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STAGER'S

CHOICE



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THE  
SINGER'S CHOICE:

A COLLECTION OF

TUNES, HYMNS AND ANTHEMS, ORIGINAL AND  
SELECTED, DESIGNED FOR CHURCH  
AND SCHOOL PURPOSES.

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COMPILED, ARRANGED AND COMPOSED

BY LINDSEY WATSON.

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"I will sing with the Spirit, and with the understanding also."—1 Cor. xiv, 15.

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LOUISVILLE:  
MORTON & GRISWOLD.



Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1854, by  
LINDSEY WATSON,  
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*From the Presiding Elder of Bowling Green District.*

I HAVE examined the manuscript of a book of tunes and hymns selected and compiled by Mr. L. Watson, of Hart Co., Ky., and I take pleasure in stating that he has displayed a highly cultivated taste and a sound judgment in the preparation of the book. The work, if published, would doubtless be useful and popular among Christians of all sects, and especially among Methodists, from whose publications the majority of the hymns are taken.

J. F. SOUTH.

GLASGOW, Feb. 19, 1853.



## P R E F A C E.

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I HAVE no apology to make in presenting the following work to a generous public. The great and increasing interest of the mass, particularly the church, on the subject of music, has led me to make this effort, and, if possible, to fill some of the vacancies left by the many and worthy musicians who have of late been successfully laboring in the great and delightful field of music. There are many excellent works on music, by eminent and worthy musicians; yet there are many individuals calling for a work different from any yet published. There are so many different notions in relation to church music, that it would be a rare accident for one to please all.

I was, for a great while previous to my commencing this undertaking, often solicited by many of my friends and acquaintances to get up a work for church and school purposes, that would contain, in well-arranged order, the most of the tunes generally used in our worshiping assemblies, protracted meetings &c. I at length reluctantly undertook the work, and the "*Singer's Choice*" is the product.

In the selection of music, and the adaptation of words to music, I have been materially aided by many ministers of the gospel, and by many experienced musicians. Rev. William Gunn, than whom a more popular singer has probably never been in Kentucky, whose spirit is now at rest in the pilgrim's home, singing where his lungs will never tire, dilligently examined, and in many cases revised the manuscript, inserting many of his choice hymns and tunes, which, no doubt, will be readily recognized by all persons who were familiar with his peculiar taste; but he was not allowed to live to see the work completed.

Great pains have been taken with regard to the order of the work, particularly in the arrangement of metre and matter. When a subject has been introduced in any metre, it is finished before another is commenced. This arrangement suited my taste better than to have one hymn on one subject, and the next on another, thus making a perfect mixture of subjects. The work is free from sectarianism, and nothing of the doggerel character has in any case been used. Some national pieces are used, but they contain nothing derogatory



to the spirit of religion and morality; nor did I use them until I consulted eminent and talented preachers and others on the subject.

There is also a number of the popular choruses now in common use, at protracted meetings and other places of revivals, also a number of the more lengthy pieces, anthems, &c. Some tunes are original, and have never appeared in print before. I am opposed to so much changing of tunes or harmonies, from the fact that such changes often produce discords in congregational singing; consequently, I have not changed the parts of any of the old music, in any shape, but have used it as it has been learned by those that lead in singing at church. There are many fine pieces of poetry in the work, never before published, which have been furnished by various ministers and others, expressly for this work.

I do not suppose that the book is perfect; but I believe it will render efficient aid in acquiring a more correct knowledge of the principles and practice of music, and in the discharge of the duties devolving upon persons who sing at church.

I know that it is an easy matter for the critical and conceited to find fault—far easier than to produce a work of this kind without faults. Such as it is, however, I submit it to a generous public, hoping that it will prove highly useful to those who wish to learn music, and to the church. I now submit the work to the consideration of the serious and candid, and humbly dedicate it to the service of Him whose eye is on the heart;

“Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,  
Whose approbation can prosper even mine.”

L. WATSON.

*Louisville.*



## PRINCIPLES OF VOCAL MUSIC.

It is a truth that all science is founded on facts, and when stripped of all their adventitious circumstances, and simplified and explained in a clear and perspicuous manner, may be easily understood by the learner. It is from a more perfect knowledge of these facts among modern teachers of all sciences, that education is more easily obtained in modern times, than it was in earlier days. Hence, the principles of music, when well explained, are not as obscure as is generally supposed by those who have never studied them. Modern writers on the science of music commonly make four divisions in the principles of music, viz:

1. TIME. 2. MELODY. 3. HARMONY. 4. STYLE.

### TIME.

TIME treats of the length of tones; thus, a whole note is equal to two halves. We will now exhibit the length of all the notes now in common use among singers.

Whole Note.	Half.	Quarter.	Eighth.	Sixteenth.	Thirty-second.	Sixty-fourth.
:1	.1	1	1	1	1	1
			,	”	””	”””

Rests are marks of silence, and show that there must be a cessation of sound for a definite length of time. The letter R stands for rest in Numeral Music, and its length is known by the same marks that the length of the notes is known. Here is a table of rests:

Whole Note Rest.	Half.	Quarter.	Eighth.	Sixteenth.	Thirty-second.	Sixty-fourth.
:R	.R	R	R	R	R	R
			,	”	””	”””

A piece of music is written on what is called a staff, which, in Numeral Music, are two parallel lines. The piece of music is divided into strains; each strain is divided into measures, and each measure



is divided in still smaller portions, called parts of measures. Here is the staff divided into strains and measures:

Bar.	Measure.	Bar.	Measure.	Bar.	Measure.	Bar.	Measure.	Bar.	Measure.

End of a strain.

Thus, you see, the end of each measure is known by the single bar, and the end of a strain is known by the double bar.

We know the length of the different measures by the number of beats they contain; thus, double measure has two beats, triple measure three. Here is a table exhibiting the different modes of time:

Double Time.	Triple Time.	Quadruple Time.	DoubleTriple	Sextuple Time.
13 21 .2 .3  123 .45 .1-  1234 .5.5 .1  1234 5-5-  123456 .5-.1-				

2c Two Beats. 3c Three Beats. 4c Four Beats. 23c Two Beats. 6c Six Beats.

*Double Time* has two quarter notes, or their equivalent, in a measure, and the time is performed with two beats, one down and the other up. *Triple time* has three varieties. The first has three half notes, or their equivalent, in a measure. The second has three quarter notes, or their equivalent, in a measure. The third variety has three eighth notes, or their equivalent, in a measure. All three varieties of triple time are performed with three beats to the measure.

*Quadruple Time* has four quarter notes, or their equivalent, in the measure, and the time is performed with four beats to each measure.

*Double Triple Time* has six eighth notes to each measure, and the time is performed with two beats to the measure.

*Sextuple Time* has six quarter notes to the measure, and the time is performed either with two or six beats to each measure, according to the choice of the performer.

### EXAMPLES ON THE DIFFERENT MODES OF TIME.

#### DOUBLE TIME.

3G	du	du	du	du	du	du	du	d	u	du	du	du	du
A	12	34	34	.5		R3	66	55	33		R13	2-3	.1   .R
2c								,	,	,	,	,	,

#### TRIPLE TIME.

5G	d	l	u	dlu	dlu	dlu	d	l	u	dlu	dlu	dlu	dlu	dlu
A	.1.2.3		:1-		123	.5-		113355		.R-		123	15	4-   1   R-
3c								''''''				''	'	7
	First Variety.				Second Variety.				Third Variety.					



QUADRUPLE TIME.

5G	d	l	r	u	d	l	r	u	d	l	r	u	d	l	r	u	d	l	r	u	d	l	r	u	d	l	r	u	d	l	r	u	d	l	r	u			
A	1	2	3	1	.	4	.	3	:	2	.	R	.	3	4	.	5	3	2	2	1	1	3	3	5	5	.	1	.	2	.	1	-	2	.	3	-	R	
4c																																							

DOUBLE TRIPLE TIME.

5G	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u			
A	1	3	2	3	1	3	5	3	2	-	1	-	R	-	5	5	5	3	R	6	5	1	3	2	1	-	1	R											
23c	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	7	-	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	7	-	,																	

SEXTUPLE TIME.

5G	d	l	u	d	l	u	o	r	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	d	u	
A	1	3	2	1	5	4	3	2	1	5	5	3	.	6	-	.	5	-	1	3	R	3	2	1	.	5	-	4	4	3	.	2	-	.	1	-	
6c																																					

The letters set above the notes in the above examples show the direction the beat is made; thus, d stands for the downward beat, and u for the upward beat. In the example on quadruple time, d shows the downward beat, l the left, r the right, u the upward beat. All the rests in music should be timed as accurately as the music itself.

The common movement in beating time is equal to one second of time; the slow movement is one-third slower; and the quick movement is one third quicker. The different movements are known by certain letters placed at the right of the time figures, under the beginning of the parallel lines; thus, the letter c shows common movement, the letter s stands for slow movement, the letter q for quick, the letters sr slower, and qr quicker.

MELODY.

The second division in the science of Music teaches that some sounds are higher than others; thus, 3 is a higher number than 1, and 5 a higher number than 3, and 8 a higher number than 5. The seven primary sounds are higher in the same proportion as the numbers are in counting, or as the numerals occur in counting from 1 to 7, as is exhibited in the following series of sounds, except the two semitones, whose places are mentioned in this example:

5G	1st Semitone.						2d Semitone. 1	
A	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
2c	Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do

The syllables under the notes in this example, are the names we apply to the figures when singing.

We discover from the above example that there are but seven



primary or principal sounds belonging to vocal music; but we may repeat the octave a number of times. Two repetitions are, however, as high as most of voices can sound distinctly. Here is the staff, with the three octaves:

	Third Octave, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8							
	Second Octave, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7							
First Octave, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7								

The first sound, or tone 1, is the governing tone of the octave. Each piece of music has its proper key note, or governing tone, and each octave has its relative key or governing tone.

The grand octave always has the tone 1 for its governing tone, but the plaintive octave has the tone 6 for its governing tone. We will now exhibit the plaintive scale with its semitones:

#### PLAINTIVE SCALE.

1P	Semitone.						Semitone.	
A	1 2 3 4 5 6						s5	6
2c	6	7	Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La
	La	Si						

#### PLAINTIVE SCALE, ASCENDING AND DESCENDING.

1P												
A	1 2 3 4 s5 6 6 5 4 3 2 1											
2c	6	7									7	6

The letter G, placed over the beginning of the staff, stands for the grand scale, and the figure prefixed shows the altitude of the scale the music is keyed on. Thus, the figure 5 and letter G show that the music is keyed on the fifth altitude of the grand scale. The letter P stands for the plaintive scale, when placed over the beginning of the two parallel lines or staff.

#### EXERCISE IN MELODY.

5G	.1 1 1 1 1													
A	1	3	5	5	3	5		5	'	'	'	5	5	.3
2c														

Morning bells I love to hear, Ringing merrily, loud and clear.

We discover in the examples of the two scales, as given above, that the semitones occur at different places in the two scales for we find the first half tone in the grand scale comes between 3 and 4, and the second between 7 and 8. But in the plaintive scale, the first occurs between 2 and 3, and the second between 5 and 6.



# HARMONY.

When two or more tones are sounded at the same time, between each of which there is not less than one tone and a half, the sound produced by their union is called a concord. Thus, 1 and 3 produce a concord, and 1 3 and 5 do the same. Here is a table of concords, four parts :

1 1				1 1			
1	3	5		5	3	1	.1
3	5		1	1	5	3	.3
5		1	3	3	1	5	.5
1			1	.1			.1
1	3	5	5	3	1		

There might be a great many more examples used in this division of the science, but this must answer our purpose.

# STYLE.

Style, the fourth and last division of the science of music, teaches that some tones are loud, and some soft—it teaches the strength of tones. Tones should be made in a free, clear, and firm manner. Tones have three degrees of loudness, and three degrees of softness, as loud, louder, loudest; and soft, softer, softest. When a tone is begun, continued, and ended with an equal degree of force, it is called an organ tone. A tone that is commenced softly, and gradually increased in force, and then gradually grows softer, is called a swell, or an Eolian tone. A tone that is formed of the first part of an Eolian tone, is called an increasing tone. A decreasing tone is formed of the last part of the Eolian tone. A tone that is forcibly struck, is called an explosive tone.

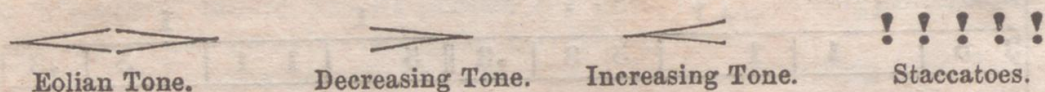
When we sing, we emphasize and accent as in reading and speaking. Emphasis is laying more than ordinary stress on certain tones used to express emphatic words, sentences, &c. Accent is placed on certain parts of the different measures, and is simply making some tones louder than others, for the purpose of giving force and meaning to the music. Without accent, singing is not music, but is merely a dull monotonous succession of sounds. Double time is accented exclusively on the first part of each measure. Triplè time has a full accent on the first third, and half accent on the second third part of



each measure. Quadruple time is accented on the first and third equal portions of the measure. Double triple and sextuple time are accented on the first and fourth equal portions of the measure.

The two last mentioned modes of time have six equal portions to the measure. Double triple time has six eighths to the measure. Sextuple time has six quarters to each measure.

There are certain marks or characters used by musicians for the purpose of giving a more correct idea of the different sounds, such as the swell, decreasing tone, &c. The following are some of the characters used :



Eolian Tone.

Decreasing Tone.

Increasing Tone.

Staccatoes.

The breath should not be drawn in singing, any more than in speaking, in the middle of a word; and when several notes are applied to one syllable, there should not be any interruption between them, but the several notes should be spoken smoothly, but not very distinctly. Here are the general rules for taking breath while singing :

It should not be taken between two syllables of the same word. It should not be taken between adjectives and nouns, nor between verbs and adverbs; neither should it be taken immediately after prepositions and conjunctions. The breath should not be drawn oftener than the fullness and firmness of the tone requires. In making vocal sounds, the sound should be made chiefly at the opening of the throat; the tongue, the teeth, the palate and lips should only be used for the purpose of articulation, and the modification of sounds. The best position for singers is standing erect, the head looking directly forwards, and the chin a little raised, and the mouth duly open.

The limits of this work will not admit all the rudiments of music, but enough are used, if in the hands of a skillful teacher, for learners to soon understand enough of the principle to do their own singing. For a complete explanation of the principles of the Numeral System the learner is referred to the *Juvenile Numeral Singer*, published by Rev. Thomas Harrison, the patentee of the system.



# THE SINGER'S CHOICE.

## 1. AYLESBURY. S. M.

1P	1	.132 .1 .1 .3 21 .1 1									
D.6 7 .6s.5 :6      .7       .7  76 :5    .7 7 .6.5 :6											
4C											
1P	32 .1	.354 .3.2 .3 .1 .3 .121 32 .1									
A.6   .7 :6             76    :7    .7   .7 :6											
4C											
1P	.11										
B.665 .6.3  :6    7 .6.3 .5    .5 36.3 .656 :3    .112 .3.3											
4C											:6

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



## 2. IDUMEA. S. M.

1P	.1	.3	1 3	3	.2	1 2	.3	
D	6	6	' '	.6		' '	5 6	.3
3C							' '	
1P		.1	2 1	3	.5	3 2	.1 2	.3
A	6	.6 5 6	' '	.6		' '		
3C	' '							
1P					1—			
B	6	.6 2	.3 3	5	.5	' 7	.6 5	.3
3C			.6			'		
1P	3	.2	1 2	.3 2	.1	1 2	.3 1—	
D		' '		6	.5	' '	' 7	.6 5   .6
3C							'	
1P	3	.5	3 1	.3 2 1			.1 2 1	
A		' '	' '	.6 5 3	.5	5	.6 5 6	' '   .6
3C				' ' .			' '	
1P								
B	6	.5 6 7	.6 3	.1 1	.5	1	1 2	.3 3
3C		' '					.6 ' '	.6

- 1 AND must this body die,  
This well-wrought frame decay ?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mould'ring in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,  
Shall but refine this flesh,  
Till my triumphant spirit comes  
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God, my Redeemer lives,  
And ever from the skies  
Looks down, and watches all my dust,  
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace  
Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And every shape, and every face,  
Be heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe,  
Lord, to thy dying love :  
O may we bless thy grace below,  
And sing thy grace above !



## 3. ALBION. S. M.

5G	D	.1		3	3	5	3		.2		.5		3	3	6	5		.3		.3		5	5	3	2		
4C																											
5G	A	.1		3	5	3	1		.2		.2		3	5	4	3	2		.1		.1		3	3	5	5	
4C																											
5G	B	.1		1	1	1							1	1							.1		1	1			
4C									6		.5		.5			4	5		.1					5	5		

5G	D	1-	2	3	5		.5		.5		3	5	4	3		.2		.3		5	3	6	5		.5			
4C																												
5G	A	3-	2	1	2		.2		.3		1		1	2	3		.5		.5		3	5	4	3	2		.1	
4C																												
5G	B	.1-	1						.1		3	2	1								1	1						
4C							.5																					

1 THE praying spirit breathe,  
 The watching power impart;  
 From all entanglements beneath  
 Call off my anxious heart;  
 My feeble mind sustain,  
 By worldly thoughts opprest;  
 Appear, and bid me turn again  
 To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come,  
 Thine own this moment seize;  
 Gather my wand'ring spirit home,  
 And keep in perfect peace:  
 Suffer'd no more to rove  
 O'er all the earth abroad,  
 Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,  
 And shut me up in God.



## 4. GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

5G	D	5		.6	5	6		.3	2		.1		2		.3	3		.6	3	5		.5		
3C					,	,													,	,				
5G	A	1		.3	1			2		.1		5		.6	5	6					6		.5	
3C								.6							,	,								
5G	B	1		.1								1		.1	1		.1							
3C					5			.6	5		.1								4			.5		

5G	D	5		.3	5	3		.6	6		.5	5		.3		3		.5	2		.3	3		.3		
3C					,	,																				
5G	A	5		.6	5	6			6		.5	3	1		.2		1		.3	1			2		.1	
3C					,	,					,	,										.6				
5G	B			.1	1		.1										.1									
3C		5							4		.5	6		.5	5		3		.4	5		.1				

AWAKE, and sing the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb;  
 Tune every heart and every tongue,  
 To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;  
 Sing of his rising power;  
 Sing how he intercedes above  
 For those whose sins he bore.

3 Tell, in seraphic strains,  
 What he has done for you;  
 How he has taken off your chains,  
 And form'd your hearts anew.

4 His faithfulness proclaim,  
 While life to you is given;  
 Join hands and hearts to praise his name,  
 Till we all meet in heaven.



## 5. NINETY THIRD. S. M.

1G	1	.1				.1	3	.4	3	.2	3	4	.5
D			6	.5	5	6						'	'
3C													
1G		.1	.2	1				.1	1	.2	3	2	.1
A	5	6		6		'	6	.5		5	6		6
3C	'	'											
1G							1						
B	1	.1	4	.5		.1			.4	6	.5	3	2
3C					5							'	'
1G	3	.1	.4	5	.2	3	2	.2	3	2	.1	2	.1
D			6				'	'					.5
3C													
1G	5	.3	2	1	1	3	.2	1		.1	1	.2	3
A		'	'	.6	'	'		'	6	.5		5	6
3C													
1G	1	.1							.1				
B		6	.6	3	.2	1	.5		5		6	.5	3
3C													

YE servants of the Lord,

Each in his office wait,  
Observant of his heavenly word,  
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame;  
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,  
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's com-  
mand:

And while we speak he's near;  
Mark the first signal of his hand,  
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he  
In such a posture found!  
He shall his Lord with rapture  
see,  
And be with honor crown'd.

## 6.

A CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;

A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky;

To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill;—

O may it all my powers engage,  
To do my Master's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care  
As in thy sight to live;  
And, O thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
A strict account to give!  
Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely;  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.



7. BRIDGETOWN. S. M.

5G  
D .3 | 3 3 5 5 | .3- || 1 | 2 5 3 5 | .5 .R || .1 3 3 |  
4C  
5G  
A .1 | 1 3 2 1 3 | .5- || 6 | 6 5 3 5 3 | .1 .R || .1 5 5 |  
4C  
5G  
B .1 | 1 1 | || 1 | 2 3 | | .1 .R || .1 1 1 |  
4C  
5G  
D 3 5 3 5 3 | .1 || .1 | 6 6 3 2 | .5 || .5 | .3 4 3 | .1 .2 | .3 ||  
4C  
5G  
A 5 6 5 5 3 | .5 || .3 | 2 1 1 3 5 3 | .2 || .1 | 3 6 5 4 | .3 .2 | .1 ||  
4C  
5G  
B | .1 || | 2 3 1 2 | | .1 | | | | ||  
4C  
5G  
D 6 6 5 6 7 | .6 | .5 | .6 4 3 | .5 .5 | .1 |

TEACH me, my God and King,  
In all things thee to see;  
And what I do, in anything,  
To do it as for thee;—

2 To scorn the senses' sway,  
While still to thee I tend:  
In all I do be thou the way,  
In all be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake,  
Nothing so small can be,  
But draws, when acted for thy sake,  
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done t' obey thy laws,  
E'en servile labors shine ;  
Hallow'd is toil, if this the cause,  
The meanest work divine.

5 Thee, then, my God and King,  
In all things may I see;  
And what I do, in any thing,  
May it be done for thee!



## 8. MILTON. S. M.

CLARK.

3G	D	.353		.5.4		.3-    5		3 6 .5		.5 5 4		.3-    3		.5-5		.5 .5		
4Q																		
3G	A	.131		.5.6		.5-    5		.1 3 5		5 4 3 2		.1-    5		.5-4		4 3 2 1		
4Q																		
3G	B	.111		.3.4		.1-		.1		.1-    1				.1 2 3				
4Q							7 .6		3 4 .5					.7-5				
3G	D	.44s4		.5-  R		:R		:R		:R		.R-  5		4336		.5.4		:3
4Q														LOUD.				
3G	A	.6		.7-		.5-6		5321		.4.3		.2-  3		4564		.3.2		:1
5Q														LOUD.				
3G	B	.4 .2		.5-  1		.1-		.1 2 3		.2.1		1						:1
4Q							4			.5-		6 5 .4		.5.5				

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes!

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

3 One day within the place  
Which thou dost, Lord, frequent,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
In sinful pleasures spent.

4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.



## 9. SHIRLAND. S. M.

6G						P					P
D	.1	.1	2 4 3 2	.3		.3	.2	.2	.3	.2	.2    .1
4Q	.7										
6G						P					P
A	.1	.2	.3	4 2 5	.1		.1	2 .5	3 6 5s1	.5	13
4Q				7			7				
6G						P					P
B	.1	.1				.1		.1	.2		.1
4Q	.5	.4	.5	.1		.5	.7		.5		
						P					
6G											
D	1	2	2 1 1 3	3 2 2 1	1		1 2 3 6	.5 .4	.3		
4Q	7 7				7	.7					
6G						P					
A	3 2 2 4	4 3 3 5	5 4 4 3	3 2		.2	3 4 5 6	.3 .2	.1		
4Q											
6G						P					
B		.1 .1				.1					
4Q	.5 .5	.4 .1	.5 .5	3 4	.5 .5	.1					

STAND up, and bless the Lord,  
 Ye people of his choice ;  
 Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,  
 With heart, and soul, and voice.

- 2 Though high above all praise,  
 Above all blessing high,  
 Who would not fear his holy name,  
 And laud, and magnify ?
- 3 O for the living flame  
 From his own altar brought,  
 To touch our lips — our minds inspire,  
 And wing to heaven our thought !
- 4 There, with benign regard,  
 Our hymns he deigns to hear ;  
 Though unreveal'd to mortal sense,  
 The spirit feels him near.
- 5 God is our strength and song,  
 And his salvation ours ;  
 Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd  
 With all our ransom'd powers.



## 10. THATCHER. S. M. HANDEL.

6G  
D 3 | 5 4 3 | 3 2 1 | || 1 1 | .1 2 | .3 ||  
3c .7 7 7  
6G  
A 1 | 3 2 1 | 5 4 3 | .2 || 1 2 3 | | .1 ||  
3c 5 .6 7  
6G  
B 1 | | | || | | | ||  
3c 1 5 6 .3 4 .5 5 3 2 1 .4 2 .1

6G  
D 3 | 3 6 5 | .4 3 | .2 3 | .5 || 5 | 4 3 6 | .5 4 | .3 ||  
3c  
6G  
A 1 | 5 4 3 | .2 1 | 1 | .2 || 3 | 4 5 6 | .3 2 | .1 ||  
3c .7  
6G  
B 1 | | | || 1 | | | ||  
3c 1 2 3 .4 5 .5 5 .5 6 3 4 .5 5 .1

O WHAT a taste is this

Which now in Christ we know,  
An earnest of our glorious bliss,  
Our heaven begun below!

2 When he the table spreads,  
How royal is the cheer!  
With rapture we lift up our heads,  
And own that God is here.

3 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Who died to die no more,  
Let all the ransom'd sons of men,  
With all his hosts adore.

4 Let earth and heaven be join'd,  
His glories to display,  
And hymn the Saviour of man-  
kind  
In one eternal day.

## 11.

THEE, King of saints, we praise  
For this our living bread;  
Nourish'd by thy preserving grace,  
And at thy table fed.

2 Who in these lower parts  
Of thy great kingdom feast,  
We feel the earnest in our hearts  
Of our eternal rest.

3 Yet still a higher seat  
We in thy kingdom claim,  
Who here begin by faith to eat  
The supper of the Lamb.

4 That glorious, heavenly prize,  
We surely shall attain,  
And in the palace of the skies  
With thee for ever reign.



## 12. GALANA. S. M. L. WATSON.

6G  
D | 1 1 | .1 || .1 | 3 3 2 | | ||  
4C 5 5 7 7 .5  
6G  
A 1 | 1 1 2 | .3 || .3 | 5 5 3 2 | .1 ||  
4C 7  
6G  
B | | || 1 1 | | ||  
4C 1 1 1 1 1 .5 .5 5 5 .1

6G  
D | | || 1 1 | 2 2 .1 ||  
4C .5 3 3 4 4 5 5 .5 .5  
6G  
A .1 | 5 5 6 6 | 5 s4 .5 || .5 5 3 | 2 .1 ||  
4C 7  
6G  
B | | 1 1 || 1 1 | | ||  
4C .1 5 5 4 4 .5 .5 5 5 .1

THE pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,  
Scatter'd with every breath:  
His anger, like a rising wind,  
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the  
field,  
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;  
And children's children ever find,  
Thy words of promise sure.

## 13. S. M.

COME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing;  
Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown,  
He gave the seas their bound;  
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;  
Come, bow before the Lord:  
We are his work, and not our own,  
He form'd 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.



## 14. AMERICA. S. M.

1P 2 1 2 .3- 3 1  
D .6 | 6 6 ' | || | 6 5 3 | .6- || R | :R |

4C And am I born to die? And must my trembling

1P 1 .3- 5 3 2 1 1 2 2 2 5  
A .6 | 6 7 6 | || | ' ' 7 6 5 | .6- || |

4C To lay this body down?

1P 1  
B .6 | 6 5 6 | .3- || 3 | 1 2 3 3 | || 1 | 5 5 5 3 |

4C .6-

1P 1 3 3 3 5 3 3 3 1—  
D .R- || | | || | ' 6 | 5 3 5 5 | .6 ||

4C ,

spirit fly

1P 3 3 3 1— 1 2 .3- 5 3 2 1  
A || ' 6 | 5 3 | || | ' ' 7 6 5 | .6 ||

4C , ,

In - to a world unknown? Into a world unknown?

1P 1  
B 6 6 6 || | 7 6 5 3 3 | .3- || 3 | 1 2 3 3 | ||

4C , , .6

A land of deepest shade,  
Unpierced by human thought;  
The dreary regions of the dead,  
Where all things are forgot!

2 Soon as from earth I go,  
What will become of me?  
Eternal happiness or woe  
Must then my portion be!  
Waked by the trumpet's sound,  
I from my grave shall rise;  
And see the Judge with glory  
crown'd,  
And see the flaming skies!

3 How shall I leave my tomb—  
With triumph or regret?

A fearful, or a joyful doom—  
A curse or blessing meet?  
Will angel bands convey  
Their brother to the bar?  
Or devils drag my soul away,  
To meet its sentence there?

4 Who can resolve the doubt  
That tears my anxious breast?  
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,  
Or number'd with the blest?  
I must from God be driven,  
Or with my Saviour dwell;  
Must come at his command to  
heaven,  
Or else—depart to hell.



## 15. O SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. S. M.

ARRANGED BY L. WATSON.

1P		1	1		3-	5	3	3	2	1	2	3-	3-	5	3	3
A	3	6	6	' 7'	6-	R-		'	'	'	'	'		'	'	'
23c	'	'	'													
O sing to me of heaven, When I am called to die; Sing songs of																
1P							1	1								
B		6	6	3	3	R-	6-	' 7'	3	3	6-	6-	3	3		
23c	6	'	'	'	6-		'	'	'	'	'		'	'	'	

Sing songs, &amp;c.

1P	2	3					1				3-	5	3	3	2	1	2	3-	
A	'	6	6	5	3-	R	5	6	'	3	5	6-	R-	'	'	'	'		
23c	'	'	'	'	'		'												
holy ecstasy, To waft my soul on high, To waft. &c.																			
1P																			
B	1	1	3	3	6	3-	R	1	3	3	3	3	R-	6-	3	3	1	1	3-
23c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	6-		'	'				

REP. 3 &amp; 4s.

REP. 3 &amp; 4s.

2 When cold and sluggish drops  
Roll off my marble brow,  
Break forth in strains of joyfulness,  
Let heaven begin below.

3 When the last moment comes,  
Oh watch my dying face;  
And catch the bright seraphic gleam,  
That o'er each feature plays.

4 Then, to my enraptured ear,  
Let one sweet song be given;  
Let music charm me last on earth,  
And greet me first in heaven.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,  
And lay me down to rest;  
And clasp my cold and icy hands  
Upon my peaceful breast.

6 Then, round my senseless clay,  
Assemble those I love,  
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,  
My glorious home above.



## 16. HOPE. S. M.

4G D .3 | 5432 | .3- || 5 | 5 5 5 2 | .2 || 13 | 4334 | 255 || 5 |

4Q O may I always feel, A conscience void of sin;

4G .1

4G A .1 | 321 | .1- || 2 | 3 2 3s4 | .5 || 7656 | 543 || 5 |

4Q 7 O, may I now receive the seal Of

4G B .1 | 1 | .1- || 1 1 | || 1 | 1 || 3 |

4Q 455 5 7 6 .5 .5 56 4 57

4G SOFT. D 555s4 | :5 || .31 | 1-2321 | || 5456 | .5.4 | .3 ||

4Q 7 6-767 , , , :5

4G SOFT. A 4321 | :5 || .535 | 1-212 | 3-4543 | :2 || 654 | .3.2 | .1 ||

4Q , , , holiness within, O may I now receive the seal Of holiness within.

4G B 21 | || :R | :R | :R | :R || 1434 | .5 | .1 ||

4Q 76 :5 .5

2 May God the heavens bow,  
And pour his spirit down;  
Into my soul, and fill it now,  
And make me all his own.

3 Then shall I spread abroad,  
The honors of his name;  
And only live to serve my God  
And cry "Behold the Lamb."

4 My happy soul shall tell,  
The wonders of his love;  
Till I ascend, with him to dwell,  
In fairer climes above.



## 17. HANTS. S. M.

7G  
D .334 | .5 s.4 | .5- || 5 | 453434 | .5.5 | :5 || .555 | .5.3 |  
4C , , , ,

Lord, in the strength of grace,                      Myself, my resi-  
With a glad heart and free,

7G  
A .132 | .1- |       || | 1 1212 | .3.2 | :1 || .222 | .3.1 |  
4C 7.6 .5- 5 7 , , , ,

Thy ransomed servant, I,                      And from this moment  
Restore to thee thy own ; —

7G  
B .11 |       |       || |       | .1 |       ||       | .1.3 |  
4C 5 .1 .2 .5- 5 6 5 6- 7 , .5 :1 .555

7G  
D .6 .5 | .5 || R 5 | 5 5 6 5 | :3 || .5 5 5 | .6 .5 | :3 ||  
4C due of days, I consecrate to Thee, I consecrate to Thee.

7G  
A .4 .3 | .2 || R | 1 | 1 2 1 2 .3 || .5 3 3 | 4-3.2 | :1 ||  
4C 7 7 6 5 , , , , ,

live or die, Will serve my God alone, Will serve my God alone.

7G  
B .2 .1 |       || R | 1 |       .1 || .1 1 1 |       |       ||  
4C .5 5 6 5 7 6- 7 , .4 .5 :1

FATHER, I dare believe  
Thee merciful and true :  
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,  
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,  
And bid my heart be clean :  
An end of all my troubles make,  
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,  
But by believing thee,  
And waiting for thy blood to impart  
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,  
Jesus, the grace bestow ;  
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,  
And I am white as snow.



## 18. ST. THOMAS. S. M. WILLIAMS.

6G	D	.1	.1 3 2	.1	1		.1	.1 .3	.2 .5	.5	P
4Q				5	.7						
6G	A	.1	.1	.3	2 1	.2    3-	4	.5 4 3	.4 .3	.2	P
4Q	.5										
6G	B		.1			1-	2	.3 2 1	.2 .1		P
4Q	.1 .3 .5		7 6 .5							.5	

6G	D	.2	.1 .3	.5 2 3 4	.5 .3	.2-    1	.1 .1	.1		.1	P
4Q									.7		
6G	A	.5	.3 .1	.2	.1 .3	.5-    5	.6 5 4	.3 .2	.1		P
4Q				.5							
6G	B	.1 .1								.1	P
4Q	.7		.7 .5 .3 .1	.5-	3	.4 3 4	.5 .5				

AWAY! my needless fears,  
And doubts no longer mine;  
A ray of heavenly light appears,  
A messenger divine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,  
That calms my troubled breast;  
My Father's hand prepares the  
cup,  
And what he wills is best.

3 If what I wish is good,  
And suits the will divine, —  
By earth and hell in vain with-  
stood,  
I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take  
To frustrate his decree;  
They cannot keep a blessing back,  
By Heaven design'd for me.

5 Here then I doubt no more,  
But in his pleasure rest;  
Whose wisdom, love, and truth,  
and power,  
Engage to make me blest.

6 To accomplish his design,  
The creatures all agree;  
And all the attributes divine,  
Are now at work for me.



## 19. CHARLESTOWN. S. M. DOUBLE. HALDEN.

2G 1 1 — 1 .1 —222 3131  
 D 5 | 655 | .5 || 5 | .5s4 | .5- || .R | .R | 7-'''' | '''' | 5- ||

3Q  
 Hark, how the watchmen cry, Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh;  
 2G — 222 1 1-  
 A 531 | 432 | .3 || 5 | 65 | .3 6 | .5- || .R | 7-'''' | 5- 5 | 5 | ||

3Q  
 Attend the trumpet's sound,  
 Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh;  
 2G —  
 B 111 | .1 | .1 || 1 | .1 1 | .1 2 | || 555 | .5 | 5- 5 | 1 1 | 1- ||

3Q 5 .5- 2q ''  
 Stand to your arms, &c.

2G 1 11 P 111 321 .1 11 P 111 1-1  
 D ' | '' 76 | .5 || — | || 5 | 5 ' 7 | 65R || '' | ' | 54 | 3- ||

2Q '' 3Q ' 2Q  
 2G P 1-1 1 P 1 2 3-  
 A 5 | 6543 | 32 || 535 | 7 | .6 || 7 | ' 565 | 43R || 555 | 5-5 | 7 | ||

2Q ' '' '' '' 3Q ' 2Q '' ''  
 The powers of hell surround. Who bow to Christ's command,  
 Your arms and hearts prepare; The day of battle is at hand,  
 2G P P  
 B 1 | 4321 | || 111 | .51 | .4 || 5 | 31 | .1 || 111 | 1-1 | 1 | 1- ||

2Q ' '' '' '' .5 3Q '' 67 2q '' ' 5

2G 111 1- 11 1- 2 3 2 1 .1  
 D 5 | 565s4 | .5 || '' | 7 | || '' | 7 | ||

2Q '' '' ''  
 The day of battle is at hand!  
 2G 3 21 111 1-2 33 3- 2 1-4 32 .1  
 A | '' 76 | .5 || '' | ' | || '' | ' 56 ' | ||

2Q '' ''  
 Go forth to glorious war! Go forth to glorious war!  
 2G 111 1- 11 1-  
 B 1 | 122 | || '' | 5 | || 5 | 3 4 | 5 | .1 ||

2Q ' 7 '' .5 ' ' 5



20. CRANBROOK. S. M.

CLARK.

2G

C	11-4	321	1-3	3243	1 1	1	1 2	12	3R	.R	55-84
---	------	-----	-----	------	-----	---	-----	----	----	----	-------

2Q " " " " 7 " " " " 6 7 " 7 77- " " 7 " "

2G 1-1 1 1 1

D	5' "	5 5	3-3	5	s4	.5	.R	.R	33-4	53 '6	777-6
---	------	-----	-----	---	----	----	----	----	------	-------	-------

2Q " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

Forever with the Lord : Amen, so let it be : Unbounded bliss is in that word, Unbounded

2G1 1 1 1 1 22-1

A	5-6	5432	1-5	' 765	6543	32	55-6	7567	R	.R	' "
---	-----	------	-----	-------	------	----	------	------	---	----	-----

2Q " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

2G

B	13-4	5	1-1	3 5 1	4321		.R	.R	11-2	31384	555-2
---	------	---	-----	-------	------	--	----	----	------	-------	-------

2Q " " 5 " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

Unbounded bliss is in that word,

2G

C	5522	2R	R- 2	3-335	5 R 5	5-555	4453	22	.3
---	------	----	------	-------	-------	-------	------	----	----

2Q " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

'Tis immortality, 'Tis immortality, 'Tis immortality.

2G 1-11 1 1-131 11

D	7566	7R	R- 7	' " " 7	R 7	' " " "	66 " "	55	.5
---	------	----	------	---------	-----	---------	--------	----	----

2Q " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

bliss is in that word, 'Tis immortality, 'Tis immortality, 'Tis immortality.

2G 2 1-11 1 2 3-332 3 3 2 1 1 .1

A	7 '284	5R5	' " " 5	R '	' " " "	R '		7	
---	--------	-----	---------	-----	---------	-----	--	---	--

2Q " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

1G 1-11 1

B	5 22	R5	3-135	1 R 5	' " " 5	R 1	4 3 4	5	.1
---	------	----	-------	-------	---------	-----	-------	---	----

2Q ' 7 " 5 " " " " " " " " " " " " 5

3 The trump of final doom,  
Will speak the self-same word,  
And heaven's voice thunder  
through the tomb,  
"Forever with the Lord."

5 Then while they upward fly,  
That resurrection word,  
Shall be their shout of victory,  
"Forever with the Lord."



**21. WATCHMAN. S. M. LEACH.**

3G	-1 P																								
D	.3	5	5		.6	.5		.5		.7		.6	.5		.5	s4		.7		.5		.5-	5		
4Q																									
3G	.1										-1 P										1-2 1				
A	.1	3	5		.3		.2		.5		s.4	5		.7	.6		.5		.5		'	7			
4Q																									
3G											P														
B	.1	1		.1				2 1		1		.2	.2				.1		.1-	3					
4Q	7 .6 .5 .5 7 .5																								

3G	1																								
D	.6-		.5	5	s4		.5		.5		.5	5	6		.5	.4		:3							
4Q																									
3G											1-														
A	.6-	5		4	3	2	1		.5		5	6	7		6	5	4		.3	.2		:1			
4Q	, ,																								
3G																									
B	.4-	3		2	1				5	4		.3	3	4		.5			:1						
4Q	7 6 .5 .5																								

THOU art that bread of life,  
 That meat which shall remain,  
 Be it our only care and strife  
 Thy blessed self to gain.

2 Give, Lord, and always give  
 Th' immortalizing food,  
 And strengthen us by grace to live  
 The glorious life of God.

**22. S. M.**

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?  
 Behold my heart and see;  
 And turn each cursed idol out,  
 That dares to rival thee.

2 Thou know'st I love thee, Lord.  
 But, oh, I long to soar,  
 Far from this scene of mortal joys,  
 And love thee evermore.

**23. S. M.**

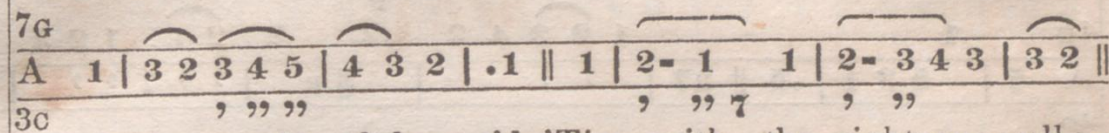
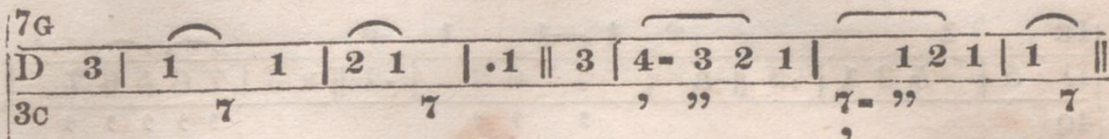
BLESS'D are the sons of peace,  
 Whose hearts and hopes are one;  
 Whose kind designs to serve and  
 please  
 Through all their actions run.

