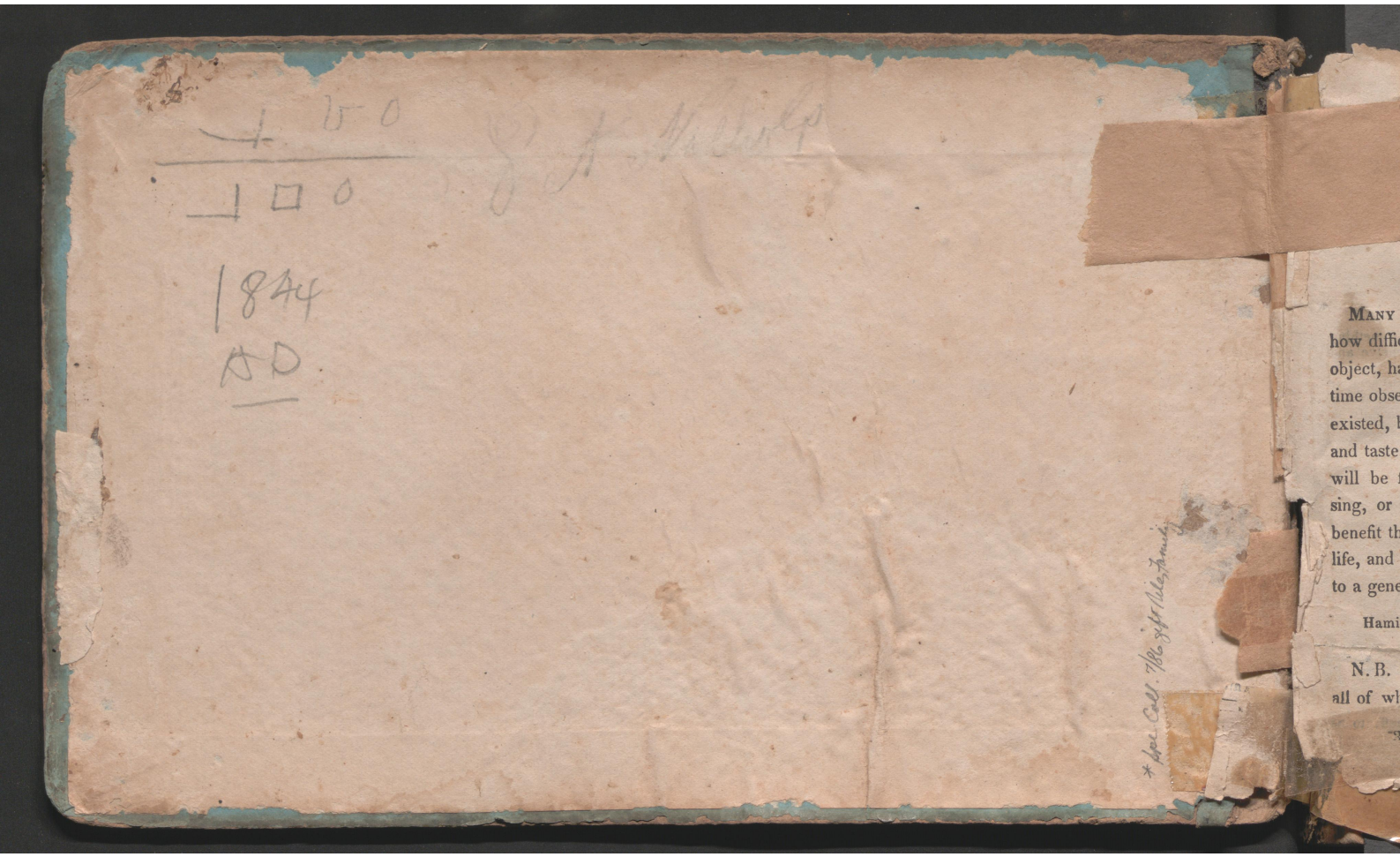

1844

PREFACE TO THE SACRED HARP.

MANY efforts nav been madeo please the public with a collection of Sacred Music; and none but those who make the effort, know how difficult it is to complish ths task. The Compiler of this work has spared no labour or pains in trying to accomplish this desirable object, having taught usic for thelast twenty years, and being necessarily thrown among churches of various denominations, and all the time observing their was in that c a variety of church music, has in this work endeavoured to supply that deficiency which heretofore existed, by placing all th church mic within his reach, in one book. That such a compilation is needed, no person of piety, observation, and taste, will deny. Whe the chuches may be supplied from this work, others have not been forgotten or neglected; a great variety will be found suited to singing-schols, private societies, and family circles; in fact, the Sacred Harp is designed for all classes who sing, or desire to sing. The Compiler has not aimed at greatness or self-aggrandizement, but has desired, in his humble position, to benefit the public in general: and therfore has set out this work in a plain, easy, and familiar style; and having passed the meridian of life, and entirely withdrawn om the usiness of teaching, is disposed to leave this work as a specimen of his taste, and recommend it to a generous public, praying od that i may answer in full the purposes intended.

B. F. WHITE.

Hamilton, Harris Co., Georgia. pril, 18

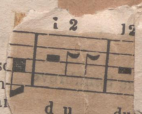
N. B. The Harp is a selection m the minent authors now extant; together with nearly one hundred pieces all of which have been harmoni nd ang under our immediate inspection expressly for

INTRODUCTION.

A Singing school, to learn and practise Sacred Music, should be a solemn place—a place of prayer: for it is as solemn a business to learn to sing the praises of God as it is to learn the word of God. A singing-school should be of the same character as a Sabbath-school or a Bible class; it is, in part, of the same class of schools, and should be conducted with the same solemnities. We think it as much the duty of those who have the ability, to learn to sing the praises of God as it is to learn his word; and no parents or guardians, therefore, should consider their religious education, nor that of their children, complete, without a knowledge of sacred music; nor think they are at liberty to sit silent in the sanctuary, to sing or not, as they please. The gift of a talent to sing, implies an obligation to improve it, and not to offer unto the Lord the halt and lame, but to cultivate the voice that they may sing to edification, and not to be an annoyance to every one near them. Sacred music, when sung in a proper style, will generally produce a religious effect in a greater or less degree. We have had the pleasure of seeing, at public rehearsals of sacred music, very deep and strong religious impressions [illegible]de, not on[illegible]pon the singers upon the congregation: and when such [illegible]rds as

"The Lord is in [illegible]is place,
We see his sm[illegible]ng face;
Trembling we [illegible]w adore h[illegible]
Humbly we b[illegible] before h[illegible]

were sung, it seemed that every one pr[illegible]ent felt th[illegible]ower, and felt s[illegible] of the majesty of Jehovah. We hav[illegible]known, [illegible]over, very exten[illegible] general revivals of religion comme[illegible]e, and m[illegible]their first appea[illegible] singing-schools. But who ever kn[illegible] such [illegible]ings follow when [illegible] music was practised in the school, o[illegible]when th[illegible]ect of public rehearsal wa[illegible] display? We think it is time the Cistian p[illegible] were awake to their duty o[illegible] this subject.



OF MUSIC IN GENERAL.

Music consists of a succession of pleasing sounds, with reference to a peculiar internal sense implanted in us by the Great Author of nature. Considered as a science, it teaches us the just disposition of sounds; and as an art, it enables us to express them with facility and advantage. The tones of music differ from sounds in general, because they vary from each other by fixed intervals, and are measured by certain proportions of time. There is, indeed, in good speaking, a regularity to be observed, which has some resemblance to this [illegible]; and to the orator we frequently use the epithet, musical; but the inflections [illegible]he voice in speech are more variable, and slide as it were by insensible de[illegible]ily be limited to rule; whereas the gradations of musical [illegible]d, and are brought to an uniform standard.

[illegible]d Harmony. Melody is the [illegible] of single sounds. Harmony [illegible]e time. Mod[illegible]ion consists [illegible] harmony of various parts. The [illegible]o prin[illegible] and essential qualities of musical sounds are, relative acuteness [illegible] grav[illegible] and proportionate duration. The first property is their relative [illegible]tenes[illegible] gravity. Bodies of unequal size, length, or tension, emit sounds [illegible]ering[illegible]s respect, and are said to be grave or acute. Human voices diffe[illegible]n th[illegible]pect, viz., a man's voice is more grave than a woman's; and w[illegible]n the[illegible]e moves from a grave to an acute sound, it is said to ascend. S[illegible]e m[illegible]s term it high or low, sharp or flat, grave or acute: any of thos[illegible]ns i[illegible]he necessary distinction.

The next property is [illegible]me pr[illegible]onal continuance; and here, without varying the acuteness [illegible] gr[illegible]ne, a difference of movement alone may constitute an imp[illegible]rfect [illegible]music, such for example is the drum where the tones are o[illegible]ly dis[illegible]the celerity with which they succeed each other. The prin[illegible]ipal [illegible]en, of musical sounds, are time and tune; and to the h[illegible]y co[illegible]hese two qualities, is chiefly to be ascribed [illegible]d en[illegible]f musical art.

RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

THE Science of Music is divided into three departments, Melody, Rhythm, and Dynamics, which embrace all the elementary principles of music. MELODY relates to Pitch, and represents sounds as *high* or *low*. RHYTHM relates to Length, and represents notes, rests, etc., as *long* or *short*. DYNAMICS relates to Force, and represents sounds as *soft* or *loud*.

SCALE OF NOTES.

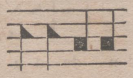
Q. How many marks of sound, or kinds of notes are there used in music?

A. There are six kinds of notes used in music, which differ in time. They are the semibreve, minim, crotchet, quaver, semiquaver, and demisemiquaver.

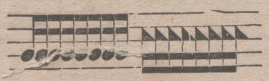
The following scale will show, at one view, the *proportion* one note bears to

is equal in time to

Two Minims,

Four  Crotchets,

Eight Quavers,

Sixteen  Semiquavers,

Demi-semi-quavers.

Q. Explain the preceding scale.

A. The semibreve is now the longest note used; it is white, without a stem, and is the measure note, and guideth all the others.

The minim is but half the length of a semibreve, and has a stem to it.

The crotchet is but half the length of the minim, and has a black head and straight stem.

The quaver is but half the length of the crotchet, has a black head, and one turn to the stem, sometimes one way, and sometimes another.

The semiquaver is but half the length of the quaver, has also a black head and two turns to the stem, which are likewise various.

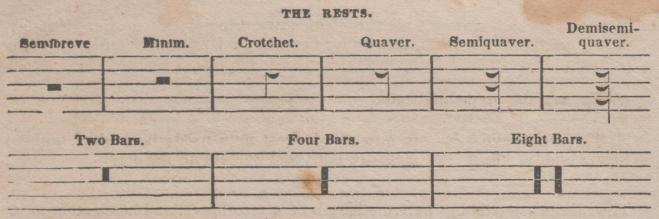
The demisemiquaver is half the length of a semiquaver, has a black head, and three turns to its stem, also variously turned.

NOTE.—These notes are sounded sometimes quicker, and sometimes slower, according to the several moods of time. The notes of themselves always bear the same proportion to each other, whatever the mood of time may be.

Q. What are rests.

A. All rests are marks of silence, which signify that you must keep silent so long a time as it takes to sound the notes they represent.

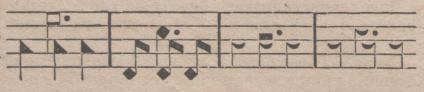
THE RESTS.



Q. Explain the rests.

A. The semibreve, or measure rest, is a black square underneath the third line.
The minim rest is the same mark above the third line.
The crotchet rest is something like an inverted figure seven.
The quaver rest resembles a right figure of seven.
The semiquaver rest resembles the figure seven with an additional mark to the left.
The demisemiquaver rest is like the last described, with a third mark to the left.
The two bar rest is a strong bar reaching only across the third space.
The four bar rest is a strong bar crossing the second and third space and third line.
The eight bar rest is two strong bars like the last described.

A dot set to the right hand of a rest, adds to it half its length, the same as a pointed note, thus:



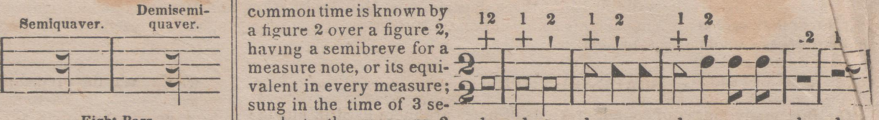
2. MOODS OF TIME.

Q How many moods of time are there used in this work?

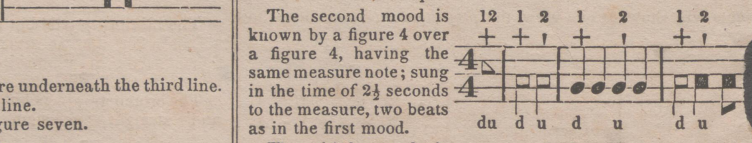
A. Seven; three of common, two of triple, and two of compound. The original first mood of common time and the third of triple have been dispensed with, they being but little used in the present day

3. The first mood of common time is known by a figure 2 over a figure 2, having a semibreve for a measure note, or its equivalent in every measure; sung in the time of 3 seconds to the measure, 2 beats with the hand, one down and the other up.

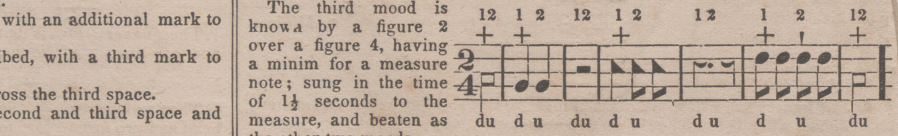
COMMON TIME.



The second mood is known by a figure 4 over a figure 4, having the same measure note; sung in the time of 2½ seconds to the measure, two beats as in the first mood.

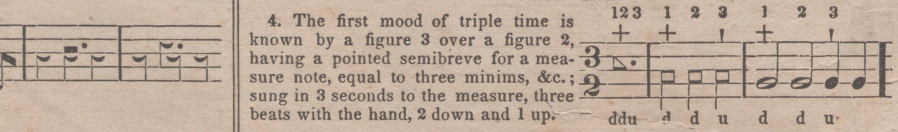


The third mood is known by a figure 2 over a figure 4, having a minim for a measure note; sung in the time of 1½ seconds to the measure, and beaten as the other two moods.

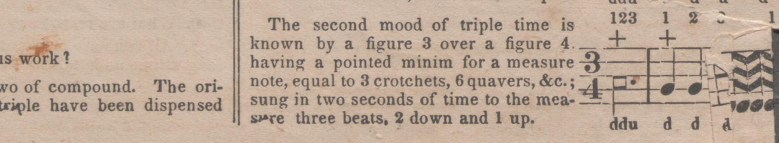


TRIPLE TIME.

4. The first mood of triple time is known by a figure 3 over a figure 2, having a pointed semibreve for a measure note, equal to three minims, &c.; sung in 3 seconds to the measure, three beats with the hand, 2 down and 1 up.

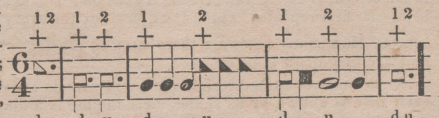


The second mood of triple time is known by a figure 3 over a figure 4, having a pointed minim for a measure note, equal to 3 crotchets, 6 quavers, &c.; sung in two seconds of time to the measure three beats, 2 down and 1 up.

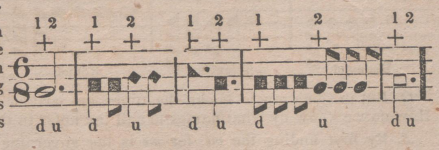


COMPOUND TIME.

5. The first mood of compound time is known by a figure 6 over a figure 4, having a pointed semibreve for a measure note; sung in the time of 2½ seconds to the measure, two beats with the hand, one down and the other up.



The second mood of compound time is known by a figure 6 over a figure 8, having a pointed minim for a measure note; sung in the time of 1½ seconds to the measure, two beats as in the first mood.



Q. What do the figures over the measure, and the letters *d* and *u* under it, in the above examples of time, mean?

A. The figures show how many beats there are in each measure, and the letter *d* shows when the hand must go down, and the *u* when up.

Q. What *general* rule is there for beating time?

A. That the hand fall at the beginning, and rise at the end of each measure, in all moods of time.

OF THE SEVERAL MOODS OF TIME.

6. Q. Why are the first three moods called common time moods?

A. Because they are measured by even numbers, as 2, 4, &c.

Q. Why are the next two called triple moods?

A. Because they are measured by odd numbers, as 3, &c

Q. Why are the remaining two called compound moods?

A. Because they are compounded of common and triple time; of common time as the measure is divided equal; of triple time as each half of the measure is threefold, having three crotchets, three quavers, or their proportion to

OF ACCENT.

MARKS OF ACCENT. +, full accent. ', half accent.

7. Accent is a stress of voice or emphasis on one part of a sentence, strain, or measure, more than another. In the two first moods of common time, the full accent is placed on the first part, and half accent on the third part of each measure. (*N. B.* Each measure admits of a division into four parts.) In the third mood of common time the measure is generally divided into two parts, and the accent is on the first part; if divided into four parts, it may be accented as the two first moods.

Triple time is divided into three parts to each measure, and the accent is on the first and third parts.

Compound time is divided into six parts, and the accent is on the first and fourth parts. In all cases of accents, the first in the measure is full, and the second, partial. The figures which are used to express the time of the several moods, are to be used single; the under figures are aliquot parts of the semibreve, and the upper figures showing the number of such parts in a measure, to wit: $\frac{2}{2}$ means two minims in a measure; $\frac{4}{4}$ means four crotchets in a measure; $\frac{2}{4}$, two crotchets, &c. In a word, the under figure shows into how many parts the semibreve is divided, and the upper figure shows the number of such parts in a measure; and so of all the movements of time that may be expressed by figures.

OF MUSIC.

8. Q. What is music?

A. Music is a succession of pleasing sounds.

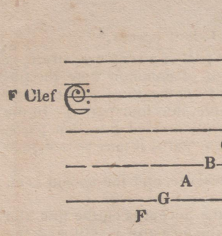
Q. On what is music written?

A. On five parallel lines including the spaces between them, which is called a stave; and these lines and spaces are represented by the first seven letters in the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, and G. These letters also represent the seven sounds that belong to each key-note in music. When eight letters are used, the first is repeated.

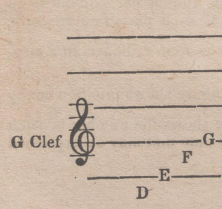
Q. How many parts are there used in vocal music?

A. Commonly only four, viz.: Bass, Tenor, Counter, and Treble; and the letters are placed on the staves for the several parts in the following order, commencing at the space below the first line in each stave.

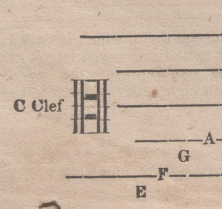
BASS STAVE NATURAL.



TENOR OR TREBLE STAVE NATURAL.



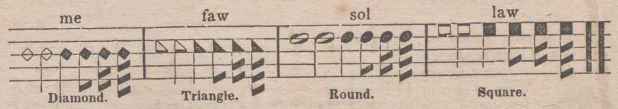
COUNTER STAVE NATURAL.



You may observe that the letters are named or called by the names of the four notes used in music. You see in the preceding staves that F is named faw, G sol, A law, B me, C faw, D sol, E law, and F faw again; every eighth letter being the first repeated, which is an octave; for every eighth is an octave.

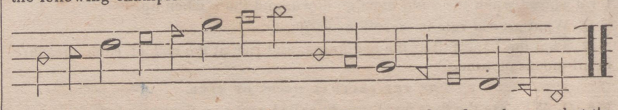
9. *Q.* How many notes are there used in music; what are their names, and how are they made?

A. All notes of music which represent sounds are called by four names, and each note is known by its shape, viz.: the me is a diamond, faw is triangle, sol is round, and law is square. See the following example.



Q. But in some music books the tunes are written in round notes entirely. How do we know by what names to call the notes in these books?

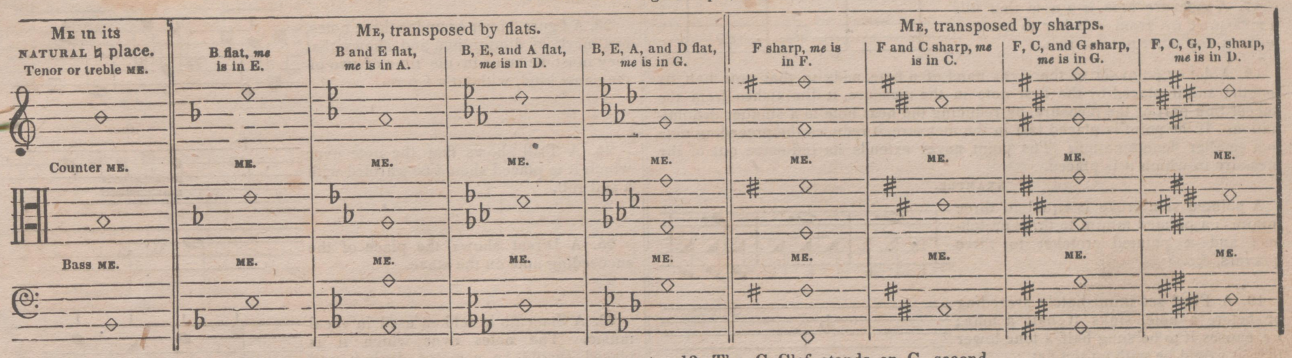
A. By first finding the *me*, for *me* is the governing and leading note; and when that is found, the notes on the lines and spaces in regular succession are called faw, sol, law, faw, sol, law, (twice;) and those below the *me*, law, sol, faw, law, sol, faw, (twice,) after which *me* will come again. Either way, see the following example.



This is the rule for singing round notes. You must therefore observe that the natural place for the *me* in parts of music is on that line or space represented by B

But if B be flat, b, *me* is on ..... E
B b and E b, it is on ..... A
B b, E b, and A b, it is on ..... D
B b, E b, A b, and D b, it is on ..... G
If F be sharp, ♯, *me* is on ..... F
F ♯ and C ♯, it is on C
F ♯, C ♯, and G ♯, it is on ..... G
F ♯, C ♯, G ♯ and D ♯, it is on ..... A

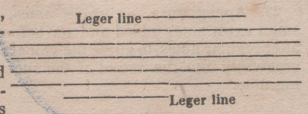
As in the following example, viz.:



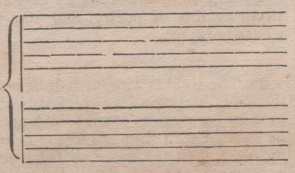
CHARACTERS USED IN MUSIC.

10. A Stave or staff is five parallel lines, on which notes and other musical characters are written.

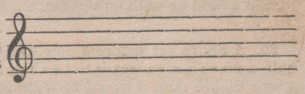
11. Leger lines are short lines added to the common stave or staff, so as to embrace such notes as may transcend its boundary.



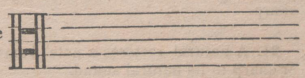
12. A Brace is drawn across the first end of a tune, showing that all the parts enclosed are to be sung together; and the order of those parts is as follows: the lowest is Bass; next above, Tenor; and, if but three parts, the third is Treble; but if the Counter is added, the fourth part is Treble, and the third, Counter.



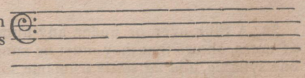
13. The G Clef stands on G, second line of the tenor or treble stave, and crosses that line four times. It is always used in tenor and treble, and sometimes in counter.



14. The C Clef stands on C, middle line; is used only in counter.

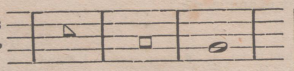


15. The F Clef is placed on the fourth line of the stave, and belongs to the bass or lower part in music.



16. A single bar is a plain line or mark across the stave, and divides the time into equal parts, according to the mood of time and measure note.

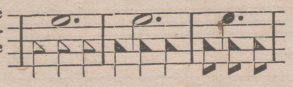
17. A measure note is a note that fills a measure; *i.e.* from one bar to another, without any other n te or rest.



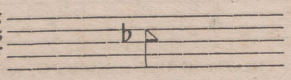
18. A dot or point set to the right hand of a note, adds to that note half its length; and if placed by the first note in the measure, it diminishes from the succeeding part of the measure, by reducing the next note to a smaller denomination. If the point is placed last in the measure, it reduces the preceding note to a smaller denomination. The point never extends its influence out of the measure in which it is placed.

EXAMPLE.

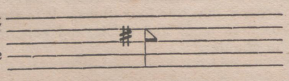
A pointed semibreve is equal to three minims; a pointed minim to three crotchets; and a pointed crotchet to three quavers, &c.



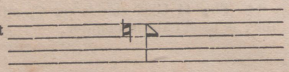
19. A Flat* set immediately preceding or before a note, sinks it half a tone; *i.e.* causes it to be sung half a tone lower than it would be without the flat.



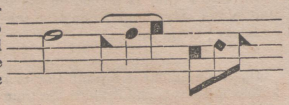
20. A Sharp set before a note, raises it half a tone; *i.e.* causes it to be sung half a tone higher than it would be without the sharp.



21. A natural restores a note from flat or sharp to its natural sound.

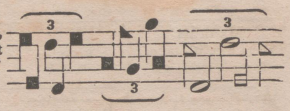


22. A Slur over or under any number of notes, shows that they must be sung to one syllable, gliding softly from one sound to another. The tails of the notes are often joined together, which answers the same purpose as a slur.

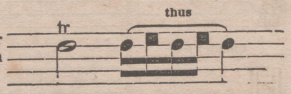


* We recommend singers to omit accidental flats and sharps, unless they understand them properly.

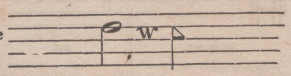
23. A figure 3 over or under three notes, is a mark of diminution, and shows that they must be sung in the time of two of the same kind, without a figure.



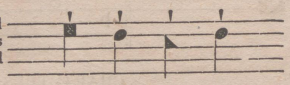
24. A Trill shows that the note over which it is placed should be warbled with a soft roll.



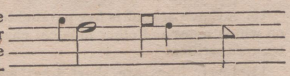
25. A Direct shows the place of the succeeding note on the stave.



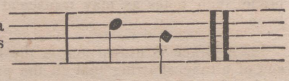
26. A Staccato is seldom used in vocal music. The notes over which it is placed should be sounded distinct and emphatically.



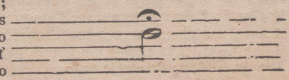
27. Appogiatura, or grace notes, are small extra notes added and set before or after regular notes, to guide the voice more gracefully into the sound of the succeeding note.



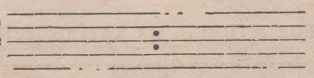
28. The Double Bar shows the end of a strain or line of poetry, and sometimes where to repeat.



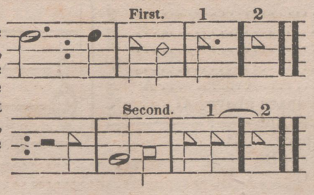
29. The Hold is without definite bounds; the note over which it is placed is always held longer than its usual sound, and is to be swelled with strength to the centre of the note, then the voice to echo off into soft tone, to the end of the note or sound.



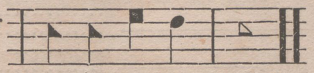
30. A Repeat shows that the tune is to be sung twice from it to the next double bar or close.



31. Figure 1, 2, or double ending, at the end of a strain, or at the end of a tune, shows that the note or notes under 1 are to be sung before you repeat, and those under 2 after omitting those under 1; but if the notes are tied together with a slur, both are sung the second time, as in the second example.



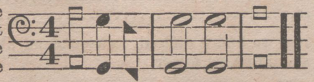
32. A Close shows the end of a tune or anthem.



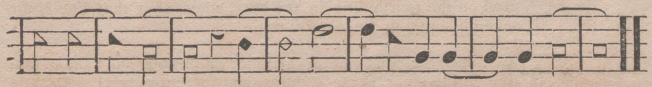
33. A Prisma denotes a repetition of preceding words.

:‖:

34. Choosing notes are notes set one immediately over another in the same stave, either of which may be sung, but not by the same voice. If two persons are singing the same part, one may sing the upper, and the other the lower notes.



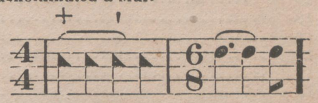
35. A Syncopation is where notes are driven out of their common order, by commencing in one measure and ending in the next, and tied across the bar with a slur, representing the same letter; but if they vary from the same letter, it comes under the denomination of a slur.



In all syncopated notes both notes are sounded, and but one called by name; (that is the first.)

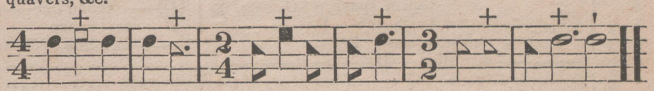
36. A Couplet is where two or more notes are tied together in the same measure, embracing both accents (due to the measure) within its limits, (if there be two;) in this case all the enclosed notes are sounded, and but the first one called, viz.: if they all represent the same letter. But if they vary from the same letter, it breaks the couplet, and is denominated a slur.

Examples of Couplets.



37. *Q.* What is meant by syncope or syncopeed notes?

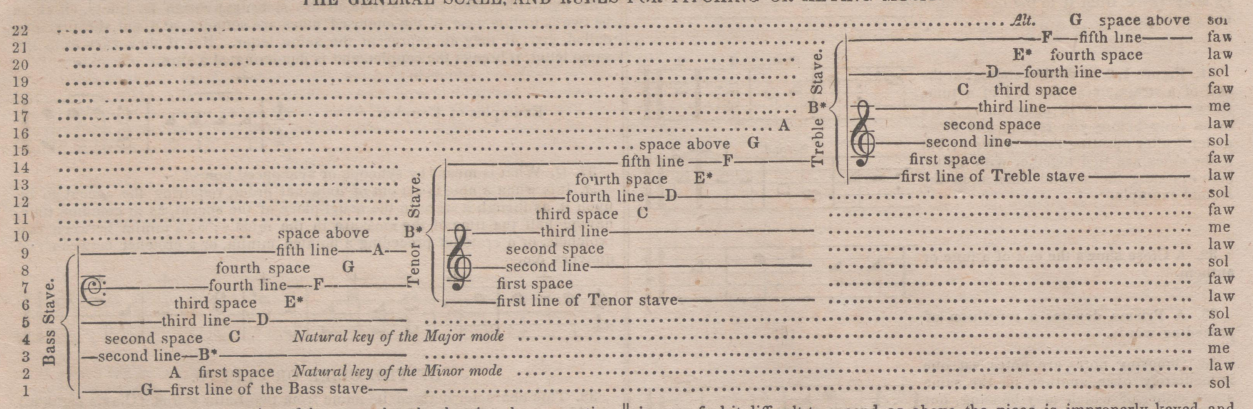
A. It is when a note is set out of its usual order, requiring the accent to be upon it, as though it were in the usual place of the accent, as in common time, having half the time of the measure in the middle; as a minim between two crotchets, or a crotchet preceding a pointed minim, or a crotchet between two quavers, &c.



OF THE CLIFF OR CLEFTS.

38. This character derived its name from two Latin words, (Clavis signata,) signifying a sealed key, and is set at the beginning of every piece of music, and serves as a key to open the scale of characters, and fully determine their import. If this character is set high on the stave, the music runs low; while, on the contrary, if set low, the music runs high; because the letters of themselves are independent characters, and are thrown above the cliff which stands low on the stave, and below the cliff which is set high on the stave, (for instance:) the F cliff stands on the fourth line of the bass stave, and is a third from the top of that stave; and the G cliff stands on the second line of the tenor and treble stave, and is the third from the bottom of that stave; the alto or counter, occupying the precise centre between the other two; thus we see the bass assigned to the gravest of male voices, and the tenor to the highest of male voices; the treble to the most shrill female voices; the counter to the gravest of female, and boys voices; unless the counter be written on the G or F clef, and if so, take the best and most acute voices of both male and female, and perform it on the octave pitch.

THE GENERAL SCALE, AND RULES FOR PITCHING OR KEYING MUSIC.



39. The above is a representation of the general scale, showing the connection of the parts, and also what sound of the general scale each letter, line. or space in either of the octaves, represents; for instance: A, the minor key, occupies the 2d, 9th, and 16th sounds of the general scale; C, the natural major key, the 4th, 11th, and 18th. Thus it will appear that every octave being unison, are considered one and the same sound. Although the last in the bass is the key-note, and in case the *me* is not transposed, will either be on the 2d and 4th degrees as above stated, yet with the same propriety we may suppose them on the 9th, 11th, &c. degrees; for when we refer to a pitchpipe for the sound of either of the foregoing keys, if it be properly constructed, it will exactly correspond to the 9th. 11th, &c. degrees of the general scale. Then by descending the octave, we get the sound of the natural key; then by ascending a 3d, 4th, or 5th, as the tune may require, we readily discover whether the piece be properly keyed. If we find, after descending the octave, we can ascend to the highest note in the tenor or treble, and can pronounce them with ease and freedom, the piece may be said to be properly keyed; but if, on the contrary, after descending, we find it difficult to ascend as above, the piece is improperly keyed, and should be set lower.

NOTE.—This method of proving the keys is infallible to individuals, and will hold good in choirs, when we suppose the teacher or leader capable of judging for the commonality of voices.

The above scale comprises three octaves, or twenty-two sounds.

The F clef, used on the fourth line in the bass, shows that that line is the seventh sound in the general scale.

The G clef, used on the second line in the tenor and treble shows that that line, in the tenor, is the eighth sound in the general scale, and in the treble, (when performed by a female voice,) the fifteenth sound; for if the treble as well as the tenor were performed entirely by men, the general scale would comprise only fifteen

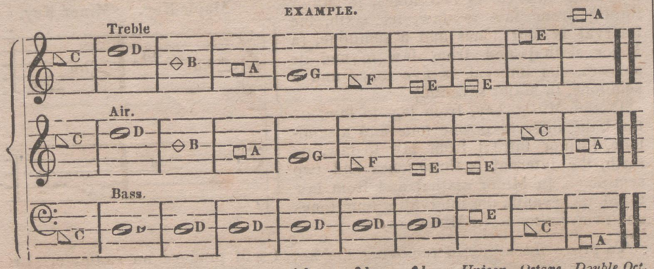
sounds; hence, the treble stave is raised only an octave above the tenor, in consequence of the female voice being naturally an octave above the male's, and to females the treble is usually assigned. The stars (*) show the natural place of the semitones.

When the C clef is used, (though it has now become very common to write counter on either the G or F clefs,) the middle line in the counter is in unison with the third space in tenor (C), and a seventh above the middle line in the bass, &c.

Two sounds equally high or equally low, however unequal in their force, are said to be in unison, one with the other. Consequently E, on the lower line of the treble stave, is in unison with E, on the fourth space of the tenor; and E, on the third space in bass, is in unison with E, on the first line of the tenor, and an octave below E, the lower line in the treble. ☞ See the General Scale. From any one letter in the general scale, to another of the same name, the interval is an octave—as from B to B, D to D, &c.

Agreeably to the F and G clefs used in the general scale, a note on any line or space in the bass, is a sixth below a note on a corresponding line or space in the tenor, and a thirteenth below a note in the treble occupying the same line or space, (when the treble is performed by females.) ☞ See the General Scale. Suppose we place a note on D, middle line of the bass, another on B, the middle line of the tenor or treble, the interval will appear as just stated; and to find any other interval, count either ascending or descending, as the case may be.

EXAMPLE.



In counting intervals, remember to include both notes or letters, thus: in counting a sixth in the preceding example, D is one, E is two, F is three, G is four, A five, and B six.

In the preceding example, the notes in the treble and air are placed in unison with each other. But assigning the treble to female voices, and the air to male voices, (as is customary,) an octave must be added to the notes in the treble, (as previously observed of a woman's voice being an octave more acute than a man's,) the interval between the bass and treble, in the first measure, would be a fifteenth, or double octave; in the third measure, the note on B, in the treble, a thirteenth above D, in the bass, &c. Observe that an octave and a second make a ninth; an octave and a third make a tenth; an octave and a fourth make an eleventh; an octave and a fifth make a twelfth; an octave and a sixth, a thirteenth; an octave and a seventh, a fourteenth; two octaves a fifteenth, &c., always including both the first and last note.

OF HARMONY AND COMPOSITION.

40. Harmony consists in the proportion of the distance of two, three, or four sounds, performed at the same time, and mingling in a most pleasing manner to the ear.

The notes which produce harmony, when sounded together, are called *concords*, and their intervals, *consonant intervals*. The notes which, when sounded together, produce a disagreeable sound to the ear, are called *discords*, and their intervals, *dissonant intervals*. There are but four concords in music, viz.: *unison*, *third*, *fifth*, and *sixth*; (their eighths or octaves are also meant.) The unison is called a perfect chord, and commonly the fifth is so called. If the composer please, however, he may make the fifth imperfect, when composing more than two parts. The third and sixth are called imperfect, their chords being not so full, nor so agreeable to the ear, as the perfect; but in four parts the sixth is often used instead of the fifth; so, in effect, there are but three concords, employed together, in composition.

N. B. The meaning of imperfect signifies that it wants a semitone of its perfections, to what it does when it is perfect: for as the lesser or imperfect third includes but three half tones, the greater or major third includes four, &c. The discords are a *second*, a *fourth*, a *seventh*, and their octaves; though the greater fourth sometimes comes very near to the sound of an imperfect chord, it being the same in ratio as the minor fifth. Indeed, some composers (the writer of these extracts is one of them) seem very partial to the greater fourth, and frequently admit it in composition

The following is an example of the several concords and discords, and their octaves under them.

	CONCORDS.				DISCORDS.		
Single Chords.	1	3	5	6	2	4	7
Their Octaves.	8	10	12	13	9	11	14
	15	17	19	20	16	18	21
	22	24	26	27	23	25	28

Notwithstanding the 2d, 4th, 7th, &c., are properly discords, yet a skilful composer may use them to some advantage, provided a full chord of all the parts immediately follow; they will then answer a similar purpose to acid, which being tasted previously to sweet, gives the latter a more pleasing flavour. Although the 4th is really a discord, yet it is very often used in composition. The rough sound of the 4th may be so mollified by the sweetness of the 5th and 8th as to harmonize almost as well as any three sounds in nature; and it would be reasonable to suppose that where we have two perfect chords, a discord may be introduced with very little violation to the laws of harmony; but as it is the most difficult part of composition to use a discord in such a manner and place as to show more fully the power and beauty of music, we think composers should only use them sparingly, (as it is much better to have all sweet, than to have too much sour or bitter,) and always let them be followed by a perfect chord.

OF THE DIATONIC SCALE, MAJOR KEY.

41. The diatonic scale is composed of tones and semitones. From the key to the second sound above is a tone; from the second to the third a tone; from the third to the fourth a semitone; from the fourth to the fifth a tone; from the fifth to the sixth a tone; from the sixth to the seventh a tone; and from the seventh to the eighth a semitone; observing that five whole tones and two semitones compose an octave.

OF THE MINOR KEY.

42. The minor key differs from the major because of the semitones occurring between the second and third, and fifth and sixth sounds from the key.

It is unnecessary to treat further on the subject of semitones; for they are natural to the voice, and cannot be avoided by natural performance. It should suffice to know that they do exist, and where they are.

OF DEGREES.

43. A degree is the interval from one letter to another in immediate succession. The first letter in the scale of letters is the foundation for the first degree; the second letter ends that degree, and is the beginning of the second degree; three letters will form two degrees, &c.

OF RELATIVES.

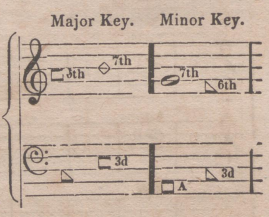
44. Whatever the key may be, whether natural or artificial, the same relatives are produced by the key; the sixth above and the third below are relative minors to the major mode; the sixth below and the third above are relative majors to the minor mode.

45. The reason why one tune is in a sharp key and another in a flat key is, that the third and sixth sounds ascending in the sharp key, are half a tone higher than the same intervals in the flat key; and sharp keyed music is generally applied to poetry that is animating, spirited, and cheerful; while flat keyed music is applied to poetry that is solemn, pensive, and melancholy.

EXAMPLE OF THE KEYS.

46. In the Major key, from faw to law, its third, the interval is two tones, [a Major third;] from faw to law, its sixth, the interval is four tones and a semitone, [a Major sixth;] and from faw to me, its seventh, the interval is five tones and a semitone, [a Major seventh.]

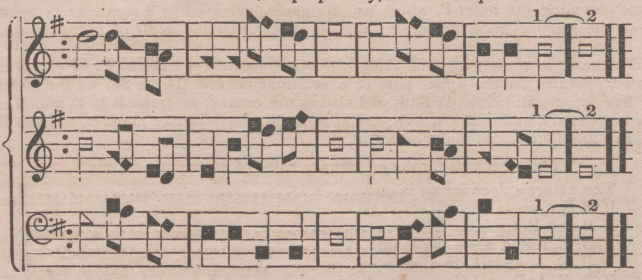
In the Minor key, from law to faw, its third, the interval is one tone and a semitone, [Minor third;] from law to faw, its sixth, the interval is three tones and two semitones, [a Minor sixth;] and from law to sol, its seventh, the interval is four tones and two semitones, [a Minor seventh.]



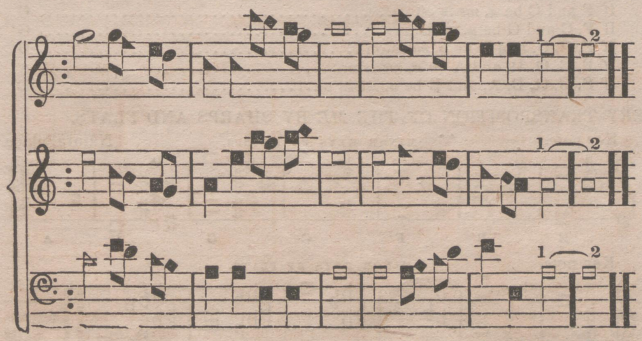
To prove the utility of removing the key, I will produce an example. Let the tune "*Suffield*" be written on key note A, (natural flat key,) instead of E, its

proper key; and, besides the inconvenience of multiplying leger lines, few voices would be able to perform it, the treble in particular.

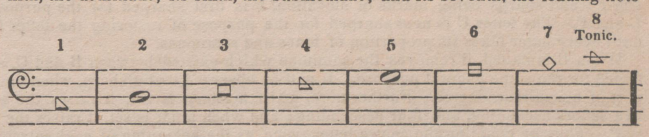
SUFFIELD on E, its proper key, from the repeat.



The same on A, the assumed, or natural key A.



47. There are seven sounds bearing distinct names. from their situation and effect in the scale. The key note is called the tonic; the next above, or its second, the supertonic; its third, the mediant; its fourth, the subdominant; its fifth, the dominant; its sixth, the submediant; and its seventh, the leading note



Tonic. Supertonic. Mediant. Subdominant. Dominant. Submediant. L. note.

Q. Why is the key note or tonic numbered one?

A. Because it is the sound most natural to the voice, and determines the principal pitch of every piece of music, and from which all other sounds in composition are reckoned; it is therefore made a station, holding the first and most important position in music. A regular bass always ends with it; hence, in giving the pitch of a piece of music, it should be sounded.

The fifth is the next important sound, and is called a dominant, from its being a perfect fifth, which cannot be varied by natural progression; and produces a sweeter sound than any other, compared with the tonic.

The third is the next important sound, and is called the mediant, from its being midway between the tonic and dominant; this, in some respects, is the most important note or sound in the scale, because it determines the major from the minor mode.

The sixth is the next important sound, and is called the submediant, it being of minor value to the common mediant or third, and is midway between the fourth and eighth sounds. This sound will run as a descending third from the octave, and is an imperfect chord with the tonic.

The fourth is the next in order, and is called a subdominant, it being a descending fifth from the octave, and will run with the eighth, sixth, and second, from the tonic, and is of minor value to the fifth from the tonic.

The second is called the supertonic, from its being next above the tonic, and will only run with the fourth and sixth sounds from the tonic.

The seventh is the leading note, leading all other notes in their order to the key. By this note the system of solmization is made consistent and convenien

OF FLATS AND SHARPS.

48. Many inquiries have been made why B is first flatted, and F is first sharped; in answer to this inquiry, B and E are natural sharp sounds, and are first flatted, F and C are natural flat sounds, and are first sharped. In the natural scale of music, the first semitone occurs between B and C, and the next between E and F; and sharps being marks of elevation, F is first sharped for the purpose of elevating the letter F, which was formerly depressed by a semitone between E and F. The letter C is next sharped for the purpose of restoring the letter C on the same general principle; and so on through the scale of seven letters, until every letter takes its proportion of tones and semitones.

When B is flatted, it removes the semitone which existed between B and C, and makes it a whole tone, and places the semitone between E and F. Next, E is flatted for the same general purpose. It will be observed that a sharp, when inserted, operates on the upper part of a semitone degree; but a flat on the lower part of a semitone degree. Furthermore, when a sharp is set, it raises the *me* five letters, and sinks it four, and spaces the octave, as from B to F, which is five letters ascending, and four descending; and when a flat is set, it raises the *me* four letters, and sinks it five, and spaces the octave in like manner, as from B to E. Thus by counting the centre letter twice, as the beginning of each interval, five and four would make but eight.

BY SHARPS.

1. A fifth from B *me*, its natural place, will bring us to..... F
2. A fifth from F *me*, will bring us to..... C
3. A fifth from C *me*, will bring us to..... G
4. A fifth from G *me*, will bring us to..... D
5. A fifth from D *me*, will bring us to..... A
6. A fifth from A *me*, will bring us to..... E
7. A fifth from E *me*, will bring us back to..... B

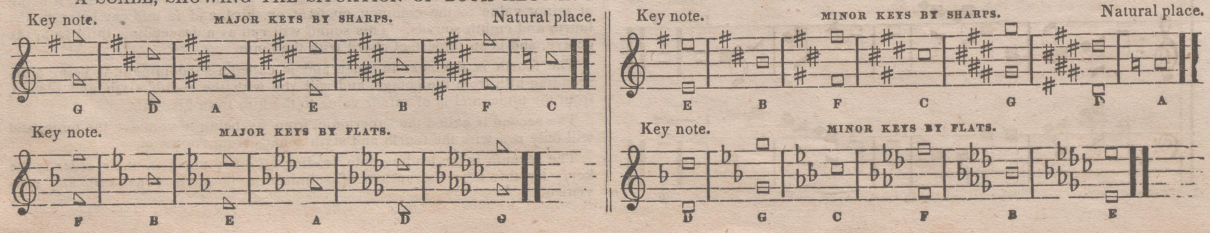
BY FLATS.

1. A fourth from B *me*, will bring us to..... E
2. A fourth from E *me*, will bring us to..... A
3. A fourth from A *me*, will bring us to..... D
4. A fourth from D *me*, will bring us to..... G
5. A fourth from G *me*, will bring us to..... C
6. A fourth from C *me*, will bring us to..... F
7. A fourth from F *me*, will bring us home to..... B

This accounts for the customary rules of transposition, viz.:

The natural place for *me* is on..... B
If B is ♭, *me* is on..... E
If B and E are ♭, *me* is on..... A
If B, E, and A are ♭, *me* is on..... D
If B, E, A, and D are ♭, *me* is on..... G
If B, E, A, D, and G are ♭, *me* is on..... C
If B, E, A, D, G, and C are ♭, *me* is on..... F
If F be ♯, *me* is on..... F
If F and C be ♯, *me* is on..... C
If F, C and G be ♯, *me* is on..... G
If F, C, G, and D be ♯, *me* is on..... D
If F, C, G, D, and A be ♯, *me* is on..... A
If F, C, G, D, A, and E be ♯, *me* is on..... E

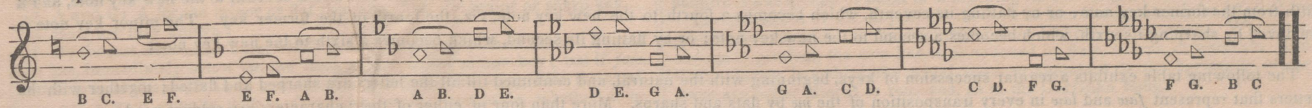
A SCALE, SHOWING THE SITUATION OF BOTH KEYS IN EVERY TRANSPOSITION OF THE *ME* BY SHARPS AND FLATS.



A SCALE, SHOWING THE SITUATION OF THE SEMITONES IN EVERY TRANSPOSITION OF THE *ME* BY FLATS AND SHARPS.

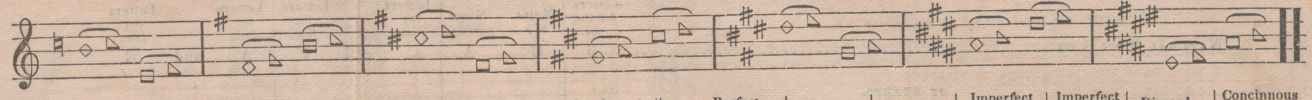
Natural place of the Semitones.

BY FLATS.



Natural place of the Semitones.

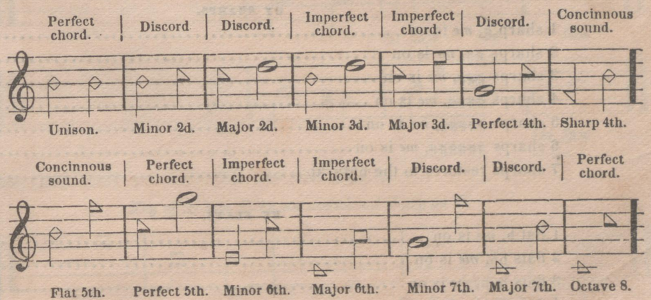
BY SHARPS.



Observe that, by six flats or six sharps, (including the natural place,) the keys occupy every letter in the stave, and by the same number of either character, (including the natural place,) the whole octave is divided into semitones; and it is impossible to use another flat or sharp in transposition, for seven flats or sharps would only put them in their natural places. You may also observe, that one flat, or six sharps, places the semitones precisely in the same situation; and that one sharp, or six flats, has the same effect; and two flats or five sharps, and two sharps or five flats, &c.; and with six flats or one sharp, one of the semitones is in its natural place; *i. e.* between B and C. Also with six sharps or one flat, one of the semitones is in its natural place, *i. e.* between E and F, as the natural places of the semitones are between B and C, and E and F; and we suppose the reason why both of these characters are used in transposition, is to save the trouble and time of making so many of either character; for a person can make one flat much quicker than six sharps, or one sharp quicker than six flats, &c.

OF INTERVALS.

49. There are fourteen intervals in the scale, bearing distinct names, viz.: Unison, Minor second, Major second, Minor third, Major third, Perfect fifth Minor sixth, Major sixth, Minor seventh, Major seventh, Octave.



As the scale admits of only twelve semitones, so an octave, by counting the first and last note, (which are octaves to each other, and really one and the same sound in effect,) contains thirteen sounds, yet it has but twelve intervals, because the unison cannot properly be called an interval; and the sharp fourth and flat fifth, although necessarily distinguished in harmony, are performed on keyed instruments with the same keys, and make but one interval.

REMOVAL OF THE KEY NOTE.

50. When we remove the key note of the major mode, the arrangement is effected by sharping its fourth, which becomes a seventh to the new key note, and a fifth from the former key note; or by flatting its seventh, which becomes a fourth to the new key note, viz., the fourth of the former key. The minor key note is removed by sharping its sixth, which becomes a second to the new key note; or by flatting its second, which becomes a sixth to the new key note.

The following table exhibits a regular succession of keys, beginning with the natural, and continued till all the letters are sharped and flatted; together with the letters that represent *faw* and *law* in every transposition of the *me* by flats and sharps. More than four of either of these characters are seldom used.

	Letters for the *me*.	Major key.	Minor key.	Letters for *faw*.		Letters for *faw*.	Letters for *law*.		Letters for *law*.
NATURAL ♮, *me* is on	B	C	A	C	and	F	A	and	E
BY SHARPS.									
1 sharp ♯, *me* is on	F	G	E	C	and	G	E	and	B
2 sharps ♯♯, *me* is on	C	D	B	D	and	G	B	and	F
3 sharps ♯♯♯, *me* is on	G	A	F	A	and	D	F	and	C
4 sharps ♯♯♯♯, *me* is on	D	E	C	E	and	A	C	and	G
5 sharps ♯♯♯♯♯, *me* is on	A	B	G	B	and	E	G	and	D
6 sharps ♯♯♯♯♯♯, *me* is on	E	F	D	F	and	B	D	and	A
7 sharps restores to the natural	B	C	A	C	and	F	A	and	E
BY FLATS.									
1 flat ♭, *me* is on	E	F	D	F	and	B	D	and	A
2 flats ♭♭, *me* is on	A	B	G	B	and	E	G	and	D
3 flats ♭♭♭, *me* is on	D	E	C	E	and	A	C	and	G
4 flats ♭♭♭♭, *me* is on	G	A	F	A	and	D	F	and	C
5 flats ♭♭♭♭♭, *me* is on	C	D	B	D	and	G	B	and	F
6 flats ♭♭♭♭♭♭, *me* is on	F	G	E	G	and	C	E	and	B
7 flats restores to the natural	B	C	A	C	and	F	A	and	E

OF THE KEYS.

51. *Q.* How many keys are there in music?
A. Two; the minor or flat key, and the major or sharp key.
Q. What are the natural letters for those keys?
A. A and C; A for the minor or flat key, and C for the major or sharp key.
Q. How are they known?
A. By the last note in the bass, which is always the key note or tonic. Should it be *law*, immediately below *me*, the tune is in a flat or minor key; but if *faw*, immediately above *me*, it is in a sharp or major key; observing that the semitones are always equally distant from the key note or tonic, whether it be natural, or assumes an artificial position.

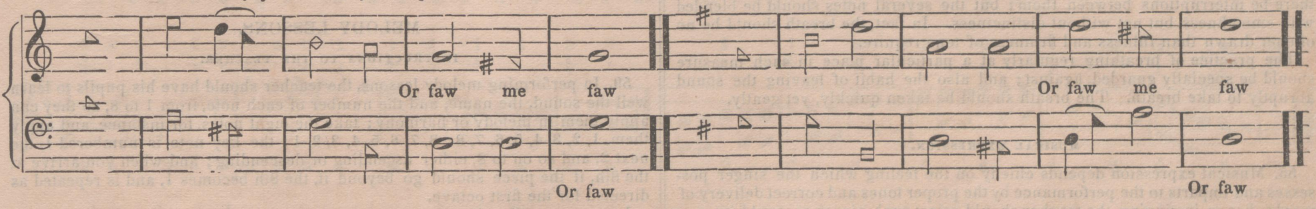
ON THE MODULATION OF THE KEY

52. The modulation or changing of the key note from one letter or given tone to another, is so frequent in regular composition, particularly in Anthems, that the performers will be very often embarrassed, unless they endeavour to acquire a knowledge or habit of discerning those changes.

The transition of the key from one letter to another is sometimes effected by gradual preparation, as by accidental flats, sharps, or naturals. When the change is gradual, the new key is announced by flats, sharps, or naturals. But if the change is sudden, the usual signs or signature at the beginning of the stave are either altered or removed, as in the Christian Song.

TRANSITION IN THE MAJOR MODE FROM ONE KEY OR LETTER TO ANOTHER.

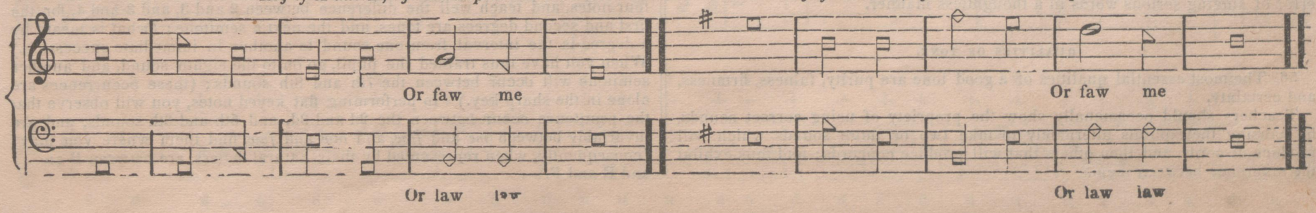
Key of C into G, by a sharp on F.



Key of G into D, by an additonal sharp on C.

TRANSITION IN THE MINOR MODE FROM ONE KEY OR LETTER TO ANOTHER.

Key of A into E, by one sharp



Key of E into B, by an additional sharp on C.

MISCELLANEOUS DIRECTIONS.

53. It is as essential to good singing as to good speaking, that some words and syllables should have more stress of voice than others; and that the same syllable should be accented in singing as in speaking. Such words and syllables are called accented or emphatic. If the poetry is properly constructed, the emphatic syllable falls on the accented part of the measure; if otherwise, the emphasis of the words must be attended to, and the accent of the music neglected.

The teacher should require some lines to be rehearsed with the proper emphasis, and then sung with the same emphasis.

TAKING BREATH.

54. The breath should not be drawn in singing, any more than in speaking, in the middle of a word; nor when several notes come to one syllable should there be interruptions between them; but the several notes should be blended with smoothness, but not without distinctness. In fact, the breath should be no oftener drawn than fulness and firmness of tone require.

The practice of breathing regularly at a particular place in each measure should be specially guarded against; and also the habit of leaving the sound abruptly to take breath. The breath should be taken quickly, yet gently.

MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

55. Musical expression depends chiefly on the feeling which the singer possesses and imparts to the performance by the proper tones and correct delivery of words; hence, in singing, the teacher should select such pieces as would interest his singers, and then, by precept and example, be unwearied in his exertions to impress on them the importance of expressing the sentiment, and the great error of singing serious words in a thoughtless manner.

QUALITIES OF TONE.

56. The most essential qualities of a good tone are purity, fulness, firmness, and certainty.

Teachers should occasionally show the propriety of using correct sounds, by causing their pupils alternately to take two or more sounds which will produce discords, and then others that will produce concords; and thus exhibit the difference between them.

TO CORRECT FAULTS.

57. When a bad sound is heard from the pupil, the teacher should imitate that sound, and then contrast it with a correct sound, with the use of the appropriate organs; which will enable the pupil to see and correct the faulty sound. Teachers should, in this, be very careful to treat it in such a way as not to give umbrage, or embarrass the pupil.

RULE FOR BEATING TIME.

58. For common and compound time, confine the arm to the body, let the beat extend from the wrist forward, and perform the beat with the hand alone, straight down and straight up.

For triple time, for the first down beat, strike the edge of the hand, on the book or lap; second beat, throw the hand flat down; third beat, raise it straight up.

MELODY LESSONS.

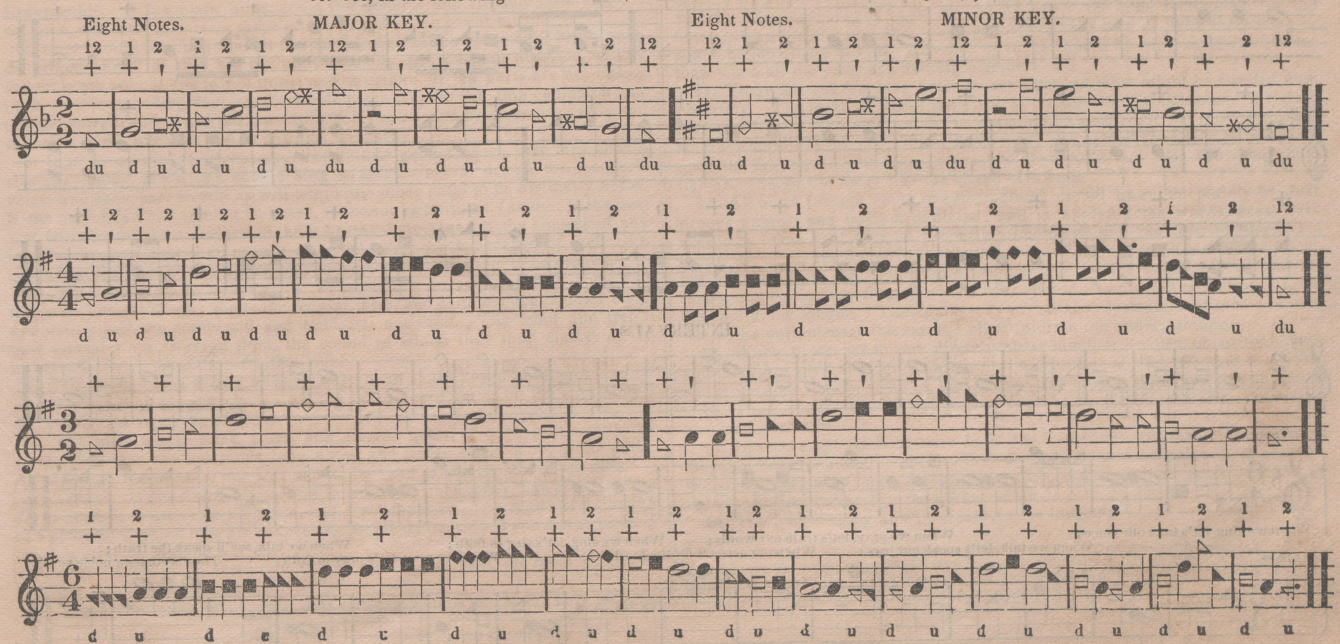
INSTRUCTIONS TO THE TEACHER.

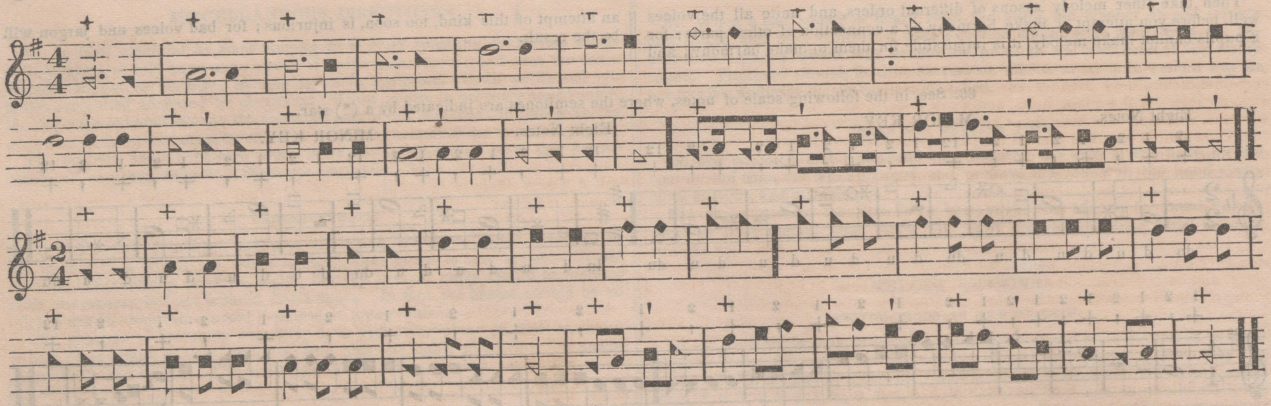
59. In performing melody lessons, the teacher should have his pupils to learn well the sound, the name, and the number of each note, from 1 to 8, so they can apply them in melody or harmony; take the eight notes, for instance, and apply them, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1; the key note is numbered 1, the next 2, and so on to 8, either ascending or descending; and when you arrive at the 8th, if the piece should go beyond it, the 8th becomes 1, and is repeated as directed for the first octave.

Let your pupils take three notes, as *faw*, *sol*, *law*, or 1, 2, 3, and sound them successively, until they can sound them well; then let them alternately take 1 and 3, as *faw*, *law*, until they can sound them correctly; then let them go on to four notes, and teach well the difference between 2 and 3, and 3 and 4, for the first and second degrees are tones, and the next a semitone; (what is meant by a degree is the interval from one sound to another in immediate succession.) When you have thus trained the pupil, go on to the eighth sound, and another semitone will occur between the 7th and 8th sounds; (these occurrences are alone in the sharp key.) In performing flat keyed notes, you will observe that the semitones occur between the 2d and 3d, and 5th and 6th sounds, and are invariably between *me* and *faw*, and *law* and *faw*, find them where you may; (consequently, when represented by their natural letters, are between B and and E and F.)

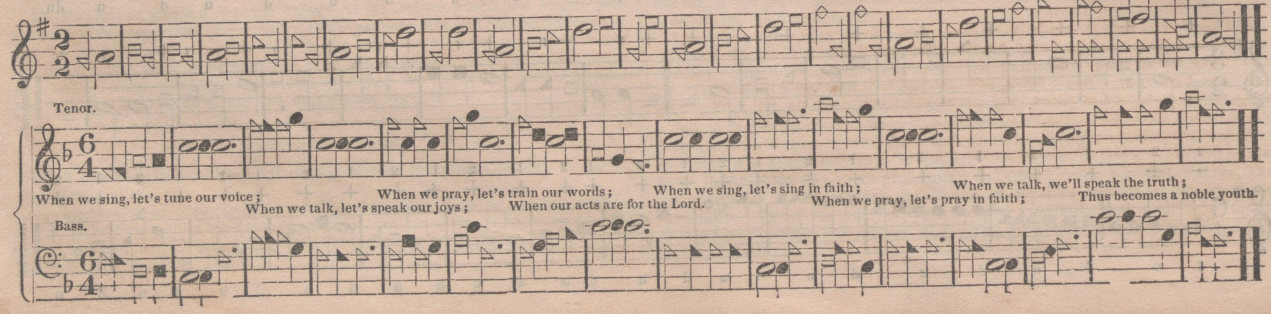
Then take other melody lessons of different orders, and unite all the voices well, before you attempt to make harmony by a connection of other parts; for if pupils cannot make melody, it is impossible for them to make harmony; and an attempt of this kind, too soon, is injurious; for bad voices and jargon will be the result.

60. See, in the following scale of notes, where the semitones are indicated by a (*) star.





INTERVALS


Tenor.
When we sing, let's tune our voice ;
When we talk, let's speak our joys ;
When we pray, let's train our words ;
When our acts are for the Lord.
When we sing, let's sing in faith ;
When we pray, let's pray in faith ;
When we talk, we'll speak the truth ;
Thus becomes a noble youth.
Bass.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

1. Persons may be well acquainted with all the various characters in psalmody, (or music;) they may also be able to sing their part in true time, and yet their performance be far from pleasing; if it is devoid of necessary embellishments, their manner and bad expression may conspire to render it disagreeable. A few plain hints, and a few general and friendly observations, we hope, will tend to correct these errors in practising vocal music.

2. Care should be taken that all the parts (when singing together) begin upon the proper pitch. If they are too high, difficulty, and perhaps discords, will be the consequence; if too low, dulness and languor. If the parts are not united by their corresponding degrees, the whole piece may be run into confusion and jargon before it ends; and perhaps the whole occasioned by an error of only one semitone in the pitch of one or more of the parts.

3. It is by no means necessary, to constitute good singers, that they should sing very loud. Each one should sing so soft as not to drown the teacher's voice, and each part so soft as will admit the other parts to be distinctly heard. If the teacher's voice cannot be heard, it cannot be imitated, (as that is the best way to modulate the voice and make it harmonious;) and if the singers of any one are so loud that they cannot hear the other parts, because of their own noise, the parts are surely not rightly proportioned, and ought to be altered.

4. When singing in concert, the bass should be sounded full, bold, and majestic, but not harsh; the tenor regular, firm, and distinct; the counter clear and plain; and the treble soft and mild, but not faint. The tenor and treble may consider the German flute, the sound of which they may endeavour to imitate, if they wish to improve the voice.

5. Flat-keyed tunes should be sung softer than sharp-keyed ones, and may be proportioned with a lighter bass; but for sharp-keyed tunes let the bass be full and strong, but never harsh.

6. The high notes, quick notes, and slurred notes, of each part, should be sung softer than the low notes, long notes, and single notes, of the same parts. All the notes included by one slur should be sung at one breath, if possible.

7. Learners should sing all parts of music somewhat softer than their leaders do, as it tends to cultivate the voice, and gives them an opportunity of following in a piece with which they are not well acquainted; but a good voice may be soon much injured by singing too loud.

8. When notes of the tenor fall below those of the bass, the tenor should be sounded strong, and the bass soft.

9. While first learning a tune, it may be sung somewhat slower than the true time or mood of time requires, until the notes can be named and truly sounded, without looking on the book.

10. Learners are apt to give the first note, where a fuge begins, nearly double the time it ought to have, sounding a crotchet almost as long as a minim in any other part of the tune, which puts the parts in confusion by losing time; whereas the fuges ought to be moved off lively, the time decreasing, (or the notes sung quicker,) and the sound of the engaged part or parts increasing in sound as the others fall in. All solos or fuges should be sung somewhat faster than when all the parts are moving together.

11. There are but few long notes in any tune but what might be swelled with propriety. The swell is one of the greatest ornaments of vocal music, if rightly performed. All long notes of the bass should be swelled, if the other parts are singing short or quick notes at the same time. The swell should be struck plain upon the first part of the note, increase to the middle, and then decrease softly, like an echo, or die away like the sound of a bell.

12. All notes (except some in syncopation) should be called plainly by their proper names, and fairly articulated; and in applying the words, great care should be taken that they be properly pronounced, and not torn to pieces between the teeth, nor forced through the nose. Let the mouth be freely opened, but not too wide, the teeth a little asunder, and let the sound come from the lungs, and be entirely formed where they should be only distinguished, viz., on the end of the tongue. The superiority of vocal to instrumental music is, that while one only pleases the ear, the other informs the understanding.

13. When notes occur one directly above another, (called choosing notes,) and there are several singers on the part where they are, let two sing the lower, while one does the upper notes, and in the same proportion to any other number.

14. Your singers should not join in concert, until each class can sing their own part correctly.

15. Learners should beat time by a pendulum, or with their teacher, until they can beat regular time, before they attempt to beat and sing both at once, because it perplexes them to beat, name time, and sound the notes at the same time, until they have acquired a knowledge of each by itself.

16. Too long singing at a time injures the lungs.*

* A cold or cough, all kind of spirituous liquors, violent exercise, too much bile on the stomach, long fasting, the veins overcharged with impure blood, &c. &c., are destructive to the voice of one who is much in the habit of singing. An excessive use of ardent spirits will speedily ruin the best voice.

17. Some teachers are in the habit of singing too long at a time with their pupils. It is better to sing but only eight or ten tunes at a lesson, or at one time, and inform the learners the nature of the pieces and the manner in which they should be performed; and continue at them until they are understood, than to run over forty or fifty in one evening, and at the end of a quarter of schooling, perhaps few besides the teacher know a flat-keyed tune from a sharp-keyed one, what part of the anthem, &c., requires emphasis, or how to give the pitch of any tune which they have been learning, unless some one inform them. It is easy to name the notes of a tune, but it requires attention and practice to sing them correctly.

18. Learners should not be confined too long to the parts that suit their voices best, but should try occasionally the different parts, as it tends greatly to improve the voice, and gives them a knowledge of the connection of the parts, and of harmony as well as melody.* The gentlemen can change from bass to tenor, or from tenor to bass, and the ladies from treble to tenor, &c.

19. Learners should understand the tunes well by note, before they attempt to sing them to verses of poetry.

20. If different verses are applied to a piece of music while learning, it will give the learners a more complete knowledge of the tune than they can have by confining it always to the same words. Likewise applying different tunes to the same words, will have a great tendency to remove the embarrassment created by considering every short tune as a set piece to certain words or hymns.

21. When the key is transposed, there are flats and sharps placed on the stave; and when the mood of time is changed, the requisite characters are placed upon the stave.

22. There should not be any noise indulged while singing, (except the music,) as it destroys entirely the beauty of harmony, and renders the performance very difficult, (especially to new beginners;) and if it is designedly promoted, is nothing less than a proof of disrespect in the singers to the exercise, to themselves who occasion it, and to the Author of our existence.

23. The apogiatura is placed in some tunes, which may be used with propriety by a good voice; also the trill over some notes; but neither should be attempted by any one until he can perform the tune well by plain notes, (as they add nothing to the time.) Indeed no one can add much to the beauty of a piece by using what are generally termed graces, unless they are in a manner natural to their voice.

24. When learning to sing, we should endeavour to cultivate the voice so as to make it soft, smooth, and round: so that, when numbers are performing in concert, there may on each part (as near as possible) appear to be but one uniform voice. Then, instead of confused jargon, it will be more like the smooth vibrations of the violin, or the soft breathings of the German flute. Yet how hard it is to make some believe soft singing is the most melodious; when, at the same time, loud singing is more like the hootings of the midnight bird than refined music.

25. The most important ornament in singing is strict decorum, with a heart deeply impressed with the great truth we utter while singing the lines, aiming at the glory of God, and the edification of one another.

26. All affectation should be banished, for it is disgusting in the performance of sacred music, and contrary to that solemnity which should accompany an exercise so near akin to that which will, through all eternity, engage the attention of those who walk in climes of bliss.

27. The nearest perfection in singing we arrive at, is to pronounce the words* and make the sounds as feeling as if the sentiments and sounds were our own. If singers, when performing a piece of music, could be as much captivated with the words and sounds as the author of the music is when composing it, the foregoing directions would be almost useless; they would pronounce, accent, swell, sing loud and soft where the words require it, make suitable gestures, and add every other necessary grace.

28. The great Jehovah, who implanted in our nature the noble faculty of vocal performance, is jealous of the use to which we apply our talents in that particular, lest we use them in a way which does not tend to glorify his name. We should therefore endeavour to improve the talent given us, and try to sing with the spirit and with the understanding, making melody in our hearts to the Lord.

* Melody is the agreeable effect which arises from the performance of a single part of music only. Harmony is the pleasing union of several sounds, or the performance of the several parts of music together

* In singing there are a few words which should vary a little from common pronunciation, such as end in i and y; and these should vary two ways. The following method has been generally recommended: In singing, it is right to pronounce majesty, mighty, lofty, &c., something like majestee, mightee, loftee, &c.; but the sense of some other words will be destroyed by this mode of expressing them: such as sanctify, justify, glorify, &c.

DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

Adagio, very slow; the first mood in common time.
Allegro, lively, quick; the third mood in common time.
Accent, a stress of the voice on a particular note or syllable.
Air, the tenor part; the inclination of a piece of music.
Alt, high above the stave.
Alto, or *Altus*, high counter.
Appetone, between a tone and semitone.
Affettuoso, tender; affecting; mournful; plaintive.
Andante, moderate.
Bass, the lowest part of music; grave; solemn.
Bassoon, a kind of wind instrument for bass.
Bass Viol, a large, or bass fiddle.
Breve, an ancient note, **II**, equal to two semibreves.
Canticles, divine or pious poems; songs.
Chant, to sing praises.
Chord, a sound; a concord; proportional vibrations.
Chorus, all the parts together.
Clefs, characters representing particular sounds or degrees.
Comma, a small part, as 1-4th, 1-5th, &c. of a tone.
Compose, to make tunes, or set notes for music.
Concert, many singers or instruments together.
Counter, is high treble performed in a female voice.
Couplet, both accents tied together in the same measure.
Crescendo, increasing in sounds, &c.
Da Capo, or *D. C.*, to return and close with the first strain.
Diagram, the gamut, or rudiments of music.
Diapason, an octave; an eighth degree.
Dissonance, discord; disagreement.
Duet, two parts only moving together.
Diminuendo, diminishing in sound; becoming louder.
Forte, or *For*, full; loud or strong.
Fuge, or *Fugha*, the parts of music following each other in succession.
Gamut, the scale, or rudiments of music.
Grand, full; great; complete; pleasing.
Grave, slow; solemn; mournful; most slow
Guido, a direct.
Harmony, a pleasing union of sounds.
Harmonist, a writer of harmony; a musician.
Hexameter, having six lines to a verse.
Hautboy, or *Hoboy*, a kind of wind instrument.
Inno, a hymn or song.
Intonation, giving the pitch or key of a tune.
Interval, the distance between two degrees or sounds.
Ionic, light and soft.
Keys, the most permanent sounds of the voice or instrument.
Key note, the principal or leading note of each octave.
Largo, one degree quicker than the second mood in common time.
Lima, the difference between major and minor.
Linto, slow.
Major mode, the sharp key; the great third; high; cheerful.
Major chord, an interval having more semitones than a minor chord of the same degrees.
Medius, is low treble performed in a man's voice.
Moods, certain proportions of time, &c.
Modulate, to regulate sounds; to sing in a pleasing manner
Musica, the art of music; the study or science of music.
Music, a succession of pleasing sounds; one of the liberal sciences.
Necessario, continuing like thorough-bass.
Octave, and eighth degree; five tones and two semitones.
Organ, the largest of all musical instruments.
Pastoral, rural; a shepherd's song; something pertaining to a shepherd.
Piano, or *Pia*, directs the performer to sing soft; a kind of instrument.
Pentemeter, five lines to each verse.
Pitchpipe, a small instrument for proving sounds.
Solo, one part alone.
Sonorous, loud and harmonious.
Symphony, a piece of music without words, which the instrument plays while the voices rest.
Syncope, cut off; disjointed; out of the usual order.
Syncopation, notes joined in the same degree in one position.
Trill, or *Tr.*, a tune like a shake or roll.
Transposition, the changing the place of the key note.
Trio, a tune in three parts.
Violoncello, a tenor viol, 1-8th above a bass viol.

DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

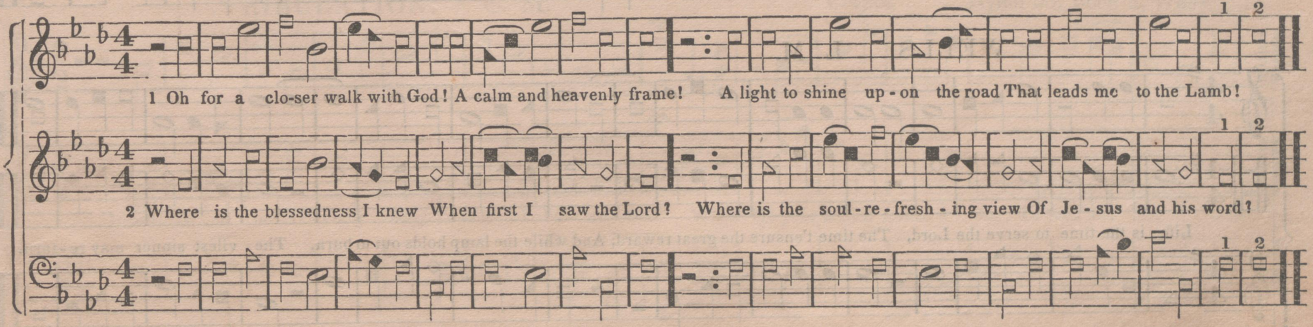
THE

SACRED HARP.

PART I.

CONSISTING OF PIECES USED BY WORSHIPPING ASSEMBLIES.

BETHEL. C. M. Psalmist, 691st Hymn.



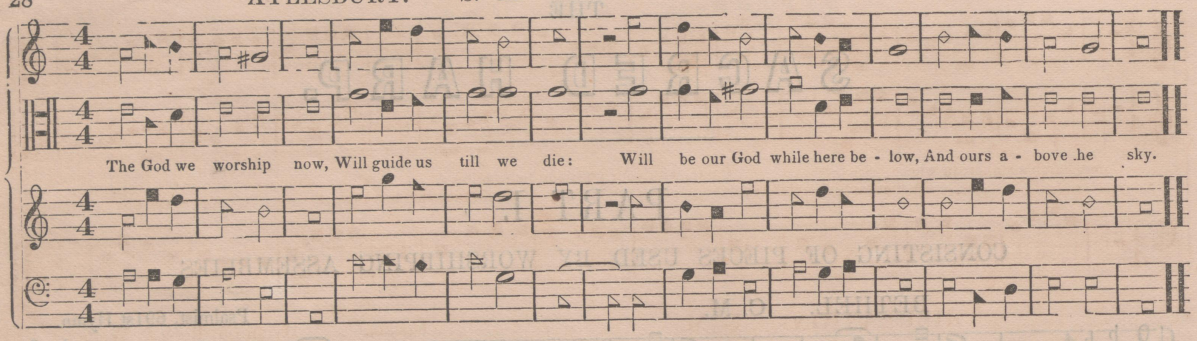
3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill

4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

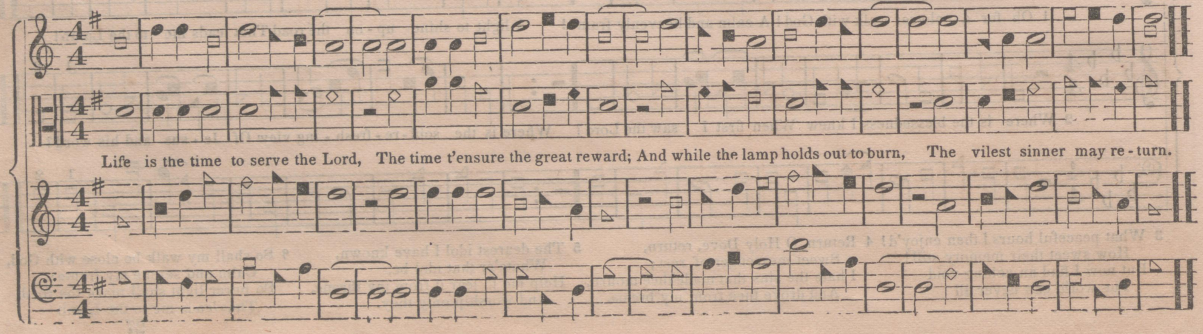
5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only they.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb

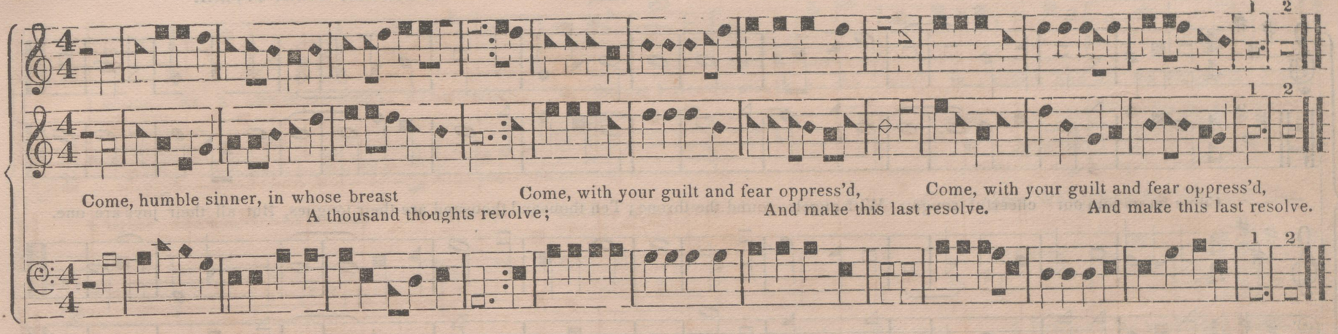
AYLESBURY. S. M.



WELLS. L. M.

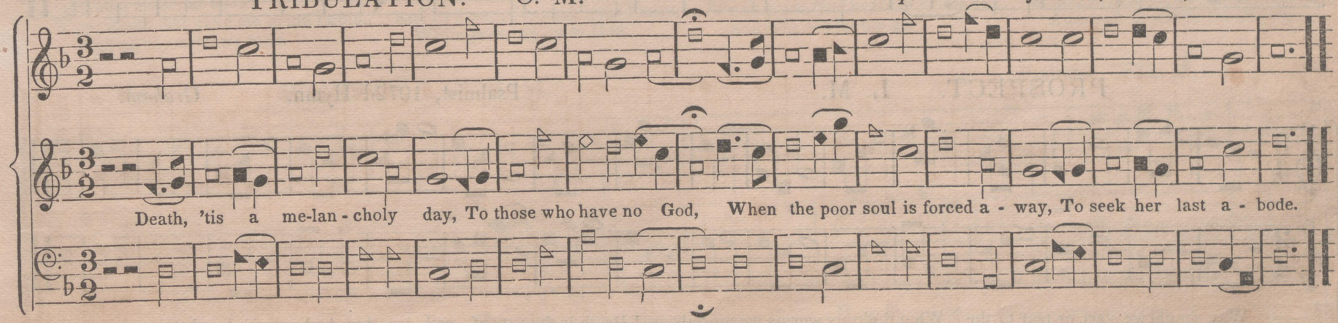


FAIRFIELD. C. M.



TRIBULATION. C. M.

Chapin. Hymn 55, Book 2, Watts.



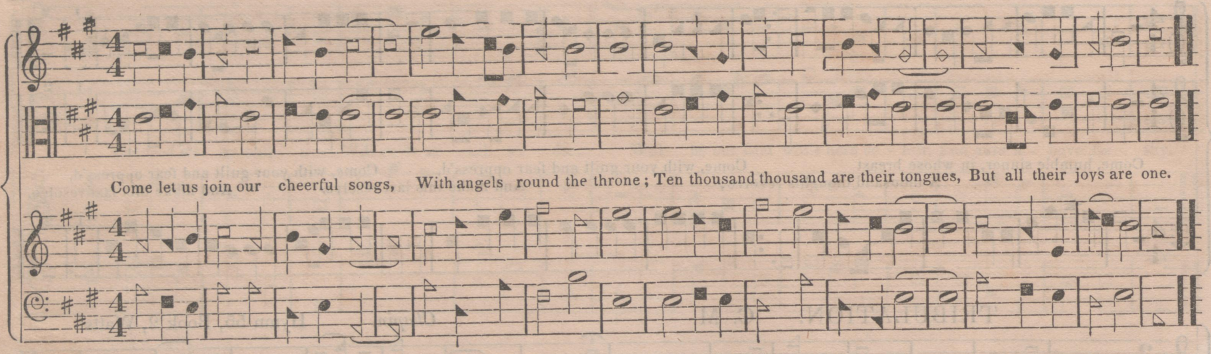
2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
For guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driven from earth, and dwell
A long FOR EVER there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downward too
And sing recovering grace.

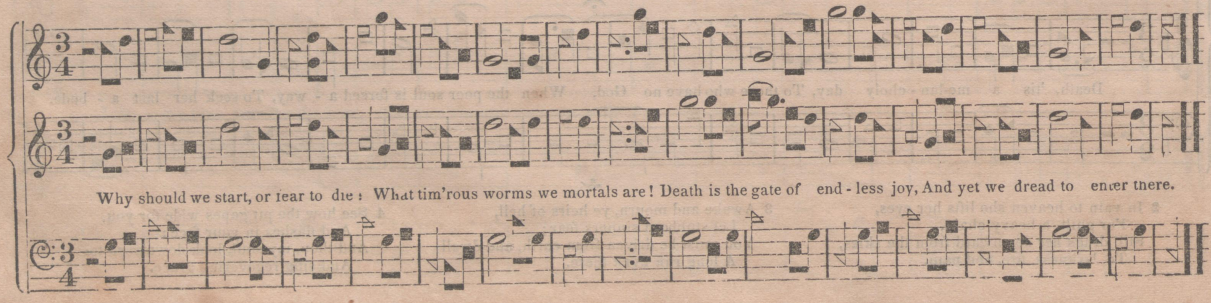
ROCHESTER. C. M.

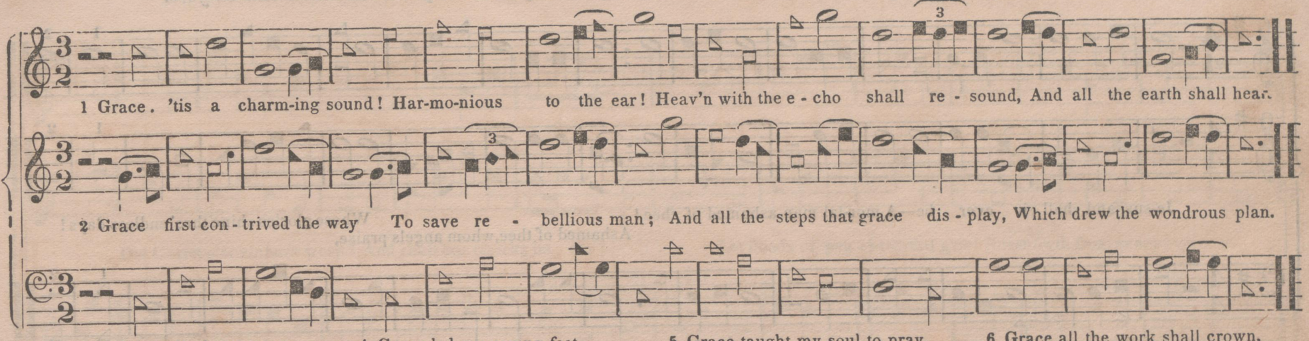
Psalmist. 346th Hymn.



PROSPECT. L. M.

Psalmist, 1072d Hymn. *Graham.*





3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

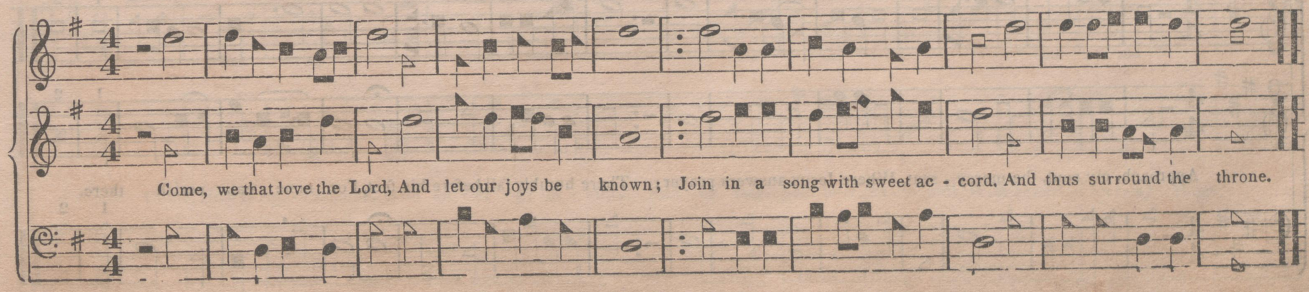
4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

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

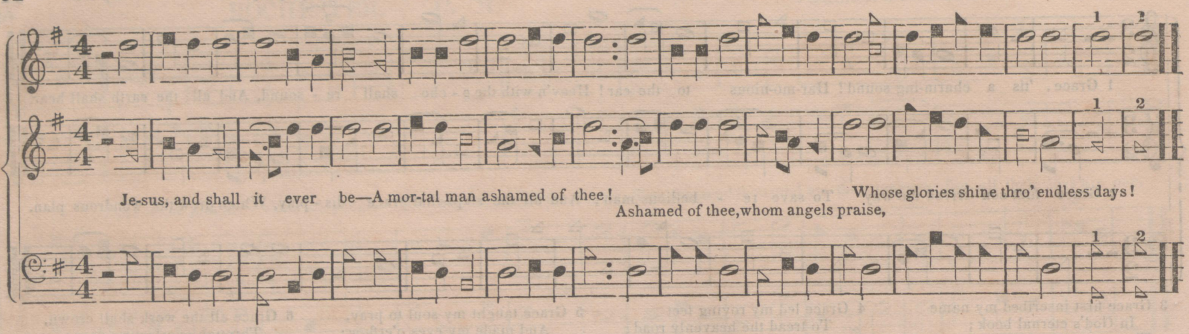
WEBSTER. S. M.

Psalmist, 767th Hymn.



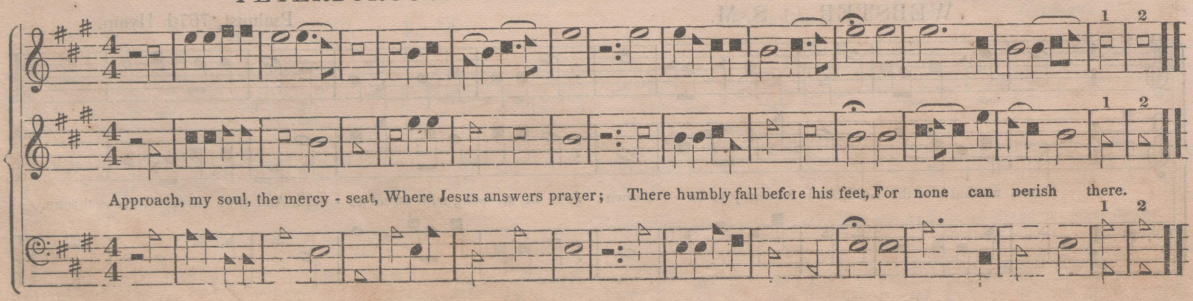
CORINTH. L. M.

Psalmist, 554th Hymn. *John Mavsengale.*



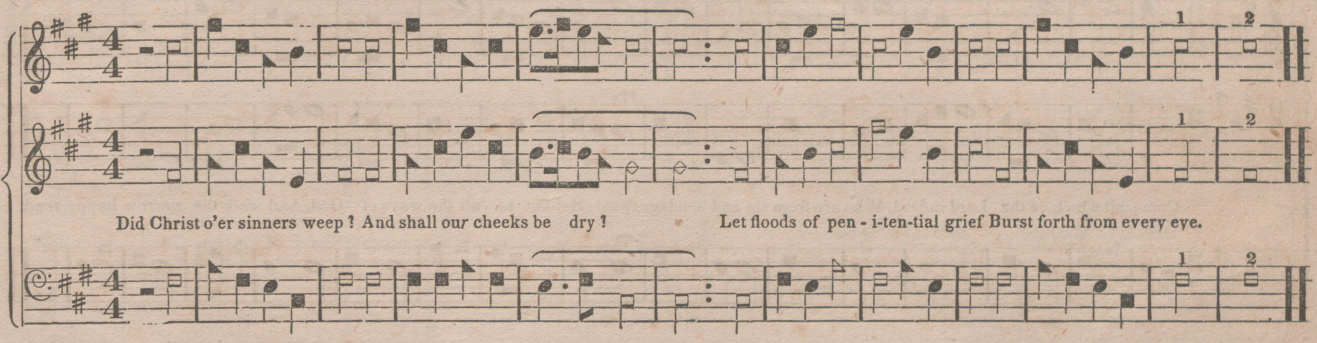
PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 2.



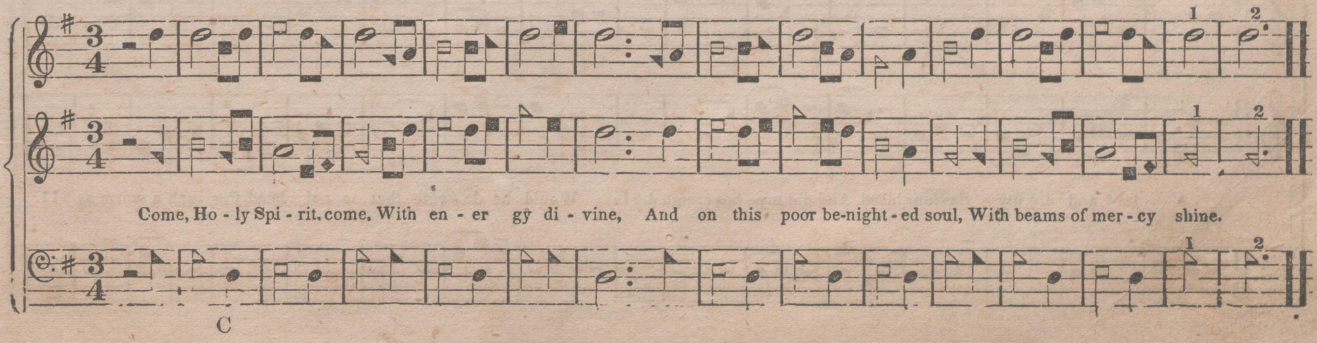
WEEPING SAVIOUR. S. M.

Psalmist, 471st Hymn. *E. J. King.*



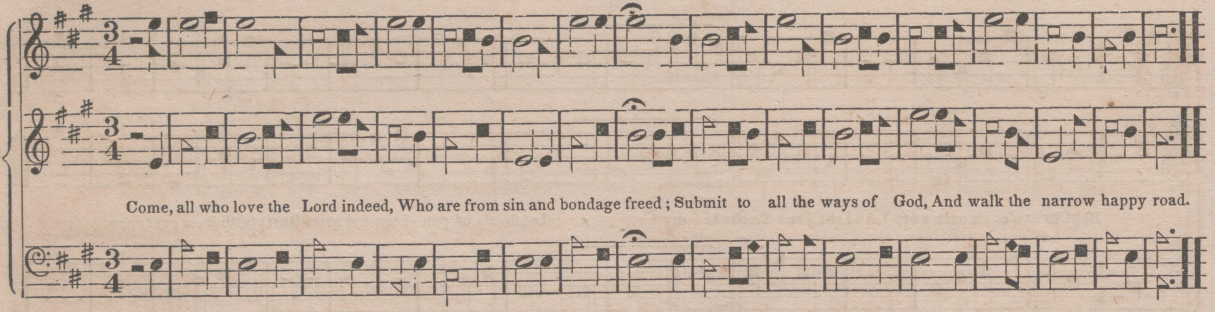
ABBEVILLE. S. M.

Psalmist, 362d Hymn. *E. J. King.*



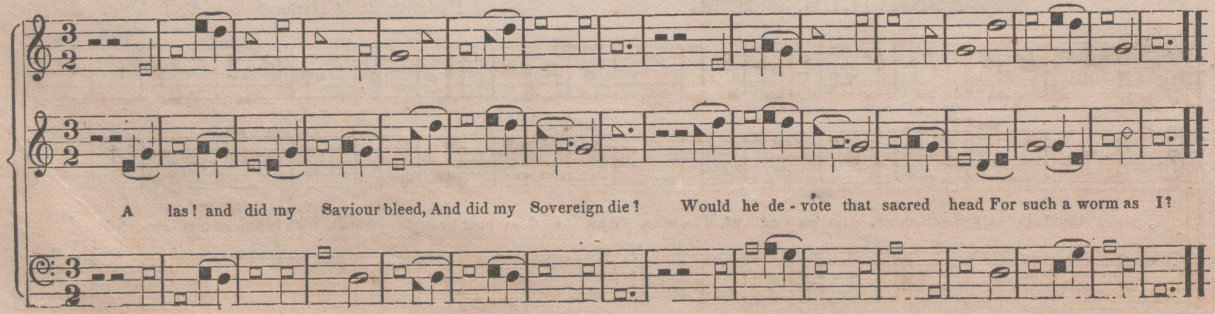
HAMILTON. L. M.

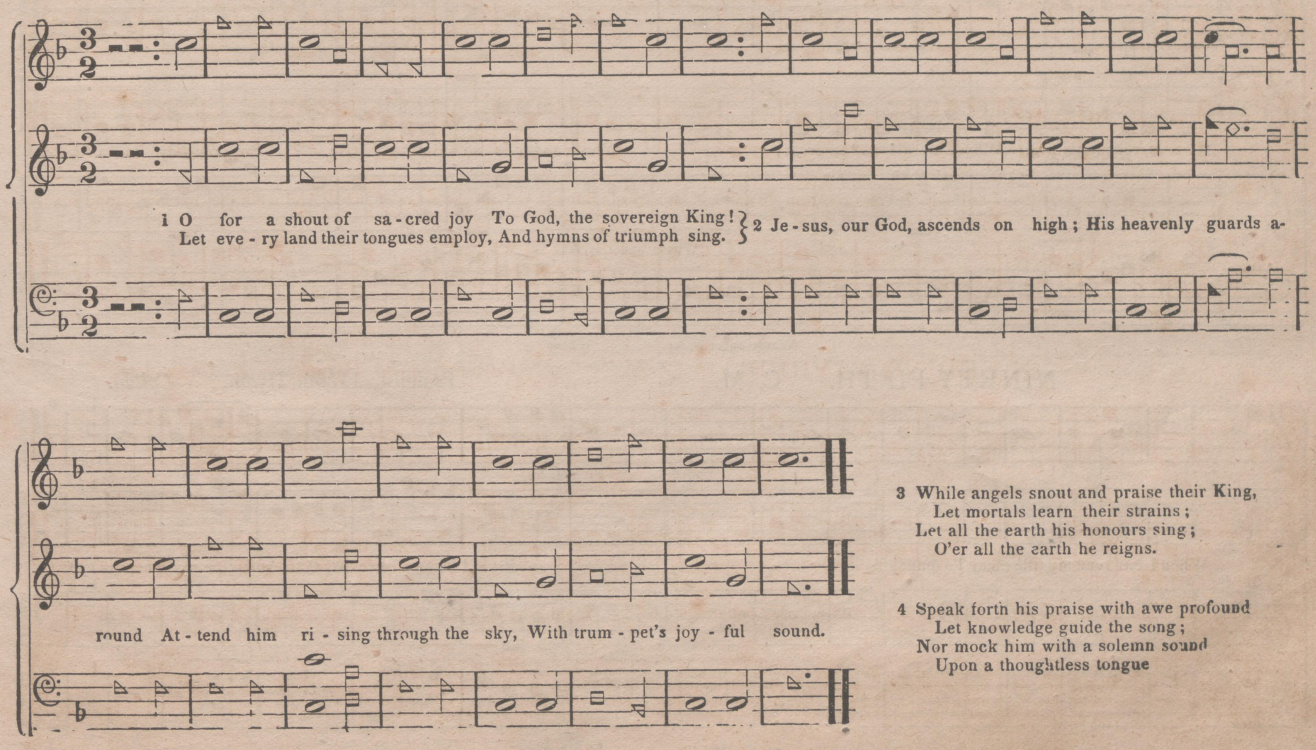
Zion Songster, p. 222. *B. F. White.*



BLEEDING SAVIOUR. C. M.

Psalmist, 472d Hymn. *Z. Chambless.*



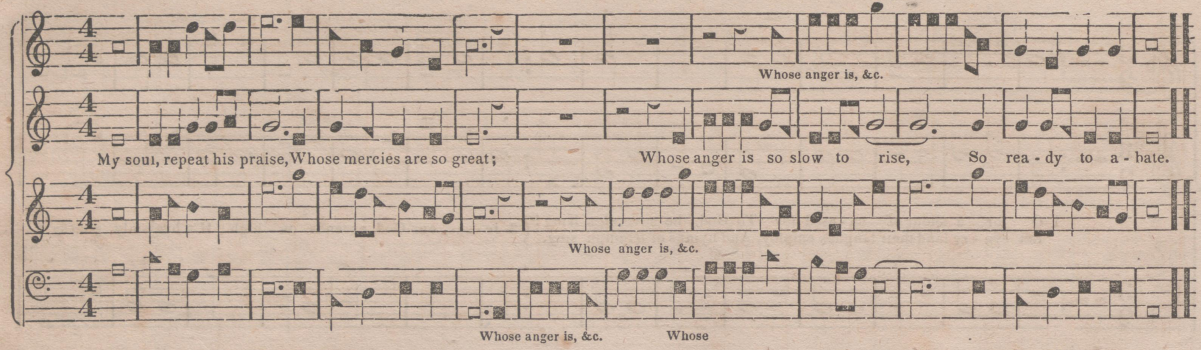


3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Speak forth his praise with awe profound
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue

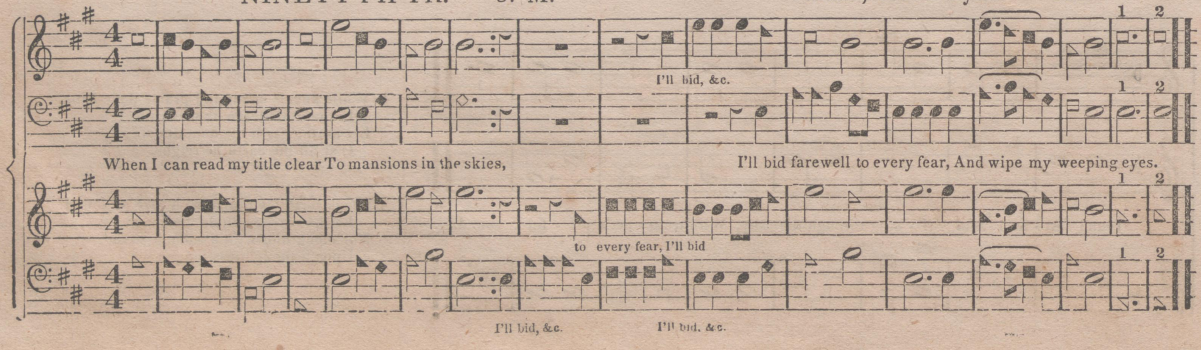
AMERICA. S. M.

Psalmist, 183d Hymn. *Whitmore.*

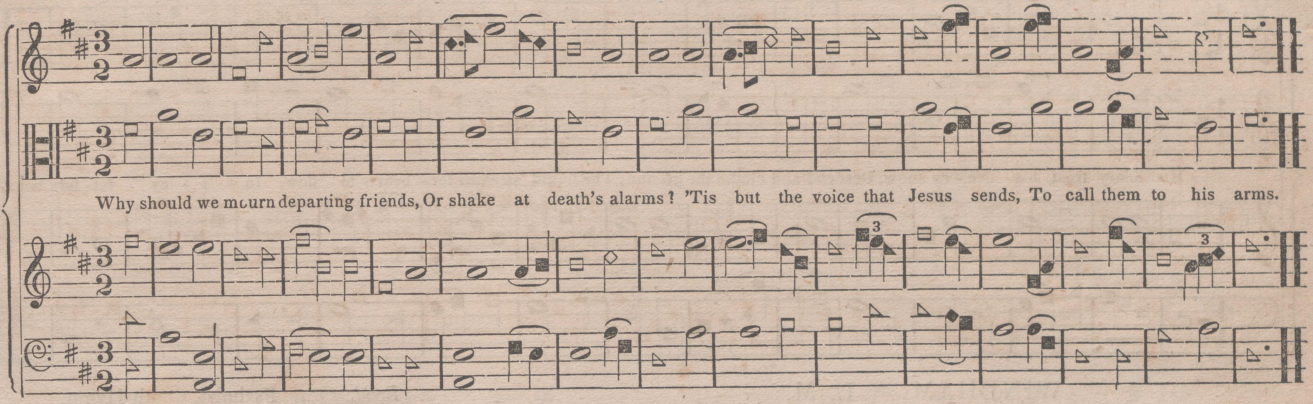


NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

Psalmist, 1156th Hymn. *Colton.*

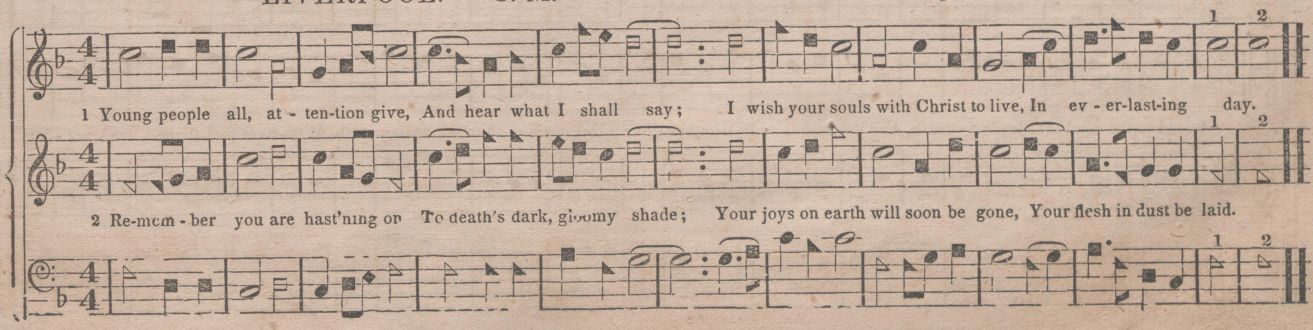


CHINA. C M.

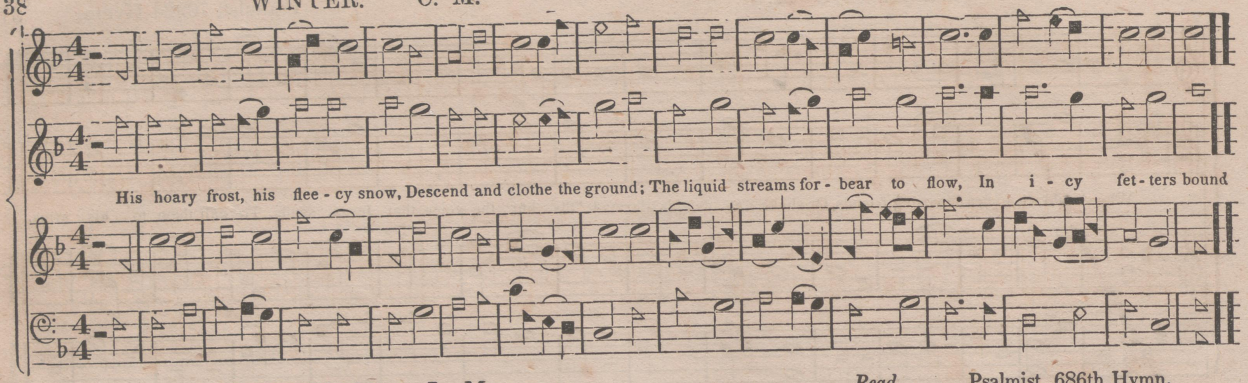


LIVERPOOL. C. M.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 146. *M. C H. Davis.*

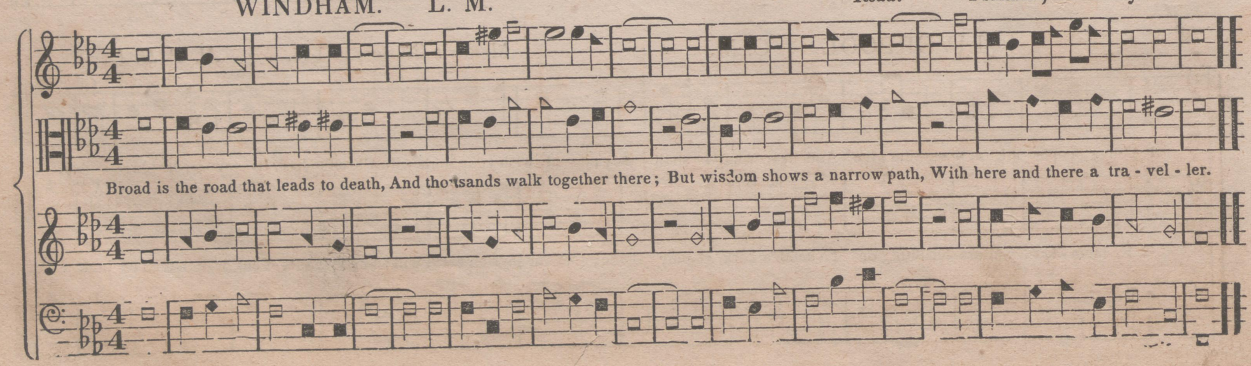


WINTER. C. M.

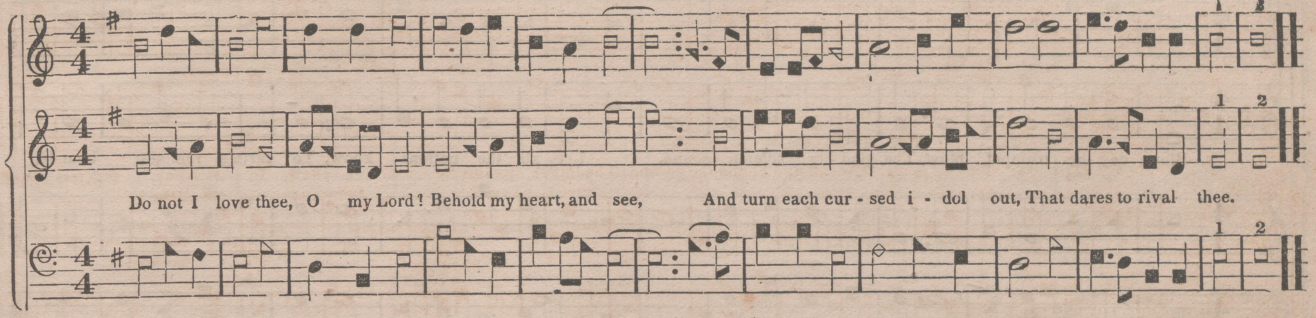


WINDHAM. L. M.

Read. Psalmist, 686th Hymn.

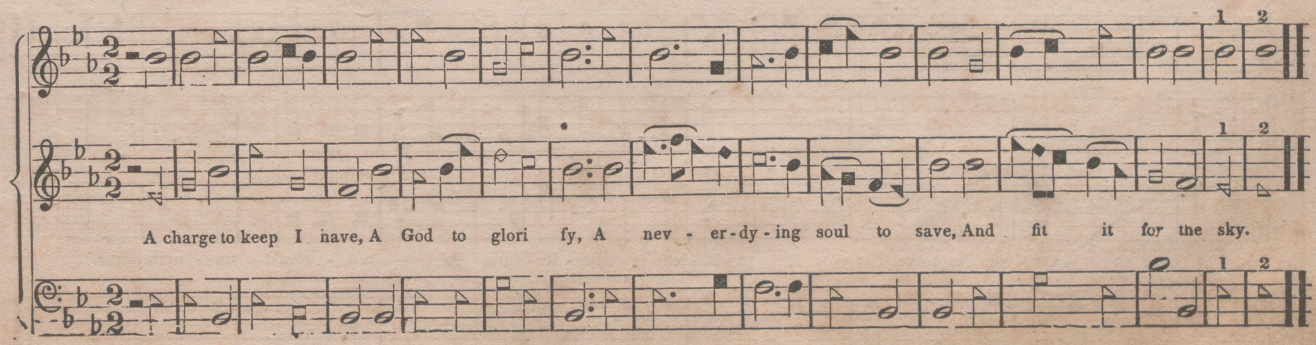


DETROIT. C. M.



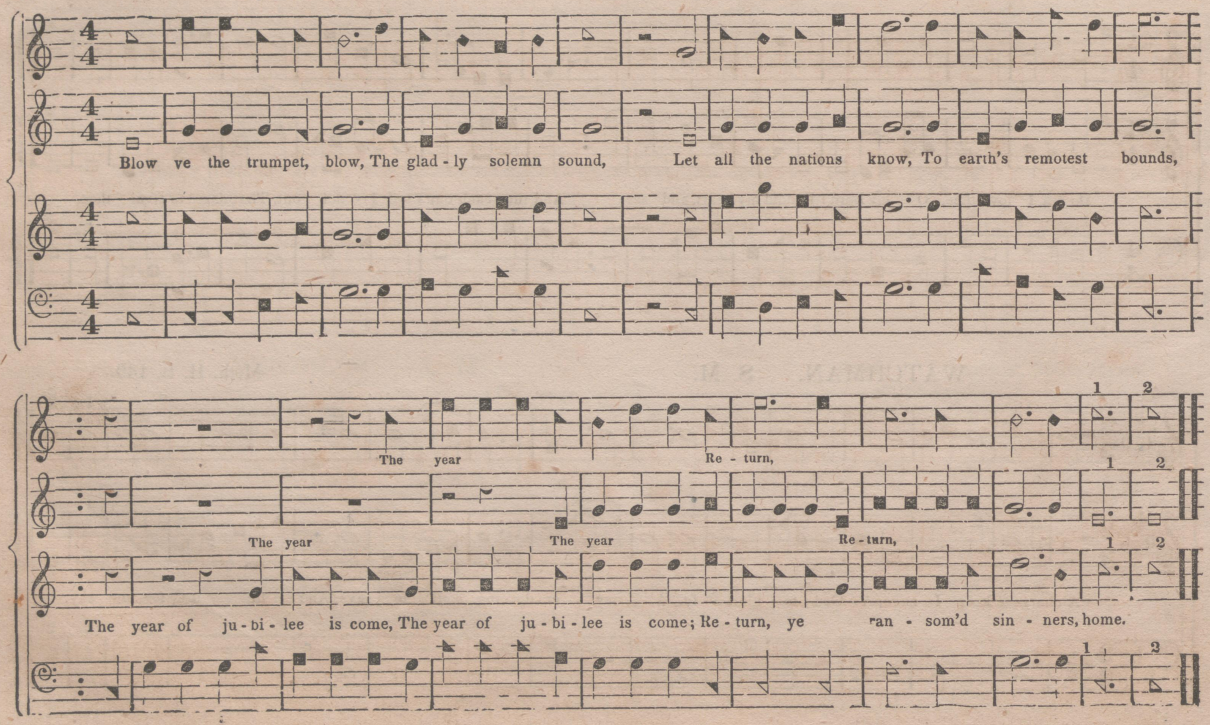
WATCHMAN. S. M.

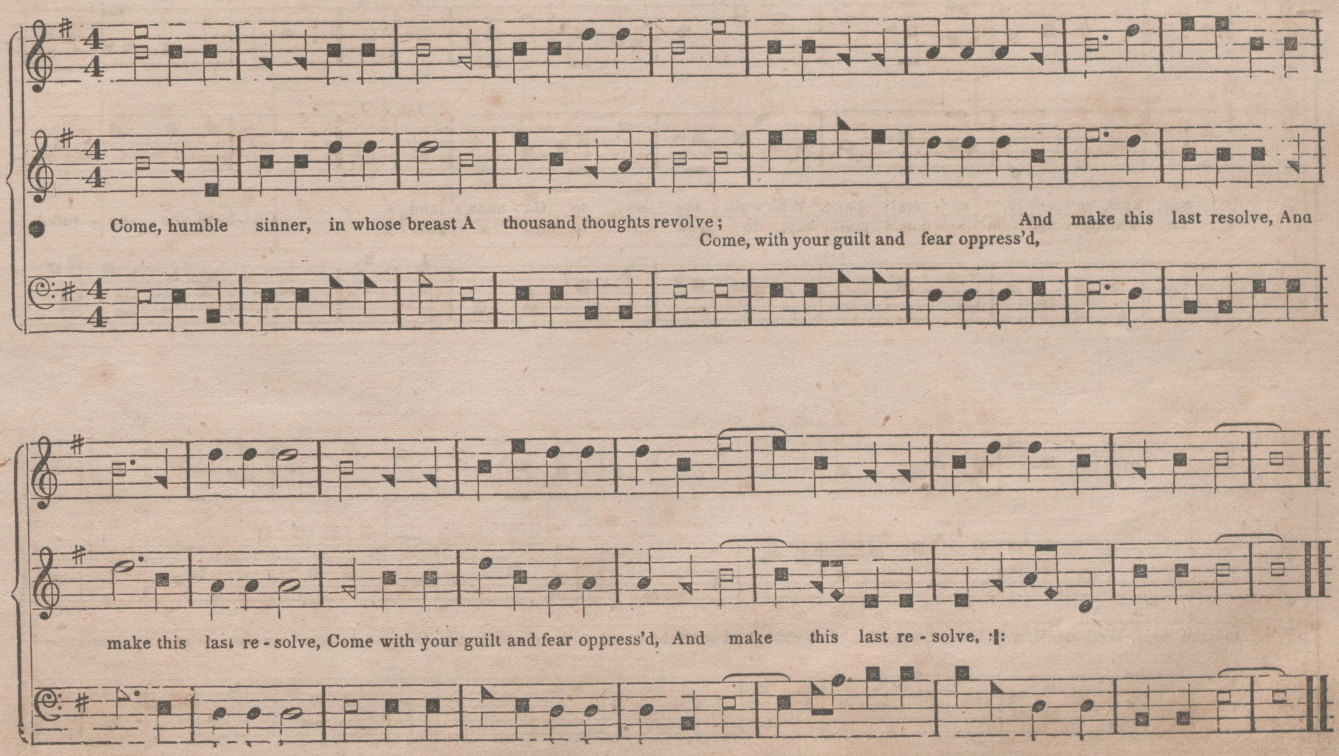
Meth. H. B. 149.



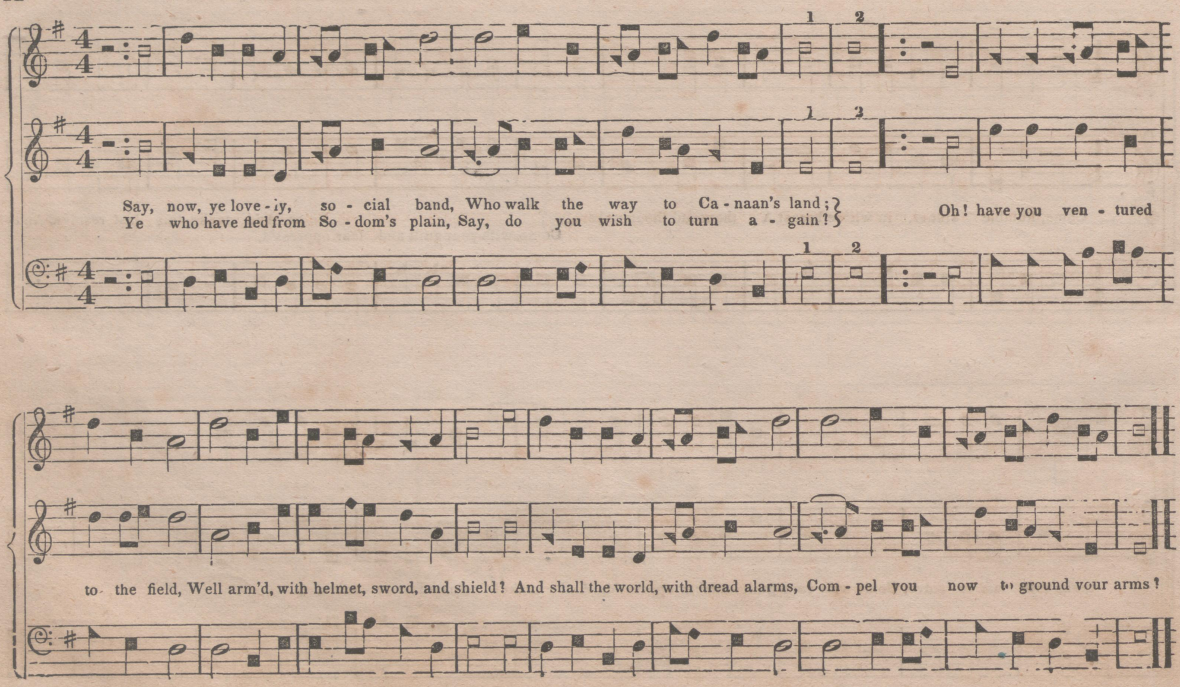
LENOX. P. M.

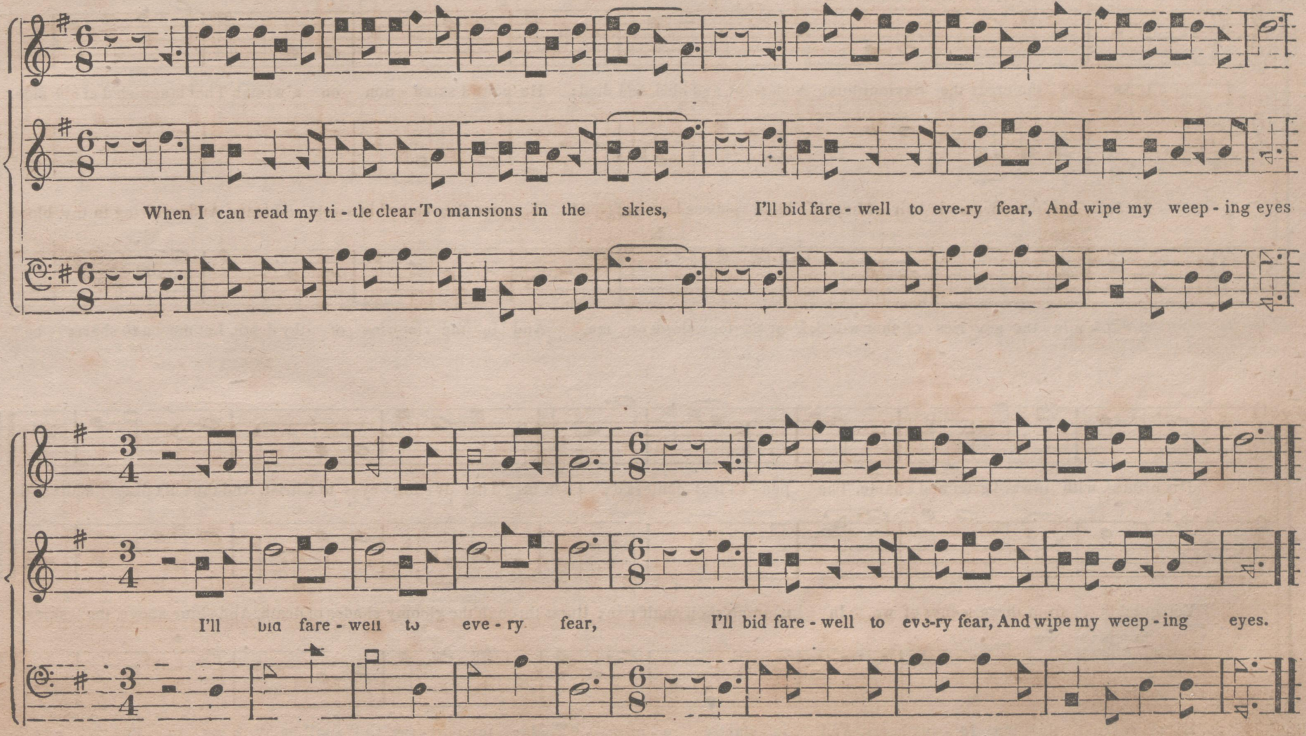
Edson. Baptist Harmony, p. 356.




Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve;
And make this last resolve, And
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
make this last re - solve, Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last re - solve, :‖:

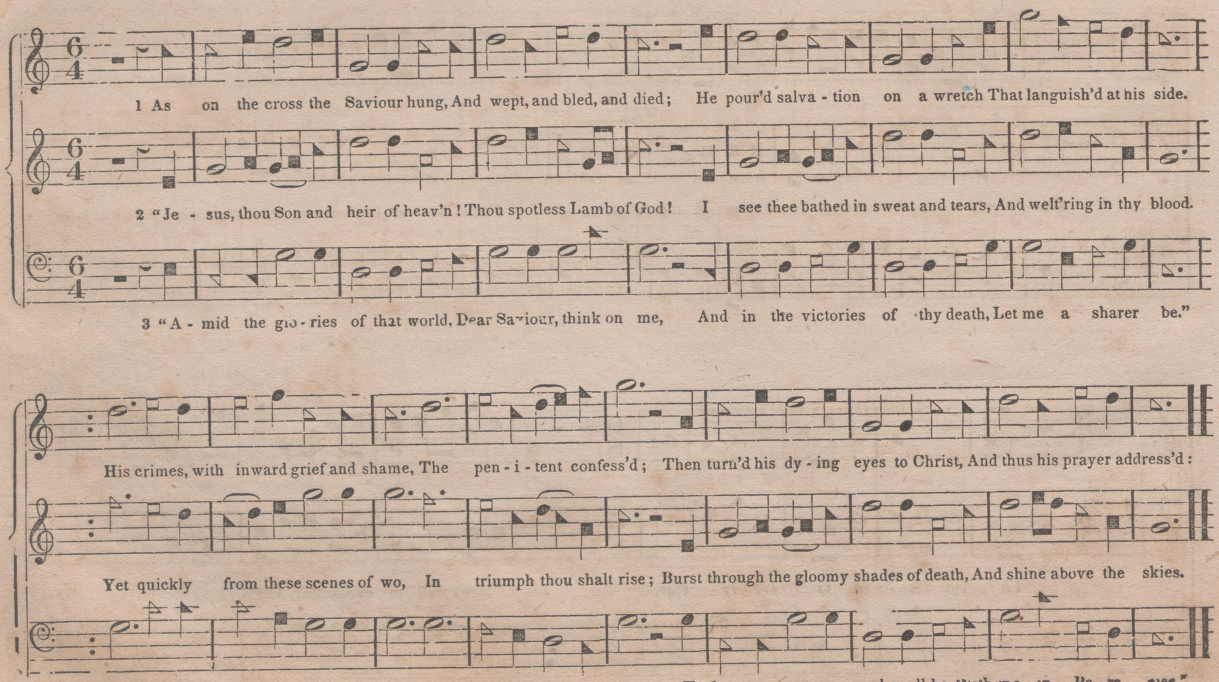
CLAMANDA. L. M. D.




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

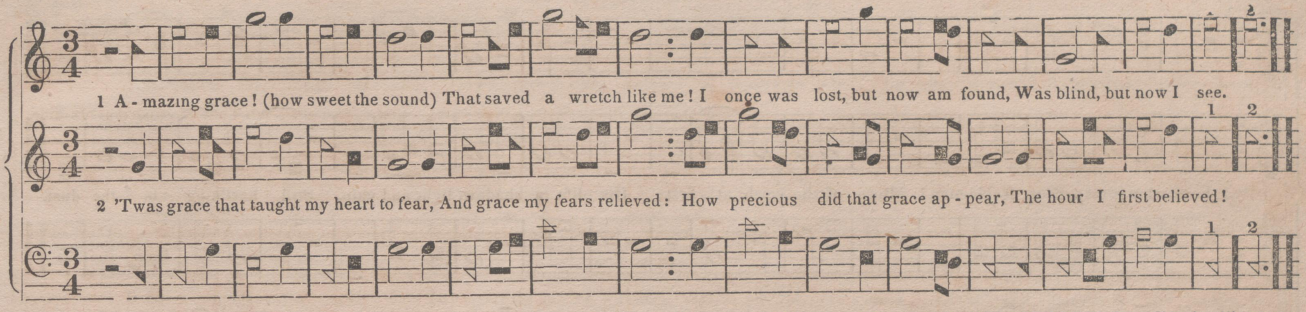
THE CONVERTED THIEF. C. M. D.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 51.



NEW BRITAIN. C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 123.



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

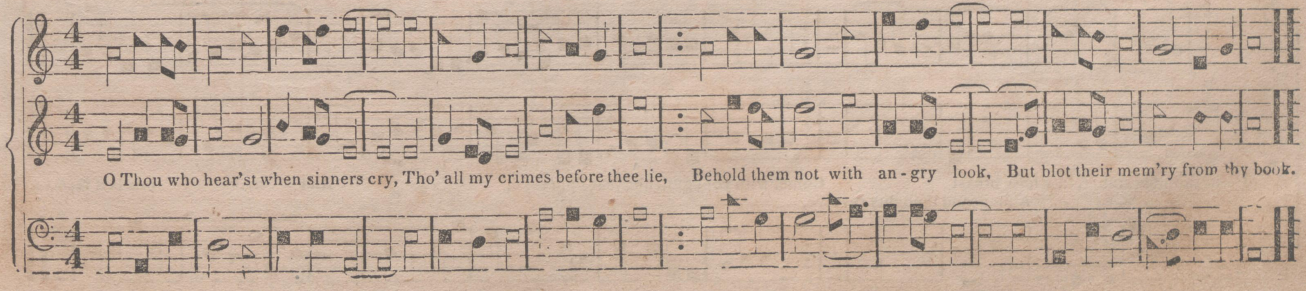
4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

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

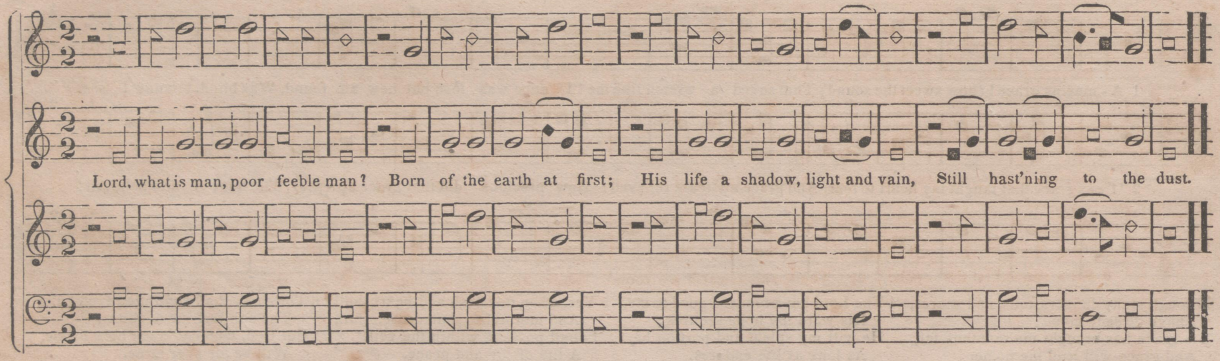
6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

SUPPLICATION. L. M.

Psalmist, 467th Hymn. 51st Psalm, Watts.

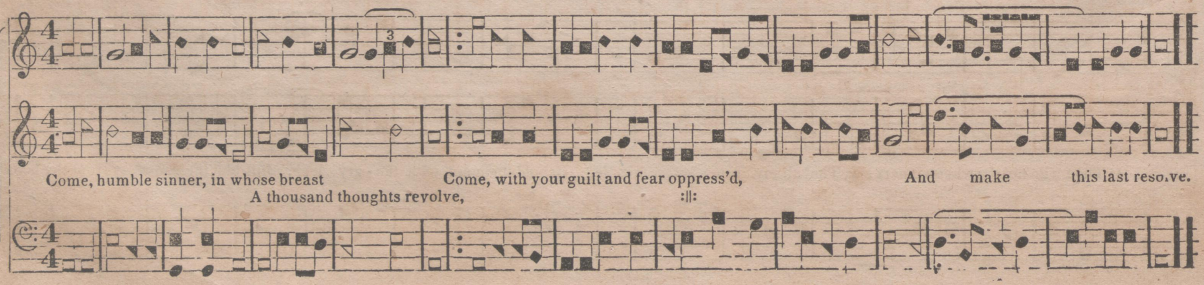


DUBLIN. C. M.



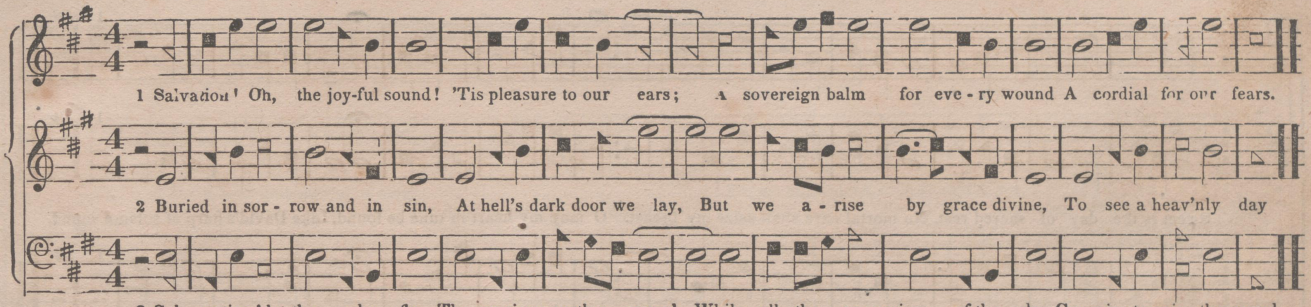
HANOVER. C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 247



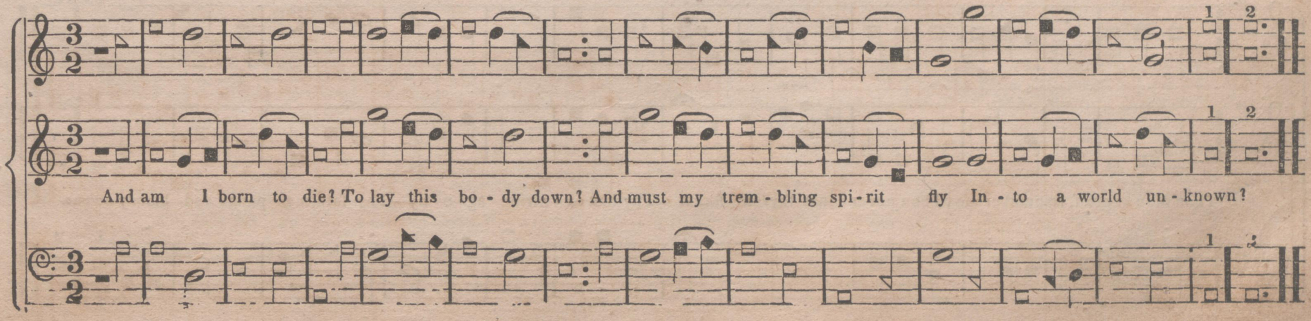
PRIMROSE. C. M.

Hymn 88, B. 2, Watts. *Chapin*

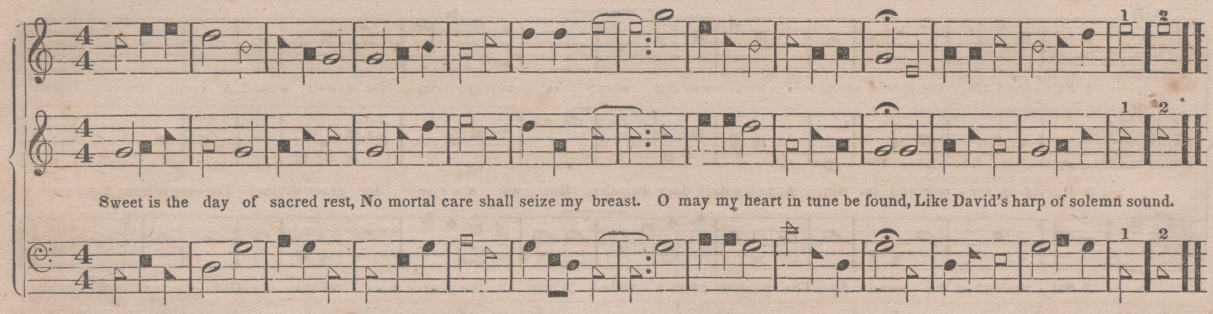


IDUMEA. S. M.

Meth. H. B. p. 231. *Davison.*

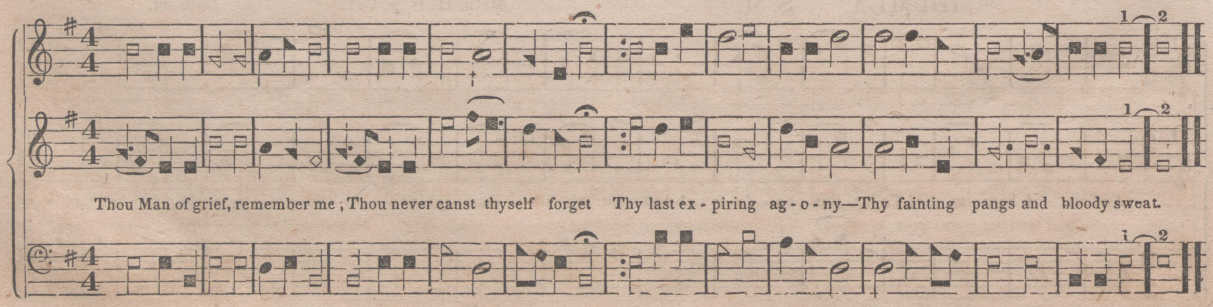


DEVOTION. L. M.

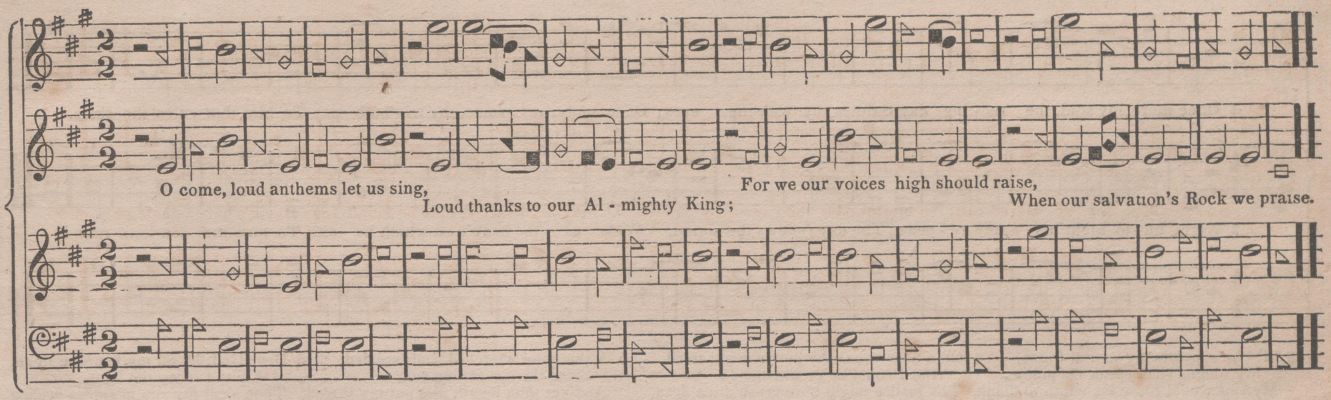


KEDRON. L. M.

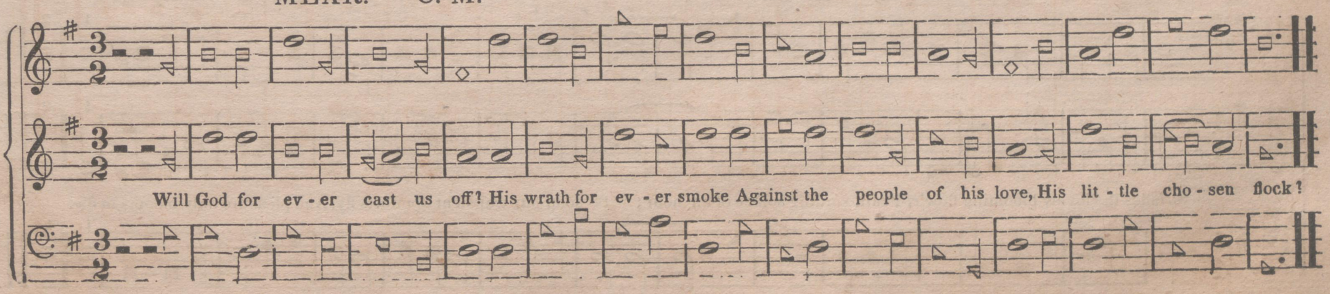
Dare.



OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

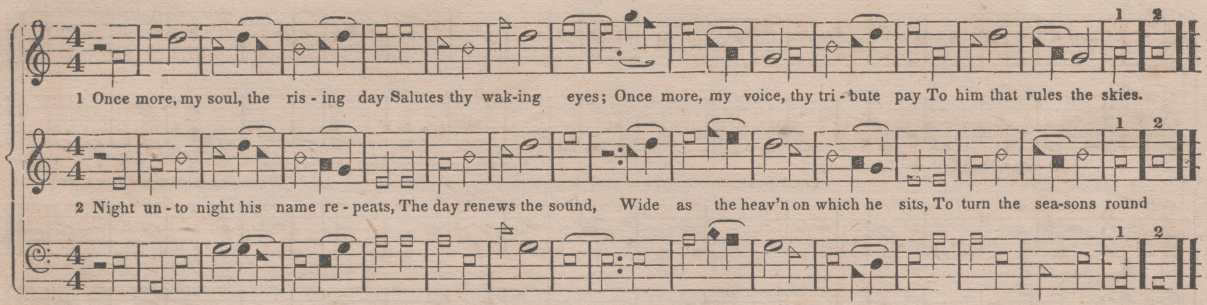


MEAR. C. M.



CONSOLATION. C. M.

Hymn 6, B. 2, Watts. *Dean.*



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

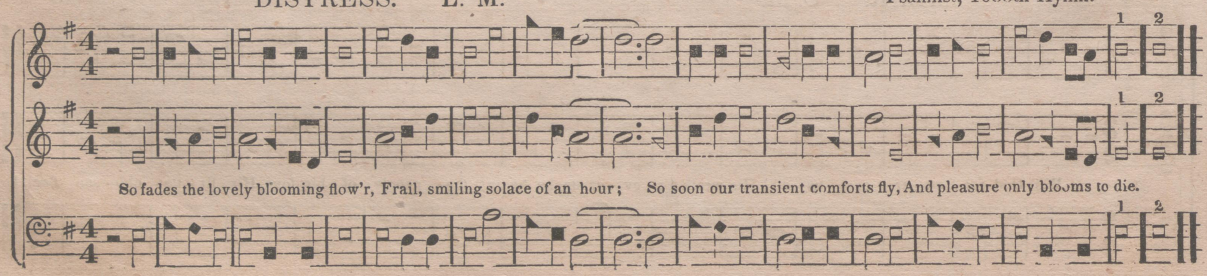
4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

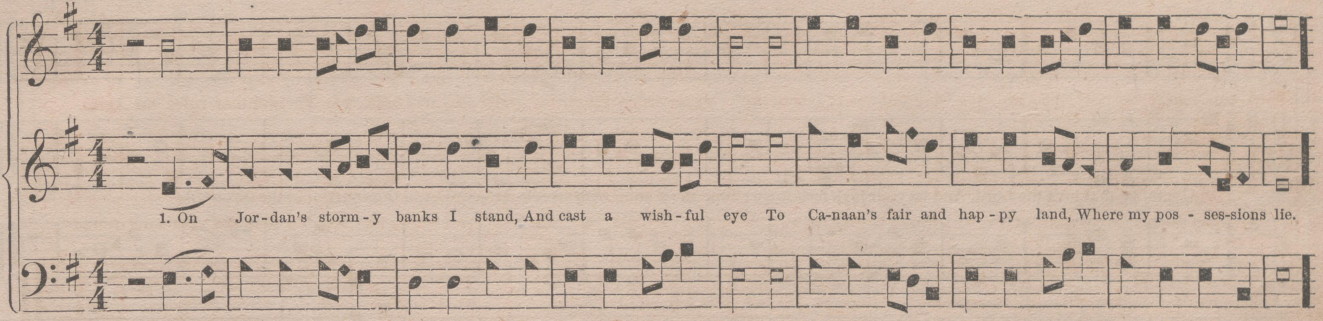
5 A thousand wretched souls are fled,
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

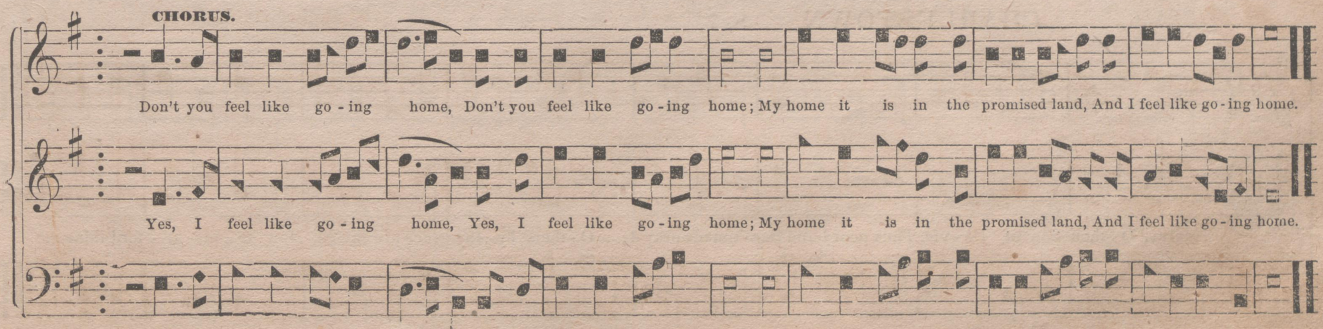
6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light,
Then shall my sun in smiles decline
And bring a pleasant night.

DISTRESS. L. M.

Psalmist, 1088th Hymn.

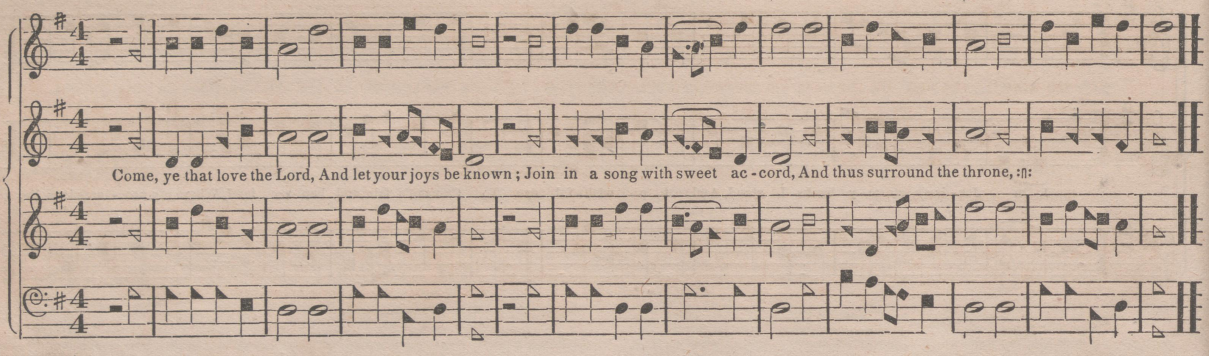



1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie.

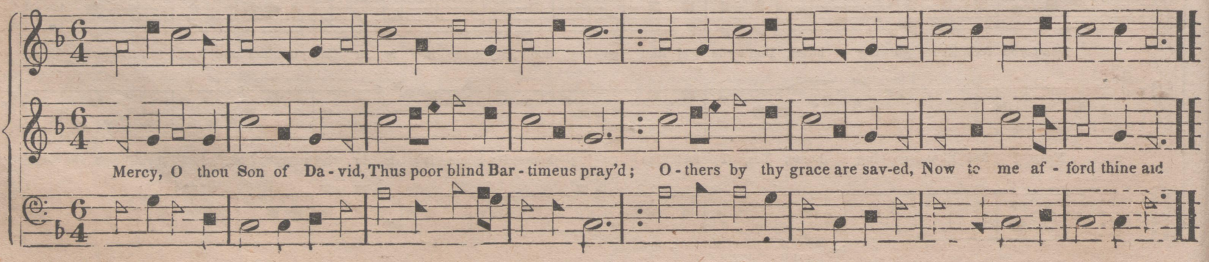

CHORUS.
Don't you feel like go-ing home, Don't you feel like go-ing home; My home it is in the promised land, And I feel like go-ing home.
Yes, I feel like go-ing home, Yes, I feel like go-ing home; My home it is in the promised land, And I feel like go-ing home.

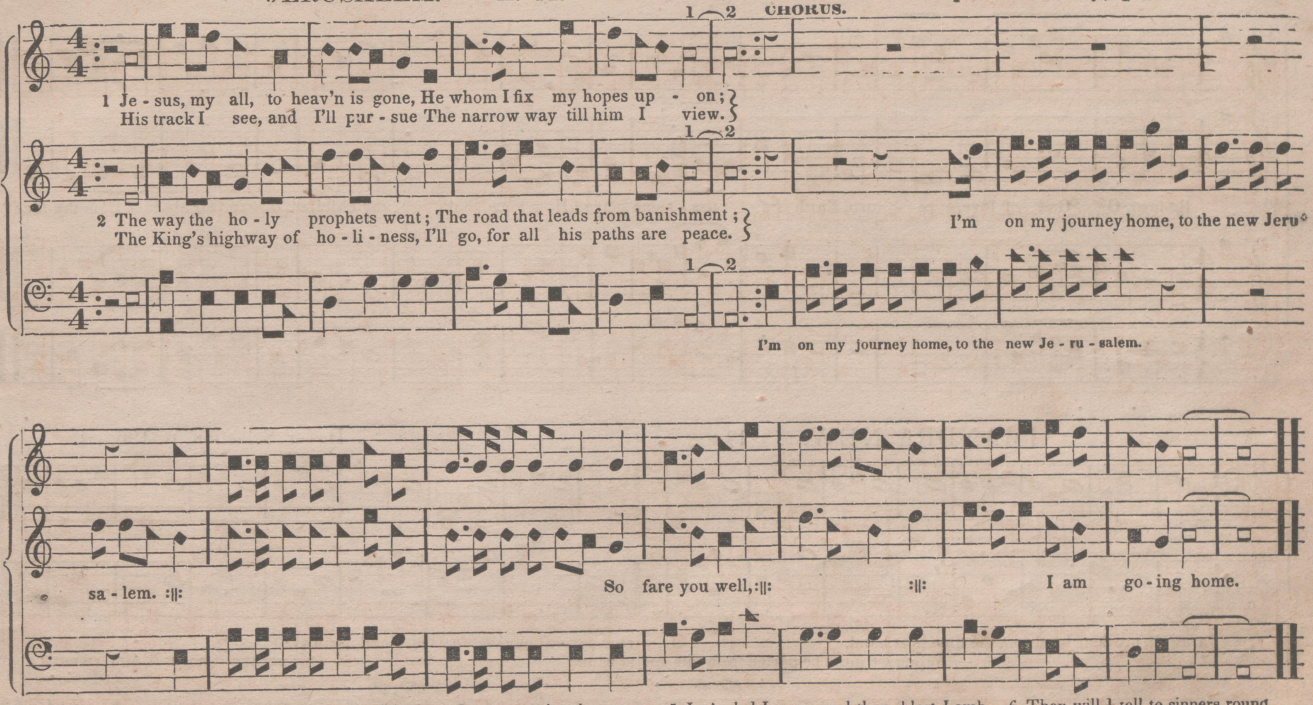
ALBION. S. M.

Psalmist, 767th Hymn. *Boya.*



CHARLESTOWN. 8, 7.





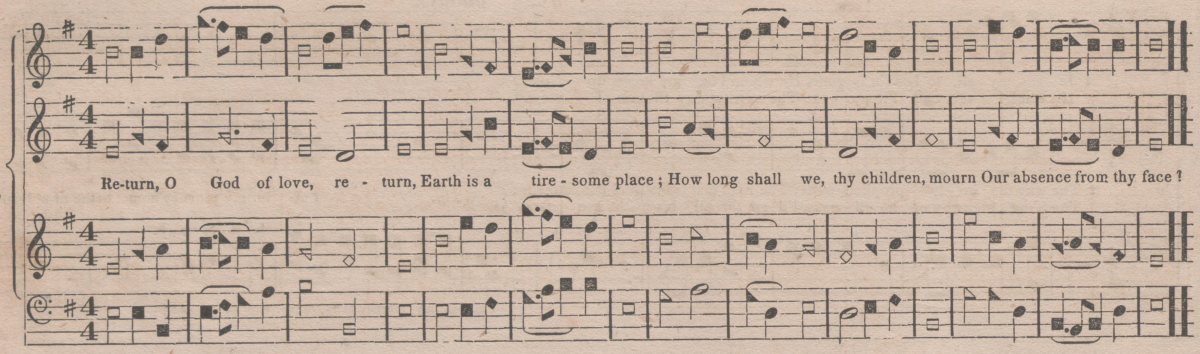
3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power
I felt its weight and guilt the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say.
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

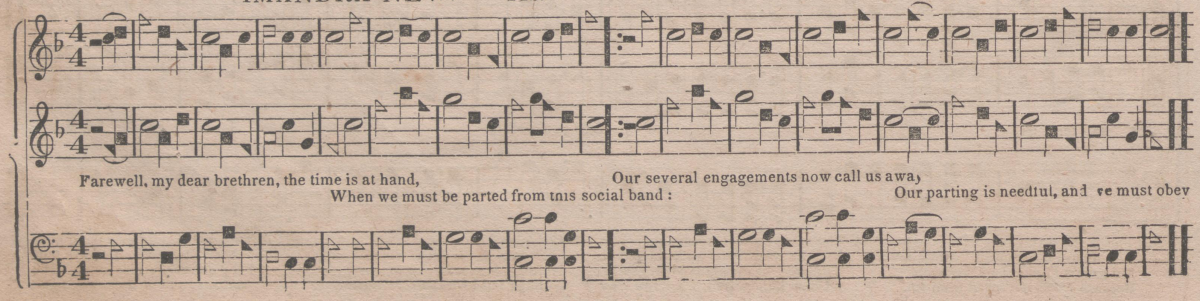
6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God"

GEORGIA. C. M.

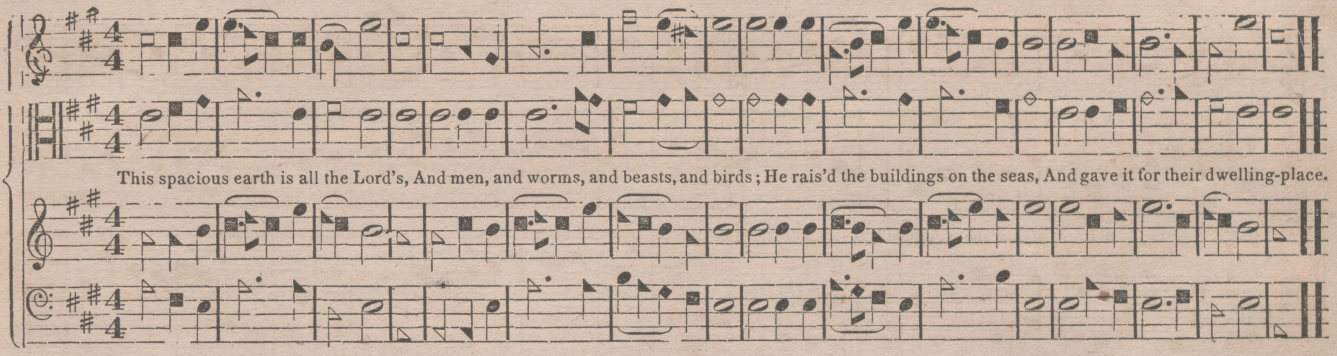


IMANDRA NEW. 11s.

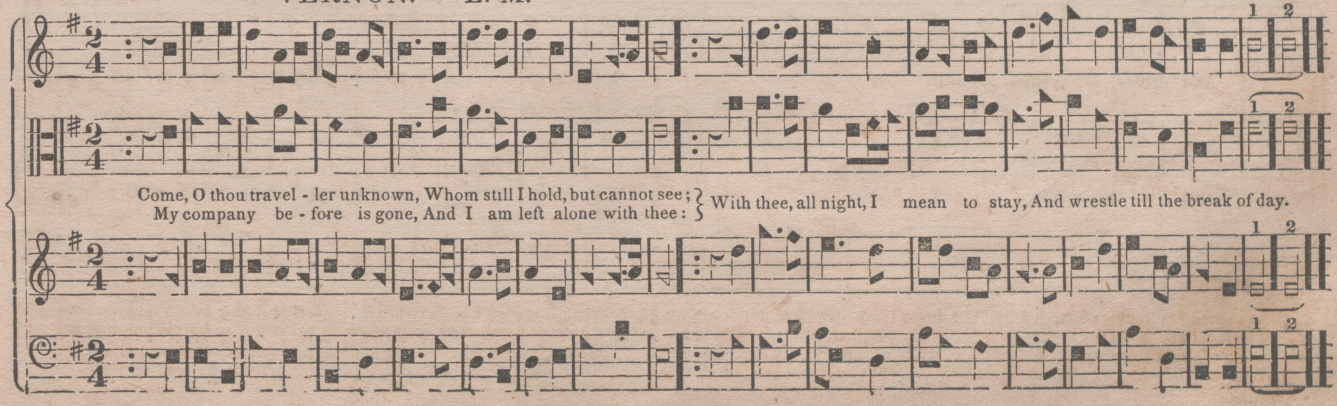
Dover Selection, p. 196.



PARIS. L. M.

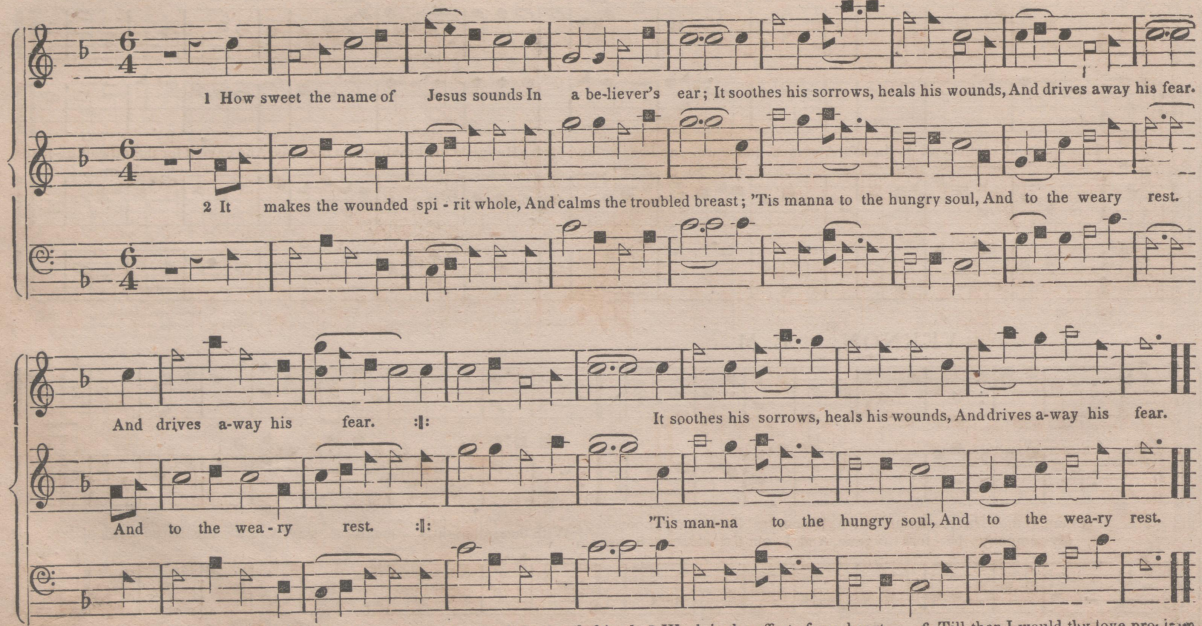


VERNON. L. M.



SALEM C. M.

Dossey's Choice, p. 58.

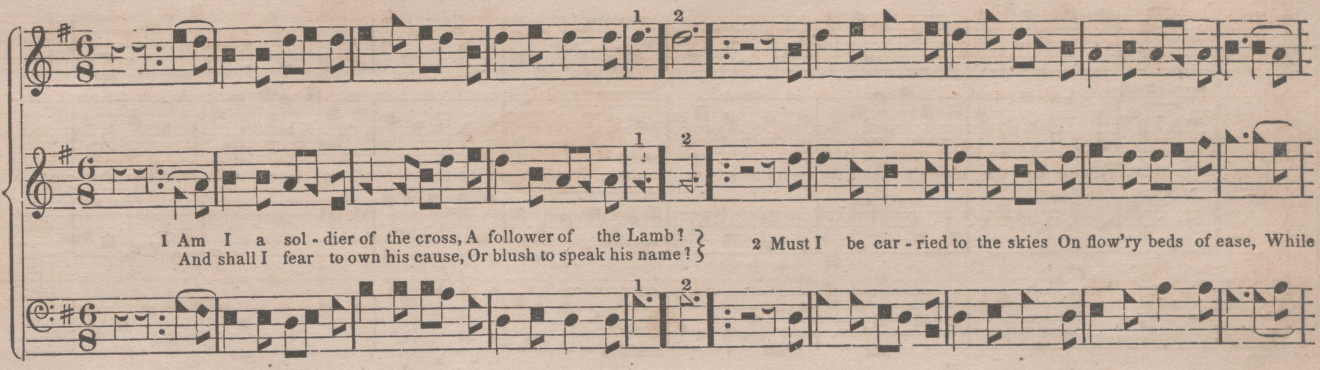


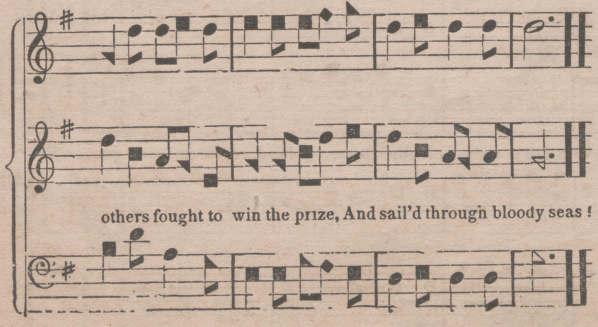
3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace

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 heart,
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 proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
And may the music of my name
Refresh my soul in death.





3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

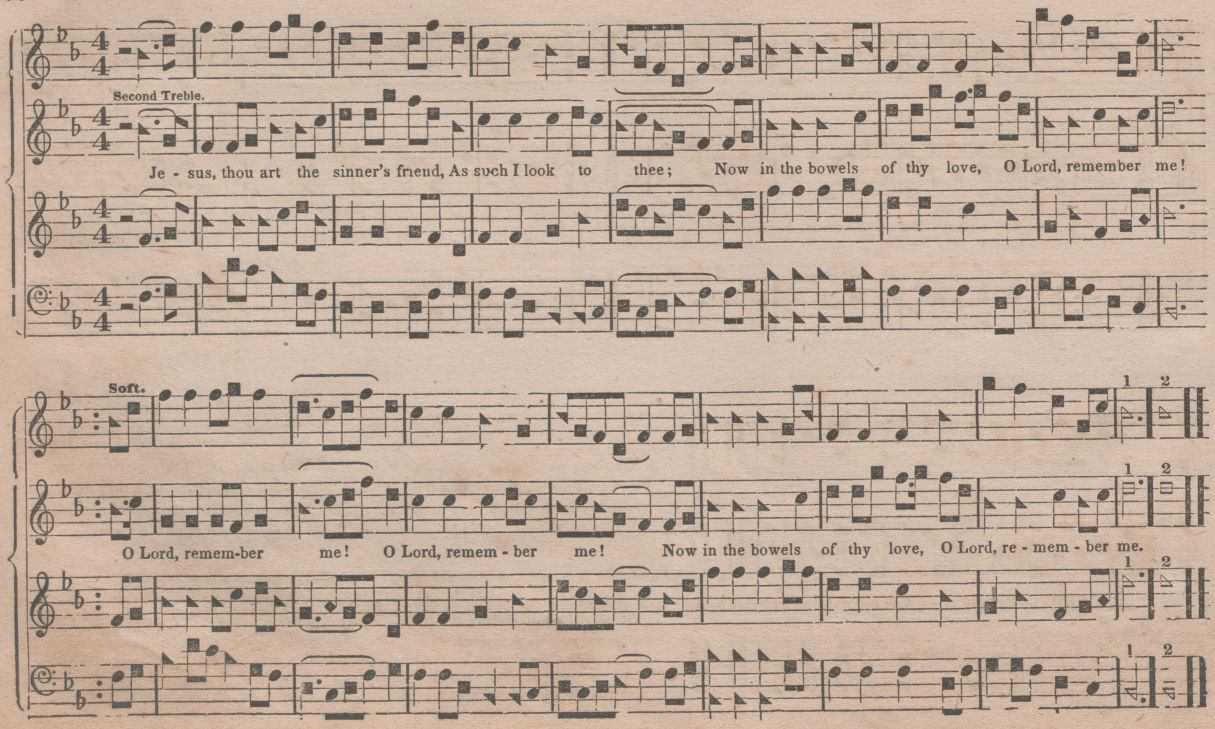
4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign:—
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

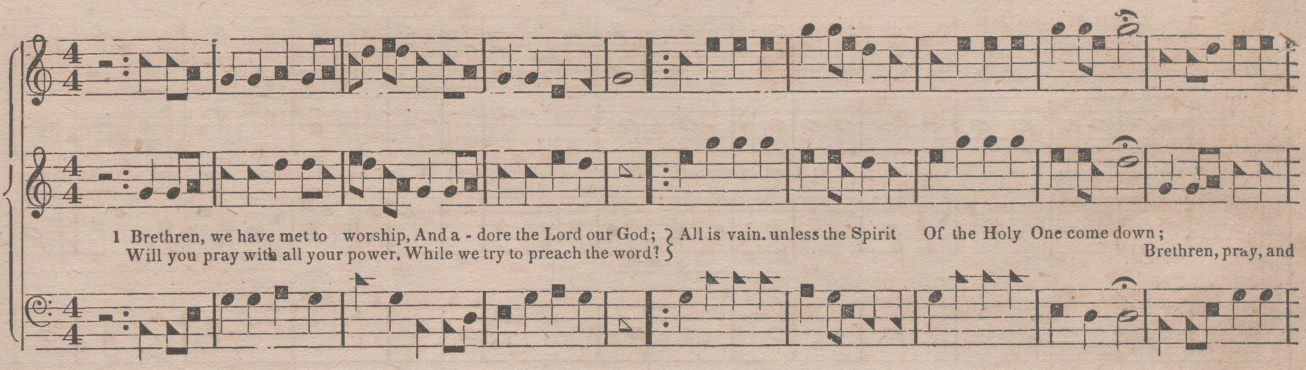
5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

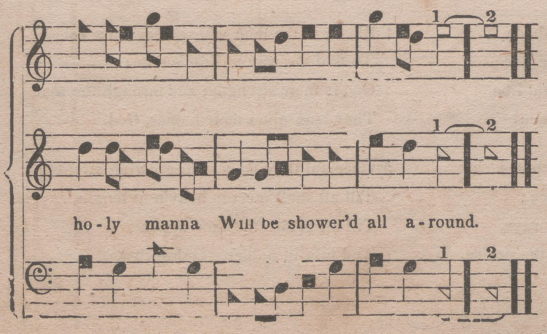
6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

PISGAH. C. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 250. *Lowry.*







2 Brethren, see poor sinners round you,
Trembling on the brink of wo;
Death is coming, hell is moving,—
Can you bear to let them go?
See our fathers, see our mothers,
And our children sinking down;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

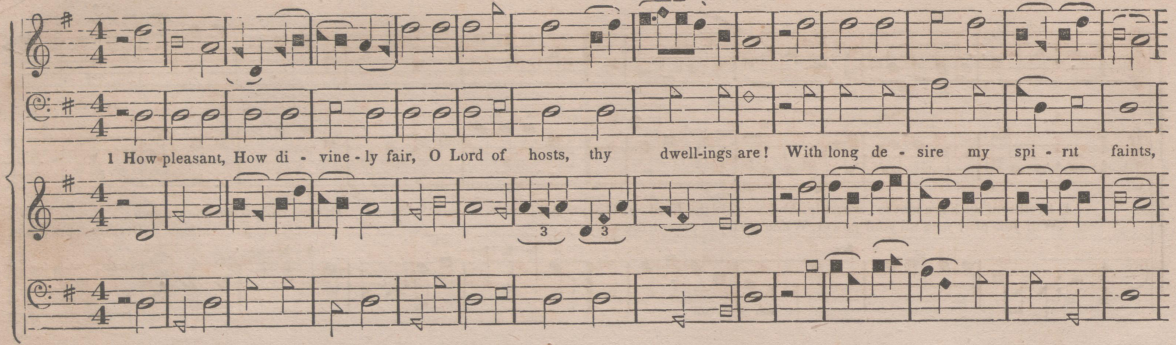
3 Sisters, will you join and help us?
Moses' sisters aided him;
Will you help the trembling mourners,
Who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that he will be found;
Sisters, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

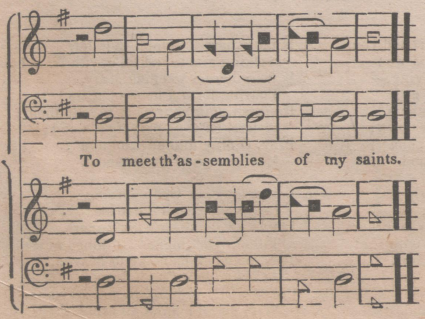
4 Is there here a trembling jailer,
Seeking grace, and fill'd with fears?
Is there here a weeping Mary,
Pouring forth a flood of tears?
Brethren, join your cries to help them;
Sisters, let your prayers abound;
Pray, O pray that holy manna
May be scatter'd all around.

