

CONGREGATIONAL
PSALMIST

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THE
CONGREGATIONAL PSALMIST:

A

COLLECTION OF PSALM TUNES

ADAPTED TO

A SELECTION OF HYMNS CONTAINED IN THE PSALMIST,

AND INTENDED

FOR CONGREGATIONAL USE IN BAPTIST CHURCHES.

J. R. Scott

"Let the people praise thee, O God; let *all* the people praise thee."—*Psalm* lxxvii. 3.

ROCHESTER:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM N. SAGE.

1855.

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WILLIAM N. SAGE,
in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

N. B. The hymns retain the numbers which they bear in the Psalmist. When a hymn is given out to be sung by the congregation, the *page* on which the hymn may be found in this book should also be announced.

When the choir *alone* is expected to sing, the hymn should be given out directly from the Psalmist.

THOMAS B. SMITH,
STEREOTYPER AND ELECTROTYPYER,
82 & 84 BEEKMAN STREET, N. Y.

P R E F A C E .

THE design of this little book is to promote and to facilitate the practice of congregational singing in Baptist churches.* It has originated in no feeling of opposition to choirs. Indeed, in the present state of musical cultivation in our country, the compiler hardly sees how choirs can well be dispensed with. Rightly constituted and led, thoroughly trained, performing their part in the spirit of true devotion, and *observant of the proprieties of God's house*, they cannot be too highly appreciated. And there can be no just objection to the *separate* performance to some extent, by them, of pieces so unfamiliar or artistic as to preclude the congregation at large from joining in them. On the contrary, the effect in elevating the musical taste of the people is much to be desired, for music has its laws, just as all else of which God is the author, and the more closely those laws are conformed to, the more perfectly, other things being equal, must the design of this part of divine worship be attained.

Still, it is to be remembered that the choir does nothing which it is not presumed to do in the name of the whole congregation. No true theory of public worship can recognize it as doing aught in its own distinctive capacity. Hence the inquiry very pertinently arises, how far a congregation is justifiable in delegating to a select few acts of worship which are presumed to be rendered by all. The conclusion to which such an inquiry inevitably conducts, is, that a choir, regarded in any other light but as leaders and helpers to the congregation, is unauthorized, and of mischievous tendency. For self-display, or for any mere artistic purpose, no where have choirs less a right to be than in the house of God, no matter how skillful their performances, nor how largely they may add to the attractions of the sanctuary.

* A few tunes and hymns have been inserted more particularly suited to social and familiar religious meetings.

If, then, in theory it is the congregation who sing, what is duty as regards practice ? It is a general law of our relations to the Divine Being, that we are never at liberty to delegate to others any duty which we are capable of doing for ourselves. The fact that we cannot do the thing so well as others, does not exonerate us from doing it as well as we can. How can it be doubted that it is the duty of all in our worshipping assemblies to lift up their voices in praise to God ? *Possible exceptions need not be alluded to.* God requires only as he gives. What more fitting, and what spectacle more sublime, than a whole people standing up before their Maker, and sounding forth, in solemn, joyful strains, his praise ? And experience is beginning to demonstrate in this country, as it has long done in Europe, that the highest and most delightful effects of church music can be reached only where there is a general participation of the congregation in the service.

Facilities, however, which do not exist, are needed to congregational singing ; and it is in the hope of supplying, in some measure, the lack, that this book has been prepared. Should it contribute aught to the accomplishment of so worthy an end, the compiler will feel himself well rewarded for the labor it has cost him.

Acknowledgments are due to Mr. MELVIN LORD, of Boston ; also to Messrs. T. HASTINGS, W. B. BRADBURY, and J. C. WOODMAN, of New York, for their kindness in granting leave to insert tunes of which they hold the copyright.

It is also due to the Rev. LEONARD W. BACON, minister of St. Peter's church, Rochester, New York, to say that the idea of this book, so far as the retaining of the numbers in the Psalmist goes, was derived from a similar work prepared by him.

J. R. SCOTT,

Rochester. N. Y., July, 1855.

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THE
CONGREGATIONAL PSALMIST.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

With one consent, let all the earth To God their cheerful voices raise;

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'Old Hundred'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff. The music is in common time (C) and features a simple, hymn-like melody with a steady bass accompaniment.

Glad homage pay, with hallowed mirth, And sing be - fore him songs of praise.

The second system of musical notation for the hymn 'Old Hundred'. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with hallowed mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise;—</p> <p>2. Assured that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed,—
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he delights to feed.</p> | <p>3. O, enter, then, his temple gate;
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless;</p> <p>4. For he's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.</p> |
|---|--|

2.

1. BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
2. His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
3. We are his people; we his care;
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?
4. We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
5. Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

20.

1. GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
2. Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Nor tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
3. God is our sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without and foes within.
4. All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
5. O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore.

35.

1. ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blest.
2. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!
3. A heavenly calm pervades the breast,
The earnest of that glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
4. With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new:
With praise, we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.
5. In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

108.

1. MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
2. The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
3. Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.
4. Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

854.

1. JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
3. People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
5. Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

601.

1. MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul for his salvation waits.
2. Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways;
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

926.

1. FROM all who dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

844.

1. O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not.
2. Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor Him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.
3. Eternal truth and mercy shine
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And canst thou then, with sin beset,
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4. O, no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

114.

1. ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Through all the earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
Above the heavens thy hands have made.
2. To thee the voices of the young,
Their sounding notes of honor raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.
3. Amidst thy temple children throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And loud hosannas fill the place.

DOXOLOGIES.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory, given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

Now to the Lord a no - ble song; Awake, my soul, a - wake, my tongue;

Now to the Lord a no - ble song; Awake, my soul, a - wake, my tongue;

The first system of the musical score for 'Duke Street'. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: 'Now to the Lord a no - ble song; Awake, my soul, a - wake, my tongue;'. The music is in common time and features a simple, hymn-like melody.

Ho - sanna to th' e - ter - nal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.

Ho - sanna to th' e - ter - nal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.

The second system of the musical score. It also consists of four staves with the same vocal and piano parts as the first system. The lyrics are: 'Ho - sanna to th' e - ter - nal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.'. The musical notation continues the melody from the first system, ending with a double bar line.

319.

1. NOW to the Lord a noble song;
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
2. See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
3. The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God,
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in every rolling star.
4. But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
5. Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
6. O, may I reach the happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
His beauties there may I behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

50.

1. SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall fill my breast;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.
3. My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep his counsels, how divine!
4. And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

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

852.

1. "GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive:
He shall be saved that trusts my word,
And he condemned who'll not believe.
2. "I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.
3. "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy, and I defend."
4. He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

354.

1. COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
O, turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.
2. O, let a holy flock await
In crowds around thy temple gate;
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

64.

1. DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
2. Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

WELLS. L. M.

Where is my God? does he re-tire Be-yond the reach of humble sighs?

Where is my God? does he re-tire Be-yond the reach of humble sighs?

The first system of the hymn consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, with lyrics: "Where is my God? does he re-tire Be-yond the reach of humble sighs?". The lower staff is a bass line in the same key and time, also with the same lyrics. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with a mix of quarter and half notes.

Are these weak breathings of de-sire Too languid to as-cend the skies?

Are these weak breathings of de-sire Too languid to as-cend the skies?

The second system of the hymn also consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics: "Are these weak breathings of de-sire Too languid to as-cend the skies?". The lower staff is a bass line in the same key and time, also with the same lyrics. The musical notation continues the melody from the first system.

614.

WHERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?

He hears the breathings of desire;
The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire,
And hope to reach his gracious ear.

Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye;
See where the great Redeemer stands,
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.

He sweetens every humble groan;
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

232.

HE dies!—the Friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

Ye saints, approach!—the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load;
He gives his precious life for you;
For you he sheds his precious blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant Death in chains.

Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask, "O Death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave?"

368.

1. COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.
2. To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
3. Lead us to holiness— the road
Which we must take to dwell with God
Lead us to Christ— the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray;
4. Lead us to God,— our final rest,—
To be with him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy forever there.

1006.

1. LORD, let thy goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.
2. Let every public temple raise
Triumphant songs of holy praise;
Let every peaceful, private home
A temple, Lord, to thee become.
3. Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

857.

1. AWAKE, all-conquering Arm, awake,
And Satan's mighty empire shake;
Assert the honors of thy throne,
And make this ruined world thy own.
2. Thine all-successful power display;
Convert a nation in a day;
Until the universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, for thee.

