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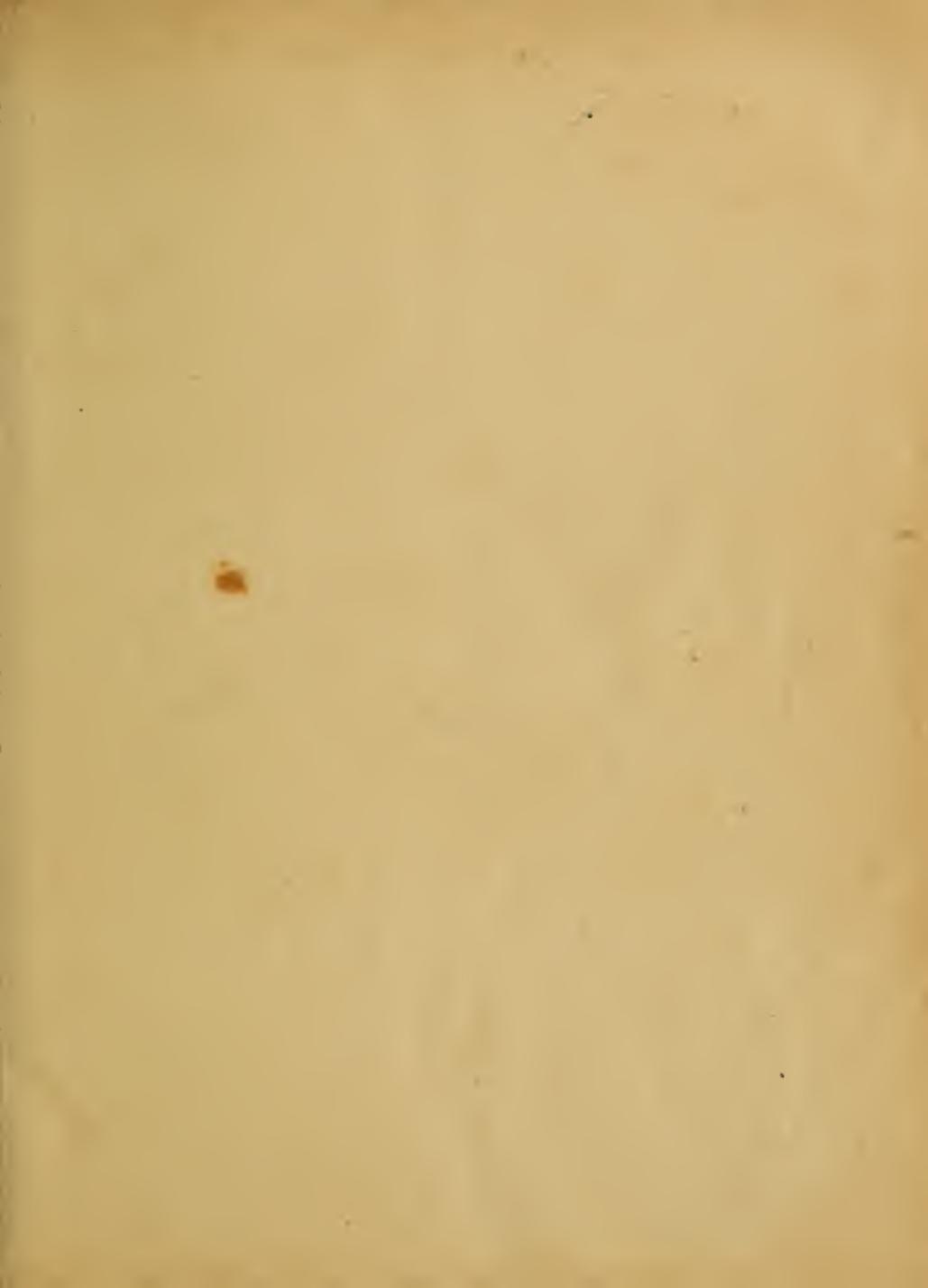
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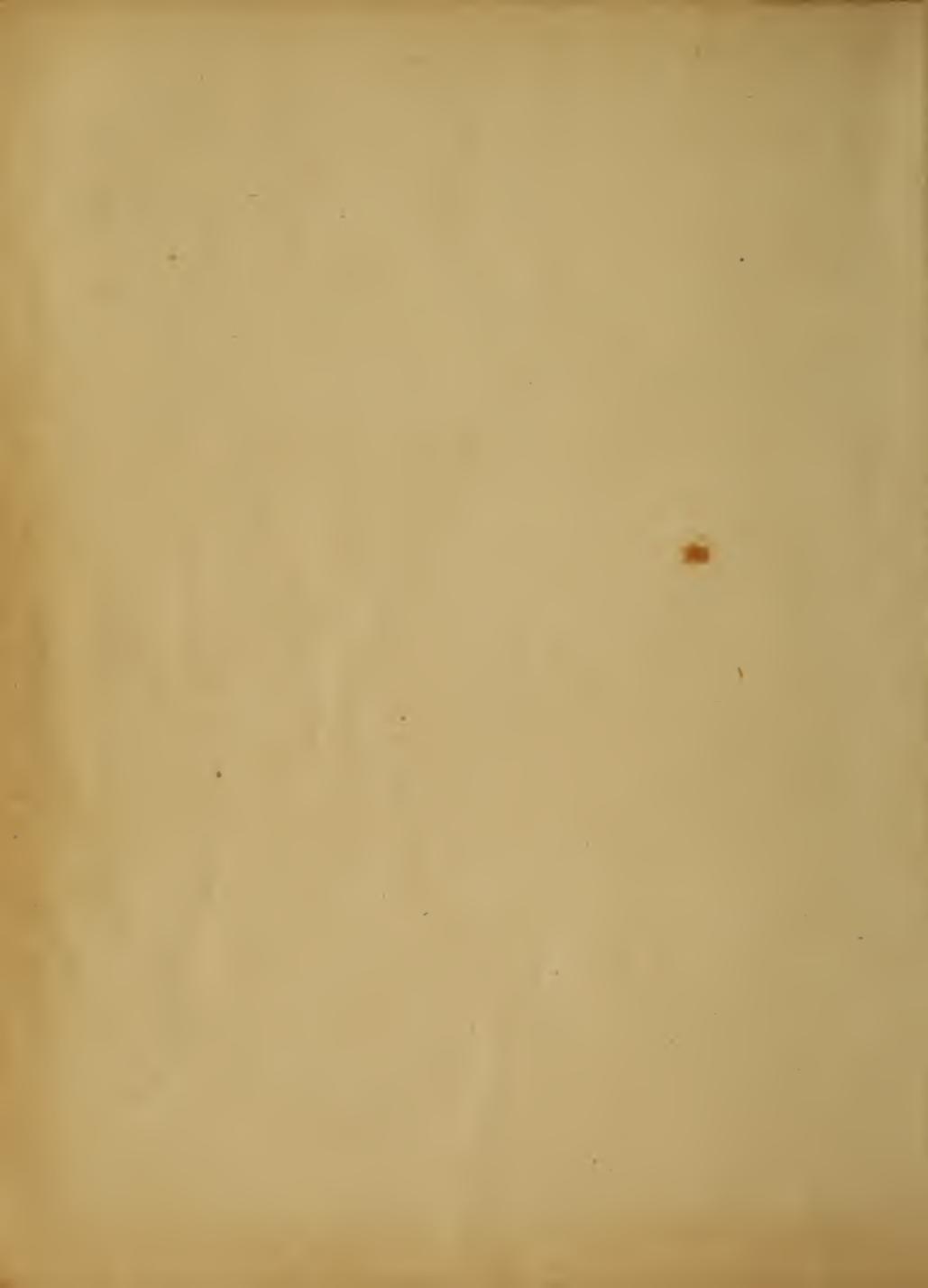


