

PRECEPTOR
FOR THE
GRAND HARMONICON,
OR
MUSICAL GLASSES.

BY
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Sole Patentee.

BALTIMORE:
PRINTED BY JOHN D. TOY.
1831.

HARMONICON.

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670.2
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v.1

THE Harmonicon, although not new in its principles, is yet different in its construction from all those musical glasses which have heretofore been exhibited; and competent judges have pronounced it decidedly superior. It combines great power with extraordinary sweetness and richness of tone; and is susceptible at the same time of the utmost variety in its combinations. So soft are its tones, that some have called it "*the Æolian Harp harmonized*," while others on hearing its rich and powerful tones have been deceived by supposing it a well toned organ. Though capable of executing the most rapid passages, it is to soft and plaintive music that it is best adapted; affording a rich treat to the lovers of Scotch and Irish melody.

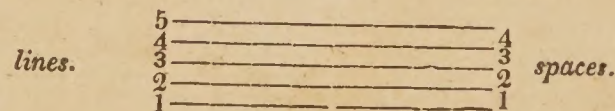
Unlike other instruments which require long and continued practice to attain a moderate degree of proficiency, the peculiar arrangement of these glasses ren-

ders it so simple, that a course of tuition for two or three weeks is sufficient to make a pleasing performer, and one who is already conversant with the rudiments of music, may from the instruction book alone, be enabled to play with facility after a few days' practice.

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTIONS.

Music is written on five parallel lines, with their intermediate spaces. These lines and spaces are called a *Staff*, and are counted upwards from the lowest.

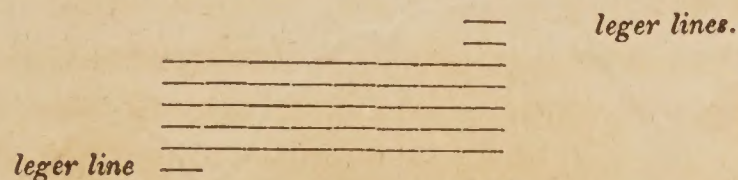
EXAMPLE:



Every line or space is called a degree; thus the staff includes nine degrees, viz. five lines and four spaces.

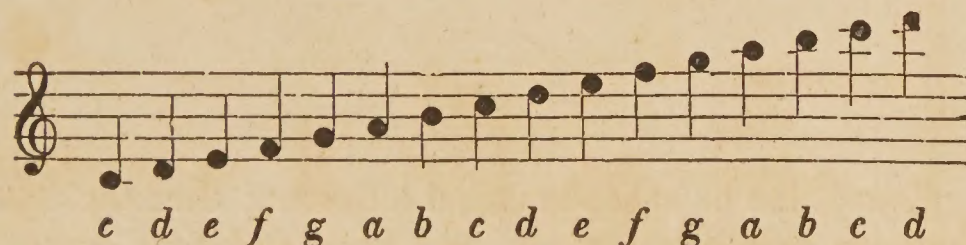
When more than nine degrees are wanted, the spaces above and below are used, and if a still greater compass is required, *leger lines* are added, either above or below the staff.

EXAMPLE.



There are seven original sounds in music, and these are named from the first seven letters of the alphabet, A B C D E F G. These letters representing the seven musical sounds, are affixed to the several degrees of the staff in regular order: thus E being on the first line, F is on the first space, G on the second line, A on the second space, &c.

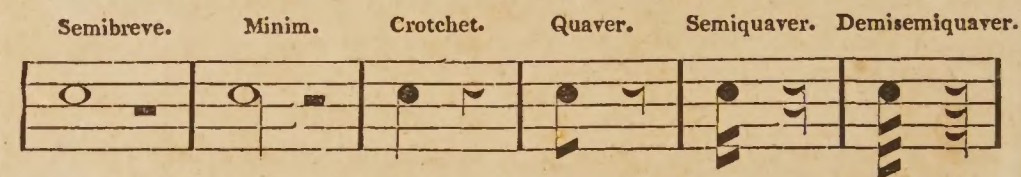
EXAMPLE.



It is important that the learner should know this gamut *perfectly*. Let him bear in mind the word FACE, because these four letters represent the four spaces, and their relative position with regard to each other may be seen at a glance, calling F the first space, A the second, C the third, and E the fourth—thus one half the notes are known. The intermediate letters E. G. B. D. F. are the lines.

OF NOTES AND RESTS.

There are six different kinds of notes and an equal number of rests in modern use, as follows:

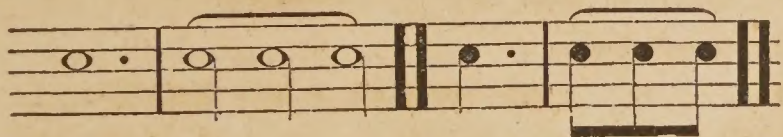


The proportion which the different notes bear to each other is as follows. One semibreve is equal in duration to two minims—or four crotchets, or eight quavers, or sixteen semiquavers, or thirty-two demisemiquavers. Consequently one minim is equal in duration to two crotchets; one crotchet to two quavers; one quaver to two semiquavers; one semiquaver to two demisemiquavers.

The rests are equal in duration to their corresponding notes: thus a semibreve rest is equal to a semibreve, a crotchet rest to a crotchet, &c.

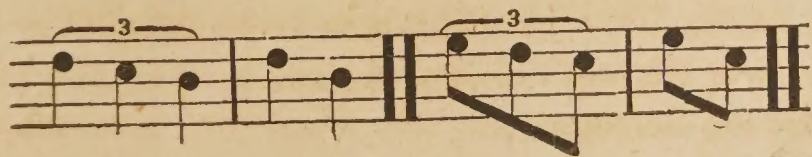
A dot after a note or rest adds one half to its original length: thus a dotted semibreve is equal in duration to three minims, a dotted crotchet to three quavers, &c.

EXAMPLE.

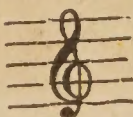


A figure 3, placed over or under three notes signifies that they are to be performed in the time of two notes of the same kind without the figure: thus, three crotchets with the figure 3 over them, are to be played in the time of two crotchets without the figure, &c.

EXAMPLE.



OF VARIOUS OTHER MUSICAL CHARACTERS.

A Cleff, marked thus  is always placed at

the beginning of the stave, with the widest part across the second of the five lines, and known by the name of the treble or G cleff, because the line on which it stands is called G.


A Flat \flat lowers a note half a tone.

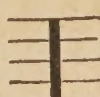
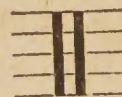
A Sharp \sharp raises a note half a tone.


Flats or Sharps placed at the beginning of a tune, are called a *signature*, and denote that all notes on that line or space, and their octaves above and below, are to be half a tone higher or lower, as the case may be, through the whole piece.

A Natural \natural restores a note made flat or sharp to its original sound.


Flats, Sharps or Naturals, when placed before a note are called *Accidentals*.

A Bar  is used to divide the notes into equal measures.



A Double Bar,  or  marks the conclusion of each part.


When dotted on both sides,  the preced-


ing and following strains are repeated; but when the dots are only on one side, the strain only on the dotted side must be repeated.


A Slur,  signifies that the notes over or under which it is placed should be joined together or flow into each other as much as possible. To effect this, let the finger rest for a moment on the glass first sounded, to stop the vibration the instant the other begins. When the slur is placed over two notes on the same line or space, it unites the two into one, therefore the first only is struck, continuing the sound for the length of two. Staccato marks, ' ' ' or . . . are opposed to the foregoing, being short and pointed, touching not more than half an inch of the edge; but be careful after striking the note, to suffer the glass to ring out the full tone, as in these kind of passages, the ear is apt to be deceived.

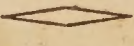
D. C. for *da capo*, shews that the piece must be played over again from the beginning, or from the sign \$. if there be one, and ended at the first double bar.

The Figures  1  2 placed over bars at the end of a strain, as in the "*Yellow Hair'd Laddie*," indicate that the bar under the figure 1 is to be played the first time, and the bar under the figure 2 must be played the second time, *instead* of the former.

A Pause,  shews that the note over which it is placed, must be held longer than its proper time. There are different kinds of pauses, though but one way of marking them; sometimes they are meant to be short and sudden, sometimes to be softly sustained, and sometimes to die away upon the ear; these distinctions, however, depend on the taste of the performer.

A Crescendo,  signifies a gradual increase of sound.

A Diminuendo,  signifies a gradual decrease of sound.

A Swell,  a gradual increase and decrease.

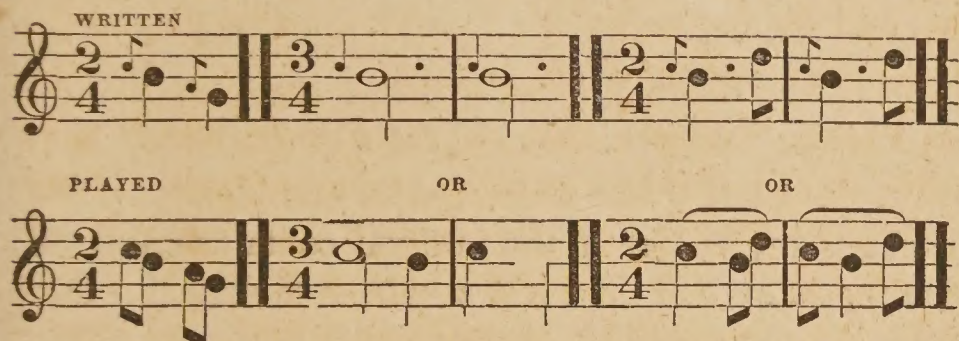
f. *forte* loud—*ff.* louder—made by pressing a little harder on the glasses.

p. soft—*pp.* very soft—as slight a touch as possible.

An Appogiatura is a note of embellishment. It borrows its time from the succeeding note, and is most fre-

quently half its duration. It always occurs on an accented part of a measure.

EXAMPLE.



An after note is also a note of embellishment. It borrows its time from the preceding note, and always occurs on an *unaccented* part of the measure.

EXAMPLE.



OF TIME.

By *time* in music is meant the duration and regularity of sound. There are two kinds of time, common and triple. Common time contains two equal notes in each measure, as two minims, two crotchets, two dot-

ted crotchets, &c.—Triple time contains three equal notes in each measure, as three minims, three crotchets, three quavers.

Simple Common Time has three signs:—The first, C contains one semibreve, or its equal in other notes or rests in a measure, and indicates the slowest movement in this species of time. It has four motions or beats, and is accented on the first and third parts of the measure.

The second, C contains also one semibreve, or its equal in other notes or rests, and is a degree quicker. It has two beats, and is generally accented on the first part of a bar.

The third, $\frac{2}{4}$ has two crotchets in a bar or their equal, and is a brisk airy movement. It is beat and accented as the former.

Simple Triple time, has three signs $\frac{3}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ —The first contains three minims in a bar, and is the slowest. The second three crotchets, and is a little faster; the last, three quavers, which is the quickest. They all have

three beats, and are accented principally on the first, and slightly on the third part of a measure.

Compound Common time has two signs in common use, $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{8}$ —The first contains six crotchets, and the second six quavers in each bar. They have two beats and are accented on the first and fourth parts of a measure.

Compound Triple time has two signs, $\frac{9}{4}$ $\frac{9}{8}$ the first containing nine crotchets, and the second nine quavers in a bar.

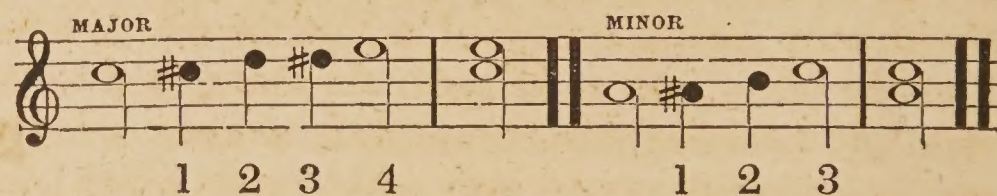
The Semibreve is made the general standard of reckoning, therefore when figures are used as signs of time, those figures express the fractional parts of a semibreve contained in each measure; as $\frac{3}{4}$ three crotchets, or three fourths of a semibreve, $\frac{3}{8}$ three quavers or three eighths of a semibreve, &c.

A Semibreve rest is used to fill a bar or measure in all signs of time.

OF KEYS AND THEIR MODES.

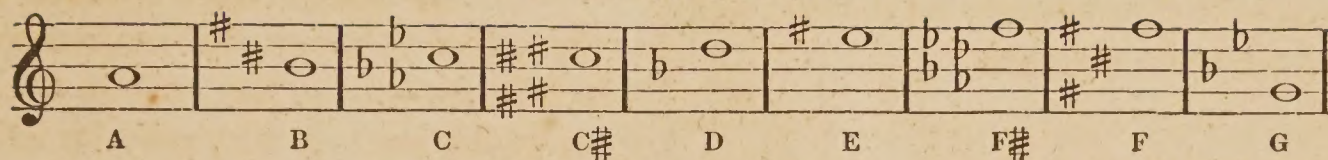
By a Key is meant the fundamental note of a tune, which is always the last note in the bass, and generally so in the air. A Key may be either in the *major* or *minor* mode; this may be ascertained by the first *third* in the scale. When from the key note, to the third note above, there is an interval of four semitones, or two whole tones, it is the major mode, and is called a major or sharp key. But if the interval contains only three semitones, or one tone and a half, it is then the minor mode, and is called the minor or flat key.

EXAMPLE.

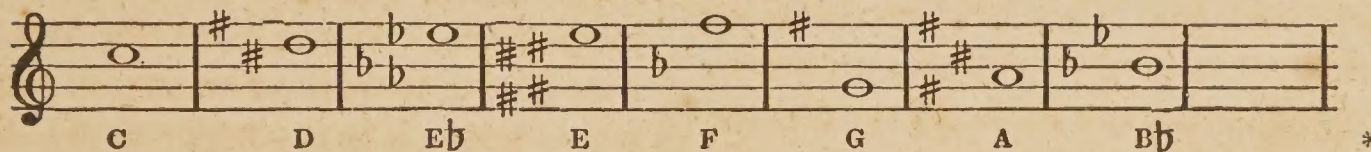


The natural major key is C; the natural minor key is A; or in other words, all the notes in these keys are natural. All other keys are but transpositions of these two.

MINOR KEYS.



MAJOR KEYS.



The HARMONICON displays twenty four glass goblets, arranged in four rows of six each, comprising sixteen natural notes, with all their relative semitones. They are all lettered, shewing the name of each note. Only the sixteen glasses contained within the double rows, (see the plate,) are to be used, the outer rows to the right and left being supernumeraries, to serve in adapting the instrument to the key; which must be first done, before a piece of music can be performed.

OF CHANGING THE KEY.

The first scale shews the instrument in the key of C major; the sixteen being all natural notes, the outer rows containing the flats and sharps.

Note.—The low C and D are both sharp—to render them natural, water must be added until it rises to the mark just under the label; therefore,

If there be no flats or sharps in the signature, put water in low C and D.

If one sharp, change F ♮ for F #.

If two sharps, throw the water out of low C, and change C ♮ for C #.

If three sharps, change also G ♮ for G #.

If four sharps, throw nearly all the water from low D, leaving merely a little for use, and change D ♮ for D #.

* There is also another note, for which there is no place in the instrument, viz. the upper B ♭, this is to be kept in a closet or other safe place, to change with the upper B ♮ when the key requires it.

If *one flat*, reduce the instrument first to the natural key, and change B ♮ for B \flat .

If *two flats*, change also upper E ♮ for D \sharp (E \flat and D \sharp being the same,) and put water in the low E to the mark, or until it becomes in unison with low D \sharp *without* water

If *three flats*, change also A ♮ for G \sharp (A \flat and G \sharp being the same note.

The above rules refer to the full and complete instruments, of twenty-five glasses. The smaller kind of sixteen glasses are always tuned in the key of E major, (four sharps.) These you can set to three sharps by changing D ♮ for D \sharp and putting water in low D. For any other key, add water to the sharps to render them natural, or to the naturals to make them flat.

OF THE TOUCH.

The sound is produced by passing the ball of the middle finger, when wet, *gently* along the edge. In using the water, take care to slide the finger up the side of the glass, that the superfluous water may run off, to prevent slopping the case.—Very little moisture is necessary; the less the better.—The chief fault with all learners is pressing too hard on the glasses, and keeping the hand

and fingers stiff.—There is really nothing difficult in the touch, although most persons at first produce a harsh and grating sound.—By giving strict attention to the following rules; any one may acquire it perfectly in ten minutes.

1st. Keep the hand flat or nearly level with the surface of the glasses; this will cause you to touch with the fleshy part of the ball of the finger, and *not* with the tip, as some are apt to do.

2. Let both hands move from left to right along the edge, or rather from back to front; and supposing the labels to stand directly in front, begin to touch a little to the right of them, drawing the hands towards you. It is seldom necessary to use more than one half or even one third of the circumference, (the right hand side) for a long note is made not by passing quite round the edge, but by moving *slowly* on it.

3. Touch lightly. Every thing depends on this. Do not bear so hard as to feel the bone pressing on the glass, particularly with the upper notes, which require the touch to be still lighter, and further from the tip of the finger near the first joint. Bear a little harder on the three lower notes and rather on the outer edge. The

touch, from these is the most difficult, but a few days' practice is sure to give it.

4. Keep the fingers pliant, and the hand and arm perfectly limber, otherwise it is impossible to play with ease and grace, nor will the tone be so good.

With regard to the proper use of the right hand and left, it is difficult to give minute directions. In running passages of single notes, the one is to follow the other alternately, avoiding awkwardly crossing them. When chords are given, place the hands in the most convenient position. A few tunes are given with the letters R and L over the notes for *right* and *left*, by attending to which the fingering will soon become familiar.

OF DAMPING.

To play with taste and effect, it is necessary to stop the vibrations as you proceed, to prevent discord and confusion. This is done in various ways, by resting the same finger upon the glass which produced the sound; by touching it with the other hand, or by sliding the fore finger across it, or resting the thumb upon it. You will perceive that the slightest touch is sufficient. It is not necessary that every note should be damped, particularly when in harmony with what succeeds. But

other passages absolutely require it. As for example in a part of Robin Adair.



Here the E. F. G. must be damped. To do this, place the right hand on the E. and the left on the A. and have both ready before you strike either, then draw the right hand about an inch on E. stopping on it, while the left follows instantly on A, taking it off so as to let it ring.—So also with the next couple, taking care to *be actually ready on both notes* before you strike either—then strike G. as you did the E. and follow instantly on A—and so with all similar passages which frequently occur in Scotch music. An appoggiatura is to be fingered in the same way, examples of which occur in the second line of Robin Adair.—You will find several passages with a star (*) over or under such notes as require particularly to be damped in the manner above described.—This refers chiefly to instances where a short note precedes a long one, as a quaver before a crotchet, a semiquaver before a dotted quaver, &c.—Other pas-

sages merely requires the vibrations to cease when they have given their proper length of tone, but not in the short, abrupt manner of the foregoing example.

A very good lesson, therefore, for the learner, will be to run up and down the scale, giving each note the same length, stopping on one, the instant the next begins, then while that is sounding, passing on to be ready for the next: so on throughout.

The following example shews how the thumb may be used to advantage.



After sounding the first chord, put both hands up at the same time, for A and B—damp A with the right and as the left, after having sounded B, passes to C; drop the thumb of the right hand on B, and then give the final chord.

There is a peculiar mode of fingering certain passages in Sacred Music which requires illustration; as, for instance, the third bar in Shirland.



Here, according to the correct rule, the right hand should continue on F, while the left touches D and B. A better way is to touch F as though it were a crotchet, leaving it to sound while the right hand passes to B, observing the stop with the left on D, the instant B begins.—So also strike the octaves E together, the low E like a crotchet, leaving it to sound while the right passes to the G, resting with the left on upper F the instant G begins—similar passages occur in the same air above mentioned.

Should you unfortunately break a glass, let me know the *letter*, and number of the instrument, together with the note you have lost.—To prevent mistake give not only the name, but the note itself on the five music lines. Address me *post paid*, at Baltimore, with directions for forwarding it. Two dollars is charged for each glass.

PRICES.

The Harmonicon is made of different prices, according to the finish of the Cabinet work.

For a set of sixteen glasses, with the sounding board,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$18
Ditto. in a mahogany case,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	25
For a set of twenty-five glasses and sounding board,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	35
Ditto. in a mahogany case,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	45

☞ *These require to rest on a common table.*

For one like the last, resting on four legs like those of a Piano Forte,	-	-	-	-	-	53
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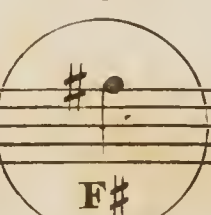
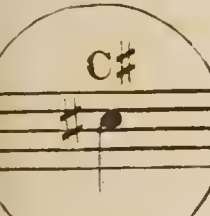
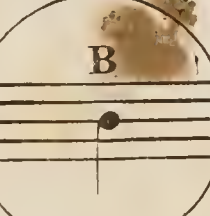



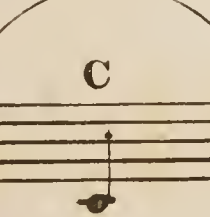
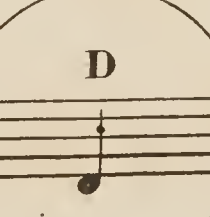
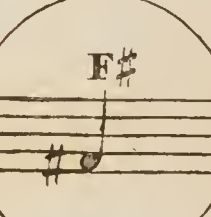
For one elegantly finished throughout, of the best materials and workmanship, on a pillar with claw feet, forming a handsome piece of parlour furniture,	-	-	-	-	-	-	73
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For one made in the form of a pier table, resting on two columns, with a carved lyre in front,							85
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The glasses are good in all.

Application being made for lower notes, it may be proper to state, that a low B is sometimes to be had, but as it is impossible to procure them for every instrument, *two dollars extra* is charged when it is supplied. When an instrument is ordered, should this note be desired, it must be expressly stated. An *Extra* low C *natural* and D *natural*, upper D \sharp and E in alto. may also be had if required.

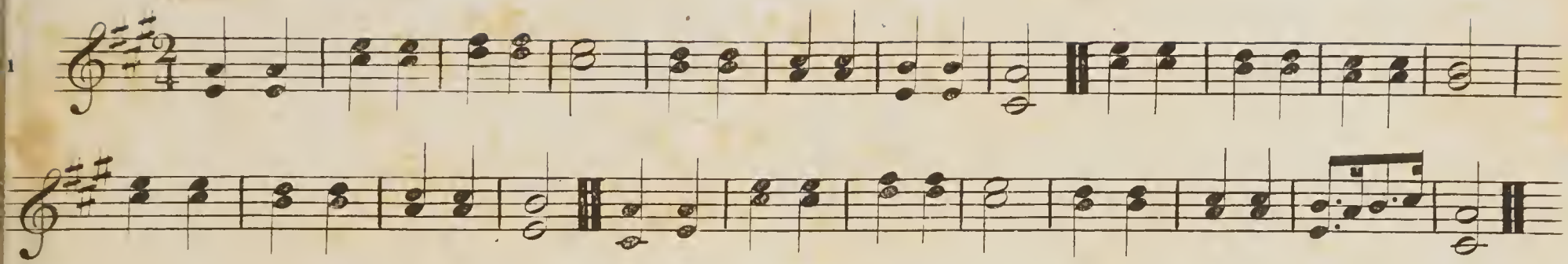
NATURAL KEY OR C. MAJOR.

 C#	 D	 C	 B	 A	 G#
 D#	 D	 E	 F	 G	 F#
 C#	 C	 B	 A	 G	 G#
 Bb	 C	 D	 E	 F	 F#

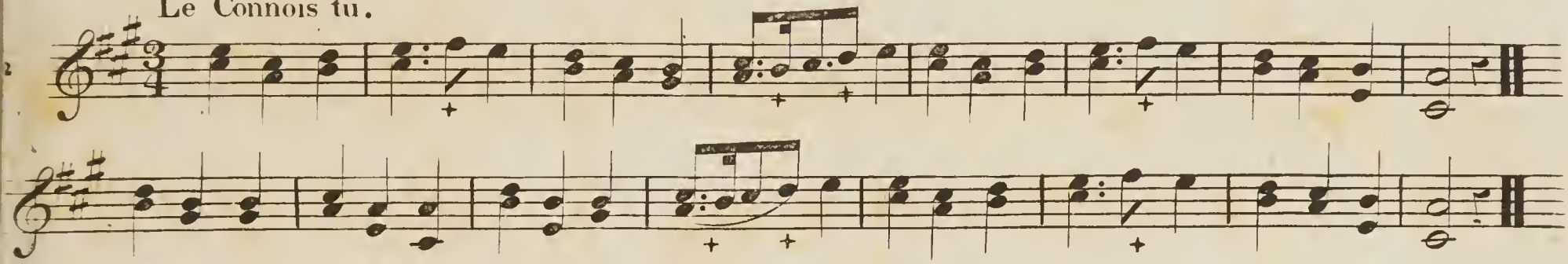
THREE SHARPS OR A MAJOR.