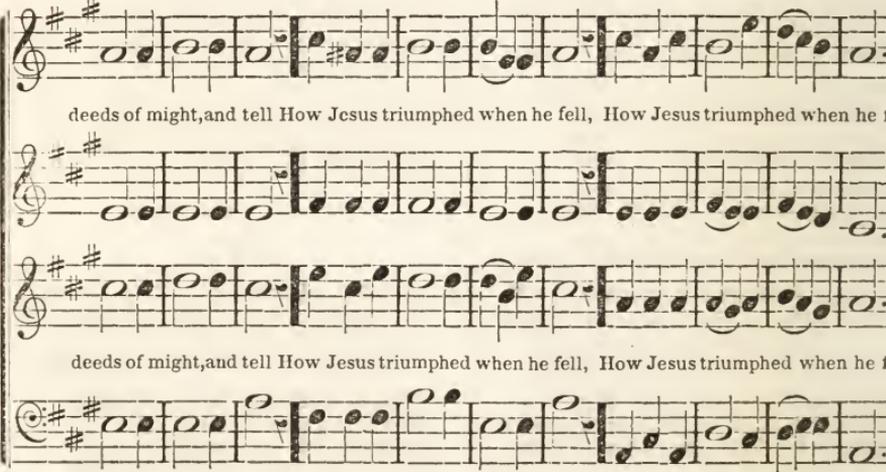
PARK STREET. L. M.



Hosanna! let us join to sing The glories of our ris - - ing King; Re-coun

Hosanna! let us join to sing The glories of our ris - - ing King; Re-count

The musical score for the first system consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts in treble clef, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are split across the vocal staves.



deeds of might, and tell How Jesus triumphed when he fell, How Jesus triumphed when he

deeds of might, and tell How Jesus triumphed when he fell, How Jesus triumphed when he

The musical score for the second system consists of four staves, similar in layout to the first system. The lyrics are split across the vocal staves.

238.

HOSANNA! let us join to sing
The glories of our rising King;
Recount his deeds of might, and tell
How Jesus triumphed when he fell.

Soon as the morning's early ray
Brings on the third, th' appointed day,
Behold the angel cleave the skies,
Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise.

With strength immortal forth he comes,
And power and life from God resumes;
The days of pain and sorrow past,
His triumph shall forever last.

Hosanna! sons of men, record
The glories of your rising Lord;
The triumphs of the Saviour tell,
Who died, and conquered when he fell.

186.

BLESS, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts, that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot.

'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

Let every land his power confess;
Let all the earth adore his grace:
My heart and tongue, with rapture, join
In work and worship so divine.

799.

COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race ere time began,
Who veiled his Godhead in our clay,
And in an humble manger lay.

2. To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3. Baptized by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his watery grave;
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4. Come, all who love his precious name,
Come, tread his steps, and learn of him;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

94.

1. COME, O my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But, O, what tongue can speak his fame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory, like a garment, wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3. In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4. Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

896.

1. ZION, awake! thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine.

2. Soon shall thy radiance stream afar;
Wide as the heathen nations are;
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire and love thee, too.

IOSCO. L. M.

Hap - py the church, thou sa - cred place, The seat of thy Cre - a - tor's grace;

Hap - py the church, thou sa - cred place, The seat of thy Cre - a - tor's grace;

The musical score for the first system consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first staff contains the vocal melody. The second and third staves provide harmonic accompaniment. The fourth staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat, likely representing a bass line or organ accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the first and second staves.

Thine ho - ly courts are his a - bode, Thou earthly pa - lace of our God.

Thine ho - ly courts are his a - bode, Thou earthly pa - lace of our God.

The musical score for the second system consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The first staff contains the vocal melody. The second and third staves provide harmonic accompaniment. The fourth staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are printed below the first and second staves.

931.

1. HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.
2. Thy walls are strength; and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundation move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.
3. Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against thy throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.
4. God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace;
And we reflect his brightest praise.

252.

1. NOW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honors given;
He saves from hell,—we bless his name,—
He guides our wandering feet to heaven.
2. Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abundant grace
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.
3. 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.
4. Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known,
Declares the great transaction past,
And brings immortal blessings down.
5. He dies, and, in that dreadful night,
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
He rose, and brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

941.

1. AND will the great, eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his heavenly throne,
Avow our temples for his own?
2. We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us, sinful mortals, near.
3. These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise,
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
4. Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his words attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.
5. And in the great, decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

6.

1. YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.
2. The Lord is God, 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being, give;
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.
3. Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.
4. The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And all the race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

WINDHAM. L. M.

Stretched on the cross, the Saviour dies; Hark! his ex - pir - ing groans a - rise;

Stretched on the cross, the Saviour dies; Hark! his ex - pir - ing groans a - rise;

The first system consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time and features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a vocal line.

See, from his hands, his feet, his side, Descends the sa - cred, crim-son tide.

See, from his hands, his feet, his side, Descends the sa - cred, crim-son tide.

The second system also consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The second staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

226.

1. STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise;
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Descends the sacred, crimson tide.
2. And didst thou bleed?—for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No; he withdrew his cheering ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.
3. Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
And yet my heart so hard remain,—
Unmoved by either love or pain!
4. Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

451.

1. WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
2. While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste! O, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.
3. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
4. In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.
5. Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste! O, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

517.

1. BURIED in shadows of the night
We lie, till Christ restores the light—
Till he descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
2. Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our Righteousness.
3. Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
And binds his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
4. Poor, helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

1130.

1. THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!—
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?—
2. When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead!
3. O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

199.

1. THOUGH I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.
2. Amid the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

HAMBURG. L. M.

FROM CARMINA SACRA.
BY PERMISSION.

Join, every tongue, to praise the Lord; All nature rests up - on his word;

Join, every tongue, to praise the Lord; All nature rests up - on his word;

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with a treble clef. The second and third staves are vocal lines in G major with a treble clef. The bottom staff is a bass line in G major with a bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

Mercy and truth his courts main - tain, And own his u - ni - ver - sal reign.

Mercy and truth his courts main - tain, And own his u - ni - ver - sal reign.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with a treble clef. The second and third staves are vocal lines in G major with a treble clef. The bottom staff is a bass line in G major with a bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

992.

1. JOIN, every tongue, to praise the Lord;
All nature rests upon his word;
Mercy and truth his courts maintain,
And own his universal reign.
2. Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Enriched with fruit, and dressed in flowers.
3. Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
In all the earth thy glories shine;
Through every mouth thy gifts appear;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

836.

1. NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complained in tears and blood,
Like one forsaken of his God.
2. But God, his Father, heard his cry:
Raised from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

704.

1. MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
3. Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.
4. Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

554.

1. JESUS, and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!
2. Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No!—when I blush, be this my shame,—
That I no more revere his name.
3. Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
4. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And, O! may this my glory be,—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

725.

1. AWAKE, our souls; away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
2. True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint;—
3. The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
4. From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
5. Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

MENDON. L. M.

Awake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deem-er's praise;

Awake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deem-er's praise;

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef. The second and third staves are vocal lines in treble clef, with the lyrics 'Awake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deem-er's praise;' written below them. The fourth staff is a bass line in bass clef.

He justly claims a song from me: His loving - kind - ness, O, how free!

He justly claims a song from me: His loving - kind - ness, O, how free!

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef. The second and third staves are vocal lines in treble clef, with the lyrics 'He justly claims a song from me: His loving - kind - ness, O, how free!' written below them. The fourth staff is a bass line in bass clef.

47.

(SUPPLEMENT.)

1. AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving kindness, O, how free!
2. He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving kindness, O, how great!
3. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving kindness, O, how strong!
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving kindness, O, how good!
5. Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.
6. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O, may my last, expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.
7. Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

779.

1. WHO can describe the joys that rise,
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a penitent return,—
To see an heir of glory born?
2. With joy the Father does approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
3. The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

55.

1. THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.
2. No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues;—
3. No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares, to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
4. O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

826.

1. COME in, thou blessed of the Lord;
O, come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.
2. Thy name, 'tis hoped, already stands
Within the book of life above;
And now, to thine, we join our hands
In token of fraternal love.
3. Those joys which earth cannot afford
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.
4. And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's case our own.
5. Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
O, may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

WARD. L. M.

ARR. BY L. MASON.

God is the refuge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress in-vade;

God is the refuge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress in-vade;

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, with lyrics underneath. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third and fourth staves are a second vocal line, also with lyrics underneath. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature.

Ere we can of-fer our complaints, Be-hold him pre-sent with his aid.

Ere we can of-fer our complaints, Be-hold him pre-sent with his aid.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics underneath. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third and fourth staves are a second vocal line with lyrics underneath. The music continues in the same G major key and 4/4 time signature as the first system.

172.

1. GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
2. Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
3. There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
4. That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
5. Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

672.

1. O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.
2. Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.
3. Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.
4. Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

1046.

1. OUR Helper, God, we bless his name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of whose gracious care
Begin, and crown, and close the year.
2. Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
3. Thus far his arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make his mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
4. Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

526.

1. WHY droops my soul, with grief oppress'd?
Whence these wild tumults in my breast?
Is there no balm to heal my wound?
No kind physician to be found?
2. Raise to the cross thy tearful eyes;
Behold the Prince of glory dies:
He dies, extended on the tree,
And sheds a sovereign balm for thee.
3. Blest Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure, or die;
But grace forbids that painful fear—
Almighty grace, which triumphs here.

