

ANTHONIA SAURA,
BEING A COMPILATION OF
GENUINE CHURCH MUSIC,
COMPRISING A GREAT VARIETY OF MATRES,
All Harmonized for Three Voices,
TOGETHER WITH A COPIOUS EXPLANATION OF
THE PRINCIPLES OF VOCAL MUSIC,
EXEMPLIFIED AND ILLUSTRATED WITH TABLES
IN A PLAIN AND COMPREHENSIVE MANNER.
BY JOSEPH FUNK AND SONS.

AND the ransomed of the Lord shall say, Amen. Z. With songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy in God: sorrow and mourning shall flee away.—ISAIAH L.

NEW EDITION.

STAGERS' CATH,
10 QUEEN ST. N. Y.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHORS.

1860

Chas. S. Myers

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"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.—ISAIAH.

TENTH EDITION.

SINGERS' GLEN,

ROCKINGHAM CO., VA.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHORS.

1860.

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P R E F A C E .

WHEREVER man inhabits the earth the power of music is felt and acknowledged. This influence of sweet sounds, like most other gifts of our bountiful Creator, may be so used as to be the instrument of much good, or perverted to the purposes of deep and extensive evil.*

As it would be a most pernicious error to imagine that the love of music is the same thing with Christian piety, so it would be a mistake of no trifling magnitude, to deny the utility of music in awakening and strengthening our devotional affections. That utility has been demonstrated in every age by the happy experience of those who have aspired to hold communion with the Father of mercies. And it is a fact as consolatory as it is remarkable, that while Christians are lamentably divided in many articles of their faith and practice, they all agree that God should be praised in musical strains; and that, when the heart goes with the voice, this is one of the most delightful and edifying parts of His worship. Hence, in addition to those divine songs with which it has pleased the Holy Spirit himself to fill many a page of the Inspired Volume, and in imitation of them, a great number of the servants of God have employed the talents He has given them, in furnishing materials for this branch of worship, adapted to the manifold situations and emotions of the pious mind. And similar exertions have been made to supply a large and variegated treasure of music, suited in union with those poetic materials, to express and to heighten our religious desires, hopes, and enjoyments. By these COMBINED MEANS, we feel more intensely and more profitably, that in God we live, move and have our being; that all our blessings

* "Music though consecrated to the service of the sanctuary, and capable of good improvement in subserviency to devotion, has been, and is often, wretchedly abused to the vilest purposes. It should, therefore, be used in religious ordinances with jealousy and caution, lest it should produce a false fervor, and subserve the cause of vice, delusion, superstition, or enthusiasm."—DR. SCOTT.

are bestowed by His paternal kindness, and that our everlasting welfare results from His redeeming love toward us in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Since the first Edition of the "Genuine Church Music" was brought before the public, some changes in music have taken place. Among which, the practice of applying seven different syllables to the seven original sounds or notes of the scale, has gained considerable ascendancy, and is worthy of notice. And as this mode of solmization has become so prevalent, we think it advisable to adopt it in this our revised, enlarged, and improved edition.

But, as we are well aware that the patent note system is far preferable, and has many advantages over the round, we have had the three notes, to which the three syllables, Do, RE, and SI are applied, also characterized in a uniform style with the others, so that the singers are enabled to apply the syllables to them on sight, with the same ease as they do to the four characters. By this method, the repetition of FAW, SOL, and LAW, in the scale—which has been objectionable to some—is avoided, and may be deemed an improvement.

Moreover, as the principal motive and intention in bringing out this work is to promote the cause of religion and devotion, and a solemn, dignified, and expressive style of singing in the Church of God, we have for the greater convenience of worshipping assemblies, divided it into two parts. The FIRST PART containing a variety of the most appropriate tunes and hymns, of the various kinds of metres to be sung in the time of public worship. And these are arranged in metrical order, forming a series of metres from Long Metre or Metre First, throughout all the different kinds of poetic measures up to Metre Seventy-three. This order and arrangement of the metres will be found very convenient for the chorister, in selecting suitable tunes for the psalms and hymns which are to be sung by the congregated worshippers.

The Second Part is composed mostly of longer tunes, set pieces, and anthems, whose rhythmical construction is somewhat more intricate and difficult to perform. These are more particularly adapted to be sung in Singing-schools and Societies, though they all abound with solemn and devotional matter, not unbecoming a worshipping assembly in the House of God.

But notwithstanding the different changes and the new arrangement of matter in this Edition, the great mass of the musical and poetical compositions are identical with those in the former Editions, to which a number of tunes and hymns of a later date have been added, which we trust will be found of equal merit with those dignified, solemn, and heart-affecting productions of musical genius which have stood the test of time, and survived the changes of fashion. Such music, with its sublime, flowing, melodious style and pathetic expression, will never become obsolete in THE HOUSE OF GOD; it cannot even lose a particle of its interest, while human nature remains unaltered. No frequency of use can wear out these venerable airs with the Zion traveler; no fondness for novelty can make us insensible to their sterling merit. Other pieces which are added, will be found we doubt not, to possess much attractive beauty, and have been selected with a view to the singing of "Psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs," constructed in a vast variety of poetic measures.

The Rudiments and Elucidation of the science of Vocal Music, which succeed this preface, have cost us much research and labor; and for the acquisition of which, many standard works on music, both German and English, have been consulted, together with our own knowledge and experience gained from teaching for a long series of years. And no pains have been spared, to lay before our readers, in a plain, familiar and comprehensive style—illustrated by examples and tables—every thing that is necessary in acquiring a practical knowledge of the science of Vocal Music.*

In conclusion, that this work may be instrumental in promoting, in some degree, the praises of HIM, the Triune God and everlasting Father, whom angels adore, and to whom all the redeemed incessantly sing high hallelujahs, is the fervent wish of

THE COMPILERS.

* Although this work is principally intended for vocal performance, as the notes are formed in a different figurate manner, to facilitate the learner in applying the syllables to them; yet its elementary principles are equally applicable to instrumental performance, as they go hand in hand. The pitch of a note is the same whether it proceed from the vocal organs, or from the pipe or string of an instrument or any other sounding body. The scales of vocal and instrumental music—their tones and semitones, with all the intervals, both major and minor, and the letters which represent them are the same; as also the common chord with its inversions, and the inversions of all the intervals of the diatonic scale.

TO TEACHERS.

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The position of a teacher of sacred church music is an important and highly responsible one. He should be prepared and qualified to teach and instruct his class in the elements of music, with correctness and facility, both in theory and practice, and to do this he should make it his object to become as familiar as possible with the method of instruction, and of imparting knowledge in an easy and familiar manner. He should be deeply imbued with a desire of doing good, and of refining the taste, and elevating the affections. Music should be with him not merely an entertainment, a pastime, or a *means of support*; but as a talent to be used for the service of Him to whom angels sing their high hallelujahs, and who gave it to man therewith to praise him who is worthy of all honor and praise. Hence singing-schools of sacred Psalmody should be conducted in a proper manner, and according to the intention for which they are instituted; and although a singing school is not a direct place of worship, it certainly is a place where its members should be trained and prepared for the service and participation of that holy place.

A school of sacred vocal music has so far a resemblance to the house of God, that it is a scene from which all levity should be banished far away. During a great part of the time spent in our employment, we are singing words of the most solemn and devotional import. And is such an avocation to be contemplated as a mere unmeaning form, or to be trifled with as a despicable jest? It is impossible, if the heart possesses any reverence for God and religion. All decent people admit that a light carriage in the church deserves severe rebuke; and for our part

we cannot see that much less reprehension is due to the same carriage in a school of Psalmody. To have no ear, no relish for the beauties of harmony, is a defect which those who labor under it should certainly not be forward to betray. We can at best only think of it with compassion. But when a stupid contempt of music intrudes itself into a school, with the additional deformity of injustice, bad breeding, and the scorn of sacred things, it deserves the utmost severity of censure.

It is an obvious principle in every department of religious worship, that emotions should be unfeigned. They should not be suffered to rise merely through gratified taste, but be made to spring up in the mind while it is employed in the contemplation of holy things. This important distinction will not be preserved in the hours of devotion, where it has been neglected in the seasons of practice. It requires specific religious training in schools and family circles; and will not be maintained in any other way. Habit has its influence in devotion, as in other things. The department of singers and teachers during the hours of practice, therefore becomes a matter of great moment. To cultivate the praises of the highest God, is a solemn work, and should ever be so regarded. Volumes would fail to show the importance of this principle. How, then, can any teacher of devotional music dare to treat it with neglect? Yet this neglect seems to be almost universal. No wonder that the friends and cultivators of the art have so many difficulties to encounter. Let their efforts be fully Christianized, and the difficulties will be seen to vanish.

OF

VOCAL MUSIC.

COME youth, and with profundity explore
This sacred science; ponder and adore
The beauties which in harmony abound,

And the exalted rapture of sweet sound:
Direct your thoughts to those harmonic lays,
And in poetic numbers your CREATOR praise.

CHAPTER I.

OF MUSIC AND MUSICAL SOUNDS.

Section 1.—Music is composed of sounds produced by the human voice or by different kinds of musical instruments, varying in pitch according to certain fixed and determinate degrees. The pitch and gradation of these sounds from the lowest or most grave to the highest or most acute, form the whole scale of musical sounds.

A combination and succession of these sounds, sweetly tuned and performed in rhythmical order, have by their rich, mellifluous, melodious, and harmonious progression,—their sweetly moving accents and flowing numbers, a benign, winning, and powerful influence over the human mind.

Sec. 2.—The *Natural Scale*, of musical sounds, though its extent is unlimited, consists only of *seven primary notes*. For it is found that after singing or playing these seven notes, if we continue the series, we repeat another scale similar to the first, and so on, as far as the extent of the voice or the instruments will go. The voice in producing these sounds naturally passes from the first sound taken, a *step* to the second; from the second a *step* to the third; from the third a *half-step* to the fourth; from the fourth a *step* to the fifth; from the fifth a *step* to the sixth; from the sixth a *step* to the seventh; and from the seventh a *half-*

step to the eighth, which completes the Octave, and is the first note of a succeeding scale.

NOTE.—The whole range of *human hearing* comprised between the lowest note of the organ, and the highest cry of known insects, seems to include about *nine octaves*, which will extend to sixty-four diatonic intervals.

Sec. 3.—There are three distinctions made in musical sounds; 1st, they may be *high or low*; 2nd, they may be *long or short*; 3rd, they may be *loud or soft*.

These three distinctions of sound embrace *PITCH, LENGTH* and *POWER*. Pitch regards a sound as *high or low*; Length as *long or short*; and Power, as *loud or soft*; and these three distinctions form the essential property and peculiar qualification of good musical sounds.

On these three distinctions are founded three Departments, namely, *MELODY, RHYTHM*, and *DYNAMICS* or Musical Elocution, which departments will be noticed and treated in their proper places.

Sec. 4.—The doctrine of music may be arranged under six different heads: 1. Notation; 2. Rhythm; 3. Intonation; 4. Melody; 5. Harmony; and 6. Dynamics or Musical Elocution. But such is the nature of music, that the different heads or departments cannot be treated separately and apart; but by their close connection, they will be inter-

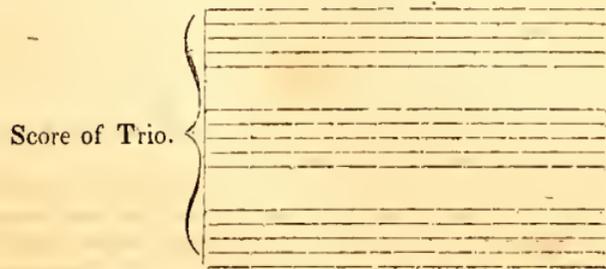
EXAMPLES OF THE STAFFS AND CLEFS.



NOTE.—It is ascertained, that the interval between the male voice and the female, is exactly an octave, which is the most perfect chord in the scale of music. Hence as the Treble is principally assigned to female voices, it is placed an octave higher in the General Scale than the Tenor. From this we learn that the ALL-WISE CREATOR has implanted harmony in the sexes of the human race. [How happy would all those be who stand together in matrimonial relation, if they would observe, by a pious life, and a holy conversation, in Christian love, to fill up the interval of life with sweet harmonious chords, so that no dissonant or jarring string might vibrate between them.]

Sec. 7.—BRACE.—When music is written on these staves, and performed simultaneously, they are united by a character called a *Brace*, and form a score. The Score, however, may consist of *two, three, or four* parts. When two parts only are united, it is called a *Duet*; when three parts, a *Trio*, and when four parts, a *Quartet*.

EXAMPLE:



Sec. 8.—NUMERALS.—Numerals are used to point out the different degrees of sound in the scale of music. They will also be exclusively used, in this work, in a fractional position, to indicate the different measures in the movements of Common, Triple, and Compound time.

Sec. 9.—LETTERS.—To represent the seven original sounds of music, the first seven letters of the alphabet are used, namely, A, B, C, D, E, F, G. These letters are placed on the staves in alphabetical order, counting upwards from the lowest. The natural diatonic scale of the minor key commencing with A, and that of the major key commencing with C, in the following manner:

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	A	B
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Numerals of the minor scale.	
Numerals of the major scale.			1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Sec. 10.—But as letters are not calculated to slow forth and adjust the *length* of sounds, the proper length is indicated by the form of certain characters called Notes. And besides the rhythmical representation of these notes, they have also a distinct figurate form whereby the syllables *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, and si* are applied to them in solmization individually, on sight—their form indicating the syllable which is applied to them.

And as these syllables are always used in the scale in the same relation and invariable position to the key, they form a strong and inseparable association with the proper pitch of the intervals of the scale which they individually and invariably occupy. And as they have thus the proper pitch of the intervals of the scale associated with their names, it is of great service to the vocal performer, to have them communicated to the mind on sight, as thereby he will be enabled to strike the proper interval of the scale *on sight* of the note, and be relieved of the irksome task of finding the name by calculation, in every change of key. See those notes with their corresponding *Rests* exemplified by the following

	Whole note, or Semibreve.	Half note, or Minim.	TABLE. Quarter note, or Crotchet.	Eighth note, or Quaver.	Sixteenth note, or Semiquaver.
SI					
LAW					
SOL					
FAW					
MI					
RE					
DO					
REST					

As these notes, by their names—as a whole note, a half note, &c.—indicate to the *mind*, their proper relation of sound; and by their heads, stems, hooks or dashes, represent to the *eye*, the same relative length, it is almost superfluous to state, that *one* semibreve is equal in duration of time, to *two* minims, or *four* crochets, or *eight* quavers, or *sixteen*

semiquavers. For it is evident that as many parts as the whole note is divided into, so many of these parts it will take to amount to the same whole note again. And if we allow four seconds of time to sound out the whole note, we must allow but two seconds for the half note, one for the quarter note, half a second for the eighth note, and a quarter of a second for the sixteenth. This is the invariable proportion and comparative relation in which these notes stand to each other; a strict observance of which is of the highest importance, both to the vocal and to the instrumental performer.

RESTS are marks of silence, and are named after the notes which they represent.

NOTE 1.—Other notes are sometimes used, as a thirty-second, and sixty-fourth: these notes are, however, too quick and short for sacred music and can easily be dispensed with.

A note called a BREVE—from which the semibreve derived its name—was a so formerly used: but this note is too long and heavy a sound for any musical expression.

NOTE 2.—Nothing can be more certain than the fact that there is a true and inseparable union and association formed between these syllables which are applied to the notes and the proper pitch or sound of the intervals which they respectively and invariably occupy in the scale. For on this fact is founded the whole doctrine of transposition, and of transposing with the keys, the syllables with their notes, in their relative position to the keys. And it is evident that when the diatonic scale, which consists of tones and semitones, is sung to a series of notes and syllables always applied in the same order and relation to those tones and semitones, as they stand in their fixed position in the scale, that such an association will unavoidably be formed between them.

And hence arises the utility of having the notes characterized and formed in such a manner as to communicate by their different forms, the syllable which is applied to them, individually, so as to enable the singer to strike the proper pitch of the sound on sight of the note. And is it not strange that any should deny the usefulness of the character notes by which the syllables are known by the forms of the notes, when common sense and sound reason dictate that it opens and paves a highway for the student of vocal music, to travel on, and to pursue his course with pleasure, till he has acquired

a profound and complete knowledge of the science of music. And is this in any wise degrading to the science—diminishing its value—or robbing it of its intrinsic merit? By no means. It is adorning it with the vesture of simplicity, the richest dress in which it and its sister sciences can be arrayed. And in proof of this, let us cast our eyes to other arts and sciences, and see what has been done by the use of different characters, to pave the way for instruction, and to communicate to the mind correct ideas of what is to be inculcated and taught, and we will find an almost endless variety of characters, figures, cuts, drawings and delineations used to facilitate the learner in his progress in gaining scientific knowledge.

Do not the Lexicographers, WALKER and WEBSTER, in their famed Dictionaries—which are taken as standard works—use many different characters, to convey to the mind, on sight, a correct pronunciation of the words, and the proper sounds of the letters,—all of which might be acquired by a reference to grammar rules? And is there less propriety for the singer to have the correct sound of the notes conveyed to the mind on sight, by characters which might otherwise be acquired by having reference to the rules laid down in the science; which is, by making a calculation from the key?

NOTE 3.—Rests are essential to music, in order to keep the accent in its proper place in the measure; and if sparingly used and skillfully observed, give variety, beauty, and expression both to music and poetry. When long intervals of silence occur in any part of the score, it is deemed best to continue the staff without marking the rest; and let those on the silent part, for their own improvement, notice the parts which others are singing, and mark the time with them, till they arrive at the place where their own parts unite again. This is far preferable to poring over their own staff and measures of silence, by which is gained but little improvement.

Sec. 11.—Notes become subject to some variation, by having additional characters annexed or added.

A dot or point (.) placed after any note, adds one-half to its original length. Thus a dotted whole note is equal in length to three half-notes: a dotted half note to three quarters, and so on.

Four dots between the lines of the staff mark the place from whence a strain or piece of music is repeated.

EXAMPLES:



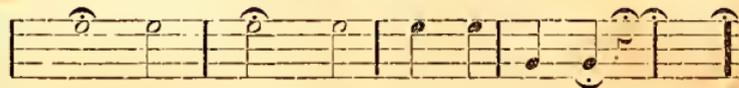
Sec. 12.—A Pause (∩) placed over or under a note protracts or lengthens it out about one third longer than its original time: though this protraction may be longer or shorter according to the expression of the poetry, and the taste of the judicious performer.

A soft graceful swell given to a paused note, followed by a momentary rest is highly ornamental.

The pause is frequently used on the note of the last syllable in a line of poetry, and agrees with its final pause, which, in reading, is marked with a suspension of the voice.

The pause is also used over *Rests* which need lengthening out; as also over *Bars*, where it is thought proper to have a momentary pause between two measures. Some of the most striking effects depend upon this character, and when well performed, it adds strength and beauty to music and poetry.

EXAMPLE:



Sec. 13.—Notes are frequently tied together by a circular line called a Tie: or grouped together by hooks or dashes. All the notes thus tied or grouped, are sung or warbled to one syllable of verse.

If three notes are thus tied or grouped together, with the figure 3 above or below them, they are performed in the time of two notes of the same kind without the figure, and are called Triplets. Triplets, when smoothly and skilfully performed, are ornamental to music.

EXAMPLES:



QUESTIONS.

On what character is the scale and music written?—With what characters is music written on the staff?—How many degrees of sound can be written on the staff?—What is done when more than nine degrees of sound are wanted?—If a still greater compass is needed?—How many clefs are in common use?—Why are they called the F clef and the G clef?—How many sounds does the octave contain?—What is a score?—How many letters of the alphabet are used to represent musical sounds?—How many original sounds are there in music?—How many notes are in common use?—How are the notes named?—What is the form of the whole note? Ans. An open note without a stem?—The half note? A. An open note with a stem.—The quarter note? A. A black note with a stem.—The eighth note? A. A black note with a stem and one hook.—The sixteenth note? A. A black note with a stem and two hooks.—How much does a dot add to a note?—What do dots indicate when placed on the staff?—What is the use of the pause?—On what note is the pause most frequently used?—What is a tie?—A group?—A Triplet?

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CHAPTER III.

NOTATION.

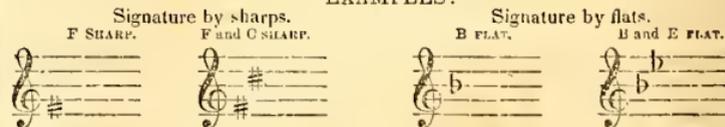
OF SHARPS, FLATS, NATURALS, &C.

Sec. 14.—The diatonic scale consists of five tones and two semitones.

These are sometimes called *steps* and *half steps*, because the voice steps along through the scale from one interval to the other; but the interval of a semitone is only half the distance of the interval of a tone. And to adjust the semitones and always keep them in their fixed position in the scale, throughout the course of transposition three characters are used—a *Sharp* (#), a *Flat* (b), and a *Natural* (♮). A sharp *raises* a letter or note a semitone; a flat *depresses* a letter or note a semitone; and a natural *restores* a letter or note thus sharpened or flattened, to its original sound. When these characters occur, in the course of a piece of music, they are called *Accidentals*, and operate only on the notes before which they are placed.

When sharps or flats are placed at the commencement of a tune, they operate on all the notes of the letters which are thus sharpened or flattened, throughout the tune. Thus they prepare and adjust the tones and the semitones for the new key, and become the signature (or sign for the key note) to the tune. And when accidentals occur throughout the tune, on the letters thus sharpened or flattened, they are raised or depressed, as the case may require by a natural.

EXAMPLES:



Sec. 15.—BARS.—When music is written on the staff, it is divided into measures by a character called a Bar.

There are three bars in use on the staff—the common bar, the broad bar, and the double bar. When a short bar is added to the broad bar, it forms a close.



The common bar is used to divide the staff into equal timed measures according to the measure note or notes, of either Common, Triple or Compound measures.

The broad bar is used, by some authors, at the close of each line in poetry. But as that frequently falls in the middle of the regular measures of the staff, it is omitted by others. However as the last syllable of each line of poetry is distinguished by the *final pause*, which marks the bounds of the metre by a suspension of the voice, there can be no impropriety in using it to point out that important syllable or word.

The double bar is used at the end of a strain which is to be repeated from the mark of repetition. (*Example Sec. 11.*) It is also used at a change of measure from Common to Triple, or Compound time, or the reverse. Also at a change of mode from major to minor, or the reverse. Likewise at the commencement of a chorus.

The close is used at the end of a tune or any piece of music.

Sec. 16.—SYNCOPIATED AND DRIVING NOTES.—A syncopated note is the blending of two notes into one—an unaccented with an accented in the middle of a measure, with the previous accented note of the same measure tied with it. As this note is struck on the unaccented part, while the hand, in marking the time is at rest, and its sound continued over the accented part, while the hand is in motion, the regular movement in that measure is thereby thwarted, or broken in upon, which

produces a fluttering effect on the note, or on the syllable or word applied.

When a longer note is wanted in a measure than the measure will contain, the long note is cut through, and one part is put in the next measure, and both parts tied together across the bar: these two notes compose the *driving note*. Thus *two half notes sung across a bar*, produce the same sound with *a whole note in a measure*; a half and a fourth note across the bar, the same sound with *a dotted minin in a measure*. The same remarks apply to two fourth notes driven across a bar, and a half note in a measure.

The driving note is sometimes called a *syncope*—a synonymous term with syncopation—both signifying the division, or cutting through a note by a bar, or accent expressed or understood. Hence the driving note may also be termed a syncope, as it is cut through by a bar, and commences on the unaccented part of the measure, and extends to the accented.

APPOGGIATURA.—The appoggiatura is a note of embellishment. It is a diminutive note, prefixed to a principal note, and is always on the accented part of the measure. It borrows its time from the principal note that follows and to which it is tied. As this note produces a fluttering sound similar with that of a syncope, it may be brought in at this place and classed with the syncopated notes.

PASSING OR TRANSIENT NOTES.—These are also called *ornamental and grace notes*. They, too, are diminutive notes, and are used between, the essential notes, where they become intermediate steps, on the unaccented parts of the measure in passing from one disjoint interval to another, and thus connect, embellish, and soften those intervals, diminish the roughness of the leap, and direct an easy and graceful movement.

They borrow their time from the preceding note to which they are tied.

CHOOSING NOTES.—Choosing notes are set perpendicularly one above the other, either of which may be sung: and as there is always a concordant interval between them, both may be sung at the same time, by different voices.

EXAMPLES :

The musical examples are arranged in two rows. The first row contains three measures: 'Syncopated Notes' (a melody with a syncopated rhythm), 'Driving Notes' (a melody with a driving, rhythmic pattern), and 'Appoggiatures' (a melody with notes that lean into the following note). The second row contains two measures: 'Passing or grace notes' (a melody with notes that pass between other notes) and 'Choosing notes' (two notes placed vertically above each other, one above the other, indicating they can be sung by different voices).

does he delight in the simplicity of manner, and the less is be attracted by superficial ornament.—PORTER'S MUS. CYC.

QUESTIONS.

Of what does the diatonic scale consist?—How many tones and semitones are contained in the scale?—What characters are used to regulate those tones and semitones?—What effect has a sharp on a letter or note?—A flat?—A Natural?—What effect have flats and sharps when placed at the beginning of a tune?—What is the use of rests?—Has each note a corresponding rest?—What is the use of the common bar?—The broad bar?—The double bar?—The close?—What is a syncopated note?—A driving note?—Appoggiatures?—Passing or grace notes?—Choosing notes?

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CHAPTER IV.

NOTATION.

OF RHYTHMICAL MEASURES IN COMMON, TRIPLE AND COMPOUND TIME.

Sec. 17.—Among the different writers on music, no less than twenty-six different measures of time have been brought out, all of which

NOTE.—Since the diminutive notes in the preceding section are merely ornamental, and not taken into the account in the harmony; and since other graces—*so called*—are frequently introduced, in many works, such as the Acciacatura, Cadenza, Gruppetto Mordento, Portamento di voce, Transient Shake, Continued Shake, Stracino, and the Turn; the only design of the most of which is, to display the dexterity and facility of execution of the performer; and when skillfully performed they *may* be tolerated; but they have no place in music designed to exhibit and call forth the emotions of the heart. They have no soul in them. And when they are reserved for the flight of some fanciful injudicious performer, they too often prove the empty wanderings of ignoranc and folly. And rather than simplicity should be so offended, it would be better to dispense with them altogether. They are rather ornamental than graceful, designed to give brilliancy, and not to excite emotions. The imagination may indeed be amused, but the heart remains uninterested. Such an attempt at display exhibits not only want of taste and judgment, but also want of science. The fact is, that music resembles every other art; the farther a person advances in the study of it, the more

are marked or expressed by numerals placed in a fractional position. Those of Common or even time are expressed by the fractions $\frac{2}{1}$, $\frac{2}{2}$, $\frac{2}{4}$, $\frac{2}{8}$, $\frac{4}{2}$, $\frac{4}{4}$, $\frac{4}{8}$, $\frac{4}{16}$. Those of Triple or uneven time are expressed by the fractions $\frac{3}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{3}{8}$, $\frac{3}{16}$, $\frac{9}{4}$, $\frac{9}{8}$, $\frac{9}{16}$. And those of Compound time—which is also an even time by the fractions $\frac{6}{2}$, $\frac{6}{4}$, $\frac{6}{8}$, $\frac{12}{8}$, $\frac{12}{16}$, $\frac{12}{32}$, $\frac{18}{8}$, $\frac{18}{16}$, $\frac{18}{32}$, $\frac{24}{16}$, $\frac{24}{32}$. Many of the foregoing measures have however gone out of use; but some are still retained by some authors, which when dispensed with, will simplify and improve the science. If we retain seven different measures of the twenty-six above-mentioned, it will be an ample supply for all the purposes of music, no matter how intricate the rythmical construction may be.

Of the seven different measures which will be retained and used in this work, three will be in Common time, two in Triple, and two in Compound.

The numerals used for all these different measures will be placed in a fractional position, to which fractions the whole note will be the integer. Thus the fractions will at once express the contents of the different measures to which they are invariably used.

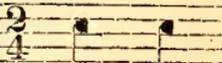
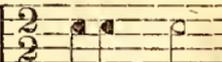
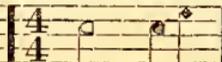
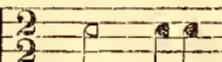
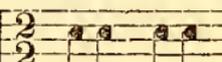
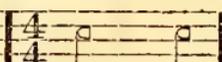
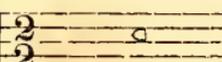
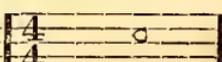
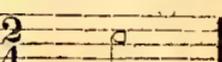
Sec. 18.—COMMON OR EVEN TIME.—To Common or even time will be assigned three distinct measures; the first will be marked with the figures $\frac{2}{2}$; the second $\frac{4}{4}$; and the third; $\frac{2}{4}$. Of these three measures it will however be found that the first and second, by their close connection and commingling, are identical, save that to the first may be assigned a slower movement, as it is mostly employed to the most solemn, devotional, and dignified music for the church of God. These measures are called *even* because they naturally divide into even parts—two and four, and have feet of equal or even measured verse applied to them; and in their primitive state will admit of no other feet of poetry; though they may be so arranged and varied in their derivatives, that

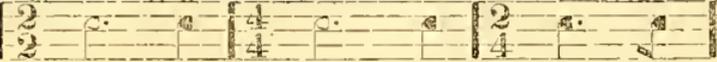
they will admit all the various metres that are contained in poetry, to be sung to them.

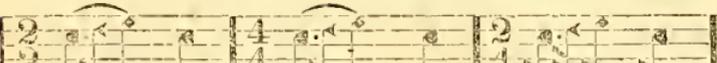
Measures are in their primitive state when they are filled with the notes which the fraction, by which they are marked, expresses. The upper figure or numerator to the fraction, giving the number of notes which a primitive measure contains; and the lower figure or denominator to the fraction, points out into how many parts the whole note is divided, and thus specifies whether they be half, fourth, or eighth notes.

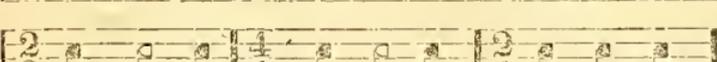
Sec. 19.—The three foregoing measures will be illustrated in their primitive state, with a number of derivatives, by the following

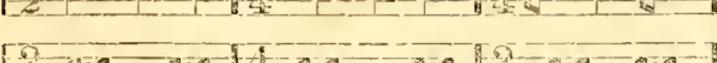
EXAMPLES :

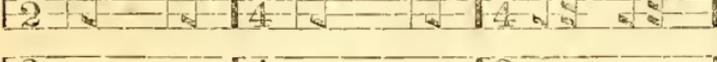
	First Measure.	[Second Measure.	Third Measure.
<i>Primitive.</i>			
<i>First Derivative.</i>			
2.			
3.			
4.			

5. 

6. 

7. 

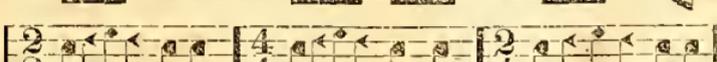
8. 

9. 

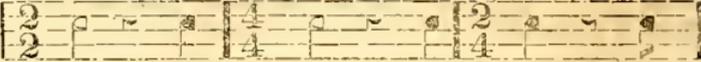
10. 

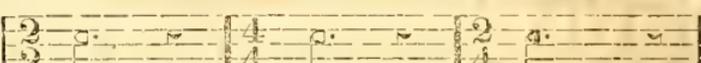
11. 

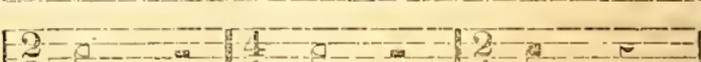
12. 

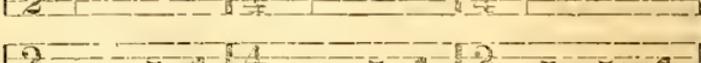
13. 

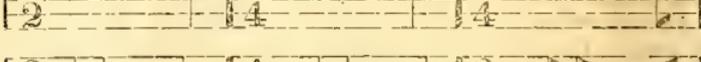
14. 

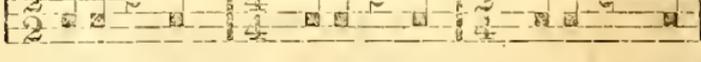
15. 

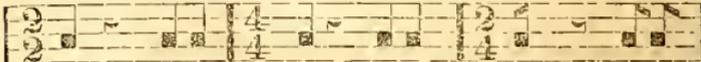
16. 

17. 

18. 

19. 

20. 

21. 

NOTE.—In the foregoing examples of the three measures of Common or even time, their primitives and their derivatives, the learner will readily discover that these measures are alike in nature, and that the first and second are identical. For in the third example of derivatives, the derivative of the first is the primitive of the second, and the derivative of the second is the primitive of the first; and in all the subsequent derivatives their measures are alike. They are also the same in their accents, for in many tunes they intermix, having in some measures two minims and one accent; and in others four crotchets with two accents.

The third measure differs from the first and second only in that it has a minim for

its measure note, whereas the others have a semibreve; and consequently its rhythmical movement is faster.

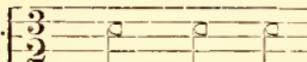
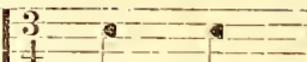
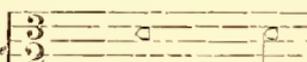
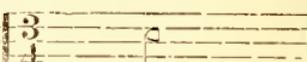
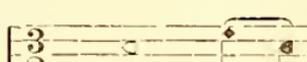
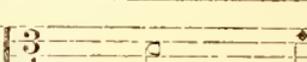
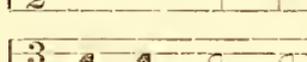
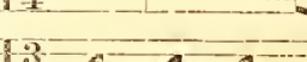
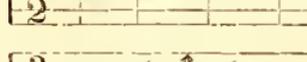
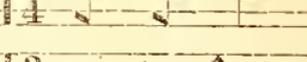
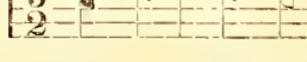
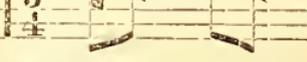
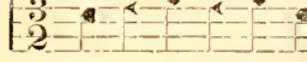
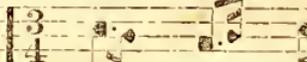
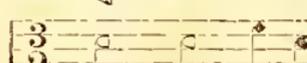
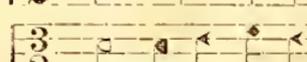
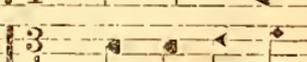
Sec. 20.—TRIPLE OR UNEVEN TIME.—To Triple or uneven time will be assigned two distinct measures. The first is marked by the fraction $\frac{3}{2}$; and the second by $\frac{3}{4}$. These two measures are identical in their rhythmical construction, and only differ in the length of their measure notes; the first containing three minims in its primitive measure, and the second three crotchets; in consequence of which, the second flows along more quickly in its rhythmical movement than the first.

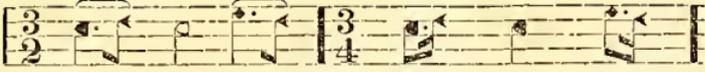
These measures are called uneven, because they naturally divide into three equal parts; and thus having an uneven number of notes in their primitive measures, none other than uneven measured verse can readily be applied to them in their primitive state. But they may be so varied and arranged in their derivatives, that verse composed of all the various kinds of feet and metres may be applied to them.

As in Common or even time, so in Triple or uneven time, the fractions point out or mark the contents of the primitive measures. The improper fraction $\frac{3}{2}$ designates by its upper figure or numerator, 3, that three notes fill the measure; and the lower figure or denominator 2, designates that the whole note is divided into two parts, and consequently those three notes which fill the measure are half notes. In like manner the fraction $\frac{3}{4}$ designates that three fourth notes constitute its primitive measure.

Sec. 21.—These two measures of Triple time will be illustrated in their primitive form, and with a number of their derivatives, by the following

EXAMPLES:

	First measure.	Second measure.
<i>Primitive.</i>		
<i>First Derivative</i>		
2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		
6.		
7.		
8.		
9.		

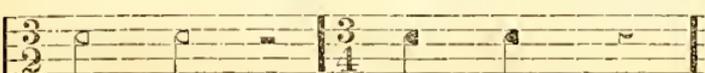
10. 

11. 

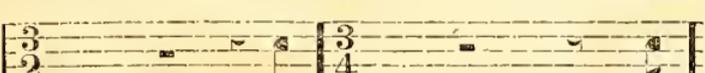
12. 

13. 

14. 

15. 

16. 

17. 

NOTE.—In the foregoing examples of the two measures of Triple time, it may readily be discovered that in their primitives and in their derivatives their rhythmical construction is the same, save that the first measure is slower in its movement than the second—the first having three minims in its primitive measure, and the second three crotchets. These measures may be so constructed and varied, as to take one, two or three accents to the measure, according to the requisition of the poetry which is applied. This will be noticed and illustrated in its proper place.

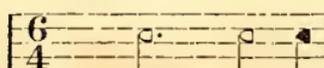
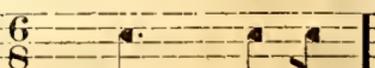
Sec. 22.—COMPOUND OR DOUBLE TRIPLE MEASURES.—The compound measure is an even measure; as two uneven numbers added together make an even.—Two distinct measures will be assigned to Compound time: the first of which will be designated by the fraction $\frac{6}{4}$, and the second by $\frac{6}{8}$. These two measures, like the former, are identical in their rhythmical construction, and only differ in the duration of their time; as the fourth notes are longer than the eighth.

These measures are even, because they naturally divide into two equal parts, and have two accents in each measure.

As in Common and Triple time, so in Compound, the fractions point out the contents of the primitive measures. The improper fraction $\frac{6}{4}$ designates that six fourth notes constitute the primitive measures; and the fraction $\frac{6}{8}$, that six eighth notes are contained in the primitive measure.

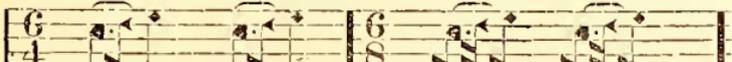
Sec. 23.—See the measures of Compound time—in their primitives, with many of their derivatives—illustrated by the following

EXAMPLES:

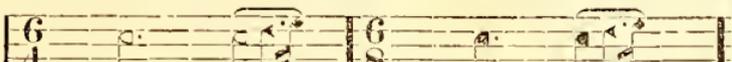
	First measure.	Second measure.
Primitive.		
First Derivative.		
2.		

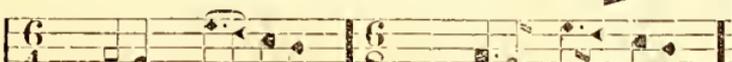
8. 

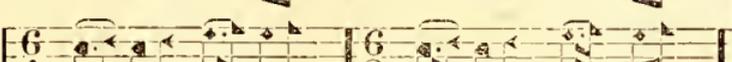
4. 

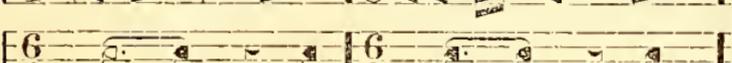
5. 

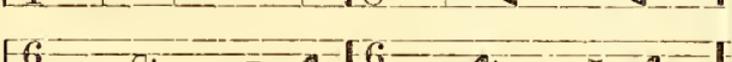
6. 

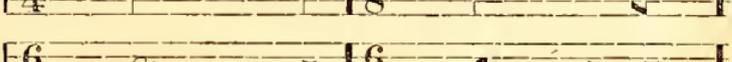
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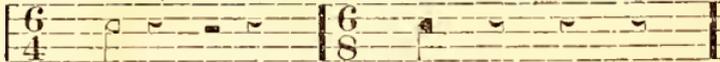
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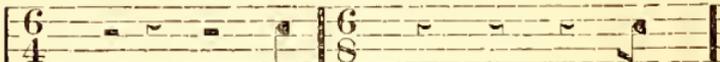
9. 

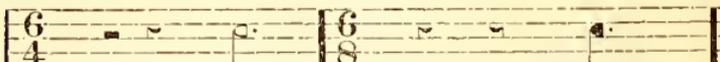
10. 

11. 

12. 

13. 

14. 

15. 

NOTE.—In the foregoing examples of the two measures of Compound time, it will readily be seen that they are the same in their primitive construction, and in their derivatives, save that the first contains two pointed minims in a measure, and the second two pointed crotchets, and consequently, the second is performed faster than the first. These measures may be so constructed and varied as to take two feet of dactylic verse, or two feet of trochaic.

In all the foregoing examples of the primitive and derivative measures, in Common, Triple and Compound time, it will be found that by the various constructions and rhythmical arrangement of the different notes and ties, in the various measures, all the different feet of poetry may be applied to them, and agree with them in time, accent, emphasis, and cadence.

QUESTIONS.

How many varieties of measures are used in this work?—What are the different kinds of time and movement of these seven measures?—Ans. Common or even time; Triple or uneven time; and Compound time.—How many varieties has Common time?—Triple?—Compound?—By what fractions are the three measures of Common time marked?—The two measures of Triple time?—The two measures of Compound?—Is the Compound measure an even or an uneven measure? Ans. It is an even measure because two uneven numbers added together make an even.—Can these seven different measures and movements be so arranged and constructed in their notes that all the different feet of poetic measures may be applied to, and agree with them, in all their rhythmical construction relative to time, accent, emphasis and cadence?

CHAPTER V.

RHYTHM.

OF TIME, ACCENT, EMPHASIS, AND CADENCE.

Sec. 24.—Nothing is more essential to the due performance of music than adjusting the *time* to the intention and meaning of the poetry; for some of the most striking effects of music are produced by the change of time. The *slow* naturally has a solemn, grave, and serious tendency, and the *lively* tends to joy and cheerfulness. Destroy the time, or thwart the measure, and you rob the strain of its interest and charm. And the less we are made sensible of any thing mechanical in giving or keeping the time, the more fully will the effect of the melody and harmony be allowed to operate, and the more deeply will the mind be penetrated with the feeling to be awakened.

But as notes are used in different rhythmical measures and movements, as also have different measures of poetry applied, they have not a positive length, but only a relative: yet it is proper that some definite time should be fixed for all the different measures in the movements of Common, Triple and Compound time, as a standard to guide the chorister to a consistent movement in all those measures: from which, however, it may be allowed to vary according to the requirement of the poetry.

Perhaps the most appropriate time which can be assigned to all the foregoing varieties of measure, is *three seconds* to the first and second measures of Common, and to the first of Triple and Compound time; and the third of Common and second of Triple and Compound, about one-third faster.

Thus we have six measures—the first and second of Common Time being blended into one—all of various rhythmical movements; this being an ample supply for all the poetic measures that can be written.

All the measures of Common time have *two* beats, in the measure; a *down* beat on the first part of the measure, and an *up* beat on the second; and when two feet of trochaic verse are applied to them, they have two accents, but when only one foot of verse is applied, they have but one accent.

The measures in Triple time have *three* beats to each measure, two *down* and one *up*. In their primitive state they have but one accent, and one dactylic foot of verse applied to them; but each measure may be so varied, as to take two, and even three accents to the measure, with two or three feet of trochaic verse.

The Compound measures have always two accents in each, whether the verse be even or uneven—trochaic or dactylic, and *two* beats to each measure, a *down* beat on the first part, and an *up* beat on the second.

Each of the foregoing measures in their different movements, may be so arranged, as to take as many accents as it has beats performed to it: but no accented syllable can properly be sung to a note on which the hand is not in motion, when marking the time. (See Chap. 6.)

The first and second measures of Common time are identical in their rhythmical construction, as is evidently seen in the examples of the derivatives in Chap 4, Sec. 19. But still it may be of some advantage to music, to retain them both, and use the first to those pieces, the most of whose measures contain but one foot of verse and one accent; and the second to those pieces whose measures mostly contain two feet of verse and two accents.

NOTE.—To measure musical time with accuracy and precision, a vibratory pendulum may be used, which may be regulated by the length of its cord, to swing or vibrate to any given time.

A pendulum is a heavy body, such as a piece of brass or lead, suspended by a wire or cord, so as to swing backwards and forwards. And when it swings it is said to vi-

brate; and that part of a circle through which it vibrates is called its arc. The vibrations are nearly equal whether it pass through a lesser or greater space of its arc; so that there will be no material difference in its vibrations or oscillations, whether it pass *six feet*, through its arc, or only *six inches*. Hence,

A ball of some heavy metal, of about one inch in diameter, suspended by a fine dense cord of 39.2 inches in length from the centre of the ball to the centre of its motion, or the pin from which it is suspended will vibrate once every second. The length of this pendulum will vibrate to the beats of the measures of the third movement of Common Time; and to the first of Triple, and the second of Compound: each of these movements having one second allowed to each part of their measures, and consequently to each beat.

For the first and second movements of Common Time, and the first of Compound, the cord of the pendulum must be 88.2 inches long: this makes one vibration in one and a half seconds, and vibrates in accordance with those measures which have two beats to the measure, and are performed in three seconds.

The second movement of Triple Time has no equivalent in its measure, as it has three beats to perform in two seconds; whereas the third movement of Common Time has but two in the same space of time; and consequently this requires a cord whose length is but 17 inches, to vibrate in accordance with the beating of its time.

There is now an instrument constructed called a Metronome, which by a short pendulum, with a sliding weight, and set in motion by clock-work, serves to measure time in music.

Sec. 25.—Accent and emphasis form the essence of versification and music. It is from this source that poetry and music derive their dignity, variety, expression and significancy. Without these requisites music and poetry would be heavy and lifeless; they would fail to animate our feelings; and the meaning of the verse would be ambiguous and unintelligible. Consequently, as the accent of the music must exactly and invariably agree with the accent and emphasis of the poetry, when united, it makes it indispensably necessary for the learner to acquire some know-

ledge of the nature and propriety of accent and emphasis, and the rules for applying them, both to music and poetry.

Accent is the laying of a peculiar stress of the voice on a certain syllable in a word, or on a note in music, that they may be better heard than the rest, or distinguished from them. Every word of more than one syllable, has one or more syllables accented. For example: the words *music*, *musical*, and *musically* have the first syllable accented; the words *become*, *becoming*, and *becomingly* have the second syllable accented; and the words *contravene*, *contravener*, and *contravention*, have the third syllable accented. Now, when monosyllables, which, properly speaking have no accent, are combined with other syllables, and form a phrase, the stress which is laid on one syllable, in preference to another, is called emphasis; and thus emphasis, in monosyllables, supplies the place of accent and is the same with it in dissyllables and polysyllables.

Sec. 26.—Time in music and poetry is the quantity or length by which is assigned to every particular note and syllable its due measure, without making it either longer or shorter than it ought to be. There are two kinds of time in music, namely, *Common or equal time*, and *Triple or unequal time*. These TIMES are regulated by the accent, which is laid on particular parts of the measure, the regulation of which must agree with the measures of poetry into feet, where the accent is laid on particular syllables, by means of which the voice steps along through the verse in a regularly measured pace, which is delightful, musical, and pleasing.

Poetry is measured by feet. All feet in poetry consist either of two or of three syllables. Feet of two syllables are equal, and feet of three syllables are unequal. Consequently poetry may be divided into two parts, namely, *equal measured verse*, and *unequal measured verse*. Verse of equal measure consists of feet of two syllables, and verse of unequal

measure consists of feet of three syllables. Each of these measures may be subdivided into two parts: the first or equal measure into TROCHAIC and IAMBIC, and the second or unequal measure into DACTYLIC and ANAPAESTIC measure.

Verses of Trochaic measure consist of feet of two syllables, having the first syllable of each foot accented, and the last unaccented.

Verses of Iambic measure consist also of feet of two syllables, having the first syllable of each foot unaccented, and the second accented.

Verses of Dactylic measure consist of feet of three syllables, having the first syllable of each foot accented, and the last two unaccented.

Verses of Anapaestic measure consist also of feet of three syllables, having the first two syllables unaccented, and the last accented.

EXAMPLES:

TROCHAIC FEET OF POETRY, WITH MEASURES OF MUSIC.

Beau-ty	Boun-ty	Kind-ness	E-ven	Friend-ly	Good-ness	Ho-ly	Kind	Thank-ful	Prin-dance	Love-ly	Dn-ty	End-less	Or-der	Con-stant	Good
On the	tree of	life e-	ter-nal,	Man, let	all thy	hopes be	staid;	Which a-	lone for	ev-er	ver-nal	Bears a	leaf that	shall not	fade.

IAMBIC FEET OF POETRY WITH MEASURES OF MUSIC.

Be-friend	Be-come	At-tend	Com-pare	Com-ply	De-light	De-lay	Im-prove	En-gage	For-give	Re-mind	Re-turn	Re-form	Re-main	Su-preme	Sas-tain
Great God	in-dulge	my hum-	ble claim;	Be thou	my hope,	my joy,	my rest;	The glo-	ries that	com- pose	thy name	Stand all	en-gag'd	to make	me blest.

DACTYLIC FEET OF POETRY WITH MEASURES OF MUSIC.

Che-ru-bin	Par-a-dise	Mod-i-tato	Grav-i-tato	Sur-aph-im	Sig-na-ture	Phil-o-mel	Man.
Daugh-ter	Zi-on,	a-wake	sad-ness,	A-wake,	foe shall	press thee	more;
Bright o'er	thy hills	dawns the	day-Star	of	rise, for	the night	of thy
						sor-rows	is e'er.

ANAPAESTIC FEET OF POETRY WITH MEASURES OF MUSIC.

Ap - per - tain	Ia - ter - vene	Im - por - tune	O - ver - flow	Mis - em - ploy	Vol - un - tear	Coun - ter - act
O how hap - py	are they	Who their Sa - vior	o - bey peace	And have laid up	their treas - ures	a - bove;
Out what longue can ex - press	The sweet com - fort	and	and	Of a soul in its	ear - li - est	love.

In the foregoing representations, where the poetic measures are divided into their respective feet of two and three syllables, the words used at the head of each of their divisions, represent by their accent, the respective feet of poetry and measures of music to which they belong. Thus the Trochaic foot is represented by the dissyllables, beauty, bounty, kindness, &c., the Iambic, by befriend, become, attend, compose, &c.; the Dactylic, by the trisyllables cherubim, paradise, meditate, gravitate, &c., and the Anapaestic, by appertain, intervene, importune, overflow, &c.

In the example of Trochaic feet, it will readily be seen, that the accent of the poetry, in each division, agrees with the accent of the music. But, as the first part of the musical measure is invariably accented, and the last part unaccented, it will be discovered, that,

In the example of Iambic measure the feet must be divided by the common bar, and the first syllable of each foot put in the last part of the measure, and the last syllable in the first part, as may readily be seen in the example. And thus the accent of the poetic feet and of the musical measures will agree and be retained in their proper places.

In the example of the Dactylic feet, it will be seen that the poetic feet agree with the measures of music; they both having the accent on the first part; but,

In the example of Anapaestic feet it will be discovered that the foot of poetry must be divided by the bar, and the first two syllables of each foot put in the last part of one measure, and the last syllable in the first part of the next; so that the two unaccented syllables possess the unaccented part of the musical measure, and the accented syllable the accented part.

The preceding are the principal feet and measures, of which all species of English verse wholly or chiefly consist. These measures, however, are capable of many variations, by their intermixture with each other, and by the admission of secondary feet. From this intermixture it is, that we have such a variety of metres.

NOTE.—The *secondary feet* of poetry are—

1. A SPONDEE, having both the words or syllables accented, as in the words, *A - men, pale moon.*
2. A PYRRHIC, having both the words or syllables unaccented, as *on the high rock.*
3. AN AMPHIBRACH, having the first and last syllables unaccented, and the middle one accented, as in the words, *de-light-ful, a-mend-ment.*

4. A TRIBRACH, having all its syllables unaccented, as in the words *nu-me-r-i-ble*,
 — 0 0 0 — 0 0 0
va-ri-a-ble, con-quer-a-ble.

The Spondee and Pyrrhic are both feet of two syllables; the one having both syllables accented, and the other both unaccented; and the Amphibrach and Tribrah are both feet of three syllables, the one having all its syllables unaccented, and the other the first and third unaccented, and the middle accented. Hence,

No piece of poetry can be formed by the secondary feet alone, which is evident from the fact that the Spondee has both its syllables accented; and the Pyrrhic and the Tribrah have all their syllables unaccented: consequently the Spondaic measure would form a line in succession of all *accented* syllables; and the measures of the Pyrrhic and Tribrah would each form a line in succession of all *unaccented* syllables. The Amphibrach measure, as it has the first and third syllables unaccented, and the second accented, would, by a regular succession of its feet, form a line of one accented syllable and two unaccented ones, and thus lose itself in the Dactylic or Anapaestic measure. Hence it is evident that there can be no poetry formed of the four secondary feet alone; but that they only tend to improve, enrich, beautify and diversify the poetry of the four principal feet.

QUESTIONS.

Have notes a positive, or only a relative length?—May not some positive length of time be assigned to them and to the different measures?—What is the most appropriate length of the first two measures of Common time and the first measure of Triple and of Compound?—How much faster should the last measure of their movements be sung?—How many accents have the measures of Common time?—The measures of Triple?—Of Compound?—Have their measures more or less accents according to their rhythmical construction?—How many accents can each measure take? Ans. As many as it has beats.—How many beats have the measures of Common time?—Of Triple?—Of Compound?—What is accent?—What is time in music and poetry?—How is poetry measured?—How many different feet of poetry are there in music?

CHAPTER VI.

RHYTHM.

ON MARKING OR BEATING TIME.

Sec. 27.—For the purpose of performing music in its proper time, as it steps forth with its flowing numbers through the various rhythmical movements, it is necessary to measure the time as it flows along. This measurement is performed by the singers with a motion of the hand down and up in regular process of time, principally on the accented part or parts or of the measure. For this marking of the time, the right hand should be used, and the motion of it should be so quick as to allow the rest to be equal with the motion. The first part of every measure, in all the various movements, has a down beat. In the measures of Common time, which contain four fourth notes there is a down beat on the first, a rest on the second, an up beat on the third, and a rest on the fourth; and when these measures have but two notes, the rest of the hand should likewise be equal to the motion.

In the measures of Triple time where there are three beats in the measures, two down and one up, the rest of the hand should likewise be equal to the motion. And in the measures of Compound time the rest of the hand should be double to that of its motion; for where there are six quarter notes in a measure, there is a down beat on the first, a rest on the second and third, an up beat on the fourth, and a rest on the fifth and sixth; and in all the various forms of the measure, the rest should be double to the motion. And as there is a down beat on the first part of every measure in all the movements of time; so all the measures in the various movements and rhythmical construction, have the first part accented; and thus the hand and accent of the voice move together.

-When the measures of Common time contain but two parts, with one foot of trochaic verse, they have but one accent, which is on the first part; but when they contain four parts with two trochaic feet of verse, they have two accents, which are on the first and third parts of the measure, being the same parts on which the hand is in motion. And thus the hand and the accent of the voice still move together.

The measures of Triple time, when in their primitive state, have but one accent, which is on the first part; and in that state they take *one* foot of dactylic verse. But they may be so constructed as to take *two* and *three* accents and two and three feet of trochaic verse. For where the measure contains two crotchets and two minims, and has two feet of trochaic verse applied, it has two accents, one on the first part, which falls on the first crotchet, and the other on the second part, which falls on the first minim; and when it has six crotchets and three feet of trochaic verse applied, it has three accents—one on each part of the measure, which is on the same part the beat is performed in marking the time. In beating this measure, the hand falls on the first crotchet, and rests on the second,—falls, in the second beat, on the third, and rests on the fourth,—and rises on the fifth, and rests on the sixth; thus it has an accent to every beat, and the hand and accent still move together.

The measures of Compound time, have two accents, and also two beats, which fall on the *first* and *fourth* parts. They contain either two feet of dactylic verse, or two feet of trochaic—according to their construction.

Sec. 28.—The Compound measure is an even measure, it can take *two threes*—or two feet of unequal measured verse; but cannot, like Triple measure, take *three twos*, or three feet of equal measured verse. And notwithstanding the equal quantity of notes which fill their measures, they differ widely in their rhythmical movement,—the one taking *two threes*, with *two* accents and *two* beats; and the other, *three twos*, with *three* accents and *three* beats, as in the following

EXAMPLES :

In the above example, the *first* Triple measure contains six quarter notes, and has *three Trochees*—six syllables—applied to it; and the first Compound measure has the same number of quarter notes, and *two Dactyls* applied to it—also six syllables; but in their rhythmical movements there is a wide difference in *this* and the following measures, as indicated by the abbreviations.

Sec. 29.—Since a practical knowledge of time and accent, and of beating time with accuracy, according to the movement of the various measures, lies at the foundation of correct performance, and is the most important requisite, we will illustrate it more clearly by the following examples.

In these examples will be used the following abbreviations, viz: *d* will stand for *down beat*; *u* for *up beat*; and *r* for *rest*. The *dash* (—) marks the accented note, and the *semi-circle* (◌) the unaccented. The numerals point out the parts of the measures, according to their divisions. For the poetic feet written in each measure, and their respective accents, see Sec. 26, with examples.

Example of Common or Even Time. (See Sec. 30.)

Dactyl. Hith - er d u r 1 3 4	Trochee. faith - ful, d u 1 2	Two Trochees. baste with songs of d r u r 1 2 3 4	Dactyl. tri - umph, To d u r 1 3 4	Dactyl. Beth - le - hem d u r 1 3 4	Two Trochees. go your Lord of d r u r 1 2 3 4	Trochee. life to d u 1 2	meet. d u 1 2	Mixed. To you this d u r 1 3 4	Trochee day is d u 1 2
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Two Trochees. born a Prince and d r u r 1 2 3 4	Dactyl. Sa - vior; O d r u r 1 2 3 4	Two Trochees. come and let us d r u r 1 2 3 4	Dactyl. wor - ship, O d u r 1 3 4	Two Trochees. come and let us d r u r 1 2 3 4	Dactyl. wor - ship, O d u r 1 3 4	Two Trochees. come and let us d r u r 1 2 3 4	Trochee. wor - ship d u r 1 3 4	Trochee. at his d u 1 2	feet. d u 1 2
--	---	--	--	--	--	--	--	----------------------------------	---------------------

Sec. 30.—In the foregoing example of Common time, the movement is marked for two half notes to the primitive measure; and yet there are six measures with four quarter notes. Now the measures which contain two half notes, have one accent, and one foot of trochaic verse; and those which contain four quarter notes have two accents, and two feet of trochaic verse, and yet they move smoothly and sweetly together throughout the whole tune. Each of these measures has two beats—one *down* and one *up*. There is an accented down beat on the first part of every measure, in all movements of time; and when the measure contains two half notes, there is an unaccented up beat, as in that state it has but one accent, and one foot of trochaic verse; but when it consists of four quarter notes, it has an accent on the up beat also, and contains two feet of trochaic verse. All the measures can take as many

accents as they have *regular* beats; and no measure should have more beats than it can take accents.

Throughout this example are found measures containing *one, two, three, and four* syllables of verse—all combined in one piece of music, moving in succession. Moreover, some of these measures have but one accent, and embrace one foot of trochaic verse, and others one foot of dactylic. Other measures have two accents, and two feet of trochaic verse. Hence we see how various the measures, in the self-same tune may be formed in their rhythmical construction, to answer the purposes of the various kinds of poetic numbers, and still retain a uniform movement and regular beat on all the accented parts of the measures. Hence also the propriety of giving only *two* beats to the measures of *all* the movements of Common time, which are nothing more than primitives

and derivatives to each other, and should in all cases, be treated as such. (See examples, Sec. 19.)

NOTE.—It is proper here to observe, that when a measure in $\frac{2}{4}$ time has a pointed crotchet in the first part of the measure, the point is swelled out, as it falls on the second part of the measure, which is frequently accented; but when in $\frac{3}{4}$ time there

are pointed crotchets in the first or second part of the measure, they are not swelled, but smoothly lengthened out, because they fall on such parts of the measure which cannot be accented.

In poetry and music the greatest attention is due to accent: for it is by a due observance of the accent that the Poet is led and guided through the measures of his poetic numbers and sweetly flowing lays; and the musician, in the construction of his musical measures and rhythmical progression.

Examples of Triple or Uneven Time. (See Sec. 31.)

EXAMPLE FIRST.

Thy	A Dactyl.			A Dactyl.			A Dactyl.			A Trochee.			A Dactyl.			A Dactyl.			A Dactyl.		
u	d	d	u	d	d	u	d	d	u	d	d	u	d	d	u	d	d	u	d	d	u
3	1	2	3	1	2	3	1	2	3	1	2	3	1	2	3	1	2	3	1	2	3
o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o

mer - cy, my God, is the theme of my song, The joy of my heart and the boast of my tongue.

EXAMPLE SECOND.

O	Two Trochees.			Mixed.																				
u	d	r	d	d	r	d	d	r	d	d	r	d	d	r	d	d	r	d	d	r	d	u		
3	1	2	3	1	2	3	1	2	3	1	2	3	1	2	3	1	2	3	1	2	3	1	2	3
o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o

hap - py day that fix'd my choice, On thee, my Sa - vior and my God; Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.

second parts of the measure are united in one note and sung to one syllable; thus including one trochaic foot, whereas in the first example the measure is in its primitive state, and embraces one foot of dactylic verse. Both these measures are however, subject to the same accentuation. Hence we see that the Triple measures are subject to three varieties of accent, and to which may be applied various feet of poetic measures.

Examples of Compound or Double-Triple Time. (See Sec. 32.)

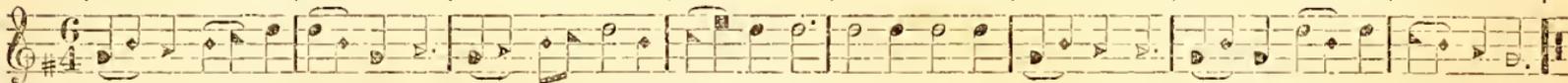
EXAMPLE FIRST.

How Sweet	Two Dactyls.						Trochee.		Two Dactyls.						Trochee.		Two Dactyls.											
	te - dious and taste - less the prospects, sweet birds and sweet						hours. When flow'rs, Have		Je - sus no long - er I all lost their sweetness to						see; { The me; {		mid-summer sun - shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay.											
u	d	r	r	u	r	r	d	u	d	r	r	u	r	r	d	u	d	r	r	u	r	r	d					
2	1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2				
c	—	c	c	—	c	c	—	c	—	c	—	c	c	—	c	—	c	—	c	c	—	c	—	c	—	c	c	—



EXAMPLE SECOND.

Two Trochees.				Mixed			Two Trochees.				Mixed.			Two Trochees.				Mixed.																
An - gels roll the				rock a - way			Death! yield up the				might - y prey;			See! He ri - ses				from the tomb,			Glow - ing with im -			mor - tal bloom.										
d	r	r	u	r	d	r	r	u	d	r	r	u	d	r	r	u	d	r	r	u	r	d	r	r	u	d	r	r	u					
1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4-6	1	2	3	4-6	1	2	3	4-6	1	2	3	4-6	1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4-6			
—	c	—	c	c	—	—	c	c	—	—	c	c	—	—	c	—	c	—	—	c	c	—	—	c	c	—	—	c	c	—	—	c	c	—



Sec. 32.—In the *first example* is given the first movement of Compound time. This measure has two accents, and always two beats; a down beat on the first note of the primitive measure, and an up beat on the fourth, and in its primitive state, has two feet of dactylic verse applied to it, as in the examples. When this measure contains two pointed minims, and one foot of trochaic verse, it has *in that form*, but one accent, which is frequently the case at the close of one line of poetry, and the commencement of another. The pupil will readily discover by the abbreviations, (Sec. 29,) that the rest of the hand in marking this measure, is double to that of its motion, which should be duly observed and practiced.

In the *second example*, the movement is also in Compound time, with the measures varied and constructed with notes and ties, in such a manner as to apply two feet of trochaic verse to some, and one foot and a half to others. The motion of the hand, in beating time, should be as quick on a long note as it is on a short one, so that a regular and uniform motion and rest be sustained throughout all the measures of a whole piece of music.

NOTE.—From the foregoing examples and definitions, it is evident, that *accent and emphasis*, adjust and regulate the time of the measures in music and of the feet in poetry, and also the motion of the hand, in marking the time of the various measures, in all the different movements. And from this fact, as well as the fact that the two movements of Common time are identical, as shown in the examples, Sec. 19, we can find no use for four beats in any measure of Common time. And it is strange to us how the idea should ever have occurred, of introducing six beats to the measure of Compound time.

Sec. 33.—The motion of the hand, in beating time, should accompany the accent. And although the hand must in some measures, beat on an unaccented part, yet in other measures, in the same time, that part may be accented: and thus the hand is always in motion on the accented parts of the measure, and should rest on the unaccented. To have a continual motion of the hand, in marking the time, shackles the singers, and produces heavy and lifeless performance. The more natural and easy the singers can move along, in marking the time, the more charming and powerful will the effect of the melody and harmony prove, and operate on the minds of the performers and the audience.

Sec. 34.—Decency and order should characterize the marking of the time. The hand should be kept open, and move perpendicularly up and down, with a quick motion, but not too high. The rest of the hand should always be equal to its motion, and in slow movements

about double. In Triple time, the hand has two down beats and one up: in all the other movements the motion of the hand is simply up and down. All contortion, closing, twisting, or irregular motion of the hand, should be carefully guarded against, and avoided, and an easy motion and rest sustained throughout.

NOTE.—Some authors arrange the measures of the different movements into four divisions, namely: Double, Triple, Quadruple, and Sextuple, and give two beats to the first, three to the second, four to the third, and six to the fourth. This arrangement seems to have, at first sight, a good deal of consistency; since the first has two parts to the measure, the second three, the third four, and the fourth six, in their primitive form. But when we take into consideration, the accentuation of the different measures of those movements (Sec. 26)—the commingling of the measures of the first and third, (Sec. 30)—the different rhythmical constructions and movements of the measures of the second and fourth, (Sec. 28)—and, besides this the four and six beats which those authors direct—the propriety of this arrangement vanishes away.

The mode of beating the Triple measure with the second beat horizontally seems to have gained some practice: though we decidedly prefer two down beats and one up. This mode is more uniform with all the other beats in the different movements, and less subject to mislead singers to a disorderly habit in the motion of the hand.

QUESTIONS.

How many beats are in the measures of Common time?—How are they performed?—Which part of the measure has invariably a down beat?—What part of the measure is invariably accented?—Has the measure but one accent?—If the measure has four notes and two accents, on what parts of the measure do the accents fall?—Are the beats then performed on the accented parts of the measure?—How many beats has the measure of Triple time?—How are the beats performed?—How many accents are in it when in its primitive form?—Can it take more than one accent in its derivative measures?—How many beats has the measure of Compound time?—How many accents?—On what parts of the measure do the accents fall?—Are the beats performed on the accented parts of the measure?—Must the accents of the measures of music and of the feet of poetry always agree?—If the measure of Triple time contains six quarter notes, and the measure of Compound time contains the same number, will they agree in their movement?—Why not?

CHAPTER VII.

TUNING.

MELODY—MUSICAL INTERVALS, SCALES, &C.

Sec. 35.—As letters represent the seven original sounds on the staff of music, (Sec. 9.) it is of great importance that the student be well acquainted with their situation, and commit them to memory, as on the following

SCALES.

BASE STAFF.

B	Space above . . .	10
A	Fifth line . . .	9
G	Fourth space . . .	8
F	Fourth line . . .	7
E	Third space . . .	6
D	Third line . . .	5
C	Second space . . .	4
B	Second line . . .	3
A	First space . . .	2
G	First line . . .	1

TENOR AND TREBLE STAFF.

G	Space above . . .	15
F	Fifth line . . .	14
E	Fourth space . . .	13
D	Fourth line . . .	12
C	Third space . . .	11
B	Third line . . .	10
A	Second space . . .	9
G	Second line . . .	8
F	First space . . .	7
E	First line . . .	6

Sec. 36.—As musical sounds may be high or low, (Sec. 3,) a Scale is used to represent them in their different pitch.

In the following scales of the major and minor modes, is represented the gradual succession of the tones and the semitones, rising by steps and half steps, counting from the lowest upwards, and thus forming the diatonic scale in both keys.

DIATONIC SCALE, MAJOR AND MINOR.

Each of the above scales is made up of seven sounds, (Sec. 2,) with the inversion of the first, which becomes an eighth, and thus completes the octave, and commences a second scale.

These scales consist of five tones and two semitones—or five steps and two half steps—which are distinguished, on this scale, by the lines and spaces, the spaces of the semitones being only half as wide as those of the tones. By this the pupil will discover, that the semitones lie between B and C, and E and F: they also lie, *invariably*, between the syllables Si and Do, and Mi and Fa. The letters and notes are placed on the lines, in the above scale, in the same order in which they are placed in their natural position on the lines and in the spaces of the staff.

Sec. 37.—By comparing the sounds C, D, E, F, of the major scale above, with G, A, B, C, we find that the distance of each of these *fourths*, consists of three tones and a semitone; therefore any tune formed by one will be similar to that of the other.

These four sounds are termed a *Tetrachord*; they composed the ANCIENT GREEK SCALE, and the enumeration of all the sounds of their system; though it appears from GARDNER'S "MUSIC OF NATURE," that their music was all written in the minor scale. The two Tetra-

chords, taken in succession, form the diatonic scale; the chief sound or key of which is taken from C; *it* being the letter from which the natural major key proceeds.

TETRACHORDS OF THE MAJOR SCALE.

First Tetrachord.

Second Tetrachord.



In both these Tetrachords the semitones or half steps lie between the third and fourth intervals; and thus they are alike in all their sounds, except that the first commences on C, and the second on G.

TETRACHORDS OF THE MINOR SCALE.

First Tetrachord.

Second Tetrachord.



The Tetrachords of the minor scale are unlike in the location of the semitones, the first of which has the half step between the second and third; and the second has it between the first and second of the scale. They also differ with the Tetrachords of the major, owing to the fact, that those of the major proceed from C and G; and the minor from A and E. Both the major and the minor, however, have the semitones between B and C, and E and F; as also between Si and Do, and Mi and Faw.

NOTE.—In counting intervals, *in this work*, both the extremes will be counted and taken into the number. Thus, C, D, E, F, form four intervals of the scale, reckoning from grave to acute; though there are only three intervals or spaces between them. The term INTERVAL is applied both to the distance between the notes, and to the notes themselves. Thus, E is not only said to be at the distance of a third above C,

but is *itself* called the *third* above C; G is not only said to be at the distance of a fifth above C, but is itself called a fifth above C; in both which cases the extremes are taken into the number. So when the voice gradually ascending or descending by intervals, is compared to steps and half steps, the first sound will, of course, be its first step, the second sound its second, the third, its third, &c.; and as the scale is unlimited, whatever sound or letter the voice or the instrument may strike, there are still intervals below it or above, from which that step proceeds. In the scale of music, the half steps are taken into the number of intervals as well as those of the steps.

Sec. 38.—Two disjoint Tetrachords, one arranged above the other, form the diatonic scale. Those two Tetrachords, the first of which proceeds from C, and the second from G, form the major scale; and those two, the first of which proceeds from A, and the second from E, form the minor scale.

NATURAL MAJOR SCALE.



Written . . .	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Faw,	Sol,	Law,	Si,	Do.	Do,	Si,	Law,	Sol,	Faw,	Mi,	Re,	Do.
Pronounced	doe,	ray,	me,	law,	sole,	law,	see,	doe.	Doe,	see,	law,	sole,	faw,	me,	ray,	doe.

NATURAL MINOR SCALE.



NOTE.—It is very desirable that singers pronounce the syllables clearly and distinctly in solmization: it adds greatly to the beauty of music, and will lead to a correct pronunciation of the poetry, when applied to music, which is of the greatest importance,

Sec. 39.—The following rhythmical exercises should be practiced in a school, with a full accent, and a regular marking of the time, until the pupils have acquired a ready motion of the hand, and a command of voice, in striking the accented notes with strength and firmness, and with a clear voice; and the unaccented in a soft, smooth and easy manner. In training a school, no pains should be spared in the intonation of the voice, and in a regular marking of the time, as thereon depends, *wholly*, all future success in bringing out music in rhythmical order, and with taste and elegance.

EXERCISES IN RHYTHM.

The image displays seven staves of musical notation, each representing a different rhythm exercise. Each staff starts with a treble clef and a time signature. The exercises are as follows:

- Staff 1: 2/2 time signature. Features a sequence of quarter notes and half notes, with some notes marked with accents.
- Staff 2: 4/4 time signature. Features a sequence of quarter notes and eighth notes, with some notes marked with accents.
- Staff 3: 2/4 time signature. Features a sequence of quarter notes and eighth notes, with some notes marked with accents.
- Staff 4: 3/2 time signature. Features a sequence of quarter notes and eighth notes, with some notes marked with accents.
- Staff 5: 3/4 time signature. Features a sequence of quarter notes and eighth notes, with some notes marked with accents.
- Staff 6: 6/4 time signature. Features a sequence of quarter notes and eighth notes, with some notes marked with accents.
- Staff 7: 6/8 time signature. Features a sequence of quarter notes and eighth notes, with some notes marked with accents.

Sec. 40.—The following exercises should be practiced till the pupils have acquired firmness in sounding, with precision, and with a smooth and clear voice, every interval in the diatonic scale, ascending and descending, both in the major and the minor keys: also till they have gained a thorough knowledge of the location of the semitones in their different positions, in both keys.

EXERCISES IN MELODY.

The image displays five staves of musical notation, each representing a different exercise. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and accidentals. Some notes are marked with small squares or diamonds, possibly indicating specific intervals or semitones. The staves are arranged vertically and are in various time signatures and key signatures: 2/2, 4/4, 3/2, 3/2, and 6/4.

Sec. 41.—As the Tonic or key note is the most important interval in the musical scale, and the chord based on it the principal one in every piece of music it will be proper, in this place, to give exercises on the intervals of this chord, and on the various positions and changes in which these intervals may be sung, having the tonic of either the major or the minor scale for their fundamental note.

Exercises on the intervals of the Common Chord.

INTERVALS PROCEEDING FROM THE MAJOR TONIC.

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

1 3 5 8 | 1 5 3 8 | 1 3 8 5 | 1 8 5 3 | 1 5 8 3 | 1 8 3 5 | 3 1 5 8 | 3 5 1 8

9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16.

3 1 8 5 | 3 5 8 1 | 3 8 5 1 | 3 8 1 5 | 5 1 3 8 | 5 3 1 8 | 5 1 8 3 | 5 8 3 1

17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24.

5 3 8 1 | 5 8 1 3 | 8 1 3 5 | 8 3 1 5 | 8 1 5 3 | 8 5 1 3 | 8 5 3 1 | 8 3 5 1

INTERVALS PROCEEDING FROM THE MINOR TONIC.

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

1 3 5 8 | 1 5 3 8 | 1 3 8 5 | 1 8 5 3 | 1 5 8 3 | 1 8 3 5 | 3 1 5 8 | 3 5 1 8

9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16.

3 1 8 5 | 3 5 8 1 | 3 8 5 1 | 3 8 1 5 | 5 1 3 8 | 5 3 1 8 | 5 1 8 3 | 5 8 3 1

17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24.

5 3 8 1 | 5 8 1 3 | 8 1 3 5 | 8 3 1 5 | 8 1 5 3 | 8 5 1 3 | 8 5 3 1 | 8 3 5 1

QUESTIONS.

How many letters of the alphabet are used to represent musical sounds?—How are these letters placed on the Base staff?—How on the Tenor and Treble?—Are the Tenor and Treble alike in pitch?—How many tones are in the scale of music?—How many semitones?—Between which letters do the semitones lie?—Between which notes do the semitones lie?—How many modes are there in music? Ans. Two, the major and the minor.—Wherein do these modes differ? Ans. In the location of the semitones.—How many sounds form a Tetrachord?—How many Tetrachords compose the diatonic scale?—How many notes are applied to the diatonic scale?—What syllables are applied to these notes?—In how many different positions can the intervals of the common chord be sung?

—:o:—

CHAPTER VIII.

MELODY.

OF INTERVALS, CHORDS, AND THEIR INVERSION.

Sec. 42.—The intervals of the scale are seven, (Sec. 2,) the first of which is called—

The *Tonic*, which is the key note or principal sound, and which governs all the rest.

The second is called the *Supertonic*, because it is next above the Tonic. (*Super*—above.)

The third is called the *Mediant*, as it is half way between the Tonic and Dominant. It varies with the mode, being the greater third in the major, and the lesser third in the minor.

The fourth is called the *Subdominant*, being next below the Dominant. But the term arises from its being a fifth below the Tonic, the same degree that the dominant is above. (*Sub*—under.)

The fifth is called the *Dominant*, from its importance in the scale, and from its immediate connection with the Tonic; and as it is heard in the

Base immediately before the final perfect cadence, it is said to govern the Tonic, in both the major and the minor scales.

The sixth is called the *Submediant*, from its being half way between the Tonic and the Subdominant descending. Like the Mediant, it varies with the mode, being the greater sixth in the major mode, and the lesser sixth in the minor.

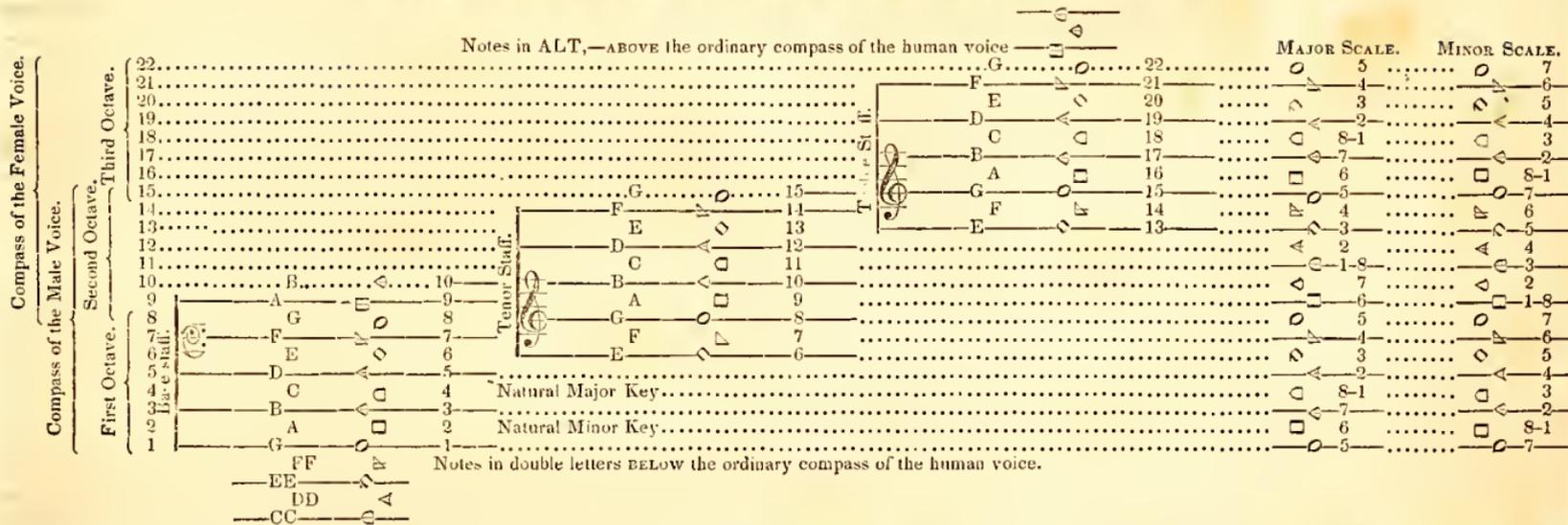
The seventh is called the *Leading note*, from its leading to the Tonic. It is also called the *Subsemitone*, from its being a semitone below the Tonic. Moreover, it is called the *sharp seventh*, from its being of a sharp sound in the major scale, and is frequently sharpened in the minor.

The eighth is the inversion of the Tonic, and is the same note with it though it is an octave higher in the General Scale.

Sec. 43.—In the following scale is exhibited the connection of the three parts of music, Base, Tenor, and Treble; with the degrees of sound of all the letters expressed by numerals, on the staves, as they rise in acuteness, on the scale. The Treble staff is the same with the Tenor, except that it rises an octave higher in the scale; owing to the fact, that the female voice is more acute by one octave, than that of the male. Hence there are represented on the scale 22 musical sounds, from G, the first line of the base staff, to G, the space above the fifth line of the Treble staff; this being the ordinary compass of the human voice, including male and female; though the ordinary compass of either sex is only fifteen sounds. (See note on Sec. 6.)

The two natural keys, major and minor, with their intervals, as represented above, should be well understood. Of the seven intervals, of either key, five are steps or tones, and two are half steps or semitones. In the major key the semitones always lie between the third and fourth and the seventh and eight intervals of the scale; and in the minor key they lie between the second and third and fifth and sixth intervals. (See on this, Sec. 36, with Scale.)

THE GENERAL SCALE OF MUSIC.



From the fact that there are but seven original sounds in the scale of music; and that it takes eight sounds to complete the scale, some difficulty seems to arise, in finding out the eighth sound. But when it is taken into consideration that the key note of either the major or the minor scale, is always taken as *one*, and is the first interval in the diatonic scale; and that it occurs or comes round again every eighth interval, [like the Sabbath, which is the first day of the week, and comes round every eighth day; though there are but seven days in the week,] it is easily perceived, that the eighth is nothing

more than an inversion of the first; and with the same sound that commences a succeeding scale, the preceding is completed: thus the Tonic is the first sound in the scale, and is also the last.

By the three braces which include the octaves in the above scale, it will be seen that the first brace includes the first note and the eighth; the second brace includes the eighth and the fifteenth; and the third includes the fifteenth and the twenty-second. Thus it is manifest that the last note of a preceding octave, is the first note of a succeeding. The same method is perceivable in the braces of the double octaves;

the first of which includes the first and the fifteenth, for the compass of the male voice; and the second includes the eighth and the twenty-second, for the compass of the female voice; thus still including in the braces, the last note and the first of each octave.

Although the ordinary compass of the human voice is limited to three octaves, comprising twenty-two musical sounds; yet there are some voices which can surpass this limitation;—the instruments have yet a much wider range; and the musical scale knows no bounds. Hence we see in the scale, notes in double letters below; also notes in Alt above: these might form new octaves above and below; and be continued octave upon octave, without finding to them any limitation.

NOTE.—It is found by a mathematical calculation, based upon the number of vibrations to a second of time, that the five intervals of the diatonic scale termed *steps* are not exactly equal to each other, while the two *half steps* are each of them a little more than half steps, and the one between 7 and 8 is greater than the one between 3 and 4.

Dr. Calcott, in his musical Grammar, divides the scale into tones of 9 commas and tones of 8 commas; and the two diatonic or natural semitones into 5 commas, and the chromatic, or artificial semitones into three or four, according to the magnitude of the tone.

Thus the scale is divided into major tones of 9 commas, and into minor tones of 8; and into natural or major semitones of 5 commas, and into artificial or minor semitones of 3 or 4 commas.