C	D	C#	B	A	G
D#	D	E	F#	G#	F
C	C#	B	A	G#	G
Bb	C#	D	E	F#	F

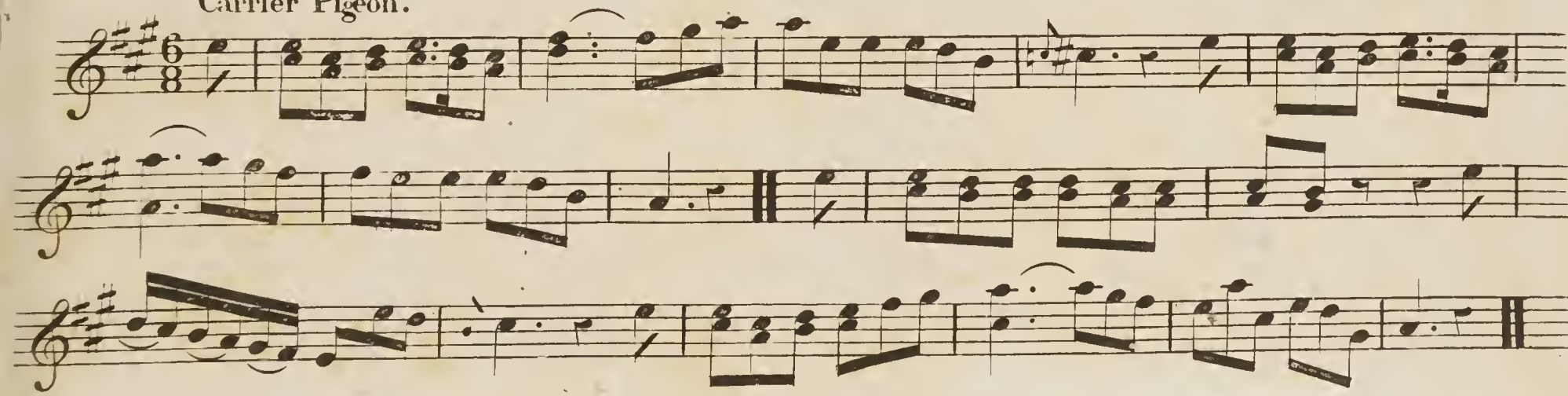
French Air.



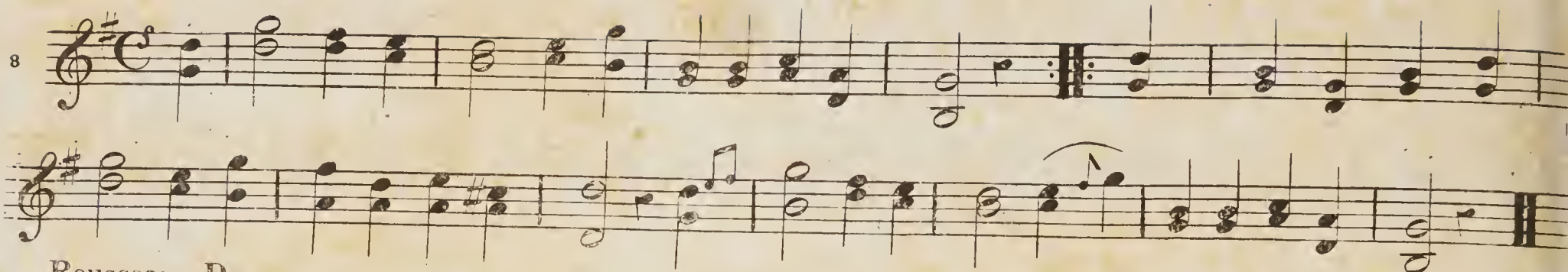
Le Connois tu.



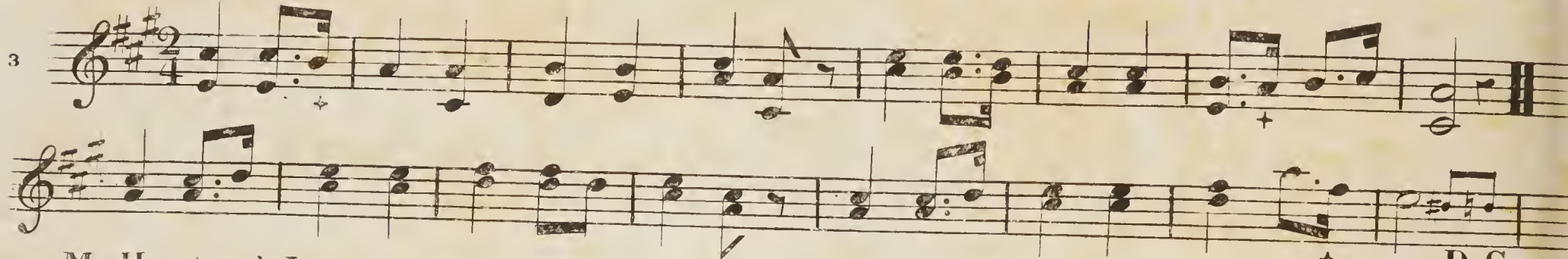
Carrier Pigeon.



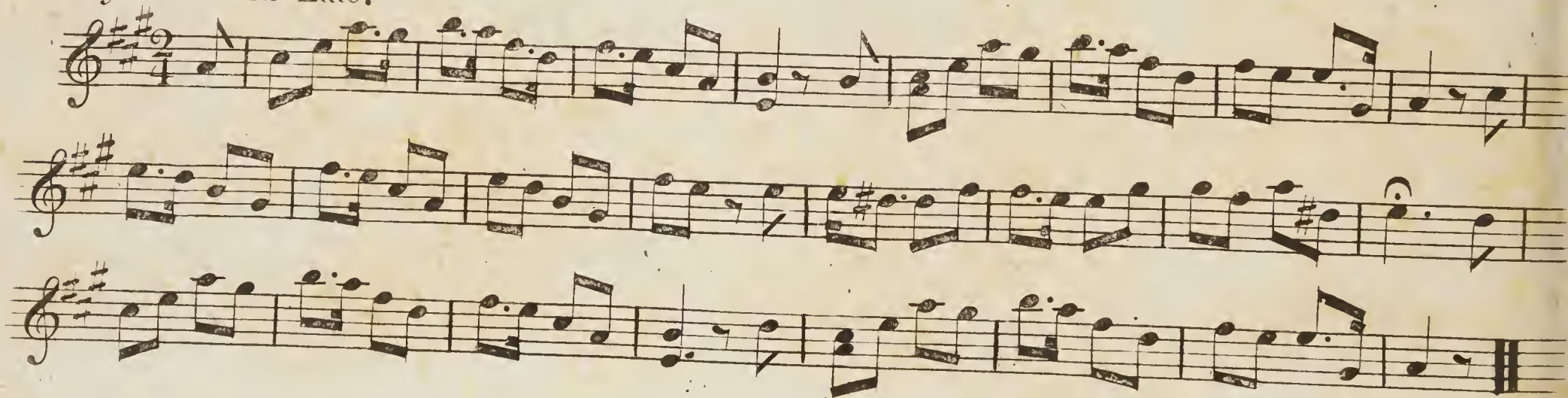
Blue bells of Scotland.



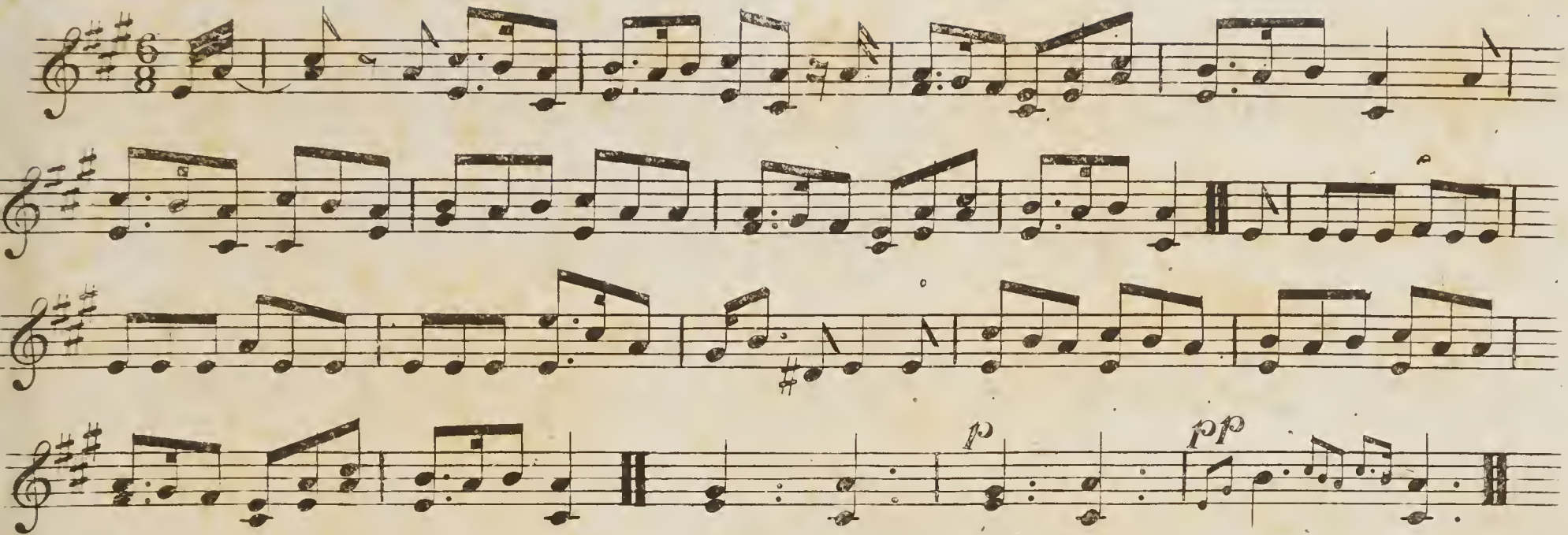
Rousseaus Dream.



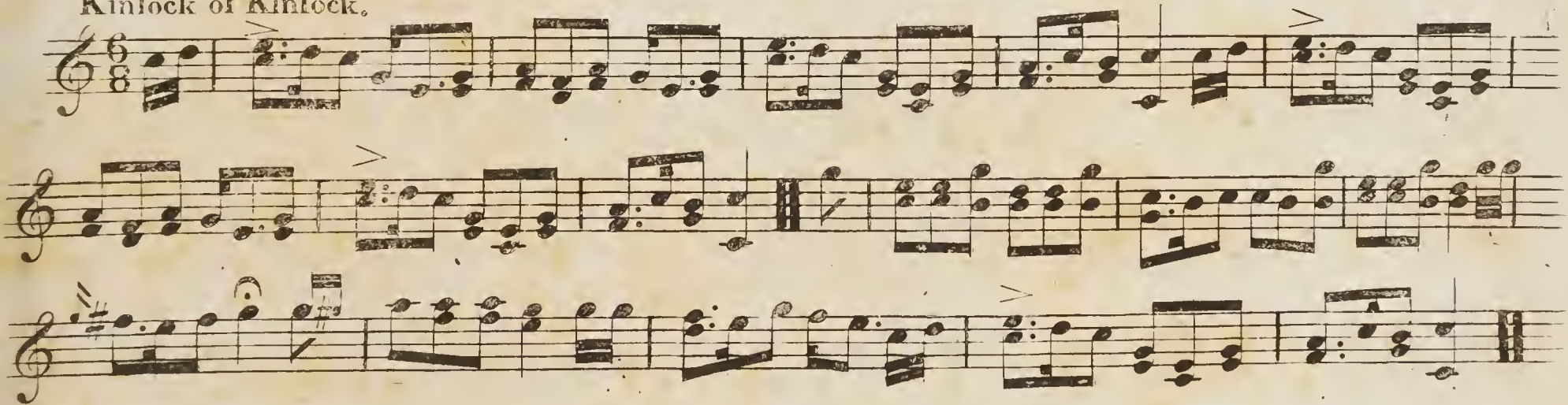
My Heart and Lute.



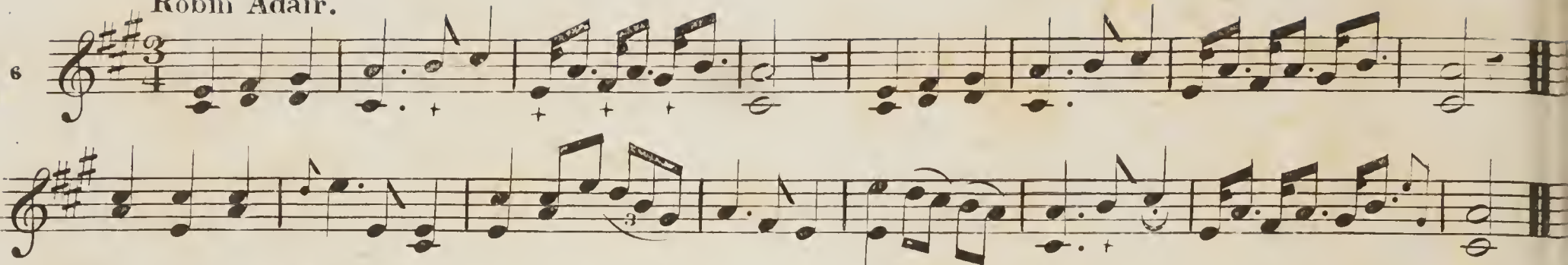
Arabys Daughter.



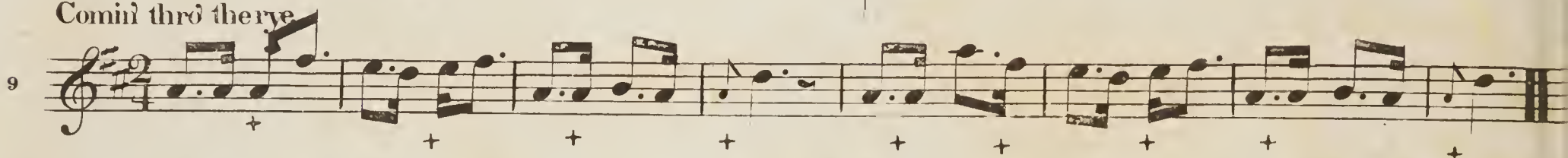
Kinlock of Kinlock.



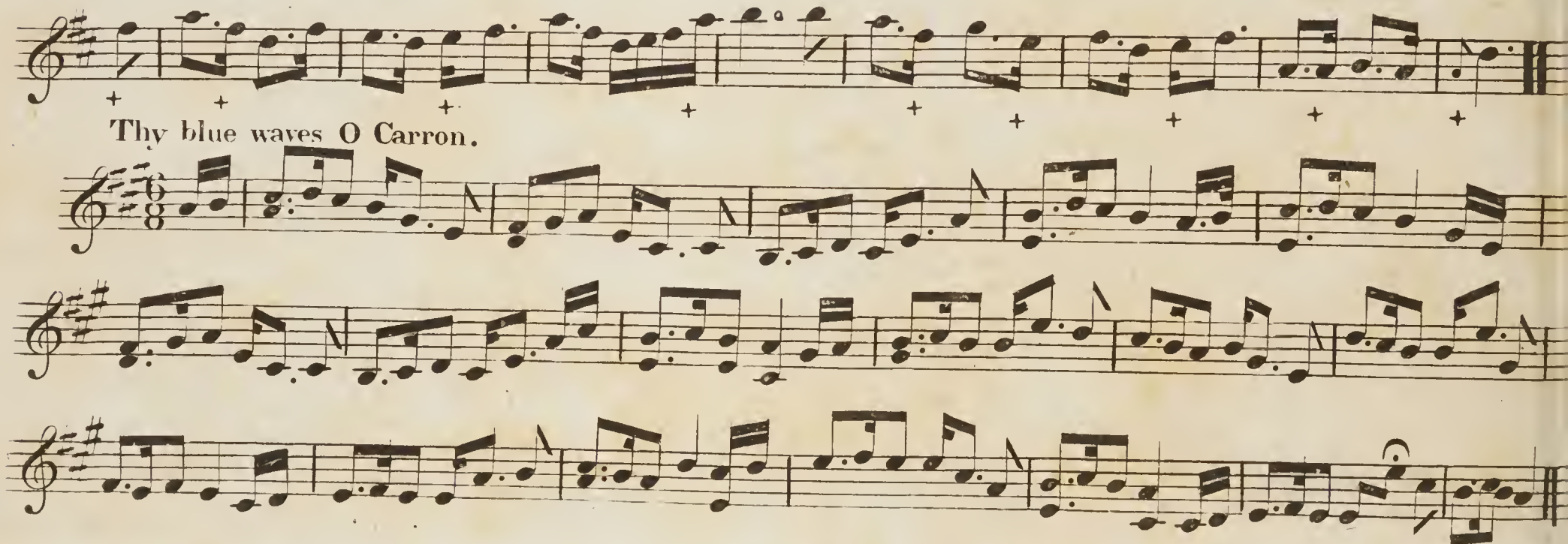
Robin Adair.



Comin' thro' the rye



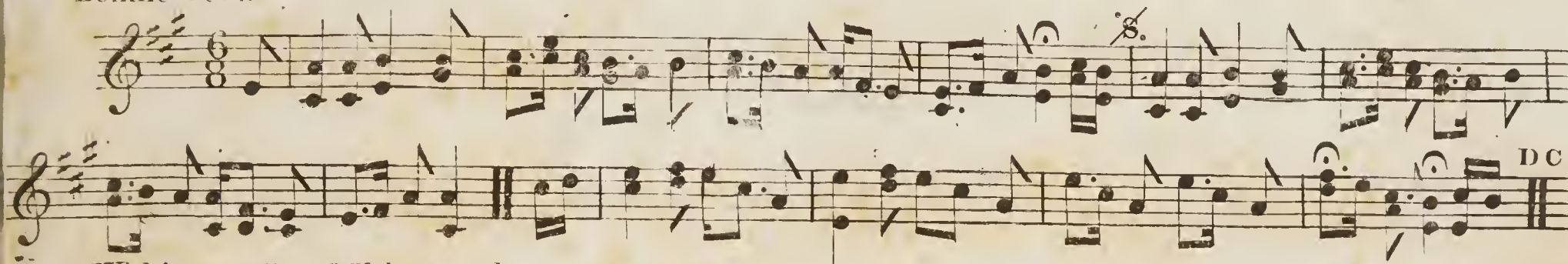
Thy blue waves O Carron.



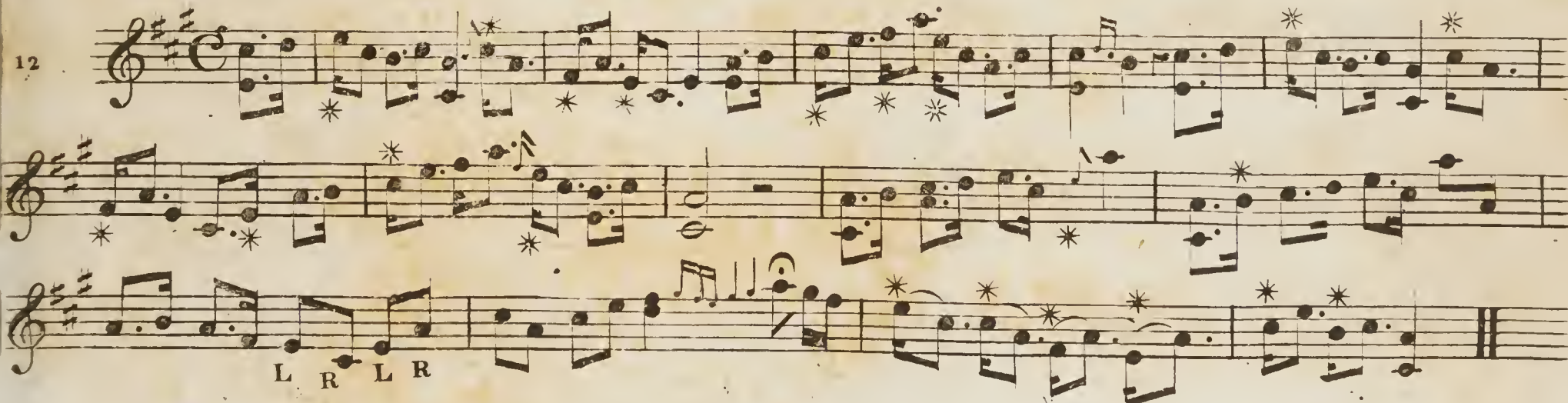
A prey to tender anguish



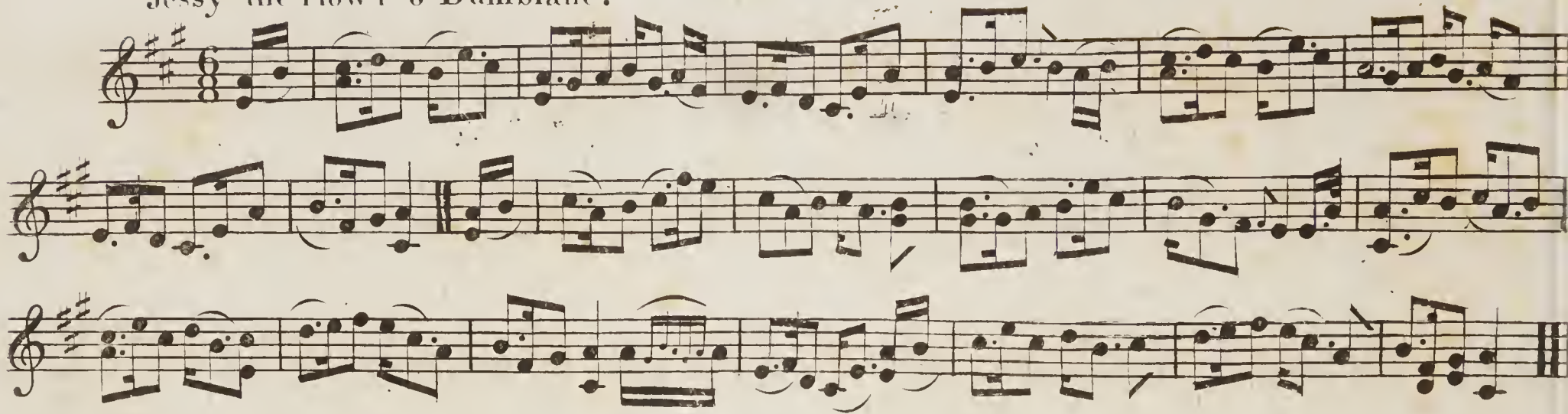
Bonnie doon



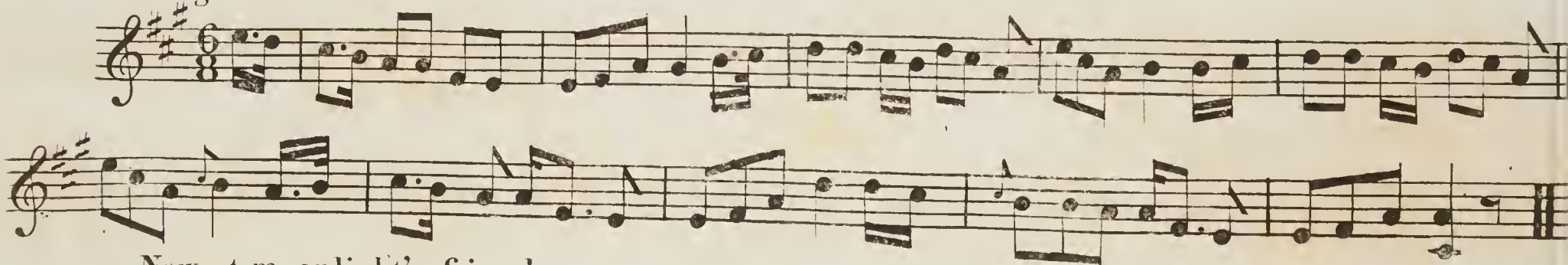
Within a mile of Edinburgh



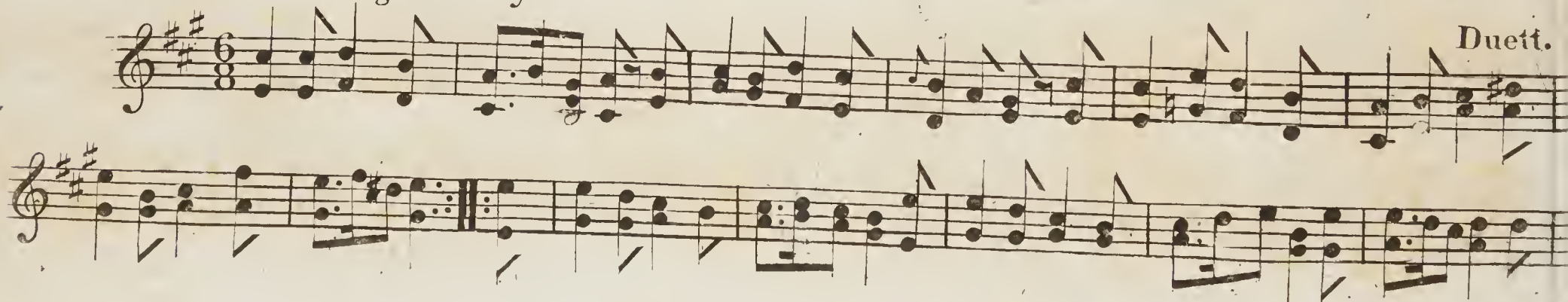
Jessy the flow'r o' Dumblane.



Meeting of the waters.



Now at moonlight's fairy hour.



Duett.