865.

1. SOVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power
Be this thy Zion's favored hour:
O, bid the morning star arise;
O, point the heathen to the skies.
2. Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds and eastern plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known;
Make thou the universe thine own.
3. Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice!
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice;
Dispel the gloom of heathen night;
Bid every nation hail the light.

STONEFIELD. L. M.

Arm of the Lord, a - wake, a - wake ; Put on thy strength, the na - tions shake ;

Arm of the Lord, a - wake, a - wake ; Put on thy strength, the na - tions shake ;

The first system of the musical score for 'STONEFIELD. L. M.' consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It contains the melody for the first line of the hymn. The second staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing the melody for the second line. The third staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing the melody for the third line. The fourth staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing the bass line. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

Now let the world, a - dor - ing, see Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

Now let the world, a - dor - ing, see Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

The second system of the musical score for 'STONEFIELD. L. M.' consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It contains the melody for the first line of the second verse. The second staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing the melody for the second line. The third staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing the melody for the third line. The fourth staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing the bass line. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

861.

1. ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
Now let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
2. Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone;"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
3. Let Zion's time of favor come;
O, bring the tribes of Israel home:
Soon may our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.
4. Almighty God! thy grace proclaim
Through every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

247.

1. LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots, that attend thy state.
2. Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounced his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
3. How bright the triumph none can tell,
When all the rebel powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.
4. Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

113.

1. BE thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

2. My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honors to his name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
His wondrous goodness to proclaim.
3. High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
4. Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

1165.

1. WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
2. This life's a dream—an empty show;
But that bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake, and find me there?
3. O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh, and sin, no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
4. My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's awful sound,
Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

911.

1. NOW let the angel sound on high;
Let shouts be heard through all the sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.
2. Almighty God! thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come;
Jesus, the Lamb, that once was slain,
Forever live, forever reign.

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

Great Ma - ker of un-numbered worlds, And whom un-num-bered worlds a - dore,

Great Ma - ker of un-numbered worlds, And whom un-num-bered worlds a - dore,

This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are printed below the first and second staves.

Whose good - ness all thy creatures share, While na - ture trem-bles at thy power,—

Whose good - ness all thy creatures share, While na - ture trem-bles at thy power,—

This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are printed below the first and second staves.

985.

1. GREAT Maker of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore,—
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power,—
2. Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.
3. While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense the repentant sigh.
4. O, may our land, in this her hour,
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod,
By penitence make thee her Friend,
And find in thee a guardian God.

295.

1. THE Saviour lives, no more to die;
He lives, the Lord enthroned on high;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave;
He lives, eternally to save.
2. He lives, to still his servants' fears;
He lives, to wipe away their tears;
He lives, their mansions to prepare;
He lives, to bring them safely there.
3. Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears;
With cheerful hope your hearts revive,
For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive.

489.

1. RETURN, my wandering soul, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by redeeming grace.
2. Return, my wandering soul, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.

3. Return, my wandering soul, return;
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;
Go, view his bleeding side, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
4. Return, my wandering soul, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

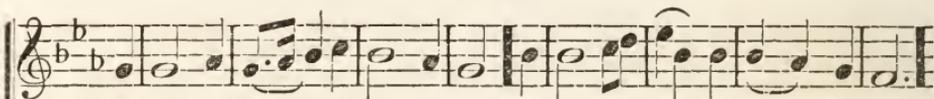
1134.

1. HE reigns! the Lord the Saviour reigns!
Sing to his name in lofty strains;
Let all the earth in songs rejoice,
And in his praise exalt their voice.
2. Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
3. In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the
tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire;
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
4. His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's night.

288.

1. JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
2. For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell within the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.
3. Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

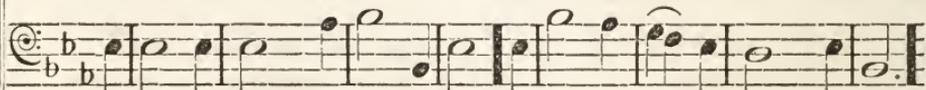
LUTON. L. M.



A-wake, my soul, awake, my tongue; My God demands the grate - ful song;



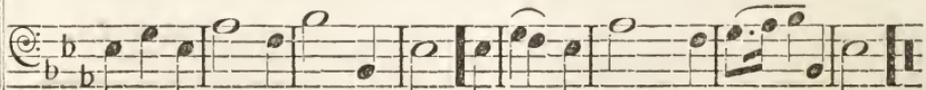
A-wake, my soul, awake, my tongue; My God demands the grate - ful song;



Let all my inmost powers re - cord The wondrous mer - cy of the Lord.



Let all my inmost powers re - cord The wondrous mer - cy of the Lord.



93.

1. AWAKE, my soul! awake, my tongue!
My God demands the grateful song;
Let all my inmost powers record
The wondrous mercy of the Lord.
2. Divinely free his mercy flows,
Forgives my sins, allays my woes,
And bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with indulgent love.
3. His mercy, with unchanging rays,
Forever shines, while time decays;
And children's children shall record
The truth and goodness of the Lord.
4. While all his works his praise proclaim,
And men and angels bless his name,
O, let my heart, my life, my tongue,
Attend, and join the blissful song.

720.

1. STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain, 's gone.
2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course:
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
3. Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
4. There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

636.

1. FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all on earth most sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
3. There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
4. There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

364.

1. AS showers on meadows newly mown,
Our God shall send his Spirit down:
Eternal Source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing drops are thine!
2. That heavenly influence let us find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
3. Nor let these blessings be confined
To us, but poured on all mankind,
Till earth's rude wastes in verdure rise,
And Eden's beauty greet our eyes.

684.

1. O, WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.
2. Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?
3. Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?
4. Behold, again we turn to thee;
O, cast us not away, though vile:
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON.

When I sur - vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,

When I sur - vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,

The first system of the musical score for 'Hebron' consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'When I sur - vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,'. The first two staves of the vocal line are identical, and the piano accompaniment is also repeated.

My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

The second system of the musical score for 'Hebron' consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.' The first two staves of the vocal line are identical, and the piano accompaniment is also repeated.

834.

1. WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4. Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

833.

1. OUR spirits join to praise the Lamb;
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!
2. Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heaven resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death.
3. In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

869.

1. THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.
2. That light shall beam o'er distant lands,
And heathen tribes, in joyful bands,
Come with exulting haste to prove
The power and greatness of his love.
3. Lord, spread the triumphs of thy grace;
Let truth, and righteousness, and peace,
In mild and lovely forms, display
The glories of the latter day.

807.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.
2. We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.
3. We sink beneath thy mystic flood;
O, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.
4. And as we rise, with thee to live,
O, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

845.

1. JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
2. He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.
3. Let sinful joys be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem,
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.
4. While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

813.

- * * * * *
2. Descend, descend, celestial Dove,
On these dear followers of the Lord;
Exalted Head of all the church,
Thy promised aid to them afford.

WINCHESTER. L. M.

Come, let our voi-ces join to raise A sacred song of sol - emn praise ;

Come, let our voi-ces join to raise A sacred song of sol - emn praise ;

The first system of the musical score for 'Winchester' consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line in treble clef. The third staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line in bass clef.

God is a sovereign King: re - hearse His hon - or in ex - alt-ed verse.

God is a sovereign King: re - hearse His hon - or in ex - alt-ed verse.

The second system of the musical score for 'Winchester' consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line in treble clef. The third staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line in bass clef.

80.

1. COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise:
God is a sovereign King: rehearse
His honor in exalted verse.
2. Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures by his word:
He is our Shepherd: we, the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
3. Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.
4. Come, let us turn, with holy fear,
To him who now invites us near;
Accept the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.
5. Come, seize the promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promised rest;
Obey, and be forever blest.

270.

1. INSCRIBED upon the cross we see,
In glowing letters, "God is love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree;
He brings us mercy from above.
2. The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
3. The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

256.

1. BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.

2. Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
3. To save a guilty world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb;
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.
4. Pardon and peace through him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found;
He bids the dying sinner live.

805.

1. DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord?
Baptized into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?
2. Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.
3. No more let sin or Satan reign
Within our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

1109.

1. ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep—
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
2. Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his venom'd sting!
3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
4. Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely may my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

MEAR. C. M.

Praise waits in Zi - on, Lord, for thee; There shall our vows be paid;

Praise waits in Zi - on, Lord, for thee; There shall our vows be paid;

Thou hast an ear when sin - ners pray; All flesh shall seek thine aid.

Thou hast an ear when sin - ners pray; All flesh shall seek thine aid.

105.

1. PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek thine aid.
2. O Lord, our guilt and fears prevail;
But pardoning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.
3. Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thy house,
To feast upon thy grace.
4. In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfill thy kind design.
5. Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

8.

1. LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;—
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
3. Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
4. But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
5. O, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

508.

1. FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?
2. What did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!
3. Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O, may I now receive that gift;—
My soul, without it, dies.

9.

1. WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.
2. Before the gracious throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.
3. O Lord, while in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.
4. With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

DOXOLOGY.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove,

Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove,

The first system of the musical score for 'St. Martin's' consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and common time. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third staff is a vocal line in G major. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove,'.

And smile to see our Fa - ther there, Up - on a throne of love.

And smile to see our Fa - ther there, Up - on a throne of love.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third staff is a vocal line in G major. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'And smile to see our Fa - ther there, Up - on a throne of love.'.

102.

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

988.

1. ALMIGHTY Lord, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone
Our dying hopes depend.
2. Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
3. How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!
4. O, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord;
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.
5. Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not yield to fear,
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When thou, O God, art near.

88.

1. LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud, and more loud, the anthems raise,
With grateful ardor fired.
2. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.
3. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.
4. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights, through darkest shades of
death,
To realms of endless day.

1137.

1. THE day approaches, O my soul,—
The great, decisive day,—
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.
2. Another day more awful dawns,
And, lo! the Judge appears;
Ye heavens, retire before his face;
And sink, ye darkened stars.
3. Yet does one short, preparing hour—
One precious hour—remain:
Rouse, then, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

DOXOLOGY.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

BALERMA. C. M.

Come, hap - py souls, ap - proach your God, With new, me - lo - dious songs ;
 Come, hap - py souls, ap - proach your God, With new, me - lo - dious songs ;

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature. It contains the vocal melody. The second and third staves are also treble clefs with the same key signature and time signature, containing a second vocal part. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing the bass line. The lyrics are placed below the vocal staves.

Come, ren - der to al - might - y grace The tri - bute of your tongues.
 Come, ren - der to al - might - y grace The tri - bute of your tongues.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, following the same format as the first system. It contains the continuation of the vocal and bass parts with the second set of lyrics.

268.

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 mercy's errand came,
And brought salvation down.
5. Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry:
Trust in 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.

775.

1. HOW happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice!
2. For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.
3. She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
4. According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

578.

1. HOW happy is the Christian's state!
His sins are all forgiven;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heaven.
2. Though, in the rugged path of life,
He heaves the pensive sigh,
Yet, trusting in the Lord, he finds
Supporting grace is nigh.
3. If, to prevent his wandering steps,
He feels the chastening rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.
4. And when the welcome message comes,
To call his soul away,
His soul in raptures will ascend
To everlasting day.

34.

(SUPPLEMENT.)

1. JESUS, thou art the sinner's Friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord, remember me!
2. Remember thy pure word of grace;
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans;
And then remember me.
3. Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.
4. I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord, remember me.
5. Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.
6. And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer God,
I pray, remember me!

CHINA. C. M.

Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at death's a-larms?

Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at death's a-larms?

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line in G major with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line in G major with lyrics. The fourth staff is a bass line in G major.

'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends To call them to his arms.

'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends To call them to his arms.

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G major with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line in G major with lyrics and a triplet of eighth notes. The third staff is a vocal line in G major with lyrics and a triplet of eighth notes. The fourth staff is a bass line in G major.

1092.

1. WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
2. Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.
3. Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
4. The graves of all the saints he blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
5. Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.
6. Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

1061.

1. THESE 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 traveling to the grave.
3. Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!—
The final state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!
Eternal joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!
Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

1142.

1. THAT awful day will surely come,—
Th' appointed hour makes haste,—
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
2. Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"
3. O, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my dreadful station where
I must not taste his love!
4. Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.
5. O, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

1091.

1. WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
2. While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O, may this truth, impressed
With awful power, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.
3. Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the opening tomb:
It bids us seize the present hour:
To-morrow death may come.
4. O, let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.
5. Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

CORONATION. C. M.

Moderato.

All hail the power of Jesus' name ! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem,

All hail the power of Jesus' name ! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem,

The first system consists of four staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), a vocal line (treble clef), and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C.M.). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics are: 'All hail the power of Jesus' name ! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem,'. The second system is identical in notation and lyrics to the first.

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

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

The third system consists of four staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), a vocal line (treble clef), and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C.M.). The lyrics are: 'And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.'. The fourth system is identical in notation and lyrics to the third. The fifth system is a partial system at the bottom of the page, showing the beginning of the same musical notation and lyrics.

338.

1. ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—
A remnant weak and small,—
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
3. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
4. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
5. O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

305.

1. JESUS! delightful, charming name!
It spreads a fragrance round;
Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
In union here are found.
2. He is our life, our joy, our strength;
In him all glories meet;
He is a shade above our heads,
A light to guide our feet.
3. The thickest clouds are soon dispersed,
If Jesus shows his face;
To weary, heavy-laden souls
He is the resting-place.
4. When storms arise, and tempests blow,
He speaks the stilling word;
The threatening billows cease to flow,
The winds obey their Lord.
5. Through every age he's still the same;
But we ungrateful prove,
Forget the savor of his name,
The sweetness of his love.

211.

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,
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.

681.

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 he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And he my rising sun.
3. The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love is 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 gracious Lord.
5. Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I break through every foe:
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Shall bear me conqueror through.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

Salvation! O, the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears, A sovereign balm for

f *mp* *Cres.*

Salvation! O, the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears, A sovereign balm for

ev - ery wound, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.

f

ev - ery wound, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.

277.

1. SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
2. Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
3. Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

353.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love
In these cold hearts of ours.
2. Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.
3. In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
4. Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!
5. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

617.

1. DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2. To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
3. But, O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
4. Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

726.

1. AWAKE, my soul; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
2. A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
3. 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye;—
4. That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

85.

1. O, ALL ye nations, praise the Lord;
His glorious acts proclaim;
The fullness of his grace record,
And magnify his name.
2. His love is great, his mercy sure,
And faithful is his word;
His truth forever shall endure;
Forever praise the Lord.

BARBY. C. M.

O that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his sta - - tutes still!

O that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his sta - - tutes still!

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

O that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will!

O that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will!

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, following the same layout as the first system. It includes two vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves, with the lyrics printed below the vocal lines.

709.

1. O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!
2. O, send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
3. From folly turn away my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desire, arise
Within this soul of mine.
4. Direct my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
5. Make me to walk in thy commands,—
'Tis a delightful road,—
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

789.

1. NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;—
2. But we now come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
3. Behold the great, the glorious host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight.
4. Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven,
And God, the Judge, who doth declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.
5. The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6. In such society as this
Our weary souls would rest;
The man who dwells where Jesus is
Must be forever blest.

534.

1. YE glittering toys of earth, adieu!
A nobler choice be mine;
A heavenly prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.
2. Jesus, to multitudes unknown,—
O name, divinely sweet!—
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
True wealth and honor meet.
3. Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possessed,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever blest.
4. Dear portion of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And let me call thee mine.

862.

1. GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.
2. But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.
3. O, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?
4. Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

How oft, a - las! this wretched heart Has wandered from the Lord!

How oft, a - las! this wretched heart Has wandered from the Lord!

This musical system consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef, and the fourth is in bass clef. The music is in common time (C.M.). The lyrics are printed below the first and second staves.

How oft my rov-ing thoughts de - part, For - get - ful of his word!

How oft my rov-ing thoughts de - part, For - get - ful of his word!

This musical system consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef, and the fourth is in bass clef. The music is in common time (C.M.). The lyrics are printed below the first and second staves.

690.

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

Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O, take the wanderer home.

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

Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Blest Saviour, I adore;
O, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

733.

IN trouble, and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

The hours of pain have yielded good
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

1126.

BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2. When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
3. What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.
4. There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.
5. Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

721.

1. AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
2. Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
5. Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

DUNDEE. C. M.

How sweet and aw - ful is the place, With Christ with-in the doors,

How sweet and aw - ful is the place, With Christ with-in the doors,

The first system of the musical score for 'Dundee, C. M.' consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It contains the lyrics 'How sweet and aw - ful is the place, With Christ with-in the doors,'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The third staff is another vocal line in treble clef with the same lyrics. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef.

While ev - er - last - ing Love dis - plays The choicest of her stores!

While ev - er - last - ing Love dis - plays The choicest of her stores!

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. It contains the lyrics 'While ev - er - last - ing Love dis - plays The choicest of her stores!'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The third staff is another vocal line in treble clef with the same lyrics. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef.

835.

1. HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting Love displays
The choicest of her stores!
2. While all our hearts, and every song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"
3. "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"
4. 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.
5. Pity the nations, O our God;
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.
6. We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

1077.

1. IF I must die, O, let me die
With hope in Jesus' blood—
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.
2. If I must die, O, let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refined.
3. If I must die,—and die I must,—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.
4. Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view,
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through.

134.

1. IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
2. Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
3. My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
4. O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.
5. So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

629.

1. MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil:
There springs of endless pleasure rise;
The waters never fail.
2. There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.
3. His promise stands forever firm;
His grace shall ne'er depart:
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.
4. Light are the pains that nature brings,
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal future things
The present we compare!
5. I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I forever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

O Lord, if in the book of life My worthless name should stand,

O Lord, if in the book of life My worthless name should stand,

The first system of the musical score for 'ARLINGTON. C. M.' consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time, with lyrics 'O Lord, if in the book of life My worthless name should stand,'. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment in the same key and time. The bottom staff is a bass line in the same key and time. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes.

In fair - est cha - rac - ters, inscribed By thine un - err - ing hand,—

In fair - est cha - rac - ters, inscribed By thine un - err - ing hand,—

The second system of the musical score continues the piece. It also consists of four staves: a vocal line with lyrics 'In fair - est cha - rac - ters, inscribed By thine un - err - ing hand,—', two piano accompaniment staves, and a bass line. The musical notation and key signature remain consistent with the first system.

566.

1. O LORD, if in the book of life
My worthless name should stand,
In fairest characters, inscribed
By thine unerring hand,—
2. My soul thou wilt by grace prepare
For crowns above the skies,
And on my way, from heavenly stores,
Wilt grant me fresh supplies.
3. Then I to thee, in sweetest strains,
Will grateful anthems raise;
But life's too short, my powers too weak,
To utter half thy praise.
4. Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.

165.

1. O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!
2. When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs my wondering sight,—
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light,—
3. Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst choose
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his race, that thou shouldst prove
To them so wondrous kind?
4. O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

274.

1. THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day;
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
3. Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.
5. And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

306.

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. Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
3. All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
4. Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
5. I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, laboring breath,
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

YORK. C. M.

How short and has - ty is our life! How vast our soul's af - fairs!

How short and has - ty is our life! How vast our soul's af - fairs!

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in treble clef. The third staff is a vocal line in treble clef. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

Yet fool - ish mortals vain - ly strive To lav - ish out their years.

Yet fool - ish mortals vain - ly strive To lav - ish out their years.

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in treble clef. The third staff is a vocal line in treble clef. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

1054.

1. HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet foolish mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.
2. Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.
3. God from on high invites us home;
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.
4. Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

131.

1. THRO' endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God;
Each future age shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.
2. The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.
3. Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Created by thy hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.
4. But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

128.

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.

791.

1. COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.
2. Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.
3. One family, we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream—of death.
4. One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
5. E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.
6. O Saviour, be our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

PETERBORO'. C. M.

With joy we hail the sa - cred day Which God has called his own;

With joy the summons we o - bey, To wor-ship at his throne.

43.

1. WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.
2. Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.
3. Spirit of grace, O, deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.
4. Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread, with grateful zeal, around,
Her clear and shining light.
5. Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

97.

(SUPPLEMENT.)

1. EARTH has engrossed my love too long!
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.
2. There the blest Man, my Saviour, sits:
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.
3. Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.
4. Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, my love, they sing!
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.
5. Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel, too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

6. I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;
O for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

22.

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 dim 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.

812.

1. IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.
2. Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
3. Through duties, and through trials, too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
4. And, when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,—
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome, death.
I'll gladly go with thee.

DEDHAM. C. M.

A - mazing grace,—how sweet the sound!— That saved a wretch like me ;

A - mazing grace,—how sweet the sound!— That saved a wretch like me ;

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are treble clefs, and the bottom two are bass clefs. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music is in common time (C.M.). The lyrics are printed below the staves.

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves (two treble, two bass) in the same key signature and time signature as the first system. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

66.

(SUPPLEMENT.)

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved:
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

759.

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

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

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

4. But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
5. Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O, make my soul thy care:
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share.

780.

1. O, HOW divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!
2. Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.
3. Well pleased the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.
4. Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

174.

1. HOW firm the saint's foundation stands!
His hopes can ne'er remove,
Sustained by God's almighty hand,
And sheltered in his love.
2. God is the treasure of his soul,
A source of sacred joy,
Which no afflictions can control,
Nor death itself destroy.
3. Lord, may we feel thy cheering beams,
And taste thy saints' repose;
We will not mourn the perished streams,
While such a fountain flows.

WINDSOR. C. M.

A - las! and did my Sa-viour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?

A - las! and did my Sa-viour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?

This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The fourth staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are printed below the first and third staves.

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The fourth staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are printed below the first and third staves.

472.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

1104.

HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-
claims

For all the pious dead:
"Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

"They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin released,
They're freed from every snare.

"Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward."

837.

LORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place;—

2. We, who are all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God;
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood.
3. What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.
4. Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your sacred powers:
No theme is like redeeming love;
No Saviour is like ours.

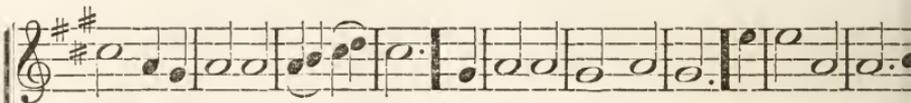
592.

1. WHAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply;—
2. Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine reign in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be;
3. Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.
4. God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy—
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

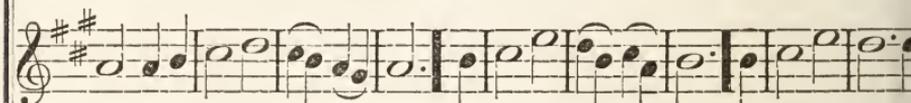
57.

1. ETERNAL Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of thy face
On all our hearts to shine.
2. Light in thy light, O, may we see
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

DEVIZES. C. M.



Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousa



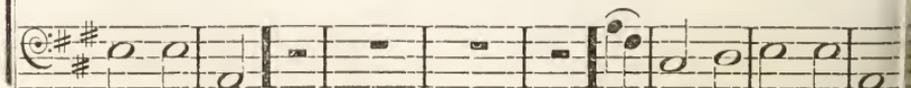
Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousa



are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.



are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.



346.

1. COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus?"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."
3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.
4. Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.
5. The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

1158.

-
- COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.
- Then to the shining realms of bliss
The wings of faith shall soar,
And all the charms of Paradise
Our raptured thoughts explore.
- There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs,
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love;
Our feeble notes inspire,
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join the heavenly choir.

1146.

1. THERE is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.
3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
4. But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
5. O, could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes,—
6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

399.

-
1. HAIL, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night,
Diffusing o'er the mental world
The healing beams of light.
 2. Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet,
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.
 3. O, send thy light and truth abroad
In all their radiant blaze,
And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

STEPHENS. C. M.

Be - hold the sure foun - da - tion stone, Which God in Zi - on lays,

Be - hold the sure foun - da - tion stone, Which God in Zi - on lays,

Detailed description: This system contains the first two stanzas of the hymn. Each stanza is written on four staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and three piano accompaniment lines in treble and bass clefs. The lyrics are: "Be - hold the sure foun - da - tion stone, Which God in Zi - on lays,".

To build our heavenly hopes up - on, And his e - ter - nal praise.

To build our heavenly hopes up - on, And his e - ter - nal praise.

Detailed description: This system contains the second two stanzas of the hymn. Each stanza is written on four staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and three piano accompaniment lines in treble and bass clefs. The lyrics are: "To build our heavenly hopes up - on, And his e - ter - nal praise.".

787.

BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
Let saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

What though the gates of hell withstood;
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

1173.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!—
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll
I'd fearless launch away.

425.

1. COME, let us join our souls to God
In everlasting bands,
And seize the blessings he bestows
With eager hearts and hands.
2. Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there,
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.
3. Come, let us share, without delay,
The blessings of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Their memory e'er efface.
4. O, may our children ever haste
To seek their fathers' God,
Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their fathers' feet have trod.

663.

1. O FOR a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!
2. O for a heart submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!
3. O for an humble, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!
4. Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
O write thy name upon my heart;
Thy name, O God, is love.

851.

1. TO Him who loved the souls of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God,—
2. To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love,
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

T. HASTINGS. BY PERMISSION.

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow ; His head with radiant

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow ; His head with radiant

The first system consists of four staves. The top three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is in common time (C.M.). The lyrics are: "Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow ; His head with radiant".

glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

The second system consists of four staves. The top three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is in common time. The lyrics are: "glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow."

257.

1. MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow ;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
2. No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men ;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief ;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
4. To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have ;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.
5. To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.
6. From his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

691.

1. O FOR a closer walk with God !
A calm and heavenly frame !
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
2. Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?
3. What peaceful hours I then enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.
4. Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

808.

1. MEEKLY in Jordan's holy stream
The great Redeemer bowed ;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hushed the wondering crowd.
2. Thus, God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done ;
Thus, came the emblematic Dove,
And hovered o'er the Son.
3. So, blessed Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene ;
Let thoughts of earth be far away,
And every mind serene.
4. This day we give to holy joy ;
This day to heaven belongs :
Raised to new life, we will employ
In melody our tongues.