2 Bless'd is the pious house  
 Where zeal and friendship meet,  
 Their songs of praise, their min-  
 gled vows  
 Make their communion sweet.

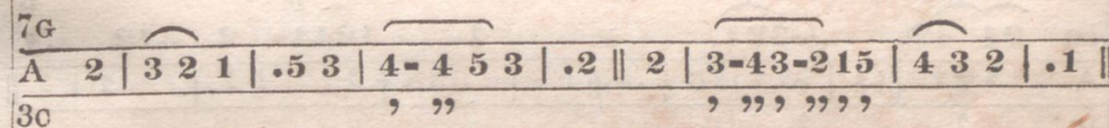
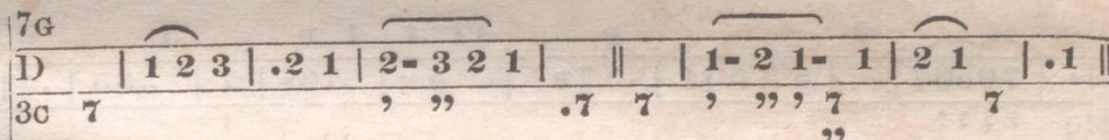
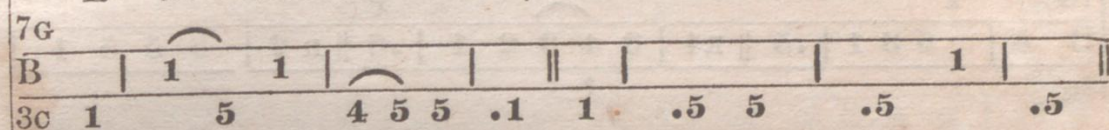
3 Thus on the heavenly hills  
 The saints are bless'd above,  
 Where joy, like morning dew  
 distills,  
 And all the air is love



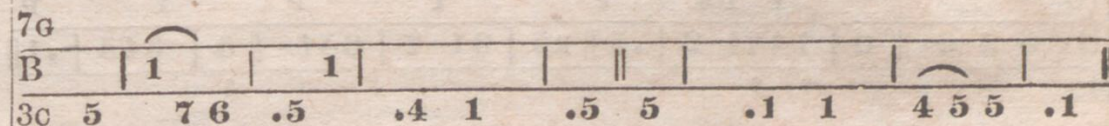
## 24. LEBANON. S. M. HARWOOD.



E - ter - nal truth has said, 'Tis with the righteous well:



What glorious, cheering words are these,  
Their sweetness who can tell?



2 'Tis well when joys arise,—  
'Tis well when sorrows flow —  
'Tis well when darkness veils the  
skies,  
And dreadful tempests blow.

3 'Tis well when Jesus calls  
Their spirits to the skies,  
To join the blest from every  
clime —  
The great, the good, the wise.

2 O cease, my wand'ring soul,  
On restless wing to roam;  
All the wide world, to either pole,  
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God,  
Behold the open door;  
Hasten to gain that dear abode,  
And rove, my soul, no more.

## 25. S. M.

LIKE Noah's weary dove,  
That soar'd the earth around,  
But not a resting place above  
The cheerless waters found,—

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,  
There, sweet shall be thy rest,  
And every longing satisfied,  
With full salvation blest.



26. CHARING. S. M. T. CLARK.

lg	1		2	1	—1	1	P		( )	( )	1						
D	5		5 3 1		.5    R	{	7' 6 7		.7    R	6	7 6 5 6 7						
4Q							,	,		,	, , , , ,						
lg	1				1	2	3	4	3	.	2	2	1	1	2	3	
A	5		5 3 1		.5    R	7		,	,		R		,	,	7	,	,
4Q																	
lg	1									P							
B	5		5 3 1		.5    R	4		3	4	3	2	1		.5    R	2		5 5 5 1
4Q										,	,						

1G	$\overbrace{2}$	P	11	1	1	P	1	P
D	76567	5 5 5 s4   .5    R7	5	76-	7	565   .5		
4Q	''''							
1G	$\overbrace{21}$ $\overbrace{12}$	$\overbrace{-321}$	P	1	$\overbrace{1244-}$	2	312	.1
A	''7'    s4	5' ''76   .5    R5	535	''	'	7		
4Q	,	,						
1G	$\overbrace{1}$ $\overbrace{12}$	P	1	P	1	P		
B	5 5 5    6	7'7' 2   .5    R5	31 7	654-	5	345	.1	
4Q		,						

ALMIGHTY Maker, God,  
How glorious is thy name !  
Thy wonders how diffused abroad,  
'Throughout creation's frame !

2 In native white and red  
The rose and lily stand,  
And free from pride their beauties  
spread,  
To show thy skillful hand.

3 The lark mounts up the sky,  
With unambitious song;  
And bears her Maker's praise on  
high,  
Upon her artless tongue.

4 Fain would I rise and sing  
To my Creator too :  
Fain would my heart adore my  
King.  
And give him praises due.

5 Descend, celestial fire,  
And seize me from above!  
Wrap me in flames of pure desire,  
A sacrifice of love.

6 Let joy and worship spend  
The remnant of my days ;  
And to my God my soul ascend  
In sweet perfumes of praise.







## 29. HOLIDAY. C. M.

1G	D	1	3		1	2	3		1	1	3											
2Q	5			6	5					6	5	.5										
1G	A	1	1	2	3	3	1	2	2	1			1	1	2	3	2	3	.5			
2Q	5	6							6	5	6											
1G																						
B										1												
2Q	1	1	1	5	5	3	1	2	5	5	7	6	5	.1								
1G	D	R	1	1				1	.2		.3	1										
2Q					6	6	5	6	7				6	5	5	.3						
1G	A	R	1	1	2	3	3	1	2	2	1			.3	5	3	1	2	3	2	.1	
2Q	5	6										.6										
1G																						
B	R										1	1										
2Q	1	1	3	2	1	4	3	.2	.5				6	5	.1							

AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,  
 And press with vigor on :  
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around  
 Hold thee in full survey ;  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
 That calls thee from on high ;  
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
 To thine aspiring eye.

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
 Which shall new lustre boast,  
 When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems  
 Shall blend in common dust.

5 Bless'd Saviour! introduced by thee,  
 Have I my race begun ;  
 And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet  
 I'll lay my honors down.



## 30. ARLINGTON. C. M. DR. ARNE.

5g	D	.3		5-	5	.5		.5	5-	5		.6		.3		5	3	.4		.5	.5		
4c				,					,														
5g	A	.1		3-	3	.3		.2	1-	1		.1		.2		3	5	.4		.3	3	2	
4c				,					,														
5g	B	.1		1-	1	.1										1	3	.2		.1			
4c				,				.5	6-	6		.6		.5								.5	

5g	D	.3	2-	2		.2	.4		5-	5	.5		.5	5	6		.5	.4		.3		
4c				,					,													
5g	A	.4	3-	3		.3	.6		5-	5	.5		.1	2	4		.3	.2		.1		
4c				,					,													
5g	B		1-	1		.1								1	1							
4c	.5		,			.3	4-	4	.4		.5					.5	.5		.1			

MY God. my portion, and my love,  
 My everlasting all,  
 I've none but thee in heaven above,  
 Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,  
 And this inferior clod !  
 There 's nothing here deserves my joys,  
 There 's nothing like my God.

3 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,  
 If once compared to thee :  
 Or what 's my safety, or my health,  
 Or all my friends, to me ?

4 Were I possessor of the earth,  
 And call'd the stars my own,  
 Without thy graces and thyself,  
 I were a wretch undone.

5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,  
 And grasp in all the shore :  
 Grant me the visits of thy face,  
 And I desire no more.



**31. DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M. F. LEWIS.**

5G  
D .1 1 | .3 .5 | 3 5 .5 || .3 5 3 | .2 .1 | :2 ||  
4C 6  
5G 1  
A .1 3 5 | .3 2- 1 | 1 .1 || .5 7 | .6 5 3 | :5 ||  
4C ' 6  
5G  
B .1 1 | | 1 | | .1 1 3 | .2 .1 | ||  
4C 5 .6 .5 5 .1 :5

5G  
D .3 1 3 | .2 .3 | 6 5 .5 || .3 3 2 | .1 .2 | :3 ||  
4C  
5G 1  
A .5 7 | .6 .5 | 6 5 3 2 .1 || .1 3 5 | .3 .2 | :1 ||  
4C ' ' ' '  
5G  
B .1 | .1 | .1 || .1 | .1 | ||  
4C 6 5 .6 4 5 6 5 .5 :1

HOW sweet the name of Jesus  
sounds

In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his  
wounds

And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit  
whole,

And calms the troubled breast;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which  
I build,

My shield and hiding place;

My never-failing treasury, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband  
Friend,

My Prophet, Priest, and King

My Lord, my Life, my Way, my  
End.

Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my hear,  
And cold my warmest thought.

But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love pro  
claim

With every fleeting breath;

And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.



## 32. BALERMA. C. M.

7G  
D | | 1 | .1 1 | .1 || | .1 | .1 1 | ||  
3C 5 .5 5 .5 7 7 .7  
7G  
A 1 | .3 2 | .1 | | .1 || 2 | .3 2 | 3 5 3 | .2 ||  
3C 6 .5 6  
7G  
B | | | | || | .1 | .1 | ||  
3C 1 .1 1 .1 1 .1 1 .1 5 5 1 .5

7G  
D | .1 | .1 1 | .1 1 | || | 1 3 1 | | .1 ||  
3C 7 7 .7 7 .5 7  
7G  
A 2 | .3 2 | .1 | | || 2 | 3 5 3 | 2- 1 2 | .1 ||  
3C 6 .5 3 .5  
7G  
B | .1 | | | || | .1 | | | ||  
3C 5 5 .6 4 .1 6 .5 5 1 .5 5 .1

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>O FOR a thousand tongues to sing<br/>My great Redeemer's praise!<br/>The glories of my God and King,<br/>The triumphs of his grace!</p> <p>2 My gracious Master and my God,<br/>Assist me to proclaim,—<br/>To spread through all the earth abroad<br/>The honors of thy Name.</p> <p>3 Jesus! the Name that charms<br/>our fears.<br/>That bids our sorrows cease;<br/>'Tis music in the sinner's ears,<br/>'Tis life, and health, and peace.</p> | <p>4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,<br/>He sets the pris'ner free;<br/>His blood can make the foulest clean;<br/>His blood avail'd for me.</p> <p>5 He speaks—and, listening to his voice,<br/>New life the dead receive;<br/>The mournful, broken hearts re-<br/>joice;<br/>The humble poor believe.</p> <p>6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise,<br/>ye dumb,<br/>Your loosen'd tongues employ;<br/>Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,<br/>And leap ye lame, for joy</p> |
|---|---|



**33. COME, LET US JOIN OUR FRIENDS. C. M.**

ARRANGED BY L. W.

5G ♪		REP.		11 2		REP. 1ST	
A 1	5535	5113	5132	1-R    5	'6'	7655	665-6'   R
230'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
5G ♪		REP.		REP. 1ST.			
B 1	1111	1	11	1-R    1	1142	5431	4 4 3 1   5-R
230'	'	'	555'	'55	'	'	'

COME, let us join our friends above,  
 Who have obtain'd the prize,  
 And on the eagle wings of love,  
 To joys celestial rise:  
 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,  
 With those to glory gone;  
 For all the servants of our king,  
 In earth and heaven are one.

2 One family, we dwell in him.  
 One church above, beneath,  
 Though now divided by the stream,  
 The narrow stream of death:  
 One army of the living God,  
 To his command we bow;  
 Part of the host have cross'd the flood,  
 And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home,  
 This solemn moment fly;  
 And we are to the margin come,  
 And we expect to die;  
 His militant, embodied host,  
 With wishful looks we stand,  
 And long to see that happy coast,  
 And reach the heavenly land.

4 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,  
 Like theirs with glory crown'd,  
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,  
 And hear his trumpet sound.  
 O that we now might grasp our guide!  
 O that the word were given!  
 Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,  
 And land us safe in heaven!



## 34. GALLAHER. C. M.

lg	1	.1	(.1 5 3)	(.1 2 3)	1	.1	(.1 6 5)	.5
D.		5 6	' '	' '	.5		5 6	' '
3c		' '					' '	
lg	(.1 3 1)	(.3 2 1)	.1		(.1 3 1)	(.3 2 3)	.5	
A	5 6	' '	' '	6	.5	5 6	' '	' '
3c	' '					' '		
lg	1—	.1		(.1 2 3)	(.5 3)	1—	.1	(.5 6)
B	1	.1 6	5	.1 2 3	.5	5 3	.1 ' 6	5 6 .5
3c			' '	' '	' '	' '	' '	' '
lg	1	.1	(.1 3)	(.5 3)	.2	1	.1	(.1 5 3)
D		5 6					5 6	' '
3c		' '					' '	
lg	3	.5 3 5	.1 1	.1		(.1 3 1)	(.3 2 1)	.1
A		' '		6	.5	5 6	' '	' '
3c						' '		
lg	1	.1 1	(.1)		(.1)	1—	.1	
B		.6 5 6	1	.5	5 3	.1 ' 6	5	.1
3c		' '		' '	' '	' '		

O FOR a breeze of heavenly love,  
 To waft my soul away  
 To the celestial world above,  
 Where pleasures ne'er decay,

2 Eternal Spirit, deign to be  
 My pilot here below,  
 To steer thro' life's tempestuous sea,  
 Where angry tempests blow.

3 From rocks of pride on either hand,  
 From quicksands of despair;  
 Oh guide me safe to Canaan's land,  
 Through every latent snare.

4 Anchor me in that port above,  
 On that celestial shore,  
 Where dashing billows never move,  
 Where tempests neyer roar



## 35. CONDESCENSION. C. M.

1G	.1	1	5	5	3	5	3	2	.3	.3	5	5	3	1	.2
D					,	,						,	,	6	
4C															
1G		2	2	1	2	3	2	.1	.1	2	2	3	5	3	.2
A	.5	5			,	,						,	,		
4C															
1G						1									
B	.1	3	2	5	6	7	5	.1		.1	5	5	4	3	1
4C					,	,					,	,			
1G	.5	3	2	1	2	1	1			1					
D		,	,				6	.5		.5	,	6	6	5	6
4C											,	,	,	,	
1G	.5	3	2	1			1	2	3	.2	2-1			1	
A		,	,	6	5	6	,	,			,	6	5	4	5
4C					,	,					,	,	,	,	
1G															
B	.5	3	2	1	5	5	4	3	1	.5		.5	6	5	5
4C		,	,	,	,							,	,		

- MY God, the spring of all my joys,  
 The life of my delights,  
 The glory of my brightest days,  
 And comfort of my nights! —
- 2 In darkest shades if thou appear,  
 My dawning is begun;  
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,  
 And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heavens around me shine  
 With beams of sacred bliss,  
 If Jesus show his mercy mine,  
 And whisper I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
 At that transporting word,  
 Run up with joy the shining way,  
 To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
 I'd break through every foe;  
 The wings of love and arms of faith  
 Would bear me conqu'ror through.



**36. NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.**

6G	D	.3	3 2 1 2	.1 .2	:3	.5 3 2	.1 .2	.2-    R	:R
4C									
6G	A	.1	1 2 3 4	.3 .2	:1	.2 3 4	.5 s.4	.5-    R	.R- 1
4C									
6G	B	.1	1 1			1	.1 .2		1 1 1
4C			7 6	.3 .5	:1	.5 7		.5- 5	5
6G	D	.R- 3	5 5 5 4	.3 .2	.2- 2	5- 4 3 2	.1 .2	.3	
4C									
6G	A	3 3 3 3	2 2 2 3 4	.5 .4	.5- 5	1- 2 3 4	.3 .2	.1	
4C									
6G	B	1		.1 .2		1-	.1		
4C		6 6 6	5 5 5 7		.5- 5	7 6 5	.5 .1		

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

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
 And fiery darts be hurl'd,  
 Then I can smile at Satan'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.



**37. VICTORY. C. M.**

3G											
C	3-332	11 2	:3	.3.3	1111	:1	.311	.1	:1		
4Q	'	7								.7	
3G	1-										
D	557	5655	:5	.5.5	3331	:4	.556	.5.4	:3		
4Q	'										
3G	1-1.1	1232	.1.1								.1
A	'	.R .5			5553	:6	54	.3.2	:1		
4Q											
3G											
B	1-112	345	:1	.1.1	1111		.134	.5	:1		
4Q	'	5						:4	.5		

SALVATION, O the joyful sound !

'Tis pleasure to our ears ;

A sov'reign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;  
But we arise by grace divine  
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.



## 38. MARLBOROUGH. C. M.

1G									1	2	2	1		.1
D	3	3	4	3	5	5-	s4	5					7	
4C														
1G		1	1	1	2		3	2	1	2				
A	5							,	,		5	6	5	4
4C														
1G						1								
B	1	1	4	1	5		7	6	5		3	4	4	5
4C							,	,						
1G											.1.1	.3.3	.1.2	.1
D	R3	5655	5-s45		R	:	R							.7
4C														
1G		1112	3212			.1.1	.3.3	.5.5	.3.4	.3.2	.1-			
A	R5			,	,		5							
4C														
1G				1							.1.1			
B	R1	1415	765		R	.1.1	.5.5		.1.4	.5	.1-			
4C				,	,						.5			

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>MORTALS, awake, with angels<br/>         join,<br/>         And chant the solemn lay;<br/>         Joy, love, and gratitude, combine<br/>         'To hail th' auspicious day.</p> <p>2 In heaven the rapt'rous song<br/>         began,<br/>         And sweet seraphic fire<br/>         Through all the shining legions<br/>         ran,<br/>         And strung and tuned the lyre.</p> <p>3 Swift through the vast expanse<br/>         it flew,<br/>         And loud the echo roll'd;<br/>         The theme, the song, the joy, was<br/>         new,<br/>         'T was more than heaven could<br/>         hold.</p> | <p>4 Down through the portals of<br/>         the sky<br/>         The impetuous torrent ran;<br/>         And angels flew with eager joy<br/>         'To bear the news to man.</p> <p>5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat:<br/>         "Glory to God on high!<br/>         Good-will and peace are now<br/>         complete;<br/>         Jesus was born to die."</p> <p>6 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail!<br/>         Redeemer, brother, friend!<br/>         Though earth, and time, and I<br/>         shall fail,<br/>         Thy praise shall never end.</p> |
|---|---|



## 39. HOLDEN. C. M. HOLDEN.

6G																			
D	.1	3	3	5	5	4	3	4	5	4	3	5	4	.3-	R	:R			
4Q																			
6G																			
										SOFT									
A	1	1	3	3	2	1	2	3	2	1	3	2	.1-	2	3	2	1	3	
4Q	.5																		
6G																			
B			1	1											1		1		
4Q	.1	1	1		5	5	5	5	5	6	5	5	.1-	5		5	3		
6G																			
										SOFT.									
D	.R-	2	.3.2	.3.2	.2-  1	3555	434543	.1.1	.1-2	24	.3								
4Q																			
6G																			
										LOUD.									
A	543235	.5.5	.65s1	.5-  3	5313	212321	.5.4	3-4	22	.1									
4Q	''''																		
6G																			
B	321	1	.1	.2	.5-  1	1131													
4Q	''''7	5	.7	.6		5556	.3.4	.5-	5	.1									

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!

Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—

A remnant weak and small,—

Hail him, who saves you by his grace,

And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget

The wormwood and the gall;

Go, spread your trophies at his feet,

And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,

On this terrestrial ball,

To him all majesty ascribe,

And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with vonder sacred throng,

We at his feet may fall!

We'll join the everlasting song,

And crown him Lord of all.



40. NEW GABRIEL. C. M.

1G	13	13	42	1-3	21	1-	1	1	111
D	5					'	'	'	65
2C									
1G	1	1	31	2	1-	1			1331 22 .1 331 22
A	5		7			'	7654	3-  5	'
2C									
1G									
B	1	11	11	45	1-  1	225	1-  4	3 1	45 .1 111 445
2C									
1G									
D	5	5R	R=	'	'	'	75	6R5	5555
2C									
1G	11			12	321	21	131		133 321 .1
A		75	67	'	'	'	7	'	'
2C									
1G									
B	31	5R	R=	5	'	'	5	4-5	'
2C									

THE Lord of glory is my light,  
And my salvation too;  
God is my strength; nor will I fear  
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires —  
O grant me an abode  
Among the churches of thy saints,  
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,  
And see thy beauty still;  
Shall hear thy messages of love,  
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,  
There may his children hide:  
God has a strong pavillion, where  
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high,  
Above my foes around;  
And songs of joy and victory  
Within thy temple sound.



## 41. PLENARE. C. M. D.

5G	11									
D	1-	3336	5555	'55	3-  4-	2113	5556	4542	1-	
23c		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
5G	1-									
A		1113	2123	1135	6-	5331	2123	1	1-	
23c	5-	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	665	
5G									'	'
B	1-	111	1	1111		1111	1			
23c		'	6	555'	'	'	4- 4-	'	555'	4455 1-
			'	'				'	'	'

5G	11									
D	4-	2113	5555	'55	3-  4-	2113	5556	4532	1-	
23c		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
5G	1-									
A	6-	5331	2126	5335	6-	5331	2123	1	1-	
23c		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	665	
5G									'	'
B		11		1111		11	1			
23c	4-	56	'	5555	'	'	4- 4-	56	'	555' 4445 1-
		'		'				'	'	'

GOD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage  
take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall  
break  
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble  
sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour:  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.



## 42. RESIGNATION. C. M. CLARK.

6G								P					P
C													
4Q	.5	.5	.5	.5	.6	.5	.5	.5	.5	.5	.5	.5	.5
6G								P					P
D	.3	.1	.2	.3	.4	.3	.2	.1		.3		.1	.4 3 1
4Q										.7			.7
6G								P					P
A	.1	.3	.4	.3	.2	.1	.2	.3		.5	.2	.3	.1 .2
4Q												.7	
6G								P					P
B	.1	.1		.1							.1	.2	.1
4Q			.7		.4	.5	.5	.1	.1	.5			.5

6G								P					
C			.1										
4Q	.5	.5	.7		.5	.6	.6	.5	.5	.6	.6	.5 5 4	.3
6G								P					
D		.1	.5	.5	.3	.4	.3	.2		.3	.1	.1	.1
4Q	.7											.7	
6G								P					
A	.2	.5	.4	.3	.1	.2	.1			.1	.4	.6	.3 .2 .1
4Q								.7					
6G								P					
B			.1	.1					.1				
4Q	.5	.3	.5		.4	.1	.5			.6	.4	.5	.5 .1

HAPPY the man whose bliss supreme  
 Flows from a source on high.  
 And flows in one perpetual stream,  
 When earthly springs are dry.

2 If providence their comforts shroud,  
 And dark distresses lower,  
 Hope paints its rainbow on the cloud,  
 And grace shines through the shower.

3 What troubles can their hearts o'erwhelm —  
 Who view a Saviour near?  
 Whose Father sits and guides the helm —  
 Whose voice forbids their fear.



## THE SINGER'S CHOICE.

4 Let tempests rage, and billows rise,  
And mortal firmness shrink :  
Their anchor fastens in the skies,  
Their bark, no storm can sink.

5 God is their joy and portion still,  
When earthly good retires ;  
And shall their hearts sustain and fill,  
When earth itself expires.

## 43. C. M.

JESUS, the vision of thy face  
Hath overpowering charms !  
Scarce shall i feel death's cold embrace,  
If Christ be in my arms.

2 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,  
How sweet my minutes roll !  
A mortal paleness on my cheek,  
And glory in my soul.

## 44. PLEASANT HILL. D. C. M.

3G	§	.1		.1	REP.	.1-31	.1 2 .3-
D	.5-	5.3 5	.12.3    5	6.5 6	.5-	.R-	.6 5
6Q							
3G	§				REP.	.11	1.32 .1-
A	.1-	.33323	.55.3    5	653212	.1-	.R-.5-	56
6Q							
3G							
B	.1-	.1	.1 .3    1		.1-	.R-.1-.11	.1 .1-
6Q		6.65	6	.66.56			5.6 7
3G	.3-	.2 3.1	P	.1		.1	
D		6	.5-    .5-	5.35	.12.3    5	6.56	.5-
6Q							
6G			P		.11		
A	.5-	.46653	.5-    .5-	.666.6	.3    5	653212	.1-
6Q							
3G			P				
B	.1-	.12	1    .1-	.1	.1 .3    1		.1-
6Q		67	.5-	6.65	6	.66.56	



AND let this feeble body fail,  
And let it droop or die ;  
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,  
And soar to worlds on high,—  
Shall join the disembodied saints,  
And find its long-sought rest,  
That only bliss for which it pants,  
In my Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,  
I now the cross sustain ;  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain ;  
I suffer out my threescore years,  
'Till my Deliv'rer come,  
And wipe away his servant's tears,  
And take his exile home.

3 Surely he will not long delay ,  
I hear the spirit cry,  
" Arise, my love, make haste away !  
Go, get thee up and die.  
O'er death who now has lost his sting,  
I give the victory ;  
And with me my reward I bring,  
I bring my heaven for thee."

4 Lord, I the welcome word receive,  
Thee on the mount adore,  
For thy dear sake content to live  
Some painful moments more :  
I live in holy grief and joy,  
On Pisgah's top I stand,  
And life's important point employ,  
To view the promised land.

5 O, what hath Jesus bought for me !  
Before my ravish'd eyes  
Rivers of life divine I see,  
And trees of paradise !  
They flourish in perpetual bloom,  
Fruit every month they give ;  
And to the healing leaves who come  
Eternally shall live.



## 46. LINGHAM. C. M. AN ENGLISH TUNE.

5G  
D .3 1- 2 | 3 4 3 2 1 1 | 1 3 2 | .1- || 5 | 5 5 5s1 | .5- || 5 |  
4Q ' ' ' ' ' 7

5G  
A .1 3- 4 | 5 6 5 4 3 4 | 3 1 2 | .1- || 3 | 4 3 2 1 | .2- || 2 |  
4Q ' ' ' ' ' 7

There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;  
5G  
B .1 1- | .1- | | || 1 | 2 1 | | ||  
4Q . 7 4 .5 .5 .1- 7 6 .5- 5

Where

5G  
D .5- 3 | .2 .2 | :2 || .3 2 2 | 1-2 3 1 | .1- 3 | .2- || R | .R- 1 |  
4Q ,

saints, &c. And

5G  
A 3 2 3 4 5 6 | .5s.4 | :5 || .5 5 5 | 3-2 1 3 | 4 3 2 1 | .2- || R | .R- 1 |  
4Q ' ' ' ' ' ,

Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures

5G  
B .1- | .2 | || .1 | | | || 1 2 3 1 |  
4Q 6 .2 :5 7 5 .6- 6 .4- 6 .5- 5

5G  
D 1 1 1 | .1- 5 | 5 5 5 5 | 3 4 5 .3 | 4 .5 5 | .5- 4 | :3 ||  
4Q 7

pleasures banish pain, And pleasures banish pain.

5G  
A 4 4 4 4 | .3- 3 | 2 2 2 2 | .5- 5 | 6 5 4 3 | .2- 2 | :1 ||  
4Q

banish pain, And pleasures, &c. And pleasures, &c.

5G  
B | 1 1 1 1 | | 1 2 3 1 | 4 3 2 1 | | ||  
4Q .4- 5 .5- 5 .5- 5 :1

And pleasures banish, &c. And pleasures banish pain.



## 46. COMMUNION. D. C. M.

3G	♩	—1—	REP.
D	5334   55'776   5    566   65.5    .R.5   3135   33.5		
4C	" " " "		
37	♩	—2—	REP. 1
A	.1 5 6   5323556   1    1233   32.1    .R.5   6 75   66.5		
4C	" " " "		
3G			
B	.1 1 3   2 1 2 3 2   3    2 1 1   1 .1    .R.1   12		
4C	" " 5 6 5 66.5		

3G	1	1	1 1 1	1
D	.566   655-65'   .6-    65   6 5 6 7      5   7655   :5			
4C	" " " " " "			
3G	1	—2—		
A	.533   3 7 6 5   .6-    35   665323   5561    12   3332   :1			
4C	" " " " " "			
3G				
B	.133   1 1 3 2 1   .2-    32   1 1 1   1    111   :1			
4C	" " " 5 6 5 56 5			

ATTEND. young friends, while  
I relate

The dangers you are in ;  
The evils that around you wait,  
While subject unto sin.  
Although you flourish like the  
rose,

While in its branches green ;  
Your sparkling eyes in death  
must close,  
No more will they be seen.

2 In silent shades you must lie  
down,  
Long in your graves to dwell ;  
Your friends will then stand  
weeping round,  
And bid a long farewell.

4

How small this world will then  
appear

At the tremendous hour ;  
When you Jehovah's voice shall  
hear,  
And feel his mighty power.

3 In vain you'll mourn, your days  
are past.

Alas ! those days are gone,  
Your golden hours are spent at  
last ;

And never will return.  
O come this moment and begin,  
While life's sweet moments last,  
Turn to the Lord, forsake all  
sin.  
And he'll forgive the past.



## 47. ENTERPRISE. D. C. M. GIORNIVICHI.

6G										
D			13213	2211				13213	211	.3-
4Q 3	3355	"			.7-	3	3355	"		5
6G										
A	1122		35435	4433	.2-		1122	35435	4332	.1-
4Q 5		"			5		"			
6G										
B 1	11				1	11				
4Q	55	11231	4411	.5-		55	11231	4s155	.1-	
		"					"			

6G										
D 1	22		11231	4321				13213	211	
4Q	77	"			.7-	3	3355	"		5 .3-
6G										
A 3	4422		33453	6543	.2-		1122	35435	4332	.1-
4Q		"			5		"			
6G										
B 1			1111	1	1	11				
4Q	5555			7 4s1	.5-		55	11231	4s155	.1-
							"			

BEING of beings! mighty Lord  
 Of all this wondrous frame!  
 Produced by thy creating hand,  
 The world from nothing came.  
 Thy voice sent forth the high  
 command;  
 'Twas instantly obeyed;  
 And by thy goodness all things  
 stand,  
 In loveliness arrayed.

2 Lord, for thy glory shine the  
 whole:  
 They all reflect thy light:  
 For this, in course, the planets  
 roll,  
 And day succeeds the night.

For this the sun dispenses heat  
 And beams of cheering day;  
 And distant stars in order set,  
 By night thy power display.

3 For this the earth its produce  
 yields,  
 For this the waters flow;  
 And blooming plants adorn the  
 fields.  
 And trees aspiring grow.  
 Inspired with praise, our minds  
 pursue  
 This wise and noble end —  
 Than all we think and all we do,  
 Shall to thine honor tend.



48. MILDNESS. D. C. M.

6G ♪  
 D | | | 1-1 | 3-|| | | | | | | |  
 2Q 3 3-2 3-5 , , 5 4-3 4-5 3- 7 7-5 5-4 4-3 3-  
 , , , , , , , , , , , , ,  
 6G ♪ REP.  
 A | 1- | 1-2 | 3-3 | 5-|| 3 | 2-1 | 2-3 | 1-|| 5 | 5- | 2 | 2-1 | 1-||  
 2Q 5 7 , , , , , , , 7 7- , ,  
 , , , , , , , , , , , , ,  
 6G ♪ REP.  
 B 1 | 1- | 1- | 1-1 | 1-|| 1 | | | | 1-|| | | | |  
 2Q , 5 7 , , , 5-5 5-5 5 5-5 5-5 5-1 1-  
 , , , , , , , , , , , , ,  
 6G P  
 D | | | 1 | || | | | 1-1 | 3-|| | | | |  
 2Q 4 3-3 3-5 , 7- 3 3-2 3-5 , , 5 4-s1 4-4 3-  
 , , , , , , , , , , , , ,  
 6G P  
 A | 1 | 123 | 2-|| | 1- | 1-2 | 3-3 | 5-|| 3 | 2-2 | 5- | 1-||  
 2Q 6 5- , , , 5 7 , , , , , 7  
 , , , , , , , , , , , , ,  
 6G P  
 B | | | || 1 | 1- | 1- | 1-1 | 1-|| 1 | | | |  
 2Q 4 1-1 1-1 5- , 5 7 , , , 5-5 5-5 1-  
 , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

WHEN sorrow darkens on life's path,  
 And night grows black around,  
 And not a taper o'er the waste,  
 Or star on high is found :  
 When thick and fast the fleecy snow,  
 Against the heart is driven,  
 Remember then that "God is love,"  
 And place thy trust in heaven.

2 When down the hilly slope of life,  
 The tottering step descends,  
 Alone to tread the shadowy vale,  
 Where no kind voice befriends ;  
 When facing death, the soul is shook  
 With doubts of sins forgiven,  
 Remember then that "God is love,"  
 And place thy trust in heaven.



## 49. SPRINGFIELD. C. M. P. HARRISON.

4G	D	.555		.5.3		.6.5		.5=	3		5-135		.6.5		.5=	4		5-653				
4Q																						
4G	A	.135		.5		.4.32		.3=	2		3-153		.43.2		.1=	1		3-431				
4Q																						
4G	B	.117		.1.1				.1=			.1=	1				.1=	1		.1=	1		
4Q		7		.4.5				5			.4.5											
4G	D	3-431		.5=	5		.5=	3		1-232		.1		.1=	3		1-236		.5.4		:3	
4Q												.7										
4G	A	5-653			7			5		3-454		.3.2		.3=	5		3-454		.3.2		:1	
4Q																						
4G	B	.1=	1		.1=	5		.1=	R		:R		:R		:R=	1		.1=				1
4Q																						

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
 When those that love the Lord  
 In one another's peace delight,  
 And so fulfill his word.

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
 And with him bear a part;  
 When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
 And joy from heart to heart.

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

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

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



## 50. RECRUITING SONG. D. C. M.

5G	♩	REP.																									
D	1-	5	5	3	4	4	3	1	5	3	3	5	1-		R	3	3	6	5	2	1	4	3	3			
23c		,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	7	,		,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,				
5G	♩	REP.																									
A	1-	3	3	2	1	1	1	3	5	5	3	2	1	2	1-		R	5	5	4	3	4	5	4	3	4	5
23c		,	,	,	6	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,		,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,
5G	♩	REP.																									
B	1-				1	3	3	1	1					1-		R	1	1	1	1	2	2	1				
23c		6	6	6	7	,	,	,	,	5	5	5	7	,		,	6	,	,	,	5	,		,			
5G																											
D	3	1	5	5	5-		5-	3	1	4	3	4	5	3	5	5	1-										
23c	,	,	,	,	,		,	7	,	,	,	,	,	,	7	,											
5G					1-		1-																				
A	6	5	5	5	6	7		,	6	5	3	2	1	1	1	3	5	5	3	2	1	2	1-				
23c	,	,	,	,	,	,		,	,	,	,	6	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,						
5G																											
A	1	2	1		1-	3	3	2	1	1																	
23c	6	,	,	5-	,		,	,	6	6	6	5	6	5	5	1-											

AM I a soldier of the cross, —  
 A foll'wer of the Lamb, —  
 And shall I fear to own his  
 cause,

Or blush to speak his name ?

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
 On flowery beds of ease,  
 While others fought to win the  
 prize,

And sail'd through bloody seas ?

3 Are there no foes for me to  
 face ?

Must I not stem the flood ?  
 Is this vile world a friend to  
 grace,

To help me on to God ?

4 Sure I must fight if I would  
 reign ;

Increase my courage, Lord ;  
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious  
 war,

Shall conquer, though they die ;  
 They see the triumph from afar,  
 By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall  
 rise,

And all thy armies shine,  
 In robes of vict'ry through the  
 skies,

The glory shall be thine.



<p>WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power! Be my vain wishes still'd; And may this consecrated hour With better hopes be fill'd.</p>	<p>4 In every joy that crowns my days, In every pain I bear, My heart shall find delight in praise, Or seek relief in prayer.</p>
<p>2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd, To thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd, That mercy I adore.</p>	<p>5 When gladness wings the favor'd hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower, My soul shall meet thy will.</p>
<p>3 In each event of life, how clear Thy ruling hand I see; Each blessing to my soul most dear, Because conferr'd by thee.</p>	<p>6 My lifted eye, without a tear, The gath'ring storm shall see; My steadfast heart shall know no fear — That heart will rest on thee.</p>

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

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



**52. PRIMROSE. C. M.**

6G	P	(
D:1 35.5 .542 .2  .1 3532 .1  .3 456.5 .5 3 2 .2  .2 35.1 .5.3		
4Q		)
6G	P	(
A  12.3 .21       123s4 .5  .3 432.3 2-31       12.3 .2.1		
4Q:5	6 .5 .5	) 6 .5 .5
5G		
B            1 (        ( .1		
4Q:5 15.3 .512 .5 .5 15 76 .5 .5 667 .5 1 2 .5 .5 15.3 .5.1		

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
 Salutes thy waking eyes ;  
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
 To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,  
 The day renews the sound. —  
 Wide as the heavens on which he sits,  
 To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame :  
 My tongue shall speak his praise ;  
 My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,  
 But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,  
 While I employ the light !  
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
 And bring a pleasant night.

**53. C. M.**

BLESS'D are the souls who hear and know  
 The gospel's joyful sound ;  
 Peace shall attend the paths they go,  
 And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
 Through their Redeemer's name ;  
 His righteousness exalts their hope ;  
 Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
 Strength and salvation gives ;  
 Israel, thy King forever reigns,  
 Thy God forever lives.







## 54. WESTON FAVEL. C. M.

5G  
D 3 | 5-654 | 3-431 | 3-432 | 1 || | 1-235 | 3 .2 | .2 ||  
3Q " " " " " " 7 7 " "  
Behold the glories of the Lamb Amidst his Father's throne!  
5G  
A 1 | 3-432 | 1-213 | 5-654 | 3-42 || 2 | 3-213 | 5s.4 | .5 ||  
3Q " " " " " " " "  
6G  
B 1 | .1 | 1- | .1 | || | 1- | 1 .2 | ||  
3Q 7 ' 765 4 .5 5 ' 765 .5  
"

5G  
D 2 | 3-455 | 3-212 | .3 3 | .2 || 2 | .1 1 | 1-232 | .3 ||  
3Q " " " " " " " "  
Prepare new honors for his name, And songs, before unknown.  
5G  
A | 1-232 | 1- | 1-21 | || | 1- | 1 | .1 ||  
3Q 5 ' " ' 765 ' " 34 .5 5 ' 765 6-7 7  
" " " "  
5G  
B | | 1-232 | 1- 1 | || | | 1 | ||  
3Q 5 .1 5 ' " ' 76 .5 3 5 6 7 4 5 .1  
"

5G  
D 5 | 3-431 | | 1-235 | .5 || | 123 | 323 | 4 6 5 4 | .3 ||  
3Q " " .7 7 " " 7 " "  
5G  
A 3 | 5-654 | 3-425 | 3-213 | .2 || 2 | 321 | 543 | 4-232 | .1 ||  
3Q " " " " " " " "  
Prepare new honors for his name, And songs before unknown.  
5G  
B 1 | 3-432 | 1 | 1 | || | | 1 | ||  
3Q " " 5 7 4 1 .5 5 .5 3 14 4 5 5 .1

2 Let elders worship at his feet,  
The church adore around;  
With vials full of odors sweet,  
And harps of sweetest sound.



## 55. ARABIA. C. M.

4G SOFT.

D .3|.5.5|.5.4|.32|.5-|||.4.1|.2.5|.5-||3|.3.4|.3-3|3143|.3-||

4Q

Let him to whom we now belong, His sovereign right assert;  
And take up every thankful song.

4G

A .5|.1.2|.346|.5.4|.3-||5|.6.5|.4.3|.32||5|.5.6|.5-5|5365|.5-||

4Q

4G

B .1|.1|.1| | |.1-||3|.4.3|.2.1| ||R|:R|:R|:R|.R-||

4Q .5 .4 .5.5 .5-

4G LOUD. P

D 3|.1|1321|.1||3|.3.4|.3-3|45.6|.5-||4|.5.6|.5.4|.3||

4Q .7 7

And every loving heart. And take up every thankful song,  
And every loving heart.

4G LOUD. .1 -1 P

A 5|.1.2|3543|.32||5|.5.6|.5-5|67|.7-||6|5 64|.3.2|.1||

4Q

4G P

B R|:R|:R|.R-||1|.1.1|.1-1|4231|.5-||4|.3.4|.5|.1||

4Q .5

2 He justly claims us for his own,  
Who bought us with a price :  
The Christian lives to Christ alone,  
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,  
Fulfill our hearts' desire ;  
And let us to thy glory live,  
And in thy cause expire !

4 Our souls and bodies we resign ;  
With joy we render thee  
Our all, no longer ours, but thine,  
To all eternity.



4P

D:3 | 21 | 3 3 .3 || .3 | 12.3 || :55432 | 11'765 :C || .6'765 | 3 3 .3 ||

4C 6 6 67 2222 222 222

4P

A | 1 13 | 1 — || .132 | 121 || .31 — | 36567 :3 || .3432 | 1 — ||

4C:6 7 '765.6 '7.7 '765 6 2222 '76.6  
222 222 22

4P

B | | || 1 | || .1321 | | || — 12 | 3 ||

4C:6 6566 33.6 .6 7 67.3 '777 6 6 3 3 :6 .667'' 3.6  
22

6 Forgiveness on my conscience  
    seal ;  
    Bestow thy promised rest ;  
With purest love thy servant fill,  
    And number with the blest.