According to this theory, if we suppose a string on an instrument which sounds out one or Do of the scale, to have 24 vibrations in a second of time, then one-half of its length, vibrating at the same tension, will sound eight of the scale, and will vibrate just twice as fast, or 48 times to the second. Preserving this ratio, the relative number of vibrations to every sound of the present scale will be as follows:

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
24	27	30	32	36	40	45	48

Now, in order to give the length of a string which will make the proper number of

vibrations to each of the intervals of the scale, we must take 24, the number of vibrations for the fundamental or 1, for a numerator, and the other numbers, which give the vibrations of the other intervals, for denominators, and the fractions will stand thus:

1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.
$\frac{24}{24} = 1$	$\frac{24}{27} = \frac{8}{9}$	$\frac{24}{30} = \frac{4}{5}$	$\frac{24}{32} = \frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{24}{36} = \frac{2}{3}$	$\frac{24}{40} = \frac{3}{5}$	$\frac{24}{45} = \frac{8}{15}$	$\frac{24}{48} = \frac{1}{2}$

These fractions express what part of the length of the whole or fundamental string is required to give the proper number of vibrations to each interval of the scale. And here we find that the Octave takes one-half of the string; the fifth two-thirds, the third four-fifths, &c. See the following

EXAMPLES OF VIBRATIONS.

Unison.....	1
Fundamental.	1
Octave.....	2
Fundamental.	1
Fifth.....	3
Fundamental.	2
Third.....	5
Fundamental.	4

The foregoing examples of the unison, octave, fifth, and third, will suffice as specimens of all the rest of the intervals of the diatonic scale, which are the second, fourth, sixth and seventh, the length of whose strings is expressed above.

From the foregoing examples, we see that the proportion of the vibrations for each interval of the scale is fixed. And according to this theory, if we suppose the distance from 1 to 2 of the natural scale, or from C to D, to be 22, then the scale will stand as follows:

From 1 to 2,	2 to 3,	3 to 4,	4 to 5,	5 to 6,	6 to 7,	7 to 8,
$\frac{22}{22}$;	$\frac{20}{20}$;	$\frac{12}{12}$;	$\frac{22}{22}$;	$\frac{20}{20}$;	$\frac{22}{22}$;	$\frac{13}{13}$.

Thus when we take 22, the distance from 1 to 2, as the standard of a step, then from 2 to 3 will be a step of 20, and so on, as in the above diagram.

Now if the intervals of the scale could be performed according to this mathematical standard, which is based on the number of vibrations of a string to each interval as represented above, it would produce the most perfect harmony. But as the scale in this arrangement could not be transposed to other letters of the scale, it would in this fixed position, like the purest honey, soon cloy. Hence.

In order to adjust the scale to an equal temperament, all the distances, as just given in the mathematical diagram, are added together, the aggregate of which is 131; this number divided by 12, the number of semitones in the scale, will produce $10\frac{11}{12}$ as the distance of each half step; and making each step twice as great, will give, $21\frac{0}{12}$, as the distance of a step. Thus all the tones of the scale are equalized, and so are the semitones also, and made just half the distance of a tone; and in this equal temperament it is transposed to all the letters of the scale, and to all the chromatic semitones.

Sec. 44.—The intervals of the scale are used both in a conjoint and in a disjoint manner. They are used conjointly, when they follow each other in the order of the scale; and disjointly, when they are separated, and form longer intervals or skips, such as the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth. (See exercises, sec. 41.) These skips may also include their octaves, as the tenth, twelfth, fifteenth, &c.

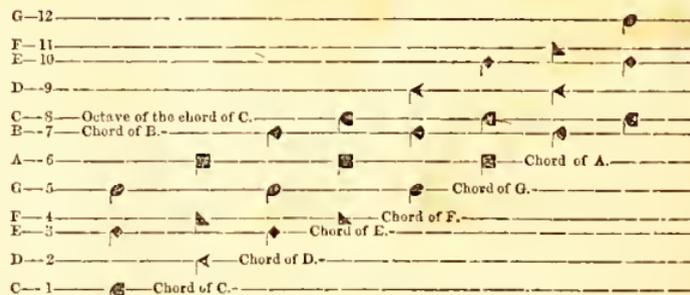
Disjoint intervals are consonant or dissonant, according to the degrees of sound they are distant from each other. The combination of sound produced by the *first*, *third*, *fifth*, and *eighth* intervals of the scale, major or minor, called the Common Chord or harmonic triad, (exercises, sec. 41.) are consonant intervals, and when sounded together, form a delightful chord, producing the most sublime and pleasant harmony; but the second and seventh are discords. (See table, sec. 50.)

A Common Chord or harmonic triad, consists of a fundamental note, and its third and fifth, and usually its octave: and notwithstanding the chord which proceeds from the key note is the most perfect, yet every letter of the scale may be made the fundamental note of a common chord, major, minor, or imperfect.

Every consonant triad must have a perfect, or major fifth. A major

triad has a major third from the *first* to the *third*, and a minor third from the *third* to the *fifth*; and a minor triad has a minor third from the *first* to the *third*, and a major third from the *third* to the *fifth*. (Examine the scale.)

SCALE OF TRIADS.



In the foregoing scale are exhibited six consonant triads, and one dissonant. Three of the consonant triads are major, and three are minor. In the dissonant triad, both the thirds are minor, and so is the fifth, in consequence of which, the chord is dissonant.

Sec. 45.—INVERSION OF INTERVALS.—When the lower note of any interval is placed an octave higher, or the higher note an octave lower, the change thereby produced is called *inversion*. Any interval and its inversion complete the octave. Thus let C and D form a major second, then invert C by placing it an octave higher, and it will produce, from D to C, a minor seventh, which, with the major second, completes the octave. Moreover, let B and C form a minor second, then invert B, by removing it an octave above, and it will produce from C to B, a major seventh, which, with the minor second, completes the octave,

INTERVALS AND THEIR INVERSION.

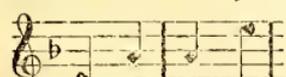
A Minor 2d becomes a Major 7th;



A Minor 3d becomes a Major 6th;



A Minor 4th becomes a Major 5th;



A Minor 5th becomes a Major 4th;



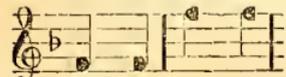
A Minor 6th becomes a Major 3d;



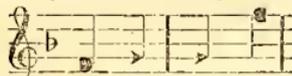
A Minor 7th becomes a major 2d;



A Unison becomes an 8th;



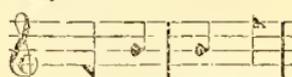
A Major 2d becomes a Minor 7th.



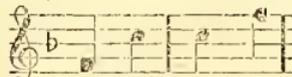
A Major 3d becomes a Minor 6th.



A Major 4th becomes a Minor 5th.



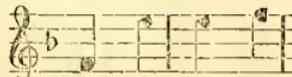
A Major 5th becomes a Minor 4th.



A Major 6th becomes a Minor 3d.



A Major 7th becomes a Minor 2d.



An 8th becomes a Unison.



In the foregoing inversion of Major and minor intervals, are exhibited

fourteen, namely minor and major seconds, minor and major thirds, &c., with unison and octave. These will be farther noticed in treating on Harmony, Chap. 10.

QUESTIONS.

How many intervals are in the diatonic scale?—How are they called as they ascend?—How many sounds does the general scale contain?—How many octaves?—Is the musical scale limited to 22 sounds?—What is the difference between the pitch of the Tenor and the Treble staff?—Between the major and the minor keys?—Between which of the intervals are the semitones located in the major scale?—In the minor?—What different effects do the different locations of the semitones in those keys produce?—What is to be understood by conjoint intervals?—What by disjoint?—What is a common chord or Harmonic Triad?—What is a Major Triad?—A Minor?—A dissonant?—Are the major and the minor Triads both consonant?—Why are they consonant?—What is meant by inversion?—How many different intervals are produced by inversion.

CHAPTER IX.

MELODY.

TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE.

Sec. 46.—There are two modes or keys in music, the major and the minor, (Sec. 36 and 43.) In their natural state, the major has C for its fundamental note or key, and the minor has A. But were the keys confined to these two letters alone, their bounds would be too limited. Consequently, there is a much wider range provided for them by transposition. For this purpose flats and sharps are used as signs, to modulate the sounds, by means of which not only every musical letter, but every chromatic semitone may be made the tonic or key note both major and minor. Hence there are twenty-four keys in the scale of music, twelve of which are major and twelve are minor.

In the scale of the major and minor modes, (Sec. 36,) the half steps or semitones lie between B and C, and E and F; and in the major scale they lie between the third and fourth, and seventh and eighth intervals; and in the minor they lie between the second and third and fifth and sixth intervals; and in both scales they lie between the syllables Mi and Fa, and Si and Do. Now in this their natural position, the tones and semitones of the letters and of the notes of the major and minor scales agree; but as the letters are immovably fixed in the scale—and the intervals of the scale, when transposed, also keep their fixed position in relation to the tonic or key note, there is a disunion produced, by their removal, between the fixed scale of the letters, and the moving scale of the keys, which must be adjusted and modulated by the use of flats and sharps on the letters, so that they yield to the new key according to its requirement.

In order to make each one of the twelve semitones in the chromatic scale the key-note of a major scale, and also of a minor, it is requisite to use five sharps and six flats, or six sharps and five flats, as follows:

In the natural scale the major key is on C and the minor on A: but when the signature is—

F sharp,.....	the Major key is G....	the Minor is E
F, C sharp,.....	“ “ D....	“ “ B
F, C, G sharp,.....	“ “ A....	“ “ F#
F, C, G, D sharp,	“ “ E....	“ “ C#
F, C, G, D, A sharp,	“ “ B....	“ “ G#
F, C, G, D, A, E sharp, ..	“ “ F#.,	“ “ D#
B flat,.....	“ “ F....	“ “ D
B, E flat,.....	“ “ Bb..	“ “ G
B, E, A flat,.....	“ “ Eb..	“ “ C
B, E, A, D flat,	“ “ Ab..	“ “ F
B, E, A, D, G flat,.....	“ “ Db..	“ “ Bb
B, E, A, D, G, C flat, ..	“ “ Gb..	“ “ Eb

When the keys are transposed by sharps, they rise a fifth in the scale, and the dominant of the former scale becomes the key-note of a new scale; and when they are transposed by flats, they are lowered a fifth, and the subdominant of the former scale becomes the key-note of a new scale. Thus every additional sharp or flat removes the scale in like manner to the next dominant or subdominant.

In the remove of the scale there should never more than six sharps or six flats be used. For either six sharps or six flats will remove the key to the same interval, as in the above scale, six sharps remove the major key to F#, and six flats to Gb; which is the intermediate semitone between F and G, and the self-same interval of the scale.

It is a very singular fact,—which evidently arises from the division of the scale into twelve semitones,—that if we take any number of sharps to transpose the key, the complement to twelve of flats will transpose it to the same interval. For instance, seven sharps bring the major key on C#, and five flats—the complement to twelve—bring it on Db, the same chromatic interval. Seven flats transpose the key on Cb; and five sharps—the complement to twelve—transpose it on B, which is the same chromatic interval of Cb. This will hold good with any number of sharps and the complement of flats to twelve; or of flats, and the complement of sharps to twelve. But in such cases double flats and double sharps would have to be used, which, for the facility of execution, should be avoided in all cases.

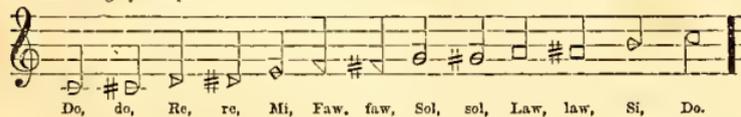
The two keys stand in relation to each other. The relative minor is a third below or a sixth above the major, on the scale; and the relative major is a third above or a sixth below the minor, on the scale. When the scale is changed, and the keys removed to other letters, higher or lower, they always stand in the same relation; and thus we have the fundamental notes of both keys, in every scale. (See Table, page 44, 45.)

Sec. 47.—Besides the diatonic scale, which is composed of tones and

semitones, there is another called the *Chromatic Scale*, which is composed of semitones alone. The chromatic is however nothing more than a subdivision of the diatonic into semitones; which is effected by the use of flats and sharps. This scale ascends by sharps, and descends by flats, as seen in the following scale :

CHROMATIC SCALE.

Ascending by Sharps.



Descending by Flats.



NOTE.—The doctrine which holds forth that the semitones are produced by a change of the vowel sounds of the syllables applied to the notes, seems to be somewhat doubtful and uncertain; for if the slender sound of a vowel in the syllable applied to a note, would raise a note a semitone; and, if the broad sound would depress it, what would be the consequence where words or syllables of both broad and slender sounds are sung to the same letter and sound of the scale?—which is evidently the case in many tunes; and for the proof of which it will only be necessary to refer to the following tunes, namely, Sterling, Miles' Lane, Martyn, Bozrah, Tavoy, &c. Now, by giving proper attention to the above-named tunes, it will be found when the poetry is applied to the notes, that in many measures there will be broad and slender vowel sounds applied to consecutive notes of the same sound—of the same letter; and yet no deviation from the self-same sound heard or discovered, by the application of the different vowel sounds. And even when vocal and instrumental music are performed together, there is no discordance of sound discoverable on these notes; but all the sounds, both from the

vocal organs, and from the strings and pipes, mingle and flow together, in sweetest unison and harmony.

From the foregoing remarks, it is evident, that if the different sounds of the vowels by their broad and slender sounds, have the power to change the pitch of a note a semitone higher or lower, in one instance, they have the same power also in other instances; and if such be the case, will it not be best to guard against their changing the sounds of the notes in every case; and to get the proper pitch of the accidental semitones, by a change of sound, and not by a change of syllable? as by far the greater number of notes that would be affected by that change, would thereby become discordant and unharmonious.

A proper knowledge of the Chromatic scale will lead to a more full and extensive knowledge of the Diatonic, in its different positions when transposed. For by the flats and sharps used in the Chromatic scale, the keys of the Diatonic are modulated, and the tones and semitones fixed in the proper intervals in the new keys, in every change of key, and it will be obvious to the student, that the Chromatic scale is nothing more than a subdivision of the Diatonic into semitones; where the lower letter of a tone is sharpened, or the upper flatted, to produce the intermediate semitone, and thus form a scale of semitones alone.

Sec. 48.—It should be well understood that the letter of the key note or tonic is *always* taken as ONE, and that the tonic may assume *any letter or chromatic semitone* as the key note, either of the major or of the minor key, and that in the major scale the order of intervals must always be from 1 to 2 a tone; from 2 to 3 a tone; from 3 to 4 a semitone; from 4 to 5 a tone; from 5 to 6 a tone; from 6 to 7 a tone; from 7 to 8 a semitone. And in the minor scale, from 1 to 2 a tone; from 2 to 3 a semitone; from 3 to 4 a tone; from 4 to 5 a tone; from 5 to 6 a semitone; from 6 to 7 a tone, and from 7 to 8 a tone. To this order, in the minor scale there may be some exception: for wherever the seventh leads to the key, it is sharpened, and thus produces a semitone between the seventh and eighth.

This is the order of the keys, in their intervals, *in every position*, which is manifested in the scales of the Table of Transposition. In the first scales major and minor, the intervals are natural, as the keys are in their natural position—the major key on C, and the minor key on A. But so soon as the scales are transposed to other letters, more or less flats or sharps must be used, to modulate the sounds in their new position. For instance,—

Let G, the dominant of the natural major scale be taken as the key-note or tonic of a new major scale, according to the scale of G, in the following Table: then from G to A is a tone, from 1 to 2 a tone; from 2 to 3 a tone, from A to B a tone; from B to C a semitone; from 3 to 4 a semitone; from 4 to 5 a tone, from C to D a tone; from D to E a tone, from 5 to 6 a tone; from 6 to 7 a tone from E to F naturally a semitone, which must here be a tone, and consequently F must be sharped; then, from F sharp to G a semitone, and from 7 to 8 a semitone. Thus we find that in the major key of G, F must be sharped.

In like manner as sharps raise the keys a fifth to the dominant, so flats lower them a fifth, (Sec. 46,) to the subdominant. For by making F sharp, the major key will be transposed from C to G, the dominant, a fifth higher; and by making B flat, the major key will be transposed from C to F, the subdominant, a fifth lower.

NOTE.—By inversion the fifth above will become a fourth below; and the fifth below will become a fourth above.

As the major and the minor scales stand in relation together, and invariably keep their relative position, in every remove, the minor being a relative to the major, a third below or a sixth above; and the major being a relative to the minor, a third above or a sixth below; and as they are alike in the intervals of the dominant and subdominant, they are subject to the same order, when transposed, also in the inversion of the intervals.

Let D, the subdominant of the natural minor scale, be taken as the

key-note or tonic of a new minor scale; then from D to E is a tone, and from 1 to 2 is a tone; from 2 to 3 a semitone, and from E to F a semitone; from F to G a tone, and from 3 to 4 a tone; from 4 to 5 a tone, and from G to A a tone; from A to B a tone, but from 5 to 6 only a semitone, therefore B must be made flat; then from B \flat to C is a tone, and from 6 to 7 a tone; from 7 to 8 a tone, and from C to D a tone. Hence we see the necessity of making B flat, in the key of D minor or F major.

NOTE.—In all the foregoing changes of key by flats and sharps, the vocal performer has no difficulty in making the flat and sharp sounds of the letters, seeing that the syllables of the scale have the proper sounds of the scale associated with their names; and the natural rise and fall of the voice is the same in every change of key; and thus the singer performs them without being aware of it, except when accidentals occur. But the case is different with the instrumental performer, where, on keyed instruments, the keys of the chromatic semitones are short keys, constructed between the long keys of the natural scale; thus between the long keys of A and B, is a short key to strike the semitone A sharp or B flat; and as there is naturally but a semitone between B and C; also between E and F; there are no short keys between B and C, and E and F, because they are the natural semitones in the diatonic scale; but between C and D, D and E, F and G, G and A, there are also short keys to strike the semitones of C sharp or D flat; D sharp or E flat; F sharp or G flat; and G sharp or A flat. Hence, the player on an instrument must observe to strike the short keys on all the letters that are sharped or flatted in the signature, throughout the whole piece of music. From this fact it follows, that the less number of sharps and flats that can be used in the signature, the easier will be the execution to the instrumental performer.

The necessity and use of the Chromatic Scale, at the front of the following Table of Transposition, is because the *keys* are movable and changeable in their position, and the *letters* of the scale are permanent and fixed. Here the student will see at a glance, how the semitones run out from the chromatic scale, through all the movable scales—

which are represented in this table in the form of a ladder—preparing and adjusting the intervals of the new scales for their assumed key, both major and minor. But,

For want of room on this table, we have given only two examples of the minor scale in connection with its relative major, which, if due attention be given to this, it will be amply sufficient to give the learner a due knowledge of the minor scale in connection with the major; as

the relative minor is *always* a third below or a sixth above its relative major; and the relative major a third above or a sixth below its relative minor.

The minor scale has of late been too much neglected and set aside, and we think every effort should be made to revive it again. We have as much need now to express our sorrow, humility, and penitence by the minor key, as those in former ages. (See more on minor scale, p. 45.)

TABLE OF TRANSPOSITION.

SCALES WITH SHARPS.

CHROMATIC SCALE.	Scales of C Maj. & A Min. NATURAL.	Scale of G. ONE SHARP.	Scale of D. TWO SHARPS.	Scale of A. THREE SHARPS.	Scale of E. FOUR SHARPS.	Scale of B. FIVE SHARPS.	Scale of F \sharp . SIX SHARPS.
C natural.....							
B natural.....						B 8 Do.	
A sharp or B flat..						A \sharp 7 Si	
A natural.....	A 8 Law.			A 8 Do.			
G sharp or A flat..				G \sharp 7 Si		G 6 Law.	
G natural.....	G 7 Sol.	G 8 Do.					
F sharp or G flat..		F \sharp 7 Si		F \sharp 6 Law.		F \sharp 5 Sol.	F \sharp 8 Do.
F natural.....	F 6 Faw.						E \sharp 7 Si
E natural.....	E 5 Mi.	E 6 Law.		E 5 Sol.	E 8 Do.	E 4 Faw.	
D sharp or E flat..					D \sharp 7 Si	D \sharp 3 Mi.	D \sharp 6 Law.
D natural.....	D 4 Re.	D 5 Sol.	D 8 Do.	D 4 Faw.			
C sharp or D flat..			C \sharp 7 Si	C \sharp 3 Mi.	C \sharp 6 Law.	C \sharp 2 Re.	C \sharp 5 Sol.
C natural.....	C 8 Do.	C 4 Faw.					
B natural.....	B 7 Si.	B 3 Mi.	B 6 Law.	B 2 Re.	B 5 Sol.	B 1 Do.	B 4 Faw.
A sharp or B flat..							A \sharp 3 Mi.
A natural.....	A 6 Law.	A 2 Re.	A 5 Sol.	A 1 Do.	A 4 Faw.		
G sharp or A flat..					G \sharp 3 Mi.		G \sharp 2 Re.
G natural.....	G 5 Sol.	G 1 Do.	G 4 Faw.				
F sharp or G flat..			F \sharp 3 Mi.		F \sharp 2 Re.		F \sharp 1 Do.
F natural.....	F 4 Faw.						
E natural.....	E 3 Mi.	E 2 Re.	E 2 Re.	E 1 Do.			
D sharp or E flat..							
D natural.....	D 2 Re.	D 1 Do.	D 1 Do.				
C sharp or D flat..							
C natural.....	C 1 Do.						

SCALES WITH FLATS.

CHROMATIC SCALE.	Scale of C. NATURAL.	Scales of F Maj. and D Min. ONE FLAT.	Scale of B \flat . TWO FLATS.	Scale of E \flat . THREE FLATS.	Scale of A \flat . FOUR FLATS.	Scale of D \flat . FIVE FLATS.	Scale of G \flat . SIX FLATS.
C natural.....							
B natural.....							
B flat or A sharp.....			B \flat —8—Do.				
A natural.....			A—7—Si.				
A flat or G sharp.....							
G natural.....			G—6—Law.		A \flat —8—Do.		
G flat or F sharp.....					G—7—Si.		
F natural.....		F—8—Do.	F—5—Sol.		F—6—Law.		G \flat —8—Do.
E natural.....		E—7—Si.					F—7—Si.
E flat or D sharp.....			E \flat —4—Faw.	E \flat —8—Do.	E \flat —5—Sol.		E \flat —6—Law.
D natural.....		D—6—Law.	D—3—Mi.	D—7—Si.			
D flat or C sharp.....							
C natural.....	C—8—Do.	C—5—Sol.	C—7—Sol.	C—2—Re.	C—6—Law.	C—3—Mi.	C—7—Si.
B natural.....	B—7—Si.						
B flat or A sharp.....		B \flat —4—Faw.	B \flat —6—Faw.	B \flat —1—Do.	B \flat —5—Sol.	B \flat —2—Re.	B \flat —6—Law.
A natural.....	A—6—Law.	A—3—Mi.	A—5—Mi.				
A flat or G sharp.....							
G natural.....	G—5—Sol.	G—2—Re.	G—4—Re.	A \flat —4—Faw.	A \flat —1—Do.	A \flat —5—Sol.	A \flat —2—Re.
G flat or F sharp.....				G—3—Mi.			
F natural.....	F—4—Faw.	F—1—Do.	F—3—Do.	F—2—Re.			
E natural.....	E—3—Mi.		E—2—Si.				
E flat or D sharp.....				E \flat —1—Do.			
D natural.....	D—2—Re.		D—1—Law.				
D flat or C sharp.....							
C natural.....	C—1—Do.						

In the above Table, it will be observed, that we have ascended in each successive scale, a *fifth* or descended a *fourth*—according to the order of inversion,—and that in the ascending scales by sharps, one additional sharp was required at each successive transposition; and in the descending scale by flats, one additional flat was required. This is the regular order of transposition, both by sharps and flats.

MINOR SCALE.

“ We hardly know why it is, but tunes written in the minor scale have been exceedingly rare in some of the singing-books that have been published for a few years past. Our fathers, we know, used this scale much more extensively than we have been accustomed to do. Have we become degenerate plants of a strange vine? Has the very decided predominance given to the major scale been owing to the fact that we have come to be a very joyful and happy people; and that we have no occasion for sorrow,

humiliation, penitence, sadness and grief? Many of the psalms, if the sentiment contained in them, and the feelings expressed therein, be a criterion of judgment, were sung in the minor strain. This is the natural expression of emotions of sadness, penitence, and grief. And certainly our Creator hath established the laws of the minor scale as really as he has the major scale. He has adapted that to our natures, and our natures to that, as really as he has our natures and the major scale, the one to the other. And in a world like ours there is certainly a demand for tunes written in the minor scale. As long as we live in a world of sorrow—as long as we are sinful beings—have transgressions to confess, and mercies for which to supplicate, we shall have need to do it in strains and in a manner corresponding to the feelings of the heart. But so little has this key been used of late, that many choirs know not how to perform a minor tune creditably; and many singers are highly prejudiced against it. And the reason is, not that their natures do not, at proper times, require it; but because they have been educated to execute major music solely, and have no taste for any thing else; so that education and taste here do not at all answer to the demands of nature. Seldom do we hear a tune sung any where in that key, on the Sabbath at public worship, or in the social circle; and when such tunes have been selected, it has been a somewhat difficult thing to execute them, so little has the voice been accustomed to sing in this scale.”

QUESTIONS.

What do we understand by the word *MODE*?—Ans. A certain disposition of the tones and semitones of the scale, with respect to the tonic or key note.—How many modes are there in music?—How are these two modes called?—Wherein does the major mode differ from the minor?—How many different keys can be had in the scale of music?—How many major?—How many minor?—What characters are used in transposing the keys?—What effect does a sharp, placed on a letter, produce?—A flat?—Of what does the Chromatic scale consist?—How many semitones does the Chromatic scale contain?—In what intervals do the major and the minor scales differ?—What is the position of the relative minor key to any major?—The relative major to any minor?—Do the major and minor keys always stand in the same relative position?

CHAPTER X.

HARMONY.

OF CHORDS, THEIR INVERSION, &c.

Sec. 49.—For the purpose of music sounds must be agreeable in themselves; they must have that clearness which distinguishes them from mere noise, and that sweetness which distinguishes them from harsh and disagreeable sounds. A succession of single musical sounds forms *MELODY*; and a succession of combined melodical sounds forms *HARMONY*. In other words, melody consists in the agreeable succession of single sounds; and harmony consists in the succession of a combination and accordance of different sounds.

Not only may single intervals be inverted and changed, (*Sec. 45.*) but also the combined intervals of chords may be inverted. The common Chord or Harmonic Triad, which is based on each letter of the scale as its fundamental note, (*see Scale, Sec. 44.*) may, by inversion, assume *three* different positions on each letter; the first of each being a *direct* chord, and the other two *inverted* chords.

These Triads or Common Chords, in the following scale, are close chords; as no chord can be formed closer together than a third. Every chord is known by its *fundamental sound*; thus the first chord presented in the following scale, is called the chord of C, because it has C for its fundamental sound. The chord of D has D for its fundamental sound; the chord of E has E, &c.

The first position of each of the following chords has its *fundamental sound* the lowest, the *third* in the middle, and the *fifth* the highest.

The *second* position has the *third* the lowest, the *fifth* in the middle, and the *fundamental* the highest; because the fundamental is *inverted*.

The *third* position has the *fifth* the lowest, the *fundamental* in the middle, and the *third* the highest, because the third is *inverted*.

Thus every letter has a direct chord, and two inverted chords. The *fundamental note*, of each letter is taken as *one*, from which the degrees of pitch of all the others are counted. Thus when the first or fundamental note is inverted, it becomes an eighth; and when the third is inverted, it of course becomes a tenth from the fundamental note; but as the fundamental note by inversion, becomes *one* of a *new*

octave, so the tenth may, in like manner, become a *third* in the new octave. (See keys on General Scale, Sec. 43.)

In the following scale, the triads which are based on C, F, and G—being the tonic, subdominant and dominant intervals of the scale—are major triads; and those which are based on D, E, and A—being the supertonic, mediant, and submediant intervals—are minor triads. The triad based on B, the sharp seventh, is a dissonant triad, and its inversions produce major fourths and minor thirds.

INVERSION OF THE HARMONIC TRIAD OR COMMON CHORD.

	Chord of C.	Chord of D.	Chord of E.	Chord of F.	Chord of G.	Chord of A.	Chord of B.
C — 15							
B — 14							
A — 13							
G — 12							
F — 11							
E — 10	◊	∇	◊	∇	◊	◊	∇
D — 9		△	◊	∇	△	◊	∇
C — 8	◻		◊	◻	△	◻	◊
B — 7			◊	◻	△	◻	◊
A — 6		◻	◊	◻	△	◻	◊
G — 5	◊	◻	◊	◻	△	◻	◊
F — 4	◊	◻	◊	◻	△	◻	◊
E — 3	◊	◻	◊	◻	△	◻	◊
D — 2	◊	◻	◊	◻	△	◻	◊
C — 1	◻	◻	◊	◻	△	◻	◊

Chords of disjoint intervals may be dispersed into greater degrees or proceeding from one note of the chord to the other, as in the following leaps, and passing in different ways, over many intermediate intervals in examples of

DISPERSED CHORDS.



Sec. 50.—As intervals or chords are *consonant* or *dissonant*, according to the degrees of sounds of which they are composed; and as there are fourteen intervals in the diatonic scale, (Sec. 45,) it will be expedient to give a representation of them, and of the number of semitones of which each of them is composed, as manifested in the following

Table of Concords and Discords.

No. of Intervals.	No. of Semitones.	Intervals.	Concords and Discords.
14.....	13.....	An octave.....	A perfect chord.
13.....	12.....	Maj. seventh.....	A discord.
12.....	11.....	Min. seventh.....	A discord.
11.....	10.....	Maj. sixth.....	An imperfect chord.
10.....	9.....	Min. sixth.....	An imperfect chord.
9.....	8.....	Maj. fifth.....	A perfect chord.
8.....	7.....	Min. fifth.....	A discord.
7.....	7.....	Maj. fourth.....	A discord.
6.....	6.....	Min. fourth.....	A concinnous sound.
5.....	5.....	Maj. third.....	An imperfect chord.
4.....	4.....	Min. third.....	An imperfect chord.
3.....	3.....	Maj. second.....	A discord.
2.....	2.....	Min. second.....	A discord.
1.....	1.....	A Unison.....	The most perfect chord.

The UNISON, or the same identical sound, although it cannot properly be reckoned an *interval*, is always considered as such when employed in harmony. And as the scale of music is unlimited, we cannot see

that it could be otherwise: for there are always intervals or steps below and above, from which every interval must proceed or step, no matter where it is found in the scale. (See note on Sec. 37.) And when the voices of the different parts of music, throughout a piece, sweetly harmonize, on the different chords, and close on a unison, must they not close on an interval of the scale?

The unison is an accordance or coincidence of sound proceeding from an equal number of vibrations of sounding bodies in a given time, and is the most perfect of all the musical sounds in the whole scale of music. (See note on vibrations, page 38.)

Next to the unison is the octave, which consists in a double number of vibrations in a given time, and is so sweet a chord with the unison, that they are scarcely distinguishable from being the self-same sound.

Next to the eighth is the perfect or major fifth, which, in its vibrations is as three to two, and is a perfect chord of a sweet and charming sound; and next to the fifth in sweetness, is the major third, which in its vibrations, is as five to four.

These four sounds, the unison, eighth, fifth and third, form the common chord, being the most essential sounds in every piece of music.

The minor third is also a consonant interval, and is the third of a minor triad in the minor scale; in its vibrations it is as six to five.

The minor fifth and the major fourth—each containing seven semitones—are discords; and so are the major and the minor seconds; and also the major and the minor sevenths.

The minor fourth is termed a concinnous sound; it is not a very disagreeable discord; neither is it, *by itself*, a concord: one and four are rather dissonant, but when six is added they become consonant. Also five and eight do not perfectly accord; but when three is introduced, they become concordant.

The major and minor sixths—the one containing ten semitones and

the other 9, are both imperfect chords, though they are frequently used in harmony.

The foregoing order of consonant and dissonant intervals, in the diatonic scale, is applicable to all the octaves in the scale of music, no matter to how many octaves the General Scale may ascend or descend. For in like manner as 1, 3, 5, 8, in the first octave harmonize, so will 8, 10, 12, 15, harmonize in the second; 15, 17, 19, 22, in the third, &c. All the octaves are the same, except as they differ in gravity and acuteness. If 1, 8, 15, and 22, the fundamental notes of four octaves rising in acuteness, were sounded together by musical voices, it would produce a volume of sound which could not easily be distinguished from being the self-same sound proceeding from one voice. The same effect will be produced by striking four keys of the same letter at once, on a well-tuned instrument.

Sec. 51.—The chief excellence of harmony, or music performed in different parts, consists in a proper succession of the fundamental chords of the scale; a due order of the different notes in their inversions; and the enchainment and binding together the chords in their harmonical progression.

The tonic or key note is the most important, and the chord based on it is the principal one in every piece of music, both in the major and minor keys. Regularly every tune both begins and ends with the tonic chord.

Next to the key note, the dominant or fifth of the scale takes rank. It occurs more frequently in a piece of music than any other note, as by far the greater number of chords in ordinary tunes contain it. For this reason, and because it is the base note which regularly leads to a final close, it is called the *dominant*. The chord based on this note is also called the dominant chord, which occurs more frequently than any other except the chord of the tonic. In modulation by sharps, the dominant is also the key note of the nearest relative key.

The subdominant is the next note of importance in the scale, because its chord has the *tonic* for its *fifth*. In modulation by flats, it is the key note of the second relative key, having the original key note for its dominant.

NOTE.—As the dominant is a fifth above the tonic, and is the nearest relative key in the *ascending scale*, and to which the tonic is transposed by sharps; so the subdominant is a fifth below the tonic and is the nearest relative key in the *descending scale*, and to which the key is transposed by flats. Hence the name *sub. dominant*.

The submediant is the third in relative importance, as its chord has two notes in common with the tonic chord, and must hence intimately blend, as also enchain with the other chords. This note is also the principal chord or tonic of the relative minor key. (See inversion of the Harmonic Triads, &c., Sec. 49.)

In the minor key, the third of the scale, or the tonic of the relative major key, frequently occurs. These chords have likewise two notes in common, which sweetly blend together in harmonical progression.

QUESTIONS.

What is the quality of good musical sounds?—In what does melody consist?—In what harmony?—How many positions can the common chord assume by inversion?—Can each letter of the scale be made the fundamental note of the common chord?—What is the first position of the chord of each letter called?—What are the inverted positions called?—What is the difference between the major and the minor triads?—What is a clo-chord?—A dispersed chord?—Is the unison an interval in the scale of music?—How can it be an interval when it is identical? Ans. Because whenever it is found in the scale, there is an interval below or above, from which it takes its steps.—Which are the intervals in the scale that compose the common chord?—Are the minor fifth and major fourth concords or discords?—How many semitones does each of them contain?—How many intervals does the diatonic scale contain?—If there are but eight intervals in the octave, how can you get fourteen?—Are the major and the minor sixths consonant or dissonant intervals?—Will the consonant intervals in one octave be consonant throughout all the octaves in the General Scale?—What is the chief excellence of harmony?—Which is the most important chord?—The next of importance to the tonic?—The next of importance to the dominant?—The next to the sub-

CHAPTER XI.

DYNAMICS.

MUSICAL ELOCUTION.

Sec. 52.—A good quality of tone is an essential property to dynamic expression; and that quality consists in *purity, fulness* and *firmness*.

A tone is **PURE**, when it is clear and smooth, having no extraneous sounds mixed with it; such as hissing screaming or mumbling sounds. Impurity of sound is often produced by an improper position of the mouth.

A tone is **FULL**, when it is delivered in a free and unconstrained use of the appropriate organs of sound, and with a good volume of voice. Faintness of sound is often produced by a careless or negligent use of the vocal organs.

A tone is **FIRM**, which is correctly given, and held steadily, without change during the whole length of the note; being perfectly under the control of the performer.

Hence, striking below the proper sound and sliding up to it, as from *five* to *eight*, &c. A wavering or trembling of the voice; and a change just at the close of a tone, produced by a careless relaxation of the organs, which should always be held firm and immovable in their proper position until the sound ceases, should be carefully guarded against and avoided. Moreover, the voice may be rendered disagreeable by being too *nasal*, *labial*, *dental*, or *guttural*: that is, it may be forced too much through the nose, the lips, the teeth, or be formed too deeply in the throat. All these disagreeable sounds should be carefully corrected.

The most effectual way to correct these errors in producing sounds, is to let the pupil sound on the syllable *awe*, frequently, by marking the position of the vocal organs while sounding, and then proceed sounding the syllables which are applied to the notes, keeping the vocal organs, as much as possible, in the same position while sounding them. By this process the voice will acquire both strength and sweetness, and free

itself from every disagreeable impediment. Care, however, should be taken that the voice be not made too guttural by this process.

A blending of the words when applied to music is an injury to good performance, and impairs and lessens the power of music. And, as many who read with a clear and distinct articulation, are apt to slide into this error, when *singing*, it is deemed expedient to give a few examples, to show where the blending of words, not only debases the sentence, but in some instances perverts the meaning of the phrase. For instance;

Example 1. A storm that last..still morning, {
For A storm that lasts till morning. }

Ex. 2. He is content in..neither place, {
For He is content in either place. }

Ex. 3. Over waste..sand deserts, {
For Over wastes and deserts. }

Ex. 4. Who ever heard of such a..notion, {
For Who ever heard of such an ocean. }

Ex. 5. Swee..tis the da..y of sacre..drest, {
For Sweet is the day of sacred rest. }

Ex. 6. O com..man..d let us worship, {
For O come and let us worship. }

Ex. 7. My hear..t shall trium..phin the Lord, {
For My heart shall triumph in the Lord. }

Ex. 8. Call while..e may be foun..Doh see..kim while..e's near, {
For Call while he may be found, Oh seek him while he's near. }

Ex. 9. Ser..vise wi..thall thy art..an min Dan..dworshi..pim with fear, {
For Serve him with all thy heart and mind, And worship him with fear. }

Ex. 10. He by hi..zown almighty wor..dwill all your fear..sremove, {
For He by his own almighty word Will all your fears remove. }

Besides this we sometimes hear the words *when*, *where*, *while* &c., pronounced in singing, as if they were written, *wh.en*, *wh.e.are*, *wh.e.ile*, &c.—All such incorrect and corrupt pronunciation and articulation has a tendency to obscure the expression and destroy the beauty of the sentence.

NOTE.—Whenever the teacher discovers a fault, let him first point it out and imitate it himself, and afterwards give the true style of performance; then let him require the pupils to imitate both the correct and incorrect examples. It is not enough for the teacher to say that a fault exists; he must actually point it out, and exhibit it by his own performance; and this over and over again, until the pupils obtain a clear perception of it, and know both how to produce it, and how to correct and avoid it.

Sec. 53.—One of the greatest excellencies of sacred vocal music, is that strict union which should ever subsist between the words and the music. Hence the first object of the chorister is, to choose a tune to which the words are suited or ally themselves, both in sentiment and quality. Much of the beauty and strength of sacred music depends upon this. For psalms and hymns of prayer and supplication, a minor key should generally be chosen, because it is of a plaintive, soft, and melting quality: and for those of praise and thanksgiving, a major key, because it is of a cheerful, lively, and animating quality. This may be considered a general rule, yet there may be some exceptions, as some tunes of the major key partake, in some measure, of the soft, gentle, and subduing qualities of the minor, and some of the minor key, in some degree, partake of the enlivening and cheering qualities of the major. Hence, as there are psalms and hymns which contain devotional matter, of both prayer and praise intermingled, so there are tunes suited for all those poetical productions which are adapted to the emotions of the pious mind. Now, when the poetry is truly expressive, and thus adapted to music, there is something grand and subduing in the harmonious progression of full chords, which brings a calm over the soul, rivets the attention, and enraptures the feelings in view of the sentiment, and thus produces a frame of mind, in the Zion traveler, which is highly devotional.

Sec. 54.—In the connection of words with musical sounds, good elocution is necessary, as well for the vocal musician as for the orator. Every word to which music is applied, should be pronounced distinctly and grammatically. The sound should be prolonged entirely on the vow-

el, and the mouth kept open in one fixed position from the beginning to the end of the sound, and the consonants before and after the vowels forcibly and quickly, yet distinctly articulated. Without this, little expression can be given to vocal music; and for good and dignified performance it is indispensably necessary that it be strictly observed.

Every word, and every sentence, should be pronounced, in singing, with a clear voice, and with the same distinctness as when spoken or read; so that the sentiment of the poetry when united with the sound of music, be well understood. For to “Sing with the Spirit and to sing with the understanding also,” those heaven-inspiring words in unison with the sweet strains of music, with their soft and soothing accents, is what has such a benign and powerful influence over the human mind. And when singers can realize the subject, and enter into the proper feeling and spirit of the poet, there is but little danger of not producing dynamic expression and musical elocution. And nothing can compensate for a want of feeling, and the realization of the expression of the poetry; because in the performance, the tone, the graces in the modulation of the voice, and sound, should all be suited to the subject which the poetry expresses, which is the *only true guide* to dynamical expression and musical elocution.

NOTE.—“Writers have attempted with great ingenuity, to lay down rules for the varieties of expression; but whoever undertakes to follow rules in giving expression, presents us with a mere skeleton, without life and animation. Every appearance of effort disgusts us. . . . True expression clothes her song in characteristic display of grace, majesty, and pathos; not a single note will be breathed in vain. She wisely considers that ornament should ever be subordinate to the sentiment, and that the grand end of the composition is to speak to the judgment as well as the hearing. The most common mistake with composers and church choirs is, in attempting to express words and not ideas.—Singing the word *small* with such softness as scarcely to be heard, or exerting all the powers of the lungs on the word *large*, is punning, not expressing; trifling with the words and neglecting the sentiment. Instead of considering how this or that word should be executed, the first object should be to study the true meaning and character of the subject, so that effect may not only be given to a word here and a word there, but the sense of the whole sentence expressed, so as to be understood and felt. It is true, the expression of the whole is conveyed by appropriate emphasis

on particular words, but it is not simply the words which demand emphasis, but their connection with the sentence. Religious feeling is full of dignified and placid joy, of which the gentle swelling of the emphatic words gives the most appropriate idea.

“Many terms are prefixed, by composers, to the several strains, as directions for the performer. These terms are usually Italian, such as *Andanti*, *Affetuoso*, &c.—In following such directions, there is danger in attempting to express what the performer does not actually feel. In such a case the effect will often be ludicrous; and at best can but astonish us with the art and dexterity manifested. In true expression, the composer and performer are lost sight of; the attention is riveted, and the feelings enraptured in view of the sentiment.”—PORTER’S MUS. CYCLOPEDIA.

In all vocal performance of sacred music, singers should enter into those emotions which are expressed by the poetry. They should avoid a dull, heavy, unfeeling style of performance, and cultivate that which comes from the heart,—which has some soul, some meaning, and which is appropriate to the words and music. There is something in the nature of musical tones when combined with *sacred poetry*, which is heavenly and divine; and in the pious mind, produces that lowly prostration of soul, and those pure affections with which we ought to approach the throne of the Deity

—:o:—

ORIGIN AND UTILITY OF MUSIC.

“The capacity of the human mind for poetry and music has been common to every age and nation; and though too generally perverted to evil and sinful purposes, it was doubtless originally implanted by the CREATOR, for wise and holy reasons, and should be consecrated to His service and glory. Accordingly, hymns or songs of praise form a considerable portion of the Sacred Scriptures, some of which were composed on particular occasions, and sung as a part of solemn worship at the time or afterwards, in commemoration of the transactions celebrated in them.—Ex. 15; 1 Sam. 2; 2 Sam 22.

But it was not with man that this heavenly science originated. It claims to have descended from the skies. For when the Lord “laid the foundations of the earth. . . the morning-stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy.” Job 38: 4-7. And at the nativity of CHRIST, when there appeared to the shepherds “a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and

on earth, peace, good will towards men.” From this we may readily infer that these heavenly songsters were no strangers in Eden, in that day, when the Creator himself walked and talked with his earth born children in Paradise, and that the sound was prolonged by them in that blissful and happy place.

Hence sacred song is coeval with the creation; and the first music of the human voice must have been a holy exercise of a joyous ascription of praise to the bountiful Lord and Creator. And how consoling and heart-cheering has this heavenly science ever since proven to the people of God, both under the Old and the New Testament dispensation, in awakening and strengthening their devotional affections, when holding communion with the Father of Mercies!

What a high rank did music obtain under King David, that sweet singer of Israel, and his son Solomon, who not only cultivated it to a high extent, but by the inspiration of the Spirit of God, furnished materials for the devotional exercises, which are highly valued by the people of God, and have been added to the inspired volume. How great must their influence have been, in promoting this heavenly science, when, at the dedication of the Temple, there were about four thousand singers and players on instruments, (according to 1. Chron. 23: 5,) who performed together with so much accuracy, that their sounds were as ONE SOUND to be heard in praising the Lord. And when they lifted up their voice, with the trumpets and cymbals, and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord: so that the Priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God. 2. Chron. 5: 7-14.

“We can scarcely enlarge our thoughts to conceive the effects which these high praises of God, sung by so vast a multitude, with harmonious elevation of heart and voice, on these joyful occasions, must have produced. It naturally leads us to consider the songs of the redeemed of the Lord in glory: and perhaps we are not in this world, capable of more just and spiritual ideas of them, than are suggested by these subjects, though we may be sure that they are unspeakably more sublime, enlarged, and refined.”

“Hear I or dream I hear their distant strains,
Sweet to the soul, and tasting strong of heaven.”

“How holy, how glorious is the God we worship! How wonderful are his perfections! ‘It is good to sing praises unto his name,’ from the affections of an overflowing heart. What can be more delightful than songs of joy issuing from lips that taste the love of God! Such were the Psalms of David, and such the songs of the primitive Christians, the martyrs, and the reformers. Such are the songs we should cultivate. They will prove a rich foretaste of joys unseen and eternal.”

HARMONIA SACRA.

“ A POET he, and touched with heav'ns own fire,
Who with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul;
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain
In love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains

Breathes a gay rapture through your thrilling breast,
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad:
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
Such was the Bard, whose heavenly strains of old,
Appeased the fiend of melancholy Saul.”—ARMSTRONG.

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PART I.

Containing the Most Appropriate Tunes of Different Metres, for Public Worship.

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METRE 1.

— OLD HUNDRED. L. M. PSALM 106.—WATTS.

The image shows three staves of musical notation for the hymn 'Old Hundred'. The first staff is the treble clef, the second is the alto clef, and the third is the bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and G major. The lyrics are printed below each staff, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first staff, the second line to the second staff, and the third line to the third staff. The lyrics are: '1. To God the Great, the ever bless'd, Let songs of hon-or be address'd; His mercy firm for ev-er stands—Give him the praise his love commands. 2. Who knows the wonders of thy ways? Who shall fulfill thy boundless praise! Bless'd are the souls that fear thee still, And pay their du-ty to thy will. 3. Re-mem-ber what thy mercy did For Ja-cob's race, thy chosen seed; And with the same sal-va-tion bless The meanest sup-pliant of thy grace. 4. Oh may I see thy tribes re-joyce, And aid their-tri-umphs with my voice! This is my glo-ry, Lord, to be Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.'

3. Re-mem-ber what thy mercy did For Ja-cob's race, thy chosen seed; And with the same sal-va-tion bless The meanest sup-pliant of thy grace.
4. Oh may I see thy tribes re-joyce, And aid their-tri-umphs with my voice! This is my glo-ry, Lord, to be Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

1. Now let our souls on wings sub - lime, Rise from the van-i-ties of time, Draw back the part-ing veil and see The glo-ries of e - ter-ni - ty.

2. Born by a new ce - les - tial birth, Why should we grovel here on earth? Why grasp at tran - si - to - ry toys, So near to heav'n's e - ter-nal joys?

3. Shall aught beguile us on the road, When we are walking back to God? For strangers in - to life we come, And dy-ing is but go-ing home.

4. Welcome sweet hour of full dis - charge, That sets our longing souls at large, Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell, And gives us with our God to dwell.

5. To dwell with God, to feel his love, Is the full heaven enjoyed a - bove: And the sweet ex - pec - ta - tion now Is the young dawn of heaven be - low.

METRE 1.

WINDHAM. L. M. HYMN 158, BOOK II.—WATTS.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a trav-el - er.

2. De - ny thy-self and take thy cross, Is the Redeemer's great command; Na-ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain that heav'n-ly land.

3. The fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more, Is but esteemed almost a saint, And makes his own de - stuc-tion sure.

4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Cre-ate my heart en-tire-ly new, Which hypocrites could ne'er at - tain, Which false a - pos-tates nev - er knew.



1. Afflict-ed saint, to Christ draw near—Thy Sa-*vi*or's gra-cious prom-ise hear; His faith-ful word de-*cl*ares to thee, That as thy days thy strength shall be.



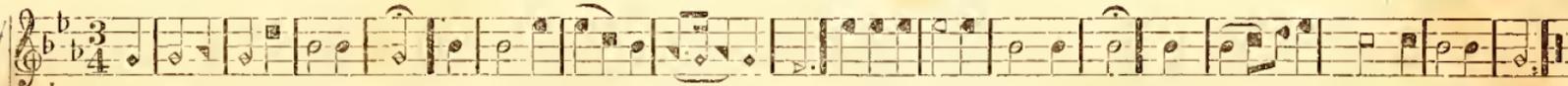
2. Let not thy heart de-spond and say, How shall I stand the try-ing day? He has en-gaged by firm de-cree, That as thy days thy strength shall be.
3. Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong, And if the con-flict should be long, The Lord will make the tempter flee— For as thy days thy strength shall be.



4. Should per-se-cu-tion rage and flame, Still trust in thy re-deem-er's name; In fie-ry tri-als thou shalt see, That as thy days thy strength shall be.
5. When called to bear thy weighty cross, Or sore af-flic-tion, pain or loss, Or deep dis-tress or pov-er-ty— Still as thy days thy strength shall be.

METRE 1.

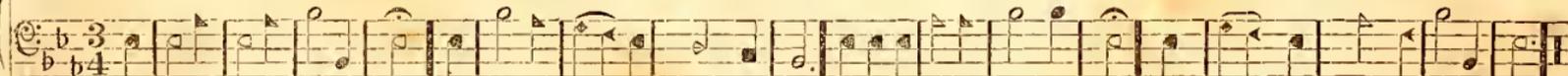
LUTON. L. M. HYMN 285.—ASSEMBLY COLL.



1. Bright as the sun's meridian blaze, Vast as the bless-ings he con-veys, Wide as his reign from pole to pole, And per-ma-nent as his con-trol.



2. So Je-sus let thy king-dom come; Then sin and hell's ter-rif-ic gloom Shall at his bright-ness flee a-way, The dawn of an e-ter-nal day.
3. Then shall the heathen, filled with awe, Learn the blest knowl-edge of thy law, And anti-christ on eve-ry shore, Fall from his throne to rise no more.



4. Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet In pure de-vo-tion at thy feet; And earth shall yield thee, as thy due, Her full-ness and her glo-ry too.
5. O! that from Zion now might shine This heavenly light, this truth di-vine! Till the whole universe shall be But one great tem-ple, Lord, for thee.



1. He dies the Friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep a - round; A sol-ern dark - ness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground.



2. Come saints and drop a tear or two For him who groaned beneath your load; He shed a thous-and drops for you, A thous-and drops, of rich-er blood.

3. Here's love and grief beyond degree, The Lord of glo - ry dies for man! But lo! what sud - den joys we see— Je - sus the dead, re-vives a - gain.



4. The ri - sing God forsakes the tomb, (In vain the tomb for - bids him rise :) Che - ru - bic le - gions guard him home, And shout him welcome to the skies.

5. Break off your tears, ye saints and tell How high your great de-liv'-rer reigns; Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell, And led the monster death in chains.

METRE 1.

BERLIN. L. M. HYMN 11, BOOK II.—WATTS.



1. I send the joys of earth a - way; A-way, ye tempters of the mind, False as the smooth de-ceil-ful sea, And empt - y as the whistling wind.



2. Your streams were floating me a - long Down to the gulf of black de-spair; And whilst I listened to your song, Your streams had e'en con-veyed me there.



3. Lord, I a - dore thy matchless grace That warned me of the dark abyss, That drew me from those treach'rous seas, And bid me seek su - pe-rior bliss.

4. Now to the shi - ning realms a - bove I stretch my hands and glance my eyes; Oh for the pia-ions of a dove, To bear me to the up-ber skies.

1. While on the verge of life I stand, And view the scene on ei - ther hand, My spir - it strug - gles with my clay, And longs to wing its flight a - way.

2. Where Jesus dwells my soul would be, And fains my much loved Lord to see; Earth twine no more about my heart, For 'tis far bet - ter to de - part.

3. Come, ye an - gel - ic en - voys, come, And lead the will - ing pil - grim home! Ye know the way to Je - sus' throne,—Source of my joys, and of your own.

4. That blissful in - ter - view, how sweet, To fall trans - port - ed at his feet: Raised in his arms to view his face, Through the full beamings of his grace.
5. As with a seraph's voice to sing! To fly as on a che - ruh's wing! Performing with un - wea - ried hands, The present Sa - vior's high commands.

1. 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night, When powers of earth and hell arose, A - gainst the Son of God's de - light, And friends betray'd him to his foes.

2. Be - fore the mourn - ful scene be - gan, He took the bread and bless'd and break; What love thro' all his actions ran! What wondrous words of grace he spake.

- 3 "This is my ho - dy broke for sin, Re - ceive and eat the liv - ing food;" Then took the cup and bless'd the wine; "'Tis the new cov' - nant in my blood."
- 4 For us his flesh with nails was torn, He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn; And justice pour'd upon his head Its hea - vy ven - geance in our stead.



1. O hap-py day that fix'd my choice, On thee, my Sa-vior and my God; Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad.



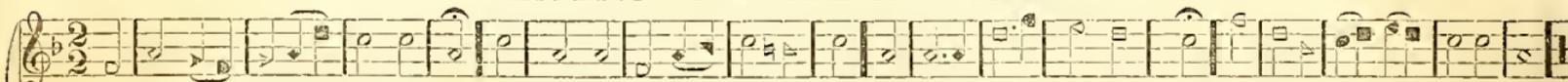
2. O hap-py bond that seals my vows, To Him who mer-its all my love; Let cheer-ful anthems fill his house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.



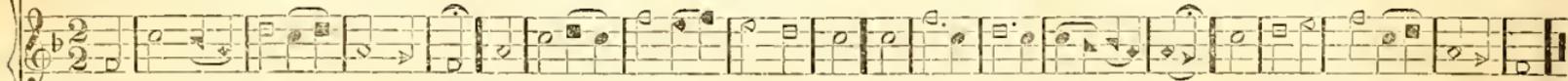
3. 'Tis done—the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and he is mine: He drew me and I followed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine.
4. Now rest, my long di-vid-ed heart, Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-tre rest; With ashes who would grudge to part, When called on angels' bread to feast.

METRE 1.

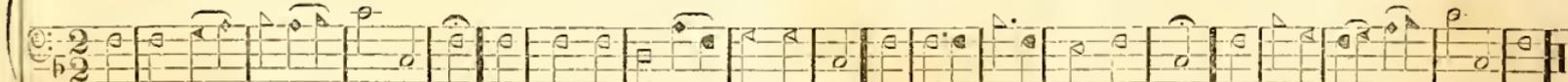
ALFRETON. L. M. HYMN 116.—METH. COLL.



1. O thou to whose all-search-ing sight The dark-ness shi-neth as the light, Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee, O burst these bonds, and set me free.



2. Wash out its stains, re-fine its dross, Nail my af-fec-tions to the cross; Hal-low each thought—let all with-in Be clean as thou my Lord art clean.
3. If in this dark-some wild I stray, Be thou my light, be thou my way; No foes, no vi-o-lence I fear, No fraud while thou, my God, art near.



4. When ri-sing floods my soul o'er-flow, When sinks my heart in waves of woe, Je-sus, thy time-ly aid im-part, And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
5. Sa-vior, wher-e'er thy steps I see, Daunt-less un-tired I fol-low thee; Oh, let thy hand support me still, And lead me to thy ho-ly hill.

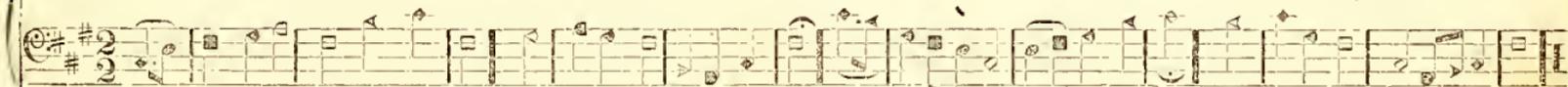


1. When I sur-vey the wond'rous cross, On which the Prince of glory died, My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.



2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.

3. See from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down! Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown.



4. His dy - ing crim-son like a robe, Spreads o'er his bo - dy on the tree; Then am I dead to all the globe, And all the globe is dead to me.

5. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pre-sent far too small; Love so a - ma - zing, so di - vine De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

METRE 1.

TAVOY. L. M. HYMN 1179.—PSALMIST.



1. Lo! round the throne at God's right hand, The saints in countless myriads stand, Of eve - ry tongue redeemed to God, Ar - rayed in gar-ments washed in blood.



2. Through trib-u-la-tion great they came: They bore the cross, despised the shame; From all their la-bors now they rest, In God's e - ter - nal glo - ry blest.

3. Hun - ger and thirst they feel no more; Nor sin, nor pain, nor death de-plore; The tears are wiped from eve-ry eye, And sor - row yields to end - les joy.



4. They see their Sa-rior face to face, And sing the tri-umphs of his grace; Him day and night they ceaseless praise; To him their loud ho - san - nas raise.

5. Wor-thy the Lamb for sin-ners slain, Thro' end-less years to live and reign; Thou hast re-deemed us by thy blood, And made us kings and priests to God.

1. Ye nations round the earth re-joyce Be-fore 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 a-lone Doth life, and breath, and he-ing give; We are his work and not our own— The sheep that on his pas-tures live.

3. En-ter his gates with songs of joy—With prais-es to his courts re-pair, And make it your di-vine em-ploy To pay your thanks and hon-ors there.

4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind, Great is his grace, his mer-cy sure; And the whole race of man shall find, His truth from age to age en-dure.

METRE 1.

BOURBON. L. M. PSALM 130.—WATTS.

1. From deep dis-tress and trou-bled thoughts, To thee, my God, I raised my cries; If thou se-vere-ly mark our faults, No flesh can stand be-fore thine eyes.

2. But thou hast built thy throne of grace, Free to dispense thy pardons there, That sinners may approach thy face, And hope, and love, as well as fear.

3. As the be-night-ed pil-grims wait, And long and wish for breaking day, So waits my soul be-fore thy gate; When will my God his face dis-play.

4. My trust is fix'd up-on thy word, Nor shall I trust thy word, in vain; Let mourning souls ad-dress the Lord, And find re-lief from all their pain.

5. Great is his love, and large his grace, Through the redemption of his Son; He turns our feet from sin-ful ways, And par-dons what our hands have done.



1. Je-sus! dear name, how sweet it sounds! Replete with balm for all our wounds: His word declares his grace is free, Come, need-y sin - ner, "come and see."



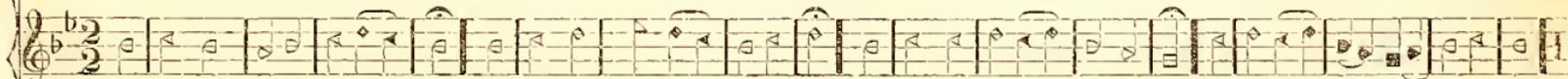
2. He left the shi-ning courts on high, Came to our world to bleed and die; Je-sus the Lord hung on a tree; Come, thoughtless sin - ner, "come and see."



3. Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart, Till death had done its dread-ful part; His boundless love extends to thee; Come trembling sin - ner, "come and see."
4. His blood can cleanse the foulest stain, Can make the vi - lest sin - ner clean; This foun-tain o-pen stands for thee; Come, guilt-y sin - ner, "come and see"



1. Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God, Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad; Let all my powers within me join In work and wor - ship so di - vine.



2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace; His fa - vors claim the highest praise; Why should the wonders he hath wrought Be lost in si - lence and for-got.
3. 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son To die for crimes which thou has done: He owns the ran-som, and for-gives The hour-ly fol - lies of our lives.



4. The vi - ces of the mind he heals; And cures the pain which nature feels; Redeems the soul from hell, and saves Our wasting lives from threatening garves.
5. Our youth de-cay'd, his power re - pairs; His mer-cy crowns our grow-ing years; He fills our store with eve-ry good, And feeds our souls with heavenly food.

1. Ye that pass by, be-hold the Man, The Man of grief condemned for you; The Lamb of God for sinners slain, Weeping, to Cal - va - ry pur-sue.

2. His sa-cred limbs, they stretch, they tear, With nails they fasten to the wood— His sa-cred limbs, exposed and bare, Or on - ly cov - ered with his blood.

3. See there! His temples crowned with thorns, His bleeding hands ex-tend-ed wide His streaming feet transfix-ed and torn, The fountain gush-ing from His side.
 4. Thou dear, thou suff'ring Son of God, How doth thy heart to sin-ners move? Sprinkle on us thy pre-cious blood, And melt us with thy dy - iug love.

METRE 1.

HEBRON. L. M. HYMN 77, BOOK II.—WATTS.

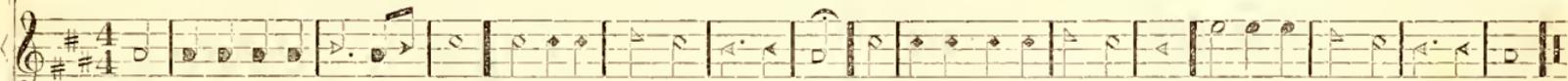
1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos-pel ar - mor on; March to the gate of end-less joys, Where thy great Cap-tain Savior's gone.

2. Hell and thy sins re - sist thy course, But hell and sin are vanquished foes; Thy Je - sus nail'd them to the cross, And sung the tri-umph when he rose.
 3. What though the prince of darkness rage, And waste the fu-ry of his spite, E - ter - nal chains confine him down To fie - ry deeps and end-less night.

4. What tho' thy in-ward lust re - bel, 'Tis but a struggling gasp for life, The weap-ons of vic - to-rious grace, Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.
 5. Then let my soul march bold-ly on, Press for-ward to the heav'n-ly gate; There peace and joy e - ter-nal reign, And glitt'r-ing robes for conq'rors wait.



1. Give to our God im - mor - tal praise ; Mer - cy and truth are all his ways ; Wonders of praise to God be - long ; Re - peat his mer - cies in your song.



2. Give to the Lord of lords re - nown ; The King of kings with glo - ry crown ; His mer - cies ev - er shall en - dure, When lords and kings are known no more.



3. He built the earth, he spread the sky, And fixed the star - ry lights on high : Won - ders of grace to God be - long, Re - peat his mer - cies in your song.
4. He fills the sun with morn - ing light, He bids the moon di - rect the night ; His mer - cies ev - er shall endure, When suns and moons shall shine no more.

METRE 1.

TENDER THOUGHT. L. M. HYMN 42.—RIPPON.



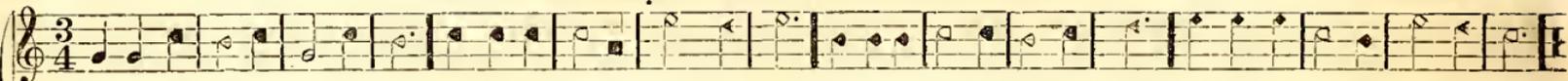
1. A - rise, my tend'-rest thoughts, a-rise, To torrents melt my streaming eyes ; And thou, my heart, with anguish feel, Those evils which thou canst not heal.



2. See hu - man na - ture sunk in shame ; See scandals pour'd on Je - sus' name ; The Father wounded thro' the Son ; The world a - bus'd, the soul undone.
3. See the short course of vain de - light, Clo - sing in ev - er - last - ing night ;—In flames that no abatement know, Tho' bri - ny tears for ev - er flow.



4. My God, I feel the mournful scene ; My bowels yearn o'er dy - ing men ! And fain my pity would reclaim, And snatch the firebrands from the flame.
5. But fee - ble my com - pas - sion proves, And can but weep where most it loves ; Thy own all - sa - ving arm employ, And turn these drops of grief to joy.



1. High in the heav'ns, e - ter - nal God, Thy good - ness in full glo - ry shines; Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud That veils and dark - ens thy de - signs.



2. For - ev - er firm thy jus - tice stands, As mountains their foun - da - tions keep: Wise are the won - ders of thy hands—Thy judgments are a might - y deep.
3. Thy prov - i - dence is kind and large, Both man and beast thy boun - ty share; The whole cre - a - tion is thy charge, But saints are thy pe - eu - liar care.



4. My God, how ex - cel - lent thy grace; Whence all our hope and com - fort springs, The sons of A - dam in dis - tress, Fly to the sha - dow of thy wings.
5. From the pro - vis - ion of thy house We shall be fed with sweet re - past; There mer - cy like a riv - er flows, And brings sal - va - tion to our taste.
6. Life, like a foun - tain, rich and free, Springs from the pres - ence of my Lord; And in thy light our souls shall see The glo - ries promised in thy word.

METRE 1.

BREWER. L. M. HYMN 40, BOOK I.—WATTS.



1. What happy men or an - gels these, That all their robes are spotless white? Whence did this glorious troop arrive, At the pure realms of heav'n - ly light.



2. From tort'ring racks and burn - ing fires, And seas of their own blood they came; But nobler blood has washed their robes, Flowing from Christ the dy - ing Lamb.



3. Now they approach th' Al - might - y throne, With loud ho - san - nas night and day; Sweet anthems to the great Three - One Meas - ure their bless'd e - ter - ni - ty.
4. No more shall hunger pain their souls; He bids their parch - ing thirst be gone, And spreads the shadow of his wings To screen them from the parch - ing sun.



1. Not to con-demn the sons of men, Did Christ, the Son of God, ap-pear, No wea-pons in his hands are seen, No fla-ming sword nor thun-der there.



2. Such was the pi-ty of our God, He lov'd the race of man so well, He sent his Son to bear our load Of sins, and save our souls from hell.



3. Sin-ners, be-lieve the Sa-rior's word, Trust in his might-y name and live; A thous-and joys his lips af-ford, His hands a thous-and blessings give.

4. But ven-geance and dam-na-tion lie On reb-els who re-fuse his grace; Who God's e-ter-nal Son de-spise, The hot-test hell shall be their place.

METRE 1.

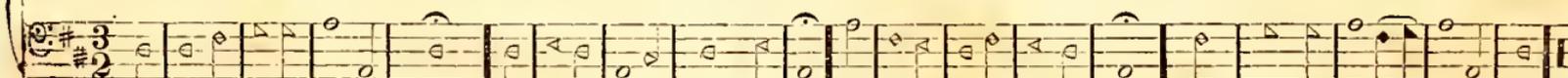
WINCHESTER. L. M. HYMN 481.—RIPPON.



1. No more, dear Savior, will I boast Of beau-ty, wealth, or loud applause, The world has all its glo-ries lost, A-mid the tri-umphs of the cross.



2. In eve-ry fea-ture of thy face Beau-ty her fair-est charms dis-plays; Truth, wis-dom, majesty and grace, Shine thence, in sweet-ly mingled rays.



3. Thy wealth the power of thought transcends, 'Tis vast, immense and all divine; Thy empire, Lord, o'er worlds extends—The sun, the moon, the stars are thine.

4. Yet, (Oh how mar-vel-ous the sight!) I see Thee on a cross ex-pire; Thy God-head veiled in sable night, And an-gels from the scene re-tire.

1. Through eve-ry age, e - - ter - - nal God, Thou art our rest, our safe a - bode; High was thy throne ere heaven was made,

2. Long hadst thou reigned ere time be - - gan, Or dust was fash - ioned in - to man, And long thy king-dom shall en - dure,
3. But man, weak man is born to die, Made up of guilt and van - i - ty; Thy dread-ful sen-tence, Lord, was just;

4. A thous-and of our years a - mount Scarce to a day in thine ac - count; Like yes - ter-day's de - part - ed light,
5. Death, like an o - ver - - flow - ing stream, Sweeps us a - way; our life's a dream; An emp - ty tale; a morn - ing flower,

METRE 1.

ADISHAM. L. M. PSALM 84, PART I.—WATTS.

Or earth, thy hum - ble foot - stool laid.

1. How pleas - ant and di - vine - ly fair, O

When earth and time shall be no more.
"Re-turn, ye sin - ners, to your dust."

2. My flesh would rest in thine a - - bode; My
3. The spar - row choos - es where to rest; And

Or the last watch of end - ing night.
Cut down and with - - ered in' an hour.

4. Bless'd are the saints who sit on high, A -
5. Bless'd are the souls who find a place, With -

Lord of hosts, thy dwell - ings are! With long de - sire my spir - it faints, To meet th'as - sem - blies of thy saints.

pant - ing heart cries out for God; My God! my King! why should I be So far from all my joys and thee.
 for her young pro - vides her nest; But will my God to - spar - rows grant, That plea - sure which his chil - dren want.

round thy throne, a - bove the sky; Thy bright - est glo - ries shine a - - bove, And all their work is praise and love.
 in the tem - ple of thy grace; There to he - hold thy gen - tle rays, And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

METRE 1.

ROCKBRIDGE. L. M. PSALM 92.—WATTS.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing, To show thy love by morn - ing light, And talk of all thy truths at night.

2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mor - tal care shall seize my breast, Oh may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp, of sol - emn sound.

3. My heart shall tri - umph in my Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word; Thy works of grace, how bright they shine, How deep thy coun - sels! how di - vine!

4. Fools nev - er raise their thoughts so high; Like brutes they live, like brutes they die; Like grass they flourish, till thy breath Blasts them in ev - er - last - ing death.

5. But I shall share a glo - rious part, When grace hath well re - fined my heart, And fresh sup - plies of joy are shed, Like ho - ly oil to cheer my head.

1. Who is this fair One in dis - tress, That tra - vels through the wil - der - ness? And press'd with sor - rows and with sine,

2. This is the spouse of Christ our God, Bought with the trea - sures of his blood; And her re - quest, and her com - plain,

3. O let my name en - grav - en stand Both on thy heart and on thy hand; Seal me up - on thine arm, and wear

4. Strong - er than death thy love is known, Which floods of wrath could nev - er drown; And hell and earth in vain com - hine,

5. But I am jeal - ous of my heart, Lest I - should once from thee de - part; Then let thy name be well im - press'd,

METRE 1. KIMBOLTON. L. M. HYMN 132, BOOK I.—WATTS.

On her be - - lov - ed Lord she leans.

1. So let our lives and lips ex - press, The ho - ly gos - pel we pro - fess;

Is hut the voice of eve - ry saint.
The pledge of love for ev - er there.

2. Thus shall we best pro - claim a - broad The hon - or of our Sa - vior God,

To quench a fire so much di - vine.
As a fair sig - net, on my breast.

3. Our flesh and sense must be de - nied, Pas - sion and en - vy, lust and pride;

4. Re - li - gion hears our spir - its up, While we ex - pect that bless - ed hope,

So let our works and virtues shine, To prove the doctrine all divine, To prove the doctrine all divine.

When the salvation reigns within, And grace subdues the power of sin, And grace subdues the power of sin.

While justice, temperance, truth and love, Our inward piety approve, Our inward piety approve.
The bright appearance of the Lord; And faith stands leaning on his word, And faith stands leaning on his word.

METRE 1.

RADNOR. L. M. HYMN 117.—RIPPON.

1. Come, weary souls with sins distressed; Come and accept the promised rest; The Savior's gracious call obey, And cast your gloomy fears away.

2. Oppressed with guilt a painful load; O come, and spread your woes abroad; Divine compassion mighty love, Will all the painful load remove.
3. Here mercy's boundless ocean flows, To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes; Pardon, and life, and endless peace; How rich the gift, how free the grace.

4. Lord, we accept, with thankful heart, The hope thy gracious words impart; We come with trembling, yet rejoice, And bless the kind, inviting voice.
5. Dear Savior, let thy powerful love, Confirm our faith, our fears remove! And sweetly influence every breast, And guide us to eternal rest.

1. Je - sus my Sa - vior, Broth - er, Friend, On whom I cast my eve - ry care, On whom for all things I de - pend,
 2. If I have tast - ed of thy grace, The grace that sure sal - va - tion brings— If with me now thy spir - it stays,
 3. Still let him with my weak - ness stay Nor for a mo - ment's space de - part: E - vil and dan - ger turn a - way,
 4. When to the right or left I stray, His voice he - hind me may I hear: "Re - turn and walk in Christ thy way—
 5. His sa - cred unc - tion from a - hove, Be still my Com - fort - er and Guide, Till all the sto - ny he re - move

METRE 1.

PORTUGAL. L. M. HYMN 343.—RIPPON.

In - - spire and then ac - cept my prayer.
 And hov' - - ring hides me in his wings;
 And keep till he re - new my heart.
 Fly back to Christ, for sin is near.³³
 And in thy lov - ing heart re - side.

1. How love - ly, how di - vine - ly sweet, Oh
 2. Oh bless'd the men, bless'd their em - ploy, Whom
 3. Hap - py the men, whom strength di - vine, With
 4. One day with - in thy sa - cred gate, Af -
 5. God is a Sun— our bright - est day From

Lord! thy sa - cred courts ap - pear; Fain would my long - ing pas - sions meet The glo - ries of thy pres - ence there.

Thy in - dul - gent fa - vors raise To dwell in those a - bodes of joy, And sing thy nev - er - ceas - ing praise.
ar - dent love and zeal in - spires; Whose steps to thy blest way in - cline With will - ing hearts and warm de - sires.

fords more re - - al joy to me Than thou - sands in the tents of state; The mean - est place is bliss with thee.
his re - vi - - ving pres - ence flows; God is a Shield through all the way; To guard us from sur - round - ing foes.

METRE 1.

ABINGDON. L. M. HYMN 75, BOOK I.—WATTS.

1. The wond'ring world in-quires to know Why I should love my Je - sus so! What are his charms, say they, above The ob - jects of a mor - tal love.

2. Yes, my Be - lov - ed to my sight Show a sweet mix - ture red and white; All hu - man beau - ties—all di - vine, In my Be - lov - ed meet and shine.
3. White is his soul from blem - ish free, Red with his blood he shed for me; The fair - est of ten thousand fairs, A Sun amongst ten thousand stars.

4. His head the fi - nest gold ex - cels; There wis - dom in per - fec - tion dwells, And glo - ry like a crown a - dorns Those temples once beset with thorns.
5. Com - pas - sions in his heart are found, Close by the sig - nals of his wounds; His sa - cred side no more shall bear The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.

1. Thou whom my soul ad-mires a-hove All earth-ly joy and earth-ly love, Tell me, dear shep-herd, let me know,

2. Where is the shad-ow of that Rock, That from the sun de-fends thy flock? Fain would I feed a-mong thy sheep,

3. Why should the bride ap-pear like one, That turns a-side to paths un-known? My con-stant feet would nev-er rove,

4. The foot-steps of thy flock I see; Thy sweet-est pas-tures here they be; A wondrous feast thy love pre-pares,

5. His dear-est flesh he makes my food, And bids me drink his rich-est blood; Here to these hills my soul will come,

METRE 1.

CASTLE STREET. L. M. HYMN 47, BOOK II.—WATTS.

Where do thy sweet-est pas-tures grow.

1. Now to the Lord a no-ble song! A-wake, my soul, a-wake my tongue;

A-mong them rest, a-mong them sleep.
Would nev-er seek an-oth-er love.

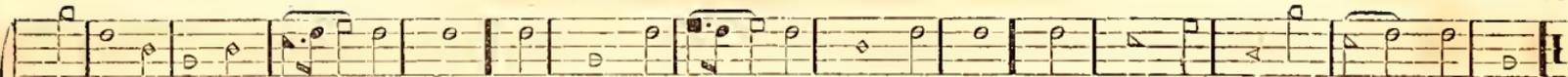
2. See where it shines in Je-sus' face, The bright-est im-age of his grace;

3. The spa-cious earth, the spread-ing flood Pro-claim the wise and pow'r-ful God;

Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.
Till my Be-lov-ed leads me home.

4. But in his looks a glo-ry stands, The no-blest la-bor of thine hands;

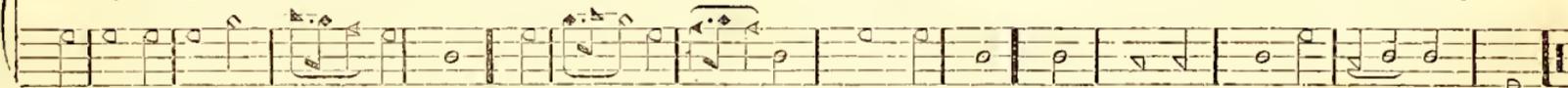
5. Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charm-ing theme, My thoughts re-joice at Je-sus' name,



Ho - san - na to th'E - ter - nal Name, And all his bound - less love pro - claim, And all his bound-less love pro - claim.



God, in the per - son of his Son, Hath all his might - iest works out - done, Hath all his might-iest works out - done.
And thy rich glo - ries from a - far Spar - kle in eve - ry roll - ing star, Spar - kle in eve - ry roll - ing - star.



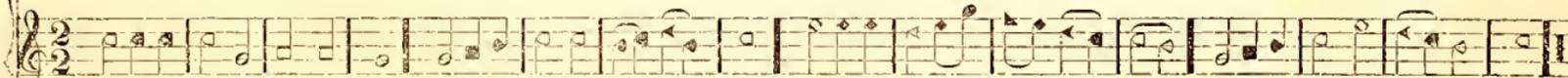
The pleas - ing lus - tre of his eyes Out - shines the won - ders of the skies, Out - shines the won - ders of the skies.
Ye an - gels, dwell up - on the sound, Ye heavens re - flect it to the ground, Ye heavens re - flect it to the ground!

METRE 1.

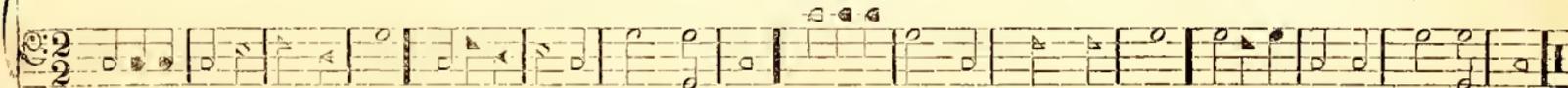
ORLAND. L. M. HYMN 145.—METH. COLL.



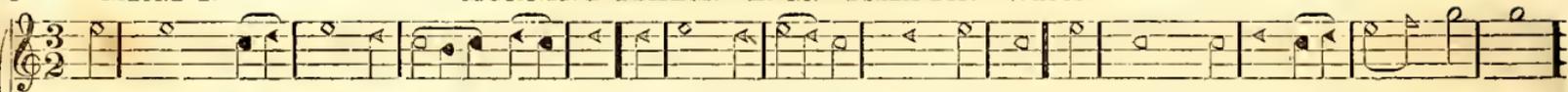
1. Awake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - wake! No lon - ger in thy sins lie down; The gar - ment of sal - va - tion take, Thy heau - ty and thy strength put on.



2. Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight, And hides the promise from thine eyes; Arise, and struggle in - to light— Thy great De - liv' - rer calls a - rise.
3. Shake off the bands of sad de - spair, Si - on as - sert thy lib - er - ty; Look up, thy bro - ken heart pre - pare; And God shall set the cap - tive free.



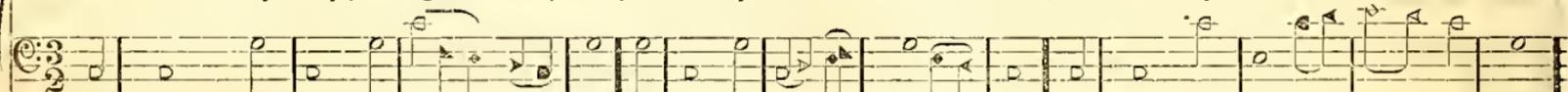
4. Ves - sels of mer - cy, sons of grace, Be purged from eve - ry sin - ful stain; Be like your Lord, his word em - brace, Nor hear his hallowed name in vain.
5. The Lord shall in your front appear, And lead the pom - pous triumph on; His glo - ries shall bring up the rear, And fin - ish what his grace be - gun.



1. My God, ac - cept my ear - ly vows, Like morn - ing in - cense in thy house, And let my night - ly wor - ship rise,



2. Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord, From eve - ry rash and heed - less word; Nor let my feet in - cline to tread

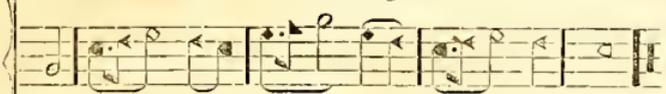


3. Oh may the right - eous when I stray, Smite and re - prove my wand - ring way; Their gen - tle words like oint - ment shed,
4. When I be - hold them pressed with grief I'll cry to heaven for their re - lief, And by my warm pe - ti - tions prove,

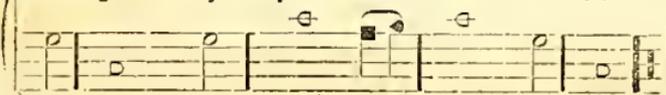
METRE 1. KINGSBRIDGE. L. M. PSALM 63.—WATTS.



Sweet as the eve - ning sac - ri - fice.



The guil - ty path where sin - ners lead.



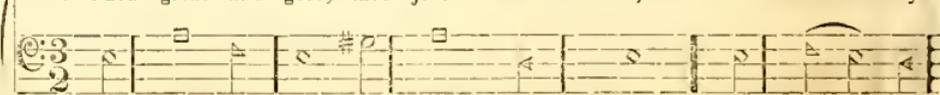
Shall nev - er bruise, but cheer my head.
How much I prize their faith - ful love.



