

THE  
**HARMONIAD**  
AND  
**SACRED MELODIST.**  
COMPRISING A FINE COLLECTION OF  
POPULAR SONGS AND HYMNS,  
FOR SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

BY ASA FITZ,  
AUTHOR OF THE "COLUMBIAN SONG BOOK," "SACRED MINSTREL," "PARLOR HARP," &c.

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# THE HARMONIAD.

---

COME, SOUND HIS PRAISE ABROAD. S. M. SILVER STREET.

1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah is the  
2. He formed the deeps un - known; He gave the seas their bound; The wa - tery worlds are

The first system of musical notation is in 4/2 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

sov - ereign God, The u - - ni - ver - sal King.  
all his own, And all the sol - id ground.

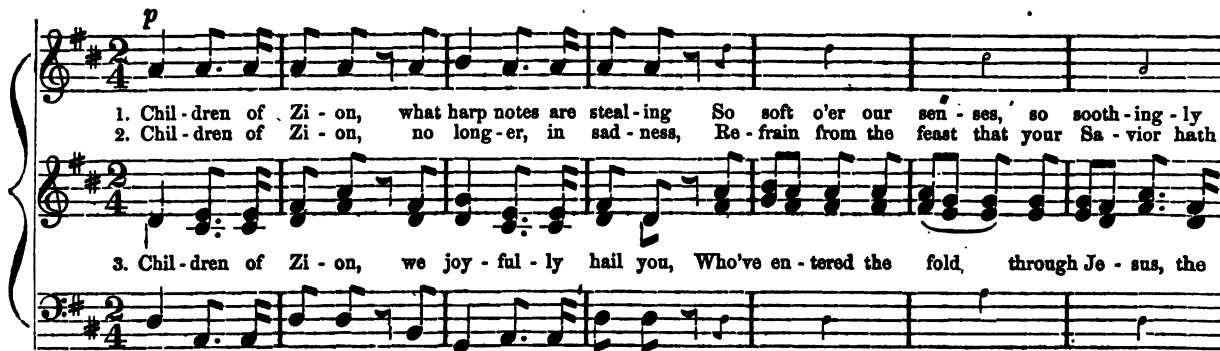
The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the notes.

3.  
Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord;  
We are his work, and not our own;  
He formed us by his word.

4.  
To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.

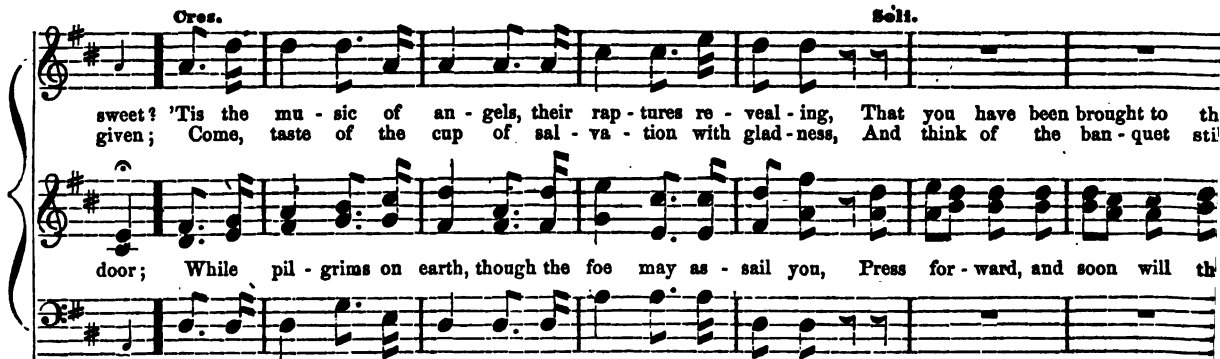
## CHILDREN OF ZION. 11s &amp; 12s.

*p*



1. Chil-dren of Zi-on, what harp notes are steal-ing So soft o'er our sen-ses, so sooth-ing-ly  
 2. Chil-dren of Zi-on, no long-er, in sad-ness, Re-frain from the feast that your Sa-vior hath  
 3. Chil-dren of Zi-on, we joy-ful-ly hail you, Who've en-tered the fold, through Je-sus, the

*Cres.* *Soli.*



sweet? 'Tis the mu-sic of an-gels, their rap-tures re-veal-ing, That you have been brought to th  
 given; Come, taste of the cup of sal-va-tion with glad-ness, And think of the ban-quet stil  
 door; While pil-grims on earth, though the foe may as-sail you, Press for-ward, and soon will th



# CONCLUDED.

**Tutti.**

*p*

Ho - ly One's feet. Chil - dren of Zi - on, we join in their wel - come; 'Tis sweet to lie  
sweet - er in heaven. Chil - dren of Zi - on, our hearts bid you wel - come To the church of the  
con - flict be o'er. Chil - dren of Zi - on, O wel - come, thrice wel - come, Till we meet where the

low in that bless - ed re - treat, 'Tis sweet to lie low in that bless - ed re - treat.  
ran - somed, the king - dom of heaven, To the church of the ran - somed, the king - dom of heaven.  
foe shall op - press you no more, Till we meet where the foe shall op - press you no more.

FINE.

1. Hail, thou blest morn, when the Great Me - di - a - tor Down from the re - gions of glo - ry de - scends;  
 Shep - herds, go wor - ship the Babe in the man - ger; Lo, for his guard the bright an - gels at - tend.  
 Star in the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

D. C.

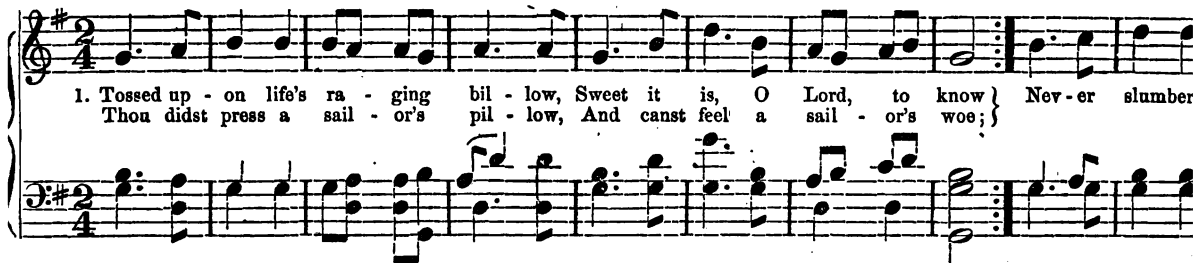
Brightest and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us thine aid;

2.  
 Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,  
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the  
 stall;  
 Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,  
 Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.  
 Brightest and best, &c.

3.  
 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
 Odors of Edom and offerings divine?  
 Gems from the mountain and pearls from  
 the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest and gold from the  
 Brightest and best, &c. [mine?]

4.  
 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.  
 Brightest and best, &c.

# TOSSED UPON LIFE'S RAGING BILLOW. 8s & 7s.



1. Tossed up - on life's ra - ging bil - low, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know } Nev - er slumber  
Thou didst press a sail - or's pil - low, And canst feel a sail - or's woe;



nev - er sleep - ing, Though the night be dark and drear, Thou the faith - ful watch art keep - in,

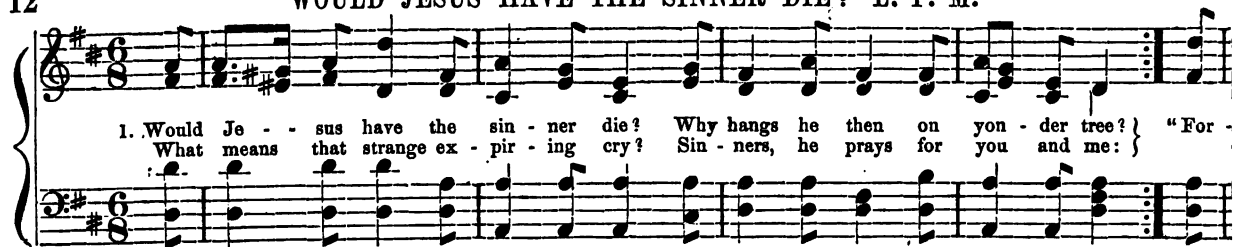


"All, all's well," thy con - stant cheer.

2.  
And though loud the wind is howling, Fierce though flash the lightnings  
Darkly though the storm cloud's lowering O'er the sailor's anxious head,  
Thou canst calm the raging ocean, All its noise and tumult still,  
Hush the tempest's wild commotion, At the bidding of thy will.

3.  
Thus my heart the hope will cherish, While to thee I lift mine eye,  
Thou wilt save me ere I perish, Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.  
And though mast and sail be riven, Life's short voyage will soon be o'er;  
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven, Storm and tempest vex no more.

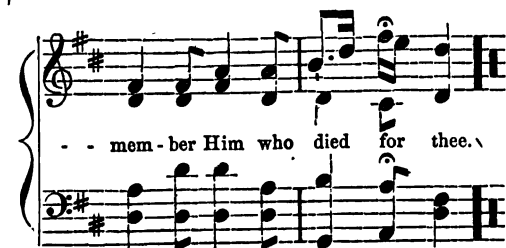
## WOULD JESUS HAVE THE SINNER DIE? L. P. M.



1. Would Je - - sus have the sin - ner die? Why hangs he then on yon - der tree? } "For -  
What means that strange ex - pir - ing cry? Sin - ners, he prays for you and me: }



give them, Fa - ther, O forgive; They know not that by me they live!" O sin - ner, then thy Sa - vior see; Re -



- - mem - ber Him who died for thee.

2.

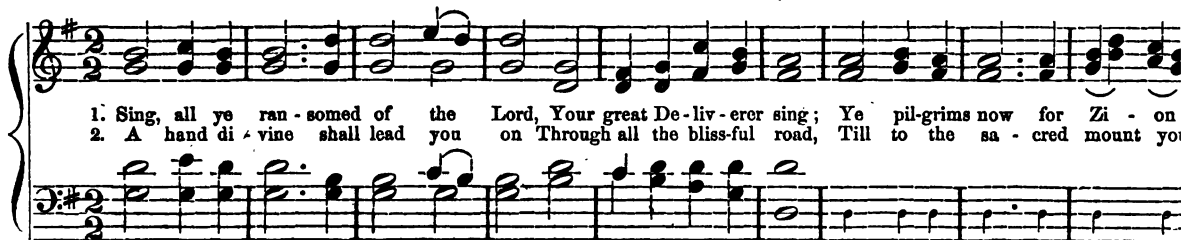
Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb, Thee, by thy painful agony,  
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame, Thy cross and passion on the tree,  
Thy precious death and life, I pray Take all, take all my sins away.  
O sinner, then thy Savior see; Remember Him who died for thee.

3.

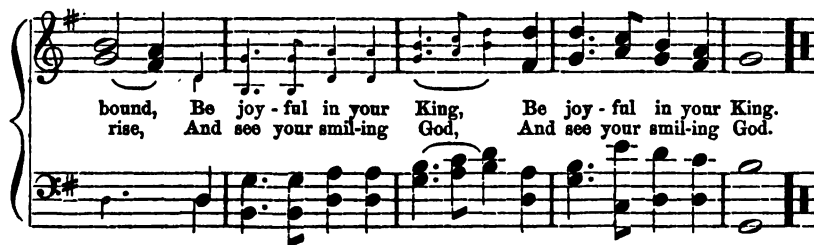
O, let me kiss thy bleeding feet, And bathe and wash them with my tears,  
The story of thy love repeat In every drooping sinner's ears,  
That all may hear the quickening sound, Since I, e'en I, have mercy found.  
O sinner, thou thy Savior see; Remember Him who died for thee.

# SING, ALL YE RANSOMED. C. M.

NICHOLS.



1. Sing, all ye ran-somed of the Lord, Your great De-liv-er-er sing; Ye pil-grims now for Zi-on  
2. A hand di-vine shall lead you on Through all the bliss-ful road, Till to the sa-cred mount you



bound, Be joy-ful in your King, Be joy-ful in your King.  
rise, And see your smil-ing God, And see your smil-ing God.

3.  
Bright garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on every head;  
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,  
Like shadows, all are fled.

4.  
March on in your Redeemer's strengt  
Pursue his footsteps still;  
With joyful hope still fix your eye  
On Zion's heavenly hill.

## Praise from all Nature.

1.  
Begin the high, celestial strain,  
My raptured soul, and sing  
A sacred hymn of grateful praise  
To heaven's almighty King.

2.  
Ye curling fountains, as ye roll  
Your silver waves along,  
Repeat to all your verdant shores  
The subject of the song.

3.  
Bear it, ye breezes, on your wings,  
To distant climes away,  
And round the wide-extended world  
The lefty theme convey.

*Allegretto.*

1. Ear - ly, my God, with - out de - lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirst - y spir - it faints a -  
 2. So pil-grims on the scorch-ing sand, Be - neath a burn - ing sky, Long for a cool - ing stream at

- - way, My thirst - y spir - it faints a - way, With - out thy cheer - ing grace.  
 hand, Long for a cool - ing stream at hand, And they must drink, or die.

## Christian Union.

1.  
 Our souls by love together knit,  
 Cemented, mixed in one,  
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,  
 'Tis heaven on earth begun.

2.  
 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,  
 And set'st thy starry crown, —  
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,  
 Proclaimed by thee thine own, —

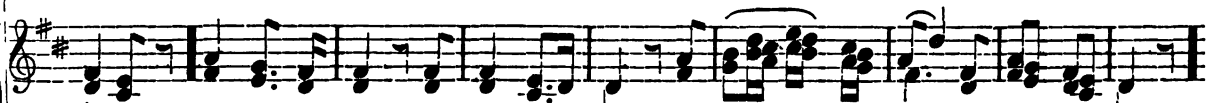
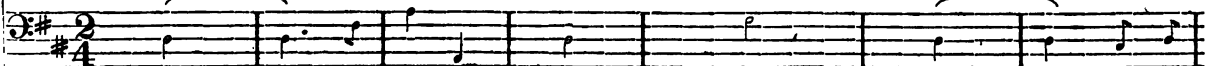
3.  
 May we, a little band of love,  
 We, sinners saved by grace,  
 From glory unto glory changed,  
 Behold thee face to face.

# PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL.

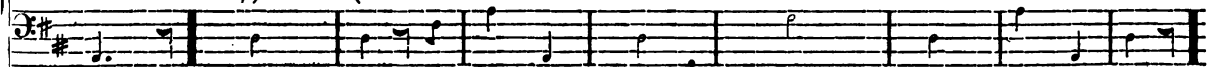
MAZZINGHI. 15



1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plain - tive moan Hath taught . . . . these rocks the notes of  
2. Come, free - ly come, by sin op - pressed, Un - bur - - den here thy weight - y



woe; Cease thy com - plaint, sup - press thy groan, And let . . . . thy tears for - get to flow;  
load; Here find thy ref - uge and thy rest, And trust . . . . the mer - cy of thy God;



Be - hold the pre - cious balm is found, To lull . . . . . thy pain, to heal thy wound.  
Thy God's thy Sa - vior; glo - rious word! For - ev - - - er love and praise the Lord.



Andante. Sotto Voce.

1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sove - reign will de - nies, Ac - cept - ed at thy

throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:

2.  
 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
 From every murmur free;  
 The blessings of thy grace impart,  
 And make me live to thee.

3.  
 "O, let the hope that thou art mine  
 My life and death attend,  
 Thy presence through my journey shine,  
 And crown my journey's end."

## The Bible a Treasure.

1.  
 This is the field where hidden lies  
 The pearl of price unknown;  
 Those children are divinely wise  
 Who make that pearl their own.

2.  
 Here consecrated water flows,  
 To quench our thirst of sin;  
 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
 Nor danger dwells therein.

3.  
 O, may thy counsels, mighty God,  
 Our roving feet command,  
 Nor we forsake the happy road  
 That leads to thy right hand.



# LONG AS I LIVE. C. M.

DEDHAM. 17

*Moderato.*

1. Long as I live I'll bless thy name, My King, my God of love; My work and  
 2. Great is the Lord; his power un - known; O, let his praise be great; I'll sing the

joy shall be the same In bright - er worlds a - bove.  
 hon - ors of thy throne, Thy works of grace re - peat.

3.  
 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,  
 And children learn thy ways,  
 Ages to come thy truth proclaim,  
 And nations sound thy praise.

4.  
 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date  
 Shall through the world be known,  
 Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,  
 With public splendor shown.

## Solitude.

1.  
 I love to steal a while away  
 From every cumbering care,  
 And spend the hours of setting day  
 In humble, grateful prayer.

2.  
 I love in solitude to shed  
 The penitential tear,  
 And all his promises to plead  
 Where none but God is near.

3.  
 I love to think on mercies past,  
 And future good implore,  
 And all my cares and sorrows cast  
 On Him whom I adore.

## WHAT HEAVENLY MUSIC DO I HEAR. C. M.

1. What heav-enly mu - sic do I hear, Sal - va - tion sounding free! Ye souls in bond-age, lend an ear  
 2. How sweet - ly do the tid - ings roll All round from sea to sea, From land to land, from pole to pole  
 3. Good news, good news to Ad - am's race; Let Christians all a - gree To sing re - deem-ing love and grace

This is the ju - bi - lee. Ye souls in bond-age, lend an ear; This is the ju - bi - lee.  
 This is the ju - bi - lee. From land to land, from pole to pole; This is the ju - bi - lee.  
 This is the ju - bi - lee. To sing re - deem-ing love and grace; This is the ju - bi - lee

4.

The gospel sounds a sweet release  
 To all in misery,  
 And bids them welcome home to peace;  
**This is the jubilee.**

5.

Jesus is on the mercy-seat;  
 Before him bend the knee;  
 Let heaven and earth his praise repeat;  
**This is the jubilee.**

6.

Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring  
 With songs of harmony;  
 While on the road to Canaan sing,  
**This is the jubilee.**

Moderato.

1. Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes the church - es  
 2. In Zi - on God is known, A ref - uge in dis - tress; How bright has his sal -

his a - bode, His most de - light - ful seat.  
 - - - va - tion shone! How fair his heaven - ly grace!

3.  
 These temples of his grace,  
 How beautiful they stand!  
 The honors of our native place,  
 And bulwarks of our land.

4.  
 Oft have our fathers told,  
 Our eyes have often seen,  
 How well our God secures the fold  
 Where his own sheep have been.

## Gratitude.

1.

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

2.

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

3.

Thy goodness, like the sun,  
 Dawned on my early days,  
 Ere infant reason had begun  
 To form my lips to praise.

4.

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

*Dolce e Piano.*

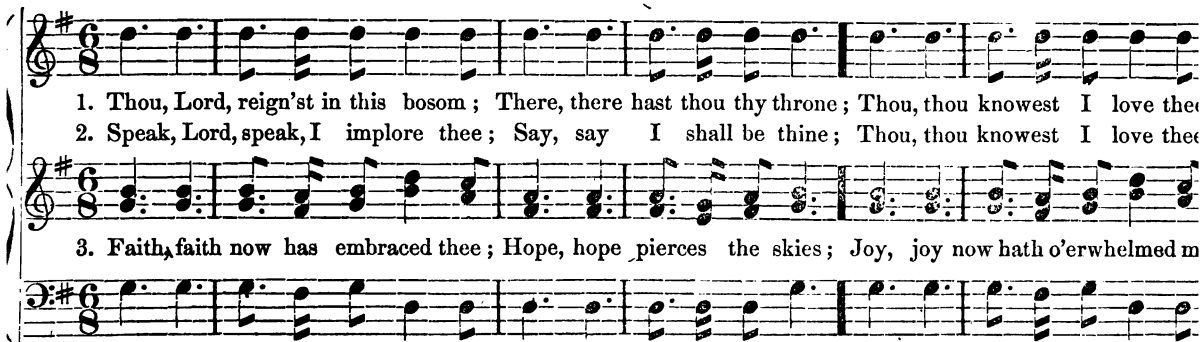
1. Our Fa-ther, God, who art in heaven, To thy great name be rev-erence given; Thy peaceful kingdom wide ex-tend,

And reign, O Lord, till time shall end. Thy sa-cred will on earth be done, As 'tis by an-gels round thy throne;

And let us ev-ery day be fed With earth-ly and with heavenly bread.

