes, we can bear it, If the sun shines, let it shine.

LESSON III.

ABSOLUTE PITCH—LETTERS—CLEFS.

TO THE TEACHER.—Introduce ABSOLUTE PITCH OF TONES by letters. Explain Staff, Clef, &c.

§ I. The ABSOLUTE PITCH of Tones is indicated by the letters A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

§ II. Either of these may be taken as the basis of the series of sounds that we call THE SCALE.

§ III. The scale takes its name from the letter upon which it is founded, as *e. g.*: a scale beginning on C, is called THE SCALE OF C, and C is taken as ONE (Do); A scale beginning on D, is called THE SCALE OF D, and D is taken as ONE, &c. &c.

NOTE.—The Teacher will explain further, and sing or play the sounds of the above letters, naming them, and especially drawing the attention of the pupils to the fact that musical sounds are distinguished from each other as to given pitch, or difference of pitch, *by the letters*, and not by syllables or numerals.

§ IV. In order to determine the position and pitch of the scale upon the staff, a character is used to represent one of the letters,* and is placed at the beginning of the staff. This is called a CLEF.

§ V. There are two clefs in general use, called the TREBLE or G CLEF, and the F or BASE CLEF.

G CLEF.



F CLEF.



NOTE.—Another, called the C CLEF,

C CLEF.



is used in many parts of Europe, but seldom in this country, the two above named being regarded sufficient for all practical purposes.

§ VI. The G clef is placed upon the second line, and represents the letter G upon that line.

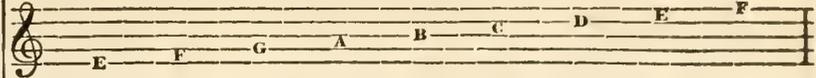
§ VII. The F clef is placed upon the fourth line, and represents the letter F upon that line.

Each line and space of the staff is then named after the letters, as follows:

* A LETTER was originally used instead of what we now call the clef.

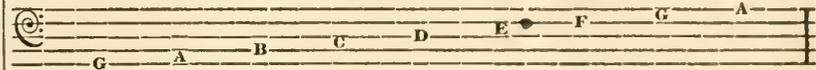
TREBLE STAFF WITH THE LETTERS MARKED.

G CLEF.



BASE STAFF WITH THE LETTERS MARKED.

F CLEF.



NOTE.—The pupils should all sing occasionally from the Base staff. Frequently half the school may sing the Base, while the other half are singing the Treble parts.

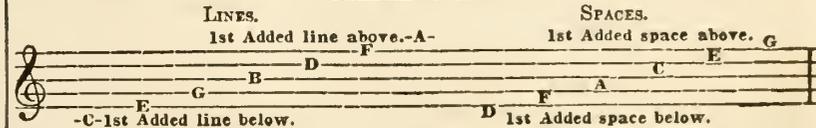
ADDED LINES.

§ VIII. The compass of the staff may be extended below or above by additional short lines, called ADDED or LEGER LINES. These, with the spaces intervening, derive their names also from the letters in the same manner as the staff proper.

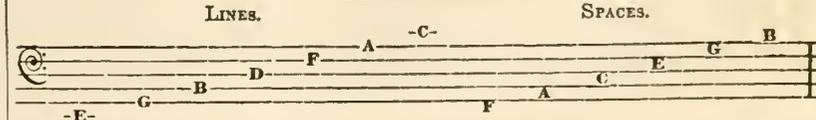
§ IX. The degrees of the staff are numbered from the lowest upward, the lowest being reckoned as the FIRST line.

§ X. It is important to become familiar with the lines and spaces of the staves, by name, thus:

TREBLE STAFF.



BASE STAFF.



§ XI. Notes placed upon either degree of the staff receive their melodic name from the letter of the line or space on which they are placed. Thus, a note on the first line of the Treble staff is called E; on the first space, F, &c.

Practice reading tunes and exercises by the letters.

THE NEW SINGING CLASS.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

No. 15.—“SING WE REJOICING.”—SONG EXERCISE IN TWO PARTS—QUADRUPLE MEASURE.

LADIES.



Do, Mi, Sol, Do,

1. Sing we re - joic - ing, the boun-teous heavenly Hand, Scat-tering ev - ery bless - ing o'er our hap - py land.
2. Land of our fa - thers, wher - ev - er we may roam, Dear - est na - tive land, to us thou still art home.
3. Though oth - er coun - tries may bright - er hopes ful - fill, Dear - est na - tive land, we ev - er love thee still.
4. Heaven shield our coun - try from ev - ery hos - tile band, Free - dom, love, and plen - ty, ev - er crown our land.

GENTLEMEN.



Do, Mi, Sol, Do, Sol, Mi, Do, Sol Do, Mi, Sol, Mi, Do, Mi, Sol, Do, Sol, Do.

No. 16.—“THE WOOD.”—TWO PART SONG. SCALE EXERCISE, FOUNDED ON C.



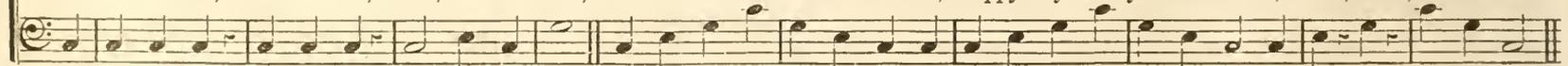
1. I love the wood, the lone-ly wood, 'Tis there I find my high-est good; O, where's a place like that so free? Or one so fraught with cheer and glee?
2. How sweet thy smiles when gentle Spring Returns, its golden joys to bring! And when, thro' all thy verdant bounds, The twitt'ring, chirping song resounds.
3. I love thy calm and cool retreat, When Summer sheds her sultry heat; O, then what charms thy walks pervade! How sweet to sit beneath thy shade!
4. And when the Autumn, deemed so drear, Makes all thy verdure dun and sear, Thou still hast charms to every view, In live-ly tints of va-ried hue.
5. And ev - en Winter's chilling night, Does not thy lovely pleasures blight; Tho' Nature else is wrapped in dread, Yet thou art cheer'd by sportsman's tread.



CHORUS TO EACH VERSE.



Then shout aloud, shout a-loud, shout, shout a - loud, Shout aloud and swell the chorus, Happy days are yet be-fore us, Shout, shout, shout aloud.



EXERCISE FOR TWO NOTES TO THE BEAT.

$\frac{2}{4}$



la, la.

Sil - ver lay, Mea - sure gay, Chas - ing ev - ery care a - way, Voic - es free, Joy - ous - ly Swell in har - mo - ny.

Not a tear, Not a fear, Ev - er mar our pleas - ures here, Sweet the strain Wakes a - gain, Sooth - ing ev - ery pain.

LESSON IV.
RHYTHM.

§ I. In a former chapter we considered the length of sounds as indicated by the different forms of the notes, &c., but the time of a piece of music may be slower or faster without interfering with *relative* proportions.

§ II. When, for example, we apply four beats to the whole note, we must allow two beats to the half note, and one beat to the quarter-note, &c.; but when we apply only two beats to the whole note, we must allow but one beat to the half note, &c.

§ III. There may be various kinds of notes in the measure, but there must be an equal amount in every measure; that is, one measure must contain as much in the aggregate as another.

NOTE.—Examine, also, tunes in the body of the work. Question on the relative duration of the notes, &c.

NOTE.—To aid in computing time, Maelzel, the celebrated French mechanist, invented an instrument called a Metronome. It has a pendulum, which swings and ticks at regular intervals of time, like that of a clock. (The instrument is, in fact, a clock turned upside down, but without dial plate or hands.) If the weight be moved upwards, the pendulum will swing slower, if downwards, faster; but put the weight where you will, its motions will always be in *equal time*; never hurrying, never dragging.

In the performance of a piece of music, the time should be computed with the same accuracy and regularity as by a Metronome, or a clock.



VARIETIES OF TIME, AND MOTIONS OF THE HAND IN BEATING.

§ IV. There are in general use FOUR KINDS of Measures, and each kind has THREE VARIETIES.

DOUBLE MEASURE

has two beats; the upper figure is 2. The varieties are $\frac{2}{2}$, $\frac{2}{4}$, $\frac{2}{8}$. The motions of the hand are *down, up*; accented on the first part.

TRIPLE MEASURE

has three beats; the upper figure is 3. The varieties are $\frac{3}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{3}{8}$. The motions of the hand are *down, left, up*; accented on the first and third parts.

QUADRUPLE MEASURE

has four beats; the upper figure is 4. The varieties are $\frac{4}{2}$, $\frac{4}{4}$, $\frac{4}{8}$. The motions of the hand are *down, left, right, up*; accented on the first and third parts.

SEXTUPLE MEASURE

has six beats; the upper figure is 6. The varieties are $\frac{6}{2}$, $\frac{6}{4}$, $\frac{6}{8}$. The motions of the hand are *down, down, left, right, up, up*; accented on the first and fourth parts.

NOTE.—When the movement in Sextuple Measure is rapid, it may be beaten the same as Double Measure. When it is slow, beating may also be performed with three motions repeated, when this method is preferred.

SCALE SONGS.

OR RHYTHMICAL EXERCISES WITH THE SCALE, FOR BEATING TIME AND SINGING.

No. 17.

Down, left, right, up, down, left, right, up, down, left, right, up, down, left, right, up, &c.

SING BACKWARDS.

1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 3 3 3 3 4 4 4 4 5 5 5 5 6 6 6 6 7 7 7 7 8 8 8 8.

Now the gen-tle May ap-proach-ing, Shining, fleecy clouds are fly-ing, Cheerly sound our notes of welcome, While with nature's song-sters vie-ing.

No. 18.

D., l., r., u., d., l., r., u., &c.

Do, Do, Re, Re, Mi, Mi, Fa, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, La, Si, Si, Do, Do. Do, Do, Si, Si, La, La, Sol, Sol, Fa, Fa, Mi, Mi, Re, Re, Do, Do.
Shepherds from their sleep are waking, Morning light is gen-tly breaking, Ro-sy beams in beau-ty springing, While all nature's voice is sing-ing.

No. 19.—“PRAISE GOD.”

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low.

No. 20.—“VOICES RINGING.”—Two NOTES TO EACH BEAT.

SING BACKWARDS.

Voic-es ring-ing, All are singing; Flowers springing, Beauty bringing; Hearts are bounding, Music's sounding, Countless treasures, Countless pleasures.

DOTTED NOTES.

§ V. By the addition of a Dor (·), a note is made to represent a tone one half longer

than it does otherwise: thus a dotted whole note is equal to a whole and half (♩· equal to ♩♩); a dotted half note is equal to a half and quarter note (♩· to ♩♩), &c.

No. 21.—“AH, MY HEART IS WEARY.”

Ah, my heart is wea - ry, wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, for the May— Wait - ing for the pleasant ram - bles, Where the fra - grant hawthorn brambles, With the wood - bine al - ter - nat - ing, Scent the dew - y way.

LESSON V.

DYNAMICS.

(POWER OF SOUND.)

§ I To sing in good taste, our sounds must be varied with respect to their Power or stress, sometimes singing louder, and sometimes softer, according to the character of the song or sentiment. For this purpose, DYNAMICS are used.

DYNAMIC CHARACTERS EXPLAINED.

Piano	marked <i>p</i>	Soft.
Pianissimo	marked <i>pp</i>	Very soft.
Forte	marked <i>f</i>	Loud.
Fortissimo	marked <i>ff</i>	Very loud.
Mezzo	marked <i>m</i>	Medium.
Mezzo Piano	marked <i>mp</i>	Rather soft.
Mezzo Forte	marked <i>mf</i>	Rather loud.
Crescendo	marked <i>Cres.</i> , or \curvearrowright	Commence soft and increase.
Diminuendo	marked <i>Dim.</i> , or \curvearrowleft	Commence loud and diminish.
Swell	marked \curvearrowright	Swell.
Sforzando, or Explosive	marked <i>sf</i> , or $>$	Sudden and full.
Staccato	marked $\cdot\cdot$ or $!!$	Short and distinct.
Legato	marked \frown	Connected and smooth.

DYNAMIC MARKS APPLIED.

No. 22.

Breezes softly now are blowing, Streamlets gently now are flowing.

No. 23.

Softly now, Softly now, Lightly raise the song; Loudly now, Loudly now, Loud and very strong.

SCALE SONGS—CONTINUED

No. 24.—“MAY DAY MORN.”—May be sung in Two PARTS. See figures 1 and 2.

p *Cres.* *Cres.* *Cres.*

May day morn is smil-ing, Hearts of grief be-guil-ing; Tune-ful choirs are wak-ing, Notes are gay-ly breaking, Fortune's gifts have crowned us,
 Social friends surround us. List to what we're saying, Let us go a-May-ing. *ff* *Dim.*
 Tune-ful choirs are wak-ing, Notes are gay-ly break-ing. Fortune's gifts have crowned us, Social friends surround us; List to what we're say-ing, *Dim.* *Dim.* *Dim.*

No. 25.—DOUBLE MEASURE—TRIPLETS: three to each beat.

Let us go a-May-ing. Do, Do, Do, Re, Re, Re, Mi, Mi, Mi, Fa, Fa, Fa, Sol, Sol, Sol, La, La, La.
 Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful.

SING BACKWARDS.

No. 26.—SEXTUPLE MEASURE.—When sung rapidly the effect is the same as with triplets, in No. 25.
 LEGATO.

Si, Si, Si, Do, Do, Do. Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful. Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful.

No. 27.—SCALE WITH RESTS.

No. 28.—SCALE WITH RESTS.

No. 29.—SOLFAING.*—ROUND.

Haydn.

Do, Re, Mi, Mi, Fa, Fa, I am tired of this sol-fa-ing, And I know not what you're saying.

* Singing with syllables.

No. 30.—"WHETHER YOU WHISPER."

Cres. *f* *Dim.*

Whether you whis-per low, or loud - ly call, Dis - tinct - ly, Dis - tinct - ly speak, or do not speak at all.

MOVEMENT.

EXPLANATION OF TERMS IN GENERAL USE.

ADAGIO—slow.
 ALLEGRO—quick.
 ALLEGRETTO—not so quick as Allegro.
 ALLEGRO ASSAI—very quick.
 ANDANTE—gentle, and rather slow.
 ANDANTINO—somewhat quicker than Andante.
 CANTABILE—pronounced *Kan-tah-bi-lee*—graceful, flowing.
 E—and.
 GRAVE—slow and solemn.

LARGO—slow.
 LARGHETTO—not so slow as Largo.
 MODERATO—in moderate time.
 PASTORALE—applied to graceful movements in Sextuple time.
 PRESTO—quick.
 PRESTISSIMO—very quick.
 RALLENTANDO—Slower and softer by degrees.
 RITARDANDO—retarding the time.
 TEMPO—time.
 VIVACE—quick and cheerful.

The above are the most common terms in use among musicians for expressing the different degrees of movement.

No. 31.—"SILVER LAY."—THREE PART SONG.

ALLEGRO, p *m* *Cres.* *Cres.* *f*

Sil - ver lay, Mea - sure gay, Chas - ing ev - ery care a - way, Voi - ces free, Joy - ous - ly Swell in har - mo - ny.
 Not a tear, Not a fear, Ev - er mar our pleas - ures here, Sweet the strain Wakes a - gain, Sooth - ing ev - ery pain.

* Sing also with La, Letters, and Numerals.

LESSON VI.

MUSIC IN PARTS—CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES.

§ I. A PART in music is represented to the eye by a single set or number of notes on any staff. The treble, for example, is one PART, the base is another PART, &c.

§ II. Music is composed of one, two, three, four, and often more parts. When in two or more parts, it is said to be in Harmony, and is so composed that the different parts agree, or HARMONIZE together.

§ III. Music for choirs is usually written in four parts.

CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES.

§ IV. The voice is naturally divided into four classes, viz.: Lowest male voices, Bass.

Highest male voices, TENOR. Lowest female voices, ALTO. Highest female voices, TREBLE or SOPRANO. Boys sing ALTO until their voices change. Young Misses should practice ALTO until their voices become firm.

No. 32.—USUAL COMPASS OR EXTENT OF VOICES.

TREBLE—from C below to G above. ALTO—from G below to C, 3d space.

TENOR—from C below to G above. BASE—from F below to C above.

§ V. Besides the above there is a BARITONE voice, between the Base and Tenor; and the MEZZO SOPRANO, between the Alto and Treble.

NOTE.—While learning to read music in classes it is sometimes advantageous to change parts occasionally, and frequently all may sing on one part; but in church, changing of parts should not be practiced by any unless at the request of the leader. Every singer should sing the part best adapted to his or her voice, and what that is the teacher or leader will soon be able to decide.

THE COMMON CHORD.

TO THE TEACHER.—Practice the numerals 1, 3, 5, 8.

§ VI. The combination of the sounds 1, 3, 5, 8, is the first, simplest, and most pleasing form of harmony. It is termed the COMMON CHORD. There are many other kinds of chords which the student of harmony must learn, but this (the Common chord) should be familiar to every singer.

MODERATO E LEGATO.
TENOR. *mp*

No. 33.—THE ANGEL EVER NEAR, or BY AND BY.

1. There is an an-gel ev-er near, When toil and trou-ble vex and try, That bids our faint-ing hearts take cheer, And whispers to us—"By and by."

2. We hear it at our mo-ther's knee, With ten-der smile and love-lit eye, She grants some boon on child-ish plea, In these soft accents—"By and by."

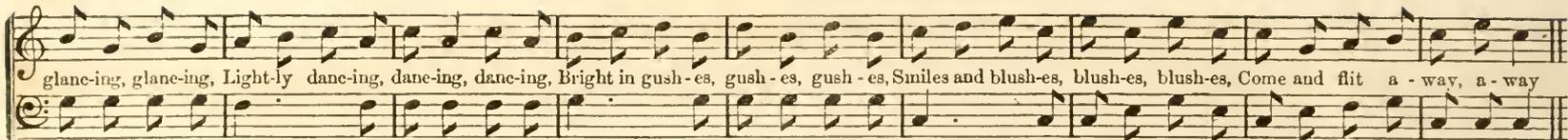
3. What visions crowd the youthful breast, What ho-ly as-pi-ra-tions high Nerve the young heart to do its best, And wait the promise—"By and by."

ALLEGRO.—SPRIGHTLY.

No. 34.—"BELLS ARE RINGING."—SONG EXERCISE.—SKIPS OF THIRDS.

Bells are ring-ing, ring-ing, ring-ing, Maids are sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, Birds are fly-ing, fly-ing, fly-ing, All are try-ing, try-ing, try-ing, Fleet-ly glanc-ing,

Bells are ring-ing, ring-ing, Maids are sing-ing, sing-ing, Birds are fly-ing, fly-ing, All are try-ing, try-ing, Fleet . . . ly



glanc-ing, glanc-ing, Light-ly danc-ing, danc-ing, danc-ing, Bright in gush-es, gush-es, gush-es, Smiles and blush-es, blush-es, blush-es, Come and flit a-way, a-way

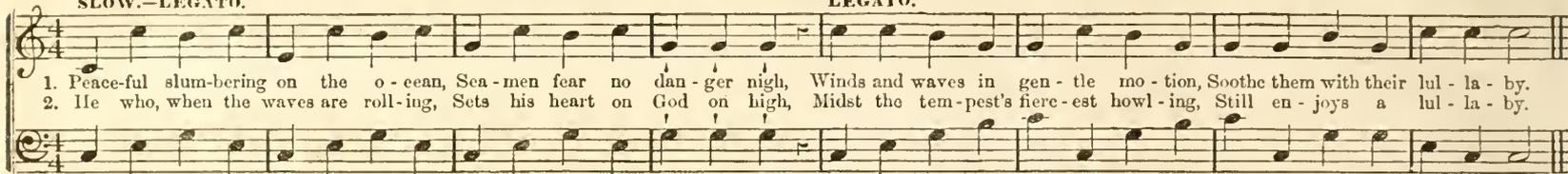
glanc-ing, glanc-ing, Light - - ly danc-ing, danc-ing, Bright in gush-es, gush-es, Smiles and blush-es, blush-es, blush-es, Come and flit a-way, a-way.

Ladies and Gentlemen change parts.

No. 35.—“PEACEFUL SLUMBERING.”—SONG EXERCISE ON SEVEN.

SLOW.—LEGATO.

LEGATO.

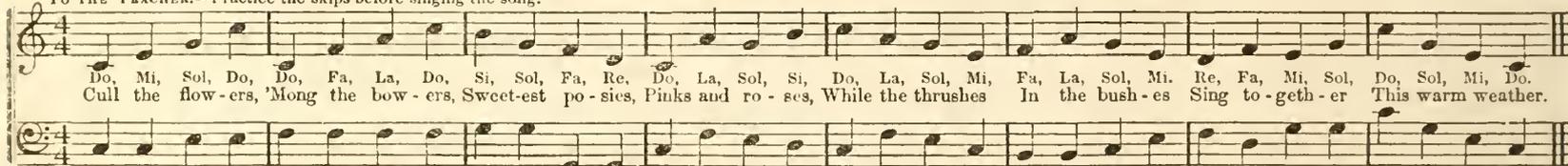


1. Peace-ful slum-bering on the o-cean, Sea-men fear no dan-ger nigh, Winds and waves in gen-tle mo-tion, Soothe them with their lul-la-by.

2. He who, when the waves are roll-ing, Sets his heart on God on high, Midst the tem-pest's fierc-est howl-ing, Still en-joys a lul-la-by.

No. 36.—“CULL THE FLOWERS.”—SONG EXERCISE.—SKIPS OF 4, 6, AND 2.

TO THE TEACHER.—Practice the skips before singing the song.



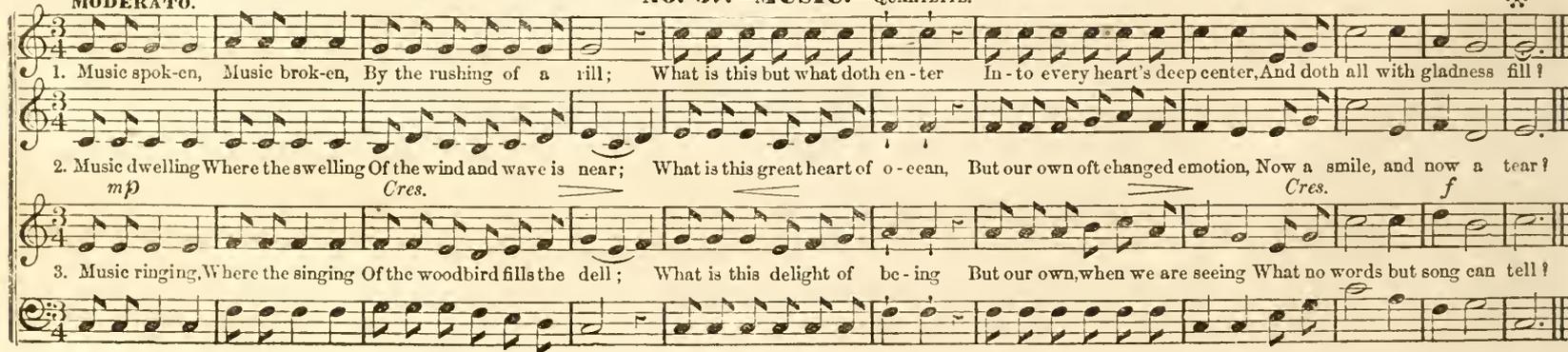
Do, Mi, Sol, Do, Do, Fa, La, Do, Si, Sol, Fa, Re, Do, La, Sol, Si, Do, La, Sol, Mi, Fa, La, Sol, Mi, Re, Fa, Mi, Sol, Do, Sol, Mi, Do.

Cull the flow-ers, 'Mong the bow-ers, Sweet-est po-sies, Pinks and ro-ses, While the thrushes In the bush-es Sing to-geth-er This warm weather.

Do, Do, Mi, Mi, Fa,

MODERATO.

No. 37.—MUSIC.—QUARTETTE.

1. Music spok-en, Music brok-en, By the rushing of a rill; What is this but what doth en-ter In-to every heart's deep center, And doth all with gladness fill?

2. Music dwelling Where the swelling Of the wind and wave is near; What is this great heart of o-cean, But our own oft changed emotion, Now a smile, and now a tear?

mp *Cres.* *Cres.* *f*

3. Music ringing, Where the singing Of the woodbird fills the dell; What is this delight of be-ing But our own, when we are seeing What no words but song can tell?

No. 38.—“ALL THE DAY I'M SINGING LIVELY.”—EXTENDED SCALE.

Do, Re, Mi, Re, Mi, Re, Do
 All the day I'm singing live-ly, Though the day is long, And from morning dawn to evening, Sounds my hap-py song.

Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol. Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

LESSON VII.
 INTERVALS.

§ I. THE scale may be compared to a flight of steps or ladder. It is frequently represented by a ladder with the rounds or steps at unequal distances apart:

§ II. The steps or distances observable in the passage of the voice up and down the scale or ladder, are called INTERVALS.

§ III. An INTERVAL is the distance from any sound of the scale to the next above or below—the difference of pitch between any two sounds.

§ IV. There are two kinds of Intervals in the scale—LARGE and SMALL.

§ V. The larger intervals are called TONES or STEPS. The smaller HALF-TONES or HALF-STEPS.

NOTE.—Good teachers differ as to the proper use or application of these and other terms. Such differences, however, we do not consider of much importance. So long as pupils make themselves familiar with the general nomenclature of the musical art, and understand its application, we should be satisfied. We have given above both terms; teachers will adopt whichever they prefer.

THE INTERVALS OF THE SCALE.

§ VI. The intervals, as they succeed each other in the scale, are in the following order, viz.:

- From 1 to 2, LARGE.—Tone or Step.
- From 2 to 3, LARGE.—Tone or Step.
- From 3 to 4, SMALL.—Half-tone or Half-step.
- From 4 to 5, LARGE.—Tone or Step.

- From 5 to 6, LARGE.—Tone or Step.
- From 6 to 7, LARGE.—Tone or Step.
- From 7 to 8, SMALL.—Half-tone or Half-step.

The intervals of the letters are as follows, viz.:

- | | |
|--|--|
| From C to D, LARGE.—Tone or Step. | From G to A, LARGE.—Tone or Step. |
| From D to E, LARGE.—Tone or Step. | From A to B, LARGE.—Tone or Step. |
| From E to F, HALF.—Half-tone or Half-step. | From B to C, HALF.—Half-tone or Half-step. |
| From F to G, LARGE.—Tone or Step. | |

NOTE.—If the pupils observe carefully where the small intervals are situated, they will not be liable to make mistakes, as they will then have only to remember that all the rest are large.

SCALE WITH THE SMALL INTERVALS DESIGNATED

SMALL, SMALL, SMALL, SMALL.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8. 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1.

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do. Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

STAVES WITH THE SMALL INTERVALS (IN THE LETTERS) DESIGNATED.

E F B C B C

E F B C

B -C

-E F -C

NOTE 1.—Practice in key of G, D, or A, &c., plain tunes, or any of the following exercises, making no allusion to signatures, other than to say, Now One (Do) is on G, D, &c.

NOTE 2.—Desirous of continuing the plan of progressiveness, adopted as the basis of these Elements, interspersing the practical with the theoretical, we think it better to let the class practice in different keys, before the subject of Transposition or Signatures is explained. The lesson of Intervals is a very important one—indispensable, if they would understand Transposition. Let them, therefore, learn this thoroughly, and sing on.

No. 30.—SONG OF THE INTERVALS.—DIALOGUE. TEACHER AND PUPILS.

FROM "THE MUSICAL BOQUET."

ALL. SCHOLARS.

A song of the INTERVALS, Song of the INTERVALS, What shall it be! Num. ONE to Two is a whole step; Two to THREE is a whole step; Letters. C to D is a whole step; D to E is a whole step;

TEACHER, or MALE PUPILS.

Num. ONE to two's a whole step;
Letters. C to D's a whole step;

Two to THREE's a whole step;
D to E's a whole step;

THREE to FOUR is a ha, ha, ha, ha, half-step; FOUR to FIVE is a whole step; FIVE to SIX is a whole step; SIX to SEVEN is a whole step; E to F is a ha, ha, ha, ha, half-step; F to G is a whole step; G to A is a whole step; A to B is a whole step;

THREE to FOUR is a ha, ha, ha, ha, half-step;
E to F is a ha, ha, ha, ha, half-step;

FOUR to FIVE's a whole step;
F to G's a whole step;

FIVE to SIX's a whole step;
G to A's a whole step;

whole step; SEVEN to EIGHT is a ha, ha, ha, ha, half-step; ha, What a queer song is the song of the INTERVALS.
whole step; B to C is a ha, ha, ha, ha, half-step; ha, What a queer song is the song of the INTERVALS.

SIX to SEVEN's a whole step, SEVEN to EIGHT is a ha, ha, ha, ha, half-step; ha, Now you've learnt the song of the INTERVALS.
' to B's a whole step, B to C is a ha, ha, ha, ha, half-step; ha, Now you've learnt the song of the INTERVALS.

SIGNS OF ELEVATION AND DEPRESSION.

§ I. A sign is used in music which, when placed before a note, indicates a sound a HALF-TONE (half-step) HIGHER than the letter upon which the note is written would otherwise represent. This is called a SHARP, (#).

§ II. A sign is used in music which, when placed before a note, indicates a sound a HALF-TONE (half-step) LOWER than the letter upon which the note is written would otherwise represent. This is called a FLAT, (b).

TO THE TEACHER Practice plain tunes in any key.

§ III. A sign is used in music which will counteract the influence of either of the above. This is called a NATURAL, (♮).

EXAMPLE OF THE SHARP, FLAT, AND NATURAL.

C, C#, B, Bb, D#, D, F#, F♮

Read, C, C sharp. B, B flat, D sharp, D natural, F sharp, F natural.

§ IV. By the aid of these signs any change of the intervals can be made.

LESSON VIII. MINOR SCALE.

§ I. In addition to the Diatonic Scale as explained in Lesson VII, there is another diatonic scale, differing from that in respect to intervals, called the MINOR SCALE. The former scale is called MAJOR.

§ II. There are two forms of the MINOR SCALE in use. We distinguish them from each other by the terms FIRST FORM and SECOND FORM of the Minor Scale.

§ III. In both forms of the Minor scale the intervals differ from those in the Major.

§ IV. The chief difference (to the ear) between the Major and Minor scales is in the THIRD; that of the Major being composed of two steps (two tones), while that of the Minor is only a step and half (tone and half). See Minor scale below.

NOTE.—Those who have made themselves familiar with the intervals of the Major scale will readily understand the difference between that and the Minor now to be presented.

§ V. In the first form of the Minor scale the intervals are not the same in descending as in ascending.

MINOR SCALE—FIRST FORM.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8. 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1.
A, B, C, D, E, F \sharp , G \sharp , A. A, G, F, E, D, C, B, A.
La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fi, Si, La. La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Si, La.

NOTE.—Let pupils examine the above by intervals of letters, and then give the form or order of intervals, ascending and descending.

MINOR SCALE—SECOND FORM.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8. 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1.
La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Si, La. La, Si, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Si, La.

NOTE.—Pupils examine and name the order of intervals in second form of the minor scale. QUESTIONS: Wherein do the two Minor scales differ from each other? What is the order of intervals in the first form? Second form? Wherein do the Minor scales differ from the Major?—Examine and compare.

§ VI. The MINOR scale commences on the numeral 6, syllable La, of the Major. 6, (La), of the Major is taken as 1 of the Minor, but the syllable (La) is retained. See scales above.

§ VII. When the MAJOR and MINOR scales have the same signature, they are said to be RELATED. Thus the key of A MINOR is the RELATIVE MINOR of C; and the key of C is the RELATIVE MAJOR of A MINOR.

§ VIII. The "RELATIVE MINOR" to any Major key is found a sixth above, or a third below, the Major key note.

§ IX. Every Major scale or key has its "RELATIVE MINOR," and, as above stated, both have the same signature.

No. 40.—EVENING PRAYER. 7s.—KEY OF A MINOR.—Relative of —?

SLOW, SOFT, and GENTLE.—LEGATO.

La
1. Wea-ry as with clos-ing eye, On my peace-ful bed I lie, Fa-ther, may thy an-gels keep Watch a-round me while I sleep.

Do *p* *Cres.* *Cres.* *Cres.* *Dim.* *Dim.*

La
2. Have I through the day in aught, Sinned in word, or deed, or thought, Fa-ther, from thy ho-ly throne, Send a sav-ing par-don down.

La
3. Heal each heart op-pressed with woe, Dry the sorrowing tears that flow, Love thy crea-tures great and small. Fa-ther, bless and guard them all.

NOTE.—Practice also La.
(JUBILEE.—2)

TO THE TEACHER. Practice plain tunes in any key, major and minor

No. 41.—EXERCISE IN A MINOR.—Relative Minor of —?

LESSON IX.

THE CHROMATIC SCALE.

NOTE.—The Chromatic Scale, being more difficult to sing than the Diatonic, and not being much required in plain music, it is not usually studied or practiced until pupils are well versed in the Diatonic Scale, and able to read with considerable facility. But we would urgently recommend the introduction of either a part or the whole of the Chromatic Scale, as an exercise for the voice and ear, just as soon as pupils can read plain music in the Diatonic Scale. Do not attempt too much of this kind of study at any one time. One or two chromatic exercises at each lesson will generally be found sufficient, and, by judicious management, pupils will not become wearied. The easiest, and perhaps the most useful, is the sharp fourth. Next in order may follow the flat seventh; then the sharp second, flat third, &c., then, from sharp one on, gradually introducing the whole Chromatic Scale. If you have an instrument, play the chromatic scale often, that they may become accustomed to its progression. See page 31, Song Exercise, for the study of Chromatic Intervals.

§ I. All the intervals of the scale that are a whole tone (step) distant from each other may be divided into half tones, (small steps), forming an entire scale of small intervals, (half tones), called the **CHROMATIC SCALE**.

NOTE 1.—**CHROMATIC.** From a Greek word, signifying *color*, the intermediate, or chromatic tones,

having been formerly written with colored ink. The term may also have a figurative signification, as chromatics in music may be regarded as analogous to coloring in painting.

NOTE 2.—Let the pupils recall the intervals of the scale, and then name such only as must be divided in order to form the Chromatic Scale.

§ II. The division of the large intervals, (tones), is represented by the sharp, or flat. See Chromatic Scale below.

§ III. All the tones (steps) of the scale being thus divided, either by means of the sharp or flat, we shall have for our Chromatic Scale, thirteen intervals, of a half tone (small step) each.

§ IV. The scale heretofore used, consisting of five tones (steps) and two half tones, (small steps), is called the **DIATONIC SCALE**.

NOTE 1.—**DIATONIC.** From two Greek words, signifying *through the tones*, or *from tone to tone*.

NOTE 2.—In singing the Chromatic Scale, or exercises, with syllables, use the vowel sound of *e* long, as in *mete*, for the sharps, (*D* pronounced *Dee*, *Ri Ree*), and a long, as in *fate*, for the flats, (*S* pronounced *Say*, *Le Lay*, &c.) By observing this rule, we are enabled to preserve uniformity in printing the syllables.

NOTE 3.—Read the numerals thus—*ONE, sharp one; TWO, sharp two; SEVEN, flat seven; SIX, flat six*, &c. Read the letters thus—*C, C sharp; D, D sharp; &c. &c.*

No. 42.—THE CHROMATIC SCALE, NOTES, LETTERS, AND SYLLABLES.

1,	♯1,	2,	♯2,	3,	4,	♯4,	5,	♯5,	6,	♯6,	7,	8.	8,	7,	♭7,	6,	♭6,	5,	♭5,	4,	3,	♭3,	2,	♭2,	1.
C,	C♯,	D,	D♯,	E,	F,	F♯,	G,	G♯,	A,	A♯,	B,	C.	C,	B,	B♯,	A,	A♯,	G,	G♯,	F,	E,	E♯,	D,	D♯,	C.
Do,	Di,	Re,	Ri,	Mi,	Fa,	Fi,	Sol,	Si,	La,	Li,	Si,	Do.	Do,	Si,	Se,	La,	Le,	Sol,	Se,	Fa,	Mi,	Me,	Re,	Re,	Do.

NOTE TO THE TEACHER—Exercise the Class in **SHARP FOUR**, in connection with Five, Four, &c., thus, 5, ♯4, 5; 3, ♯4, 5; 6, ♯4, 5, &c. &c.

SLOW.

No. 43.—“LIGHT OF THOSE WHOSE DREARY DWELLING.”—SHARP FOUR.

No. 41.—“NOW WE’LL SING TO G.”—SHARP FOUR.

Now we'll sing to G, And now we'll sing to C, Now we'll sing to F sharp, F sharp and G. F sharp and G, F sharp and G, G, A, B, C, C, B, A, G, F, E, D, C.

LIVELY.

No. 45.—“COME, JOIN WITH MERRY ROUNDELAY.”—SONG.

{ Come, join with merry roundelay, Thy voice let har-mo-ny o - bey, Each heart with gladness Let mu - sic inspire; } Hence, gloom and sadness, Hope bids thee re - tire.
 { Join, all join mer-ri - ly the strain, Fly grief, and nev-er come a-gain; Hence, gloom and sadness, Hope bids thee re-tire. }

{ Come, join with merry roundelay, Thy voice let har-mo-ny o - bey, Each heart with gladness Let mu - sic inspire; } Hence, gloom and sadness, Hope bids thee re - tire.
 { Join, all join mer-ri - ly the strain, Fly grief, and nev-er come a-gain; Hence, gloom and sadness, Hope bids thee retire. }

Practice Mahaleth, 122—Lystra, 118—Berith, 115—Mason, 68—Nebo, 77, and any other plain tunes in which Sharp Four occurs.

LESSON X.

TRANSPOSITION.

§ I. TRANSPOSITION is removing the scale from one place, or position upon the staff, to another, either higher, or lower.

§ II. The scale takes its name from the letter on which it commences; as for example, a scale commencing on C is said to be in the key of C, and is termed the SCALE OF C.

§ III. The scale may commence on any letter of the musical alphabet.

§ IV. The PROCESS of transposition will be explained in a future lesson.

§ V. SIGN OF THE SCALE OR SIGNATURE.—When music is written on any other scale than that of C, the signature or sign of the key is placed at the beginning of the piece of music. These signatures or signs are one or more SHARPS or FLATS. The reason for using these as the sign of the key will be apparent so soon as the process of transposition is understood. In order to read music in other scales or keys with as much ease and read-

iness as in the key of C, the pupil has only to make himself familiar with the signatures, and then continue his practice.

§ VI. SIGNATURES TO ALL THE KEYS WITH SHARPS.—The signature to the key of G, (first transposition with sharps), is one sharp (♯).

§ VII. The signature to the key of D, (second transposition with sharps), is two sharps (♯♯).

§ VIII. The signature to the key of A, (third transposition by sharps), is three sharps (♯♯♯).

§ IX. The signature to the key of E, (fourth transposition by sharps), is four sharps (♯♯♯♯).

§ X. The signature to the key of B, (fifth transposition by sharps), is five sharps (♯♯♯♯♯).

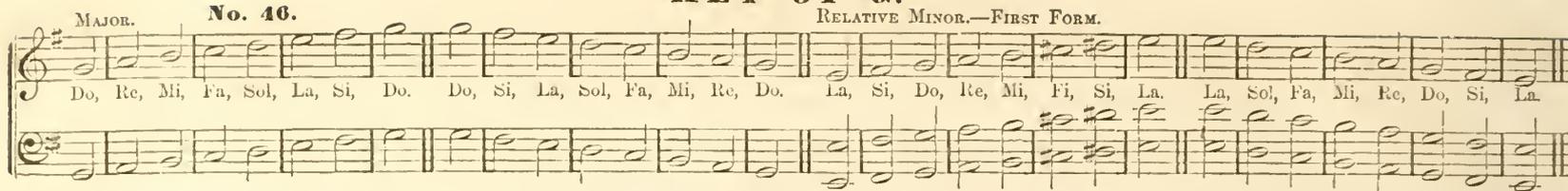
§ XI. The signature to the key of F sharp, (sixth transposition by sharps), is six sharps (♯♯♯♯♯♯).

§ XII. The “RELATIVE MINORS” have the same signatures as above.

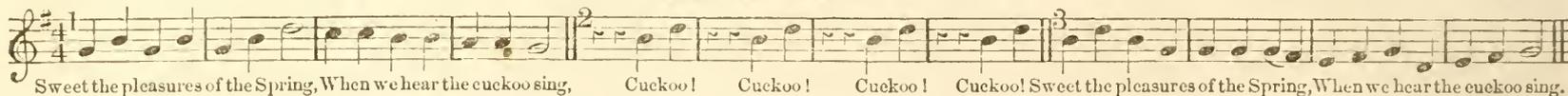
KEY OF G.

RELATIVE MINOR.—FIRST FORM.

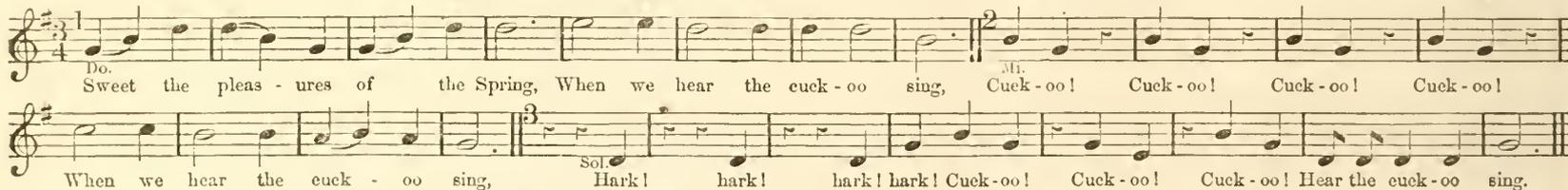
MAJOR. **No. 46.**



Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do. Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do. La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fi, Si, La. La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Si, La.

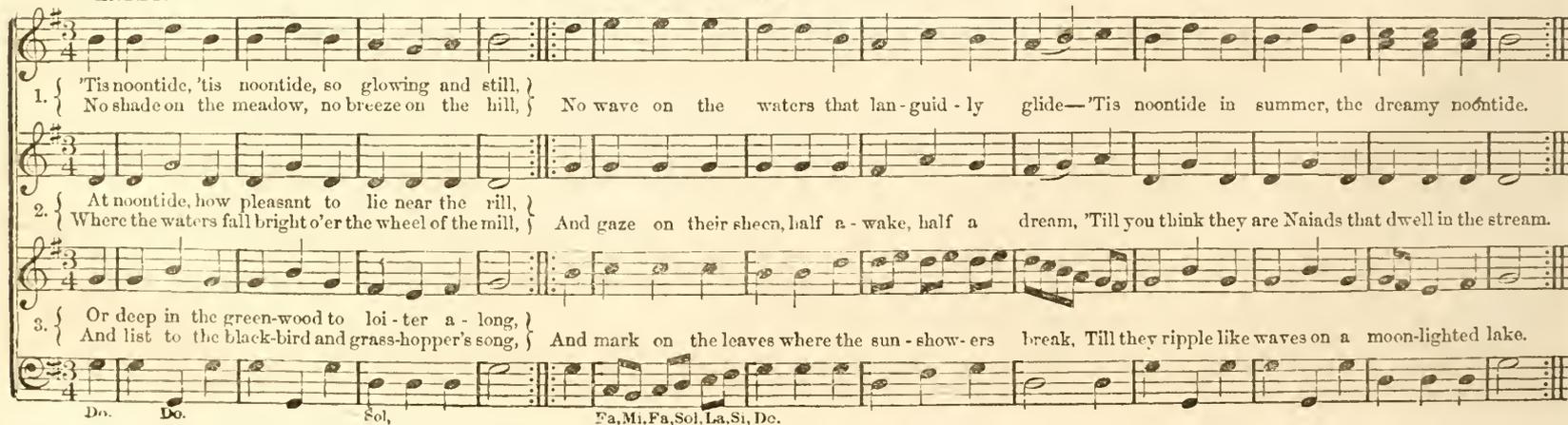
No. 47.—THE CUCKOO.—ROUND.—RESTS.


Sweet the pleasures of the Spring, When we hear the cuckoo sing, Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Sweet the pleasures of the Spring, When we hear the cuckoo sing.

No. 48.—THE CUCKOO.—ROUND IN THREE PARTS.—TIED NOTES AND RESTS.


Do. Sweet the pleasures of the Spring, When we hear the cuckoo sing, Mi. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! When we hear the cuckoo sing, Sol. Hark! hark! hark! hark! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Hear the cuckoo sing.

GENTLY.

No. 49.—NOONTIDE.—TIED NOTES AND REPEAT.


1. { 'Tis noontide, 'tis noontide, so glowing and still, }
No shade on the meadow, no breeze on the hill, } No wave on the waters that languidly glide—'Tis noontide in summer, the dreamy noontide.

2. { At noontide, how pleasant to lie near the rill, }
Where the waters fall bright o'er the wheel of the mill, } And gaze on their sheen, half a-wake, half a dream, 'Till you think they are Naiads that dwell in the stream.

3. { Or deep in the green-wood to loiter a-long, }
And list to the black-bird and grass-hopper's song, } And mark on the leaves where the sun-showers break, Till they ripple like waves on a moon-lighted lake.

Do. Do. Sol, Fa, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Ha, ha, ha, Tra, la, la, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Thus ends our song, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, thus ends our song.

Steady, steady, or-der, or-der, or-der, all, (Sh!) Or-der, (Sh!) Or-der, Hark! 'tis time to end our song.

No. 51.

"POOR ROBIN RED-BREAST."—ROUND.—MINOR KEY.—TRIPLETS.

Poor rob-in red-breast, look well to your nest, The cold weather, the cold weather comes on, Poor rob-in red-breast, look well to your nest, The cold weather, the cold weather comes on. "I care not a rush, For I'll hie to my bush, I'll hie to my bush, And put my bill un-der my wing, un-der my wing, under my wing."

KEY OF D.

RELATIVE MINOR.—FIRST FORM.

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do. La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fi, Si, La, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Si, La.

No. 52.

"IF YOUR VOICES ARE TUNED."—ROUND.

If your voices are tuned, Let us hear how they sound, Like the songs that you sing, You must let it go round.

Now you that come in next, Must keep pace with me, The music is not sung Except we agree.

Thus cheer-ful-ly we ev-er sing, Both at school and at play, And when the singing hour is o'er, We will join the birds up-on the spray.

No. 53. MODERATO.

"THOSE EVENING BELLS."—ROUND.

Those evening bells, those evening bells, How many a tale their mu-sic tells, Of youth, and home, and that sweet time When first we heard their soothing chime.

Those ring-ing, jingling, evening bells, How many a tale their mu-sic tells, Those evening bells, those evening bells, How many a tale their mu-sic tells.

No. 54. PRESTO.

"PLEASANT WEATHER."

1. Thank God for pleasant wea-ther; Chant it, mer-ry lit-tle hills, And clap your hands to-geth-er, Ye ex-ult-ing lit-tle hills, Thank him, Thank him, teeming

2. Thank God of good the Giv-er! Shout it, sportive lit-tle breeze, Re-spond, O tune-ful riv-er, To the nodding lit-tle trees. Thank him, Thank him, bird and

3. Thank God with cheer-ful spi-rit, In a glow of present love, For what we here in-her-it, And our blessed hopes a-bove. Thank him, U-ni-ver-sal U-ni-ver-sal

val-ley, Thank him, Thank him, fer-tile plain, Thank him, For the gold-en sun-shine, And the sil-ver rain, And the sil-ver rain, And the sil-ver rain.

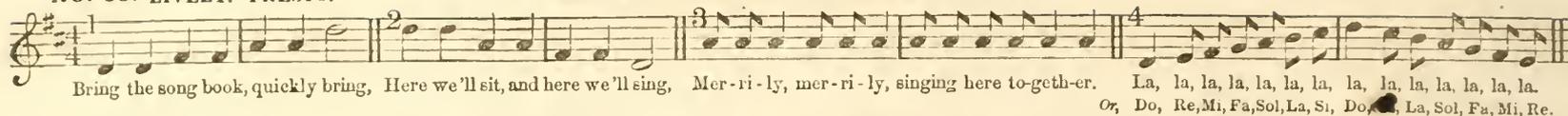
bird-ling, Thank him, As ye grow and sing, Thank him, Min-gle in thanks-giv-ing, Ev-ery liv-ing thing, Ev-ery liv-ing thing, Every liv-ing thing.

Na-ture Rev-els in her birth, When God, in plea-sant wea-ther, Smiles up-on the earth, Smiles upon the earth, Smiles upon the earth.

Na-ture Rev-els in her birth, Thank him.

No. 55. LIVELY.—PRESTO.

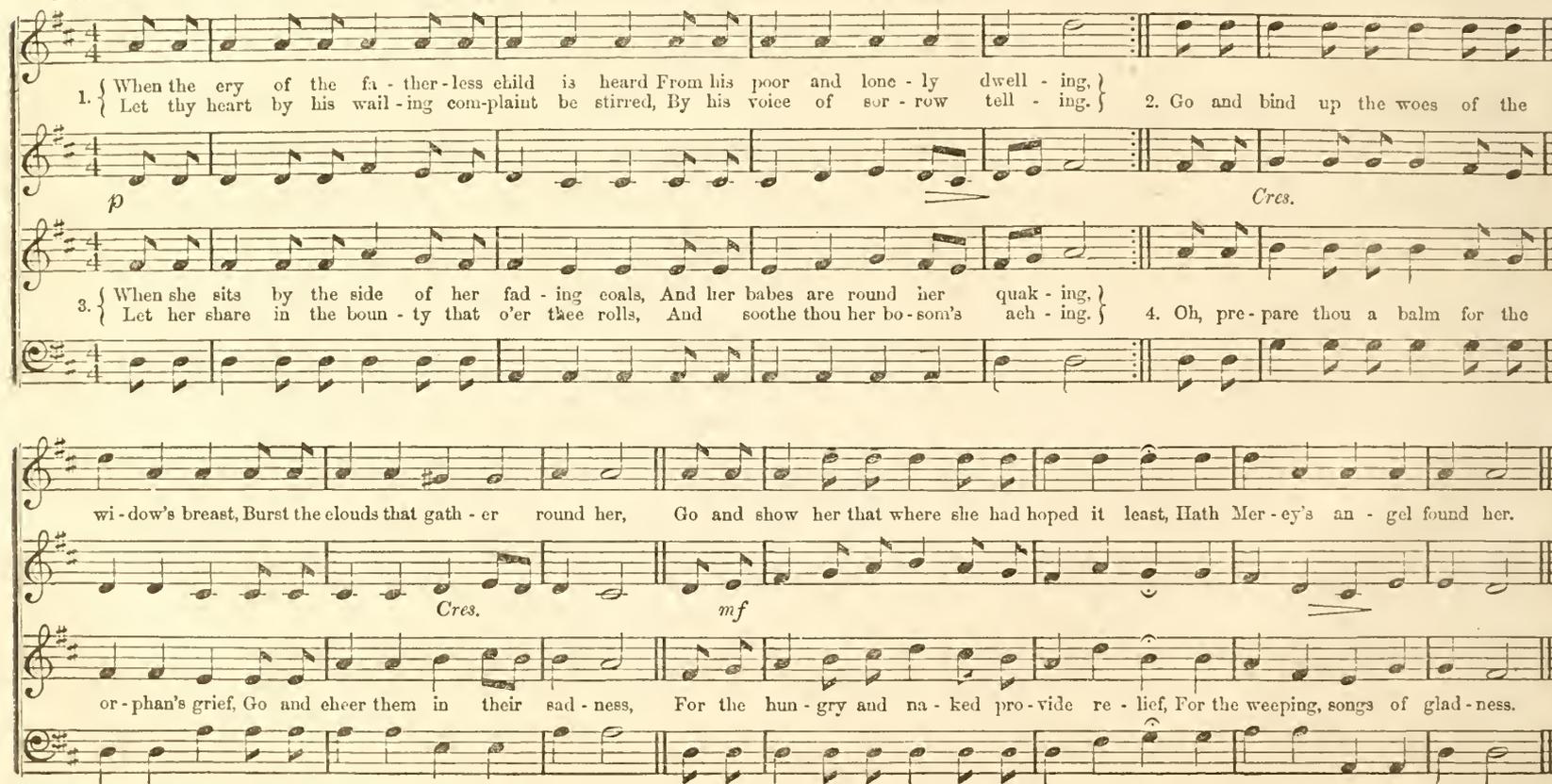
"BRING THE SONG BOOK."—ROUND.



Bring the song book, quickly bring, Here we'll sit, and here we'll sing, Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, singing here to-geth-er. La, la.
Or, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re.

No. 56.

"THE WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS."—QUARTETTE.



1. { When the cry of the fa - ther - less child is heard From his poor and lone - ly dwell - ing, }
Let thy heart by his wail - ing com - plaint be stirred, By his voice of sor - row tell - ing. } 2. Go and bind up the woes of the

3. { When she sits by the side of her fad - ing coals, And her babes are round her quak - ing, }
Let her share in the boun - ty that o'er thee rolls, And soothe thou her bo - som's ach - ing. } 4. Oh, pre - pare thou a balm for the

wi - dow's breast, Burst the clouds that gath - er round her, Go and show her that where she had hoped it least, Hath Mer - cy's an - gel found her.

or - phan's grief, Go and cheer them in their sad - ness, For the hun - gry and na - ked pro - vide re - lief, For the weeping, songs of glad - ness.

KEY OF A.

MAJOR. RELATIVE MINOR.

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do. Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do. La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fi, Si, La. Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Si, La.

No. 57. MODERATO. PIANO. GENTLE. "LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER."*

1 Let us love one another, Not long may we stay, In this bleak world of mourning, So brief is life's day; Some fall ere tis noon, And few linger till eve, O there

2. And tho fondest, the purest, the truest that met, Ev-er found that we need to for-give and for-get; Then, O tho' the hopes that we nourished de-cay, Let us

* NOTE TO TEACHER. The easy Rounds in this key will be found on pages 26, 27, and 28.

No. 58. SPRIGHTLY. MY HEART'S HOME.—TRIO.*

breaks not a heart but leaves some one to grieve.

love one another as long as we stay.

1. I know a sweet valley Where bright waters play, Where evening is mild-er, And brighter the day.
 2. A grove, sweetly whisp'ring, Shades valley and spring, Where birds raise their nestlings, And teach them to sing.
 3. There stands a neat cottage, With woodbines entwined, And sweet honey-suckles, And flowers to my mind.

4. There Peace dwells with Freedom; There foes are not feared; There childhood is cherished, And age is revered.
 5. There hearts, true and humble, Their thanksgiving raise, And make of their hearth-stone, An altar of praise.
 6. O, that's the sweet valley Where bright waters play, Where memory is mild-er, And brighter the day.

* For three voices, or in three parts.

No. 61. ALLEGRO.

"DAY IS BREAKING."—ROUND.

1. Day is break - ing o'er the hills, Dawn - ing on the lit - tle rills, Rouse, ye bro - thers, sis - ters all,
 2. Sing we thou our morn - ing song, We have sung it oft and long, Ev - ery morn - tis fresh and new,

Cheer - ly to each oth - er call, Good morn - ing,
 As the pearl - y drops of dew, Good morn - ing, good morn - ing, good morn - ing, good morn - ing, good morn - ing,

No. 62. ALLEGRO.—CON SPIRITO.

THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

1. O swift we go o'er the fleec - y snow, When moonbeams sparkle round, When hoofs keep time to mus - ic's chime, As mer - ri - ly on we bound. As
 2. On win - ter's night, when our hearts are light, And breath is on the wind, We loose the rein, and sweep the plain, And leave our cares be - hind. As

mp *Cres.* *Legato.* *Cres.* *f* *f* *Dim.*

3. With laugh and song we glide a - long, A - cross the fleet - ing snow, With friends beside how swift we'll ride, The beau - ti - ful track be - low. As
 4. The rag - ing sea has the joys for me, When gale and tem - pest rear; But give the speed of the foaming steed, And I'll ask for waves no more. As

we bound.

mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on, as we bound.....
 mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on we bound, we bound. La, la.

Cres. *Cres.* *pp* *ff*

No. 63.

“HELEN AND MARY.”—ROUND.

1. He - len and Ma - ry, your sing - ing books bring, In Sex - tu - ple mea - sure a song we will sing,
 2. All in - to ser - vice in mu - sic we'll bring, Thus gay - ly and cheer - ly our voic - es shall ring,

Come Jo - seph and Hen - ry, bring Wil - lie a - long, With Net - tie and Sa - rah to join in the song.
 All ring - ing and sing - ing, all mer - ry and glad, O, none should be mood - y, O, none should be sad.

KEY OF E.

MAJOR.

RELATIVE MINOR,—SECOND FORM.

Do, Re, La, Si, Fa, Si, La, La, Si, Fa, La

Do, Re, La, Si,

No. 64.

No. 65.—HARD WINTER.—ROUND.

On rapid wings Time forward springs, Ne'er returning, Ne'er returning.
 Hard the win - ter is in - deed, When a wolf, a wolf up - on his mate will feed.

No. 66.

DILIGENCE.—ROUND.

Let all your work be ear - ly done, By la - zy sloth no prize is won, And time and tide will wait for none.

No. 67.

OUR BONNY BOAT.—ROUND.

Glide a - long, our bon - ny boat, While with the tide we grace - ful - ly float, And chant to the deep sea's ech - o - ing note.
 Glide a - long, our bon - ny boat, While with the tide we grace - ful - ly float, And chant to the deep sea's ech - o - ing note.

No. 68. SPRIGHTLY.

"THERE'S MUCH THAT GIVES PLEASURE."

1st time. 2d time.

1. There's much that gives pleasure in all that's a-round, There's ma-ny a treasure where least it is known. La, la.

2. It glows in the morning, when sunbeams a - rise, It spreads its a - dorn-ing on evening's bright skies. La, la.

3. 'Tis found in the days ev - er darksome and drear, For then round our hearth-stones we meet in good cheer. La, la.

4. There's pleasure in toil-ing, that sweetens our rest, Though oft we're re - coil-ing, as if sore oppressed. La, la.

5. There's pleasure in sor-row, by con-trast of joy, Then why should we borrow those cares that an-noy. La, la.

No. 69. SLOW.—Soft and Gentle.

SUMMER EVENING.

1. On the glass - y lake, When day's light is fad - ing, Beau - ty plays in all her grace; Cir - cling, ver - dant

2. Day's last lin - g'ring light, On the west still glow - ing, Paints its blush - ing on the lake; While no trem - bling

3. Pure and sweet this hour, Calm as heaven - ly be - ing, Fraught with more than earth - ly charms; Hour of hal - lowed

banks Wide - ly cast their shad - ing O'er the wa - ter's bur-nished face, O'er the wa - ter's bur - nished face.

leaf Tells a breere is blow - ing, While no sound the si - lence breaks, While no sound the si - lence breaks.

thought, Time of earth's care flee - ing, Free from all earth's rude, a - larms, Free from all earth's rude a - larms.

SONG EXERCISES FOR THE STUDY OF CHROMATIC INTERVALS.

TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH OTHER SONGS, &c.

No. 71.

SHARP FOUR AND FLAT SIX.

Do, Sol, Fi, Sol, Fa, Re, Sol, Fa, Mi, Le, La,
 All our voi - ces, All our voi - ces sweet - ly ehim - ing, While our songs, our songs are sweet - ly ehim - ing.

No. 72.