57. C. M.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow  
bound  
Of the revolving year;  
How swift the weeks complete  
their round!  
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on—  
And that important day,  
When all that mortal life hath  
done,  
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass  
The swift-advancing year;  
And study artful ways t' increase  
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my careless  
heart,  
Its great concern to see ;  
That I may act the Christian part  
To give the year to thee.



## 58. LIBERTY HALL. C. M.

1P	.3	:1			2 1		.3	:3	.2	:1
D			.7	:6	.5	:6	—		:7	
S										
1P				—1	:2	—	.1	:3	1—	—1 :2
A	.3	:6	.5	:6	7		7	6	:5	
3S										
1P										
B	.3		.3	:6	.1	:2	3	4	:5	
3S		:6								
1Q							.3	:3	5	3 :3
D	.5	:6	5	4	:3	.5	:6	5	6	:7
3S										
1P	.1	:3	1—		—1	:2		.1		
A			7	:6	7		7	6	:5	
3S										
1P										
B	.1		.3	:6	.3	:2	3	4	:5	
3S		:6					.1	:3	5	:6 .3
3S										:6

THAT awful day will surely come,  
 The appointed hour makes haste,  
 When I must stand before my Judge,  
 And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou Source of all my joys,  
 Thou Ruler of my heart,  
 How could I bear to hear thy voice,  
 Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 The thunder of that awful word  
 Would so torment my ear,  
 'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,  
 With most tormenting fear.

4 What, to be banish'd from my Lord,  
 And yet forbid to die!  
 To linger in eternal pain,  
 And death forever fly!

5 O wretched state of deep despair,  
 To see my God remove  
 And fix my doleful station where  
 I must not taste his love!



## 59. DETROIT. C. M.

5P  
 D .3 5 4 | 3- 6 5 5 | .6 || .6 | 5 6 3 2 | .3 .R ||  
 4C ,  
 5P  
 A 1 2 | 3- 1 2 1 | || 1 2 3 5 | .6 .R ||  
 4C .6 , , , 6 5 .6 .6  
 5P  
 B || .3 | 1 3 2 1 | .R ||  
 4C .6 5 6 3- 2 3 5 .6 6 , , .6  
 5P  
 D 1- | 1- 2 3 6 | .5 || .5 | 6- 5 3 3 | :3 ||  
 4C 7 6 6 7 , , ,  
 5P  
 A .3 6 6 5 | 3- 2 1 2 3 4 | .5 || .3 | 2- 1 | ||  
 5C , , , , , , 6 5 :6  
 4P  
 B 1- 2 3 3 | 1 | || .1 | ||  
 4C , 6- 7 6 .5 6- 5 3 3 :6

AND must I be to judgment brought,  
 And answer in that day  
 For every vain and idle thought,  
 And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart  
 Shall shortly be made known,  
 And I receive my just desert  
 For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live!  
 With what religious fear!  
 Who such a strict account must give  
 For my behavior here!

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
 The watchful power bestow;  
 So shall I to my ways take heed,  
 To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,  
 O let me feel thee near!  
 And make my peace with God, before  
 I at thy bar appear.



## 60. FAIRFIELD. C. M.

1P	.1.3	.3-2	.1		.112	.334	.3- 32	111
D	.6			.7	.6-R		''	6
4C								
1P	.1			.1-	.332	.1		1 3331
A	.6	.6	.3-5	.6.7	R		.7	.6-
4C								
As on the cross the Saviour hung, And wept, and bled and died. He poured salvation								
1P	.1							
B	.6	.6	.7-5	.3.3	.6-R	.633	.1 .3	3   6666
4C							.6-	
1P	12	3 3 4 2	.3	.1	3 3 3 1	22212	3321	
D	777''						''	'' 7   .6
4C								
1P	2 2 2	111	1		.3 3 1	1 2	1	
A	7	'76'	.7		6	7 5 6	7'765	.6
4C								
on a wretch That languished at his side. He poured salvation on a wretch that languished at his side.								
1Q								
B	5 5 5 5	6 6 6 3	.3	.3	6 6 6 5 3	2 2 2 3	3 5 6 3	
4C								.6

2 His crimes with inward grief and shame,  
The penitent confessed :

Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,  
And thus his prayer addressed :

3 Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven,  
Thou spotless Lamb of God ;  
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,  
And welt'ring in thy blood ;

4 Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,  
In triumph thou shalt rise ;  
Burst through the gloomy shades of death.  
And shine above the skies.

5 Amid the glories of that world,  
Dear Saviour, think on me ;  
And in the victory of thy death,  
Let me a sharer be.



**61. FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD. D. C. M.**

6 And when the icy arms of  
death  
Shall chill my flowing blood,  
With joy I'll yield my latest  
breath,  
In fellowship with God.



62. NEW ORLEANS. D. C. M.

5P .3 3 3 3 2 1 2 3 5 .6 .5 6 5 3 5 .5 .5 3 3  
D | , , , , | || | ||  
4C  
5P 1 2 .3 .5 3 2 2 1  
A .6 | 6 6 6 5 6 | || | , ' 6 .5 || .5 6 6 |  
4C , ,  
5P 3 2  
B .6 | 6 6 6 , , | 7 .6 || .5 6 7 | 5 3 .5 || .5 6 6 |  
4C  
5P 3 2 1 2 3 5 .6 .5 6 6 5 3 2 .3 .5 3 3 3 3 2 1 2 3 -  
D , , , , | || | , , | || .R | , , , , | ||  
4C  
5P 1 2 .3 .5 3 2 2 1 .2 3 5 6 6 6 7 6 5 6 -  
A 6 5 6 | || | , , 6 5 | .6 || .R | , , , , | ||  
4C , , , ,  
5P 3 2 1 1 -  
B 6 , , 7 | .6 || .5 | 3 5 2 3 | .6 || .R | .5 3 , 7 | 6 6 3 3 | 6 - ||  
4C , ,  
5P 2 5 - 3 2 3 4 .5 .5 3 3 6 7 6 5 4 3 .2 3 5 5 3 2 .3  
D , , , , || | , , | || | , , | || | , , | ||  
4C  
5P 5 3 - 1 2 1 1 2 .3 .5 3 2 2 1  
A , , | , , 6 .5 || .5 6 6 | 6 5 6 | || | , , 6 5 | .6 ||  
4C , , , ,  
5P 1 - .1 3 3 3 3 2 1  
B 7 5 | 6 3 4 .5 || | , , 7 | .6 || .5 | 3 5 2 3 | .6 ||  
4C , , , ,

WHY do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor should we wish the hours more slow  
To keep us from our Love.



## 63. ST. OLIVES. C. M. J. HUSBAND.

1P .1 3321 2 .1 .1 1232  
 D | ' ' 6 | .6.6 | s.5 || .5 | 656 | .7 | .6 || |  
 4C  
 When blooming youth is snatched away By death's resistless hand,  
 Our hearts the mournful  
 1P 1 2 .2.1 -1 .3 321  
 A .6 | 6 7 | | .7 || .7 | 67 7 | .6s.5 | .6 || | 7 |  
 4C  
 1P 1  
 B .6 | 6s564 | .2 | .3 || .3 | 6312 | .3 .3 | || .6 | 76s5 |  
 4C .6 .6

1P .1 1 1  
 D .6 | s.5 || .7 | 6 6 | .7 s.5 | 6 5 6 7 | .6 s.5 | .6 ||  
 4C  
 tribute pay, Which pity must demand, Which pity must demand.  
 1P .1 1 2 .3 .3 1 2 3 3 2 .1  
 A .6 | .7 || .3 | 6 6 7 | | ' ' | .7 | .6 ||  
 4C ' '  
 1P  
 B .6 | .3 || .3 | 1 6 4 | .3 .3 | 1 2 | .3 .3 | ||  
 4C .6 6 6 7 .6

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
 O may this truth, imprest  
 With awful power—I too must die—  
 Sink deep in every breast!

3 Let this vain world delude no more;  
 Behold the gaping tomb!  
 It bids us seize the present hour,  
 To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene  
 Let every heart obey;  
 Nor be the heavenly warning vain,  
 Which calls to watch and pray.



## 64. NEW DURHAM. C. M.

2P	1-	2 2	123		22	123
D	.6 77	6 7 7	7'' 75	.6-    R	:R	.R 7  ''7''
4s						
Ye living men, &c.						
2P	1	1	1		1	1
A	.6 356-'	76566'	7'653	.6-    R	.R- 7	635 67'76
4s						
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound, My ears attend the cry:						
"Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly						
2P						
B	.6 531-2	3 3 2 2	31233		333432	1233 256765
4s						
2P	1			1	2-22	33
D	765'76	756765	.3-  75	6-66	' 5	7-' 7 .6
5s						
2P 2			1-	31	2-	3-2
A	'756765	:3	.3-   7	6	7567	'765 .6
4s						
Where you must shortly lie.						
1 - i - e. Ye living men come view the ground						
2P						
B	:3	:3	.3-   3	6-666	5-555	3-333
4s						.6

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
In spite of all your towers;  
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,  
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom!  
And are we still secure!  
Still walking downward to the tomb,  
And yet prepared no more!

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,  
To fit our souls to fly;  
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
We'll rise above the sky.







79. PORTUGAL. L. M.

5G	$\overbrace{D} \quad \overbrace{1} \quad \overbrace{35} \quad \overbrace{5335} \quad \overbrace{654} \quad .3 \parallel R5 \quad 53 \quad 2 \quad 2 \quad 5 \quad s4 \quad .5 \parallel$									
2Q	$\quad \quad \quad , , , , \quad , ,$									
5G	$\overbrace{A} \quad \overbrace{12} \quad \overbrace{3135} \quad \overbrace{432} \quad .1 \parallel R3 \quad 21 \quad \overbrace{21} \quad \overbrace{1} \quad \quad \parallel$									
2Q	$5 \quad \quad \quad , , , , \quad , , \quad \quad \quad , , 57 \quad , 76 \quad .5$									

Our God ascends his lofty throne, Array'd in majesty unknown;

5G  
B | 1 1 | || R 1 | | | | ||  
2q 5 15 4 5 .1 56 5 5 1 2 .5

5G	3554		4665		3 1	R5	532		1 3	4-55	.3
2Q	''''	''''			.7		''''7			''	
5G	5356		4235		3153	32    R	1 2	3135	4-32	.1	
2Q	''''	''''	''''	''	5		''''		''		
His lustre all the temple fills, And spreads o'er all th' ethereal hills.											
5G	3134		2 1	1		R		1 1			
2Q	''''	''7		1	.5	5	1 5		4 5	.1	

His lustre all the temple fills, And spreads o'er all th' ethereal hills.

5G

B R3	3 1 3 4	2	1	1		R		1	1				
2Q	''''	' 7			1	.5	5	1	5		4	5	.1

2 The holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Is by the seraphim adored ;  
And while they stand beneath his seat,  
They veil their faces and their feet.

3 And can a sinful worm endure  
The presence of a God so pure?  
Or these polluted lips proclaim  
The honors of so grand a name?

4 O for thine altar's glowing coal  
To touch my lips, to fire my soul,  
To purge the sordid dross away,  
And into crystal turn my clay!



6G	D	1 1	1 2 1	
4C	3 3 3 5 3	6 7	5 6 5 4 3	
6G	A	1 1 1 1	2 2 3 4 3 1	4 4 3 3
4C	5			
6G	B	1	1	1
4C	1 5 3 1	4 5	3 6 7	1 4 5 1
6G	D	1		
4C	3 5 5 7	5 5 4 5 5	4 4 5 6	5 4 .3
6G	A	5 4 3 2 1 4 3	2 2 1	1 2 3 4
4C				
6G	B	1 1 3 2 1		
4C				

THUS far the Lord has led me on,  
Thus far his power prolongs my days,  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I perhaps am near my home :  
But he forgives my follies past,  
And 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 Thus when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.



## 81. LUTON. L. M.

3G 1 .1 2 3 1 .1 .1 3 3 2 2 3 1 3 2- 1  
 D | | 6 | 7 | || | | 5 | .7- ||

3q

Behold a stranger at the door!

3G

1 1-  
 A 5 | .5 6 | .5 4 | .3 2 | .1 || | 7 6 | 5 4 3 | 4- 3 1 | .5- ||

3q

He gently knocks, has knock'd before;

3G

B 1 | .1 4 | .3 2 | .1 | .1 || 1 | .5 4 | 3 2 1 | | | ||

3q

5 .7 6 .5-

3G

1 1 1 .1 4 .2 2 .3 3 1 2 3 .1 2 .1 .1  
 D | | | || | | | 7 | ||

3q

Has waited long—is waiting still;

3G

1 1 1 .1 1  
 A 5 5 5 | .6 6 | .7 7 | || | 5 4 3 | 4- 5 4 | .3 2 | .1 ||

3q

You treat no oth-er friend so ill.

3G

1 1 1 .4 4 | .5 | .1 || 1 | 3 2 1 | .4 2 | .5 | .1 ||  
 B 1 1 1 | .4 4 | .5 | .1 || 1 | 3 2 1 | .4 2 | .5 | .1 ||

3q

5

5

- 2 O lovely attitude! He stands  
 With melting heart and bleeding hands:  
 O matchless kindness! and he shows  
 This matchless kindness to his foes!
- 3 But will he prove a Friend indeed?  
 He will; the very Friend you need;  
 The Friend of sinners—yes, 't is He,  
 With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine;  
 Turn out his enemy and thine,  
 That soul-destroying monster, sin,  
 And let the Heavenly Stranger in.
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn;  
 His feet departed, ne'er return;  
 Admit him, or the hour's at hand,  
 You'll at his door rejected stand.



## 82. HOLINESS. L. M.

4G  $\overbrace{34} \quad \overbrace{.524} \quad \overbrace{.335} \quad \overbrace{.213} \quad .5 \parallel .3 \quad \overbrace{.453} \quad \overbrace{.653} \quad \overbrace{.3.2} \quad \overbrace{.2} \parallel$

4Q

Through darksome paths and shades profound,

4G

A  $\overbrace{12} \quad \overbrace{.342} \quad \overbrace{.553} \quad \overbrace{.435} \quad .2 \parallel .5 \quad \overbrace{.675} \quad \overbrace{75} \quad \overbrace{6584} \quad \overbrace{.5} \parallel$

4Q

The sinner wends his joyless way;

4G

B  $\overbrace{1} \quad \overbrace{.1.2} \quad \overbrace{.3.1} \quad \overbrace{.1} \quad \parallel .1 \quad \overbrace{.1.2} \quad \parallel$

4Q

7 .7 .5 .6.5 .6.7 .5

4G

D  $\overbrace{.3} \quad \overbrace{.653} \quad \overbrace{.431} \quad \overbrace{.213} \quad .5 \parallel .2 \quad \overbrace{.323} \quad \overbrace{1236} \quad \overbrace{.5.4} \quad \overbrace{.3} \parallel$

4Q

Bewildering meteors glare around,

4G

A  $\overbrace{.5} \quad \overbrace{75} \quad \overbrace{.653} \quad \overbrace{.435} \quad .2 \parallel .5 \quad \overbrace{.545} \quad \overbrace{3454} \quad \overbrace{.3.2} \quad \overbrace{.1} \parallel$

4Q

And tempt his wandering feet astray:

4G

B  $\overbrace{.1} \quad \overbrace{.1} \quad \overbrace{.1} \quad \overbrace{.1} \quad \parallel .1 \quad \overbrace{.1} \quad \overbrace{.1} \quad \overbrace{.1} \quad \parallel$

4Q

.5 .4 .7 .5 .5 .7 34 .5.5

2 Till mild religion from above  
Descends, a sweet engaging form,  
The messenger of heavenly love,  
The bow of promise 'mid the storm.

3 Beyond the narrow vale of time,  
Where bright celestial ages roll,  
To scenes eternal — scenes sublime,  
She points the way, and leads the soul.

4 At her approach, the grave appears  
The gate of paradise restored:  
Her voice the watching cherub hears,  
And drops his double flaming sword.

5 Baptized with her renewing fire,  
May we the crown of glory gain;  
Rise when the hosts of heaven expire,  
And reign with God, forever reign.



## 83. TRANQUILLITY. L. M.

3G 1 .1- 1  
 D .5 7 | 6 | .5.4 | .3- || 3 | .5.5 | 5 76 | .5s.4 | .5- || 3 | 3432 | 1654 |  
 4QR  
 3G .1 1321 1  
 A .535 | 5654 | .3.2 | .1- || 5 | .7 | .7 .6 | .5- || 5 | 5654 | 3 76 |  
 4QR  
 I love to see the glorious sun First tinge the east with purple dye ;  
 And then with glowing  
 3G  
 B .11 | .1- 4 | .5 | .1- || 1 | .1.5 | 3151 | .2 .2 | || 1 | .1- 1 | .1- 1 |  
 4QR 5 .5 .5-  
 3G 1 1  
 D 3432 | 1654 | .345 | .665 | 4321 | .1 || 7656 | .5.5 | :5 ||  
 4QR 7 ''  
 3G 1 .11- 12 .1 :1  
 A 5654 | 3 76 | .567 | 7 | 6543 | .32 || 5 | 6 7 | .7 | ||  
 4QR  
 splendor run, Along the lofty azure sky, Along the, &c.  
 3G  
 B .1- 1 | .1- 1 | .142 | .1 .1 | || 1 | 1234 | .5 | :1 ||  
 4QR .4484 .5- .5

2 I love to see the orb of night  
 Glide o'er the glittering starry  
 way,  
 And with her brilliant silver light  
 Upon the water's surface play.  
 3 But lovelier far than these appear  
 Religion's calm and flowery  
 ways:  
 They soothe vain sorrow, dry the  
 tear,  
 And end with joy our earthly  
 days.

## 84. L. M.

THE praise of Zion waits for thee,  
 My God ; and praise becomes  
 thy house ;  
 There shall thy saints thy glory see,  
 And there perform their public  
 vows.

2 O thou, whose mercy bends the  
 skies,  
 To save when humble sinners  
 pray,  
 All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,  
 And grateful isles of every sea.  
 3 Bless'd is the man whom thou  
 shalt choose,  
 And give him kind access to  
 thee,—  
 Give him a place within thy house,  
 To taste thy love divinely free.  
 4 Soon shall the flocking nations  
 run  
 To Zion's hill, and own their  
 Lord ;  
 The rising and the setting sun  
 Shall see the Saviour's name  
 adored.



## 85. DOUBLE CHANT. L. M.

5G .1 :1 .1 1 1 .1 .1 .1 .1—  
 D .5 | 5 5 5 5 | .7 | || | .7 | .7 ||  
 4Q  
 5G C .3 | 3 3 3 3 | 4 3 .5 | :5 || .5 5 5 | .6 .5 | .5 .5 | :5 ||  
 4Q  
 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run;  
 5G A .1 | 1 1 1 1 | .1 .2 | :3 || .3 3 3 | .2 .1 | .4 .3 | .3 .2 ||  
 4Q  
 5G B .1 | | | :1 || .1 1 1 | .4 .3 | .2 .1 | | ||  
 4Q 5 5 5 5 .6 .5 :5  
 5G —1 .1 .1  
 D .R .5 | 5 5 5 5 | .6 .6 | :6 || .4 4 4 | .5 4 | .7 | ||  
 4Q  
 5G C .R | | .2 s.1 | :2 || .1 1 1 | .1 1 6 | .5 .4 | .3 ||  
 4Q .7 7 7 7 7  
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
 5G  
 A .R .2 | 2 2 2 2 | .2 .3 | :4 || .6 6 6 | .5 1 2 | .3 .2 | .1 ||  
 4Q  
 5G B .R | | | || | | | |  
 4Q .5 5 5 5 5 .4 .3 :2 .4 4 4 .3 6 4 .5 .5 .1

2 From north to south the princes meet  
 To pay their homage at his feet;  
 While western empires own their Lord,  
 And savage tribes attend his word.

3 For him shall endless prayer be made,  
 And endless praises crown his head;  
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
 With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms, of every tongue,  
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song,  
 And infant voices shall proclaim  
 Their early blessings on his name.



## 86. CREATION. L. M.

1G	1	2	.114	.32	21 1	.2-1	1	P
D	.5-	.7-			7	7	6.5	.5-
4Q								
1G	.1-1	.21	31 2	.1	123	.4-3	321	.1-
A	5	'765	6	7	56	7	7	
4Q								
From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Creator's praise arise,—								
1G								
B	5	.1-1	.5-	1342	.5-	5	4321	1   34 .5   .1-
4Q								
1G			.1	1231	12	1231		
D	5	.5-5	.3-3	.5-5	R5	7	7	.7R
4Q								
1G		.1-1	.2-2	.3	2	3453	2342	3453 .2
A	5	.5-5			R			R
4Q								
Let the Redeemer's name be sung								
Through every land, by every tongue.								
1G								
B	R	:R	:R	:R	:R	R5	.5- 5	.5- 5   .5- 5   .5R
4Q								
1G	1 2	1 1 3	2124	321	1 1			
D	7	7 7	7		7	7 5	6546	.5.5   .5-
4Q								
1G		.1- 1	.2- 2	.3- 2	3453	2342	.1	.1-
A	5	.5- 5					.7	
4Q								
Let the Redeemer's name be sung								
Through every land, by every tongue.								
1G					1 1			
B	5	5654	3234	3231	5675	7 5	1234	.5   .1-
4Q								.5

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







When marshall'd on the nightly plain,  
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,  
One star alone of all the train,  
But one alone the Saviour speaks,

2G      1      CLOSE.      34 5-4 5-      1 12 3-      REP. 2s.

A    65'6|5323|11|.1||R''|'|5|7''|3|4321|113|556|5||

2s    '' '' '' '' ''     '' '' '' '' '' '' ''

fix the sinner's wand'ring eye. Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from every gem;

2G      CLOSE.      REP. 2s.

B    1 2 | 5 5 | 11|.1||R 1|5-6|5-3| 1 1 | 1-1|2123|1 1|5 5'5||

2s                 '' ''                 '' '' '' ''

is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,  
The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
The ocean yawn'd and rudely blow'd  
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.  
Deep horror, then my vitals froze;  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;  
When suddenly a star arose,  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;  
It bade my dark foreboding cease,  
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.  
Now, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
For ever, and for evermore,  
The Star! — the Star of Bethlehem!



## 89. ITALY. D. L. M. SACCHINI.

7G REP.  
D 3 | 313 | .3 1 | 3 | .2 || 5 | .5 5 | .65 | .42 | .3 ||

3c .5 5 .55  
What sinners value, I resign; Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;  
I shall behold thy blissful face, And stand complete in righteousness.  
This life's a

7G REP.  
A | 1 | 1 3 | 315 | .4 || 3 | 153 | .24 | 2 | .1 || 3 | .33 |

3c 5 53 5 .7

7G REP.  
B | | | | || | | | | || | | | |

3c 1 .1 1 .1 1 .1 1 .5 1 .3 1 .4 2 .55 .1 1 .11

7G  
D 2 | .24 | .5 || | | | | || 4 | 313 | .3 1 | 3 | .2 ||

3c .7 5 .5 5 .7 5 65s4 .5 .5  
dream, an empty show; But the bright world to which I go.  
Hath joys substantial and sincere:

7G  
A .21 | 1 | .2 || 3 | 353 | 25 | 1 | | || 1 3 | 315 | .4 ||

3c .7 7 76 .5 5 535 5

7G  
B | | | || | | | | || | | | | ||

3c .5s4 .52 .5 1 .1 1 .5 1 .2 2 .5 1 .1 1 .1 1 .1 1 .5

7G P  
D 1 | .1 1 | .1 | | 1 | 1 || 1 | .1 1 | .1 | 2 4 | .3 ||

3c 5 6 7 7 5 7

When shall I wake and find me there?  
When shall I wake and find me there?

7G P  
A 3 | 4 5 6 | 5 3 1 | 1 1 | 3 2 || 3 | 4 5 6 | .5 1 | 2 2 | .1 ||

3c 7 7

7G P  
B | | | | || | | | | ||

3c 5 6 5 4 3 1 5 s.4 2 .5 1 6 5 4 3 1 3 .4 5 .1

2 O glorious hour! O bless'd abode!  
I shall be near, and like my God;  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;  
Then burst the chains with sweet sur-  
And in my Saviour's image rise. [prise.



## 90. MORRISON. L. M. WM. C. BROWN.

7G	D	1   1 1 1   .1   .1 R	2 1   .2   .2 R
4Q		6 .7 7 7 7 .7	
7G	A	1   1 1 1 1   .3 .2   .2 R	2   2 2 2 2   .3 s.4   .5 R
4Q			
7G	B		R    .1 R
4Q		1 1 3 4 1 .5 .5 .1 5 5 7 6 5 .6 .5	
7G	D	3   3 1 1 3   .2 .1   R	1   1 1 1 1   .1   .1 R
4Q		.7 .7	
7G	A	1   1 1 1 1   .1   .2 R	3   3 3 5 3   .1 .2   .1 R
4Q		.7	
7G	B		R    R
4Q		1 1 3 4 1 .5 .1 .5 1 1 1 3 1 .5 .5 .1	

OF Him who did salvation bring  
 I could for ever think and sing;  
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;  
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given!  
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:  
 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,  
 Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,  
 He closed his eyes to show us God;  
 Let all the world fall down and know  
 That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone  
 I shed my tears and make my moan!  
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
 I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;  
 I drink, and yet am ever dry,  
 Ah! who against thy charms is proof?  
 Ah! who that loves can love enough?







## 92. WINDHAM. L. M.

3P	D	.3	3	2		.1	.1		3	3	.3		.3	3	5		.6	.5		5	4	.3					
4C																											
3P	A		1	2		.3	.3		1				1				.1	.3		2	1						
4C	.6								7	.6	.6	7										.7					
3P	B					.1											.1										
4C	.6	6	7			.6	3	3	.6	.6	6	3	.6				7	6	.3								
3P	D	.3	3	3		.3	.3		4	2	.3		.3		.6	3	2	3	4	5	4		.3	.3		:3	
3C																											
3P	A		1	2		.3	.6		6	5	.6		.6		.3	3	4	3	2		.1						
4C	.7																					.7	:6				
3P	B					.1			2	3							1										
4C	.3	6	5			.6			.6	.6	.6	6	7	5	.6	.3	.6										

STAY, thou insulted Spirit ! stay !

Though I have done thee such despite ;  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,  
And still shook off my guilty fears ;  
And vex'd, and urged thee to depart,  
For many long rebellious years : —

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
Of all who e'er thy grace received ;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved :

4 Yet O ! the chief of sinners spare,  
In honor of my great High Priest ;  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only woe I deprecate ;  
This only plague I pray remove ;  
Nor leave me in my lost estate ;  
Nor curse me with this want of love.



6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,  
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,  
And guide me into perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promised land.

93. SALEM. L. M.

7P	1	2 .3 .3 2 1	—1 2 1 2 .3
D	.6 7	.7 1- 6   7	.7 6- '   ' '
4C			
7P	—1	3 .2 1—	
A	.6 5 4	.3 6- '   7 7 .6    .6 7	6   5 6 .7
4C			
7P			
B	.6 3 4	.5 .2   3 3    3 3   .5 .6   7 6 .3	
4C		.6 .6	
7P	.3 1	.2 1 2 .3 1- 6	
D	7	.6 .3   5 7    .7	'   5 5 .6
4C			
7P	1 2 .3 1—	—1	
A	.3	6   7 3 .2    .3 1 2   .3 6- '   7 7 .6	
4C			
7P		1	
B	.3 1	.6   5 6 .2    .7 7   .6 .2   3 3	
4C	7 .6		.6

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!  
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;  
A solemn darkness veils the skies;  
A sudden trembling shakes the  
ground:  
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
For Him who groan'd beneath your  
load:  
He shed a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of richest blood.

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

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

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and  
tell  
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;  
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster death in chains!  
Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!  
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"  
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy  
sting?" [grave?]  
And, "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting



## 94. SUPPLICATION. L. M.

1P	1	2	1	—	.3	2	3	4	.3
D	.6	7	.6	.7	.7	.7		'	'
4S									
1P								1	2
A	.3	6	6	5	.6	.5	7	6	5
4S									
1P									
B	.3	3	.2	.1	3	3		.3	3
4S		6			.6	.6			

1P	.1							.1
D	6	5	.5	5	3	5	6	.7
4S								
1P	.1	3	2	1	.2	.3		
A	'	'			6	6	5	.3
4S								
1P	1		1	—				
B	.6	5	.5	6	6	6	5	.3
4S								

RETURN. O wanderer, return!  
 And seek an injured Father's face;  
 Those warm desires that in thee burn  
 Where kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,  
 And seek a Father's melting heart;  
 His pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
 His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,  
 Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;  
 Go to his bleeding feet, and learn  
 How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
 And wipe away the falling tear;  
 'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"  
 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.



## 95. KINGSBRIDGE. L. M.

1P	3	.3	2	.3	3	.3	4	.3	2	.2	5	564	.3	3	.3
C															
3C															
1P		1	3	1	3	1	3	1-234	3	.1					
A	3	6-7	76	7	3	6-7	76	s5-s43	3	' "	67	7-6	.6		
3C		' "			' "		' "					' "			
1P															
B		.6	4	.3	s5	.6	2	.3	3	.3	2	.12	.3	3	
3C	6														.6
1P	5	5-435	4-324	.3	4	.3		.3	2	.34	.3	3	.3		
D		' "	' "					7							
3C															
1P	3	3-213	2-1	2	1-			1-234	3	.1					
A		' "	' "	7	7676	s5-s43	3	' "	67	7-6	.6				
3C					' "	' "	' "				' "				
1P		.1	1												
B	1		.5	s5	.6	2	.3	3	.3	2	.12	.3	3		
3C															.6

O THOU dear suff'ring Son of God,  
 How doth thy heart to sinners move!  
 Help me to catch thy precious blood!  
 Help me to taste thy dying love!

2 The earth could to her centre quake,  
 Convulsed while her Creator died:  
 O let my inmost nature shake,  
 And die with Jesus crucified!

3 At thy last gasp the graves display'd  
 Their horrors to the upper skies:  
 O that my soul might burst the shade,  
 And, quicken'd by thy death, arise!

4 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,  
 And tremble, and assunder part:  
 O rend with thine expiring breath  
 The harder marble of my heart!



## 96. CONDOLENCE. 7s. PLEYEL.

6G	D	.1 .1	1	.2	.1- R		.1 .1	1	.2	1	:1	
2s		.7-		.7					7-	'		
6G	A	.3 .5	.2- 3	.4 .2	.3- R		.3 .5	.2- 3	.4 2- 3	:1		
2s												
6G	B											
2s		.1 .3	.5- 3	.2 .5	.1- R		.1 .3	.5- 3	.2 .5	:1		
6G	D	.1			R		.1 .1	1	.2	1	:1	
2s		.7	.6- 7	.5 s.4	.5-			.7-	7-	'		
6G	A	.2 .3	.1- 2		R		.3 .5	.2- 3	.4 2- 3	:1		
2s			.7 6- 5	.5-								
6G	B				R							
2s		.5 .3	.6 .2	.5 .2	.5-		.1 .3	.5- 3	.2 .5	:1		

HARK! a voice divides thy sky,  
 Happy are the faithful dead!  
 In the Lord who sweetly die,  
 They from all their toils are freed.

2 Them the Spirit hath declared  
 Bless'd, unutterably blest;  
 Jesus is their great reward,  
 Jesus is their endless rest.

3 Follow'd by their works, they go  
 Where their Head has gone before:  
 Reconciled by grace below,  
 Grace had open'd Mercy's door;

4 Justified through faith alone,  
 Here they knew their sins forgiven;  
 Here they laid their burden down,  
 Hallow'd, and made meet for heaven,



**97. COOKHAM.** 4 lines, 7s.

5G	D	1	2	3	3		5	5	5-		3	2	3	1		5	5	5-	
2C		,		,			,				,		,			,			
5G	A	1	1	1	2		3	2	3-		1	3	5	1		2	3	2-	
2C		,		,			,				,		,			,			
5G	B	1	1	1	1						1	1	3	1					
2C		,		,			5	5	5-		,		,			6	6	5-	
5G	D	3	5	4	3		5	5	2-		5	s4	6	5		4	5	3-	
2C		,		,			,				,		,			,			
5G	A	5	3	6	5		3	1	5-		1	3	5	5		3	2	1-	
2C		,		,			,				,		,			,			
5G	B								1-		1	1	1						
2C	5	5	3	1			5	5			,					4	5	5	1-
		,		,															

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
 As we journey let us sing;  
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,  
 Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are trav'ling home to God,  
 In the way our fathers trod;  
 They are happy now, and we  
 Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad!  
 Christ our Advocate is made:  
 Us to save, our flesh assumes,  
 Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
 On the borders of our land;  
 Jesus Christ, our Father's son,  
 Bids us undismay'd go on.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,  
 Gladly leaving all below:  
 Only thou our leader be,  
 And we still will follow thee.



## 98. SICILY. 7s.

4G	D	3 4   3- 2 1 2   3 4   3- 2 1    3 3   4 2 3   2 1
2Q		' " ' ' ' " ' " ' " .7
4G	A	5 6   5- 4 3 4   5 6   5- 4 3    5 5   6 7 '   7 6   .5
2Q		' " ' ' ' " ' " ' "
		Gentle nature, heavenly fair! O, how sweet thy pleasures are!
4G	B	1 1   1 1   1 1   .1    1 3   2 5 1   2
2Q		' " 2 .5

4G	D	1 1   2 2   1- 1 2   .3    3 5 4 3   6 4 3 2   1   .1
2Q		7- " 7 ' ' 7 ' ' ' ' ' ' 7
4G	A	2- 3 2 3   4 4   3- 2 3 4   .5    ' 7 6 5   ' 6 5 4   3 2   .1
2Q		' " ' ' ' " ' " ' " ' " ' "
		In thy presence while I stay, As a stream, time glides away.
4G	B	1 1   .1    1 1   1   .1
2Q		5 5 5 5 3 4 5 5

- 2 Here I would serenely rest,  
By no worldly cares oppress;  
Tasting that sublime repose,  
He who slights thee never knows.
- 3 Let me in thy beauties trace  
Him who lends thee every grace;  
While my thoughts rise to his throne,  
Thy great Parent and my own!
- 4 When his glories in thee shine,  
Then thy face is all divine;  
Like a mirror beaming bright,  
With a soft, celestial light.
- 5 Fount of light! I look to thee!  
Smile on nature — smile on me!  
Let humble suppliant know  
Paradise revived below.



## 99. PAXTON. 7s.

6G  
 D 3 1 | 3 3 2 2 | .1 || 123 | 2 2 4 3 | .2 || 23 | 4 4 5 3 | .2 ||  
 4C  
 Hark! my soul,—it is the Lord! Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:  
 6G  
 A 1 1 | 3 3 2 1 2 3 | .1 || 3 4 | 5 5 4 6 | .5 || 5 5 | 6 6 4 3 4 | .5 ||  
 4C  
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his words!  
 6G  
 B 1 1 | | .1 || 1 | | || 1 1 | | ||  
 4C  
 6 6 5 5 6 7 7 6 3 4 .5 6 4 3 5 .5

6G  
 D 3 1 3 | 5 5 3 3 | 3 3 2- 3 4 | 4 3 5 5 | .3 ||  
 4C  
 6G  
 A 3 3 | 4 4 3 5 | 2 2 3- 2 1 | 4 3 2 5 3 2 | .1 ||  
 4C  
 Say, poor sinner, Say, poor sinner, Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?  
 6G  
 B 1 | 1 | 1- 2 1 | | .1 ||  
 4C  
 6 4 4 5 5 5 ' " 6 5 3 5

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,  
 And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;  
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,  
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care  
 Cease toward the child she bare?  
 Yes, she may forgetful be,  
 Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
 Higher than the heights above,  
 Deeper than the depths beneath,  
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
 When the work of faith is done,  
 Partner of my throne shalt be:  
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"



6 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is still so faint;  
Yet I love thee and adore:  
O for grace to love thee more!

## 100. ANTICIPATION. 7s.

6G	D	3 3   5 5   5 5   .1    1 1   2 1	1	3- 4 3 2
2Q			7 6 7 .7 ' ' ' ' , ,	
	When on Sinai's top I see God descend in majesty, To pro-			
6G	A	1 1   2 2   .3    1 1   4 3 2   1 2 3   .2    5- 6 5 4		
2Q	5 5		' ' ' ' , ' ' ' ,	
6G	B		1 1   1   1 1	
2Q	5 5 3 1 5 5 .1	4	.5 5- 5	
6G	D	1 1   2- 3 2 1      1- 1 2   3- 4 3 2   1 2   .3		
2Q		' ' ' ' .7 ' 7 ' ' ' ' ' ' , ' ' ' ' ,		
	claim his ho - ly law, "			
6G	A	3 3   4- 5 4 3   .2    3- 2 3 4   5- 6 5 4   3 2   .1		
2Q		' ' ' ' , ' ' ' ' , ' ' ' ' ,		
	All my spir - it sinks with awe.			
6G	B	1 1	1- 4   3- 2 1	
2Q	4- 1 .5		' ' ' ' 4 5 5 .1	

- 2 When, in ecstasy sublime,  
Tabor's glorious height I climb,  
In the too transporting light,  
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,  
God, in flesh made manifest,  
Shines in my Redeemer's face,  
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would for ever stay.  
Weep and gaze my soul away:  
Thou art heaven on earth to me,  
Lovely, mournful Calvary.



**101. CONTRITION.** 7s. MISS L. J. NEELY.

6P	D	.1	2		.3	1		.2	1				.1	2		.3	1		.3	2		.1-	
3Q																							
6P	A	.3	2		.1	3		.4	3		.2-		.3	4		.5	1		.1			.1-	
3Q																							
6P	B	.1			.1	1			1														
3Q			s7					.7			.5-		.3	2		.1	4		.5	5		.1-	

6P	D	.3	1		.3	3		.2	1				.1	2		.3	1		.3	2		.1-	
3Q																							
6P	A	.5	3		.5	5		.4	3		.2-		.3	4		.5	1		.1			.1-	
3Q																							
6P	B								1														
3Q		.3	3		.3	3		.7			.5-		.3	2		.1	4		.5	5		.1-	

O THAT I could look to thee,  
 Jesus, lifted up for me,  
 Me, a wounded Israelite,  
 Me, expiring in thy sight!

2 Guilt, the serpent's sting, I feel,  
 Anguish inconceivable,  
 Bleeding, gasping on the ground,  
 Dying of the pois'nous wound.

3 But with a believing eye,  
 If I can my Lord espy,  
 Hanging on the sacred pole,  
 I e'en I, shall be made whole.

4 Give me now to find thee near,  
 Now as crucified appear;  
 Life is through thy wounds alone,  
 Mine to heal, display thy own.



**102. SOLEMNITY.** 7s. REV. T. HARRISON.

7P	D	.3	2		.1	2		.3	1			.3	2		.1	2		.3	2		.1-		
3Q																							
7P	A	.1	2		.3	2		.1	3		.2-		.1	2		.3	2		.1			.1-	
3Q																						s7	
7P	B	.1										.1											
3Q			5		.3	4		.5	5		.5-			5		.3	4		.5	5		.1-	

7P	D	.1	2		.3	1		.2	3		.2-		.3	2		.1	2		.3	2		.1-	
3Q																							
7P	A	.3	2		.1	3		.2	1			.1	2		.3	2		.1			.1-		
3Q																						s7	
7P	B	.1			.1	1			1			.1											
3Q			s7			.7		.5-					5		.3	4		.5	5		.1-		

LORD of earth, thy forming hand  
 Well this beauteous frame hath plann'd. —  
 Woods that wave, and hills that tower,  
 Ocean rolling in his power; —

2 Yet, amidst this scene so fair,  
 Should I cease thy smile to share,  
 What were all its joys to me?  
 Whom have I on earth but thee?

3 Lord of heaven, beyond our sight  
 Shines a world of purer light;  
 There, in love's unclouded reign,  
 Sever'd friends shall meet again.

4 O that world is passing fair!  
 Yet, if thou wert absent there,  
 What were all its joys to me?  
 Whom have I in heaven but thee?



**103. BUFORD. 7s.**

1P 1 .3 1 1

D .6 7 | .6 | | .6- || .5 3 | .7 ' | .6 7 | .6- ||

3C  
Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb, In thy gracious hands I am;

1P .1

D .6 7 | .6 3 2 | .3 5 | .6- || 6 | .7 6 5 | .3 5 | .6- ||

3C ' , ' ,

I shall then show forth thy praise, Serve thee all my happy days,

1P

B .6 7 | .6 3 2 | .3 3 | || .1 3 | .2 1 | .3 3 | ||

3C ' , .6- .6-

1P .1 3 .2- .3 5 3 .2

D 7 6 | .5 6 | .6 | || ' , | 5 | .6 7 | .6- ||

3C ' ,

Make me, Saviour, what thou art, Live thyself within my heart.

1P .1 .2 1 2 .3 .3 2 1

A 7 | ' , | 6 | 6 .5 || ' , | .6 3 2 | .3 5 | .6- ||

3C ' ,

Then the world shall always see Christ, the ho - ly Child, in me.