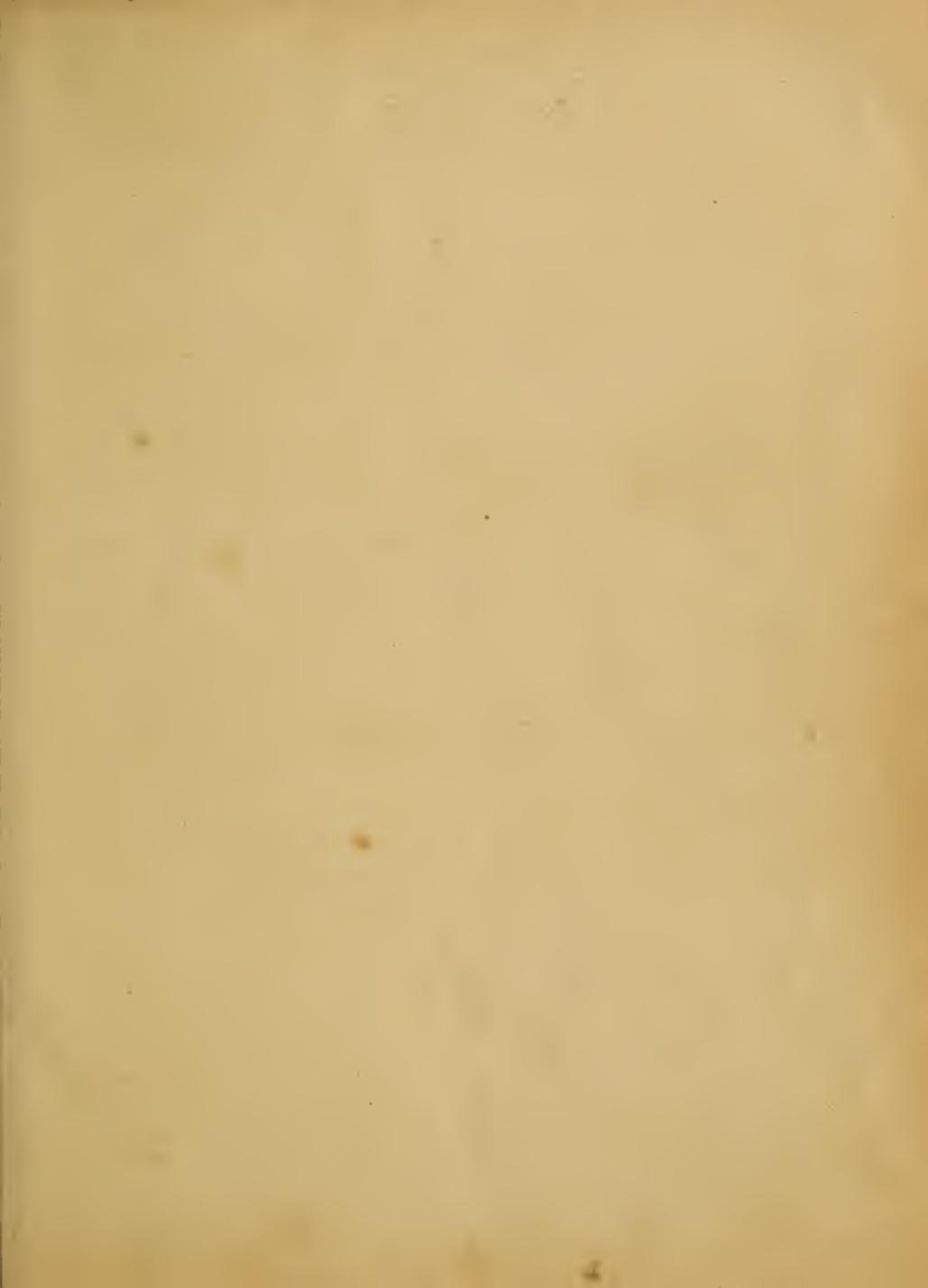
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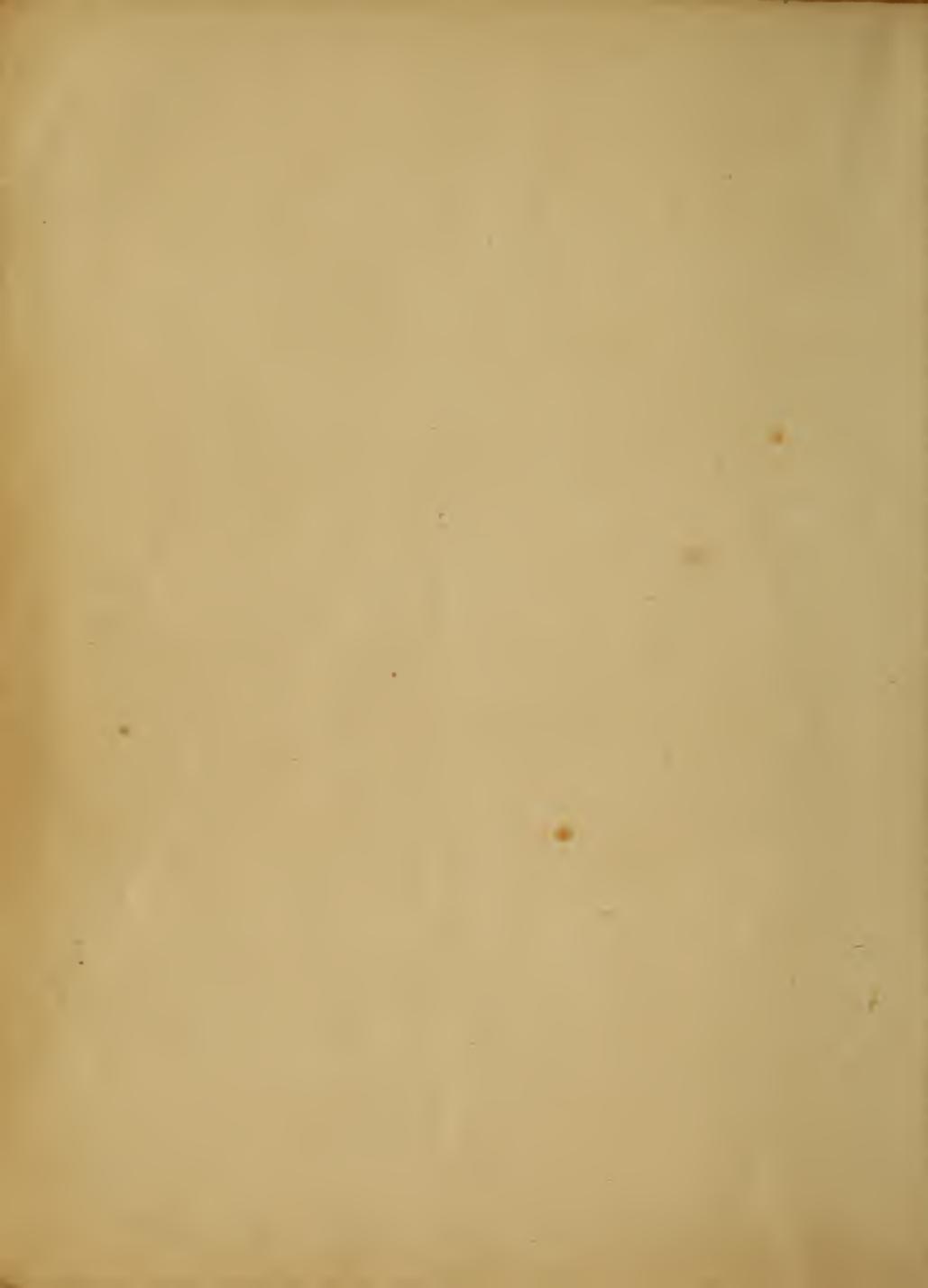
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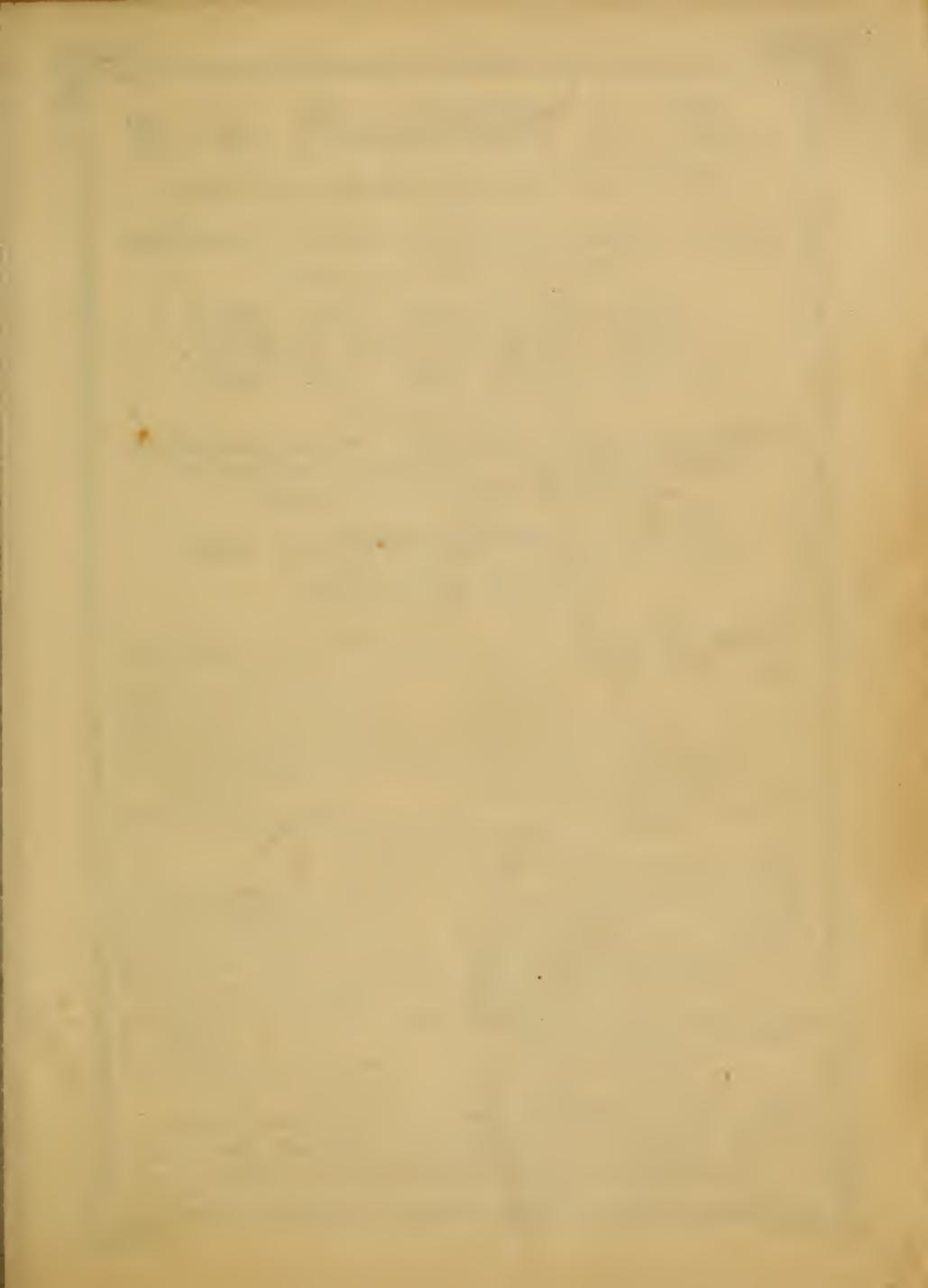
Alas my friend the year
has run its course
and we all in
the cold snow will be