2.  
Our sins forgive, and teach us  
thus  
To pardon those who injure us;  
Our shield in all temptations  
prove,  
And every trial far remove.  
Thine is the kingdom to control,  
And thine the power to save the  
soul;  
Great be the glory of thy reign;  
Let every creature say, Amen.

# THOU, LORD, REIGN'ST IN THIS BOSOM.



1. Thou, Lord, reign'st in this bosom ; There, there hast thou thy throne ; Thou, thou knowest I love thee  
 2. Speak, Lord, speak, I implore thee ; Say, say I shall be thine ; Thou, thou knowest I love thee

3. Faith, faith now has embraced thee ; Hope, hope pierces the skies ; Joy, joy now hath o'erwhelmed me



Am I not surely thine own ? O Lord, my God ! am I not surely thine own ?  
 Say but that thou wilt be mine ; Je - sus, Sa - vior ! say but that thou wilt be mine.

On wings of bright glo - ry I rise ; Glo - ry, glo - ry ! I am for - ev - er thine own.

## SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS, ARISE. 7s &amp; 6s.

Slow.

1. Sol - diers of the cross, a - rise! Lo, your Lead - er from the skies Waves be - fore you

2. Now the fight of faith be - gin; Be no more the slaves of sin; Strive the vic - tor's  
glo - ry's prize, The prize of vic - to - ry. Seize your ar - mor, gird it on;  
pelm to win, Trust - ing in the Lord. Gird ye on the ar - mor bright,

# CONCLUDED.

2

Now the bat - tle will be won! See, the strife will soon be done; Then strug-gle man - ful - ly.

War - riors of the King of light; Nev - er yield, nor lose by flight Your di - vine re - ward.

3.

Jesus conquered when he fell,  
Met and vanquished earth and hell;  
Now he leads you on, to swell  
The triumphs of his cross.  
Though all earth and hell appear,  
Who will doubt, or who can fear?  
God our strength and shield is near;  
We cannot lose our cause.

4.

Fear not, though a feeble band,  
Marching through a hostile land;  
Guided by a mighty hand  
Ye shall win the day.  
Faithful to your banner be,  
Ever fighting manfully;  
Laurels shall be won by thee,  
Fading not away.

5.

Onward, then, ye hosts of God!  
Jesus points the victor's rod;  
Follow where your Leader trod;  
You soon shall see his face.  
Soon, your enemies all slain,  
Crowns of glory you shall gain,  
And walk among that glorious train  
Who shout their Savior's praise.

## COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

WEBBE.

*Largo. Solo.*

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er you lan - guish; Come, at the shrine of God fer - vent - ly kneel;  
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing; Hope, when all oth - ers die, fade - less and pure;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that Heaven can - not heal.  
Here speaks the Com - fort - er, in God's name say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that Heaven can - not cure."

**CHORUS.**

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that Heaven can - not heal.  
Here speaks the Com - fort - er, in God's name say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that Heaven can - not cure."



# THERE IS AN HOUR. C. M.

WOODSTOCK. 2

Slow and Soft.

1. There is an hour of hal - lowed peace For those with care op - pressed, When sighs and - sor - row ir  
2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears And doubts that here an - noy; Then they that oft had

fears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest.  
sown in tears Shall reap a - gain in joy.

3.  
There is an hour of sweet repose,  
When storms assail no more;  
The stream of endless pleasure flows  
On that celestial shore.

4.  
There purity with love appears,  
And bliss without alloy;  
There they that oft had sown in tears  
Shall reap eternal joy

## Thy Neighbor.

1.  
Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou  
Hast power to aid or bless;  
Whose aching heart or burning brow  
Thy soothing hand may press.

2.  
Thy neighbor? It is the fainting poor,  
Whose eye with want is dim;  
O, enter thou his humble door,  
With aid and peace for him.

3.  
Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;  
Perhaps thou canst redeem  
A breaking heart from misery;  
Go, share thy lot with him.

## O, NO, WE CANNOT SING THE SONG. C. M.

1. O, no, we can - not sing the song Made for Je - ho - vah's praise; } They bid us be in mirthful mood;  
 Our sor-rowing harps re - fuse their strings To Zi - on's glad-some strains; }  
 2. Si - lent our harps o'er Ba - bel's stream Are hung on wil - lows wet; } Je - ru - sa-lem, thy ban - ished ones  
 And Zi - on we no more shall see, But we can ne'er for - get; }

And dry these tears so sad; But Ju-dah's hearths are des - o - late, And how can we be glad?  
 Prove an - guish and re - gret; But Heaven's own curse shall rest on them, If thee they e'er for - get.

Hope thou in God.

1.

O Thou who driest the mourner's tear,  
 How dark this world would be,  
 If, pierced by sins and sorrow here,  
 We could not fly to thee.  
 The friends who in our sunshine live,  
 When winter comes, are flown;

And he who has but tears to give  
 Must weep those tears alone.

2.

O, who could bear life's stormy doom,  
 Did not thy wing of love

Come, brightly wafting through the gloom  
 Our peace branch from above.  
 Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright  
 With more than rapture's ray:  
 As darkness shows us worlds of light  
 We never saw by day.

1. Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, on-ward I move, Bound for the land of bright spirits a - bove; } Soon, with my pil-grim-age  
 An-gel-ic chor-is - ters sing as I come, "Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, haste to thy home." } Home to the land of brig

end - ed be - low, } Pil-grim and stranger no more shall I roam, Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly rest-ing at home.  
 spir - its I go; }

2.

Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before;  
 Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;  
 Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,  
 "Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."  
 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;  
 Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear;  
 Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,  
 "Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home;"

3.

Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low;  
 Strike, king of terrors; I fear not the blow;  
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;  
 Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.  
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;  
 Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;  
 Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,  
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

1. A - way from his home and the friends of his youth, He hasted, the her - ald of

2. The stranger's eye wept, that in life's brightest bloom, One gift - ed so high - ly should

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and 4/4 time. The bottom two staves are a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line corresponding to the top staff and the second line corresponding to the bottom two staves. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings.

mer - cy and truth, For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost; Soon, a -

sink to the tomb; For in ar - dor he led in the van of the host, And he

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of three staves in the same key and time signature. The lyrics continue across the staves, with the first line of the system corresponding to the top staff and the second line corresponding to the bottom two staves. The musical notation includes various note values and rests, maintaining the rhythmic flow of the piece.

las! was his fall, but he died at his post, Soon, a - las! was his fall, but he died at his post.  
 fell like a soldier, he died at his post, And he fell like a soldier, he died at his post.

3.

He wept not himself that his warfare was done;  
 The battle was fought and the victory won;  
 But he whispered of those whom his heart loved the most,  
 "Tell my brethren for me that I died at my post."

4.

He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse;  
 He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse;  
 But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,  
 That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5

Victorious his fall — for he rose as he fell,  
 With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;  
 He has passed o'er the sea, he has reached the bright coast,  
 For he fell like a martyr — he died at his post.

6.

And can we the words of our brother forget?  
 O, no! they are fresh in our memory yet;  
 An example so sacred shall never be lost;  
 We will fall in the work — we will die at our post.

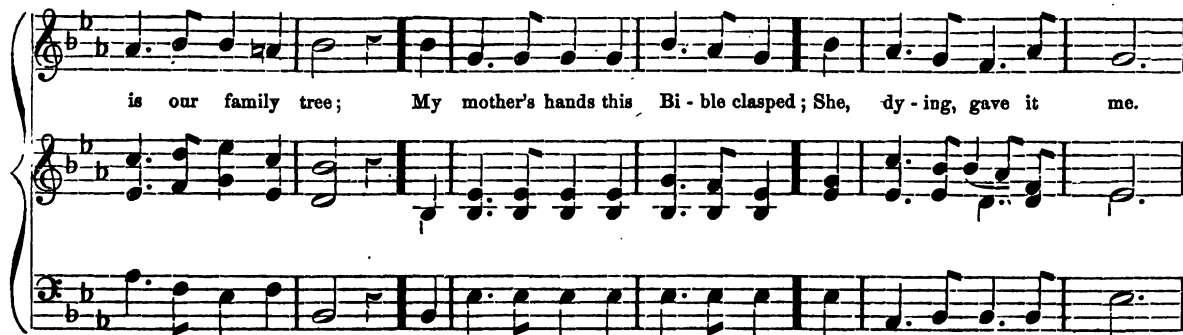
1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid-den start; With fal-tering lip and

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time, with lyrics underneath. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in the right hand, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in the left hand. The music is in common time (4/4) and features a key signature of one flat (B-flat).

throb-bing brow I press it to my heart; For ma--ny gen-e--ra-tions passed, Here

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of three staves: a vocal line with lyrics, a right-hand piano accompaniment, and a left-hand piano accompaniment. The key signature and time signature remain the same (one flat, 4/4).

# CONCLUDED.



2.

Ah ! well do I remember those  
Whose names these records bear ;  
Who round the hearth-stone used to close,  
After the evening prayer,  
And speak of what these pages said,  
In tones my heart would thrill !  
Though they are with the silent dead,  
Here are they living still.

3

3.

My father read this holy book  
To brothers, sisters dear —  
How calm was my poor mother's look,  
Who loved God's word to hear !  
Her angel face — I see it yet :  
What thronging memories come !  
Again that little group is met  
Within the walls of home.

4.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,  
Thy constancy I've tried ;  
When all were false, I've found thee true  
My counsellor and guide.  
The mines of earth no treasure give  
That could this volume buy :  
In teaching me the way to live,  
It taught me how to die.

## WHAT'S THIS THAT STEALS.

1. What's this that steals, that steals up - on my frame? Is it death? Is it death? }  
That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame? Is it death? Is it death? } If this be death, I

2. Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep not for me; All is well, All is well. }  
My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free; All is well, All is well. } There's not a cloud that

3. Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory; All is well, All is well. }  
I will re - hearse, rehearse the pleasing story; All is well, All is well. } Bright angels are from

soon shall be From every pain and sorrow free, I shall the King of glory see; All is well, All is well.

doth a - rise, To hide my Savior from my eyes; I soon shall mount the upper skies; All is well, All is well.

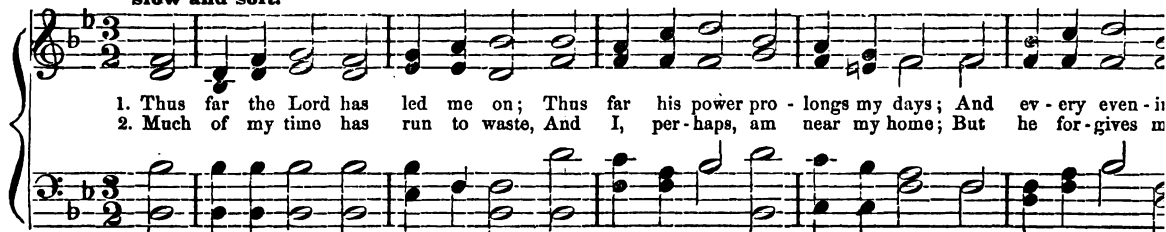
glory come; They're round my bed, they're in my room, They wait to waft my spirit home; All is well, All is well.



# THUS FAR THE LORD HAS LED ME ON. L. M.

HEBRON.

Slow and Soft.



1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his power pro - longs my days; And ev - ery even - in  
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per - haps, am near my home; But he for - gives me



shall make known Some fresh me - mo - rial of his grace.  
fol - lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.

3.  
I lay my body down to sleep;  
Peace is the pillow for my head,  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed

4.  
Faith in his name forbids my fear;  
O, may thy presence ne'er depart;  
And in the morning make me hear  
Thy love and kindness in my heart

## Morning Hymn.

1.  
God of the morning, at thy voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey through the skies.

2.  
O, like the sun may I fulfil  
Th'appointed duties of the day,  
With ready mind and active will  
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3.  
Give me thy counsels for my guide,  
And then receive me to thy bliss;  
All my desires and hopes beside  
Are faint and cold compared with

*Spirited.*

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and  
 2. Il - lu - mined by the light di - vine, Let thy own light to oth - ers shine; Re - flect all heaven's pro-

joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.  
 - - pi - tious rays, In ar - dent love and - cheer - ful praise.

3.  
 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;  
 Scatter my sins like morning dew;  
 Guard my first springs of thought  
 and will,  
 And with thyself my spirit fill.

4.  
 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
 All I design, or do, or say,  
 That all my powers, with all their  
 might,  
 In thy sole glory may unite.

---

Delight in the Sabbath.

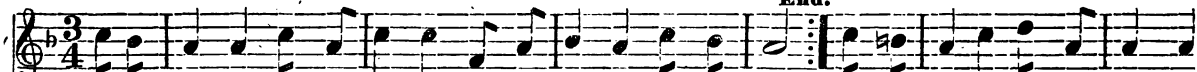
1.  
 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,  
 To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;  
 To show thy love by morning light,  
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

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

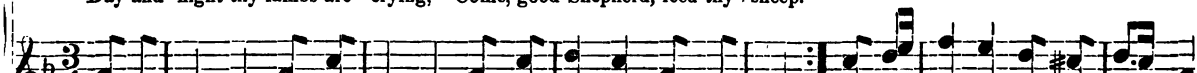
3.  
 When shall I see, and hear, and know  
 All I desired or wished below,  
 And every power find sweet employ  
 In that eternal world of joy?

# LET THY KINGDOM, BLESSED SAVIOR. 8s & 7s.

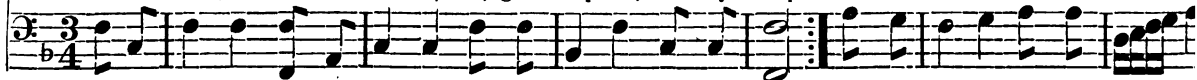
End.



1. Let thy kingdom, blessed Savior, Come and bid our jarring cease ;  
Come, O come, and reign for - ev - er, God of love and Prince of peace. } Vis - it now poor bleeding Zi - on  
Day and night thy lambs are crying, Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.



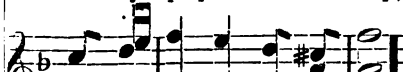
2. Lord, in us there is no mer - it ; We were sinners from our youth ;  
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spir - it, Which shall teach us all the truth. } On thy gospel word we'll ven - ture  
Love our Lord, and Christ our Savior ; O, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.



D. C.



Hear thy people mourn and weep ;



Till in Death's cold arms we sleep ;



3.

Come, good Lord, with courage arm us ;  
Persecution rages here ;  
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,  
While our Shepherd is so near.  
Glory, glory be to Jesus ;  
At his name our hearts do leap ;  
He both comforts us and frees us ;  
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

4.

Hear the Prince of our salvation  
Saying, " Fear not, little flock ;  
I myself am your foundation ;  
You are built upon this rock ;  
Shun the paths of vice and folly ;  
Scale the mount, although it's steep ;  
Look to me, and be ye holy ;  
I delight to feed my sheep."

## WHEN FOR ETERNAL WORLDS WE STEER.

1. When for e - ternal worlds we steer, And seas are calm, and skies are clear, }  
And faith in lively ex - er - cise, And distant hills of Canaan rise — } The soul for joy then claps her wings, An

loud her lovely sonnet sings, Vain world, adieu ! Vain world, adieu ! And loud her lovely sonnet sings, Vain world, adieu !

2.

With cheerful hope her eyes explore  
Each landmark on the distant shore —  
The trees of life, the pastures green,  
The golden streets, the crystal stream ;  
Again for joy she claps her wings,  
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,  
Vain world, adieu !

3.

The nearer still she draws to land,  
More eager all her powers expand ;  
With steady helm and free bent sail,  
Her anchor drops within the veil ;  
Again for joy she claps her wings,  
And her celestial sonnet sings,  
Glory to God !

# COME, YE THAT LOVE THE LORD. S. M.

CORELLI 3

*Moderato.*

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And' let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, While

2. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the heavenly fields Or

ye sur-round the throne. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our  
And ev-ery tear be

walk the gold-en streets. Let those re-fuse to sing Who  
Then let our songs a-bound, And

## CONCLUDED.

God; But chil - - dren of the heavenly King May speak their joys a - broad.  
dry; We're march - - ing through E - man - uel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

nev - er knew our God; But chil - dren of the heavenly King May speak their joys a - broad.  
ev - ery tear be dry; We're marching through E - man - uel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

## ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS. C. M.

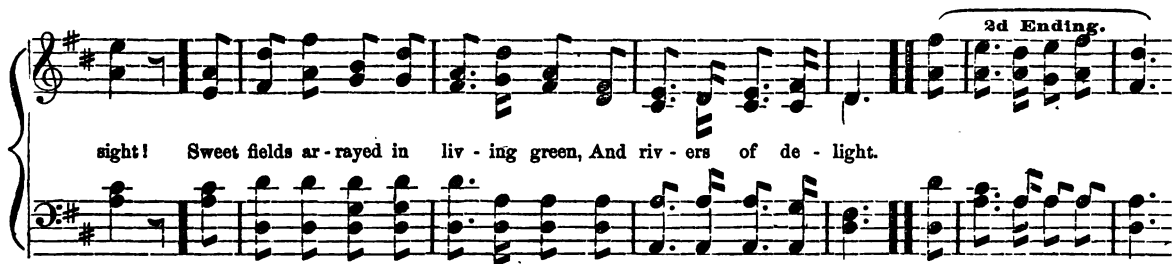
## BONNY BOAT.

1. On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To Ca - naan's fair and

# CONCLUDED.



hap-py land Where my pos-ses-sions lie. O, the trans-port-ing, rap-turous scene That ri-ses to n



sight! Sweet fields ar-rayed in liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light.

2.  
There generous fruits, that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rock and hill, and brook and vale,  
With milk and honey flow.  
All o'er those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There Christ, the Son, forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

3.  
No chilling winds or poisonous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.  
When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?

4.  
Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll  
Fearless I'd launch away.  
There, on those high and flowery plain  
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;  
But, in perpetual, joyful strains,  
Redeeming love admire.

**Moderato.**

1. Hap - py the meek, whose gen - tle breast, Clear as the sum - mer's even - ing ray, Calm as the

re - gions of the blest, En - joys on earth ce - les - tial day.

2.

His heart no broken friendships sting;  
No storms his peaceful tent invade;  
He rests beneath Jehovah's wing,  
Hostile to none, of none afraid.

3.

Spirit of grace, all meek, all mild,  
Inspire our hearts, our souls possess;  
Repel each passion, rude and wild,  
And bless us as we aim to bless.

---

**Sacred Ties.**

1.

How blest the sacred tie that binds  
In union sweet according minds!  
How swift the heavenly course they run  
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one!

2.

To each the soul of each how dear!  
What zealous love, what holy fear!  
How doth the generous flame within  
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

3.

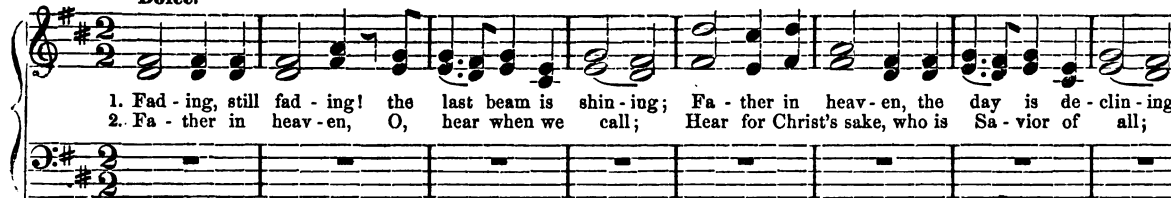
Their streaming eyes together flow  
For human guilt and mortal woe;  
Their ardent prayers together rise,  
Like mingling flame in sacrifice.