1. Great God, in - dulse my hum - ble claim, Thou art my



2. Thou great and good, thou just and wise, Thou art my



3. With heart and eyes, and lift - ed hands, For thee I
4. With ear - ly feet, I love t'ap - pear A - - mong the



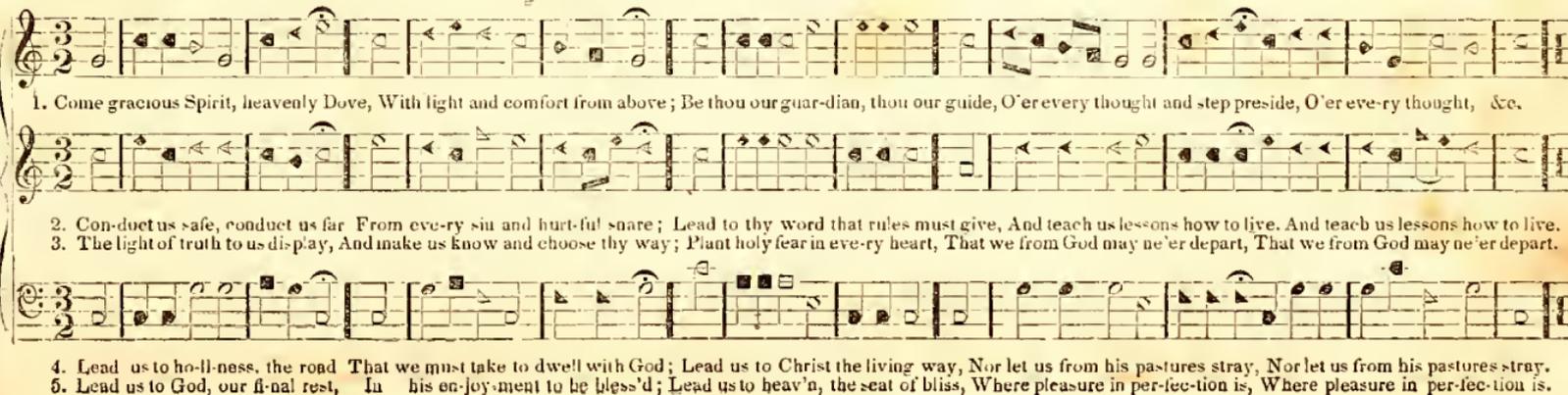
hope, my joy, my rest; The glo - ries that com - pose thy name, Stand all en - gaged to make me blest.

Fa - ther and my God; And I am thine by sa - cred ties— Thy Son, thy ser - vant bought with blood.

long, to thee I look— As tra - vel - ers in thirs - ty lands, Pant for the cool - ing wa - ter brook.
saints, and seek thy face; Oit have I seen thy glo - ry there, And felt the power of sov' - reign grace.

METRE 1.

BRIDGEWATER. L. M. HYMN 211.—CH. PSALMIST.



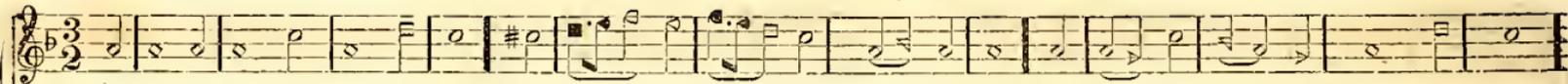
1. Come gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from above; Be thou our guar-dian, thou our guide, O'er every thought and step preside, O'er eve-ry thought, &c.

2. Con-duct us safe, conduct us far From eve-ry sin and hurt-ful snare; Lead to thy word that rules must give, And teach us lessons how to live. And teach us lessons how to live.

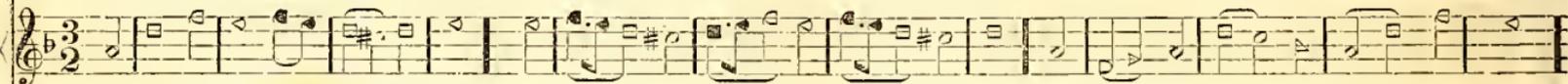
3. The light of truth to us di-play, And make us know and choose thy way; Plant holy fear in eve-ry heart, That we from God may ne'er depart, That we from God may ne'er depart.

4. Lead us to ho-li-ness, the road That we must take to dwell with God; Lead us to Christ the living way, Nor let us from his pastures stray, Nor let us from his pastures stray.

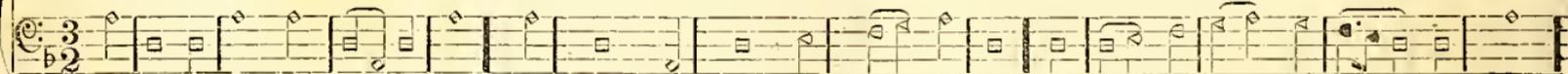
5. Lead us to God, our fi-nal rest, In his en-joy-ment to be bless'd; Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss, Where pleasure in per-fection is, Where pleasure in per-fection is.



1. Re - mem - ber, Lord, our mor - tal state, How frail our life, how short our date! Where is the man that draws his breath,



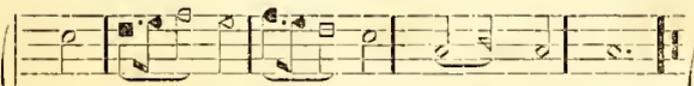
2. Lord, while we see whole na - tions die, Our flesh and strength re - pine and cry; "Must death for - ev - er rage and reign?"



3. Where is thy prom - ise to the just? Are not thy ser - vants turned to dust?" But faith for - bids these mourn - ful sighs,
4. That glo - rious hour, that dread - ful day, Wipes the re - proach of saints a - way, And clears the hon - or of thy word,

METRE 1.

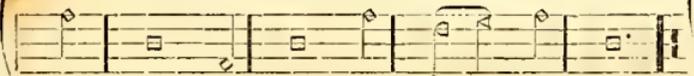
DAWN. L. M. HYMN 621.—LUTH. COLL.



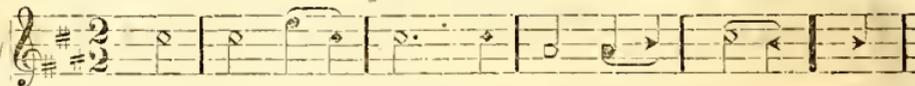
Safe from dis - ease, se - - cure from death?



Or hast thou made man - kind in vain?



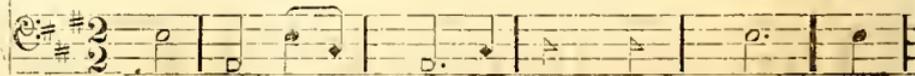
And sees the sleep - ing dust a - rise.
A - wake our souls, and bless the Lord.



1. A - wake my soul, and with the sun, Thy



2. By in - fluence of the light di - - vine, Let -



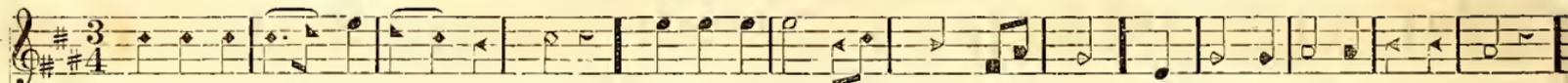
3. Lord! I my vows to thee re - - new; Dis -
4. Di - rect, con - trol, sug - gest this Di - day, All

dai - ly stage of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise, To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
 Thy own light to oth - ers shine, Re - flect all heav'n's pro - pi - tious rays, In ar - dent love and cheer - ful praise.
 perse my sins as morn - ing dew; Guard my first springs of thought and will, And with thy - self my spir - it fill.
 I de - sign to do or say, That all my pow'rs, with all their might, In thy sole glo - ry may u - nite.

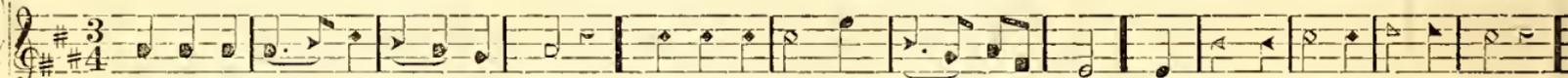
METRE 1.

HIDING PLACE. L. M. HYMN 111.—CHRISTIAN LYRE.

1. Hail sov'reign love that first be-gan, The scheme to rescue fallen man; Hail matchless, free, e - ter - nal grace, That gave my soul a hi - - ding-place.
 2. Against the God that built the sky, I fought with hands uplifted high—De-spised the mansions of his grace, Too proud to seek a hi - - ding-place.
 3. En-wrapt in dark E - gyp - tian night, And fond of darkness more than light, Mad-ly I ran the sin - ful race, Se - cure with-out a hi - - ding-place.
 4. But lo! th' e - ter - nal coun - cil rang—" Al-might-y love, arrest the man; I felt the ar - rows of dis - tress, And found I had no hi - - ding-place.
 5. Vin - dic - tive jus - tice stood in view, To Si - nai's fiery mount I flew; But jus - tice cried with frowning face, This moun - tain is no hi - - ding-place.
 6. But lo! a heav'n - ly voice, I heard, And mercy's an - gel soon appeared; Who led me on a plea - sing pace To Je - sus Christ my Hi - - ding-place.
 7. On him Al-might-y ven - geance fell, Which must have sunk a world to hell; He bore it for his cho - sen race, And thus became their Hi - - ding-place.



1. A - rise! a - rise, with joy sur - vey The glo - ry of the lat - ter day; Al - rea - dy is the dawn be - gun,



2. "Be-hold the way!" ye her - alds, cry: Spare not—but lift your voi - ces high: Con - vey the sound from pole to pole,
3. "Be-hold the way to Zi - on's hill: Where Is-rael's God de - lights to dwell! He fix - es there his loft - y throne,



4. The north gives up—the south no more Keeps back her con - se - cra - ted store: From east to west the mes - sage runs,
5. Aus - pi - cious dawn!—thy ri - sing ray With joy we view—and hail the day; Great Sun of Right - eous - ness! a - rise,

METRE 1. EFFINGHAM. L. M. WATTS' LYRIC POEMS.



Which marks at hand a ris - ing sun, Which marks at hand a ris - ing sun.



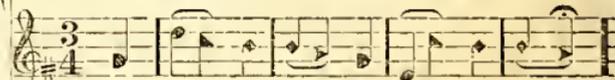
"Glad ti - dings" to the cap - tive soul, "Glad ti - dings" to the cap - tive soul.
And calls the sa - cred place his own, And calls the sa - cred place his own.



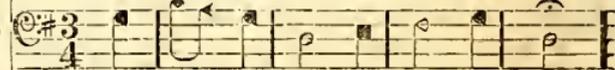
And ei - ther In - dia yields her sons, And ei - ther In - dia yields her sons.
And fill the world with glad sur - prise, And fill the world with glad sur - prise.



1. When shall thy love - ly face be seen?



2. Our months are a - ges of de - lay;
3. Ye heav'n - ly gates, loose all your chains,



4. Hark how thy saints u - nite their cries,
5. Our heart-strings groan with deep com - plaint,

When shall our eyes be-hold our God! What lengths of dis-tance lie be-tween, And hills of guilt a bea-vy load?
 And slow-ly eve-ry mo-ment wears: Fly wing-ed time and roll a-way, These te-dious rounds of slug-gish years.
 Let the e-ter-nal pil-lars bow; Bless'd Sa-vior, cleave the star-ry plains, And make the crys-tal moun-tains flow.
 And pray and wait the gen'-ral doom; Come thou the soul of all our joys, Thou THE DE-SIRE OF NA-TIONS, come.
 Our flesh lies pant-ing, Lord, for thee, And eve-ry limb and eve-ry joint, Stretch-es for im-mor-tal-i-ty.

METRE 1.

VESTAL. L. M. HYMN 277.—VIRGINIA SELEC.

1. Blest Je-sus, source of grace di-vine, What soul-re-freshing streams are thine, O bring these heal-ing waters nigh, Or we must droop, and fall, and die.
 2. No tra-vel-er thro' des-ert lands, 'Midst scorching suns and burn-ing sands, More needs the cur-rent to ob-tain, Or to en-joy re-fresh-ing rain.
 3. Our long-ing souls a-loud would sing, Spring up, ce-les-tial foun-tain, spring; To an a-bun-dant riv-er flow, And cheer this thirst-y land be-low.
 4. May this blest riv-er near my side Through all the des-ert gent-ly glide; Then in Im-man-uel's land a-bove, Spread to a sea of joy and love.

1. Blest are the hum-ble souls that see Their emp-ti-ness and pov-er-ty; Treas-ures of grace to them are given;

2. Blest are the men of bro-ken heart, Who mourn for sin with in-ward smart; The blood of Christ di-vine-ly flows,

3. Blest are the meek who stand a-far From rage and pas-sion, noise and war; God will se-secure their hap-py state,

4. Blest are the souls that thirst for grace, Hun-ger and long for righ-teous-ness; They shall be well sup-plied and fed

5. Blest are the men whose bow-els move, And melt with sym-pa-thy and love; From Christ, the Lord, shall they ob-tain

METRE 1.

HAMILTON. L. M. HYMN 135.—RIPPON.

And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

A heal-ing balm for all their woes.
And plead their cause a-against the great.

1. When at this dis-tance, Lord we trace The va-rious glo-ries of thy face,

2. With thee, in the ob-scu-rest cell, On some bleak moun-tain would I dwell

3. A-way ye dreams of mor-tal joy—Rap-tures di-vine my thoughts employ;

4. On Ta-chor thus his ser-vants view'd His lus-tre when trans-formed he stood;

5. Yet still our el-e-e-va-ted eyes To no-bler vis-ions long to rise;

With liv-ing streams and liv-ing bread.
Like sym-pa-thy and love a-gain.

What trans port pours o'er all our breast, And charms our cares and woes to rest, And charms our cares and woes to rest.

Rath - er than pomp - ous courts be - hold, And share their gran - deur and their gold, And share their grandeur and their gold.
I see the King of glo - ry shine, And feel his love, and call him mine, And feel his love, and call him mine.

And bid - ding earth - ly scenes fare - well, Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleas - ant here to dwell," Cried, "Lord, tis pleasant here to dwell."
That grand as - sem - bly would we join, Where all thy saints a - round thee shine, Where all thy saints a-round thee shine.

METRE 1.

CONFORMITY. L. M. HYMN 243.—ASSEM. COLL.

1. Je - sus my Sa - vior let me be More per - fect - ly conform'd to thee; Im-plant each grace, each sin dethrone, And form my temper like thine own.

2. My foe, when hun - gry, let me feed, Share in his grief, sup - ply his need, The haughty frown may I not fear, But with a low-ly meekness bear.
3. Let the en - ven - om'd heart and tongue, The hand out - stretch'd to do me wrong, Ex cite no feel - ing in my breast But such as Jesus once expressed.

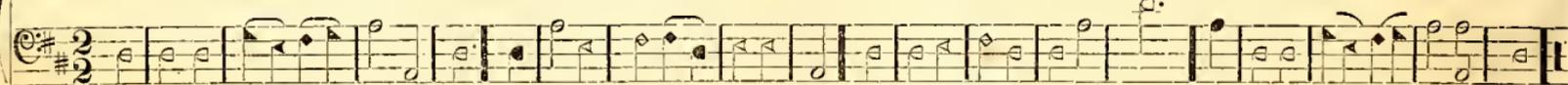
4. To oth - ers let me al - ways give What I from oth - ers would re - ceive; Good deeds for e - vil ones re - turn, Nor when provoked with anger burn.
5. This will pro - claim how bright and fair The pre - cepts of the gos - pel are; And God him self, the God of love, His own re - semblance will approve.



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



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



3. Cold mountains and the midnight air Wit - nessed the fer - vor of thy pray'r; The desert thy temp - ta - tions knew, Thy con - flict and thy vict'ry too
4. Be thou my pat - tern; make me bear More of thy gra - cious im - age here; Then God, the Judge, shall own my name Among the followers of the Lamh.

METRE 1.

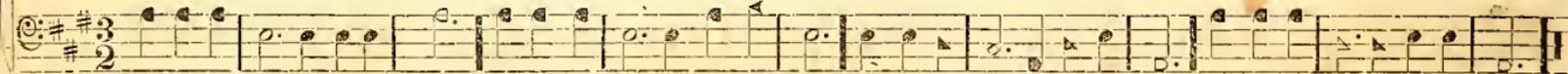
REPOSE. L. M. HYMN 312.—CH. PSALMODY.



1. Thou on - ly Sov' - reign of my heart, My ref - uge, my Al - might - y Friend—And can my soul from thee de - part, On whom a - lone my hopes de - pend ?



2. Whither, ah whither shall I go, A wretched wand'rer from my Lord? Can this dark world of sin and woe One glimpse of hap - pi - ness af - ford?
3. E - ter - nal life thy words im - part On these my faint - ing spir - it lives: Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart Than all the round of na - ture gives.



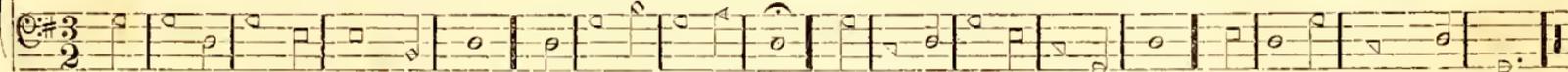
4. Let earth's al - lu - ring joys com - bine, While thou art near in vain they call; One smile, one blissful smile of thine, My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
5. Thy name my inmost powers a - dore, Thou art my life—my joy—my care! Depart from thee?—'tis death—'tis more—'Tis endless ruin, deep de - spair.



1. Sing to the Lord ye dis-tant lands, Ye tribes of eve-ry tongue; His new dis-cov-er'd grace de-mands, A new and no-bler song.



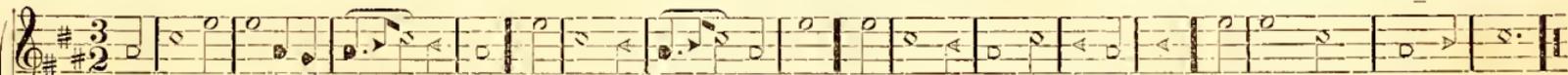
2. Say to the na-tions, Je-sus reigns, God's own Al-might-y Son; His pow'r the sink-ing world sus-tains, And grace sur-rounds his throne.
3. Let heav'n pro-claim the joy-ful day, Joy through the earth he seen; Let cit-ies shine in bright ar-ray, And fields in cheer-ful green.



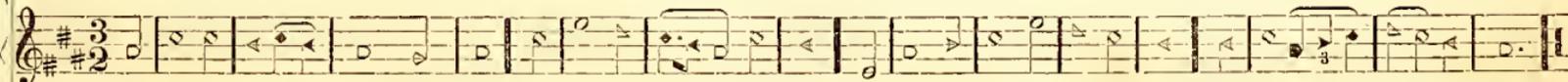
4. The joy-ous earth, the bend-ing skies, His glo-rious train dis-play; Ye moun-tains sink, ye val-leys rise, Pre-pare the Lord his way.
5. Be-hold! he comes, he comes to bless The na-tions as their God; To show the world his right-eous-ness, And send his truth a-broad.

METRE 2.

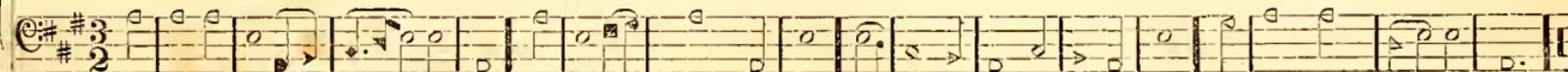
BARBY. C. M. HYMN 309.—PSALMIST.



1. The Sa-rior! O what end-less charms, Dwell in the bliss-ful sound! Its in-fluence every fear dis-arms, And spreads sweet com-forts round.



2. Here par-don, life, and joys di-vine, In rich ef-fu-sion flow, For gUILTY reh-els, lost in sin, And doomed to end-less woe.
3. Th' Almighty Former of the skies Stoop'd to our vile a-hode; While an-gels view'd with wond'ring eyes, And hail'd th'in-car-nate God.



4. Oh, the rich depths of love di-vine, Of bliss, a bound-less store! Dear Sa-rior, let me call thee mine— I can-not wish for more.
5. On thee a-lone my hope re-lies, Be-neath thy cross I fall; My Lord, my Life, my Sac-ri-fice, My Sa-rior and my all.

1. Out of the deeps of long dis - tress, The bor - ders of de - spair, I send my cries to seek thy grace, My groans to move thine ear.

2. Great God! should thy se-ver - er eye, And thine im - par - tial hand, Mark and re - venge in - i - qui - ty, No mor - tal flesh could stand.

3. But there are pardons with our God, For crimes of high de - gree; Thy Son has bought them with his blood, To draw us near to thee.

4. I wait for thy sal - va - tion, Lord, With strong de - sires I wait; My soul in - vi - ted by thy word, Stands watch - ing at thy gate.

5. Just as the guards that keep the night Long for the morn - ing skies, Watch the first beams of break - ing light, And meet them with their eyes.

MÉTRE 2.

BALERMA. C. M. HYMN 550.—VA. SELEC.

1. Shep - herd di - vine, our wants re - lieve, In this our e - vil day; To all thy temp - ted fol - low'rs give The pow'r to watch and pray.

2. Long as our fie - ry tri - als last, Long as the cross we bear; O let our souls on thee be cast In nev - er ceas - ing prayer!

3. The Spir - it of Re - deem - ing grace, Give us in faith to claim; To wres - tle till we see thy face, And know thy hid - den name.

4. Till Thou thy per - fect love im - part, Till thou thy - self be - stow; Be this the cry of eve - ry heart—"I will not let thee go."

5. Then let me on the moun - tain top, Be - hold thy o - pen face; Where faith in sight is swallowed up, And prayer in end - less praise.

1. Ye lit - tle flock whom Je - sus feeds, Dis - miss your anx - ious cares, Look to the Shep - herd of your souls, And smile a - way your fears.

2. Though wolves and li - ons prowl a - round, His staff is your de - fense ; 'Midst sands and rocks, your Shepherd's voice Calls streams and pas - tures thence.

3. Your Fa - ther will a kingdom give, And give it with de - light ; His fee - blest child his love shall call, To tri - umph in his sight.

4. Ten thousand prais - es, Lord, we bring, For sure sup - ports like these ; And o'er the pi - ous dead we sing, Thy liv - ing prom - is - es.

1. God of my life, look gent - ly down, Be - hold the pains I feel ; But I am dumb be - fore thy throne, Nor dare dis - pute thy will.

2. Dis - eas - es are thy ser - vants, Lord, They come at thy com - mand ; I'll not at - tempt a murm'ring word A - gainst thy chast'ning band.

3. Yet I may plead with hum ble cries, Re - move thy sharp re - bukes ; My strength consumes, my spir - it dies, Through thy re - peat - ed strokes.

4. Crushed as a moth be - neath thy hand, We mould - er to the dust ; Our fee - ble pow'rs can ne'er with - stand, And all our beau - ty's lost.

5. I'm but a stran - ger here be - low As all my fa - thers were ; May I be well pre - pared to go When I the sum - mons hear.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'-ry heds of ease, While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood-y 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, In-crease my cour-age Lord; I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by thy Word.

5. The saints in all this glo-rious war, Shall con-quer tho' they die; They see the tri-umph from a - far, And seize it with their eye.

METRE 2.

DIVINITY. C. M. HYMN 75, CH. PSALMIST.

1. A - wake, a - wake the sa-cred song, To our in - car-nate Lord; Let eve - ry heart and eve - ry tongue A - dore th'E-ter - nal Word.

2. That aw - ful Word, that sov'reign Pow'r, By whom the worlds were made, (O hap - py morn, il - lus-trious hour,) Was once in flesh ar - rayed.

3. Then shone Al - mighty pow'r and love, In all their glo-rious forms, When Je - sus left his throne a - hove, To dwell with sin - ful worms.

4. To dwell with mis-er-y be - low, The Sa - vior left the skies, And sunk to wretch-ed - ness and woe, That worth-less man might rise.

5. A - do - ring an-gels tuned their songs, To hail the joy - ful day, With rap-ture, then, let mor-tal tongues Their grate-ful wor - ship pay.

1. Daugh-ter of Zi-on, from the dust Ex-alt thy fall-en head; A-gain in thy Re-deem-er trust, He calls thee from the dead.

2. A-wake—a-wake! put on thy strength, Thy beau-ti-ful ar-ray; The day of free-dom dawns at length, The Lord's ap-poin-ted day.

3. Re-huild thy walls, thy bounds en-large, And send thy her-alds forth; Say to the south, "Give up thy charge, And keep not back, O north!"

4. They come! they come! thine exiled bands, Where'er they rest or roam, Have heard thy voice in dis-tant lands, And hast-en to their home.
5. Thus, though the world at last shall burn, And God his works de-destroy, With songs thy ran-som'd shall re-turn, And ev-er-last-ing joy.

1. How shall the young se- cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choic-est rules im- parts, To keep the conscience clean.

2. When once it en- ters to the mind, It spreads such light a- broad, The meanest souls in- struc- tion find, And raise their thoughts to God.

3. 'Tis like the sun, a heav'n-ly light, That guides us all the day; And thro' the dan- gers of the night, A lamp to guide our way.

4. The men that keep thy law with care, And med-i- tate thy word, Grow wi- ser than their teach-ers are, And bet- ter know the Lord.

5. Thy pre- cepts make me tru- ly wise, I hate the sin- ners road, I hate my own vain thoughts that rise, But love thy law my God.

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

2. It makes the wound-ed spir-it whole, And calms the trou-bled breast; 'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry rest.

3. Dear name! the Rock on which I build, My shield and hi-ding place; My nev-er fail-ing treas-'ry fill'd, With bound-less stores of grace.

4. Je-sus! my Shep-herd, Husband, Friend My Prophet, Priest, and King—My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac-cept the praise I bring.

5. Weak is the ef-fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est thought: But when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought.

METRE 2.

WINTER. C. M. HYMN 273.—VILL. HYMNS.

1. Hap-py the soul that lives on high While men lie grov-'ling here, His hopes are fixed a-bove the sky, And faith for-bids his fear.

2. His con-science knows no se-cret stings, While grace and joy com-bine To form a life whose ho-ly springs Are hid-den and di-vine.

3. He waits in se-cret on his God, His God in se-cret sees; Let earth be all in arms a-broad, He dwells in heav'n-ly peace.

4. His pleas-ures rise from things un-seen Be-yond this world and time, Where neith-er eyes nor ears have been, Nor thoughts of mor-tals climb.

5. He wants no pomp nor roy-al throne To raise his fig-ure here; Con-tent and pleased to live un-known, Till Christ his life ap-pear.



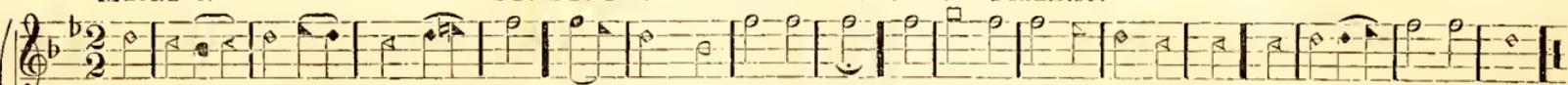
1. Fa - ther ! I stretch my hands to thee, No oth - er help I know ; If thou withdraw thyself from me, Ah, whither shall I go ? Ah whib - er shall I go ?



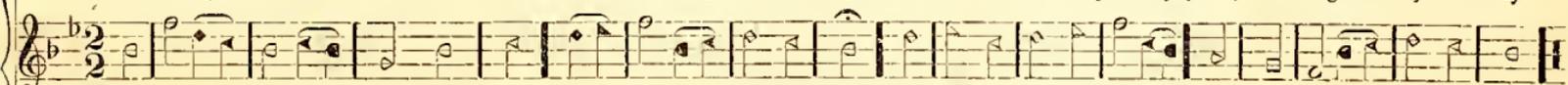
2. What did thine only Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath ! What pain, what labor to se - cure My soul from endless death, My soul from end - less death !
3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel thy power, Now my poor soul thou would'st re - lieve, Nor let me wait one hour, Nor let me wait one hour.



4. An - thor of faith, to thee I lift My wea - ry long - ing eyes ; O let me now re - ceive that gift, My soul without it dies, My soul with - out it dies.
5. Sure - ly thou canst not let me die ; O speak, and I shall live ! And here I will un - wea - ried lie, Till thou thy Spirit give, Till thou thy Spir - it give.



1. When lan - guor and dis - ease in - vade This trem - bling house of clay, 'Tis sweet to look be - yond my pains, And long to fly a - way.



2. Sweet to look in - ward, and at - tend The whis - pers of his love ; Sweet to look up - ward to the place Where Je - sus pleads a - bove.
3. Sweet to look back, and see my name In life's fair book set down ; Sweet to look for - ward and be - hold E - ter - nal joys my own.



4. Sweet to re - flect how grace di - vine My sins on Je - sus laid ; Sweet to re - mem - ber that his blood My debt of suff - ring paid.
5. Sweet in his right - eous - ness to stand, Which saves from sec - ond death ; Sweet to ex - pe - rience day by day, His Spir - its quick'ning breath.

1. Be - hold the glo - ries of the Lamb, A - midst his Fa - ther's throne; Pre - pare new hon - ors for his name,

2. Let el - ders wor - ship at his feet, The church a - dore a - round, With vi - als full of o - dors sweet,

3. Those are the prayers of all the saints, And these the hymns they raise; Je - sus is kind to our com - plaints,

4. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, who shall look In - - to thy se - cret will? Who but the Son shall take that book,

5. He shall full - fil thy great de - crees, The Son de - serves it well; Lo, in his hands the sov - reign keys,

METRE 2.

HEAVENLY JERUSALEM. C. M. HYMN 1166.—PSALMIST.

And songs be - fore un - known.

1. Je - - ru - sa - lem! my hap - - py home, Name ev - er

2. When shall these eyes thy heaven - built walls And pear - ly thy

3. O when thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy

And o - pen eve - ry seal.
Of heaven, and death, and hell.

4. There hap - pier bowers than E - - den's bloom, Nor sin nor

5. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel at

dear to me! When shall my la - hors have an end In joy and peace and thee.
 gates be - hold? Thy bul - warks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shi - ning gold.
 courts as - cend? Where con - gre - - ga - tions ne'er break up, And sab - baths nev - er end.
 sor - row know; Bless'd seats! through rude and stor - - my scenes, I on - ward press to you.
 death dis - may? I've Ca - - naan's good - ly land in view, And realms of end - less day.

METRE 2.

WINDSOR. C. M. HYMN 107, BOOK II.—WATTS.

1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, Th' ap - point - ed hour makes haste, When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the sol - emn test.
 2. Thou love - ly Chief of all my joy, Thou Sov'reign of my heart, How could I bear to hear thy - voice, Pronounce the sound "de - part."
 3. The thun - der of that dis - mal word Would so tor - ment my ear, 'T would tear my soul a - sun - der, Lord, With most tor - ment - ing fear.
 4. What, to be ban - ished for my life, And yet for - bid to die! To lin - ger in e - ter - nal pain, Yet death for - ev - er fly!

1. Come, ye that love the Sa-vior's name, And join to make it known, The Sov'reign of your heart pro-claim, And how he - fore his throne,

2. Be - hold your King, your Savior, crowned With glo-ries all di - vine, And tell the wond'ring na - tions round, How bright these glo - ries shine,

3. In - fi - nite pow'r and boundless grace, In him u - nite their rays; You that have e'er be - held his face Can you for - hear his praise?

4. When in his earth-ly courts we view The glo-ries of our King, We long to love as an - gels do? And wish like them to sing,
5. And shall we long and wish in vain? Lord, teach our songs to rise! Thy love can an - i - mate the strain, And bid it reach the skies,

METRE 2.

SWANWICH. C. M. HYMN 46.—RIPPON.

The Sov'reign of your heart proclaim, And how he - fore his throne.

And tell the wond'ring na - tions round How bright these glo - ries shine.
You that have e'er be - held his face, Can your for - bear his praise.

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in thy word What end - less

2. Here may the wretch - ed sons of want Ex - haust - less

3. Here the fair tree of know - ledge grows, And yields a -

We long to love as an - gels do And wish like them to sing,
Thy love can an - i - mate the strain, And bid it reach the skies.

4. Here the Re - deem - er's wel - come voice Spreads heav - en - ly
5. Oh, may these heav - en - ly pa - ges be My ev - er

glo - ry shines! For - ev - er he thy name a - dored, For these ce - les - tial lines, For these ce - les - - tial lines.

rich - es find, Rich - es a - hove what earth can grant, And last - ing as the mind, And last - ing as the mind.
fresh re - past; Suh - li - mer sweets than na - ture knows, In - vite the long - ing taste, In - vite the long - ing taste.

peace a - round; And life and ev - er - last - ing joys, At - tend the bliss - ful sound, At - tend the bliss - ful sound.
dear de - light, And still new beau - ties may I see, And still in - creas - ing light, And still in - - creas - ing light.

METRE 2.

EVENING TWILIGHT. C. M. HYMN 492.—GER. REF. COLL.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way, From eve - ry cumbr'ing care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.

2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed, The pen - i - ten - tial tear, And all his prom - is - es to plead, Where none hut God can hear.
3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore, And all my cares and sor - rows cast, On Him whom I a - dore.

4. I love by faith to take a view Of hright - er scenes in heav'n; The pros - pect doth my strength renew, While here by tem - pests driv'n.
5. Thus when life's toil - some day is o'er, May its de - part - ing ray Be calm as this im - press - ive hour, And lead to end - less day.

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

2. Sing to the hon-ors of his name, How a poor suff-er-er cried, Nor was his hope ex-posed to shame, Nor was his suit de-nied.

3. When threat-ning sorrows round me stood, And endless fears a-rose, Like the loud bil-lows of a flood, Re-doub-ling all my woes.

4. I told the Lord my sore dis-tress, With hea-vy groans and tears—He gave my sharp-est tor-ments ease, And si-lenced all my fears.

5. Oh, sin-ners! come and taste his love, Come learn his pleas-ant ways; And let your own ex-pe-rience prove The sweet-ness of his grace.

METRE 2.

ISLE OF WIGHT. C. M. PSALM 119, PART XII.—WATTS.

1. My God, con-sid-er my dis-tress, Let Mer-cy plead my cause; Tho' I have sinned a-against thy grace, I can't for-get thy laws.

2. For-bid, for-bid the sharp re-proach Which I so just-ly fear; Up-hold my life; up-hold my hope, Nor let my shame ap-pear.

3. Be thou a sure-ty, Lord, for me Nor let the proud op-press; But make thy wait-ing ser-vant see The shi-nings of thy face.

4. My eyes with ex-pec-ta-tion fail; My heart with-in me cries, When will the Lord his truth full-ful, And bid my com-forts rise.

5. Look down up-on my sor-rows, Lord, And show thy grace the same; Thy ten-der mer-cies still af-ford, To those that love thy name.

1. What wisdom, ma-jes - ty, and grace Thro' all the gos-pel shine! 'Tis God that speaks, and we con-fess The doc - trine most di - vine.

2. Down from his starry throne on high, Th' Al-might-y Sa-rior comes; Lays his bright robes of glo-ry by, And fee - ble flesh as - sumes.

3. The might-y debt that sinners owed Up - on the cross he pays; Then thro' the clouds as-cends to God, 'Midst shouts of lof - tiest praise.

4. There He our great High Priest appears, Before his Fa-ther's throne; Min-gles his mer-its with our tears; And pours sal - va - tion down.
5. Great God, with rev'rence we adore Thy jus-tice and thy grace, And on thy faith-ful-ness and pow'r Our firm de - pen - dence place.

1. My Shepherd will supply my need, Je - ho - vah is his name; In pas-tures fresh he makes me feed, Be - side the liv-ing stream.

2. He brings my wand'ring spirit back When I for - sake his ways, And leads me for his mer - cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

3. When I walk thro' the shades of death, Thy pres - ence is my stay; One word of thy sup - port - ing breath Drives all my fears a - way.

4. Thy hand, in sight of all my foes Doth still my ta-ble spread; My cup with bles-sings o - ver - flows, Thine oil a-noints my head.
5. The sure pro-visions of my God At - tend me all my days; O may thy home be my a - hode, And all my work be praise,

1. When all thy mercies, O my God, My ri-sing soul sur-veys, Trans- port-ed with the view, I'm lost

2. Un-num-bered com-forts to my soul Thy ten-der care be-stowed, Be-fore my in-fant heart con-ceived,

3. When in the slip-'ry paths of youth With heed-less steps I ran, Thine arm un-seen con-veyed me safe,

4. When worn by sick-ness, oft hast thou With health re-newed my face: And when in sin and sor-row sunk,

5. Ten thou-sand thou-sand pre-cious gifts My dai-ly thanks em-ploy; Nor is the least a cheer-ful heart,

METRE 2.

ANTIOCH. C. M. HYMN 41.—CH. HYMN BOOK.

In won-der, love, and praise.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come, Let earth re-ceive her King;

From whom those com-forts flowed.
And led me up to man.

2. Joy to the earth, the Sa-vior reigns, Let men their songs em-ploy,
3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground;

Re-vived my soul with grace.
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4. Blest be the Lord who sent his Son; To take our flesh and blood;
5. Be-hold him ri-sing from the grave; Be-hold him raised on high;

Let eve - ry heart pre - pare him room, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, and heaven and na - ture sing.

While fields and floods and rocks and plains, Re - peat the sounding joy, Re - peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
He come to make his bless - ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.

He for our lives gave up his own, To make our peace with God, To make our peace with God, To make, to make our peace with God.
He pleads his mer - it there to save Transgressors doomed to die, Transgressors doomed to die, Trans - gress - trans-gress-ors doom'd to die.

METRE 2.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. HYMN 145.—CH. PSALMIST.

1. Ma - jes-tic sweet-ness sits enthroned Up - on the Sa - vior's brow: His head with radiant glories crowned; His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

2. No mor-tal can with him compare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is he than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train, Who fill the heav'nly train.
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, 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, And saves me from the grave,
5. To heav'n, the place of his a - bode, He brings my wea - ry feet; Shows me the glories of my God, And makes my joys complete, And makes my joys complete.
6. Since from thy houn - ty I re - ceive Such proofs of love di - vine; Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord! they should all be thine, Lord! they should all be thine.

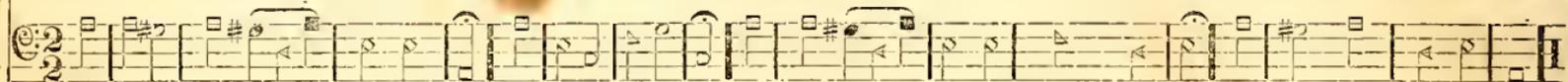


1. Why doth the man of rich-es grow, To in-so-lence and pride, To see his wealth and hon-or flow, With eve-ry ri-sing tide!



2. Why doth he treat the poor with scorn, Made of the self-same clay, And hoast as though his flesh was born Of bet-ter dust than they?

3. Not all his treas-ures can pro-cure His soul a short re-rieve—Re-deem from death one guilt-y hour, Or make his broth-er live.



4. E-ter-nal life can ne'er be sold, The ransom is too high; Jus-tice will ne'er be bribed with gold, That man may nev-er die.

5. He sees the bru-tish and the wise, The tim'rous and the brave, Quit their pos-sess-ions, close their eyes, And hast-en to the grave.

METRE 2.

AWFUL MAJESTY. C. M. HYMN 62, BOOK II.—WATTS.

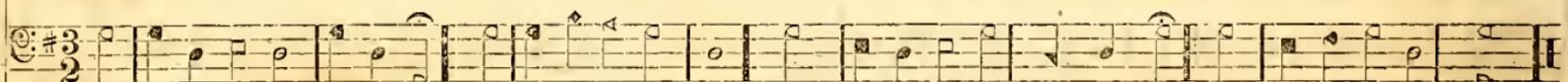


1. Sing to the Lord, ye heav'n-ly hosts, And thou, O earth, a-dore; Let death and hell throughout their coasts, Stand tremb-ling at his power.



2. His sound-ing chariot shakes the sky, He makes the clouds his throne; There all his stores of light-ning lie, Till vengeance darts them down.

3. His nostrils breathe out fiery streams, And from his aw-ful tongue A sovereign voice di-vides the flames, And thun-ders roar a-long.



4. Think, O my soul, that dread-ful day, When this in-cens-ed God, Shall rend the skies and burn the seas, And fling his wrath a-broad.

5. What shall the wretched sin-ners do? He once de-fied the Lord! But he shall dread the Thun-d'rer now, And sink he-neath his word.

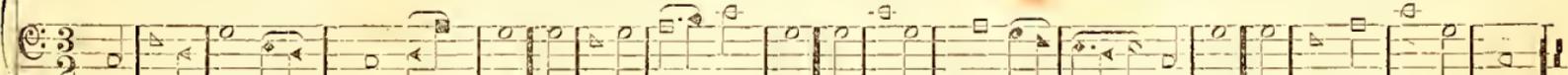


1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way, His won - ders to per - form; He plants his foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.



2. Deep in un - fath - om - - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill, He treas - ures up his bright de - signs, And works his Sov' - reign will.

3. Ye fear - ful souls, fresh cour - age take— The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mer - cy and shall break In bless - ings on your head.



4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust him for his grace: Be - hind a frown - ing Prov - i - dence He hides his smil - ing face.

5. His pur - poses will ri - pen fast, Un - fold - ing eve - ry hour; The bud may have a bit - ter taste, But sweet will be the flower.

METRE 2.

YOUTHFUL PIETY. C. M. HYMN 538.—VILL. HYMNS.



1. Come let us now for - get our mirth And think that we must die; What are our best de - lights on earth, Com - pared with those on high.



2. Our pleas - ures here will soon be past, Our brightest joys de - cay; But pleas - ures there for - ev - er last, And can - not fade a - way.

3. Here sins and sor - rows we de - plore, With ma - ny cares dis - tress'd: But there the mourners weep no more, And there the wea - ry rest.



4. Our dear - est friends, when death shall call, At once must hence de - part; But there we hope to meet them all, And nev - er, nev - er part.

5. Then let us love and serve the Lord, With all our youth - ful pow'rs; And we shall gain the great re - ward, This glo - ry shall be ours.

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

2. So may our eyes with ho-ly zeal Prevent the dawn-ing day, And turn the sacred pa-ges o'er,..... And praise thy name and pray,

3. Midst hourly cares my love pre-sents Its incense to thy throne; And while the world our hands em-ploys,..... Our hearts be thine a-lone,

4. As sanc-ti-fied to no-blest ends, By each re-fresh-ment sought, And by each va-rious prov-i-dence,..... Some wise in-struc-tion brought,
 5. When to la-bo-rious du-ties call'd, Or by temp-ta-tions tried, We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,..... And in thy strength con-fide,

METRE 2.

PARADISE. C. M. HYMN 54, BOOK II.—WATTS.

And spend them in his fear.

1. My God, the Spring of all my joys, The life of my de-light,

2. In dark-est shades, if he ap-pear, My dawn-ing is be-gun!

3. The open-ing heavens a-round me shine, With beams of sa-cred bliss;

Some wise in-struc-tion brought.
 And in thy strength con-fide.

4. My soul would leave this hea-vy clay, At that trans-port-ing word;
 5. Fear-less of hell and gha-st-ly death, I'd break through eve-ry foe;

The glo - ry of my bright - est days, And com - fort of my night, And com - fort of my night.

He is my souls bright Morn - ing Star, And He my Ri - sing Sun, And He my Ri - sing Sun.
While Je - sus shows his heart is mine, And whis - pers, I am his, And whis - pers, I am his.

Run up with joy the shi - ning way, T'em - brace my dear - est Lord, T'em - brace my dear - est Lord.
The wings of love and arms of faith, Should bear me conq' - ror through, Should bear me conq' - ror through.

METRE 2.

AUGUSTA. C. M. HYMN 506.—ASSEMBLY COLL.

1. While Thee I seek, Pro-tect - ing Pow'r Be my vain wishes still'd; And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.

2. Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd—To thee my thoughts would soar; That mer - cy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer - cy I a - dore.

3. In each e - vent of life how clear Thy ruling hand I see! Each bless - ing to my soul most dear, Be - cause con - ferred by thee.

4. In eve - ry joy that crowns my days, In eve - ry pain I hear, My heart shall find de - light in praise, Or seek re - lief in prayer.

5. When gladness wings the fa - vor'd hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Re - signed when storms of sor - row low'r, My soul shall seek thy will.

1. Be-hold the Sa - vior of man - kind Nail'd to the shame - ful tree! How vast the love that him in - clined To bleed—and die for me!

2. "My God," he cries, all na - ture 'shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend! The tem-ple's vail in sun - der breaks—The sol - id mar-bles rend!

3. "'Tis finished—now the ran - som's paid— Re - ceive my soul," he cries; Be-hold he bows his sa - - cred head— He bows his head—and dies!

4. But soon he'll break death's en - vious chain, And in full glo - ry shine: O Lamb of God—was ev - er. pain, Was ev - er love like thine!

METRE 2.

PIETY. C. M. HYMN 173.—CH. PSALMODY.

To bleed—and die for me!

The sol - id mar - bles rend!

He bows his head—and dies!
Was ev - er love like thine!

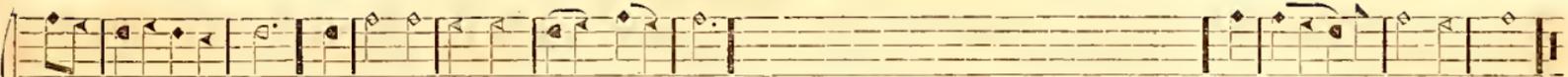
1. Blest Je - sus! when my soar - ing thoughts O'er all thy gra - ces rove,

2. Not soft-est strains can charm my ears Like thy he - lov - ed name!

3. Wher-e'er I look, my wond - 'ring eyes Un - num - bered bless - ings see;

4. Hast thou a ri - val in my breast?—Search, Lord—for thou canst tell;

5. No—thou art pre - cious to my heart, My por - tion and my joy;



O'er all thy graces rove, How is my soul in trans - port lost—How is my soul in trans - port lost— In won - der, joy and love!



Like thy be - lov - ed name; Nor aught be - neath the skies in - spire, Nor aught be - neath the skies in - spire, My heart with e - qual flame.
Un - num - ber'd blessings see; But what is life with all its bliss, But what is life with all its bliss, If once com - pared with thee.



Search, Lord—for thou canst tell If aught can raise my pas - sions thus, If aught can raise my pas - sions thus, Or please my soul so well.
My por - tion and my joy; For - ev - er let thy bound - less grace, For - ev - er let thy bound - less grace My sweetest thoughts em - ploy.

METRE 2.

BETHEL. C. M. PSALM 102.—WATTS.



1. Let Zi-on and her sons re - joice, Be - hold the prom - ised hour; Her God hath heard her mourning voice, And comes t' ex - alt his power.



2. Her dust and ru - ins that re - main, Are pre - cious in our eyes; Those ru - ins shall be built a - gain, And all that dust shall rise.
3. The Lord will raise Je - ru - sa - lem, And stand in glo - ry there; Na - tions shall bow be - fore his name, And Kings at - tend with fear.



4. He sits a Sov'-reign on his throne, With pi - ty in his eyes; He hears the dy - ing pris'ners groan, And sees their sighs a - rise.
5. He frees the souls condemned to death; And when his saints com - plain, It sha'n't be said that "pray - ing breath, Was ev - er spent in vain."

1. With rev'ence let the saints ap - pear And how he - fore the Lord; His high command with rev'ence hear, And trem - ble at his word,

2. How ter - ri - ble thy glo - ries rise, How hright thine ar - mies shine! Where is the pow'r with thee that vies, Or truth compared with thine ?

3. The north - ern pole and south - ern, rest On Thy sup - port - ing hand; Dark - ness and day from east to west Move round at thy com - mand,

4. Thy words the ra - ging winds con - trol And rule the hoisterous deep; Thou mak'st the sleep - ing bil - lows roll The roll - ing bil - lows sleep,

5. Heaven, earth, and air, and seas are thine, And the dark world of hell; They saw thine arm in ven - geance shine When E - gypt durst re - bel,

METRE 2.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. PSALM 122.—WATTS.

His high command with rev'ence hear, And trem - ble at his word.

Where is the pow'r with thee that vies, Or truth com - pared with thine !
Dark - ness and day from east to west Move round at thy com - mand.

Thou mak'st the sleep - ing bil - lows roll, The roll - ing bil - lows sleep.
They saw thine arm in ven - geance shine, When E - gypt durst re - bel.

1. How did my heart re - joice to hear My friends de - vout - ly say,

2. I love the gates, I love the road; The church a - dorn'd with grace,
3. Up to her courts with joy un - known The ho - ly tribes re - pair,

4. He hears our prais - es and com - plaints; And while his aw - ful voice,
5. Peace be with - in this sa - cred place, And joy a con - stant guest!

“In Zi-on let us all ap-pear, And keep the sol-emn day, And keep the sol-emn day, And keep the sol-emn day.”

Stands like a pal-ace built for God, To show his mild-er face, To show his mild-er face, To show his mild-er face.
The Son of Da-vid holds his throne, And sits in judg-ment there, And sits in judg-ment there, And sits in judg-ment there.

Di-vides the sin-ners from the saints, We trem-ble and re-joice, We trem-ble and re-joice, We trem-ble and re-joice.
With ho-ly gifts and beaven-ly grace, Be her at-tend-ants bless'd, Be her at-tend-ants bless'd, Be her at-tend-ants bless'd.

METRE 2.

CONDESCENSION. C. M. HYMN 110, BOOK I.—WATTS.

1. There is a house not made with hands, E-ter-nal and on high! And here my spir-it wait-ing stands, Till God shall bid it fly.

2. Short-ly this pris-on of my clay Must be dis-solved and fall; Then, oh my soul! with joy o-bey Thy heav-enly Fa-ther's call.
3. 'Tis he by his Al-might-y grace, That forms thee fit for heaven, And as an ear-nest of the place, Has his own Spir-it given.

4. We walk by faith of joys to come, Faith lives up-on his word; But while the ho-dy is our home, We're ah-sent from the Lord.
5. 'Tis pleas-ant to be-lieve thy grace, But we had rath-er see; We would he ah-sent from the flesh, And pre-sent, Lord, with thee.

1. I'll speak the ho - nors of my King, His form di - vine - ly fair; None of the sons of mor - - tal race,

2. Sweet is thy speech, and heaven-ly grace Up - on thy lips is shed: Thy God with bless - ings in - - fi - nite

3. Gird on thy sword, vic - to - rious Prince, Ride with ma - jes - tic away, Thy ter - ror shall strike through thy foes,

4. Thy throne, O God! for - ev - er stands; Thy word of grace shall prove, A peace - ful scep - tre in thy hand, Jus - tice and truth at - tend thee still, But mer - cy is thy choice; And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill,

METRE 2.

SALFORD. C. M. HYMN 125.—WATTS.

May with their Lord..... com - pare.

1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of our High Priest a - bove, Of our high Priest a - bove,

Hath crown'd thy Sa..... cred head.
And make the world..... o - bey.

2. Touched with a sym - pa - thy with - in, He knows our fee - ble frame; He knows our fee - ble frame;

3. He, in the days of fee - ble flesh, Pour'd out strong cries and tears, Pour'd out strong cries and tears,

To rule thy saints..... by love.
With most pe - cu..... liar joys.

4. He'll nev - er quench the smo - king flax, But raise it to a flame; But raise it to a flame;

5. Then let our hum - ble faith ad - dress His mercy and his pow'r; His mercy and his pow'r;

His heart is made of ten-der - - ness, His heart is made of ten-der - ness, His bow- els melt with love.

He knows what sore temp-ta-tions mean, He knows what sore temp-ta-tions mean, For he- hath felt the same.
And in his mea - - sure feels a - fresh, And in his mea - sure feels a - fresh What eve- - ry mem-ber bears.

The bruised reed be nev - er breaks, The bruised reed he nev - er breaks, Nor scorns- the mean-est name.
we shall ob - tain de - liv- 'ring grace, We shall ob - tain de - liv- 'ring grace, In tbe- dis - tress - ing hour.

METRE 2.

CONSOLATION. C. M. HYMN 6, BOOK II.—WATTS.

1. Once more, my soul, the ri - sing day, Sa-lutes thy wa-king eyes; Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay, To him that rules the skies.

2. Night nn - to night his name re - peats; The day re - news the sound, Wide as the beav'n on which he sits To turn the sea - sons round.
3. 'Tis he sup - ports my mor - tal frame; My tongue shall speak his praise; My sins would rouse his wrath to flame, And yet his wratb de - lays.

4. On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread, And I could ne'er with-stand; Thy jus - tice might have crushed me dead, But mer - cy beld thy hand.
5. A thou - sand wretch - ed souls are fled, Since the last set - ting sun, And yet thou length'nest nut my thread, And yet my mn - ments run.



1. Ho-san-na to the Prince of light, That clothed him-self in clay, En-ter'd the i-ron gates of Death, And tore the bars a-way.



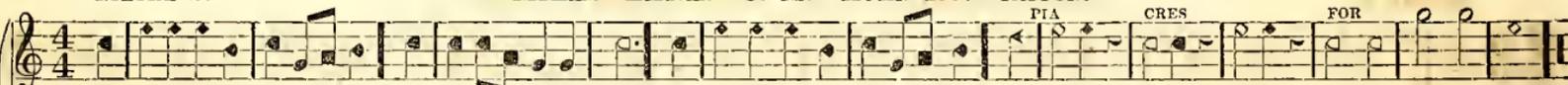
2. Death is no more the king of dread, Since our Im-man-uel rose; He took the ty-rant's sting a-way, And spoiled our hell-ish foes.
3. See how the conq'ror mounts a-loft, And to his Fa-ther flies, With scars of ho-nor in his flesh, And tri-umph in his eyes.



4. There our ex-alt-ed Sa-vior reigns, And scat-ters blessings down; Our Je-sus fills the mid-dle seat Of the ce-les-tial throne.
5. Raise your de-votion, mor-tal tongues, To reach his bless'd a-hode; Sweet be the ac-cents of your songs, To our in-car-nate God.

METRE 2.

MILES' LANE. C. M. HYMN 177.—RIPPON.



1 All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.



2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from his al-tar call; Ex-tol the Stem of Jes-se's rod, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, Lord of all.
3. Ye cho-osen seed of Is-rael's race, A rem-nant weak and small, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, Lord of all.



4. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er for-get The worm-wood and the gall; Go spread your tro-phies at his feet, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, Lord of all.
5. Babes, men and sirs, who know his love, Who feel your sins and thrall, Now join with all the hosts above, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, Lord of all.

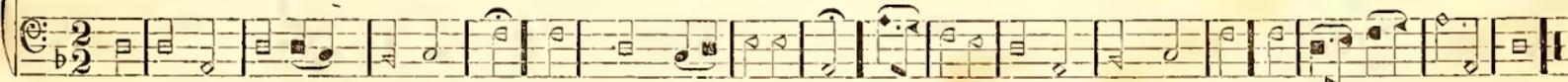


1. Je - sus, thou art the sin - ner's Friend, As such I look to thee; Now in the bow - els of thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.



2. Re - mem - ber thy pure word of grace, Re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry; Re - mem - ber all thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me.

3. Thou wond'rous Ad - vo - cate with God, I yield my - self to thee; While thou art sit - ting on thy throne, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.



4. I own I'm guilt - y, own I'm vile, But thy sal - va - tion's free; Then in thy all - a - bound - ing grace, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

5. How - e'er for - sa - ken or dis - tress'd, How - e'er op - press'd I be; How - e'er af - flict - ed here on earth, Do thou re - mem - ber me.

6. And when I close my eyes in death, And crea - ture helps all flee, Then, O my great Re - deem - er God, I pray, re - mem - ber me.

METRE 2.

SOLO. C. M. HYMN 128.—VILL. HYMNS.

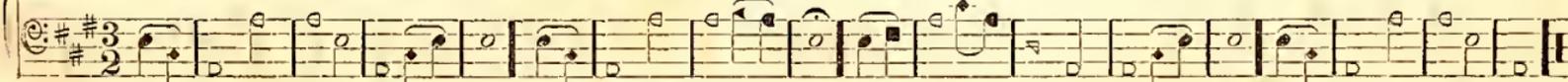


1. There is a foun - tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins, And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.



2. The dy - ing their re - joic'd to see That Foun - tain in his day; And there may I as vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r, Till all the ran - som'd church of God Be saved to sin no more.



4. Ere since by faith I saw the stream, Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply, Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

5. When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue, Lies si - lent in the grave, Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save.

Slow and Solemn.

FUNERAL THOUGHT. C. M. HYMN 63, BOOK II.—WATTS.

1. Hark, from the tombs a dole-ful sound! My ears at-tend the cry; "Ye liv-ing men, come view the ground, Where you must short-ly lie,"

2. "Princ-es, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your towers; The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head, Must lie as low as ours,"

3. Great God, is this our cer-tain doom? And are we still se-ure? Still walking downward to the tomb, And yet pre-pare no more?
 4. Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace, To fit our souls to fly; Tben when we drop this dy-ing flesh, We'll rise a-bove the sky,

METRE 2.

YOUTHFUL GLORY. C. M. HYMN 503.—REF. COLL.

Ye liv-ing men, come view the ground, Where you must shortly lie."

The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head, Must lie as low as ours."

1. O, in the morn of life, when youth With vi-tal ar-dor glows,

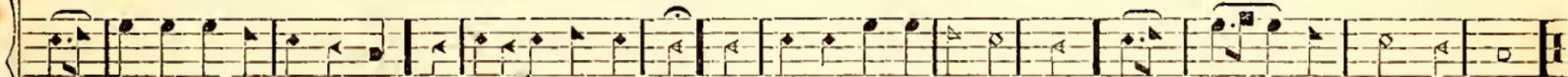
2. Deep in thy soul, be-fore its powers Are yet by vice en-slaved,
 3. Ere yet the sbads of sor-row cloud The sun-shine of thy days;

Still walk-ing downward to the tomb, And yet pre-pare no more.
 Then when we drop this dy-ing flesh, We'll rise a-bove the sky.

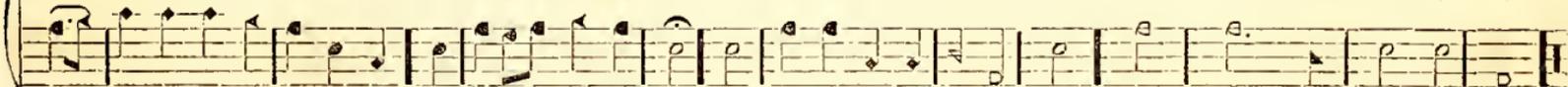
4. Ere yet the heart the woes of age, With vain re-gret de-lore,
 5. True wisdom, ear-ly sought and gained, In age will give thee rest,



And shines in all the fair-est charms, That beauty can dis - close ; And shines in all the fair-est charms, That beau - ty can dis - close.



Be thy Cre - a - tor's glorious name And char - ac - ter en - graved ; Be thy Cre - a - tor's glorious name And char - ac - ter en - graved.
And cares and toils in end-less round, En - com - pass all thy ways ; And cares and toils in end-less round, En - com - pass all thy ways.



And sad - ly muse on for - mer joys, That now re - turn no more ; And sad - ly muse on for - mer joys, That now re - turn no more.
O, then im - prove the morn of life, To make its eve - ning blest ; O, then im - prove the morn of life, To make its eve - ning blest.

METRE 2.

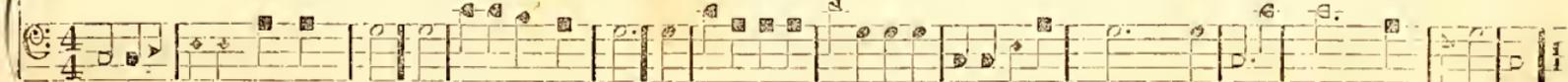
DIVINE PROTECTION. C. M. HYMN 249.—SACRED SONGS.



1. How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord, How sure is their defence ! E - ter - nal wisdom is their guide, E - ter - nal wisdom is their guide, Their help om - nip - o - tence.



2. In for - eign realms and lands remote, Sup - port - ed by thy care, Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt, Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt, And breathe in tainted air.
3. When by the dread - ful tem - pest borne High on the bro - ken wave, They know thou art not slow to hear, They know thou art not slow to hear, Nor im - po - tent to save.



4. The storm is laid ; the winds re - tire, O - be - dient to thy will ; The sea that roars at thy command, The sea that roars at thy command, At thy com - mand is still.
5. In midst of dan - ger, fear and death, Thy goodness we'll a - dore ; We'll praise thee for thy mercies past, We'll praise thee for thy mercies past, And hum - bly wish for more.

1. Hark, from on high those blissful strains! Whence can such sweetness be? Have an-gels waked their golden harps With heav'n's own min-strel-sy?

2. Or do we hear the che-rub voice Of in-fant bands who raise, Soar-ing from earth, ce-les-tial notes In their Cre-a-tor's praise?

3. Thus spake the shepherds—yet with dread, So strange the sounds they heard, While o'er their slumb'ring flocks they kept Their wonted nightly guard,

4. And soon they saw a daz-zling light Beam thro' the star-ry way, And shi-ning ser-aphs clust'ring where The in-fant Je-sus lay,

5. They came a Savior's hirth to tell, And tunes of rap-ture sing; Hence the glad notes that filled the air—Each swept his loudest string,

6. But now in ac-cents soft and kind, The chief-tain an-gel said. "Heaven's tidings of great joy we bear—Shep-herds, be not a-fraid,

METRE 2.

TISBURY. C. M. HYMN 7, BOOK I.—WATTS.

With heav'n's own min-strel-sy?
In their Cre-a-tor's praise.

1. Let eve-ry mor-tal ear at-tend, And eve-ry heart re-joice; The trump-et
2. Ho! all ye hun-gry, starv-ing souls, That feed up-on the wind, And vain-ly

Their wont-ed night-ly guard.
The in-fant Je-sus lay.

3. E-ter-nal wis-dom has pre-pared A soul-re-viv-ing feast, And bids your
4. Ho! ye that pant for liv-ing streams, And pine a-way and die; Here you may

Each swept his loud-est string.
Shep-herds, be not a-fraid.

5. Riv-ers of love and mer-cy here In a rich o-cean join; Sal-va-tion
6. Ye per-ish-ing and na-ked poor Who work with might-y pain To weave a

of the gos - pel sounds, The trump - et of the gos - pel sounds, With, an in - vi - ting voice, With an in - vi - ting voice, With an in - vi - ting voice.
 strive with earth - ly toys, And vain - ly strive with earth - ly toys, To fill an emp - ty mind, To fill an emp - ty mind, To fill an emp - ty mind.

long - ing ap - pe - tites, And bids your long - ing ap - pe - tites, The rich provision taste, The rich provision taste, The rich pro - vision taste.
 quench your ra - ging thirst, Here' you may quench your ra - ging thirst, With springs that never dry, With springs that never dry, With springs that never dry.

in a - bun - dance flows, Sal - va - tion in a - bun - dance flows, Like floods of milk and wine, Like floods of milk and wine, Like floods of milk and wine.
 gar - ment of your own, To weave a gar - ment of your own, That will not hide your sin, That will not hide your sin.

METRE 2.

NEW MARK. C. M. HYMN 496.—ASSEM. COLL.

1. Let Zi - on's watchmen all a - wake, And take th'a - larm they give: Now let them from the mouth of God, Their sol - emn charge re - ceive.

2. 'Tis not a cause of small im - port The pas - tor's care demands, But what might fill an angel's heart—It fill'd a Sa - vior's hands.
 3. They watch for souls, for which the Lord Did heavenly bliss fore - go— For souls which must for - ev - er live In rap - tures or in woe.

4. All to the great tri - hu - nal haste, Th' ac - count to ren - der there; And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults, Lord, how should we ap - pear?
 5. May they that Je - sus whom they preach, Their own Re - deem - er see; And watch thou dai - ly o'er their souls, That they may watch for Thee.

1. A - las and did my Sa - vor bleed, And did my Sov'-reign die? Would he de - vote that sac - red head, For such a worm as I?

2. Thy bo - dy slain, sweet Je - sus, thine, And bathed in its own blood, While all ex - posed to wrath di - vine; The glo - rious suff'-rer stood.

3. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up - on the tree; A - ma - zing pi - ty! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree.

4. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide And shut his glo - ries in, When God, the might - y Ma - ker died, For man the crea - ture's sin.

5. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, While his dear cross ap - pears, Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt my eyes to tears.

METRE 2.

PLEYEL'S SECOND. C. M. (DOUBLE.) HYMN 324.—METH. COLL.

1. O joy - ful sound of gos - pel grace, Christ shall in me ap - pear; I e - ven I shall see his face, I shall be ho - ly here.

2. The prom - ised land from Pis - gab's top, I now ex - ult to see; My hope is full (O glo - rious hope!) Of im - mor - tal - i - ty.

3. With me I know, I feel thou art, But this can - not suf - fice, Un - less thou plantest in my heart A con - stant par - a - dise.

4. Come, oh my God! thy - self re - veal, Fill all this migh - ty void; Thou on - ly canst my spir - it fill— Come oh my God! my God!

The glo-ri-ous crown of right-eous-ness, To me reach'd out I view; Conq'-ror thro' him, I soon shall seize, And wear it as my due.

He vis-its now this house of clay, He shakes his fu-ture home; O wouldst thou, Lord, in this glad day, In-to thy tem-ple come.

My earth thou wat'rest from on high, But make it all a pool; Spring up, oh well, I ev-er cry, Spring up with-in my soul.
 Full-fil, full-fil my large de-sires, Large as in-fin-i-ty; Give, give me all my soul re-quires, All, all that is in thee.

METRE 2.

NINETY-FIFTH. C. M. PSALM 118.—WATTS.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours his own; Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad, Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad, And praise sur-round the throne.

2. To-day he rose and left the dead, And Sa-tan's em-pire fell; To-day the saints his triumph spread, To-day the saints his triumph spread, And all his wonders tell.

3. Ho-san-na to th' a-noint-ed Kind, To Da-vid's Ho-ly Son; Help us, O Lord, descend and bring, Help us, O Lord, descend and bring, Sal-va-tion from thy throne.

4. Blest is the Lord who comes to men With messages of grace, Who comes in God his Father's name, Who comes in God his Father's name. To save our sin-ful race.
 5. Ho-san-na in the highest strains The church on earth can raise; The highest heav'n's in which he reigns, The highest heav'n's, &c., Shall give him nob-ler praise.

1. A - ma - zing grace, how sweet the sound, That sav'd a wretch like me ;
I once was lost but now am found, Was blind, but now I see ; } Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see,

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - liev'd ;
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - liev'd ! } The hour I first be - liev'd, The hour I first be - liev'd,

3. Through many dangers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come ;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home ; } And grace will lead me home, And grace will lead me home,

4. And when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,
I shall pos - sess with - in the vail, A life of joy and peace ; } A life of joy and peace, A life of joy and peace ;

METRE 2.

WILTSHIRE. C. M. HYMN 75, BOOK II.—WATTS.

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

How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - liev'd.

'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
I shall pos - sess with - in the vail, A life of joy and peace.

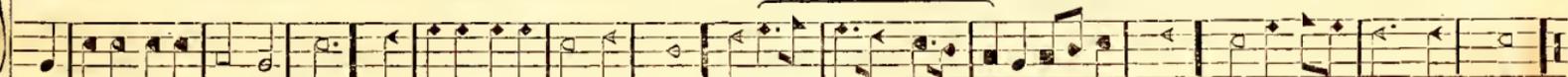
1. From thee my God, my joys shall rise, And run e - ter - nal rounds,

2. The ho - ly tri - umphs of my soul Shall death it - self out - brave,
3. There, where my blessed Je - sus reigns, In heaven's nnmeasred space,

4. Mil - lions of years my wond' - ring eyes Shall o'er thy beau - ties rove,
5. Haste my Be - lov - ed, fetch my soul Up to thy bless'd a - bode,



Be-yond the lim-its of the skies, Be-yond the lim-its of the skies, And all..... cre-a - ted bounds, And all cre-a - ted bounds.



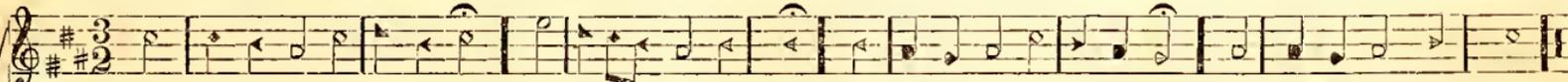
Leave dull mor-tal-i-ty be - hind, Leave dull mor-tal-i-ty he - hind, And fly..... be - yond the grave, And fly be - yond the grave.
I'll spend a long e-ter - ni - ty, I'll spend a long e - ter - ni - ty, In plea..... sure and in praise, In plea-sure and in praise.



And end - les a - ges I'll a-dore, And end-less a-ges I'll a - dore, The glo..... ries of thy love, The glo-ries of thy love.
Fly, for my spirit longs to see, Fly, for my spir-it longs to see, My Sa..... vior and my God, My Sa- vior and my God.

METRE 2.

ROCHESTER. C. M. PSALM 34.—WATTS.



1. Come, children learn to fear the Lord; And that your days he long, Let not a false or spite-ful word, Be found up - on your tongue.



2. De - part from mischief practice love, Pur - sue the works of peace; So shall the Lord your ways ap-prove, And set your souls at ease.
3. His eyes a - wake to guard the just, His ears at - tend their cry When hro-ken spir - its dwell in dust, The God of grace is nigh.



4. What though the sor-rows here they taste Are sharp and te-dious too, The Lord who saves them all at last, Is their sup-port - er now.
5. When des - o - la - tion like a flood, O'er the proud sin - ner rolls, Saints find a ref - uge in their God, For he re-deemed their souls.

1. My dear-est, love-ly, na-tive land, Where peace and plea-sure grow,
Where joy with fair-est, soft-est hand, Wipes off the tears of woe— } Thy Sab-haths, laws, and happy shores, And names, I love them well,

2. O sa-cred home, how sweet thou art, And all thy scenes how dear! }
Thou dost with cords entwine my heart, And seem'st to say, "stay here!" } Thou al-ways didst an an-gel prove, My youth-ful fears to quell,

3. My pa-rents, brothers, sisters, friends, My warm af-fec-tion know,
And love from each my path at-tends, And can I from them go,
4. No sighs of grief my bo-som heave, No tears of an-guish roll;
My friends, my all I glad-ly leave, For Je-sus cheers my soul. } The thoughts of days that now are past, No pen nor tongue can tell;
Ye winds, then, waft me far a-way, The tale of love to tell;

METRE 2.

MOUNT PLEASANT. C. M. HYMN 41, BOOK I.—WATTS.

And look-ing o'er those rich-est stores, How can I say, Fare-well!

Thou STILL art clad with smiles of love, And can I say, Fare-well!

Though to my heart they cling so fast, Yet I must say, Fare-well!
To coun-try, home, and friends I say, Fare-well! O yes! Fare-well!

1. These glo-ri-ous minds, how bright they shine! Whence all their

2. From tort'-ring pains to end-less joys, On fie-ry

3. Now they ap-proach a spot-less God, And bow be-

4. The un-veiled glo-ries of his face A-mong his

5. Tor-ment-ing thirst shall leave their souls, And hun-ger

white..... ar - ray? How came they to these hap - py seats Of ev - er - last - ing day, Of ev - er - last - ing day.

wheels..... they rode, And strange - ly washed their rai - ment white, In Je - sus' dy - ing Blood, In Je - sus' dy - - ing blood,
fore..... his throne; Their warb - ling harps and sa - cred songs A - dore the Ho - ly One, A - dore the Ho - - ly One.

saints..... re - side, While the rich treas - ure of his grace Sees all their wants sup - plied, Sees all their wants sup - plied.
flee..... as fast; The fruit of life's im - mor - tal tree Shall be their sweet re - past, Shall be their sweet re - past.

METRE 2.

MARTYRS. C. M. HYMN 296.—CHURCH PSALMODY.

1. Oh thou whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's humble sigh; Whose hand in - dul - gent, wipes the tears from sorrow's weep - ing eye.

2. See, Lord, be - fore thy throne of grace, A wretched wand'rer mourn: Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said "re - turn?"

3. And shall my guilt - y fears pre - vail To drive me from thy feet? Oh, let not this dear ref - uge fail, This on - ly safe re - treat.

4. Ab - sent from thee, my Guide, my Light! With - out one cheering ray, Through dangers, fears and, gloom - y, nights, How des - o - late my way.
5. Oh! shiue on this be - night - ed heart! With beams of mercy shine? And let thy heal - ing voice im - part A taste of joy di - vine.

1. Ye glitt'ring toys of earth, a - dieu, A no-bler choise be mine; } Be-gone, un-wor-thy of my cares, Ye spe-cious baits of sense;
A re-al prize at-tracts my view, A trea-sure all di-vine; }

2. Je-sus, to mul-ti-tudes un-known,— O name di-vine - ly sweet! } Should both the In-dies at my call Their boast-ed stores re-sign;
Je-sus, in thee, in thee a-lone, Wealth, ho-nor, plea-sure meet! }

3. Should earth's vain treasures all de-part, Of this dear gift pos-sess'd, } Dear Sov'reign of my soul's de-sires, Thy love is bliss di-vine;
I'd clasp it to my joy-ful beart, And be for-ev-er bless'd; }

METRE 2.

BLESSED INFANCY. C. M. HYMN 556.—RIPPON.

In - es - ti - ma - ble worth ap-pears The pearl of price im - mense.

With joy I would re-nounce them all, For leave to call thee mine.

Ac - cept the wish that love in-spires, And hid me call thee mine.

1. Thy life I read my dear - est Lord, With trans port all di - vine,
2. Me-thinks I see a thou - sand charms Spread o'er thy love - ly face,

3. "I take these lit-tle Lambs," said he, And lay them in my breast
4. Death may the bands of life un - loose, Bnt can't dis - solve my love :

5. Their fee-ble frames my power shall raise, And mould with heav-enly skill,

Thine im - age trace in eve - ry word, Thy love in eve - ry line; Thy love in eve - ry line.
 While in - fants in thy ten - der arms Re - ceive the smi - ling grace; Re - ceive the smi - ling grace.

Pro - tec - tion they shall find in me, In me be ev - er bless'd, In me be ev - er bless'd.
 Mil - lions of in - fant souls com - pose The fam - i - - ly a - - bove; The fam - i - - ly a - - bove.

I'll give them tongues to sing my praise, And hands to do my will; And hands to do my will.

METRE 2.

SUFFIELD. C. M. PSALM 39, PART II.—WATTS.

1. Teach me the measure of my days, Thou Ma-ker of my frame; I would sur - vey life's nar - row space, And learn how frail I am.

2. A span is all that we can boast, An inch or two of time; Man is but van-i - ty and dust In all his flow'r and prime.
 3. See the vain race of mor - tals move, Like shad-ows o'er the plan; They rage and strive, de sire and love, But all their noise is vain.

4. Some walk in hon-or's gaud - y show, Some dig for gol-den ore; They toil for heirs they know not who, And straight are seen no more.
 5. What should I want or wish for then, From creatures, earth and dust; They make our ex - pec - ta - tions vain, And dis - ap - point our trust.

1. Fa-ther I long, I faint to see The place of thine a - bode, { Here I be - hold thy dis - tant face, And 'tis a pleas - ing sight;
I'd leave these earth - ly courts and flee Up to thy seat my God:

2. I'd part with all the joys of sense, To gaze up - on thy throne; { There all the heav'n - ly hosts are seen—In shi - ning ranks they move,
Pleas - ure springs fresh for - ev - er thence, Un - speak - a - ble, un - known!

3. Then at thy feet with aw - ful fear, Th'a - dor - ing ar - mies fall; { There I would vie with all the host, In du - ty and in bliss;
With joy they shrink to noth - ing there, Be - fore th' E - ter - nal All.

METRE 2.

CARR'S LANE. C. M. HYMN 144.—RIPPON.

But to a - bide in thine em brace, Is in - fi - nite de - light.

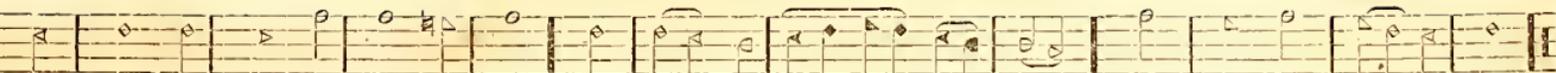
1. Ye humble souls that seek the Lord, Chase all your fears a - way;
2. Thus low the Lord of life was brought; Such wonders love can do;

3. A moment give a - loose to grief, Let grate - ful sor - rows rise;
4. Then dry your tears and tune your songs, The Sa - vior lives a - gain;

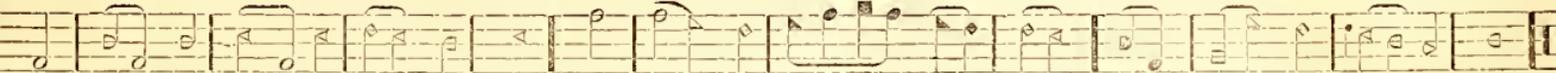
And drink im - mor - tal vig - or in With won - der and with love.

5. High o'er th'an - gel - ic bands he rears His once dis - hon - ored head;

While less than noth - ing I can boast, And van - i - ty con - fess.



And how with plea - sure down, to see The place where Je - sus lay, The place where Je - sus lay.
Thus cold in death that ho - som lay, Which throbb'd and bled - for you, Which throbb'd and bled for you.



And wash the blood - y stains, a - way, With tor - rents from your eyes, With tor - rents from your eyes.
Not all the bolts and hars of death, The Conq - 'ror could de - tain, The Conq - 'ror could de - tain.



And thro' un - num - bered years he reigns, Who dwelt a - mong the dead, Who dwelt a - mong the dead.

METRE 2.

ST. ANN'S. C. M. HYMN 94, BOOK II.—WATTS.



1. My God, my por - tion and my love, My ev - er - last - ing all; I've none but thee in heaven a - bove, Or on this earth - ly ball.



2. What emp - ty things are all the skies, And this in - fe - rior clod! There's noth - ing here de - serves my joys—There's noth - ing like my God.
3. In vain the bright, the bur - ning sun, Scat - ters his fee - ble light; 'Tis thy sweet beams cre - ate my noon— If thou with - draw 'tis night.



4. And whilst up - on my rest - less bed, A - mong the shades I roll, If my Re - deem - er shows his head 'Tis morn - ing with my soul.
5. To thee we owe our wealth and friends, And health and safe a - bode; Thanks to thy name for mean - er things, But they are not my God.

1. Lord I ap-proach thy mer - cy seat, Where thou dost an-swer prayer; There hum-bly fall be-fore thy feet, For none can per-ish there.

2. Thy prom-ise is my on-ly plea; With this I ven-ture nigh; Thou call-est burdened souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.

3. Bowed down be-neath a load of sin, By Sa-tan sore-ly press'd, By war with-out and fear with-in, I come to thee for rest.

4. Be thou my Shield, my Hi-ding place; That, shel-tered near thy side, I may my fierce ac-cu-ser face; And tell him thou hast died.

5. Oh wond'rous love!—to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame, That guilt-y sin-ners such as I, Might plead thy gra-cious name.

METRE 2.

BEDFORD. C. M. PSALM 63, PART I.—WATTS.

1. Ear-ly my God, with-out de-lay, I haste to seek thy face, My thirst-y spir-it faints a-way, With-out thy cheer-ing grace.

2. So pil-grims on the scorch-ing sand, Be-neath a burn-ing sky, Long for a cool-ing stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

3. I've seen thy glo-ry and thy power Through all thy tem-ple shine; My God, re-peat that heavenly hour, That vis-ion so di-vine.

4. Not all the bless-ings of a feast Can please my soul so well, As when thy rich-er grace I taste, And in thy pres-ence dwell.

5. Not life it-self with all its joys, Can my hest pas-sions move, Or raise so high my cheer-ful voice, As thy for-giv-ing love.

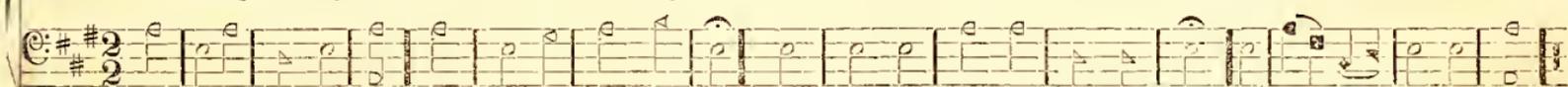


1. My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call; I can - not live if thou re - move, For thou art all in all.



2. Thy shi - ning grace can cheer This dun - geon where I dwell; 'Tis par - a - dise when thou art here— If thou de - part 'tis hell.

3. The smi - lings of thy face, How am - ia - ble they are! 'Tis heaven to rest in thine em - brace, And no where else but there.



4. To thee, and thee a - lone, The an - gels owe their bliss; They sit a - round thy gra - cious throne, And dwell where Je - sus is.

5. Not all the harps a - hove, Can make a heaven - ly place, If God his res - i - dence re - move, Or but con - ceal his face.

METRE 3.

AYLESBURY. S. M. PSALM 25, PART I.—WATTS.

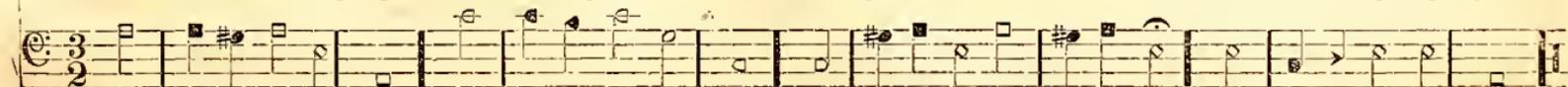


1. I lift my soul to God, My trust is in his name; Let not my foes, that seek my blood, Still triumph in my shame.



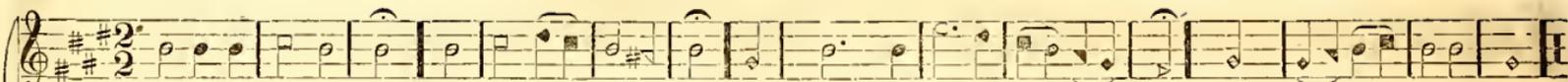
2. Sin and the pow'r of hell Per - suade me to de - spair; Lord, make me know thy cov' - nant well That I may 'scape the snare.

3. From beams of dawn - ing light Till eve - ning shades a - rise, For thy sal - va - tion, Lord I wait, With ev - ev long - ing eyes.



4. Re - mem - ber all thy grace, And lead me in thy truth; For - give the sins of ri - per days And fol - lies of my youth.

5. The Lord is just and kind, The meek shall learn his ways; And eve - ry hum - ble sin - ner find The meth - ods of his grace.



1. My God, per-min my tongue This joy to call thee mine, And let my ear-ly cries pre-vail, To taste thy love di-vine.



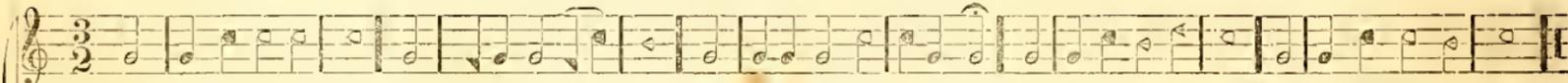
2. My thirst-y faint-ing soul Thy mer-cy does im-plore; Not tra-vel-ers in des-ert lands, Can pant for water more
3. With-in thy church-es, Lord, I long to find my place, Thy pow'r and glo-ry to be-hold And feel thy quick'ning grace.



4. For life with-out thy love No rel-ish can af-ford; Nor joy can be com-pared with this, To serve and praise the Lord.
5. To thee I'll lift my hands, And praise thee while I live; Not the rich dain-ties of a feast, Such food or pleas-ure give.