1P

B .1 3 | .5 6 5 | .3 3 | .5- || .6 5 3 | .2 1 | .3 3 | ||

3C ' , ' , .6-

**104. 7s.**

LOVELY babe, how brief thy stay,  
Short and hasty was thy day,  
Ending soon, thy journey here,  
Pain and grief no more to bear.

2 Hard it is from thee to part,  
For it rends the aching heart;  
But an heir of glory's gone,  
Let the will of God be done.

3 Pillowed on a Saviour's breast,  
Sweetly sleep, and safely rest;  
Soon the morning shall restore,  
The buried babe we now deplore.



## 105. EPHESUS. 4 lines, 7s.

5G	D	1			3	1	2	3	4	.5		3	1	2	3	5	5	.5			
2Q		7	7-																		
5G	A	1	2	2-	1	3	3			.2		1	1	5	3	2	1	2	3	.2	
2Q																					
5G	B	1			1	1	1							1							
2Q		5	5-							.7		6	6	5		5	5		.5		

5G	D	1	3	4-	3	1	2	3	4	.5		3	1	2	3	1			.1			
2Q																		7				
5G	A	6	6	6-	5	3	1			.5		1	1	5	6	5	3	1	2	3	.1	
2Q																						
5G	B		1	2-	1	1	1							1								
2Q	6									.5		6	6	5		5	5		.1			

SON of God, thy blessing grant,  
 Still supply our every want!  
 Tree of life, thy influence shed;  
 With thy sap my spirit feed.

2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I,  
 Wither without thee and die;  
 Weak as helpless infancy;  
 O confirm my soul in thee!

3 Unsustain'd by thee I fall;  
 Send the help for which I call:  
 Weaker than a bruised reed,  
 Help I every moment need,

4 All my hopes on thee depend;  
 Love me, save me to the end;  
 Give me the continuing grace,  
 Take the everlasting praise.



**106. BENEVENTO.** 8 lines, 7s.

4G	1							
D	3333	5-4.3	5555	5-5.5	5555	57 45	5566	.4.3
4C		,		,		,		
4G	1							
A	1111	3-2.1	2222	4-3.2	3332	55567	334	.2.1
4C		,		,		,		
4G	1							
B	1111	1-1.1			1554	34322	11	.1
4C		,	5555	5-5.5		,	44	.5
4G	1							
D	2222	2-2.2	5555	5-5.5	5555	57 45	5566	.4.3
4C		,		,		,		
4G	1							
A	5555	7-6.5	2222	4-3.2	3332	55567	334	.2.1
4C		,		,		,		
4G	1							
B					1554	34322	11	.1
4C	5555	5-5.5	5555	5-5.5		,	64	.5

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun  
 Hasted through the former year,  
 Many souls their race have run  
 Never more to meet us here :  
 Fix'd in an eternal state,  
 They have done with all below :  
 We a little longer wait,  
 But how little,—none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies  
 Speedily the mark to find, —  
 As the light'ning from the skies  
 Darts and leaves no trace behind, —  
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,  
 All below is but a dream.

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 young and old,  
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with thee above.

107. LORD, WE SEEK THEE. 8 lines, 7s.

[illegible]

LORD, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow :  
O ! do not our suit disdain ;  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;  
In compassion now descend;  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,  
Now we seek thee, here we stay;  
Lord, we know not how to go  
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
Let the time of joy return;  
Those that are cast down lift up,  
Make them strong in faith and hope.



6 Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee a gracious God, and kind;  
Heal the sick, the captive free;  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

**108. MERDIN.** 8 lines, 7s SCOTCH AIR.

6G	§																REP.	
D		3-	3	3	3	5-	5	.5		1-	2	3	3	1	5-	3	.3	
2Q		, , , , ,																
Praise to God, immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days;																		
6G	§																REP.	
A		1-	1	1	1	2-	2	.2		3-	4	5	5	3	2-	1	.1	
2Q		, , , , ,																
Bounteous source of every joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ,																		
6G	§																REP.	
B		1-	1	1	1													
2Q		, 5- 5 .5 1 1 3 5 5- 1 .1																

For the vine's ex - alt - ed juice, For the generous olive's use.

6G																REP. 1 & 2s.			
D	3	1-	2	3	1-	2	3	1		1-	2	3	4	3	2	1			
2Q	, " , " .7 , " .7																		
6G																REP. 1 & 2s.			
A	5	3-	4	5	3-	4	5	3	.2		3-	4	5	6	5	4	3	.2	
2Q	, " , " , " , "																		
For the blessings of the field, For the stores the gardens yield,																			
6G																REP. 1 & 2s.			
B	1	1	1	1	1					1	1		1		1				
2Q	1 .5 4 7 .5																		

2 Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;  
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,  
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;  
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 thee, My God, we owe:  
Source whence all our blessings flow;  
And for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.  
Yet should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear;  
Should the fig tree's blasted shoot  
Drop her green untimely fruit;

4 Should the vine put forth no more,  
Nor the olive yield her store;  
Though the sickening flocks should fall,  
And the herds desert the stall;  
Should thine altered hand restrain  
The early and the latter rain;  
Blast each opening bud of joy,  
And the rising ear destroy;

5 Yet to thee our souls should raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise;  
And when every blessing's flown,  
Love thee for thyself alone.  
Praise to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days;  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ.



**109. CELEBRATION.** 8 lines, 7s. T. HARRISON.

2G	♩											REP.				
D	3	3	3	1	1	2	.3	3	3	4	4	2	2	4	.3	
2Q																
2G	♩	1										2	.1	REP.		
A	5	5	3	3	4	.5	5	5	7	5	6	7				
2Q																
2G	♩											REP.				
B	1	1	1	1	1	.1	1	1						.1		
2Q	5 5 5 5															
2G											REP. 1 & 2s.					
D					2	.1					2	.1				
2Q	7	7	7	7	7	7				7	7	7	7			
2G											REP. 1 & 2s.					
A	2	2	5	2	2	4	.3	2	2	5	2	2	4	.3		
2Q																
2G											REP. 1 & 2s.					
B					.1					.1						
2Q	5	5	5	5	5	5	5				5	5	5	5		

SWELL the anthem, raise the song,  
 Praises to our God belong;  
 Saints and angels join to sing,  
 Praises to the heavenly King.  
 Blessings from his liberal hand  
 Flow around this happy land;  
 Guarded by his watchful eye,  
 We still stand securely high.

2 Here, beneath bright freedom's ray  
 We enjoy a glorious sway, —  
 Never feel oppression's rod —  
 Always have the smile of God.  
 Hark! the voice of nature sings,  
 Praises to the King of kings;  
 Let us join the choral song,  
 And the grateful notes prolong.



**110.** ELYSIUM. 8 lines, 7s.

[illegible]

1G	2	1			1	2	1			2	1			REP. 1 & 2s.
D				7				.7				7	6	5 4   .3
2Q														
1G	4	3		2	3		4	3		.2		4	3	2 1 REP. 1 & 2s.
A														7 6   .5
2Q														
1G	REP. 1 & 2s.													
B	5	5		5	5		5	5		.5		5	5	5 5   5 5   .1
2Q														

WHEN the beauteous spring is here,  
Trees and fields in bloom appear:  
And the birds with cheerful lays,  
Warble their Creator's praise;  
Lord, afford a spring to me,  
Let me draw bright joys from thee,  
Ah! my winter has been long.  
Chill'd my hopes, suppressed my song.

2 How my soul in sadness mourns,  
Till its glorious sun returns,  
Till the spirit's gentle rain,  
Bids the heart rejoice again ;  
Haste, O blessed Saviour, haste,  
Tell me all the storms are past,  
Speak, and by thy gentle voice,  
Bid my drooping soul rejoice.



## 111. VERSAILLES. 8 lines, 7s.

5G	♩																REP.						
D	1	1	3	3	4	5	6	4	.3		2	2	1	1			1	.1					
2Q																7	6	7	'				
5G	♩																REP.						
A	1	1	5	5	6	7	'	6	.5		4	4	3	3	2	1	2	3	.1				
2Q																'	'	'	'				
5G	♩																REP.						
B	1	1	1	1						.1				1			.1						
2Q																4	5	7	5	3	4	5	

5G																REP. 1 & 2s.					
D	3	3	2	2	1	1				3	3	2	2	1	1						
2Q																.7					
5G																REP. 1 & 2s.					
A	5	5	4	4	3	3	.2		5	5	4	4	3	3	.2						
2Q																					
5G																REP. 1 & 2s.					
B	1	1				1	1		1	1				1	1						
2Q																4	4	.5	4	4	.5

JESUS, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high;  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life be past;  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on  
 thee;  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me!  
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
 All my help from thee I bring,  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
 More than all in thee I find:  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick and lead the blind,  
 Just and holy is thy name;  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 False, and full of sin, I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is  
 found,  
 Grace to cover all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within  
 Thou of life the fountain art;  
 Freely let me take of thee:  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity!







**113. BETHER.** 6 lines, 7s.

2G	1	.1	1-	1-	2-1	.1
D	5-5	5-55-"		' 7	555	.5
3Q	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "
2G	1-	1-2	32-1	.1	1	2-2 .1
A	5-6	5-3' 6	.5	' "	' 7	7-"
3Q	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "
Since the Son hath made me free, Let me taste my liberty,!						
Thee behold with open face,						
2G	1-1	1-11-1	.1	3-4	5-555	.1
3Q	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "

2G	2-1	.1	1	.1	1-	1-
D	' "	7-555		5-5	5-55-"	' 7
3Q	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "
2G	1	2-2	.1	1-	1-2	3-21 .1
A	7-"	' 75		5-6	5-3' 6	.5
3Q	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "
Triumph in thy saving grace ! Thy great will delight to prove,						
Glory in thy perfect love !						
2G	5-5	5-555	.1	1-1	1-11-1	.1
3Q	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "

2 Abba, Father, hear thy child,  
Late in Jesus reconciled;  
Hear, and all the graces shower,  
All the joy, and peace, and  
power;  
All my Saviour asks above,  
All the life and heaven of love.

3 Lord, I will not let thee go  
Till the blessing thou bestow:  
Hear my Advocate divine!  
Lo! to his my suit I join;  
Join'd to his, it cannot fail:  
Bless me; for I *will* prevail.

4 Heavenly Father, life divine,  
Change my nature into thine!  
Move, and spread throughout my  
soul,  
Actuate, and fill the whole!  
Be it I no longer now  
Living in the flesh but thou.

5 Holy Ghost, no more delay!  
Come, and in thy temple stay!  
Now thine inward witness bear,  
Strong, and permanent, and clear  
Spring of life, thyself impart;  
Rise eternal in my heart!



3G	P	P							
D	3-333	443		5- 5 5 5	555		3-54	313	321   1
2Q	, , , ,	, ,		, , , ,	, ,		, , , ,	, ,	, , 7
Why not now, my God, my God ? Ready if thou always art,									
3G	P	1- 1 1 1		1	1-		1		
A	5-555	665		, , , ,	77		76	535	, 543   32
2Q	, , , ,	, ,		, ,	, , , ,		, ,	, , , ,	
Make in me thy mean abide,									
3G	P			P					
B	1-111	441		1-11234	5 1		1- 1	1 1	1 1
2Q	, , , ,	, ,		, , , , , ,	5		, ,	7 ,	.5

[illegible]

2 God of love, in this thy day,  
For thyself to thee I cry;  
Dying, — if thou still delay,  
Must I not for ever die?  
Enter now thy poorest home;  
Now, my utmost Saviour, come!



**115. SWEETNESS.** 4 lines, 8s. CLARK.

3G  
D 5 | 5- 5 5 | 5 5 5 | .5 || 3 | s4 2 5 | 5- 2 2 | .2 ||  
3Q , ,  
The winter is over and gone, The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,  
3G  
A 1 | 5- 4 3 | 2 3 4 | 4 3 || 5 | 6 ' ' 7 6 | 5- 6 s4 | .5 ||  
3Q , , , ,  
3G  
B 1 | 1- 1 1 | | .1 || | 1 | 2- 2 2 | | ||  
3Q , 5 5 5 5 s4 5 6 7 ' , , , .5

3G  
D 5 | 5- 5 5 | 6 5 5 | .5 || 6 | 5 6 | 5 5 5 | .5 ||  
3Q ,  
3G  
A 5 | 5- 4 3 | 6 7 | 7 || 6 | 5 4 | 3 5 4 3 2 | .1 ||  
3Q , , , ,  
The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,  
The lark mounts and warbles away.  
3G  
B 1 | 1- 2 3 | 4 2 1 | .5 || 4 | 3 6 4 | 5 5 | .1 ||  
3Q , 5

2 Shall every creature around,  
Their voices in concert unite,  
And I, the most favored, be found  
In praising to take less delight?

3 Awake, then, my harp, and my lute!  
Sweet organs your notes softly swell!  
No longer your lips shall be mute,  
The Saviour's high praises to tell.

4 His love in my heart shed abroad,  
My graces shall bloom as the spring,  
This temple, his Spirit's abode,  
My joy, as my duty, to sing.



3G	.1-1 .1-									
D	.55-5	.5-5	.54-3	.3-  5	.4- 4			5 5	:5	
4Q	,									
3G	1 21									
A	.54-3	.3-3	.32-1	.1-  5	6 '7' '76	6.55	56543	.3.2		
4Q	,									
3G										
B	.1 1	.1-1	.5 1	.1-  1	.4- 4	.1-1	.1 1			
4Q	5-'		5-'				7	:5		
3G	1 1									
D	.55-5	.5-5	.54-3	.3-  5	.4- 4	.5-	554	.3-		
4Q	,									
3G	1 21 .1									
A	.54-3	.3-3	.32-1	.1-  5	6 '7' '76	5 3	5432	.1-		
4Q	,									
2G										
B	.1 1	.1-1	.5 1	.1-  1	.4- 4	.1-1	.5	.1-		
4Q	5-'		5-'				.5			
3G	.1- .1- 1 1									
D	5	.7 .7	5	.7 .7	5	.4 4	.5-	554	:3	
4Q										
3G	1 2 1 2 1 21 .1									
A		754	3.5	754	3.5  5	6 '7' '76	5 3	5432	:1	
4Q										
3G										
B	1	.5	.1-1	.5	.1   1	.4- 4	.1-1	.5	:1	
4Q		.5		.5				.5		

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
To whom we for our children cry;  
The good desired and wanted most,  
Out of thy richest grace supply!  
The sacred discipline be given  
To train and bring them up for heaven.



2 Error and ignorance remove,  
 Their blindness both of heart and mind  
 Give them the wisdom from above,  
 Spotless, and peaceable, and kind:  
 In knowledge pure their minds renew;  
 And store with thoughts divinely true.

3 Learning's redundant part and vain  
 Be here cut off, and cast aside;  
 But let them, Lord, the substance gain,  
 In every solid truth abide;  
 Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego,  
 The knowledge fit for man to know.

4 Unite the pair so long disjoin'd,  
 Knowledge and vital piety:  
 Learning and holiness combined,  
 And truth and love let all men see  
 In those whom up to thee we give,  
 Thine, wholly thine, to die and live!

117. MARTIN. 6 lines, 8s. DR. ARNE.

4G						P					
D	.3	.5 .3	.2 .3	4 6.5	.5  .4	4325	.5 .5	.4 .2	.32		
4Q	If we should search the globe around,										
4G			1			P					
A	.1	.315	.53	6432	.3  46	6554	4313	3221	.1		
4Q										7	
	Such blessings nowhere could be found,										
4G						P					
B	.1	.1.1	.1		.1	.1	.1	.1			
4Q		.7	.4 .5	64	75	.3	.48.4	.5-			



MARTIN *Continued.*

4G  
 D 5 | 536s4 | .5 .3 | .2.6 | .5- || 5 | .6 .6 | .6-6 | .5 .5 | .5- ||

4Q  
 As crown this highly favored land :  
 Here plenty reigns : here freedom sheds

4G  
 A 2 | 35s46 | 57 6 | .5s4 | .5- || 5 | 5443 | .4-4 | 4332 | .3- ||

4P  
 4G  
 B | .1 .1 | .1 .2 | || 1 | .6 .6 | .2-2 | | .1- ||

4Q 5 .7 .2 .5- .5 .5

4G  
 D 5 | 5334 | .4-3 | 3553 | .3- || 4 | 3545 | 6 6 | .5.4 | .3 ||

4Q  
 Her holy radiance on our heads, And God upholds us by his hand.

4G  
 A 3 | 3116 | .6-5 | 533 | || 6 | 5321 | 654 | .3.2 | .1 ||

4Q  
 4G  
 B 1 | .11 | 1 | .1 .1 | || .123 | .434 | .5 | .1 ||

4Q 4 .4- .6- 4 .5

2 Here commerce spreads her wealthy store,  
 Which comes from every foreign shore :  
 Science and art their charms display ;  
 Religion teaches us to raise  
 Our voices in our Maker's praise,  
 As conscience dictates best the way.

3 These are thy gifts, Almighty King !  
 From thee alone our blessings spring :  
 The fruitful earth, the teeming skies,  
 The gladness liberty bestows,  
 The peace and joy the gospel shows,  
 All from thy boundless goodness rise.

4 With grateful hearts and cheerful tongues,  
 To Thee we raise united songs :  
 Thy power and mercy we proclaim :  
 O may our nation ever own,  
 That here is fixed thy rightful throne,  
 And triumph in thy mighty name.











In feeling, in deed, and in word,  
Be governed by grace from above;  
And always rejoice in the Lord,  
For God our Redeemer is love.

# 120. LEXINGTON. 8 lines, 8s.

ARRANGED BY L. WATSON.

6G	§									
A		111321	5-		6-	532111			111321	5-
23C	5-	?????				?????	6-	5-	?????	
6G	§									
B			1-							1-
23C	1-	555345			4-	313255	3-	1-	555356	
		?????				?????			?????	
6G	CLOSE.									
A	6-	532123	1-		5-	535567			653214	
23C		?????				?????			?????	6-
6G	REP. 3 & 4s.									
B					1-					
23C	6-	434555	1-			535542	5-	5-	435445	3-
		?????				?????			?????	

MY days are extinguish'd and gone,  
My time as a shadow is fled,  
And gladly I lay myself down  
To rest with the peaceable dead:  
The dead-everliving attend,  
Whose dust is all safe in the tomb,  
And many a glorified friend  
Is ready to welcome me home.

2 My days are all vanish'd away,  
Broke off the designs of my heart,  
No longer on earth I delay,  
Or linger, as loth to depart:  
Resolved in my Lord to abide,  
This purpose I know shall remain,  
And trust to be found at his side,  
And Jesus eternally gain.



WORDS BY DICK.

23s	99999	999799	999999
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23s	''''''	''''''	66657'
			''''''

23g	.6	67	'665	.6	5	'66533	.6	''''''
		''	'''			'''''		

238      , , , , ,      , , , , ,      , , , , ,

23s	99999	9999	99999	.6
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23s	676656	.3	'''	665	.6	5	666	'''
	''''''			'''			'''	

[illegible]

238 7 ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' 6

23s	7	6	6	5	6	.6	7	6	3	3	3	6
	7	6	6	5	6	.6	7	6	3	3	3	6



- 2 Though hourly summon'd to arms,  
And legions against me combine;  
I'm calm, in the midst of alarms,  
My weapons, and cause are divine;  
A Captain almighty I own;  
And bannered by faith in his name,  
I shout, ere the battle is won —  
I more than a conqueror am.
- 3 Perplexings though often I feel,  
And mazy the path that I tread,  
My God has been leading me still,  
And still he has promised to lead.  
The crooked shall all be made straight,  
The darkness shall beam into light,  
I have but a moment to wait,  
And faith shall be turn'd into sight.
- 4 If small my allotment below,  
I will not at others repine;  
Their joy is the gilding of woe,  
Their wealth they must quickly resign.  
Though poor, how much richer am I?  
In want I have all I desire,  
My treasures, the soul can supply,  
And last when the stars shall expire.
- 5 If, weeping and fearing, I pass  
Through changes, in state and in fame;  
Yet constant in power and grace,  
My Saviour is always the same:  
No shadow of turning he knows,  
Whose bliss is the fountain of mine;  
And while his eternity flows,  
My happiness cannot decline.
- 6 How little the multitude know,  
Or, knowing, how little they prize  
The spring whence my joys ever flow,  
Or source of my bitterest sighs:  
But both the dear secret reveal,  
That Jesus hath softened this heart;  
And soon all my joys will fulfill,  
And bid all my sighing depart.



**122. LOUISVILLE.** 8 lines, 8s.

1P  $\delta$  .3- 3 1 1 1 .1- 2 3 3 3 REP.  
 D | 7 5 | .5- || | 7 7 | .6- ||

6c

All glory to God in the sky, And peace upon earth be restored,

1P  $\delta$  2 .2- .3- 3 REP.  
 A .6- | 3 6 6 6 7 | || | 7 6 5 6 7 | .6- ||

6c

O Jesus, exalted on high, Appear our omnipotent Lord!

1P  $\delta$  REP.  
 B .3- | 3 1 1 3 3 2 | .5- || .6- | 3 3 3 1 3 3 | ||

6c

Once more to thy creatures return,  
 And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

1P .1- 1 1 3 2 .5- .3- 1 1 3 3 .3- REP. 1 & 2s.  
 D | 5 5 | || | 5 7 | ||

6c

Who meanly in Bethlehem born,

1P .3- 5 s4 3s4 2 2- .2- .3- 3 REP. 1 & 2s.  
 A | ' 7 | || | 7 6 5 6 7 | .6- ||

6c

Didst stoop to redeem a lost race.

1P 1 REP. 1 & 2s.  
 B .6- | 7 6 7 6 3 | .5- || .6- | 5 3 3 2 3 3 | .3- ||

6c

2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,  
 All nature acknowledged thy birth;  
 Arose the acceptable year,  
 And heaven was opened on earth.  
 Receiving its Lord from above,  
 The world was united to bless  
 The Giver of concord and love,  
 The Prince and the Author of peace.

4 Come, then, to thy servants again,  
 Who long thy appearing to know;  
 Thy quiet and peaceable reign  
 In mercy establish below:  
 All sorrow before thee shall fly,  
 And anger and hatred be o'er;  
 And envy and malice shall die,  
 And discord afflict us no more.

3 O wouldst thou again be made known,  
 Again in thy Spirit descend,  
 And set up in each of thine own  
 A kingdom that never shall end!  
 Thou only art able to bless,  
 And make the glad nations obey,  
 And bid the dire enmity cease,  
 And bow the whole world to thy sway!

5 No horrid alarum of war  
 Shall break our eternal repose;  
 No sound of the trumpet is there,  
 Where Jesus's spirit o'erflows:  
 Appeased by the charms of thy grace,  
 We all shall in amity join.  
 And kindly each other embrace,  
 And love with a passion like thine.



**123.** OCEANA. 8 lines, 7s.

6G	§										REP.
D	1	1	2	1		1	1	1	2	1	.1

2q                      7 7                      5                      7 7  
Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God!

6G §										REP.						
A	3	3	4	3	2	2	3	1	3	3	4	3	2	2	.1	

2q  
He, whose word can ne'er be broken, Form'd thee for his own abode :

6G	§									REP.
B	1	1	1	1		1	1	1		

2q                    7                    5 5                    5                    7                    5 5                    .1  
With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

6G										REP. 1 & 2s.					
D	3	4	3	1	3	4	3	1	3	3	4	3	2	1	

2Q .7  
On the Rock of ages founded What can shake thy sure repose?

6G												REP. 1 & 2s.			
A	5	6	5	3	5	6	5	3	5	5	6	5	4	3	.2

2Q  
6G

REP 1 & 2g.

[illegible]

2 See! the streams of living waters  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove :  
Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?  
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,  
See the cloud, and fire appear,  
For a glory and a cov'ring —  
Showing that the Lord is near :  
Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God ;  
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,  
Choose thee for his own abode.



**124. CAROLINA.** 8 lines, 7s. REV. T. HARRISON.

1G	♩							2-	2			REP.									
D	3	3		5-	5	3	3		3	3		3	3		'	7	5		.3		
3Q	'	'			'	'	'			'	'					'	'				
1G	♩							3-	3	1	1					4-	4	2		.1	
A	5	5			'	'	'		5	5		5	5			'	'	7			
3Q	'	'										'	'					'			
1G	♩																			REP.	
B	1	1		1-	1	1	1		1	1		1	1		5-	5	5	5		.1	
3Q	'	'			'	'	'			'	'							'			

													REP. 1 & 2s.							
1G													1 1							
D				2-	2	4	4		2				3-	3	'	'		.7		
3Q	7	7			'	'	'		7	7	7			'						
	'	'							'	'										
1G													REP. 1 & 2s.							
													2 2							
A	5	5		7-	7	'	'		7	5		5	5			'	'	'		
3Q	'	'			'							'	'							
1G																				
B	5	5		5-	5	5	5		5	5		5	5		1-	1	'	'		.5
3Q	'	'			'	'	'			'	'							'		

GOD of all created wonder;  
 God of countless orbs of light,  
 God of rain, and wind, and thunder;  
 God of morning, noon, and night;  
 Blessed be thy name for ever,  
 Blessed be thy glorious reign,  
 Thy great system faileth never,  
 All thy works in truth remain.

2 God of valley, plain, and mountain;  
 God of garden, field, and wood;  
 God of river, stream, and fountain,  
 God of all created good;  
 Thy great system faileth never,  
 All thy works in truth remain:  
 Blessed be thy name forever;  
 Blessed be thy glorious reign.



## 125. GREENVILLE. 8s &amp; 7s. ROSSEAU.

5G ♪ REP  
 D 5 5- 4 | 3 3 | 5 5 | 5- 4 3 || 3 3- 2 | 1 5 | 4- 3 4- 5 | .3 ||  
 2Q ' '' ' '' ' '' ' '' ' ''  
 Lord dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid us now depart in peace,  
 5G ♪ REP.  
 A 3 3- 2 | 1 1 | 2 2 | 3- 2 1 || 5 5- 4 | 3 3 | 2- 1 2- 3 | .1 ||  
 2Q ' '' ' '' ' '' ' '' ' ''  
 Still on heavenly manna feeding, Let our faith and love increase:  
 5G ♪ REP.  
 B 1 1 | 1 1 | | 1 1 || 1 1 | 1 1 | | | ||  
 2Q 5 5 5 5 .1

When we reach our blissful station,

Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

5G REP. 1 & 2s.  
 D 1 1- 2 | 3 3 | 4 4 | 3- 2 1 || 1 1- 2 | 3 3 | 4 4 | .3 ||  
 2Q ' '' ' '' ' '' ' ''  
 5G REP. 1 & 2s.  
 A 3 3- 4 | 5 5 | 6 6 | 5- 4 3 || 3 3- 4 | 5 5 | 6 6 | .5 ||  
 2Q ' '' ' '' ' '' ' ''  
 Fill each breast with consolation; Up to thee our hearts we raise:  
 5G REP. 1 & 2s.  
 A 1 1 | 1 1 | | 1 1 || 1 1 | 1 1 | | .1 ||  
 2Q 4 4 4 4

## 126. 8s &amp; 7s.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,  
 All thy mourning days below;  
 Go, by angel guards attended,  
 To the sight of Jesus, go!  
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
 Lo! the Saviour stands above,—  
 Shows the purchase of his merit,  
 Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,  
 To thy great Redeemer's breast.  
 To his uttermost salvation,  
 To his everlasting rest.  
 For the joy he sets before thee  
 Bear a momentary pain:  
 Die, to live a life of glory,  
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.



**6**

3G D 1. 1 2 | 3 3 | 4 6 4 | 4 3 3 || 3 2 1 | 1 1 | 1 | .1 || REP.

2Q , 7 , , , , , , , , , 7 7 , ,

3G  $\delta$  1 1— REP.

A	1	2	3	4	5	6	'	6	6	5	5		5	4	3	2	1	3	2	2	3	.1	
2G	,	,	,	,		,		,	,	,	,		,	,	,	,					,	,	

3G	6											REP.		
B	1	1	1	1	4	4	1	1	1	1	3	1	.1	
2Q													5	5

3G											REP. 1 & 2S.					
D	3	4	3	2	2	1	3	1		2	2	3	3	1	1	
2Q		,	,				,	,	7	7						.7

A	5	6	5	4	4	3	5	3	2	2	5	5	6	5	1	3	.2
2Q		'	'				'	'				'	'				

[illegible]

- 2 When the vesper star is beaming,  
In the coronet of even,  
And the lake and river gleaming  
With the ruddy hues of heaven,  
When a thousand notes are blending  
In the forest and the grove;  
Be thy gratitude ascending  
Unto Him whose name is love.
- 3 When the stars appear in millions  
In the portals of the west,  
Bright bespangling the pavilions  
Where the blessed are at rest:  
When the milky way is glowing  
In the cope of heaven above;  
Let thy gratitude be flowing  
Unto Him whose name is love.



**128.** 8s & 7s.

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

**129.** 8s & 7s.

FAR above yon glorious ceiling  
Of the azure-vaulted sky,  
Jesus sits, his love revealing  
To his splendid troops on high.  
Hosts seraphic humbly bowing,  
At his feet they prostrate fall;  
Saints and angels all avowing  
God in Christ is all in all.

- 2 Could we leave our foolish dreaming  
Of a fancied heaven below,  
And see Jesus' glory beaming,  
How our souls would long to go.  
We in him our rest regaining,  
All its blessedness should prove;  
O'er our foes victorious reigning,  
Perfected in spotless love.
- 3 We should for his day be waiting;  
When the full reward is given;  
When the glorious work 's completed,  
Jesus takes his church to heaven.  
Pure from every stain of nature,  
There in holiness to shine;  
Moulded like its great Creator,  
All immortal, all divine.



6G										
D			(2-11				(1			
4Q	3-333	5-4433	7-777	'7-	3-333	5-4433	7-77	'64	32.3	
6G										
A	1-111	3-2211	2-222	4-332-	1-111	3-2211	2-22342	1	.1	
4Q	'	'''	'	''	'	'''	''''''	7		
6G										
B	1-111	1- 1 1			1-111	1- 1 1			1	
4Q	'	7	5-555	5- 5 .5	'	7	5- 5 5 5	5.1		
6G										
D			(1-111 2-11				(1			
4Q	7-777	7-6655	'	'7-	3-333	5-4433	7-77	'64	32.3	
6G										
A	2-222	2-11	3-333	4-332-	1-111	3-2211	2-22342	1	.1	
4Q	'	''77	'	''	'	'''	''''''	7		
6G										
B			(1-111  1		1-111 1- 1 1				1	
4Q	5-555	5- 5 5 5	'	7-'.5	'	7	5- 5 5 5	5.1		

**JESUS, I my cross have taken,**  
All to leave, and follow thee;  
**Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,**  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.  
Perish, every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
**Yet how rich is my condition,**  
God and heaven are still my own!

**2 Let the world despise and leave me;**  
They have left my Saviour too:  
**Human hearts and looks deceive me —**  
Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
And while thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
**Foes may hate, and friends disown me,**  
Show thy face, and all is bright.

**3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;**  
Come disaster, scorn, and pain:  
In thy service pain is pleasure;  
With thy favor loss is gain.  
**I have call'd thee Abba, Father,—**  
I have set my heart on thee; [gather.  
Storms may howl, and clouds may  
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,—  
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;  
 Life with trials hard may press me.—  
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

O! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
 While thy love is left to me;  
 O! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
 Were that joy unmix'd with thee!

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation;  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
 Joy to find in every station,  
 Something still to do or bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
 Think what Father's smiles are thine;  
 Think that Jesus died to win thee:  
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.



**131. ACCLAMATION. 8s & 7s. REV. T. HARRISON.**

lg	g								2	1		P
D	3	3	1	3	5	4	3	3	7	5	5	3

Life is like a sweeping river, Ceaseless in its onward flow;

	\$								P			
lg	1		3	2	1	1	2		4	3	2	1

A	'	5		3	5	'	'			'	7	5	'				
20		'		'	'						'	'					REP.

On whose waves quick sunbeams quiver,  
On whose banks quick blossoms grow;

1G	5											P			
B	1	1	1	1	1	5	1	1	5	5	5	5	5	5	1

Those we earliest learned to cherish, Soonest pass beyond control.

lg	2								2 1				P		
D	5	5	5	7	7	7	5	5		3	3	3	3	7	

2q    ,    ,    ,    ,    ,    ,    ,    ,    ,    REP. 1 & 2s.  
P

lg	2	4	2		1	1	1	4	3	2
A	5	5	7	7	7	5	6			

**2Q**    ,    ,    ,                                 ,                                 REP. 1 & 2s.  
Blossoms quick to grow and perish Swift to bloom and swift to fall.

lg REP. 1 & 2s.

P	K	K	K	K	K	K	K	K	5	5	1	1	1	3	4	1	5
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

2q    ,    ,         ,    ,    ,    ,                      ,    ,    ,    ,

9. Shall we lose them all forever.

2 Shall we lose them all forever,  
 Leave them on this earthly strand?  
 Shall their joyous radiance never  
 Reach us in the spirit land?  
 Soon the tide of life upflowing,  
 Buoyantly from time's dim shore,  
 Where supernal flowers are glowing,  
 Shall meander evermore.

3 There the hopes that long have told us  
Of the climes beyond the tomb,  
While superber skies enfold us,  
Shall renew their starry bloom.  
And the bloom that here in sadness,  
Faded from the flowers of love,  
Shall with its immortal gladness,  
Crown us in the world above.



**132. REPOSE.** 8s & 7s.

6G	♩													REP.	
D															
23s	5	4	3	3	4	4	3	3	5	4	3	3	4	4	3-
6G	♩	,	,		,				,				,		REP.
B	3	2	1	1	2	4	1		3	2	1	1	2	4	1-
23s		,	,	,	,	7	5		,	,	,	,	7		
6G	♩														'REP.
B	1	1	1	1			1	1	1	1	1	1			
22s		,	,		5	5			,				5	5	1-
															,
6G														REP. 1 & 2s.	
D		1													
23s	7	5	7	7		7	5	6	7	5	7	7		7-	
		,	,			,			,						REP. 1 & 2s.
6G															
A	2		5	5	s4	3	2	1	2		5	5	s4	3	2 5-
23s	7		,	,	,	,	7		7		,		,	,	
6G															REP. 1 & 2s.
B															
23s	5	5	5	5	2	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	2	5	5-
		,	,		,				,				,		

JESUS, full of all compassion,  
 Hear thy humble suppliant's  
 cry;  
 Let me know thy great salvation,  
 See, I languish, faint, and die.  
 Guilty, but with heart relenting,  
 Overwhelm'd with helpless  
 grief;  
 Prostrate at thy feet repenting;  
 Send, O send me quick relief!  
 2 Whither should a wretch be  
 flying,  
 But to him who comfort gives?  
 Whither, from the dread of dying,  
 But to him who ever lives?  
*Saved*—the dead shall spread  
 new glory  
 Thro' the shining realms above;  
 Angels sing the pleasing story,  
 All enraptur'd with thy love.

**133.** 8s & 7s.

FAINTLY flow thou falling river.  
 Like a dream that dies away;  
 Down to ocean gliding ever,  
 Keep thy calm unruffled way:  
 Time with such a silent motion,  
 Floats along on wings of air,  
 To eternity's dark ocean,  
 Burying all its treasure there.  
 2 Roses bloom, and then *they*  
 wither;  
 Cheeks are bright, then *fade*  
 and die;  
 Shapes of light are wafted hither,  
 Then like visions hurry by:  
 Quick as clouds at evening driven  
 O'er the many colored west,  
 Years are bearing us to heaven,  
 Home of happiness and rest.



## 134. OLNEY. 8s &amp; 7s.

5G  $\phi$  REP.  
 D 3 1 | 3 5 | 5 2 | 3 2 1 || 1- 2 | 3 4 | 5 6 5 | .5 ||  
 2Q , , , , , , , ,

Come, thou Fount of every blessing,

Tune my heart to sing thy grace;

5G REP.  
 A 1 1 | 1 | | 1 2 3 || 5- 6 | 3 1 | 2 | .1 ||  
 2Q 6 , 6 5 5 6 , , , , 6 7 , ,

Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

5G  $\phi$  REP.  
 B 1 1 | 3 1 | 2 | 1 | | 1 | 5 3 2 | .1 ||  
 2Q 5 , 7 6 5- 6 6 , ,

Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it; Mount of thy redeeming love!

REP. 1 & 2s.  
 5G 1- 1 1  
 D 7 | 5 | 4- 5 | 6 5 || 1 2 3 4 | 5 | 2 1 2 | .3 ||  
 2Q , , , , , , , ,  
 5G 1- 1 REP. 1 & 2s.  
 A 5- 4 | 3 5 | 5 | 6 5 || 5 | 3 1 | 2 | .1 ||  
 2Q , , 6 7 , ,

Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;

REP. 1 &amp; 2s.

5G  
 B 1- 1 | 1 1 | 1- | 1 || 1 1 2 | 1 3 | 5 3 | .1 ||  
 2Q , , 5 6 , ,

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,  
 Hither, by thy help I'm come;  
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.  
 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,  
 Wand'ring from the fold of  
 God;  
 He, to rescue me from danger,  
 Interposed his precious blood!

3 O! to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!  
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wand'ring heart to  
 thee!  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
 Prone to leave the God I love—  
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it!  
 Seal it for thy courts above.



135. SOLDIER'S RETURN.

1 O, that I had some secret place Where I might hide from sorrow,  
Where I might see my Saviour's face, And thus be saved from terror.  
O, had I wings like Noah's dove

2 I have my bitter and my sweet, While through this world I travel;  
I sometimes shout, and sometimes weep, Which make my foes to marvel.  
But let them think and think again

6G										
1)	1	2	3	4	5	5	3-4.2		.1	
4Q.5	''	''	''	''			5	6	''	''

$\Delta$

6G  
B | 1 | 1 | 1- | 11 |  
4Q.5 ' 7 6 4 5 5 .6 .5 .5 ' 7 6 4 5 5 3 3 .5 7 6 5 3-2.1  
          ' ' '               '               '

3 I'm oftentimes made to weep and mourn,  
Because I'm faint and feeble;  
And when my Saviour hides his face,  
My soul is filled with trouble.  
But when he doth again return,  
And I lament my folly,  
Then I do after glory run,  
And still my Jesus follow.



4 I want to live a Christian here,  
I want to die a shouting,  
I want to feel my Saviour near,  
When soul and body's parting;  
I want to see bright angels stand,  
And ready to receive me,  
To bear my soul to Canaan's land,  
Where Christ has gone before me,

5 I hope to meet my brethren there,  
With all my faithful sisters,  
When Jesus smiles, our souls will cheer,  
Even now methinks he whispers,  
Come up, and join the saints above,  
Who sing free grace redeeming,  
And range the boundless fields of love,  
Where glory's ever beaming.

**136.** PARALYTIC. 8s & 7s

1P										1 22										332										REP. 2 3-452 3-432										REP. 1 & 2s.										P																																																											
A 65										3667										5										67										.66										7										66653										5-67																																							
4Q										"										"										"										"										"										"										"																																							
1P										REP.										P										REP. 1 & 2s.										P																																																																					
B 65										3663										225										4										33123										5										6-656										3-2 3										3										223										.15									
4Q										"										"										.66										"										"										"										6																																							

REVIEW the palsied sinner's case,  
Who sought for health in Jesus;  
His friends conveyed him to the place,  
Where he might meet with Jesus.  
A multitude were thronging round,  
To keep them back from Jesus;  
But from the roof they let him down,  
Before the face of Jesus.

2 Thus, brethren, help these friends of  
To find their way to Jesus; [yours  
His grace the worst diseases cures;  
Oh help them on to Jesus.  
The palsy's fearful stroke they feel;  
There's none can save but Jesus;  
'Tis he alone their souls can heal:  
Oh help them on to Jesus.

3 The fainting souls by sin diseased,  
There's none can save but Jesus;  
With more than plague or palsy seized,  
Oh help them on to Jesus.  
The seeds of death are sown within;  
There's none can save but Jesus;  
The worst disease on earth is sin,  
Oh help them on to Jesus.

4 Oh Saviour hear their mournful cry,  
And tell them thou art Jesus ;  
Oh speak the word or they must die,  
And bid farewell to Jesus :  
Now let them hear thy voice declare,  
Thou all sufficient Jesus ;  
That thou didst die to hear their prayer,  
And give them health in Jesus.



**137. GREAT REDEEMER. 8s & 7s.**

3P ♪																REP.									
A	.3	1		1		.2	1		2	.3		.4	2		.3	3	2		.1						
3C	.6															7 .6-									
3P ♪																REP.									
B				1					.1																
3C	.6	5	.4				.7	5	7				.6	7	.5	5	.3	3	.6-						
3C																REP. 1 & 2s.									
A	.3	s4		.5	4	5		.6	5		s4	.3		.3	s4		.5	3	2		.1	4		.3-	
3C	, ,															, ,									
3P																REP. 1 & 2s.									
B	.1							1									1								
3C	6	.5	3	.5	6	.5	.3	6	.5	, 7	.6	6	.3-												

GREAT Redeemer, Friend of sinners,  
 Thou hast wond'rous power to save:  
 Grant me grace, and still protect me,  
 Over life's tempestuous wave;  
 May my soul with sacred transport,  
 View the dawn while yet afar;  
 And until the sun arises,  
 Lead me by the morning star.

2 O what madness! O what folly!  
 That my heart should go astray  
 After vain and foolish trifles,  
 Trifles only of a day.

This vain world, with all its pleasures,  
 Very soon will be no more;  
 There's no object worth admiring,  
 But the God whom we adore.