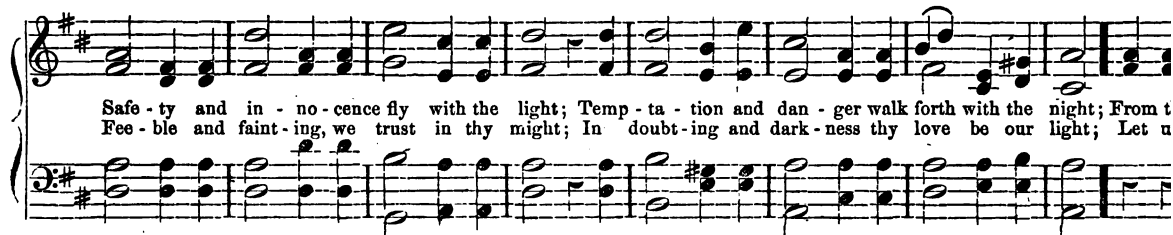
# FADING, STILL FADING.

PORTUGUESE.

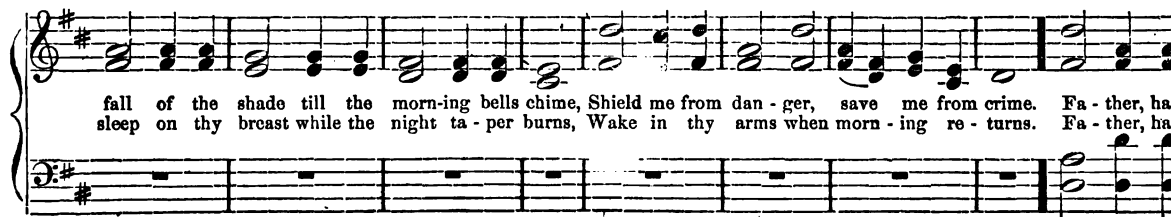
*Dolce.*



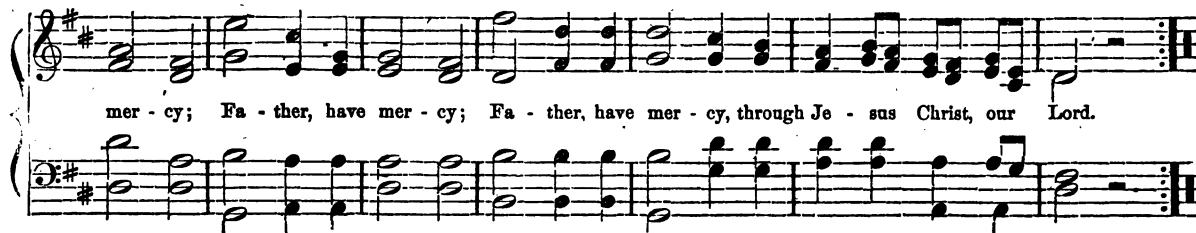
1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing! the last beam is shin - ing; Fa - ther in heav - en, the day is de - clin - ing  
2. Fa - ther in heav - en, O, hear when we call; Hear for Christ's sake, who is Sa - vior of all;



Safe - ty and in - no - cence fly with the light; Temp - ta - tion and dan - ger walk forth with the night; From t  
Fee - ble and faint - ing, we trust in thy might; In doubt - ing and dark - ness thy love be our light; Let u



fall of the shade till the morn - ing bells chime, Shield me from dan - ger, save me from crime. Fa - ther, ha  
sleep on thy breast while the night ta - per burns, Wake in thy arms when morn - ing re - turns. Fa - ther, ha



mer - cy; Fa - ther, have mer - cy; Fa - ther, have mer - cy, through Je - sus Christ, our Lord.

## LET EVERY MORTAL EAR ATTEND. C. M.

NORTHFIELD.



1. Let ev - ery mor - tal ear at - tend, And ev - ery heart re - joice; The trum-pet of the

1. Let ev - ery mor - tal ear at - tend, And ev - ery heart re - joice; The

The trumpet of the gos-pel sounds, The

The trum - pet of the gos - pel sounds With an . . . . . in - vit - - ing voice.

gos - pel sounds With an in - vit - ing voice, With, &c.

trum - pet of the gos - pel sounds . . . . . With an in - vit - - ing voice.

trum - pet of the gos - - pel sounds With an in - vit - - ing voice.

Detailed description: The musical score is written for three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is in 4/4 time and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The lyrics are placed below the corresponding staves.

2.

Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind.

3.

Eternal Wisdom hath prepared  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.

4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

## HOSANNA TO JESUS ON HIGH. 8s.

1. Ho - san - na to Je - sus on high, An - oth - er has en - tered his rest; An - oth - er has

gone to the 'sky, And lodged in E - man - u - el's breast.

2.  
With songs let us follow his flight,  
And mount with his spirit above;  
Escaped to the mansions of light,  
And lodged in the Eden of love.

3.  
Our brother the haven hath gained,  
Outflying the tempest and wind;  
His rest he hath sooner obtained,  
And left his companions behind.

4.  
Still tossed on a sea of distress,  
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,  
Where all is assurance and peace,  
And sorrow and sin are no more.

5.  
There all the ship's company meet,  
Who sailed with the Savior beneath  
With shouting each other they greet,  
And triumph o'er sorrow and death.

6.  
The voyage of life's at an end,  
The mortal affliction is past;  
The age that in heaven they spend  
Forever and ever shall last.

Moderato.

1. King - doms and thrones to God be - long; Crown him, ye na - tions, in your song;  
 2. God is our shield, our joy, our rest; God is our King—pro - claim him blest;

His won - drous name and power re - hearse; His hon - ors shall en - rich your verse.  
 When ter - rors rise, when na - tions faint, He is the strength of ev - ery saint.

## The God of all Grace.

1.

Great God, let all my tuneful powers  
 Awake, and sing thy mighty name;  
 Thy hand revolves my circling hours—  
 Thy hand, from whence my being came.

2.

Seasons and moons, still rolling round  
 In beauteous order, speak thy praise;  
 And years, with smiling mercy crowned,  
 To thee successive honors raise.

3.

My life, my health, my friends, I owe  
 All to thy vast, unbounded love;  
 Ten thousand precious gifts below,  
 And hope of nobler joys above.

1. How hap - py is the pil - grim's lot! How free from every anxious thought, From worldly hope and fear! Confined to  
 2. No foot of land do I pos - sess; No cot - tage in this wil - der - ness; A poor way - far - ing man, I lodge a

3. Noth - ing on earth I call my own; A stranger, to the world un - known, I all their goods despise; I tram - ple

The first system of the musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with the first two lines of the first verse and the first line of the second verse.

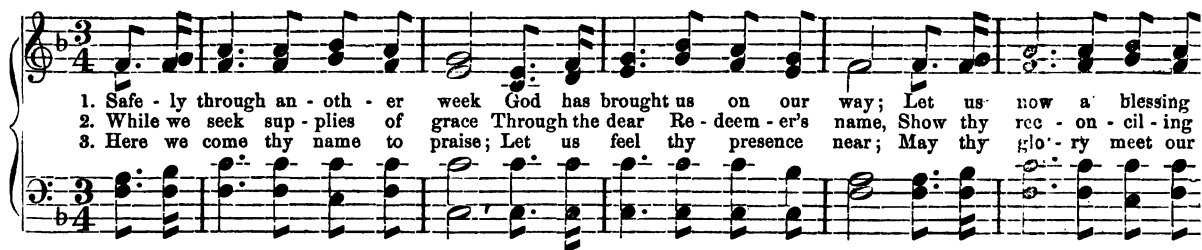
neither court nor cell, His soul disdains on earth to dwell; He on - ly so - journs here, He on - ly so - journs here.  
 while in tents be - low, Or glad - ly wan - der to and fro Till I my Ca - naan gain, Till I my Ca - naan gain.

on their whole delight, And seek a cit - y out of sight, A cit - y in the skies, A cit - y in the skies.

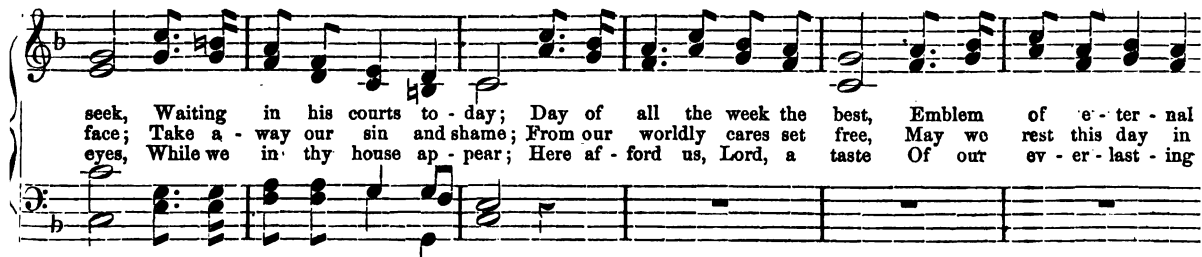
The second system of the musical score continues the three-part setting. It includes the second line of the first verse and the first line of the second verse. The musical notation and lyrics are consistent with the first system.

# SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.

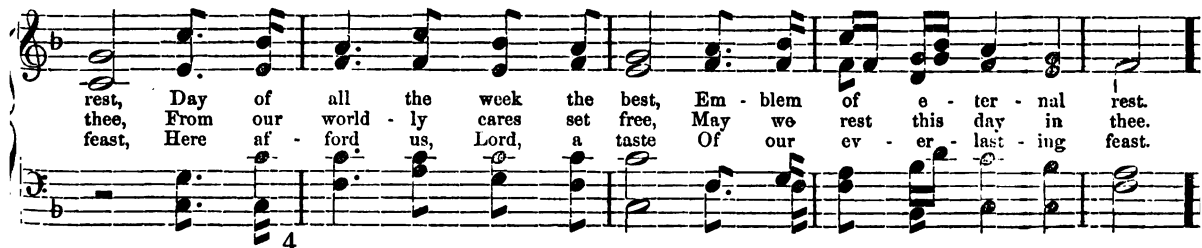
4



1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing  
 2. While we seek sup - plies of grace Through the dear Re - deem - er's name, Show thy rec - on - cil - ing  
 3. Here we come thy name to praise; Let us feel thy presence near; May thy glo - ry meet our



seek, Waiting in his courts to - day; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal  
 face; Take a - way our sin and shame; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in  
 eyes, While we in thy house ap - pear; Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing



rest, Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.  
 thee, From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.  
 feast, Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.

4

**Recitando.**

1. O, come, loud an - thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al - - migh - ty King;  
 2. In - - to his pres - ence let us haste, To thank him for his fa - - vors past;

For we our voi - ces high should raise, When our sal - - va - - - tion's Rock we praise.  
 To him ad - dress, in joy - - ful song, Prais - es which to his name be - - - long.

**Worship acceptable from every Place.**  
 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,  
 The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,  
 Whom kings adored in songs sublime,  
 And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

Not now on Zion's height alone  
 Thy favored worshippers may dwell,  
 Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son  
 Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,  
 The grateful song, the fervent prayer,  
 The incense of the heart may rise  
 To heaven, and find acceptance there.

**For the Close of School.**  
 Father, once more let grateful praise  
 And humble prayer to thee ascend;  
 Thou Guide and Guardian of our ways,  
 Our early and our only Friend.

Since every day and hour that's gone  
 Has been with mercy richly crowned,  
 Mercy, we know, shall still flow on,  
 Forever-sure, as time rolls round.

Hear, then, the parting prayers we pour,  
 And bind our hearts in love alone:  
 And if we meet on earth no more,  
 May we, at last, surround thy throne.

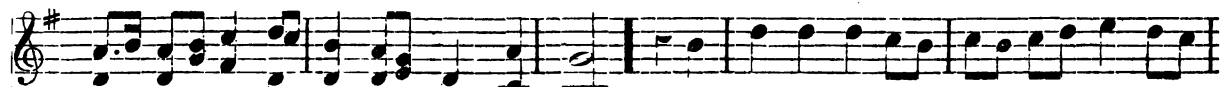
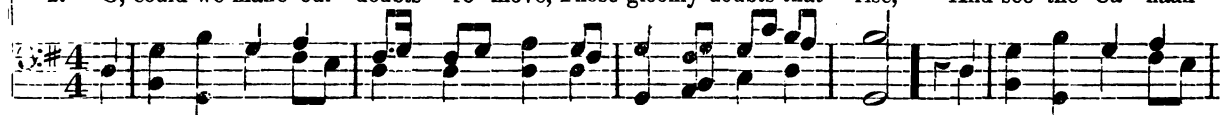


# THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT. C. M.

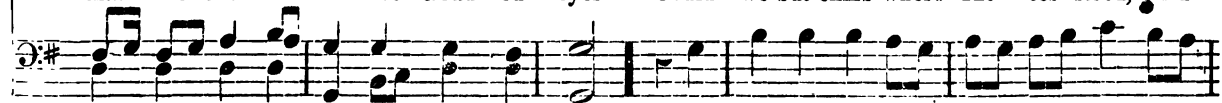
51



1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints immor - tal reign; In - fi - nite day ex -  
 2. O, could we make our doubts re - move, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Ca - naan



cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain. Sweet fields, beyond the swell - ing flood, Stand  
 that we love With un - be - cloud - ed eyes— Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And



dressed in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween.  
 view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.



1. Soft be the gen - tly - breath - ing notes That sing the Sa - vior's dy - ing love; Soft as the even - ing

soph - yr floats, Soft as the tune - ful lyres a - bove.

2.  
Soft as the morning dews descend,  
While the sweet lark exulting soars,  
So soft to your Almighty Friend  
Be every sigh your bosom pours.

3.  
True as the magnet to the pole,  
So true let your contrition be;  
So true let all your sorrows roll  
To Him who bled upon the tree.

### Death of the Righteous.

1.  
How blest the righteous when they die,  
When holy souls retire to rest!  
How mildly beams the closing eye!  
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2.  
So fades a summer cloud away;  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
So gently shuts the eye of day;  
So dies a wave along the shore.

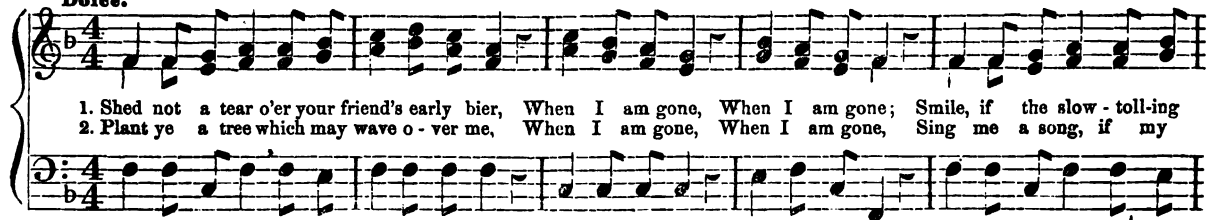
3.  
Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell:  
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!  
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

# SHED NOT A TEAR.

LONG LONG AGO.

53

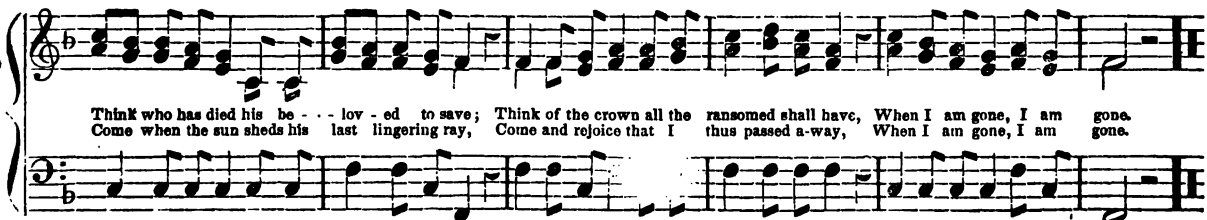
*Dolce.*



1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier, When I am gone, When I am gone; Smile, if the slow - toll-ing  
2. Plant ye a tree which may wave o - ver me, When I am gone, When I am gone, Sing me a song, if my



bell you should hear, When I am gone, I am gone. Weep not for me when you stand round my grave  
grave you should see, When I am gone, I am gone. Come at the close of a bright summer's day,



Think who has died his be - - - lov - ed to save; Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have, When I am gone, I am gone.  
Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray, Come and rejoice that I thus passed a-way, When I am gone, I am gone.

Slow, and in exact time.

*mp*

1. O, could I speak the match-less, worth, O, could I sound the glor-ies forth Which in my Sa-vior shine, I'd

soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel, while he sings, In notes almost di-vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

2.

I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin and wrath divine;  
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.

3.

I'd sing the characters he bears,  
And all the forms of love he wears,  
Exalted on his throne;  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would, to everlasting days,  
Make all his glories known.

4.

Well, the delightful day will come  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see his face;  
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in his grace.

*Maestoso.*

1. Come, thou al-migh-ty King, Help us thy name to sing — Help us to praise. Father all glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-

2. Come, thou eternal Lord,  
By heaven and earth adored,  
Our prayer attend.  
Come, and thy children bless;  
Give thy good word success;  
Make thine own holiness  
On us descend.

3. Be thou our Comforter;  
Thy sacred witness bear  
In this glad hour.  
Omnipotent thou art:  
O, rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power.

## Praise to God.

1.  
Praise ye Jehovah's name;  
Praise through his courts proclaim;  
Rise and adore;  
High o'er the heavens above,  
Sound his great acts of love:  
While his rich grace we prove,  
Vast as his power

2.  
Now let the trumpet raise  
Triumphant sounds of praise,  
Wide as his fame;  
There let the harps be found,  
Organs with solemn sound,  
Roll your deep notes around,  
Filled 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.

*Moderato.*

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace, }  
 Rise from tran - si - to - ry things To heaven, thy native place. } Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this

earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - - bove.

2.

Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course;  
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;  
 Both speed them to their source  
 So a soul that's born of God  
 Pants to view his glorious face;  
 Upward tends to his abode,  
 To rest in his embrace.

**Praise the Lord.**

1. Praise the Lord, who reigns above,  
 And keeps his courts below;  
 Praise him for his boundless love,  
 And all his greatness show.  
 Praise him for his noble deeds,  
 Praise him for his matchless power;  
 Him, from whom all good proceeds,  
 Let earth and heaven adore.

2. Praise him, every tuneful string;  
 And all of heavenly art,  
 All the power of music bring,  
 The music of the heart.  
 Hallowed be his name beneath,  
 As in heaven, on earth adored;  
 Praise the Lord in every breath;  
 Let all things praise the Lord.

# THERE IS A GLORIOUS WORLD. L. M.

1. There is a glorious world on high, Resplendent with e - ter - nal day; Faith views the blissfu

prospect nigh, While God's own word reveals the way, While God's own word re - veals the way.

2.

There shall the servants of the Lord  
With never-fading lustre shine;  
Surprising honor! vast reward!  
Conferred on man by love divine.

3.

The shining firmament shall fade,  
And sparkling stars resign their light;  
But these shall know nor change nor shade,  
Forever fair, forever bright.

## O THOU IN WHOSE PRESENCE. 11s &amp; 8s.

1. O Thou 'in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light, On whom in af - fic - tion I call;

2. O, why should I wan - der an al - ien from thee, Or cry in the des - ert for bread?

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, G major (one sharp), and 2/2 time. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, also in G major and 2/2 time. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line corresponding to the top staff and the second line corresponding to the piano accompaniment.

My com - fort by day, and my song in the night; My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all.

Thy foes will re - joice when my sor - rows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.

This musical system also consists of three staves, continuing the melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line corresponding to the top staff and the second line corresponding to the piano accompaniment.



3. Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen  
The star that on Israel shone?

Say if in your tents my Beloved has been,  
And where, with his flock, he has gone.

4. His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,  
Is heard through the shadows of death;

The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,  
The air is perfumed with his breath.

5. His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,  
To water the gardens of grace;

From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,  
And bask in the smiles of his face.

6. He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for his word;

He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,  
Reechoes the praise of the Lord.

# MY SOUL, REPEAT HIS PRAISE. S. M.

ST. THOMAS.