Allegretto

p

Andante

f *p* *p* *mf*

p *f* *p* *f*

* Bounding billows

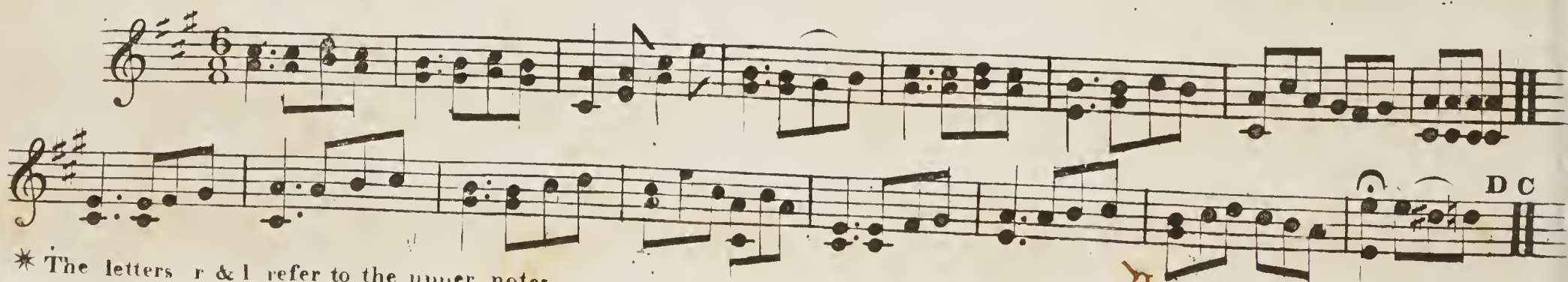


Variation

F. H. S.

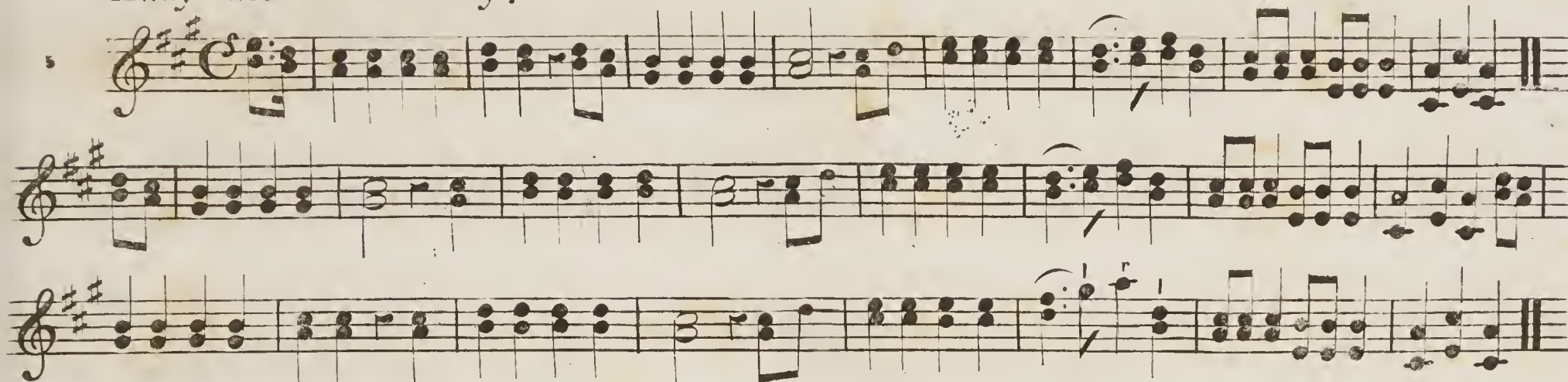


Musette de Nina



* The letters r & l refer to the upper notes.

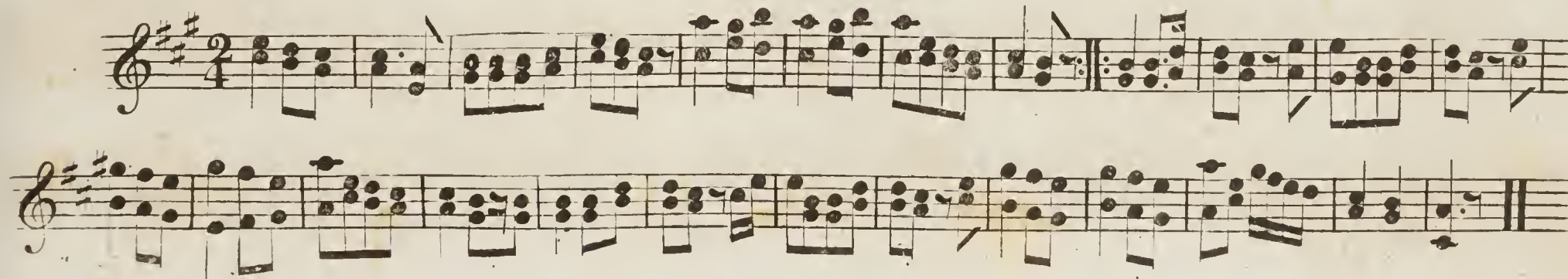
Away with melancholy.



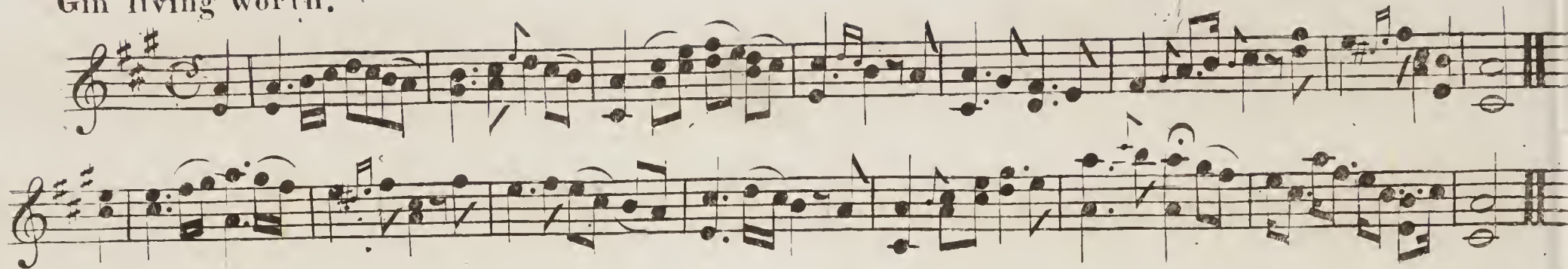
Home!



Since then I'm doom'd.



Gin living worth.



Auld lang syne.



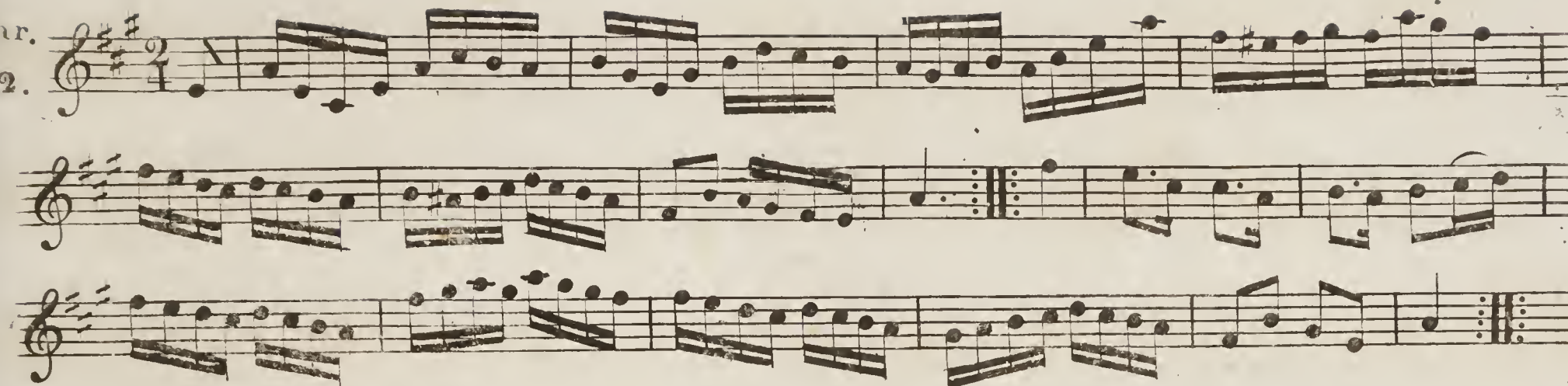
Var.

1.



Var.

2.



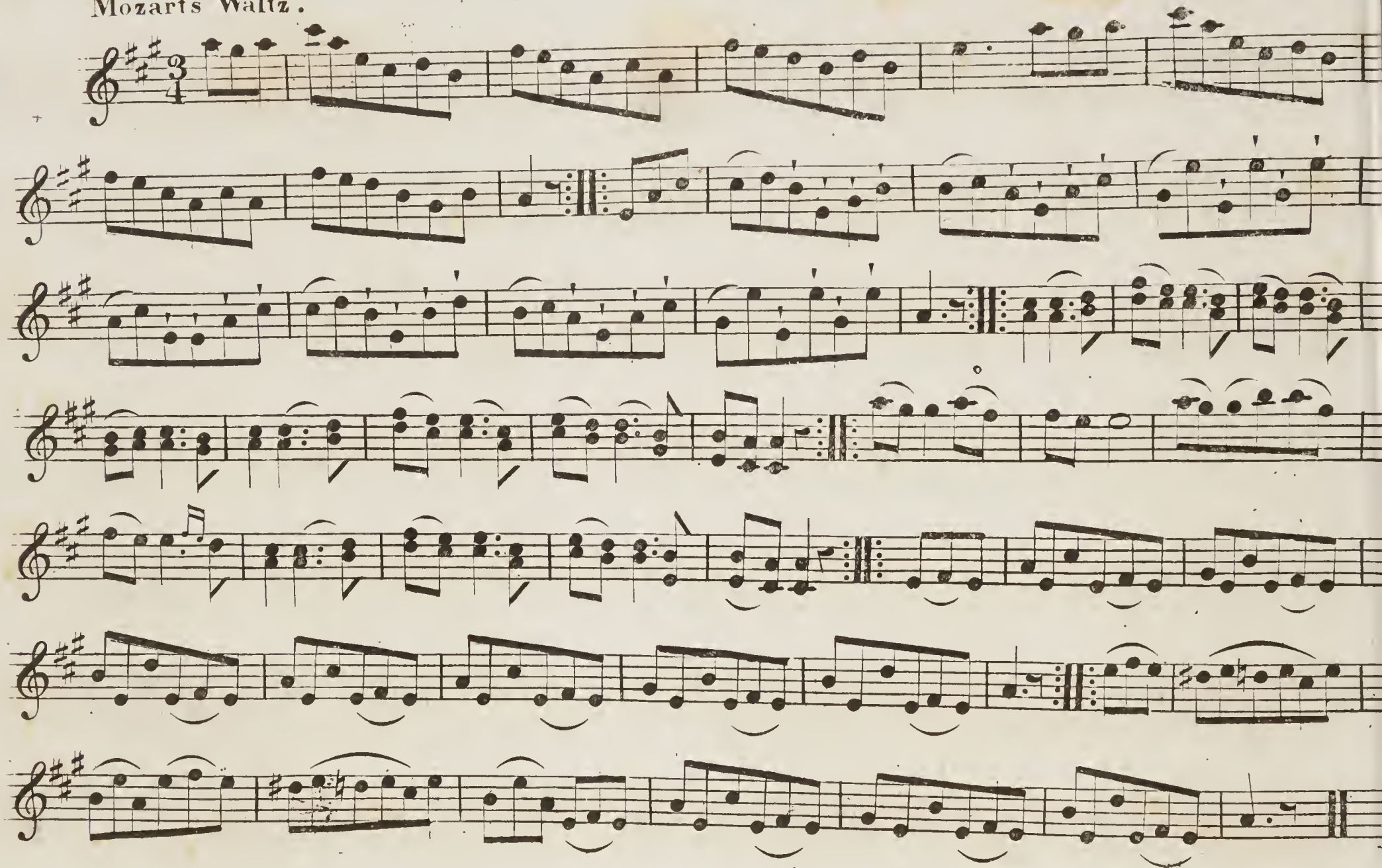
See from ocean rising

Duett

11



Mozart's Waltz.



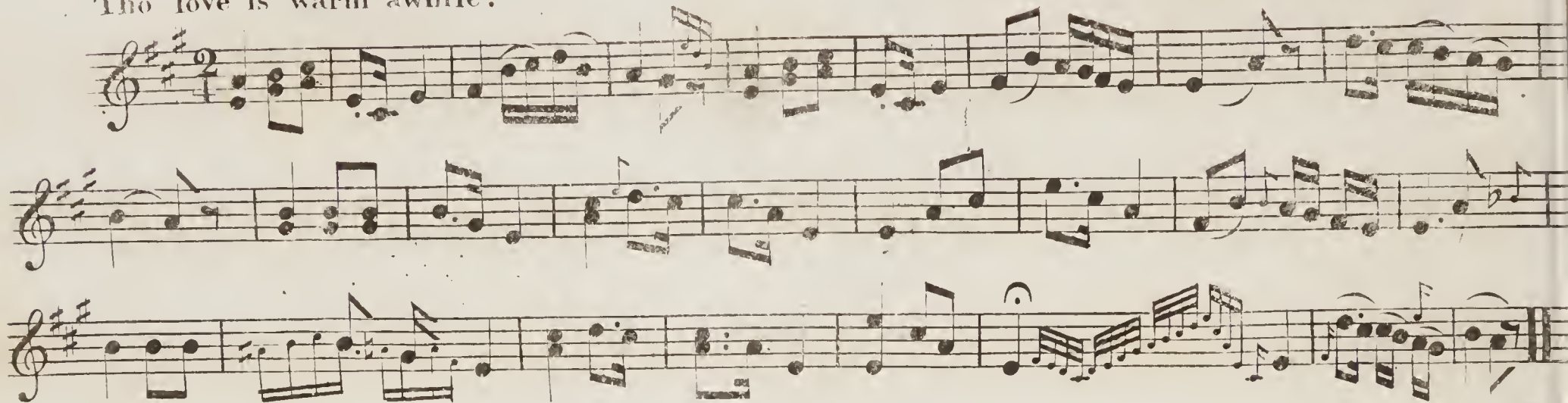
Oh Nanny wilt thou gang wi' me.



My love she's but a lassie yet.



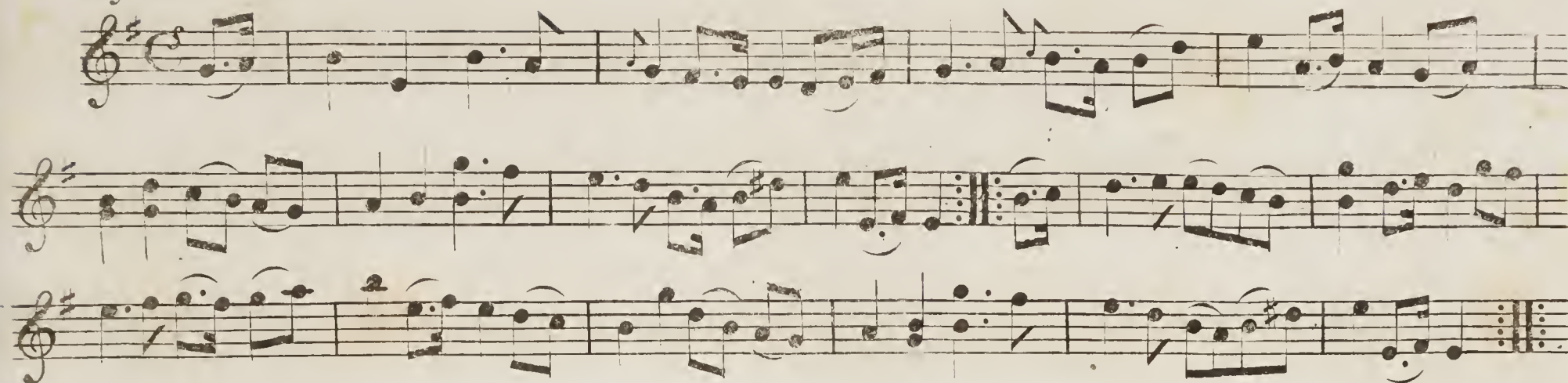
Tho' love is warm awhile.



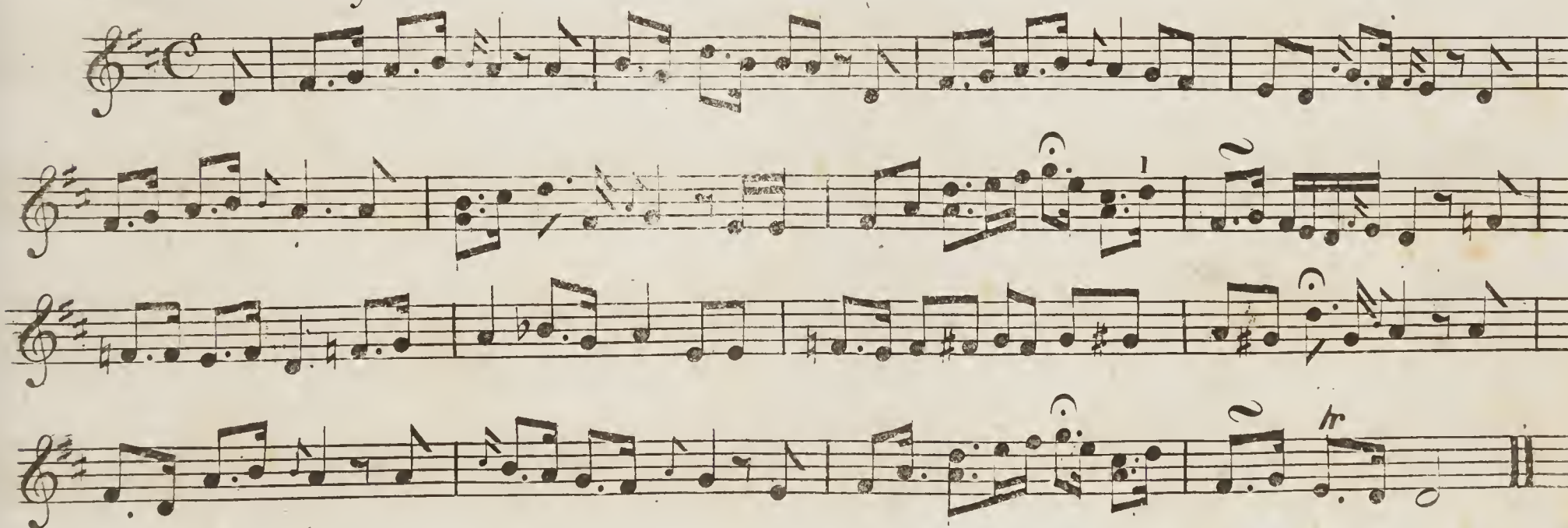
Hark the Goddess Diana.

A musical score for a single melodic line in treble clef. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody features a variety of note values, including eighth, sixteenth, and quarter notes, with some rests and slurs. Dynamic markings include *pp* (pianissimo) and *f* (forte). The paper shows signs of age and wear.

My Nannie O.



Auld Robin Gray.



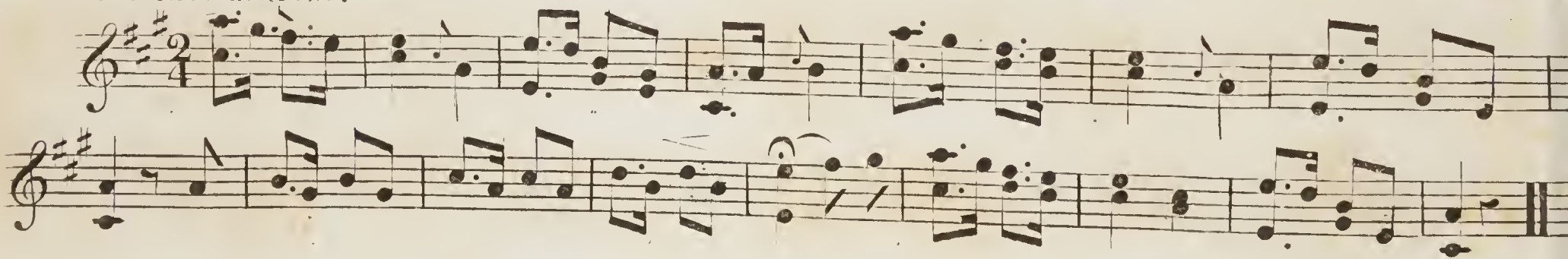
Yellow hair'd Laddie.



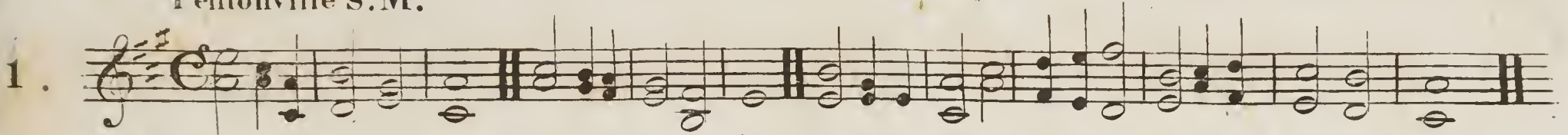
Coulin.



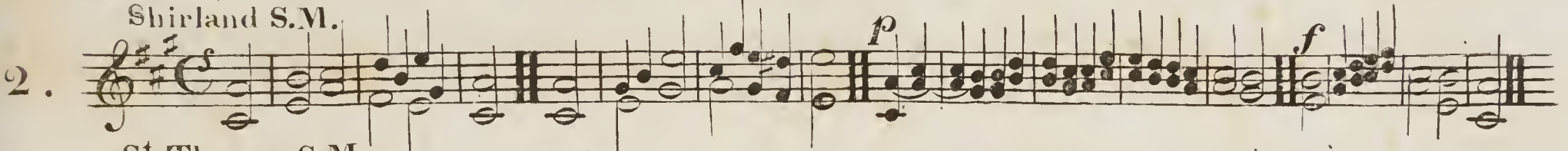
Love thee dearest.



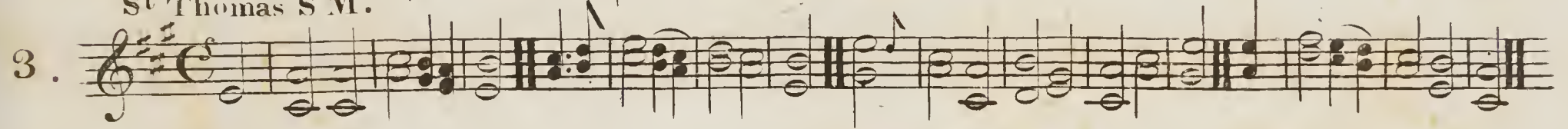
Pentonville S.M.



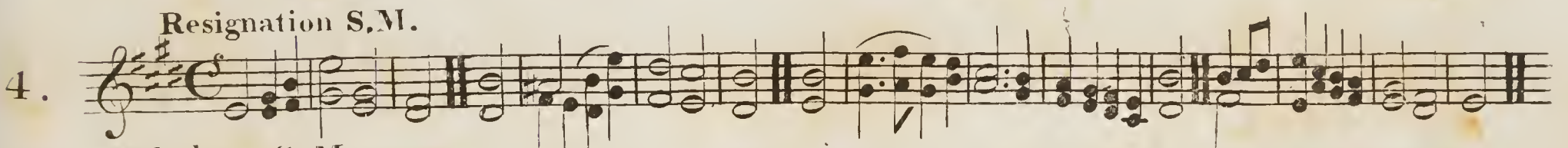
Shirland S.M.



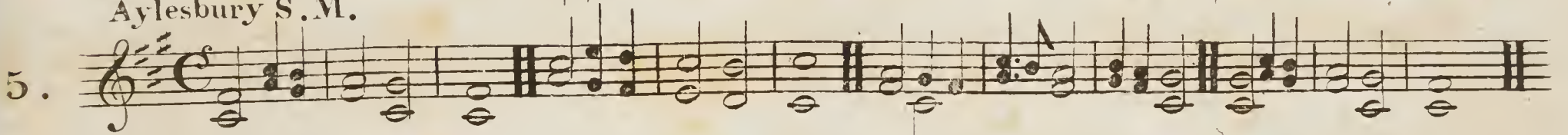
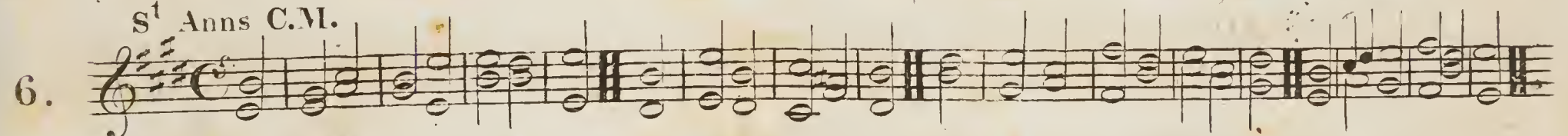
St Thomas S.M.



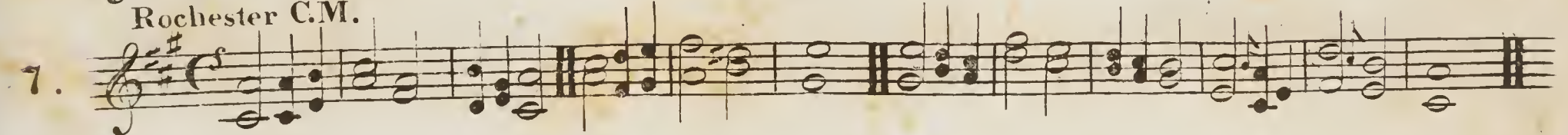
Resignation S.M.



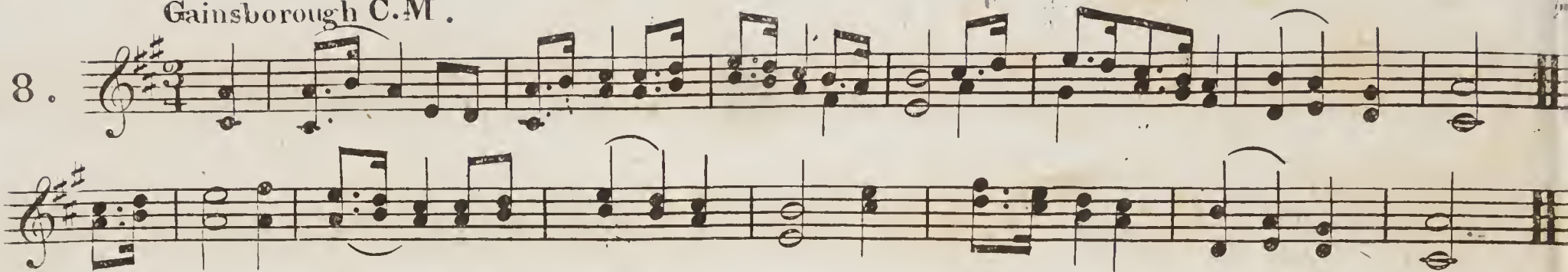
Aylesbury S.M.

S^t Anns C.M.