5 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new
Then he'll call us home to heaven,
At his table we'll sit down;
Christ will gird himself, and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

Thorley.



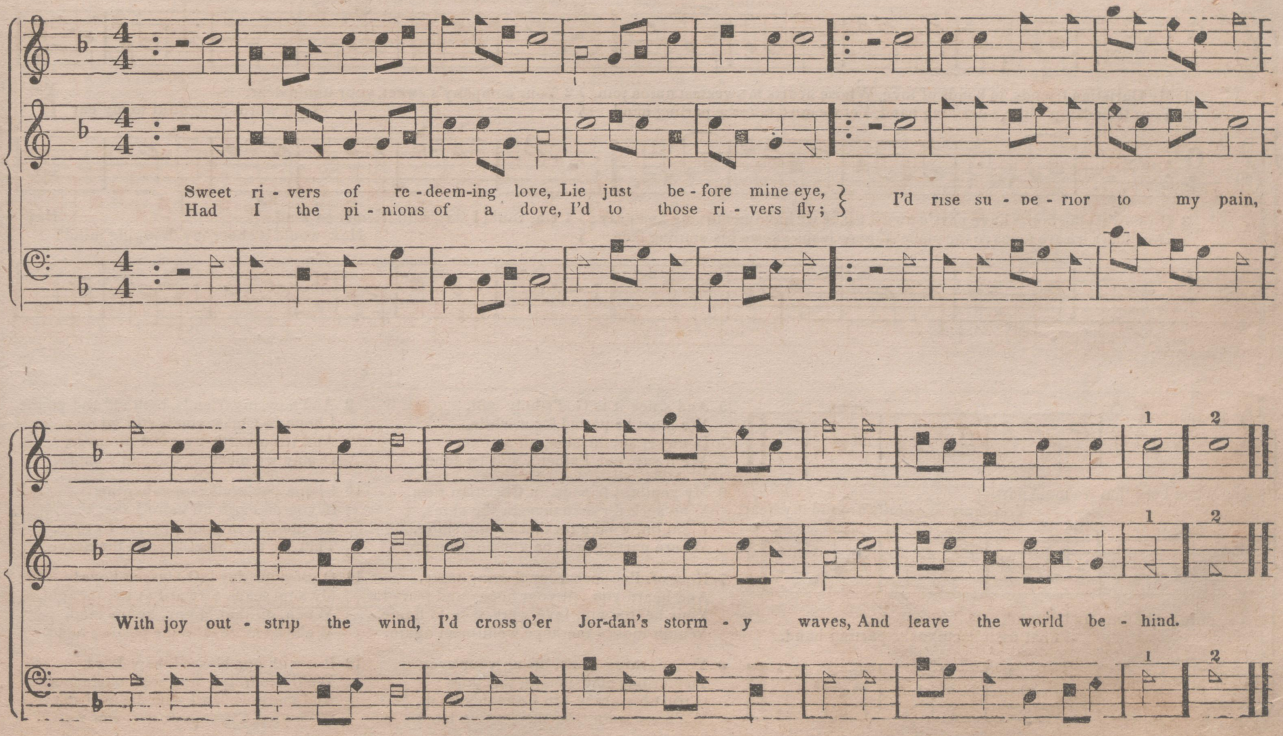


2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee!

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

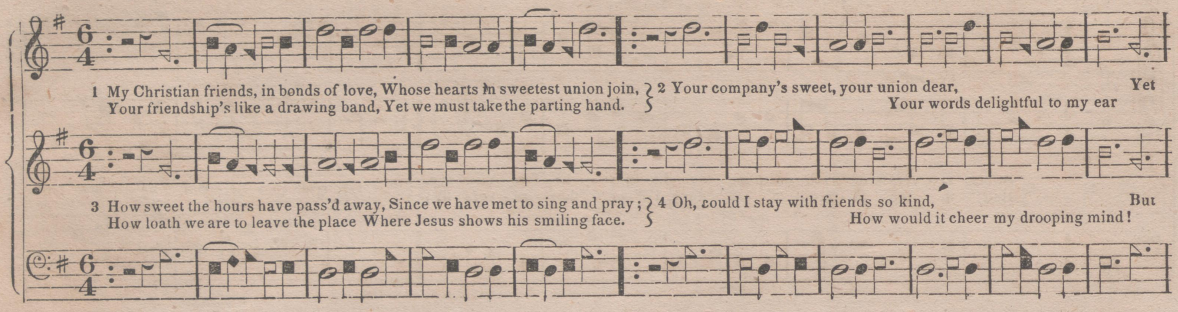
4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.


Sweet ri - vers of re - deem-ing love, Lie just be - fore mine eye,
Had I the pi - nions of a dove, I'd to those ri - vers fly;
I'd rise su - pe - rior to my pain,
With joy out - strip the wind, I'd cross o'er Jor-dan's storm - y waves, And leave the world be - hind.

PARTING HAND. L. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 447

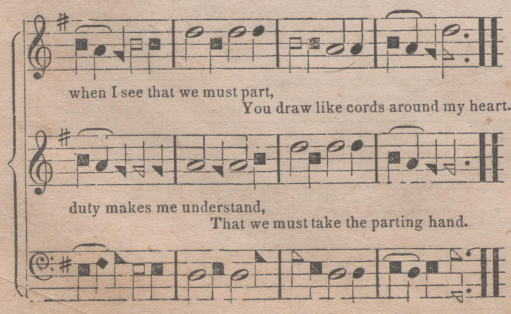


1 My Christian friends, in bonds of love,
Whose hearts in sweetest union join,
Your friendship's like a drawing band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 Your company's sweet, your union dear,
Yet
Your words delightful to my ear

3 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loath we are to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.

4 Oh, could I stay with friends so kind,
But
How would it cheer my drooping mind!



when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

5 And since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission, all as one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done.

6 My youthful friends, in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on, we'll gain that happy shore,
Where parting will be known no more.

7 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
Your hearts with love were seen to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

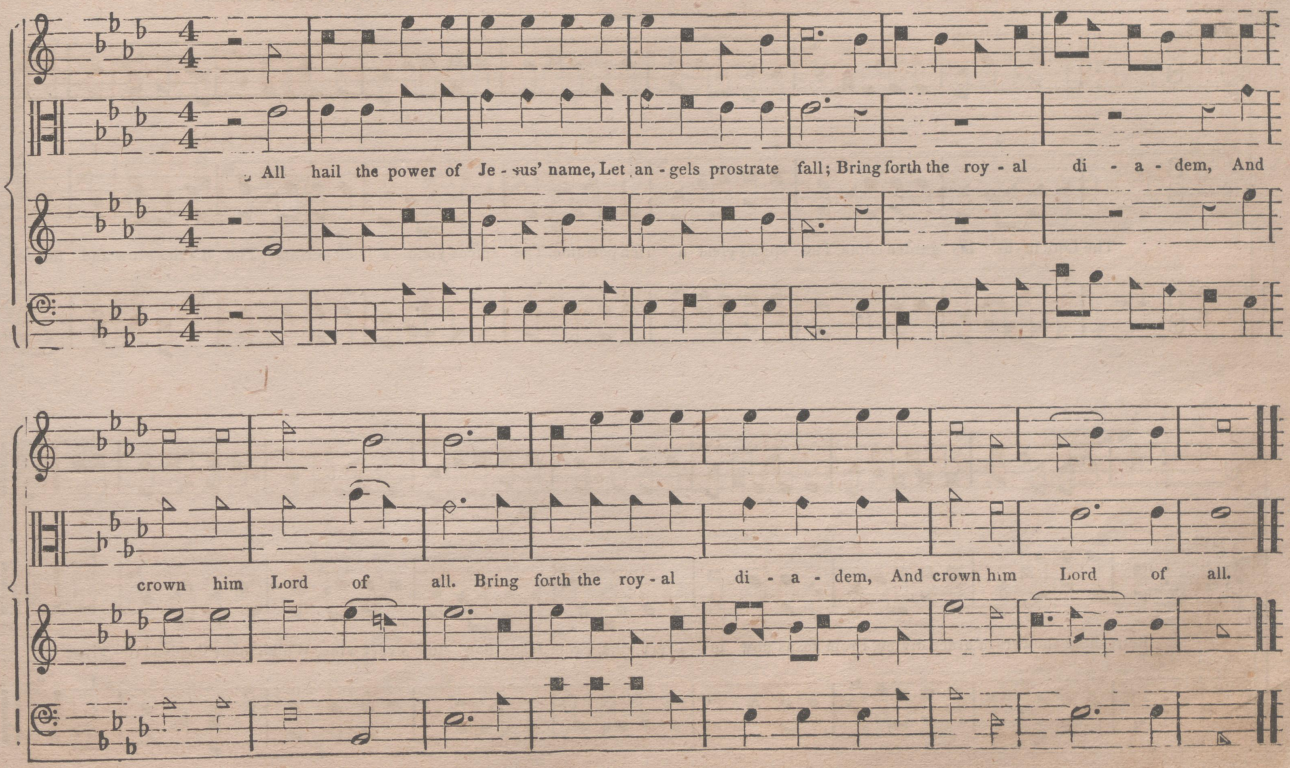
8 Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O trust his grace—in Canaan's land
We'll no more take the parting hand

9 And now, my friends, both old and young
I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And if on earth we meet no more,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore.

10 I hope you'll all remember me
If you on earth no more I see;
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave

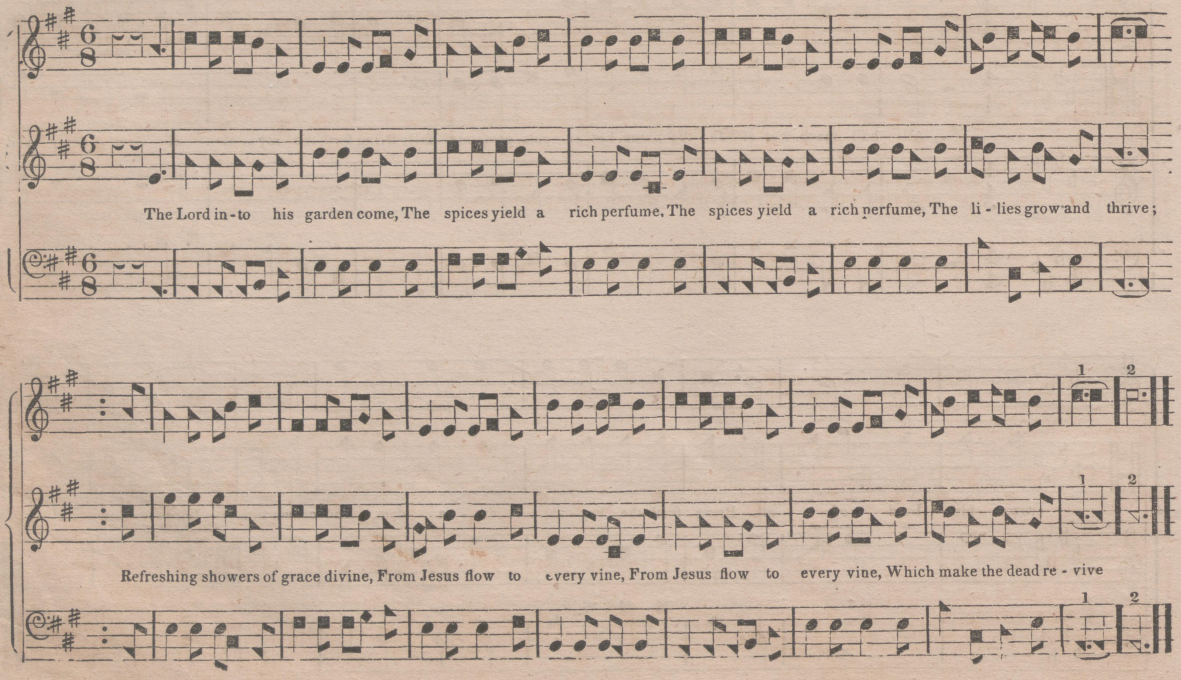
11 O glorious day! O blessed hope!
My soul leaps forward at the thought,
When, on that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

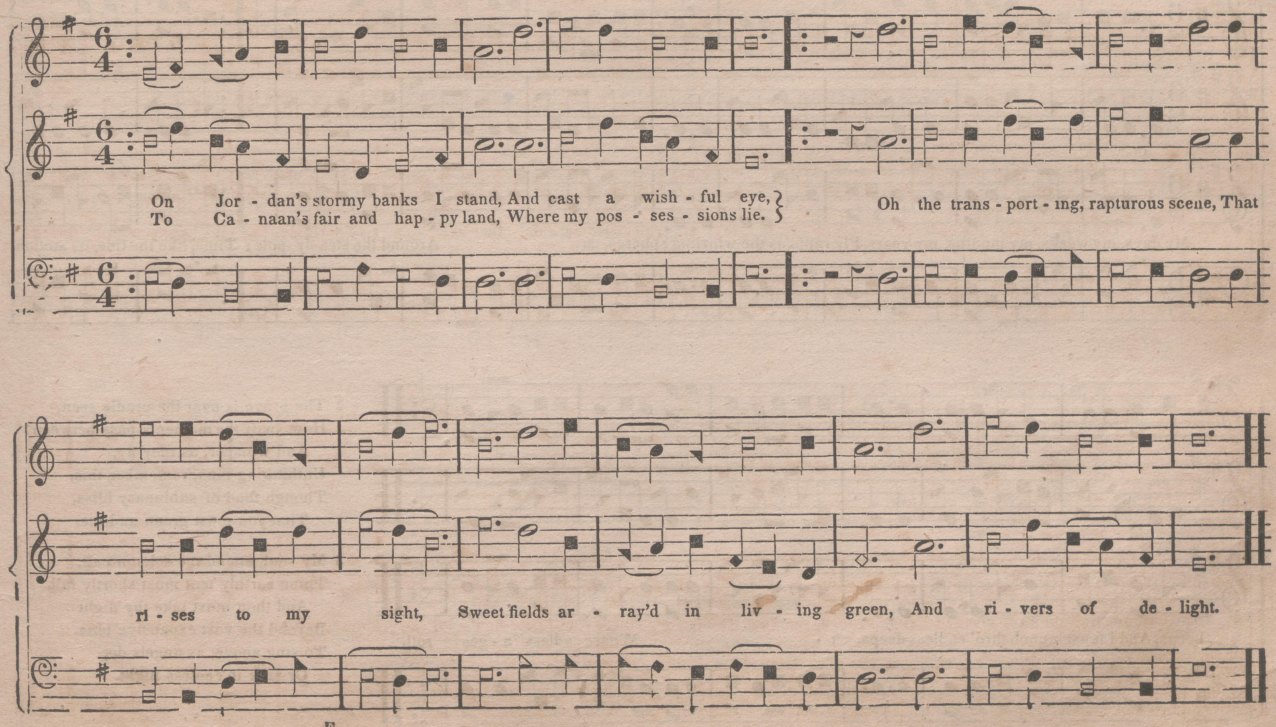
12 But with our blessed, holy Lord,
We'll shout and sing with one accord
And there we'll all with Jesus dwell,
So loving Christians, fare you well


All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And
crown him Lord of all. Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

NASHVILLE. 8, 8, 6.

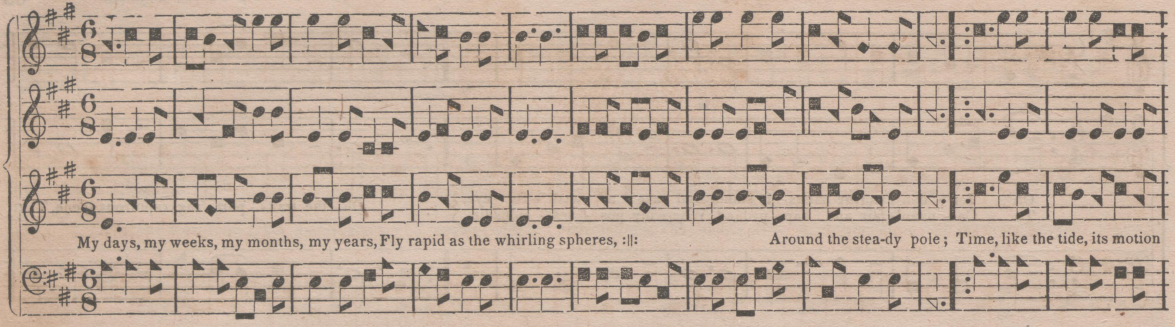
Johnson.

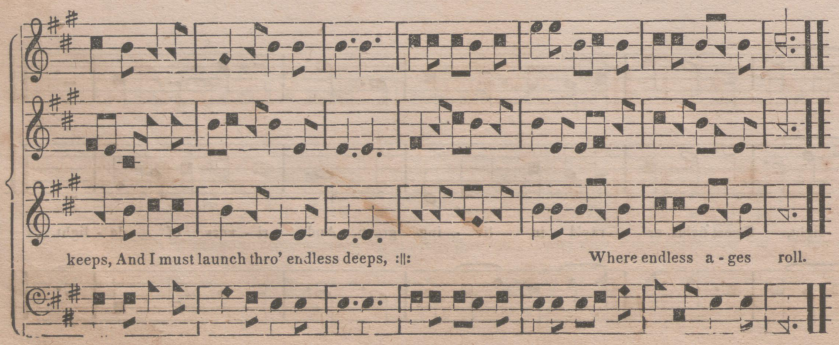



On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye,
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
Oh the trans - port - ing, rapturous scene, That
ri - ses to my sight, Sweet fields ar - ray'd in liv - ing green, And ri - vers of de - light.

KINGWOOL. 8, 8, 6.

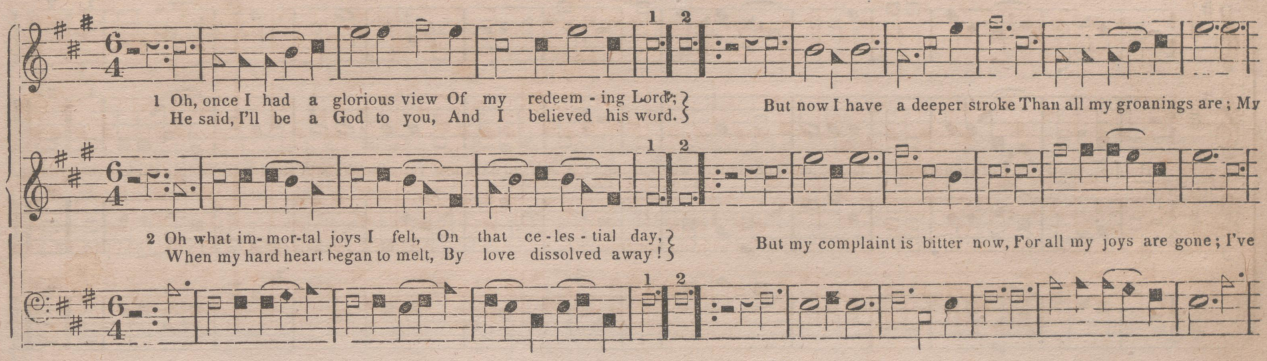
Humphreys.

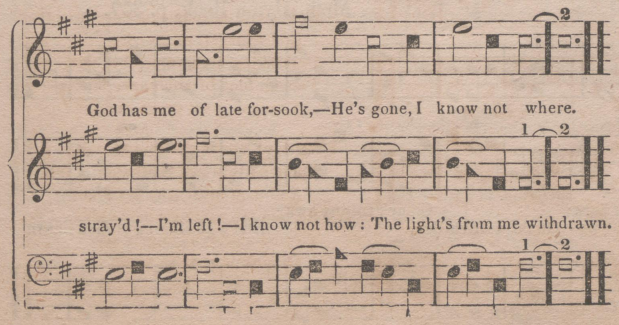




2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between!
And whisper, as they fly,
Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
That you must groan and die.

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above, as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.





3 Once I could joy the saints to meet,
To me they were most dear;
I then could stoop to wash their feet,
And shed a joyful tear:
But now I meet them as the rest,
And with them joyless stay;
My conversation's spiritless,
Or else I've naught to say.

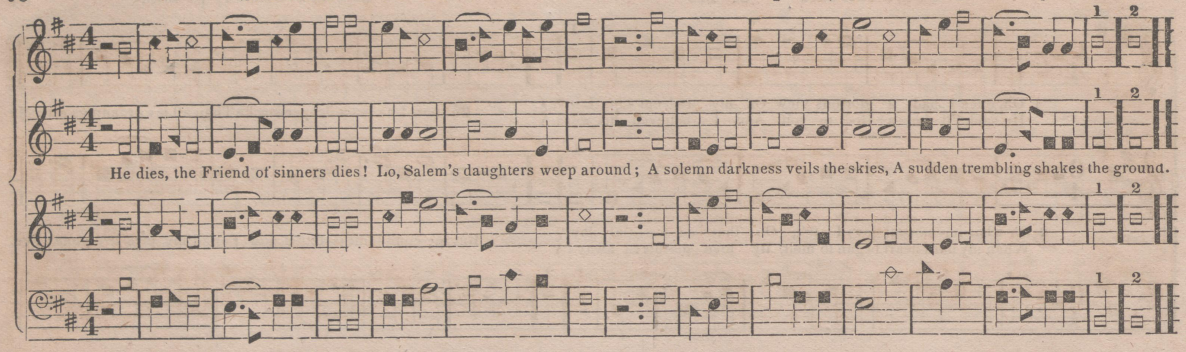
4 I once could mourn o'er dying men,
And long'd their souls to win;
I travail'd for their poor children,
And warn'd them of their sin:
But now my heart's so careless grown,
Although they're drown'd in vice,
My bowels o'er them cease to yearn—
My tears have left mine eyes.

5 I forward go in duty's way,
But can't perceive him there;
Then backwards on the road I stray,
But cannot find him there:
On the left hand, where he doth work,
Among the wicked crew,
And on the right, I find him not,
Among the favour'd few.

6 What shall I do?—shall I lie down,
And sink in deep despair:
Will he for ever wear a frown,
Nor hear my feeble pray'r?
No: he will put his strength in me,
He knows the way I've stroll'd;
And when I'm tried sufficiently,
I shall come forth as gold.

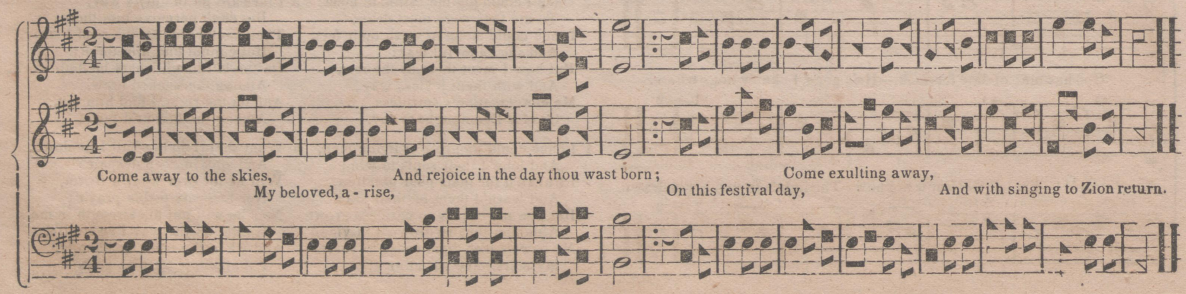
SALEM. L. M.

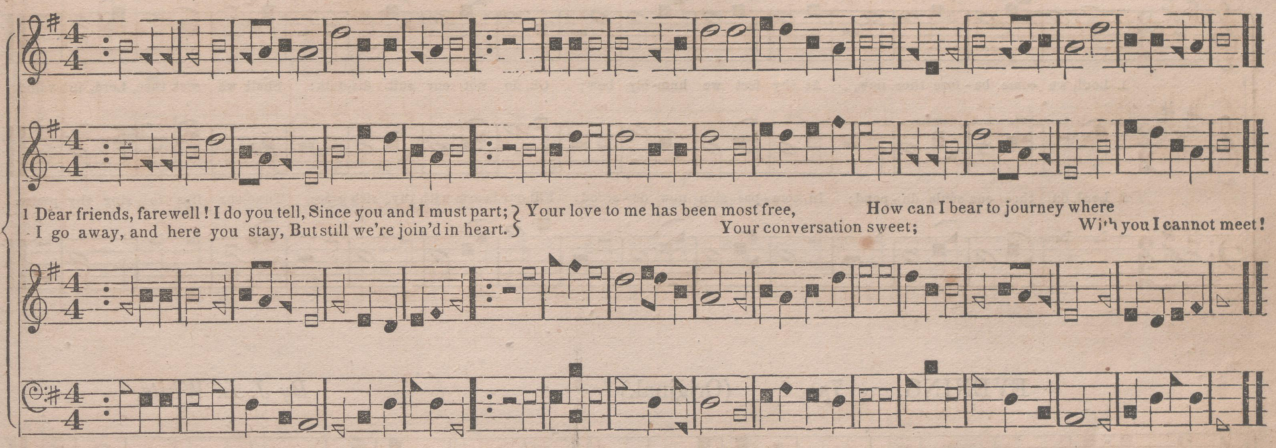
Meth. H. B. p. 455, and Psalmist, 232d Hymn.



MIDDLEBURY. 6, 6, 9.

Meth. Hymn Book, p. 357.





2 Yet do I find my heart inclined
To do my work below:
When Christ doth call, I trust I shall
Be ready then to go.
I leave you all, both great and small,
In Christ's encircling arms,
Who can you save from the cold grave,
And shield you from all harms

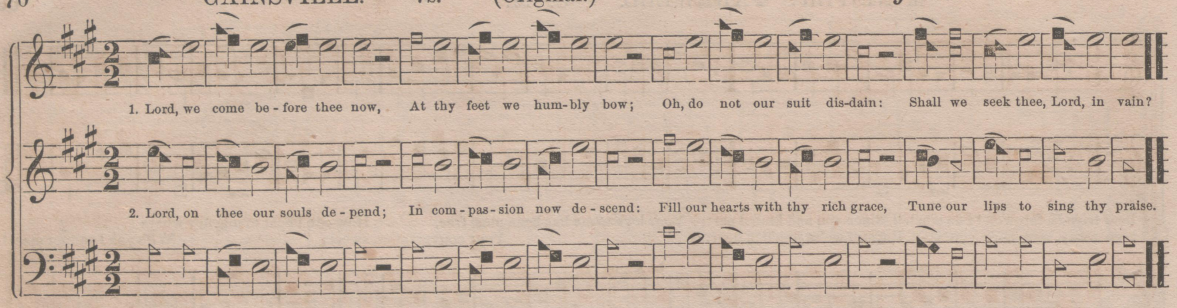
3 I trust you'll pray, both night and day,
And keep your garments white,
For you and me, that we may be
The children of the light.
If you die first, anon you must,
The will of God be done;
I hope the Lord will you reward.
With an immortal crown.

4 If I'm call'd home whilst I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me;
I hope to sing and praise my King,
To all eternity.
Millions of years over the spheres
Shall pass in sweet repose,
While beauty bright unto my sight
Thy sacred sweets disclose.

5 I long to go,—then farewell, wo,
My soul will be at rest;
No more shall I complain or sigh,
But taste the heavenly feast.
O may we meet, and be complete,
And long together dwell,
And serve the Lord with one accord;
And so, dear friends, farewell!

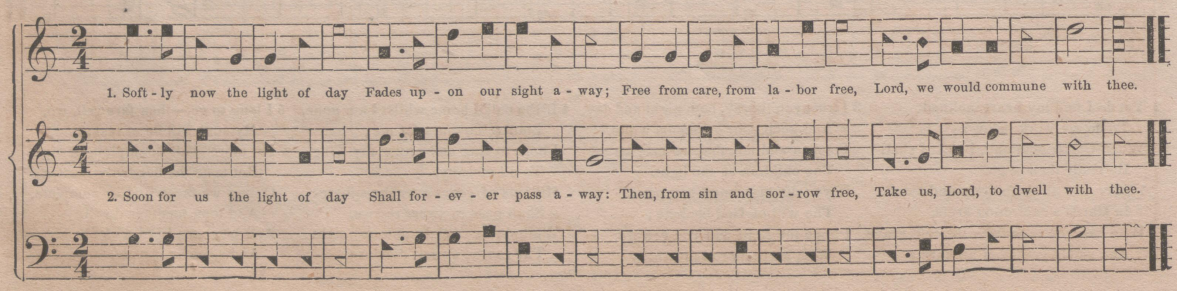
GAINSVILLE. 7s. (Original.)

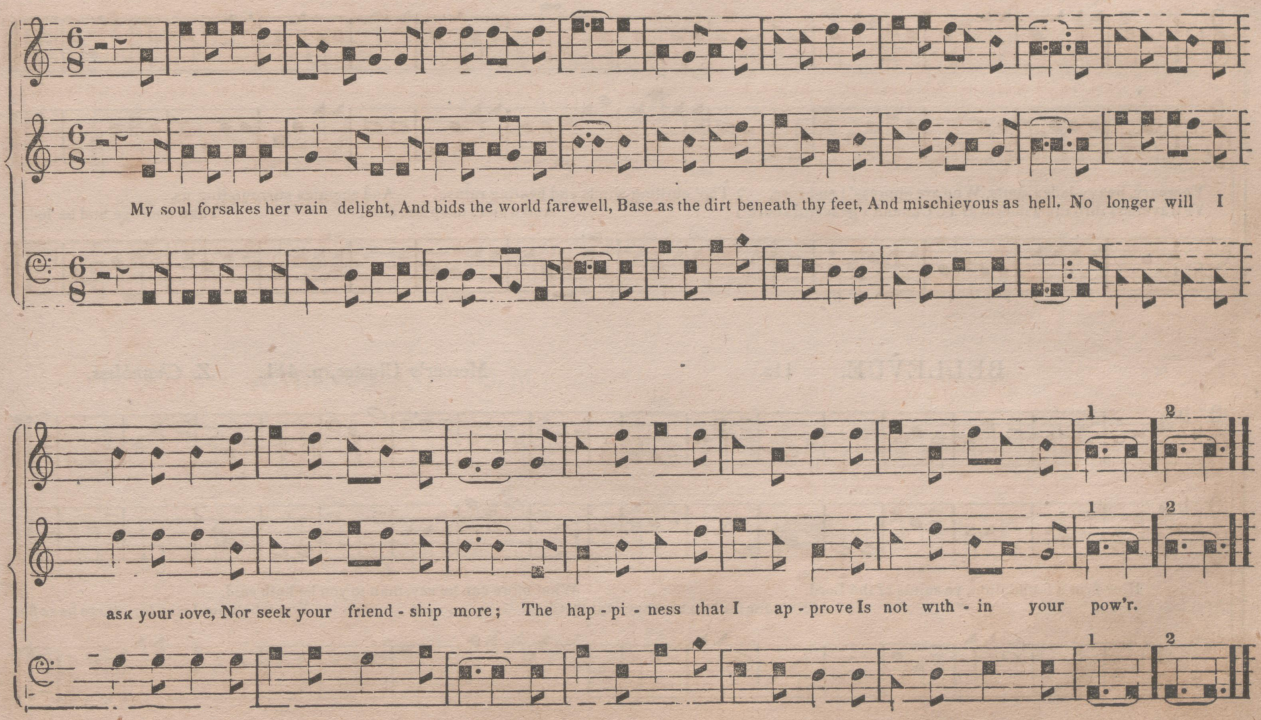
By W. D. Jones.



EVENING. 7s. (Original.)

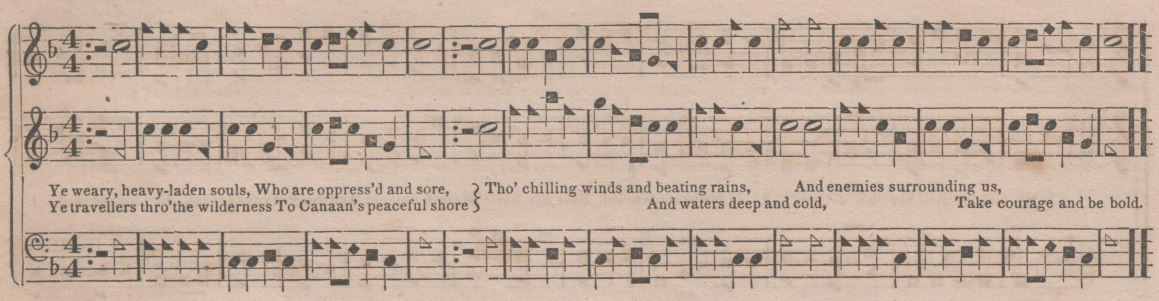
By J. L. White.




My soul forsakes her vain delight, And bids the world farewell, Base as the dirt beneath thy feet, And mischievous as hell. No longer will I
ask your love, Nor seek your friend - ship more; The hap - pi - ness that I ap - prove Is not with - in your pow'r.

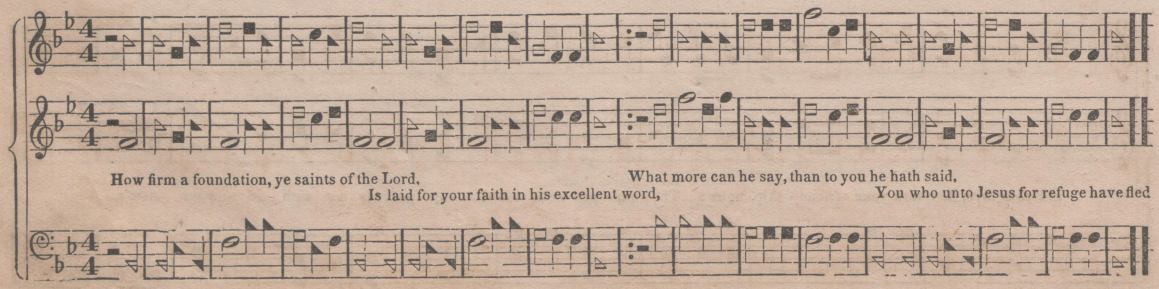
THE WEARY SOULS. C. M.

Zion Songster, p. 117. *J. T. White.*



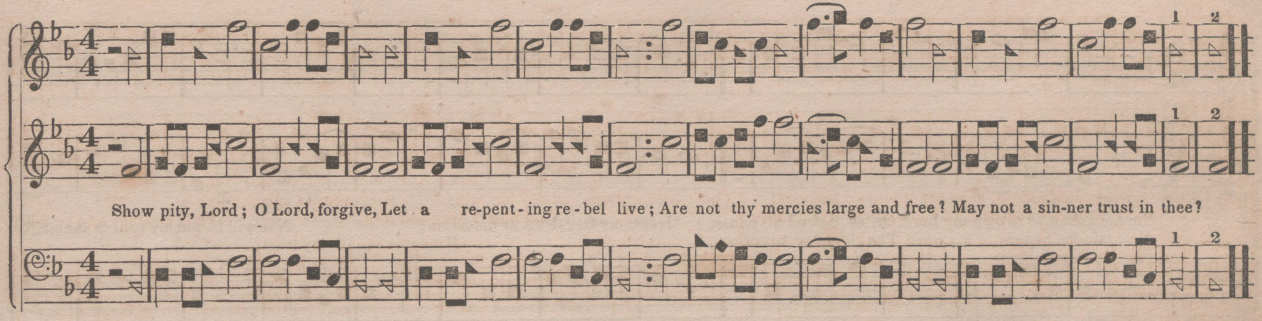
BELLEVUE. 11s.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 411. *Z. Chambless.*

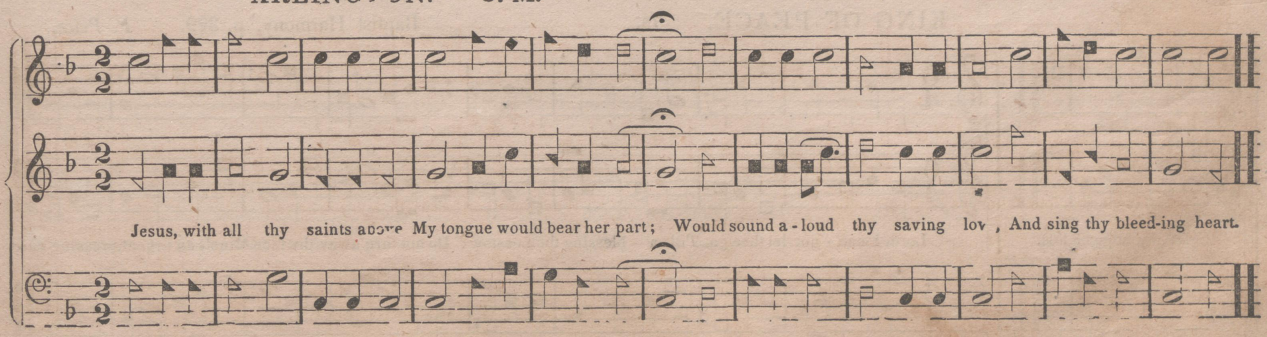


CUSSETA. L. M.

Psalmist, 484th Hymn. *Jno. Massengale.*

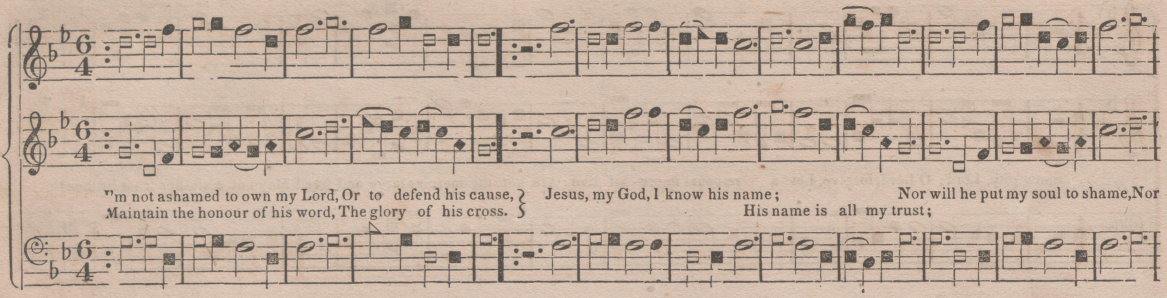


ARLINGTON. C. M.



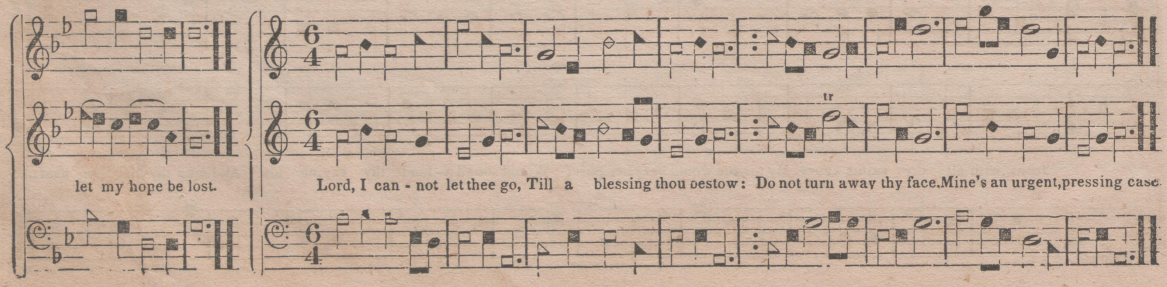
THE INQUIRER. C. M.

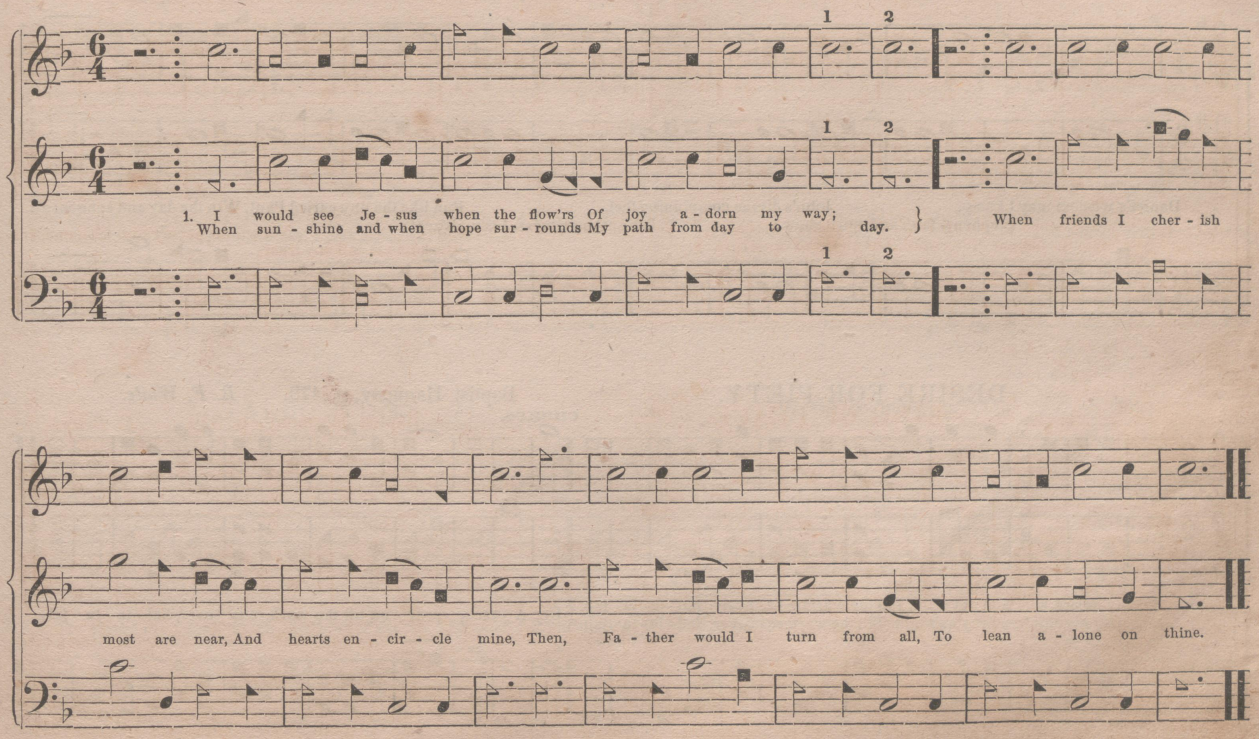
Psalmist, 552d Hymn. *B. F White.*



KING OF PEACE. 7s.

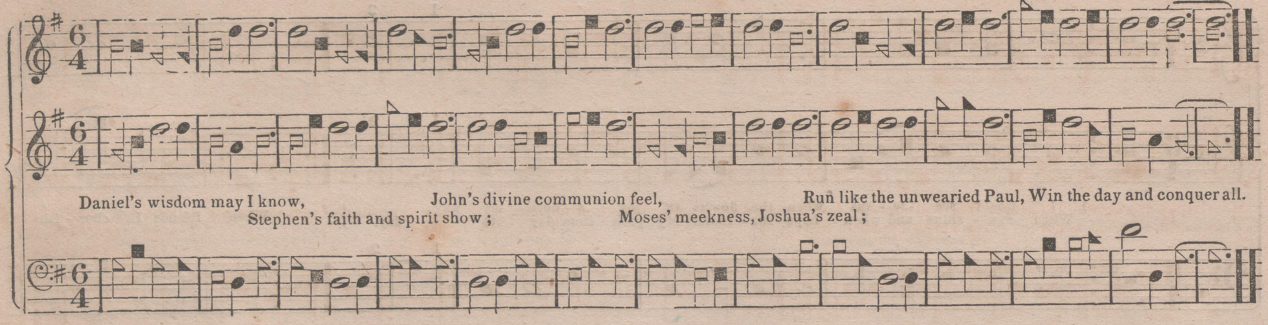
Baptist Harmony, p. 329. *F. Price.*




1. I would see Je - sus when the flow'rs Of joy a - dorn my way;
When sun - shine and when hope sur - rounds My path from day to day.
When friends I cher - ish
most are near, And hearts en - cir - cle mine, Then, Fa - ther would I turn from all, To lean a - lone on thine.

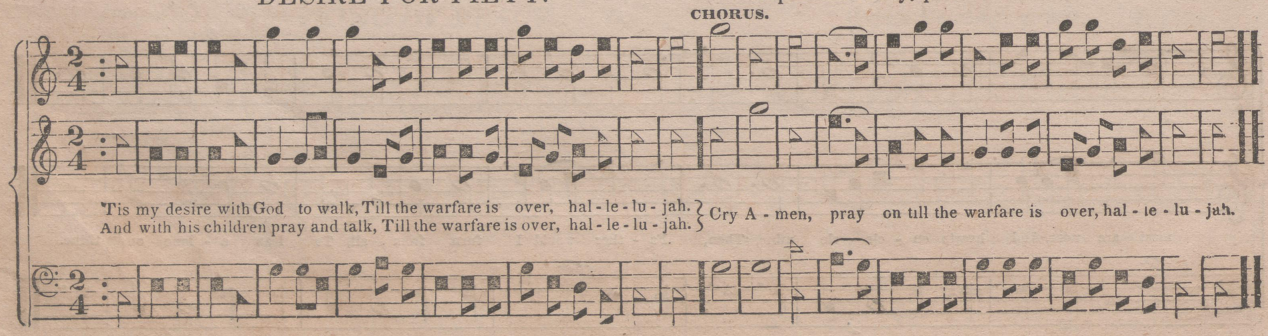
HOLINESS. 6 lines, 7s.

Zion Songster, p. 7. *E. J. King.*

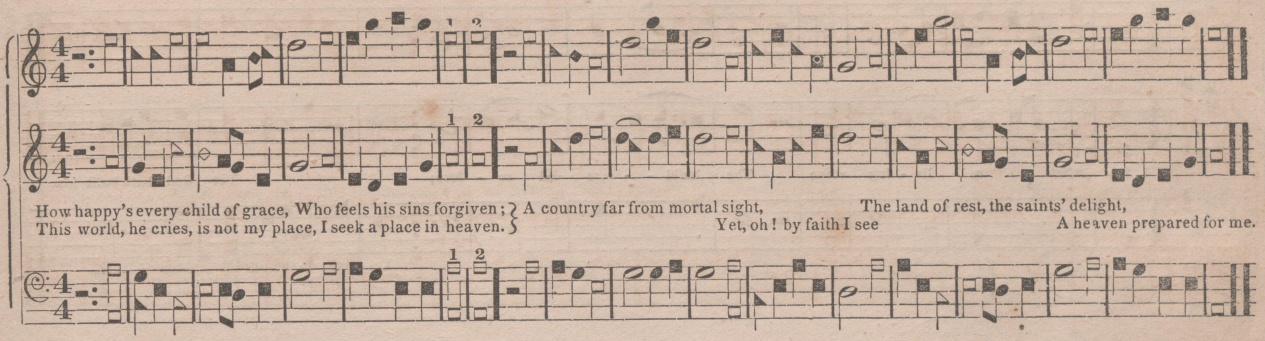


DESIRE FOR PIETY.

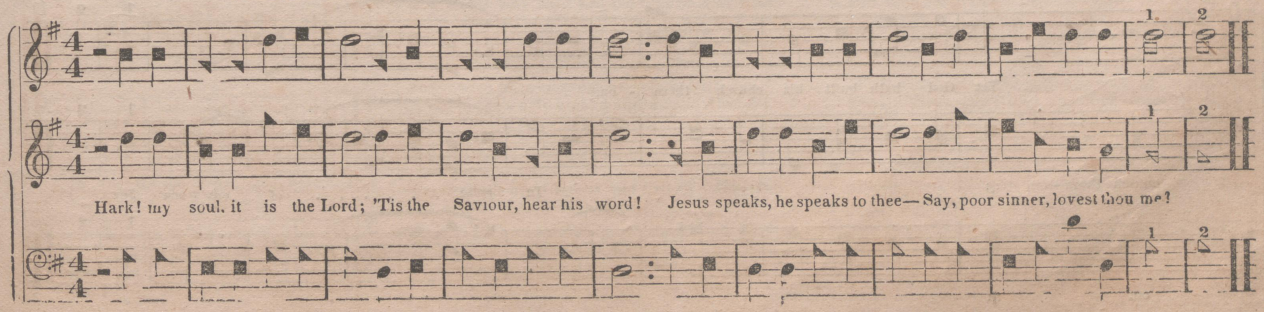
Baptist Harmony, p. 479. *B. F. White.*



THE CHILD OF GRACE. C. M. D. Mercer's Cluster, p. 246. *E. J. King.*

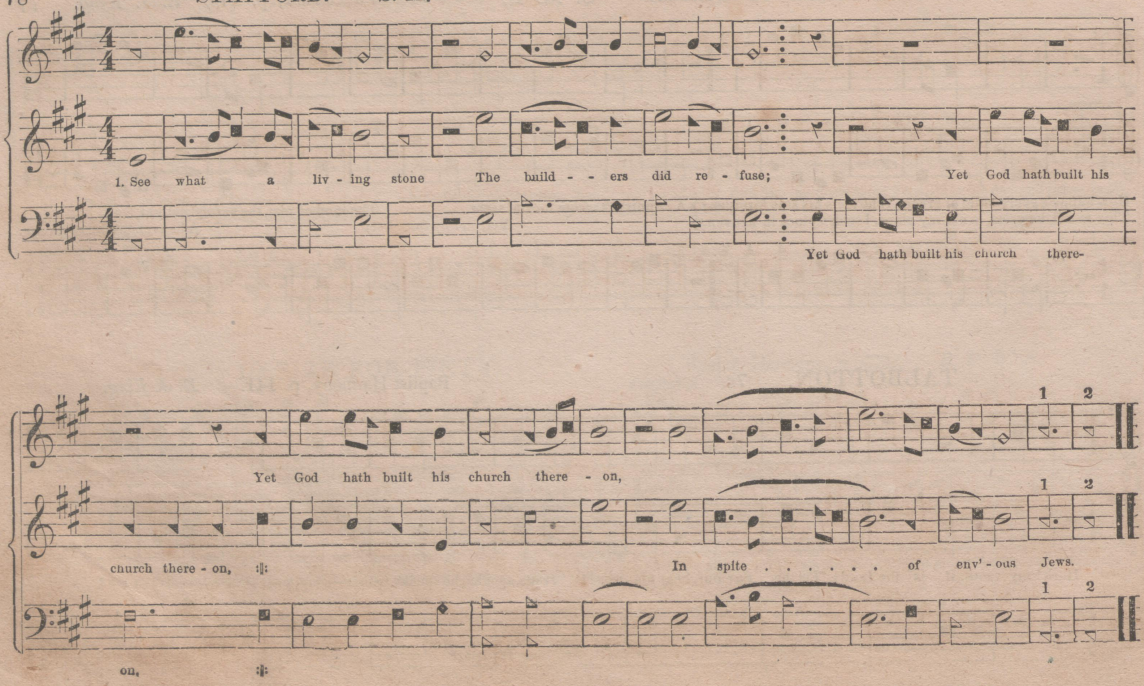


TALBOTTON. 7s. Baptist Harmony, p. 141. *E. J. King.*



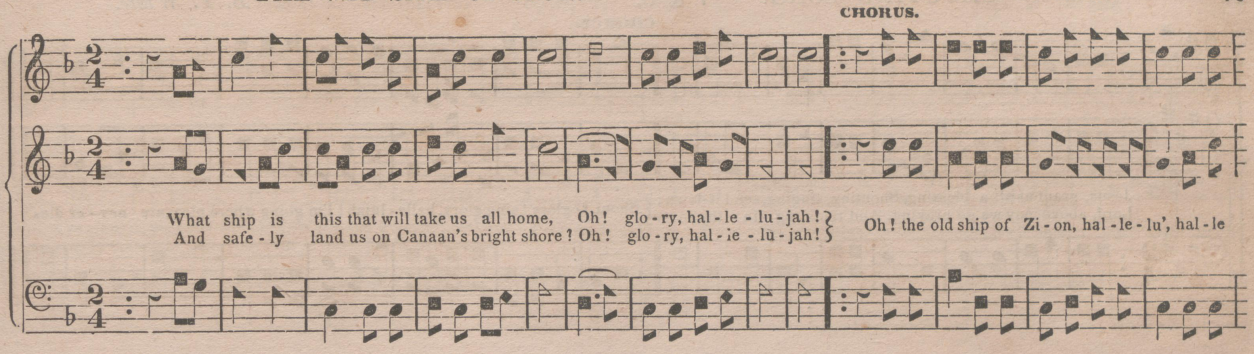
STAFFORD. S. M.

Reed.



THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.

Thomas W. Carter.



2 The winds may blow and the billows may foam,
Oh! &c.
But she is able to land us all home. Oh, &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

3 She landed all who are gone before, Oh! &c.
And yet she's able to land still more. Oh! &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

4 No wrecks on sand-bars or dangers attend,
Oh! &c.
For Jesus is our Captain and Friend. Oh! &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

5 She's waiting now for a heavenward gale, Oh! &c.
Methinks I see her now hoisting her sail. Oh! &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c

6 Her sails are spread, see how swiftly she moves,
Oh! &c.
Her landing harbour is Heaven above. Oh! &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

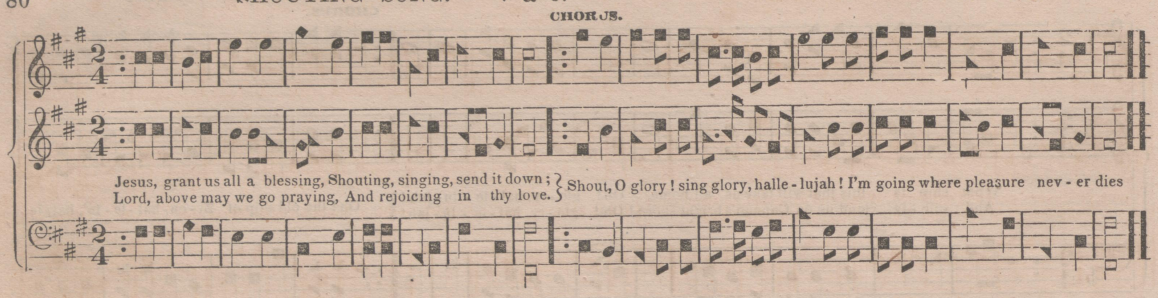
7 What will the glad Christians do when above, Oh! &c.
They'll shout, they'll sing, they'll be wrapt up in love.
Oh! &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

8 Should you arrive there then before I do, Oh! &c.
Inform them that I am coming there too. Oh! &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

9 If I arrive there then before you do, Oh! &c
I'll tell them that you are coming up too. Oh! &c.
Oh! the old ship, &c.

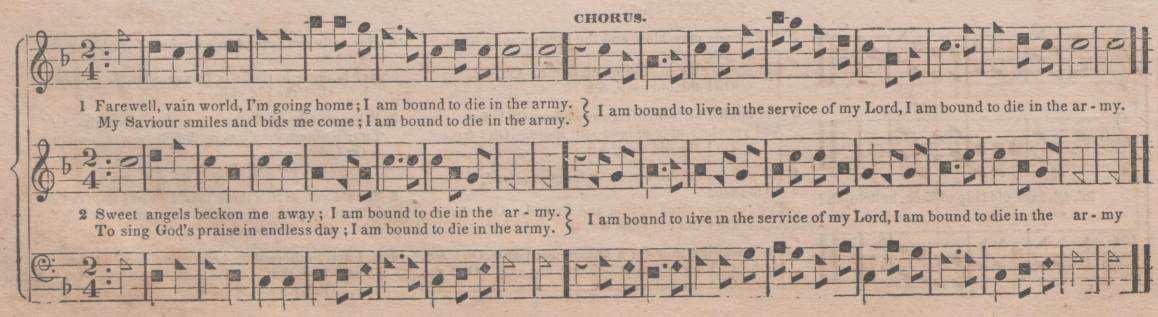
SHOUTING SONG. 7 & 8.

B. F. White.

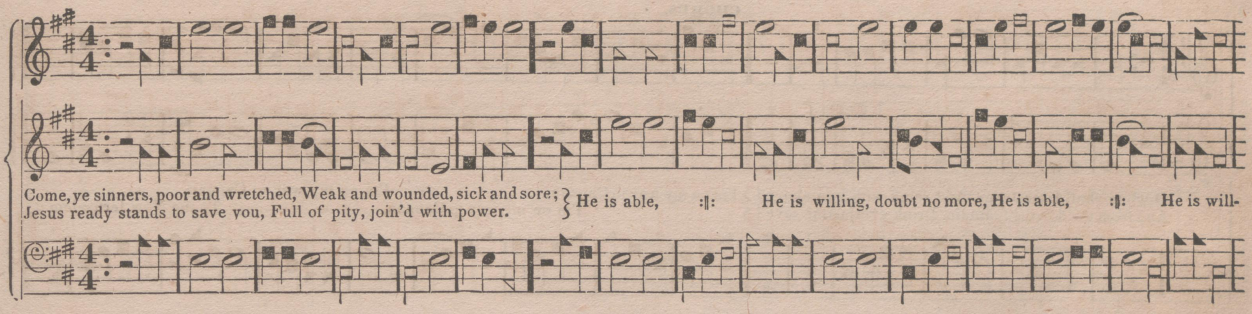


SERVICE OF THE LORD.

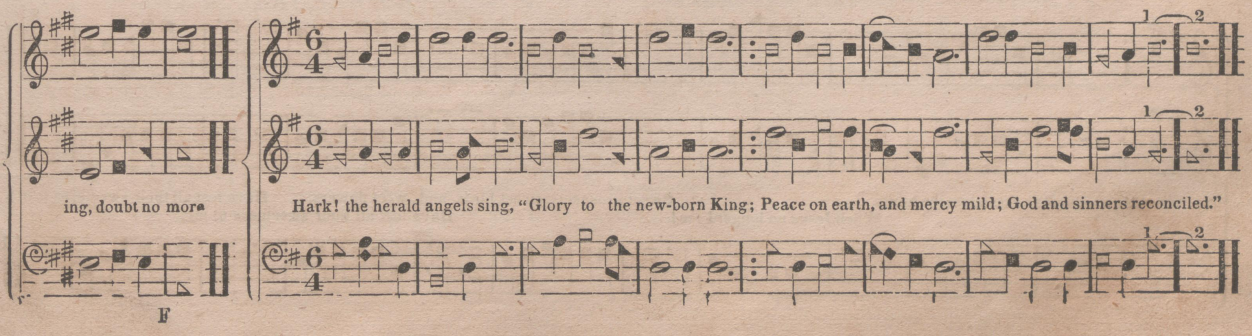
E. J. King.



BEACH SPRING. 8, 8, 7. *B. F. White.*



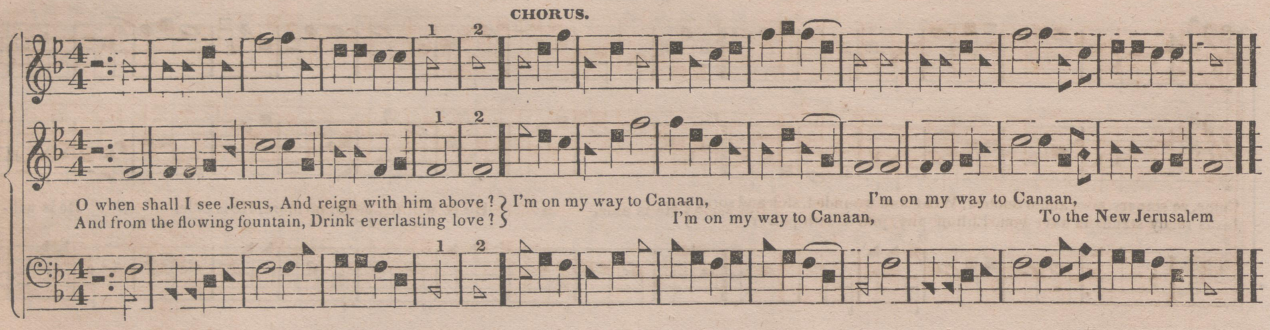
COOKHAM 7s. Psalmist, 207th Hymn.



BOUND FOR CANAAN.

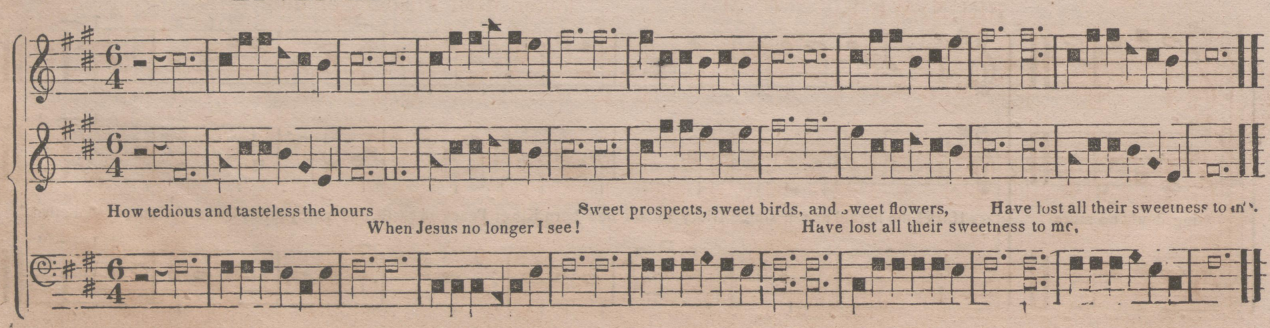
Mercer's Cluster, p. 356. *E. J. King.*

CHORUS.



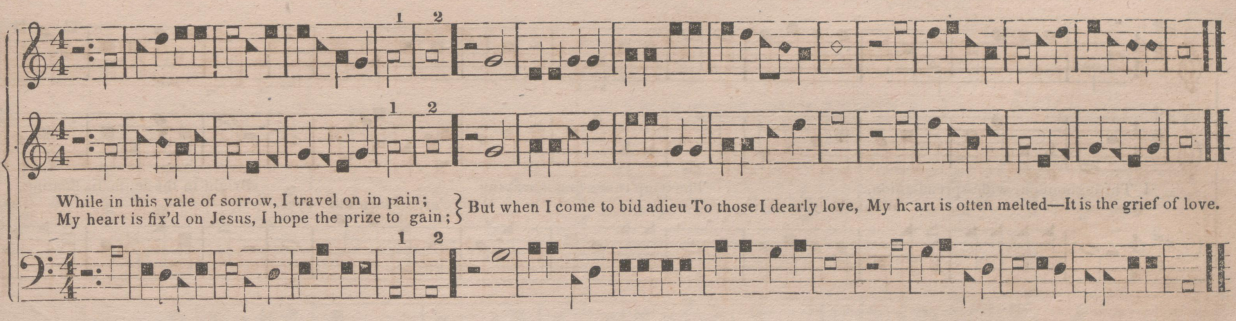
EDGEFIELD. 8s.

J. T. White.



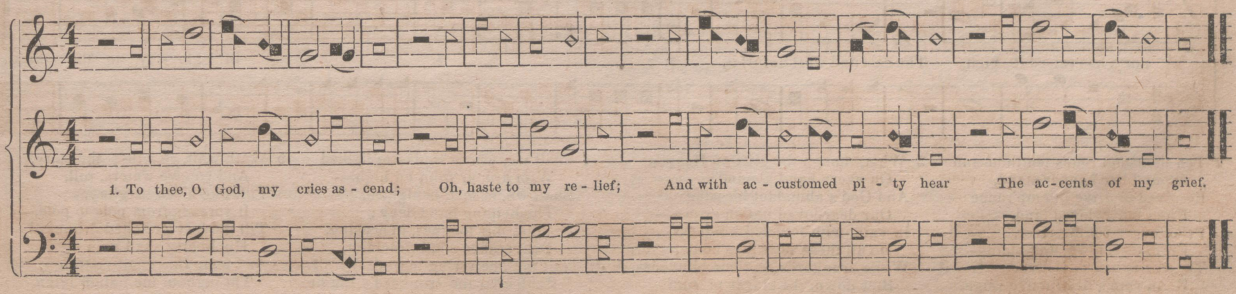
VALE OF SORROW. P. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 448. *B. F. White.*

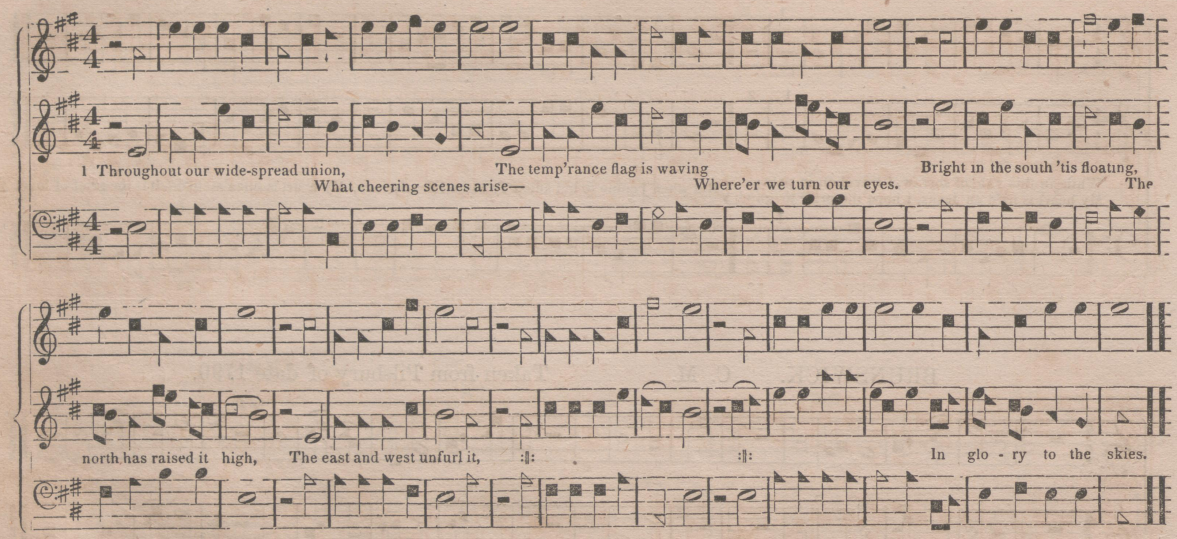


BRUNSWICK. C. M.

Taken from Pilsbury of date 1790.



MOUNTVILLE. 7 6.

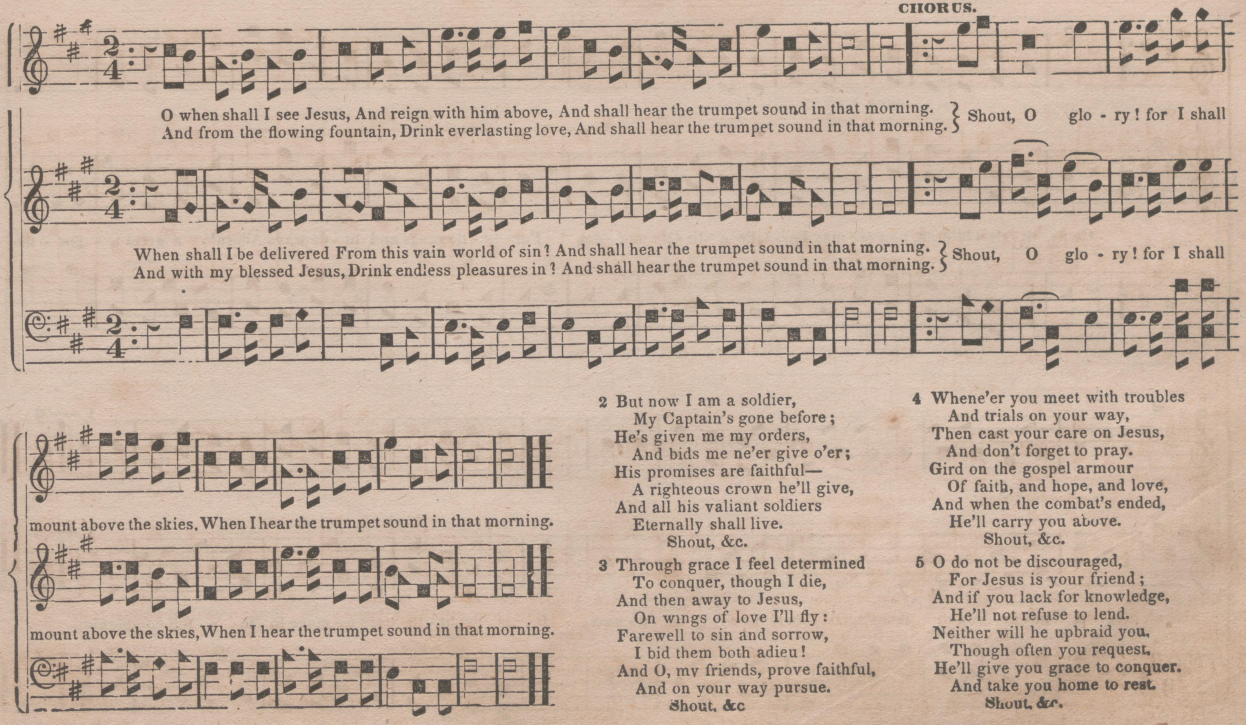


2 Ten thousand times ten thousand
Around her banner stand,
Resolved to drive intemp'rance
From our beloved land.
From every rolling river,
From city, town, and plain—
The cry is heard, Deliver :‖: :‖.
F m rum's destructive reign.

3 What, though the gifts of Heaven
On every hand abound,
And God's abundant blessing
Our dear-loved nation crown—
In vain, with lavish'd kindness,
Do all these blessings come,
While drunkards, in their blindness, :‖: :‖:
Bow down, the slaves of rum

4 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With ardour from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The helping hand deny;
No, no! our tongues, unceasing,
Deliverance shall proclaim,
Till not one erring mortal :‖: :‖.
Shall bear the 'runkard's shame

5 Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole,—
Till the last wretched drunkard
His liberty shall gain,
And temp'rance, all-victorious, :‖. .‖.
Throughout the nation reign.



2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bids me ne'er give o'er;
His promises are faithful—
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.
Shout, &c.

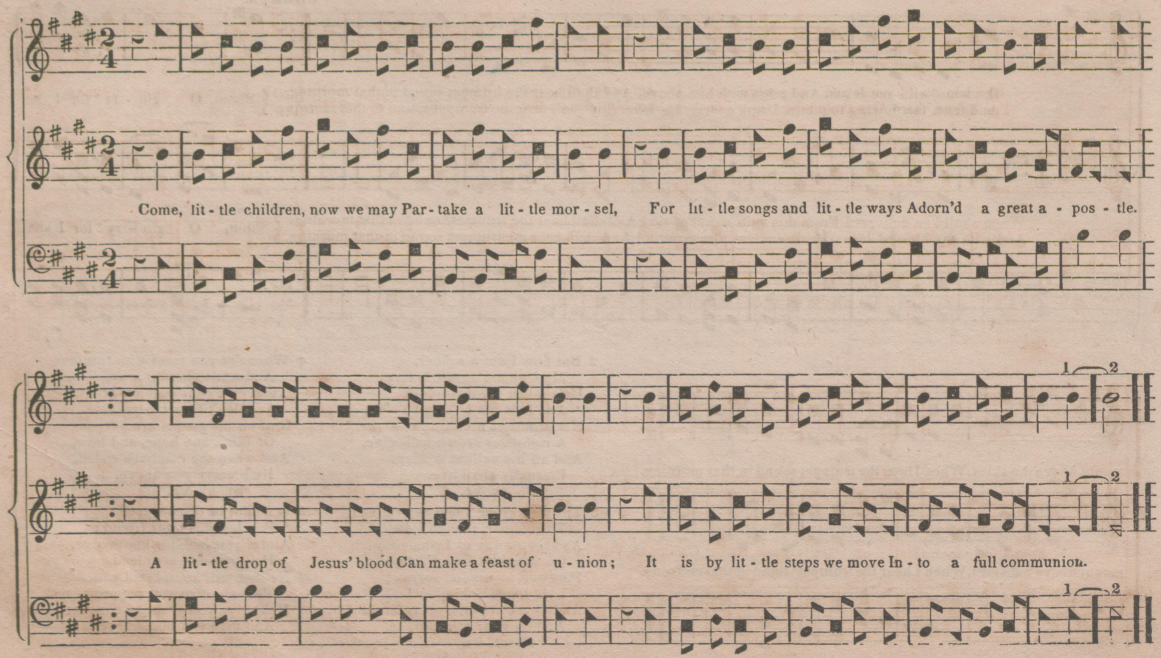
3 Through grace I feel determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them both adieu!
And O, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.
Shout, &c

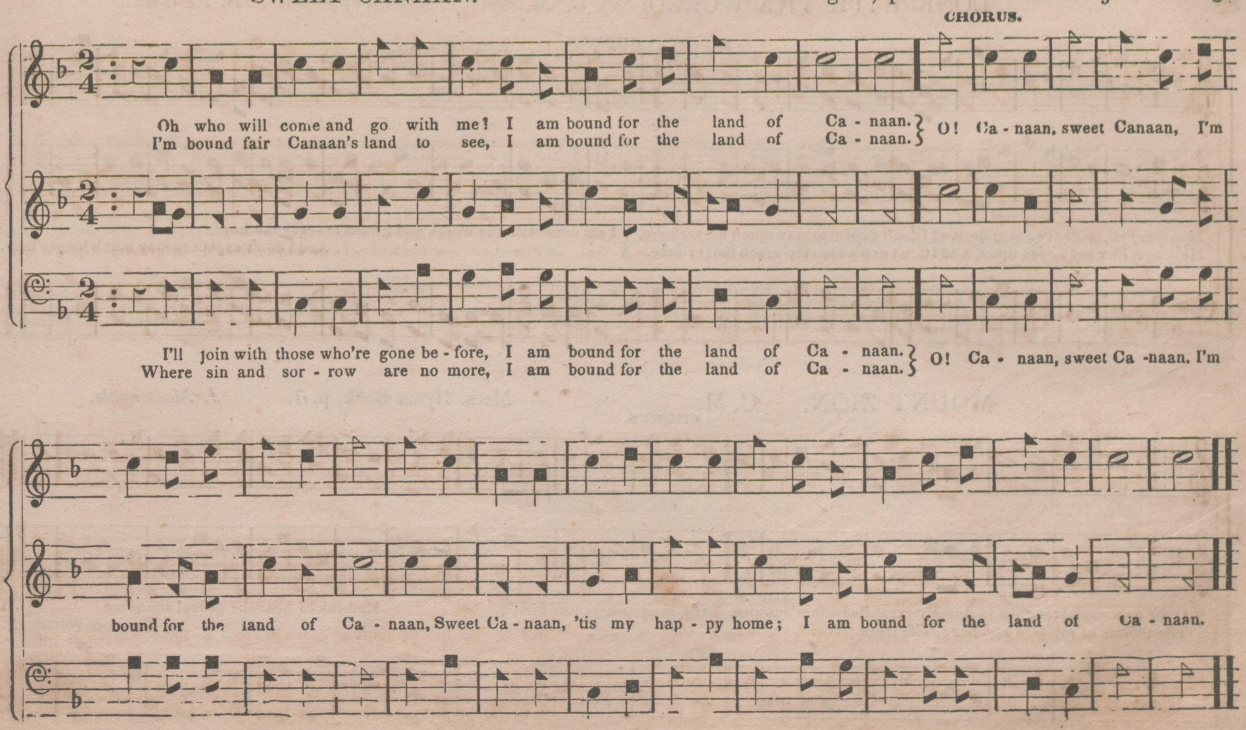
4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the gospel armour
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.
Shout, &c.

5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend.
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.
Shout, &c.

LITTLE CHILDREN. 8. 7.

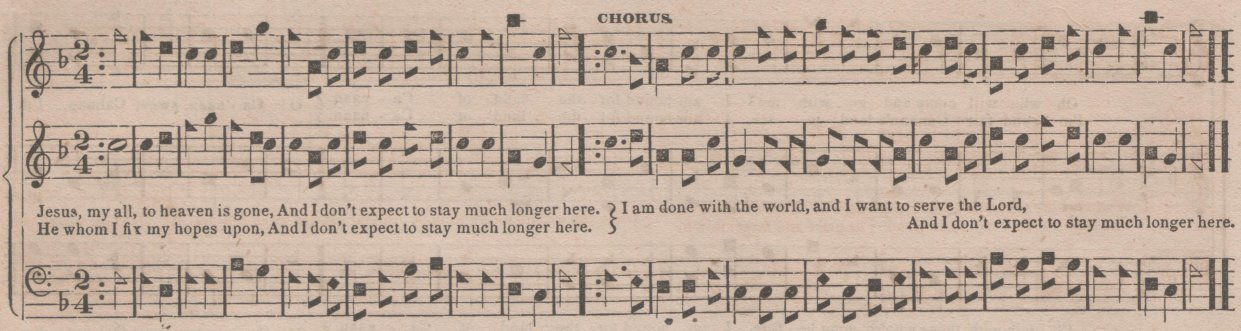
T. W. Carter.




CHORUS.
Oh who will come and go with me? I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
O! Ca - naan, sweet Canaan, I'm
I'll join with those who're gone be - fore, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
Where sin and sor - row are no more, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
O! Ca - naan, sweet Ca -naan, I'm
bound for the land of Ca - naan, Sweet Ca - naan, 'tis my hap - py home; I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.

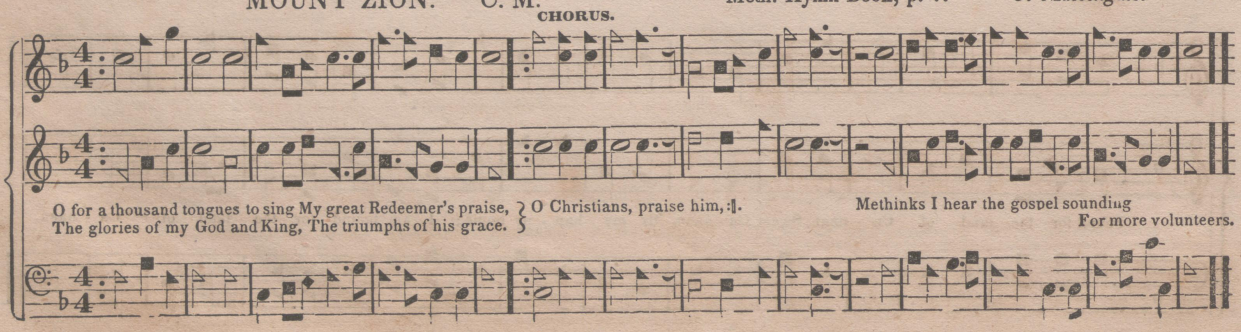
DONE WITH THE WORLD. L. M.

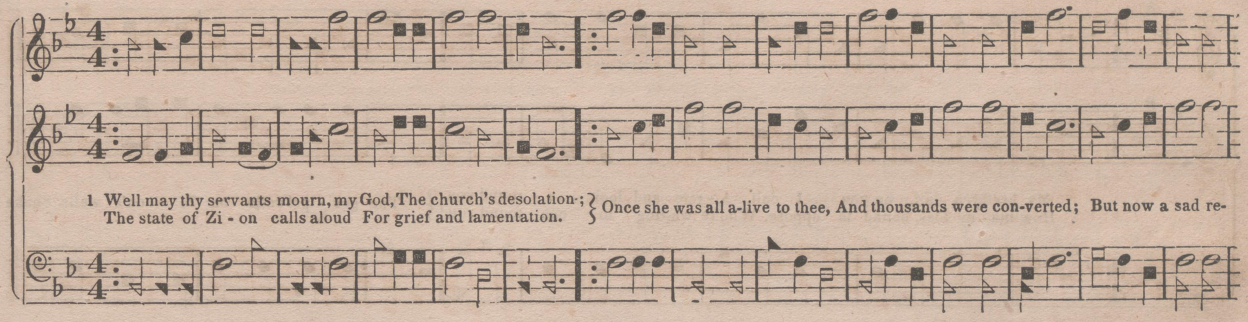
B. F. White.

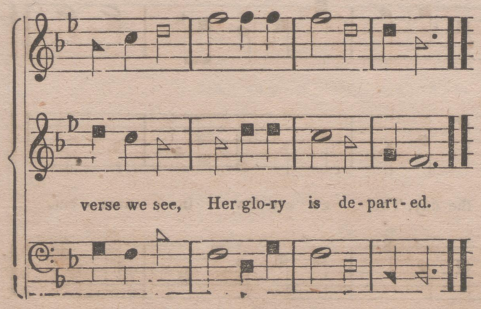


MOUNT ZION. C. M.

Meth. Hymn Book, p. 7. *J. Massengale.*







2 Her pastors love to live at ease,
They covet wealth and honour;
And while they seek such things as these,
They bring reproach upon her.
Such worthless objects they pursue
Warmly and undiverted;
The church they lead and ruin too—
Her glory is departed.

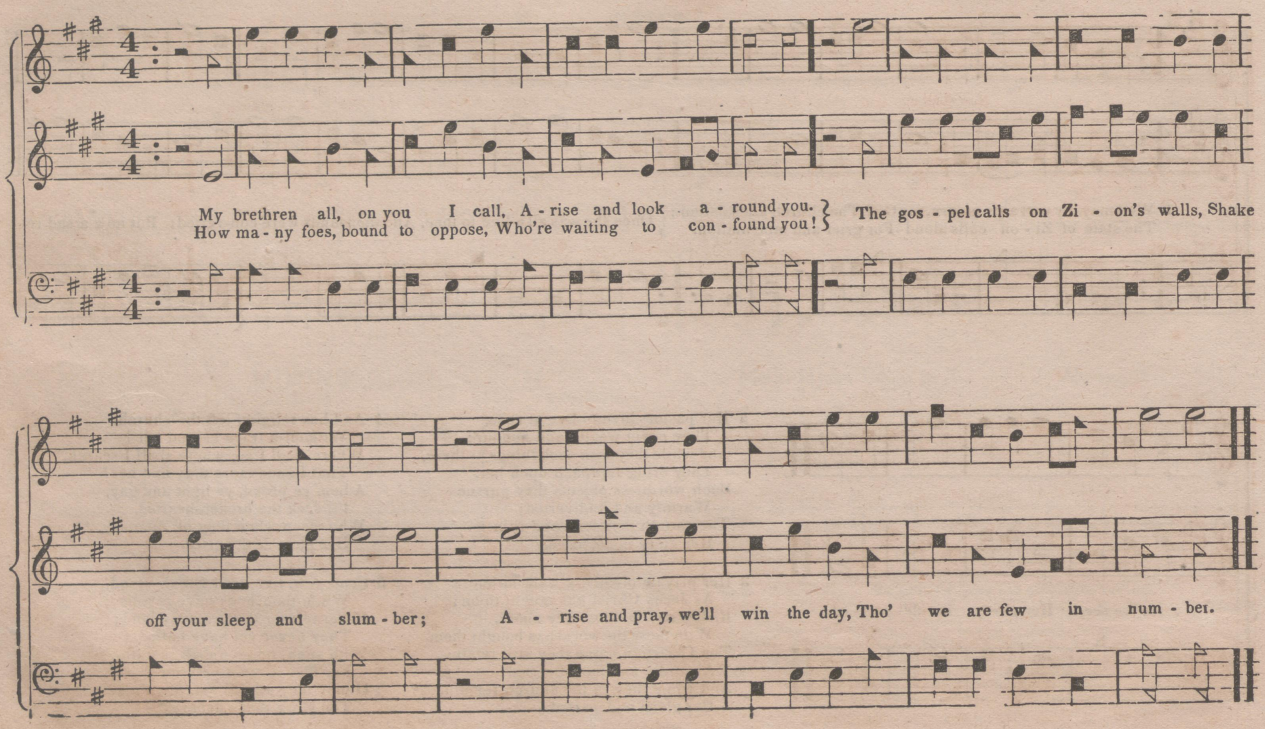
3 Her private members walk no more
As Jesus Christ has taught them;
Riches and fashion they adore,
With these the world has bought them.
The Christian name they still retain
Absurdly and false-hearted;
And while they in the church remain,
Her glory is departed.

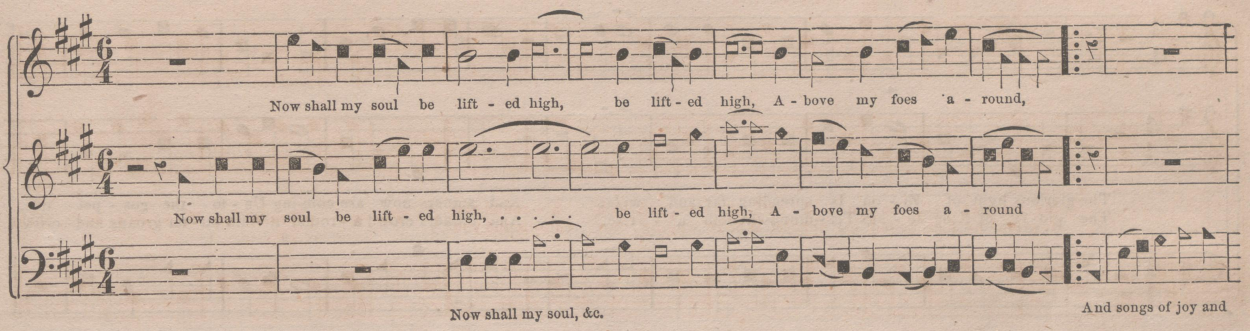
4 And has religion left the church,
Without a trace behind her?
Where shall I go, where shall I search,
That I once more may find her?
Adieu, ye proud, ye light and gay,
I'll seek the broken-hearted,
Who weep when they of Zion say,
Her glory is departed.

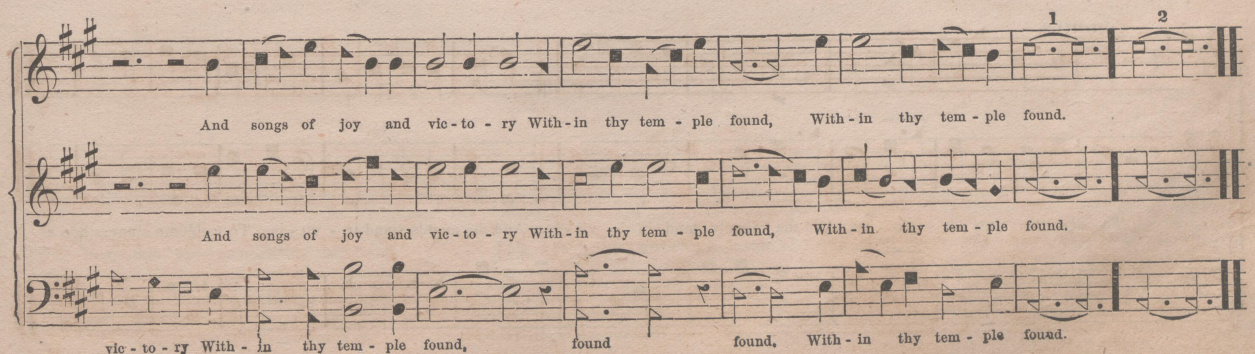
5 Some few, like good Elijah, stand,
While thousands have revolted,
In earnest for the heavenly land;
They never yet have halted.
With such, religion doth remain,
For they are not perverted;
O may they all through them regain
The glory that's departed.

LOOK OUT. P. M

B. F. White.

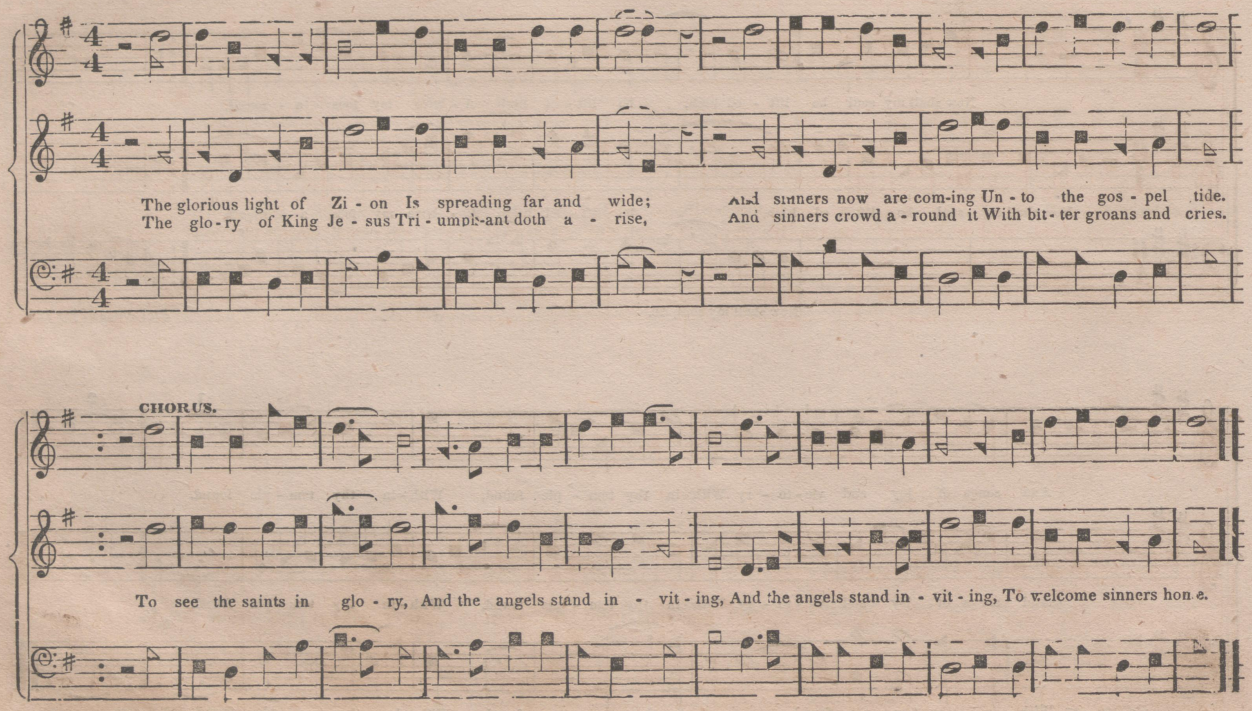


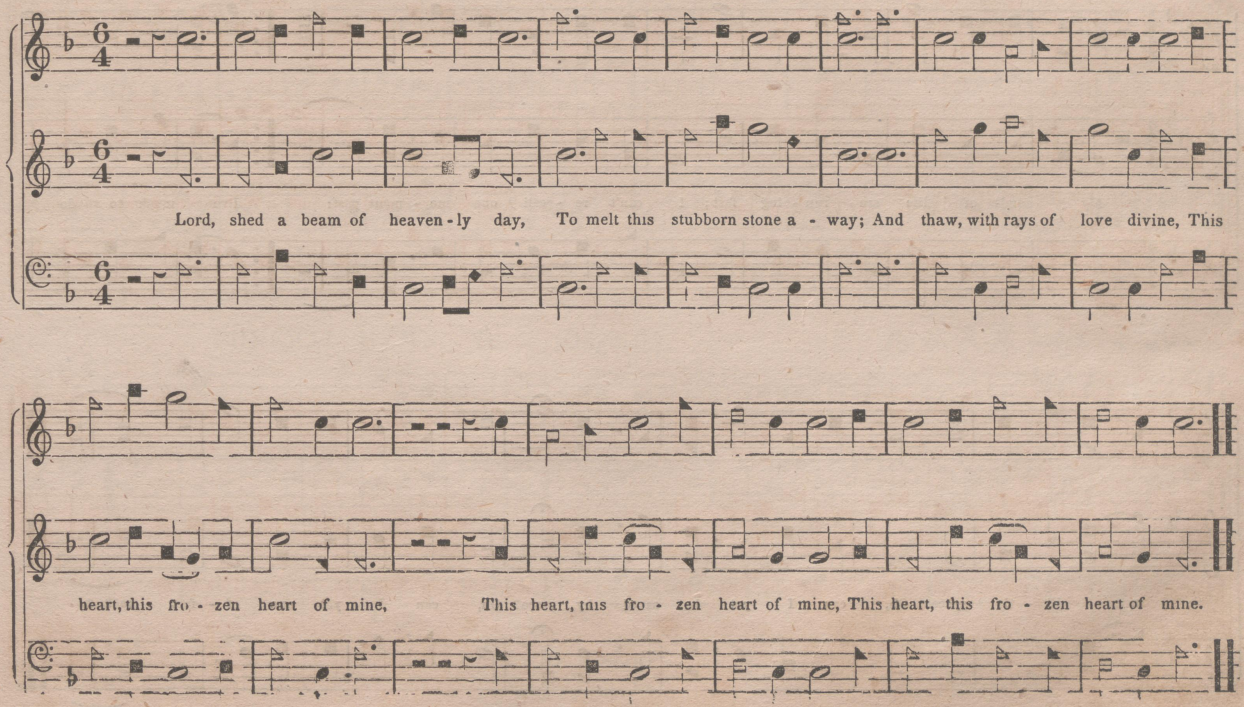

Now shall my soul be lift - ed high, be lift - ed high, A - bove my foes a - round,
Now shall my soul be lift - ed high, ... be lift - ed high, A - bove my foes a - round
Now shall my soul, &c.
And songs of joy and


1
2
And songs of joy and vic - to - ry With - in thy tem - ple found, With - in thy tem - ple found.
And songs of joy and vic - to - ry With - in thy tem - ple found, With - in thy tem - ple found.
vic - to - ry With - in thy tem - ple found, found found, With - in thy tem - ple found.

BURK. 7. 6.

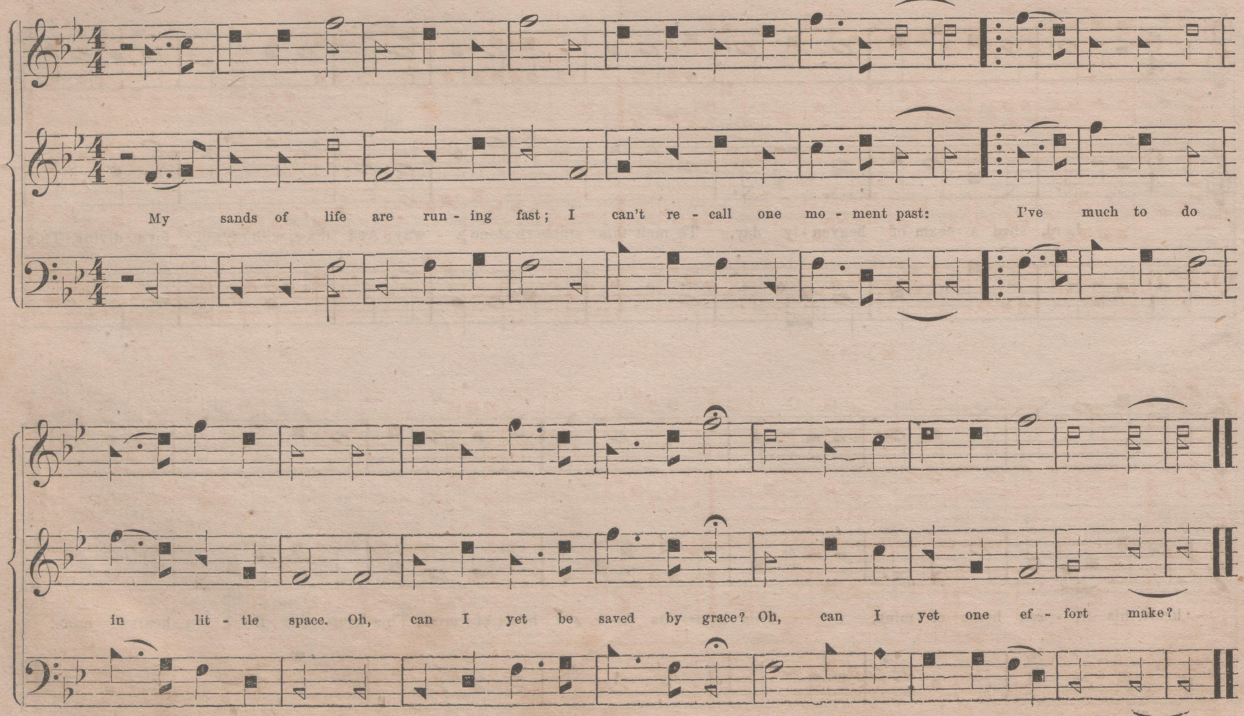
B. F. White.



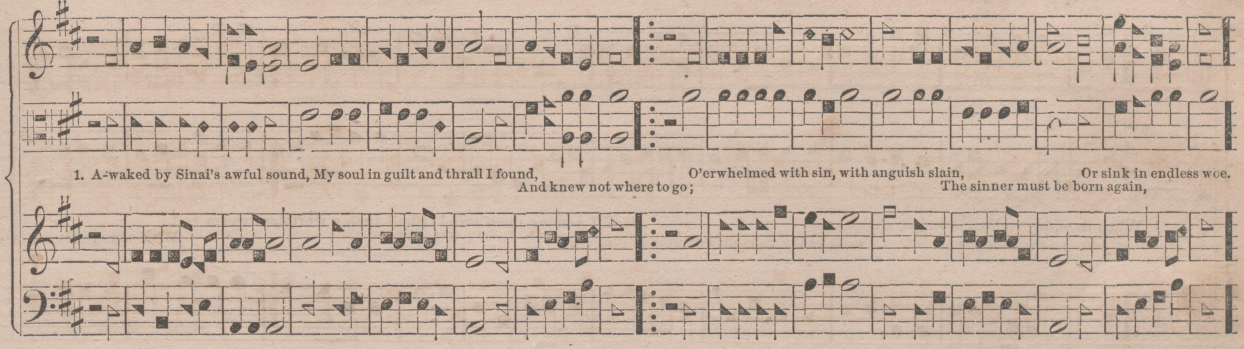

Lord, shed a beam of heaven - ly day, To melt this stubborn stone a - way; And thaw, with rays of love divine, This
heart, this fro - zen heart of mine, This heart, this fro - zen heart of mine, This heart, this fro - zen heart of mine.

MULBERRY GROVE. L. M.

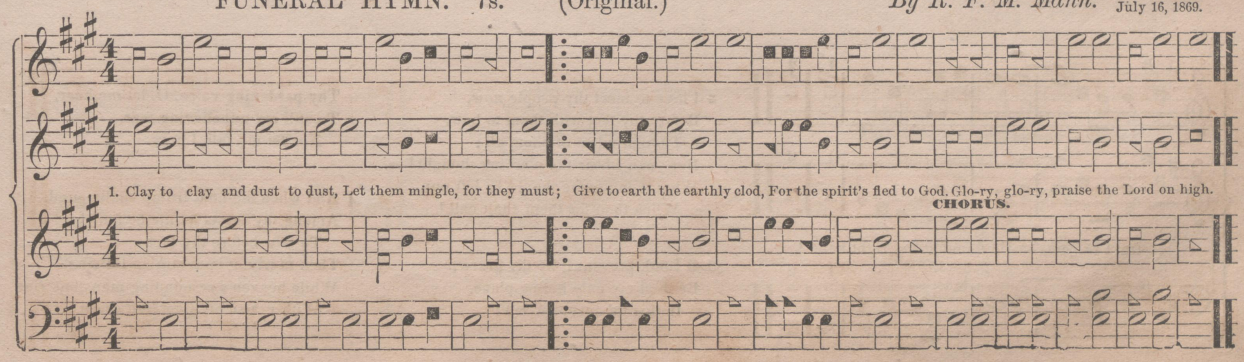
By J. P. Rees. *Words by H. Wood.*



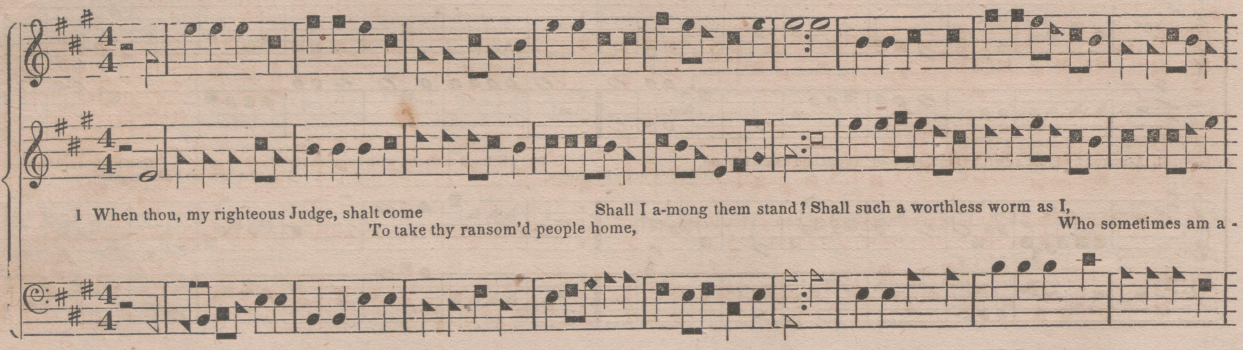
GANGES. 8. 8, 6. Copied as it is generally sang.



FUNERAL HYMN. 7s. (Original.) *By R. F. M. Mann.* July 16, 1869.



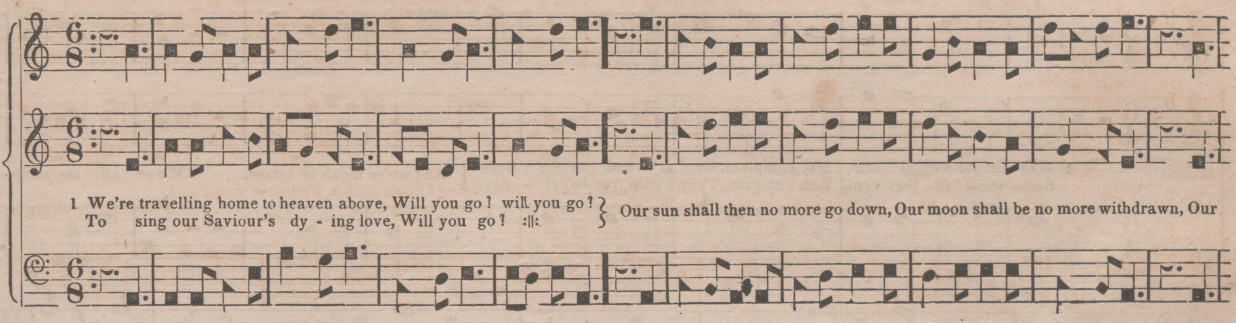
HAPPY MATCHES. 8, 8, 6, or C. P. M. Psalmist, 1143d Hymn. *B. F. White & King.*

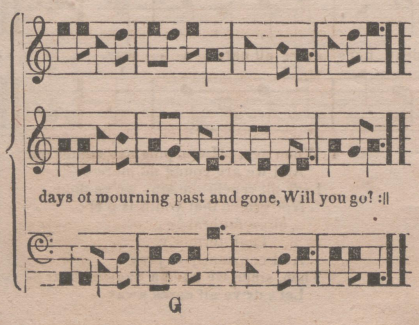


2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 And when the final trump shall sound,
Among thy saints let me be found,
To bow before thy face:
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With praise of sovereign grace





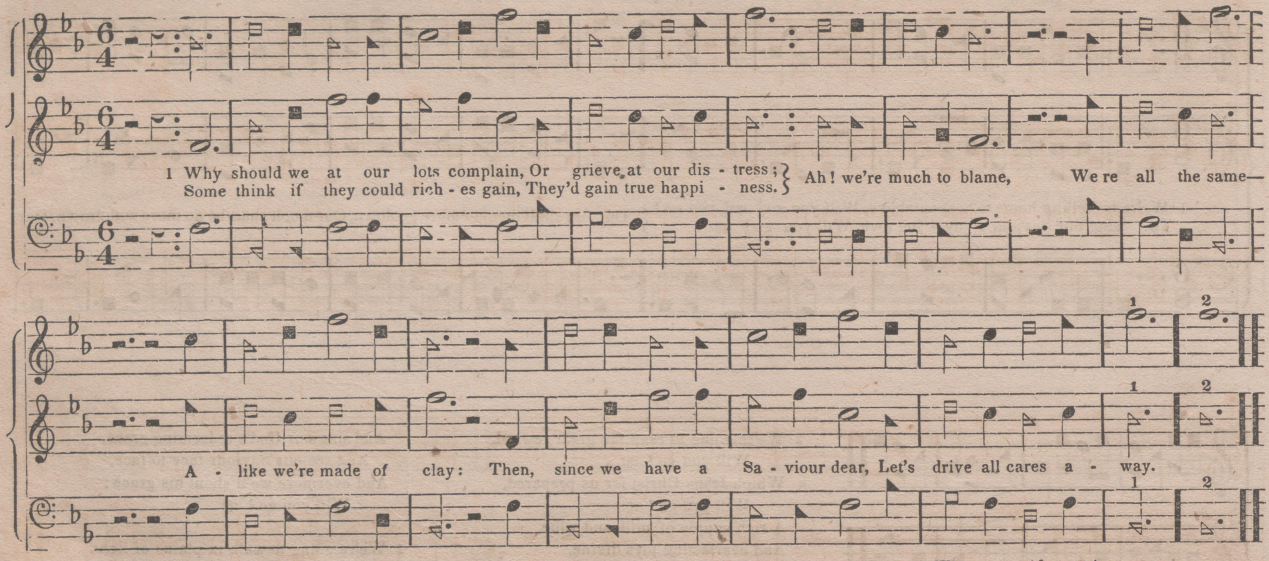
2 We're going to reap the great reward,
Will you go? :||:
Which Jesus Christ for us prepared,
Will you go? :||:
A rich supply of milk and wine,
And everlasting joys divine,
And robes that will the sun outshine,
Will you go? :||:

3 We are going to strike the golden lyre,
Will you go? :||:
And shout in strains of heavenly fire,
Will you go? :||:
And sing our God's redeeming grace,
And see our Saviour face to face,
And evermore we'll shout his grace;
Will you go? :||:

4 We're going to walk in plains of light,
Will you go? :||:
Where endless day excludes the night,
Will you go? :||:
There crowns of glory we shall wear,
And palms of victory ever bear,
And all the joys of heaven shall share;
Will you go? :||:

DULL CARE.

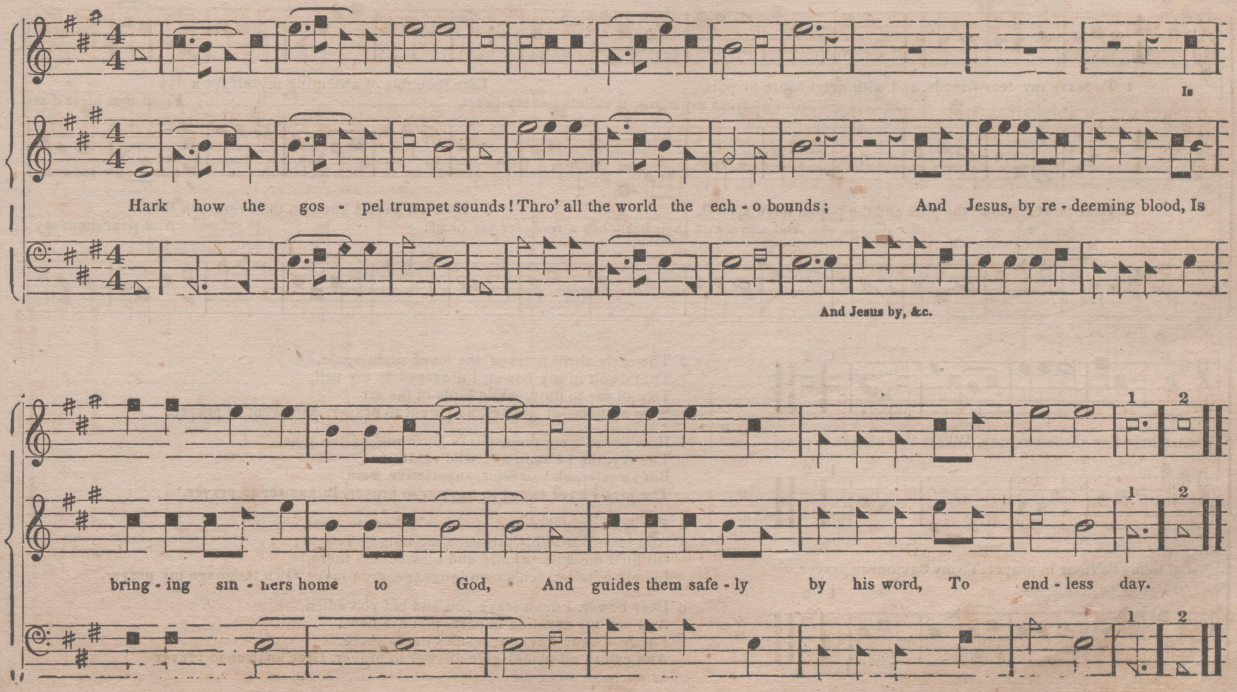
E. J. King.



2 Why should the rich despise the poor?
Why should the poor repine?
A little time will make us all
In equal friendship join.
Ah! we're much to blame,—
We're all the same,—
Alike, we're made of clay:
Then, since we have a Saviour dear,
Let's drive all cares away

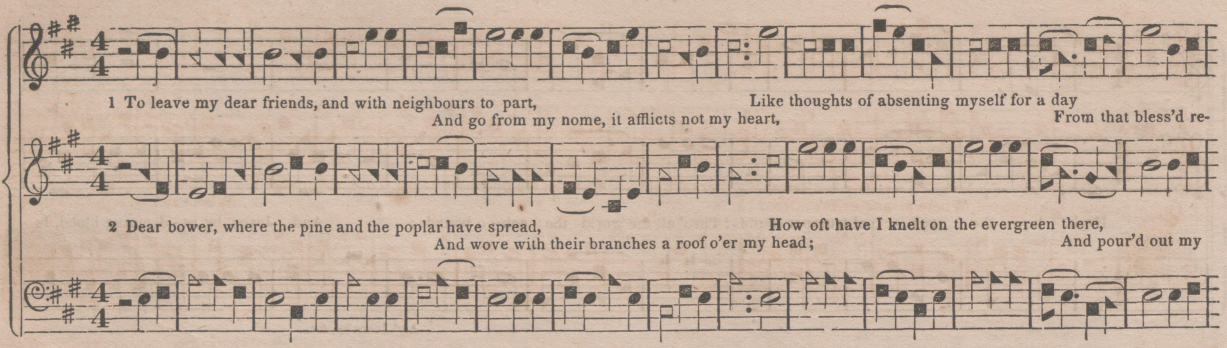
3 The only circumstance of life
That ever I could find
To soften cares and temper strife
Was a contented mind:
When we've this in store,
We have much more
Than wealth could e'er convey.
Then, since we have a Saviour dear,
Let's drive all cares away

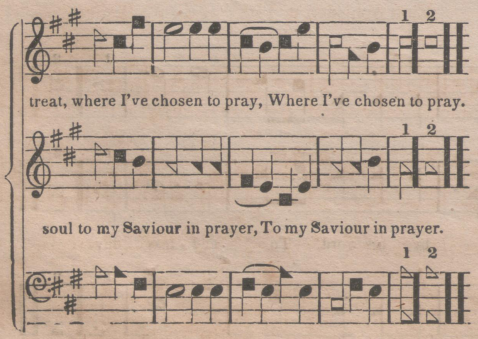
4 When age, old creeping age comes on,
And we are young no more—
Let's all repent the sins we've done,
Nor grieve that youth is o'er;
More faithful be
Than formerly,
And constantly to pray:-
Then, since we have a Saviour dear
Let's drive all cares away


Hark how the gos - pel trumpet sounds! Thro' all the world the ech - o bounds; And Jesus, by re - deeming blood, Is
And Jesus by, &c.
bring - ing sin - ners home to God, And guides them safe - ly by his word, To end - less day.

THE BOWER OF PRAYER 11s.

E. J. King.





3 The early shrill notes of the loved nightingale,
That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty, while birds of the air
Sang anthems of praises, as I went to prayer, As I went to prayer.

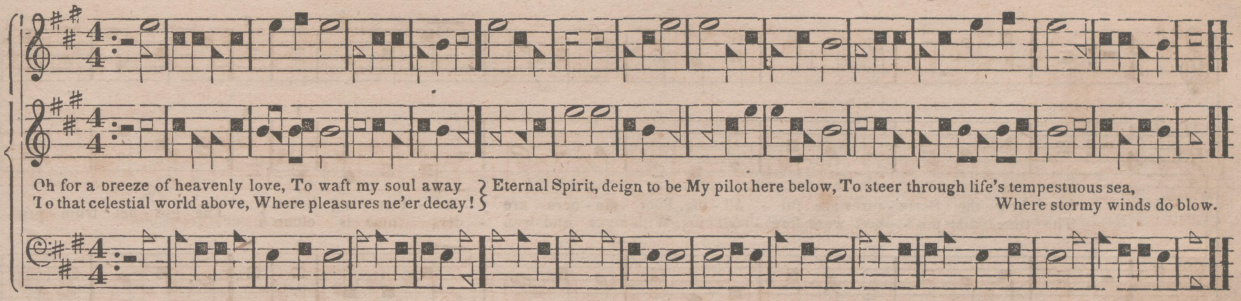
4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine;
But sweeter, ah! sweeter, superlative were
The joys I have tasted in answer to prayer, In answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deign'd there to meet,
And bless'd with his presence my humble retreat;
Oft fill'd me with rapture and blessedness there,
Indicting, in heaven's own language, my prayer, Own language my prayer.

6 Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotion in parts that are new;
For Jesus, my Saviour, resides everywhere,
And can in all places give answer to prayer, Give answer to prayer.

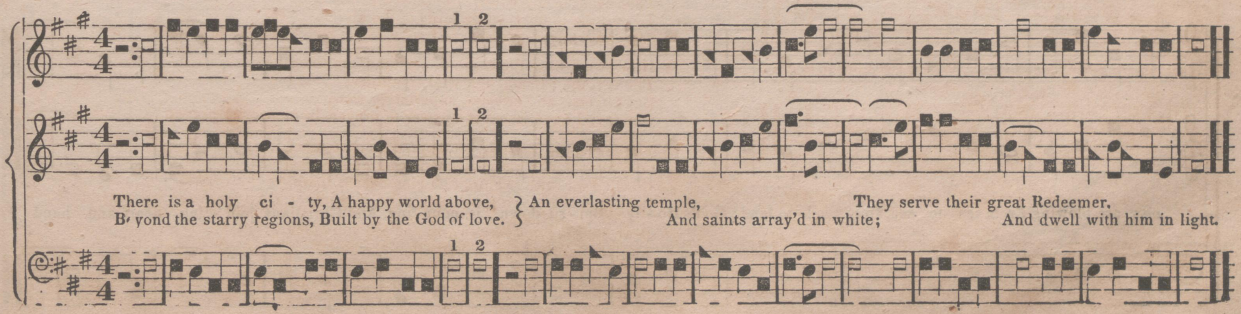
CANAAN'S LAND. C. M. D.

Zion Songster, p. 155. *E. J. King.*



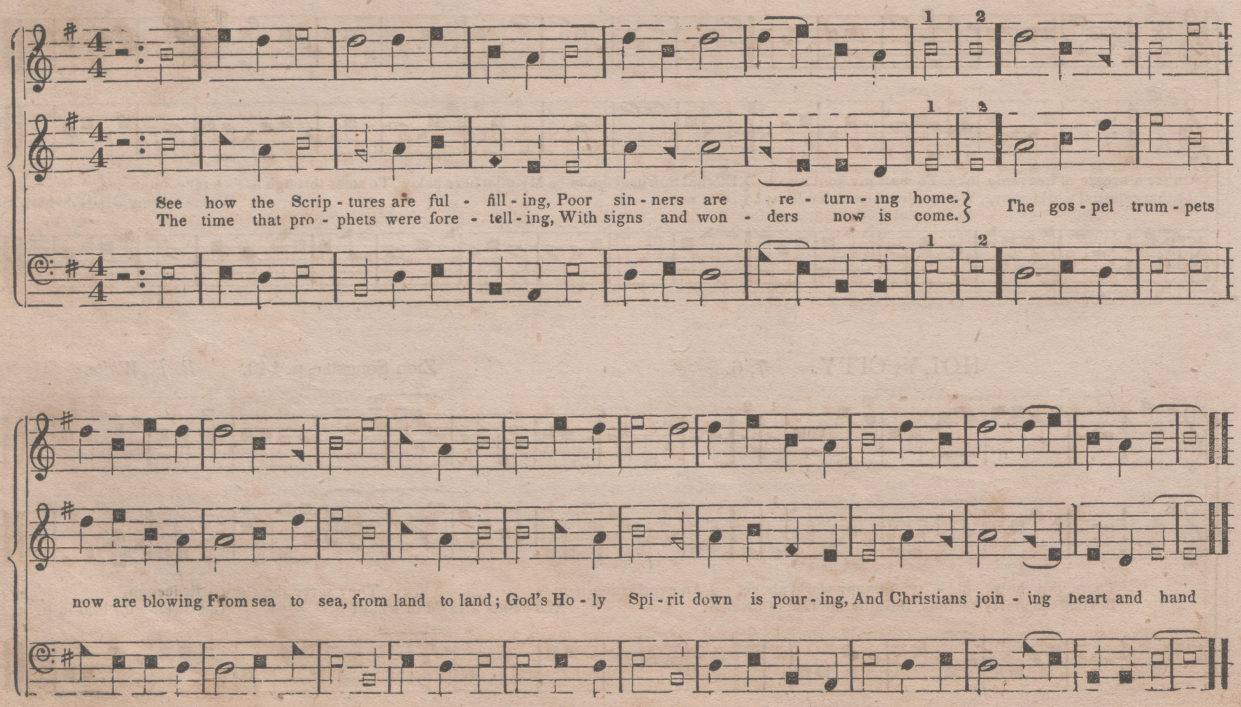
HOLY CITY. 7, 6.

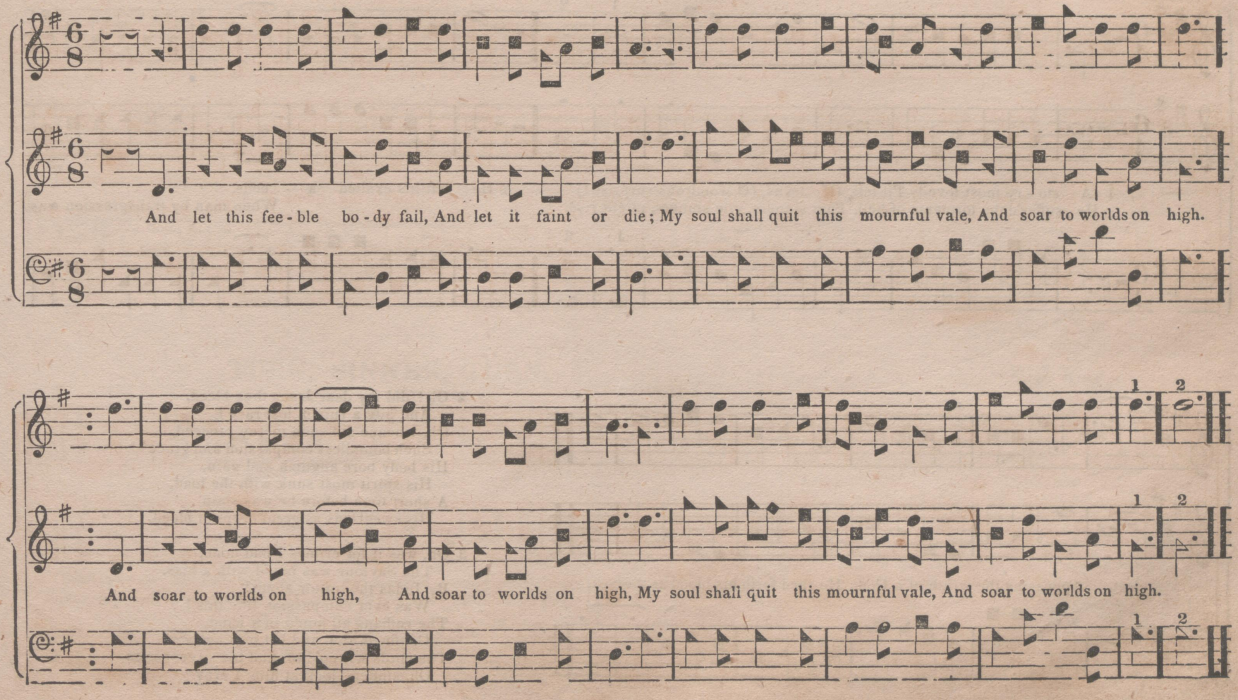
Zion Songster, p. 140. *B. F. White.*



FULFILMENT. 9, 8.

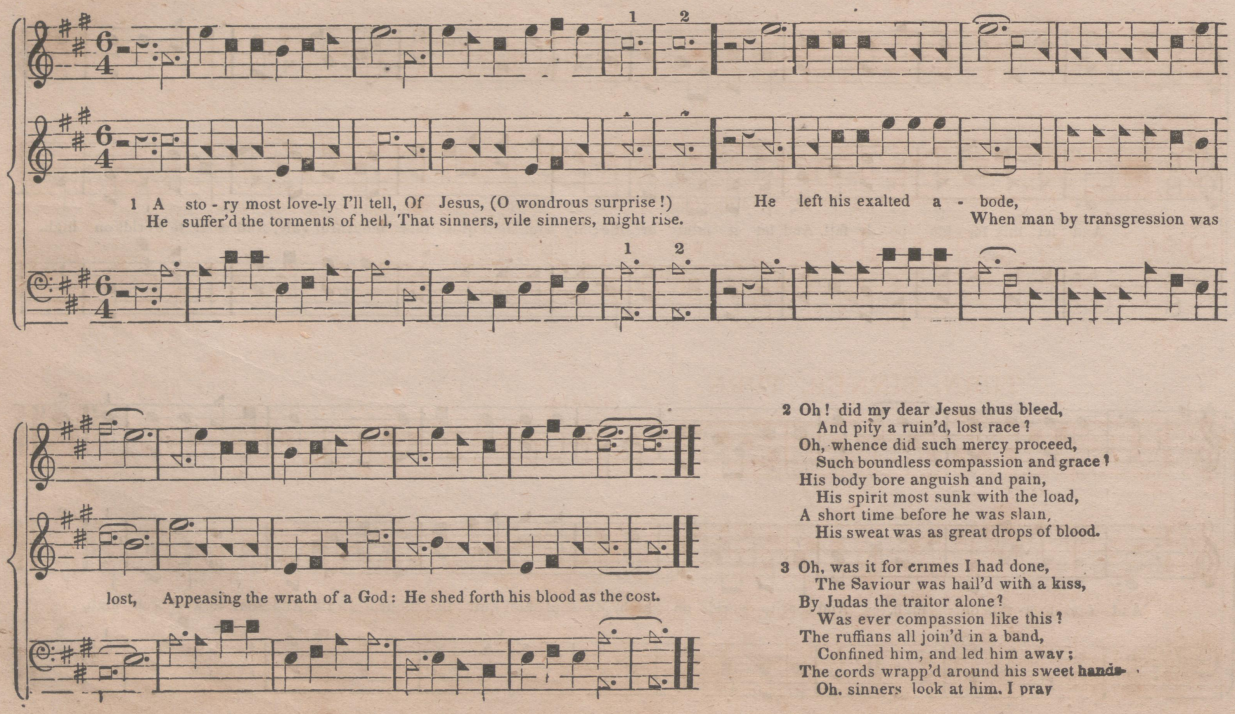
Zion Songster, p. 129. *E. J. King.*




And let this fee - ble bo - dy fail, And let it faint or die; My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high.
And soar to worlds on high, And soar to worlds on high, My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high.

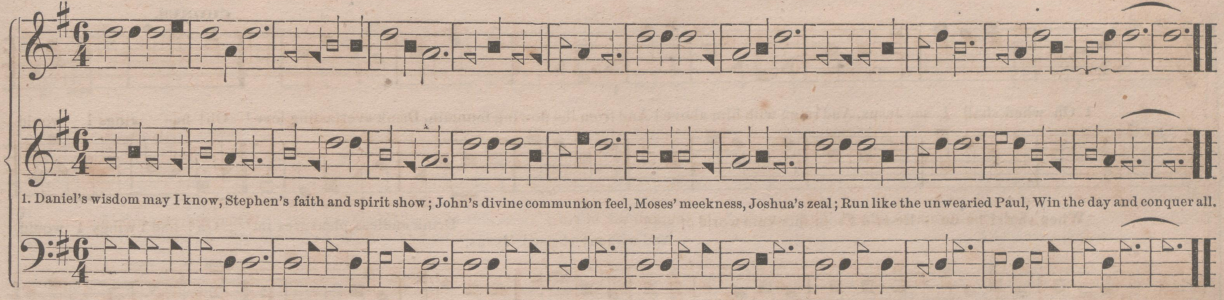
THE LOVELY STORY. 8s.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 56. *E. J. King.*



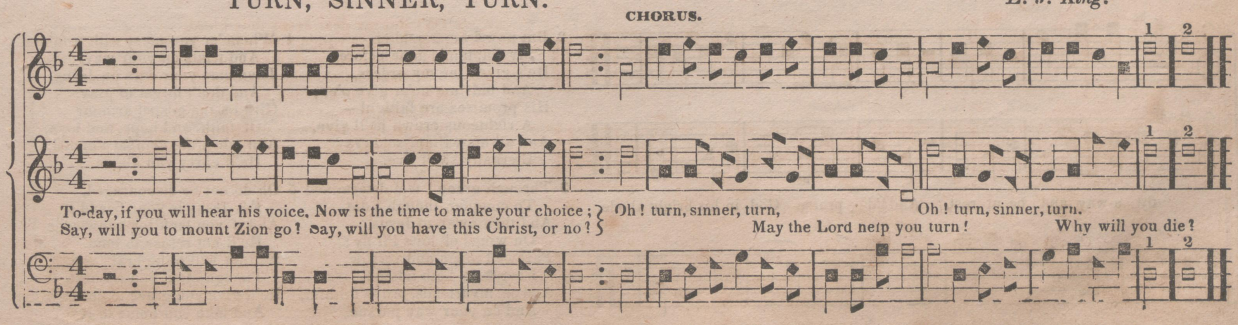
2 Oh! did my dear Jesus thus bleed,
And pity a ruin'd, lost race?
Oh, whence did such mercy proceed,
Such boundless compassion and grace?
His body bore anguish and pain,
His spirit most sunk with the load,
A short time before he was slain,
His sweat was as great drops of blood.

3 Oh, was it for crimes I had done,
The Saviour was hail'd with a kiss,
By Judas the traitor alone?
Was ever compassion like this?
The ruffians all join'd in a band,
Confined him, and led him away;
The cords wrapp'd around his sweet hands.
Oh, sinners look at him, I pray



TURN, SINNER, TURN.

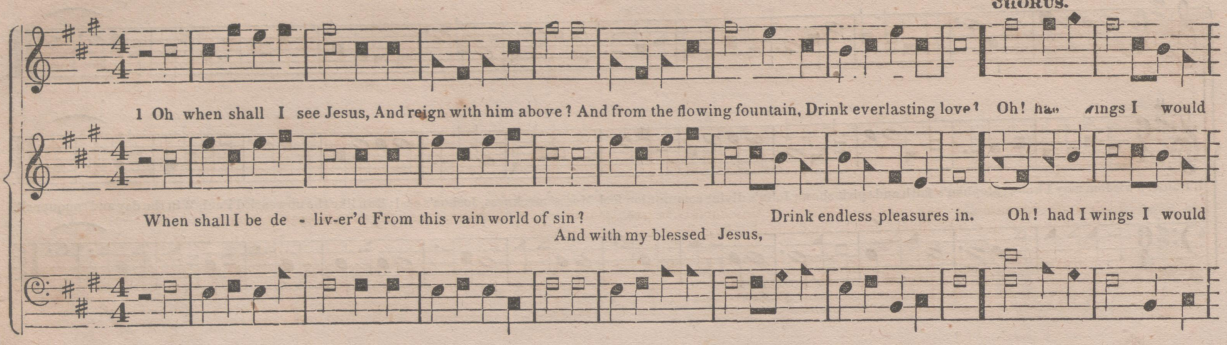
E. J. King.

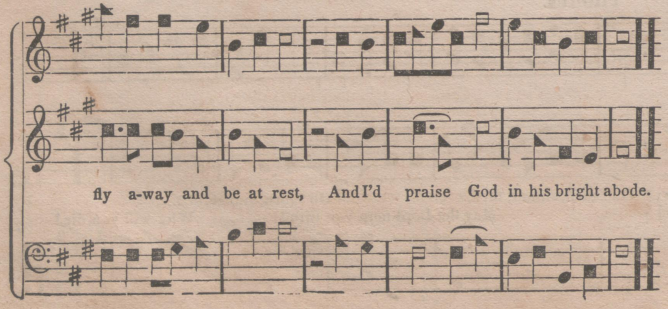


ECSTASY

T W. Carter.

CHORUS.



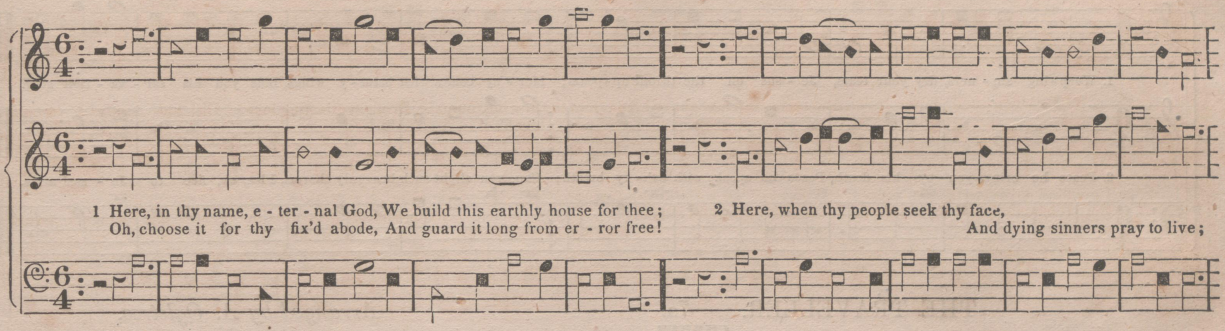


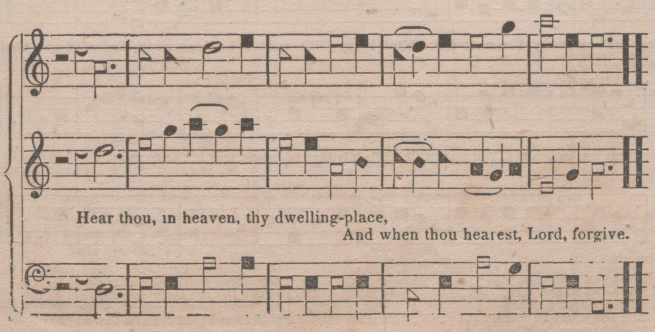
2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bids me ne'er give o'er;
His promises are faithful—
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.

3 Through grace I feel determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow
I bid them both adieu!
And oh, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the gospel armour
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

5 Oh do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend.
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer
And take you home to rest.





3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

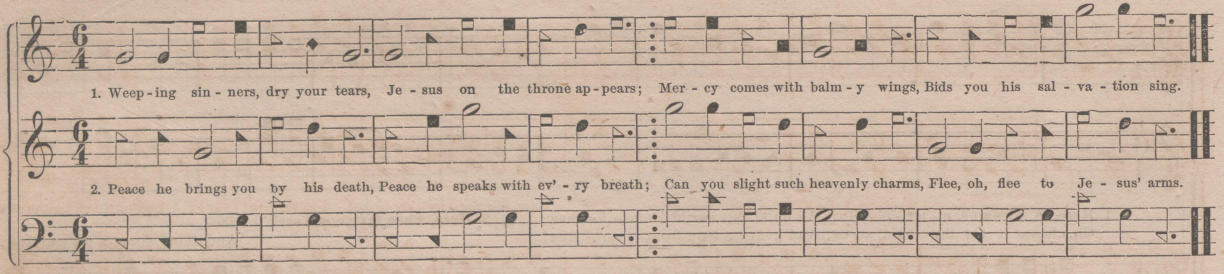
4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong
Hosanna! let the angels sing.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest!
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest!

6 Thy glory never hence depart,
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

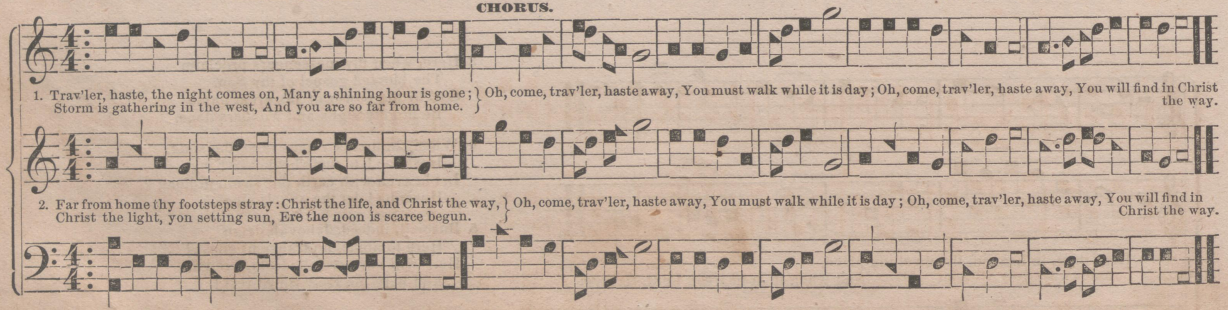
WEEPING SINNERS. 7s. (Original.)

By J. P. Rees.



THE TRAVELLER. 7s.

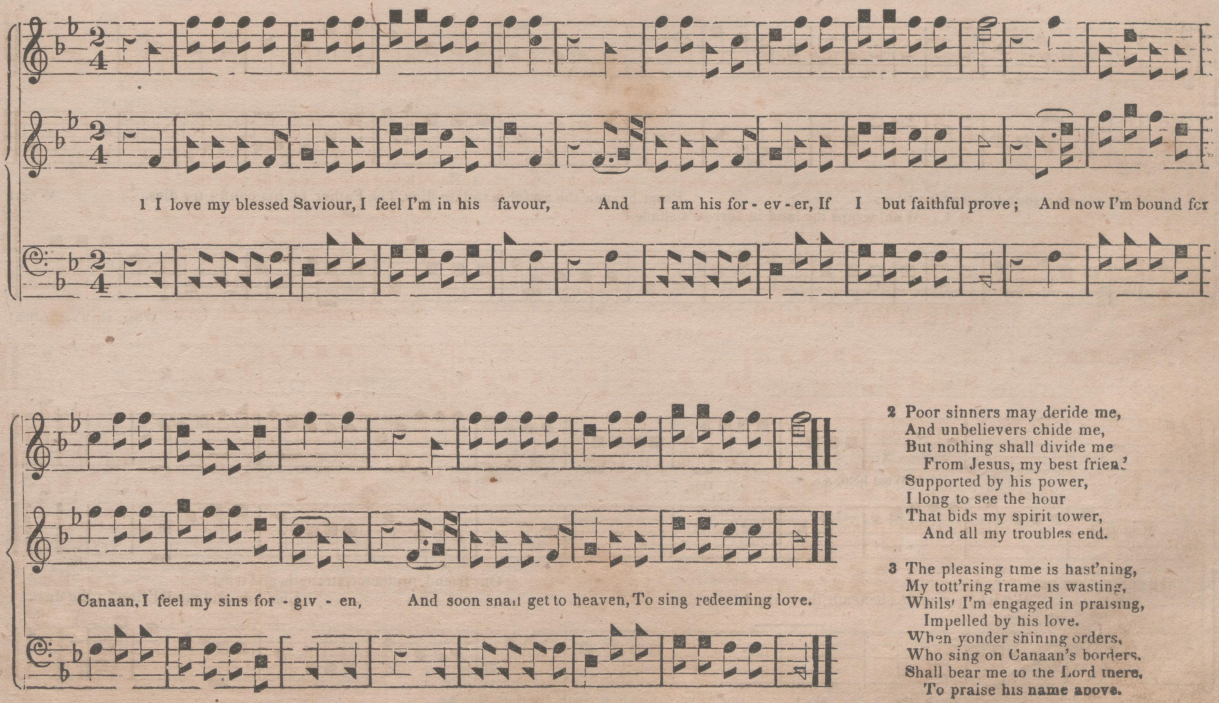
Arranged by A. Ogletree.



3. Rising tempest sweeps the sky,
Rains descend, the winds are high,
Waters swell, and death and fear,
Sets thy path no refuge near.
CHO.—Oh, come, trav'ler, &c.

4. Yes, a shelter you may gain,
Cover from the wind and rain,
A hiding place, a rest, a home,
Refuge from the wrath to come.
CHO.—Oh, come, trav'ler, &c.

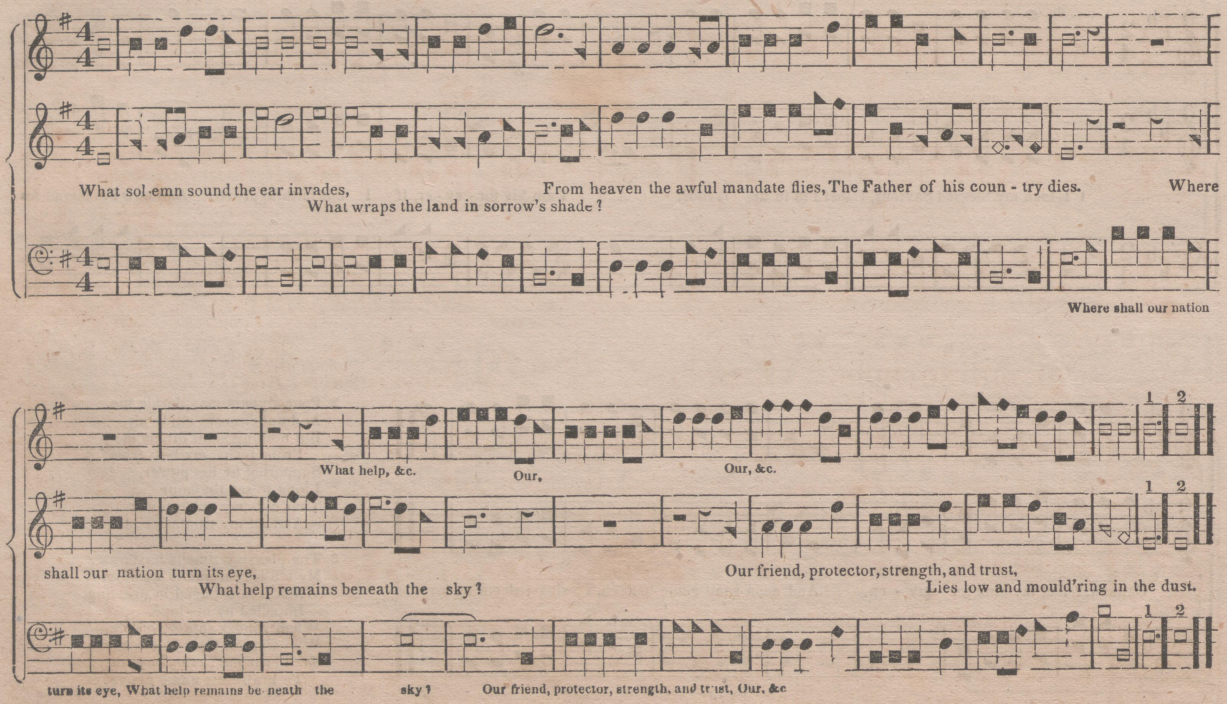
5. Then linger not in all the plain;
For thy life the mountain gain:
Look not behind, make no delay,
Speed thee, speed thee on thy way.
CHO.—Oh, come, trav'ler, &c.



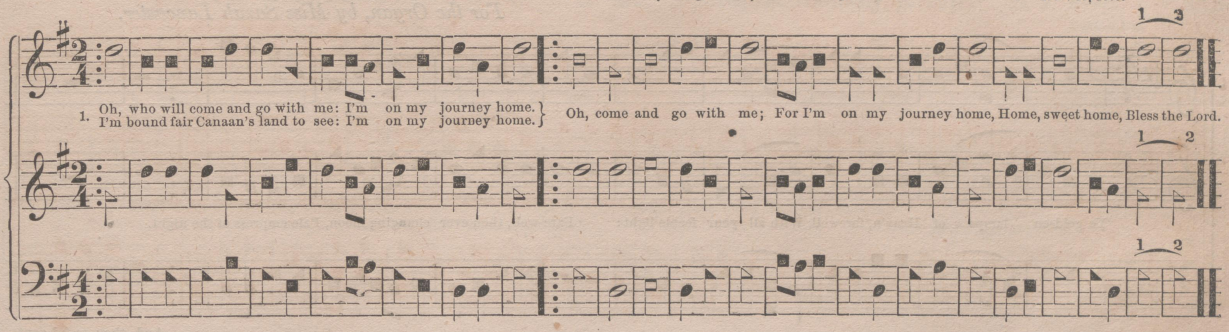
2 Poor sinners may deride me,
And unbelievers chide me,
But nothing shall divide me
From Jesus, my best friend.
Supported by his power,
I long to see the hour
That bids my spirit tower,
And all my troubles end.

3 The pleasing time is hast'ning,
My tott'ring frame is wasting,
Whilst I'm engaged in praising,
Impelled by his love.
When yonder shining orders,
Who sing on Canaan's borders,
Shall bear me to the Lord there,
To praise his name above.

MOUNT VERNON. L. M. D.



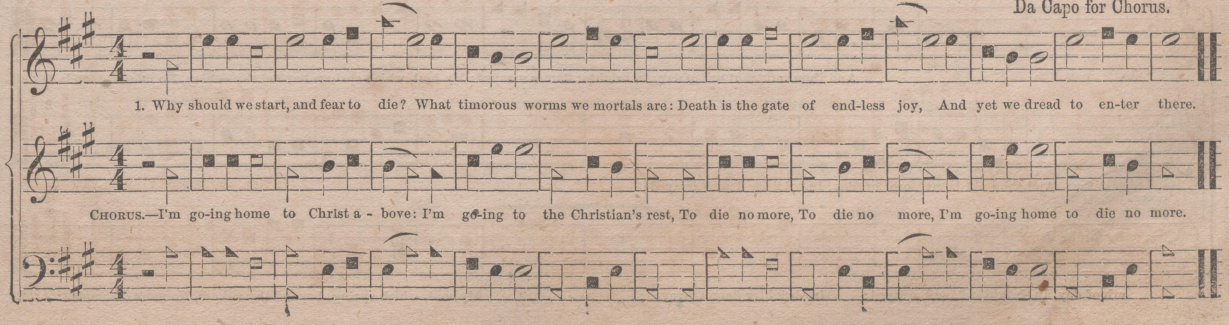
JOURNEY HOME. L. M. (Original.) *By R. F. M. Mann.* Nov. 15, 1868.



TO DIE NO MORE. L. M.

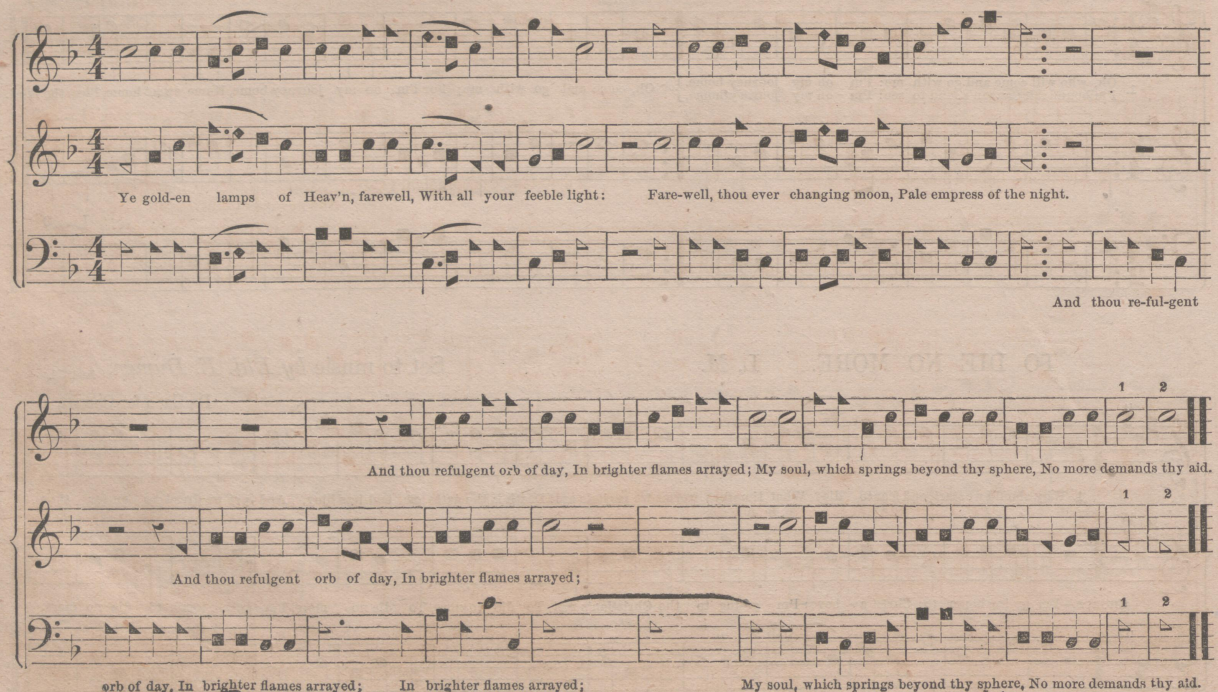
Set to music *by Eld. E. Dumas,* in 1856.

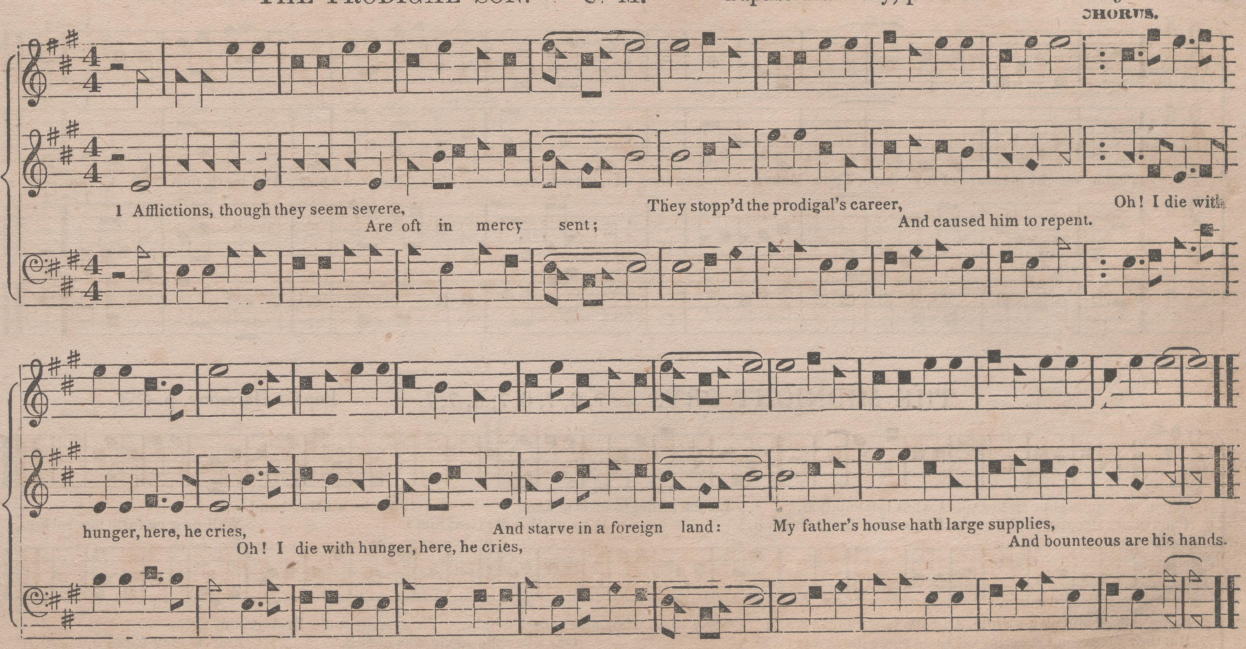
Da Capo for Chorus.



THE LAST WORDS OF COPERNICUS. C. M. (Original.)

For the Organ, by Miss Sarah Lancaster.





2 Although he no relenting felt
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinch'd him sore

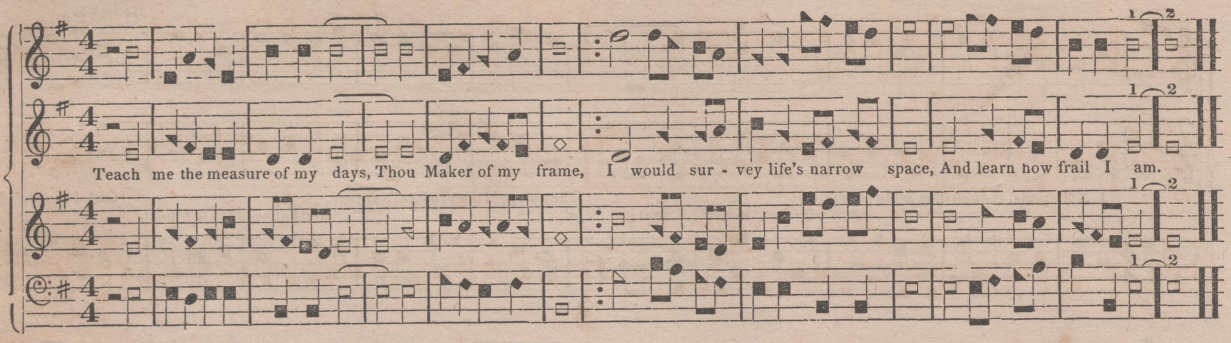
3 What have I gain'd by sin, he said
But hunger, shame, and fear!
My father's house abounds with bread,
Whilst I am starving here.

4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face;
Not worthy to be called his son,
I'll ask a servant's place.

5 He saw his son returning back,
He look'd, he ran, he smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

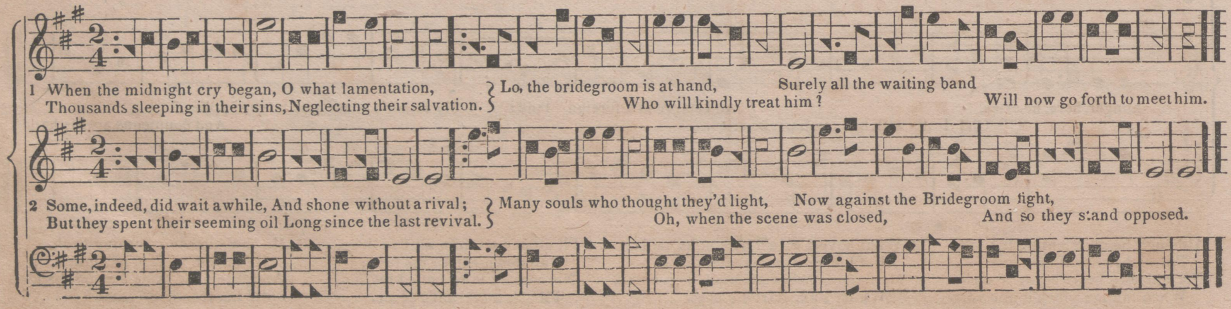
SUFFIELD C. M

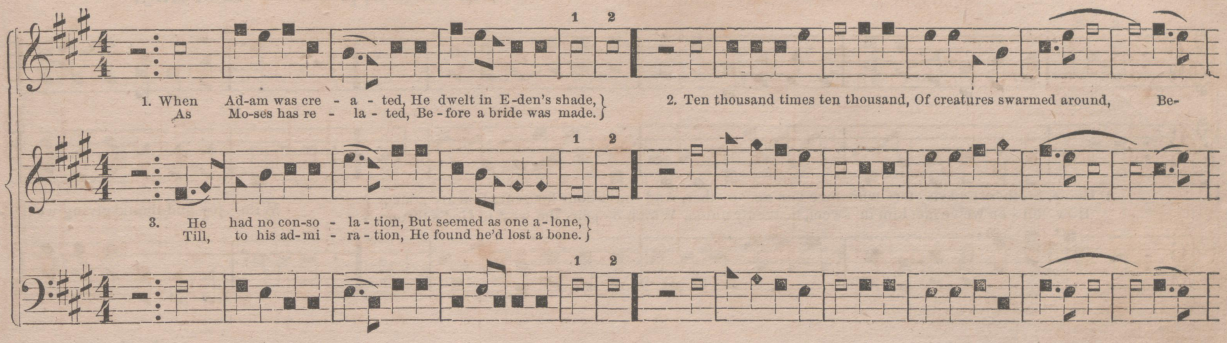
Psalmist, 1055th Hymn.

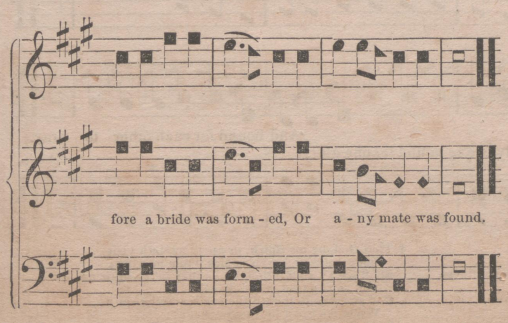


THE MIDNIGHT CRY. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7.

Baptist Harmony, p. 483.







* In honor of TROUP EDMONDS.

4. This woman was not taken
From Adam's head, we know;
And she must not rule o'er him,
It's evidently so.

5. This woman she was taken
From near to Adam's heart,
By which we are directed
That they should never part.

6. The book that's called the Bible,
Be sure you don't neglect;
For in every sense of duty,
It will you both direct.

7. The woman is commanded
To do her husband's will,
In every thing that's lawful,
Her duty to fulfill.

8. Great was his exultation,
To see her by his side;
Great was his elevation,
To have a loving bride.

9. This woman she was taken
From under Adam's arm;
And she must be protected
From injury and harm.

10. This woman was not taken
From Adam's feet, we see;
And she must not be abused,
The meaning seems to be.

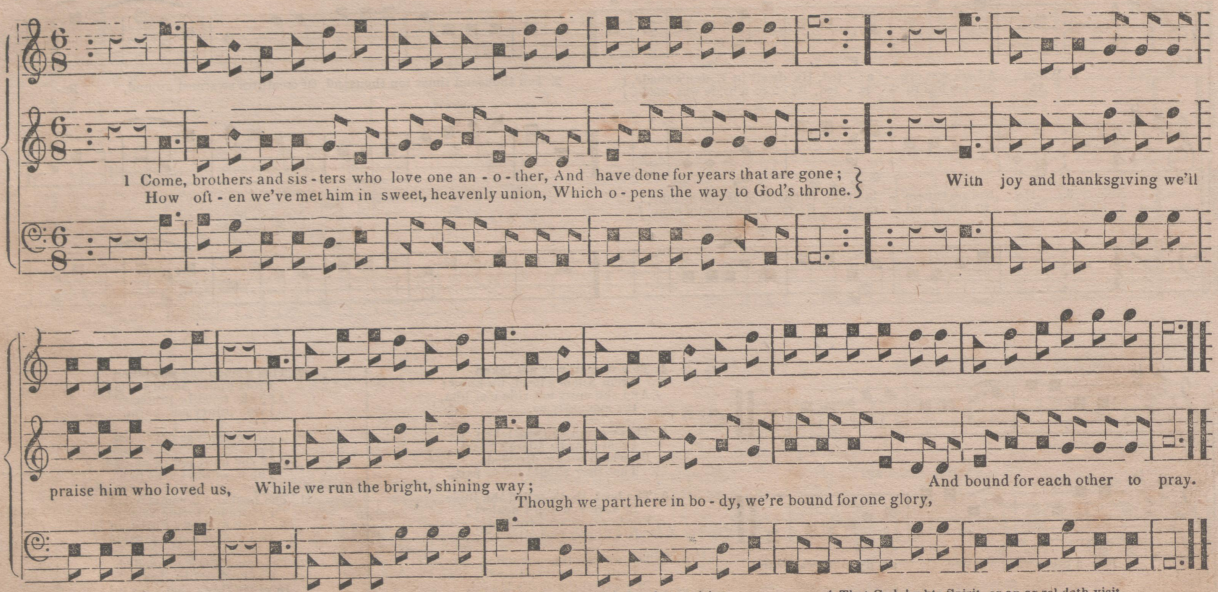
11. The husband is commanded
To love his loving bride;
And live as does a Christian,
And for his house provide.

12. The woman is commanded
Her husband to obey,
In every thing that's lawful,
Until her dying day.

13. Avoiding all offences,
Nor sow the seeds of strife,
These are the solemn duties
Of every man and wife.

UNION. P M.

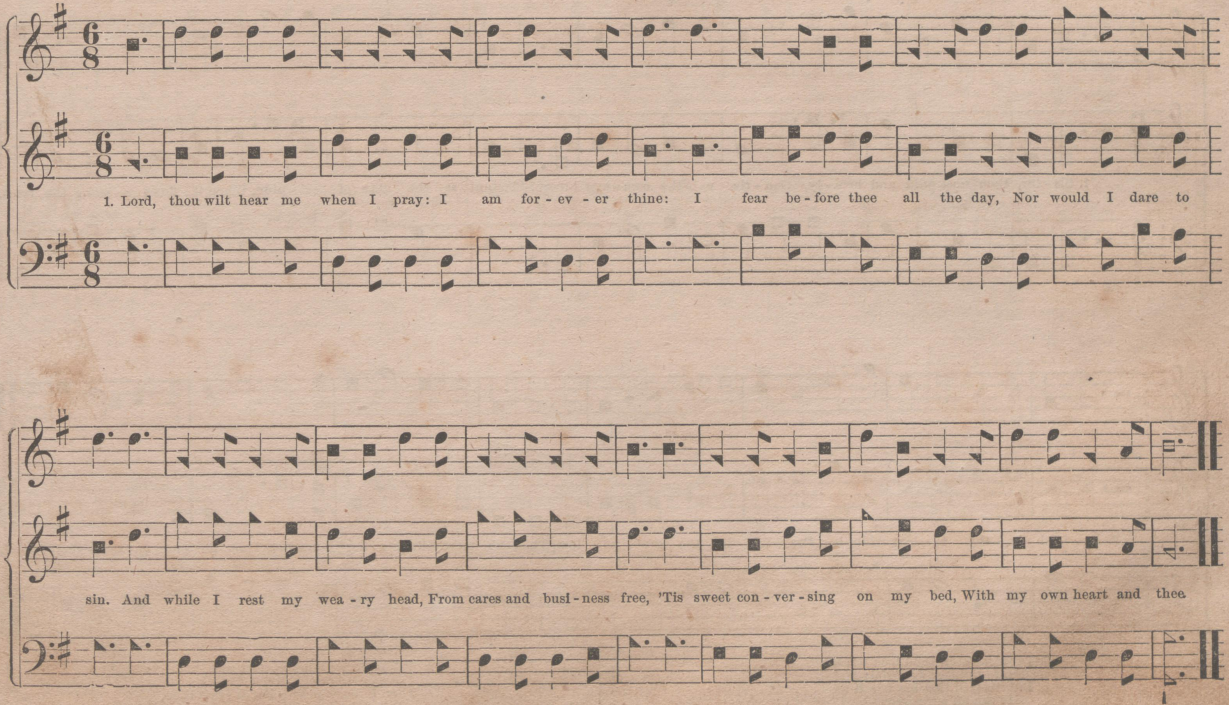
Zion Songster, p. 54. *E. J. King.*



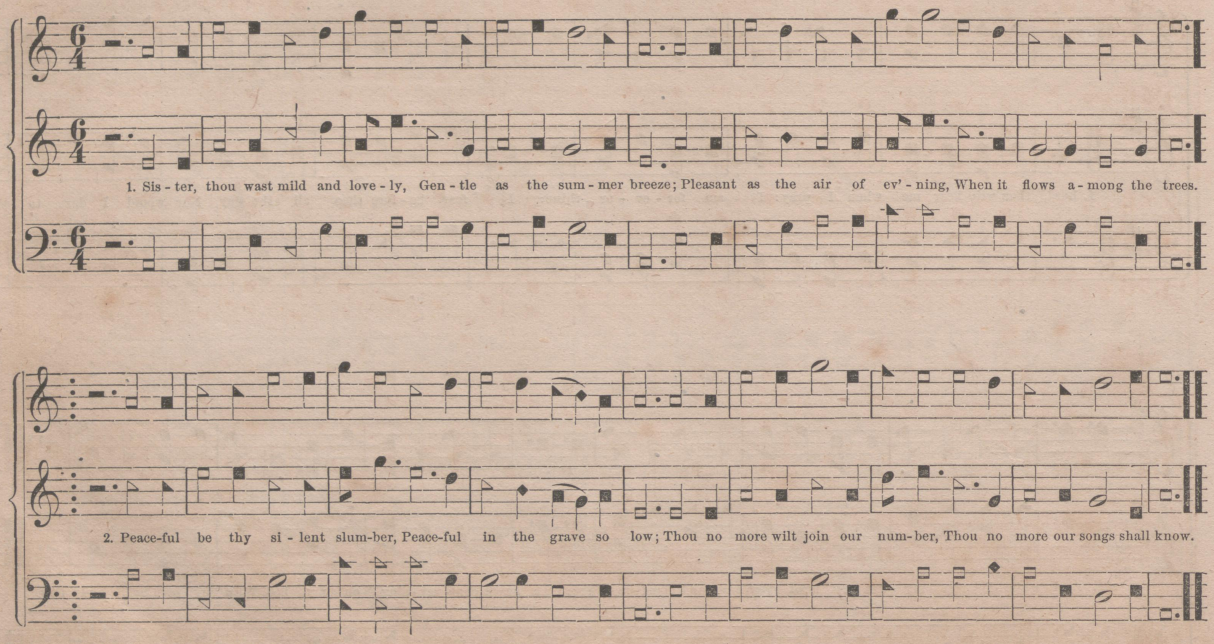
2 There was Josnua and Joseph, Elias and Moses,
That pray'd, and God heard from his throne;
There was Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and David,
And Solomon, and Stephen, and John;
There was Simeon, and Anna, and I don't know how many,
That pray'd as they journey'd along;
Some cast among lions, some bound with rough irons,—
Yet glory and praises they sung.

3 Some tell us that praying, and also that praising
Is labour that's all spent in vain;
But we have such a witness that God hears with swiftness,
From praying we will not refrain.
There was old father Noah, and ten thousand more,
Who witness'd that God heard them pray;
There was Samuel, and Hannah, Paul, Silas, and Peter,
And Daniel, and Jonah, we'll say.

4 That God, by his Spirit, or an angel doth visit
Their souls and their bodies while praying;
Shall we all go fainting, while they all go praising,
And glorify God in the flame?
God grant us to inherit the same praying spirit,
While we are a journeying below.
That when we cease praying, we shall not cease praising
But round God's bright throne we shall bow.

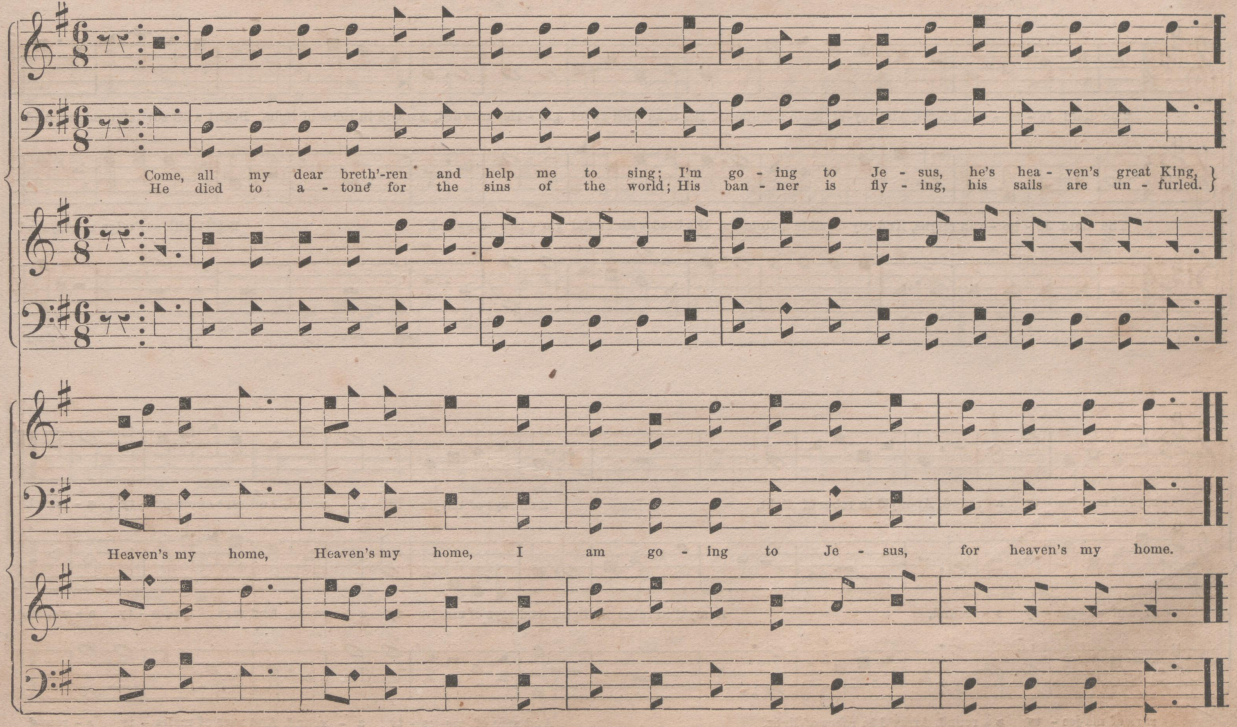

1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray: I am for - ev - er thine: I fear be - fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to
sin. And while I rest my wea - ry head, From cares and busi - ness free, 'Tis sweet con - ver - sing on my bed, With my own heart and thee.