My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great, Whose

The first system of the musical score is written for a piano accompaniment. It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/2. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

an - ger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of two staves (treble and bass) in the same key signature (F#) and time signature (4/2). The lyrics continue below the treble staff.

*Fine.*

1. { Let us love one an - oth - er — not long may we stay In this bleak world of mourning, so brief is life's day ; }  
 Some fade ere 'tis noon, and few lin - ger till eve ; O, there breaks not a heart but leaves some one to grieve ; }

Then O, though the hopes that we nourished de - cay, Let us love one an - oth - er as long as we stay.

*D. C.*

{ And the fondest, the purest, the tru - est that met, Have still found the need to for - give and for - get ; }  
 { Then O, though the hopes that we nourished de - cay, Let us love one an - oth - er as long as we stay. }

2.  
 There are hearts like the ivy, though all be decayed  
 Which it seemed to clasp fondly in sunlight and shade,  
 Yet drop not its leaves, but still gayly they spread,  
 Undimmed 'midst the blighted, the lonely, and dead ;  
 And the mistletoe clings to the oak, not in part,  
 But with leaves closely round it, the root in its heart —  
 Exists but to twine it, and drink the same dew,  
 Or to fall with its loved oak, and perish there too.  
 Exists but to twine it, &c.

3.  
 Thus we'll love one another 'midst sorrow the worst,  
 Unaltered and fond as we loved at the first.  
 Though the false wing of pleasure may change and forsake,  
 And the bright urn of wealth into particles break,  
 There are some sweet affections that earth cannot buy,  
 That cling but the closer when sorrow draws nigh,  
 And remain with us yet, though all else pass away —  
 Yes, we'll love one another as long as we stay.  
 And remain with us, &c.

# ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.. C. M. CORONATION. - 6

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name ! Let angels prostrate fall ; Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all,  
 2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, A remnant weak and small, Hail him, who saved you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all

Bring forth the roy-al di - - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.  
 Hail him who saved you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

3.  
 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

4.  
 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at his feet may fall ;  
 We'll join the everlasting song,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

## The Lord's Prayer.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. O Thou, enthroned in worlds above,<br>Our Father and our Friend,<br>Lo, at the footstool of thy love<br>Thy children humbly bend.    | From day to day, with daily bread ;<br>Nor would we ask for more.   |
| 2. All reverence to thy name be given,<br>Thy kingdom wide displayed ;<br>And, as thy will is done in heaven,<br>Be it on earth obeyed. | 4. That pardon we to others give,<br>Do thou to us extend ;<br>From all temptation, O, relieve,<br>From every ill defend.                       |
| 3. Our table may thy bounty spread<br>From thine exhaustless store,   | 5. And now to thee belong, Most High,<br>The kingdom, glory, power,<br>Through the broad earth and spacious sky,<br>Till time shall be no more. |

## THE PEARL THAT WORLDLINGS COVET. 7, 6, &amp; 8.

1. The pearl that world-lings cov - et Is not the pearl for me; Its beau - ty fades as quick - ly As

1. The pearl that world-lings cov - et Is not the pearl for me; Its beau - ty fades as quick - ly As

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is for the vocal part, and the bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment. Both are in G major (one flat) and 6/8 time. The lyrics are written below each staff.

sun-shine on the sea; But there's a pearl sought by the wise; 'Tis called "the pearl of great - est price," Tho'

sun-shine on the sea; But there's a pearl sought by the wise; 'Tis called "the pearl of great - est price," Tho'

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is for the vocal part, and the bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment. Both are in G major (one flat) and 6/8 time. The lyrics are written below each staff.

# CONCLUDED.

few its val-ue see; O, that's the pearl for me, O, that's the pearl for me, O, that's the pearl for me.

few its val-ue see; O, that's the pearl for me, O, that's the pearl for me, O, that's the pearl for me.

2.

The crown that decks the monarch  
Is not the crown for me;  
It dazzles but a moment;  
Its brightness soon will flee;  
But there's a crown, prepared above,  
For all who walk in humble love;  
Forever bright 'twill be.  
O, that's the crown for me.

3.

The road that many travel  
Is not the road for me;  
It leads to death and sorrow;  
In it I would not be;  
But there's a road that leads to God —  
'Tis marked by Christ's most precious  
blood;  
The way for all is free.  
O, that's the road for me.

4.

The hope that sinners cherish  
Is not the hope for me;  
Most surely will they perish  
Unless from sin made free;  
But there's a hope which rests in Go  
And leads the soul to keep his word,  
And sinful pleasures flee.  
O, that's the hope for me.

1. The pleasures of earth I have seen fade a - way; They bloom for a season, but soon they de -

- - - - - cay. But pleas-ures more last-ing in Je - sus are given, Sal - va - tion on earth, and a mansion in

heaven. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, The saints in those mansions for - - ev - - er at home.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The score is divided into three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line. The lyrics are: "1. The pleasures of earth I have seen fade a - way; They bloom for a season, but soon they de -", "- - - - - cay. But pleas-ures more last-ing in Je - sus are given, Sal - va - tion on earth, and a mansion in", "heaven. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, The saints in those mansions for - - ev - - er at home."

2. Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms;  
The Savior invites me; I'll go to his arms;  
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room;  
O, there may I feast with his children at home.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;  
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home.
3. Farewell, vain amusements; my follies, adieu;  
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view,  
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,  
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;  
O, when shall I share the fruition of home?
4. The days of my exile are passing away;  
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,  
"Well done, faithful servant; sit down on my throne,  
And dwell in my presence, forever at home."  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;  
O, there I shall rest with the Savior at home.
5. Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er;  
The saints shall unite, to be parted no more;  
There, loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome;  
They dwell with the Savior forever at home.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;  
They dwell with the Savior forever at home.

I would not live away.

1. I would not live away; I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises o'er the dark way;  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;  
O, there I shall rest with my Savior at home.
2. I would not live away; no, welcome the tomb;  
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom;  
There, sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.  
Home, home, &c.
3. Who, who would live away away from his God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;  
O, there I shall rest with my Savior at home.
4. There the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;  
There the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.  
Home, home, &c.

## WHEN SHALL WE ALL MEET AGAIN. 7s, 6 lines.

Slow.

1. When shall we all meet a - gain? When shall we all meet a - gain? Oft shall glow-ing hope ex - pire;

Oft shall wea-ried love re - tire; Oft shall death and sor - row reign, Ere we all shall meet a - gain.

2.  
Though in distant lands we sigh,  
Parched beneath a burning sky,  
Though the deep between us roll,  
Friendship shall unite our souls;  
And in fancy's wide domain  
Oft shall we all meet again.

3.  
When these burnished locks are gray,  
Thinned by many a toil-spent day;  
When around this youthful pine,  
Moss shall creep and ivy twine;  
(Long may this loved bower remain;)  
Here may we all meet again.

4.  
When the dreams of life are fled,  
When its wasted lamp is dead,  
When in cold oblivion's shade  
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,  
Where immortal spirits reign,  
There may we all meet again.\*

\* This poetry, it is said, was "composed and sung by three Indians, who were educated at Dartmouth, at their last interview before leaving college, in an enchanting bower whither they had often resorted, and in the midst of which grew a 'youthful pine.' Nearly half a century afterwards they providentially met again; the recollection of bygone days drew them to the same spot, and, at a meeting still more affecting, they composed and sung the hymn on the following page."



## The Meeting.

1.

Parted many a toil-spent year,  
Pledged in youth to memory dear,  
Still to friendship's magnet true,  
We our social joys renew;  
Bound by love's unsevered chain,  
Here on earth we meet again.

2.

But our bower, sunk to decay,  
Wasting time has swept away;  
And the youthful evergreen,  
Lopped by death, no more is seen;  
Bleak the winds sweep o'er the plain,  
When in age we meet again.

3.

Many a friend we used to greet  
Here on earth no more we meet;  
Oft the funeral knell has rung,  
Many a heart has sorrow stung,  
Since we parted on this plain,  
Fearing ne'er to meet again.

4.

Worn with toil, and sunk with years,  
We shall quit this vale of tears,  
And these hoary locks be laid  
Low in cold oblivion's shade;  
But where saints and angels reign  
We all hope to meet again.

## WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

## MISSIONARY OR CHRISTMAS HYMN.

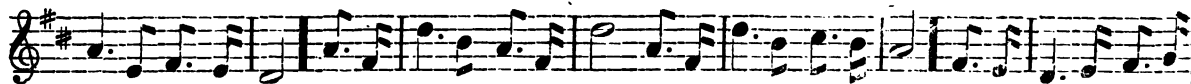
Andante.

Solo. Treble.

Tenor.



1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height See that  
2. Watchman! tell us of the night; Higher yet that star as - cends. Traveller! bless-ed - ness and light, Peace and  
3. Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn. Traveller! darkness takes its flight, Doubt and



glo-ry-beam-ing star. Watchman! does its beau-teous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell? Traveller! yes, it brings the truth its course portends. Watchman! will its beams a-lone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Traveller! a-ges are its ter-ror are withdrawn. Watchman! let thy wanderings cease; Hie thee to thy qui-et home Traveller! lo, the Prince of

## CHORUS to 1st and 2d Verses.

day—Promised day of Is-ra-el. Traveller! yes, it brings the day—Promised day of Is-ra-el. own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth. Traveller! a-ges are its own; Sec, it bursts o'er all the earth. Peace, Lo, the Son of God is come. [Omit. . . . .]

## CHORUS to 3d Verse.

Traveller! lo, the Prince of Peace, Lo, the Son of God is come, Lo, the Son of God is come.

1. Sweet is the scene when Christians die, When ho - ly souls re - tire to rest;  
 2. So fades a summer cloud a - way; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;

How mild - ly beams the clos - ing eye! How gently heaves th'ex - pir - ing breast!  
 So gen - tly shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave a - long the shore.

---

The Pious Dead.

1.  
 O, stay thy tears; for they are blest  
 Whose days are past, whose toils are done;  
 Here midnight care disturbs our rest;  
 Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.

2.  
 How blest are they whose transient years  
 Pass like an evening meteor's flight!  
 Nor dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;  
 Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.

3.  
 O, cheerless were our lengthened way;  
 But Heaven's own light dispels the gloom,  
 Streams downward from eternal day,  
 And casts a glory round the tomb.

4.  
 O, stay thy tears; the blest above  
 Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,  
 And sing a song of joy and love;  
 Then why should anguish reign on earth?

1. Daugh - ter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sad - ness! A - wake! for - thy foes shall op

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

- - press thee no more; Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day - star of glad - ness; A

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

To be sung at the end of the last verse.

- rise! for the night of thy sor - row is o'er.\* Shall op - press thee no more— no more— no more.

The third system of music concludes the piece. It features a final cadence in the treble staff and a sustained bass line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

\* Repeat the first and second lines after each verse.

# CONCLUDED.

7

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,  
For vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

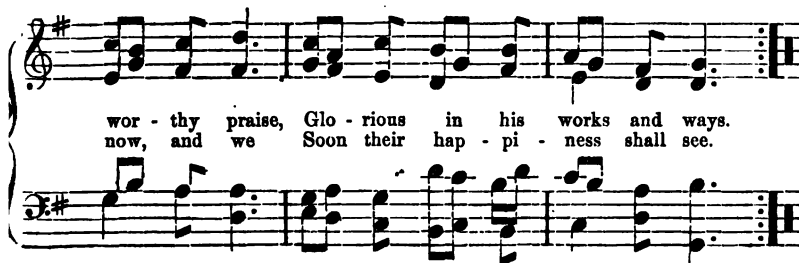
3. Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee  
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;  
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;  
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free!

## CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

BILLINGS.



1. Chil - dren of the heav - enly King, As we jour - ney let us sing; Sing our Sa - vior's  
2. We are trav - elling home to God, In the way our fa - thers trod; They are hap - py



wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.  
now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

3.  
Fear not, brethren; joyful stand  
On the borders of our land;  
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son.  
Bids us undismayed go on.

4.  
Lord, obediently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

## WHEN MARSHALLED ON THE NIGHTLY PLAIN. L. M. SCOTTISH AIR.

1. When, marshalled on the night - ly plain, The glit - tering host be - stud the sky, One star a - lone of

2. Once on the ra - ging seas I rode; The storm was' loud, the night was dark; The o - cean yawned, and

3. It was my guide, my light, my all; It bade my dark fore - bod - ings cease; And through the storm and

all the train Can fix the sin - ner's wan - dering eye. Hark, hark, to God the cho - rus breaks, From ev - ery

unde - ly blowed The wind that tossed my foun - dering bark. Deep hor - ror then my vi - tals froze; Death - struck, I

dan - ger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace. Now safe - ly moored, my per - ils o'er, I'll sing, fir

# CONCLUDED.

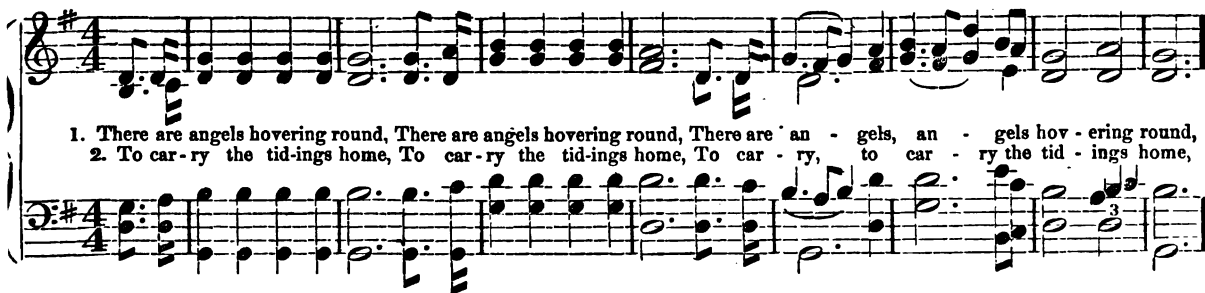


host, from ev - ery gem; But one a - lone the Sa - viour speaks — It is the Star of Beth - le - hem.

ceased the tide to stem; When sud - den - ly a star a - rose, It was the Star of Beth - le - hem.  
in night's di - a - dem, For - ev - er and for - ev - er - more, The Star, the Star of Beth - le - hem.

## THERE ARE ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

HUSBAND.



1. There are angels hovering round, There are angels hovering round, There are an - gels, an - gels hov - ering round,  
2. To car - ry the tid - ings home, To car - ry the tid - ings home, To car - ry, to car - ry the tid - ings home,

3. To the new Jerusalem; To the new, &c.

4. Poor sinners are coming home; Poor sinners, &c.

5. And Jesus bids them come; And Jesus, &c.

6. There's glory all around; There's glory, &c.

*Largo.*

Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee. Tho' sorrows and darkness en - com-pass the tomb,

The Sa - vior has passed thro' its por - tals be - - fore thee, And the lamp of his love is thy

guide thro' the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer deplore thee,  
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;  
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,  
 And sinners may hope, since the Savior hath died,  
 And sinners may hope, since the Savior hath died.



# CONCLUDED.

7

Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansions forsaking,  
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long;  
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,  
And the song that thou heard'st was the seraphim's song,  
And the song that thou heardest, &c.

Thou art gone to the grave; but 'twere wrong to deplore the  
When God was thy ransom, thy Guardian and Guide:  
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,  
Where death hath no sting, since the Savior hath died,  
Where death hath no sting, &c.

## LORD, WHEN THOU DIDST ASCEND. L. M.

DUKE STREET.

*Allegretto.*

Lord, when thou didst as - - cend on high, Ten thousand an - gels filled the sky; Those heavenly

guards a - round thee wait, Like chariots that at - tend thy state.

Raised by his Father to the throne,  
He sent his promised Spirit down,  
With gifts and grace for rebel men,  
That God might dwell on earth again.

## THERE'S NOT A BRIGHT. C. M.

WIESENTHAL.

1. There's not a bright and beam-ing smile, Which in this world I see, But turns my heart to

2. I nev - er clasp a friend-ly hand, In greet - ing or fare - well, But thoughts of an e -

fu - ture joy, And whis - pers "heaven" to me. Though of - ten here my soul is sad, And

- - ter - nal home With - in my bo - som swell; A prayer to meet in heaven at last, Where

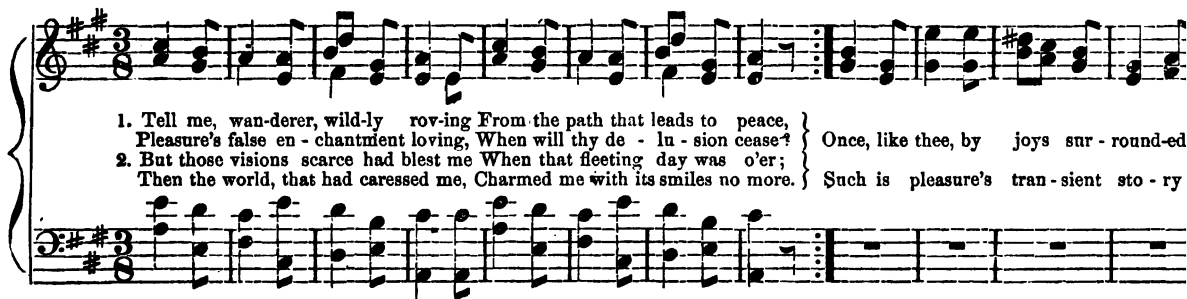
# CONCLUDED.



falls the si - lent tear, There is a world where all are glad, And sor - row dwells not there.

all the ran-somed come, And where e - ter - nal a - ges still Shall find us all at home.

## TELL ME, WANDERER. 8s & 7s.

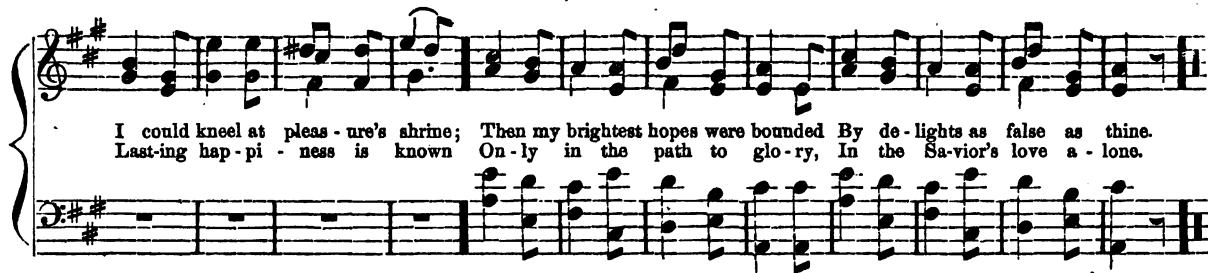


1. Tell me, wan-derer, wild-ly rov-ing From the path that leads to peace,  
Pleasure's false en - chantment loving, When will thy de - lu - sion cease?

2. But those visions scarce had blest me When that fleeting day was o'er;  
Then the world, that had caressed me, Charmed me with its smiles no more. }

Once, like thee, by joys sur - round-ed  
Such is pleasure's tran-sient sto - ry

## CONCLUDED.



I could kneel at pleas - ure's shrine; Then my brightest hopes were bounded By de - lights as false as thine.  
Last - ing hap - pi - ness is known On - ly in the path to glo - ry, In the Sa - vior's love a - lone.

## FLY AWAY TO THE PROMISED LAND. 10s &amp; 8s.



1. Fly a - way to the prom - ised land, sweet dove, Fly a - way to the prom - ised land;  
2. O, fly to their bowers, sweet dove, and say That hope is up - on me now;  
3. I will wait thy com - ing at dawn, sweet dove; I will wait thy com - ing at eve;

# CONTINUED.



And bear these sighs to the friends I love, The hap - py, the beau - ti - ful band.  
I long to list to a ser - aph's lay, With bright glo - ry up - on my brow.

But bear some news from the friends I love, And then I will cease to grieve.