SHARP TWO.

Mi, Fa, Mi, Ri, Ri, Re,
 Brook-let flow - ing, Gen - tly go - ing On - ward, downward, Far a - way, Sil - ver wav - ing, Green banks lav - ing, Glow - est thou in eve - ning ray.

No. 73. LIVELY.

FLAT THREE.

Me, Me, Me,
 Rouse, ye sleep - ers, up and la - bor, Rise and feel the sun's warm beam, See the mists the val - ley fill - ing, Semblance of the tran - quil stream.

No. 74. LIVELY.

Din.

FLAT SIX.

Cres.

My neat lit - tle home in the val - ley I see, I live there so hap - py, so hap - py and free.

No. 75.

"AWAY WITH NEEDLESS SORROW."—FLAT SEVEN—SHARP FOUR.

1. A - way with need - less sor - row, Though trou - ble may be - fall— A bright - er day to - mor - row May shine up - on us all.
 2. We can not tell the rea - son, For all the clouds we see, Yet ev - ery time and sea - son Must wise - ly or - dered be.
 3. Let us but do our du - ty, In sun - shine or in rain, And heaven, all bright with beau - ty, Will bring us joy a - gain.

No. 76.

SHARP ONE AND FLAT THREE.

Two will serve as a guide to either of these tones.

Di, Re, Fi, So.

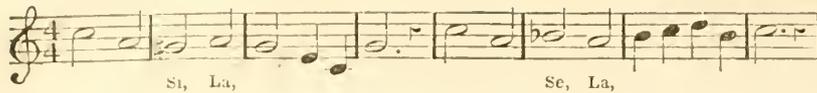
No. 77.

SHARP FIVE AND FLAT SEVEN.

Six will serve as a guide to either of these tones.

La, Si, Fi, Sol, Se, La,

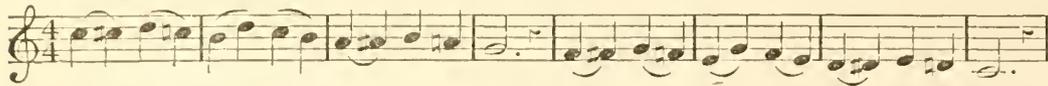
No. 78.—SHARP FIVE AND FLAT SEVEN.



No. 79.—SHARP FOUR AND FLAT SEVEN.



No. 80.—SHARP EIGHT, SHARP SIX, SHARP FOUR, AND SHARP TWO.



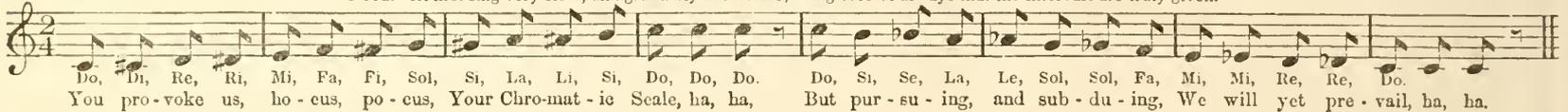
No. 81.—CHROMATIC SCALE.



No. 82.

"YOU PROVOKE US."—CHROMATIC SCALE.

NOTE.—At first sing very slow, and gradually accelerate, being careful always that the intervals are truly given.



No. 83.

"O, WIPE AWAY THAT TEAR, LOVE."

1. O, wipe a-way that tear, love, The pearl-y drop I see; Let hope thy bo-som cheer, love, Let hope thy bo-som cheer, love, As yon bright stars we see.

2. Yes, when a-way from thee, love, Sweet hope shall be my star; We do not part for aye, love, We do not part for aye, love, I'll welcome thee a-far.

3. At close of part-ing day, love, Ere yon bright star is set; Still meet me while a-way, love, Still meet me while a-way, love, 'Mid scenes we'll ne'er-for-get.

4. I'll watch the set-ting star, love, And think I look on thee; And thus, tho' sundered far, love, And thus, tho' sundered far, love, How near our hearts may be.

No. 81. ALLEGRO RISOLUTO.

SOLFEGGIO.*

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN.

* Exercise with syllables.—The above is an excellent study; let it be practiced until all the tones are correctly and promptly given, as indicated by the dynamic marks.

No. 85.
SCHOLARS.

THE MOUNTAIN BOY.—Song of B Flat.

W. B. B.

TEACHER. I'll sing af-ter thee! Yes, I hear, A, B, C, O, dear, what's that! O what's that!

Sing af-ter me, Do you hear, A, B, C. Now for B flat, sing B flat, what's that? what's that!

1. Let me sing a lit-tle moun-tain song, Of a mer-ry moun-tain boy, With a heart so light, And with eyes so bright, Thus he

2. When I blow my lit-tle Al-pine horn, Then the lamb-kins hear my song, Here and there they come, Thro' their Moun-tain home, Thro' their

sings his song of joy, Tra, la, la. Rise with the ris - ing sun, Sleep with the ris - ing moon, For the moun - tain boys,
hap - py moun - tain home, Tra, la, la. Rise with the ris - ing sun, Sleep with the ris - ing moon, For the moun - tain boys,

moun - tain boys. Ev - er, ev - er, thus they live, Tra, la, la, la, Moun - tain boys, moun - tain boys, Ev - er, ev - er thus they live, Tra, la, la.
moun - tain boys, Ev - er, ev - er, thus they sing, Tra, la, la, la, Moun - tain boys, moun - tain boys, Ev - er, ev - er thus they sing, Tra, la, la.

No. 86. ALLEGRO.

THE WANDERER'S FAREWELL.

POPULAR GERMAN STUDENT'S SONG.

1. { The sails are all swelling, the streamers float gay, }
{ The an - chor is ris - ing, and I must a - way; } A - dieu, my dear mountains, A - dieu, my dear home! I turn from your

2. { The sun through the heav - ens e'er hastes to the west; }
{ The waves of the o - cean are nev - er at rest; } The bird, with its pin - ions un - fet - tered and free, Ca - reers in its

thresh-old, 'mid stran-gers to roam, I turn from your thresh-old, 'mid stran-gers to roam. to roam. Ju val-le-ra,* ju val-le-ra, ju
free-dom o'er moun-tain and sea, Ca-reers in its free-dom o'er moun-tain and sea, and sea. Ju val-le-ra,* ju val-le-ra, ju

val-le, val-le, val-le-ra, ju val-le-ra, ju val-le-ra, ju val-le, val-le, val-le-ra. 3. Adieu, dearest mother! dear sisters, adieu!
I go where the skies are all shining and blue,
Where flowers ever blossom, where birds ever sing,
Where fruit loads the branches from harvest||:to Spring.:||
Ju vallerah, &c.

4. When far in the land of the stranger I see,
Dear Mary, the flowers I planted for thee,
And when the sweet songsters repeat in my ear
The notes we together have lingered ||:to hear.:||
[Omit Ju vallerah.]

5. And when, on the shore of that region of gold,
I fancy the waves round thy footsteps have rolled,
The wavelets, the birds, and the flowers where I roam,
Will bring you before me, and make me ||:a home!:||
Ju vallerah, &c.

* Pronounced Uvallerah.

TRANSPOSITION.

ILLUSTRATED AND EXPLAINED.

§ I. In order to transpose or remove the scale to any position (any key) two things are necessary to be borne in mind, viz.:-

1. That the intervals of the scale must be the same as represented in Lesson VII—subject, INTERVALS, page 15.

2. That the sounds represented by LETTERS are permanent—they *never change*; the sound of C, for instance, is the same sound in one scale as in another, In different scales it simply bears a different relation to the other sounds; in one scale it may be the first or key-note, in another scale it may be the third, in another the fourth, &c., but it is ever the same sound, C.

§ II. By examining and comparing the intervals of the scales with those of the letters, it will be seen that when the scale commences on C, its intervals correspond with the intervals of the letters.

ILLUSTRATION, No. 1—SCALE ON C, INTERVALS RIGHT.

C	step	D	step	E $\frac{1}{2}$ step	F	step	G	step	A	step	B $\frac{1}{2}$ step	C.	
1		2		3		4		5		6		7	8.
Do,		Re,		Mi,		Fa,		Sol,		La,		Si,	Do.

ILLUSTRATION, No. 2—SCALE ON D, INTERVALS WRONG.

D	step	E $\frac{1}{2}$ step	F	step	G	step	A	step	B $\frac{1}{2}$ step	C	step	D.	
1		2		3		4		5		6		7	8.
Do,		Re,		Mi,		Fa,		Sol,		La,		Si,	Do.

§ III. In the above it will be perceived that the half-steps occur between 2 and 3, and 6 and 7, (these now being E F, and B C,) instead of between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8, as they should. Here is a discrepancy for which a remedy must be provided. The intervals of the letters *must be made to correspond* with those of the scale, wherever we choose to place it. But before providing for the discrepancy here alluded to, let us see that the discrepancy itself is manifest.

NOTE.—The teacher can not be too particular about this, if he would have his pupils thoroughly understand the subject.

ILLUSTRATION, No. 3—SCALE ON E, INTERVALS WRONG.

E $\frac{1}{2}$ step	F	step	G	step	A	step	B $\frac{1}{2}$ step	C	step	D	step	E.	
1		2		3		4		5		6		7	8.
Do,		Re,		Mi,		Fa,		Sol,		La,		Si,	Do.

NOTE.—Pupils examine the above and point out the wrong intervals.

PROCESS.—From 1 to 2 there must be a large interval—step; but from E to F is a half-step—*wrong*. From 3 to 4 must be a half-step, but from G to A is a step—*wrong*. From 7 to 8 must be a half-step, but from D to E is a step—*wrong*.

§ IV. It will be observed that in the above there are small intervals where there *should be large*, and *vice versa*. It will be seen also, we think, by all who have examined the subject, that we now need the signs of elevation and depression—sharps and flats—representing half-steps, by the use of which we may introduce larger or smaller intervals at pleasure, thus correcting all the faults above alluded to, as will be seen by the following:

PROCESS.—SCALE ON E.—E to F is a half-step. E is now ONE, F is TWO. *Wrong*, because from ONE to TWO a step is required. Insert ♯ before F and the sound is no longer F, but F♯, (F sharp) a sound a *half-step higher* than that of F. Now from E to F♯, (ONE to TWO) is a *step—right*.

Again—from TWO to THREE must be a step, but from F♯ (which was taken in place of

F) to G is but a half-step. Question: "What shall be done?" Answer: Insert ♯ before G, introducing G♯, a *half-step higher* than G. From THREE to FOUR a half-step is required, and from G♯ (3) to A (4) is a half-step—*right*.

ILLUSTRATION, No. 4.—SCALE ON E.

INTERVALS WRONG.				INTERVALS RIGHT.			
1	2	3	4.	1	2	3	4.
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa.	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa

NOTE.—Let the pupils complete the transposition or construction of this scale, according to the principles given above, and transpose also into G, D, A, F, & c. Music slates or music paper will be convenient for this purpose, while some will be willing to go to the black-board, (which should always be on hand for illustration,) and transpose the scale before the class. It will be well to let this study follow some half hour's practice in singing.

SUCCESSION OF KEYS.

TRANSPOSITION BY FIFTHS.

§ V. The different scales requiring sharps succeed each other regularly, by taking FIVE (Sol) as ONE (Do) of the next scale, and in each succeeding transposition an additional sharp will be required, to preserve the proper order of Intervals, (steps and half-steps,) viz:

Step,	Step,	Half-step,	Step,	Step,	Step,	Half-step.
1 2,	2 3,	3 4,	4 5,	5 6,	6 7,	7 8.

EXAMPLE.

KEY OF C.				KEY OF G.											
No sharp required.—Why?				One sharp (♯) required.—Where?—Why?											
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.
KEY OF D.				KEY OF A.											
Two sharps (##) required.—Where?—Why?				Three sharps (###) required.—Where?—Why?											
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.

KEY OF E.

Four sharps (####) required.—Where?—Why? Five sharps (#####) required.—Where?—Why?

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8.
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do. Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

KEY OF F SHARP.

Six sharps (#####) required.—Where?—Why?

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8.
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

TRANSPOSITION BY FOURTHS.

§ VI. The different scales requiring flats succeed each other regularly, by taking Four (Fa) as ONE (Do) of the next scale; and in each other succeeding transposition an additional flat will be required to preserve the proper order of Intervals.

KEY OF C.

No flat required.—Why?

KEY OF F.

One flat (b) required.—Why?—Where?

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do. Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

KEY OF B FLAT.

Two flats (bb) required.—Where?—Why?

KEY OF E FLAT.

Three flats (bbb) required.—Where?—Why?

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do. Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

KEY OF A FLAT.

Four flats (bbbb) required.—Where?—Why?

KEY OF D FLAT.

Five flats (bbbbb) required.—Where?—Why?

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do. Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

KEY OF G FLAT.

Six flats (bbbbb) required.—Where?—Why?

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

SIGNATURES.

§ VII. The sharps and flats required in these different scales are placed at the beginning of the staff, immediately after the clef, (instead of before each note, as above,) and are called the SIGNATURE (sign) of the key.

KEY OF G.

KEY OF D.

KEY OF A.

1 Do. 1 Do. 1 Do.

KEY OF E.

KEY OF B.

KEY OF F SHARP.

1 Do. 1 Do. 1 Do.

KEY OF F.

KEY OF B FLAT.

KEY OF E FLAT.

1 Do. 1 Do. 1 Do.

KEY OF A FLAT.

KEY OF D FLAT.

KEY OF G FLAT.

1 Do. 1 Do. 1 Do.

§ VIII. The letter on which the scale is formed (that which is taken as ONE) is termed the KEY-NOTE, or simply the KEY.

KEY OF F.

MAJOR. RELATIVE MINOR.

Do, Re, Mi, La, Si, Si, La, Si,

No. 87.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—ROUND.

Keep to the work you best can do, And let all oth-er business go; And hold this homely proverb fast, "Good cobbler, ne'er for-sake your last."

No. 88. "COME, JOIN WITH ME."—ROUND.

No. 89. "KEEP THY HEART."—ROUND.

Come, join with me, Singing in glee, Mer-ri-ly, joy-ful-ly, Hap-py and free. Keep thy heart from sad re-pin-ing, And thy sun is always shining.

No. 90. ALLEGRETTO.

THE HUNTER'S PRIZE.

ARRANGED FROM THE GERMAN.

1. A hunter ear-ly ranging A-long the forest wild, Saw o'er the green sward tripping, tripping, trip - - ping, Three maidens fair and mild, Three maidens fair and mild.

2. Fair queenly Faith came foremost, Next Love before him passed, With Hope, all bright and smiling, smiling, smil - ing, The gayest and the last, The gayest and the last.

3. She said, "Now choose between us, For one with thee will stay; Choose well, or thou may'st rue it, rue it, rue. . . . it, When two have passed away, When two have passed away.

4. Said he, "All bright and lovely, O, why must two depart? Faith, Hope, and Love, come sweetly, sweetly, sweet - - ly Possess and share my heart, Possess and share my heart.

tripping, tripping, tripping,

No. 91. ALLEGRO.
Quartette, or Semi-Chorus.

ESCAPE FROM THE CITY. WRITTEN AND ARR. FROM Flotow. FROM THE "N. Y. GLEE AND CHORUS BOOK." *Fine.*

1. When far from the town I take my way, I take my way, Then thro' fields de-light - ed here I stray, yes, here I stray;
 D. C. La, &c. *Fine.*

2. Here I gaze with joy on vale and hill, on vale and hill, Bird - songs greet my ear, and gush - ing rill, and gush - ing rill;
 3. When far from the town I take my way, I take my way, Then thro' fields de-light - ed here I stray, yes, here I stray; &c.

Full Chorus.

When far from the town I take my way, I take my way, Then thro' fields de-light - ed here I stray, yes, here I stray I
 Here I gaze with joy on vale and hill, on vale and hill, Bird - songs greet my ear, and gush - ing rill, and gush - ing rill, I

D. C.

laugh and ea - rol, full of glee, Like cap - tive bird from cage set free; Laugh and ca - rol, full of glee, Like cap - tive bird from cage set free.
D. C.
 watch the wild birds soar and sing, Or build their nest, or plume their wing; Watch the wild birds soar and sing, Or build their nest, or plume their wing.

* From the (*) BASS, TENOR and ALTO may sing HA, HA, instead of the words.

No. 92. SLOW.

"SWEET IS THE SUMMER."

Solo, or Chorus of Tenors.

Chorus. *f*

Solo, or Chorus of Sopranos.

Chorus. *pp*

*

1. Three half - o - pen ro - ses ou one tree grew, Sweet is the summer, A nightin-gale sang the whole night thro', Sweet is the summer.
 2. The dew's of the eve-ning had bathed each root, Sweet is the summer, A brooklet flowed round it and watered its roots, Sweet is the summer.
 3. The ro - ses are scattered, the bird is flown, Sweet is the summer, The tree now is na - ked and stands a - lone, Sweet is the summer.
 4. But then at his roots still doth life re - main, Sweet is the summer, And soon will its leaf - lets grow green a - gain, Sweet is the summer.
 5. And ro - ses will bloom in their beauty once more, Sweet is the summer, And birds soon will sing as they sang be - fore, Sweet is the summer.
 6. De - spair never more should come near thy heart, Sweet is the summer, Tho' blossoms may fall and the birds de - part, Sweet is the summer.
 7. Good an - gels will guard ev - ery leaf and hair, Sweet is the summer, And give all the good that thy heart will bear, Sweet is the summer.

KEY OF B FLAT.

MAJOR.

RELATIVE MINOR.

Do La

No. 93.

"GOD IS EVER GOOD."

1. See the shining dew drops, On the flow'rets strewed, Proving as they sparkle, God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.
 2. See the morning sunbeams, Lighting up the wood, Si - lent - ly proclaiming—God is ev - er good, &c.

3. Hear the mountain streamlet, In the sol - i - tude, With its rip - ple saying, God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.

4. In the leaf - y tree tops, Where no fears in - trude, Joyous birds are singing, God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.
 5. Bring, my heart, thy tri - bute, Songs of gra - ti - tude, While all na - ture ut - ters, God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.

No. 94. MODERATO.

"YES, OR NO."

*Rall.**Tempo.*

1. Short speech suf-fic - es Deep tho'ts to show, When you with wisdom say Yes, or No. Save me from speeches long, dull, and slow—Oh! how much better, Plain Yes, or No.

2. Time nev - er lingers, Moves never slow; While he permits it Say Yes, or No. If he escapes you Ne'er can you know If you a - gain may Say Yes, or No.

3. Deep may the im-port, For joy or woe, Be in the utterance Of Yes, or No. If even these, then, You would forego, Eyes, sparkling eyes, shall Say Yes, or No.

No. 95.

MORNING WALKS.

SWEDISH MELODY

1. { Awake from your slumber, and come with a song, }
 { Thro' meadows and forests, and wood-lands a - long; } The birds sing to wel-come the morning and you, And sip their first breakfast of new - fall - en dew.

2. { The woodlands are filled with sweet breath from the sky, }
 { Our step is un - tir - ing, Our spi - rits are high; } The tow'rs at our backs, and the mountains in view, What joy is a - wait-ing your comrades and you.

3. { Leap o - ver the chasms with wings to our feet, }
 { Climb up to the tree-tops, the heav - ens to greet; } No oak of the for-est for us is too high, The further from earth, we are near-er the sky.

No. 96. ALLEGRO

BLOW! BLOW! BLOW!—STORMY NIGHT SONG.

F. Schmidt.

Tutti.

1. Blow! blow! blow! How the winds do blow! Shake! shake! shake! How the ease-ments shake! Roar! roar! roar! How the tem-pest

Tutti.

2. Sing! sing! sing! While the winds do blow! Sing! sing! sing! While the ease-ments shake! Sing! sing! sing! While the tem-pest

Tutti.

Soli. *Cres.* *Cres.* *p*

roars! Shut the doors, and bar them, Shut the doors, and bar them! Let the fire blaze clear and strong, Then join and sing a

Soli. *Cres.* *Cres.* *p*

roars. Friend... and friend are meet-ing, Friend... and friend are greet-ing, Let the tem-pest roar and ring, But we will gay-ly

Soli. *Cres.* *Cres.* *p*

mf *ff Tutti.*

song, Let the fire blaze clear and strong, Then join and sing a song, join and sing a song, join and sing a song.

mf *ff Tutti.*

sing, Let... the tem-pest roar and ring, But we will gay-ly sing, we will gay-ly sing, we will gay-ly sing.

mf *ff Tutti.*

No. 97.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

WORDS BY **Geo. P. Morris, Esq.**

NATIONAL SONG.

MUSIC BY **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

MAESTOSO.

SOLO. TENOR OR SOPRANO.



1. A song for our ban-ner? the watch-word re-call Which gave the Repub-lic her sta-tion; U-ni-ted we stand, di-
 2. What God in his in-fi-nite wis-dom designed, And armed with his weapon of thun-der, Not all the earth's despots and



-vid-ed we fall? It... made and preserves us a na-tion! The u-nion of lakes—the
 fac-tions combined, I have the power to con-quer or sun-der! The u-nion of lakes, &c.



u-nion of lands, The u-nion of States none can sever— The u-nion of hearts—the union of hands, And the flag of our U-nion for ev-er.

CHORUS.



For ev-er for ev-er, for ev-er! The u-nion of hearts—the u-nion of hands, And the flag of our U-nion for ev-er.



For ev-er for ev-er, for ev-er! The u-nion of hearts—the u-nion of hands, And the flag of our U-nion for ev-er.



For ev-er, for ev-er, for ev-er! The u-nion of hearts—the u-nion of hands, And the flag of our U-nion for ev-er.



KEY OF E FLAT.

MAJOR. RELATIVE MINOR.

Do. La.

No. 98. SLOW.

"TIS HUM DRUM."—ROUND.

'Tis hum drum, 'tis mum, mum, what, no - body speaks; Here's one looks very wise, and another rubs his eyes, then gapes, and yawns, and cries— Heigh! ho! hum!

No. 99. SLOW and SOFT.

TWILIGHT.

Now the light fail - ing, Darkness pre - vail - ing, Na - ture re - pos - es, So the day clos - es; The moon now ap - pear - ing,

Now the light fail - ing, Darkness pre - vail - ing, Na - ture re - pos - es, So the day clos - es; See the night cheer - ing, The moon now ap - pear - ing,

Slow - ly as - cend - ing, The stars her at - tend - ing: Now the light fail - ing, Darkness pre - vail - ing, Na - ture re - pos - es, So the day clos - ea

Slow - ly as - cend - ing, The stars her at - tend - ing: Now the light fail - ing, Darkness pre - vail - ing, Na - ture re - pos - es, So the day clos - es.

No. 100. WORDS BY Mrs. Lydia M. Childs.

"SLEEP WELL."*—SERENADE.

MUSIC BY Wm. B. Bradbury.

Cres.

Dim.

Cres.



No. 101.

O, COME, MAIDENS, COME.—TRANCADILLO.



O come, maidens, come, O'er the blue roll - ing wave, The love - ly should still be the care of the brave.



{ Tran-ca - dil - lo, Tran - ca - dil - lo, Tran - ca - dil - lo, dil - lo, dil - lo, dil - lo, With moon - light and star - light We'll bound o'er the bil - low. }
 { Bright bil - low, gay bil - low, the bil - low, bil - low, bil - low, bil - low, With moon - light and star - light We'll bound o'er the bil - low. }

2.

Wake the chorus of song and our oars shall keep time,
 While our hearts gently beat to the musical chime.

Traneadillo, Traneadillo, etc.

With oar-beat and heart-beat we'll bound o'er the billow.
 Bright billow, gay billow, etc.

With oar-beat and heart-beat we'll bound o'er the billow.

3.

See the helmsman look forth to yon beacon-lit isle.

So we shape our heart's course by the light of your smile.

Traneadillo, Traneadillo, etc.

With lovelight and smile-light we'll bound o'er the billow,
 Bright billow, gay billow, etc.

With lovelight and smile-light we'll bound o'er the billow.

4.

And when on life's ocean we turn our slight prow,

May the light-house of hope beam like this on us now,

Life's billow, frail bi'llow, the billow, billow, billow.

With hope-light, the true light, we'll bound o'er life's
 billow.

Life's billow, frail billow, etc.

With hope-light, the true light, we'll bound o'er life's, etc.

No. 103. LIVELY.

"WHOM SHALL WE LET IN?"

W. B. B.

Chorus.

Solo.

1. Whom, whom, shall we let in? Whom shall we let in? The lov - ers of sing - ing, Who pleas - ure are bring - ing: Our
 2. Whom, whom, shall we let in? Whom shall we let in? All eyes that can glit - ter, All tongues that can twit - ter, And
 3. Whom, whom, shall we let in? Whom shall we let in? Who - ev - er comes sing - ing, Or glad - some - ly bring - ing A
 4. Whom, whom, shall we let in? Whom shall we let in? The man who for - ev - er Him - self will dis - sev - er From
 5. Whom, whom, shall we let in? Whom shall we let in? Who truth is pur - su - ing, And ev - er es - chew - ing De -

Chorus. *f*

love they will win, And they may come in. And they may come in, And they may come in, And they may come in.
 make love - ly din, All such may come in. All such may come in, All such may come in, All such may come in.
 good - na - tured grin: O, he may come in. O, he may come in, O, he may come in, O, he may come in.
 dis - cord's foul sin— That man may come in. That man may come in, That man may come in, That man may come in.
 - cep - tion's base sin, We'll wel - come him in. We'll wel - come him in, We'll wel - come him in, We'll wel - come him in.

No. 104.

"GOOD NIGHT."—ROUND IN FOUR PARTS.

Good night! Good night! Time sounds its warning call, Sweet rest descend on all, Time sounds its warning call, Sweet rest descend on all, Good night! Good night!

No. 105.

"SOFT AND SWEET."—CHROMATIC SCALE EXERCISE, WITH CHORUS ACCOMPANIMENT.

SOPRANO OR TENOR SOLO.

Ah..... Ah.....
 Mi, Fa, Fi, Sol, Si, La, Li, Si, Do, Sol, Mi, Sol, Sol, Fi, Fa, Mi, Re, Fa..... Mi, Ri, Mi, Do.

TENOR. *pp*

1. Soft and sweet the zeph-yrs sigh, zeph - yrs sigh, zeph - yrs sigh, 'Neath a calm and pla - cid sky, 'Neath a pla - cid sky.

ALTO. *pp*

SOPRANO. *pp*

2. Glad I hear the chirp-ing song, chirp - ing song, chirp - ing song, Raised by spring-birds, hap - py throng, Spring-birds, hap - py throng.

BASE. *pp*

Ah..... Ah..... Ah..... Ah.....

All our sens - es now re - gal - ing, Sweet - est fra - grance now ex - hal - ing, All a - long the path we tread, 'Long the path we tread.

All the ear - ly morn-ing break-ing, Sweet - est songs the birds are mak - ing; First to tell of Spring's bright day, Tell of Spring's bright day.

KEY OF A FLAT.

MAJOR. RELATIVE MINOR.

Do. La

No. 106. "HE WHO WOULD LEAD A HAPPY LIFE."—ROUND, OR CANON.

He who would lead a hap-py life, He who would lead a hap-py life, Must keep himself from an-gry strife, from an-gry strife, from an-gry strife.

No. 107. "OLD JOHN CROSS."—ROUND, IN FOUR PARTS.

Old John Cross kept the village day-school, And a queer old man was he, was he; For he spared not the rod, and he kept the old rule, As he beat in the A B C, A B C; Ev-ry let-ter in the lit-tle boy's noddle Was driven as fast, as fast could be; So C af-ter B followed A thro' the noddle, Like nails all the A, B, C. Old John Cross kept the vil-lage day-school, And a queer old man was he, was he.

APPOGGIATURA—TURN—SHAKE OR TRILL—PORTAMENTO.

APPOGGIATURA.—From an Italian word, which signifies, to lean, or to rest upon. Usually represented by notes of smaller size: considered, in respect to harmony, as not belonging to the chord in which they occur.

ILLUSTRATION.

WRITTEN. PERFORMED.

THE SHAKE OR TRILL.—The rapid alternation of a tone with the conjoint tone above it, at an interval of either a step or a half-step, is called a SHAKE OR TRILL.

NOTE.—The shake is a very brilliant musical embellishment. Its proper practice gives flexibility to the voice.

ILLUSTRATION.

WRITTEN. PERFORMED. OR

(JUBILEE—4)

THE TURN.—A tone sung in rapid succession with the conjoint tones above and below it, so as to produce a winding or turning melodic motion or movement, is called a TURN. The turn has a variety of forms, a few of which may be illustrated, as follows:

WRITTEN. PERFORMED.

PORTAMENTO.—When the voice is instantaneously conducted by a concrete passage, or graceful and almost imperceptible glide from one note to another, so as to produce a momentary previous recognition or anticipation of the coming tone, such a carriage or transition of the voice, or

such a blending or melting of one tone into another, is called PORTAMENTO.

NOTE.—The portamento should only occur between tones of comparatively long duration, and in connection with words or tones expressive of deep emotion. This beautiful grace, which, when properly introduced, gives an inexpressible charm to singing, is sometimes, nay, often, most sadly misrepresented, caricatured, or counterfeited, and coarse slides, or vocal avalanches, are heard in its place. Ferrari, in his "Singing Method," has applied the very significant term "harsh shrieks" to these frightful lurchings of the voice; but, by whatever name they may be called, they should be most watchfully and determinately eschewed.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

WRITTEN. PERFORMED.

THE STUDY OF SINGING.

BY LABLACHE.

THE VOICE AND ITS FORMATION IN GENERAL.

WHAT is called the voice, is the sound which human beings have the faculty of producing with their own organs. The lungs and the larynx are the principal agents of it; but it is modified by the co-operation of the maxillary sinuses, the nasal cavities, and the frontal sinuses. The greater or less opening of the upper extremity of the larynx, called the glottis, produces sounds more or less grave. The purity of the voice depends upon the exact relation which there should be between the degree of opening of the glottis, and the degree of elevation of the sound which it is desired to produce.

What is called talent for singing consists then principally in the aptness to seize this relation, and in the promptness with which this organ can articulate the sounds with which the mind has conceived.

ON THE REGISTERS OF THE VOICE.

Men have the faculty of forming two series of sounds, which are called Registers of the Voice. The first series commences with the lowest note of the voice and extends for the Base as far as

and is called the Chest-register. Above this sound would begin another series, which would be called the Head-register; but the base voice has such a force in its chest-register, that it is almost impossible to well unite or equalize these two qualities of sounds. Hence the use of sounds of the head-register has been discarded in this kind of voice.

Baritone and Tenor voices, which are softer and more flexible, can make use of the two registers; and these are distributed in the following manner:

The diagram shows two musical staves. The top staff is labeled 'TENOR.' and the bottom staff is labeled 'BARITONE.' Each staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The Tenor staff has a range from G2 to G4. The Baritone staff has a range from G2 to G4. Above the Tenor staff, a box labeled 'Chest-voice.' covers the range from G2 to G3, and a box labeled 'Head-voice.' covers the range from G3 to G4. Below the Baritone staff, a box labeled 'Chest-voice.' covers the range from G2 to G3, and a box labeled 'Head-voice.' covers the range from G3 to G4. The notes are: G2, A2, B2, C3, D3, E3, F3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F4, G4.

The female voice is divided into three series of sounds, or registers—the Chest, Medium, and Head registers.

The Contralto voice, which is the base of the female voice, rarely employs the head-register.*

The Mezzo-Soprano and the Soprano divide their sounds in the following manner:

The diagram shows two musical staves. The top staff is labeled 'SOPRANO.' and the bottom staff is labeled 'MEZZO-SOPRANO.' Each staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The Soprano staff has a range from G3 to G5. The Mezzo-Soprano staff has a range from G2 to G5. Above the Soprano staff, a box labeled 'Chest-voice.' covers the range from G3 to G4, a box labeled 'Middle-voice.' covers the range from G4 to G5, and a box labeled 'Head-voice.' covers the range from G5 to G6. Below the Mezzo-Soprano staff, a box labeled 'Chest-voice.' covers the range from G2 to G4, a box labeled 'Middle-voice.' covers the range from G4 to G5, and a box labeled 'Head-voice.' covers the range from G5 to G6. The notes are: G2, A2, B2, C3, D3, E3, F3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F4, G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F6, G6.

* This voice varies in its capacities with almost every individual; hence it is impossible to fix the limits of its register precisely.

OF THE MANNER OF EXERCISING THE VOICE.

Experience has shown that in order to form the voice and equalize it, the pupil should sing much on the vowel sound *a*, and a little also, but at a later period, on the sound *e*. This is called vocalizing.

Vocalizing—by laying bare, so to speak, all the faults of the voice, which would be in part disguised by the employment of words—becomes for this reason the most efficacious means of combating them.

The conditions of good vocalizing are 1st, to know how to hold the mouth well; 2d, to breathe well; 3d, to form and send forth the sounds of the different registers; 4th, to pass insensibly from the sounds of one register to those of another; 5th, to attack and connect sounds for forming successions. We proceed to devote a special section to the analysis of each of these conditions.

ON THE POSITION OF THE MOUTH.

The mouth should be kept smiling, without distortion, and opened sufficiently to admit the end of the forefinger.

The jaws should remain not always perpendicular one over the other, as has been wrongly said, but in the position which is most natural for the conformation of the pupil's mouth.

The tongue should be suspended, and placed in such a manner as to leave the greatest possible open space.

ON THE RESPIRATION.

A long and easy breathing is one of the most essential qualities for the singer. Hence we persuade the pupil to practice holding his breath for a long time, even without singing. In order to take in the breath, he should be careful to contract the abdomen, and to make the chest rise and swell as much as possible. He should remain in this position as long as he can, and then he should let the breath flow out very slowly, until his abdomen and his chest have regained their natural position. Afterwards he should begin again, observing that the mouth is moderately open, as well in drawing in the air, as in pressing it out again. By this exercise, lungs of a moderate capacity will become able to furnish a well-pitched sound which will last from 18 to 20 seconds.

TO FORM SOUNDS OF DIFFERENT REGISTERS.

The sounds of the chest-register should be produced by sending forth the breath freely, and in such a manner as not to strike against any part of the mouth on its passage; the least rubbing against the glands destroys the vibrating quality of the tone. Females will obtain them more easily by keeping the mouth a little rounded.

The medium sounds are produced by directing the breath against the upper teeth.

The head sounds are made by directing the breath entirely towards the frontal sinuses.*

Every sound ought to be uttered without feeling or groping about for it. Many persons when they are required to sound *one*, are disposed to strike *six* or *seven* and then lead the voice rapidly up to the required tone. This occurs frequently in striking notes which are pretty high. It is a fault which must be carefully avoided.†

* There are two faults to be avoided in the delivery of the voice—1st the guttural sound; 2d, the nasal sound. The first proceeds almost always from this, that the tongue is too much pressed backwards and against the lower part of the mouth. It may be avoided by pushing the tongue forward a little, and keeping it suspended. The second fault proceeds from this, that the breath is forced into the cavities of the nose. With attention, beginners who may have a tendency to this, will be able to avoid it easily; but in order to eradicate it with persons with whom it is a habit of long standing there is no other means than that of making them vocalize at first upon the vowel *O*, then upon *a* and upon *e*, holding the nose pinched in such a manner that the breath can not pass at all. This expedient is the only one the efficaciousness of which has been proved to us by experience; we point it out without fear of ridicule, persuaded as we are, that when the pupil shall have become able to send forth his voice in this manner, the fault will have disappeared entirely. Observe only this, that one should not attempt to sing with words in this manner, it is quite impossible.

† We must also avoid commencing a sound by preceding it with a kind of preparation, which may be expressed by *um*.

No. 1. EXERCISE FOR SOPRANO.

* Chest-voice. Middle-voice.

† Head-voice. Middle-voice.

Chest-voice.

The exercise should be performed by forming the sounds according to the principles given above, and breathing on each rest.
 For Baritone and Mezzo-Soprano voices, this exercise should be commenced a third lower, and for Contralto and Baso voices, it should be transposed a fourth.

OF THE MANNER OF UNITING SOUNDS OF DIFFERENT REGISTERS.

The two registers of the male voice frequently afford unequal sounds, which would produce a very disagreeable effect, if the ability to unite them could not be attained by study. The highest tones of the chest are very strong, by the very effort which they require, while the first head-tones are very soft and often feeble. Hence it is necessary to apply one's self to strengthening the latter, and softening the former. As our organs permit us to produce the extreme sounds of one register in the next register, the best means of uniting the two kinds of sounds, is to begin by making a single sound pass from the chest-register to the head register, and *vice versa*.

EXERCISES FOR UNITING THE CHEST-VOICE WITH THE HEAD-VOICE.

The letter C indicates the chest-voice, and the letter H indicates the head-voice.

No. 2. FOR THE MALE VOICE.

C. H. C. H. C.

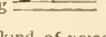
C. H. C. H. C.

No. 3. FOR THE MALE VOICE.

O. H. C. O. H.

* When one finishes a sound without having exhausted all the breath, it is necessary to use care to stop the remaining breath very gently, and not to flog it out with a kind of expiration very disagreeable to hear. We should equally avoid shutting the mouth as soon as the sound is finished.
 † Men who have Tenor voices will do well to exercise themselves in singing the entire scale from the chest-voice.

H. O. O. H. H. O.

Tenor voices can form a kind of sound which is called mixed, because it combines the vibrating quality of the chest sounds with the softness of the head sounds.
 It is very difficult to fix the upward and downward limits of this kind of voice. We have heard Tenors who, in descending scales, prolonged it even to  and only regained the chest-sound at the lower G. This aided them admirably in making  the difference of sound existing between the chest and head-register disappear.

Hence we urge Tenor pupils to exercise this kind of voice in its whole extent. As for the means to be employed, they can only be pointed out by the verbal instruction of the professor. We shall merely recommend to them to guard themselves against the habit of the guttural sound, which is easily contracted in the use of the mixed-voice.

No. 4. FOR THE MIXED VOICE.

O. M. H. M. O.

Although female voices have in fact three registers in the compass of their voice, the passage from the Medium to the Head voice, offers but little difficulty to them. They should above all, direct their attention to the union of the chest-register and the medium-register. The difficulty to be overcome is the same which men experience, and the means to be employed are identical, namely, weakening the high sounds of the chest, and strengthening the first tones of the medium.

EXERCISES FOR UNITING THE CHEST-VOICE WITH THE MEDIUM-VOICE.

The letter C indicates the chest-voice, and M the medium voice.

No. 5. FOR THE FEMALE VOICE.

* O. M. O. O. M. O. O. M. O.

C. M. O. O. M. &C.

As the head-tones with females are stronger than the medium tones, in order to unite these two registers they must follow a process the reverse of the preceding: this is to say, they must strengthen as much as possible the last medium-tones, and soften the first head-tones.

These exercises ought to be sung very slowly at first, and in proportion as the pupil shall acquire facility in passing from one register to the other, he can accelerate the movement.

TO ATTACK AND CONNECT SOUNDS.

Sounds which should form connected successions, as diatonic and other scales, ought to be attacked boldly, and connected without sliding (save in the case of Portamento, of which we shall speak at a later period.)

* There are many female voices which experience almost no difficulty in changing the register—these are generally those which have not great power. It is for the master to distinguish who need to perform these exercises, and who can do without them.

We should pass suddenly from one to the other, but without giving to each of them an impulse of the chest or of the throat, which would make the singing resemble the manner of playing on the piano of one who should strike all the keys successively with the same finger. The chin, the lips, and the tongue should be entirely motionless.

The articulation of the sounds should be formed by the throat alone.

SWELLING SOUNDS.

To swell a sound is to strike it with firmness, but as softly as possible, augmenting the force gradually to the middle of its duration, and from this point to the end, insensibly diminishing to the degree of force with which it was commenced.

To succeed well with the exercise of the scale with the swell, it is necessary to take breath before each note, to remain a moment with the chest raised, before giving forth the voice, and then to strike the sound in the manner we have before suggested, taking care to make no movement either with the mouth or with the tongue while the sound lasts.

The practice of scales with a swell is the most useful exercise which can be performed for good singing. By this means one corrects the faults of the voice, gives firmness to it, increases its power, and acquires the flexibility which is indispensable for coloring the melody. Pupils who desire to speedily gain command of their vocal organs, should sing at least four scales with the swell, every day for two months.

OF THE MANNER OF CARRYING THE VOICE.

The true carrying of the voice, which the Italians call *Portamento*, occurs principally between two sounds pitched at the distance of at least one third, and in a rather slow movement. It consists in quitting the first sound a little before the total expiration of its rhythmical value, in order to slide the voice upon the following sound, after the manner of the very slightly perceptible anticipation. This slide ought always to be made with augmenting the force when the voice is carried upon a higher sound, and diminishing it when carried upon a lower sound;* all this may be very nearly indicated. For Example see last "Illustration," p. 49.

* It is necessary to avoid with care leaning strongly upon the carriage of the voice in the descending. This would produce a kind of yawn, which would be very disagreeable.

ON PRONUNCIATION AND ON ARTICULATION.

Pronunciation in singing is subjected to the same rules as in speech. Good pronunciation consists in giving to each letter or to each syllable the sound which belongs to it; but as syllables have generally more force and duration when sung, and as defects become thus more striking, it is necessary that the pupil in singing should take still more care to follow the directions of the grammar, for the formation of each syllable. The rolling of the R, or the hissing of the S ought to be avoided; but it is necessary, above all, to apply one's self to giving to each of the vowels the sound which is proper to it, but not to excess in the pronunciation of E and of U, which, to favor the emission of the voice, should be uttered with the mouth closed as little as possible.

The merit of a good pronunciation would disappear with the singer, if he did not add that of a good articulation, which consists in giving more or less force to the consonants.

We would advise pupils to articulate rather extravagantly in study; for then if in singing before people they lose a little of their precision, they will still have enough to do well.

CONCLUSION.

Having now set forth such rules as have been proved to us by experience to be useful, it remains for us to say a few words on the manner of governing the voice, and practicing.

The voice is the finest of instruments, and also the most delicate. A well regulated life is necessary to preserve it; all excess tends to destroy it. It is even necessary to abstain from singing too long at a time: for as it is indispensable to always sing with a full and sonorous voice, the organs would suffer by too long continued exercise. The singer should be careful to leave off singing a little while before being fatigued. It is impossible to fix a limit to the time of study; this depends on the strength of the individual. But we repeat that this study should invariably be performed, not always with the entire fullness of the capacities of the voice, but always with an open and sonorous voice; nothing is more injurious, and nothing more retards the progress than the habit of singing through the teeth, or of practicing a mere humming tone. The chest is fatigued, the throat acquires not real facility, and the voice gains neither certainly nor development.

VOCALIZING EXERCISES.

From Mason's *Vocalizing Exercises and Solfeggios*.

To be sung with vowel sounds, (principally *Ah*), for flexibility of voice, and with syllables for distinctness and facility in articulation. May be repeated several times before singing the last note.
Not so fast as to be indistinct



Endeavor to fill the lungs thoroughly, and without noise, however short the time for taking the breath. Sometimes loud, and sometimes soft, sometimes increasing, and sometimes diminishing. These lessons should sometimes be sung in G or A, to suit the lower voices. Be careful not to force the voice upwards.

No. 9.

No. 1.
ALLEGRO

SOLFEGGIOS. To be sung with vowel sounds or syllables for style, &c.

T. COOKE.

No. 2.

ANDANTE.

T. COOKE.

No. 3. Syncopation.
ANDANTE.

T. COOKE.

No. 4.
ANDANTINO

T. COOKE.

No. 5.
ANDANTINO.

T. COOKE.

No. 6.
MODERATO

GAETANO NAVA.

No. 7.
ANDANTE MOSSO.

GAETANO NAVA.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

Partly from "RUSSEL'S ELEMENTS OF MUSICAL ARTICULATION."

SYLLABIC COMBINATIONS.

1.—Initial Syllables.

[The common faults in the enunciation of syllables, consist in a slack, obscure articulation of the single elements of which they are composed, and, in addition, the fault of negligently allowing a vowel sound to intervene between the consonants; thus, "bála" for bla. It is undoubtedly one of the greatest faults of our language, that it abounds in unmusical collocations in the sounds of letters and syllables. But true taste will never allow this fact to excuse a slovenly style of articulation, but will always maintain a neat, clear, and exact sound of every element, in whatever combination it may occur.]

Bl, cl, fl, gl, pl, sl, spl.

Blame, bleed, blithe, blow, blew, black, bled, bliss, blot, blood, blind, blest

Claim, clean, clime, close, clew, clap, cleft, clip, clot, clutch, cloy, cloud.

Flame, flee, fly, flow, flew, flat, flock, fut, flock, flute, flood, flower.

Glare, gleam, glide, glow, gloom, glad, glim, gloss, glut, glass, glimpse, glance.

Place, plea, ply, plow, plan, plat, plot, please.

Slay, sleep, slide, slow, slack, slept, slip, slew.

Spleen, display, splendor, explore.

Br, cr, dr, fr, gr, pr, spr, tr, str, shr.

[The following words need attention to a clear, distinct enunciation of the hard r.—free, however, from prolongation.]

Brave, bread, brink, broke, brisk, brow, brook, brink.

Crave, creep, cried, croak, crested, crook, crop, crust.

Drain, drcain, dry, drove, drag, dred, drip, drop, draw, droop, drug, drown.

Frame, free, fro, fruit, fret, froth, frown, freeze.

Grain, green, grand, groan, grand, grin, ground, graft.

Pray, preach, pry, prone, pride, prove, proud, prow.

Spray, spring, sprung, sprang.

Trace, tree, try, trust, track, tread, trip, true.

Stray, street, strife, strown, struck, stream, stress, strength.

Shrine, shroud, shrub, shr.e.k.

Sm, sn, sp, st.

Small, smite, smoke, smooth, smite, smote, smear

Snare, snear, snow, snoug.

Space, speed, spike, spook, spare, sped, split, spear

Stay, steer, stile, store, stack, step, stuck, stop.

2.—Final Syllables.

ld, lf, lk, ln, lp, ls, lt, lve.

Bold, hailed, called, held, tolled, culled, pulled, howled, spoiled, hurtled, world.

Elf, wolf, gulph, sylph. Milk, silk, bulk, hulk.

Elm, helm, whelm, flm. Helm, gulp, alp, scalp.

Falls, tells, fills, hills, feels, tools, howls, toils.

Fault, melt, holt, hilt.

Elve, delve, heive, selves, twelve, valve, devolve, revolve.

m'd, ms, nd, ns, nk, nce, nt.

Maimed, claimed, climbed, gloomed.

Fleams, streams, slimes, steams.

And, band, hand, land, lincd, moaned, pained, crowned.

Gains, dens, gleans, vines, groans, screens, wains, suns.

Bank, dank, drink, link.

Dance, glance, hence, whence, once, since, wincc, ounce.

Ant, want, gaunt, launt, sent, went, joint, point.

rb, rd, rk, rm, rn, rse, rs, r', rvc, rb'd, rk'd, rm'd, rn'd, rst, rs'd, rv'd.

Barb, erb, orb, curb, b. r'd, orb'd, curb'd, disturb'd.

Hard, herd, hir'd, board, lord, gourd, bar'd, barr'd.

Hark, lark, jerk, stork, work, mark'd, jerk'd, work'd.

Arm, harm, farm, alarm, arm'd, harm'd, farm'd, alarm'd, con-firm'd.

Earn, learn, scorn, 'horn, burn, turn, worn, 'ehorn, earn'd, scorn'd, burn'd, turn'd.

Hearse, verse, force, horse, dar'st, burst, first, worst, hears'd, vers'd, forc'd, hors'd.

Bars, bears, hears, wears, pairs, tarcs, snares, repairs.

Mart, dart, start, hurt.

Carve, curve, serve, starve, carv'd, curv'd, serv'd, starv'd.

sm, s'n, sp, st, ks, ct, s'd, ft, f'd, pt, p'd, p'n, k'n, d'n, v'n.

Chasm, schism, prism.

Reas'n,* seas'n, ris'n, chos'n.

Asp, clasp, gasp, wasp, lisp, crisp.

Past, mast, lest, nest, dust, lost, mist, wist.

Makes, quakes, likes, strikes, looks, streaks, ricks, rocks.

Quak'd, wak'd, lik'd, look'd, rock'd, shock'd, reject, respect.

Waft, quaff'd, laugh'd, oft, left, sift, soft, scoff'd.

Pip'd, ripp'd, suppi'd, siop'd.

Op'n,* happ'n, weap'n, rip'n.

Tak'n, wak'n, weak'n, tak'n.

Sadd'n, gladd'n, lad'n, burd'n, hard'n, yard'n, wid'n, hidd'n.

Ev'n,t heav'n, giv'n, driv'n, wov'n, grav'n, leav'n, ov'n.

lst, nst, rst, dst, rdst, rmdst, rndst.

[Many of the following combinations occur in the singing of hymns, and need much attention, from their difficulty in articulation.]

Call'st, heal'st, tell'st, fill'st, roll'st, pull'st, reveal'st, unveil'st.

Canst, runn'st, gam'st, ram'st.

Durst, first, worst, erst, barr'st, car'st, hir'st, lur'st.

Mid'st, call'dst, fill'dst, roll'dst.

Heard'st, guard'st, reward'st, discard'st.

Arm'dst, harm'dst, charm'dst, form'dst.

Learn'dst, scorn'dst, turn'dst, burn'dst.

* These words should always be read as if spelled without *o* or *e*, in the last syllable. In singing, the *o* or the *e* must be sounded, when the verse requires, but should never, through negligence, be made broad or full, in the faulty style of "o-pun," "ta-un," &c.

† These words are usually to be sung, as well as read, without the sound of *e* after *v*, but never in the low style of "e-pun," "heav-un," &c.

ble, ple, dle, rl, b'd, pl'd, r'd.

Able, feeble, bible, double, troubl'd, bubb'l'd, babbl'd, doub'd.

Ample, steeple, triple, topple, tripl'd, topp'd, dappl'd, crippl'd.

Cradle, saddle, idle, bridle.

Marl, hurl, whirl, fur, world, hurl'd, whirl'd, fur'd.

ngs, ngst, ng'd.

Rings, wrongs, hangs, songs.

Hang'st, sing'st, wrong'st, bring'st.

Wrong'd, hang'd, clang'd

DIFFICULT COMBINATIONS.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

By careful training on such difficult combinations as the following, one will soon acquire great command of the muscles of the face, (generally too rigid), and the tongue will move with fluency and precision.

Practice at first slowly, and then more rapidly.

THE TWISTER. (Tongue Exercise.)

When a twister, a twisting, will twist him a twist.
For twisting his twist, he three twines doth intwist.
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth untwisteth the twist

MUSCLE BREAKERS.

Thou waf'd'st the skiff over the mountain height cliffs, and saw'st the full orb'd moon, in whose effulgent light thou reef'd'st the haggled sails.
He was unamiable, disrespectful, formidable, unmanageable, inextricable and pusillanimous.

Lip and Tongue Exercise.

Peter Prickle Prandle picked three pecks of prickly pears from three prickly prangly pear trees; if then Peter Prickle Prandle picked three pecks of prickly, prangly pears, from three prickly, prangly pear trees, where are the three pecks of prickly pears that Peter Prickle Prandle picked from three prickly prangly pear trees; success to the successful prickly prangly pear picker.

R. (With one trill of the tongue only.)

The rough rock roars; round and round the rough rocks the rugged rascal ran.

THE THISTLE SIFTER.

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb; if then Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, dost not thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb.

PRONUNCIATION.

The words The, By, My.

The, before a word beginning with a vowel, should be pronounced with the same sound of *e* as in *relate*: before a word beginning with a consonant, it should have the obscure sound, as in the second syllable of *eternal*; but never the sound of broad *a*.

By, in colloquial, or very familiar language, may be pronounced short, with a sound of *y*, corresponding to that of *i*, in the word *it*, and not, as sometimes heard, to the *e* of *me*. But generally the *y* should be full.

My should always be pronounced with the short sound of *i*, mentioned above, unless, in emphatic expression, or in solemn style: and in the latter, only in phrases directly associated with solemnity, as in the following; "my God." Familiar phrases, even in serious or solemn style, should retain the short *y*; thus, my hand, my heart, my mouth,—not "my hand," nor "me hand,"

&c.—So also in phrases of address, my lords, my friends, my countrymen, &c.—not *my* lords, &c. The word *myself* should never have the long *y*.

The termination ed.

In the reading of the Scriptures, the solemnity and antiquity of the style are supposed by some to require, or at least to authorize, the sounding of *e* in such words. This, however, is a matter of taste merely, and should never be extended to other reading.—In chanting, the *e* should always be sounded: in singing, the pronunciation is regulated by the verse, as retaining or omitting the sound of this letter.

The words Guide, Guard, Regard, Sky, Kind.

These, in cultivated usage, are pronounced with a slight sound of *y*, following *g* and *k*. The omission of this sound characterizes the local usage of Scotland and of New England. The local mode has, no doubt, the sanction of reason and system. But general

custom is the only law of spoken language. Words are facts of speech, not logical deductions.

The words Amen, &c.

Vocal music, of a sacred character, is properly allowed the same liberty which is conceded to the language of poetry, with regard to the use of a style of pronunciation which is obsolete, for common purposes, but appropriate in the expression of deep, solemn, grand, or lofty effects of emotion. Hence the just preference, in the singing of sacred music, for the pronunciation of the word *amen*, with a broad, as in *arm*.

The same remark may be applied to all instances of variable pronunciation in which the current modern sound of a vowel is flat and unmusical, and that of an older style is broad and melodious.*

* Some vocalists extend this rule to the word *my*, giving it the long *y* in all devotional music.

SINGING EXERCISES.

To be sung sometimes in Slow and sometimes in Quick time, sometimes Piano and sometimes Forte. The scale may be transposed to suit different voices.

No. 1. Monosyllables.

All, ball, call, fall. All, ball, call, fall. All, ball, call, fall. All, ball, call, fall.

No. 2. Words of two Syllables, accented on the first.

Awful, lawful, dawning, drawing. Awful, lawful, dawning, drawing. Awful, lawful, dawning, drawing. Awful, lawful, dawning, drawing.

No. 3. Words of two Syllables, accented on the second.

A-larm, dis-arm, de-part, dis-charge. A-larm, dis-arm, de-part, dis-charge. A-larm, dis-arm, de-part, dis-charge. A-larm, dis-arm, de-part, dis-charge.

A-larm, dis-arm, de-part, dis-charge. A-larm, dis-arm, de-part, dis-charge. A-larm, dis-arm, de-part, dis-charge. A-larm, dis-arm, de-part, dis-charge.

No. 4. Words of three Syllables, accented on the first.

Lawful-ly, wa-tering. Lawful-ly, wa-tering. Lawful-ly, wa-tering. Lawful-ly, wa-tering.

THE
ECLECTIC TUNE BOOK.

ADRA. L. M.

From the SHAWM.

The musical score is written on four staves. The first three staves are treble clefs, and the fourth is a bass clef. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staves.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his power pro-longs my days, And ev - ery eve-ning shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per - haps, am near my home ; But he for-gives my fol - lies past, He gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep, Peace is the pil - low for my head : While well-appoint-ed an - gels keep Their watchful stations round my head.



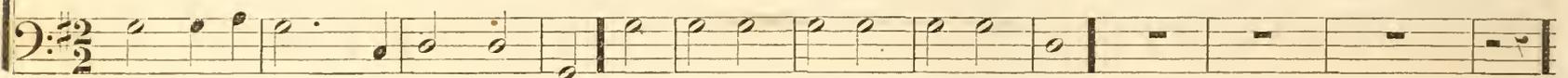
1. Bless, O my soul! the liv - ing God, Call home thy thoughts that rove a - broad; Let all the powers, with - in me, join



2. Bless, O my soul! the God of grace His fa - vors claim thy high - est praise: Why should the wonders he hath wrought



3. 'Tis he, my soul! who sent his Son To die for crimes which thou hast done: He owns the ran - som, and for - gives



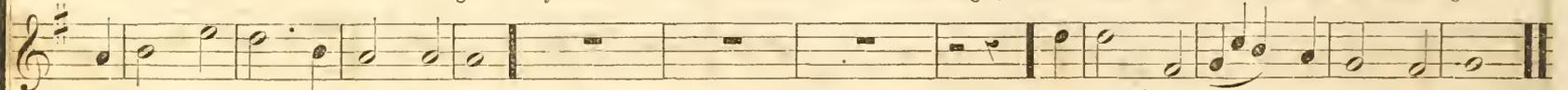
4. Let the whole earth his power con - fess, Let the whole earth a - dore his grace: The Gentile with the Jew shall join,



In work and wor - ship so di - vine, Let all the powers, with - in me, join In work and wor - ship so di - vine.



Be lost in si - lence and for - got? Why should the won - ders he hath wrought, Be lost in si - lence and for - got?



The hour - ly fol - lies of our lives, He owns the ran - som and for - gives, The hour - ly fol - lies of our lives,



In work and wor - ship so di - vine, The Gen - tile with the Jew shall join. In work and wor - ship so di - vine.

1. The King of saints,—how fair his face! A - dorned with ma - jes - ty and grace, He comes, with

The King of saints,—how fair his face! A - dorned with ma - - jes - ty and grace, He comes, with

Detailed description: This system contains the first two stanzas of the hymn. It features four staves of music: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), a second vocal line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

bless - ings from a - bove, And wins the na - tions to his love.

bless - ings from a - bove, And wins the na - tions to his love.

Detailed description: This system contains the second two stanzas of the hymn. It features four staves of music: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), a second vocal line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

2.

At his right hand, our eyes behold,
The queen, arrayed in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3.

Oh! happy hour, when thou shalt rise,
To his fair palace in the skies;
And all thy sons a numerous train,
Each, like a prince, in glory reign.

4.

Let endless honors crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we, with cheerful songs approve
The condescensions of his love.

ANVERN. L. M.

Arranged from the German. By DR. L. MASON. 7

Slow, and in steady time.

1. Th'Almighty reigns, exalted high O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky: Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet, His dwelling is the mercy-seat, His dwelling is the mercy - seat. Rit.

2. Immortal light, and joys unknown, Are for the saints in darkness sown; Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise, And the bright harvest bless our eyes, And the bright, &c. Rit.

3. Rejoice, ye righteous! and record The sacred honors of the Lord; None but the soul that feels his grace, Can triumph in his holi-ness, Can triumph in his ho-li-ness.

ALVORD. L. M.*

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus demands the voice of joy, Loud thro' the land let tri - umph ring; His honors should your songs em - ploy,—Let grateful prai-ses hail the King.

2. Shout to the Lord,—a - dor - ing own, Thy works thy wondrous might disclose, Thine arm vic - to - rious power has shown; Thus did thy cross con-found thy foes!

3. Low, at that cross, the world shall bow, All na-tions shall its blessings prove; While grateful strains in con - cert flow, To sing thy power, and praise thy love.

* Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two lines.

1. When we, our wea - ried limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Eu - phrates' stream. We wept, with dolful thoughts oppressed, And Zion was our mournful theme.

2. Our harps, that, when with joy we sung, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With si-lent strings, neglect - ed hung, On wil-low-trees that withered there.

3. How shall we tune our voice to sing, Or touch our harps with skillful hands? Shall hymns of joy, to God our King, Be sung by slaves in for - eign lands?

The musical score consists of four staves. The first three staves are treble clefs, and the fourth is a bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/2. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with a clear melody and accompaniment.