1156.

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 fiery 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.

LONDON. C. M.

To thee this tem - ple we de - vote, Our Fa - ther and our God;

To thee this tem - ple we de - vote, Our Fa - ther and our God;

The first system of the musical score for 'LONDON. C. M.' consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, followed by three piano accompaniment staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'To thee this tem - ple we de - vote, Our Fa - ther and our God;'.

Ac - cept it thine, and seal it now Thy Spi - rit's blest a - bode.

Ac - cept it thine, and seal it now Thy Spi - rit's blest a - bode.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, followed by three piano accompaniment staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'Ac - cept it thine, and seal it now Thy Spi - rit's blest a - bode.'.

944.

1. TO thee this temple we devote,
Our Father and our God;
Accept it thine, and seal it now
Thy Spirit's blest abode.
2. Here may the prayer of faith ascend,
The voice of praise arise;
O, may each lowly service prove
Accepted sacrifice.
3. Here may the sinner learn his guilt,
And weep before his Lord;
Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love,
And here his vows record.
4. Here may affliction dry the tear,
And learn to trust in God,
Convinced it is a Father smites,
And love that guides the rod.
5. Peace be within these sacred walls;
Prosperity be here;
Long smile upon thy people, Lord,
And evermore be near.

308.

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—O, amazing love!—
He flew 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. O, 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.

997.

1. FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.
2. When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
3. The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And gav'st refreshing dew.
4. These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
5. We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails:
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

588.

1. AUTHOR of good, to thee we turn;
Thine ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.
2. O, let thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.
3. And, O, by error's force subdued,
Since oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill,—
4. Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good we ask not, Father, grant;
The ill we ask, deny.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill;

How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill;

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, with lyrics 'How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill;'. The second staff is a vocal line in the same key and time, with lyrics 'How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill;'. The third staff is a vocal line in the same key and time, with lyrics 'How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill;'. The fourth staff is a bass line in the same key and time, providing harmonic support.

Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.

Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, with lyrics 'Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.'. The second staff is a vocal line in the same key and time, with lyrics 'Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.'. The third staff is a vocal line in the same key and time, with lyrics 'Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.'. The fourth staff is a bass line in the same key and time, providing harmonic support.

949.

1. HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
2. How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!—
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."
3. How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound:
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
4. How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
5. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
6. The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God

103.

1. HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!
2. Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.
3. Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
4. To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5. To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
And, in return, accepts with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.
6. Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

183.

1. MY soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
2. His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
3. High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

87.

1. ARISE, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Arise, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
2. Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?
3. O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!
4. God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
5. Arise, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Arise, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

FROM CARMINA SACRA.
BY PERMISSION.

Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;

Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;

This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The fourth staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the first and third staves.

Welcome to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

Welcome to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

This system contains four staves of music. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The fourth staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the first and third staves.

40.

1. WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
2. The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
3. One day, amid the place
Where Christ, my Lord, has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.
4. My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

1068.

1. BLEST 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 asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
5. 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,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

195.

1. THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
2. He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
3. If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
4. While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
5. In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
6. The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

356.

1. BLEST Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.
2. Turn us, with gentle voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.
3. By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.
4. O, fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

OLNEY. S. M.

Ye an - gels, bless the Lord, And praise his sa - cred name;

Ye an - gels, bless the Lord, And praise his sa - cred name;

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with lyrics. The second and third staves are instrumental accompaniment in G major. The fourth staff is a bass line in G major. The music is in 4/4 time and consists of two measures.

Dif - fuse his glo - ries all a - broad, His gracious acts pro-claim.

Dif - fuse his glo - ries all a - broad, His gracious acts pro-claim.

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G major with lyrics. The second and third staves are instrumental accompaniment in G major. The fourth staff is a bass line in G major. The music is in 4/4 time and consists of two measures.

312.

1. YE angels, bless the Lord,
And praise his sacred name;
Diffuse his glories all abroad,
His gracious acts proclaim.
2. Praise him, ye heavenly powers,
And make his goodness known;
Christ is your Head, as well as ours,
And ye surround his throne.
3. Praise him, ye hosts of light,
In accents sweet and high;
To him you owe your power and might;
At his command you fly.
4. Ye wingéd seraphim,
Your grateful voices raise;
Created and preserved by him,
Let him have all your praise.
5. The lofty song begin,
And tune your harps anew;
While we in sacred concert join,
And strive to vie with you.

361.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow and fears around,
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.

480.

1. ONCE more we meet to pray,
Once more our guilt confess;
Turn not, O Lord, thine ear away
From creatures in distress.
2. Our sins to heaven ascend,
And there for vengeance cry;
O God, behold the sinner's Friend,
Who intercedes on high.
3. Though we are vile indeed,
And well deserve thy curse,
The merits of thy Son we plead,
Who lived and died for us.
4. Now let thy bosom yearn,
As it hath done before;
Return to us, O God, return,
And ne'er forsake us more.

788.

1. I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
2. I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
3. For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
4. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
5. Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.
6. Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.
BY PERMISSION.

The pi - ty of the Lord To those that fear his name,

The pi - ty of the Lord To those that fear his name,

The pi - ty of the Lord To those that fear his name,

The pi - ty of the Lord To those that fear his name,

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line in treble clef. The third staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The fourth staff is a bass line in bass clef.

Is such as ten - der pa - rents feel; He knows our fee - ble frame.

Is such as ten - der pa - rents feel; He knows our fee - ble frame.

Is such as ten - der pa - rents feel; He knows our fee - ble frame.

Is such as ten - der pa - rents feel; He knows our fee - ble frame.

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line in treble clef. The third staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The fourth staff is a bass line in bass clef.

184.

1. THE pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
2. He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
3. Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
4. But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

537.

1. O LORD, thou art my Lord,
My portion and delight;
All other lords I now reject,
And cast them from my sight.
2. Thy sovereign right I own,
Thy glorious power confess;
Thy law shall ever rule my heart,
While I adore thy grace.
3. Too long my feet have strayed
In sin's forbidden way;
But since thou hast my soul reclaimed,
To thee my vows I'll pay.
4. My soul, to Jesus joined
By faith, and hope, and love,
Now seeks to dwell among thy saints,
And rest with them above.
5. Accept, O Lord, my heart;
To thee myself I give;
Nor suffer me from hence to stray,
Or cause thy saints to grieve.

1114.

1. O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.
2. Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope, may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.
3. Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.
4. With us their names shall live
Through long-succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give—
Our praises and our tears.
5. O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

445.

1. THE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly,
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky!
2. Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
For know, its Maker can command
An instant, endless night.
3. Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the rolling sphere;
Submissive, at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.
4. Then shall new lustre break
Through all the heavy gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

DOVER. S. M.

Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glorious name to sing,

Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glorious name to sing,

The first system of the musical score for 'DOVER. S. M.' consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, with lyrics 'Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glorious name to sing,'. The second staff is a vocal line with the same lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line with the same lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line accompaniment.

To praise and pray, to hear thy word, And grateful offerings bring.

To praise and pray, to hear thy word, And grateful offerings bring.

The second system of the musical score for 'DOVER. S. M.' consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, with lyrics 'To praise and pray, to hear thy word, And grateful offerings bring.' The second staff is a vocal line with the same lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line with the same lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line accompaniment.

45.

1. SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring;—
2. Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell,
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell;—
3. Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.
4. To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

715.

1. YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.
2. Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
3. Watch!—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark every signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
4. O, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

1152.

1. O, WHERE shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2. The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
3. Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.
4. There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O, what eternal terrors hang
Around the second death!
5. Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

303.

1. DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.
2. To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O, let them ne'er prevail.
3. Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.
4. Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay,
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.
5. Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

DOXOLOGY.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Adore the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit, too.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise; The

My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise; The

The musical score for the first system consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It contains the melody for the first line of the hymn. The second staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing the melody for the second line. The third staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing the melody for the third line. The fourth staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing the bass line. The lyrics are printed below the first three staves.

hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

The musical score for the second system consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It contains the melody for the first line of the second system. The second staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing the melody for the second line. The third staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing the melody for the third line. The fourth staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing the bass line. The lyrics are printed below the first three staves.

717.

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. O, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.
4. Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

471.

1. DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
2. The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.
3. He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

495.

1. O, BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.
2. They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3. While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
4. Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

431.

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,
O, 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.

730.

1. OUR Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies;
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.
2. "Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."
3. 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith,
Eternal life is the reward
Of all victorious faith.
4. Who conquer in his might
The victor's meed receive;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God will freely give.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing:

Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing:

The first system consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The second staff is a treble clef with a melody of quarter notes. The third staff is a treble clef with a melody of quarter notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a bass line of quarter notes.

Je - ho - vah is the sove - reign God, The u - ni - ver - - sal King.

Je - ho - vah is the sove - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

The second system consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a melody of quarter notes. The second staff is a treble clef with a melody of quarter notes. The third staff is a treble clef with a melody of quarter notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a bass line of quarter notes.