METRE 3.

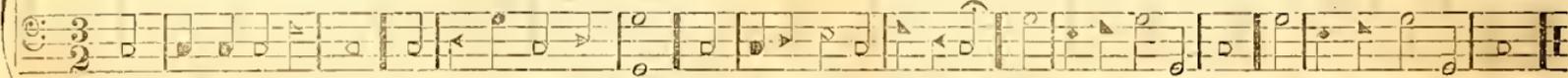
BOYLESTON. S. M. PSALM 103.—WATTS.



1. O bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with-in me join, And aid my tougue to bless his name, Whose favors are di-vine, Whose fa-vors are di-vine.



2. O bless the Lord, my soul! Nor let his mer-cies lie, For-got-ten in un-thank-ful-ness; And without prais-es die, And with-out prais-es die.
3. 'Tis he for-gives thy sins, 'Tis he re-lieves thy pain, 'Tis he that heals thy sick-ness-es, And makes thee young a-gain, And makes thee young a-gain.



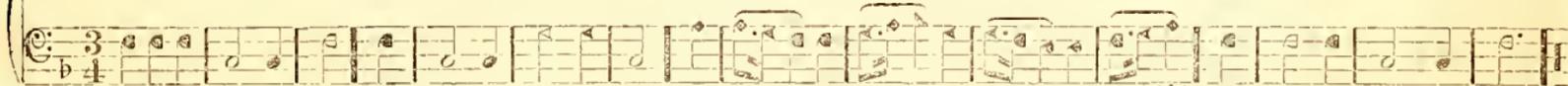
4. He crowns thy life with love, When ransom'd from the grave; He that redeemed my soul from hell, Hath sov'reign pow'r to save, Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.
5. He fills the poor with good; He gives the sufferers rest; The Lord hath judgments for the proud, And justice for th'oppress'd, And justice for th'oppress'd.



1. Bless'd are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de - signs to serve and please Through all their ac - tions run.



2. Bless'd is the pi - ous house, Where zeal and friendship meet, Their songs of praise, their min - gled vows, Make their com - mun - ion sweet.



3. Thus when on Aaron's head They pour'd the rich per - fume, The oil through all his rai - ment spread, And plea - sure fill'd the room.
4. Thus on the heav'nly hills The saints are bless'd a - bove, Where joy like morn - ing dew dis - tils, And all the air is love.

METRE 3.

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M. PSALM 90.—WATTS.



1. Lord, what a fee - ble piece, Is this our mor - tal frame; Our life how poor a tri - fle 'tis, That scarce de - serves the name.



2. A - las this brit - tle clay That built our bo - dy first! And eve - ry month, and eve - ry day, 'Tis mould'ring back to dust.
3. Our mo - ments fly a - pace, Our fee - ble pow'rs de - cay; Swift as a flood, our hast - y days Are sweep - ing us a - way.



4. Yet if our days must fly, We'll keep their end in sight— We'll spend them all in wis - dom's ways, And let them speed their flight.
5. They waft us soon - er o'er This life's tem - pes - tuous sea; Soon we shall reach the peace - ful shore Of blest e - ter - ni - ty.

1. Shall wis - dom cry a - loud, And not her speech be heard! The voice of God's E - - ter - nal Son, De-serves it no re - gard?

2. "I was his chief de - light; His ev - er - last - ing Son, Be - fore the first of all his works, Cre - a - tion was be - gun.

3. "Be - fore the fly - ing clouds, Be - fore the sol - id land, Be - fore the fields, be - fore the floods, I dwelt at thy right hand.

4. "When He a - dorned the skies, And built them, I was there To or - der when the sun should rise, And mar - shal eve - ry star.

5. "When He pour'd out the sea, And spread the flow - ing deep, I gave the flood a firm de - cree In its own bounds to keep.

METRE 3.

MOUNT EPHRAIM. S. M. HYMN 224.—RIPPON.

1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take; Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord, Bid eve - ry string a - wake, Bid eve - ry string a - wake.

2. Though in a for - eign land, We are not far from home; And near - er to our house a - bove We eve - ry moment come, We eve - ry moment come.

3. His grace shall to the end Strong - er and brighter shine; Nor present things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark divine, Shall quench the spark divine.

4. The time of love will come, When we shall clear - ly see, Not on - ly that he shed his blood, But each shall say "for me," But each shall say "for me."

5. Tar - ry his lei - sure, then, Wait the ap - point - ed hour; Wait till the Bride - groom of your souls, Re - veals his love with pow'r, Reveals his love with pow'r.

1. My - sor - rows like a flood, Im - pa - tient of re - straint, In - to thy bo - som, O my God, Pour out a long com - plaint.

2. This im - pious heart of mine Could once de - fy the Lord—Could rush with vi - olence in - to sin, In pres - ence of thy sword.

3. How oft - en have I stood A re - bel to the skies! And yet, and yet, O matchless grace! Thy thun - der si - lent lies.

4. Oh, shall I nev - er feel The melt - ings of thy love? Am I of such hell - hard - en'd steel, That mer - cy can - not move?

5. O'er - come by dy - ing love, Here at thy cross I lie, And throw my flesh, my soul, my all, And weep, and love, and die.

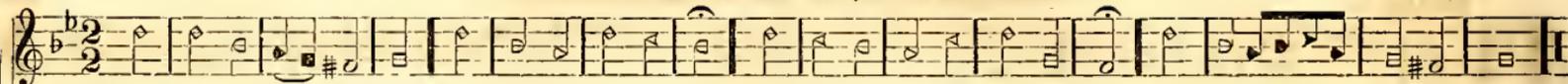
1. Let eve - ry crea - ture join, To praise th' E - ter - nal God; Ye heav'n - ly hosts, be - gin the song, And sound his name a - broad.

2. Thou sun, with gold - en beams, And moon with pa - ler rays, Ye star - ry lights, ye twink - ling flames, Shine to your Ma - ker's praise.

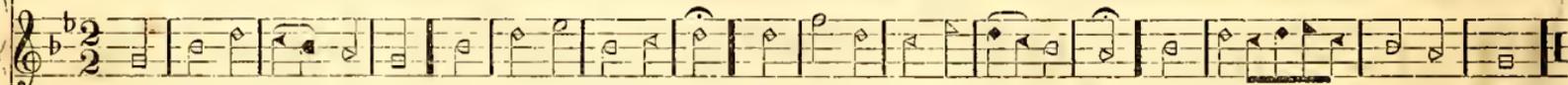
3. He built those worlds a - bove, And fixed their wond'rous frame; By his com - mand they stand or move, And ev - er speak his name.

4. Ye va - pors, when ye rise, Or fall in show'rs of snow—Ye thun - ders murm'ring round the skies, His pow'r and glor - ry show.

5. Wind, hail, and fla - ming fire A - gree to praise the Lord, When ye in dread - ful storms con - spire To ex - e - cute his word.



1. And must this bo - dy die? T'his mor-tal frame de - cay? And must these ac-tive limbs of mine, Lie mould'-ring.... in the clay?



2. Cor - ruption, earth, and worms, Shall but re - fine this flesh, Till my tri-umph-ant spir - it comes, To put it..... on a - fresh.
3. God my Re - deem - er lives, And oft - en from the skies Looks down and watch-es all my dust, 'Till be shall bid it rise.



4. Ar - ray'd in glo - rious grace Shall these vile bo - dies shine, And eve - ry shape and eve - ry face, Look heav'n - ly.... and di - vine.
5. T'hesè live - ty hopes we owe To Je - sus dy - ing love; We would a - dore his grace be - low, And sing his.... pow'r a - bove.

METRE 3.

LISBON. S. M. HYMN 14, BOOK II.—WATTS.



1. Wel-come sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise, Wel-come to this re - vi-ving breast, And these re - joi - - cing eyes.



2. T'be 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 a-midst the place Where my dear God hath been, Is sweet-er than ten thousand days Of plea - sure - a - - ble sin.
... 4. My wil - ling soul would stay In such a frame as t'his, And sit and sing her-self a - way To ev - er last - ing bliss.

1. Come we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne.

2. The sor-rows of the mind, Be ban-ish'd from the place! Re-li-gion ne-ver was de-signed To make our pleasures less.

3. Let those refuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But fa-vorites of the heav'n-ly King May speak their joys a-broad.

4. The God that rules on high, And thun-ders when he please, Who rides up-on the storm-y sky, And man-a-ges the seas.

5. This aw-ful God is ours, Our Fa-ther and our love; He will send down his heav'n-ly pow'rs, To car-ry us a-hove.

1. Is this the kind re-turn, And these the thanks we owe, Thus to a-huse e-ter-nal love, Whence all our bless-ings flow.

2. To what a stuh-born frame, Hath sin re-duced our minds! What strange re-bel-lious wretch-es we, And God as strangely kind.

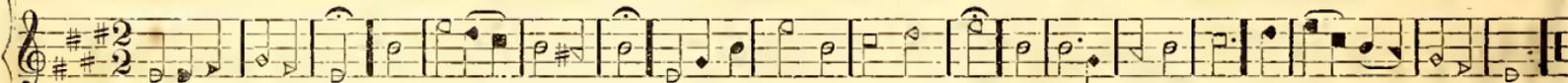
3. On us he bids the sun Shed his re-vi-ving rays; For us the skies the cir-cles run, To length-en out our days.

4. The brutes o-bey their God, And bow their necks to men; But we more hase, more bru-tish things, Re-ject his ea-sy reign.

5. Turn, turn us might-y God! And mould our souls a-fresh; Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone, And give us hearts of flesh.

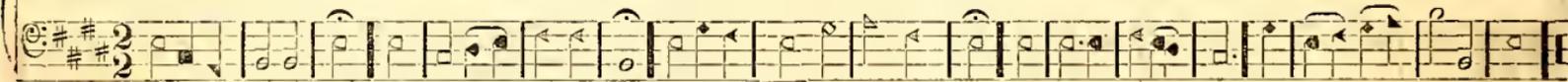


1. How hea-vy is the night That hangs up - on our eyes, Till Christ with his re-vi-ving light, O - ver our souls a - rise, O - ver our souls a - rise.



2. Our guilt-y spir-its dread To meet the wrath of heav'n; But in his right-ous-ness ar - rayed, We see our sins for-giv'n, We see our sins for-giv'n.

3. Un-ho - ly and im - pure Are all our thoughts and ways; His hands in-fect-ed na-ture cures, With sanc-ti-fy-ing grace, With sanc - ti - fy-ing grace.

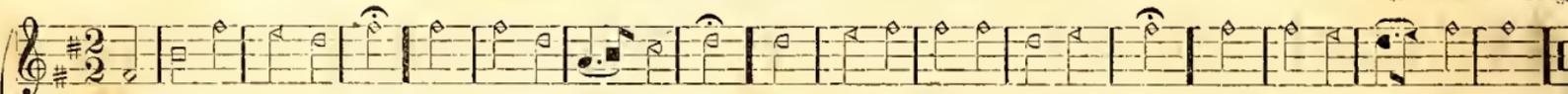


4. The pow'rs of hell agree To hold our souls in vain; He sets the sons of hon-dage free, And breaks th'accursed chain, And breaks th'accursed chain.

5. Lord, we adore thy ways To bring us near to God; Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace, And thy a-to-ning blood, And thy a - to-ning blood.

METRE 3.

STRAIT GATE. S. M. HYMN 25.—VILL. HYMNS.

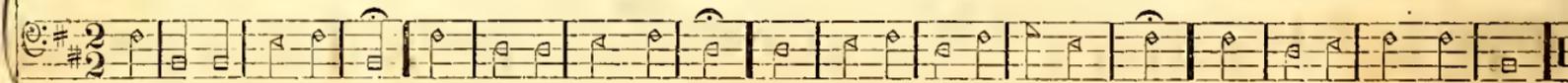


1. De-struction's dang'rous road, What mul - ti - tudes pur - sue! While that which leads the soul to God, Is known and sought by few.



2. Be - liev - ers find the way Thro' Christ the liv - ing Gate; But those who hate this ho - ly way, Com - plain it is too strait.

3. If self must be de - nied, And sin no more ca - ress'd, They ra - ther choose the way that's wide, And strive to think it best.



4. En-com-pass'd by a throng, On num-bers they de - pend; They say so ma - ny can't be wrong, And miss a hap - py end.

5. But hear the Sa - vior's word—"Strive for the heav'n - ly gate; Ma - ny will call up - on the Lord, And find their cries too late."



1. My soul, with joy at - tend, While Je - sus si - lence breaks; No an - gel's harp such mu - sic yields, As what my Shep - herd speaks, As what my Shep - herd speaks.



2. "I know my sheep," he cries, "My soul ap - proves them well; Vain is the treach'rous world's dis - guise, And vain the rage of' hell, And vain the rage of' hell.
3. "I free - ly feed them now With to - kens of my love, But rich - er pas - tures I pre - pare And sweet - er streams a - bove, And sweet - er streams a - bove.



4. "Un - numbered years of bliss 1 to my sheep will give: And while my throne un - sha - ken stands, Shall all my cho - sen live, Shall all my cho - sen live.
5. "This tried Al - migh - ty hand Is raised for their de - fence: Where is the pow'r shall reach them there, Or what shall force them thence? Or what shall force them thence.

METRE 3.

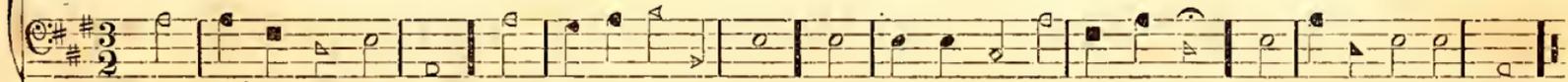
HUMBLE PRAISES. S. M. HYMN 51, BOOK I.—WATTS.



1. To God the on - ly wise, Our Sa - vior and our King, Let all the saints be - low the skies Their hum - ble prais - es bring.



2. 'Tis his Al - migh - ty love, His coun - sel and his care, Pre - serves us safe from sin and death, And eve - ry hurt - ful snare.
3. He will pre - sent our souls, Un - blem - ished and com - plete, Be - fore the glo - ry of his face, With joys di - vine - ly great.



4. Then all the cho - sen seed Shall meet a - round his throne, Shall bless the con - duct of his grace, And make his won - ders know.
5. To our Re - deem - er God, Wis - dom and power be - longs, Im - mor - tal crowns of maj - es - ty And ev - er - last - ing songs.

1. Be-hold the loft-y sky De-clar-es its Ma-ker God, And all the star-ry works on high Proclaim his pow'r abroad, And all the star - ry works on high,

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

3. In eve-ry dif-fer-ent land Their general voice is known; They show the won-ders of his hand, And orders of his throne, They show the won - ders of his hand,

4. Ye Christian lands rejoice! Here he reveals his word; We are not left to na-ture's voice To bid us know the Lord. We are not left to na - ture's voice,
 5. His statutes and com-mands Are set be-fore our eyes; He puts his gospel in our hands, Where our salvation lies, He puts his gos - pel in our hands,
 6. His laws are just and pure; His truth with-out-deceit, His prom-is-es for-ev-er sure, And his rewards are great, His prom - is - es for - ev - er sure,

METRE 3.

NEWTON. S. M. PSALM 48, PART II.—WATTS.

Pro - claim his pow'r a - broad.

1. Far as thy name is known The world de - clares thy praise; Thy saints, O Lord, be - fore thy throne,

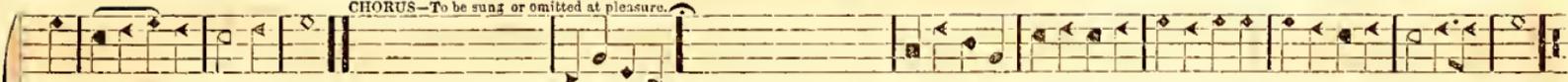
Di - vine - ly teach his name.
 And or - ders of his throne.

2. With joy thy peo - ple stand On Zi - on's cho - sen hill; Pro - claim the won - ders of thy hand,
 3. Let strangers walk a - round The ci - ty where we dwell; Com - pass and view the ho - ly ground,

To bid us know the Lord.
 Where our sal - va - tion lies.
 And his re - wards are great,

4. The or - ders of thy house, The wor - ship of thy court, The cheer - ful songs, the sol - emn vows,
 5. How de - cent and how wise, How glo - rious to be - hold! Be - yond the pomp that charms the eyes,
 6. The God we wor - ship now Will guide us till we die; Will be our God while here be - low,

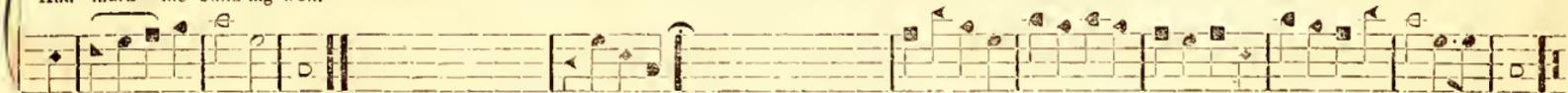
CHORUS—To be sung or omitted at pleasure.



Their songs of hon - or raise. Praise ye the Lord! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.



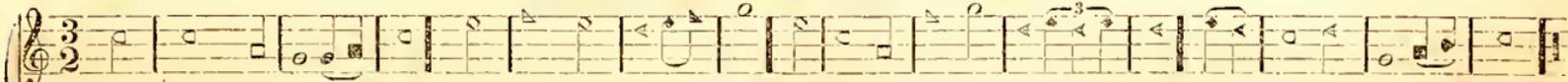
And coun - sels of thy will. Praise ye the Lord! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord.
And mark the build - ing well.



And make a fair re - port.
And rites a - dorned with gold.
And ours a - bove the sky.

METRE 3.

NINETY-THIRD. S. M. PSALM 45.—WATTS.



1. My Sa - vior and my King, Thy beau - ties are di - vine; Thy lips with bless - ings o - ver - flow, And eve - ry grace is thine.



2. Now make thy glo - ry known; Gird on thy dread - ful sword, And rise in ma - jes - ty to spread The con - quests of thy word.
3. Strike through thy stub - born foes, Or make their hearts o - bey, While jus - tice, meek - ness, grace and truth, At - tend thy glo - rious way.



4. Thy laws, O God! are right, Thy throne shall ev - er stand, And thy vic - to - rious gos - pel prove A scap - tre in thy hand.
5. Thy Fa - ther and thy God Hath with - out mea - sure shed His Spir - it like a grate - ful oil, T'a - noint thy sac - red head.

1. Well, the Re-deem-er's gone, T'ap-pear be-fore our God, To sprin-kle o'er the fla-ming throne.

2. No fie-ry ven-geance now, No burn-ing wrath comes down: if jus-tice calls for sin-ner's blood,
3. Be-fore his Fa-ther's eye, Our hum-ble suit be-moves! The Fa-ther lays his thun-der by,

4. Now may our joy-ful tongues Our Ma-ker's ho-nor sing; Je-sus the Priest, re-ceive our songs,
5. We bow be-fore his face, And sound his glo-ries high; "Ho-san-na to the God of grace,
6. "On earth thy mer-cy reigns And tri-umphs all a-bove: But Lord, how weak are mor-tal strains,

METRE 3.

WRENTHAM. S. M. HYMN 498.—LUTH. COLL.

To sprin-kle o'er the fla-ming throne, With his a-ton-ing blood.

If jus-tice calls for sin-ner's blood, The Sa-rior shows his own.
The Fa-ther lays his thun-der by, And looks, and smiles, and loves.

1. What cheer-ing words are these! Their sweet-ness who can tell?
2. In eve-ry state se-cure, Kept by Je-ho-vah's eye,

Je-sus the Priest, receives our songs, And bears them to the King.
Ho-san-na to the God of grace, Who lays his thun-der by.
But Lord, bow weak are mortal strains, To speak im-mor-tal love."

3. 'Tis well when joys a-rise, 'Tis well when sorrows bow,
4. 'Tis well when on the mount They feast on dy-ing love,
5. 'Tis well when at his throne They wres-tle, weep, and pray,

In time and to e - ter - ni - ty, 'Tis with the right-eous well; In time and to e - ter - ni - ty, 'Tis with the right-eous well.

'Tis well with them while life en-dures, And well when called to die; 'Tis well with them while life en - dures, And well when called to die.

'Tis well when darkness veils theskies, And strong temp-ta-tions blow; 'Tis well when dark-ness veils the skies, And strong temp-ta - tions blow.
 And 'tis as well in God's ac-count When they the fur-nace prove; And 'tis as well in God's ac - count, When they the fur-nace prove.
 'Tis well when at his feet they groan, Yet bring their wants a - way; 'Tis well when at his feet they groan, Yet bring their wants a - way.

METRE 3.

ORRINGTON. S. M. HYMN 351.--CH. PSALMODY.

1. When gloo-my doubts and fears The trembling heart in - vade, And all the face of na-ture wears A u - ni - ver - sal shade.

2. Re - li - gion can as - suage The temp-est of the soul; And eve - ry fear gives up its rage At her di - vine con - trol.
 3. Through life's be-wil-der'd way, Her hand un-err-ing leads, And o'er the path her hea-ven-ly ray, A cheer-ing lus - tre sheds.

4. When rea - son, tired and blind, Sinks help-less and a - fraid; Thou blest sup-port - er of the mind! How pow'r-ful is thine aid.
 5. Oh! let me feel thy power, And find thy sweet re - lief, To cheer my eve - ry gloom-y hour, And calm my eve - ry grief.

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

2. [These tem-ples of his grace, How beau-ti-ful they stand! The hon-ors of our na-tive place And bul-werks of our land.]

3. In Zi-on God is known, A ref-uge in dis-tress: How bright has his sal-va-tion shone, How fair his heav'n-ly grace.

4. When kings a-gainst her join'd, And saw the Lord was there, In wild con-fu-sion of the mind, They fled with hast-y fear.

5. When na-vies, tall and proud, At-tempt to spoil our peace, He sends his tem-pest roar-ing loud, And sinks them in the sea.

METRE 3.

GLORIOUS WAR. S. M. (DOUBLE.) HYMN 401.—METH. COLL.

1. Hark, how the watch-men cry! At-tend the trump-et's sound, Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh, The Pow'rs of hell sur-round;

2. See on the moun-tain's top, The stan-dard of your God! In Je-sus' name I lift it up, All stained with hal-lowed blood;

3. Go up with Christ your Head, Your Cap-tain's foot-steps see; Fol-low your Cap-tain and be led To cer-tain vic-to-ry;

4. On-ly have faith in God; In faith your foes as-sail; Not wrest-ling a-gainst flesh and blood, But all the powers of hell;

5. Our Cap-tain leads us on; He beck-ons from the skies, And reach-es out a star-ry crown, And bids us take the prize;

Who bow at Christ's command, Your arms and hearts prepare; The day of bat-tle is at hand, Go forth to glo - rious war, Go forth to glorious war.

His standard bearer I To all the nations call; Let all to Je-sus' cross draw nigh, He bore the cross for all, He bore the cross for all.
All power to him is given, He ev-er lives the same; Sal - va-tion, hap-pi-ness and heav'n, Are all in Je - sus' name, Are all in Je - sus' name.

From thrones of glory driven, By flaming vengeance hurl'd, They throng the air and darken heav'n, And rule this low - er world, And rule this low - er world.
Be faith-ful un - to death, Par - take my vic-to - ry, And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath, And thou shalt reign with me, And thou shalt reign with me.

METRE 3.

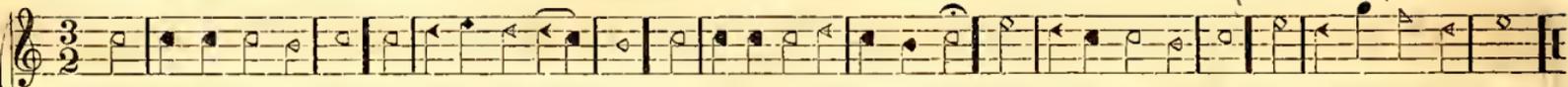
HANTS' S. M. HYMN 72.—LUTH. COLL.

1. Give to the winds thy fears, Hope and be un..... dis-may'd; God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head, God shall lift up thy head.

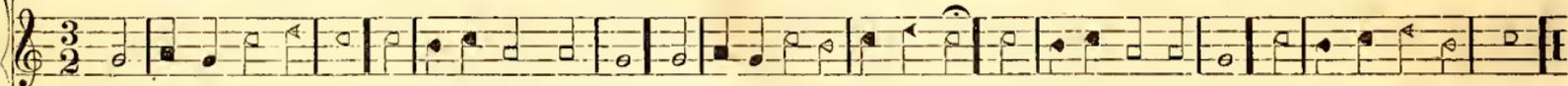
2. Thro' waves, and clouds and storms: He gently clears.... thy way; Wait thou his time, so shall this night Soon end in joyous day,..... Soon end in joy-ous day.

3. What tho' thou rul-est not, Yet heav'n, and earth..... and hell Pro-claim, God sitteth on the throne, And ruleth all things well,..... And rul-eth all things well,

4. Thine ev - er - last - ing truth, Fa - ther, thy cease..... less love Sees all thy children's wants, and knows What best for each will prove, What best for each will prove.
5. And what-so-e'er thou wilt, Thou dost, O King..... of kings, What thine unerring wisdom choose, Thy pow'r to being brings, Thy pow'r to be - ing brings.

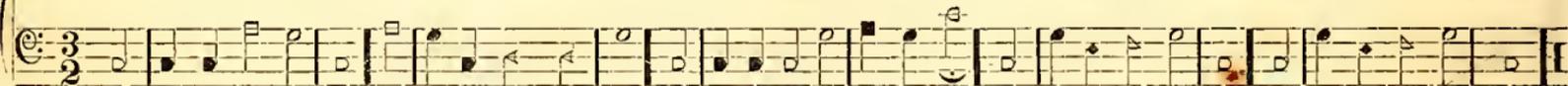


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds, Is like to that a - bove, Is like to that a - bove.



2. Be - fore our Father's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers! Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—Our comforts and our cares, Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual hur - dens bear; And oft-en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thi - zing tear, The sym - pa - thi - zing tear.

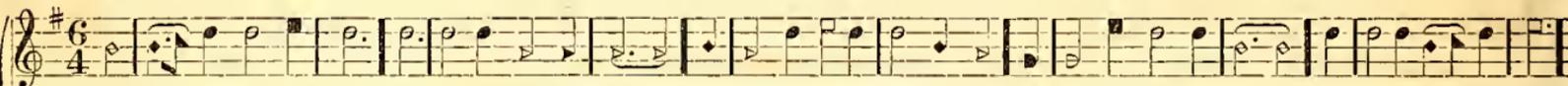


4. When we are called to part, It gives us mu - tual pain; But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain, And hope to meet a - gain.

5. This glo-rious hope re-vives Our courage by the way; While each in ex-pec-ta - tion lives, And longs to see the day, And longs to see the day.

METRE 3.

WORDS OF PEACE. S. M. (DOUBLE.) HYMN 110, BOOK I.—WATTS



1. How beau-teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill! Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal! How charming is their voice!



2. How hap - py are our ears, That hear this joy - ful sound, Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought, but never found! How blessed are our eyes



3. The watch-men join their voice, And tune-ful notes em - ploy; Je - ru - sa - lem breaks forth in songs, And deserts learn the joy. The Lord makes bare his arm



How sweet their tidings are! "Zi-on, be-hold thy Sav-ior King, He reigns and tri-umphs here, He reigns and tri-umphs here."

That see this heav'n-ly light; Prophets and kings de-sired it long, But died with-out the sight! But died with-out the sight.

Through all the earth a-broad! Let eve-ry na-tion now be-hold Their Sa-rior and their God, Their Sav-ior and their God.

METRE 3.

TENDER MERCY. S. M. PSALM 103, PART II.—WATTS.



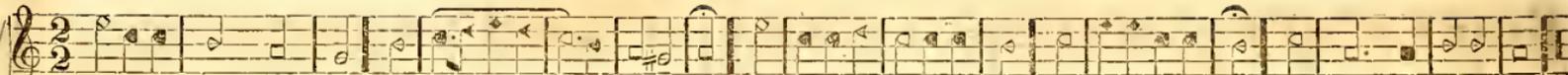
1. My soul, re-peat, his praise, Whose mer-cies are so great, Whose an-ger is so slow to rise, So rea-dy to a-bate, So read-y to a-bate.

2. God will not al-ways chide; And when his strokes are felt, His strokes are fewer than our crimes, And lighter than our guilt, And lighter than our guilt.

3. High as the heav'ns are raised A-hove the ground we tread, So far the rich-es of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed, Our highest thoughts exceed.

4. His pow'r sub-dues our sins, And his for-giv-ing love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re-move, Doth all our guilt re-move.

5. The pi-ty of our Lord, To those that fear his name, Is such as ten-der pa-rents feel, He knows our fee-ble frame, He knows our feeble frame.



1. Oh where shall rest be found, Rest for.....the wea-ry soul! 'Twere vain the ocean's depth to sound, Or pierce to either pole, Or pierce to ei-ther pole.



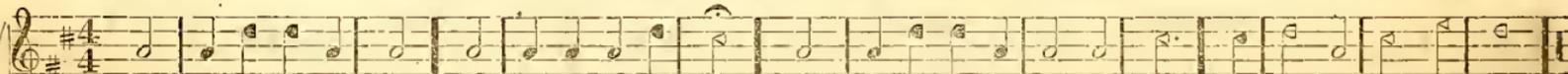
2. The world can nev-er give The bliss.....for wick we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die, Nor all of death to die.
3. Be-yond this vale of tears, There is..... a life a-bove; Un-meas-ured by the flight of years, And all that life is love, And all that life is love.



4. There is a death whose pang Out-lasts..... the fleeting breath; Oh what e-ter-nal hor-rors hang, A-round the second death, A-round the second death.
5. Lord God of truth and grace! Teach us..... that death to shun; Lest we be banished from thy face, And ever-more un-done, And ev-er-more un-done.

METRE 3.

LABAN. S. M. HYMN 328.—VIR. SELEC.



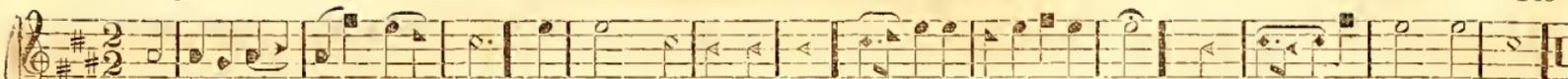
1. Dear Sa-rior, we are thine By ev-er-last-ing bonds; Our names, our hearts, we would re-sign, Our souls are in thy hands.



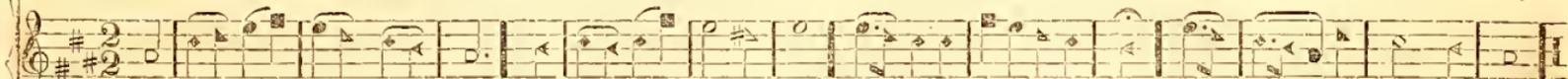
2. To thee we still would cleave, With ev-er-grow-ing zeal; If mil-lions tempt us Christ to leave, O let them ne'er pre-vail.
3. Thy Spir-it shall u-nite Our souls to thee our Head; Shall form us to thy im-age bright, That we thy paths may tread.



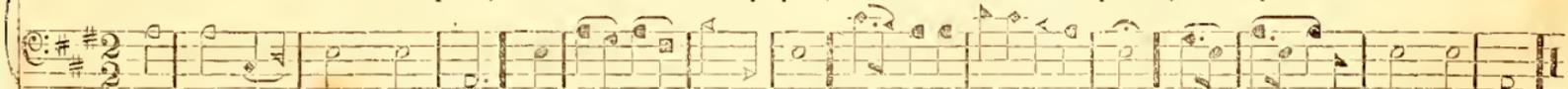
4. Death may our souls di-vide From these a-bodes of clay; But love shall keep us near thy side Thro' all the gloom-y way.
5. Since Christ and we are one, Why should we doubt or fear; If he in heav'n has fixed his throne, He'll fix his mem-bers there.



1. Ye mes - sen - gers of Christ, His sove - reign voice o - bey; A - rise and follow where he leads, And peace at - tend your way.



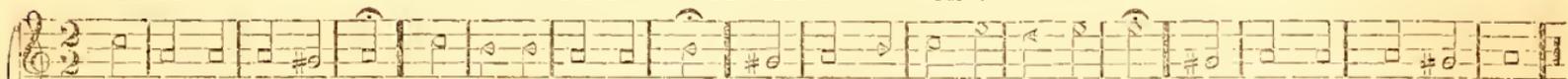
2. The Mas - ter whom you serve, Will need - ful strength be - stow; De - pend - ing on his promised aid, With sa - cred cour - age go.
3. Moun - tains shall sink to plains, And hell in vain op - pose; The cause is God's and must pre - vail, In spite of all his foes.



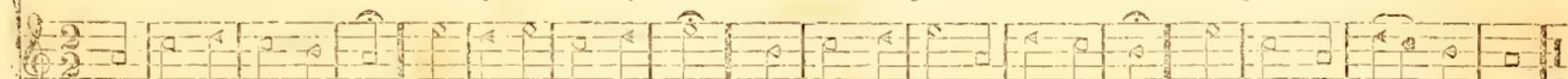
4. Go spread a Sa - vior's name, And tell his match - less grace, To the most guilt - y and de - praved Of Ad - am's num - 'rous race.
5. We wish you in his name, The most Di - vine suc - cess As - sured that he who sends you forth, Will your en - deav - ors bless.

METRE 3.

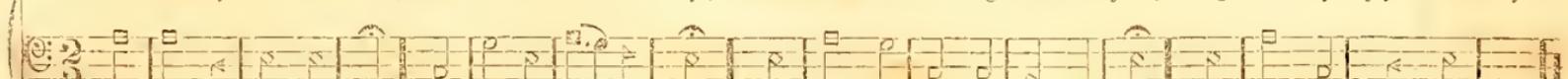
ORANGE. S. M. HYMN 219.—CII. PSALMODY



1. Blest Com - fort - er di - vine! Let rays of heav - en - ly love A - mid our gloom and dark - ness shine, And guide our souls a - bove.



2. Draw with thy still small voice, Us from each sin - ful way; And bid the mourn - ing saints re - joice, Though earth - ly joys de - cay.

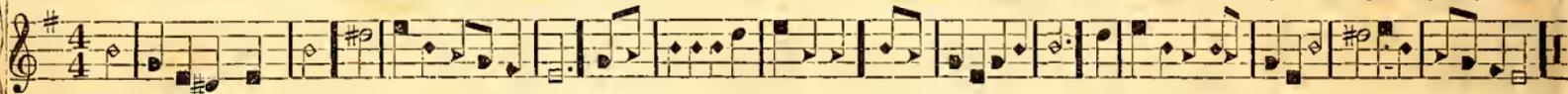


3. By thy in - spir - ing breath Make eve - ry cloud of care, And e'en the gloom - y vate of death, A smile of glo - ry wear.
4. Oh, fill thou eve - ry heart With love to all our race! Great Com - fort - er! To us 'im - part These bless - ings of thy grace.

SLOW—With solemnity.

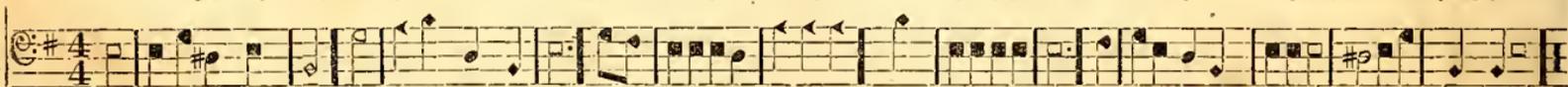


1. Let sinners take their course, And choose the road to death; But in the worship of my God, I'll spend my daily breath, But in the worship of my God, I'll spend my daily breath.



2. My thoughts address his throne, When morning brings the light; I seek his blessings every noon, And pay my vows at night, I seek his blessings every noon, And pay my vows &c.

3. Thou wilt regard my cries, O, my eternal God, While sinners perish in surprise, Beneath thy angry rod, While sinners perish in surprise, Beneath thy angry rod.



4. Because they dwell at ease And no sad changes feel; They neither fear nor trust thy name, Nor learn to do thy will, They neither fear nor trust thy name, Nor learn to do thy will.

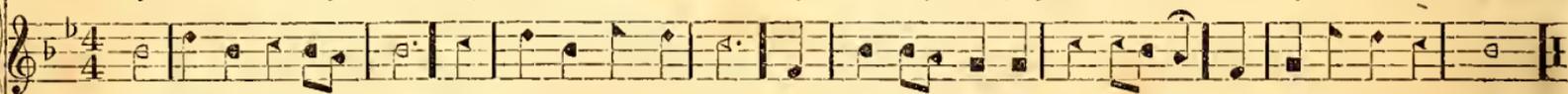
5. But I with all my cares, Will lean upon the Lord; I'll cast my burdens on his arm, And rest upon his word, I'll cast my burdens on his arm, And rest upon his word.

METRE 3.

SUBMISSION. S. M. HYMN 87.—SAC. POETRY.



1. "My times are in thy hand," My God, I wish them there; My life, my friends, my soul I leave To thy Pa-ter-nal care.



2. "My times are in thy hand," What-ev-er they may be, Pleas-ing or pain-ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to thee.

3. "My times are in thy hand," Why should I doubt or fear? My Fa-ther's hand will nev-er cause His child a need-less tear.



4. "My times are in thy hand," Je-sus the Cru-ci-fied; The hand my cru-el sins have pierc'd, Is now my guard and guide.

5. "My times are in thy hand," Je-sus my Ad-vo-cate; Nor shall thy hand be stretch'd in vain For me to sup-pli-cate.

1. See how the ri - sing sun Pur - sues his shi - ning way; And wide pro - claims his Ma - ker's praise, With eve - ry bright'ning ray.

2. Thus would my ri - sing soul Its heav - en - ly Pa - rent sing; And to its great O - rig - in - al The hum - ble tri - bute bring.

3. Se - rene I laid me down Be - neath his guar - dian care; I slept, and I a - woke and found My kind Pre - serv - er near!

4. O, how shall I re - pay The houn - ties of my God? This fee - ble spir - it pants he - neath The pleas - ing, pain - ful load.

5. Dear Sa - vior, to thy cross I bring my sac - ri - fice; By thee per - fumed it shall as - cend With fra - grance to the skies.

1. How gen - tle God's com - mand! How kind his pre - cepts are! Come, cast your hur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.

2. His houn - ty will pro - vide, His saints se - cure - ly dwell; That hand which hears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard his chil - dren well.

3. Why should this anx - ious load, Press down your wea - ry mind? Oh, seek your heav - en - ly Fa - ther's throne, And peace and com - fort find.

4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un - changed, from day to day; I'll drop my hur - den at his feet, And hear a song a way.



1. "The Lord is risen in - deed!"—Then is his work per - formed; The might - y Cap - tive now is freed, And death, our foe, dis - armed.

2. "The Lord is risen in - deed!"—He lives to die no more; He lives, the sin - ner's cause to plead, Whose curse and shame he bore.

3. "The Lord is risen in - deed!"—Then hell has lost his prey; With him is risen the ran - somed seed, To reign in end - less day.

4. "The Lord is risen in - deed!"—At - tend - ing an - gels hear; Up to the courts of heaven with speed, The joy - ful ti - dings bear.

5. Then wake your gold - en lyres, And strike each cheer - ful chord; Join, all ye bright, ce - les - tial choirs! To sing our ris - en Lord.

METRE 3.

UNITY. S. M. HYMN 71.—CH. HYMN BOOK.



1. Lo, what a pleas - - ing sight Are breth - ren that a - gree! How blest are all, whose hearts u - nite In bonds of pi - e - ty.

2. From those ce - les - tial springs, Such streams of com - fort flow, As no in - crease of rich - es brings Nor hon - ors can be - stow.

3. All in their sta - tions move, And each per - forms his part, In all the cares of life and love, With sym - pa - thiz - ing heart.

4. Formed for the pur - est joys, By one de - sire pos - sess'd, One aim the zeal of all em - ploys To make each oth - er bless'd.

5. No bliss can e - qual theirs Where such af - fec - tions meet; While praise de - vout and ming - led pray'rs Make their com - mun - ion sweet.

METRE 4.

MELODY. 8,7,8,7. HYMN, 588.—VILL. HYMNS.

1. Sin-ners, take the friend-ly warn-ing—Soon that aw-ful day will break, And the trum-pet with its dawn-ing, All the slumb'ring millions—

2. See as-sem-bled eve-ry na-tion! Loft-y cit-ies, tem-ples, tow'rs Wrapt in dread-ful con-fla-gra-tion, Earth and sea the flames de-vo-our,

3. Ye who to the world dis-sem-ble, While you practice deeds of night; Sinners, now he-hold and trem-ble, All your crimes are brought to light

4. Lost in ease, or car-nal pleasure, Sport-ing on the burn-ing brink; Now you say you, have no leis-ure, You, can find no time to think.

5. Ye who now, con-vic-tion sti-ffing, Waste your time, the loss de-lore; Hear the an-gel—cease your tri-ffing,—“Time,” he cries, “shall be more.”

METRE 4.

CHARLESTON. 8,7,8,7. HYMN 379.—VILL. HYMNS

1. Hail my ev-er bless-ed Je-sus, On-ly Thee I wish to see; To my soul thy name is pre-cious, Thou my Prophet, Priest and King.

2. Oh, what mer-cy flows from heav-en, Oh what joy and hap-pi-ness! Love I much?—I've much for-giv-en—I'm a mir-a-cle of grace.

3. Once with Ad-am's race in ru-in, Un-con-cerned in sin I lay; Swift de-struc-tion still pur-su-ing, Till my Sa-rior pass'd that way.

4. Wit-ness, all ye hosts of heav-en, My Re-deem-er's ten-der-ness! Love I much?—I've much for-giv-en—I'm a mir-a-cle of grace.

5. Shout ye bright an-gel-ic choir; Praise the Lamb en-throned a-bove; While as-ton-ished I ad-mire God's free grace and bound-less love.

METRE 4.

ADVOCATE. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7. HYMN 213.—VIR. SELEC.



Sa-vior, I do feel thy mer - it, Sprin-kled with re - deem-ing blood; } I am safe and I am hap-py, While in thy dear arms I lie,
 And my wea-ry troub-led spir - it, Now finds rest with thee my God; }



2. Now I'll sing a Sa-vior's mer - it, Tell the world of his dear name; } He that ask - eth soon re - ceiv-eth, He that seeks is sure to find:
 That if a - ny want his Spir - it, He is still the ver - y same; }



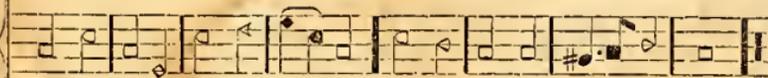
3. Now our Ad-vo-cate is plead-ing with his Fa - ther and our God; } Now me - thinks I hear him pray-ing, "Father, save them, I have died;"
 Now for us is in - ter - ce-ding As the pur-chase of his blood; }

METRE 4.

DIVINE COMPASSION. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7. HYMN 334.—VIR. SELEC.



Sin and Sa-tan can - not hurt me, While my Sa-viour is so nigh.



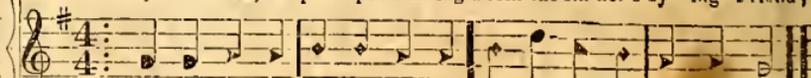
Whom-so-e'er on him he - liev - eth, He will nev - er cast he - hind.



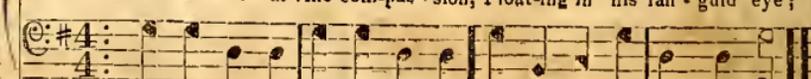
And the Fa - ther an - swers, say - ing, "Thy are free - ly jus - ti - fied."



1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which before the cross I spend;
 Life, and health, and peace pos-sess-ing From the sin-ner's dy - ing Friend;



2. Tru - ly bless-ed is the sta - tion, Low be - fore his cross to lie;
 While I see di-vine com-pas - sion, Float-ing in his lan - guid eye;



3. Love and grief my heart di - vi - ding, With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
 Con-stant still in faith a - bi - ding, Life de - ri - ving from his death;

DIVINE COMPASSION--Continued.

Here I'll sit, for - ev - er view-ing, Mer-cy's streams in streams of blood; Precious drops my soul he - dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with
 Here it is I find my hea - ven, While up - on the Lamb I gaze: Love I much?—I've much for-giv-en, I'm a mir - a - cle of grace.
 May I still en - joy this feel - ing In all need to Je - sus go; Prove his wound each day more heal-ing, And him - self more deep - ly know.

METRE 4.

BETHLEHEM. 8,7,8,7. HYMN 20.—SACRED SONGS.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet-ly sound - ing thro' the skies? Lo! th' an - gel-ic host re - joic - es, Heav'n-ly hal - le - lu-jahs rise.
 2. List - en to the wond'rous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy; Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God on high.
 3. Peace on earth, good will from heav-en, Reaching far as man is found, Souls re - deemed, and sins for - giv - en— Loud our gold - en harps shall sound
 4. Christ is born the great A - noint-ed, Heav'n and earth his prais-es sing! O re - ceive whom God ap - point-ed For your Proph - et, Priest, and King
 5. Hast - en mor - tals, to a - dore Him; Learn his name and taste his joy; Till in heaven ye sing he - fore Him, Glo - ry be to God most high.

METRE 4.

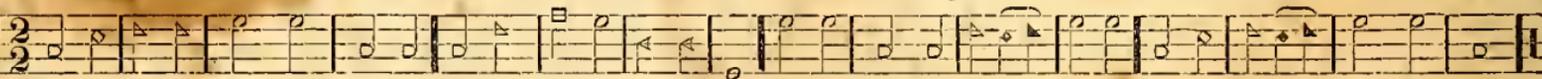
PENITENCE. 8,7,8,7. HYMN 295.—RIPPON.



1. Je - sns full of all com - pas - sion, Hear thy hum-ble suppliant cry; Let me know thy great sal - va-tion— See! I lan-guish, faint, and die.



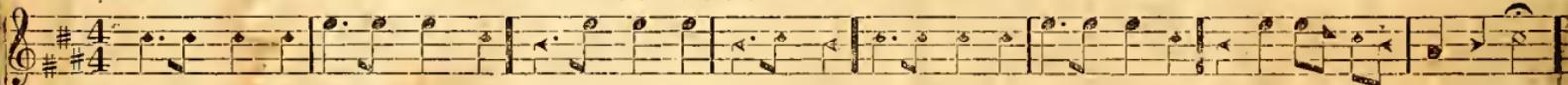
2. Guilt-y hut with heart re - lent-ing, O - ver-whehned with help-less grief. Prostrate at thy feet re - pent-ing, Send, O send me quick re - lief.
3. Whither should a wretch he fly-ing, But to Him who com-fort gives? Whith-er, from the dread of dy-ing, But to him who ev - er lives.



4. While I view thee, wounded, griev - ing, Breathless on the curs-ed tree! Fain I'd feel my heart be - liev-ing That thou suff'redst thus for me.
5. With thy righteousness and Spir - it I am more than an-gels blest; Heir with thee all things in - her - it, Peace, and joy, and end - less rest.

METRE 4.

DISCIPLE. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7. HYMN 77.—CHRISTIAN LYRE.



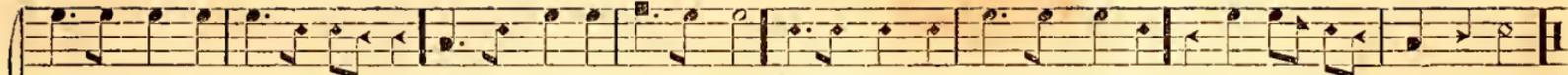
1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken All to leave and fol - low thee; Na-ked, poor, de - spised, for-sa-ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be;



2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sa - vior too; Hu-man hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, un-true;
3. Go, then earth - ly fame and trea - sure Come dis - as - ter, scorn and pain; In thy ser-vice pain is plea - sure, With thy fa - vor, loss is gain;



4. Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me, 'Twill hut drive me to thy breast; Life with trials hard may press me, Heaven will give me sweet - er rest;
5. Soul, then know thy full sal - va - tion— Rise o'er sin, and fear and care; Joy to find in eve - ry sta-tion, Some-thing still to do or bear;
on from grace to glo - ry Armed by faith and winged by prayer; Heaven's eternal day's before the G — hand shall guide thee there;



Per-ish eve-ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, Yet how rich is my con-dition, God and heaven are still my own.



And whilst thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis-dom, love and might, Foes may hate and friends dis-own me—Show thy face and all is bright.
I have called thee Ah-ha Fa-ther, I have set my heart on thee; Storms may howl and clouds may gath-er, All must work for good to me.



Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me; Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un-mixed with thee.
Think what Spir-it dwells with-in thee—Think what Fa-ther's smiles are thine: Think that Je-sus died to win thee, Child of heav'n, canst thou re-pine?
Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis-sion, Soon shall pass thy pil-grim days: Hope shall change to glad fru-i-tion, Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

METRE 4.

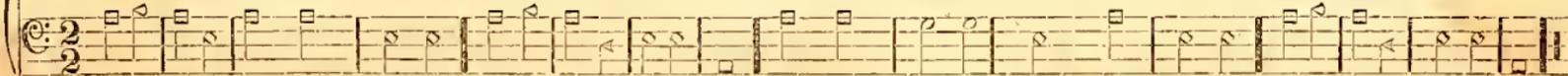
NEW MONMOUTH. 8,7,8,7. HYMN 77.—ASSEM. COLL.



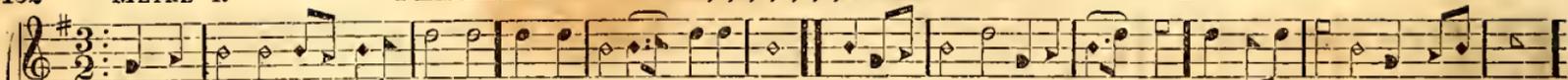
1. Come thou Fount of every bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.



2. Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by fla-ming tongues a-bove; Praise the-mout, I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.
3. Here I raise my Eb-en-e-e-zer, Hith-er by thy help I'm come; And I hope by thy good-plea-sure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.



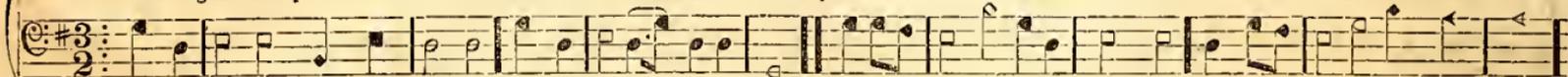
4. Je-sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; He to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed his pre-cious blood.
5. Oh, to grace how great a deht-or Dai-ly I'm con-strained to be; Let thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to thee



1. Whither goest thou pil - grim stran-ger, Passing thro' this darksome vale? } "Pilgrim," thou dost justly call me, Wand'ring o'er this waste so wide;
Know'st thou not 'tis full of dan-ger, And will not thy cou-rage fail?



2. Such a Guide! no guide at - tends thee, Hence for thee my fears a - rise; } Yes, un-seen,—but still believe me, Such a Guide, my steps at - tends;
If some guar-dian pow'r be-friend thee, 'Tis un-seen by mor-tal eyes;

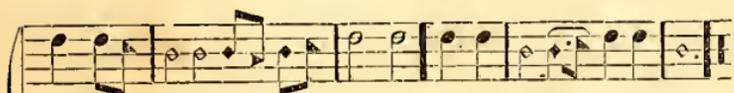


3. Pil-grim, see that stream be - fore thee, Dark-ly wind-ing thro' the vale! } No!—that stream has nothing frightful, To its brink my steps I bend;
Should its dead-ly waves roll o'er thee Then would not thy courage fail?

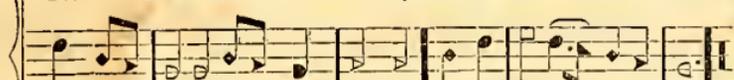
4. While I gazed, with speed surprising, Down the stream she plung'd from sight; } Cease, my heart, this mournful sighing, Death will break the sul-len gloom;
Ga-zing still, I saw her ri - sing Like an angel clothed with light.

METRE 4.

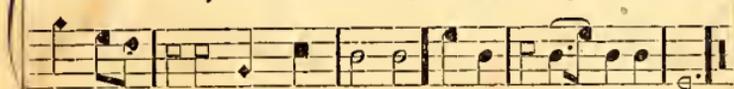
OLNEY. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7. HYMN 75.—RIPPON.



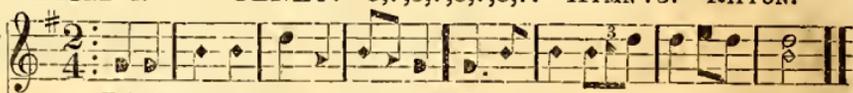
Yet no harm will e're be - fall me, While I'm blest with such a Guide.



He'll in eve-ry strait re - lieve me, He from eve-ry harm de-fends.



There to plunge 't will be de-light-ful—There my pil-grim-age will end.
Soon my spir-it, flutter-ing, fly - ing, Will be borne beyond the tomb.



1. Hail thou once de-spis-ed Je - sus! Hail thou Gal - i - le - an King! }
Thou didst suffer to re - lease us, Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring; }



2. Paschal Lamb, by God ap - point-ed, All our sins on thee were laid, }
By Al-might-y love a - noint-ed, Thou hast full a - tone-ment made; }



3. Je-sus, hail, en-tro-ned in glo - ry, There for ev - er to a - - hide! }
All the heav'nly hosts a - dore thee, Seat-ed at thy Fa - ther's side; }

Hail! thou ag - o - niz - ing Sa-rior! Bear-er of our sin and shame! By thy mer-it we find fa - vor, Life is giv - en through thy name.

All thy peo-ple are for - giv - en Thro' the vir-tue of thy blood; O pen'd is the gate of heav - en; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

There for sin - ners Thou art pleading, There thou dost our place pre - pare; Ev - er for us in - ter - ce - ding, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.

METRE 4.

RECONCILEMENT. 8,7,8,7.

1. My Be-lov-ed, wilt thou own me, When my heart is all defiled? Tho' thy dy - ing love has won me, Tho' thy dying love has won me Can I deem myself a child.

2. My Be-lov-ed, pass be-fore me; Never from my sight remove; Ma-ny wa - ters flow-ing o'er me, Ma-ny waters flowing o'er me, Cannot quench my burning love.

3. My Be-lov-ed, now endue me, With thine own attractive charms; May thy Spirit sweetly woo me; May thy Spir-it sweetly woo me, Fold me in thy shelt'ring arms.

4. My Be-lov-ed, safe-ly hide me, In the drear and cloudy day; Ere the wind - y storm has tried me, Ere the windy storm has tried me, Hide my trembling soul, I pray.

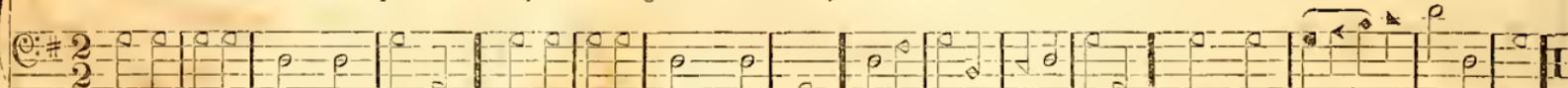
5. My Be-lov-ed, kindly take me, To thy sympathizing breast; Nev - er, nev - er more, for - sake me, Never, never more, for-sake me, Guide me to the land of rest.



1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre - a - tor! Praise to thee from eve - ry tongue: Join my soul with eve-ry creature, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.



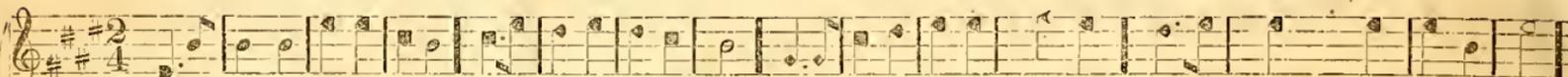
2. Fa - ther! Source of all com - pas - sion! Pure, unbounded grace is thine; Hail the God of our sal - va - tion! Praise him for, his love di - vine.



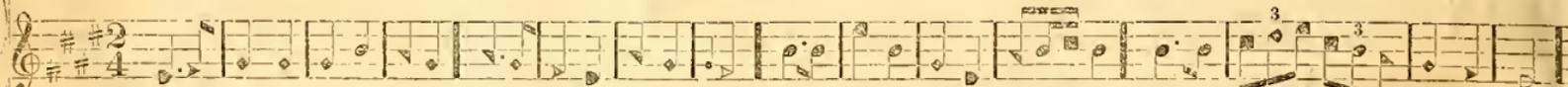
3. For ten thousand bless - ings giv - en, For the hope of fu - ture joy, Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven, Sound Je - ho - vah's praise on high.
4. Joy - ful - ly on earth a - dore him, Till in heav'n our songs we raise; There en - rap - tur'd fall be - fore him, Lost in won - der, love and praise.

METRE 4.

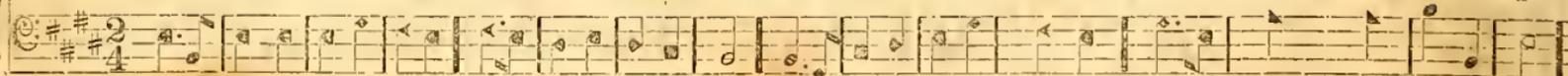
CARLISLE. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7. HYMN 418, PART I.—RIPPON.



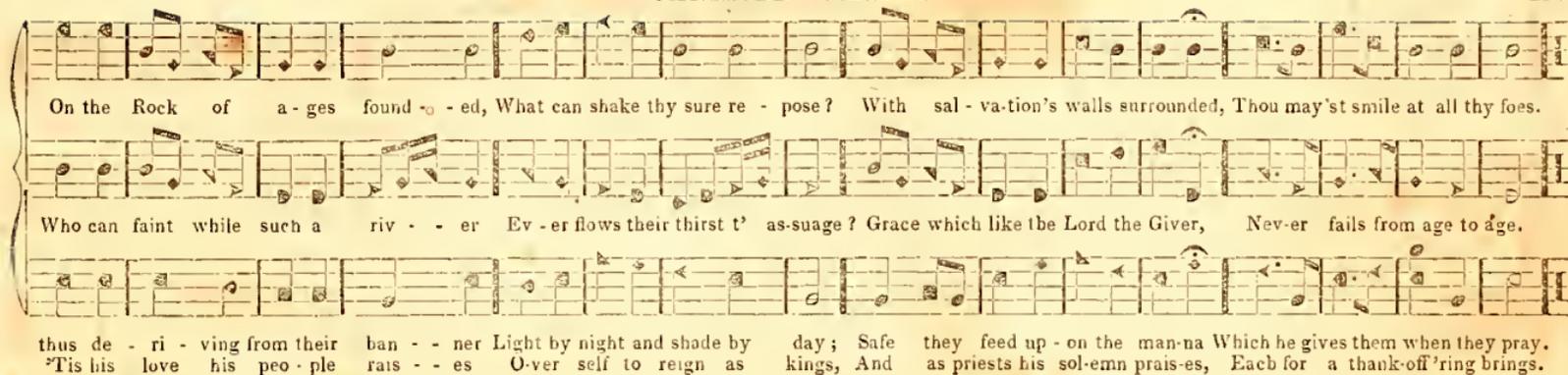
1. Glo - rious things of thee are spoken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! He whose word can - not be bro - ken Formed thee for his own a - bode.



2. See! the streams of living waters Springing from e - ter - nal love, Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters, And all fear of want re - move;



3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov'ring See the clouds and fire appear! For a glo - ry and a cov'ring, Showing that the Lord is near;
4. Blest in - hab - i - tants of Zi - on, Wash'd in the Re - deem'r's blood! Je - sus, whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God;



On the Rock of a-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

Who can faint while such a riv - - er Ev - er flows their thirst t' as-suage? Grace which like the Lord the Giver, Nev - er fails from age to age.

thus de - ri - ving from their ban - - ner Light by night and shade by day; Safe they feed up - on the man-na Which he gives them when they pray.
'Tis his love his peo - ple rais - - es O - ver self to reign as kings, And as priests his sol - emn prais - es, Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

METRE 4. -

ZELL. 8,7,8,7. HYMN 123.—CH. PSALMODY.



1. Light of those whose dreary dwell-ing Bor-ders on the shades of death! Rise on us, thy-self re - veal - ing, Rise and chase the clouds be - neath.

2. Thou of life and light Cre - a - tor, In our deepest dark - ness rise; Scat - ter all the night of na-ture, Pour the day up - on our eyes.
3. Still we wait for thine ap - pear - ing; Life and joy thy beams im - part, Chas-ing all our fears, and cheering Eve - ry meek and contrite heart.

4. Save us, in thy great com - pas-sion, Oh thou Prince of peace and love! Give the knowledge of sal - va - tion, Fix our hearts on things a - bove.
5. By thy all-suf - fi - cient mer - it, Eve-ry burdened soul re - lease; Eve - ry wea-ry, wand'ring spir-it, Guide in - to thy per - fect peace.

1. Dark and thorn-y is the des-ert Thro' which pilgrims make their way; } Fiends loud howling through the desert, Make them tremble as they go,
But he - yond this vale of sor-rows Lie the fields of end-less day;

2. O young sol-diers are you wea-ry, Of the trou-bles of the way; } Je - sus, Je - sus will go with you— He will lead you to his throne,
Does your strength begin to fail you, And your vig-or to de - cay;

3. He whose thunder shakes cre-a-tion, He who bids the plan-ets roll? } Round him are ten thousand an-gels, Rea-dy to o - bey com - mand :
He who rides up - on the tem-pest, And whose sceptre sways the whole ; }
4. There, on flow'ry hills of plea-sure, In the fields of end-less rest, } Who can paint those scenes of glo-ry, Where the ransomed dwell on high,
Love, and joy, and peace shall ev-er Reign and tri-umph in your breast. }

METRE 4.

RIPLEY. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7. HYMN 341.—PSALMIST.

And the fie-ry darts of Sa-tan, Oft-en bring their courage low.

He who dyed his garments for you, And the wine-press trod alone.

They are always hov'ring round you, Till you reach the heavenly land.
Where the golden harps for-ev-er, Sound redemption thro' the sky?

1. Might-y God, while angels bless thee, May a mor-tal lisp thy name! }
Lord of men, as well as an-gels, Thou art eve-ry crea-ture's theme: }

2. For the gran-deur of thy na-ture, Grand be-yond a seraph's thought,— }
For the won-ders of cre-a-tion,—Works with skill and kindness wrought,— }

3. For thy rich, thy free redemption;—Bright, tho' veiled in darkness long,— }
Thought is poor, and poor expression; Who can sing that wond'rous, soog,— }

Lord of eve - ry land and na - tion, An - cient of e - ter - nal days Sound - ed thro' the wide cre - a - tion Be thy just and law - ful praise.

For thy Prov - i - dence that gov - erns, Thro' thine empire's wide do - main, Wings an an - gel, guides a spar - row,—Bless - ed be thy gen - tle reign.

Brightness of the Fa - ther's glo - ry, Shall thy praise un - ut - tered lie? Break my tongue such guilt - y si - lence; Sing the Lord who came to die.

METRE 5.

EBENEZER. 4 lines 7's. HYMN 512.—RIPPON.

1. I my Eb - en - e - zer raise To my kind Re - deem - er's praise, With a grate - ful heart I own, Hith - er - to thy help I've known.

2. What may be my fu - ture lot, Well I know con - cerns me not; This should set my heart at rest, What thy will or - dains is best.

3. I my all to thee re - sign; Fa - ther, let thy will be mine; May but all my deal - ings prove Fruits of thy pa - ter - nal love.

4. Guard me, Sa - vior, by thy pow'r; Guard me in the try - ing hour: Let thy un - re - mit - ted care Save me from the lurk - ing snare.

5. Let my few re - main - ing days Be di - rect - ed to thy praise; So the last, the clo - sing scene, Shall be tran - quil and se - rene.

1. Now be - gin the heav'nly theme, Sing a - loud in Je - sus' name; Sing a - loud in Je - sus' name; Ye who his sal - va - tion prove,

2. Ye who see the Fa - ther's grace, Beam - ing in the Sa - vior's face, Beam - ing in the Sa - vior's face; As to Ca - naan on ye move,

3. Mourning souls, dry up your tears, Ban - ish all your guilt - y fears, Ban - ish all your guilt - y fears; See your guilt and curse re - move,

4. Ye a - las! who long have been Wil - ling slaves to death and sin, Wil - ling slaves to death and sin, Now from bliss no long - er rove,

5. Welcome all by sin op - press'd, Welcome to his sa - cred rest; Welcome to his sa - cred rest; Noth - ing brought him from a - bove,

METRE 5.

BOZRAH. 8 lines 7's.

Tri - umph in re - deem - ing love, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing love.

Praise and bless re - deem - ing love, Praise and bless re - deem - ing love.
Can - cell'd by re - deem - ing love, Can - cell'd by re - deem - ing love.

Stop and taste re - deem - ing love, Stop and taste re - deem - ing love.
Noth - ing but re - deem - ing love, Noth - ing but re - deem - ing love.

1. Who is this that comes from far, Clad in garments dipp'd in blood?
Strong triumphant tra - vel - er, is he man or is he God?

2. Wherefore are thy garments red. Dyed as in a crim - son sea?
They that in the wine - vat tread, Are not stain'd so much as Thee.

3. Kind thou art and full of love, Sa - vior, God, to suf - fer thus,
Rich the grace thy peo - ple prove, Thou hast shed thy blood for us.

I that speak in right - eous - ness, Son of God and man I am, Might-y to re - deem your race, Je - sus is your Sa - vior's name.

"I the fa - ther's fav'r - ite Son Have the dread-ful wine-press trod; Borne the venge-ful wrath a - lone, All the fierc - est wrath of God."

May thy love's con - strain - ing pow'r Tune our hearts and tongues to sing—May we in this fa - vor'd hour To the cross our tro - phies bring.

METRE 5.

COOKHAM. 4 lines 7's. HYMN 105.—DOVER SELEC.

1. Ho - ly Je - sus, love - ly Lamb, Thine and on - ly thine I am; Take my bo - dy, spir - it, soul— On - ly thou pos - sess the whole.

2. Thou my dear - est ob - ject be— Let me ev - er cleave to thee; Let me choose thee for my part— Let me give thee all my heart.

3. Whom have I on earth be - low? On - ly thee I wish to know; Whom have I in heav'n but thee? Thou art all in all to me.

4. All my trea - sure is a - bove— My best por - tion is thy love; Who the worth of love can tell? In - fi - nite, un - search - a - ble.

5. Noth - ing else may I re - quire— Let me thee a - lone de - sire; Pleased with what thy love pro - vides, Weaned from all the world be - sides.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re - served for me? Can my God his wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?

2. I have long with-stood his grace. Long pro-vo-ked him to his face; Would not hearken to his calls—Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3. Kin - died his re - lent-ings are—Me he now de - lights to spare; Cries, "How shall I give thee up?" Lets the lift - ed thun-der drop.

4. There for me the Sa-vior stands, Shows his wounds and spreads his hands; God is Love! I know— I feel— Je - sus weeps and loves me still.

5. Now in-cline me to re - pent—Let me now my fall la - ment; Now my soul re - volt de - plore— Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.

METRE 5.

EXAMINATION. 4 lines 7's. HYMN 250.—RIPPON.

1. 'Tis a point I long to know, Oft it caus - es anxious thought—Do I love the Lord or no!— Am I his, or am I not?

2. If I love why am I thus? Why this dull and life-less frame? Hardly, sure, can they be worse, Who have nev - er heard his name.

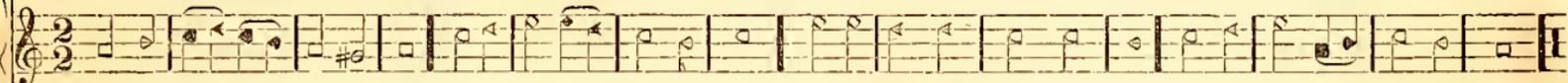
3. Could my heart so hard re-main, Prayer a task and bur-den prove; Every tri - ble give me pain, If I knew a Sa-vior's love?

4. When I turn my eyes with - in, All is dark, and vain, and wild; Fill'd with un - be - lief and sin, Can I deem my - self a child?

5. If I pray, or hear, or read, Sin is mixed with all I do; You that love the Lord in - deed, Tell me, is it thus with you?



1. When thy mor - tal life is fled, When the death-shades o'er thee spread, Thou hast finished earth's ca - reer, Sin - ner! where wilt thou ap - pear?



2. When the world has pass'd a - way, When draws near the judgment day, When the aw - ful trump shall sound, Sin - ner! where wilt thou be found?

3. When the Judge de - scends in light, Cloth'd in maj - es - ty and might; When the wick - ed quail with fear, Sin - ner! where wilt thou ap - pear?



4. Sin - ner, what shall soothe thy heart, When the saints and thou must part? When the good with joy are crown'd Sin - ner! where wilt thou be found?

5. When those dread - ful scenes shall end, When the saints to heaven as - cend? When their songs shall strike thy ear, Sin - ner! where wilt thou ap - pear!

METRE 5.

SOVEREIGN GRACE. 4 lines 7's. HYMN 156.—VILL. HYMNS.



1. Tell me, Sa - vior, from a - bove, Dear - est ob - ject of my love, Where thy lit - tle flock a - bide, Shel - ter'd near thy bleed - ing side.



2. Tell me Shepherd all di - vine, Where I may my soul re - cline? Where for ref - uge shall I fly, While the burn - ing sun is high?

3. Wilt thou let me run a - stray, Mourning, griev - ing all the day? Wilt thou hear to see me rove, Seek - ing base and mor - tal love.



4. Nev - er had I sought thy name, Nev - er felt the in - ward flame, Had not love first touch'd my heart With the pain - ful, pleas - ing smart.

5. Disd't thou leave thy glorious throne, Put a mor - tal rai - ment on, On the tree a vic - tim die, For a wretch so vile as I?

1. Hast - en, Lord, the glo - rious time, When be - neath Mes - si - ah's sway } Mightiest kings his pow'r shall own, Heath - en tribes his name a - dore ;
Eve - ry na - tion, eve - ry clime Shall the gos - pel call o - - bey. }

2. Then shall wars and tu - mul - ts cease, Then be ban - ished grief and pain ; } Bless we then our gra - cious Lord, Ev - er praise his glo - rious name ;
Right - eous - ness, and joy and peace, Un - dis - turbed shall ev - er reign. }

METRE 5.

MARTYN. 8 lines 7's.

Sa - tan and his host o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

All his mighty acts re - cord ; All his wondrous love pro - claim.

1. Ma - ry to the Savior's tomb, Hasted at the ear - ly dawn ; }
Spice she brought and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone ; }

2. But her sorrows quickly fled, When she heard his welcome voice ; }
Christ had ris - en from the dead ; Now he bids her hearts re - joice ; }

For a while she ling'ring stood, Fill'd with sor-row and sur - prise; Trembling while a crys-tal flood, Is - sued from her weeping eyes.

What a change his word can make, Turn-ing dark-ness in - to day; Ye who weep for Je - sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a - way.

METRE 5.

DIVINE INQUIRY. 4 lines 7's. HYMN 6.—RIPPON.

1. Hark, my soul it is the Lord— 'Tis the Sa-rior, hear his word; Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin-ner, lov'st thou me.

2. "I de - liv - er'd thee when hound, And when bleed-ing heal'd thy wound; Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right, Turn'd thy dark-ness in - to light.

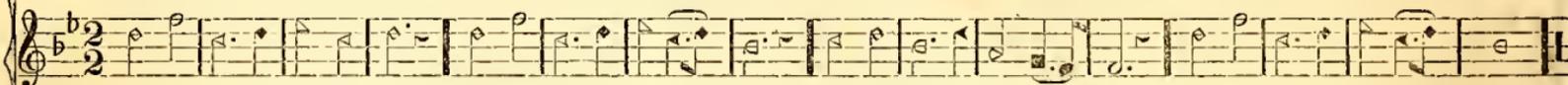
3. "Can a moth-er's ten - der care, Cease to - ward the child she bare? Yes, she may for-get-ful, he, Yet will I re-mem-ber thee.

4. "Mine is an un - chang-ing love, High-er than the heights a-hove, Deeper than the depths beneath, Free and faith - ful, strong as death.

5. "Thou shalt see my glo-ry soon, When the work of grace is done— Partner of my throne shalt he; Say, Poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?"



1. Sin-ners, turn, why will you die? God your Ma-ker asks you why? God who did your be - ing give, Made you with him-self to live.



2. He the fa - tal cause de-mands— Asks the work of his own hands; Why, ye thankless crea-tures, why, Will you cross his love and die?

3. Sin-ners, turn, why will ye die? God your Sa-vior asks you why? God who did your spir - its give, Died him - self that you might live!

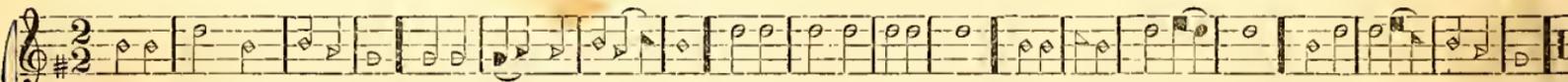


4. Will you let him die in vain?— Cru - ci - fy your Lord a - gain? Why ye ransomed sin - ners, why Will ye slight his grace and die?

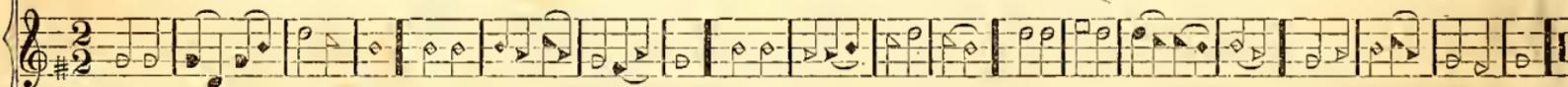
5. Sin-ners, turn, why will ye die?— God the Spir - it asks you why? He who all your lives hath strove, Woo'd you to em-brace his love.

METRE. 5

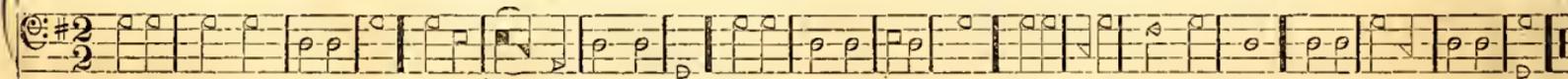
HENDON. 4 lines 7's. PSALM 23.—CH. PSALMODY.



1. To thy pas-tures, fair and large, Heav'nly Shepherd, lead thy charge, And my couch with tend'rest care, 'Midst the springing grass prepare, 'Midst the springing grass prepare.



2. When I faint with summer's heat, Thou shalt guide my wea - ry feet To the streams that still and slow, Thro' the verdant meadows flow, Thro' the verdant meadows flow.



3. Safe the drea - ry vales I tread, By the shades of death o'er-spread; With thy rod and staff supplied, This my guard and that my guide, This my guard and that my guide.

4. Con-stant to my la - test end, Thou my foot - steps shalt at - tend; And shalt bid thy hallowed dome Yield me an e - ter - nal home, Yield me an e - ter - nal home.

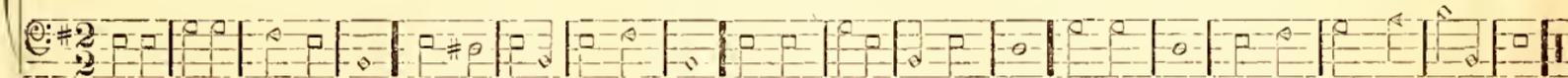


1. Je-sus' precious name ex - cels Jor - dan's streams and Salem's wells; Thirs-ty sinners, come and draw—Quench the flames, Quench the flames of Si - nai's law.



2. Fearful sinners' come and try, Draw and drink a sweet sup - ply; Christ is ev - er full and free—Sin-ners, come, Sin-ners, come, where'er you be.

3. See the waters spring-ing up, To re - vive your languid hope; Fill your ves-sels as it rolls, And re - fresh, And re - fresh, your wea-ry souls.



4. Lo! the Spir-it now in - vites; Lo! the cheerful Bride u - nites; Je - sus calls, be not a - fraid, Lo! for you! Lo! for you the well is made.

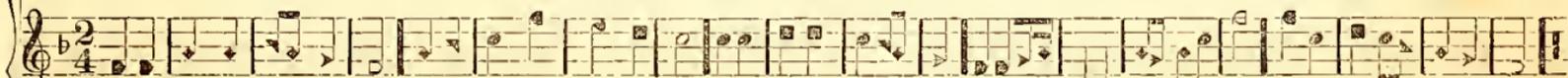
5. Haste you to the Lamb of God, Seek Sal - va-tion in his blood; In it there is bound-less store—For ten thou- For ten thou - sand thousand more.

METRE 5.

ALARMING VOICE. 4 lines 7's. HYMN 40.—VILL HYMNS.



1. Sinner! art thou still se - cure? Wilt thou still re - fuse to pray? Can thy heart or hand endure, In the Lord's a - veng-ing day! In the Lord's, a - venging day.



2. See his might-y arm is bared! Aw-ful ter - rors clothe his brow! For his judgment stand prepared, Thou must either break or bow, Thou must either break or bow.

3. At his pres-ence na - ture shakes, Earth af-fright-ed hastes to flee; Sol-id mountains melt like wax—What will then become of thee! What will then become of thee?



4. Who his ad-vent may a - bide? You that glo - ry in your shame, Will you find a place to hide When the world is wrapt in flame? When the world is wrapt in flame?

5. Lord, pre-pare us by thy grace! Soon we must re - sign our breath, And our souls be called to pass Thro' the i-ron gate of death, Thro' the i-ron gate of death.

1. An - gels! roll the rock a - way; Death yield up thy might - y prey; See! the Sa - vior leaves the tomb, Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom.

2. Hark! the wond'ring an - gels raise Loud - er notes of joy - ful praise; Let the earth's re - mo - test bound Ech - o with the bliss - ful sound.

3. Now, ye saints! lift up your eyes, See him high in glo - ry rise! Hosts of an - gels on the road, Hail him the In - car - nate God.

4. Heav'n unfolds its por - tals wide, See the Conq'ror through them ride! King of glo - ry! mount thy throne,—Bound - less em - pire is thy own.

5. Praise him, ye ce - les - tial choirs! Tune and sweep your gold - en lyres; Raise, O earth! your no - blest songs, From ten thou - sand thou - sand tongues.

METRE 6.

GANGES. 8,8,6,8,8,6. HYMN 367.—VILL. HYMNS.

1. A - waked by Si - nai's aw - ful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found, And knew not where to go; E - ter - nal truth did loud proclaim,

2. When to the law I trembling fled, It pour'd its curs - es on my head, I no re - lief could find, This fear - ful truth increased my pain;

3. A - gain did Si - nai's thunders roll, And guilt lay hea - vy on my soul, A vast, op - press - ive load; A - las, I read and saw it plain;

4. The saints I heard with rap - ture tell, How Je - sus conquered Death and Hell, And broke the fowler's snare; Yet when I found this truth re - main,

5. But while I thus in an - guish lay, The gracious Sa - vior pass'd that way, And felt his pi - ty move; The sin - ner by his just - tice slain,



“The sin-ner must be born a - gain, Or sink to end-less woe.”



1. O thou that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death,



“The sin-ner must be born a-gain,” And 'whelmed my tortur'd mind.
“The sin-ner must be born a - gain,” Or drink the wrath of God.



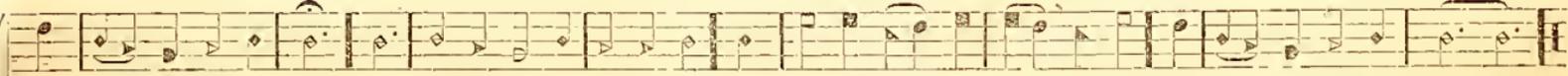
2. Slain in the guilt - y sin-ner's stead, His spot-less right-eous - ness I plead,



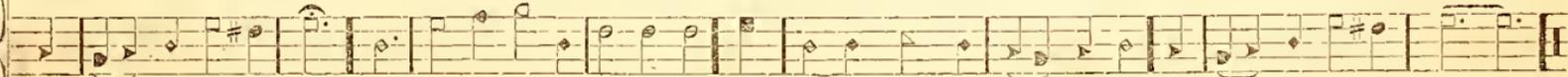
“The sin-ner must be born a - gain,” I sunk in deep de - pair.
Now by his grace is born a - gain, And sings re-deem-ing love.



3. Then snatch me from e - ter - nal death—The Spir-it of a - dop-tion breathe,
4. The king of ter - ror then would he A wel - come mes-sen - ger to me,



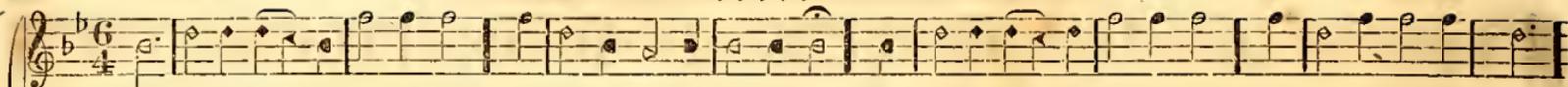
That casts it - self on Thee? I have no re - fuge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suf - fered once for me.



And his a - vail-ing blood; Thy right-eous-ness my robe shall be, Thy mer - it shall a - tone for me, And bring me near to God.



His con - so - la - tion send; By him some word of life im-part, And sweet-ly whis - per to my heart, “Thy Ma - ker is thy Friend.”
To bid me come a - way; Un-clogged by earth, or earthly things, I'd mount, I'd fly, with ea - ger wings, To ev - er - last-ing day.



1. When with my mind de - vout-ly press'd, Dear Sa - vior, my re - volv-ing breast, Dear Sa - vior, my re - volv-ing breast Would past of - fenc-es trace ;

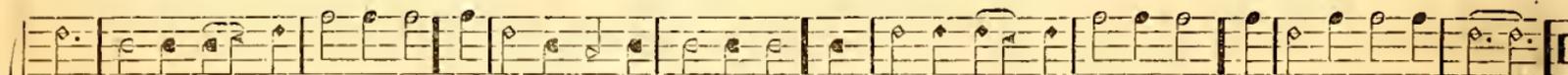


2. This tongue with blas - phe-my de - filed These feet to err - ing paths be-guiled, These feet to err - ing paths be-guiled, In heav'n-ly league a - gree ;



3. These eyes that once a-bused the light, Now lift to thee their wat'-ry sight, Now lift to thee their wat'-ry sight, And weep a si - lent flood .

4. These ears, that once could en-ter-tain The mid-night oath, the fes-tive strain, The mid-night oath, the fes-tive strain, A - round the sin - ful hoard ;



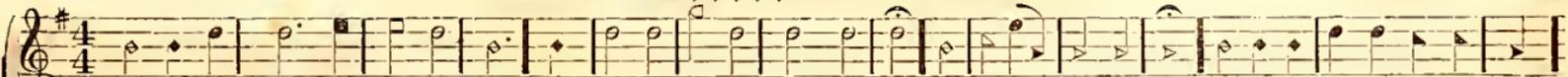
Trem-bling I make the black re-view, Yet pleased, behold, ad - mi - ring too, Yet pleased, be - hold, ad - mi - ring too, The pow'r of chang-ing grace.