ASHUR. L. M.

W. B. B. From the JUBILEE.

1. With glo - ry clad, with strength arrayed, The Lord, that o'er all na - ture reigns, The world's foundations firm - ly laid, And the vast fab - ric still sus - tains.

2. How sure - ly 'stablished is thy throne, Which shall no change or pe - riod see; For thou, O Lord—and thou a - lone, Art God from all e - ter - ni - ty.

3. The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice, And toss their troubled waves on high; But God a - bove can still their noise, And make the an - gry sea com - ply.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first three staves are treble clefs, and the fourth is a bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with a clear melody and accompaniment.

AUGSBURG. L. M.

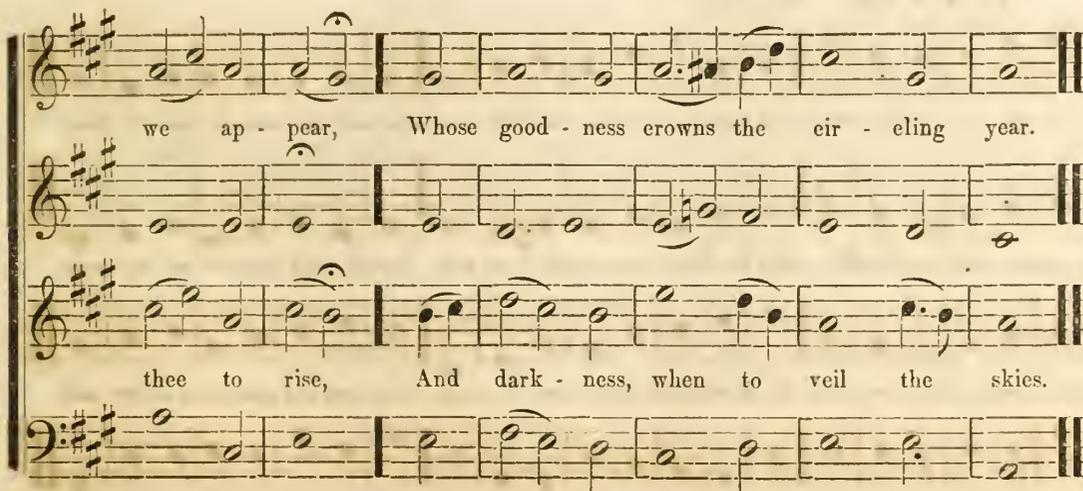
Arranged from Mozart.

9



1. E - ter - nal Source of ev - ery joy! Well may thy praise our lips em - ploy,—While, in the tem - ple,

2. While,—as the wheels of na - ture roll,— Thy hand supports the stea - dy pole; The sun is taught by



we ap - pear, Whose good - ness crowns the cir - cling year.

thee to rise, And dark - ness, when to veil the skies.

3.
The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer-rays, with vigor, shine
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4.
Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5.
Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning-light and evening-shade.

Moderato, Soft and Gentle, Affettuoso.



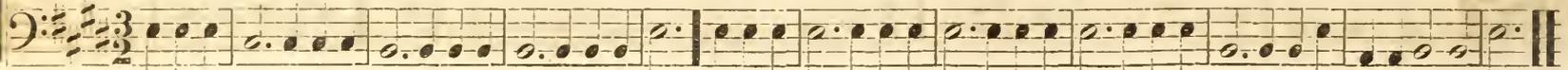
1. We all, O Lord, have gone astray, And wandered from thy heavenly way; The wilds of sin our feet have trod, Far from the paths of thee, our God, Far from the paths, &c.



2. Hear us, great Shepherd of thy sheep! Our wanderings heal, our footsteps keep: We seek thy sheltering fold again; Nor shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain, Nor shall we, &c.



3. Teach us to know and love thy way; And grant, to life's remotest day, By thine unerring guidance led, Our willing feet thy paths to tread, Our willing feet thy paths to tread.



BABA. L. M.*

QUICK. About one Second to each Half Note.



1. The heavens declare thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev - ery star thy wis - dom shines; But when our eyes be - hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.



2. The roll - ing sun, the chang - ing light, And night, and day, thy power confess; But the blest vol - ume thou hast writ, Reveals thy jus - tice and thy grace.



3. Sun, moon, an l stars con - vey thy praise Round the whole earth, and nev - er stand; So when thy truth be - gan its race, It touched and glanced on ev - ery land.



* This tune is found in the German Psalter, of 1552. It is also contained in Ainsworth's Psalms, and is therefore one of the tunes used by the Fathers of New England.

1. Oh! that I could for - ev - er dwell, Delight - ed, at the Sav-iour's feet, Be - hold the form I love so well, And all his tender words re - pent.

2. The world shut out from all my soul, And heaven brought in with all its bliss, Oh, is there aught, from pole to pole, One moment to com - pare with this?

3. This is the hid - den life I prize, — A life of pen - i - ten - tial love, When most my fol - lies I des - pise, And raise my highest thoughts above.

BEETHOVEN, OR GERMANY. L. M. Arr. from BEETHOVEN, by Dr. L. M.

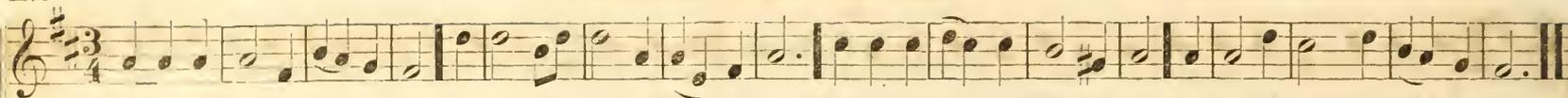
1. Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly guest! Come, fix thy mansion in my breast, Dis - pel my doubts, my fears eon - trol, And heal the an - guish of my soul.

2. Come, smiling hope! and joy sin - cere! Come, make your constant dwelling here, Still let your presence cheer my heart, Nor sin com - pel you to de - part.

3. Thou God of hope and peace di - vine! Oh! make these sacred pleasures mine; Forgive my sins, my fears re - move, And send the to - kens of thy love.

BLENDON. L. M.

Arr. from GIARDINI, by DR. L. MASON.



1. Je - sus, my all, to heaven is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on; His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The nar-row way, till him I view.



2. This is the way I long have sought, And mourned because I found it not; Till late I heard my Sa-viour say, "Come hither, soul, I am the way."



3. Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb, Shalt take me to thee as I am: My sin - ful self to thee I give; Nothing but love shall I re - ceive.



BOWEN. L. M.

Arr. from HAYDN, by DR. L. MASON.



1. He lives, the ev - er - last - ing God, Who built the world, who spread the flood; The heavens, with all their host, he made, And the dark re - gions of the dead.



2. He guides our feet, he guards our way, His morn-ing smiles a-dorn the day; He spreads the eve-ning-veil, and keeps The si - lent hours, while Is-rael sleeps.



3. Is - rael, a name di - vine - ly blest, May rise se - cure, se - cure - ly rest; Thy ho - ly guar-dian's wake-ful eyes Ad - mit no slum - ber nor sur - prise.



BLOOMFIELD CHANT. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY. From the SHAWM. 13

Staccato.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go pro-claim Sal-va-tion in Immanuel's name; To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there, And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With holy zeal your hearts inspire, Bid raging winds their fury cease, And calm the savage breast to peace, And calm the savage, &c.

3. And when our labors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more, Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown the Saviour Lord of all, And crown the, &c.

BRENTFORD. L. M. Or 6 lines.*

Arr. by DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. O Sun of righteousness, a-rise! With gen-tle beams on Zi-on shine; Dis-pel the dark-ness from our eyes, And souls a-wake to life di-vine.

2. On all around, let grace descend, Like heavenly dew, or co-pious showers; That we may call our God our Friend, That we may hail sal-va-tion ours.

* By repeating the first two lines.

1. Great God! we sing that mighty hand, By which support - ed still we stand: The ope - ning year thy mer - ey shows,— Let mer - ey crown it till it close.

2. By day, by night—at home, a - broad, Still we are guard - ed by our God; By his in - ees - sant boun - ty fed, By his un - err - ing counsel led.

3. With grateful hearts the past we own; The fu - ture—all to us unknown—We to thy guar-dian care com - mit, And peace-ful leave be - fore thy feet.

BRIMLEY. L. M.

TEMPLI CARMINA.

1. O'er the dark wave of Ga - li - lee The gloom of twilight ga - thers fast, And on the wa - ter drear - i - ly Descends the fit - ful evening blast.

2. The wea - ry bird hath left the air, And sunk in - to his sheltered nest; The wandering beast has sought his lair, And laid him down his welcome rest.

3. Siill near the lake, with wea - ry tread, Lin - gers a form of hu - man kind; And on His lone, unsheltered head, Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.



As when the weary traveler gains The height of some com-mand-ing hill, His heart re-vives, if o'er the plains He sees his home, tho' dis-tant still.



As when the weary traveler gains The height of some com-mand-ing hill, His heart re-vives, if o'er the plains He sees his home, tho' dis-tant still.



So, when the Christian pil-grim views By faith, his man-sion in the skies, The sight his fainting strength re-news, And wings his speed to reach the prize.



So, when the Christian pil-grim views By faith, his man-sion in the skies, The sight his fainting strength re-news, And wings his speed to reach the prize.





1. When gath' ring clouds a - round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few, On him I lean, who, not in vain,



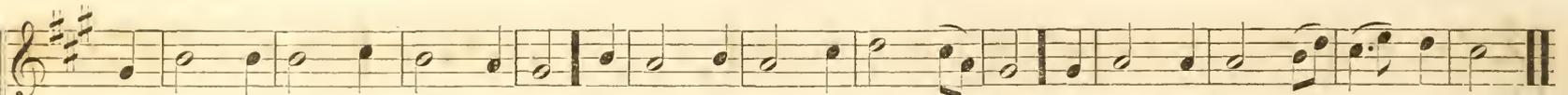
2. If aught should tempt my soul to stray From heaven - ly vir - tue's nar - row way, To fly the good I would pur - sue,



3. When sor - rowing o'er some stone I bend, Which cov - ers all that was a friend; And from his voice, his hand, his smile,



4. And Oh! when I have safe - ly past, Through ev - ry con - flict, but the last, Still, still unchang - ing, watch be - side.



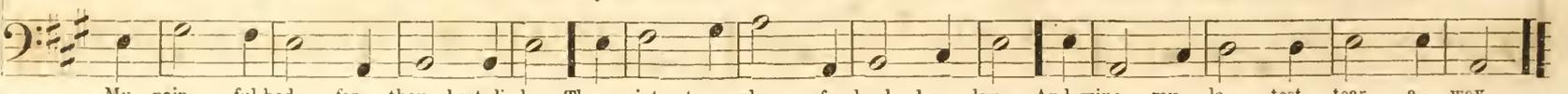
Ex - pe - rienced ev - ry hu - man pain; He sees my wants, al - lays my fears, And counts and trea - sures up my tears.



Or do the sin I would not do,— Still he, who felt temp - ta - tion's power, Shall guard me in that dan - g'rous hour.



Di - vides me, for a lit - tle while,— My Sa - viour sees the tears I shed, For Je - sus wept o'er Laz' - rus dead.



My pain - ful bed, for thou hast died; Then point to realms of cloud - less day, And wipe my la - test tear a - way.

1. Sweet is the work, my God! my King! To praise thy name, give thanks and sing; To show thy love by morn - ing light,

1. Sweet is the work, my God! my King! To praise thy name, give thanks and sing; To show thy love by morn - ing light,

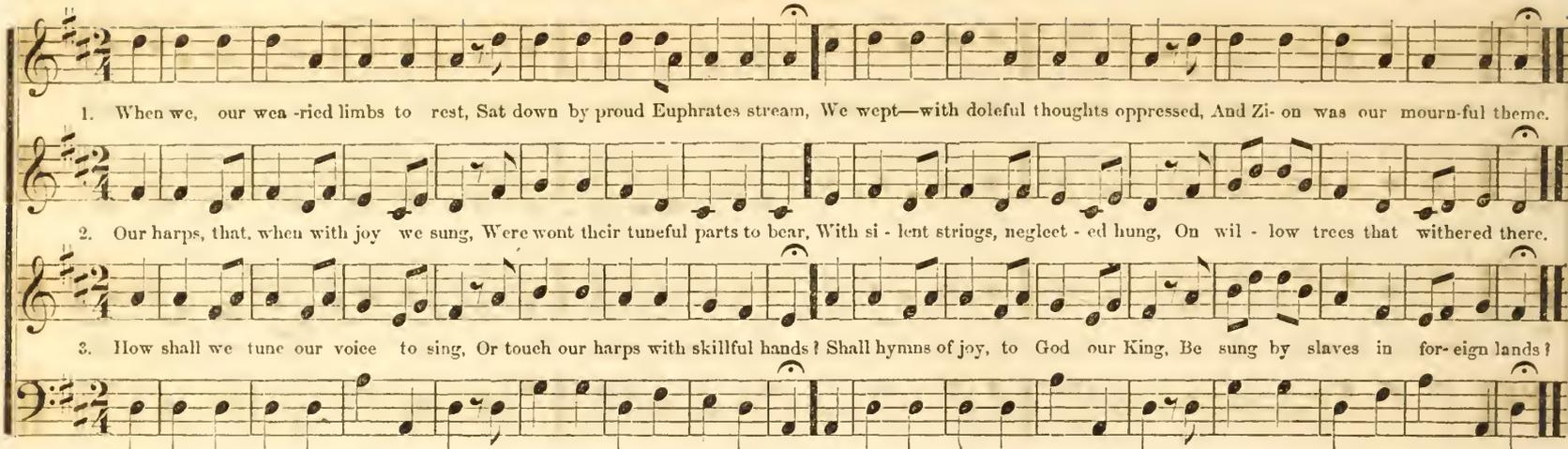
And talk of all thy truth at night, And talk of all thy truth at night.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace,—how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4. Lord! I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5. Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.



1. When we, our wea-ried limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphrates stream, We wept—with doleful thoughts oppressed, And Zi-on was our mourn-ful theme.

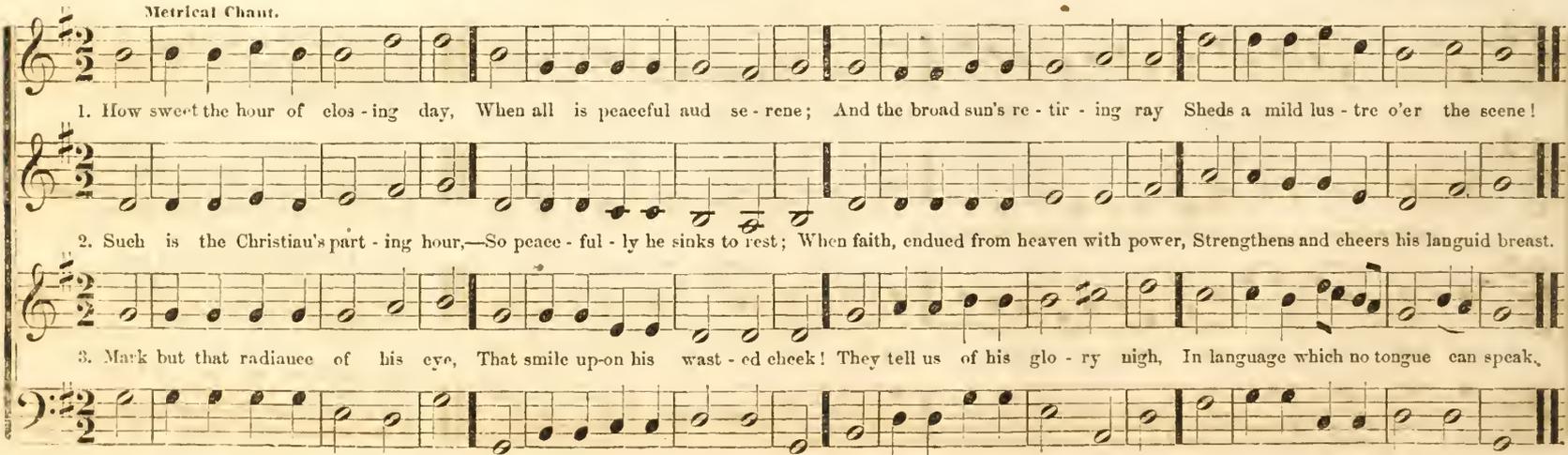
2. Our harps, that, when with joy we sung, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With si-lent strings, neglect-ed lung, On wil-low trees that withered there.

3. How shall we tune our voice to sing, Or touch our harps with skillful hands? Shall hymns of joy, to God our King, Be sung by slaves in for-ain lands?

"CLOSING DAY." L. M.*

DR. TH. HASTINGS.

Metrical Chant.



1. How sweet the hour of clos-ing day, When all is peaceful and se-rene; And the broad sun's re-tir-ing ray Sheds a mild lus-tre o'er the scene!

2. Such is the Christian's part-ing hour,—So peace-ful-ly he sinks to rest; When faith, endued from heaven with power, Strengthens and cheers his languid breast.

3. Mark but that radiauce of his eye, That smile up-on his wast-ed cheek! They tell us of his glo-ry nigh, In language which no tongue can speak.

* Of a gentle character; best adapted to stanzas which have a considerable pause at the end of the second line.

1. The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky, And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim.

2. Soon as the eve - ning shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And night - ly, to the listening earth, Repeats the sto - ry of her birth.

3. What tho', in solemn si - lence, all Move round this dark terrestrial ball! What tho' no real voice, nor sound, Amidst their radiant orbs, is found?

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a bass line in bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and G major. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis - play, And pub - lish - es to ev - ery land The work of an al - migh - ty hand.

While all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets in their turn, Con - firm the tid - ings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

In reason's ear they all rejoice, And ut - ter forth a glorious voice; For ev - er sing - ing, as they shine, "The hand that made us is di - vine."

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a bass line in bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and G major. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves. Dynamic markings include *Cres.* and *f*.

1. Lord, in thy love, would we re-joice, That bids the bur-den-ed soul be free; And, with u-ni-ted heart and voice, De-vote these sa-cred hours to thee.

2. Now let the world's de-lu-sive things No more our groveling thoughts employ, But faith be taught to stretch her wings, In search of heaven's un-fail-ing joy.

3. Oh! let these earthly Sab-baths, Lord! Be to our last-ing wel-fare blest; The purest com-fort here af-ford, And fit us for e-ter-nal rest.

CHRISTIAN'S SLEEP. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Dear is the spot where Christians sleep, And sweet the strain which angels pour; O, why should we in an-guish weep? They are not lost—but gone be-fore.

2. Say, why should friendship grieve for those Who safe ar-rive on Ca-naan's shore? Released from all their hurt-ful foes, They are not lost—but gone be-fore.

3. How ma-ny pain-fel days on earth Their fainting spi-rits num-bered o'er! Now they en-joy a heavenly birth; They are not lost—but gone be-fore.

CYPRUS. L. M.

FROM THE JUBILEE. Arr. from ANTON GERSBACH. 21

Bold and Vigorous.

1. The praise of Zi-on waits for thee, My God! and praise becomes thy house; There shall thy saints thy glory see, And there perform their pub-lic vows.

2. O Thou, whose mercy bends the skies, To save when humble sinners pray! All lands to thee shall lift their eyes. And eve-ry yielding heart o-bey.

3. Blest is the man, whom thou shalt choose, And give him kind access to thee; Give him a place with-in thy house, To taste thy love di-vine-ly free.

DESIRE. L. M.

1. Forgive us Lord! to thee we cry, Forgive us through thy matchless grace; On thee a-lone our souls re-ly, Be thou our strength and righteousness.

2. For-give thou us, as we for-give The ills we suf-fer from our foes; Restore us, Lord! and bid us live; Oh! let us in thine arms re-pose.

3. Forgive us, for our guilt is great, Our wretched souls no mer-it claim; For Sovereign mer-cy still we wait, And ask but in the Saviour's name.

1. Father! I would not seek to know The number of my earthly hours, Nor if the path that I must go Be paved with thorns, or strewn with flowers.

2. It is enough for me to see My all is governed by thy will, And that which I receive from thee Has been, and will be kindness still.

3. But this I would for ever pray, And this I cannot be denied, That whether dark or bright the way, Thy Spirit would my spirit guide.

4. Then in the flow of prosperous years, I shall not raise my heart too high, Nor yield to clouds, or doubts, or fears, Tho' prospects fail, and comforts die.

DUMBARTON. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY. FROM THE MENDELSSOHN COLL.

Smooth and Flowing.

1. Je-sus, where'er thy peo-ple meet, There they behold thy mer-cy-seat; Where'er they seek thee, thou art found, And ev-ery seat is hallowed ground.

2. For thou, with-in no walls con-fined, In-hab-it-est the humble mind; Such ev-er bring thee where they come, And go-ing, take thee to their home.

3. Great Shepherd of thy cho-sen few! Thy former mer-cies here re-new; Here to our wait-ing hearts proclaim The sweetness of thy sav-ing name.

DRESDEN. L. M. Double. Or 6 lines.

23
D. C.



1. { Preserve me, Lord, in time of need, For suc - cor to thy throne I flee; }
 { But have no mer - its there to plead, My goodness can-not reach to thee. } 2. Oft have my heart and tongue confessed How emp - ty and how poor I am;
 d. c. My praise ean nev - er make thee blest, Nor add new glo - ries to thy name.



3. { Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap Some pro - fit by the good we do; }
 { These are the com - pa - ny I keep, These are the choicest friends I know. } 4. Let others choose the sons of mirth, To give a rel - ish to their wine;
 d. c. I love the men of heavenly birth, Whose thoughts and language are divine.



DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.



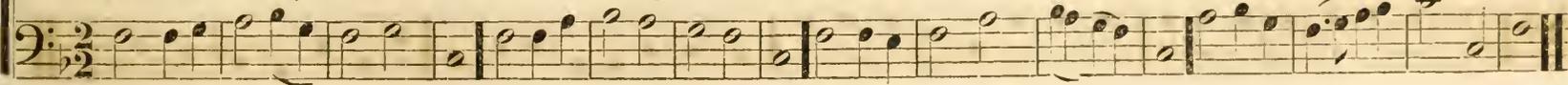
1. Lord! when thou didst as - cend on high, Ten thousand angels filled the sky; Those heavenly guards a - round thee wait, Like chariots that at - tend thy state.



2. Not Sinai's mountain could ap - pear More glorious when the Lord was there; While he pronounced his dreadful law, And struck the cho - sen tribes with awe.



3. How bright the triumph none can tell, When the rebellious powers of hell, That thousand souls had cap - tive made, Were all in chains like cap - tives, led.



Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale, Where death and all its ter-rors are, My heart and hope shall nev - er fail, For God my Shepherd's with me there.

Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale, Where death and all its ter - rors are, My heart and hope shall nev - er fail, For God my Shepherd's with me there.

The musical score for 'DEPARTING' is arranged for four staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is the bass line in bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line and repeated under the piano accompaniment.

EL-PARAN. L. M.

Arr. from SHULTZ, by DR. MASON.

1. An - oth - er six day's work is done, An - oth - er Sabbath is be - gun: Re - turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest; Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2. Oh' that our thoughts and thanks may rise, As grateful incense to the skies; And draw, from heaven, that sweet repose, Which none, but he that feels it, knows. *Dim.*

3. This heavenly calm, within the breast, Is the dear pledge of glorious rest, Which for the church of God remains, The end of cares, the end of pains.

The musical score for 'EL-PARAN' is arranged for four staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is the bass line in bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line and repeated under the piano accompaniment. A 'Dim.' (diminuendo) marking is present at the end of the second line of lyrics.

EFFINGHAM. L. M.

Allegretto.

The Lord proclaims his power aloud, O - ver the o - cean and the land; His voice di - vides the wa - try cloud, And lightnings blaze at his command.

The Lord proclaims his power aloud, O - ver the o - cean and the land; His voice di - vides the wa - try cloud, And lightnings blaze at his command.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

Tallis.

1. Glo-ry to thee, my God! this night, For all the blessings of the light, Keep me, Oh! keep me, King of kings! Beneath the shad - ow of thy wings.

2. Forgive me, Lord! for thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done; That with the world, myself and thee. My soul, this night, at peace may be.

2. Teach me to live that I may dread The grave as lit - tle as my bed; Teach me to die, that so I may Rise glo - rious, at the judgment day.

1. Now be my heart in - spired, to sing The glories of my Saviour-King, Je-sus, the Lord,—how heavenly fair His form! how bright his beauties are!

2. O'er all the sons of hu - man race, He shines with a su - per - ior grace; Love from his lips di - vine - ly flows, And blessings all his state compose.

3. Dress thee in arms, most might-y Lord! Gird on the ter - ror of thy sword; In ma-jes - ty and glo - ry ride, With truth and meekness at thy side.

The musical score for 'Ellethorpe' consists of four staves. The first three staves are vocal lines in treble clef, and the fourth staff is a bass line in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are printed below each vocal line.

ERNAN. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. My dear Redeem - er, and my Lord, I read my du - ty in thy word; But in thy life the law ap - pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters.

2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal, Such deference to thy Fa - ther's will, Such love, and meekness so di - vine, I would transcribe and make them mine.

3. Cold mountains and the mid - night air Witnessed the fer - vor of thy prayer; The des - ert thy temp - ta - tions knew, Thy conflict, and thy victory, too.

The musical score for 'Ernan' consists of four staves. The first three staves are vocal lines in treble clef, and the fourth staff is a bass line in bass clef. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below each vocal line.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER. 27

Dolce e Piano.



1. So fades the love - ly, bloom-ing flower, Frail, smiling sol - aco of an hour; So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure on - ly blooms to die.



2. Is there no kind, no len - ient art, To heal the an - guish of the heart? Spi - rit of grace, be ev - er nigh; Thy comforts are not made to die.



3. Bid gentle pa - tienee smile on pain, Till dying hope shall live again; Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye, And faith points upward to the sky.



FOREST. L. M.

CHAPIN.



1. Come hith-er, all ye wea-ry souls! Ye hea-vy-la - den sinners! come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home.



2. "They shall find rest, who learn of me.—I'm of a meek and low - ly mind; But passion ra - ges like the sea, And pride is rest - less as the wind.

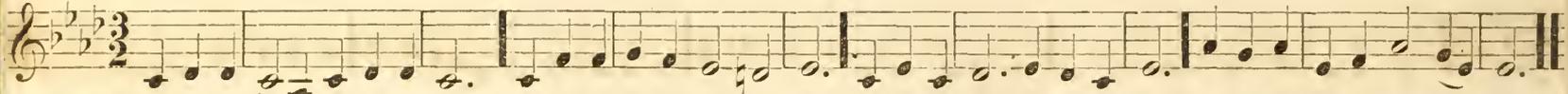


3. "Blessed is the man, whose shoulders take My yoke, and bear it with do - light; My yoke is ea - sy to his neck, My grace shall make the bur - den light.





1. "Come hither, all ye weary souls! Ye heav-y-la-den sin-ners! come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home.



2. "They shall find rest, who learn of me,— I'm of a meek and low-ly mind; But passion ra-ges like the sea, And pride is restless as the wind.



3. "Blessed is the man, whose shoulders take My yoke, and bear it with de-light; My yoke is ea-sy to his neck, My grace shall make the burden light."



FRIBURG. L. M.

Slow.



1. How sweet the hour of clos-ing day, When all is peace-ful and serene; And the broad sun's re-tir-ing ray Sheds a mild lus-tre o'er the scene.



2. Such is the Christian's parting hour,—So peace-ful-ly he sinks to rest; When faith, endued from heaven with power, Strengthens and cheers his languid breast.



3. Mark but that ra-diance of his eye, That smile up-on his wasted cheek! They tell us of his glo-ry nigh, In language which no tongue can speak.



GARLAND. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 29

1. From every storm-y wind that blows, From every swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - fore the mer - cy seat.

2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads, A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mer - cy seat.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet Around one eom - mon mer - cy seat.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

BOST.

1. My God! how endless is thy love! Thy gifts are every evening new; And morning mercies from a - bove, Gen - tly dis - till, like ear - ly dew.

2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours! Thy sovereign word restores the light, And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3. I yield my powers to thy command; To thee I con - se - crate my days; Per - pet - ual blessings, from thy hand, Demand per - pet - ual songs of praise.

Maestoso.

1. Zi - on! a - wake, thy strength renew, Put on thy robes of beauteous hue; And let th' admir - ing world be - hold The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.

2. Church of our God! a - rise and shine, Bright with the beams of truth di - vine: Then shall thy radianee stream a - far, Wide as the heathen na - tions are.

3. Gentiles and kings thy light shall view; All shall admire and love thee too; - Shall come, like clouds across the sky, Or doves that to their windows fly.

GRACE CHURCH. L. M.

Arr. from PLEYEL.

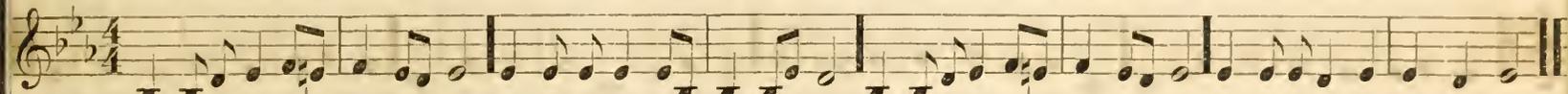
Al-mighty Fa-ther! bless the word Which, thro' thy grace, we now have heard; O may the precious seed take root, Spring up, and bear a - bun - dant fruit.

Al-mighty Fa-ther! bless the word Which, thro' thy grace, we now have heard; O may the precious seed take root, Spring up, and bear a - bun - dant fruit.

Slow and Gentle,



1. Happy the man, whose cautious feet Shun the broad way that sinners go; Who hates the place where atheists meet, And fears to talk as seofers do.



2. He loves t'employ his morn-ing light Among the stat - utes of the Lord, And spends the wakeful hours of night, With pleasure pondering o'er the word.



3. He, like a plant by gen - tle streams, Shall flourish in im - mor - tal green; And heaven will shine, with kindest beams, On every work his hands be - gin.



HARMONY CHANT. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Behold th' expected time draw near, The shades disperse, the dawn appear | Behold the wilderness assume The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom! The beauteous tints, &c.



2. Events with prophecies con-spire To raise our faith, our zeal to fire: The ripening fields, already white, Present a harvest to the sight. Present a harvest to the sight.



3. The untaught heathen waits to know The joy the gospel will bestow; The exiled captive, to receive The freedom Jesus has to give, The freedom Jesus has to give.



Quick.

1. There is a re-gion love-lier far Than sages tell, or po-ets sing, Brighter than noon-day glo-ries are, And softer than the tints of spring.

2. It is not fanned by sum-mer's gale; 'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers; It never needs the moonbeam pale, For there are known no eve-ning hours.

3. It is all ho-ly and se-rene, The land of glo-ry and repose; No cloud obscures the ra-diant scene; There not a tear of sor-row flows.

Allegro con Spirito.

HERTONVILLE. L. M.

From PSALMISTA, by permission.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk thro' des-erts dark as night; Till we ar-rive at heaven, our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2. The want of sight she well sup-plies; She makes the pearly gates appear; Far in-to dis-tant worlds she pries, And brings e-ter-nal glo-ries near.

3. Cheerful we tread the des-ert thro', While faith inspires a heaven-ly ray; Tho' li-ons roar, and tempests blow, And rocks and dangers fill the way.

HEBRON. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1830. 33

Slowly, Smoothly.



1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his power prolongs my days; And ev - ery evening shall make known Some fresh me-mo-rial of his grace.



2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home, But he forgives my fol - lies past, He gives me strength for days to come.



3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep.—Peace is the pil-low for my head, While well-ap-point-ed angels keep, Their watchful stations round my bed.



HINGHAM. L. M.

Arr. by DR. LOWELL MASON.



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



2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal care shall seize my breast, Oh! may my harp in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound, Like David's harp of, &c.



3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word; Thy works of grace,—how bright they shine! How deep thy counsels! how divine! How, &c.





1. Lord, let my prayer like incense rise; And when I lift my hands to thee, As in the eve-ning sac-ri-fice, Look down from heaven well pleased on me.



2. Set thou a watch to keep my tongue, Let not my heart to sin in-cline; Save me from men who practice wrong, Let me not share their mirth and wine.



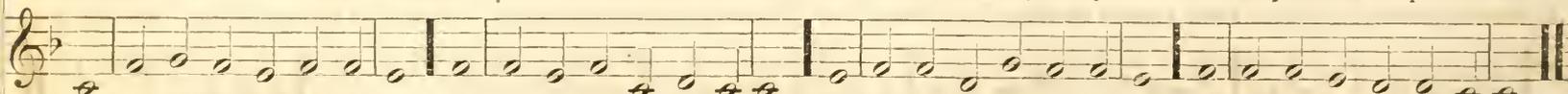
3. But let the righteous, when I stray, Smite me in love; his strokes are kind; His mild reproofs, like oil, al-lay The wounds they make, and heal the mind.



IOSCO. L. M.



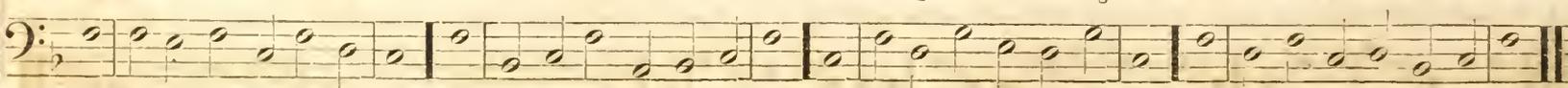
1. The praise of Zi-on waits for thee, Great God, and praise becomes thy house; There shall thy saints thy glo-ry see, And there per-form their pub-lic vows.



2. O thou, whose mercy bends the skies, To save, when hum-ble sin-ners pray;—All lauds to thee shall lift their eyes, And ev-ery yield-ing heart o-ber.



3. Soon shall the flock-ing na-tions run To Zi-on's hill—and own their Lord. The ris-ing and the set-ting sun Shall see the Saviour's name a-dored.



1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In vis-ions of en-raptured thought, So bright that all which spreads between Is with its radiant glo - - ry fraught.

2. A land up - on whose bliss-ful shore There rests no shadow, falls no stain; There those who meet shall part no more, And those long parted meet a gain.

JUDGMENT HYMN. L. M.*

MARTIN LUTHER.

Mae-sto-so.

1. In robes of judgment, lo! He comes, Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs, Before Him burns devouring fire, The mountains melt, the seas retire, The mountains, &c

2. His enemies, with sore dismay, Fly from the sight and shun the day; Then lift your heads, ye saints on high, And sing, for your redemption's nigh, And sing, for your, &c.

{ Great God! what do I see and hear? The end of things ere - a - ted! }
 { Be hold the Judge of man appear, On clouds of glo-ry seat - ed. } The trumpet sounds—the graves restore The dead which they contained before!—Prepare, my soul! to meet him.

* Or L. M. 6 lines, by repeating 1st strain.

Andante Moderato.

1. Thine earth-ly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a no- bler rest a - bove; To that our long-ing souls aspire, With cheer - ful hope, and strong de - sire.

2. No more fatigue, no more dis-tress, Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place; No groans shall mingle with the songs, That warble from im - mor - tal tongues.

3. No rude alarms of rag-ing foes, No eares to break the long repose; No midnight shade, no cloud - ed sun, But sa - ered, high, e - ter - nal noon.

* Or 6 lines, by repeating the first two lines.

LERROY. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

mf Moderately joyous.

1. He that hath made his re - fuge God, Shall find a most se - cure a - bode; Shall walk all day beneath his shade, And there, at night, shall rest his head.

2. Then will I say, - "My God! thy power Shall be my for-tress and my tower; I, who am formed of fee - ble dust, Make thine almight - ty arm my trust.

3. Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care Shall keep thee from the fow-ler's snare; Sa-tan, the fow - ler, who be-trays Un-guard - ed souls a thousand ways.

1. Awake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise; He just-ly claims a song from me: His loving kind-ness,

2. He saw me ru-ined by the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all; He saved me from my lost es-tate, His lov-ing kind-ness,

Oh! how free! His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, Oh! how free!

Coda.

Oh! how great! His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, Oh! how great!

3.
 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
 He near my soul has always stood;—
 His loving-kindness,—Oh! how good!

4.
 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale—
 Soon all my mortal powers shall fail;
 Oh! may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death.

5.
 Then let me mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day;
 And sing, with rapture and surprise,
 His loving-kindness in the skies.



1. As when the wea-ry trav'ler gains The height of some o'er-look-ing hill, His heart re-vives, if o'er the plains He sees his home, tho' dis-tant still.



2. So when the Christian pilgrim views, By faith, his man-sion in the skies, The sight his faint-ing strength renews, And wings his speed to reach the prize.



3. "'Tis there," he says, "I am to dwell With Je-sus in the realms of day; Then shall I bid my eares farewell, And he will wipe my tears a-way.



4. Je-sus, on thee our hope depends To lead us on to thy a-bode, Assured our home will make amends For all our toil while on the road.

LUTON. L. M.

BURDER.



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



2. To God I eried, when troubles rose; He heard me, and sub-dued my foes; He did my rising fears eon-trol, And strength diffused through all my soul.



3. A-mid a thousand snares I stand, Up-held and guarded by thy hand; Thy words my fainting soul re-vive, And keep my dy-ing faith a-live.



1. God is the re-fuge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress in-vado; Ere we can of-fer our complaints, Be-hold him pres-ent with his aid.

2. Let mountains from their seats be hurled, Down to the deep and bur-ied there; Convulsions shake the sol-id world, Our faith shall nev-er yield to fear.

3. There is a stream, whose gen-tle flow Sup-plies the eit-y of our God; Life, love, and joy still gliding through, And watering our di-vine a-bode.

MANOAH. L. M.

FROM THE JUBILEE.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spi-rit! calm my mind, And fit me to approach my God; Re-move each vain, each worldly thought, And lead me to thy blest a-bode.

2. Hast thou in-part-ed to my soul A liv-ing spark of ho-ly fire? Oh! kin-dle now the sa-cred flame; Make me to burn with pure de-sire.

3. A brighter faith and hope im-part, And let me now my Saviour see; Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart, And bid my spi-rit rest in thee.

mf Very Sprightly—Joyous. *mp* *Cres.* *f*

1. How pleas - ant, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts! thy dwellings are! }
 With long de - sire my spi - rit faints, To meet th' as - sem - blies of thy saints. } My flesh would rest in thine a - bode,

mf *mp* *Cres.* *f*

2. Blest are the saints who sit on high, A - round thy throne of ma - jes - ty; }
 Thy bright - est glo - ries shine a - bove, And all their work is praise and love. } Blest are the souls, who find a place.

Cres.

My pant - ing heart cries out for God; My God! my King! why should I be, So far from all my joys and thee?

Cres.

With - in the tem - ple of thy graec; There they be - hold thy gen - tler rays, And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

Moderato.

1. { Father of mer-cies, God of love! Oh! hear an humble suppliant's cry; }
 Bend from thy loft - ty seat a-bove,— Thy throne of glorious maj - es - ty; } Oh! deign to hear my mournful voice, And bid my droop - ing heart re - joice.

2. { I urge no mer - it of my own, No worth to claim thy gracious smile; }
 No,—when I come before thy throne, Dare to converse with God a - while, } Thy name, blest Jesus! is my plea,—Dearest and sweet - est name to me.

MENDELSSOHN. L. M.*

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Mod. Legato. Tutti. Tutti.

1. Why droops my soul, with grief oppressed? Whence these wild tumults in my breast? Is there no balm to heal my wound? No kind phys - ic - ian to be found?

2. Raise to the cross thy tear - ful eyes; Be - hold the Prince of glo - ry dies! He dies, ex - tend - ed on the tree, And sheds a sovereign balm for thee.
 Soli or Semi Cho. Tutti. Soli or Semi Cho. Tutti.

3. Dear Sa - viour, at thy feet I lie, Here to re - ceive a cure or die; But grace for - bids that pain - ful fear— Almighty grace which triumphs here.

* When there is no instrument the small notes in the base should be gently sung.

1. Great God! we sing that mighty hand, By which support-ed still we stand; The opening year thy merey shows,—Let merey crown it till it close.

2. By day, by night—at home, abroad, Still we are guarded by our God; By his in - cessant bounty fed, By his un - err - ing coun - sel led.

3. With grateful hearts the past we own, The future—all to us unknown— We to thy guardian care commit, And peaceful leave be - fore thy feet.

MONTGOMERY. L. M.

T. B. MASON.

(Originally composed for Montgomery's hymn, "There is a calm for those who weep.")

Larghetto e Piano.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies,—When sinks a wea - ry soul to rest, How mild - ly beam the clos - ing eyes, How gen - tly heaves th'expiring breast.

2. So fades a summer e'oud a - way, So sinks the gale when storms are o'er, So gen - tly shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave a - long the shore.

* Adapted to that hymn by repeating the last line, "Low in the ground."

CHANT—Cheerful. One Second to each Half Note.

1. With one con-sent let all the earth To God their cheerful voi - ces raise ; Glad homage pay, with hallowed mirth, And sing before him songs of praise.

2. Convinced that he is God a - lone, From whom both we and all pro - ceed, We, whom he chooses for his own, The flock which he delights to feed.

MIGDOL. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Moderato.

1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Thro' all the millions of the skies, That song of triumph which records That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2. Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be O - be - dient, migh - ty God, to thee! And over land, and stream, and main, Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

3. O let that glorious anthem swell; Let host to host the triumph tell, That not one rebel heart remains, But o - ver all the Sa - viour reigns.

Very Spirited—Staccato.

1. Triumphant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust and darkness, and the dead! Tho' humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with the Saviour's strength.

2. No more shall foes un-clean invade, And fill thy hallowed walls with dread; No more shall hell's in - sult - ing host Their vic - t'ry and thy sorr-ows boast.

2. Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy ex - cellence be known; Decked in the robes of righteousness, Thy glories shall the world con-fess.

4. God from on high, has heard thy prayer; His hand thy ru - in shall re - pair; Nor will thy watch - ful monarch cease To guard thee in e - ter - nal peace.

Mesoso.

1. Soon may the last, glad song arise, Thro' all the myriads of the skies—That song of triumph which records That all the earth is now the Lord's, That all the earth, &c.

2. Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms, be Obedient, mighty God, to thee; And over land, and stream, and main, Now wave the sceptre of thy reign, Now wave the, &c.

3. O, let that glorious anthem swell; Let host to host the triumph tell, That not one rebel heart remains, But over all the Saviour reigns, But over all the Saviour reigns.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

GENEVAN TUNE.

Dox. No. 1. Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high, And as thy glo - ry fills the sky. So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here as there o - beyed.

Dox. No. 2. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be - low; Praise him a - bove, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Dox. No. 3. To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spi - rit, Three in One, Be hon - or, praise, and glo - ry given, By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Affectuoso.

1. My gracious Lord, I owe thy right To every ser-vice I can pay, And call it my supreme de-light, To hear thy dictates and o bey.

2. What is my be - ing, but for thee— Its sure sup- port—its no - blest end! 'Tis my de - light thy face to see, And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3. I would not breathe for worldly joy, Or to increase my world-ly good, Nor fu-ture days nor powers employ To spread a sounding name a - broad.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gently.

1. 'Tis midnight—and, on Ol-ive's brow, The star is dimm'd that late-ly shone; 'Tis midnight—in the gar - den now The suff'ring Saviour prays a - lone.

2. 'Tis midnight—and, from all removed, Im-man-uel wrestles lone, with fears: E'en the dis - ci - ple that he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3. 'Tis midnight—and, for oth-ers' guilt, The man of sorrows weeps in blood: Yet he, who hath in an - guish knelt, Is not for-sak - en by his God.

ORIEL. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY. FROM THE JUBILEE. 47

Slow and Gentle.

Rit. ad lib.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary pilgrims found: They softly lie, and sweetly sleep, Low in the ground, Low in the ground.

2. The storm that sweeps the wintry sky No more disturbs their deep re - pose, Than summer evening's latest sigh, That shuts the rose, That shuts the rose.

3. Then traveler in the vale of tears, To realms of ev - er - last - ing light, Thro' time's dark wilderness of years, Pursue thy flight, Pur - sue thy flight.

OPORTO. L. M.

Bold and Spirited.

1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song! Awake, my soul! a - wake, my tongue! Ho - san - na to th' e - ter - nal name, And all his boundless love pro - claim.

2. See where it shines in Je - sus' face,—The brightest im - age of his grace! God, in the per - son of his Son, Has all his mightiest works out - done.

3. Grace!—'T is a sweet, a charming theme; My thoughts rejoice at Je - sus' name: Ye angels! dwell upon the sound: Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

1. Thou great Instructor, lest I stray, O teach my err-ing feet thy way! Thy truth, with ev-er fresh de-light, Shall guide my doubtful steps a - right.

2. How oft my heart's af-fec-tions yield, And wander o'er the world's wide field! My rov-ing pas-sions, Lord, re-claim, U-nite them all to fear thy name.

PARK STREET. L. M.

Arr. from VENUS by DR. MASON.

Vivace

1. Ye sons of men! with joy record The various wonders of the Lord; And let his power and goodness sound, Thro' all your tribes, the earth around, Thro' all your, &c.

2. Let the high heavens yoursongsinvite,—Those spacious fields of brilliant light, Where sun, and moon, and planets roll, And stars, that glow from pole to pole, And stars, &c.

3. Sing, earth! in verdant robes arrayed, With herbs and flowers, with fruits and shade; View the broad sea's majestic plains, And think how wide thy Maker reigns, And, &c.

1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plain - tive moan Hath taught these rocks the notes of woe; Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan, And

2. Come, freely come, by sin op - pressed, Un - bur - then here, thy weigh - ty load; Here find thy re - fuge and thy rest, And

DUET. *p* Cres. Dim.

CHORUS.

let thy tears for - get to flow; Behold the pre - cious balm is found, To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

trust the mer - cy of thy God: Thy God's thy Sa - viour, glo - rious word! For - ev - - er love and praise the Lord.

f

The first part may be sung as a Duet, or as a Quartet, or in Chorus.

slow.

1. Show pit - y, Lord! O Lord! forgive; Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live; Are not thy mercies large and free! May not a sin - ner trust in thee!

2. Oh! wash my soul from ev - ery sin. And make my guilt - y conscience cleau; Here on my heart the bur - den lies, And past of - fen - ces pain mine eyes.

3. My lips with shame my sins con - fess, Against thy law, a - gainst thy grace: Lord! should thy judgment grow severe, I am condemned, but thou art clear.

PILES GROVE. L. M.

JUDGE MITCHELL.

1. E - ter - nal Spi - rit! we con - fess, And sing the won - ders of thy grace; Thy power conveys our blessings down, From God, the Fa - ther, and the Son.

2. En - lightened by thy heavenly ray, Our shades and dark - ness turn to day; Thine in - ward teachings make us know Our dan - ger and our re - fuge too.

3. Thy power and glo - ry work with - in, And break the chains of rei - gu - ing sin; Do our in - pe - tious lusts subdue, And form our wretched hearts a - new.

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

2. Sweet is the day of sa-ered rest, No mor-tal care shall seize my breast; Oh! may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemu sound.

3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word; Thy works of grace,—how bright they shine! How deep thy counsels! how divine!

POTOMAC. L. M.

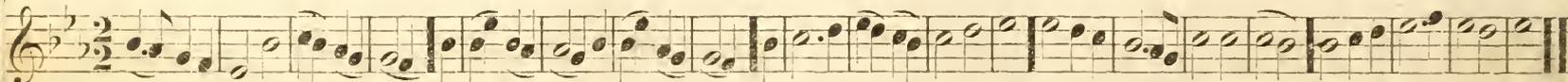
1. Awake, our souls! away our fears! Let every trembling thought be gone; Awake—and run the heavenly race, And put a cheerful courage on, And put a cheerful, &c.

2. True,—'t is a strait and thorny road, And mortal spirits tire and faint; But they forget the mighty God, Who feeds the strength of every saint; Who feeds the strength, &c.

3. The mighty God, whose matchless power Is ever new and ever young, And firm endures while endless years Their everlasting circles run, Their everlasting circles run.



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



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



REST. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Tenderly.



1. A-sleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep. From which none ever wakes to weep: A calm and un-disturbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.



2. Asleep in Je-sus! Oh! how sweet To be for such a slumber meet; With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing, That death has lost his venomed sting!



3. Asleep in Je-sus! far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be: But thine is still a blessed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep.



REPOSE. L. M., or L. M. 6 lines.

From THE CHORALIST. 53

Allegretto.

Cres.

1. From ev - - ery storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat;

2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads, A place of all on earth most sweet,

3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - low - ship with friend; Though sun - dered far, by faith we meet

4. There, there, on ea - gle wings we soar, And sense and sin mo - lest no more; And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,

Cres. 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat, There is a calm, a sure re - treat, 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.

It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat, A place of all on earth most sweet, It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat.

Cres. A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat, Though sun - dered far, by faith we meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.

Dim.

And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat, And heaven comes down, our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.

Gento.

1. Je - sus is gone a - bove the skies, Where our weak senses reach him not ; And ear - nal ob - jects court our eyes, To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2. He knows what wandering hearts we have, Apt to for - get his love - ly face ; And, to refresh our minds, he gave These kind me - mo - rials of his grace.

3. Let sin - ful sweets be all for - got, And earth grow less in our esteem ; Christ and his love fill ev - ery thought, And faith and hope be fixed on him.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

Arr. by DR. LOWELL MASON.

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

2. The rolling sun, the changing light, And nights and days thy power confess ; But the blest volume thou hast writ Reveals thy justice and thy grace, Reveals thy, &c.

3. Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise Round the whole earth, and never stand ; So when thy truth began its race, It touched and glanced on every land, It touched, &c.

Affettuoso.

1. Now I re - solve, with all my heart, With all my powers, to serve the Lord; Nor from his ways will I depart. Whose service is a rich re - ward.

2. Oh! be his ser - vice all my joy!— Around let my ex - am - ple shine, Till others love the blest em - ploy. And join in la - bors so di - vine.

3. Be this the pur - pose of my soul, My solemn, my de - terained choice, To yield to his su - preme control, And, in his kind commands, re - joice.

The musical score for 'Rockingham' is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of a vocal line and a bass line. The vocal line has three staves of music, each corresponding to a verse. The bass line has one staff of music. The tempo is marked 'Affettuoso'.

ROLLAND. L. M.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. How pleasant, how divinely fair, O Lord of hosts! thy dwellings are! With long desire my spirit faints, To meet th' assemblies of thy saints, To meet th' assemblies, &c.

2. My flesh would rest in thine abode, My panting heart cries out for God; My God! my King! why should I be So far from all my joys and thee? So far from all my joys, &c.

3. Blest are the saints who sit on high Around thy throne of majesty; Thy brightest glories shine above, And all their work is praise and love, And all their work is, &c.

The musical score for 'Rolland' is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of a vocal line and a bass line. The vocal line has three staves of music, each corresponding to a verse. The bass line has one staff of music.

Cheerful.

1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me

2. When in the sul-try glebe I faint, Or on the thirs - ty mountain pant, To fer - tile vales and dewy meads My wea - ry,

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of the hymn. It features a vocal line and a bass line in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is marked 'Cheerful.' and includes a repeat sign with a fermata over the final measure of the first line.

with a watchful eye; My noonday walks he shall attend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend, And all my mid - - night hours de - fend.

My noon - - day walks he shall at - tend, And all my, &c.
Where peace - - ful riv - - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the, &c.

wandering steps he leads; Where peaceful riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant landscape flow, A - mid the ver - - - dant land - scape flow.

Detailed description: This system contains the second two lines of the hymn. It continues the vocal and bass lines from the first system. The lyrics are split across two lines of text. The second line of text includes italicized lyrics for the first two lines of the second system. The music concludes with a double bar line.

1. When, gracious Lord, when shall it be That I shall find my all in thee— The full-ness of thy prom-ise prove, The seal of thine e-ter-nal love?

2. Ah! wherefore did I ev-er doubt? Thou wilt in no wise cast me out— A helpless soul that comes to thee, With on-ly sin and mi-a-er-y.

3. Lord, I am blind—be thou my sight; Lord, I am weak—be thou my might; A help-er of the help-less be; And let me find my all in thee.

* Or 6 lines, by repeating 1st part of the tune.

SEYMOUR. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. With bro-ken heart and con-true sigh, A trem-bling sin-ner, Lord, I cry; Thy pardon-ing grace is rich and free; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!

2. I smite up-on my trou-bled breast, With deep and con-scious guilt oppres-sed; Christ and his cross my on-ly plea; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!

3. Far off I stand with tear-ful eyes, Nor dare up-lift them to the skies; But thou dost all my angu-ish see; O God be mer-ci-ful to me!

1. Thou! whom my soul admires a-bove All earthly joy, and earthly love,— Tell me, dear Shepherd! let me know—Where do thy sweetest pastures grow!

2. Where is the shad-ow of that rock, That from the sun de-fends thy flock? Fain would I feed among thy sheep,— Among them rest, a-mong them sleep.

3. Why should thy bride appear, like one That turns a-side to paths unknown? My constant feet would never rove,—Would never seek an-oth-er love.

SHOEL. L. M.

1. He that hath made his refuge, God, Shall find a most se-eure a-bode; Shall walk all day beneath his shade, And there, at night, shall rest his head.

2. Then will I say,—“My God! thy power Shall be my for-tress and my tower; I, who am formed of fee-ble dust, Make thine al-migh-ty arm my trust.”

3. Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare; Sa-tan, the fowler, who be-trays Un-guarded souls a thousand ways.

Gently.

1. My God! how endless is thy love! Thy gifts are ev - ery eve - ning new; And morning mercies from a - bove, Gently dis - till, like ear - ly dew.

2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours! Thy sovereign word restores the light, And quickens all my drow - sy powers.

3. I yield my powers to thy command; To thee I con - se - crate my days; Per - pet - ual blessings, from thy hand, Demand per - pet - ual songs of praise.

STONEFIELD. L. M.

Arr. by DR. L. MASON.

1. Come, O my soul! in sa - cred lays, Attempt thy great Creator's praise; But Oh! what tongue can speak his fame! What mortal verse can reach the theme!

2. Enthroned amidst the radiant spheres, He glory, like a garment, wears; To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3. In all our Maker's grand designs, Om-nip - otenee with wisdom shines; His works, through all his won - drous frame, Bear the great impress of his name.

1. Now I resolve, with all my heart, With all my powers, to serve the Lord; Nor from his ways will I depart, Whose service is a rich re-ward.

2. Oh! be his ser-vice all my joy! A-round let my ex-am-ple shine, Till others love the best employ, And join in la-bors so di-vine.

3. Be this the pur- pose of my soul, My solemn, my deter-mined choice, To yield to his su-preme control, And, in his kind commands, re-joice.

STERLING. L. M.

METRICAL CHANT.

1. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a-rise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Through every land, by ev-ery tongue.

2. E-ternal are thy mercies, Lord! E-ternal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

1. Thine earth - ly Sab - batis, Lord! we love, But there's a no - bler rest a - bove; To that our long - ing souls as - pire,

Thine earth - ly Sab - batis, Lord! we love, But there's a no - bler rest a - bove; To that our long - ing souls as - pire,

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The music is in 3/4 time and G minor. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

With cheer - - ful hope and strong de - sire, With cheer - - ful hope and strong de - sire.

With cheer - ful hope and strong de - sire, With cheer - ful hope and strong de - sire.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

2.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach this place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
That warble from immortal tongues.

3.

No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4.

Soon shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond this world of death and sin;
Soon shall our voices join the song,
Of the triumphant, holy throng.

Maestoso.

1. Zi - on, awake! thy strength renew, Put on thy robes of beauteous hue, Church of our God! a - rise and shine, Bright with the beams of truth di - vine.

2. Soon shall thy radiance stream afar, Wide as the heathen na - tions are; Gentiles and kings thy light shall view; All shall ad - mire and praise thee, too.

Put on thy robes of, &c.

TRANQUILITY. L. M.

ENGLISH THEME.

1. 'T is by the faith of joys to come, We walk thro' des - erts dark as night; Till we ar - rise at heav'n, our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2. The want of sight she well supplies; She makes the pearly gates ap - pear; Far in - to dis - tant worlds she pries, And brings e - ternal glories near.

3. Cheerful we tread the des - ert thro', While faith inspires a heav'nly ray; Tho' li - ons roar, and tem - pests blow, And rocks and dangers fill the way.

THE BETTER LAND. L. M. Double.*

Arr. from KNECHT. 63

D. C.

Allegretto.



1. { There is a land mine eye hath seen, In vis - ions of en - rap - tured thought; } A land up - on whose bliss - ful shore, }
 { So bright that all which spreads be - tween Is with its ra - diant glo - ry fraught. } There rests no shad - ow, falls no stain: }
 D. C. There those who meet shall part no more, And those long part - ed meet a - gain.



D. C.

2. { Its skies are not like earth - ly skies, With va - rying hues of shade and light; } There sweeps no des - o - la - ting wind }
 { It hath no need of suns to rise, To dis - si - pate the gloom of night. } A - cross that calm, se - rene a - lode, }
 D. C. The wand'rer there a home may find, With - in the par - a - dise of God.



TRURO. L. M.

DR. BURNEY.



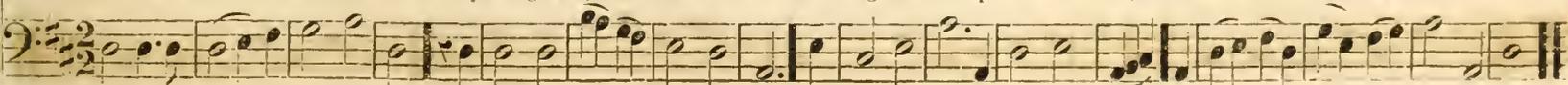
1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song! A - wake, my soul! awake, my tongue! Ho - san - na to th' eter - nal name, And all his bound - less love proclaim.



2. See where it shiues in Je - sus' face,— The brightest im - age of his grace! God, in the person of his Son, Has all his might - iest works outdone.



3. Grace!—'t is a sweet, a charming theme; My thoughts rejoice at 'Jesus' name: Ye an - gels, dwell up - on the sound; Ye heavens, re - flect it to the ground.



* Or 4 lines by omitting the first repeat.

1. Bless, O my soul! the liv - ing God, Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad; Let all the powers, within me, join In work and worship so di - vine.

2. Bless, O my soul! the God of grace; His favors claim thy highest praise: Why should the wonders he hath wrought, Be lost in silence and for - got.

3. 'Tis he, my soul! who sent his Son, To die for crimes which thou hast done: He owns the ransom, and forgives The hourly follies of our lives.

The musical score for 'UPTON. L. M.' consists of four staves. The first three staves are vocal lines in treble clef, and the fourth staff is a bass line in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below each vocal line.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. The heavens declare thy glo - ry, Lord! In eve - ry star thy wisdom shines, But, when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.

2. The rolling sun, the chang - ing light, And nights and days thy power confess; But the blest volume thou hast writ Re - veals thy justice and thy grace.

3. Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise Round the whole earth, and never stand: So, when thy truth be - gan its race, It touched and glanced on every land.

The musical score for 'UXBRIDGE. L. M.' consists of four staves. The first three staves are vocal lines in treble clef, and the fourth staff is a bass line in bass clef. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are printed below each vocal line.

1. There is a stream, whose gentle flow, Supplies the ei - ty of our God, Life, love, and joy, still gliding through, And wat'ring our divine a - bode.