79.

1. COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing :
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
2. Come, worship at his throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his work, and not our own ;
He formed us by his word.
3. To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

767.

1. COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
2. The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place ;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.
3. Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
4. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
5. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

520.

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 the way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
3. Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies, each hour, I meet,
While pressing on to God.
4. Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

191.

1. BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
2. Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
3. A hope so much divine
May trials well endure ;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
4. If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
5. We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne ;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred, own.

925.

1. THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands :
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;
Thy truth forever stands.
2. Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,—
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.
By PERMISSION.

O Lord our God, a - rise, The cause of Truth main - tain,

O Lord our God, a - rise, The cause of Truth main - tain,

And wide o'er all the peo-pled world Ex - tend her bless - ed reign.

And wide o'er all the peo-pled world Ex - tend her bless - ed reign.

879.

1. O LORD our God, arise,
The cause of Truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.
2. Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.
3. O Holy Spirit, rise,
Expand thy heavenly wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.
4. O, all ye nations, rise;
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

362.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.
2. Melt, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
3. Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

237.

1. "THE Lord is risen indeed;"
He lives to die no more;
He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.
2. "The Lord is risen indeed;"
Then hell has lost his prey;
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

3. "The Lord is risen indeed;"
Attending angels, hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
4. Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

676.

1. O GOD, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest prayer.
2. O for a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly!
3. A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer!
4. Lord, let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
To better worlds above.

30.

1. JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us wilt be,
Assembled in thy name.
2. Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.
3. We meet, the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.
4. O, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

Chil- dren of the heavenly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;

Chil- dren of the heavenly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;

Sing your Sa - viour's wor - thy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

Sing your Sa - viour's wor - thy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

48.

(SUPPLEMENT.)

1. CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
2. Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
3. O ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made,
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.
4. Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
5. Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Christ, your Father's darling Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
6. Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

28.

1. TO thy temple we repair;
Lord, we love to worship there;
There, within the veil, we meet
Christ upon the mercy-seat.
2. While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.
3. While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
4. While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5. From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
Then, at evening we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

285.

1. JESUS, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last.
2. Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

847.

1. BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.
2. Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.
3. Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died,
Lord of life, O, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

NUREMBERG. 7s.

Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine ;

Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine :

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 7/8. The lyrics are: "Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine ;" and "Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine :".

Chase the shades of night a - way ; Turn the dark - ness in - to day.

Chase the shades of night a - way ; Turn the dark - ness in - to day.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 7/8. The lyrics are: "Chase the shades of night a - way ; Turn the dark - ness in - to day." and "Chase the shades of night a - way ; Turn the dark - ness in - to day.".

372.

1. HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn the darkness into day.
2. Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine:
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
3. Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart;
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
4. Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

695.

1. PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
2. Now to you my spirit turns,—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O, receive me into rest.
3. Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
4. Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more;
Every idol I resign.

441.

1. HASTE, O sinner; now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2. Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.
3. Haste, O sinner; now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
4. Haste, O sinner; now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

1131.

1. ON that great, that awful day,
This vain world shall pass away,
And before the Maker stand
All the creatures of his hand.
2. Then shall all the nations meet
At th' eternal judgment-seat,
And, unveiled before his eye,
All the works of man shall lie.
3. O, in that destroying hour,
Source of goodness, Source of power;
Show thou, of thine own free grace,
Help unto a helpless race.
4. Hear, and pity; hear, and aid;
Spare the creatures thou hast made;
Fold us with the sheep that stand
Pure and safe at thy right hand.

264.

1. JESUS, to thy wounds I fly;
Purge my sins of deepest dye;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Wash away my crimson stain.
2. Plunge me in that sacred flood,
In that fountain of thy blood;
Then thy Father's eye shall see
Not a spot of guilt in me.

LENOX. H. M.

Let every creature join To bless Je-hovah's name, And every pow'r u-

Let every creature join To bless Je-hovah's name, And every pow'r u-

- - nite To swell th'ex-alt - ed theme; Let nature raise, From

- - nite To swell th'ex-alt - ed theme; Let nature raise, From every tongue, A

nature raise, From every tongue, A gen - eral song Of grateful praise.
every tongue, A general song Of grateful praise, A general song Of grateful praise.

Let nature raise, From every tongue, A general song Of grateful praise.
general song Of grateful praise, A gen - eral song Of grateful praise.

92.

1. LET every creature join
To bless Jehovah's name,
And every power unite
To swell th' exalted theme;
Let nature raise, | A general song,
From every tongue, | Of grateful praise.
2. But, O, from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow,
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow:
Your voices raise, | Above the rest
Ye highly blest; | Declare his praise.
3. Assist me, gracious God;
My heart, my voice inspire;
Then shall I humbly join
The universal choir;
Thy grace can raise | And tune my song
My heart and tongue, | To lively praise.

261.

1. ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.
2. The bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary,
Now pour effectual prayers,
And strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."
3. The Father hears him pray,
The dear Anointed One;—
He cannot turn away
The pleading of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
4. To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With filial trust I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba Father," cry.

325.

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

867.

1. RISE, Sun of glory, rise,
And chase the shades of night,
Which now obscure the skies,
And hide thy sacred light:
O, chase those dismal shades away,
And bring the bright, millennial day!
2. Now send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word;
That heathen lands may own thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.
3. Then shall thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,
And all the earth become
The temple of thy grace;
Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
And songs of praise, till time shall end.

HADDAM. H. M.

We give im - mor - tal praise For God the Father's love,— For
 We give im - mor - tal praise For God the Father's love,— For

all our comforts here, And better hopes a - bove: He sent his
 all our comforts here, And better hopes a - bove: He sent his

own e - ter - nal Son To die for sins That we had done.
 own e - ter - nal Son To die for sins That we had done.

118.

1. WE give immortal praise
For God the Father's love,—
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that we had done.
2. To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe;
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.
3. To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.
4. Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
The great and glorious One:
Where Reason fails, with all her powers,
There Faith prevails, and Love adores.

544.

1. HAIL, everlasting Spring!
Celestial Fountain, hail!
Thy streams salvation bring;
The waters never fail;
Still they endure, | For all our woe
And still they flow, | A sovereign cure.
2. Blest be his wounded side,
And blest his bleeding heart,
Who all in anguish died,
Such favors to impart;
His sacred blood | From every sin,
Shall make us clean | And fit for God.
3. To that dear source of love,
Our souls this day would come;
And thither, from above,
Lord, call the nations home;
That Jew and Greek, | On all their tongues,
With rapturous songs | Thy praise may speak.

38.

1. AWAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail the sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay;
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.
2. On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.
3. All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

301.

1. JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.
2. Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy name:
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
3. Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died;
Our guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.
4. O thou almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and our King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, we sing:
Thine is the power; O, make us sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

Glo-ry to God on high! Let heaven and earth re - ply; Praise ye his name;

Glo-ry to God on high! Let heaven and earth re - ply; Praise ye his name;

His love and grace adore, Who all our sorrows bore; And sing forevermore, "Worthy the Lamb."

His love and grace adore, Who all our sorrows bore; And sing forevermore, "Worthy the Lamb."

328.

1. GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply;
Praise ye his name;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And sing forevermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."
2. Ye who surround the throne,
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising his name:
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,—
"Worthy the Lamb."
3. Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting, with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."
4. Soon must we change our place;
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we'll bring,
Hail him our gracious King;
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

783.

1. MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.
2. May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O, bear me safe above —
A ransomed soul.

320.

1. LET us awake our joys;
Strike up with cheerful voice;
Each creature, sing;
Angels, begin the song;
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."
2. Proclaim abroad his name;
Tell of his matchless fame;
What wonders done;
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
"Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."
3. He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell;
Mourners, rejoice;
His dying love adore;
Praise him, now raised in power;
Praise him forevermore,
With joyful voice.
4. All hail the glorious day,
When, through the heavenly way,
Lo, he shall come,
While they who pierced him wail;
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail:
Great Saviour, come.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of li - ber - ty, Of thee I sing ; Land where my

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of li - ber - ty, Of thee I sing ; Land where my

Detailed description: This system contains two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are split across the two staves. The first staff ends with a double bar line, and the second staff continues the melody and accompaniment.

fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring.

fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring.

Detailed description: This system contains two staves of music, continuing from the first system. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are split across the two staves. The first staff ends with a double bar line, and the second staff continues the melody and accompaniment.

1000.

1. MY country, 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.
2. My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.
4. Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

120.

1. COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.
2. Jesus, our Lord, descend;
From all our foes defend,
Nor let us fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call.

3. Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless;
Come, give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.
4. Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.
5. To thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

314.

1. COME, all ye saints of God;
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love has done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb."
2. Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme;
Praise ye our gracious King;
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."
3. Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb."

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

Lord, dis - miss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
D. C. O, re - fresh us, O, re - fresh us, Travel - ing thro' this wil - der - ness.