Who would be - lieve such lips could praise, Or think from dark and winding ways, Or think from dark and wind-ing ways, I ere should turn to thee.



These hands are raised in cease-less pray'r—Oh wash away the stains they wear, Oh was a - way the stains they wear In pure re - deem-ing blood. Now deaf to all th'en-chant-ing noise, A - void the throng, de - test their joys, A - void the throng, de - test their joys, And long to hear thy word.



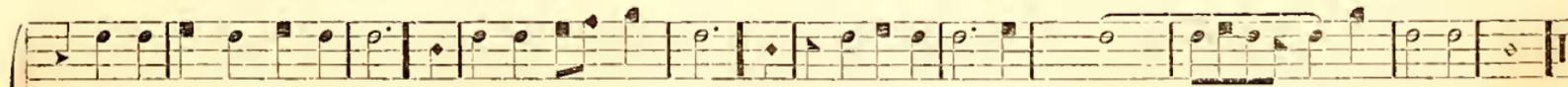
1. How hap-py is the pil-grim's lot, How free from anx-ious care and thought, From worldly hope and fear ; Confined to neither court nor cell,



2. His hap-pi-ness in part is mine, Al-read-y sav'd from self de-sign, From eve-ry crea-ture love ; Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,
3. The things e-ter-nal I pur-sue, And hap-pi-ness be-yond the view, Of those who base-ly pant For things by nature felt and seen,



4. Noth-ing on earth I call my own ; A stran-ger to the world un-known, I all their goods de-spise ; I tram-ple on their whole de-light,
5. There is my house and por-tion fair ; My trea-sure and my heart are there, And my a-hi-ding home ; For me my eld-er breth-reu stay,



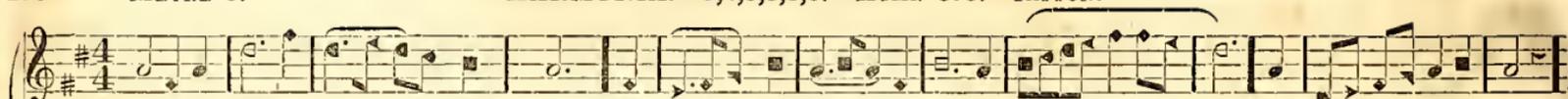
His soul dis-dains on earth to dwell, He on-ly so-journs here, He on-ly so-journs here, He on-ly so-journs here.



My soul is light-ened of its load, And seeks the things a-bove, And seeks the things above, And seeks.....the things a-bove.
Their hon-ors, wealth and pleasures mean, I nei-ther have nor want, I nei-ther have nor want, I nei-ther have nor want.



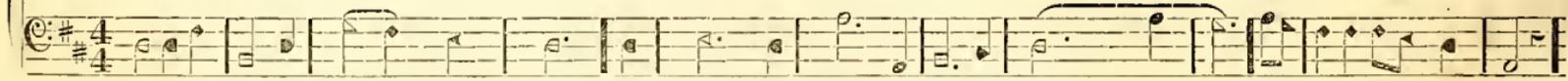
And seek a coun-try out of sight, A coun-try in the skies, A coun-try in the skies, A coun-try in the skies.
And an-gels heck-on me a-way : And Je-sus bids me come, And Je-sus bids me come, And Je-sus bids me come.



1. When thou my righteous Judge shalt come, To fetch thy ran-somed peo-ple home,..... Shall I a-mong them stand?



2. I love to meet a - mong them now, Be - fore thy gra - cious feet to bow,..... Tho' vi - lest of them all;



3. Prevent, prevent it by thy grace; Be thou, dear Lord, my fli - ding place,..... In the ae - cept - ed day;
4. Let me a - mong thy saints be found, When - e'er th'Arch - an - gel's trump shall sound,..... To see thy smi - ling face;



Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right hand? Be found..... at thy right hand? Be found at thy right hand.



But can I bear the piercing thought? What if my name should be left out When thou for them shalt call! When thou..... for them shalt call!! When thou for them shalt call!



Thy pard'ning voice O let me hear, To still my un-believ-ing fear, Nor let me fall, I pray, Nor let..... me fall, I pray, Nor let me fall, I pray. Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing, While heav'n's resounding mansions ring With sounds of sov'reign grace, With sounds of sov'reign grace, With sounds of sov'reign grace.

1. And am I on - ly born to die! And must I sud - den - ly com - ply With na - ture's stern de - cree?
 2. How then ought I on earth to live? While God pro - longs the kind re - prieve, And props the house of clay?
 3. No room for mirth or tri - fling here, For world - ly hope or world - ly fear, If life so soon is gone;

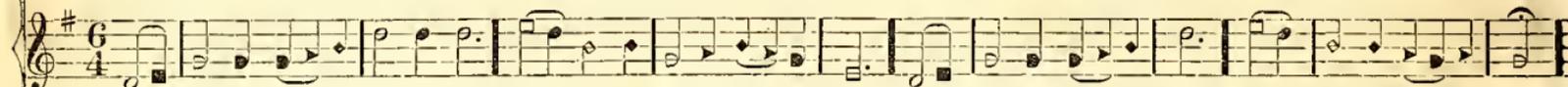
4. No mat - ter which my thoughts em - ploy, A mo - ment's mis - er - y or joy; But oh! when both shall end,
 5. Noth - ing is worth a thought be - neath, But how I may es - cape the death That nev - er nev - er dies!

What af - ter death for me re - mains? Ce - les - tial joys or bell - isb pains? To all e - ter - ni - ty? To all e - ter - ni - ty?
 My sole con - cern, my sin - gle care, To wach and trem - ble and pre - pare A - gainst this fa - tal day! A - gainst this fa - tal day!
 If now the Judge is at the door, And all man - kind must stand be - fore Th' in - ex - o - ra - ble throne! Th' in - ex - o - ra - ble throne!

Where shall I find my des - tined place? Shall I my ev - er - last - ing days With fiends or an - gels spend? With fiends or an - gels spend?
 How make my own e - lec - tion sure, And when I fail on earth, se - cure A man - sion in the skies! A man - sion in the skies?



1. One spark, O God, of heav'ly fire, A-wakes my soul with warm de-sire To reach the realms a - bove, To reach the realms a-bove;



2. O could I wing my way in haste, Soon with bright ser-ahps would I feast, And learn their sweet em-ploy! And learn their sweet em - ploy!



3. Too mean this lit - tle globe for me, Nor will I e'er con - tent-ed be To feast on things so vain; To feast on things so vain;
4. But, rest-ing in my Sa - vior's arms, My soul en-joys trans-port-ing charms Of ev - er - last - ing love! Of ev - er - last - ing love!



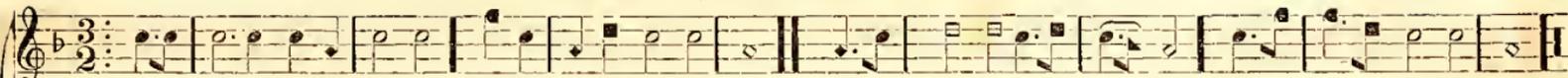
Im - mor - tal glo-ries round me shine, I drink the streams of life di - vine, And sing re - deem - ing love, And sing re - deem - ing love.



I'd glide a - long the heav-en-ly stream, And join the most ex - alt - ed theme Of ev - er - last - ing joy, Of ev - er - last - ing joy.



Its great-est rich - es are hut dross— Its gran-deur short, its plea - sures cross— Its joys are mixed with pain, Its joys are mixed with pain.
Here's life, here's joy, here's solid peace—A friend-ship that will nev - er cease— A Rock that can - not move, A Rock that can - not move.



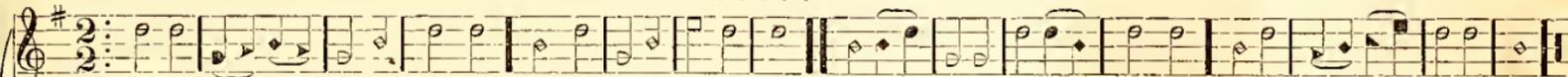
1. Oh thou God of my sal - va - tion, My Re-deem-er from all sin, } I will praise thee, I will praise thee, Where shall I thy praise be - gin?
 Moved by thy di-vine com-pas-sion, Who hast died my heart to win; }



2. While the angel choirs are cry-ing Glo - ry to the great I AM, } O how pre - cious, Oh how pre-cious, Is the sound of Je - sus' name.
 I with them would still be vie-ing, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb! }



3. Now I see with joy and won-der Whence the healing streams a-rose; } Yet the bless-ing, Yet the bless - ing Down to all, to me it flows.
 An-gel minds are lost to pon-der Dy-ing love's mys-te-ri-ous cause; }
 4. Though unseen, I love the Sa - vior—He hath broug't sal-va-tion near; } Soul and ho - dy, Soul and bo - dy Shall his glo - rious im-age wear.
 Man-i - fests his pard'ning fa - vor, And when Je-sus doth ap - pear, }



1. Day of judg - ment! day of won - ders? Hark! the trumpet's awful sound, } How the summons, How the summons, Will the sin - ner's heart confound.
 Loud-er than a thousand thunders, Shakes the vast cre-a-tion round; }



2. See the Judge our na-ture wear-ing Clothed in ma-jes - ty di - vine! } Gracious Sa - vior, Gra - cious Sa - vior, Own me in that day for thine.
 You who long for his ap-pear-ing, Then shall say, "This God is mine!" }



3. At his call the dead a - wa - ken, Rise to life from earth and sea, } Careless sin-ner, care-less sin-ner! What will then be - come of thee.
 All the powers of na-ture sha - ken, By his looks, prepare to flee, }



1. Hail, all hail! blest Sab-bath morn-ing, Pre-lude to e - ter - nal rest; Heav'n de-scends to crown thy mem'ry Millions rise to call thee bless'd;



2. Hail, all hail! bless'd courts of Zi - on, Hab - i - ta - tion of our King; May thy con-gre-ga - ted thou - sands Make thy domes with prai-ses ring;
3. Hail, all hail! thrice bless - ed gos - pel, Clothed with en - er - gy di - vine; Word of life for - ev - er pre - cious—Treasure of th' E - ter - nal mind;



4. Hail, all hail! ye sa - cred her - alds Of the cross the cru - ci - fied; Lift the banner, blow the trump - et, Tell the na - tions, Je - sus died;

METRE 7.

SERAPH'S HARP. 8,7,8,7,4,7. HYMN 113.—VILL. HYMNS.



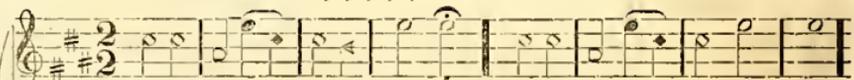
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hail the day of sa - cred rest.



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Shout the praise of Zion's King.
Word e - ter - nal, Word e - ter - nal, Nerve the weak, illumine the blind.



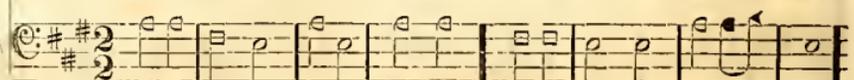
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus' word is glo - ri - fied.



1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy! Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry!



2. "It is fin - ished!"—Oh, what pleasure Do these pre - cious words af - ford!



3. Fin - ished all the types and sha - dows Of the cer - e - mo - nial law;



See it rends the rocks a - sun - der—Shakes the earth and veils the sky! “It is finished! It is finished!” Hear the dy - ing Sa - vior cry.



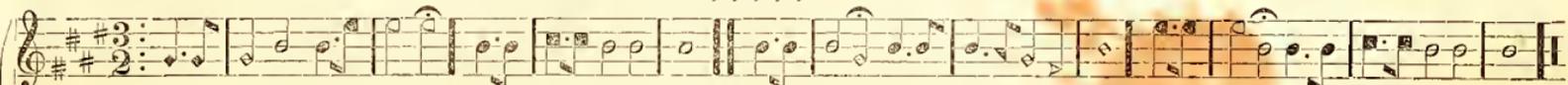
Heaven-ly blessings with-out mea - sure, Flow to us from Christ the Lord; “It is finished!—It is finished!”—Saints the dy-ing words re - cord.



Fin-ished all that God had prom - ised, Death and hell no more shall awe; “It is finished!—It is finished!”—Saints from hence your comfort draw.

METRE 7.

SACRED HERALD 8,7,8,7,4,7. HYMN 585.—LUTH. COLL.



1. On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo the sacred herald stands, } Mourning captive! God himself will loose thy bands,
Wel-come news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands: } Mourning captive! God himself will loose thy bands.



2. Has thy night been long and mournful, All thy friends unfaithful proved? } Cease thy mourning, Zion still is well beloved,
Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved? } Cease thy mourning, Zion still is well be-loved.



3. God, thy God, will now restore thee! He himself appears thy friend: } Great deliverance Zion's King vouchsafes to send,
All thy foes shall flee before thee, Here their boasts and triumphs end. } Great deliverance Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee, All thy warfare now is past; } All thy con-flicts End in ev-er-last-ing rest,
God, thy Sa-vior shall de-fend thee, Peace and joy are come at last; } All thy con-flicts End in ev-er-last-ing rest.

1. Sa - vior, vis - it thy plan - ta - tion—Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain! } All will come to des - o - la - tion,
Lord, re - vive us! Lord, re - vive us!

2. Keep no lon - ger at a dis - tance, Shine up - on us from on high, } Lest for want of thy as - sist - ance,
Lord, re - vive us! Lord, re - vive us,

3. Once O Lord thy gar - den flour - ished Eve - ry plant look'd gay and green, Then thy word our spir - its nourished,
4. But a drought has since suc - ceed - ed And a sad de - cline we see; Lord, thy help is great - ly need - ed,
5. Where are those we count - ed lead - ers, Filled with zeal and love and truth— Old pro - fess - ors tall as ce - dars,—
6. Some in whom we once de - light - ed, We shall meet no more be - low; Some a - las! we fear are blight - ed,—

METRE 7.

SWEET AFFLICTION. 8,7,8,7,4,7. HYMN 541.—RIPPON.

Un - less thou re - - turn a - gain. thee.
All our help must come from thee.

1. In the floods of trib - u - la - tion, While the hil - lows o'er me roll,

Eve - ry plant should droop and die.
All our help must come from thee.

2. Thus the li - on yields me hon - ey, From the eat - er food is given;

Hap - py sea - sons we have seen.
Help can on - ly come from thee.
Bright ex - am - ples to our youth.
Scarce a sin - gle leaf they show.

3. 'Mid the gloom the viv - id light - nings With in - creas - ing bright - ness play;
4. So, in dark - est dis - pen - sa - tions Doth my faith - ful Lord ap - pear,
5. All I meet I find as - sist me In my path to heav'n - ly joy,
6. Wear - ing there a weight of glo - ry Still the path I'll ne'er for - get,

Je - sus wish - pers con - so - la - tion, And sup - ports my faint - ing soul; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

Strengthen'd thus I still press for - ward Sing - ing as I wade to heaven, Sweet af - flic - tion, Sweet af - flic - tion, And my sins are all for - given.

'Mid the thorn - brake beau - teous flow - rets Look more beau - ti - ful and gay; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.
 With his rich - est con - so - la - tion, To re - an - i - mate and cheer; Sweet af - flic - tion, Sweet af - flic - tion, Thus to bring my Sa - vior - near.
 Where tho' tri - als now at - tend me, Tri - als nev - er more an - noy; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - lu - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.
 But, ex - ult - ing cry, it led me To my bless - ed Sa - vior's feet; Sweet af - flic - tion, Sweet af - flic - tion, Which has brought to Je - sus' feet.

METRE 7.

GOSPEL VICTORY. 8,7,8,7,4,7. HYMN 587.—LUTH. COLL.

1. Yes! we trust the day is break - ing, Joy - ful times are near at hand; } When he choos - es, When he choos - es, Dark - ness flies at his com - mand.
 God, the might - y God is speak - ing, By his word in eve - ry land; }

2. Let us hail the joy - ful sea - son— Let us hail the dawn - ing ray; } At his pres - ence, At his pres - ence Gloom and darkness flee a - way.
 When the Lord ap - pears there's reason To ex - pect a glo - rious day; }

3. While the foe be - comes more dar - ing, While he en - ters like a flood, } Eve - ry lan - guage, Eve - ry lan - guage, Soon shall tell the love of God.
 God the Sa - vior is pre - par - ing, Means to spread his truth a - broad; }

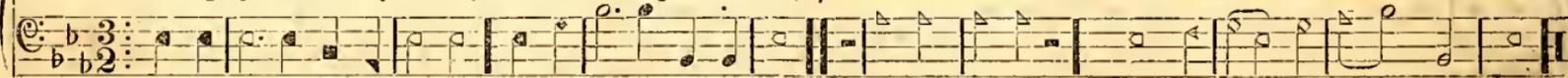
4. God of Ja - cob, high and glo - rious, Let thy peo - ple see thy hand; } And the i - dols, And the i - dols, Per - ish, Lord, at thy com - mand.
 Let the Gos - pel be vic - to - rious, Through the world in every land; }



1. Songs a - new of hon - or fram - ing, Sing ye to the Lord a - lone ; } Glo - rious vic - tory— His right hand and arm have won.
All his wondrous works proclaiming—Je - sus' wondrous works hath done !



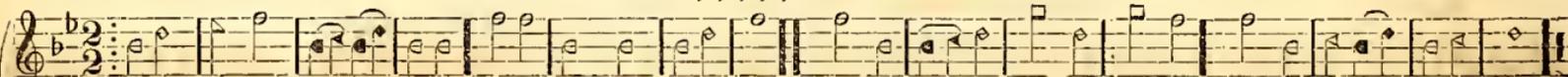
2. Now he bids his great sal - va - tion Thro' the heath - en lands he told ; } All the heathen— Shall his right - eous - ness he - hold.
Ti - dings spread thro' every na - tion, And his acts of grace un - fold ;



3. Shout aloud—and hail the Sa - vior ; Je - sus Lord of all pro - claim ! } Loud re - joic - ing— Shout the hon - ors of his name.
As ye tri - umph in his fa - vor, All ye lands, de - clare his fame ;

METRE 7.

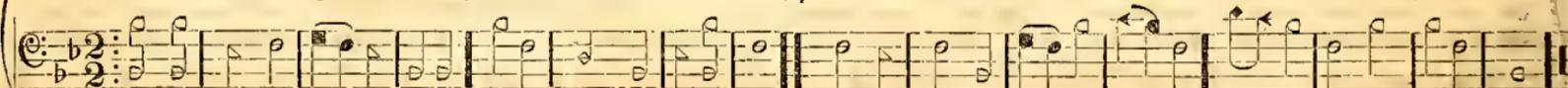
DRESDEN. 8,7,8,7,4,7. HYMN 576.—RIPPON.



1. Lo ! he comes with clouds de - scend - ing, Once for favored sin - ners slain ; } Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Je - sus now shall ev - er reign.
Thousand, thousand saints at - tend - ing Swell the tri - umph of his train,



2. Eve - ry eye shall now behold him Robed in dread - ful maj - es - ty ; } Deep - ly wail - ing, Deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the great Mes - si - ah see.
Those who set at nought and sold him, Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree ;



3. Eve - ry is - land, sea, and mountain, Heaven and earth shall flee away ! } Come to judg - ment ! Come to judgment ! Come to judgment ! Come a - way.
All who hate him must confounded, Hear the trump proclaim the day,

4. Now re - demp - tion long ex - pect - ed See in sol - emn pomp ap - pear, } Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah, See the day of God ap - pear.
All his saints 'hy man re - ject - ed, Now shall meet him in the air !



1. O my soul, what means this sad-ness? Where-fore art thou thus cast down? Let thy grief be turned to glad-ness,

2. What though Sa-tan's strong temp-ta-tions Vex and grieve thee day by day; And thy sin-ful in- cli-na-tions,

3. Though ten thou-sand ills be-set thee, From with-out and from with-in; Je-sus saith he'll ne'er for-get thee,

4. Though dis-tress-es now at-tend thee, And thou tread'st the thor-ny road; His right hand shall still de-fend thee,—

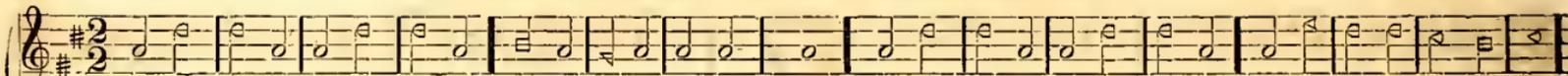
5. O that I could now a-dore him Like the heaven-ly host a-bove! Who for-ev-er bow be-fore him,



Bid thy rest-less fears be gone; Look to Je-sus, Look to Je-sus, And re-joice in his dear name.

Oft-en fill thee with dis-may; Thou shalt con-quer, thou shalt con-quer, Through the Lamb's re-deem-ing blood.
But will save from hell and sin, He is faith-ful, he is faith-ful, To per-form his gra-cious word.

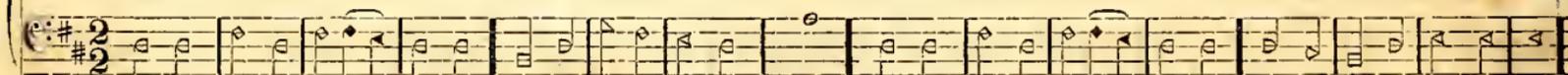
Soon he'll bring thee home to God; There-fore praise him—therefore praise him— Praise the great Re-deem-er's name.
And un-ceas-ing sing his love! Hap-py song-sters! Hap-py song-sters! When shall I your cho-rus join.



1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land; I am weak, hut thou art might - y, Hold me with thy pow'rful hand;

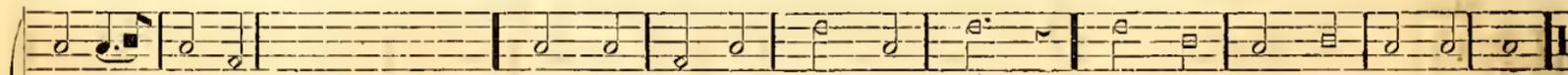


2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the healing streams do flow; Let the fie - ry clou - dy pil - lar, Lead me all my journey through:



3. Feed me with the heav'nly man - na In the bar - ren wil - der - ness: Be my sword and shield and ban - ner, Be my rohe of right - eous - ness:

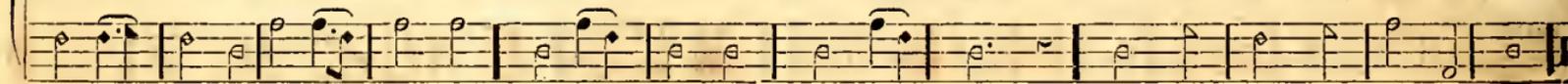
4. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan Bid my anxious fears sub - side; Foe to death, and hell's de - struc - tion, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side;



Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.



Strong De - liv'r - er! Strong De - liv'r - er! Be thou still my Strength and Shield, Be thou still my Strength and Shield.



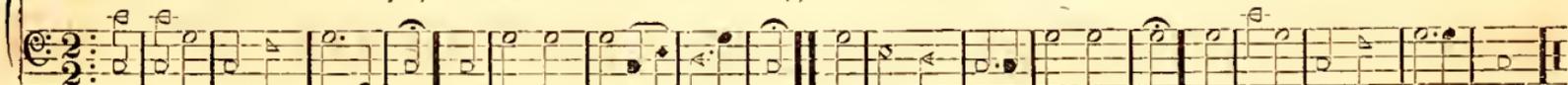
Fight and con - quer, Fight and con - quer All my foes by sov' - reign grace, All my foes by sov' - reign grace.
Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to thee, I will ev - er give to thee.



1. When quiet in my house I sit, Thy book be my com-pan-ion still; } And search the or-a-cles di-vine, Till eve-ry heart-felt word be mine.
 My joy thy say-ings to re-peat, Talk o'er the rec-ords of thy will; }



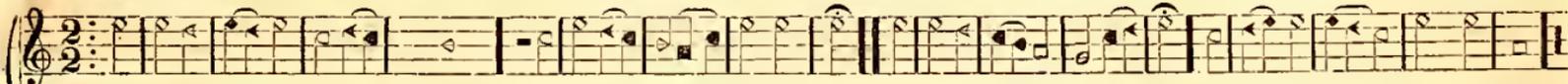
2. O may the gra-cious word di-vine, Sub-ject of all my con-verse be! } So shall my heart his pres-ence prove, And burn with ev-er-last-ing love.
 So will the Lord his fol-lower join, And walk and talk him-self with me; }



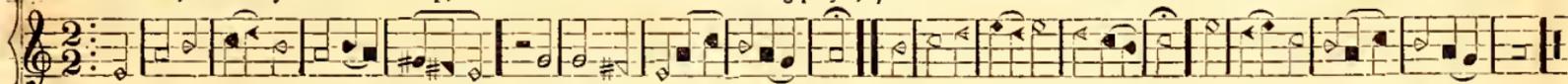
3. Oft as I lay me down to rest, O may the re-con-ci-ling word, } I sink in bliss-ful dreams a-way, And vis-ions of e-ter-nal day.
 Sweetly compose my wea-ry breast, While on the bos-om of my Lord, }
 4. Ris-ing to sing my Sa-vior's praise, Thee may I pub-li-sh all day long, } Fill all my life with pur-est love, And join me to the church a-hove.
 And let thy gra-cious word of grace Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue; }

METRE 8.

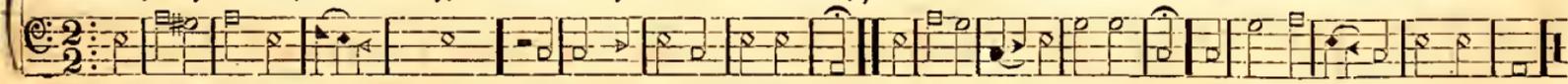
DAY STAR. 6 lines 8's. HYMN 495.—METH. COLL.



1. Where is my God, my joy, my hope, The dear de-sire of nations where? } And spreads her arms of faith a road, T'embrace my hope, my joy, my God.
 Je-sus, to thee my soul looks up, To thee di-rects her morning pray'r, }



2. Mine eyes prevent the morn-ing ray, Look-ing and long-ing for thy word; } Which pants and struggles to be free, And breaks, to be detained from thee.
 Come, O my Je-sus, come a-way, And let my heart re-cieve its Lord; }



3. Ap-pear in me bright Morn-ing star, And scat-ter all the shades of night: } And now again in dark-ness pine, Till thou throughout my nature shine.
 I saw thee once and came from far, But quick-ly lost thy tran-sient light, }

1. And can it be that I should gain An int-'rest in the 'Savior's blood? } A-ma-zing love! and can it he, That thou my Lord, should'st die for me?
Died He for me, who caused his pain? For me, who him to death pur - sued? }

2. 'Tis mer - cy all! th'Immortal dies! Who can ex - plore this strange design! } 'Tis mercy all! let earth a - dore; Let an - gel minds inquire no more.
In vain the first-born seraph tries To sound the depths of love di - vine! }

3. He left his Fa-ther's throne above: (So free so in - fi-nite his grace!) } 'Tis mercy all, immense and free, For O my God, it found out me,
Emp - tied him-self of all but Love, And bled for Ad-am's helpless race; }
4. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay, Fast bound in sin and nature's night; } My chains, felt of, my heart was free, I rose, went forth, and followed Thee,
Thine eye dif - fused a quick'ning ray; I woke! the dungeon flamed with light! }

METRE 8.

BELIEVER'S REPOSE. 6 lines 8's. HYMN: 508.—ASSEM. COLL.

That thou, my Lord, should'st die for me.

1. When gathering clouds a - round I view, And days are dark and friends are few,

Let an - gel minds in - quire no more.

2. If aught should tempt my soul a - stray From heavenly vir - tue's nar - row way,
3. When vex - ing thoughts within me rise, And sore dis - mayed my spir - it dies,

for O my God, it found out me,
-I rose, went forth, and followed Thee,

4. When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend, Which covers all that was a friend,
5. And O when I have safely pass'd Through evo-ry oon - flict but the last,

On him I lean, who not in vain, Ex-pe-rienced every human pain, He sees my wants, al-lays my fears, And counts and treas-ures up my tears.

To fly the good I would pur-sue, Or do the sin I would not do; Still he that felt temptation's pow'r Shall guard me in that dangerous hour. Yet he who once vouchsafed to hear The sick'ning anguish of de-spair, Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry, The throh-ning heart, the streaming eye.

And from his voice, his hand, his smile, Di-vides me for a lit-tle while,—Thou Savior, seest the tears I shed, For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead. Still, still unchanging watch he-side My pain-ful hed—for thou hast died; Then point to realms of end-less day, And wipe the la-test tears a-way.

METRE 8.

VERNON. 6 lines 8's. HYMN 77.—METH. COLL.

1. Come, O thou tra-vel-er un-known, Whom still I hold, hut can-not see; } With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.
My com-pa-ny be-fore is gone, And I am left a-loue with thee; }

2. In vain thou strugglest to get free, I nev-er will un-loose my hold; } Wrestling, I will not let thee go, Till I thy name, thy na-ture know.
Art thou the Man that died for me? The se-cret of thy love un-fold; }

3. What tho' my shrinking flesh complain, And murmur to con-tend so long! } And when my all of strength shall fail, I shall with thee God-Man pre-vail.
I rise su-pe-rior to my pain, When I am weak then am I strong! }

4. Yield to me now, for I am weak, But con-fi-dent in self-de-spair; } Speak, or thou nev-er hence shalt move, And tell me if thy name be Love.
Speak to my heart, in bless-ings speak—Be conquered by my instant pray'r; }

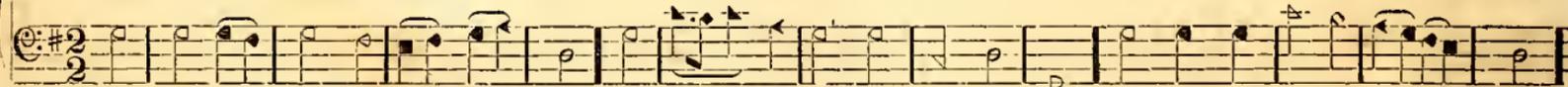


1. Je - sus, thy bound - less love to me, No thought can reach nor tongue de - clare; O knit my thank - ful heart to thee,



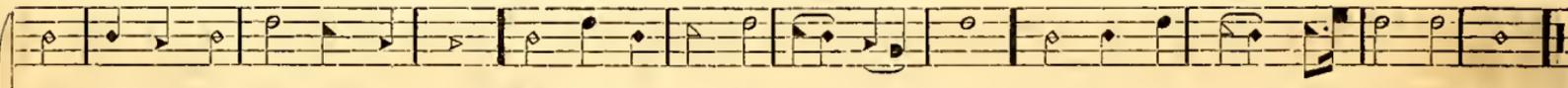
2. O grant that noth - ing in my soul May dwell, but thy pure love a - lone! O may thy love pos - sess me whole,

3. O love, how cheer - ing is thy ray! All pain he - fore thy pres - ence flies; Care, an - guish, sor - row melt a - way,



4. Un - wea - ried may I this pur - sue, Daunt - less to the high prize as - pire; Hour - ly with - in my soul re - new,

5. My Sa - vior, thou thy love to me, In shame, in want, in pains hast showed, For me on the ac - curs - ed tree,



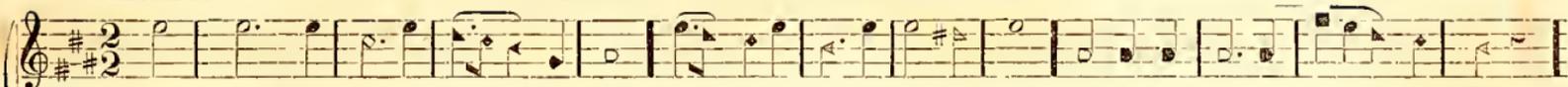
And reign with - out a ri - val there; Thine whol - ly thine a - lone I am, Be thou a - lone my con - stant flame.



My joy, my trea - sure and my crown! Strange flames far from my heart re - move, My eve - ry act, word, thought be love.
Wher - e'er thy heal - ing beams a - rise; O Je - sus, noth - ing may I see; Noth - ing de - sire or seek hut thee.



This ho - ly flame, this heav'n - ly fire; And day and night be all my care To guard that sa - cred trea - sure there.
Thou pour - edst forth thy guilt - less blood! Thine im - age on my heart im - press, Nor aught shall thy loved stamp ef - face.



1. Lo! God is here! let us a - dore, And own how dread-ful is the place! Let all with - in us feel his pow'r,



2. Lo! God is here, him day and night Th'u - ni - ted choirs of an - gels sing; To him en-throned a - bove all height,



3. Glad - ly the toys of earth we leave, Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee a - lone; To thee our will, soul, flesh we give,

4. Be - ing of he-ings! may our praise Thy courts with grate-ful fra-grance fill, Still may we stand be - fore thy face,



And si - lent bow be - fore his face! Who know his pow'r, his grace who prove Serve him with awe, with rev'rence love.



Heaven's host their no - - blest prais-es bring; Dis-dain not, Lord, our mean - er song, Who praise thee with a stamm'ring tongue.



Ob take! oh seal them for thine own! Thou art the God, thou art the Lord— Be thou by all thy works a - dored.
Still hear and do thy sov'-reign will; To thee may all our thoughts a - - rise, A cease-less, pleas - - ing sac - ri - fice.

1. Yes the Re-deem-er rose: The Sa-vior left the dead; And o'er our hell-ish foes High raised his conquering head;

2. Lo! the an-gel-ic bands, In full as-sembly meet, To wait his high com-mands, And wor-ship at his feet;

3. Then hark to heav'n they fly, The joy-ful news to bear; Hark! as they soar on high, What mu-sic fills the air;

4. Ye mor-tals, catch the sound,— Re-deemed by him from hell; And send the ech-o round The globe on which you dwell;

5. All hail! tri-umph-ant Lord! Who sav'st us by thy blood; Wide be thy name a-dored, Thou ri-sing, reign-ing God;

METRE 9.

LENOX. 6,6,6,8,8. HYMN 67.—CH. PSALMIST.

In wild dis-may the guards a-round Fall to the ground and sink a-way.

Joy-ful they come and wing their way, From realms of day to Je-sus' tomh.
Their an-thems say,—“Jesus who hied, Hath left the dead:—He rose to-day

Trans-ported cry,—“Je-sus who hied, Hath left the dead, no more to die.”
With thee we rise, with thee we reign, And empires gain be-yond the skies.

1. Hark! hark! the notes of joy Roll o'er the heavenly plains,

2. Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh, The joy-ful hosts de-scend;

3. Bear, bear the ti-dings round; Let eve-ry mor-tal know,

4. Strike, strike the harps a-gain To great Im-man-uel's name;

And seraphs find em - ploy For their sub - li-mest strains ; Some new delight in heaven is known, Some new delight in heav'n is known, Loud sound the harps around the throne.

Je - sus forsakes the sky, To earth his footsteps bend ; He comes to bless our fall - en race ; He comes to bless our fall - en race ; He comes with mes - sa - ges of grace.

What love in God is found, What pi - ty he can show ; Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll ; Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll ; Bear the glad news from pole to pole.
A - rise ye sons of men, And all his grace pro - claim ; An - gels and men, wake every string, An - gels and men, wake every string, 'Tis God the Savior's praise we sing.

METRE 9.

GRATEFUL PRAISE. 6,6,6,6,8,8. HYMN 92.—PSALMIST.

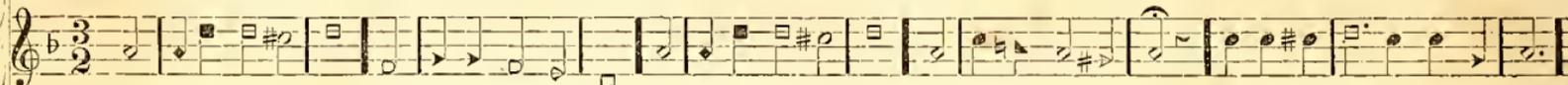
1. Let eve - ry crea - ture join To bless Je - ho - vah's name, } Let na - ture raise from eve - ry tongue, A gen' - ral song of grate - ful praise.
And eve - ry power u - nite To swell th'ex - alt - ed theme ; }

2. But O! from hu - man tongues Should no - bler prais - es flow, } Your voic - es raise, ye high - ly blest ; A - bove the rest de - clare his praise.
And eve - ry thank - ful heart With warm de - vo - tion glow ; }

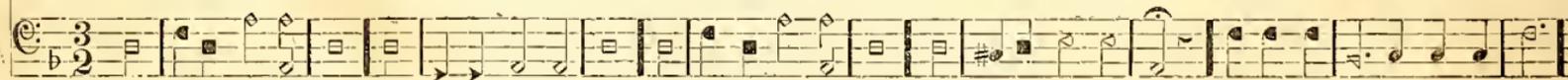
3. As - sist me, gra - cious God ; My heart, my voice in - spire ; } Thy grace can raise My heart and tongue, And tune my song to live - ly praise.
Then shall I hum - bly join The u - ni - ver - sal choir ; }



1. Where is my Sa-vior now, Whose smiles I once possess'd? Till he re - turn, I bow By heav-iest grief op-press'd: my days of hap - pi - ness are gone,



1. Where can the mourner go, And tell his tale of grief? Ah! who can soothe his woe, And give him sweet re - lief? Earth can not heal the wound-ed breast,



3. Je - sus thy smiles im-part; My dearest Lord, re - turn, And ease my wounded heart, And bid me cease to mourn: Then shall this night of sor-row flee,

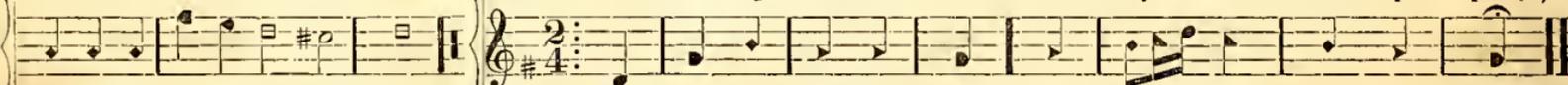
METRE 9.

CARMARTHEN. 6,6,6,6,8,8. HYMN 179.—METH. COLL.



And I am left to weep a - lone.

1. A - rise my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt - y fears, }
- The bleed - ing sac - ri - fice, In my he - half ap - pears, }



Or give the trou-hled sin - ner rest.

2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede, }
His all re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to - plead. }



And peace and heav'n he found in thee.

3. Five bleed - ing wounds he hears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry; }
They pour ef - fect - ual prayers, They strong - ly speak for me; }
4. The Fa - ther hears him pray, His .dear a - noint - ed One; }
He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of his Son; }

Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.

For - give him! oh for - give they cry, Nor let that ran - som'd sin - ner die, Nor let that ran - som'd sin - ner die.
His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, And tells me I am horn of God, And tells me I am born of God.

METRE 9.

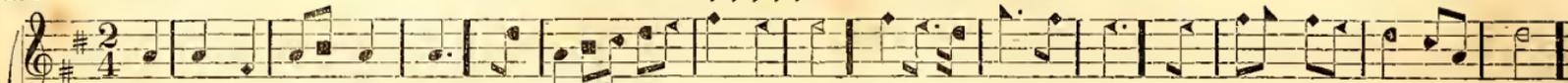
CONFIDENCE. 6,6,6,6,8,8. HYMN 273.—T. BEAMAN'S SELEC.

1. When Han-nah, press'd with grief, Pour'd forth her soul in pray'r, } Like her, in eve - ry try - ing case, Let us approach the throne of grace.
She quick - ly found re - lief, And left her hur - den there; }

2. When she be - gan to pray, Her heart was pain'd and sad— } In trou - ble what a rest - ing place Have they who know the throne of grace.
But e'er she went a - way, Was com - fort - ed and glad: }

3. Though men and de - vils rage, And threaten to de - vour; } Fresh strength they gain to run their race, By wait - ing at the throne of grace.
Thy saints from age to age, Are safe from all their pow'r. }

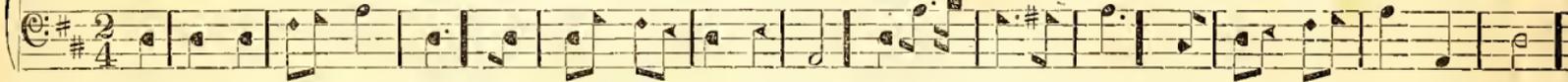
4. Num - bers be - fore have tried, And found the prom - ise true: } Let us by faith their foot - steps trace; And hast - en to the throne of grace.
Nor yet one been de - nied— Then why should I or you? }



1. On earth the song be - gins, In heav'n more sweet, more loud, To him that drowns our sins In his a - to - ning blood,



2. Ye saints on earth, re - peat What heav'n with rap - ture owns; And while be - fore his feet The eld - ers cast their crowns,
3. Sing as ye pass a - long, With joy and won - der sing, Till oth - ers learn the song And own your Lord their King.



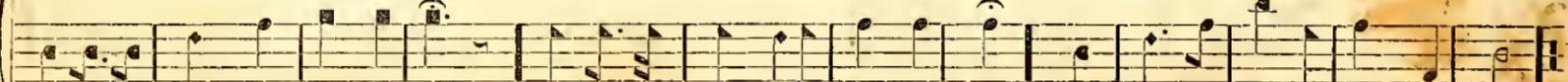
4. In - form the list - ening world, How Je - sus, when he fell, The powers of darkness hurl'd Down to the depths of hell;
5. A - lone he took the field, A - lone the hat - tle fought; With his own sword and shield, The might - y work he wrought,



“To Him,” they cry in rapt’-rous strains, “To Him” they cry in rapt’-rous strains, “Be hon - or, praise, and pow’r—A - men!”



Go im - i - tate the choirs a - bove, Go im - i - tate the choirs a - bove, And tell the world your Sa - vior's love.
Till con - verts join you as ye go, Till con - verts join your as ye go, And make a grow - ing heav'n be - low.



And ri - sing, hore the res - cued prize, And ri - sing bore the res - cued prize, His church in tri - umph thro' the skies.
The might - y work was all his own, The might - y work was all his own, And let him ev - er wear the crown.



1. How love-ly and how fair, O Lord of host! to me, Thy tah-er-na-cles are! My flesh cries out for thee;



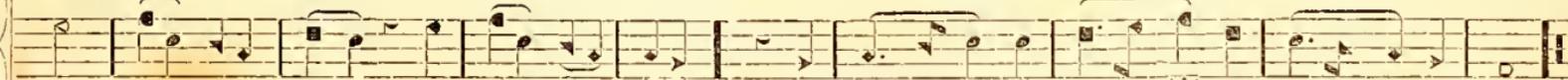
2. Lord God of hosts! give ear, A gra-cious an-swer yield: O God of Ja-cob, hear; Be-hold! O God, our shield!



3. Lord! I would ra-ther stand A keep-er at thy gate, Than at the king's right hand, In tents of world-ly state;
4. God is a Sun of light, Glo-ry and grace to shed, God is a Shield of might To guard the faith-ful head;



My heart and soul with heav'n-ward fire, To thee the liv-ing God, as-pire.



Look on thine own, a-noint-ed One, And save through thy be-lov-ed Son.



One day with-in thy courts—one day, Is worth a thou-sand cast a-way.
O Lord of hosts, how hap-py he, The man who puts his trust in thee.

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thy earth - ly tem - ples are; To thine a - bode, my heart as - pires,

2. The sparrow for her young, With pleasure seeks her nest, And wand'ring swal - lows long To find their wont - ed rest; My spir - it faints with e - qual zeal,

3. O hap - py souls that pray Where God ap - points to hear! O hap - py men that pay Their constant service there! They praise thee still, and happy they,

4. They go from strength to strength Thro' this dark vale of tears, Till each ar - rives at length, Till each in heav'n ap - pear, O glo - rious seat, when God our King
5. To spend one sa - cred day Where God and saints a - hide, Af - fords di - vin - er joy Than thousand days beside: Where God re - sorts, I love it more

METRE 10.

HARMONY. 10,10,11,11. HYMN 282.—METH. COLL.

With warm desire to see my God.

To rise and dwell a - mong thy saints.
That love the way to Zi - on's hill.

1. Oh what shall I do my Sa - vior to praise! So faith - ful and true, so plen - teous in grace!

2. How hap - py the man whose heart is set free; The peo - ple that can be joy - ful in thee;

Shall thib - er bring our wil - ling feet.
To keep the door than shine in courts.

3. Their dai - ly de - light shall be in thy name, They shall as their right thy right - eous - ness claim;
4. For thou art their boast, their glo - ry and pow'r, And I al - so trust to see the glad hour,

So strong to de-liv-er, so good to re - deem, The weakest be-liev-er that hangs up - on him, The weakest be - liev - er that hangs up-on him.

Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face, And still they are talking of Je - sus - 's grace, And still they are talk - ing of Je-sus-'s grace.

Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by thy blood, Bold shall they appear in the pres-ence of God, Bold shall they ap - pear in the presence of God.
My soul's new cre-a-tion a life from the dead, The day of sal-va-tion that lifts up my head, The day of sal - va - tion that lifts up my head.

METRE 10.

HANOVER. 10,10,11,11. HYMN 7.—METH. COLL.

1. Oh, all that pass by, to Jesus draw near ; He utters a cry, ye sinners, give ear ! From hell to retrieve you he spreads out his hands ; Now, now to receive you he graciously stands.

2. If and man thirst and happy would be, The vilest and worst may come unto me ; My drink of my Spirit—excepted is none—Lay claim to my merit, and take for his own.

3. Who - ev - er re - ceives the life - giv - ing word, In Je - sus believes, his God and his Lord, In him a pure river of life shall a - rise—Shall in the believer spring up to the skies.
4. My God and my Lord, thy call I o - bey ; My soul on thy word of promise I stay ; Thy kind in - vi - ta - tion I gladly em - brace, I thirst for sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion by grace.

1. Tho' trou-bles as-sail and dan-gers af-fright, Tho' friends should all fail and foes all u-nite, Yet one thing se-cures us, what-ev-er he-tide,

2. The birds without barn or storehouse are fed, From them let us learn to trust for our bread; His saints what is fit-ting shall ne'er be de-nied,

3. We all may, like ships, by tem-pest be toss'd On per-il-ous deeps, but need not be lost; Though Sa-tan en-ra-ges the wind and the tide,
 4. His call we o-hey, like A-hra'm of old; We know not the way, but faith makes us bold; For though we are stran-gers, we have a sure Guide,

METRE 10.

UNITIA. 10,10,11,11. HYMN 475.—ASSEM. COLL.

The prom-ise as-sures us the Lord will pro-vide.

So long as 'tis writ-ten the Lord will pro-vide.

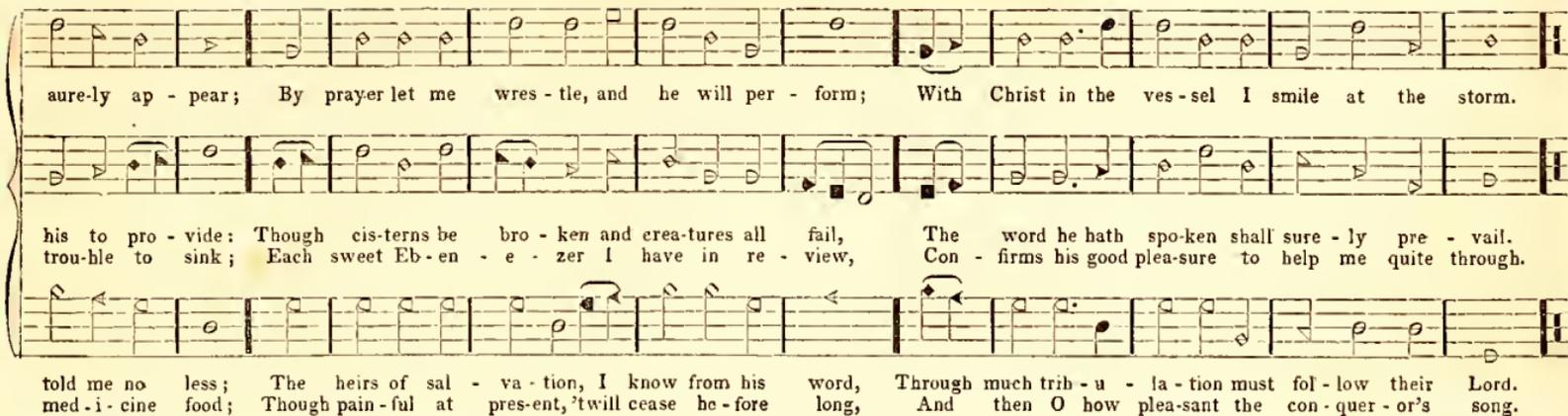
1. Be-gone un-be-lief! my Sa-vior is near, And for my re-lief, will

2. 'Though dark be my way since he is my Guide, 'Tis mine to o-bey, 'tis

3. His love in time past for-bids me to think, He'll leave me at last in

Yet scrip-ture en-ga-ges the Lord will pro-vide.
 And trust in all dan-ger the Lord will pro-vide.

4. Why should I com-plain of want and dis-tress, Temp-ta-tion or pain? He
 5. Since all that I meet shall work for my good, The bit-ter is sweet, the



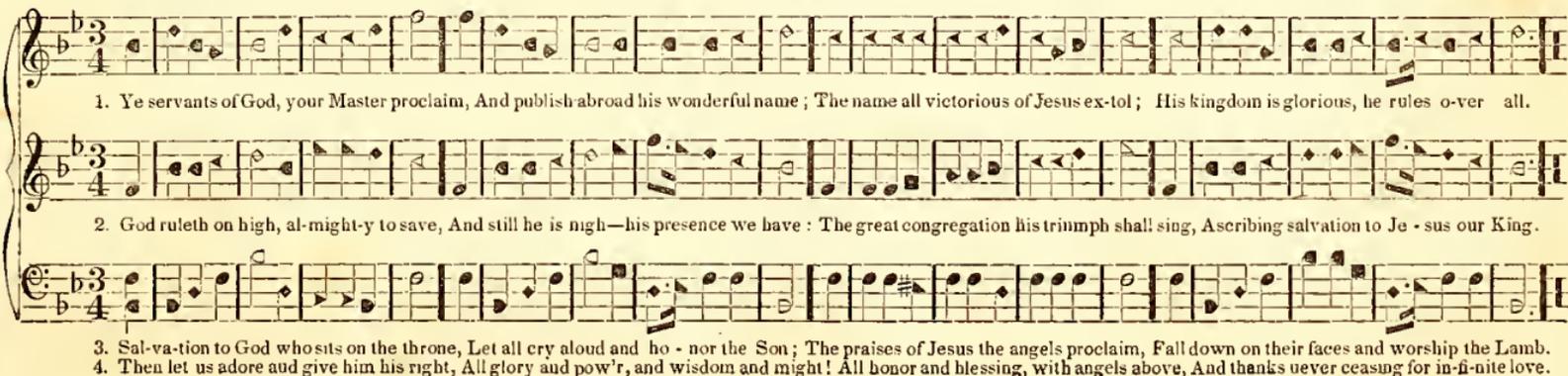
aure-ly ap - pear; By prayer let me wres - tle, and he will per - form; With Christ in the ves - sel I smile at the storm.

his to pro - vide: Though cis - terns be bro - ken and crea - tures all fail, The word he hath spo - ken shall sure - ly pre - vail.
trou - ble to sink; Each sweet Eb - e - zer I have in re - view, Con - firms his good plea - sure to help me quite through.

told me no less; The heirs of sal - va - tion, I know from his word, Through much tri - bu - la - tion must fol - low their Lord.
med - i - cine food; Though pain - ful at pres - ent, 'twill cease he - fore long, And then O how plea - sant the con - quer - or's song.

METRE 10.

LYONS. 10,10,11,11. PSALM 93, PART IV.—CH. PSALMODY.



1. Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish abroad his wonderful name; The name all victorious of Jesus ex-tol; His kingdom is glorious, he rules o-ver all.

2. God ruleth on high, al-might-y to save, And still he is nigh—his presence we have: The great congregation his triumph shall sing, Ascribing salvation to Je - sus our King.

3. Sal - va - tion to God who sits on the throne, Let all cry aloud and ho - nor the Son; The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim, Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4. Then let us adore and give him his right, All glory and pow'r, and wisdom and might! All honor and blessing, with angels above, And thanks uever ceasing for in - fi - nite love.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent word; What more can he say than to you he hath said,
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - may'd, For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,

3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
 4. "When thro' fie - ry tri - als thy path - way shall lie, My grace all suf - fi - cient shall be thy sup - ply; The flames shall not bur - tle thee, I on - ly de - sign, -

5. 'E'en down to old age all my peo - ple shall prove My sov - reign, e - ter - nal, un - change - a - ble love; And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
 6. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose I will not, I will not de - sert to his foes; That soul tho' all hell should en - dea - vor to shake,

METRE 11.

PRESCOTT. 4 lines 11's. HYMN 179.—DOVER SELEC.

Who un - to the Sa - vior for ref - uge have fled.
 Up - held by my right - eous om - ni - po - tent hand.

And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deepest dis - tress.
 Thy dross to con - sume and thy gold to re - fine.

1. I would not live al - ways, I ask not to stay, Where storm af - ter
 2. I would not live al - ways thus fet - ter'd hy sin; Temp - ta - tion with -
 3. I would not live al - ways - no - wel - come the tomb—Since Je - sus has

like lambs they shall still in my bo - som be borne.
 I'll nev - er,—no nev - er,—no nev - er for - sake."

4. Who, who would live al - ways, a - way from his God, A - way from you .
 5. Where saints of all a - ges in har - mo - ny meet, Their Sa - vior and



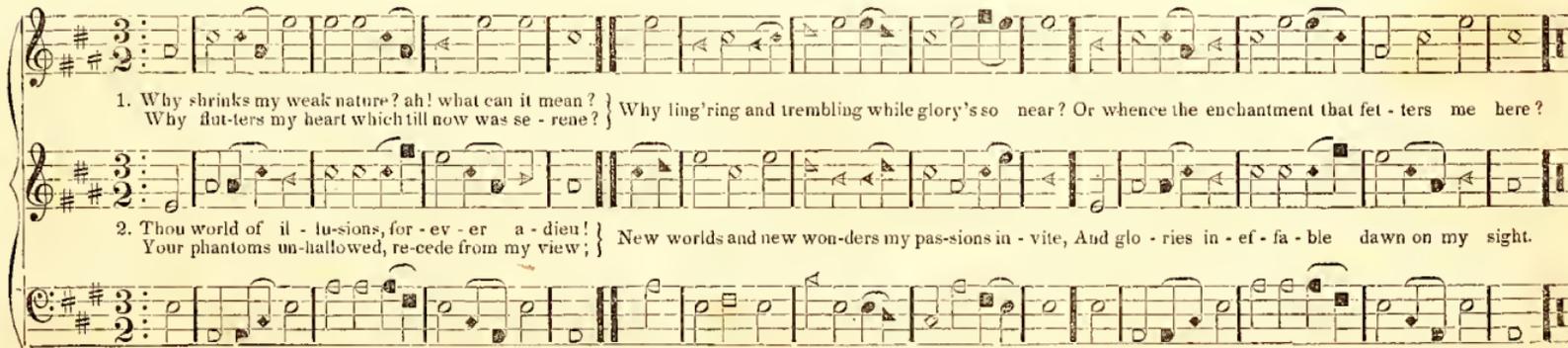
storm ri - ses dark o'er the way; The few cloud - y mornings that dawn on us here, En - ough for life's woes, full e - ough for its cheer.

out and cor - rup - tion with-in; Where rap-ture of par-don is min - gled with fears; The cup of thanks - giv - ing with pen - i - tent tears. lain there, I'll en - ter its gloom; There sweet be my rest, till he bid me a - rise, To hail him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the skies.

heav-en, that bliss - ful a - bode; Where riv - ers of plea-sure flow through the bright plains, And noon - tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns. breth-ren trans - port - ed to greet; While an-thems of rap-ture un - ceas - ing - ly roll!—The smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

METRE 11.

BAVARIA. 4 lines 11's.



1. Why shrinks my weak nature? ah! what can it mean? } Why ling'ring and trembling while glory's so near? Or whence the enchantment that fet - ters me here?
Why flut-ters my heart which till now was se - rene? }

2. Thou world of il - lu-sions, for - ev - er a - dieu! } New worlds and new won-ders my pas-sions in - vite, And glo - ries in - ef - fa - ble dawn on my sight.
Your phantoms un-hallowed, re-cede from my view; }

3. Hail, vis-ions ce - les-tial, and thou di - vine Source } Thy grace hath renewed and made perfect my heart, Now let me in peace and in tri - umph de - part.
Of life, hope, and glo - ry, if e'er in any course

4. 'Tis done! lo they come bright ce - les-tials de - scend, } The spheres are all vo - cal, the rap-tures draw near, In - par - tial vi-bra-tions re - sound in my ear.
Saints, angels, and seraphs their sym-pho - nies lend, }

1. O Zi - on, af - flic - ted with wave upon wave, Whom no man can com - fort, whom no man can save; With dark - ness sur - round - ed, by terror dismay'd,

2. Loud roar - ing the hil - lows, now nigh o - ver - whelm, But skill - ful's the Pi - lot that sits at the helm, His wis - dom con - ducts thee, his pow'r thee defends,

3. "O fear - ful! O faith - less!" In mer - cy he cries, "My prom - ise, my truth, are they light to thine eyes? Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand;

4. "Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is se - cure; My wis - dom is per - fect, su - preme is my pow'r: In love I cor - rect thee, thy soul to re - fute,

METRE 11.

ST. DENNIS. 4 lines 11's. HYMN 138.—CHRISTIAN LYRE.

In toil - ing and row - ing thy strength is de - cay'd.

In safe - ty and qui - et the war - fare he ends.

1. Thou sweet gliding Kedron, hy thy sil - ver stream, Our Sa - vior, at mid - night, when

2. How damp were the va - pors that fell on his head, How hard was his pil - low, how

Thro' tem - pest and toss - ing I'll bring thee to land.
To make thee at length in my like - ness to shine."

3. Oh, gar - den of Ol - i - vet! dear hon - or'd spot, The fame of thy won - ders shall
4. Come, saints, and a - dore him—come how at his feet! Oh, give him the glo - ry, the

moon - light's pale beam Shone hright on the wa - ters, would fre - quent - ly stray, And lose in thy mur - murs the toils of the day.

hum - ble his bed! The an - gels as - ton - ished grew sad at the sight, And fol - lowed their mas - ter with sol - emn de - light.

ne'er he for - got— The theme most transporting to ser - aphs a - hove, The tri - umph of sor - row, the tri - umph of love.
 praise that is meet! Let joy - ful ho - san - nas un - ceas - ing a - rise, And join the full cho - ras that glad - dens the skies.

METRE 11.

CHRISTIAN FAREWELL. 4 lines 11's. HYMN 169.—DOVER SELEC.

1. Fare - well my dear breth - ren, the time is at hand, } Our sev' - ral engagemets now call us a - way : Our part - ing is need - ful, and we must o - bey.
 That we must be part - ed from this so - cial band ; }

2. Fare - well my dear breth - ren, Fare - well for a - while, } And while we are parted and scattered a - broad, We'll pray for each other, and trust in the Lord.
 We'll soon meet a - gain if kind prov - i - dence smile ; }

3. Fare - well faith - ful sol - diers, you'll soon be discharged, } With shouting and sing - ing tho' Jor - dan may roar, We'll en - ter fair Canaan and rest on the shore.
 The war will be end - ed, your houn - ty enlarged ; }

4. Fare - well young - er breth - ren, just list - ed for war ; } Although you must travel the dark wilderness, Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you in peace.
 Sore tri - als a - wait you, but Je - sus is near ; }

1. Come children of Zion, and help us to sing Loud anthems of praise to our Savior and King, Whose life once was given our souls to redeem, And bring us to heaven to reign there with him.

2. In regions of darkness, and sorrow and pains, We all lay in ruin, in prison and chains; But Jesus has bought us with his precious blood, The ransom-provided to bring us to God.

3. O come to the Savior and take up the cross—Seek treasure in heaven, count all else but loss; His mercy invites us, then let us comply—O why should we linger when he is so nigh.

4. We'll fear not the dangers that lie in our way—His arm will protect us by night and by day; All this we must suffer & patiently bear, Till Jesus shall take us where suff'rings are o'er.

METRE 12.

GREENFIELDS. 8 lines 8's. HYMN 249.—METH COLL.

1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours, When Je - sus no long - er I see; { The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweetness to me;

2. His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And sweet-er than mu - sic his voice; { I should were he always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear;
His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom And makes all with - in me re - joice;

3. Con - tent with be-hold - ing his face, My all to his pleasure re-sign'd; { While bless'd with a sense of his love, A palace a toy would ap-pear!
No chang-es of sea-son or place Would make a - ny change in my mind;

4. Dear Lord, if in-deed I am thine; If thou art my Sun and my Song, { O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Say, why do I lan-guish and pine, And why are my win - ters so long?

But when I am hap-py in him, De-cem-ber's as pleasant as May.

No mor-tal so hap-py as I, My summer would last all the year.

And pris-ons would pal-a-ces prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.

Or take me to thee up-on high Where winter and clouds are no more.

1. How blest is our brother be- rest, Of all that can burden his mind; }
How ea-sy the soul that has left This wea-ri-some bo-dy he- hind; }

2. This earth is af-fect-ed no more With sickness or sha-ken with pain, }
The war in the mem-bers is o'er, And nev-er shall vex him a- gain; }

3. This languishing head is at rest; Its thinking and aching are o'er, }
This qui-et im-mo-va-ble breast, Is heav-ed by af-flic-tion no more; }

4. The lids he so seldom could close, By sor-row for-bid-den to sleep, }
Sealed up in e-ter-nal re- pose, Have stran-gely for-gotten to weep; }

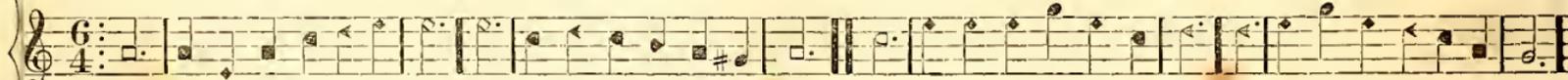
Of e-vil in-ca-pa-ble thou, Whose rel-ics with en-vy I see, No long-er in mis-er-ry now, No long-er a sin-ner like me.

No an-ger henceforward or shame, Shall red-den his in-no-cent clay; Ex-tinct is the au-i-mal flame, And pas-sion is van-ish-ed a-way.

This heart is no long-er the seat Of trou-ble and tor-tur-ing pain; It ceas-es to flut-ter and beat,— It nev-er shall flut-ter a- gain.
These foun-tains can yield no sup-ply, These hollows from wa-ter are free; The tears are all wip-ed from these eyes, And e-vils they nev-er shall see.



1. My gra-cious Re-deem-er I love, His prais-es a-loud I'll pro-claim, } To gaze on his glo-ries di-vine, Shall he my e-ter-nal em-ploy;
And join with the ar-mies a-bove, To shout his a-do-ra-ble name: }



2. He free-ly redeemed with his blood, My soul from the con-fines of hell, } To shine with the an-gels of light,—With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To live on the smiles of my God, And in his sweet presence to dwell; }



3. In Mesheck, as yet, I re-side, A darksome and restless a-bode! } Oh, when shall my spir-it ex-change This cell of cor-rup-ti-ble clay,
Mo-lest-ed with foes on each side, And long-ing to dwell with my God; }
4. My glo-rious Re-deem-er! I long To see thee de-scend on the clouds, } Oh, when wilt thou bid me as-cend, To join in thy prais-es a-bove,
A-mid the bright numberless throng, And mix with the triumphing crowd; }

METRE 12.

CONFLICT. 8 lines 8's. HYMN 93.—DOVER SELEC.



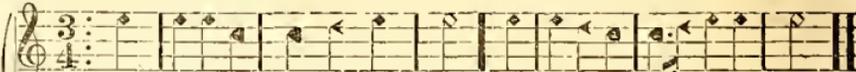
And feel them incessantly shine, My boundless, in-ef-fa-ble joy.



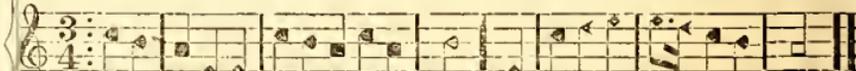
To view with e-ter-nal de-light, My Je-sus,—my Savior,—my King.



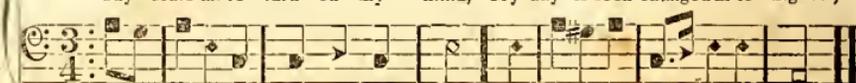
For mansions celestial, and range, Thro' realms of in-ef-fa-ble day!
To gaze on thee, world without end, And feast on thy rav-ish-ing love.



1. When Je-sus my Shep-herd is near, How quickly my sor-rows de-part! }
New beau-ties a-round me ap-pear, New spir-its en-li-ven my heart; }



2. But O! what a change do I find, When'er He with-draws from my sight; }
My fears all re-turn on my mind, My day is soon changed in-to night: }



3. Such changes as oft I pass through, Teach me my own weakness to know, }
I learn what my Shepherd can do— That all to his mer-cy I owe; }

His pres-ence gives peace to my soul, And Sa-tan as-saults me in vain, If Je-sus his pow-er con-trol, I think I no more shall com-plain.

Then Sa-tan his ef-forts re-news, To vex and en-snare me a-gain; All pleas-ing en-joy-ments I lose, And on-ly la-ment and com-plain.

*Tis He that sup-ports me through all— When faint, He re-vives me a-gain— At-tends to my prayer when I call, And bids me no long-er com-plain.

METRE 12.

UTICA. 4 lines 8's. HYMN 699.—CHURCH PSALMIST.

1. To Je-sus the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone; Oh! hear me, ye che-ru-him! up, And waft me a-way to his throne.

2. My Sa-vior! whom ahsent I love; Whom not hav-ing seen, I a-dore; Whose name is ex-alt-ed a-bove All glo-ry, do-min-ion and power;—

3. Dis-solve thou these bonds, that detain My soul from her por-tion in thee; Ah! strike off this ad-a-mant chain, And make me e-ter-nal-ly free.

4. When that hap-py e-ra he-gins, Ar-rayed in thy glo-ries I'll shine, Nor grieve a-ny more by my sins, The ho-som on which I re-cline.

1. Rise my soul and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace ; Rise from tran - si - to - ry things T'wards heav'n thy na - tive place ;

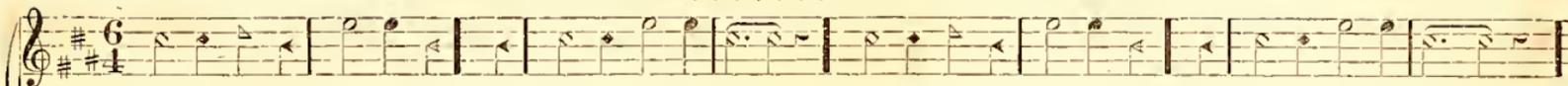
2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course ; Fires as - cend - ing, seek the sun, Both speed them to their source.

3. Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn, Press on - ward to the prize ; Soon the Sa - vior will re - turn, Tri - umph - ant to the skies,
4. Fly me, rich - es ! fly me, cares ! While I that coast ex - plore ; Flat - tering world, with all your snares, So - lic - it me no more,

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay, Time will soon this earth re - move ; Rise, my soul, make haste a - way, To seats pre - pared a - hove.

Thus a soul new born of God, Pants to view his glo - rious face, Up - wards tends to his a - bove, To rest in his em - brace.

Yet a sea - son, and you'll know Hap - py en - trance will be given, All your sor - rows left be - low, And earth ex - chaged for heav'n.
Pil - grims fix not here their home, Stran - gers tar - ry but a night, When the last dear morn is come, We'll rise to joy - ful light.



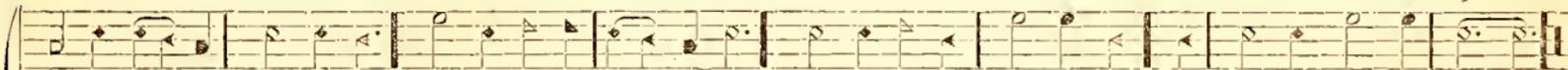
1. Stop poor sin-ners, stop and think, Be - fore you far-ther go, Will you sport up - on the brink, Of ev - er - last - ing woe!



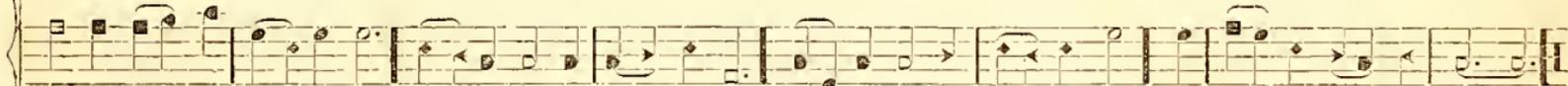
2. Say have you an arm like God, That you his will op - pose? Fear ye not that I - ron rod With which he breaks his foes?



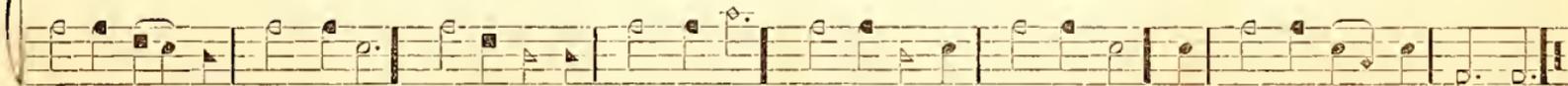
3. Ghastly death will quick-ly come, And drag you to his bar; Then to hear your aw - ful doom Will fill you with de - spair.
4. Though your heart were made of steel, Your for-head lined with brass, God at length will make you feel—He will not let you pass.



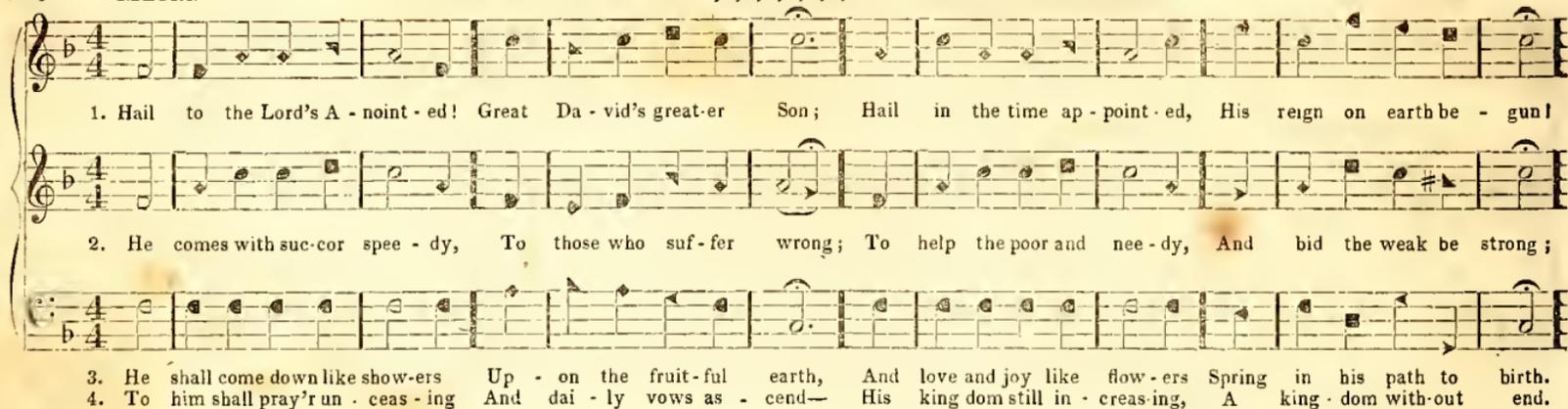
On the verge of ru - in stop— Now the friend-ly warn - ing take; Stay your foot-steps e'er you drop In - to the burn - ing lake.



Can you stand in that great day, Which his jus-tice shall pro-claim, When the earth shall melt a - way Like wax be - fore the flame!



All your sins will round you crowd: You shall mark their crim - son dye! Each for ven-geance cry - ing loud— And what can you re - ply?
Sin-ners then in vain will call, Those who now de - spise his grace, "Rocks and mountains on us fall, And hide us from his face."



1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed! Great Da - vid's great - er Son; Hail in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!

2. He comes with suc - cor spee - dy, To those who suf - fer wrong; To help the poor and nee - dy, And bid the weak be strong;

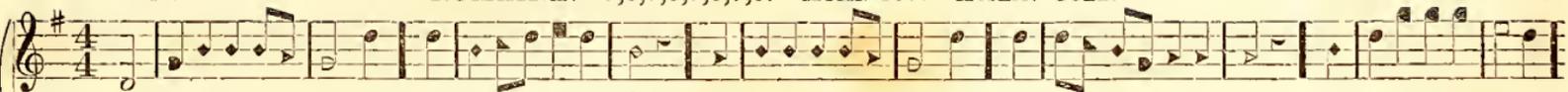
3. He shall come down like show - ers Up - on the fruit - ful earth, And love and joy like flow - ers Spring in his path to birth.
4. To him shall pray'r un - ceas - ing And dai - ly vows as - cend— His king - dom still in - creas - ing, A king - dom with - out end.



He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free, To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.

To give them songs for sigh - ing, Their dark - ness turn to light, Whose souls con - demned and dy - ing Were pre - cious in his sight.

Be - fore him on the moun - tains, Shall peace, the her - ald go, And right - eous - ness in foun - tains, From hill to val - ley flow.
The tide of time shall nev - er His cov - e - nant re - move, His name shall stand for - ev - er, That name to us is Love.



1. From Greenland's i- cy mountains, From India's co-ral strand, Where Afric's sun-ny foun-tains Roll down their gold-en sand ; From many an ancient river,



2. What though the spi-cy breez-es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ; Though eve-ry pros-pect pleas-es, And on - ly man is vile ; In vain with lavish kindness,

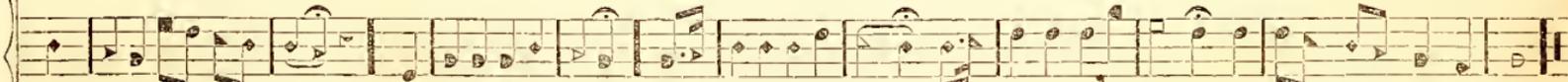


3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high— Shall we to men be-night - ed, The Lamp of life de - ny ? Sal-va-tion ! O sal-va-tion !

4. Waft, waft ye winds, his sto-ry And you, ye wa-ters roll, Till like a sea of glo-ry, It spreads from pole to pole : Till o'er our ransom'd nature,



From many a palm - y plain They call us to de - liv-er Their land from error's chain, They call us to de - liv - er, Their land from er-ror's chain.



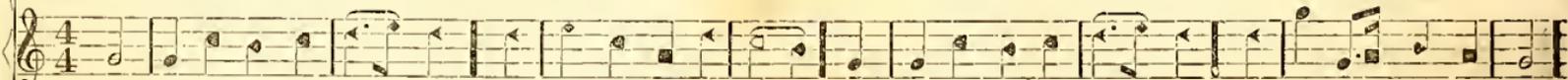
The gifts of God are strown ; The heathen in his blindness Bows down to wood and stone, The heathen in his blindness Bows down to wood and stone.



The joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till earth's remotest na-tion Has learn'd Mes-si-ah's name, Till earth's re-mo-test na - tion Has learn'd Mes - si - ah's name.
The Lamb for sin-ners slain Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a-tor, In bliss returns to reign, Re - deem-er, King, Cre-a-tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.



1. Go when the morning shi - neth, Go when the noon is bright, Go when the eve de - clin - eth, Go in the hush of night.



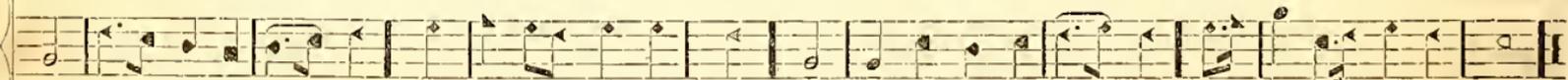
2. Re - mem - ber all who love thee; All who are lov'd by thee; Pray too for those who hate thee, If a - ny such there be.



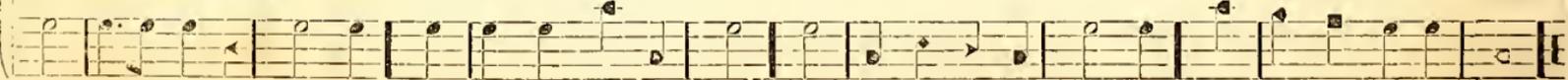
3. Or if 'tis e'er de - nied thee In sol - i - tude to pray, Should ho - ly thoughts come o'er thee When friends are round thy way,
4. O not a joy or bles - sing With this can we com - pare— The grace our Fa - ther gave us To pour our souls in prayer;



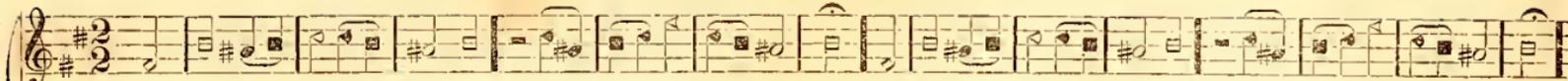
Go with pure mind and feel - ing, Fling earth - ly thought a - way, And, in thy clos - et kneel - ing, Do thou in se - cret pray.



Then for thy - self in meek - ness, A bless - ing hum - hly claim, And blend with each pe - ti - tion Thy great Re - deem - er's name.



E'en then the si - lent breath - ing, Thy spir - it raised a - bove, Will reach his throne of glo - ry, Where dwells E - ter - nal Love,
When e'er thou pin'st in sad - ness, Be - fore his foot - stool fall; Re - mem - ber, in thy glad - ness His love who gave thee all,



1. O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove, And from the flow - ing foun-tain, drink ev - er - last - ing love?



2. But now I am a sol-dier, My Cap-tain's gone be - fore, He's giv - en me my or-ders, And bids me ne'er give o'er;
3. Thro' grace I am de - ter-mined To con-quer though I die, And then a - way to Je-sus, On wings of love I'll fly;



4. When-e'er you meet with trou-bles And tri-als on your way, Then cast your cares on Je-sus, And don't for - get to pray:
5. Our eyes shall then with rap - ture The Sa-vior's face be - hold: Our feet no more di - vert - ed, Shall walk the streets of gold;



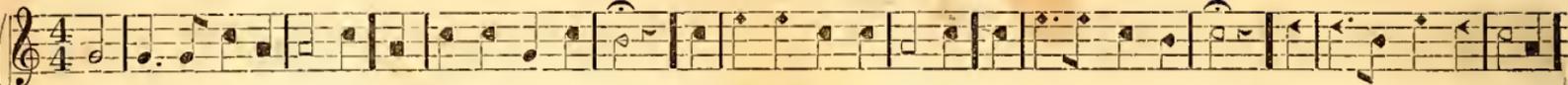
When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin? And with my bless - ed Je - sus, Drink end - less pleas - ures in?



His prom - is - es are faith - ful— A right - eous crown he'll give, And all his val - iant sol-diers E - ter - nal - ly shall live.
Fare-well to sin and sor - row, I hid them both a - dieu; And O, my friends, prove faithful, And on your way pur - sue.



Gird on the gos - pel ar - mor Of faith, and hope, and love, And when the com - bat's eud - ed, He'll car - ry you a - bove.
Our ears shall hear with transport The hosts ce - lest - ial sing: Our tongues shall chant the glo - ries, Of our im - mor - tal King.



1. The morning light is break ing, The dark-ness dis - ap-pears, The sons of earth are wa-king To pen - i - ten-tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean

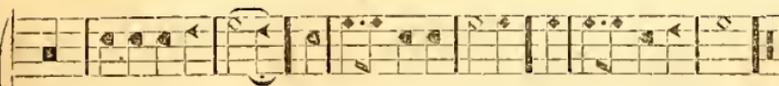


2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gen-tle show'r, And brighter scenes be-fore us Are op'ning eve - ry hour; Each cry to heav-en go-ing,



3. See bea-then na-tions bending Be-fore the God we love, And thousand hearts as-cend-ing In grat - i - tude a - bove; While sin-ners now con-fess-ing,
4. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur-sue thy on - ward way; Flow thou to eve - ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich-ness stay; Stay not till all the lowly

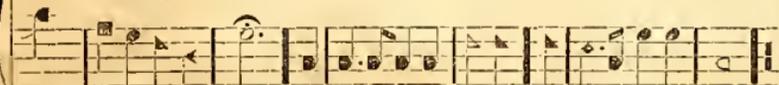
METRE 15. ZION'S PILGRIM. 11,8,11,8,11,8,11,8. HYMN 87.— DOVER SELEC.



Brings tidings from a - far, Of nations in com-mo-tion, Pre-pared for Zion's war.



Abundant answers brings, And heav'nly gales are blowing, With peace upon their wings.



The gospel call o - bey, And seek the Savior's blessing,—A nation in a day.
Triumphant reach their home; Stay not till all the ho-ly Proclaim, "The Lord is come."



1. This is my Be-lov-ed, his form is di - vine, His vestments shed odors around,
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine, When autumn with plenty is crown'd; }



2. His voice as the sound of a dul-ci-mer sweet, Is heard thro' the shadows of death,
The ce-dars of Leb-a-non bow at his feet, The air is perfumed with his breath; }



3. Love sits in his eyelids and scat-ters de-light, Thro' all the bright mansions on high,
Their fa-ces the che-ru-bim veil in his sight, And tremble with ful-ness of joy; }



The ro-ses of Sharon, the lil-ies that grow, In vales on the banks of the streams, His cheeks in the beauty of ex - cel-lence glow, His eyes all in - vi-ting-ly beam.



His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow, That wa-ters the gar-den of grace, From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of his face.



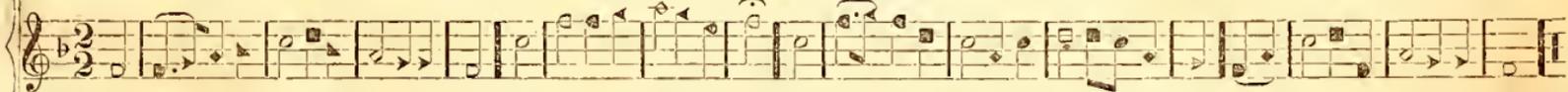
He looks, and ten thou-ands of angels re-joice, And my - ri - ads wait for his word; He speaks, and e - ter - ni - ty filled with his voice, Re - ech - oes the praise of her Lord.

METRE 15.

NEW SALEM. 11,8,11,8. HYMN 87.—DOVER SELEC.