2. That sacred stream, thy ho - ly word, Our grief al - lays, our fear controls: Sweet peace thy promis - es affords, And give new strength to faint - ing souls.

3. Zi - on en - joys her Monarch's love, Secure a - gainst a threat' - ning hour; Nor can her firm foundations move, Built on his truth and arm'd with power.

WARE. L. M.

KINGSLEY.

1. Lord! what a heaven of saving grace, Shines thro' the beauties of thy face, And lights our passions to a flame! Lord, how we love thy charming name!

2. When I can say,—my God is mine.—When I can feel thy glo - ries shine. I tread the world beneath my feet, And all that earth calls good or great.

3. While such a scene of sacred joys Our raptured eyes and souls employ. Here we could sit and gaze away A long, and ev - er - last - ing day.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'insure the great reward; And, while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return.

2. Life is the hour that God hath given, To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven, The day of grace—and mortals may Secure the blessings of the day.

3. The living know that they must die, But all the dead forgotten lie: Their mem'ry and their sense are gone, A-like unknowing and unknown.

WELTON. L. M.

Arr. from MILAN, by DR. MASON.

1. Let me but hear my Saviour say, "Strength shall be equal to thy day;" Then I rejoice in deep distress, Leaning on all sufficient grace.

2. I glory in infirmity, That Christ's own power may rest on me; When I am weak, then am I strong, Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3. I can do all things, or can bear All sufferings, if my Lord be there, Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains, While his own hand my head sustains.



1. When, streaming from the east - ern skies, The morn - ing light sa - lutes mine eyes, O Sun of right - eous-ness di - vine,



2. And when to heaven's all glo - rious King My morn - ing sac - ri - fice I bring, And, mourn - ing o'er my guilt and shame,



3. When each day's scenes and la - bors close, And wea - ried na - ture seeks re - pose, With pard' - ning mer - cy rich - ly blest,



4. And at my life's last set - ting sun, My con - flicts o'er, my la - bors done, Je - sus, thy heav - en - ly ra - diance shed,



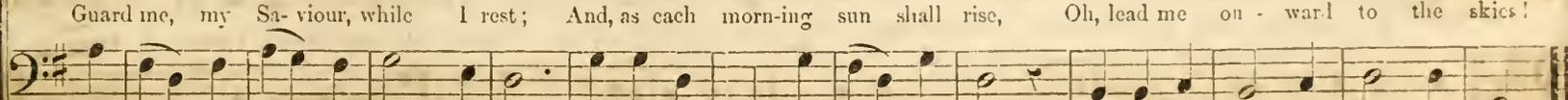
On me with beams of mer - cy shine! Oh! chase the clouds of guilt a - way, And turn my dark - ness in - to day.



Ask mer - cy in my Sa - viour's name; Then, Jesus, cleanse me with thy blood, And be my Al - vo - cate with God.



Guard me, my Sa - viour, while I rest; And, as each morn - ing sun shall rise, Oh, lead me on - ward to the skies!



To cheer and bless my dy - ing bed; And, from death's gloom my spi - rit raise, To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth - er there, But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav - el - er

2. "De - ny thy - self and take thy cross,"—Is the Redeemer's great com - mand: Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heaven - ly land.

3. The fear - ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more, Is but esteemed almost a saint, And makes his own de - struc - tion sure.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am,—with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2. Just as I am, and waiting not, To rid myself of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings and fears within, without— O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

1. { Je - sus! thy bound - less love to me, No thought can reach, no tongue de - clare;
Oh! knit my thank - ful heart to thee, And (omit.)..... reign with - out a ri - val there!

2. { Oh! that I, as a lit - tle child, May fol - low thee, and nev - er rest,
Till sweet - ly thou hast breathed thy mild And (omit.)..... low - ly mind in - to my breast.

{ Thine whol - ly, on - ly, would I be, }
{ By love constrained, would live to thee, } By love constrained, would live to thee.

{ May I be one, O Lord with thee. }
{ And nev - er part - ed may we be, } And nev - er part - ed may we be.

2.
Still let thy love point out my way.
How wondrous things that love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought:
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know thy love is near.

4.
In suffering be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my power;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus! in that momentous hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.



1. { Come, O thou Travel - er unknown, Whom still I hold, but can - not see, }
 My compa - ny be - fore is gone, And I am left a - lone with thee; } With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.



2. { I need not tell thee who I am; My sin and mis - e - ry declare; }
 Thyself hast call'd me by my name, Look on thy hands and read it there; } But who, I ask thee, who art thou? Tell me thy name, and tell me now.



Z E P H Y R. L. M.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

Andy.



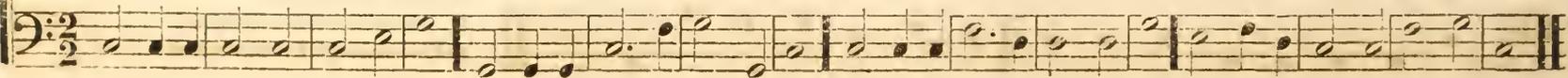
1. Soft be the gen - tly lea - thing notes, That sing the Saviour's dy - ing love; Soft as the evening zephyr floats, And soft as tune - ful lyres a - bove.



2. Soft as the morn - ing dews descend, While warbling birds ex - ult - ing soar; So soft to our al - mighty Friend Be every sigh our bosoms pour.



3. Pure as the sun's en - live - ning ray, That scatters life and joy abroad; Pure as the lu - cil orb of day, That wide proclaims its Ma - ker, God.



ABBEEVILLE. C. M.

S. F. 71

Allegro.

CODA. For this hymn.

1. Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, And raise your soul above; Let every heart and voice accord, To sing that God is love, To sing that God is love God is love.

2. This precious truth his word declares, And all his mercies prove; While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears, To show that God is love, To show that God is love God is love.

3. Behold his loving-kindness waits For those who from him rove, And calls of mercy reach their hearts, To teach them God is love, To teach them God is love God is love.

CODA. For this hymn.

ADARIO. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

With Tender, Earnest Expression.

1. To whom, my Saviour, can I go, If I do-part from thee? My guide thro' all this vale of woe, And more than all to me, And more than all to me.

2. Lord, I have felt thy dying love, Breathe gently thro' my heart, To whisper hope of joys a-bove; And can we ever part? And can we ev-er part!

3. Ah, no! with thee I'll walk be-low, My journey to the grave: To whom, my Saviour, shall I go, When only thou canst save? When only thou canst save!

The Strain in small notes may be sung as a Duet, or omitted altogether.



1. There is a time, we know not when, A point, we know not where, That marks the desti - ny of men, To glo - ry or de - spair.



2. There is a line, by us un - seen, That cross - es ev - ery path; The hid - den bounda - ry between God's patience and his wrath.

3. How far may we go on in sin? How long will God forbear? Where does hope end? and where begin The confines of de - spair?



4. An answer from the skies is sent: "Ye that from God de - part! While it is called to - day, repent! And harden not your heart."



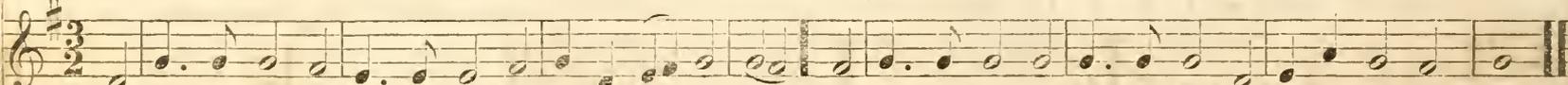
ARLINGTON. C. M.

Arr. from DR. ARNE, by DR. MASON.

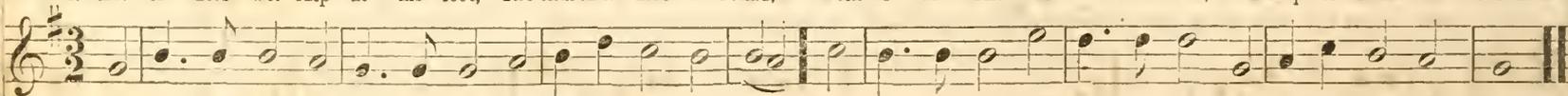
Moderato.



1. Be - hold the glo - ries of the Lamb, A - midst his Father's throne! Pre - pare new hon - ors for his name, And songs, before un - known.



2. Let el - ders wor - ship at his feet, The church a - dore a - round, With vi - ais full of o - dors sweet, And harps of sweet - er sound.



3. Those are the prayers of all the saints. And these the hymns they raise: Je - sus is kind to our complaints, He loves to hear our praise.



1. Joy to the world,—the Lord is come, Let earth re - ceive her King; And heaven and nature

1. Joy to the world,—the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King; Let ev - ery heart pre - pare him room, And heaven and nature sing, And

1. Joy to the world,—the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King. Let eve - ry heart pre - pare him room, And heaven and nature sing, And

And heaven and nature

sing, And heaven and na - ture sing.

heaven and na - ture sing, And heaven, And heaven, and na - ture sing.

sing. And heaven and na - ture sing,

2.

Joy to the earth,—the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

1. In time of fear, when trouble's near, I look to thine a-bode; Tho' helpers fail, and foes pre-vail, I'll put my trust in God.

2. And what is life, 'mid toil and strife? What ter-ror has the grave? Thine arm of power, in per-il's hour, The trembling soul will save.

3. In darkest skies, tho' storms a-rise, I will not be dismayed; O God of light, and boundless might, My soul on thee is stayed.

AVON. C. M.

SCOTTISH.

1. O Thou! whose tender mer-cy hears Con-tri-tion's hum-ble sigh; Whose hand, in-dul-gent, wipes the tears From sor-row's weep-ing eye;

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

3. And shall my guilt-y fears pre-vail To drive me from thy feet? Oh! let not this dear ref-uge fail, This on-ly safe re-treat.

ASTON. C. M.*

Arranged from GLASER. 75

1. Come, hap - py souls—approach your God With new, me - lo - dious songs; Come, ren - der to al - might - y grace The tri - bute of her wrongs.

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

* The two tunes "Azmon" and "Aston," as will be observed, are both arranged from the same theme. In order that choirs and congregations may adopt which ever form best suits them, (both being extensively used,) we have inserted both. The "Azmon" form, as arranged by Dr. Mason, is, it seems to us, better adapted to the Church Service, while for Social Meetings the lighter sextuple form, as in "Aston," will, doubtless, be preferred by many.—Ed. Ec.

AZMON. C. M.

Arr. from GLASER.

Slow and Soft.

1. Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove, And smile to see our Father there, Up - on a throne of love.

2. Rich were the drops of Je - sus' blood, That calmed his frowning face,— That sprinkled o'er the burning throne, And turned the wrath to grace.

3. Now we may bow be - fore his feet, And venture near the Lord; No fie - ry cher - ub guards his seat, Nor dou - ble - flam - ing sword.

1. O all ye lands, re-joice in God! Sing praises to his name; Let all the earth, with one accord, His wondrous acts proclaim.

2. And let his faithful servants tell How, by redeeming love, Their souls are saved from death and hell, To share the joys above.

3. Tell how the Holy Spirit's grace Forbids their feet to slide; And, as they run the christian race, Vouchsafes to be their guide.

BALERMA. C. M.

Ascribed to R. SIMPSON, Scotland.

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

2. For she hath treasures greater far Than east and west unfold, And her rewards more precious are Than all their stores of gold.

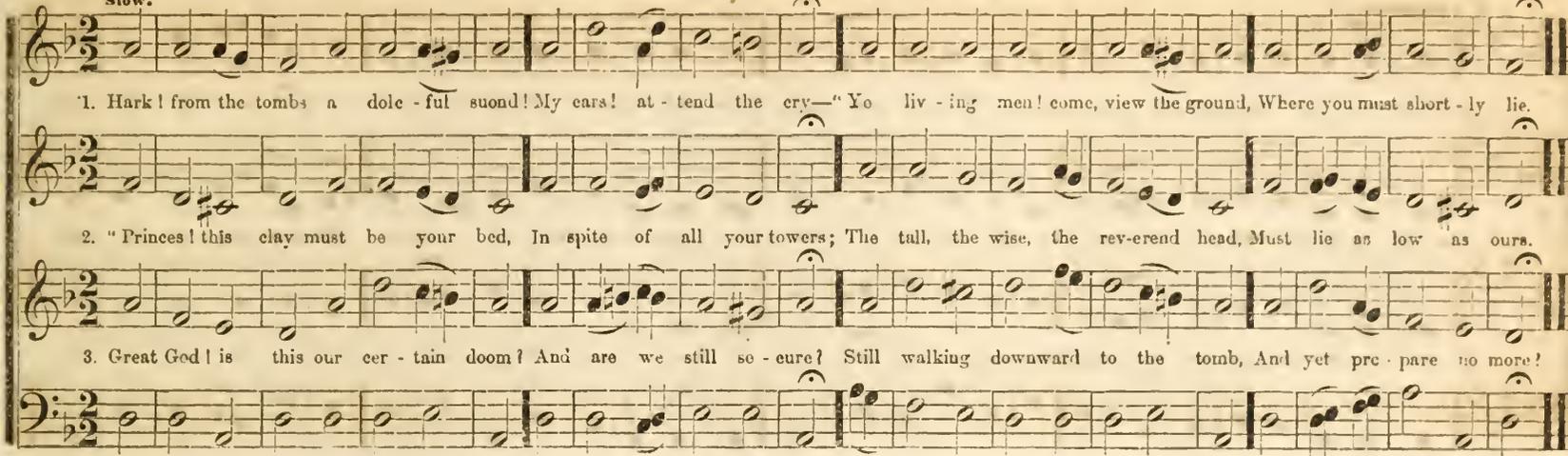
3. She guides the young with innocence In pleasure's paths to tread; A crown of glory she bestows Up-on the hoary head.

BANGOR. C. M.

RAVENS CROFT.

77

Slow.



1. Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound! My ears! at-tend the cry—"Yo liv-ing men! come, view the ground, Where you must short-ly lie.

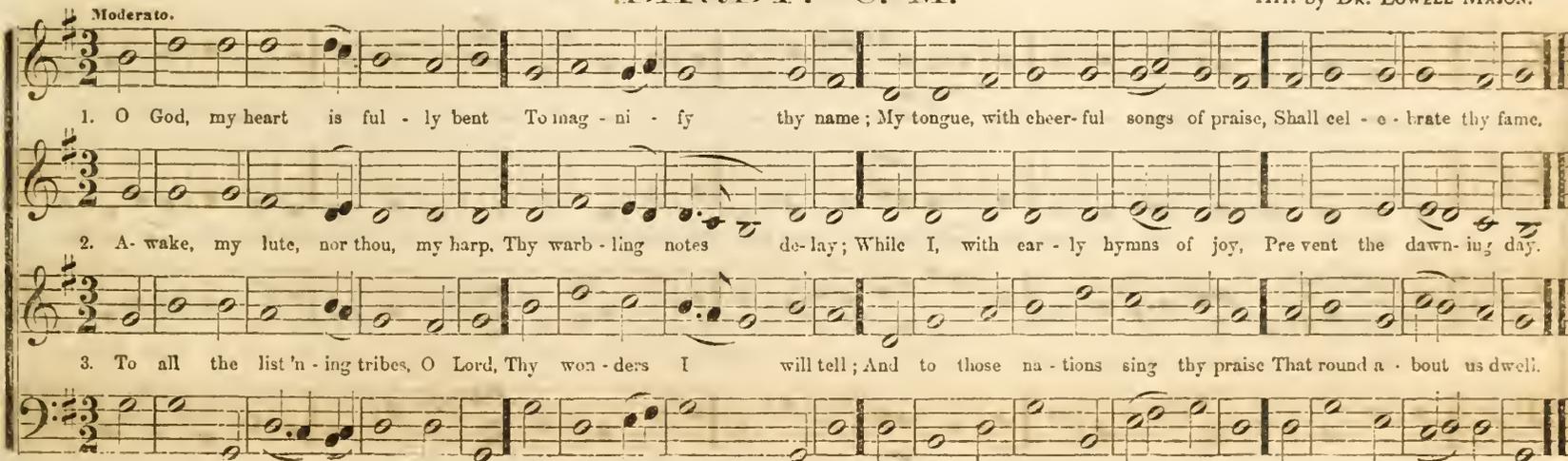
2. "Princes! this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your towers; The tall, the wise, the rev-erend head, Must lie as low as ours.

3. Great God! is this our cer-tain doom? And are we still se-cure? Still walking downward to the tomb, And yet pre-pare no more!

BARBY. C. M.

Arr. by DR. LOWELL MASON.

Moderato.



1. O God, my heart is ful-ly bent To mag-ni-fy thy name; My tongue, with cheer-ful songs of praise, Shall cel-e-brate thy fame.

2. A- wake, my lute, nor thou, my harp. Thy warb-ling notes de-lay; While I, with ear-ly hymns of joy, Pre-vent the dawn-ing day.

3. To all the list'n-ing tribes, O Lord, Thy won-ders I will tell; And to those na-tions sing thy praise That round a-bout us dwell.

Larghetto.

1. Happy is he who fears the Lord, And follows his commands; Who lends the poor without reward. Or gives with liberal hands.

2. As pity dwells within the breast, To all the sons of need, So God shall answer his request, With blessings on his seed.

3. In times of danger and distress, Some beams of light shall shine, To show the world his righteous-ness, And give him peace divine.

BRADFORD. C. M.

HANDEL.

1. I know that my Redeemer lives, And ever prays for me: A token of his love he gives, A pledge of liberty.

2. I find him lifting up my head; He brings salvation near: His presence makes me free indeed, And he will soon appear.

3. He wills that I should loyally be: What can withstand his will? The counsel of his grace in me He surely shall fulfill.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. Double.

PLEYEL. 79

1. While thee I seek, pro-tect - ing Power! Be my vain wish - es stilled; And may this con - se - rat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.

3. In each e - vent of life, how clear Thy rul - ing hand I see! Each bless - ing to my soul more dear, Because conferred by thee.

5. When gladness wings my fa - vored hour, Thy love my breast shall fill; Resigned, when storms of sor - rows lower, My soul shall meet thy will.

2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed; To thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed,— That mer - cy I a - dore.

4. In ev - ery joy that crowns my days, In ev - ery pain I bear, My heart shall find de - light in praise, O: seek re - lief in prayer.

6. My lift - ed eye, with out a tear, The gath - 'ring storm shall see, My stead - fast heart shall know no fear.—That heart shall rest on thee.

BROOMSGROVE. C. M.

1 O all ye na - tions! praise the Lord, Each with a diff'rent tongue; In every language learn his word, And let his name be sung, And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns thro' ev-ery land,—Proclaim his grace abroad; For ev-er firm his truth shall stand,—Praise ye the faithful God, Praise ye the faithful God.

BROWN. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Allegretto.

1. I love to steal a while a-way From ev-ery cumbering care, And spend the hours of set-ting day In hum-ble, grateful prayer.

2. I love, in sol-i-tude, to shed The pen-i-teu-tial tear; And all his prom-is-es to plead, When none but God is near.

3. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu-ture good in-plore; My cares and sorrows all to cast On him whom I a-dore.

Slow.

1. Thon lovely Source of true de-light, Whom I un-seen a-dore! Un-veil thy beauties to my sight, That I may love thee more, That I may love thee more.

2. Thy glory o'er cre-a-tion shines; But, in thy sacred word, I read, in fair-er, brighter lines, My bleeding, dy-ing Lord, My bleeding, dy-ing Lord. *Dim.*

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

BURFORD. C. M.

PURCEL

1. To God I cried with mourn-ful voice, I sought his gracious ear; In the sad hour when trou-bles rose, And filled my heart with fear.

2. Will he for ev-er cast me off? His prom-ise ev-er fail? Has he for-got his ten-der love? Shall an-ger still prevail.

3. But I for-bid this hope-less thought, This dark, de-spair-ing frame, Re-mem-b'ring what thy hand hath wrought, Thy hand is still the same.

METRICAL CHANT.

1. Prayer is the soul's sin-cere de-sire, Ut-tered or un-ex-pressed; The mo-tion of a hid-den fire That trembles in the breast.

2. Prayer is the bur-den of a sigh, The fall-ing of a tear, The up-ward glancing of an eye,—When none but God is near.

3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech, That in-fant lips can try;—Prayer, the sub-lim-est strains that reach The Ma-jes-ty on high.

CADDO. C. M.



Allegretto—Cheerful.

1. My soul how love-ly is the place, To which thy God re-sorts! 'Tis heaven to see his smil-ing face, Though in his earth-ly courts.

2. There the great Monarch of the skies His sav-ing power dis-plays, And light breaks in up-on our eyes, With kind and quick'ning rays.

3. With his rich gifts, the heavenly Dove Descends and fills the place; While Christ reveals his wond-rous love, And sheds a-broad his grace.

May end here.

1. Oh! how I love thy ho-ly law! 'Tis dai-ly my de-light; And thence my medi-tations draw Divine ad-vice by night, Divine ad-vice by night.

2. My waking eyes prevent the day, To med-i-tate thy word: My soul with longing melts a-way, To hear thy gos-pel, Lord! To hear thy gospel, Lord!

3. How doth thy word my heart engage! How well employ my tongue! And, in my tire-some pil-grim-age, Yields me a heavenly son, Yields me a heavenly song.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

DR. RANDALL.

Maestoso.

1. Sing to the Lord a new made song, Who wondrous things has done; Whose own right hand and holy arm, The victory have won, The victory have won, The victory. &c.

2. The Lord has thro' the th' astonished word Displayed his saving might, And made his righteous acts appear In all the heathens' sight, In all the heathens' sight, In all, &c.

3. Of Israel's house his love and truth Have ever mindful been; And earth's remotest tribes the power Of Israel's God have seen, Of Israel's tribe have seen, Of Israel's, &c.

Joyous and Cheerful.

1. Oh! could our thoughts and wish - es fly, A - bove these gloomy shades, To those bright worlds, beyond the sky, Which sor - row ne'er in - vades.

3. Lord! send a beam of light di - vine, To guide our upward aim; With one re - viv - ing touch of thine, Our lan - guid hearts ju - flame.

The first system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is the bass line in bass clef. The music is divided into two systems of two staves each, with lyrics placed between the staves.

2. There, joys unseen by mortal eyes, Or reason's fee - ble ray, In ev - er - bloom - ing prospects rise, In ev - er - bloom - ing prospects rise, Un - conscious of de - cay.

4. Oh! then, on faith's sublimest wing, Our ardent hope shall rise, To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring, To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring, Immortal in the skies.

The second system also consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is the bass line in bass clef. The music is divided into two systems of two staves each, with lyrics placed between the staves.

Spirited.

1. The Saviour calls; let every ear Attend the heavenly sound; Ye doubting souls! dismiss your fear, Hope smiles reviving round, Ye doubting souls! dismiss your fear, Hope smiles reviving round.

2. For every thirst-y, long-ing heart, Here streams of bounty flow, And life, and health, and bliss impart, To banish mor-tal wo, And life, and health, and bliss impart, To banish mor - tal wo.

3. Ye sinners! come; 't is mercy's voice; The gracious call o - bey: Mercy in - vites to heavenly joys, And can you yet delay? Mercy invites to heavenly joys, And can you yet delay.

CHESTER. C. M.

Dr. TH. HASTINGS.

Mod. Legato.—Affettuoso.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'T is manna to the hungry soul, And, to the weary, rest, And, to the wea - ry, rest.

3. Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend, My prophet, priest, and king, My Lord, my life, my way, my end, Ae - cept the praise I bring, Ae - cept the praise I bring.

Moderato.

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God has called his own; With joy the sun - mons wo o - bey To worship at his throne.

2. Thy cho - sen tem - ple, Lord! how fair! Where will - ing vot' - ries throng, To breathe tho hum - ble, fer - vent prayer, And pour the cho - ral song.

3. Spir - it of grace! Oh! deign to dwell With - in thy church be - low, Make her in ho - li - ness ex - cel—With pure de - vo - tion glow.

CHINA. C. M.

SWAN.

1. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at deaths alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends To call them to his arms.

2. Are we not tend - ing upward too, As fast as time can move! Nor should we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

3. Why should we trem - ble, to eon - vey Their bod - ies to the tomb? There, the dear flesh of Je - sus lay, And left a long per - fume.

With spirit.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours his own; Let heaven re-joice, let earth be glad,
 2. To-day he rose and left the dead, And Sa-tan's em-pire fell; To-day the saints his tri-umph spread,
 3. Ho-san-na to th'a-noint-ed King, To Da-vid's ho-ly Son; Help us, O Lord! de-scend, and bring
 4. Best be the Lord, who comes to men, With mes-sa-ges of grace; Who comes, in God his Fa-ther's name,

Let heaven re-joice, let earth be glad, And praise sur-round the throne, And praise sur-round the throne.
 To-day the saints his tri-umph spread, And all his won-ders tell, And all his won-ders tell.
 Help us, O Lord! de-scend, and bring Sal-va-tion from thy throne, Sal-va-tion from thy throne.
 Who comes, in God his Fa-ther's name, To save our sin-ful race, To save our sin-ful race.

1. Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an im - mortal crown, And an immortal crown.

2. 'Tis God's all an - i - ma - ting voice, That calls thee from on high; 'Tis he, whose hand presents the prize To thine aspiring eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye.

3. A cloud of wit - nesses a - round, Hold thee in full sur - vey; For - get the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.

CLARENDON. C. M.

TUCKER.

1. What shall I ren - der to my God, For all his kind - ness shown? My feet shall vis - it thine a - bode, My songs ad - dress thy throne.

2. Among the saints that fill thy house, My off'rings shall be paid: There shall my zeal per - form the vows My soul in an - guish made.

3. How much is mer - cy thy de - light, Thou ev - er bless - ed God! How dear, thy servants in thy sight— How pre - cious is their blood!

1. Lord! in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as- cend - ing high; To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye;—

2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all his saints, Pre - sent - ing, at his Fa - ther's throne, Our songs and our complaints.

3. Thou art a God, be - fore whose sight The wick - ed shall not stand; Sin - ner's shall ne'er be thy de - light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.

CONWAY. C. M.

Arr. by DR. LOWELL MASON.

Allegretto.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne, Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be exalted thus!" "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply, Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply, "For he was slain for us!"

2. Je - sus is worthy to receive Honor and power divine; And blessings, more than we can give, And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord! for ever thine.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him

Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

2.
Crown him,—ye morning-stars of light!—
Who formed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him—Lord of all.

3.
Ye chosen seed of Adam's race,—
Ye ransomed from the fall!
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all.

4.
Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall.—
Come, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.

5.
Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all.

1. Oh! could our thoughts and wishes fly, Above these gloomy shades, To those bright worlds, beyond the sky, Which sorrow ne'er invades!

2. There joys, unseen by mortal eyes, Or reason's feeble ray, In ever-blooming prospects rise, Unconscious of decay.

3. Lord! send a beam of light divine! To guide our upward aim; With one reviving touch of thine, Our languid hearts inflame.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

WESTERN MELODY.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.

2. How happy are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here; But now they taste unmingled love, And joy without a tear.

3. The consecrated cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free, And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man - sions in the skies, I bid fare - well to ev - ery fear,

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To man - sions in the skies, I bid fare - well to ev - ery fear,

And wipe my weep - ing eyes, And wipe my weeping eyes.

And wipe my weep - ing eyes, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

And wipe my weep - ing eyes, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

And wipe my weep - ing eyes. And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

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

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

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

DEARBORN. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY. ♪

Slow and Plaintive.

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

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

3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their mem'ry still! But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.

DEDHAM. C. M.

GARDINER.

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Sav-iour's pard-'ning blood Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

2. Soon as the morn the light revealed, His prais - es tuned my tongue; And, when the evening shade pre - vailed, His love was all my song.

3. In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord. And saw his glo - ry shine; And, when I read his ho - ly word, I called each promise mine.

Quick, yet tender.

1. O Lord! I would de-light in thee, And on thy care depend: To thee in ev-ery trou-ble flee, My best, my on-ly Friend.

2. When all ere-a-ted streams are dried, Thy full-ness is the same; May I with this be sat-is-fied, And glo-ry in thy name.

3. No good in creatures can be found, But may be found in thee; I must have all things, and a-bound, While God is God to me.

DEVIZES. C. M.

Arr. from TUCKER, by DR. MASON.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.

2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex-alt-ed thus!" "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply, "For he was slain for us!" "For he was slain for us!"

3. Je-sus is worthy to re-ceive Honor and power divine; And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord! forev-er thine, Be, Lord! forev-er thine.

1. Thou art my por - tion, O my God! Soon as I know thy way, My heart makes haste t'o - be thy word, And suf - fers no de - lay.

2. I choose the path of heavenly truth, And glo - ry in my choice; Not all the rich - es of the earth Could make me so re - joice.

3. The tes - ti - mo - nies of thy grace I set be - fore mine eyes; Thence I de - rive my dai - ly strength, And there my com - fort lies.

DUNFERMLINE. C. M.

FROM RAVENSCROFT, PSALTER. 1621.

1. Whom have we, Lord, in heaven, but thee, And whom on earth be - side? Where else for suc - cour can we flee, Or in whose strength con - fide?

2. Thou art our por - tion here be - low, Our promised bliss a - bove; Ne'er may our souls an ob - ject know So precious as thy love.

3. When heart and flesh. O Lord, shall fail, Thou wilt our spi - rits cheer; Sup - port us thro' life's thorn - y vale, And calm each anx - ious fear.

Quick and Staccato.

1. Lo! what an en - ter - tain - ing sight Are brethren who a - gree; Brethren, whose cheerful hearts u - nite In bands of pi - e - ty.

2. When streams of love, from Christ, the spring, Descend to ev - ery soul, And heavenly peace, with balmy wing, Shades and be-dews the whole:—

3. 'Tis like the oil, di - vine - ly sweet, On Aarou's reverend head; The trick - ling drops perfumed his feet, And o'er his garments spread.

DUNDEE. C. M.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, heavenly Dove! With all thy quickening powers,—Kindle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

2. Look—how we gro - vel here be - low, Fond of these tri - fling toys! Our souls can nei - ther fly nor go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.

3. In vain we tune our for - mid songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho - san - nas languish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.

Andantino.

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

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

3. What peaceful hours I once en-joyed! How sweet their mem'ry still! But they have left an ach-ing void The world can nev-er fill.

EVAN. C. M.

Arr. by DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. In mer-cy, Lord, re-mem-ber me, Through all the hours of night; And grant to me most gra-cious-ly The safeguard of thy might.

2. With cheer-ful heart I close my eyes Since thou wilt not re-move: Oh, in the morning let me rise, Re-joic-ing in thy love.

3. Or, if this night should prove the last, And end my tran-sient days; O, take me to thy prom-ised rest, Where I may sing thy praise.

1. O gift of gifts! O Grace of faith! My God, how can it be That thou, who hast discerning love, Shouldst give that gift to me.

2. How many hearts thou might'st have had More innocent than mine! How many souls more worthy far Of that pure touch of thine!

3. Ah, Grace! in-to unlike-liest hearts It is thy boast to come; The glory of thy light to find In darkest spots a home.

EVEREST. C. M.

C. EVEREST.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit. heaven - ly Dove! With all thy quickening powers, Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours.

2. Look, how we gro - vel here be - low, Fond of these tri - fling toys! Our joys can nei - ther fly nor go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.

3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise: Ho - san - nas languish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.

EVENING PSALM. C. M.

1. Lord! thou wilt hear me when I pray, I am for - ev - er thine; I fear be - fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.

2. And while I rest my wea - ry head, From cares and business free, 'Tis sweet convers - ing on my bed With my own heart and the .

3. I pay this eve - ning sac - ri - fice; And when my work is done, Great God! my faith, my hope re - lies Up - on thy grace a lone.

EBZON. C. M.

Bold and Animated.

1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is given, Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him all the hosts of heaven, Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him all the. &c.

2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For evermore adored; The Wonderful, the Counselor, The great and mighty Lord! The Wonderful, the Counselor, The great, &c.

3. His power, increasing, still shall spread; His reign no end shall know; Justice shall guard his throne above, And peace abound below, Justice shall guard his throne above, &c.

1. When verdure clothes the fertile vale, And blossoms deck the spray, And fragrance breathes in every gale, How sweet the vernal day! How sweet the vernal day!

2. Hark! how the feathered warblers sing! 'Tis nature's cheerful voice; Soft music hails the lovely spring, And woods and fields rejoice, And woods and fields rejoice.

3. O God of na - ture and of grace, Thy heavenly gifts impart; Then shall my meditation trace Spring, blooming in my heart, Spring, blooming in my heart.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.

Not too fast.

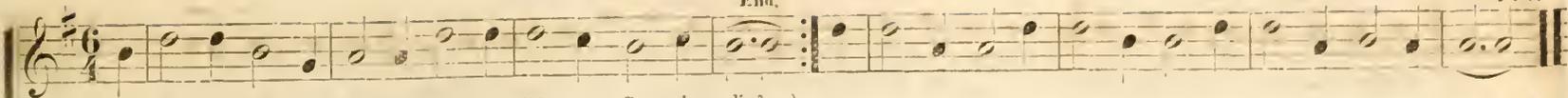
1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

2. The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way.

3. Dear dy-ing Lamb! thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more.

End.

D. C.



1 { A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? } Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up - on the tree?
 D. C. A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown!—And love be - yond de - gree.

End.

D. C.



2 { Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, } Thus might I hide my blushing face, While his dear cross ap - pears;
 D. C. Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.



GENEVA. C. M.

JNO. COLE.

Moderato.



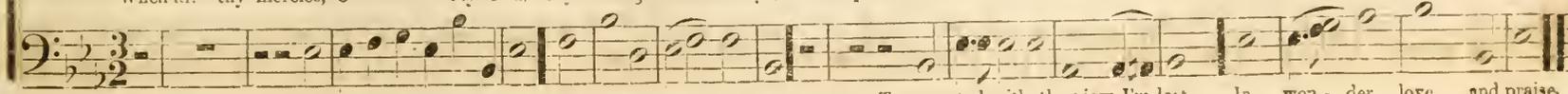
When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.



When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Trans - port - ed with the view I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.

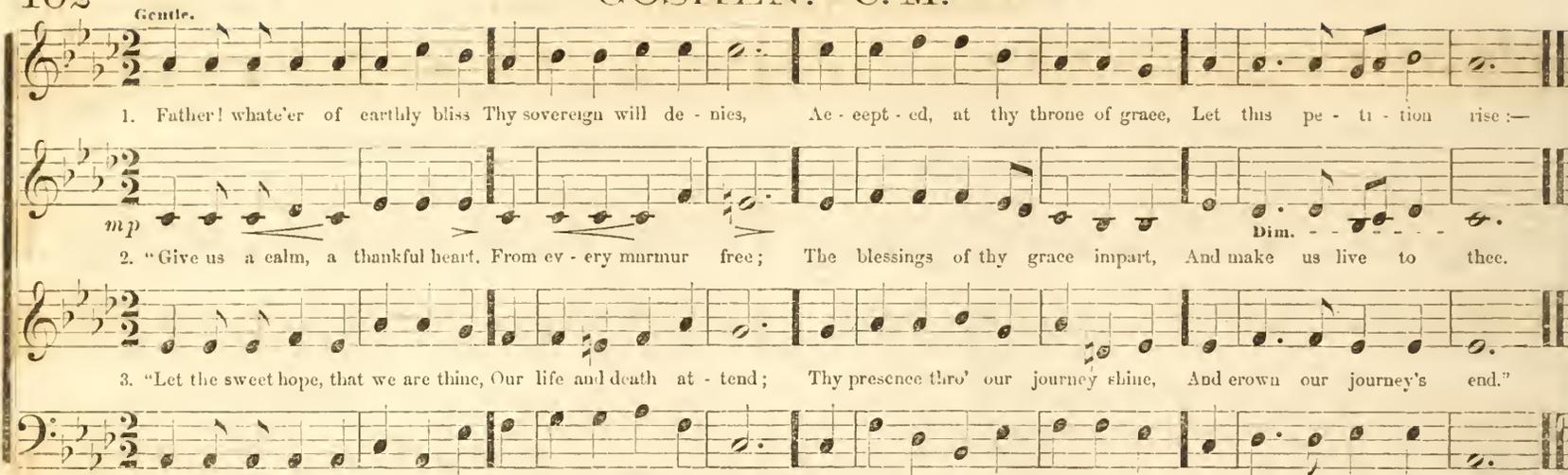


When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Trans - port - ed with the view I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.



When all thy mercies, O my God! My rising soul surveys. Transported with the view I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

Gentle.



1. Father! whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will de-nies, Ac-cept-ed, at thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise:-

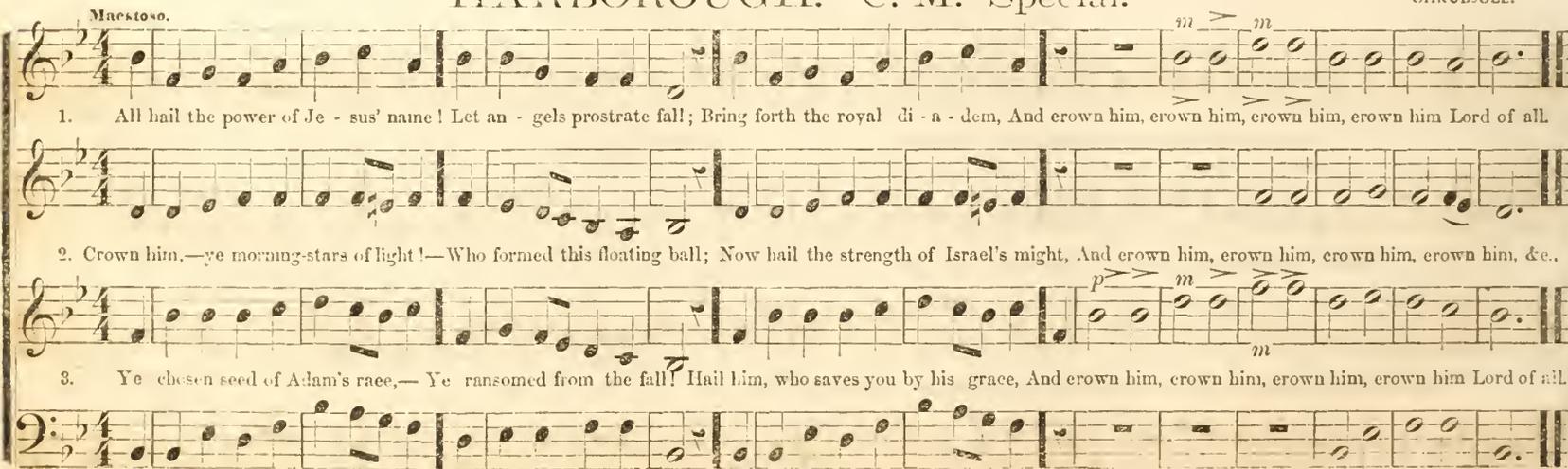
mp 2. "Give us a calm, a thankful heart, From ev-ery marmur free; The blessings of thy grace impart, And make us live to thee. *Dim.*

3. "Let the sweet hope, that we are thine, Our life and death at-tend; Thy presnee thro' our journey shine, And crown our journey's end."

HARBOROUGH. C. M. Special.*

SHRUBSOLE.

Maestoso.



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

2. Crown him,—ye morn'ng-stars of light!—Who formed this floating ball; Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, &c.,

3. Ye chesen seed of Adam's rae,— Ye ransomed from the fall! Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

* Appropriate also to the hymn, "Let saints on earth their anthems raise."

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

2. There, ev - er - last - ing spring abides, And nev - er withering flowers; Death, like a nar - row sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

3. Sweet fields, beyond the swell - ing flood, Stand dressed in liv - ing green, So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jor - dan rolled between.

HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.

W. B. B.

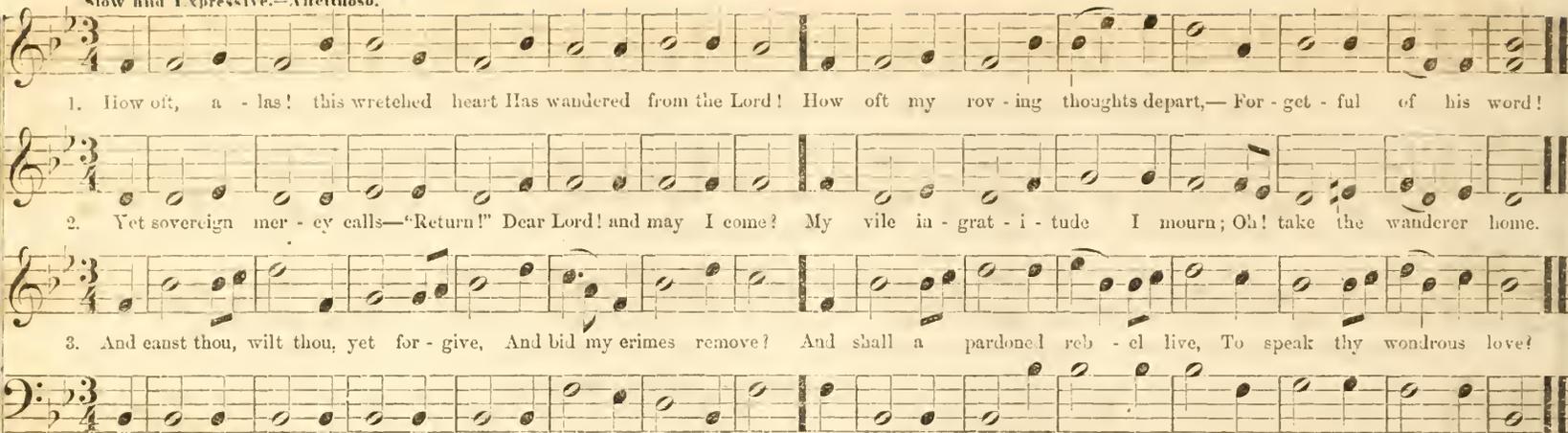
May end here. Coda.

1. With reverence let the saints appear, And bow be - fore the Lord; His high commands with reverence hear, And tremble at his word, And tremble at his word.

2. How ter - rible thy glories be! How bright thine armies shine! Where is the power that vies with thee? Or truth compared with thine? Or truth compared with thine?

3. The northern pole, and southern, rest On thy sup - port - ing hand; Darkness and day, from east to west, Move round at thy command, Move round at thy command.

Slow and Expressive.—Affettuoso.



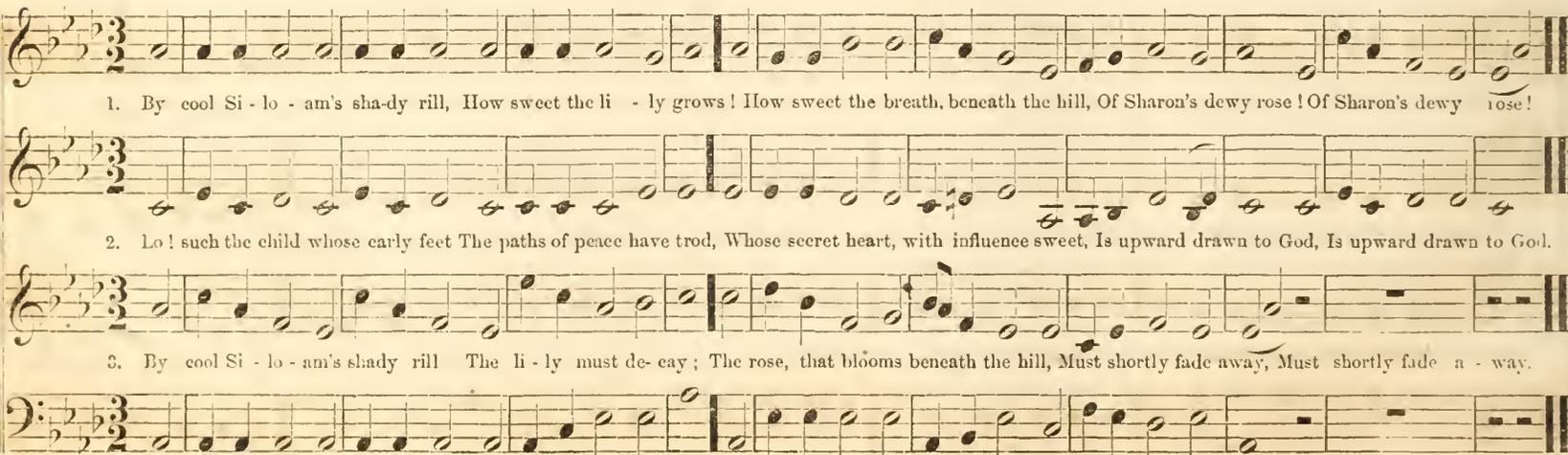
1. How oft, a - las! this wretched heart Has wandered from the Lord! How oft my roving thoughts depart,—For - get - ful of his word!

2. Yet sovereign mer - cy calls—"Return!" Dear Lord! and may I come? My vile in - grat - i - tude I mourn; Oh! take the wanderer home.

3. And canst thou, wilt thou, yet for - give, And bid my crimes remove? And shall a pardoned reb - el live, To speak thy wondrous love?

HAZEL GROVE. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How sweet the li - ly grows! How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dewy rose! Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2. Lo! such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose secret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God, Is upward drawn to God.

3. By cool Si - lo - am's shady rill The li - ly must de - cay; The rose, that blooms beneath the hill, Must shortly fade away, Must shortly fade a - way.

1. The Lord him-self, the mighty Lord, Vouch-safes to be my guide; The Shep-herd, by whose con-stant care My wants are all sup-plied.

2. In ten-der grass he makes me feed, And gen-tly there re-pose; Then leads me to cool shades, and where Refresh-ing wa-ter flows.

3. He does my wandering soul reclaim. And, to his end-less praise, In-struct with humble zeal to walk In his most right-eous ways.

HEBER. C. M.

KING-LEY.

1. Come, ye that love the Sa-viour's name, And joy to make it known, The sovereign of your hearts proclaim, And bow be-fore the throne.

2. Be-hold your King, your Sa-viour, crowned With glories all di-vine; And tell the wondering na-tions round, How bright these glo-ries shine.

3. In-fi-nite power, and boundless grace, In him u-nite their rays; Ye that have e'er be-held his face! Can ye forbear his praise?

1. O thou, who dry'st the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be, If, pierced by sins and sorrows here, We could not fly to thee!

2. The friends, who in our sunshine live, When winter comes, are flown; And he who has but tears to give, Must weep those tears a-lone.

3. O, who could bear life's stormy doom, Did not thy wing of love Come brightly wafting thro' the gloom, Our peace-branch from a-bove.

HENRY: C. M.

S. B. POND. By permission.

With Energy.

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

2. Thy morning light and evening shade Suc - cess - ive com - forts bring; Thy plen - teous fruits make har - vest glad, Thy flowers a - dorn the spring.

3. Seasons and times, and moons and hours, Heaven, earth, and air are thine; When clouds dis - till in fruit - ful showers, The au - thor is di - vine.

HEREFORD. C. M.

From THE PSALMISTA. 107

Tenderly—Earnestly. *May end here. Ritard.*

1. In merey, Lord, re-mem - ber me, This instant pass - ing night, And grant to me most graecious - ly The safeguard of thy night, The safeguard of thy night.

2. With eheerful heart I elose my eyes, Since thou wilt not re - move; O in the morning let me rise, Re-joie - ing in thy love, Rejoicing in thy love.

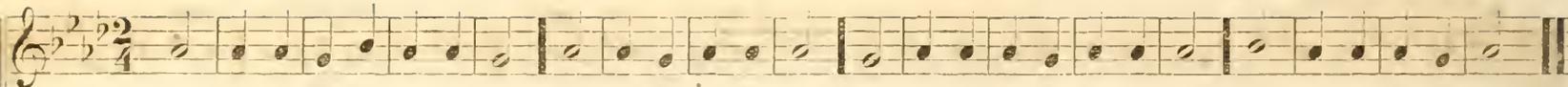
3. Or if this night should prove the last, And end my transient days, Lord, take me to thy promised rest, Where I may sing thy praise, Where I may sing thy praise.

HOWARD. C. M.

1. In all my vast concerns with thee, In vain my soul would try, To shun thy presenee, Lord! or flee The no - tiee of thine eye.

2. Thine all - surround - ing sight sur - veys My ris - ing and my rest, My pub - lie walks, my pri - vate ways, And se - crets of my breast.

3. My thoughts lie o - pen to the Lord, Before they're formed withiu; And ere my lips pronounee the word, He knows the sense I mean.



1. O God of hosts, the mighty Lord, How love-ly is the place, Where, in thy glo-ry, we be-hold The brightness of thy face!



2. My longing soul faints with desire, To view thy blest a-bode; My panting heart and flesh cry out For thee, the liv-ing God.



3. Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee Their sure protection made; Who long to tread the sacred ways Which to thy dwelling lead.



HUMMEL. C. M.

CHAS. ZEUNER.

Allegro Assai

1. Awake, ye saints! to praise your King, Your sweetest passions raise; Your pi-ous pleasure, while you sing, Increasing with the praise.



2. Great is the Lord.—and works unknown Are his di-vine employ: But still his saints are near his throne, His treasures and his joy



3. Heaven, earth and sea eon-fess his hand; He bids the vapors rise; Light-niag and storm, at his command, Sweep thro' the sounding skies.



1. To thee, my Shepherd, and my Lord, A grate - ful song I'll raise; O let the humblest of thy flock At-tempt to speak thy praise.

2. My life, my joy, my hope, I owe To thine a - maz - ing love; Ten thou-sand thou - sand comforts here, And no - bler bliss a - bove.

3. To thee my trem-bling spi - rit flies, With sin and grief oppressed; Thy gen - tle voice dis - pels my fears. And lulls my ears to rest.

JEDDO. C. M.

Very Spirited and Joyous. Staccato.

1. Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on, A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown, And an immortal crown.

2. 'Tis God's all au - i - mat - ing voice, That calls thee from on high; 'Tis he, whose hand presents the prize To thine aspiring eye, To thine aspir - ing eye.

3. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full survey; Forget the steps al - rea - dy trod. And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.

Cheerful.

1. { There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign,
In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, (Omr.....) And plea - sures ban - ish pain. There ev - er -

2. { Sweet fields, be - yond the swell - ing flood, Stand dressed in liv - ing green;
So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, (Omr.....) While Jor - dan rolled between. But tim - 'rous

last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - withering flowers; Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav - enly land from ours.

mor - tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea; And lin - ger, shivering on the brink, And fear to launch a - way

KIRK WHITE. C. M.

Arr. from H. I. 111

1. Re- turn, O God of love! return; Earth is a tiresome place: How long shall we, thy echildren, mourn Our ab sence from thy face!

2. Let heaven suc- ceed our pain- ful years, Let sin and sor- row cease; And, in pro- por- tion to our tears, So make our joys in- crease.

3. Thy won- ders to thy servants show, Make thine own work complete; Then shall our souls thy glo- ry know, And own thy love was great.

LA MIRA. C. M.

W. B. B.

1. I love to steal a-while a - way From ev - 'ry cumbering care, And spend the hours of setting day In hum-ble, grateful prayer.

2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - tential tear; And all his promis - es to plead, When none but God is near.

LANESBOROUGH. C. M.

1. Early, my God! without de - lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spirit faints a - way, My thirst - y spirit faints a - way, Without thy cheering grace.

2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling stream at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

3. I've seen thy glo - ry and thy power Thro' all thy temple shine; My God! repeat that heavenly hour, My God! repeat that heavenly hour, That vis - ion so di - vine.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef with a 2/2 time signature. The fourth staff is in bass clef with a 2/2 time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with clear lyrics underneath each line.

LITCHFIELD. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.

Moderato.

1. Ye hearts. with youthful vig - or warm, In smiling crowds draw near, And turn from ev - ery mor - tal charm, A Saviour's voice to hear.

2. He, Lord of all the worlds on high, Stoops to converse with you, And lays his ra - diant glo - ries by, Your friendship to pur - sue.

3. "The soul that longs to see his face, Is sure his love to gain; And they who ear - ly seek his grace Shall ne - ver seek in vain.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef with a 4/4 time signature. The fourth staff is in bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with clear lyrics underneath each line.

1. Let all the lands, with shouts of joy, To God their voices raise, Sing psalms in honor of his name, And spread his glorious praise.

2. And let them say, "How dreadful, Lord, In all thy works art thou! To thy great power thy stubborn foes Shall all be forced to bow.

3. "Thro' all the earth, the nations round Shall thee, their God, confess; And, with glad hymns, their awful dread Of thy great name express."

MASON'S CHANT. C. M.



1. Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Redeemer's praise! The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace!

2. My gracious Master and my God! Assist me to proclaim, To spread, thro' all the earth a-broad, The honors of thy name.

3. Je - sus— the name that calms my fears, That bids my sor - rows cease; 'Tis mu - sic to my rav - ished ears; 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

Quick, but Gentle.

1. How glorious is the land we seek, A land with-out a tomb, An ev - er - last - ing - rest - ing place, A sure and qui - et home.

2. Far sun - nier than the hills of time Are its e - ter - nal hills; Far fresh - er than the rills of earth Are its e - ter - nal rills.

3. No blight can fall up - on its flowers, No darkness fill its air. It has a day for ev - er bright, For Christ, its sun, is there.

MILES. C. M.

Gently, but not too Slow.

1. To whom, my Saviour, shall I go, If I de - part from thee; My guide thro' all this vale of woe, And more than all to me.

2. The world re - ject thy gen - tle reign, And pay thy death with scorn; Oh, they could pluck thy crown a - gain, And sharpen ev - ery thorn.

3. But I have felt thy dy - ing love, Breathe gently through my heart, To whis - per hope of joys a - bove; And ead we ev - er part!

1. Oh! 't was a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say,— "Up, Is - rael, to the tem - ple haste, And keep your fes - tal day "

2. At Sa - lem's courts we must ap - pear, With our as - sem - bled powers, In strong and beau - teous or - der ranged, Like her ni - nit - ed towers.

3. O, pray we then for Sa - lem's peace— For they shall prosperous be, Thou ho - ly cit - y of our God, Who bear true love to thee.

MEDFIELD. C. M.

WM. MATHER.

1. To heaven I lift my waiting eyes, There all my hopes are laid; The Lord, who built the earth and skies, Is my per - pet - ual aid.

2. Their steadfast feet shall nev - er fall, Whom he de - signs to keep; His ear at - tends the soft - est call; His eyes can nev - er sleep.

3. Is rael! rejoice, and rest secure; Thy keep - er is the Lord! His wake - ful eyes em - ploy his power For thine e - ter - nal guard.

1. Oh! how I love thy ho - ly law! 'Tis dai - ly my de - light; And thence my med - i - ta - tions draw Di - vine ad - vice by night.

2. My waking eyes pre - vent the day, To med - i - tate thy word: My soul with long - ing melts a - way, To hear thy gos - pel, Lord!

3. How doth thy word my heart engage! How well employ my tongue! And, in my tiresome pil - grim - age, Yields me a heavenly song.

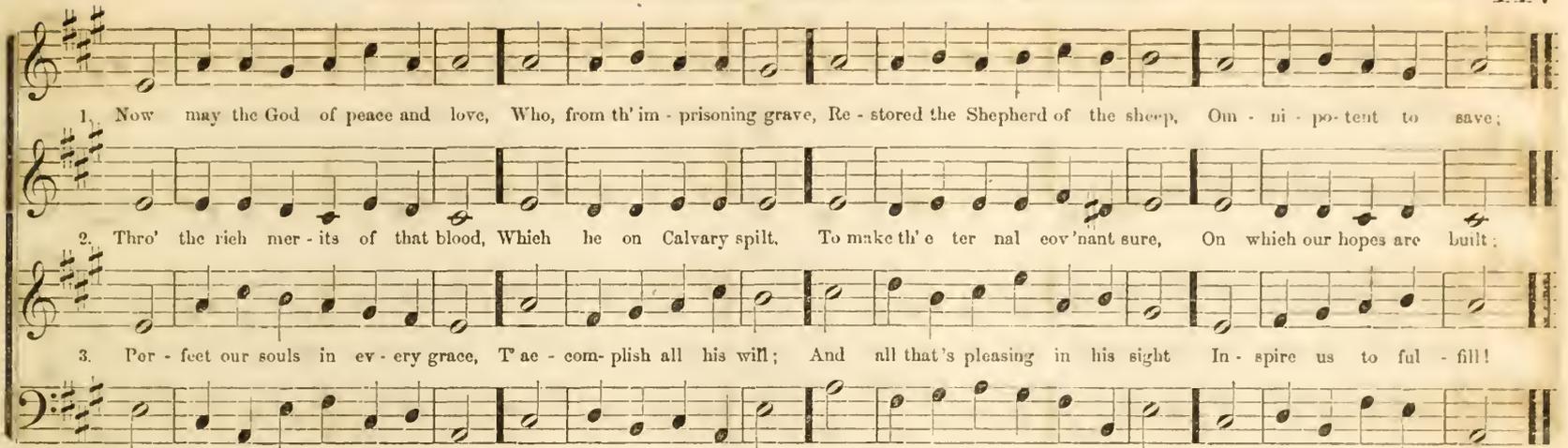
MICAH. C. M.

GREATORIX.

1. Oh! that I knew the se - cret place, Where I might find my God; I'd spread my wants be - fore his face, And pour my woes a - broad.

2. I'd tell him how my sins a - rise,—What sor - rows I sus - tain, How grace de - eays, and comfort dies, And leave my heart in pain.

3. He knows what ar - gu - ments I'd take, To wres - tle with my God; I'd plead for his own mer - cy's sake, And for my Saviour's blood.



1. Now may the God of peace and love, Who, from th' im - prisoning grave, Re - stored the Shepherd of the sheep, Om - ni - po - tent to save;

2. Thro' the rich mer - its of that blood, Which he on Calvary spilt. To make th'e ter - nal cov'nant sure, On which our hopes are built;

3. Per - feet our souls in ev - ery grace, T'ac - com - plish all his will; And all that's pleas - ing in his sight In - spire us to ful - fill!

MONSON. C. M.

BROWN.



1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cumbering care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grateful prayer.

2. I love, in sol - i - tude, to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear; And all his prom - is - es to plead, When none but God is near.

3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good in - plore; My cares and sorrows all to cast On him, whom I a - dore.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend his cause; Maintain the hon-or of his word,—The glo-ry of his cross.

3. Firm as his throne, his prom-ise stands, And he can well se-cure What I've com-mit-ted to his hands, Till the de-cis-ive hour.

2. Jo-sus, my God!—I know his name; His name is all my trust; Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

4. Then will he own my worthless name, Be-fore his Father's face, And, in the New-Je-ru-sa-lem, Ap-point my soul a place.

* Or 6 lines, by omitting the repeat.

1. Ma - jes - tio sweet - ness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow.

3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me he bore the shameful cross, And ear - ried all my grief.

5. To heaven, the place of his a - bode, He brings my wea - ry feet; Shows me the glo - ries of my God, And makes my joys com - plete.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/4. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with lyrics printed below the notes.

2. No mor - tal can with him compare A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is he, than all the fair Who fill the heavenly train.

4. To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have: He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave.

6. Since from thy boun - ty I re - ceive Such proofs of love di - vine, Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord! they should all be thine.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves, identical in format to the first system. It continues the melody and accompaniment with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

1. Father! whate'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies, Ae - cept - ed, at thy throne of graee, Let this pe - ti - tion rise.