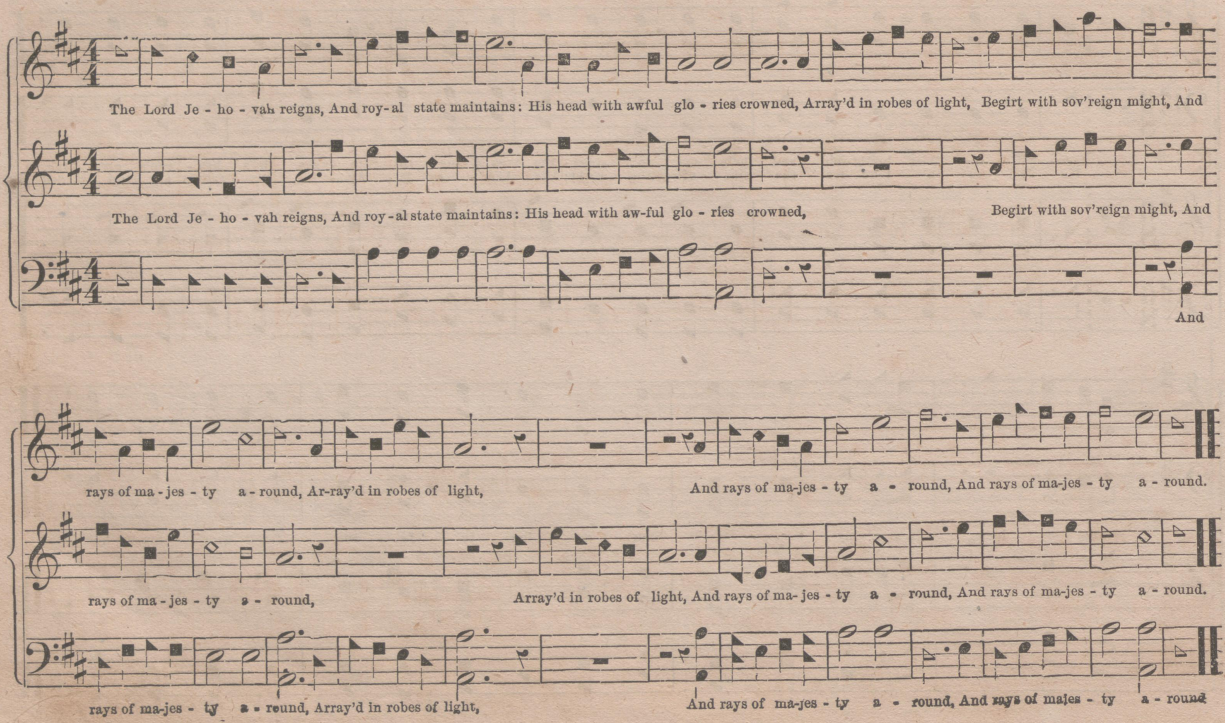
STOOCKWOOD. 8s & 7s. (Original.) *By M. Mark Wynn.*

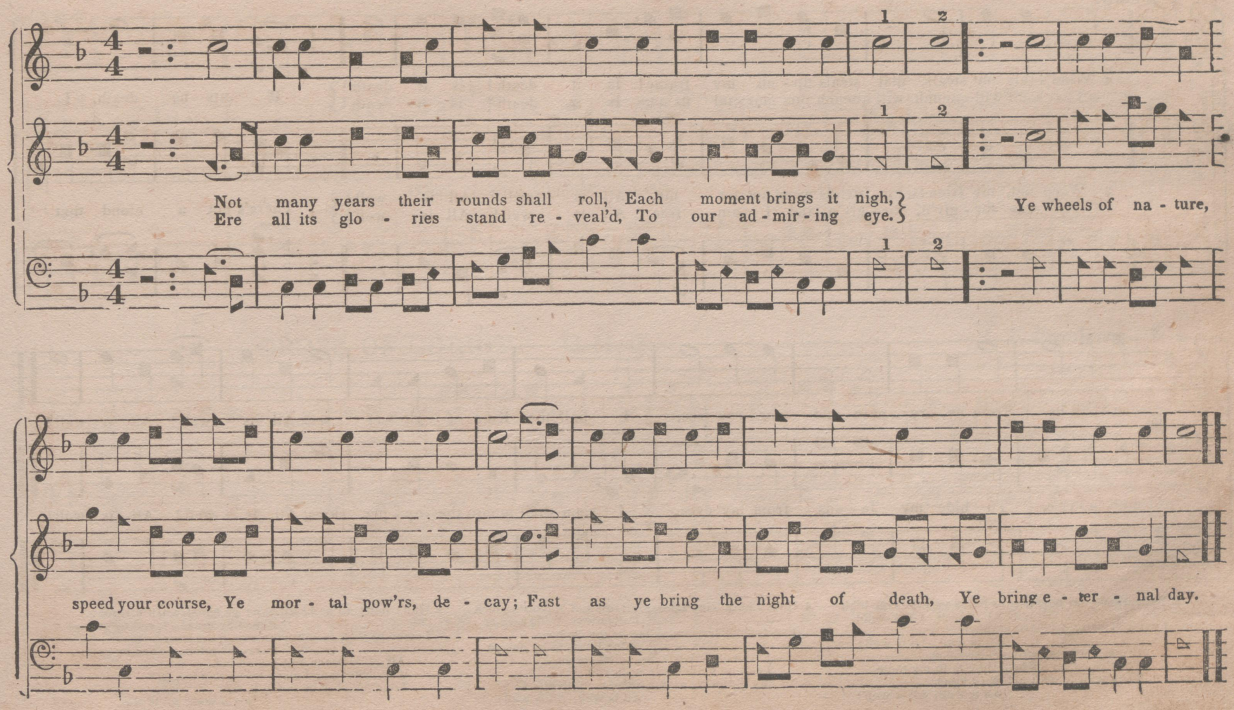


3. Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that has bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

4. Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

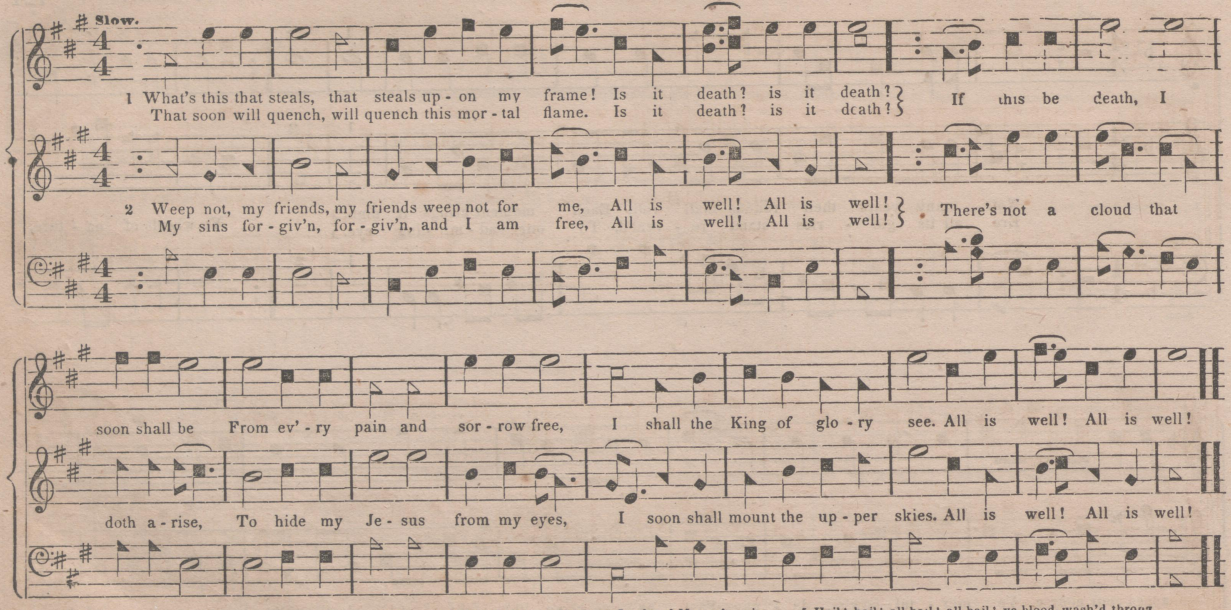

Come, all my dear breth'-ren and help me to sing; I'm go - ing to Je - sus, he's hea - ven's great King,
He died to a - tone for the sins of the world; His ban - ner is fly - ing, his sails are un - furled.
Heaven's my home, Heaven's my home, I am go - ing to Je - sus, for heaven's my home.


The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, And roy - al state maintains: His head with awful glo - ries crowned, Array'd in robes of light, Begirt with sov'reign might, And
The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, And roy - al state maintains: His head with aw-ful glo - ries crowned, Begirt with sov'reign might, And
And
rays of ma - jes - ty a - round, Ar-ray'd in robes of light, And rays of ma-jes - ty a - round, And rays of ma-jes - ty a - round.
rays of ma - jes - ty a - round, Array'd in robes of light, And rays of ma - jes - ty a - round, And rays of ma-jes - ty a - round.
rays of ma-jes - ty a - round, Array'd in robes of light, And rays of ma-jes - ty a - round, And rays of maies - ty a - round


Not many years their rounds shall roll, Each moment brings it nigh,
Ere all its glo - ries stand re - veal'd, To our ad - mir - ing eye.
Ye wheels of na - ture,
speed your course, Ye mor - tal pow'rs, de - cay; Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring e - ter - nal day.

ALL IS WELL. P. M.

J. T. White.



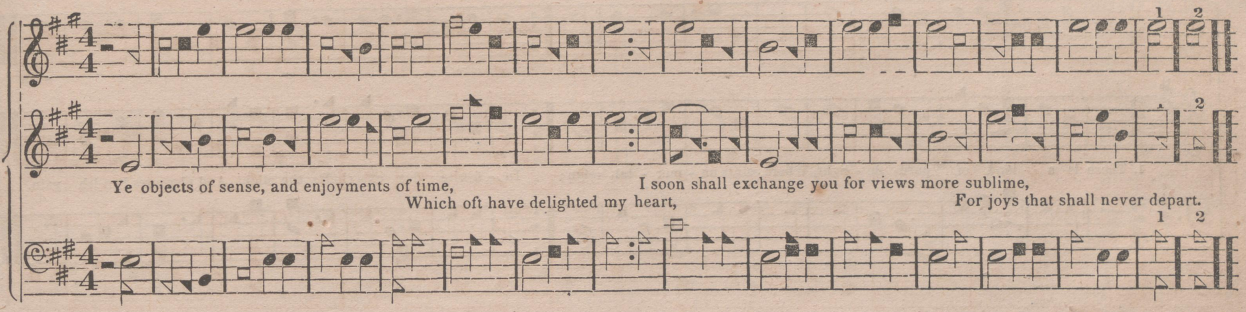
3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps ye saints on high.
All is well, All is well!
I too will strike my harp with equal joy.
All is well, All is well!
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to wait my spirit home.
All is well, All is well!

4 Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master's voice,
Calls away, Calls away!
I soon shall see—enjoy my happy choice,
Why delay, Why delay!
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-wash'd 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,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb
All is well, All is well.

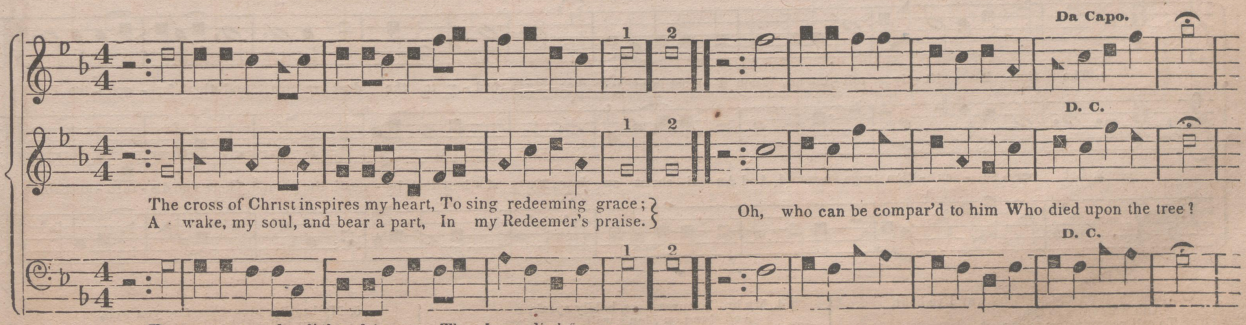
THE DYING CHRISTIAN. 11, 8.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 456. *E. J. King.*



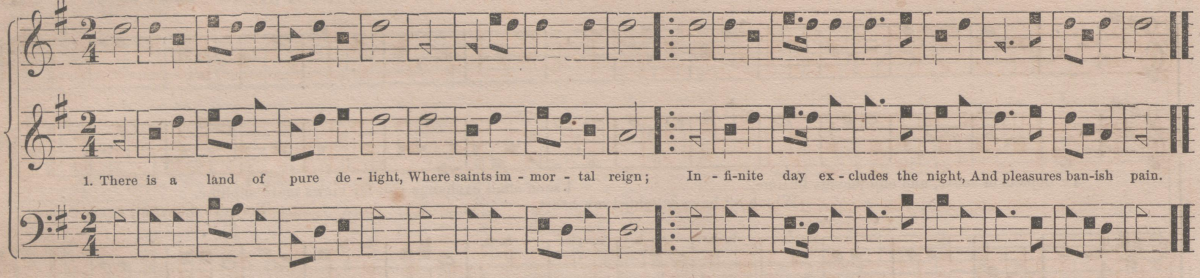
CROSS OF CHRIST. C. M. D.

L. P. Breedlove.



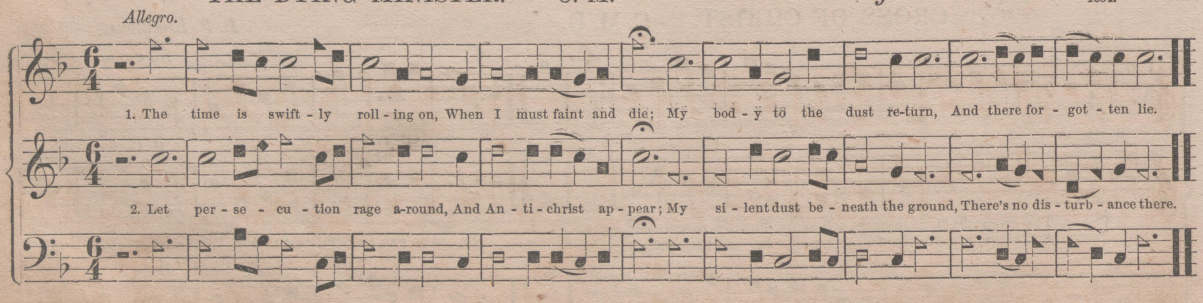
HEAVENLY LAND. C. M.

By R. F. M. Mann. July 19, 1857.



THE DYING MINISTER. C. M.

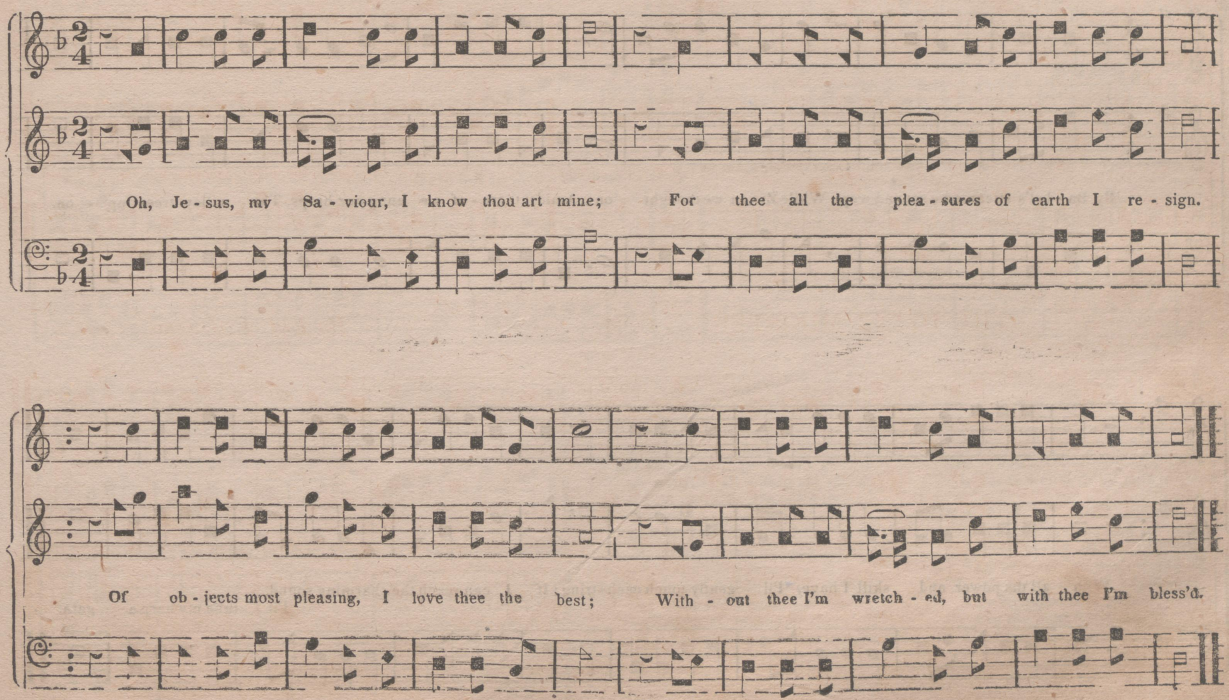
By Eld. E. Dumas. 1854.



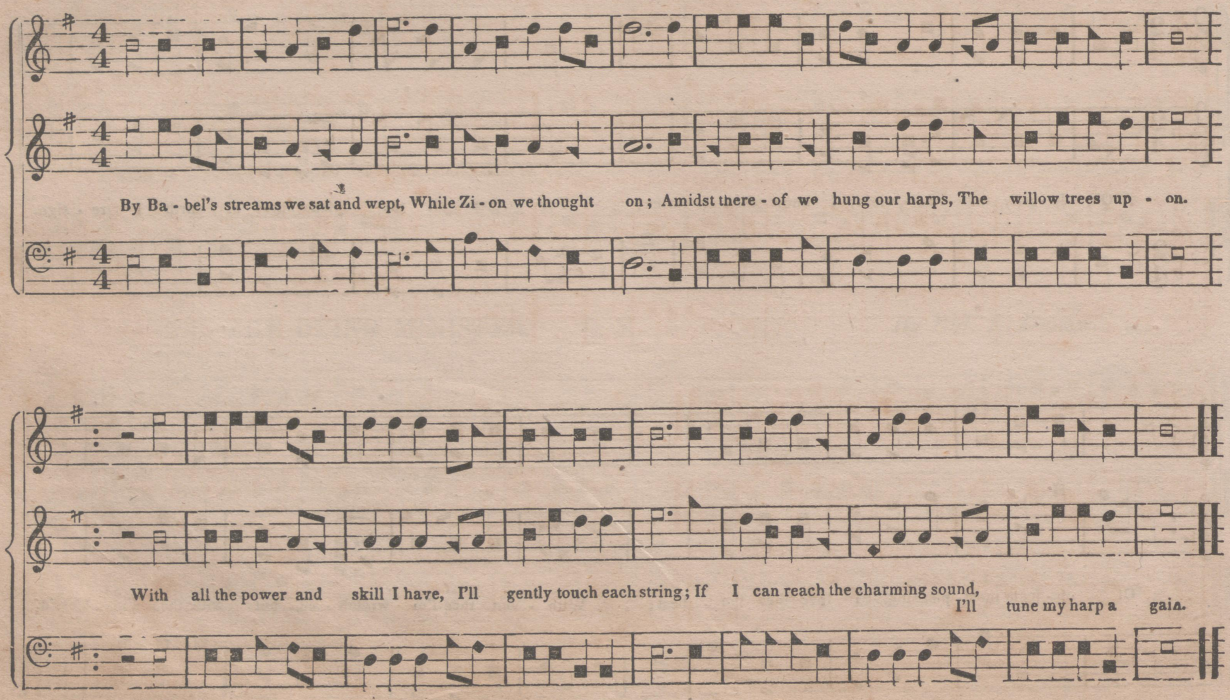
3. Through heats and colds my way I've bent,
And wandered in despair,
To call poor sinners to repent,
And seek the Saviour dear.

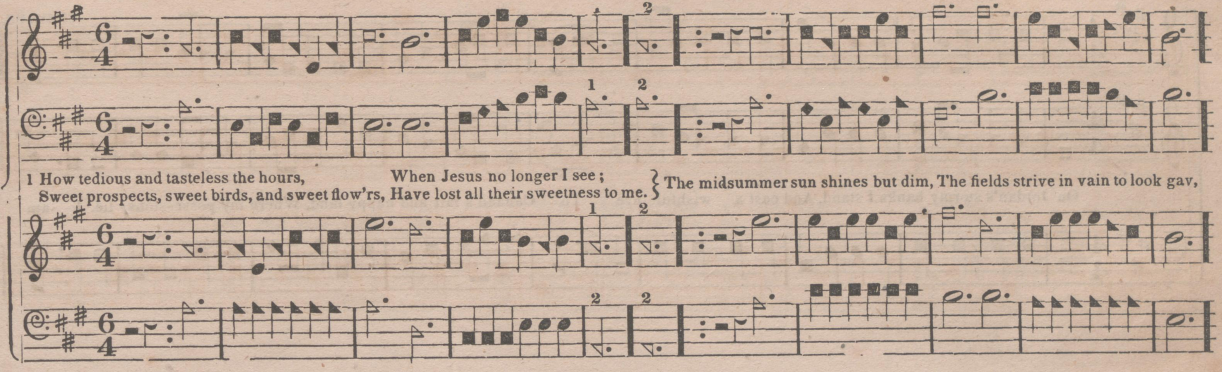
4. My brother preachers, boldly speak,
And stand on Zion's wall,
T'uphold the strong, confirm the weak,
And after sinners call.

5. My brother preacners, fare you well,
Your fellowship I love;
In time no more, I shall you see,
And soon we'll meet above.

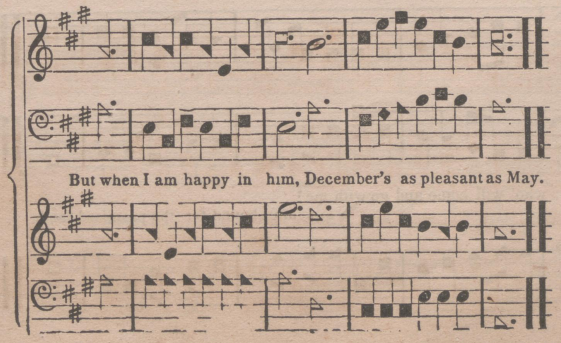

Oh, Je - sus, my Sa - viour, I know thou art mine; For thee all the plea - sures of earth I re - sign.
Of ob - jects most pleasing, I love thee the best; With - out thee I'm wretch - ed, but with thee I'm bless'd.

BABEL'S STREAMS. C M.





1 How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness to me. } The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay,



But when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May.

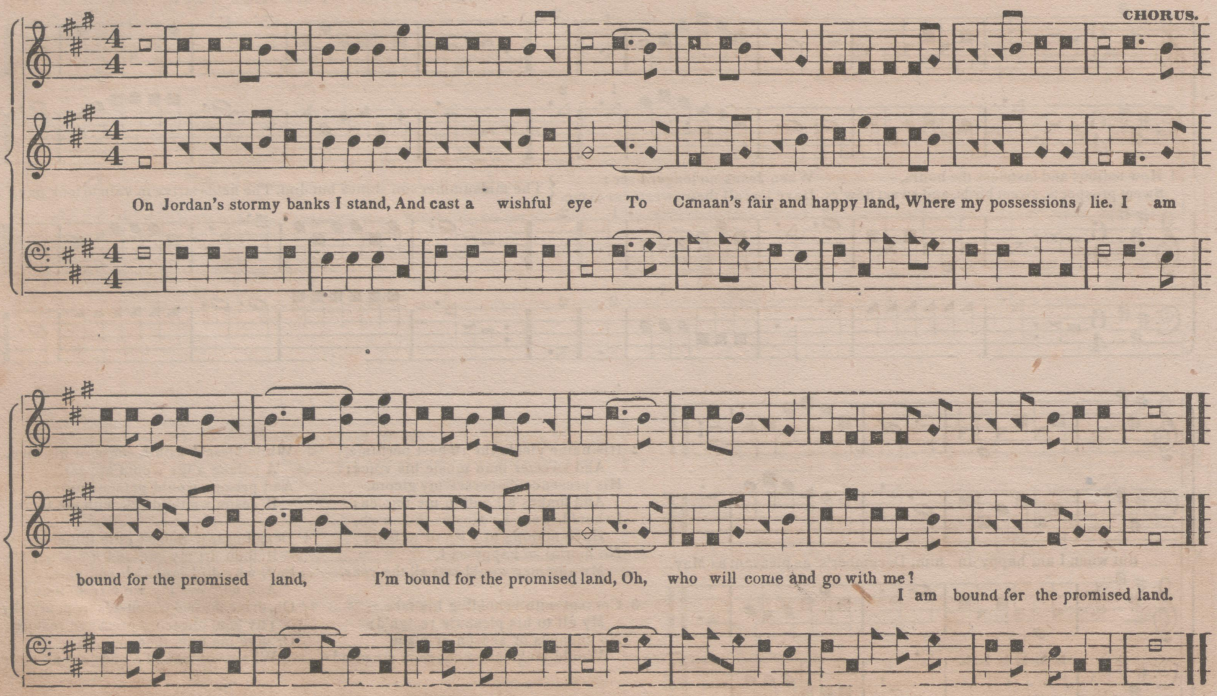
2 His name yields the rich'st perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

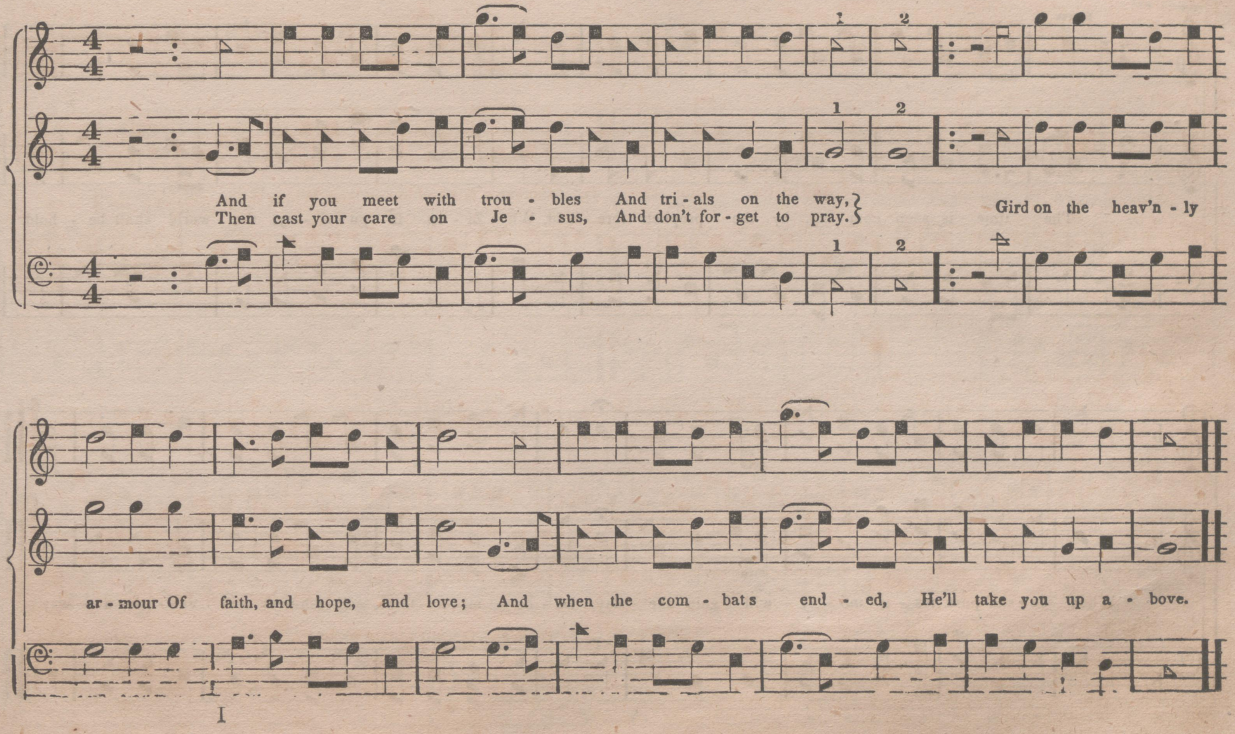
3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

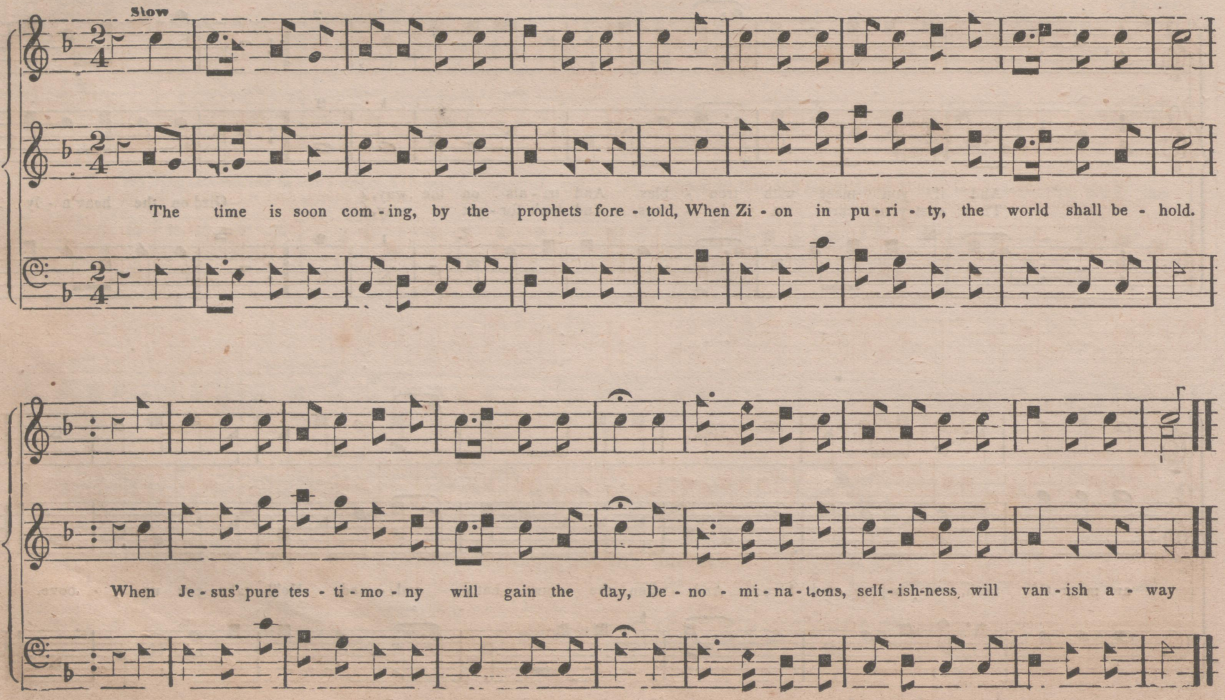
THE PROMISED LAND. C. M.

Meth. H. B., p. 471. *Miss M. Durham.*

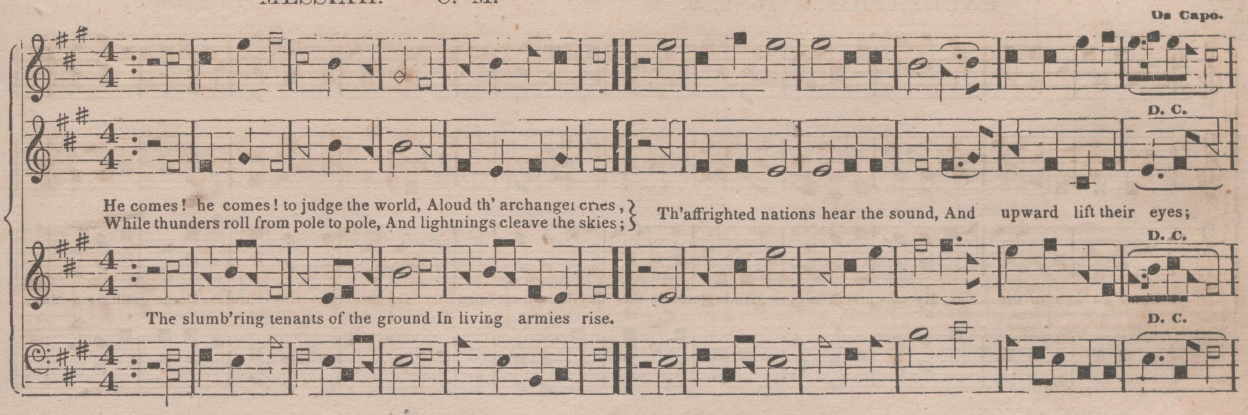



And if you meet with trou - bles And tri - als on the way,
Then cast your care on Je - sus, And don't for - get to pray.
Gird on the heav'n - ly
ar - mour Of faith, and hope, and love; And when the com - bats end - ed, He'll take you up a - bove.

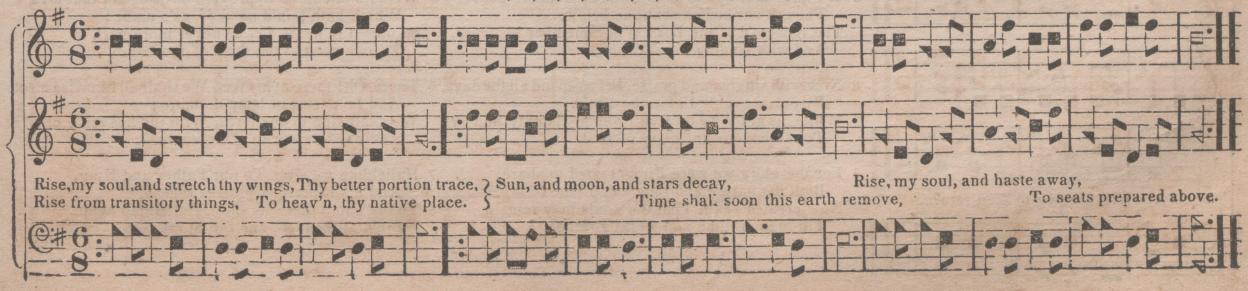
MILLENNIUM. 12, 12, 12, 13.



MESSIAH. C. M.

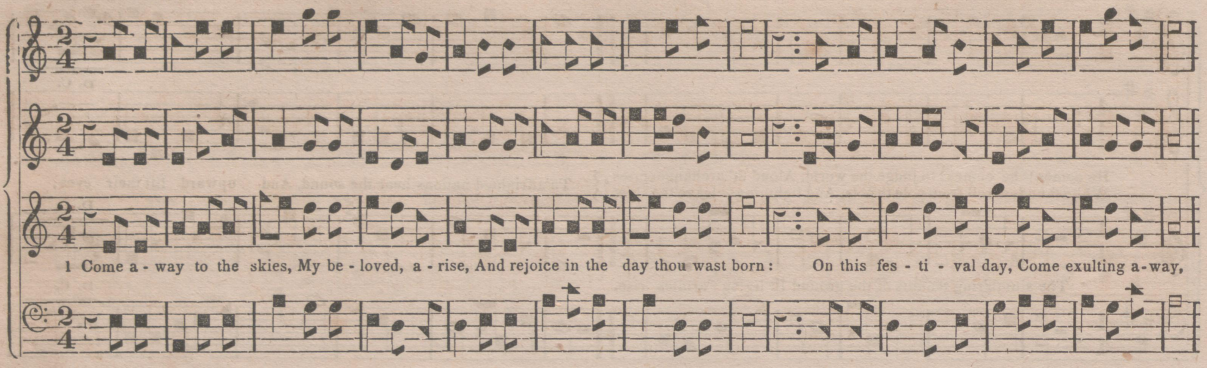


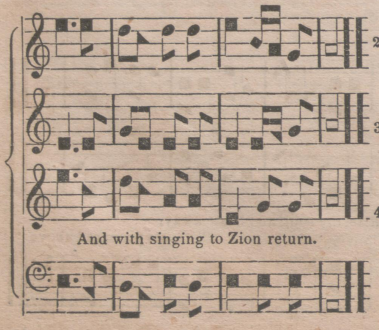
INVOCATION. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.



EXULTATION. 6, 6, 9.

Humphreys.





2 We have laid up our love And our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below,
The redeem'd of the Lord Will remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.

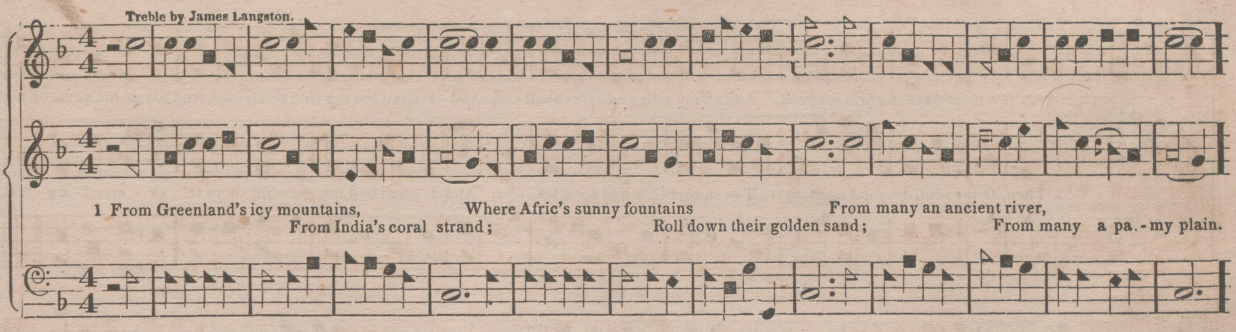
3 Now with singing and praise, Let us spend all the days,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd,
While his grace we receive From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

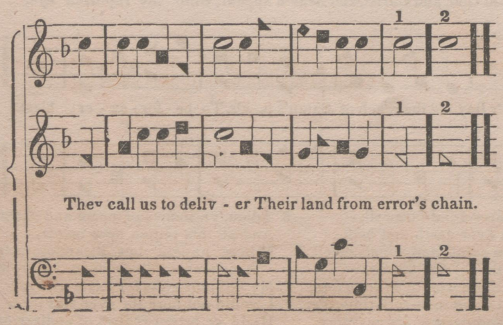
4 For the glory we were First created to share,
Both the nature and kingdom divine!
Now created again That our souls may remain,
Throughout time and eternity thine.

5 We with thanks do approve, The design of that love
Which hath join'd us to Jesus's name;
So united in heart, Let us never more part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, Oh! there at his feet, We shall all likewise meet,
And be parted in body no more;
We shall sing to our lyres, With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we sing, To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat,
To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujah again,
Sing, all heaven, and fall at his feet.



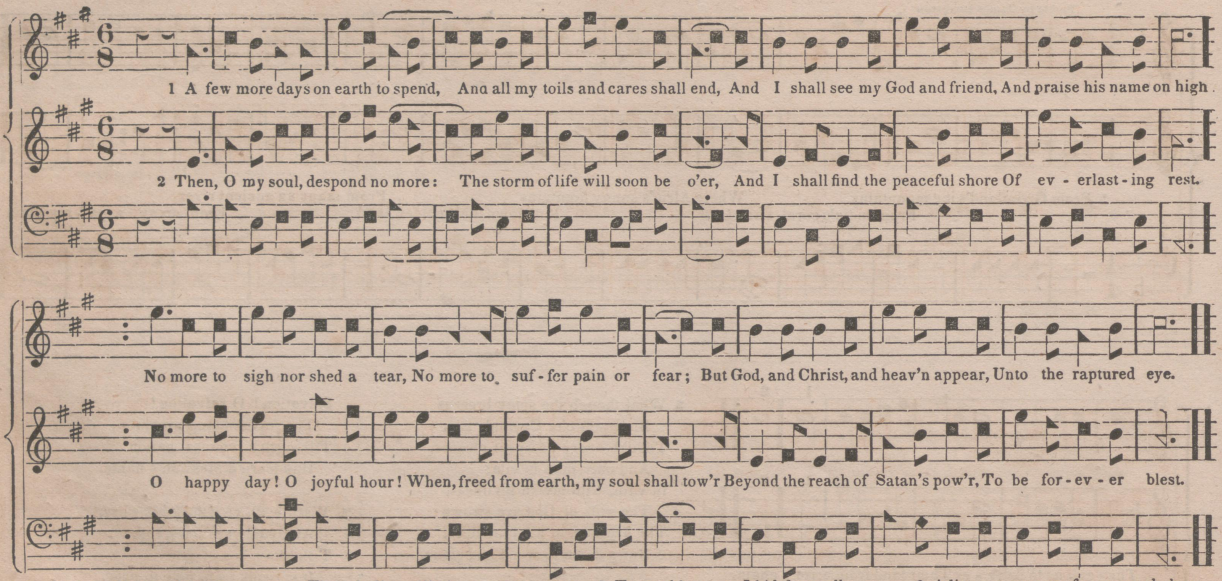


2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

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

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

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE. 8, 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6.

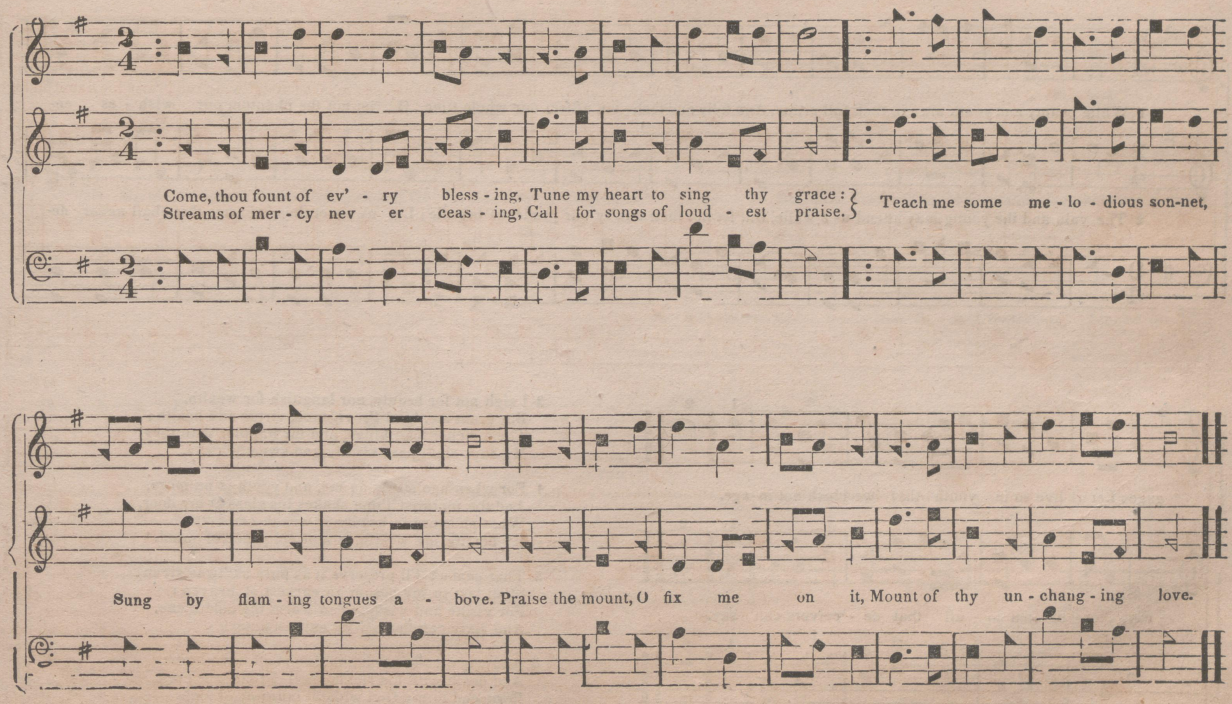


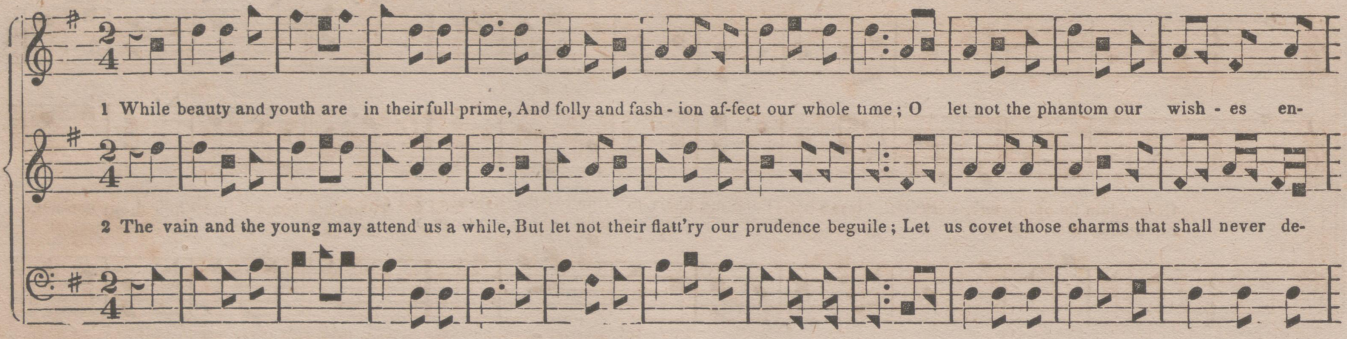
3 My soul anticipates the day,—
I'll joyfully the call obey,
Which comes to summon me away
To seats prepared above.
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in his beloved embrace,
And taste the fulness of his grace,
And sing redeeming love

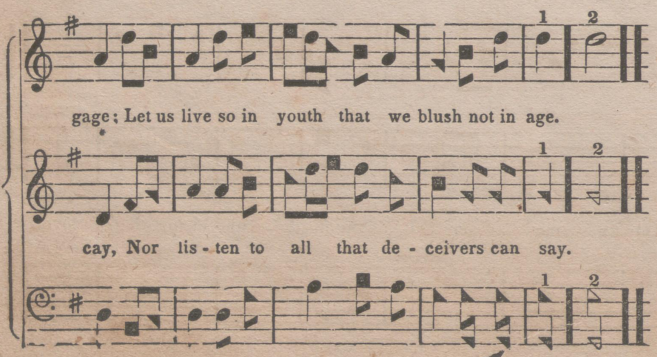
4 Though dire afflictions press me sore,
And death's dark billows roll before,
Yet still by faith I see the shore
Beyond the rolling flood:
The banks of Canaan, sweet and fair,
Before my raptured eyes appear:
It makes me think I'm almost there,—
In yonder bright abode.

5 To earthly cares I bid farewell,
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise th' Eternal Three.
I'll join with those who're gone before.
Who sing and shout their sufferings o'er,
Where pain and parting are no more,
To all eternity.

6 Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,
And all this region here below,
Where naught but disappointments
A better world's in view. [grow-
My Saviour calls! I haste away,
I would not here for ever stay,
Hail! ye bright realms of endless day,
Vain world, once more adieu


Come, thou fount of ev' - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mer - cy nev er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
Teach me some me - lo - dious son-net,
Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the mount, O fix me on it, Mount of thy un - chang - ing love.



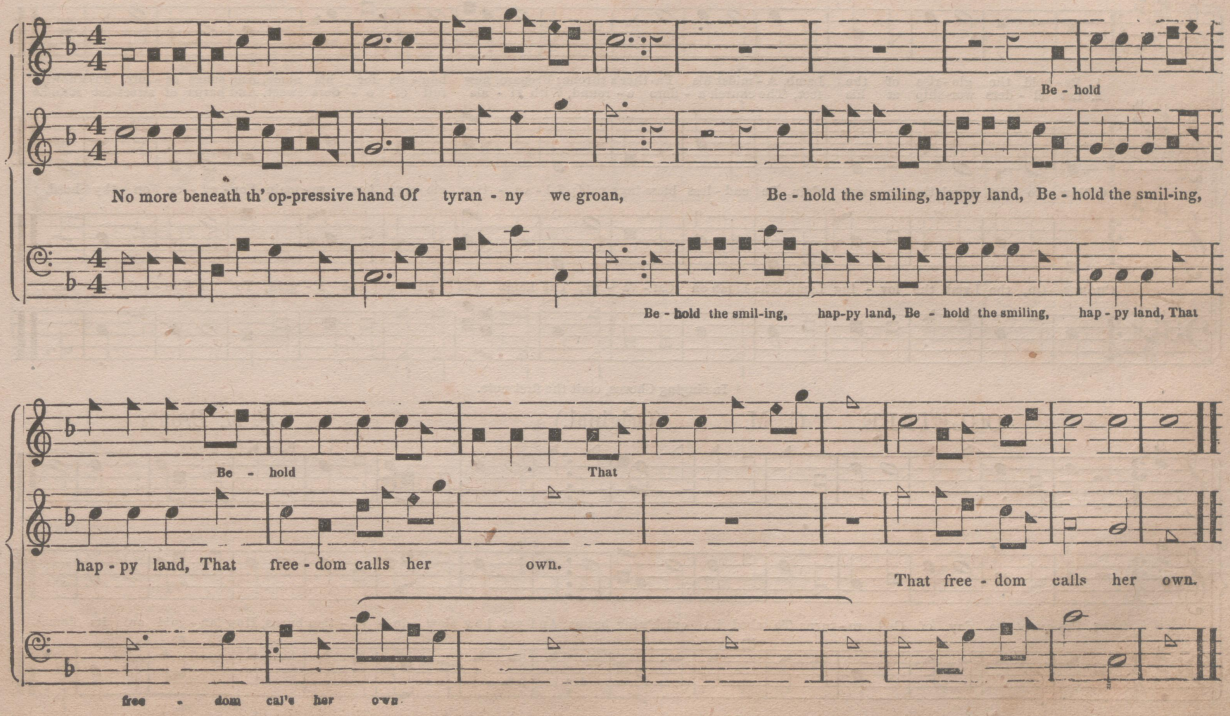


3 I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health;
Then, richer than kings, and far happier than they,
My days shall pass swiftly and sweetly away.

4 For when age steals on me, and youth is no more,
And the moralist Time shakes his glass at my door,
What pleasure in beauty or wealth can I find?
My beauty, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.

5 That peace! I'll preserve it as pure as 'twas given,
Shall last in my bosom an earnest of heaven:
For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene,
And sixty can flourish as gay as sixteen.

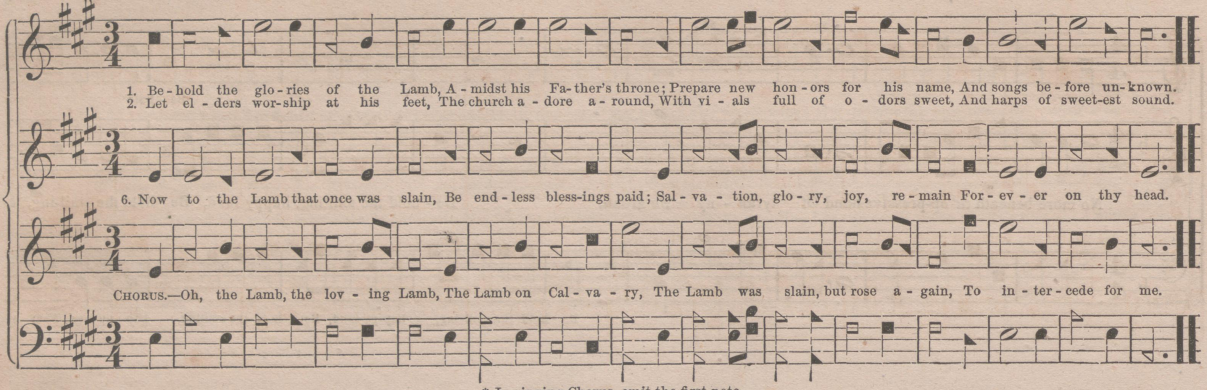
6 And when I the burden of life shall have borne,
And death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn,
Reascend to my God without murmur or sigh,
I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down and die.


Be - hold
No more beneath th' op-pressive hand Of tyran - ny we groan,
Be - hold the smiling, happy land, Be - hold the smil-ing,
Be - hold the smil-ing, hap-py land, Be - hold the smiling, hap - py land, That
Be - hold
That
hap - py land, That free - dom calls her own.
That free - dom calls her own.
free - dom cal's her own.

SONG TO THE LAMB. * C. M.

Arranged by D. P. White.

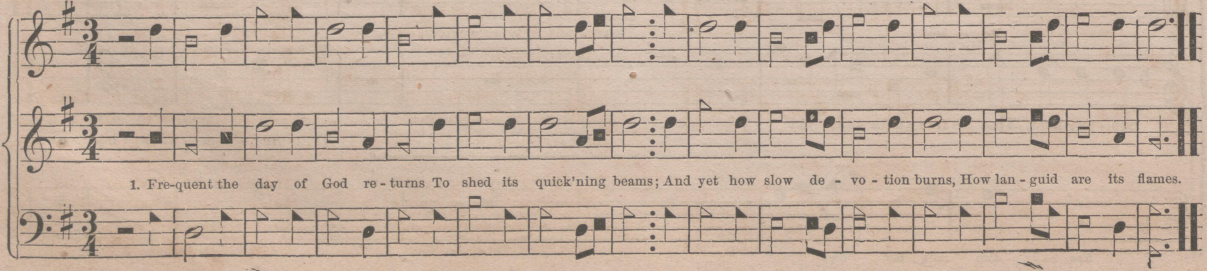
Psalmist Supplement, Hymn 343.



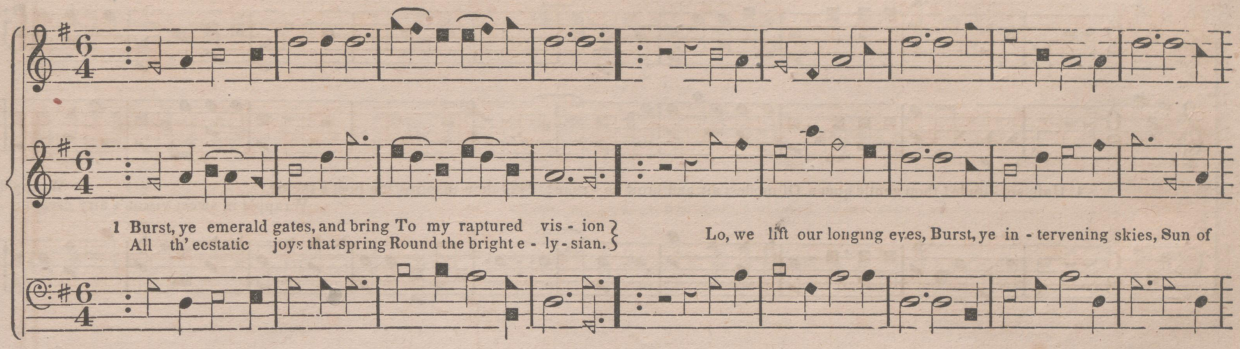
* In singing Chorus, omit the first note.

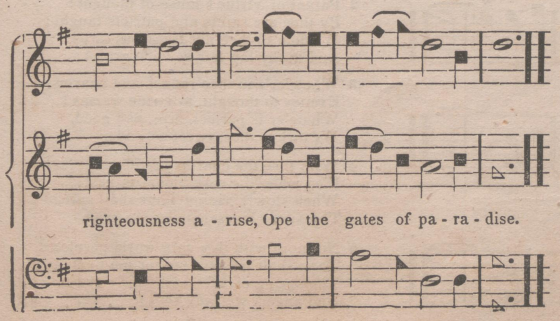
OGLETREE. C. M. (Original.)

S. M. Brown



ELYSIAN. 7, 6 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7. Baptist Harmony. p. 471.



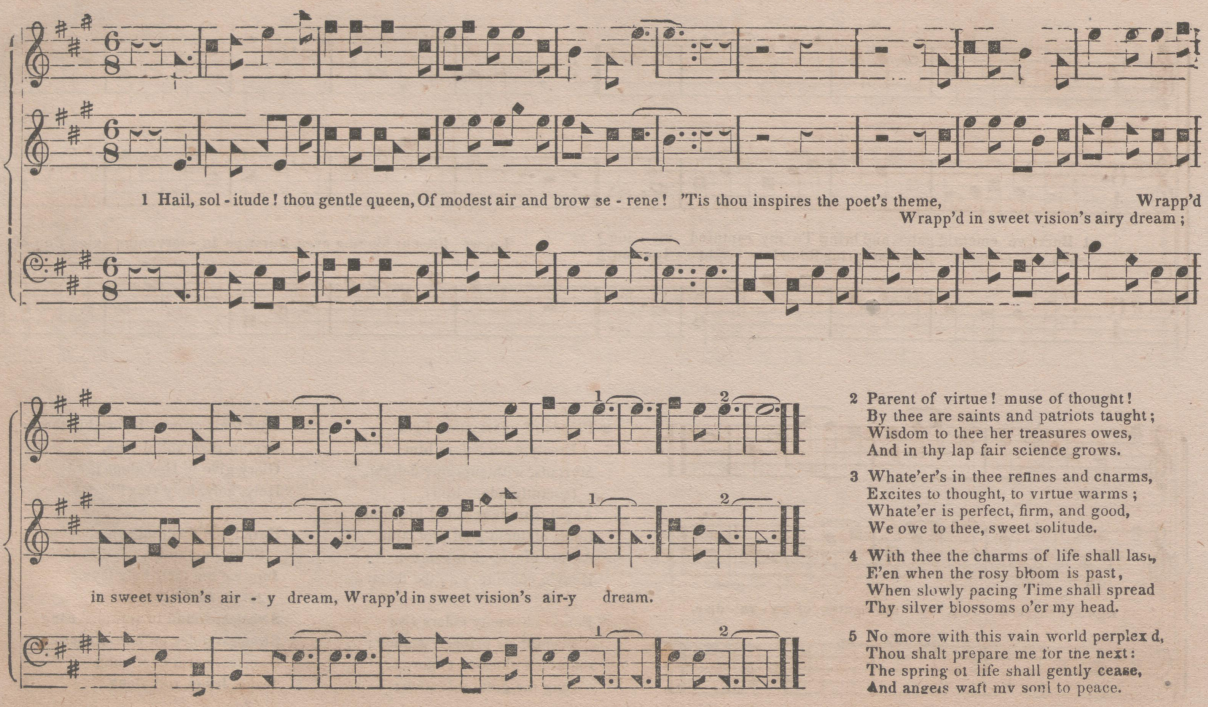


2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him:
Angel trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name,
Heav'n echoing with the theme.

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise
From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry, in reverential tone,
Glory give to God alone;
"Holy, holy, holy One!"

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us!
Join we too their holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraphs' song
Sweetest notes on mortal tongue
Sweetest carol ever sung-
Jesus, Jesus, roll along

SWEET SOLITUDE. L. M.

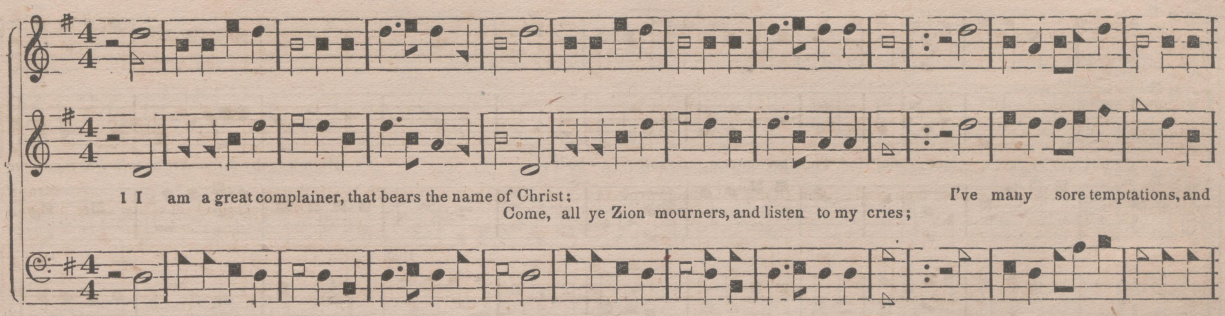


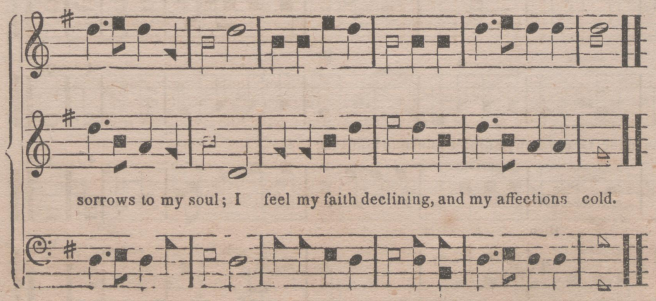
2 Parent of virtue! muse of thought!
By thee are saints and patriots taught;
Wisdom to thee her treasures owes,
And in thy lap fair science grows.

3 Whate'er's in thee rennes and charms,
Excites to thought, to virtue warms;
Whate'er is perfect, firm, and good,
We owe to thee, sweet solitude.

4 With thee the charms of life shall last,
E'en when the rosy bloom is past,
When slowly pacing Time shall spread
Thy silver blossoms o'er my head.

5 No more with this vain world perplex'd,
Thou shalt prepare me for the next:
The spring of life shall gently cease,
And angels waft my soul to peace.





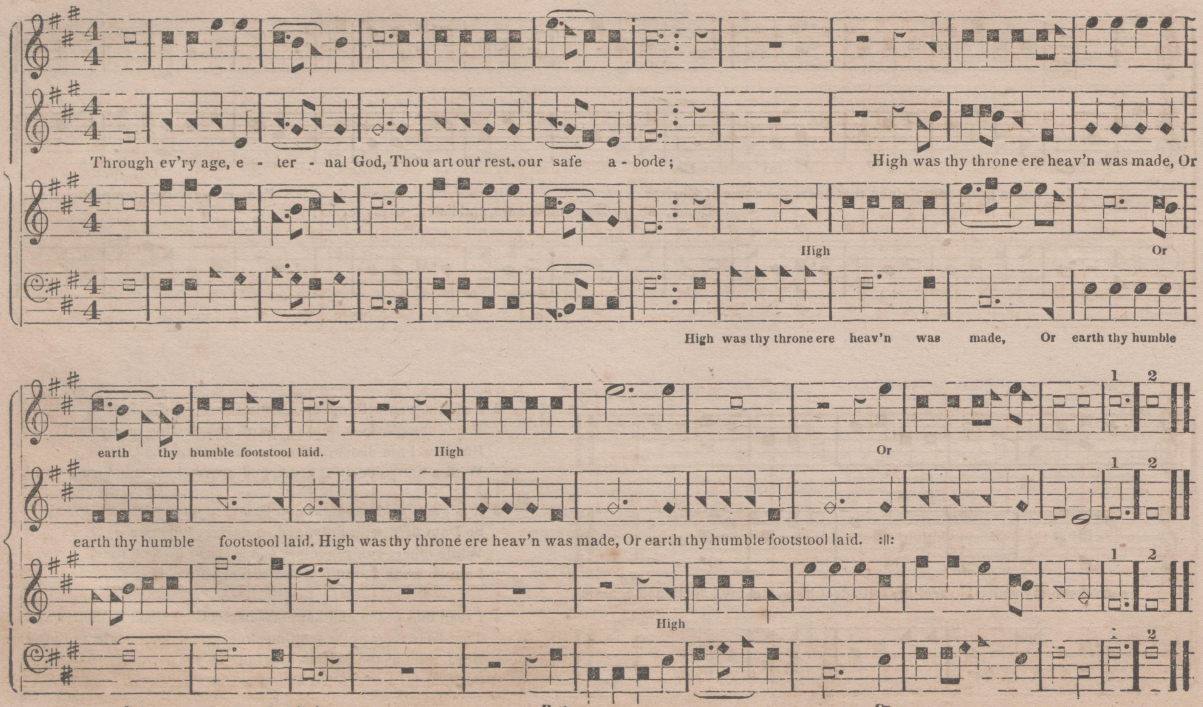
2 I wish it was with me now, as in the days of old,
When the glorious light of Jesus was flowing in my soul
But now I am distressed, and no relief can find,
With a hard, deceitful heart, and a wretched, wandering mind.

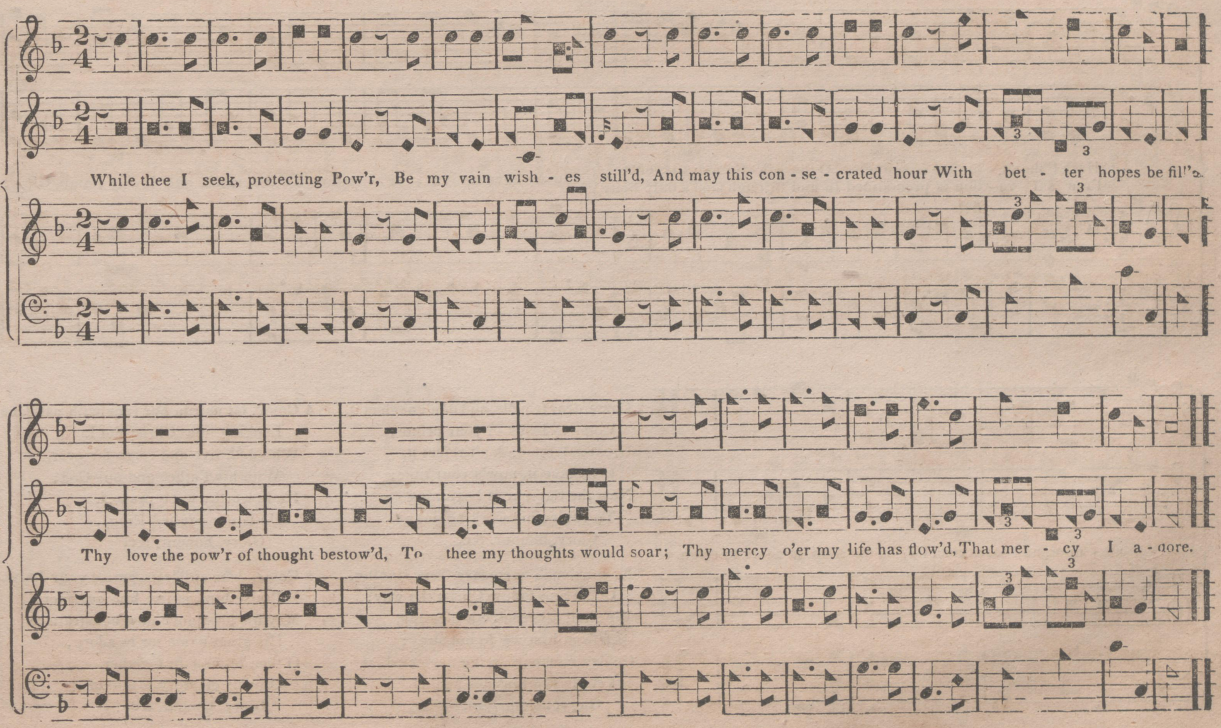
3 It is great pride and passion beset me on my way,
So I am fill'd with folly, and so neglect to pray;
While others run rejoicing, and seem to lose no time,
I am so weak I stumble, and so I'm left behind.

4 I read that peace and happiness meet Christians in their way,
That bear their cross with meekness, and don t neglect to pray;
But I, a thousand objects beset me in my way,
So I am fill'd with folly, and so neglect to pray

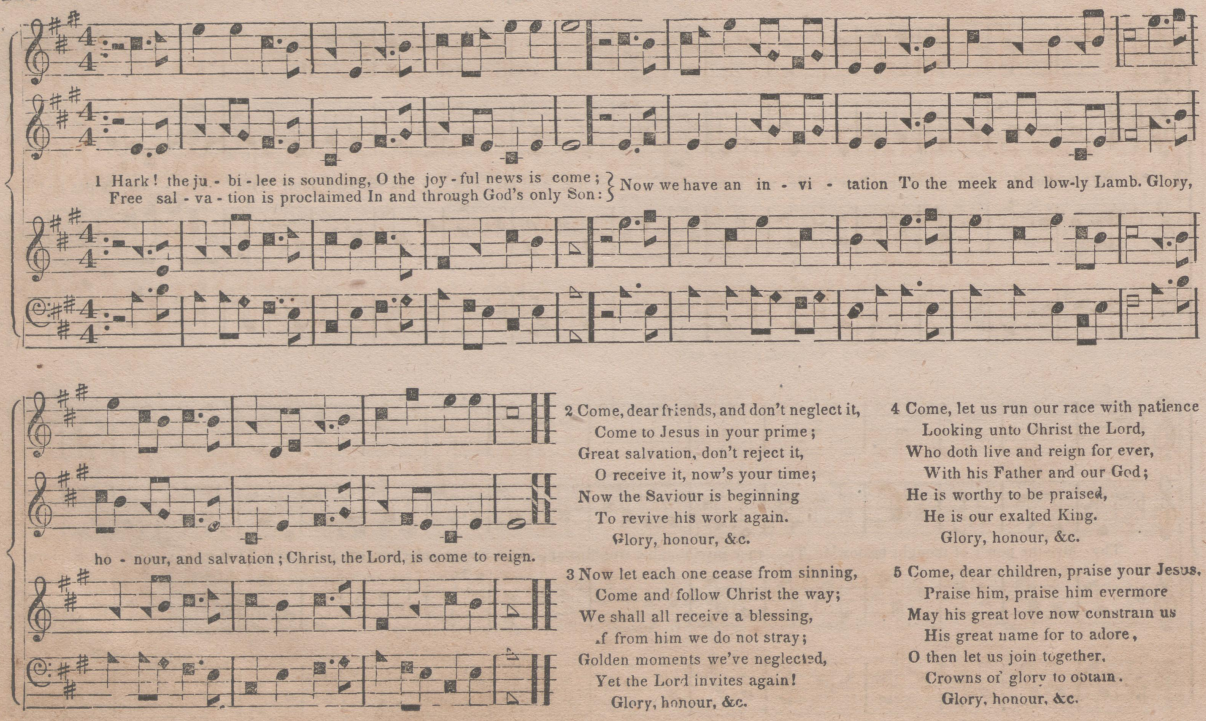
STRATFIELD. C. M.

Psalmist. 1073d Hymn.




While thee I seek, protecting Pow'r, Be my vain wish - es still'd, And may this con - se - crated hour With bet - ter hopes be fill'd.
Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd, To thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer - cy I a - dore.

JUBILEE. P. M.



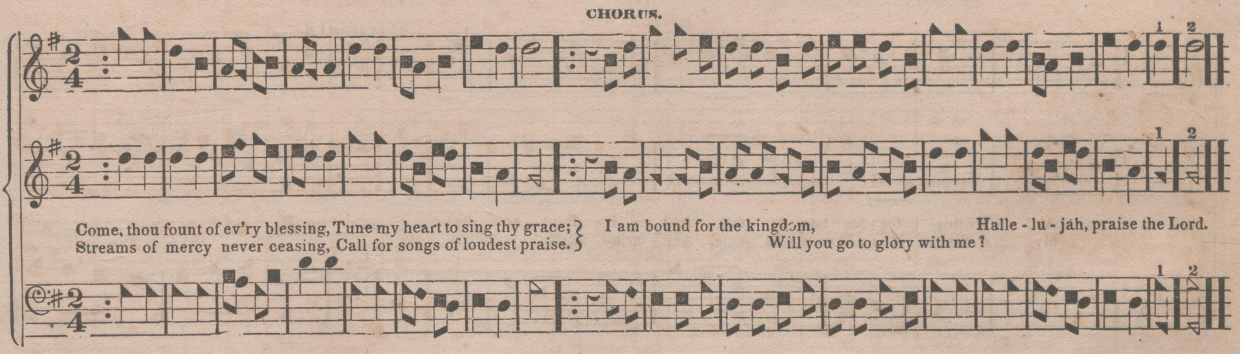
2 Come, dear friends, and don't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime;
Great salvation, don't reject it,
O receive it, now's your time;
Now the Saviour is beginning
To revive his work again.
Glory, honour, &c.

3 Now let each one cease from sinning,
Come and follow Christ the way;
We shall all receive a blessing,
If from him we do not stray;
Golden moments we've neglected,
Yet the Lord invites again!
Glory, honour, &c.

4 Come, let us run our race with patience
Looking unto Christ the Lord,
Who doth live and reign for ever,
With his Father and our God;
He is worthy to be praised,
He is our exalted King.
Glory, honour, &c.

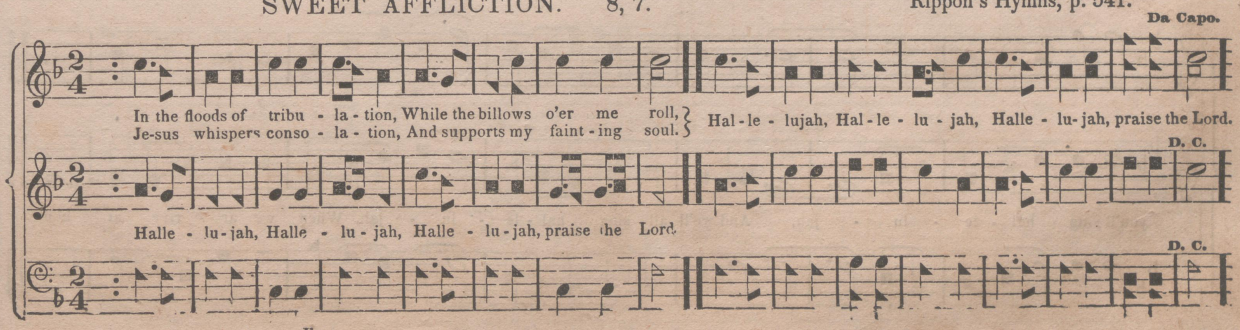
5 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,
Praise him, praise him evermore
May his great love now constrain us
His great name for to adore,
O then let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain.
Glory, honour, &c.

WARRENTON. 8. 7



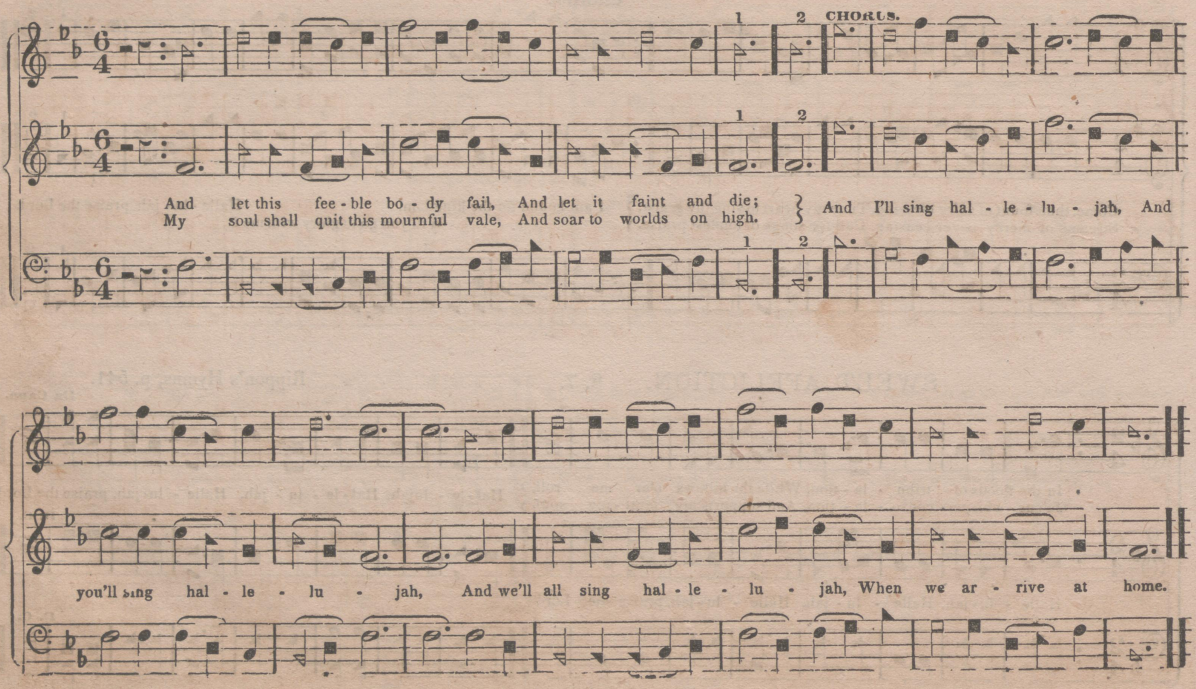
SWEET AFFLICTION. 8, 7.

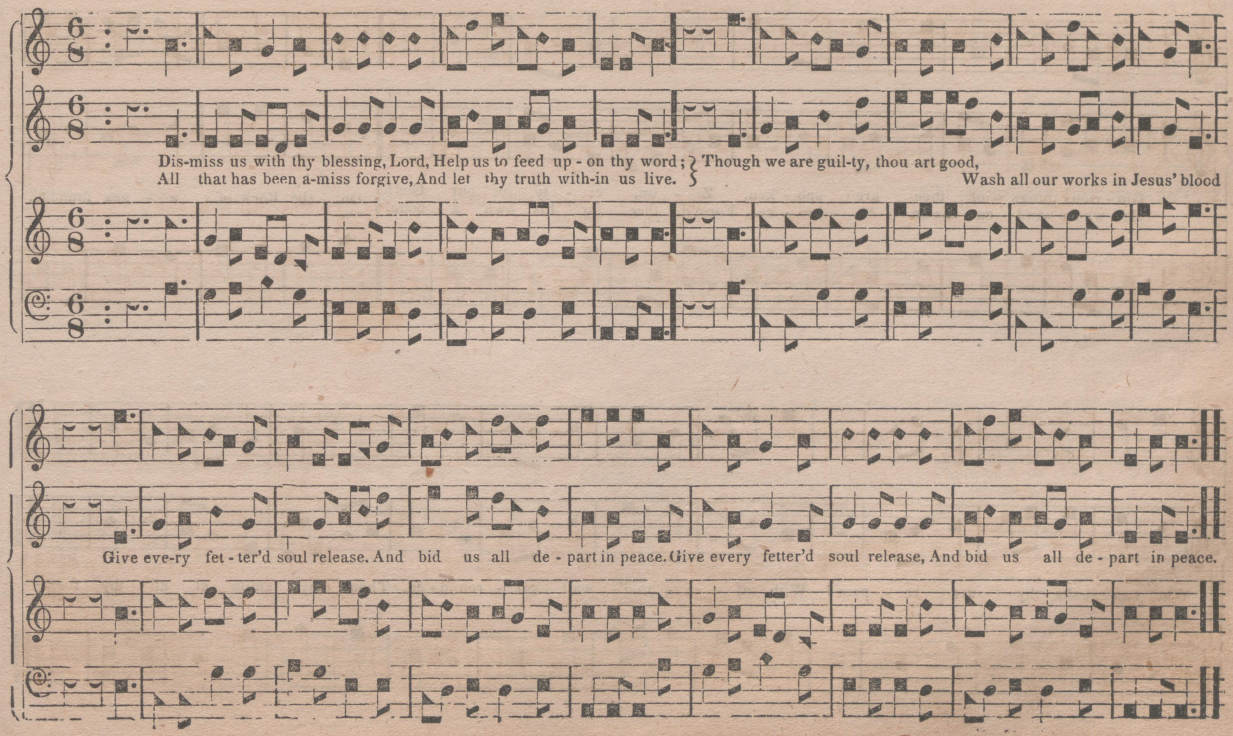
Rippon's Hymns, p. 541.



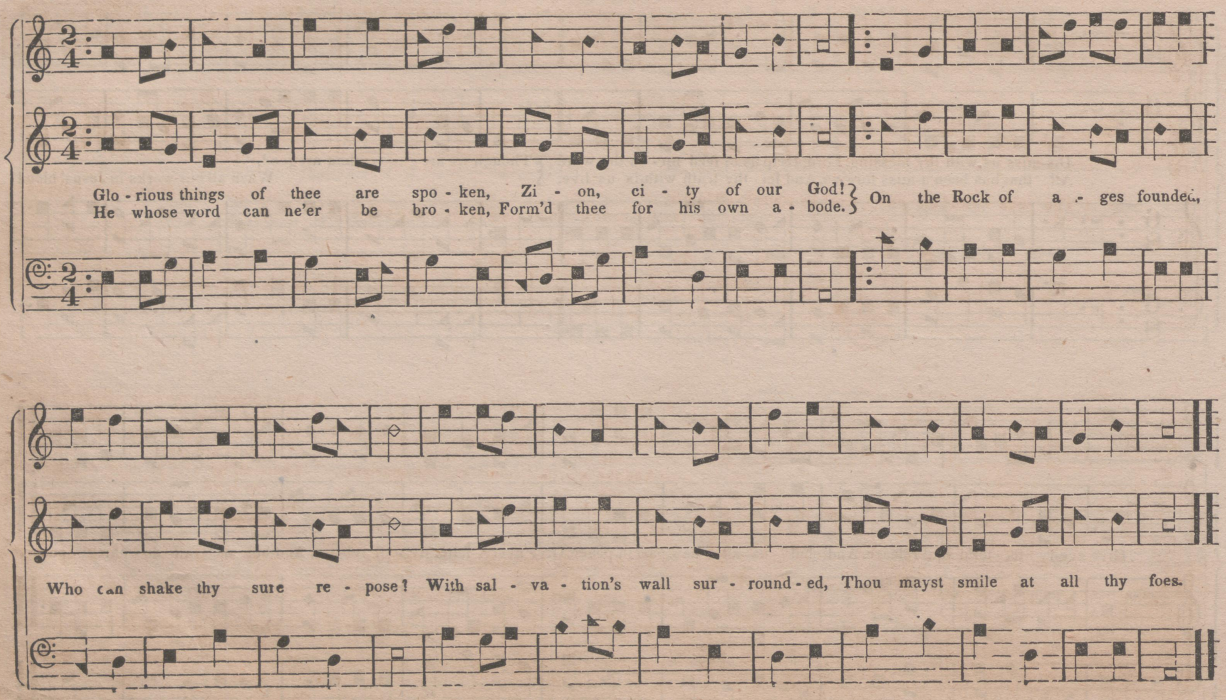
HALLELUJAH. C. M.

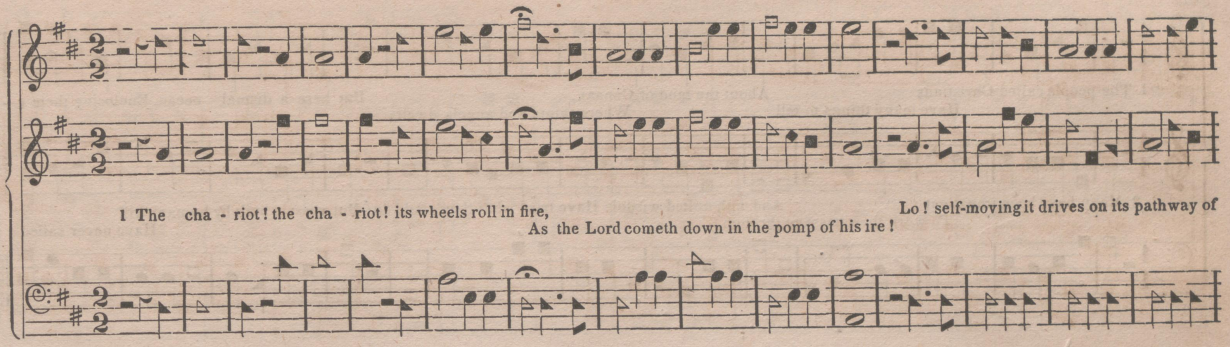
Dover Selection, p. 169.

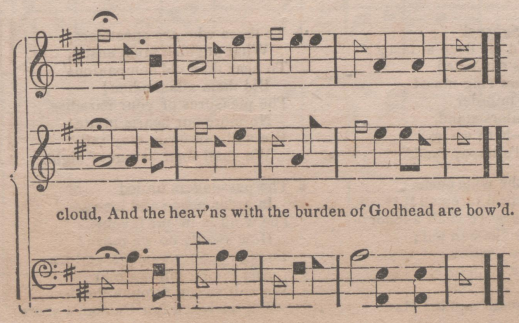



Dis-miss us with thy blessing, Lord, Help us to feed up - on thy word; Though we are guil-ty, thou art good,
All that has been a-miss forgive, And let thy truth with-in us live. Wash all our works in Jesus' blood
Give eve-ry fet - ter'd soul release. And bid us all de - part in peace. Give every fetter'd soul release, And bid us all de - part in peace.

JEFFERSON. S. 7.





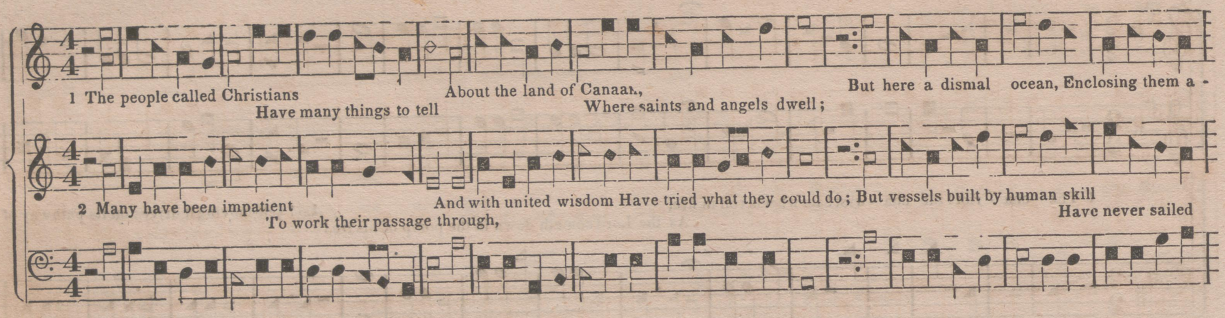


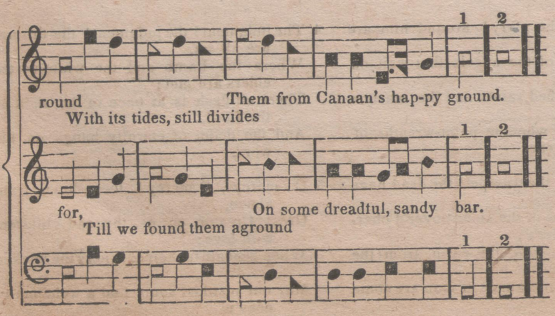
2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard,
Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd;
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
And the vast generations of man are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
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 driv'n,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heav'n.



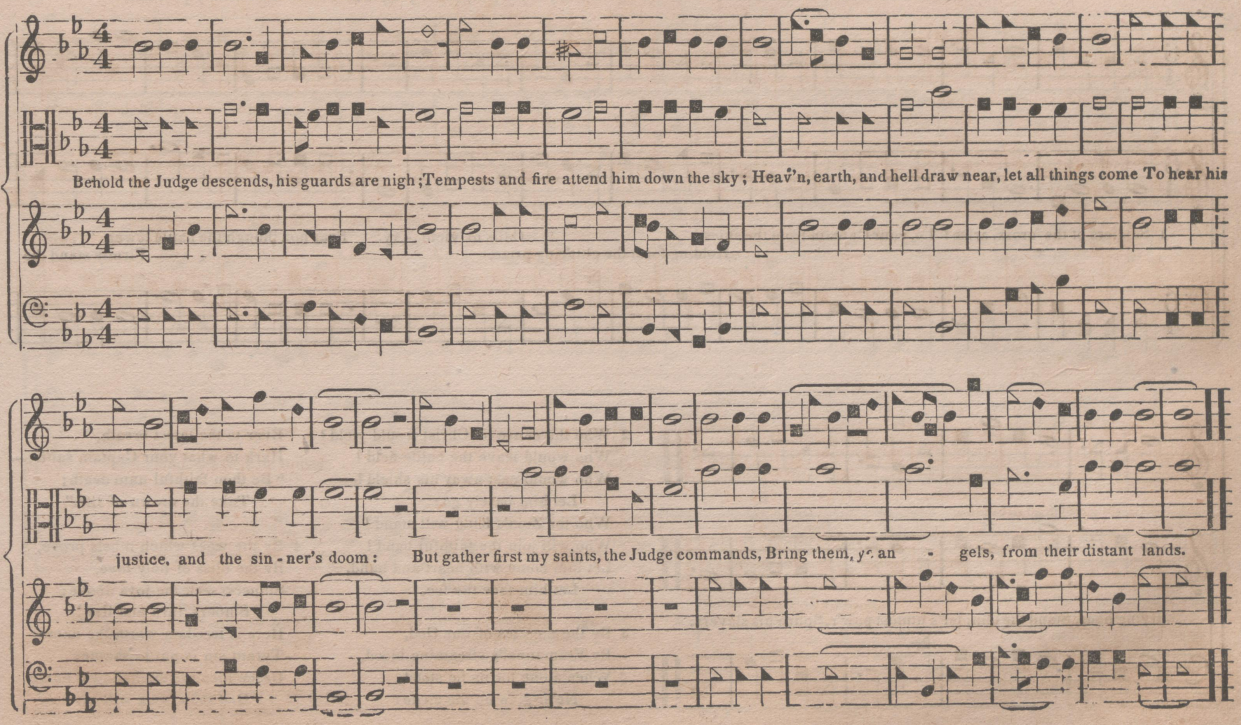


3 The everlasting gospel
Hath launch'd the deep at last;
Behold the sails expanded
Around the tow'ring mast!
Along the deck in order
The joyful sailors stand,
Crying, "Ho!—here we go
To Immanuel's happy land."

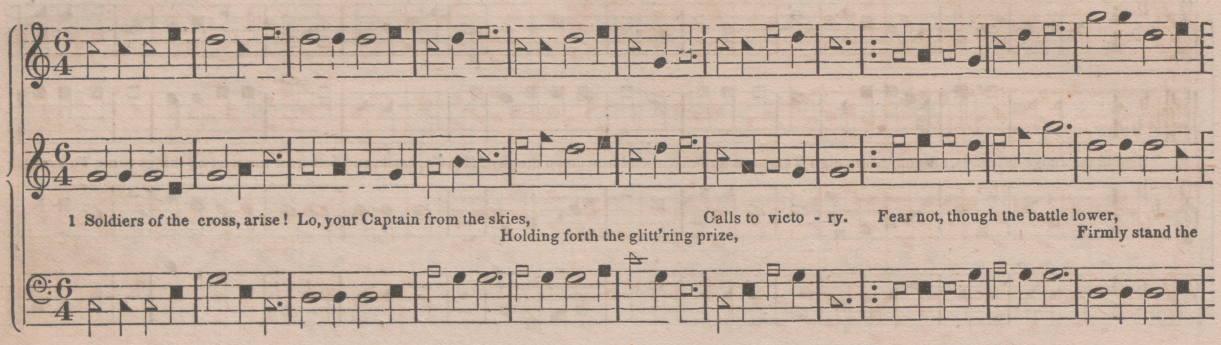
4 We're now on the wide ocean;
We bid the world farewell!
And though where we shall anchor
No human tongue can tell;
About our future destiny
There need be no debate,
While we ride on the tide,
With our Captain and his Mate.

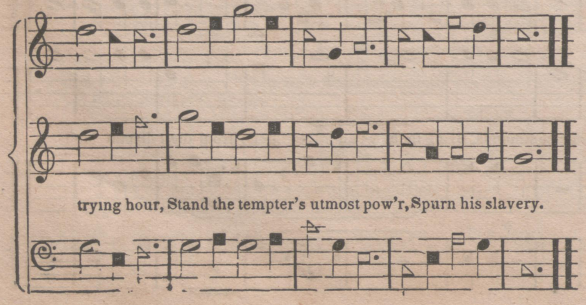
5 To those who are spectators,
What anguish must ensue,
To hear their old companions
Bid them a last adieu!
The pleasures of your paradise
No more our hearts invite;
We will sail—you may rail,
We shall soon be out of sight.

6 The passengers united
In order peace and love,—
The wind is in our favour,
How swiftly do we move!
Though tempests may assail us,
And raging billows roar
We will sweep through the deep,
Till we reach fair Canaan's shore


Behold the Judge descends, his guards are nigh; Tempests and fire attend him down the sky; Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near, let all things come To hear his
justice, and the sin - ner's doom: But gather first my saints, the Judge commands, Bring them, ye an - gels, from their distant lands.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS *Spiritualized.* 7, 7, 7, 5, 7, 7, 7, 5. Dover Sel., p. 152.

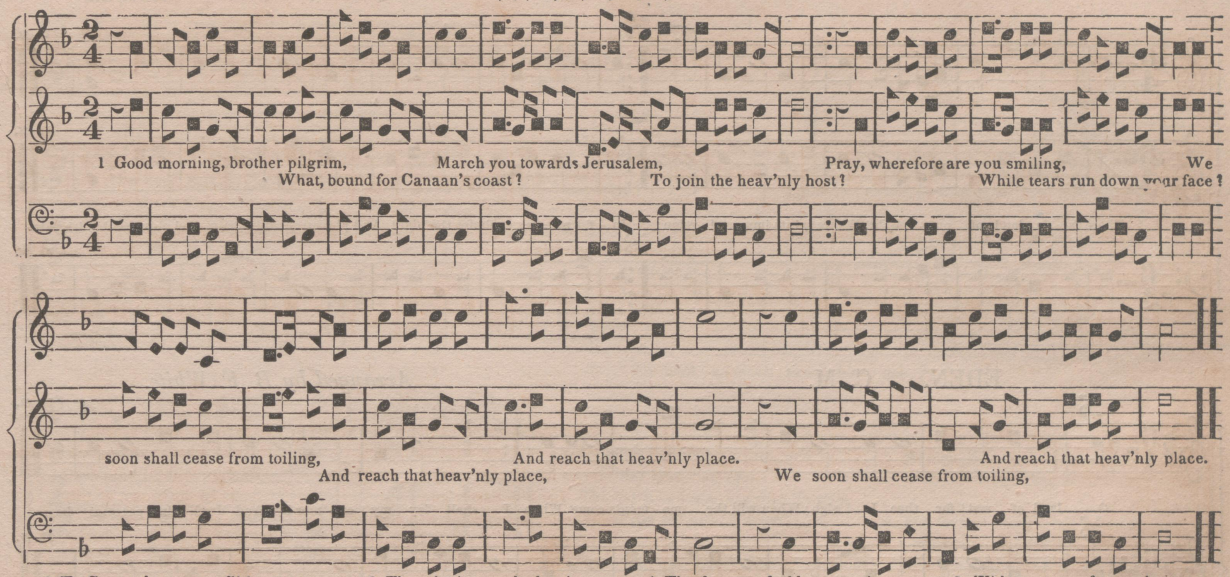




2 Who the cause of Christ would yield?
Who would leave the battle-field?
Who would cast away his shield?—
Let him basely go:
Who for Zion's King will stand?
Who will join the faithful band?
Let him come with heart and hand,
Let him face the foe.

3 By the mercies of our God,
By Emmanuel's streaming blood,
When alone for us he stood,
Ne'er give up the strife:
Ever to the latest breath,
Hark to what your Captain saith;—
"Be thou faithful unto death;
Take the crown of life."

4 By the woes which rebels prove,
By the bliss of holy love,
Sinners, seek the joys above;
Sinners, turn and live!
Here is freedom worth the name·
Tyrant sin is put to shame;
Grace inspires the hallow'd flame
God the crown will give.



2 To Canaan's coast we'll hasten,
To join the heavenly throng,
Hark! from the banks of Jordan,
How sweet the pilgrims' song!
Their Jesus they are viewing,
By faith we see him too,
We smile, and weep, and praise him
And on our way pursue.

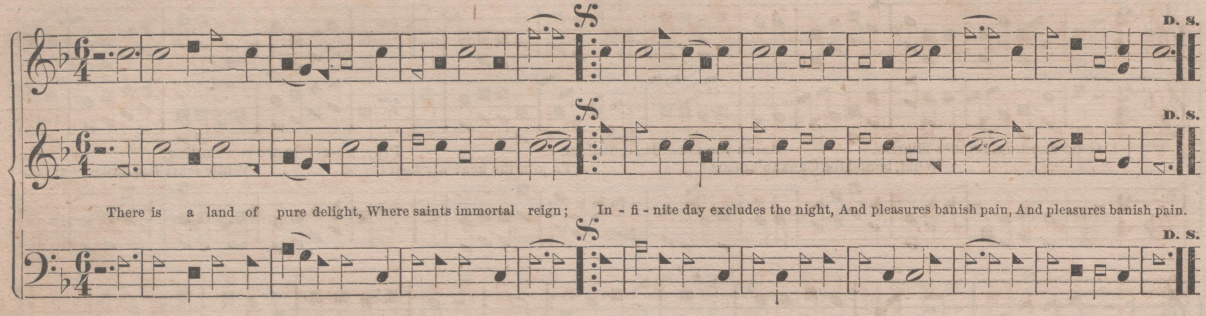
3 Though sinners do despise us,
And treat us with disdain,
Our former comrades slight us,
Esteem us low and mean:
No earthly joy shall charm us
While marching on our way,
Our Jesus will defend us
In the distressing day

4 The frowns of old companions
We're willing to sustain,
And, in divine compassion,
To pray for them again;
For Christ, our loving Saviour,
Our Comforter and Friend,
Will bless us with his favour,
And guide us to the end.

5 With streams of consolation,
We're fill'd as with new wine,
We die to transient pleasures
And live to things divine:
We sink in holy raptures,
While viewing things above,
Why glory to my Saviour,
My soul is full of love.

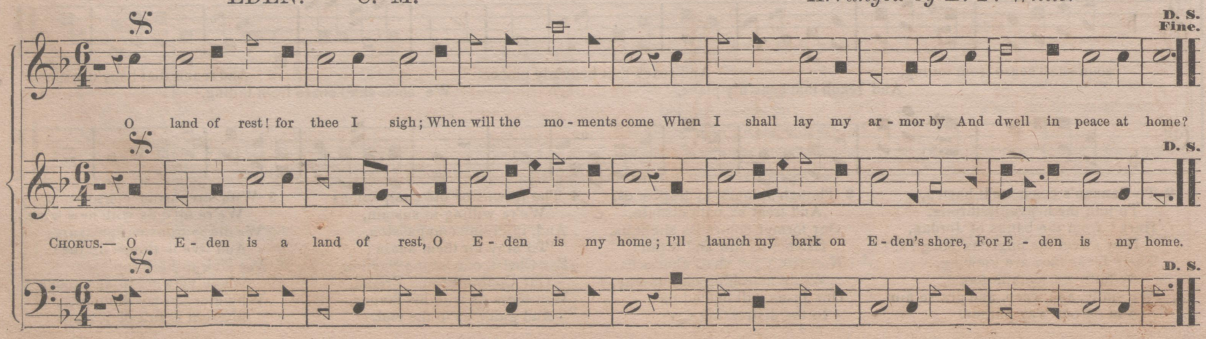
HOLY LAND. C. M. (Original.)

By R. F. M. Mann. Nov. 20, 1869.

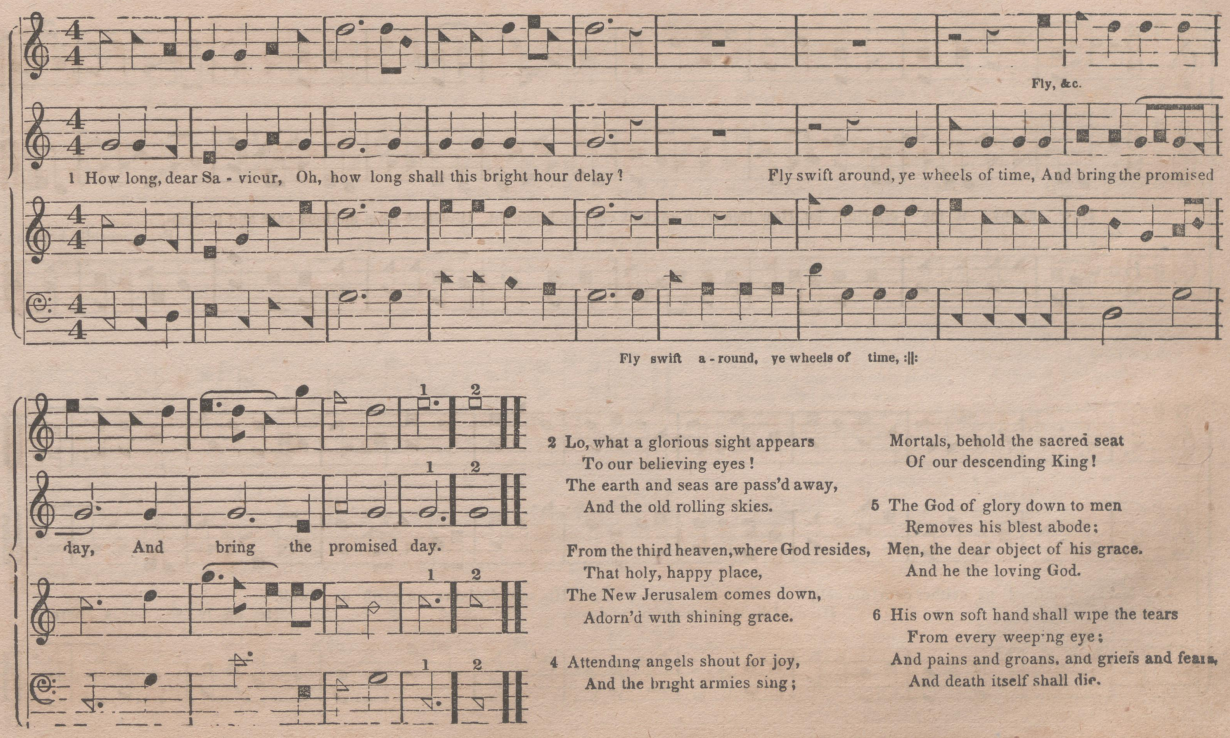


EDEN. C. M.

Arranged by B. F. White.



NORTHFIELD. C. M.



2 Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.

From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

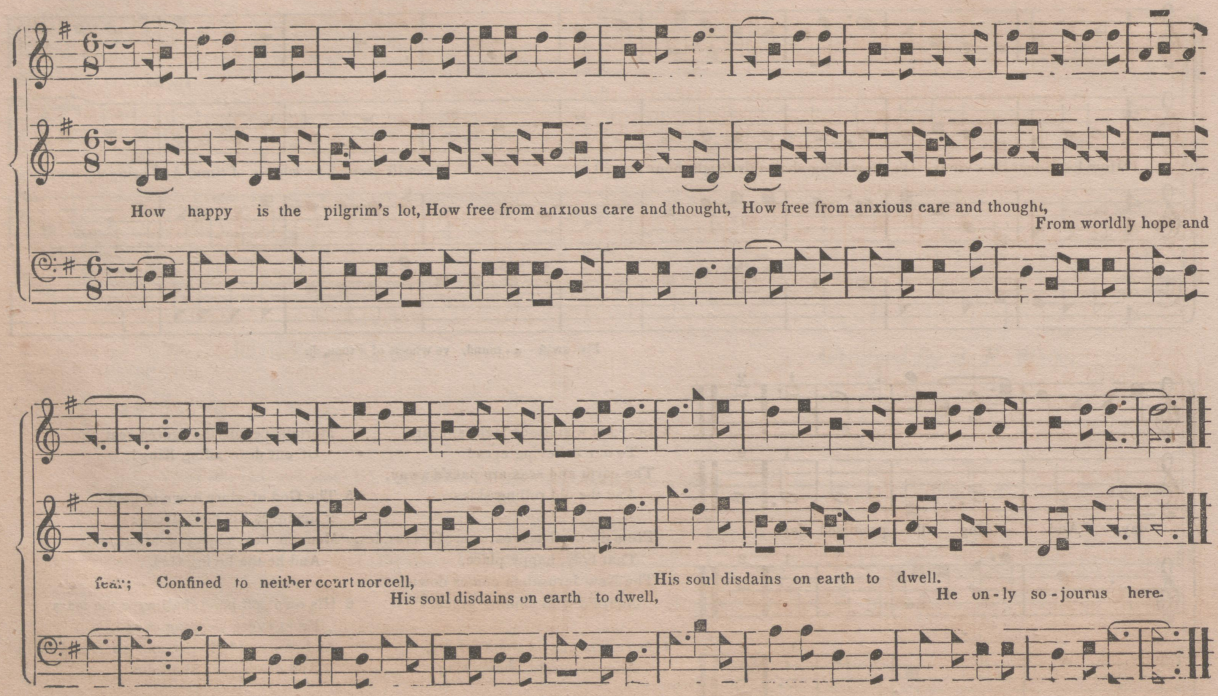
4 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing;
Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of our descending King!

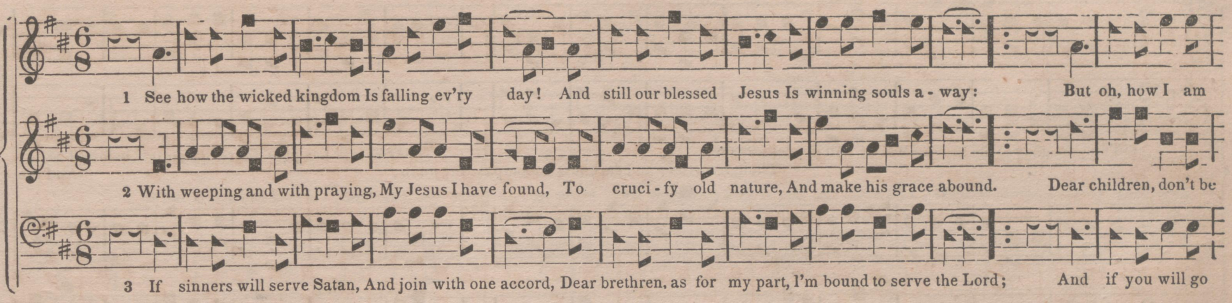
5 The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear object of his grace,
And he the loving God.

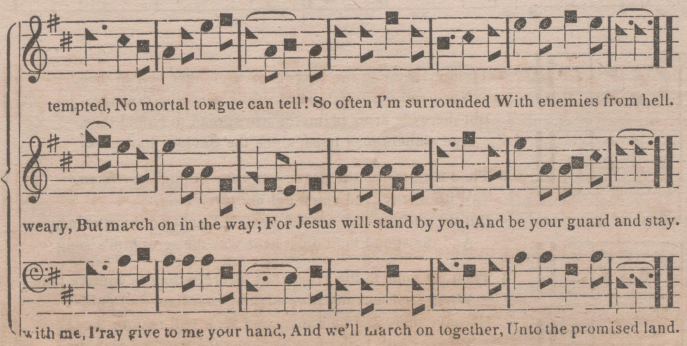
6 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
And death itself shall die.

THE PILGRIM'S LOT. 8, 8, 6.

Mercer's Cluster, p. 224. *A. Gramblin.*







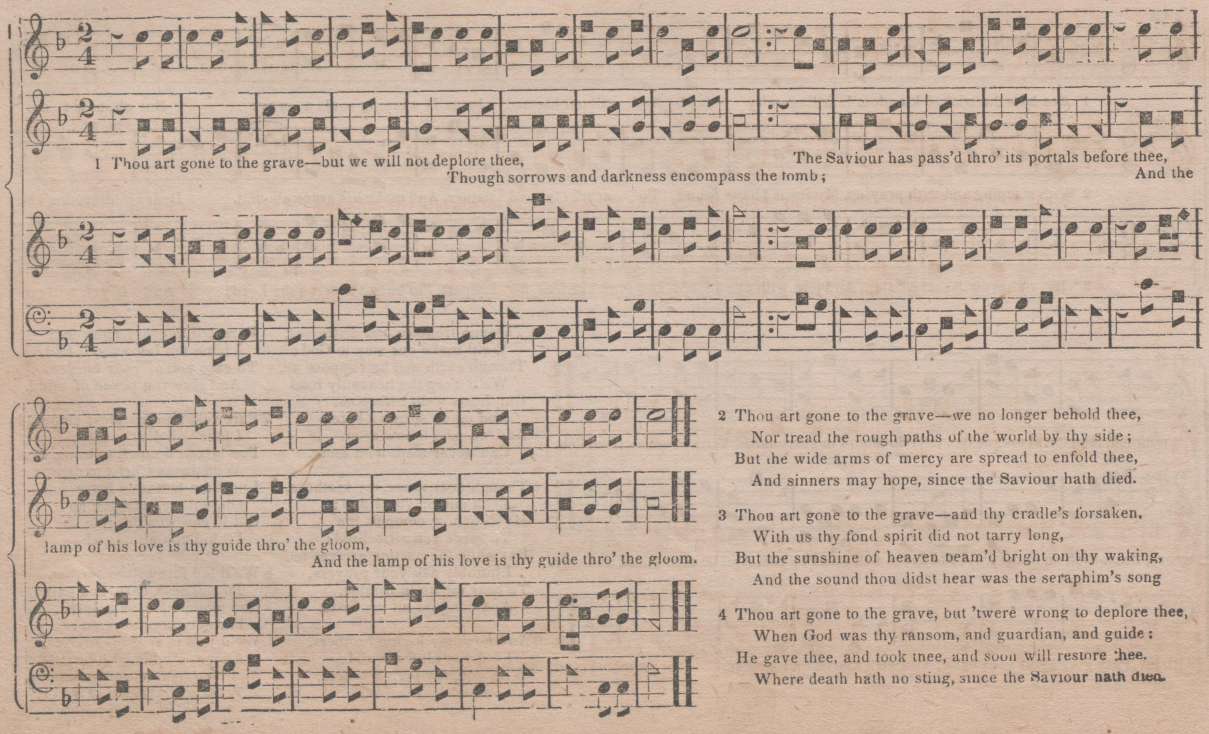
4 Through troubles and distresses,
We'll make our way to God;
Though earth and hell oppose us,
We'll keep the heavenly road
Our Jesus went before us,
And many sorrows bore,
And we who follow after,
Can never meet with more.

5 Though dear to me, my brethren,
Each one of you I find;
My duty now compels me
To leave you all behind:
But while the parting grieves us,
I humbly ask your prayers,
To bear me up in trouble,
And conquer all my fears.

6 And now, my loving brothers,
I bid you all farewell!
With you, my loving sisters,
I can no longer dwell.
Farewell to every mourner!
I hope the Lord you'll find,
To ease you of your burden,
And give you peace of mind.

7 Farewell, poor careless sinners!
I love you dearly well;
I've labour'd much to bring you
With Jesus Christ to dwell;
I now am bound to leave you—
Oh, tell me, will you go?
But if you won't decide it,
I'll bid you all adieu!

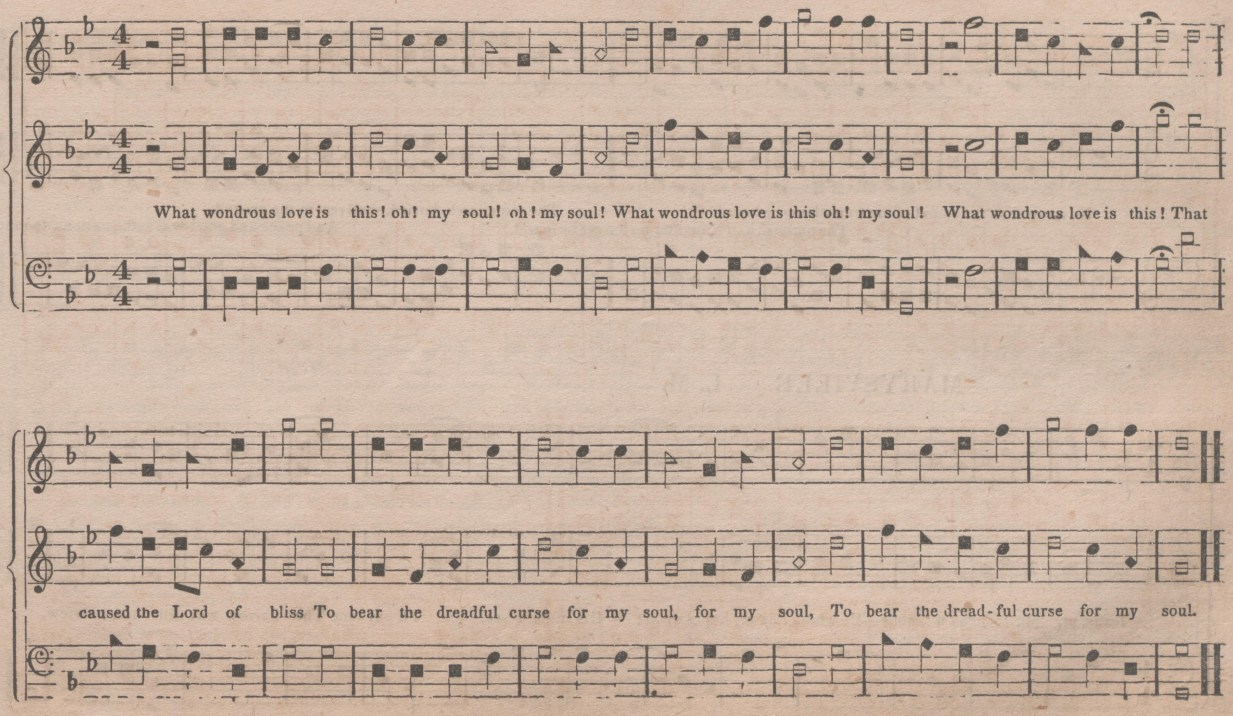
8 We'll bid farewell to sorrow,
To sickness, care, and pain;
And mount aloft with Jesus,
For evermore to reign;
We'll join to sing his praises,
Above the ethereal blue;
And then, poor careless sinners,
What will become of you!

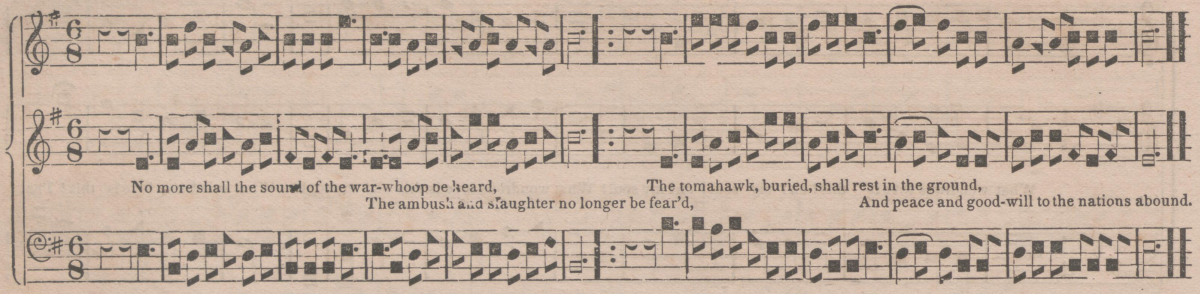


2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

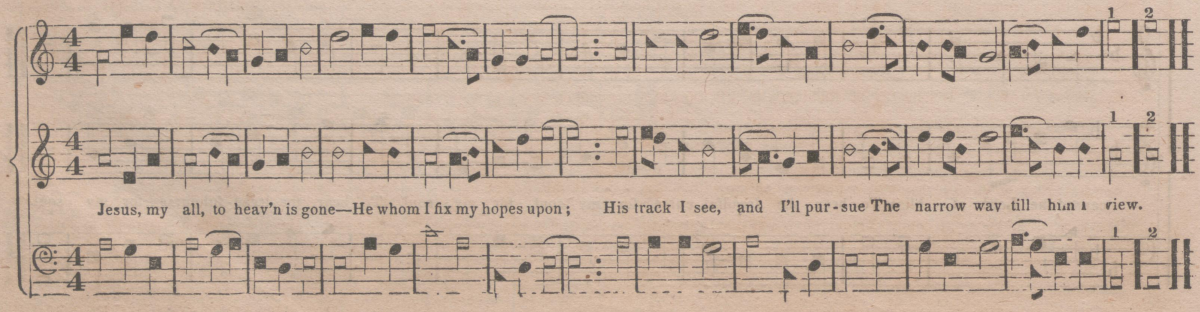
3 Thou art gone to the grave—and thy cradle's forsaken,
With us thy fond spirit did not tarry long,
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song

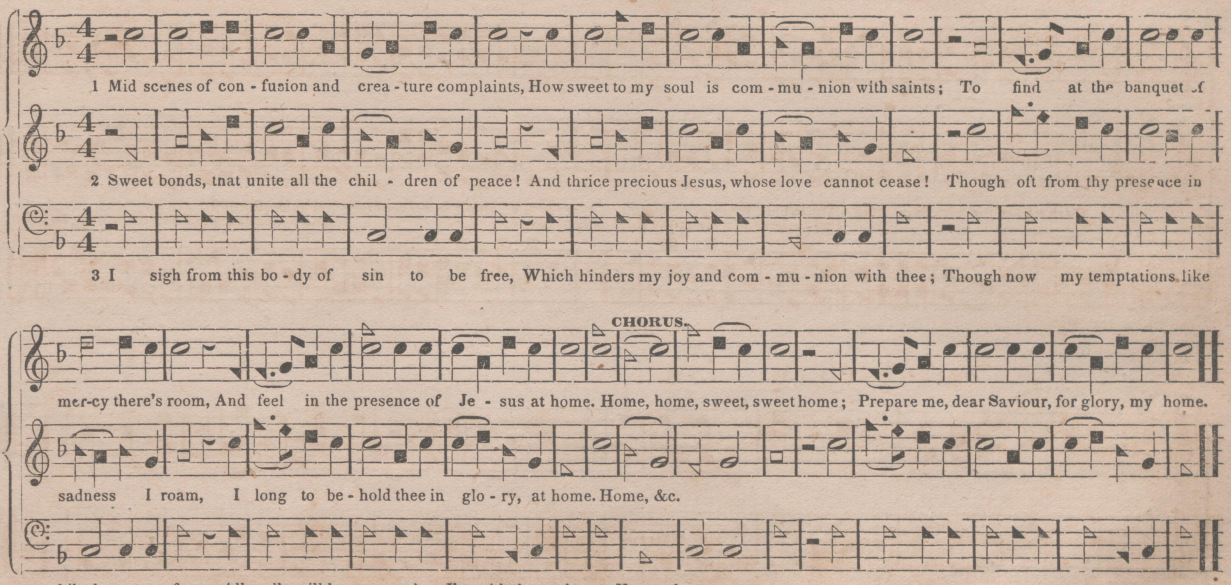
4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, and guardian, and guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee.
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.


What wondrous love is this! oh! my soul! oh! my soul! What wondrous love is this oh! my soul! What wondrous love is this! That
caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul.



MARYSVILLE. L. M.





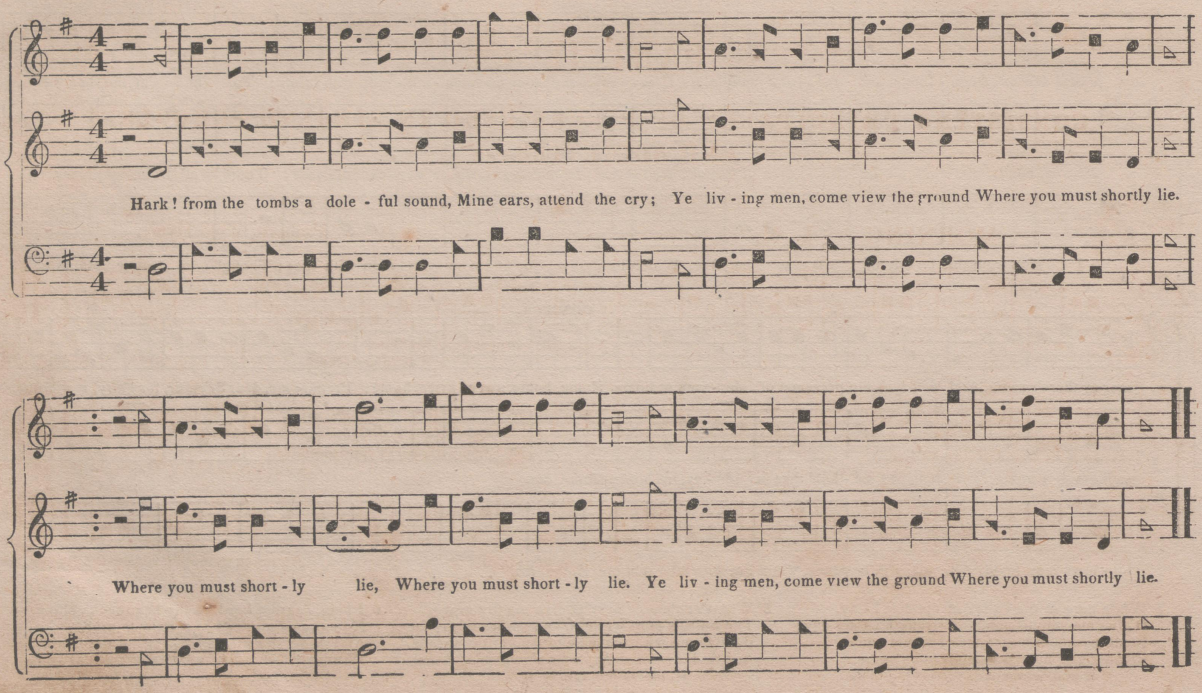
4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, home, &c.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The 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.
Home, home, &c.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.

PLENARY. C. M.

A. Clark.

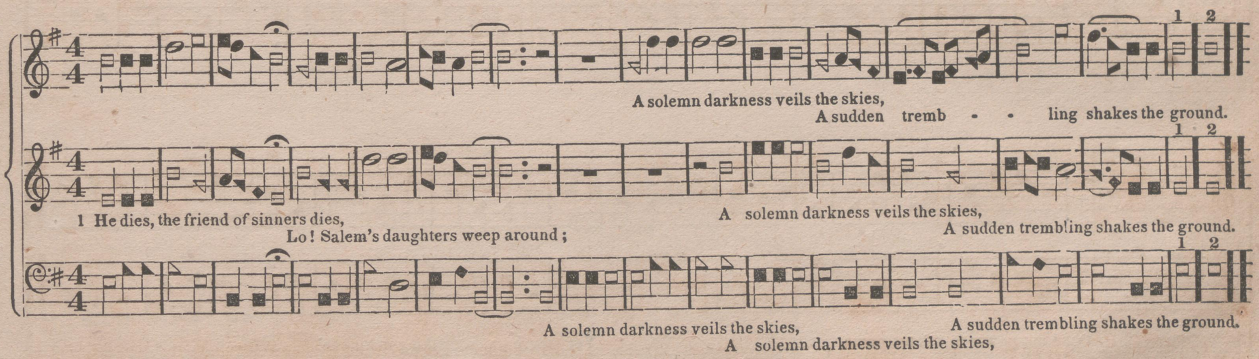


PART II.

CONSISTING PRINCIPALLY OF PIECES USED IN SINGING SCHOOLS AND SOCIETIES.

MORNING. L. M.

Psalmist, 232d Hymn.



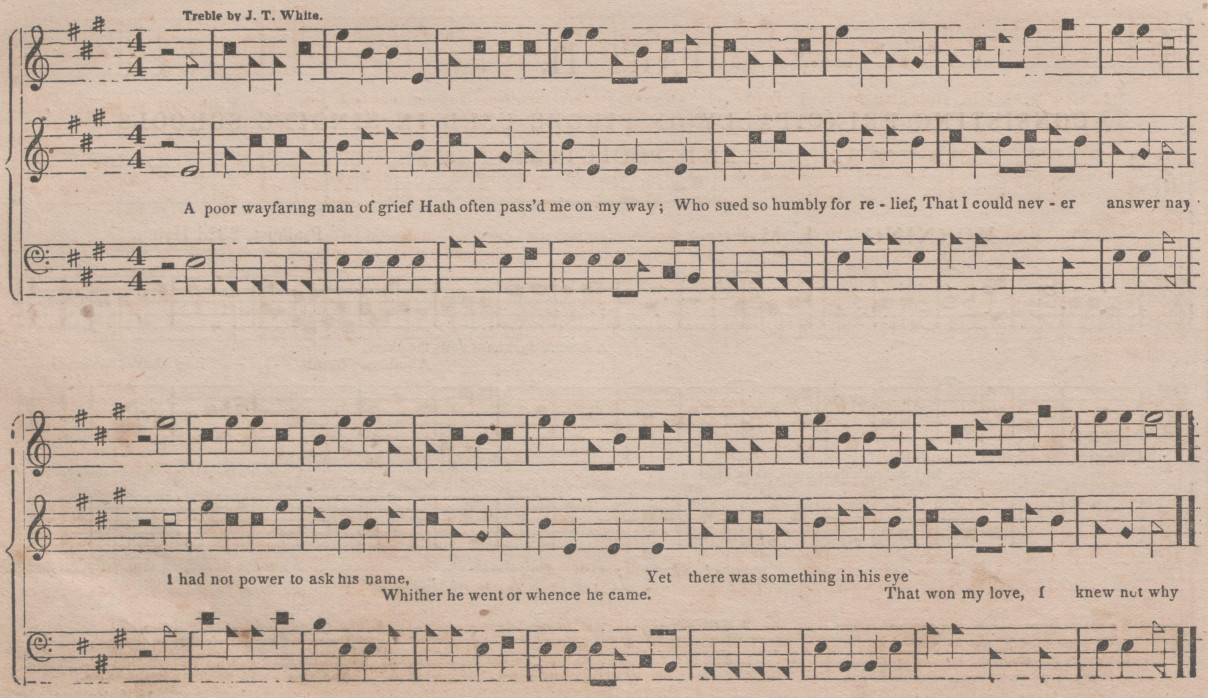
2 Ye saints approach! the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load;
He gives his precious life for you;
For you he sheds his precious blood

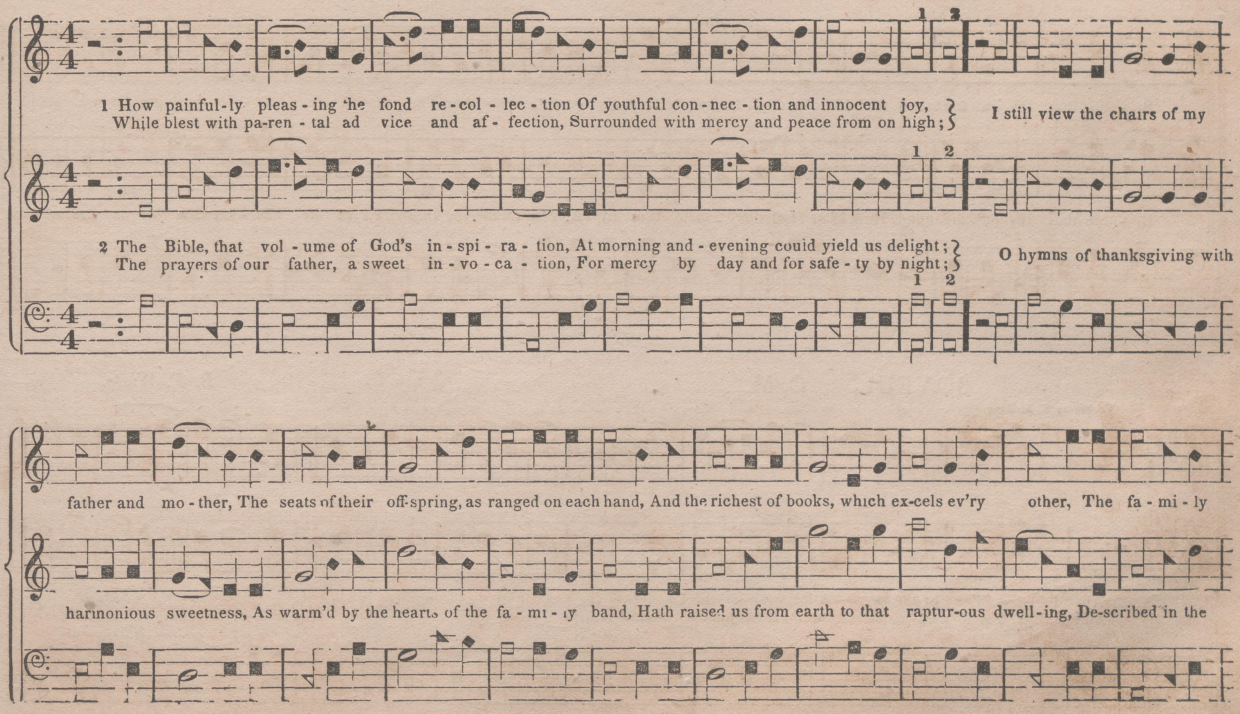
3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

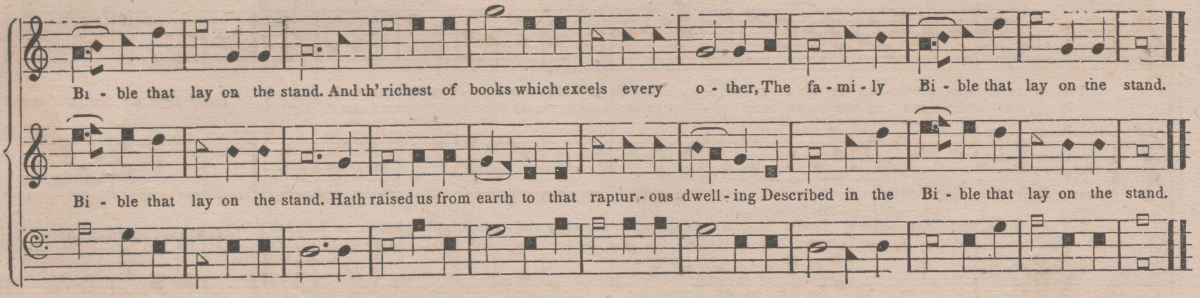
4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

DUANE STREET. L. M. D.

Treble by J. T. White.



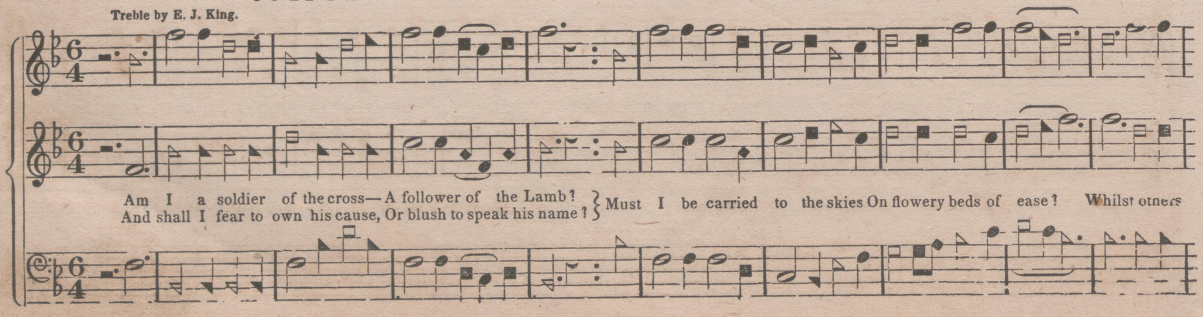

1 How painful-ly pleas - ing the fond re - col - lec - tion Of youthful con - nec - tion and innocent joy,
While blest with pa-ren - tal ad vice and af - fection, Surrounded with mercy and peace from on high;
I still view the chairs of my
2 The Bible, that vol - ume of God's in - spi - ra - tion, At morning and - evening could yield us delight;
The prayers of our father, a sweet in - vo - ca - tion, For mercy by day and for safe - ty by night;
O hymns of thanksgiving with
father and mo - ther, The seats of their off-spring, as ranged on each hand, And the richest of books, which ex-cels ev'ry other, The fa - mi - ly
harmonious sweetness, As warm'd by the hearts of the fa - mi - ly band, Hath raised us from earth to that raptur-ous dwell-ing, De-scribed in the



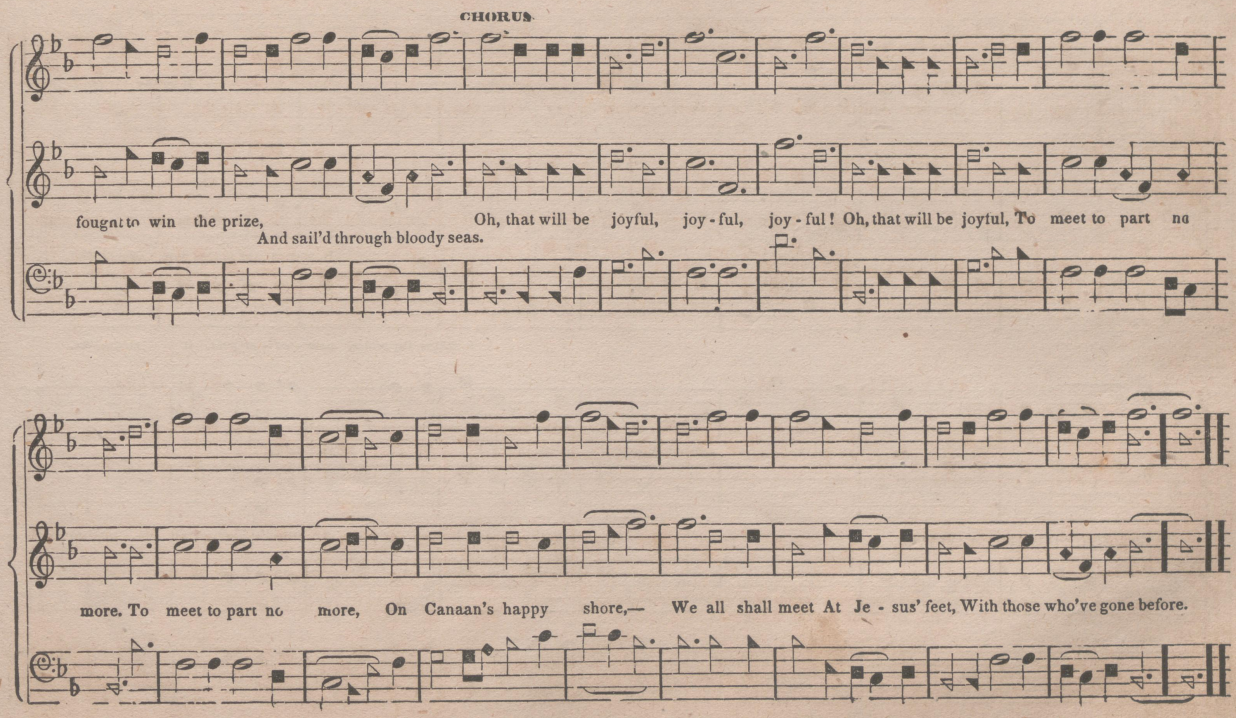
JOYFUL. C. M.

B. F. White.

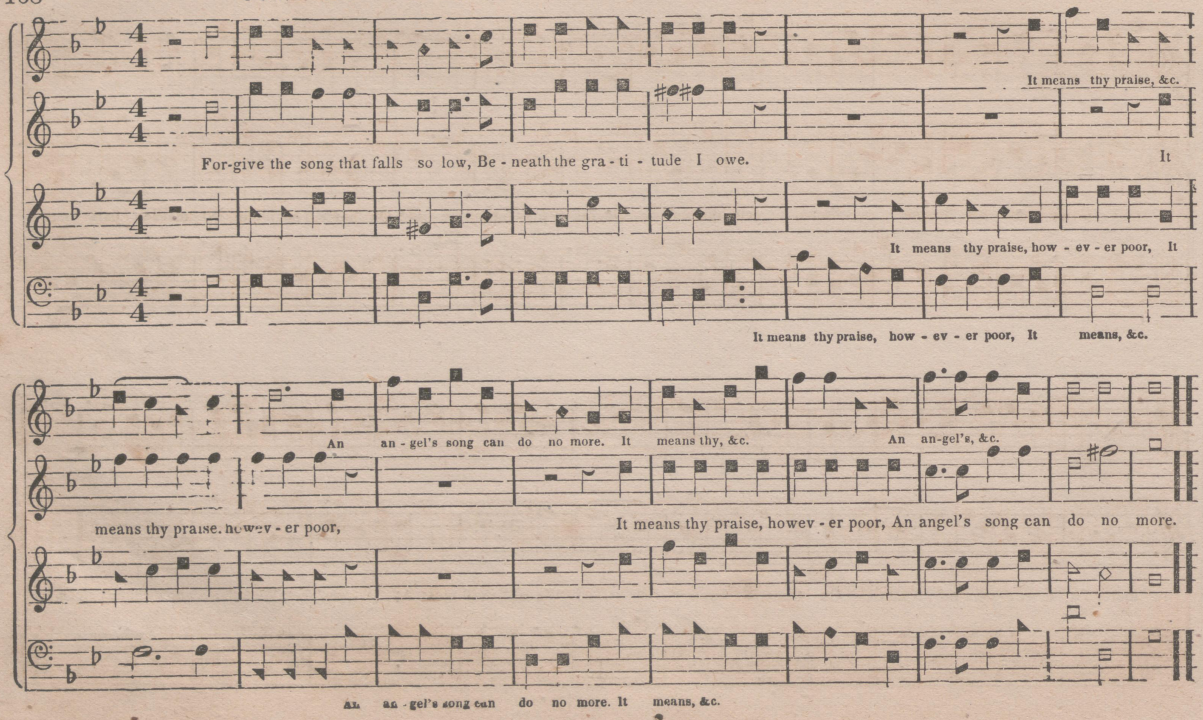
Treble by E. J. King.

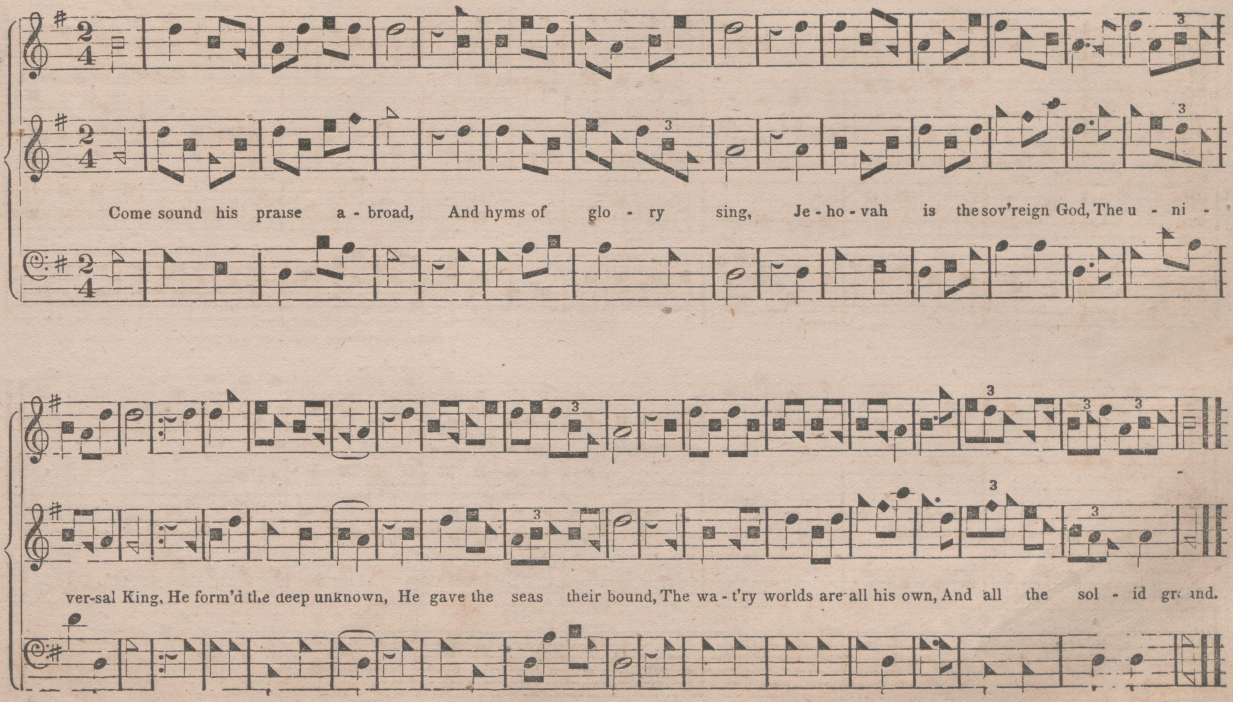


CHORUS.


fought to win the prize, And sail'd through bloody seas.
Oh, that will be joyful, joy - ful, joy - ful! Oh, that will be joyful, To meet to part no
more. To meet to part no more, On Canaan's happy shore,— We all shall meet At Je - sus' feet, With those who've gone before.

COWPER. L. M.

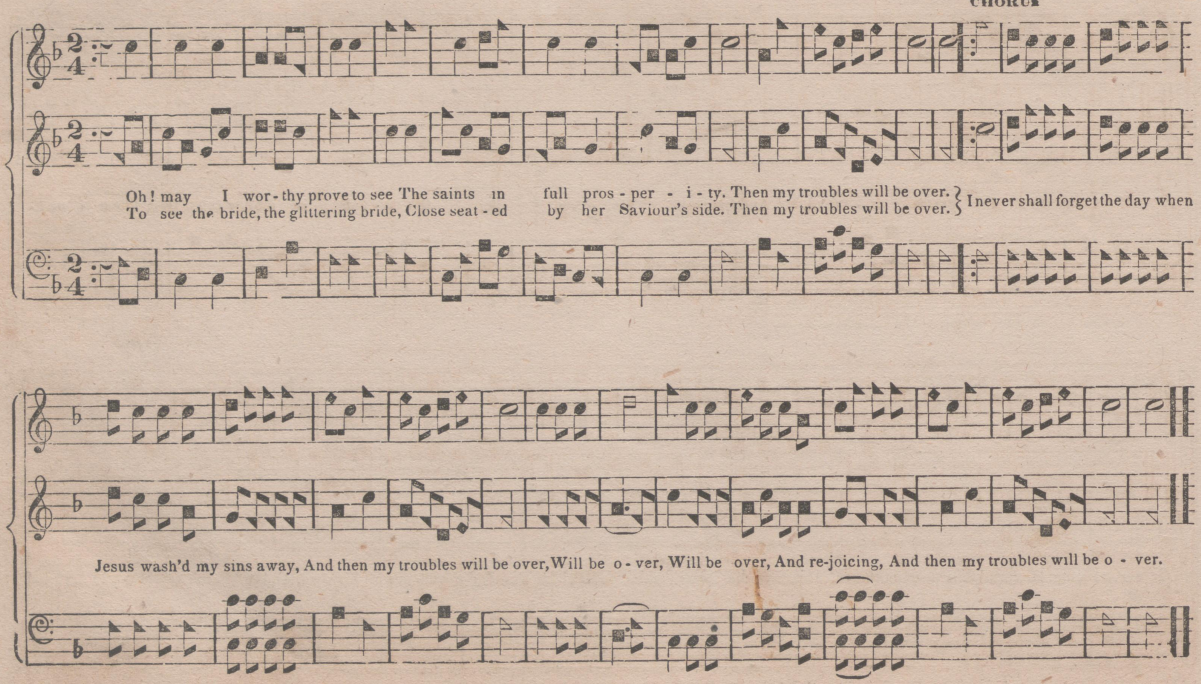

It means thy praise, &c.
For-give the song that falls so low, Be - neath the gra - ti - tude I owe.
It
It means thy praise, how - ev - er poor, It
It means thy praise, how - ev - er poor, It means, &c.
An an - gel's song can do no more. It means thy, &c.
An an-gel's, &c.
means thy praise. howev - er poor,
It means thy praise, howev - er poor, An angel's song can do no more.
An an - gel's song can do no more. It means, &c.

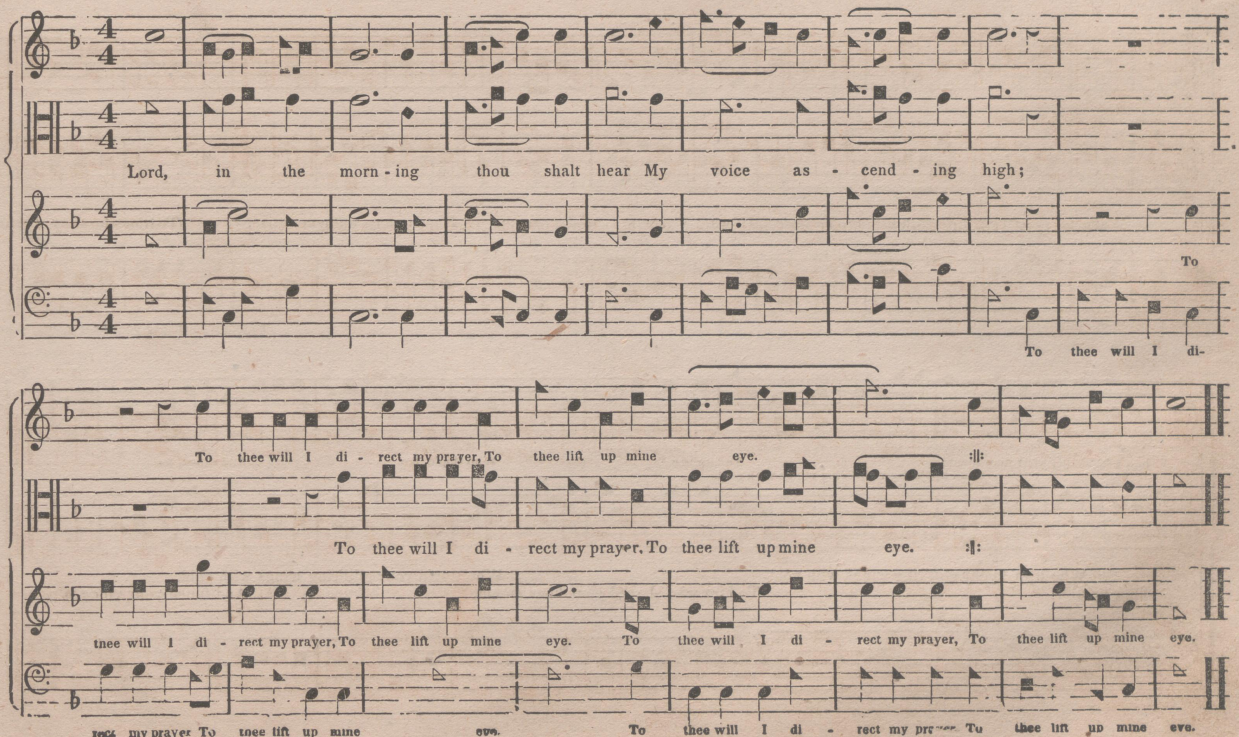

Come sound his praise a - broad, And hyms of glo - ry sing, Je - ho - vah is the sov'reign God, The u - ni -
ver-sal King, He form'd the deep unknown, He gave the seas their bound, The wa - t'ry worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id gr: und.

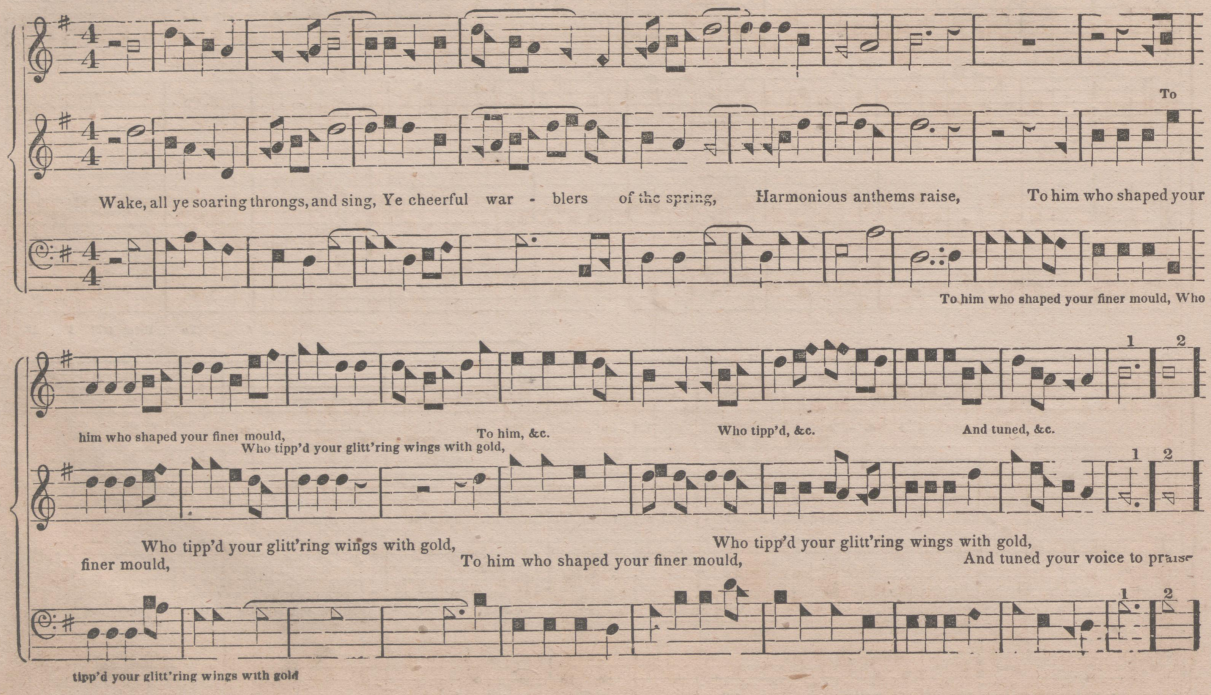
EXHILARATION. L. M.

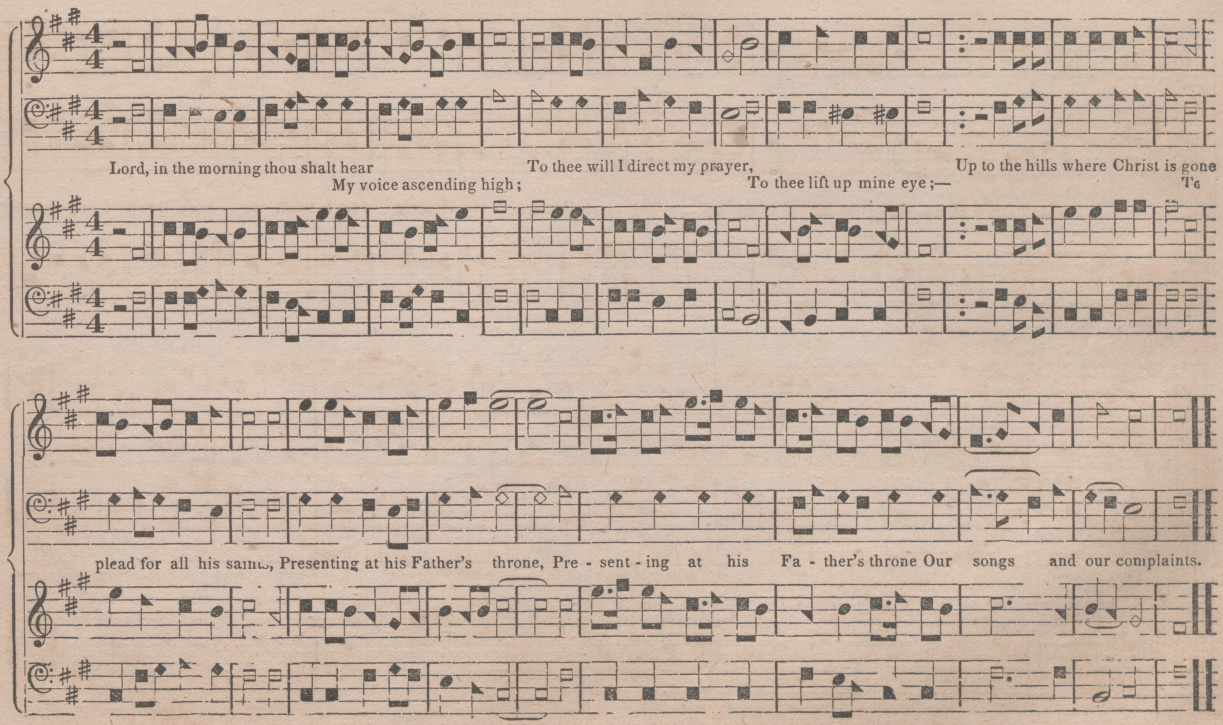
Dr. T. W. Carter.

CHORUS

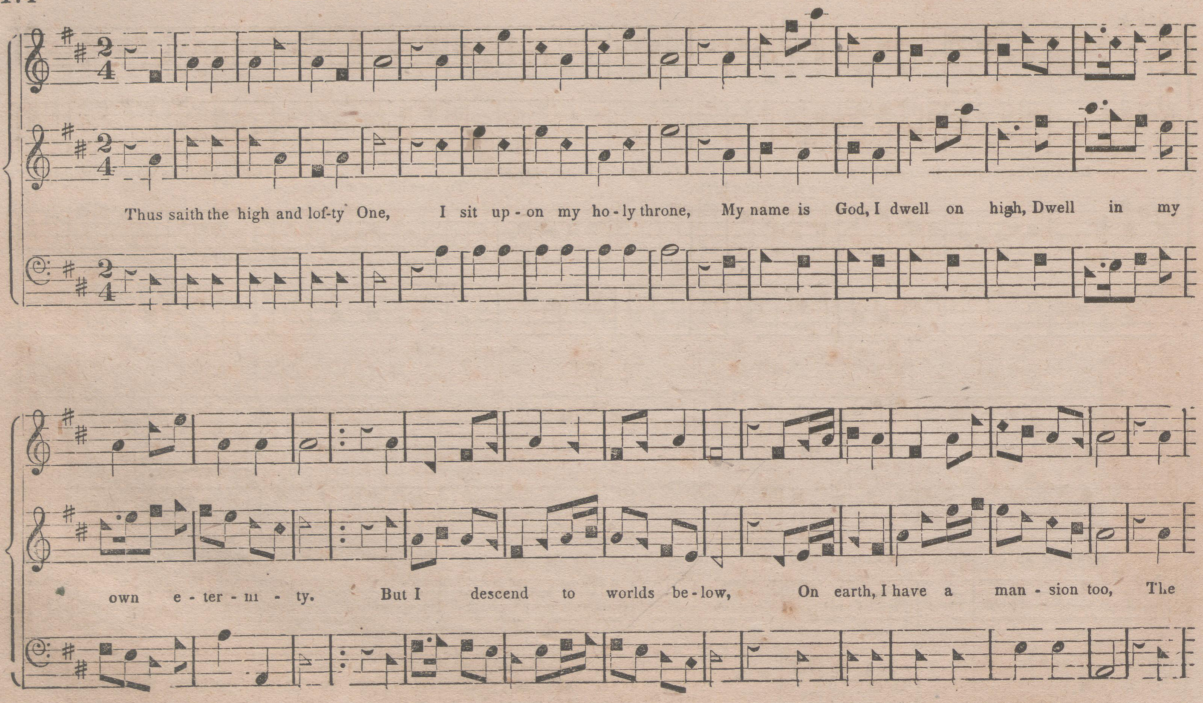



Lord, in the morn - ing thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;
To
To thee will I di-
To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye. :||:
To thee will I di - rect my prayer. To thee lift up mine eye. :||:
thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye. To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.
rect my prayer To thee lift up mine eye. To thee will I di - rect my pra- To thee lift up mine eye.

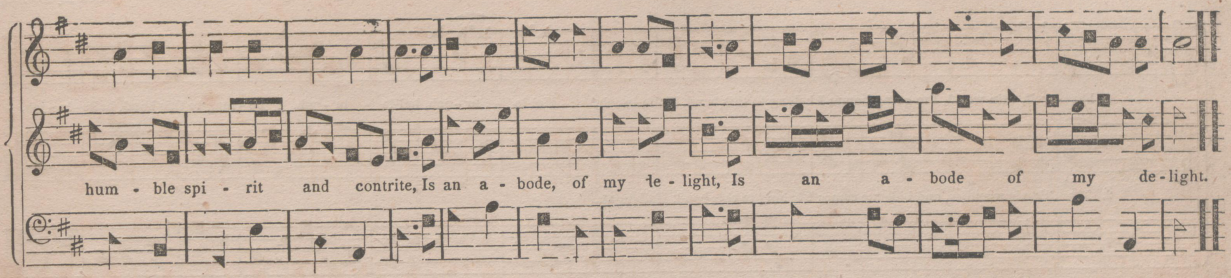

To
Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing, Ye cheerful war - blers of the spring, Harmonious anthems raise, To him who shaped your
To him who shaped your finer mould, Who
him who shaped your finer mould,
To him, &c.
Who tipp'd, &c.
And tuned, &c.
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
finer mould,
To him who shaped your finer mould,
tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold


Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye;—
Up to the hills where Christ is gone To
plead for all his saints, Presenting at his Father's throne, Pre - sent - ing at his Fa - ther's throne Our songs and our complaints.

PETERSBURG. L. M.

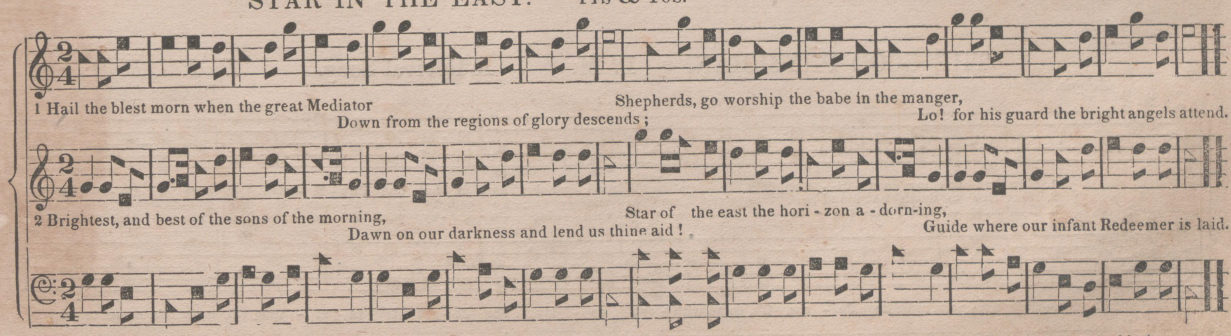


PETERSBURG. *Continued.*



STAR IN THE EAST. 11s & 10s.

R. Herron.



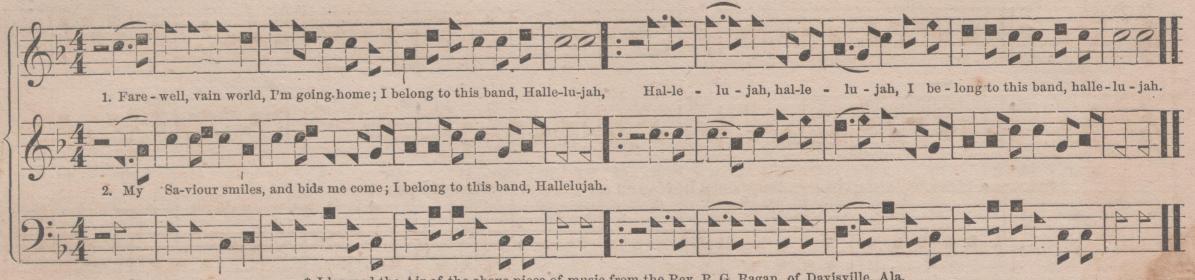
3 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch and Saviour of all.

4 Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine.

5 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

RAGAN.*

Arranged by W. F. Moore. Oct. 12, 1869.



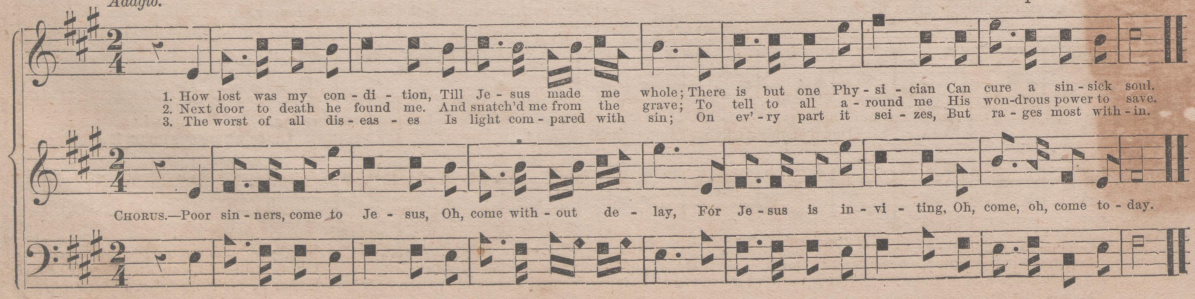
* I learned the Air of the above piece of music from the Rev. R. G. Ragan, of Davisville, Ala.

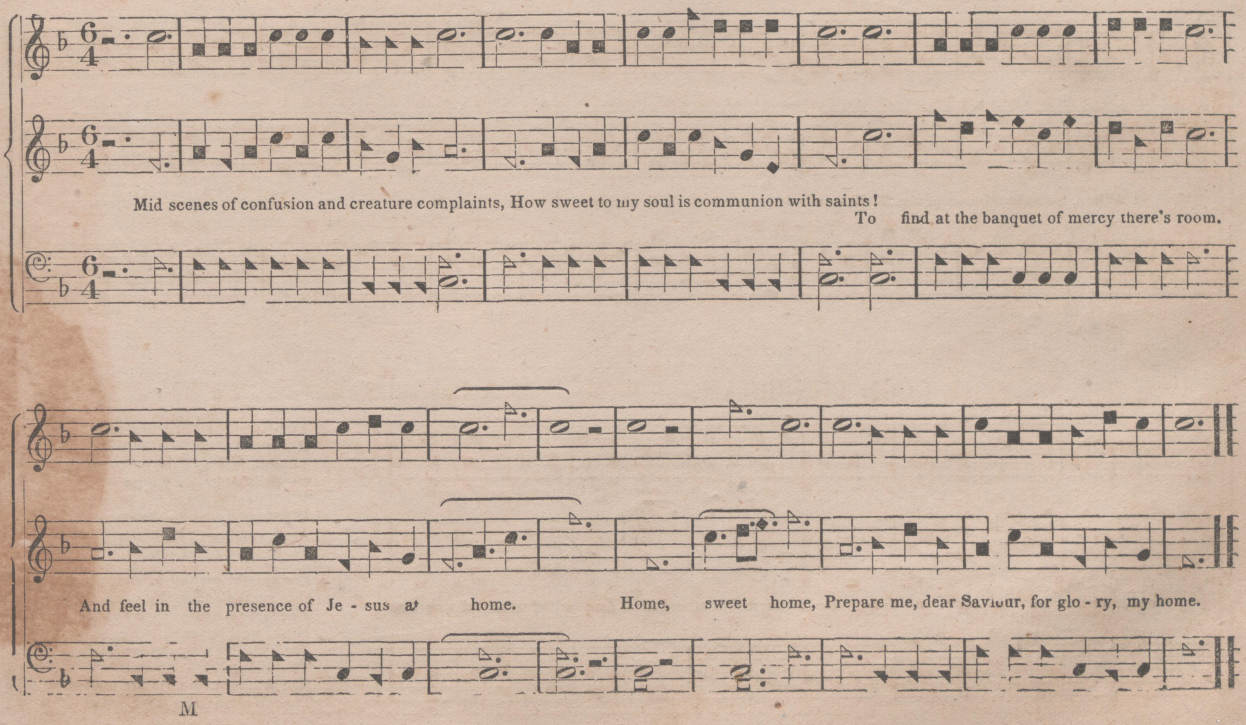
THE GOOD PHYSICIAN. P. M. A Revival Song.

By Eld. E. Dumas.

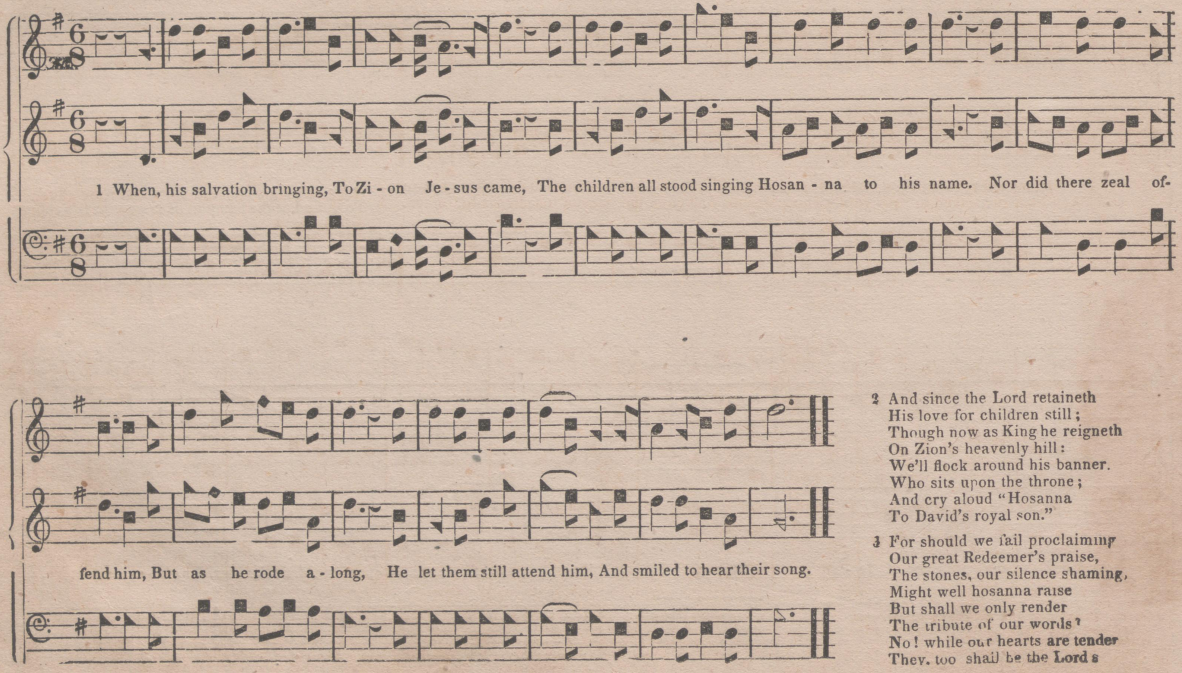
Da Capo for Chorus.

Adagio.



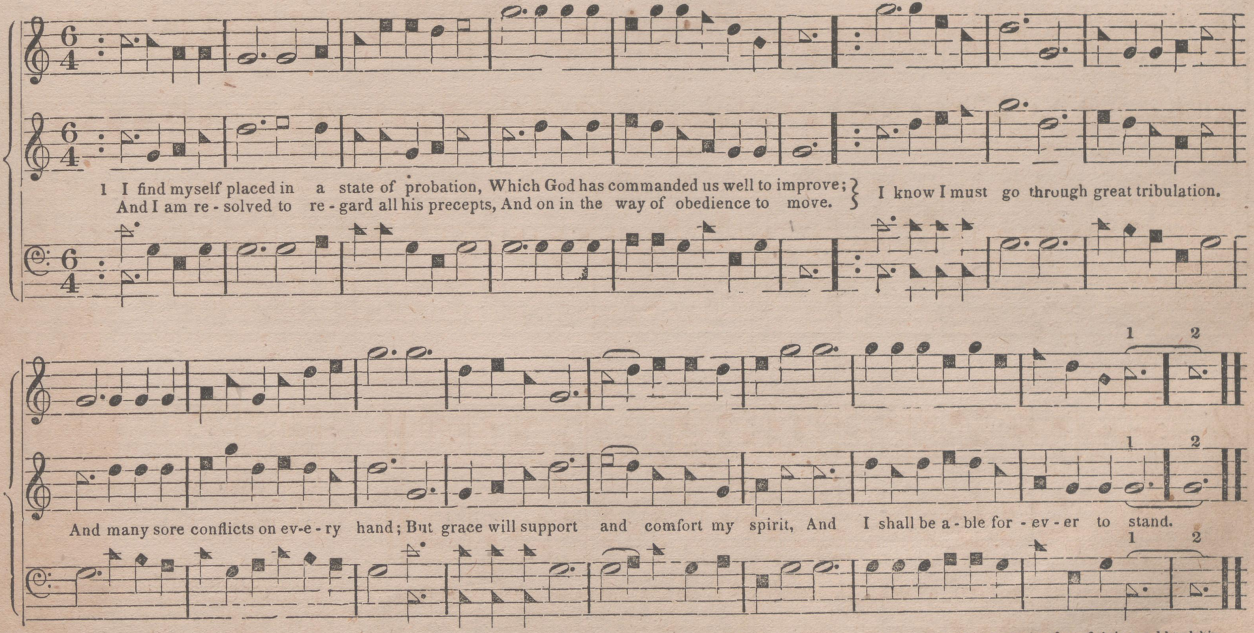

Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room.
And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home. Home, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.

HOSANNA. 7s. 6s.



2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill:
We'll flock around his banner.
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud "Hosanna
To David's royal son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosanna raise
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender
They, too shall be the Lord's

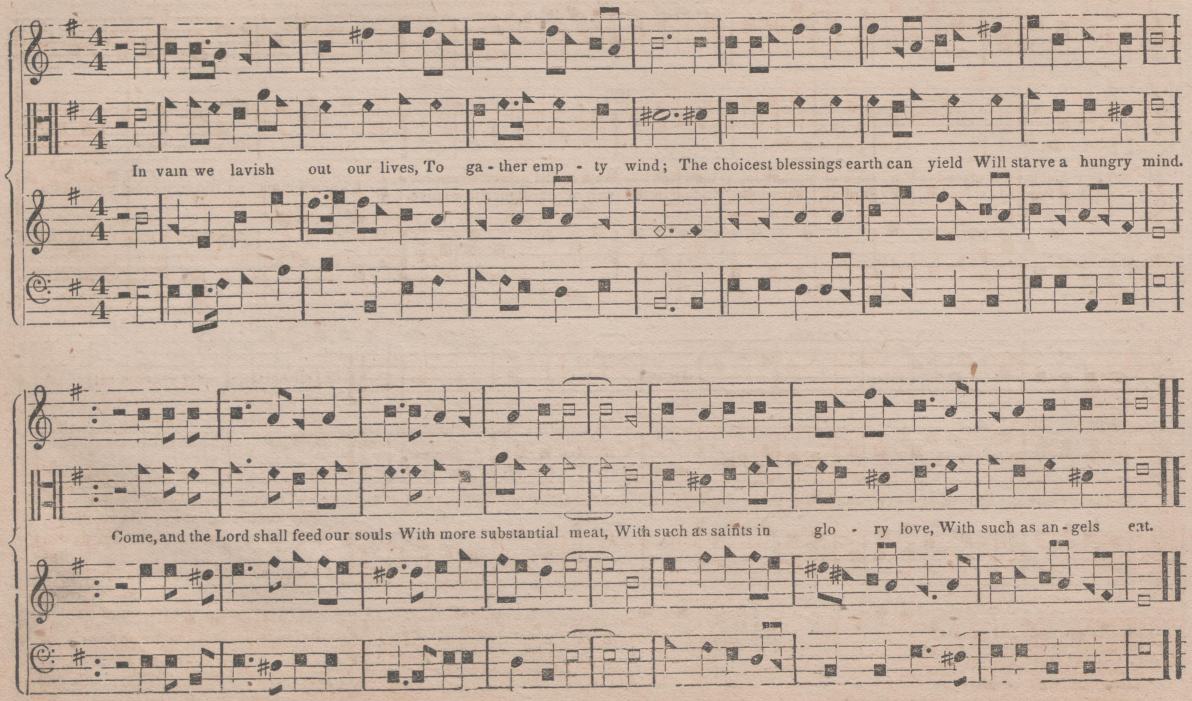


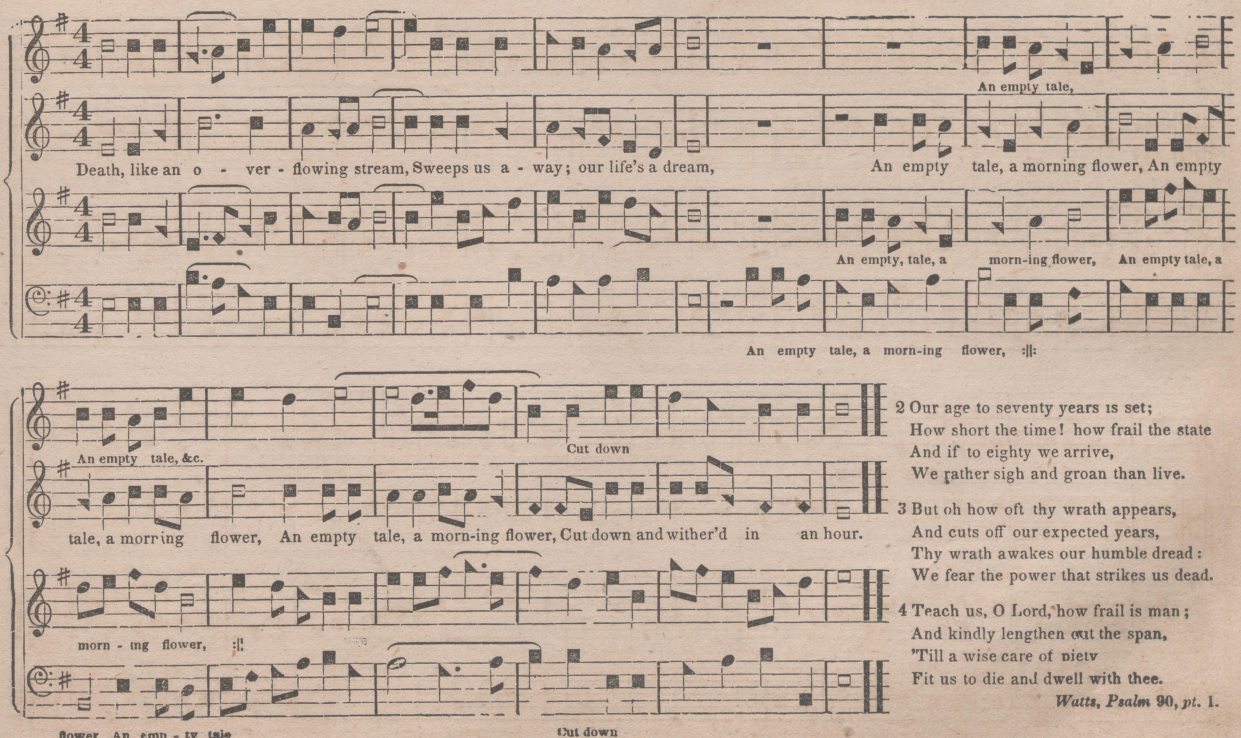
2 I'm call'd to contend with the powers of darkness,
And many sore conflicts I have to pass through;
O Jesus, be with me in every battle
And help me my enemies all to subdue.
If thou, gracious Lord, will only be with me,
To aid and direct me, then all will be right;
Apollyon, with all his powerful forces,
In thy name and thy strength I shall soon put to flight.