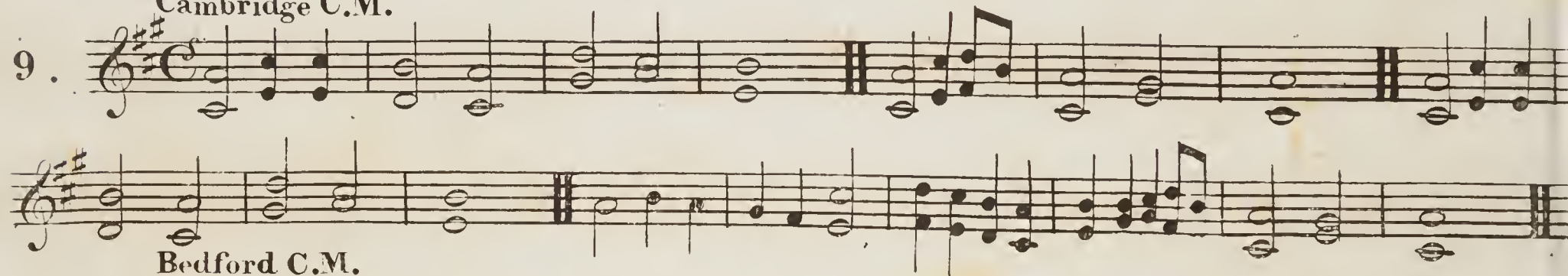
Rochester C.M.



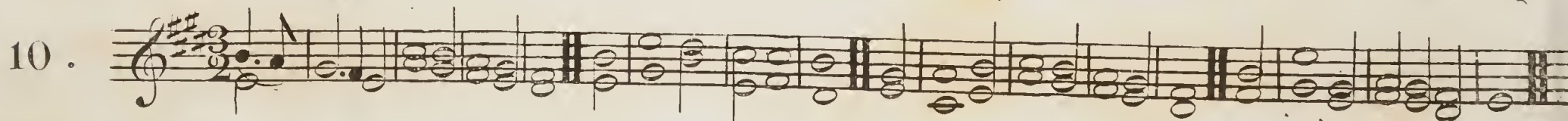
Gainsborough C.M.



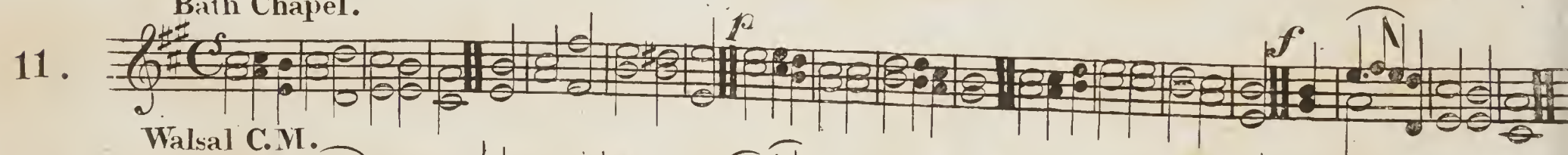
Cambridge C.M.



Bedford C.M.



Bath Chapel.



Walsal C.M.



Mount Pleasant C.M.

13.

Devisez C.M.

14.

St Olaves C.M.

15.

Old Hundred L.M.

16.

Windham L.M.

17.

Low D# Portugal L.M.

18 .

Two staves of music in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and common time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed sixteenth notes. A double bar line appears after the fourth measure. The second staff begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. It continues the melody with similar note values. A forte (f) dynamic marking appears after the eighth measure. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Low D# Wells L.M.

19 .

Two staves of music in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and 3/2 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed sixteenth notes. A double bar line appears after the fourth measure. The second staff begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. It continues the melody with similar note values. A forte (f) dynamic marking appears after the eighth measure. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Adeste Fidelis L.M.

20 .

Two staves of music in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and 2/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed sixteenth notes. A double bar line appears after the fourth measure. The second staff begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. It continues the melody with similar note values. A forte (f) dynamic marking appears after the eighth measure. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

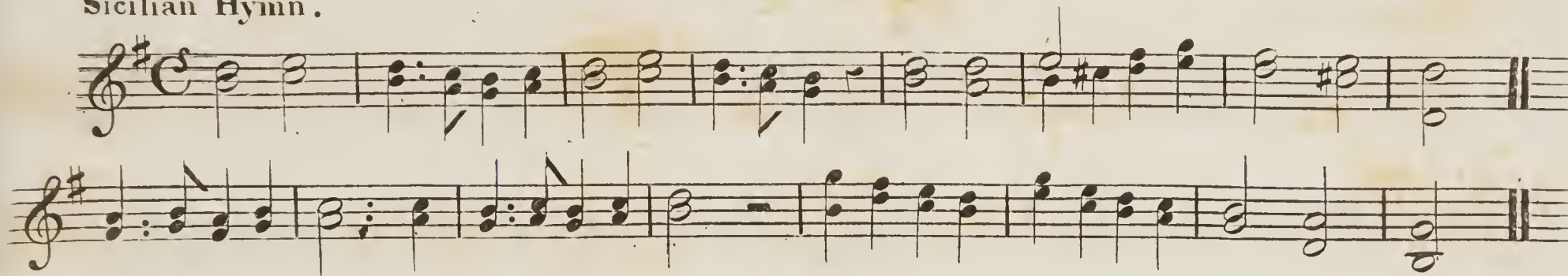
Fountain L.M.

21 .

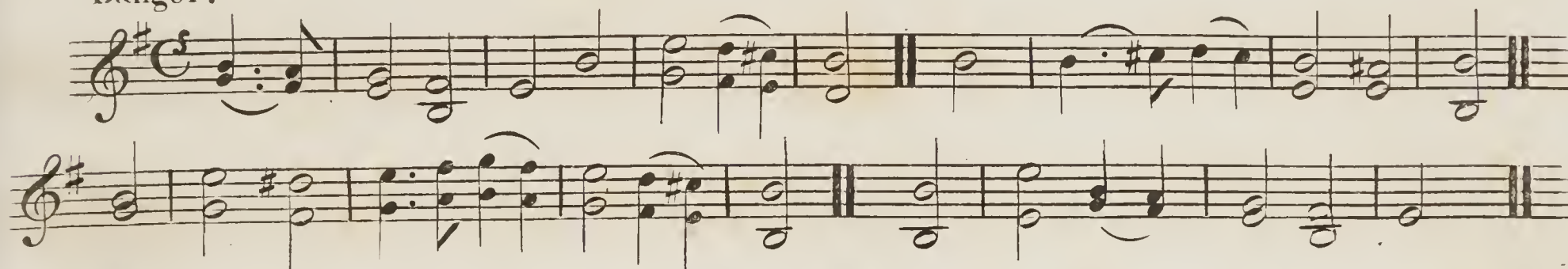
Two staves of music in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and common time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed sixteenth notes. A double bar line appears after the fourth measure. The second staff begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. It continues the melody with similar note values. A forte (f) dynamic marking appears after the eighth measure. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Sicilian Hymn.

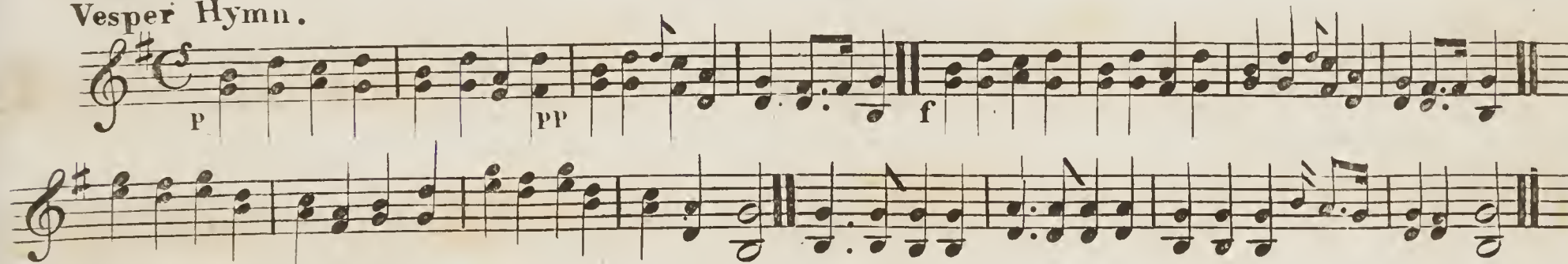
27



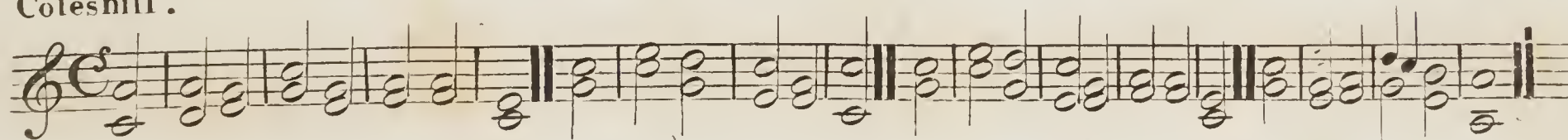
Bangor.



Vesper Hymn.

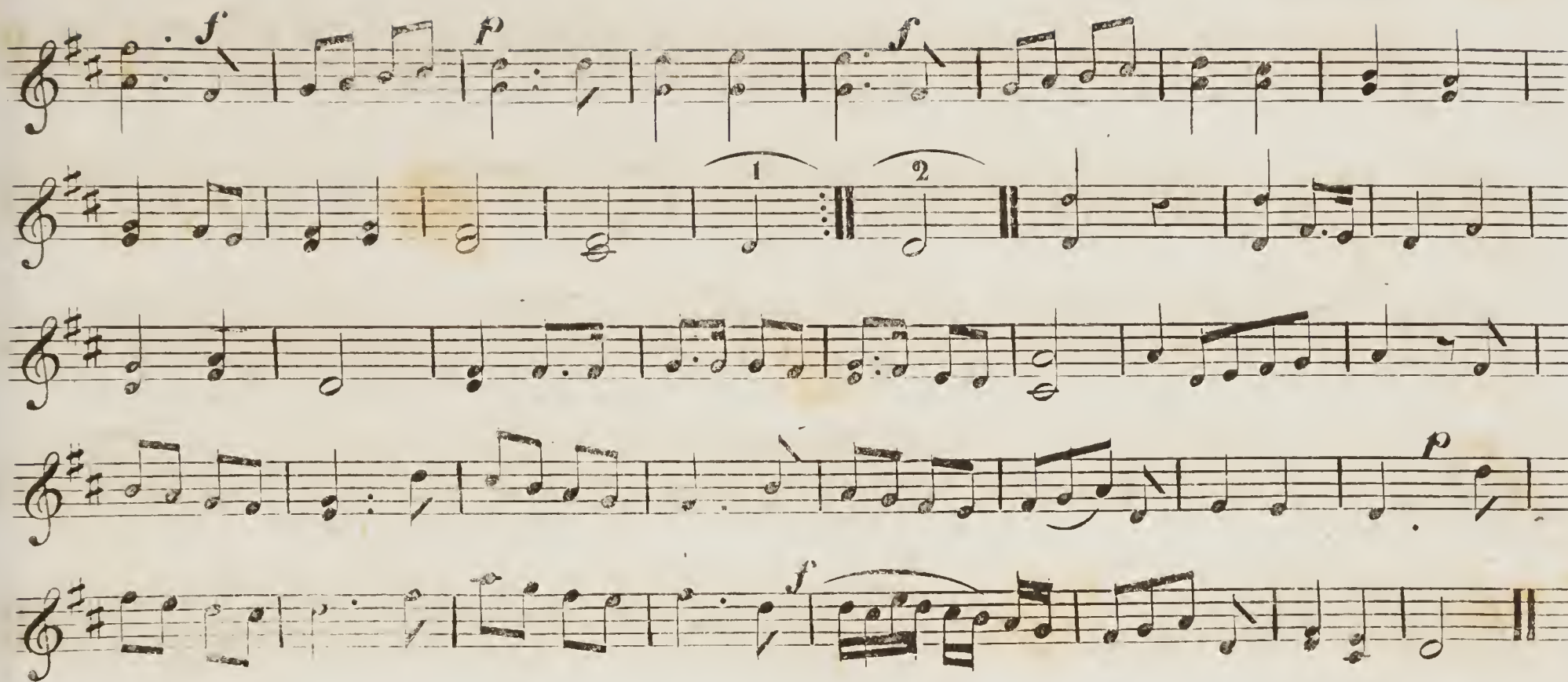


Coleshill.

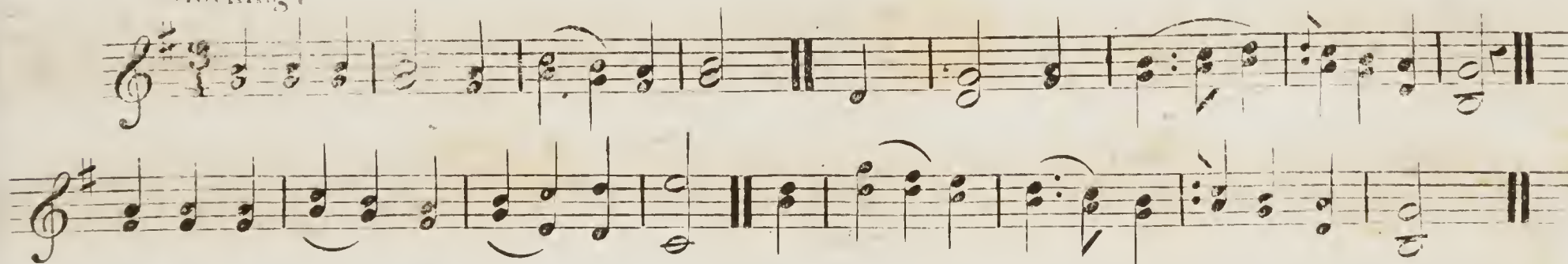


Denmark .

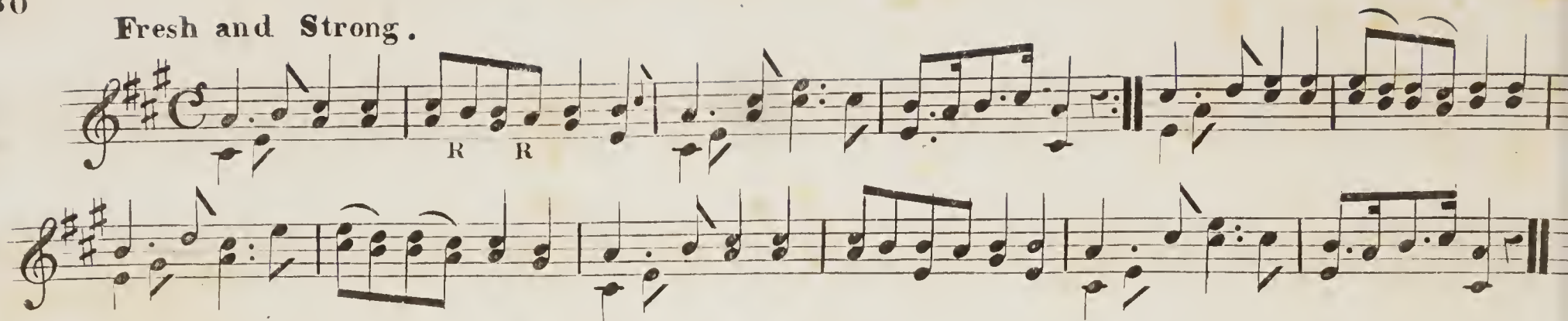
A musical score for a piece titled "Denmark". The score consists of seven staves of music, all in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The third staff features a tempo change to *Andante* and a change in time signature to 3/8. The fourth staff continues the melody. The fifth staff includes a tempo marking of *Con Spirito*. The sixth staff continues the melody. The seventh staff concludes the piece with a final cadence and a dynamic marking of *p*.



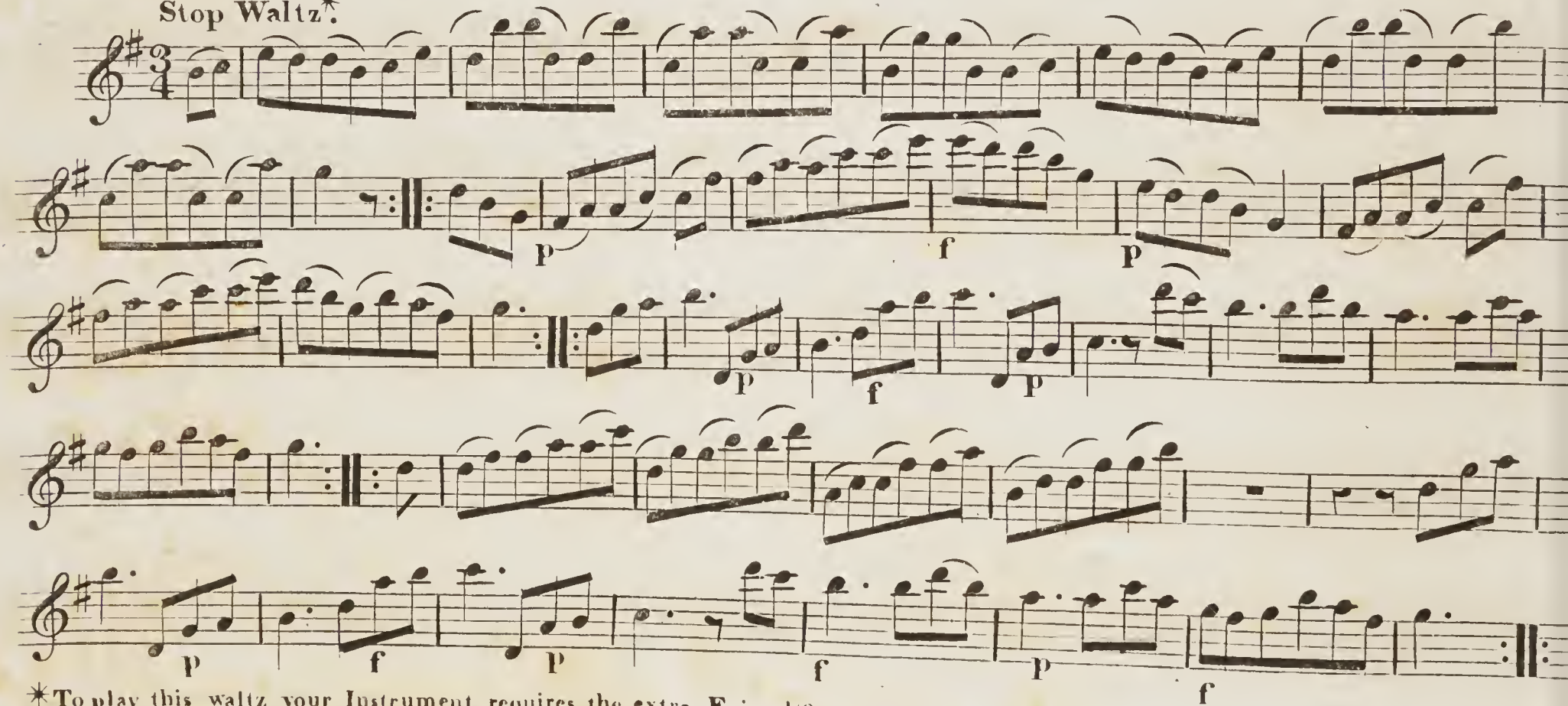
Morning.



Fresh and Strong.

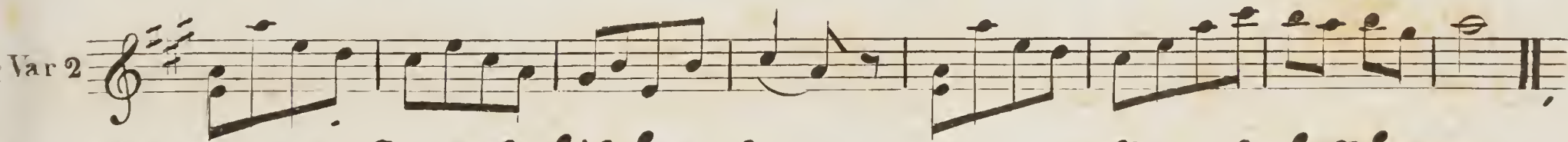
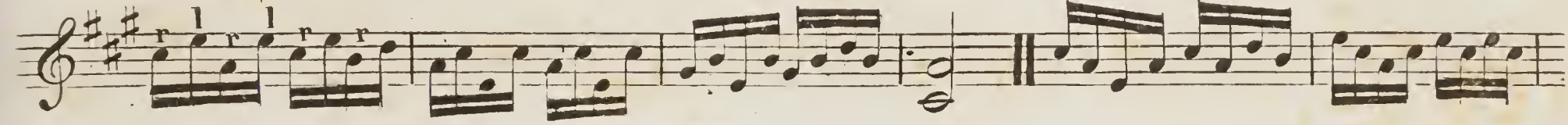
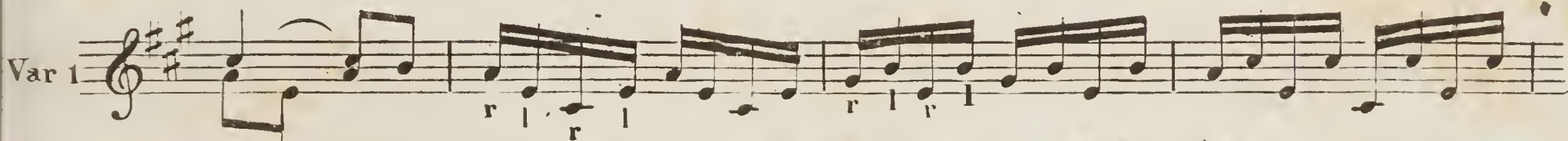
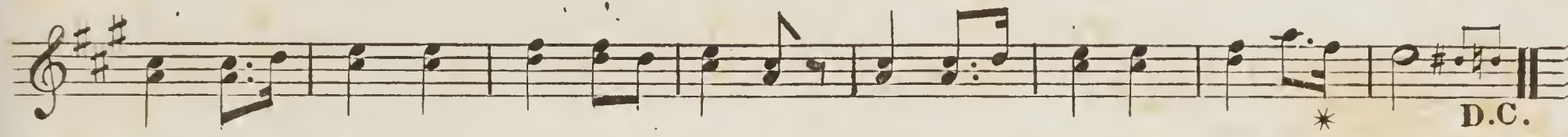
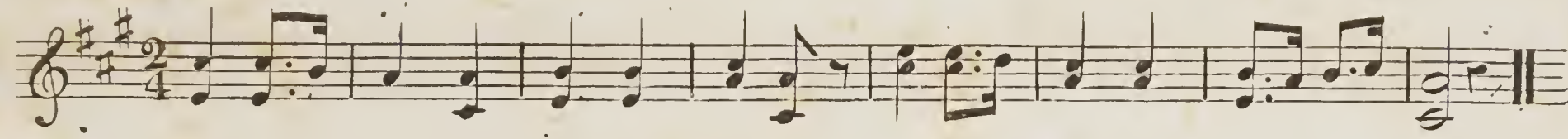


Stop Waltz*.



*To play this waltz your Instrument requires the extra E in alto

Rousseaus Dream.

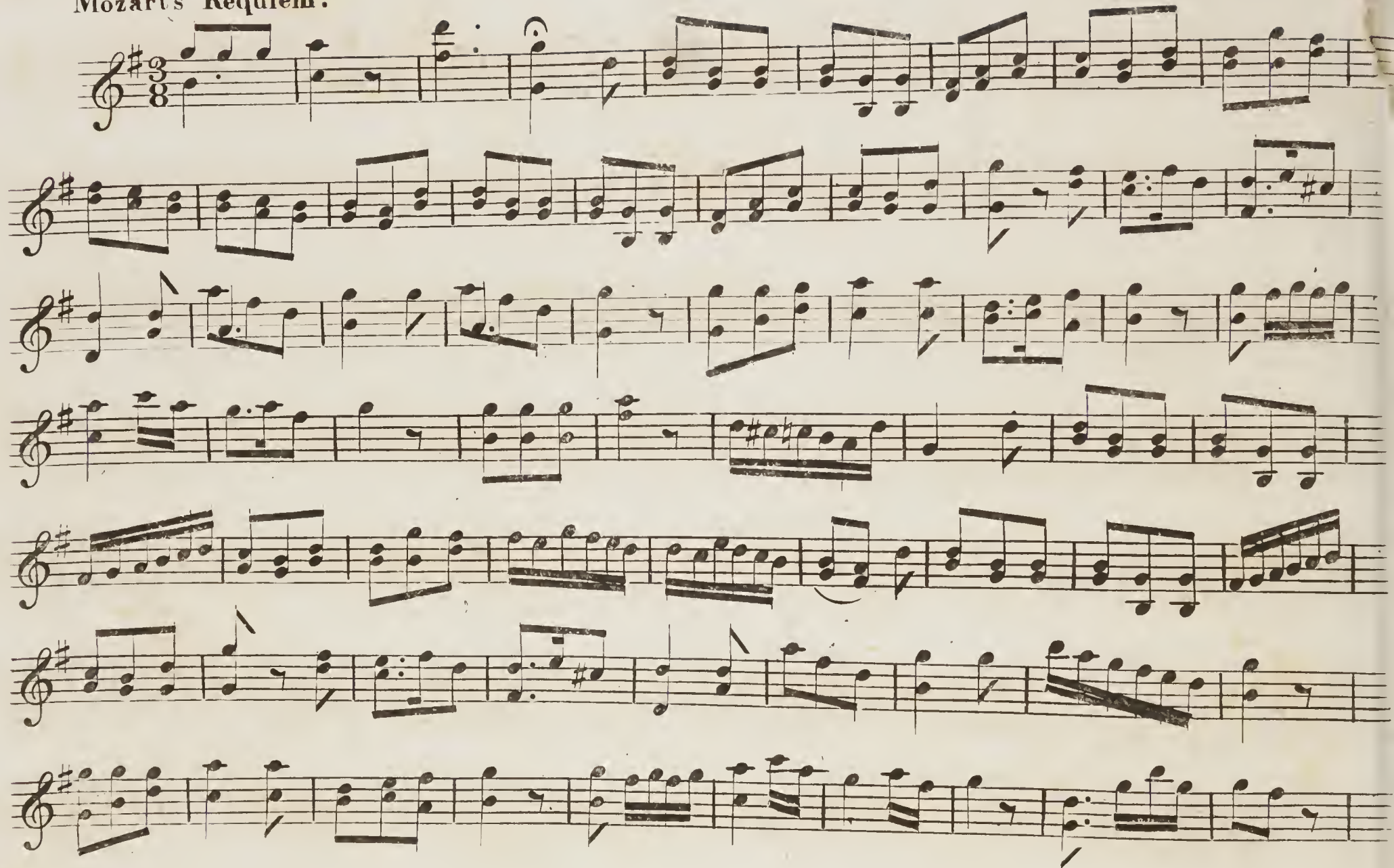


D.C.