2. *p* Give us a ealm, a thank - ful heart, *m* From ev - ery murmur free; *p* The blessings of thy grace in - part, *m* And make us live to thee.

3. "Let the sweet hope, that we are thine, Our life and death at - tend; Thy presence thro' our jour - ney shine, And crown our journey's end."

The musical score for 'NAOMI. C. M.' is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a bass line. The first line of music is for the first verse, the second for the second, and the third for the third. The bass line provides a harmonic accompaniment for the vocal parts.

NICHOLS. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Allegro.

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

2. See the fair way his hand hath made; How peaceful and how plain! The simplest traveler need not err, Nor seek the path in vain, Nor seek the path in vain.

3. A hand divine shall lead you on, Thro' all the blissful road; Till to the sa - cred mount you rise, And see your smiling God, And see your smiling God.

The musical score for 'NICHOLS. C. M.' is written in G major and 2/2 time. It consists of a vocal line and a bass line. The tempo is marked 'Allegro'. The first line of music is for the first verse, the second for the second, and the third for the third. The bass line provides a harmonic accompaniment for the vocal parts.

1. My Shepherd will sup- ply my need, Je- ho- vah is his name; In pastures fresh he makes me feed, Be- side the liv- ing stream.

2. He brings my wandering spi- rit back, When I for- sake his ways; And leads me, for his mer- cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

3. When I walk thro' the shades of death, Thy presence is my stay; A word of thy sup- port- ing breath Drives all my fears a - way.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

DR. HASTINGS.

Time, one second to a minim.

1. Ma- jes- tie sweetness sits enthroned Up- on the Saviour's brow; His head with ra- diant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er- flow.

2. No mor- tal can with him compare A- mong the sons of men; Fair- er ^{Cres.} is he, than all the fair Who fill the heavenly train.

3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re- lief; For me he bore the shameful cross, And ear- ried all my grief.

1. Oh! what a - maz - ing words of grace Are in the gos - pel found! Suit - ed to ev - ery sin - ner's ease,

Who hears the joy - ful sound!

Suit - ed to ev - ery sin - ner's ease,

- ed to ev - ery sin - ner's ease, Who hears the joyful sound, Who hears the joyful sound!

2.
Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

3.
This spring with living waters flows,
And heavenly joys imparts;
Come, thirsty souls! your wants disclose,
And drink, with thankful hearts.

4.
Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues, too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

1. I love to steal, a - while, a - way From ev - ery cumbering care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.

2. I love, in sol - i - tude, to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear; And all his prom - is - es to plead, When none but God is near.

3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore; My cares and sorrows all to cast On him whom I a - dore.

PATMOS. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

CHANT.

1. Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands! Ye tribes of ev - ery tongue! His new dis - cov - ered grace demands A new and no - bler song.

2. Say to the na - tions,—“Je - sus reigns, God's own al - might - y Son; His power the sink - ing world sustains, And grace surrounds his throne.”

3. Let heaven pro - claim the joy - ful day, Joy thro' the earth be seen; Let cit - ies shine in bright ar - ray, And fields in cheer - ful green.

Not too Fast.

1. Be-hold the glo-ries of the Lamb, A-midst his Fa-ther's throne! Pre-pare new honors for his name, Pre-pare new honors for his name,

2. Those are the prayers of all his saints, And these the hymns they raise: Je-sus is kind to our complaints, Je-sus is kind to our complaints,

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The music is in 3/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "1. Be-hold the glo-ries of the Lamb, A-midst his Fa-ther's throne! Pre-pare new honors for his name, Pre-pare new honors for his name," and "2. Those are the prayers of all his saints, And these the hymns they raise: Je-sus is kind to our complaints, Je-sus is kind to our complaints,".

And songs, be-fore un-known. Let el-ders worship at his feet, The church a-dore a-round, With vi-als full of o-dors sweet,

He loves to hear our praise. Now to the Lamb, that once was slain, Be endless bless-ings paid; Sal-va-tion, glo-ry, joy re-main,

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The music continues in 3/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "And songs, be-fore un-known. Let el-ders worship at his feet, The church a-dore a-round, With vi-als full of o-dors sweet," and "He loves to hear our praise. Now to the Lamb, that once was slain, Be endless bless-ings paid; Sal-va-tion, glo-ry, joy re-main,".

With vi - als full of o - dors sweet, And harps of sweet - er sound, And harps of sweet - er sound.

Sal - va - tion, glo - ry, joy re - main, For ev - er on thy head, For ev - er on thy head.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The second and third staves are accompaniment lines in treble clef. The bottom staff is a bass line in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

PENIEL. C. M.

DR. TH. HASTINGS.

1. My God! the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights; The glo - ry of my bright - est days, And com - fort of my nights.

2. In dark - est shades, if he ap - pear, My dawn - ing is begun; He is my soul's bright morn - ing - star, And he my ris - ing sun.

3. The opening heavens a - round me shine, With beams of sa - cred bliss, While Je - sus shows his heart is mine, And whispers— I am his.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The second and third staves are accompaniment lines in treble clef. The bottom staff is a bass line in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

1. Once more, my soul! the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes; Once more, my voice! thy tri - bute pay To him who rules the skies.

2. Night un - to night his name re - peats, The day re - news the sound; Wide as the heaven, on which he sits To turn the sea - sons round.

3. 'T is he supports my mor - tal frame,—My tongue shall speak his praise, My sins would rouse his wrath to flame, And yet his wrath de - lays.

PHUVAH. C. M.

German Choral of the 17th century.

1. I love the Lord,—he heard my cries, And pit - ied ev - ery groan; Long as I live, when troubles rise, I'll has - ten to his throne.

2. I love the Lord,—he bowed his ear, And chased my griefs a - way; Oh! let my heart no more de - spair, While I have breath to pray.

3. My flesh declined, my spir - its fell, And I drew near the dead; While inward pangs and fears of hell Perplexed my wakeful head.

RANDOLPH. C. M.

Arr. from a Silesian Melody. 127

1. My Saviour! my al - might - y Friend, When I be - gin thy praise, Where will the grow - ing numbers end,—The numbers of thy grace!

2. Thou art my ev - er - last - ing trust; Thy goodness I a - dore; And since I knew thy gra - ces, first, I speak thy glo - ries more.

3. My feet shall tra - vel all the length Of the ce - les - tial road; And march, with courage, in thy strength, To see my Fa - ther God.

RHINE. C. M.

Arr. from a German Melody.

1. O mother dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? Thy joys when shall I see?

2. O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleasant soil! In thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3. No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee, Nor gloom, nor darksome night; But every soul shines as the sun, For God himself gives light, For God himself gives light.

1. A - mid the splen - dors of thy state, O God! thy love ap - pears, Soft as the ra - diance of the moon A - mong a thousand stars.

2. In all thy doctri - nes and com - mands, Thy counsels and de - signs, In ev - ery work thy hands have framed, Thy love su - preme - ly shines.

3. Si - nai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire, Thunders thine aw - ful name! But Zi - on sings, in melting notes, The hon - ors of the Lamb.

RIGA. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.

With deep and tender feeling.

1. With joy we meditate the grace Of our High-Priest above; His heart is made of tenderness, His heart is made of tenderness, His bowels melt with love.

2. Touched with a sympathy within, He knows our feeble frame; He knows what sore temptations mean, He knows what sore temptations mean, For he has felt the same.

3. But spotless, innocent, and pure, The great Redeem - er stood, While Satan's fiery darts he bore, While Satan's fiery darts he bore, And did resist to blood.

1. Why is my heart so far from thee, My God! my chief de-light? Why are my thoughts no more by day,—With thee, no more by night.

2. Why should my fool-ish passions rove! Where can such sweetness be, As I have tast-ed in thy love,—As I have found in thee.

3. When my for-get-ful soul re-news The sa-vor of thy grace, My heart presumes, I can-not lose The rel-ish all my days.

ROCHESTER. C. M.

English.

1. God! my sup-port-er and my hope, My help for ev-er near, Thine arm of mer-cy held me up, When sink-ing in de-spair.

2. Thy counsels, Lord! shall guide my feet Thro' this dark wil-der-ness: Thy hand con-duct me near thy seat, To dwell be-fore thy face.

3. Were I in heaven with-out my God, 'T would be no joy to me; And, while this earth is my a-bode, I long for none but thee.

Moderato. Tenderly.

1. And can mine eyes, with - out a tear, A weep - ing Sa - viour see? Shall I not weep his groans to hear, Who groaned and died for me?

2. Blest Je - sus, let those tears of thine Sub - due each stubboru foe; Come, fill my heart with love di - vine, And bid my sor - rows flow.

SCUDO. C. M.

FROM THE JUBILEE. By permission.

With Strength and Firmness.

1. How firm the saint's foun - da - tion stands! His hopes can ne'er re - move, Sus - tained by God's al - might - y hand, And sheltered in his love!

2. God is the trea - sure of his soul, A source of sa - cred joy, Which no af - fle - tions can con - trol, Nor death it - self de - stroy.

3. Lord, may we feel thy cheering beams, And taste thy saints' re - pose; We will not mourn the perished streams, While such a foun - tain flows.

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY. 131

1. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill How sweet the li-ly grows! How sweet the breath, be-neath the hill, of Shu-ron's dew-y rose!

2. Lo! such the child whose ear-ly feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose se-cret heart, with influence sweet, Is up-ward drawn to God.

3. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill, The li-ly must de-cay; The rose that blooms be-neath the hill, Must short-ly fade a-way.

ST. ANNS. C. M.

DR. CROFT.

1. Hail, sa-cred truth! whose pierc-ing rays Dis-pel the shades of night; Dif-fus-ing o'er the men-tal world! The heal-ing beams of light.

2. Je-sus! thy word, with friend-ly aid, Restores our wan-dering feet; Con-verts the sor-rows of the mind To joys di-vine-ly sweet.

3. Oh! send thy light and truth a-broad, In all their ra-diant blaze; And bil-th'admir-ing world a-dore The glo-ries of thy grace

Moderato.

1. To our al-might-y Ma-ker, God, New hon-ors be addressed; His great sal-va-tion shines a-broad, And makes the na-tions blessed.

2. He spake the word to Abraham first; His truth ful-fills his grace; The Gentiles make his name their trust, And learn his right-eous-ness.

3. Let the whole earth his love proclaim, With all her different tongues; And spread the hon-ors of his name, In mel-o-dy and song.

ST. JOHN'S. C. M.

English Tune.

1. Je-sus, with all thy saints a-bove, My tongue would bear her part, Would sound a-loud thy sav-ing love, And sing thy bleeding heart.

2. Blest be the Lamb, my dear-est Lord, Who bought me with his blood, And quenched his Fa-ther's flam-ing sword, In his own vi-tal blood.

3. All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lamb, And nev-er ceasing praise: While an-gels live to know his name, Or saints to feel his grace.

1 O Thou, to whom all crea - tures bow, With - in this earthly frame, Thro' all the world how great art thou! How glo - rious is thy name!

2. When heaven, thy glo - rious work on high, Em - ploys my wondering sight,—The moon, that night - ly rules the sky, With stars of feebler light—

3. Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst choose, To keep him in thy mind? Or what his race, that thou shouldst prove To them so wondrous kind.

'SWANWICK. C. M.

LUCAS.

Firm.

1. A - rise, ye peo - ple! and a - dore,—Exulting strike the chord; Let all the earth from shore to shore, Confess th' almighty Lord, Confess th' almighty Lord.

2. Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing round, Th' ascending God proclaim; Th' angelic choir respond the sound, And shake creation's frame, And shake creation's frame.

3. They sing of death and hell o'erthrown In that triumphant hour; And God exalt his conquering Soa To his right hand of power, To his right hand of power.

Gentle.



1. I love the Lord; he heard my cries, And pit-ied ev-ery groan; Long as I live when troubles rise, I'll has-ten to his throne.



2. I love the Lord; he bowed his ear, And chased my griefs a-way; Oh! let my heart no more de-spair, While I have breath to pray.



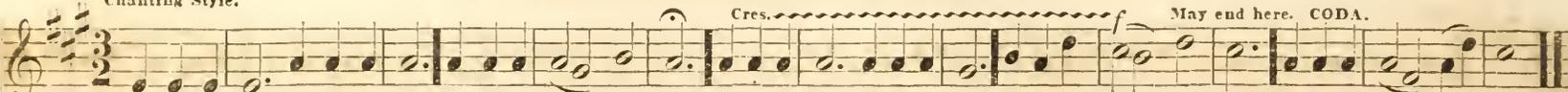
3. My flesh declined, my spirits fell, And I drew near the dead; While in-ward pangs and fears of hell Perplexed my wakeful head.



TABERNACLE CHANT. C. M.

From the SHAWM.

Chanting Style.



1. When, as returns this solemn day, Man comes to meet his God, What rites—what honors shall he pay? How spread his praise abroad, How spread his praise abroad!



2. From marble-domes and gilded spires, Shall clouds of incense rise? And gems and gold, and garlands deck The costly sac-ri-fice? The costly sac-ri-fice!



3. Vain, sinful man!—creation's Lord Thine offerings well may spare; But give thy heart—and thou shalt find, That God will hear thy prayer, That God will hear, &c.





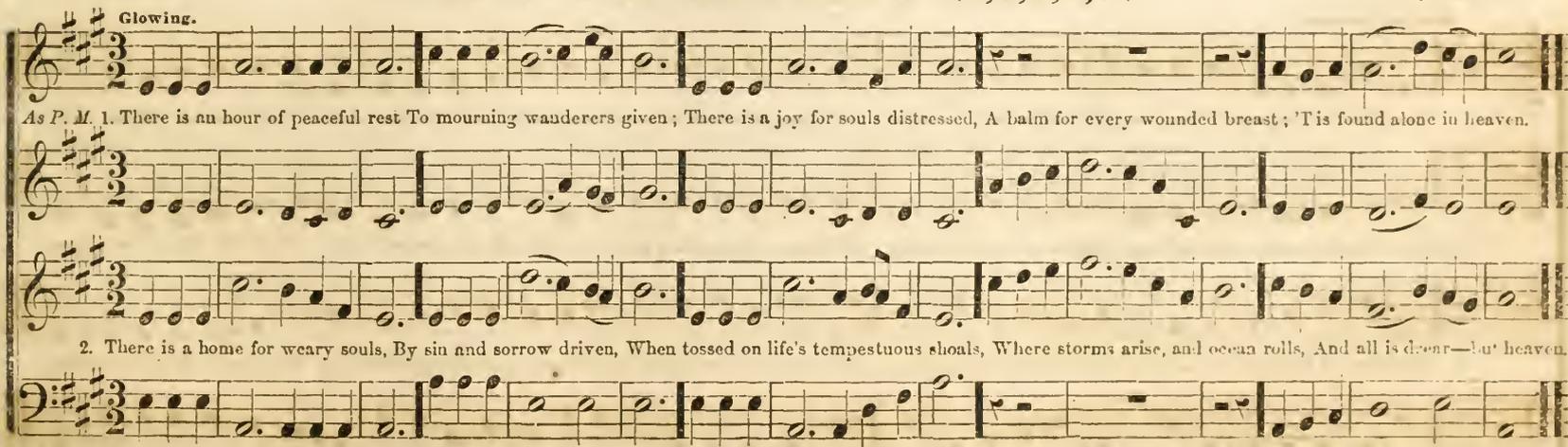
O, with due reverence, let us all To God's a-bode re-pair, And prostrate at his footstool fall, Pour out our hum-ble prayer.

O, with due reverence, let us all To God's a-bode re-pair, And prostrate at his foot-stool fall, Pour out our hum-ble prayer.

TAPPAN: C. M. Or P. M. (8,6,8,8,6.)

GEO. KINGSLEY.

Glowing.



1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast; 'Tis found alone in heaven.

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

1. Return, O wanderer, to thy home, Thy Fa-ther calls for thee; No long-er now an ex-ile roam In guilt and mis-er-y. Return! return! return! return!

2. Return, O wanderer, to thy home, 'Tis Je-sus calls for thee; The Spi-rit and the Bride say—Come; O! now for refuge flee. Return! return! return! return!

THE REFRESHING. C. M.

T. HASTINGS.

Slow and Solemn.

1. The Ho-ly Comfort-er has come, We feel his presen-ee here; Our froward hearts no longer roam, But bow in fil-ial fear, But bow in fil-ial fear.

2. Such beaming tender-ness of love, Such en-er-gy of power, 'Tis heaven descending from above, To fill the favored hour, To fill the favored hour.

3. The mist of darkness all has fled, The light securely shines; Each heart, in contemplation led, To sweetest thoughts inclines, To sweetest thoughts iaelines.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given: There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast, 'T is found above—in heaven.

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

3. There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye, To brighter prospects given; And views the tempest passing by, The evening shadows quickly fly, And all serene in heaven.

TYRONE. C. M.

1. How sweet, up - on this sa - ered day, The best of all the seven, To cast our earth - ly thoughts a - way, And think of God and heaven.

2. How sweet to be al - lowed to pray Our sins may be forgiven, With fil - ial con - fi - dence to say, "Fa - ther, who art in heaven."

3. How sweet the words of peace to hear From Him to whom 'tis given To wake the pen - i - ten - tial tear, And lead the way to heaven.

Not too Fast.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In-fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.

3. Sweet fields, be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green; So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween.

5. Oh! could we make our doubts remove,— Those gloom-y doubts that rise,— And see the Canaan that we love, With un-beeloud-ed eyes;—

2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-withering flowers; Death, like a nar-row sea, divides This heav-en-ly land from ours.

4. But tim-'rous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea, And lin-ger, shivering on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.

6. Could we but elimb where Mo-ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,— Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

VOICE OF JESUS. C. M. Double.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 139

D. C.

Musical notation for the first staff of the piece, featuring a treble clef, a 4/4 time signature, and a dynamic marking of *f*. The staff contains two measures of music, each ending with a repeat sign.

1. { I heard the voice of Je - sus say Come un - to me and rest; } I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad, I
 Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast. } found in him a rest - ing - place, And he has made me glad.

Musical notation for the second staff of the piece, continuing the melody from the first staff.

Musical notation for the third staff of the piece, featuring a dynamic marking of *f* and ending with a *D. C.* marking.

2. { I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Be - hold, I free - ly give } I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My
 The liv - ing wat - er; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink and live. } thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him.

Musical notation for the fourth staff of the piece, featuring a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature.

WARDLAW. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Allegretto.

Musical notation for the first staff of the piece, featuring a treble clef, a 4/4 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#).

1. Lift up to God, the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls inspired; Loud, and more loud, the an - thems raise, With grate - ful ar - dor fired.

Musical notation for the second staff of the piece.

2. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose goodness, passing thought, Loads ev - ery mo - ment, as it flies, With ben - e - fits un - sought.

Musical notation for the third staff of the piece.

3. Lift up to God the voice of praise, From whom sal - va - tion flows, Who sent his Son, our souls to save From ev - er - last - ing woes.

Musical notation for the fourth staff of the piece, featuring a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature.

T. S.

T. S.

1. My Shepherd will sup - ply my need, Je - ho - vah is his name; In pastures fresh he makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream.

2. He brings my wandering spi - rit back, When I for - sake his ways; And leads me, for his mercy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

3. When I walk through the shades of death, Thy pres - ence is my stay; A word of thy sup - porting breath Drives all my fears a - way.

VEASEY. C. M.

1. Je - sus, im - mor - tal King! a - rise; Rise and as - sert thy sway; Till earth, subdued, its tri - bute bring, And distant lands o - bey.

2. Ride forth, vic - to - rious Con - queror! ride, Till all thy foes sub - mit; And all the powers of hell re - sign Their trophies at thy feet.

3. Send forth thy word, and let it fly, This spacious earth a - round; Till ev - ery soul, be - neath the sun, Shall hear the joy - - ful sound.

First time Treble and Alto. Second time Tenor and Bass.

Allegro.



1. Oh praise the Lord with one consent, And mag - ni - fy his name; Let all the ser - vants of the Lord His wor - thy praise proclaim.

Tutti.



Let all the ser - vants of the Lord His wor - - thy praise pro - claim.

Let all the ser - vants of the Lord His wor - - thy praise pro - claim.

2.
For this our truest interest is,
Glad hymns of praise to sing;
And with loud songs to bless his name,
A most delightful thing.

3.
That God is great, we often have
By glad experience found;
And seen how he, with wondrous power,
Above all gods is crowned.

4.
Oh praise the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To man - sions in the skies, I bid fare - well to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

2. Should earth against my soul en - gage, And hell's fierce darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.

3. Let eares, like a wild del - uge, come, And storms of sor - row fall, May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my' heaven, my all.

Org.

WALNUT STREET. C. M.

FROM THE SELAH.

1. Dear Fa - ther, to thy mer - cy seat, My soul for shel - ter flies; 'Tis here I find a safe re - treat When storms and tempests rise.

2. My cheer - ful hope can ne - ver die, If thou, my God, art near; Thy grace can raise my comforts high, And ban - ish ev - ery fear.

3. My great Pro - tee - tor and my Lord, Thy constant aid im - part; Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word Sus - tain my trembling heart.

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

2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all his saints, Pre-sent-ing, at his Fa-ther's throne, Our songs and our complaints.

3. Thou art a God be-fore whose sight The wick-ed shall not stand; Sin-ners shall ne'er be thy de-light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.

WICKLIFFE. C. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS.

Largo affet.

1. O Thou! whose ten-der mer-cy hears Con-tri-tion's hum-ble sigh; Whose hand, in-dulgent, wipes the tears From sor-row's weep-ing eye;—

2. See, low be-fore thy throne of grace, A wretched wanderer mourn; Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said—"Return?"

3. And shall my guilt-y fears pre-vail To drive me from thy feet? Oh! let not this dear ref-uge fail, This on-ly safe retreat.

WILLOW--DALE. C. M. Double.

Allegro. *Fine.*

1. { Earth's storm - y night will soon be o'er, The ra - ging wind shall cease ;
The Christian's bark will reach the shore Of heaven's e - ter - nal peace. } 2. E'en now the dis - tant rays appear, To chase the gloom of night ;

D. C. The Sun of Righteousness is near, And ter - rors take their flight.

WINDSOR. C. M.

Scottish Theme.

1. Thee we a - dore, e - ter - nal Name! And humbly own to thee, How fee - ble is our mor - tal frame, What dy - ing worms are we!

2. The year rolls round, and steals a - way The breath that first it gave; What'er we do, where'er we be, We're traveling to the grave.

3. Good God! on what a slen - der thread Hang ev - er - last - ing things! Th'e - ter - nal state of all the dead, Up - on life's fee - ble strings.

Gently.

1. How sweet and heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord, In one an - oth - er's peace delight, And so ful - fill his word!

2. Oh! may we feel each brother's sigh. And with him bear a part! May sorrows flow from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

3. Let love, in one delight - ful stream, Thro' ev - ery bo - som flow, Let u - nion sweet, and dear es - teem, In ev - ery ac - tion glow.

WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given: There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast, 'T is found above in heaven.

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

3. There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye, To brighter prospects given; And views the tempest passing by, The evening shadows quickly fly, And all serene in heaven.

f Allegro Vigoroso. *p* *f*

1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is given; Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heaven,

1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is given; Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heaven,

ff

Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heaven.....

ff

Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heaven.....

2.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord!

3.

His power, increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4.

To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

1. Come, ye who love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song of sweet accord, And thus sur-round the throne.

4. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets.

2. Let those refuse to sing, Who nev-er knew our God: But chil-dren of the heavenly King May speak their joys abroad.

5. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-ery tear be dry; We're march-ing thro' Im-man-uel's ground To fair-er worlds on high.

1. I saw, beyond the tomb, The awful Judge appear, Prepared to scan, with strict account, The blessings wasted here.

2. His wrath, like flaming fire, In hell, for ever burns: And, from that hopeless world of woe, No fugitive returns.

3. Ye sinners! fear the Lord, While yet 't is called to-day; Soon will the awful voice of death Command your souls away.

CHORAL.

BADEA. S. M.

German.

1. I hear thy word with love, And I would fain obey; Send thy good Spirit from above To guide me, lest I stray.

2. Oh! who can ever find The errors of his ways? Yet, with a bold, presumptuous mind, I would not dare transgress.

3. Warn me of every sin, Forgive my secret faults, And cleanse this guilty soul of mine, Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

1. How sweet to bless the Lord, And in his praises join, With saints his goodness to record, And sing his power divine, With saints his goodness to record, And sing his power di - vine.

2. These seasons of de - light The dawn of glo-ry seem, Like rays of pure, celestial light, Which on our spirits beam, Like rays of pure celestial light, Which on our spirits beam.

3. O blest assurance this; Bright morn of heavenly day; Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss, That cheers the pilgrim's way, Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss, That cheers the pilgrim's way.

BEDAN. S. M.

Moderato.

1. O cease, my wan - dering soul, On restless wings to roam; All this wide world, to either pole, All this wide world, to either pole, Has not for thee a home.

2. Be - hold the ark of God; Be-hold the o - pen door; O, haste to gain that dear abode, O, haste to gain that dear a-bode, And rove, my soul, no more.

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

Allegro.—Con Spirito.—Forte.



1. All hail! redeeming Lord, Sweet day-spring from on high; All hail! thou Sun of Right-cous-ness, With all thy vi - tal joy, With all thy vi - tal joy.



2. Shine, love-ly star of day, A - round and in us shine; And our be-night - ed souls shall own Thy light and love di - vine, Thy light and love di - vine.



3. Our wandering footsteps guide Thro' all this desert place; Be - neath thy beams we'll trace the path Of pu - ri - ty and peace, Of pu - ri - ty and peace.



BRADEN. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY. FROM THE PSALMIST.



1. The fast de - clin - ing day, How swift its mo - ments fly, While eve - ning's broad and gloom - y shade, Gains on the western sky.



2. Ye mortals, mark its pace, And use the hours of light, For know, its Mak - er ean command An in - stant, end-less night.
Ritard.



3. Give glo - ry to the Lord, Who rules the roll - ing sphere; Sub - mis - sive, at his foot - stool bow, And seek sal - va - tion there.



mp

1. Come to the house of prayer, O thou af-flicted, come; The God of peace shall meet thee there; He makes that house his home.

2. Come to the house of praise! Ye who are hap-py now, In sweet accord your voi-ces raise, In kindred homage bow.

mp

3. Ye a-ged, hith-er come! For ye have felt his love; Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb, Your lips forget to move.

BRAYTON. S. M.



1. Ex-alt, the Lord, our God, And wor-ship at his feet; His na-ture is all ho-li-ness, And mer-cy is his seat.

2. When Is-rael was his church, When Aaron was his priest, When Mo-ses cried, and Samuel prayed,— He gave his peo-ple rest.

3. Oft he forgave their sins, Nor would destroy their race; And oft he made his vengeance known, When they abused his grace.

1. And canst thou, sin-ner ! slight The call of love di-vine ? Shall God, with ten-der-ness in-vite, And gain no thought of thine ?

2. Wilt thou not cease to grieve The Spi-rit from thy breast, Till he thy wretched soul shall leave With all thy sins oppressed ?

3. To-day, a pard'ning God Will hear the suppliant pray ; To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood Will wash thy guilt a-way.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. The pit-y of the Lord, To those who fear his name, Is such as ten-der parents feel ; He knows our fee-ble frame.

2. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn-ing flower ; If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, It with-ers in an hour.

3. But thy com-pas-sions, Lord ! To endless years en-dure ; And children's chil-dren ev-er find Thy words of prom-ise sure.

Gentle, Earnest, Prayerful.

1. My Spi - rit on thy care, Blest Sa - viour, I re - line ; Thou wilt not leave me to de - spair, For thou art love di - vine.

2. In thee I place my trust, On thee I calm - ly rest ; I know thee good, I know thee just, And count thy choice the best.

3. Let good or ill be - fall, It must be good for me ; Se - cure of hav - ing thee in all, Of hav - ing all in thee.

CONSECRATION. S. M.

From COTTAGE MELODIES.

1. O God of A - bra'm, hear The pa - rent's hum - ble cry ; In covenant mer - cy now ap - pear, While in the dust we lie.

2. These children of our love, In mer - cy thou hast given, That we thro' grace may faith - ful prove In train - ing them for heaven.

3. O, grant thy Spi - rit, Lord, Their hearts to sanc - ti - fy ; Re - mem - ber now thy gra - cious word, Our hopes on thee re - ly.

CLAYTONVILLE. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 155

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, With en - er - gy di - vine, And on this poor, be - night - ed soul With beams of mer - cy shine.

2. Melt, melt this fro - zen heart, This stubborn will subdue; Each e - vil pas - sion o - ver - come, And form me all a - new.

3. Mine will the prof - it be, But thine shall be the praise; And un - to thee will I de - vote The remnant of my days.

DAN, or DENNIS. S. M.

NAGELI.

Gently—Legato.

1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glo - rious name to sing, To praise and pray, to hear thy word, And grate - ful off - 'rings bring.

2. Sweet, at the dawn - ing light, Thy bound - less love to tell, And, when ap - proach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell.

3. Sweet, on this day of rest, To join, in heart and voice, With those who love and serve thee best, And in thy name re - joice.

1. My Saviour and my King! Thy beauties are di - vine; Thy lips with bless - ings o - ver - flow, And ev - ery grace is thine.

2. Now make thy glo - ry known; Gird on thy dread - ful sword, And ride, in ma - jes - ty, to spread The conquests of thy word.

3. Strike thro' thy stub - born foes, Or melt their hearts t' o - bey; While justice, meekness, grace, and truth, At - tend thy glo - rious way.

ESTHER. S. M.

Gentle.

1. Mine eyes and my de - sire Are ev - er to the Lord; I love to plead his prom - is - es, And rest up - on his word.

2. Turn, turn thee to my soul, Bring thy sal - va - tion near; When will thy hand re - lease my feet Out of the dead - ly snare?

3. When shall the sov - ereign grace Of my for - giv - ing God Re - store me from those dangerous ways My wandering feet have trod.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, Near - er am I my home to - day Than e'er I've been be - fore.

2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny mansions be; And near - er to the great white throne, Nearer the jas - per sea.

3. Near - er the bound of life, Where falls my bur - den down; Near - er re - lief from ev - ery cross, Nearer my ra - diant crown.

4. Near - er than when my faith First sought that calm, bright home; Fa - ther! each hour per - feet my trust Till un - to heaven I come.

EAMES. S. M.

Arranged.

1. My spi - rit on thy eare, Blest Sa - viour, I re - eline; Thou wilt not leave me to de - spair, For thou art love di - vine.

2. In thee I place my trust, On thee I calm - ly rest; I know thee good, I know thee just, And count thy choicce the best.

3. Let good or ill be - fall, It must be good for me; Se - cure of hav - ing thee in all, Of hav - ing all in thee.

1. Yes, the Re - deem - er's gone, T' ap - pear be - fore our God, To sprin - kle o'er the flam - ing throne, With his a - ton - ing blood.

2. No fic - ry vengeance now, No burn - ing wrath, comes down; If jus - tice calls for sin - ners' blood, The Sa - viour shows his own.

3. Be - fore his Fa - ther's eye Our hum - ble suit he moves; The Fa - ther lays his thun - der by, And looks, and smiles, and loves.

GERAR. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de - signs to serve and please, Thro' all their ac - tions run.

2. Blest is the pi - ous house Where zeal and friendship meet; Their songs of praise, their min - gled vows, Make their com - mu - nion sweet.

3. Thus, when ou Aa - ron's head They poured the rich perfume, The oil through all his rai - ment spread, And pleas - ure filled the room.

GERMANY, or THATCHER. S. M.

HANDEL. 159

1. The Lord my Shep - herd is, I shall be well supplied; Since He is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side!

2. He leads me to the place Where heav - en - ly pas - ture grows, Where liv - ing wa - ters gen - tly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.

3. If e'er I go as - tray, He doth my soul re - claim, And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho - ly name.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

Slow.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,— Our com - forts and our cares.

3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And of - ten, for each oth - er, flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.

Slow and Soft. *pp* *Dim.*

1. While my Re-deem-er's near, My Shepherd and my guide, I bid fare-well to ev-ery fear,— My wants are all sup-plied.

2. To ev-er fragrant meads, Where rich a-bundance grows, His gracious hand in-dul-gent leads, And guards my sweet re- pose.

3. Dear Shepherd! if I stray, My wandering feet re-store; And guard me with thy watchful eye, And let me rove no more.

HAVERHILL. S. M.

DR. L. MASON. 1830.

1. How gen-tle God's com-mands! How kind his pre-cepts are! Come, cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust his con-stant care.

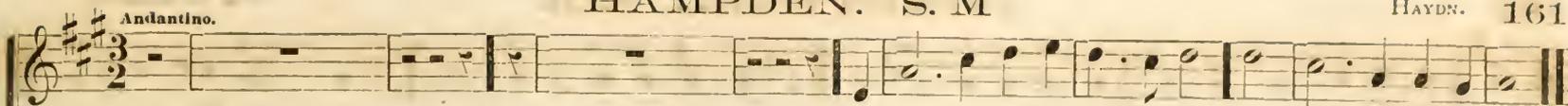
2. Be-neath his watch-ful eye His saints se-cure-ly dwell; That hand which bears all na-ture up, Shall guard his chil-dren well.

3. Why should this anx-ious load Press down your wea-ry mind? Haste to your heav-en-ly Father's throne, And sweet re-fresh-ment find.

HAMPDEN. S. M.

HAYDN. 161

Andantino.



1. How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his precepts are! Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.



2. Be - neath his watchful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell; That hand which bears all na - ture up, Shall guard his children well.



3. Why should this anxious load Press down your weary mind? Haste to your heavenly Father's throne, And sweet refreshment find.



HEREFORD. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.



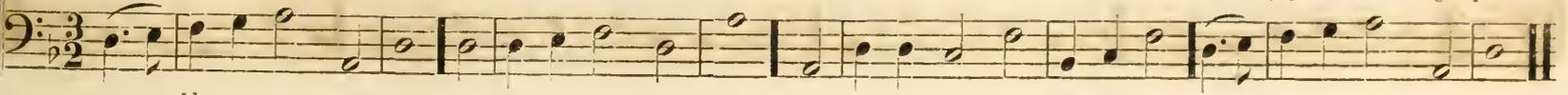
1. And will the Judge de - scend? And must the dead a - rise? And not a sin - gle soul es - cape His all - dis - cern - ing eyes?



2. How will my heart en - dure The ter - rors of that day, When earth and heaven be - fore his face, As - tonished, shrink a - way?



3. But ere that trum - pet shakes The mansions of the dead, Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound What joy - ful ti - dings spread!



1. My Ma-ker and my King! To thee my all I owe, Thy sove-reign boun-ty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow.

2. The creature of thy hand, On thee a-lone I live, My God! thy ben-e-fits de-mand More praise than life can give.

3. Shall I with-hold thy due? And shall my passions rove? Lord! form this wretched heart a-new, And fill it with thy love.

INVERNESS. S. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

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

2. Be-hold the ark of God! Be-hold the o-pen door! Oh, haste to gain that dear a-bode, And rove, my soul, no more.

3. There safe thou shalt a-bide, There sweet shall be thy rest, And ev-ery long-ing sat-is-fied, With full sal-va-tion blest.

1. My soul be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise; And hosts of sin are press - ing hard, To draw thee from the skies.

2. Oh! watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly ev - - ery day, And help di - vine im - plore.

3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down; Thine arduous work will not be done, Till thou ob - tain thy crown.

LIGHT. S. M.

Legato. *

1. O, cease, my wandering soul, On rest - less wings to roam; All this wide world, to ei - ther pole, Has not for thee a home.

2. Be - hold the ark of God; Be - hold the o - pen door; O, haste to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.

3. There safe thou shalt a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest, And ev - ery long - ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold, I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-trolled.

2. The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Father sought his child; They followed me o'er vale and hill, O'er deserts waste and wild.

3. Je - sus my Shepherd is, 'Twas he that loved my soul, 'Twas he that washed me in his blood, 'Twas he that made me whole.

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home, I did not love my Fa - ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.

They found me nigh to death, Famished, and faint, and lone; They bound me with the bands of love; They saved the wandering one.

'Twas he that sought the lost, That found the wandering sheep, 'Twas he that brought me to the fold, 'Tis he that still doth keep.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold: I did not love the Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled;

2. The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Father sought his child; They followed me o'er vale and hill, O'er deserts waste and wild;

3. They spoke in ten - der love, They raised my drooping head; They gen - tly closed my bleeding wounds, My fainting soul they fed;

I was a wayward child, I did not love my home, I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam.

They found me nigh to death, Famished, and faint, and lone; They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wandering one.

They washed my filth a - way, They made me clean and fair; They brought me to my home in peace, The long sought wander - er.

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

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

3. One day, amidst the place Where my dear God hath been, Is sweeter than ten thousand days Of pleasurable sin, Is sweeter than ten thousand days Of pleasurable sin.

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

1. To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; Oh! let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re-joice.

2. Thy mercies and thy love, O Lord! re-call to mind: And graciously continue still, As thou wast ever, kind.

3. Let all my youthful crimes Be blot-ted out by thee; And, Oh! for thy great goodness' sake, In mercy think on me.

1. Make haste, O man, to live, For thou so soon must die; Time hurries past thee like the breeze; How swift the moments fly.

2. To breathe, and wake, and sleep, To smile, to sigh, to grieve, To move in i - dle- ness thro' earth— This, this is not to live.

3. Make haste, O man, to do^o Whatever must be done; Thou hast no time to lose in sloth, Thy day will soon be gone.

LOTTIE. S. M.

From THE JUBILEE.
CODA for last stanza of this Hymn.

Piano.

1. How gentle God's commands! How kind his pre- cepts are! Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his con-stant care.

2. Be- neath his powerful sway His saints se- cure - ly dwell; That hand which bears all nature up Will guide his chil- dren well.

3. Why should this anxious load Press down your wea- ry mind? Hasten to your Heavenly Father's throne, And sweet refreshment find.

4. His goodness stands approved, Renewed from day to day; I'll drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way, And bear a song a - way.

1. I lift my soul to God, My trust is in his name; Let not my foes, that seek my blood, Still triumph in my shame.

2. From the first dawn - ing light Till the dark eve - ning rise, For thy sal - va - tion, Lord! I wait With ev - er long - ing eyes.

3. Re - mem - ber all thy grace, And lead me in thy truth; For - give the sins of ri - per days, And fol - lies of my youth.

MATTHIAS. S. M.

Arr. from STANLEY.

1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! His grace to thee proclaim; And all that is with - in me join To bless his ho - ly name, To bless his ho - ly name.

2. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! His mer - cies bear in mind; For - get not all his beu - e - fits; The Lord to thee is kind, The Lord to thee is kind.

3. He will not al - ways elude; He will with patience wait; His wrath is ev - er slow to rise, And rea - dy to a - bate, And rea - dy to a - bate.

Vigoroſo.



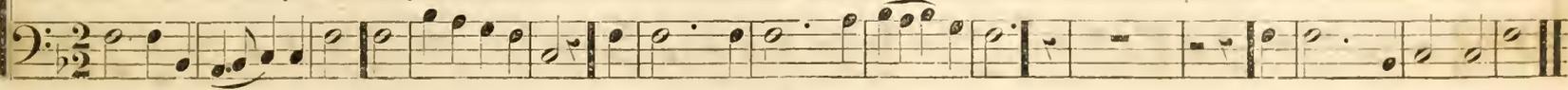
1. My ſoul! be on thy guard; Ten thouſand foes ariſe; And hoſts of ſin are preſſ - ing hard To draw thee from the ſkies, To draw thee from the ſkies.



2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray! The battle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly ev - ery day, And help divine implore, And help di - vine im - plore.



3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine armor down; Thine ar - duous work will not be done Till thou obtain thy crown, Till thou ob - tain thy crown.



MANLY. S. M.

W. M.

Allegro.



1. My ſoul! re - pent his praise, Whoſe mer - cies are ſo great; Whoſe an - ger is ſo ſlow to riſe, So rea - dy to a - late.



2. High as the heavens are raiſed A - bove the ground we tread, So far the rich - es of his grace Our high - eſt thoughts ex - ceed.



3. His power ſubdues our ſins, And his for - giv - ing love, Far as the eaſt is from the weſt, Doth all our guilt re - move.



Rather Slow, and in exact time.



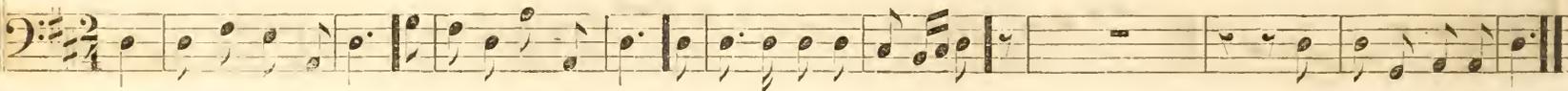
1. Be - hold! the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glorious way; His beams thro' all the na - tions run, And light and life con - vey, And light and life con - vey.



2. But, where the gos - pel comes, It spreads di - vi - ner light; It calls dead sinners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight, And gives the blind their sight.



3. How per - fect is thy word! And all thy judgments just! For ev - er sure thy promise, Lord! And me - u se - cure - ly trust, And men se - cure - ly trust.



MORNINGTON. S. M.

LORD MORNINGTON.



1. To God, the on - ly wise, Our Sa - viour and our King, Let all the saints, be - low the skies, Their hum - ble prais - es bring.



2. 'Tis his al - might - y love, His coun - sel and his care, Preserves us safe from sin and death, And ev - ery hurt - ful snare.



3. He will pre - sent our souls, Un - blemished and com - plete, Be - fore the glo - ry of his face, With joys di - vine - ly great.



1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades ap - pear; O, may we all re - mem - ber well, The night of death draws near.

2. We lay our garments by, Up - on our beds to rest; So death will soon dis - robe us all Of what is here pos - sessed.

3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se - cure from all our fears; May an - gels guard us, while we sleep, Till morn - ing light ap - pears.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by DR. L. MASON

1. Your harps, ye trembling saints! Down from the wil - lows take: Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev - ery string a - wake.

2. Though in a for - eign land, We are not far from home; And near - er to our house a - bove We ev - ery mo - ment come.

3. His grace will, to the end, Strong - er and bright - er shine; Nor present things, nor things to come, Shall quench this spark di - vine.

1. Dear Saviour! we are thine By ev - er - last - ing bonds; Our names, our hearts, we would re - sign; Our hearts are in thy hands.

2. To thee we still would cleave, With ev - er - grow - ing zeal; If mil - lions tempt us Christ to leave, Oh! let them ne'er pre - vail.

3. Thy Spir - it shall u - nite Our souls to thee, our head; Shall form us to thine im - age bright, That we thy paths may tread.

PENTONVILLE. S. M.

LINLEY.

1. To bless thy cho - sen race, In mer - cy, Lord! in - eline; And cause the bright - ness of thy face On all thy saints to shine;

2. That so thy won - drous way May thro' the world be known; While dis - tant lauds their homage pay, And thy sal - va - tion own.

3. Oh! let them shout and sing, Dis - solved in pi - ous mirth; For thou, the right - eous Judge and King, Shalt gov - ern all the earth.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH. S. M.

* 173



1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de- signs to serve and please, Thro' all their ac- tions run.



2. Blest is the pi- ous house, Where zeal and friendship meet; Their songs of praise, their min- gled vows, Make their com- mu- nion sweet.



3. Thus, when on Aa- ron's head, They poured the rich per- fume, The oil thro' all his rai- ment spread, And plea- sure filled the room.



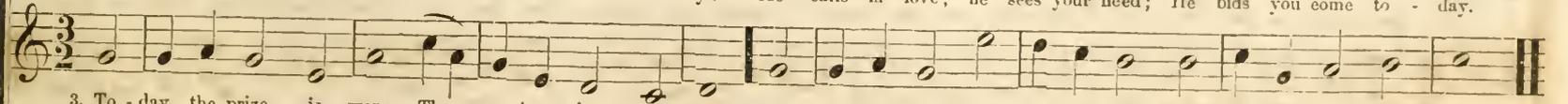
PROBATION. S. M.



1. Now is the day of gra- ce; Now to the Sa- viour come; The Lord is call- ing, "Seek my face, And I will guide you home."



2. A Fa- ther bids you speed; O, wherefore then de- lay? He calls in love; he sees your need; He bids you come to- day.



3. To- day the prize is won; The prom- ise is to save; Then, O, be wise; to- morrow's sun May shine up- on your grave.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill, Oh! may it all my powers en - gage — To do my Mas - ter's will.

3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live; And Oh! thy ser - vant, Lord! pre - pare A strict ae - count to give.

SCHNEIDER. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

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

2. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - pen door; O! haste to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.

3. There, safe thou shalt a - bide, There, sweet shall be thy rest, And ev - ery long - ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.

SHAWMUT. S. M.

DR. L. MASON. 175

CHANT.

Chorus.

Chorus.



1. Thy name, al - might - y Lord! Shall sound thro' dis - tant lands; Great is thy grace, and sure thy word: Thy truth for ev - er stands.



2. Far be thine hon - or spread, And long thy praise en - dure; Till morning light* and eve - ning shade Shall be exchanged no more.



SEIR. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.

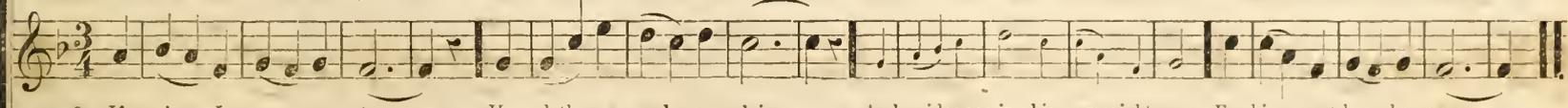
Moderato.



1. Tho Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well sup - plied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side!



2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pas - ture grows; Where liv - ing wa - ters gen - tly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.



3. If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim; And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho - ly name.



Allegretto Moderato.

1. Be-hold! the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glo - ri - ous way; His beams through all the na - tions run, And life and light con - vey.

2. But where the gos - pel comes, It spreads di - vin - er light; It ealls dead sin - ners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.

3. How per - fect is thy word! And all thy judgments just! For ev - er sure thy prom - ise, Lord! And men se - cure - ly trust.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

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

2. He formed the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their bound; The wa - tery worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground.

3. Come, worship at his throne; Come, bow be - fore the Lord: We are his works, and not our own; He formed us by his word.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

Newly Arr. from HANDEL. 177

1. My soul re - peat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great; Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate.

2. High as the heavens are raised A - bove the ground we tread, So far the rich - es of his grace Our high - est thoughts ex - ceed.

3. His power sub - duces our sins, And his for - giv - ing love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re - move.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. WOODMAN.

1. How sweet the melt - ing lay, That breaks up - on the ear, When, at the hour of ris - ing day, Christians u - nite in prayer!

2. The breezes waft their cries Up to Je - ho - vah's throne; He listens to their bursting sighs, And sends his bless - ings down.

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

1. Can sin - ners hope for heaven, Who love this world so well? Or dream of fu - ture hap - pi - ness, While on the road to hell?

2. Shall they ho - san - nas sing, With an un - hal - lowed tongue? Shall palms a - dorn the guilt - y hand Which does its neigh - bor wrong?

3. Can sin's de - ceit - ful way Con - duct to Zi - on's hill? Or those ex - pect with God to reign Who dis - re - gard his will?

VESPER. S. M.

From COTTAGE MELODIES.

1. My Sa - viour and my Lord, To thee I lift mine eyes; In - struct me by thy ho - ly word, And make me tru - ly wise.

2. Be it my chief de - light To read this vol - ume o'er; To seek its Au - thor day and night, And love thee more and more.

3. May this my thoughts en - gage, In each per - plex - ing ease; Help me to feed on ev - ery page, And grow in ev - ery grace.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

LEACH. 179

1. My God, my life, my love! To thee, to thee I call; I can - not live, if thou re - move, For thou art All in all.

2. To thee, and thee a - lone, The an - gels owe their bliss; They sit a - round thy gracious throne, And dwell where Je - sus is.

3. Not all the harps a - bove Can make a heavenly place, If God his res - i - dence re - move, Or but con - ceal his face.

WESTMINSTER. S. M.

DR. BOYCE.

1. Not with our mor - tal eyes Have we be - held the Lord; Yet we re - joice to hear his name, And love him in his word.

2. On earth, we want the sight Of our Re - deem - er's face; Yet, Lord! our in - most thoughts de - light To dwell up - on thy grace.

3. And, when we taste thy love, Our joys di - vine - ly grow Un - speak - a - ble, like those a - bove, And heaven be - gins be - low.

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove! How pleas - ant, and how fair, The dwell - ings of thy love,
 2. Oh! hap - py souls who pray Where God ap - points to hear; Oh! hap - py men who pay
 3. They go from strength to strength, Through this dark vale of tears, Till each ar - rives at length,

Thine earth - ly tem - ples are! To thine a - bode My heart as - pires, With warm de - sires To see my God.
 Their con - stant ser - vice there; They praise thee still; And hap - py they Who love the way To Zi - on's hill.
 Till each in heaven ap - pears; Oh! glo - rious seat, When God, our King, Shall thith - er bring Our will - ing feet.

Allegretto.

1. { Lord of the worlds a - bove! How pleasant and how fair, }
 { The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples are! } To thine abode My heart aspires, With warm desires To see my God, With warm desires To see my God.

2. { Oh! hap - py souls who pray, Where God appoints to hear; }
 { Oh! hap - py men who pay Their constant service there! } They praise thee still; And happy they, Who love the way To Zion's hill, Who love the way To Zion's hill.

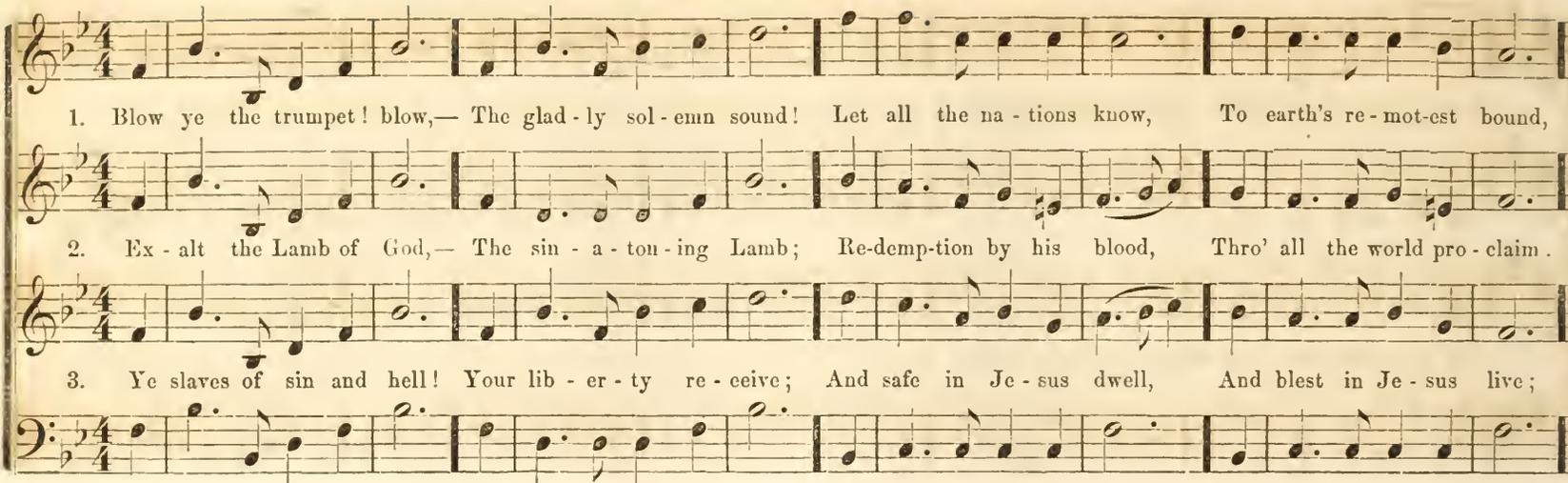
BOORMAN. H. M.



1. Let all the people join, To swell the solemn chord, Your grateful notes combine, To magnify the Lord. In lofty songs your voices raise, The God of harvest claims your praise.

2. In rich luxuriance dressed, Behold the spacious plain; His bounty stands confessed, In fields of yellow grain. In lofty songs your voices raise, The God of harvest claims your praise.

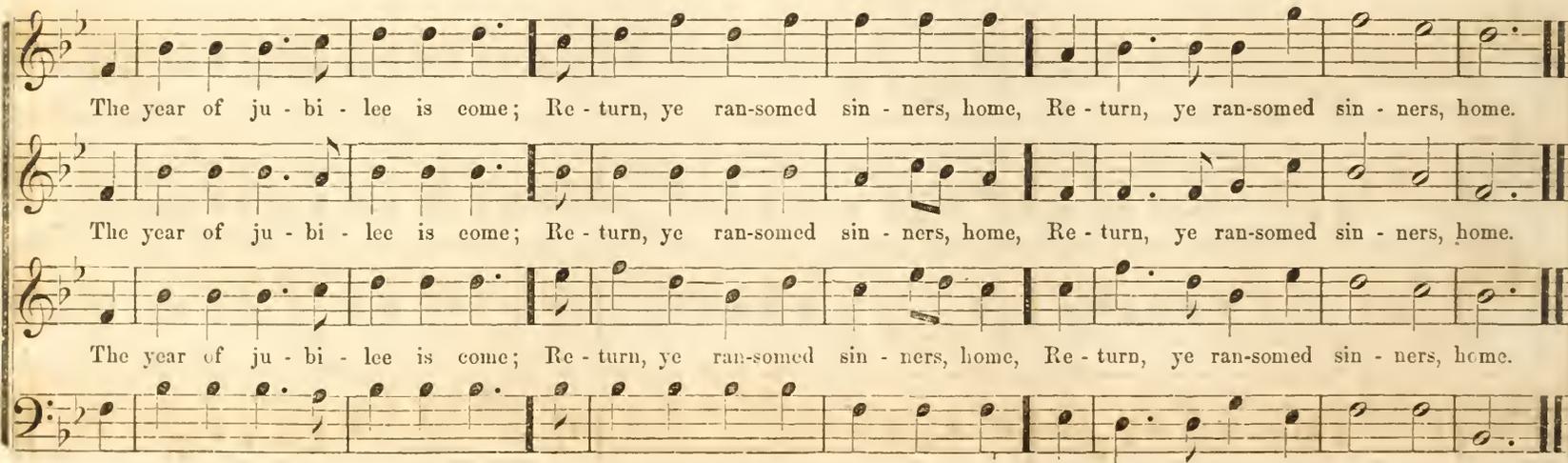
3. Fair plenty fills the land, His mercies never cease; The husbandman doth smile, To see the large increase. In lofty songs your voices raise, The God of harvest claims your praise.



1. Blow ye the trumpet! blow,— The glad-ly sol-emn sound! Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re-mot-est bound,

2. Ex-alt the Lamb of God,— The sin-a-tou-ing Lamb; Re-demp-tion by his blood, Thro' all the world pro-claim.

3. Ye slaves of sin and hell! Your lib-er-ty re-ceive; And safe in Je-sus dwell, And blest in Je-sus live;



The year of ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home, Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home.

The year of ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home, Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home.

The year of ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home, Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home.

CLAREMONT. H. M.

DR. L. MASON. 183

Rather Slow, and in exact time.

1. To your Cre - a - tor, God, Your great Pre - ser - ver, raise, Ye crea - tures of his hand! Your high - est notes of praise: Let ev - ery

2. Let ev - ery creature join To cel - e - brate his name, And all their various powers As - sist th' ex - alt - ed theme: Let nature

3. But Oh! from human tongues Should no - bler prais - es flow, And ev - ery thankful heart With warm de - vo - tion glow: Your voices

voice, Let ev - ery voice Proclaim his power, His name a - dore, And loud re - joice.

raise,..... From ev - ery tongue,..... A gen'ral song..... Of grate - ful praise.

raise, Your voi - ces raise, A - bove the rest, Ye high - ly blest! De - clare his praise.

A - bove the rest.....

1. Lord of the worlds a-bove! How pleasant, and how fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples are! To thine a-

1. Lord of the worlds a-bove! How pleasant, and how fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thine earth-ly tem-ples are! To

1. Lord of the worlds a-bove! How pleasant, and how fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thine earth ly tem-ples are! To

- - - bode My heart as - pires, With warm de-sires, To see my God.

thine a-bode My heart as - pires, With warm . . . de - sires, To see my God.

thine a-bode My heart as - pires, With warm de - sires, To see my God.

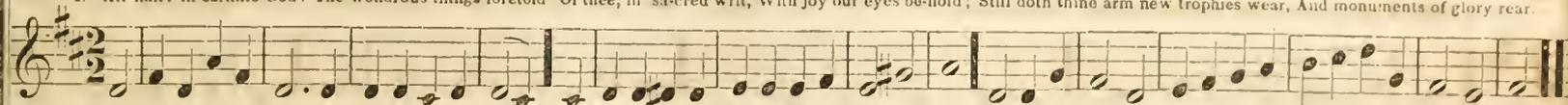
With warm de - sires, To see my God.

2.
 Oh! happy souls who pray,
 Where God appoints to hear;
 Oh! happy men who pay
 Their constant service there;
 They praise thee still;
 And happy they,
 Who love the way
 To Zion's hill.

3.
 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears;
 Oh! glorious seat,
 When God, our King,
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet.



1. All hail! in-carnate God! The wondrous things foretold Of thee, in sa-cred writ, With joy our eyes be-hold; Still doth thine arm new trophies wear, And monuments of glory rear.



2. Oh! haste, victorious Princee! That glorious, happy day, When souls, like drops of dew, Shall own thy gentle sway: Oh! may it bless our longing eyes, And bear o'ir shouts beyond the skies.



3. All hail! tri-umphant Lord! E-ter-nal be thy reign; Behold the nations wait To wear thy gentle chain: When earth and time are known no more, Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.



HARWICH. H. M.

Arr. by DR. L. MASON.



1. Give thanks to God most high, The u - ni - ver - sal Lord, The sovereign King of kings, And be his name adored: Thy mercy, Lord! Shall still endure; And ver sure, A - bides thy word.



2. How mighty is his hand! What wonders he hath done! He form'd the earth and seas, And spread the heav'ns alone: His power and grace Are stil the same; And let his name Have endless praise.



1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns; His throne is built on high; The gar - ments he as - sumes Are light and ma - jes -

2. The thun - ders of his hand Keep the wide world in awe; His wrath and jus - tice stand To guard his ho - ly

3. Thro' all his per - feet work, Sur - pris - ing wis - dom shines; Con - founds the powers of hell, And breaks their cursed de -

- ty: His glo - ries shine with beams so bright, No mor - tal eye can bear the sight.

law: And, where his love re - solves to bless, His truth con - firms and seals the grace.

- signs: Strong is his arm— and shall ful - fill His great de - crees—his sov' - reign will.

Ye tribes of Ad-am! join With heaven, and earth, and seas, And of-fer notes di-vine To your Cre-a-tor's praise:

Ye ho-ly throng Of an-gels bright! In worlds of light, Be-gin the song.

Ye ho-ly throng Of an-gels bright! In worlds of light, Be-gin the song.

Ye ho-ly throng Of an-gels bright! In worlds of light, Be-gin the song, In worlds of light, Be-gin the song.