3 And when I must cross the cold stream of Jordan
I'll bid all my sorrows a final adieu
And hasten away to the land of sweet Canaan,
Where, Christians, I hope I shall there meet with you.
That rest into which my soul shall then enter,
Is perfectly glorious, and never shall end;
A rest of exemption from warfare and labour,
A rest in the bosom of Jesus, my friend.

4 And more than exemption from fighting and hardship,
My gracious Redeemer will grant unto me;
A portion of bliss he has promised to give me,
And true to that promise he surely will be
Yes, I shall receive and always inherit
A happy reception and truly divine.
For which all the praises and glory, my Saviour,
Are due unto thee, and shall ever be thine.

VERMONT. C. M. D.


In vain we lavish out our lives, To ga - ther emp - ty wind; The choicest blessings earth can yield Will starve a hungry mind.
Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls With more substantial meat, With such as saints in glo - ry love, With such as an - gels eat.



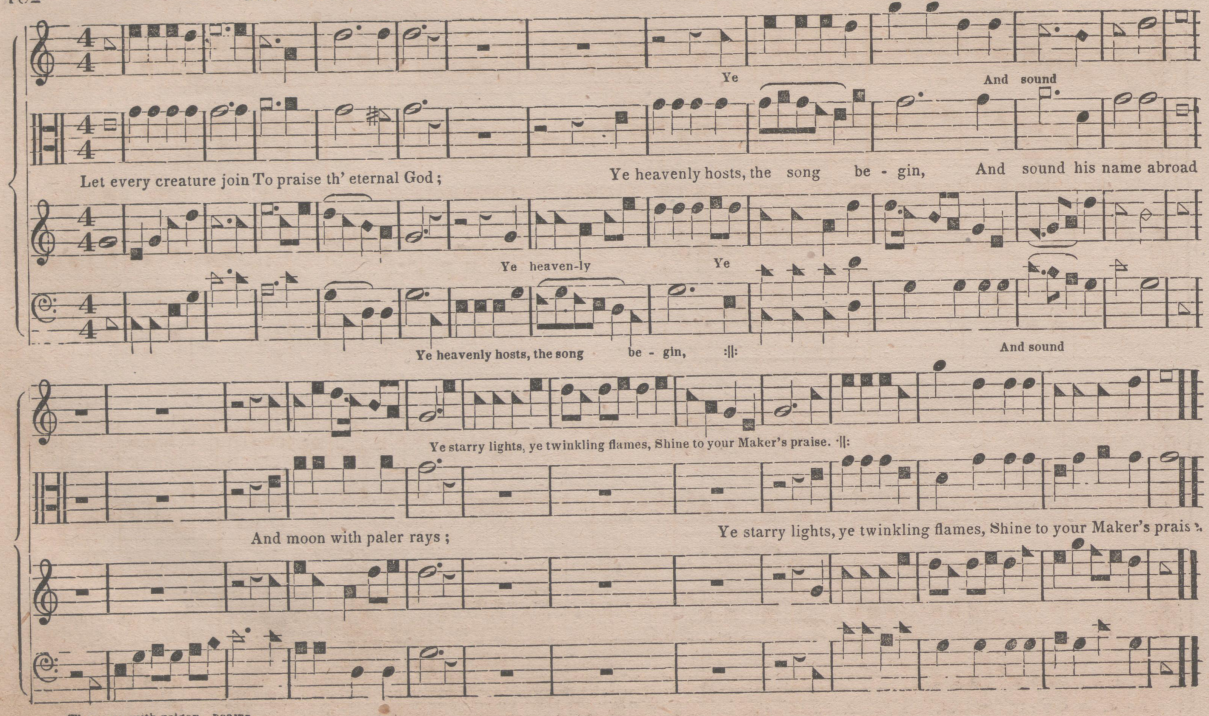
2 Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the time! how frail the state
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.

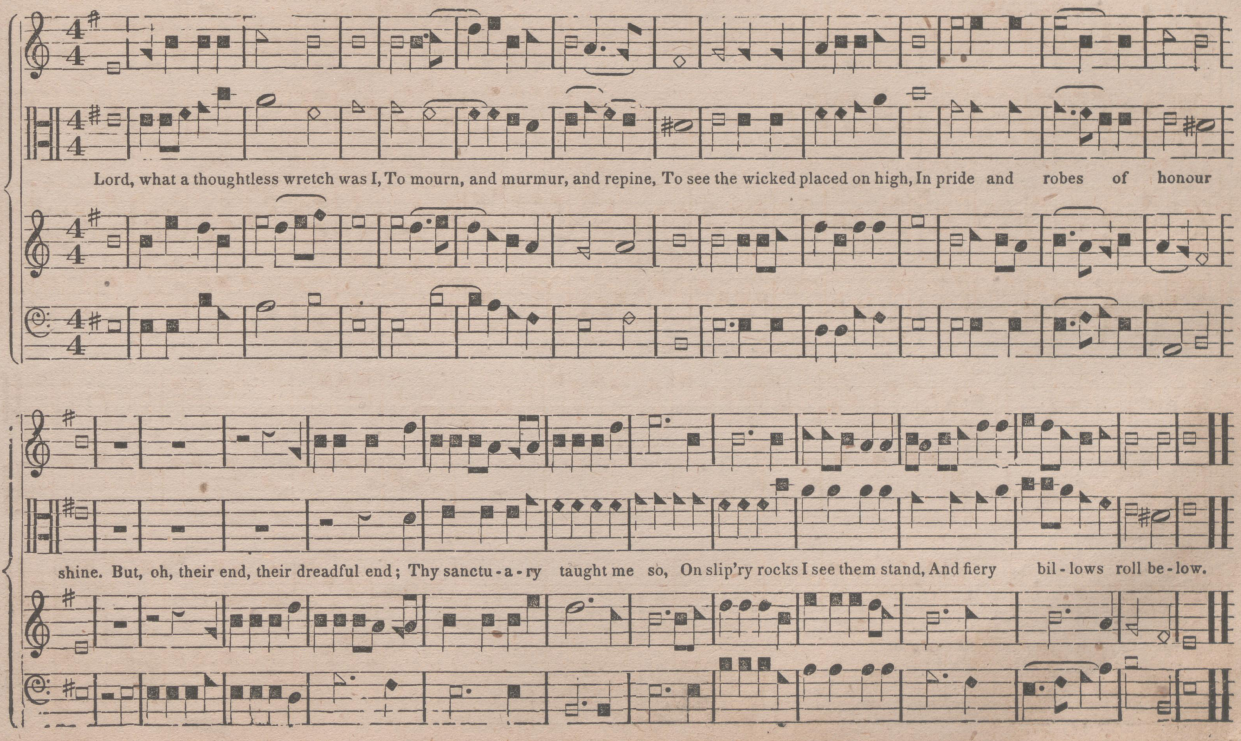
3 But oh how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years,
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread:
We fear the power that strikes us dead.

4 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out the span,
'Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

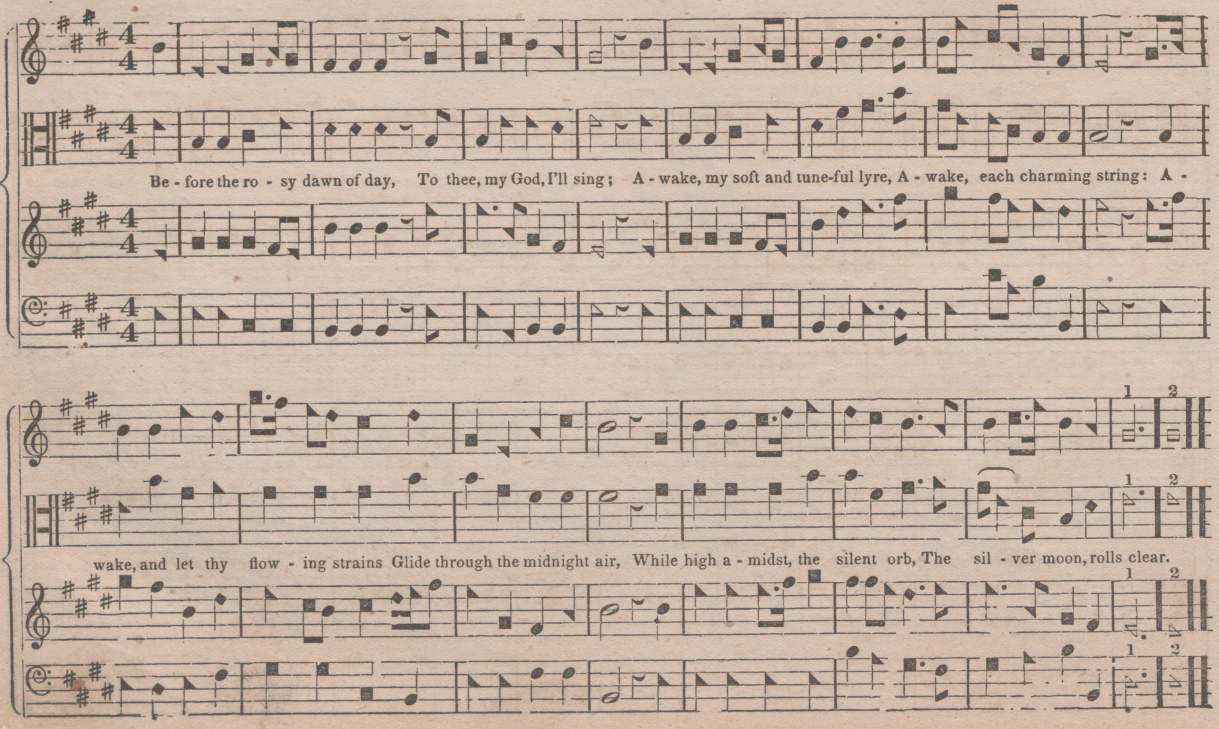
Watts, Psalm 90, pt. 1.

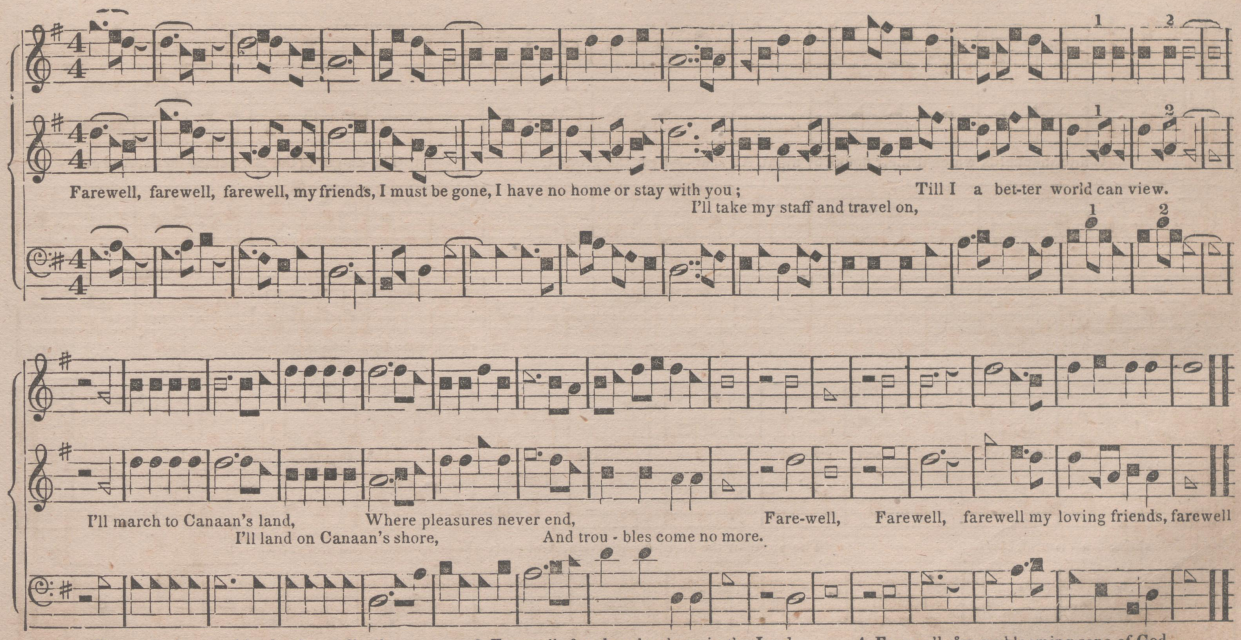
NEWBURGH. S. M.


Ye
And sound
Let every creature join To praise th' eternal God ;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song be - gin, And sound his name abroad
Ye heaven-ly
Ye
Ye heavenly hosts, the song be - gin, :||:
And sound
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise. :||:
And moon with paler rays ;
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's prais e.
Thou sun with golden beams,


Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur, and repine, To see the wicked placed on high, In pride and robes of honour
shine. But, oh, their end, their dreadful end; Thy sanctu-a-ry taught me so, On slip'ry rocks I see them stand, And fiery bil-lows roll be-low.

ENFIELD. C. M.

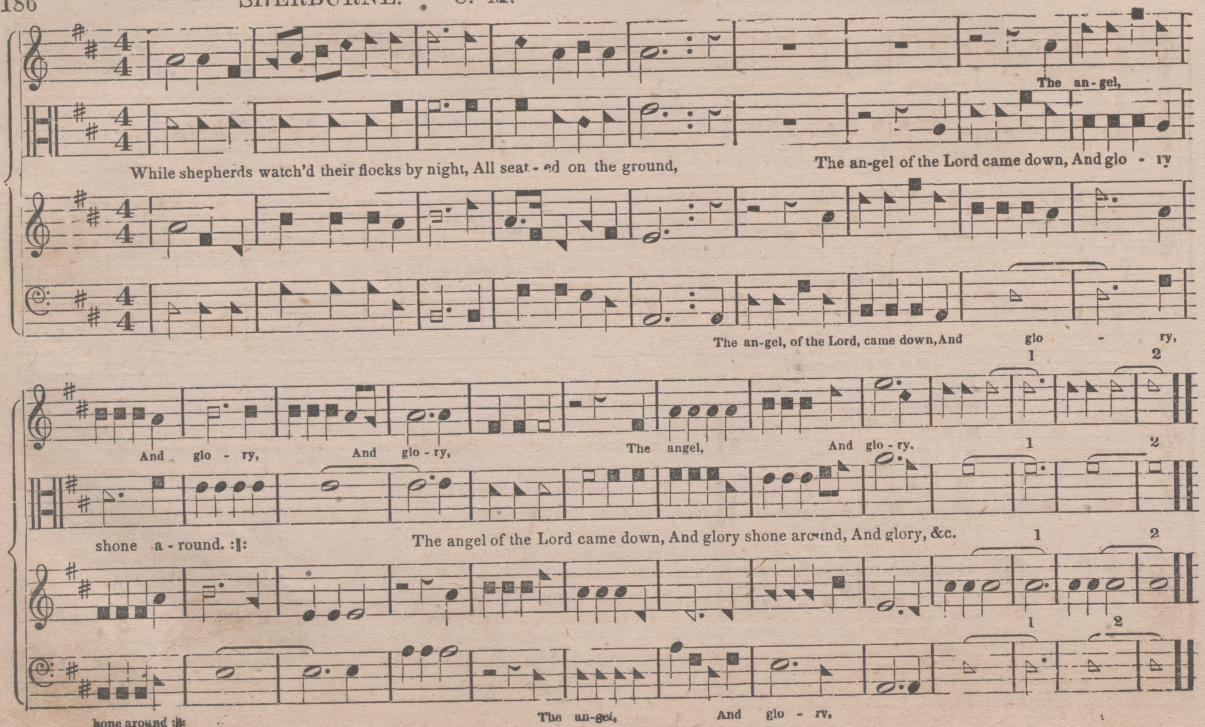

Be - fore the ro - sy dawn of day, To thee, my God, I'll sing; A - wake, my soft and tune-ful lyre, A - wake, each charming string: A -
wake, and let thy flow - ing strains Glide through the midnight air, While high a - midst, the silent orb, The sil - ver moon, rolls clear.

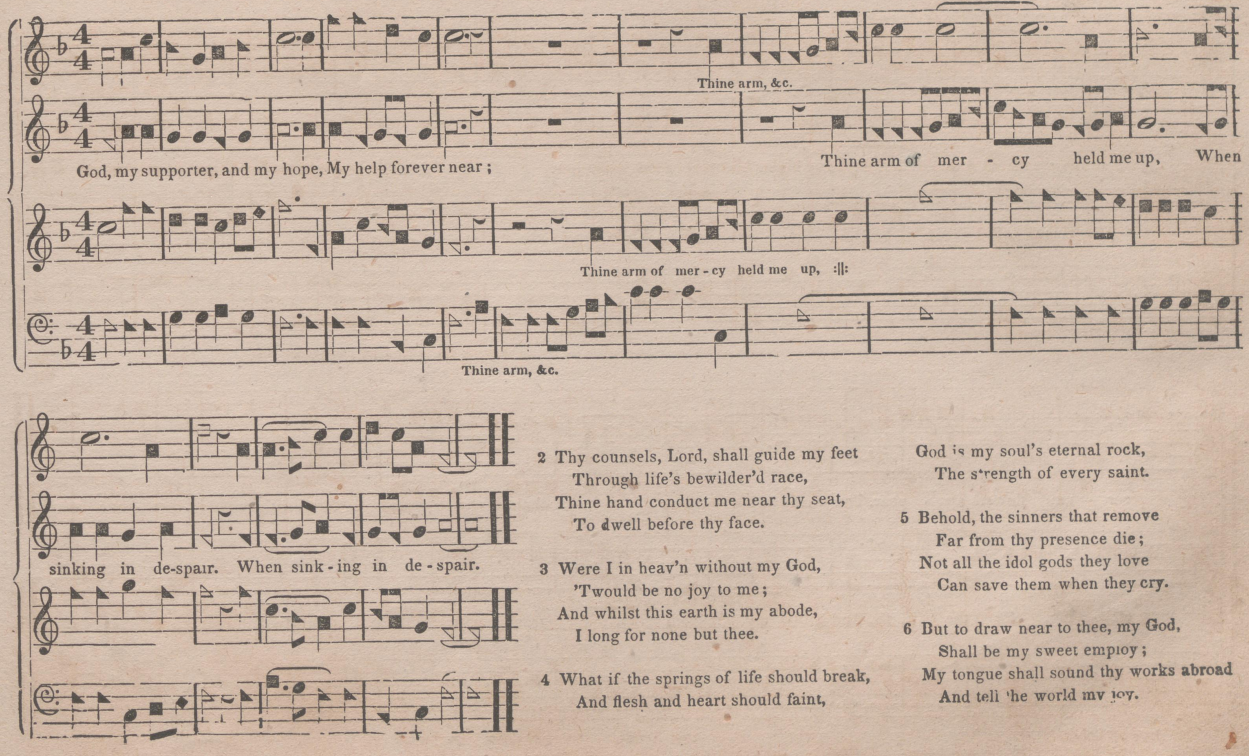


1 Farewell, &c. my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal cares or bliss;
I'll leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
I'll march, &c
Farewell, &c.

3 Farewell, &c. dear brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound with cords of love;
But we believe his gracious word,
We all ere long shall meet above.
I'll march, &c.
Farewell. &c

4 Farewell, &c. ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet remain for you;
But dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.
I'll march, &c.
Farewell &c.


While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,
The an-gel,
The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry
The an-gel, of the Lord, came down, And glo - ry,
1
2
And glo - ry, And glo - ry, The angel, And glo - ry.
shone a - round. :‖:
The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And glory, &c.
shone around :‖:
The an-gel, And glo - ry.



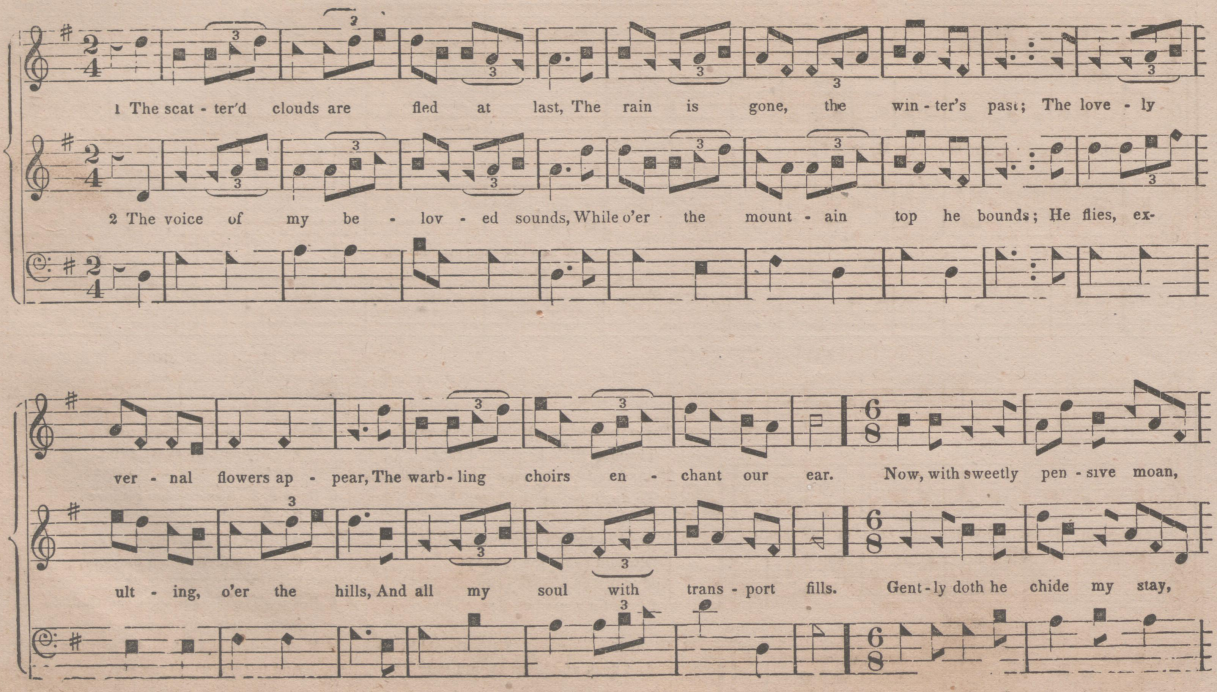
2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through life's bewilder'd race,
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

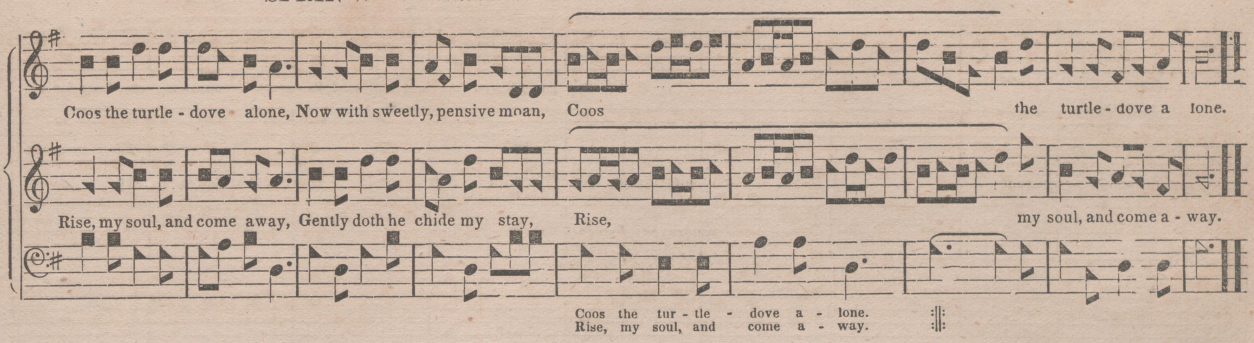
3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life should break,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

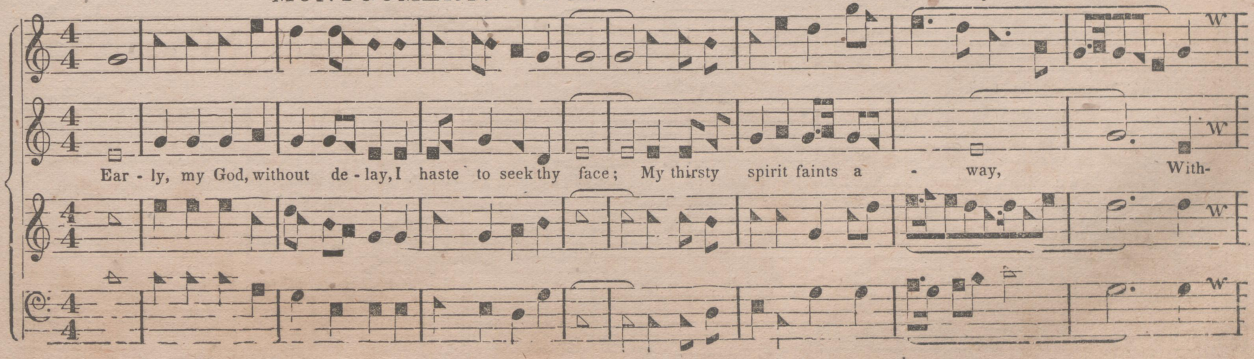
6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad
And tell the world my joy.


1 The scat - ter'd clouds are fled at last, The rain is gone, the win - ter's past; The love - ly
2 The voice of my be - lov - ed sounds, While o'er the mount - ain top he bounds; He flies, ex-
ver - nal flowers ap - pear, The warb - ling choirs en - chant our ear. Now, with sweetly pen - sive moan,
ult - ing, o'er the hills, And all my soul with trans - port fills. Gent - ly doth he chide my stay,

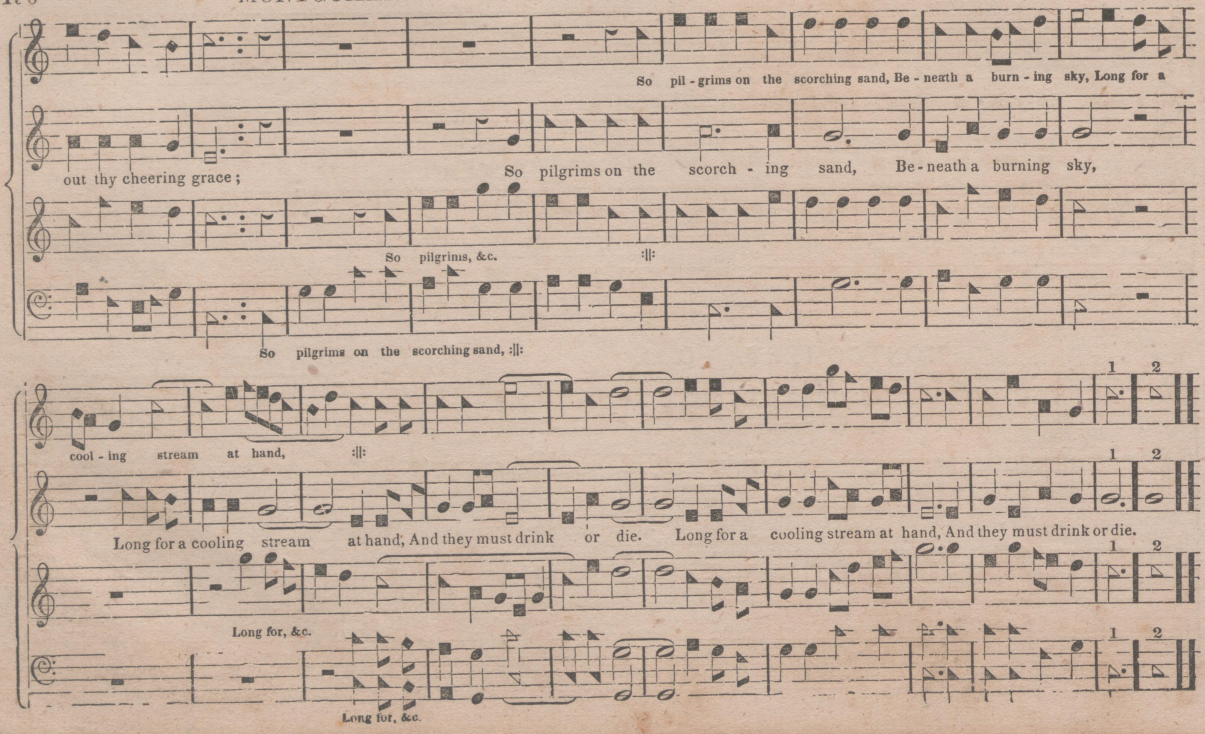


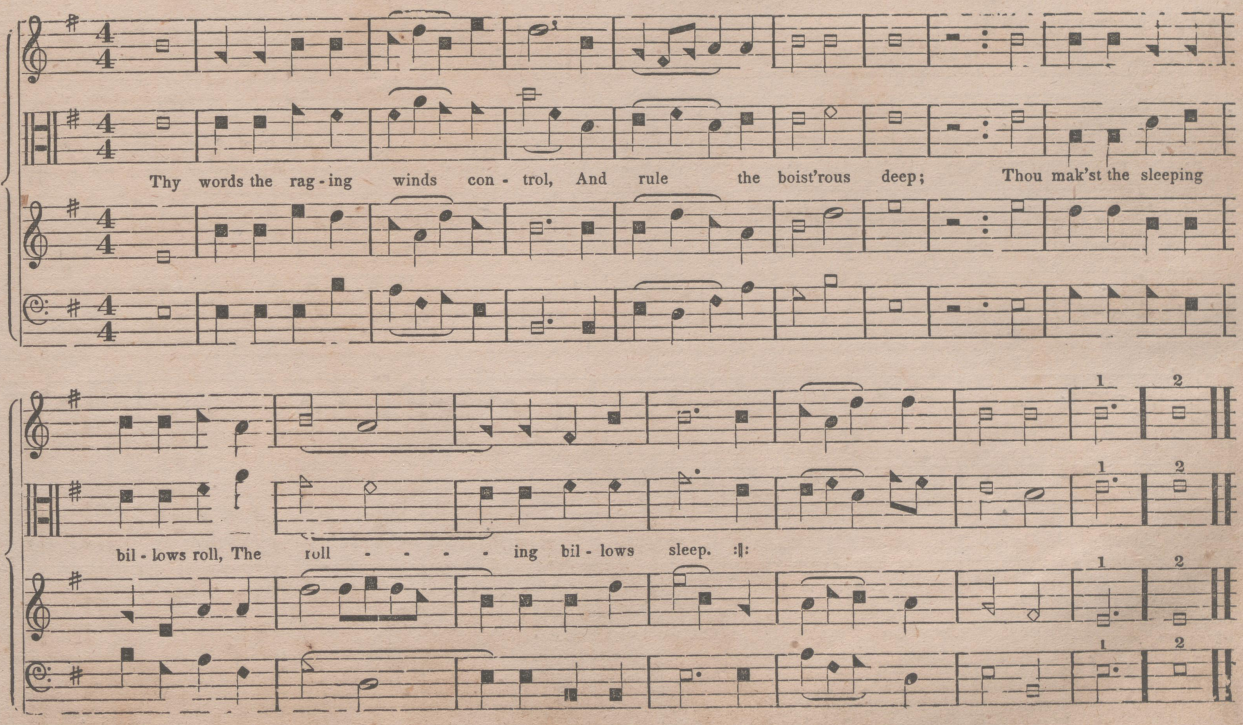
MONTGOMERY. C. M.

Psalmist, 18th Hymn. *More.*



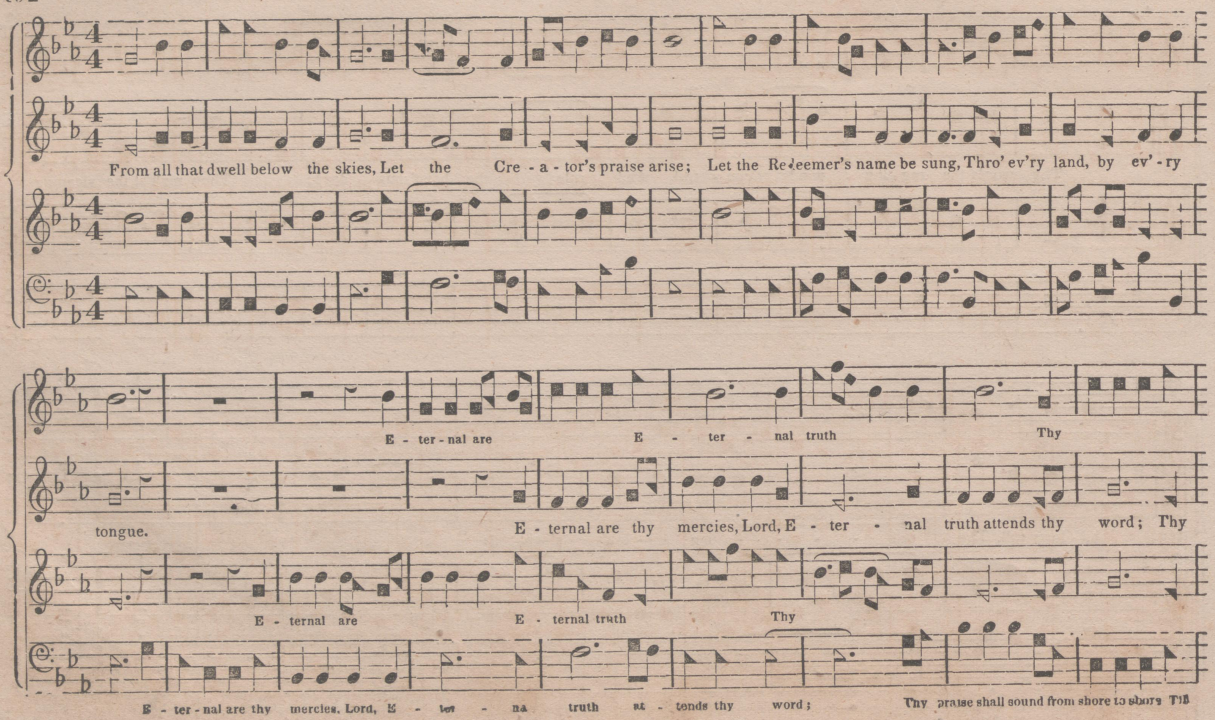
MONTGOMERY. *Concluded.*



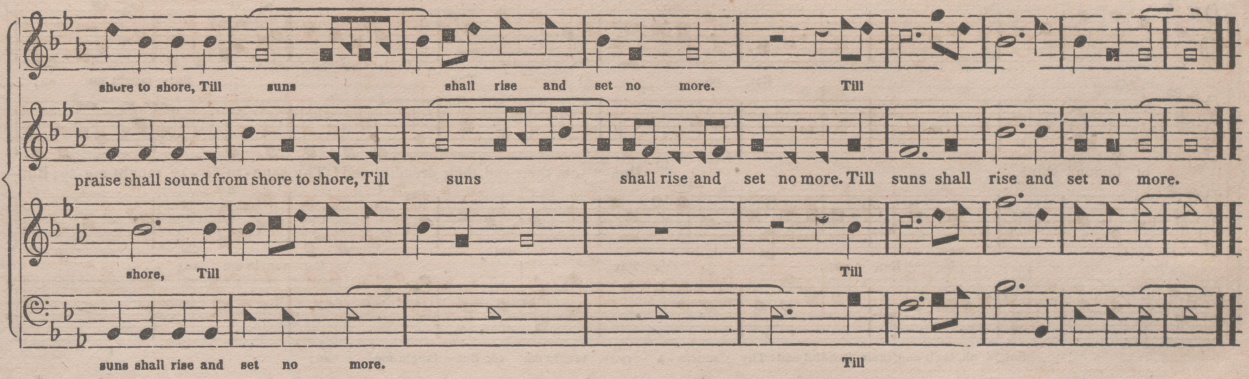

Thy words the rag - ing winds con - trol, And rule the boist'rous deep; Thou mak'st the sleeping
bil - lows roll, The roll - - - - ing bil - lows sleep. :‖:
1 2

SCHENECTADY. L. M.

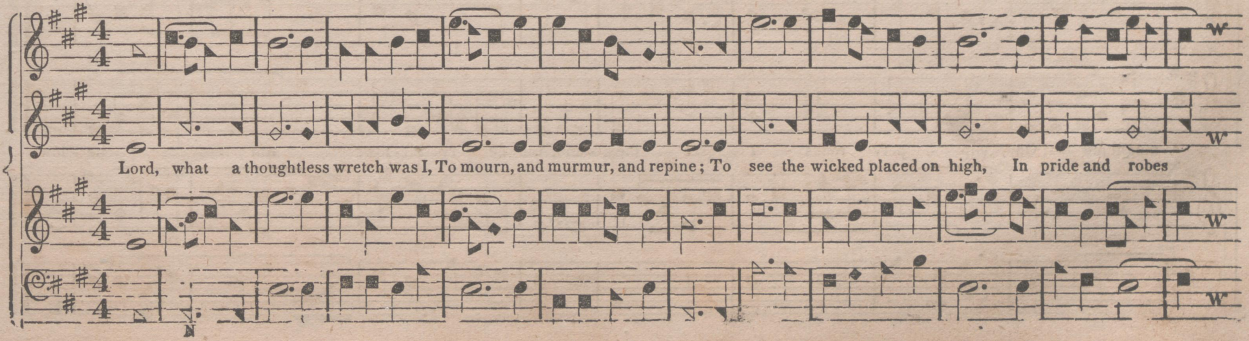
Psalmist, 926th Hymn. *Shumway.*

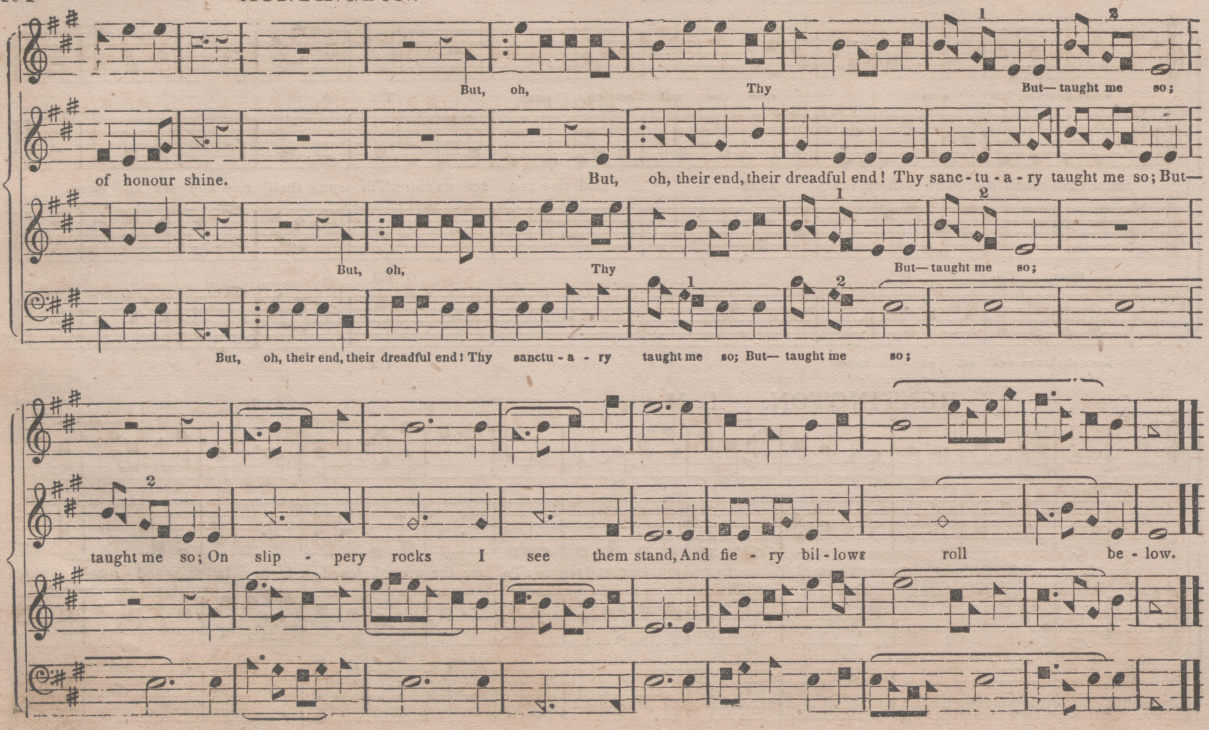


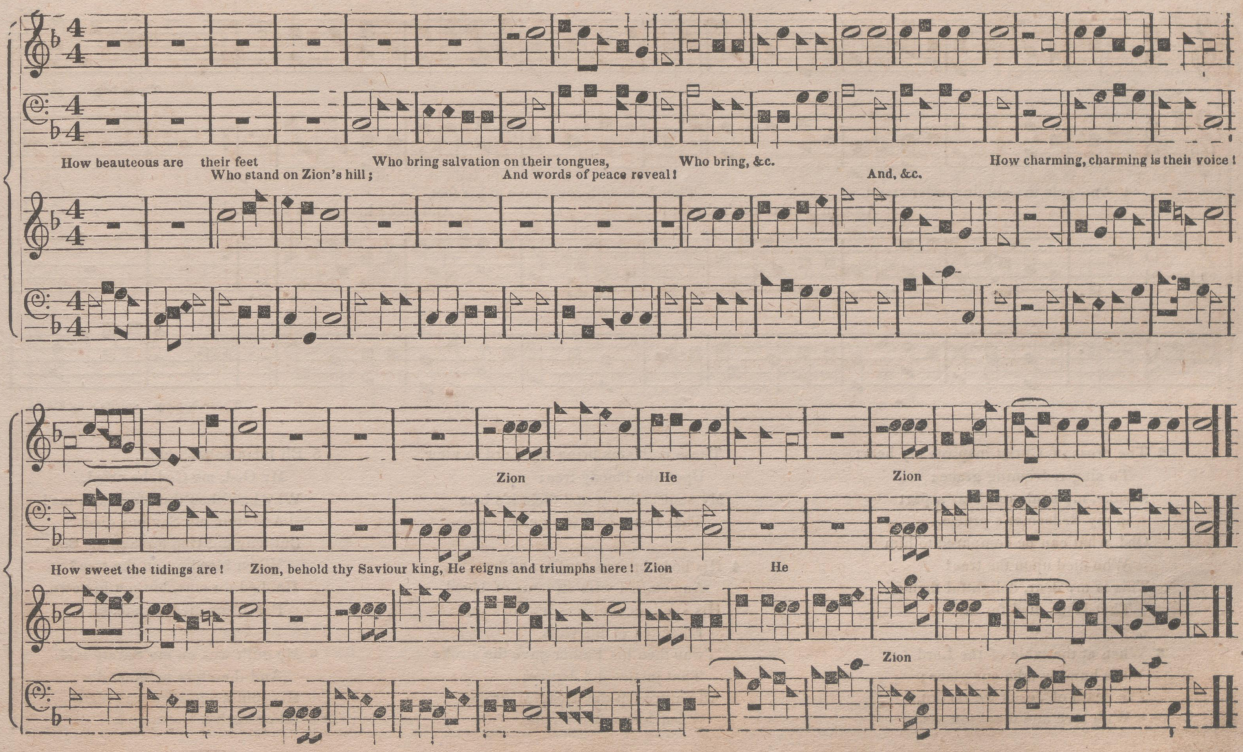
SCHENECTADY. *Concluded.*



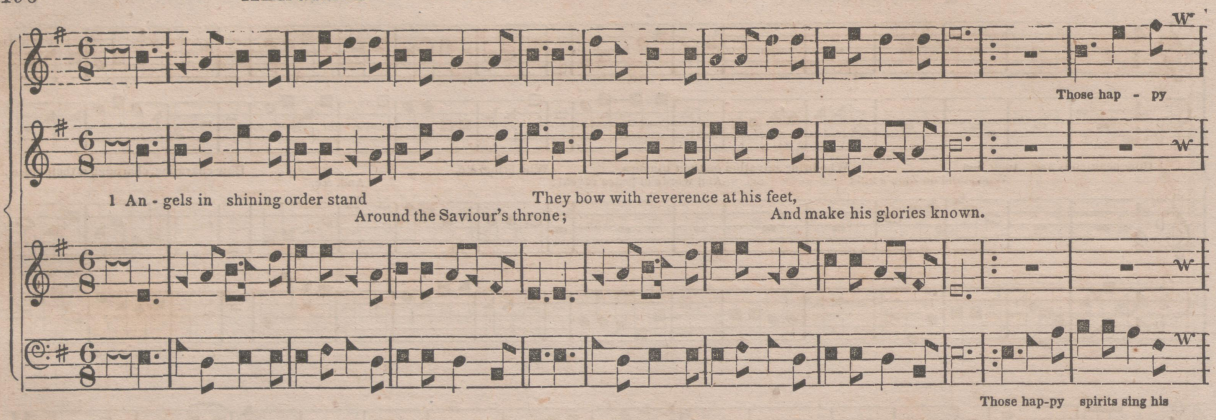
HUNTINGTON. L. M.




But, oh, Thy But— taught me so;
of honour shine. But, oh, their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanc-tu-a-ry taught me so; But—
But, oh, Thy But— taught me so;
But, oh, their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanctu-a-ry taught me so; But— taught me so;
taught me so; On slip-pery rocks I see them stand, And fie-ry bil-lows roll be-low.


How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal!
Who bring, &c. And, &c.
How charming, charming is their voice!
Zion He Zion
How sweet the tidings are! Zion, behold thy Saviour king, He reigns and triumphs here! Zion He
Zion

ALABAMA C. M.



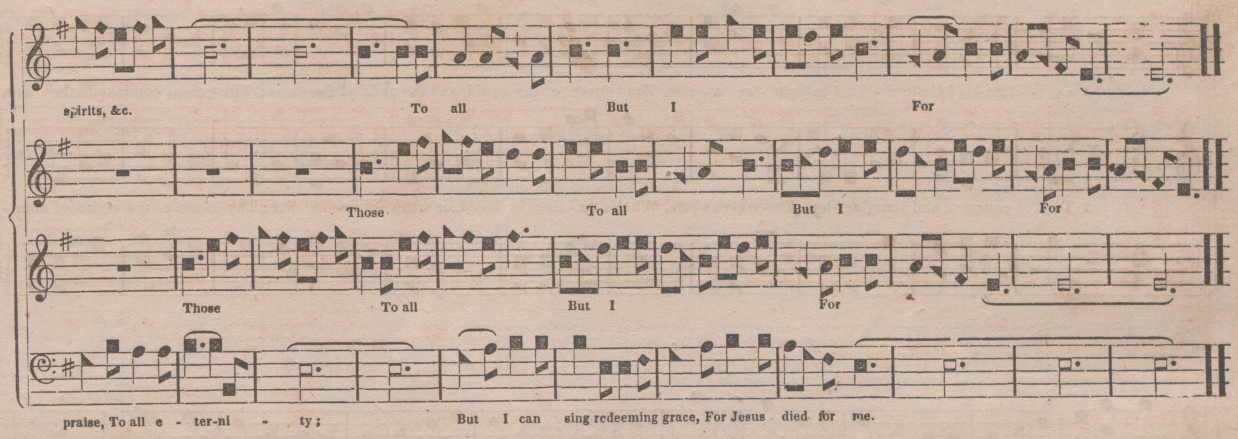
2 The cross of Christ inspires my heart
To sing redeeming grace;
Awake, my soul, and bear a part
In my Redeemer's praise.
Oh! what can be compared to him
Who died upon the tree!
This is my dear, delightful theme,
That Jesus died for me.

3 When at the table of the Lord
We humbly take our place;
The death of Jesus we record,
With love and thankfulness.
These emblems bring my Lord to view,
Upon the bloody tree;
My soul believes and feels it's true
That Jesus died for me.

4 His body broken, nail'd, and torn,
And stain'd with streams of blood,
His spotless soul was left forlorn,
Forsaken of his God.
'Twas then his Father gave the stroke
That justice did decree;
All nature felt the dreadful stroke,
When Jesus died for me.

5 Eli lama sabachthani,
My God, my God, he cried,
Why hast thou thus forsaken me!
And thus my Saviour died.
But why did God forsake his Son,
When bleeding on the tree?
He died for sins, but not his own,
For Jesus died for me.

6 My guilt was on my Surety laid.
And therefore he must die:
His soul a sacrifice was made
For such a worm as I.



Was ever love so great as this?
Was ever grace so free?
This is my glory, joy, and bliss,
That Jesus died for me.

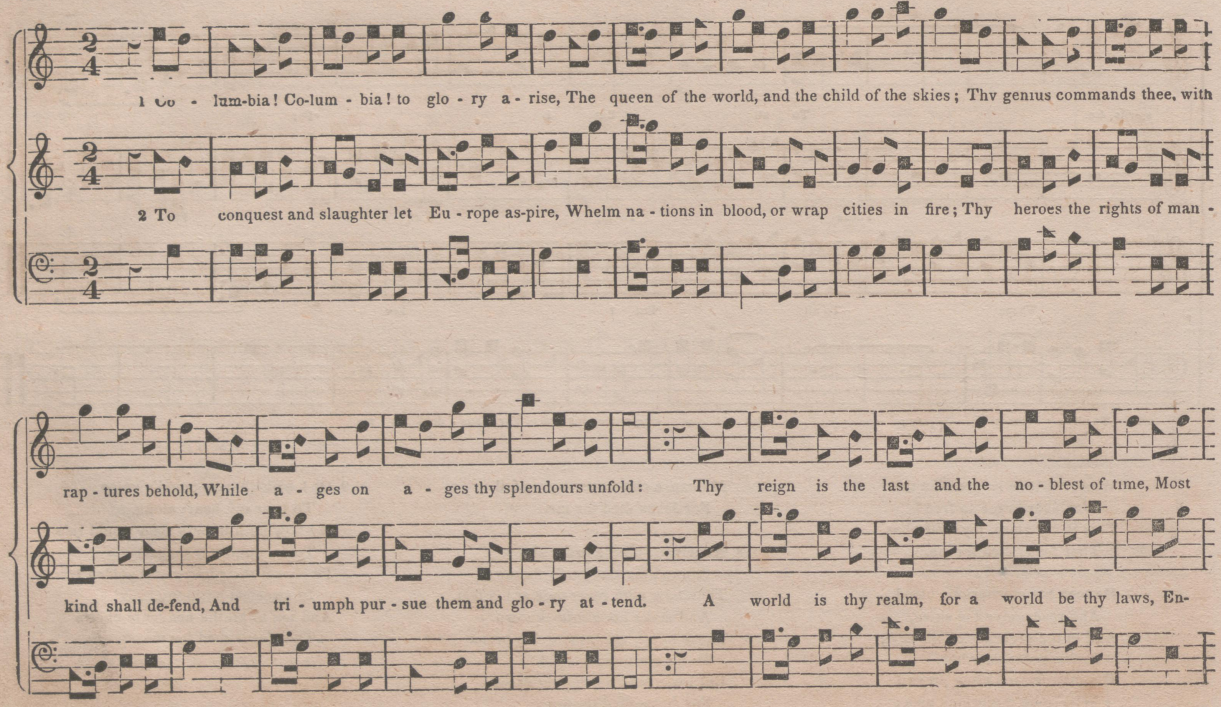
7 He took his meritorious blood,
And rose above the skies,
And in the presence of his God,
Presents his sacrifice.
His intercession must prevail
With such a glorious plea;
My cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus died for me.

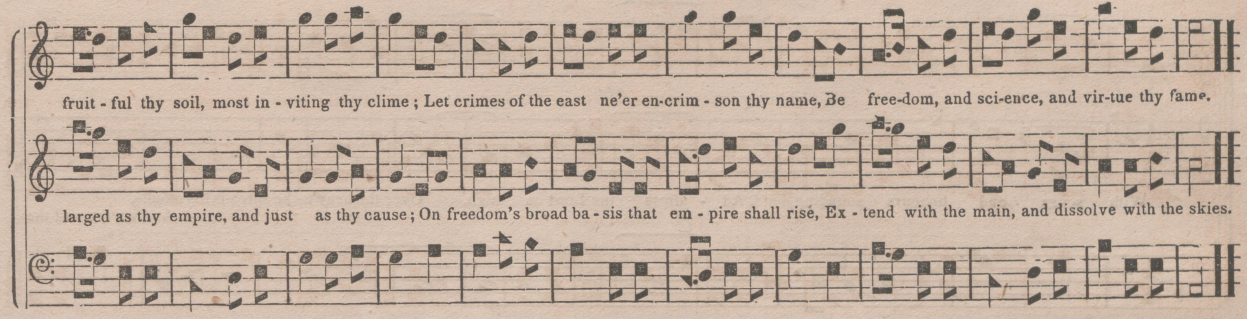
8 Angels in shining order sit
Around my Saviour's throne;
They bow with reverence at his feet,
And make his glories known.
Those happy spirits sing his praise
To all eternity;
But I can sing redeeming grace,
For Jesus died for me

9 Oh! had I but an angel's voice
To bear my heart along,
My flowing numbers soon would rise
To an immortal song.
I'd charm their harps and golden lyres
In sweetest harmony,
And tell to all the heavenly choirs
That Jesus died for me.

STAR OF COLUMBIA. 11s

Words by Dr. Dwight. *Miss. M. T. Durham.*





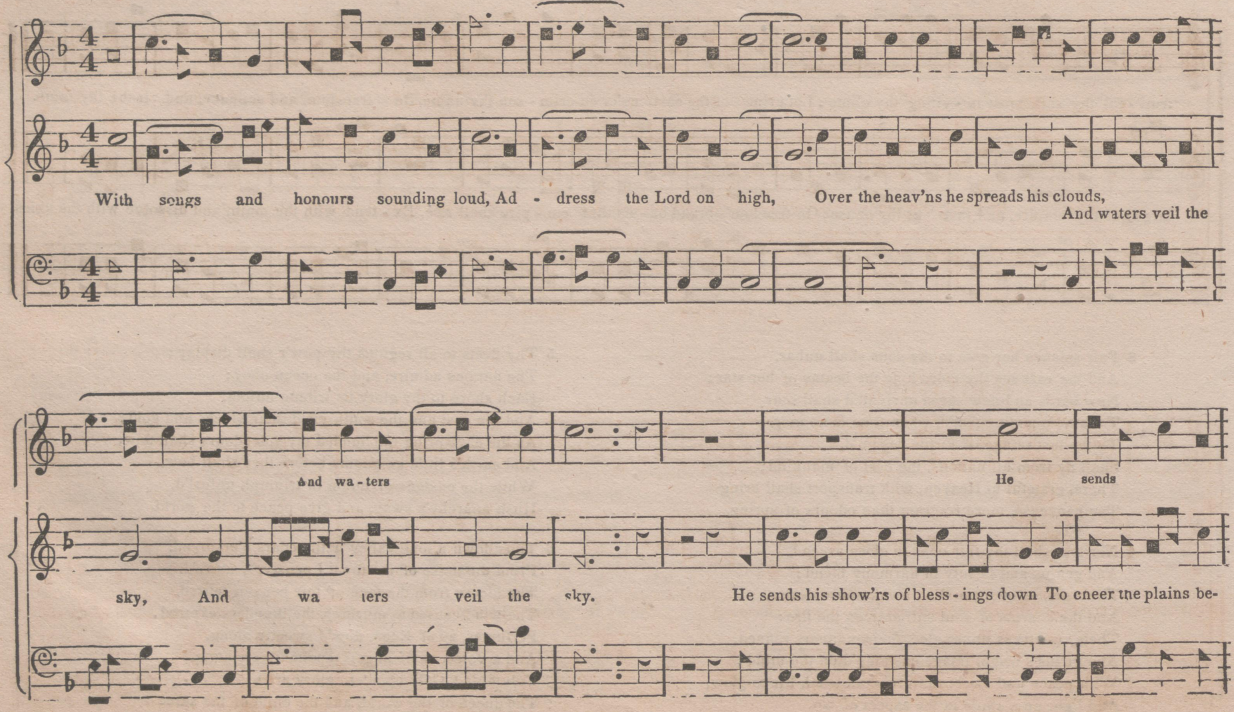
3 Fair science her gate to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star;
New bards and new sages unrivall'd shall soar
To fame unextinguish'd, when time is no more.
To the last refuge of virtue design'd,
Shall fly from all nations, the best of mankind;
There, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odours of spring.

4 Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
Their graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of soul still enliven the fire:
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image enstamp'd on the mind;
With peace and sweet rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of wo

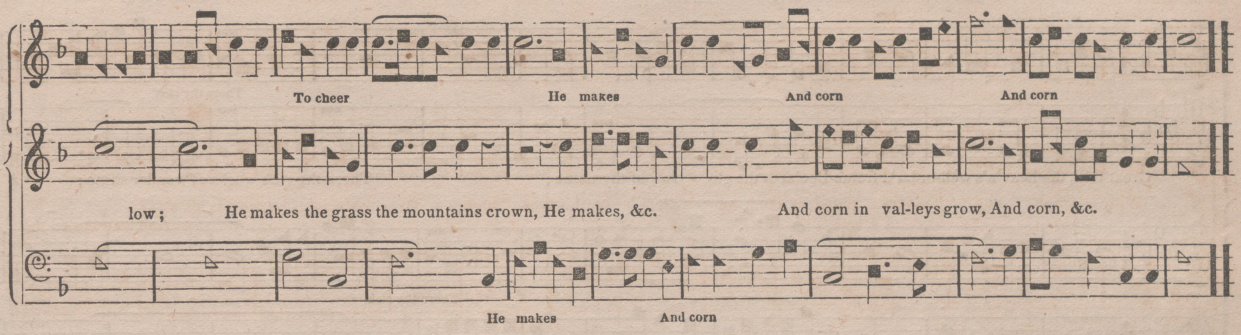
5 Thy fleets to all regions thy pow'r shall display;
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold;
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendours shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union in triumph unfurl'd,
Hush anarchy's sway, and give peace to the world.

6 Thus down a lone valley with cedars o'erspread,
From the noise of the town I pensively stray'd,
The bloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
The wind ceased to murmur, the thunders expired,
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies

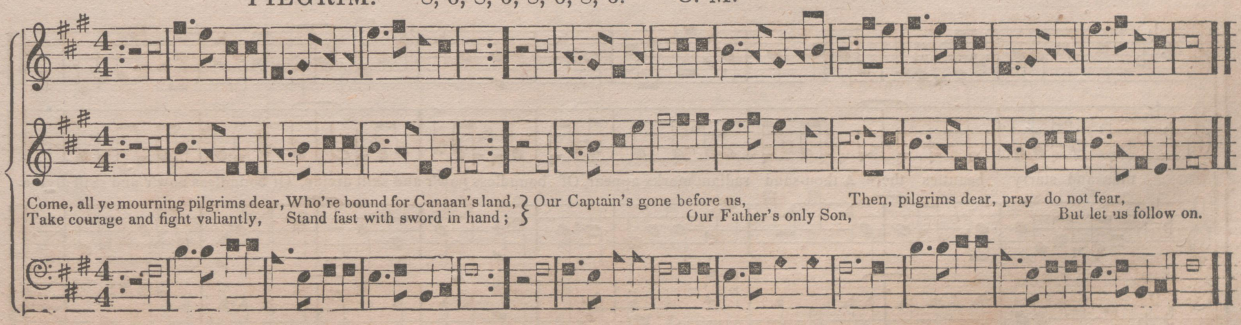
EDOM. C. M.


With songs and honours sounding loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high, Over the heav'ns he spreads his clouds,
And waters veil the
And wa - ters
He sends
sky, And wa ters veil the sky.
He sends his show'rs of bless - ings down To cheer the plains be-

EDOM. *Concluded.*

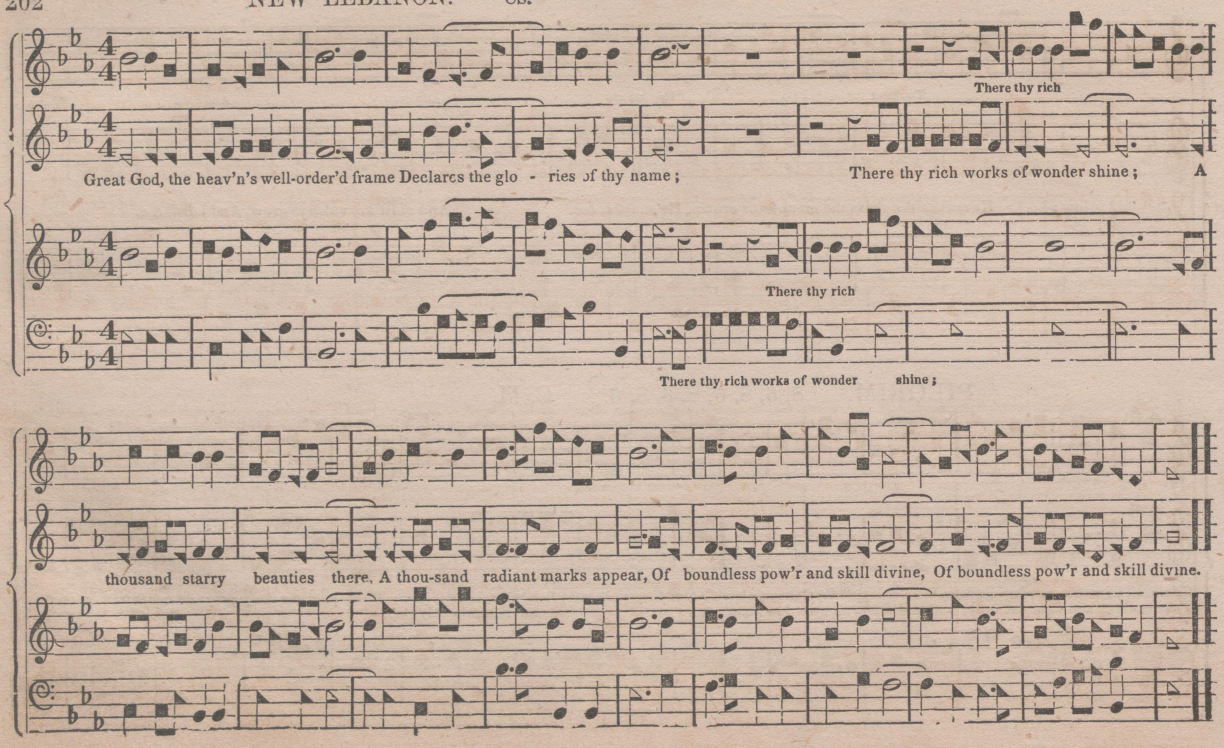


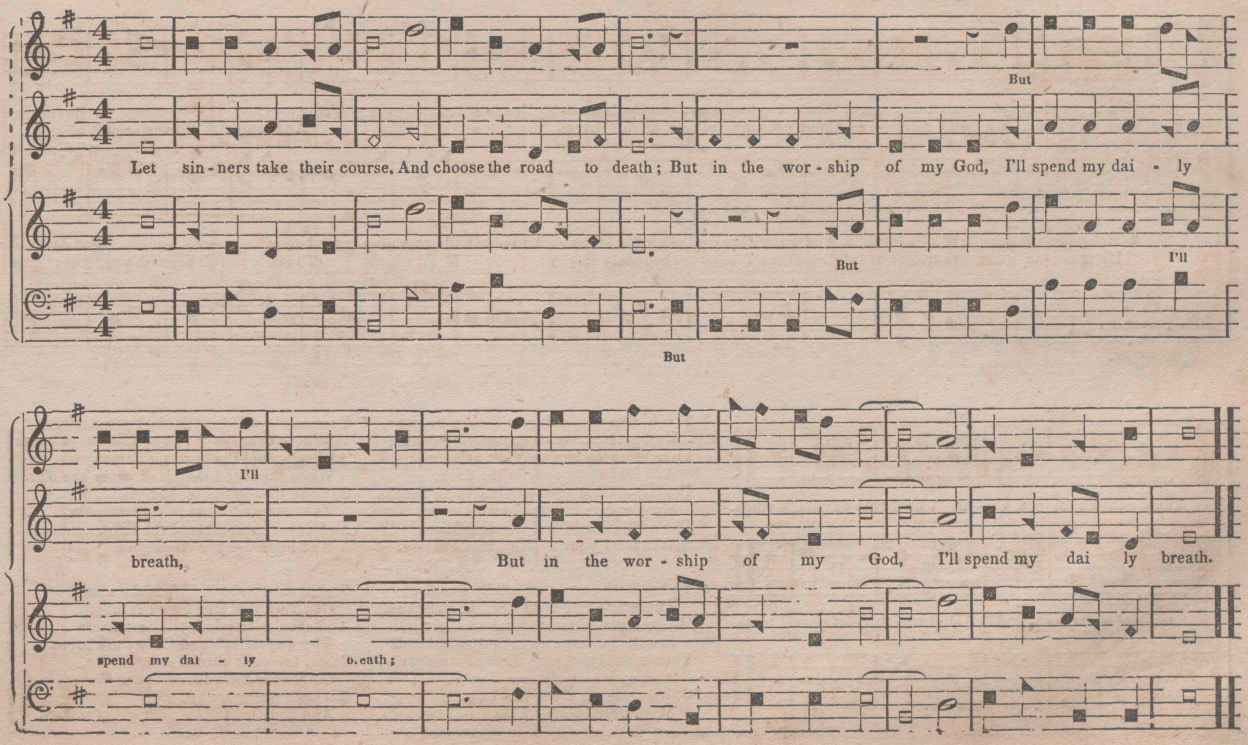
PILGRIM. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6. C. M.



NEW LEBANON. 8s.

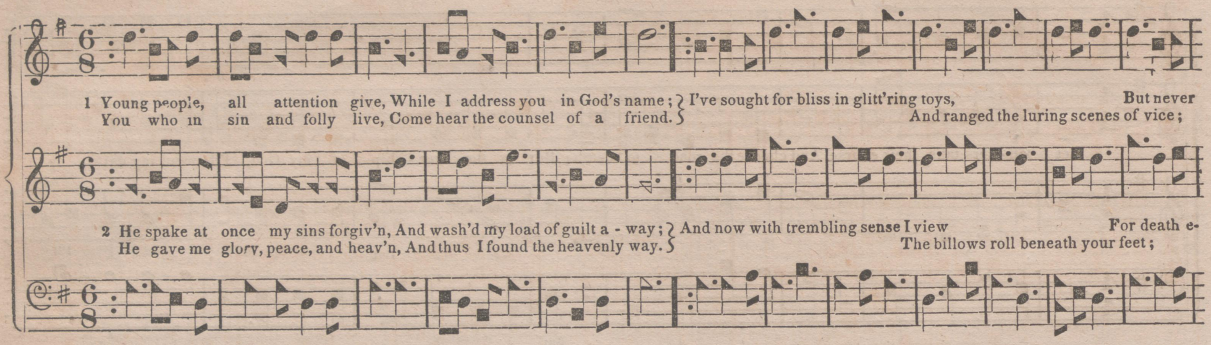
Sherman.




But
Let sin - ners take their course, And choose the road to death; But in the wor - ship of my God, I'll spend my dai - ly
But
I'll
But
I'll
breath, But in the wor - ship of my God, I'll spend my dai ly breath.
spend my dai - ly death;

MISSION. L. M.

Baptist Harmony, p. 266. *A. Grambling.*

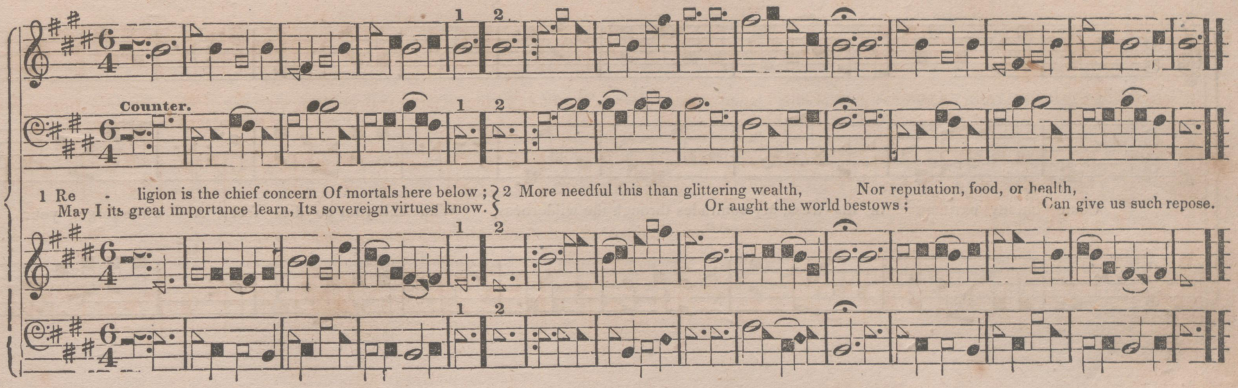


3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
By fleeting time or conquering death;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding-sheet
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

4 Ye heedless ones, that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns, and vapours roll
In solemn darkness round your head.
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slow along;
Still gazing on the spires of grass
With which your graves are overgrown.

5 Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns and billows roar
And roll amid the burning flames,
When thousand thousand years are o'er.
Sunk in the shades of endless night,
To groan and howl in endless pain,
And never more behold the light,
And never, never rise again.

6 Ye blooming youth, this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse;
And soon with you 'twill be too late
The way of life and Christ to choose
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God;
But with the gospel now comply,
And heav'n shall be your great reward.



3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

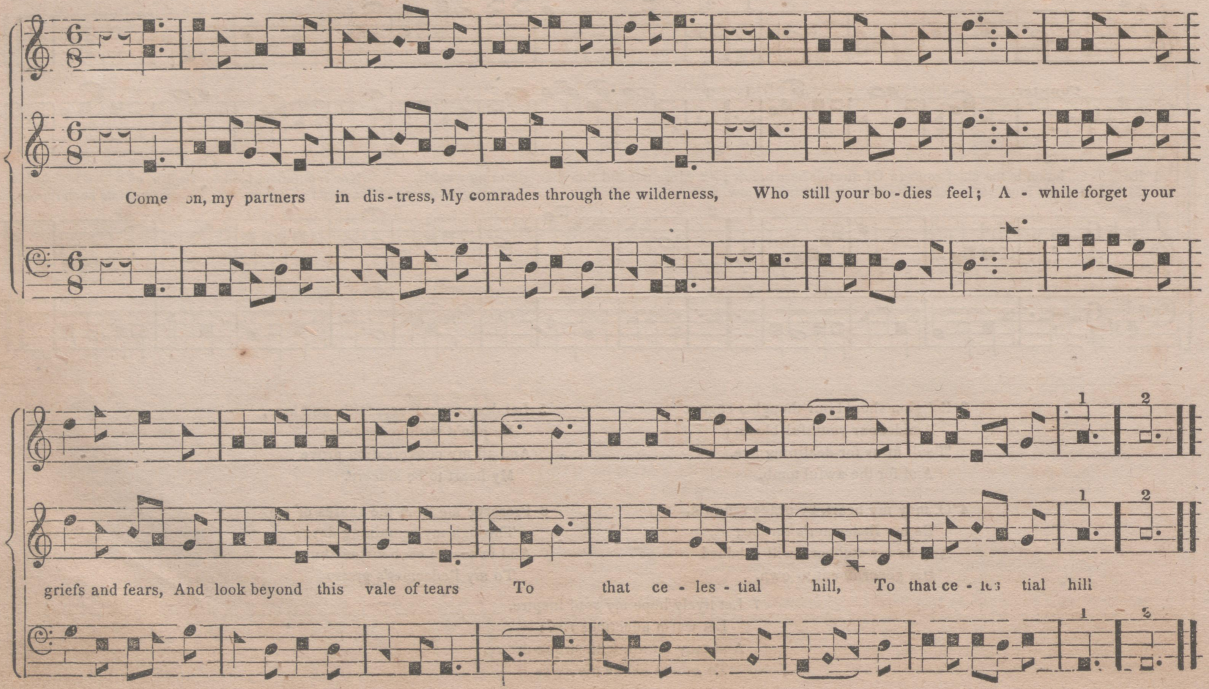
4 O, may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdued
His government to own.

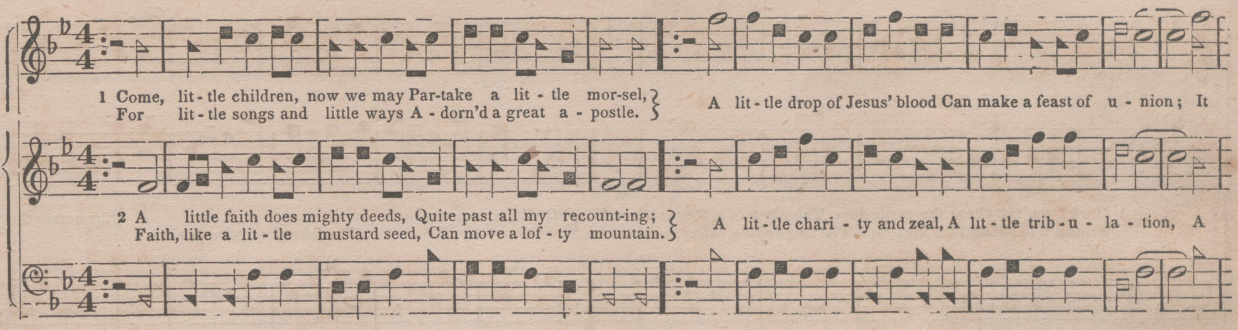
5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

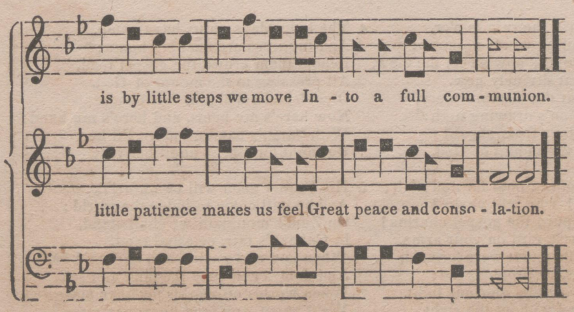
6 Preserve me from the snares of sin
Through my remaining days ;
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

7 Let lively hope my soul inspire,
Let warm affections rise ;
And may I wait, with strong desire,
To mount above the skies

CONSOLATION NEW. 8, 8, 6.







3 A little cross with cheerfulness,
A little self-denial,
Will serve to make our troubles less,
And bear the greatest trial.
The Spirit like a little dove
On Jesus once descended;
To show his meekness and his love,
The emblem was intended.

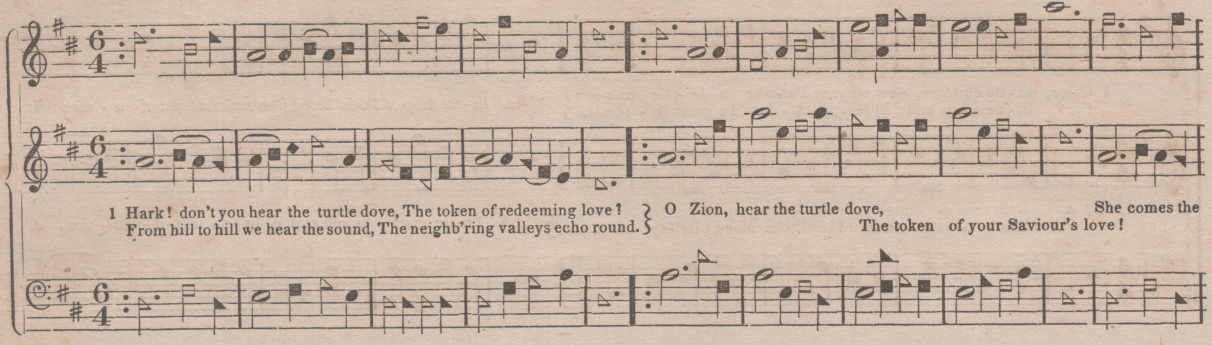
4 The title of the little Lamb
Unto our Lord was given,
Such was our Saviour's little name,
The Lord of earth and heaven.
A little voice that's small and still
Can rule the whole creation;
A little stone the earth shall fill,
And humble every nation.

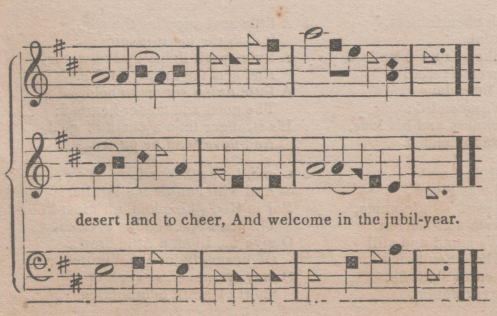
5 A little zeal supplies the soul,
It doth the heart inspire;
A little spark lights up the whole,
And sets the crowd on fire.
A little union serves to hold
The good and tender-hearted;
It's stronger than a chain of gold,
And never can be parted.

6 Come, let us labour here below,
And who can be the straitest,
For in God's kingdom, all must know
The least shall be the greatest.
O give us, Lord, a little drop
Of heavenly love and union,
O may we never, never stop
Short of a full communion

THE TURTLE DOVE. L. M.

Dover Selection. p. 154.



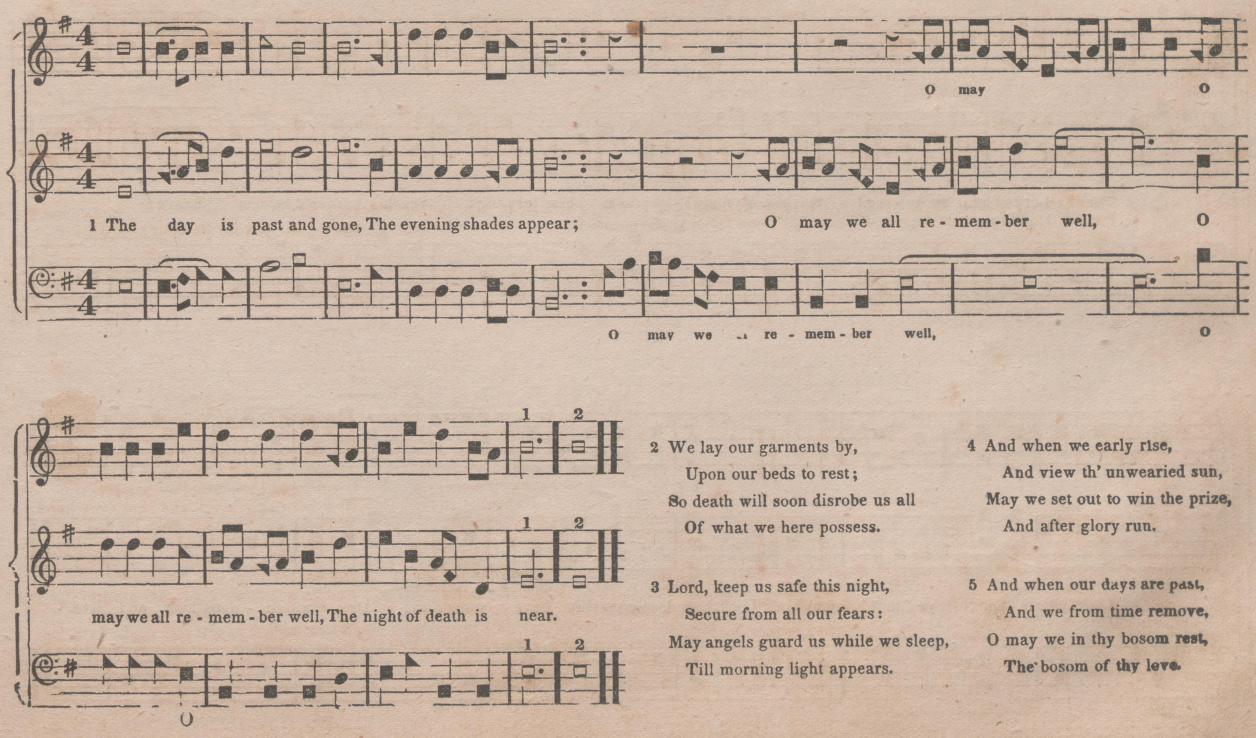


2 The winter's past, the rain is o'er,
We feel the chilling winds no more;
The spring is come; how sweet the view,
All things appear divinely new.
On Zion's mount the watchmen cry,
"The resurrection's drawing nigh:"
Behold, the nations from abroad
Are flocking to the mount of God.

3 The trumpet sounds, both far and nigh;
O sinners, turn! why will ye die?
How can you spurn the gospel charms?
Enlist with Christ, gird on your arms.
These are the days that were foretold,
In ancient times, by prophets old;
They long'd to see this glorious light,
But all have died without the sight.

4 The latter days on us have come,
And fugitives are flocking home;
Behold them crowd the gospel road,
All pressing to the mount of God.
O yes! and I will join that band,
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand;
With Satan's band no more I'll be,
But fight for Christ and liberty.

5 His banner soon will be unfurl'd,
And he will come to judge the world;
On Zion's mountain we shall stand,
In Canaan's fair, celestial land.
When sun and moon shall darken'd be,
And flames consume the land and sea;
When worlds on worlds together blaze
We'll shout, and loud hosannas raise



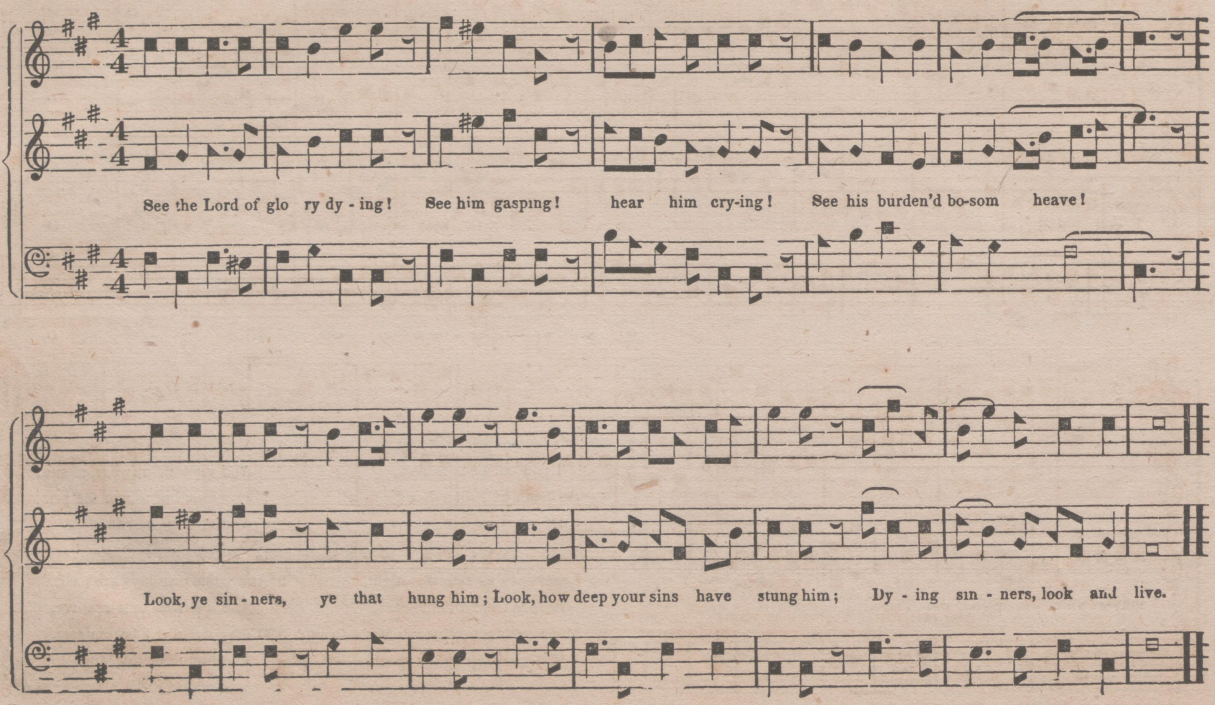
2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

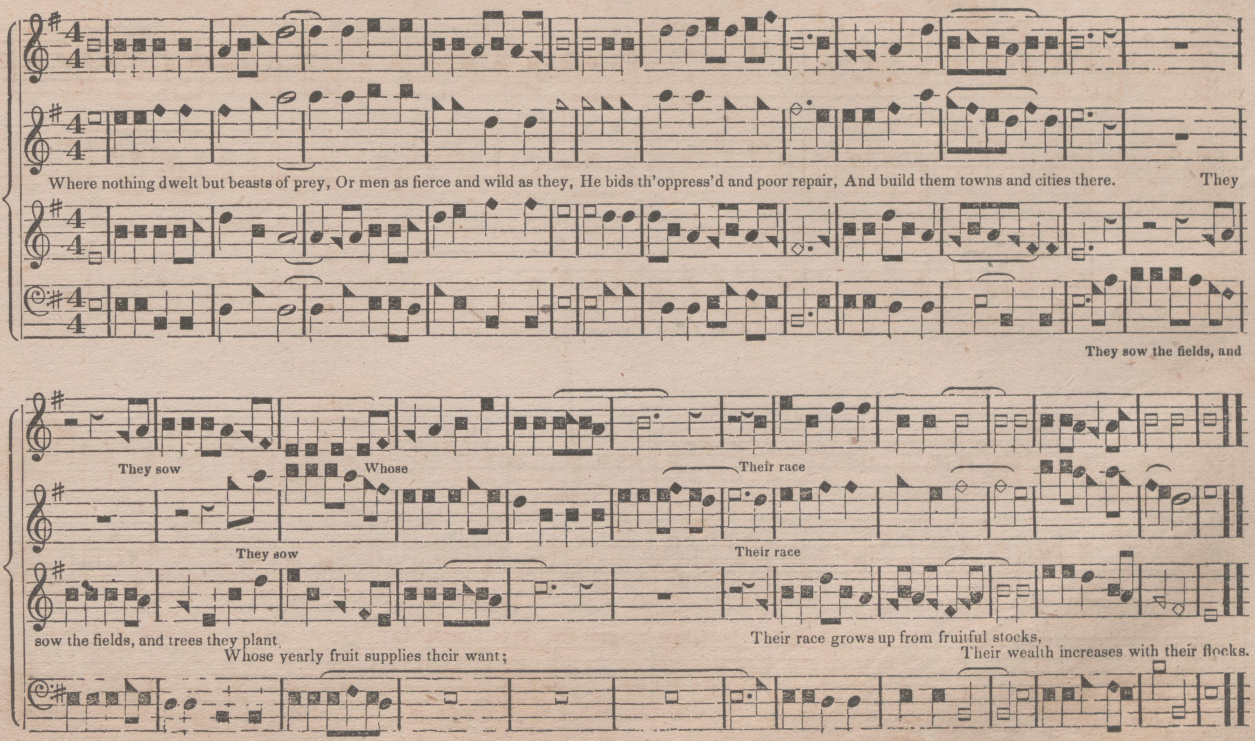
3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears:
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

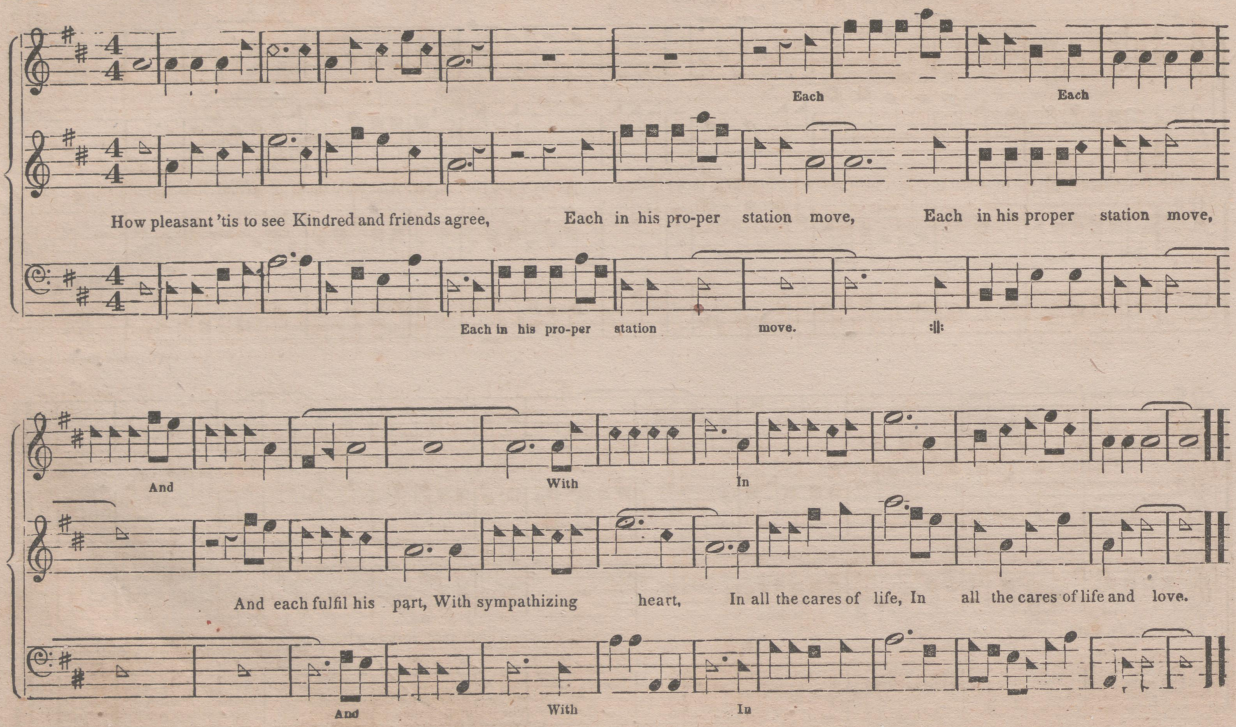
4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

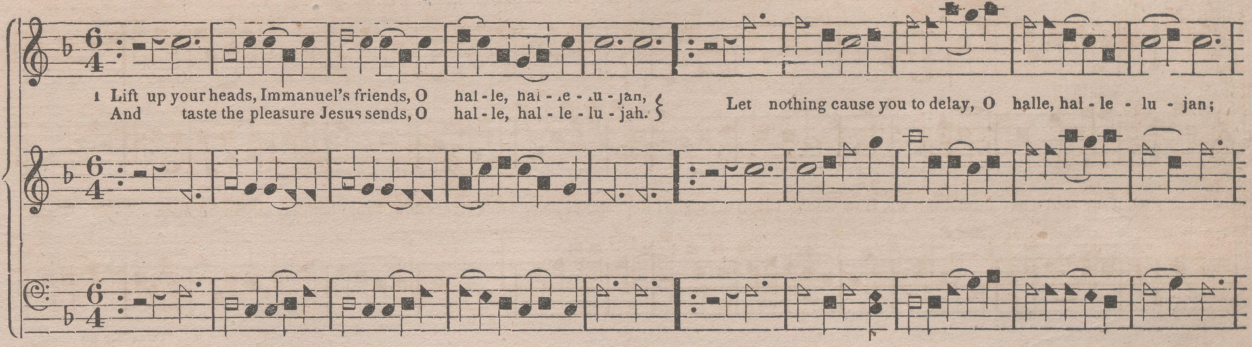
5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

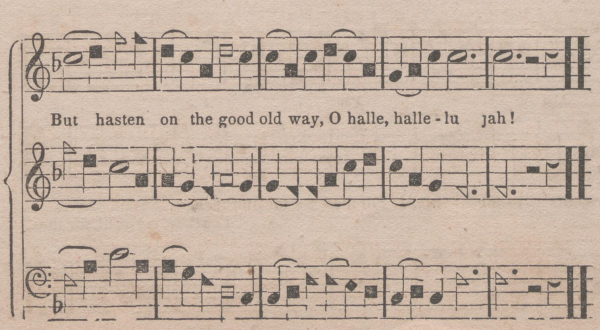
LENA 8, 7.


See the Lord of glo ry dy - ing! See him gasping! hear him cry-ing! See his burden'd bo-som heave!
Look, ye sin - ners, ye that hung him; Look, how deep your sins have stung him; Dy - ing sin - ners, look and live.

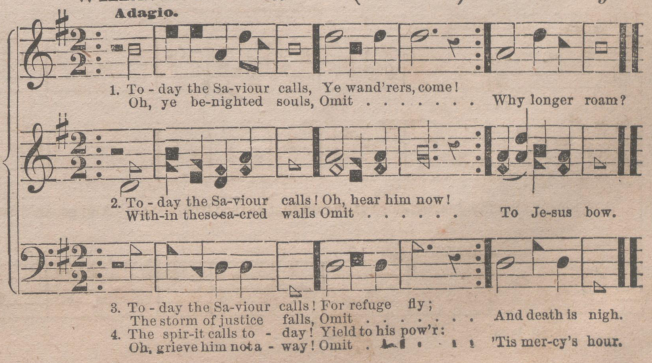

Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey, Or men as fierce and wild as they, He bids th'oppress'd and poor repair, And build them towns and cities there. They
They sow the fields, and
They sow
Whose
Their race
They sow
Their race
sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.
trees they plant, Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;


Each
Each
How pleasant 'tis to see Kindred and friends agree, Each in his pro-per station move, Each in his proper station move,
Each in his pro-per station move.
And
With
In
And each fulfil his part, With sympathizing heart, In all the cares of life, In all the cares of life and love.
And
With
In

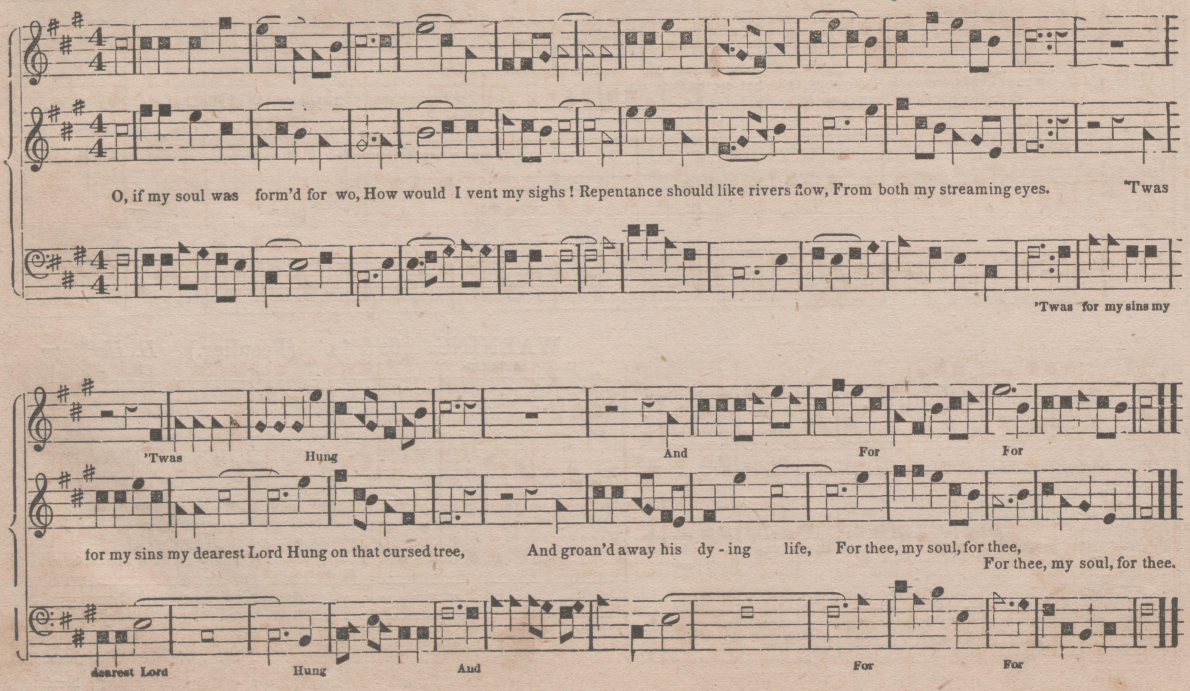


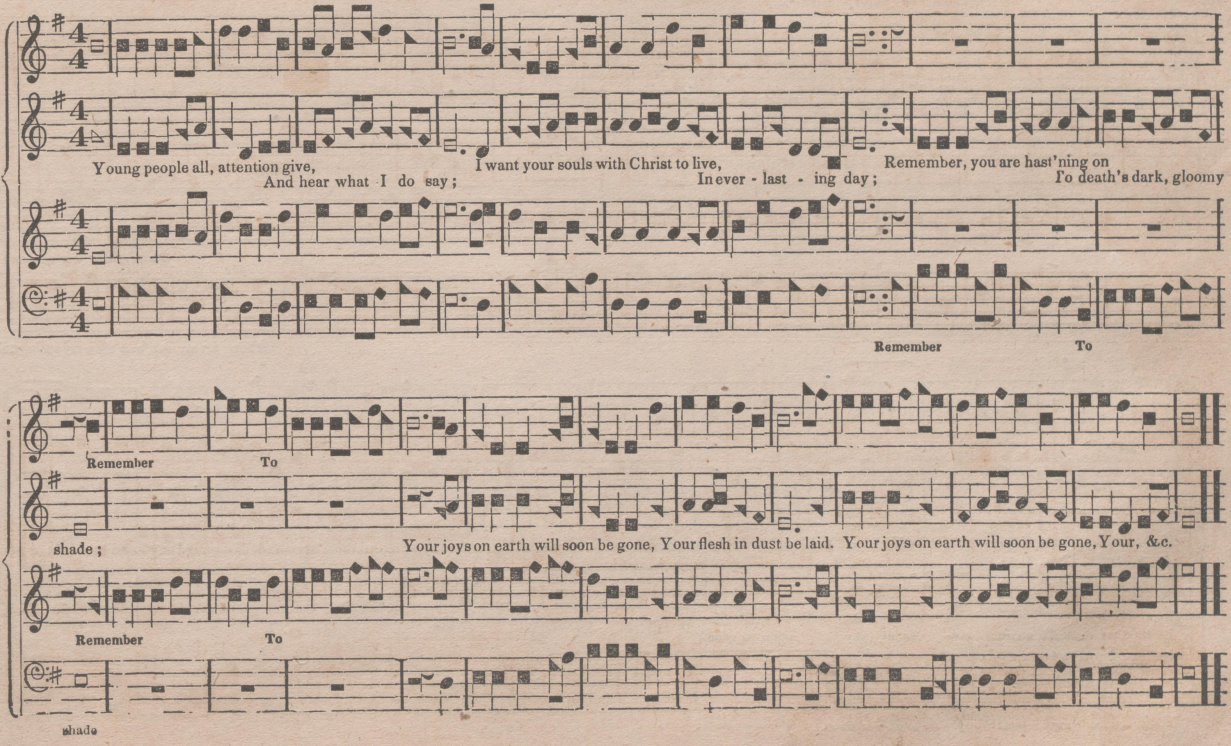


WARNING. 6s & 4s. (Peculiar.) *E. Heritage.*

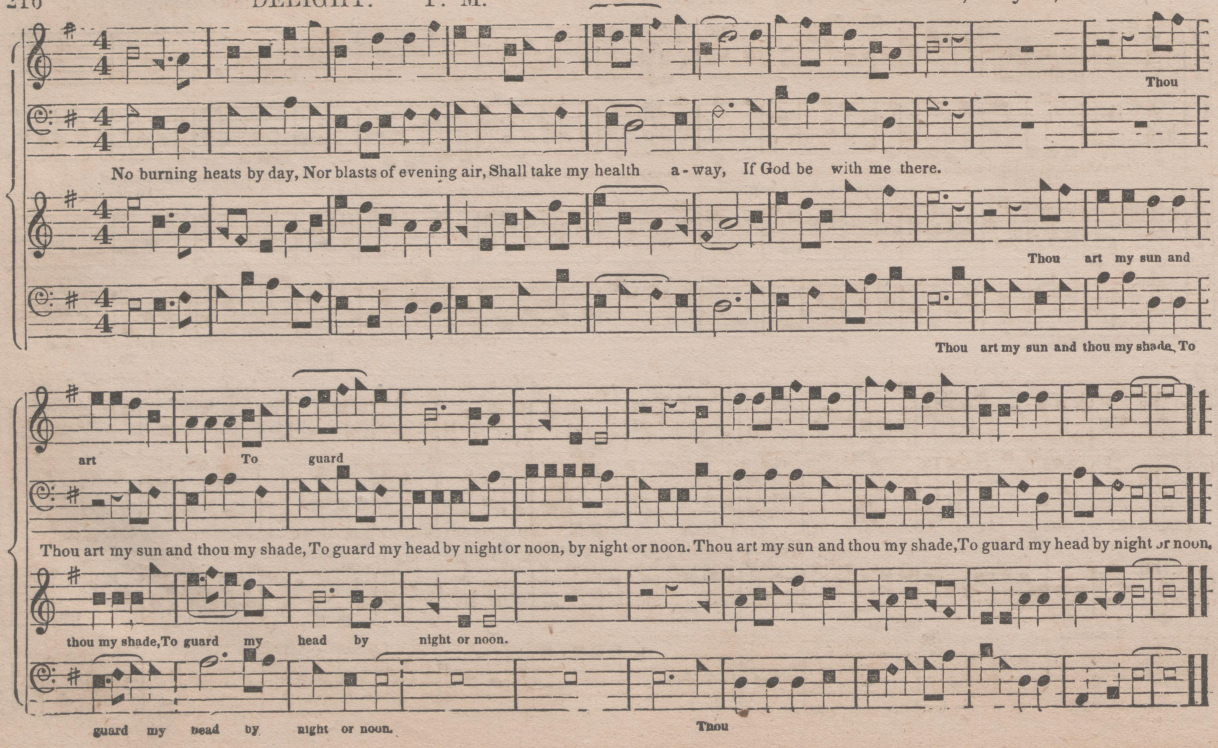


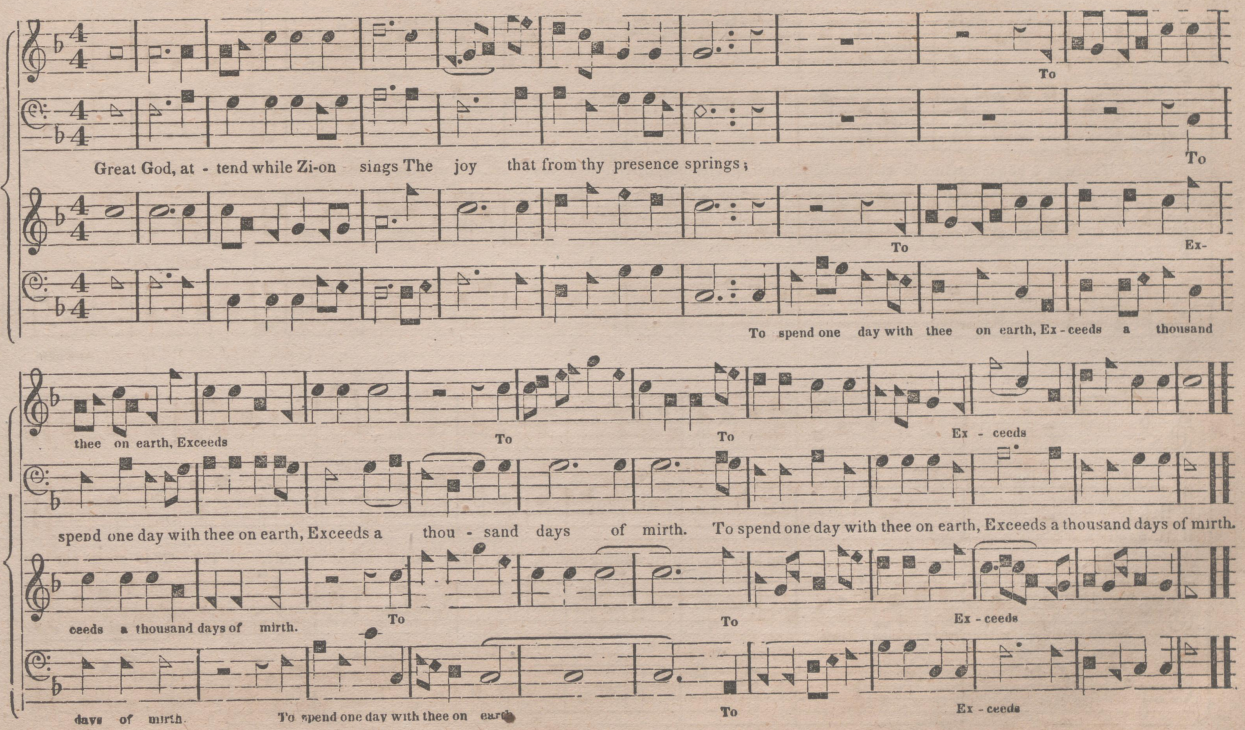
REPENTANCE. C. M.



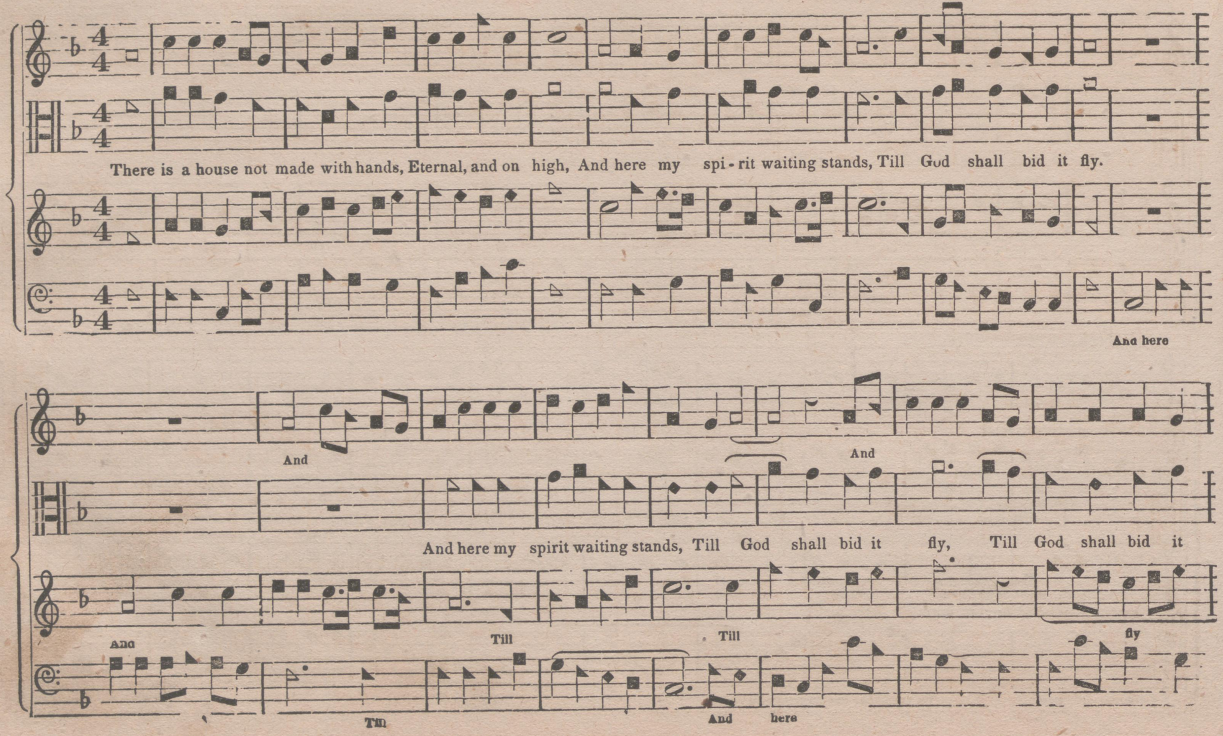

Young people all, attention give,
And hear what I do say;
I want your souls with Christ to live,
In ever - last - ing day;
Remember, you are hast'ning on
To death's dark, gloomy
Remember
To
Remember
To
shade;
Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid. Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your, &c.
Remember
To
shade

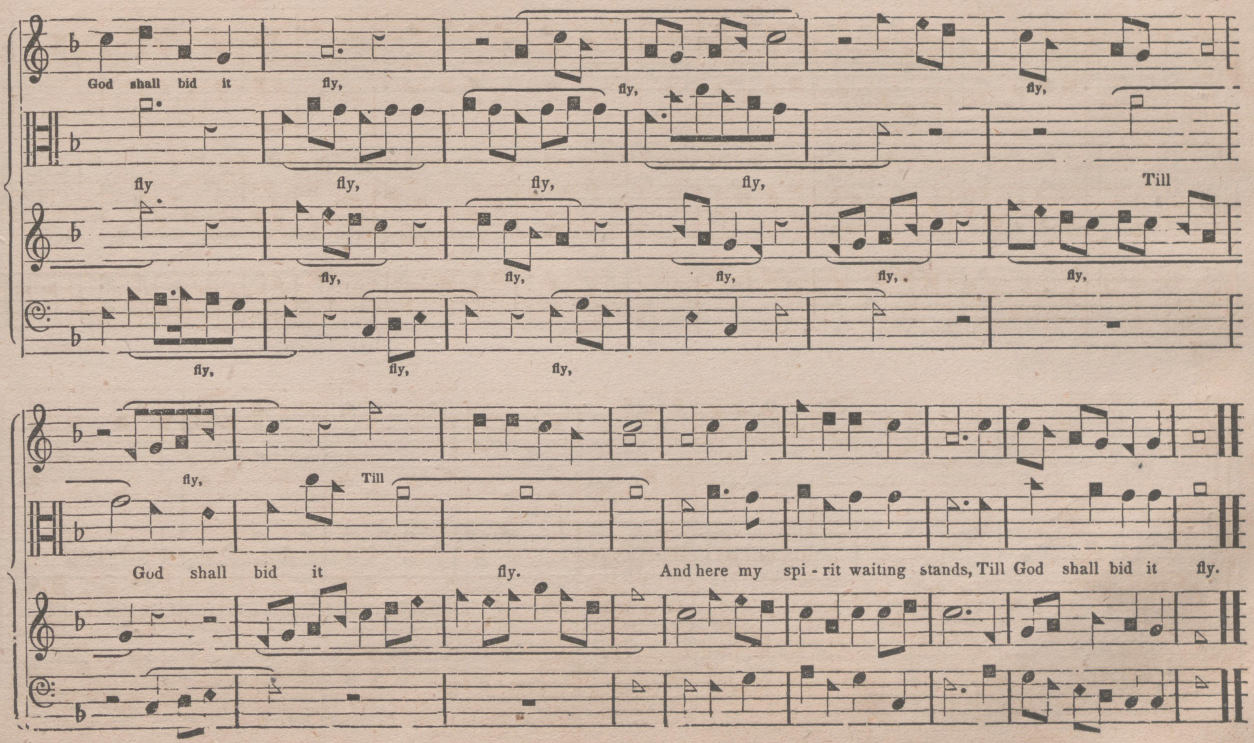
Coan, Guilford, Ct.




To
Great God, at - tend while Zi-on sings The joy that from thy presence springs;
To
To
Ex-
To spend one day with thee on earth, Ex - ceeds a thousand
thee on earth, Exceeds
To
To
Ex - ceeds
spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thou - sand days of mirth. To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
ceeds a thousand days of mirth.
To
To
Ex - ceeds
days of mirth. To spend one day with thee on earth
To
Ex - ceeds

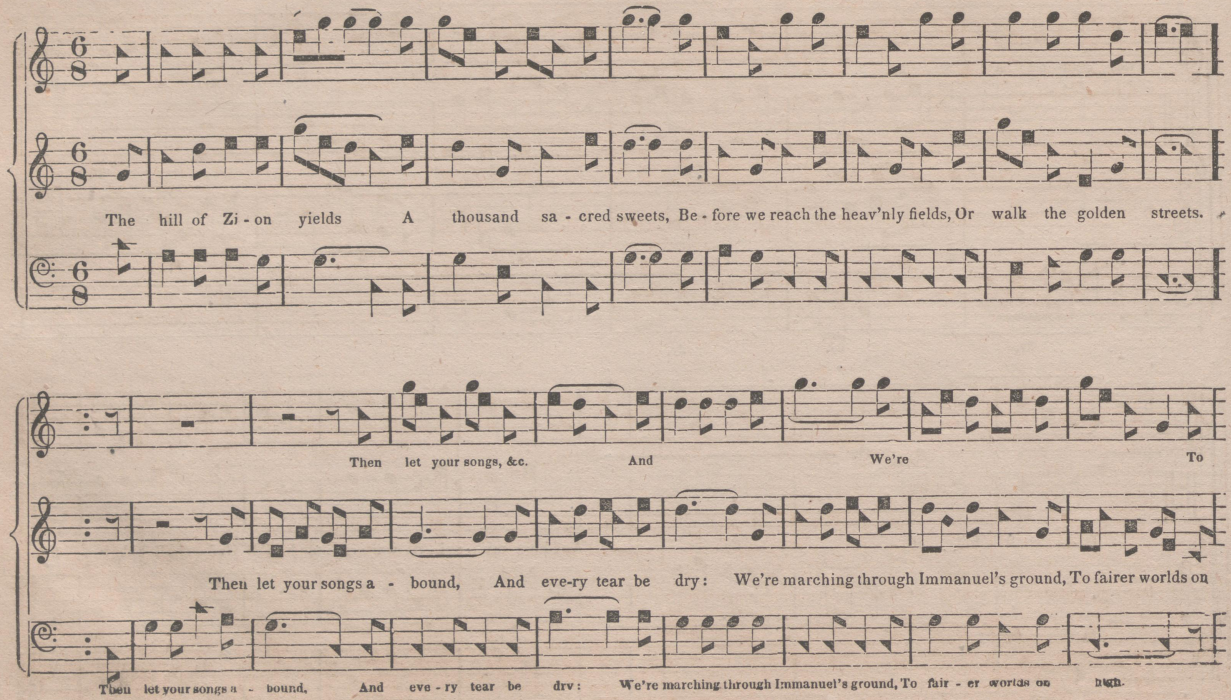
MOUNT PLEASANT. C. M.

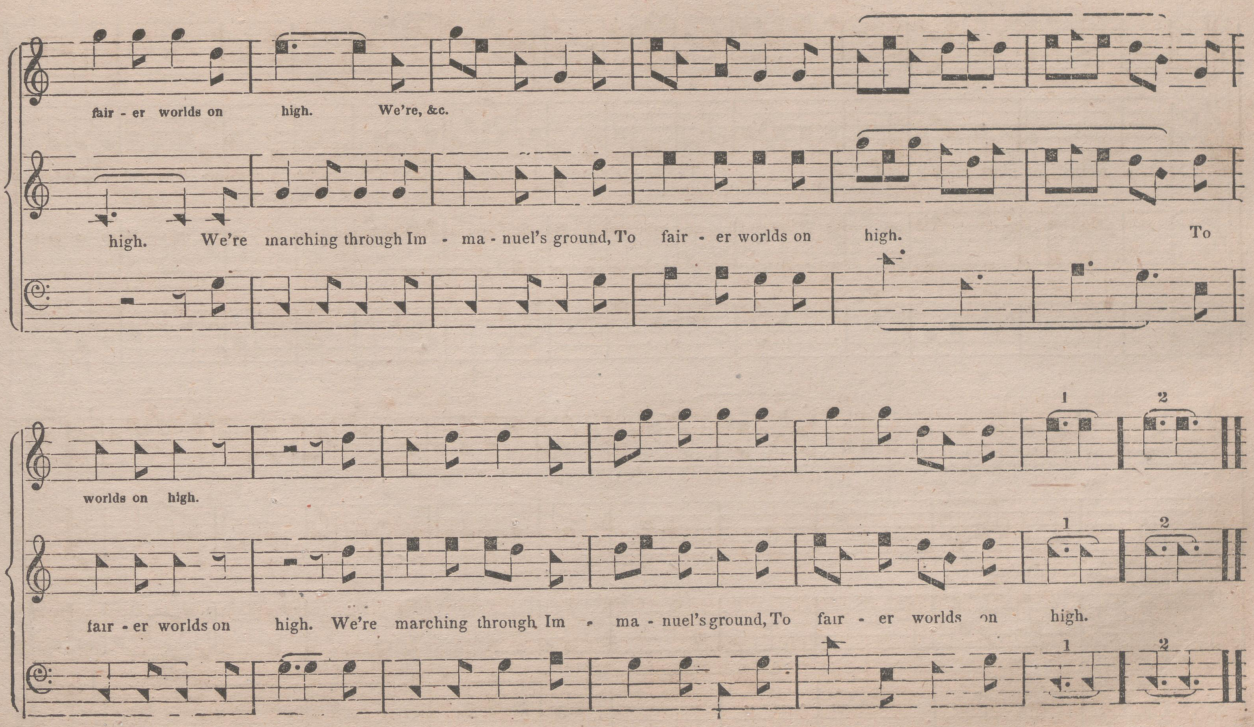


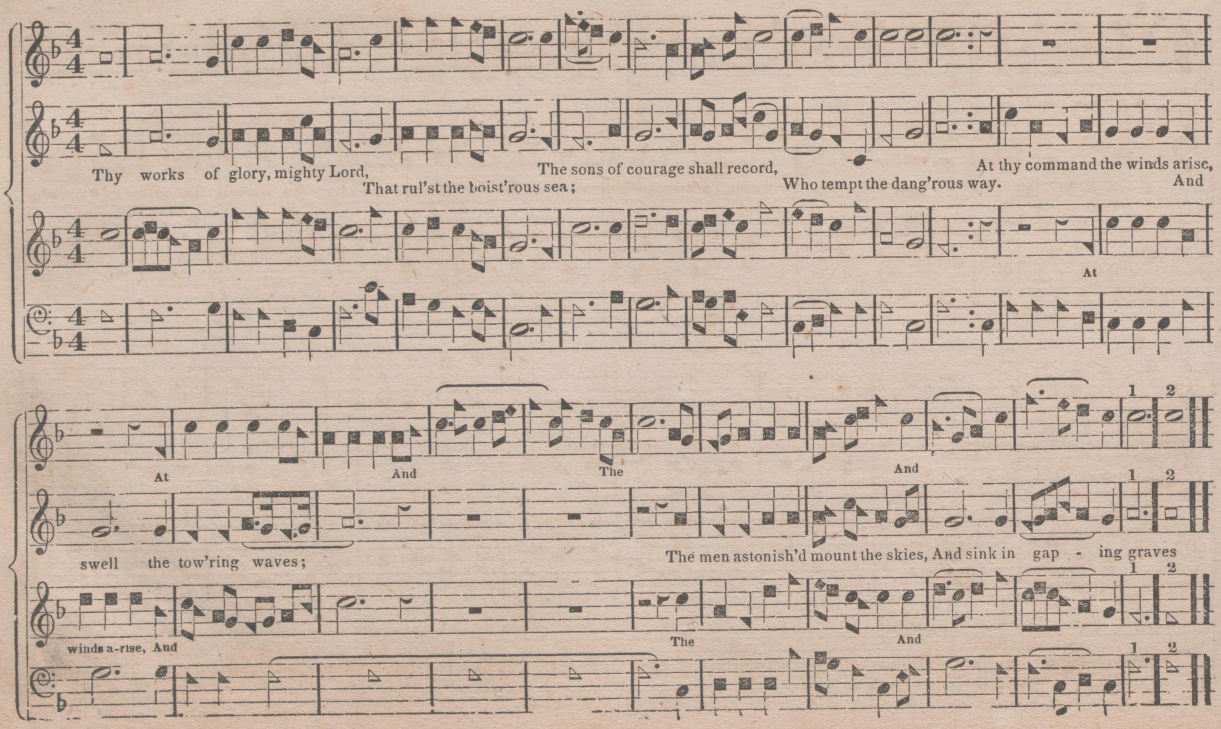

God shall bid it fly, fly, fly, fly,
fly fly, fly, fly, Till
fly, fly, fly, fly, fly, fly,
fly, fly, fly,
fly, Till
God shall bid it fly. And here my spi - rit waiting stands, Till God shall bid it fly.

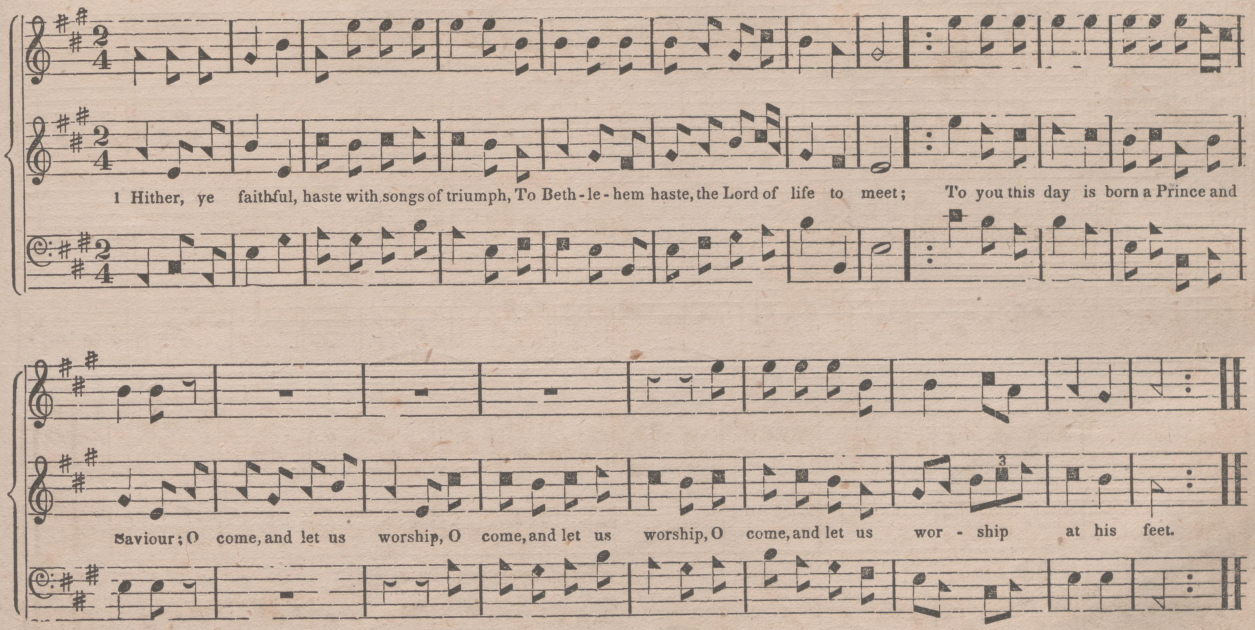
MOUNT ZION. S. M.

Brown.




fair - er worlds on high. We're, &c.
high. We're marching through Im - ma - nuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high. To
worlds on high.
fair - er worlds on high. We're marching through Im - ma - nuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.
1
2


Thy works of glory, mighty Lord,
That rul'st the boist'rous sea;
The sons of courage shall record,
Who tempt the dang'rous way.
At thy command the winds arise,
And
At
At
And
The
And
swell the tow'ring waves;
The men astonish'd mount the skies, And sink in gap - ing graves
winds a-rise, And
The
And

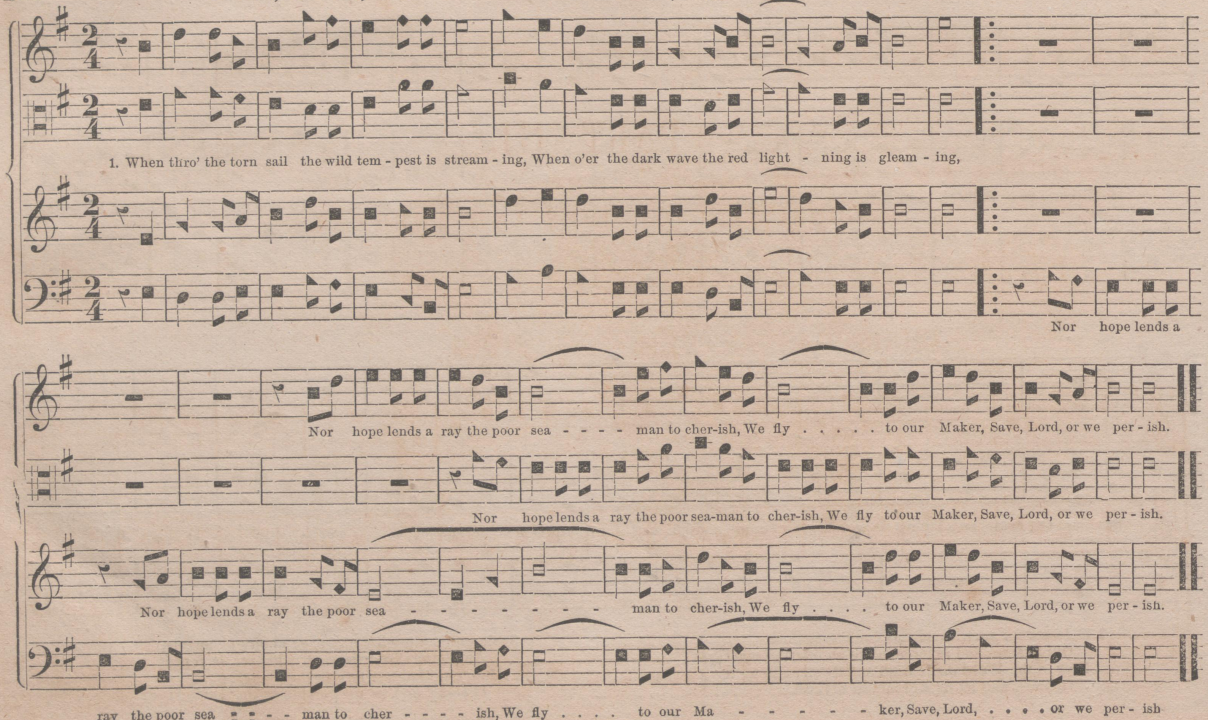


2 O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension,
Our praises and reverence are an offering meet;
Now the Word made flesh and dwells among us:
O come, and let us worship at his feet.

3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
And let the celestial courts his praise repeat,
Unto our God be glory in the highest;
O come, and let us worship at his feet.

SAVE, LORD, OR WE PERISH. 12s. (Original.)

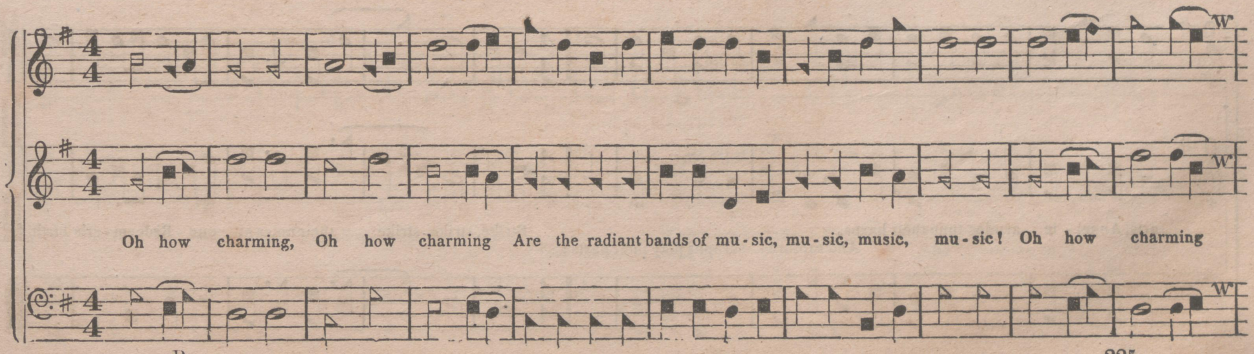
By M. Mark Wynn.



PART III.

CONSISTING OF ODES AND ANTHEMS.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.



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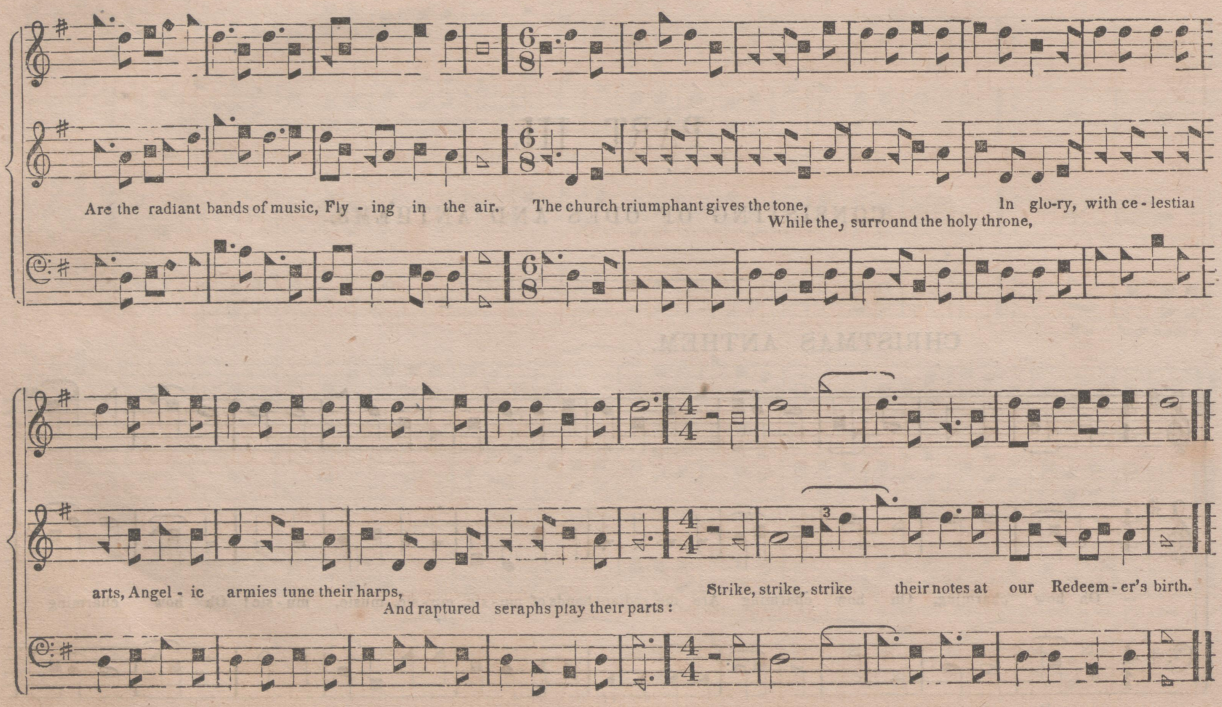
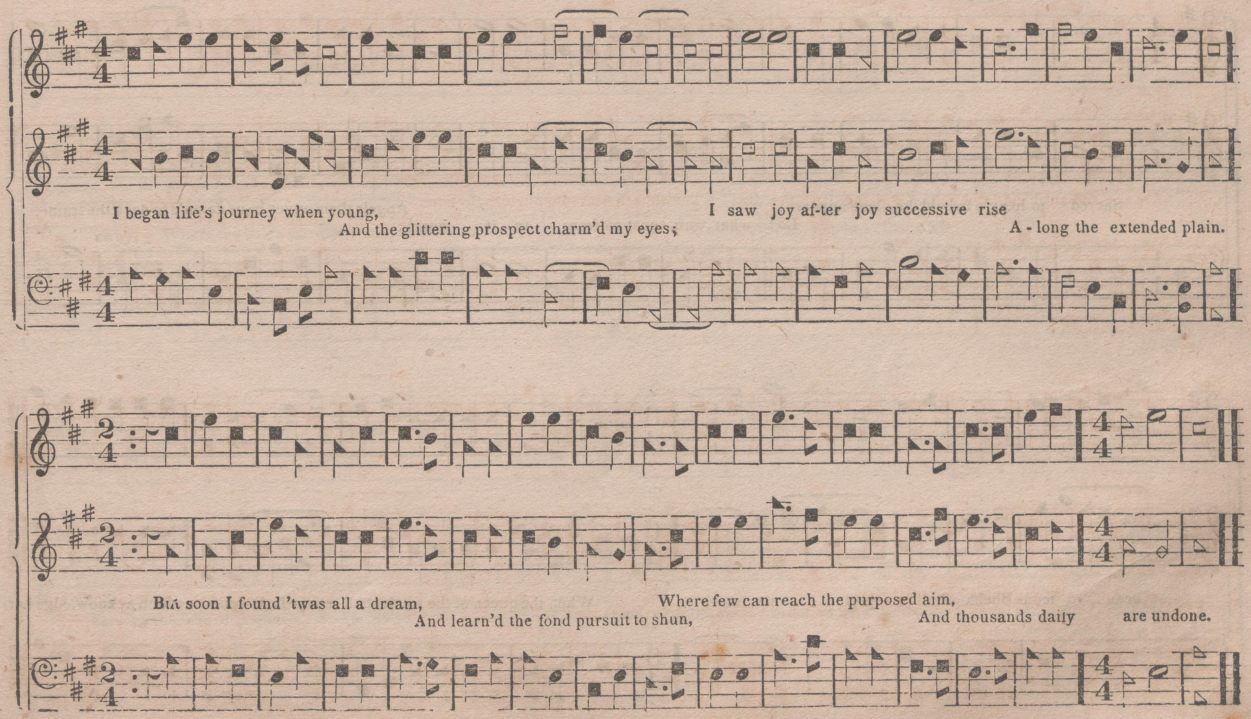
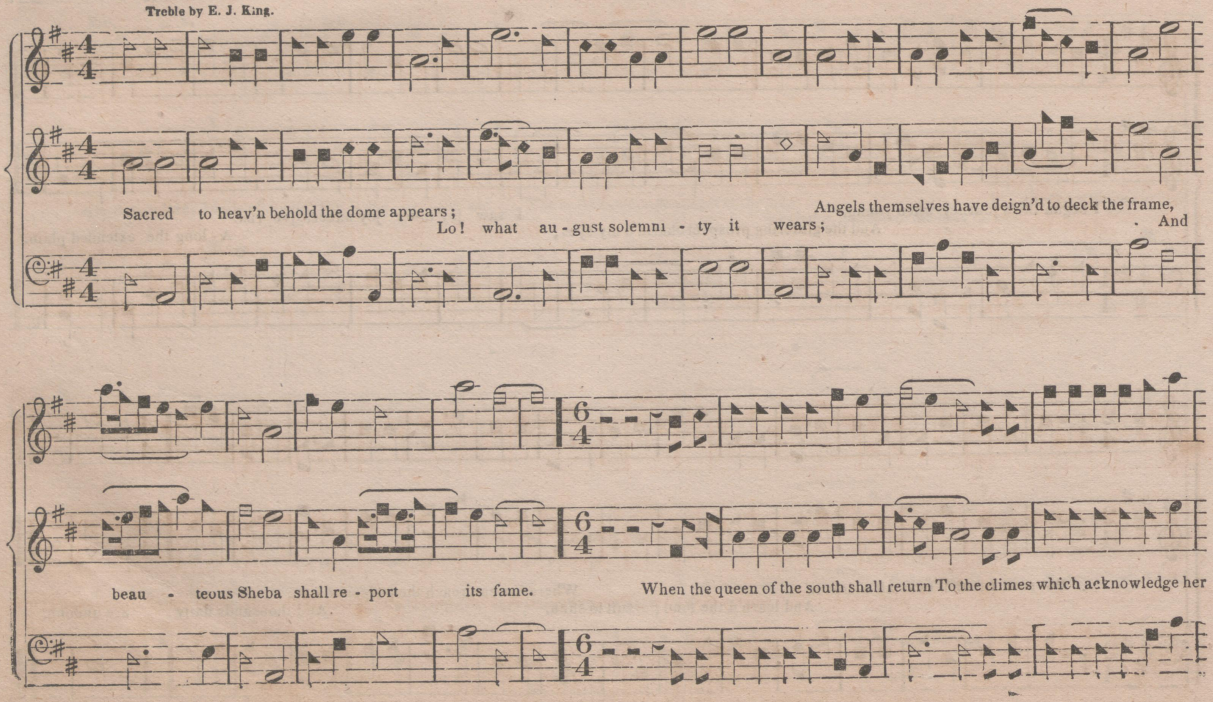
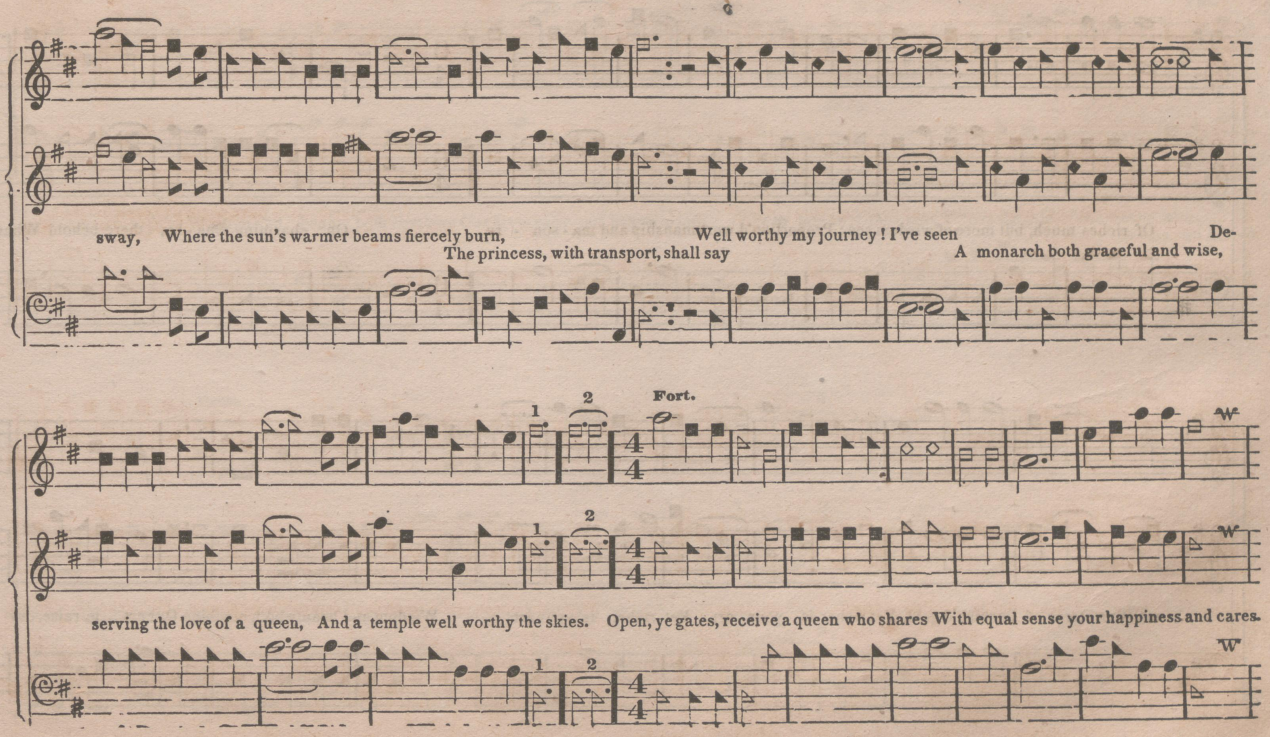

Are the radiant bands of music, Fly - ing in the air. The church triumphant gives the tone, In glo-ry, with ce - lestial
While the, surround the holy throne,
arts, Angel - ic armies tune their harps,
And raptured seraphs play their parts:
Strike, strike, strike their notes at our Redeem - er's birth.


I began life's journey when young,
And the glittering prospect charm'd my eyes;
I saw joy af-ter joy successive rise
A - long the extended plain.
But soon I found 'twas all a dream,
And learn'd the fond pursuit to shun,
Where few can reach the purposed aim,
And thousands daily are undone.

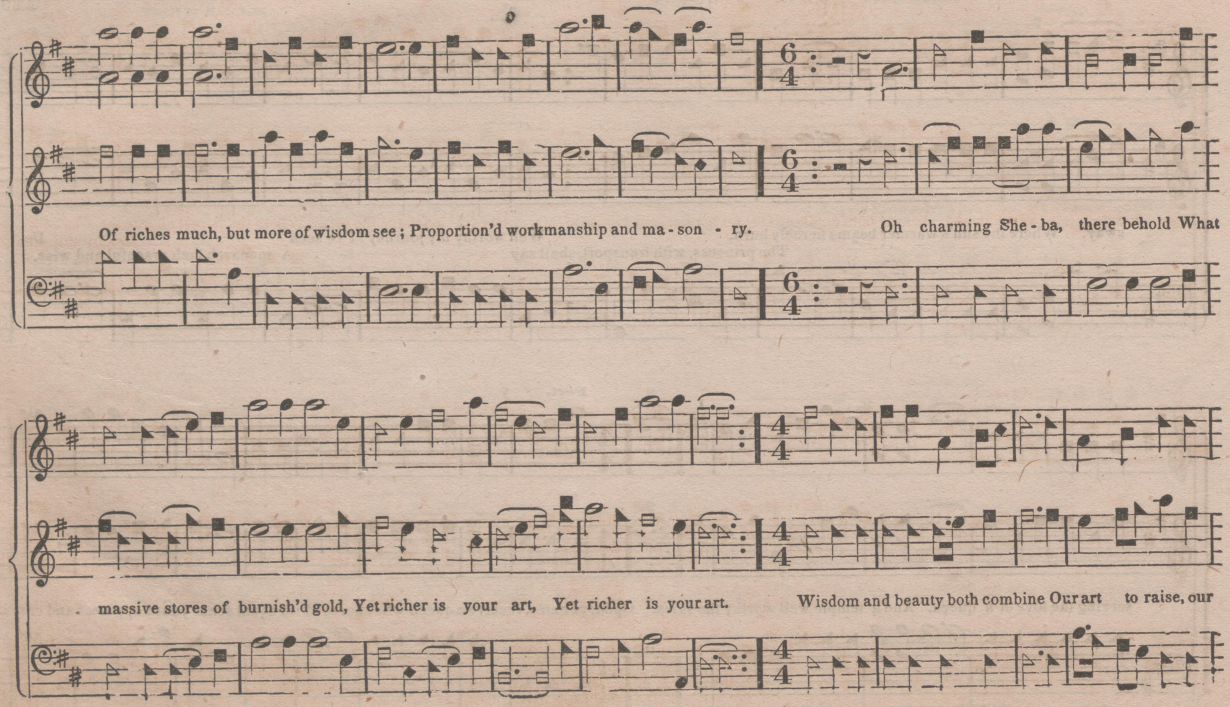
MASONIC ODE.

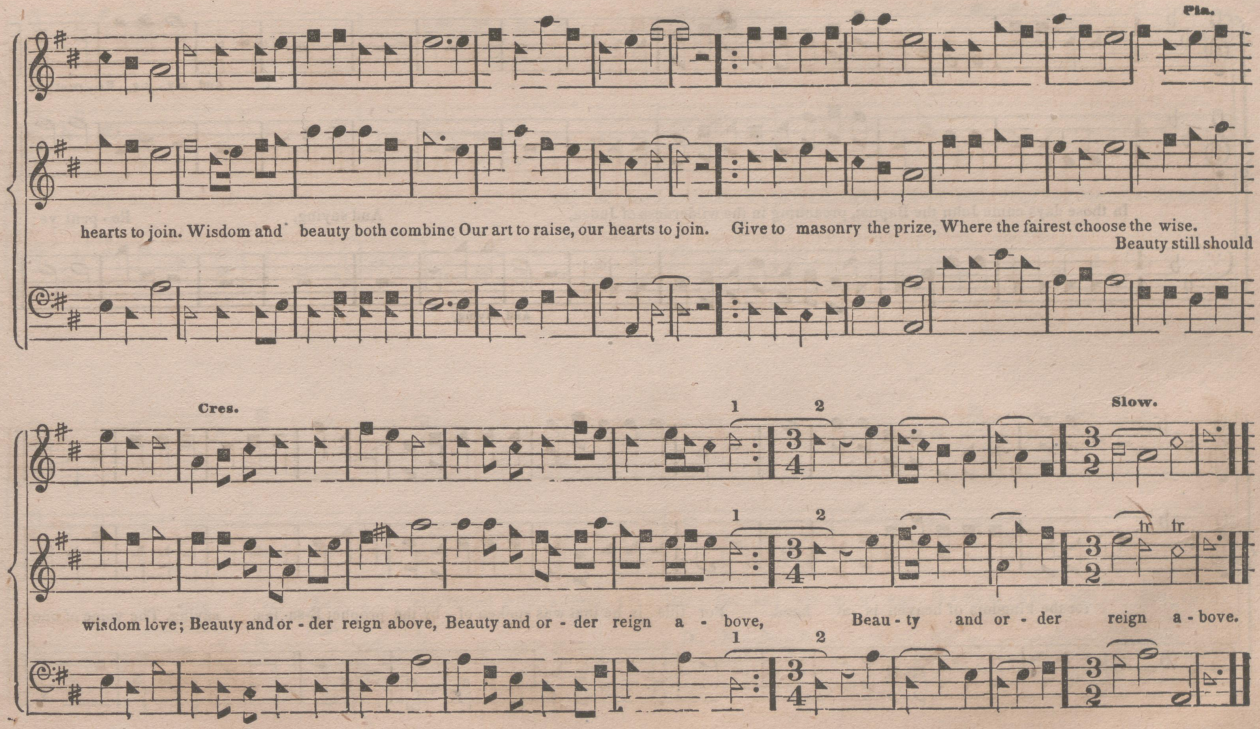
Treble by E. J. King.




sway, Where the sun's warmer beams fiercely burn,
The princess, with transport, shall say
Well worthy my journey! I've seen
A monarch both graceful and wise,
De-
Fort.
serving the love of a queen, And a temple well worthy the skies. Open, ye gates, receive a queen who shares With equal sense your happiness and cares.

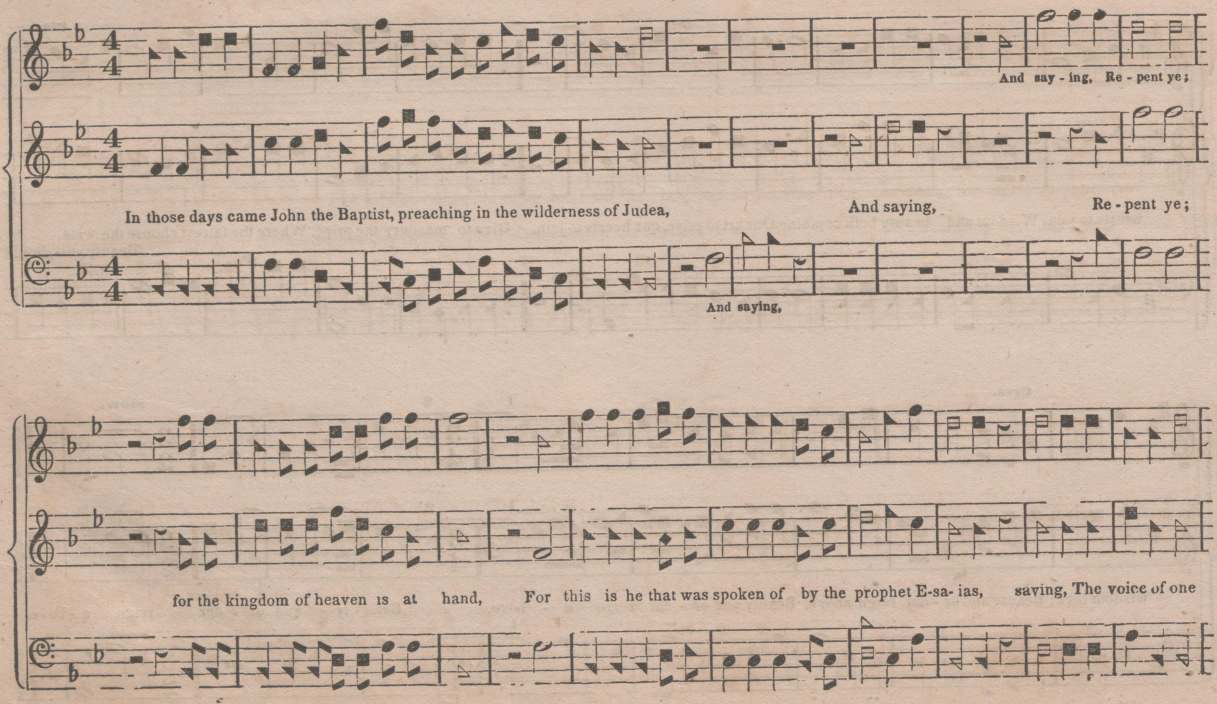
MASONIC ODE. *Continued.*

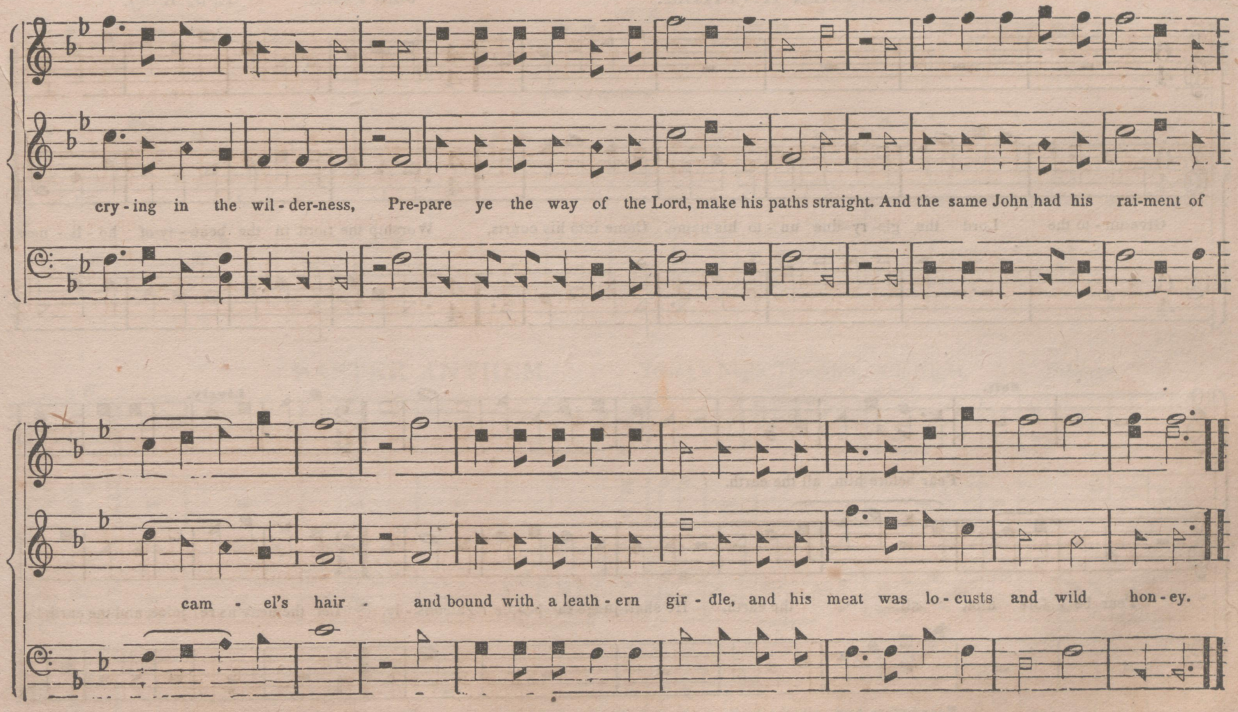



Pia.
hearts to join. Wisdom and beauty both combine Our art to raise, our hearts to join. Give to masonry the prize, Where the fairest choose the wise.
Beauty still should
Cres.
1
2
Slow.
wisdom love; Beauty and or - der reign above, Beauty and or - der reign a - bove, Beau - ty and or - der reign a - bove.
tr
tr

BAPTISMAL ANTHEM.

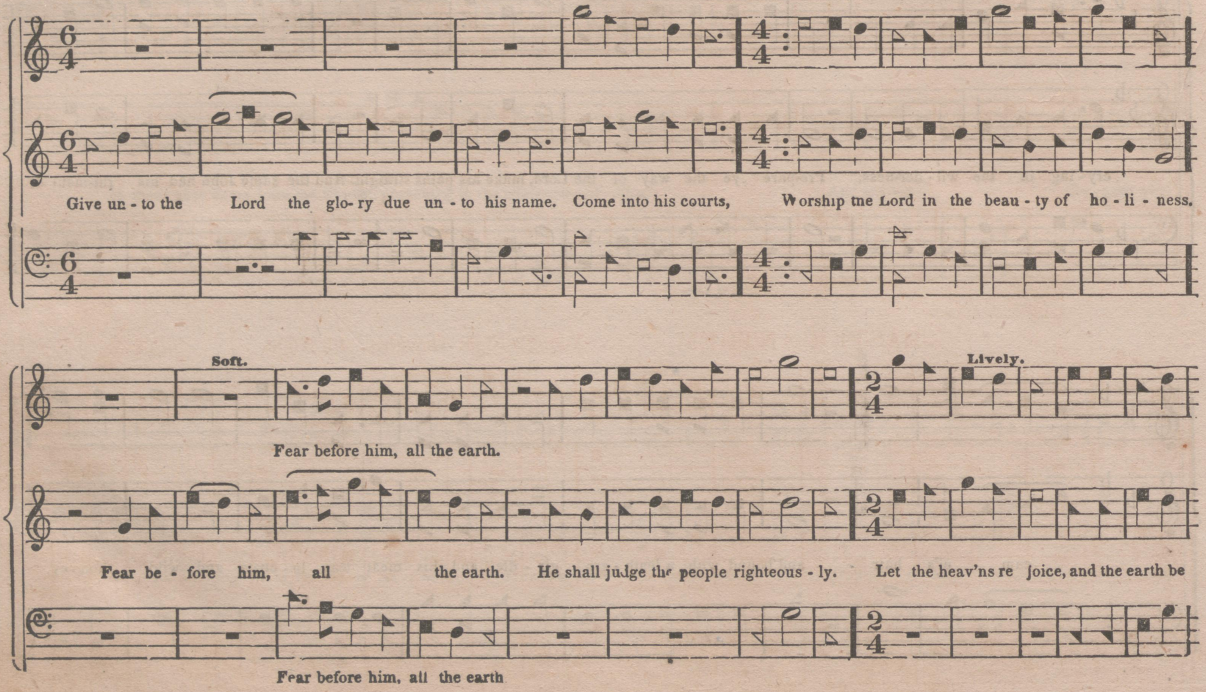
Matthew, 3d chapter. *B. F. White.*

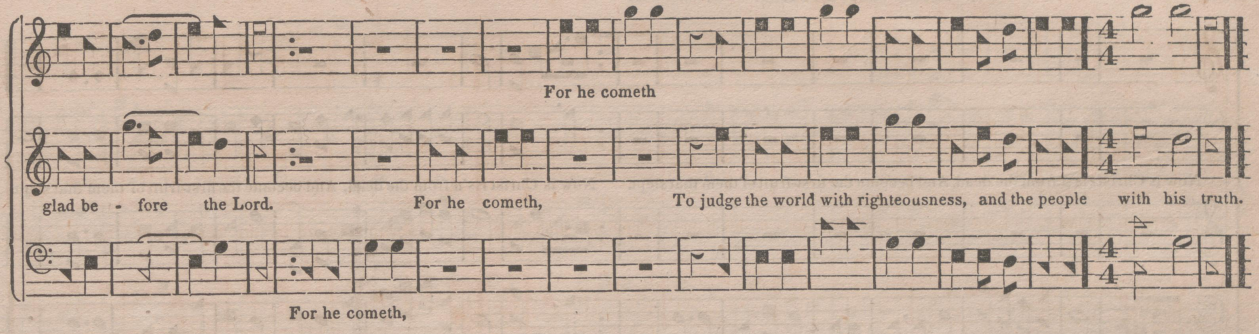



cry - ing in the wil - der-ness, Pre-pare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. And the same John had his rai-ment of
cam - el's hair - and bound with a leath - ern gir - dle, and his meat was lo - custs and wild hon - ey.

REVERENTIAL ANTHEM.

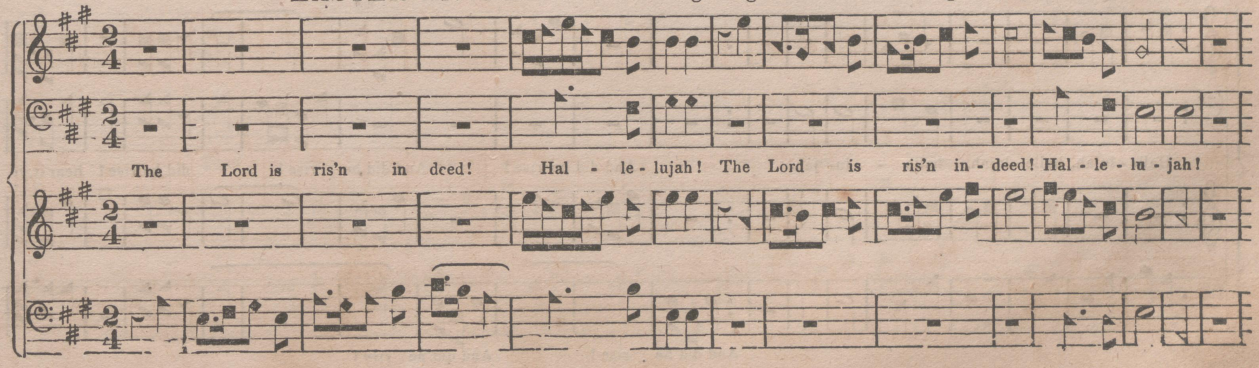
96th Psalm. *E. J. King.*

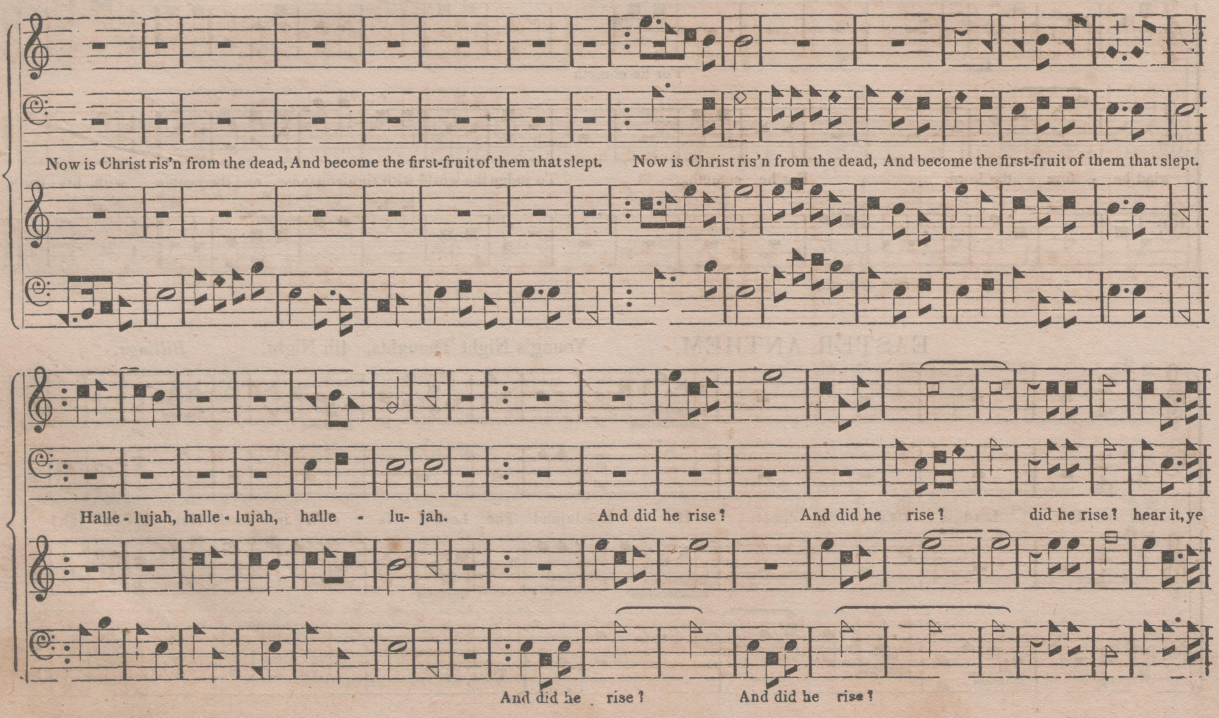


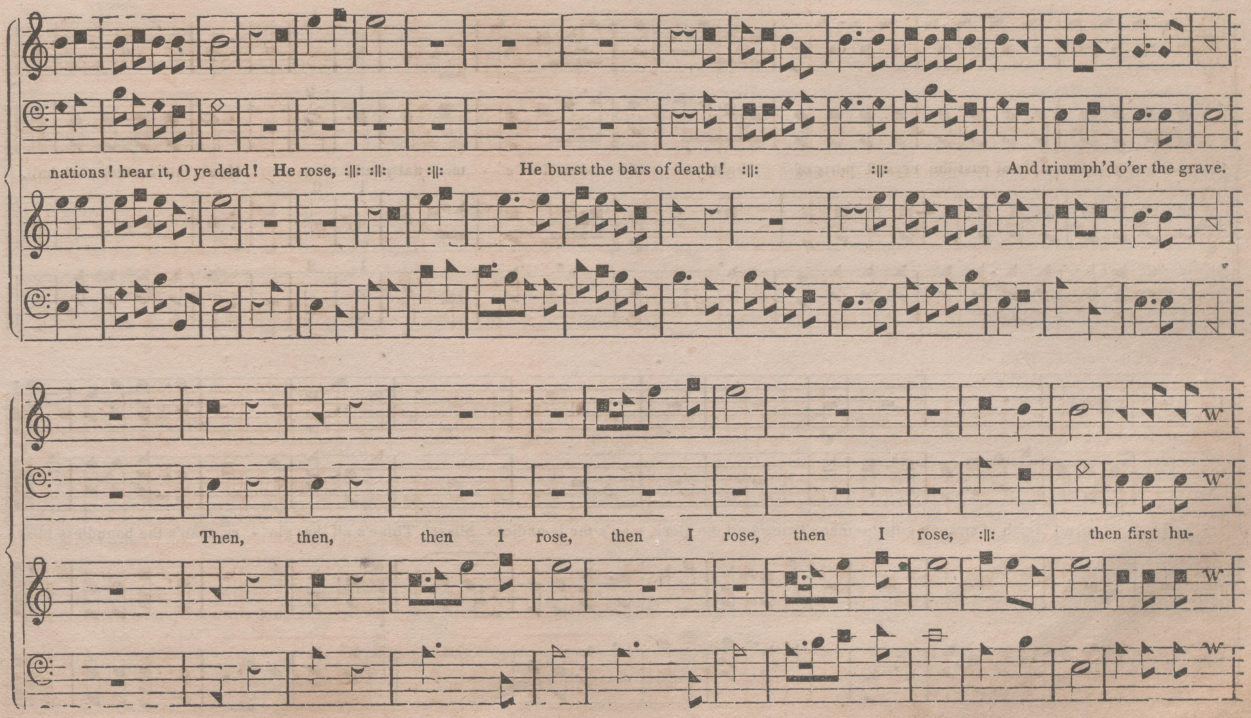


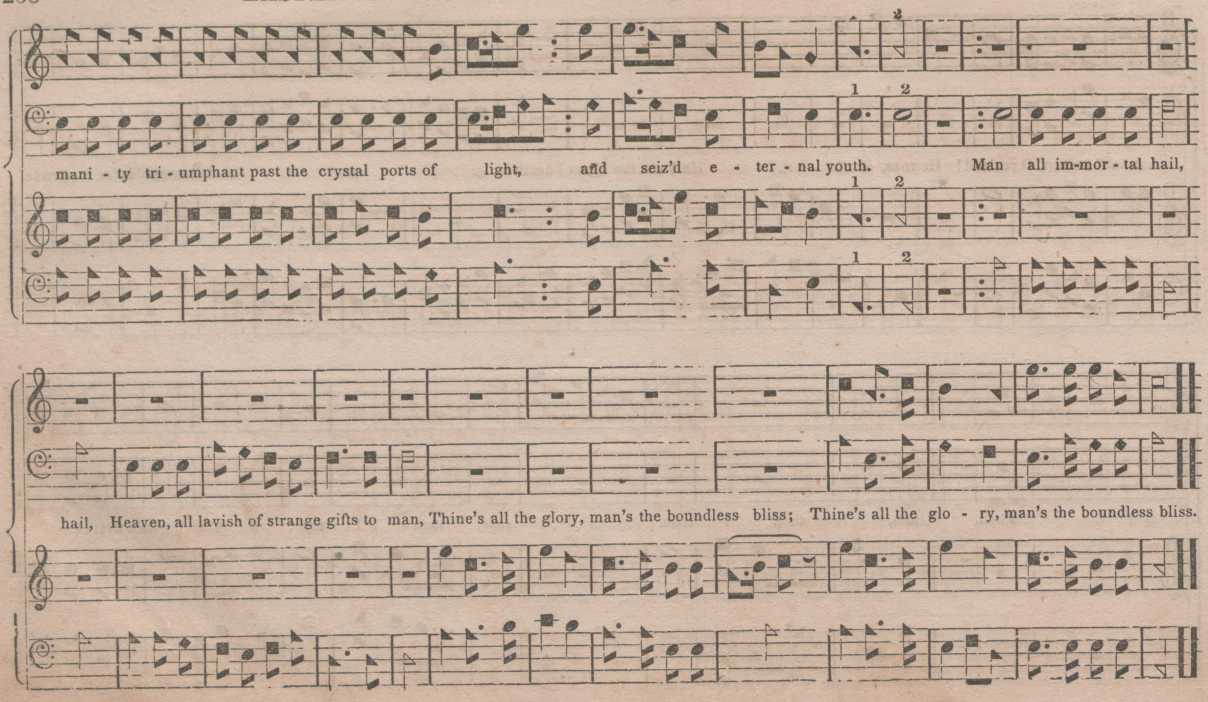
EASTER ANTHEM.

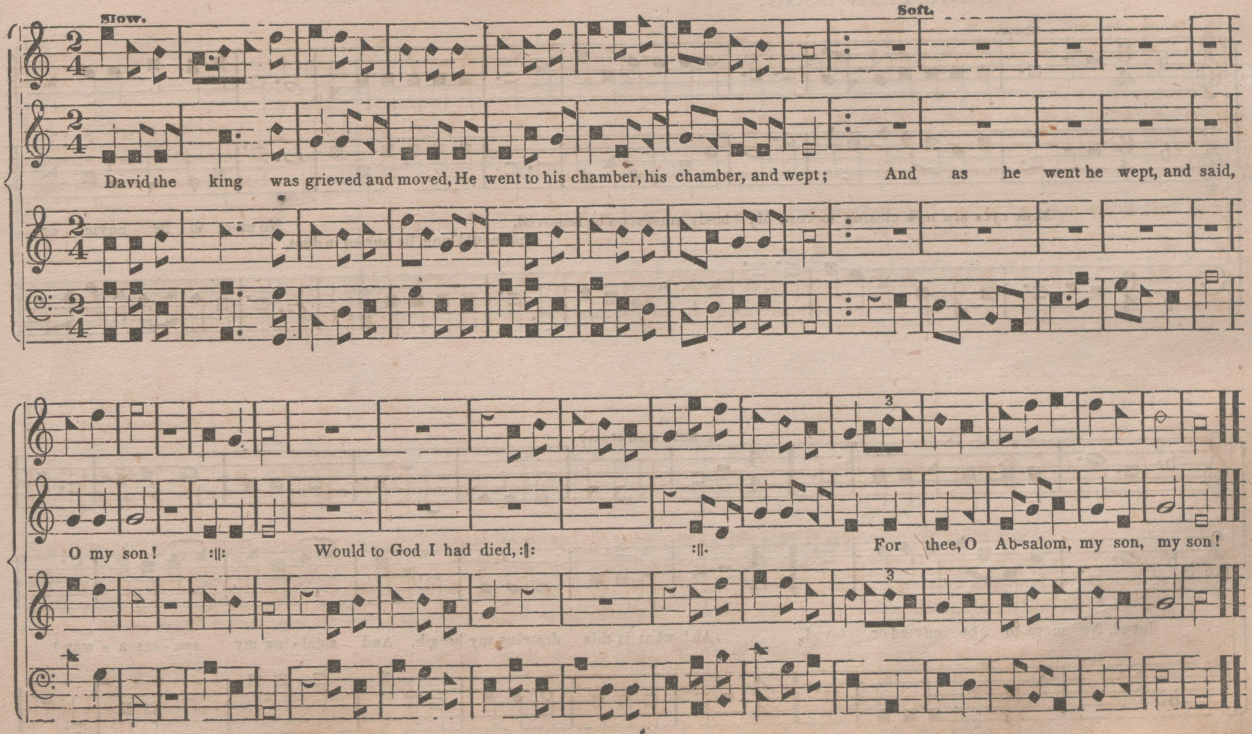
Young's Night Thoughts, 4th Night. *Billings.*

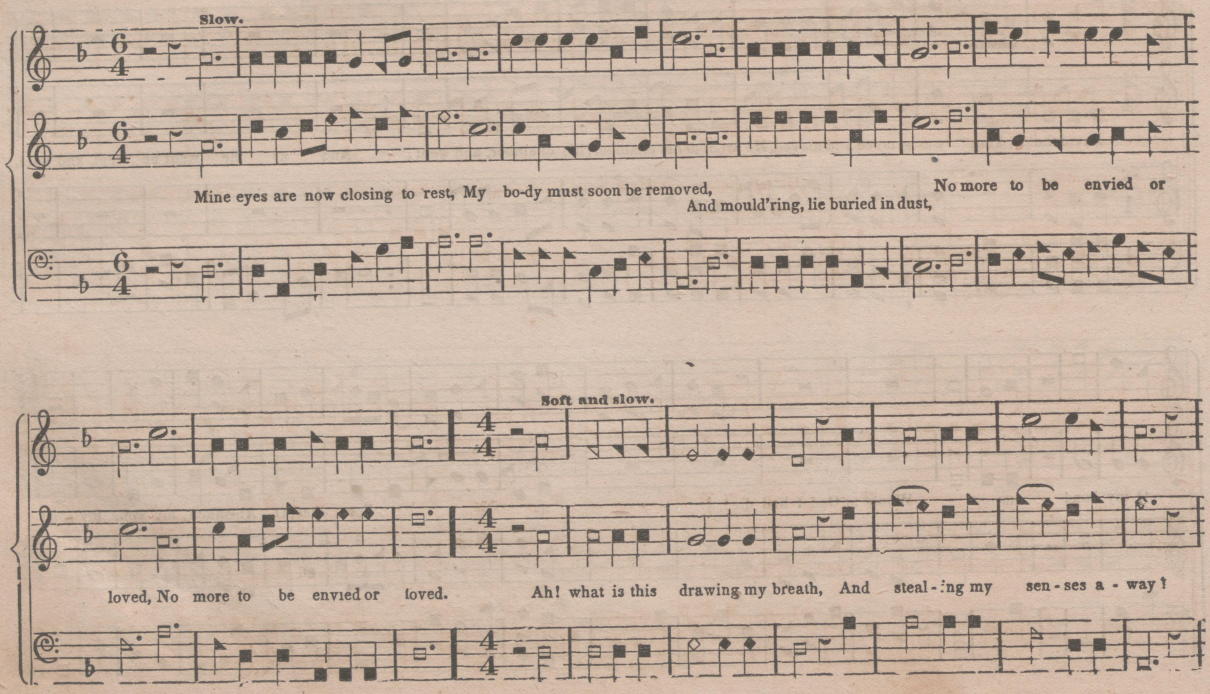


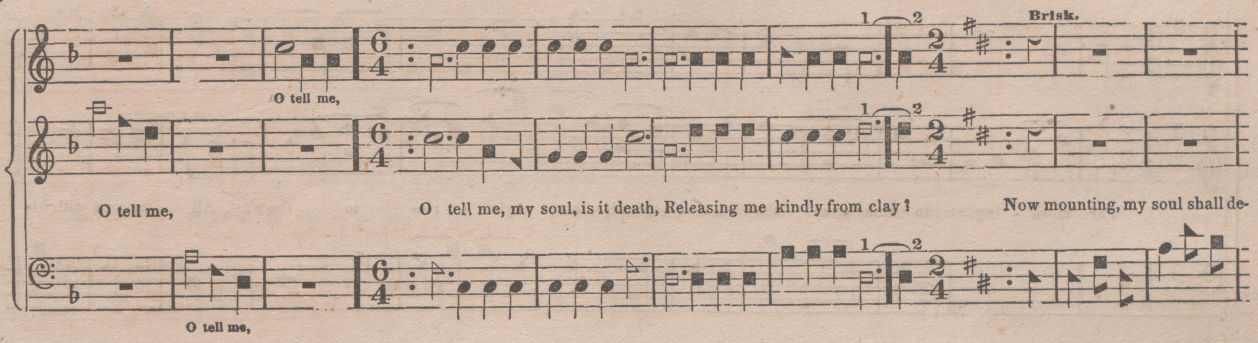

Now is Christ ris'n from the dead, And become the first-fruit of them that slept. Now is Christ ris'n from the dead, And become the first-fruit of them that slept.
Halle - lujah, halle - lujah, halle - lu- jah. And did he rise? And did he rise? did he rise? hear it, ye
And did he rise? And did he rise?