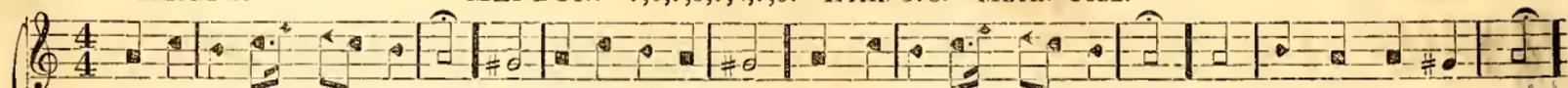
1. O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call, My com - fort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all.



2. Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep, To feed on the pastures of love? For why in the val - ley of death should I weep, A - lone in the wil - der - ness rove.



3. O why should I wander an alien from thee, Or cry in the desert for bread? My foes would rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
4. Ye daugh - ters of Zi - on, declare have you seen The Star that on Is - ra - el shone? Say if in your tents my Be - lov - ed hath been, And where with his flock he hath gone?



1. Vain, de-lu-sive world, a-dieu, With all thy creature good; On-ly Je-sus I pur-sue, Who bought me with his blood.



2. Oth-er know-ledge I dis-dain, 'Tis all but van-i-ty; Christ the Lamb of God was slain, He tast-ed death for me.



3. Here will I set up my rest; My fluc-tu-a-ting heart From the ha-ven of his breast, Shall nev-er-more de-part;
4. Him to know is life and peace, And pleas-ure without end; This is all my hap-pi-ness, On Je-sus to de-pend-



All thy plea-sures I fore-go I tram-ple on thy wealth and pride; On-ly Je-sus will I know, And Je-sus cru-ci-fied.



Me to save from end-less woe, The sin-a-ton-ing Vic-tim died; On-ly Je-sus will I know, And Je-sus cru-ci-fied.



Whither should a sin-ner go? His wounds for me stand o-pen wide; On-ly Je-sus will I know, And Je-sus cru-ci-fied.
Dai-ly in his grace to grow, And ev-er in his faith a-bide; On-ly Je-sus will I know, And Je-sus cru-ci-fied.



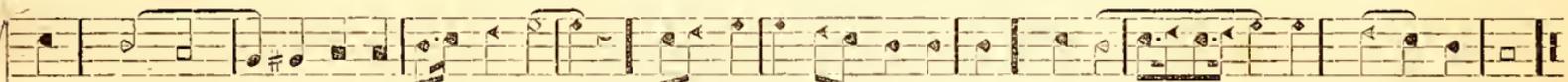
1. God of my sal - va - tion hear, And help me to be - lieve; Sim - ply do I now draw near, Thy blessing to re - ceive; Full of guilt a - las! I am,



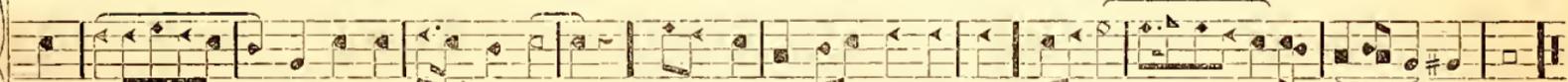
2. Stand - ing now as newly slain, To thee I lift mine eye, Balm of all my grief and pain, Thy blood is al - ways nigh. Now as yes - ter - day the same,
3. Noth - ing have I Lord, to pay, Nor can thy grace pro - cure; Emp - ty send me not a - way, For I thou know'st am poor, Dust and ash - es is my name,



4. No good word, or work, or thought, Bring I to buy thy grace; Par - don I ac - cept un - hough, The prof - fer I em - brace. Com - ing as at first I came,
5. Sav - ior, from thy wounded side I nev - er will de - part, Here will I my spir - it hide, When I am pure in heart. Till my place a - bove I claim,



But to..... thy wounds for ref - uge flee; Friend of sin - ners, spot - less Lamb, Thy blood..... was shed for me.



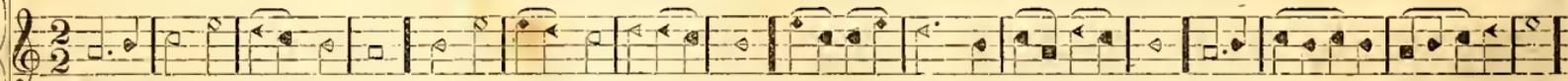
Thou art..... and wilt for ev - er be; Friend of sin - ners, spot - less Lamb, Thy blood..... was shed.... for me.
My all..... is sin and mis - e - ry; Friend of sin - ners, spot - less Lamb, Thy blood..... was shed.... for me.



To take..... and not he - stow on thee; Friend of sin - ners, spot - less Lamb, Thy blood..... was shed.... for me.
This on - - ly shall be all my plea; Friend of sin - ners, spot - less Lamb, Thy blood..... was shed.... for me.



1. Sa-*vior*, Prince of Is - *rae'l* race; See me from thy loft - *y* throne; Give the sweet re - *lent - ing* grace, Soft - *en* this ob - *du - rate* stone;



2. By thy Spir - *it* Lord, re - *prove*, All my in - *most* sins re - *veal*; Sins a - *gainst* thy light and love, Let me see and let me feel;

3. Je - *sus* seek thy wand'ring sheep, Make me rest - *less* to re - *turn*; Bid me look on thee and weep, Bit - *ter - ly* as Pe - *ter* mourned;



4. Might I in thy sight ap - *pear* As the pub - *li - can* dis - *trest*; Stand not dar - *ing* to draw near, Smit - *e* on my un - *worth - y* breast;

5. O re - *mem - ber* me for good, Pass - *ing* thro' this mor - *tal* vale: Show me the a - *ton - ing* blood, When my strength and spir - *it* fail;

METRE 17.

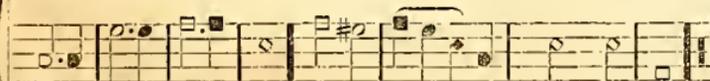
SABBATH. 6 lines 7's. HYMN 408.—ASSEM. COLL.



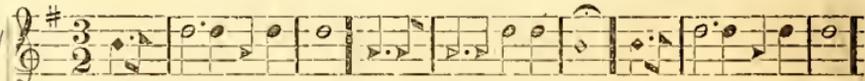
Stone to flesh, O God, con - *vert*, Cast a look and break my heart.



Sins that cru - *ci - fied* my God, Spilt a - *gain* thy pre - *cious* blood.
Till I say by grace re - *stored*, "Now, thou know'st, I love thee, Lord."



Groan the sinner's on - *ly* plea, "God be mer - *ci - ful* to me."
Give my gasping soul to see Je - *sus* cru - *ci - fied* for me.



1. Safe - *ly* thro' ano - *th - er* week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek,



2. While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show thy reconciling face,



3. Here we're come thy name to praise, Let us feel thy presence near; May thy glory meet our eyes,
4. May the gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints—Make the fruits of grace a - *bound*,



Waiting in his courts to-day; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest! Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.



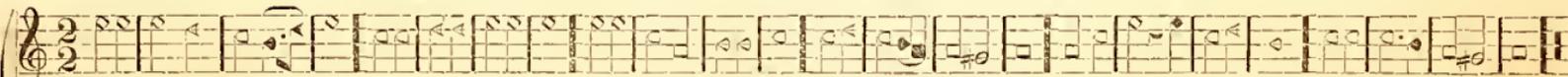
Take a-way our sin and shame: From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee, From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.



While we in thy house appear: Here afford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last-ing feast, Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last-ing feast. Bring relief for all com-plaints,—Such let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church above, Such let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church a - bove.

METRE 17.

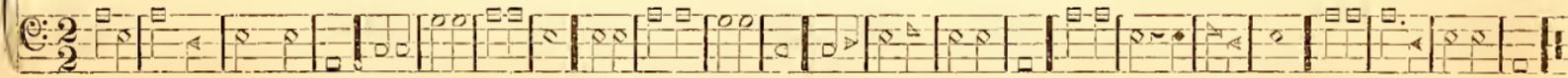
MOUNT CALVARY. 6 lines 7's. HYMN 158.—VILL. HYMNS.



1. Hearts of stone, relent! relent! See his body, mangled, rent, Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Break by Jesus' cross subdu'd; Cover'd with a gore of blood; Murder'd God's e-ter-nal Son.



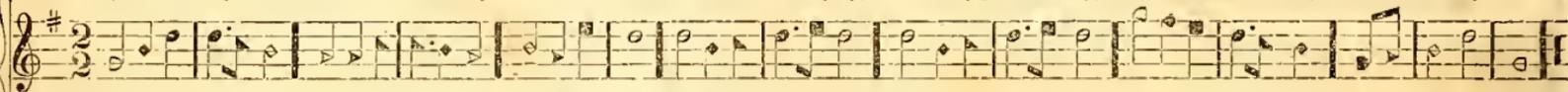
2. Yes, our sins have done the deed! Crown'd with thorns his sacred head— Made his soul a sac-ri-fice—
Drove the nails that fixed him there! Pierc'd him with a soldier's spear! For a sinful world he dies!



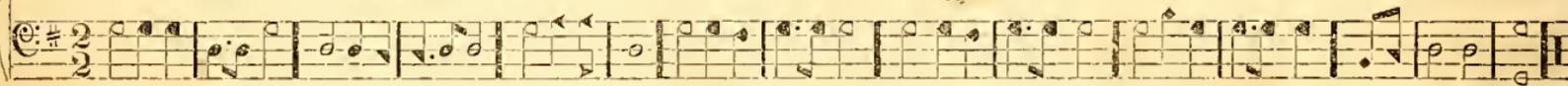
3. Will you let him die in vain— Open tear his wounds again— No, with all my sins I'll part—
Still to death pursue your Lord! Trample on his precious blood? Savior, take my broken heart.



1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary! Savior divine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, Oh 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, Oh! 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.

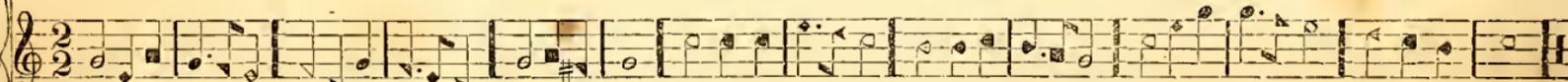
4. When euds life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Savior! then in love, Fear and distrust remove; Oh bear me safe above,—A ransom'd soul.

METRE 18.

SWANTON. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4. HYMN 165. CH. PSALMODY.



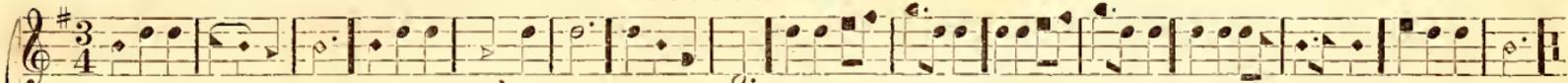
1. Come all ye saints of God! Spread Je-sus' fame: Trust in his name alone: "Wor-thy the Lamb!"
Wide thro' the earth abroad, Tell what his love has done; Shout to his lofty throne,



2. Hence gloomy doubts and fears! Swell the glad theme: Strike each melodious string, "Wor-thy the Lamb!"
Dry up your mournful tears; Praise ye our gracious King, Join heart and voice to sing,



3. Hark— how the choirs above, Dwell on his name!— With light and glory crowned, "Wor-thy the Lamb."
Filled with the Savior's love, There, top, may we be found, While all the heavens resound,



1. Come thou Al-might-y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa-ther all glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, ANCIENT OF DAYS.



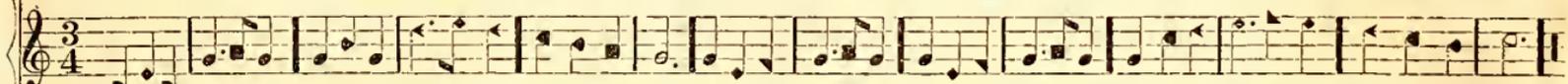
2. Je-sus, our Lord, a - rise, Scat-ter our en - e - mies, And make them fall ; Let thine Almighty aid Our sure defense be made ; Our souls on thee be staid : Lord hear our call.
3. Come, thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on thy might-y sword ; Our pray'r at-tend ; Come and thy people bless, And give thy word success ; Spirit of holiness, On us de - scend.



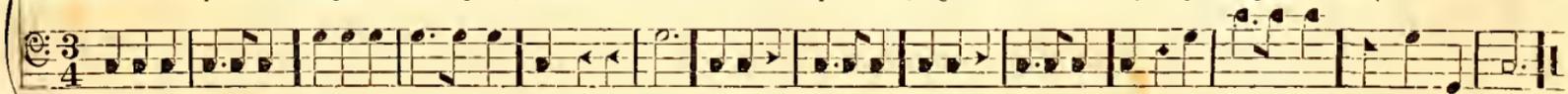
4. Come, ho-ly Com-fort - er, Thy saecred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour ! Thou who Almighty art, Now rule in every heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of Pow'r.
5. To thee great One in Three, The high-est prais-es be, Hence ev-er-more ! His sov'reign ma-jes-ty, May we in glo-ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a-dore,



1. Praise ye Jehovah's name ; Praise thro' his courts proclaim ; Rise and adore ; High o'er the heav'ns above Sound his great acts of love, While his rich grace we prove, Vast as his pow'r.



2. Now let the trumpet raise Triumphant sounds of praise, Wide as his fame ; There let the harp be found ; Organs with solemn sound, Roll your deep notes around, Fill'd with his name.



3. While his high praise ye sing, Shake every sounding string : Sweet the accord ; He vital breath bestows : Let every breath that flows His noblest fame disclose : Praise ye the Lord.

1. Hark, ten thousand harps and voices, Sound the notes of praise above—
Je - sus reigns, and heaven rejoices, Je - sus reigns the God of love; } See, he sits on yonder throne; Je - sus rules the world alone:

2. Je - sus hail! whose glory brightens, All above, and gives it worth:
Lord of life—thy smile enlightens, Cheers and charms thy saints on earth; } When we think of love like thine, Lord, we own it love divine:

3. King of glory reign for ever—Thine an ever-lasting crown: } Happy objects of thy grace, Des-tined to behold thy face:
No-thing from thy love shall sever Those whom thou hast made thine own;

4. Sa - vior, hasten thine appearing; Bring, O bring the glorious day; } Then with golden harps we'll sing— “Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King:”
When the awful summons hearing, Heaven and earth shall pass a way:”

METRE 20.

NEW CONCORD. 6,6,9,6,6,9. HYMN 26.—W. PARKINSON.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

1. Oh! how hap - py are they, Who their Sa - vior o - bey,

2. 'Twas a heav - en be - low, My Re - deem - er to know;

3. Je - sus all the day long, Was my joy and my song;

4. Now my rem - nant of days Would I spend in his praise,

5. What a mer - cy is this! What a heav - en of bliss,

And have laid up their treasures a - bove; Ob! what tongue can express The sweet com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

And the an - gels could do noth - ing more Than to fall at his feet And the sto - ry re - peat, And the Sa - vior of sin - ners a - dore.
Ob! that more his sal - va - tion might see; He hath loved me I cried, He hath suf - fered and died, To re - deem such a reb - el as me.

Who hath died me from death to re - deem; Whether ma - ny or few, All my days are his due,— May they all be de - vo - ted to him.
How un - speak - a - bly hap - py am I! Gath - ered in - to the fold, With be - liev - ers en - rolled, With be - liev - ers to live and to die.

METRE 20.

EXULTATION. 6,6,9,6,6,9. HYMN 412.—METH. COLL.

1. Come away to the skies! My be - lov - ed a - rise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born; On the fes - tiv - al day Come exulting a - way and with singing to Zion, re - turn.

2. We have laid up our love And our treasures a - bove, Tho' our bodies con - tin - ue be - low; The re - deem'd of the Lord, We remember his word, And with singing to paradise go.

3. Now with thanks we approve The design of thy love Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name; So u - ni - ted in heart, That we never can part, Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

4. Hal - le - lu - jah we sing To our Father and King, And the rapturous praises re - peat; To the Lamb that was slain Hal - le - lu - jah a - gain, Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

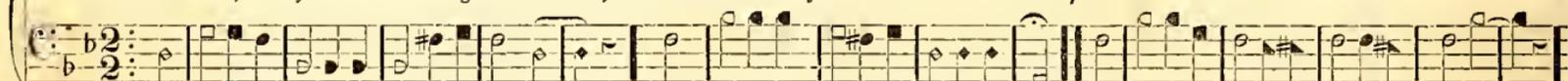
5. In as - su - rance of hope We to Je - sus look up, Till his banner, unfurled in the air, From our graves we shall see, And cry out "It is He!" And fly up to acknowledge him there.



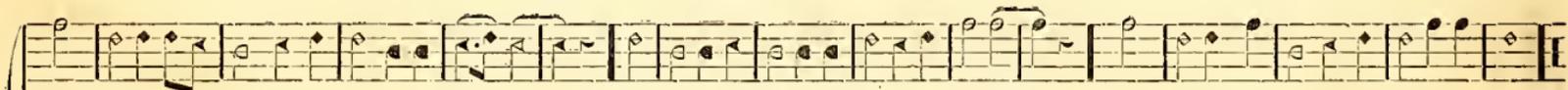
1. How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me, In yon bliss-ful region, the ha-ven of rest, { En-cir-cled in light, and with glory en-sbrou-ded,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me, And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest ;



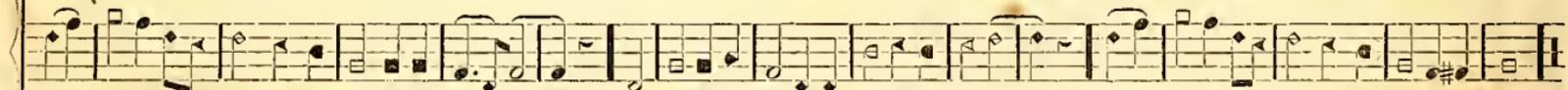
2. While angelic legions with harps tuned ce-lest-ial, Har-mo-nious-ly join in the concert of praise, { Then songs of the Lamb shall re-echo thro' beaven,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial, In loud hal-le-lu-jahs their voices will raise :



3. Then hail, blessed state ! Hail ye songsters of glory ! Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above, { Tho' prison'd on earth, yet by an-tic - i - pa-tion,
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story— "Salvation from sorrow, thro' Je-sus-'s love."



My hap-pi-ness per-fect, my mind's sky un-cloud-ed, I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure un-bound-ed, And range with delight thro' the Eden of Love.



My soul will re-pond, To Im-man-uel be giv-en All glory, all honor, all might and do-min-ion, Who brought us thro' grace to the Eden of Love.



Al - rea-dy my soul feels a sweet pre-li - ba - tion Of joys that await me when freed from probation, My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of Love.



1. Daugh-ter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sadness, A-wake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more; Bright o'er thy hills dawns the Day-Star of glad - ness,



2. Strong were thy foes, but the Arm that subdued them, And scattered their legions was mightier far; They fled like chaff from the scourge that pursued them—



3. Daugh-ter of Zi - on, the Pow-er that saved thee, Ex-tol'd with the harp and the timbrel should he: Shout! for the foe is de-stroy'd that en-slaved thee,



CHORUS.

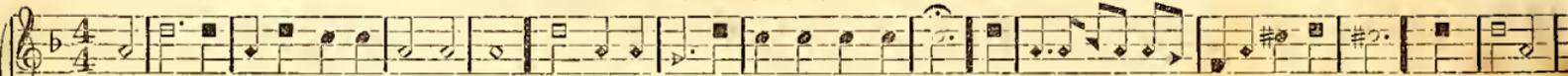
A - rise, for the night of thy sor - rows is o'er; Daughter of Zi - on, a-wake from thy sadness, A-wake, for thy foes shall op-press thee no more.



How vain were their steeds and their cha-riots of war. Daughter of Zi - on, a-wake from thy sadness, A-wake, for thy foes shall op-press thee no more.



Th' op-press-or is van-quish'd and Zi - on is free. Daughter of Zi - on a-wake from thy sadness, A-wake, for thy foes shall op-press thee no more.



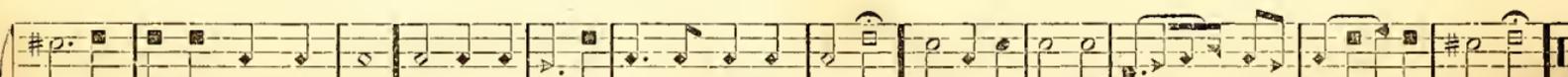
1. "I am the Sa - vior, I th'Al-might-y God ; I am the Judge, ye heav'ns proclaim abroad My just, e - ter - nal sentence, and de - clare Those aw - ful



2. "Stand forth, thou hold blasphemer, and profane, Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings vain, Thou hypocrite, once drest in saints' attire, I doom thee,
3. "Can I be flat - ter'd with thy cringing bows, Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows ? Are my eyes charmed thy vestments to be - hold Gla - ring in



4. "Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these ! While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue, Thou lov'st de -
5. "In vain to pi - ous forms thy zeal pre - tends, Thieves and adult'ers are thy cho - sen friends ; While the false flatt - 'rer at my al - tar waits, His har - den'd
6. "Si - lent I wait - ed with long suff'ring love ; But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove ? And cherish such an impious thought with - in, That the All -



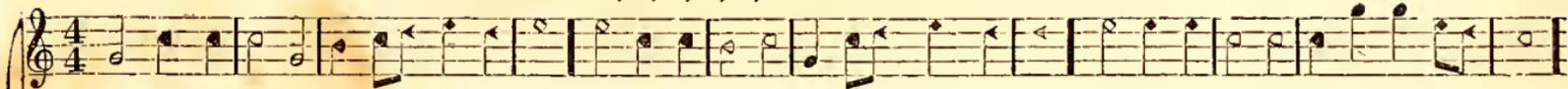
truths, that sin - ners dread to hear." When God ap - pears, all na - ture shall a - dore him ; While sinners tremble, saints re - joice be - fore him.



paint - ed hyp - o - crite to fire : " Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heaven re - joic - es ; Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheer - ful voi - ces,
gems, and gay in wo - ven gold ? " God is the Judge of hearts ; no fair dis - guis - es Can screen the guilt - y when his ven - geance ri - ses.



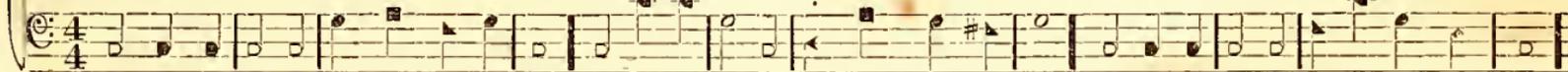
ceit, and dost thy broth - er wrong ? " Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heaven re - joic - es ; Lift up your heads, ye saints with cheer - ful voi - ces,
soul di - vine in - struc - tion hates, " God is the Judge of hearts ; no fair dis - guis - es Can screen the guilt - y when his ven - geance ri - ses.
Ho - ly would in - dulge thy sin ? " See, God appears, all na - tions join t' a - dore him ; Judg - ment proceeds, and sin - ners fall he - fore him.



1. House of our God, with cheer-ful an-thems ring, While all our lips and hearts his good-ness sing; With sa - cred joy his wondrous deeds pro - claim,



2. The heav'n of heav'ns he with his houn-ty fills; Ye ser-aphs bright on ev - er bloom - ing hills, His hon - or sound; you to whom good a - lone;
3. Thou earth, en-light-ened by his rays di - vine, Preg-oant with grass and corn, and oil and wine, Crowded with his goodness, let thy na-tions meet,



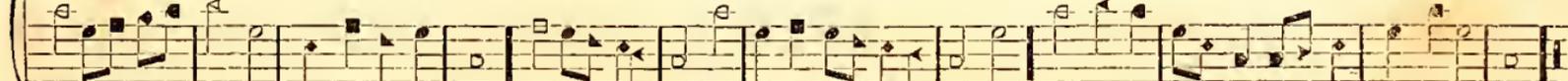
4. Zi - on en-riched with his dis - tin-guish'd grace, Bless'd with the rays of thine Im - man - uel's face— Zi - on, Je - ho - vah's por-tion and de - light,
5. His good-ness oev - er ends; the dawn, the shade, Still see new beau-ties thro' new scenes dis-play'd; Suc-ceed-ing a - ges bless this sure a - hode,



Let eve - ry tongue he vo - cal with his name; The Lord is good, his mer-cy nev - er end - ing, His good-ness io per - pet-u-al show's de-scend-ing.



Un-min - gled, ev - er - grow-ing, has been known; Thro' your im-mor-tal life with love in - creas ing, Proclaim your Ma-ker's good-ness, nev - er-ceas - ing.
And lay them-selves at his pa-ter - nal feet; With grate-ful love that lib'ral Haod coo - fess-ing, Which thro' each heart dif - fu - seth eve - ry bless-ing.



Grav'n on his hand and hour - ly in his sight, In sa - cred strains ex-alt that grace ex - cell - ing Which makes thine humble hill his cho-sen dwell-ing.
And chil - dren lean up - on their fa-ther's God; The deathless soul thro' its immense du - ra - tion, Drinks from this source im-mor-tal con - so-la - tion.



1. Hark! how the gos - pel trump - et sounds! Thro' all the earth the ech - o bounds; And Jesus by re - deem - ing blood, Is bringing sin - ners back to God,



2. Hail! all vic - to - rious conq'ring Lord! Be thou by all thy works a - dored, Who un - der - took for sinful m̄n, And brought salvation through thy name,



3. Fight on, ye conq'r - ing souls, fight on, And when the conquest you have won, Then palms of victory you shall bear, And in his kingdom have a share,
4. There we shall in full ebo - rus join With saints and an - gels all com - hine, To sing of his re - deem - ing love, When rolling years shall cease to move,

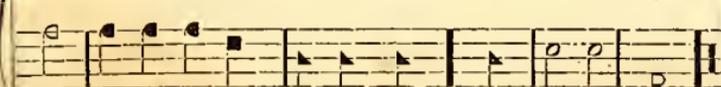
METRE 24. JOYFUL SOUND.* 8,8,8,8,4. HYMN 277.—CH. PSALMIST.



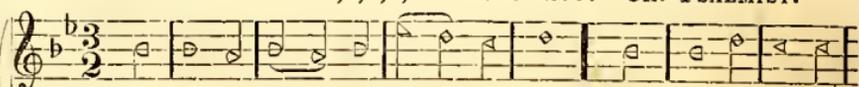
And guides them safe - ly by his word, To end - less day.



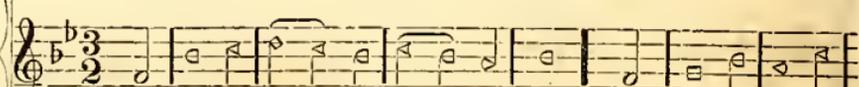
That we with thee may ev - er reign In end - less day.



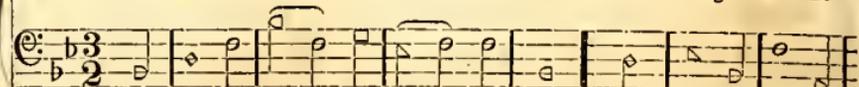
And crowns of glo - ry ev - er wear In end - less day.
And this shall be our theme a - bove In end - less day.



1. Hark!—hark! the gos - pel trump - et sounds, Thro' the wide earth the



2. Come sin - ners, bear the joy - ful news, Nor lon - ger dare the



3. Ye saints in glo - ry! strike the lyre; Ye mor - tals! catch, the

* By repeating the notes of the fourth line of this tune, it will be the same metre with that of Gospel Trumpet.

ech - o bounds; Par - don and peace by Je - sus' blood! Sin - ners are rec - on - ciled to God, By grace di - vine.
 grace re - fuse, Mer - cy and jus - tice here com - bine, Good - ness and truth har - mo - nious join, T' in - vite you near.
 sa - cred fire, Let both the Sa - vior's love pro - claim;— For - ev - er wor - thy is the Lamb Of end - less praise.

METRE 25.

HAMBURG. 8,7,8,7,7,7. HYMN 194.—DOVER SELEC.

1. Pre - cious Bi - ble! what a treas - ure Does the word of God af - ford! } Let the world ac - count me poor, Having this I need no more.
 All I want for life or pleas - ure, Food and med' - cine, shield and sword;

2. Food, to which the world's a stan - ger, Here my hun - gry soul en - joys; } On a dy - ing Christ I feel, He is meat and drink in - deed.
 Of ex - cess there is no dan - ger,—Tho' it fills, it nev - er cloy;

3. When my faith is faint and sick - ly, Or when Sa - tan wounds my mind, } To the prom - is - es I flee—Each af - fords a rem - e - dy.
 Cor - dials to re - vive me quick - ly, Heal - ing med' - cines here I find;

4. In the hour of dark temp - ta - tion Sa - tan can - not make me yield, } While the Scripture truths are sure, From his mal - ice I'm se - cure.
 For the word of con - so - la - tion is to me a might - y shield;

1. Tho' na-ture's strength de-cay, And earth and hell with stand, To Ca-naan's bounds I urge my way, At God's com-mand: The wa-t'ry deep I pass,

2. The good-ly land I see With peace and plenty bless'd, The land of sa-cred lib-er-ty, And end-less rest: There milk and hon-ey flow,

3. There dwells the Lord our King, The Lord our righteousness: Tri-umph-ant o'er the world and sin, The Prince of peace, On Zi-on's sa-cred height

4. The ran-som'd na-tions how, Be-fore the Sa-vior's face; Joy-ful their ra-diant crowns they throw, O'erwhelmed with grace. He shows his scars of love:

METRE 27.

STAR IN THE EAST.

11,10,11,10.

HYMN 67.—MEN. SELEC.

With Je-sus in my view, And thro, the howling wil-der-ness My way pur-sue.

And oil and wine a-bound, And trees of life for-ev-er grow, With mer-cy crown'd.

1. Hail the bless'd morn when the great Me-di-a-tor

2. Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing,

3. Cold on his cra-dle the dew-drops are shi-ning,

His king-dom still maintains; And glorious, with his saints in light, For-ev-er reigns.
 Thy kin-dle to a flame, And sound thro' all the worlds a-hove, "The slaughter'd Lamb."

4. Say, shall we yield him, in cost-ly de-vo-tion,

5. Vain-ly we of-fer each am-ple ob-la-tion,

See his burdened bosom heave ; Look ye sin-ners, ye that hung him, Look how deep your sins have stung him, Dy - ing sin - ners, look and live.

Nature's groans awake the dead ; Look on Phoebus struck with won-der, Whilst the peals of le - gal thunder Smote the dear Re-deem-er's head.
Cease to trill the quiv'ring string ; Songs ser-aph-ic, all sus - pend-ed, Till the mighty war is end-ed By the all - vic - to-rious King.

When he pour'd his vital flood ; By his groans which shook cre-a-tion, Lo! we found a proc - la - ma-tion, Peace and par - don by his blood.
Since He's risen from the grave ; Shout with joyful ac - cla - ma-tion, To the Rock of our sal - va-tion, Who a - lone has pow'r to save.

METRE 31.

SOLEMN PARTING. 6,6,6,6.

1. Once more he - fore we part, Bless the Re - deem - er's name ; Let eve - ry tongue and heart, Praise and a - dore the same.

2. Lord in thy name we come, Thy bless - ing still im - part ; We met in Je - sus' name, In Je - sus' name we part.

3. Still on thy ho - ly word We'll live, and feed, and grow ; Go on to know the Lord, And prac - tice what we know.
4. Now, Lord, be - fore we part, Help us to bless thy name ; Let eve - ry tongue and heart, Praise and a - dore the same.

1. Come, let us a - new Our journey pur-sue, Roll round with the year, Roll round with the year, And nev-er stand still till the Mas-ter ap-pear,

2. Our life is a dream; Our time as a stream, Glides swift - ly a - way, Glides swift-ly a - way, The fu - gi-tive moment re - fu-ses to stay,
3. The arrow is flown, The moment is gone, The mil - len - ial year The mil - len-ial year Rolls on to our view and e - ter-ni-ty's near;

4. May each in the day Of his com-ing say "I've fought my way through, I've fought my way thro', And finished the work thou didst give me to do!
5. May each from his Lord Re - ceive the glad word, "Well, faith-ful - ly done! Well, faith-ful-ly done! Come in-to my joy and sit down on my throne,

METRE 33.

GERMANY, 8,7,8,7,7,8,7. HYMN 627.—CH. H. BOOK.

And nev - er stand still till the Mas-ter ap - pear.

1. Did Je - ho - vah but de - sign me For a mo - ment's dream of time? }
To these perishing joys con - fine me, Barr'd from yon e - ter - nal clime? }

2. Soon this frame will be a plun - der, Crumbling for the worms be - low, }
Must I as it sinks a - sun - der, All to mould'ring dark - ness go? }

And fin-ish'd the work thou didst give me to do.

Come in to my joy and sit down on my throne."

- 3 Is not life a path al - lowed me, Up to life be - yond the sky? }
Why has God with thought en - dowed me, If the pow'rs of thought must die? }
4. No,—re - vi - ler, scorn and er - ror Ne'er shall steal my trust a - way; }
Res-cued raised from mor-tal ter - ror I shall tri - umph o'er de - cay; }

Is this my sing mind a breath, Lost in all vic - to - rious death?—Frail as dust and va - por fly - ing, When these mor - tal pow'rs are dy - ing.

All of con - scious life be - rest, At my ut - most lim - it left, Born, to quench each warm sen - sa - tion Deep in drear an - ni - hi - la - tion.

Hap - py were I made to be, Like the brute from rea - son free; Play - ful midst the sweets be - fore me, Thoughtless of the doom that's o'er me.
 No; my soul is not a breath, Not the pass - ive prey of death; From my Ma - ker I en - joy it, Storms of fate can ne'er de - stroy it,

METRE 34.

VOICE OF WARNING. 11,11,11,5. HYMN 707.—VIR. SELEC.

1. Ah, guilty sinner, ruin'd by transgression, What shall thy doom be, when array'd in terror, God shall command thee, cover'd with pollution, Up to the judgment? Up to the judgment?

2. Wilt thou escape from his omniscient notice, Fly to the caverns, court an-ni-hi-la-tion? Vain thy presumption, justice still shall triumph. In thy destruction, In thy de-struction.

3. Stop thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder, Ere death arrests thee, And the Judge in vengeance, Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit, Swift to perdition, Swift to perdition.

4. Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not hear him, Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted, Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded, Waits to embrace thee, Waits, &c.
 5. Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment, Just as you are, come filthy and polluted; Come to the fountain open for uncleanness, Je - sus in - vites you, Je - sus in - vites you.
 6. But if you trifle with his gracious message, Cleave to the world and love its guilty pleasure, Mercy grown weary, shall in righteous judgment Quit you forever, Quit you forever.
 7. Where the worm dies not and the fire eternal, Fills the lost soul with anguish and with terror, There shall the sinner spend a long forever. Dying unpardon'd, Dying un-par-don'd.

1. O tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such tri-fles with me now is o'er; A coun-try I've found where true joys a-bound,

2. The souls that he-lieve, in glo-ry shall live, And me in that num-ber will Je-sus re-ceive; My soul don't de-lay, he calls thee a-way;

3. No mor-tal doth know what he can be - stow, What light, strength and comfort—go after him, go; Lo! onward I move, 'a cit-y a-hove,

4. Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin, 'Midst out-ward af-flic-tion shall feel Christ with-in; And when I'm to die, re-ceive me I'll cry,

5. But this I do find, we two are so join'd, He'll not live in glo-ry and leave me he-hind; So this is the race I'm running through grace,

METRE 36.

TRANSPORTING VISION. 7,6,7,6,7,7,7. HYMN 75.—DOVER SELEC.

To dwell I'm de-ter-mined on that hap-py ground.

Rise, fol-low thy Sa-vior, and bless the glad day.
None guess-es how wond'rous my jour-ney will prove.

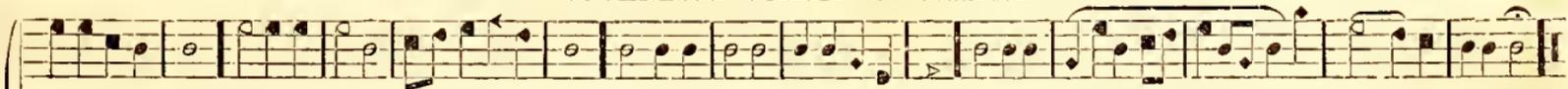
1. Burst ye emerald gates and bring To my rap-tur'd vis-ion, All th'ec-stat-ic joys that sping,

2. Floods of ev-er-last-ing light Free-ly flash be-fore him; Myriads with supreme de-light,

3. Four-and-twen-ty el-ders rise From their princely sta-tion, Shout his glo-rious vic-to-ries,

4. Hark! the thrilling symphonies, Seem methinks to seize us, Join we, too the ho-ly lay—

For Je-sus hath loved me I can-not tell why.
Hence-forth, till ad-mit-ted to see my Lord's face.



Sounding orders spread, Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead; No more shall atheists mock his long delay; His vengeance sleeps..... no more—be-hold the day.



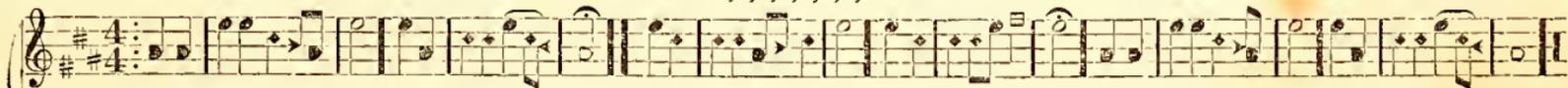
near; let all things come To hear his jus-tice and the sin-ner's doom; But gather first my saints, (the Judge commands,) Bring them ye an-..... gels, from their distant lands. name; the Greek, the Jew, That paid the ancient worship or the new; There's no distinction here; come spread; their thrones, And near me seat..... my fav' - rites and my sons.



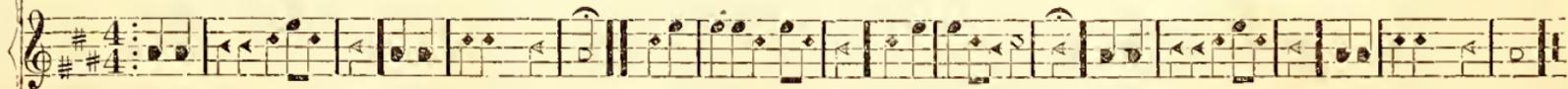
sentence and declare those awful truths that sinners dread to hear; Sin-ner in Zi-on, trem-ble and re-tire, I doom thee, paint..... ed hyp - o-crite to fire. impious thought within, That God the righteous would indulge thy sin? Behold my terrors now—my thunders roll, and thy own crimes..... af - fright thy guilt-y soul.

METRE 43.

BOUNDLESS MERCY. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6. HYMN 33.—DOVER SELEC.



1. Drooping souls, no longer grieve, Heaven is prop-itious; } Jesus now is passing by, Calls the mourners to him, Brings salvation from on high, Now look up and view him.
If in Christ you do be-lieve, You will find him precious; }



2. From his hands, his feet, his side Runs the heal-ing lotion; } See the healing waters move For the sick and dying; Now resolve to gain his love, Or to per-ish try - ing.
See the con-so-la-ting tide, Boundless as the o - ceau; }



3. Grace's store is always free, Drooping souls to glad-den; } Tho' your sins like mountains high, Rise and reach to heaven; Soon as you on me rely All shall be for-giv-en.
Je-sus calls, "Come unto me," Ye weary, heavy la-den, }

1. That great tremendous day's ap - proch - ing, That aw - ful scene is draw - ing nigh, { Pre - pare, my soul, re - flect and won - der,
Which was foretold by an - cient proph - ets, De - creed from all e - ter - ni - ty : }

2. See na - ture standing in a - maze - ment, To hear the last loud trump - et sound; { The orb - ed lamps all vail'd in sack - cloth,
A - rise, ye dead, and come to judg - ment, Ye na - tions of this world a - round : }

3. Green grave - yards, and the tombs of mar - ble, Give up their dead both small and great; { See Je - sus on the throne of jus - tice,
And the whole world, both saint and sin - ner, Are com - ing to the Judgment seat; }

4. "Go forth, ye hosts, with speed like light - ning, Call in my saints from dis - tant lands, { O come ye bless - ed of my Fa - ther,
Those whom my soul from hell has ran - somed, Whose names in life's fair book do stand ; }

That aw - ful scene is draw - ing near, When you shall see the great trans - ac - - tion, When Christ in judgment shall ap - pear.

No more their shi - ning cir - cuit run, The wheel of time now stopp'd for - - ev - er, E - ter - nal things are now be - gun.

In clouds de - scend - ing from the sky, With countless hosts of shi - ning an - gels, With bal - - le - lu - jab's shout for joy.
The pur - chase of my dy - ing love; Re - ceive the crown of life and glo - ry, Which is laid up for you a - bove.



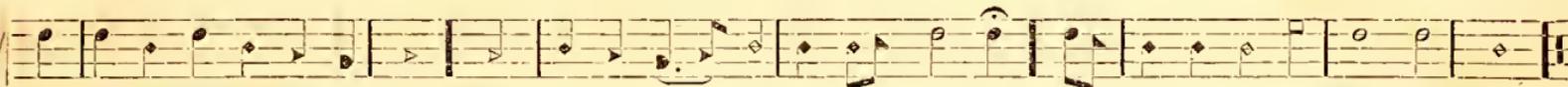
1. How good our God in eve-ry bless-ing! Can he be ra-tional who de-nies? } No;—he my end-less great em-ploy-ment
Who with a hard-ened heart sup-press-ing! With-holds that tri-bute due the skies? }



2. Who formed and wond-rous-ly de-feuds me? That God who needs no gifts of mine, } Whose sooth-ing voice each douht re-press-es!
Who with long suff-ring-love at-tends me? E'en He whose counsels I de-cline. }



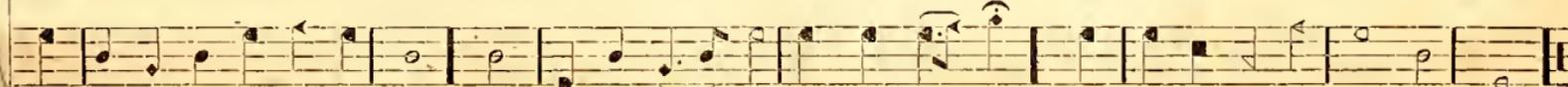
3. See, O my soul! yon life un-bound-ed, For which thou hast been blest to he, } Thou hast a right to that fru-i-tion,
Where thou with splen-dor all sur-round-ed, Th'E-ter-nal as he is shalt see, }
4. Shall I not praise that God and fear him? Shall I not un-der-stand his grace? } His law in-spires my heart to la-hor,
When He would call, shall I not hear him? With joy the path he shows me trace? }



To muse up-on that bound-less love, He still re-mem-bers my en-joy-ment; A-dore, my heart! thy Friend a-hove.



Whose smiles my powers of soul re-call? Who with suc-cess a-hun-dant bless-es? Does not His arm a-chieve it all?



Thro' God's own kind-ness it is thine; Lo! Christ has borne a world's per-di-tion, To gain for thee that bliss di-vine.
His word sus-tains it ev-er-more; E'en as my-self I'd love my neigh-bor, My God o'er all the world a-dore.

1. Come all who love my Lord and Master, And like old Da-vid I will tell, } Far as the east from west is part-ed, So far my sins by dy-ing love
Tho' chief of sin-ners, I've foun fa-vor, By grace redeem'd from death and hell, }

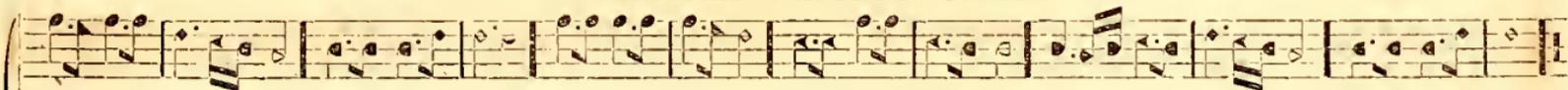
2. I late estranged from Jesus wander'd, And thought each dangerous poison good: } Though like Bar-ti-meus I was blind-ed, In na-ture's darkest night con-celed,
But He in mer-cy long pur-sued me With cries of his re-deem-ing blood; }

3. Now I will serve him while He spares me, And with his peo-ple sing a-loud. } By faith I view the heavenly con-cert, They sing high strains of Je-sus' love,
Tho' hell op- pose and sinners mock me, In rapt'rous strains I'll praise my God. 4. That blessed day is fast ap-proach-ing, When Christ in glorious clouds shall come } There's Abrah'm Isaac, ho-ly proph-ets, And all the saints at God's right hand,
With sounding trumps and shouts of angels To call each faithful spir-it home; }

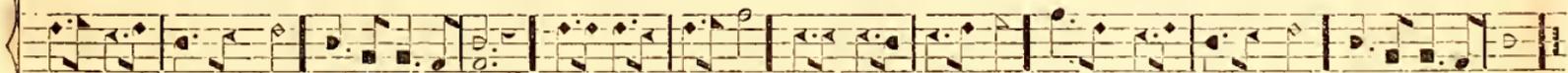
METRE 45.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE. 7,7,7,5,7,7,5. HYMN 152.—DOVER SELEC.

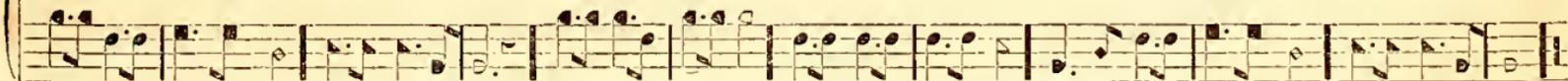
From me by faith are sep-a-ra-ted, Blest an-te-past of joys a-bove. 1. Sol-diers of the cross, a-rise! Lo! your Cap-tain from the skies,
But Je-sus' love removed my blindness, And he his pard'ning grace revealed. 2. Who the cause of Christ would yield? Who would leave the battle field?
Oh! with de-sire my soul is long-ing, And fain would be with Christ above. 3. By the mer-cies of our God, By E-man-uel's streaming blood,
There hosts of an-gels join in concert—Shout as they reach the promised land. 4. By the woes which reb-els prove, By the bliss of ho-ly love,



Holding forth the glitt'ring prize Calls to vic-to-ry; Fear not tho' the battle low'r; Firmly stand the trying hour—Stand the tempter's utmost pow'r Spurn his sla-ve-ry.



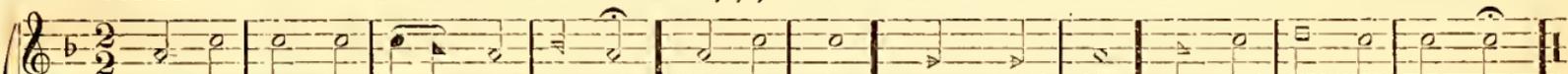
Who would cast away his shield! Let him hasely go? Who for Zion's King will stand? Who will join the faithful hand! Let him come with heart and hand, Let him face the foe.



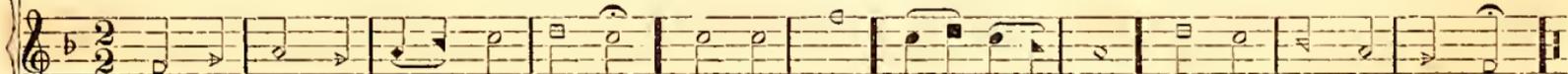
When alone for us he stood, Ne'er give up the strife; Ev-er to the la-test breath, Hark to what your Captain saith "Be thou faith-ful unto death—Take the crown of life." Sin-ners, seek the joys a-bove, Sinners, turn and live! Here is freedom worth the name—Tyrant sin is put to shame—Grace in-spires the hallow'd flame—God the crown will give.

METRE 46.

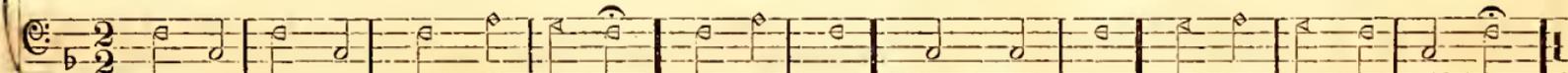
EVENING THOUGHT. 8,3,3,6. HYMN 711.—CHURCH PSALMODY.



1. Ere I sleep, for eve - ry fa - vor, This day shown By my God, I do bless my Sa - vior.



2. Leave me not, but ev - er love me; Let thy peace Be my bliss, Till thou hence re - move me.



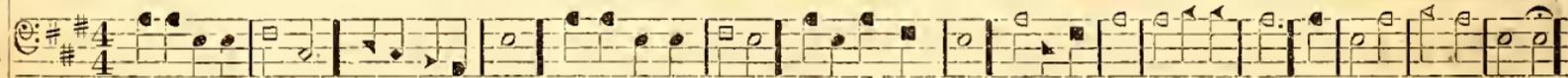
3. Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tow - er, Safe - ly keep, While I sleep, Me with all thy pow - er.
4. And when - e'er in death I slum - ber, Let me rise With the wise, Count - ed in their num - ber.



1. If life's pleasures charm thee, Give them not thy heart, Lest the gift ensnare thee From thy God to part : His favor seek, his praises speak, Fix here thy hope's foundation ;



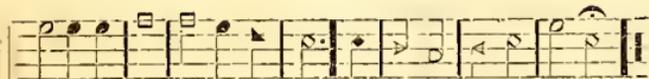
2. If dis-tress be-fall thee, Pain-ful though it be, Let not grief ap-pal thee—To thy Savior flee; He ev-er near, thy pray'r will hear, And calm thy per-tur-ba-tion,



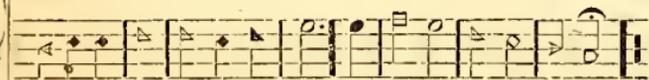
3. When earth's prospects fail thee, Let it not distress ; Better comforts wait thee—Christ will freely ble-s ; To Jesus flee—thy prop he'll be, Thy heav'n-ly con-so-la-tion ;
4. Dangers may approach thee—Let them not alarm ; Christ will ever watch thee, And protect from ha'm : He near thee stands with mighty hands, To ward off each temptation,

METRE 48.

SWEET FRIENDSHIP. 6,5,6,5,6,6,5.



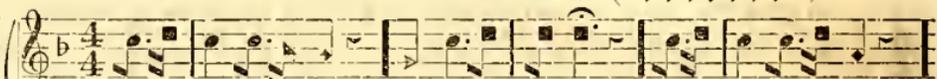
Serve him, and he will ever be The Rock of thy Sal - va-tion.



The waves of woe shall nev'er o'erflow The Rock of thy salvation.



For grief he-low cannot o'er-throw The Rock of thy sal-va-tion.
To Je-sus fly, he's ev - er nigh, The Rock of thy sal-va-tion.



1. When shall we meet again ? Meet ne'er to sever, When will peace wreath her chain



2. When shall love freely flow, Pure as life's riv - er ? When shall sweet friendship glow,



3. Up to the world of light Take us dear Sa-visor ; May we all there u-nite,
4. Soon shall we meet a gain, Meet ne'er to sever ? Soon will peace wreath her chain

Round us for - ev - er ? Our hearts will ne'er repose Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Nev - er, no nev - er.

Changeless for - ev - er ? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill : And fears of part - ing chill Nev - er, no nev - er.

Happy for - ev - er ! Where kindred spir - its dwell, There may our mu - sic swell : And time our joys dis - pel, Nev - er, no nev - er.
Round us for - ev - er ! Our hearts will then re - pose, Se - cure from world - ly woes ; Our songs of praise shall close, Nev - er, no nev - er.

METRE 49.

PEACEFUL REST. 8,6,8,8,6. HYMN 477.—REF. COLL.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wand'ers giv'n ; There is a tear for souls distress'd, A balm for every wound - ed breast—'Tis found a - lone in heav'n.

2. There is a home for weary souls, By sins and sorrows driv'n, When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, When storm - arise and o - cean rolls, And all is drear but heav'n.

3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye, The heart with anguish riven ; It views the tempest passing by, Sees eve - ning shadows quick - ly fly, And all se - rene in heav'n.

4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom, And joys supreme are given ; There rays divine disperse the gloom, —Beyond the dark and nar - row tomb, Appears the dawn of heav'n.

1. Je-sus, thou art my King; To me thy suc-cor bring: Christ the might-y One art thou, Help, for all on thee is laid; This thy word, I

2. High on thy Father's throne, O look with pit-y down! Help, O help! at-tend my call, Cap-tive lead Cap-tiv-i-ty! King of glo-ry,

3. I pant to feel thy sway, And on-ly thee t'o-hey, Thee my spir-it gasps to meet; This my one, my ceaseless pray'r, Make, O make my

4. Triumph and reign in me, And spread thy vic-to-ry; Hell and death, and sin con-trol; Pride, and wrath, and eve-ry foe; All suh-due; thro'

METRE 51. HEALING FOUNTAIN. 7,7,7,7,6,6,7,7. HYMN 11.—DOVER SELEC.

claim it now; Send me now thy promised aid.

1. See the fountain open'd wide That from pol-lu-tion, frees us, Flowing from the wounded side

Lord of all, Christ the Lord, he King to me.

2. Sinner, hear the Savior's call, Consider what you're doing; Jesus Christ can cleanse you all,

3. Dying sinners, come and try; These waters will relieve you; Without money come and buy,

heart thy seat, O set up thy kingdom there!

4. He who drinks shall never die; These waters fail him never; Sinners come, and now apply,

all my soul, Conq'r-ing and to con-quer go.

5. Weeping, Mary, full of grief, Came begging for these waters; Je-sus gave her full re-lief,

CHORUS.

Of our Im-man-uel Je-sus! Ho! eve-ry one that thirsts, Come ye to the wa-ters; Free-ly drink and quench your thirst With Zi-on's sons and 'daughters.

Will you not come un-to him? Ho! eve-ry one that thirsts, Come ye to the wa-ters; Free-ly drink and quench your thirst With Zion's sons and daughters.
For Christ will free-ly give you.

And drink and live for-ev-er. Ho! eve-ry one, &c.
With Zi-on's sons and daughters. Ho! eve-ry one, &c.

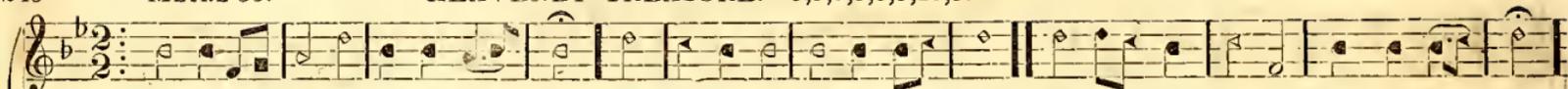
METRE 52.

LOVELY MORNING. 11,11,10,4,11.

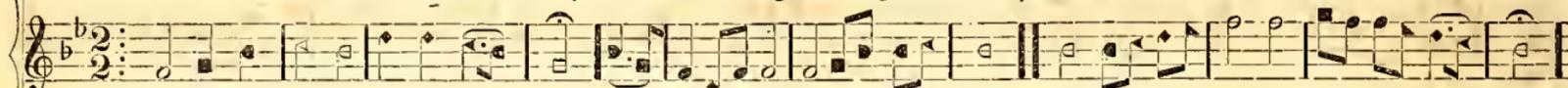
1. The last love-ly morn-ing all blooming and fair, } While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds, "Come, come away," O let us be ready, and hail the bright day.
Is fast on-ward fleet-ing and soon will ap-pear; }

2. And when that bright morning in splendor shall dawn, } While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds, "Come, come away," O let us be ready and hail the bright day.
Our tears will be end-ed, our sorrows all gone; }

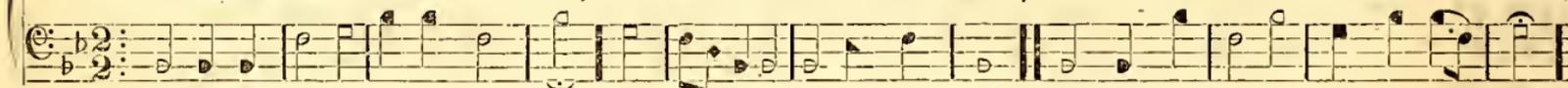
3. The graves will be o-pen'd, the dead will a-rise, } While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds, "Come, come away," O let us be ready and hail the bright day.
And with the Re-deem-er mount up to the skies, }



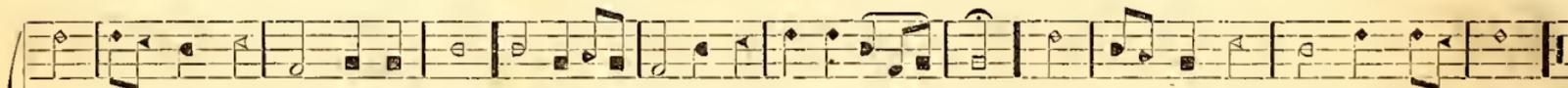
1. Re - li - gion! 'tis a glo - rious treas - ure, The purchase of a Sa - vior's blood; } It calms our fears, it soothes our sor - rows,
It fills the soul with con - so - la - tion, It lifts the thoughts to things a - bove; }



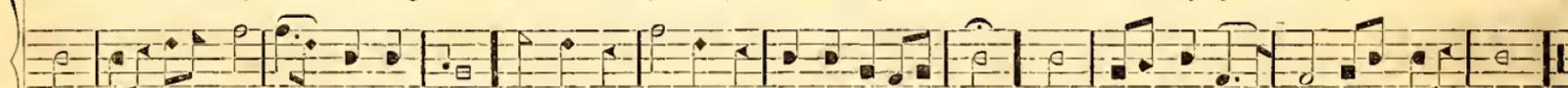
2. While journeying here thro' trib-u - la - tion, In Christian love we'll march a - long! } Re - li - gion pure, u - nites to - geth - er,
And while strife sev - ers the am - bi - tious, In Je - sus Christ we'll all be one: }



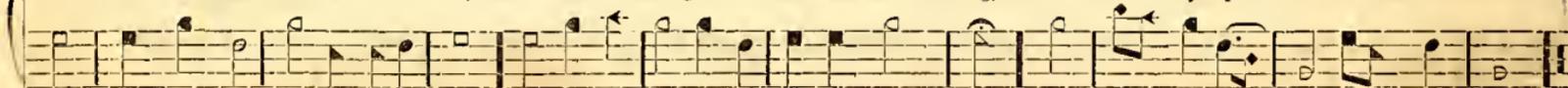
3. How fleet-ing-vain,—how tran - si - to - ry, This world with all its pomp and show; } But love and grace shall be my sto - ry,
Its vain de - lights and short-lived pleas - ures— I'd glad - ly leave them all be - low. }
4. This earth - ly house must be dis - solv - ed, And mor - tal life will soon be o'er; } Re - lig - ion pure will stand for - ev - er,
All earth - ly care and earth - ly sor - row Shall pain my eyes and heart no more; }



It smoothes our way o'er life's rough sea; 'Tis mix'd with goodness, meek humble pa - tience; This heav'n - ly por - tion mine shall be.



In bonds of love and makes us free; While end-less a - ges are on-ward roll - ing, This heav'n - ly por - tion mine shall be.



While I in Christ such beau-ties see; While end-less a - ges are on-ward roll - ing, This heav'n - ly por - tion mine shall be.
And my glad heart shall strengthened be, While end-less a - ges are on-ward roll - ing, This heav'n - ly por - tion mine shall be.

*A greater Variety of Metres will be continued throughout the Second Part of this work.

PART II.

Containing the longer Tunes of Different Metres, Set Pieces, and Anthems.

—:0:—

“Nor now among the choral harps, in this
The native clime of song are those unknown,
With higher notes ascending, who below,
In holy ardor aimed at lofty strains.
True fame is never lost: many whose names

Were honored much on earth, are famous here
For poetry, and with archangel harps
Hold no unequal rivalry in song!
Leading the choirs of heaven, in numbers high,
In numbers ever sweet and ever new.”—POLLOK.

METRE 1.

TRURO. L. M. HYMN 602.—CHURCH PSALMIST.



1. Great God! let all our tuneful pow'rs, A-wake and sing thy might-y name; Thy hand revolves our circ-ling hours—Thy band, from which our being came.



2. Seasons and moons still rolling round, In beauteous or - der speak thy praise; And years with smiling mercies crow'd, To thee suc-cess-ive ho-nors raise.

3. To thee we raise the an-nual song, To thee the grate-ful trib-ute give; Our God doth still our years pro-long, And 'midst unnumbered deaths, we live.



4. Our life, our health, our friends we owe, All to thy vast un-bound-ed love, Ten thousand precious gifts be - low, And hope of no - bler joys a - bove.

5. Thus will we sing till nature cease, Till sense and language are no more, And, af - ter death thy boundless grace, Thro' ev-er - last - ing years a - dore.

1. De-scend from heaven, im-mor-tal Dove, Stoop down and take us on thy wings, And mount and bear us far above The reach of these inferior things ; And mount and bear us

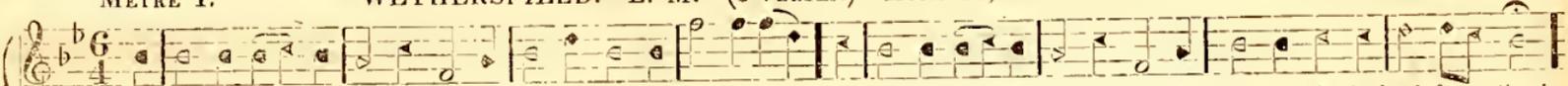
2. Adoring saints around him stand, And thrones and pow,rs before him fall ; The God shines gracious thro' the Man, And sheds sweet glories on them all, The God shines gracious

far a-bove The reach of these in-fe-rior things ; Be-yond, beyond this low-er sky, Up where e-ter-nal a-ges roll, Where sol-id pleas-ures nev-er die, And fruits im-

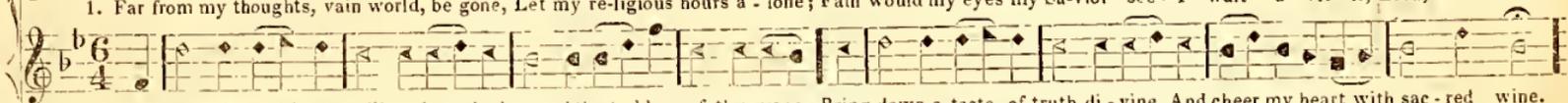
thro' the Man, And sheds sweet glories on them all, Oh, what amazing joys they feel, While to their golden harps they sing, And sit on eve-ry heav-en-ly hill, And spread the

mor-tal feast the soul, Oh for a sight, a pleas-ant sight, Of our Al-migh-ty Fa-ther's throne ; There sits our Sav-ior crown'd with light, Clothed in a body like our own.

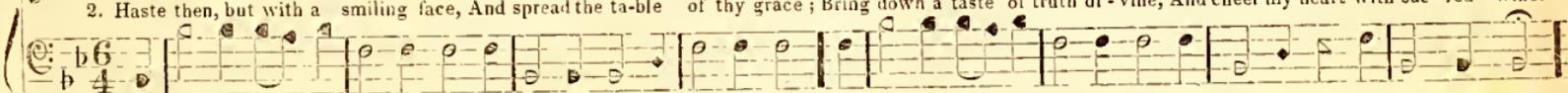
triumphs of their king, When shall the day, dear Lord, appear, That I shall mount to dwell a-bove, And stand and bow among them there, And view thy face and sing thy love ?



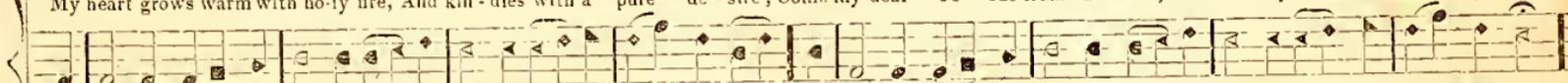
1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone, Let my re-ligious hours a - lone; Fain would my eyes my Sa-vior see—I wait a vis - it, Lord, from thee!



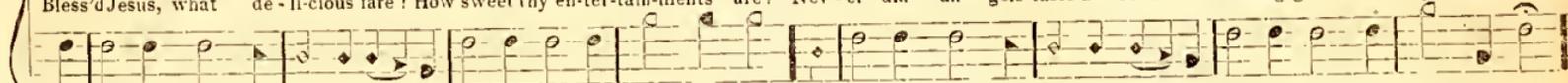
2. Haste then, but with a smiling face, And spread the ta-ble of thy grace; Bring down a taste of truth di - vine, And cheer my heart with sac - red wine.



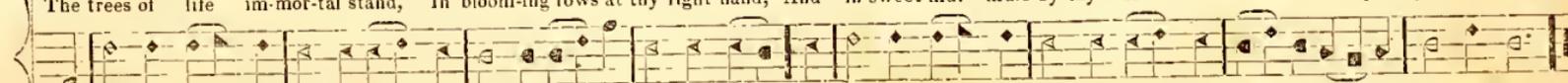
My heart grows warm with ho-ly fire, And kin - dles with a pure de - sire; Come my dear Je - sus from a - bove, And feed my soul with heavenly love.



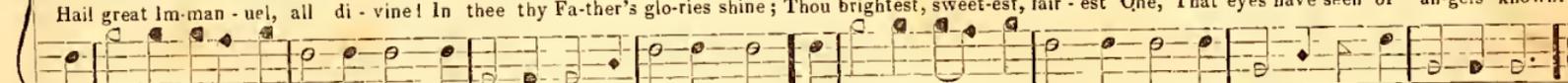
Bless'd Jesus, what de - li-cious fare! How sweet thy en-ter-tain-ments are! Nev - er did an - gels taste a - bove Re-deem-ing grace and dy - ing love.



The trees of life im-mor-tal stand, In bloom-ing rows at thy right hand, And in sweet mur - murs by thy side Riv - ers of bliss per - pet - ual glide.



Hail great Im-man - uel, all di - vine! In thee thy Fa-ther's glo-ries shine; Thou brightest, sweet-est, fair - est One, That eyes have seen or an-gels known.



1. They have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest, Where the bones of the prophets are laid, Where the chosen of Israel the promise possess'd, And Je-ho-vah his

mandates display'd; To the land where the Savior of sinners once trod: Where he labor'd, and languished and bled; Where he triumphed o'er death and as-cen-ded to God,

As He cap-tive Cap-tiv-i-ty led.

2. They have gone to the land where the gospel's glad sound
Sweetly tuned by the angels above,
Was re-echoed on earth, through the regions around,
In the accents of heavenly love.
Where the Spirit descended in tokens of flame,
The rich gifts of his grace to reveal;
Where apostles wrought signs in Immanuel's name,
For the truth of their mission to seal.
3. They have gone—the glad heralds of mercy have gone
To the land where the martyrs once bled;
Where the beast and false prophet have since trodden down
The fair fabric that Zion had reared,

- Where the churches once planted, and water'd, and bless'd
With the dews which the Spirit distilled,
Have been smitten, despoil'd! and by heathen possess'd,
And the places that knew them defiled!
4. They have gone—O thou Shepherd of Israel! have gone,
The glad mission in love to restore;
Thou wilt never forsake them nor leave them alone—
Thy rich blessings we humbly implore.
Let thy blessings go with them—O be thou their shield
From the shafts of the fowler that fly;
O thou Savior of sinners! thine arm be revealed,
In thy mercy and might from on high.

1. The voice of my be-lov-ed sounds, While o'er the moun-tain tops he bounds; He flies ex-ult-ing

2. The scat-tered clouds are fled at last—The rain is gone, the win-ters's past, The love-ly ver-nal

o'er the hills, and all my soul with trans-port fills. Gent-ly doth he chide my stay, "Rise my love and come a-way;"

flow'rs ap-pear—The warb'ling choir en-chants our ear; Now with sweetly pen-sive moan, Coos the tur-tle dove a-lone,

Gent-ly doth he chide my stay, "Rise my love, and come a-way, Rise— Rise, my love, and come a-way."

Now with sweet-ly pen-sive moan, Coos the tur-tle-dove a-lone, Coos— Coos the tur-tle-dove a-lone.

SLOW AND SOFT.

1. Fare-well, Fare-well, Fare-well my friends, I must be gone, I have no home nor stay with you; I'll take my staff and

CHORUS.

trav - el on Till I a bet - ter world can view. I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, And troubles come no more;

Farewell, Farewell, Fare-well my lov-ing friends, fare-well.

2. Farewell my bretheren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in chords of love;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
And soon we all shall meet above,
I'll march to Canaan's land, &c.

Farewell, farewell,
Farewell, my faithful friends, farewell.

3. Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heav'n;
You've counted all things else but loss,
Fight on, the crown will soon be given!
I'll march to Canaan's land, &c.
Fight on, Fight on,
Fight on, the crown will soon be given.

4. Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet await for you;
Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land we view.
I'll march to Canaan's land, &c.

Farewell, farewell,
Farewell, my faithful friends, farewell.

5. Farewell, poor careless sinners, too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here,
Eternal vengeance waits for you—
O turn, and find salvation near,
I'll march to Canaan's land, &c.
O turn, O turn,
O turn, and find salvation near.



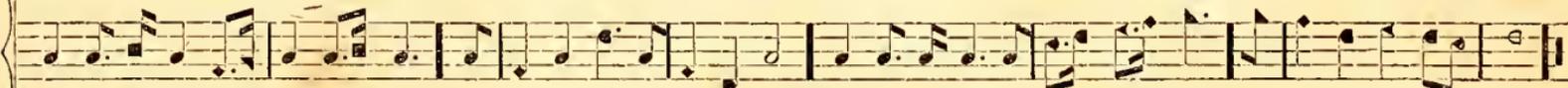
1. Sing hal - le - lu - jah ; praise the Lord ! Sing with a cheer - ful voice ; Ex - alt our God with one ac - cord, And in his name re - joice ;



2. There we to all e - ter - ni - ty Shall join th'an - gel - ic lays, And sing in per - fect har - mo - ny To God our Sa - vior's praise ;



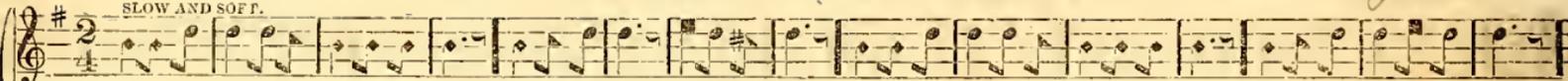
Ne'er cease to sing, thou ran - som'd host, To Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, Till in the realms of end - less light, Your prais - es shall u - nite.



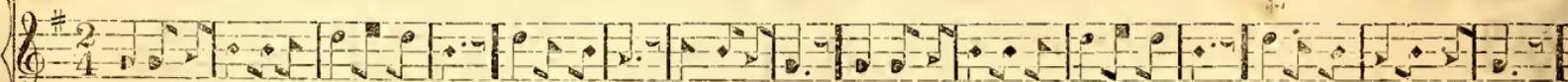
"He hath re - deem'd us by his blood, And made us kings and priests to God ; For us, for us the Lamb was slain," Praise ye the Lord ! A - men.



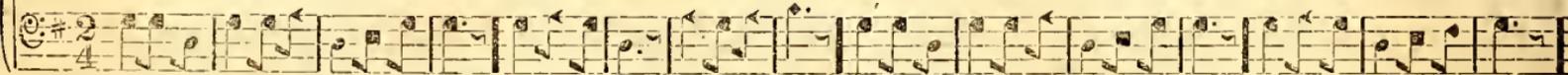
SLOW AND SOFT.



1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier, When I am gone ;—When I am gone ; Smile if the slow tolling bell you should hear, When I am gone—I am gone.



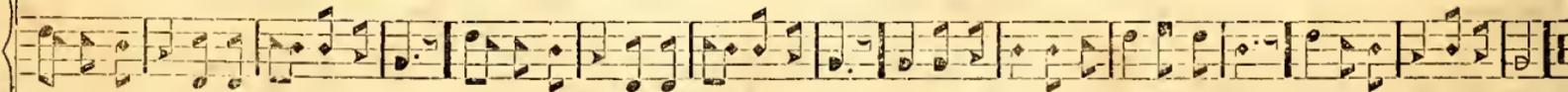
2. Plant ye a tree which may wave over me, When I am gone—When I am gone ; Sing ye a song if my grave you should see, When I am gone—I am gone.



3. Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed When I am gone—When I am gone ; Breathe not a sigh for the bless'd early dead When I am gone—I am gone.



Weep not for me when you stand round my grave ; Think who has died his beloved to save ; Think of the crown all the ransom'd shall have, When I am gone—I am gone.



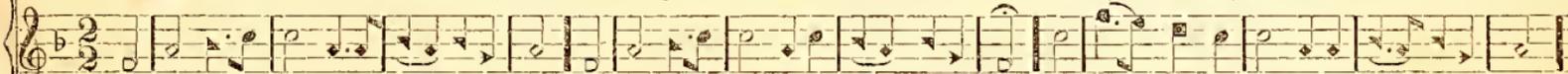
Come at the close of a bright summer's day—Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring ray—Come, and rejoice that I thus pass'd away— When I am gone—I am gone.



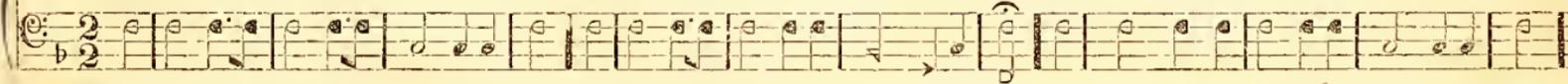
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care,—Serve ye the Lord that my bliss you may share,—Look ye on high and believe I am there,—When I am gone—I am gone.



1. 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is com-mu-nion with saints: To find at the ban-quet of mer-cy there's room,
2. Sweet bonds that u-nite all the children of peace, And thrice precious Je-sus, whose love cannot cease; Though oft from thy presence in sad-ness I roam,



3. I sigh from this bod-y of sin to be free, Which hinders my joy and com-mu-nion with thee: Though now my temptations like bil-lows may foam,
4. While here in the val-ley of con-flict I stay, O give me sub-mis-sion and strength as my day; In all my af-flictions to thee would I come,



5. What-e'er thou de-ni-est, O give me thy grace! The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face; In-dulge me with pa-tience to wait till thou come,
6. I long dear-est Lord, in thy beau-ties to shine, No more as an ex-ile, in sor-row to pine, And in thy fair im-age a-rise from the tomb,
7. The days of my ex-ile are pass-ing a-way, The time is approaching when Je-sus shall say, Well done faith-ful ser-vant, sit down on my throne,



And feel in the pres-ence of Je-sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Re-ceive me, dear Sa-vior, in glo-ry my home.
I long to he-hold thee in glo-ry at home.



All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Re-ceive me, dear Sa-vior, in glo-ry my home.
Re-joic-ing in hope of my glo-ri-ous home.



And find ev-en now a sweet fore-taste of home.
With glo-ri-fied mil-lions, to praise thee at home.
And dwell in my presence for-ev-er at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, O there I shall rest with the Sa-vior at home.

1. The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountains, For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a fountain; For sin and trans-gres-sion, and eve-ry pol - lu-tion,

CHORUS.

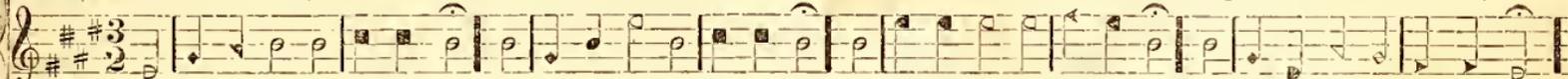
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation, His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation. Hal-le - lu - jah to the Lamb who has pur-chased our par-don,

We'll praise him a - gain when we pass o-ver Jor-dan, We'll praise him a-gain when we pass o-ver Jordan.

2. Now Jesus our King reigns triumphantly glorious—
O'er sin, death and hell he is more than victorious;
With shouting proclaim it—O trust in his passion;
He saves us most freely, O glorious salvation!
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon,
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.
3. With joy shall we stand, having gain'd the blest Canaan;
With harps in our hands we with joy will adore him;
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever.
Hallelujah to the Lamb who has purchased our pardon,
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.



1. A poor way-far - ing Man of grief Hath oft - en cross'd me on my way, Who sued so hum-bly for re - lief, That I could nev - er an - swer nay,
2. Once when my scanty meal was spread, He enter'd; not a word He spake; Just per - ish - ing for want of bread; I gave Him all,—He bless'd it, break



3. I spied Him where a fountain burst Clear from the Rock, His strength was gone; The heedless water mock'd His thirst, He heard it, saw it hur - rying on;
4. 'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew A win - ter hur - ri - cane a - loof— I heard His voice a - broad and flew To bid Him wel - come to my roof;



5. Stript—wounded—beaten nigh to death, I found him by the high-way side; I roused His pulse, brought back His breath, Revived His spirit, and supplied
6. In pris'n I saw Him next! condemned To meet a traitor's doom, at morn; The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd, And honor'd Him 'midst shame and scorn;
7. Then in a mo - ment, to my view, The Stran - ger dart - ed from dis - guise, The to - kens in His hands I knew; My SA - VIOR stood be - fore my eyes—



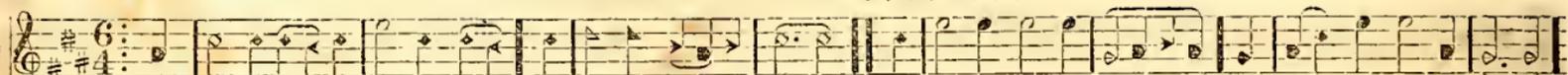
I had not pow'r to ask His name, Whither He went or whence He came, Yet was there some - thing in His eye, That won my love, I knew not why.
And ate, and gave me part a - gain; Mine was an an - gel's por - tion then, For while I fed with ea - ger haste, That crust was manna to my taste.



I ran and rais'd the suff'rer up, Thrice from the stream He drained my cup. Dipt and re - turn'd it run - ning o'er; I drank and nev - er thirst - ed more.
I warm'd—I cloth'd—I cheer'd my Guest, I laid Him on my couch to rest, Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd In E - den's gar - den while I dream'd.



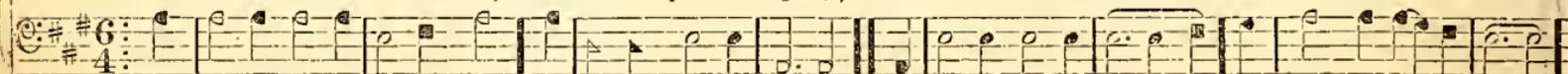
Wine, oil, re - fresh - ment; He was heal'd; I had my - self a wound con - ceal'd, But from that hour for - got the smart, And peace bound up my bro - ken heart.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try, He asked if I for Him would die; The flesh was weak, my blood run chill,—But the free spir - it cried "I will."
He spake, and my poor name he named,—“Of ME thou hast not been ashamed, These deeds shall thy me - mo - rial be, Fear not, thou didst them un - to me.



1. How pleasant thus to dwell be - low, In fel - low - ship of love; } The good shall meet a - bove, The good shall meet a - bove,
And tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know, The good shall meet a - bove; }



2. Yes, hap - py thought when we are free From earth - ly grief and pain; } And nev - er part a - gain, And nev - er part a - gain,
In heav'n we shall each oth - er see, And nev - er part a - gain; }



3. The chil - dren who have loved the Lord, Shall hail their teach - ers there; } Of all their toil and care, Of all their toil and care,
And teachers gain the rich re - ward, Of all their toil and care; }

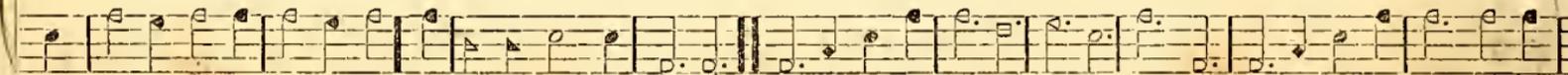
4. Then let us each in strength di - vine Still walk in wis - dom's ways; } In nev - er - end - ing praise, In nev - er - end - ing praise,
That we with those we love may join, In nev - er - end - ing praise; }



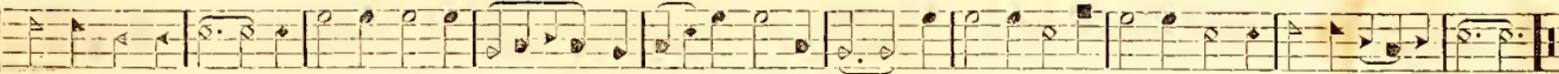
And tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know, The good shall meet a - bove. Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful! Oh! that will be joy - ful, to



In heav'n we shall each oth - er see, And nev - er part a - gain. Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful! Oh! that will be joy - ful, to



And teach - ers gain the rich re - ward Of all their toil and care. Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful! Oh! that will be joy - ful, to
That we, with those we love may join, In nev - er - end - ing praise.



meet to part no more, To meet to part no more, On Ca-naan's hap-py shore, And sing the ev-er - last-ing song, With those who've gone before.



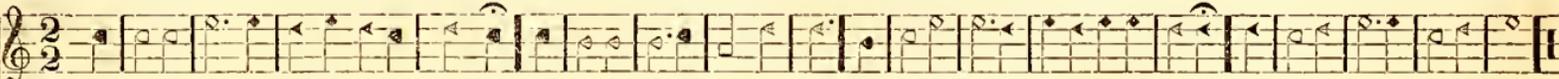
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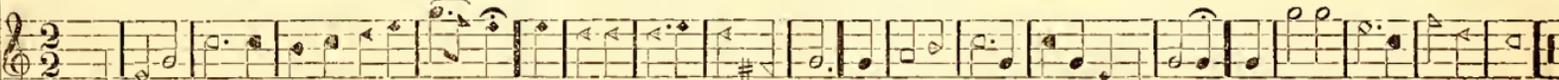
meet to part no more, To meet to part no more, On Ca-naan's hap-py shore, And sing the ev-er - last-ing song, With those who've gone before.

METRE 62.

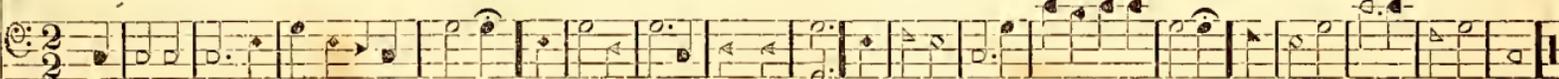
ADORATION. 11,8,11,8. HYMN 731.—CH. PSALMODY.



1. The Lord is great! ye hosts of heav'n a-dore him, And ye who tread this earthly ball; In ho-ly songs re-joice a-loud be-fore him, And shout his praise, who made you all.



2. The Lord is great! His majesty how glo-rious! Resound his praise from shore to shore; O'er sin, and death and hell now made victorious, He rules and reigns for-ev-er-more.



3. The Lord is great! His mercy how abounding! Ye angels, strike your golden chords! O praise your God with voice and heart resounding, The King of kings and Lord of lords.

1. What is our God, or what his name? Nor men can learn nor an - gels teach; He dwells concealed in ra - diant flame, Where neither eye.....