Ye ho-ly throng Of an-gels bright! In worlds of light, Be-gin the song, In worlds of light, Be-gin the song.

Allegro.

1. To God I lift mine eyes, From him is all my aid; The God who built the skies, And earth and nature made: God

1. To God I lift mine eyes, From him is all my aid; The God who built the skies, And earth and nature made: God

is the tower To which I fly: His grace is nigh In ev-ery hour.

is the tower To which I fly:.... His grace is nigh..... In ev-ery hour.

is the tower To which I fly: His grace is nigh In ev-ery hour.

God is the tower To which I fly:.... His grace is nigh, His grace is nigh In ev-ery hour.

2. My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares;
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears;
Those wakeful eyes, | Shall Israel keep,
That never sleep, | When dangers rise.
3. No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.
Thou art my sun, | To guard my head,
And thou my shade, | By night or noon.
4. Hast thou not given thy word,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come, | Till from on high
Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.

Moderato.

1, Welcome! delight-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest! I hail thy kind re-turn, Lord! make these moments blest; From

2. Now may the King de-scend, And fill his throne of grace; Thy sceptre, Lord! ex-tend, While saints ad-dress thy face: Let

I soar to reach, &c.
CHORUS.

the low train of mor-tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys, I soar to reach, im - mor - tal joys.

I soar to reach, &c.
CHORUS.

sinners feel thy quickening word, And learn to know and fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.

And learn to know, &c.



1. In sweet, ex - alt - ed strains, The King of glo - ry praise; O'er heaven and earth he reigns, Thro' ev - er - last - ing



2. To earth he bends his throne—His throne of grace di - vine; Wide is his boun - ty known, And wide his glo - ries



3. Great King of glo - ry! come, And, with thy fa - vor, crown This tem - ple as thy dome—This peo - ple as thine



days; He at his will, the world con - trols, Sus - tains, or sinks, the dis - tant poles.



shine; Fair Sa - lem, still his chos - en rest, Is with his smiles and pres - ence blest.



own: Be - neath this roof, Oh! deign to show How God can dwell with men be - low.



1. Yes, the Re-deem-er rose; The Sa-viour left the dead; And, o'er our hell-ish foes, High raised his conquering

2. Lo! the an-gel-ic bands In full as-sem-bly meet, To wait his high commands, And wor-ship at his

3. Then back to heaven they fly, The joy-ful news to bear: Hark! as they soar on high, What mu-sic fills the

head: In wild dis-may, The guards a-round Fall to the ground, And sink a-way.

feet: Joy-ful they come, And wing their way, From realms of day, To Je-sus' tomb.

air! Their an-thems say,— "Je-sus who bled, Hath left the dead;— He rose to-day."

1. Give thanks to God most high,— The u - ni - ver - sal Lord,— The sovereign King of kings, And be his grace a -

2. How mighty is his hand! What won - ders hath he done! He formed the earth and seas, And spread the heavens a -

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are treble clefs, and the bottom two are bass clefs. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is a hymn tune with lyrics printed below the staves.

- dored. Thy mer - ey, Lord, Shall still en - dure, And ev - er sure A - bides thy word.

- dored. Thy mer - ey, Lord, shall still en - dure, And ev - er sure A - bides thy word.

- lone! His power and grace Are still the same; And let his name Have end - less praise.

- lone! His power and grace Are still the same; And let his name Have end - less praise.

The second system of the musical score continues the hymn tune. It also consists of four staves (two treble, two bass) in the same key and time signature. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with some lines starting with a dash to indicate continuation from the previous system.

TRIUMPH. H. M.

Arr. by DR. L. MASON. 193

Joyous and Bold.

1. A - wake our drow - sy souls, And break each sloth - ful band; The won - ders of this day Our

2. At thy ap - proach - ing dawn Re - luc - tant death re - signed The glo - rious Prince of life, Its

3. "All hail, tri - umph - ant Lord!" Heaven with ho - san - nas rings; While earth, in hum - bler strains, Thy

no - blest songs de - mand! Aus - pi - cious morn, thy bliss - ful rays Bright ser - aphs hail in songs of praise.

dark do - mains con - fined: Th' an - gel - ic host a - round him bends, And mid their shouts the God as - cends.

praise re - spon - sive sings; Wor - thy art thou, who once wast slain, Thro' end - less years to live and reign.

1. Yes, the Re-deem-er rose, The Sa-viour left the dead; And o'er our hell-ish foes High raised his conquering head; In wild dismay, The guards around Fall

2. Lo! the an-gel-ic bands In full as-sembly meet, To wait his high commands, And worship at his feet; Joyful they come, And wing their way From

3. Then back to heaven they fly, The joy-ful news to bear: Hark! as they soar on high, What mu-sic fills the air! Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled, Hath

WEYMOUTH. H. M.

R. HARRISON.

to the ground, And sink away.

1. Rejoice! the Lord is King! Your God and King a-dore; Mor-tals! give thanks and sing, And triumph ev-er-more:

realms of day To Je-sus' tomb.

2. His kingdom can not fail, He rules o'er earth and heaven; The keys of death and hell Are to our Jesus given:

left the dead; He rose to-day."

3. He all his foes shall quell, Shall all our sins de-stroy; And ev-ery bo-som swell With pure, seraphic joy:



Lift up the heart, lift up the voice, Re-joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice, Lift up the heart, lift up the voice, Re-joice a - loud, ye saints, re-joice.



Lift up the heart, lift up the voice, Re-joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice, Lift up the heart, lift up the voice, Re-joice a - loud, ye saints, re-joice.



Lift up the heart, lift up the voice, Re-joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice, Lift up the heart, lift up the voice, Re-joice a - loud, ye saints, re-joice.



ZEBULON, or BROWNVILLE. H. M.

DR. L. MASON.



1. Ye dying sons of men, Immersed in sin and woe, The Gospel's voice attend, While Jesus sends to you; Ye perishing and guilty, come, In Jesus' arms there yet is room.



2. No longer now delay, Nor vain excuses frame: He bids you come to-day, Tho' poor, and blind, and lame. All things are ready; sinners, come; For every trembling soul there's room.



3. Believe the heavenly word His messengers proclaim; He is a gracious Lord, And faithful is his name. Backsliding souls, return and come; Cast off despair; there yet is room.



1. Let all the earth their voices raise, To sing the choicest psalm of praise, To sing and bless Je-ho-vah's name;

2. He framed the globe, he built the sky, He made the shining worlds on high, And reigns complete in glory there;

3. Come the great day, the glorious hour, When earth shall feel his saving power, And barbarous nations fear his name;

His glory let the heathen know, His wonders to the nations show, And all his saving works proclaim.

His beams are majesty and light; His beauties—how divinely bright! His temple—how divinely fair!

Then shall the race of man confess The beauty of his holiness, And in his courts his grace proclaim.

1. A- wake, our souls! a - way, our fears! Let ev - ery trembling thought be gone; Awake—and run the heavenly race, And
Duet.

2. True, 't is a strait and thorn - y road, And mor - tal spi - rits tire and faint; But they for - get the might - y God, Who

3. The might - y God, whose matchless power Is ev - er new, and ev - er young, And firm endures, while end - less years Their
Organ.

put a cheer - ful cour - age on; A - wake—and run the heavenly race, And put a cheer - ful cour - age on.

feeds the strength of ev - ery saint;— But they for - get the might - y God, Who feeds the strength of ev - ery saint.

ev - er - last - ing cir - cles run; And firm en - dures, while end - less years Their ev - er - last - ing cir - cles run.

Not too Fast.

1. I love the vol - umes of thy word; What light and joy these leaves af - ford To souls be - night - ed and distressed!

2. From the dis - cov - eries of thy law, The per - feet rules of life I draw: These are my stu - dy and de - light;

3. Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes, And warn me where my dan - ger lies; But 'tis thy bless - ed gos - pel, Lord!

Thy pre-cepts guide my doubt-ful way, Thy fear for - bids my feet to stray, Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

Not hon - ey so in - vites the taste, Nor gold, that has the fur - nace past, Ap - pears so pleas - ing to the sight.

That makes the guilt - y conscience clean, Con - verts my soul, sub - duces my sin, And gives a free, but large, re - ward.

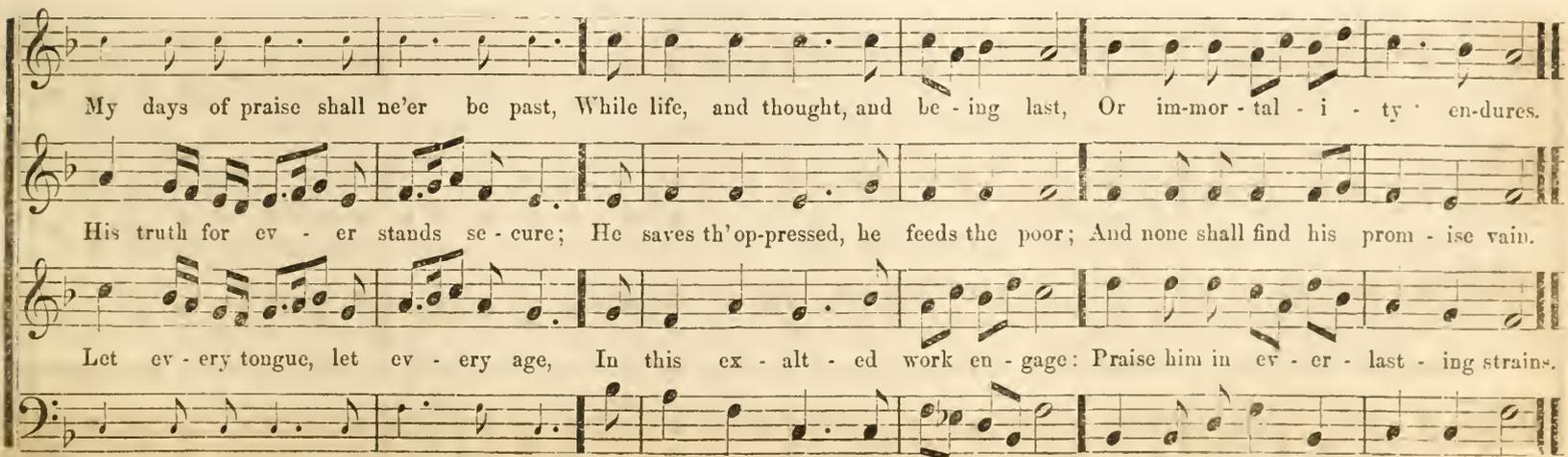
Moderato.



1. I'll praise my Mak - er with my breath; And, when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my no - bler powers:

2. Hap - py the man, whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's God;—he made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train:

3. He loves his saints,—he knows them well, But turns the wick - ed down to hell: Thy God, O Zi - on! ev - er reigns;



My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

His truth for ev - er stands se - cure; He saves th'op - pressed, he feeds the poor; And none shall find his prom - ise vain.

Let ev - ery tongue, let ev - ery age, In this ex - alt - ed work en - gage: Praise him in ev - er - last - ing strains.

1. I'll praise my Ma - ker with my breath; And, when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers; My days of

2. Happy the man, whose hopes re - ly On Israel's God; he made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train: His truth for

3. He loves his saints,—he knows them well, But turns the wick - ed down to hell: Thy God. O Zi - on! ev - er reigns; Let ev - ery

praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

ev - er stands se - cure; He saves th'oppressed, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his promise vain, And none shall find his prom - ise vain.

tongue, let ev - ery age, In this ex - alt - ed work en - gage, Praise him in ev - er - last - ing strains, Praise him in ev - er - last - ing strains.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

Dr. L. MASON. 201

Slowly, and in exact Time.

1. Oh! could I speak the match - less worth,— Oh! could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Saviour shine; I'd

2. I'd sing the char - ac - ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Ex - alt - ed on his throne; In

3. Soon the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see his face; Then,

soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings, In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

lof - tiest songs of sweet-est praise, I would, to ev - er - last-ing days, Make all his glories known, Make all his glo - ries known,

with my Sa-viour, brother, friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend—Tri - umph-ant in his grace, Triumphant in his grace.

1. O thou, that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death, That casts it-self on thee! I have no refuge

2. Slain in the guilt-y sin-ner's stead, His spot-less right-ous-ness I plead, And his a-ton-ing blood; Thy righteousness my

of my own, But fly to what my Lord has done, And suffered once for me.

robe shall be, Thy mer-it shall a-vail for me, And bring me near to God.

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

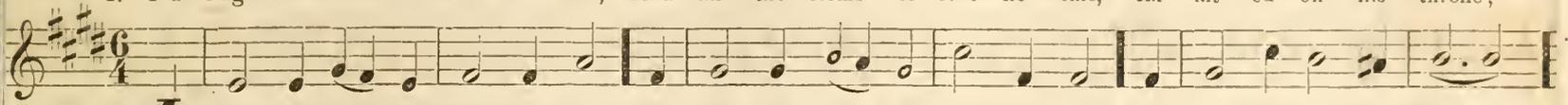
4.
The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away :
Unlogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.



1. Oh! could I speak the match-less worth,—Oh! could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sa - viour shine;



2. I'd sing the char - ac - ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Ex - alt - ed on his throne;



3. Soon the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see his face;



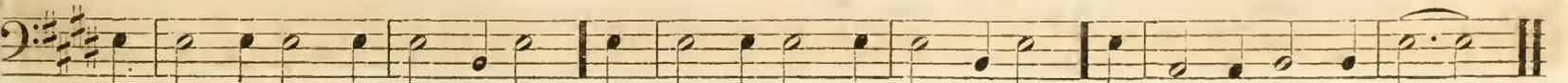
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga - briel, while he sings, In notes al - most di - vine.



In lof - tiest songs of sweet - est praise, I would, to ev - er - last - ing days, Make all his glo - ries known.



Then, with my Sa - viour, bro - ther, friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend—Tri - umph - ant in his grace.



1. O thou, that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death, That casts it - self on thee? I

2. Slain in the guilt - y sin - ner's stead, His spot - less right - eous - ness I plead, And his a - vail - ing blood: That

3. Then save me from e - ter - nal death, The spi - rit of a - dop - tion breathe, His con - so - la - tions send: By

have no ref - uge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suffered once for me, And suffered once for me.

right-eous-ness my robe shall be, That mer - it shall a - tone for me, And bring me near to God, And bring me near to God.

him some word of life im - part, And sweet - ly whis - per to my heart, "Thy Maker is thy Friend, Thy Maker is thy Friend."

Andante, con Espressione.

1. O Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death, That casts it - self on thee? I

2. Slain in the guilt - y sin - ner's stead, His spot - less righteousness I plead, And his a - vail - ing blood; That

3. Then save me from e - ter - nal death, The spi - rit of a - dop - tion breathe, His con - so - la - tions send; By

have no ref-uge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suffered once for me, And suffered once for me.

righteousness my robe shall be, That mer - it shall a - tone for me, And bring me near to God, And bring me near to God.

him some word of life im - part, And sweet - ly whisper to my heart, "Thy Ma - ker is thy Friend, Thy Maker is thy Friend."

1. A - waked by Si - nai's aw - ful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found, And knew not where to go :

2. I heard the law its thun - ders roll, While guilt lay hea - vy on my soul, — A vast op - press - ive load :

3. The saints I heard with rap - ture tell — How Je - sus conquered death and hell, To bring sal - va - tion near :

4. But, while I thus in an - guish lay, The bleed - ing Sa - viour passed that way, My bond - age to re - move :

One sol - emn truth increased my pain, — The sin - ner "must be born a - gain," Or sink to end - less woe.

All crea - ture - aid I saw was vain; — The sin - ner "must be born a - gain," Or drink the wrath of God.

Yet still I found this truth re - main, — The sin - ner "must be born a - gain," Or sink in' deep de - spair.

The sin - ner, once by jus - tice slain, Now by his grace is born a - gain, And ings re - deem - ing love.



1. When thou, my righteous Judge! shalt come To fetch thy ran-somed peo - ple home, Shall I a - mong them stand?



2. Blest Sa-viour! grant it by thy grace; Be thou my on - ly hid - ing place, In this th'ae-cept - ed day;



3. A - mong thy saints let me be found, When-e'er th'arch - an - gel's trump shall sound, To see thy smil - ing face;



Shall such a worth - less worm as I, Who some-times am a - fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?



Thy pardoning voice, Oh! let me hear, To still my un - be - liev - ing fear, Nor let me fall, I pray.



Then, filled with rap - ture shall I sing, While heaven's re sound-ing man-sions ring With shouts of sov' - reign grace.



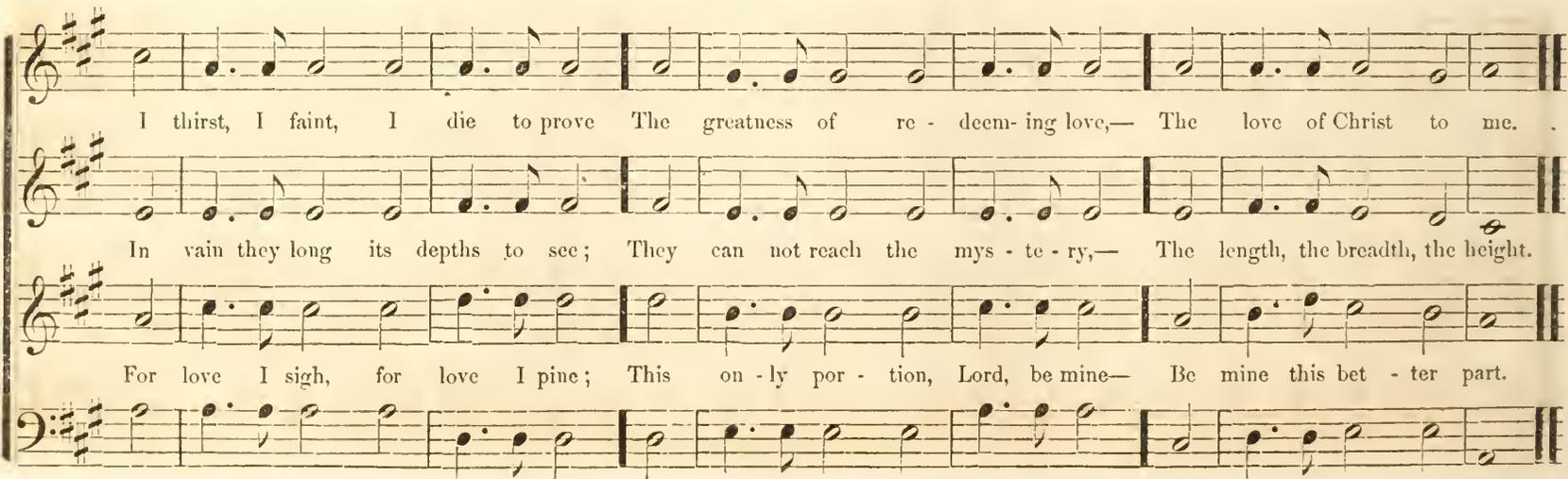
* Or C. P. M. by singing the small notes.



1. O love di-vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my will-ing heart All ta-ken up by thee?

2. Stronger his love than death or hell: No mor-tal can its rich-es tell, Nor first-born sons of light;

3. God on-ly knows the love of God; Oh that it now were shed a-broad In this poor, sto-ny heart!



I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The greatness of re-deem-ing love,— The love of Christ to me.

In vain they long its depths to see; They can not reach the mys-te-ry,— The length, the breadth, the height.

For love I sigh, for love I pine; This on-ly por-tion, Lord, be mine— Be mine this bet-ter part.

1. The fes- tal morn, my God! is come, That calls me to thy sa - cred dome, Thy presence to a - dore; My feet the summons shall at -

2. With ho - ly joy I hail the day That warns my thirsting soul a - way; What transports fill my breast! For, lo! my great Redeemer's

tend, With will - ing steps thy courts as - cend, And tread the hal - lowed floor.

power Un - folds the ev - er - last - ing door, And leads me to his rest.

3.
E'en now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
E'en now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions, that contain
Th' angelic forms,—an awful train,—
And shine with cloudless day.

4.
Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

1. Je - sus, thou soul of all our joys, For whom we now lift up our voice, And all our strength ex - ert,

2. While in the heaven-ly work we join, Thy glo - ry be our whole de - sign, Thy glo - ry, not our own;

Vouchsafe the grace we hum-bly claim; Com - pose in - to a thank - ful frame, And tune thy peo - ple's heart.

Still let us keep this end in view, And still the pleas-ing task pur - sue, To please our God a - lone.



1. When I can trust my all with God, In tri - al's fear - ful hour,— Bow all resigned be - neath his rod, And bless his sparing power ;



2. Oh! to be brought to Je - sus' feet, Tho' tri - als fix me there, Is still a priv - i - lege most sweet ; For he will hear my prayer.



3. Then, bless - ed be the hand that gave, Still bless - ed when it takes ; Bless - ed be he who smites to save, Who heals the heart he breaks.



A joy springs up a - mid distress,— A fountain in the wil - der - ness, A fount - ain in the wil - der - ness.



Though sighs and tears its language be, The Lord is nigh to an - swer me, The Lord is nigh to an - swer me.



Per - fect and true are all his ways, Whom heaven adores and death o - beys, Whom heaven adores and death o - beys.

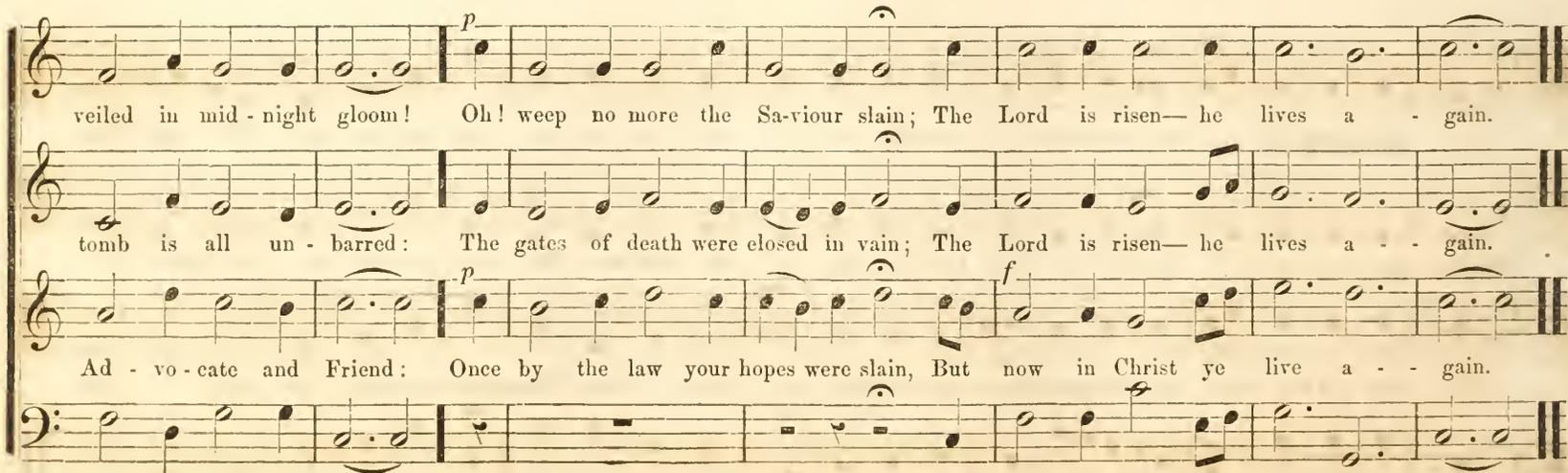




1. How calm and beau-ti-ful the morn That gilds the sa-ered tomb, Where once the Cru-ci-fied was borne, And

2. Ye mourning saints! dry ev-ery tear For your de-part-ed Lord; "Be-hold the place—he is not there," The

3. Now cheer-ful to the house of prayer Your ear-ly foot-steps bend, The Sa-viour will him-self be there, Your



veiled in mid-night gloom! Oh! weep no more the Sa-viour slain; The Lord is risen—he lives a - gain.

tomb is all un-barred: The gates of death were closed in vain; The Lord is risen—he lives a - - gain.

Ad-vo-cate and Friend: Once by the law your hopes were slain, But now in Christ ye live a - - gain.

1. My God! pre-serve my soul; Oh! make my spi - rit whole; To save me, let thy strength ap - pear;

Stran-gers my path sur-round; Their pride and rage con-found; And bring thy great sal - va - tion near.

2.

Those, who against me rise,
Are aliens from the skies;
They hate thy church and kingdom, Lord!
They mock thy fearful name;
They glory in their shame;
Nor heed the wonders of thy word.

3.

But, O thou King divine!
My chosen friends are thine;
The men that still my soul sustain;
Wilt thou my foes subdue,
Create their hearts anew,
And snatch them from eternal pain?

4.

Escaped from every woe,
Oh! grant me, here below,
To praise thy name with those I love;
And when, beyond the skies,
Our souls unbodied rise,
Unite us in the realms above.

1. How pleased and blest was I, To hear the people cry,—“Come, let us seek our God to - day!” Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.

2. Zion! thrice happy place, Adorned with wondrous grace, And walls of strength embrace thee round: In thee our tribes appear To pray, and praise, and hear The sacred gospel's joy - ful sound.

3. Here David's greater Son Has fixed his royal throne; He sits for grace and judgment here: He bids the saint be glad, He makes the sinner sad, And humble souls rejoice with fear.

PETERS. S. P. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. How pleased and blest was I, To hear the people cry,—“Come, let us seek our God to-day!” Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.

2. Zi-on! thrice happy place, Adorned with wondrous grace, And walls of strength embrace thee round; In thee our tribes appear To pray, and praise, and hear The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

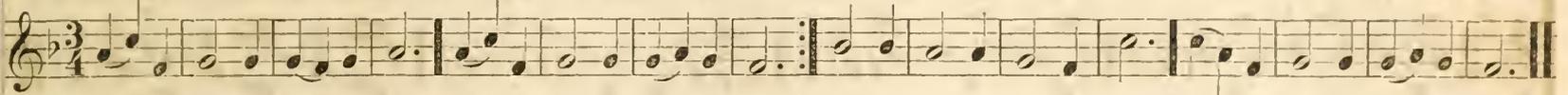
3. Here David's greater Son, Has fixed his royal throne; He sits for grace and judgment here; He bids the saint be glad, He makes the sinner sad, And humble souls re-joice with fear.

ALETTA. 7s. 6 lines.*

Legato e Piano.



1. { Wea-ry sin-ner, keep thine eyes On th'a-ton-ing sac-ri-fice; }
 { View him bleeding on the tree, Pour-ing out his life for thee; } There the dreadful curse he bore; Weeping soul, la-ment no more.



2. { Cast thy guilt-y soul on him; Find him might-y to re-deem; }
 { At his feet thy bur-den lay; Look thy doubts and care a-way; } Now by faith the Son em-brace; Plead his promise, trust his grace.



* Or 7s, Single, by omitting the repeat.

ARDA. 7s. Double.*

1st Time.

2d Time.

Fine.

D. C.



{ Je-sus, mer-ci-ful and mild, Lead me as a helpless child;
 { On no oth-er arm but thine Would my wea-ry soul recline; } Thou art rea-dy to for-give, Thou canst bid the sin-ner live—
 d. c. Guide the wanderer, day by day, In the strait and narrow way.



* Or six lines, by omitting the repeat.

Slow, Soft and Gentle.—Legato.

1. To thy pastures, fair and large, Heavenly Shepherd! lead thy charge; And my couch, with tenderest care, Midst the springing grass prepare.

2. When I faint with summer's heat, Thou shalt guide my weary feet To the streams that, still and slow, Thro' the verdant meadows flow.

3. Safe the dreary vale I tread, By the shades of death o'erspread; With thy rod and staff supplied, This my guard—and that my guide.

ANFIELD. 7s.

Arr. from WRANISKY.

Largo.

1. Sweet the time, exceeding sweet! When the saints to-gether meet, When the Sa-viour is the theme, When they join to sing of him.

2. Sing we then e - ter - nal love, Such as did the Fa - ther move: He be - held the world undone, Loved the world, and gave his Sou.

BENEVENTO. 7s. Double.

S. WEBBE. 217

Firm, and accent strong.

Bold and Animated.

1. Let us, with a joy-ful mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind: For his mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev-er faithful, ev-er sure.



2. All things living he doth feed, His full hand supplies their need: For his mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev-er faithful, ev-er sure.



3. He hath, with a piteous eye, Looked up-on our mis-er-ry: For his mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev-er faithful, ev-er sure.



He, with all-commanding might, Filled the new-made world with light: For his mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er sure.



He his cho-sen race did bless, In the waste-ful wil-der-ness: For his mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev-er faithful, ev-er sure.



Let us, then, with joy-ful mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind: For his mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev-er faithful, ev-er sure.



1. Morning breaks up - on the tomb, Je - sus scat-ters all its gloom; Day of triumph thro' the skies,— See the glorious Sa - viour rise!

2. Ye, who are of death a-fraid, Triumph in the scattered shade; Drive your anxious cares a-way; See the place where Je - sus lay!

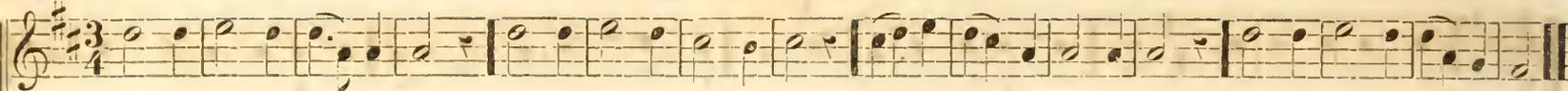
3. Christian! dry your flowing tears, Chase your un-be-liev-ing fears; Look on his de-sert - ed grave; Doubt no more his power to save.

CONGER. 7s.

1. "I am wea - ry" of my sin; O, I long for full re - lease; Saviour, come and take me in With thyself to dwell in peace.

2. "I am wea - ry" of my pains, Bring me, Lord, with thee to rest; Change my groans to joy - ful strains 'Mid the concert of the blest.

3. "I am wea - ry" of the earth, Where the wicked spurn thy love; With thy sons of heavenly birth Let me worship thee a - bove.



1. Lord, I can not let thee go, Till a blessing thou be-stow; Do not turn a - way thy face, Mine's an urgent, pressing ease.



2. Once, a sin - ner, near de - spair Sought thy mercy - seat by prayer; Mer - cy heard and set him free, Lord! that mer - cy came to me.



3. Many days have passed since then, Ma - ny changes have I seen; Yet have been upheld till now; — Who could hold me up but thou?



DAVIS. 7s.

Arranged.



1. Haste, O sinner! to be wise, Stay not for the morrow's sun; Wisdom warns thee, from the skies, All the paths of sin to shun, All the paths of sin to shun.



2. Haste, and mercy now implore; Stay not for the morrow's sun; Thy probation may be o'er Ere this evening's work is done, Ere this eve-ning's work is done.



3. Haste, O sinner! now return; Stay not for the morrow's sun; Lest thy lamp should cease to burn, Ere salvation's work is done, Ere sal - va - tion's work is done.



ELTHAM. 7s. Double.

DR. L. MASON,

221

FINE.

D.C.

1. { High in yonder realms of light, Dwell the raptured saints above; }
 { Far be - yond our fee - ble sight, Happy in Im-man-uel's love: } Pilgrims in this vale of tears, Once they knew, like us be - low,
 d. c. Gloomy doubts, distressing fears, Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

FINE.

D.C.

FULTON. 7s.

W. B. B.

Slow.

1. Brother, tho' from yon - der sky Com-eth nei-ther voice nor cry, Yet we know for thee to - day, Ev-ery pain hath passed a - way.

2. Not for thee shall tears be given, Child of God, and heir of heaven; For he gave thee sweet re-lease; Thine the Christian's death of peace.

3. Well we know thy liv - ing faith Had the power to con-quer death; As a liv - ing rose may bloom By the bor - der of the tomb.

FINE.

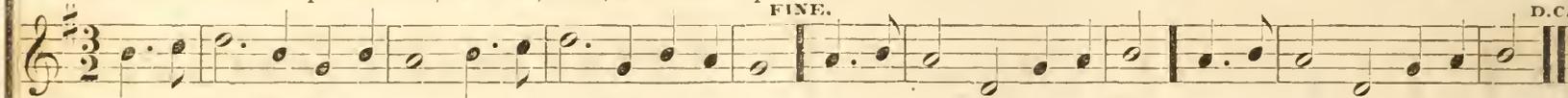
D.C.



1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side that flowed,
d. c. Be of sin the perfect eure; Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

FINE.

D.C.



EVENING PRAYER. 7s.

W. B. B.

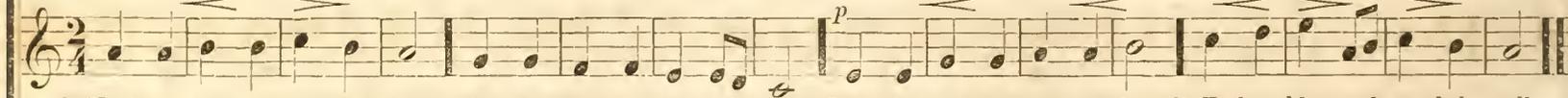
Slow, Soft, and Gentle.—Legato.



1. Weary, as with closing eye, On my peace-ful bed I lie, Fa-ther, may thy an-gels keep Watch a-round me while I sleep.



2. Have I, thro' the day, in anght Sinned in word, or deed, or thought, Fa-ther, from thy ho - ly throne, Send a sav - ing par - don down.



3. Heal each heart oppressed with woe, Dry the sorrowing tears that flow, Love thy creatures, great and small, Father, bless and guard them all.



GOMER. 7s.

Arr. from HANDEL. 223

1. Fa-ther of e-ter-nal grace! Glo-ri-fy thy-self in me; Meek-ly beam-ing in my face, May the world thine im-age see.

2. Hap-py on-ly in thy love, Poor, un-friend-ed, or unknown; Fix my thoughts on things a-bove, Stay my heart on thee a-lone.

3. Humble, ho-ly, all resigned To thy will: thy will be done! Give me, Lord! the per-fect mind Of thy well-be-lov-ed Son.

4. Counting gain and glo-ry loss, May I tread the path he trod; Die with Je-sus on the cross, Rise with him, to thee, my God.

GOZAN. 7s. 6 lines.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Go to dark Geth-sem-a-ne, Ye that feel the tempter's power! }
Your Redeemer's conflict see, Watch with him one bitter hour; } Turn not from his griefs away, Learn of Jesus Christ to pray, Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2. { Follow to the judgment-hall, View the Lord of life arraigned; }
Oh! the wormwood and the gall; Oh! the pangs his soul sustained: } Shun not suffering, shame, or loss; Learn of him to bear the cross, Learn of him to bear the cross.

1. { Now, from la-bor and from care, Evening shades have set me free ;
In the work of praise and prayer, Lord, I would converse with thee. } Oh ! be - hold me from above, Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2. { Sin and sor - row, guilt and woe, With-er all my earth-ly joys ;
Naught can charm me here be - low, But my Saviour's melting voice ; } Lord ! forgive—thy grace restore, Make me thine for ev - er - more.

HENDON. 7s.

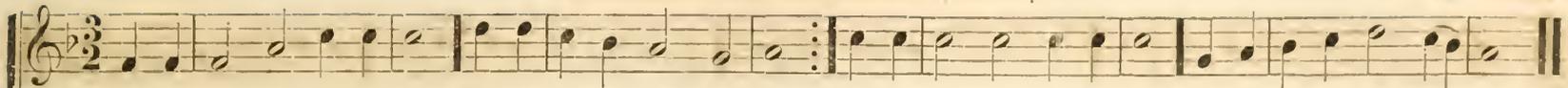
MALAN.

Moderato.

1. Sovereign Ru - ler of the skies, Ev - er gracious, ev - er wise ! All my times are in thy hand ; All events at thy command, All events at thy command.

2. Times of sickness, times of health, Times of penury and wealth, Times of tri - al and of grief ; Times of triumph and re - lief ; Times of triumph and re - lief ;

5. Times the tempter's power to prove ; Times to taste a Saviour's love ; All must come, and last, and end, As shall please my heavenly Friend, As shall please my heavenly Friend.



1. { Qui- et, Lord, my froward heart; Make me teach- ble and mild, }
 { Upright, sim- ple, free from art; Make me as a wean- ed child; } From distrust and en- vy free, Pleased with all that pleas- es thee.



2. { What thou shalt to- day provide, Let me as a child re- ceive: }
 { What to- mor- row may be- tide, Calmly to thy wis- dom leave: } 'Tis enough that thou wilt care; Why should I the bur- den bear?

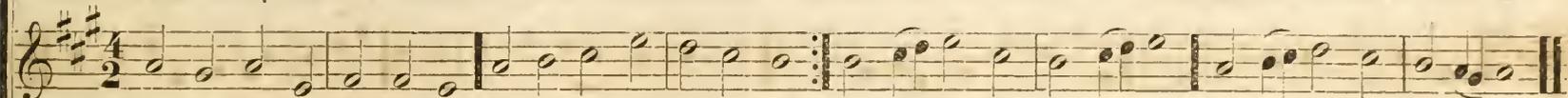


HACKNEY. 7s. 6 lines.

Dr. L. MASON. FROM THE SHAWM.



1. { Once I thought my mountain strong, Firmly fixed, no more to move; }
 { Then my Sa- viour was my song, Then my soul was filled with love: } Those were happy, gold- en days, Sweet- ly spent in prayer and praise.



2. { Lit- tle, then, my- self I knew, Little thought of Satan's power; }
 { Now I feel my sins re- new; Now I feel the stormy hour; } Sin has put my joy to flight,—Sin has turned my day to night.





1. Soft-ly, now, the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee.



2. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.



HORTON. 7s.

Arr. by DR. L. MASON.

Gently.



1. Lord, we come before thee now; At thy feet we hum-bly bow; Oh! do not our suit disdain,—Shall we seek thee, Lord! in vain?



2. Lord, on thee our souls de-pend; In com-pas-sion now de-scend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace; Tune our lips to sing thy praise.



3. In thine own ap-pointed way, Now we seek thee, here we stay; Lord! we know not how to go, Till a bless-ing thou be-stow.



1. Je-sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos-om fly, While the billows near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high; Hide me, O my

2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none,—Hangs my helpless soul on thee, Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone; Still support and comfort me: All my trust on

3. Plenteous grace with thee is found,—Grace to pardon all my sin; Let the healing streams abound, Make and keep me pure with-in; Thou of life the

Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide: O, re - ceive, O, re - ceive, O, re - ceive my soul at last.

thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence- less head, With the shadow, With the shadow, With the shad - ow of thy wing.

fountain art, Free - ly let me take of thee; Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all, Rise to all, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.



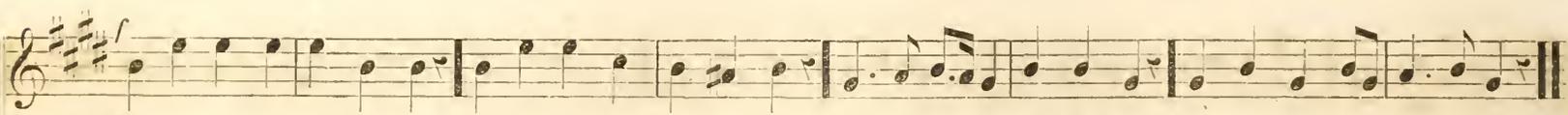
1. Who are these in bright ar - ray, This ex - ult - ing, hap - py throng, Round the altar night and day, Hymning one tri - umphant song?



2. These thro' fiery tri - als trod; These from great af - flictions came; Now, be - fore the throne of God, Sealed with his al - mighty name:



3. Hunger, thirst, disease unknown, On im - mor - tal fruits they feed: Them the Lamb, amidst the throne, Shall to liv - ing fountains lead:



"Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, hon - or, glo - ry, power, Wis - dom, rich - es to ob - tain, New do - min - ion ev - ery hour."



Clad in raiment pure and white, Vic - tor palms in ev - ery hand: Thro' their great Redeemer's might, More than conquerors they stand.



Joy and glad - ness ban - ish sighs: Per - fect love dis - pels all fears; And for ev - er from their eyes God shall wipe a - way their tears.



KOZELOCK. 7s.

KOZELOCK. 229

1. Blessed fountain, full of grace, Grace for sinners, grace for me, To this source alone I trace What I am and hope to be.

2. What I am, as one re-deemed, Saved and rescued by the Lord; Hat-ing what I once es-teemed, Lov-ing what I once ab-horred.

3. What I hope to be ere long, When I take my place a-bove; When I join the heaven-ly throng; When I see the God of love.

WINFIELD. 7s.

DR. L. MASON.

1. All ye nations! praise the Lord; All ye lands! your voices raise; Heaven and earth! with loud accord, Praise the Lord—for ever praise.

2. For his truth and mercy stand, Past and present, and to be, Like the years of his right hand,—Like his own e-ter-ni-ty.

3. Praise him, ye who know his love! Praise him, from the depths beneath; Praise him in the heights above; Praise your Maker, all that breathe!

Tenderly.

1. Hearts of stone! re - lent, re - lent, Break, by Je - sus' cross sub - dued; See his bod - y, man - gled, rent,



2. Yes, thy sins have done the deed, Driven the nails that fixed him there, Crowned with thorns his sa - cred head,



3. Wilt thou let him bleed in vain,— Still to death thy Lord pur - sue? O - pen all his wounds a - gain,—



P. M. Vi - tal spark of heavenly flame, Quit, O quit this mor - tal frame: Trembling, hop - ing, lingering, flying,



Cov - ered with a gore of blood! Sin - ful soul! what hast thou done? Cru - ei - fied God's on - ly Son!



Pierced him with the blood - y spear, Made his soul a sac - ri - fice,— While for sin - ful man he dies.



And the shame - ful cross re - new? No;—with all my sins I'll part, Break, Oh! break, my bleed - ing heart!



O the pain, the bliss of dying! Cease, fond na - ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan - guish in - to life.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

MARSH. 231

FINE.

D.C.

1. { Ma-ry, to the Saviour's tomb, Hasted at the ear-ly dawn, }
 { Spice she bro't, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone: } For a while she lingering stood, Filled with sorrow and sur - prise;
 d. c. Trembling, while a crystal flood Issued from her weeping eyes.

FINE.

D.C.

NORTHWOOD. 7s.

1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up-on my sight a-way: Free from care—from labor free, Lord, I would commune with thee, Lord, I would commune, &c.

2d Treble.

Alto.

2. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for ev - er pass a-way: Then, from sin and sorrow free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee! Take me, Lord, to dwell, &c.



1. People of the liv - ing God! I have sought the world around, Paths of sin and sor - row trod, Peace and comfort no where found.



2. Now to you my spi - rit turns, Turns, a fu - gi - tive unblest; Brethren! where your altar burns, Oh! re - ceive me in - to rest.



3. Lone - ly, I no lon - ger roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave, Where you dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave.



SALUDA. 7s. Or 8s & 7s.

Arranged from BEETHOVEN.

Allegretto.

1. Lord of hosts, how love - ly, fair, Ev'n on earth thy tem - ples are! Here thy wait - ing peo - ple see Much of heaven, and much of thee.



2. From thy gracious presence flows Bliss that soft - ens all our woes; While thy Spirit's ho - ly fire Warms our hearts with pure de - sire.



3. Here, we sup - pli - cate thy throne; Here, thy pard'ning grace is known; Here, we learn thy right - eous ways, Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.



Larghetto.



1. Safe-ly, thro' an - oth - er week, God has bro't us on our way;—Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day: Day of



2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, 'Thro' the dear Redeem - er's name, Show thy re - con - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our



3. Here we come thy name to praise; Let us feel thy pres - ence near: May thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap - pear: Here af -



all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.



world - ly cares set free, May we rest, this day, in thee, From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest, this day, in thee.



- ford us, Lord! a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast, Here af - ford us, Lord! a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.

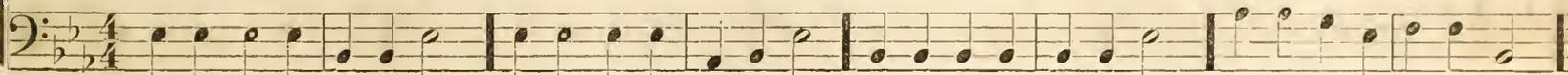




1. Peo - ple of the liv - ing God! I have sought the world around, Paths of sin and sorrow trod, Peace and comfort no where found :



2. Lone - ly, I no lon - ger roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ; Where you dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave :



Now to you my spi - rit turns, — Turns, a fu - gi - tive unblest ; Brethren ! where your al - tar burns, Oh ! receive me in - to rest.



Mine the God whom you a - dore, Your Re - deem - er shall be mine ; Earth can fill my soul no more, — Ev - ery i - dol I re - sign.



Moderato.

1. Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord, Be thy glorious name adored! Lord, thy mer-cies nev - er fail; Hail, ec - les - tial goodness, hail!

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

TOPLADY, or ROCK OF AGES. 7s.

DR. HASTINGS.

FINE.

D.C.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side that flowed,
d. c. Be of sin the per - fect cure; Save me, Lord! and make me pure.

2. Should my tears for ev - er flow, Should my zeal no languor know, This for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and thou a - lone:
d. c. In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cress I cling.

1. Lord! we come be - fore thee now; At thy feet we hum-bly bow; Oh! do not our suit disdain;— Shall we seek thee, Lord! in vain?

2. Lord! on thee our souls de-pend, In com-pas-sion, now de-scend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3. In thine own ap - point-ed way, Now we seek thee, here we stay; Lord! we know not how to go, Till a blessing thou be-stow.

WILNA. 7s.

V. C. TAYLOR.

Larghetto, Glissando. Be careful to make the notes in the triplets of equal length.

1. Thou that dost my life prolong! Kind-ly aid my morning song, Thank-ful, from my couch I rise, To the God that rules the skies.

2. Thou didst hear my evening cry; Thy pre-serv-ing hand was nigh; Peace-ful slum-bers thou hast shed, Grate-ful to my wea-ry head.

3. Thou hast kept me thro' the night,—'Twas thy hand restored the light; Lord! thy mer-cies still are new, Plen-teous as the morn-ing dew.

Allegro.

1. Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th' angel-ic host re-joice— Heavenly halle-lu-jahs rise. List'en

3. "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found; Souls redeemed, and sins for-giv-en; Loud our golden harps shall sound. Christ is

5. "Hast-en, mor-tals, to a-dore him; Learn his name, and taste his joy; Till in heaven ye sing be-fore him,—Glory be to God most high!" "Hasten

to the wondrous sto-ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy; "Glo-ry in the high-est, glo-ry. Glo-ry be to God most high!"

born, the great An-oint-ed; Heaven and earth! his praises sing: Oh! re-ceive whom God appoint-ed, For your prophet, priest, and king.

mor-tals! to a-dore him; Learn his name and taste his joy; Till in heaven ye sing be-fore him,—Glo-ry be to God most high!"

Unison.

1. Gen- tly, Lord! Oh! gen- tly lead us Thro' this lone - ly vale of tears; Thro' the chang - es thou' st de - creed us,
d. s. Let thy good - ness nev - er fail us,

2. In the hour of pain and an - guish, In the hour when death draws near, Suf - fer not our hearts to languish,
d. s. Till, by an - gel bands at - tend - ed,

Till our last great change ap - pears: When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,
Lead us in thy per - fect way.

Suf - fer not our souls to fear: And, when mor - tal life is end - ed, Bid us on thy bo - som rest,
We a - wake a - mong the best.



1. Je - sus, full of all compassion, Hear thy hum-ble suppliant's cry ; Let me know thy great sal-va-tion ; See, I languish, faint, and die.



2. Guilt- y, but with heart relenting, Overwhelmed with helpless grief, Prostrate at thy feet, repent-ing, Send, O! send me quick re- lief.



3. Whither should a wretch be flying, But to Him who comfort gives? Whither, from the dread of dy- ing, But to Him who ev - er lives?



BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. Double.

German Air.



1. { Je - sus, ten- der Shepherd, hear us ; Bless thy lit- tle lambs to night : }
 { Thro' the darkness be thou near us ; Keep us safe till morning light, } All this day thy hand has led us, And we thank thee for thy care ;
 d. c. Thou hast clothed us, warmed us, fed us ; Listen to our evening prayer.



BEACON. 8s & 7s.

Jewish Air. 241

{ Lo! the seal of death is brekn'g; }
 { Those who slept its sleep are wak-ing; } Hea-ven opes its por-tals fair! { Hark! the harps of God are ring-ing, }
 { Hark! the ser-aph's hymn is fling-ing } Mu-sie on im-mor-tal air.

BETAH. 8s & 7s. Single.

C. M. VON WEBER.

Adagio.

1. Saviour, source of ev - ery bless'g, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays; Streams of mercy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for cease - less songs of praise.

2. Teach me some me - lo - dions measure, Sung by rap - tured saints a - bove; Fill my soul with sa - cred pleasure, While I sing re - deem - ing love.

3. Thou didst seek me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God; Thou, to save my soul from danger, Didst re - deem me with thy blood.

Quite Slow, in a subdued manner.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend! Life, and health, and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy - ing Friend.

3. Here it is I find my hea-ven, While up - on the cross I gaze; Love I much!—I've much for-giv - en,—I'm a mir - a - ele of grace.

2 Here I'll sit, for ev - er view-ing Mer - cy streaming in his blood;— Precious drops! my soul be - dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.

4. Love and grief my heart di - vid - ing, Gaz - ing here I'd spend my breath; Con-stant still in faith a - bid - ing,—Life de - riv - ing from his death.



1. Israel's Shepherd! guide me, feed me, Thro' my pil-grim-age be-low; And beside the waters lead me, Where thy sheep re-joicing go.



2. Lord, thy guardian presence ev - er, Meekly kneeling, I im-plore; Now thy grace hath found me, never Would I wander from thee more.



Lest I err, thine aid disdaining, And forsake thy sheltering fold, Heedless of thy grace constraining, In the strength of nature bold,—



Come, my soul, temp-ta - tion flying, Arm thee for the strife within: Je - sus, thy Re - deemer, dy-ing, Stamps an in - fa - my on sin.



Gently—Softly.

1. Saviour! breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re- pose our spi-rits seal; Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.



3. Tho' the night be dark and drear-y, Dark-ness can not hide from thee; Thou art he who, nev-er wea-ry, Watcheth where thy peo-ple be.



2. Tho' de-struction walk a-round us, Tho' the ar-rows round us fly, An-gel-guards from thee surround us: We are safe, if thou art nigh.



4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch be-come our tomb, May the morn in heaven a-wake us, Clad in bright and death-less bloom.



HAYDN'S HYMN. 8s & 7s. Or 8s, 7s & 4s.

HAYDN. 245



1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land; I am weak, but thou art might - y;



2. O - pen, Lord! the erys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar



3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side; Death of death, and hell's de - struc - tion!



Hold me with thy power - ful hand: Bread of heav - en, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.



Lead me all my jour - ney through: Strong De - liv - erer! Strong De - liv - erer! Be thou still my strength and shield.



Land me safe on Ca - naan's side: Songs of prais - es, Songs of praises I will ev - er give to thee.



Musical score for 'GREENVILLE' in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The piece is marked 'FINE.' and 'D. C.' at the end of the first system. The lyrics are:

1. { Gen-tly, Lord! Oh! gen-tly lead us Thro' this lone-ly vale of tears; }
 { Thro' the changes thou' st decreed us, Till our last great echange appears. } When temptation's darts as-sail us, When in devious paths we stray,
 d. s. Let thy goodness nev-er fail us, Lead us in thy per-fect way.

GRIGGSTOWN. 8s & 7s. Double.

Musical score for 'GRIGGSTOWN' in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The piece is marked 'Bold and Spirited.', 'FINE.', and 'D. C.' at the end of the first system. The lyrics are:

1. { Onward, onward, men of hea-ven! Bear the Gos - pel's banner high; }
 { Rest not till its light is giv- en, Star of ev - - - ery pa - gan sky. } Send it where the pilgrim stranger, Faints 'neath Asia's scorching ray;
 d. c. Bid the reb-browed forest ranger, Hail it, ere he fades a - way.

Animated.



1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the notes of praise a - bove, Je - sus reigns, and heaven rejoices; Jesus reigns, the God of love;



2. Jesus! hail! whose glory brightens All a - bove, and gives it worth; Lord of life! thy smile enlightens, Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:



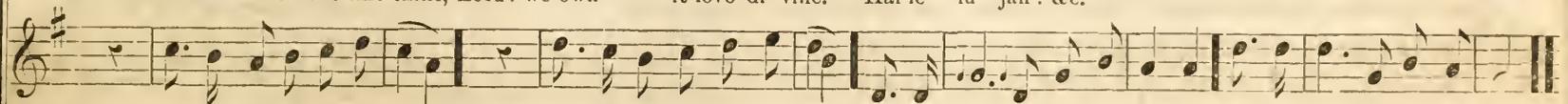
3. King of glo - ry! reign for ever,— Thine an ev - er - lasting crown; Nothing, from thy love shall sever Those whom thou hast made thine own;



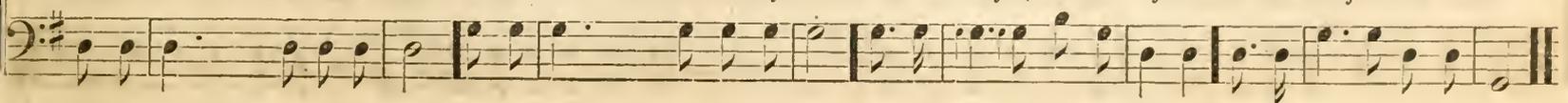
See! he sits on yonder throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

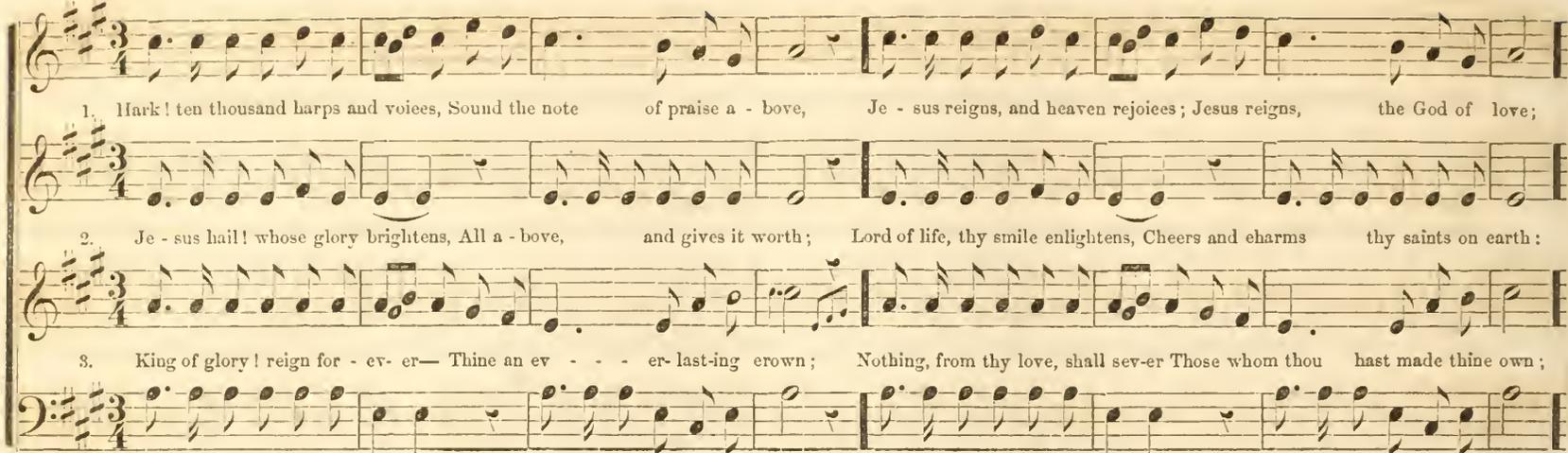


When we think of love like thine, Lord! we own it love di - vine. Hal - le - lu - jah! &c.



Happy ob - - jects of thy grace, Destined to be - hold thy face. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.





1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices, Sound the note of praise a - bove, Je - sus reigns, and heaven rejoices; Jesus reigns, the God of love;

2. Je - sus hail! whose glory brightens, All a - bove, and gives it worth; Lord of life, thy smile enlightens, Cheers and charms thy saints on earth:

3. King of glory! reign for - ev - er— Thine an ev - - - er - last - ing crown; Nothing, from thy love, shall sev - er Those whom thou hast made thine own;



Je - sus reigns, the God of love, See! he sits on yon - der throne; Jesus rules the world a - - lone, Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth: When we think of love like thine, Lord! we own it love di - - vine, Lord! we own it love di - vine.

Those whom thou hast made thine own; Hap - py ob - jects of thy grace, Destined to behold thy face, Destined to behold thy face.

1. What is life? 'tis but a va - por; Soon it vanish - es a - way; Life is but a dy - ing ta - per; O, my soul! why wish to stay? Why not

2. See that glo - ry— how re - splen - dent! Brighter far than fan - ey paints; There, in ma - jes - ty trans - ceen - dent, Jesus reigns—the King of saints; Spread thy

3. Joyful crowds, his throne surround - ing, Sing with rapture of his love; Thro' the heavens his praises sounding, Fill - ing all the courts a - bove; Spread thy

spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of joy? Why not spread thy wings and fly, Straight to yon - der world of joy.

wings, my soul! and fly Straight to you - der world of joy, Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly Straight to yon - der world of joy.

wings, my soul! and fly Straight to yon - der world of joy, Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly Straight to yon - der world of joy.

Slow and Soft.



1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze, Plea - sant as the air of eve - ning, When it floats a - mong the trees.



2. Peace - ful be thy si - lent slum - ber, Pea - ce - ful in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our num - ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3. Dear - est sis - ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep - ly feel; But tis God that hath be - reft us, He can all our sor - rows heal.



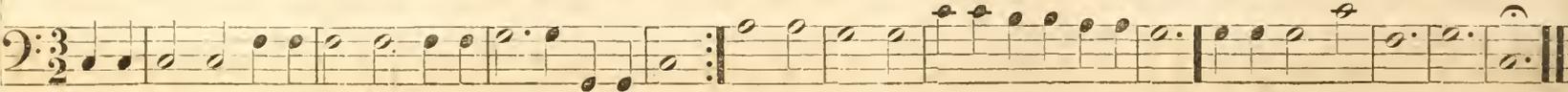
4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled. Then in heaven with joy to greet thee Where no fare - well tear is shed.



MALONE. 8s, 7s & 4s.



{ Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious; See the man of sorrows now, }
 { From the fight returned vic - to - rious; Ev - ery knee to him shall bow! } Crown him! crown him! Crowns become the victor's brow, Crowns become the vic - tor's brow.



NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.

251

D. C.

1. { Come, thou Fount of every bless-ing! Tune my heart to grateful lays; }
 { Streams of mer- cy, nev- er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loudest praise. } Teach me some melodious measure, Sung by raptured saints a- bove; }
 D. C. Fill my soul with sacred pleasure, While I sing redcem - ing love.

RIPLEY. 8s & 7s. Double.*

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant.

1. { Glorious things of thee are spo- ken, Zi - on, cit- y of our God; }
 { He, whose word can ne'er be bro- ken, Chose thee for his own a- bode. } On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure repose? }
 D. C. With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord.