3 See the happy spirits waiting,  
 On the banks beyond the stream,  
 Sweet responses still repeating,  
 Jesus, Jesus, is their theme.  
 Hark! they whisper — lo! they call me,  
 Sister spirit, come away:  
 Lo! I come, earth can't contain me,  
 Hail the realms of endless day.

5 Swiftly roll, ye ling'ring hours,  
 Seraphs, lend your glitt'ring wings;  
 Love absolves my ransom'd powers,  
 Heav'nly sounds around me ring:



Worlds of light and crowns of glory  
 Far above yon azure sky,  
 Though by faith I now behold you,  
 I'll enjoy you soon on high.

## 138. 8s &amp; 7s.

HAIL! ye sighing sons of sorrow,  
 Learn with me your certain doom:  
 Learn with me your fate to-morrow:  
 Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb.  
 See all nature fading, dying,  
 Silent all things seem to mourn,  
 Life from vegetation flying,  
 Calls to mind the mould'ring urn.

2 Lo! in yonder forest standing,  
 Lofty cedars, how they nod.  
 Scenes of nature; how surprising;  
 Read in nature, nature's God.  
 While the annual frosts are cropping  
 Leaves and tendrils from the trees,  
 So our friends are yearly dropping,  
 We are like to one of these.

3 Hollow winds about me roaring,  
 Noisy waters round me rise,  
 While I sit my fate deploring,  
 Tears fast streaming from my eyes;  
 What to me is autumn's treasure,  
 Since I know no earthly joy,  
 Long I've lost all youthful pleasure,  
 Time will health and youth destroy.

4 Former friends, how oft I've sought them  
 Just to cheer a troubled mind,  
 Now they're gone, like leaves of autumn,  
 Driv'n before the dreary wind.  
 When a few more days are wasted,  
 And a few more scenes are o'er.  
 When a few more griefs I've tasted,  
 I shall fall to rise no more.



5 Fast my sun of life's declining,  
 Soon 'twill set in endless night,  
 But my hopes, pure and reviving.  
 Rise to fairer worlds of light.  
 Cease this trembling mourning, sighing,  
 Death shall burst this sullen gloom,  
 Then, my spirit, fluttering, flying,  
 Shall be borne beyond the tomb.

## 139. SIBERIA. 8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

2G	1	1-2	11				1				
D	5-5	55	65	5		55	.5    5-5	55	65	5	
2C											
2G		1	2	1		1		1	2	1	
A	5-4	3	7	5	6-7	5	53	.2    5-4	3	7	5
2C											
2G											
B	1-1	13	45	11	4-4	31	13	.5    1-1	13	45	11
2C							7				
2G	1-2	1	1			11	2-1	1		1	
D		5	5	5	.5	7-7		7	7-7	5	65
2C											
2G		1	3	321	.1		2-2	31	2	.1	
A	6-7	55	7		.R	.R	5-5	55		7	
2C											
2G						11	1		1		
B	1-1	3	1	5	.1	5-5	7-	55	5-5	3	45
2C				5							

LO! he comes, with clouds descending,  
 Once for favored sinners slain!  
 Thousand thousand saints attending,  
 Swell the triumph of his train!  
 Hallelujah!  
 God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him  
 Robed in dreadful majesty;  
 Those who see at naught and sold him,  
 Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing.  
 Shall the true Messiah see.

3 The dear tokens of his passion  
 Still his dazzling body bears;  
 Cause of endless exultation  
 To his ransomed worshipers;  
 With what rapture  
 Gaze we on these glorious scars!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,  
 High on thy eternal throne!  
 Saviour, take the power and glory,  
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own!  
 Jah! Jehovah!  
 Everlasting God, come down!



## 140. TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

4G	♩	1-											REP.										
D	5-	3		5	3-	1		2		5	5		4	6	5	5-	4		.3				
3Q	'	"		'	'	"		5		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	"						
4G	♩	1-											REP.										
A	5-	3		5	3-	1		2		1	3		4	3	2		.1						
3Q	'	"		'	'	"		5		'	'	6	'										
4G	♩												REP.										
B				1-	5	3-	1		2		3	1		4	2	5			.1				
3Q	5-	3		'	'	"		5		'	'	'	'			5							
		"																					
4G																							
D	5-	7		6-	5	4	2-	2		3	3		5-	3		4-	6	5	5	4		.3	
3Q	'	"		'	"	'	"						'	"	'	"	'	"	'	"			
4G													1-										
A	5-	3		4-	5	6	2-	4		3-	4	5		'	5		6-	4	3	2		.1	
3Q	'	"		'	"	'	"	'	"	'	"			"	'	"							
4G																							
B	1-	1								1	1		3-	1		4-	2	5			.1		
3Q	'	"		4	4	5-	5						'	"	'	"			5				
							"																

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 Deliv'rer!  
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 Feed me with thy heav'nly manna,  
 In this barren wilderness;  
 Be my sword, and shield, and banner,  
 Be my robe of righteousness:  
 Fight and conquer  
 All my foes by sov'reign grace.



4 When I tread the verge of Jordan  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Foe to death, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to thee.

# 141. THE TOKEN. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1P	1	1-	2	3-	1			3-	2	1	2	1-	REP.											
D		,	"		7		7	6	7-	6	5		,	,	,	7		6	5	.6				
4C																								
Sinners, will you scorn the message, Sent in mercy from above?																								
1P	6		1-	2	3	3	2-	1		1-			1	REP.										
A	6	6-	7										7	6	5	6		7	.6					
4C																								
Every sentence—O how ten - der! Every line is full of love.																								
1P	6													REP.										
B	6		6-	5		6	6	3	3			1	1	2		3	3							
4C		6										6-	7	,	7	,			.6					
1P							1	1		1	1	3-	2	1	2	1-								
D	3	3	4	5	5		6	6	7			7	7			,	,	,	7		6	5	.6	
4C																								
1P							1	1	2	2	3	6	1-			1								
A	3	3	4	5	5		6	6	7					7	6	5	6		7	.6				
4C																								
Listen to it, Listen, &c., Listen, &c., Every line is full of love.																								
1P												1												
B	3	3	4	5	5		6	6	7	1	4		5	5	6			1	2		3	3	.6	
3C													6	7										

2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,  
 News from Zion's King proclaim,  
 To each rebel sinner — "Pardon,  
 Free forgiveness in his name!"  
 How important!  
 Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;  
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;  
 And with news of consolation,  
 Chase away the falling tears;  
 Tender heralds —  
 Chase away the falling tears.

4 Who hath our report believed?  
 Who received the joyful word?  
 Who embraced the news of pardon,  
 Offer'd to you by the Lord?  
 Can you slight it —  
 Offer'd to you by the Lord!

5 O, ye angels, hovering round us,  
 Waiting spirits, speed your way,  
 Hasten to the court of heaven,  
 Tidings bear without delay:  
 Rebel sinners  
 Glad the message will obey.



**142.** 8s, 7s & 4s.TUNE—*Tamworth.*

YES, my native land, I love thee,  
 All thy scenes I love them well;  
 Friends' connections, happy country,  
 Can I bid you all farewell?  
 Can I leave you —  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely,  
 Joys no stranger heart can tell;  
 Happy home! as I have proved thee,  
 Can I, can I say — farewell?  
 Can I leave thee —  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell —

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,  
 Holy days, and Sabbath bell;  
 Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,  
 Can I say at last — farewell?  
 Can I leave you —  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,  
 From the scenes I love so well  
 Far away, ye billows, bear me,  
 Lovely, native land farewell!  
 Pleased I leave thee —  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the desert let me labor,  
 On the mountains let me tell  
 How he died — the blessed Saviour —  
 To redeem a world from hell;  
 Let me hasten  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;  
 Let the winds my canvas swell —  
 Heaves my breast with warm emotion,  
 While I go far hence to dwell:  
 Glad I bid thee,  
 Native land — farewell — farewell!



6P

1) 333-3	3255R	6531R	234333R	3212	123-21-2	3-R33
----------	-------	-------	---------	------	----------	-------

4Q     "        "        "        "        "        "        "        "

See the Lord of glory dying, See him gasping, hear him crying;  
See his burden'd bosom heave; Look ye

P										
A	1-	1233R	3563R	4321	R	1	1-23-s4	5-R's5		
4Q	67	7	"	"	"	"	77	765	67	"
		,				,				

See the rocks and mountains quaking. Earth unto her centre shaking,  
Nature's groans awake the dead, Lo, the

6P								
B	R	R	<u>21</u>	R	123	1		R
4Q636-85	6733'	6366'	' ' 7633'		7	7	.6	3-'63
,	,	,	, , , ,					

6P  
 1D 33R23-4 | 55R5-2 | 3-33131 | 55R361 | 25433 | :3 ||  
 4Q " " " " " " " " " " " "  
 sinners, ye that hung him, Look how deep your sins have stung him,  
 Dying sinners. look and live

6P

A	G G B 4 3	2 2 R 3 - 2	1- 1 1 2	3 <sup>R</sup> R' 3 3	4 2 1	
4Q	, ,	, , ,	7' 6' ,	, , , ,	, 7' 6 7 : 6	
			, ,		, ,	

sun is struck with wonder, While the legal peals of thunder  
Smite the dear Redeemer's head.

6P									
B	R	1	R1-		R				
4Q	6 6 ' 7	55 ' 7	6- 3 6 6	33 ' 6-6	4-s463	:6			

5 Shout ye saints, with adoration —  
 Fill with songs the wide creation,  
 He is risen from the grave :  
 Shout with joyful cecelamation,  
 To the rock of your salvation,  
 Who alone has power to save.

6 Bear, with patience, tribulation,  
Overcoming all temptation,  
Till the glorious jubilee;  
He will come with bursts of thunder,  
Then shall we adore and wonder,  
Singing on the highest key.



6a

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love !  
It lifts me up to things above ;  
It bears on eagles' wings ;  
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,  
And makes me for some moments feast  
With Jesus, priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
I stand, and, from the mountain top,  
See all the land below :  
Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of paradise  
In endless plenty grow.



POETRY BY REV. NELSON DEWIT.

6G	.11										
D	322.36	.56.53	.7-	.5-.34	565.55	532.33	.65.3				
23s	the awful trumpet sound, To wake the nations under ground, To wake the nations under ground, And Jesus shall descend.										
6G	1	.1-									
A	56	.54	.34.55	.66.5-	.56	532.35	21	.11	1.1		
23s	5 56										
6G											
B	1.1	.12.32	.1	.1-.12							
23s	56	4	6.5-		.56.33	.56.55	.45.1				

3 The starry heavens shall flee away,  
At the approach of that great day,  
And shall in flames consume;  
The world too, it shall on fire be,  
O! what an awful sight to see,  
But this shall be its doom.



4 Then shall the nations all arise,  
Of every country, clime, and size,  
To meet the Judge of all;  
None can escape His piercing eye,  
Though they may to the mountains fly,  
And on the rocks may call.

5 The righteous now upon the right,  
Arrayed in garments clean and white,  
Hear Christ, the Judge, declare,  
These are my saints, I know each name,  
Through tribulations great they came,  
And endless bliss shall share.

6 But O! the sinners on the left,  
Of hope and comfort now bereft,  
Their awful fate deplore;  
Down to the regions of despair,  
In endless woe, they have their share,  
And, that forever more.

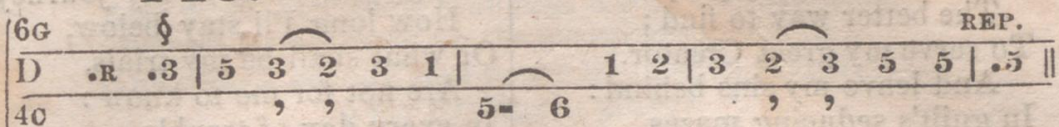
### 147. 4 8s & 2 7s.

A NATION God delights to bless,  
Can all our raging foes distress,  
Or hurt whom they surround?  
Hid from the gen'ral scourge we are,  
Nor see the bloody waste of war,  
Nor hear the trumpet's sound.

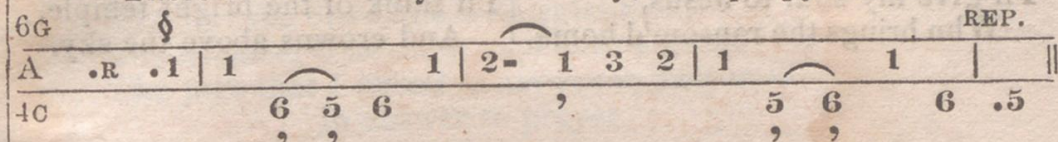
2 O may we, Lord, the grace improve,  
By lab'ring for the rest of love,  
The soul-composing power;  
Bless us with that eternal peace,  
And all the fruits of righteousness,  
Till time shall be no more.



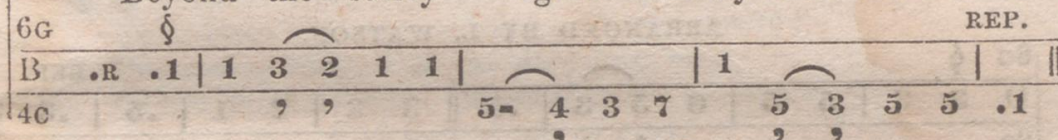
## 148. SWEET PROSPECT. 7s &amp; 6s.



There is a holy ci - ty, A hap - py world above,

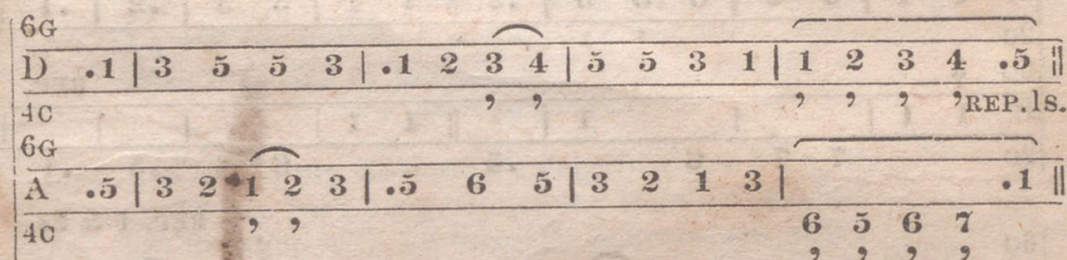


Beyond the starry regions Built by the God of love.



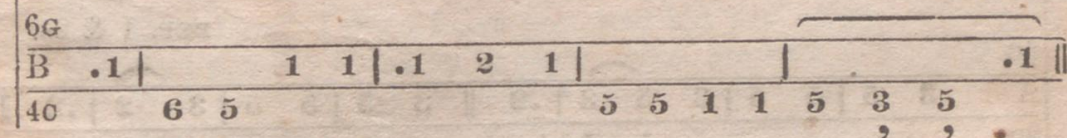
They serve their great Redeemer, They dwell with him in light.

REP. 1s.



An everlasting temple, And saints array'd in white.

REP. 1s.



2 That is no world of trouble;  
 The God of peace is there;  
 He wipes away their sorrows,  
 He banishes their care;  
 Their joys are still increasing,  
 Their songs are ever new,  
 They praise th' Eternal Father,  
 The Son and Spirit too.  
 3 The meanest child of glory  
 Outshines the radiant sun;  
 But who can speak the splendor  
 Of that eternal throne,

Where Jesus sits exalted,  
 In godlike majesty?  
 The elders fall before him,  
 The angels bend the knee.  
 4 Long time I was invited  
 To gain that heavenly rest;  
 Grace made no hard condition,  
 'Twas only to be bless'd;  
 But earth's bewitching pleasures  
 Inclined me long to stay:  
 I sought her dreams and shadows,  
 And joys that pass away.







- 2 Sweet bower, where the vine and the poplar are spread,  
And wove, with their branches, a roof o'er my head :  
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,  
And pour'd out my soul to my Saviour in prayer,  
To my Saviour in prayer.
- 3 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed with the pine,  
The ivy, the olive, the wild eglantine ;  
Yet sweeter, O sweeter, superlative were  
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer —  
In answer to prayer.
- 4 'Twas under the covert of that blessed grove  
That Jesus was pleased my guilt to remove ;  
Presenting himself as the only true way  
Of life and salvation, and taught me to pray —  
And taught me to pray.
- 5 The early shrill notes of the loved nightingale,  
That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell  
To call me to duty ; and birds of the air  
Sang anthems of praises, as I went to prayer —  
As I went to prayer.
- 6 And Jesus my Saviour oft deign'd there to meet,  
And bless with his presence my lonely retreat ;  
Oft fill'd me with rapture and peacefulness there  
Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer.  
Own language my prayer.
- 7 Dear bower I must leave you, and bid you adieu,  
And pay my devotion in parts which are new ;  
Well knowing my Saviour is found everywhere  
And can, in all places, give answer to prayer —  
Give answer to prayer.
- 8 Although I may never revisit thy shade,  
Yet oft shall I think on the vows I there made,  
And when at a distance, my thoughts shall repair  
To the place where my Saviour first answered my prayer —  
First answered my prayer.
- 9 My blessed Redeemer, my hope, and my all,  
Will guide and direct me when on him I call ;  
And when I am dying, he'll be with me there,  
And take me to heaven in answer to prayer —  
In answer to prayer.



**162. I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY. 3 8s & 2 11s.**

4G	♩											REP.	♩	.1	3	1								
A	1	3		.5	3	6		.5	3	1		.3	5	3		.1		5	7					
4Q																								
4G	♩											REP.												
B	.1		.1		1						.1		.1		.1		.1	3	1					
4Q	6 .5 5 5 3 5																							
4G																								
4G	.1		.1						♩	.1														
A	5	6		7	6		.5		3	5		7	6		.5	3	1		.3	5	3		.1	
4Q																								
4G																								
B	.2	2						.1		♩	.1													
4Q	4 .5 5 5 3 5 2 4 .5 1 1 .5 5 5 .1																							

I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay  
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way,  
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,  
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,  
 Temptation without, and corruption within,  
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway ; no — welcome the tomb,  
 Since Jesus hath 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.

4 O ! who would live alway, 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.

5 Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,  
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul !



**163. HINTON. 11s.**

5G  
 D 3 | 3-213 | 2-1 2 | 1 | ( ) || 3 | 3-213 | 2-1 2 | 1 | ( ) ||  
 4Q ' '7 344 .32 ' '7 6432 .3-  
 O, Fountain of goodness, we render thee praise,  
 For all thy rich blessings that gladden our days,—

5G  
 A 5 | 5-435 | 4-324 | 31 2 | .1 || 5 | 5-435 | 4-324 | 3421 | .1-||  
 4Q ' ' 6 7 ' ' ' ' 7  
 5G  
 B 1 | .1 1 1 | ( ) | .1 | ( ) || 1 | .1 1 1 | ( ) | 1 | ( ) ||  
 4Q .5 5 7 4 4 .5- .5 5 7 4 5 5 .1-

5G  
 D | ( ) | 2-1 | .1 1 1 | ( ) || 3 | 3-213 | 2-1 2 | 1 | ( ) ||  
 4Q 7 7-655 '77 .7- ' '7 6432 .3-  
 For peace and enjoyment, for vigor and health,  
 For freedom's sweet sunshine, and wisdom's true wealth.

5G  
 A 2 | 2-1 | 4-322 | .3844 | .5- || 5 | 5-435 | 4-324 | 3421 | .1-||  
 4Q '75 ' ' ' ' ' ' 7  
 5G  
 B | ( ) | ( ) | .1 2 | ( ) || 1 | .1 1 1 | ( ) | 1 | ( ) ||  
 4Q 5 .5 5 5 .5 5 5 2 .5- .5 5 7 4 5 5 .1-

2 But chiefly we thank thee for smiles of free grace,  
 So full, and so glorious, so fresh from thy face —  
 For sending in mercy thy Son to make known  
 The way of salvation — the way to thy throne.

3 O Lord, we will praise thee in anthems divine,  
 At morning and evening, till life shall decline;  
 And then, in the regions of infinite joy,  
 A chorus immortal our tongues shall employ.

**164. 11s.**

O THOU, who hast led us thus safely along,  
 And borne with our weakness, and banished our fears,  
 To thee, O our God, would we tune the glad song,  
 Whose mercy has filled up our circle with years.

2 The winter's keen frosts and the spring's blooming flowers,  
 The summer that ripens the autumn's rich store,  
 The seed time and harvest, the sunshine and showers,  
 Thy promise fulfill, and thy love we adore.



3 O Father, still guide through life's troubled way,  
 Throw round us the shield of thy infinite love,  
 And bring us at last to the regions of day —  
 The regions of glory and rapture above.

### 165. SWEET HOME. 11s.

4G 1-  
 D .5 | .54-5 | .31-3 | 2-355 | .5 || R5 | .5 6 | .553 | 3-4234 | :5 ||  
 4C , , , , , , , ,

'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,  
 How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!

4G  
 A .1 | .34-5 | .53-3 | 4-342 | .3 || R1 | .34-5 | .535 | 4-342 | :1 ||  
 4C , , , , , , , ,

4G  
 B .1 | .11-1 | .11-1 | | .1 || R1 | .11-1 | .111 | | :1 ||  
 4C , , .5 5 5 , .4 2 5

4G  
 D .R.3 | 1-235 | .555 | .5 6 5 | .5 || R1 | 1-235 | .555 | 5-365 | :5 ||  
 4C , , , , , , , ,

To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,  
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

4G 1- 1-  
 A .R.5 | 765 | .533 | 4-342 | .3 || R5 | 765 | .535 | 5-642 | :1 ||  
 4C , , , , , , , ,

4G  
 B .R.1 | .1 1 1 | .111 | | .1 || R1 | .1 1 1 | .111 | .1 | :1 ||  
 4C .5 5 5 4 5

4G .1  
 D :3 | .4.5 | 65 | :5 || .R.5 | 1-235 | .555 | 5-365 | .3 ||  
 4C , , , , , , , ,

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
 Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

4G 1-  
 A :5 | .4.2 | .1 .2 | :3 || .R.5 | 765 | .535 | 5-642 | .1 ||  
 4C , , , , , , , ,

4G  
 B :1 | | :1 || .R.1 | .1 1 1 | .111 | .1 | :1 ||  
 4C :4 .5 .5 4 5



- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,  
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease,  
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,  
I long to behold thee in glory at home.
- 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee:  
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,  
Ah, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.
- 4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
O give me submission and strength as my day,  
In all my afflictions to thee I would come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
- 5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace!  
Thy Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face.  
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,  
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.
- 6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,  
No more, as an exile, in sorrow to pine,  
But in thy bright image, to rise from the tomb,  
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

## 166. 11s.

TUNE—*Sweet Home.*

HOW sad are the moments when wandering from God,  
And thorny and dark is the dangerous road!  
But light is the pathway which leads to the tomb,  
When cheer'd by the presence of Jesus my home.

- 2 Though fading the joys which earth can bestow,  
And false is the light which illumines us below,  
Though sorrow, like clouds, hang around us in gloom,  
The beams of his love light me on my way home.
- 3 When the tempest of life has sunk to repose,  
And death shall the beauties of heaven disclose,  
With all the redeem'd I o'er it will roam,  
And sing hallelujah to Jesus, my home.



## 167. HAPPY CHRISTIAN. 11s.

1P ♪ 1 1 REP. 1 2 3 3 3 4 5 5 1 2 3 2

A 6 7 7 6 | 7 6- 5 6 | 3 5 .6 || ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' |

4Q ' ' ' ' ,

My soul's full of glory, inspiring my tongue,  
I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell

1P ♪ 1 REP. 1- 1-

B 6 5 3 3 5 | 3 6- 7 | 3 3 || ' 7 6 6 3 | 5 5 ' 7 6 |

4Q ' ' , .6 ,

Could I meet with angels I'd sing them a song.

1P 3 5 .6 6 5 3 1

A || ' ' 7 6 | 7 6- 5 6 | 3 5 .6 ||

4Q ' ' ,

of his charms, And beg them to bear me to his loving arms.

1P 1 1

B 6 5 .3 || 6 7 5 3 | 5 6- 5 3 | 6 3 ||

4Q ' ' , , , .6

- 2 Methinks they're descending to hear while I sing,  
Well pleased to hear mortals praising their king;  
O angels! O angels! my soul's in a flame,  
I faint in sweet rapture at Jesus's name.
- 3 O Jesus! O Jesus! thou balm of my soul,  
'Twas thee, my dear Saviour; that made my heart whole;  
O bring me to view thee, my God and my King;  
In oceans of glory, thy praises to sing.
- 4 Sweet Spirit attend me, till Jesus shall come,  
Protect and defend me, until I'm call'd home;  
Though worms my poor body may claim as their prey,  
'Twill outshine, when rising, the sun at noonday.
- 5 The sun shall be darkened, the moon turned to blood,  
The mountains all melt at the presence of God;  
Red lightnings may flash, and loud thunders may roar;-  
All this cannot daunt me, on Canaan's bright shore.
- 6 A glimpse of bright glory surprises my soul;  
I sink in sweet rapture to view the bright goal;  
My soul while I am singing, is leaping to go:  
This moment for heaven I'd leave all below.



7 Farewell, my dear brethren, my Lord bids me come;  
 Farewell, my dear sisters; I'm now going home;  
 Bright angels are whispering so sweet in my ear;  
 Away to my Saviour, my spirit they'll bear.

**168. REST. 11s & 12s. AIR BY REV. WM. GUNN.**

4P																§					
A	3	5	3	1	2	3	3	5	6	6	3	.2		3	5	3	1	2	3		
3C		,	,	,	,		"	"	,						,	,	,	,			
4P																§					
B		1	1												1	1					
3C	6	,	,	5	7	6	5	3	3	3	.5	6	,	,	5	7	6				
				,	,		,	,							,	,					
4P																CLOSE.	1	1-	2	1	REP. 2s.
A	3	5	6	6	5	.6		6-	7	"	"	"	"	5	7	6	6	3	.2		
3C	"	"	"																		
4P																REP. 2s.					
B								1-	2	3	3-	5	3	2							
3C	6	7	3	3	3	.6	,	"	"	"	"	"	"	5	6	6	3	.5			
	"	"	"																		

MY rest is in heaven — my home is not here,  
 Then why should I mourn when trials appear?  
 Be hushed, my sad spirit — the worst that can come  
 But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home.

- 2 A pilgrim and stranger, I seek not my bliss.  
 Nor lay up my treasures in regions like this;  
 I look for a mansion which hands have not piled,—  
 I long for a city by sin undefiled.
- 3 Though foes and afflictions my progress oppose,  
 They only make heaven more sweet at the close;  
 Come joy or come sorrow — the worst may befall,—  
 One moment in glory makes up for them all,
- 4 The thorn and the thistle, around me may grow,  
 I would not repose me on roses below;  
 I ask not my portion — I seek not my rest,  
 Till seated with Jesus, I lean on his breast.
- 5 No scrip for my journey — no staff in my hand,  
 A pilgrim impatient I press to that land;  
 The path may be rugged, it cannot be long —  
 With hope I'll beguile it, and cheer it with song.



**169. SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.** AIR BY REV. WM. GUNN.

3P										
A		12	313	21	23	356	6676	53-  23	356	
2C	6-6	6''	''	''7	.6	''	''''	''	''	
3P										
B			1		1				1	
2C	6-3	657	56	75	.35	536	4456	33-7	536	
	,	''	''			''	''''	''	''	
3P										
A	6676	535	553	31		3	123	1321		
2C	''''	''	''	''7	666	6	''	''''	76	
				,	''					
3P										
B								1		
23	4456	32	335	556	333	45	67	563	36	
	''''		''	''	''		''	''		

HAVE you heard, have you heard of that sun-bright clime,  
 Undimm'd by sorrow, unhurt by time;  
 Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame —  
 Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame —  
 Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?

- 2 A river of water gushes there,  
 'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,  
 And a thousand wings are hovering o'er  
 The dazzling wave and the golden shore,  
 That are seen in that sun-bright clime.
- 3 Millions of forms, all clothed in bright,  
 In garments of beauty clear and white —  
 They dwell in their own immortal bowers,  
 'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers,  
 That bloom in that sun-bright clime.
- 4 Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen,  
 Their swelling songs and their changeless sheen,  
 Their ensigns are waving, their banners unfurl'd  
 O'er jasper walls and gates of pearl,  
 That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.
- 5 But far, far away in that sinless clime,  
 Undimm'd by sorrow, unhurt by time;  
 Where amid all things that 's fair is given,  
 The home of the just — and its name is Heaven,  
 The name of that sun-bright clime.



**170. THE CHARIOT. 12s.**

lg	1	.11	1	.212	.3	1-	.1	.322	.1
D		5	.55			6	.555	77	
4c									
lg		3	.331	.21	.1	3	.122	.322	.1
A	5	.55			7	5-		76	.5
4c									
lg		.111							
B	1	.111		.455	.1	1-1	.155	.1	.122
4c								77	.5
lg		.11		.112	.3	1-	12	.322	.1
D	5-5		6	.556		6	.5		55 .5-
4c									
lg	1	32	.1	1		1	.312	.1 4	.322 .1-
A	5-	.5		34	.5 6	.5    5-		5	
4c									
lg						.11	.11		
B	1-1	.111	.111	.111	.1	1-5	7	4	.555 .1-
3c									

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll on fire,  
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;  
 Lo! self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,  
 And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

- 2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd  
 Mighty hosts of the angels, that wait on the Lord;  
 And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,  
 And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear!
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:  
 Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirred!  
 From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,  
 All the vast generations of man are come forth!
- 4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,  
 Where the Lamb and the white-vestured elders are met!  
 There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,  
 And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.
- 5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,  
 Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!  
 When beneath, to their darkness, the wicked are driven,  
 May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!



**171. STARTED FOR CANAAN. L. WATSON.**

1G	11	11	123	212	321	11	132	.1
A	'65	56''	''	''	''	''65	356	''
2Q	''	''				''	''	
1G		1						
B	1 1 3	3455	'76	557	555	5 5 4	1 5	355 .1
2Q	''	''''	''	''	''	''	''	''

1G	13	555	321-1	212	3	32	111	1	321
A	R''	''	''''	''	''	''	653	56	''
2Q							''	''	
1G		111	111						
B	R 5	''	675-5	''	5	34	555	4 1	345 551
2Q		''''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''

WE have started for Canaan, must we leave you behind,  
 Will you not go up with us, come make up your mind;  
 The land lies before us, 'tis pleasant to view,  
 Its fruits are abundant, they are offered to you.

2 What can tempt you to linger in this wilderness,  
 An heir of misfortune, and daily distress;  
 But the Canaan we seek, for which we are bound,  
 Knows neither a pang, nor a sorrowful sound.

3 You have friends in that country, most dear to your heart,  
 Do you not wish to meet them, where friends never part?  
 If you ever expect to meet those you love,  
 "Come thou and go with us," we'll meet them above.

4 'Tis the last invitation, O! why will you die?  
 Give your heart to the Saviour, for now he is nigh;  
 While his arms are extended, and his people all pray,—  
 Will you not join our number? come, join us to day.



**§**

1G 3 1 1 1 3 2 5 3 2 5 5 3 3 3 1 1 1 REP.

D | ' 7 | 6 ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | 6 6 6 | 5 ||

2Q , , , ,

Ye children of Jesus, who're bound for the kingdom,  
Attune all your voices, and help me to sing

1G § 1 3 2 1 1 1 1 1 1

A 5 | ' ' | 6 5 | 6 ' ' | 6 5 3 3 | 5 5 3 | 1 3 5 | 6 ' ' | ||

2Q , , , , , , , ,

Sweet anthems of praises to my loving Jesus,  
For he is my prophet, my priest and my king.

1G 1 REP.

B 1 | 1 3 5 | 6 5 | 4 1 1 | 5 1 3 | 5 5 3 | 5 3 2 | 4 5 5 | 1 ||

2Q , , , , , , , ,

1G 3 5 5 5 3 2 1 1 2 3 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 3 2 1 P

D | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' ' ' ' ' | 5' 6 | 5 3 5 | 6 ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' 6 5 ||

2Q , , , , , , , ,

1G 1 1 2 3 2 1 2 1 2 3 1 3 5 5 3 1 1 1 P 1

A 5 | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' ' ' | 6' | ' ' | 6 5 | 6 ' ' | 6-5 3' ||

2Q , , , , , , , ,

When Jesus first found me, astray I was going,  
His love did surround me and saved me from ruin, He

1G P

B 1 | 1 3 5 | 3 4 3 | 2 3 5 3 | 1 4 6 | 5 5 3 | 1 4 3 | 4 5 5 | 4 3 5 ||

2Q , , , , , , , ,

1G 2 1 3 3 3 1 3 2 1 2 2 3 1 1 2 3 3 3 3

D 3 5 5 | 6 ' ' | ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' ||

2Q ' ,

1G 3 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1

A ' ' | ' 6 | ' ' | 6 5 3 3 | 5 5 3 | 1 3 5 | 6 ' ' | ||

2Q , , , , , , , ,

kindly embraced me, and freely did bless me,  
And taught me aloud his sweet praises to sing.

1G 1

B 5 3 | 5 5 3 | 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 | 3 3 5 | 1 5 3 | 4 5 5 | 1 ||

2Q , , , , , , , ,



**173. THE HARVEST PAST.** 12s & 8s. L. WATSON.

5G .1  
 A 3-2 | 1-113 | .543 | 456-7 | || 7-6 | 543 | 212-4 | .3 ||  
 3C ' " ' " ' " ' " ' "

When the harvest is past, and the summer is gone,

5G And sermons and prayers shall be o'er,  
 B 1- | 1-1 | .1 | 1 | || | 1 | 1 | .1 ||  
 3C ' 7 ' 5 65 6 4-2 .5 5-4 36 7 5-3  
       " ' " " " " " " " "

5G 1 1  
 A 3-2 | 1-113 | 5434 | 56-7 || 7-65 | 321 | 2-3.1 ||  
 3C ' " ' " ' " ' " ' "

When the beams cease to break of the sweet Sabbath morn,

5G And Jesus invites thee no more;  
 B | 1- | 1 | | 1 || | 11 | | 1 | .1 ||  
 3C 5-6 5 53 6 56 56-5 5-3 57 5-3  
       " " " " " " " " " "

5G .1 .1  
 A 5-653 | 5 | 5-764 | 6 || 5-654 | 321 | 2-4.3 ||  
 3C ' " ' " ' " ' " ' "

When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,

5G The gospel no message declare,  
 B 1- | 1.1 | 1-2 | | || | 1 | | .1 ||  
 3C ' 655 ' " 46 4.5 3-456 57 5  
       " " " " " " " " "

5G .1 1  
 A 3-21-1 | 13543 | 456-7 | || 7-6 | 53 | 212-3 | .1 ||  
 3C ' " ' " ' " ' " ' "

Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings of woe!

5G How suffer the night of despair.  
 B 1- 1-1 | 1 | 1 | || | 1 | 1 | .1 ||  
 3C ' 7 ' ' 5365 6 4-2 .5 5-4 35 7 5  
       " " " " " " " " "

- 2 When the holy have gone to the regions of peace  
 To dwell in the mansions above,  
 When their harmony wakes in the fullness of bliss,  
 Their song to the Saviour they love;  
 Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,  
 Who fearest no trouble to come,  
 Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,  
 Or bear the impenitent's doom!



## 174. CAMBERLIN. 11s.

5G  
 D 1 | 333 | 355 | 6565 | .5 || R32 | 1231 | 536 | 531 | .1 ||  
 2Q        "        "        "        "        "        "        "

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!

5G  
 A | 113 | 5653 | 2123 | .2 || R35 | 6765 | 532 | 11 | .1 ||  
 2Q 5        "        "        "        "        "        "        "6

5G  
 B | 11 | 131 |        |        || R 1 | 321 | 2 | 111 | .1 ||  
 2Q 5        '6        "        "        "        "        "        "6        "

5G  
 D R 5 | 3123 | 212 | 3213 | .5 || R32 | 1231 | 536 | 531 | .1 ||  
       "        "        "        "        "        "        "

What more can he say than to you he hath said,  
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

5G  
 A R 57 | '653 | 6'6 | 5356 | .5 || R35 | 6765 | 532 | 11 | .1 ||  
 2Q "        "        "        "        "        "        "        "6

5G  
 B R 13 | 5321 | 232 | 1 |        || R 12 | 321 | 2 | 111 | .1 ||  
 2Q "        "        "        "        "        "        "        "6        "

5G  
 D R 1 | 333 | 3- 5 | 6565 | .5 || R32 | 1231 | 536 | 531 | 1 ||  
 2Q        "        "        "        "        "        "        "

For refuge have fled, For refuge have fled.  
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

5G  
 A R | 113 | 5653 | 2123 | .2 || R35 | 6765 | 532 | 11 | 1 ||  
 2Q 5        "        "        "        "        "        "        "6

5G  
 B R | 11 | 1311 |        |        || R 12 | 321 | 2 | 111 | 1 ||  
 2Q 5        '6        "        "        "        "        "        "6        "



- 2 In every condition — in sickness, in health;  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;  
At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea,—  
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismay'd  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:  
The flame shall not hurt thee; — I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 7 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,  
I *will* not, I *will* not, desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll *never*, no *never*, no *never* forsake."

## 175. BLESSEDNESS. 5s &amp; 10s REV. T. HARRISON.

1g	( )	1	1 1 1	1 2 1	P	( )
D	5 5	5 5 5	5 7 7	7 7	, ,	7 , , , 7    7 7
2q	, ,	, ,	, ,	, ,		, ,
Come, let us anew our journey pursue,						And
1g	( )	1	1 2 2	3 2 2	3 1 3	2 1 P ( )
A	5 5	7 7	, ,	, ,	, ,	, , 7 6   5    5 5
2q	, ,	, ,				, , , ,
With vigor arise,						
1g	( )	1	1	( )	P	( )
B	1 1	1 5 5	1 5 5	5 5	1 1	2 2 2    1 1
2q	, ,	, ,	, ,	, ,	, ,	, , 5 , ,







**176. EMORY. 5s & 10s. AN ENGLISH AIR.**

1G	111	1	1	222	21	33	324321	1	13	21
A	5		'77'			''	''''''''	7  ''	''76	.5
3Q			''							

Come, let us anew our journey pursue, Roll round with the year,

1G		.1								
B	1	131	.5	5	575	.1  11	4	4	4	.5  11
3Q						''			7'	.5

1G			123	.2	22	3-21		53	1-2	.1
A	55	654	.3  57			''	''7	.6  ''	'7	
3Q	'		''							

And never stand still till the Master appear,

And never stand still the Master appear.

1G										
B	11	143	1  54	432	.5		1-23	.4  22	5-55	.1
3Q	'		''		55		'	''	'	

**177. BOWERY VILLAGE. 5s, 10s, & 11s. G. COLES.**

5G					P					P
D	33	3-235	535	6432	3	13	552	535	5221	
2Q	''	'''''	''	''''		''	''	''	''''	7

Come, let us anew our journey pursue, Roll round with the year,

Roll round with the year,

5G					P					P
A		1-12	313	421	1	35	424	313	21	
2Q	55	'7''	''	''''7		''	''	''	''76	5

5G					P					P
B			111		1	11	2	111		
2Q	11	115	''	455		''	75	''	7651	5



BOWERY VILLAGE. *Continued.*

5G	(		(			P	(		(		P							
D	33		3-235		534		5 5 5		5  54		355s4		5 5 6		5432		1	
2Q	''		''	''''		''		''	''	''''		''	''	''''				
And never stand still till the Master appear.																		
And never stand still till the Master appear.																		
5G	(		(		(	P	(	1	(		P							
A	(		1- 12		3123		4321		2  34		5 ' 76		5434		2 1		1	
2Q	55		' 7''		''''		''''		''		' ''		''''		' 7			
5G	''		''			P	(				P							
B	(				111				11		1 1 1		1					
2Q	11		3 1 5		''		5 5 5		5 ''		' ''		5 ' 4		5 5 5		1	
	''		' ''				' ''						'		' ''			

178. GROVE. 4 6s & 2 8s. SONGS OF TEMPLE.

7G	D	.3	5	5		.1		.5	4	4	2	2	:1		.1	2	5	3	4	.5		
4C																						
7G	A	.1	3	3	2	2		.1		.1	2	2	3	4	:3		.3	2	2	1	1	
4C																					.7	
	The Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne is bright on high ;																					
	The garments he assumes,																					
7G	B		1	1									:1		.1							
4C		.1			5	5		.3		.3	4	2	5	7			7	5	6	2	.5	
7G								P									P					
7G	D								11	.3.3	.3	.1	1132	.1		.1						
4C		.5	7	6	.5s.4	.5	.5	55									.7					
7G								P									P					
7G	A	.1231					.1	1133	.5.5	.5	.3	6654	.3.2	.1								
4C		'	'	.7	.6	.5																
	Are light and majesty : His glories shine with beams so bright,																					
	No mortal eye can bear the sight.																					
7G	B		1	.2	.2					.1.1	.1											
4C		.3	7			.5	.1	1111					.1	4434	.5.5	.1						







## 180. 4 6s &amp; 2 8s.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;  
Your Lord and King adore,  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,  
The God of truth and love;  
When he had purged our stains,  
He took his seat above;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand  
Till all his foes submit,  
And bow to his command,  
And fall beneath his feet;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,  
Shall all our sins destroy:  
And every bosom swell  
With pure seraphic joy;  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home;  
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!