A deep gloom hath sad - dened my wea - ry breast; With sor - row my heart now is stirred;  
I feel that this world is not my home; An an - gel's sweet voice I have heard;

I could spring from this pris - on on wings of love, Or fall by death's con - quer - ing sword,

## CONCLUDED.

*Ritard.* *Ad lib.*

I long to hear from the land of the blest; O, fly to their bow - ers, sweet bird.  
 It comes from be - yond the dark, lone tomb; O, fly to their bow - ers, sweet bird.

But I can - not stay from the friends that I love; O, fly to their bow - ers, sweet bird.

## FROM WHENCE DOTH THIS UNION ARISE? 8s.

1. From whence doth this un - ion a - rise, That ha - tred is con - quered by love? It

# CONCLUDED.

fas - tens our souls in such ties As na - ture and time can't re - move. It fas tons our

souls in such ties As na - ture and time can't re - move.

2.  
It cannot in Eden be found,  
Nor yet in a paradise lost;  
It grows on Emanuel's ground,  
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3.  
My friends are so dear unto me,  
Our hearts all united in love;  
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,  
In yonder blest mansions above.

4.  
O, why then so loath for to part,  
Since we shall ere long meet again?  
Engraved on Emanuel's heart,  
At distance we cannot remain.

5.  
And when we shall see that bright day,  
United with angels above,  
No longer confined to our clay,  
O'erwhelmed in the ocean of love, —

6.  
O, then with our Jesus we'll reign,  
And all his bright glory shall see;  
We'll sing Hallelujah, Amen!  
Amen, even so let it be.

## THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW. C. M.

Slow.

1. This world is all a fleet - ing show, For man's il - lu - sion given; The smiles of joy, the  
 2. As false the light on glo - ry's plume, As fad - ing hues at even; And gen - ius' bud and  
 3. Poor wan - derers on a storm - y sea, From wave to wave we're driven; And fan - cy's flash and

tears of woe, De - ceit - ful shine, 'de - ceit - ful flow; There's noth - ing true but heaven.  
 beau - ty's bloom Are blos - soms gath - ered from the tomb; There's noth - ing bright but heaven.  
 rea - son's ray Serve but to light us on the way; There's noth - ing calm but heaven.

4. And where's the hand held out to cheer  
 The heart with anguish riven?  
 For sorrow's sigh and trouble's tear  
 Have never found a refuge here;  
 There's nothing kind but heaven.

5. In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,  
 Without their sins forgiven;  
 True pleasure, everlasting peace,  
 Are only found in God's free grace;  
 There's nothing good but heaven.

6. From such as walk in wisdom's road  
 Corroding fears are driven;  
 They're washed in Christ's atoning blood  
 Enjoy communion with their God,  
 And find their way to heaven.



## HYMN SECOND.

**This World's not all a fleeting Show.**

1.

This world's not all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given;  
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,  
Or wiped the orphan's tear, doth know  
There's something here of heaven.

2.

And he that walks life's thorny way,  
With feelings calm and even,  
Whose path is lit, from day to day,  
By virtue's bright and steady ray,  
Hath something felt of heaven.

3.

He who the Christian's course hath run,  
And all his foes forgiven,  
Who measures out life's little span  
In love to God and love to man,  
On earth has tasted heaven.

## THE DAY IS PAST AND GONE. S. M.



1. The day is past and gone; The evening shades appear; O, may we all remember well The night of death draws near.  
2. We lay our garments by, Up - on our beds to rest; So death will soon disrobe us all Of what we here pos - sess.



3.

Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.

4.

And if we early rise,  
And view th' unwearied sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.

5.

And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
O may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.

## SEE, BROTHERS, SEE.

DEVEREAUX.

*Andante.*

1. See, broth-ers, see, how the day rolls on; Soon we'll hail the ris-ing sun; Hark! 'tis the Spir-it's

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with some chords in the bass. The lyrics are written below the notes.

warn-ing voice; Lift your heads, ye saints, re-joice. **CHORUS.** Then haste; let us work till pro-ba-tion is o'er;

The second system continues the piano accompaniment. It includes the end of the first line of lyrics and the beginning of the chorus. The chorus is marked with a bold 'CHORUS.' and begins with 'Then haste; let us work till pro-ba-tion is o'er;'. The melody continues in the treble staff.

We go to the land where our toil-ing is o'er; Our earth-ly la-bor be-ing done,

The third system continues the piano accompaniment and the chorus. The lyrics are 'We go to the land where our toil-ing is o'er; Our earth-ly la-bor be-ing done,'. The melody continues in the treble staff, ending with a final chord.

How sweet the Chris-tian's wel - come home! Home, home, home, the Chris-tian's wel - come home!

To be sung at the end of the last verse.

Sweet, O sweet the Chris-tian's wel - come home. Wel-come home, wel - come home, wel - come home.

2.

See, brothers, see, how the day comes on;  
 Soon the trump of God will sound;  
 Lightnings may flash, and thunders roll;  
 Welcome to the faithful soul.  
 Then haste, &c.

3.

Hark! 'tis the trumpet's joyful sound!  
 See th' Almighty Jesus crowned;  
 Saints of the Lord, awake, arise!  
 Bid him welcome from the skies.  
 Then haste, &c.

1. Praise to God, — im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days: Bounteous Source of every joy,

Let thy praise our tongues em - - - ploy.

2. All that spring, with bounteous hand,  
Scatters o'er the smiling land;  
All that liberal autumn pours  
From her rich, o'erflowing stores, —
3. These, to that dear source we owe,  
Whence our sweetest comforts flow;  
These, through all my happy days,  
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.
4. Lord, to thee my soul should raise  
Grateful, never-ending praise,  
And when every blessing's flown,  
Love thee for THYSELF alone.

---

God a Refuge.

1.  
Father, Refuge of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high :

2.  
Hide me, O my Father, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O, receive my soul at last.

3.  
Other refuge have I none:  
Helpless hangs my soul on thee;  
Leave, O, leave me not alone;  
Still support and comfort me.

4.  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

1. The hours of even - ing close; Its lengthened shad - ows, drawn O'er scenes of earth, in -  
 2. So let its calm pre - - vail O'er forms of out - ward care; Nor thought for "ma - - ny

--- vite re - pose, And wait the morn - ing dawn.  
 things" as - sail The still re - treat of prayer.

3.  
 Our guardian Shepherd near,  
 His watchful eye will keep;  
 And, safe from violence and fear,  
 Will fold his flock to sleep.

4.  
 So may a holier light  
 Than earth's our spirits rouse,  
 And call us, strengthened by his might,  
 To pay the Lord our vows.

---

#### Divine Guidance.

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

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

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

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

Praise to thee, thou great Cre - - a - - tor! Praise to thee from ev - - - ery tongue!  
For ten thou - sand bless - ings giv - en, For the hope of fu - - ture joy,

Join, my soul, with ev - - ery crea - ture, Join the u - - ni - ver - sal song.  
Sound his praise through earth and heav - en, Sound Je - ho - vah's praise on high.

**Prayer for a Blessing.**

1. May the grace of Christ, our Savior,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above.
2. Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

**Closing Hymn.**

1. Israel's Shepherd, guide me, feed me,  
Through my pilgrimage below;  
And beside the waters lead me,  
Where thy flock rejoicing go.
2. Lord, thy guardian presence ever,  
Meekly kneeling, I implore;  
I have found thee, and would never,  
Never wander from thee more.

**Ascription.**

1. Gracious Source of every blessing,  
Guard our breasts from anxious fears;  
Let us each, thy care possessing,  
Sink into the vale of years.
2. All our hopes on thee reclining,  
Peace companion of our way,  
May our sun, in smiles declining,  
Rise in everlasting day.

Andante.

1. While with ceaseless course the sun Hast-ed through the for - mer year, Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er -  
 2. Spared to see an - oth - er year, Let thy bless-ing meet 'us here; Come, thy dy - ing work re - vive, Bid thy

*mf* *mp*  
 - - - more to meet us here. Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;  
 droop-ing gar - den thrive; Sun of right-eous - ness, a - rise! Warm our hearts and bless our eyes;

*m*  
 We a lit - tle long - er wait, But how lit - tle none can know.  
 Let our prayer thy pit - y move, Make this year a time of love.

3.

Thanks for mercies past receive;  
 Pardon of our sins renew;  
 Teach us henceforth how to live,  
 With eternity 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 above.

*Allegro Risoluto.*

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King; Let ev - ery heart pre - pare him

room, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, And heaven and na - ture sing.  
And heaven and nature sing,  
And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and na - ture sing.

2.

Joy to the world! the Savior reigns!  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat, &c.

3.

No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found,  
Far as, &c.

4.

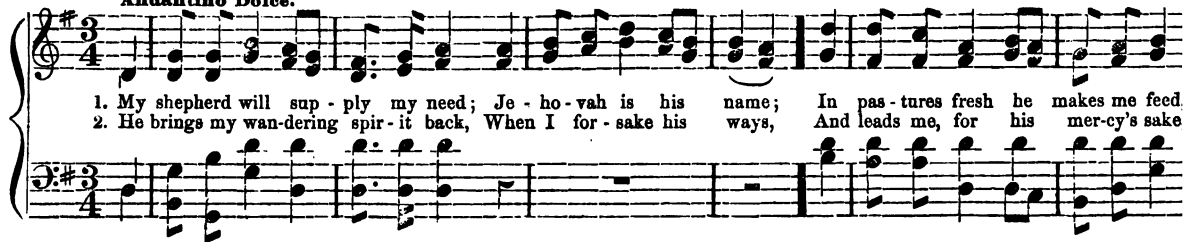
He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love,  
And wonders, &c.



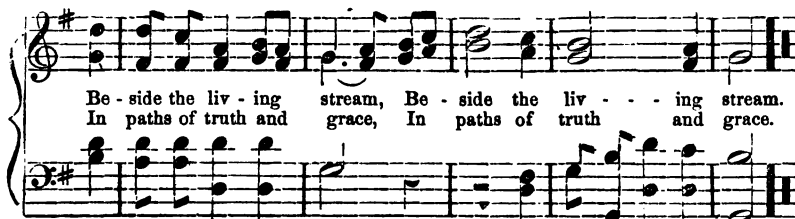
# MY SHEPHERD WILL SUPPLY. C. M.

PONTIL. 9

*Andantino Dolce.*



1. My shepherd will sup - ply my need; Je - ho - vah is his name; In pas - tures fresh he makes me feed  
2. He brings my wan - dering spir - it back, When I for - sake his ways, And leads me, for his mer - cy's sake



Be - side the liv - ing stream, Be - side the liv - - - ing stream.  
In paths of truth and grace, In paths of truth and grace.

Be - side the liv - ing stream.  
In paths of truth and grace.

3.  
When I walk through the shades of death  
Thy presence is my stay;  
A word of thy supporting breath  
Drives all my fears away.

4.  
Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,  
Doth still my table spread;  
My cup with blessings overflows;  
Thine oil anoints my head.

## Pleasant Words.

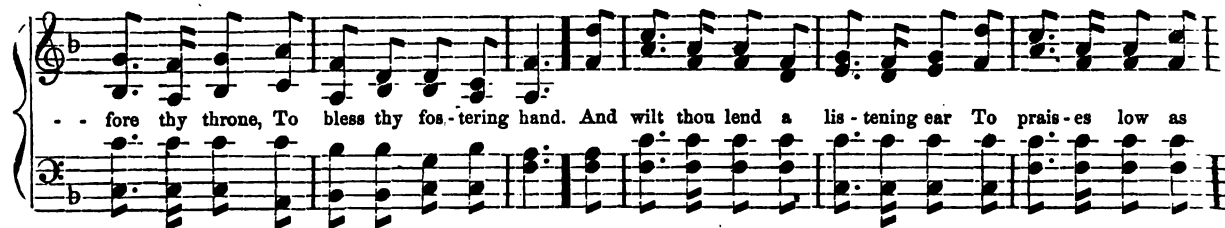
1.  
A little word, in kindness said,  
A motion, or a tear,  
Has often healed the heart that's sad,  
And made a friend sincere.

2.  
A word, a look, has crushed to earth  
Full many a budding flower,  
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,  
Would bless life's darkest hour.

3.  
Then deem it not an idle thing  
A pleasant word to speak;  
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,  
A heart may heal or break.



1. O Lord, an - oth - er week is flown, And we, a youth - ful band, Are met once more be -



- - fore thy throne, To bless thy fos - tering hand. And wilt thou lend a lis - tening ear To prais - es low as



ours? Thou wilt, for thou dost love to hear The song which meekness pours.

2.

And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,  
 As in thy name we pray;  
 For thou didst bless the infant train,  
 And we are weak as they.  
 O, let thy grace perform its part,  
 And bid our passions cease,  
 And shed abroad in every heart  
 Thine everlasting peace.

# HYMN SECOND.

93

## My Father's House.

1. There is a place of waveless rest,  
Far, far beyond the skies,  
Where beauty smiles eternally,  
And pleasure never dies.  
My Father's house, my heavenly home,  
Where "many mansions" stand,  
Prepared by hands divine, for all  
Who seek the better land.

2. When tossed upon the waves of life,  
With fear on every side,  
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,  
And foams the angry tide,  
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,  
Breaks forth the light of morn,  
Bright beaming from my Father's house,  
To cheer the soul forlorn.

3. In that pure home of tearless joy  
Earth's parted friends shall meet,  
With smiles of love that never fade,  
And blessedness complete.  
There, there adieus are sounds unknown;  
Death frowns not on that scene,  
But life, and glorious beauty, shine,  
Untroubled and serene.

## FATHER OF SPIRITS. C. M.

ORTONVILLE.

1. Fa - ther of spir - its, take, O take The glo - ry of thy grace; Thy gifts to thee we ren - der back.  
2. With love and har - mo - ny we came, In sin - gle - ness of heart; We met, O Lord, in thy blest name,

In rap - turous songs of praise, In rap - turous songs of praise.  
And in thy name we part, And in thy name we part.

3.  
We part in body, not in mind;  
Our minds continue one;  
And each to each in love are joined,  
And hand in hand go on.

4.  
Subsists as in us all one soul;  
No power can make us twain;  
And mountains rise and oceans roll  
To sever us in vain.

## MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

LABAN.

*Allegro Vigoroso.*

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are press-ing  
 2. O, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - - new it bold-ly eve - ry

hard To draw thee from the skies.  
 day, And help di - - vine im - - - plore.

3.  
 Ne'er think the victory won,  
 Nor lay thine armor down:  
 Thy arduous work will not be done  
 Till thou obtain thy crown.

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

## The Heavenly Shepherd.

1.  
 The Lord my shepherd is;  
 I shall be well supplied;  
 Since he is mine, and I am his,  
 What can I want beside?

2.  
 He leads me to the place  
 Where heavenly pasture grows,  
 Where living waters gently pass,  
 And full salvation flows.

3.  
 If e'er I go astray  
 He doth my soul reclaim,  
 And guides me in his own right way,  
 For his most holy name.

4.  
 In spite of all my foes,  
 He doth my table spread;  
 My cup with blessings overflows,  
 And joy exalts my head.

# VITAL SPARK OF HEAVENLY FLAME.

95

*Largo. Affettuoso.*

Vi-tal spark of heavenly flame, Quit, O quit this mor-tal frame; Trembling, hop-ing, lingering, fly-ing,

O, the pain, the bliss of dy-ing! Cease, fond na-ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan-guish in-to life!

Hark! they whis-per; an-gels say — they whis-per; Hark! hark! they Hark! they whis-per; an-gels say — they whis-per; an-gels say — Hark! they Hark! they whis-per; an-gels say — Hark!

## CONTINUED.

*Dolce.* *f* *p*

whis-per; an-gels say, Sis-ter spir-it, come a-way, Sis-ter spir-it, come a-way. What is this ab-

*f* *p*

- sorbs me quite, Steals my sen-ses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spir-it, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can

*f* *p* *Andante. p*

this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? The world re-cedes; it dis-appears; Heaven o-pen

Staccato.

Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly;

on my eyes; my ears With sounds se - raph - ic ring. Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly; O

Tutti.

*p*

O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting? O

grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting? O



grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O death, where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly;



O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry, O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry? O

O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry, O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry? O



# CONCLUDED.

*f* *p* *Slentando.* *f*

death, where is thy sting? O death, where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly; C

*ff* *f* *Adagio.*

grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry? O death, O death, where is thy sting

## I'M A PILGRIM.

**Alto** **Fine.**

1. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

2. There the sunbeams are ev-er shining; I am longing, I am longing for the sight.

3. Of that country to which I'm go-ing, My Re-deemer, my Redeemer is the light.

**Retard.** **D. C.**

Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the streamlets are ev-er flowing.

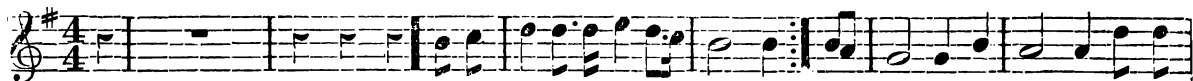
With-in a country unknown and dreary, I have been wandering forlorn and weary.\*

There is no sorrow, or a-ny sighing, Or a-ny sinning, or a-ny dying.

\* I'm a pilgrim, &c.

# TOGETHER LET US SWEETLY LIVE.

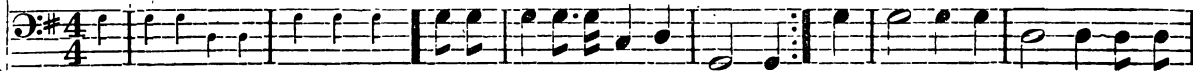
10.



1. To - gether let us sweetly live, I am bound for the land of Canaan; }  
To - gether let us sweetly die, I am bound for the land of Canaan; } O Canaan, bright Canaan, I am



2. The way the holy prophets went, I am bound for the land of Canaan; }  
The road that leads from banishment, I am bound for the land of Canaan; } O Canaan, &c.



bound for the land of Canaan; O Canaan, it is my hap - py home; I am bound for the land of Canaan.



1. There is a re - gion love - lier far Than sa - ges know or po - - ets sing,  
 2. There is a world with bless - ings blest Be - yond what proph - ets ere fore - told;

Bright - er than sum - mer's beau - ties are, And soft - er than the tints of spring.  
 Nor might the tongue of an - gel guest A pic - ture of that world un - fold.

3.

It is all holy and serene,  
 The land of glory and repose;  
 Nor darkness dims the radiant scene,  
 Nor sorrow's tear within it flows.

4.

It is not fanned by summer's gale;  
 'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;  
 It never needs the moonbeams pale,  
 Nor there are known the evening hours.

5.

No, no! this world is ever bright  
 With every radiance all its own;  
 The streams of uncreated light  
 Flow round from th' eternal throne.

1. There is an hour of peace - ful rest To mourn - ing wan - derers given; There is a joy

for souls dis - tressed, A balm for ev - ery wound - ed breast; 'Tis found a - lone in heaven.

2.

There is a home for weary souls,  
By sin and sorrow driven,  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear but heaven.

3.

There faith lifts up the tearless eye,  
To brighter prospects given;  
It views the tempest passing by,  
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.

4.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom;  
Beyond the dark, the narrow tomb,  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

1. Morning breaks upon the tomb, Jesus scatters all its gloom; Day of triumph through the skies, See the glorious Savior rise.

2. Ye who are of death afraid, Triumph in the scattered shade; Drive your anxious cares away; See the place where Jesus lay.

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, key of B-flat major (two flats), and 6/8 time. The bottom two staves are a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs), also in B-flat major and 6/8 time. The first staff has a brace on the left side. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line corresponding to the first staff and the second line corresponding to the second and third staves.

Christians, dry your flowing tears; Chase those unbelieving fears; Look on his deserted grave; Doubt no more his power to save

Christians, &c.

This musical system also consists of three staves in the same key and time signature as the first system. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The bottom two staves are a piano accompaniment in grand staff. The first staff has a brace on the left side. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line corresponding to the first staff and the second line corresponding to the second and third staves.