* When sung to a single stanza, the Hallelujah may be added, to make out the tune.

Mae-sto-so.

1. Lo! the Lord Je-ho-vah liv-eth; He's my rock, I bless his name; He, my God, sal-va-tion giveth; All ye lands! exalt his fame.



2. God, Mes-si-ah's cause maintaining, Shall his righteous throne extend; O'er the world the Saviour reigning, Earth shall at his footstool bend.



3. O'er his en-e-mies ex-alt-ed, Great Redeemer!—see him rise; Tho' by powers of hell as-sault-ed, God exalts him to the skies.



YATES. 8s & 7s. Double.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

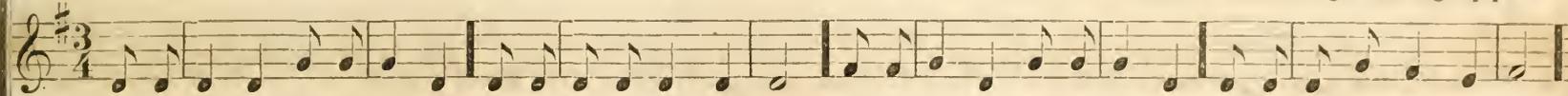
Gent-ly.

1. { Cease, ye mourners! cease to languish, O'er the graves of those you love; }
 { Pain, and death, and night, and anguish, Enter not the world a - bove. } While our silent steps are straying, Lonely, thro' night's deepening shade,
 d. c. Glory's brightest beams are playing Round th' im-mortal spirit's head.





1. Gently, O our Saviour, lead us, Pilgrims in this vale of tears, Thro' the tri-als yet de-creed us, Till our last great change ap-pears.



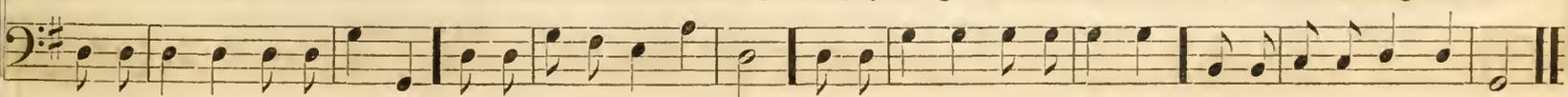
2. In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near, Suffer not our hearts to languish, Suffer not our souls to fear.



When temptation's darts as-sail us, When in devious paths we stray, Let thy goodness nev-er fail us, Lead us in thy per-fect way.



And when mor-tal life is end-ed, Bid us in thine arms to rest, Till, by an-gel bands at-tend-ed, We a-wake a-mong the blest.



1. Hark! the voice of love and mercy Sounds aloud from Calva - ry; See! it rends the rocks a-sun-der—Shakes the earth— and veils the sky, "It is finished!"—Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2. "It is finished!"—Oh! what pleasure Do these charming words afford! Heavenly blessings, without measure, Flow to us thro' Christ, the Lord: "It is finished!" Saints! the dying words record.

3. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs! Join to sing the pleasing theme: All in earth and heaven, u-nit-ing, Join to praise Immanuel's name; Hal-le-lu - jah!— Glo-ry to the bleeding Lamb!

ALVAN. 8s, 7s & 4s.

DR. L. MASON.

1. { Lead us, heavenly Fa - ther! lead us O'er the world's tem-pest-u-ous sea; }
 { Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but thee; } Yet pos - sess - ing Ev - ery bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be!

2. { Saviour! breathe for-give-ness o'er us; All our weakness thou dost know; }
 { Thou didst tread this earth be - fore us, Thou didst feel its keen - est woe; } Lone and drea - ry, Faint and wea - ry, Thro' the des - ert thou didst go!

Slow and Solemn.

1. Day of judgment! day of wonders! Hark! the trumpet's aw-ful sound, Loud - er than a thousand thunders, Shakes the vast cre -

2. See the Judge, our na - ture wearing, Clothed in ma - jes - ty di - vine! You, who long for his ap - pear - ing, Then shall say, "This

- a - tion round: How the sum - mons Will the sin - ner's heart con - found.

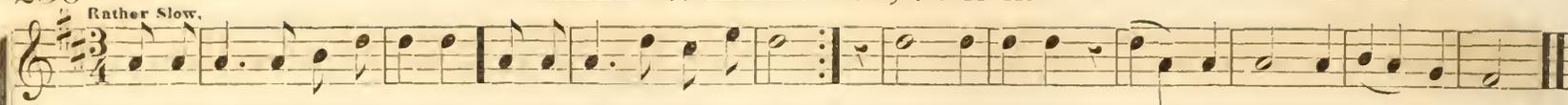
God is mine!" Gra - cious Sa - viour! Own me in that day for thine.

3.

At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

4.

But to those who have confesséd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say,—"Come near, ye blesséd!
See the kingdom I bestow!
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."



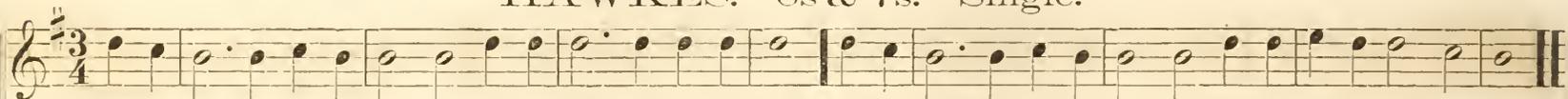
1. { Lo! the Lord, the mighty Saviour, Quits the grave, the throne to claim; }
 { Ob-ject of his endless fa-vor, God o'er all ex - alts his name; } Those who hate him— Clothed with ev - er - last - ing shame.



2. { Shout for joy—with songs of praises, Ye, who in his name delight, }
 { Shout—for God our Saviour raises To his throne in endless might; } 'Tis Je - ho - vah— Crowns our Lord, in realms of light.



HAWKES. 8s & 7s. Single.



1. La-bor - ing and hea - vy la - den, With my sins, O Lord I roam, While I know thou hast in - vit - ed All such wanderers to their home.



2. Make my stubborn spi - rit will - ing To o - bey thy gracious voice, At the cross to leave its bur - den, And de - parting to re - joice.



3. Thy sweet yoke I'd take up on me, And would learn, O Lord, of thee; Thou art meek in heart, and low - ly, Teach me like thyself to be.





1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy



2. O - pen, Lord! the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow; Let the fi - ery, cloudy pil - lar Lead me all my



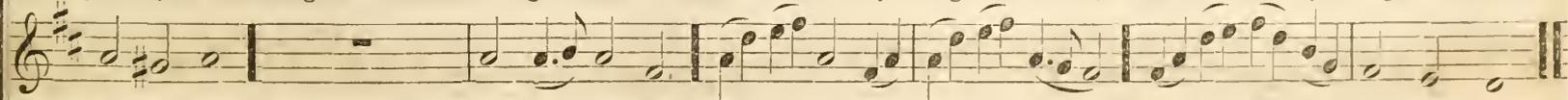
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side; Death of death, and hell's de - struc - tion! Land me safe on



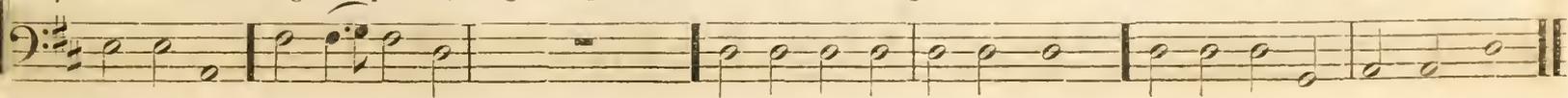
powerful hand : Bread of hea - ven! Bread of hea - ven! Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.



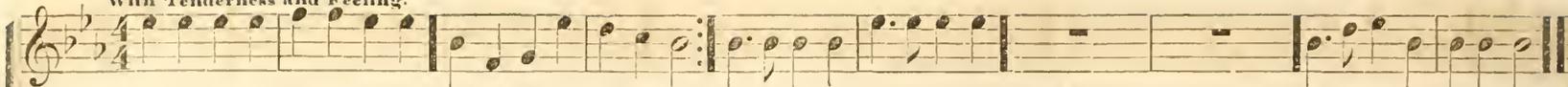
jour - ney thro' : Strong De - liv - erer! Strong De - liv - erer! Be thou still my strength and shield, Be thou still my strength and shield.



Canaan's side : Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to thee, I will ev - er give to thee.



With Tenderness and Feeling.



1. { Hear, O sinner! mercy hails you; Now with sweetest voice she calls; }
 { Bids you haste to seek the Saviour, Ere the hand of justice falls; } Hear, O sinner! Hear, O sinner! 'Tis the voice of mer-cy calls, 'Tis the voice of mercy calls.



Ritard. Tempo primo.

2. { Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour; Seek his mercy while you may; }
 { Soon the day of grace is over;— Soon your life will pass away; } Haste, O sinner! Haste, O sinner! You must perish if you stay, You must perish if you stay.



SICILY, or DISMISSION. 8s & 7s. Or 8s, 7s & 4s.



1. Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless-ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; { Let us each, thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace. }
 { Oh re-fresh us, Oh re-fresh us, Traveling thro' this wil-der-ness. }



TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s & 4s.

LOCKHART. 259

Masstoso.

1. { Songs a - new of hon - or fram - ing, Sing ye to the Lord a-lone; }
 { All his won-drous works pro-claim-ing— Je-sus wondrous works hath done! } Glo-rious victory, Glo-rious vic-tory His right hand and arm have won.

2. { Now he bids his great sal - va - tion Thro' the heathen lands be told; }
 { Ti-dings spread thro' ev - ery na - tion, And his acts of grace un-fold; } All the hea-then, All the hea-then Shall his right-cous-ness be - hold.

UNAM. 8s, 7s & 4s.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Rather Slow

1. { On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands, }
 { Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zi - on long in hostile lands; } Mourning captive! God him-self shall loose thy bands, God him-self shall loose thy bands. * Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord.

* If the Hallelujah should be preferred to repeating the last line, let the small notes be sung, and observe the rest.

1. { On the moutain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sacred herald stands, }
 Welcome news to Zi - on bearing— Zi - on long in hostile lands: } Mourning captive! God himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning captive! God himself shall loose, &c.

2. { Has thy night been long and mournful, All thy friends unfaithful proved? }
 { Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved? } Cease thy mourning, Zion still is well beloved, Cease thy mourning, Zion still is well beloved.

WAYLAND. 8s & 4.

Dr. L. MASON.

Allegro Moderato.

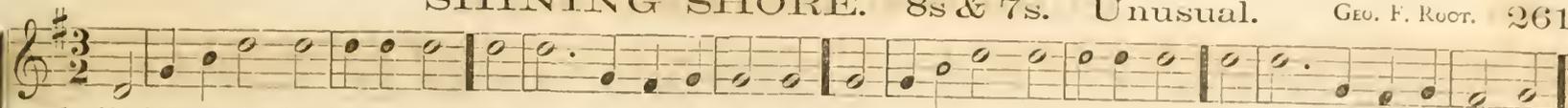
1. Hark, hark! the gospel trumpet sounds, Thro' earth and heaven the echo bounds; Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood! Sinners are reconciled to God, By graee di - vine!

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

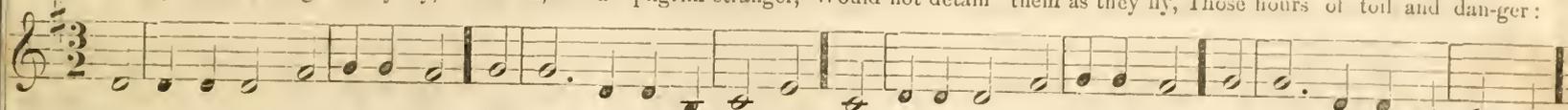
3. Ye saints in glory! strike the lyre; Ye mortals! catch the sacred fire; Let both the Saviour's love proclaim—For ev - er worthy is the Lamb Of end less praise.
Tenor and Base sing the small notes.

SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s. Unusual.

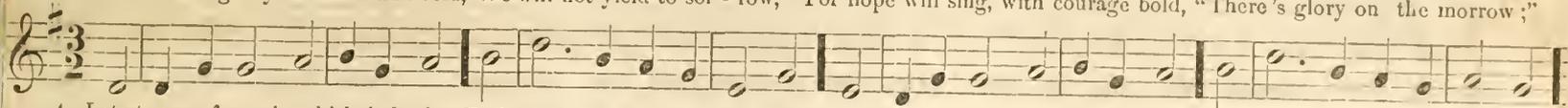
GEO. F. ROOT. 261



1. My days are gli - ing swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and danger:



2. Our absent king the watchword gave—"Let ev - ery lamp be burning:" We look a - far, a - cross the wave, Our dis - tant home discern - ing;
3. Should coming days be dark and cold, We will not yield to sor - row, For hope will sing, with courage bold, "There's glory on the morrow;"



4. Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise, Each cord on earth to sever—There—bright and joyous in the skies—There is our home for ev - er;



REFRAIN.



For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver; And, just be - fore, the shining shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.



For now we stand, on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver; And, just be - fore, the shining shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.



1. Be - hold, where Ce - dron's wa - ters flow,— Be - hold the suffering Sa - viour go, To sad Geth - sem - a - ne!

2. He bows beneath the sins of men, He cries to God, and cries a - gain, In sad Geth - sem - a - ne;

His coun - tenance is all di - vine, Yet grief appears in ev - ery line.

He lifts his mournful eye a - bove—" My Fa - ther! can this cup re - move?"

3.
With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane;—
"Behold me here, thine only Son,
And, Father! let thy will be done."

4.
The Father heard,—and angels there
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain,
Then rose to life and joy again.

5.
When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Saviour there,
Then humbly bow, like him, in prayer.



1. This world is poor from shore to shore, And, like a baseless vision, Its lofty domes and brilliant ore, Its gems and crowns, are vain and poor, There's nothing rich but heaven.



2. Empires decay and nations die, Our hopes to winds are given; The vernal blooms in ruin lie, Death reigns o'er all beneath the sky;—There's nothing sure but heaven.



3. Cre-a-tion's mighty fabric all Shall be to atoms riven,—The skies consume, the planets fall, Convulsions rock this earthly ball;—There's nothing firm but heaven



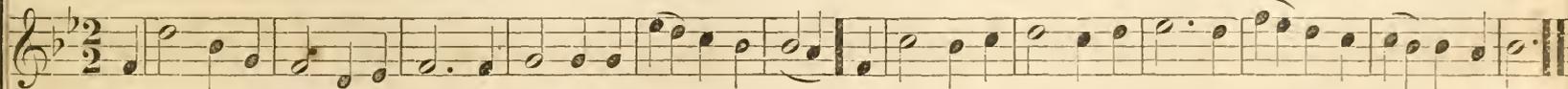
MANEPY. 8s. Single.



1. How sweet is the Sabbath to me, The day when the Saviour a - rose! 'Tis hea-ven his beauties to see, And in his soft arms to re - pose.



2. He knows I am weak and de - filed, My life is but emp - ty and vain: But if ho will make me his child, I'll nev - er for - sake him a - gain.



3. This day he in - vites us to come, How kind - ly he bids us draw near! He of - fers us hea - ven for home, And wipes off the pen - i - tent tear.



FINE.

1. { Ye angels! who stand round the throne, And view my Im-man-u-el's face,— }
 In rapturous songs make him known, Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise: } He formed you the spi-rits you are, So hap-py, so no-ble, so good;
 n. c. While others sunk down in de-spair, Confirmed by his pow-er, ye stood.

FINE. D. C.

FOSTER. 8s. Single.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Deliberately.

1. To Je-sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone; Oh! bear me, ye cherubim! up, And waft me away to his throne.

2. My Saviour, whom ab-sent I love; Whom, not hav-ing seen, I a-dore; Whose name is ex-alt-ed a-bove All glo-ry, do-minion, and power;—

3. Dissolve thou these bonds, that detain My soul from her por-tion in thee; Ah! strike off this ad-a-mant chain, And make me e-ter-nal-ly free.



1. To Je-sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone; Oh! bear me, ye e-her-u-bim! up, And waft me a-way to his throne.



2. Dissolve thou these bonds, that detain My soul from her por-tion in thee; Ah! strike off this ad-a-mant chain, And make me e-ter-nal-ly free.



My Saviour, whom ab-sent I love; Whom, not having seen, I a-dore; Whose name is ex-alt-ed a-bove All glo-ry, do-min-ion, and power;—



When that hap-py e-ra be-gins, Ar-rayed in thy glo-ries I'll shine, Nor grieve a-ny more, by my sins, The bo-som on which I re-eline.



1. { In time of trib - u - la - tion, Hear, Lord, my fee - ble cries; }
 { With hum - ble sup - pli - ca - tion, To thee my spi - rit flies; } My heart with grief is break - ing, Scarce can my voice com -

2. { The days of old, in vis - ion, Bring banished bliss to view; }
 { The years of lost fru - i - tion, Their joys in pangs re - new; } Re - mem - bered songs of glad - ness, Thro' night's lone silence

plain, Mine eyes, with tears kept wak - ing, Still watch and weep in vain.

brought, Strike notes of deep - er sad - ness, And stir des - pond - ing thoughts.

3. Hath God cast off for ever?
 Can time his truth impair?
 His tender mercy never
 Shall I presume to share?
 Hath he his loving-kindness
 Shut up in endless wrath?
 No; this is my own blindness,
 That cannot see his path.

4. Thy way is in great waters,
 Thy footsteps are not known:
 Let Adam's sons and daughters
 Confide in thee alone;
 Thy deeds, O Lord! are wonder;
 Holy are all thy ways;
 The secret place of thunder
 Shall utter forth thy praise.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss.

2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you— Ye dare not trust your own:

3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long; This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:

“Ye that are men, now serve him,” A - gainst unnumbered foes; Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.

Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watch - ing un - to prayer, Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er wanting there.

To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

Moderato.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From India's co - ral strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny fountains Roll down their golden sand ;

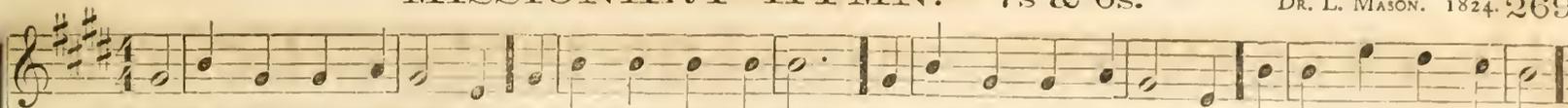
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, — Though ev - ery prospect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile? —
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted By wisdom from on high, Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?

4. Waft—waft, ye winds his sto - ry, And you, ye waters! roll, — Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole ;

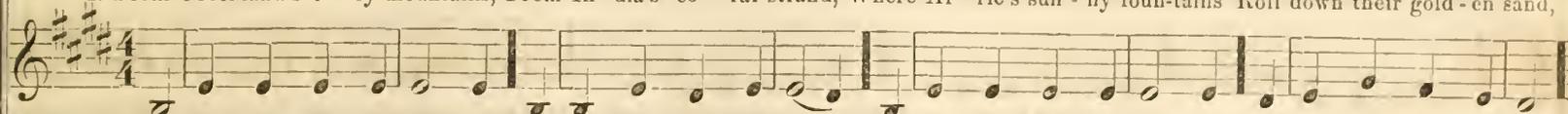
From many an ancient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are strown; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till earth's remot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.

Till, o'er our ransomed na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.



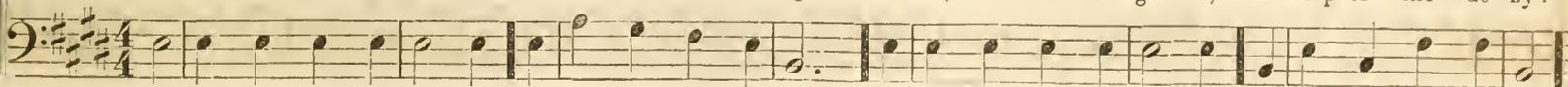
1. From Greenland's i - ey mountains, From In - dia's eo - ral strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their gold - en sand,



2. What tho' the spi - ey breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle; Tho' ev - ery pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;



3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high, - Shall we, to men be-night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?



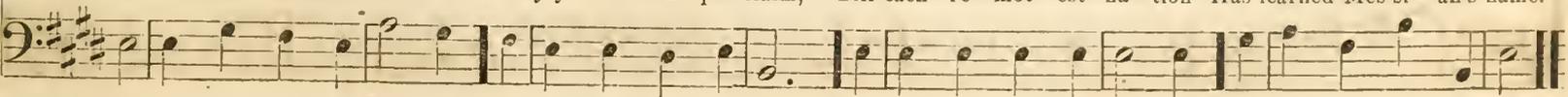
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.



In vain with lav - ish kind-ness The gifts of God are strown; The hea - then, in his blind-ness, Bows down to wood and stone!



Sal - va - tion, oh, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro-claim, Till each re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.



1. Now be the gos-pel ban-ner, In ev-ery land, un-furled; And be the shout, "Ho-san-na!" Re-ech-oed thro' the world; Till ev-ery isle and na-tion,

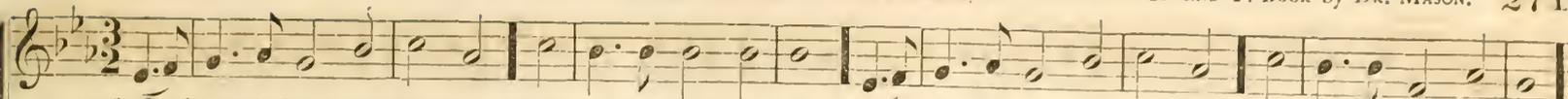
2. What, tho' th'em-bat-tled le-gions Of earth and hell com-bine! His arm, throughout their regions, Shall soon re-splen-dent shine: Ride on, O Lord! vic-to-rious,

3. Yes, thou shalt reign for ev-er, O Je-sus, King of kings! Thy light, thy love, thy fa-vor, Each ransomed captive sings: The isles for thee are wait-ing,

Till ev-ery tribe and tongue, Re-ceive the great sal-va-tion, Re-ceive the great sal-va-tion, Re-ceive the great sal-va-tion, And join the hap-py throng.

Im-man-uel, Prince of peace! Thy triumph shall be glo-rious, Thy triumph shall be glo-rious, Thy triumph shall be glo-rious, Thy em-pire still in-crease.

The des-erts learn thy praise, The hills and val-leys greet-ing, The hills and val-leys greet-ing, The hills and val-leys greet-ing, The song re-spon-sive raise.



1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con - fid - ing, For nothing changes here.



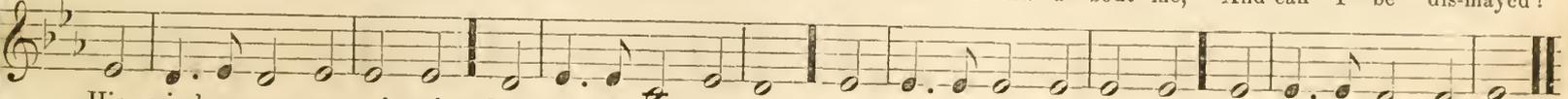
2. Wher - ev - er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be - side me, And nothing can I lack:



3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been:



The storm may roar with-out me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed?



His wis-dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim: He knows the way he tak - eth, And I will walk with him.



My hope I can - not mea - sure; My path to life is free; My Saviour has my treasure, And he will walk with me.



Vivace.



1. The morn-ing light is break - ing, The dark-ness dis - ap - pears; The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears :



2. See hea - then na-tions bend-ing Be - fore the God we love, And thousand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove ;



3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thy onward way; Flow thou to ev - ery na - tion, Nor in thy richness stay ;



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tidings from a - far Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Prepared for Zi - on's war.



While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey, And seek the Saviour's blessing— A na - tion in a day.



Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umphant reach their home; Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim, The Lord is come !



1. Rise, my soul! and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace: Rise, from tran - si - to - ry things, Toward heaven, thy native place:

2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run. Nor stay in all their course; Fire as - cend - ing seeks the sun,—Both speed them to their source;

3. Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn, Press on - ward to the prize; Soon the Sa - viour will re - turn, Tri - umph - ant in the skies:

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay, Time shall soo this earth re - move; Rise, my soul! and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove.

So a soul, that's born of God, Pants to view his glo - rious face; Upward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his embrace.

Yet a sea - son—and you know, Hap - py entrance will be given; All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth exchanged for heaven.

* By using small notes as in the Air. See the hymn, "Sing hallelujah! praise the Lord."

1. Lamb of God! whose bleeding love We now re - call to mind, Send the an - swer from a - bove, And let us mer - cy find:
 2. Let thy blood, by faith ap - plied, The sin - ner's par - don seal; Speak us free - ly jus - ti - fied, And all our sick ness heal:
 3. Can we ev - er hence de - part, Till thou our wants re - lieve? Write for - give - ness on our heart, And all thine im - age give:

Think on us who think on thee; Ev - ery burdened soul re - lease; Oh! re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.
 By thy pas - sion on the tree, Let our griefs and troubles cease; Oh! re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.
 Still our souls shall ery to thee, Till re - newed by ho - li - ness, — Oh! re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, the In - fin - ite! Shine up - on our na - ture's night With thy bless - ed in - ward light, Com - fort - er Di - vine!

2. We are sin - ful; cleanse us, Lord; We are faint, thy strength af - ford; Lost,—un - til by thee re - stored, Com - fort - er Di - vine!

HALLELUJAH. 7s, 6s & 7s.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord, In the heights of glo - ry; }
 Hosts of heav'n! with one accord, Shout the joy - ful sto - ry; } Praise him for his mighty deeds, Praise ye him, whose grace exceeds All that heav'n in song concedes; Worlds of bliss! his praise record.

ZEEB. 7s & 4s.

Altered from 'Tou Shaw's.

1. { When the vale of death ap - pears, Faint and cold this mor - tal clay, }
 { Blest Re - deem - er, soothe my fears. Light me through the gloomy way; } Break the shadows, Break the shadows, Ush - er in e - ter - nal day.

2. { Upward from this dy - ing state Bid my wait - ing soul as - pire; }
 { O - pen thou the crys - tal gate; To thy praise at - tune my lyre; } Then, tri - umphant, Then, tri - umphant, I will join th'im - mor - tal choir.

Maestoso.

1. My coun - try, 't is of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the

2. My na - tive coun - try, thee—Land of the no - ble free--Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and

pil - grim's pride, From ev - ery moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!

tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.

3.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong!

4.

Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

1. To - day the Sa-viour calls: Ye wanderers, come! Oh, ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?

2. To - day the Sa-viour calls: Oh, lis - ten now! With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.

3. To - day the Sa-viour calls: For re - fuge fly: The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.

AVA. 6s & 4s.

DR. Th. Hastings.

{ Child of sin and sor-row, Filled with dis-may, }
 { Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day; } Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room, Child of sin and sorrow, Hear and o-bey.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sa-viour di-vine; Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away; O, let me, from this day, Be wholly thine.

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

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Glo-ry to God on high! Let earth and sky reply, Praise ye his name; His love and grace adore, Who all our sorrows bore: Sing loud, for evermore, Wor-thy the Lamb.

2. Jesus our Lord and God, Bore sin's tremendous load, Praise ye his name; Tell what his arm has done, What spoils from death he won: Sing his great name alone, Wor-thy the Lamb.

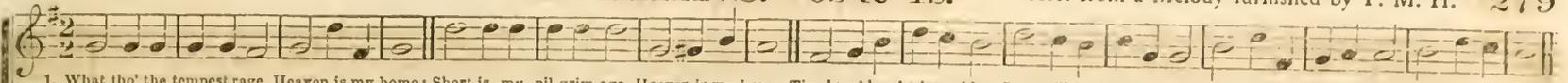
OAK. 6s & 4s.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. { I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home; }
 { Earth's but a de-sert drear, Heaven is my home; } Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev-ery hand; Heaven is my fa-therland, Heaven is my home.

2. { What tho' the tempest rage, Heaven is my home: }
 { Short is my pil-grim-age, Heaven is my home. } Time's cold and win-try blast Soon will be o-ver-past; I shall reach home at last; Heaven is my home.

3. { There at my Saviour's side, Heaven is my home: }
 { I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heaven is my home. } There are the good and blest, Those I loved most and best. There, too, I soon shall rest; Heaven is my home.



1. What tho' the tempest rage, Heaven is my home; Short is my pil-grim-age, Heaven is my home. Time's cold and wintry blast Soon will be o-ver-past; I shall reach home at last, Heaven is my home.

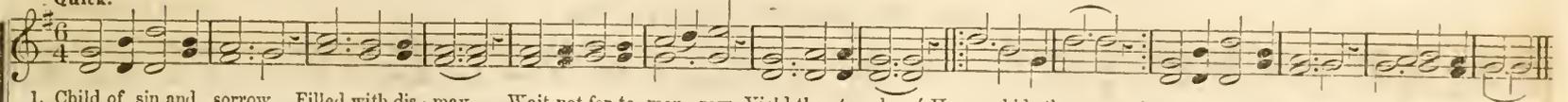


2. Therefore I mur-mur not, Heaven is my home; Whate'er my earthly lot, Heaven is my home; And I shall surely stand, There, at my Lord's right hand, Heaven is my father-land, Heaven is my home.

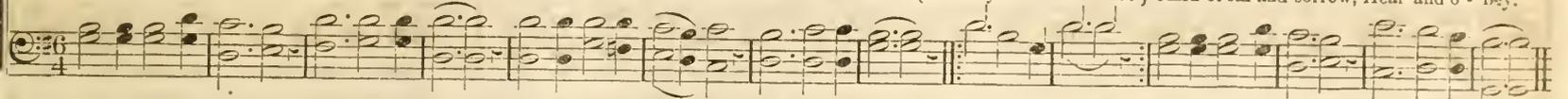


MANTUA. 6s & 4s. Peculiar.

Quick.

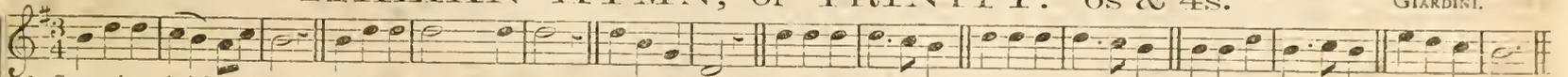


1. Child of sin and sorrow, Filled with dis-may, Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day, { Heaven bids thee come, }
 { While yet there's room: } Child of sin and sorrow, Hear and o-bey.

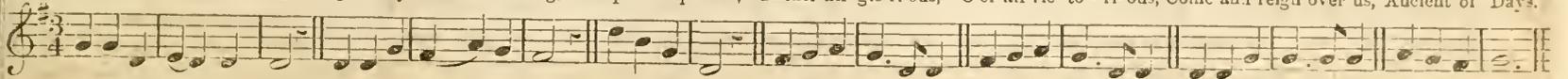


ITALIAN HYMN, or TRINITY. 6s & 4s.

GIARDINI.



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



2. Come, thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy might-y sword; Our prayer attend, Come, and thy people bless, And give thy word success; Spirit of holiness, On us descend.



1. { My Je-sus, as thou wilt! Oh! may thy will be mine;
In-to thy hand of love I would my all re-sign; } Through sor-row, or through joy, Con-duct me as thine own,
d. c. And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done.

ROWLEY. 6s & 9s.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Come a-way to the skies, My be-lov-ed! a-rise, And re-joice in the day thou wert born; On this fes-ti-val day, Come ex-
2. We have laid up our love, With our trea-sure, a-bove, Tho' our bod-ies con-tin-ue be-low; The re-deemed of the Lord—We re-

-ult-ing a-way, And, with sing-ing, to Zi-on re-turn, And, with sing-ing, to Zi-on re-turn.
-mem-ber his word, And, with sing-ing, to par-a-dise go, And; with sing-ing, to par-a-dise go.

3.

For thy glory we were
First created, to share
Both thy nature and kingdom divine;
Now created again,
That our souls may remain,
Both in time and eternity thine.

NOTE.—The hymns, "Rejoice in the Lord," "Come, let us ascend," "How happy are they," and others of similar meter may be sung to this tune.



1. { Soft-ly now the light of day, Fades up - on my sight away; } Soon, for me, the light of day, }
 { Free from care, from labor free, Lord! I would commune with thee. } Shall for ev - er pass a - way; } Then, from sin and sorrow free, Take me, Lord! to dwell with thee.



As 6's & 5s. { Thro' thy pro-tect ing care, Kept till the dawn - ing, } O Thou great One in Three, }
 { Taught to draw near in prayer, Heed we the warn - ing; } Glad-ly our souls would be } Ev - er - more praising thee, God of the morn - ing.



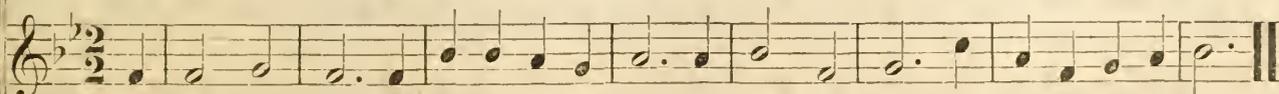
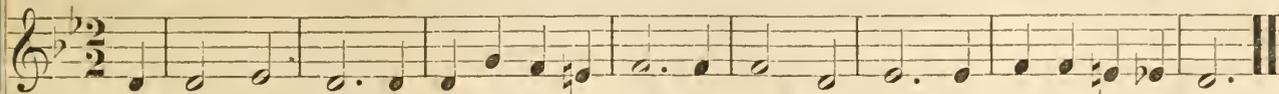
* For 6s & 5s, sing the small notes.

ANOTHER YEAR. 4s & 6s.

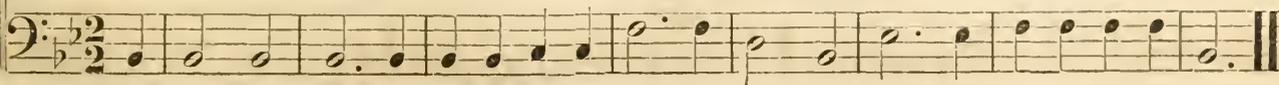
W. B. B.



An - oth - er year Has told its four-fold tale, And still I'm here, A traveler in this vale.



An - oth - er year Has told its four-fold tale, And still I'm here, A traveler in this vale.



2.

Ah! not a few
 Who seemed life's toil to brave,
 Are hid from view,
 Within the silent grave.

3.

Why am I spared
 To see another year?
 Why have I shared
 So many mercies here?

4.

From God alone
 My mercies I receive;
 To him alone
 I would for ever live.

Allegro.

1. Hark! hark! a shout of joy! The world, the world is eall - ing! In east and west, in north and south, See Sa - tan's kingdom fall - ing! Wake, wake the

2. Trust, trust the faith-ful God! His promise is un - fail - ing; The prayer of faith can pierce the skies, Its breath is all - pre - vail - ing; Look! look! the

church of God, And dis - si - pate thy slumbers! Shake off thy dead-ly ap - a - thy, And mar - shal all • thy numbers.

fields are white, And stay thy hand no long - er; Tho' Satan's might-y legions fight, The arm of God is stronger.

3. See! see! the cross is raised;
The crescent droops before it;
The pagan nations feel its power,
And prostrate ranks adore it;
Joy! joy! the Saviour reigns!
See prophecy fulfilling;
The hearts of stubborn Jews relent,
In God's own time made willing.
4. Pray! pray! then, Christian, pray!
Though faint, be yet pursuing,
And cease not, day by day, the prayer
Of lively faith renewing;
Soon, soon your waiting eyes
Shall see the heavens rending,
And rich, and richer blessings still
From God's bright throne descending.

BABYLON. 10s.



1. A - long the banks where Babel's current flows, The captive bands in deep despondence strayed; While Zi-on's fall in sad remembrance rose, Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

2. The tuneful harp that once with joy they strung, When praise employed and mirth inspired the lay, Was now in si - lence on the willows hung, While growing grief prolonged the tedious day.

3. Their proud op-pres-sors, to increase their woe, With taunting smiles a song of Zi-on claim: Bid sa-cred praise in strains melodious flow, While they blas-pheme the great Jehovah's name.

Mestoso.

1. Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish abroad his wonderful Name; The name all victorious of Jesus extol; His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2. God ruleth on high, Almighty to save; And still he is nigh, his presence we have: The great congregation his triumph shall sing, Ascribing salvation to Je - sus, our King.

CAPTIVITY. 11s.

Come, saints, let us join in the praise of the Lamb, The theme most sublime of the angels above; They dwell with delight on the sound of his name, And gaze on his glories with wonder and love.

SAVANNAH. 10s.

Arr. from PLEYEL, by DR. MASON.

From Jes-se's root, behold a branch a - rise, Whose sa-cred flower with fragrance fills the skies; The sick and weak, the healing plant shall aid, From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

From Jes-se's root, behold a branch a - rise, Whose sa-cred flower with fragrance fills the skies. The sick and weak, the healing plant shall aid. From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East! the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2. Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining; Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall; Angels adore him, in slumber reclining, Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS. 11s & 10s.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain; Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning, Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

AGATE. 11s. Or 10s & 11s.

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe folded to rest; He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, Restores me when wandering, redeems when opprest.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray, Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear; Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay; No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

1. I would not live always; I ask not to stay, Where storm af-ter storm ris-es dark o'er the way; The few lu-cid mornings, that dawn on us here,

2. I would not live always; no,—wel-come the tomb; Since Je-sus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom; There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me a-rise,

The musical score for 'FREDERICK' consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in 3/2 time, with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in 3/2 time, with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is the bass line in 3/2 time, with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

GOSHEN. 11s. Old German.

Are fol-lowed by gloom, and be-cloud-ed by fear.

The Lord is our Shep-herd, our Guard-ian and Guide; What-ev-er we

To hail him in tri-umph as-cend-ing the skies.

The Lord is our Shep-herd, our Guard-ian and Guide; What-ev-er we

The musical score for 'GOSHEN' consists of two systems of three staves each. The first system has a vocal line in 3/2 time with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a piano accompaniment in 3/2 time with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second system has a vocal line in 3/2 time with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a piano accompaniment in 3/2 time with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

want, he will kind-ly pro-vide; To sheep of his pas-ture his mer-cies a-bound, His care and pro-tec-tion his flock will sur-round.

want, he will kind-ly pro-vide; To sheep of his pas-ture his mer-cies a-bound, His care and pro-tec-tion his flock will sur-round.

This block contains the continuation of the musical score for 'GOSHEN'. It consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in 3/2 time with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in 3/2 time with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is the bass line in 3/2 time with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

My home is in heaven, my rest is not here, Then why should I inr mur when trials are near; Be hushed my dark spirit, the worst that can come, But shortens my

My home is in heaven, my rest is not here, Then why should I murmur when trials are near; Be hushed my dark spirit, the worst that can come, But shortens my

Musical score for 'HEAVENLY HOME' in 3/4 time, featuring a vocal line, a piano accompaniment, and a bass line.

HOME. 11s.

journey, and hastens me home.

1. Mid scenes of con - fusion, and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is com-mun - ion with saints; To find at the

journey, and hastens me home.

2. Sweet bonds that u-nite all the chil-dren of peace! And thrice precious Jesus, whose love can not cease! Tho' oft from thy

Musical score for 'HOME' in 2/2 time, featuring a vocal line, a piano accompaniment, and a bass line.

ban-quet of mer-cy there's room, And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.

presence in sad - ness I roam, I long to be-hold thee in glo - ry, at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.

Musical score for 'HOME' in 2/2 time, featuring a vocal line, a piano accompaniment, and a bass line.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, is laid for your faith in his ex-cel-lent word; What more can he say than to you he hath said— Who

2. Fear not, I am with thee, Oh! be not dis-mayed; For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid: I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-

un - to the Sa-viour for re - fuge have fled, Who un - to the Sa-viour for re - fuge have fled.

held by my righteous, om - ni - po - tent hand, Up-held by my righteous, om - ni - po - tent hand.

3. When through the deep waters I call thee to go
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
4. When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
5. E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
6. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!

EXPOSTULATION. 11s.

O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die? } When God, in great mer-cy is com-ing so nigh, }
Now Je-sus in-vides you, the Spi-rit says come, } And an-gels are wait-ing to wel-come you home.

*Solo, Duet, or Trio.**1st time Duet, 2d time Chorus.*

1. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish: Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal.

2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the pen-i-tent, fadeless and pure, Here speaks the Comforter, ten-der-ly saying, Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not cure

THE LORD IS GREAT. 11s & 8s.

Dr. L. MASON.

The Lord is great! Ye hosts of heaven, adore him, And ye who tread this earthly ball; In holy songs rejoice aloud before him, And shout his praise, who made you all.

BEAUTY OF ZION. 11s & 8.

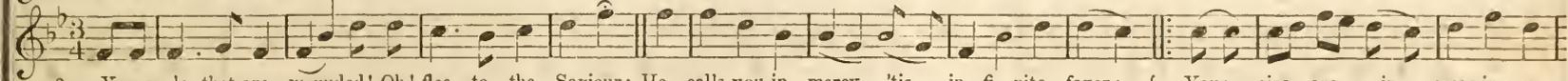
1. Oh! great is Je-ho-vah, and great be his praise, In the ci - ty of God he is King: Proclaim ye his triumphs in ju - bilant lays; On the mount of his ho - li-ness sing.

2. The joy of the earth, from her beautiful height, Is Zi - on's impreg-na-ble hill: The Lord in her temple still taketh de - light, God reigns in her pal - a - ces still.

THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE. 12s. Or 12s & 11s. Dr. CLARKE. 289



1. The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain!" For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain, { For sin and un-cleanness, and Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb! he hath



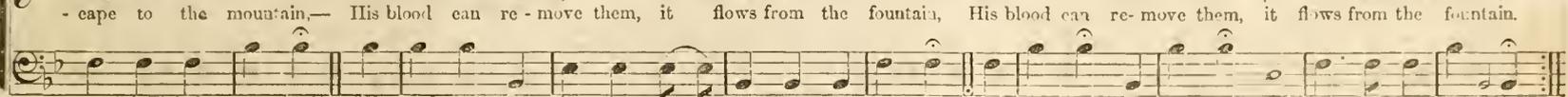
2. Ye souls that are wounded! Oh! flee to the Saviour; He calls you in mercy, 'tis in-fi-nite favor; { Your sins are in-creas-ing, es-Hal-le-lu-jah, &c.



ev-ery trans-gres-sion, His blood flows most free-ly in streams of sal-va-tion, His blood flows most free-ly in streams of sal-va-tion, }
 purchased our par-don; We'll praise him a-gain, when we pass o-ver Jor-dan, We'll praise him a-gain, when we pass o-ver Jor-dan. }



-eape to the moun-tain,— His blood can re-move them, it flows from the fountain, His blood can re-move them, it flows from the fountain.

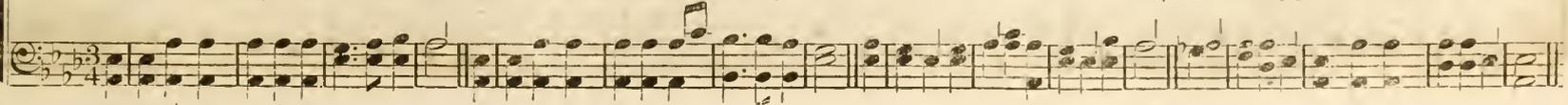


MUNIR. 11s.

Arr. from MAX EBERWEIN.



1. I would not live always; I ask not to stay, Where storm after storm rises o'er the dark way; The few lucid moments that dawn on us here, Are followed by gloom, and be-cloud-ed with fear.



AND YE SHALL SEEK ME.

And ye shall seek me and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, When ye shall

And ye shall seek me and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, When ye shall

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. Both are in 2/2 time. The lyrics are: 'And ye shall seek me and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, When ye shall'.

search for me with all your heart. And ye shall seek me and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart,

search for me with all your heart. And ye shall seek me and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart,

This system contains the second two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. Both are in 2/2 time. The lyrics are: 'search for me with all your heart. And ye shall seek me and find me, When ye shall search for me with all your heart,'.

AND YE SHALL SEEK ME. CONCLUDED.

When ye shall search for me with all your heart, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, saith the Lord.

When ye shall search for me with all your heart, When ye shall search for me with all your heart, saith the Lord.

THE GUIDE AND COMFORTER.

1. Our blest Re-deemer, ere he breathed His last fare-well, A Guide, a Com-for-ter, bequeathed, A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed, With us to dwell.

2. He comes his gra-ces to impart; A will-ing guest, While he can find one humble heart, While he can find one humble heart, Wherein to rest.

3. And all the good that we possess, His gift we own; Yea, ev-ery thought of ho-li-ness, Yea, ev-ery thought of holi-ness, And vic-tory won.

4. Spi-rit of pu-ri-ty and grace, Our weakness see; Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place, Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place, And worthier thee.

"ABIDE WITH US."

1. Abide with me, fast falls the e-ven-tide; The darkness thick-ens, Lord, with me a-bide; When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a-way; Change and de-cay in all a-round I

3. I need thy pres-ence ev-ery passing hour; What but thy graace can foil the tempter's power? Who like thy-self my guide and stay can

4. Hold thou thy cross be-fore my closing eyes, Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies! Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows

flee, Help of the help-less, O, a-bide with me, Help of the help-less, O, a-bide with me.

see,— Thou, who ne'er chang-est O, a-bide with me, Thou, who ne'er chang-est O, a-bide with me!

be? Through cloud and sun-shine, O, a-bide with me, Through cloud and sun-shine, O, a-bide with me.

flee, In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me, In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me.

Allegro.

BE JOYFUL IN GOD. 11s & 8s.

1. Be joy-ful in God, all ye lands of the earth; Oh, serve him with gladness and fear: Ex-ult in his pres-ence with mu-sic and mirth,
 2. Oh! en-ter his gates with thankgiv-ing and song, Your vows in his tem-ple proclaim. His praise in me-lo-dious ac-cord-ance pro-long,

With love and de-vo-tion draw near. Je-ho-vah is God, and Je-ho-vah a-lone, Cre-a-tor and Ru-ler o'er all,.....
 And bless his a-dor-a-ble name. For good is the Lord, in-ex-press-i-bly good, And we are the work of his hand:....

And we are his peo-ple, his sheep-ter we own, His sheep, and we fol-low his call; we fol-low his call, we fol-low his call.
 His mer-cy and truth from e-ter-ni-ty stood, And shall to e-ter-ni-ty stand, to e-ter-ni-ty stand, to e-ter-ni-ty stand.

BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL.

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, And all that is with - in me, bless his ho - ly name.

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, And all that is with - in me, bless his ho - ly name.

This system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, And all that is with - in me, bless his ho - ly name." The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,". The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, And all that is with - in me, bless his ho - ly name." The bottom staff is a bass line.

Bless the Lord, - Bless the Lord, O my soul, and for - get not all his ben - e - fits, and for - get not . all his

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, and for - get not all his ben - e - fits, and for - get not all his

Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, and for - get not all his ben - e - fits, and for - get not all his

This system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "Bless the Lord, - Bless the Lord, O my soul, and for - get not all his ben - e - fits, and for - get not . all his". The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, and for - get not all his ben - e - fits, and for - get not all his". The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul, and for - get not all his ben - e - fits, and for - get not all his". The bottom staff is a bass line.

BLESS THE LORD. CONTINUED.

ben - e - fits. Who for - giv - eth all thine in - i - qui-ties, Who heal - eth all thy dis - eas - es, Who crowneth thee with lov - ing -

ben - e - fits. Who for - giv - eth all thine in - i - qui-ties, Who heal - eth all thy dis - eas - es, Who crowneth thee with lov - ing -

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The top two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests and ties.

kind - ness and ten - - der mer - cies, Who crowneth thee with lov - ing kind - ness and ten - - der mer - cies. Who re -

kind - ness and ten - - der mer - cies, Who crowneth thee with lov - ing kind - ness and ten - - der mer - cies. Who re -

Detailed description: This system continues the musical score with four staves. It includes vocal parts with lyrics and piano accompaniment. The notation includes various note values and rests, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots. The key signature remains one sharp (F#).

BLESS THE LORD. CONCLUDED.

deem-eth thy life from de-struction, Who crowneth thee with lov-ing-kind-ness, Who crowneth thee with lov-ing-kind-ness and ten-der mer-cies.

deem-eth thy life from de-struction, Who crowneth thee with lov-ing-kind-ness, Who crowneth thee with lov-ing-kind-ness and ten-der mer-cies.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The last two staves are in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the first and third staves.

JOYFUL ADORATION. C. M. *

1 & 5. Glo-ry to God the Fa-ther be, Glo-ry to God the Son, Glo-ry to God the Ho-ly Ghost, Glo-ry to God a-lone.

2. My soul doth mag-ni-fy the Lord, My spi-rit doth re-joice In God, my Sa-viour and my God; I hear his joy-ful voice.

3. I need not go a-broad for joy, Who have a feast at home; My sighs are turn-ed in-to songs, The Com-fort-er is come.

4. Down from on high the bless-ed Dove Is come in-to my breast; To wit-ness God's e-ter-nal love; This is my heaven-ly feast.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The last two staves are in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the first, second, third, and fourth staves.

“BREAST THE WAVE CHRISTIAN.”



Maestoso.

1. Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian, when night's the longest; On-ward, and on-ward, still be thine en-deav-or; The

2. Fight the fight, Christian, Je - sus is o'er thee; Run the race, Christian, heaven is be - fore thee; He who hath promised fal - ter - eth nev - er. The

3. Lift the eye, Christian, just as it eloseth, Raise the heart, Christian, ere it re - pos - eth: Thee from the love of Christ noth - ing shall sev - er, Then

Chorus.

rest that re-main-eth will be for ev - er. The rest will be for ev - er, The rest will be for ev - er, The rest that re-main-eth will be for ev - er.

love of e-ternity will flow for ev - er. The love will flow for ev - er, The love will flow for ev - er, The love of e-ter-ni-ty will flow for ev - er.

Chorus.

mount when the work is done, and praise him for ever. Then praise him for ev - er, Then praise him for ev - er, Then mount when the work is done, and praise him for ever.

CEASELESS PRAISE.



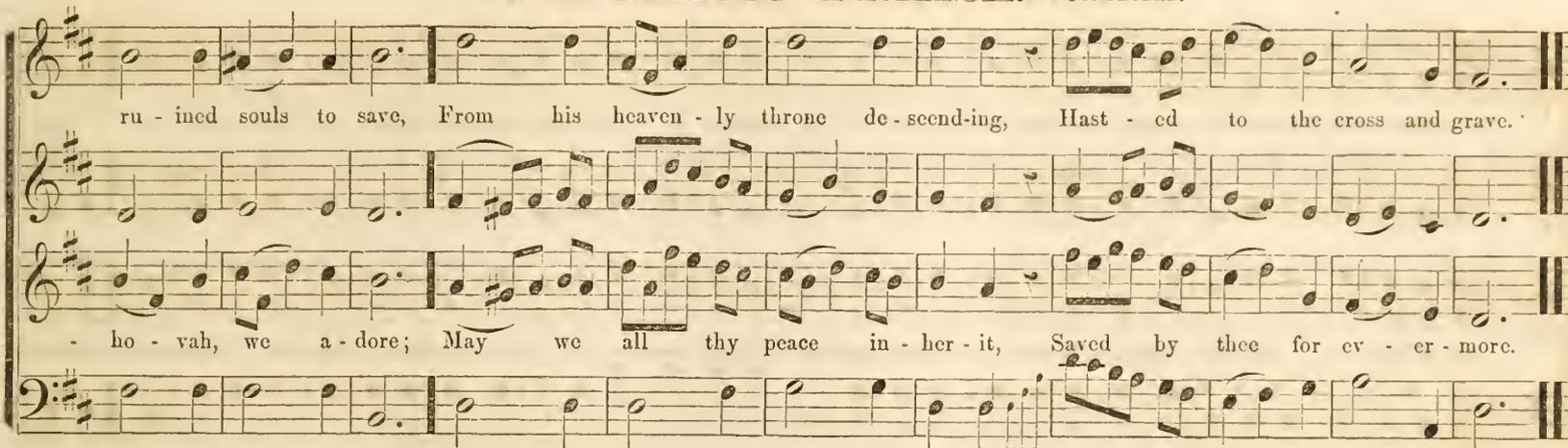
1. Cease - less praise be to the Fa - ther, By whose power and grace we live; Who, our way - ward

3. To the Ho - ly Spi - rit ren - der Grate - ful, ev - er - last - ing praise, Who, long striv - ing,

souls to gath - er, Did his Well - be - lov - ed give. To the Son be praise un - end - ing. Who, our

pa - tient, ten - der, Waits our souls from death to raise. Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit, One Je -

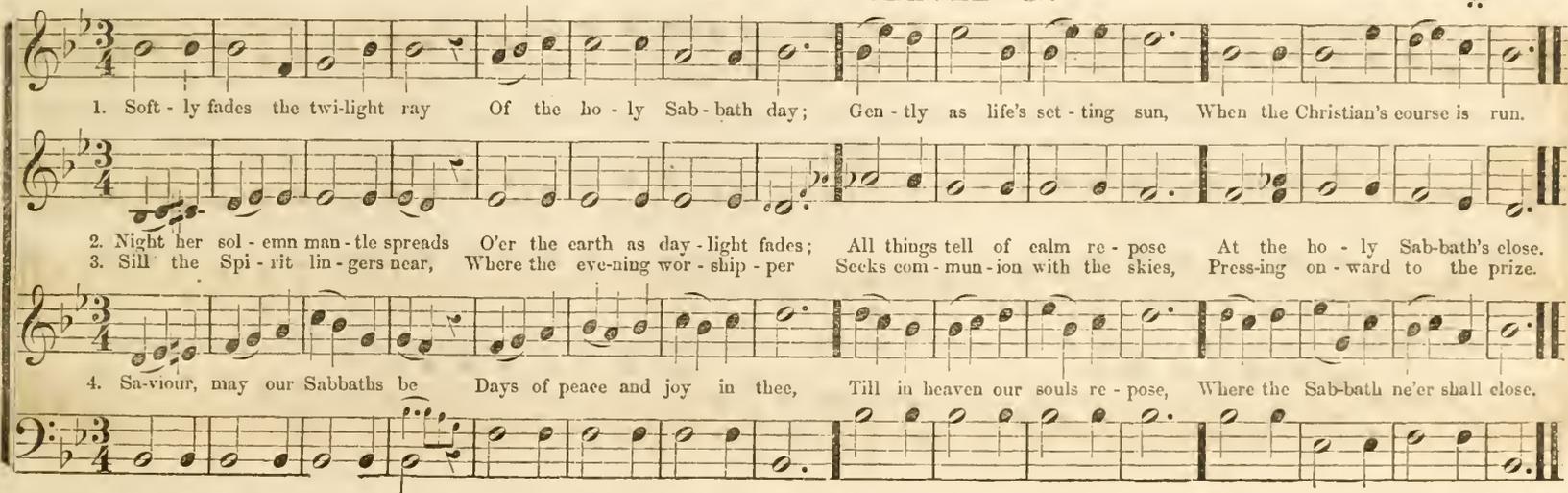
CEASELESS PRAISE. CONCLUDED.



ru - ined souls to save, From his heaven - ly throne de - scend - ing, Hast - ed to the cross and grave.

- ho - vah, we a - dore; May we all thy peace in - her - it, Saved by thee for ev - er - more.

SABBATH EVENING. ❄



1. Soft - ly fades the twi-light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day; Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun, When the Christian's course is run.

2. Night her sol - emn man - tle spreads O'er the earth as day - light fades; All things tell of calm re - pose At the ho - ly Sab - bath's close.

3. Sill the Spi - rit lin - gers near, Where the eve - ning wor - ship - per Seeks com - mun - ion with the skies, Press - ing on - ward to the prize.

4. Sa - viour, may our Sabbaths be Days of peace and joy in thee, Till in heaven our souls re - pose, Where the Sab - bath ne'er shall close.

CALVARY'S MOUNTAIN.

1. Je-sus! who on Calv'ry's mountain Poured thy precious blood for me, Wash me in its flowing fountain, That my soul may spotless be. I have

2. In thy word I hear thee saying, "Come, and I will give thee rest," Glad the gra-cious call o - bey - ing, See, I hast - en to thy breast. Grant, oh,

sinned, but, oh, res-tore me; For un-less thou smile on me, Dark is all the world be-fore me, Darker yet e - ter - ni - ty! Darker yet e - ter - ni - ty!

grant thy Spirit's teaching, That I may not go a - stray, Till, the gate of heaven reach-ing, Earth and sin are passed a-way! Earth and sin are passed away!

COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE. Anthem and Chant.

W. B. B.

CHORUS.

Comfort ye my people, Comfort ye my peo-ple, Comfort ye my people, Saith your God. Comfort ye my people, Comfort ye my people, Comfort ye my peo-ple, Saith your God.

Comfort ye, Comfort ye, Comfort ye my people, Saith your God. Comfort ye, Comfort ye, Comfort ye my peo-ple, Saith your God.

CHANT.

1. Speak ye comfortably	to	Je -	rusalem,	And cry unto her that her ..	war -	fare	is	ne -	com- plished,
2. The voice of him that	crieth	in the	wilderness,	Pre -	pare	ye the	way	of the	Lord,
3. Every valley shall	be	ex -	alted,	And every mountain and....	bill	shall	be	made	low ;
4. And the glory of the Lord shall ..	be	re -	vealed,	And all	flesh	shall	see	to -	gether :

That her in - - -	iquity	is	pardoned :	For she hath received of the Lord's hand .	double	for	all	her	sins.
Make	straight	in the	desert	A	high	way	for	our	God. <i>Cho.</i> "Comfort ye."
And the crooked.	shall be	made	straight,	And the.	rough	-	plac -	es	plain.
For the mouth of the..	Lord	hath	spoken it,	The mouth of the.	Lord	hath	spok -	en	it. <i>Cho.</i> "Comfort ye."

COME AND WELCOME.



1. Sinners, hear the might-y Saviour; Love and pit - y fill his breast, Now in ae - cents sweet he calls you, Come and taste the promised rest.



2. Stay not, pondering on your sor - row, Turn from your own self a - way, Dare not lin - ger till to - mor - row, Come to Christ with - out de - lay.



Do ye fear your own un - fit - ness, Burdened as you are in sin? 'Tis the Ho - ly Spi - rit's witness, Christ invites you—en - ter in.



Je - sus, with thy word eom - ply - ing, Firm our faith and hope shall be, On thy faith - ful - ness re - ly - ing. We will east our souls on thee.



COME, LET US ANEW. 11s & 5s.

1. Come, let us a - new Our jour-ney pur - sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear;

2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swift - ly a - way, And the fu - gi - tive moment re - fus - es to stay:

3. Oh! that each, in the day Of his coming, may say, "I have fought my way thro'— I have finished the work which thou gav'st me to do!"

His a - dor - a - ble will Let us glad - ly ful - fill, And our tal - ents im - prove, By the patience of hope, and the la - bor of love. love.

The ar - row is flown—The mo - ment is gone—The mil - len - ial year Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here! here!

Oh! that each, from his Lord, May receive the glad word, "Well and faithfully done! En - ter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne! throne!"

ELLIOT. DR. L. MASON. From S. H. & T. BOOK.



1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!



2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!



3.
Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4.
Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5.
Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6.
Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down:
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

NEWLIN.