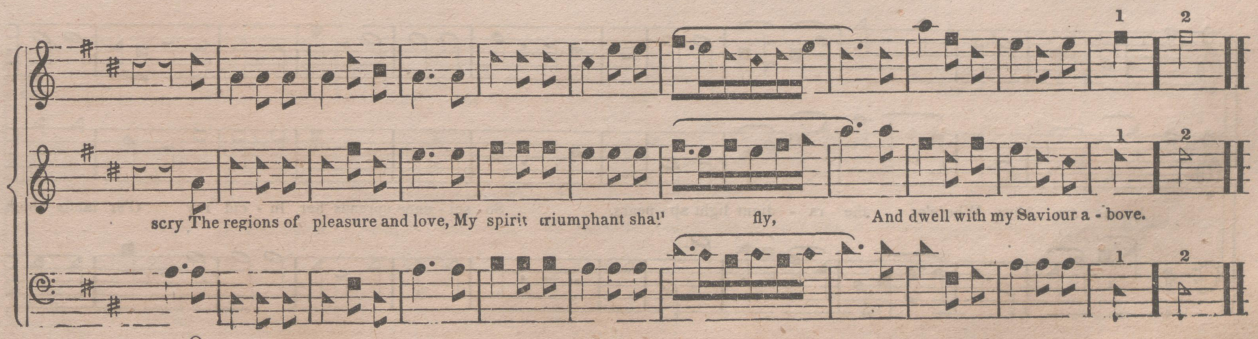

nations! hear it, O ye dead! He rose, :‖: :‖: :‖: He burst the bars of death! :‖: :‖: And triumph'd o'er the grave.
Then, then, then I rose, then I rose, then I rose, :‖: then first hu-

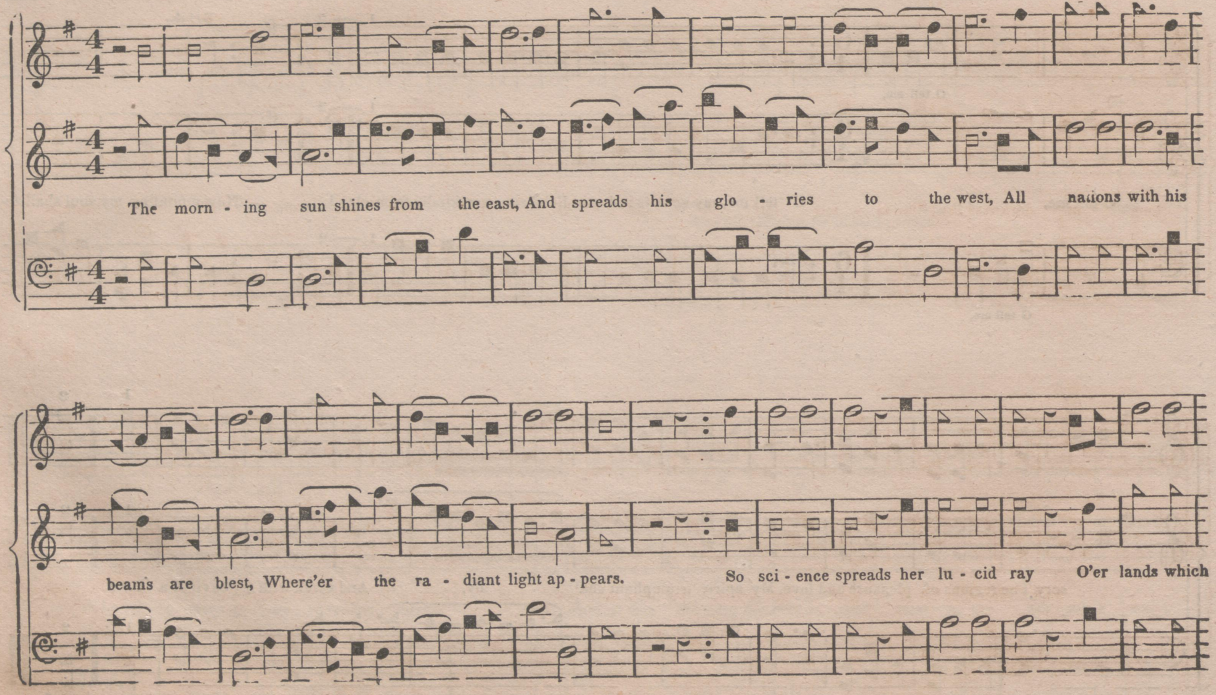

mani - ty tri - umphant past the crystal ports of light, and seiz'd e - ter - nal youth. Man all im-mor - tal hail,
hail, Heaven, all lavish of strange gifts to man, Thine's all the glory, man's the boundless bliss; Thine's all the glo - ry, man's the boundless bliss.

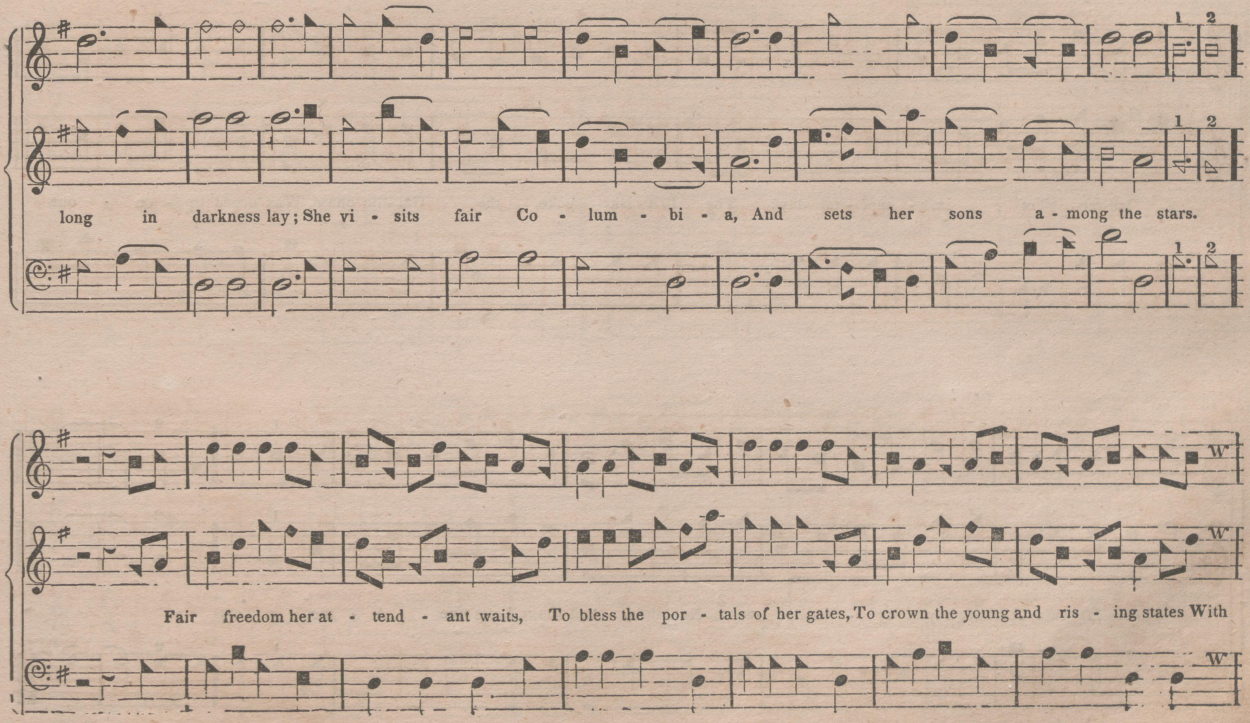

Slow.
Soft.
David the king was grieved and moved, He went to his chamber, his chamber, and wept; And as he went he wept, and said,
O my son! :‖: Would to God I had died, :‖: :‖. For thee, O Ab-salom, my son, my son!


Slow.
Mine eyes are now closing to rest, My bo-dy must soon be removed, No more to be envied or
And mould'ring, lie buried in dust,
Soft and slow.
loved, No more to be envied or loved. Ah! what is this drawing my breath, And steal-ing my sen-ses a-way!

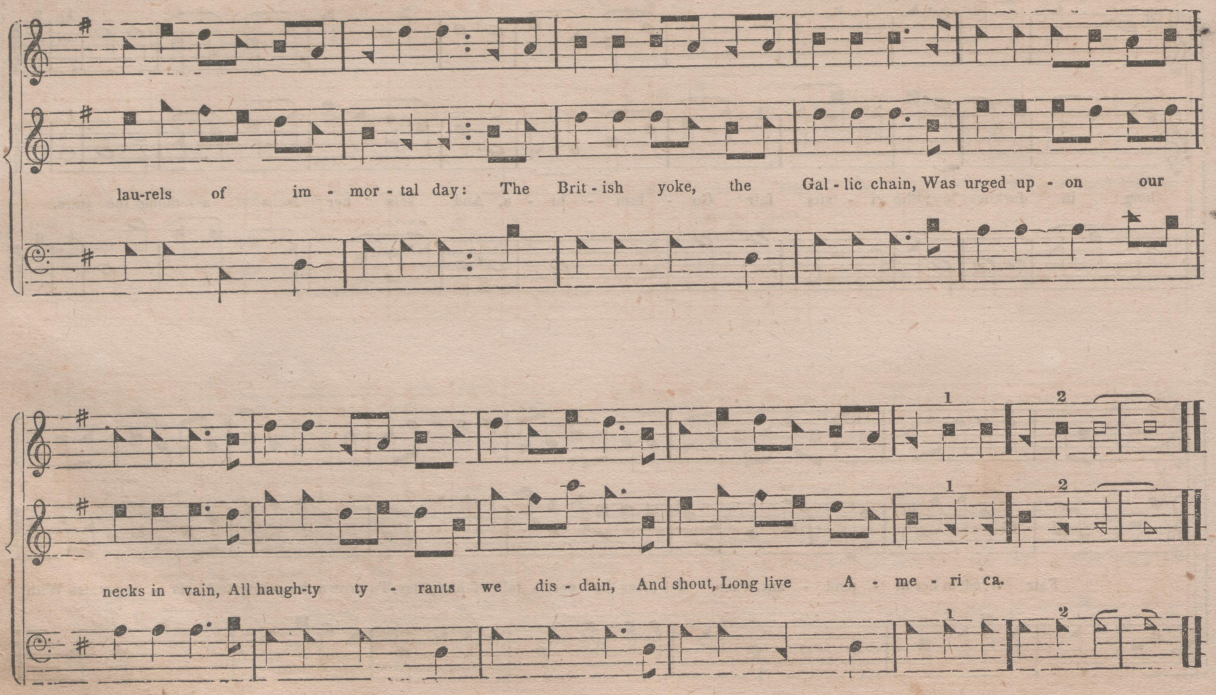

Brisk.
O tell me,
O tell me,
O tell me, my soul, is it death, Releasing me kindly from clay?
Now mounting, my soul shall de-
O tell me,

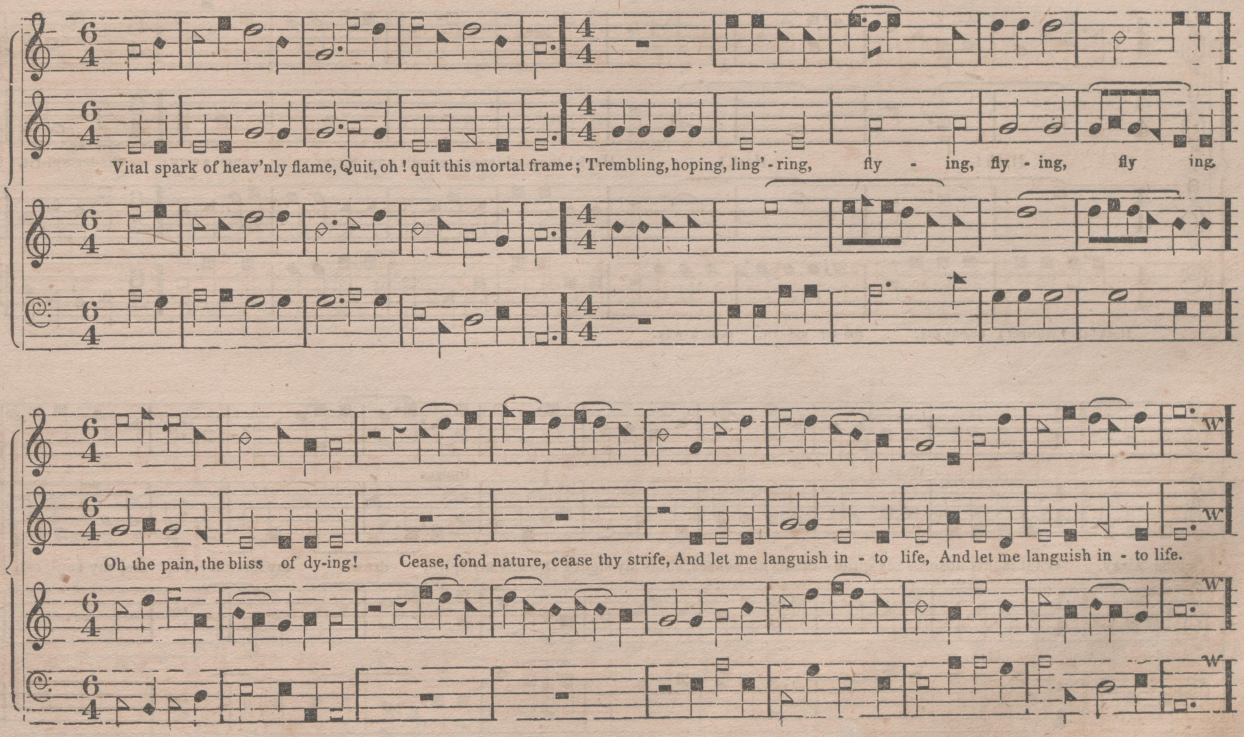

scry The regions of pleasure and love, My spirit triumphant shall fly,
And dwell with my Saviour a - bove.


The morn - ing sun shines from the east, And spreads his glo - ries to the west, All nations with his
beams are blest, Where'er the ra - diant light ap - pears. So sci - ence spreads her lu - cid ray O'er lands which

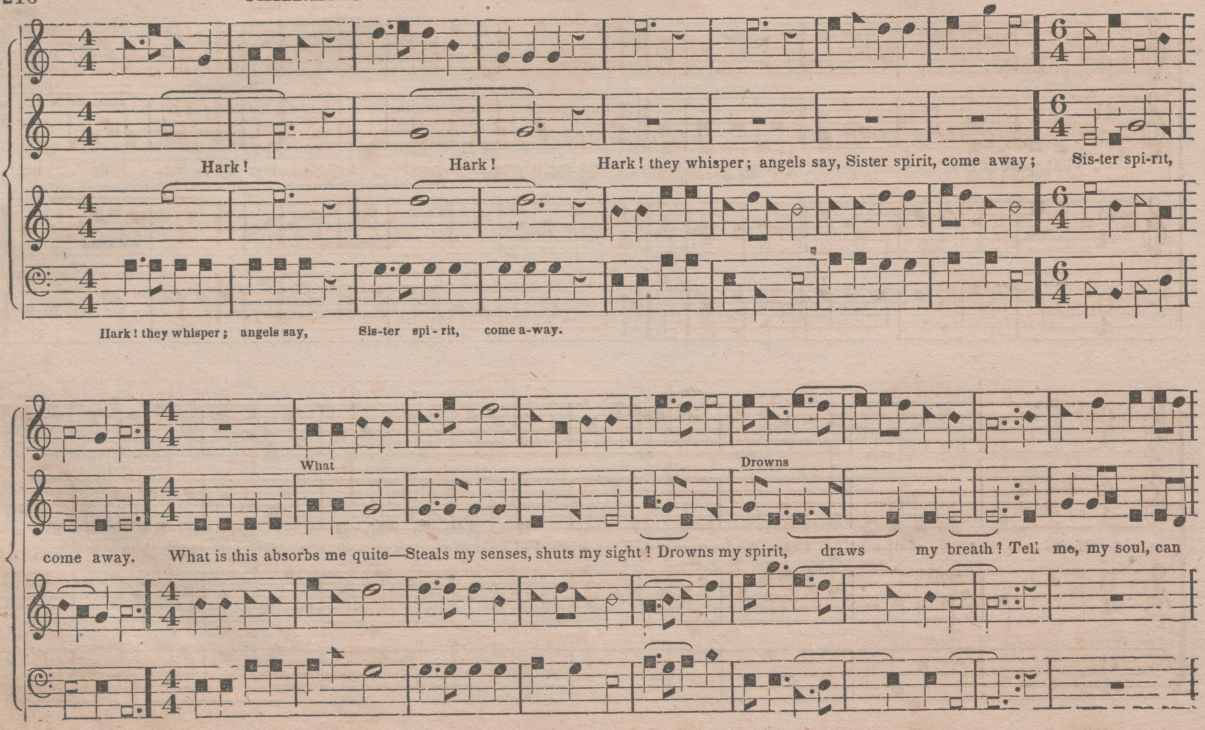

long in darkness lay; She vi - sits fair Co - lum - bi - a, And sets her sons a - mong the stars.
Fair freedom her at - tend - ant waits, To bless the por - tals of her gates, To crown the young and ris - ing states With

ODE ON SCIENCE. *Concluded.*

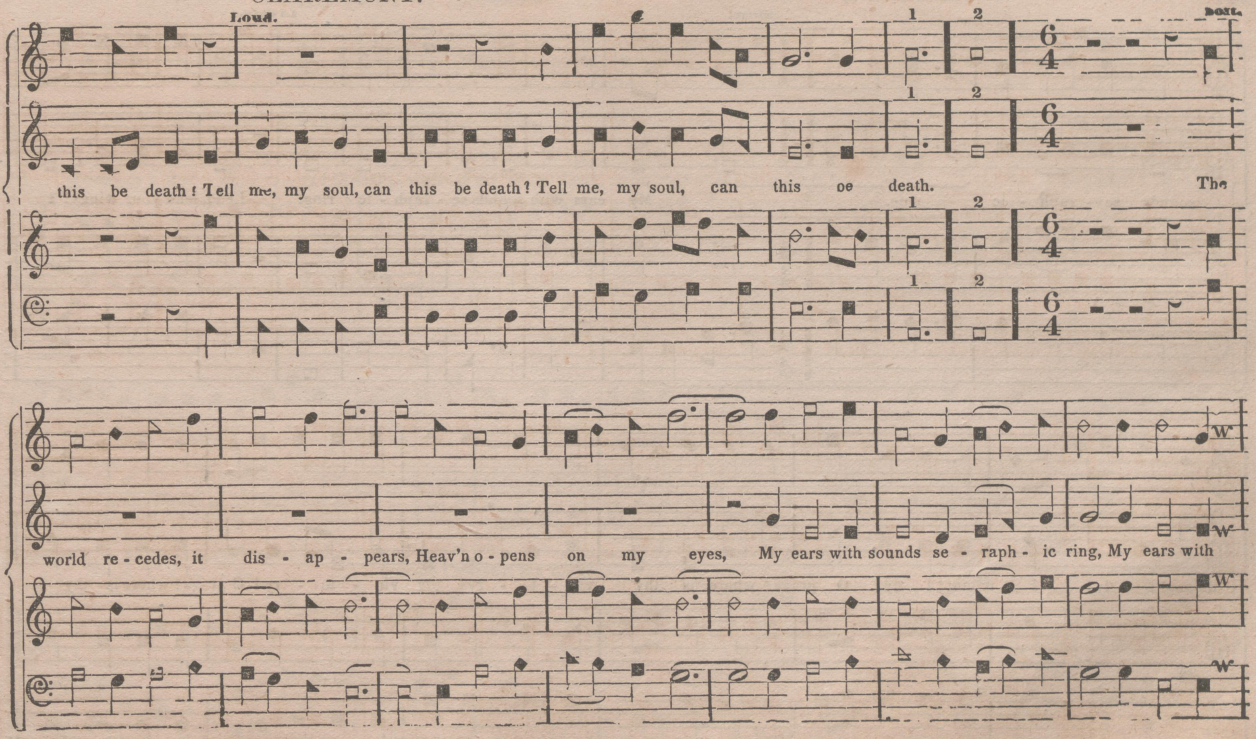



Vital spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame; Trembling, hoping, ling'-ring, fly - ing, fly - ing, fly ing.
Oh the pain, the bliss of dy-ing! Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish in - to life, And let me languish in - to life.

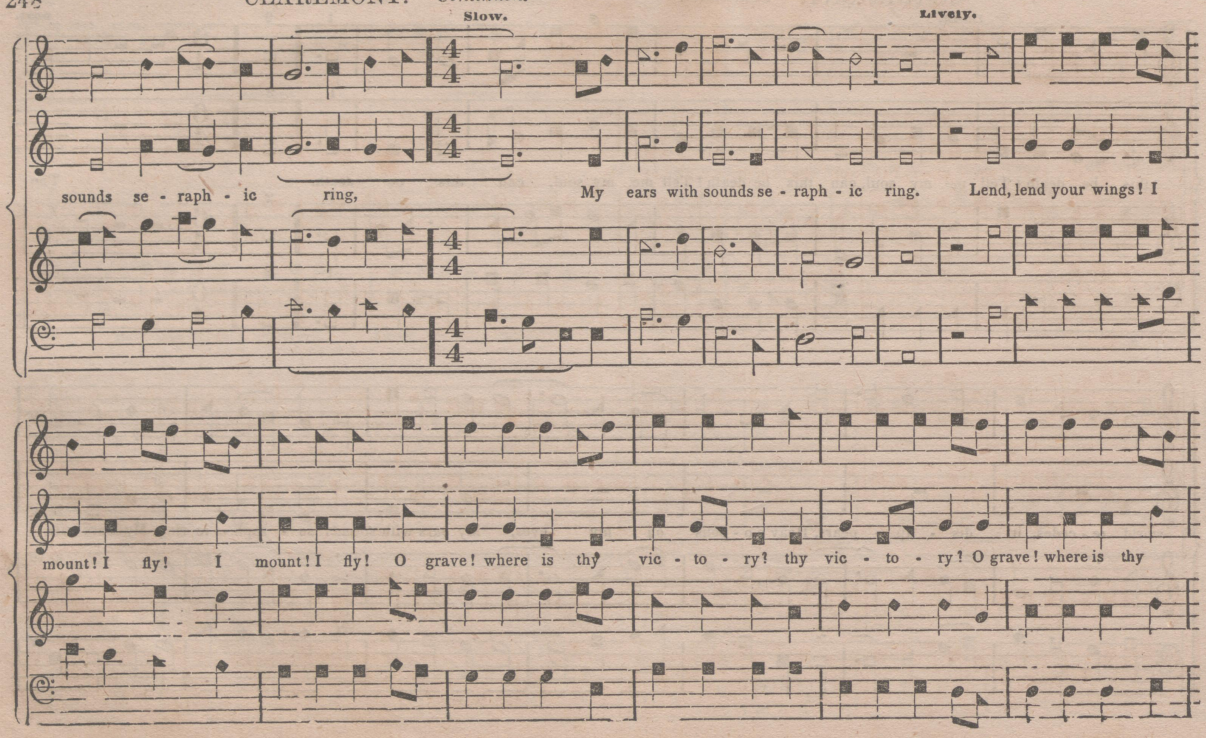
CLAREMONT. *Continued.*

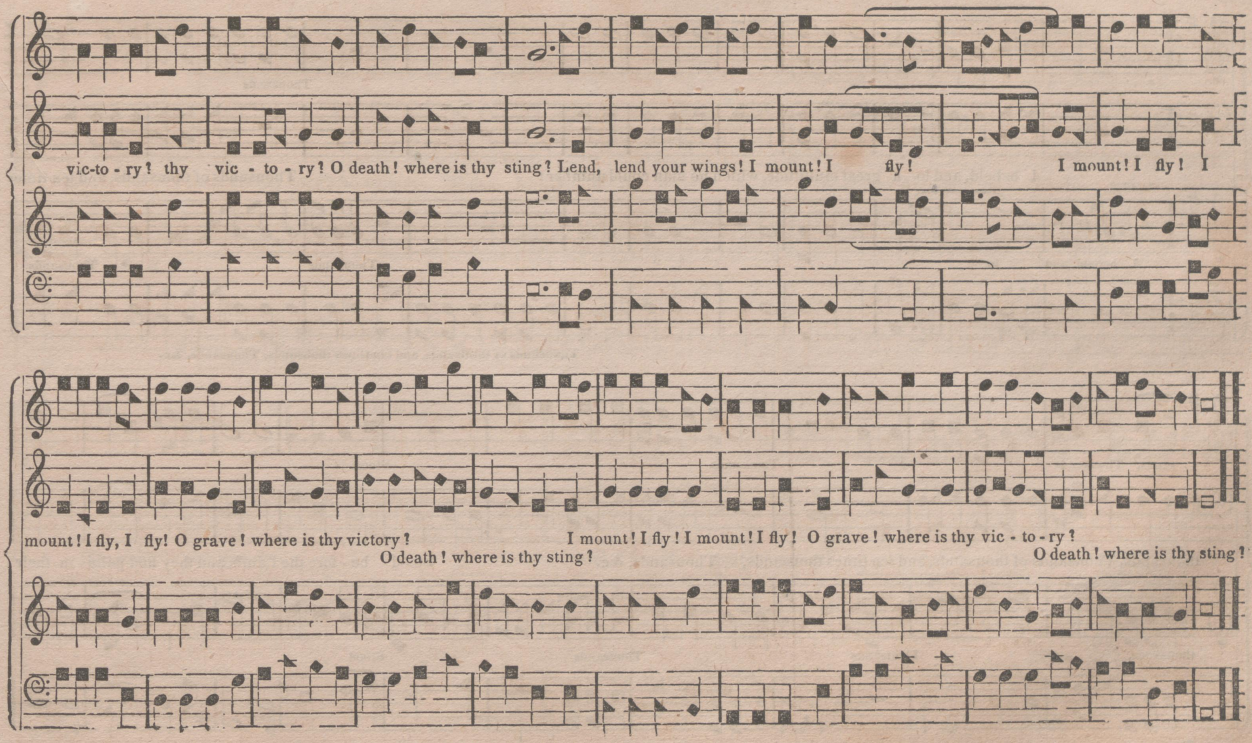


CLAREMONT. *Continued.*



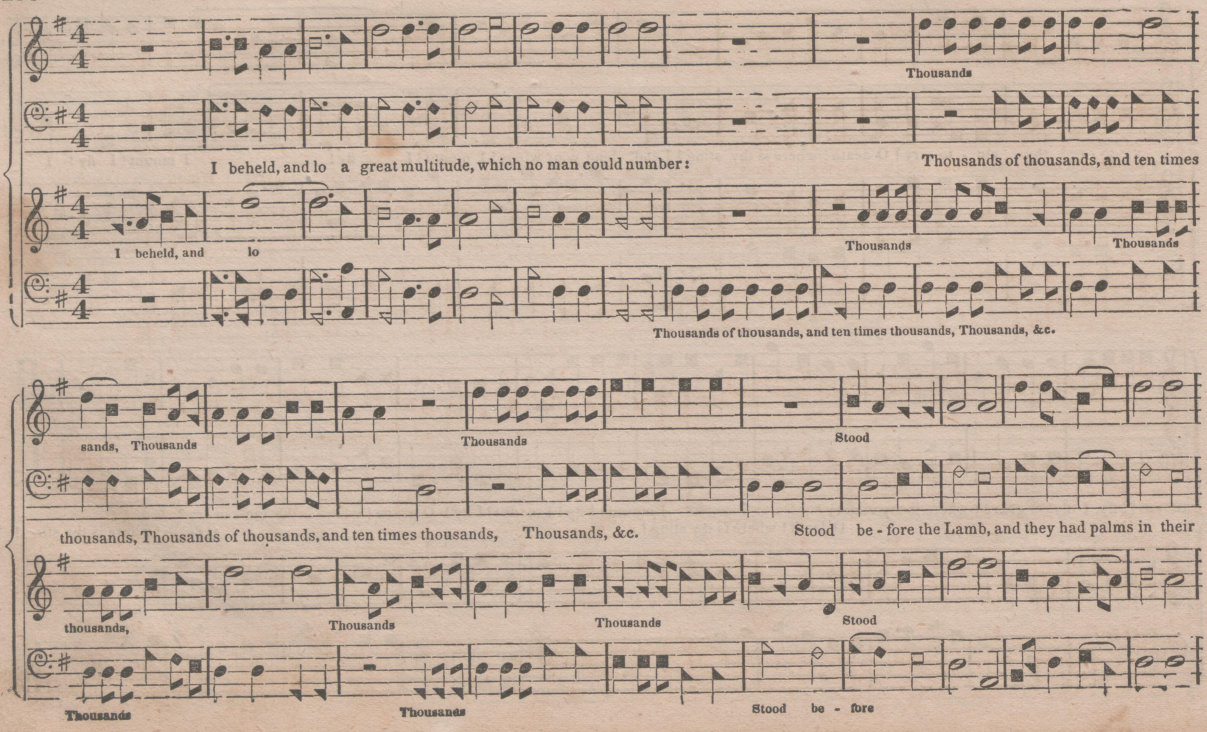
CLAREMONT. *Continued.*

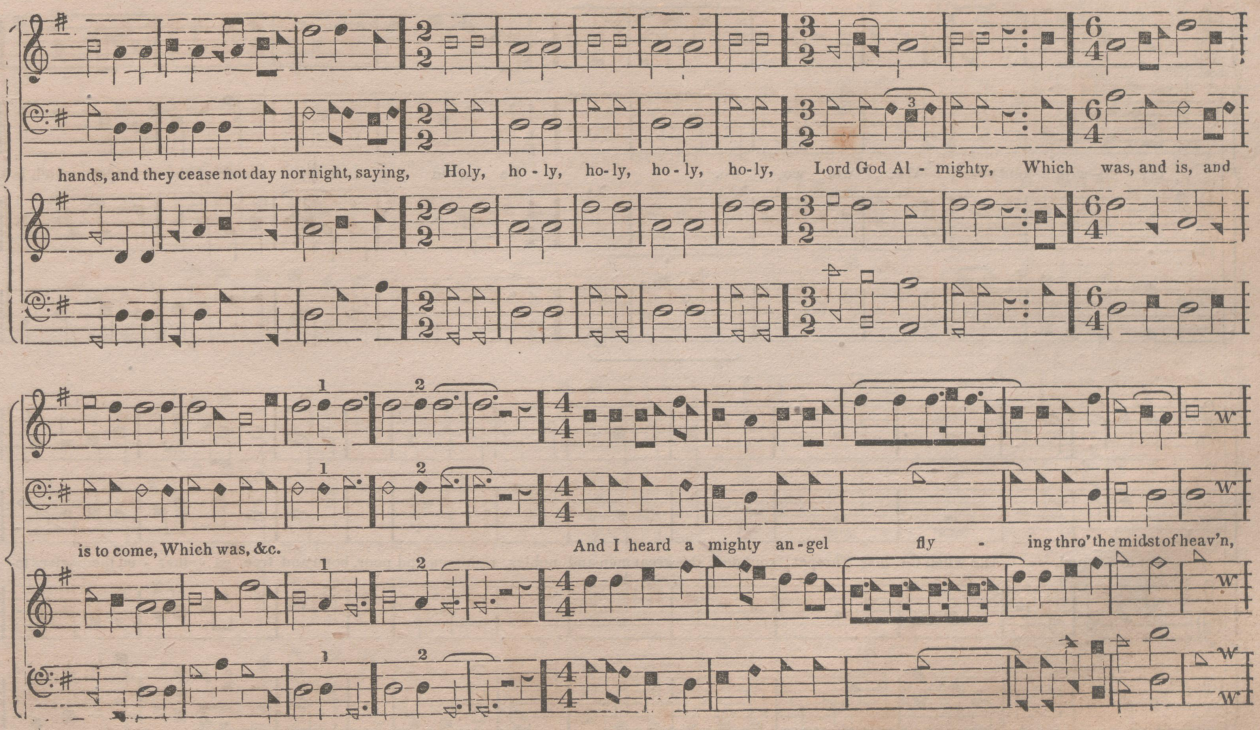



vic-to - ry! thy vic - to - ry! O death! where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! I mount! I fly! I
mount! I fly, I fly! O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?
I mount! I fly! I mount! I fly! O grave! where is thy vic - to - ry?
O death! where is thy sting!

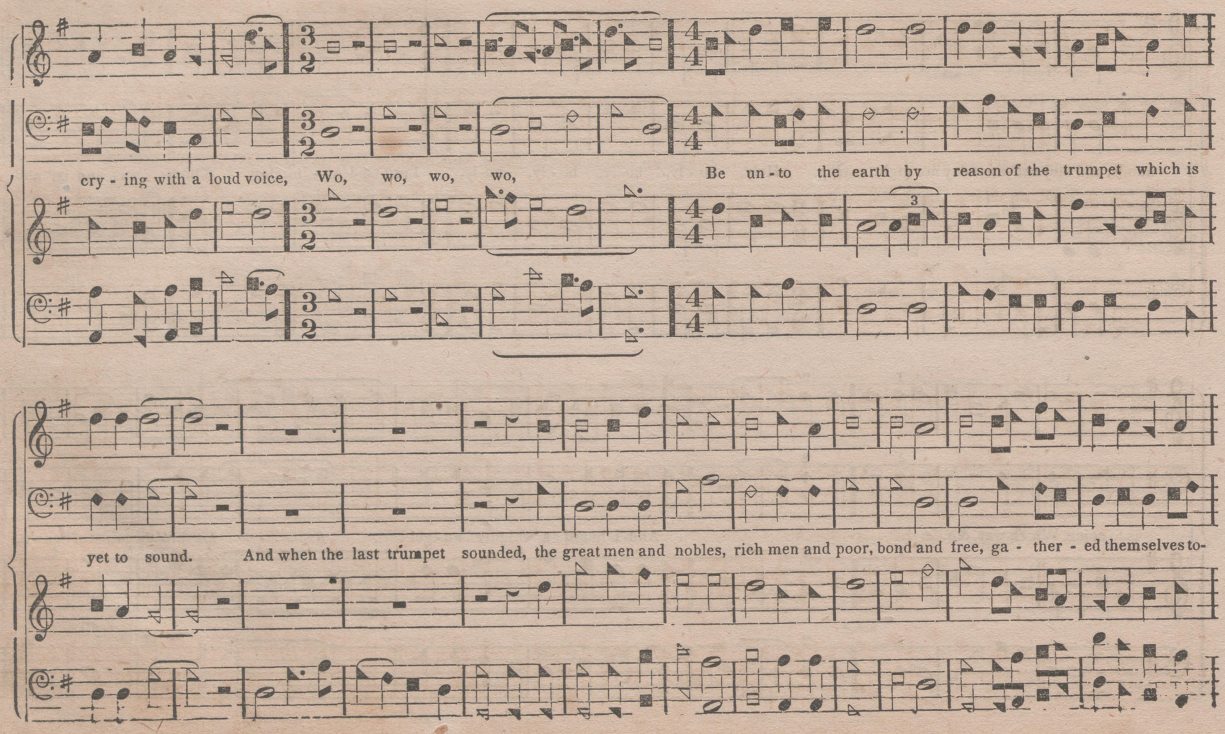
HEAVENLY VISION.

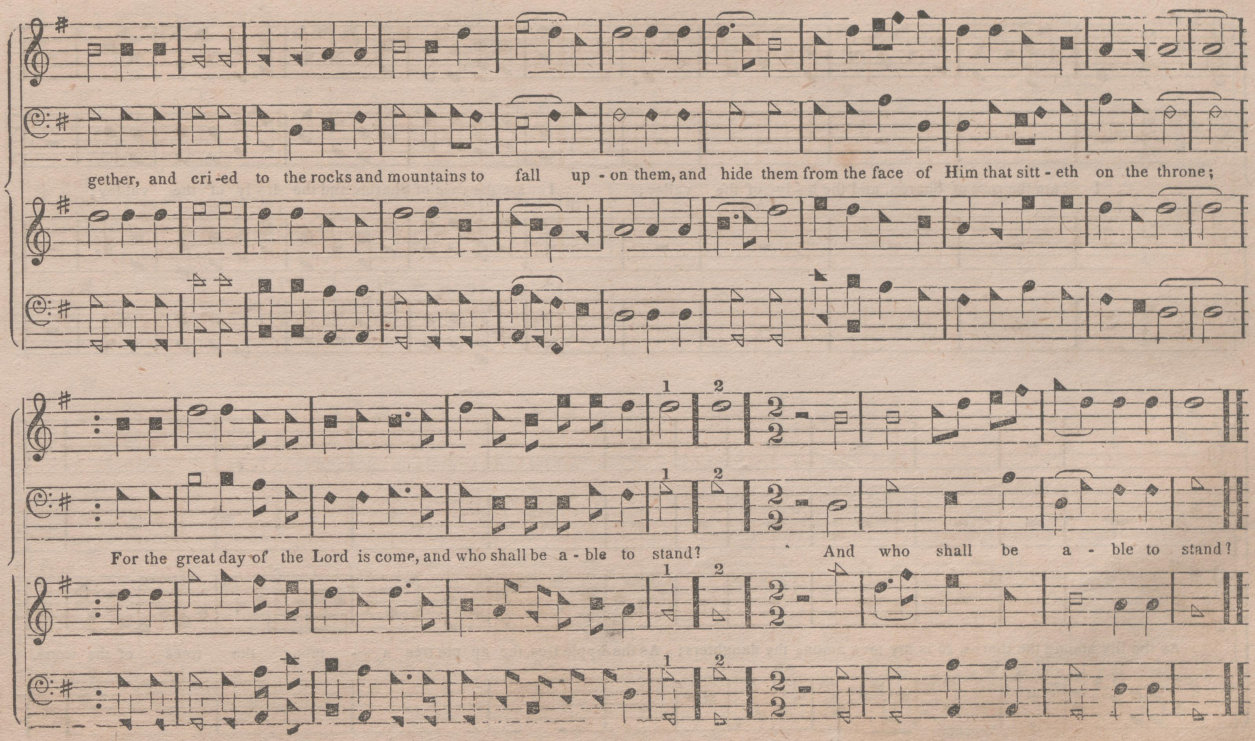
Taken from Rev. v. 11. *Billings.*

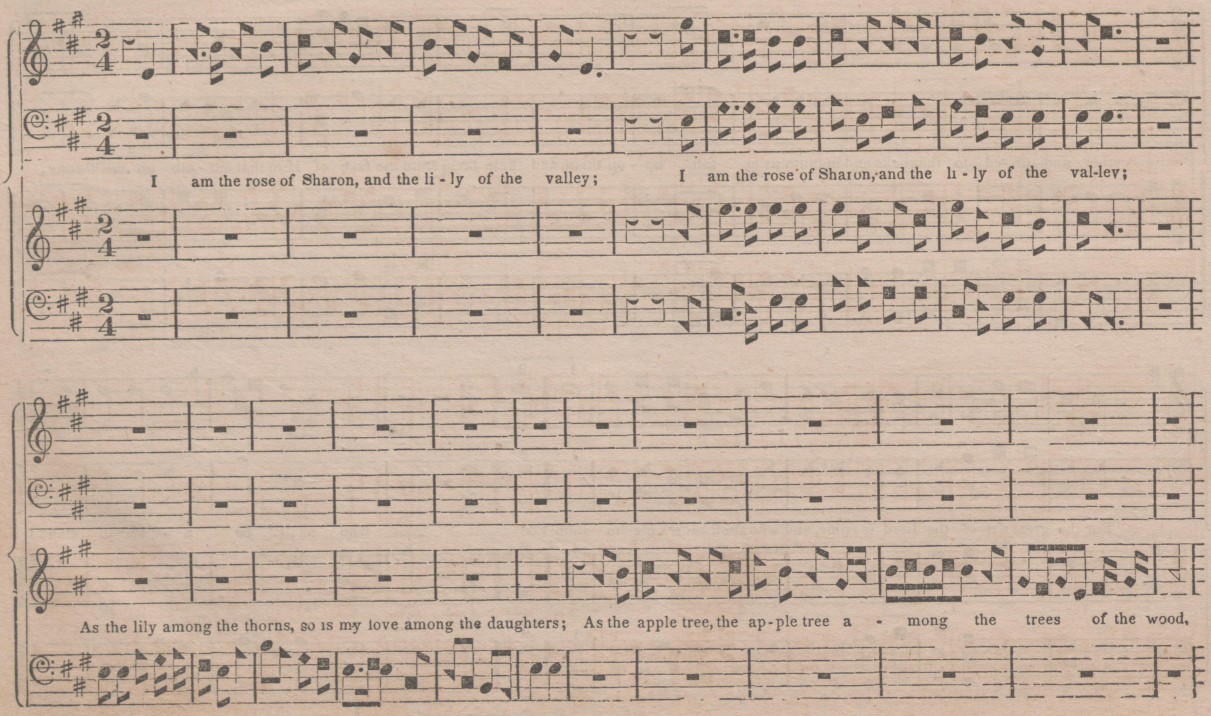


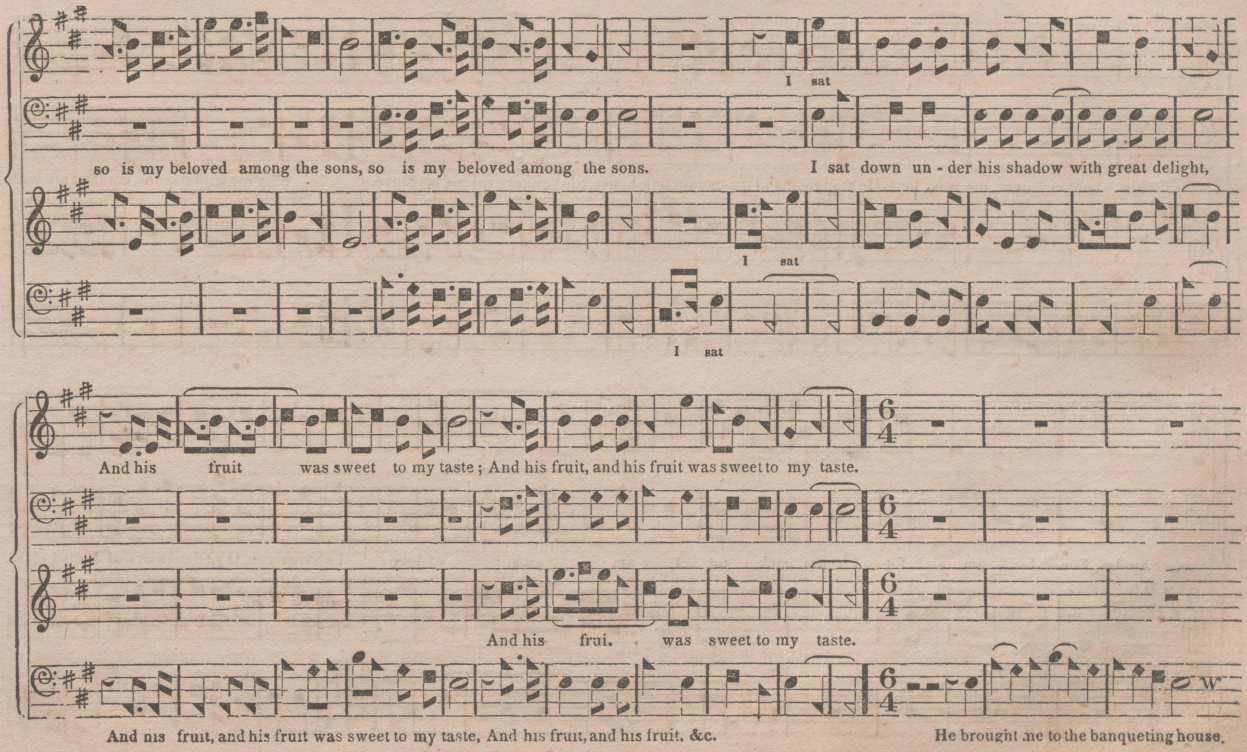

hands, and they cease not day nor night, saying, Holy, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al - mighty, Which was, and is, and
is to come, Which was, &c.
And I heard a mighty an - gel fly - ing thro' the midst of heav'n,

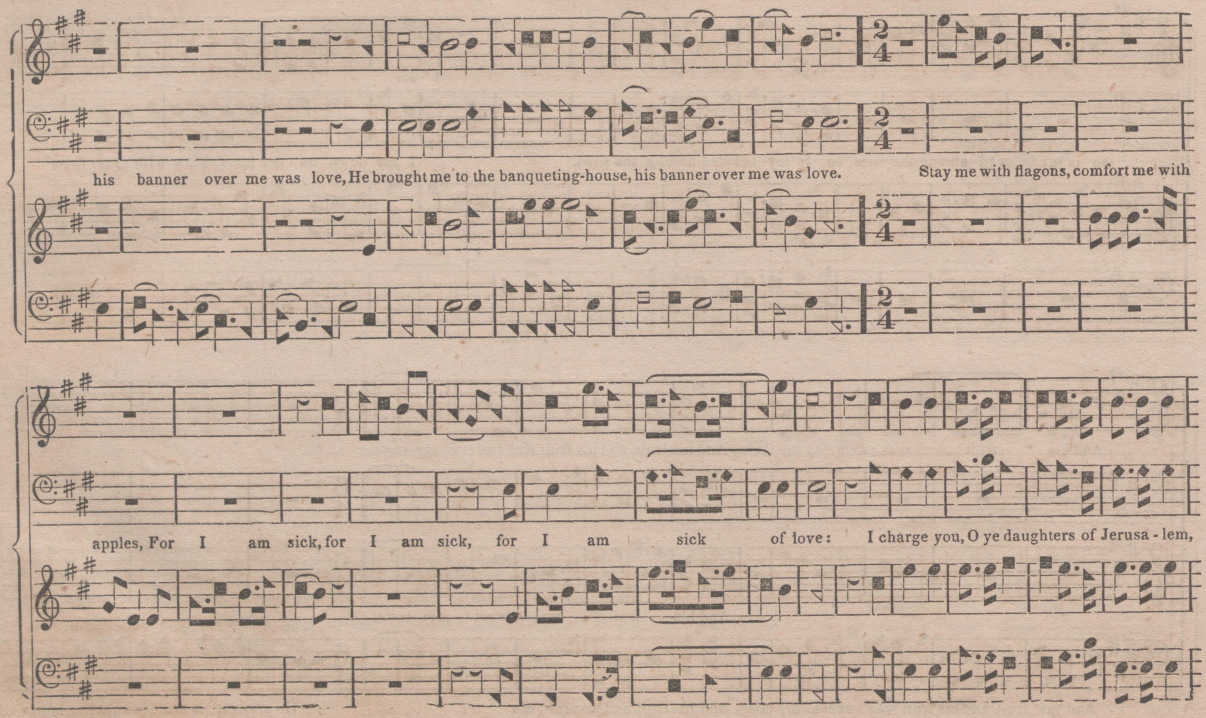
HEAVENLY VISION. *Continued.*

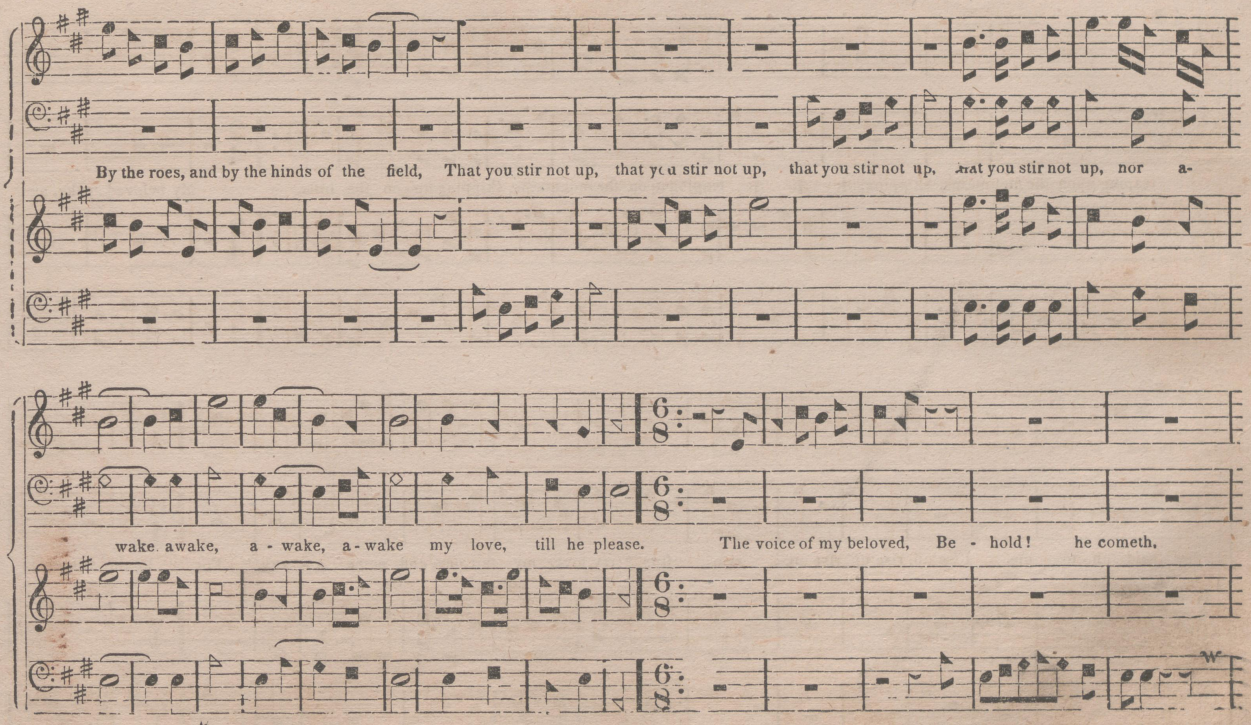


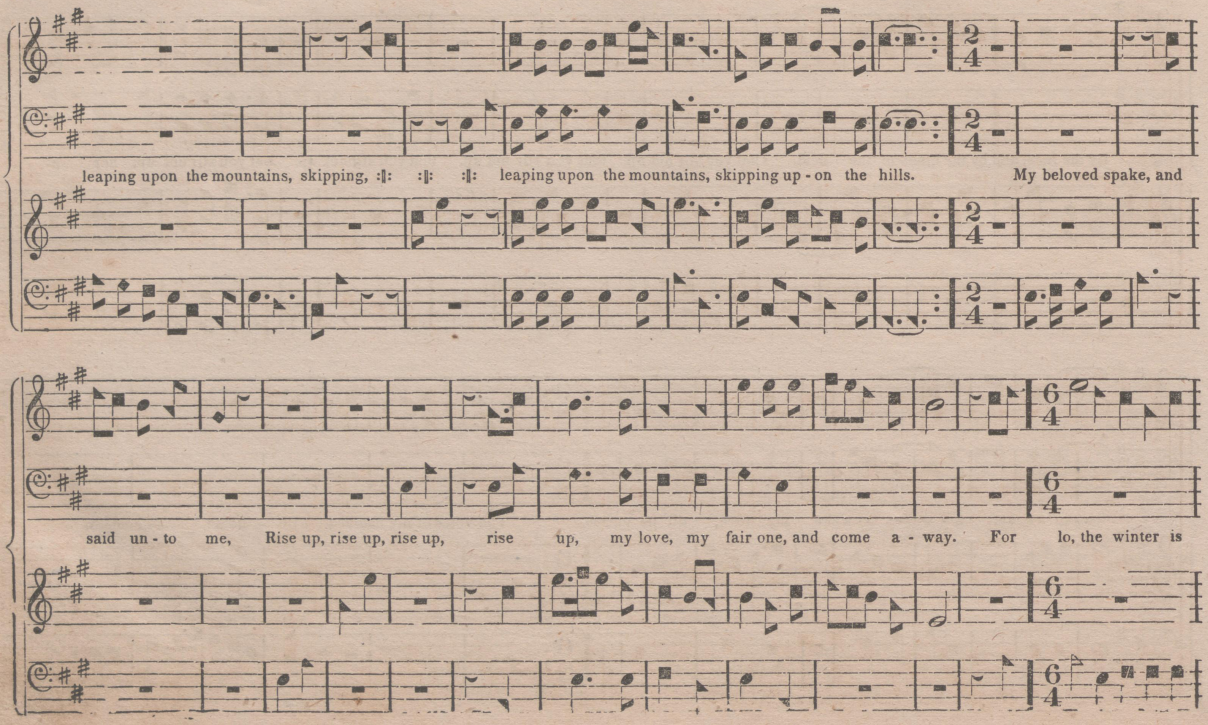

gether, and cri-ed to the rocks and mountains to fall up-on them, and hide them from the face of Him that sitt-eth on the throne;
For the great day of the Lord is come, and who shall be a-ble to stand? And who shall be a-ble to stand?

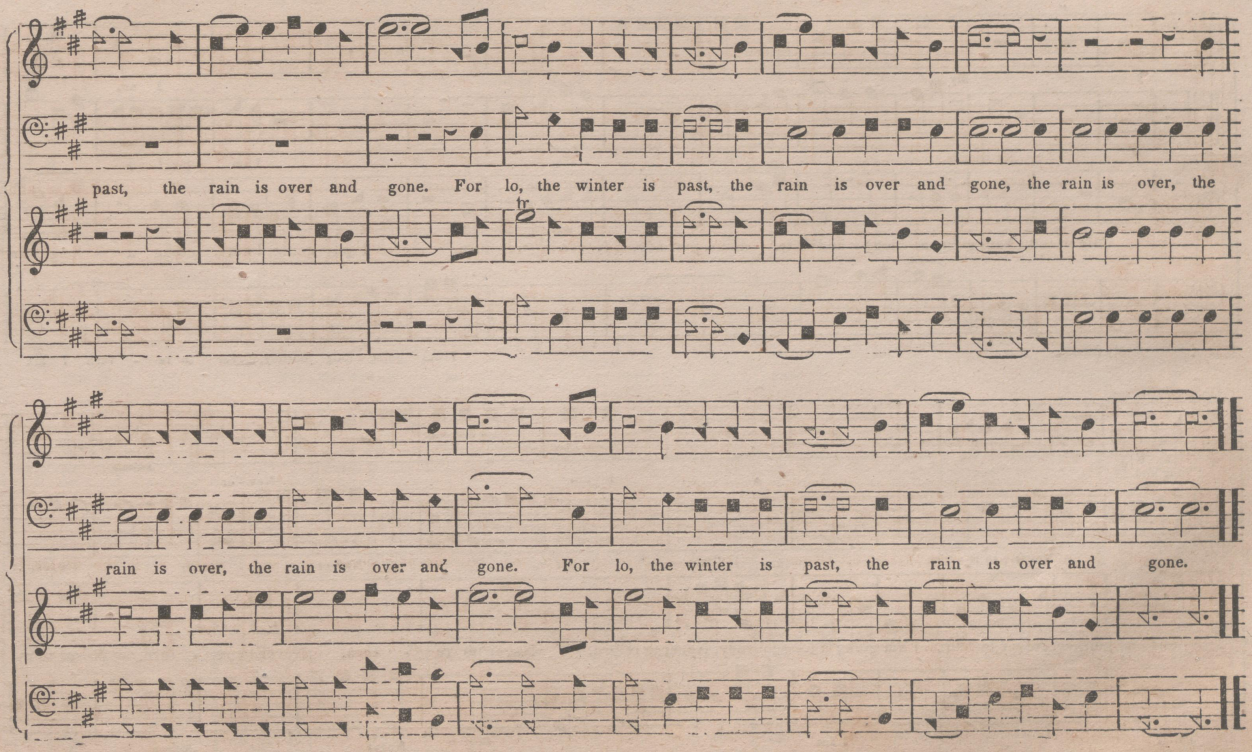

I am the rose of Sharon, and the li - ly of the valley; I am the rose of Sharon, and the li - ly of the val-ley;
As the lily among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters; As the apple tree, the ap-ple tree a - mong the trees of the wood,

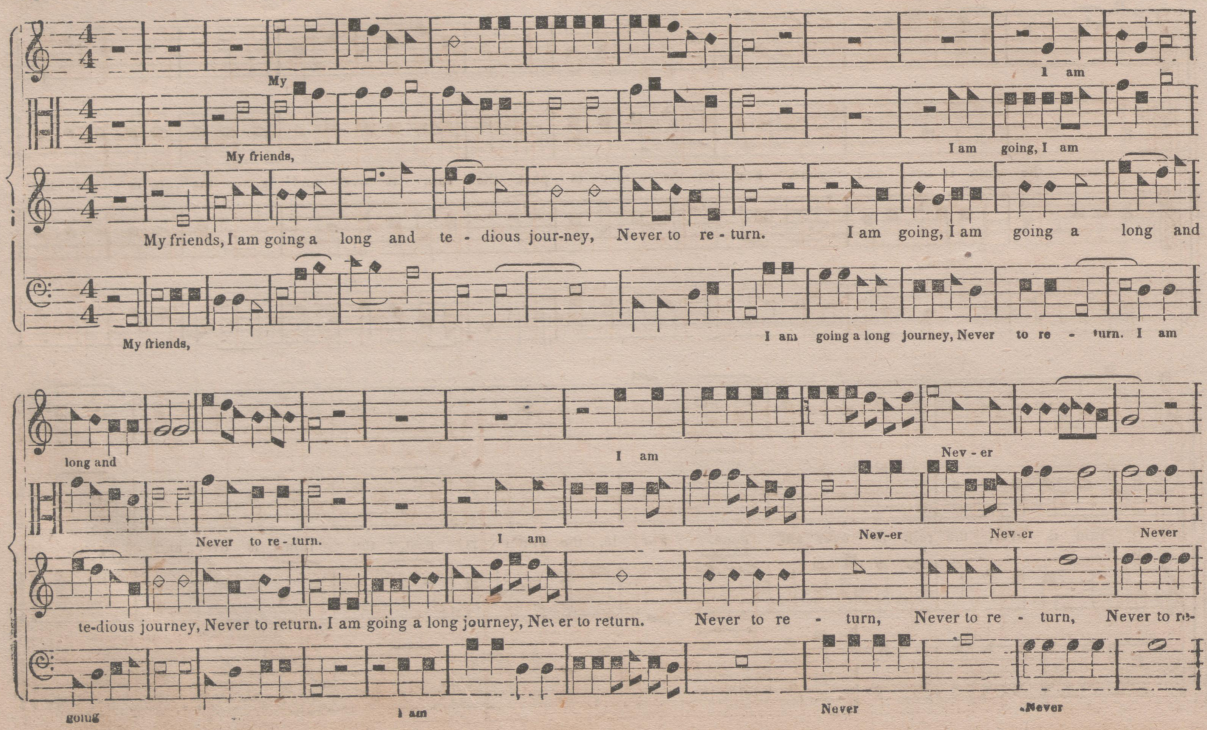

I sat
so is my beloved among the sons, so is my beloved among the sons.
I sat down un - der his shadow with great delight,
I sat
I sat
And his fruit was sweet to my taste; And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.
And his frui. was sweet to my taste.
And his fruit, and his fruit was sweet to my taste, And his fruit, and his fruit, &c.
He brought me to the banqueting house.

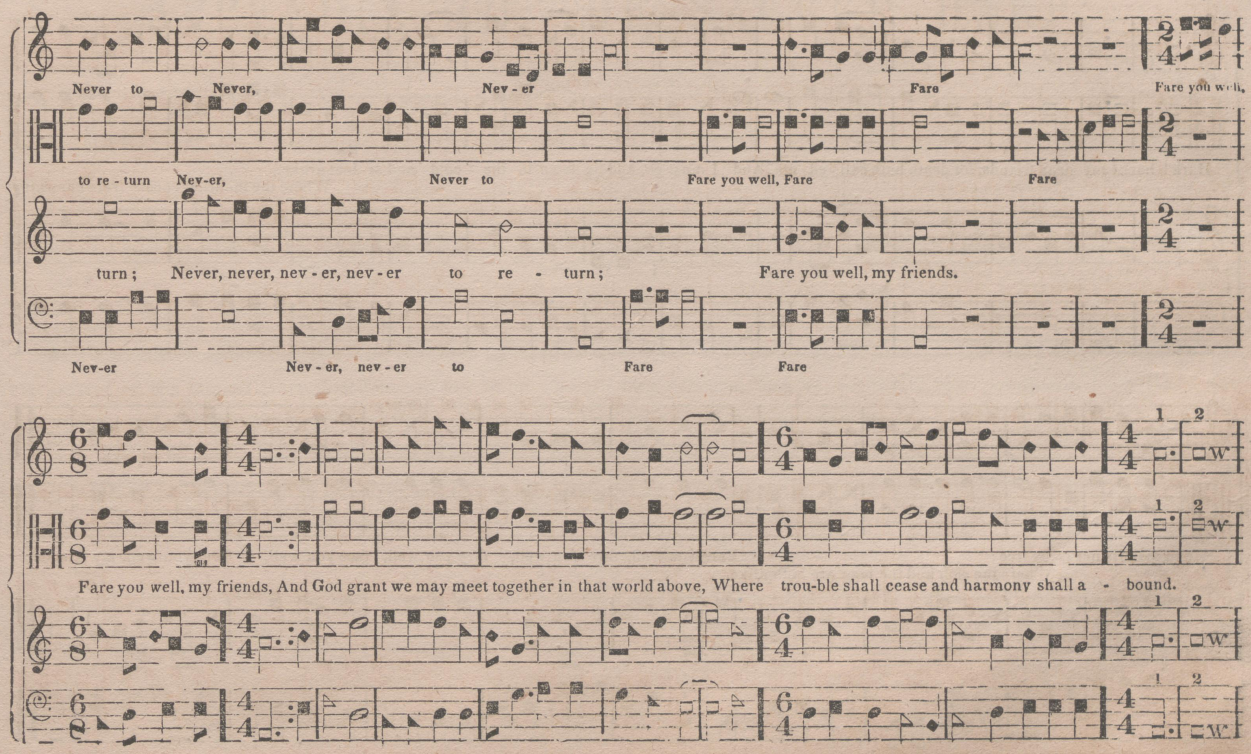

his banner over me was love, He brought me to the banqueting-house, his banner over me was love. Stay me with flagons, comfort me with
apples, For I am sick, for I am sick, for I am sick of love: I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusa - lem,


By the roes, and by the hinds of the field, That you stir not up, that you stir not up, that you stir not up, that you stir not up, nor a-
wake, awake, a - wake, a - wake my love, till he please. The voice of my beloved, Be - hold! he cometh.


leaping upon the mountains, skipping, :‖: :‖: :‖: leaping upon the mountains, skipping up - on the hills. My beloved spake, and
said un - to me, Rise up, rise up, rise up, rise up, my love, my fair one, and come a - way. For lo, the winter is

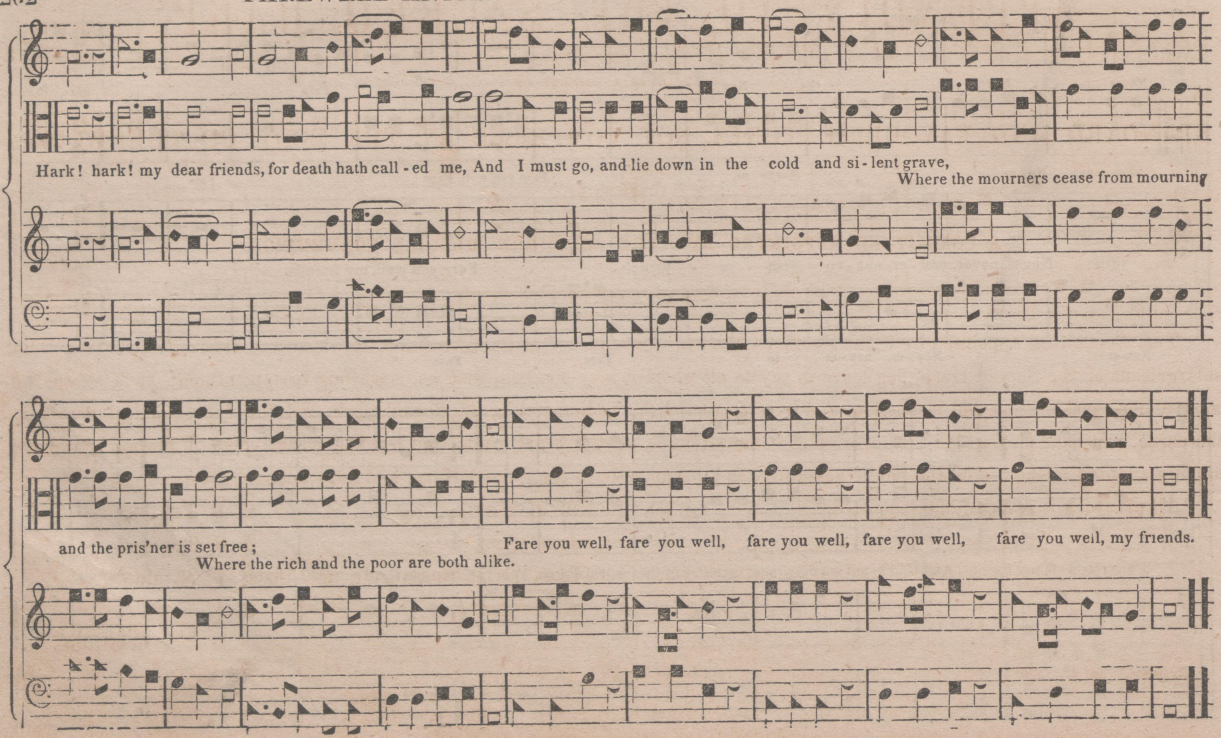

past, the rain is over and gone. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the rain is over, the
tr
rain is over, the rain is over and gone. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.


My
I am
My friends,
I am going, I am
My friends, I am going a long and te - dious jour-ney, Never to re - turn. I am going, I am going a long and
My friends,
I am going a long journey, Never to re - turn. I am
long and
I am
Nev - er
Never to re - turn.
I am
Nev-er
Nev-er
Never
te-dious journey, Never to return. I am going a long journey, Nev er to return. Never to re - turn, Never to re - turn, Never to re-
going
I am
Never
Never


Never to Never, Nev - er Fare Fare you well,
to re - turn Nev-er, Never to Fare you well, Fare Fare
turn; Never, never, nev - er, nev - er to re - turn; Fare you well, my friends.
Nev-er Nev - er, nev - er to Fare Fare

Fare you well, my friends, And God grant we may meet together in that world above, Where trou-ble shall cease and harmony shall a - bound.

FAREWELL ANTHEM. *Concluded.*



APPENDIX TO THE SACRED HARP:

CONTAINING A VARIETY OF

STANDARD AND FAVOURITE TUNES NOT COMPRISED IN THE BODY OF THE WORK.

COMPILED BY

A COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY "THE SOUTHERN MUSICAL CONVENTION."

THE Committee appointed by "The Southern Musical Convention," at its last session, to whom was referred the revision and enlargement of the Sacred Harp, beg leave to say to all whom it may concern, that we, according to appointment, have taken the work under consideration and inspection, and have corrected the rudimental errors in said work, and the typographical errors in the music, and have also added such pieces of composition as we think are calculated to enhance the value of the work, and are happily adapted to the use of the public generally, as an Appendix to the Sacred Harp, and have adopted the same.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

B. F. WHITE,
JOEL KING,
LEONARD P. BREEDLOVE,
A. OGLETREE,
S. R. PENICK,
J. R. TURNER,
R. F. M. MANN,
E. L. KING,

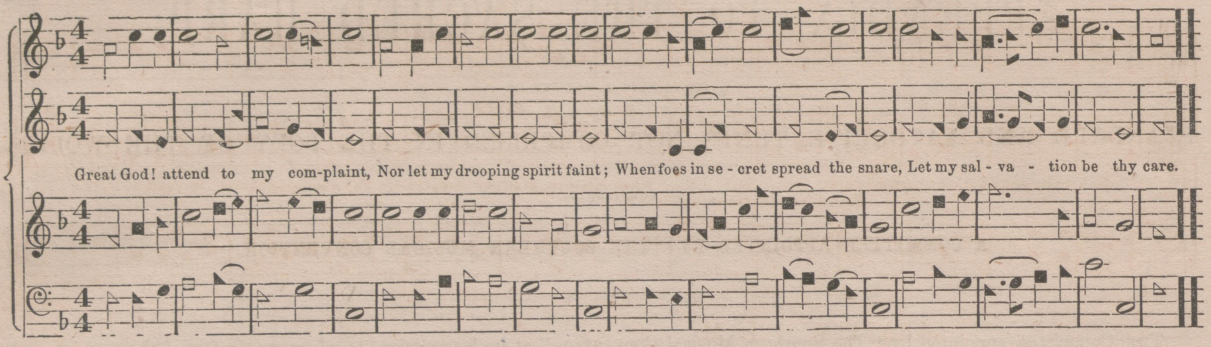
Committee.

Hamilton, Jan. 12 850

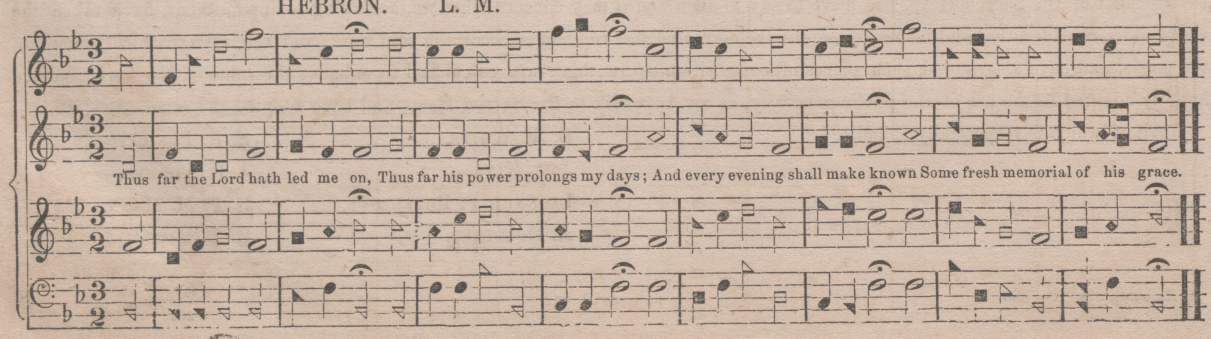
[Adopted.]

JAN 12 1850

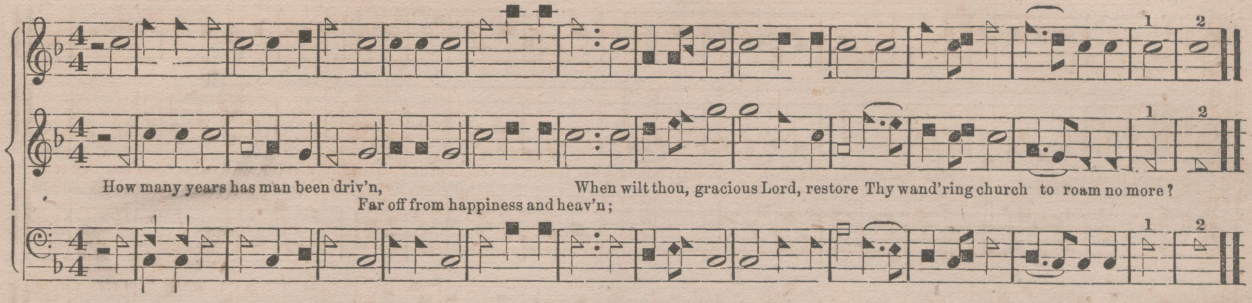
DUKE STREET. L. M.



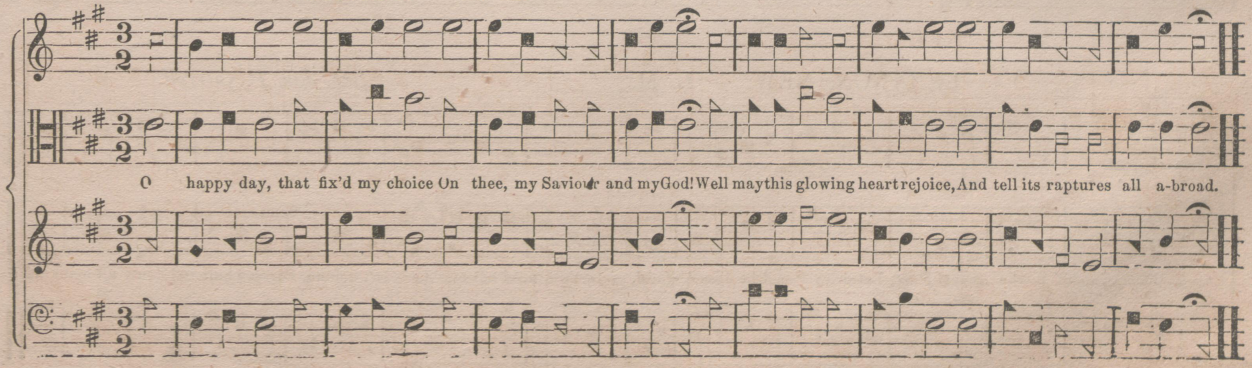
HEBRON. L. M.



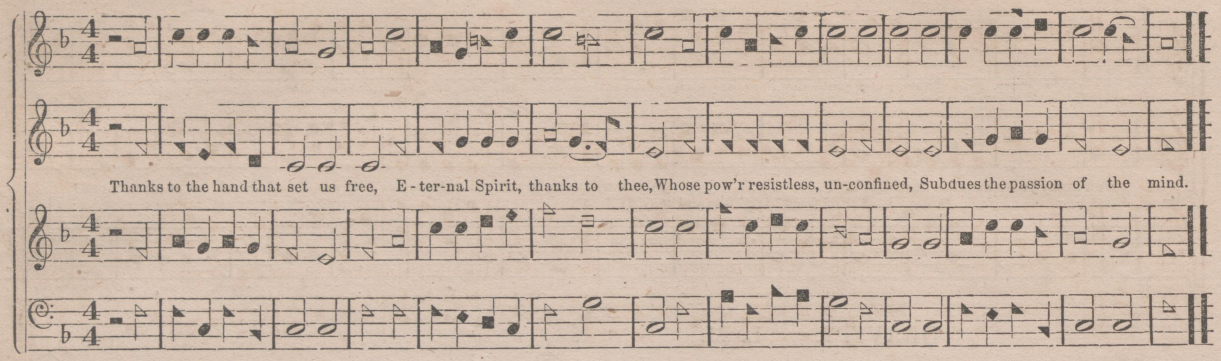
RESTORATION. L. M. Baptist Hymn Book, p. 594. *D. P White.*



GRAVITY. L. M.

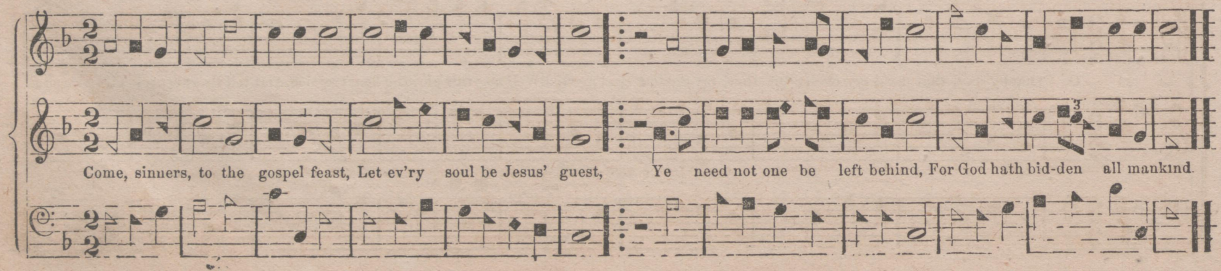


UXBRIDGE. L M

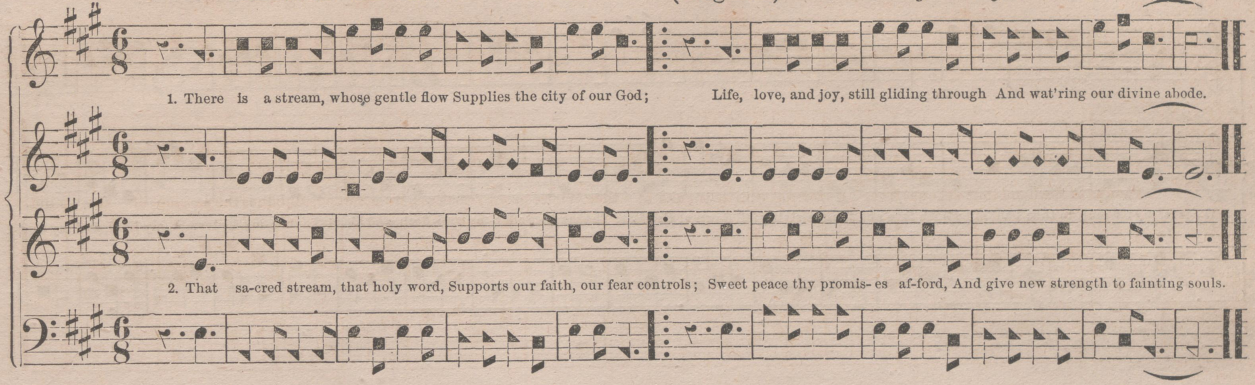


LEBANON, NEW. L. M.

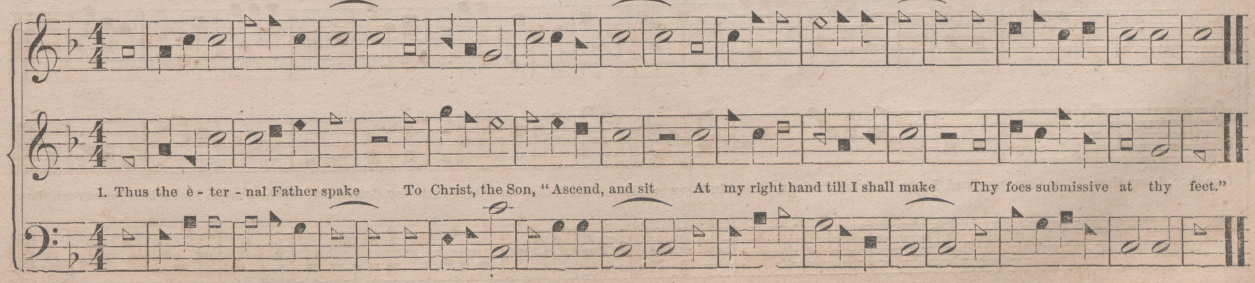
Rev. Jas. P. Carrell.



SACRED STREAM. L. M. (Original.) *By Henry G. Mann.*

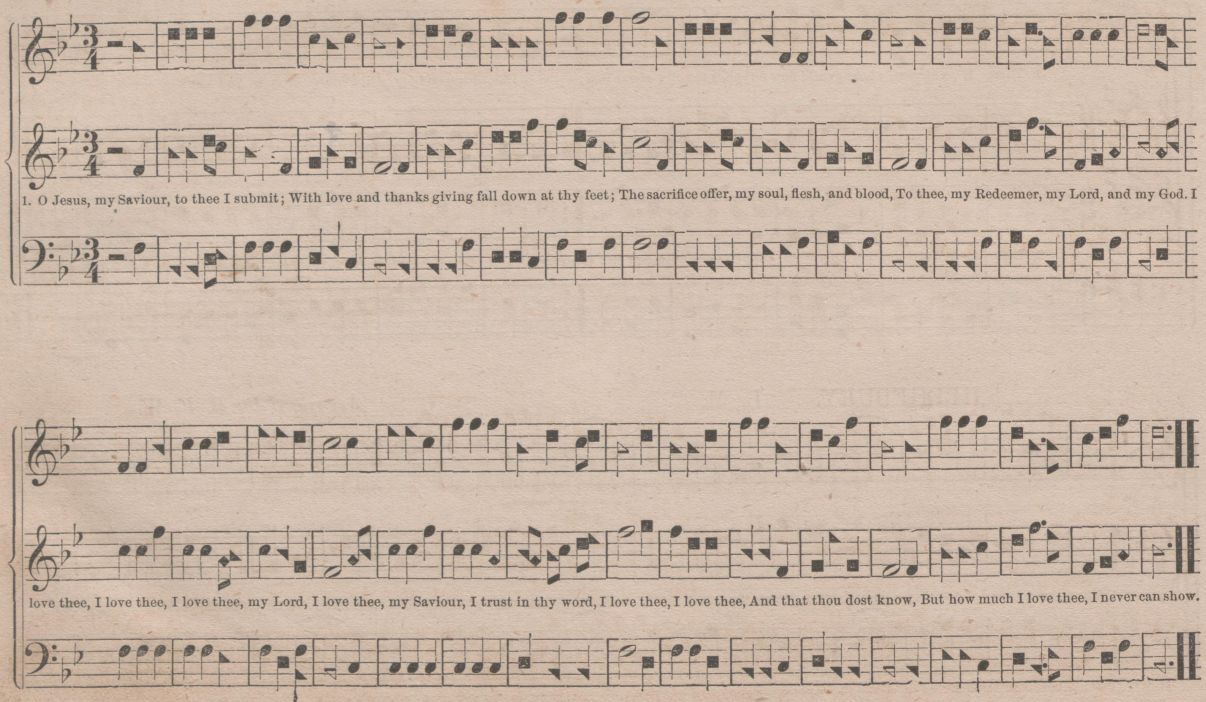


HEDGEBURY. L. M. *Arranged by B. F. W.*



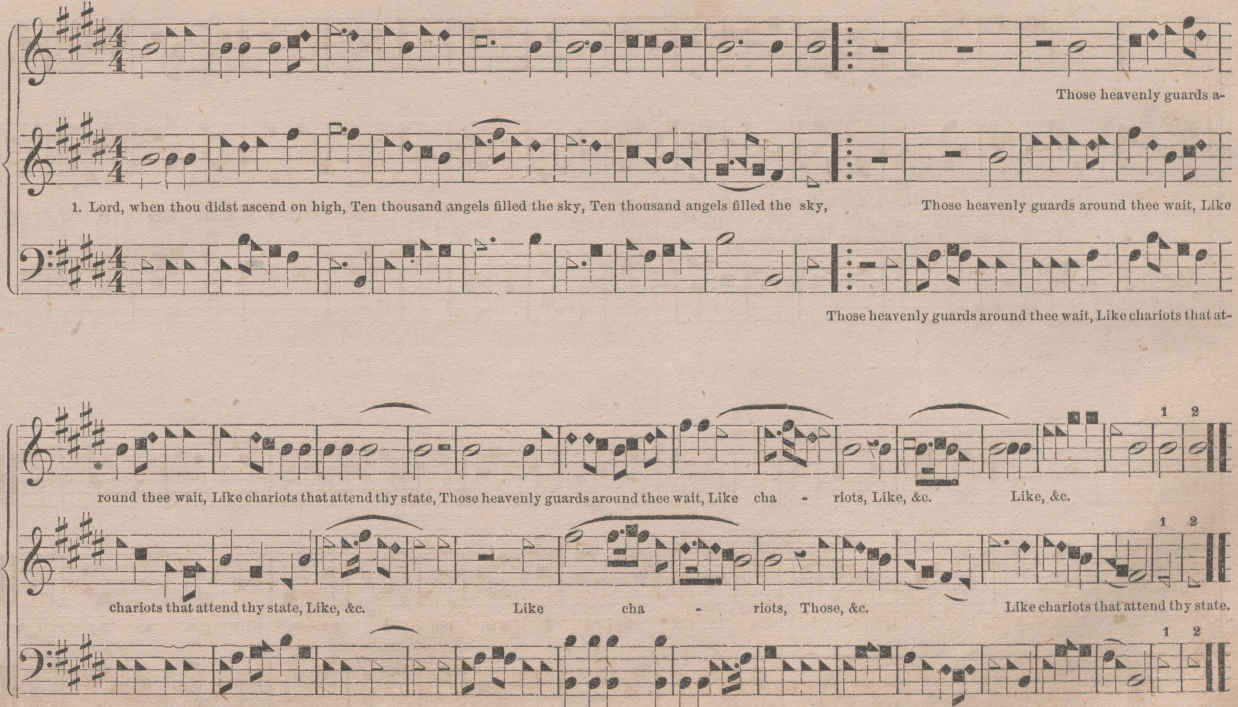
SWEET AFTON. 11s.

Arranged by B. F. White.



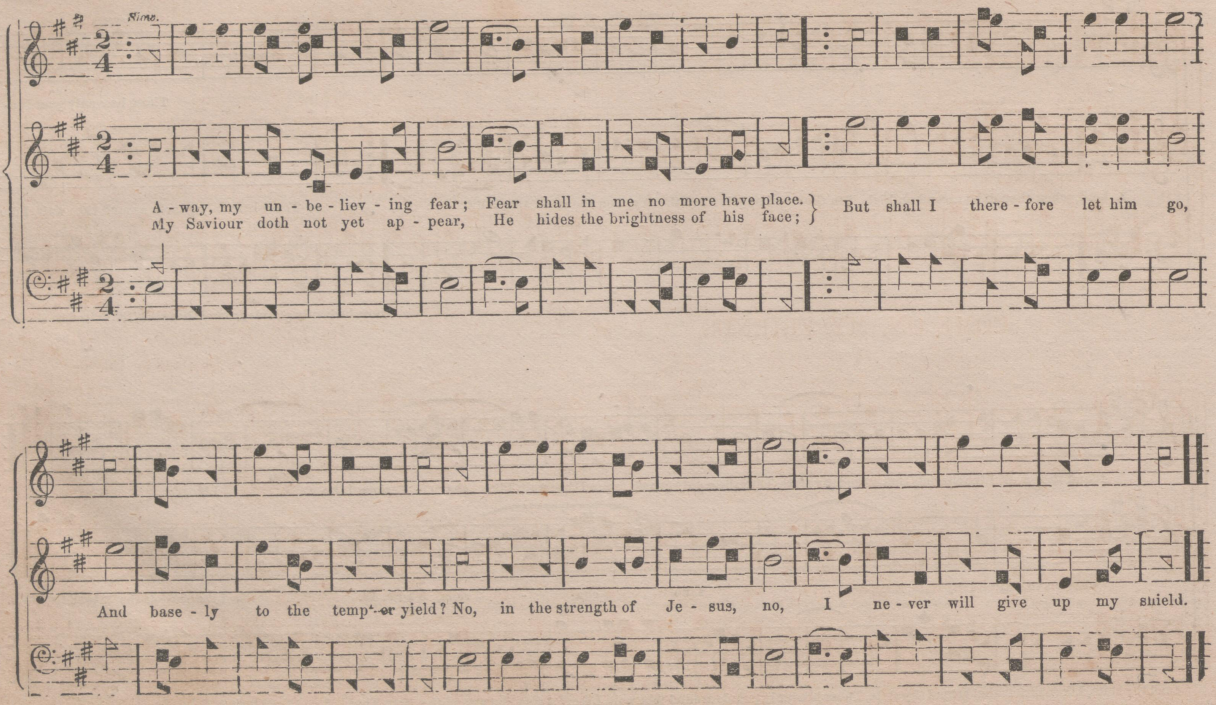
BEAR CREEK. L. M.

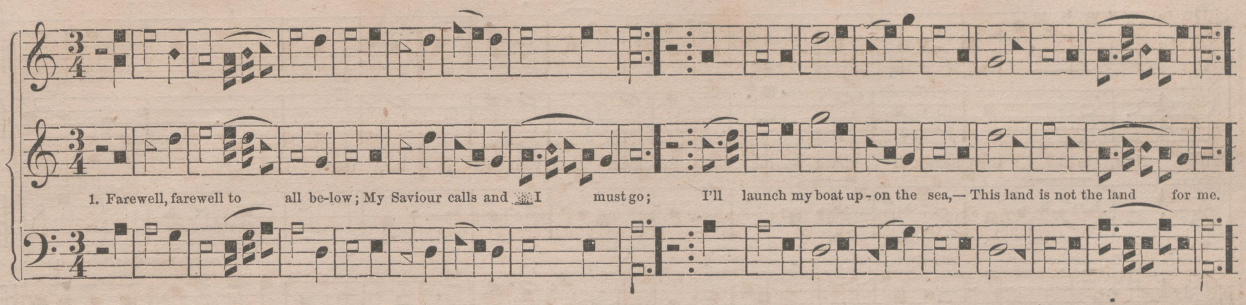
Arranged by B. F. White.



CONFIDENCE L. M. D.

By J. R. Turner.

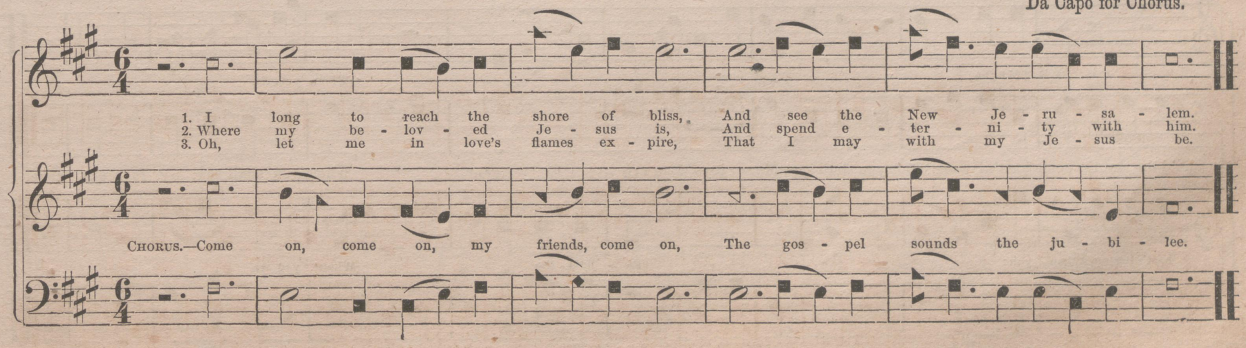




COME ON, MY FRIENDS. L. M.

By Eld. E. Dumas.

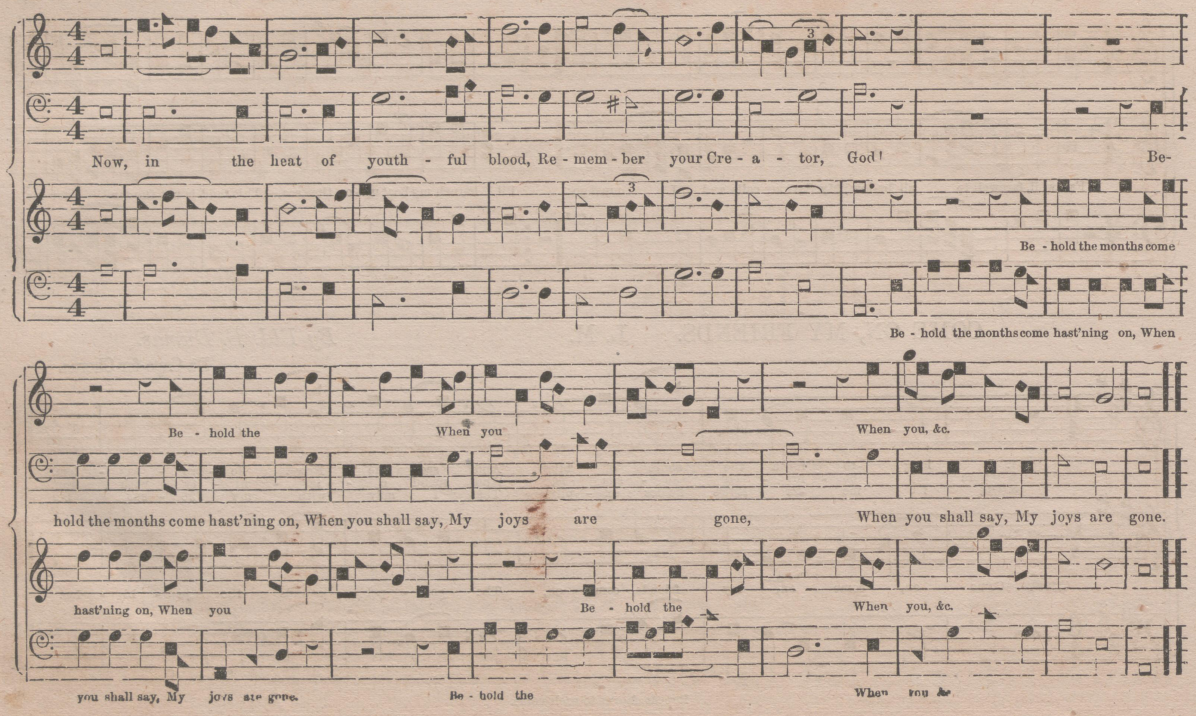
Da Capo for Chorus.

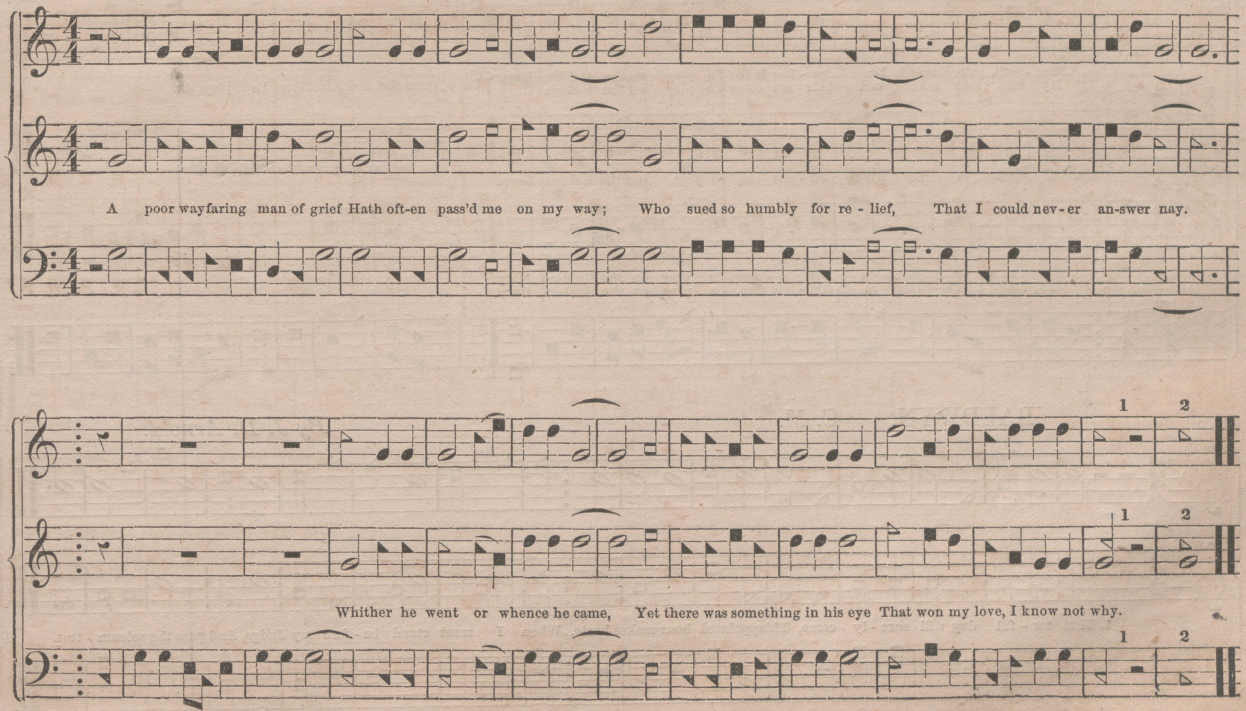


Repeat chorus to each verse.

EXHORTATION. L M.

Doolittle.




A poor wayfaring man of grief Hath oft-en pass'd me on my way; Who sued so humbly for re - lief, That I could nev-er an-swer nay.
1 2
1 2
Whither he went or whence he came, Yet there was something in his eye That won my love, I know not why.
1 2
I had not power to ask his name.

THE GOLDEN HARP. L. M.

By J. P. Rees.

Fine. CHORUS. D.C.

1. Fare - well, vain world, I'm go - ing home To play on the Golden Harp.
My Sa - viour smiles, and bids me come To play on the Golden Harp.
} To play on the Golden Harp, To play, &c.

Cho.—I want to be where Je - sus is, To play on the Golden Harp.

Sweet an - gels beck - on me a - way To play on the Gold-en Harp.
To sing God's praise in end - less day, To play on the Gold-en Harp.

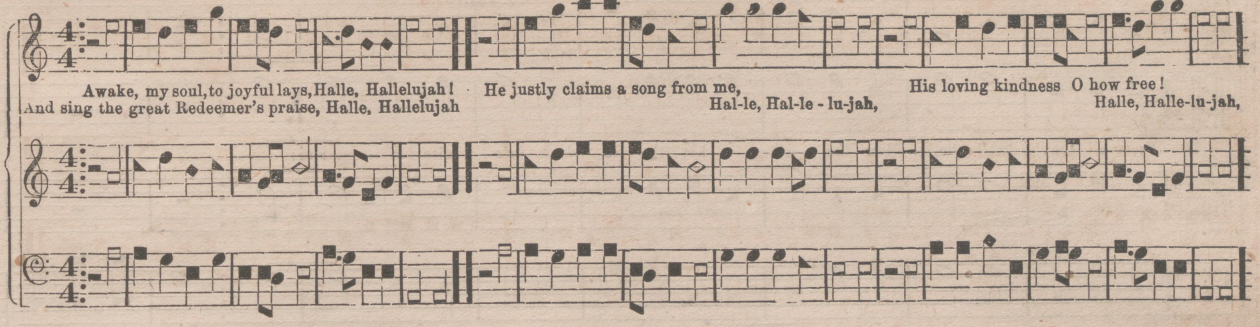
BALDWYN. C. M.

By J. D. Arnold.

1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, Th'appointed hour makes haste, When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the solemn test.

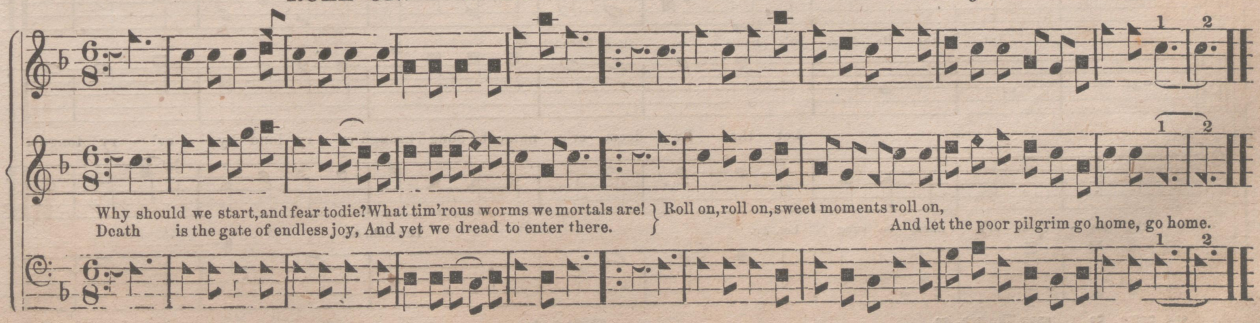
LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

By J. L. P. & S. R. Penick.



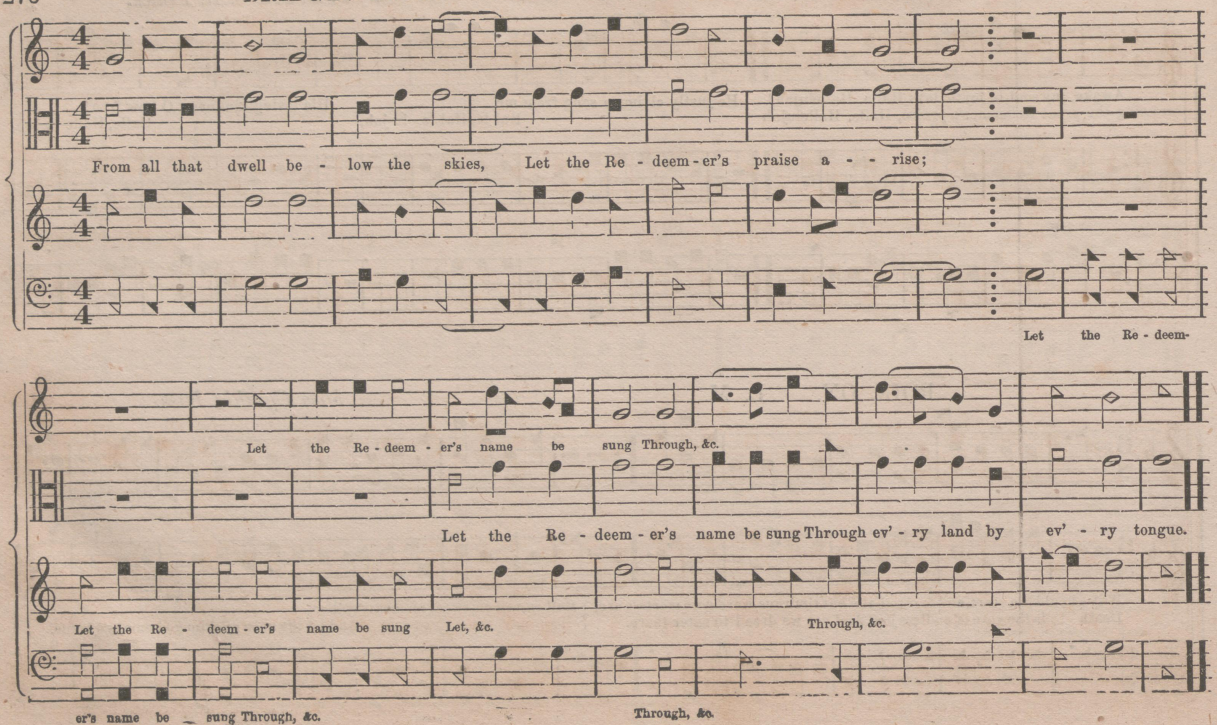
ROLL ON. L. M.

Miss Cynthia Bass.



BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

Edson.



ANTIOCH. L. M.

F. C. Wood.

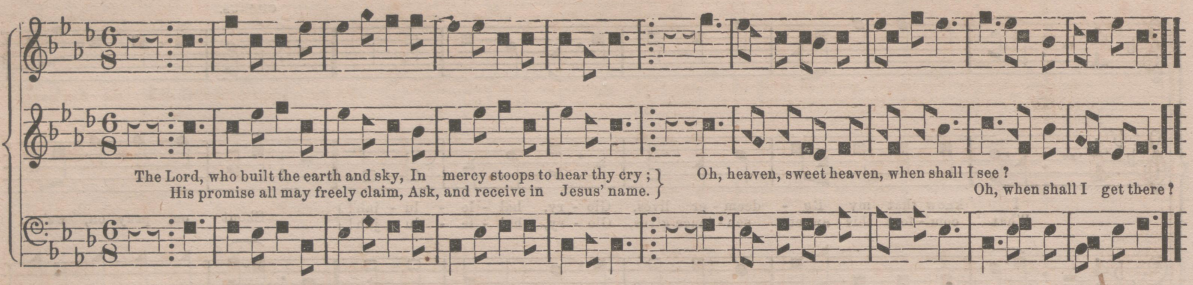
CHORUS.

I know that my Re - deem - er lives, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
What com - fort this sweet sen - tence gives, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Shout on, pray on, we're gain - ing ground, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! The dead's a - live, and the lost is found, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

SWEET HEAVEN. L. M.

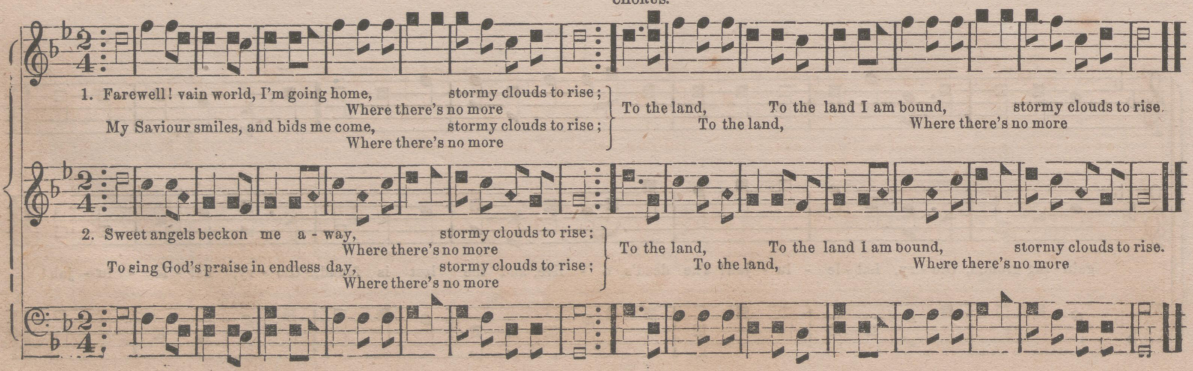
E. L. King.

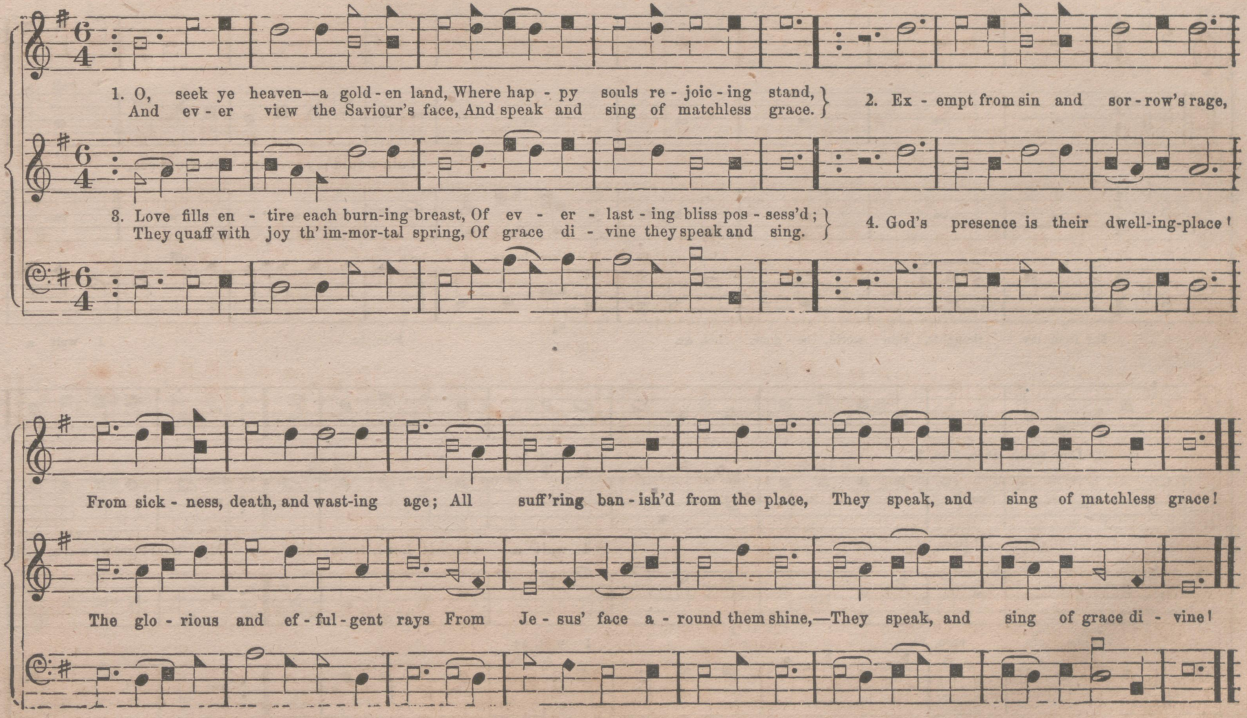


TRAVELLING PILGRIM. L. M.

S. H. Rees.

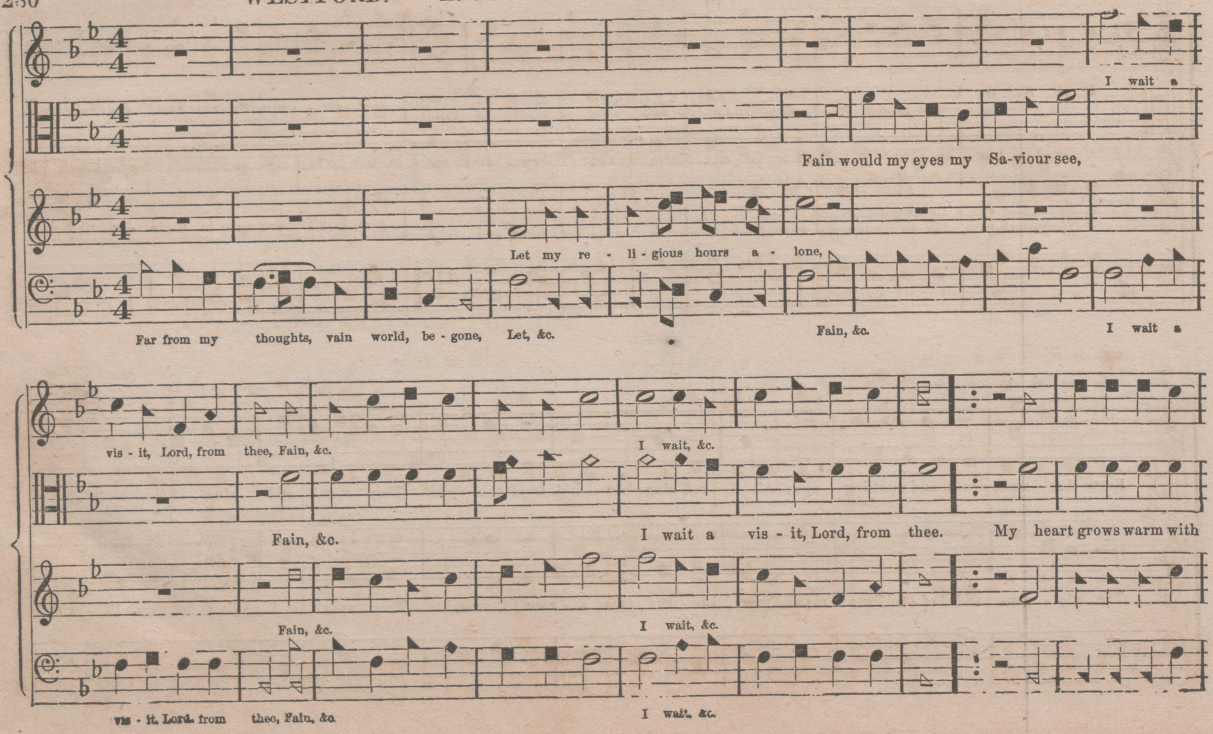
CHORUS.



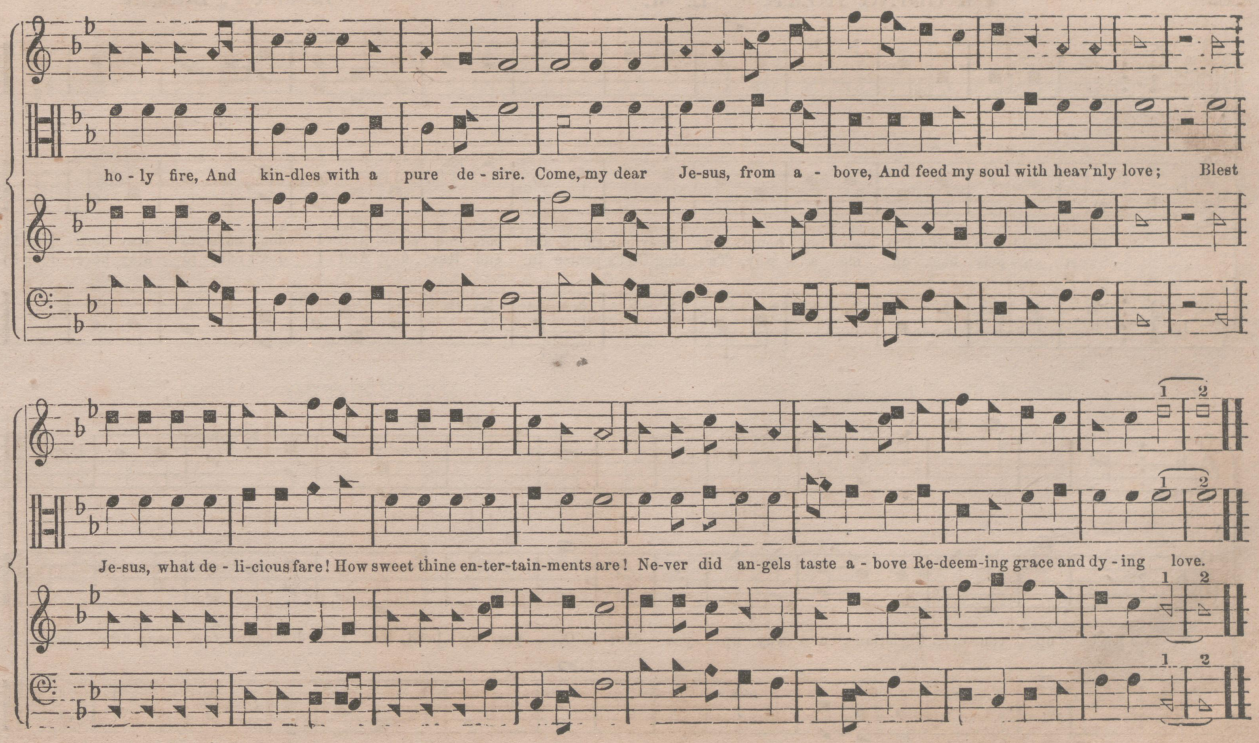

1. O, seek ye heaven—a gold - en land, Where hap - py souls re - joic - ing stand,
And ev - er view the Saviour's face, And speak and sing of matchless grace.
2. Ex - empt from sin and sor - row's rage,
3. Love fills en - tire each burn-ing breast, Of ev - er - last - ing bliss pos - sess'd;
They quaff with joy th' im-mor-tal spring, Of grace di - vine they speak and sing.
4. God's presence is their dwell-ing-place!
From sick - ness, death, and wast-ing age; All suff'ring ban - ish'd from the place, They speak, and sing of matchless grace!
The glo - rious and ef - ful - gent rays From Je - sus' face a - round them shine,—They speak, and sing of grace di - vine!

WESTFORD. L. M.

By Read.

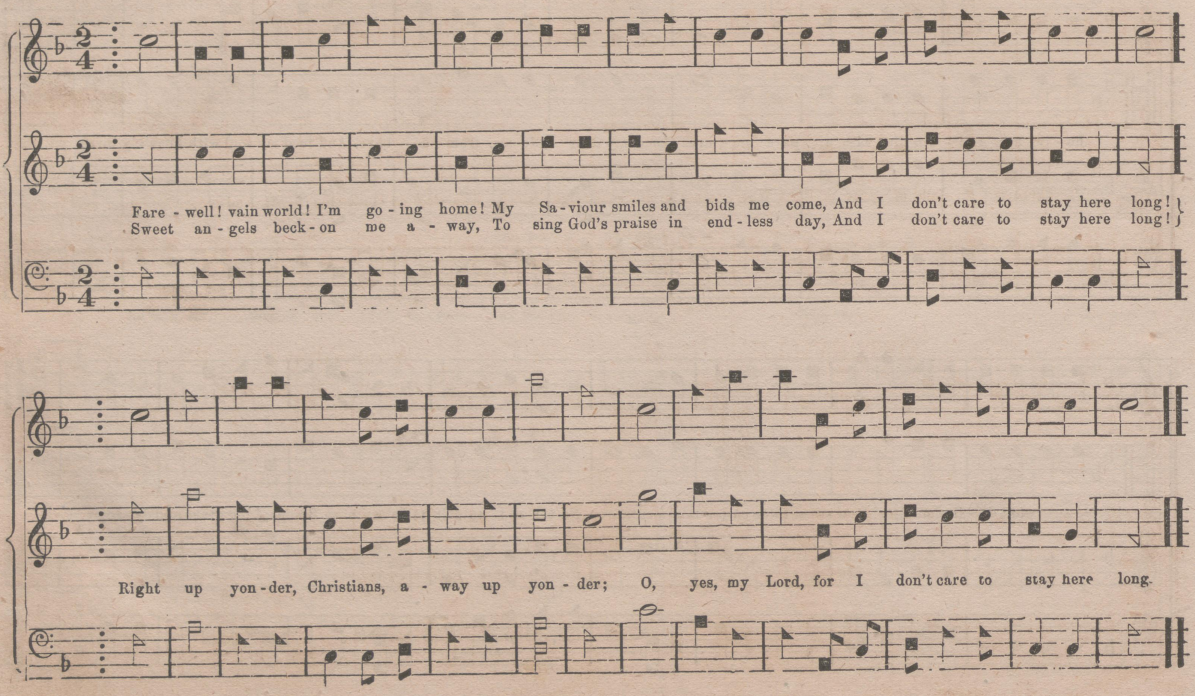


WESTFORD. *Concluded.*



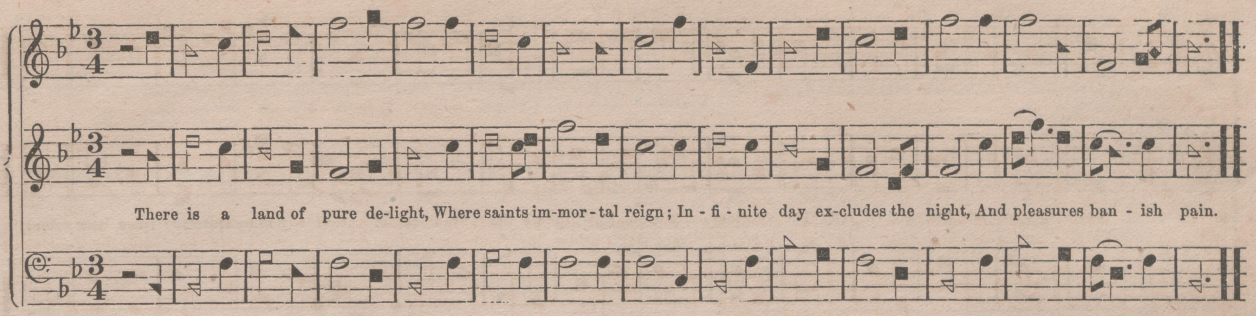
I'M GOING HOME. L. M.

Leonard P. Breedlove.



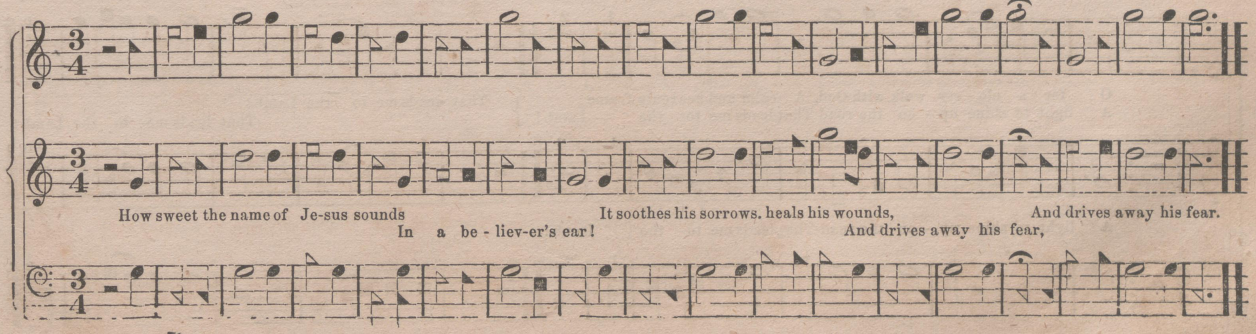
BALLERMA. C. M.

Arranged by *B. F. White.*



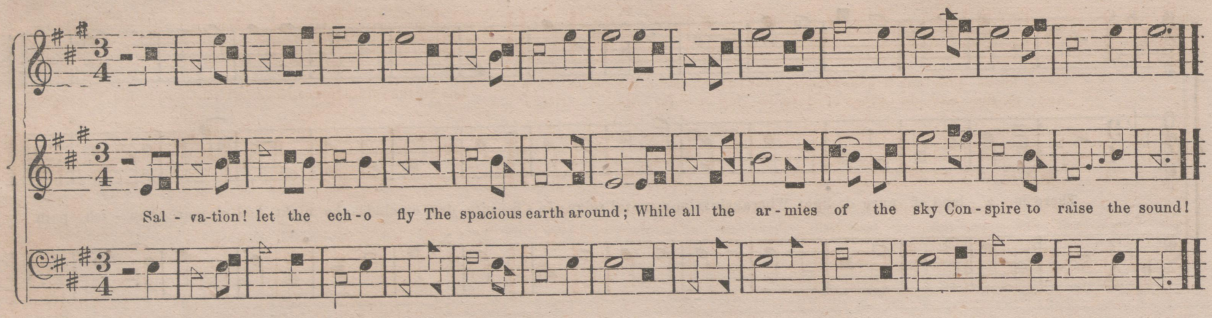
ORTONVILLE. C. M.

Arranged by *B. F. White.*



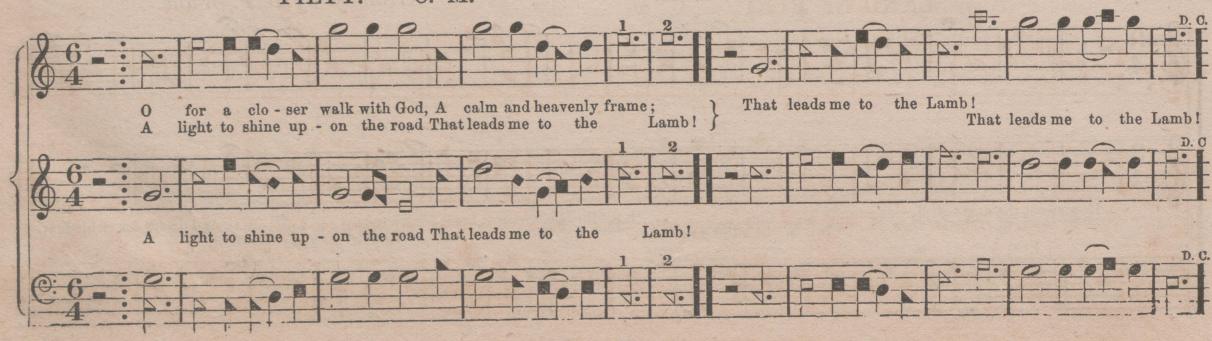
ROCKINGHAM. C. M.

B. F. White.



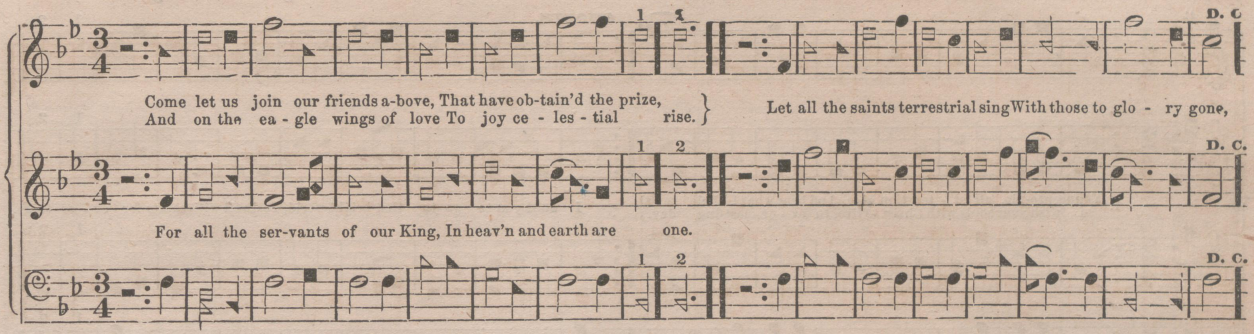
PIETY. C. M.

B. F. White.



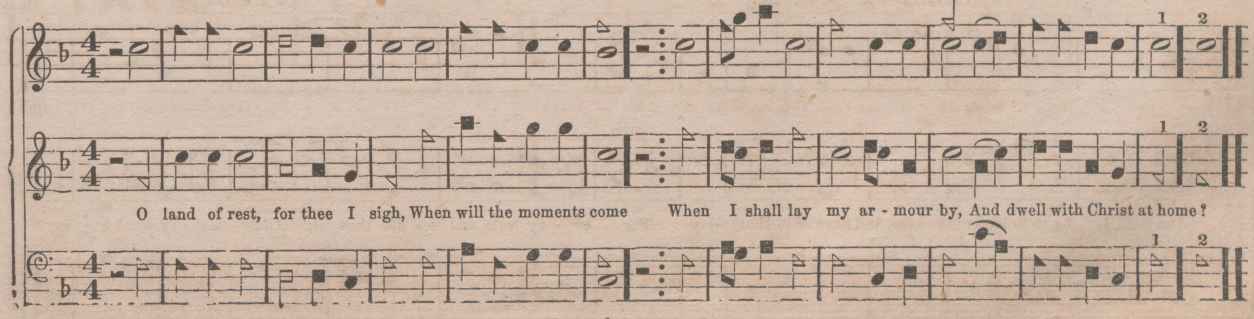
ARNOLD. C. M.

L. P. Breedlove



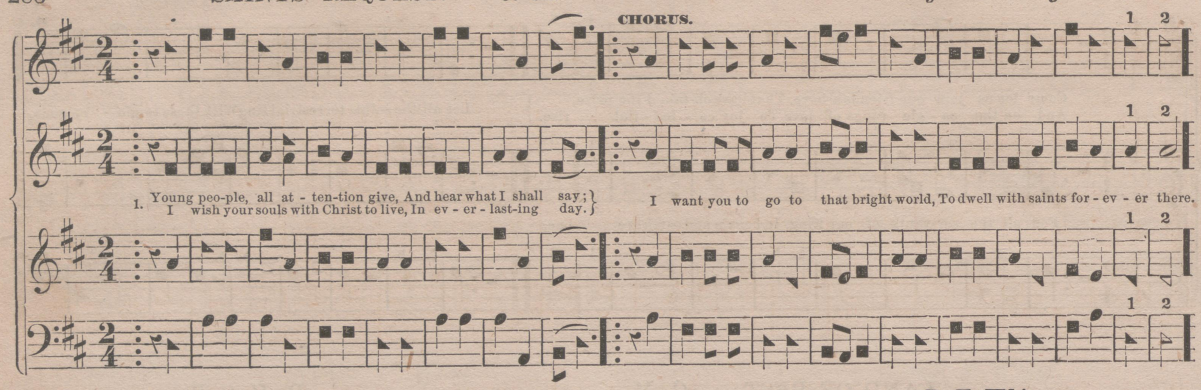
LAND OF REST. C. M.

By H. S. Rees.



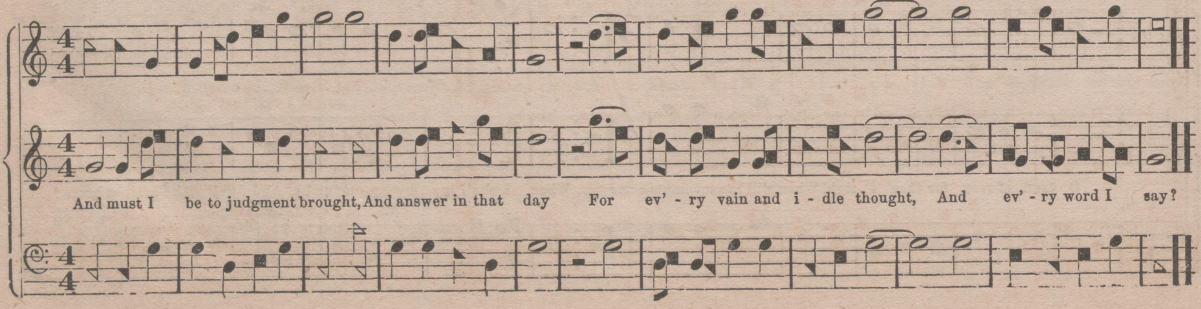
SAINTS' REQUEST. C. M.

By J. S. Terry.

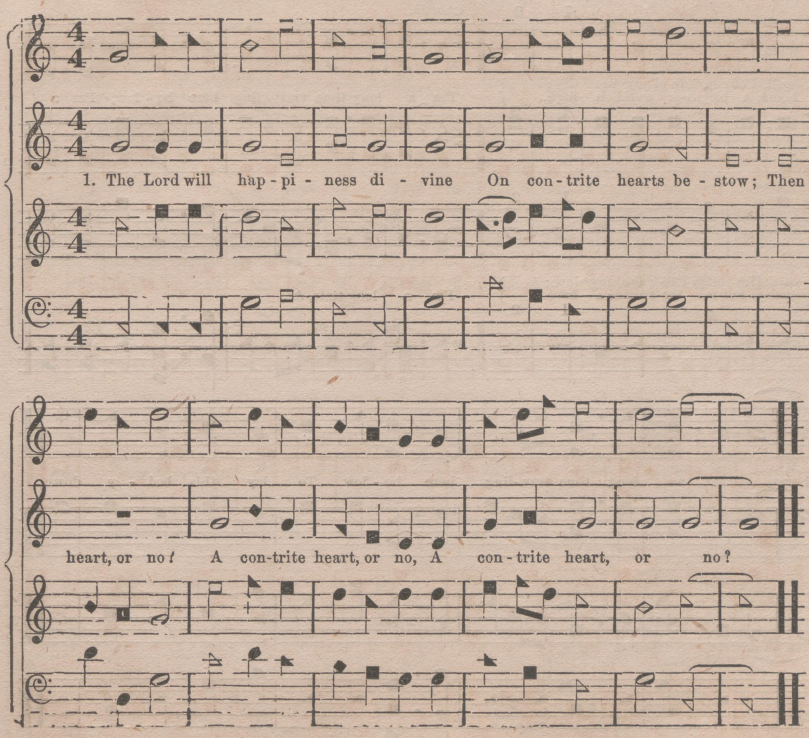


MELODY. C. M.

B. F. White.



CAMBRIDGE. C. M.



2. I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3. I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind
Averse to all that's good.

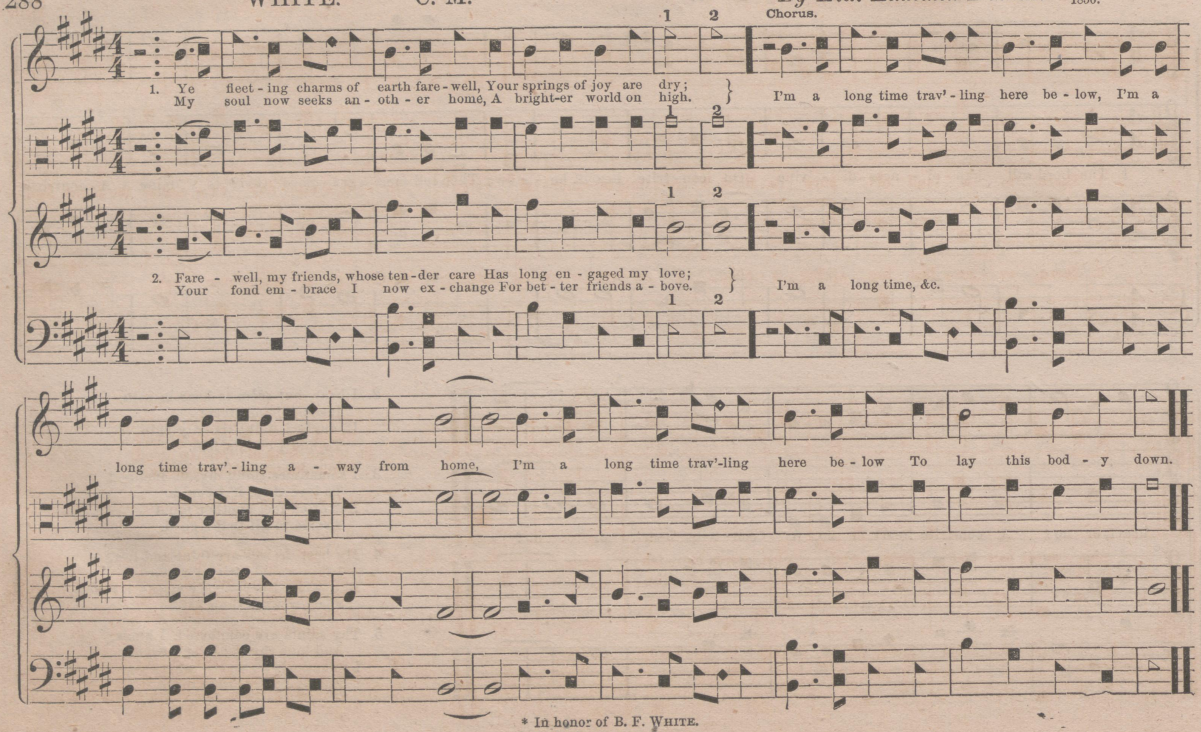
4. My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But, when I cry—"My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5. Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer;
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

288

WHITE. * C. M.

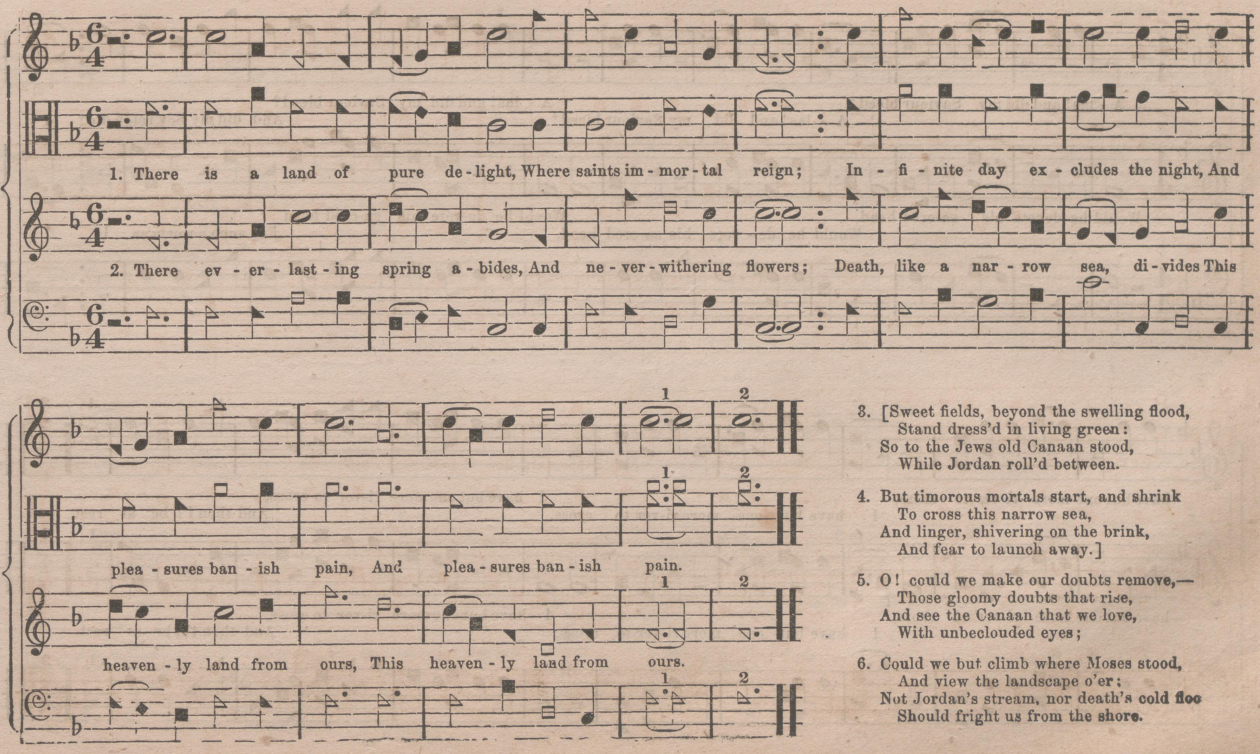
By Eld. Edmund Dumas. 1856.



* In honor of B. F. White.

GREENSBOROUGH. C. M.

Col. John Mercer.



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.

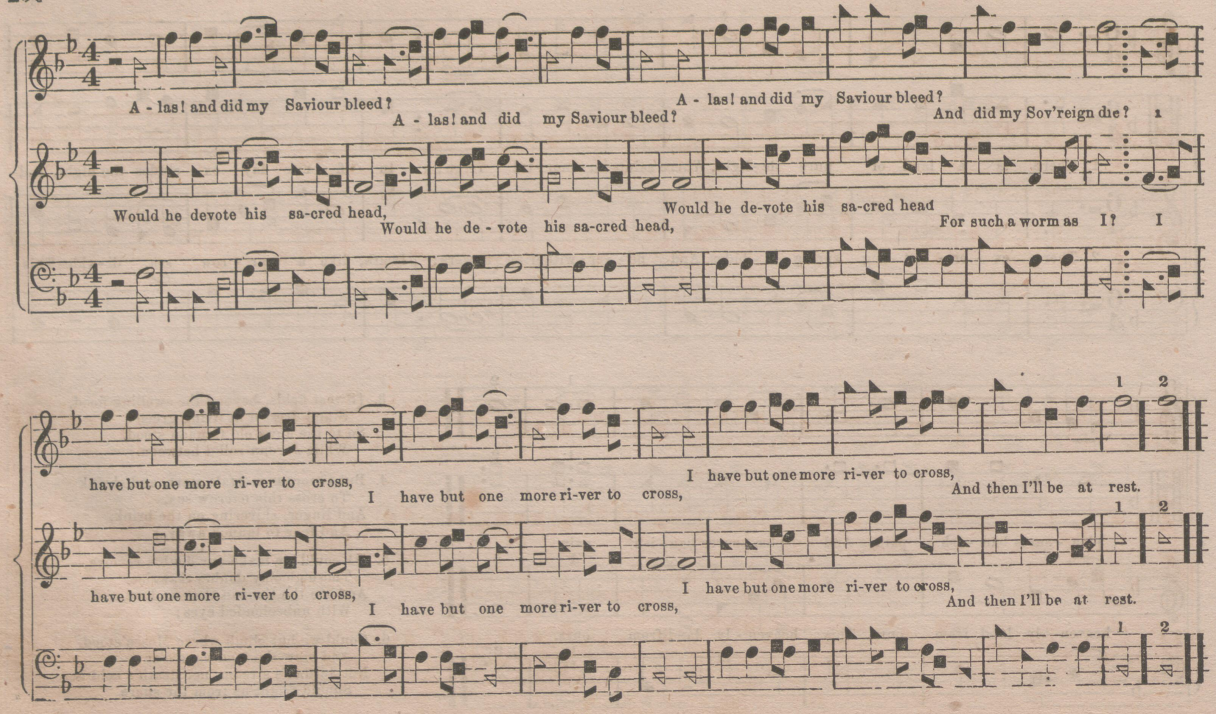
4. But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]

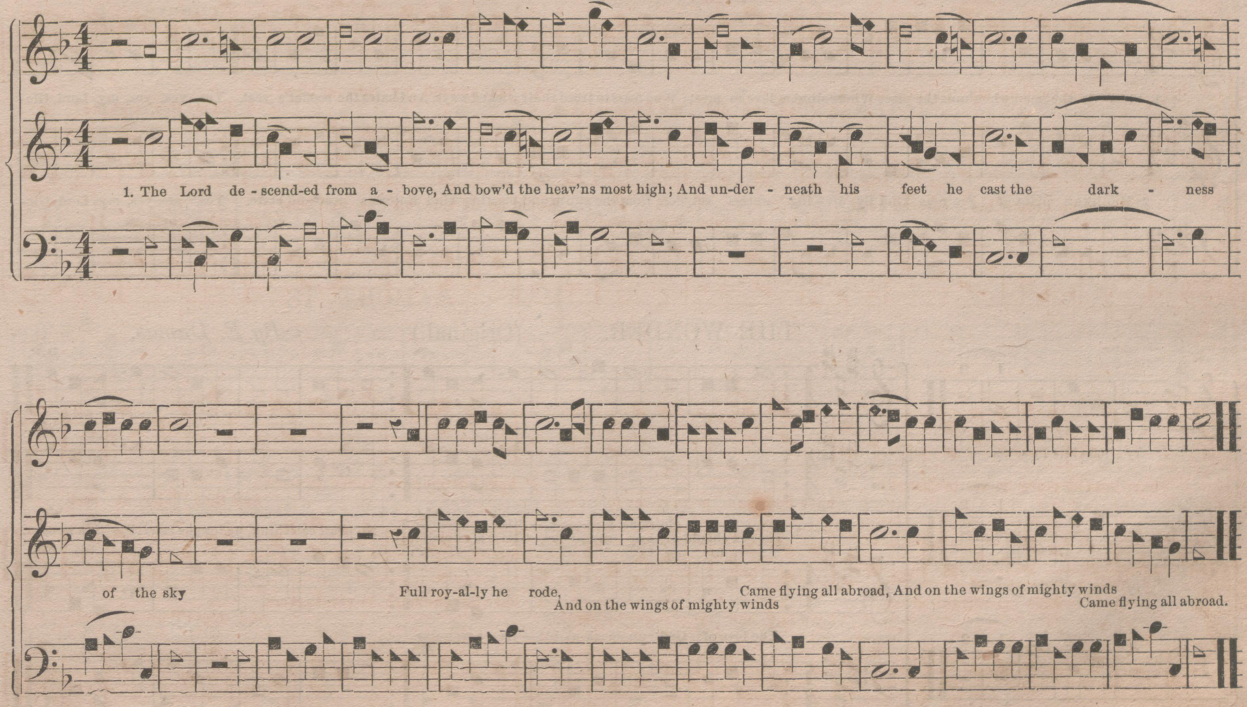
5. O! could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

VICTORIA. C. M.

Leonard P. Breedlove.




1. The Lord de - scend-ed from a - bove, And bow'd the heav'ns most high; And un-der - neath his feet he cast the dark - ness
of the sky
Full roy-al-ly he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad, And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
On cherubs and on cherubims,

292 HAPPY DAY. C. M. *By R. F. M. Mann.* Sept. 5, 1868.

CHORUS.

1. Blest is the man who shuns the place Where sinners love to meet; Who fears to tread their wicked ways, And hates the scoffer's seat. Yes, yes, yes, my Lord, Glo-

2. He like a plant of gen'rous kind By liv - ing waters set, Safe from the storm and blasting wind Enjoys a peace-ful state. Yes, yes, yes, my Lord, Glo-

ry hal - le - lu - jah.

ry hal - le - lu - jah.

THE WONDER. (Original.) *By E. Dumas.*

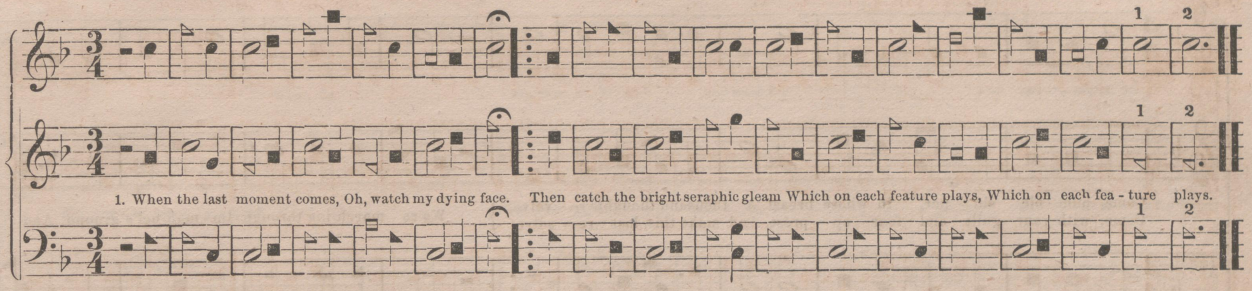
D.C.

1. Oh, 'tis a glo-rious mys-ter-y,— 'tis a wonder, } No heart can think, no tongue can tell,—'tis a wonder.
That I should ev - er sav-ed be,— 'tis a wonder, }

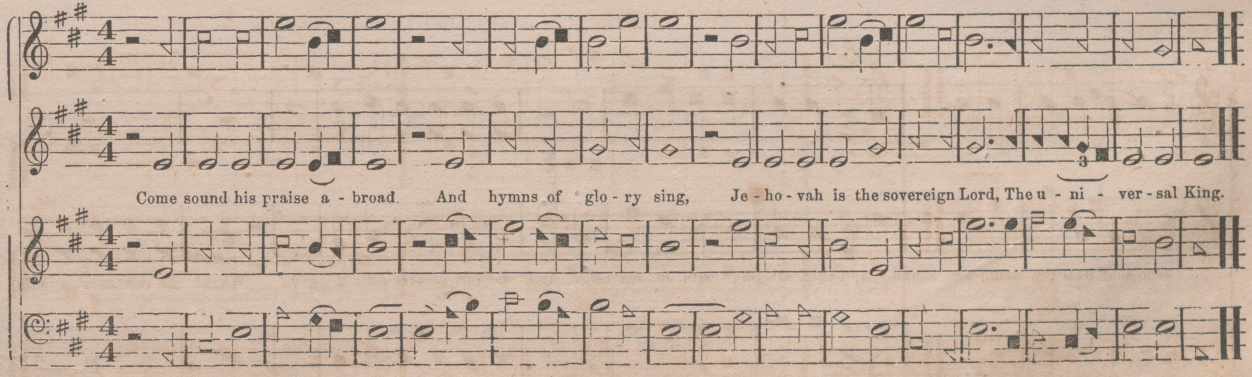
The love of God un-speak-a - ble,—'tis a won-der.

WARNERVILLE. S. M.

Arranged by J. M. Shell.

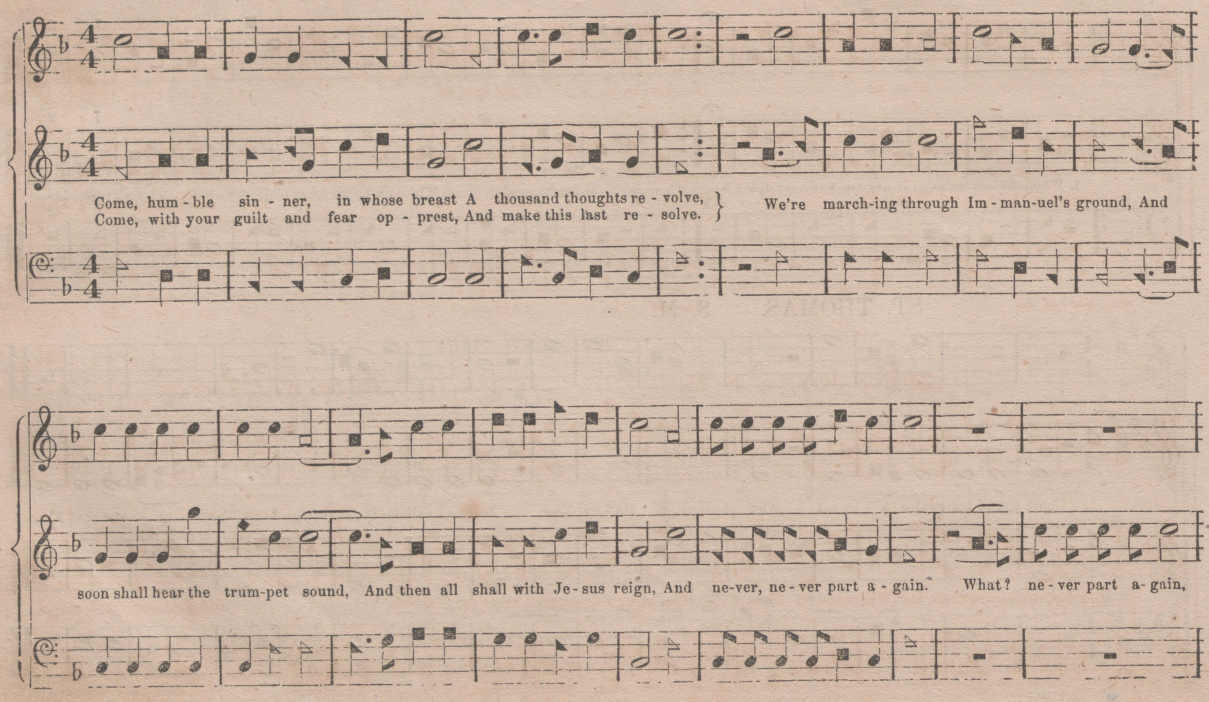


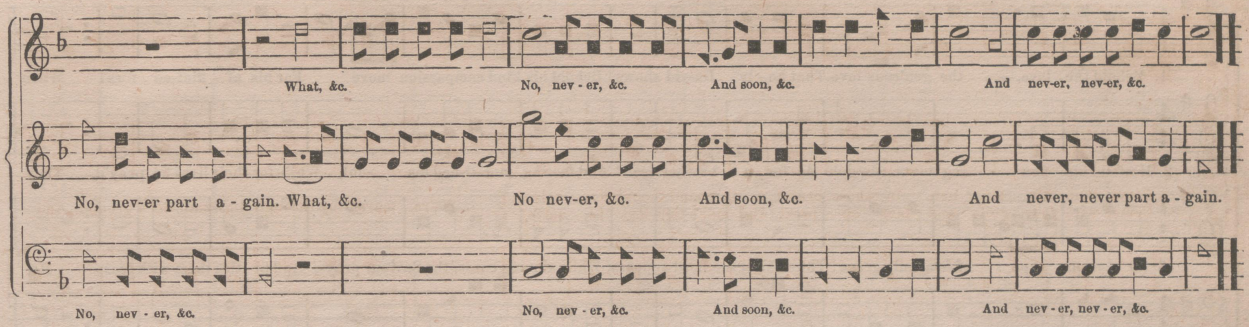
ST. THOMAS. S. M.



NEVER PART. C. M.

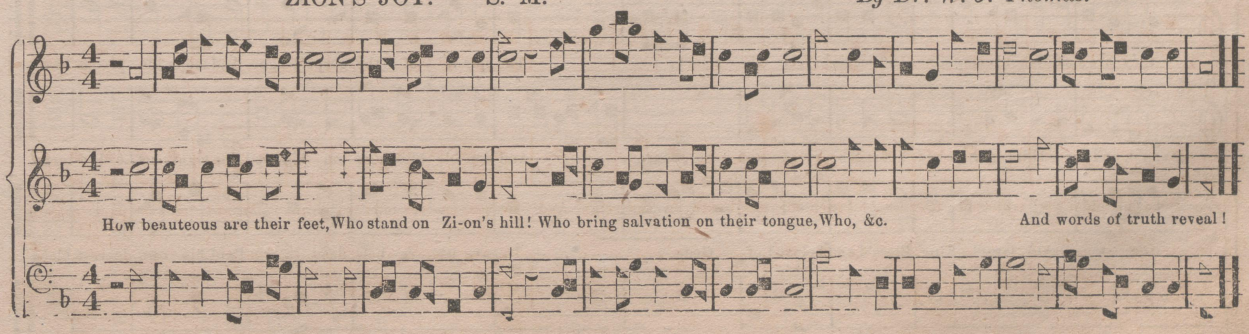
Jno. Carwell.





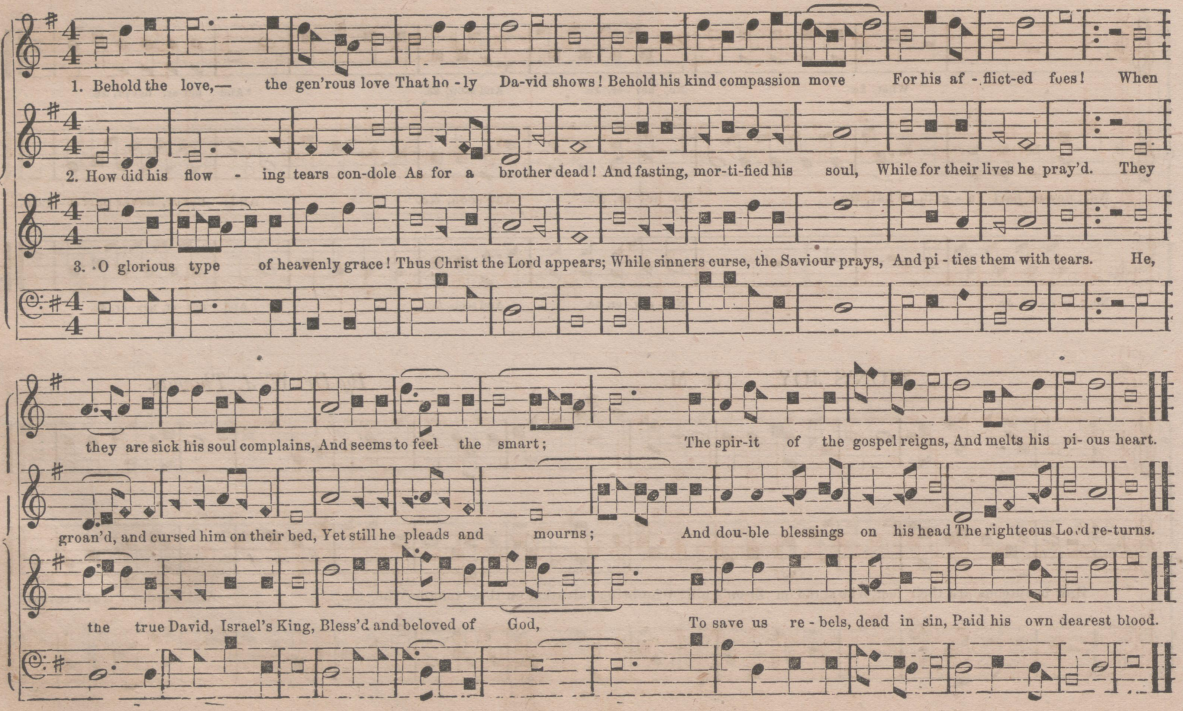
ZION'S JOY. S. M.

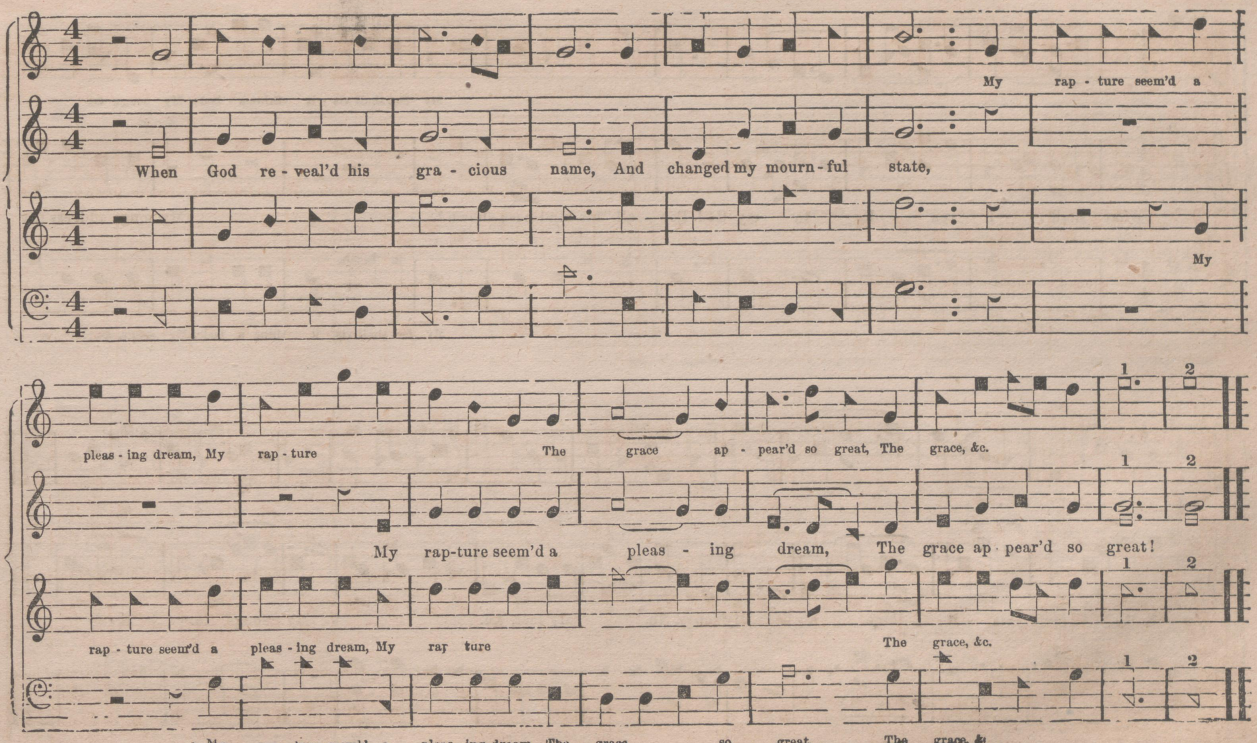
By Dr. W. J. Thomas.



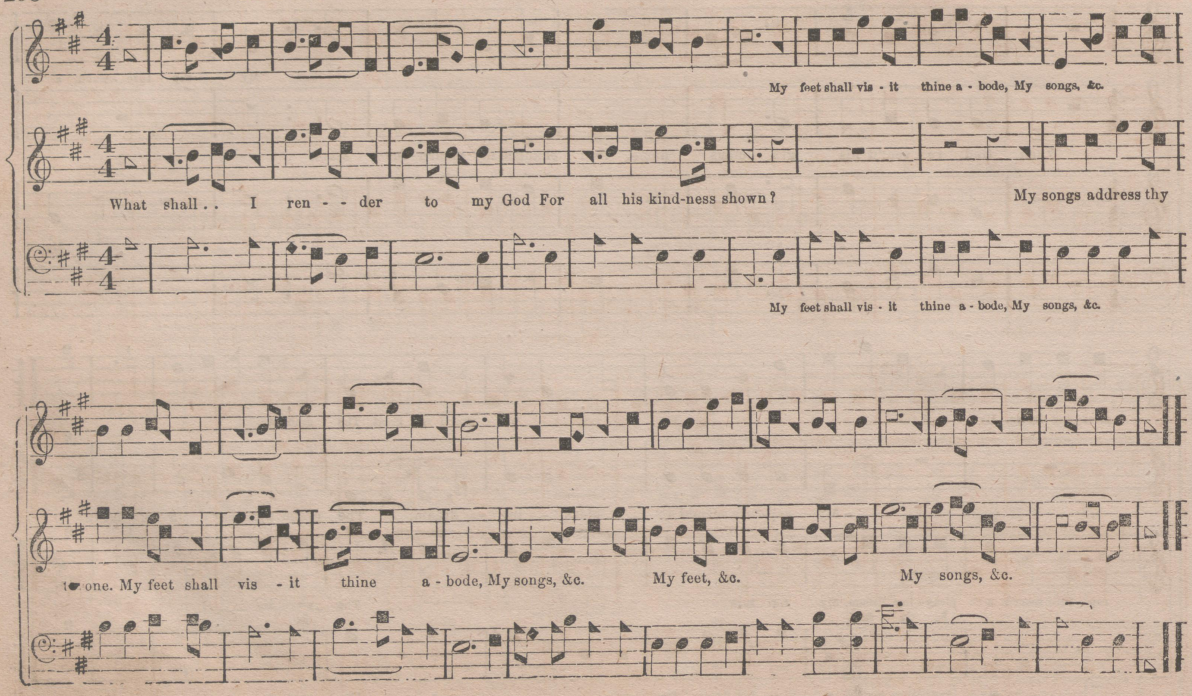
SARDINIA. C. M. D.

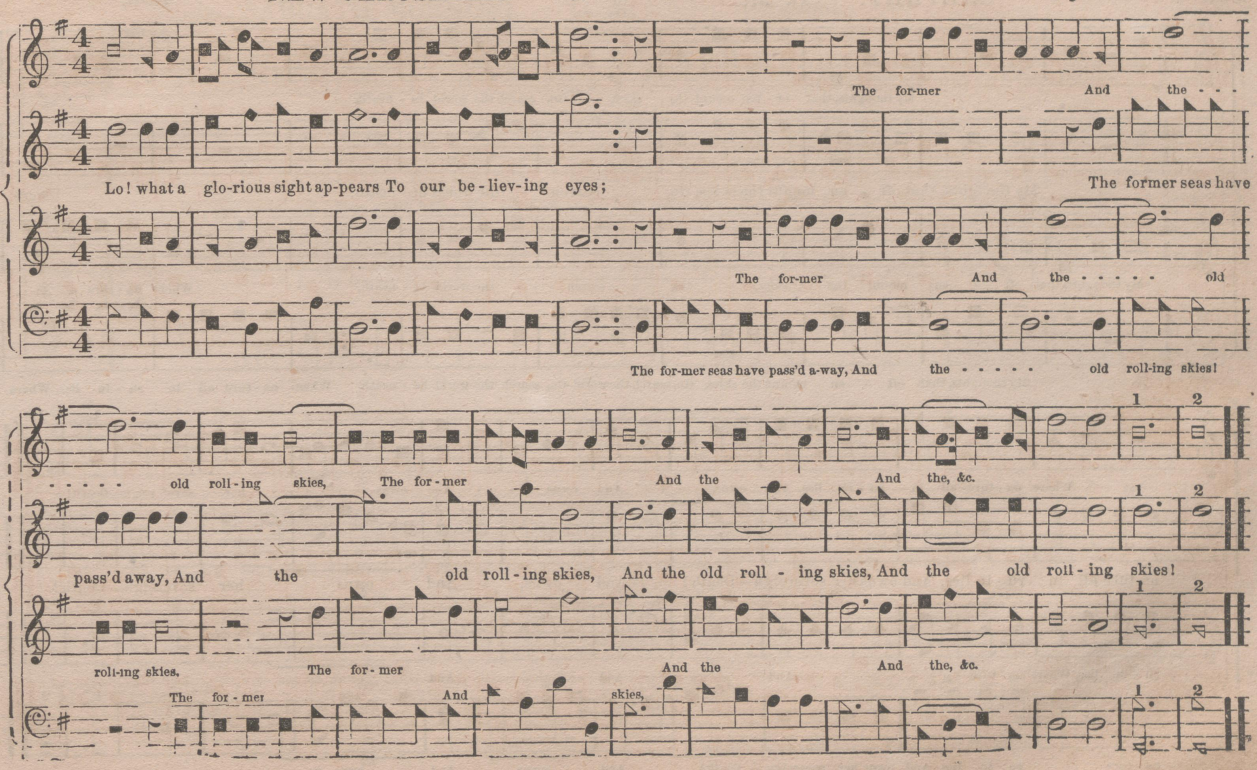
Castle.




My rap - ture seem'd a
When God re - veal'd his gra - cious name, And changed my mourn - ful state,
My
pleas - ing dream, My rap - ture The grace ap - pear'd so great, The grace, &c.
My rap-ture seem'd a pleas - ing dream, The grace ap pear'd so great!
rap - ture seem'd a pleas - ing dream, My rap ture The grace, &c.
My rap - ture seem'd a pleas - ing dream. The grace so great, The grace, &c.

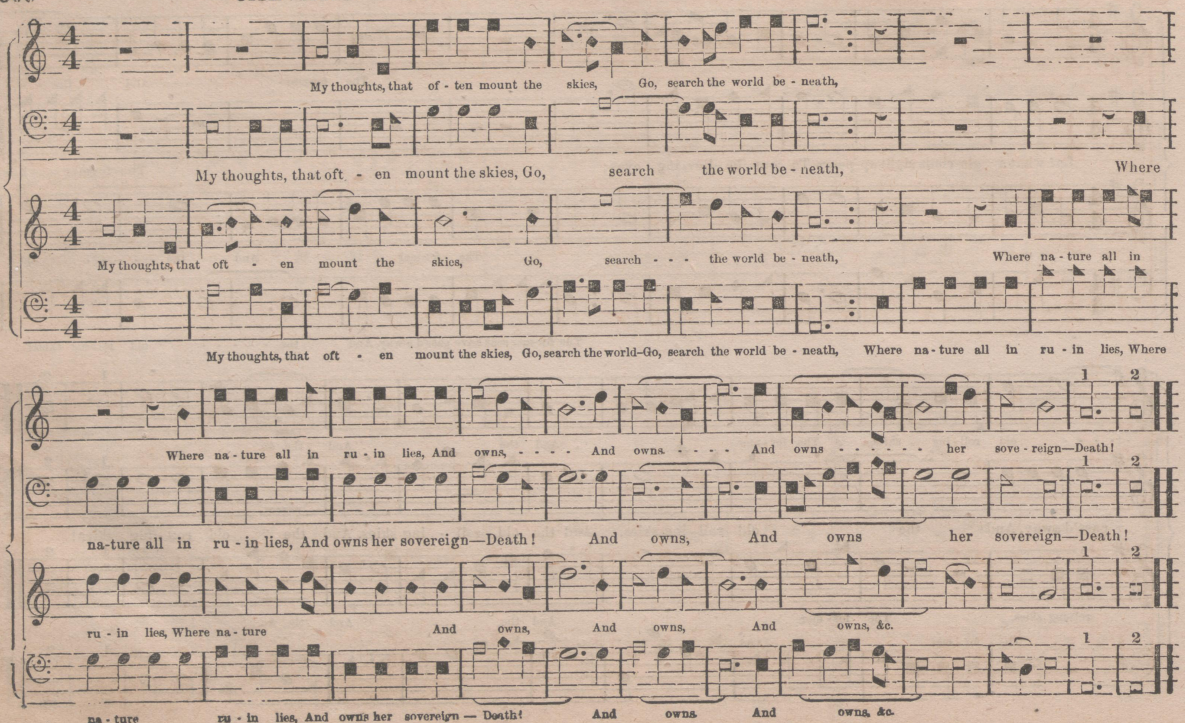
PROVIDENCE. C. M.