D.C.

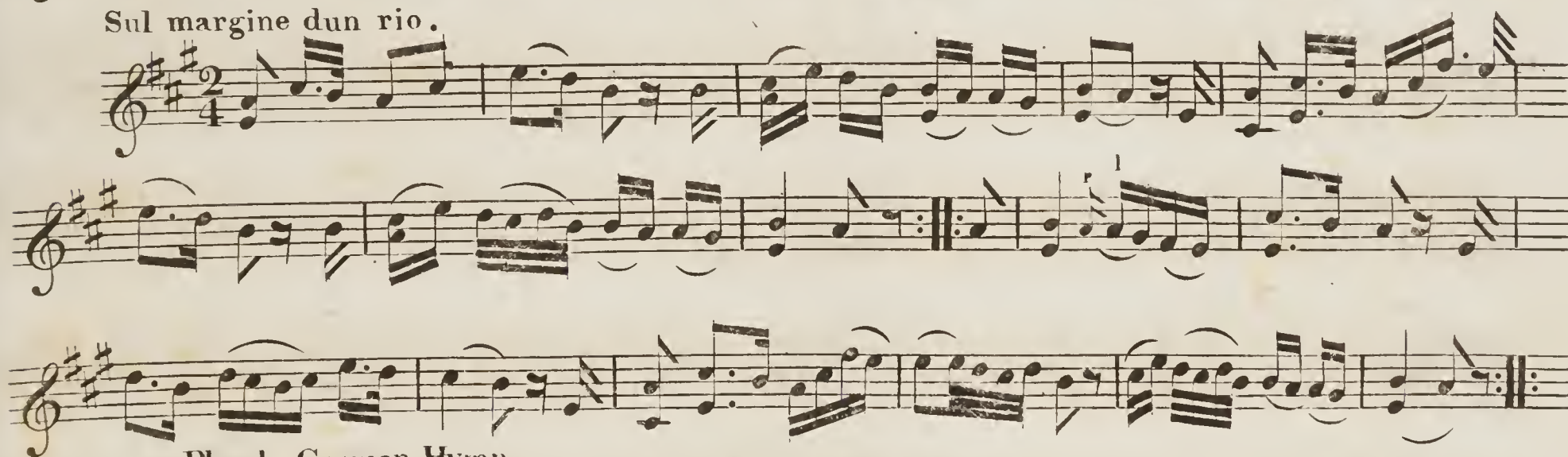
D.C.

Mozart's Requiem.





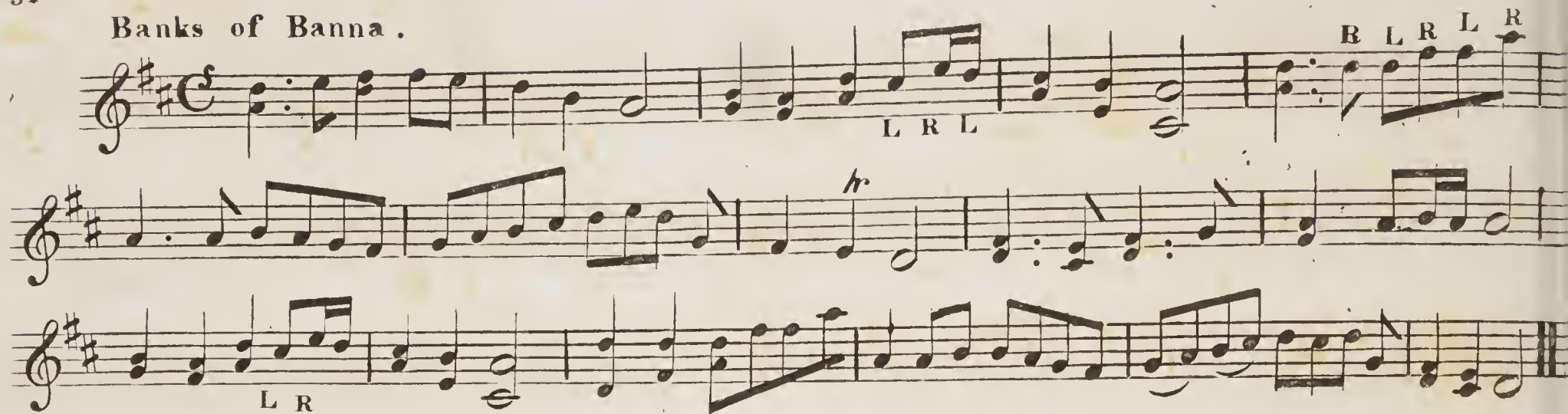
Sul margine dun rio.



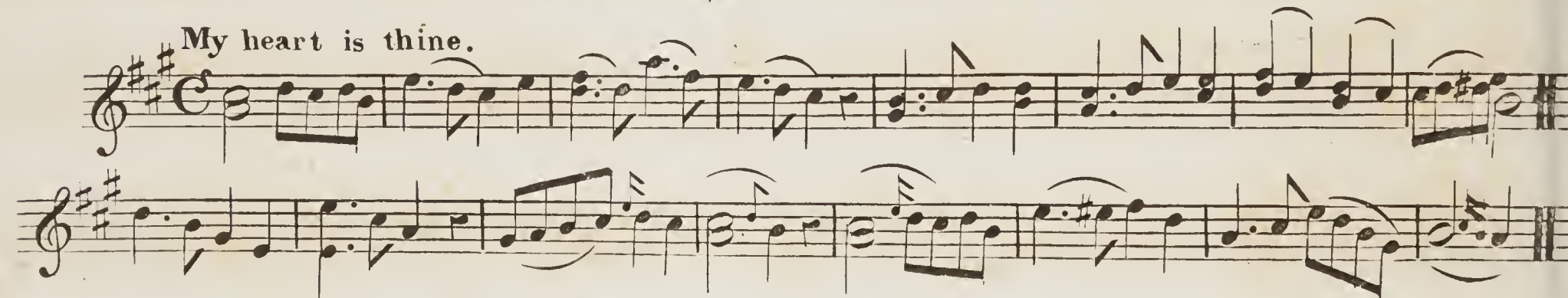
Pleyels German Hymn.



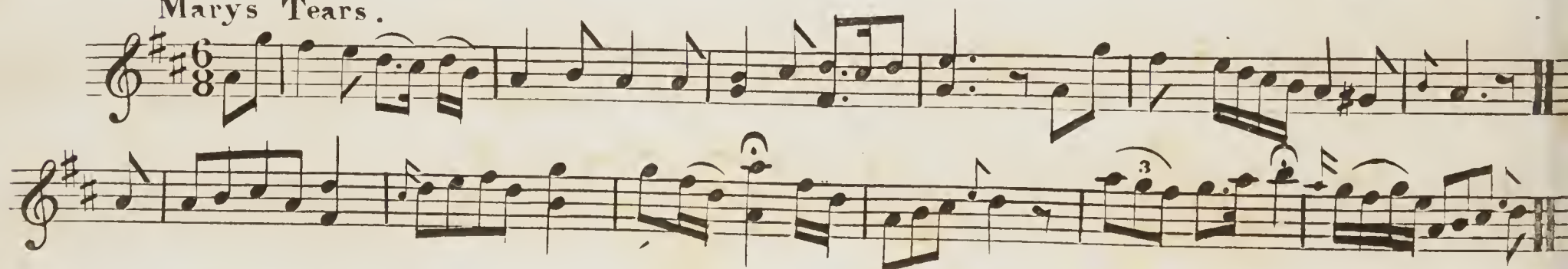
Banks of Banna.



My heart is thine.



Marys Tears.



Espress

This musical score is for the piece 'Home.' in 2/4 time, key of D major (two sharps). It consists of four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff features a double bar line followed by the word 'Espress' in italics, indicating a change in tempo or expression. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a final double bar line.

Heres a health.

This musical score is for the piece 'Heres a health.' in 6/8 time, key of D major (two sharps). It consists of three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff concludes the piece with a final double bar line.

36 Oft in the stilly night.

sym

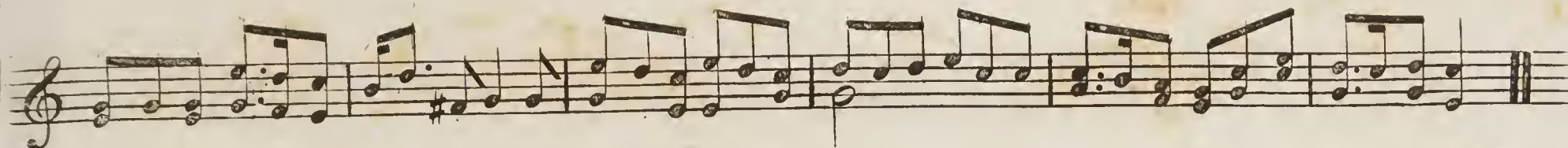
song

lent

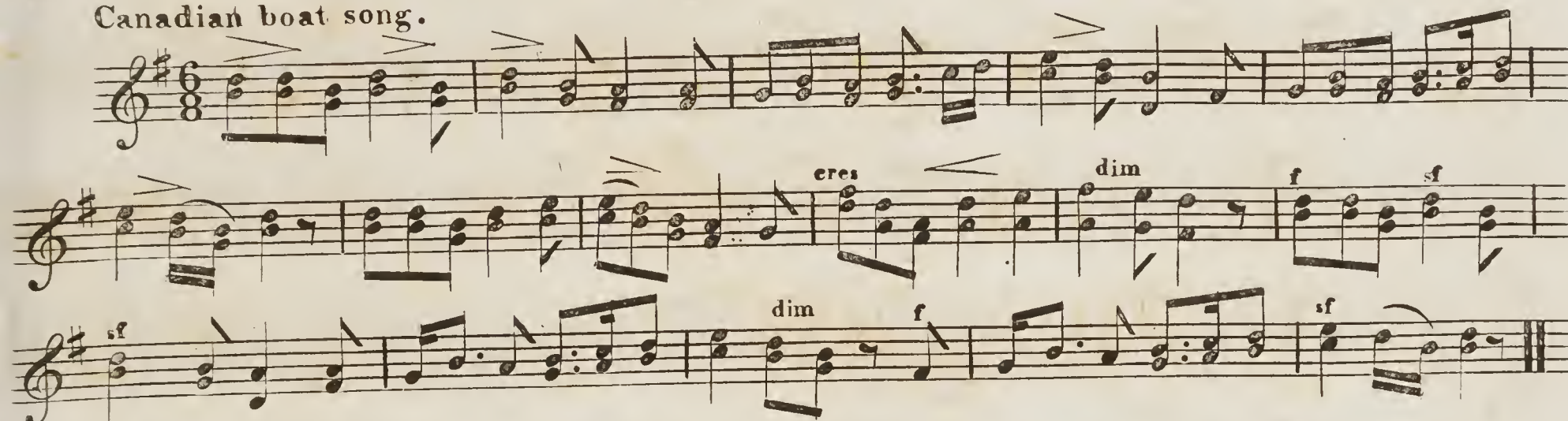
The musical score for 'Oft in the stilly night.' consists of five staves of music. The first staff is marked 'sym' and the second 'song'. The third staff is marked 'lent'. The music is in 2/4 time and consists of a single melodic line with various note values and rests.

Arabys Daughter.

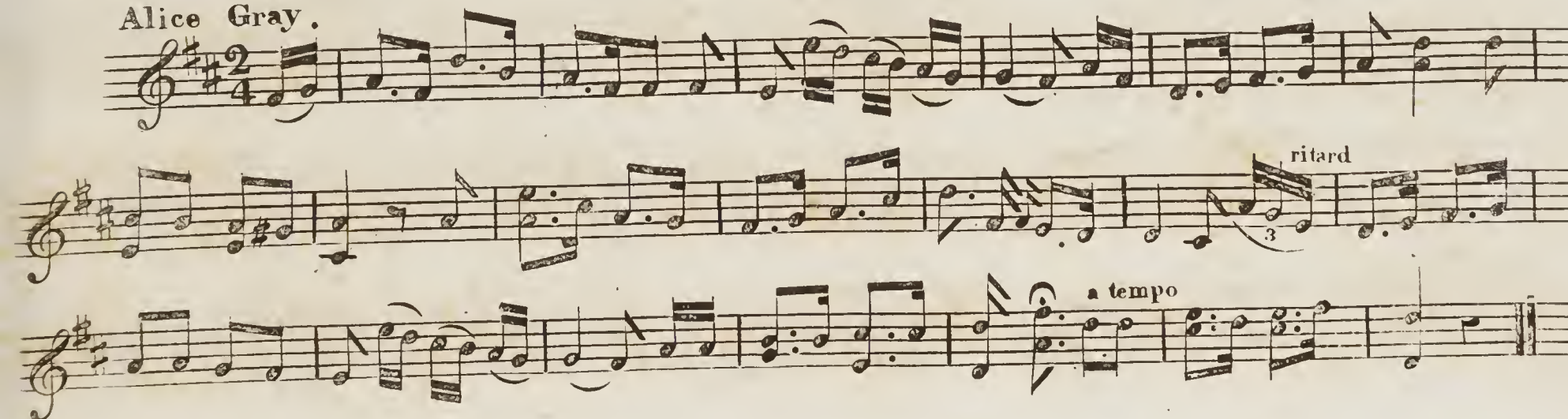
The musical score for 'Arabys Daughter.' consists of two staves of music. The first staff is in 6/8 time and the second is in 4/4 time. The music consists of a single melodic line with various note values and rests.



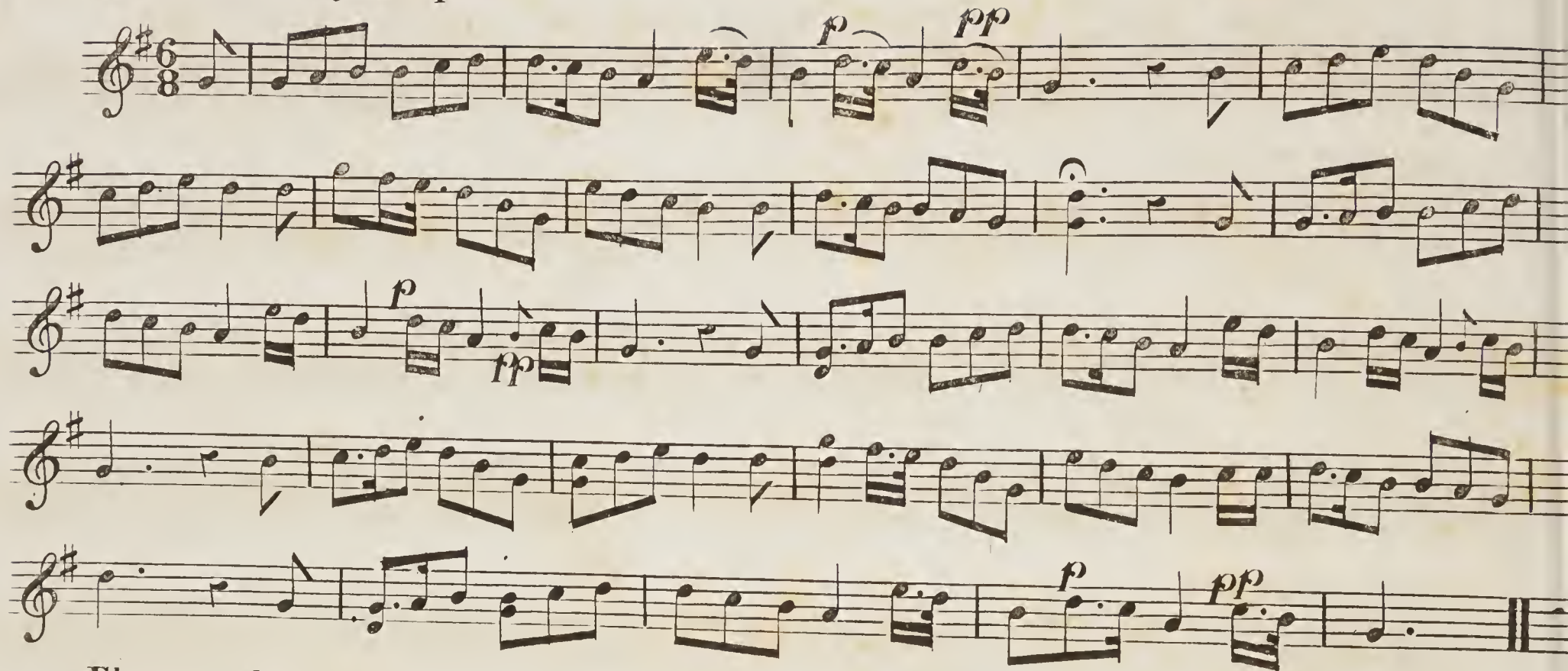
Canadian boat song.



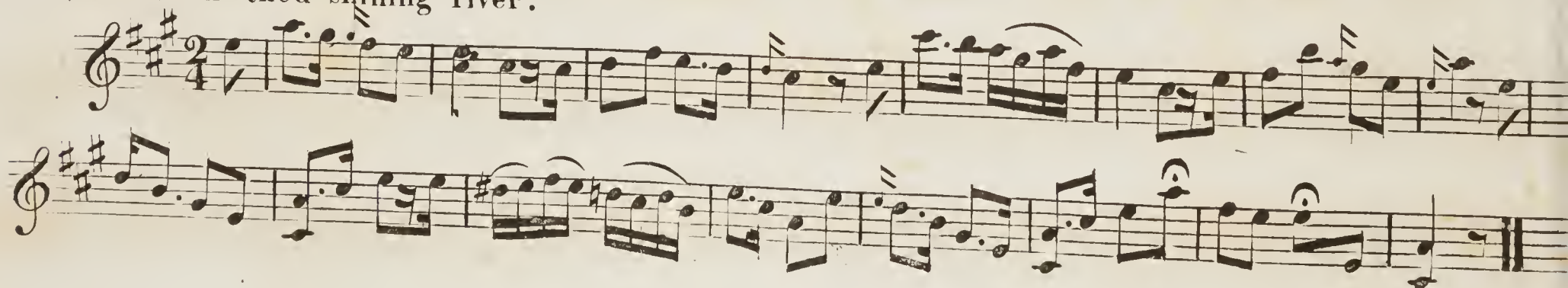
Alice Gray.



Farewell to my Harp.



Flow on thou shining river.



Hayden's Andante.

Minor.

D.C.

This musical score is for a piece titled "Hayden's Andante." It is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature consists of two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The piece begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a flowing, arpeggiated texture. After several measures, the key signature changes to one sharp (F#), and the tempo or mood is indicated as "Minor." The notation continues with various rhythmic patterns, including dotted notes and rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the instruction "D.C." (Da Capo).

Oh no I'll never mention him.

This musical score is for the vocal line of the song "Oh no I'll never mention him." It is written on a treble clef staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and consists of eighth and quarter notes. There are two instances of the letter "R" written below the staff, each followed by an asterisk (*), likely indicating a repeat or a specific performance instruction. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Alls Well.

Adagio

Allegro

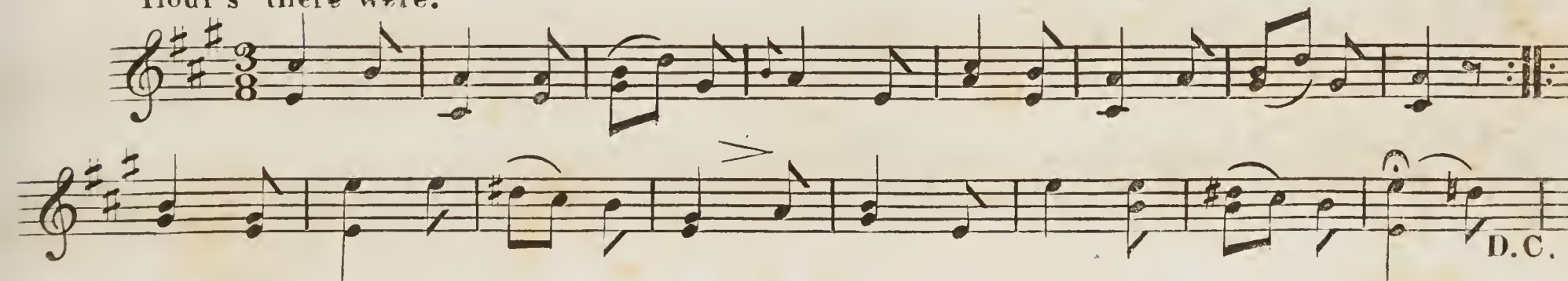
Adagio

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in G major (one sharp). It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Adagio'. The first staff contains the initial melody. The second and third staves continue the melodic development. The fourth staff is marked 'Allegro' and features a more rhythmic, eighth-note pattern. The fifth staff is marked 'Adagio' and returns to a slower tempo. The sixth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line.

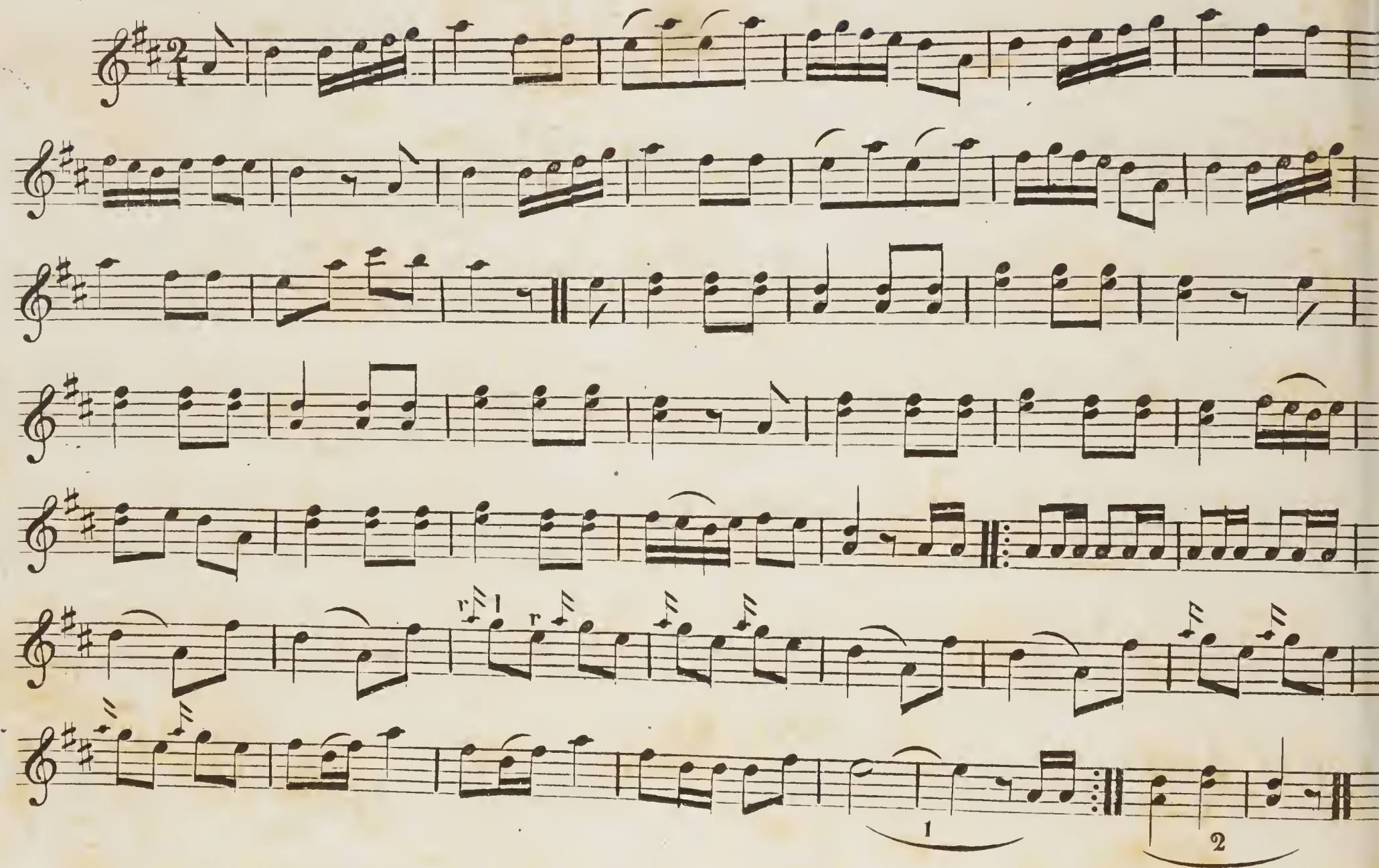
Ned of the hills.



Hour's there were.