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PHYSICS 309

LECTURE NOTES

BY

PROFESSOR

OF PHYSICS

AND

OF ASTRONOMY

AND

OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES

THE

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST;

A COLLECTION OF TUNES AND HYMNS,

FOR THE USE OF

WORSHIPING ASSEMBLIES, SINGING AND
SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

NUMERAL EDITION.

COMPILED FROM MANY AUTHORS,

✓
BY

SILAS W. LEONARD AND A. D. FILLMORE

SEVENTH EDITION.

CINCINNATI:
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AND J. A. & U. P. JAMES.
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SILAS W. LEONARD

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P R E F A C E .

A BOOK of Tunes and Hymns — a Hymn Note Book for the use of the Church of God — has been demanded for several years, and in order to meet this demand, and at the solicitation of many Christian brethren, resident in different States, we now present to our singing brethren, scholars, and friends, the CHRISTIAN PSALMIST. We combine the different systems of notation in use, because we have calls for a book in each system. Those who understand the round notes and the patent notes, can sing the numerals by remembering that in the numeral system : 1 is as long as a whole note, or semibreve ; .1 as long as a half note, or minim ; 1 as long as a quarter note, or crotchet ; 1 as long as an eighth note, or quaver, &c., and that a - after a note adds to its length one half. Singers can call the numerals by their proper names, or can apply to them the Italian system of solmization, or the English system ; as,

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Or ;	do,	re,	mi,	fa,	sol,	la,	si,	do ;
Or ;	fa,	sol,	la,	fa,	sol,	la,	mi,	fa.

We offer this to supply, for a time at least, Social Meetings, Bible Classes, Singing Societies, Sunday Schools, &c. We give in the CHRISTIAN PSALMIST Tunes and Hymns for

the Congregation, the Parlor, the Protracted Meeting. There are those in all denominations who find fault with every addition and improvement, and we doubt not such persons will find something to say and do against the Christian Psalmist. But a majority of Christians in the United States know that they have a right to the best of every thing — to their choice of all that may be put before them. “Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.”

We call our book the Christian Psalmist. To say “Brethren’s, Citizen’s, or Disciple’s Psalmist,” though scriptural, sounds awkward. To call our book the “Campbellite, Wesleyan, or Lutheran Psalmist,” would be both unscriptural and ridiculous, for the Bible teaches us to acknowledge no man as master. We give it the divine appellation “Christian,” to which none will object except those who are ambitious for partizan or personal aggrandisement.

We acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. MASON for some splendid Tunes from the first and second volume of the Sacred Harp. Also, to Mr. T. HARRISON, of Cincinnati, *Inventor and Patentee* of the “Numeral System of Notation,” for the use of his system, and many fine Tunes.

To the lovers of improvement in singing in the Church of God, we dedicate the CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

S. W. LEONARD,
A. D. FILLMORE.

PREFACE TO THE SIXTH EDITION.

The great demand for the *Christian Psalmist*, and the great improvement in singing, wherever it is introduced, has induced the publisher to expend much time and money in making improvements and additions to the work. Up to the present time the *Christian Psalmist* has been published partly in notes and partly in numerals; the different systems have been thoroughly tested, and a vast majority of the singers have decided in favor of the numeral system. Therefore this edition is presented to the public entirely in the numeral system.

To Mr. T. Harrison, of the M. E. Church North, the public is indebted for the invention of the numeral system of musical notation. To Mr. A. D. Fillmore, of the Christian Church, are we indebted for the introduction of the numeral system into the first editions of the *Christian Psalmist*; and the Rev. Mr. Harrison has kindly permitted me to make some slight alterations from his system, in the manner of presenting the minor or plaintive mode.

I here present my thanks to Messrs. Harrison, Mason, Wakefield, Crihfield, Bartlett, Hayden, Edmondson, Ramsey, and others, for the music they have favored me with, and to Messrs. Hunter, Crihfield, Baxter, Vandake, and

others for the excellent hymns they have furnished. A. D. Fillmore, junior author of the *Christian Psalmist*, and editor of the "*Musician and General Intelligencer*," has furnished several splendid tunes and hymns.

The *Christian Psalmist* has been before the public eleven months, and for every month there have been a thousand copies called for. Being, at once, a Church Book, a School Book, a Hymn Book, and a Note Book, it has found purchasers among various denominations in nearly every State of our Union, in New Brunswick, and in the Canadas both East and West. Being free from every thing of a sectarian nature, it is adopted by various Churches, and circulated by Preachers, Colporteurs, and Music Masters, of different denominations; and, wherever it goes, is found to promote musical improvement and Christian union.