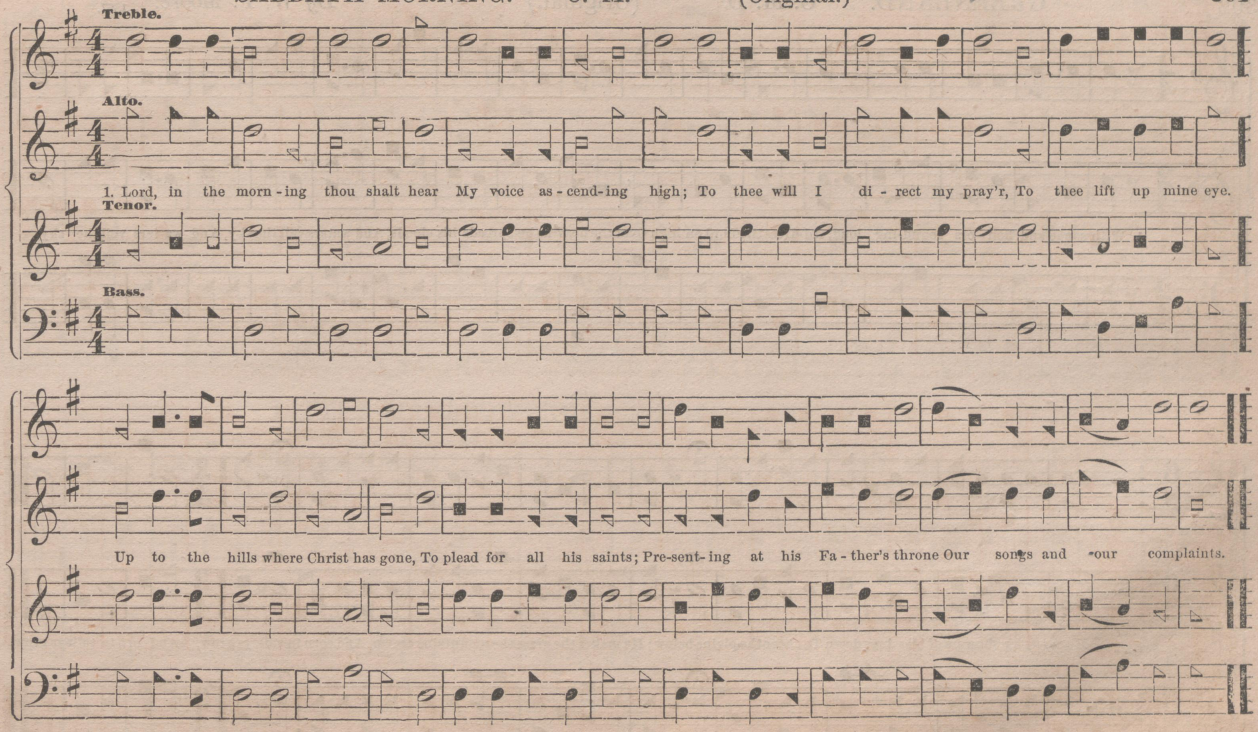

The for-mer And the - - -
Lo! what a glo-rious sight ap-pears To our be-liev-ing eyes;
The former seas have
The for-mer And the - - - - - old
The for-mer seas have pass'd a-way, And the - - - - - old roll-ing skies!
1 2
- - - - - old roll-ing skies, The for-mer And the And the, &c.
pass'd away, And the old roll-ing skies, And the old roll - ing skies, And the old roll-ing skies!
roll-ing skies, The for-mer And the And the, &c.
The for-mer And skies,

CALVARY. C. M.

Reed.



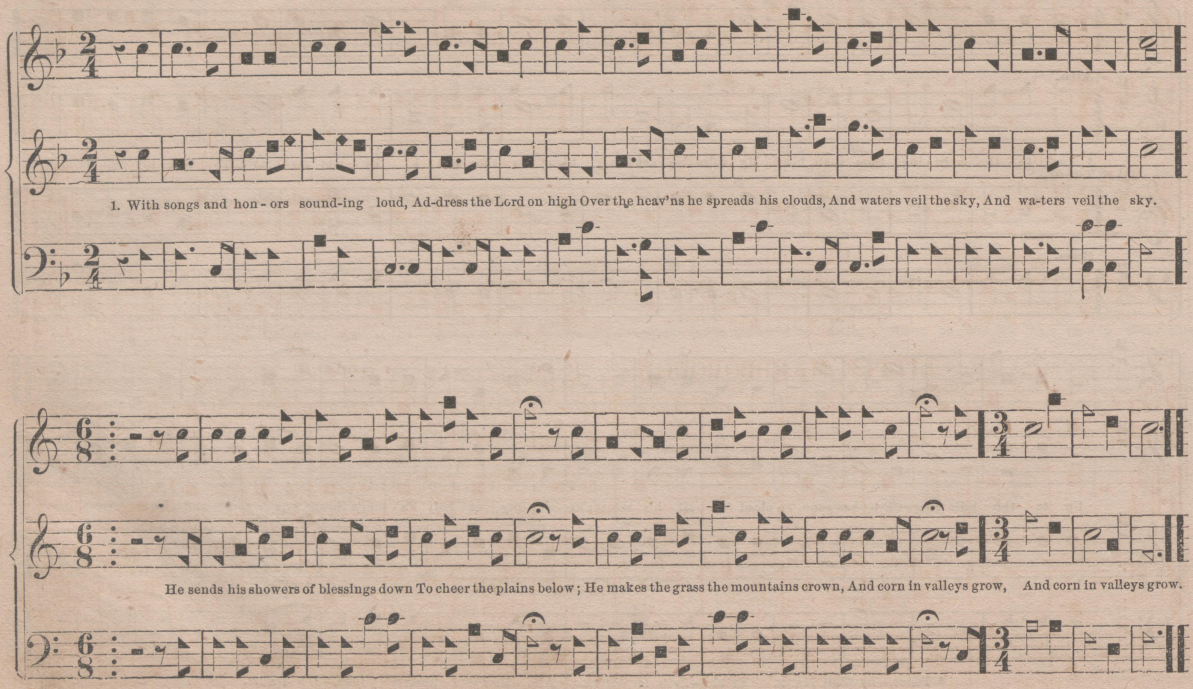
SABBATH MORNING. C. M. (Original.) *



* Tenor.—By W. B. Mann. Treble.—By R. H. White. Alto.—By Jas. L. White. Bass.—J. F. Davis.

GREENLAND. C. M. D. (Original.)

By W. F. Moore. 1867.



ZYNDER-ZEE. C. M. D. (Original.) *By M. Mark Wynn.*

Early's Hymn-Book, page 163.

Fine. D. C.

1. Look, how we grovel here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
Our souls how heavi - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
Ho-sannas languish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.

D. C.

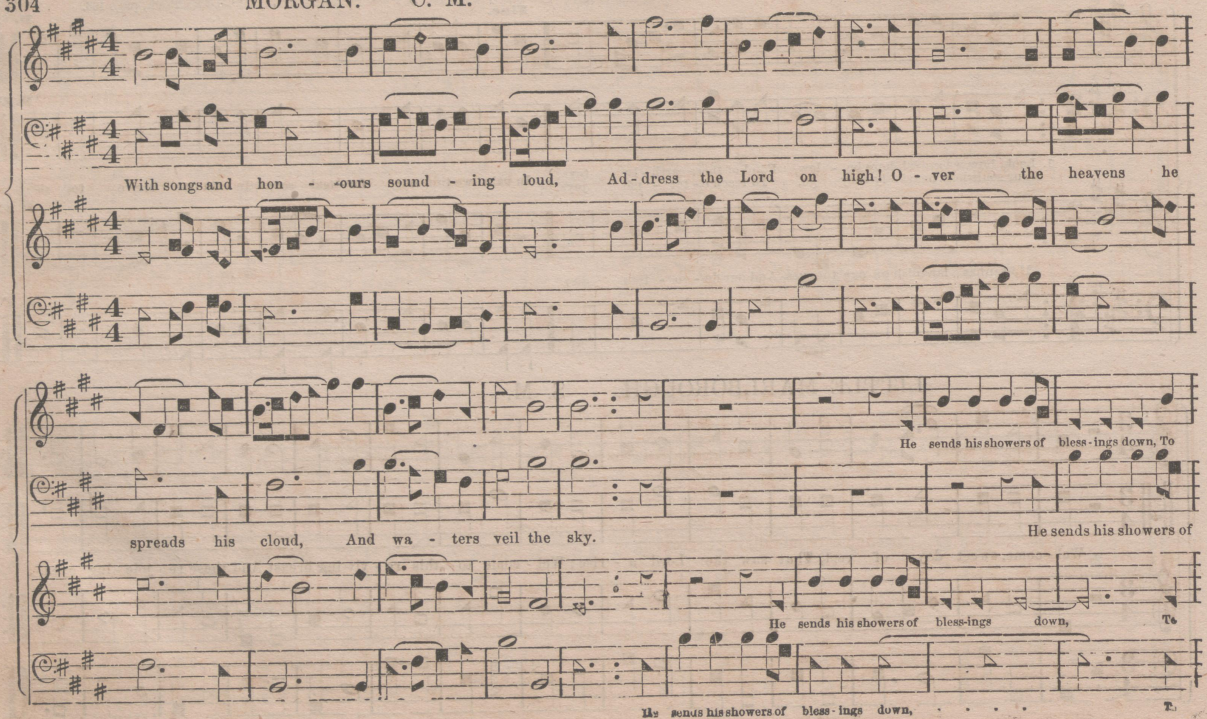
D. C.

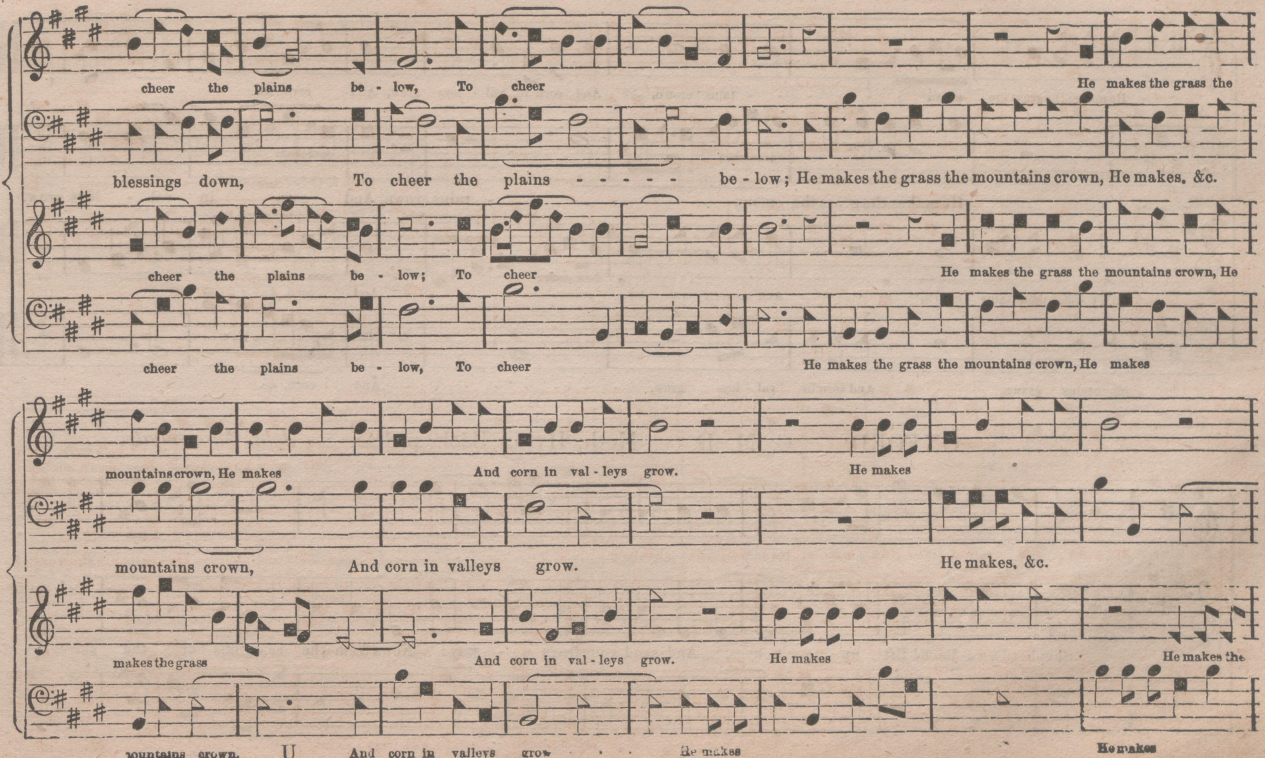
D. C.

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

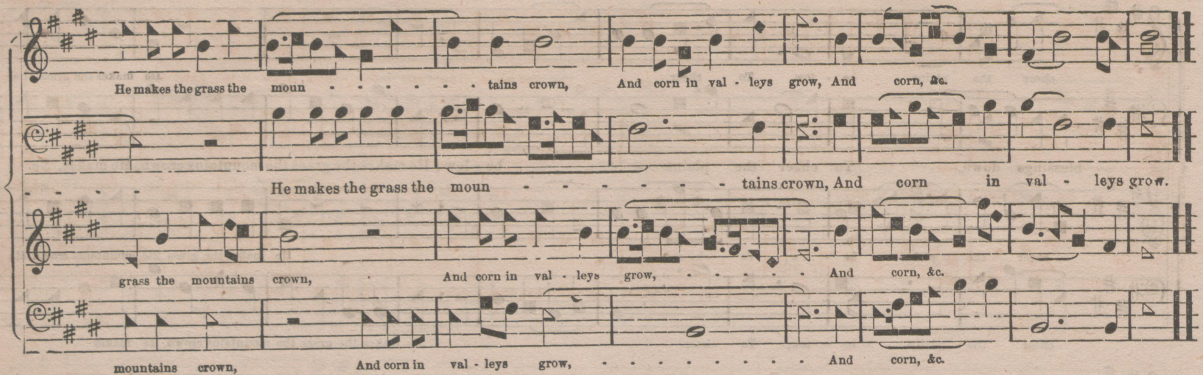
Wel - come, sweet day of rest, What saw the Lord a - rise; Wel - come to this re - viv-ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

304 MORGAN. C. M.

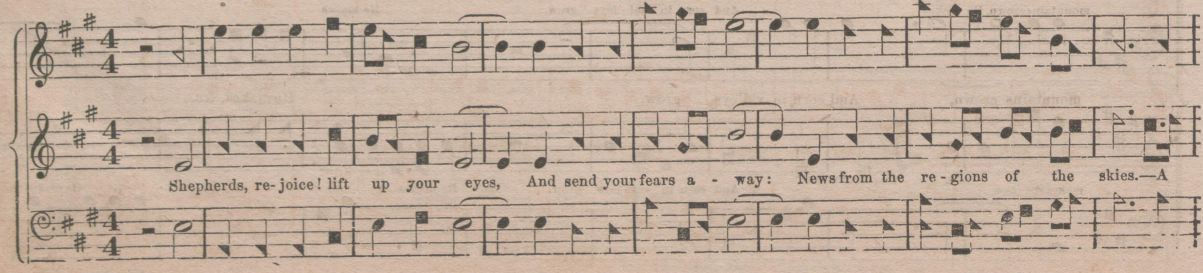


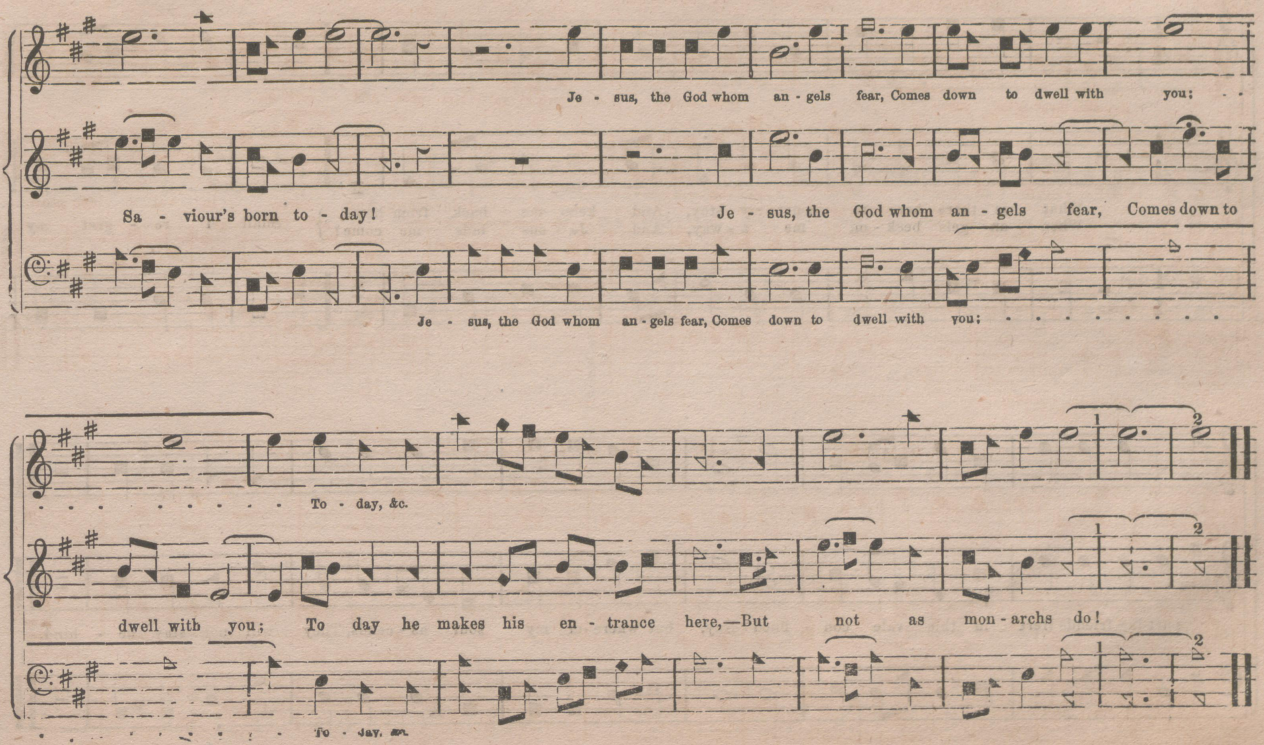

cheer the plains be - low, To cheer
He makes the grass the
blessings down, To cheer the plains - - - - - be - low; He makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes, &c.
cheer the plains be - low; To cheer
He makes the grass the mountains crown, He
cheer the plains be - low, To cheer
He makes the grass the mountains crown, He makes
mountains crown, He makes
And corn in val - leys grow.
He makes
mountains crown, And corn in valleys grow.
He makes, &c.
makes the grass
And corn in val - leys grow.
He makes
He makes the
ountains crown. U And corn in valleys grow - - He makes
He makes

MORGAN. C. M. *Concluded.*



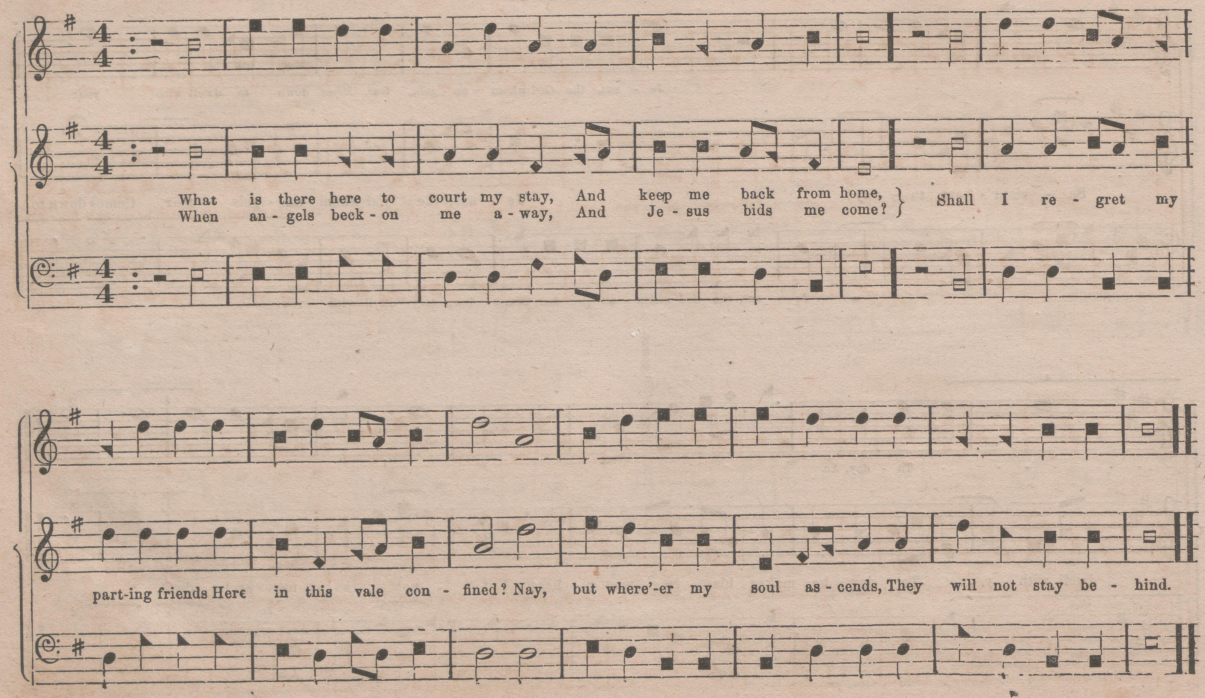
OXFORD. C. M. D. Meth. Hymn Book, p. 425. *John Massengale.*




Je - sus, the God whom an - gels fear, Comes down to dwell with you;
Sa - viour's born to - day!
Je - sus, the God whom an - gels fear, Comes down to
Je - sus, the God whom an - gels fear, Comes down to dwell with you;
To - day, &c.
dwell with you; To day he makes his en - trance here,—But not as mon - archs do!
To - day, &c.

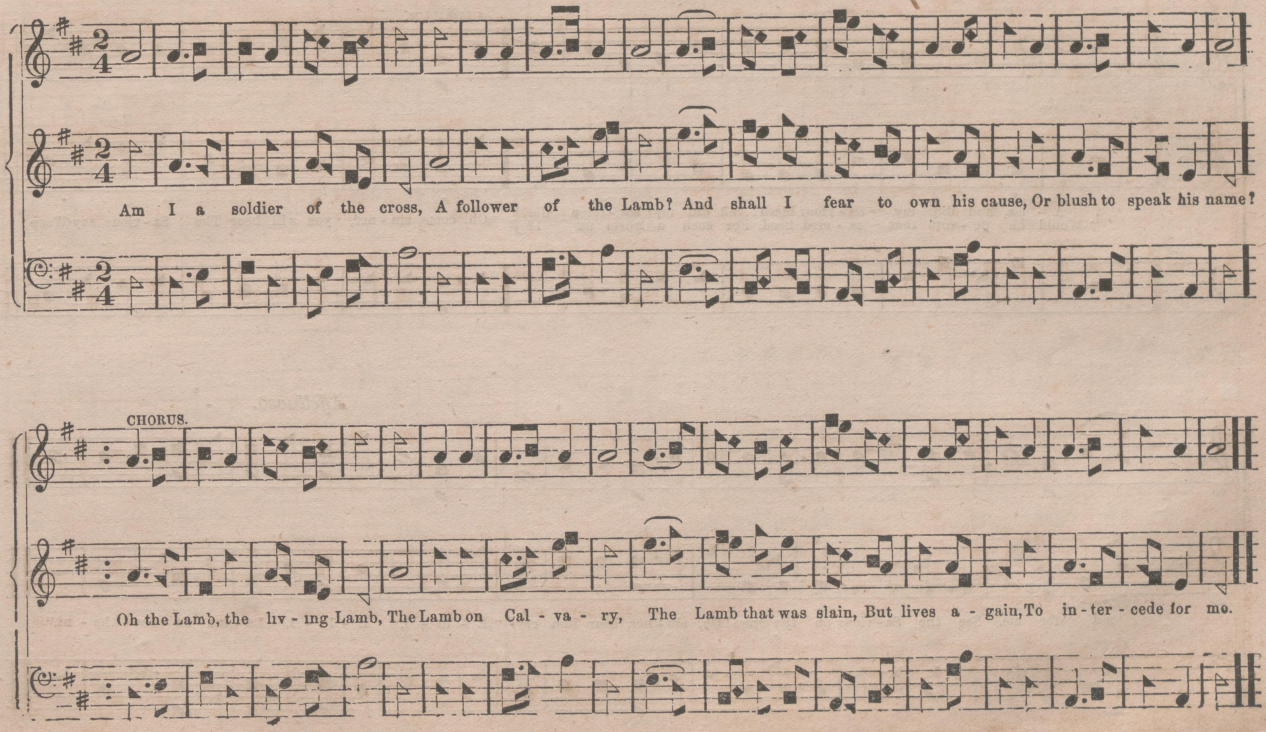
PARTING FRIENDS. C. M.

E. L. King.

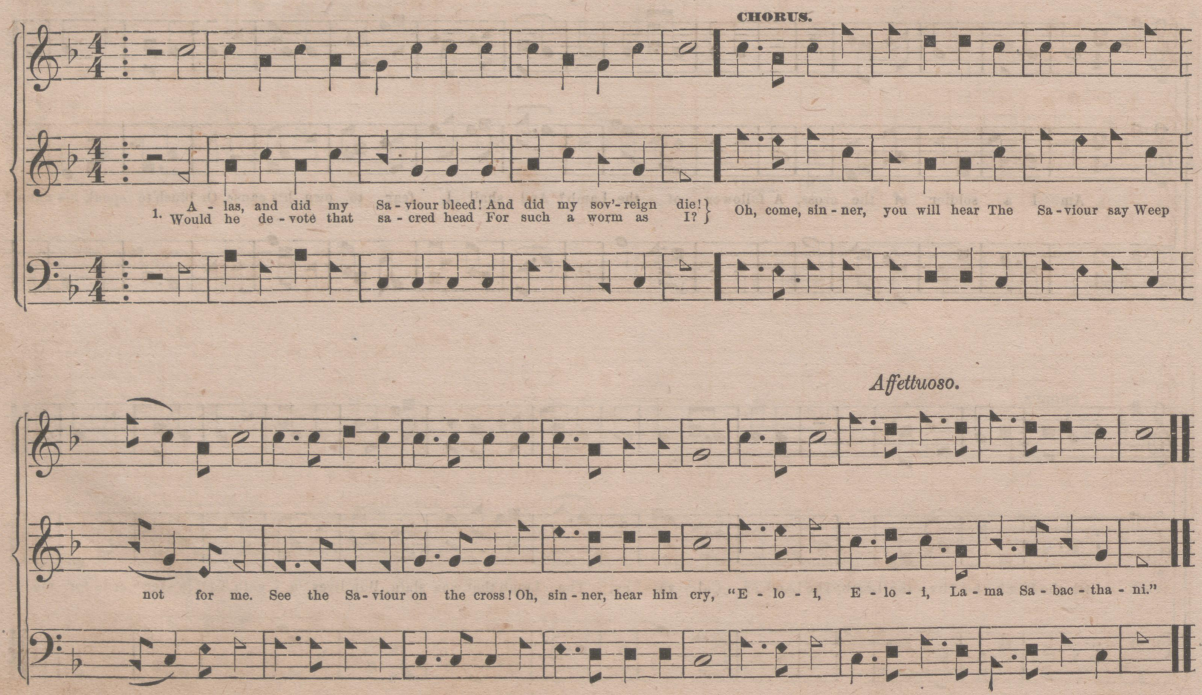


LIVING LAMB C. M.

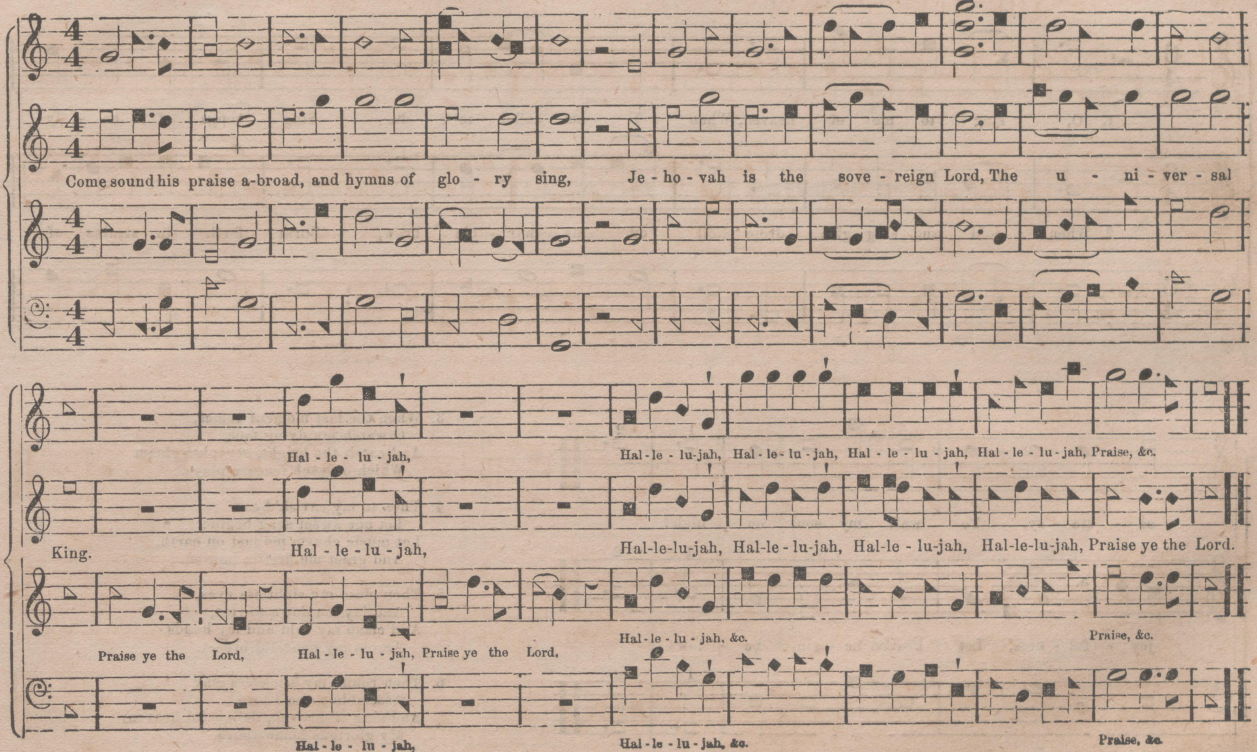
C. A. Davis.



THE WEEPING SAVIOUR. C. M. (Original.) *By Eld. E. Dumas.*

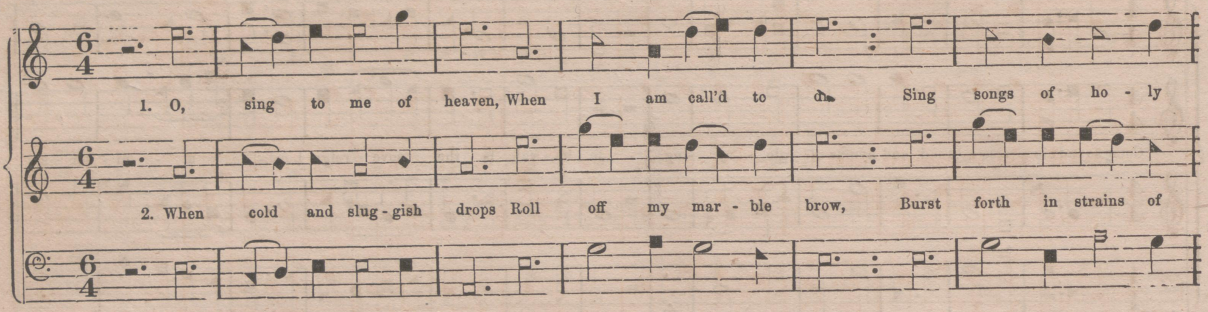


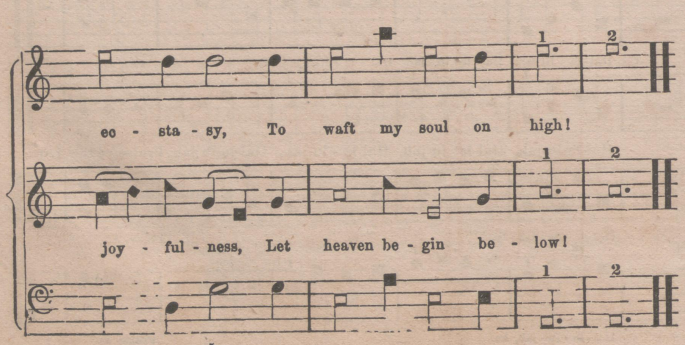
SILVER STREET. S. M.



SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. S. M.

John Massengale.





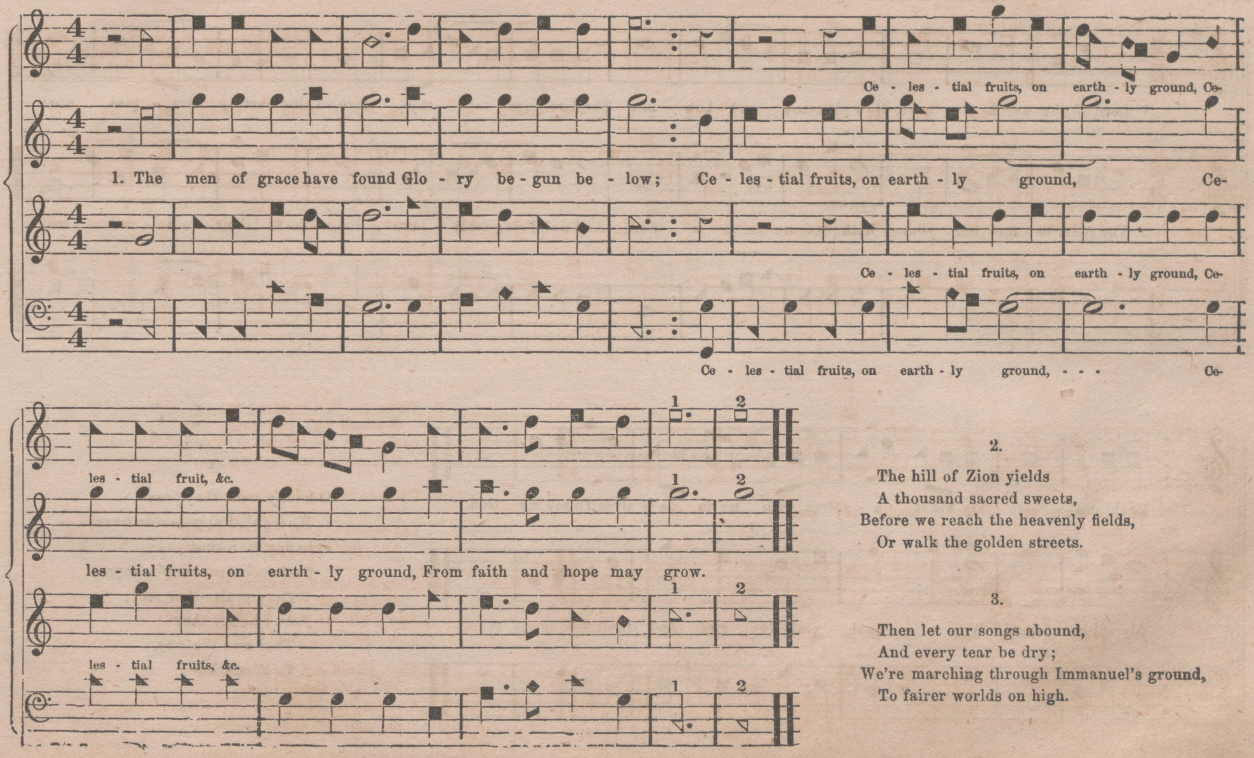
3. When the last moment comes,
   O watch my dying face,
And catch the bright, seraphic gleam
   Which on each feature plays.

4. Then to my ravish'd ear
   Let one sweet song begin;
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
   Across my peaceful breast.

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

CONCORD. S. M.



2.

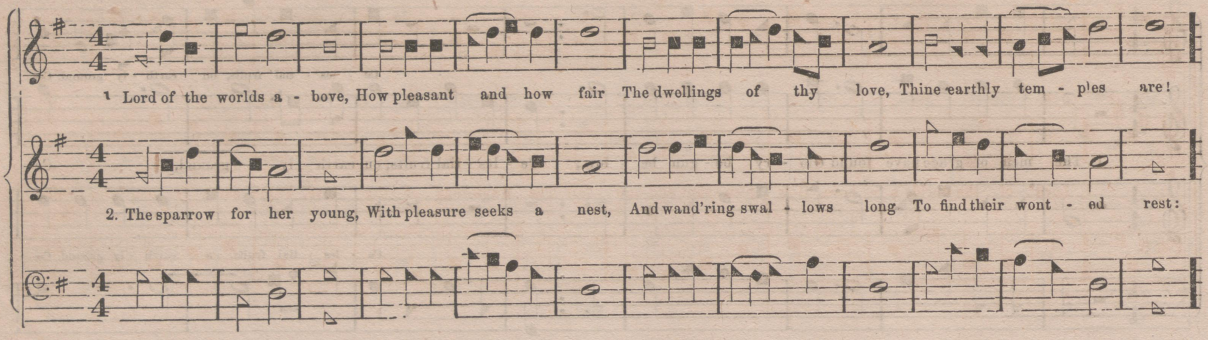
The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

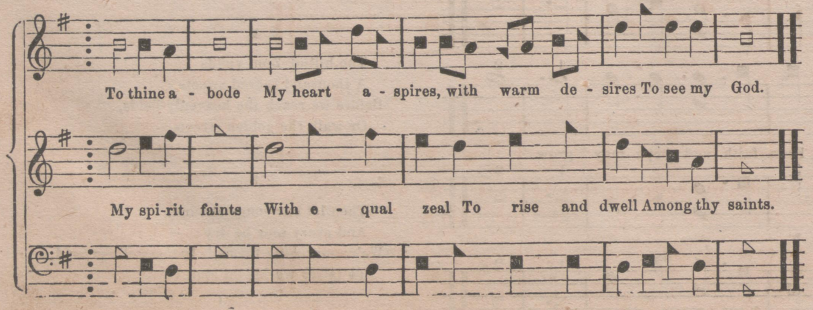
3.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

AMHERST. H. M.

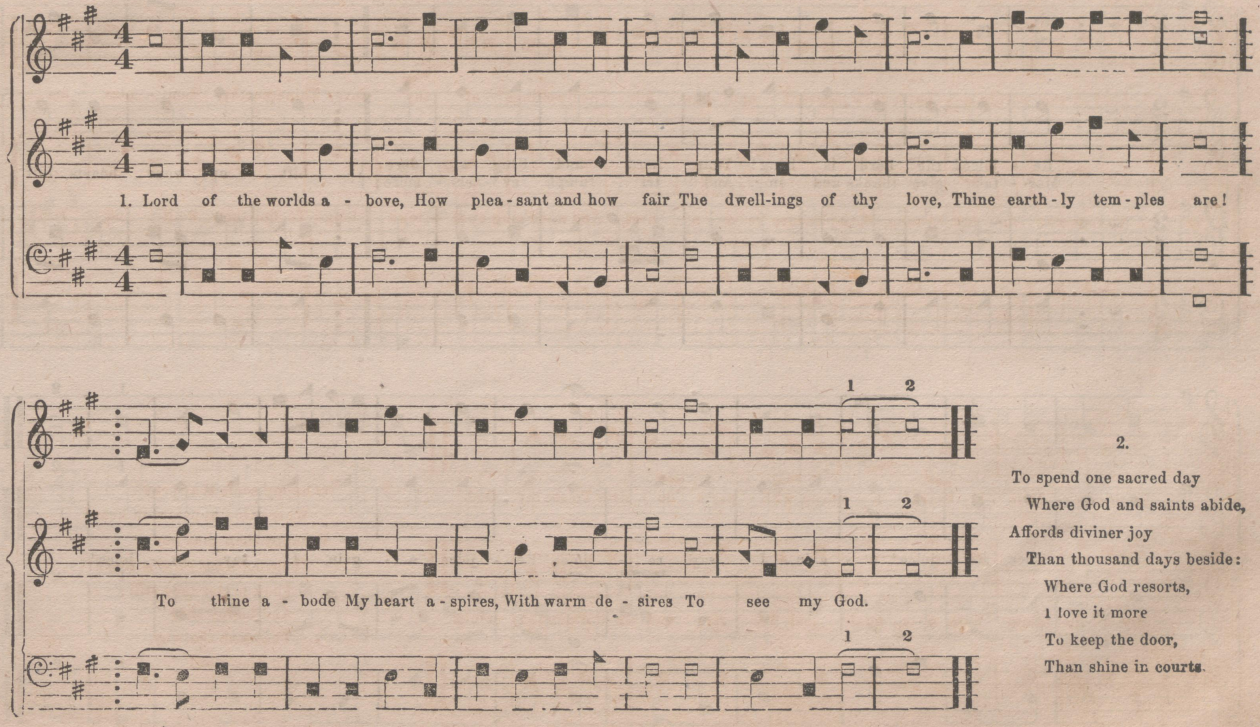
Billings.





3

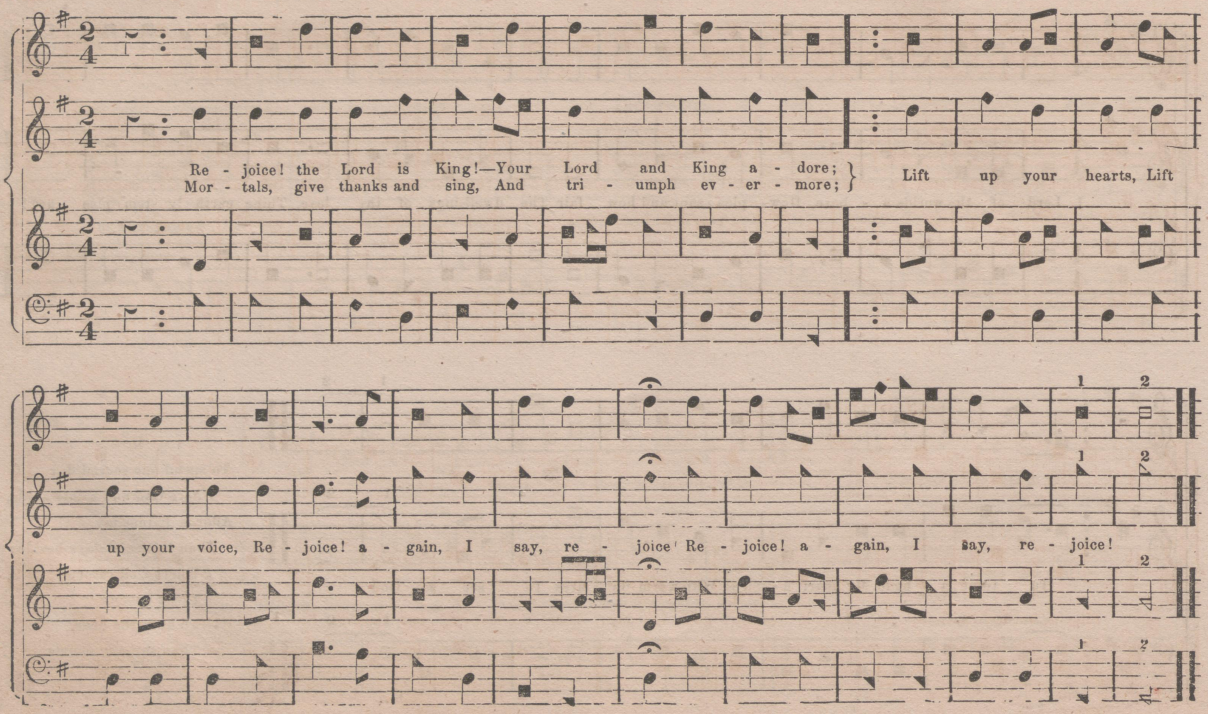
O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way,
To Zion's hill.

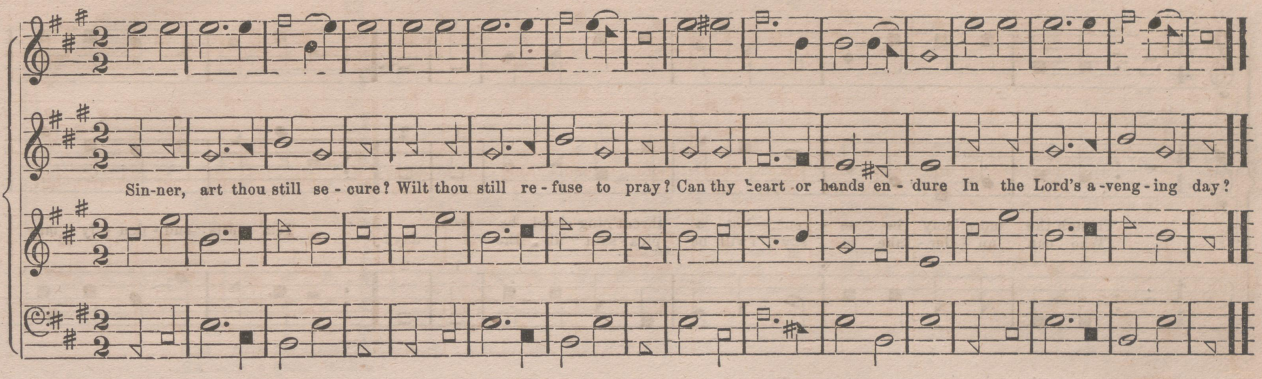


2.

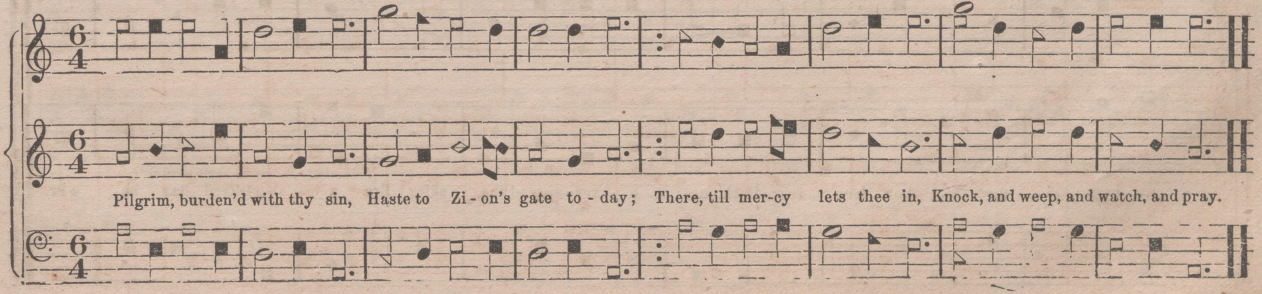
To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

316 CARMARTHEN. H. M.



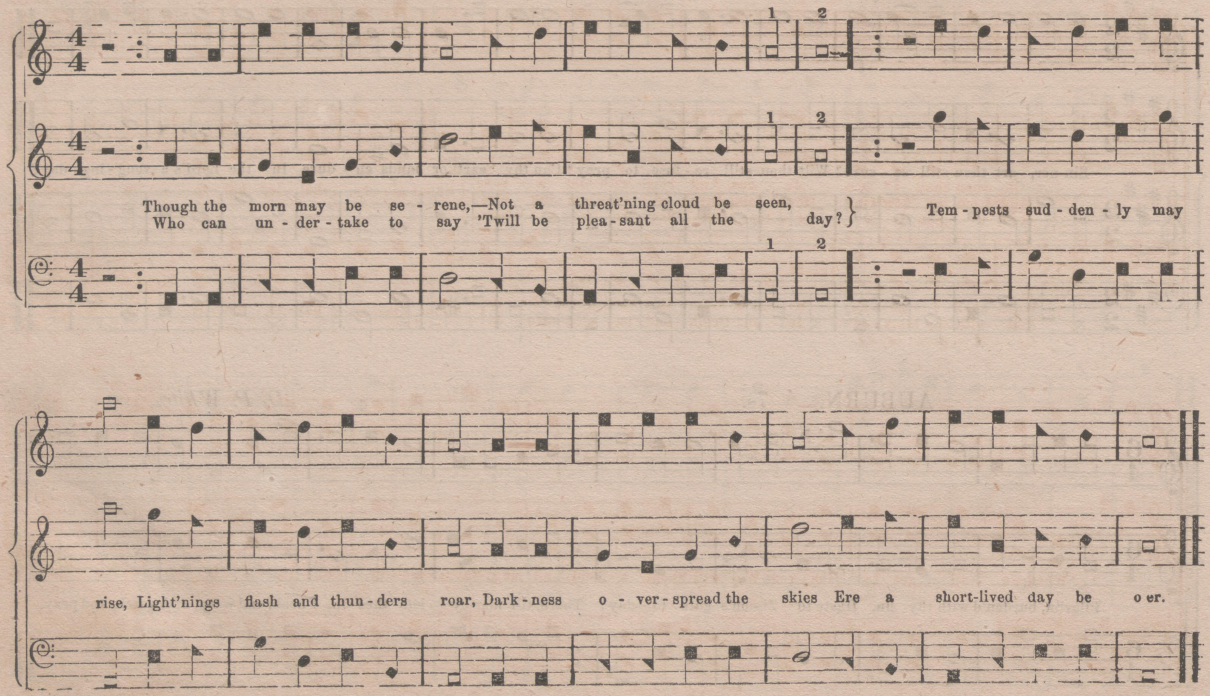


AUBURN. 7s. *D. P. White.*



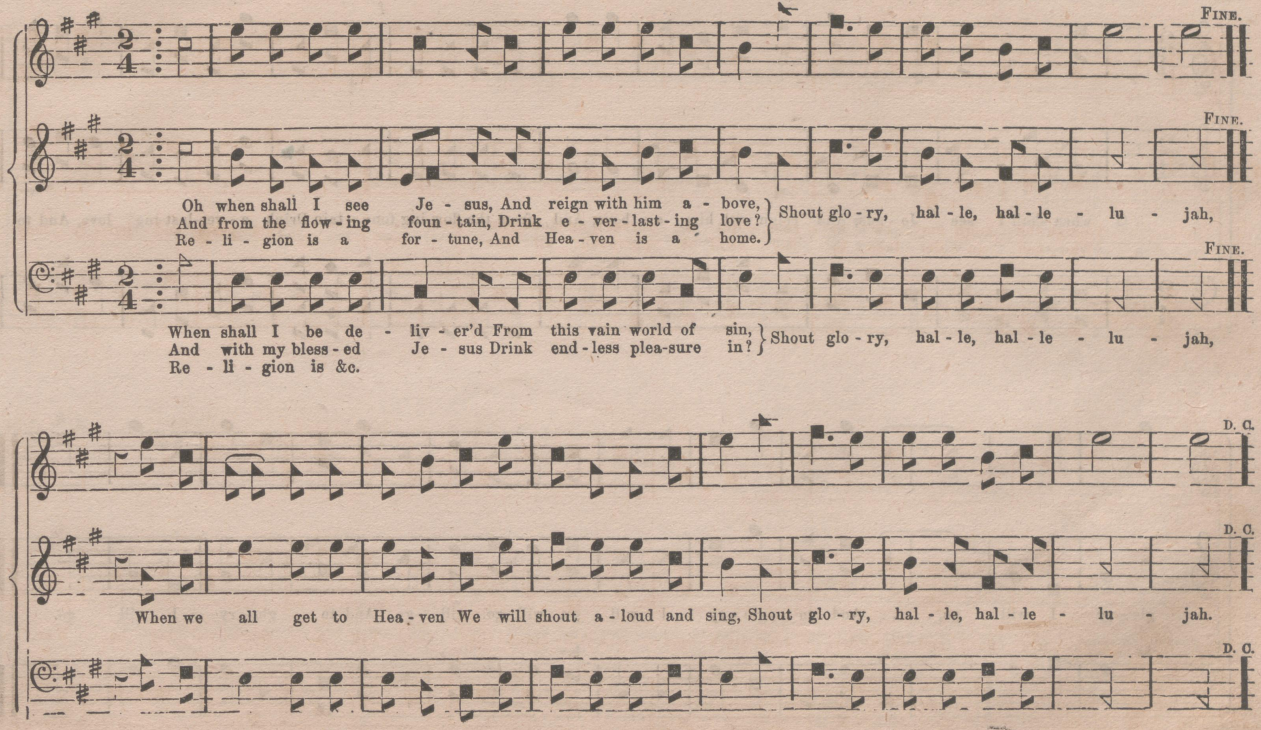
MORNING MEDITATION. 7s.

Miss S. G. Jones.



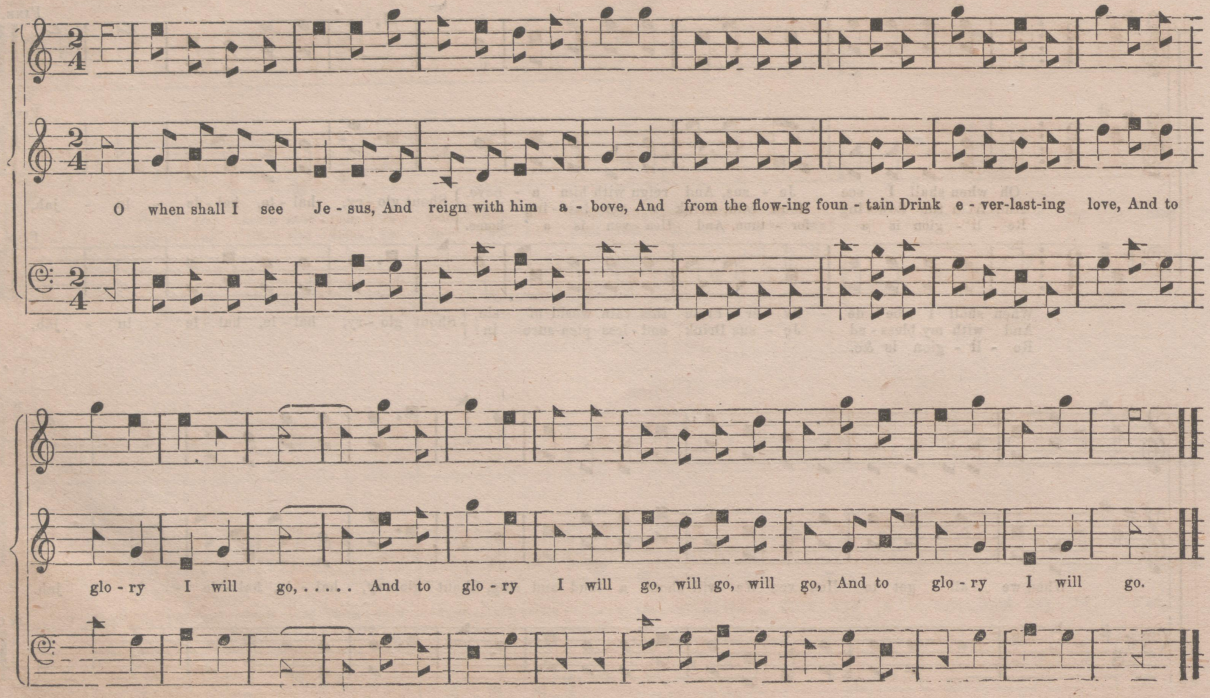
RELIGION IS A FORTUNE. 7, 6.

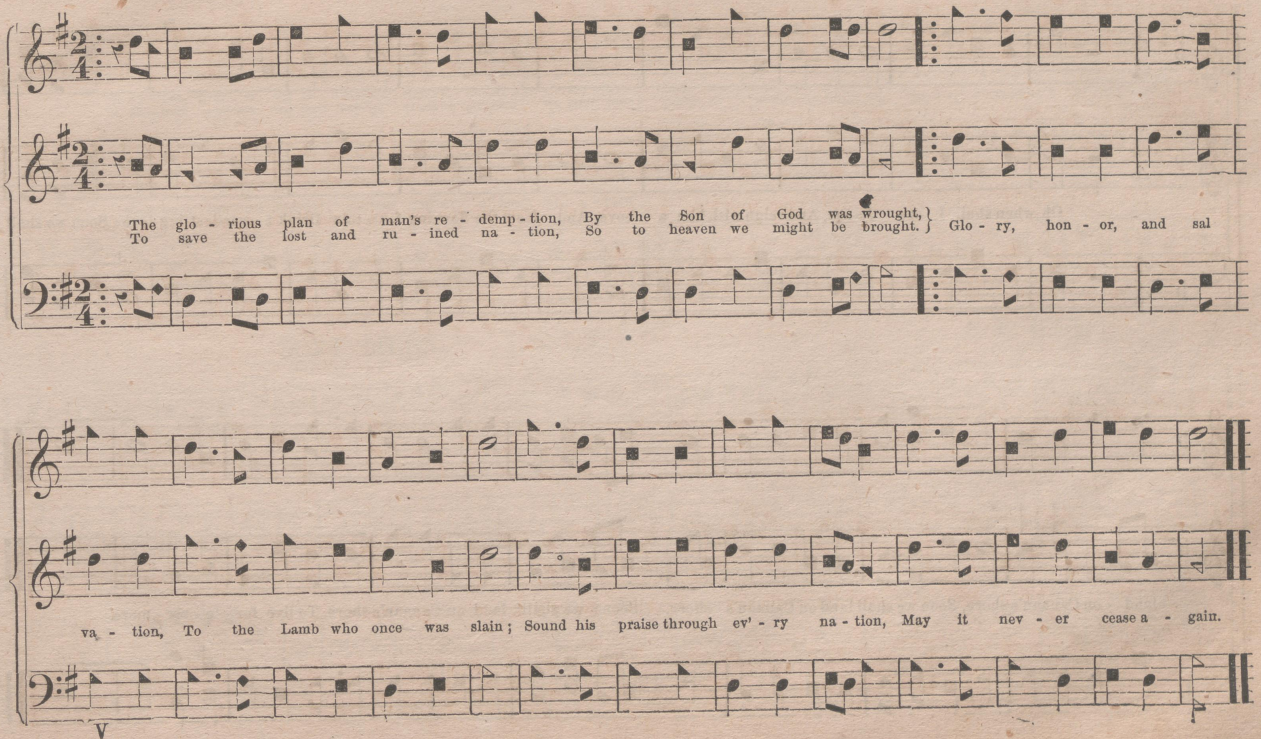
By W. L. William.



THE LOST CITY. 7. 6.

By E. L. King.

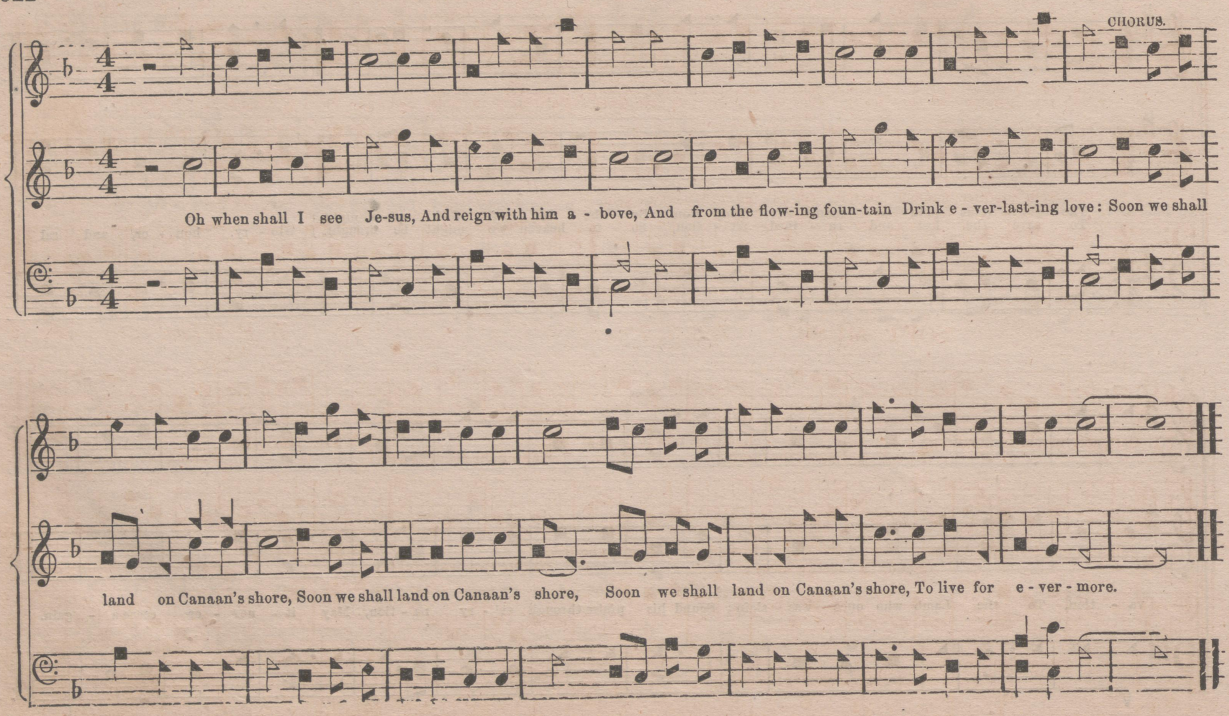



The glo - rious plan of man's re - demp - tion, By the Son of God was wrought,
To save the lost and ru - ined na - tion, So to heaven we might be brought.
Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal
va - tion, To the Lamb who once was slain; Sound his praise through ev' - ry na - tion, May it nev - er cease a - gain.

V

AUTAUGA. 7, 6.

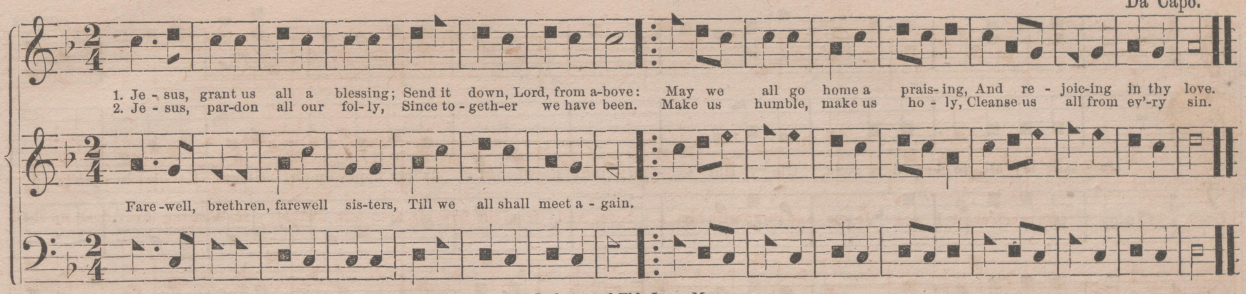
John Massengale.



MULLINS. * 8, & 7.

By Eld. E. Dumas.

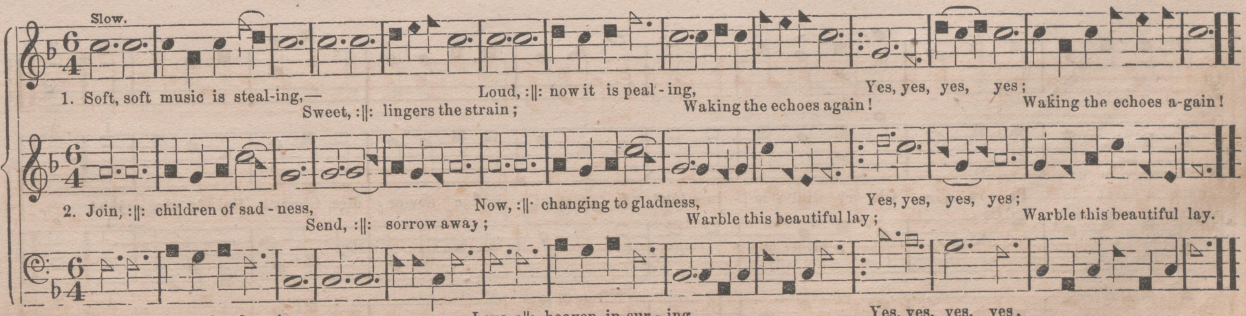
Da Capo.



* In honor of Eld. JOHN MULLINS.

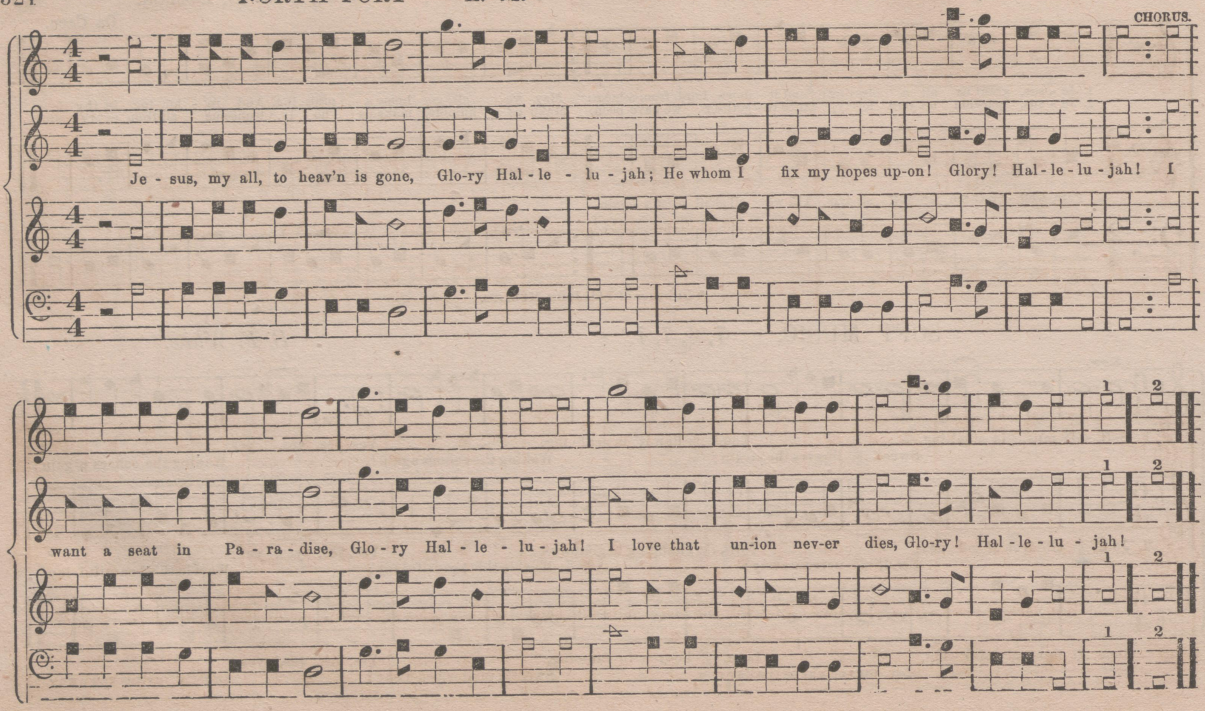
SOFT MUSIC. 7, 6, 7, 7.

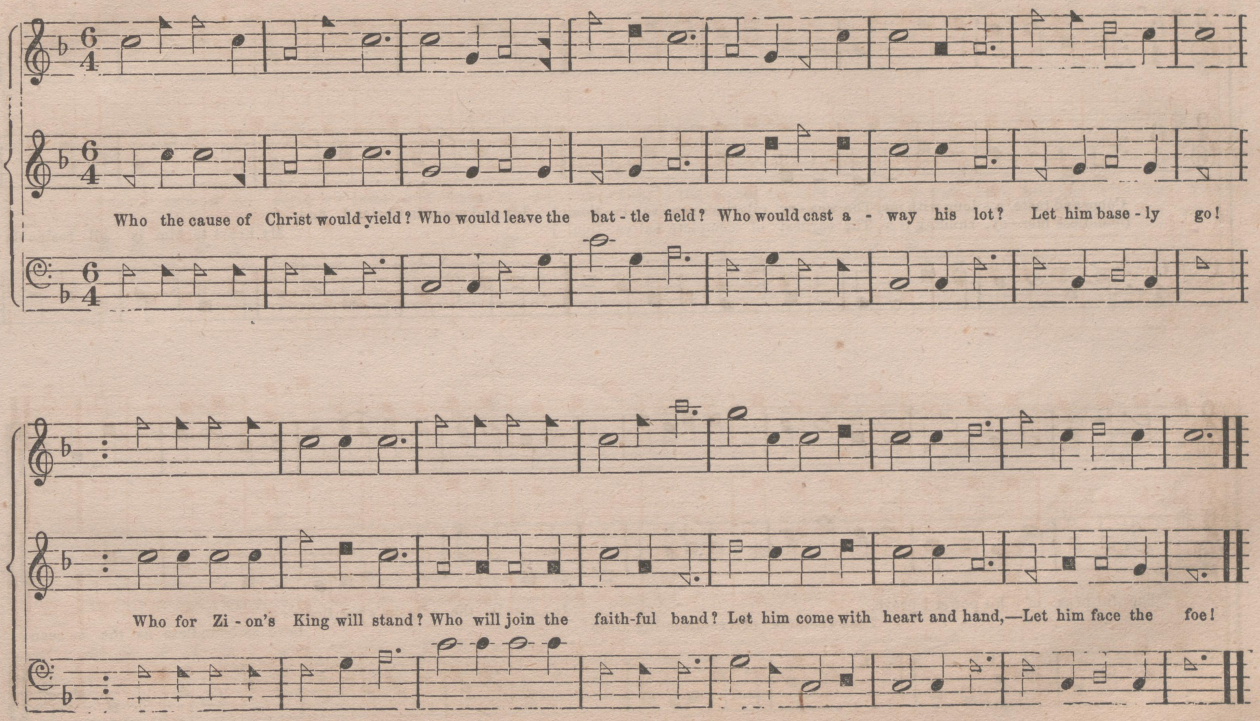
B. F. White.



NORTH PORT L. M.

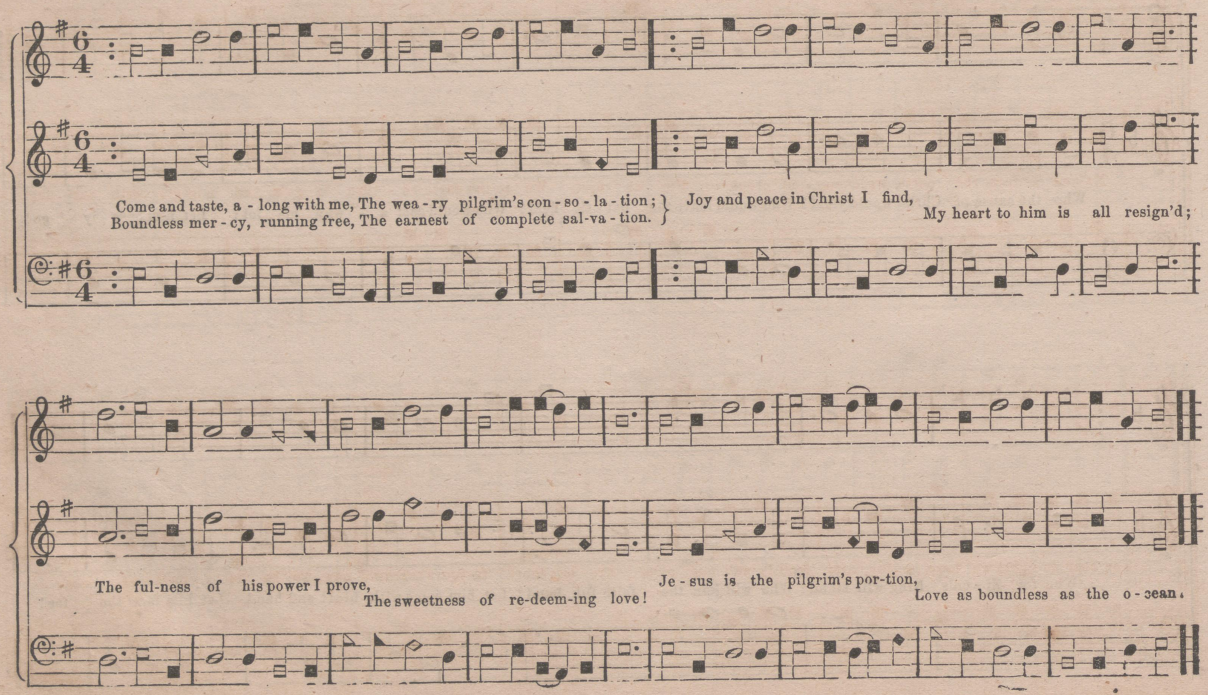
Dr. R. R. Osborne.—Bass by J. Smith.

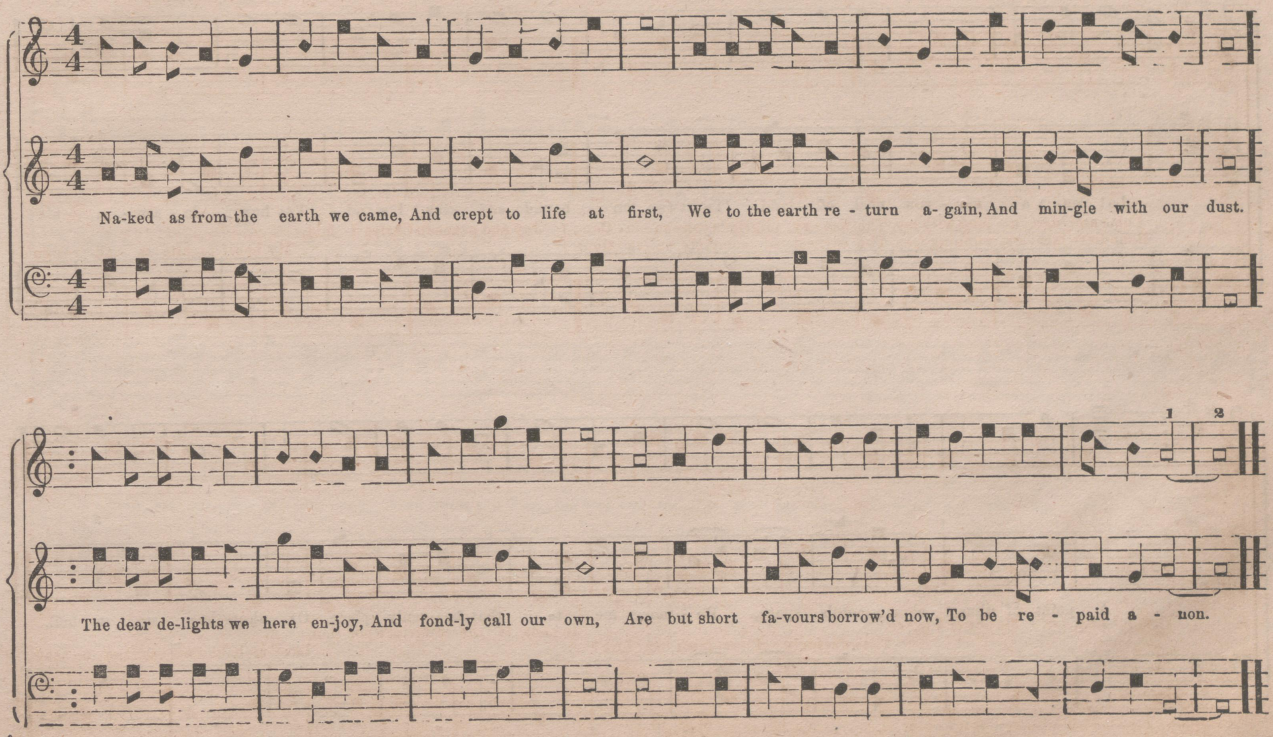



Who the cause of Christ would yield? Who would leave the bat - tle field? Who would cast a - way his lot? Let him base - ly go!
Who for Zi - on's King will stand? Who will join the faith-ful band? Let him come with heart and hand,—Let him face the foe!

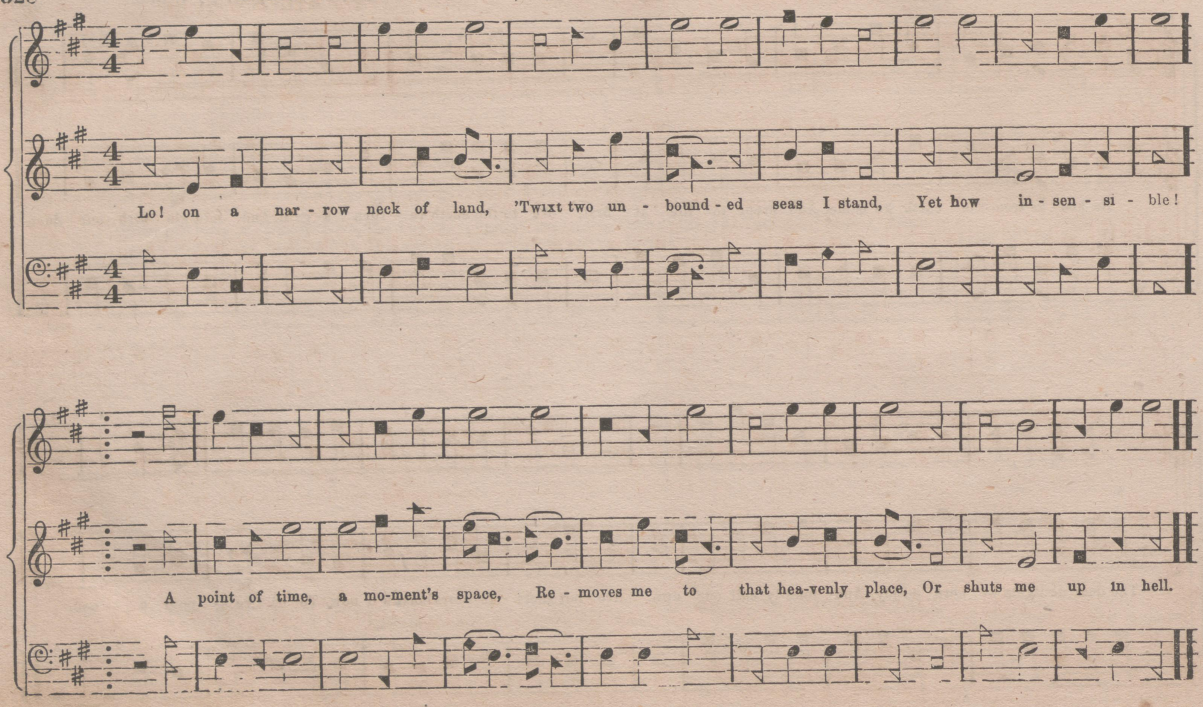
WEARY PILGRIM. 7, 9.

Leonard P. Breedlove.



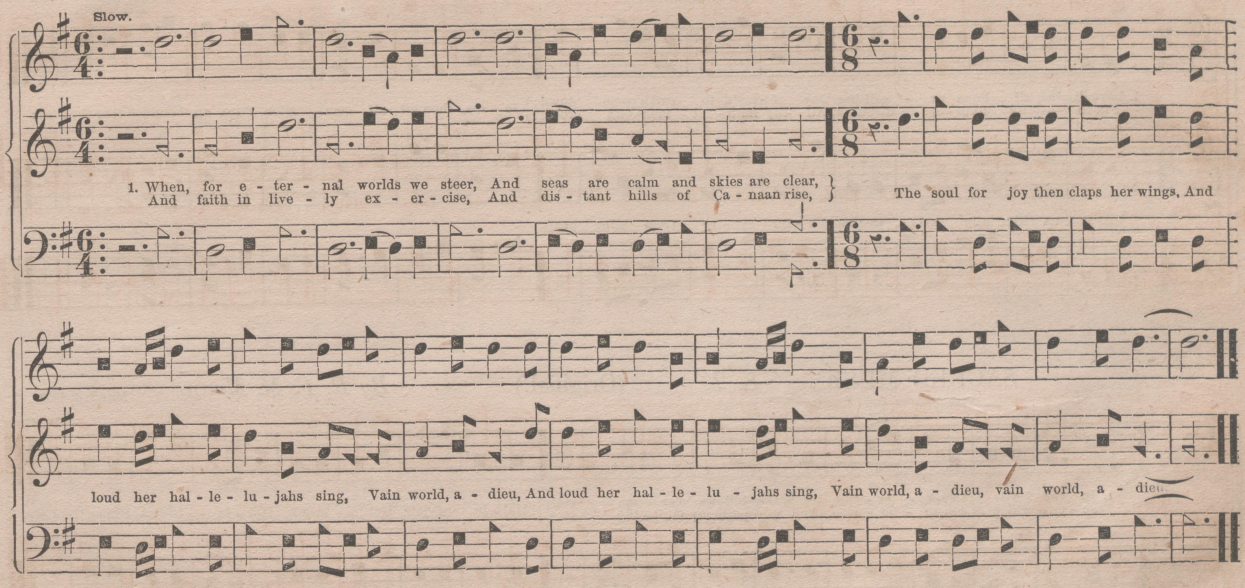

Na-ked as from the earth we came, And crept to life at first, We to the earth re - turn a- gain, And min-gle with our dust.
1
2
The dear de-lights we here en-joy, And fond-ly call our own, Are but short fa-vours borrow'd now, To be re - paid a - non.

328 NARROW SPACE. 8, 8, 6. *S. R. Penick.*



VAIN WORLD, ADIEU. 8, 4.

By Eld. E. Dumas. In 1856.



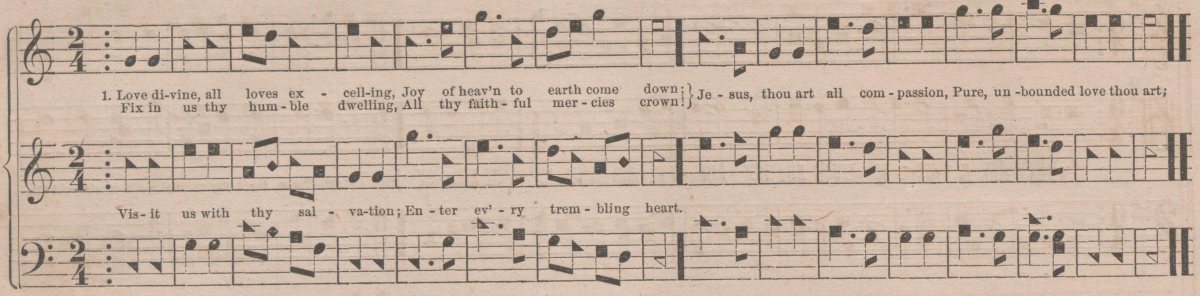
2. With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore—
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The crystal stream—delightful scene.
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her hallelujahs sing,
Vain world, adieu,
And loud her lovely sonnets sing,
Vain world, adieu,
Vain world, adieu.

3. The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady helm, and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail.
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I'm there at last,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I'm there at last,
I'm there at last.

LOVE DIVINE. 8 & 7. (Original.)

For the Organ, by Thomas Waller.

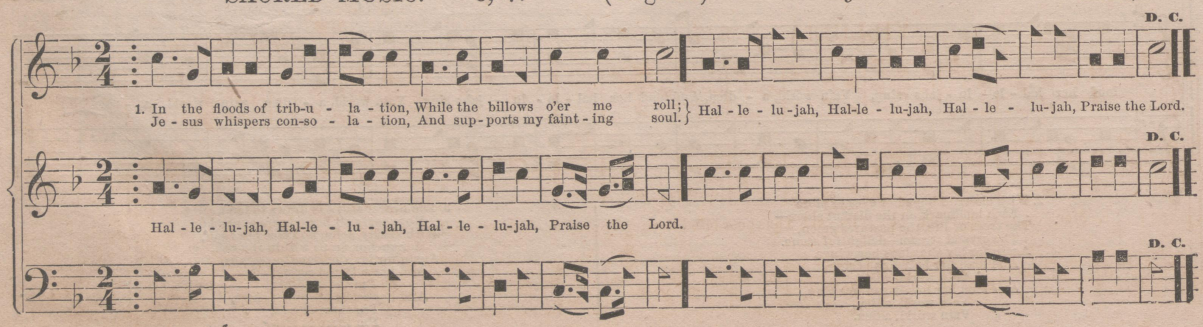
Da Capo.



SACRED MUSIC. 8, 7. (Original.)

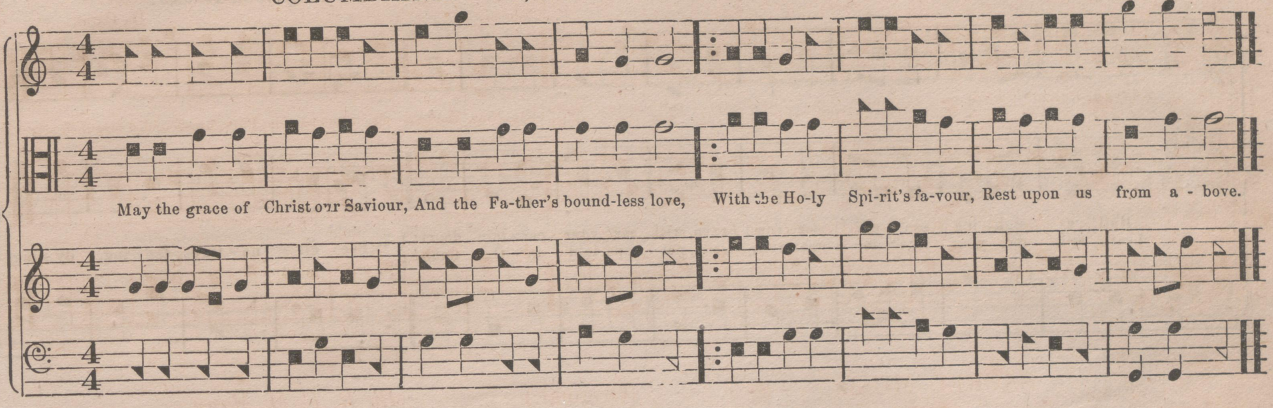
By R. F. M. Mann. March 4, 1853.

D. C.



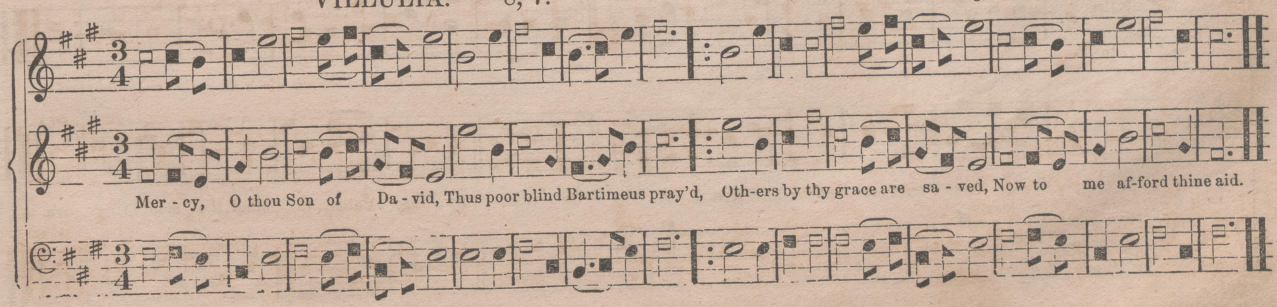
COLUMBIANA. 8, 7.

Buck's Hymn-book, H. 530. *By D. P. White.*



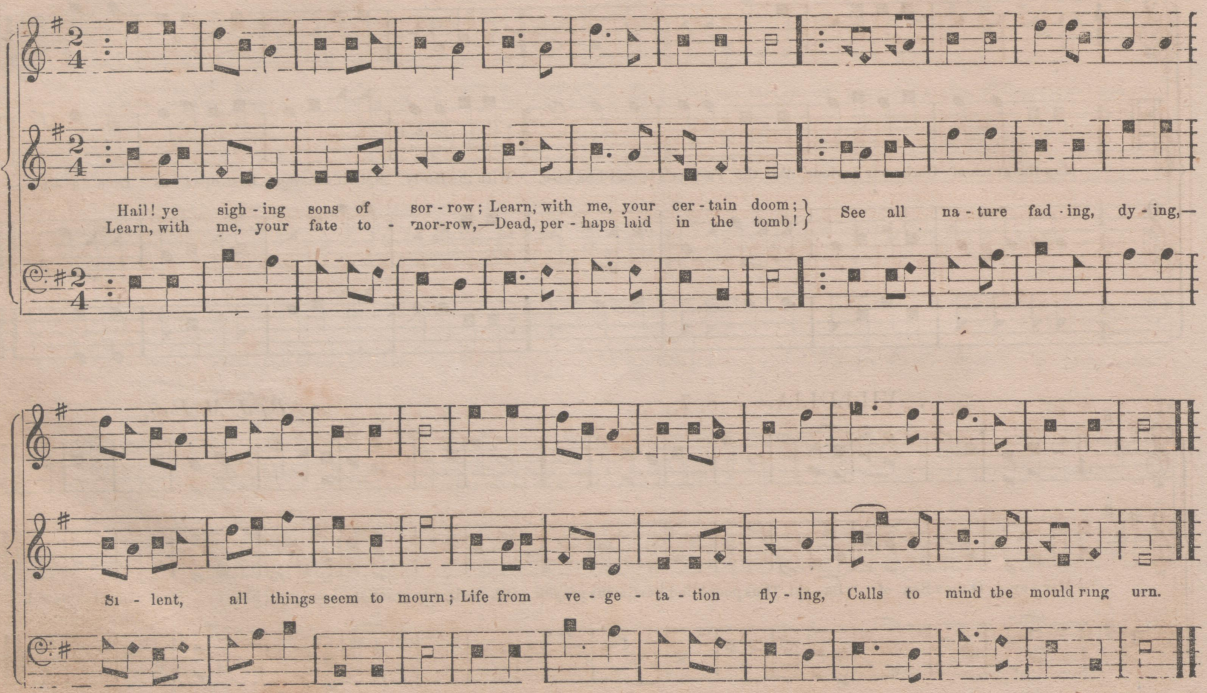
VILLULIA. 8, 7.

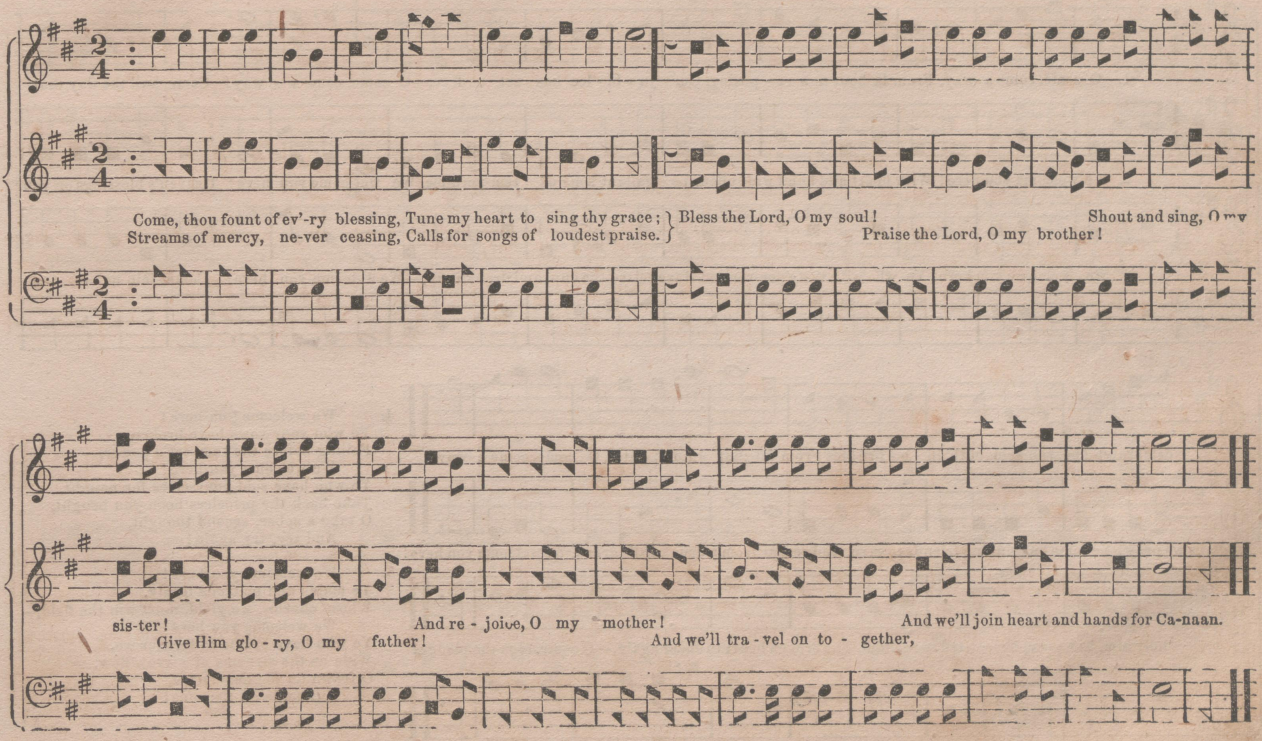
By J. M. Day.



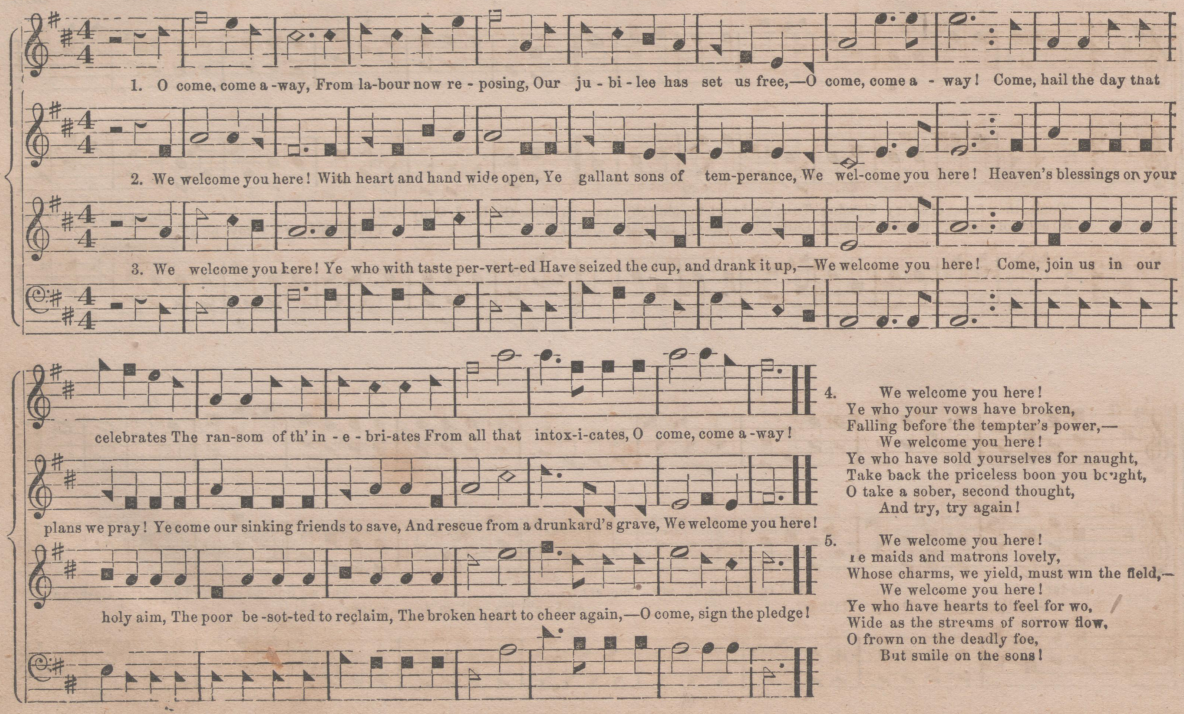
SONS OF SORROW. 8, 7.

Treble by Wm. Houser.




Come, thou fount of ev'-ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, ne-ver ceasing, Calls for songs of loudest praise.
Bless the Lord, O my soul!
Praise the Lord, O my brother!
Shout and sing, O my
sis-ter!
Give Him glo - ry, O my father!
And re - joice, O my mother!
And we'll tra - vel on to - gether,
And we'll join heart and hands for Ca-naan.

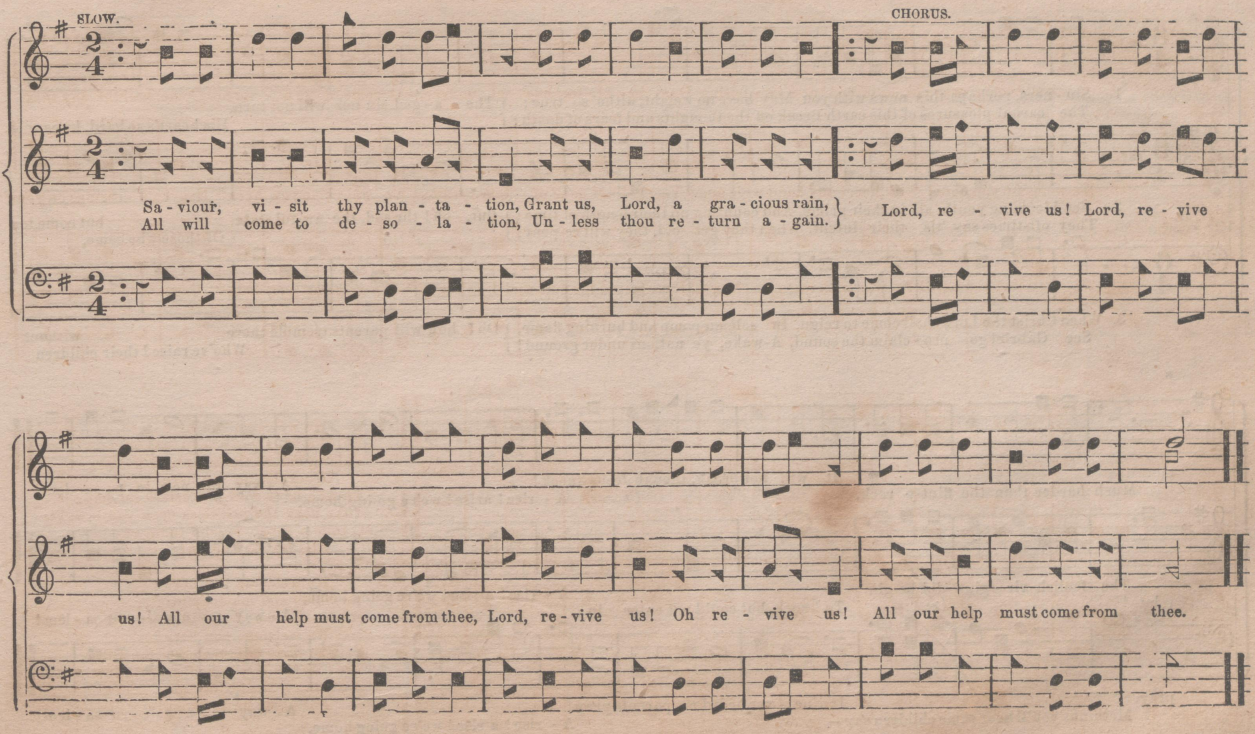
O COME AWAY!



4. We welcome you here!
Ye who your vows have broken,
Falling before the tempter's power,—
We welcome you here!
Ye who have sold yourselves for naught,
Take back the priceless boon you bought,
O take a sober, second thought,
And try, try again!

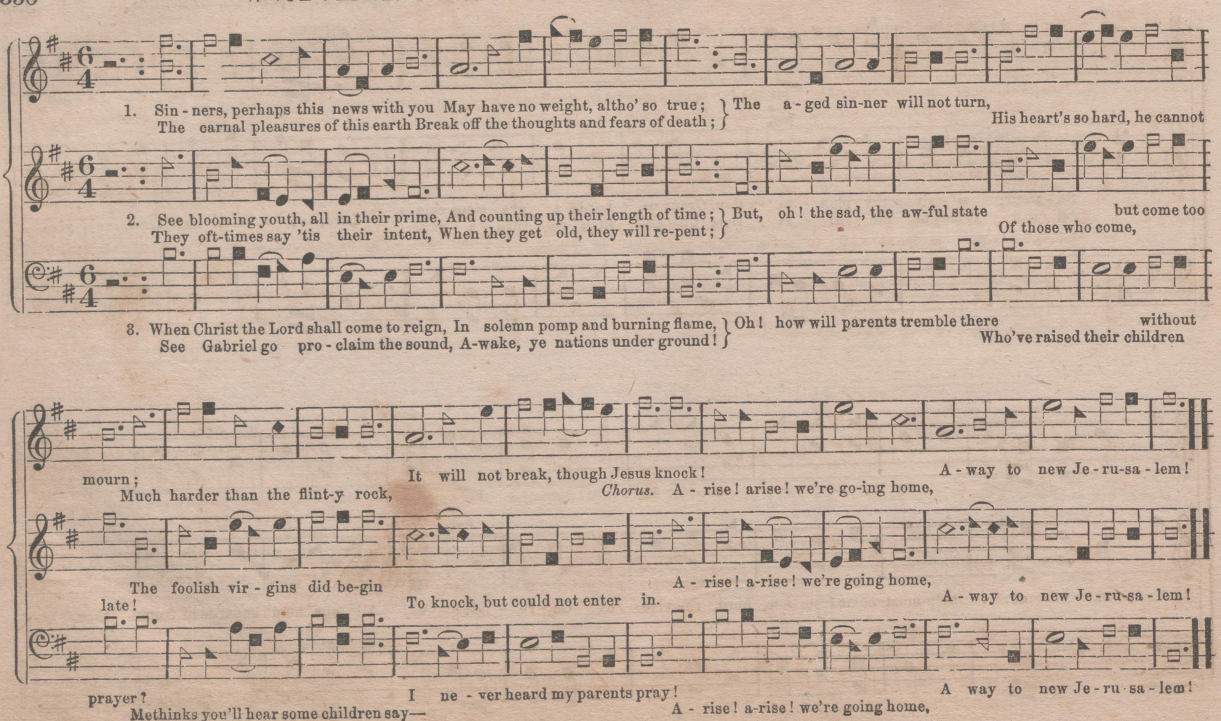
5. We welcome you here!
Ye maids and matrons lovely,
Whose charms, we yield, must win the field,—
We welcome you here!
Ye who have hearts to feel for wo,
Wide as the streams of sorrow flow,
O frown on the deadly foe,
But smile on the sons!

RETURN AGAIN. 8, 7, 4. Mercer's Cluster, p. 389. *Wm. L. Williams.*



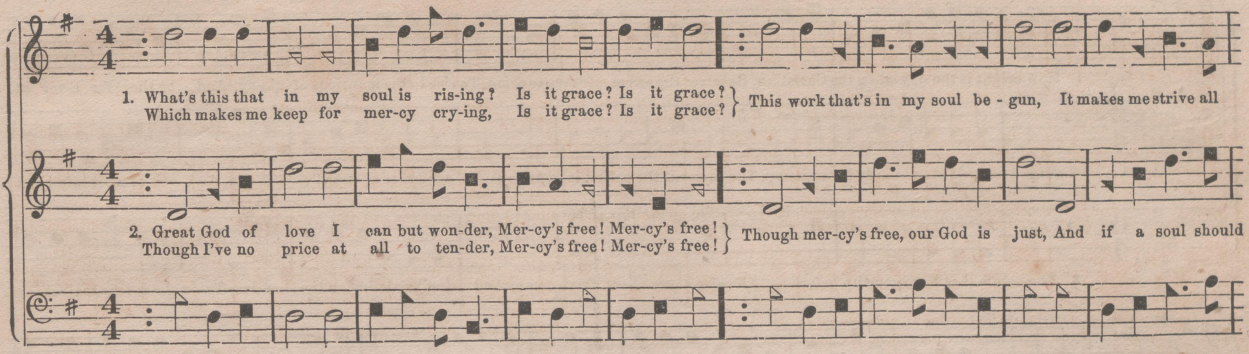
WOODVILLE. 8s.

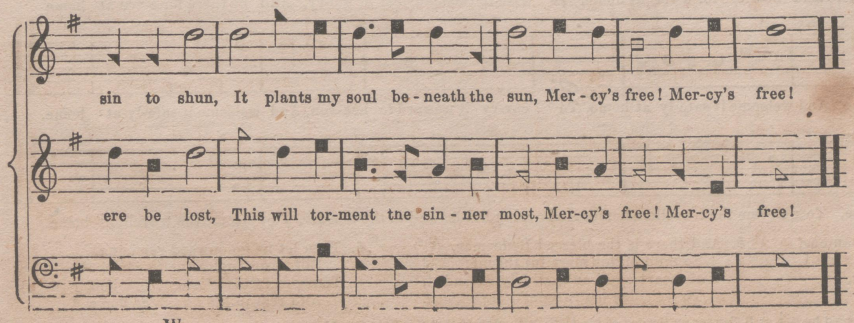
Rev. Mr. Thomas & B. F. White.



MERCY'S FREE. 9, 6, 9, 8, 8, 8, 6.

Leonard P. Breedlove.



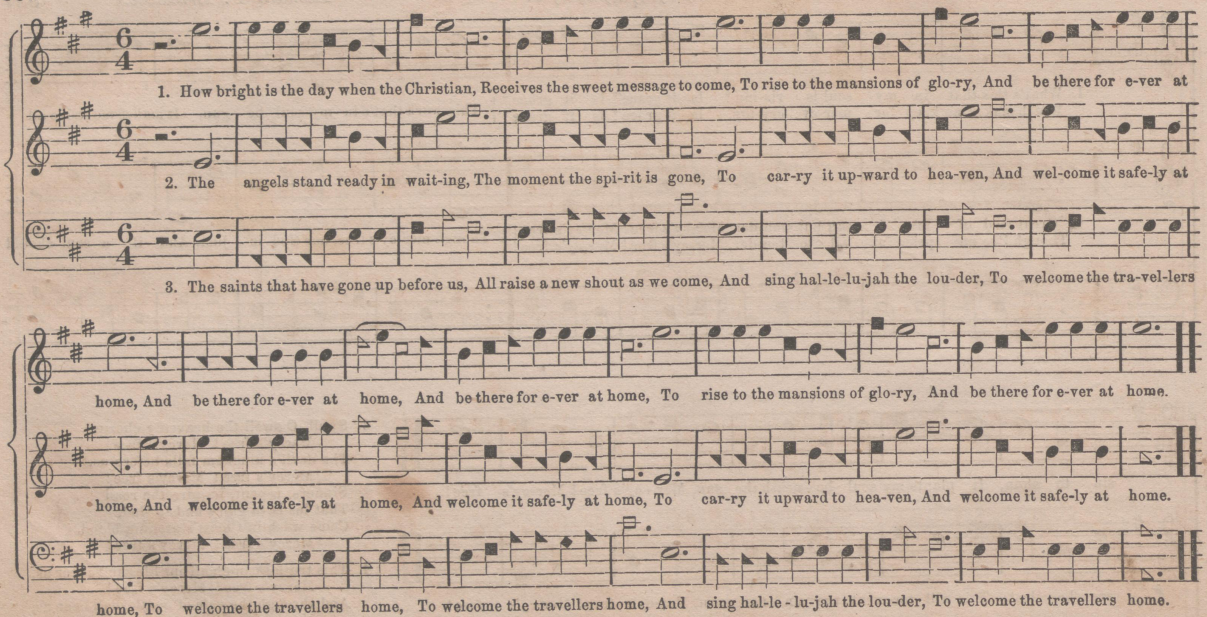


3. Swell, O swell the heavenly chorus,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
The devil's kingdom falls before us,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
Sinners, repent, inquire the road
That leads to glory and to God,
Come wash in Christ's atoning blood,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

4. This truth through all our life shall cheer us,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
And through the vale of death shall bear us,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!
And when to Jordan's banks we come,
And cross the raging billow's foam,
We'll sing, when safely landed home,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

SAWYER'S EXIT. 9, 8.

John Massengale.



4. And there are our friends and companions,
Escaped from the evil to come,
And crowding the gates of fair Zion,
To wait our arrival at home.

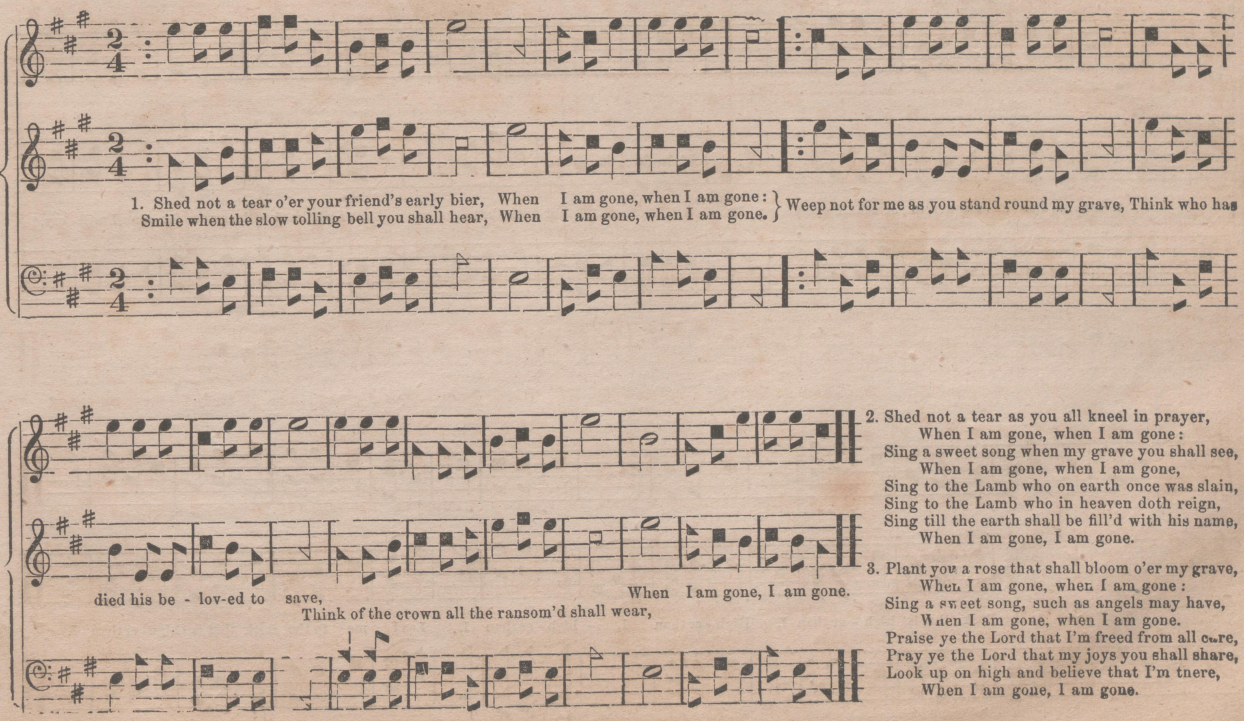
5. And there is the blessed Redeemer,
So mild on his merciful throne,
With heart and hands widely extended,
To welcome his ransom'd ones home.

6. Then let us go onward rejoicing,
Till Jesus invites us to come,
To share in his glorious kingdom,
And rest in his bosom at home. *

* These words were composed by Rev. S. B. Sawyer on the day of his death, with request that this tune should be set to them

WHEN I AM GONE. 10 & 4.

M. H. Turner.

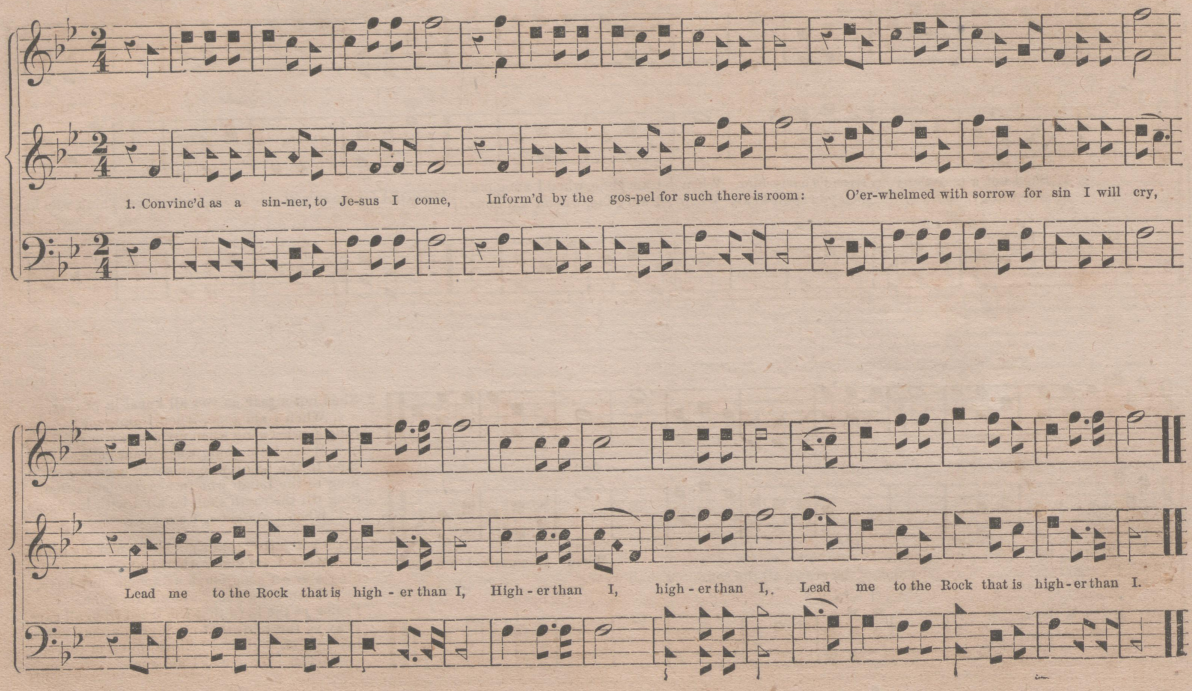


2. Shed not a tear as you all kneel in prayer,
When I am gone, when I am gone:
Sing a sweet song when my grave you shall see,
When I am gone, when I am gone,
Sing to the Lamb who on earth once was slain,
Sing to the Lamb who in heaven doth reign,
Sing till the earth shall be fill'd with his name,
When I am gone, I am gone.

3. Plant you a rose that shall bloom o'er my grave,
When I am gone, when I am gone:
Sing a sweet song, such as angels may have,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care,
Pray ye the Lord that my joys you shall share,
Look up on high and believe that I'm there,
When I am gone, I am gone.

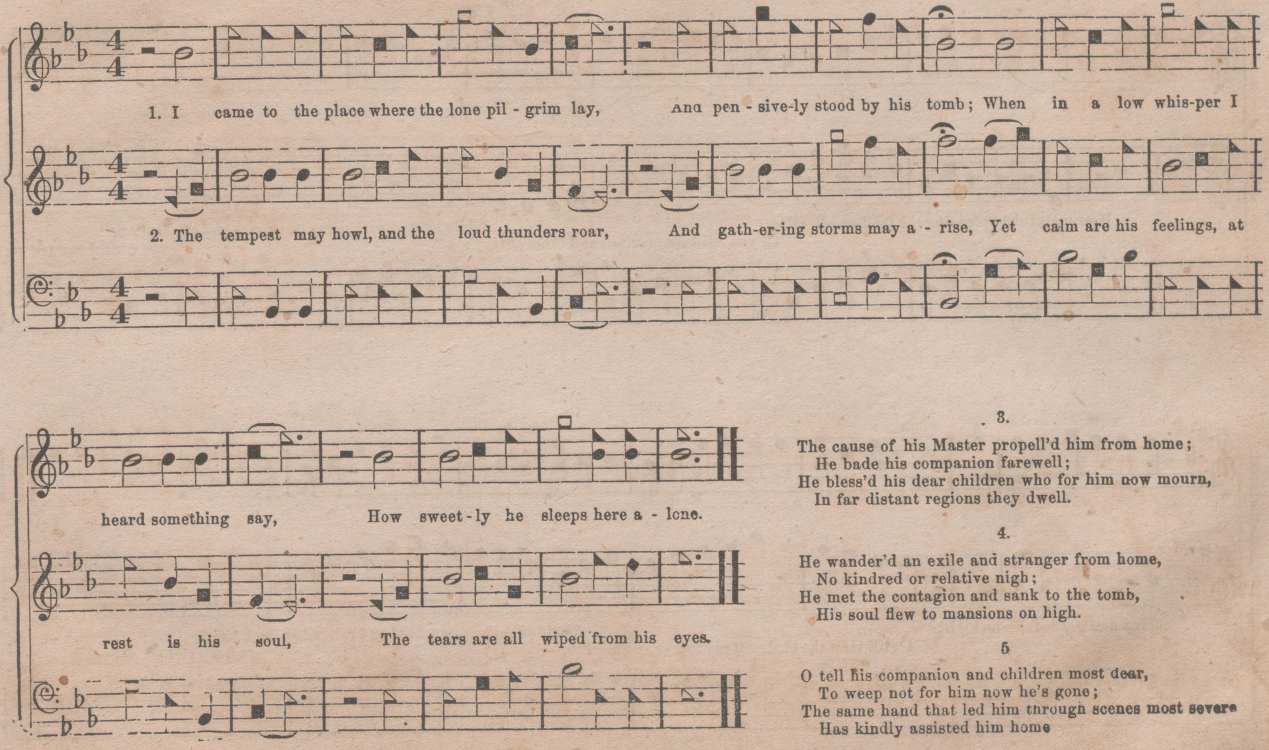
THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I. 11s.

Arranged by B. F. W.



THE LONE PILGRIM. 11, 8, 11, 8.

B. F. White.



3.

The cause of his Master propell'd him from home;
He bade his companion farewell;
He bless'd his dear children who for him now mourn,
In far distant regions they dwell.

4.

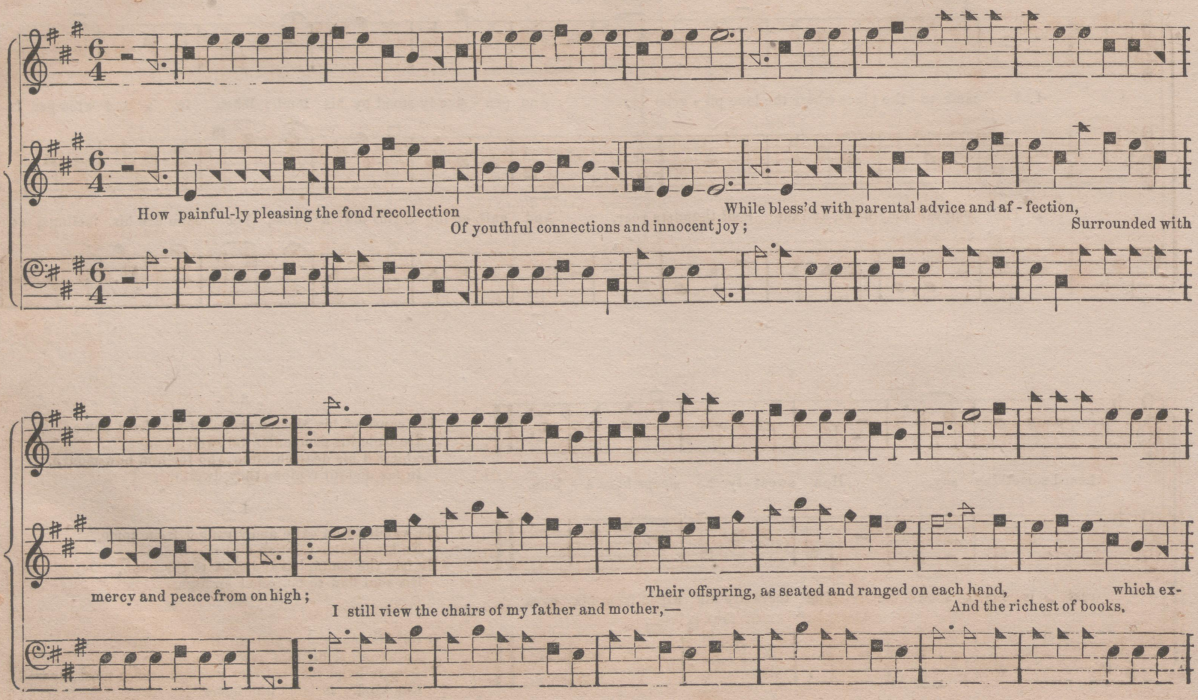
He wander'd an exile and stranger from home,
No kindred or relative nigh;
He met the contagion and sank to the tomb,
His soul flew to mansions on high.

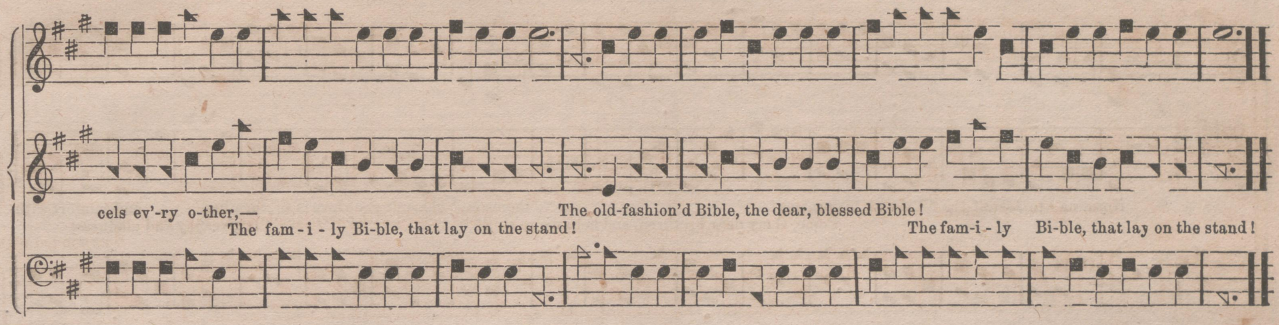
5

O tell his companion and children most dear,
To weep not for him now he's gone;
The same hand that led him through scenes most severe
Has kindly assisted him home

THE OLD-FASHIONED BIBLE. 12, 11.

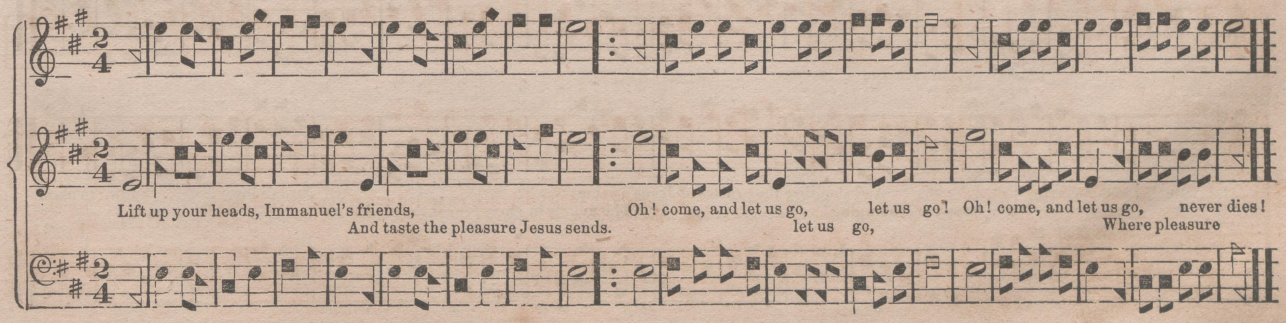
L. P. Breedlove.



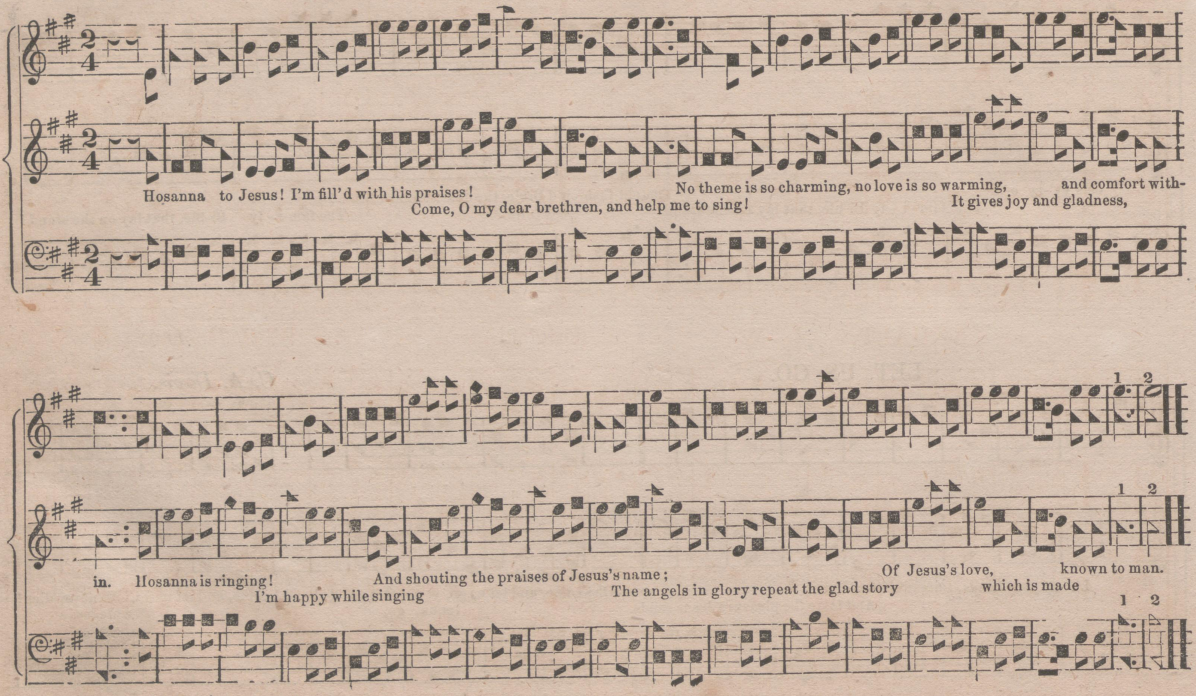


LET US GO.

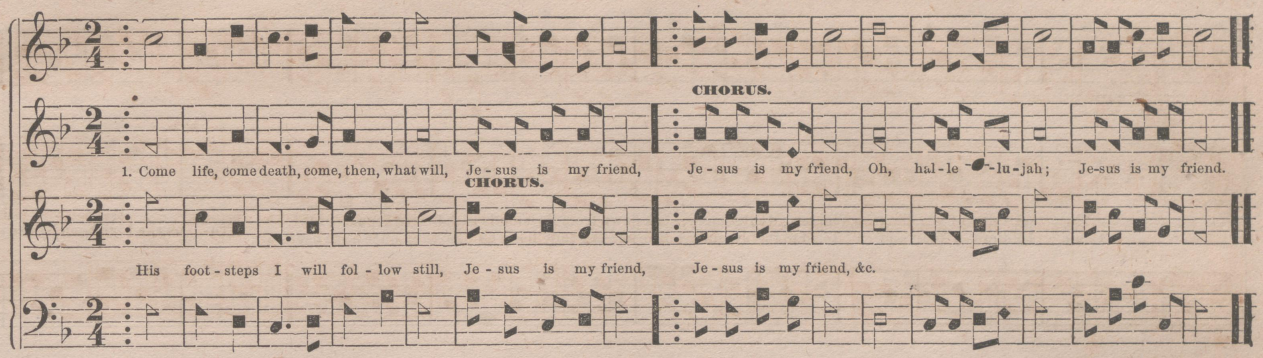
C. A. Davis.



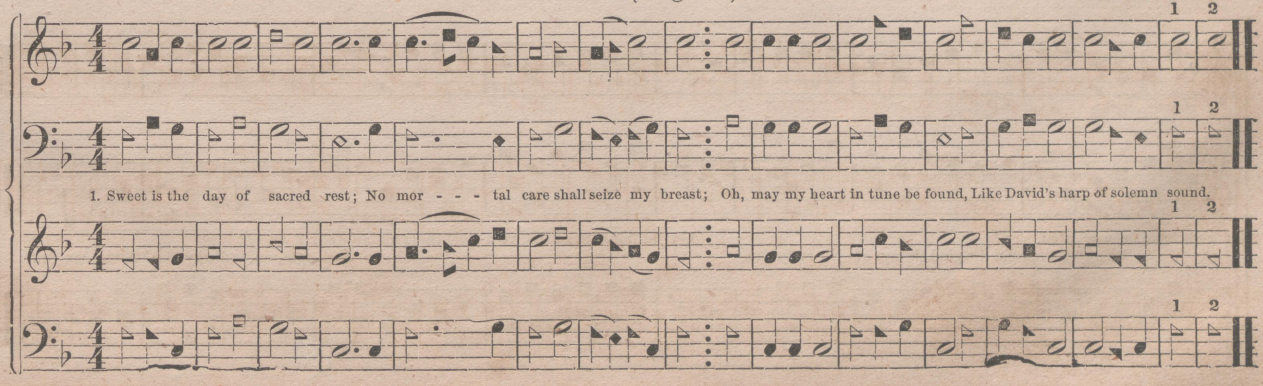
SOUTH UNION. 12. 11.



JESUS IS MY FRIEND. L. M. (Original.) *By J. P. Rees.*

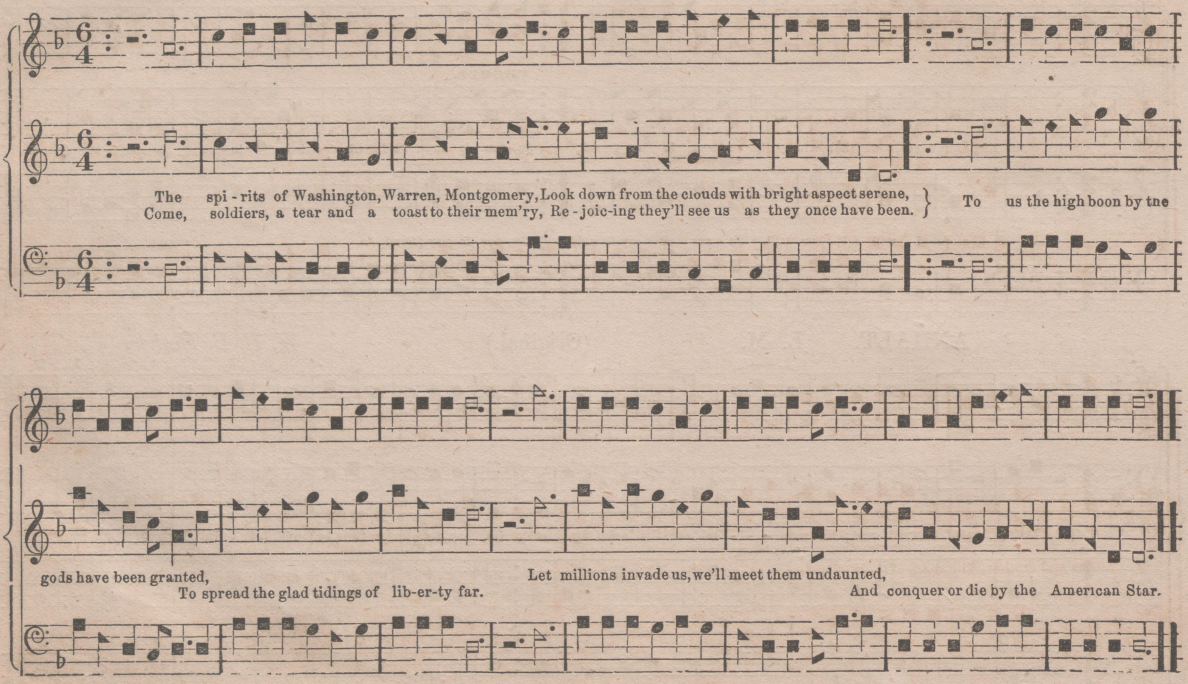


ANHALT. L. M. (Original.) *W. H. B. Mosher.*



THE AMERICAN STAR.

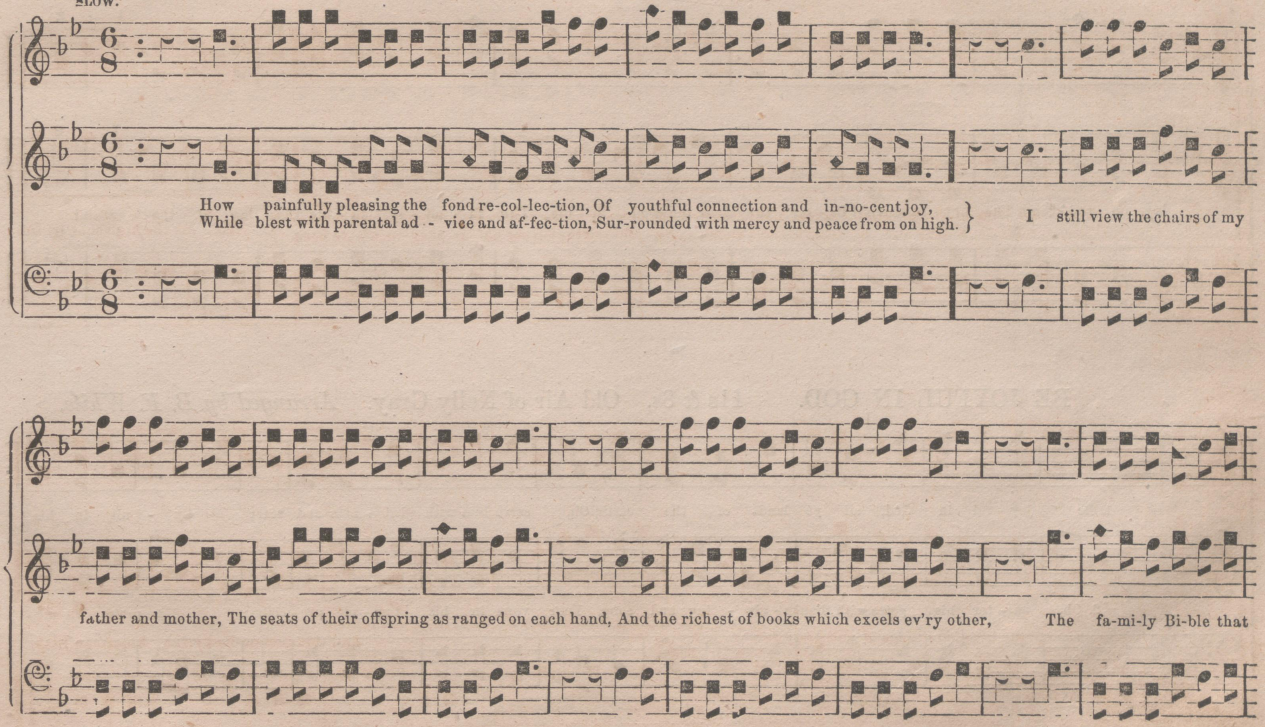
D. P. White.



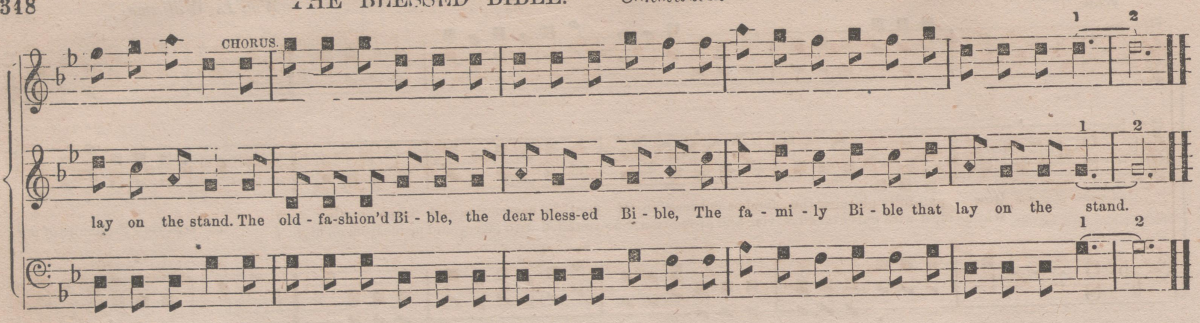
THE BLESSED BIBLE.

Wm. L. Williams.

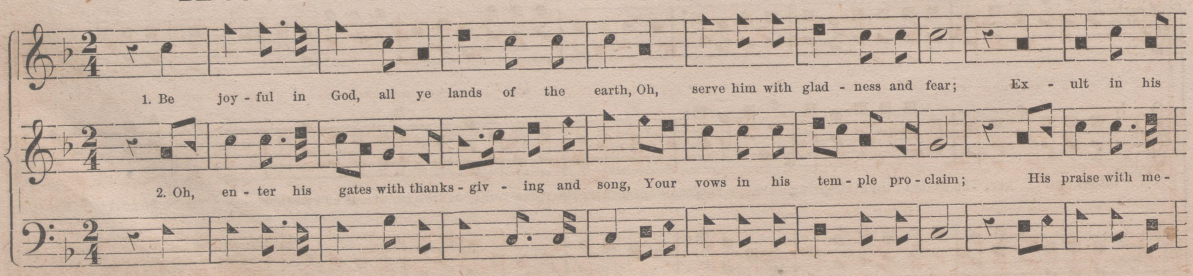
SLOW.

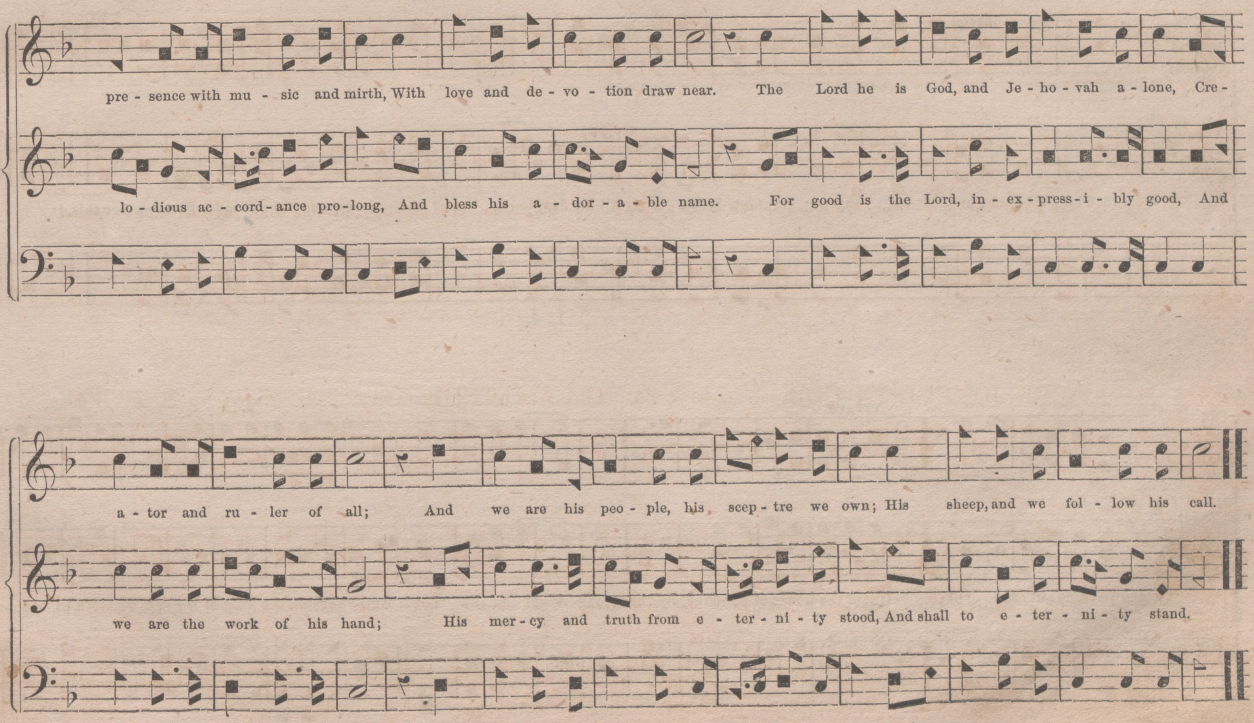


THE BLESSED BIBLE. *Concluded.*

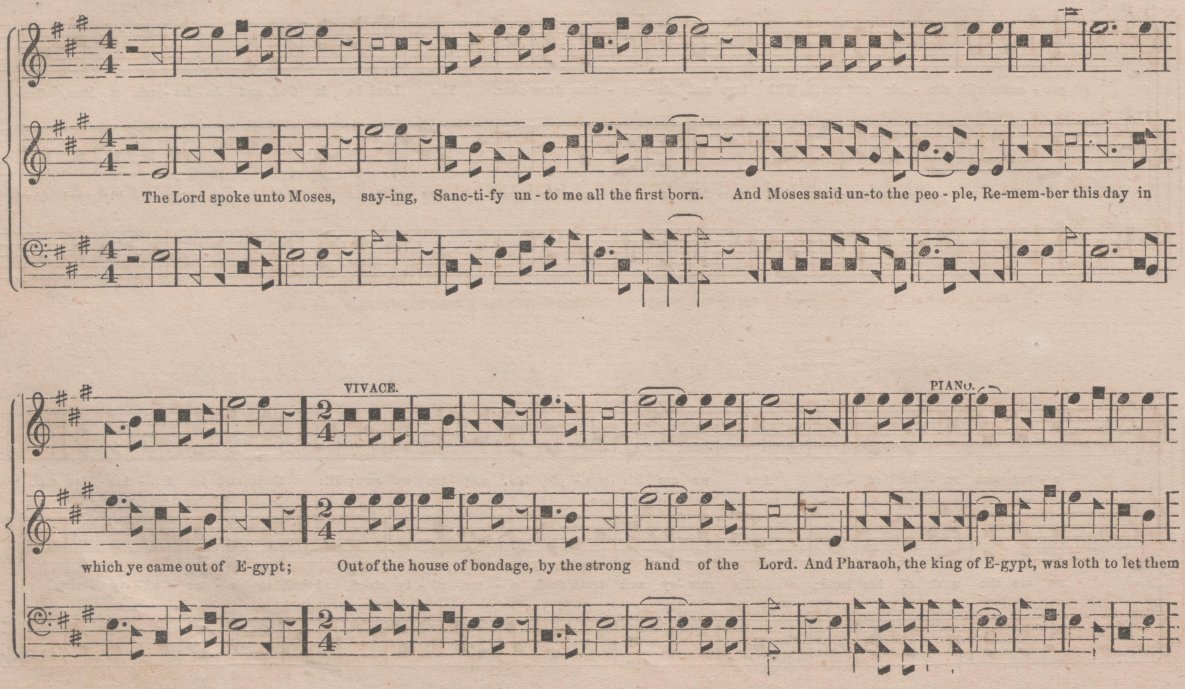


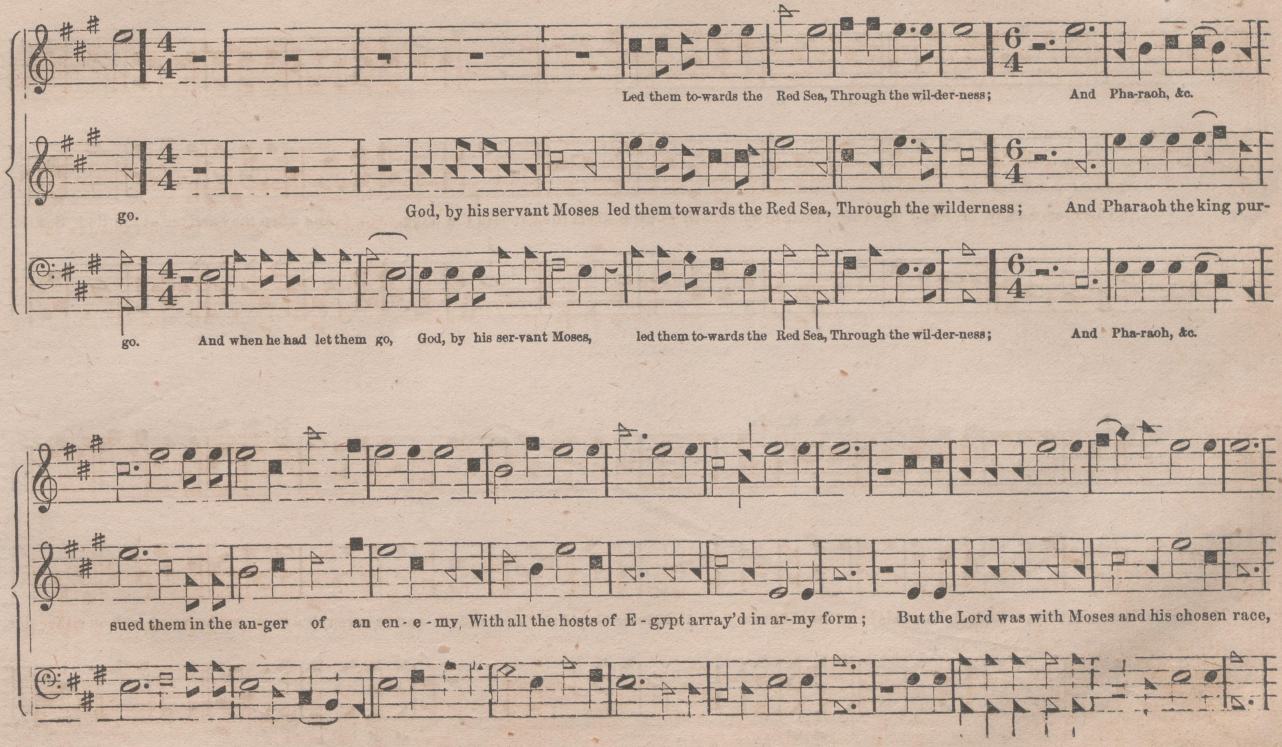
BE JOYFUL IN GOD. 11s & 8s. Old Air of Nelly Gray. *Arranged by B. F. White.*



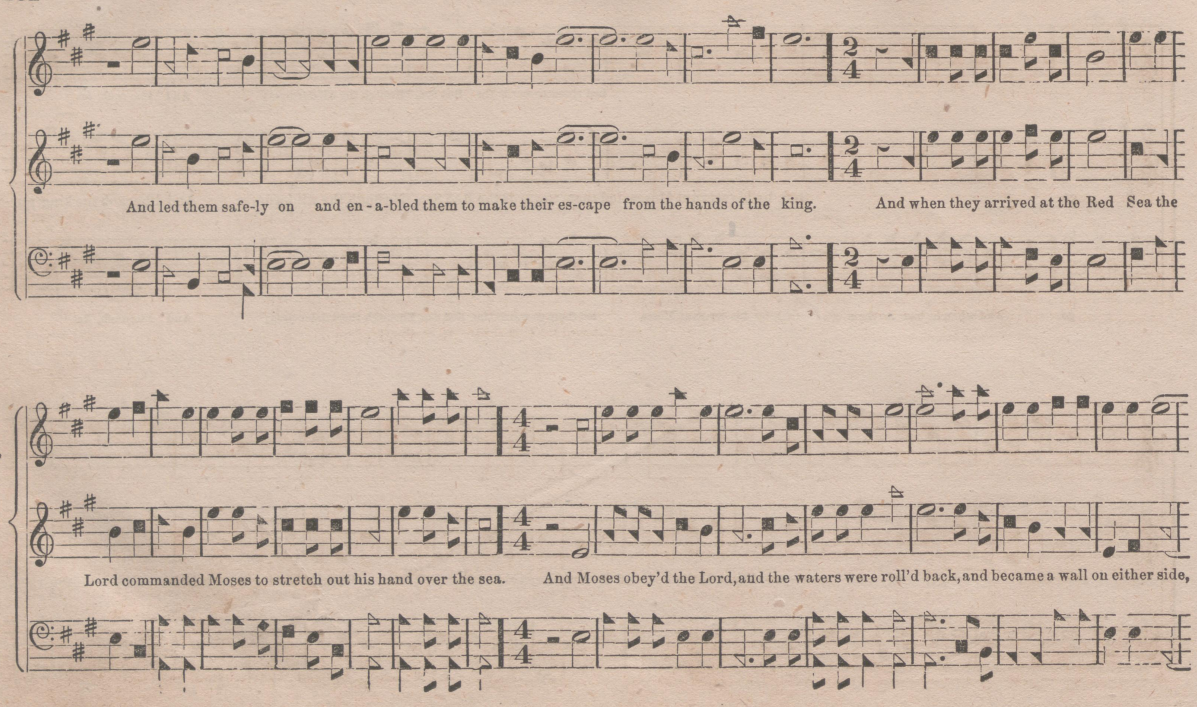

pre - sence with mu - sic and mirth, With love and de - vo - tion draw near. The Lord he is God, and Je - ho - vah a - lone, Cre -
lo - dious ac - cord - ance pro - long, And bless his a - dor - a - ble name. For good is the Lord, in - ex - press - i - bly good, And
a - tor and ru - ler of all; And we are his peo - ple, his scep - tre we own; His sheep, and we fol - low his call.
we are the work of his hand; His mer - cy and truth from e - ter - ni - ty stood, And shall to e - ter - ni - ty stand.

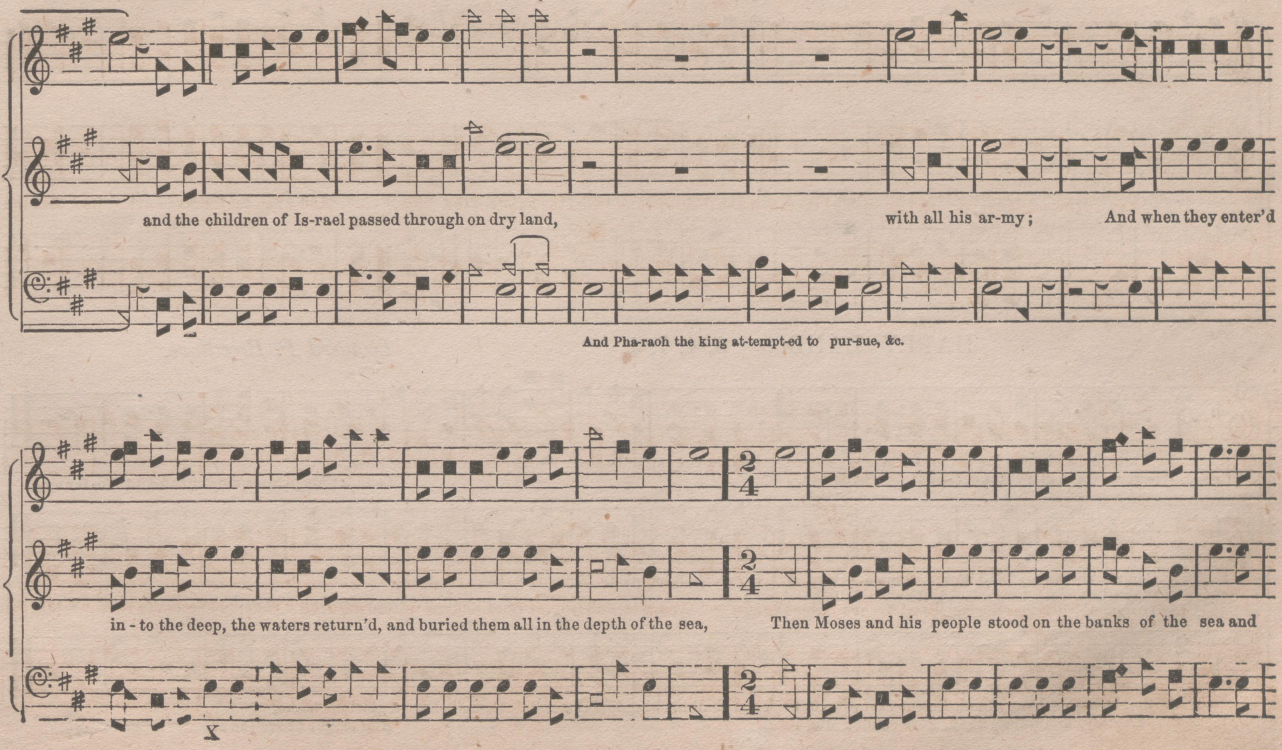
THE RED SEA ANTHEM. *Original.* *B. F White.*

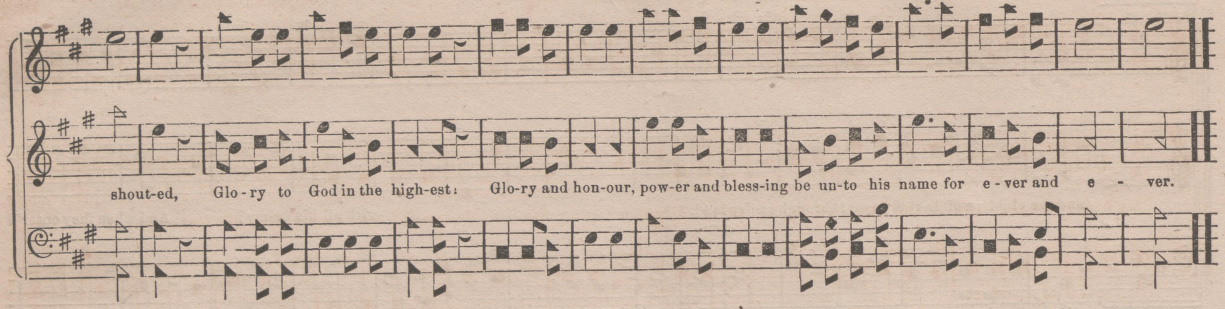



Led them to-wards the Red Sea, Through the wil-der-ness; And Pha-raoh, &c.
go. God, by his servant Moses led them towards the Red Sea, Through the wilderness; And Pharaoh the king pur-
go. And when he had let them go, God, by his ser-vant Moses, led them to-wards the Red Sea, Through the wil-der-ness; And Pha-raoh, &c.
sued them in the an-ger of an en-e-my, With all the hosts of E-gypt array'd in ar-my form; But the Lord was with Moses and his chosen race,

THE RED SEA ANTHEM. *Continued.*

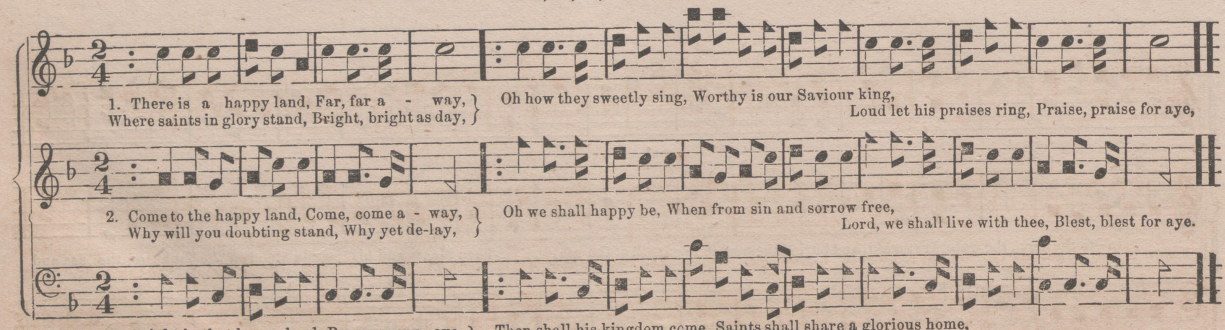


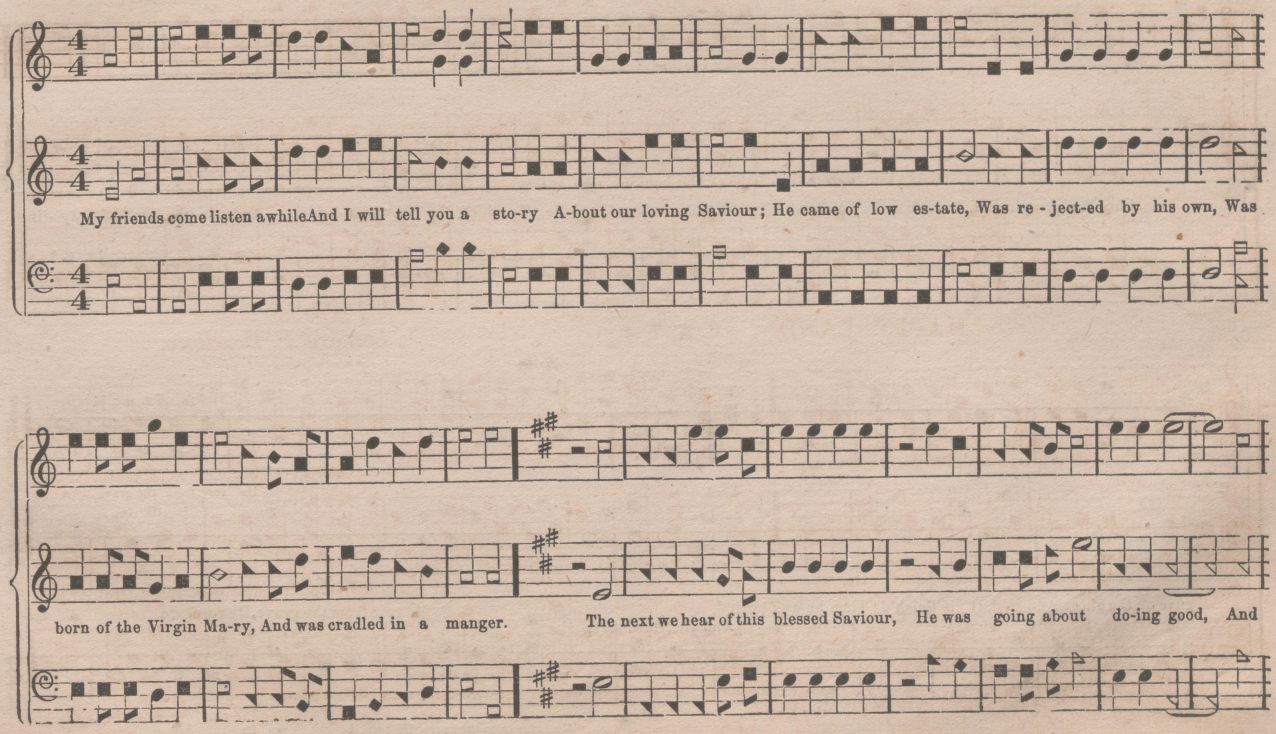

and the children of Is-rael passed through on dry land,
with all his ar-my;
And when they enter'd
And Pha-raoh the king at-tempt-ed to pur-sue, &c.
in - to the deep, the waters return'd, and buried them all in the depth of the sea,
Then Moses and his people stood on the banks of the sea and

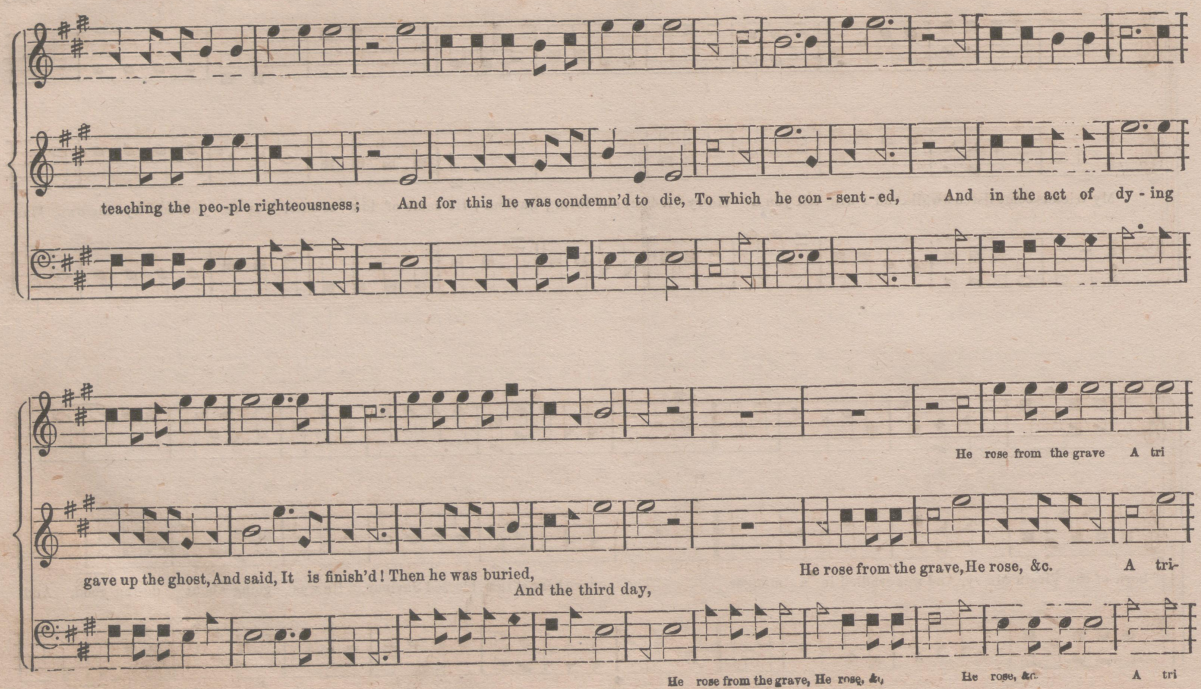


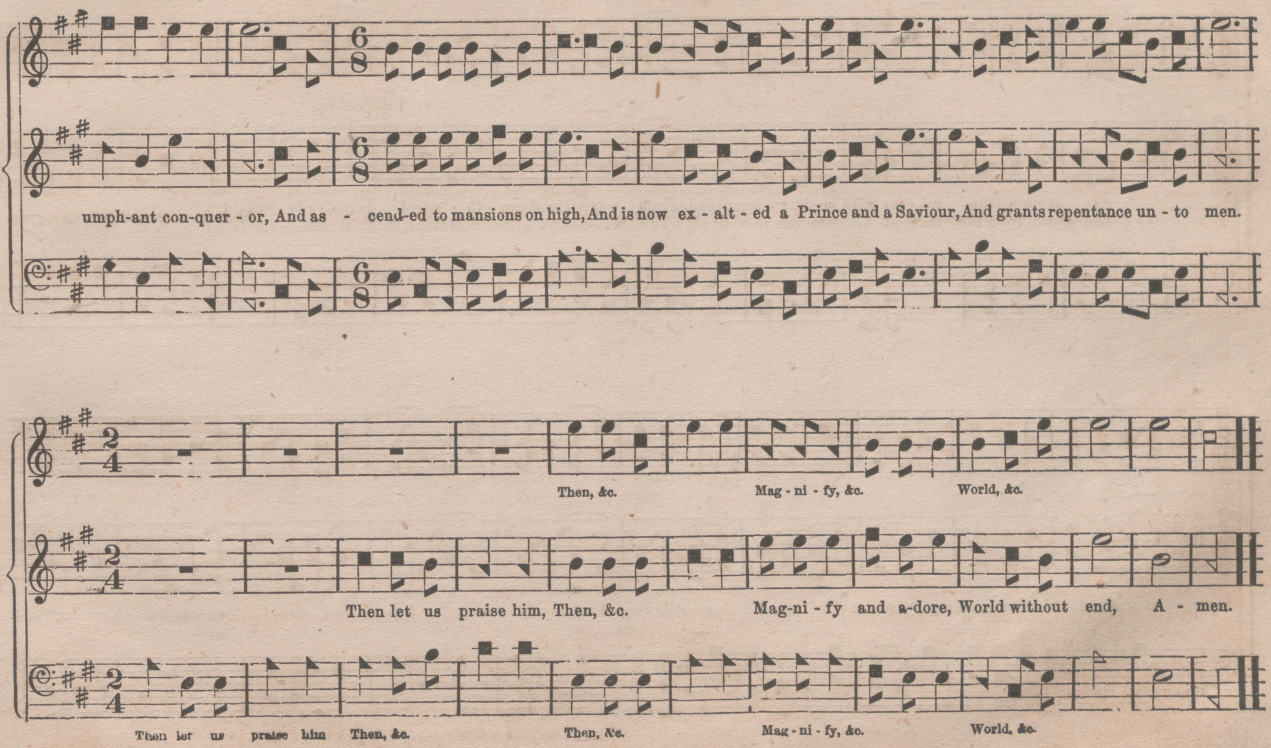
HAPPY LAND. 6, 4, 7, 4.

Leonard P. Breedlove.



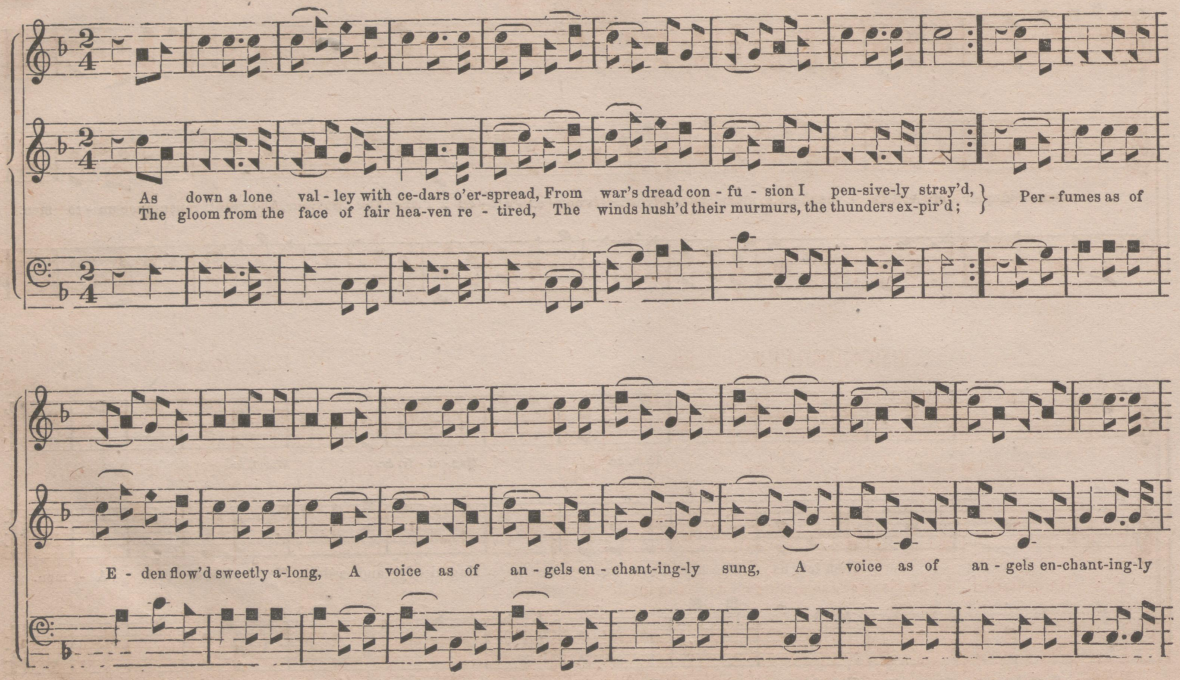

My friends come listen awhileAnd I will tell you a sto-ry A-bout our loving Saviour; He came of low es-tate, Was re - ject-ed by his own, Was
born of the Virgin Ma-ry, And was cradled in a manger. The next we hear of this blessed Saviour, He was going about do-ing good, And

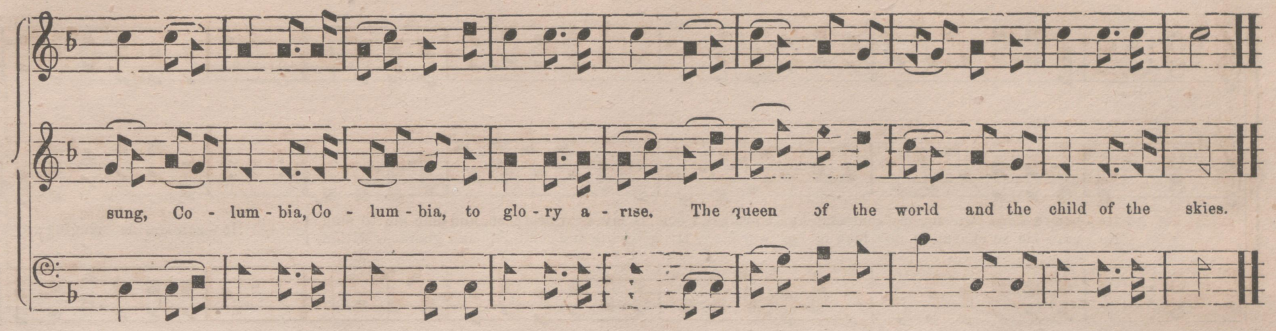

teaching the peo-ple righteousness; And for this he was condemn'd to die, To which he con-sent-ed, And in the act of dy-ing
He rose from the grave A tri
gave up the ghost, And said, It is finish'd! Then he was buried, And the third day, He rose from the grave, He rose, &c. A tri-
He rose from the grave, He rose, &c. He rose, &c. A tri


umph-ant con-quer - or, And as - cend-ed to mansions on high, And is now ex - alt - ed a Prince and a Saviour, And grants repentance un - to men.
Then, &c.
Mag - ni - fy, &c.
World, &c.
Then let us praise him, Then, &c.
Mag-ni - fy and a-dore, World without end, A - men.
Then let us praise him Then, &c.
Then, &c.
Mag - ni - fy, &c.
World, &c.

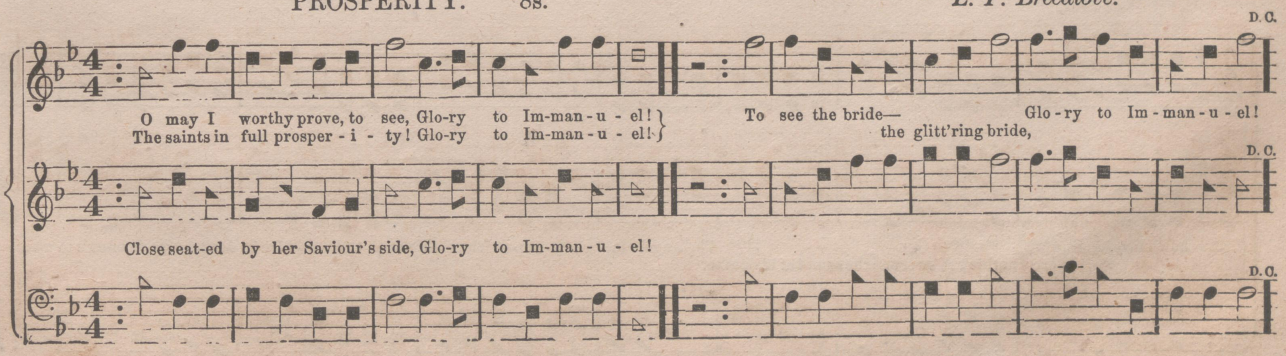
MURILLO'S LESSON. 11s.

Unknown.