Hunter's Chorus.



p

cres

dim poco a poco

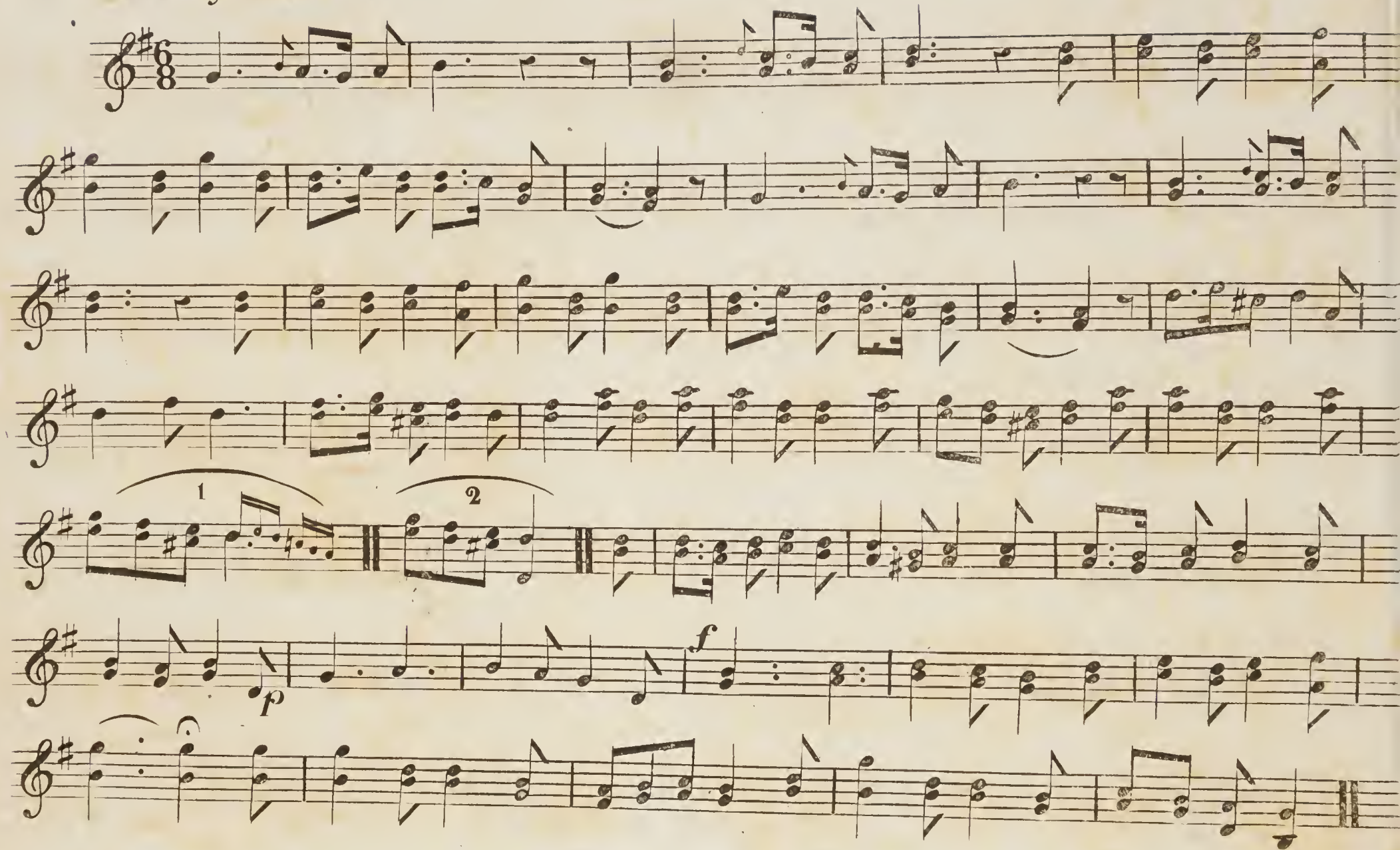
pp

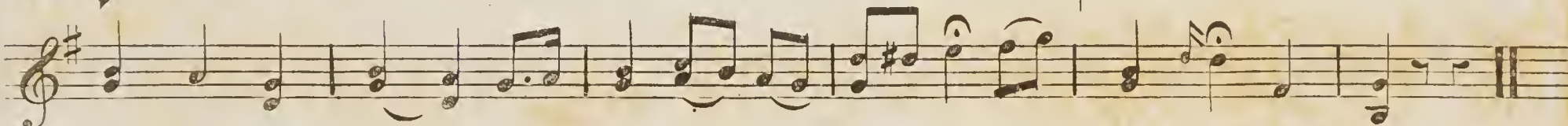
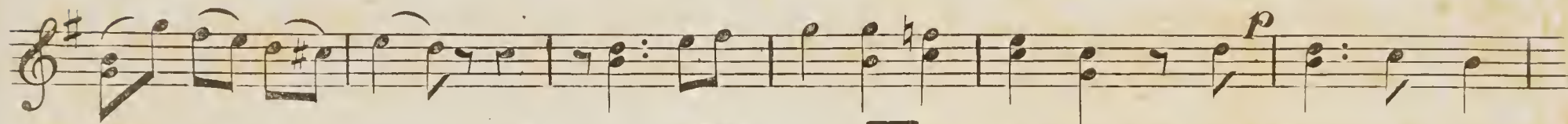
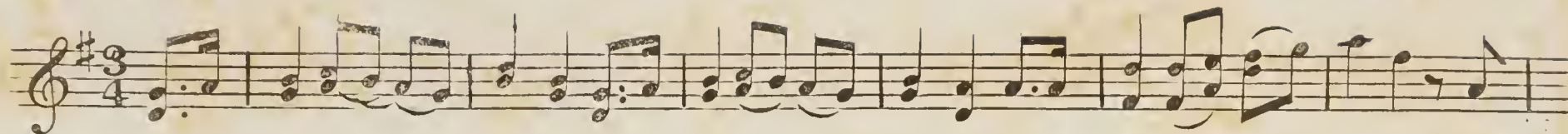
ppp

pp

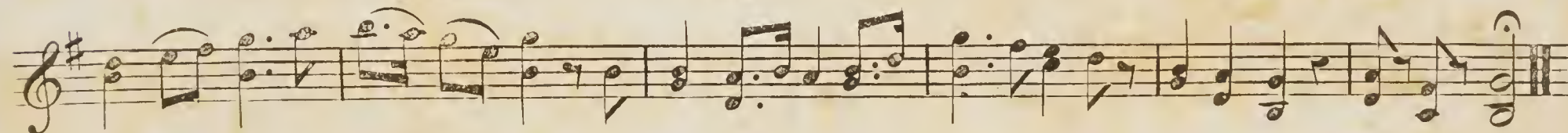
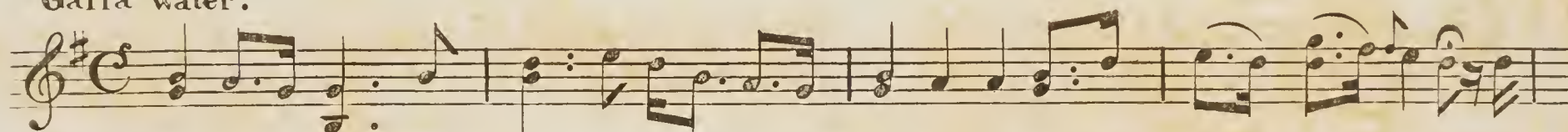
ppp

Rise Cynthia Rise.

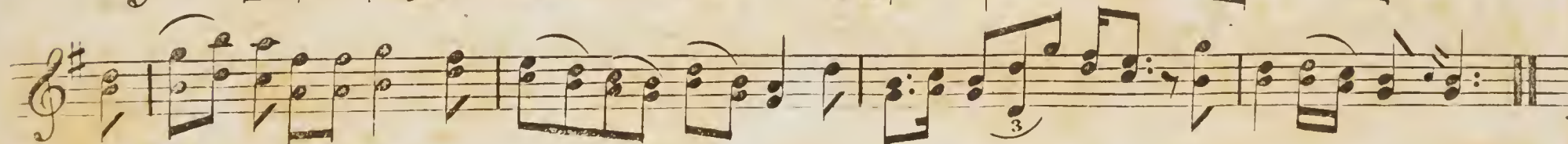




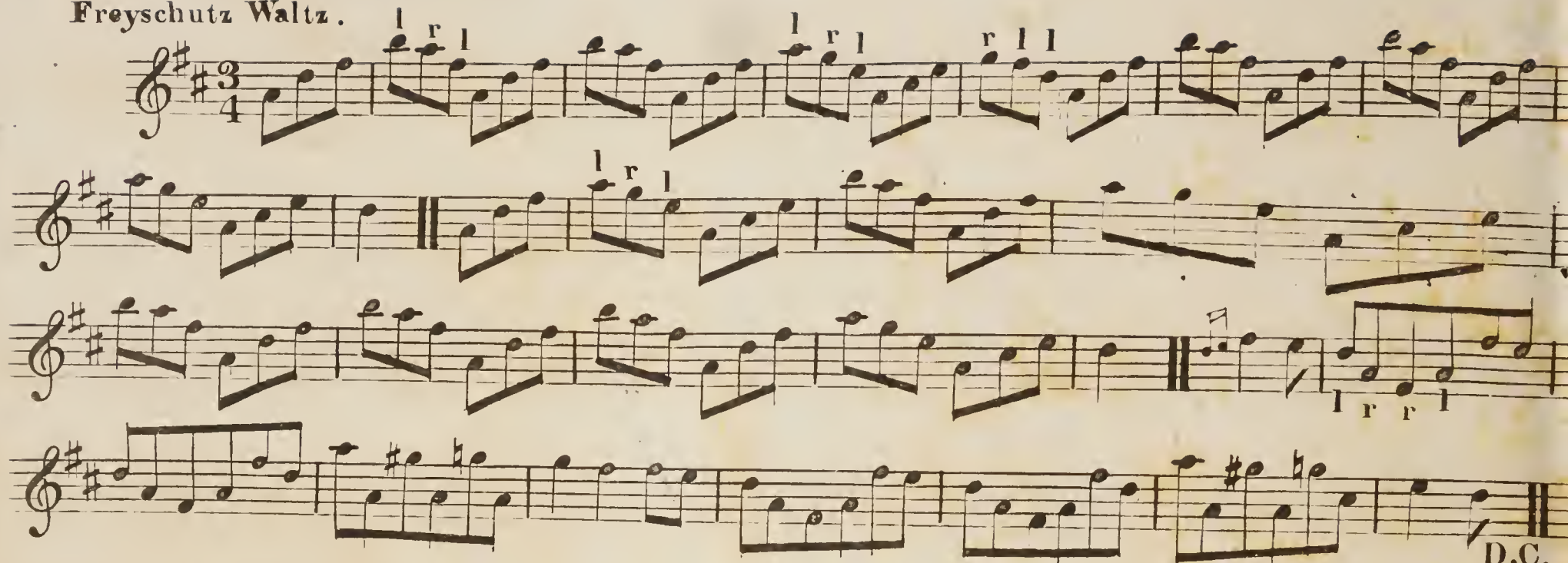
Galla water.



If to gaze on thee waking.

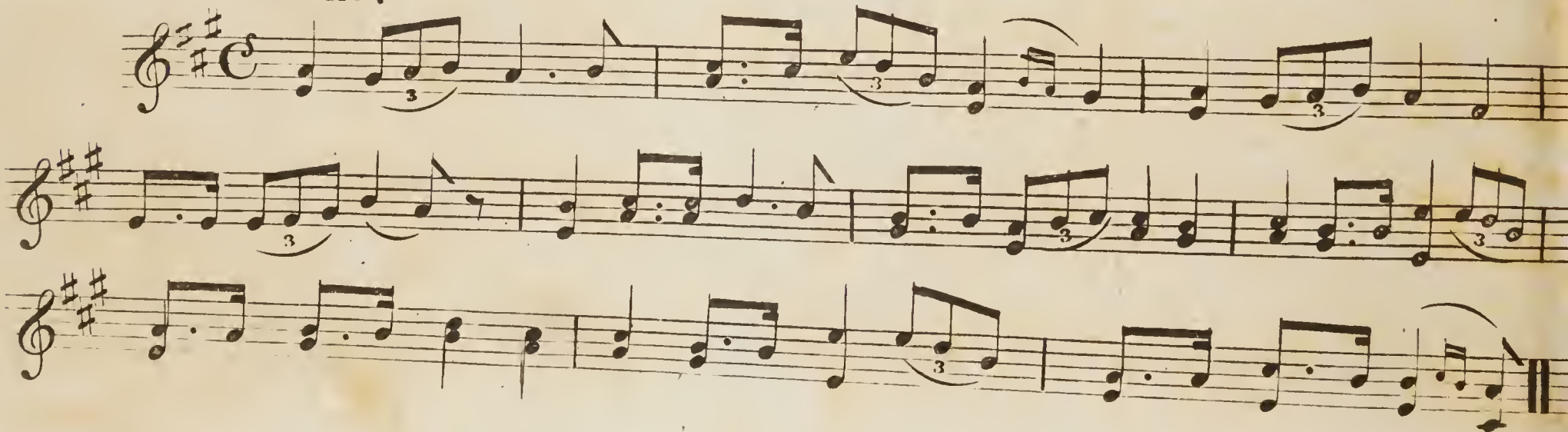


Freyschutz Waltz.



D.C.

Waters of Elle.



GRAND HARMONICON

OR

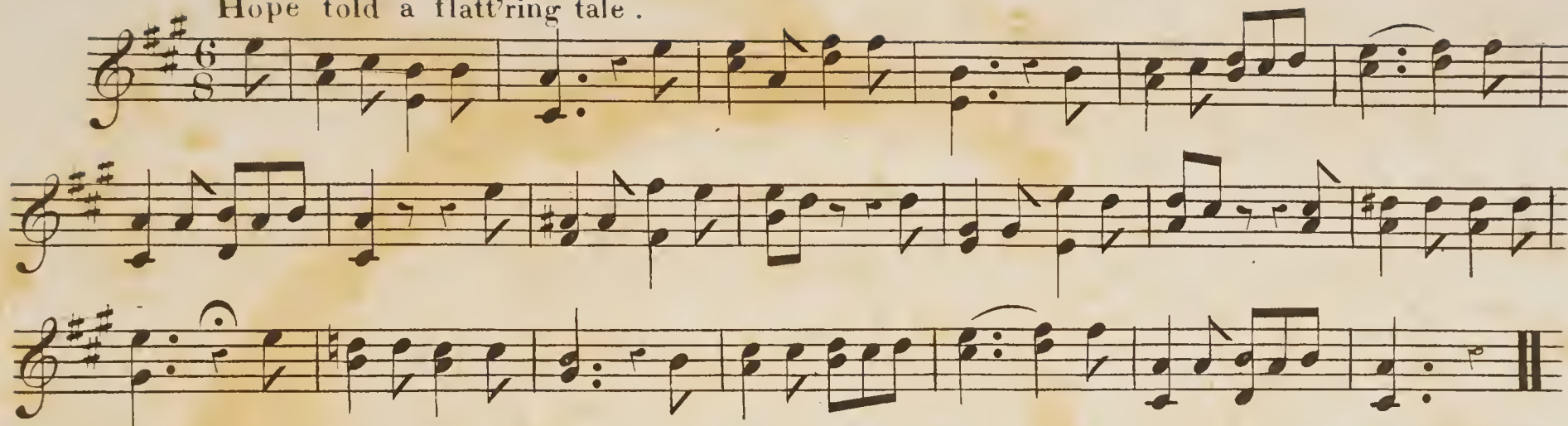
Musical Glasses.

Francis H. Smith

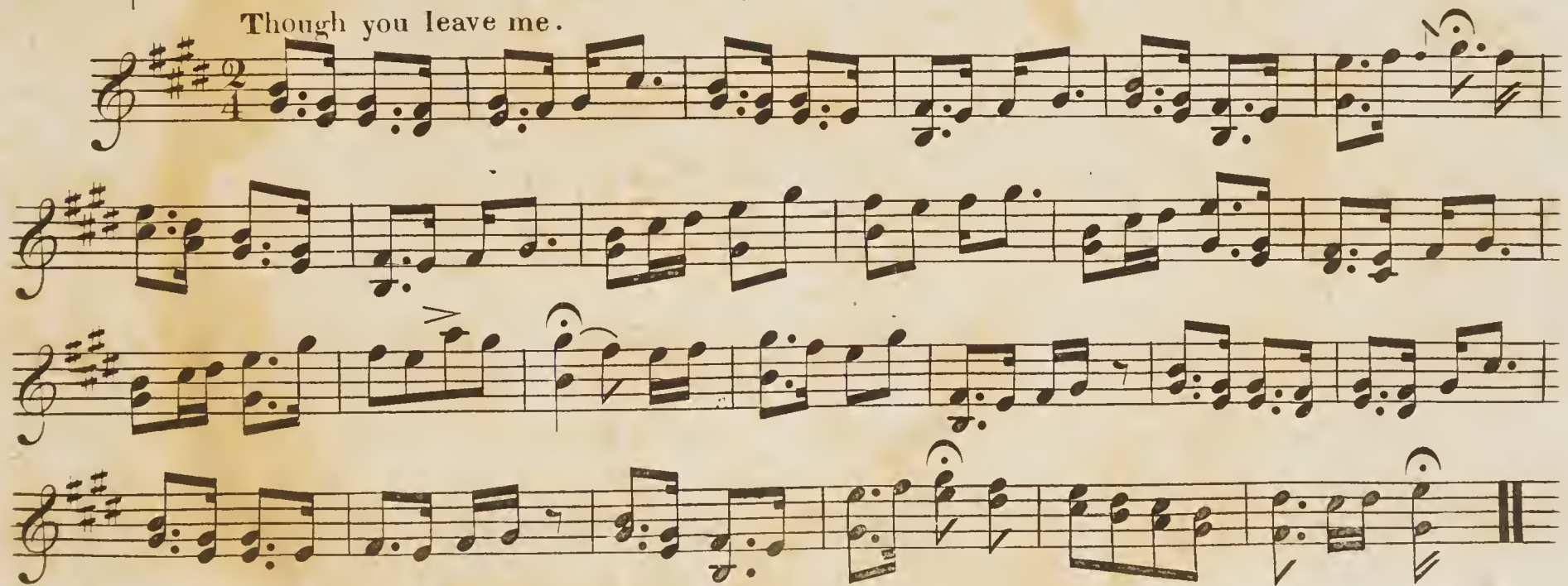
sole Patentee

BALTIMORE.

Hope told a flatt'ring tale.



Though you leave me.



MT
670,2
, 565
1831
v. 2

Our way across the Sea..

1^{mo}
2^{do}
or Flute.

Home fare thee well ! The ocean's storm is o'er ; The weary

pen - - non woos the seaward wind ; Fast speeds the bark, - And now the less'ning

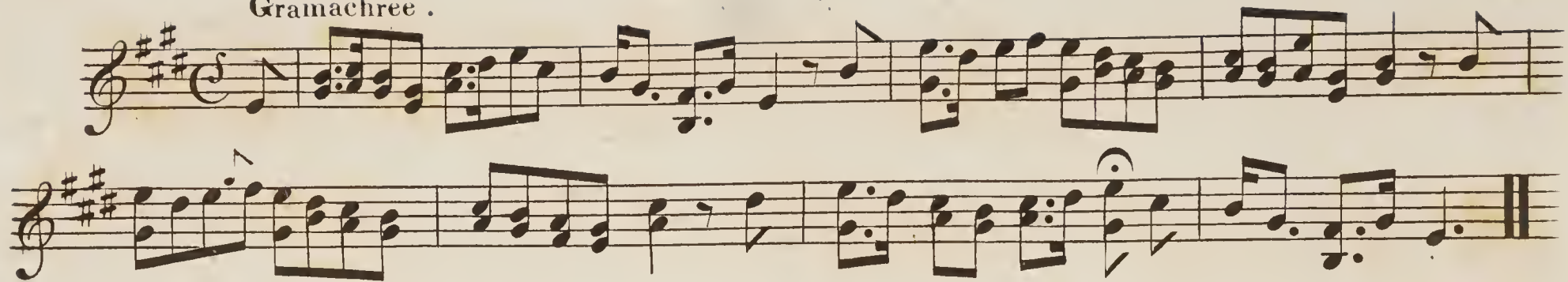
shore sinks in the wave , with those we leave behind. Fare, fare thee well ! Land of the

free ; No tongue can tell the love I bear to thee. Fare , fare thee

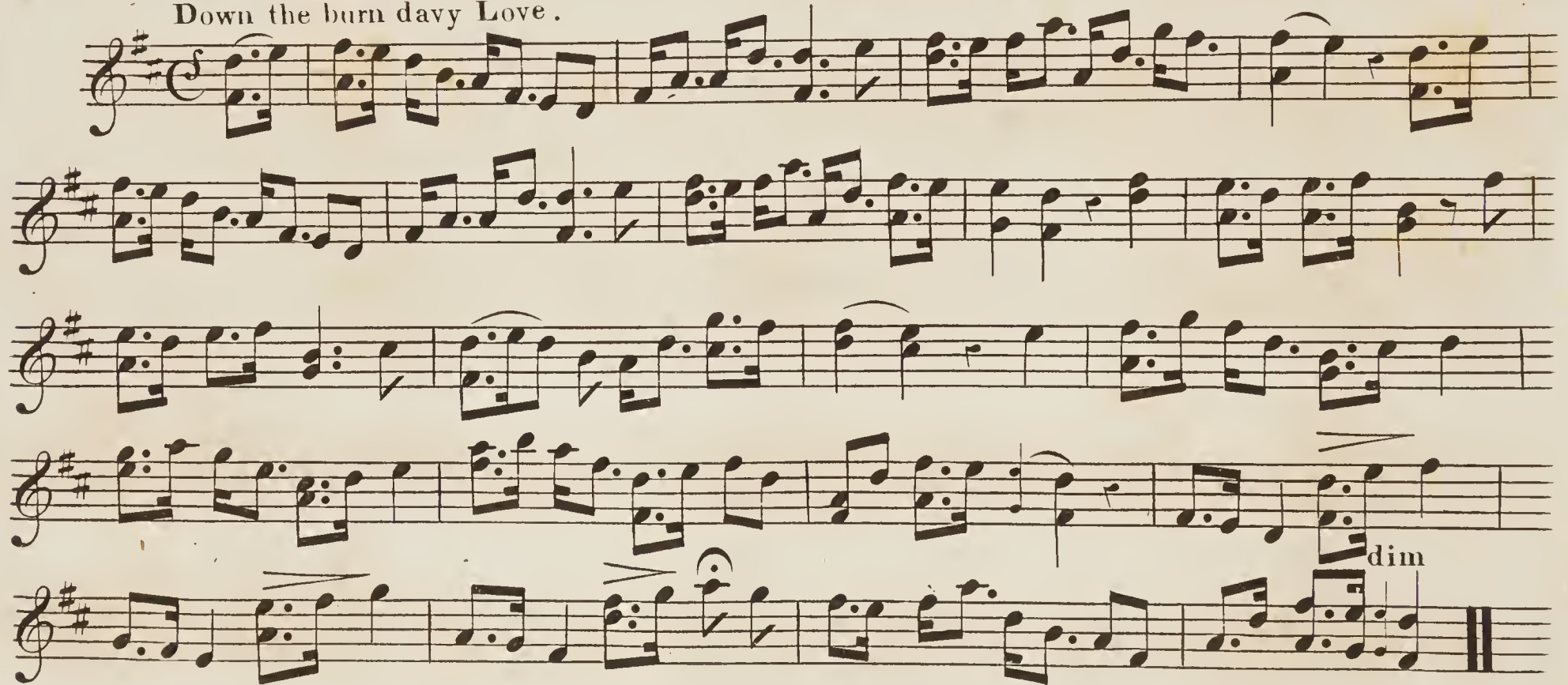
well ! Land of the free ; No tongue can tell the love I bear to thee .

Begone dull care .

Gramachree .



Down the burn davy Love .



1 O THOU my life, my joy,
My glory, and my all!
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
No evil can befall.

2 Such are thy wondrous works,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee,
Through all this wilderness.

3 'Tis thine all powerful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassions, Lord!
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

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

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

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

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

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!—
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

1 BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made:
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love:
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

3 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

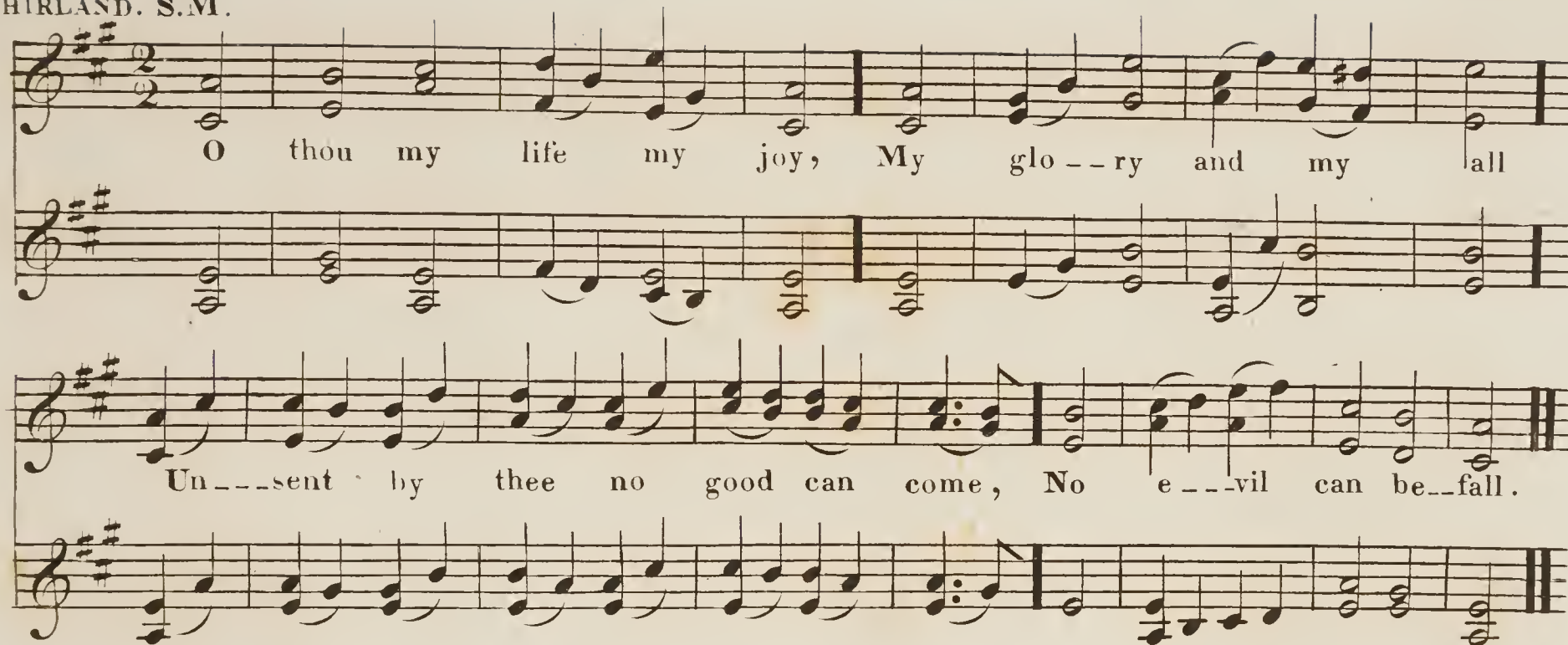
4 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
And find my heaven in thee.