S. WHITE LEONARD.

7G

C .1 | 1 1 .1 .1 | 1 .3 | 3 .1 .3 | 2 1 ||

3c 5 .5 7 :7

7G

D .3 | 1 3 .4 .3 | 4 4 .3 .5 | 5 5 .5 .6 | 5 s4 .5 ||

3c

Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his power prolongs my days,

7G

P 2 .3 .1 P

A .5 | 3 5 .6 .5 | 6 7 .8 .8 | 7 | 7 6 .5 ||

3c

7G

P P

B .1 | 1 1 .1 .1 | 4 5 .1 .1 | 5 5 .8 .1 | 2 2 .5 ||

3c

7G

.1 1 P 1 1 .1 .1 1 P

C .5 | 5 7 .5 | 7 .7 | 5 .5 ||

3c

7G

P P

D .5 | 5 5 .5 .5 | 5 5 .5 .5 | 5 5 .4 .3 | 4 4 .3 ||

3c

And every even-ing shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.

7G

1 2 .3 .1 4 3 .2 .2 3 1 .1

A .5 | P .6 .5 | 6 7 P ||

3c

7G

P P

B .5 | 3 5 .8 .3 | 2 1 .5 .5 | 8 3 .4 .1 | 4 5 .1 ||

3c

CONTEMPLATION. L. M.

6G

D | | | () () | 1 | | () () | |

2q

3 5 3 6 5 4 3 4 5 3- 3 3 7- 5 7 6 5 s4 5-

6G

A 1 | 3 1 | 4 3 | 2 1 2 3 | 1- | 1 3 | 2- | 2 1 | |

2q

' ' ' ' ' 5 ' ' ' 7 6 5-

6G

O blest art thou whose steps may rove Thro' the green paths of vale and grove,

6G

B 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | | | | 2 | |

2q

' 5 5 1- 1 1 1 5- 5 2 5-

6G

D	2-	—	1	2	1-1	—	—	—		
2Q	5	5	3 4 3	3	7-	'	'	7 6 5 4	3 5-4	3-

6G

A	4-2	1	—	1 3	5-	4	3-5	5 4 3 2	1 3-2	1-	
2Q	5	'	'	7 6 5	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

Or, leaving all their charms below, Climb the wild mountains airy brow

6G

B	—	—	—	—		1-	—	—	—	—		
2Q	5	5-5	5	5	3 1	5-	7	3	4	4	5 5	1-

- 2 And gaze afar o'er cultured plains,
And cities with their stately fanes,
And forests, that beneath thee lie,
And ocean mingling with the sky.
- 3 For man can show thee nought so fair
As nature's varied marvels there ;
And if thy pure and artless breast
Can feel their grandeur, thou art blest.
- 4 For thee the stream in beauty flows,
For thee the gale of summer blows,
And, in deep glen and wood-walk free,
Voices of joy still breathe for thee.
- 5 But happier far if then thy soul
Can soar to Him who made the whole,
If to thine eye the simplest flower
Portray His beauty and His power.
- 6 If, in whate'er is bright or grand,
Thy mind can trace His viewless hand ;
If nature's music bid thee raise
The song of gratitude and praise ;
- 7 If heaven and earth, with beauty fraught,
Lead to His throne thy raptured thought ;
If there thou lov'st His love to read,
Then, wanderer, thou art blest indeed !

1G	C	.1	1	1				R	1	.1-	1	1				R	1
2c		.5	.5	.5								.5	5	.5			

1G	D	.3	1	3	.5	.4	.3	R	3	.4-	4	5	4	3	2	.3	R	3
2c																		

Sing to the Lord most high, Let eve - ry land a - dore; With

1G	.1	1	.3	.2	.1				4	3	2	1	.1	
A	5							R	5	.6-		7	R	5

1G	B	.1	3	5	.8	.5	.1	R	1	.4-	6	.5		1	R	1
2c													.5			

1G	C	.1	.1	.1-				R	1	.1-	1	.1		:1	
2c														.7	

1G	D	.4	.4	.3-	3	2	3	4	5	.3	R	3	3	4	5	6	.5	.4	:3	
2c																				

grateful heart and voice make known His good - ness and his power.

1G						2	3	.1		.5-	4	.3	.2	:1
A	.6	.6	.5-	8	7	8			R	5				

1G	B	.1	.1	.1-	3	.5		.1	R	1	1	2	3	4	.5		:1		
2c							.5											.5	

2 Enter his courts with joy,
 With fear address the Lord;
 'Twas he who formed us with his hand,
 And quickened by his word.

3 Good is the Lord our God,
 His truth and mercy sure;
 And while eternity shall last,
 His promises endure.

8 S. M.

FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy
throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2 Whith joy, thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy
ground,
And mark the building well;

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn
vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold! [eyes,
Beyond the pomp that charms the
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

9 S. M.

WELCOME sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to our reviving breasts—
To our rejoicing eyes.

2 Jesus, our Lord, comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see, and hear,
And bless, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my Redeemer's been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure or of sin.

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

10 S. M.

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

2 He formed the depths unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

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

11 S. M.

HOW charming is the place,
Where our Redeeming Lord
Unveils the glories of his face,
According to his word.

2 Here, on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

3 To him their prayers and cries
Each contrite soul presents;
And while he hears their humble
sighs,
He grants them all their wants.

1G
 C 3 | 1 2 3 4 | .3 || 3 | 2 2 3 2 | .2 ||
 3s ' , ' , ' ,
 1G 1 1 1 .1 1
 D 5 | 5 ' | || 5 | s4 5 5 4 ' | .7 ||
 3s ' , ' , ' ,
 1G The pi - ty of the Lord, To those who fear his name,
 1G 1 1
 A 5 | 3 4 5 6 | .5 || ' 7 6 6 | .5 ||
 3s ' , ' ,
 1G
 B 1 | 1 1 1 5 | .1 || 1 | 2 5 1 2 | ||
 3s ' , ' , ' , .5

1G
 C 3 | 1 1 3 | 4 4 3 || 5 | 5 6 5 4 | .3 ||
 3s ' 7 ' , ' , ' ,
 1G ' 1 1 1 1 .1
 D 5 | 5 5 5 | ' 5 5 || 5 | 5 ' 7 | ||
 3s ' , ' , ' , ' ,
 1G Is such as ten - der parents feel, He knows our fee - ble frame.
 1G 1 1 2 3 2 .1
 A 5 | 3 4 5 5 | 6 7 || 7 | ' ' | ||
 3s ' , ' , ' ,
 1G
 B 1 | 1 2 3 1 | 4 2 1 || 5 | 3 4 5 | .1 ||
 3s ' , ' , ' , ' , 5

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

3 Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower !
 When blasting winds sweep o'er the
 It withers in an hour. [fields,

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

S. M.

AND will not Jesus hear
 His children when they cry ?
 Yes—though he may awhile forbear,
 He 'll help them from on high.

2 His nature, truth, and love,
 Engage them on his side ; [move,
 When they are grieved, his bowels
 They will not be deceived.

3 Then let us earnest be,
 And never faint in prayer ;
 He wills our importunity,
 And makes our cause his care.

12 S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
one,
Our comforts and our care.

3 When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship
reign
Through all eternity.

13 S. M.

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

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 Oh! for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips—our minds in-
spire,
And raise to heaven our thought.

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ pro-
claimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless his glorious
Henceforth forevermore. [name

14 S. M.

O LORD, our heavenly king,
Thy name is all divine; [spread,
Thy glories round the earth are
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in
light,
Adorn the darksome skies;

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord what is man—that worthless
thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

4 Lord what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are!
How wondrous are thy ways!
That from the dust, thy power
should frame
A monument of praise.