## 181. LENOX. 4 6s &amp; 2 8s. EDSON.

1G 1 3311 .1- 1 111 .1 3 3211 2 11 2 .3  
D | | | || | 7 | ||R | | .7-|| | 6 | R||

4Q

1G 1 11 1232 .1 1 3531 .2- 2 312 .1  
A | 56 | .5-||5 | | ||R | | | 7 | R||

5Q

Blow ye the trumpet, blow, Let all the nations know,  
The gladly solemn sound; To earth's remotest bound,

1G

B 1 | 1134 | .1-||1 | 345 | .1||R1 | 1 13 | .5-||5 | 1345 | .1R||  
4Q 5 7

1G 3 1113 .1- 1 2 .3-  
D R | :R | .R- | | 777|| 7 | .6- 5 | | .7- | ||

4Q

The, &c. The, &c.  
1G 111 1 222 32 111 1 .2- .1-  
A R | .R- 5 | 5 | 666 | ||'' | 5 | 666 | 7 | ||

4Q

The year of jubilee has come, The year of jubilee has come,  
Return ye ransomed sinners home.

1G

B 1 | 55554 | 3331 | 4441 | 555||3 | .6- 3 | .4- 2 | .5 | .1-||  
4Q '' .5

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made:  
Ye weary spirits, rest;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad;  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners,  
home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption through his blood  
Throughout the world pro-  
claim;  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners,  
home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And bless'd in Jesus live;  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners,  
home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught  
Your heritage above,  
Receive it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love;  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners,  
home.



6 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace;  
And, saved from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face;  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

182. EVENING PRAYER. 8 lines, 6s.

A SPANISH AIR.

7G ♪	REP.				REP. 1 & 2s.			
D		—	.1	1   2-1	.1	1   2-1		
4Q .32-3	4-3.3	5364	32.3	7-'	'7	7-'	'7	

How sweet at evening's close, When none but God is near,  
To kneel with those we love,

7G ♪	REP.				REP. 1 & 2s.			
A .1	1   1	3142	1 .1	.32-3	4-3.2	.32-3	4-3.2	
4Q 7-'	6-'.5	7	,	,	,	,	,	

And true devotion glows, To bend with holy fear:  
The fond ones and the true,

7G ♪	REP.				REP. 1 & 2s.			
B .1	1	.1						
4Q 5-'	4-1.1	4 4	55.1	.55-5	5-5.5	.55-5	5-5.5	

To think of those above, Whom once on earth we knew.

2 They're gone, affection cries,  
Fond memory thinks them here,  
Whilst grief breaks forth in sighs,  
Then silent wipes a tear.  
Faith looks beyond the skies,  
And glances on the throngs,  
Which share celestial joys,  
And sing immortal songs.

3 They're here, religion cries,  
I've borne them home to God,  
Repress those tears and sighs,  
Go tread the path they trod.  
Then thou shalt meet them here,  
And share thy Saviour's love;  
A family of prayer,  
Is sure to meet above.



## 183. EDEN. 3 8s &amp; 2 6s.

3G  
D. 35-4 | .3-4 | .3.2 | .1- || 3 | .4.4 | .5.5 | .3- || 3 | 3543 ||

4Q

3G .1

.1- 1 1

A 7-6 | .5-6 | .5.4 | .3- || 5 | .6.6 | .7.7 | || 765 ||

4Q

This world is all a fleeting show, For man's illusion given,  
The smiles of joy, the

3G  
B .1 | .1- | .1- || 1 | .4.2 | .5 | .1- || 1 | 1111 ||

4Q

5-5

4

.5.5

.5

3G

D 3- 2 1 || 3 | 3 5 4 3 | 3- 2 1 || 1 | 1 1 1 1- 2 | .3- ||

4Q

3G

1 1

A 5- 4 3 || | 7 6 5 | 5- 4 3 || 3 | 3 3 3 3- 4 | .5- ||

4Q

tears of woe, Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,

There's nothing true but heaven,

3G

B 1- 1 1 || 1 | 1 1 1 1 | 1- 1 1 || R | :R | .R- ||

4Q

3G

D 2- 1 | 1 | .2- || 1- | 1 3 3 4 | 3- || 2 1 2 | .1 | :1 ||

4Q

7 7 7 7-

7

7

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7

7

3G

A 4- 3 | 2 2 2 2- 3 | .4- || 3- 2 | 1 6 | 5- || 4 3 4 | .3.2 | :1 ||

4Q

There's nothing true but heaven, There's nothing true but heaven,

There's nothing true but heaven, There's nothing true but heaven.

3G

B R | :R | .R- || 1 | 1 1 1 1 | 1- || 1 1 | :1 ||

4Q

4 .5.5

2 And false the light on glory's plume,  
As fading hues of even;  
And love, and joy, and beauty's bloom  
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb;  
There's nothing bright but heaven!



3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,  
 From wave to wave we're driven;  
 And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,  
 Serve but to light the troubled way,  
 There's nothing calm but heaven!

## 184. ARMINTA. 3 8s &amp; 2 7s.

5G  
 A 1- | 2 3 1 2 | 3 2- 3 || 1 1- | 3 1- 2 1 || R- 1- | 2 3 1 2 |  
 23C ' ' ' " 5 ' 6 5 ' " ' ' ' "

The specious world promiscuous flows, Enrapt in fancy's vision,  
 Allured by sound, be

5G  
 B 1- | 1 | 1 || 1 1- | 1 || R- 1- | 1 |  
 23C 5 6 7 6 7- " 5 ' 6 5 6 5- 7 5 6 7  
 ' ' ' " " " ' "

5G  
 A 3 2- 3 5 || 5 6- 5 | 3 1 5 6 | || 1- | 1- 3 1 | 2 1 ||  
 23C ' " ' " ' ' 5- ' 6 5 ' ' ' "

guiled by shows, And empty dreams, nor scarcely knows,  
 There is a brighter heaven.

5G  
 B || 1 1 | 1 | || 1 | 1 ||  
 23C 6 5- 5 6- 7 5 3 4 5- 5- 5- 6 7 5 7  
 ' " ' " ' ' ' " ' " ' "

## 185. 3 8s &amp; 2 7s.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,  
 To mourning wanderers given;  
 There is a joy for souls distressed,  
 A balm for every wounded breast—  
 'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a soft, a downy bed,  
 'Tis fair as breath of even;  
 A couch for weary mortals spread,  
 Where they may rest the aching head,  
 And find repose—in heaven.







2 We are going to walk the plains of light;  
Will you go?

Where perfect day excludes the night;  
Will you go?

The crown of life we all shall wear,  
And palms of victory shall bear;  
And heavenly joys forever share;  
Will you go? Will you go?

3 We are going to strike the golden lyre;  
Will you go?

And sing with all the angel's choir;  
Will you go?

We'll tell of God's redeeming grace;  
We'll see our Saviour face to face;  
And evermore proclaim his praise;  
Will you go? Will you go?

4 The way to heaven is free for all,  
Will you go?

Both Jew and Gentile, great and small;  
Will you go?

Make up your mind, give God your heart,  
From every sin and idol part;  
And on the way to glory start;  
Will you go? Will you go?

5 Oh could I hear some sinner say,  
I will go; I will go;

I'll start this moment on my way;  
I will go; I will go;

My old companions fare you well;  
I will not go with you to hell;  
With my Redeemer I will dwell;  
Let me go — Let me go.



**187. THE BEST FRIEND. 8s & 4s,**

6G 6 REP.

D	3- 2 1 3	4- 3 2 1	2- 2	.3- R	1 1 1 1	2- 3 2 1
---	----------	----------	------	-------	---------	----------

There's a friend above all others, O, how he loves,  
His is love beyond a brother's, O, how he loves,  
Earthly friends may fail and leave us

6G ♀				REP.									
A	1-	1	2- 1	2	.1- R	4	3	4	5	6-	5	4	3

2 Blessed Jesus, wouldst thou know him, O, how he loves,  
Give thyself this day unto him, O, how he loves,  
Is it sin that grieves and pains thee,

6G	§	REP.
B		R

4Q 1-2 4 3 2-2 5 3 .4 2-5 .1- 6 5 6 3 4- 1 2 5

6G

D 6 5 4- 6 | 5 5 3 2 || 3- 2 1 5 | 4- 3 2 1 | .4 2- 2 | :3 ||

4c

This day kind, the next bereaves us ;  
But this friend will ne'er deceive us, O, how he loves,

6G

A	4	3	2-1	3	2	1		1-	1	2-1		2	:1	
---	---	---	-----	---	---	---	--	----	---	-----	--	---	----	--

4Q                ,                7                7 6                , 7 5 .6 7- ,

Unbelief and trials tease thee? Jesus can from all release thee,  
O, how he loves.

6G  
B

4Q 6 3 4-4 5 5 5 2 1- 2 4 3 2- 1 2 3 .4 5- 5 :1

3 Love this friend who longs to save thee,  
O how he loves!

Dost thou love? He will not leave thee,  
O how he loves!

Think then no more of to-morrow,  
Take his easy yoke and follow,  
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,

O how he loves.







- 2 I have wandered in mazes dark, of doubt and distress,  
I have not had a kindly spark my spirit to bless;  
Cheerless unbelief filled my laboring soul with grief;  
What shall give relief, what shall give peace?
- 3 I turned to thy gospel, Lord, from folly away;  
I trusted thy holy word which taught me to pray;  
Here I found release, wearied spirit here found peace,  
Hope of endless bliss, eternal day.
- 4 I'm a stranger and pilgrim here in this world of woe,  
But I find my Redeemer near as onward I go;  
Jesus is my friend, he will be with me to the end,  
And from foes defend my path below.
- 5 I have heard my Redeemer say, "My promise is sure,  
I have taught thee to watch and pray, all hardness endure;"  
Jesus be my guide, in thy promise I'll confide;  
Keep me near thy side, my life, my way.
- 6 I will praise thee, my Heavenly King, I'll praise and adore;  
My heart's richest tribute bring to thee, God of power;  
And in Heaven above, saved by thy redeeming love,  
Loud the strains shall move for evermore.
- 7 Hallelujahs through heaven will ring, salvation the theme;  
Glory, honor, and praise we'll sing to God and the Lamb;  
Crowns of glory wear, palms of victory we shall bear,  
Shouts of triumph there never shall end.

### 189. HAPPY LAND 8s, 5s & 4s.

THERE is a happy land, far, far away,  
Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright as day;  
O how they sweetly sing, worthy is our Saviour King,  
Loud let his praises ring, for evermore.

- 2 Come to this happy land, come, come away;  
Why will you doubting stand, why still delay?  
O we shall happy be when from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall live with thee, blest evermore.
- 3 Bright in that happy land beams every eye;  
Kept by a Father's hand, love cannot die:  
O then to glory run, be a crown and kingdom won,  
And, bright, above the sun reign evermore.



**190.** THE VOICE OF MERCY. 6 8s & 7s.

lg	(	1113	4231	21	1	(	1234	5132	1-1											
A	'	55535		'	'		'	'		'6  '		55535		'	'		'	'		
23c		'	'	'	'					'	'	'								
A pleasing sound falls on my ear, The voice of mercy do I hear, O yes, for Jesus Christ is near, To bless the weeping mourner.																				
lg					11														1	
B	1		1111		5335		65	'		534  1		1113		55	6		5311		1-1	
23c		'	'		'	'		'		'	'		'	'		'	'		'	'

lg 1    44456    3354    2221    31    1    1234    5132    1-1

A , | , , , | , , | , , | , 6 || , | 55535 | , , | , , |

23C                         , , , ,

Be not dismayed, though fear alarm,  
He now presents ten thousand charms, Just ready to receive me.

lg                  1    11    1

B 5 | 6667 , | , 56 | 5555 | 634 || 1 | 1111 | 57 6 | 5311 | 1-1 ||

23C'                 , , ,                 ,         , ,         ,         , ,         , ,         , ,

2 In melting accents hear him cry,  
Come unto me, why will you die ?  
O make an effort now and try,  
To break the chain that binds you ;  
I'll take your load of guilt away,  
And write your name in heaven to-day,  
And if you always watch and pray,  
I never will forsake you.

3 I am both merciful and true,  
I came to save just such as you,  
For I the pains of death went through,  
And thus procured your pardon;  
And will you now my grace refuse,  
My pardoning mercy still abuse,  
O will you stay away, and choose  
The road to death and ruin.



**191. MERCY'S FREE.** 2 lines, 9s, 66, 88, 6, 6s.

L. WATSON.

5G	♩											REP.	♩													
A	1		1	3	.5		.5	6-	5	3		.5	3	1-		3	2	1-		1	1.	1		.4	3	4.
4C																										

By faith I view my Saviour dying, On the tree, on the tree; He bids the  
To every nation He is crying, Look to me, Look to me; Repent, be-

5G	♩											REP.	♩												
B	1		1	1.	1							.1				1		.1			.1		1		
4C												.5	5	5		.5	7		5	5		.4	6		

5G											REP. 2S. .1 1											P					
A	.5	.5		6-	5	3	.5				6		.5	.5		3	2	.1		3	2	1-		1	1	1	
4C																											

guilty now draw near, Hark! hark! what precious words I hear,  
lieve, dismiss their fear— Mercy's free, mercy's free.

5G											REP 2S.											P			
B											.1		.1	1			1	.1			.1		1		
4C	.5	.5		5	5						4		.5	.5		7		5	7			5	5		

- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,  
Pity me, pity me?  
And did he snatch my soul from ruin?  
Can it be, can it be?  
Oh, yes! he did salvation bring—  
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King—  
And now my happy soul can sing,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 3 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken  
Peace to me, peace to me;  
Now all my chains of sin are broken,  
I am free, I am free:  
Soon as I in his name believed,  
The Holy Spirit I received,  
And Christ from death my soul retrieved  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 4 Jesus my weary soul refreshes,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free;  
And every moment Christ is precious,  
Unto me, unto me:



None can describe the bliss I prove,  
While through this wilderness I rove —  
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free ;

5 This precious truth, ye sinners hear it,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free —  
Ye ministers of God declare it,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free —  
Visit the heathen's dark abode,  
Proclaim to all the love of God,  
And spread the glorious news abroad,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

6 Long as I live I'll still be crying,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free —  
And this shall be my theme when dying,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free —  
And when the vale of death I've passed,  
When lodged above the stormy blast,  
I'll sing while endless ages last,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

### 192. PITTS. ARRANGED BY L. WATSON.

6G	§											REP.	§
A		1121-	.133	1-	.1		—	11.1		13	.5.5		
4Q	.5				5.6	53	.55-6			.5			

Religion is a glorious treasure, Diffusion of the Saviour's love ;  
The Spirit's comfort without measure, It joins our souls to those above ;  
It calms our fears, it  
It smooths our way o'er

6G	§											REP.	§
B					—			—			.1.1		
4Q	.1	1 1 .1	.155	5-3.4	.111	.13-4	55.1	.135					

6G	REP. 3s.										P
A	11	—	.4323	.53-21	1	—	.111	—	—	111	
4Q	655		‘ ‘	‘ ‘	65.5		65-56				

soothes our sorrows—While endless ages are onward rolling,  
life's rough sea ; This heavenly portion ours shall be.

6G	REP. 3s.										P
B				—			11				
4Q	5 5 1 1	.4553	.13-51	1 5 .5	.1	.5	.5	511			



- 2 While journeying here through tribulations,  
 In phalanx firm we'll march along;  
 Contentions may divide the nations,  
 But Christ shall be our common song—  
 For pure religion knits together—  
 It binds in love, but makes us free:  
 While endless ages are onward rolling,  
 This heavenly portion ours shall be.
- 3 How vain! how frail! how transitory!  
 This world, with all its pomp and show;  
 Its mighty names, renowned in story—  
 We'll gladly leave them all below.  
 A brighter object now enraptures—  
 In Christ alone we beauties see:  
 While endless ages are onward rolling,  
 This heavenly portion ours shall be.
- 4 Our earthly house is fast dissolving,  
 And mortal life will soon be o'er;  
 The cares within us now revolving,  
 Will soon afflict our hearts no more;  
 But pure religion lasts forever;  
 In death our souls shall strengthened be,  
 While endless ages are onward rolling,  
 This heavenly portion ours shall be.

**193. McKENDREE. 2 10s, 3 8s & 3 6s.**

6G ♪	REP. ( )									
A. 1	111	1112	.311	.21	.1-  3-4	55.5	.344	43-.2		
4C	5			7	' "			'		
6G ♪	REP.									
B			.111			11.1		( )		
4C.1	1113	5557		.511	.1- 5		.566	65-.1		
								'		
6G	( )									
A	333-4	.522	21	3-2	114-3	.234	5-311	.21	.1	
4C	'			'	'		'	7		
6G	( )									
B				( )	11 ( )		( )			
4C	1 1 .1	.255	.5	1-5	6-5	.534	5-655	.511	.1	
				'	'		'			



WHAT'S this that steals, that steals upon 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 soon shall be

From every pain and sorrow free;

I shall the King of glory see:

All is well, all is well.

2 Weep not my friends, my friends weep not for me,

All is well, all is well,

My sins are pardon'd, pardon'd, I am free,

All is well, all is well;

There's not a cloud that doth arise,

To hide my Saviour from mine eyes:

I soon shall mount the upper skies:

All is well, all is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory,

All is well, all is well,

I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,

All is well, all is well;

Bright angels are from 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.

4 Hark, hark, my Lord, my Lord and master calls me,

All is well, all is well,

I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory,

All is well, All is well;

Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu,

I can no longer stay with you,

My glittering crown appears in view,

All is well, all is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail, all hail ye blood-washed throng,

Saved by grace, saved by grace,

I come to join, to join your rapturous song,

Saved by grace, saved by grace;

All, all is peace and joy divine,

And heaven and glory now are mine;

O hallelujah to the Lamb,

All is well, all is well.



## 194. THANKSGIVING. 4 6s &amp; 4 4s.

WORDS BY REV. T. HARRISON.

5G	D	1 1					1 1			1		
2Q		' 5	3 3 3	5 3 4	5 3		' 5	3 3 3	5 ' 5	.3		
			' , ,	' ,			' , ,		' ,			
5G	A	3 5 3	1 1 1	2 1 2	3 1		3 5 3	1 1 1	2 3 2	.1		
2Q		' , ,	' ,	' ,			' , , ,		' ,			
5G	B	1 1 1	1 1 1				1 1 1	1 1 1				
2Q		' , , ,	5 5 5	.1			' , , ,	5 5 5	.1			
			' ,				' , , ,	' ,				
5G	D	3 5 4	3 1 1	4 3 2	.1		1	2 3 4	3			
2Q		' , , ,	' ,	' ,			3 5	' ,	5 4	.3		
							' ,		' ,			
5G	1	A	7 6	5 3 1	6 5 4	.3		1 2 3	4 5 6	5 5 3	.1	
2Q		' , , ,	' ,	' ,			' , , ,	' ,	' ,			
5G	B	1 1 1	1 1 1		.1		1 1 1					
2Q		' , , ,	4 5 5		' ,		6 5 4	5 5 5	.1			
			' ,		' ,		' ,	' ,	' ,			

HOW beauteous is the earth!  
 How bright the sky!  
 How wisely planned by Him  
 Who reigns on high!  
 His love is rich and free —  
 A boundless store!  
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,  
 Forever more!

2 By day he makes the sun  
 To pour forth light:  
 The moon and starry host  
 To shine by night;  
 His love, &c.

3 He waters hill and dale  
 With dews and showers;

And crowns their varied soils  
 With fruits and flowers;  
 His love, &c.

4 He sent his only Son  
 To save the world,  
 When, from Eden's bowers,  
 Fallen man was hurled;  
 His love, &c.

5 His face hath smiled on us,  
 Above all lands;  
 Our thousand splendid gifts  
 Are from his hands;  
 His love, &c.



**195. HEAVEN IS A BLEST REGION.**

5G  
 D 1- 1- | 1- 1 3 2 | | 1- || 1- 1- | 1- 1 3 2 |  
 23c ' 7 ' ' 7- 7- 7- 6 7 ' 7 ' '  
 " " " "

Heaven—heaven is a blest region, Rich—rich is its resplendence:

5G  
 A 3- 3- | 3- 2 3 5 4 | 2- 2- | 2- 1 2 3- || 3- 3- | 3- 2 3 5 4 |  
 23c ' " ' ' ' " ' " ' "

Bright—bright, glorious and fair!

5G  
 B 1- 1- | 1- 1 1 1 | | 1- || 1- 1- | 1- 1 1 1 |  
 23c ' 5 ' ' 5- 5- 5- 5 5 ' 5 ' '  
 " " " "

5G  
 D 3 2 | 1- R- || 4- 3- | 2- 1- | 2 2 | 1- R- ||  
 23c 7- 6 7 ' ' 7 7- 6 7 ' ' 7  
 ' " ' ' ' " ' "

Light—light—light—light Pure and immortal is there.

5G  
 A 2- 1 2 5 4 2 | 1- R- || 6- 5- | 4- 3- | 2- 1 2 5 4 2 | 1- R- ||  
 23c ' " ' ' ' ' ' " ' " ' " ' "

Darkness o'erspreads not its air:

5G  
 B | 1- R- || 1- | 1- | | R- ||  
 23c 5- 5 5 5 5 5 4- 7- 5- 5 5 5 5 5 1-  
 ' " ' ' ' ' ' ' " " " " " "

2 Heaven — heaven is a blest region,

All — all unity share:

Sweet — sweet are their endearments:

Hatred their hearts never bear:

Love — love — love — love

Pure and immortal is there.

3 Heaven — heaven is a blest region,

Free — free from earth-born care:

Full — full are their enjoyments:

Anguish no bosom can tear:

Joy — joy — joy — joy

Pure and immortal is there.



Freedom Songs.

**196.** WALLACE. 5s & 7s.

1G	D	3331	343-	4443	443-	5645	345-	6443	3-R-
23C		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
	Clime! beneath whose genial sun Deeds of valor have been done— Slavery crushed and freedom won—All that's glorious gained.								
1G		1-		1-	3423	123-	1		
A	5553	56	6665	67	'	'	'	665	5-R-
23C	'	'	'	'	'			'	'
1G					11				
B	1111	111-	4441	421-	'55	653-	4441	1-R-	
23C	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	
1G	111	123-		12-	31	1			
D	'	7	'	7776	7'	'7'	345-	6443	3-R-
23C	'		'	'			'	'	
	Holy men for thee have prayed, Truth with thee her home has made, Peace her charms has wide displayed, Right has proudly reigned.								
1G	3332	345-	2221	234-	5323	123-	1		
A	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	665	5-R-
23C								'	'
1G	111	111-			11				
B	'	5	'	5555	555-	'55	653-	4442	1-R-
23C	'		'	'	'	'	'	'	



## 197. 5s &amp; 7s.

SOLDIERS of the cross arise!  
 Lo! your leader from the skies  
 Waves before you glory's prize,  
 The prize of victory.  
 Seize your armor, gird it on;  
 Fight until the battle's won;  
 Soon the conflict will be done,  
 Then struggle manfully.

2 Jesus conquered when he fell,  
 Met and vanquished earth and  
 hell;  
 Now he leads you on to swell  
 The triumphs of his cross.  
 Though your enemies appear,

Who will doubt, or who can fear?  
 God, our strength and shield, is  
 near;  
 We cannot lose our cause.

3 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;  
 Soon you'll join that glorious  
 train,  
 Who shout their Saviour's  
 praise.

## 198. 5s &amp; 7s.

MOURNER, wipe that weeping  
 eye,  
 Cease to heave that mournful sigh;  
 Christ for thee did bleed and die,  
 On Mount Calvary.  
 Thou eternal life shalt share,  
 Far above the trackless air,  
 In that peaceful kingdom, where  
 Captives shall be free.

2 Wipe away that flowing tear,  
 Now dismiss thy needless fear,  
 God regards the feeblest prayer,  
 Trembling as it's given.  
 Come, with all thy woes oppress'd,  
 Bring the sighs which heave thy  
 breast,  
 Strive for that immortal rest,  
 Calm, secure in heaven.

3 Kindly now he doth attend,  
 While around his throne we bend:  
 Feel ye not his love descend,  
 Kindling like a fire?

Wintry gloom remote is driven,  
 Love, the prelude sweet of heaven,  
 In delightful streams is given,  
 Mortals to inspire.

5 Love divine, what boundless  
 store,  
 Can celestial life be more,  
 Where the angel hosts adore,  
 Only more mature.  
 Far beyond the starry sky,  
 O, 'tis love which shall supply  
 All those radiant worlds with joy,  
 Ever to endure.

6 Bound we are those realms to  
 gain,  
 Life immortal to obtain;  
 Walk we shall the golden plain,  
 There to sigh no more.  
 Fill'd with love, a social band,  
 Pledge we do each heart and hand,  
 On the heights of heaven to stand,  
 Jesus to adore.







THE UNION. *Continued.*

1G	(		(		(	1 3 2	(		
D	5 5		3 3- 3 3 3 3		5 5- 5 5 5 5		' ' ' 5 3 2 2		3 3- 3 3
4Q	' '		' "	' '	' "	' '	' '	' '	' "
We're united in heart and united in hand,									
1G	(	1 1- 1 1	(	2 2- 2 2	(	3 5 4 2 1	(	1 1- 1 1	
A	5 5		' "	5 5		' " 5 5		' " 7 7	
4Q	' '		' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "
Distinct as the billows, but one as the sea.									
1G	(		(		(		(		
B	5 5		1 1- 1 1 1 1		5 5- 5 5 5 5		1 4 4 5 5 5		1 1- 1 1
4Q	' '		' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "

- 2 We honor the good, and we favor the just,  
 We scoff at a despot, and scorn his decree;  
 In our union of states all firmly we trust,  
 Distinct as the billows, but one as the sea.  
 The poor and oppressed of each land and each isle,  
 Can here find a refuge from tyrants to flee;  
 The sunbeams of joy on our states ever smile,  
 Distinct as the billows, but one as the sea.
- 3 May famine and want never visit our land,  
 But plenty our portion perpetually be;  
 May our states be upheld by industry's hand,  
 Distinct as the billows, but one as the sea.  
 O thou who canst glance from the east to the west,  
 Ere a thought can conceive it, we pray unto thee —  
 Preserve us in peace, and keep us still blest,  
 Distinct as the billows, but one as the sea.



200. THE COUNTRY.

2G  $\overset{\frown}{\text{D } 1} \mid \overset{\frown}{111 \text{ } 1} \mid 1113 \mid \overset{\frown}{3121 \text{ } 1} \mid 1 \parallel \overset{\frown}{1} \mid \overset{\frown}{1121 \text{ } 1} \mid$

4Q '7 , 7' , '7' , 77 '7 , '7' ,

2G  $\overset{\frown}{\text{A } 12} \mid \overset{\frown}{33321} \mid 333 \mid \overset{\frown}{534321} \mid \overset{\frown}{322} \parallel \overset{\frown}{12} \mid \overset{\frown}{334321} \mid$

4Q ' , ' , ' , ' , ' , ' , ' , ' ,

O let the country be my home! O let me there in freedom roam!

2G There let me live—there

B  $1 \mid 1111 \mid 1111 \mid 11 \parallel 1 \mid 11 \mid$

4Q 5 5 555 5 5

CHORUS.

[illegible][illegible]

2 There birds of summer chant their lays,  
There happy flocks on meadows graze :  
There silvery streams and rippling rills,  
In beauty flow amidst the hills. The country, &c.



3 There flowerets bloom of every hue,  
And smile beneath the morning dew;  
There verdure crowns the mountain height,  
And twinkling stars are clear by night.  
The country is, &c.

4 'Tis there amidst the silent grove,  
I love in summer days to rove,  
And seek the cave, and seek the glen,  
Afar from every human ken.  
The country is, &c.

5 There stiff constraint and custom's round,  
And heartless smiles are never found:  
There life from vicious arts kept free,  
Is fraught with worth I love to see.  
The country is, &c.

## 201. THE SINGING SCHOOL.

6G

D		(		R			1121		1-R		1		1		1		R	
23Q	3	33432	3-	3		''''7					'		'76'	76		7-		
	,	''''		,		,							''''					

O, what a lovely thing It is to learn to sing,

6G

A		1121		1-R			33432		3-R		3		331321		5-R	
23Q	5	''''7		5		''''					'		''''''''			
	,	,		,												

And chant our Maker's praise:

5G

B				R			11		1-R		1				R	
23Q	1	1155	1-	5		'55					'		6666		5-	
	,	,		,		,							,			

6G

D	3	31123	3-2		2		2	12		2-1		2		31		R	
23Q	'	''''			'		77''					'		'64		3-	
							''										

Our sweet enjoyment here

While learning these

6G

A	5	53345	5-4		4		42234		4-3		4		5124		1-R	
23Q	'	''''			'		''''				'		''''7			

Makes every moment dear, lov'd lays.

6G

3	1	11111	1-						1		1				R	
23Q	'	'	'	5		5	5555	5-	5		5		645		1-	
							,						,			



- 2 Our hearts do here aspire  
With ardent, warm desire,  
To be like saints above;  
Where every heart and voice,  
In sweetest songs rejoice,  
And praise God's glorious love.

- 3 Our souls within do burn,  
While we true virtue learn,  
And tender feelings gain ;  
Then what a lovely thing  
It is to learn to sing.  
Where love and friendship reign.

## 202. THE WATCHER.

[illegible]

The night was dark and fearful, The blast swept wailing by ;  
A watcher pale and tearful, Looked forth with tearful eye :

2G												
B	1	1111	111		1	1	1111	111				
2C	'	''''	'	4-555			''''	'	4-555	1		
				''''					''''			

2G    1    1-    REP. 3S. 2D ENDING.

A	1	1666	666	6'76	5		5	'	333	555	4-345	3-		4-342	1-	
2C		9999	999	99					9999	999	9999			9999		

How wistfully she gazeth, No gleam of morn is there,  
Her eyes to heaven she raiseth, In agonies of prayer.

2G	1ST ENDING.	2D ENDING.
1	1	1
2	2	2
3	3	3
4	4	4
5	5	5
6	6	6
7	7	7
8	8	8
9	9	9
10	10	10
11	11	11
12	12	12
13	13	13
14	14	14
15	15	15
16	16	16
17	17	17
18	18	18
19	19	19
20	20	20
21	21	21
22	22	22
23	23	23
24	24	24
25	25	25
26	26	26
27	27	27
28	28	28
29	29	29
30	30	30
31	31	31
32	32	32
33	33	33
34	34	34
35	35	35
36	36	36
37	37	37
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39	39	39
40	40	40
41	41	41
42	42	42
43	43	43
44	44	44
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54	54	54
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56	56	56
57	57	57
58	58	58
59	59	59
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61	61	61
62	62	62
63	63	63
64	64	64
65	65	65
66	66	66
67	67	67
68	68	68
69	69	69
70	70	70
71	71	71
72	72	72
73	73	73
74	74	74
75	75	75
76	76	76
77	77	77
78	78	78
79	79	79
80	80	80
81	81	81
82	82	82
83	83	83
84	84	84
85	85	85
86	86	86
87	87	87
88	88	88
89	89	89
90	90	90
91	91	91
92	92	92
93	93	93
94	94	94
95	95	95
96	96	96
97	97	97
98	98	98
99	99	99
100	100	100

B	1	3444	444	4523	1	1	1-111	111	1-
---	---	------	-----	------	---	---	-------	-----	----

20	''''	'' ''''	'' ''''	'' 4-555	4-555 1-
				'' '''	'' '''

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p><b>2</b> Within that dwelling lay,<br/>Where want and darkness<br/>    reign ;<br/>Her precious child, her only,<br/>    Lay mourning in his pain.<br/>And death alone can free him,<br/>    She feels that this must be,<br/>But oh ! for morn to see him,<br/>    Smile once again on me.</p> | <p><b>3</b> A hundred lights are gleaming,<br/>    In yonder mansion fair ;<br/>And merry feet are dancing,<br/>    They heed not morning there.<br/>O young and joyous creatures,<br/>    One lamp from out your store ;<br/>Would give that poor boy's fea-<br/>    tures, [more.<br/>    To his mother's gaze, once</p> |
|--|--|



**203. BRIGHT MORNING.** 8 lines, 11s.

1P  $\overset{\frown}{\text{35}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{667}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{6533}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{1-231}} \quad 2 \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{35}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{6-532}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{1}}$   
 A  $\text{35} \mid \text{667} \mid \text{6533} \mid \text{' ' ' ' } \mid \parallel \text{' ' } \mid \text{' ' ' ' } \mid \text{' 653} \mid \text{556} \mid \text{5} \parallel$   
 2Q  $\text{' ' } \quad \text{' ' } \quad \text{' ' ' ' } \quad \text{' ' ' ' } \quad \text{' ' }$

Bright morning! bright morning! the darkness is o'er,

1P  
 B  $\text{6} \mid \text{665} \mid \text{633} \mid \overset{\frown}{\text{1-233}} \mid \text{5} \parallel \text{3} \mid \overset{\frown}{\text{6-533}} \mid \text{1 2 3} \mid \text{556} \mid \text{5} \parallel$   
 2Q  $\text{' ' } \quad \text{' ' } \quad \text{' ' } \quad \text{' ' ' ' } \quad \text{' ' ' ' } \quad \text{' ' } \quad \text{' ' } \quad \text{' ' }$

And the night of despair shall be dreaded no more,

1P  $\overset{\frown}{\text{35}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{667}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{6533}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{1-231}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{35}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{6-532}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{1}}$   
 A  $\text{35} \mid \text{667} \mid \text{6533} \mid \text{' ' ' ' } \mid \text{2} \parallel \text{' ' } \mid \text{' ' ' ' } \mid \text{' 653} \mid \text{667} \mid \text{.6} \parallel$   
 2Q  $\text{' ' } \quad \text{' ' } \quad \text{' ' ' ' } \quad \text{' ' ' ' } \quad \text{' ' } \quad \text{' ' }$

The Saviour almighty has vanquished to save,

And borne off the ponderous gates of the grave.

1P  $\text{1}$   
 B  $\text{6} \mid \overset{\frown}{\text{6'7}} \mid \text{6 6 3} \mid \overset{\frown}{\text{1-233}} \mid \text{5} \parallel \text{3} \mid \overset{\frown}{\text{6-533}} \mid \text{1 2 3} \mid \text{633} \mid \parallel$   
 2P  $\text{' } \quad \text{' } \quad \text{' } \quad \text{' ' ' ' } \quad \text{' ' ' ' } \quad \text{' ' } \quad \text{' ' } \quad \text{' ' .6}$

1P  $\overset{\frown}{\text{35}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{6-532}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{1-234}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{5-656}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{5 35}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{6-532}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{1}}$   
 A  $\text{' ' } \mid \text{' ' ' ' } \mid \text{' ' ' ' } \mid \text{' ' ' ' } \mid \parallel \text{' ' } \mid \text{' ' ' ' } \mid \text{' 653} \mid \text{556} \mid \text{5} \parallel$   
 2Q  $\text{' ' ' ' } \quad \text{' ' }$

Lo, Jesus! Lo, Jesus! the Lamb that was slain,

Not long could the grave such a treasure retain,

1P  $\overset{\frown}{\text{1-}} \quad \text{1 1}$   
 B  $\text{R 6} \mid \overset{\frown}{\text{6-567}} \mid \text{' 656} \mid \text{' 6} \mid \text{5} \parallel \text{3} \mid \overset{\frown}{\text{6-533}} \mid \text{1 2 3} \mid \text{556} \mid \text{5} \parallel$   
 2Q  $\text{' ' ' ' } \quad \text{' ' ' ' } \quad \text{' } \quad \text{' ' ' ' } \quad \text{' ' } \quad \text{' ' }$

1P  $\overset{\frown}{\text{35}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{667}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{6533}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{1-231}} \quad 2 \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{35}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{6-532}} \quad \overset{\frown}{\text{1}}$   
 A  $\text{35} \mid \text{667} \mid \text{6533} \mid \text{' ' ' ' } \mid \parallel \text{' ' } \mid \text{' ' ' ' } \mid \text{' 653} \mid \text{667} \mid \text{.6} \parallel$   
 2Q  $\text{' ' } \quad \text{' ' } \quad \text{' ' ' ' } \quad \text{' ' ' ' } \quad \text{' ' } \quad \text{' ' }$

For the gloom of its caverns was lighted with day,

As the sentinels fell and the stone rolled away

1P  $\text{1}$   
 B  $\text{6} \mid \overset{\frown}{\text{6'7}} \mid \text{6 3 3} \mid \overset{\frown}{\text{1-233}} \mid \text{5} \parallel \text{3} \mid \overset{\frown}{\text{6-533}} \mid \text{1 2 3} \mid \text{633} \mid \parallel$   
 2Q  $\text{' } \quad \text{' } \quad \text{' } \quad \text{' ' ' ' } \quad \text{' ' ' ' } \quad \text{' ' } \quad \text{' ' } \quad \text{' ' .6}$







## 205. TAKE THE PLEDGE.

[illegible]

TAKE the pledge, take the pledge,  
The temperance banner view;  
Take the pledge, take the pledge,  
And then your course pursue;  
March boldly on, the victory now is ours;  
March boldly on, a mighty conquest won.

2 Take the pledge, take the pledge ;  
Here's balm for every wound ;  
Take the pledge, take the pledge ;  
No richer prize is found ;  
March boldly on, and bend your mighty bow,  
March boldly on, and lay the invader low.

3 Take the pledge, take the pledge;  
Here comes the conquering host;  
Take the pledge, take the pledge;  
No more of sin we boast.  
March boldly on, and let your colors fly;  
March boldly on, and conquer though you die,



**206. SABBATH SCHOOL. C. M.**

3G	1																								
A	3	4	5-	6	5	3		'	5	5	3		2-	3	4	3		3	2		3	4			
2Q	"	"	"	"	"	"		"	"	"	"		"	"	"	"		"	"	"	"	"	"		
To Sabbath School, to Sabbath School, Ye children haste away; Be																									
3G																									
B	1		1-	1	1	1		1	1	1	1						1				1				
2Q	'		'	"	"	"		'	"	"	"		5-	5	5	'	5-					'			

3G	1                      3   2-   1   2   3   1-																								
A	5-	6	5	3		'	5	5	'		'	"	"	"		6		5-	3	2	3		1-		
2Q	'	"	"	"		'	"	"	"		'	"	"	"		'	"	"	"	"		'	"	"	
early at the Sabbath School, And never stop to play,																									
And never stop to play.																									
3G																									
B	1-	1	1	1		1	1	1	1		5-	5	5	5		1-							1-		
2Q	'	"	"	"		'	"	"	"		'	"	"	"		4	5-	5	5	5		'	"	"	

2 To Sabbath School, to Sabbath School,  
This day so calm and bright,  
Be ready at the Sabbath School  
Your lesson to recite.

3 To Sabbath School, to Sabbath School,  
The teachers' words obey,  
And listen at the Sabbath School.  
To every word they say.

4 To Sabbath School, to Sabbath School,  
It is the place of prayer;  
Be solemn at the Sabbath School,  
For God himself is there.



207. LIFE LET US CHERISH. MOZART.

[illegible]

4G -1 1

A 5' R | 3-2 1 2 | 1-R || 5 | 5 4 2 3 4 | 5 3 1 5 | 5 4 2 3 4

23C , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

grasp ere it close: In vain we seek for earthly bliss,  
The plants of joy, the

4G

B 1- 1 R | 5- | 1- R || 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 1 | 1 1

23C , 5 5 , , 5 5 , 5 , 5 5 ,

REP. 1S

4G                  1 1                  1 1                  —                  —                  —

A    5 3 1 5 | 6 4       , | 5 3       , | 5 6 5 5 4 3 | 3- 2 R ||

23C       ,       ,       ,       ,       ,       ,       ,       ,       ,       ,

fruits of peace, Can never grow in soil like this ;  
Place all thy hopes in heaven

REP. 1S.

4G

B    1 1 1 3 | 4 4 4 3 | 1 1 1     | 1    1                  1 | —       R ||

23C       ,       ,       ,       ,       ,       5                  ,       7       ,       5- 5 ,

?

2 Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,  
And heavenly treasures grasp ere it close :  
The heart in vain to riches clings :  
Our gems are dim, our gold hath wings ;  
And when possessed, no comfort brings :  
Lay up thy wealth in Heaven.

**3** Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,  
And heavenly treasures grasp ere it close;  
Set not thy heart on earthly fame.  
Its highest gift 's an empty name,  
That quickly fades or ends in shame —  
True glory comes from Heaven.



## 208. THE HOUSE OF THE LORD. 12s.

6G	§	REP.									
A		1-2	.3 2 1	1	R 1	1	.1		2-3	.4 3 2	3 1 R 3
4C		'		6		.5 6		'			
6G	§	REP.									
B		.1		R				1			1 1 R 1
4C		1-5	5 6	4 4	4	.3 4 5	.1	5-	'	.6 5 5	

6G												P
A		.5 3 1	.2		2-	3	.4 3 2	3	1 R 1		1	.1
4C						'				.5 6		
6G												P
B		.1			1			1	1 R			
4C		1 1	.5	5-	'	.6 5 5		4	.3 4 5	.1		

YOU may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,  
Of the silvery streamlet and flowers of the vale;  
But the place most delightful this earth can afford,  
Is the place of devotion — the house of the Lord.

2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn —  
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;  
But there's no other season or time can compare  
With the hour of devotion — the season of prayer.

3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,  
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;  
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road  
Are the friends of my Master — the children of God.