The first system of the musical score for 'GREENVILLE' consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the second and third staves.

D. C.

Let us each, thy love pos - sess - ing, Triumph in re - deem - ing grace:

The second system of the musical score for 'GREENVILLE' consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature, containing four measures of rests. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the second and third staves.

D. C.

65.

1. LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.
 2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.
 3. Then, where'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne, on angels' wings, to heaven,—
Glad the summons to obey,—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.
-

606.

1. GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
2. Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

1136.

1. LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus shall forever reign.
 2. Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
 3. When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
“Come to judgment!—
Come to judgment!—come away!”
 4. Now the Saviour, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp, appear;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.
-

225.

1. HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary:
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and vails the sky:
“It is finished!”
Hear the dying Saviour cry.
2. “It is finished!”—O, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord:
“It is finished!”
Saints, the dying words record.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.



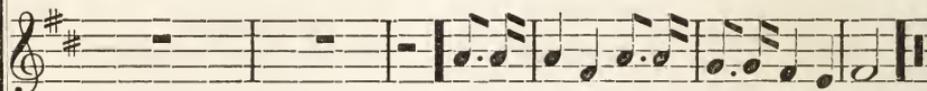
1. { On the mountain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred he - rald stands, }
 { Welcome news to Zi - on bear - ing—Zi - on, long in hos - tile lands: } Mourning



2. { Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful proved? }
 { Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved? } Cease thy



captive, God himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God himself shall loose, &c.



mourning; Zi-on still is well-beloved; Cease thy mourning, Zion still is well-beloved.



902.

3. God, thy God, will now restore thee ;
He himself appears thy Friend ;
All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
Here their boasts and triumphs end :
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.
4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee ;
All thy warfare now be past ;
God thy Saviour will defend thee ;
Victory is thine at last :
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

286.

1. SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow ;
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the plains below :
They are blessed
Who its sovereign virtues know.
2. Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way ;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay :
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day.
3. Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose :
Every object
Sings for joy, where'er it flows.
4. Trees of life, the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around ;
Those who eat are saved from mourning ;
Pleasure comes, and hopes abound :
Fair their portion—
Endless life with glory crowned.

891.

1. O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace :
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
2. Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian, see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary :
Let the gospel
Loud resound, from pole to pole.
3. Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night :
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
4. Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel ;
Win and conquer—never cease :
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase :
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

1140.

1. LO! he cometh: countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead ;
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels
See their great, exalted Head :
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.
2. Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear ;
Truth and justice go before him ;
Now the joyful sentence hear :
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.



Glo-rious things of thee are spoken, Zi-on, ci - ty of our God;



Glo-rious things of thee are 'spoken, Zi-on, ci - ty of our God;



He whose word can ne'er be broken, Chose thee for his own a - bode.



He whose word can ne'er be broken, Chose thee for his own a - bode.



930.

1. GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.
2. Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight,
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.
3. On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.
4. See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply her sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
5. Round her habitation hovering
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
6. Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.

109.

1. PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator;
Praise be thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
2. Father, source of all compassion,
Free, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation;
Praise him for his love divine.
3. For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
4. Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

530.

1. JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.
2. Man may trouble and distress me;
'Twill but drive me to thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O, 'twere, not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

653.

1. LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.
2. Breathe, O, breathe thy Holy Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit;
Let us find thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning;
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning;
Bring us to eternal day.
3. Carry on thy new creation;
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee;
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

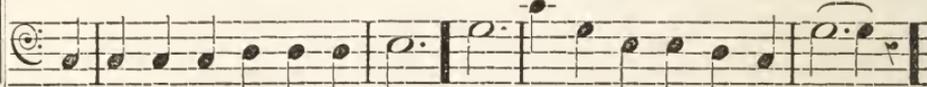
FOSTER. 8s.

W. B. BRADBURY.
BY PERMISSION.

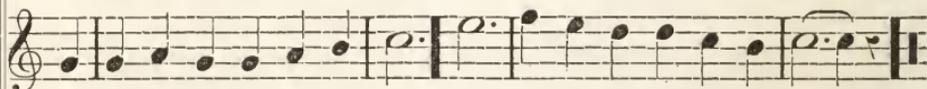
To Je - sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone;



To Je - sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone;



O, bear me, ye che - ru - bim, up, And waft me a - way to his throne.



O, bear me, ye che - ru - bim, up, And waft me a - way to his throne.



1086.

1. TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.
2. My Saviour, whom, absent, I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power,—
3. Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
O, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
4. When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,—
5. O, then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall see him whom, absent, I loved,
Whom, not having seen, I adored.

178.

1. THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
2. 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

598.

1. HOW sweet on thy bosom to rest,
When nature's affliction is near!
The soul that can trust thee is blest;
Thy smiles bring me freedom from fear.
2. The Lord has in kindness declared
That those who will trust in his name
Shall in the sharp conflict be spared,
His mercy and love to proclaim.

3. This promise shall be to my soul
A messenger sent from the skies,
An anchor when billows shall roll,
A refuge when tempests arise.
4. O Saviour, the promise fulfill;
Its comfort impart to my mind;
Then calmly I'll bow to thy will,
To the cup of affliction resigned.

599.

1. O THOU, whose compassionate care
Forbids my fond heart to complain,
Now graciously teach me to bear
The weight of affliction and pain.
2. Though cheerless my days seem to flow,
Though weary and wakeful my nights,
What comfort it gives me to know
'Tis the hand of a Father that smites!
3. A tender physician thou art,
Who woundest in order to heal,
And comfort divine dost impart
To soften the anguish we feel.
4. O, let this correction be blest,
And answer thy gracious design;
Then grant that my soul may find rest
In comforts so healing as thine.

1163.

1. YE angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known;
O, tune your soft harps to his praise.
2. Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat.
* * * * *
4. O, when will the moment appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here;
For I to your Saviour belong.
5. I'm fettered and chained here in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From India's coral strand,—Where Afric's sunny

From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From India's coral strand,—Where Afric's sunny

fountains Roll down their golden sand,—From many an ancient riv - er, From

fountains Roll down their golden sand,—From many an ancient riv - er, From

many a palmy plain,—They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

many a palmy plain,—They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

917.

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

2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

778.

1. "REMEMBER thy Creator"
While youth's fair spring is bright;
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2. "Remember thy Creator"
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust;
Before with God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear:
He cries, who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

907.

1. WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2. Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

194.

1. GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2. Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s. (PECULIAR.)

{ Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace ; }
 { Rise, from all ter - res-trial things, To heav'n thy native place : } Sun, and moon, and stars decay,

{ Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace ; }
 { Rise, from all ter - res-trial things, To heav'n thy native place : } Sun, and moon, and stars decay,

The first system consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom two staves are in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is in common time and features a melody with a repeat sign and a double bar line.

Time shall soon this earth remove ; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared a - bove.

Time shall soon this earth remove ; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared a - bove.

The second system also consists of four staves, with the same clefs and key signature as the first system. It continues the melody with a repeat sign and a double bar line.

719.

1. RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from all terrestrial things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars, decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
2. Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

1060.

1. TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.
2. Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

26.

(SUPPLEMENT.)

1. SINNER, hear the Saviour's call;
He now is passing by;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry;
He has pardons to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears;
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipes away thy tears.
2. Why art thou afraid to come,
And tell him all thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face:
Wilt thou fear Immanuel?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood?
3. Think how on the cross he hung,
Pierced with a thousand wounds!
Hark! from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds!
See from all his bursting veins
Blood of wondrous virtue flow!
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from woe.
4. Though his majesty be great,
His mercy is no less;
Though he thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress:
By himself the Lord has sworn,
He delights not in thy death,
But invites thee to return,
That thou mayest live by faith.
5. Raise thy downcast eyes, and see
What throngs his throne surround!
These, though sinners once, like thee,
Have full salvation found:
Yield not then to unbelief,
While he says, "There yet is room;"
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 LINES.

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee;
D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, — Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee;
D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, — Save from wrath, and make me pure.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side, a heal - ing flood,

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side, a heal - ing flood,

282.

1. ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
2. Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

427.

1. WEARY sinner, keep thine eyes
On th' atoning Sacrifice;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee:
There the dreadful curse he bore:
Weeping soul, lament no more.
2. Cast thy guilty soul on him;
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay;
Look thy doubts and care away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

415.

1. YE, who in his courts are found
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.
2. Turn to Christ your longing eyes;
View this bleeding sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

707.

1. GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
2. Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned!
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.
3. Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
4. Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay—
All is solitude and gloom:
Who has taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

477.

1. HEART of stone, relent, relent;
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood;
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified th' eternal Son.
2. Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed him there,
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Plunged into his side the spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man he dies.
3. Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again?
And the shameful cross renew?
No; with all my sins I'll part;
Break, O, break, my bleeding heart.