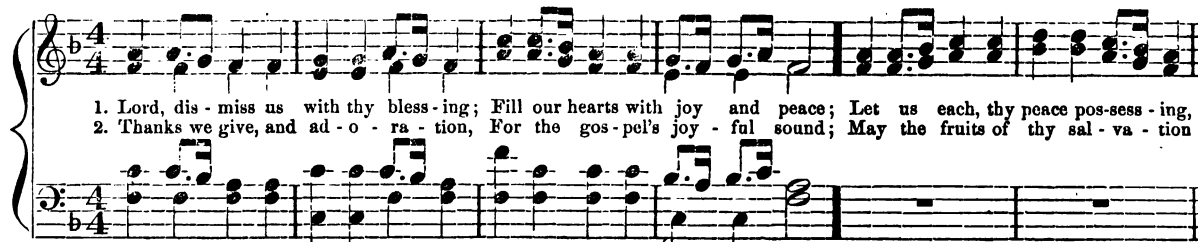
Alas, and did my Savior bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Would he devote that sacred head For

**Chorus.**

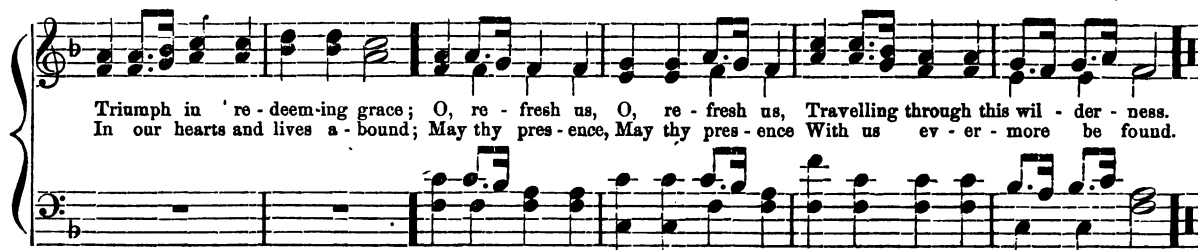


such a worm 'as I? I own I'm base, I own I'm vile, But mercy's all my plea;  
 Re - member, Lord, thy dy - ing groans, Re - member Calvary!  
 Re - member, Lord, thy dy - ing groans, . . . . Omit. . . . And then remember me

**1** **2d ending.**



1. Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy peace pos - sess - ing,  
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For the gos - pel's joy - ful sound; May the fruits of thy sal - va - tion



Triumph in 're - deem - ing grace; O, re - fresh us, O, re - fresh us, Travelling through this wil - der - ness.  
In our hearts and lives a - bound; May thy pres - ence, May thy pres - ence With us ev - er - more be found.

## Living Waters.

1.

See, from Zion's sacred mountain  
Streams of living water flow;  
God has opened there a fountain  
Which supplies the world below;  
They are blessed  
Who its sovereign virtues know.

2.

Through ten thousand channels flowing,  
Streams of mercy find their way;  
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,  
Making all around look gay;  
O ye nations,  
Hail the long-expected day.

3.

Trees of life, the banks adorning,  
Yield their fruit to all around;  
Those who eat are saved from mourning;  
Pleasure comes and hopes abound;  
Fair their portion!  
Endless life with glory crowned.



# HYMN THIRD.

107

## God our Guide.

1.  
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand;  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.

2.  
Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through;  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3.  
When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Bear me through the swelling current;  
Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

## FATHER IN HEAVEN. C. M.

## INVOCATION.

1. Fa - ther in heaven, to thee my heart Would lift it - self in prayer; Drive from my soul each  
2. Each mo - ment of my life re - news The mer - cies of my Lord; Each mo - ment is it -

earth - ly thought, And show thy pres - ence here.  
- - self a gift To bear me on to God.

3.  
O, help me break the galling chains  
This world has round me thrown;  
Each passion of my heart subdue,  
Each darling sin disown.

4.  
O Father, kindle in my breast  
A never-dying flame  
Of holy love, of grateful trust  
In thine almighty name.

1. O Zion, af - flict - ed with wave upon wave, Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save; With darkness sur-

2. "O fearful! O faithless!" in mer - cy he cries, "My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes? Still, still I am

3. "I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans, For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones; In all thy dis-

The first system of the musical score is written for three parts: Soprano (top staff), Alto (middle staff), and Bass (bottom staff). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are written below the staves, 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. O Zion, af - flict - ed with wave upon wave, Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save; With darkness sur-", "2. 'O fearful! O faithless!' in mer - cy he cries, 'My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes? Still, still I am", and "3. 'I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans, For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones; In all thy dis-".

rounded, by terrors dismayed, In toiling and rowing, thy strength is decayed. Loud roaring, the billows now high overwhelm

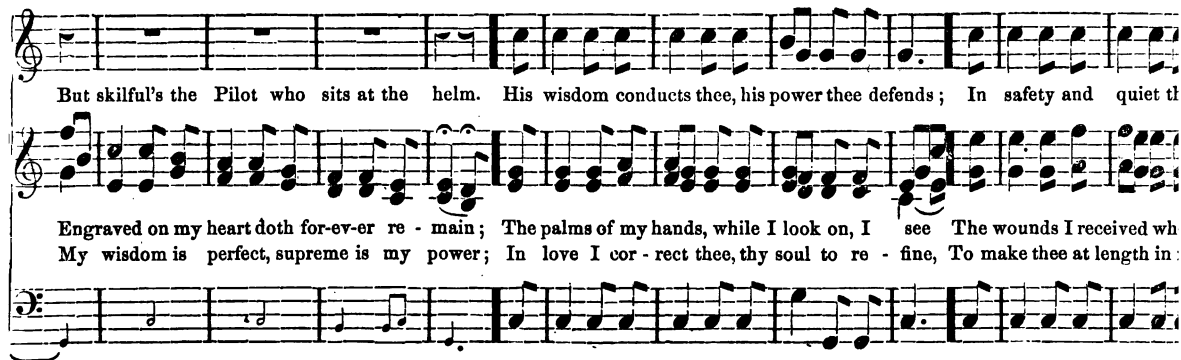
with thee; my promise shall stand; Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land. Forget thee I will not, I cannot; thy name

tresses thy head feels the pain; Yet all are most needful; not one is in vain. Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is secur

The second system of the musical score continues the three-part setting. The lyrics are: "rounded, by terrors dismayed, In toiling and rowing, thy strength is decayed. Loud roaring, the billows now high overwhelm", "with thee; my promise shall stand; Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land. Forget thee I will not, I cannot; thy name", and "tresses thy head feels the pain; Yet all are most needful; not one is in vain. Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is secur".

# CONCLUDED.

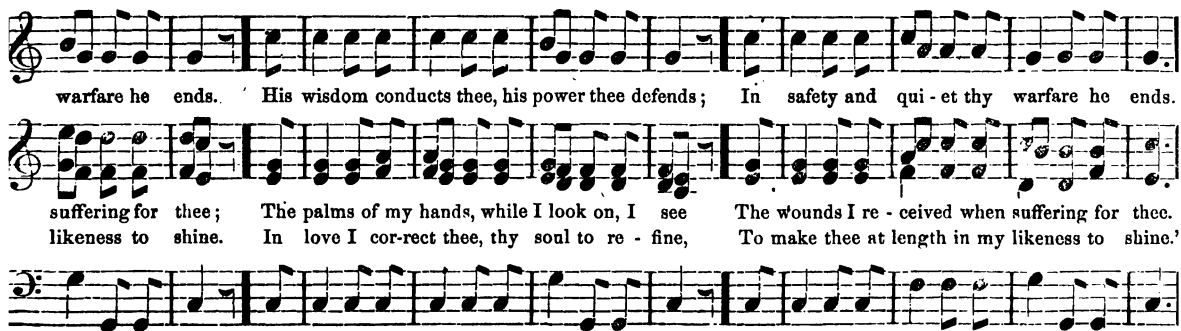
10



But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm. His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends; In safety and quiet th

Engraved on my heart doth for-ev-er re - main; The palms of my hands, while I look on, I see The wounds I received wh

My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power; In love I cor - rect thee, thy soul to re - fine, To make thee at length in:



warfare he ends. His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends; In safety and qui - et thy warfare he ends.

suffering for thee; The palms of my hands, while I look on, I see The wounds I re - ceived when suffering for thee.

likeness to shine. In love I cor-rect thee, thy soul to re - fine, To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.'

*Moderato.*

1. Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast And

these re - joic - ing eyes. Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast And these re - joic - ing eyes.

2.

Jesus himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day;  
Here we may sit and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

3.

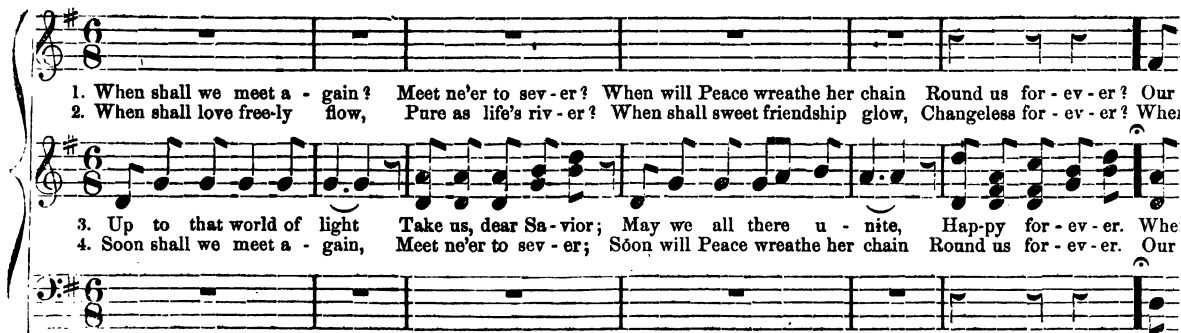
One day amid the place  
Where God my Savior's been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasure and of sin.

4.

My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this  
Till called to rise and soar away  
To everlasting bliss.

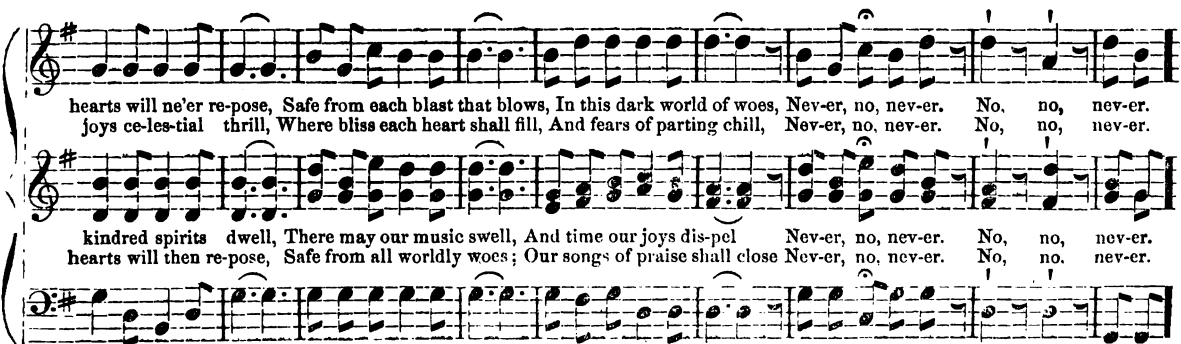
# WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN. 6s & 5s.

11



1. When shall we meet a - gain? Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will Peace wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er? Our  
 2. When shall love free-ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet friendship glow, Changeless for - ev - er? Whe

3. Up to that world of light Take us, dear Sa - vior; May we all there u - nite, Hap - py for - ev - er. Whe  
 4. Soon shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er; Soon will Peace wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er. Our



hearts will ne'er re-pose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark world of woes, Nev - er, no, nev - er. No, no, nev - er.  
 joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, Nev - er, no, nev - er. No, no, nev - er.

kindred spirits dwell, There may our music swell, And time our joys dis - pel Nev - er, no, nev - er. No, no, nev - er.  
 hearts will then re-pose, Safe from all worldly woes; Our songs of praise shall close Nev - er, no, nev - er. No, no, nev - er.

## HOW PAINFULLY PLEASING. 11s &amp; 12s.

1. How painfully pleasing the fond re-col-lection Of youthful emotions and in-no-cent joy,  
When blest with parental ad-vice and af-fec-tion, Surrounded with mercies and peace from on high!

CHOR. The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blessed Bible, The fam-i-ly Bible, that lay on the stand.

I still view the chair of my sire and my mother, The seats of their offspring arranged on each hand,

And that blessed book which excels every other, The fam-i-ly Bible, that lay on the stand.

## 2.

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,  
 At morn and at evening could yield us delight;  
 The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation  
 For mercy by day and safety through night.  
 Our hymns of devotion in harmony swelling,  
 All warm from the heart of a family band,  
 Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling  
 Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.

## 3.

Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted;  
 My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more,  
 In sorrow and sadness I roam, broken hearted,  
 And wander alone on a far distant shore.  
 Yet how can I doubt a dear Savior's protection,  
 Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand?  
 O, let me with patience receive his correction,  
 And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.

1. I'm a lone-ly traveller here, Wea-ry, op-pressed; But my jour-ney's end is near; Soon I shall rest;  
 2. I'm a wea-ry traveller here; I must go on, For my jour-ney's end is near; I must be gone;

Dark and drea-ry is the way; Toil-ing I've come; Ask me not with you to stay; Yon-der's my home.  
 Brighter joys than earth can give Win me a-way—Pleas-ures that for-ev-er live; I can-not stay.

3.  
 I'm a traveller to a land  
 Where all is fair,  
 Where is seen no broken band;  
 Saints all are there;  
 Where no tear shall ever fall,  
 Nor heart be sad;  
 Where the glory is for all,  
 And all are glad.

4.  
 I'm a traveller, and I go  
 Where all is fair;  
 Farewell, all I've loved below—  
 I must be there;  
 Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,  
 All I resign;  
 Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,  
 If heaven be mine.

5.  
 I'm a traveller—call me not;  
 Upward's my way;  
 Yonder is my rest and lot;  
 I cannot stay;  
 Farewell, earthly pleasures all;  
 Pilgrim I roam;  
 Hail me not—in vain you call;  
 Yonder's my home.



# I HAVE SOUGHT ROUND THE VERDANT EARTH.

1

1. I have sought round the verdant earth For un-fad-ing joy; }  
I have tried every source of mirth, But all, all will cloy; } Lord, bestow on me Grace to set the spirit free

2. I have wandered in mazes dark, Of doubt and dis-tress; }  
I have not had a kindling spark My spirit to bless; } Cheerless un-be-lief Filled my laboring soul with gr

Thine the praise shall be, Mine, mine the joy.

What shall give relief? What shall give peace?

3.  
I then turned to thy gospel, Lord,  
From folly away;  
I then trusted thy holy word,  
That taught me to pray;  
Here I found release,  
Weary spirit here found rest,  
Hope of endless bliss,  
Eternal day.

4.  
I will praise now my heavenly King,  
I'll praise and adore;  
The heart's richest tribute bring  
To thee, God of power;  
And in heaven above,  
Saved by thy redeeming love,  
Loud the strains shall move,  
Forevermore.

1. Farewell, mother! tears are streaming Down thy pale and tender cheek; I, in gems of glo - ry

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The music is written in a simple, melodic style with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

beaming, Scarce a sad farewell can speak. Farewell, mother! do not grieve thee; Heavenly bliss my

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The music continues from the first system. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.



2.

Farewell, father! thou art yearning  
 O'er thy cherished one laid low;  
 Surely thou wouldst not recall me  
 To inferior joys below.  
 Farewell, father! thou didst bless me  
 Ere my lips thy name could tell;  
 Now in heaven I yearn to bless thee;  
 Father, guardian, fare thee well.

3.

Farewell, sister! didst thou linger  
 Round me still, as when I slept?  
 Didst thou wait one kindly greeting  
 Ere I passed beyond thy sight?  
 Farewell, sister! cease thy grieving;  
 Bow to thy dread Sovereign's will;  
 Sadly thou alone art weeping;  
 Sister dear, I love thee still.

4.

Farewell, brother! thou wilt miss me  
 From our broken household band  
 Yet a little, I shall greet thee  
 In the bright, the "better land"!  
 Softly now on earth I'll watch thee,  
 All thy steps, I'll guard them well.  
 Father, mother, sister, brother,  
 All beloved ones, fare ye well.

*Moderato.*

1. For - give me, Lord, through thy dear Son, The ills which I this day have done,

That with the world, my - self, . . . and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

2.

Teach me to live that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die that so I may  
With joy behold the judgment day.

3.

Be thou my Guardian while I sleep ;  
Thy watchful station near me keep ;  
My heart with love celestial fill,  
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

4.

Lord, let my heart forever share  
The bliss of thy paternal care ;  
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,  
To see thy face and sing thy love.

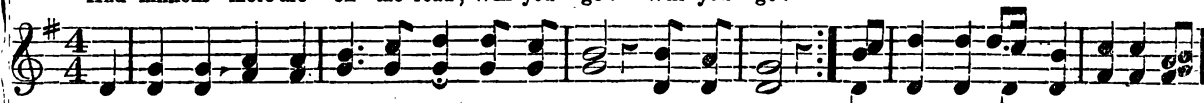
# WE'RE TRAVELLING HOME.

119

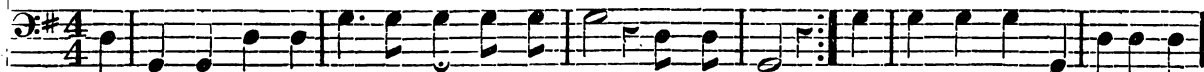
End.



1. We're travelling home to heaven a - bove; Will you go? Will you go? } Millions have reached that blest abode,  
To sing the Sa - vior's dy - ing love; Will you go? Will you go? }  
And millions more are on the road; Will you go? Will you go?



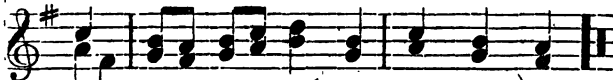
2. We're going to see the bleeding Lamb; Will you go? Will you go? } The crown of life we soon shall wear  
In rapturous strains to praise his name; Will you, &c. }  
And all the joys of heaven we'll share; Will you, &c.



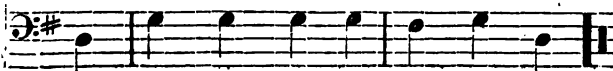
D. C.



A - noint - ed kings and priests to God,



The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,



3.

The way to heaven is free for all,  
For Jew and Gentile, great and small;  
Make up your mind, give God your heart,  
With every sin and idol part,  
And now with saints for glory start.

4.

The way to heaven is straight and plain;  
Repent, believe, be born again;  
The Savior cries aloud to thee,  
"Take up thy cross and follow me,  
And thou shalt my salvation see.

## THE LORD INTO HIS GARDEN COMES. C. P. M.

1. The Lord into his garden comes; The spices yield a rich perfume; The lilies grow and thrive, The lilies grow and thrive

2. O that this dry and barren ground In springs of water may abound, A fruitful soil be - come, A fruitful soil become;

3. The glorious time is rolling on, The gracious work is now begun; My soul a witness is, My soul a witness is;

The musical score for the first system is written for three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are grouped by a brace on the left and represent a piano accompaniment in grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The music consists of a melody in the upper voice and a harmonic accompaniment in the piano.

Refreshing showers of grace divine From Jesus flow to every vine, Which makes the dead revive, Which makes the dead revive.

The desert blossoms as the rose When Jesus conquers all his foes, And makes his people one, And makes his people one.  
I taste and see the pardon free, For all mankind, as well as me, Who come to Christ may live, Who come to Christ may live.

The musical score for the second system continues the three-staff format. It begins with a vocal line that has a few measures of rest before the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues throughout. The lyrics are split across two lines of text. The system concludes with a final cadence on the piano part.

4.

The worst of sinners here may find  
A Savior pitiful and kind,  
Who will them all receive.  
None are too late who will repent;  
Out of one sinner legions went;  
Jesus did him relieve.