6 To God the Father sing
Hallelujah and praise: [King
To Christ our great and gracious
Your loudest anthems raise!

1g 3 2 1 1 1 1 2
 D 1 | 1 3 5 | | 7 | 7 7 5 | 7

3c

1g

C 1 | 1 3 5 | 5 4 3 | 5 4 3 | 2 2 5 | 5 5 5

3c

The Prince of Sal - va - tion in tri-umph is rid - ing, And glo - ry at-

1g 1 1 3 2 1 2 2 3 4

A 1 | 1 3 5 | 7 | | 5 5 |

3c

1g 1 1

B 1 | 1 3 5 | 5 1 | 1 5 | 5 5 5 | 5 5 5

3c

1g 1 1 2 3 4 3 1

D 5 | 3 1 3 | .5 5 | | 5

3c

1g

C 5 5 5 | 3 1 3 | .5 5 | 5 5 5 | 5 3 1

3c

tends him a - long his bright way, The news of his grace on the

1g 3 1 1 2 1

A 5 | 3 1 3 | .5 5 | 7 | 5 3

3c

1g 1 1

B 5 | 3 1 3 | .5 5 | 5 5 5 | 1 1 1

3c

1g 1 1 1 .1

D 5 5 5 | 5 3 1 | 3 5 | 7 |

3c

1g 1

C 1 2 | 1 1 1 | 3 5 | 5 3 4 | .3

3c

7 bree - zes are glid - ing, And na - tions are own - ing his sway.

1g 1 3 1 2 .1

A 2 3 4 | 3 1 1 | 3 5 | |

3c

1g 1 1 1

B | 1 1 1 | 3 5 | 5 | .1

3c

5 5 5

- 2 And now through the darkest of earth's gloomy regions,
The wheels of his chariot are rolling sublime,
His banners unfolding his own true religion,
Dispelling the errors of time.
- 3 Behold a bright angel from heaven descending,
High lifting his trumpet Hosannas to raise,
"Hail Son of the Highest, let every knee bending,
Adore thee with offerings of praise.
- 4 Thy sword and thy buckler, shall save and deliver
The poor and the needy from foes that assail;
Thy bow and thy quiver shall vanquish forever
The prince and the legions of hell.
- 5 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour,
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign,
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.
- 6 Ride on! till the compass of thy great dominion
The globe shall encircle from pole unto pole,
And mankind, cemented with friendship and union,
Obey thee with heart and with soul.
- 7 Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified nation,
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise,
And heaven shall echo the song of salvation
In rich and melodious lays.

15. L. M.

- 1 BEFORE the heavens were spread abroad,
From everlasting was the Word:
With God he was—the Word was God,
And shall divinely be adored.
- 2 By his own power were all things made,
By him supported all things stand:
He is the whole creations's head,
And angels fly at his command
- 3 But lo! he leaves his Father's throne,
Descends to earth the Prince of Peace;
When in his form the Godhead shone,
How full of peace! how full of grace!

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

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

2 Feed me, O Lord, with needful food :
 I ask not wealth, or fame ;
 But give me eyes to view thy works,
 A heart to praise thy name.

3 O may my days obscurely pass,
 Without remorse or care ;
 And let me for my parting bour,
 From day to day prepare.

16 C. M.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own:
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy tabernacles, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng,
To breathe the humble fervant
prayer—
And pour the choral song.

3 Saviour of men, O deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be
found—
Let all her sons unite
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred
day
Which thou hast called thine
own:
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

17 C. M.

THE Saviour risen to-day we
praise
In concert with the blessed;
For now we see his work com-
plete,
And enter into rest.

2 On this first day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed
By the creating word, than when
The universe was made.

3 He rises who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to speak the world
from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

4 How vain the stone, the watch,
the seal;
Nought can forbid his rise;
'Tis he who shuts the gates of hell
And opens paradise.

18 C. M.

THIS is the day the Lord has
made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, and earth be
glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs
spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Blest be the Lord who comes to
men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God the Father's
name
To save our sinful race.

4 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise:
Hosanna! let the highest heavens
Award him nobler praise.

5 Hosanna to the Lord be given
In loudest, noblest strains!
Hosanna in the highest heavens!
The great Redeemer reigns.

7G
C | | | | **1** | | | | | | | |

3s **3 5 5 5 .5 5 7 7 .7 5 5 5 5 .5 6 5-6 5 4 .3**
7G , ,

7G
D | **1 3 1** | .1 5 | **5 5 5 .5 5** | **3 1** | .1 1 | **1 1** | .1 | | | |

3s **7 5 5 5 5 .5 5 7 7**

O praise ye the Lord, pre - pare a new song, And let all his saints in full chorus join;

7G
A | **1 1 2 .3 1** | **4 4 3 .2** | **1 1 2 .3 4** | **5-4 3 2 .1** | | | |

3s **5 5** , ,

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

3s **1 1 3 5 3 2 2 1 .5 5 1 3 5 6 3-4 5 5 .1**
7G , ,

7G
C | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

3s **5 5 5 s4 N4 4 3 5 5 5 .5 5 5 5 5 5 5 6 5-6 5 4 .3**
7G , ,

7G
D | | | | **1 2 2 1** | | | | **1 .2 5 3 1** | **1 1 1 1 1 1** | **1** | .1 | | | |

3s **7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7**

With voices u - ni - ted the anthem pro-long, And show forth his praises in mu - sic di - vine.

7G
A | | | | | | | | **1 2 2 3 .4** | **1 1 2 3 3 4** | **5-4 3 2 .1** | | | |

3s **5 5 5 6 7 7 5** , ,

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

3s **5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 .5 5 1 3 5 6 3-4 5 5 .1**
7G , ,

- 2 Let them his great name devoutly adore ;
In loud swelling strains his praises express,
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and their children to bless.
- 3 With glory adorned his people shall sing
To God, who defense and plenty supplies ;
Their loud acclamations to him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded and reach to the skies.
- 4 Ye angels above, his glories who've sung,
In loftiest notes now publish his praise ;
We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongues,
Would join in your numbers and chant to your lays.

10s & 11s.

- O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare a new song,
 And let all his saints in full concert join,
 With voices united, the anthem prolong,
 And show forth his praises in strains all divine.
- 2 O praise ye the Lord, ye saints of his house ;
 His wonders record, and pay him your vows ;
 Ye angels adore him, who worship on high,
 Fall prostrate before him whose power built the sky.
- 3 Yea all that have breath, each breath now accord ;
 Nor cease until death, axalting the Lord :
 In loud adoration advancing his praise,
 The Lord of creation ! the fountain of grace.

19. 10s & 11s.

- THOUGH troubles assail and dangers afright,
 Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The scripture assures us the Lord will provide.
- 2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed ;
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread ;
 His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be denied,
 So long as 't is written the Lord will provide.
- 3 We may like the ships, by tempest be tost
 On perilous deeps, but need not be lost :
 Though satan enrages the wind and the tide,
 The promise engages the Lord will provide.
- 4 His call we obey like Abra'm of old,
 Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold ;
 For, though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
 And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.
- 5 No strength of our own or goodness we claim ;
 But since we have known the Saviour's great name
 In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide,
 The lord is our power, the Lord will provide.
- 6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
 The word of his grace shall comfort us through ;
 Not fearing or doubting with Christ on our side,
 We hope to die shouting the Lord will provide.

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

C .2- | 1 1 2 1 | | | | | | | |
 4Q 7 7' .7- 5 5 5 5 5 4- 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 .5

God! her walls be-fore thee stand, Dear as the ap-ple of thine eye And graven on thy hand.

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

B :R | :R | .R- | 1 1 1 | | | | | | | |
 4Q 1 3 4- 4 3 1 5 5 5 5 .1

2 For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend ;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end :
 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows
 Her hymns of love and praise.
 3 Jesus, thou friend divine,
 Our Saviour, and our King,
 Thy hand from every snare and foe
 Shall great deliverance bring.
 Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

20. S. M.

COME you that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ;
 Join in a song of sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banished from this place !
 Religion never was designed
 To make our pleasures less.