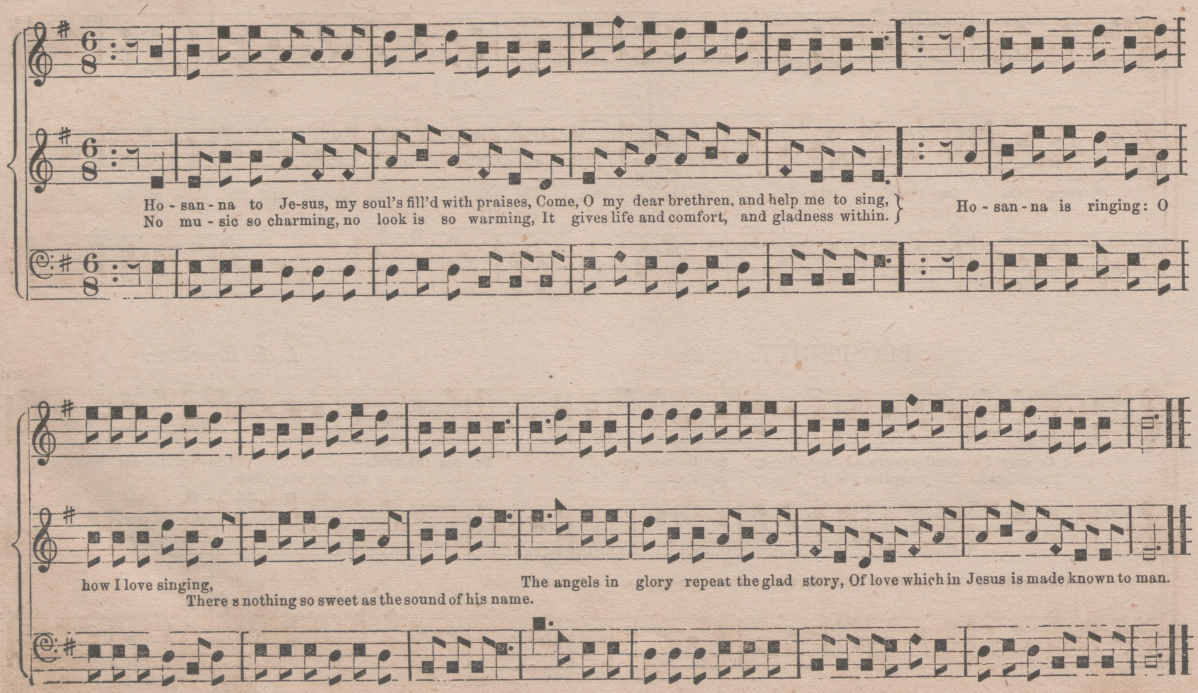


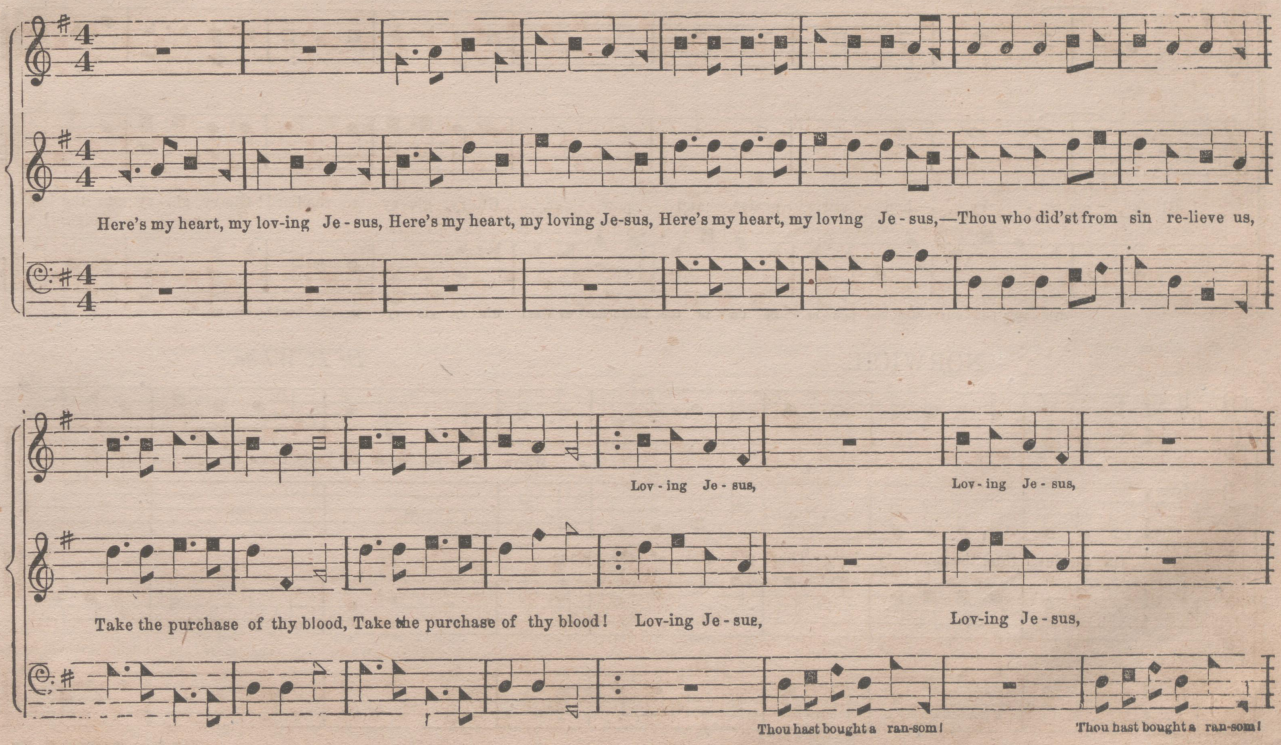
PROSPERITY. 8s. *L. P. Breedlove.*

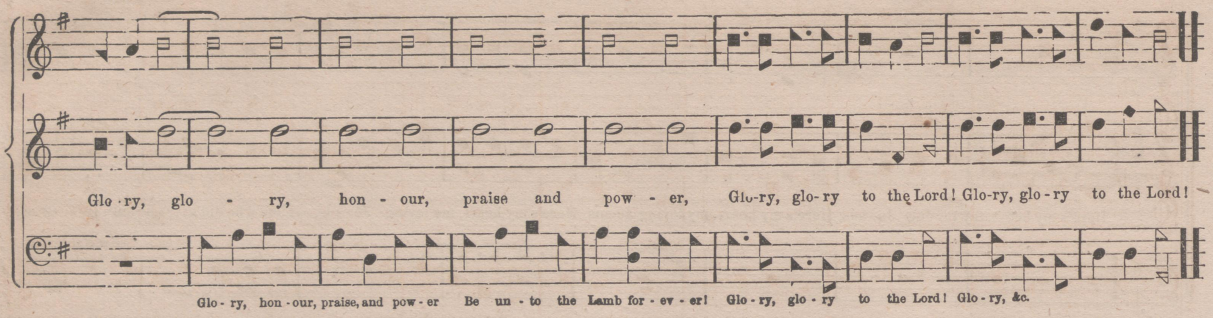


THE ROYAL BAND. 12s & 11s.

W. T. Power.

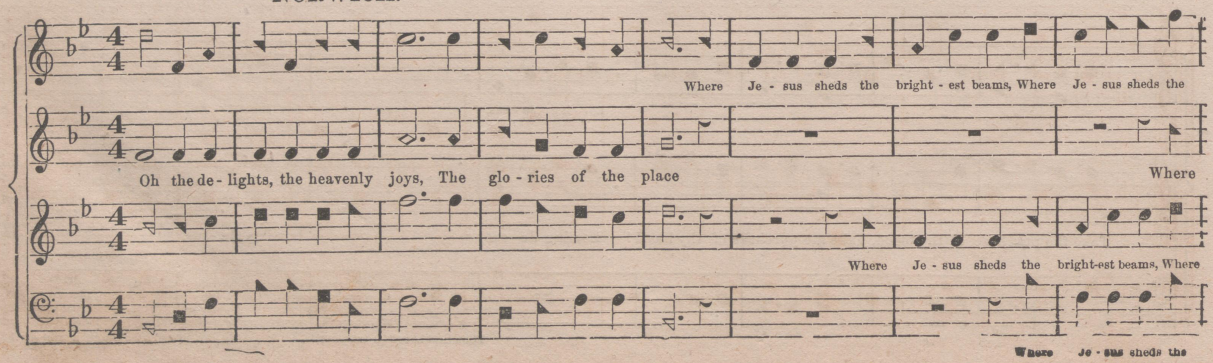


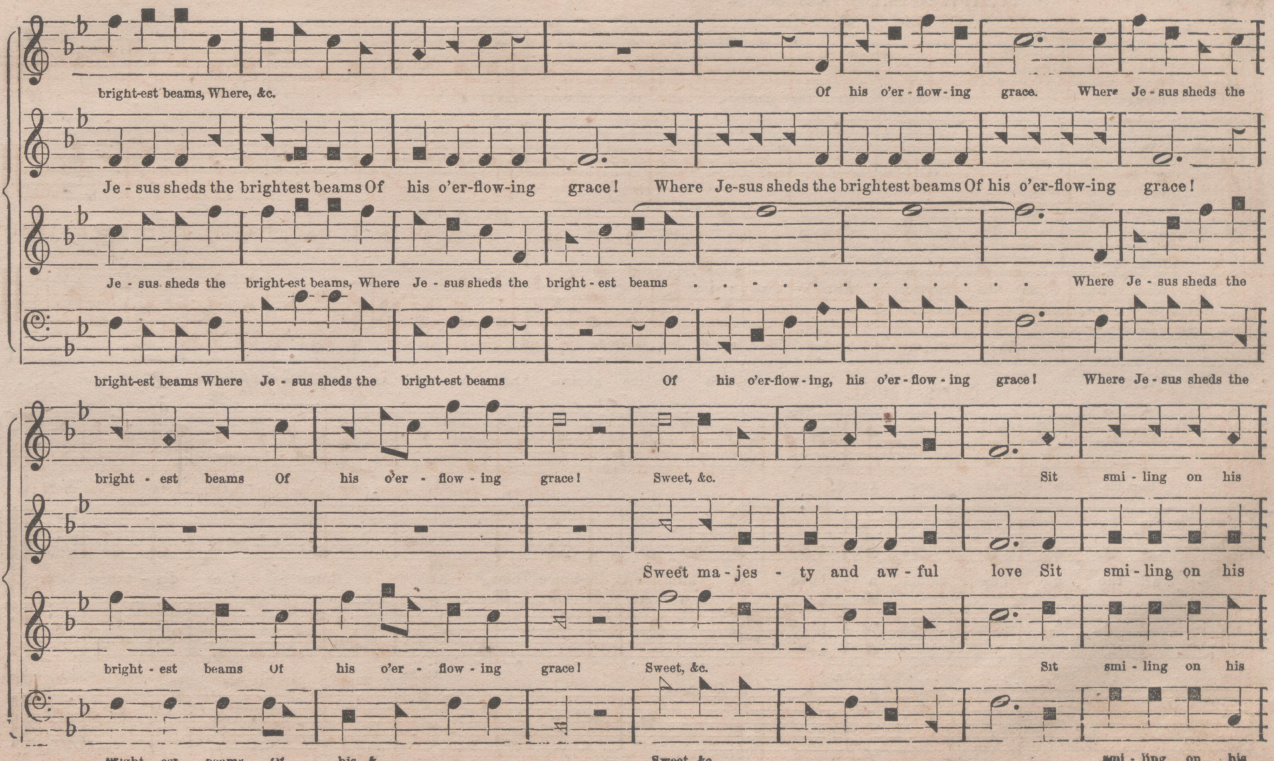

Here's my heart, my lov-ing Je - sus, Here's my heart, my loving Je-sus, Here's my heart, my loving Je - sus,—Thou who did'st from sin re-lieve us,
Lov - ing Je - sus, Lov - ing Je - sus,
Take the purchase of thy blood, Take the purchase of thy blood! Lov-ing Je - sus, Lov-ing Je - sus,
Thou hast bought a ran-som! Thou hast bought a ran-som!



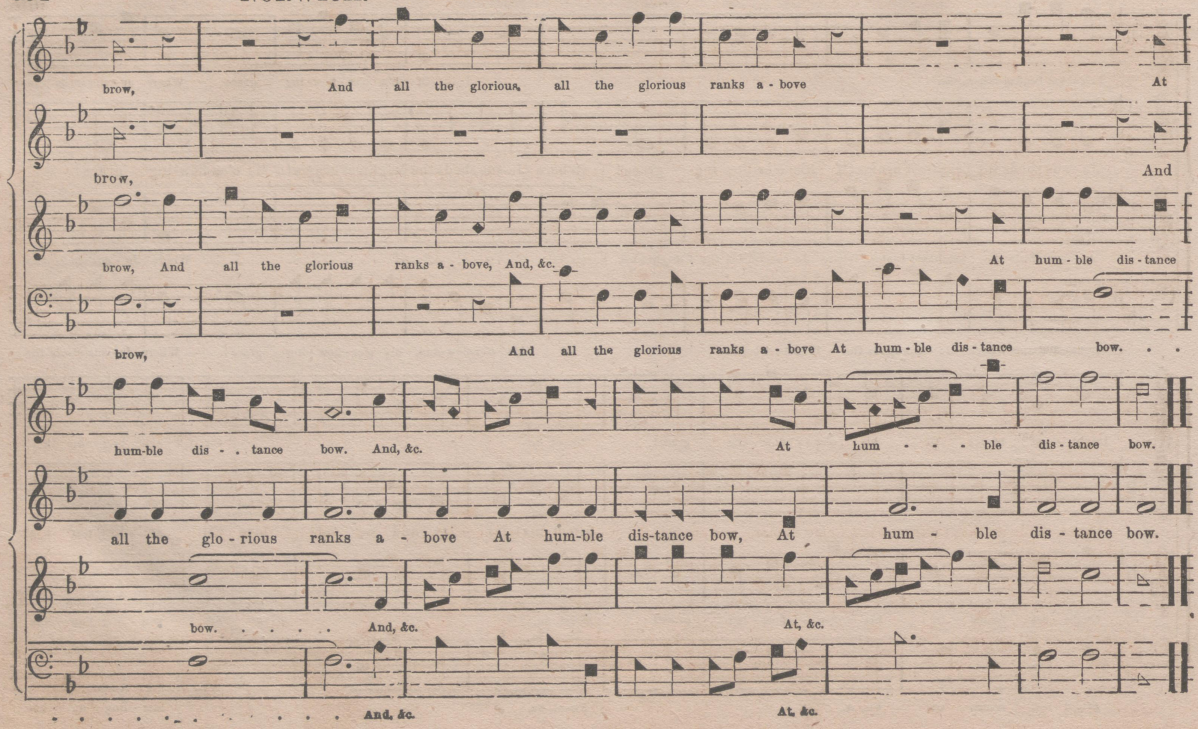
NORWICH.

D. P. White.

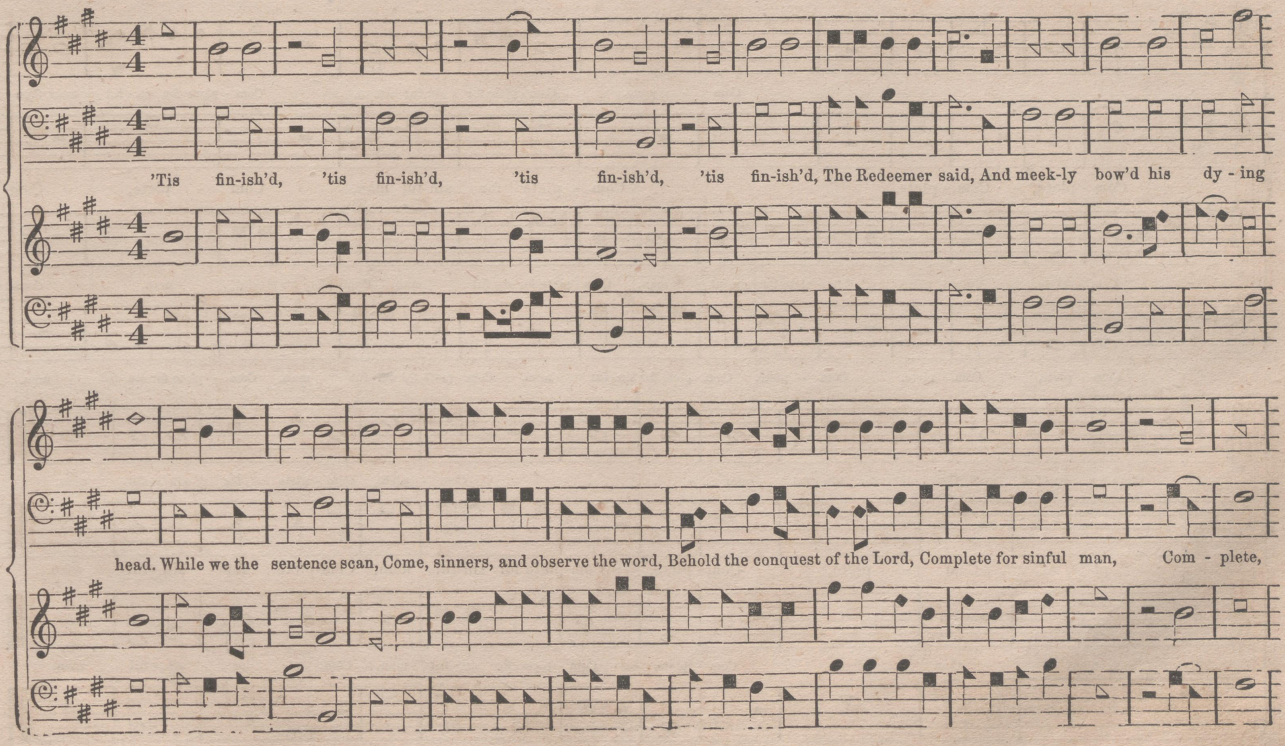



bright-est beams, Where, &c.
Of his o'er-flow-ing grace. Where Je-sus sheds the
Je-sus sheds the brightest beams Of his o'er-flow-ing grace! Where Je-sus sheds the brightest beams Of his o'er-flow-ing grace!
Je-sus sheds the bright-est beams, Where Je-sus sheds the bright-est beams . . . . . Where Je-sus sheds the
bright-est beams Where Je-sus sheds the bright-est beams Of his o'er-flow-ing, his o'er-flow-ing grace! Where Je-sus sheds the
bright-est beams Of his o'er-flow-ing grace! Sweet, &c. Sit smi-ling on his
Sweet ma-jes-ty and aw-ful love Sit smi-ling on his
bright-est beams Of his o'er-flow-ing grace! Sweet, &c. Sit smi-ling on his
bright-est beams Of his, &c. Sweet, &c. smi-ling on his

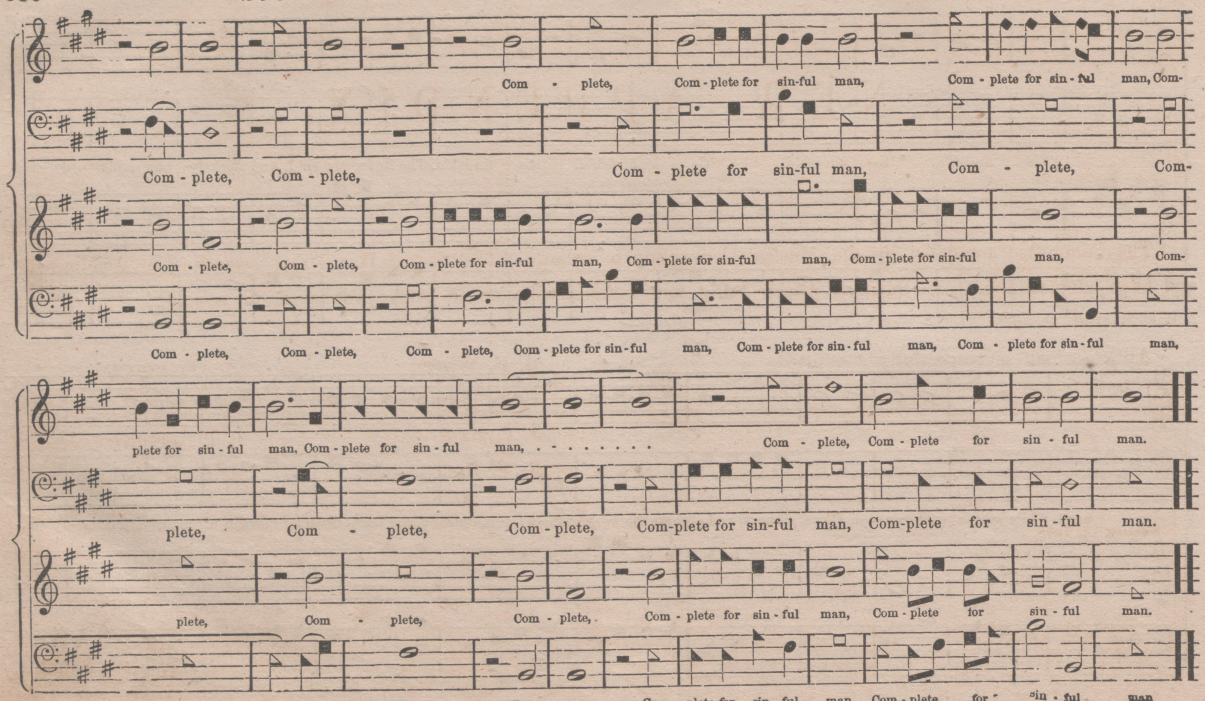
NORWICH. *Concluded.*



SOUTHWELL. C. P. M.



SOUTHWELL. C. P. M. *Concluded.*



NEW APPENDIX.

The Committee appointed by the Musical Convention to enlarge "The Sacred Harp," met according to appointment, and have adopted about one hundred pieces, being new compositions never before published, for a second Appendix to "The Sacred Harp."

All of which is respectfully submitted,

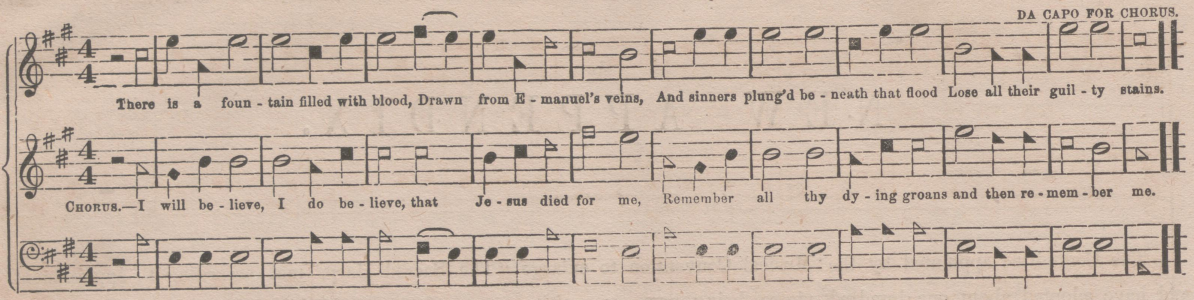
B. F. WHITE,
E. T. POUND,
J. P. REES,
R. F. BALL,
A. OGLETREE,
T. WALLER,
J. T. EDMUNDS,
A. S. WEBSTER,
Committee.

January 18, 1859.

REMEMBER ME. C. M.

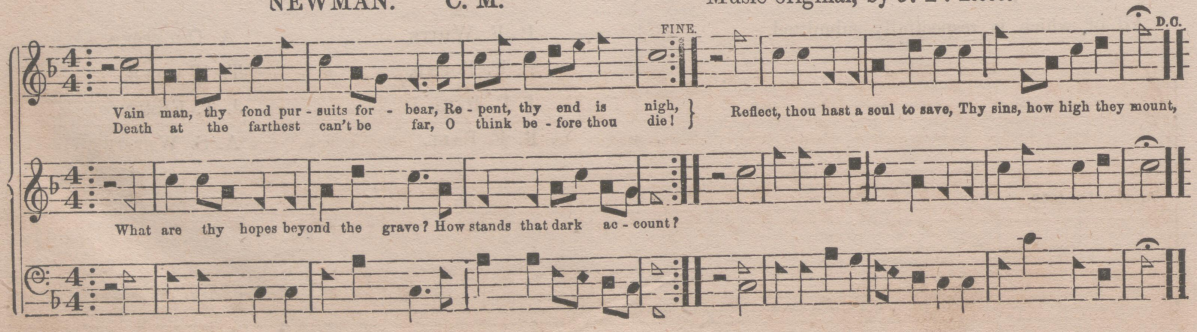
B. F. White & L. L. Leadbeater.

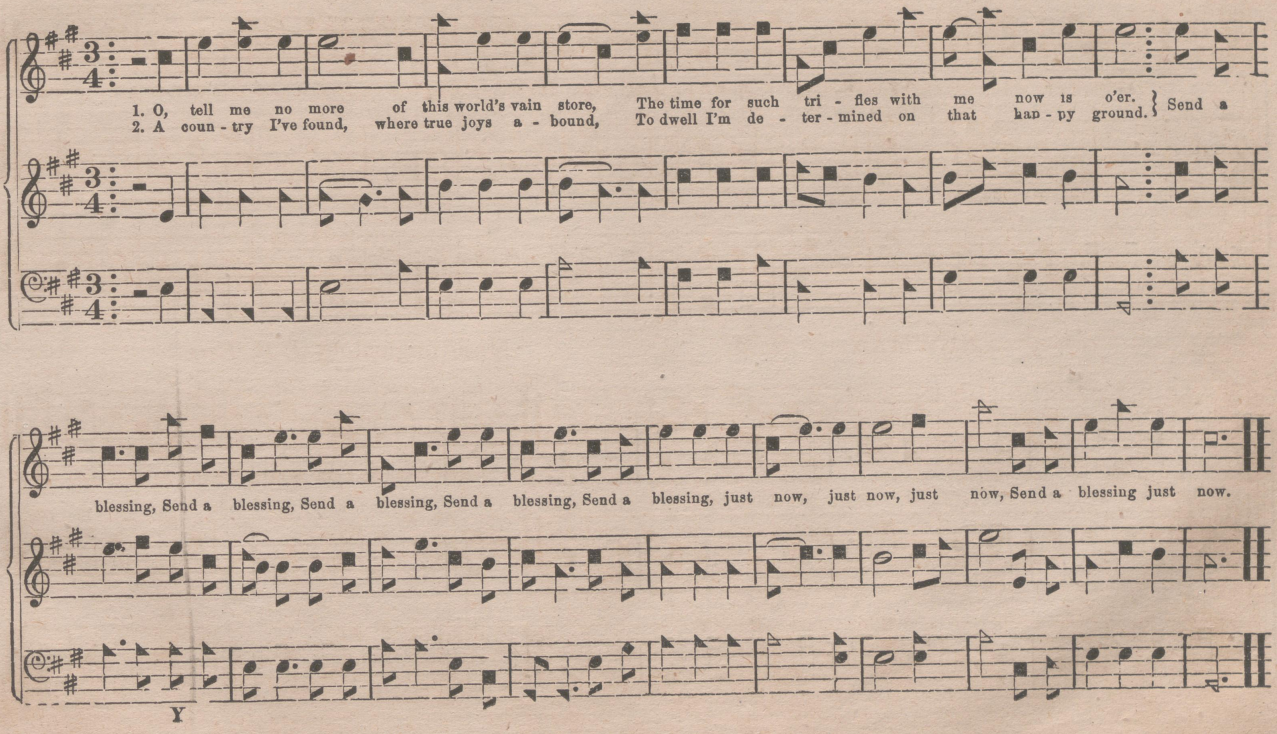
DA CAPO FOR CHORUS.



NEWMAN. C. M.

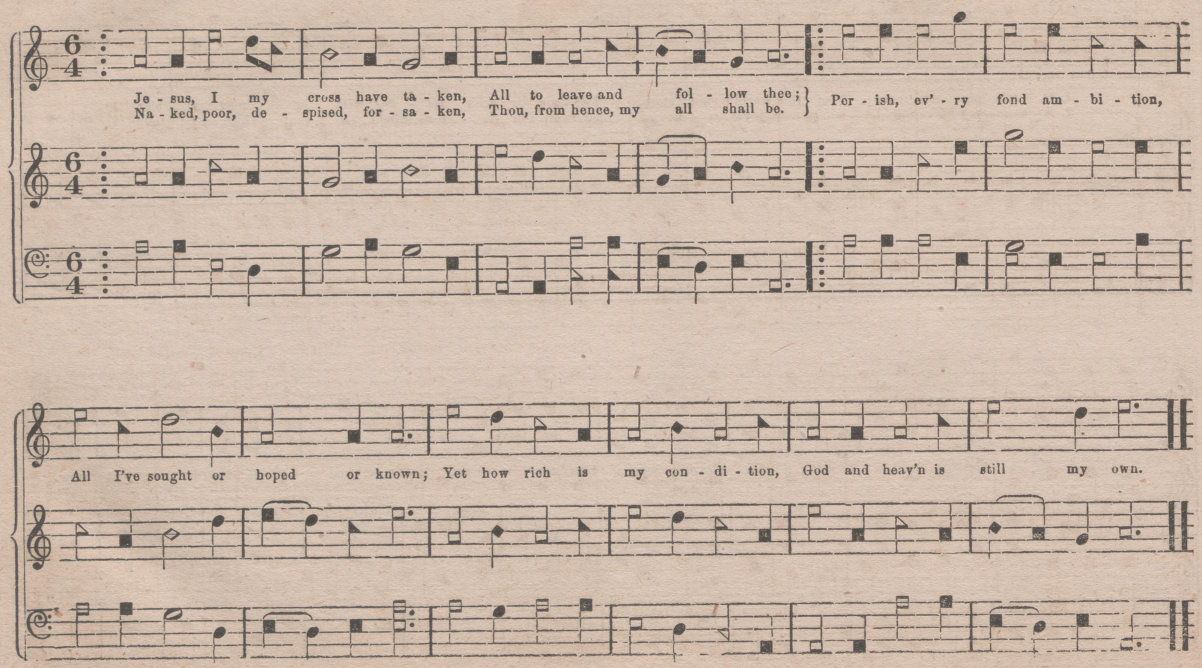
Music original, by *J. P. Rees.*

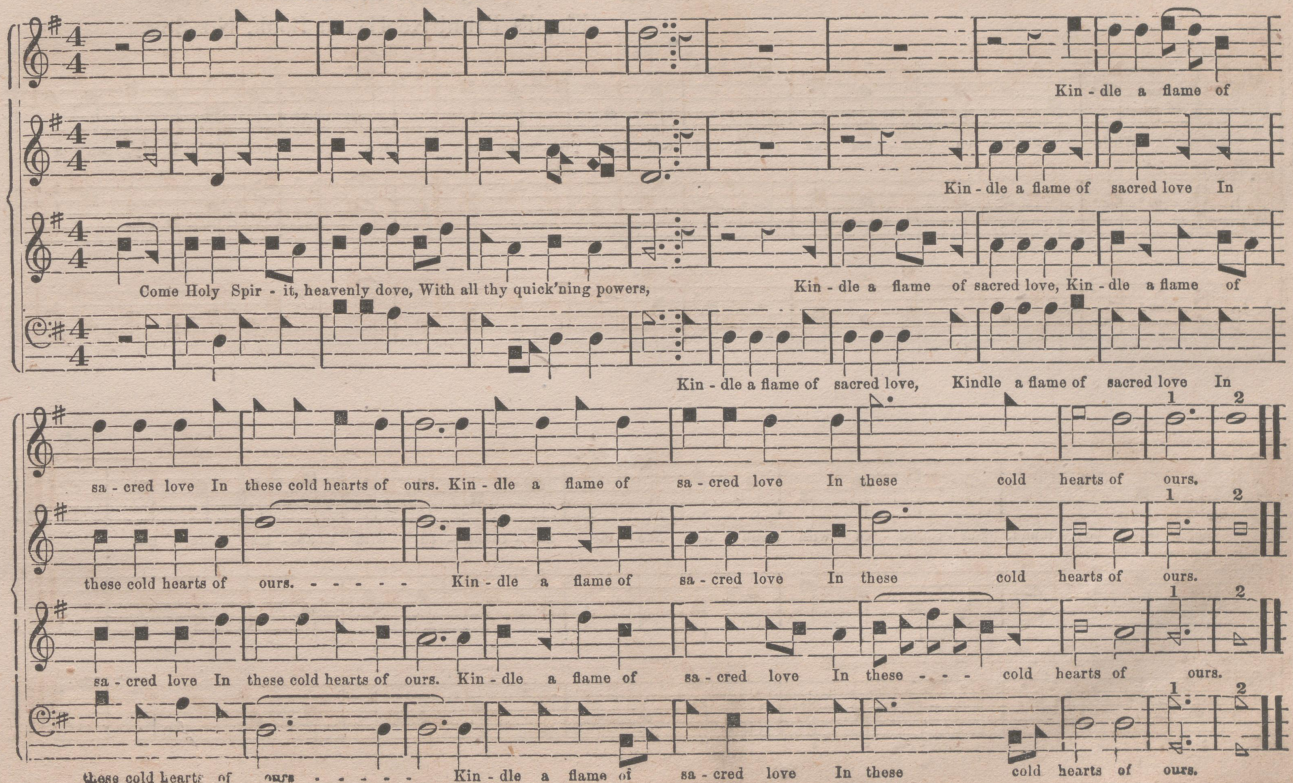



1. O, tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such tri - fles with me now is o'er.
2. A coun - try I've found, where true joys a - bound, To dwell I'm de - ter - mined on that hap - py ground.
Send a
blessing, Send a blessing, Send a blessing, Send a blessing, Send a blessing, just now, just now, just now, Send a blessing just now.

MONROE 8. 7 *(Original.)*

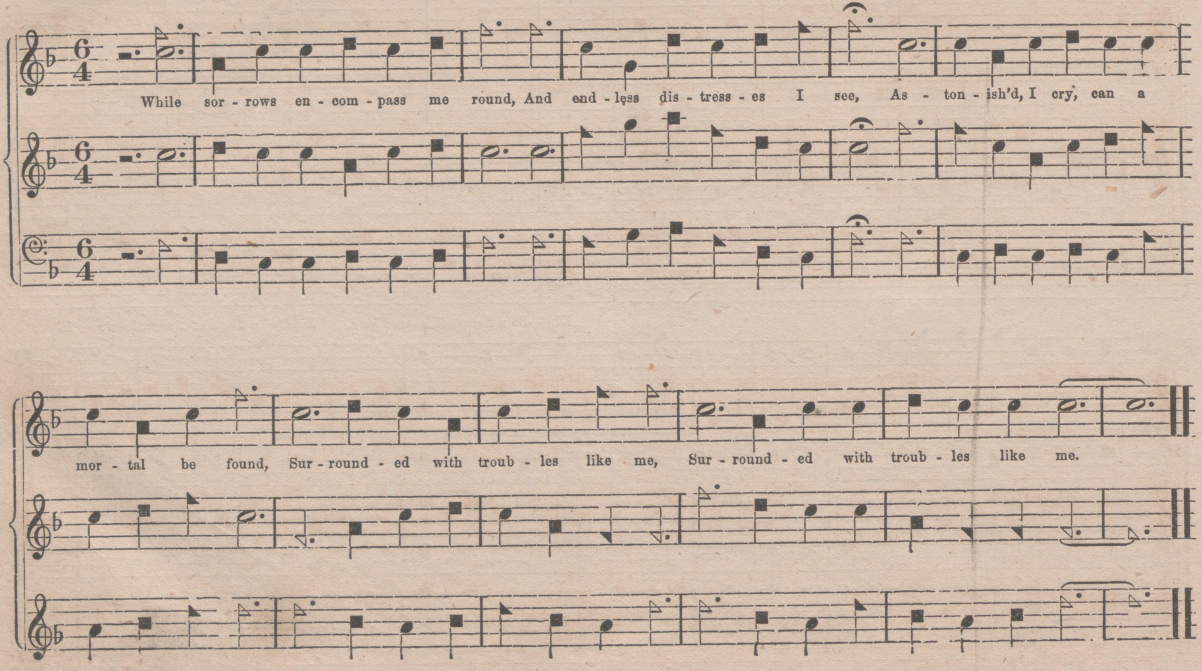
W. S. Turner.

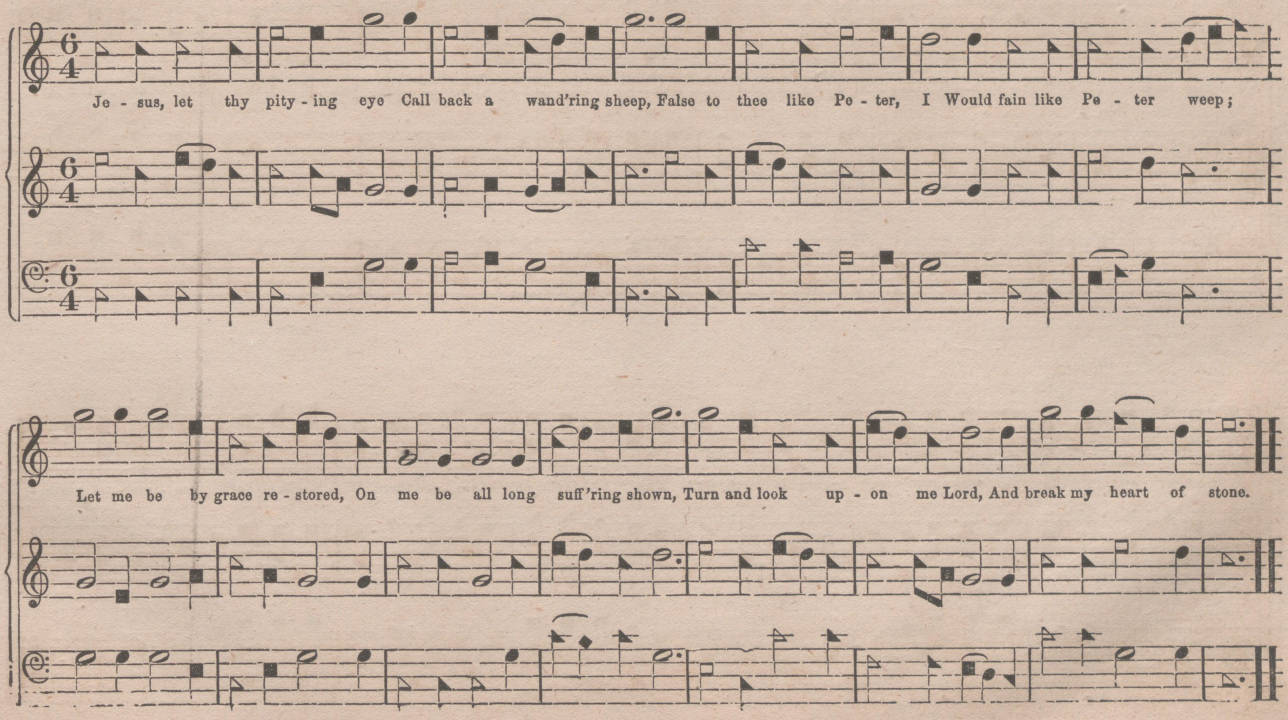



Kin - dle a flame of
Kin - dle a flame of sacred love In
Come Holy Spir - it, heavenly dove, With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kin - dle a flame of sacred love, Kin - dle a flame of
Kin - dle a flame of sacred love, Kindle a flame of sacred love In
sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
these cold hearts of ours. - - - - - Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these - - - cold hearts of ours.
these cold hearts of ours - - - - - Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

372 ENDLESS DISTRESS 8s, 11s. (*Original.*) By *Rev. Edmund Dumas.*

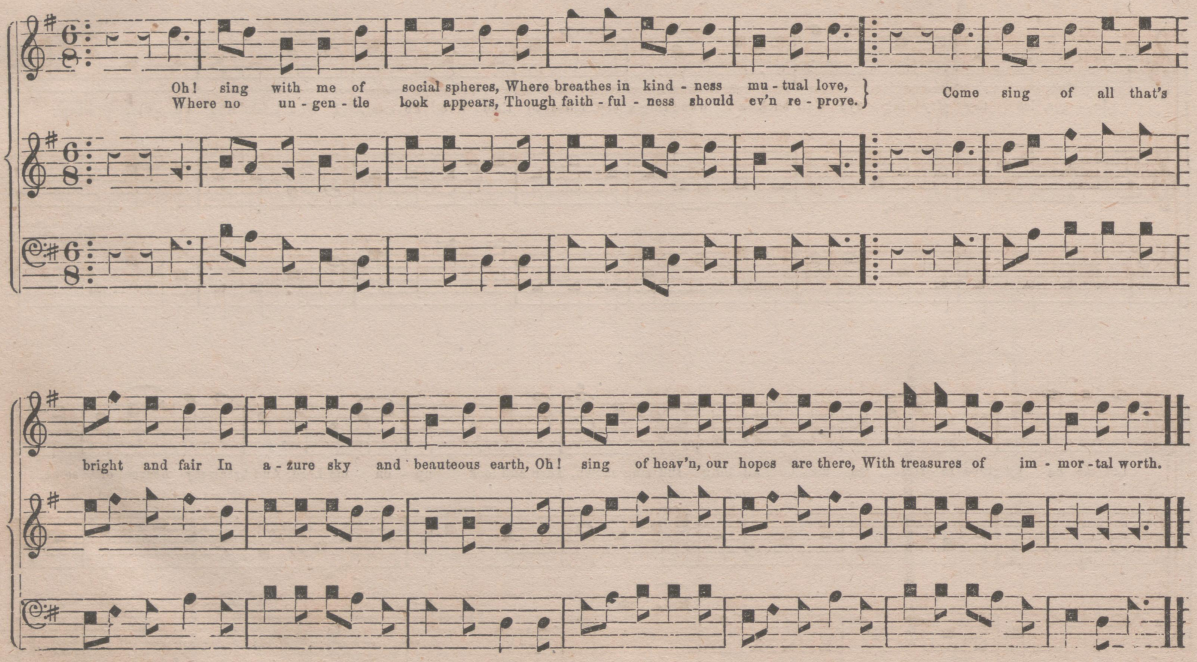
Floyd's Primitive Hymn Book, No. 382.

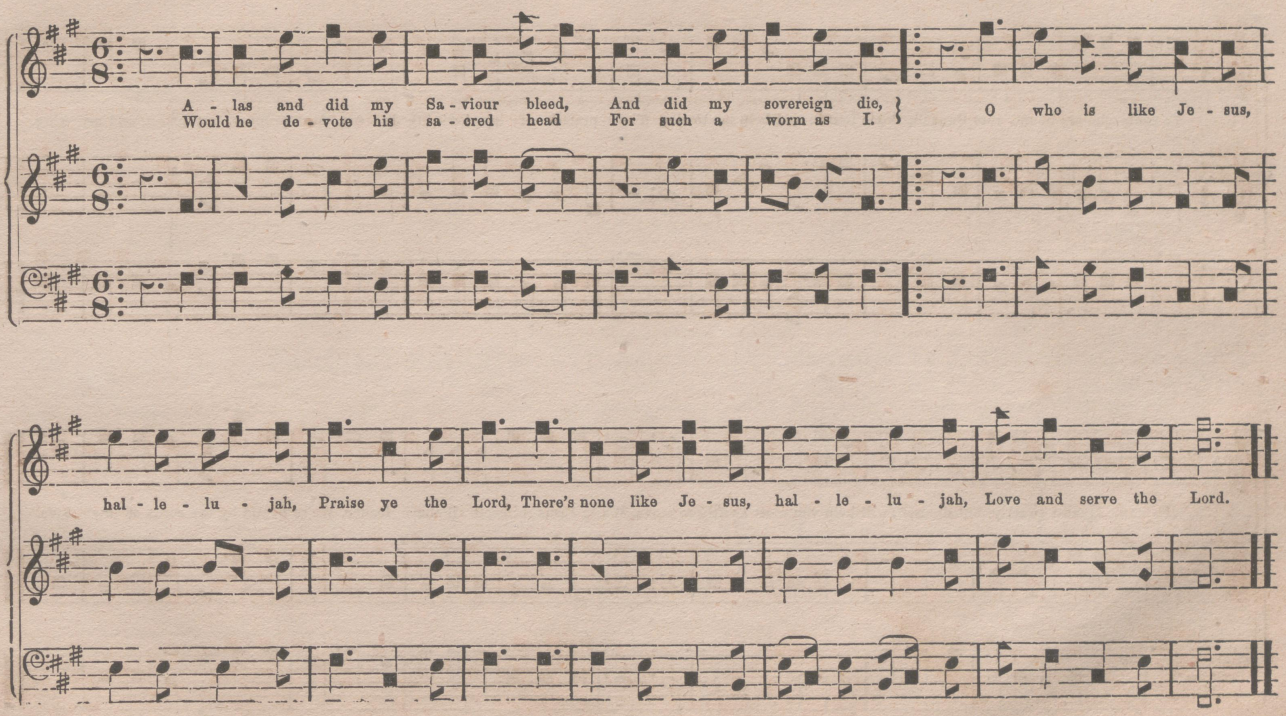



Je - sus, let thy pity - ing eye Call back a wand'ring sheep, False to thee like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep;
Let me be by grace re - stored, On me be all long suff'ring shown, Turn and look up - on me Lord, And break my heart of stone.

OH, SING WITH ME!

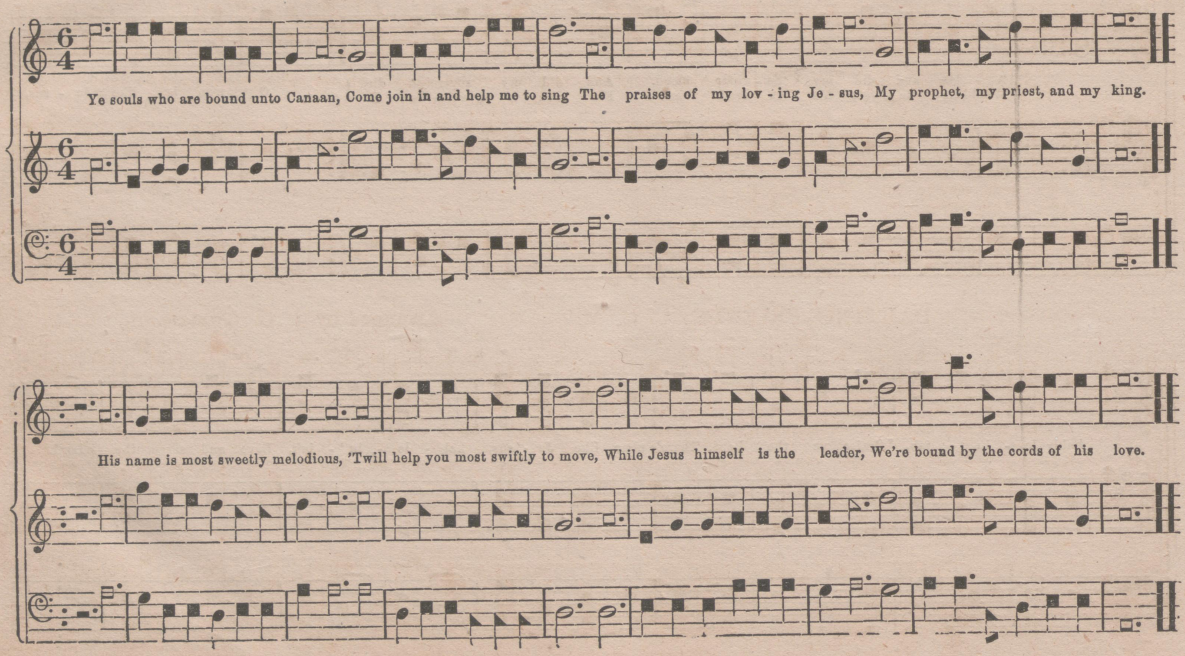
By *Miss P. R. Lancaster.*




A - las and did my Sa - viour bleed, And did my sovereign die,
Would he de - vote his sa - cred head For such a worm as I.
O who is like Je - sus,
hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord, There's none like Je - sus, hal - le - lu - jah, Love and serve the Lord.

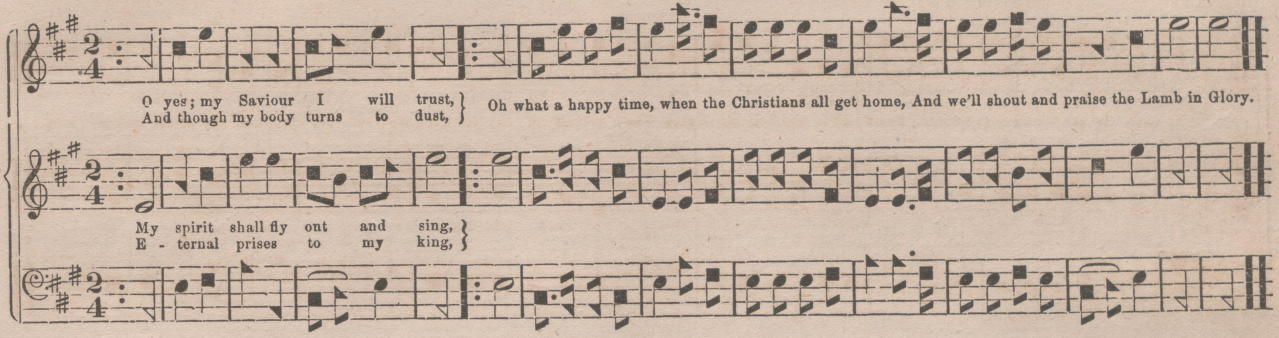
HELP ME TO SING. P M.

B. F. White.



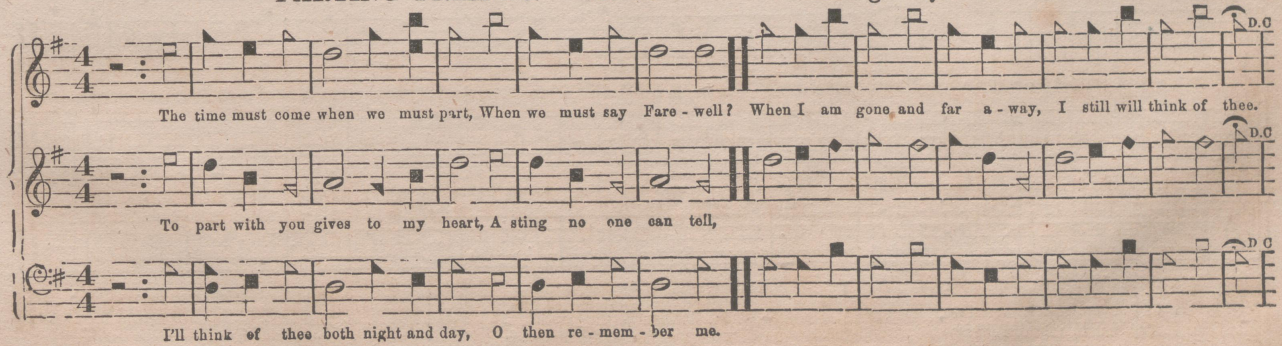
HAPPY HOME. L. M.

J. P. Rees.

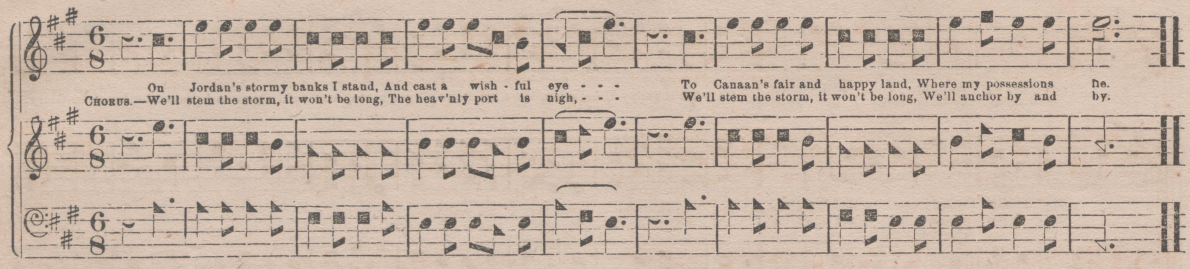


PARTING FRIENDS. C. M.

Arranged by *J. C. Graham.*

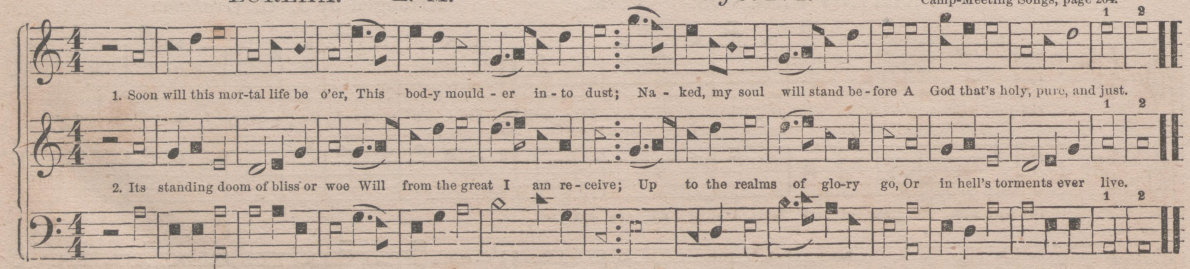


THE HEAVENLY PORT. C M. By *Eld. Edmund Dumas* Aug. 8, 1859



EUREKA. L. M. *By J. P. Rees.*

Camp-Meeting Songs, page 204.

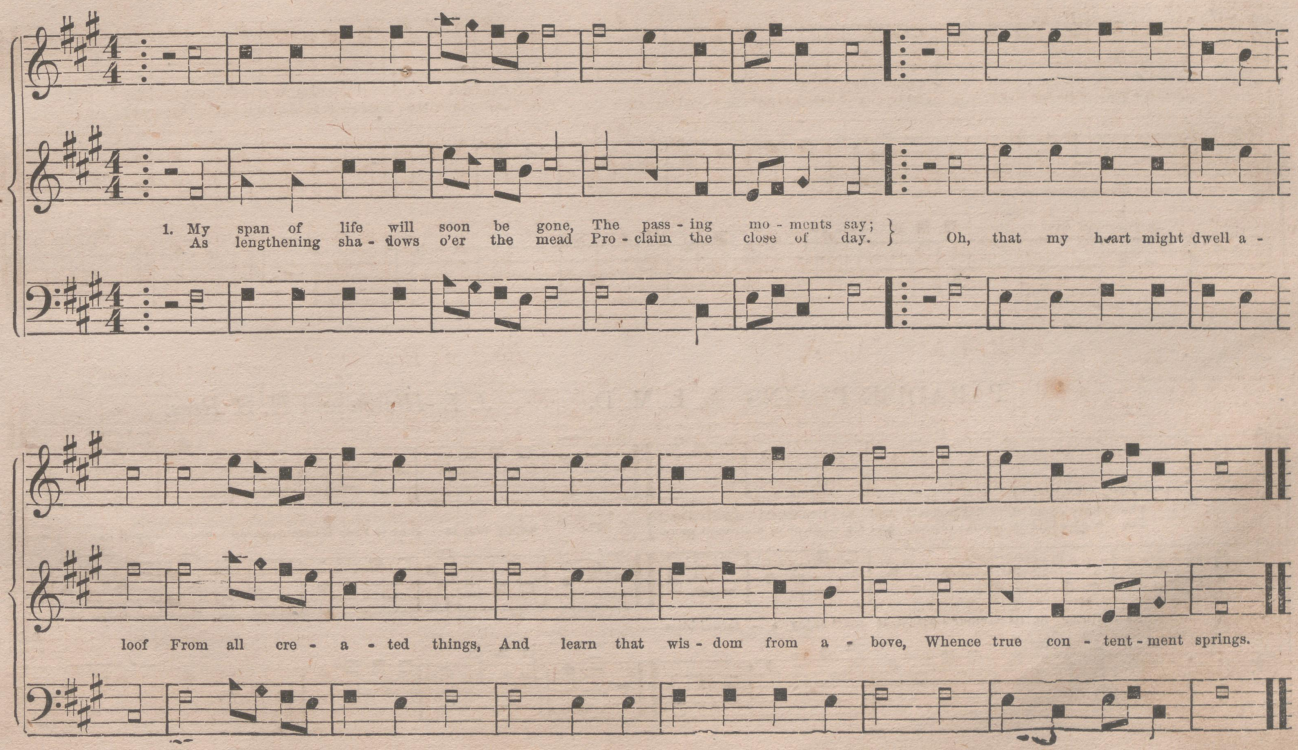


3. Without an int'rest in the blood
Of Jesus shed on Calvary,
We can't escape his vengeful rod,
Howe'er so moral here we be.

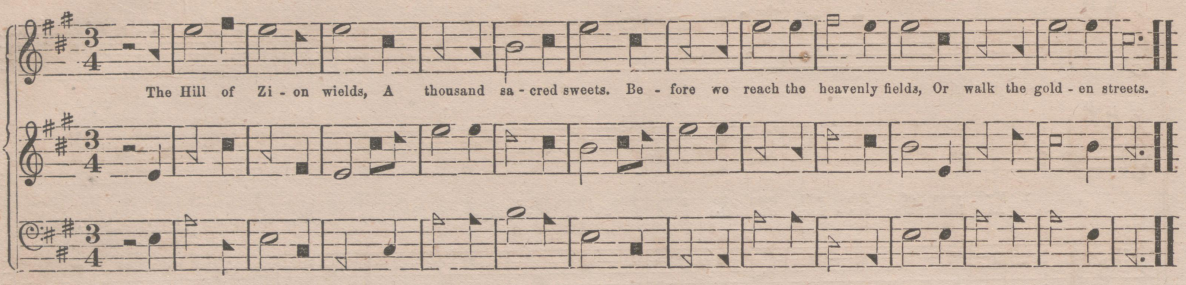
4. Away, then, all self-righteousness!
My soul from nature's sleep arise,
Be justified by faith thro' grace,
And claim a mansion in the skies.

5. Perfection's height may I ascend,
And feel my soul dissolved in love;
That when my days below shall end,
Angels may waft my soul above.

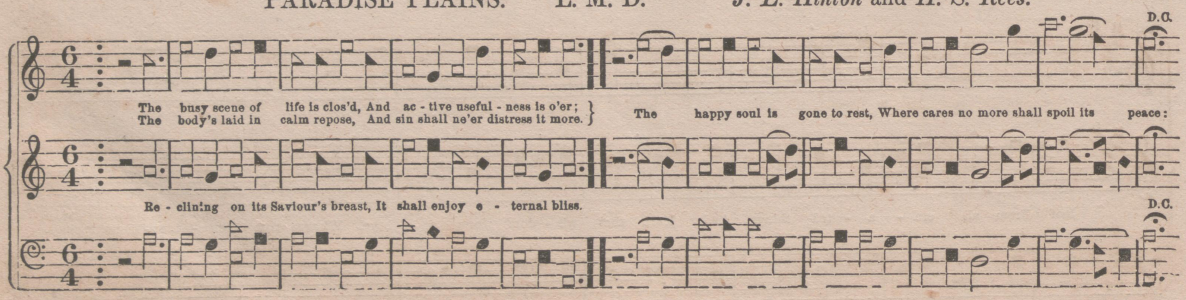
SPAN OF LIFE. C. M. D. (Original.) *S. M. Brown.*



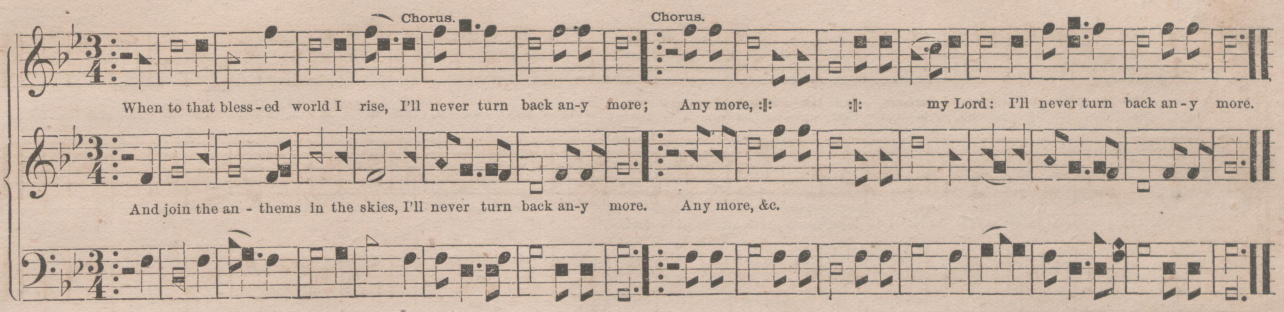
THE HILL OF ZION. S. M (*Original.*) *B. F. White.*



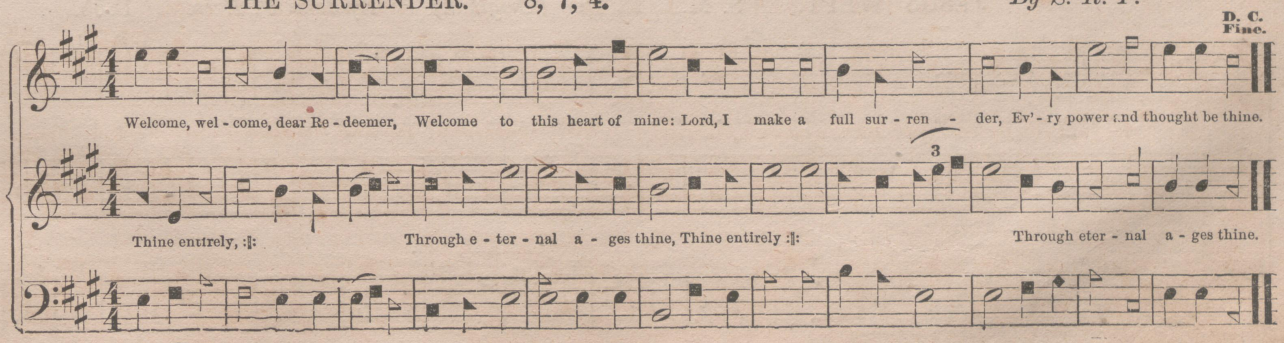
PARADISE PLAINS. L. M. D. *J. L. Hinton* and *H. S. Rees.*



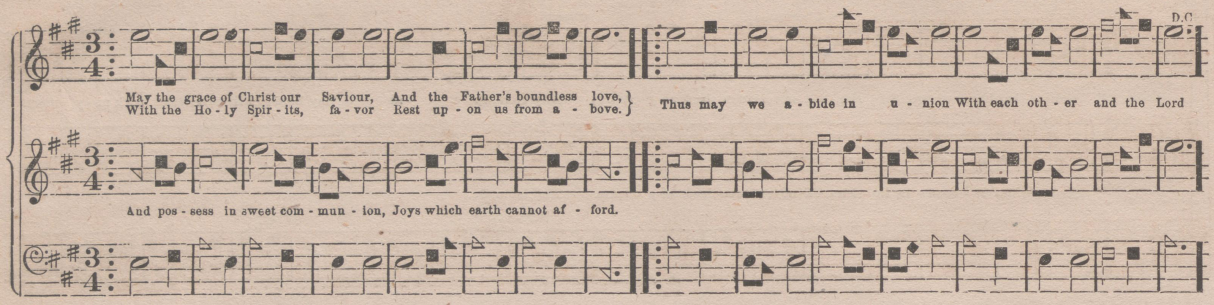
NEVER TURN BACK. Arr. for the Organ, by *J. P. Rees & Miss F. E. Parkerson.*



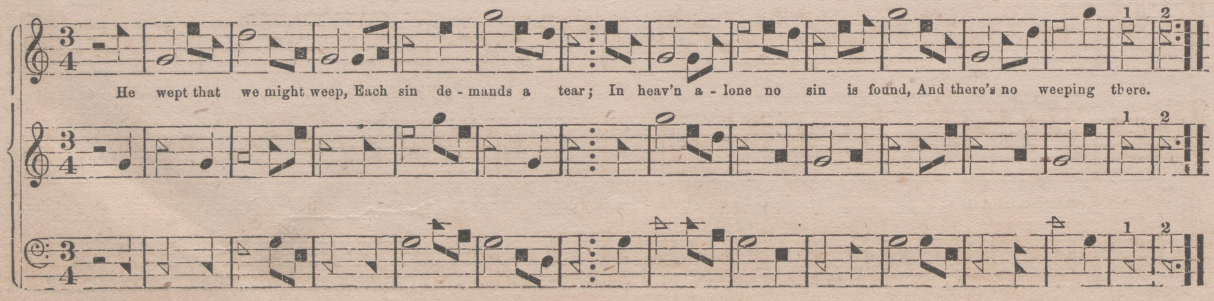
THE SURRENDER. 8, 7, 4. *By S. R. P.*



382 SWEET COMMUNION. 8s & 7s. *H. S. Rees & J. H. Jenkins.*

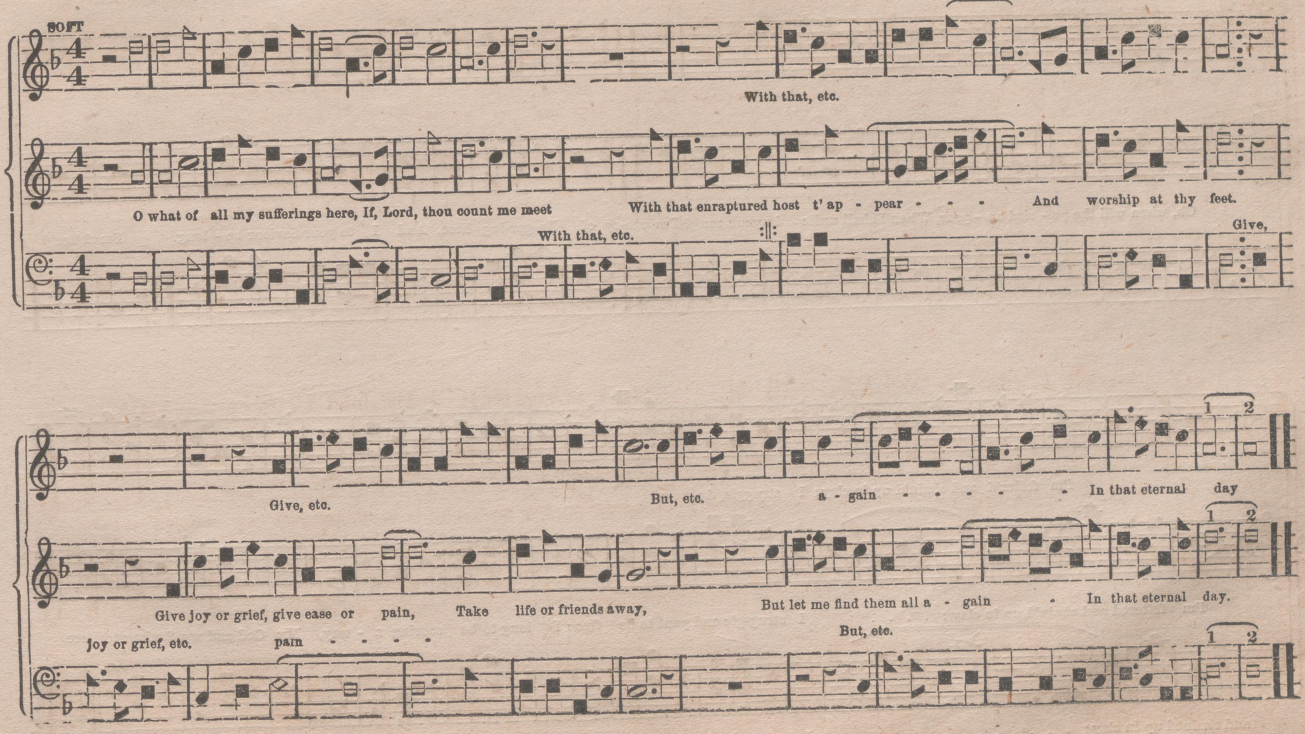


JESUS WEPT. S. M. (*Original.*) By *John P. Rees.* 1855.



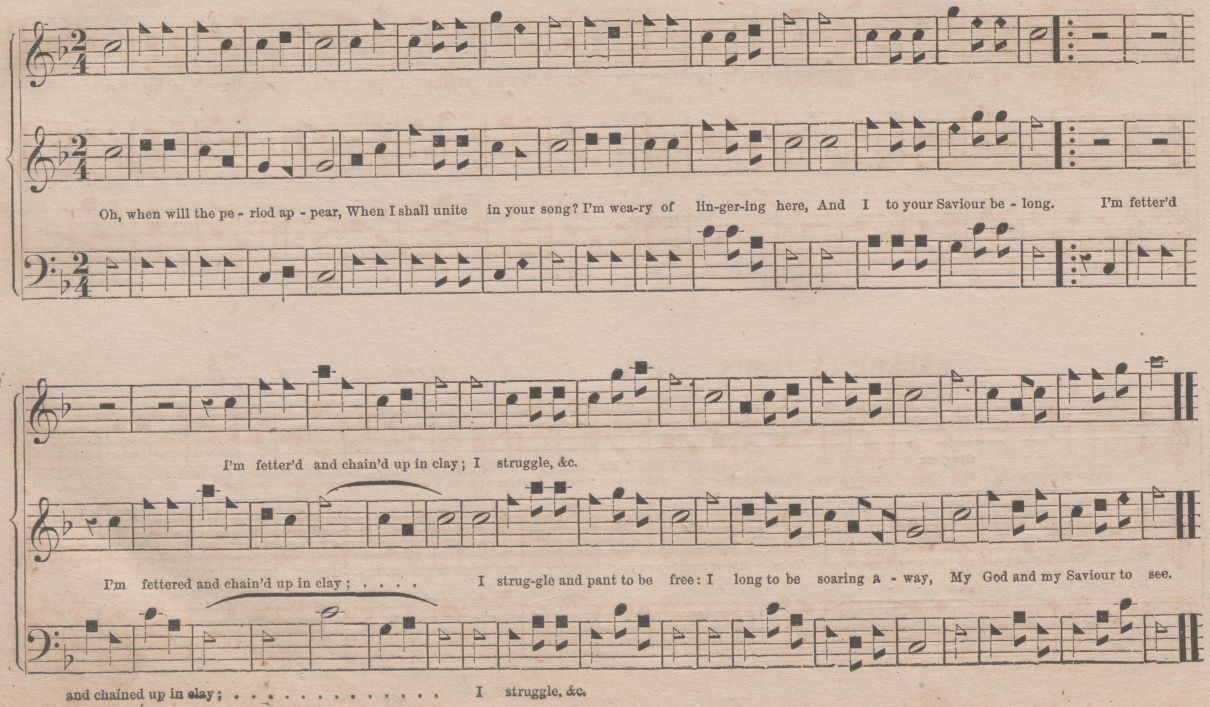
ETERNAL DAY. C. M.

Music original, by *J. P. Rees.*

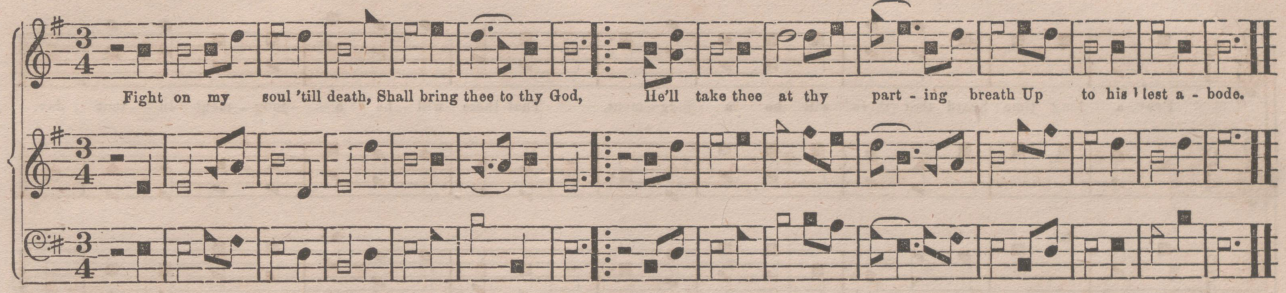


PANTING FOR HEAVEN. 8s. (Original.) *S. M. Brown.*

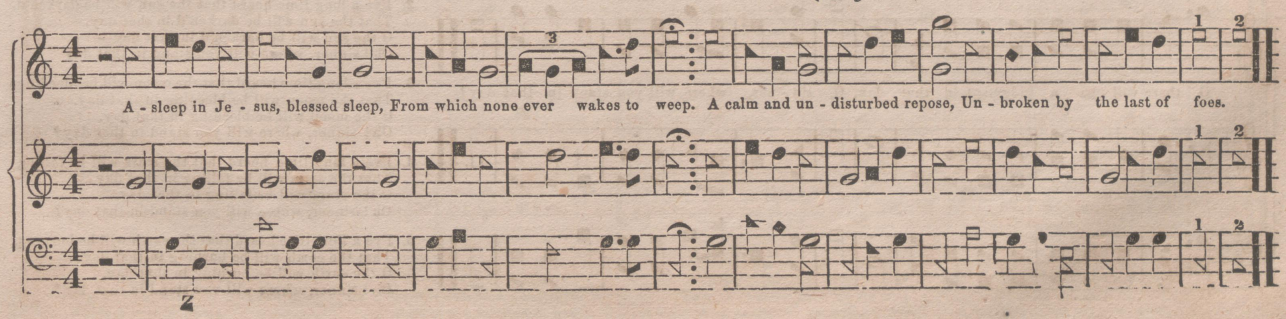
'APTIST HARMONY, Page 423.



FIGHT ON. S. M. (*Original.*) *J. P. Rees* 385

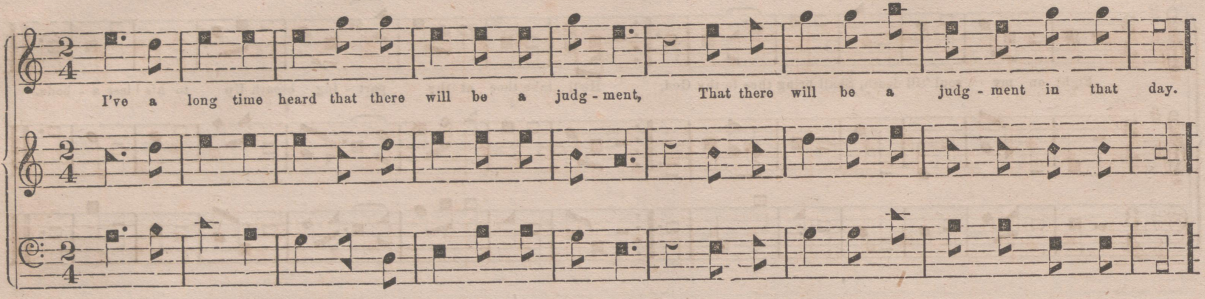


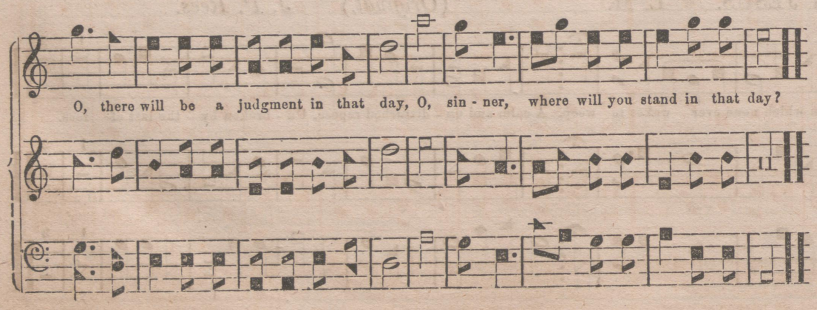
ASLEEP IN JESUS. L. M. (*Original.*) *J. P. Rees.*



THE GREAT DAY

(As sung by Judge Falkerner of Ala.) *John P. Rees.*





2. I've a long time heard that the sun will be darken'd,
That the sun will be darken'd in that day.
O the sun will be darken'd in that day—
Oh! sinner, where will you stand in that day

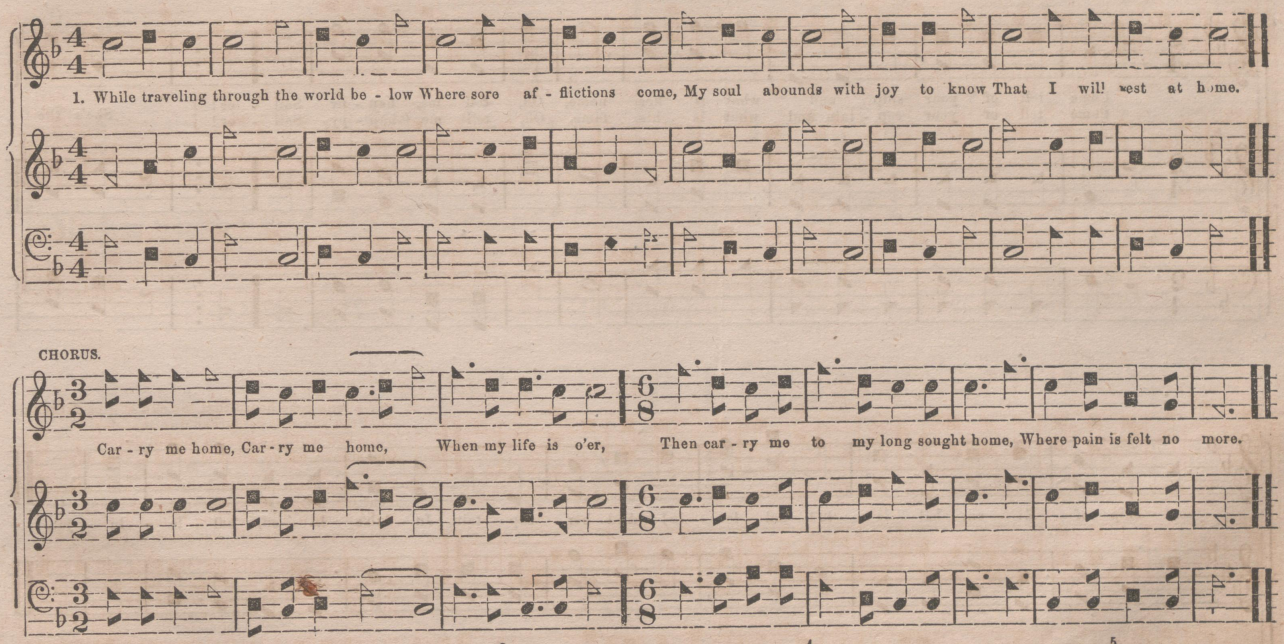
3. I've a long time heard that the moon will be bleeding,
That the moon will be bleeding in that day.
O the moon will be bleeding in that day,
Oh! sinner, where will you stand in that day?

4. I've a long time heard that the stars will be falling
That the stars will be falling in that day
O the stars will be falling in that day,
Oh! sinner, where will you stand in that day?

5. I've a long time heard that the earth will be burning,
That the earth will be burning in that day.
O the earth will be burning in that day,
Oh! sinner, where will you stand in that day?

PENNICK. C. M.

By *M. Sikes*, Montgomery County, Ga.



2,
My soul's delight has been to sing
Of glorious days to come,
When I shall, with my God and King
Forever rest at home.

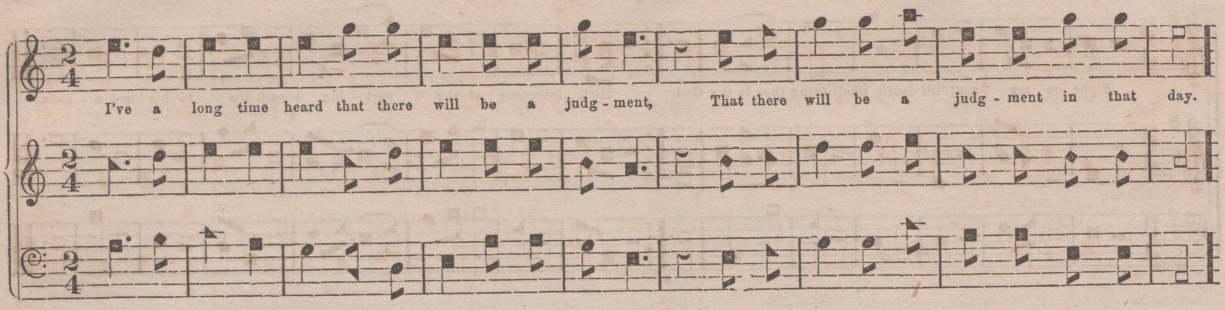
3.
Yes, when my eyes are closed in death,
My body cease to roam,
I'll bid farewell to all below
And meet my friends at home.

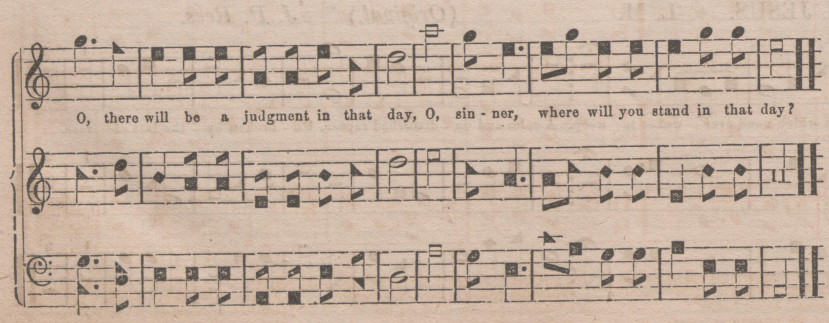
4.
My ceaseless pleasure then shall be,
Through endless days to come,
To sing that Jesus died for me
And range my peaceful home.

5.
And then I want these lines to be
Inscribed upon my tomb,
Here lies the dust of S. R. P
His spirit sings at home.

THE GREAT DAY

(As sung by Judge Falkerner of Ala.) *John P. Rees.*





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5. I've a long time heard that the earth will be burning,
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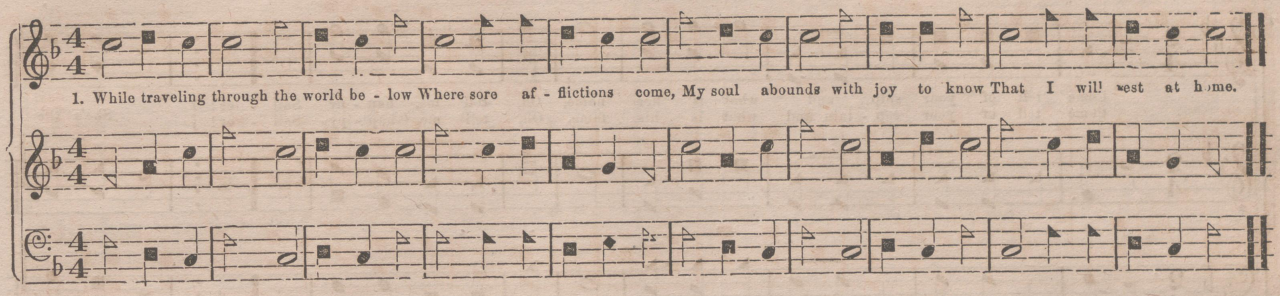
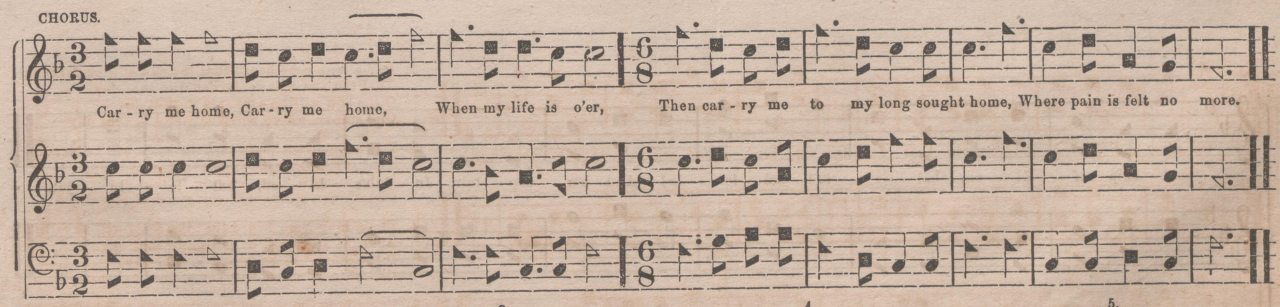
O the earth will be burning in that day,
Oh! sinner, where will you stand in that day?

PENNICK. C. M.

By *M. Sikes*, Montgomery County, Ga.





2,
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Of glorious days to come,
When I shall, with my God and King
Forever rest at home.

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Yes, when my eyes are closed in death,
My body cease to roam,
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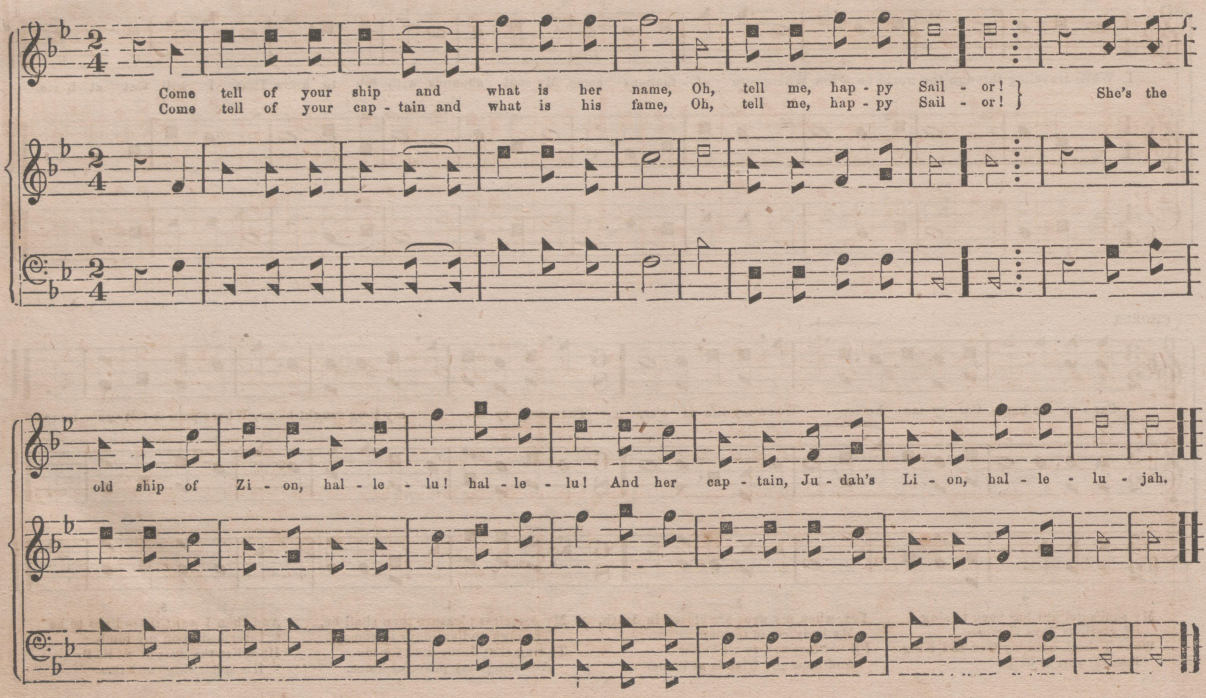
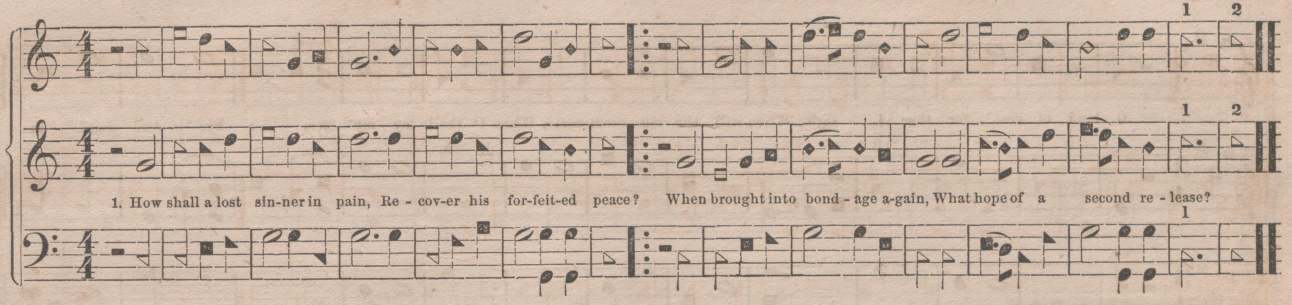
THE HAPPY SAILOR.

B. F. White

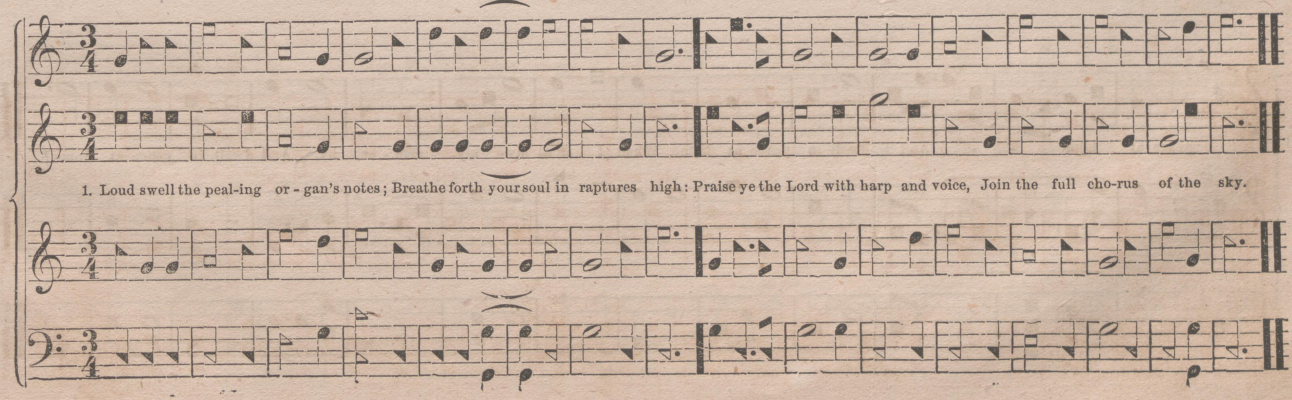




THE SKY. L. M. (Original.)

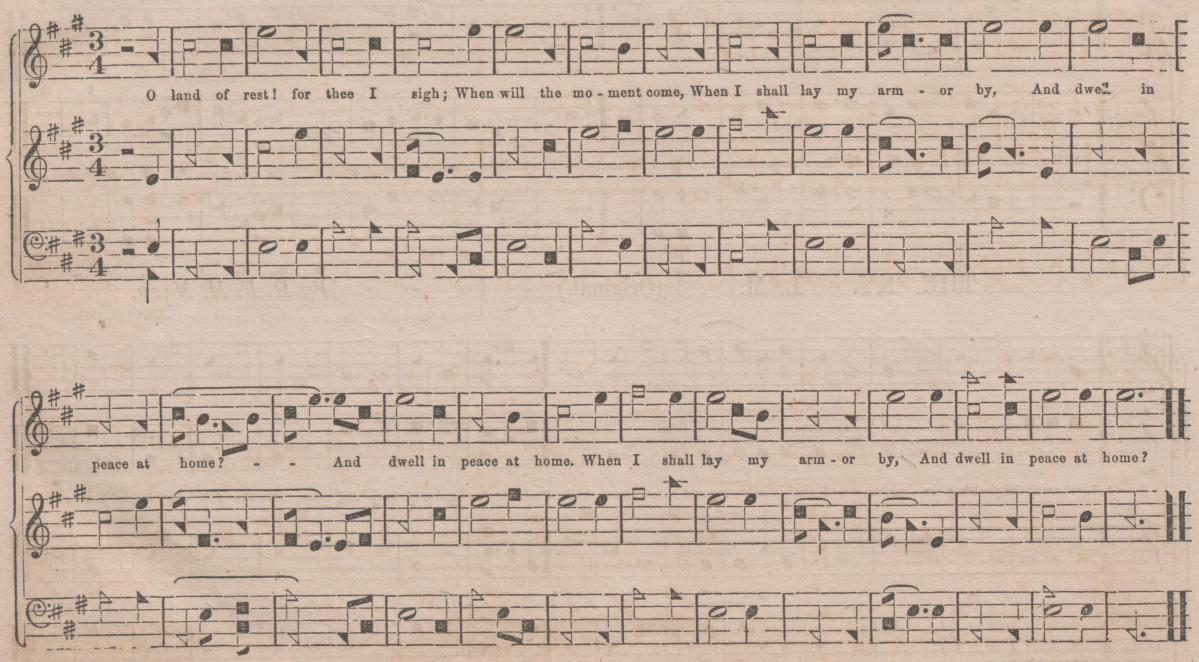
By R. F. M. Mann.

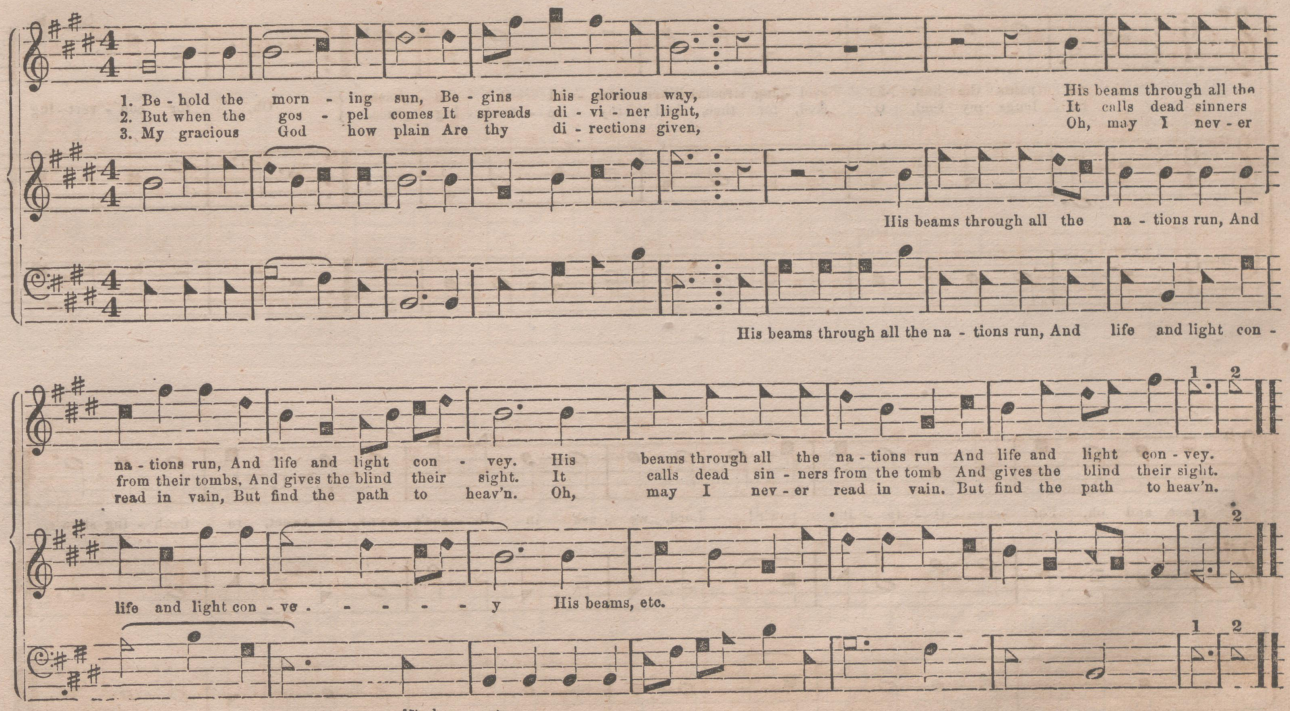
June 13, 1869.



NEW PROSPECT. C. M.

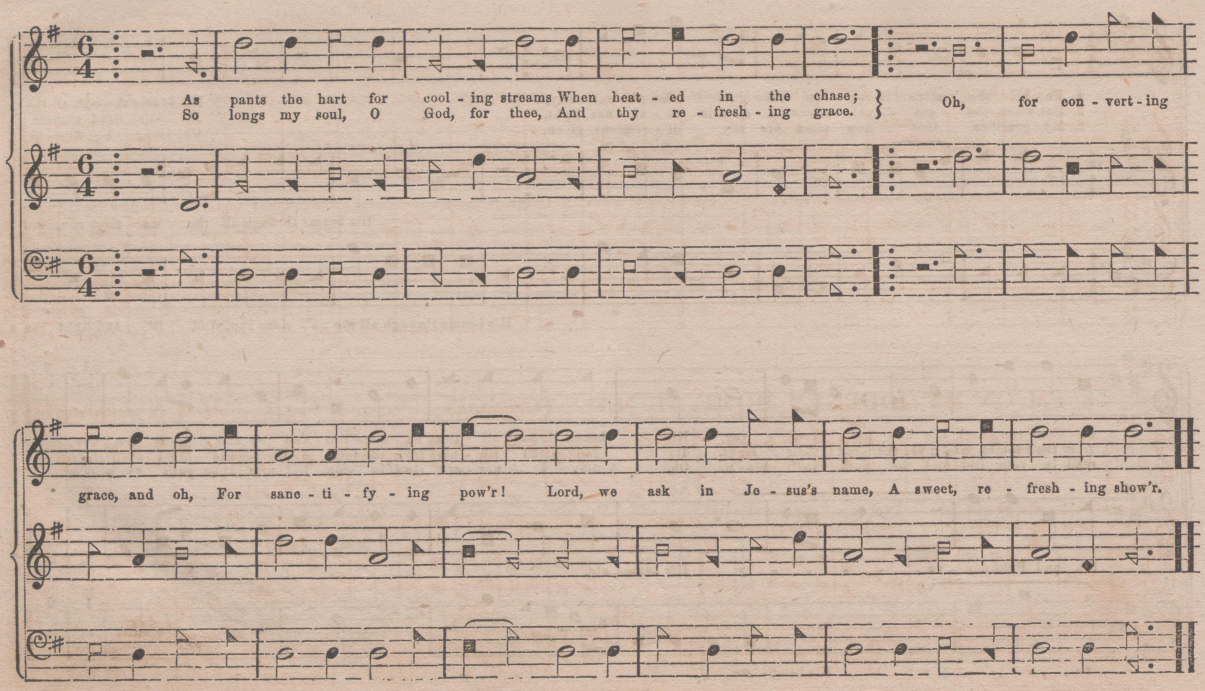
W. S. Turner.



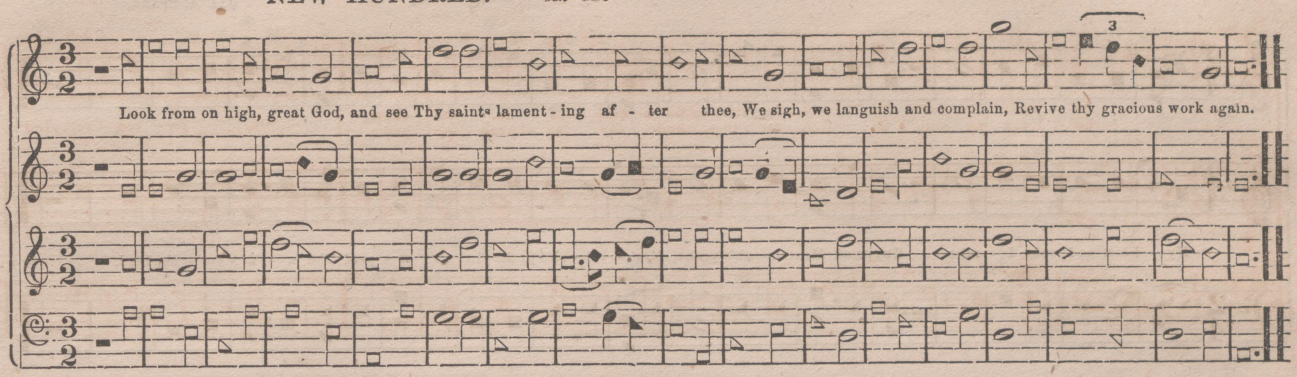

1. Be - hold the morn - ing sun, Be - gins his glorious way, His beams through all the
2. But when the gos - pel comes It spreads di - vi - ner light, It calls dead sinners
3. My gracious God how plain Are thy di - rections given, Oh, may I nev - er
His beams through all the na - tions run, And
His beams through all the na - tions run, And life and light con -
na - tions run, And life and light con - vey. His beams through all the na - tions run And life and light con - vey.
from their tombs. And gives the blind their sight. It calls dead sin - ners from the tomb And gives the blind their sight.
read in vain, But find the path to heav'n. Oh, may I nev - er read in vain. But find the path to heav'n.
1 2
life and light con - ve - - - - - y His beams, etc.
ve - - - y His beams, etc.

CONVERTING GRACE. C. M.

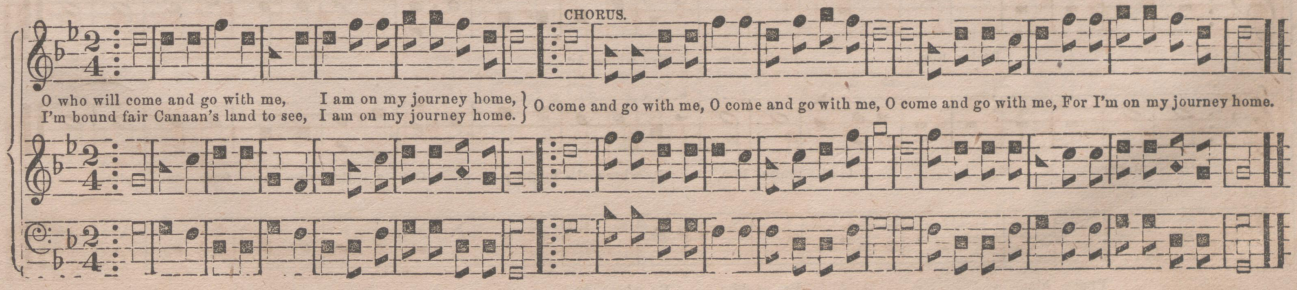
R. E. Brown, Jr.



NEW HUNDRED. L. M.

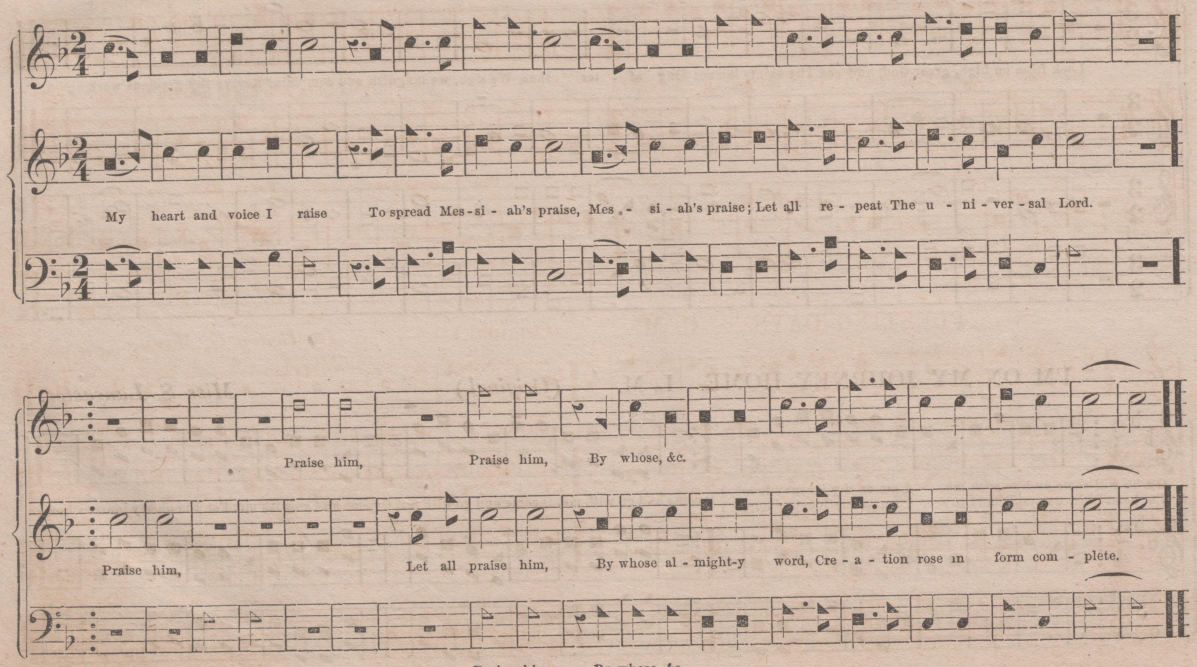


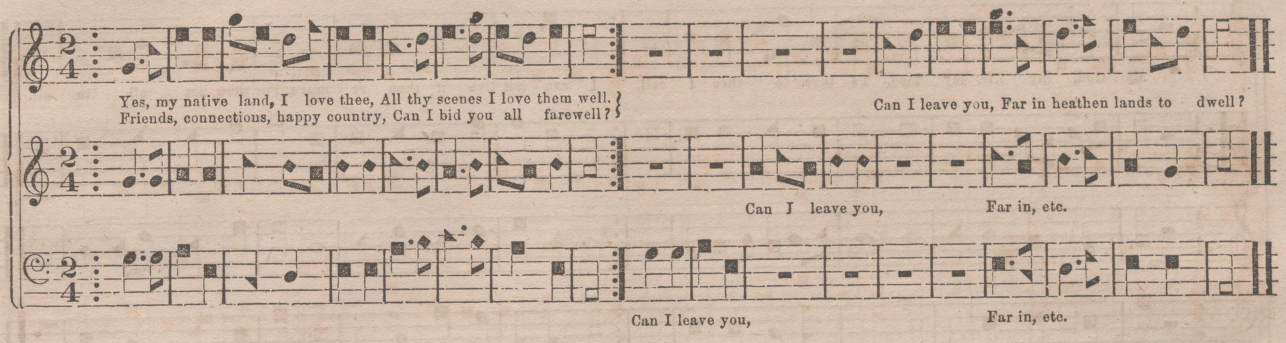
I'M ON MY JOURNEY HOME. L. M. (*Original.*) *Miss S. Lancaster.*



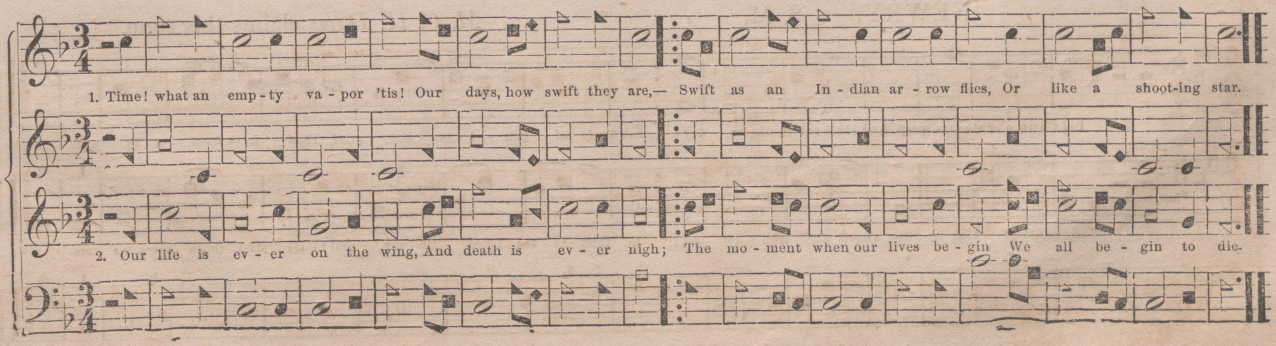
MESSIAH'S PRAISE. 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 8. (Original.)

By R. F. M. Mann and Jas. A. Spark.





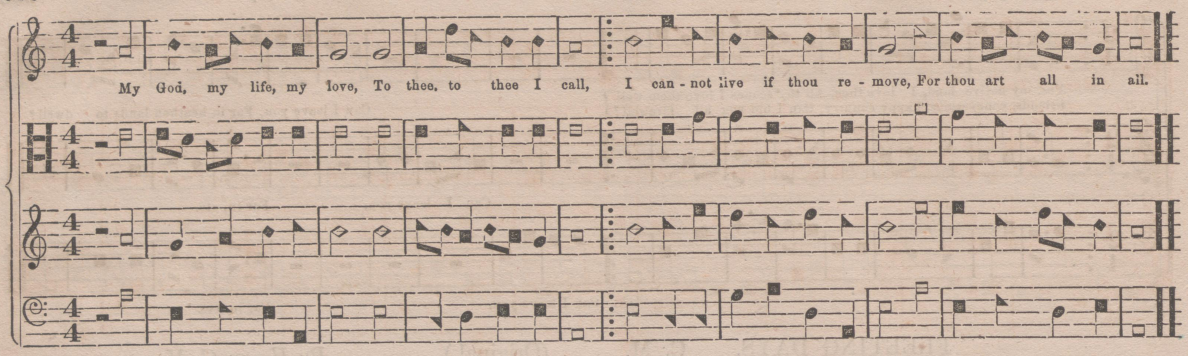
FLEETING DAYS. C. M. (Original.) *By Henry G. Mann.* Oct. 26, 1869.



396

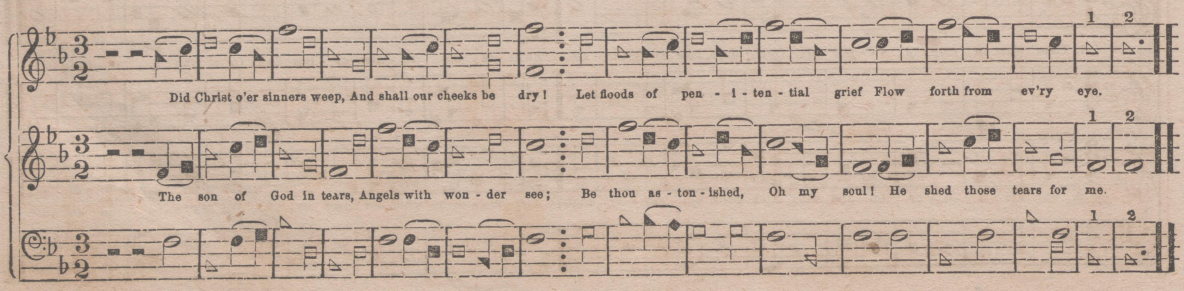
HINGHAM. S. M.

Billings.



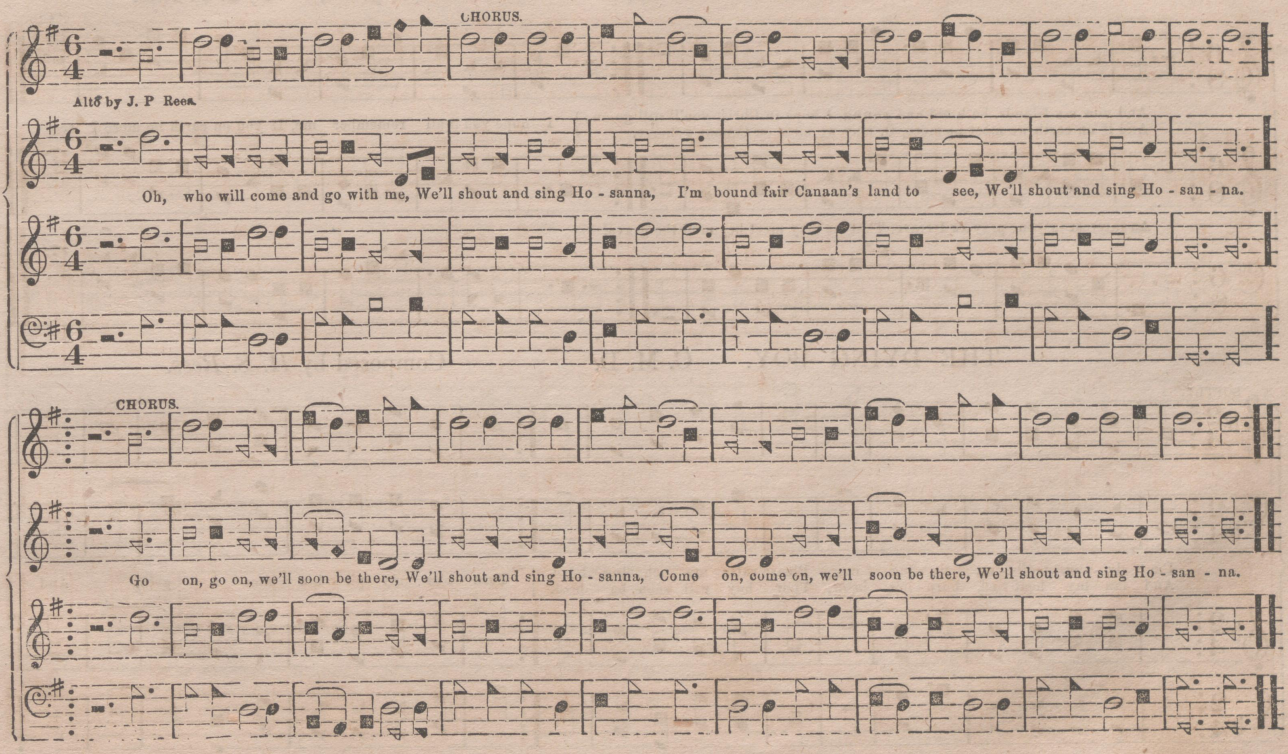
NEWRY. S. M.

M. C. H. Davis claims this tune.

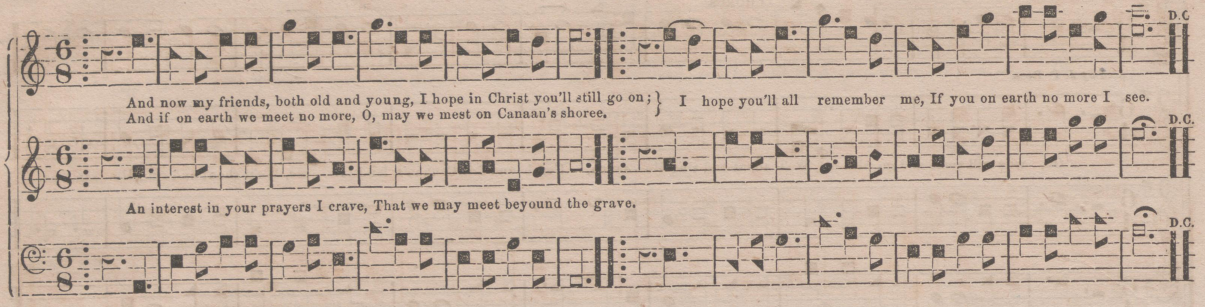


WE'LL SOON BE THERE. L. M.

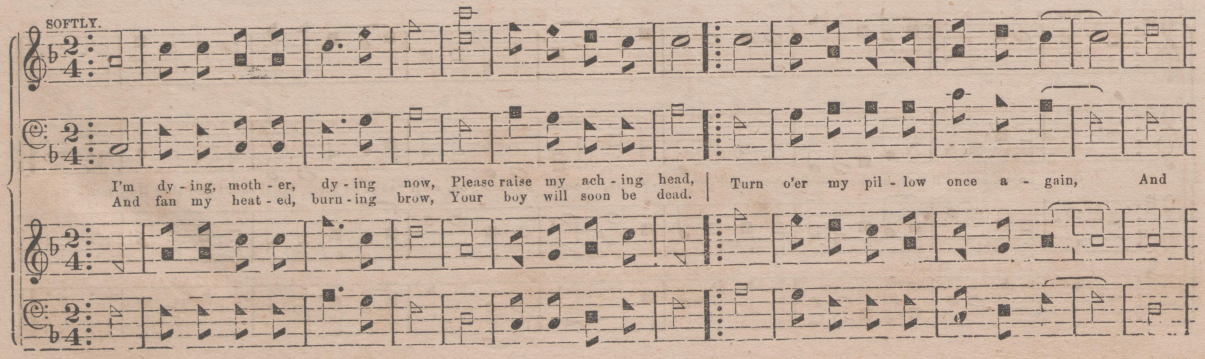
By *Oliver Bradfield.*

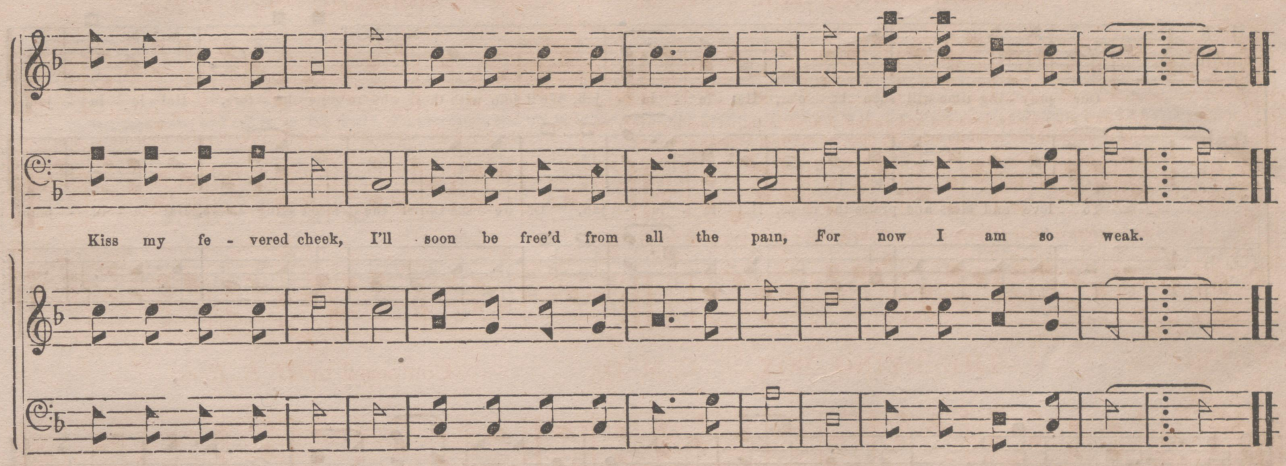


FAREWELL TO ALL. L. M. (*Original.*) By *J. P. Rees.*



THE DYING BOY. C. M. D. Composed by *H. S. Rees.*





Now light the lamps, my mother dear,
The sun has pass'd away;
I soon must go, but do not fear,
I'll live in endless day.

I'm sinking fast, my mother dear
I can no longer dwell;
Yet I'll be with you, do not fear,
But now, oh now, farewell.

A band of angels beckon me,
I can no longer stay;
Hark! how they sing, "We welcome thee:
Dear brother, haste away."

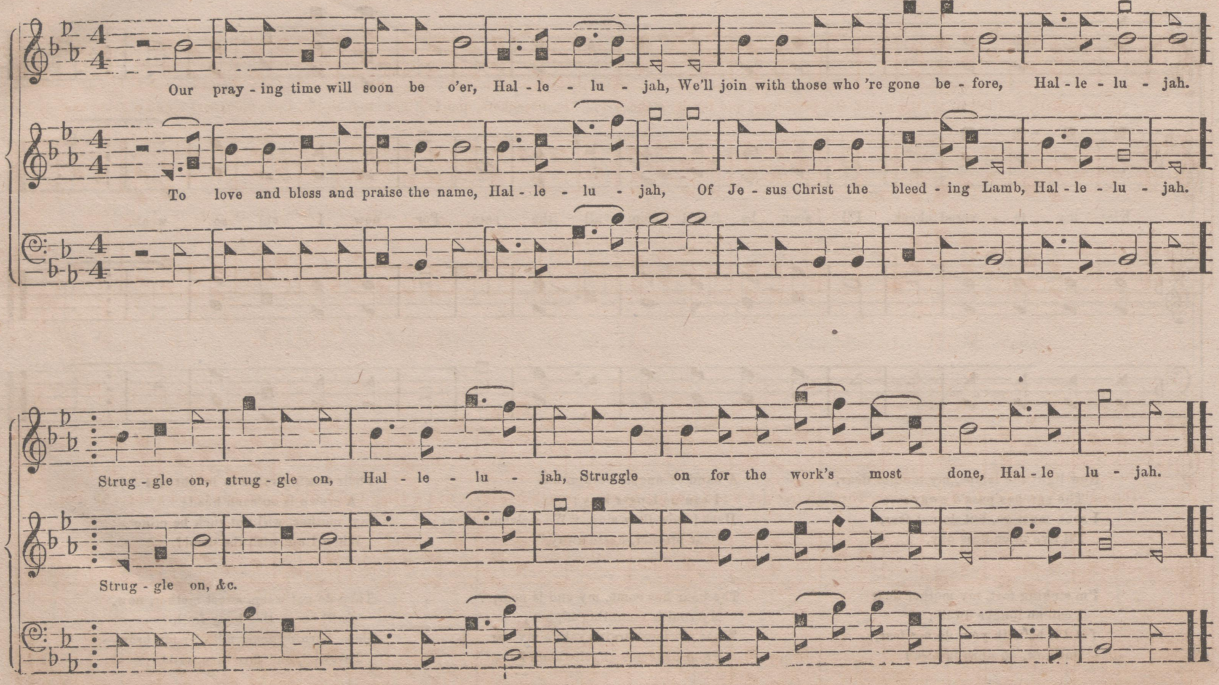
The hour has come, my end is near,
My soul is mounting higher;
What glorious strains salute my ear
From heaven's angelic choir?

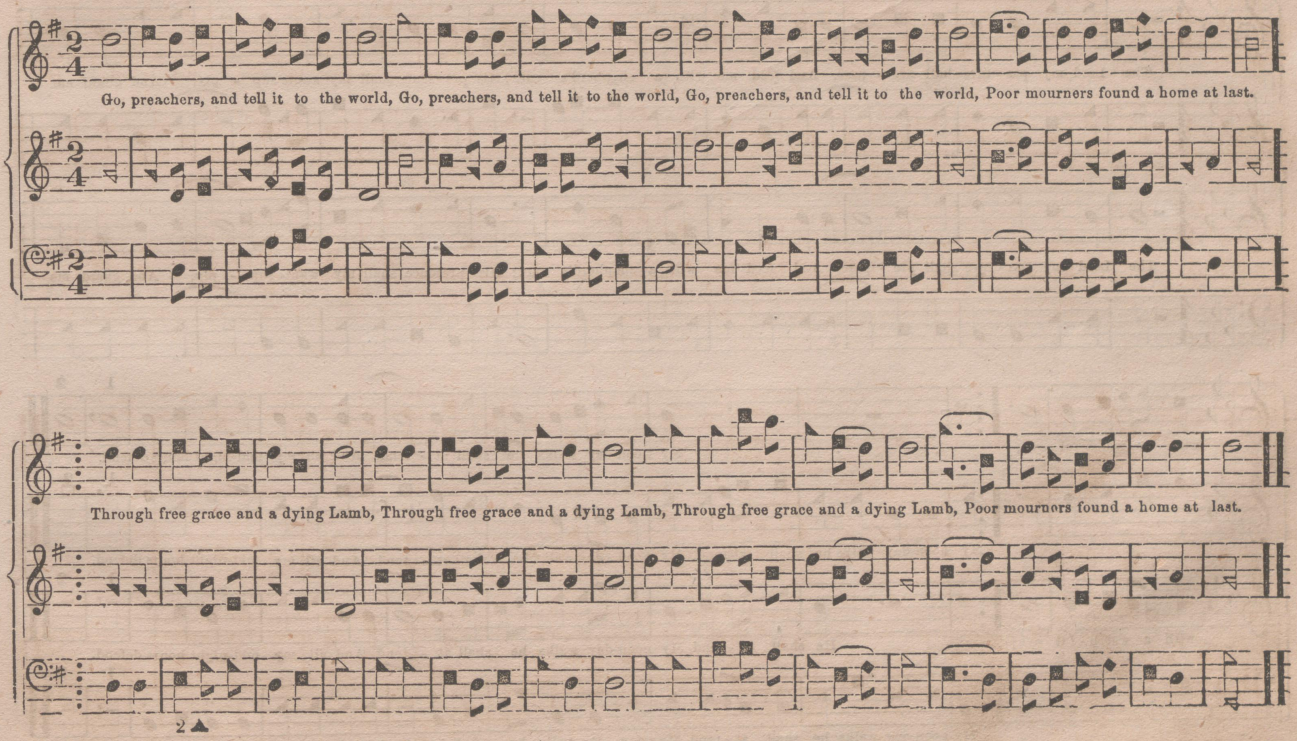
Their flowing robes in brightness shine,
A crown is on each head;
Say, mother, will not such be mine
When I am with the dead?

Then do not weep, sweet mother, now,
'Twill break this body frail,
Those burning tears fall o'er my brow—
Farewell, oh! fare thee well!

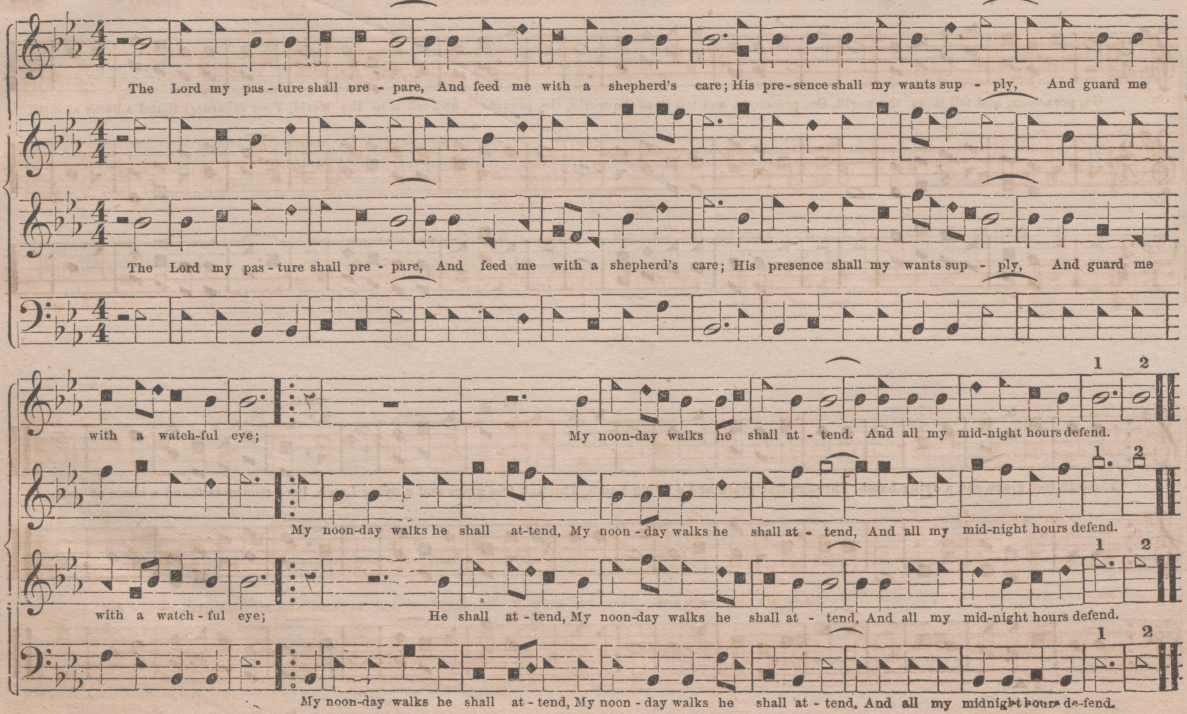
STRUGGLE ON.

H. S. Rees.

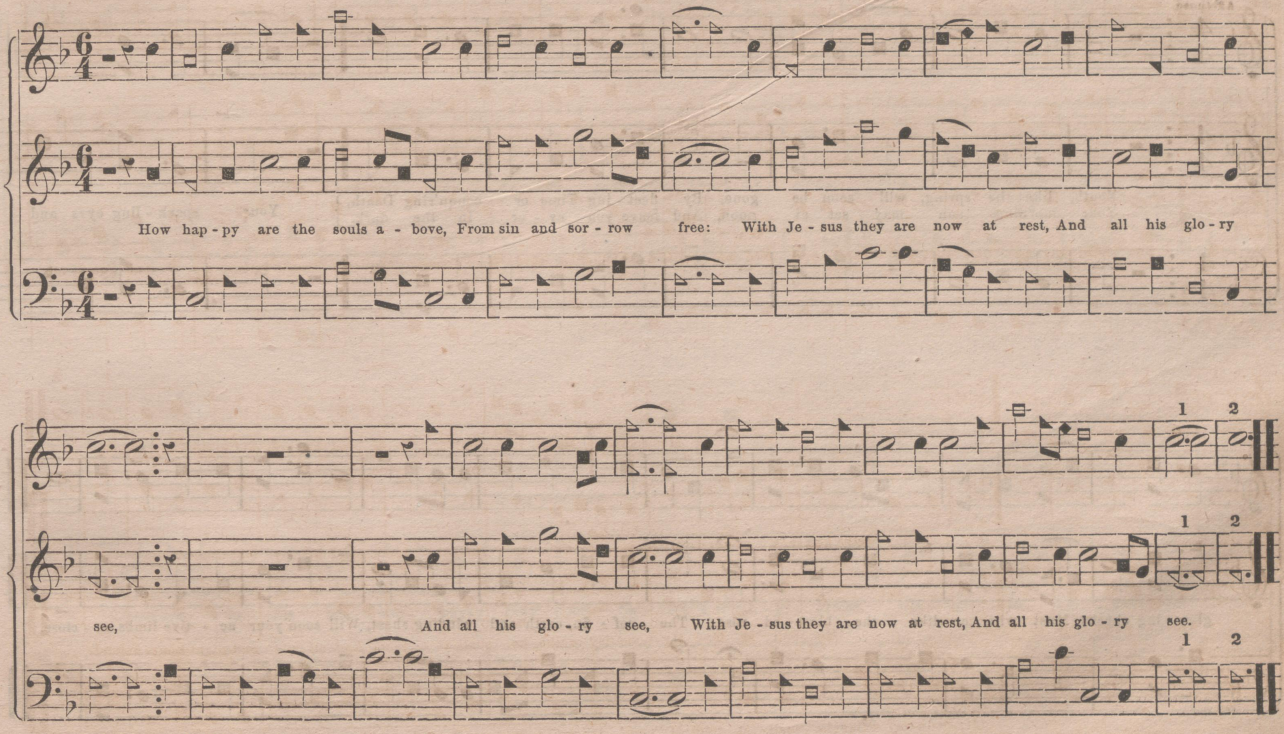



Go, preachers, and tell it to the world, Go, preachers, and tell it to the world, Go, preachers, and tell it to the world, Poor mourners found a home at last.
Through free grace and a dying Lamb, Through free grace and a dying Lamb, Through free grace and a dying Lamb, Poor mourners found a home at last.

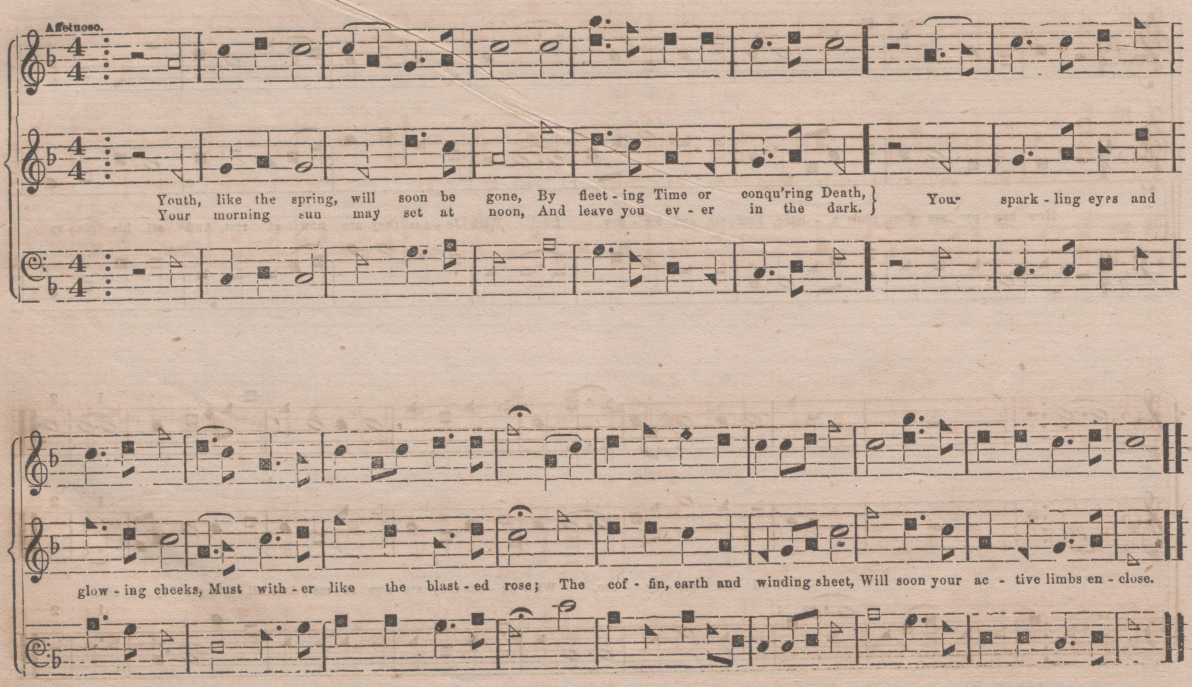
PROTECTION. L. M. Six lines. (Original.) *By C. F. Letson.*

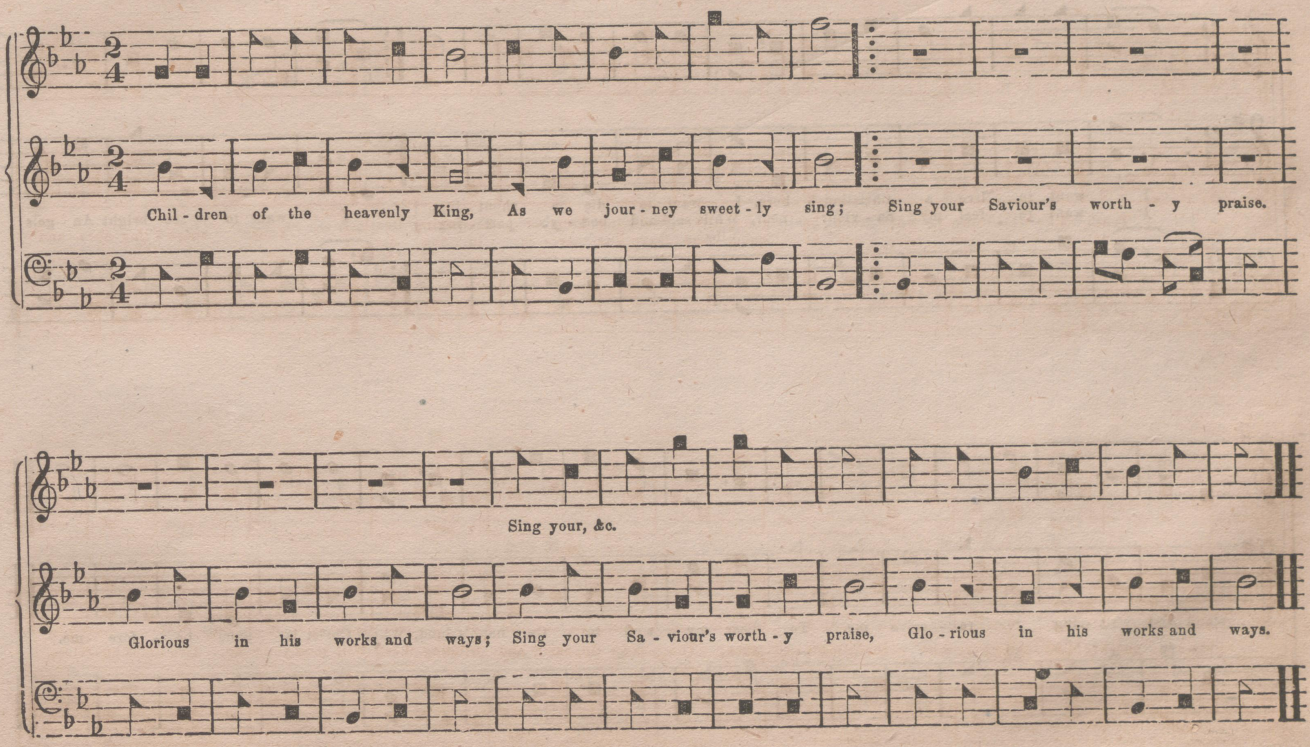


HEAVENLY REST. C. M. (Original.) *By John S. Terry.*



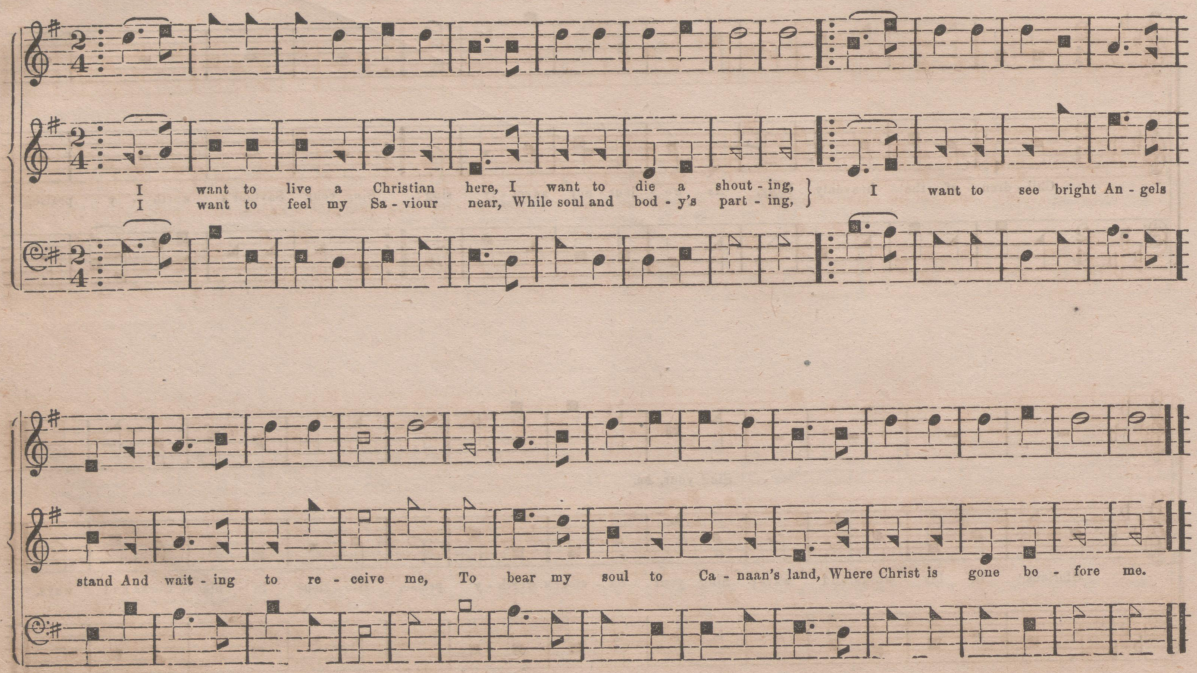
YOUTH WILL SOON BE GONE. L. M. D. (*Original.*) *J. P. Rees.*

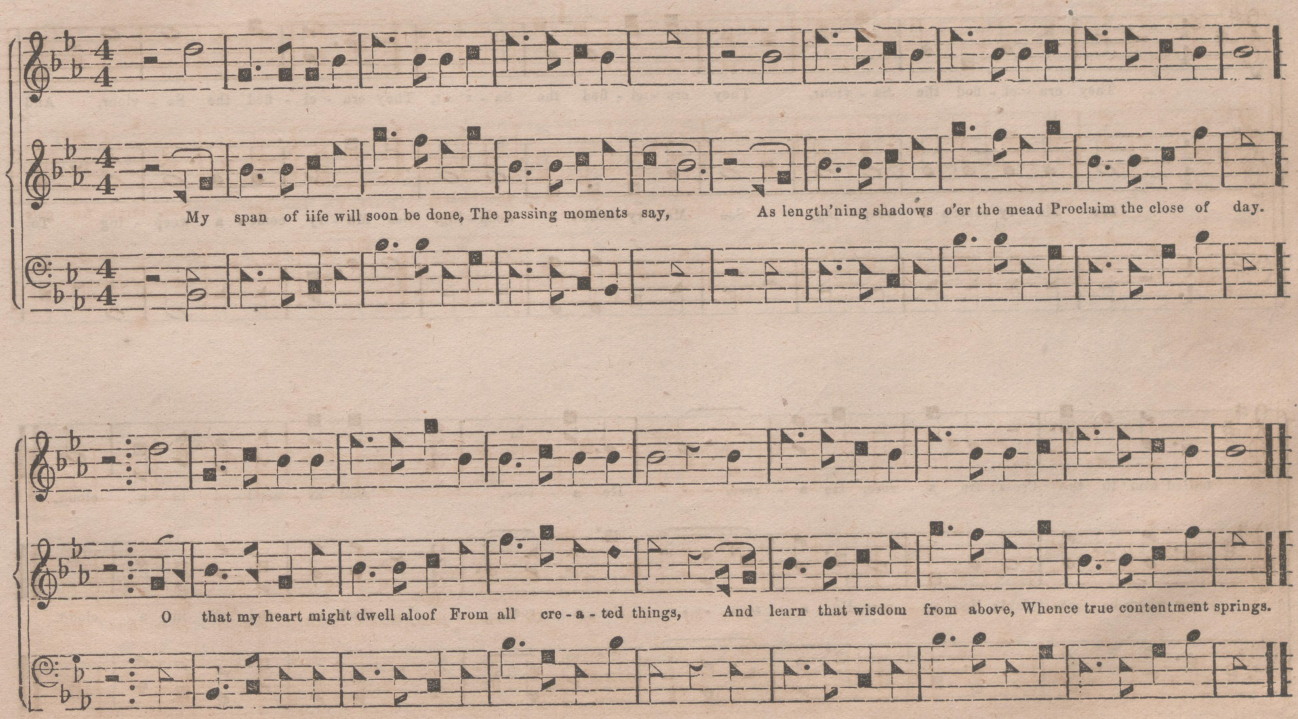



Chil - dren of the heavenly King, As we jour - ney sweet - ly sing; Sing your Saviour's worth - y praise.
Sing your, &c.
Glorious in his works and ways; Sing your Sa - viour's worth - y praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.

NEW HARMONY. 8, 7.

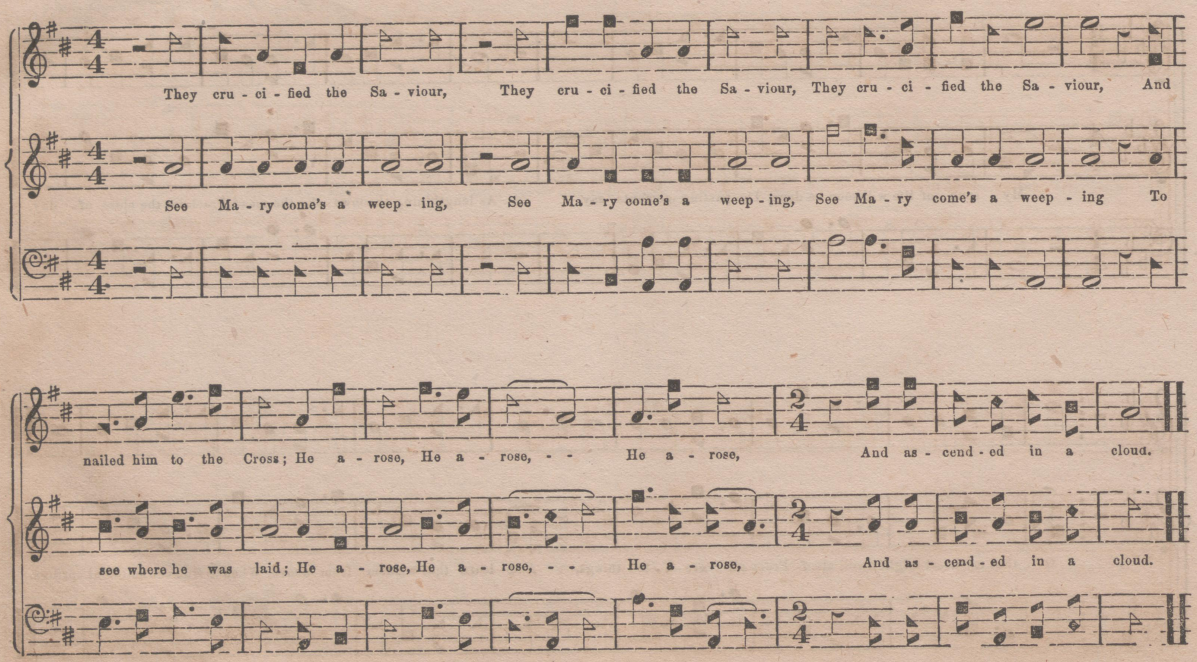
Arranged by *Miss M. L. A. Lancaster.*

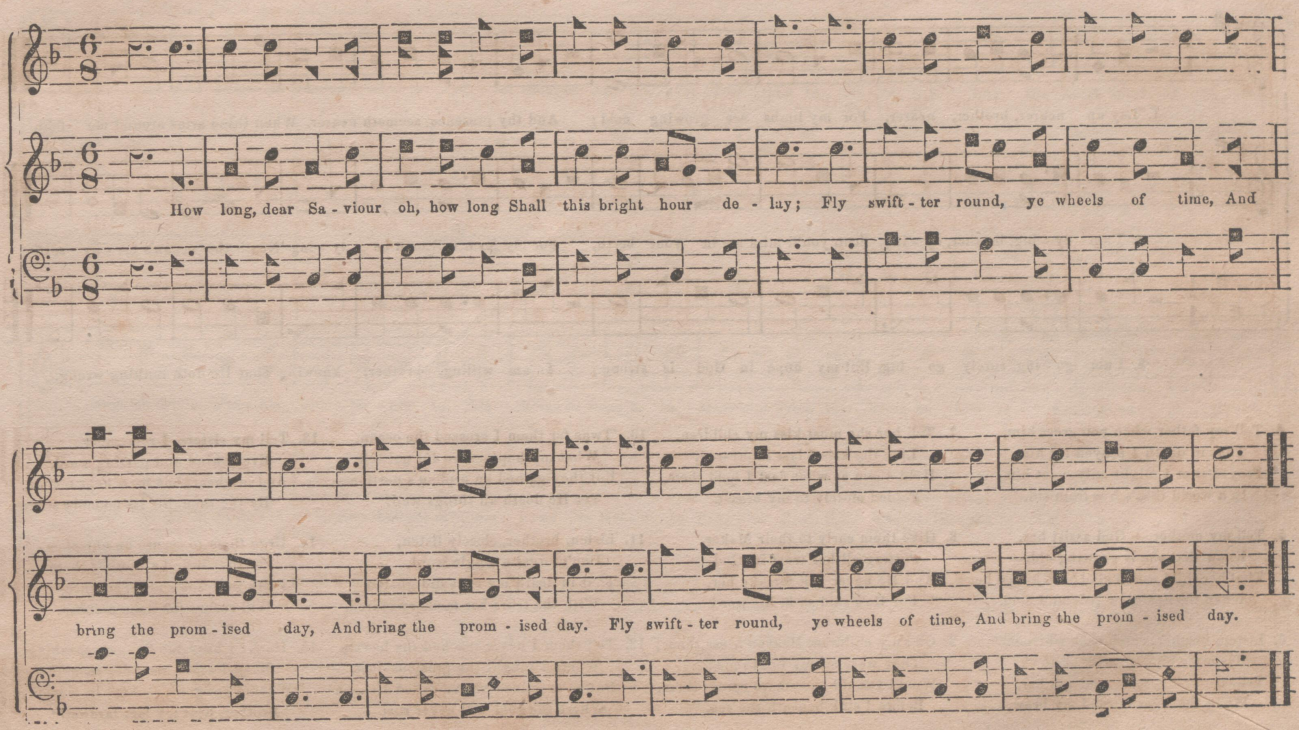



My span of iife will soon be done, The passing moments say, As length'ning shadows o'er the mead Proclaim the close of day.
O that my heart might dwell aloof From all cre - a - ted things, And learn that wisdom from above, Whence true contentment springs.

WEEPING MARY.

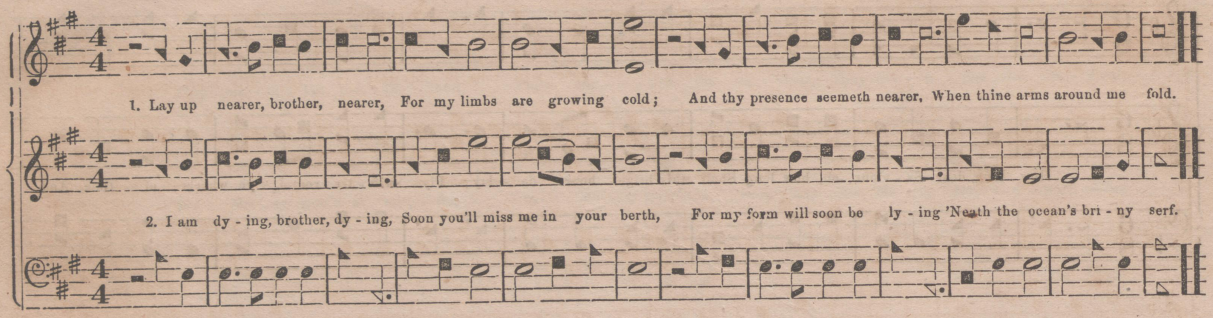
By *J. P. Rees.*




How long, dear Sa - viour oh, how long Shall this bright hour de - lay; Fly swift - ter round, ye wheels of time, And
bring the prom - ised day, And bring the prom - ised day. Fly swift - ter round, ye wheels of time, And bring the prom - ised day.

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN. 8, 7

Ball & Drinkard.



4. Tell my father when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him,
Prayed that I might only meet him
In a world that's free from sin.

5. Tell my mother,— God assist her,
Know that she is growing old,—
That her child would glad have kissed her
When his lips grew pale and cold.

6. Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I'll speak of now;
Tell, O tell her, how I missed her,
When the fever burned my brow.

7. Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impressed,
Hold them as when last I held them,
Folded closely to my breast.

8. Give them early to their Maker,
Putting all her trust in God,
And He never will forsake her,
For He's said so in his word.

9. Oh! my children, Heaven bless them;
They were all my life to me;
Would I could once more caress them,
Before I sink beneath the sea.

10. 'Twas for them I crossed the ocean,
What my hopes were I'd not tell,
But they gained an orphan's portion—
Yet He doeth all things well.

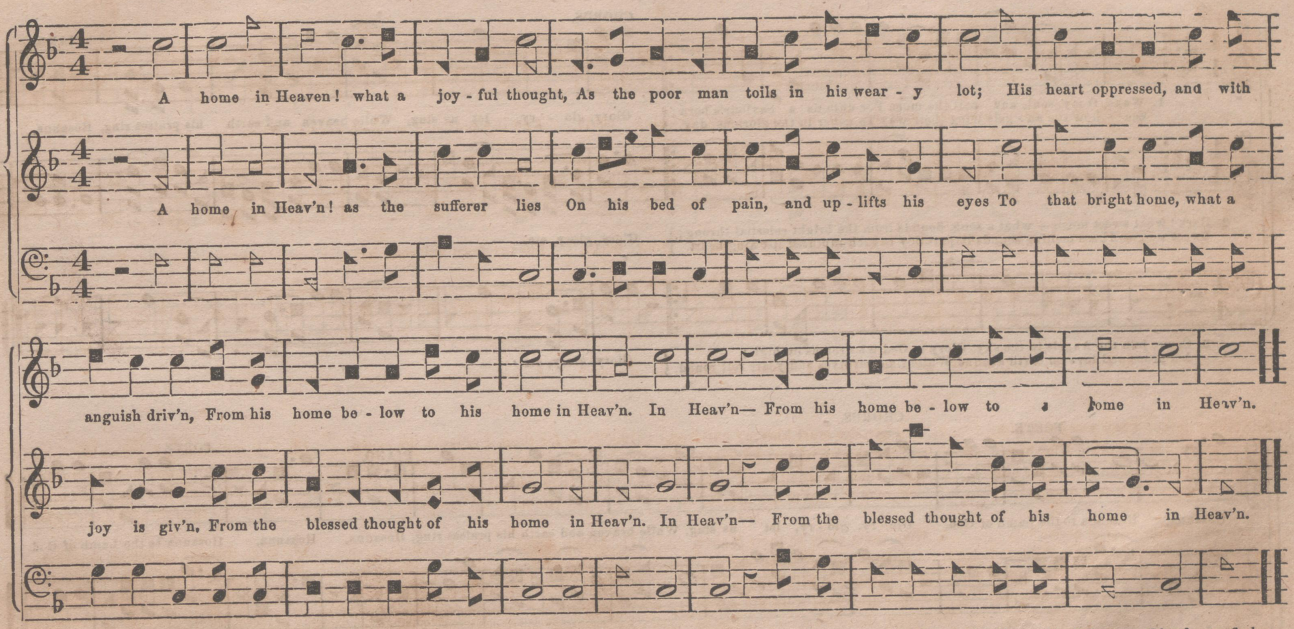
11. Listen, brother, closely listen,
Don't forget a single word,
That in death my eyes did glisten
With the tears her memory stored.

12. Tell them I never reached the haven.
Where I sought the precious dust,
But have gained a port called Heaven
Where the gold will never rust.

13. Tell my sisters, I remember
Every kind and parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender,
By the thoughts its memory stirred

14. Urge them to secure an entrance
For they'll find a brother there
Faith in Jesus and repentance
Will secure for them a share.

15. Hark! I hear my Saviour speaking,
'Tis—I know his voice so well,
When I am gone, O don't be weeping
Brother, hear my last farewell!



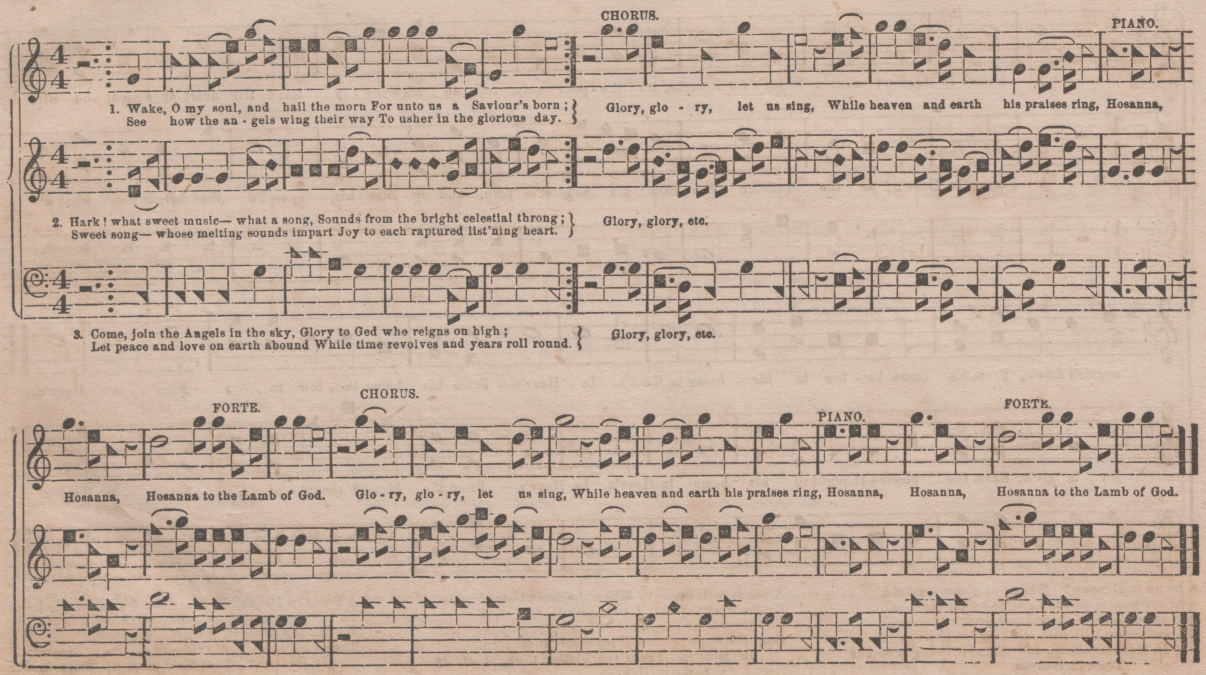
A home in Heaven! When our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in Heaven
In Heaven—From the blessed thought of our
home in Heaven.

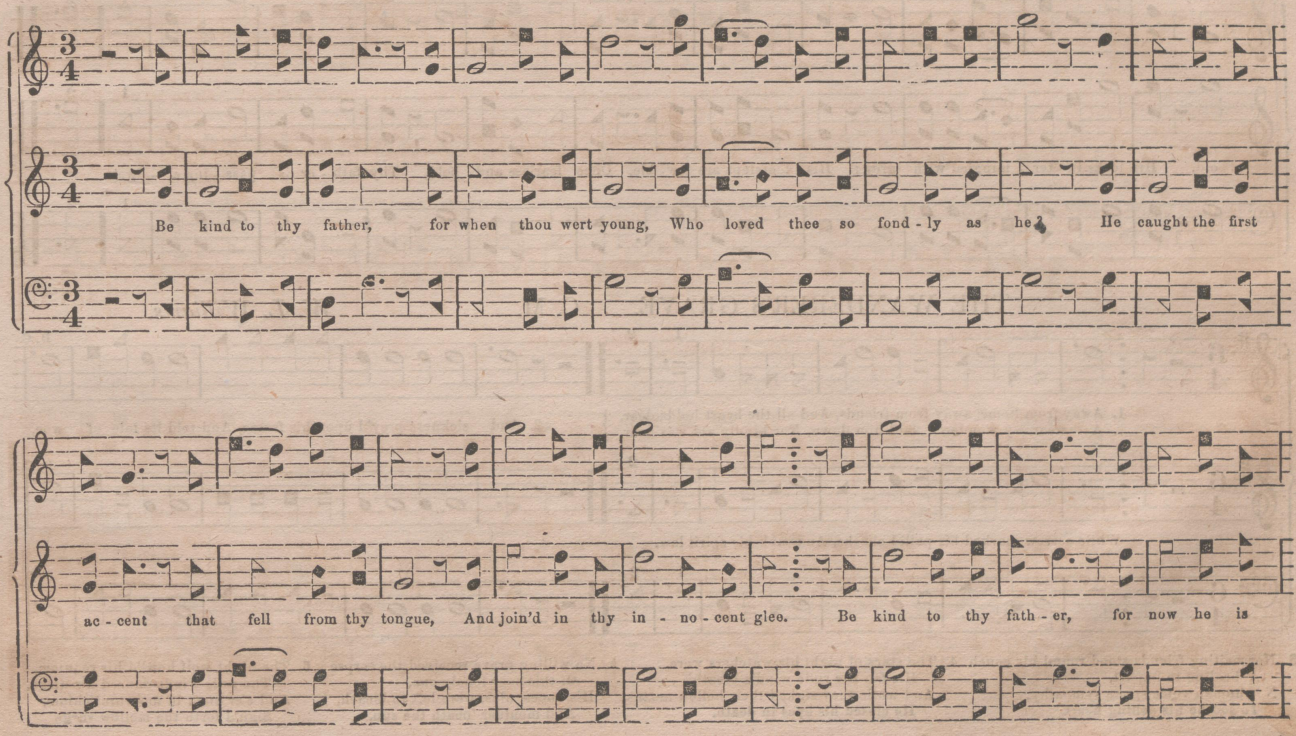
A home in Heaven! When the faint heart bleeds
By the Spirit stroke, for its evil deeds,
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of its home in Heaven.
In Heaven—From the blessed thought of its
home in Heaven.

A home in Heaven! When our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead,
We wait in hope on the promise given,
That we'll meet up there in our home in Heaven.
In Heaven! That we'll meet up there in our
home in Heaven.

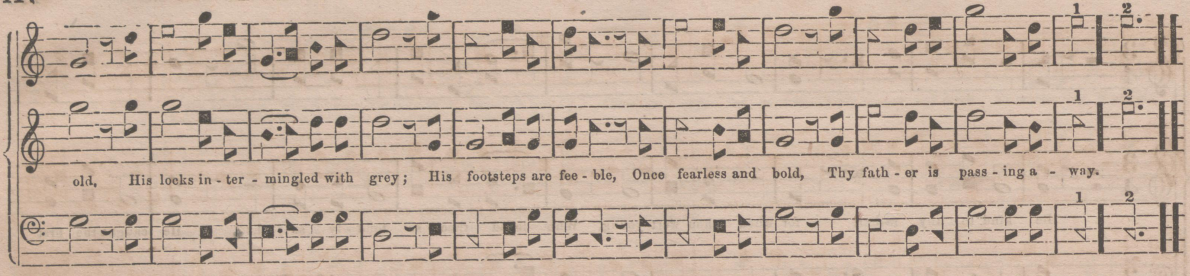
NEW HOSANNA. L. M.

H. S. Rees.

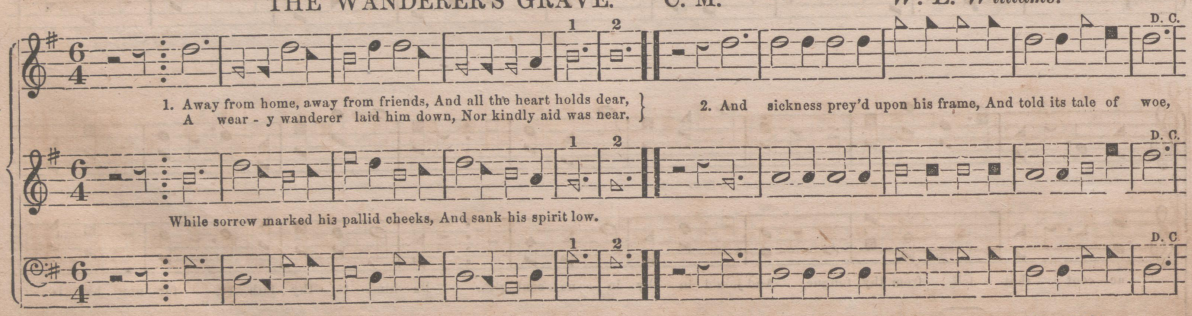



Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young, Who loved thee so fond - ly as he? He caught the first
ac - cent that fell from thy tongue, And join'd in thy in - no - cent glee. Be kind to thy fath - er, for now he is

THE LOVED ONES. *Concluded.*



THE WANDERER'S GRAVE. C. M. *W. L. Williams.*

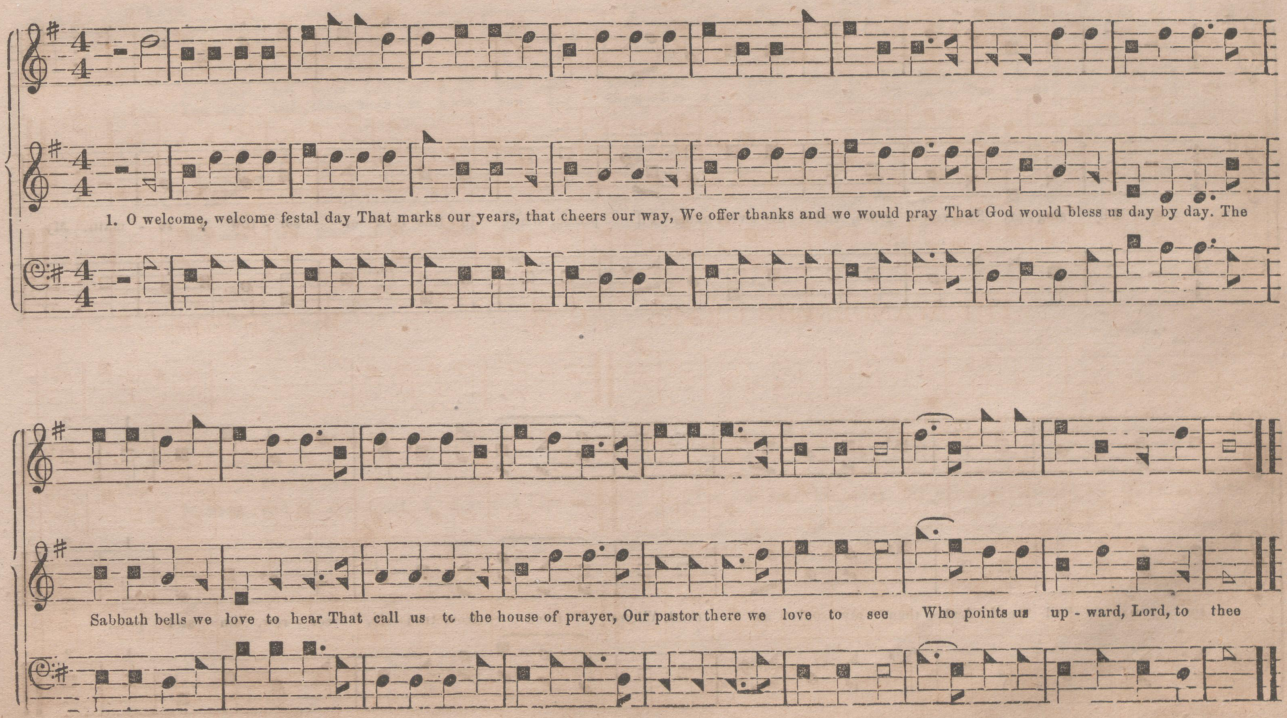


3. Nor waiting friends stood round his couch
A healing to impart,
Nor human voice spoke sympathy,
To soothe his aching heart.

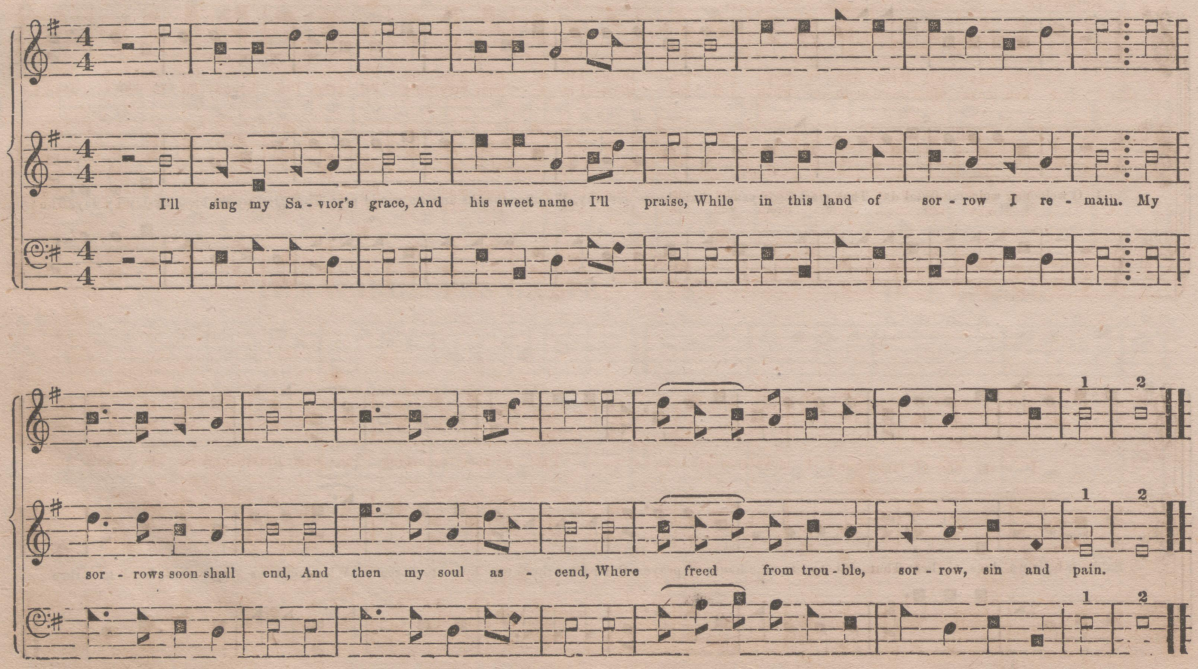
4. The stars of night his watchers were,
His fan the rude wind's breath,
And while they sighed their hollow moans,
He closed his eyes in death.

5. No willing grave received the corpse
Of this poor lonely one,
His bones, alas, were left to bleach,
And moulder 'neath the sun.