5.

Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,  
And taste the sweetness of his word,  
In Jesus' ways go on;  
Our troubles and our trials here  
Will only make us richer there,  
When we arrive at home.

6.

Amen, amen, my soul replies,  
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,  
And claim my mansion there;  
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,  
To meet you in that heavenly land,  
Where we shall part no more.

## I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES. L. M.

1. I know that my Redeem - er lives; What comfort this sweet sentence gives! He lives, he lives who once was dead;  
2. He lives, my kind and gracious Friend, He lives, and loves me to the end! He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King;

He lives, my ev - er living head. }  
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing, } I'm happy now, for Je - sus comes To guide me on my journey home.

1. What ser - aph - like mu - sic falls sweet on my ear, In strains so de - light-ful? O, list, that yo

hear; Those rich, flow-ing num-bers, so li - quid and clear, Breathe rapture un - told from some hea - ven - ly sphere.

2.

'Tis the sweet-flowing music that steals o'er the wave  
Of Jordan's lone river, as its billows I brave;  
'Tis the music of angels, who hasten to bear  
My soul o'er the waters to that blessed shore.

3.

A glimpse of bright glory now beams on my sight;  
I sink in sweet visions of heaven's dawning light;  
Bright spirits are whispering so soft in my ear,  
Of heaven, sweet heaven, I long to be there.



# O, LAND OF REST. C. M.

123

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo - ment come, When I shall lay my

2. No tran - quil joys on earth I know; No peace - ful, shel - tering dome; This world's a wil - der -

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in alto clef, and the bottom in bass clef. All staves are in 3/4 time. The first two verses are written below the staves, with the lyrics aligned to the notes.

ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home?

- - ness of woe; This world is not my home.

The musical score continues with two more staves. The lyrics for the third and fourth verses are written below the staves, with the lyrics aligned to the notes.

3. To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;  
He bade me cease to roam,  
And fly for refuge to his breast,  
And he'd conduct me home.
4. When, by afflictions sharply tried,  
I view the gaping tomb,  
Although I dread death's chilling flood,  
Yet still I sigh for home.
5. Weary of wandering round and round  
This vale of sin and gloom,  
I long to leave th'unhallowed ground,  
And dwell with Christ at home.

## AFFLICTIONS, THOUGH THEY SEEM SEVERE.

1. Afflictions, though they seem severe, In mercy oft are sent; They stopped the prod - i -  
I'll die no more for bread, he cried, Nor starve in foreign lands; My Father's house has

gal's ca - reer, And caused him to re - pent. I'll die no more for bread,  
large sup - plies, And bounteous are his hands.

End. D. C.

2.  
What have I gained by sin, he said,  
But hunger, shame, and fear?  
My father's house abounds with bread,  
While I am starving here.

3.  
I'll go and tell him all I've done,  
Fall down before his face;  
Unworthy to be called his son,  
I'll seek a servant's place.

4.  
His father saw him coming back;  
He saw, and ran, and smiled,  
And threw his arms around the neck  
Of his rebellious child.

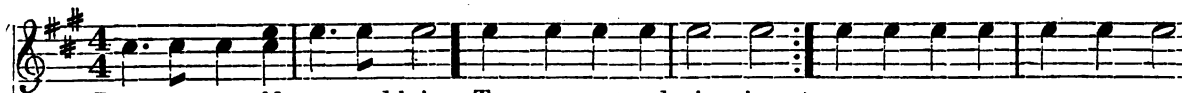
5.  
Father, I've sinned; but O forgive!  
Enough, the father said;  
Rejoice, my house, my son's alive  
For whom I mourned as dead.

6.  
Now let the fatted calf be slain,  
And spread the news around;  
My son was dead, and lives again,  
Was lost, but now is found.

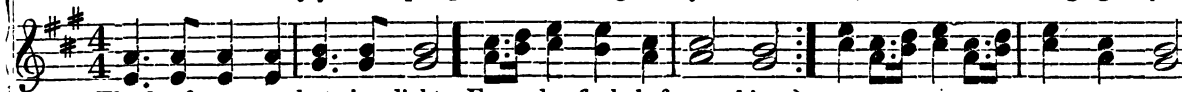
7.  
'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,  
To call poor sinners home;  
More than a father's love he feels,  
And welcomes all that come.

# BURST, YE EMERALD GATES. 7s & 6s.

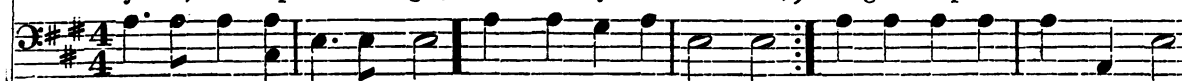
1:



1. Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring To my raptured vis - ion, }  
All th' ecstatic joys that spring Round the bright E - ly - sium! } Lo, we lift our longing eyes



2. Floods of ev - er - last - ing light Free - ly flash before him; }  
Myriads, with supreme de - light, In - stant - ly a - dore him; } Angel trumps resound his fame



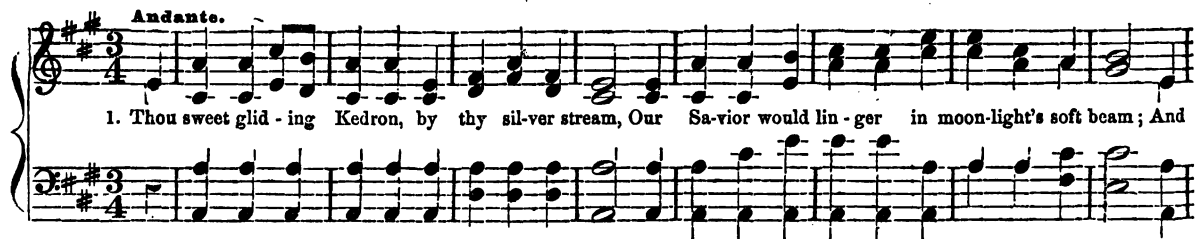
Break, ye in - ter - ven - ing skies; Sons of righteousness, a - rise; Ope the gates of Par - a - dise.



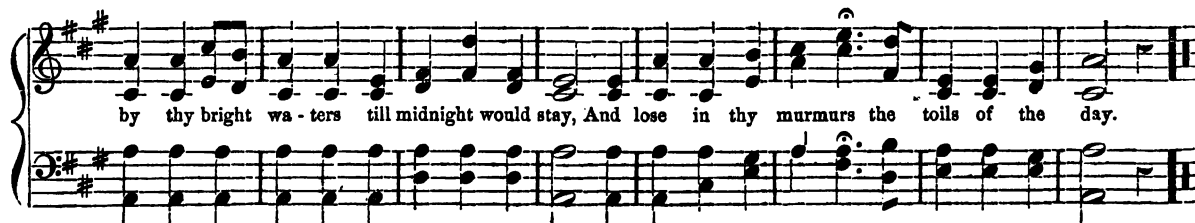
Lutes of lu - cid gold proclaim All the music of his name, Heaven ech - o - ing the theme.



*Andante.*



1. Thou sweet glid - ing Kedron, by thy sil-ver stream, Our Sa-vior would lin - ger in moon-light's soft beam ; And



by thy bright wa - ters till midnight would stay, And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

## 2.

How damp were the vapors that fell on his head !  
 How hard was his pillow ! how humble his bed !  
 The angels, beholding, amazed at the sight,  
 Attended their Master with solemn delight.

## 3.

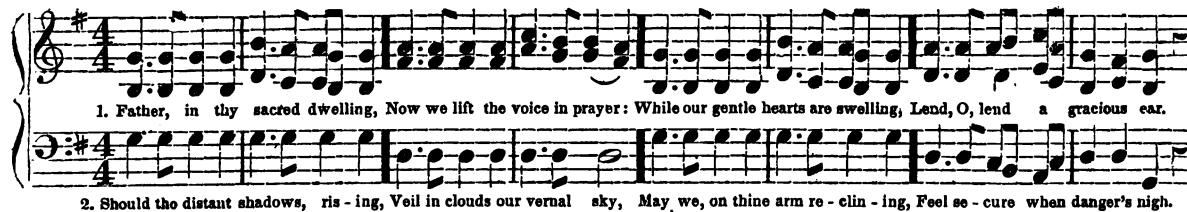
O Garden of Olive ! thou dear, honored spot,  
 The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot ;

The theme most transporting to seraphs above,  
 The triumph of sorrow — the triumph of love.

## 4.

Come, saints, and adore him — come, bow at his feet ;  
 O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet ;  
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
 And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

FATHER, IN THY SACRED DWELLING. 8s & 7s. GO, FORGET ME. 1:



1. Father, in thy sacred dwelling, Now we lift the voice in prayer: While our gentle hearts are swelling, Lend, O, lend a gracious ear.

2. Should the distant shadows, ris - ing, Veil in clouds our vernal sky, May we, on thine arm re - clin - ing, Feel se - cure when danger's nigh.



View us on life's troubled wa - ters, Rudely tossed by eve-ry tide; Guide us, infant sons and daughters, O'er the bil - lows far and wide.

Keep us, by thy spir - it giv - en, Till the voyage of life is past; Safe - ly to the port of heav - en Bring our wea - ry souls at last.

The Fount of Blessing.

1.  
Far from mortal cares retreating,  
Sordid hopes and vain desires,  
Here our willing footsteps meeting,  
Every heart to heaven aspires.  
From the fount of glory beaming,  
Light celestial cheers our eyes,  
Mercy from above proclaiming  
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2.  
Who may share this great salvation?  
Every pure and humble mind,  
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,  
From the stains of guilt refined.  
Blessings all around bestowing,  
God withholds his care from none;  
Grace and mercy ever flowing  
From the fountain of his throne.

1. From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a  
 2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads; A place of all on

3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Though sundered far, by  
 4. There, there, on eagle wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more; And heaven comes down on

sure retreat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy seat, 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy seat.  
 earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy seat, It is the blood-bought mer - cy seat.

faith they meet Around one common mer - cy seat, A - round one com - mon mer - cy seat.  
 souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy seat, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy seat.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom an - gels praise,

2. Ashamed of Je - sus! sooner far Let evening blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light di - vine

3. Ashamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend! No; when I blush be this my shame,

Whose glo - ries shine through end - less days?

O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.  
That I no more re - vere his name.

9

4.  
Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no sins to wash away;  
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5.  
Till then — nor is my boasting vain —  
Till then I boast a Savior slain;  
And O, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

1. A poor, way-far-ing man of grief Hath oft-en crossed me on my way, Who sued so humbly

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

for re-lief, That I could nev-er answer nay: I had not power to ask his name, Whith-

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics continue below the treble staff.

- - - er he went, or whence he came; Yet there was something in his eye That won my love, I knew not why.

The third system concludes the piece. The melody ends with a final cadence in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with a few more notes. The lyrics conclude below the treble staff.



2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread,  
He entered—not a word he spake;  
Just perishing for want of bread,  
I gave him all—he blessed it, brake,  
And ate, but gave me part again.  
Mine was an angel's portion then—  
And while I fed with eager haste,  
The crust was manna to my taste.
3. I spied him where a fountain burst  
Clear from the rock—his strength was gone,  
The heedless water mocked his thirst,  
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.  
I ran, and raised the sufferer up;  
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,  
Dipped, and returned it running o'er—  
I drank, and never thirsted more.
4. 'Twas night. The floods were out; it blew  
A wintry hurricane aloof.  
I heard his voice abroad, and flew  
To bid him welcome to my roof.  
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,  
Laid him on mine own couch to rest,  
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed  
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.
5. Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,  
I found him by the highway side;  
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,  
Revived his spirit, and supplied  
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed.  
I had myself a wound concealed,  
But from that hour forgot the smart,  
And peace bound up my broken heart.
6. In prison I saw him next, condemned,  
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;  
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,  
And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.  
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,  
He asked if I for him would die.  
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,  
But the free spirit cried, "I will."
7. Then, in a moment, to my view  
The stranger started from disguise;  
The tokens in his hands I knew—  
My SAVIOR stood before my eyes.  
He spake, and my poor name he named—  
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;  
These deeds shall thy memorial be;  
Fear not, thou didst it unto me."

---

**Song of Adoration.**

1. Let one loud song of praise arise  
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows,  
Who dwells enthroned above the skies,  
And life and health on all bestows.  
Let all of good this bosom fires,  
To him, sole good, give praises due;  
Let all the truth himself inspires  
Unite to sing him only true.
2. In ardent adoration joined,  
Obedient to thy holy will,  
Let all our faculties, combined,  
Thy just commands, O God, fulfil.  
O, may the solemn breathing sound  
Like incense rise before thy throne,  
Where thou, whose glory knows no bound,  
Great Cause of all things, dwell'st alone!

## FAREWELL. L. M.

1. Farewell, fare - well, farewell, dear friends ; I must be gone ; I have no home or stay with you ; I'll take my staff and

2. Farewell, fare - well, farewell, my friends ; time rolls along, Nor waits for mortal's care or bliss ; I leave you here and

trav - el on, Till I a bet - ter world do view. I'll march to Canaan's land ; I'll land on Canaan's shore, When

trav - el on, Till we ar - rive where Jesus is. I'll march, &c.



3.

Farewell, old soldiers of the cross ;  
 You've struggled hard and long for heaven  
 You've counted all things here but loss ;  
 Fight on — the crown will soon be given.

4.

Farewell, ye youth ; be bold, be strong,  
 And firm the hallowed cross sustain ;  
 In Jesus' service, earthly loss  
 Will but increase your heavenly gain.

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.

6.

Farewell, my friends ; we soon shall rise,  
 And join th' angelic host on high ;  
 I gaze on heaven with wishful eyes,  
 And long with angel wings to fly.

1. The Lord my pas-ture shall prepare, And feed me with a shep-herd's care; His  
 2. Though in a bare and rug-ged way, Through de-vious, lone - - ly wilds I stray, Thy  
 3. Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloom - y hor - - rors o - - ver - spread, My

pres - - ence shall my wants sup - - ply, And guard me with a watch - - ful eye; My  
 boun - - ty shall my pains be - - guile; The bar - - ren wil - - der - - ness shall smile; With  
 stead - - fast heart shall fear no ill, For thou, O God, art with me still; Thy

noon - - day walks he shall at - - tend, An - - all my mid - - night hours de - - fend.  
 sud - - den greens and herb - - age crowned, And streams shall mur - - mur all a - - round.  
 friend - - ly crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dread - - ful shade.

BE THOU, O GOD, EXALTED HIGH. L. M. OLD HUNDRED.

1. Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high; And as thy glo - ry fills the sky, So let it be on earth

- - played, Till thou art here as there o - - beyed.

2.  
O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent  
Its thankful tribute to present;  
And with my heart my voice I'll raise  
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3.  
Thy praises, Lord, I will resound  
To all the listening nations round;  
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;  
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Praise to God.

1.  
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly hosts;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2.  
From all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.

3.  
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;  
Eternal truth attends thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

## WITH A WITNESS WITHIN.

1. With a witness within, and a record on high, Say, why should the chosen of God fear to die ? Why tremble and pause at  
 2. To the laboring man, when his task is nigh done, How welcome the sight of the fast-setting sun ! When the burden and heat of  
 3. How sweet is repose to the weary and worn ! How bright to the watcher the waking of morn ! How grateful is peace to

4. 'Tis thus with the Christian when death comes apace ; There is hope in his heart, and a smile on his face ; There's a heavenly calm, and  
 5. To the laborer for God 'tis the sunset of life, The end of its trials, its toil, and its strife ; When done with his labors,

portal which ope To the scene of their joys and the home of their hopes ? To the scene of their joys and the home of their hopes  
 toiling are o'er, How glad is the greeting that waits at his door ! How glad is the greeting that waits at his door !  
 spirit distressed, The moment of joy to the war-riven breast ! The moment of joy to the war-riven breast !

rapture sublime, As a child of e - ter - nity's parting with time, As a child of e - ter - nity's parting with time  
 enters his rest, The place where the faithful forever are blest, The place where the faithful for - ev-er are blest.

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one, Whose kind de - signs to serve and pleas

The musical score for the first verse is written on three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. The middle staff is in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is primarily in the top staff, with accompaniment in the middle and bottom staves.

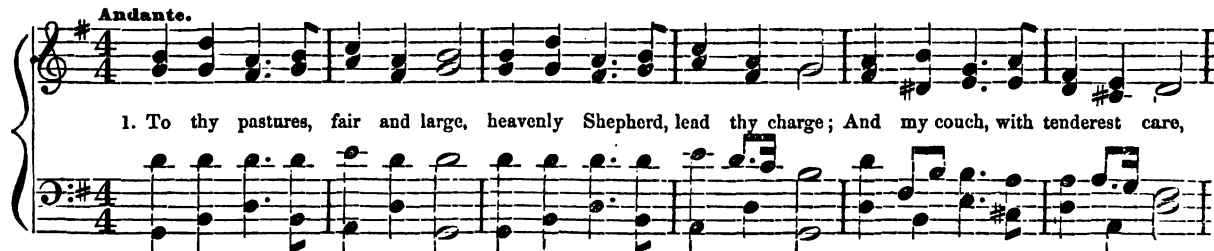
Through all their actions run, Through all their actions run.

2.  
Blest is the pious house  
Where zeal and friendship meet;  
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,  
Make their communion sweet.

3.  
Thus on the heavenly hills  
The saints are blest above,  
Where joy like morning dew distils,  
And all the air is love.

The musical score for the second and third verses is written on three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. The middle staff is in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is primarily in the top staff, with accompaniment in the middle and bottom staves.

**Andante.**



1. To thy pastures, fair and large, heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge; And my couch, with tenderest care,



Midst the springing grass prepare.

2.

When I faint with summer's heat,  
Thou shalt guide my weary feet  
To the streams, that, still and slow,  
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3.

Safe the dreary vale I tread,  
By the shades of death o'erspread;

With thy rod and staff supplied,  
This my guard, and that my guide.

4.

Constant to my latest end,  
Thou my footsteps shalt attend,  
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome  
Yield me an eternal home.

---

**Closing Hymn.**

1.

Brothers, sisters, ere we part,  
Every voice and every heart  
Join, and to our Father raise  
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2.

Though we here should meet no more,  
Yet there is a brighter shore;  
There, released from toil and pain,  
There we all may meet again.

3.

Now to Him who reigns in heaven  
Be eternal glory given;  
Grateful for thy love divine,  
O, may all our hearts be thine.



# WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR. C. M.

139

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man - sions in the skies, } And wipe my weeping eyes,  
I'll bid fare - well to eve - ry fear, And wipe my 'weep - ing eyes.

2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fier - y darts be hurl'd, } And face a frowning world,  
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world,

And wipe my weep - ing eyes, I'll bid fare - well to eve - ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

And face a frowning world, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frowning world.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
Let storms of sorrow fall,  
So I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.

4. There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

## Retirement.

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

2. There, if thy spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She communes with her God!

3. There, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays,  
Nor asks a witness to her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.

4. There, O my soul, look up and view  
Thy Father's smiling face:  
Here, promises he grants to you;  
In heaven, a resting-place.

## THERE'S NOT A STAR. C. M.

1. There's not a star whose twinkling light Shines on the distant earth, And cheers the silent gloom of night, But goodness gave it birth.

2. There's not a place in earth's vast round, In ocean's deep, or air, Where skill and wisdom are not found, For God is every where.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line corresponding to the first staff and the second line corresponding to the second and third staves.

There's not a cloud whose dew distil Up - on the parching clod, And clothe with verdure vale and hill, That is not sent by God.

Around, beneath, be - low, above, Wherever space extends, There God displays his boundless love, And power with mercy blends.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves, continuing the melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line corresponding to the first staff and the second line corresponding to the second and third staves.

# COME, HOLY SPIRIT. C. M.

14

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers; Kindle a flame of

sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of ours.

2.

Look! how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys;  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.

3.

In vain we tune our formal songs;  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

4.

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor, dying rate,  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?