2 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew their God,
 But children of the heavenly King

May speak their joys abroad.
 The God that rules on high,
 And thunders when he please,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And calms the roaring seas ;
 3 This mighty God is ours,
 Our Father and our love ;
 He will send down his heavenly
 To carry us above. [powers
 There shall we see his face,
 And never, never sin ;
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.
 4 Yes, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Shall constant joys create.
 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
 From faith and hope may grow.
 5 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields
 Or walk the golden streets :
 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry ;
 We're marching through this barren
 To fairer worlds on high. [ground,

4G	REP.				REP. 3s 1s & 2s.									
D	.3-	.3	R	:R-		:R-		:R-						
23s	REP.				REP. 3s 1s & 2s.									
C	.1-	.1	R	.1	1	.1	1		.1-	.1-		.1-	.1	R
23s	dawn; } gone; }				For a - while she Filled with sor-row				linger - ing and sur - prise,					
4G	REP.				REP. 3s 1s & 2s.									
A	.1-	.1	R	.5	5	.5	5		.6-	.6-		.5-	.5	R
23s	REP.				REP. 3s 1s & 2s.									
B	.1-	.1	R	.1	1	.1	1					.1-	.1	R
23s					.4- .4-									

eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

22. 7s.

WHAT could your Redeemer do
More than he has done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all this flow of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why will you resolve to die?

2 Turn, he cries, O sinner turn,
By his love your God makes known
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight
Would he thus to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
Why will you resolve to die?

3 Sinners turn while God is near,
Dare not think him insincere;

Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands:
Cries, "You will not happy be,
No, you will not come to me;
Me who life to none deny,
Why will you resolve to die?"

4 Can you doubt if God is love,
That to all his bowels move?
Will you not his word receive?
Will you not his oath believe?
See the suffering Lord appears,
Jesus weeps—believe his tears;
Mingled with his blood they cry,
"Why will you resolve to die?"

7s.

SINNER, are you still secure?
Still resolved to disobey,
Can your heart or hands endure,
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 Who his advent may abide!
You that glory in your shame,
Can you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapt in flame?

3 Hasten now, the time improve,
Listen to your Saviour's voice;
Seek the things that are above,
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

26 LIFT UP YOUR STATELY HEADS. C. M.

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

Lift up your stately heads ye doors, With has - ty reve - rence rise,

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

Ye ev - er - last - ing doors that guard The pas - sage to the skies.

CHORUS

6G
 D 5 | 5 R 5 | 5- 5 5 5 | .5 .3 | .4 || .R | :R |
 2s ,

6G
 C | | 1- 1 1 1 | .1 .1 | | || .R | :R |
 2s 7 .7 R 7 ' .7

For see, for see the King of Glo - ry comes, The King of

6G
 A 2 | .2 R 2 | 3- 4 5 5 | .5 6 5 4 3 | .2 || R | .1- 1 |
 2s ' ' ' ' ' 5 7 ,

6G
 B | R | 1- 2 3 3 | .3 4 3 2 1 | | || .R | R 1 3 1 |
 2s 5 .5 5 ' ' ' ' .5

For see he

6G
 D .R- | .1 1- 1 | .1 .4 | .3 .R || .6 6 6 | .5- 5 |
 2s 7 ,

6G
 C .R- | | | .R || .1 1 1 | .1- 1 |
 2s 5 .5 6- 6 .5 .5 .5

Glory comes Along the e - ter - nal road, For see the King, the

6G
 A 2 2 | .3 4- 4 | .3 .2 | .1 .R || .6 6 6 | .5- 5 |
 2s 7 5 ,

6G
 B .R | .1 | | .R || .4 4 5 6 7 | .1- 1 |
 2s 5 5 4- 4 .5 .5 .1 .4 4 5 6 7 ,
 comes,

6Q
 D **5 4 3 4 4** | .3 .R | :R | .R- | .1 1- 1 | .1 .4 | .3 |
 2s ' ' 7 ' ,

6G
 C **1** | .1 .R | :R | .R- | | | | |
 2s **5 5 8** | | | | | **5 .5 5- 6 .5 .5 .5**

King of Glory comes, the King of Glory comes Along the e-ter-nal road.

6G
 A **5 4 3 4 4** | .3 R | .1- 1 | 2 | 2 | .3 5- 4 | .3 .2 | .1 |
 2s ' ' **5** | **7** ' | **7 5** ,

6G
 B | .1- R | R **1 3 1** | | .R | .1 | | | |
 2s **5 5 5 5** | | | **5** | **5** | **3- 4** | .5 .5 .1
 For see he comes.

2 Swift from your golden hinges leap,
 Your barriers roll away,
 And throw your blazing portals wide,
 And burst the gates of day.
 For see, For see, &c.

AYLESBURY. S. M. DR. GREEN.

7P **3 2 .1** | | | **.3 5 4 .3- 2 :3**
 A **6** | | | **.7** | :6 || | | | |
 3s

7P | | | | | **.1**
 B **6** | **1 2 .3 .3** | :6 || | | **3 4 .5- 5** | :1 ||
 3s

7P **.1** | | | **.3 .1 2 1 P** | | | **3 2 .1**
 A | **7 6** | | | **.7** || **.7** | | | **.7** | :6 ||
 3s

7P | | | | | P | | | | |
 B **.6** | **3 4 .3 .6** | **5 6 .3** || **3-2** | **1 2 .3 .3** | :6 ||
 3s ,

1G	1	1	1-		1												
D	'	'		5	4	6		5	5	5	6	6	5	5	.5		
3c				'	'	'		'	'	'							
1G																	
C	1	2	3-	3	4	4		3-2	1	5	5	4	4	3	2	.3	
3c	'	'		'	'	'		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'		
	Scatter all the night of na- ture, Pour the day up - on our eyes.																
1G				1	1			1				2	1		.1		
A	3	4	5-	'	6	'		5-4	3	'	7	6	'		7		
3c	'	'		'	'	'		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'		
1G																	
B	1	1	1-	1	1	1		1	3	3	4	2	5		.1		
3c	'	'		'	'	'		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	5		

23. 8s and 7s.

DARK and thorny is the desert
Through which pilgrims make their
way ;

But beyond the veil of sorrow
Lie the realms of endless day.

Dear young soldiers do not murmur
At the troubles of the way ;
Meet the tempest, fight with courage,
Never faint but often pray.

2 He whose thunder shakes creation ;
He that bids the planets roll ;
He that rides upon the tempest,
And whose scepter sways the
whole ;

Jesus, Jesus, will defend you ;
'Trust in him and him alone ;
He has shed his blood to save you,
And will bring you to his throne.

3 There on the flowery fields of
pleasure,

And the hills of endless rest,
Joy, and peace, and love, shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
There ten thousand flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain ;

There they sing immortal praises !
Glory, glory is their theme.

4 But, methinks, a sweeter concert
Makes the crystal arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion
Which the angels cannot sing ;
Who can paint those sons of glory,
Ransomed souls that dwell on high,
Who with golden harps forever
Sound redemption through the sky.

5 See the heavenly host in rapture
Gazing on these shining bands,
Wondering at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hands.
There, upon the golden pavement,
See the ransomed march along !
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo with their song !

6 Here I see the under shepherds,
And the flocks they fed below ;
Here with joy they dwell together,
Jesus is their shepherd now.
Hail ! you happy, happy spirits !
Welcome to the blissful plain,
Glory, honor, and salvation ;
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign.