4 You may talk of your prospects, of fame, or of wealth,  
And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health;  
But the hope of bright glory — of heavenly bliss!  
Take away every other, and give me but this.

5 Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord!  
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word;  
I will walk to the altar with those that I love,  
And delight in the prospects revealed from above.



## 209. THE PEARL.

4G  
D 5 | 5 5 5 4 | 4- 3 3 | 2 5 5 5 5 | 5- 5 5 | 5 5 5 4 | 4- 3 3 |  
23C ' , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

4G  
A 3 | 3 3 3 2 | 2- 1 1 | 2 2 2 1 2 | 3- 3 3 | 3 3 3 2 | 2- 1 1 |  
23C ' , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

The pearl that worldlings covet, Is not the pearl for me;  
Its beauty fades as quickly As

4G  
B 1 | 1 1 1 | 1 1 | 1- 1 1 | 1 1 1 | 1 1 |  
23C ' , 5 5- , 5 5 5 5 , , 5 5- ,

4G P  
D 4 4 4 4 | 3- 3 5 | 5 5 5 5 | 5 5 5 5 | 5 5 5 5 | 5 5 5 5 |  
23C ' , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , P

4G  
A 2 2 2 1 2 | 1- 1 1 | 2 2 2 2 | 3 3 3 3 | 3 3 3 4 5 | 5 3 2 2 5 4 |  
23C ' , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,  
sunshine on the sea: But there's a pearl sought by the wise,  
It's called the pearl of greatest price, Though

4G P  
B 1- 1 | 1 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 1 |  
23C 5 5 5 5 , 5 5 5 5 , , , 5 5 5 5 , ,

4G P  
D 5 5 5 4 | 4- 3 3 | 5 5 5 5 | 5- 5 | 5 5 | 5- 5 ' | 5 5 5 | 3- 3 ||  
23C ' , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

4G P  
A 3 3 3 2 | 2- 1 1 | 2 2 2 1 2 | 3- 5 3 | 5 3 5 3 | 5- 5 | 5 3 1 2 1 2 | 1- 1 ||  
23C ' , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

few its value see, O that's the pearl for me!  
O that's the pearl for me! O that's the pearl for me!

4G P  
B 1 1 1 | 1 1 | 1- 1 1 | 1 1 1 1 | 1- 1 1 | 1 3 5 | 1- 1 ||  
23C ' 5 5- , 5 5 5 5 , , , , 5 ,







- 3 Farewell, mother, — with deep sorrow  
Do we view thy deep distress,—  
And the coming of to-morrow,  
With no mother dear to bless.
- 4 Strange, thou heeded not the crying  
Of thy children,— round thee thus;  
Ah! 'tis plain that thou art dying,  
Thou wilt soon begone from us.
- 5 Oft have we been filled with gladness,  
By thy sweet kind words of love;  
But thy voice is hushed in sadness:  
Who, a mother kind will prove?
- 6 Farewell, mother,— while we wander  
In this world a few more days,  
We will strive with care to ponder  
All thy councils, and thy ways.
- 7 Farewell, mother,— thou art going  
From a world of toil and strife;  
To a land where, sweetly flowing,  
Are the crystal streams of life.
- 8 Farewell, mother,— death can never  
Chill the love we have for thee;  
Nor the strong affection sever,  
Till again thy face we see.
- 9 Years on years have pain and anguish,  
Toil and care, thy heart oppressed;  
Causing health and hope to languish;  
But there is for thee a rest.
- 10 Farewell, mother, up to Heaven,  
Now thy happy soul has flown;  
To that God, by whom 'twas given,  
Bliss and life are now thy own.
- 11 To the grave we take thee, weeping,  
Where thou wilt in darkness lie;  
In death's deep long silence sleeping,  
Till we all shall fade and die.
- 12 And through ages still abounding,  
Shall we in the grave remain,  
Till the last loud trumpet, sounding,  
Summons us to life again.



- 13 Farewell, mother,—we'll endeavor,  
So to live, while here below,  
That we may with thee forever  
Dwell, where crystal fountains flow.
- 14 There we'll praise the Lord of glory,  
For his wondrous power to save;  
And repeat the pleasing story,  
Of our triumph o'er the grave.
- 15 And loud praises will be ringing,  
Millions sav'd from death and hell;  
Ever, ever will be singing,  
Jesus hath done all things well.

**211. MY BURIED FRIENDS.** ARRANGED BY L. W.

[5G 8]

REP.

A	1-132	1-121	6-1	1-  113	5-553
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[illegible]

My buried friends can I forget? And must the grave eternal sever?  
They lov'd me once with love sin-

5G 8

REP.

B	1	1	11
---	---	---	----

2C 1 1 3    5-5' 7    5-5 7'    4-5 3 3    5 1-    ' 6    5-5 5 5  
     " " " " " " " " " " " "

They linger in my memory yet, And in my heart they'll live forever.

15G

A	5-565	3-122	35-	564	5-132	1-121	1	1-
---	-------	-------	-----	-----	-------	-------	---	----

2C	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	6-	"	55	6
	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"		"	"	"

cere, And never did their love deceive me;

56 But often in my conflicts here, They rallied quickly to relieve me

B		11-    1	1-11	1	
---	--	----------	------	---	--

20	3-342	5-677	,	46	,	77	5-57	4-533	5-1
	2 222	2 222		22		2 222	2 222	2 222	2

- 2 I fain would weep — but what of tears,  
No tears of mine could ere recall them ;  
Nor would I wish that grov'ling cares,  
Cares like mine, should e'er befall them.  
They rest in realms of light and love ;  
They dwell upon the mount of glory ;  
They bask in beams of bliss and love,  
And shout to tell their happy story



**3** I heard them bid the world adieu ;  
 I saw them on the rolling billow :  
 Their far off home appeared in view,  
 While yet they press'd the dying pillow.  
 I heard the parting pilgrim tell,  
 While passing Jordan's stormy river,  
 Adieu to earth for all is well ;  
 Now all is well with me forever.

**4** O how I long to join their wing,  
 And range their fields of blooming flowers ;  
 Come, holy watchers, come and bring,  
 A mourner to yon blissful bowers.  
 I'd speed with rapture on my way,  
 Nor would I pause at Jordan's river ;  
 With songs I'd enter endless day,  
 And live with my loved friends forever.

212.

**HARK**, brethren, don't you hear the sound,  
 The gospel trumpets now are blowing ;  
**Men** in order 'listing round,  
 And soldiers to their standard flowing ;  
**Bounty's** offered, joy and peace,  
 To every soldier this is given.  
 When from trial and war they cease,  
 Mansions bright prepared in heaven.

**2** The battle 's not to the strong,  
 The burden 's on our Captain's shoulders ;  
 None so aged, or none so young,  
 But may enlist and be a soldier.  
 Those who cannot fight nor fly,  
 Beneath his banner find protection ;  
 None, who on his name rely,  
 Shall be reduced to base subjection.

**3** Ye need not fear, the cause is good,  
 Come, who will to the crown aspire,  
 In this cause the martyr's stood,  
 And shouted victory in the fire.  
 In this cause we'll follow on,  
 And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,  
 How by faith we've gain'd the crown,  
 And fought our way to life and glory.



## Chorus Tunes for Revivals.

## 213. THE UNION BAND. C. M.

1G .1	1 2 2	1	1
D	5 5 5 5   4 6 5	7 7   .5-	5 5 5 5   4 6 4
4C	Immortal joys await the blest,      There happy souls forever rest,		
1G	1 1	1 1 2 2 .3-	1 1
A	.5	7 7   6 6 5 5	5   7 7   6 6 5 5
4C	On yon eternal shore;      And		
1G	.1-		
B	.1   1 1 2 2   4 4 5 3   1 1 5 7	5   1 1 2 2   4 4 5 5	
4C			
1G	2 2 .1	! !	1 1 ! ! 2 2 .1
D	7 7   R    4   .3.5   .7-7   7-7 5-7	4 5   .3.5   .7-7   7 7	
4C	O, hail! hail!      I'm on my journey home.		
1G	1 1 2 2 .1	! .1 .2-2 2-2 1-2 3 3 1   .1 .2-2 2 2 .1	
A	R    6   .5	' '   6   .5	7 7
4C	sorrows are no more.      hail! I come to join our union band.		
	O, hail! hail! hail! I come		
1G	! !      1 1 ! !		
B	6 6 5 5   .1 R    1   .1.5   .5-5   5-5 3-5   1 1 4 1   .1.5   .5-5   5 5 2 5   .1		
4C			

2 Millions have to glory gone,  
And have obtain'd the prize;  
Still millions more are pressing on,  
To join them in the skies.

Chorus,

3 These living armies shall at  
last,  
On Zion's mountain meet;  
When once the stormy Jordan's  
past,  
Their union is complete.

Chorus.

4 If friendship in this vale of woe,  
With Christians be so sweet:  
What gushing ecstasy shall flow,  
When round the throne we  
meet.

Chorus.

5 There new come saints with  
wonder tell,  
Their lofty strains above;  
And angels listen while they  
swell  
Their song of dying love.

Chorus.



6 No eye shall ever weep again,  
In that eternal day;  
Tears that fall like showers of  
rain,  
Shall all be wiped away.

Chorus.

7 There friends beloved shall  
never die,  
Nor loveliness decay; [sigh,  
There's not a pang or parting  
To dim eternal day.

Chorus.

## 214. BRIGHT CANAAN. C. M.

1G	3-21		1	.32	12	3-21	
A	5	' 6	53232	135		''	' 6 53234
4Q							
	There is a land of pure delight, Infinite day excludes the night, Where saints immortal reign; And						
1G							
B	1	5-432	31212	3531	.5-	1	5-432 31212
4Q							

1G	1 3 2	.1-	§	—1	.2 2	1 2	.3 3 1	2- 1	REP. LAST S.	.1 1
A	5			7	'		'		' 7 5	
4Q										
	pleasures banish pain. O, Canaan, bright Canaan, It is the land of Canaan.									
1G			§		.1 1		REP. LAST S.			
B	3 4 5 5	.1-	5		.5 5 5		1	5- 5		.1 1
4Q									5 5	

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-with'ring flowers:  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dress'd in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Could fright us from the shore.



215. PILGRIM BAND. C. M.

5G			P		1			
A	11132	1	1135	.5	.5	565	3-1212	31
4C	.5	"	6656	"	"	"	"	567

We're marching to the promised land, A land all fair and bright:  
Come join our happy pilgrim band, And seek the plains of light.

5G										P									
B				11		.1		3311				11							
4C	.5	1135	64432	11	.5	5-5567	35	.1											

[illegible]

O, come and join our pilgrim band. Our toils and triumphs share ;  
We soon shall reach the promised land And rest forever more.

5G										P									
B				—		11		.1		3311		—		11					
4C	5	1-135	64432	11	.5	5-5567						35	.1						
		,"	,"			," "													

2 The deep red sea already  
crossed.

Safe on its banks we stood ;  
And saw our foes—old Pharaoh's  
host.

Drown'd in the angry flood.  
Chorus

3 The Saviour feeds his little  
flock;

His grace is richly given;  
The living waters from the rock,  
And daily bread from heaven.  
Chorus.

4 To Canaan's land he points the way.

And guides our feet aright;

A cloudy pillar leads by day,  
A fiery one by night.

Chorus.

5 "Come with us, we will do thee  
good,"

Here is our heart and hand,  
To meet you over Jordan's flood,  
And share the promised land.  
Chorus.

6 There in that land no tears are  
shed.

No sign escapes the heart;  
'To joy's full fountain all are led,  
And there they never part.

Chorus.



## REP.

When I can read my title clear,      And wipe my weeping eyes, And  
To mansions in the skies,

I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

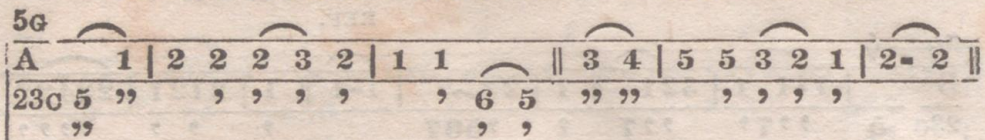
wipe my weeping eyes, I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes. O, that will be

joyful, Joyful, joyful, O, that will be joyful, To meet to part no more.

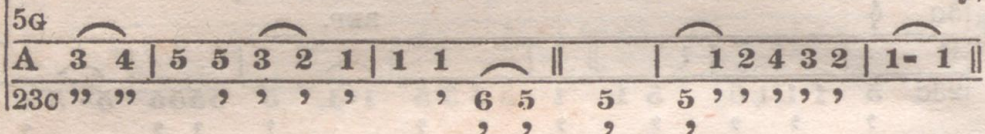
<p>2 Should earth against my soul engage, And fiery darts be hurl'd, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world. Chorus.</p> <p>3 Let cares like a wild deluge come, Let storms of sorrow fall;</p>	<p>So I but safely reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all. Chorus.</p> <p>4 There I shall bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast. Chorus.</p>
--	---



## 217. BLEEDING SAVIOUR. C. M.



Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?  
Chorus—The Lamb, the Lamb, the loving Lamb,  
The Lamb on Calvary,



Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?  
The Lamb was slain, but lives again, To intercede for me.

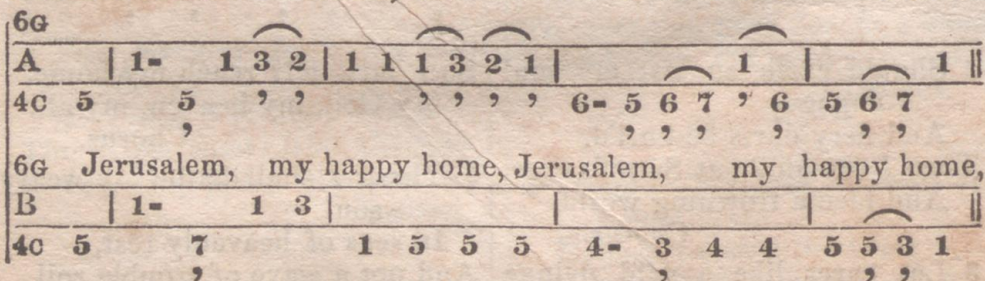
2 Was it for crimes that I have done  
He groan'd upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

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

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

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

## 218. JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME. L. WATSON.



Chorus.—O, who will come and go with me,  
O who will come and go with me,



JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME. *Continued.*

6G  
A | 1- 1 2 3 4 | 5 5 5 3 1 2 | 3 2 3 4 5 6 | .5 ||  
40 5 5 , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

Jeru - sa - lem, my happy home, O, how I long for thee !

6G  
B | 1 1 2 1 | 5 3 1 3 4 5 5 | .1 ||  
40 1 5- 5 6 7 , , 5 3 1 3 4 5 5 .1

O, who will come and go with me, To new Je - ru - sa - lem ?

6G 1  
A .5 | 3 4 5 5 | 6 5 3 2 1 1 2 | 3 2 1 | .1- ||  
40 , , , , , , , , , , , 6 5 6 7 , ,

When will my sorrows have an end ? Thy joys when shall I see ?

6G  
B .1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 5 3 1 3 4 5 3 1 3 5 5 | .1- ||  
40 5 5 6 , , , , 5 3 1 3 4 5 3 1 3 5 5 .1-

I wonder, Lord, shall I e'er get to heaven, To new Jerusalem ?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,  
Most glorious to behold ;  
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,  
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks  
My study long have been ;  
Such dazzling views by human sight  
Have never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,  
Why should I stay from thence ?  
What folly this that I should dread  
To die, and go from hence ?

5 When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun ;  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we first begun.



## 219. UNION. C. M.

5G  
 D 3 | 3 2 1 | 1 3 1 | 1- || 3 | 3 2 1 |  
 23C ' , 5 3- 4 5 3 4 3 ' , 7 ' , 5 ,  
 , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

Our souls by love, together joined, Cemented, mixed in one,  
 One hope, one heart, one

5G  
 A 5 | 5 4 3 2 | 1- 2 3 | 1 3 5 3 | 3- 2 || 5 | 5 4 3 2 |  
 23C ' , , , , , 5 7 ' , , , , , , , ,

5G  
 B 1 | 1 | 1 1 | 1- || 1 | 1 |  
 23C ' , 5 3 5 1 1 1 5 1 1 ' 5 ' 5 3 5 , , , , , , ,

5G  
 D 1 | R || 1 1 | 2 1 2 |  
 23C 3- 4 5 3 4 3 ' 7 4 3- 3 5 5 ' , , , , 7 7 , , , , , , ,

5G  
 A 1- 2 3 | 1 3 5 | 1- R || 1 | 2 2 3 3 | 4 3 4 2 2 |  
 23C ' , , , 5 7 ' 7 ' , , , , , , , , , , ,

mind, one voice, 'Tis heaven on earth begun.  
 Our hearts have burned while Jesus spake, And

5G  
 B R ||  
 23C 1 1 1 5 1 1 5 5 1- 1 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

5G  
 D 1 2 3 4 3 2 1 | R || 1 | 3 1 3 1 | 3 1 4- 3 2 | 1 1 | R ||  
 23C ' , , , , , , 7- ' , , , , , , , , , , 5 4 3- , , , , , , ,

5G  
 A 3 4 5 6 5 4 | 5- R || 3 | 5 3 5 3 | 5 3 6- 5 4 | 3 3 2 1 2 | 1- R ||  
 23C ' ,

glowed with sacred fire, He stopped, and talked, and fed, and blessed,  
 And filled the enlarged desire

5G  
 B 1 1 2 | R || 1 | 1 1 1 1 | 1 1 | R ||  
 23C ' 6 ' 5- ' , , , , 4 4 5 5 5 5 1- , , , , , , ,



5G CHORUS.

A Saviour! let all heaven ring! He's God with us, we

6G

B 1 | 1 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 1 | 1 1 || | 1 1 1 1 |

23Q , , , , , , , , 5 5 , ,

feel him ours, His fullness in our souls he pours,      We're

We soon shall reach that blissful shore,

	5G										P								
B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1									
23Q	'	'				4	5	3	5	1	5	1	4	5	3	4	5	5	1



2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,  
 Let trembling cowards fly;  
 We'll stand unshaken, firm, and fix'd,  
 With Christ to live and die.  
 Let devils rage, and hell assail,  
 We'll fight our passage through;  
 Let foes unite, and friends desert,  
 We'll seize the crown in view.

3 The little cloud increases still,  
 The heavens are big with rain;  
 We wait to catch the teeming shower,  
 And all its moisture drain:  
 A rill, a stream, a torrent, flows,  
 But pour the mighty flood;  
 O sweep the nations, shake the earth,  
 Till all proclaim thee God!

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,  
 And sett'st thy starry crown,—  
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,  
 Proclaim'd by thee thine own,—  
 May we, a little band of love,  
 We sinners, saved by grace,  
 From glory into glory changed,  
 Behold thee face to face.

## 220. GOOD OLD WAY. L. M.

4G	♩											REP.	1 1										
A	1	3	2	2	1	1	3	2	2	1	1	3	5	5	3	2	1	1	R	5	5	6	'
23c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
Lift up your heads, Immanuel's friends, O, halle, hallelujah!																							
Let nothing cause you																							
4G	♩											REP.											
B	1	1				1				1	1 1 R				1	1	1						
23c	'	6	5	5	6	'	6	5	5	6	'	3	5	6	7	'	'	'	'	4	5	'	'
And taste the pleasures Jesus sends, O, halle, hallelujah!																							



GOOD OLD WAY. *Continued.*

4G	31	221	11	1					
A	'65	6''6	'	R'	53321	23211	35532	1-1	
23c	,	,			''''	''''	,	''''	

to delay, O, halle, hallelujah ! But hasten on the good old way,  
O, halle, hallelujah !

4G									
B	11	1	11    R1		(1	11	1	1-1	
23c	'44	6 '7 6	,	,	5667	5 5	,	6 7 5	
	,	,			'''	,	,	,	

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,  
Shall not prevent our victory,  
If we but strive, and watch, and pray,  
Like soldiers in the good old way.

3 Oh, good old way, how sweet thou art !  
May none of us from thee depart ;  
But may our actions always say,  
We're marching in the good old way.

4 Though Satan may his powers employ,  
Our peace and comfort to destroy,  
Yet never fear; we'll gain the day,  
And shout and sing the good old way.

5 And when on Pisgah's mount we stand,  
And view by faith the promis'd land,  
Then we may sing, and shout, and pray,  
And march along the good old way.

6 Ye valiant souls, for heav'n contend,  
Remember, glory's at the end ;  
Our God will wipe all tears away,  
When we have run the good old way.

7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,  
We'll meet with those who've gone before ;  
And shout to think we've gain'd the day  
By marching in the good old way.



221. HOME, SWEET HOME. L. M.

1G .1 3 5 .3 3 2 .1 3 2 .1 1 5 .3 3 2 .1  
A 5 6 | .5 | , , | || , , | , 6 | .5 | , , |  
3Q , , ,  
I'm glad that I am born to die, From grief and woe my soul shall fly;  
1G .1 .1  
B 1 | .1 1 | .3 5 | 5 | .1 || 5 | .5 1 | .3 5 | 5 | .1 ||  
3Q  
CHORUS.  
1G .1 3 5 .3 3 2 .1 3 2 .1 1 .1  
A 5 | .5 | , , | || , , | , 6 | .5 6 7 |  
3Q , , ,  
Home, home, sweet home, my long sought home.  
My home in heaven above.  
1G 1 .1  
B 1 | .1 5 | .5 5 | .5 3 4 | .5 || 4 | .5 5 | .1 ||  
3Q , ,

- 2 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,  
I hope to praise him after death,  
I hope to praise him when I die,  
And shout salvation as I fly.
- 3 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,  
My Saviour smiles, and bids me come;  
Sweet angels beckon me away,  
To sing God's praise in endless day.
- 4 I soon shall pass the vale of death,  
And in his arms I'll lose my breath,  
And then my happy soul shall tell  
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 5 I soon shall hear the awful sound,  
Awake, ye nations under ground;  
Arise, and drop your dying shrouds,  
And meet your Saviour in the clouds.
- 6 When to that blessed world I rise,  
And join the anthems in the skies,  
This note above the rest shall swell,  
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 7 Then shall I see my blessed God,  
And praise him in his bright abode;  
My theme through all eternity,  
Shall glory, glory, glory be.



REP. 15.

4Q  
We've listed in the holy war, We love to serve the Lord;  
His banner o'er our head is love,

4Q  
Content with suff'ring soldier's fare; We love to serve the Lord.  
We draw our rations from above.

1G	§	REP.				REP. 18.					
B	1	1111	1444	5-55-5	.1-		1	5-555	3-211	5-555	3-21
4Q				,	,			,	,	,	,

We love the Lord, we love our Lord, We love to serve the Lord.

- 2 We've fought through many battles sore,  
We love, &c.  
And we must fight through many more,  
We love, &c.  
We take our breast-plate, sword, and shield,  
And boldly march into the field.  
We love our Lord, &c
- 3 We've listed and we mean to fight,  
Till all our foes are put to flight:  
And when the victory we've won,  
We'll give the praise to God alone.
- 4 Come, fellow Christians, join with me,  
Come, face the foe, and never flee;  
The heavenly battle's now begun,  
Come take the field and win the crown.
- 5 With listing orders I am come,  
Come rich, come poor, come old and young;  
Here's gracious bounty, Christ has given,  
And glorious crowns laid up in heaven.







4G	♩	1	1	3	2	1	1	1				1				REP		
A	♩	5		,	,	,	,		,	5	5	6	5		6	5	3	5-

4G	♩	1	1	3	2	1	1	1						1					REP
A	♮		,	,	,	,		,	♯	♯		6	♯		6		♭	3	♭=
23Q	,									,	,		,						

4G	REP.															
B	1	1	1	1	1	5	5	5	3	4	2	5	4	3	5	1

I leave the world and sin behind, That better home in heaven to find.

4G 1- 1 1

A	5	,	5	4	3	2	1	5-		5-	6	5	,	5	3	5		1	1	1	
23Q				,	,	,	,				,	,		,	,	,					

Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, roll on,  
And let the poor pilgrim go home, go home.

4G

B	5-	3	5		1	1	1	1	1		5-		5-		3	5	5	3	5	5		1	1	1	
23Q		,			,	,	,	,							,	,	,	,	,	,					,

2 Fair lands are here, and houses fair;  
But fairer is my home up there:  
What though like Lazarus sick and poor?  
My home in heaven is still secure.

3 When death shall come my soul shall fly,  
On wings of angels through the sky ;  
In Abram's bosom I shall rest,  
Forever safe, forever blest.

4 What though I weep awhile below?  
In heaven my tears shall cease to flow:  
In that fair clime of endless day  
The Lord shall wipe all tears away.

5 To living fountains, through verdant meads,  
The Lord his ransomed pilgrims leads;  
The fruits and flowers of paradise,  
In plenteous beauty round them rise.

6 No death shall visit them again;  
No sickness there, no touch of pain;  
No mourning there, no funeral gloom,  
But health and youth forever bloom.



## 225. PENN. L. M. ARRANGED BY L. W.

5G ♯ P REP. 1

A 3 | 5 5 | 1 1 | 3 3 | 2 || 3 4 | 5- 3 | 5 5 3 2 | 1- 1 ||

2C , , , , , , , , , , , ,

I'm glad that I am born to die, O, halle, halle, halle - lu - jah.  
From grief and woe my soul shall fly, O, halle, halle, hallelu - jah.

5G ♯ P REP. 1

B 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | || 3 2 | 1- 1 | 1- 1 ||

2C 5 5 5 , , , 5 5 5 7 , , , ,

## CHORUS,

5G P

A 3 2 3 | 2 1 | 3 2 3 | 3 4 5 | 3 4 5 5 | 3 2 1 | 1 ||

2C , , , , , , , , , , , ,

Sweet heaven, sweet heaven, Good Lord, shall I ever get to heaven?

5G P

B 1- 1 | 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 1 | 1 | 1 ||

2C , 7 5- 5 , , , , 5 7 , ,

## 226. NO MORE STORMY CLOUDS. L. WATSON.

4G ♯ 1 1 REP. 1 1 1 3 2 1 3 2 1

A 5 | ' 6 | 5 3 5 | 6 6 ' | || ' ' | ' ' | ' ' 6 5 | 5- 5 ||

2C , , , , , , , , , , , ,

4G ♯ REP. 1

B 1 | 1 1 | 5 5 | 3 3 | 5 || 1 3 | 5 5 3 | 5 5 3 5 | 1- 1 ||

2C , , , , , , , , , , , ,

4G 2- 1 1 1 1 1 3 2 1 3 2 1

A 6 | ' 6 | 5 3 5 | 5 6 ' | || ' ' | ' ' | ' ' 6 5 | 5- 5 ||

2C , , , , , , , , , , , ,

4G 1 1 1

B 5- 3 | 5 5 4 | 3 5 ' | 6 5 | 5 || 5 6 | 7 | 5 3 4 5 | 1- 1 ||

2C , , , , , , , , , , , ,



[illegible]

5G																	
B	1	1	1				2	1	1				1	1	1		
23Q		,		6	5	5	7	,	,	5	6	5	5	5	=	,	6
				,		,					,						,

Glory, glory, glory, glory,

5G														
B	1 1 3 1				1	R	3 3 3 2 1				2 2 2- 1			
23Q	5	5	5	5				5	1					7

5G																											
A	3	2	1	3		2	R		5	5	5-3	3		4	4	4-3	2		5	5	5-3	5		1	1	1-	
23Q	'	'				7	5	'		'	'	'		'	'	'	'		'	'	'	'		'			

glory, glory, God is love. Glory to my blessed Saviour,  
Hallelujah, God is love.

[illegible]

DEATH shall not destroy my comfort,  
Christ shall guide me through the gloom,  
Down he'll send some heavenly convoy  
To convey my spirit home.

2 Jordan's streams shall ne'er o'erflow me,  
While my Saviour's by my side,  
Canaan, Canaan lies before me,  
Soon I'll cross the swelling tide.



229. EXULT. 8s & 7s. I. WATSON.

**REP.**

lg ♯ 1 1 3 3 3 2 1 3 2 1 1 2 3 2 .1

A 5 6 | | , , || , , | 5 6 , , | | ||

2Q , , , ,

Come, thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

lg ♯ 1 1 5 5 3 1 2 3 5 5 3 1 1 5 .1

B 1 5 6 | | 5 5 3 | 1 2 3 || 5 5 3 | 1 1 | 5 | .1 ||

2Q , , , , , , 7

Glory to my blessed Saviour, Sing his praise around the sky.

1G 5- 6 5 3 5 3 2 1 5- 6 5 3 5 3 2 .3  
A ' | | | | | ' | | ' ' | ||

2Q Glo - ry, glory, glory, glory, Glory be to God on high.  
1G REP. 1 & 2s.  
B 1- 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 | 1- 1 | 3 5 | 3 1 | .5 ||  
2Q ' 5 ' |

**230.** I WILL ARISE. 8s & 7s.

1P 1 2 3 3 1— 2 2 3 1 2 3 2 .3  
D 6 6 | ' 7 6 || ' ' |

4q  
"Mercy, O, thou Son of David!" Thus the blind Bartimeus pray'd;  
1P 1 1 1 2 .3  
A 6 6 6 5 6 | 6 5 3 || 5 5 6 5 6 |

4q ' ' ' ' ' '  
*Chorus.*—I'll arise and go to Jesus, He'll embrace me in his arms  
1P 1 1 1 2 3 5 5 6 1 2 3 3 .6  
B 6 6 6 5 3 | 1 1 1 2 3 || 5 5 6 1 2 | 3 3 .6 |

4q ' ' ' ' ' '



I WILL ARISE. *Continued.*

REP. WITH THE CHORUS.

1P 1 2 3 5 3 2 1 2 3 1 1  
 D 6 5 , , | , , || 6 7 | 7 7 .6 ||  
 4Q , ,

"Others by thy word are saved, Now to me afford thine aid."

1P 3 5 3 2 1 2 3 2 1 1  
 A , , | , , 5 || 6 6 5 3 | 5 5 .6 ||  
 4Q , ,

In the arms of my dear Jesus, O, there are ten thousand charms.

1P 1  
 B 6 5 6 | 5 5 3 3 || 6 5 3 1 2 | 3 3 ||  
 4Q , , .6

2 Many for his crying chid him,  
 But he called the louder still;  
 Till the gracious Saviour bid him,  
 "Come and ask me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,  
 Though by begging used to live;  
 But he asked, and Jesus granted,  
 Alms, which none but he could give.

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,  
 Let mine eyes behold the day!"  
 Straight he saw, and won by kindness,  
 Followed Jesus in the way.

5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,  
 Publishing to all around;  
 "Friends, is not my case amazing?  
 What a Saviour I have found!"

6 "Oh! that all the blind but knew him,  
 And would be advised by me;  
 Surely they would hasten to him,  
 He would cause them all to see."



## 231. DAY SPRING. 8s &amp; s

5G 11 11 21  
 D 57 | 46 | 55 || 56 | ' ' 76 | .5 || 5-5 | 543 | 42 | 321 ||  
 2Q ' ' ' ' ' '  
 Christians, see the orient morning, Breaks along the heathen sky;  
 Lo! th' expected day is dawning,  
 5G 1  
 A 12 | 31 | 43 | 21 || 34 | 55 | 6 | .5 || 5-5 | 5 5 | 65 | 543 ||  
 2Q , , , , , ,  
 5G  
 B 1 | | | || 11 | 11 | 2 1 | || 1-1 | 1 1 | 22 | ||  
 2Q 5 31 46 55 .5 ' 5 5

5G 1 1 1  
 D 6-6 | 64 | 6'6 | .5 || 1234 | 55 | 5356 | 5 || 5- 5 | 5 | 55 | .3 ||  
 2Q ' ' ' ' ' ' ,  
 Glorious dayspring from on high,  
 5G  
 A 4-4 | 46 | 5 3 | .5 || 1 12 | 31 | 2123 | 42 || 3234 | 554 | 32 | .1 ||  
 2Q ' ' ' ' ' ' ,  
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, Hail the dayspring from on high.  
 5G  
 B | | | .1 || 1- | 11 | | 1 || 1- 2 | 3 | | | ||  
 2Q 4-4 44 5 5 5 5- 5 5 ' 34 55 .1  
 , , , , , ,

2 Soon the valleys and the mountains,  
 Breaking forth in joy shall sing:  
 And the living crystal fountains  
 From the thirsty ground shall spring.

3 While the wilderness rejoices,  
 Roses shall the desert cheer;  
 And the dumb shall tune their voices—  
 Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear.

4 Light shall burst on every nation—  
 Truth shall spread from pole to pole—  
 And the anthem of salvation  
 Round the universe shall roll.



**232. ROYAL PROCLAMATION. 4 8s & 1 3s.**

4G 1- 11 111 1  
 A 1355 | 6665 | 5335 | 6665 || 5 | '65 | 6-567'6 |  
 4C , , , ,

Hear the royal proclamation, The glad tidings of salvation,  
 Published to every creature, To the ruined

4G  
 B 1111 | 1 | 1131 | 1235 || 1- 11 | 1 1 3 5 | 6-5321 |  
 4C 666 5 , , ,

5G  
 A 5321 || 1-21-2 | 3-321 | 6-567 | 5321 | 1-2.1 |  
 43 '6 , , '6 '6 ,  
 sons of nature. Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious;  
 Over heaven and earth, most glorious, Jesus reigns.

4G  
 B 1 3 1 || 5-65-3 | 1-3 | 3-2 1 1 | 3321 | .1 ||  
 4Q 6 , , '56 ? '6 5-5 ,

2 See the royal banner flying,  
 Hear the heralds loudly crying,  
 "Rebel sinners, royal favor  
 Now is offered by the Saviour."

3 Ho! ye sons of wrath and ruin,  
 Who have wrought your own undoing,  
 Here are life and free salvation,  
 Offered to the whole creation.

4 Here are wine, and milk, and honey,  
 Come, and purchase without money;  
 Mercy, like a flowing fountain,  
 Streaming from the holy mountain.

5 For this love let rocks and mountains,  
 Purling streams and crystal fountains,  
 Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,  
 Shout the great Messiah's praises.



## 233. O TURN, SINNER, TURN. 7s. 233

4P § 1 REP.

D 6 6 | 5 5 | 3 3 | .3 || 5 5 | 7 | 6 5 | .6 ||

2Q

4P 1 1 1 REP.

A 7 7 | 6 6 | .3 || 5 5 3 | 5 6 7 | 7 | .6 ||

2Q

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word:  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee, Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

4P § REP.

B 1 1 | | | || 1 1 | 1 | 1 3 | ||

3Q 3 3 6 6 .6 6 .6

4P

D .3 | 6 6 6 | 5 6 5 | 3 3 5 | .6 || .3 | 6 6 6 | 5 5 | 3 3 | .3 ||

2Q , , , , , , , ,

4P 1

A .6 | 3 3 1 | 2 4 2 | 3 3 1 | || .6 | 3 3 1 | 2 3 | 7 | .6 ||

2Q , , , , , .6 , ,

Oh, turn, sinner, turn, may the Lord help you turn;  
Oh, turn, sinner, turn, why will you die?

4P

B | 1 1 | 1 | | || | 1 1 | | | ||

2Q .6 6 , , 5 , 7 6 3 3 .6 .6 6 , , 5 5 3 3 .6  
, , ,

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,  
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;  
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,  
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care  
Cease toward the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of faith is done,  
Partner of my throne shalt be:  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"



6 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is still so faint:  
Yet I love thee and adore:  
O, for grace to love thee more!

## 234. O, THERE'S REST FOR THE WEARY

8s, 7s, 8s, 5s. L. WATSON.

		P		P		REP. WITH THE CHORUS.			
3G	♩	P	11	223	21	32	1- 11	11	1
A	13	5-556	53	''	''	''	'' 7''	6556	
2Q	''	'' '' '' ''	''				'' '' '' ''		
It is o'er the rolling Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, O, there's rest at home.									
3G	♩	P		P					
B	11	3-134	21	55	555	41	22	1- 11	1
2Q	''	'' '' '' ''	'' ''	'' ''	'' ''	'' ''	'' 5''	4434	55
							'' '' '' ''		

O, there's rest for the weary. There is rest for the weary,  
O, there's rest for the weary, O, there's rest a home.

2 By the streams of living waters,  
Where the golden streets are shining,  
By the burning throne of glory,  
O, there's rest at home.

3 There the crowns are unfading,  
We will gain them if we're faithful,  
On the green fields of Eden,  
O, there's rest at home.

4 Dear friends are gone before us,  
I hear them singing glory,  
They are shouting hallelujah,  
O, there's rest at home.

5 When the warfare it is ended,  
In this vale of sin and sorrow,  
For the weary worn pilgrim,  
O, there's rest at home.

6 On the other side of Jordan,  
Where the streams of life are flowing,  
Where the tree of life is growing,  
O, there's rest at home.



## 235. SILVER STREET. S. M. SMITH.

1G .1 .1- 1 .2 1 P .1 1 .1  
 D .55-7 | .7 | || .7 | 6 7 6 | .7 || | .5.5 | .5- | 645 |  
 4Q ' , ,

Now let our voices join To form a sacred song;  
 Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's

1G .1 .1- 3 .2 1 P .1.3 .1- 1  
 A 5-5 | .3.5 | || .5 | 65s4 | .5 || .5 | | 5 | 6567 |  
 4Q ' , ,

2 How straight the path appears, How open and how fair;  
 No lurking snares are in the

1G .1 P  
 B .13-5 | .5 | .1- || 1 | .3 | .1 .2 | || .1 | .1.1 | .1-1 | 4321 |  
 4Q ' .7 .5

3 But flowers of paradise, In rich profusion spring;  
 The sun of glory gilds

1G 1 1211 .1 :1 2531  
 D .5- || | .7 | || :R | :R | | :R | :R |  
 4Q

ways; Hallelujah!

1G -14 .3.2 :1 .1 2-1 .1-  
 A .7- || 5 | 67 | | || 5-4 | .4.3 | 2531 | .6 ' | .7 |  
 4Q ' ,

With music pass along, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord,

1G  
 B .5- || 3 | 4234 | .5 | :1 || :R | :R | 2531 | :R | :R |  
 4Q .5

way, No fierce destroyer there, Praise ye, &c.  
 the path, And sweet companions sing, Praise ye, &c.

1G 2 1 2 1 2 3 3 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 .1 :1  
 D 6 7 5 | | ' ' | | 7- 7 | ||  
 4Q ,

Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

1G 2 3 2 3 2 1 1 1 4 .3 2- 2 :1  
 A 6 7 5 | | 7 5 | 6 7 | | ' | ||

4Q  
 1G 2 1 1  
 B 6 7 5 | 7 7 | 6 s5 6 3 | 4 2 3 4 | .5 5- 5 | :1 ||  
 4Q ,



4 See Salem's golden spires  
In beauteous prospect rise;  
And brighter crowns than mortals  
wear,  
Sparkle through all the skies.

5 Our Father's glorious house!  
Home of the good! how near;  
Its bright foundations, jasper  
walls,  
And pearly gates appear.

6 With him at our right hand,  
Our hearts shall never fail;  
By him supported we shall stand,  
And over all prevail.

7 All honor to his name,  
Who marks the shining way;  
To him who leads the wanderers  
on  
To realms of endless day.

# 236. O, THERE WILL BE MOURNING.

4G  
A 1 | .1 3 .3 5 | .5 4 .2 || 2 | .2 2 .2 3 | .4 3 .2 || 1 | .1 3 .3 5 |

6C  
The judgment day is rolling on, The judgment day is rolling on,  
The judgment day is

4G  
B 1 | .1 1 .1 1 | || 1 | 1 || 1 | .1 1 .1 1 |  
6C .5 6 .5 5 .5 5 .7 .6 .5

4G  
A .5 4- 6 || 5 4 | .3 3 2 1 2 | .1- .R- || .5- 3 4 5 | .6- .5- |

6C  
rolling on, As fast as time can move. O, there will be mourning,

4G  
B || 3 4 | .5 5 .5 5 .1- | .R- || .1- 1 1 | .1- |  
6C .5 6 .4 3 4 .5 5 .5 5 .1- 6 .4-

4G  
A .4 4 2- 3 5 | .6- .5- || .5- 3 4 5 | .6- .5 5 4 | .3 3 2 1 2 | .1- ||

6C  
mourning, mourning, mourning, O, there will be mourning  
At the judgment seat of Christ.

4G  
B || .1- 1 1 1 | .1 | ||  
6C .6 6 .5 5 .4- .5- .4- 3 4 .5 5 .5 5 .1-  
,,



- 2 This congregation there may part,  
There wives and husbands soon may part,  
There friends and neighbors soon may part,  
May part to meet no more.
- 3 Parents and children there may part,  
Brothers and sisters there may part,  
Preachers and people there may part,  
May part to meet no more.
- 4 The heirs of glory there will meet,  
Saints and angels there will meet,  
Th blood-washed company will meet,  
Will meet to part no more.

237. THE OLD SHIP.

[illegible]

O, glory, hallelujah.  
O, glory, hallelujah.

[illegible]

- 2 Do you think she will be able to take us all home,  
O, glory, hallelujah.  
Yes, I know she will be able, hallelujah.
- 3 Come along, come along, and let us all go home,  
O, glory, hallelujah.  
Our home is over Jordan, hallelujah.



4 A few more rising and setting suns,  
O, glory, hallelujah.

Our troubles will be over, hallelujah.