1 FROM earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.

2 To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.

3 While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe!

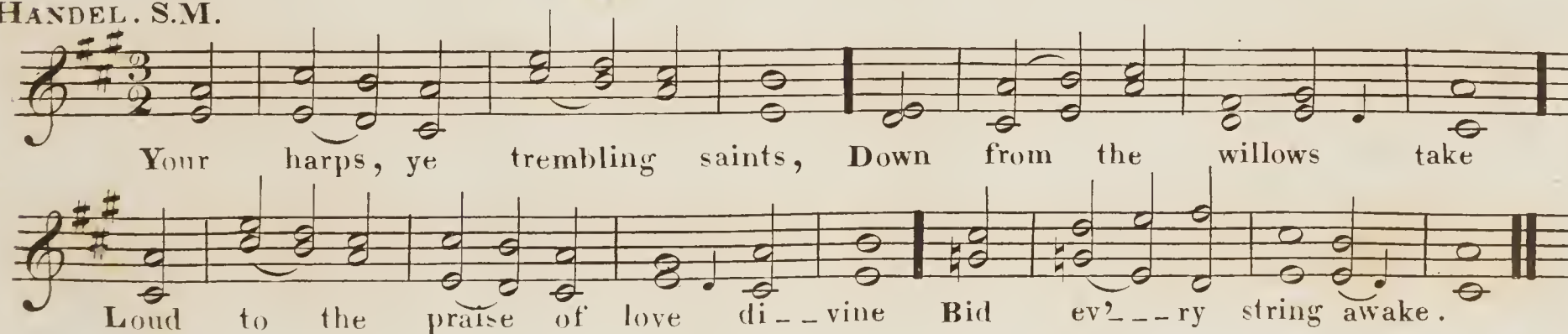
4 Oh let us never tread
The broad, destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory, and to God.



O thou my life my joy, My glo -- ry and my all
Un -- sent by thee no good can come, No e -- vil can be -- fall.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Shirland. S.M.'. It consists of four staves of music. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating long notes.

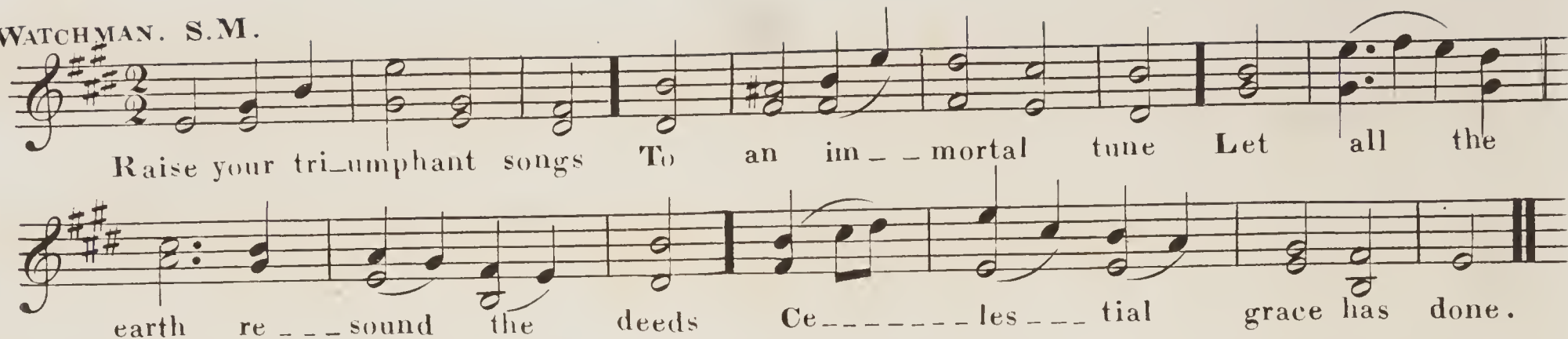
HANDEL. S.M.



Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take
Loud to the praise of love di -- vine Bid ev' -- ry string awake.

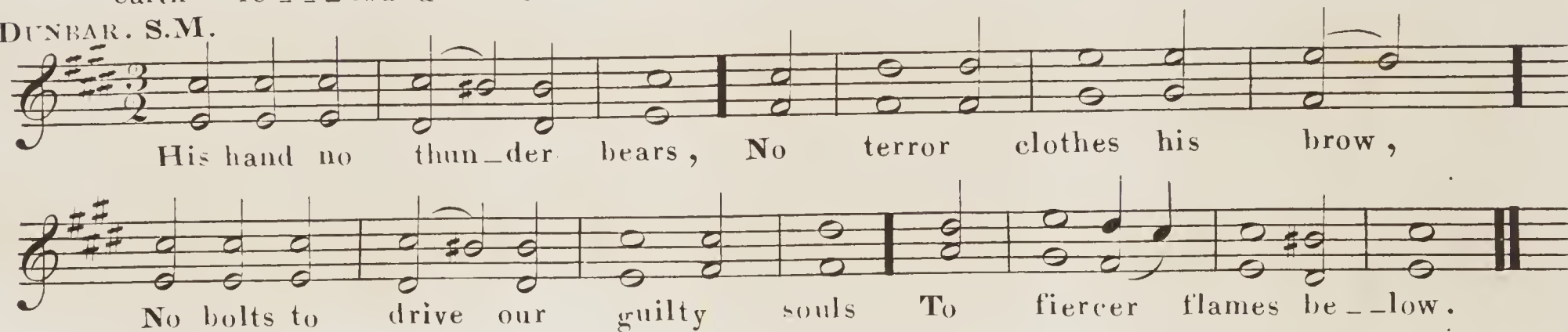
This musical score is for the hymn 'Handel. S.M.'. It consists of two staves of music. The first staff is for the vocal melody, and the second is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating long notes.

WATCHMAN. S.M.



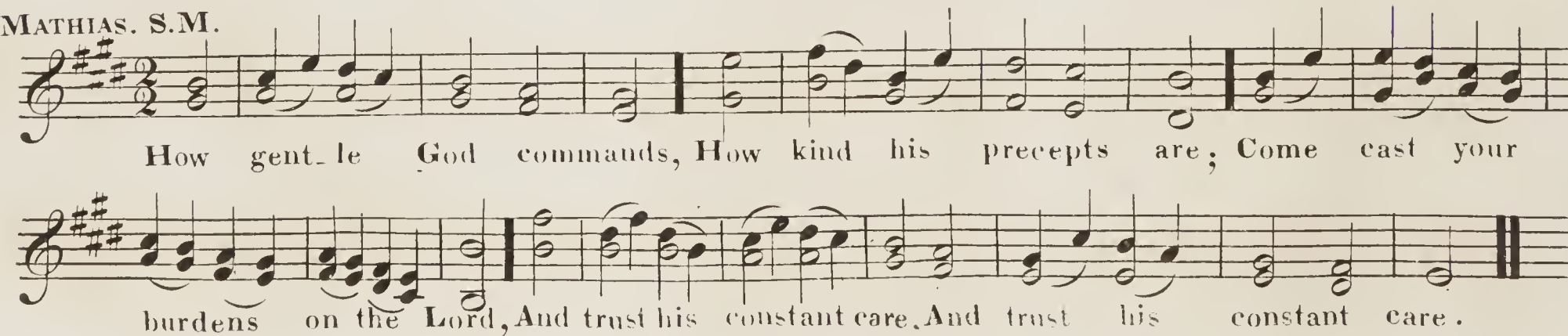
Raise your tri-umphant songs To an in - - mortal tune Let all the
earth re - - - sound the deeds Ce - - - - - les - - - tial grace has done.

DUNBAR. S.M.



His hand no thun-der bears, No terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls To fiercer flames be - - low.

MATHIAS. S.M.



How gent-le God commands, How kind his precepts are, Come cast your
burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care, And trust his constant care.

Watchman.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let all the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bade him raise our ruined race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears, Dunbar.
No terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears, Watchman.
Let hopeless sorrow cease,
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call; Dunbar.
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

1 HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Watchman.

1 WE come with joyful song,
To hail this happy morn:
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,
"This day is Jesus born!"

2 What transports doth his name
To sinful men afford!
His glorious titles we proclaim—
A Saviour—Christ—the Lord!

3 Glory to God on high,
All hail the happy morn:
We join the anthems of the sky—
And sing—"The Saviour's born!"

Watchman.

1 BEHOLD the gift of God!
Sinners, adore his name,
Who shed for us his precious blood—
Who bore our curse and shame.

2 Behold the living bread
Which Jesus came to give,
By dying in the sinner's stead,
That he might ever live.

3 The Lord delights to give;
He knows you've nought to buy:
To Jesus haste—this bread receive,
And you shall never die.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise:
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free,
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.

2 Oh what a vast delight,
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee!

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This holy rite divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make our children thine.

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

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

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got thy crown.

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

1 O LORD how vile am I,
Unholy and unclean,
How can I dare to venture nigh
With such a load of sin.

2 Is this polluted heart
A dwelling fit for thee?
Swarming, alas! in every part,
What evils do I see!

3 If I attempt to pray,
And raise my soul on high,
My thoughts are hurried fast away
For sin is ever nigh.

4 If in thy word I look,
Such darkness fills my mind,
I only read a sealed book,
But no relief can find.

5 Thy gospel oft I hear,
But hear it still in vain:
Without desire, or love or fear,
Harden'd I still remain.

6 And must I then indeed
Sink in despair and die?
Fain would I hope that thou didst bleed
For such a wretch as I.

1 OH where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole!

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above;
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

5 Thou God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
Forevermore undone.

1 AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake!
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake!

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None—none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

1 AND shall I sit alone,
Oppressed with grief and fear?
To God, my Father, make my moan,
And he refuse to hear?

2 If he my Father be,
His pity he will show;
From cruel bondage set me free,
And inward peace bestow.

3 If still he silence keep,
'Tis but my faith to try;
He knows and feels when'er I weep,
And softens every sigh.

4 Then will I humbly wait,
Nor once indulge despair;
My sins are great—but not so great
As his compassions are.

CHESTER. S.M.

My soul be on thy guard Ten - - thou - sand foes a - - - rise The
hosts of sin are pres - - sing hard To draw thee from the skies.

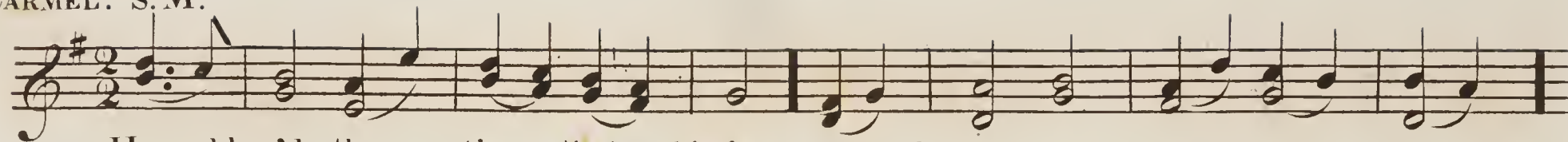
AYLESBURY. S.M.

O Lord how vile am I Un - - - - holy and un - - - clean How
can I dare to venture nigh With such a load of sin.

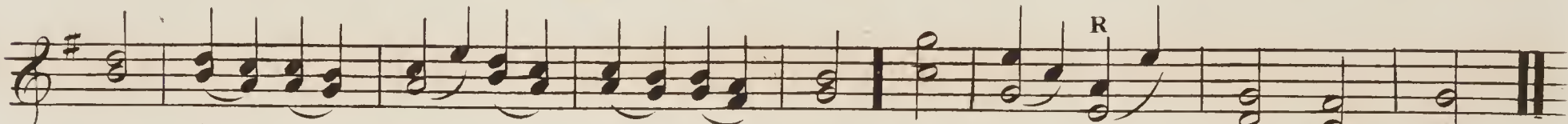
LITTLE MALBOROUGH. S.M.

Oh how shall fal - - - - len man Be just be - - fore his God
If he con - - tend in righteousness We fall be - - neath his rod.

CARMEL. S.M.

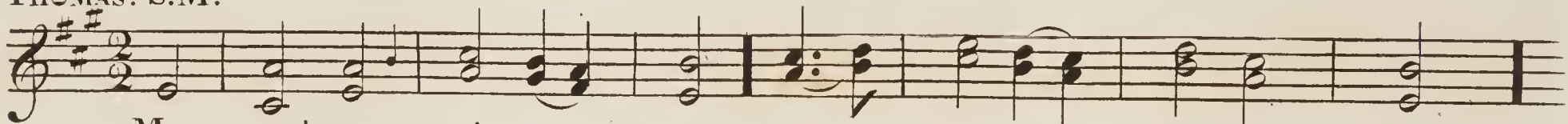


How bless'd the tie that binds Our hearts in mu - tual love ,

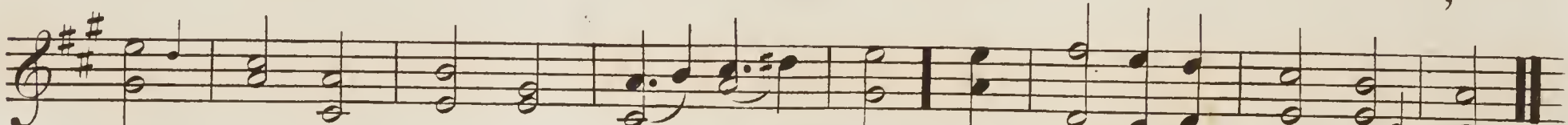


The fel - low - - - ship of kind - red minds Is like to that above.

ST. THOMAS. S.M.

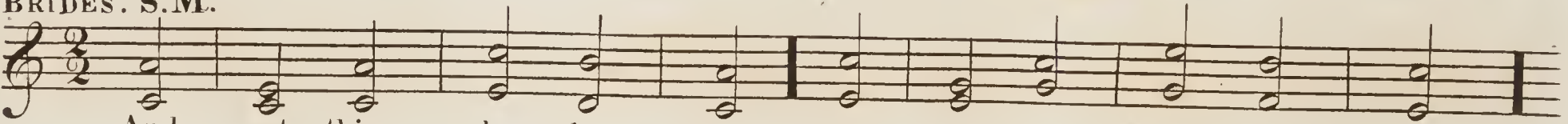


My maker and my king To thee my all I owe ;

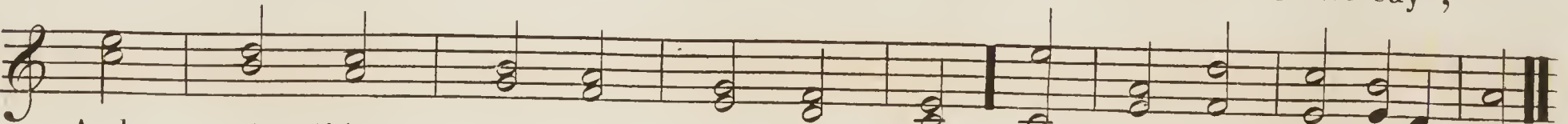


Thy sovereign bounty is the spring, Whence all my blessings flow.

ST. BRIDES. S.M.



And must this bo - dy die , This mortal frame de - - - cay ,



And must these active limbs of mine Lie mouldring in the clay.

1 BLES'T be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we are called to part,
It gives us mutual pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
From sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

1 MY Maker and my King!
'To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.

4 Lord, what can I impart,
When all is thine before;
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas! how poor!

5 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

6 Oh let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And frequent from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus dying love—
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

5 Accept, O Lord, the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

1 MY God—my life—my love,
To thee—to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Nor earth—nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No—not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

3 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle, where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

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

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

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

1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives—but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise—but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoice to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above,

1 OH thou, whose tender mercies hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, Lord, before 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 guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my Guide! my Light!
Without one cheering ray,
Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy divine.

1 WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
And wait to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command;—

2 Thou Source of life and joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave!

3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head,
And let a beam of life divine
Illumine my dying bed.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Turn, mortal, turn!—thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

4 Turn, Christian, turn!—thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell,
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live for heaven—or hell!

1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

3 'Twas he—and we'll adore his name—
That formed us by a word!
'Tis he restores our ruined frame—
Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

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.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
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 Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

BROOMSGROVE. C. M.

Arise my soul my joy-ful pow'rs, And triumph in my God; Awake my
voice and loud pro-claim, His glorious grace abroad, His glorious grace abroad.

BURFORD. C. M.

O thou whose ten-der mer-cy hears Con-_____tri-tion's humble sigh
Whose hand in-dul-gent wipes the tears From sorrows weeping eye.

WALSAL. C. M.

When bending o'er the brink of life, My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's aw-ful flood, Great God at thy command.

BETHLEHEM. C. M.

The Saviour comes! what joyful news The Sa_viour promised long
 The Saviour promised long; Let eve_ry heart pre_pare a throne
 And every voice a song And every voice a song.

SWANWICK. C. M.

Thy mercies fill the earth O Lord; How good thy works ap_pear
 O_pen my eyes to read thy word, And see thy
 won_ders there, And see thy won_ders there.

1 THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound,
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

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

3 Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay?

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

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord;
How good thy works appear!
Open my eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

2 Since I'm a stranger here below
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

3 When I confessed my wandering ways,
Thou heard'st my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

4 If God to me his statutes show,
And heavenly truth impart,
His work forever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 What'er my noblest powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care!

4 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
And trust thy love in death.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

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

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

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

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;—
Lord—we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away:—

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above:—

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own:—

4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the covenant of his grace
For all things to depend:—

5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
O Lord, direct from thee!

- 1 HOW vain are all things here below;
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.
 - 2 The brightest things below the sky
Shine with deceitful light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
 - 3 Our dearest joys—our nearest friends—
The partners of our blood—
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!
 - 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
'Tis there the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
 - 5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.
-
- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines!
 - 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
 - 3 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound!
 - 5 Oh may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!
 - 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
'Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!
-
- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day!
 - 2 With pitying eyes the prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw—and—oh amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.
 - 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
 - 4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
 - 5 Angels! assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

- 1 WHEN youth and age are snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
And bow at God's command.
 - 2 While love still prompts the rising sigh,
With awful power impressed,
Let this dread truth, "I too must die!"
Sink deep in every breast!
 - 3 May this vain world o'ercome no more!
Behold the opening tomb!
It bids us use the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.
 - 4 The voice of this instructive scene
Let every heart obey!
Nor be the faithful warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.
 - 5 Lord! let us to our refuge fly!
Thine arm alone can save:
Give us, through Christ, the victory,
To triumph o'er the grave!
-
- 1 AM I an Israelite indeed,
Without a false disguise?
Have I renounced my sins, and left
My refuges of lies?
 - 2 Say, does my heart unchanged remain?
Or is it formed anew?
What is the rule by which I walk,
The object I pursue?
 - 3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace,
My real state to know!
If I am wrong—oh set me right!
If right—preserve me so!

St. JOHNS. C. M.

How vain are all things here be - low ! How false and yet how fair ;
 Each pleasure hath its poi - son too And ev' - ry sweet a snare .

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Now let a true am - bition rise , And ar - dor fire our breast ,
 To reign in worlds a - bove the skies In heav'nly glo - ries drest .

FUNERAL THOUGHT. C. M.

When blooming youth is snatch'd away , By death's re - sistless hand ,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay , Which pi - - ty must de - - mand .

CONDESCENSION. C. M.

The Saviour O what endless charms Dwell on the blissful sound!

Its influence ev'ry fear dis__arms And spreads sweet peace around.

BANGOR. C. M.

Dear Saviour, didst thou con_des_cend When veild in human clay

To heal the sick the lame the blind And drive dis_ease a__way.

ROCHESTER. C. M.

I love awhile to steal away From every cumbering care

And spend the hours of setting day, In humble grateful prayer.

1 THE Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless wo.

3 Th' almighty Former of the skies,
Stoops to our vile abode;
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail th' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine—
I cannot wish for more!

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all!

1 DEAR Saviour, didst thou condescend,
When veiled in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?—
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me!

3 And didst thou pity mortal wo,
And sight and health restore?—
Oh pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more!

4 Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
When sinking in the wave?—
I perish, Lord!—oh, save my soul!
For thou alone canst save.

1 THOU art the way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way—the truth—the life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep—that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat—the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if the Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My SAVIOUR—thou art mine!

5 What thanks I owe thee! and what love!
A boundless, endless store!
Thy praise shall sound through realms
When time shall be no more. [above,

1 THOU lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore;
Unvail thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

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

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

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

5 Jesus, my Lord—my life—my light,
Oh! come with blissful ray;
Break through the gloomy shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love:
Then shall I see thy glorious face
In endless joy above.

1 OUR hearts are fasten'd to this world
By strong and num'rous ties,
And every sorrow breaks a string,
And urges us to rise.

2 When heav'n would kindly set us free
And earth's enchantment end,
It takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.

3 Resign and all the load of life
That moment you remove,
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
Devolve on one above.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word!—

2 When each can feel his brothers' sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:—

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:—

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

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 prospect rise,
Exposed to no decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving look of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Oh then, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent souls shall rise,
To those bright scenes, where pleasure
Immortal in the skies. [spring,

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be 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.

1 COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
Our humble tribute own,
While with our praises and complaints,
We bow before thy throne.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 But ah! the song, how faint it flows!
How languid our desire!
How cold the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire!

4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here;
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts, enraptured, say,
Come, great Redeemer—come;
And bring the bright—the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

1 GREAT God, is not thy promise pledged
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?

2 "Ask—and I give the heathen lands
For thine inheritance;
And to the world's remotest shores
Thine empire shall advance."

3 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name adored:
Let earth, with all its millions, shout
Hosanna to the Lord!

BARRY. C. M.

Our hearts are fasten'd to this world By strong and num'rous ties
And ev - ry sorrow breaks a string And ur ges us to rise.

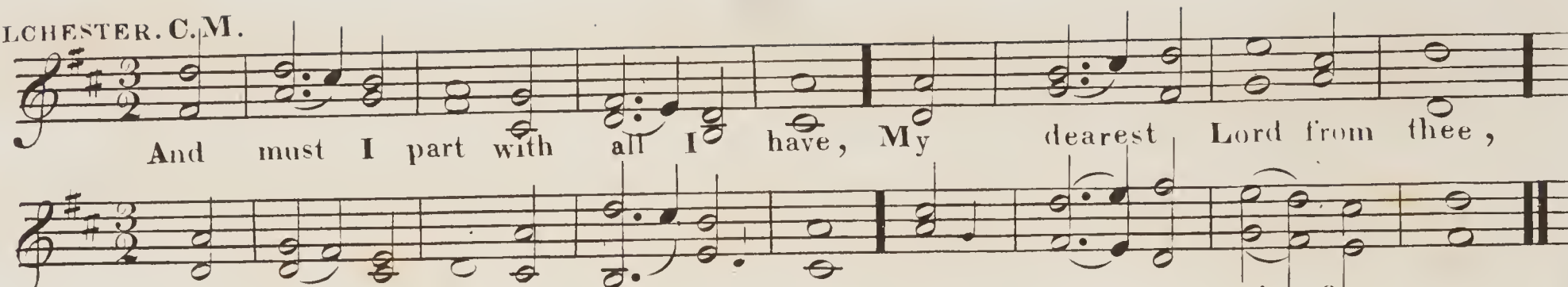
TOLLAND. C. M.

How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be - lievers ear!
It soothes his sorrows heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

COVENTRY. C. M.

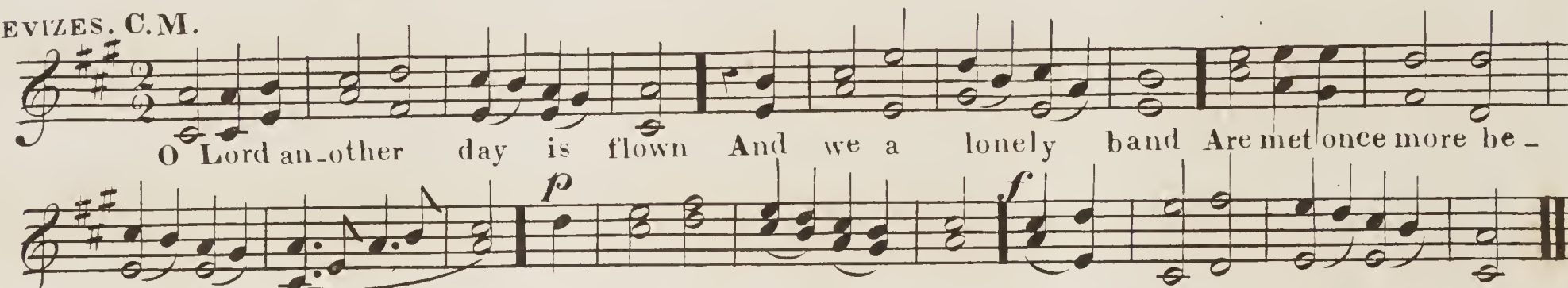
Fa - ther Di - vine, thy pier - cing eye Sees thro' the dar - kest night;
In deep re - tire - ment thou art nigh With heart dis - cer - ning sight.

COLCHESTER. C.M.