6G
 D 5 | 5 4 3 | 3 2 1 | .1 | | | 1 1 |
 3s
 6G 5 .5 5 7
 C | | | | | | | | 1 |
 3s 5 .5 5 .4 4 3 5 4 4 3 5 .5
 There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for
 6G
 A 3 | 3 2 1 | 1 | | 3 2 | 2 1 | | | 4 3 |
 3s
 6G 7 6 5 5 5
 B | | | | | | | | | |
 3s 1 1 2 3 .4 4 .5 5 .1 5 4 3 2 1

6G
 D 5 4 3 | 2 1 1 | | | | 1 |
 3s
 6G .7 5 .5 5 .5
 C 1 | | | | | | | | | |
 3s 7 6 .5 5 .5 5 5 4 N4 .3 3
 wea - ry pil - grims found, They soft - ly lie and
 6G
 A 3 2 1 | 5 3 1 | .2 | | | | .1 |
 3s
 6G 5 5 6 7 5
 B 1 | 1 | | | | | | | | | |
 3s 5 6 7 3 .5 5 .5 5 .1 1

6G P
 D 6- 5 4 3 | 3 2 || 1 | .1 | | | | | |
 3s , , , 5 .5 5 .5 5 .5
 6G P
 C | | | | | | | | | | | |
 3s 4- 5 6 .5 5 .4 4 .3 3 3 2 4 4 3
 sweet - ly sleep, Low in the ground, Low in the ground.
 6G P
 A 4 3 2 1 | 1 | | | | .1 1 | 1 2 | 2 1 |
 3s 6 ' ' ' ' 7 5 .6 7 7
 6G P
 B | | | | | | | | | | | |
 3s 4 2 3 4 s4 .5 3 .4 2 .1 3 .5 5 .1

2 The storm that wrecks the wintry sky
 No more disturbs their deep repose,
 Than summer evening's latest sigh,
 That shuts the rose.

3 I long to lay this painful head,
 And aching heart beneath the soil;
 To slumber in that dreamless bed
 From all my toil.

21 L. M.

1 SEND the joys of earth away;
 Away, ye tempters of the mind,
 False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
 And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
 Down to the gulf of black despair;
 And while I listened to your song,
 Your streams have e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace
 That warned me of that dark abyss,
 That drew me from those dangerous seas,
 And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
 I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
 Oh! for the pinions of a dove
 To bear me to the upper skies.

5 There, from the presence of my God,
 Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
 There would I fix my last abode,
 And drown the sorrows of my soul.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise him all creatures here below;
 Praise you the Son, exalt his name;
 Praise you our God, praise you the Lamb.

2G	1 1- 1 1- 1 1- 1
D	' " 6 5 4 3- ' ' 5- 5 .5 5-
2Q	' ,
2G	
C	3 5- 4 3- 2 1 1- 5 4- 4 2- 2 .3 3-
2Q	' " , ' 7 , , ,
	Joy to the world, the Lord is come, Let earth re - ceive her King ;
2G	1 .1 1-
A	7- 6 5- 4 3 2 1- 5 6- 6 7- 7
2Q	' " , , , ,
2G	
B	1 1- 1 1- 4 5 5 1- 3 4- 4 5- 5 .1 1-
2Q	' " , 5 5 , , ,
2G	
D	R .R .R .R R-
2Q	'
2G	
C	3 3 5 4 3 3- 2 1 3 3 5 4 3 3- 2 1
2Q	' , , , , , " " , , , , " "
	Let eve - ry heart pre - pare - him room,
2G	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
A	' ' 7 6 5 5- 4 3 ' ' 7 6 5 5- 4 3
2Q	' , , , , " " , , , , " " ,
2G	
B	R .R .R .R R-
2Q	'
2G	
D	R R- 5 5 5 5 5 .5
2Q	' , , , , ,
2G	
C	1 1 1 1 1 2 3- 2 1 1
2Q	' , , , , " " " " 7 7 7 7 "
	And heaven and na - ture sing— And heaven and na - ture
2G	
A	3 3 3 3 3 4 5- 4 3 2 2 2 2 3
2Q	' , , , , " " " " , , , , " "
2G	
B	R R- 1 1 1 1 1 5-
2Q	' , , , , , 5
	And heaven and na - ture sing— And

4 The chosen three that staid,
 Their nightly watch to keep,
 Left him through sorrows deep to
 wade,
 And gave themselves to sleep :
 Meekly and sad he prayed alone,
 Strangely forgotten by his own.

5 Along the streamlet's banks
 The reckless traitor came,
 And heavy on his bosom sank
 The load of guilt and shame :
 Yet unto them that waited nigh
 He gave the Lamb of God to die.

6 Among the mountain trees
 The winds were whispering low,
 And night's ten thousand harmonies
 Were harmonies of woe :
 For cruel voices filled the gale [vale.
 That came from Kedron's gloomy

41. C. M. with two 8s.

HOW calm and beautiful the morn
 That gilds the sacred tomb,
 Where once the crucified was borne,
 And veiled in midnight gloom !
 O, weep no more, the Saviour slain ;
 The Lord is risen, he lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
 For your departed Lord,
 " Behold the place, he is not there,"
 The tomb is all unbarred ; [vain ;
 The gates of death were closed in
 The Lord is risen, he lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
 Your early footsteps bend,
 The Saviour will himself be there,
 Your advocate and friend ; [slain,
 Once by the law your hopes were
 But now in Christ you live again.

CLARK. S. M.

s. w. l.

2G	.1 1 .1												
A	5	.5	3	.5	7		6	.5	3	.2			
3c	Let par - ty names no more The Chris - tian world o'er - spread,												
2G													
B	1	.3	1	.3	5	.1		5	.5	2	.3	1	
3c													
	.7												

2G	.1 2 .1															
A	5	.5	3	.5	6	7		6	.5	1	.3	2	.1			
3c	Gen - tile and Jew, and bond and free Are one in Christ our head.															
2G																
B	1	.3	1	.3	4	2	.5	5	.1		4	.3	1	.5	.1	
3c																
	5															

2 Among the saints on earth,
 Let fervent love be found ;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With equal blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow
 And every heart is love.

6G										1	1					
D	.6	4	4	R	.4	5	5	5	5	6	5	.5 5	5			
4c		,	,		,	,	,	,								
6G																
C				R						.1	1	2	1	3		
4c	.4	2	2		.2	1	1	1	1	4	5					
		,	,		,	,	,	,								
	Ho - san - nah! Ho-san-nah to the Lamb of God! Glo - ry, glo-ry,															
6G																
A	3	1		R	.4	3	3	3	3	2	2	.1	3	5	3	5
4c		6	6		,	,	,	,								
6G																
B				R												
4c	.5	4	4		.6	5	5	5	5	4	2	.1	1	1	1	1
		,	,		,	,	,	,								

6G	2	1								1							REP. 3s.
D			7	6	.6	6	4	6	4			7	6	5	.5		
4c			,	,								,	,	,			
6G																	REP. 3s.
C	4	3	2	1	.2	2		2		3	2	1		.1			
4c		,	,	,				7	7		,	,	,	7			
	let us sing, Grateful hon - ors to our King.																
6G																	REP. 3s.
A	6	5	4	3	.4	4	2	4	2	5	4	3	2	.3			
4c		,	,	,						,	,	,	,				
6G																	REP. 3s.
B																	
4c	1	1		.2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	.1			

Salvation to our God, who shines
 In face of Jesus on the throne!
 The only just and merciful!
 Salvation to the worthy Lamb.
 With loud voice all the church
 ascribes;
 Amen! say angels round the throne.

To him who loved us, and has wash'd
 Us from our sins in his own blood,
 And who has made us kings and
 priests
 To his own Father and his God,
 The glory and dominion be
 To him eternally. Amen!

1G **1** .1 **5 3** .1 **2 3** **1** .1

D | 5 6 | ' ' | ' ' | .5 || | 5 6 |

3s ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' |

1G **1 3 1** .3 **2 1** .1 **1 3 1**

A **5 6** | ' ' | ' ' | **6** | .5 || **5 6** | ' ' |

3s ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' |

Go on, you pilgrims, while be - low, In the sure

1G **1** .1 **1** **1**

B **1** | .1 ' **6** | **5** | .1 **2 3** | .5 || **5 3** | .1 ' **6** |

3s ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' |

1G .1 **6 5** .5 **1** .1 **1** .1 **3**

D ' ' | || | 5 ' |

3s ' ' | ' ' |

1G .3 **2 3** .5 **3** .5 **3 5** .1 **1**

A ' ' | || | ' ' |

3s ' ' | ' ' |

path of peace, De - ter - - mined noth - ing

1G .1 **1** .1 **1**

B **5 6** | .5 || | .6 **5** |

3s ' ' | ' ' |

1G .5 **3 2** .2 **1** .1 **1** **5 3** .1

D ' ' | || | 5 6 | ' ' | ||

3s ' ' | ' ' |

1G .1 **1 3 1** .3 **2 1** .1

A **6** | .5 || **5 6** | ' ' | ' ' | ||

3s ' ' | ' ' |

else to know But Je - sus and his grace.