5 A few more beating winds and rains,  
O, glory, hallelujah.

We'll be lauded safe in heaven, hallelujah.

NOTE.—Each of the above lines are to be repeated.

# 238. I HOPE TO LIVE FOREVER.

ARRANGED BY L. WATSON.

2G ♯ 1 .1 1 .1 1 2-3 1 2 REP.  
A .R .3 | 5 5 6 | .6 | 5 5 6 | ' " | 6 5 5 ||  
4C , ,

My brethren, I have found A land that doth abound  
With fruit as sweet as manna;  
The more I eat I find The more I am inclined  
To shout and sing hosannah:

2G ♯ 1 REP.  
B .R .1 | 1 1 4 5 | .5 .4 | 3 3 4 5 | .1 1 5 6 | 7 5 3 1 ||  
4C , , , ,

And as I pass along, I'll sing a Christian song, I hope to live forever.

2G 2-3 4 4 3 2 1 3 2 1 1-2 3 3 1 .2 .2 2 2 3 1- REP. 1s.  
A ' | ' ' ' | ' | 6 7 | 5 | 6 | .5 ||  
4C , , , ,

My soul doth long to go Where it shall fully know

2G 1- REP. 1s.  
B .5 6 6 | 5 1 3 5 | 7 6 6 | 5 3 5 .5 | .7 7 | 5 6 5-4 | .1 ||  
4C , , , ,

The glories of my Saviour.

3 Perhaps you think I'm wild,  
Or simple as a child:  
I am a child of glory;  
I am born from above,  
My heart is filled with love,  
I long to tell my story.

4 My brethren, can you say,  
That you are on your way,  
Are on your way to glory?  
I care not for your name,  
Religion is the same—  
A hope that's full of glory.



**239. BY AND BY.** ARRANGED BY L. WATSON.

2G 1 .2 1 .1 1- 2 3 2  
 A 3 4 | 5 5 6 | 6 | .5 5 3 | || ' | 7 6 |

4C ' '  
 Our bondage here shall end, By and by—by and by;  
 Our bondage here shall

2G 1 1 | 1 1 3 5 | .5 1 3 | .2 | .1 || 1- 2 | 3 3 2 4 |  
 4C ' ' 5 5 ,

And bright glory crown the day, By and by—by and by.  
 And bright glory crown the

REP. 1 & 2s.  
 2G .2 1 .1 2 2 2 3 .5 5- 2 3 2 1  
 A 6 | .5 .R || | | ' | 6 5 ||

4C  
 end, By and by ; Our griefs shall vanish then,  
 With our three-score years and ten,

2G REP. 1 & 2s.  
 B .5 | .1 .R || .1 4 4 | 4 5 .5 | 2- 2 2 | 1 ||  
 4C 5 5 7 4 5  
 day, By and by.

2 When our Deliverer comes,  
 By and by—by and by ;  
 From Egypt's yoke set free,  
 We will hail our jubilee,  
 And to Canaan all return,  
 By and by—by and by.

3 Though strong our foes appear,  
 We'll go on—we'll go on :  
 Our hearts shall know no fear,  
 For Israel's God is near :—  
 While the fiery pillar moves,  
 We'll go on—we'll go on.

4 By Marah's bitter streams,  
 We'll go on—we'll go on ;  
 Though Baca's vale be dry,  
 The rock shall yield supply ;—  
 To a land of corn and wine  
 We'll go on—we'll go on.

5 And when to Jordan's flood  
 We are come—we are come ;

Jehovah rules the tide,  
 And the waters will divide,  
 While the ransom'd host shall  
 shout,  
 " We are come—we are come."

6 There friends shall meet again,  
 Who have loved—who have  
 loved ;  
 Our embraces shall be sweet,  
 When we each other greet,  
 At our great Redeemer's feet,  
 Who have loved—who have  
 loved.

7 There with the happy throng  
 We'll rejoice—we'll rejoice :  
 Shouting " glory to our King,"  
 Till the heavenly dome shall ring,  
 And through all eternity  
 We'll rejoice—we'll rejoice.



**240. CANON. L. M.**  
*A Round for Four Voices.*

4TH VOICE.  
There is, &c.

3D VOICE.  
There is, &c.

2D VOICE.  
There is, &c.

1ST VOICE.  
There is, &c.

been, Nor ear hath caught its sound of joy. There is a world we have not seen, That time shall never dare destroy, footsteps hath not

2 There is a region lovelier far,  
Than sages tell, or poets sing,  
Brighter than summer's beauties  
are, [spring.  
And softer than the tints of

3 There is a world, and O, how  
blest!  
Fairer than prophets ever told;  
And never did an angel guest  
One half its blessedness unfold.

4 It is all holy and serene,  
The land of glory and repose:  
And there, to dim the radiant  
scene.  
The tear of sorrow never flows.

5 It is not fanned by summer's  
gale,  
'Tis not refreshed by vernal  
showers,  
It never needs the moonbeams  
pale,  
For there are known no evening  
hours.

6 No: for this world is ever bright  
With a pure radiance all its  
own,  
The streams of uncreated light  
Flow round it from the eternal  
throne.



A FEW LENGTHY PIECES, COMMONLY USED AT CON-  
CERTS AND SINGING SOCIETIES.

**241. MARSEILLES. A FRENCH TUNE.**

6G																								
D	R	3	3-	3		3	3		3-	1	1	1	1-	1		1	2	2	4		.3	R	1	1-
4Q	'	'	'	'		7	7		'	'	'	'	'						7-	'	'	'	'	7

The host of heaven that throne surrounding  
Where everlasting splendors glow, 'Mid lyres with

6G																			
A	R	1 1 2 2				5- 3 1 1 1-				4 4 2-				.1 R 1 1- 2					
4Q	'	5	5-	5						7	6		7						
6G	'	'																	
B	R	1 1- 1				1 1										R			
4Q	'	'	'			5	5	.1	3	3	3-	3	4	2	5	5	.1	'	1 3- 5

2 But ingrate man by sin benighted, Too oft repelled salvation's ray,  
The gentle

6G																				
1)	1	1	1	2-	1	1-	R	1	2	2	2	3-	2	2	1	R	5	5-	5	
4Q				'	'	'	7	7	'	7	7-	'	'				'	'	'	'

ceaseless praise resounding, Beheld the earth involved in woe,  
Beheld the earth

6G	A	3	3	3	4-	3	3-	2	2	R	2	2-	3	4	4	4	5-	4	4	3	R	5	5-	5
4Q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
6G	B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	R	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.1	R	5	5-	5
4Q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

sigh of Calvary slighted, And turned with rebel heart away,  
And turned with



*Continued.*

involved in woe. Deep night with fearful wing lay brooding,  
Nor could lone Sinai's beacon red

6G      B ̣ 5 3 1 ̣ 5 3 1 | R | | 1 R | |

4Q    " " " " .5' 5 5-5 5 5 5 5 1' 1 3-3 4 4 3 2-1  
               " " " "               " " "

Illume the midnight pall that spread,  
Each glimmering ray of hope excluding, When

6G																		
B	R=				R=				R 5									
4Q	.5	5	5--	5	5	5	5	5	.5	5	5--	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
		,		,	,	,	,		,			,	,	,	,			,

16



MARSEILLES. *Continued.*

6G                                                               

D	.55-2F3-1	R-5	.55-2F3-1	R2	.3-3	.5- 5	.414
---	-----------	-----	-----------	----	------	-------	------

4Q    "   "   "   "   .7   "   "   "   "   .7

lo! a Saviour came! The star o'er Bethlehem gleamed;  
And angels tuned their harps of

6G       $\overbrace{.55-2F3-1}$  |  $.2R-5$  |  $\overbrace{.55-2F3-1}$  |  $.2R$  |  $.1-1$  |  $.3-3$  |  $\overbrace{.456}$   
 4Q      " " " "      "      " " " "      5  
 6G       $\overbrace{.55-2F3-1}$  |  $R-5$  |  $\overbrace{.55-2F3-1}$  |  $R$  |  $.1-1$  |  $.1-1$  |  $\overbrace{.634}$   
 4Q      " " " "      .5      " " " "      .5 7      'F7

the blest Spirit came, With power and light divine ;  
Bow, contrite sinner, to his

6G										
D	.2R4	.33-12-4	.3R2	.3-3	.5- 5	.414	.2R4	.33-12-4	.3	
4Q	, , , ,					, , , ,				
joy, To hail a world redeemed. And angels tuned their harps of joy,										
To hail a world redeemed.										
6G										
A	.2R6	.55-34-2	.1R	.1-1	.3- 3	.456	.2R6	.55-34-2	.1	
4Q	, , , ,				5	, , , ,				
6G										
B	R			R	.1-1	.1-1		R		
4Q	.5	4	.5	5-5-5	.1	7	F7	.634	.5	4
	, , , ,						, , , ,			

Bow, contrite sinner, to his sway, And Christ and heaven are thine.



lg 1-            1 2 3        5-4 3-1        1        3 3-3 3 1        (1) (2)

D	7 6-5	R	'	'	6 5	R	'	"	5 6 7	' 6
---	-------	---	---	---	-----	---	---	---	-------	-----

40               '               '

lg 1-23-2 1 1 3-45-4 313 11-113  $\overbrace{21231}$

A	'	'	5	R	'	'	R	'	"	'	'	'	'	5
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

4Q

1 G 1- 1- 1 1-11-1 1 1  $\underbrace{\quad\quad}_1$

B	5	7	5 1 R	'	'	5 R	66-666	767'45
---	---	---	-------	---	---	-----	--------	--------

40 9 9

lg 11-1	$\overbrace{1}$	$\overbrace{13}$	$\overbrace{53}$	55-522	1323	1	1	2	3
D	' "	" 65	' 6'	' "					

4Q

lg 33-335	$\overbrace{4345}$ $\overbrace{31}$	22-225	4321	$\overbrace{12321}^{-2-2}$
A	9 9	9 9 9	9 9	7 9 9 9 9 7 6

14Q

B	'	"	65	4	6	6	55-575	76	5	1	2	2
---	---	---	----	---	---	---	--------	----	---	---	---	---

4Q

1G 2-22 5 3-321 4 2 2 5-53-1 5-52 1-232

D	,	R	,			R	,	,		,	R	,	,
---	---	---	---	--	--	---	---	---	--	---	---	---	---

4Q

lg	3	5-543	$\overbrace{45642}$	2-23-3	2-22	4-432
A	5-55R	,	''''R	,	,	,

4Q , ,

lg	1-121	1-1
B	5-55R5	415R5-555R4-567

40 9 9



HAIL! COLUMBIA. *Continued.*

1G 1<sup>2</sup> 2<sup>3</sup> 3<sup>5</sup> 3      3-3 2-2    1-1 1    3-3 3 1    1    1-1 1 1  
D ' ' ' ' R | ' ' | ' ' R | ' ' | 7' 7 6 5 R | ' '  
4Q                                  ' ' '

1G  $\widehat{34531}$  1-12-2 1-11 1-113  $\widehat{21231}$  3-335  
A ' ' ' ' R ' ' ' ' R ' ' ' ' R ' ' ' ' R ' ' ' ' R ' ' ' ' R ' ' ' ' R

4Q  
for the prize, Let its altar reach the skies. Firm, united let us be,  
Rallying round our

[illegible][illegible]

$\lg \overbrace{4\ 3}^{\quad}\overbrace{4\ 5}^{\quad}3$        $4\ 2-$      $\overbrace{1-2}^{\quad}\overbrace{3-4}^{\quad}\overbrace{5\ 4}^{\quad}$      $\overbrace{3\ 2}^{(2)}\overbrace{3\ 4}^{(2)}3\ 2\ 1$      $1-1.1$

A	'	'	'	'	R	G	G	'	7		'	"	"	"		'	'	'	'	'	7		'				
4Q																					"						

liberty, As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety we shall find.

B	4	5	4	R	2	2	4	5	7	-	6	.5	6	4	5	1-1.1
									,		,					,

2 Immortal Patriots! rise once more!  
 Defend your rights, defend your shore;  
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
 Invade the shrine, where sacred lies,  
 Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize;  
 While offering peace sincere and just,  
 In heaven we place a manly trust,  
 That truth and justice may prevail,  
 And every scheme of bondage fail!  
 Firm, united let us be. &c.







HYMN FOR NEW YEAR. *Continued.*

7G  
 D 1 | R || 112 | 31R | 4321 | 1 || 2 | 1 1 | 1- 1 | 1 |  
 2Q 7 7 " " " " " 7 ' ' 7'7 ' 7

mercy shows—Let mercy crown it till it close.

Let mercy crown it till it

7G  
 A 23 | 2R || 334 | 53R | 6543 | 32 || | 1234 | 54564 | 32-1 |  
 2Q " " " " " 5 " " " " " " "

7G  
 B | R || 111 | 1 R | | || | | | |  
 2Q 51 5 " 1' 4 84 5- 4 3432 1- 4 5 5  
 ' " " " " " " " "

7G  
 D 1-R || | R | .R | .R || 112 | 31 | .R | R- || 5 | 5 |  
 2Q ' 777 7 " " " 7

close. The opening year thy mercy shows,

Let mercy crown it till it close, Let mercy

7G  
 A 1-R || 222 | 2R | .R | .R || 334 | 53 | .R | R- || | 12 |  
 2Q ' " " " " " " 5

7G  
 B R || .R | R | | R || .R | .R | 21 | | || |  
 2Q 1- ' 6 5432 1- ' " 76 5- 4 35  
 " " " " " " " "

7G  
 D 1 1 1 | 1- R | 1 1 | R || 2 | 1 1 | 1- 1 | 1 | .1 ||  
 2Q " " " ' " " " 7'7'7 ' 7

crown it till it close, till it close, Let mercy crown it till it close.

8G  
 A 3 3 3 5 | 4 3 R | 4 3 | 2 R || | 1 2 3 4 | 5 4 5 6 3 | 3 2 | .1 ||  
 2Q " " " " " " 5 " " " " " "

7G  
 B 1 1 | | R | | R || | | | |  
 2Q ' ' 5 5 1- ' 4 1 5 ' 4 3432 1 4 4 5 5 .1  
 ' ' " " " " " " " "



3 When death shall interrupt these songs,  
And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
Our keeper, God, in whom we trust,  
In better worlds our souls shall boast,  
In better worlds our souls shall boast.  
The opening year, &c.

6G										
D	.3.3	.1	.3	.2- 1	22.R	4 5.6	.2 1 2	.3 2 1	.1	.7
4Q	Now we all, with grateful spirits,									
6G										
A	.1.1	.3 1 2 3 4	.5-8 4	5 5.R	6 5 4 3	5 4 3 2	1 2 3 4 3	.3.2		
4Q	,,,,,					,,				
Join to bless the Prince of Peace:										
6G										
B		.1	.1		.R	4 3 2 1	1			
4Q	.1.1			.7- 6	5 5		.7	7	.6- 8 4	:5

6G  
D 3 3 1 | 4 4 2 | 2 2 | 1 3 | 3 2 3 2 3 2 3 | 4 5 5 5 5 |  
4Q 6 7 7 5 3 5 , , , , , , , ,  
Praise him for imparted favors, Praise him for imparted favors,  
6G  
A 5 5 3 1 | 6 6 4 2 | 2 2 | 1 | 5 5 5 5 | 6 5 4 3 2 2 |  
4Q 7 5 3 5 5 , , , ,  
Praise him for imparted favors,  
6G  
B :R | .R .R | 2 2 | 1 | 1 1 1 1 | 4 3 2 1 |  
4Q 7 5 3 5 1 , 7 , 7 , 7 , , , , 7 5



GRATITUDE. *Continued.*

6G	<u>D</u>								<u>1 4 5 6   .5 .4   :3    3-4 3 2 1   1 3 .3  </u>							
4Q	,,,,,,,, ,								,,,,, 7 , ,							
	Love - ly tem - ple															
6G	<u>A</u>								<u>1 1 2 3 2 3 4   5 6 5 4   .3 .2   :1    5-6 5 4 3 2   .1 .1  </u>							
4Q	' 7 ' , , , , , , ,								' , , , , , , ,							
	' Praise him for displays of grace.															
6G	<u>B</u>								<u>1 1 1 2   3 4 3 4   .5   :1    :R  </u>							
4Q	' 5 3 5 ' 7 ' ,								.5 6-7 6 5 4 3 , , , , ,							
	Love - ly															
6G	<u>D</u>								<u>4-5 4 3 2 1   .5 .5   5 5 3 2   1 5 5 5 6   .5 .4   :3   </u>							
4Q	, , , , , , ,								, ,							
	Love - ly tem - ple, When the Saviour's in the place.															
6G	<u>A</u>								<u>6-7 6 5 4 3   .2 .2   3 2 3 4   5 3 6 5 4   .3 .2   :1   </u>							
4Q	, , , , , , ,								, ,							
6G	Lovely temple,															
B	R								<u>1 1  </u>							
4Q	.4 4								5-6 5 4 3 5 7 5 3 1 4 3 4 .5 .5 :1							
	tem - ple, Lovely temple,															

**245.** CHRISTIAN SONG. 8s.

**6P**

D .3- | 3 3 3 3 2 1 2 | .3-.3- | 5 5 5 5 3 6 | .5-||.3- | 3 3 3 3 3 1 |

(                  ’ ’ )  
6S Mine eyes are now closing to rest,

And mouldring lie buried  
**6P**

A .3- | 6 5 6 7 6 | .7-.5- | 5 3 1 2 4 2 | .3-||.3- | 6 6 6 6 3 6 |

(                  ’ ’ )  
6S My body must soon be removed,  
**B**

1 2 3 | .3-.3- | 1 1 1 | || |

**6S**.6- 6 3 6      5 6 7 .3-.6- 6 6 6 6 3 4



CHRISTIAN SONG. *Continued.*

6P	D	.2-.3-	656554	.3-.5-	333433	:3-  .R.3	.111	
6s						2s	.777	
							O, what is this drawing my	
6P	A	.5-.6-	321234	.5-.3-	536'777	:6-  .R.3	.333	.222
6s						2s		
							No more to be envied or loved, No more to be envied or loved :	
6P	B		1 121	.1-.3-	1	.R		
6s		.5- 6-	67'7 '7		66333	:6- 2s.6	.666	.777
6P	D	R3	.333	.554	.3-R	:R	:R	.533    .3-555
2s	.6						6s	
	breath,						O tell me, O tell me, my	
6P	A	.3R6	76	76	.7-R	6	:R	:R    .5-531
2s							6s	
							And stealing my senses away ? O tell me, O tell me,	
6P	B	R3	.333	.1	R	:R	.31	:R    .1-
2s	.6			66	.3-	6	6s	55
6P	D	333.3-	.3-333	433.3-	.R	.R	.R	R-    ' 555
6s					2Q			' '
								The regions of
6P	A	222.5-	.3-666	555.6-	.R	.R	.R	R-    5 ' '
6s					2Q			'
								Releasing me kindly from clay ?
								Now, mounting, my soul shall descry
6P	B	.1-		333	R-1	131	5'6	5-    5 111
6s	555	.6-666		.6-	2Q	'	' '	' '



CHRISTIAN SONG. *Continued.*

2G	1		111	22	3-21	12	1-	1	531	212	.3
D	5'6	5-5	''	7''	' '' 7''''		'		''	''	
2Q											
pleasure and love; My spirit triumphant shall fly, And dwell with my Saviour above.											
2G	131	2-2	333	222	3-23235	5-	5	313	21	.1	
A	''	'	''	''	' ''''''''''		'		''	7	
2Q											
2G					1-		1-	1	1		
R	131	5-5	666	555	' 76767		'		34	555	.1
2Q	''	'	''	''	''''''''''				''	''	

2 O happy, thrice happy exchange,  
My Saviour, with eyes full of love,  
Now beck'ning me, soon I shall range  
The fields of bright glory above.  
O break off these fetters of clay;  
I long to be freed from my load;  
O Jesus, I mourn thy delay,  
Impatient to be with my God:  
Each moment seems ling'ring and slow,  
While far from my home I must stay;  
I long for the pleasures that flow  
Unceasing, in regions of day.

3 No more to be tempted by sin,  
No longer by Satan be vexed,  
My conscience is peaceful within,  
And is by no passion perplexed.  
Lo! speedily wafted on wings,  
This world in a moment I leave—  
"O death, where now is thy sting?  
And where is thy victory, grave?"  
Now, mounting, my soul shall descry  
The regions of pleasure and love;  
My spirit triumphant shall fly,  
And dwell with my Saviour above.



[illegible][illegible][illegible]

2G									
D 3	3333	3333	4-346	7-  3	3546	3-631	11	1-	
2Q	9 9 9 9	9 9 9 9	9 9 9 9	9	9 9 9 9	9 9 9 9	7-9 9 9	9	

2G	1	1	1	2-1	13	1	1		
A	5	'555	'555	6-56'	'	'6'	5-''53	2-132	1-
2G	'	'''	'''	''''		'	'	''	''''

	2G								
B	1	1111	1111	4-141	5-  1	1111	1-111		1-
2Q	,	, , , ,	, , , ,	, , , ,	,	, , , ,	, , , ,	5-555	, , , ,

[illegible]

2G				1		(				2 1	(	12-3	1-
A	1	3-4	53	6-7	'6	53	21	32		1	3-4	53	6-7''''76 5'''
20	?	?	''''	?	''	?	''''	?'	?	?	''''	?	''( ''''

2G															
B	1	1-111	4-444	11			1	1-111	4-455	5	5	5-	5	1-	
2Q	,	,	,","	,	,","	,	,","	55	5-	,	,	,","	,	,","	,



AURORA. *Continued.*

2G	D	3	3333	3333	4-346	7-  3	3546	3-631	11	1-
2Q	'		''''	''''	' ''''	' ''''	' ''''	' ''''	7-'''7	
O, countless are the blessings which Thy bounteous hand hath given And therefore do I bless thy name, God of earth and heaven.										
2G	1		1		1	2-1	13	1	1	
A	5	'	555	'	555	6-56'	'	' '6'	5-''53	2-132   1-
2Q	'		'''		'''	' '''		' ''	' '''	
2G	B	1	1111	1111	4-141	5-  1	1111	1-111		1-
2Q	'		''''	''''	' ''''		''''	' ''''	5-555	' ''''

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 How beautiful around my steps,<br/>The flowery world doth lie!<br/>How gloriously thy hand hath<br/>placed<br/>The lights along the sky!<br/>The very birds that throng the<br/>woods<br/>Look up adoringly,<br/>And breathe from out their little<br/>breasts,<br/>A song of love to thee.<br/>I, too, would lift my voice on<br/>high,<br/>And bless thy gracious care:<br/>O, look in mercy down, and send<br/>An answer to my prayer:<br/>Still smile upon me with thy love,<br/>Still add me with thy grace;<br/>And may my heart on thee be<br/>fixed,<br/>In every time and place.</p> | <p>3 And let the names that I would<br/>waft<br/>Above the solemn skies,<br/>The dearest to my soul on earth,<br/>Be precious in thine eyes.<br/>O, keep thine arm around them<br/>still,<br/>In love, where'er they go;<br/>And let thy spirit light their way,<br/>While wandering here below:<br/>And when at last they reach the<br/>shores,<br/>Of time's uneven seas,<br/>O, take them safely home to<br/>heaven,<br/>And glory and to thee,<br/>Where, in that brighter, holier<br/>sphere,<br/>Thy ransomed ones enjoy<br/>Serenest peace, divinest love,<br/>And bliss without alloy.</p> |
|--|--|



247. EASTER ANTHEM.

6G

D	R	.R	.R	.R	3 4 5 4 3 2	2 2	R 3	1- 12
---	---	----	----	----	-------------	-----	-----	-------

2Q

Halle - lujah, The Lord is

6G

A	R	.R	.R	.R	5 4 3 6 5 4	5 5	R 1	3-2 3 4
---	---	----	----	----	-------------	-----	-----	---------

2Q

The Lord is risen indeed,

7G

B	1	1- 12	3-2 1	1- 2	.R	.R
---	---	-------	-------	------	----	----

2Q

6G	( )	( )
D	1-234   .3   4321   .1    .R   .R   .R   .R   .R   .R	
2Q	' '''' '''' .7	
	risen indeed,	Halle - le - jah,
6G	( )	( )
A	3-456   .5   6543   .2   .1    .R   .R   .R   .R   .R   .R	
2Q	' '''' ''''	
	Now is Christ risen from the dead, And become the first fruits of	
6G		
B	.R   .R          ( )     1 12	
2Q	4= 4 .5 .1 1-234 .5 '7'' 54-4 34 564	
	' '''' ''''	

[illegible]



EASTER ANTHEM. *Continued.*

6G  
D .R | 11 | .1 || .R | .R | 534 | .5 | 314 | .3 | .3 |  
2Q .7 " " "

And did he rise?  
And did he rise? And did, &c.

6G  
A 32 | 343 | .2 | .1 || .R | 534 | .5 | .R | 534 | .5 | .5 |  
2Q " " " "

lujah, Hallelujah, And did he rise? And did, &c.

6G  
B | 1 | | | || .1 | .1 | | .1 | .1 | .1 |  
2Q 15 4 5 .1 535 535  
" "

6G  
D R33 | .4 | 31-3 | 23 | 5352 | .2 | R3 | 56 | 5R | .R | .R | .R |  
2Q " " " " " " " "

Did he rise? Hear it ye nations, hear it, O ye dead, He rose, he rose,

6G  
A R55 | .6 | 53-4 | 55 | 56584 | .5 | .R | .R | R3 | 56 | 5- 5 | 6543 |  
2Q " " " " " " " "

He rose, he rose, he rose, he rose, He burst the bars of

6G  
B R11 | | 11-1 | 1 | 12 | | R1 | | 11 | 34 | 3-211 | 4321 |  
2Q " .4 " " 5 7 " 2 .5 54 " " " " " "

6G  
D R-3 | 4321 | 2-2 | 3232 | 21 | 1 1 | | .1 || 3-R | 1-R |  
2Q " " " " " " " 7-7 " "

He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death.  
And triumphed o'er the grave.

6G  
A 4-R | .R | R-5 | 5434 | 54 | 343 | 2-2 | .1 || 1-R | 3-R |  
2Q " " " " " " " " " "

death, Then, then,

6G  
B 2-1 | 21 | | 1 12 | | 1 | | | R | 1-R |  
2Q " " 76 5-5 7 " 56 4 5-5 .1 1- " "



6G										
1D	.R	.R	3-4 5 6	.5	.R	.R	3 2	.2	1 1 1	
2Q			' ' ' '						' '	
	Then I rose,									
6G										
A	3-4 5 6	.5	.R	.R	3-4 5 6	.5	6 5 4	.5	3 3 3	
2Q	' ' ' '				' ' ' '		' '		' '	
	Then I rose,					Then I rose, then I rose, Then first hu-				
6G										
B	1-	.1	1-	.1	1-2 3 4	.3	1 2		1 1 1	
2Q	4		4		' ' ' '			5	' '	

67							
D	1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1	1 1 1 4	3- 4 5 5	5- 4 3 1	1	1- 5
2q	, , , ,	, , , ,	, , , ,	, , , ,	, , , ,		7 ,
	And						
6G							
A	3 3 3 3	3 3 3 3	3 4 3 2	3- 2	3- 4 5 3	4 3 2	3- 2
2q	, , , ,	, , , ,	, , , ,	, ,	, , , ,	, ,	, ,
	manity triumphant passed the crystal ports of light,						
	And seized eternal youth,						
6G							
B	1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1	1 1 1	1-	1- 1		1-
2q	, , , ,	, , , ,	, , , ,	7	5	, 4 5	5

6G											1-											1	
D	5	4	3	1	1			.1		.5	5	5	5	5	6-R	R	5	5	5	'	7	6	5
2Q	'	'	'	'	7						'	'	'	'		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
seized eternal youth.													Heaven all lavish with strange										
6G																							
A	3	4	5	3	4	3	2	.1		.R			.R			.R			.R			.R	
2Q	'	'	'	'	'	'																	
													Man all immortal, hail! hail!										
6G																							
B	1-	1								.1	1	1	1	1	R	1-R	1	1			1		
2Q		'	4	5	.1						'	'	'	'	4-	'		'	7	6	5	8	



EASTER ANTHEM. *Continued.*

6G										
D	G-G	.5	.R	.R	.R	.R	31-3	21	5-554	.3
2Q						" "	" " " "			
<div> <div>gifts to man.</div> <div>Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss</div> </div>										
6G										
A	.R	.R	53-4	54	3-422	1-23R	53-4	54	3-422	.1
2Q			" "	" " " "		" " " "	" "	" " " "		
6G										
<div> <div>Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss,</div> </div>										
B			11-2	32	1-1	1- R	11-1			
2Q	4-4	.4	" "	" "55		"	" "	56	5-555	.1
			" "				" " " "			

248. SPRING. 4 8s & 2 7s.

[illegible]



SPRING. *Continued.*

17



**249. GOSPEL TRUMPET.** 5 8s & 1 4s.

6G

1)	.32-2	1-211	.1	:1	.355	.5.5	4-243	.5.R	.555
40	,	,	.7				,		

1 Hark, how the gospel trumpet sounds,  
Through all the earth the echo bounds, And Jesus

6G									
A	.12-	1-234	.3.2	:1	.355	.4.3	2-1 1	.2.R	.355
4C	7	,					7		

2 Hail! all victorious conquering Lord ;  
Be thou by all thy works adored : Who under

6G

B	.1		1			.133	.2.1			.R    .133
40	5-5	6-7	4	.5.5	:1			4-321	.5	

D	5	5	5	5		5		12	11		13	44		.4		.3		11	14	3		22	2				.1		:1	
40						"											"								7				.7	

by redeeming blood, Is bringing sinners back to God ;  
And guides them safely by his word, To endless day.

A	54344		4  3233		3522		.2  .1		33321		444  54		.3.2		:1
40	" "		" "						" "		" "				

took for sinful man, And brought salvation through thy name,  
That we with **thee** might ever reign, In endless day.

6G

B	3	2	1	2
2		1	1	1
1	1	1	1	1
	.1	1	1	1
1	1	1	1	1

4C    "         "                  55   .5                                  555   5         :1

3 Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on!  
And when the conquest you have won,  
Then palms of victory you shall bear,  
And in his kingdom have a share,  
And crowns of glory ever wear,  
In endless day.

4 There we shall in full chorus join,  
And saints and angels all combine,  
To sing of his redeeming love,  
When rolling years shall cease to move:  
And this shall be our theme above,  
In endless day.



**BOLD, ENERGETIC.**

O say can you see by the truth's holy light,  
What the fathers once hailed in the world's early being,  
When for sin, o'er our race, hung the mantle of night,  
What God for our weal was in mercy decreeing.

11G 33 334 .543  $\overline{223}$   $\overline{.444}$  3-21 1

The banner unfurled which shall conquer the world,  
When sin shall be vanquished, to darkness be hurled,

CHORUS.

G 111      234321    1      1-234    .5- 531    3-42    .1

CHORUS.

O the cross is that banner—and long may it wave,  
Till Jesus lead captive both death and the grave.

3Q                 ’ ’                 ’’                 ’                 ’

Ig    111   111   2                          1- 12   .3- 311   1-2   .1

D 7 |                 |                 |                 6   6 | .5 7 7 |                 7’’ |                 |                 |                 ’7 | ||

39      "      "      "      "      "



2 'Twas but dimly perceived through the darkness that reigned,  
 And man seemed enchanted in slumbers reposing:  
 But the prophets their message of mercy proclaimed,  
 The banner of peace though obscurely disclosing:  
 Oft it seemed to unfold o'er the clouds as they rolled,  
 And the day brightly dawned, by the prophets foretold:  
 When the blood-stained banner in triumph shall wave,  
 O'er the earth and o'er sea, over death and the grave.

3 Now where is the foe that so vauntingly swore  
 By the gods whom he worshiped, that darkness should rule us;  
 No home should await us where angels adore,  
 But death and the grave should together control us?  
 He has trembled with fear, and will flee in despair,  
 Like the lion the archers have chased to his lair;  
 And our banner in triumph continues to wave,  
 And triumph it must over death and the grave.

4 Thus will it be ever while Christians shall stand  
 Near the cross, and remember their high destination;  
 Blessed with victory and peace, this invincible band,  
 Shall shout when the Lord has renewed all creation!  
 For conquer they must, as their cause is most just,  
 And this is their motto, "*In God is our trust.*"  
 O their banner in glory, in triumph shall wave,  
 When lost in the power of death and the grave. C. Cook.

## 251. PRAISE YE THE LORD, ALL YE NATIONS

BY MISS L. J. NEELY.

6G												
D	1	:3	32.3	.R-3	:1	1 .1	.R-3	:2	22.2	.R.6	5435	
4Q	7											
O, praise the Lord, O, praise the Lord, O, praise the Lord,												
O, praise the												
6G												
A	:1	1 .1	.R-1	:3	32.3	.R-1	:5	584.5	.R.4	3213		
4Q 5	7											
6G												
B			.R-1	:1	1 .1	.R-1	:2	2	.R.1	.1-1		
4Q 1	:1	15.1	5				2.5					



PRAISE YE THE LORD. *Continued.*

6G  
D :5 || 333R | 345-4 | 3R11 | 1R12 | 3-21R | 2-1 | 5-4.3 |  
4Q , , , .7 ,  
Lord, Praise the Lord, all ye nations, Praise the Lord, all ye nations,  
Praise him, praise him

6G  
A :2 || 111R | 123-2 | 1R33 | 3R34 | 5-43R | 4-3.2 | 3-2.1 |  
4Q , , , ,  
6G  
B || R | .1 | 1R11 | 1R11 | .1 1 R | :R | .1 .1 |  
4Q :5 111 1 5

6G  
D .2-4 | .33 || 12 | .343 | 32R 1 | .232 | 21R33 | .321 | .455 |  
4Q , , , , , , , ,  
all ye people, for his merciful kindness is

6G  
A .5- | .11 || 34 | .565 | 54R23 | .454 | 43R55 | .543 | .654 |  
4Q 7 , , , , , , , ,  
For his merciful kindness, for his merciful kindness,

6G  
B || R | :R | :R | :R | .R-11 | .123 | .432 |  
4Q .5-5 .11 , ,

6G P P  
D .5-4 | 33 || 12 | .332 | .1.1 | :2 | .2 22 | 22.3 | .654 | .33R |  
4Q  
great unto us and the truth of the Lord endureth forever,  
endureth forever.

6G P P  
A .3-2 | 11 || 32 | .112 | .334 | :5 | .5s44 | 55.1 | .432 | .11R |  
4Q  
6G P P  
B .1- | || 1 | | .1.1 | | 1 2 | .1 | | R |  
4Q 5 11 5 .335 5675 76 55 .455 .11



PRAISE YE THE LORD. *Continued.*

16G  
 D .41-4 | .43R | .22-2 | .21R | .31-2 | :3 | :6 | :5 | .4--3 | :3 ||  
 4Q ' , , , ,  
 Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord,  
 6G  
 A .66-6 | .65R | .44-4 | .43R | .53-4 | :5 | :4 | :3 | .2--1 | :1 ||  
 4Q ' , , , ,  
 Praise ye the Lord.  
 6G  
 B :R | :R | :R | :R | .11- | :1 | | | | | ||  
 4Q 5 :4 :5 .5--1 :1 ,

251. C. M. TUNE—*Wesley.*

MY God, I know. I feel thee mine,  
 And will not quit my claim,  
 Till all I have is lost in thine,  
 And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,  
 And will not let thee go,  
 Till steadfastly by faith I stand,  
 And all thy goodness know.

## 252. WESLEY. C. M.

1P 3 3 2 1 1- 1 3 2 1 3  
 D :6 | ' ' 6 | 7 7 6 5 3 | 7 | ' 7 . 6 || :R | :R | .R- |  
 4C ' ' , ,  
 And  
 1P 1 2 2 1 2 3-2 3 1 3 3 4 5  
 A :3 | 6 7 6 5 7 ' | ' ' 7 | ' 7 | 6 6 . 6 || :R | .R- | ' ' |  
 4C ' ' ,  
 And spend, &c ,  
 I love to steal a while away, From every cumbering care;  
 And spend the hour of setting day, And  
 1P 1 1 1 1  
 B | 3 3 3 1 | 2 5 5 5 | 6-5 3 3 1 | 2 3 || .R. 3 | 6 6 6 6 |  
 4C 6 6 ' ' ' ' .6



1P 5521 1 —13 2221 1- 13 21

1) ' ' 7 | 6 6 6 | .5- 3 | 6-7 | ' ' 7 | 7 | ' 7.6 ||

4C spend, &c, , ,

In hum, In humble grateful prayer, In humble grateful prayer.

1P 2221 11123 ( ) 1-—1 2-1 12 3-23

A ' ' 7 | ' ' | 77765 | 76 | ' 7 ' | ' 7 | 6 6 .6 ||

4C ' ' , ,

spend, &c. And spend In hum, In hum, In humble grateful prayer.

In hum, In humble grateful prayer, In humble grateful prayer.

1P ( ) 1 ( ) ( )

B 5555 | 6 6 6 6 | .3- 3 | 6-56 | 5555 | 6-5331 | 2 3 ||

4C , , , .6

- 2 I love to turn the sacred page,  
And read its truths sublime,  
How God, the same in ev'ry age,  
Shall guide through all life's troubled stage;  
And guard in ev'ry clime.
- 3 I love to think that when this clay  
Shall lie in silent rest;  
My spirit free shall soar away,  
To those bright realms of endless day,  
And be forever bless'd.
- 4 And O, the thought that I shall see  
My Saviour join the throng,  
While I from all my sorrows free,  
A ransom'd spirit then shall be,  
And join Emanuel's song.

[illegible]



- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth ;  
While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What, though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amid the radiant orbs be found ;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
Forever singing as they shine,  
The Hand that made us is divine.



## 254. MORNING LIGHT. S. W. LEONARD.

4G												
A	3-4	56	532	11	134	55	6s1	5	34	55	532	11
2s	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "

When the morning light Drives away the night,  
 With the sun so bright and full, My prayers being said, My lessons

4G												
B	1-	11	1		11	11	3 1	2	1	11	1	
2s	" 7	55	55	" 7	" 7	" 7	" 7	" 7	" 7	" 7	" 7	" 7
	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"

4G												
A	134	5	32	1	34	5567	34	5567	"	"	"	"
2s	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "
	well read, I'll away to the Sabbath school. For 'tis there we all agree, All with happy hearts and free, And I love to early											
4G												
B	112	33	5	1	1	1234	51	1234	533	5533		
2s	" "	5	" 7	" 7	" 7	" 7	" 7	" 7	" 7	" 7	" 7	" 7
			"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"

4G												
A	7635	6s1	5	34	5-6	534	5-6	567	"	"	"	"
2s	" " " "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "
	be At the Sabbath School. I'll away, away! I'll away, away! I'll away to the Sabbath School,											
4G												
B	4321	3 1	2	12	3-2	112	3-2	132	1		1	
2s	" " " "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	65	55	" "	" "
									" "	" "	" "	" "

2 On the frosty dawn  
 Of a winter's morn, [snow:  
 When the earth is wrapped in  
 Or the summer breeze  
 Plays around the trees,  
 To the Sabbath School I go.  
 When the holy day has come,  
 And the Sabbath-breakers roam,  
 I delight to leave my home,  
 For the Sabbath School.

3 In the class I meet  
 With the friends I greet,  
 At the time of morning prayer;  
 And our hearts we raise  
 In a hymn of praise,  
 For 'tis always pleasant there.  
 In the book of holy truth,  
 Full of counsel and reproof,  
 We behold the guide of youth,  
 At the Sabbath school.



4 May the dews of grace  
Fill the hallowed place,  
And the sunshine never fail,  
While each blooming rose  
Which in memory grows,  
Shall a sweet perfume exhale.

When we mingle here no more,  
But have met on Canaan's  
shore,  
We will talk of moments o'er,  
At the Sabbath School.

**255. CLARINGTON. 8s.**

6G	6											REP.				
1)	.3-	3	5	5	6	5	5	.5-	.5-	3	5	5	6	5	5	.3-

6C  
Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine, The joy and desire of my heart,  
For closer communion I pine; I long to reside where thou art,  
6C 6 REP.

A	.1-	1 1	.3-	.3-	1 2 1	.1-
---	-----	-----	-----	-----	-------	-----

60 6 5 5 6 6 5 6

6G § REP.

B		.1-	.1-	
---	--	-----	-----	--

6c .1- 1 1 1 3 5 5 5 5 5 3 5 5 .1-

Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,  
And screened from the heat of the day,

16G REP. 1s.

D .3- | 3 2 1 5 5 5 | .5- .3- | 3 2 1 5 5 5 | .3- ||

6C

The pasture I languish to find, Where all, who their Saviour obey.

6G REP. 1S.

A	.5-	6	5	3	2	1	1	.3-	.5-	6	5	3	2	1	1	
---	-----	---	---	---	---	---	---	-----	-----	---	---	---	---	---	---	--

60 .6-

6G REP. 1s.

B	.1-	3	2	1		.1-	.1-	3	2	1	
---	-----	---	---	---	--	-----	-----	---	---	---	--

60	5	5	5	5	5	5	.6
----	---	---	---	---	---	---	----

2 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,  
There only, I covet to rest;  
To lie at the foot of the rock,  
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:  
'Tis there I would always abide,  
And never a moment depart,—  
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,  
Eternally held in thy heart.



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