5.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

1. Heavenly Fa - - ther, grant thy bless - ing On th' in - struc - tions of this day, That our hearts, thy

fear pos - sess - ing, May from sin be turned a - way.

2. We have wandered ; O, forgive us ;  
We have wished from truth to rove ;  
Turn, O, turn us, and receive us,  
And incline our hearts to love.
3. We have learned that Christ, the Savior,  
Lived to teach us what is good ;  
Died to gain for us thy favor,  
And redeem us by his blood.
4. For his sake, O God, forgive us ;  
Guide us to that happy home,  
Where the Savior will receive us,  
And where sin can never come.

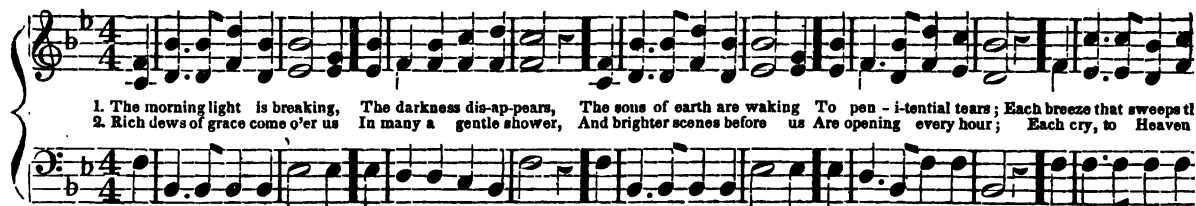
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God is Love.

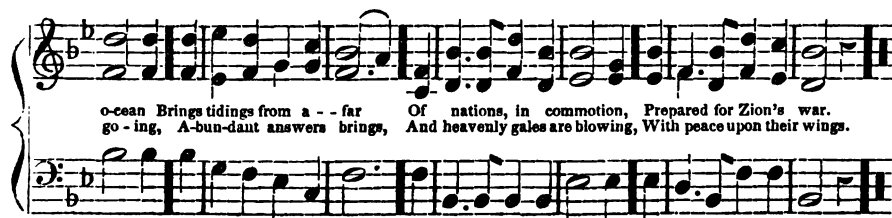
1. God is love ; his mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove ;  
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens :  
God is wisdom, God is love.
2. Chance and change are busy ever ;  
Man decays, and ages move ;  
But his mercy waneth never :  
God is wisdom, God is love.
3. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will his changeless goodness prove ;  
From the gloom his brightness streameth :  
God is wisdom, God is love.
4. He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above •  
Every where his glory shineth :  
God is wisdom, God is love.

# THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

14



1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness dis-ap-pears, The sons of earth are waking To pen - i-tential tears; Each breeze that sweeps tl  
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gentle shower, And brighter scenes before us Are opening every hour; Each cry, to Heaven



o-cean Brings tidings from a - - far Of nations, in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war.  
go - ing, A-bun-dant answers brings, And heavenly gales are blowing, With peace upon their wings.

## Remember thy Creator.

1.

### "Remember thy Creator"

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

2.

### "Remember thy Creator"

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

3.

See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Savior's blessing,  
A nation in a day.

4.

Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thy onward way,  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay;  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home  
Stay not, till all the holy  
Proclaim, the Lord has come.

1. What sound is this salutes my ear? 'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear, 'Tis Gabriel's trump, &c.; Th'expected day has come;  
 2. Behold the fair Je - ru - salem, Il - lu - minated by the Lamb, Il - lu - minated by the Lamb, In glory doth appear;

3. Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly; I thirst, I pant, I long to try, I thirst, I pant, I long to try, An - gel - ic joys to prove.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. The middle staff is also a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, melodic style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

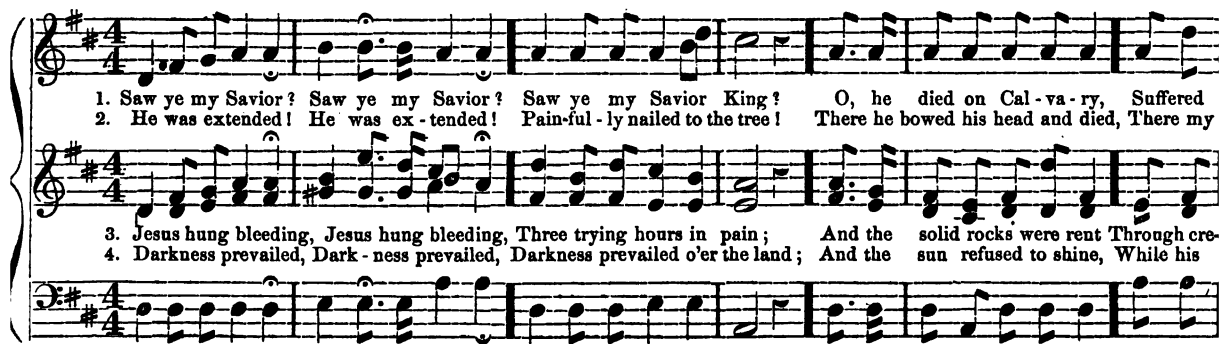
Behold the heavens, the earth, the sea, Proclaim the year of ju - bi - lee, Proclaim the year of ju - bi - lee; Return, ye exiles, home.  
 Fair Zion rising from the tombs To meet the Bridegroom; lo! he comes, To meet the Bridegroom, &c., And hails the festive year

Soon shall I quit this house of clay, Clap my glad wings and soar away, Clap my glad wings, &c., And shout redeeming love.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. The middle staff is also a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music continues in the same melodic style as the first system.

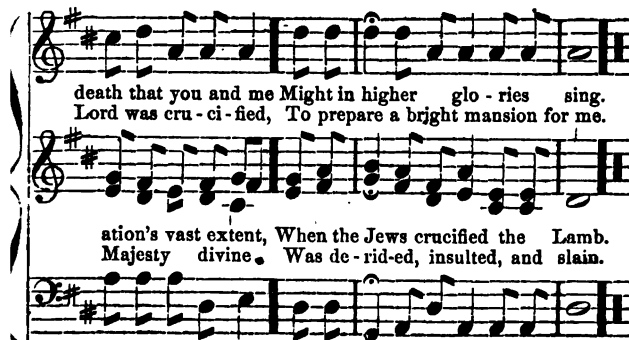
# SAW YE MY SAVIOR. P. M.

14



1. Saw ye my Savior? Saw ye my Savior? Saw ye my Savior King? O, he died on Cal - va - ry, Suffered  
 2. He was extended! He was ex - tended! Pain - ful - ly nailed to the tree! There he bowed his head and died, There my

3. Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding, Three trying hours in pain; And the solid rocks were rent Through cre -  
 4. Darkness prevailed, Dark - ness prevailed, Darkness prevailed o'er the land; And the sun refused to shine, While his



death that you and me Might in higher glo - ries sing.  
 Lord was cru - ci - fied, To prepare a bright mansion for me.

ation's vast extent, When the Jews crucified the Lamb.  
 Majesty divine. Was de - rid - ed, insulted, and slain.

5.  
 When it was finished,  
 And our Savior had died,  
 He was taken by the great,  
 And embalmed in spices sweet,  
 And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6.  
 Hail! glorious Savior!  
 Author and Prince of Peace!  
 O, he burst the bars of death,  
 And triumphant from the earth  
 He ascended to mansions of bliss.

## COME, LET US ANEW.

1. Come, let us a - new Our journey pur - sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom two staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, also with a key signature of two sharps and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Mas - ter ap - pear; His a - dor - a - ble will Let us glad - ly ful - fil; And our talents improve,

This musical system continues the piece with three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom two staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, also with a key signature of two sharps and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.



# CONCLUDED.

1

By the pa - tience of hope and the la - bor of love, By the patience of hope and the la - bor of love.

2.

Our life is a dream ;  
 Our time, as a stream,  
 Glides swiftly away,  
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay ;  
 The arrow is flown ;  
 The moment is gone ;  
 The millennial year  
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3.

O that each, in the day  
 Of his coming, may say,  
 " I have fought my way through ;  
 I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."  
 O that each from his Lord  
 May receive the glad word,  
 " Well and faithfully done ;  
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

## HERE O'ER THE EARTH.

1. Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam; Here is no rest, Here is no rest; Here as a pilgrim, I  
My heart doth leap while I

End. D. C. S

wander a-lone; Yet I am blest, I am blest; { For I look forward to that glorious day,  
hear Je-sus say, There, there is rest, there is rest. { When sin and sorrow shall van-ish a-way;

# CONCLUDED.

14

2.

Here fierce temptations beset me around;  
Here is no rest, here is no rest;  
Here I am grieved while my foes me surround;  
Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
Let them revile me, and scoff at my name,  
Laugh at my weeping, endeavor to shame;  
I will go forward, for this is my theme,  
There, there is rest, there is rest.

3.

Here are afflictions and trials severe;  
Here is no rest, here is no rest;  
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear;  
Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
Sweet is the promise I read in his word,  
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;  
They have been called to receive their reward;  
There, there is rest, there is rest.

4.

This world of cares is a wilderness state;  
Here is no rest, here is no rest;  
Here I must bear from the world all its hate;  
Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
Soon shall I be from the wicked released;  
Soon shall the weary forever be blest;  
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus's breast;  
There, there is rest, there is rest.

## SING HALLELUJAH.

1. { Sing hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord; Sing with a cheerful voice; }  
 { Ex - alt our God with one ac - cord, And in his name re - joice; } Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed host,  
 Till in the realms of endless light Your praises shall u - nite.

To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,

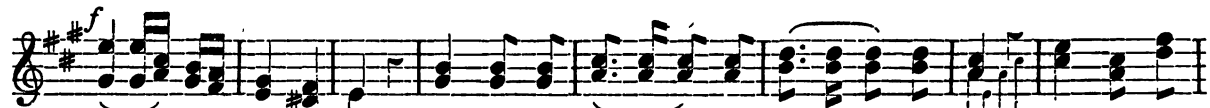
D. C.

2.  
 There we to all eternity  
 Shall join th'angelic lays,  
 And sing in perfect harmony  
 To God our Savior's praise;  
 He hath redeemed us by his blood,  
 And made us kings and priests to God;  
 For us, for us the Lamb was slain;  
 Praise ye the Lord; Amen.

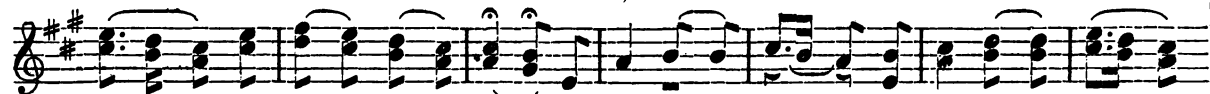
## THERE IS A STREAM.—DUET AND CHORUS.



1. There is a stream—there is a stream—there is a stream whose gen-tle flow Sup-plies the  
 2. That sa-cred stream—that sa-cred stream—that sa-cred stream, thine ho-ly word, That all our



cit-y of our God; Life, love, and joy . . . . still glid-ing through, Life, love, and  
 ra-ging fear con-trols. Sweet peace thy prom-is-es, thy prom-is-es af-ford, Sweet peace thy

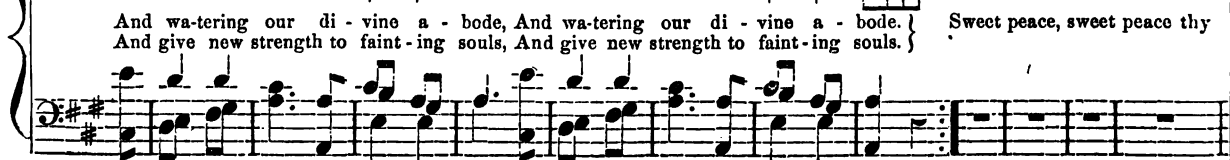


joy . . . . still glid-ing through, And wa-tering, and wa-tering, and wa-tering, and wa-tering,  
 prom-is-es, thy prom-is-es af-ford, And give new strength, and give new strength,

## CHORUS.



And wa-tering our di-vine a-bode, And wa-tering our di-vine a-bode. } Sweet peace, sweet peace thy  
 And give new strength to faint-ing souls, And give new strength to faint-ing souls. }



# CONCLUDED.

15

## CHORUS.

promis-es, thy promis-es af-ford, And give new strength to faint-ing souls, And give new strength to faint-ing souls.

## O HOW LOVELY IS ZION.

ANDREAS ROMBERG.

### Soli.

O how love-ly, O how love-ly, O how love-ly is Zi-on, cit-y of our God; O

O how love-ly, O how love-ly, O how love-ly is Zi-on, cit-y of our God;

*mf*

O how love-ly, how love-ly is Zi-on, Zi-on, cit-y of our God, Zi-on, cit-y of our .....

O how love-ly, how love-ly is Zi-on, Zi-on, cit-y of our God, Zi-on, cit-y of our

God. O how love-ly, O how love-ly, love-ly is Zi-on, Zi-on, cit-y of our God.

God. O how love-ly, O how love-ly, love-ly is Zi-on, Zi-on, cit-y of our God.

## CONTINUED.

15

**Tutti.**

shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee. O how love-ly is

Joy ...

Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee. O how love-ly is

shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee. O how love-ly is

**CHORUS.**

O how love-ly, love-ly is Zi-on,

*p* O how love-ly, love-ly is Zi-on,

Zi - on; Joy and peace shall dwell, ... dwell in thee; Joy and peace shall dwell, dwell in thee.  
 Joy and peace shall dwell, ... dwell in thee; Joy and peace shall dwell, .... dwell in thee.

Zi - on; Joy and peace shall dwell, dwell in thee; Joy and peace shall dwell, dwell in thee.

Zi - on; Joy and peace shall dwell, ... dwell in thee; Joy and peace shall dwell, dwell in thee.

Joy and peace shall dwell, shall dwell in thee; Joy and peace shall dwell in thee.

Joy and peace shall dwell, shall dwell, shall dwell in thee; Joy and peace shall dwell in thee.

Joy and peace shall dwell, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee; Joy and peace shall dwell in the

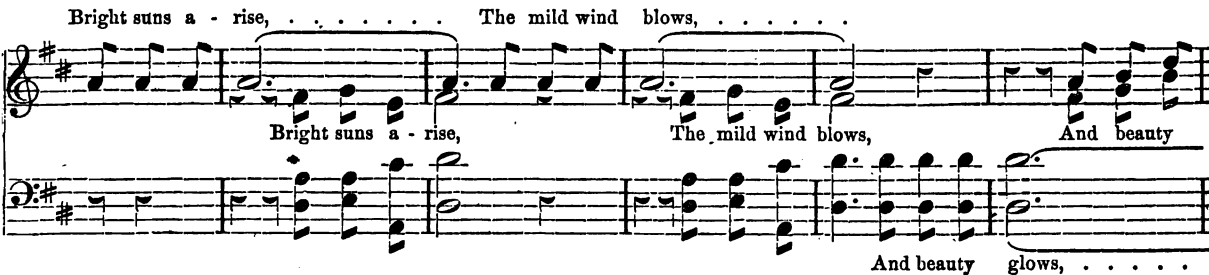


# HOW PLEASING IS THE VOICE. H. M.

155



1. How pleasing is the voice Of God, our heavenly King, Who bids the frosts re - tire, And wakes the lovely spring !



Bright suns a - rise, . . . . . The mild wind blows, . . . . .

Bright suns a - rise, The mild wind blows, And beauty  
And beauty glows, . . . . .



glows Through earth and skies.

2.  
The morn, with glory crowned,  
His hand arrays in smiles;  
He bids the eve decline,  
Rejoicing o'er the hills;  
The evening breeze his breath perfumes;  
His beauty blooms in flowers and trees.

3.  
With life he clothes the spring,  
The earth with summer warms;  
He spreads th' autumnal feast,  
And rides on wintry storms;  
His gifts divine through all appear;  
And round the year his glories shine.

## SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

*Allegretto.*

1. Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea; . . Je - ho - vah has triumphed, his people are free.  
Sing first time with four voices, and repeat in chorus.

2. Praise for the victory, all praise to the Lord; . . His word was our ar - row, his breath was our sword.  
Sing, for the pride of the ty - rant is bro - ken, His chariots and horsemen all splendid and brave; How  
Who shall re - turn to tell E - gypt the sto - ry Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride? The

D. C.

vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken, And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.

Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory, And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.

Coda.

His people are free, his people are free.

## Shout the Glad Tidings.

1.

Shout the glad tidings! exultingly sing!  
 Jerusalem triumphs! Messiah is King!  
 Zion! the marvellous story be telling,  
 The Son of the highest, how lowly his birth!  
 The brightest archangel in glory excelling,  
 He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns o'er the earth.

2.

Shout the glad tidings! exultingly sing!  
 Jerusalem triumphs! Messiah is King!  
 Tell how he cometh from nation to nation;  
 The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;  
 How free to the faithful he offers salvation!  
 With joy everlasting his people are crowned.

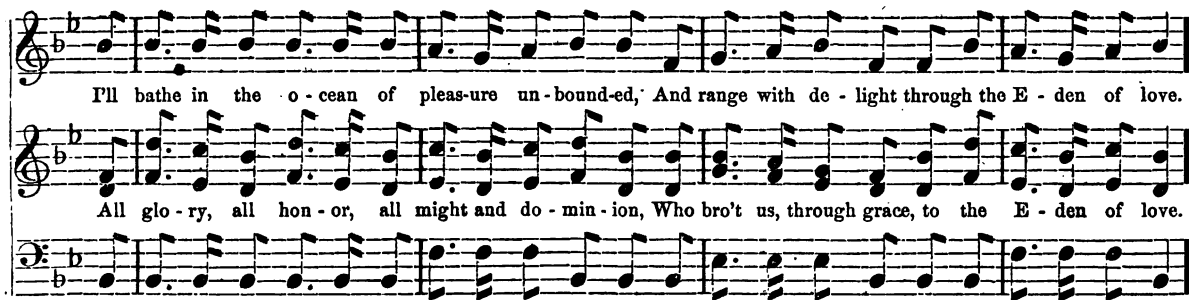
CODA. — Messiah is King, Messiah is King.

1. How sweet to re - flect on the joys that a - wait me In yon bliss-ful re - gion, the ha - ven of rest,  
Where glo - ri - fied spir - its with wel - come shall greet me, And lead me to man - sions pre - pared for the blest!

2. While an - gel - ic le - gions, with harps tuned ce - les - tial, Har - mo - nious - ly join in the con - cert of praise,  
The saints, as they flock from the re - gions ter - res - trial, In loud hal - le - lu - jahs their voi - ces will raise.

En - cir - cled in light, and with glo - ry en - shroud - ed, My hap - pi - ness per - fect, my mind's sky un - cloud - ed.

Then songs to the Lamb shall re - ech - o through heav - en; My soul will re - spond, to E - man - uel be giv - en



I'll bathe in the o - cean of pleas - ure un - bound - ed, And range with de - light through the E - den of love.

All glo - ry, all hon - or, all might and do - min - ion, Who bro't us, through grace, to the E - den of love.

3. Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory!  
 Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,  
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,  
 Salvation from sorrow through Jesus's love;

Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation  
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation  
 Of joys that await me, when freed from probation.  
 My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

## HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

RUSSIAN AIR.

2. Now like moon-light waves re - treat - ing, To the shore it dies a - long; Now, like an - gry  
 1. Hark! the ves - per hymn is steal - ing O'er the wa - ters, soft and clear; Near - er yet and



Solo. Soli.

Ju - - bi -

## CONCLUDED.

sur - ges meet - ing, Breaks the min - gled tide of song.  
near - er peal - ing, Now it bursts up - on the ear:

*Tutti.*

- - la - - - te, A - - - men. A - - - men. Ju bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te,

Hush a - gain like waves re - treat - ing, To the shore it dies a - long.  
Far - ther now, now far - ther steal - ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.  
*Soli.*

*p*

Ju - bi - la - te, A - - men. Ju - - bi - - la - - te, A - - men, A - - men