.... nor thought can reach. The spacious worlds of heav'nly light, Compared with him how short they fall! They are too dark and he too bright; Noth-

ing are they and God..... is all.

3. He spoke the wond'rous word, and, lo,
Creation rose at his command!
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand!

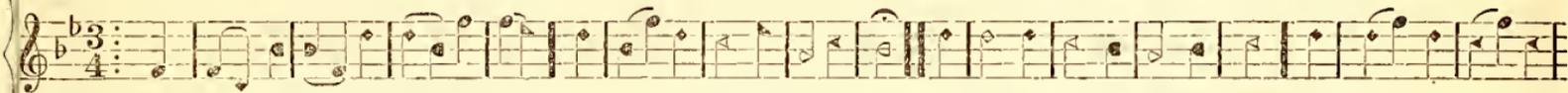
4. There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There Nature leans, and feels her prop,
But his own self-sufficiency bears
The weight of his own glories up.

5. The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Meas'ring their changes by the moon,
No ebb his sea of glory knows,
His age is one eternal noon.

5. Then fly my song, in endless round,
The lofty tune let Michael raise;
All Nature dwell upon the sound,
And sing in highest notes of praise.



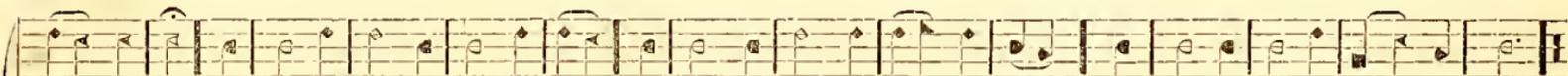
1. The ran-som'd spir-it to her home, The clime of cloud-less beauty flies; } But cheerless are the heav'n-ly fields, The cloud-less clime no
No more on storm-y seas to roam, She hails her ha-ven in the skies; }



2. The cher-ub near the view-less throne Hath smote the harp with trembling hand, } But tuneless is the quiv'ring string, No mel-o-dy can
And One with in-cense-fire hath blown To touch with flame th'an-gel-ic band: }



3. Earth, sea, and sky one language speak, In har-mo-ny that soothes the soul: } That voice is heard, and tumults cease, It whis-pers to the
'Tis heard when scarce the zeph-yrs wake, And when on thunders, thunders roll: }



pleas-ure yields, There is no bliss in bow'rs a-bove If thou art ab-sent ho-ly love, If thou art ab-sent ho-ly love.



Ga-briel bring, Mute are its arch-es, when a-bove The harps of heav'n wake not to Love, The harps of heav'n wake not to love.



bo-som peace; O speak In-spir-er, from a-bove, And cheer our hearts, ce-les-tial Love, And cheer our hearts, ce-les-tial Love.

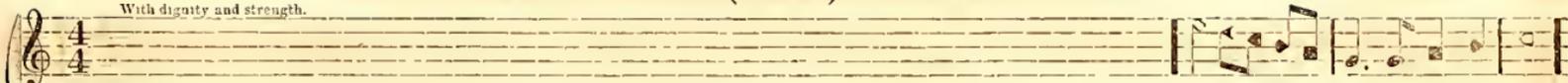
1. Now let our mournful songs re - cord The dy - ing sor - rows of our Lord : When he com - plained in tears and blood, As one for - sa - ken of his God.

2. They wound his head, his hands, his feet, Till streams of blood each other meet, By lot his gar - ments they di - vide, And mock the pangs in which he died.

The Jews beheld him thus forlorn, He rescued others from the grave, Now let him try him - self to save.
And shook their heads and laughed in scorn— Now let him try himself to save,

But God his Father heard his cry, The nations learn his righteousness, And humble sinners taste his grace.
Raised from the dead, he reigns on high ; And humble sinners taste his grace,

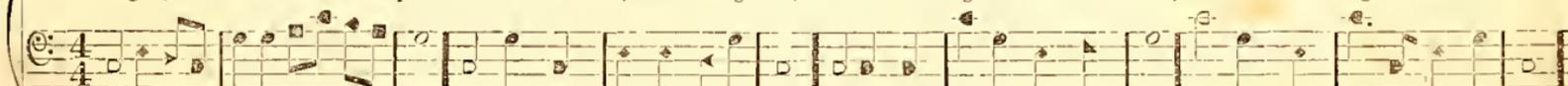
With dignity and strength.



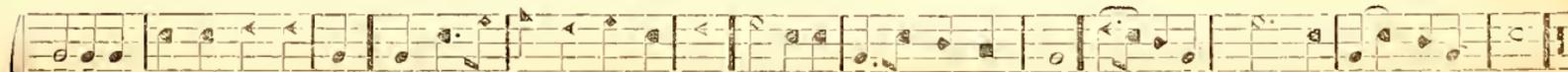
1. My soul, thy great Cre-a-tor praise; When cloth'd in his ce-lest-ial rays, He in full ma-jes-ty ap-pears, And like a robe his glo-ry wears.



2. An-gels, whom his own breath inspires His min-is-ters, are flam-ing fires; And swift as thought their armies move, To hear his ven-geance or his love;



3. When earth was cover'd with the flood, Which high a-bove the mountains stood, He thunder'd, and the o-cean fled, Con-fined to its ap-point-ed bed.
4. He bids the crystal foun-tains flow, And cheer the val-leys as they go; There gentle herds their thirst al-lay, And for the stream wild ass-es bray.



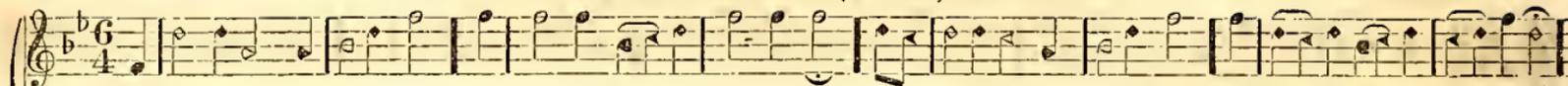
The heav'ns are for his curtain spread, Th'unfathom'd deep he makes his bed; Clouds are his chariot when he flies On wing-ed storms a-cross the skies.



The world's foun-da-tion by his hand Is pois'd, and shall for-ev-er stand; He binds the o-cean in his chain, Lest it should drown the earth a-gain.



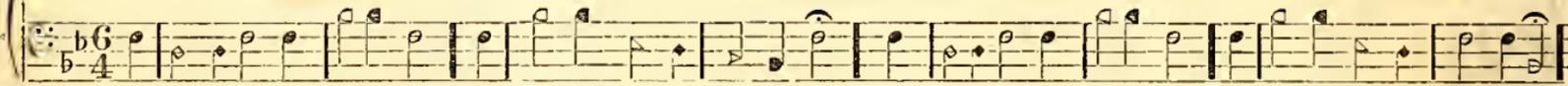
The swelling billows know their bound, And in their channels walk their round; Yet thence convey'd by secret veins, They spring on hills and drench the plains.
From pleasant trees which shade the brink, The lark and linnet light to drink; Their song the lark and linnet raise, And chide our si-lence in His praise.



1. Loud hal - le - lu - jabs to the Lord From dis - tant worlds where creatures dwell; Let heav'n begin the sol - emn word, And sound it dreadful down to hell.



2. High on a throne his glo - ry dwells, An aw - ful throne of shi - ning bliss; Fly thro' the world, O sun, and tell How dark thy beams compared to his.



3. Mortals, can you refrain your tongue When na - ture all a - round you sings? O for a shout from old and young, From humble swains and loft - y kings?

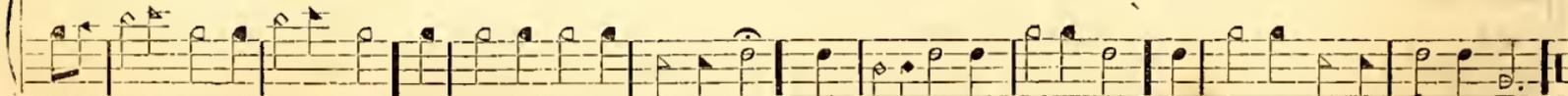
4. Je - ho - vah! 'tis a glorious word! O may it dwell on eve - ry tongue! But saints who best have known the Lord, Are bound to raise the no - blest song.



The Lord, how ab - so - lute he reigns, Let eve - ry an - gel bend the knee; Sing of his love in heav'nly strains, And speak how fierce his ter - rors be.



A - wake, ye tempests, and his fame In sounds of dread - ful praise de - clare; Let the sweet whis - per of his name Fill eve - ry gen - tle breeze of air.



Wide as his vast do - min - ion lies, Make the Cre - a - tor's name be known; Loud as his thunder shout his praise, And sound it loft - y as his throne. Speak of the won - ders of that love Which Ga - briel plays on eve - ry chord, From all be - low and all a - hove Loud hal - le - lu - jabs to the Lord.



1. Hail the day that saw him rise, Rav-ish'd from our wish-ful eyes; Christ a while to mortals giv'n, Re-as-cends his na-tive heav'n;



2. Him though high-est heav'n re- ceives, Still he loves the earth he leaves; Though returning to his throne, Still he calls mankind his own.



3. Mas-ter, (may we ev-er say,) Ta-ken from our Head to-day, See, thy faith-ful ser-vants, see, Ev-er ga-zing up to thee;
4. Ev-er up-ward let us move, Waft-ed on the wings of love, Looking when our Lord shall come, Long-ing for our blessed home.



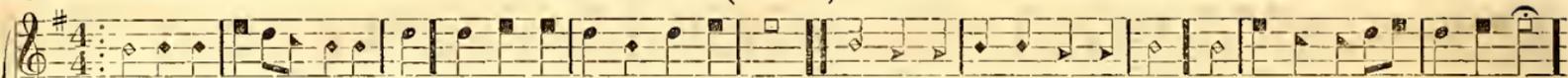
There the pompous triumph waits; Lift your heads e-ter-nal gates, Wide un-fold the ra-diant scene, Take the King of glo-ry in.



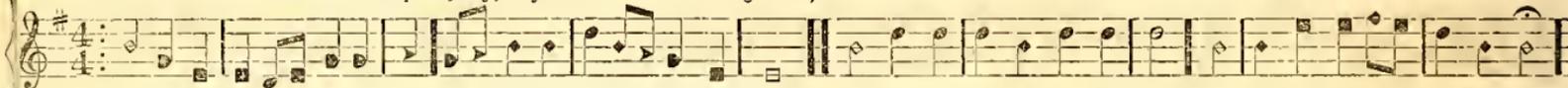
Still for us he in-ter-cedes; Prev-a-lent his death he pleads: Next himself pre-pares our place, Har-hin-ger of hu-man race.



Grant, tho' parted from our sight, High a-bove yon a-zure height, Grant our hearts may thither rise, Fol-lowing thee be-yond the skies.
There we shall with thee re-main Partners of thine end-less reign; There thy face un-cloud-ed see, Find our heaven a heav'n in thee.



1. Say now, ye love-ly so cial band, Who walk the way to Canaan's land, }
 Ye who have fled from sodom's plain, Say, do you wish to turn a - gain? } Have you just ventured to the field, Well armed with helmet, sword and shield,



2. Be-ware of pleasure's syren song, A - las it can-not soothe thee long ; }
 It can-not qui - et Jordan's wave, Nor cheer the dark and si-lent grave ! } Oh let your thoughts delight to soar Where earth and time shall be no more,



3. There see the glorious host on wing, And hear the heav'nly seraphs sing ! }
 The shining ranks in or-der stand, Or move like lightning at com-mand ! } Je - ho - vah there reigns not a - lone, The Sa-rior shares his Father's throne ;
 4. Be-hold, I see a-mong the rest, A host in rich-er garments dress'd ! }
 A host that near his presence stands, And palms of vict'ry grace their hands ! } Say, who are these I now behold, With blood-washed robes and crowns of gold ?

METRE 1.

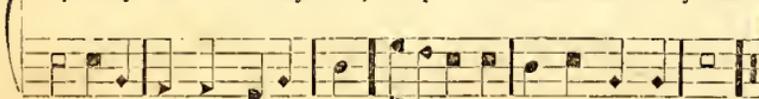
LOVING KINDNESS. L. M. HYMN 479.—ASSEM. COLL.



And shall the world with dread alarms Compel you now to ground your arms ?



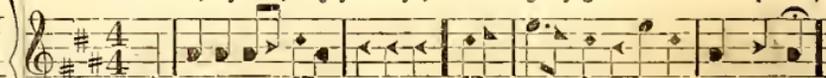
Explore by faith the heavenly fields, And pluck the fruit that Ca-naan yields.



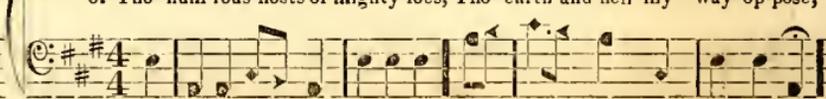
While an-gels cir-cle round his seat, And worship prostrate at his feet.
 This glorious host is not un-known. To him that sits up-on the throne.



1. A-wake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;



2. He saw me ru - in'd in the fall, Yet lov'd me, not - with - stand - ing all ;
 3. Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose,



4. When trou-ble like a gloom-y cloud, Hath gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
 5. Oft - en I feel my sin-ful heart, Prone from my Sa-rior to de-part ;

He just-ly claims a song from thee, His lov-ing kind-ness O how free, His lov-ing kind-ness, loving kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, O how free.

He saved me from my lost es-tate, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh how great! His lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh how great.
 He safe-ly leads my soul a-long, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh how strong! His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh how strong.

He near my soul has always stood, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh how good! His lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh how good.
 But though I oft have him for-got His lov-ing kind-ness, chang-es not! His lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov-ing kind-ness chang-es not.

METRE 1.

SUPPLICATION. L. M. PSALM 51.—WATTS.

1. Show pit-y, Lord, O Lord, for-give, Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live; Are not thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in thee?

2. My crimes are great, but can't sur-pass The pow'r and glo-ry of thy grace; Great God, thy nature hath no bound, So let thy pard'ning love be found.
 3. O wash my soul from eve-ry sin, And make my guilt-y conscience clean; Here on my heart the bur-den lies, And past of-fenc-es pain mine eyes.

4. My lips with shame my sins con-fess A-against thy law, a-against thy grace; Lord, should thy judgments grow severe, I am condemned, but thou art clear.
 5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce thee just in death; And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.

I. Be-fore Je-ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye na-tions bow with sac-red joy; Know that the Lord is God a-lone, He can cre-ate and

He de-roy, He can cre-ate and he de-roy. His sov'-reign pow'r with-out our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men, And when, like

wand'-ring sheep we strayed, He brought us to his fold a-gain, He brought us to his fold a-gain. We are his peo-ple, we his care, Our

FOR

souls and all our mor-tal frame: What last-ing hon-ors shall we rear, Al-might-y Ma-ker, to thy name! We'll crowd thy gates with thank- ful songs, High as the

heav'n's our voi- es raise, And earth, And earth with her ten thou-sand, thou-sand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sound-ing praise, Shall fill thy courts with sound-ing

praise, Shall fill, Shall fill thy courts with sound-ing praise. Wide, wide as the world is thy com-mand, Vast as e-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty thy love, Firm as a rock thy

truth must stand, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, Shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move.

METRE 1.

DIVINE ADORATION. L. M. HYMN 318.—CH. HYMN BOOK.

1. God is a name my soul a - dores, Th' Al-might-y Three, th' Eternal One; Nature and grace with all their pow'rs Confess the In-fi - nite, Un-known.

2. Thy voice produced the seas and spheres, Bid the waves roar and planets shine; But noth-ing like thy - self appears, Thro' all the spacious works of thine.

3. A glance of thine runs thro' the globes, Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame; bright sheets of light compose thy robes; Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

4. How shall af-fright-ed mor - tals dare, To sing thy glo-ry or thy grace, Be - neath thy feet we lie so far, And see but shad-ows of thy face?

From thy Great Self thy Be - ing springs, Thou art thine own O - rig - in - al, Made up of un - cre - a - ted things, And Self-suffi - cience bears them all.

Still rest - less na - ture dies and grows; From change to change the creatures run; Thy Be - ing no suc - cession knows, And all these vast de - signs are one.

Thrones and dominions round thee fall, And wor - ship in sub - mis - sive forms; Thy presence shakes this lower ball, This lit - tle dwelling place of worms.
Who can be - hold thy bla - zing light?—Who can ap - proach con - sum - ing fire? None but thy wisdom knows thy might,—None but thy word can speak thy pow'r.

METRE 1.

TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M. HYMN 496.—RIPFON.

1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, Un - der thine own al - might - y wings.

2. For - give me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done, That with the world, my - self and thee, I, ere I sleep at peace may be.

3. Teach me to live that I may dread The grave as lit - tle as my bed; Teach me to die, that so I may Tri - umph - ant rise on the last day.

4. O let my soul on thee re - pose, And may sweet sleep my eyelids close; Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make To serve my God when I a - wake.
5. If in the night I sleep - less lie, My soul with heav'y thoughts supply; Let no ill dreams disturb my rest, No pow'rs of dark - ness me mo - lest.

1. There is a stream whose narrow tide The known and unknown worlds di-vide, Where all must go: Its wave-less wa-ters dark and deep,
2. I saw where at that drea-ry flood, A smil-ing *In-fant* prattling stood Whose hour was come: Un-taught of ill, it near'd the tide,

3. Fol-low'd with languid eye a-non, A youth dis-eased, and pale, and wan, And there a -- lone He gaz-ed up - on the lead-en stream,
4. And then a form in *manhood's* strength, Came bustling on till there at length He saw life's bound; He shrunk and raised the bit-ter pray'r,

5. Next stood up - on the surgeless shore A be - ing *bowed* by many a score Of toil - some years; Earth - bound and sad he left the bank,
6. How bit-ter must thy wa - ters be, O death! how hard a thing, ah me! It is to die; I mused, when to that stream a-gain,
7. "'Tis the last pang," he calm-ly said, "To me, O death! thou hast no dread; Sa - vior, I come! Spread but thine arms on *ym - der shore*,

METRE 2. DELIGHT. C. M. PSALM 119, PART V & VI.—WATTS.

'Mid sul-len si-lence downward sweep, With moanless flow.
Sunk as to cra-dle - rest, and died, Like go - ing home.

And fear'd to plunge, I heard a scream, And HE was gone.
"Too late"—his shriek of wild de-spair The wa - ters drowned.

1. Oh how I love thy ho - ly law! 'Tis dai - ly my de - light;

2. Thy beav'n-ly words my heart en - gage, And well em - ploy my tongue,

Back turned his dimming eyes and sank, Ah full of fears.
An - oth - er form of mor - tal men, With SMILES drew nigh.
I see, ye wa-ters, hear me o'er, THERE is my home.

3. No treas-ures so en - rich the mind— Nor shall thy word be sold
4. Lord, I es - teem thy judg-ments right, And all thy stat-utes just,
5. My heart in mid - night si - lence cries, "How sweet thy com-forte be!"



And thence my med - i - ta - tions draw Di - vine.... ad - vice by night; My wa - king eyes pre - vent the day,



And in my tire-some pil - grim-age, Yield me.... a heav'n-ly song. Am I a stran - ger, or at home,



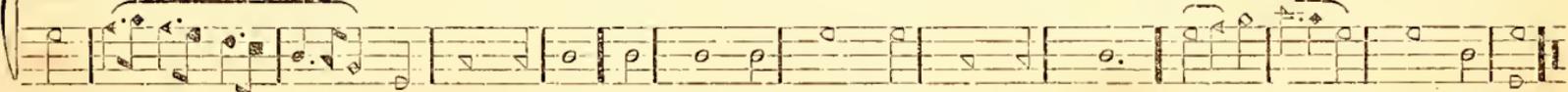
For loads of sil - ver well re - fined, Nor heaps.... of choic - est gold; When na - ture, sinks, and spir - its droop,
Thence I maintain a con - stant fight With eve.... ry flatt'ring lust. Thy pre - cepts oft - - en I sur - vey;
My thoughts in ho - ly won - der rise, And bring.... their thanks to thee; And when my spir - it drinks her fill,



To med - - i - tate thy word; My soul with long - ing melts a - way, To hear thy gos - pel, Lord.



'Tis my..... per - pet - ual feast; Not hon - ey drop - ping from the comb So much al - - lures my taste.



Thy prom - - is - es of grace Are pil - lars to sup - port my hope, And there I write thy praise.
I keep..... thy law in sight Thro' all the busi - ness of the day, To form my ac - tions right.
At some..... good word of thine, Not might - y men that share the spoils, Have joys com - - pared to mine.



1. Beyond where Cedron's waters flow, Behold the suffering Savior go To sad Geth-sem-a-ne; His countenance is all di-vine, Yet grief appears in eve-ry line.



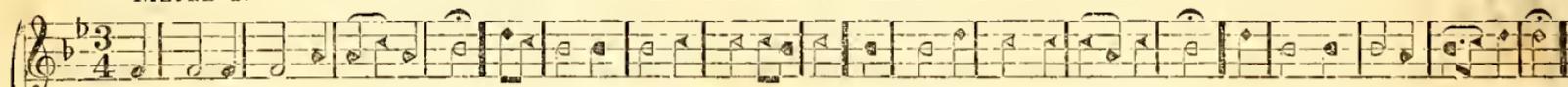
2. He bows beneath the sins of men; He cries to God, and cries again, In sad Geth-sem-a-ne; He lifts his mournful eyes a-bove—"My Father can this cup remove?"
3. With gen-tle res-ig-na-tion still, He yield-ed to his Father's will, In sad Geth-sem-a-ne; "Be-hold me here thine on-ly Son, And, Father, let thy will be done."



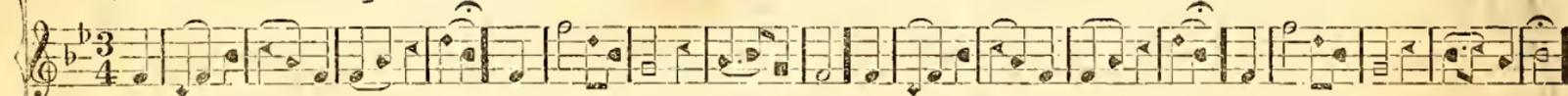
4. The Father heard; and angels there, Sustain'd the Son of God in pray'r, In sad Geth-sem-a-ne; He drank the dreadful cup of pain—Then rose to life and joy a-gain.
5. When storms of sorrow round us sweep, And scenes of anguish make us weep, To sad Geth-semane We'll look and see the Savior there, And humbly bow, like him, in pray'r.

METRE 1.

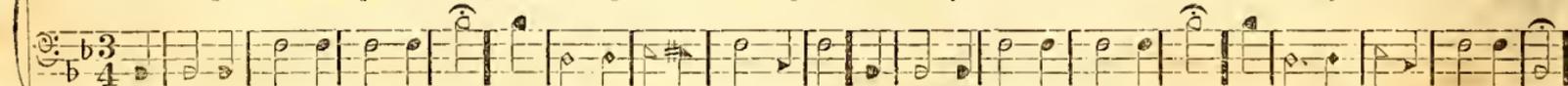
PROSPECT OF HOME. L. M. HYMN 421.—REF. COLL.



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



2. The thought of home his spir-it cheers, No more he grieves for troubles past; Nor a-ny fu-ture tri-al fears, So he may safe ar-rive at last.



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

'Tis there with Je - sus he's to dwell, To spend an ev - er - last - ing day ; There shall he bid his cares fare-well, For He shall wipe his tears a - way.

METRE 1.

RETREAT. L. M. HYMN 636.—PSALMIST.

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

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

3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellow-ship with friend ; Tho' sunder'd far by faith they meet A round one common mercy seat.

4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo - lest no more ; And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy seat.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - ney run, His king - dom spreads from shore to

shore, 'Till moons shall wax and wane no more; His king - - dom spreads from shore to shore, 'Till moons shall wax and

wane no more. 2. From north to south the princ - es meet, To pay their hom - age at his feet, While wes - tern em - pires

own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend his word. { 3. To him shall and - less pray'r be made, And end - - less
4. Peo - ple and realms of eve - ry tongue, Dwell on his

prais - es crown - his head! His name in - - like sweet per - - fume shall rise, With eve - ry
name with sweet - est song, And name in - - fault voic - - es shall pro - - claim Their ear - ly

mor - - ing sac - ri - - fice.
bles - - ings on his name.

1. Great God whose universal sway,
The known and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2. As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace, on fainting souls distills;
Like heavenly dew, on thirsty hills.

3. The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light;
And deserts blossom at the sight.

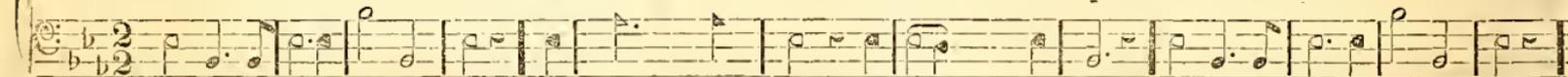
4. The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.



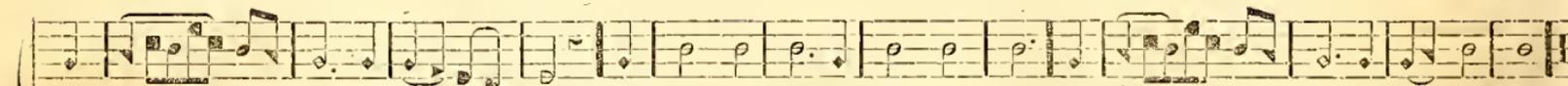
1. Sweet as the Shepherd's tuneful reed From Zi.....-on's mount I heard.... the sound; Gay sprang the flow'rets of the mead,



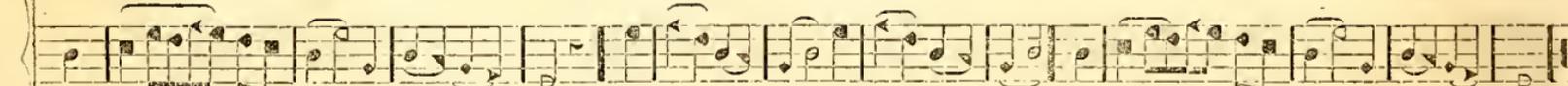
2. Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan, Hath taught.... these rocks the notes..... of woe; Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,



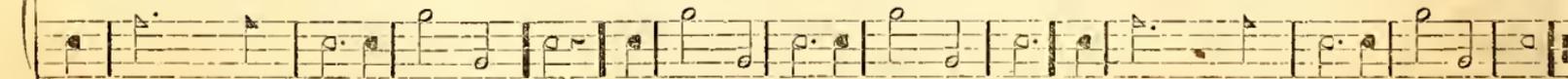
3. Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd, Un - hur - - den here the weight - - y load, Here find thy ref - uge and thy rest,
4. As spring the winter, day the night, Peace, sor - - row, gloom bath chased a - way, And smiling joy, a ser - aph bright,



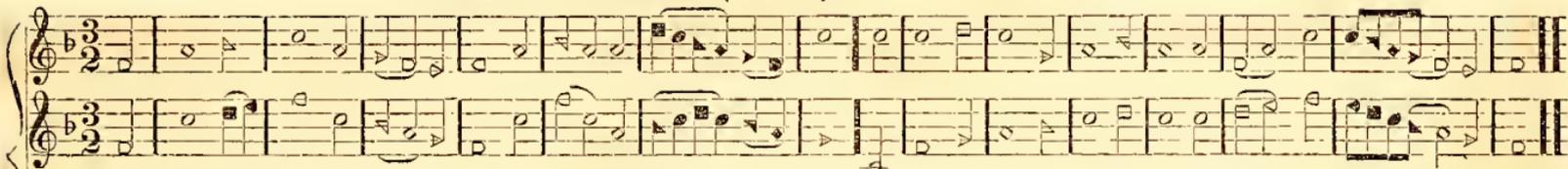
And glad - den'd na - ture smiled a - round; The voice of peace sa - lutes mine ear, Christ's love - - ly voice per - fumes the air.



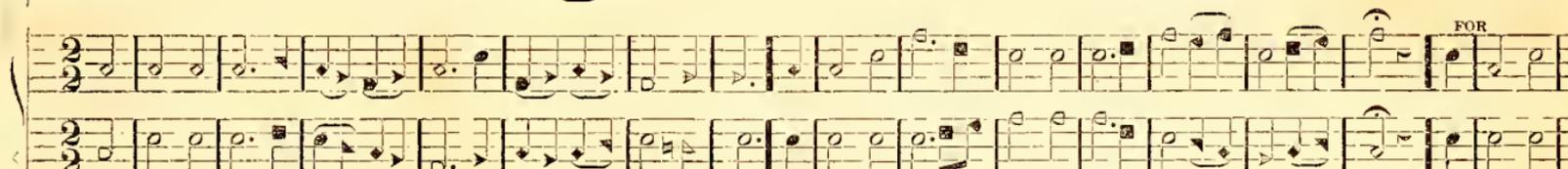
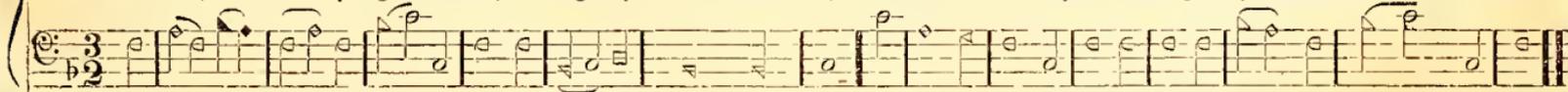
And let..... thy tears for - get to flow; Be - hold the pre - cious balm is found, To lull..... thy pain, to heal thy wound.



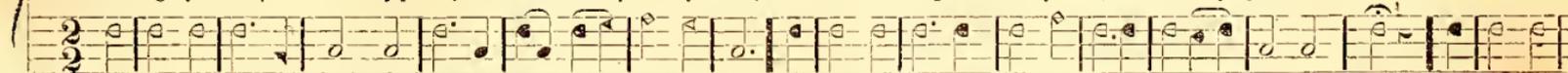
Safe on the ho - som of thy God; Thy God's thy Sa - vior, glo - rious word, That sheathes th' A - veng - er's glitt'ring sword.
Shall tend thy steps and near thee stay; While glo - ry weaves th'im - mor - tal crown, And waits to claim thee for her own.



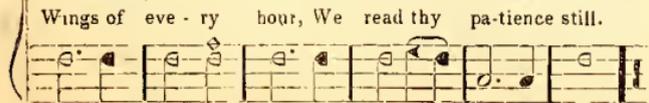
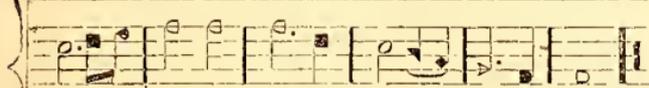
1. Fa - ther, how wide thy glo - ries shine, How high thy won - ders rise, Known thro' the earth by thousand signs, By thousands thro' the skies!



Those mighty orbs pro - claim thy pow'r, Their mo - tions speak thy skill, And on the wings of eve - ry hour, We read thy pa - tience still, And on the



Wings of eve - ry hour, We read thy pa - tience still.



2. Part of thy name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ,
They show the labor of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.
But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms :
3. Here the whole Deity is know,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice of the grace.

- Now the full glories of the Lamb,
Adorn the heavenly plains ;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
4. O may I bear some humble part,
In that immortal song,
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

1. The Chariot! the Chariot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire; Lo! self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,

2. The glo-ry! the glo-ry! a-round him are pour'd Mighty hosts of the an-gels that wait on the Lord; And the glo-ri-fied saints and the martyrs are there,

3. The trump-et! the trumpet! the dead have all heard: Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd! From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north

4. The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set, Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met! There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
5. O mer-cy! O mer-cy! look down from above, Great Cre-a-tor, on us, thy sad children, with love! When be-neath to their darkness the wicked are driv'n,

METRE 66.

THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION. 8,8,8,8,8,3. HYMN 95.—VIR. SELEC.

And the heav'ns with the burden of God-head are bow'd.

1. Hear the roy-al proc-la-ma-tion, The glad ti-dings of sal-va-tion,

And there all who the palm-wreathes of vic-to-ry wear,
All the vast gen-e-ra-tions of man are come forth.

2. See the roy-al ban-ner fly-ing, Hear the her-alds loud-ly cry-ing,
3. Turn un-to the Lord most ho-ly, Shun the paths of vice and fol-ly,

And the doom of e-ter-ni-ty hangs on his word.
May our jus-ti-fied souls find a wel-come in heav'n.

4. Here is wine, and milk, and hon-ey, Come and pur-chase with-out mon-ey,
5. For this love let rocks and moun-tains, Purl-ing streams, and cry-tal foun-tains,

CHORUS.

Pub-lish-ing to eve-ry crea-ture, To the ru - in'd sons of na-ture Je - sus reigns, he reigns vic-to-rious, Over heav'n and earth most glorious, Je - sus reigns.

“Rebel sinners, royal fa - vor Now is of - fer'd by the Sa - vior.”
Turn, or you are lost for-ev-er; O! now turn to God the Sa - vior. Je - sus reigns, he reigns vic-to-rious, Over heav'n and earth most glorious, Je - sus reigns.

Mercy flowing like a foun-tain, Streaming from the holy mountain.
Roaring thunders, lightning's blazes, Shout the great Messiah's praises. Je - sus reigns, he reigns vic-to-rious, Over heav'n and earth most glorious, Je - sus reigns.

METRE 2.

SILOAM. C. M. HYMN 773.—PSALMIST.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the lil - y grows! How sweet the breath he-neath the bill, Of Sha-ron's dew-y rose.

2. Lo! such the child whose ear-ly feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose se-cret heart with influence sweet, Is up-ward drawn to God.

3. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill The lil - y must de - cay, The rose that blooms beneath the bill, Must shortly fade a - way.

4. And soon, too soon, the wint'ry hour Of man's ma - tu - rer age Will shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r, And storm-y pas - sion's rage.

5. O thou who giv - est life and breath, We seek thy grace a - lone, In child-hood, manhood, age, and death, To keep us still thine own.

1. How sweet and aw-ful is the place, With Christ within the doors, } Here every bowel of our God, With soft compassion rolls,.....
 While ev-er-last-ing love dis-plays The choic-est of her stores, }

2. While all our hearts and all our songs, Join to ad-mire the feast, } Why was I made to hear thy voice, And enter while there's room,....
 Each of us cry with thank-ful tongues "Lord, why was I a guest, }

3. 'Twas the same love that spread the feast, That sweet-ly forced us in; } Pi-ty the na-tions, O our God! Constrain the earth to come,.....
 Else we had still re-fused to taste, And per-ished in our sin. }

METRE 2.

FELICITY. C. M. (DOUBLE.) HYMN 588.—RIPPON.

Here peace and pardon hought with blood, Is food for dy-ing souls.

When thousands make a wretched choice, And rath-er starve than come.

Send thy vic-tor-ious word a-broad, And bring the strangers home.

1. Earth has engross'd my love too long 'Tis time I lift mine eyes Upward, dear Father,

2. Ser-aphs with ele-va-ted strains, Circle the throne a-round! And move and charm the

3. Hark! how beyond the narrow bounds Of time and space they run; And ech-o in ma-

4. O sacred beauties of the Man, (The God resides with-in :) His flesh all pure with-

5. Then all at once to living strains, They summon eve-ry chord; Tell how he triumph'd

to thy throne, and to my native skies; There the blest Man, my Savior sits, The God how bright he shines, And scatters in-fi-nite de-light on all the hap-py minds.

star-ry plains, With an im-mor-tal sound, Je-sus the Lord, their harps employs; Je-sus my love, they sing; Je-sus the life of both our joys, Sounds sweet from every string. Je-sus-tic sounds, The God-head of the Son! And now they sink the loft-y tune, And gent-ler notes they play; And bring the Father's Equal down, To dwell in humble clay.

out a stain; His soul without a sin. But when to Cal-va-ry they turn, Si-lent their harps a-bide; Sus-pended songs a moment mourn The God that lov'd and died. o'er his pains, And chaut the ri-sing Lord. Now let me mount and join their song, And be an an-gel too: My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue, Here's joyful work for you.

METRE 67.

GOD IS LOVE. 6,5,6,5,3.

1. Lo, the heav'ns are breaking, Pure and bright a - bove; Life and light a - - wa - - king, Mur-mur, God is love, God is love.

2. Round yon pine-clad mountain, Flows a gold - en flood; Hear the spark-ling foun - - tain, Whis-pers, God is good, God is good.

3. See the stream-let bound-ing Thro' the vale and wood, Hear its rip-ples sound - - ing, Mur-mur, God is good, God is good.

4. Mu - sic now is ring - ing Thro' the sha-dy grove, Feathered songs-ters sing - - ing War-ble, God is love, God is love.

5. Wake my heart, and springing, Spread thy wings abroad; Soar-ing still and sing - - ing God is ev - er good, Ev - er good.



1. When marshall'd on the nightly plain, The glitt' - - ring host he - stud the sky, { Hark! hark! to God, the cho - rus breaks,
One star a - lone of all the train, Can fix the sin - ner's wand'ring eye. }



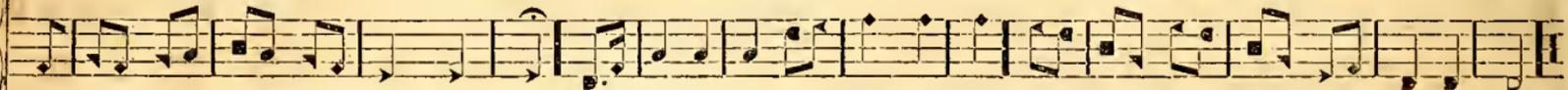
2. Once on the ra - ging seas I rode, The storm was loud, the night was dark; { Deep hor - ror then my vi - - tals froze,
The o - cean yawn'd and rude-ly blow'd The wind that toss'd my found'-ring bark; }



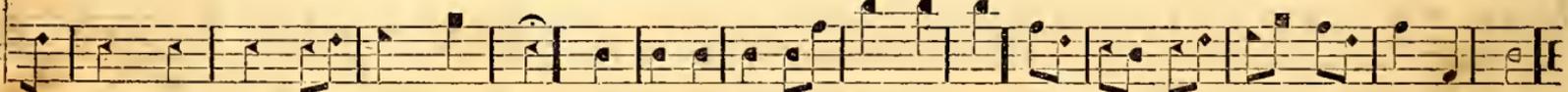
3. It was my guide, my light, my all, It bade my dark fore - bo-dings cease; { Now safe - ly moored, my per - ils o'er,
And thro' the storm and dan-ger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace; }



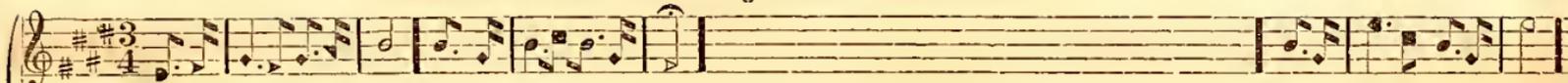
From eve - ry host, from eve-ry gem: But one a - lone the Sa - vior speaks, It is the Star of Beth - le - hem.



Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem; When sud - den - ly a Star a - rose— It was the Star of Beth - le - hem.



I'll sing first in night's di - a - dem, For ev - er and for ev - er more, The Star— the Star of Beth - le - hem.



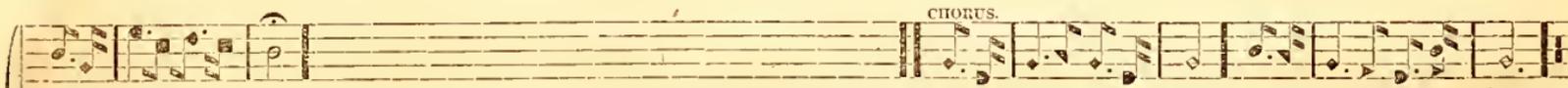
1. Watchman ! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are ? Trav'ler ! o'er yon mountain's beight, See the glory beaming Star ! Watchman ! does its beauteous ray



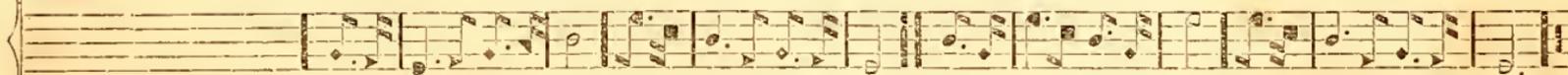
2. Watchman ! tell us of the night, High - er yet that star as - cends ? Trav'ler ! bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth its course portends, Watchman ! will its beams alone,



3. Watchman ! tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn ? Trav'ler ! darkness takes its flight, Doubt and terror are withdrawn : Watchman ! let thy wand' rings cease,



Aught of hope or joy foretell, Trav'ler ! yes ; it brings the day, Prom - ised day of Is - ra - el ! Trav'ler ! yes ; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.



Gild the spot that gave them birth ? Trav'ler ! a - ges are its own, See it bursts o'er all the earth. Trav'ler ! a - ges are its own, See it bursts o'er all the earth.

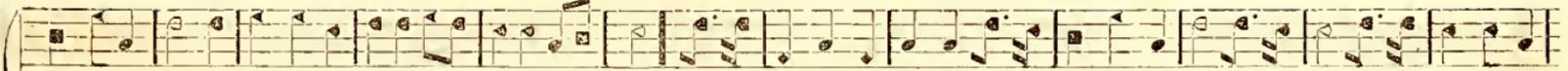


Hie thee to thy qui - et home ; Trav'ler ! lo ! the Prince of Peace, Lo ! the Son of God is come. Trav'ler ! lo ! the Prince of Peace, Lo ! the Son of God is come :

1. Wake! Wake! Isles of the South, your redemption draws near! No long-er re - pose in the bor-ders of gloom! The strength of his cho-sen in love will ap -

pear, And light will a - rise on the verge of the tomb, The bil - lows that girt you, the wild waves that roar; The zephyrs that play when the ocean storms cease; Shall

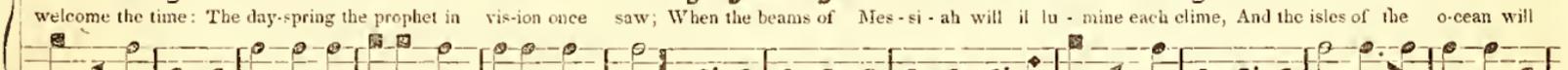
waft the glad sound to your des - o - late shore, Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace—Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace. The heath-en will hast-en to



welcome the time: The day-spring the prophet in vision once saw; When the beams of Mes-si-ah will il-lu-mine each clime, And the isles of the o-cean will



wait for his law, And the isles of the o-cean will wait for his law. On the regions that sit in the darkness of night, The land of de-spair to ob-liv-ion a prey;



The morning will o-pen with healing and light, The glad star of Beth-le-hem will brighten to-day, The glad Star of Beth-le-hem will bright-en to-day.

1. That glo-ri-ous day is draw-ing nigh, When Zi - on's light shall come; } The north and south their sons re - sign, And earth's foun-da - tion bend;
She shall a - rise and shine on high, Bright as the morn - ing sun;

2. The King who wears the splen-did crown, The a - zure's flam - ing how; } When-Zi - on's bleed - ing, conq'-ring King, Shall sin and death de - stroy,
The ho - ly cit - y shall bring down, To bless his church he-low;

3. The ho - ly, bright, an - gel - ic hand, Who sing on harps of gold; } De-scend-ing with sweet melting strains, Je-ho - vah they a - dore;
In glo - rious or - der then shall stand, Fair Sa - lem to he-hold;

4. Let Sa - tan rage and hoast no more, Nor think his reign is long; } He is their shield and hi-ding place—A cov-ert from the storm—
Though saints are fee - ble, frail and poor Their great Re - deem-er's strong;

METRE 2.

CALVARY. C. M. HYMN 550, PART I.—RIPPON.

Cloth'd as a bride, Je - ru - sa - lem, All glo - rious shall de - scend.

The morn-ing stars shall join to sing, And Zi - on shout for joy.

Such songs thro' earth's extended plains Were nev-er heard he - fore.
A foun-tain in the wil - der-ness, And their e - ter - nal home.

1. My thoughts that oft - en mount the skies, Go search the wold beneath,

2. The ty - rant, how he triumphs here, His tro-phies spread around!

3. These skulls, what gha-st-ly fig - ures now! How loathe-some to the eyes!

4. But where the souls, those, death-less things, That left that dy-ing clay!

5. O that un - fath - om - a - ble sea! Those deeps with-out a shore!

where na-ture all in ru - in lies, Where nature all in ru - in lies, And owns,..... And owns,..... And owns..... her sov'-reign, Death.

And heaps of dust and hones appear, And heaps of dust and bones appear, Thro' all,..... Thro' all,..... Thro' all..... the hol - low ground.
 These are the heads we late-ly knew, These are the heads we lately knew, So beau-..... So heau-..... So beau-..... teous and so wise.

My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings, My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings, And trace, And trace, and trace..... e - ter - ni - ty.
 Where liv-ing wa-ters gent-ly play, Where liv-ing wa-ters gent-ly play, Or fie-..... Or fie-..... Or fie-..... ry hil-lows roll.

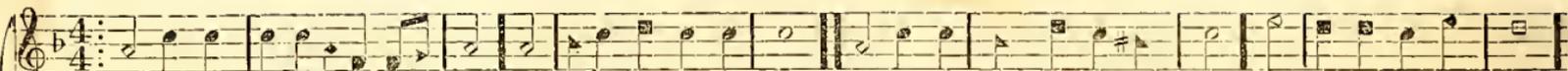
METRE 1.

SABBATH EVENING. L. M. HYMN 216.—GEMS OF SAC. POETRY.

1. Is there a time when moments flow More peacefully than all he - side? It is of all the times he-low, A sah-hath eve in sum-mer tide.

2. O then the setting sun smile fair, And all below and all a - bove; The diff'rent forms of na-ture wear One u . ni - ver - sal garh of love.
 3. And then the peace that Je-sus beams, The life of grace, the death of sin, With na-ture's pla-cid woods an streams, Is peace without and peace with-in.

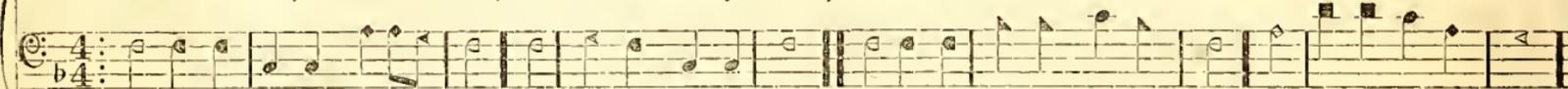
4. De-light-ful scene! a world at rest—A God all love, no grief nor fear; A heav'nly hope, a peace-ful breast—A smile un-sul - lied with a tear.
 5. If heav'n he ev-er felt be . low, A scene so heav'nly, sure, as this, May cause a heart on earth to know Some foretaste of ce - les - tial bliss.



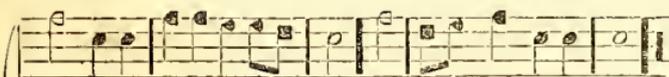
1. On Jordan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye; } O the trans- port - ing rapt' - rous scene, That ri - ses to my sight!
To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - sess - ions lie; }



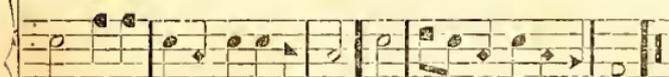
2. There gen'rous fruits that nev - er fail, On trees im - mor - tal grow; } All o'er those wide ex - tend - ed plains, Shines one e - ter - nal day;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales, With milk and hon - ey flow. }



3. No chill - ing winds or pois' - nous bereath, Can reach that health - ful shore; } When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more. }



Sweet fields arrayed in living green, And riv - ers of de - light.



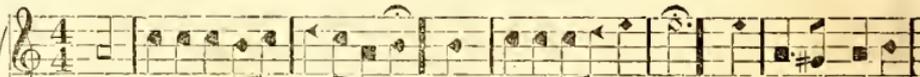
There God the Son for ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.



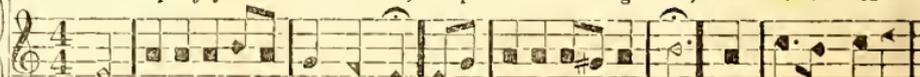
When shall I see my Father's face, And in his be - som rest.

METRE 2.

LAND OF REST. C. M.



1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, When I shall lay my
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful shelt'ring dome; This world's a wilder -



3. To Jesus CHRIST I sought for rest, He bid me cease to roam, And fly for ref - uge
4. I would at once have quit the field Where foes with fu - ry roam, But O, my passport



5. When by af - flic - tion sharp - ly tried, I view the gap - ing tomb; Al - tho' I dread death's
6. Wea - ry of wand'ring round and round, This vale of sin and gloom, I long to quit th'un -

CHORUS.

ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home |
ness of woe,—This world is not my home. O this is not my home—No, this is not my home; This world's a wilderness of woe,—This world is not my home.

to his breast, And he'd conduct me home.
was not sealed,—I could not yet go home. O this is not my home—No this is not my home; This world's a wilderness of woe,—This world is not my home.

chilling tide, Yet still I sigh for home.
hallow'd ground And dwell with Christ at home. O this is not my home--No this is not my home; This world's a wilderness of woe,—This world is not my home.

METRE 2.

AZMON. C. M. HYMN 303.—PSALMIST.

CODA.—To be sung after the last two verses.

1. Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay, Without one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

2. With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace Beheld our helpless grief; He saw, and O, amazing love, He flew to our re-lief. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah.
3. Down from the shining seats above, With joyful haste he fled, Enter'd 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 Savior's praises speak.
5. Angels, assist our mighty joys, Strike all your harps of gold; But when you raise your highest notes, His love can ne'er be told.

1. Come, hum-ble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts re-volve, } "I'll go to Je - sus, though my sins Have like a mountain rose ; I know his courts, I'll
Come, with your guilt and fears oppressed ; And make this last re-solve ;

2. "Prostrate I'll lie be-fore his throne And there my guilt con-fess ; } "I'll to the gra-cious King ap - proach, Whose sceptre pardon gives, Perhaps he may com-
I'll tell him I'm a wretch un-done, With - out his sov'reign grace.

3. "Per-haps he will ad-mit my plea, Per - haps will hear my prayer ; } "I can but per - ish if I go, I am re-solved to try ; For if I stay a -
But if I per-ish I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.

METRE 5.

BENEVENTO. 4 lines 7's. (DOUBLE.) HYMN 687.—CH. PSALMODY.

en - ter in, What-ev - er may op - pose.

1. While with ceaseless course the sun, Hasted thro' the for-mer year, Ma - ny souls their race have run,

mand my touch, And then the suppliant lives.

2. Spared to see an - oth - er year, Let thy bless-ing meet us here, Come thy dy - ing work re-vive,

way, I know, I must for - ev - er die." 3. Thanks for mercies past re-ceive, Par - don of our sins re - new ; Teach us henceforth how to live



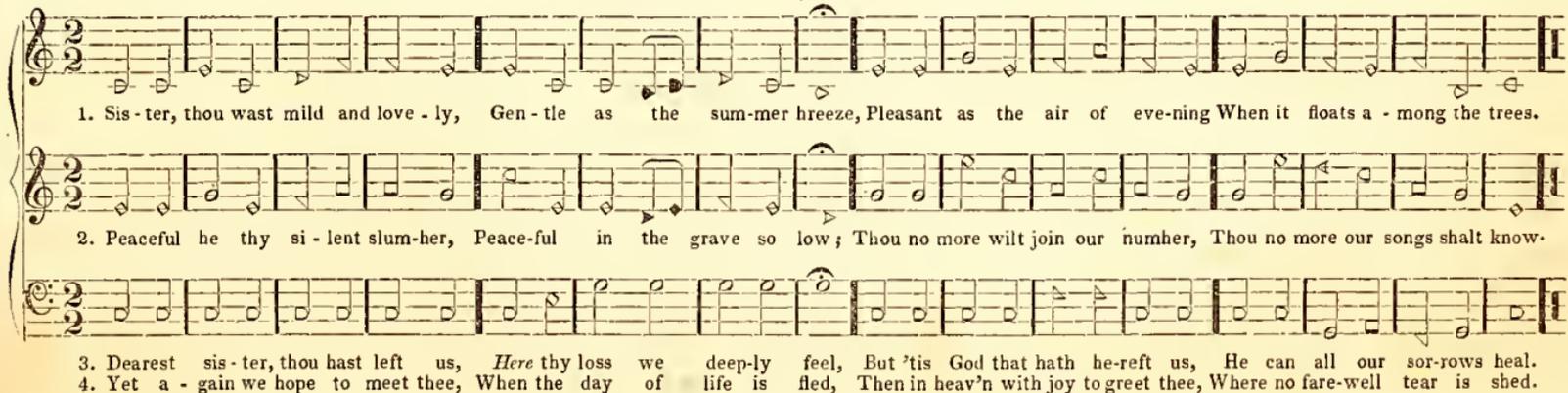
Nev-er more to meet us here; Fix'd in an e - ter-nal state, They have done with all below, We a lit - tle lon - ger wait; But how lit - tle none can know.

Bid thy drooping gar-den thrive; Sun of righteousness arise! Warm our hearts and bless our eyes; Let our prayer thy pity move; Make this year a time of love.

With e - ter - ni - ty in view; Bless thy word to old and young, Fill us with a Savior's love; When our life's short race is run, May we dwell with thee a - bove.

METRE 4.

MOUNT VERNON. 8,7,8,7. HYMN 1096.—PSALMIST.



1. Sis-ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum-mer hreeze, Pleasant as the air of eve-ning When it floats a - mong the trees.

2. Peaceful he thy si - lent slum-her, Peace-ful in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our number, Thou no more our songs shalt know-

3. Dearest sis - ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep-ly feel, But 'tis God that hath he-reft us, He can all our sor-rows heal.

4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled, Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no fare-well tear is shed.

I be-held and lo! a great mul-ti-tude, which no man could number, Thou-sands of thousands and ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand, Thou-sands of thou-sands, and ten thou-sand times ten

thou - sand, Stood be - fore the Lamb, and they had palms in their hands: And they rest not day nor night, say-ing, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God al-might-y, Which

was. and is, and is to come, Which was, and is, and is to come. And I heard a might-y an-gel fly-ing thro' the midst of heav'n,

Say-ing with a loud voice, woe, woe, woe, be un-to the earth by rea-son of the trump-et which is yet to sound,

And when the last trump-et sound-ed, The great men and no-bles, rich men and poor, Bond and free, gath- - - er'd them-selves to-gether, and cri-ed to the rocks and moun-tains to fall up-

on them and hide them from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, For the great day of his wrath is come, And who shall be a-ble to stand? And who shall be a-ble to stand?

SLOW

1. My soul would fain indulge a hope To reach the heavenly shore, And when I drop this dying flesh, That I shall sin no more, That I shall sin no more, That I shall sin no

2. I hope to bear and join the song That saints and angels raise; And while e-ter-nal a-ges roll, To sing e-ter-nal praise, To sing e-ter-nal praise, To sing e-ter-nal

3. But oh—this dreadful heart of sin! It may deceive me still, And while I look for joys above, May plunge me down to hell, May plunge me down to hell, May plunge me down to

4. The scene must then forever close, Pro-ba-tion at an end: No gospel grace can reach me there, No pardon there descend, No pardon there descend, No pardon there de-
 5. Come, then, O blessed Jesus, come, To me thy Spirit give; Shine thro' a dark be-night-ed soul And bid a sin-ner live, And bid a sin-ner live, And bid a sin-ner

METRE 2.

THE DYING PENITENT. C. M. HYMN 158.—VILL. HYMNS.

more, And when I drop this dying flesh, That I shall sin no more.

praise; And while e-ter-nal a-ges roll To sing e-ter-nal praise.
 bell, Aud while I look for joys a-bove, May plunge me down to hell.

1. As on the cross the Savior hung, And wept, and bled, and died, He pour'd salvation on a

2. "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heav'n, Thou spotless Lamb of God! I see thee bath'd in sweat and

scend, No gospel grace can reach me there, No pardon there descend.
 live, Shine thro' a dark be-night-ed soul, And bid a sin-ner live.

3. "A-mid the glories of that world, Dear Savior, think on me, And in the vic't'ries of thy

wretch That languish'd at his side. His crimes with in-ward grief and shame, The pen-i-tent confess'd; Then turn'd his dy-ing eyes to Christ And thus his pray'r address'd:

tears, And wett'ring in thy blood." Yet quickly from these scenes of woe, In tri-umph thou shalt rise, Burst thro' the gloomy gates of death, And shine above the skies.

death, Let me a sha- rer be." His pray'r the dy-ing Je-sus heard, And in-stan-ly re-plies: "To-day thy part-ing soul shall be with me in Par-a-dise."

METRE 5.

THE THREE MOUNTAINS. 4 lines 7's. HYMN 332.—VIR. SELEC.

1. When on Si-nai's top I see God de-scend in ma-jes-ty, To proclaim his ho-ly law, All my spir-it sinks with awe.

2. When in ec-sta-cy sub-lime, Ta-bor's glo-rious steep I climb, At the too trans-port-ing light, Dark-ness rush-es o'er my sight.

3. When on Cal-va-ry I rest, God in flesh made man-i-fest, Shines in my Re-deem-er's face, Full of beau-ty, truth and grace.

4. Here I would for-ev-er stay, weep and gaze my soul a-way; Thou art heav'n on earth to me, Love-ly, mourn-ful Cal-va-ry.



1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,..... I'll bid farewell to eve-ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes,



2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en - gage, And hell-isb darts be burl'd,..... Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world;



3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor - row fall;..... May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all,
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n - ly rest,..... And not a wave of trou - ble roll, A - cross my peace - ful breast;



And wipe my weep - ing eyes,..... And wipe my weeping eyes;..... I'll bid farewell to eve-ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.



And face a frown - ing world,..... And face a frown - ing world,..... Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.



My God, my heav'n, my all,..... My God, my heav'en, my all;..... May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
A - cross my peace - ful breast,..... A - cross my peace - ful breast;..... And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.

1. Hear gracious God, my humble moan, To thee I breathe my sighs ; When will the mournful night be gone ? When will the mournful night be gone ? And when my

joys..... a - rise? My God—O could I make the claim—My Father and my Friend— And call thee mine by eve - ry name On which thy saints de - pend !

And call thee mine by eve-ry name On which thy saints de - pend.

3. By every name of pow'r and love,
I would thy grace entreat ;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat.

4. Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay ;
Here I woud rest till light returns—
Thy presence makes my day.

5. Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart ;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.

6. Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise.

1. And let this fee-ble bo-dy fail, And let it faint or die; } Shall join the dis-em-bo-died saints, And find its long-sought rest,
My soul shall quit this mourn-ful vale And soar to wolds on high;

2. In hope of that im-mor-tal crown, I now the cross sus-tain, } I'll suf-fer on my three-score years, Till my De-liv'-rer come,
And glad-ly wan-der up and down, And smile at toil and pain;

3. O what hath Je-sus bought for me! Be-fore my ravished eyes, } I see a world of spir-its bright, Who taste the pleasures there—
Riv-ers of life di-vine I see, And trees of par-a-dise; }
4. O what are all my suff'rings here, If, Lord, thou count me meet } Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends a-way,
With that en-rap-tur'd bost t'ap-pear, And wor-ship at thy feet!

METRE 2. LINGHAM. C. M. HYMN 1.—METH. COLL.

(That on-ly bliss for which it pants,) In the Re-deem-er's breast.

1. O for a thous-and tongues to sing, My great Redeem-er's praise,

2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,

They all are robed in spot-less white, And conq'ring palms they bear.
But let me find them all a-gain In that e-ter-nal day.

3. Je-sus, the name that calms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease,
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-cell'd sin, He sets the pris-ner free;

My great Re-deemer's praise; The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of, The triumphs of his grace; The triumphs of his grace, The triumphs of his grace.

As - sist me to pro-claim, To spread thro' all the earth a - broad The honors of, The honors of thy name, The honors of thy name, The hon - ors of thy name.

That bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life and health, 'Tis life, and health and peace, 'Tis life, and health and peace, 'Tis life, and health and peace.
He sets the pris-ner free; His blood can make the foul - est clean—His blood avails, His blood avails for me, His blood avails for me, His blood a-vailes for me.

METRE 1.

DEVOTION. L. M. HYMN 587.—RIPPON.

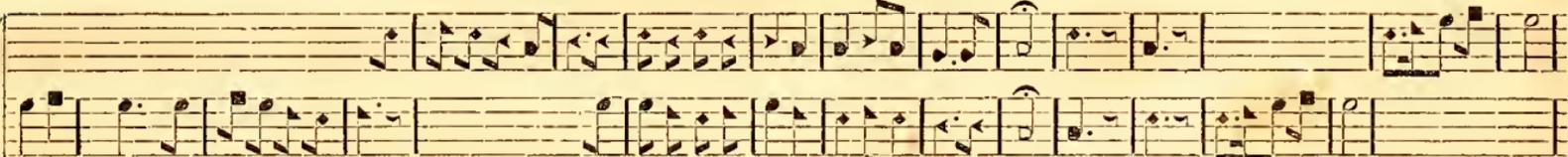
1. Oh for a sweet in - spi-ring ray, To an - i - mate our fee - ble strains, From the bright realms of endless day, The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.

2. There low be-fore the glo-rious throne, A - do - ring saints and an-gels fall! And with de-light-ful wor-ship own His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.

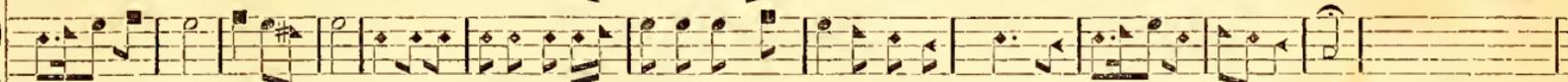
3. Im - mor-tal glo-ries crown his head, While tuneful hal - le - lu - jahs rise, And love, and joy, and triumph spread Thro' all th' as-sem-blies of the skies.

4. He smiles, and ser-aphs tune their songs, To boundless rapture while they gaze; Ten thousand thousand joy - ful tongues Re-sound his ev - er - last - ing praise.

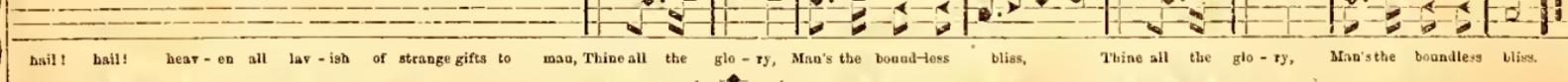
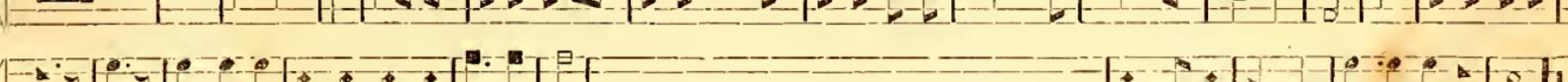
5. Tbere all the fav-'rits of the Lamb, Shall join at last the beav'n-ly choir, O may the joy - in - spi - ring theme A - wake our faith and warm de-sire.



rose, he rose; He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, And tri-umph'd o'er the grave. Then, Then, Then I rose, Then I rose,



Then I rose, Then I rose, Then first hu-man-i-ty tri-umph-ant pass'd the crys-tal ports of light, and seiz'd e-ter-tal youth. Man, all im-mer-tal,



hail! hail! heav-en all lav-ish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glo-ry, Man's the bound-less bliss, Thine all the glo-ry, Man's the boundless bliss.





1. My Christian friends in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweetest union join, } Your company's sweet, your union dear, Your words de-light-ful to my ear,
Your friendship's like a drawing hand, Yet we must take the parting hand. }



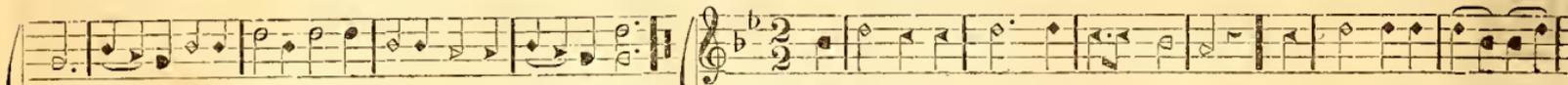
2. How sweet the hours have pas'd away, Since we have met to sing and pray ; } O could I stay with friends so kind How would it cheer my drooping mind!
How loathe we are to leave the place, Where Je-sus shows his smiling face. }



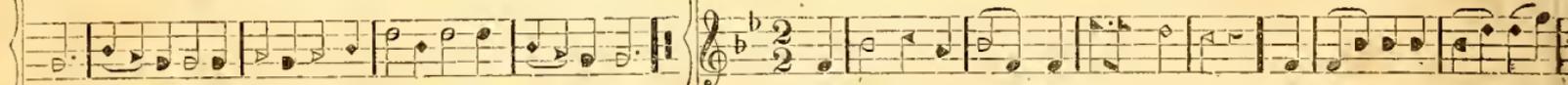
3. And since it is God's holy will, We must be parted for a while, } My youthful friends, in Christian ties, Who seek for mansions in the skies,
In sweet sub-mis-sion, all as one We'll say, our Father's will be done. }
4. How oft I've seen your flowing tears, And heard you tell your hopes and fears ! } And now, my friends, both old and young, I hope in Christ you'll still go on ;
Your hearts with love were seen to flame, Which makes me hope we'll meet again. }

METRE 10.

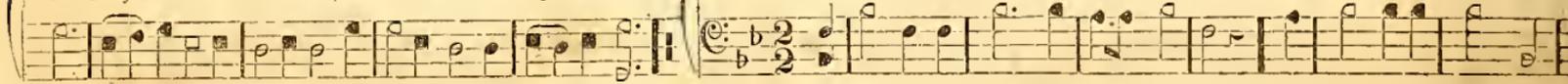
WURTEMBERG. 10,10,11,11. (DOUBLE.) HYMN 8.—LUTH. COLL.



Yet when I see that we must part, You draw like chords around my heart.



But du-ty makes me un-der-stand, That we must take the parting hand.



1. O praise ye the Lord, pre-pare a new song, And let all his saints in

Fight on, we'll gain that happy shore, Where parting will be known no more.
And if on earth we meet no more, O may we meet on Canaan's shore.

FOR

full concert join; With voic - es u - ni - ted the an - them prolong, And show forth his praises in mu - sic di - vine. Let praise to the Lord who made us as - cend;

Let each grateful heart be glad in its King, Let each grateful heart be glad in its King; The God whom we worship our songs will attend, And view with com -

placence the off'ring we bring, And view with com - pla - cence the off'ring we bring.

3. Be joyful, ye saints, sustain'd by his might,
And let your glad songs awake with each morn;
For those who obey him are still his delight;
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.

4. Then praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song
And let all his saints in full concert join;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises in music divine.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign, In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.

2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dress'd in liv-ing green; So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan roll'd be-tween.

3. O, could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise, And see the Ca-naan that we love, With un-be-cloud-ed eyes!

There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er with'r-ing flow'rs; Death like a nar-row sea di-vides This heav'-ly land from ours.

But tim'rous mor-tals start and shrink, To cross that nar-row sea! And lin-ger, shiv'-ring on the brink, And fear to launch a-ways.

Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood And view the landscape o'er, Not Jor-dan's stream nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

1. O! for a clo-ser walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine up-on the road, That leads me to the Lamb.

2. Where is the bless-ed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and his word?

3. What peaceful hours I once en-joy'd! How sweet their mem'ry still! But they have left an ach-ing void The world can nev-er fill.

4. Re-turn, O ho-ly Dove! re-turn, Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest! I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.

5. The dear-est i-dol I have known,—What-e'er that i-dol be,—Help me to tear it from thy throne, And wor-ship on-ly thee.

METRE 2.

DETROIT. C. M. HYMN 286.—VIR. SELEC.

1. Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Be-hold my heart, and see; And turn each curs-ed i-dol out, That dares to ri-val thee.

2. Do not I love thee from my soul? Then let me noth-ing love; Dead be my heart to eve-ry joy, When Je-sus can-not move.

3. Is not thy name me-lo-dious still, To mine at-ten-tive ear? Doth not each pulse with pleas-ure bound My Sa-vior's voice to hear?

4. Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock, I would dis-dain to feed? Hast thou a foe be-fore whose face I fear thy cause to plead?

5. Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord; But, O! I long to soar, Far from the sphere of mor-tal joys, And learn to love thee more.

I am the Rose of Sharon and the Li-ly of the val-ley ;

I am the Rose of Sharon and the Li-ly of the val-ley. As the li-ly a-mong the thorns, so is my

So is my Be-lov-ed a-mong the sons,

Love a-mong the daughters. As the ap-ple tree, the ap-ple tree a - mong..... the trees of the wood, So is my Be-lov-ed a-

I sat down

moug the sons. I sat down,..... un - der his shadow, With great de-light, And his fruit..... was sweet to my taste And his fruit..... was sweet to my taste.

Stay me with flagons,
 He brought me to the banqueting house, His banner over me was Love, He brought me to the banqueting house, His banner over me was love. Comfort me with
 For I am sick, By the roes and by the hinds of the field,
 apples, For I am sick; For I am sick..... of love. I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, That ye stir not
 The voice of my Beloved,
 up, That ye stir not up, That ye stir not up nor a - - - wake, a-wake, a - wake, a - wake, my love till he please. Be-hold.... he

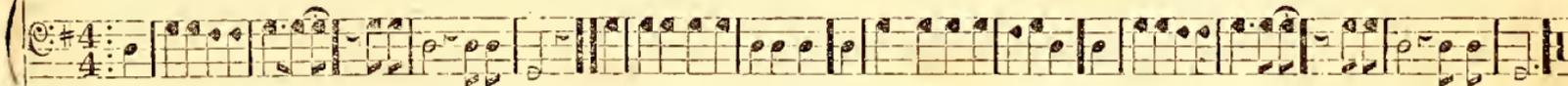
THE ROSE OF SHARON—Continued.

And said un-to me
 cometh, Leaping upon the mountains, Skipping upon the hills, Leaping upon the montains, Skipping up - on the hills. My Be-lov-ed spake, Rise
 The rain is o-ver and gone,
 up, Rise up, Rise up... my love, my fair One, and come a - way, For lo! the winter is past, For lo! the winter is
 past, The rain is o-ver and gone, The rain is o-ver, The rain is o-ver, The rain is over and gone, For lo! the winter is past, The rain is o-ver and gone.

The musical score is written on ten staves, grouped into five pairs. The first two staves of each pair are for the vocal line, and the second two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, slurs, and dynamic markings. The lyrics are placed below the vocal staves, with some words appearing on multiple lines to align with the melody.



1. When e'er we meet you always say, "What's the news? What's the news?" } O: I have got good news to tell; My Savior has done all things well, And triumph'd over death and hell, That's the news! That's the news!
 "Pray, what's the order of the day? What's the news? What's the news?" } 'Twas there his precious blood was shed, But now He's risen from the dead— That's the news! That's the news!
 2. The Lamb was slain on Calvary— That's the news! That's the news! }
 To set a world of sinners free!— That's the news! That's the news! } 'Twas there He bow'd his sacred head; At- tend-ed by a daz- zling train— That's the news! That's the news!
 3. To heav'n a-bove the Con- q'ror's gone— That's the news! That's the news! } And on that throne He will remain, Un- til as Judge He comes a- gain, At- tend-ed by a daz- zling train— That's the news! That's the news!
 He's pass'd triumph-ant to his throne— That's the news! That's the news! }



4. His work's reviving all around— That's the news! That's the news!
 And many have redemption found— That's the news! That's the news!
 And since their souls have caught the flame, They shout "Hos-ana" to his name,
 And all around they spread his fame— That's the news! That's the news!
5. The Lord has pardon'd all my sins— That's the news! That's the news!
 I feel the witness now within— That's the news! That's the news!
 And since He took my sins away, And taught me how to watch and pray,
 I'm happy now from day to day— That's the news! That's the news!
6. And Christ the Lord can now save you— That's the news! That's the news!
 Your sinful hearts be can renew— That's the news! That's the news!
 This moment, if for sins you grieve, This moment, if you do believe,
 A full acquittal you'll receive— That's the news! That's the news!
7. And then if any one should say, What's the news! What's the news?
 O tell him you've begun to pray— That's the news! That's the news!
 That you have joined the conquering band, And now with joy at God's command,
 Your marching to a better land— That's the news! That's the news!

METRE 9.

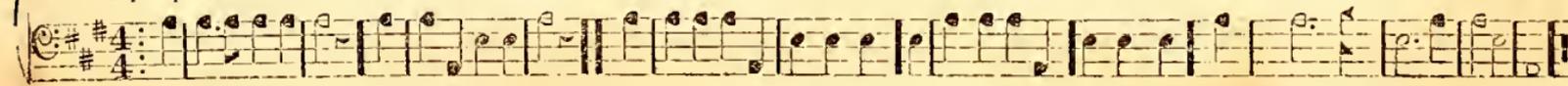
LISCHER. 6,6,6,6,8,8. HYMN 489.—CH. PSALMIST.



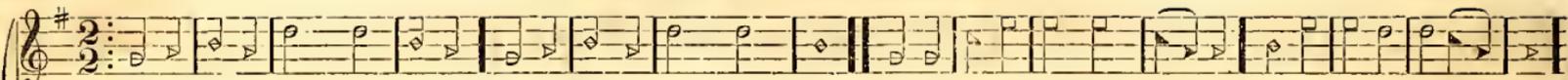
1. Welcome delightful morn, Thou day of sacred rest! } From the low train of mortal toys, I soar to reach im- mor- tal joys, I soar to reach im- mor- tal joys.
 I hail thy kind return; Lord make these moments blest; }



2. Now may the King descend, And fill his throne of grace; } Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word, And learn to know and fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.
 Thy sceptre, Lord! extend, While saints address thy face; }



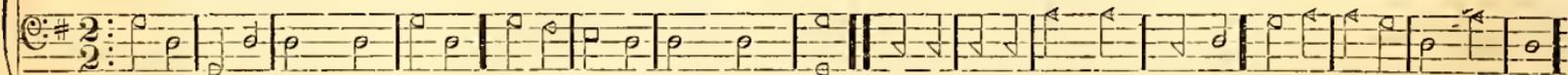
3. Descend, celestial Dove! With all thy quick'ning pow'rs; } Then shall my soul new life obtain, Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain, Nor Sab- baths be bestowed in vain.
 Dis- close a Savior's love, And bless the sacred hours; }



1. Fare-well mother! Je - sus calls me Far a - way from home and thee, } Fare-well mother! do not pain me, By thine ag - o - niz - ing woe,
Earth-ly love no more en - thralls me, When the bloody cross I see.



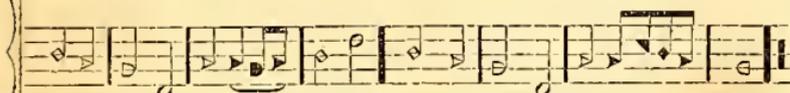
2. Farewell, fa-ther! oh how ten-der Are the chords that hind me here, } No, my Savior!—wert thou tear-less Bend-ing o'er the bur-ied dead?
Je - sus aid me to sur - ren-der All I love with-out a tear.



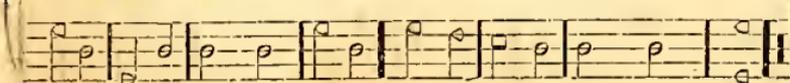
3. Fare-well, sister! do not press me To thy young and throbbing heart, } Farewell pale and si - lent brother! How I grieve to pain thee so;
O, no lon-ger now dis - tress me! Sis-ter, sis - ter we must part!



Those fond arms can-not de - tain me; Dear-est mother, I must go.



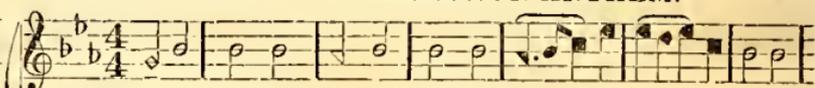
At this hour so sad and cheerless May not burning tears be shed?



Fa-ther—Mother—Sis-ter-- Brother—Je - sus calls; O, let me. go!

METRE VARIOUS.

DISMISSION ANTHEM.



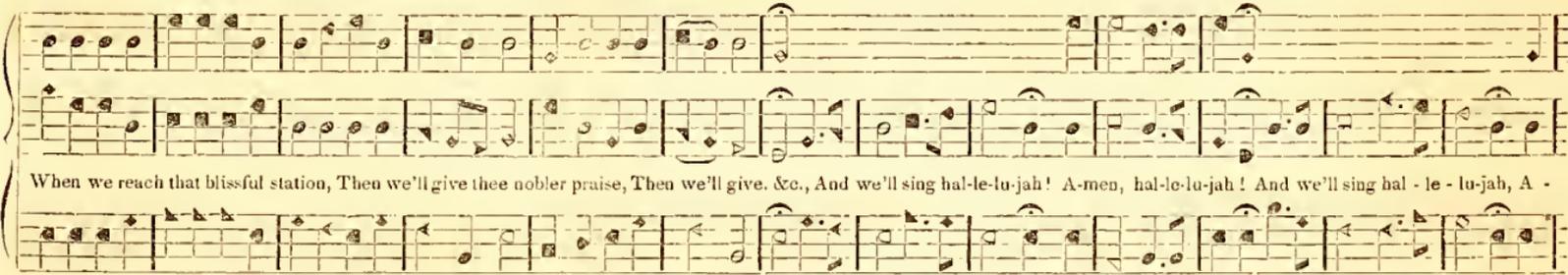
1. Lord dis-miss us with thy blessing, Bid us all depart in



DISMISSION ANTHEM—Continued.



peace; Still on gospel man - na feed - ing, Pure se - raph - ic love in - crease: Fill each breast with con - so - la - tion, Up to thee, our voic - es raise,



When we reach that blissful station, Then we'll give thee nobler praise, Then we'll give, &c., And we'll sing hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, hal - le - lu - jah! And we'll sing hal - le - lu - jah, A -

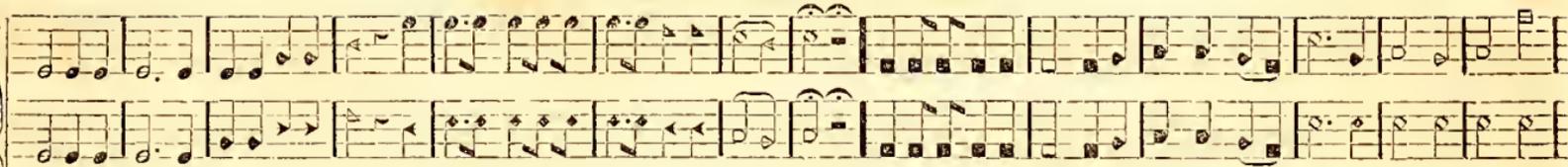


men, Hal - le - lu - jah, to God and the Lamb, Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - er, Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - er, Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - er and ev - er, A - men.

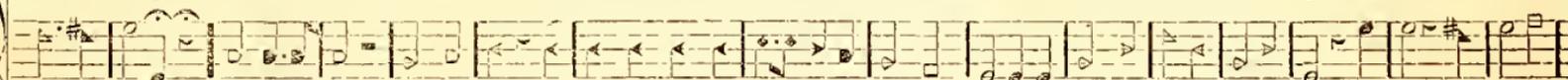
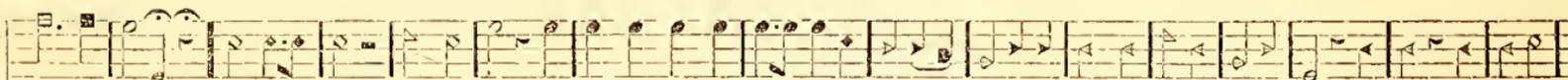
1. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell there-in, 2. For He hath found-ed it up-on the seas, and es-tab-lished it up-

on the flood. 3. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his ho-ly place? 4. He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lift-ed

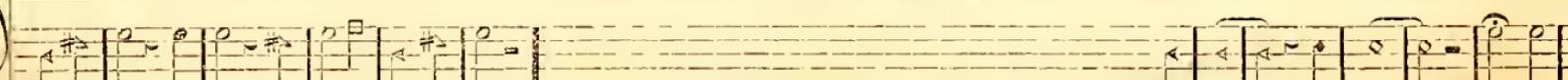
up his soul un-to van-i-ty nor sworn de- ceit-ful-ly. 5. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, And righteousness from the God of his sal-va-tion.



He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, And righteousness from the God of his sal-va-tion. 6. This is the gen-e-ra-tion of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O



God of Ja-cob. 7. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift-ed up ye ev-er-last-ing doors, and the King of glory shall come in, The King of glo-ry



shall come in, The King of glo-ry shall come in. 8. Who is this King of glo-ry? Who is this King of glo-ry. The LORD, The LORD, strong and



THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S—Continued.

mighty The LORD, The LORD, mighty in bat - tle. 9. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; E - ven lift them up ye everlasting doors, And the King of

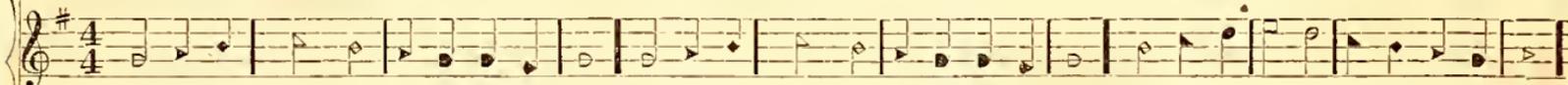
glory shall come in, The King of glo - ry shall come in, The King of glo-ry shall come in. Who is this King of glo - ry? Who is this King of glo-ry? The Lord of

hosts, The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glo-ry, He is the King, the King of glory, He is the King, The King of glo - ry, The King of glo - ry.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of ten staves of music. The first two staves contain the lyrics: 'mighty The LORD, The LORD, mighty in bat - tle. 9. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; E - ven lift them up ye everlasting doors, And the King of'. The next two staves contain: 'glory shall come in, The King of glo - ry shall come in, The King of glo-ry shall come in. Who is this King of glo - ry? Who is this King of glo-ry? The Lord of'. The final six staves contain: 'hosts, The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glo-ry, He is the King, the King of glory, He is the King, The King of glo - ry, The King of glo - ry.' The music is written in a common time signature and features various note values, rests, and dynamic markings.