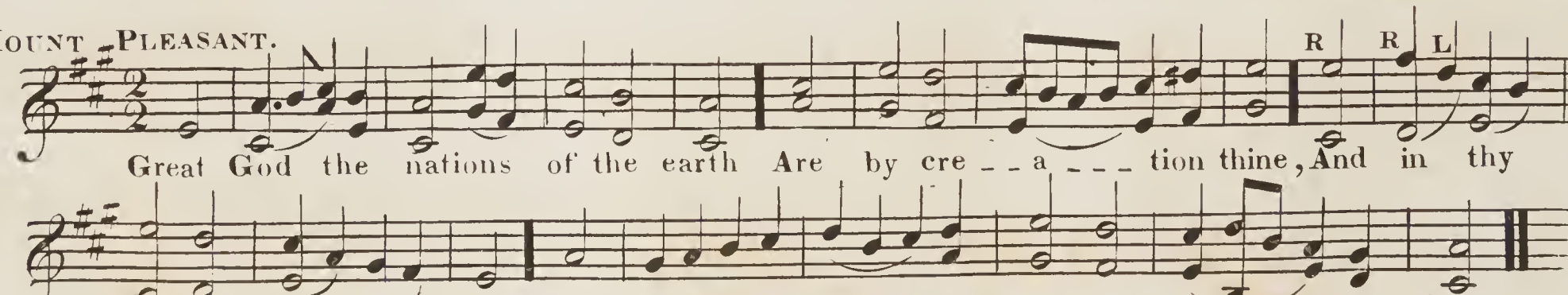
And must I part with all I have, My dearest Lord from thee,
It is but right since thou hast done Much more than this for me.

DEVIZES. C.M.



O Lord another day is flown And we a lonely band Are met once more be -
_fore thy throne To bless thy fost'ring hand, To bless thy fost'ring hand.

MOUNT PLEASANT.



Great God the nations of the earth Are by cre - a - - - tion thine, And in thy
works by all beheld Thy radiant glories shine Thy radiant glo - - - - ries shine.

- 1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord!
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!
 - 2 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!
 - 3 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success!
Write thy salvation in each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.
 - 4 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.
-

- 1 MY Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the word of peace;
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.
- 2 With gentle voice, call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
Like all the harps of heaven.
- 3 With joy, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread;
With joy I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand, which seals our pardon sure,
Shall crown us of life bestow.

- 1 MY God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!—
 - 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
 - 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers, I am his!
 - 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way
To meet my dearest Lord.
-

- 1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, "My Father God!"
Lord, at thy feet I long to lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom
And bid me wait serene;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.
- 4 My Father!—oh! permit my heart
To plead her humble claim;
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

- 1 MY God, my Father—blissful name!—
Oh! may I call thee mine?
May I, with sweet assurance, claim
A portion so divine?
 - 2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?
 - 3 Whate'er thy holy will denies,
I cheerfully resign;
Lord, thou art good, and just, and wise:
Oh! bend my will to thine.
 - 4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh! give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.
-

- 1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God?—
Our God forever near?
- 2 Dost thou a Father's kindness feel,
For all thy humble saints?
And in such friendly accents speak,
To soothe their sad complaints?
- 3 Why droop our hearts—why flow our
While such a voice we hear? [tears,
Why rise our sorrows, and our fears,
While such a friend is near?
- 4 To all thine other favors add
A heart to trust thy word;
And death itself shall hear us sing,
While resting on the Lord.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

3 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can raise our humble strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

4 Oh, happy period!—glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, their raptured lay
To celebrate thy praise.

1 DEAR Saviour! when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah! vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detained—betrayed
From Jesus to depart:—

3 From Jesus—who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest:
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.

4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores:
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

5 Oh! while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The humble, contrite sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye!

6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And, grateful, own how kind—how sweet
Is thy forgiving grace.

1 LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our CONFESSIONS pour,
Oh may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in PRAYER,
Oh let our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 And when with heart and voice we strive
Our grateful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And fill our souls with PRAISE.

5 Then, on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review;
With love divine, transported, tell—
“Thou, God, art Father too!”

1 OH, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God!
Then should my hours glide sweet away
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

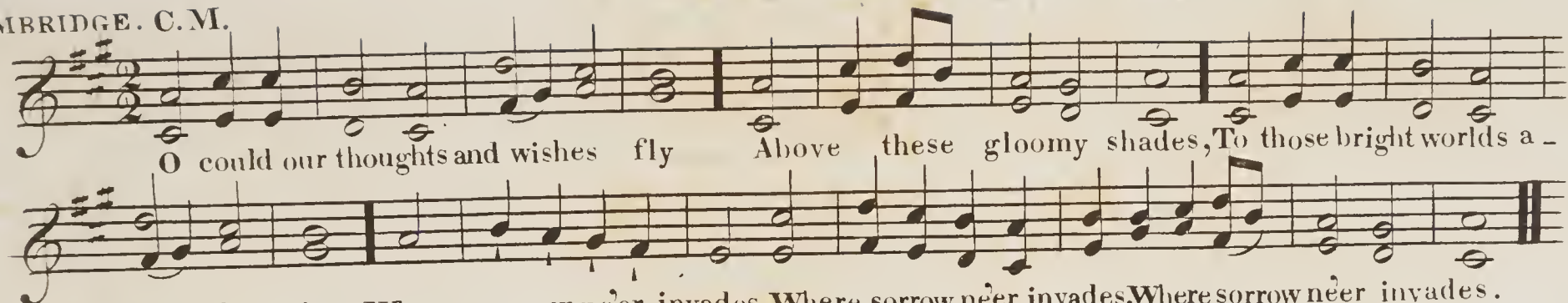
2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do—where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

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

4 Eternal joy—or endless wo
Attends on every breath!
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

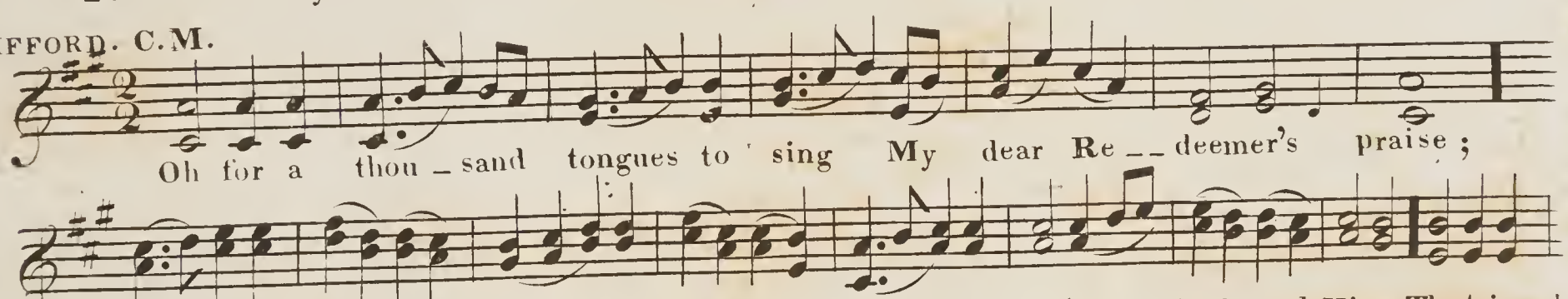
5 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.



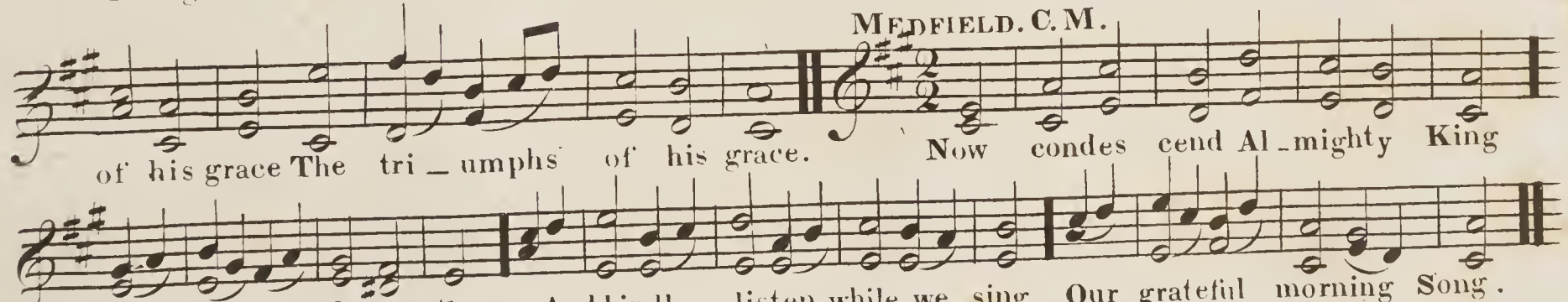
O could our thoughts and wishes fly Above these gloomy shades, To those bright worlds a -
_bove the sky Where sorrow ne'er invades, Where sorrow ne'er invades, Where sorrow ne'er invades.

CLIFFORD. C. M.



Oh for a thou - sand tongues to sing My dear Re - deemer's praise ;
The glories of my God and King The glories of my God and King The triumph

MEDFIELD. C. M.



of his grace The tri - umphs of his grace. Now condes cend Al - mighty King
To bless this happy throng And kindly. listen while we sing. Our grateful morning Song.

CINCINNATI. C. M.

With cheerful notes let all the earth To God their voices raise To God their voices raise

Let all inspired with godly mirth Sing cheerful songs of praise Let all inspired with

godly mirth Sing cheerful songs of praise Let all inspired with cheerful mirth Sing cheerful songs of praise.

ADVENT. C. M.

Let car - nal minds the world pursue It has no charms for me;

Once I admir'd its trif - les too But grace has set me free

Once I admir'd its trif - les too, But grace has set me free.

1 WITH cheerful notes, let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise;
Let all, inspired with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

2 God's tender mercy knows no bound;
His truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

1 Come, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.

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

1 HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes—the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes—from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppressed with night—
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes—the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known,
To wake the cheerful song.

2 Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert join—
To us a Saviour's born.

4 Glory to God! in highest strains,
In highest words be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed.

1 GRACE!—'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all its steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

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

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing, that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show, that 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.

4 And oh that you, whose hardened hearts
No fears of hell can move,
May hear the gospel's milder voice—
That tells you, God is love.

5 Oh may we all, while here below,
This best of all blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts—in brighter worlds,
Shall shout, that God is love.

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

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

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

1 COME, let us now forget our mirth,
And think that we must die;
What are our best delights on earth,
Compar'd with those on high!

2 Our pleasures here will soon be past—
Our brightest joys decay;
But pleasures there forever last,
And cannot fade away.

3 Here sins and sorrows we deplore,
With many cares distressed,
But there the mourners weep no more,
And there the weary rest.

4 Our dearest friends, when death shall call,
At once must hence depart;
But there we hope to meet them all,
And never, never part.

5 Then let us love and serve the Lord,
With all our youthful pow'rs;
And we shall gain this great reward,
This glory shall be ours.

1 COME, happy souls—approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange—so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform—
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy—all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, come and heal your wounds;
Come, wipe your sorrows dry;
Come, trust the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

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

4 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone—
The justice or the grace.

5 Now, the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

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

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Dispels the darkness of the night,
And pours increasing day.

2 Oh! what a night was that, which wrapt
A sinful world in gloom!
Oh! what a Sun, which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

BATH CHAPEL. C. M.

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

WARWICK. C. M.

Come let us now forget our mirth And think that we must die;
What are our best delights on earth Compar'd with these on high.

CLARENDON. C. M.

O Lord our languid souls inspire For here we trust thou art
Send down a coal of heav'nly fire To warm each waiting heart.

WARCHAM. C.M.

Soon as I heard my fa - ther say Ye child - ren seek my
 grace ; My heart re - plid with - out de - lay I'll seek my father's face.
 My heart re - plied with - out de - lay I'll seek my father's face.

The musical score for 'WARCHAM. C.M.' is written on three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 3/2 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff continues the melody, with a '8va' marking above the first measure. The third staff begins with a 'loco' marking above the first measure and ends with a double bar line. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables spanning across notes.

BRATTLE STREET. C.M.

While thee I seek pro - tecting pow'r Be my vain wi - shes still'd And may this
 conse - crated hour With bet - ter hopes be fill'd Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd To
 thee my thoughts would soar Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd That mer - cy I adore.

The musical score for 'BRATTLE STREET. C.M.' is written on three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff continues the melody, with a '3' marking above the first measure. The third staff continues the melody, with a '3' marking above the first measure and ends with a double bar line. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables spanning across notes.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
 "Ye children, seek my grace;"
 My heart replied without delay,
 "I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
 Nor frown my soul away;
 God of my life, I fly to thee,
 In each distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and
 Leave me to want, or die, [dear,
 My God will make my life his care,
 And all my need supply.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up;
 He'll raise your spirit, when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell—
 Those powers will God restrain;
 His arm shall all their rage repel,
 And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good,
 For his he will provide,
 Grant them supplies of daily food,
 And give them heaven beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
 Or leave his work undone;
 He's faithful to his promises,
 And faithful to his Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
 Or death's tremendous sting;
 He will from endless wrath preserve,
 To endless glory bring.

1 DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
 My soul for shelter flies:
 'Tis here I find a safe retreat
 When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
 If thou, My God, art near;
 Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
 And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord,
 Thy constant aid impart;
 Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
 Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh! never let my soul remove
 From this divine retreat;
 Still let me trust thy power and love,
 And dwell beneath thy feet.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
 Within the vail, and see
 The saints above—how great their joys!
 How bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their couch with tears;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
 (His zeal inspired their breath;)
 And, following their incarnate God,
 Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For his own pattern given,
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

1 BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain;—

2 Whose breast expands with generous
A brother's woes to feel, [warmth,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief:
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Himself, through Christ, hath mercy
Free mercy from above; [found,
That mercy moves him to fulfil
The perfect law of love.

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls—"Return,"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn:
Oh, take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou—wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love.

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious—how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
A heart so vile as mine.

4 Thy pardoning love—so free—so sweet!
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

1 LORD, I approach the mercy-seat,
Where thou dost answer prayer;
There humbly fall before thy feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him—thou hast died.

5 Oh wondrous love!—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

1 INDULGENT God, whose bounteous
O'er all thy works is shown, [care,
Oh let my grateful praise and prayer
Arise before thy throne.

2 What mercies has this day bestowed!
How largely hast thou blest!
My cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness my breast.

3 Now may soft slumber close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free;
And let my waking thoughts arise,
To meditate on thee.

4 Thus bless each future day and night,
Till life's vain scene is o'er;
And then to realms of endless light,
Oh let my spirit soar.

1 GOD of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise:
Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

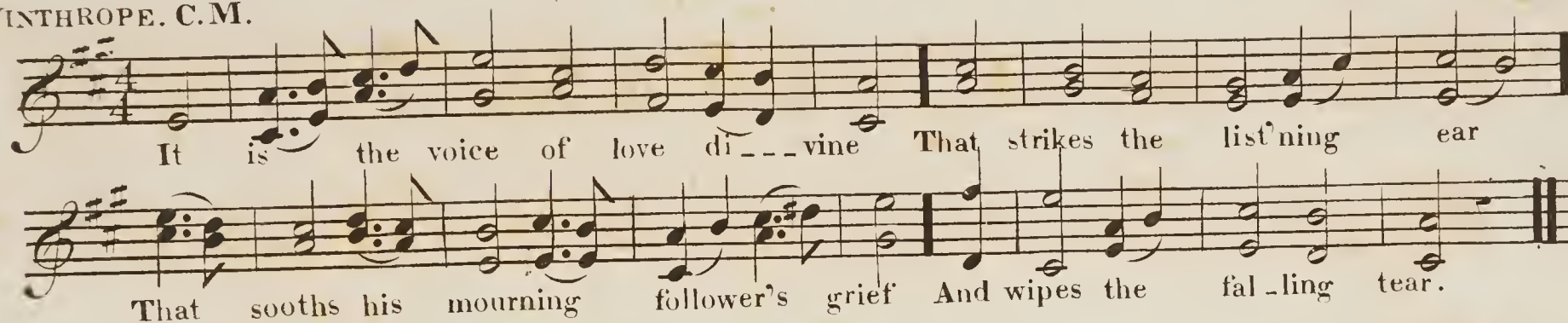
2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And rose from sweet repose.

4 Oh let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend:
From every danger—every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

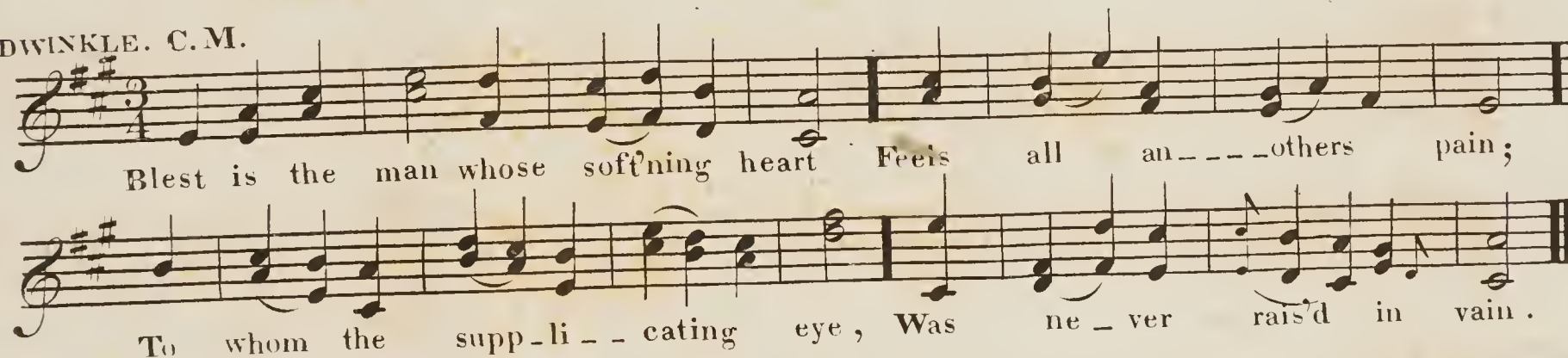
5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

WINTHROPE. C. M.



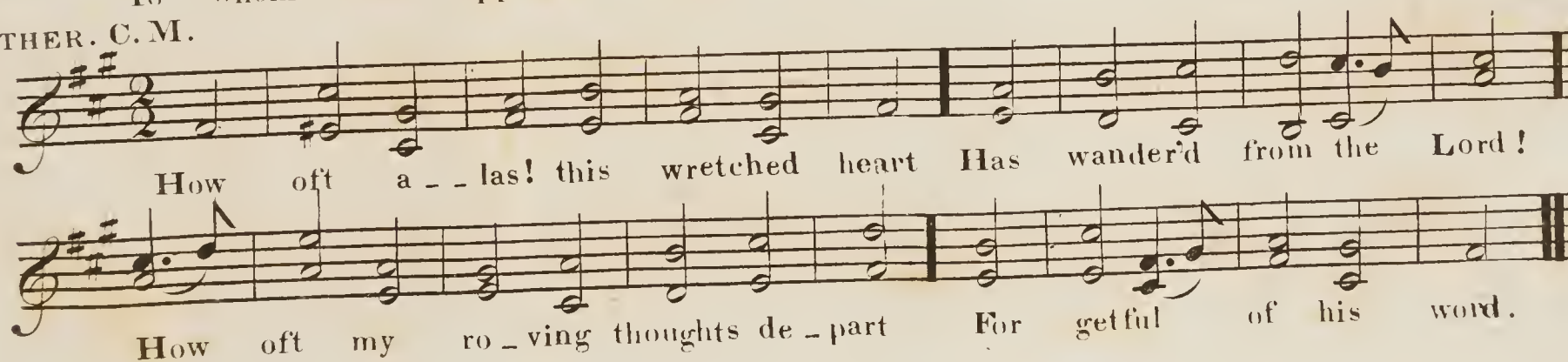
It is the voice of love di-vine That strikes the list'ning ear
That soothes his mourning follower's grief And wipes the fal-ling tear.

ALDWINKLE. C. M.



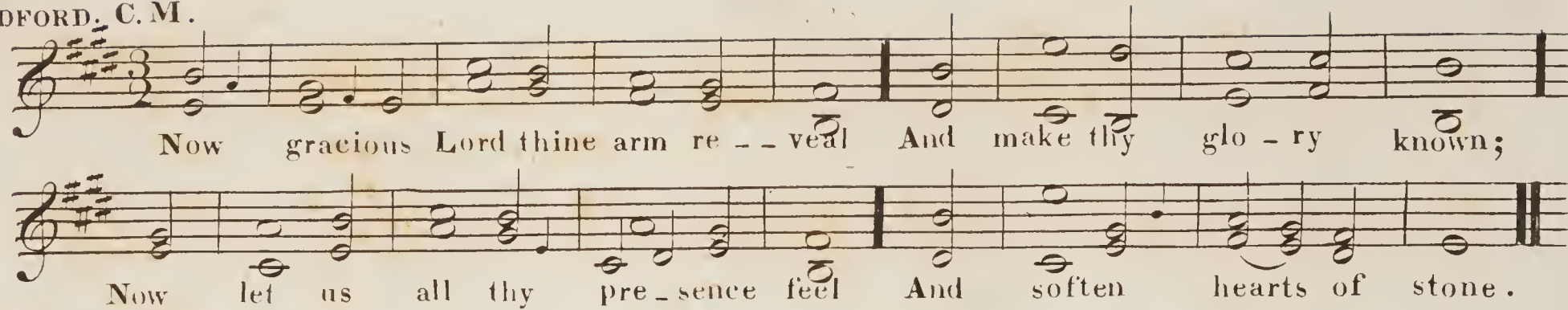
Blest is the man whose soft'ning heart Feels all an-others pain;
To whom the supp-li-cating eye, Was ne-ver rais'd in vain.

BETHER. C. M.



How oft a-las! this wretched heart Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my ro-ving thoughts de-part For getful of his word.

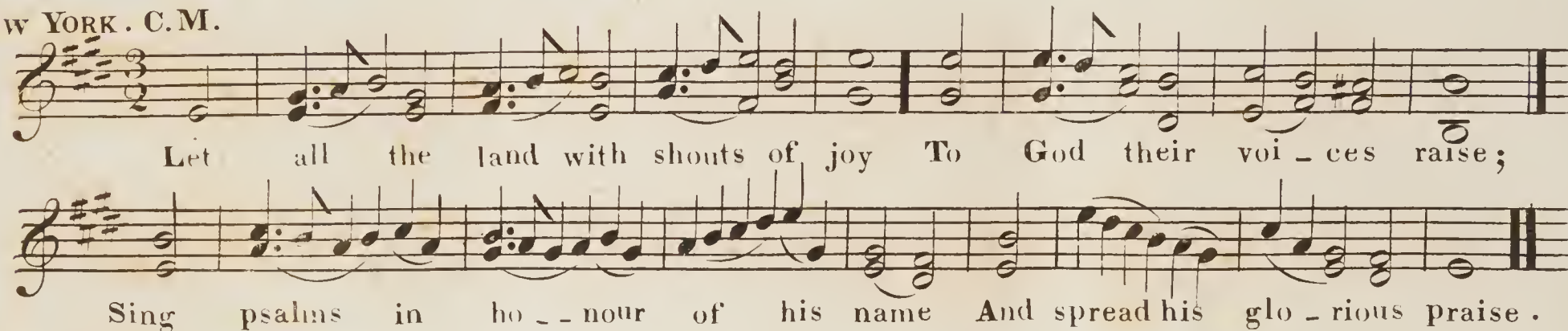
BEDFORD. C. M.



Now gracious Lord thine arm re - - veal And make thy glo - ry known;

Now let us all thy pre - sence feel And soften hearts of stone.

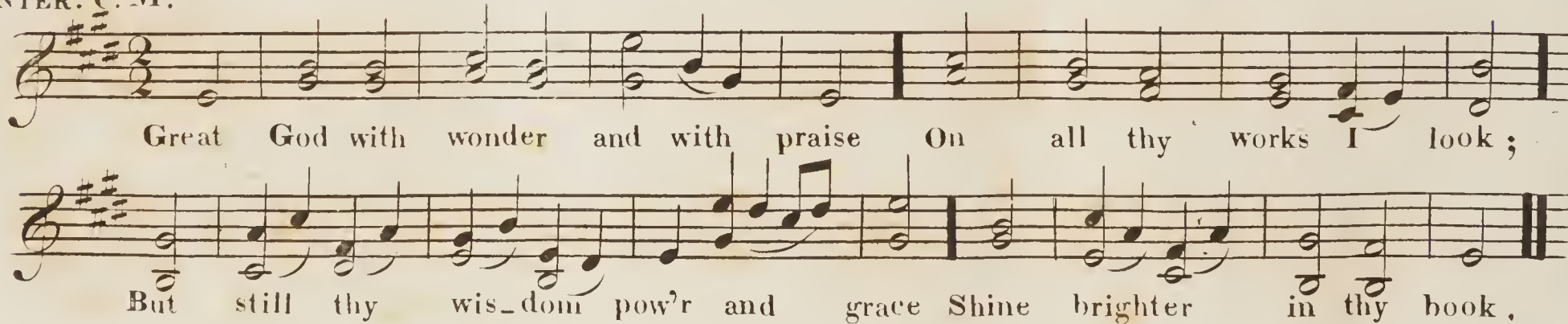
NEW YORK. C. M.



Let all the land with shouts of joy To God their voi - ces raise;

Sing psalms in ho - - nour of his name And spread his glo - rious praise.

WINTER. C. M.



Great God with wonder and with praise On all thy works I look;

But still thy wis - dom pow'r and grace Shine brighter in thy book.

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 From all the guilt of former sin,
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never lov'd before.

4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

1 GREAT God! with wonder and with
On all thy works I look; [praise,
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

3 Lord, make me understand thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!—
What worthless worms are we!—
Let all the race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view:
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.

4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God! how infinite art thou!—
What worthless worms are we!—
Let all the race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
'Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

1 LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been;
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, oh my soul, forever praise,
Forever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through his Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God,
That all our hopes begin:
'Tis by the water, and the blood,
Our souls are washed from sin.

5 'Tis through the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew:
And justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

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