1. Just as I am—with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!



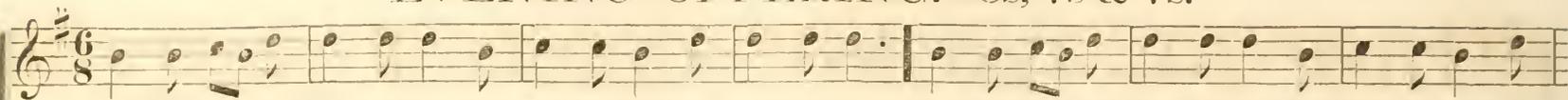
2. Just as I am—and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot; To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!



3. Just as I am, though tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt, Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come!



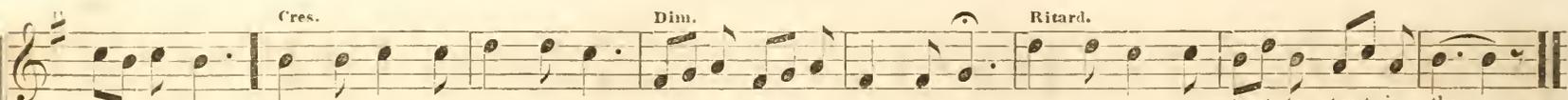
EVENING OFFERING. 8s, 7s & 7s.



1. Through the day thy love has spared us; Now we lay us down to rest; Through the si - lent watches guard us, Let no foe our



2. Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers, Dwelling in the midst of foes, — Us and ours pre - serve from dangers, In thine arms, let



peace molest; Je - sus! thou our guardian be, Sweet it is to trust in thee, Sweet it is to trust in thee. trust, to trust in thee.



us repose, And, when life's short day is past, Rest with thee, in heaven, at last, Rest with thee, in heaven, at last. heaven, in heaven at last.



FRIEND AFTER FRIEND DEPARTS.

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

2. Be - yond the flight of time, Be - yond the reign of death, There sure - ly is some bless - ed clime Where life is not a breath ;

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

Nor life's af - fec - tions, transient fire, Whose sparks fly upwards and ex - pire.

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

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

FUNERAL MOTET.

Arranged from a Miserere of ZINGARELLI.

Slow. *p* *mf* *pp*

Bless-ed are the dead, blessed are the dead... who die in the Lord, bless-ed, blessed are the dead, bless-ed

Bless-ed are the dead, blessed are the dead, the dead, who die in the Lord, bless-ed, blessed are the dead, bless-ed

Bless-ed are the dead, blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord, bless-ed, blessed are the dead, bless-ed

Cres. *Dim. & Rit.*

are the dead who die in the Lord, they rest from their labors, and their works do fol - - - low them.

they rest from their la - bors, and their works do fol - - - low them.

Cres. *Dim. & Rit.*

are the dead who die in the Lord, they rest from their la - bors, their la - bors, and their works do fol - - - low them.

they rest from their labors, and their works do fol - - - low them.

GO TO THY REST IN PEACE.

J. M. PELTON.

1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re- pose; Thy toils are o'er, thy troubles cease, From earthly cares, in sweet release, Thine

2. Go to thy peace-ful rest, For thee we need not weep, Since thou art now among the blest, No more by sin and sorrow pressed, But

3. Go to thy rest: and while Thy ab-sence we de- plore, One tho't our sorrow shall beguile, For soon, with a ce- les-tial smile, We

HYMN CHANT.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

eyelids gently close, Thine eyelids, &c.

hushed in quiet sleep; But hushed, &c.

meet to part no more; We meet to part, &c.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

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

"Thy will be | done!"

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

"Thy will be | done!"

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

"Thy will be | done!"

Close by repeating the first two measures "Thy will be done."

"GOD IS LOVE."

1. God is love, his mer - cy brightens All the path in which we move; Bliss he grants, and woe he

2. Chanee and echange are bu - sy ev - er; Worlds de - cay, and a - ges move; But his mer - cy wan - eth

3. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth, His un - chang - ing goodness proves; From the mist his brightness

4. He our earth - ly cares en - twin - eth With his com - forts from a - bove; Eve - ry - where his glo - ry

light - ens, God is light, and God is love,.... God is light,..... And God is love.

nev - er; God is light, and God is love..... God is light, and God is love.

streameth, God is light, and God is love, God is light..... and God is love.

shin - eth; God is light, and God is love..... God is light and God is love.

Cres. *Rit.* *Dim.* *Cres.* *Rit.* *Dim.*

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH. I. P. HOLBROOK.



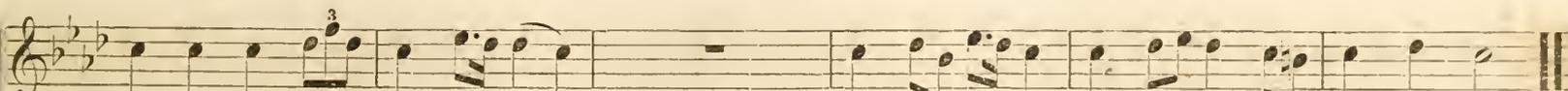
1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah! Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land: I am weak, but thou art mighty;



2. O - pen, Lord, the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar



3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side; Death of death, and hell's de - struction!



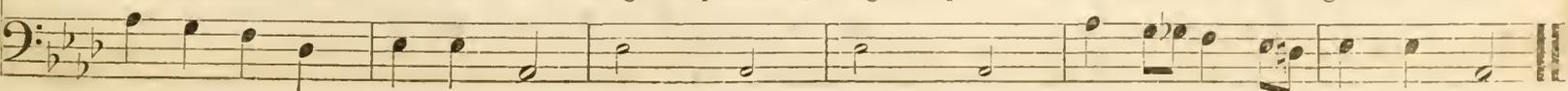
Hold me with thy power - ful hand: Bread of heav - en! Bread of heav - en! Feed me till I want no more.



Lead me all my jour - ney through: Strong De - liv - erer! Strong De - liv - erer! Be thou still my strength and shield.



Land me safe on Ca - naan's side: Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to thee.



HEAVEN IS MY HOME. *



1. I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home; Heaven is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heaven is my home, Heaven is my home.



2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heaven is my home, Heaven is my home; Short is my pilgrim-age, Heaven is my home, Heaven is my home.

3. Therefore I murmur not, Heaven is my home, Heaven is my home; Whate'er my earthly lot, Heaven is my home, Heaven is my home.



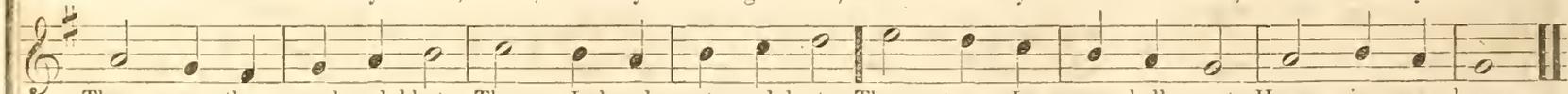
4. There, at my Saviour's side, Heaven is my home, Heaven is my home: I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heaven is my home, Heaven is my home.



Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev-ery hand; Heaven is my fa-ther land, Heaven is my home.



Time's cold and win-try blast Soon will be o-ver-past; I shall reach home at last, Heaven is my home.
And I shall sure-ly stand, There, at my Lord's right hand, Heaven is my fa-ther-land, Heaven is my home.



There are the good and blest, Those I loved most and best, There, too, I soon shall rest, Heaven is my home.



HOW MUCH I OWE! 7s. 6 lines. *

1. When this passing world is done,—When has sunk yon glorious sun; When I stand with Christ in glory, Looking o'er life's finished story; Then, Lord, shall I ful-ly

2. When I hear the wicked call On the rocks and hills to fall; When I see them start and shrink, On the fi-ery deluge brink; Then, Lord, shall I ful-ly

know—Not till then—how much I owe! Then, Lord, shall I ful-ly know—Not till then—how much I owe!

know—Not till then—how much I owe! Then, Lord, shall I ful-ly know—Not till then—how much I owe!

3. When I stand before the throne,
Clothed in beauty not my own;
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

4. When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

HOPE THOU IN GOD.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul, And why art thou dis-qui-et-ed with - in me, Hope thou in God, Hope thou in God, Hope thou in

Why art thou cast down, O my soul, And why art thou dis - qui-et-ed with - in me, Hope thou in God, Hope thou in

Hope thou in God.....

Hope thou in God, in God, For I shall yet praise him, I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance, God, Hope..... God, Hope thou in God, For I shall yet praise him, I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance, Hope thou in God,

HOPE THOU IN GOD. CONCLUDED.

and my God, I shall yet praise him, I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance, and my God,

and my God. Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

and my God. I shall yet praise him, I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

GOD CALLING YET. L. M.

1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?

2. God call - ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I his loving voice des - pise, And base - ly his kind care re - pay? He calls me still, can I de - lay?

3. God call - ing yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the clo - ser lock! He still is waiting to re - ceive, And shall I dare his Spir - it grieve!

MOTET. "HOW SWEET ARE THY WORDS." WM. B. BRADBURY.

Dolce Moderato.

How sweet are thy words, How sweet are thy words, How sweet are thy words, un - to my taste, How sweet are thy

How sweet are thy words un - to my taste, How sweet are thy

How sweet are thy

How sweet are thy words, How sweet are thy words un - to my taste,

words un - to my taste, O Lord, How sweet are thy words un - to my taste.

words un - to my taste, O Lord, How sweet are thy words un - to my taste, Yea, sweet - er than hon - ey to my

Cres. *Dim.*

“HOW SWEET ARE THY WORDS.” CONCLUDED.

Yea, sweet-er than hon-ey to my mouth. Thy word is a lamp un-to my feet, and a light un - to my

Yea, sweet-er than honey to my mouth.

mouth..... Thy word is a lamp un-to my feet, and a light un - to my

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a rest followed by the lyrics 'Yea, sweet-er than hon-ey to my mouth. Thy word is a lamp un-to my feet, and a light un - to my'. It includes dynamic markings *mp* and *Cres.* and a fermata over the final note. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a rest followed by the lyrics 'Yea, sweet-er than honey to my mouth.' and then 'mouth..... Thy word is a lamp un-to my feet, and a light un - to my'. It features a long melisma line under 'mouth.....' and dynamic markings *mp* and *Cres.*

path..... Thy word is a lamp un - to my feet, And a light, a light un - to my path. A - - men, A - men.

Thy word is a lamp un - to my feet, And a light, a light un - to my path. A - men, A - men.

path.....

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a rest followed by the lyrics 'path..... Thy word is a lamp un - to my feet, And a light, a light un - to my path. A - - men, A - men.' It includes dynamic markings *pp* and *f*. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a rest followed by the lyrics 'Thy word is a lamp un - to my feet, And a light, a light un - to my path. A - men, A - men.' It includes dynamic markings *m*, *Cres.*, *f*, and *pp*. Both staves end with a double bar line.

HYMN BEFORE SACRAMENT. ✻

Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken! Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed! By whom the words of

Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken! Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed! By whom the words of

life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead! Look on the heart by sor - row broken, Look on the

life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead! Look on the heart by sor - row broken, Look on the

HYMN BEFORE SACRAMENT. CONCLUDED.

tears by sin-ners shed, And be thy feast to us the to-ken That by thy grace our souls are fed!

tears by sin-ners shed, And be thy feast to us the to-ken That by thy grace our souls are fed!

SWEET THOUGHTS. C. M.

1. When lan-guor and dis-ease in-vade This trembling house of clay, 'Tis sweet to look be-yond my pains, And long to fly a-way.

2. Sweet to look in-ward, and at-tend The whispers of his love; Sweet to look up-ward to the place Where Je-sus pleads a-bove.

3. Sweet to re-flect how grace di-vine My sins on Je-sus laid; Sweet to re-mem-ber that his blood My debt of suffering paid.

IN THY PRAISE OUR VOICES FALTER. *



1. In thy praise our voi - ees fal - ter, Weak the prayers our hearts up - lift, But we lay them on the al - tar That can



2. Give us, Lord, in our de - vo - tion, Lips that burn with al - tar - fire, Hearts that glow with that e - mo - tion Which thy



hal - low ev - ery gift. Fragrant from the gold - en cen - ser May our praise and prayer as - cend; Prayer, to find a gra - cious



Spi - rit doth in - spire: Souls that are in words out - pour - ing Longings which thy grace hath given; Hope re - joic - ing, Faith a -



“IN THY PRAISE OUR VOICES FALTER.” CONCLUDED.

an-swer, Praise, with an - gels' songs to blend; Prayer, to find a gra - cious an-swer, Praise, with an - gels' songs to blend.

- dor - ing, Love as - pir - ing un - to heaven; Hope re - joie - ing, Faith a - dor - ing, Love as - pir - ing un - to heaven.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics underneath. The third staff continues the melody in the same key and time. The fourth staff is the bass line, also in G major and 4/4 time. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

HASTE, MY DULL SOUL; ARISE.

1. { Haste, my dull soul, a-rise, Cast off thy care, }
 { Press to thy native skies, Mighty in prayer. } Je - sus has gone be-fore, Count all thy troubles o'er, He who thy bur - den bore, Je - sus is there.

2. { Soul, for the marriage-feast Robe and pre-pare, }
 { Purenness becomes each guest: Je - sus is there. } Saints, wave your victory palms, Chant your celestial psalms; Bride of the Lamb, thy charms Oh, let us wear!

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are in G major and 2/4 time, with lyrics underneath. The third staff continues the melody in the same key and time. The fourth staff is the bass line, also in G major and 2/4 time. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

I WILL ARISE. Sentence.

Melody in part from CECIL.

From Carmina Sacra.

I will a - rise, and go to my Fa-ther, and will say un-to him, "Fa - ther, Fa - ther! I have sin-ned, have

I will a - rise, I will a - rise, and go to my Fa-ther, and will say un - to him, "Fa-ther, Fa - ther! I have sin-ned, have

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 3/4 time, with lyrics: "I will a - rise, and go to my Fa-ther, and will say un-to him, 'Fa - ther, Fa - ther! I have sin-ned, have". The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third staff is a vocal line in G major, 3/4 time, with lyrics: "I will a - rise, I will a - rise, and go to my Fa-ther, and will say un - to him, 'Fa-ther, Fa - ther! I have sin-ned, have". The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment. There are diamond-shaped ornaments above the piano accompaniment in the second and third staves.

sin - ned against heaven and be - fore thee, and am no more wor - thy to be call - ed thy son, and am no more worthy to be call - ed thy son."

sin - ned against heaven and be - fore thee, and am no more wor - thy to be call - ed thy son,..... to be call - ed thy son."

and am no more wor - thy to be call - ed thy son."

Ritard.

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of the musical score. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 3/4 time, with lyrics: "sin - ned against heaven and be - fore thee, and am no more wor - thy to be call - ed thy son, and am no more worthy to be call - ed thy son." The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third staff is a vocal line in G major, 3/4 time, with lyrics: "sin - ned against heaven and be - fore thee, and am no more wor - thy to be call - ed thy son,..... to be call - ed thy son." The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment. The word "Ritard." is written above the second staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

I WILL ARISE.

W.M. B. BRADBURY.

Cres. *mf* *mp*

I will a - rise, ... I will a-rise, and go to my Fa-ther, and say un-to Him, say un-to Him, Fa - ther, Fa - - ther,

will a - rise, I will a-rise, and go to my Fa-ther, and say un-to Him, say un-to Him, Fa - ther, Fa - - ther,

Cres. *mf* *mp*

I will a - rise, I will a - rise, ... and go to my Fa-ther, and say un - to Him, say un - to Him, Fa - ther, Fa - - ther,

I will a-rise, and go to my Fa-ther, and say un-to Him, say un-to Him, Fa - ther, Fa - - ther,

p Affet.

I have sin-ned, I have sin-ned against heav-en and be - fore thee, and am no more worthy, no more wor - thy to be call-ed thy son.

I have sin-ned, I have sin - ned against heav-en and be - fore thee, and am no more worthy, no more wor - thy to be call-ed thy son.

p

I have sin-ned, I have sin - ned against heav-en and be - fore thee, and am no more worthy, no more wor - thy to be call-ed thy son:

IN THE SILENT MIDNIGHT WATCHES.*

WM. B. BRADBURY.

QUARTETTE or CHORUS.

1. In the si - lent mid - night watches List - thy bo - som's door, How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh, ev - er - more.

2. Death comes down, with reckless footsteps, To the hall and hut; Think you death will tar - ry knock - ing, When the door is shut?

3. Then 'tis time to stand en - treat - ing Christ to let you in; At the gate of heav - en beat - ing, Wailing for thy sin.

4. Think, then, while thy pulse is beat - ing, And thy heart of sin, How thy Sa - viour stands and cri - eth, " Rise and let me in ;"

Say not 'tis thy pul - ses beat - ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin; 'Tis thy Sa - viour knocks and cri - eth, " Rise, and let me in!"

Je - sus wait - eth, wait - eth, wait - eth, But the door is fast; Grieved, a way thy Sa - viour go - eth, Death breaks in at last. Nay! a - las, thou guilt - y creature! Hast thou then for - got? Je - sus wait - e! long to know thee, Now he knows thee 'not.

* How he knock - eth, knock eth, knock - eth, Knocketh ev - er - more, In the si - lent mid - night watch - es, At thy bo - som - door.

* From ORIOLA, a new Hymn and Tune Book for Sabbath Schools.

LITANY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



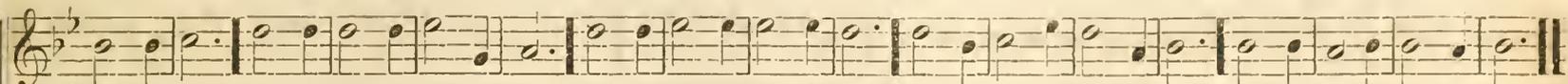
1. Sa-viour, when in dust to thee Low we bow th'a-dor-ing knee; When, re-pent-ant, to the skies Scaree we lift our streaming eyes; Oh, by all thy



2. By thine hour of dark de-spair, By thine ag-o-ny of prayer, By the pur-ple robe of scorn, By thy wounds—the crown of thorn—By thy cross—thy



3. By thy deep, ex-pir-ing groan, By the sealed se-pulchral stone, By thy triumphs o'er the grave, By thy power from death to save, Might-y God, as-



pains and woe, Suf-fered once for man be-low, Bend-ing from thy throne on high, Hear thy peo-ple when they cry, Hear thy peo-ple when they cry.



pangs and eries, By thy per-fect sac-ri-fice— Je-sus, look with pity-ing eye, Hear thy peo-ple when they cry, Hear thy peo-ple when they cry.



- - cend-ed Lord, To thy throne in heaven restored, Saviour, Prince, ex-alt-ed high, Hear thy peo-ple when they cry, Hear thy peo-ple when they cry.



NEARER HOME. Or, "FOR EVER WITH THE LORD!" ❄

1. "For ev - er with the Lord!" A - men! so let it be: Life from the dead is in that word; 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty! 2. Here, in the bo - dy pent, Ab -

3. My Father's house on high, Home of my soul! how near, At times, to faith's far - sec - ing eye, Thy golden gates ap - pear! 4. "For ev - er with the Lord!" Fa -

5. So, when my la - test breath Shall rend the vail in twain, By death I shall escape from death, And life e - ter - nal gain. 6. That re - sur - rec - tion word! That

- - - sent from him I roam; Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march nearer home, Near - er home, near - er home, A day's march nearer home.

- - - ther, if 'tis thy will, The promise of that faithful word, E'en here to me ful - fill, Here ful - fill, here ful - fill, E'en here to me ful fill.

shout of vic - to ry! Once more—"For ever with the Lord!" A - men! so let it be! Let it be! let it be! A - men! so let it be!

NEARER TO THEE.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me ;

2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone ;

3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heaven ; All that Thou send - est me, In mer - cy given ;

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, — Near - er to Thee !

Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee, — Near - er to Thee !

An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee, — Near - er to Thee !

4.
Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, —
Nearer to Thee !

5.
Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly :
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, —
Nearer to Thee !

NOW UNTO THE KING. Doxology.

DR. HASTINGS.

Allegro Maestoso.

Now, un-to the King e - ter - nal, im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, the on - ly wise, on - ly wise God, be hon - or and glo - ry for ev - er and

Now, un-to the King e - ter - nal, im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, the on - ly wise, on - ly wise God, be hon - or and glo - ry for ev - er and

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 2/2 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, and a dotted quarter note D5. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, starting with a bass clef. It features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords that support the vocal melody. The lyrics are printed below each staff.

ev - er, for ev - er and ev - er. Now, un-to the King e - ter - nal, im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, the on - ly wise.

ev - er, for ev - er and ev - er. Now, un-to the King e - ter - nal, im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, the on - ly wise.

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal line from the first system, with a repeat sign at the beginning of the second measure. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below each staff. The music concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

NOW UNTO THE KING. CONCLUDED.

on - ly wise God, be hon - or and glo - ry for ev - er and ev - er, for ev - er and ev - er. A - men, A - men.

on - ly wise God, be hon - or and glo - ry for ev - er and ev - er, for ev - er and ev - er. A - men, A - men.

EVENING EXPOSTULATION. L. M.

1. Oh, do not let the word de - part, Aud close thine eyes a - gainst the light; Poor sin-ner, hard - en not thy heart: Thou would'st be saved; why not to-night?

2. To-mor-row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight; This is the time; oh, then be wise! Thou would'st be saved; why not to-night?

3. Our God in pi - ty lin - gers still; And wilt thou thus his love re - quite? Renounce at length thy stub-born will: Thou would'st be saved; why not to-night?

4. Our blessed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to him their souls u - nite; Then be the work of grace be - gun: Thou would'st be saved; why not to-night?

NOW TO THE LORD. L. M.

Now to the Lord a no - ble song! A - wake, my soul! A - wake, my tongue! Ho - san - ua to th'e -

Now to the Lord a no - ble song! A - wake, my soul! a - wake, my tongue! Ho - san - ua to th'e - ter - nal

Now to the Lord a no - ble song! A - wake, my soul! a - wake, my tongue! Ho - san - na to th'e -

ter - nal name, And all his bound - less love proclaim, And all his boundless love pro - claim.

name, And all his boundless love proclaim, And all his boundless love proclaim.

ter - nal name, And all his bound - less love proclaim, And all his boundless love pro - claim.

2.

See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
The brightest image of his grace!
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3.

Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

4.

Oh! may I reach that happy place,
Where he unfolds his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

O SACRED HEAD ONCE WOUNDED.

1. O Sa- cred Head once wounded, With grief and pain weighed down! How scornfully surrounded, With thorns thy only crown! How art thou pale with anguish, With

2. What thou, my Lord, hast suffered, Was all for sinners' gain, Mine, mine was the transgression, But thine the deadly pain. Lo! here I fall, my Sa- viour! 'Tis

3. What language shall I borrow To praise thee, Heavenly Friend, For this thy dy- ing sorrow, Thy pit- y without end, Lord, make me thine for- ev- er, Nor

sore a- buse and scorn! How does that vis- age languish, Which once was bright as morn! How does that visage languish, Which once was bright as morn!

I deserve *thy* place: Look on me with thy fa- vor, Vouchsafe to me thy grace! Look on me with thy fa- vor, Vouchsafe to me thy grace!

let me faithless prove: Oh! let me nev- er, nev- er A- buse such dy- ing love, Oh! let me never, ne- ver A- buse such dy- ing love.

PILGRIM BURDENED WITH THY SIN. ✠



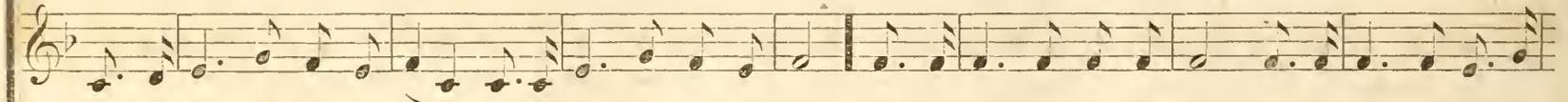
1. Pilgrim burdened with thy sin, Haste to Zi-on's gate to-day, There, till mer-cy let thee in, Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.



2. Mourning Pilgrim! what for thee In this world can now re-main? Seek that world from which shall flee Sorrow, shame, and tears, and pain.



Knock—for mer-cy lends an ear; Weep—she marks the sin-ner's sigh; Watch—the heavenly light ap-pears; Pray—she hears the mourner's



Sor-row shall for ev-er fly; Shame shall nev-er en-ter there; Tears be wiped from ev-ery eye; Pain in end-less bliss, ex-



PILGRIM BURDENED WITH THY SIN. CONCLUDED.

cry, Watch—the heavenly light ap-pears; Pray—she hears the mourner's cry, She hears the mourner's cry, She hears the mourner's cry.

Dim. *Cres.* *Ritard.* *Dim.*

- pire, Tears be wiped from ev - ery eye; Pain in end - less bliss ex - pire, In end - less bliss ex - pire, In end - less bliss ex - pire.

INTERCESSION.

1. O thou, the con-trite sinner's Friend! Who, lov-ing, lov'st them to the end, On this a - lone my hopes de-pend, That thou wilt plead for me.

2. When wea - ry in the Christian race, Far off ap-pears my rest-ing place, And, faint - ing, I mis-trust thy grace, Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3. When Sa - tan, by my sins made bold, Strives from thy cross to loose my hold, Then with thy pityng arms en-fold, And plead, oh! plead for me.

4. Then, passed life's bound of hope and fear, When at the judg-ment I ap-pear, A joy - ful wel-come I shall hear, For thou wilt plead for me.

"PEACEFULLY, TENDERLY."

(MISSIONARY.)

Gentle.

1. Peace - ful - ly, ten - der - ly, Here, as we part, The fare - well that lin - gers Be breathed from the heart. No place more

2. Thought - ful - ly, care - ful - ly, Sol - emn and slow! Tears are be - dew - ing the path that we go; Per - ils be -

fit - ting, O house of the Lord, Here be it spo - ken, That last prayerful word.

fore us We know not to - day— Kind - ly and safe - ly, O Lord, lead the way.

3.
Upwardly, steadfastly,
Gaze on that brow:
Jesus, our Leader,
Reigns conqueror now.
His steps let us follow,
His sufferings dare,
Go up to glory,
His blessedness share.

4.
Patiently, cheerfully,
Up, and depart
To labor and duty
With undismayed heart;
The ransomed, with gladness,
To Zion we'll bring,
Shouting salvation
To Jesus, our King.

“SOFTLY, NOW, THE LIGHT OF DAY.”

L. V. BEETHOVEN.

QUARTETTE, or SEMI-CHORUS.

Adagio. *Cres.* *Dim.*

mf

p



1. Softly, now, the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord! I would commune with



2. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord! to dwell with



thee, Lord! I would commune with thee. Ho - ly Sab - bath, bless - ed Sab - bath, Fad - ing from my sight a - way.



thee, Take me, Lord! to dwell with thee. Ho - ly Sab - bath, heavenly Sabbath, Take me, Lord! to dwell with thee.



SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK. ✻

1. { Safe - ly, thro' an - oth - er week, God has led us on our way, }
 { Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day; } Day of all the week the

2. { While we seek sup - plies of grace, Through the dear Re - deem - er's name, } Day of all the
 { Show thy re - con - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame; } From our world - ly cares set

best, Em - blem of e - ter - - - nal rest, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.

week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest, Em - blem of e - ter - - - - - nal rest.....
 free, May we rest this day in thee, May we rest this day in thee.

Ritard.

SEEKING REFUGE.

1. Forth from the dark and stormy sky, Lord, to thine al - tar's shade we fly; Forth from the world, its hope and fear, Fa - ther, we seek thy shel - ter here:

2. Long have we roamed in want and pain, Long have we sought thy rest in vain; Wildered in doubt, in dark - ness lost, Long have our souls been tempest - tost:

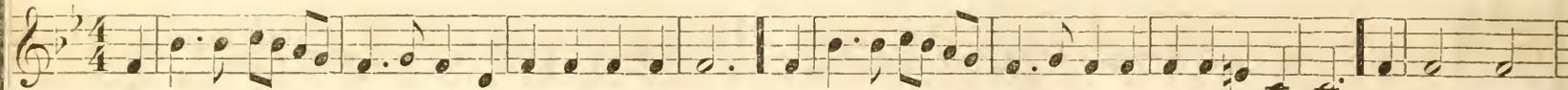
Fa - ther, we seek thy shel - ter here: Weary and weak, thy grace we pray: Turn not, O Lord, thy guests a - way! Turn not, O Lord, thy guests a - way!

Long have our souls been tempest - tost: Here at thy feet our sins we lay; Turn not, O Lord, thy guests a - way! Turn not, O Lord, thy guests a - way!

SING HALLELUJAH. 8s & 6s. Peculiar.



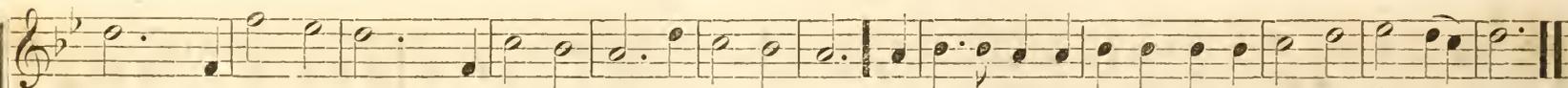
1. Sing—Hal-le - lujah ! praise the Lord ! Sing with a cheerful voice ; Ex - alt our God with one accord, And in his name rejoice : Ne'er cease to



2. There we, to all e - ter - nity, Shall join th' angelic lays, And sing, in per - fect har - mony, To God our Saviour's praise ; He hath re -



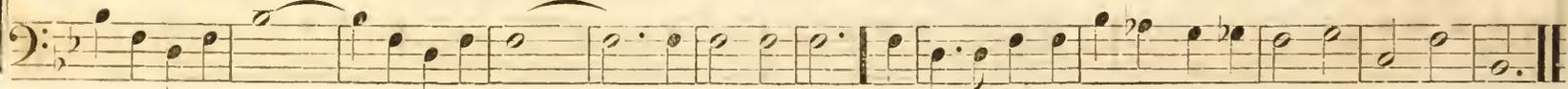
Ne'er cease to



sing, Thou ransomed host ! To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Till, in the realms of endless light, Your praises shall u - nite.



- deemed us by his blood, And made us kings and priests to God : For us, for us the Lamb was slain, — Praise ye the Lord ! — Amen.



STAND UP FOR JESUS.*

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Stand up for Je-sus! All who lead his host! Crowned with the splendors of the Ho-ly Ghost! Shrink from no foe, to no tempta-tions yield!

2. Stand up for Je-sus! Ye of ev-ery name! All one in prayer, and all with praise-a-flame! For-get the sad estrangement of the past.

3. Stand up for Je-sus! Lo! at God's right hand Je-sus him-self for us delights to stand! Let saints and sin-ners wonder at His grace:

CHORUS.

Urge on the tri-umphs of this glo-rious field— Stand up for Je-sus! Stand up for Je-sus! Stand up for Je-sus!

With one con-sent in love and peace at last, Stand up for Je-sus! Stand up for Je-sus! Stand up for Je-sus!

Let Jews and Gen-tiles blend, and all our race— Stand up for Je-sus! Stand up for Je-sus! Stand up for Je-sus!

* Dying charge of REV. DUDLEY A. TYNO.

THE LAMBS.

1. Come, youthful wanderers, haste to the Sa-viour, Come ye to Je-sus, draw near to his side; Kneel at his mer-cy-seat, sue for his fa-vor,

2. Hear his in-vit-ing voice, come in life's morning, Give up your souls to the Guide of your youth: How fair is grace the young bo-som a-dorn-ing!

3. Can you find pleasure in pathways un-ho-ly? Hope ye for wisdom in wandering from God? Sor-row and shame wait the votaries of fol-ly;

4. Has he not died for you? look un-to Calvary; There see the to-kens of sor-row and love: Lives he not now for you? Je-sus, the Sa-viour,

Lambs of his bo-som, for whom he hath died, Kneel at his mer-cy-seat, sue for his fa-vor, Lambs of his bo-som, for whom he hath died.

What robe so pure as the raiment of truth? How fair is grace the young bo-som a-dorn-ing! What robe so pure as the raiment of truth? Earth has no eom-fort not found in his blood, Sor-row and shame wait the votaries of fol-ly; Earth has no eom-fort not found in his blood.

Rose and as-cend-ed to crown you a-bove, Lives he not now for you? Je-sus, the Sa-viour, Rose and as-cend-ed to crown you a-bove.

* Small notes to be used in 2d and 3d stanzas.

THE LORD IS RISEN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. How calm and beau-ti-ful the morn, That gilds the sa-cred tomb, Where once the Crucified was born, And veiled in midnight gloom!



2. Ye mourning saints! dry ev-ery tear For your de-part-ed Lord; "Behold the place—he is not there," The tomb is not unbarred:



3. Now cheer-ful to the house of prayer Your ear-ly footsteps bend, The Saviour will himself be there, Your Advocat-and Friend.



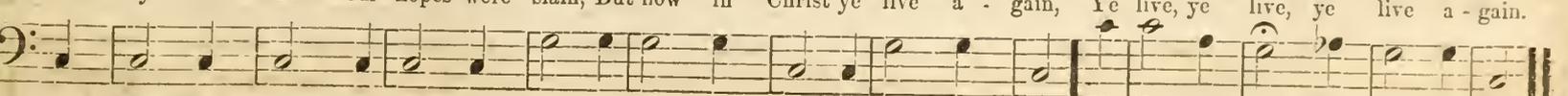
Oh! weep no more the Sa-viour slain; The Lord is risen—he lives a-gain, He lives, he lives, he lives a-gain.



The gates of death were closed in vain; The Lord is risen—he lives a-gain, He lives, he lives, he lives a-gain.



Once by the law our hopes were slain, But now in Christ ye live a-gain, Ye live, ye live, ye live a-gain.



THE MISSIONARY'S CALL.

Words Arranged from Rev. N. BROWN, Assam, Asia.
CHANT.

Music by EDWARD HOWE, JR.

<p>1. My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange and secret whisper to my 2. Why live I here? The vows of God are..... 3. And I will..... 4. Henceforth, then, it matters not if storm or sunshine be my..... 5. And when I come to stretch me for the..... 6. And if one, for whom Satan hath struggled as he hath for.....</p>	<p>spirit..... on me..... go!..... earthly lot..... last..... me,.....</p>	<p>like a dream of..... { and I may not stop to play with shadows, or pluck earthly I may no longer doubt to give up friends and idol..... in unattended agony, beneath neath the cocoon's..... should ever reach that blessed.....</p>	<p>night,.. flowers.. hopes,.. cup,..... shade... shore,...</p>	<p>that tells me I am on en..... till I my work have done, and..... and every tie that binds my heart to.... { I only pray, "God make me holy,} { and my spirit nerve for the stern.. } it will be sweet that I have toiled for.. O how this heart will glow with.....</p>	<p>chant - ed .. ground. rendered up ae- count. thee, ... my.. country! hour..... of.. strife! other worlds } this. than..... } grat- itude and love..</p>
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Vivace. - CHORUS - after each of the first five verses.

Cres. p

The voice of my de - part - ed Lord, "Go teach all nations," Comes on the night air, and a - wakes mine ear.

Cres. p

The voice of my de - part - ed Lord, "Go, teach all nations," Comes on the night - air, and a - wakes mine ear.

THE MISSIONARY'S CALL. Concluded.

CHORUS—for last verse.

Through a - ges of e - ter - nal years, My spir - it nev - er shall re - pent That toil and suffering once were mine be - low.

Through a - ges of e - ter - nal years, My spir - it nev - er shall re - pent That toil and suffering once were mine be - low.

CHILDS. S. M.

J. ZUNDEL, 1850.

Largo.

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

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

3. There, safe thou shalt a - bide, There, sweet shall be thy rest, And ev - ery long - ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.

THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE.

The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, Let all the earth keep silence,

The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, Let all the earth keep si - lence be -

keep silence be - fore him, Let all the earth keep silence keep silence, keep silence be - fore him.

be - fore him, keep silence be - fore him.

keep silence be - fore him, Let all the earth keep silence keep silence be - fore him.....

- fore him, be - fore him, be - fore him, keep silence be - fore him.

THE PILGRIM PATH.



1. This pil - grim - path by Thee was trod, Je - sus! my King! by Thee— Traced by Thy feet, Thy tears, Thy blood, In



2. Let ev - ery step, let ev - ery thought, Sweet memories bear to Thee! And hear the soul Thy love hath bought, Whose



love, in death, for me— O! bring my soul still near - er, "Near - er to Thee."



ev - ery cry shall be, "Near - er to Thee," my Saviour, "Near - er to Thee."



3.

Thou wilt! Thou dost!—a still small voice
Whispers of faith in Thee,
Of hope that might in grief rejoice,
If still the way-cry be—
"Nearer to Thee," my Saviour,
"Nearer to Thee."

4.

A few more days to me, perhaps,
And time shall cease to be—
But boundless love can know no lapse,
Thou art eternity!
Draw then my soul still nearer,
"Nearer to Thee."

“THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS.”

1. Here on earth, O Lord, a stranger, Home to thee I turn mine eye, Led in pathways dark with danger, I on thy sure help re - ly.

2. To thy will in meek sub-mis-sion May I yield me day by day; In thy word find good pro-vis-ion To sus-tain me by the way.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in 3/4 time, with lyrics for two verses. The second and third staves are treble clef accompaniment, and the bottom staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Thro' these thirst-y deserts guide me Where the liv - ing wa - ter springs; In the times of trouble hide me In the shad - ow of thy wings.

May I walk with thee be - fore me, In the light thy presence brings; Be my Sun, and Shield,—and o'er me Spread the shadow of thy wings.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in 3/4 time, with lyrics for two verses. The second and third staves are treble clef accompaniment, and the bottom staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

THOU SHALT RISE!

1. Thou shalt rise! my dust, thou shalt a - rise; Not al - ways closed thine eyes; Thy life's first Giv - er

2. Sown in dark - ness, but to bloom a - gain, When, af - ter win - ter's reign, Je - sus is reap - ing

The first system of music consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The second and third staves are also treble clefs. The bottom staff is a bass clef. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes.

Will give thee life for ev - er, Ah! praise his name.

The seed now gen - tly sleep - ing, Ah! praise his name.

The second system of music also consists of four staves, following the same clef and key signature as the first system. It continues the melody and accompaniment for the final two verses.

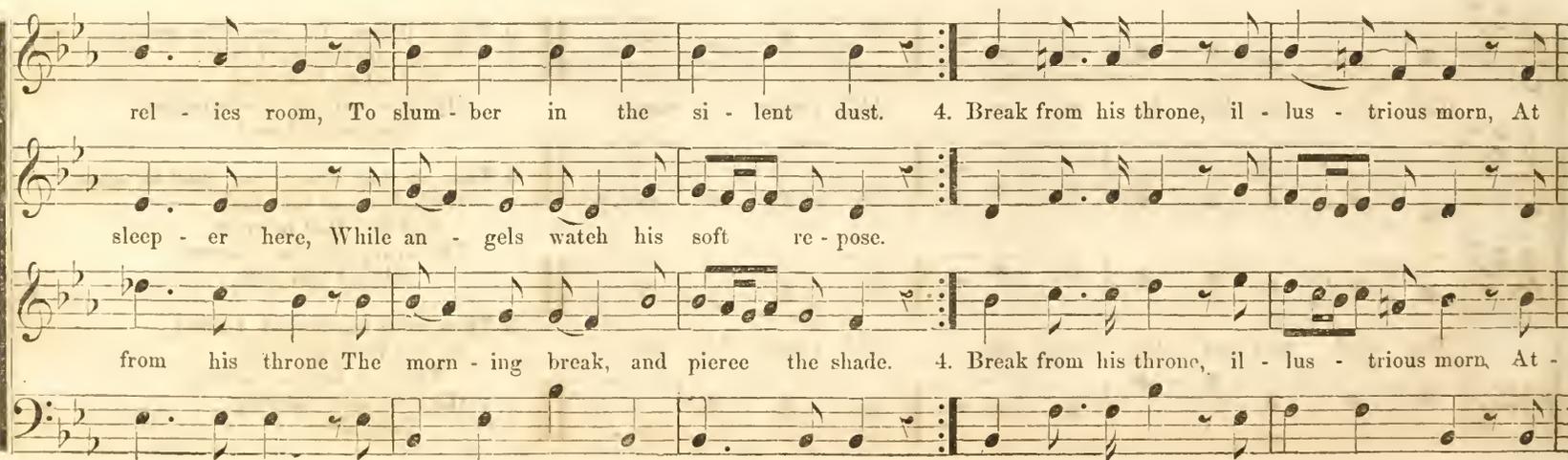
3. Day of praise! for thee, thou wondrous day,
 In my quiet grave I stay;
 And when I number
 My days and nights of slumber,
 Thou wakest me!
4. Then, as they who dream, shall we arise
 With Jesus to the skies,
 And find that morrow,
 The weary pilgrim's sorrow
 All past and gone.
5. Then, with the holiest, I tread,
 By my Redeemer led,
 Through heaven soaring,
 His holy name adoring
 Eternally!

UNVEIL THY BOSOM, FAITHFUL TOMB.

HANDEL.



1. Un-veil thy bo - som, faith - ful tomb; Take this new treas - ure to thy breast; And give these sa - cred



2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anx - ious fear, In - vades thy bounds: no mor - tal woes Can reach the peace - ful

3. So Je - sus slept, God's dy - ing Son Passed thro' the grave, and blest the bed; Rêst here, blest saint, till

rel - ies room, To slum - ber in the si - lent dust. 4. Break from his throne, il - lus - trious morn, At

sleep - er here, While an - gels watch his soft re - pose.

from his throne The morn - ing break, and pierce the shade. 4. Break from his throne, il - lus - trious morn, At -

UNVEIL THY BOSOM, FAITHFUL TOMB.

tend, O earth, his sov - 'reign word; Restore thy trust— a glo - rious form Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord.

tend, O earth, his sov - 'reign word; Restore thy trust— a glo - rious form Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The piece begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "tend, O earth, his sov - 'reign word; Restore thy trust— a glo - rious form Shall then a - rise to meet the Lord." The score includes repeat signs at the end of each line.

COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOR. Quartette or Chorus. W. B. B.

Come un - to me, all ye that la - bor, and are hea - vy la - den, and I will give you rest, I will give you rest. Take my yoke up -

Come un - to me, all ye that la - bor, and are hea - vy la - den, and I will give you rest, I will give you rest. Take my yoke up -

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/2. The piece begins with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "Come un - to me, all ye that la - bor, and are hea - vy la - den, and I will give you rest, I will give you rest. Take my yoke up -". The score includes dynamic markings (*mp*, *mf*, *p*, *m*) and repeat signs at the end of each line.

COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOR. CONCLUDED.

pp *mf* *mp* *m*

on you, and learn of me, Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; For I am meek, and low-ly of heart, and ye shall find
on you, and learn of me,..... and learn of me; and ye shall find
Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; For I am meek, and low-ly of heart, and ye shall find

mp *pp* *Rit.*

rest un-to your souls. For my yoke is ea-sy, and my bur-den is light. His yoke is ea-sy, and his bur-den is light.
rest un-to your souls. For my yoke is ea-sy, and my bur-den is light,..... His bur-den is light.
His yoke is ea-sy, and his bur-den is light.

WATCH AND PRAY.

1. Watch and pray! Watch and pray! Pil - grim on life's tear - ful way! Strength ye need each fleet - ing hour, While ye feel the

2. Hope and trust! Hope and trust! Child of sor - row—child of dust! Place not here thy fond de - sire, But to heavenly

tempter's power; Watch and pray! Watch and pray! Faith shall turn the night to day.

things as - pire! See on high See on high, Joys that ne'er will fade or die!

3.

Pray and fight! pray and fight!
 Keep thine armor ever bright,
 Soon thy trials will be done,
 Soon the crown of victory won!
 Watch and pray,
 Looking for the better day.

4.

Watch and pray, watch and pray,
 Ye that seek the brighter ray,
 Grace can all thy foes subdue,
 Grace thy fainting strength renew,
 Watch and pray,
 Pilgrim on life's tearful way.

WHY DO YE MOURN?

1. Why do ye mourn the loss of friends so dear? Grieve at the tri - als they have suffered here, Through trib - u -

2. All the sharp con - flicts they en - dured be - low Cause but the tide of bliss to o - ver - flow; No sad re -

3. Oh then re - gard no more with thoughts of gloom The ills that met their path - way to the tomb; Be - hold the

4. Ye mourn their ab - sence; wait a lit - tle while, Then meet a - gain, with an e - ter - nal smile, The loved ones,

- la - tion they ob - tained the prize, A crown of glo - ry sparkling in the skies. Then weep no more.

- mem - bran - ees their thoughts em - ploy; Those seeds of sor - row bear the fruits of joy. Then weep no more.

spi - rits of your friends a - bove, Re - joic - ing in the fields of light and love. Then weep no more.

and par - take of their re - ward, Re - joic - ing in the glo - ry of the Lord. Oh weep no more.

LONG-LOVED ZION.*



CHORUS.

1. Where Babel's drooping willows stood, Far from long-loved Zi - on, We hung our harps, in si - lent mood, Far from long-loved Zi - on. We're thronging home, we're

2. Great things the Lord hath done for us, Far from long-loved Zi - on, Our toilsome race is near - ly run, Far from long-loved Zi - on. We're thronging home, we're

3. As streams their mighty torrents pour, Far from long-loved Zi - on; So turn our hearts to thee once more, Home to long-loved Zi - on. We're thronging home, we're

thronging home, Home to long-loved Zi - on, We're thronging home, we're thronging home, Home to long-loved Zion.

thronging home, Home to long-loved Zi - on, We're thronging home, we're thronging home, Home to long-loved Zion.

4. With faces turned for Zion's hill,
Home to long-loved Zion;
Our harps and hearts with rapture thrill,
Home to long-loved Zion.
We're thronging home, &c.
5. We soon shall reach our Father's land,
Home in long-loved Zion;
Our feet within thy gates shall stand,
Home in long-loved Zion.
We're thronging home, &c.
6. Our grateful incense to the skies,
Home in long-loved Zion;
Mingled with holy songs shall rise,
Home in long-loved Zion.
We're thronging home, &c.

HOME IN HEAVEN.



1. I have a home a - bove, From sin and sor - row free; A mansion which e - ter - nal love Designed and formed for me.



2. My Saviour's precious blood Has made my ti - tle sure; He passed thro' death's dark raging flood, To make my rest se - cure.



My Father's gracious hand Has built this sweet a - bode; From ev - er - last - ing it was planned My dwelling-place with God.



The Comfort - er has come, The earnest has been given; He leads me for - ward to the home Preserved for me in heaven.



"JUST AS I AM."

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!

3. Just as I am, though tossed about With ma-ny a con-flict, ma-ny a doubt, With fears with-in and wars without, O Lamb of God, I come!

4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind—Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come!

5. Just as I am—thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, relieve, Be-cause thy pro-mise, I be-lieve— O Lamb of God, I come!

6. Just as I am—thy love unknown Has brok-en ev'-ry bar-rier down; Now to be thine, yea, thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come!

JETTER. 8s & 7s. Double.



D. C.

Moderately Slow.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus! I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low thee; }
 { Nak - ed, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be; } Per - ish ev' - ry fond am - bi - tion.— All I've sought, or hoped, or known!

d. c. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion,— God and heaven are still my own!

2. { Let the world do - spise and leave me; They have left my Sa - viour, too; }
 { Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me;—Thou art not, like them, un - true; } Oh, while thou dost smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might!

d. c. Foes may hate, and friends dis - own me;—Show thy face, and all is bright.

LONELY TRAVELER.

1. I'm a lone - ly traveler here, Wea - ry, op - pressed, But my journey's end is near,—Soon shall I rest! Dark and drear - y

2. I'm a wea - ry traveler here, I must go on, For my journey's end is near, I must be gone. Brighter joys than

3. I'm a traveler to a land, Where all is fair, Where is seen no bro - ken band—All, all are there. Where no tear shall

is the way, Toil - ing I've come; Ask me not with you to stay, Yon - der's my home.

earth can give, Win me a - way; Pleasures that for - ev - er live— I can - not stay.

ev - er fall, Nor heart be sad; Where the glo - ry is for all, And all are glad.

4.
I'm a traveler, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell, all I've loved below—
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,
If heaven be mine.

5.
I'm a traveler—call me not—
Upward my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot;
I cannot stay.
Farewell, earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I'll roam;
Hail me not—in vain you call
Yonder's my home.

OH, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. S. M. Double.*

W. B. B.

1. Oh, sing to me of heaven, When I am called to die, Sing songs of ho - ly ce - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high.

2. When cold and slug - gish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow, Break forth in songs of joy - ful - ness, Let heaven be - gin be - low.

4. Then to my rap - tured soul Let one sweet song be given, Let mu - sic cheer me last on earth, And greet me first in heaven.

CHORUS.

There'll be no - sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there, In heaven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there, In heaven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

PENITENCE.

WM. A. OAKLEY.

Not too Fast.

1. Je - sus, let thy pity - ing eye Call back a wand'-ring sheep; False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.

2. Sa-viour, Princee, enthroned a-bove, Re-pent-ance to im-part, Give me, thro' thy dy - ing love, The hum-ble, con-trite heart;

3. For thy own compas - sion's sake, The gracious won - der show; Cast my sins be-hind thy back, And wash me white as snow;

Let me be by grace restored; On me be all long-suff-'ring shown; Turn, and look up-on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Give what I have long implored, A por - tion of thy grief unknown; Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

If thy bow - els now are stirred, If now I do myself bemoan, Turn, and look up-on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.*



1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and
n. c. And oft es-caped the tempter's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer, And oft es-caped the tempter's snare By thy re - turn, sweet

wish - es known : In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief;
hour of prayer.

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
: I 'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. :||

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I 'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. :||

SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.*

WM. B. BRADBURY.
CHORUS.

Slow.

1. { Tho' oft-en here we're wea-ry, There is sweet rest a - bove, A rest that is e - ter - nal, Where all is peace and love ; }
 { O let us then press forward, That glorious rest to gain ; We'll soon be free from sorrow, From toil, and care, and pain. } There is sweet rest in

2. { Loved ones have gone before us, They beekon us a - way, O'er aerial plains they're soaring, Blest in e - ter - nal day ; }
 { But we are in the ar - my, And dare not leave our post ; We'll fight until we con - quer The foe's most mighty host. } There is sweet rest in

Repeat Softly.

heaven, There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heaven.

heaven, There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heaven.

3. Our Saviour will be with us,
 E'en to our journey's end,
 In every sore affliction,
 His present help to lend.
 He never will grow weary,
 Though often we request
 He'll give us grace to conquer,
 And take us home to rest.
 There is sweet rest, &c.
4. All glory to the Father,
 Who gives us every good ;
 All glory be to Jesus,
 Who bought us with his blood ;
 And glory to the Spirit,
 Who keeps us to the end,
 To the triune God be glory,
 The sinner's only Friend.
 There is sweet rest, &c.

THE INVITATION.—TURN THEE, BROTHER.—A TRIO.

FOR MALE, FEMALE, OR MIXED VOICES.

1. Bro - ther, hast thou wan - dered far From thy Fa - ther's hap - py home, With thy - self and

God at war? Turn thee, bro - ther, home - ward come, Turn thee, bro - ther, home - ward come.

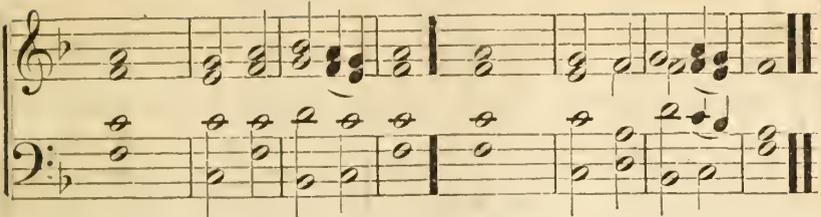
2.

Hast thou wasted all the powers
 God for noble uses gave?
 Squandered lifes' most golden hours?
 Turn thee, brother; God can save.

3.

He can heal thy bitterest wound,
 He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
 Seek him, for he may be found;
 Call upon him; he is near.

CHANT. No. 4. "The Lord's Prayer." GREGORIAN.



SELECTION 25.

The Lord's Prayer.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, | hal-
lowed | be thy | name:
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
on | earth, . . . as it | is in | heaven;

2. Give us this | day our | daily | bread;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we for-
give | them that | tres. . . pass a-
gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but
de- liver | us from | evil;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power,
and the glory, for- | ever. | A- | men.

CHANT. No. 5. "I will lift up mine eyes." DR. L. MASON.



SELECTION 18.

Psalms cxxi.

1. { I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence | cometh . . . my | help.
2. { My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made | heaven . . . and | earth.
3. { He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee | will not | slum-
ber.
4. { Behold, he that keepeth Israel,
Shall not | slumber . . . nor | sleep.

5. { The Lord is thy keeper;
The Lord is thy shade upon thy | right
— | hand.
6. { The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the | moon by | night.
7. { The Lord shall preserve thee from all
evil:
He shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
8. { The Lord shall preserve thy going out,
and thy coming in.
From this time forth, and even for ever-
more. | A— | men.

CHANT. No. 6. "Father, I know." W. B. B.



SELECTION 15.

"Thy will be done."

1. Father, I know thy ways are just,
Al- | though to me un- | known;
O, grant me grace thy love to trust,
And cry, | "Thy will be | done."
2. If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my
path,
Should | wealth and friends be | gone,

Still, with a firm and lively faith
I'll cry, | "Thy will be | done."
3. Although thy steps I cannot trace,
Thy | sovereign right I'll | own;
And, as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry, | "Thy will be | done."
4. 'Tis sweet thus passively to lie
Be- | fore thy gracious | throne,
Concerning every thing to cry
"My Father's | will be | done."

CHANT. No. 7. Prayer for Children. W. B. B.



SELECTION 23

Prayer for Children.

1. Shepherd, while thy flock are | feeding, |
Take these lambs in thine arms |
Now for shelter | pleading.

2. While the storm of life is | lowering, |
Night and day, beasts of prey
Are | lurking and de- | vouring.
3. Shepherd, every grace com- | bining, |
Keep these lambs in thine arms, |
On thy breast re- | clining.

*Solo or Semi-Chorus.**Chorus to every verse.*

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; For his mercy en-dur-eth for ev-er.

*Solo, or Semi-Chorus.**Chorus.*

O give thanks unto the God of gods; For his mercy endureth for ever. A-men.

PSALM CXXXVI.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; | <i>Cho.</i> For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 2. O give thanks unto the God of gods; | <i>Cho.</i> For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 3. O give thanks unto the Lord of lords; | <i>Cho.</i> For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 4. To him who alone doeth great wonders; | <i>Cho.</i> For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 5. To him that by wisdom made the heavens; | <i>Cho.</i> For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 6. To him that stretched out the earth above the waters; | <i>Cho.</i> For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 7. To him that made great lights; | <i>Cho.</i> For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 8. The sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to rule by night; | <i>Cho.</i> For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 9. Who remembered us in our low estate; | <i>Cho.</i> For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 10. And hath redeemed us from our enemies; | <i>Cho.</i> For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 11. Who giveth food to all flesh; | <i>Cho.</i> For his mercy endureth for ever. |
| 12. O give thanks unto the God of heaven; | <i>Cho.</i> For his mercy endureth for ever. |
- Amen.

Quick.

1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;

Still all my song shall be,—Nearer, my God, to thee,—Nearer to thee.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2. Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee;
Nearer to thee! | 4. Then, with my waking thought
 Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee! |
| 3. There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beekon me
Nearer, my God, to thee;
Nearer to thee! | 5. Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee! |

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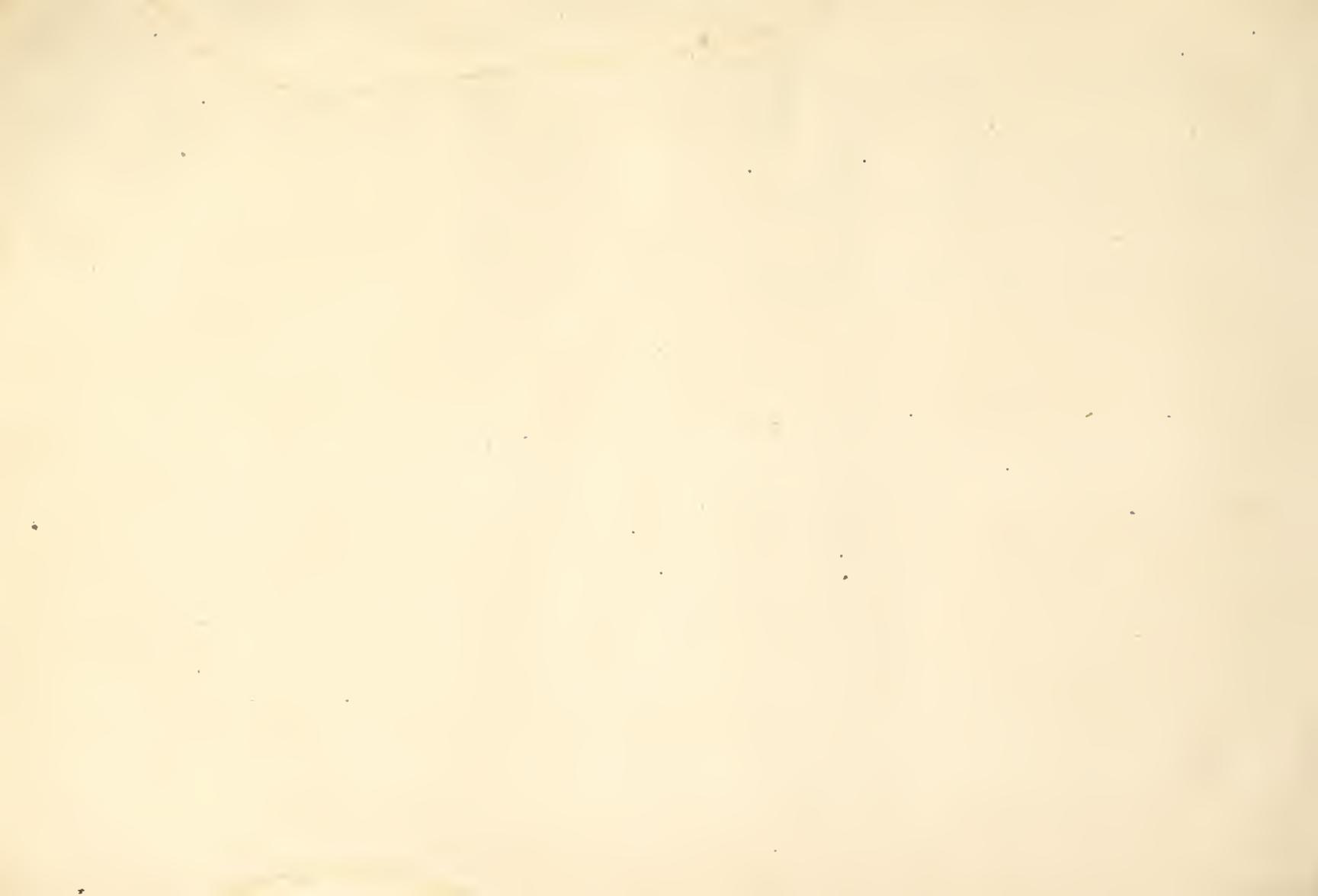
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