1. Not to our names, thou on - ly Just and True, Not to our worth - less names is glo - ry due ; Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice claim,



2. Heav'n is thy high - er court ; there stands thy throne ; And thro' the low - er worlds thy will is done : Earth is thy work ; the heav'ns thy hand hath spread,
3. Vain are those art - ful shapes of eyes and ears, The mol - ten im - age neith - er sees nor hears ; Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move ;



4. The rich have stat - ues well a - dorned with gold ; The poor con - tent with gods of coars - er mould, With tools of i - ron carve the senseless stock,
5. Be heav'n and earth a - maz'd ! 'Tis hard to say Which the more stu - pid or their gods or they ; O Zi - on, trust the Lord, he hears and sees ;
6. In God we trust : our im - pious foes in vain At - tempt our ru - in, and op - pose his reign ; Had they prevail'd darkness had closed our days,



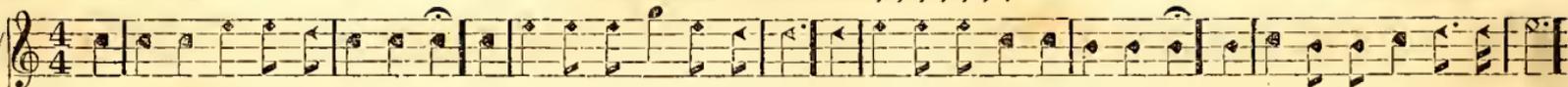
Im - mor - tal hon - ors to thy sove - reign name. Shine thro' the earth, from heav'n thy blessed abode, Nor let the heath - en say, " And where's your God ? "



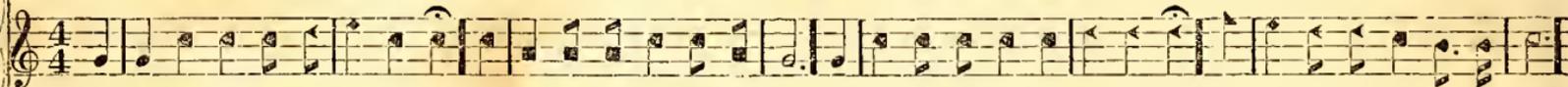
But fools a - dore the gods their hands have made ; The kneel - ing crowd with looks de - vout be - hold Their sil - ver sa - viors, and their saints of gold.
They have no speech, nor thought, nor power, nor love : Yet sottish mor - tals make their long com - plaints To their deaf i - dols and their move - less saints.



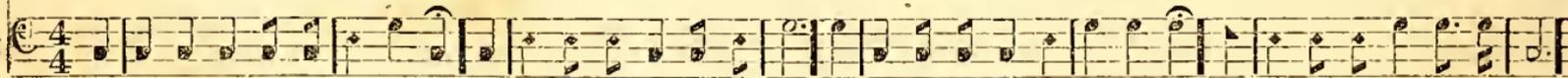
Lopp'd from a tree or hro - ken from a rock ; Peo - ple and priests drive on the sol - emn trade, And trust the gods that saws and ham - mers made.
He knows thy sor - rows, and re - stores thy peace ; His wor - ship does a thou - sand com - forts yield, He is thy help and he thy heav - en - ly shield.
And death and si - lence had for - bid his praise : But we are sav'd, and live : let songs a - rise, And Zi - on bless the God who built the skies.



1. There is a place where my hopes are staid; My heart and my treasure are there, Where ver-dure and blossoms never fade, And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair.

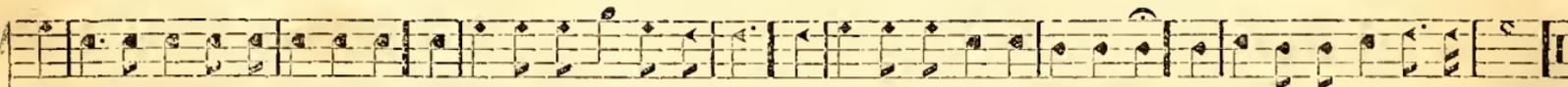


2. There is a place where the angels dwell, A pure and a peaceful a - bode; The joys of that place no tongue can tell, For there is the pal - ace of God.



3. There is a place where my friends are gone, Who worshipp'd and suffer'd with me—Exalted with Christ high on his throne, The King in his beau-ty they see.

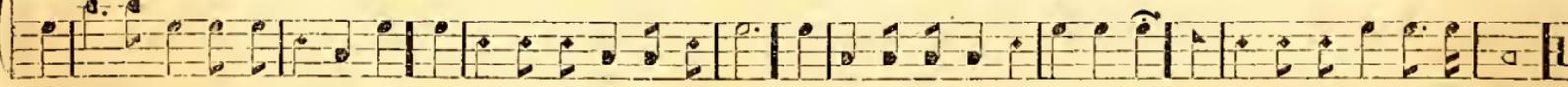
4. There is a place where I hope to live When life and its trou-bles are o'er, A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sor-row no more.



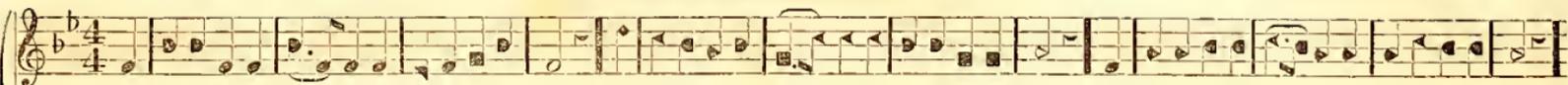
That bliss-ful place is my Fath-er - land; By faith its de-lights I ex-plore; Come, fa-vor my flight an - gel - ic hand, And waft me in peace to the shore.



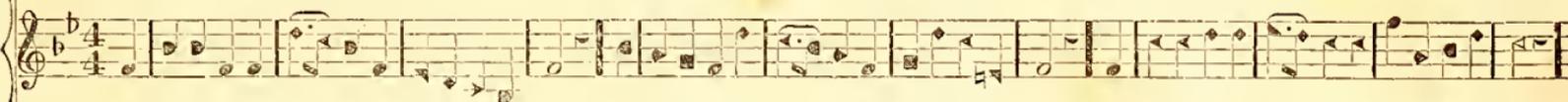
That bliss-ful place is my Fath-er - land; By faith its de-lights I ex-plore; Come, fa-vor my flight an - gel - ic hand, And waft me in peace to the shore.



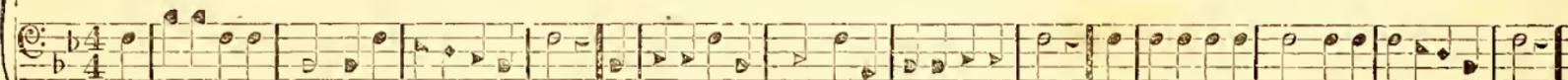
That bliss-ful place is my Fath-er - land; By faith its de-lights I ex-plore; Come, fa-vor my flight an - gel - ic hand, And waft me in peace to the shore.



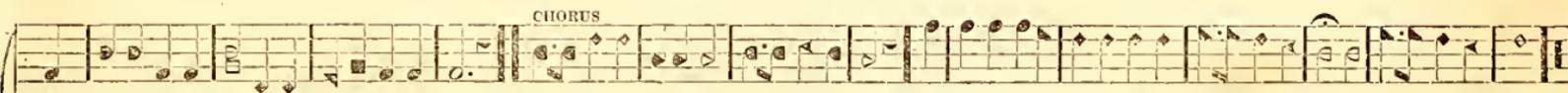
1. We plough the fertile meadows, and sow the furrow'd land; But yet the waving harvest depends on God's own hand, It is his mercy gives us, the sunshine and the rain,



2. By him were all things fashioned around us and a - far, He made the earth and ocean, and every shining star; He made the pleasant spring-time, the summer bright and warm,



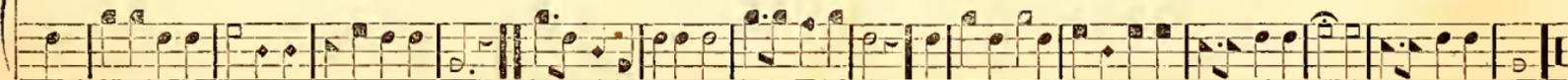
3. He makes the glorious sun-set, the moon to sail on high, He bids the breezes fan us, and thundering clouds to fly; He gives us every bless-ing, to him our lives we owe,



That paints the verdant beauty, the mountain & the plain; Every blessing we enjoy, comes to us from God; Then praise his name, then praise his name, For he is ever good, For he is ever good.



The golden days of autumn, the winter and the storm, Every blessing we enjoy comes to us from God; Then praise his name, then praise his name, For he is ever good, For he is ever good.



He sent his Son to save us, from sin, and death, and woe.

FAREWELL ANTHEM.—Continued.

Fare you well! Fare you well my friends! God grant that we may meet to - geth - er in that world a - bove, Where trou - ble shall cease and har - mo - ny shall a - - bound.

SLOW **LIVELY**

Hark! hark, my dear friends! for death hath call - - ed me, And I must go and lie down in the cold and si - lent tomb, Where the mourn - ers cease from mourn - ing

SLOW

and the pris'n - er is set free, Where the rich and the poor are both a - - like: Fare you well! Fare you well! Fare you well! Fare you well! Fare you well, my friends.

Je - sus our tri - umph - ant Head, Ris'n vic - to - rious from the dead, To the realms of glo - ry gone, To as - cend his right - ful throne. Cher - ubs on the

Hail Him, Hail Him, Hail Him as he pass - es by,

Conq'ror gaze; Ser - aphs glow with bright - er blaze; Each high or - der of the sky, Hail him as He pass - es by. Hail him,

SLOW
Hail him as he pass - es by.

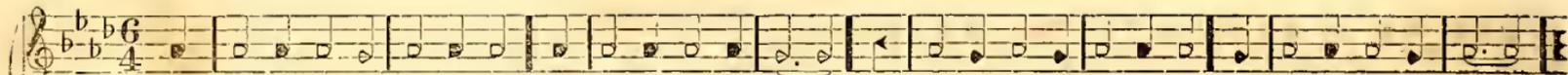
Hail him, Saints their glorious Lord they meet; See their garments at his feet! By his - scars his toils are view'd; And his garments roll'd in blood.

Heav'n its King con-grat-n-lates; O-pens wide her golden gates; An-gels songs of vict'ry sing; All the bliss-ful re-gions ring..... All the bliss-ful,

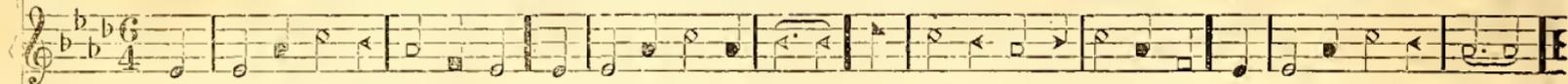
All the bliss-ful re-gions ring,

All the bliss-ful re-gions ring..... Sin-ners join the heav'nly choir, For re-demp-tion all is ours; None but bur-den'd sinners prove Blood bought pardon,

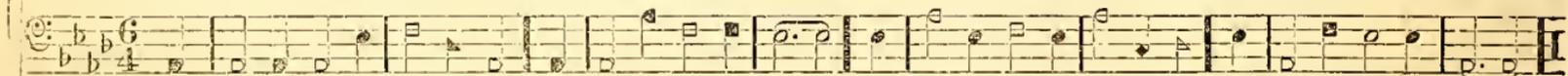
dy-ing love! Hail, thou dear, thou wor- thy Lord! Ho-ly Lamb, in-car-nate Word! Hail, thou suff'-ring Son of God, Take the tro-phies of thy blood



1. In mer-cy, Lord, re-mem-ber me, Thro' all the hours of night, And grant to me most gra-cious-ly The safe-guard of thy might.



2. With cheer-ful heart I close my eyes, Since thou wilt not re-move, Oh, in the morn-ing let me rise, Re-joic-ing in thy love!



3. Or, if this night should prove the last, And end my trans-ient days; Oh! take me to thy prom-ised rest, Where I may sing thy praise.

METRE 1.

EGLON. L. M. (DOUBLE.) HYMN 552.—CH. PSASMIST.



1. Zion! awake, thy strength renew, Put on thy robes of beauteous hue; And let th'admiring world behold The King's fair daughter cloth'd in gold, Church of our God, arise and shine,



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



Bright with the beams of truth divine; Then shall thy ra-diance stream a-far, Wide as the hea-then na-tions are,
Wide as the hea - then na-tions are.

Put on thy robes of beauteous hue; And let th' ad-mi-ring world be-hold The King's fair daughter cloth'd in gold;
The king's fair daughter cloth'd in gold.

Wide as the hea - then na-tions are.
The King's fair daugh-..... - ter cloth'd in gold.

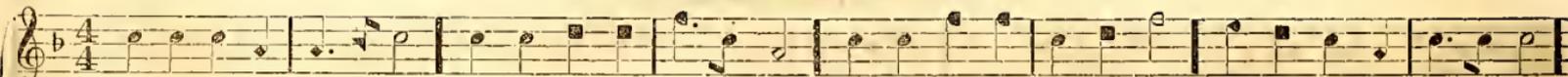
METRE 1.

MIGDOL. L. M. HYMN 903.—PSALMIST.

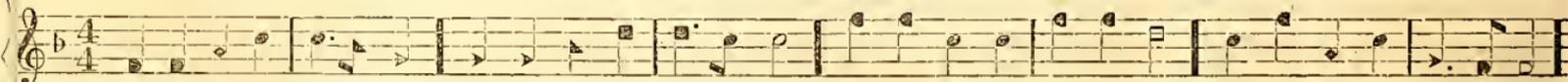
1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Thro' all the mil-lions of the skies, That song of triumph which records That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2. Let thrones, and pow'rs, and kingdoms be O-he-di-ent, might-y God, to thee! And over land, and stream and main, Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

3. Oh let that glo-rious an-them swell, Let host to host the tri - umph tell, That not one reb-el heart remains, But o-ver all the Sa - vior reigns.



1. Ma-ry to the Sa-rior's tomb Hast-ed at the ear-ly dawn, Spice she brought and rich per-fume, But the Lord she lov'd was gone;



2. Je-sus who is al-ways near, Tho' too oft-en un-per-ceived, Came her droop-ing heart to cheer, Kind-ly ask-ing why she grieved;



3. Grief and sigh-ing quick-ly fled, When she heard his wel-come voice, Just be-fore she thought him dead, Now he bids her heart re-joyce;
4. He who came to com-fort her, When she thought her all was lost, Will for your re-lief ap-pear, Though you now are tem-pest-toss'd;



For a while she ling-'ring stood, Fill'd with sor-row and sur-prise, Trem-bling while a crys-tal flood Is-sued from her weep-ing eyes.



Though at first she knew him not, When he called her by her name, She her heav-y grief for-got, For she found him still the same.



What a change his word can make, Turn-ing dark-ness in-to day, You who weep for Je-sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a-way.
On his word your bur-den cast, On his love your thoughts em-ploy, Weep-ing for a night may last, But with morn-ing comes the joy.

1. Be joy-ful in God all ye lands of the earth, Oh serve him with gladness and fear; }
 Ex-ult in his presence with music and mirth, With love and devotion draw near: } Je - ho vah is God, and Jehovah a-lone, Who reigns with his Son above all,

2. Oh enter his gates with thanksgiving and song, Your vow in his temple proclaim; }
 His praise with melodious accordance prolong, And bless his a-do-ra - ble name; } For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good And we are the work of his hand,

METRE 37.

BABYLONIAN CAPTIVITY. 4 lines 10's.

1. A - long the banks where Ba-hel's cur - rent flows,

2. The tune - less harp that once with joy we strung,

3. The harb'rous ty - rants to in - crease the woe,

And we are his people, his sceptre we own, His sheep, and we fol-low his call.
 His mercy and truth from e-ter-ni-ty stood, And shall to e - ter-ni - ty stand.

Our cap-tive hands in deep despondence stray'd, While Zi - on's fall in sad remembrance rose, Her friends, her children mingled with the dead,
 Where praise employed and mirth inspired the lay, In mourn - ful si-lence on the wil-lows hung, And growing grief pro-longed the tedious day,
 With taunt-ing smiles a song of Zi-on claim, Bid sac - red praise in strains melodious flow, While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,.....
 In mournful silence on the willows hung,.....
 Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,.....

METRE 2.

WOODSTOCK. C. M. HYMN 677.—CH. PSALMIST.

1. There is an hour of hallow'd peace For those with cares op - press'd, Where sighs and sorr'wing tears shall cease, And all be hush'd to rest.
 2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears, And doubts which here an - noy; Then they who oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy.

3. There is a home of sweet re- pose, Where storms as-sail no more; The stream of endless pleasure flows, On that ce - les-tial shore.
 4. There pu - ri - ty with love ap - pears, And bliss with-out al - loy; There they who oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy.

Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! Name ever dear to me! When, When shall my labors have an end, In joy,..... In joy,.....:

In joy,..... and peace and thee. Oh when, thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend, Where congregations ne'er break up, and sabbaths have no

end? There hap - pier how'rs than E - den's bloom, No sin nor sor - row know: Blest seats! Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you, I

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is accompanied by a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are arranged in five verses, with the first two verses appearing on the first line of music, the third on the second, and the fourth and fifth on the third. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

on - ward press to you, to you, to you, Je - re - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me! Why should I shrink at pain and woe? Or

feel at death dis - may? I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in view, And realms of end - . . . - less day. Je - ru - sa - lem! my glorious home! my

soul still pants for thee; Then, Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys, When

1 thy joys shall see, When I thy joys shall see! Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ev - er dear to me.

METRE 2.

BROWN. C. M. HYMN 679.—CH. PSALMIST.

1. Come, let us join our friends above, Who have ob-tain'd the prize, And on the ea - gle wings of love, To joys ce - lest - ial rise.

2. Let saints be - low in con-cert sing With those to glo - ry gone, For all the serv-ants of our King In heav'n and earth are one.

3. One fam - i - ly,—we dwell in him; One church a-hove be-neath, Tho' now di - vi - ded by the stream, The nar - row stream of death.

4. One ar - my of the liv - ing God, To his commands we bow; Part of the host have cross'd the flood, And part are cross-ing now.

5. E'en now to their e - ter - nal home Some hap - py spir - its fly; And we are to the mar - gin come, And soon ex - pect to die.

6. Dear Sa - vior! be our con-stant Guide, Then, when the word is giv'n, Bid Jor - dan's nar - row stream di - vide, And land us safe in heaven.

Heav'n with the echo shall re-sound, Heav'n with the echo shall re-sound,

1. Grace! 'tis a pleas - ing sound, Har - mon - ious to the ear; Heav'n with the echo shall re-sound Heav'n with the echo shall resound,

Heav'n with the echo shall resound, with the echo shall resound,

And all the earth shall hear,

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth, And all the earth shall hear,

2. Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace displays,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
3. Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While passing 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.

How beautiful upon the mountains, How beau-ti-ful upon the moun-tains, How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth glad ti - dings,

That publisheth peace, that publisheth peace, that bringeth glad tidings, glad tidings of good, That publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth, Thy

God reign - eth; Break forth in - to joy, sing to-geth-er, sing to-geth-er, ye waste places of Je - ru - sa-lem; For the Lord hath comforted his peo - ple, He hath re -

deem-ed Je - ru - sa - lem, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord: Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the organ accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the piano staff.

METRE 2.

ZERAH. C. M. HYMN 83.—CH. PSALMODY.

1. To us a child of hope is born, To us a Son is given: Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him all the hosts of heav'n, Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.

2. His name shall be the Prince of peace Forevermore adored, The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The great and mighty Lord, The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The great and mighty Lord.

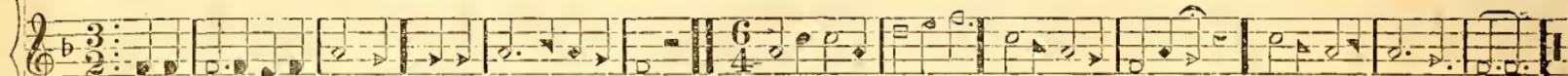
3. His Pow'r increasing still shall spread; His reign no end shall know, Justice shall guard his throne above, And peace abound below, Justice shall guard his throne above, And, &c.

4. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is given—The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The mighty Lord of heav'n, The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The mighty Lord of heav'n.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the organ accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the piano staff.



1. Let me go, the day is breaking; Dear companions, let me go; } Up-ward now I bend my way, Part we here at break of day, Part we here at break of day.
We have spent a night of waking, In the wil-der-ness be-low:



2. Let me go; I must not tar-ry Wrestling thus with doubts and fears; } Friends and kindreds, weep not so—If ye love me, let me go, If ye love me, let me go.
Angels wait my soul to car-ry Where my ris-en Lord ap-pears.



3. We have travelled long together
Hand in hand and heart in heart;
Both thro' fair and stormy weather,
And 'tis hard! 'tis hard to part.
While I sigh farewell to you,
Answer, one and all, Adieu.

4. 'Tis not darkness gathering round me
That withdraws me from your sight,
Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
But translated into light
Like the lark on mounting wing,
Though unseen, ye hear me sing.

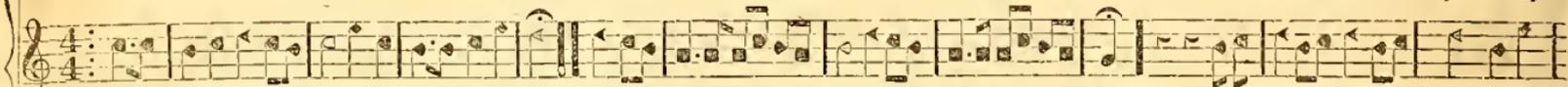
5. Heav'n's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky;
Am I dead!—nay, by this token
Know that I have ceased to die.
Would you solve the mystery,
Come up hither,—Come and see.

METRE 5.

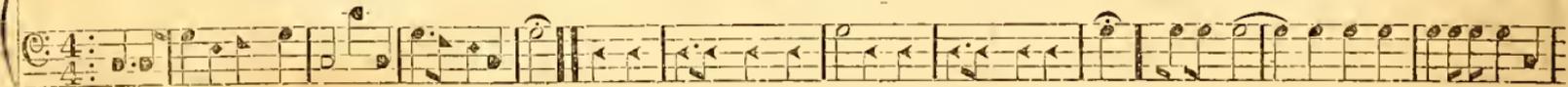
ANTHEM. Songs of praise the Angels sang. 7's. (5 VERSES.)



Songs of praise a-rose when he Cap-tive led cap-



Songs of praise the an-gel sang, Heaven with hal-le-lu-jahs rang; } Songs of praise a-woke the morn When the Prince of Peace was born; } Songs of praise a-rose when He Cap-tive
When Je-ho-vah's work began, When he spake and it was done.

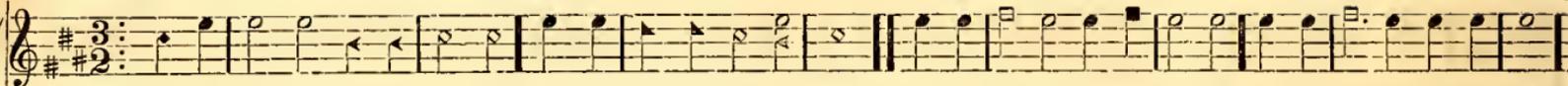


The musical score is presented in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal lines are written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is written in a bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

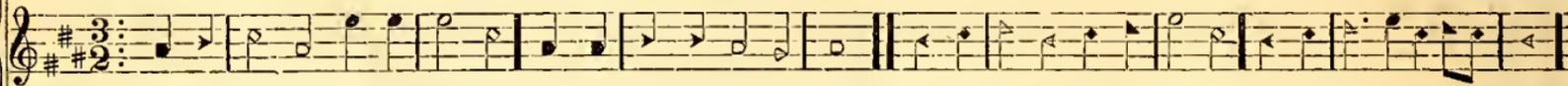
The first system of lyrics is: *lad cap - tiv - i - - - ty. Heav'n and earth must pass away, Songs of praise shall crown that day; God will make new heav'n and earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth, Sons of praise shall hail their birth.*

The second system of lyrics is: *Learn-ing here by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove. Saints be-low with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re - joice, Still in songs of praise re - joice. Learn-ing here by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove.*

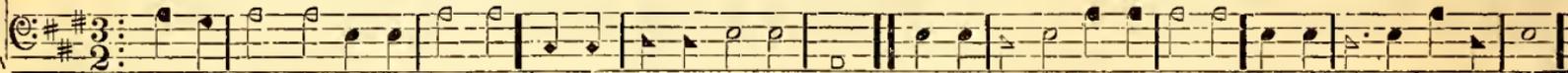
The third system of lyrics is: *Borne up - on their la - test breath, Songs of praise shall con-quer death; Then a - mid e - ter - nal joy, Songs of praise their pow'rs em-ploy, Songs of praise their pow'rs em - ploy.*



1. Let thy grace, Lord, make me low-ly, Hum-ble all my swell-ing pride; } I'll for-bid my vain as-pl-ring, Nor at earth-ly ho-nors aim,
Fall-en, guilt-y and un-ho-ly, Great-ness from mine eyes I'll hide. }



2. Weaned from earth's de-lu-sive pleas-ures, In thy love I'll seek for mine; } Thus the transient world de-spis-ing, On the Lord my hopes re-ly;
Placed in heav'n my no-bler treas-ures, Earth I qui-et-ly re-sign. }

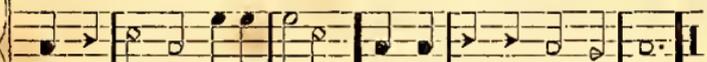


METRE 11.

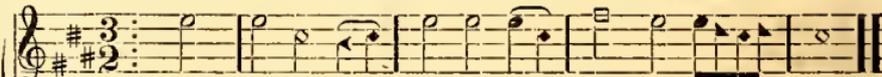
CANA. 11,11,11,11. HYMN 843.—PSALMIST.



No am-bi-tious heights de-si-ring Far a-bove my hum-ble claim.



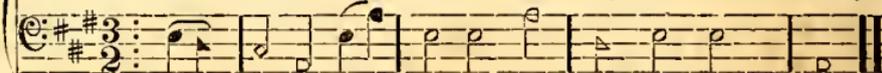
Thus my joys from Him a-ris-ing, Like him-self shall nev-er die.



1. "Do this" and re-mem-ber the blood that was shed, }
Ere Cal-va-ry's Vic-tim to slaugh-ter was led, }



2. Re-mem-ber the con-flict with in-sult and scorn, }
The robe of de-ris-ion, the chap-let of thorn, }



3. Re-mer-ber that Vic-tor o'er death and the grave; }
He liv-eth for-ev-er, His peo-ple to save. }



When sad and for - sa - ken the gar - den a - lone, Gave ear to his sor - row and ech - oed His moan.

The sin - cleans - ing foun - tain that streamed from his side, When "Fa - ther, for - give them," He ut - ter'd, and died.

O, take with thanks - giv - ing this pledge of his love,— The fore-taste of rap-ture e - ter - nal a - - - hove.

METRE 3.

ST. PAUL'S. S. M. HYMN 191.—PSALMIST.



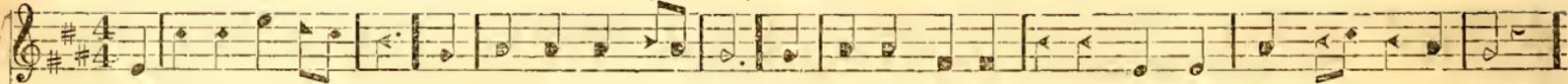
1. Behold what wondrous grace The Fa-ther hath hestow'd On sin - ners of a mor-tal race, To call them sons of God! To call them sons of God.

2. Nor doth it yet ap - pear, How great we must he made; But when we see our Sa-rior here We shall be like our Head, We shall be like our Head.

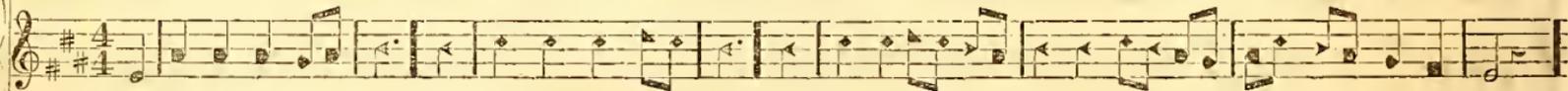
3. A hope so much di - vine May tri - als well en - dure; May pu - ri - fy our souls from sin As Christ the Lord is pure, As Christ the Lord is pure.

4. If in my Fa-ther's love I share a fil - ial part, Send down thy Spir-it like a dove, To rest up-on my heart, To rest up - on my heart.

5. We would no longer lie Like slaves be - neath the throne; Our faith shall Ah-ha Fa - ther cry, And thou the kindred own, And thou the kin-dred own.



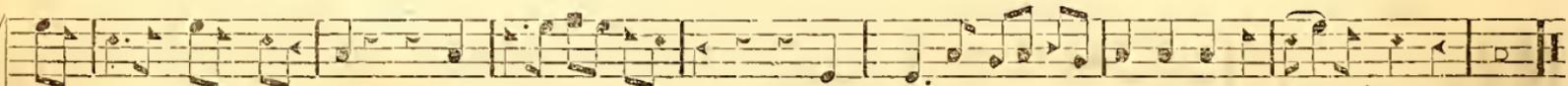
1. How charming is the place, Where my Re - deem - er God, Un - veils the beau-ties of his face, And sheds his love a - broad!



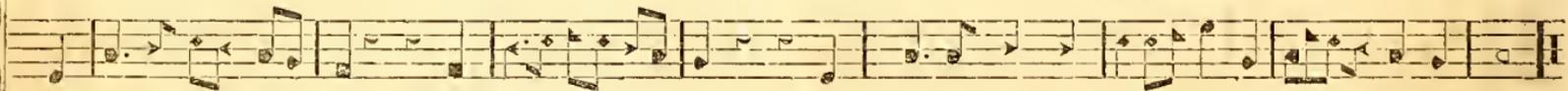
3. Here, on the mer - cy - seat, With ra - diant glo - ry crown'd Our joy-ful eyes he - hold him sit, And smile on all a - round.



5. To them his sove-reign will, He gra - cious - ly im - parts; And in re-turn ac - cepts, with smiles, The trih - ute of their hearts.



2. Not the fair pal - a - ces, To which the great re - sort, Are once to be com - pared with this, Where Je - sus holds his court.



4. To him their prayers and cries Each humble soul pre - sents; He list - ens to their broken sighs, And grants them all their wants.



6. Give me, O Lord a place With - in thy blest a - bode, A - mong the chil - dren of thy grace, The ser - vants of my God.



1. Oh! had I wings like a dove, I would fly A-way from this world of care; My soul would mount to the realms on high, And seek for a rel - uge there!



2. Oh! is't not written, "be-live and live?" The heart By bright hopes allured, Shall find the comfort these words can give, And be by its faith as - sured.



3. There is! there is! in thy ho-ly word, Thy word which can ne'er de-part; There is a prom-ise of mer - cy stored, For the lowly and meek of heart,



But is there no ha - ven here on earth, No hope for the wound - ed breast; No fa-vor'd spot where content has birth, In which I may find a rest.



Then why should we fear the cold world's frown, When truth to the heart has giv'n, The light of Re-lig-ion to guide us on, In joy to the paths of heav'n.



"My yoke is ea - sy, my bur - den light, Then come unto me for rest;" These are the words of prom-ise stored, For the wounded and wearied breast.

1. While na-ture was sink-ing in stillness to rest, The last beams of daylight shone dim in the west, O'er fields by the moonlight, my wan-der-ing feet Theu led me to

muse in some lonely retreat, While passing a gar-den I paused then to hear A voice faint and plaintive from One that was there; The voice of the Suff'rer af-

fect-ed my heart, In ag-o-ny pleading the poor sinner's part.

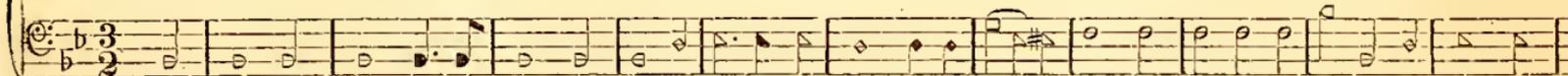
<p>3. I listened a moment, then turned me to see What man of compassion this Stranger could be! I saw him low kneeling upon the cold ground, Alone on a spot in the garden He found.</p> <p>4. His mantle was wet with the dews of the night; His locks by pale moonbeams were glist'ning & bright; His eyes, bright as diamonds, to heaven were rais'd, While angels in wonder stood round him amaz'd!</p> <p>5. So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers, That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood & tears! I wept to behold Him! I asked Him his name! He answered, " 'Tis Jesus! from heaven I came!</p> <p>6. "I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die! The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by! Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon me, And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee!"</p>	<p>7. I trembled with horror and loudly did cry, "Lord save a poor sinner! O save or I die!" He smiled when he saw me and said to me "Live! Thy sins which are many I freely forgive!"</p> <p>8. How sweet was the moment he bade me rejoice! His smile oh how pleasant! how cheering his voice! I flew from the garden to spread it abroad, And shouted "Salvation" and "Glory to God."</p> <p>9. I'm now on my journey to mansions above! My soul's full of glory, of light, peace and love, I think of the garden, the prayer and the tears, Of that loving Stranger who banished my fears.</p> <p>10. The day of bright glory is rolling around, When Gabriel descending the trumpet shall sound; My soul then in raptures of glory shall rise To gaze on the Stranger with unclouded eyes!</p>
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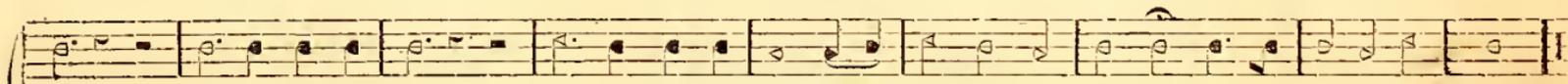
1. I love to stay where my mo - ther sleeps, And gaze on each star as it twink - ling peeps, Thro^u that bend - ing wil - low, which lone - ly



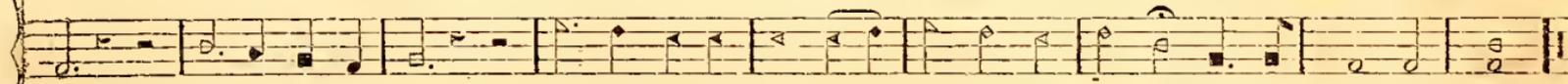
2. I love to kneel on the green turf there, A - far from the scene of my dai - ly care, And breathe to my Sa - vior my eve - ning



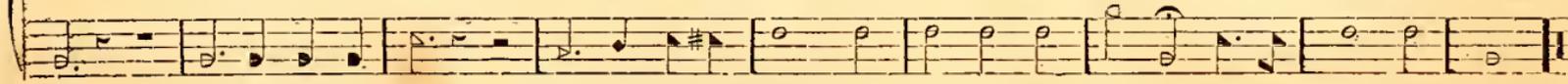
3. I still re - mem - ber how oft she led, And knelt me by her as with God she plead, That I might be His when the clod was
4. I love to think how be - neath the ground, She slumbers in death as a cap - tive bound, She'll slum - ber no more when the trump shall



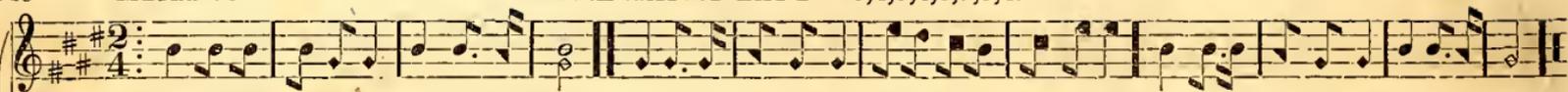
weeps O'er my moth - er's grave, O'er my moth - er's grave, Through that bend - ing wil - low O'er my moth - er's grave.



prayer O'er my moth - er's grave, O'er my moth - er's grave, Through that bend - ing wil - low O'er my moth - er's grave.



spread sound O'er my moth - er's grave, O'er my moth - er's grave, Through that bend - ing wil - low O'er my moth - er's grave:



1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way ; } Oh how they sweetly sing, " Worthy is our Savior King," Loud let his praises ring For ev-er THERE.
Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, hright as day ; }



2. Come to the happy land, Come, come a-way ! } Oh we shall happy be, When from sin and sorrow free ! Lord, we shall live with thee, For ever THERE.
Why will you douhting stand, Why yet de - lay ? }



3. Bright in that happy land, Beams every eye ; } Then shall his kingdom come, Saints shall share a glorious home ; And hright above the sun Reign EVERMORE.
Kept hy a Fa-ther's hand Love can-not die ; }

METRE 3.

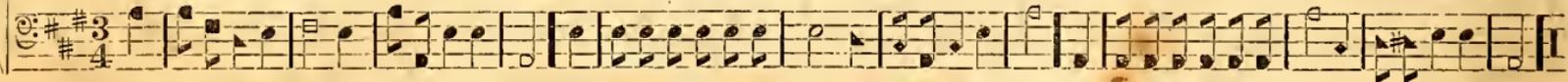
NEANDER. S. M.



1. The Savior's glorious name For ever shall endure, Long as the sun, his matchless fame Shall ever stand secure ; Long as the sun, his matchless fame Shall ever stand secure.



2. Wonders of grace and pow'r To thee alone belong ; Thy church those wonders shall adore, In everlasting song ; Thy church those wonders shall adore In everlasting song.



3. O Israel, bless him still, His name to honor raise ; Let all the earth his glory fill, Midst songs of grateful praise ; Let all the earth his glory fill, Midst songs of grateful praise.
4. Jehovali, God, most high ! We spread thy praise abroad, Thro' all the world thy, fame shall fly, O God, thine Israel's God, Thro' all the world thy fame shall fly, O God., &c.

1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly on - ward I move, Bound for the land of bright spir - its a - hove : } Soon with my pil - grim - age end - ed he - low,
An - gel - ic cho - ris - ters sing as I come, "Joy - ful - ly, Joy - ful - ly, haste to thy home :"

2. Friends fond - ly cherish'd have pass'd on he - fore, Wait - ing they watch me ap - proach - ing the shore ; } Sounds of sweet mel - o - dy fall on my ear ;
Sing - ing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom, "Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home :"

3. Death, with thy wea - pons of war, lay me low ; Strike, king of ter - rors, I fear not the blow ; } Bright will the morn of e - ter - ni - ty dawn,
Je - sus hath bro - ken the bars of the tomb, Joy - ful - ly, Joy - ful - ly will I go home. }

Home to the land of bright spir - its I go ; Pil - grim and stanger no more shall I roam, Joy - ful - ly, Joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.

Harp - s of the bless - ed, your voic - es I hear ! Rings with the har - mo - ny heav - en's high dome, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home.

Death shall be banished, his scap - tre be gone ; Joy - ful - ly then shall I wit - ness his doom ; Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, safe - ly at home.



1. Onward speed thy conq'ring flight; An-gel, onward speed; Cast-a-broad thy ra-diant light, Bid the shades re-cede; Tread the i - dols in the dust, Heath-en fanes de-stroy,



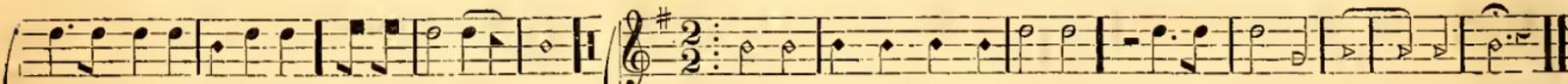
2. Onward speed thy conq'ring flight; An-gel, onward haste: Quickly on each mountain's height, Be thy standard placed: Let the blissful tidings float Far o'er vale and hill,



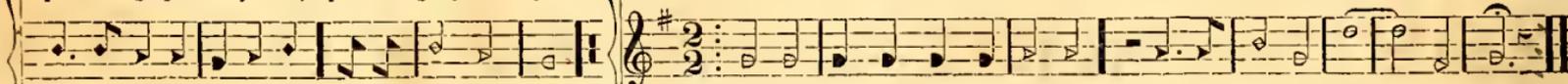
3. Onward speed thy conq'ring flight; An-gel, onward fly; Long has been thy reign of night: Bring the morning nigh: 'Tis to thee the heathen lift Their im-plor-ing wail;
4. Onward speed thy conq'ring flight; An-gel, onward speed; Morning bursts up-on the sight, 'Tis the time de-creed: Je-sus now his kingdom takes, Thrones and empires fall,

METRE 75.

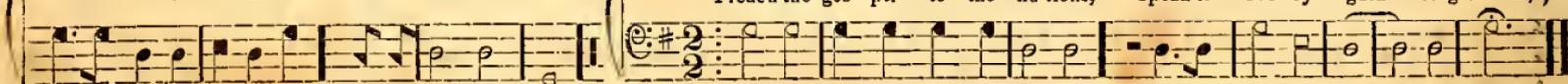
LANGDON. 8,7,8,7,6,6,6.



Spread the gospel's holy trust, Spread the gos-pel's joy.



Till the sweetly echoing note, Every ho-som thrill.



Bear them heaven's holy gift, Ere their cour-age fail.
And the joy-ous song awakes, "God is - All in All."

1. Watchmen! on-ward to your stations, Blow the trump-et long and loud; }
Preach the gos-pel to the na-tions, Speak to eve-ry gath'-ring crowd; }

2. Watchmen, hail the ri - sing glo-ry Of the great Mes - si - ah's reign; }
Tell the Sa-rior's bleed-ing sto-ry, Tell it to the list'-ning train: }

See, the day is break - ing; See the saints a - wak - ing, No more in sad - ness bow, No more in sad - ness how.

See His love re - veal - ing, See the Spir - it seal - ing; 'Tis life a - mong the slain! 'Tis life a - mong the slain.

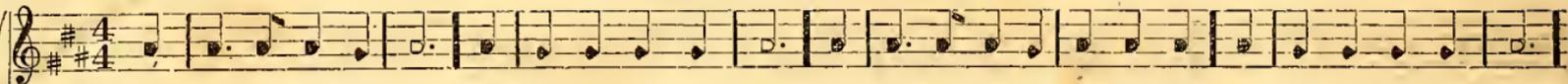
METRE 5.

AMBOY. 8 lines 7's. HYMN 575.—CH. PSALMIST.

1. Wake the song of Ju - hi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea! All ye nations! join and sing,— Let it sound from shore to shore,
Now is come the promised hour, Jesus reigns with sov'reign power. } "Christ of lords and kings is King!" Je - sus reigns for evermore.

2. Now ye desert lands rejoice, And the islands join their voice; } See the ransom'd millions stand,— This before the throne their strain,—
Yea the whole creation sings, "Jesus is the King of kings!" } Palms of conquest in their hands! Hell is vanquish'd—death is slain.

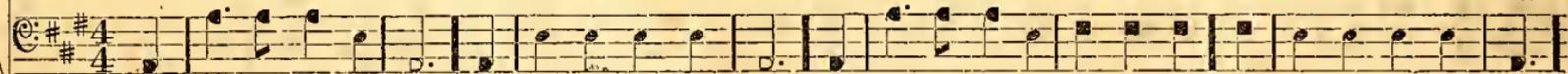
3. Blessing, honor, glory, might, Are the Conq'ror's native right; } Time has nearly reach'd its sum; Jesus! whom all worlds adore,
Thrones and pow'rs before him fall,—Lamb of God, and Lord of all! } All things with the hride say "come!" Come,—and reign for evermore.



1. I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine a - hode, The church our bless'd Re-deem - er saved With his own pre-cious blood.



3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend; To her my toils and cares be given, Till toils and cares shall end.



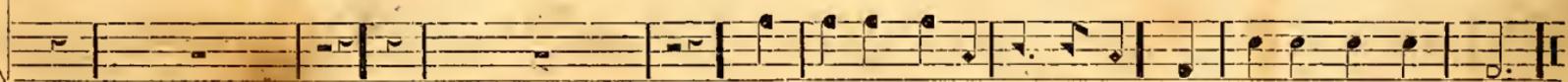
5. Je - sus, thou Friend di - vine, Our Sa - vior and our King, Thy hand from ev' - ry snare and foe Shall great de - liv' - rance bring.



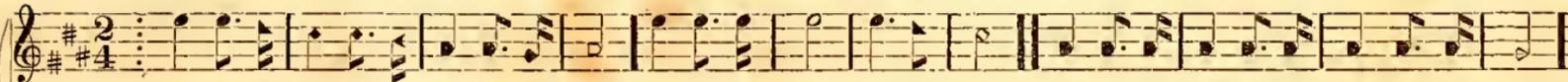
2. I love thy church, O God; Her walls be - fore thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And gra - ven on thy hand.



4. Be - yond my high - est joy, I prize her heav'n - ly ways, Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.



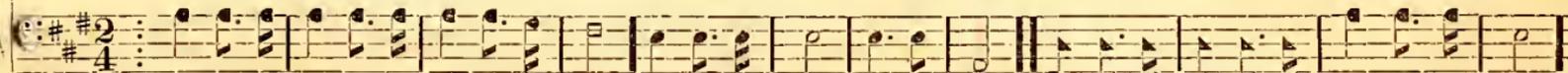
6. Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be - giv'n The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright - er bliss of heav'n.



1. Out on an o - cean all hound-less we ride, We're homeward bound, Homeward bound : } Far from the safe qui - et har - hor we've rode,
Toss'd on the waves of a rough rest - less tide, We're homeward bound, Homeward bound.



2. Wild-ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, Homeward bound ; } Stead - y, O pi - lot ! stand firm at the wheel,
Look ! yon - der lie the hright heav - en - ly shores, We're homeward bound, Homeward bound ;



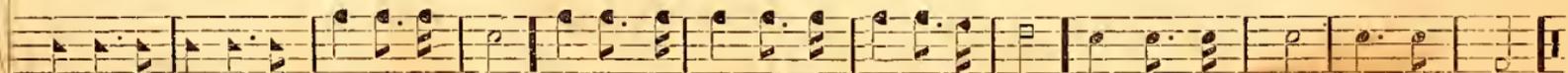
3. We'll tell the world as we jour - ney a - long, We're homeward bound, Homeward bound ; } Come, trembling sin - ner, for - lorn and op - press'd,
Try to pur - suade them to en - ter our throng, We're homeward bound, Homeward bound ; }
4. In - to the har - hor of heav'n now we glide, We're home at last, Home at last ; } Glo - ry to God ! all our dan - gers are o'er ;
Soft - ly we drift on its hright sil - ver tide, We're home at last, Home at last ; }



Seek - ing our Fa - ther's ce - lest - ial a - hode ; Prom - ise of which on us each he be - stows ; We're homeward bound, Home - ward bound.



Stead - y ! we soon shall out - weth - er the gale ! O how we fly 'neath the loud - creak - ing sail, We're homeward bound, Home - ward bound.



Join in our num - ber, O come and he blest ; Jour - ney with us to the man - sions of rest, We're homeward bound, Homeward bound.
We stand se - cure on the glo - ri - fied shore, Glo - ry to God ! we will shout ev - er - more, We're home at last, Home at last.



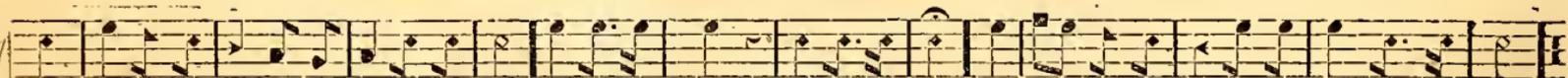
1. In sea-sons of grief to my God I'll re-pair, When my heart is o'er-whelmed in sor-row and care; From the ends of the earth unto thee will I cry—



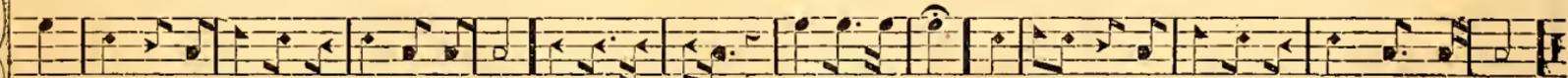
2. When Sa-tan, my foe, comes in like a flood, To di-vert my poor soul from the fountain of good, I will pray to my Sa-vior who kind-ly did die—



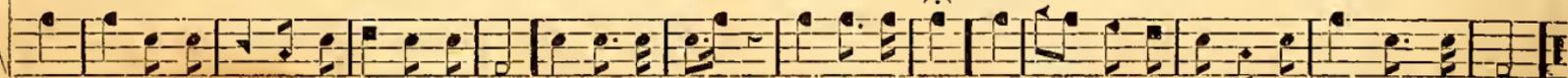
3. And when I have end-ed my pil-grim-age here, In my Sa-vior's pure righteousness let me ap-pear :—From the swellings of Jordan to thee will I cry—
4. And when the last trump-et shall sound thro' the skies, And the dead from the dust of the earth shall a-rise, With the millions I'll join, far above yonder sky,



“Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I! High-er than I! High-er than I! Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!”



“Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I! High-er than I! High-er than I! Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!”



“Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I! High-er than I! High-er than I! Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!”
To praise the Great Rock that is high-er than I! High-er than I! High-er than I! To praise the Great Rock that is high-er than I!



1. He's gone the spot-less soul is gone Tri-umph-ant to his place a-hove ;
The pris - on walls are bro - ken down, The an - gels speed his swift remove ; } And, shouting, on their wings he flies, And gains his rest in par - a - dise.



2. Saved by the mer - its of his Lord, Glo - ry and praise to Christ he gives ;
Yet still his mer - ci - ful re - ward, Ac - cor - ding to his works re - ceives ; } And with the bliss he sow'd be-low, His bliss e - ter - nal - ly shall grow,



3. Fa - ther, to us vouchsafe the grace Which hro't our friend victorious thro' ;
Let us his shi - ning foot-steps trace ; Let us his stead fast faith pursue ; } Follow this fol - low'r of the Lamb, And conquer all thro' Je - sus' name.
4. Oh may we all like him be-lieve, And keep the faith, and wio the prize !
Fa - ther, pre-pare, and then re-ceive Our hal - low'd spir-its to the skies, } To chant, with all our friends above, Thy glorious, ev - er - last - ing love.

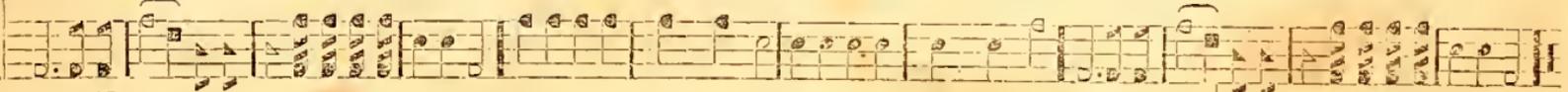
CHORUS.



Ho-san-na! ho - sanna! hosanna to the Lamb of God! Glory, glo-ry, let us sing! Grateful honors to our King! Hosanna! ho-san-na! ho-san-na to the Lamb of God!

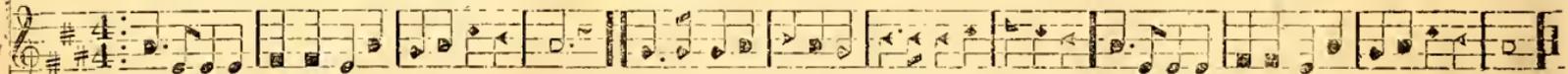


Ho-san-na! ho - sanna! hosanna to the Lamb of God! Glory, glo-ry, let us sing! Grateful honors to our King! Hosanna! ho-san-na! ho-san-na to the Lamb of God!

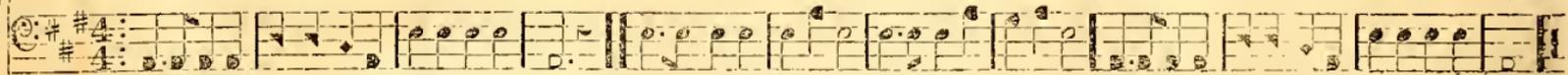




1. Lamb of God, whose bleeding love We now re-call to mind; } Think on us who think on thee; Eve-ry burthened soul re-lease; O, re-mem-ber Cal-va-ry, And bid us go in peace.
Send the an-swer from a-bove, And let us mer-cy find;



2. Through thy blood by faith ap-plied, Let us thy par-don feel; } By thy pas-sion on the tree, Let our griefs and troubles cease; O re-mem-ber Cal-va-ry, And bid us go in peace.
Speak us free-ly jus-ti-fied, And all our sick-ness heal;



METRE 4.

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN. 8's & 7's.



1. Fa-ther! now the day is passing, Fades the glow-ing light a-way; Eve-ning grey o'er earth is fall-ing, Fit-ting hour for me to pray.
2. God! I thank thee for the morning! How its fresh-ness fill'd my frame; Na-ture all hath felt the blessing, All with me doth praise thy name.



3. Swift-ly sped a-way the morn-ing, Melt-ing in-to yel-low noon; Hours of thought and earnest pur-pose, Yet for ac-tion fled too soon.
4. Now a-round his wea-ry chil-dren, Night's dark curtain God en-folds; He who marks the fall-ing spar-row, Eve-ry sleep-ing frame up holds.



5. So doth fit life's sun-ny morning, So doth fade life's glowing noon; Life and la-bor must give o-ver To the shad-ows of the tomb.
6. From death's chill and heavy slumbers, God will call us in-to light; To a morn that knows no fa-ding, To a noon for-ev-er bright.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

<p>ABINGDON..... 71 Ain..... 312 Aisham..... 66 Adoration..... 261 Advocate..... 148 Alarming Voice..... 165 Albion..... 133 Alderton..... 169 Alfreton..... 58 Amanda..... 66 Amboy..... 349 Amherst..... 192 Amsterdam..... 204 Anticipation..... 190 Anthem, Songs of praise..... 338 Antioch..... 96 Arcbdale..... 281 Ariel..... 329 Arlington..... 86 Armsley..... 72 Ascension..... 321 Asbury..... 102 Aspiration..... 208 Asylum..... 138 Augusta..... 101 Awful Majesty..... 98 Aylesbury..... 125 Azmon..... 293</p> <p>BALERMA..... 84 Babylonian Captivity..... 330 Baltimore..... 136 Bangor..... 109 Barby..... 83 Bavaria..... 197 Bea'o'b..... 350 Bedford..... 124</p>	<p>Believer's R- pose..... 182 Believer's Departure..... 236 Benevento..... 294 Benevolence..... 241 Be joyful in God..... 330 Berlin..... 56 Bethel..... 103 Bethlehem..... 149 Blessed Infancy..... 120 Bloomfield..... 129 Boundless Mercy..... 239 Bourbon..... 60 Boyleston..... 126 Bozrah..... 158 Brandenburg..... 209 Brewer..... 64 Bridgewater..... 75 Brookfield..... 76 Brown..... 331 Brunswick..... 98 Burford..... 124</p> <p>CALVARY..... 290 Cambridge..... 104 Cana..... 340 Carlisle..... 154 Carmarthen..... 188 Carr's Lane..... 122 Castle Street..... 72 Chapel..... 171 Charleston..... 147 Chester..... 129 Christian Farewell..... 199 Christian Hope..... 298 Christian Warfare..... 242 Christmas..... 112 Come ye disconsolate..... 228</p>	<p>Communion..... 284 Condescension..... 105 Confidence..... 189 Conflict..... 202 Conformity..... 81 Conquest..... 156 Consolation..... 107 Contemplation..... 181 Cookham..... 159 Cranbrook..... 335 Crowley..... 85</p> <p>DANVERS..... 80 Daughter of Zion..... 221 Dawn..... 76 Day Star..... 181 Delight..... 274 Deliverance..... 201 Denmark..... 270 Depth of Mercy..... 160 Detroit..... 309 Devoizes..... 100 Devotion..... 303 Disciple..... 150 Dismissal Anthem..... 314 Divine Adoration..... 272 Divine Compassion..... 148 Divine Inquiry..... 163 Divine Protection..... 111 Divinity..... 86 Dort..... 217 Dover..... 265 Dresden..... 178 Dublin..... 84 Dundee..... 85</p> <p>EARNEST CALL..... 161 Easter Anthem..... 304</p>	<p>Ebenezer..... 157 Eden of Love..... 220 Effingham..... 78 Eglon..... 326 Egypt..... 130 Elizabethtown..... 309 Eltham..... 162 Evan..... 326 Evening thought..... 243 Evening Twilight..... 93 Examination..... 160 Exhortation..... 244 Exultation..... 219</p> <p>FAIRFIELD..... 104 Farewell..... 311 Farewell Anthem..... 322 Farnham..... 120 Felicity..... 284 Female Pilgrim..... 152 Fiducia..... 122 Final Decision..... 210 Florida..... 144 Friendship..... 229 Funeral Thought..... 110</p> <p>GANGES..... 166 Garden..... 341 Geneva..... 96 Gerar..... 127 Germany..... 232 Gethsemane..... 276 Gilgal..... 82 Glorious Triumph..... 238 Glorious War..... 138 God is love..... 285 Golden Hill..... 146 Golgotba..... 264</p>	<p>Gospel Illumination..... 288 Gospel Trumpet..... 224 Gospel Victory..... 177 Gracious Reward..... 259 Grateful Praise..... 187 Gravity..... 58 Greenfields..... 200 Greenville..... 116 Greenwood..... 176</p> <p>HAIL to the brightness..... 227 Hamilton..... 80 Hamburg..... 225 Hanover..... 193 Hants..... 139 Hanwell..... 178 Harmonia..... 170 Harmony..... 192 Harwell..... 218 Healing Balm..... 61 Healing Fountain..... 246 Heavenly Flight..... 57 Heavenly Jerusalem..... 90 Heavenly Rest..... 142 Heavenly Treasure..... 218 Heavenly Vision..... 296 Hebron..... 62 Hendon..... 164 Henry..... 106 Hiding Place..... 77 Hinton..... 198 Holy Rest..... 235 Home..... 257 Homeward Bound..... 351 Hosanna..... 353 How beautiful upon..... 336 Humble Praises..... 133</p>	<p>Humility..... 340</p> <p>IDUMEA..... 131 Illumination..... 206 Irish..... 94 Isle of Wight..... 94 Italy..... 263</p> <p>JOHN STREET..... 278 Jerusalem! my glory..... 332 Jordan..... 308 Joyful Sound..... 224 Judgment..... 173</p> <p>KEDRON..... 62 Kimholton..... 68 Kingsbridge..... 74 Kingwood..... 168</p> <p>LABAN..... 142 Land of Promise..... 292 Land of Rest..... 292 Langdon..... 348 Lathrop..... 145 Lena..... 230 Lenox..... 186 Leoni..... 226 Liberty..... 185 Liberty Hall..... 114 Lischer..... 313 Lingham..... 302 Lisbon..... 130 Little Marlborough..... 127 Loud Hallelujah..... 266 Lovely Morning..... 247 Loving Kindness..... 268 Luton..... 55 Lyons..... 195</p>
--	---	--	---	---	--

- MAGDEBURG..... 61
 Marlow..... 87
 Mary at the Sav. T'm 328
 Martyr..... 162
 Martyrs..... 119
 Mear..... 83
 Medfield..... 95
 Melody..... 147
 Mendon..... 212
 Middleton..... 267
 Miles' Lane..... 108
 Migdol..... 327
 Missionary Herald... 143
 Missionary's Adieu... 118
 Morning Light..... 210
 Morning Psalm..... 74
 Mount Calvary..... 215
 Mount Carmel..... 222
 Mount Ephraim..... 128
 Mount Pleasant..... 118
 Mount Vernon..... 295
 Mourner..... 188
 Mysterious Love..... 182
- NEW CONCORD... 218
 Neander..... 346
 New Hope..... 131
 New Hundred..... 65
 New Jerusalem..... 202
 New Mark..... 113
 New Monmouth..... 151
 Newkirk..... 347
 Newry..... 54
 New Sabbath..... 70
- New Salem..... 211
 Newton..... 134
 New Year..... 232
 Ninety-Fifth..... 115
 Ninety-Third..... 135
 OLD HUNDRED... 53
 Oh! had I wings like a 343
 Olivet..... 216
 Olmutz..... 140
 Olney..... 152
 Oporto..... 230
 Orange..... 143
 Orland..... 73
 Orrington..... 137
 Ortonville..... 97
- PALESTINE..... 252
 Paradise..... 100
 Park Street..... 78
 Parting Hand..... 306
 Parting Hymn..... 260
 Parting Words..... 338
 Passiveness..... 256
 Peaceful Rest..... 245
 Penitence..... 150
 Penitent Mourner... 301
 Peterborough..... 95
 Petersfield..... 214
 Piety..... 102
 Pilgrim's Farewell... 254
 Pilgrim's Guide..... 180
 Pisgab..... 300
 Preyel's Hymn..... 164
 Preyel's Second..... 114
- Plymouth Dock..... 181
 Portugal..... 70
 Praise Victorious... 236
 Prescott..... 196
 Primrose..... 108
 Prospect of Home... 276
 Protection..... 196
 Povidence..... 64
- RANDOR..... 69
 Reconciliation..... 153
 Redeeming Grace... 242
 Redeeming Love... 158
 Refuge..... 167
 Remember Calvary... 354
 Repose..... 82
 Resignation..... 302
 Resurrection..... 166
 Retirement..... 59
 Retreat..... 277
 Reviving Light..... 132
 Ripley..... 156
 Rising Sun..... 145
 Rochester..... 117
 Rockbridge..... 67
 Rockvale..... 348
 Romaine..... 207
 Romney..... 191
- SABBATH..... 214
 Sabbath Evening... 291
 Sabbath Morning... 174
 Sabbath School Hymn 354
 Sacred Herald..... 175
 Salem..... 56
- Salford..... 106
 Salisbury..... 213
 Salvation..... 294
 Saxony..... 154
 Scotland..... 258
 Seraph's Harp..... 174
 Siloam..... 283
 Sincerity..... 165
 Sing to me of heav'n 228
 Shirland..... 125
 Shoel..... 68
 Social Band..... 268
 Solemnity..... 57
 Solemn Parting... 231
 Solemn Praise..... 92
 Solicitude..... 246
 Solon..... 109
 Sovereign Grace... 161
 Sovereign Summons 238
 Retreat..... 253
 Spring..... 226
 Star in the East... 63
 Sterling..... 123
 St. Ann's..... 198
 St. Dennis..... 90
 St. Martins..... 89
 St. Olaves..... 341
 St. Paul's..... 89
 St. Stephen's..... 128
 St. Thomas..... 194
 Stockbridge..... 186
 Stow..... 274
 Stream of Death... 132
 Strait Gate..... 134
 Sublimity..... 144
- Submission..... 121
 Suffield..... 269
 Swanton..... 216
 Swanwich..... 92
 Sweet Affliction... 176
 Sweet Friendship... 244
 Sweet Harmony..... 234
 Sweet Repose..... 237
- TALLIS' Evening Hy 273
 Tamworth..... 173
 Tavoy..... 59
 Tender Mercy..... 141
 Tender Thought... 63
 Thanksgiving Hymn 321
 The Chariot..... 282
 The Dying Penitent 298
 The earth is the Lord's 316
 The Fatherland... 320
 The Happy Land... 346
 The Rose of Sharon 310
 The Orphan's Prayer 345
 The Rock..... 352
 The Royal Proclama 282
 The Star of Bethlehem 286
 The Three Mountains 299
 Tisbury..... 112
 Transport..... 172
 Transporting Vision 234
 Trinity..... 217
 Truro..... 249
- UNION..... 99
 United Praises..... 255
- UNITIA..... 194
 Unity..... 146
 Universal Praises... 262
 Utica..... 203
 Uxbridge..... 55
- VERNON..... 183
 Vestal..... 79
 Voice of peace..... 280
 Voice of warning... 233
- WALSAL..... 87
 Warning Voice..... 205
 Warwick..... 88
 Watchman..... 126
 Watchmao! tell us of 287
 Welch..... 179
 Wells..... 60
 Wesley..... 200
 Westford..... 250
 Wethersfield..... 251
 Wilton..... 319
 Wiltshire..... 116
 Winchester..... 65
 Windham..... 54
 Windsor..... 91
 Winter..... 83
 Words of peace... 140
 Wood-tock..... 331
 Wrentham..... 136
 Wrentburg..... 306
- YOUTHFUL GLORY 110
 Youthful Piety..... 99
 ZELL..... 155
 Zerah..... 337
 Zion..... 223
 Zion's Light..... 290
 Zion's Pilgrim..... 210

METRIC AL INDEX.

—:—

METRE 1. LONG METRE. S,S,S,S.	Migdol.....327	Archdale.....281	Heavenly Jerusal. 90	Union.....99	Ninety-Third....135	METRE 5. 7,7,7,7.	Gospel Victory...177
Abingdon.....71	Morning Psalm.. 74	Arlington.....86	Henry.....106	Walsal.....87	Olmutz.....140	Greenwood.....176	
Adisbam.....66	New Hundred... 65	Asbury.....102	Irish.....94	Warwick.....88	Orange.....143	Hanwell.....178	
Alfreton.....58	Newbury.....54	Asbury.....101	Isle of Wight... 94	Wilt-hire.....116	Orrington.....137	Judgment.....173	
Alford.....66	New Sabbath... 70	Awitil Magesty.. 98	Jordan.....308	Windsor.....91	O sing to me of.. 228	Pilgrim's Guide.. 180	
Amanda.....62	Old Hundred... 53	Azmon.....293	Land of Promise 292	Winter.....88	Reviving Light.. 132	Sabbath Morning. 174	
Amley.....72	Orland.....73	Balerma.....84	Land of Rest... 292	Wood-tock.....331	Rising Sun.....145	Seraph's Harp... 174	
Berlin.....56	Park Street... 78	Bangor.....109	Liberty Hall... 114	Youthful Glory.. 110	Stratland.....125	Sac ed Hera'd... 175	
Bourbon.....60	Parting Hand.. 306	Barby.....83	Lingham.....302	Strait Gate.....132	Depth of Mercy.. 160	Sweet Affliction. 176	
Brewer.....64	Portugal.....70	Bedford.....124	Marlow.....87	St. Paul's.....341	Divine Inquiry... 163	Tamworth.....173	
Bridgewater... 75	Prospect of Home 276	Bethel.....103	Martys.....119	St. Thomas.....128	Earnest Call... 161	Welch.....179	
Brookfield.....76	Providence.....64	Biessed Infancy. 120	Mear.....83	Sublimity.....134	El-nezer.....157	METRE 8. S,S,S,S,S,S.	
Castle Street... 72	Radnor.....69	Brown.....334	Medfield.....95	Submission.....144	Eltham.....162	Believer's Repose 182	
Conformity... 81	Repose.....82	Brun-wick.....98	Miles' Lane.... 108	Tender Mercy... 141	Examination.... 160	Contemplation... 181	
Dawn.....76	Retirement... 59	Burford.....124	Missionary's Ad. 118	Unity.....146	Hendon.....164	Day Star.....181	
Danvers.....80	Retreat.....277	Calvary.....290	Monnt Pleasant. 118	Watchman.....126	Martyn.....162	Liberty.....185	
Denmark.....270	Rockbridge... 67	Cambridge.....104	New Mark.....113	Words of Peace. 140	Mary at the Sa- vior's Tomb... 328	Mysterious Love. 182	
Devotion.....303	Sabbath Evening. 291	Carrs' Lane.... 122	Ninety-fifth... 115	Wrentham.....136	Middleton.....267	Plymouth Dock.. 184	
Divine Adoration 272	Salem.....56	Christian Hope . 298	Ortonville.....97	Baltimore.....136	Pleyel's Hymn.. 164	Veruon.....183	
Dover.....265	Shoel.....68	Christ-mas... 112	Paradise.....100	Bloomfield.....129	Redeeming Love 158	Voice of peace... 280	
Effingham.....78	Social Band... 268	Com-munion... 284	Penitent Mourner 301	Boyleston.....126	Resurrection... 166	METRE 9. 6,6,6,6,S,8	
Egton.....326	Solemnity.....57	Conde-ten-ion.. 105	Peterboro'.....95	Chester.....129	Sovereign Grace. 161	Anherst.....192	
Gilgal.....82	Sterling.....63	Con-solation.. 107	Piety.....102	Cranbrook.....335	Sincerity.....165	Anticipation.... 190	
Go'gotha.....264	Supplication... 269	Crowle.....85	Pis-gah.....300	Egypt.....140	The Three M't's. 299	Confidence.....189	
Gracious Reward 259	Tallis' Ev. Hymn 273	Delight.....274	Florida.....134	Charleston.....147	Watchman tell us of the night... 287	Carmarthen.....188	
Gravity.....58	Tavoy.....59	Det-roit.....309	Gerar.....127	Conquest.....156	METRE 6. S,S,S,S,S,6.	Grateful Praise . 187	
Hamilton.....80	Tender Thought. 63	Devizes.....100	Glorious War... 138	Disciple.....150	Alderton.....160	Lenox.....186	
Healing Balm... 61	Truro.....249	Divine Protection 111	Golden Hill... 146	Divine Compas'n 148	Ariel.....329	Lischer.....313	
Heavenly flight.. 57	The Star of Beth. 286	Divinity.....86	Hantz.....139	Farewell.....314	Cbspel.....171	Mourner.....188	
Hebron.....62	Universal Praise. 262	Dublin.....84	Heavenly Rest.. 142	Female Pilgrim.. 152	Ganges.....166	Romney.....191	
Hiding place... 77	Uxbridge.....55	Dundee.....85	Humble Praise.. 133	Humility.....340	Harmonia.....170	Stow.....186	
Italy.....263	Vestal.....79	Elizabethtown. 309	Idumea.....131	Melody.....147	METRE 10. 10,10,11,11.	Hanover.....193	
John Street.....278	Wells.....60	Evan.....326	Laban.....142	Mount Veruon.. 295	Kidgwood.....168	Harmony.....192	
Kedron.....62	Westford.....250	Evening Twilight 93	Lathrop.....145	New Monmouth. 151	Refuge.....167	Lyons.....195	
Kimbolton.....68	Wethersfield... 251	Fairfield.....104	Lisbon.....130	Olney.....152	Transport.....172	Stockbridge.... 194	
King-bridge.....74	Winchester... 65	Farnham.....120	Little Marlboro' 127	Penitence.....150	METRE 7. 8,7,8,7,4,7.	Unitia.....194	
Loud Hallelujah. 266	Windham.....54	Fiducia.....122	St. Ann's.....123	Reconcilement.. 153	Dresden.....178	Wurtemberg.... 306	
Loving Kindness 268	METRE 2.	Felicity.....284	St. Martins.....90	Ripley.....156			
Luton.....58	COMMON METRE	Funeral Thought. 110	St. Olaves.....89	Sabbath S. Hymn 354			
Magdeburg.....61	8,6,8,6.	Geneva.....96	St. Stephens... 89	Saxony.....154			
	Antioch.....96	Greenville.... 116	Suffield.....121	Zell.....155			
			Swan-wich.....92				
			The Dying Pen't. 298				
			Tisbury.....112				

METRE 11. 4 lines 11's.	New Salem. . . 211 Zion's Pilgrim . 210	METRE 23. 10.10.10.10.11.11.	METRE 32. 5,5,5,11.	METRE 42. 6 lines 10's.	METRE 52. 11,11,14,11.	METRE 62. 11,8,11,8.	METRE 74. 8 lines 10's.
Bavaria 197	METRE 16. 7,6,7,6,7,8,7,6.	Mount Carmel . 222	New Year . . . 232	Sovereign Sum. 238	Lovely Morning 217	Adoration . . . 261	Newkirk 347
Cana 340	Mendon 212	Zion 223	METRE 33. 8 7,8,7,7,8,7.	Wilton 319	METRE 53. 9,8,9,8,9,8,10,8.	METRE 63. 8,8,4,8,8,4.	METRE 75. 8,7,8,7,6,6,6,6.
Christ'n Farew ^l 1199	Salisbury . . . 213	METRE 24. 8,8,8,8,8,4.	Germany . . . 232	METRE 43. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.	Heavenly Treas.248	Stream of Death274	Langdon 348
Garden 344	METRE 17. 7,7,7,7,7,7.	Gospel Trumpet 221	METRE 34. 11,11,11,5.	Boundless Merc.239	METRE 54. 12,9,12,9,12,9,12,9.	METRE 64. 8,8,6,8,8.	METRE 76. 7,5,7,5,7,5,7,5.
Gospel Illumina.288	Mount Calvary.215	Joyful Sound. . 224	Voice of Warn'g233	METRE 44. 9,8,9,8,9,8,9,8.	Palestine . . . 252	Gethsemane . . 276	Rockvale 348
Hinton 198	Petersfield . . 214	METRE 25. 8,7,8,7,7,7.	METRE 35. 10.11,10,11.	Benevolence . . 241	METRE 55. 8,8,8,8,7,7.	METRE 65. 11,12,12,12.	METRE 77. 8,6,8,6,8,8,8,6.
Prescott 196	Sabbath 214	Hamburg. . . . 225	Sweet Harmony 234	Final Decision . 210	Spring 253	The Chariot . . . 282	Good News . . 313
Protection . . . 196	METRE 18. 6 6,4,6,6,6,4.	Parting Words. 338	METRE 26. 6,6,8,4,6,6,8,4.	Redeeming grac242	METRE 56. 8,8,8,8,6,6,6,6,4,8.	METRE 66. 8,8,8,8,8,8,3.	METRE 78. 10,7,10,7,10,
St. Dennis . . . 198	Dort 217	METRE 27. 6,6,6,6,8,6,8,4.	Leoni 226	METRE 45. 7,7,7,5,7,7,7,5.	Christian Warf. 242	METRE 67. 6 5,6,5,3.	Homeward boun351
Wesley 200	Olivet 216	METRE 28. 11,10,11,10.	Come ye Discon228	METRE 46. 8,3,3,6.	METRE 46. 8,6,8,6,8,8,8,6.	God is Love . . 285	METRE 79. 11,12,12,11.
METRE 12. 8 lines 8's.	Swanton 216	METRE 29. 11,11,11,10.	Hail to the Br't.227	Evening Thou't243	METRE 47. 6,5,6,5,8,7,8,7.	METRE 69. 9,8,9,8,9,8,9,8.	METRE 79. 11,12,12,11.
Conflict 202	Trinity 217	METRE 30. 6,6,6,6,8,6,8,6.	Star in the East.226	METRE 47. 6,5,6,5,8,7,8,7.	Exhortation . . 244	The Fatherland 320	The Rock. . . . 352
Deliverance . . 201	METRE 19. 8,7,8,7,7,7,8,6.	Friendship . . . 229	Babylonian Cap.330	METRE 48. 6,5,6,5,6,6,6,5.	METRE 48. 11,11,11,11,5,11.	METRE 70. 14,12,14,12,10,8,6.	METRE VARIOUS
Greenfields. . . 200	Harwell 218	METRE 29. 11,11,11,10.	Holy Rest . . . 235	Exhortation . . 244	METRE 49. 8,6,8,8,6.	14,12,14,12,10,8,6.	Dismission Anth314
New Jerusalem 202	METRE 20. 6,6,9,6,6,9.	METRE 30. 8,8,7,8,8,7.	METRE 38. 10,6,10,6,8,8,8,6.	METRE 49. 8,6,8,8,6.	Sweet Friendshi244	Thanksgiving H.321	Easter Anthem304
Utica 203	Exultation . . . 219	METRE 31. 6 6,6,6.	Believer's Depar236	Peaceful Rest . 245	METRE 49. 6,6,7,7,7,7.	Home 257	Easter Anthem304
METRE 13. 7,6,7,6,7,7,6.	New Concord . 218	METRE 32. 12,11,12,11,12,12,	METRE 39. 7,7,8,7,7,8,7.	METRE 50. 6,6,7,7,7,7.	METRE 49. 8,6,8,8,6.	Oh had I wings.343	Farewell Anth322
Amsterdam. . . 204	Eden of Love . 220	12,11.	Praise Victori . 276	Solicitude . . . 246	METRE 50. 6,6,7,7,7,7.	METRE 72. 9,10,10,5,6,5.	Heavenly Vision296
Warning Voice. 205	METRE 21. 12,11,12,11,12,12,	12,11.	METRE 40. 7,8,7,8,7,7.	METRE 51. 7,7,7,7,6,6,7,7.	METRE 51. 7,7,7,7,6,6,7,7.	METRE 73. 6,4,6,4,6,7,6,7.	How Beautiful. 336
METRE 14. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.	METRE 22. 6 lines 11's.	Eden of Love . 220	METRE 41. 12,11,12,8.	METRE 51. 7,7,7,7,6,6,7,7.	METRE 51. 7,7,7,7,6,6,7,7.	The Orphan's Pr345	Jerusalem my gl332
Aspiration . . . 208	Daughter of Zion221	METRE 22. 6 lines 11's.	METRE 41. 12,11,12,8.	Peaceful Rest . 245	METRE 51. 7,7,7,7,6,6,7,7.	METRE 73. 6,4,6,4,6,7,6,7.	Songs of Praise. 338
Brandenburg . . 209	Solemn Parting. 231	METRE 22. 6 lines 11's.	METRE 41. 12,11,12,8.	Solicitude . . . 246	METRE 51. 7,7,7,7,6,6,7,7.	The Happy Lan346	The earth is the316
Illumination . . 206		METRE 22. 6 lines 11's.	METRE 41. 12,11,12,8.	METRE 51. 7,7,7,7,6,6,7,7.	METRE 51. 7,7,7,7,6,6,7,7.		The Rose of Sha310
Morning Light . 210		METRE 22. 6 lines 11's.	METRE 41. 12,11,12,8.	METRE 51. 7,7,7,7,6,6,7,7.	METRE 51. 7,7,7,7,6,6,7,7.		
Romaine 207		METRE 22. 6 lines 11's.	METRE 41. 12,11,12,8.	METRE 51. 7,7,7,7,6,6,7,7.	METRE 51. 7,7,7,7,6,6,7,7.		
METRE 15. 11,8,11,8,11,8,11,8.		METRE 22. 6 lines 11's.	METRE 41. 12,11,12,8.	METRE 51. 7,7,7,7,6,6,7,7.	METRE 51. 7,7,7,7,6,6,7,7.		
Be joyful in God.330		METRE 22. 6 lines 11's.	METRE 41. 12,11,12,8.	METRE 51. 7,7,7,7,6,6,7,7.	METRE 51. 7,7,7,7,6,6,7,7.		

INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

<p>AFFLICTED :sint to Christ dr. 55 Again the day returns of holy res 235 Ab guilty sinner, ruin'd by trans 233 Alas and did my Savior bleed... 114 All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name 108 Along the bank where Babel's... 330 Amazing grace, how sweet the 116 Am I a soldier of the cross... 86 And am I only born to die... 171 And can it be that I should gain 182 And let this feeble body fail... 302 Aud must this body die... 130 Angels roll the rock away... 166 A poor way-faring Man of grief 259 Arise arise with joy survey... 78 Arise my soul arise... 188 Arise my tend'rest thought arise 63 As on the cross the Savior hung 298 As when the weary traveler gam 276 Awake awake the sacred song 86 Awake Jerusalem awake... 73 Awaked by Sinai's awful sound 166 Awake my soul and with the sun 76 Awake my soul in joyful lays... 268</p>	<p>Burst ye emerald gates and bring 234 By cool Sloom's shady rill... 283 COME all who love my Lord... 242 Come all ye saints of God... 216 Come away to the skies... 219 Come children learn to fear the 117 Come children of Zion and help 200 Come humble sinners in whose 294 Come gracious spirit, heavenly 75 Come humble sinners in whose 294 Come let us anew... 232 Come let us join our friends abo 334 Come let us now forget our mirth 99 Come O thou traveler unknown 183 Come thou almighty King... 217 Come thou Fount of every bless 151 Come weary souls with us up 69 Come we that love the Lord... 131 Come ye di-consolate where'er 228 Come ye that love the Savior's 92</p>	<p>Father how wide thy glories... 281 Father I long I faint to see... 122 Father I stretch my hands to... 89 Father now the day is passing 354 Father of mercies, in thy word 92 From deep distress and troubled 60 From every stormy wind that—277 From Greenland's icy mountain 207 From thee my God my joys shall 116 Give to the wind thy fears... 139 Give to our God immortal praise 63 Glorious things of thee are spok 154 Glory to thee my God this night 273 God is a name my soul adores... 272 God moves in a mysterious way 99 God of my life look gently down 85 God of my salvation hear... 213 Go when the morning shineth... 298 Grace 'tis a pleasing sound... 335 Great God indulge my humble... 74 Great God let all our tuneful... 249 Great God whose univers... 279 Great is the Lord our God... 138 Guide me O thou great Jehovah 180</p>
<p>BEFORE Jehovah's awful thro 270 Begone unbelt my Savior is... 194 Behold the glories of the Lamb 90 Behold the lofty sky... 134 Behold the Savior of mankind 102 Behold what wondrous grace... 341 Be joyful in God all ye bands of 330 Beyond where Cebron's waters 276 Bless'd are the sons of peace... 127 Bless O my soul the living God 61 Best are the humble souls Best be the tie that binds Best Comforter Best I Br</p>	<p>DARK and thorny is the desert 156 Daughter of Zion awake from... 221 Daughter of Zion from the dust 87 Day of judgment day of wonder 173 Dear Savior we are thine... 142 Depth of mercy can there be... 160 Descend from heav'n immortal 250 Destruction's dangerous road... 132 Did Jehovah but design me... 232 Do not I love thee O my Lord... 309 Do this and remember the blood 340 Drooping souls no longer grieve 2:9</p>	<p>HAIL all hail blest Sabbath mo 174 Hail my ever-bless'd Jesus... 147 Hail sov'reign love that first be 77 Hail the blest morn when the... 2:6 Hail the day that saw him rise... 297 Hail thou once despised Jesus... 152 Hail to the brightness of Zion... 2:7 Hail to the Lord's Anointed... 295 Happy the soul that Hark the voice of love and mer 174 Hark what mean those holy voi 149 Hark ye mortals hear the trump 350 Hasten Lord the glorious time... 162 Head of the church triumphant 236 Hear gracious God my humble 301 Hear the royal proclamation... 282 Hearts of stone relent relent... 215 He dies the friend of sinners dies 56 He's gone the spotless soul is... 353 High in the heavens, eternal God 64 Higher ye faithful haste with... 230 Holy Jesus, lovely Lamb... 139 Hosanna to the Prince of light 108 House of our God with cheerful 223 How are thy servants blest O... 111 How beautiful are their feet... 140 How beautiful upon the mount... 336 How blest is our brother hereft 201 How charming is the place... 342 How did my heart rejoice to see 104 How firm a foundation ye saints 196 How gentle God's command... 145 How good our God in every... 241 How happy is the pilgrim's lot 169 How heavy is the night... 132 How lovely and how fair... 191 How lovely how divinely sweet 70 How pleasant and divinely fair 66 How peaceful thus to dwell below 250 How shall the young come their 57 How sweet and awful is the place 284 How sweet the name of Jesus... 88</p>
<p>EARLY <small>see G. A. with...</small> 194</p>	<p>JERUSALEM my happy home 99 Jerusalem my glorious home... 342 Jesus dear name how sweet it... 61 Jesus full of all compassion... 159 Jesus I my cross have taken... 159 Jesus lives my trust secure... 237 Jesus my Savior Brother Friend 71 Jesus my Savior let me be... 80 Jesus our triumphant Head... 324 Jesus' precious name excels... 165 Jesus thou art my King... 216 Jesus thou art the sinner's friend 1:9 Jesus shall reign where'er the... 278 Jesus thy boundless love to me 1:1 Joyfully joyfully onward I move 347 Joy to the world th. Lord is... 86</p>	<p>LET every creature join to bless 187 Let every creature join to praise 124 Let every mortal ear attend... 112 Let me go the day is breaking... 333 Let sinners take their com-e... 147 Let us sing... 241</p>

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Holmstedde

April 7, 1872

3

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