6. The night wolf howl'd his requiem,
The rude winds danced his dirge,
And e'er anon in mournful chime,
Sigh'd forth the mellow surge

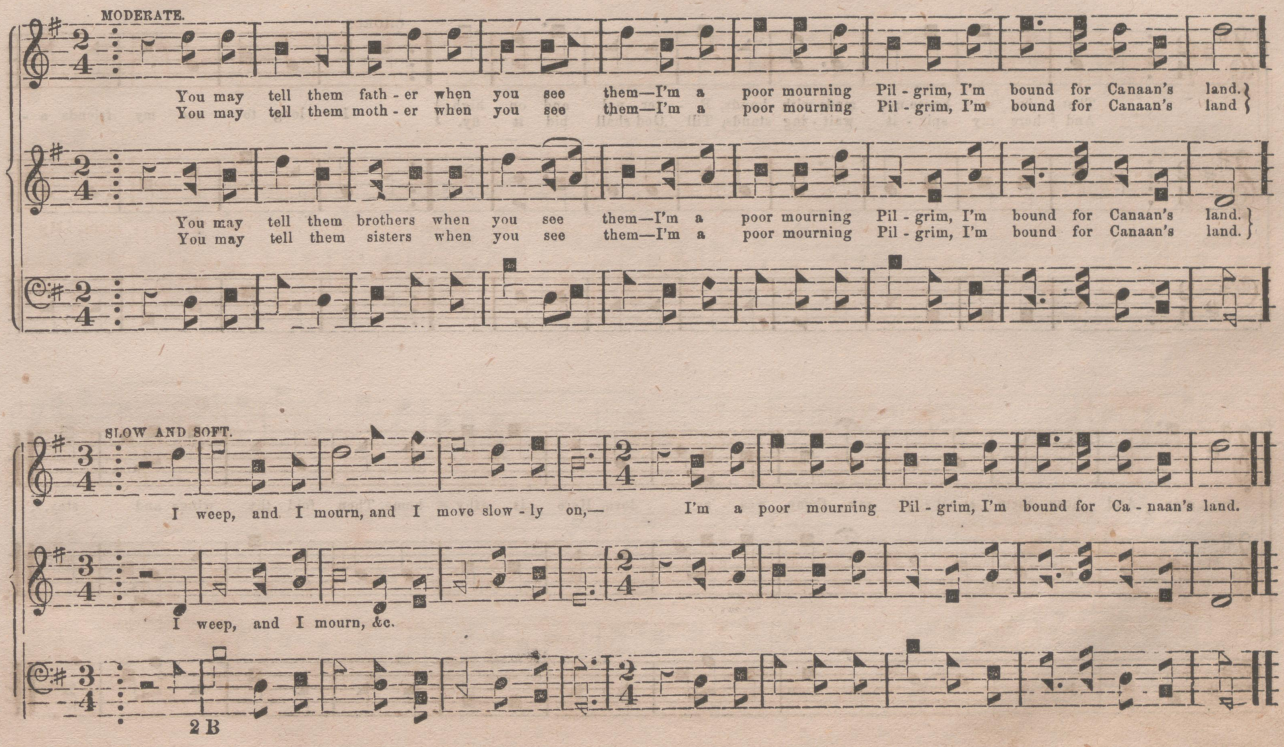

1. O welcome, welcome festal day That marks our years, that cheers our way, We offer thanks and we would pray That God would bless us day by day. The
Sabbath bells we love to hear That call us to the house of prayer, Our pastor there we love to see Who points us up - ward, Lord, to thee

THE CHRISTIAN'S NIGHTLY SONG. 6, 6, 10. Cluster, p. 382. (*Original.*) *E. T. Pound.*



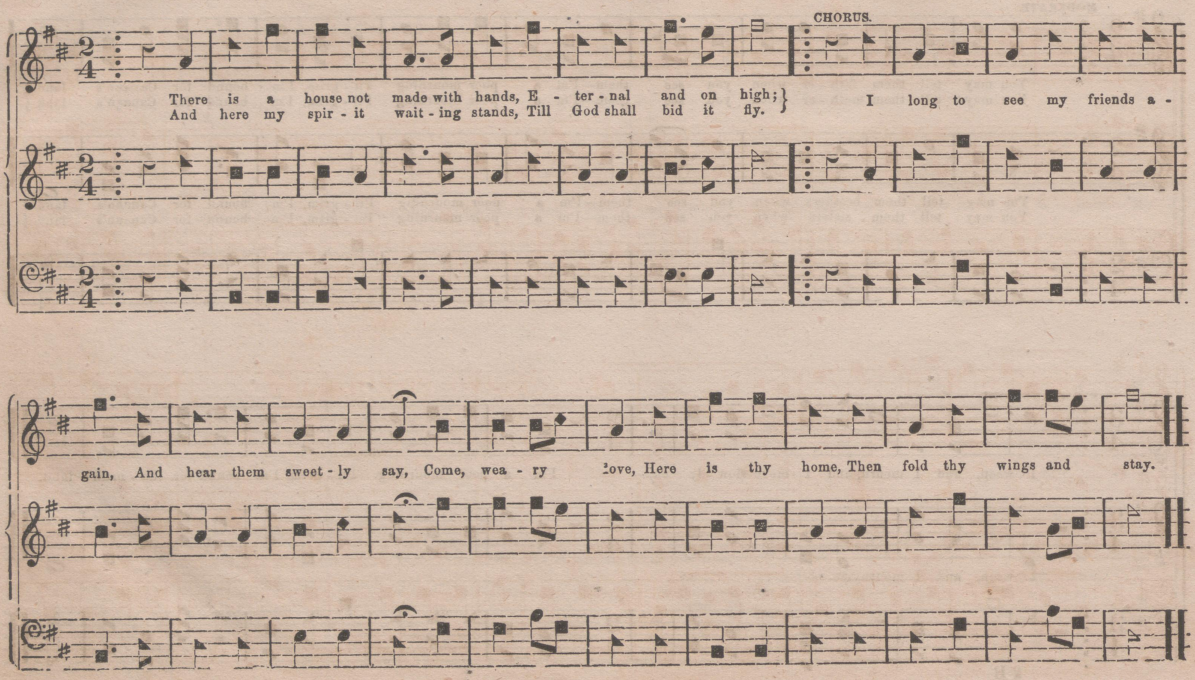
WEEPING PILGRIM.

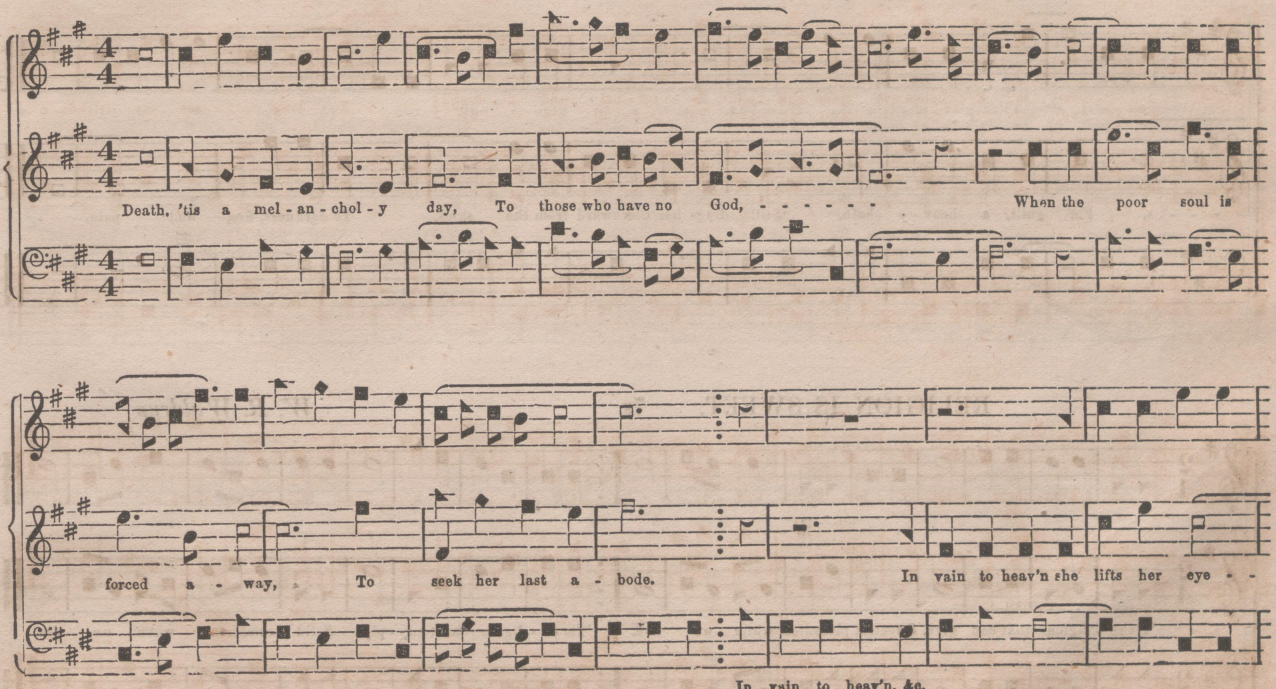
J. P. Rees



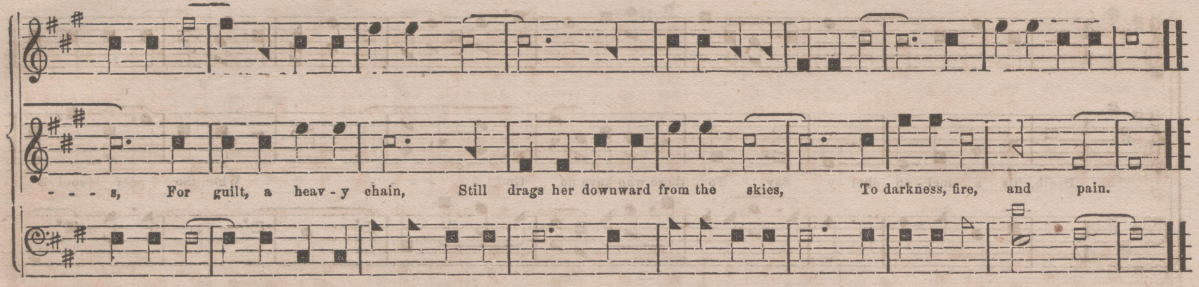
REES. C M.

(*Original.*) *Edmund Dumas.*

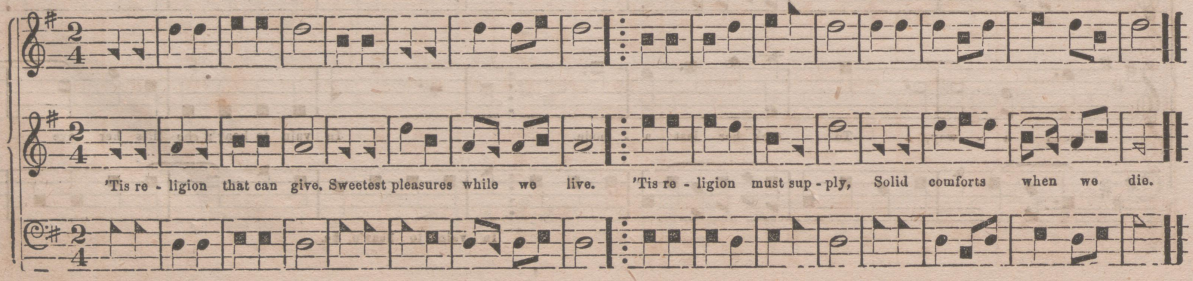



Death, 'tis a mel - an - chol - y day, To those who have no God, - - - - - - When the poor soul is
forced a - way, To seek her last a - bode. In vain to heav'n she lifts her eye - -
In vain to heav'n, &c.

MELANCHOLY DAY. *Concluded.*

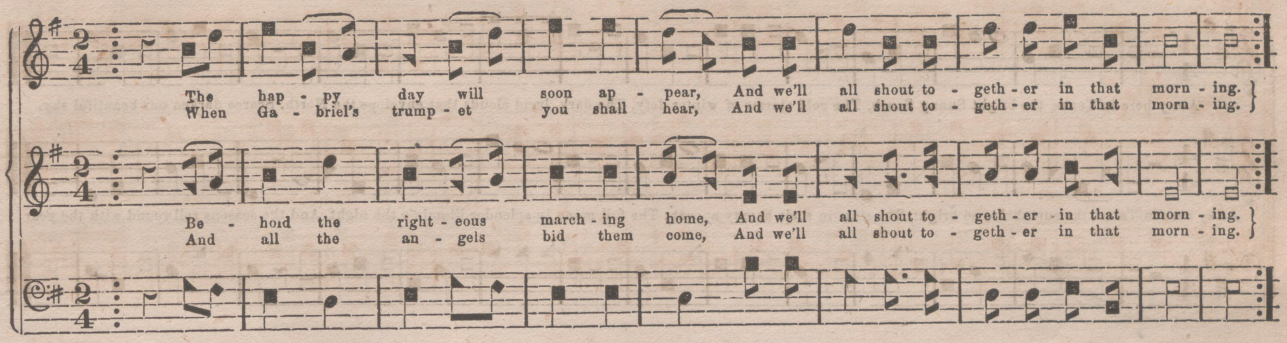


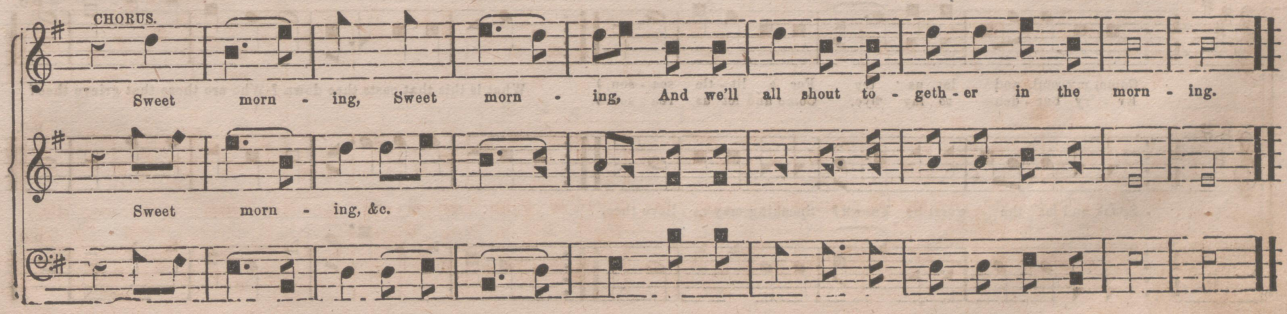
RELIGION IS SWEET. 7s. *W. R. Waldrup*



SWEET MORNING. L. M.

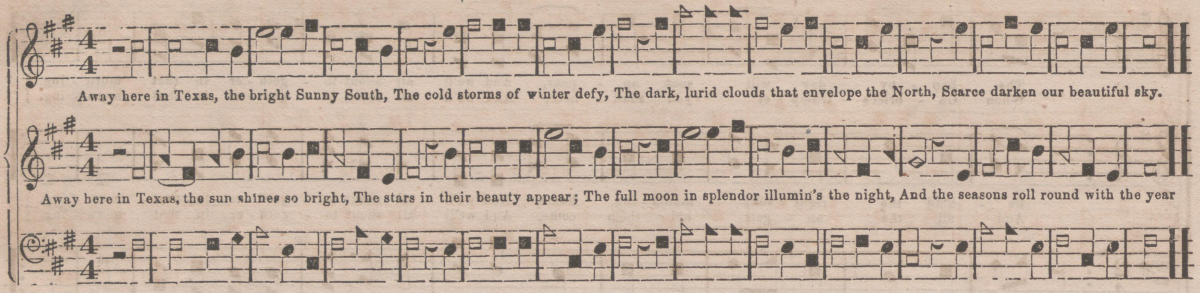
Arranged by *H. S. Rees.*





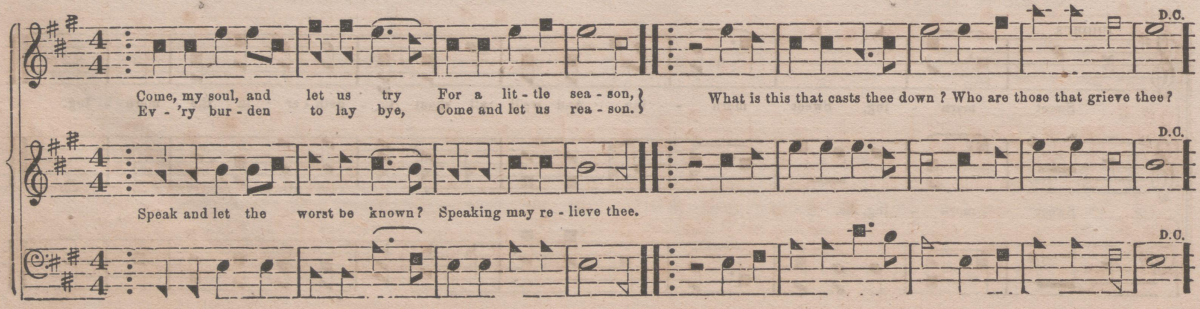
A SONG OF TEXAS. 11, 8.

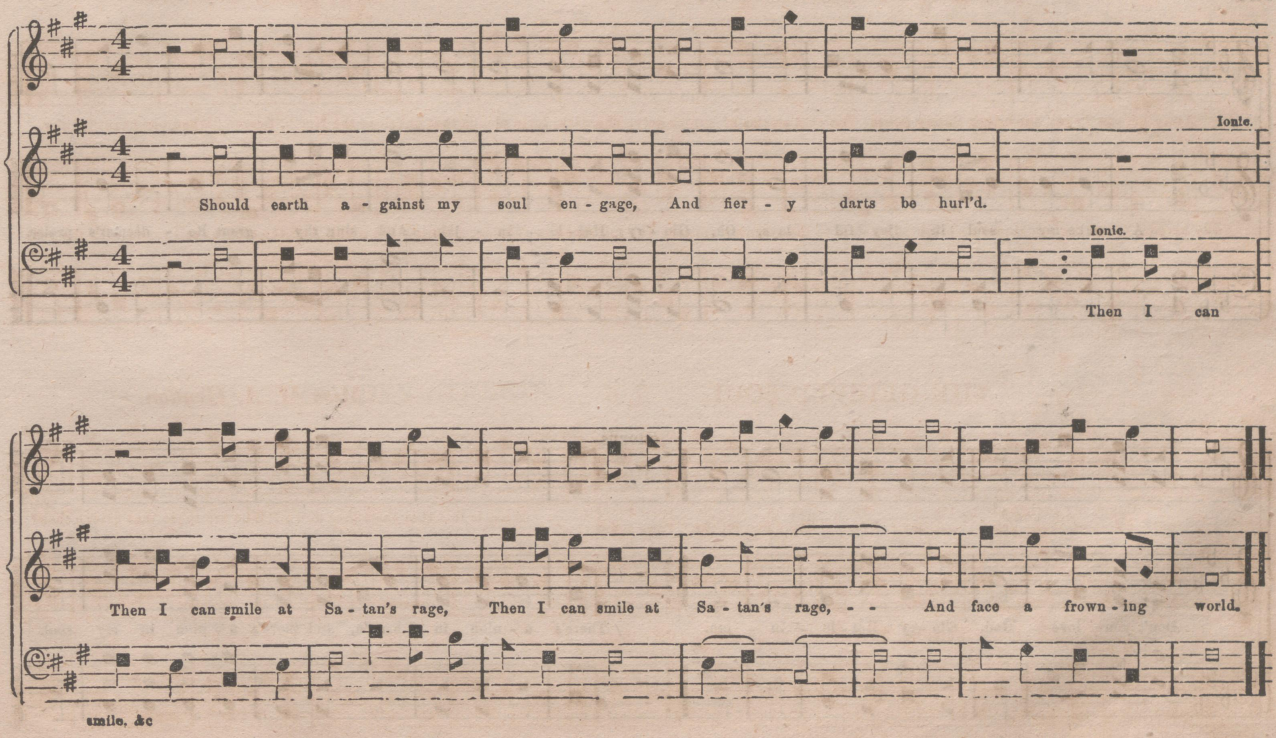
S. W. Palmer & H. S. R.



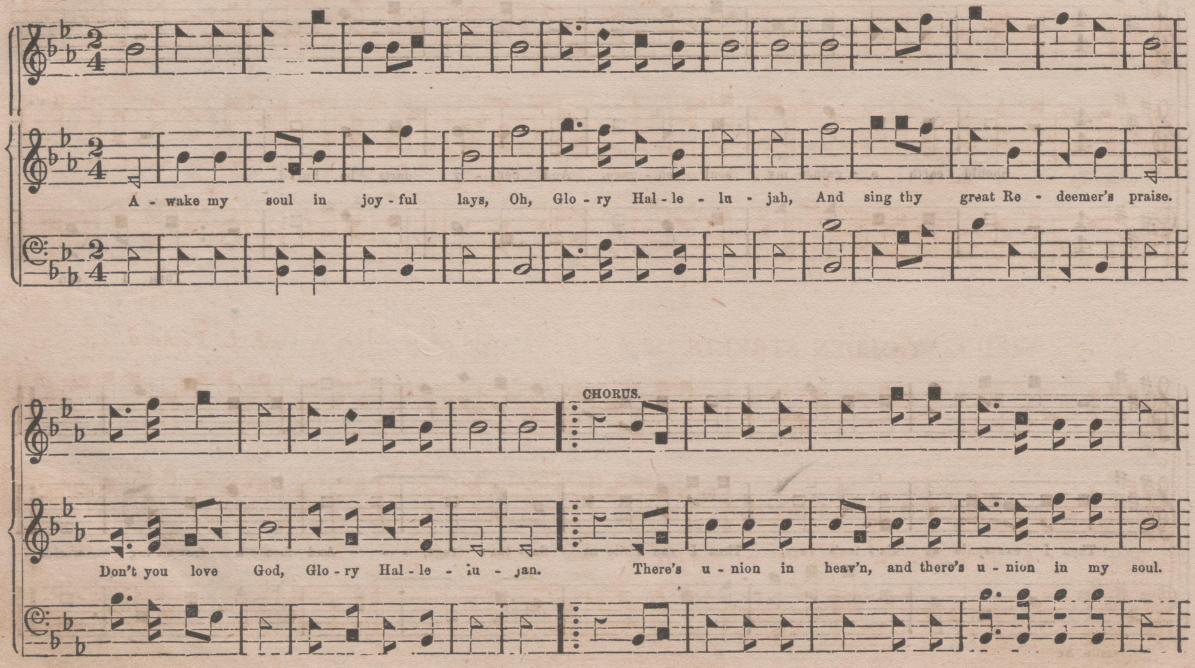
THE GRIEVED SOUL. 7, 6.

Miss M. A. Hendon.

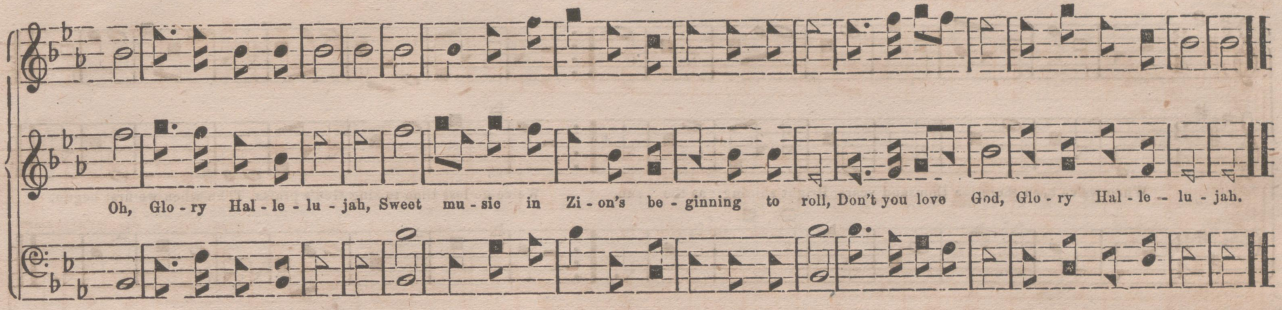



Ionic.
Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fier - y darts be hurl'd.
Ionic.
Then I can
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, - - And face a frown - ing world.
smile, &c

424 SWEET UNION. L. M. *J. P. Rees.*

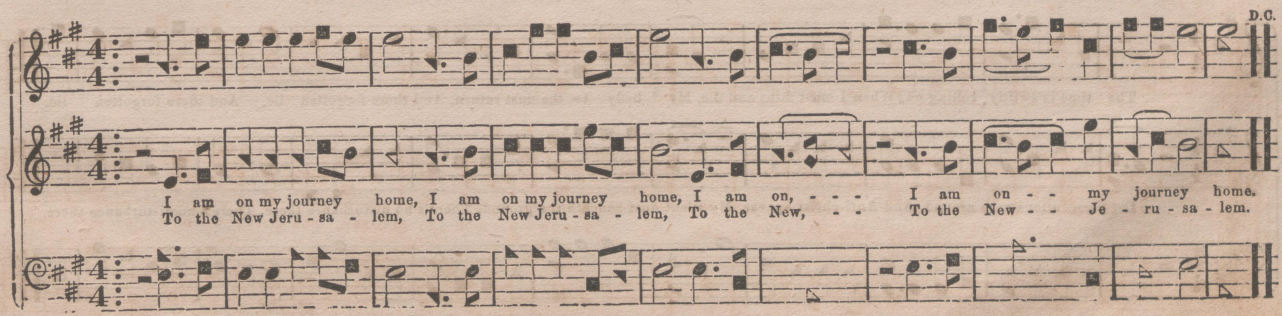


SWEET UNION. *Concluded*



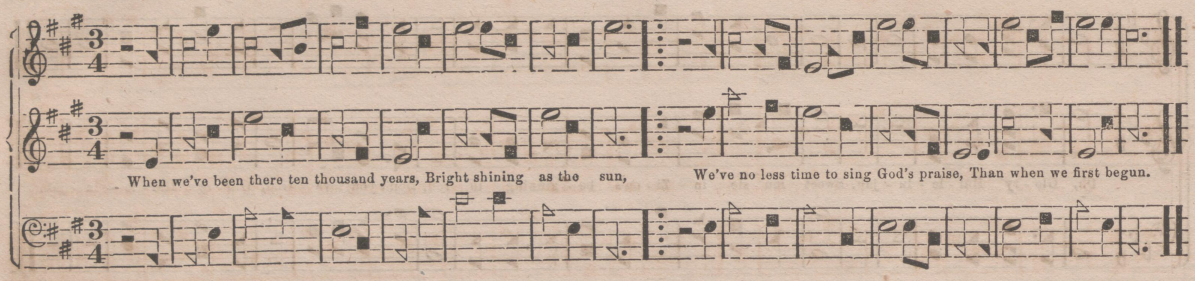
GOLDEN STREETS.

J. L. Pickard.



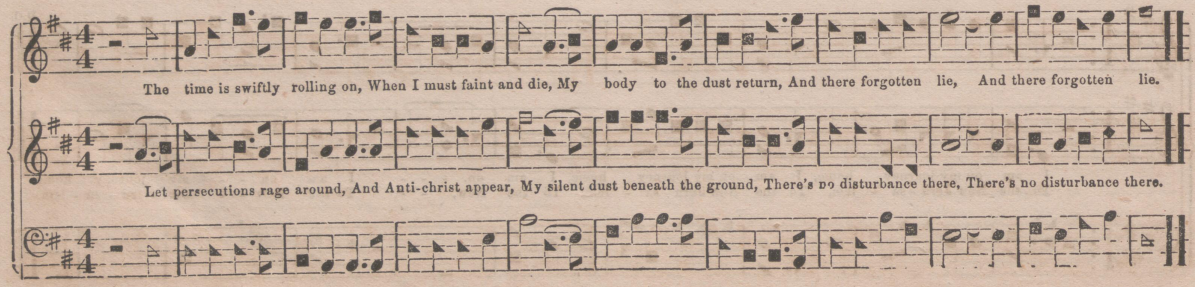
DUMAS. C. M

(*Original.*) *J. P. Rees.*



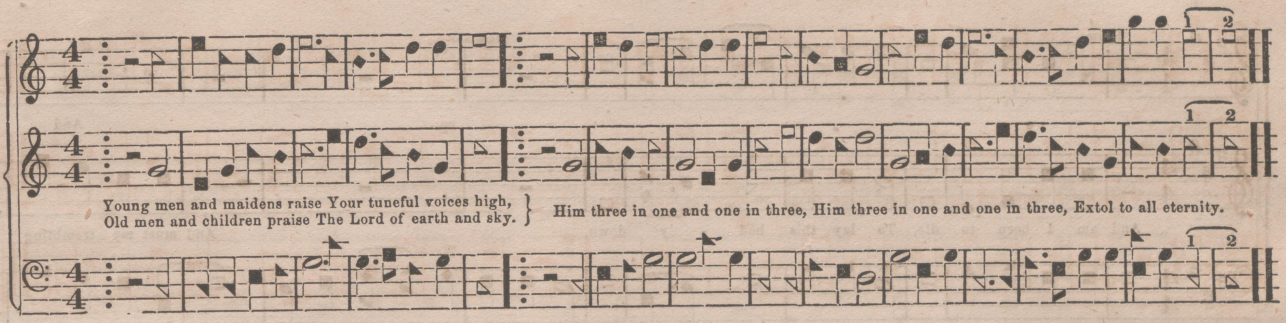
SHILOAH. C. M.

Thomas Waller.



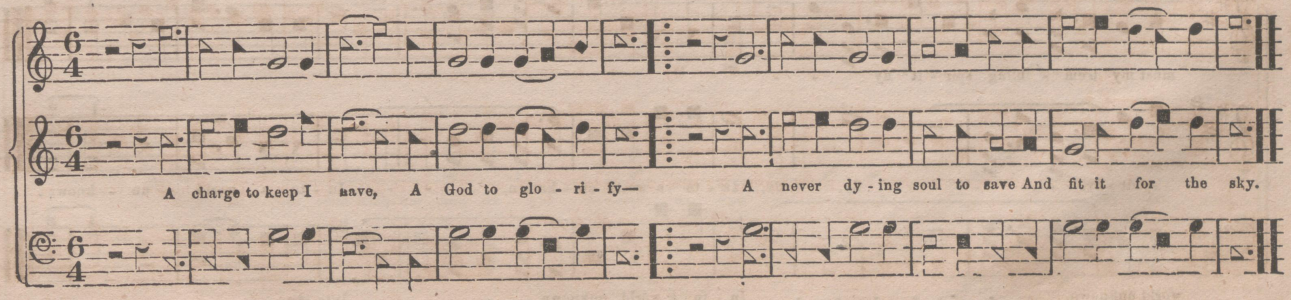
HOPE. H. M.

Oliver Bradfield.



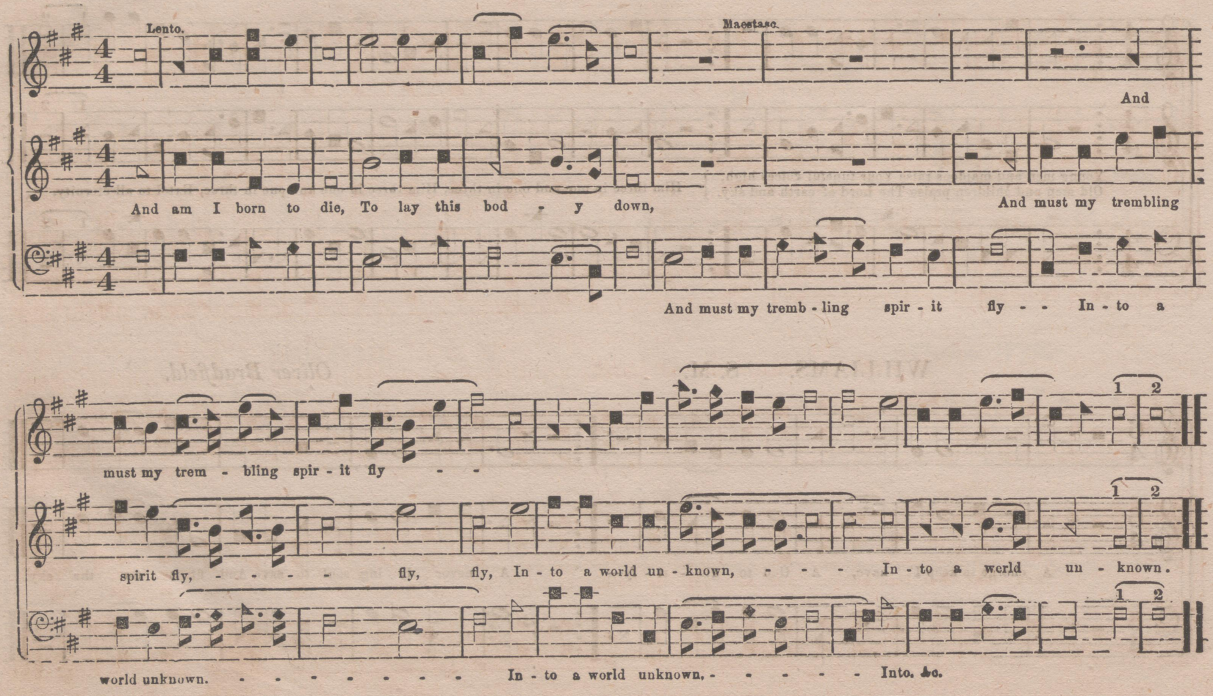
WILLIAMS. S. M.

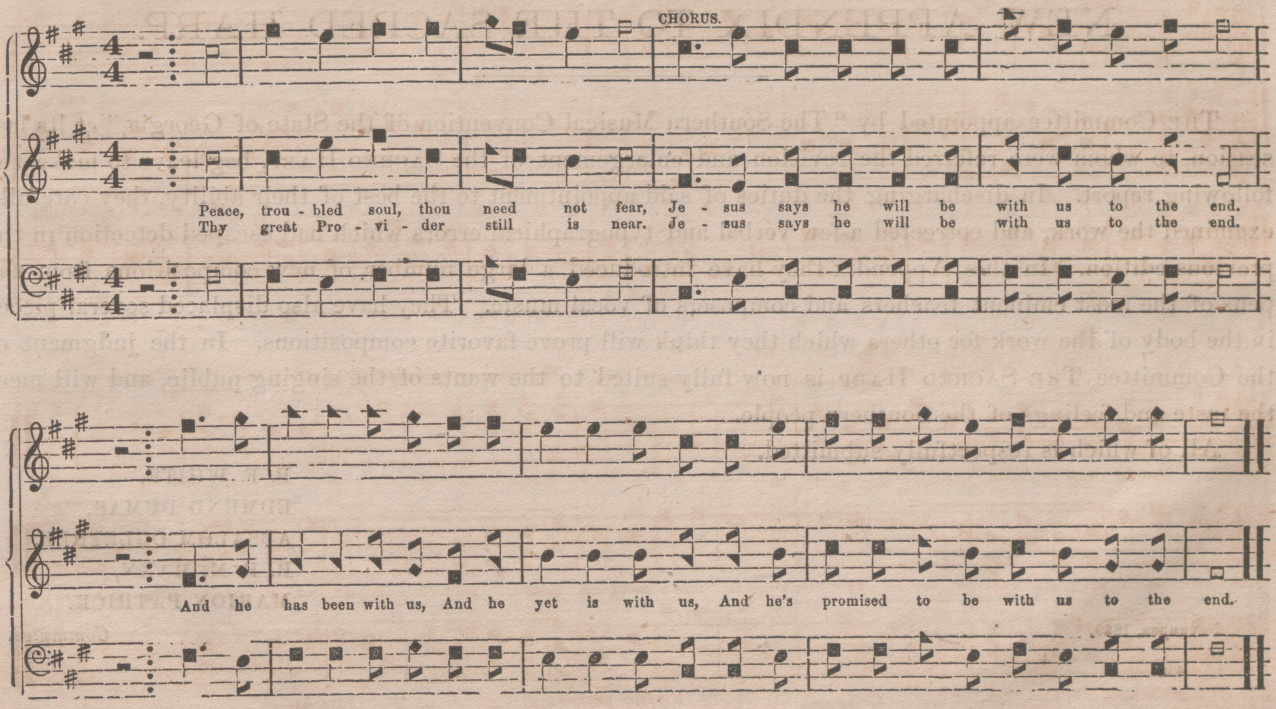
Oliver Bradfield.



WORLD UNKNOWN. S. M.

(Original.) *H. S. Reed.*




CHORUS.
Peace, trou - bled soul, thou need not fear, Je - sus says he will be with us to the end.
Thy great Pro - vi - der still is near. Je - sus says he will be with us to the end.
And he has been with us, And he yet is with us, And he's promised to be with us to the end.

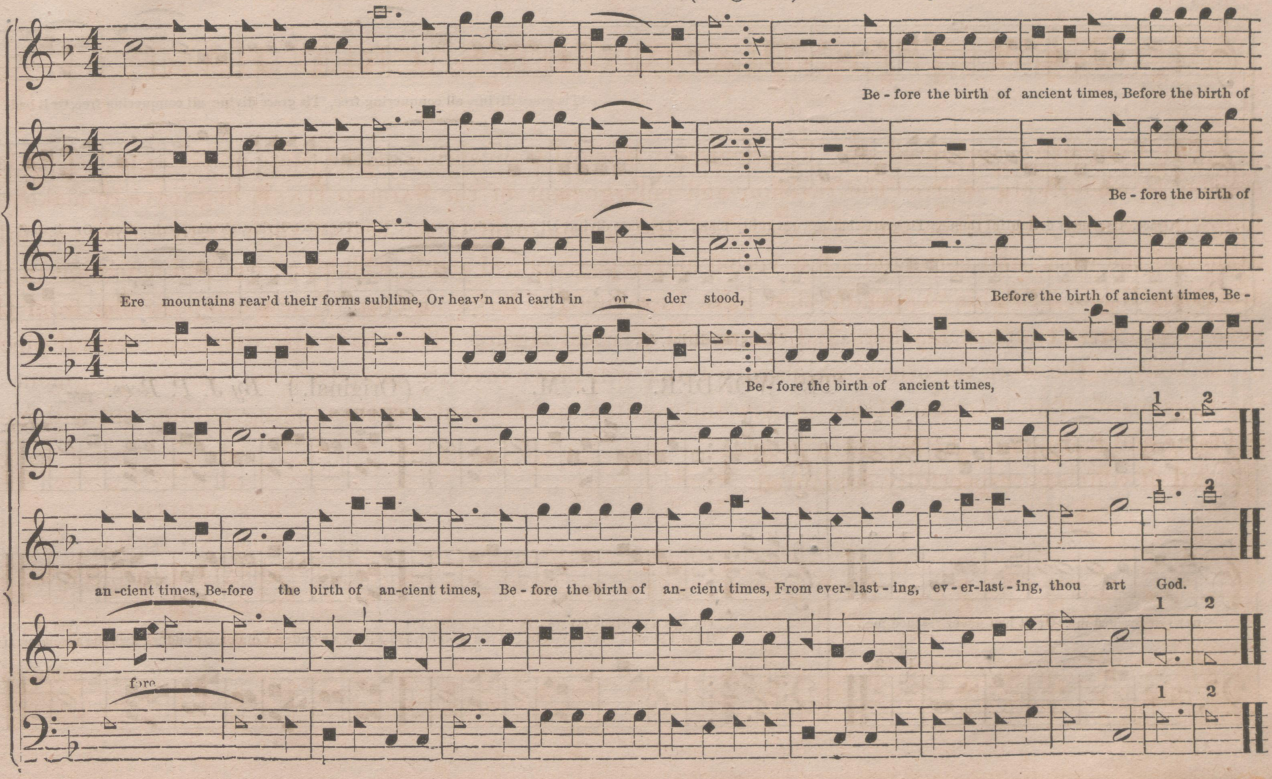
NEW APPENDIX TO THE SACRED HARP.

THE Committee appointed by "The Southern Musical Convention of the State of Georgia," at its last session, to whom were referred the revision and enlargement of the SACRED HARP, beg leave to make the following report. In discharging the duties of said appointment to the best of their ability, they carefully examined the work, and corrected a few verbal and typographical errors which had escaped detection in the previous edition. In this Appendix they have introduced a large number of new compositions from the pens of the most eminent teachers and composers of vocal music. They have also displaced several pieces in the body of the work for others which they think will prove favorite compositions. In the judgment of the Committee THE SACRED HARP is now fully suited to the wants of the singing public, and will meet the taste and feelings of the Southern people.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

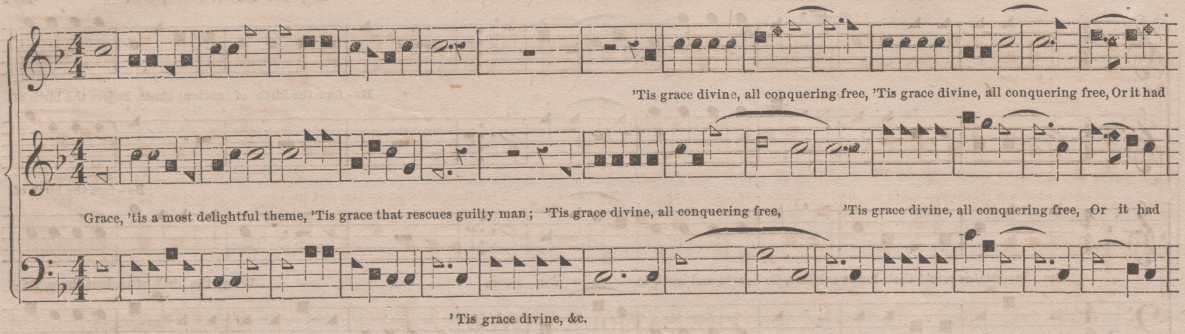
B. F. WHITE,
EDMUND DUMAS,
ABSALOM OGLETREE,
R. F. M. MANN,
MARION PATRICK.
Committee.

NOVEMBER, 1869.


Be - fore the birth of ancient times, Before the birth of
Be - fore the birth of
Ere mountains rear'd their forms sublime, Or heav'n and earth in or - der stood,
Before the birth of ancient times, Be -
Be - fore the birth of ancient times,
1 2
an - cient times, Be-fore the birth of an-cient times, Be - fore the birth of an- cient times, From ever- last - ing, ev - er-last - ing, thou art God.
fore

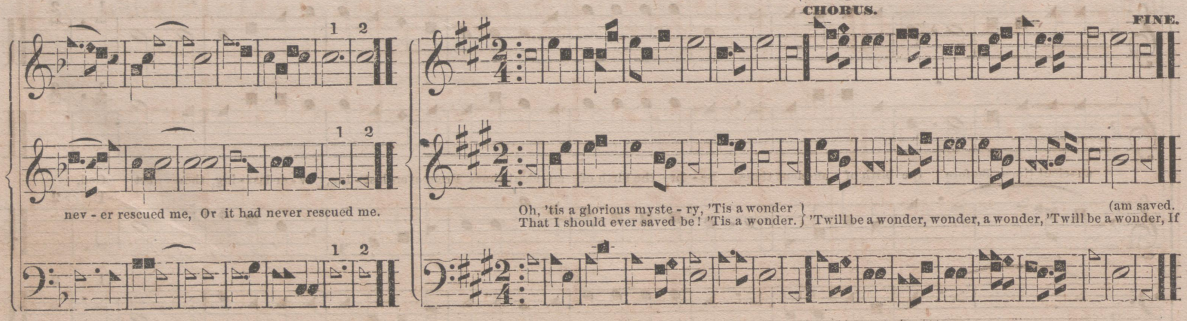
CHEVES. L. M.

By Oliver Bradfield. 1857.

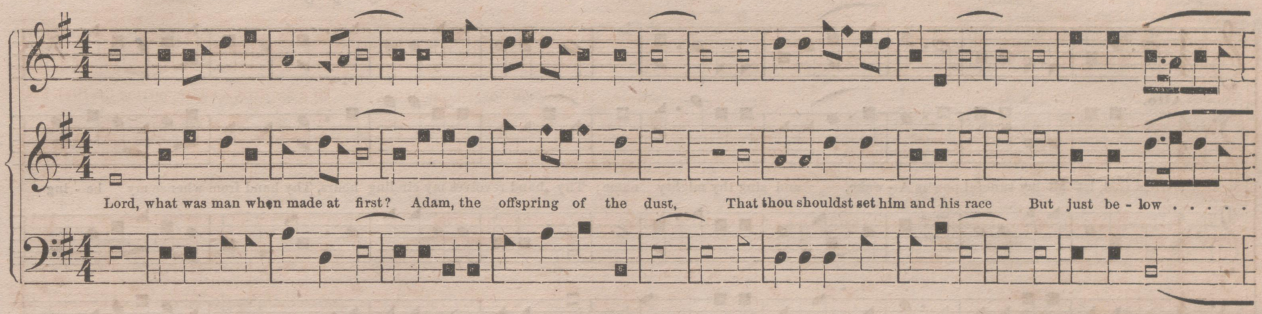


'TIS WONDER. L. M.

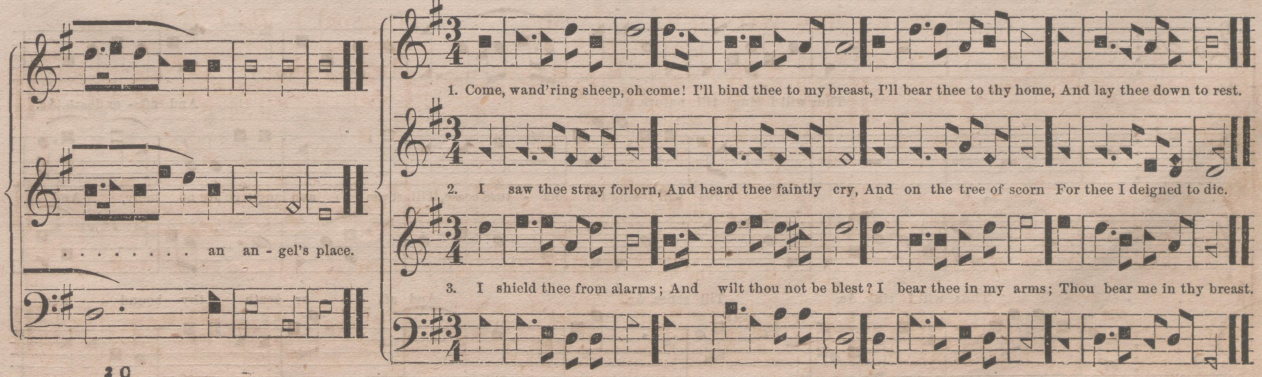
(Original.) *By J. P. Rees.* 1857.



LINDLER. L. M. (Original.) *By B. F. W.*

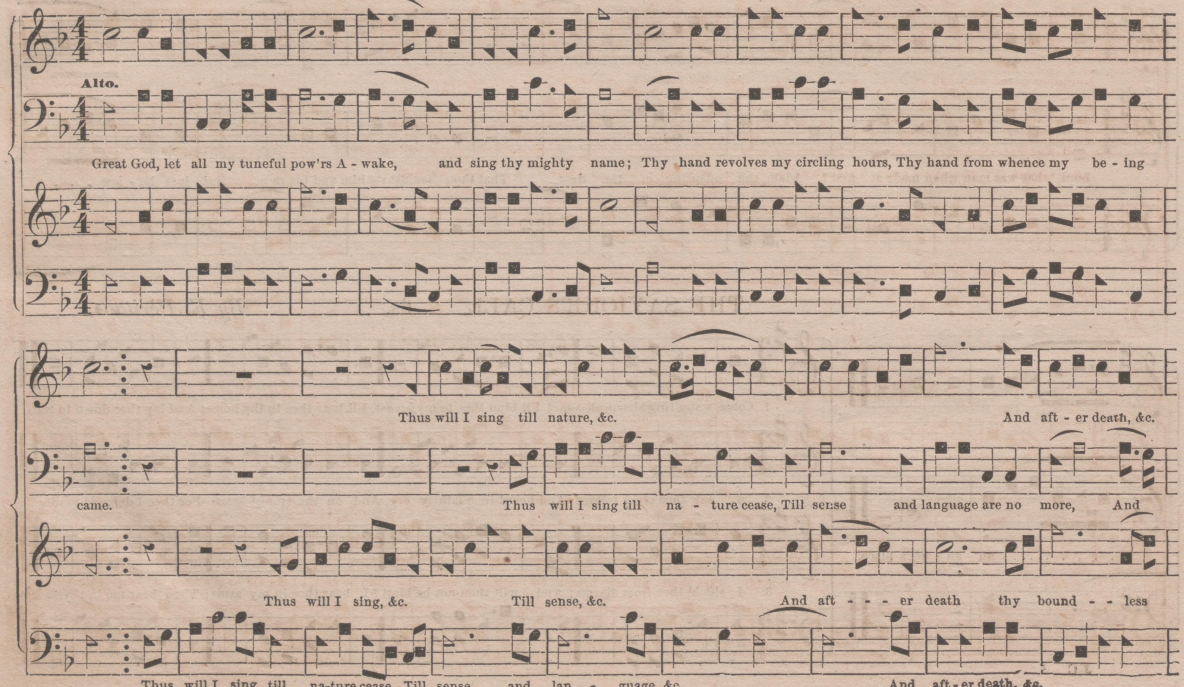


THE SAVIOUR'S CALL. 6s. *By E. Heritage.*

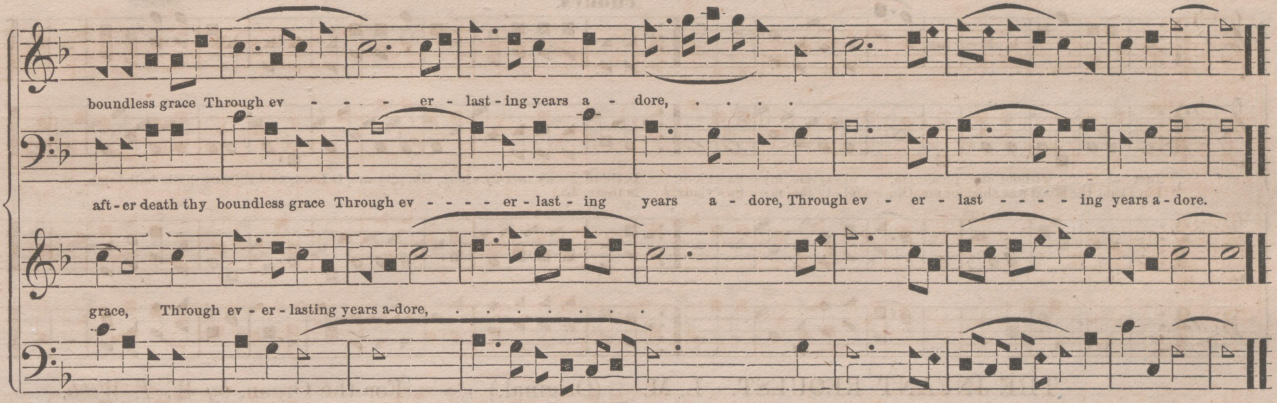


FILLMORE. L. M.

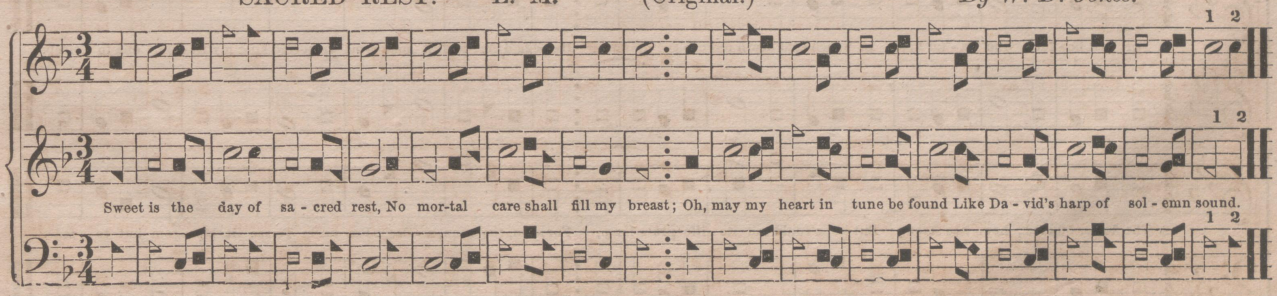
For the Organ, by John P. Rees.



FILLMORE. Concluded.

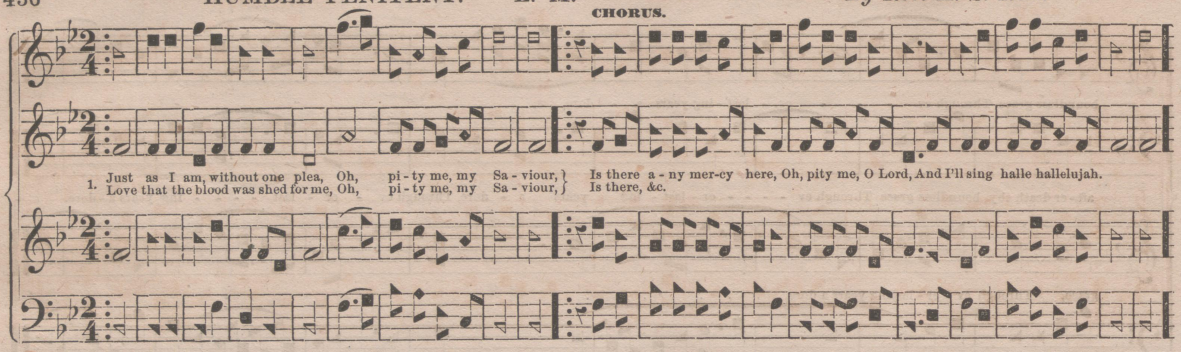


SACRED REST. L. M. (Original.) *By W. D. Jones.*



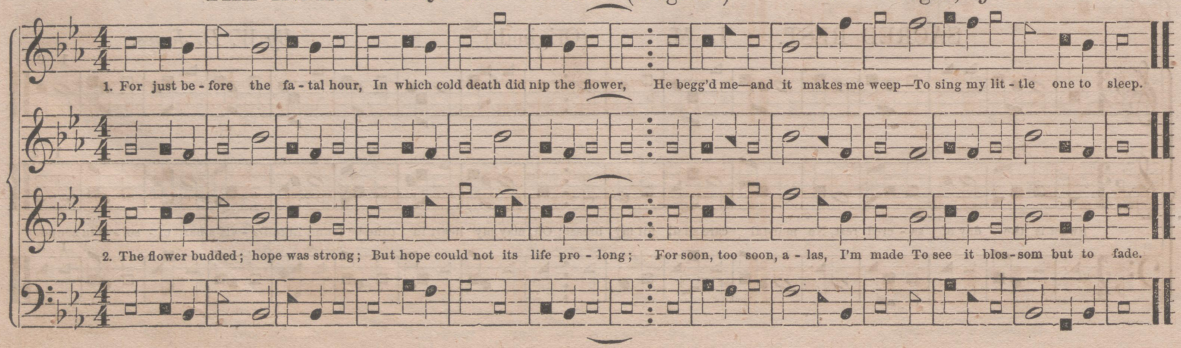
HUMBLE PENITENT. L. M.

By Rev. H. S. Rees.



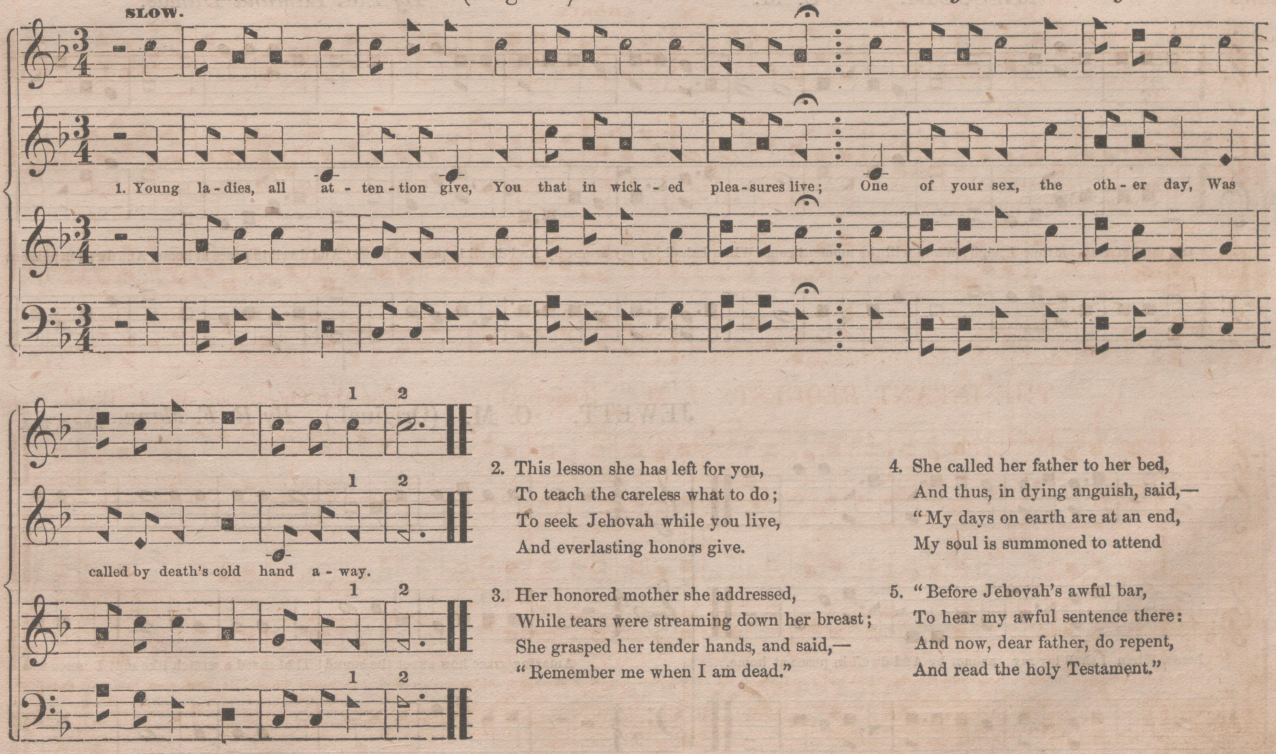
THE INFANT REQUEST. L. M. (Original.)

For the Organ, *by W. T. Webb.*



ESTER. L. M. (Original.)

By John S. Terry.



2. This lesson she has left for you,
To teach the careless what to do;
To seek Jehovah while you live,
And everlasting honors give.

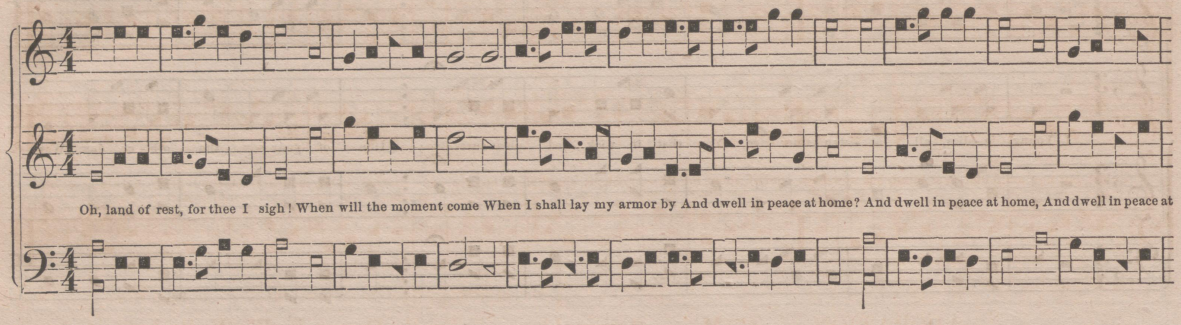
3. Her honored mother she addressed,
While tears were streaming down her breast;
She grasped her tender hands, and said,—
"Remember me when I am dead."

4. She called her father to her bed,
And thus, in dying anguish, said,—
"My days on earth are at an end,
My soul is summoned to attend

5. "Before Jehovah's awful bar,
To hear my awful sentence there:
And now, dear father, do repent,
And read the holy Testament."

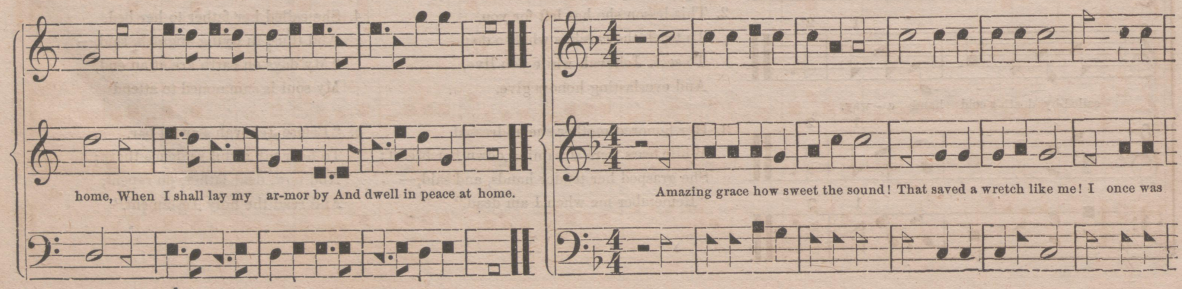
MISSOURI. * C. M.

By Eld. Edmund Dumas.



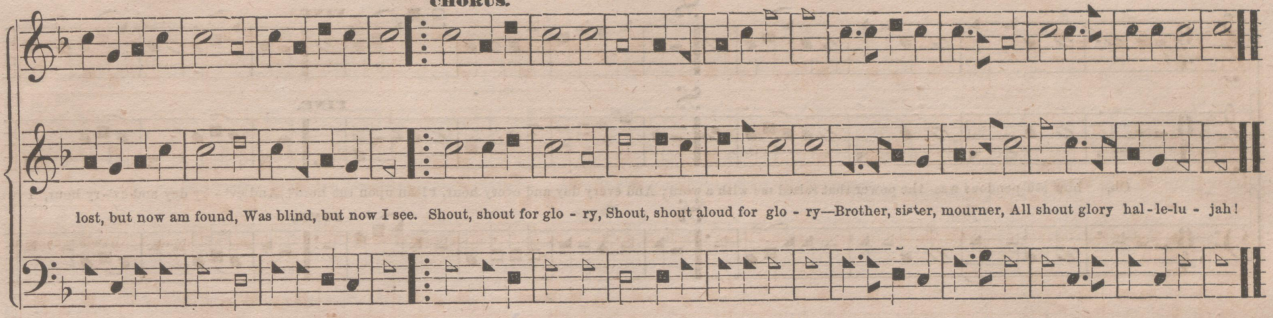
JEWETT. C. M. (Original.)

By R. F. Mann. Aug. 3, 1858.

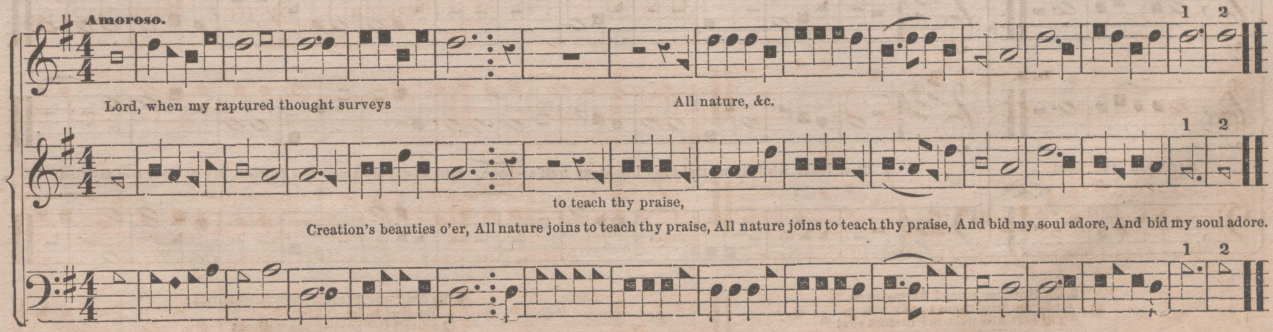


JEWETT. Concluded.

CHORUS.

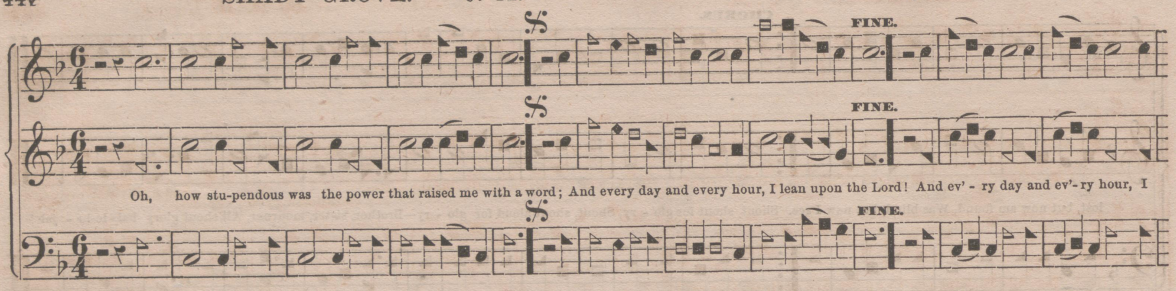


ADORATION. C. M. (Original.) *For the Organ, by W. W. Parks.*



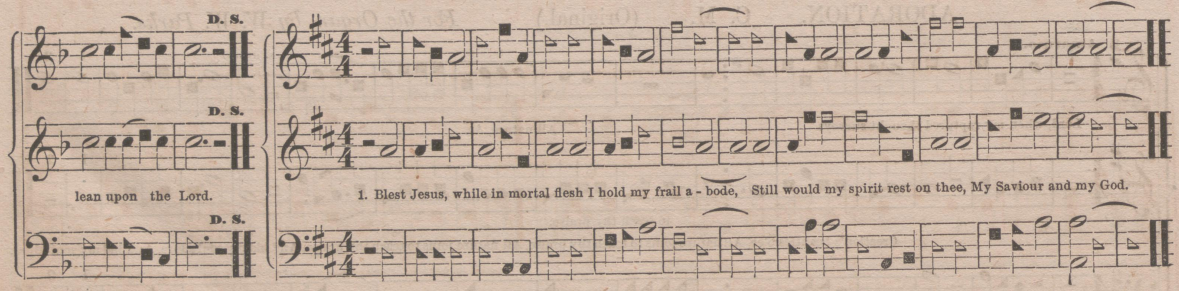
SHADY GROVE. C. M.

By J. D. Arnold.



SHARPSBURG. C. M.

By J. P. Rees and J. A. T. Shell.

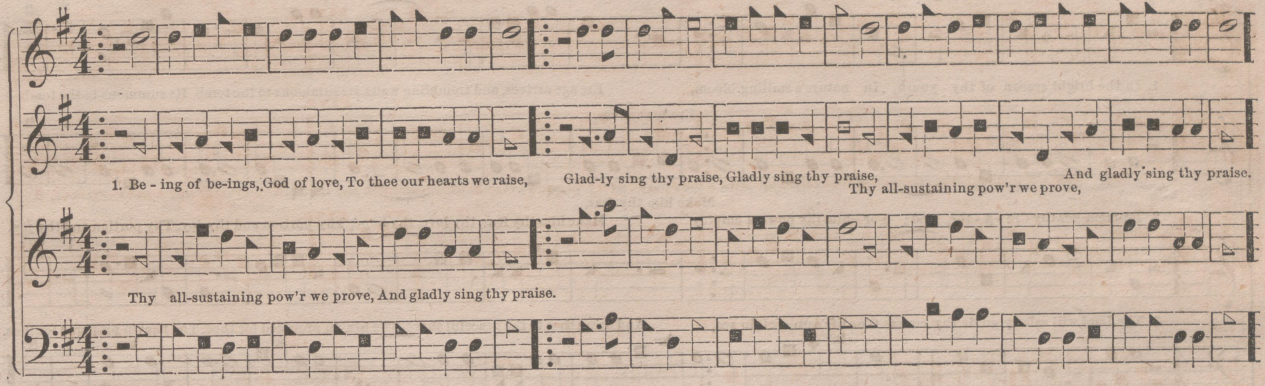


2. On thy dear cross I fix my eyes,
Then raise them to thy seat;
Till love dissolves my inmost soul
At my Redeemer's feet.

3. Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms;
Be dead to every sin;
And tell the boldest foe without
That Jesus reigns within.

ISLINGTON. C. M.

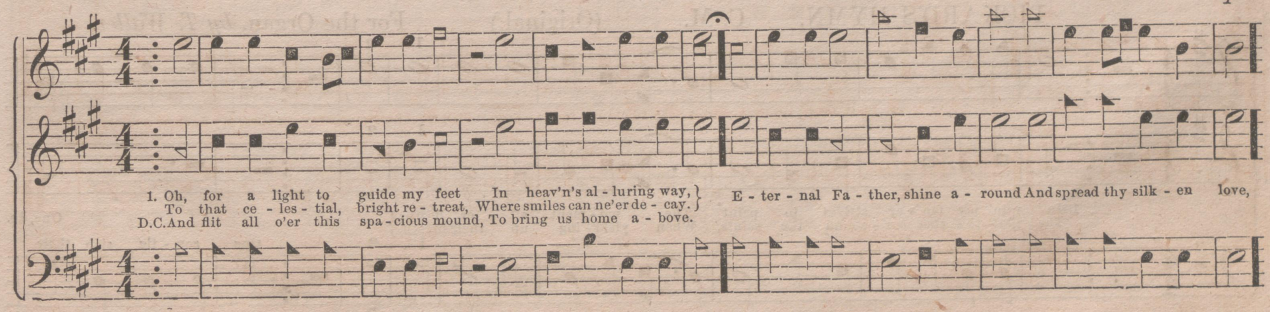
By R. H. Reeves.



HOME ABOVE. C. M. Double. (Original.)

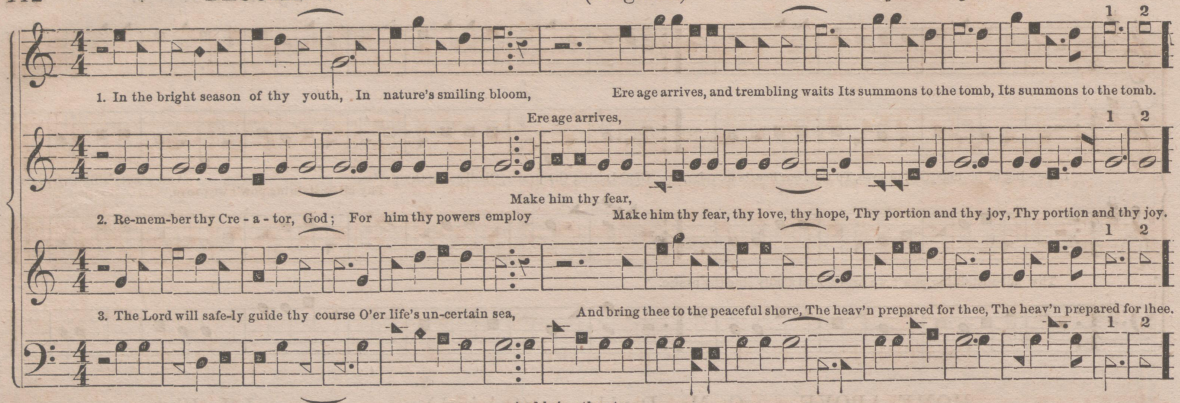
J. L. Hinton.

Da Capo.



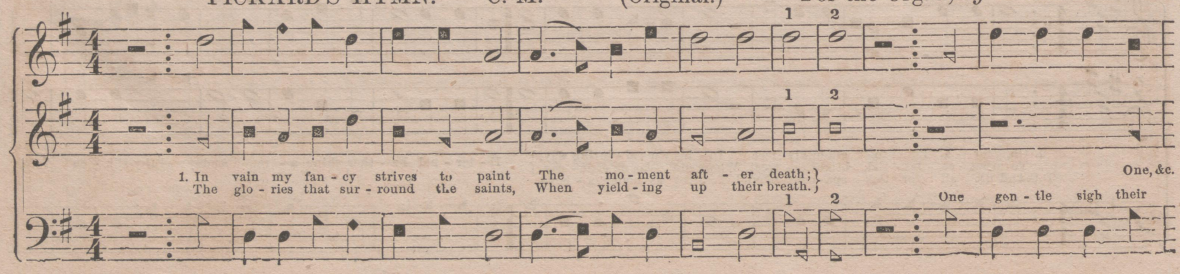
BLOOMING YOUTH. C. M. (Original.)

By Henry G. Mann.

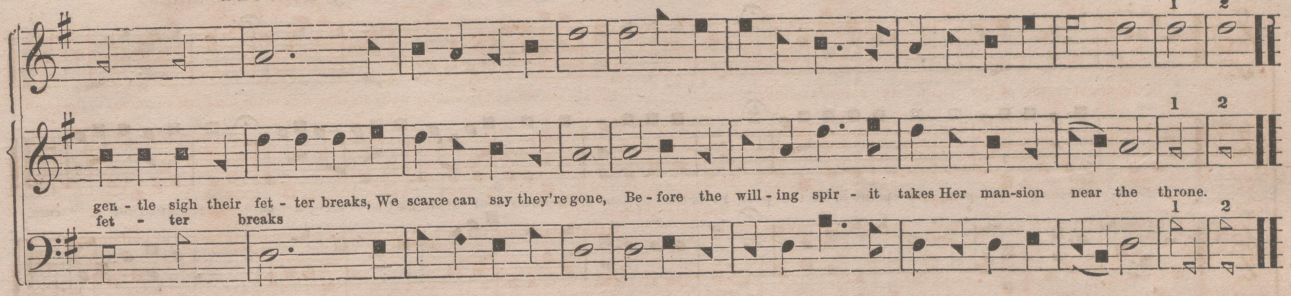


PICKARD'S HYMN. C. M. (Original.)

For the Organ, *by T. Waller.*

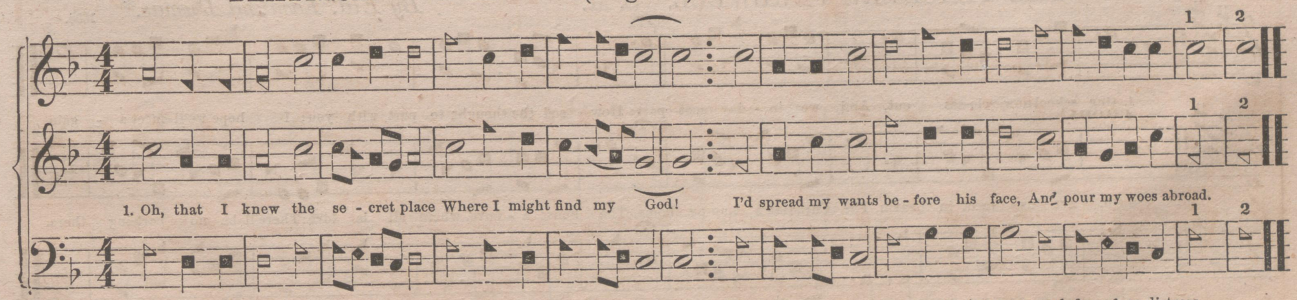


PICKARD'S HYMN. *Concluded.*



BEATRICE. C. M. (Original.)

By I. A. Hill.

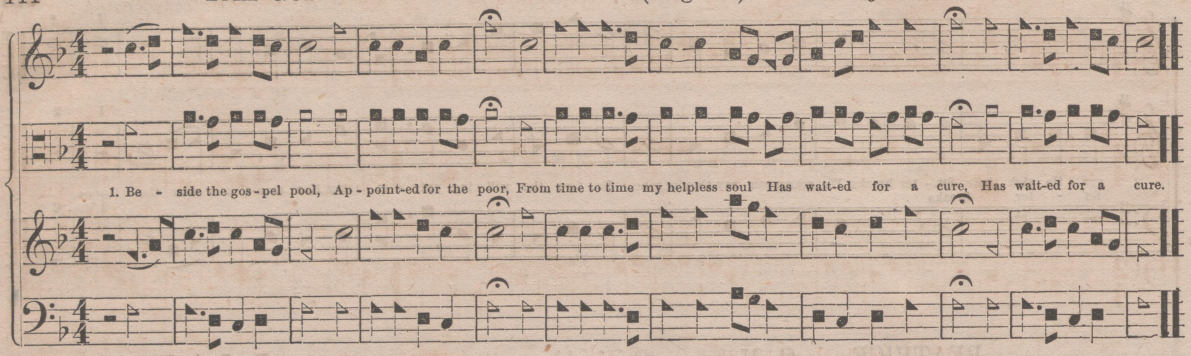


2. I'd tell him how my sins arise;
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

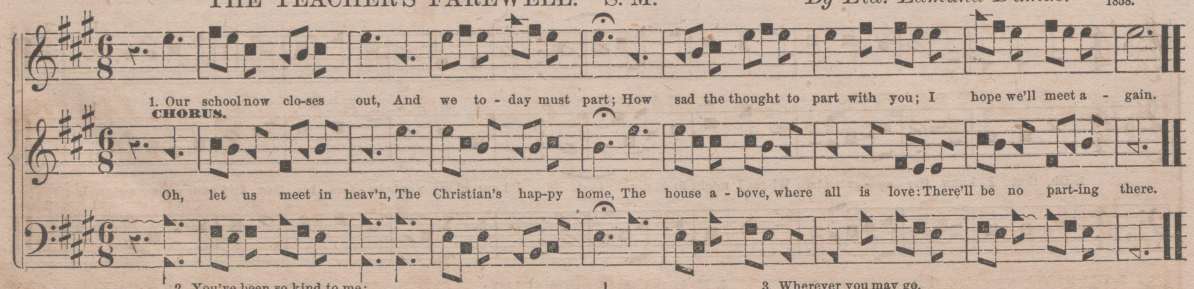
3. He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God:
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4. Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

THE GOSPEL POOL. S. M. (Original.) *By Eld. E. Dumas.*



THE TEACHER'S FAREWELL. S. M. *By Eld. Edmund Dumas.** 1853.

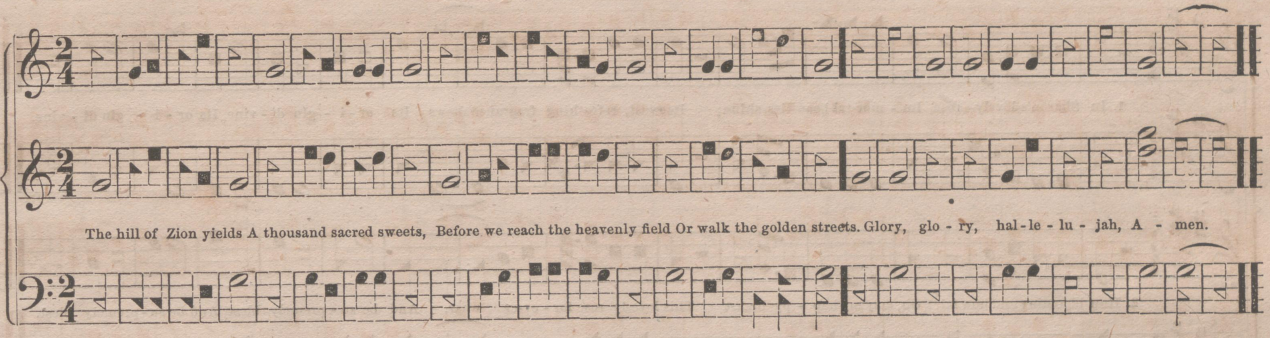


2. You've been so kind to me;
How can I bear the thought:
To part with you, it grieves my heart,
Perhaps to meet no more.—CHORUS.

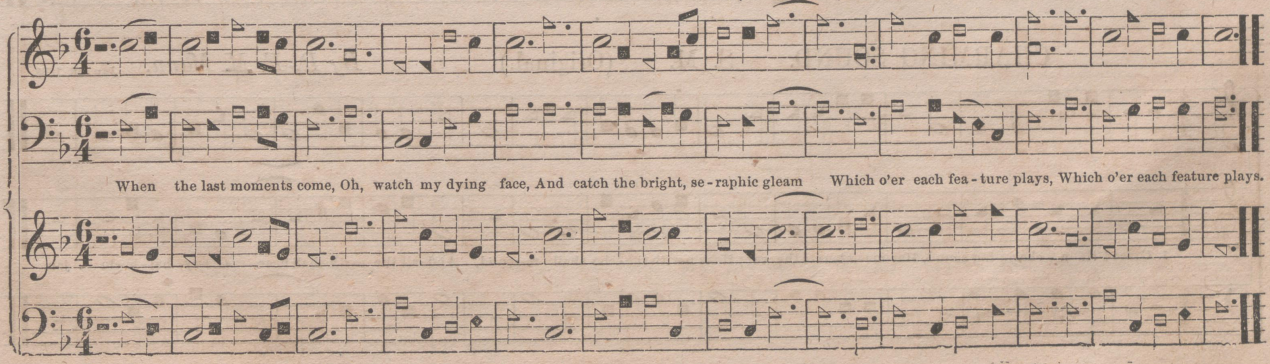
3. Wherever you may go,
Dear students, think of me.
Oh, pray for me, where'er you go,
That we may meet in heaven.—CHORUS.

* Poetry original.

HILL OF ZION. S. M. (Original.) *By R. F. M. Mann.* April 12, 1868.

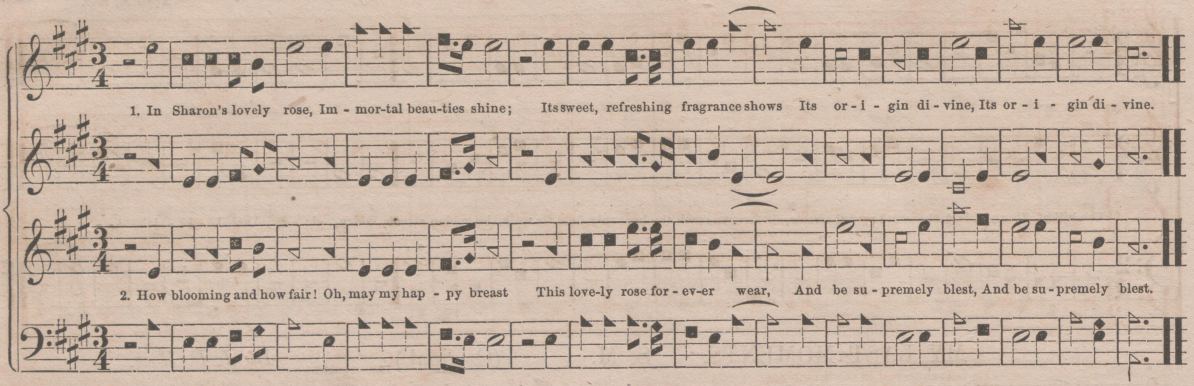


MY LAST MOMENTS. S. M. (Original.) *By J. P. Rees.*



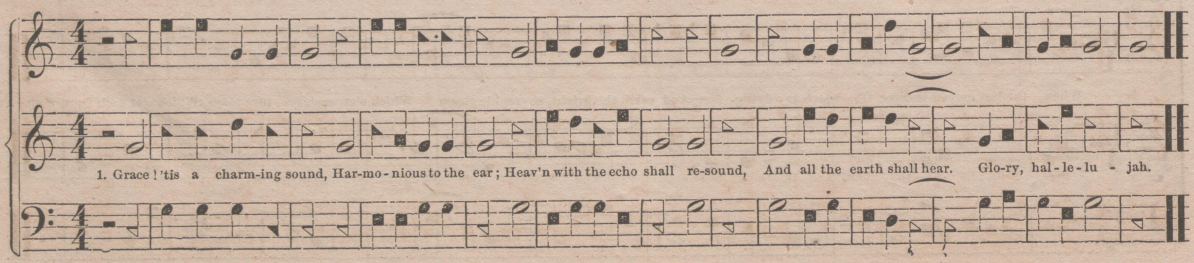
SHARON'S LOVELY ROSE. S. M. (Original.)

By Henry G. Mann. Oct. 30, 1869.



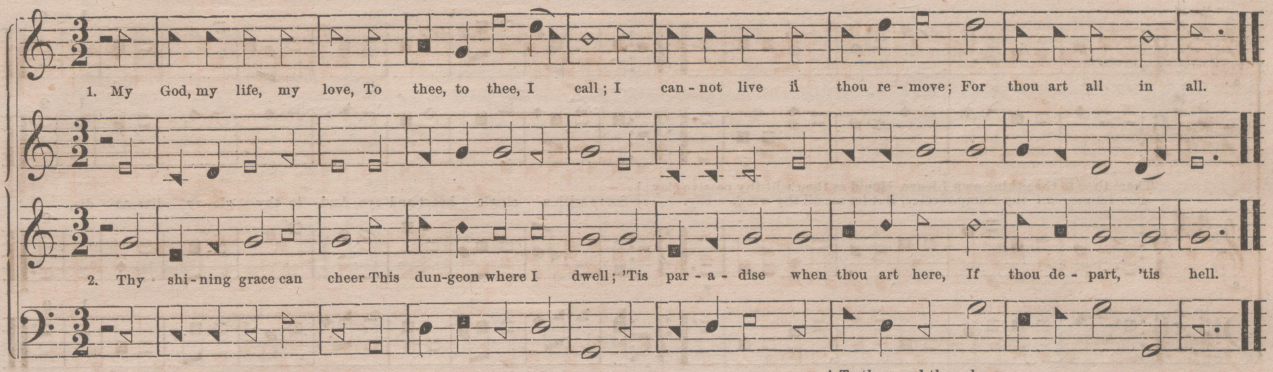
CHARMING SOUND. S. M. (Original.)

By R. F. M. Mann. Jan. 28, 1858.



BOYLSTON. S. M.

From Pilsbury.

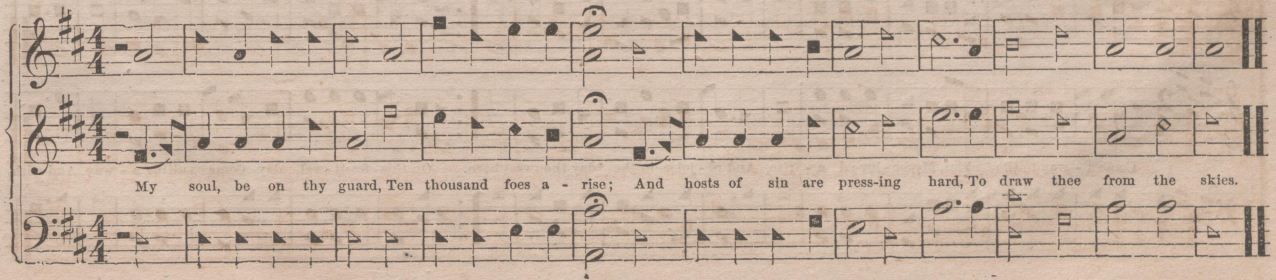


3. The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

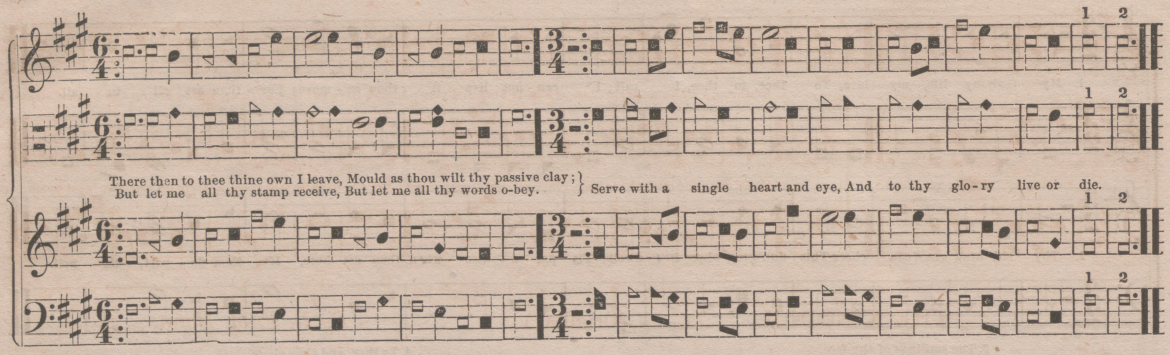
4. To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

LABAN. S. M.

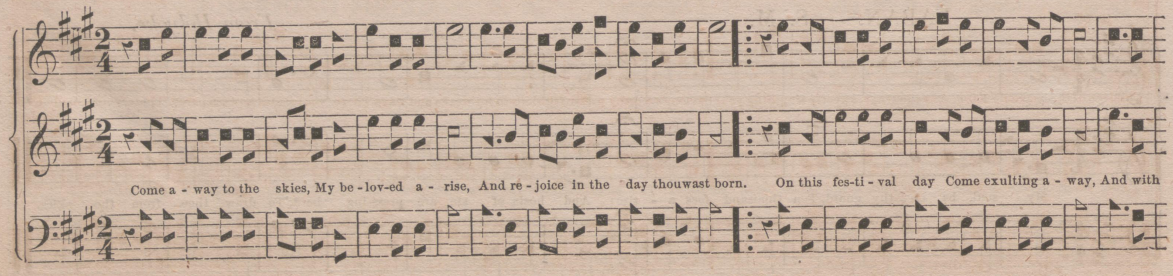
From Holyoke.



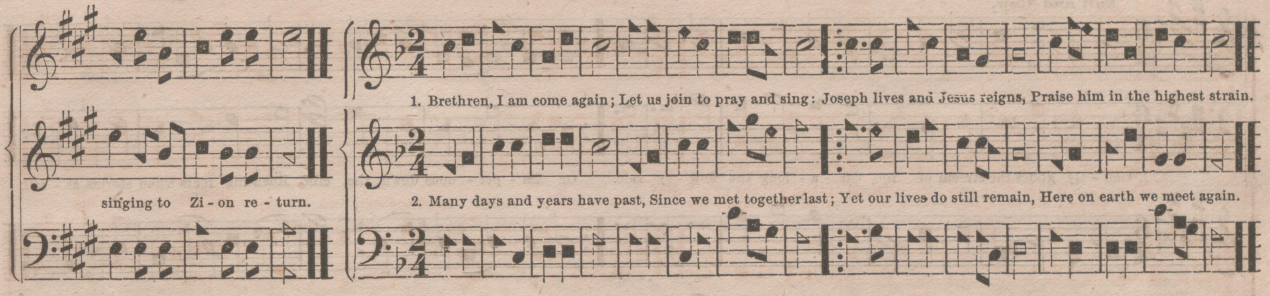
CONSECRATION. 6, 8. (Original.) *By Rev. Wm. S. Turner.*



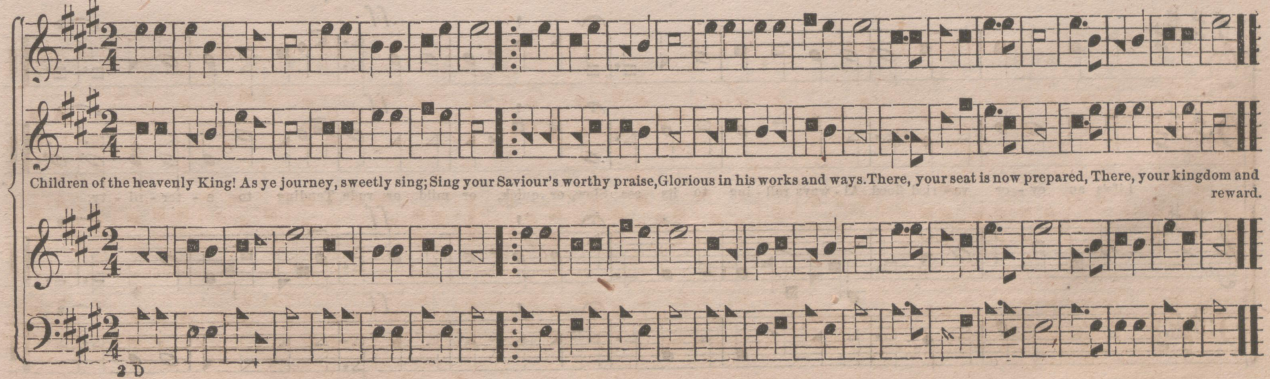
FESTIVAL DAY. 6, 6, 9. (Original.) *By R. F. M. Mann.* Oct. 22, 1869.



JESUS REIGNS. 7s. *By Miss Bettie Gunn.*

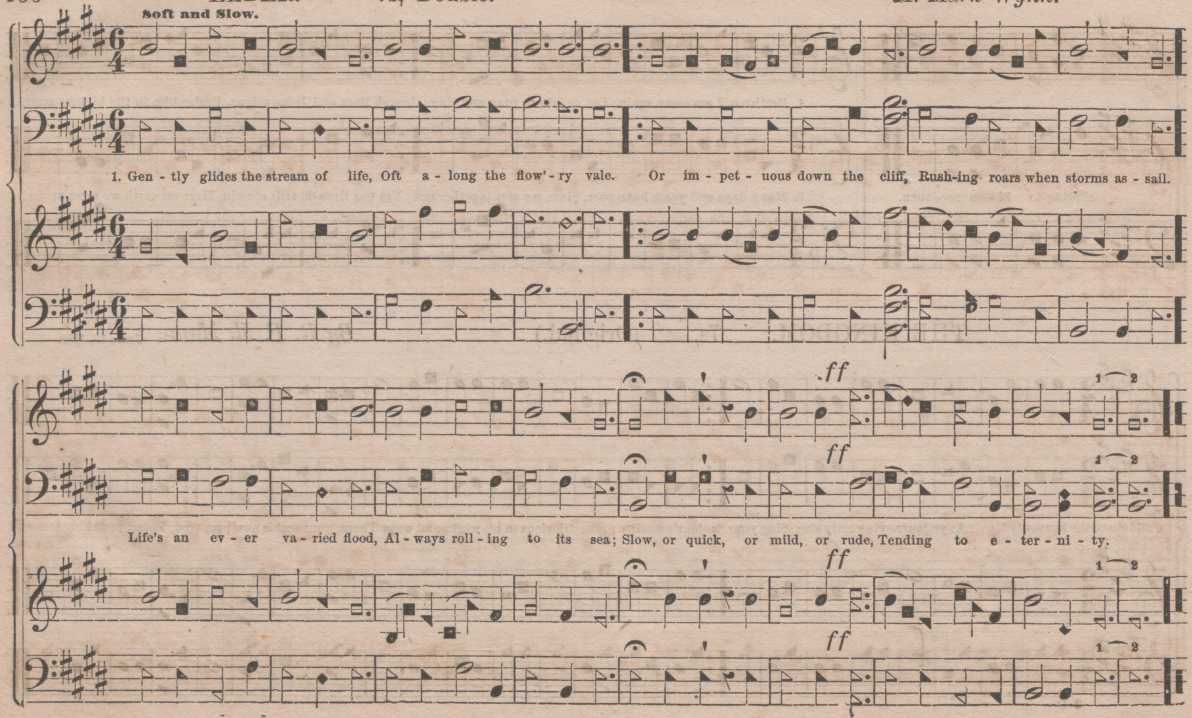


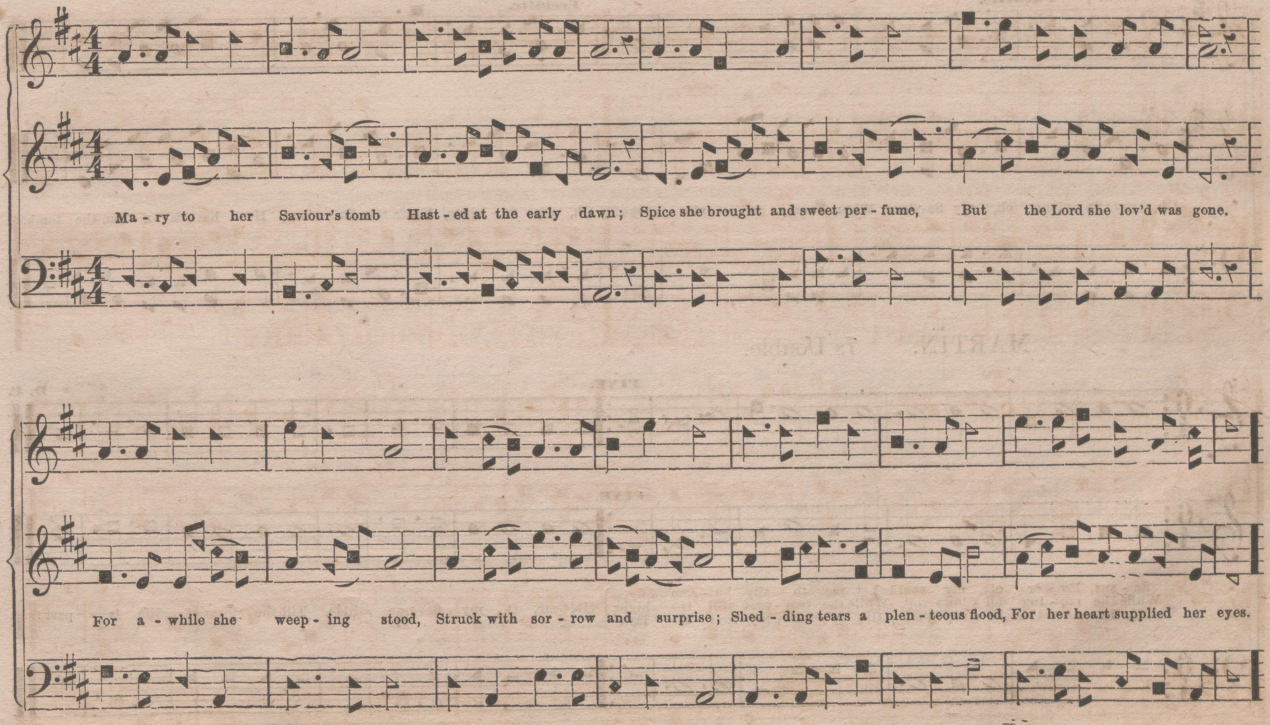
THE KINGDOM. 7s. (Original.) *By R. F. M. Mann.* June 17, 1869.



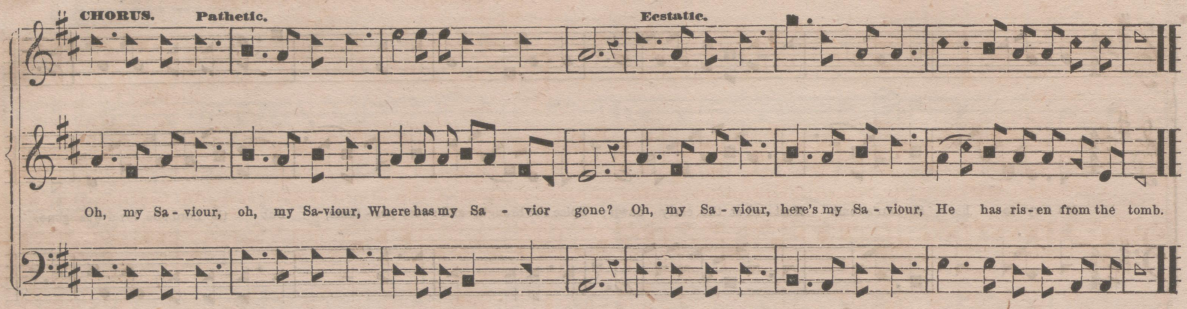
ELDER. 7s, Double.

M. Mark Wynn.

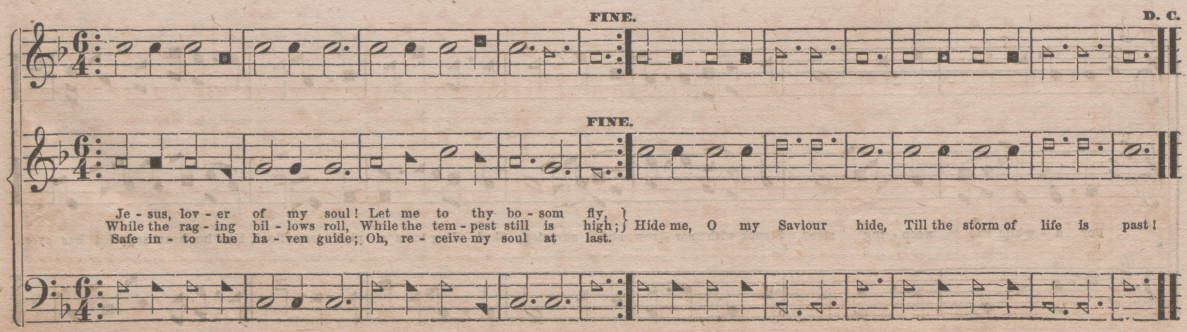



Ma - ry to her Saviour's tomb Hast - ed at the early dawn; Spice she brought and sweet per - fume, But the Lord she lov'd was gone.
For a - while she weep - ing stood, Struck with sor - row and surprise; Shed - ding tears a plen - teous flood, For her heart supplied her eyes.

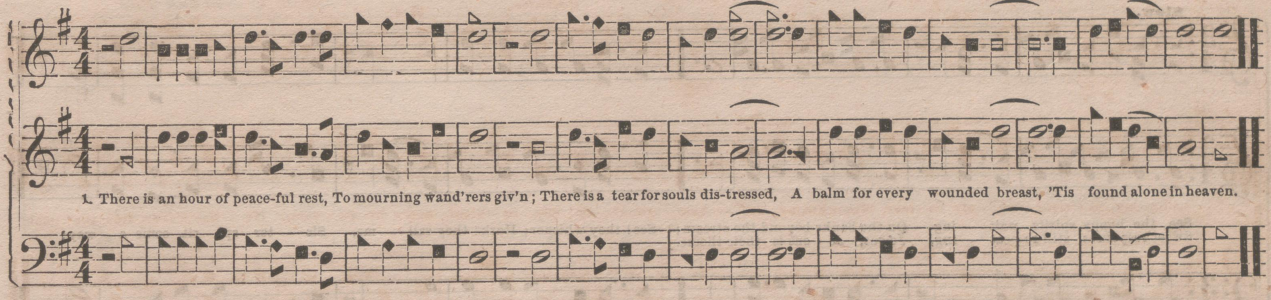
MARY'S GRIEF AND JOY. Concluded.



MARTIN. 7s Double.

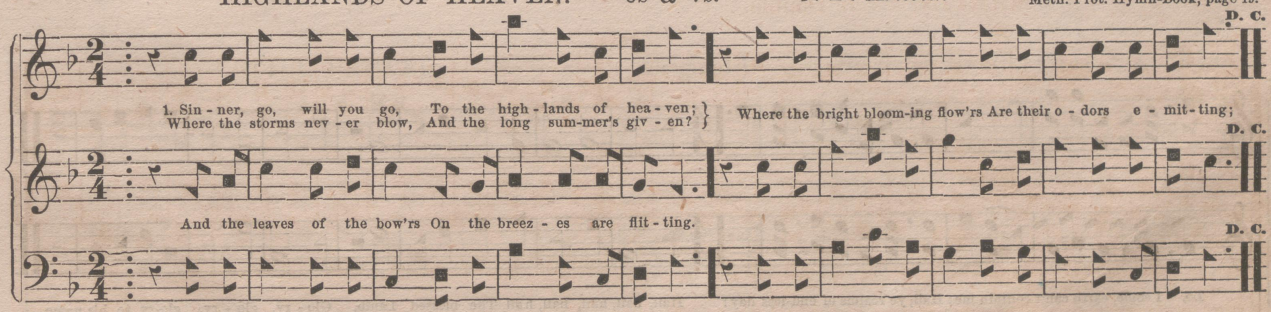


PEACEFUL REST. 8,6,8,8,6. (Original.) *By Henry G. Mann.* 453



HIGHLANDS OF HEAVEN. 6s & 7s. *J. D. Arnold.*

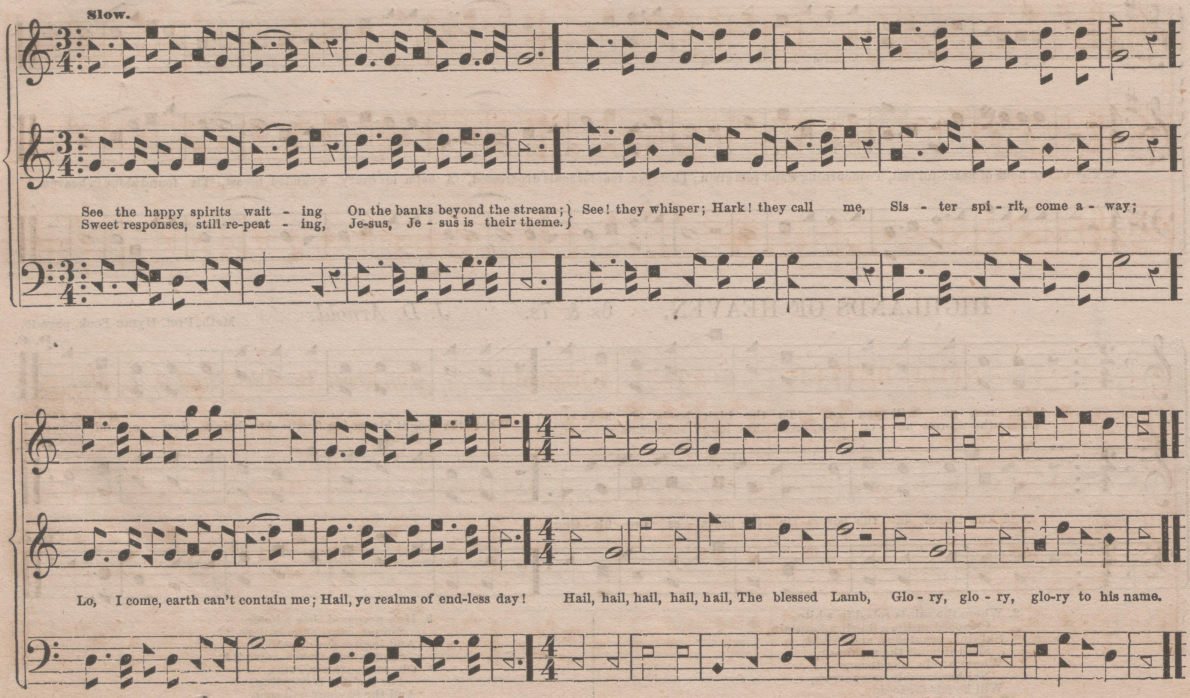
Meth. Prot. Hymn-Book, page 19.



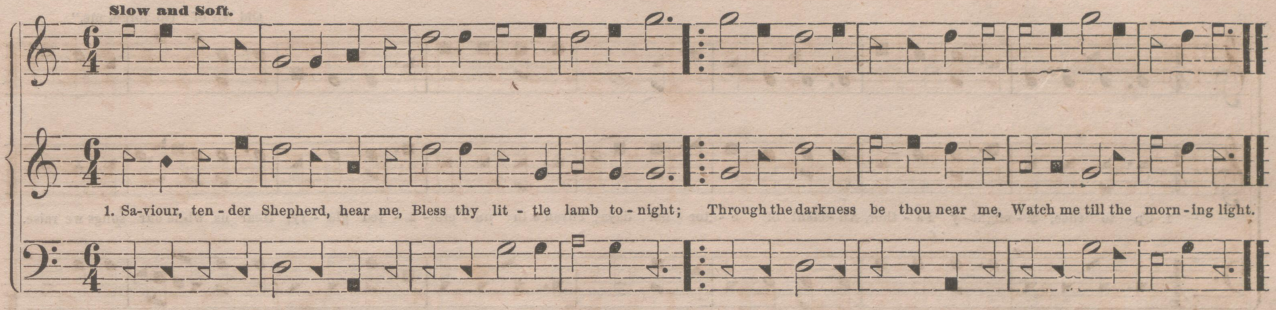
2. Where the saints robed in white,
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining, beauteous, and bright,
Shall inhabit the mountain.
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble, nor sorrow,
Will be felt for to-day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3. He's prepared thee a home:
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come:
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh, come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

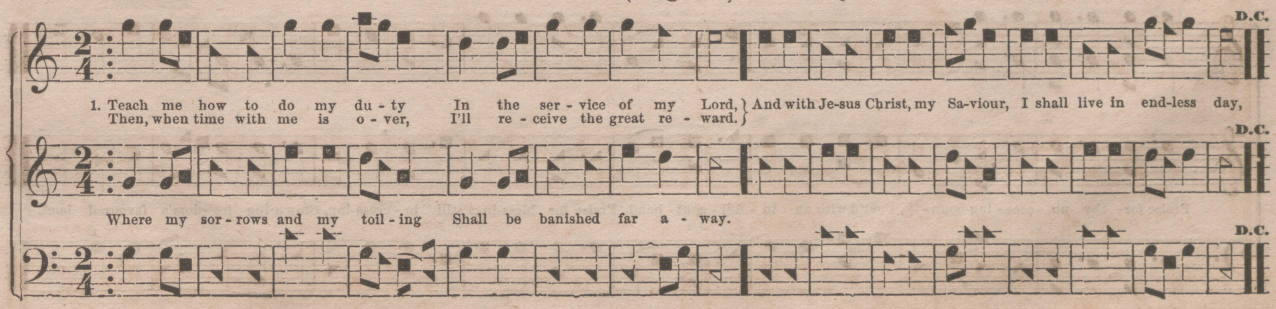
THE BLESSED LAMB. 8s & 7s.



VESPER. 8, 7, 8, 7. (Original.) *By C. F. Letson.* 455



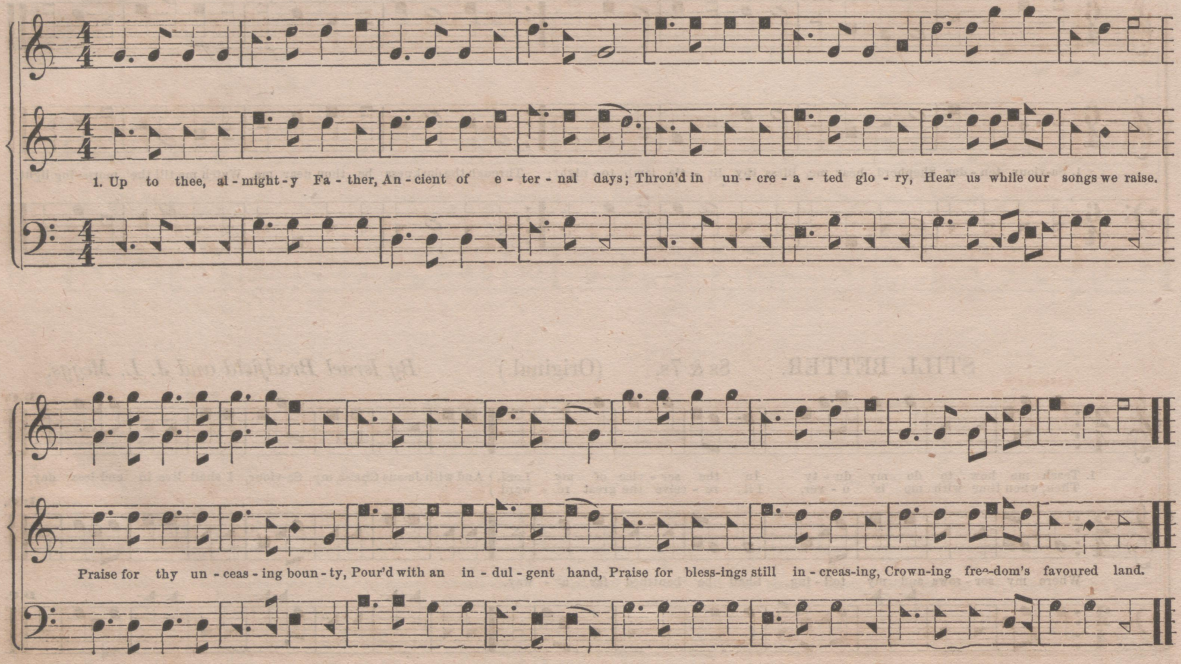
STILL BETTER. 8s & 7s. (Original.) *By Israel Bradfield and J. L. Meggs.*



ALMIGHTY FATHER. 8s & 7s.

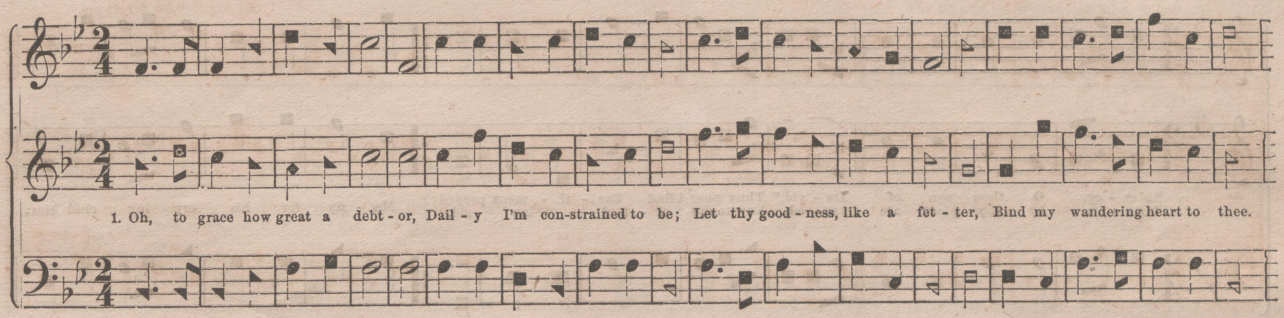
Arranged by B. F. W.

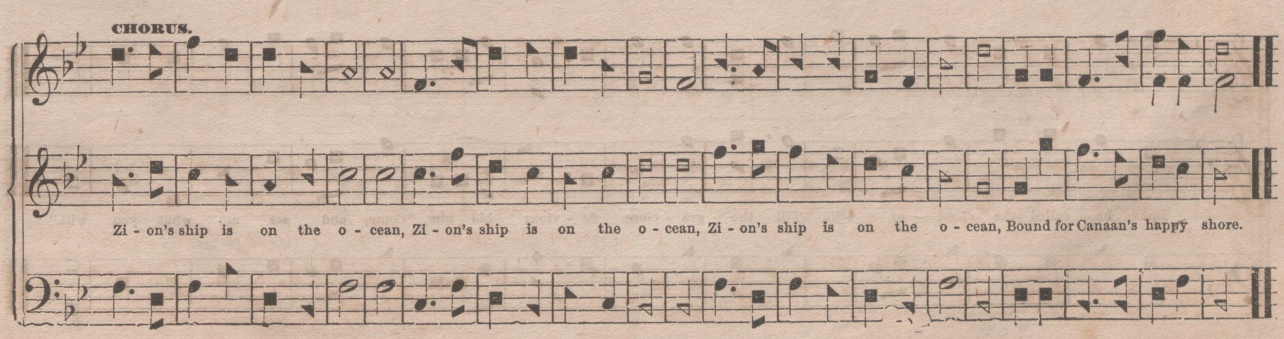
Old Air of "Go, forget me."



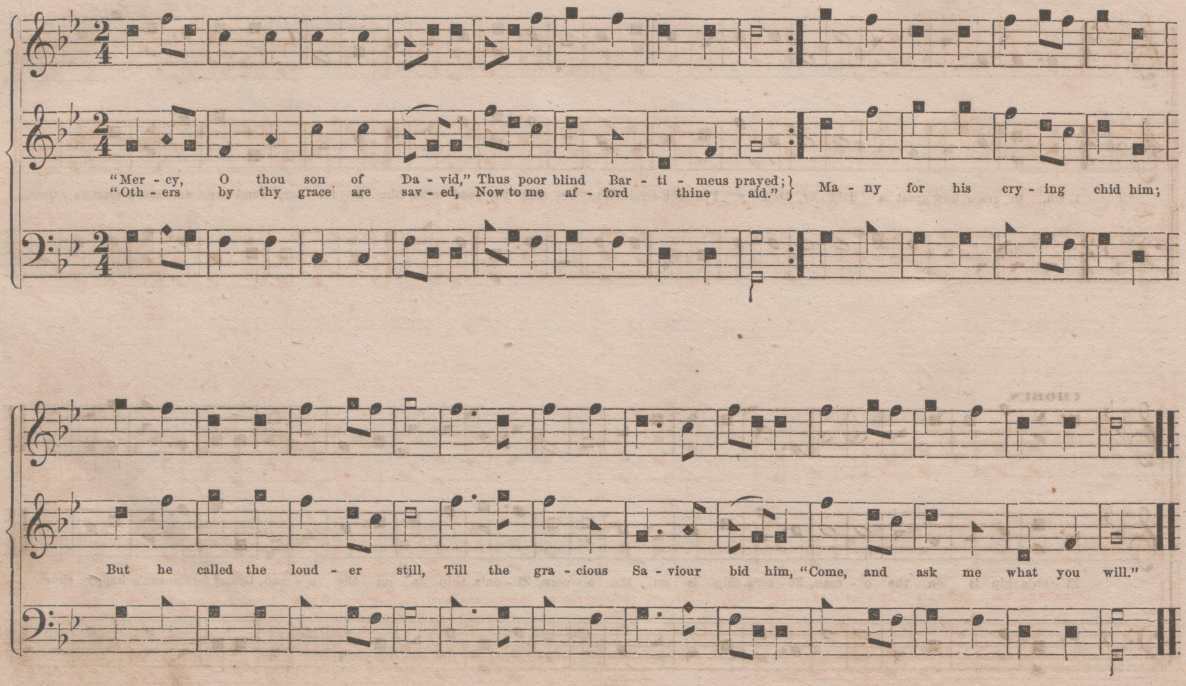
ZION'S SHIP. 8s & 7s.

Tenor by J. D. ARNOLD.
Bass and Treble by C. F. WHITE.





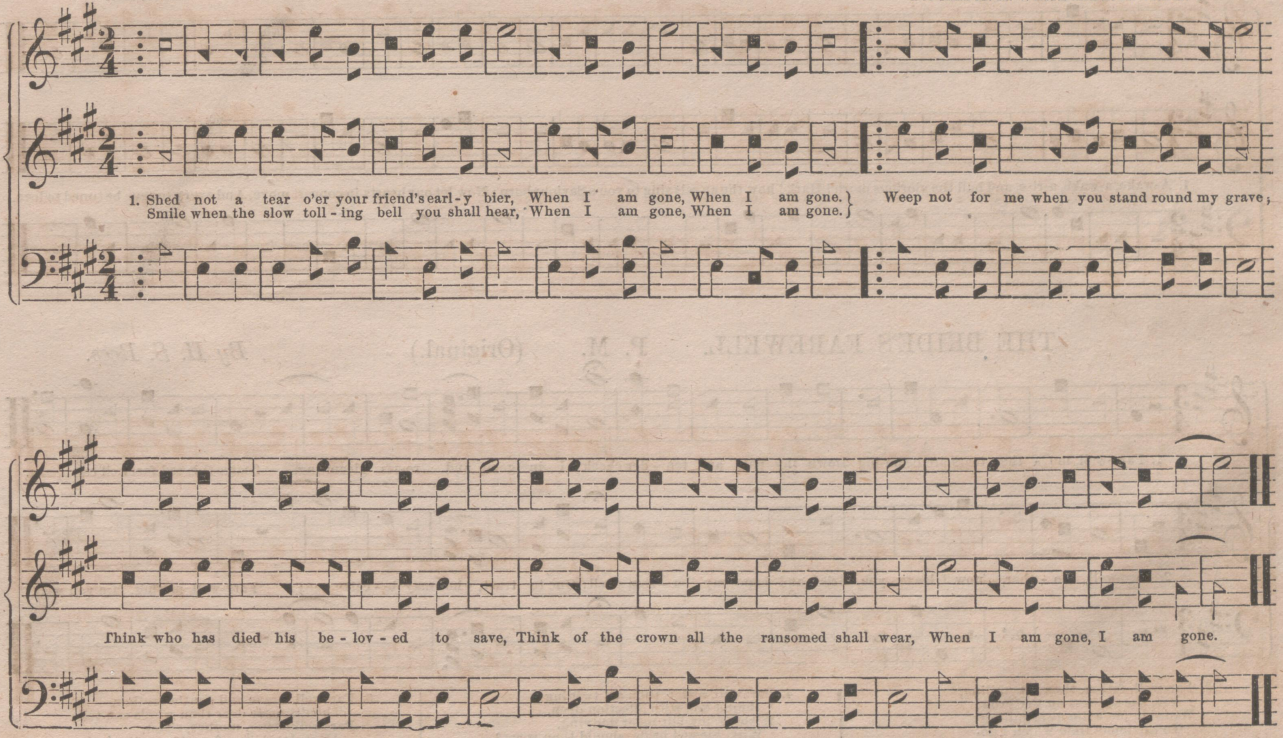
458 FRIENDSHIP. 8, 7. *By E. F. Williams.*



TOLLING BELL. 10s & 4s.

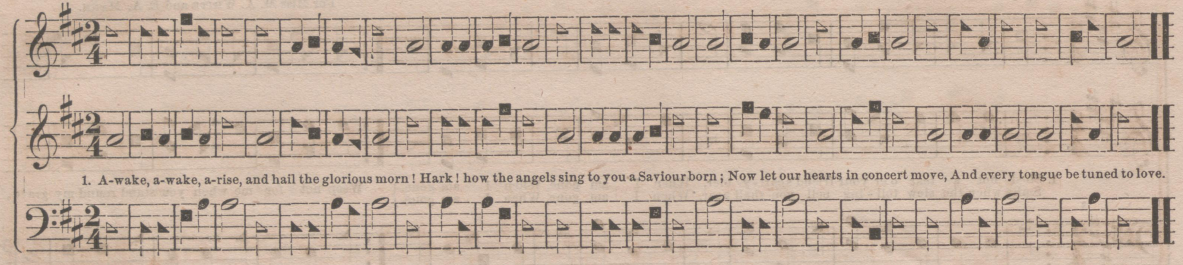
By R. F. M. Mann. Nov. 1, 1868.

For Miss M. A. White and E. A. Mann.

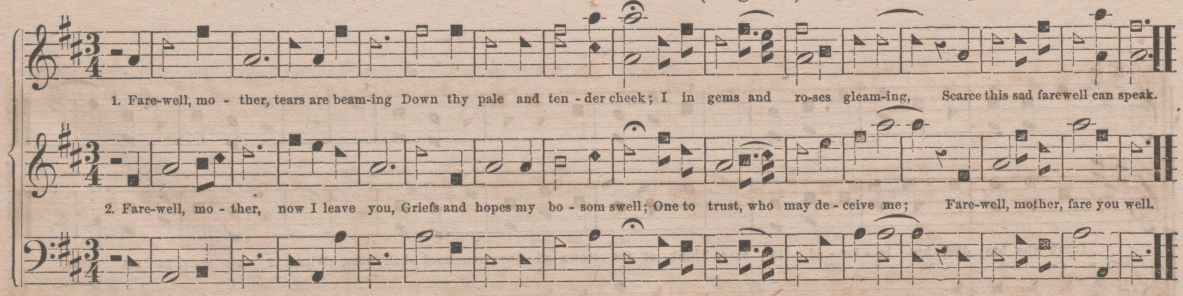


BIRTH OF CHRIST. H. M. (Original.) *By R. F. M. Mann.*

Oct. 22, 1869.



THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL. P. M. (Original.) *By H. S. Rees.*



3. Farewell, father, thou art smiling,
Yet, the sadness on thy brow,
Winning me without beguiling
To the home from which I go.

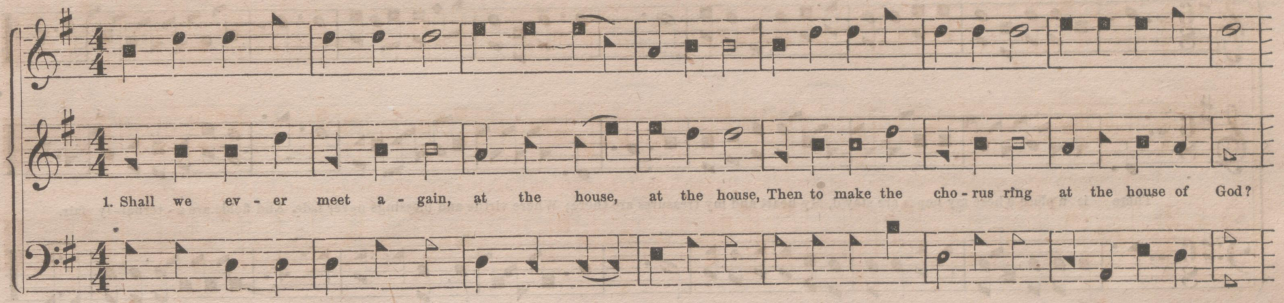
4. Farewell, sister, thou art twining
Round one with affection deep,
Wishing joy but ne'er denying,
Why, blessed bride, should thou weep?

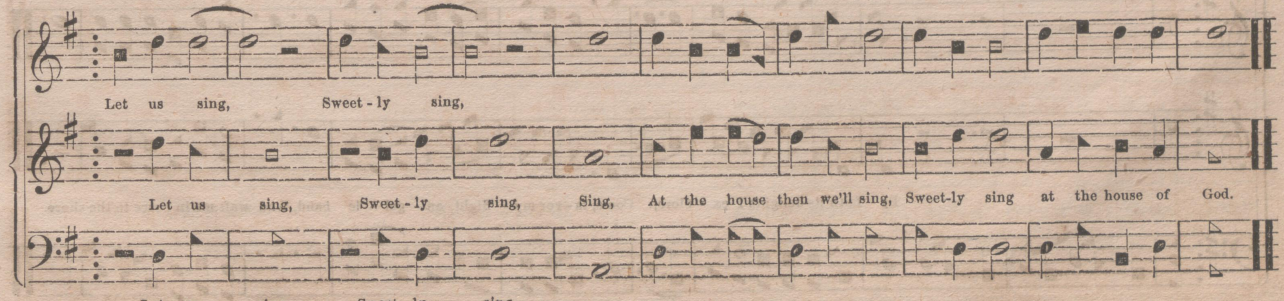
5. Farewell, brave and gentle brother,
Thou'rt more dear than words can tell;
Farewell father, mother, sister,
All ye lov'd ones fare thee well.

LET US SING.* (S. P.)

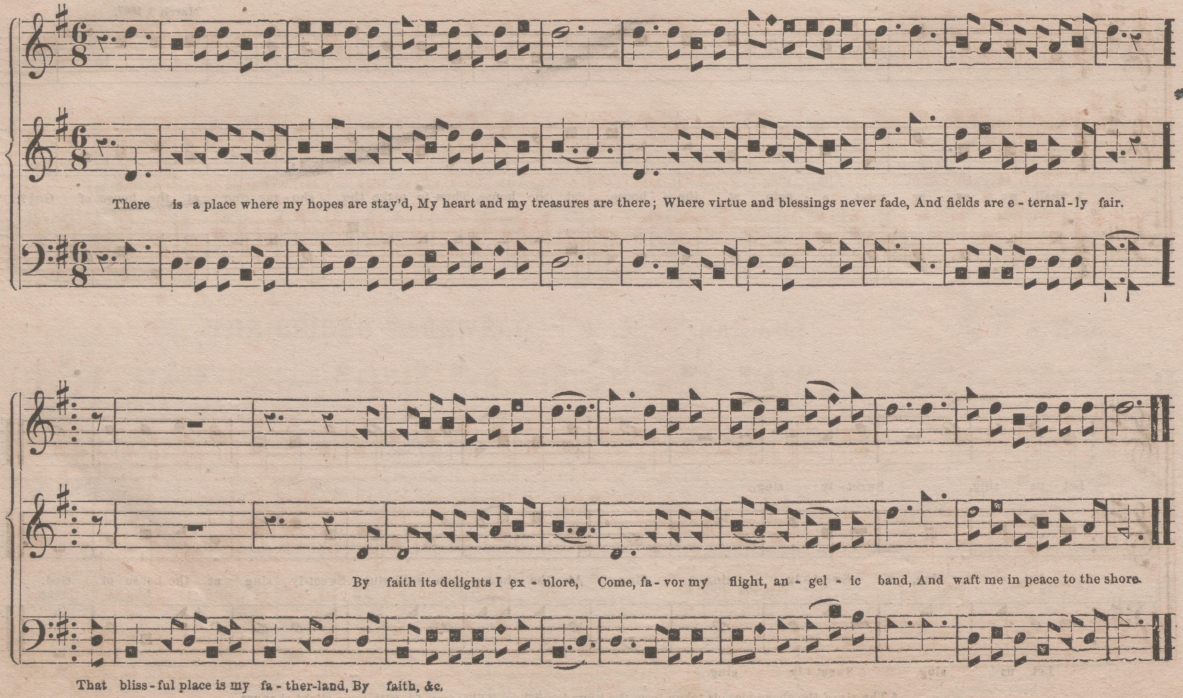
Words and Music *arranged by W. F. Moore.*

March 3, 1867.

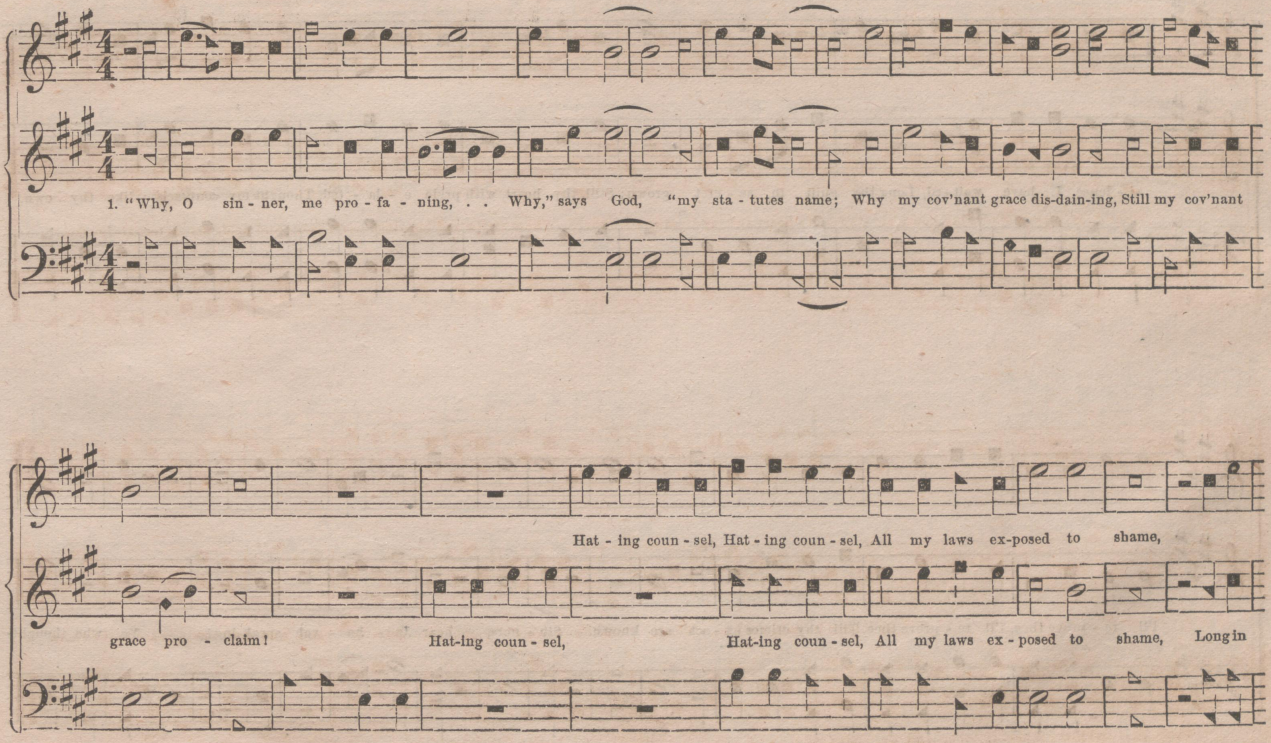




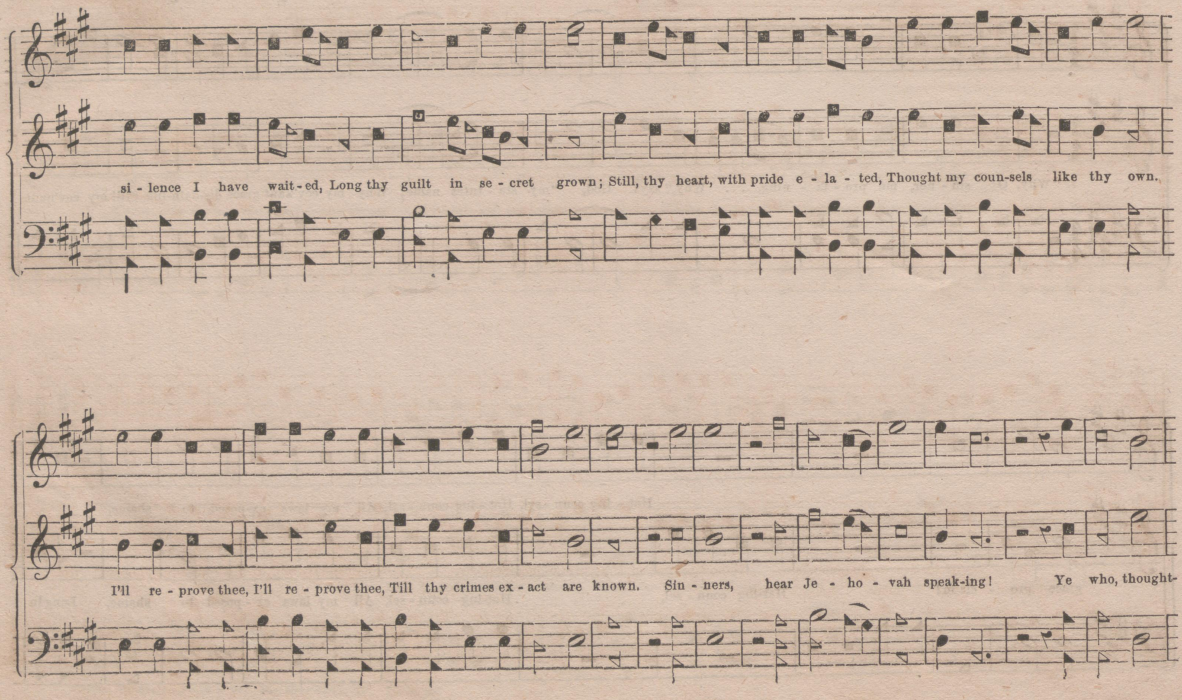
* The air of the above piece is taken from the "Sunday-School Bell": page 60, with some slight changes.

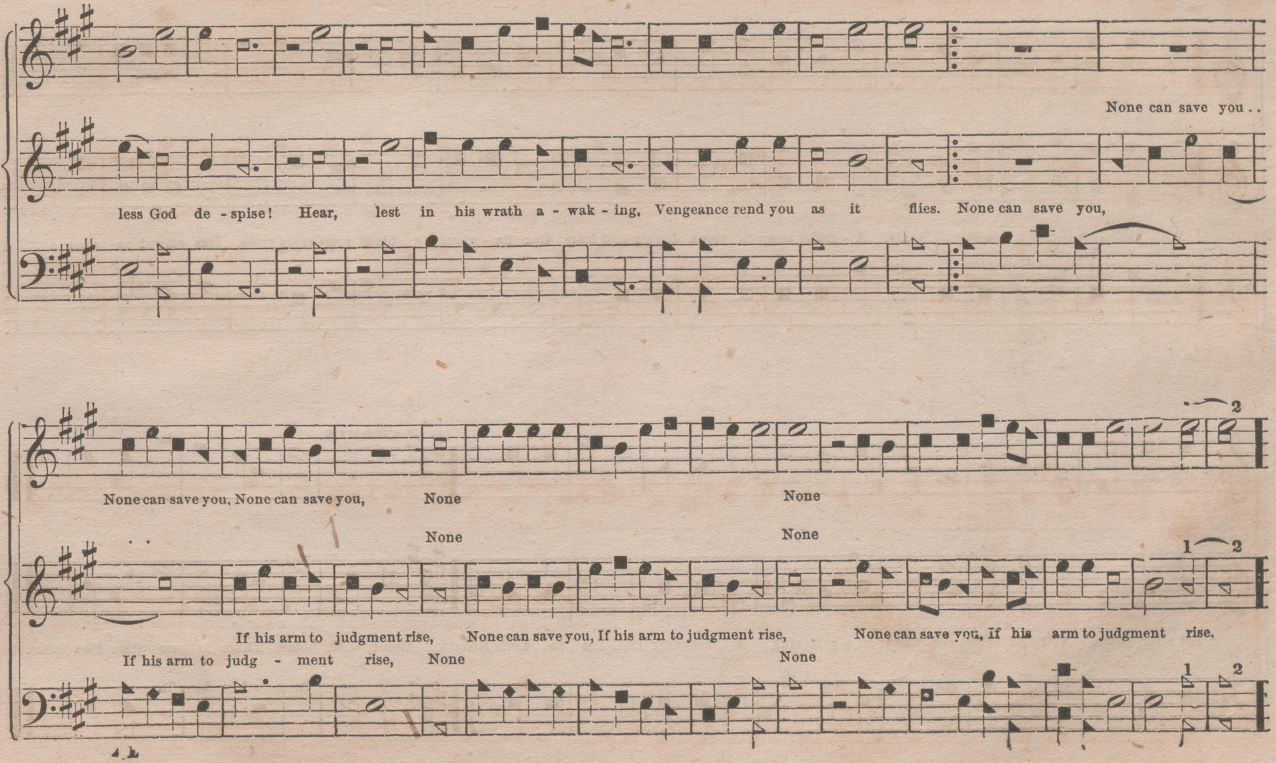

There is a place where my hopes are stay'd, My heart and my treasures are there; Where virtue and blessings never fade, And fields are e - ternal - ly fair.
By faith its delights I ex - plore, Come, fa - vor my flight, an - gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.
That bliss - ful place is my fa - ther-land, By faith, &c.

DODDRIDGE. (Original.) *By M. M. Wynn.*



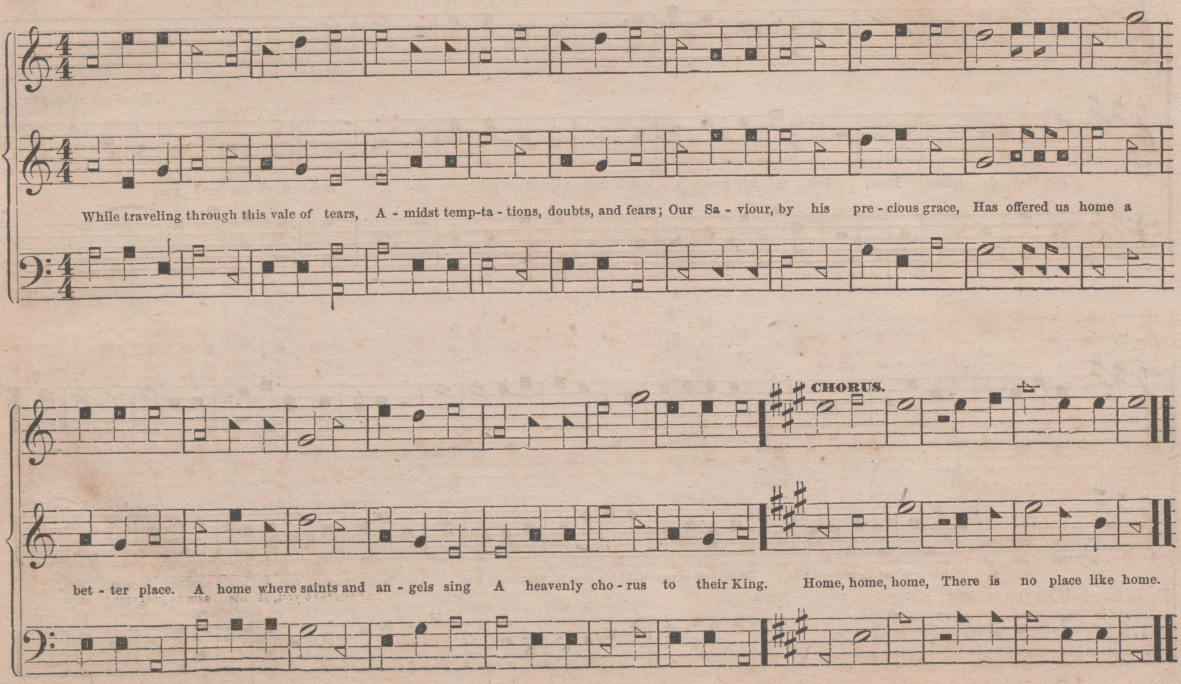
DODDRIDGE. *Continued.*

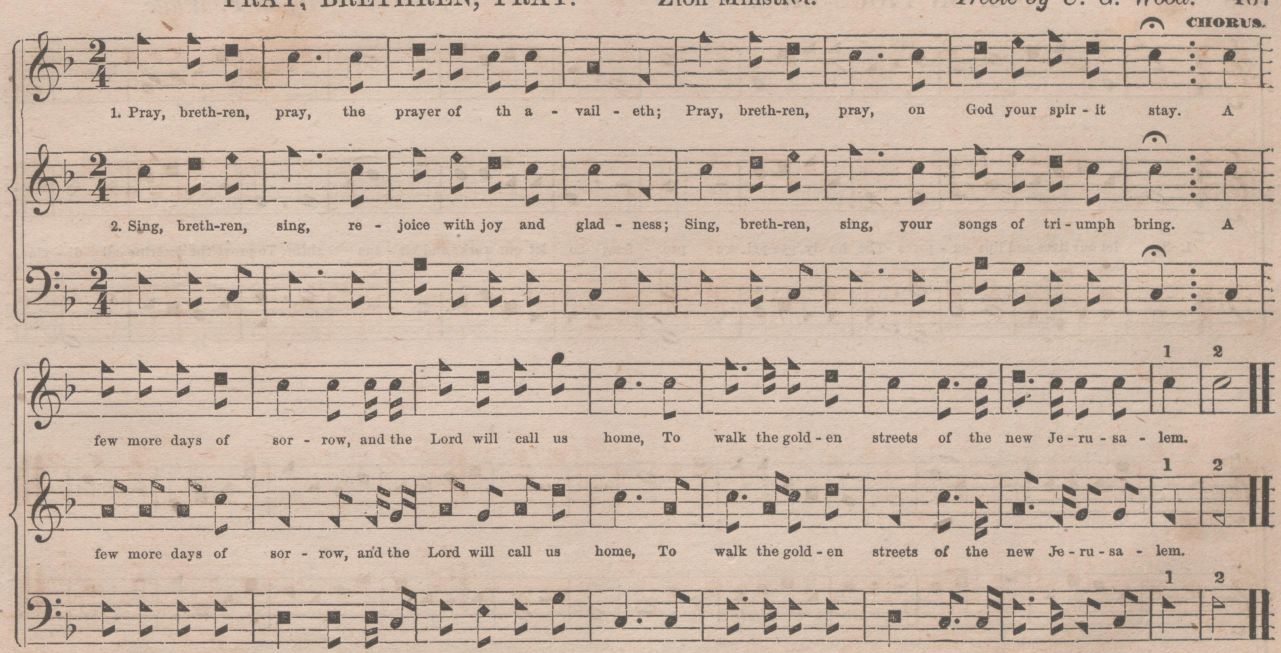



None can save you . .
less God de - spise! Hear, lest in his wrath a - wak - ing, Vengeance rend you as it flies. None can save you,
None can save you, None can save you, None None
None None
If his arm to judgment rise, None can save you, If his arm to judgment rise, None can save you, If his arm to judgment rise.
If his arm to judg - ment rise, None None
1 2
1 2
1 2

HOME. (Original.)

Music and Poetry by B. F. W.





3. Rise, brethren, rise, your souls by faith ascending;
Rise, brethren, rise, your home is in the skies.
A few more days of sorrow, &c.

4. Home, brethren, home, that home is pure and holy;
Home, brethren, home, no evil there can come.
A few more days of sorrow, &c.

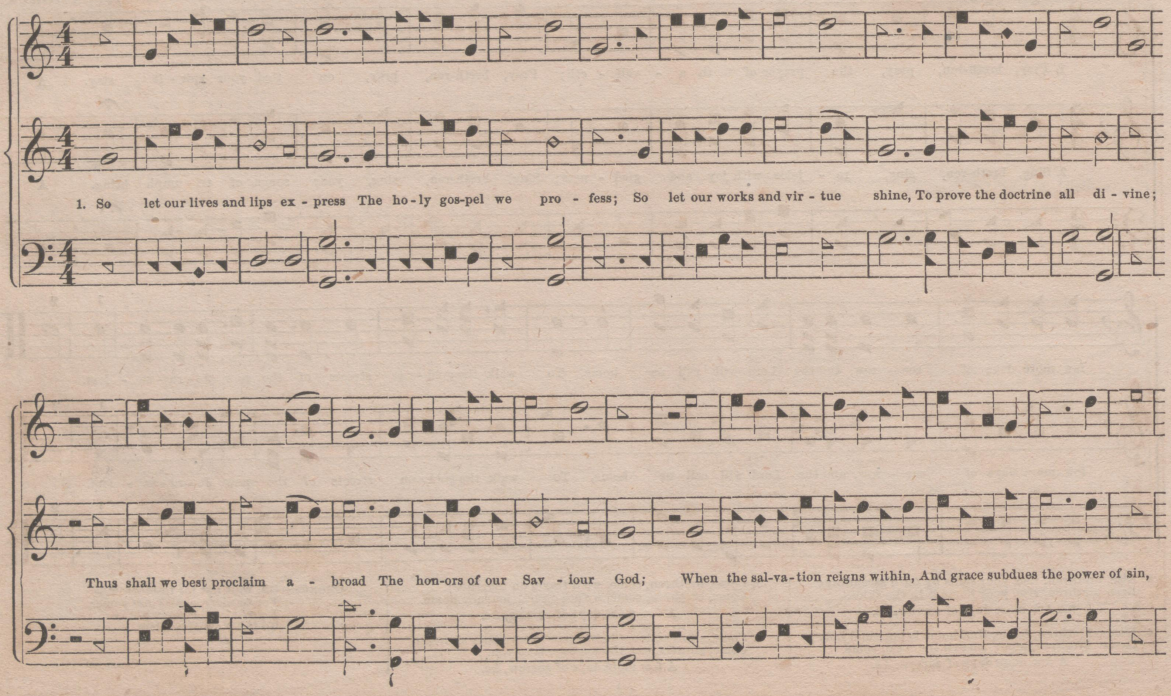
5. Come, brethren, come, we'll travel on together;
Come, brethren, come, we are on our journey home.
A few more days of sorrow, &c.

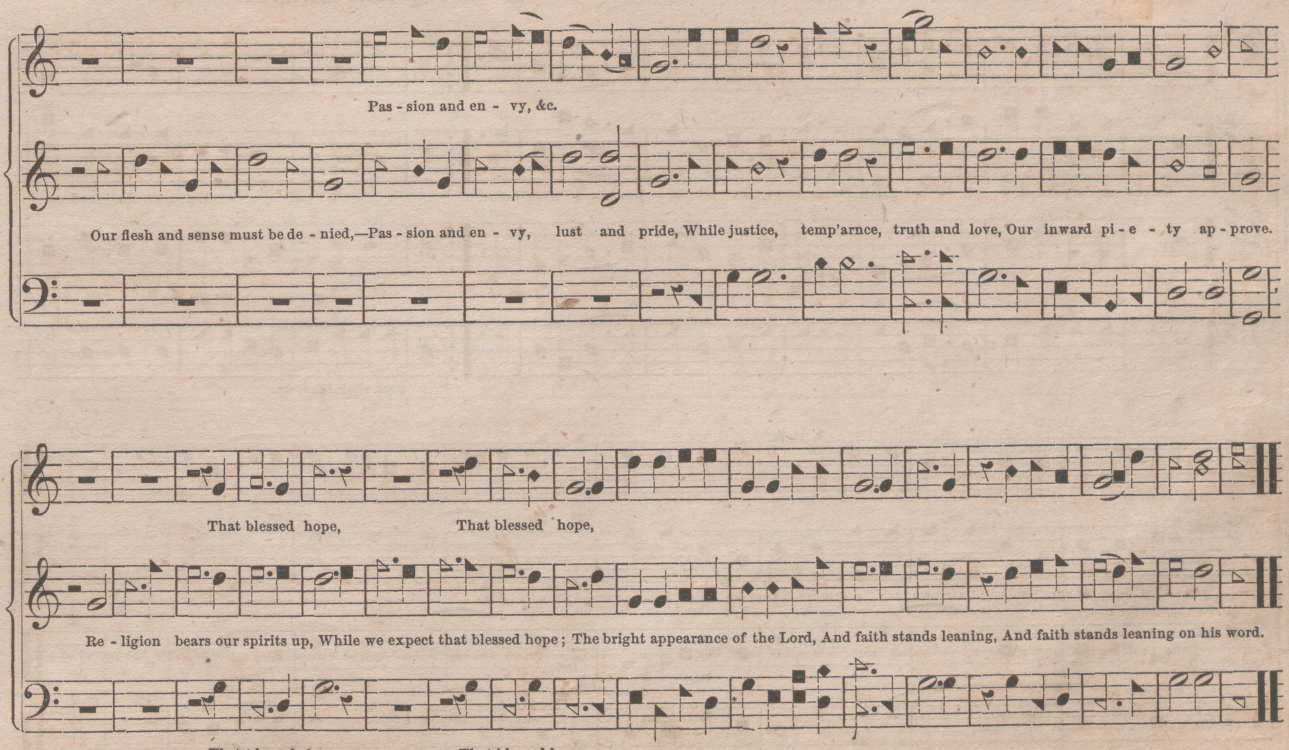
6. Come, sinners, too, Christ came to save poor sinners;
Come, sinners, too, the message is to you.
A few more days of sorrow, &c.

CHORUS.—Oh, wait not for to-morrow,
For to-morrow may not come·
Repent, and come with us
To the New Jerusalem.

ODE ON PIOUS LIFE.

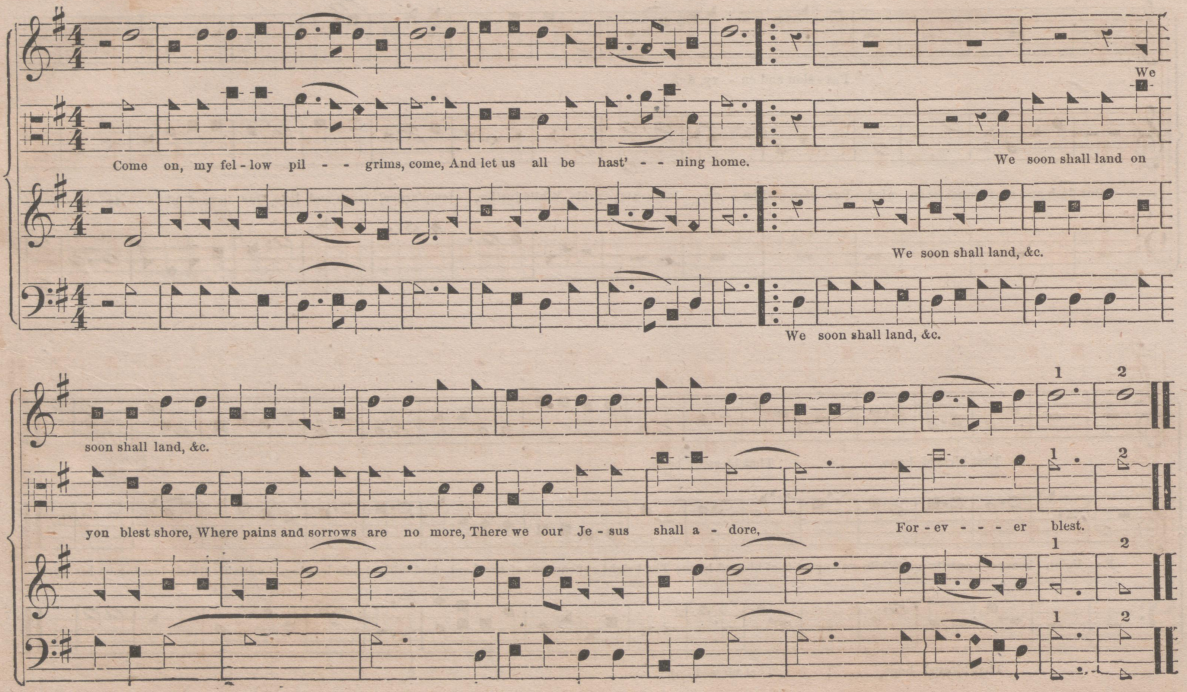
By B. F. White.



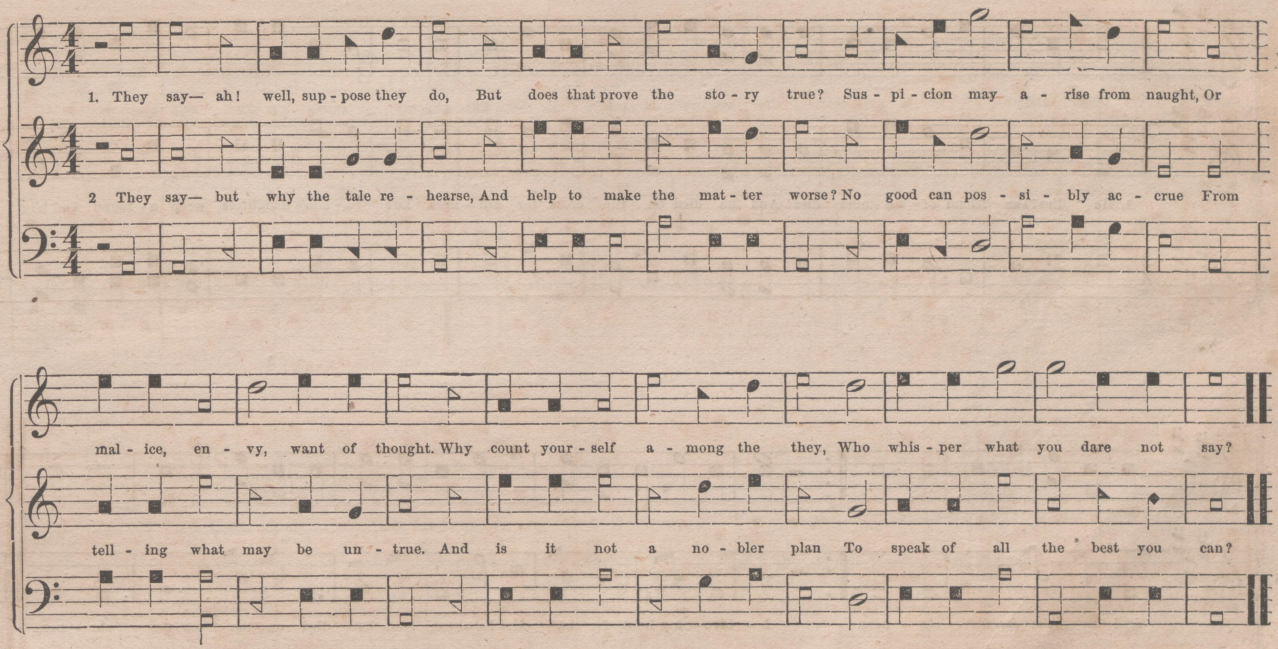

Pas - sion and en - vy, &c.
Our flesh and sense must be de - nied,—Pas - sion and en - vy, lust and pride, While justice, temp'arnce, truth and love, Our inward pi - e - ty ap - prove.
That blessed hope, That blessed hope,
Re - ligion bears our spirits up, While we expect that blessed hope; The bright appearance of the Lord, And faith stands leaning, And faith stands leaning on his word.
That blessed hope, That blessed hope,

SARDIS. (Original.)

By Miss Sarah Lancaster.



GOSSIP, OR THEY SAY.— (Original.) *Music and Poetry by B. F. White.*

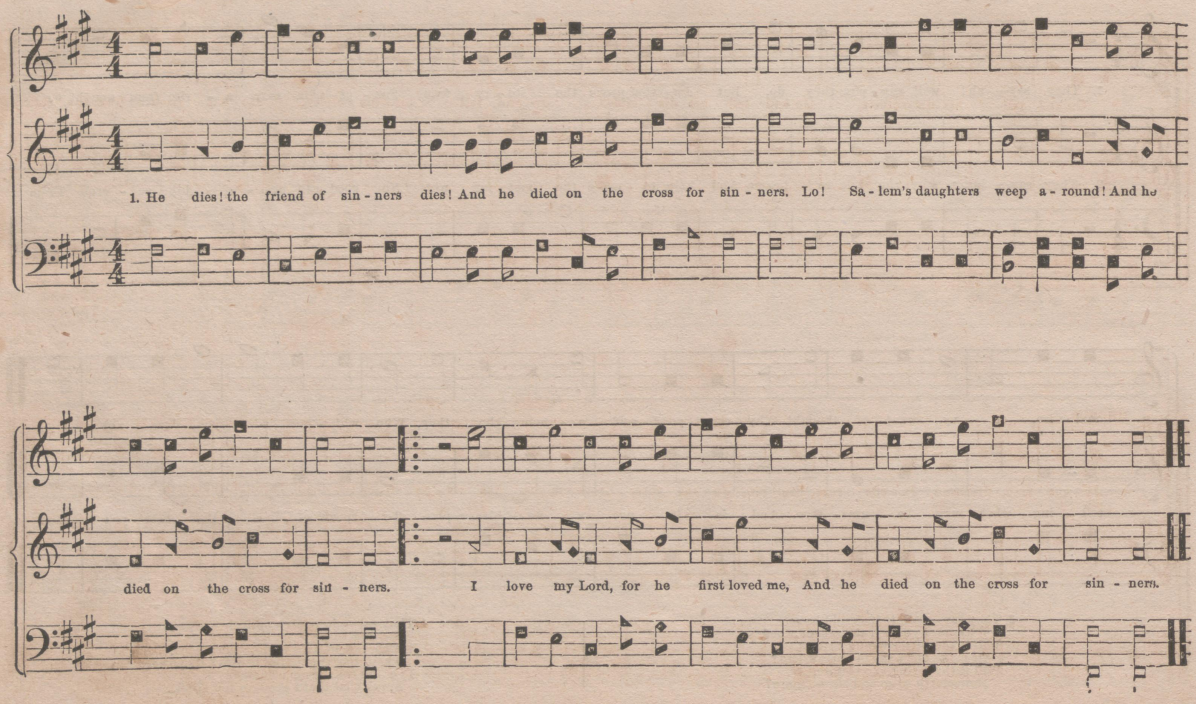


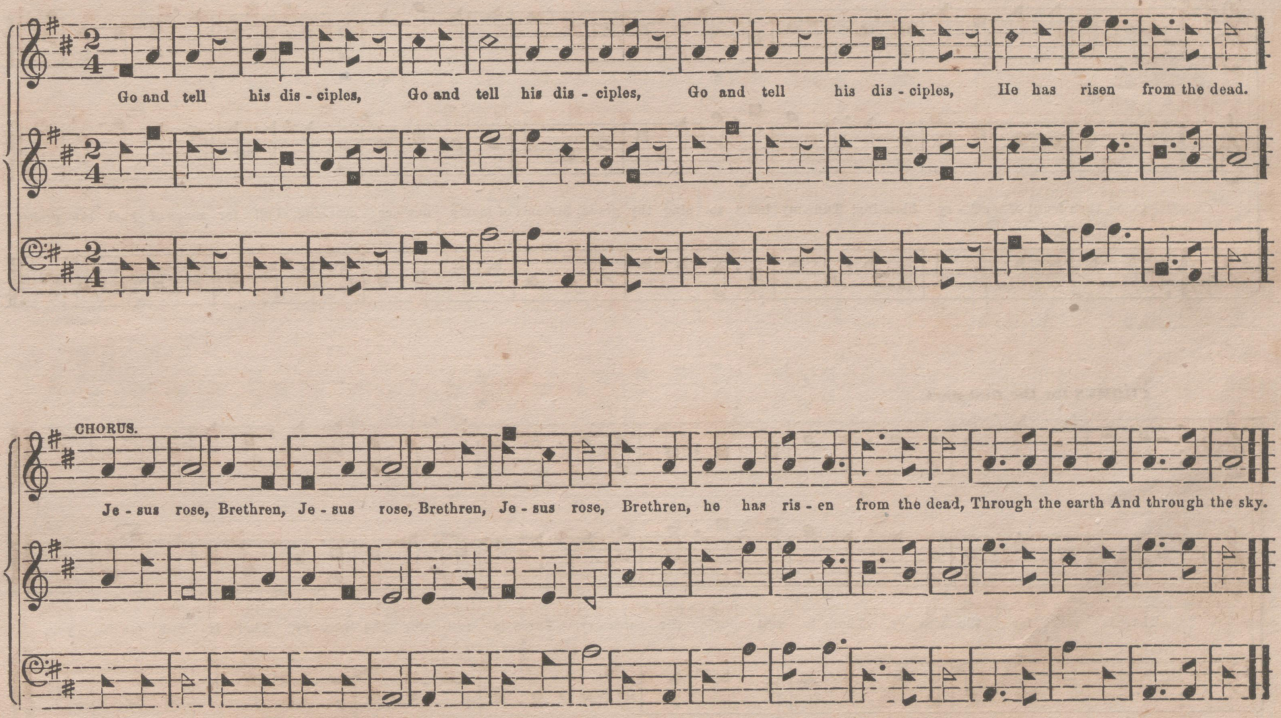
3. They say—well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to go and sin no more?

4. They say—oh, pause and look within;
See how thine heart inclines to sin:
Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour,
Thou, too, should fall beneath its power;
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,
Speak that that's good, or not at all.

THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

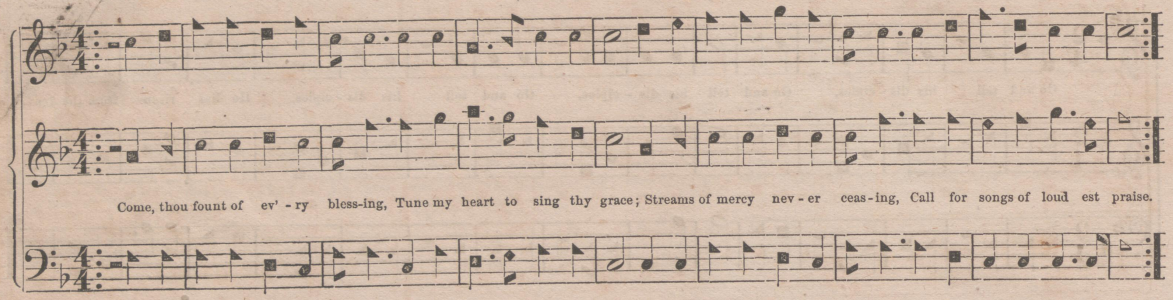
Arranged for the Organ, *by J. P. Reese.*



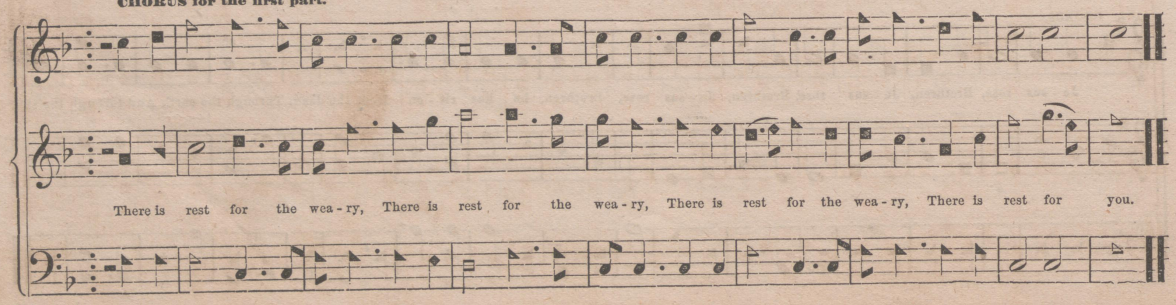

Go and tell his dis - ciples, Go and tell his dis - ciples, Go and tell his dis - ciples, He has risen from the dead.
CHORUS.
Je - sus rose, Brethren, Je - sus rose, Brethren, Je - sus rose, Brethren, he has ris - en from the dead, Through the earth And through the sky.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Original arrangement by B. F. W.

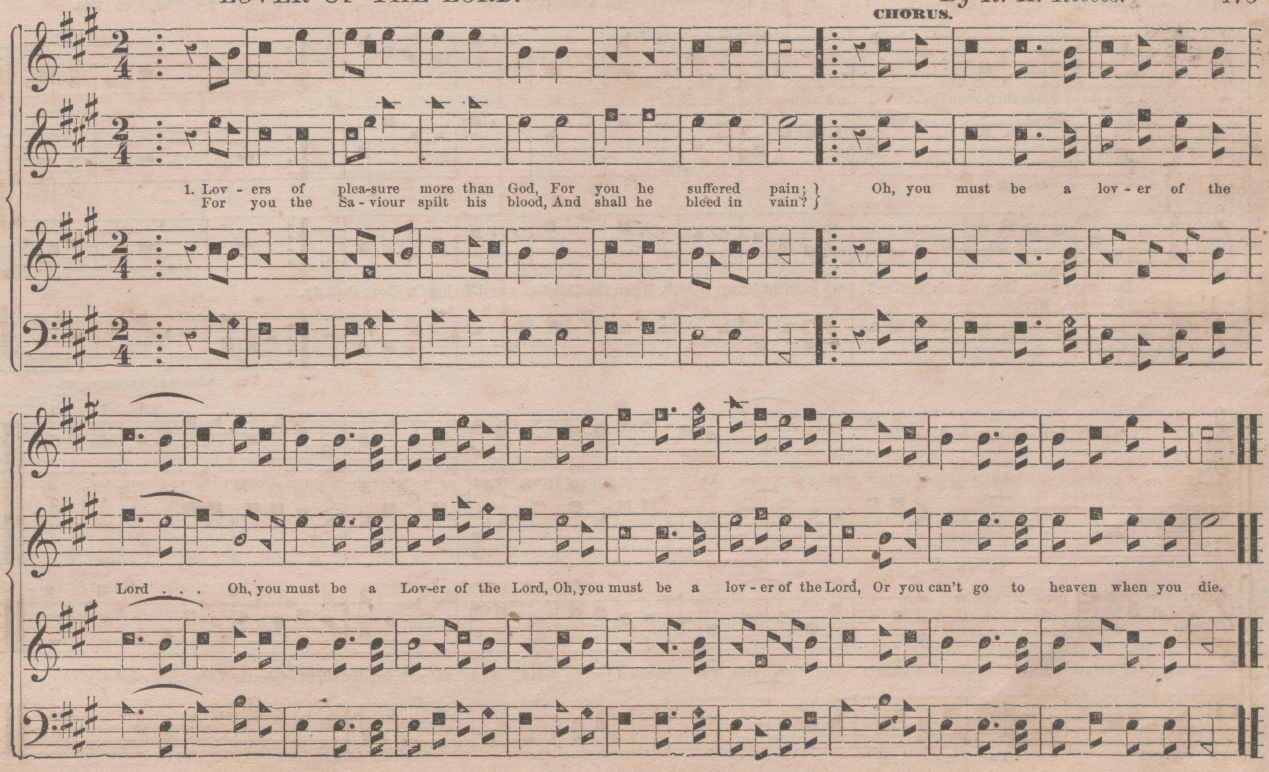


CHORUS for the first part.



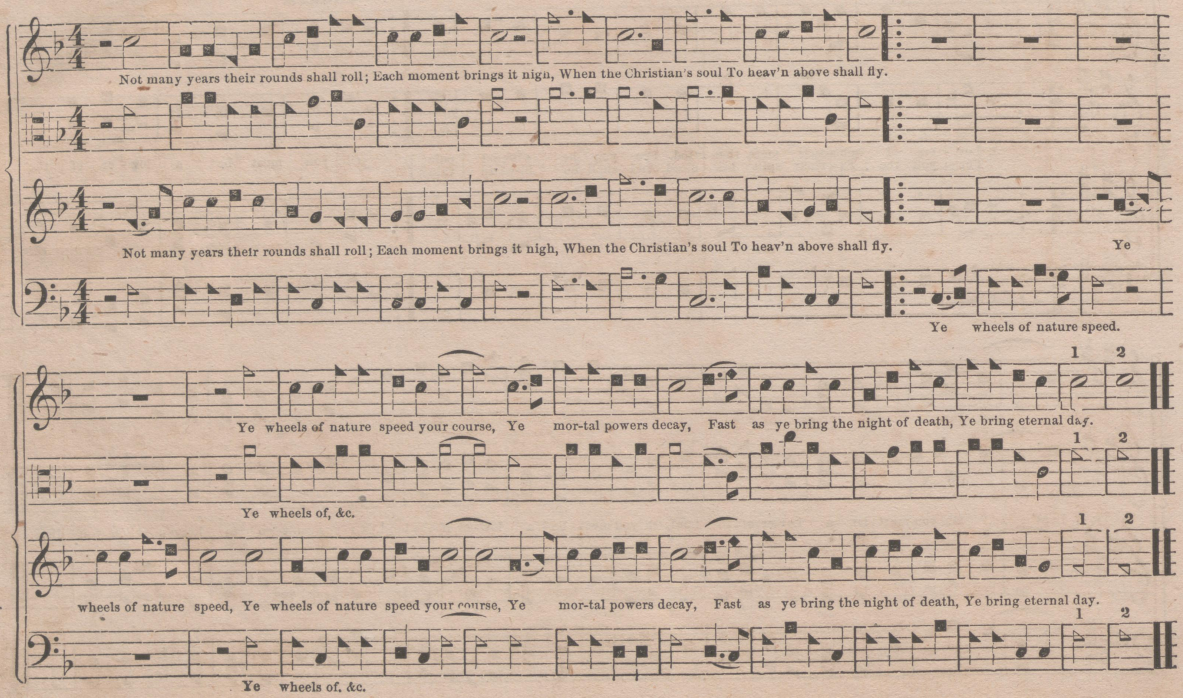
LOVER OF THE LORD.

By R. H. Reeves.



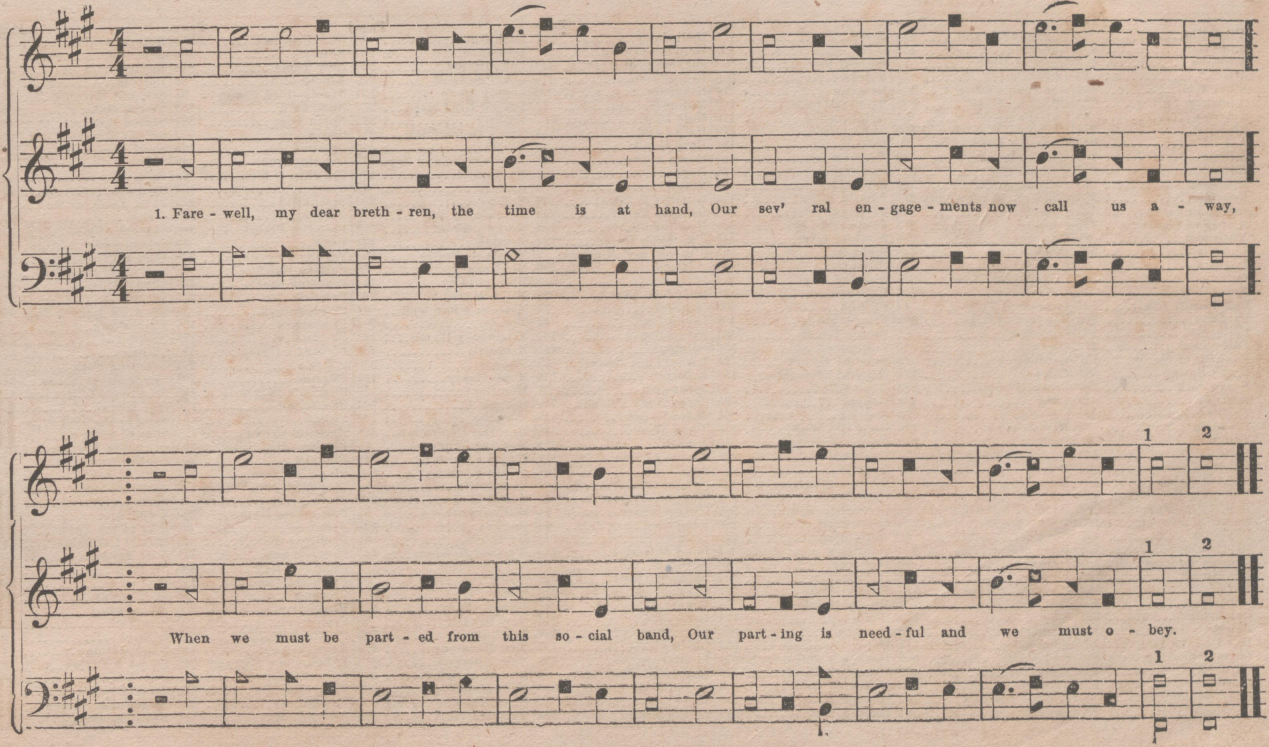
THE CHRISTIAN'S FLIGHT. (Original.)

By W. F. Moore. 1806.



FAREWELL. (Original.)

By W. D Jones.



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