1G .1 **1** .1

B **1** | .5 || **5 3** | .1 ' **6** | **5** | .1 ||

3s ' ' | ' ' |

- 2 Observe your leader, follow him: He through this world has been,
Often reviled; but like a lamb,
Did ne'er revile again.
- 3 O! take the pattern he has given,
And love your enemies;
And learn the only way to heaven
Through self-denial lies.

4 Remember you must watch and pray

While journeying on the road,
Lest you should fall out by the way
And wound the cause of God.

5 Contend for nothing but the fruit

That feeds th' immortal mind;
For fruitless leaves no more dispute,
But leave them to the wind.

6 Go on rejoicing night and day,
Your crown is yet before;

Defy the trials of the way,
The storm will soon be o'er.

7 Soon we shall reach the promised land,

With all the ransomed race,
And join with all the glorious band
To sing redeeming grace.

8 There shall we meet to sing
God's praise,

And all his wonders tell,
And triumph in redeeming grace;
So, brethren, fare you well.

42 C. M.

OUR souls are in the Saviour's hand,

And he will keep them still,
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

2 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine;

O! what a glorious company
When saints and angels join!

3 O! what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array:

Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns that ne'er decay.

4 When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,

We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

5 Then let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home:
Come, O Redeemer! come away!
O Jesus! quickly come!

43 C. M.

Come let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,

But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,

To be exalted thus!

Worthy the Lamb our lips reply,
For he was slain for us!

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;

And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
On earth, in air, and seas,

Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name

Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

5G REP.

D **3-** | **5 5 5 5** | **3 3 5 5** | **3 5 3** | **1-** ||

23c ' , , , , , ?

5G REP.

A **1-** | **3 2 1 2 1** | **1 1 3 5** | **5 3 2 1 2** | **1-** ||

23c ' , , , , 6 , , , , ,

I'm not ashamed to own my lord, Nor to de-fend his cause; }
Main - tain the hon - ors of his word, The glo-ry of his cross. }

5G REP.

B **1-** | **1 1** | **1 3** | **1 1** | **1-** ||

23c ' 5 4 6 6 , , 5 5

5G

D _R **5** | **5 6 5 2** | **3 4 3 3** | **4 1 3 4** | **5-** ||

23c ' , , , , , , ,

5G 1-

A _R **3** | **5 4 3 4** | **5 4 3 5** | **6 5 3 5 6 7** | ||

23c ' , , , , , , , , , , ,

Je - sus, my Lord, I know his name, His name is all my trust;

5G

B _R **1** | **1 1 1 1** | **2 2** | **1-** ||

23c ' , 6 , , 5 - 5 5 5 5 5

5G 1

D **5-** | **3 1 5 4** | **3 3 5 3** | **5 4** | **.1-** ||

23c ' , , , , , , ?

5G **1-**

A **6** | **5 3 2 1** | **1 1 3 5** | **5 3 2 1 2** | **.1-** ||

23c ' , , , , 6 , , , , ,

Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

5G

B **1** | | | | |

23c **5-** | **6 5 4 5 5 6 5 5 3 4 5 .1-**

<p>3 Firm as his throne his promise stands, And he can well secure What I've committed to his hands Till the decisive hour.</p>	<p>4 Then will he own my worthless name Before his Father's face, And in the New Jerusalem Appoint for me a place.</p>
---	--

4P () () REP.

D 1 2 | 3 3 3 4 2 | 1 1 1 3 | 4 3 4 5 | 3 3 3 ||

23s ' , , , , , , , , , P

4P () 1 1 1 () 3 3 3 s5 6 s5 6 3 1 1 REP.

A 6 7 | ' ' 7 6 | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' 7 6 ||

23s P ' , , , , ' ' P

List to the dreamy tone that dwells In rippling wave or sighing tree ;
Go, hearken to the old church bells, The whistling bird, the whizzing bee. }

4P () () 1 1 REP.

B 6 s5 | 6 6 6 5 3 | 6 6 6 7 | 7 6 | 3 s5 6 ||

23s P ' , , , , , , , , ,

4P 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1

D 3 | 5 5 3 3 | ' ' | ' ' | 7 ||

23s ' , , , , , , , , ,

4P 1 1 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 4 2 3

A 6 | ' 6 6 | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' P ||

23s ' , , , , , , , , ,

In - ter - pret right and you will find 'T is power and glory they proclaim ;

4P P

B 6 | 3 3 .1 1 | 5 5 5 5 | 5 5 5 5 | 6 s4 5 ||

23s ' , , , , , , , , ,

4P 1 1 ()

D ' | 4 4 5 3 | 6 6 4 ' | 7 6 5 4 2 4 | 3 s2 3 ||

23s ' , , , , , , , , ,

4P 3 5 5 3 3 6 3 3 2 1 1

A ' | 6 6 ' | ' ' | ' ' ' 7 ' 7 | 6 s5 6 ||

23s ' , , , , , , , , ,

The chimes, the creatures, waters, wind, All echo Hallowed be thy name.

4P 1 1 ()

B 5 | 1 1 3 3 | 6 7 7 | ' 7 6 4 3 2 | 3 3 6 ||

23s ' , , , , , , , , ,

2 The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds,
To gain the altar of his sires :
The hermit pores above his beads,
With zeal that never wanes or tires :—
But holiest rite or longest prayer
That art can yield or wisdom frame,
What better import can it bear
Than, "Father, hallowed be thy name."

3 Or nature, or the bible, read,
 Those precious words you 'll find there still
 We trace them in the flowering mead,
 We hear them in the flowing rill.
 One chorus hails the great Supreme,
 Each varied breathing tells the same;
 The strains may differ, but the theme
 Is, "Father, hallowed be thy name."

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

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

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

3G	C	1	3.	2	1	1	2	3	R	1					
2c		'	"	'	'	'	'	"	"	6-	6	6			
3G										6	6	7			
A	1	5-	4	3	2	1	2	3	R	3	4-	3	2	1	2
2c		'	"	'	'	'	'	"	"	"	"	'	'		
		How sweet to be al - lowed to pray											To God the ho - ly One,		
3G	B	1	1-	1	1			1	R	1	2-	3	4	2	
2c		'	"	'	5	6	5	'	"	"	'	"	'	'	5

3G									P					
C	R	1-	2	3	1	4-	5	6	4	3-	1	1		
2c	'	7	'	"	'	'	"	'	'	"	6	7		
3G								1			'	'		
A	R	2	3-	4	5	3	6-	7	6	5-	3	4	2	1
2c	'	'	"	'	'	'	"	P	'	"	'	'		
		With fil - ial love and trust											to say, O God, thy will be done.	
3G									P					
B	R	1-	1	1	1	4-	4	4	1-	1	1	1		
2c	'	5	'	"	'	'	"	'	4	'	"	4	5	

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill,
They calm and soothe the troubled
And bid all care be still. [mind,</p> <p>3 O let that will, which gave me
And an immortal soul, [breath,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.</p> <p>4 O could my heart thus ever pray,
Thus imitate thy son!
Teach me, O God, with truth to say,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."</p> <p style="text-align: center;">C. M.</p> <p>HOW sweet, how heavenly is the
sight
When those who love the Lord,
With one another thus unite,
And so fulfill the word!</p> | <p>2 O may we feel our brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part:
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.</p> <p>3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride.
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failings hide
And show a brother's love.</p> <p>4 Let love in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In ev'ry action glow.</p> <p>5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy world above:
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.</p> |
|---|---|

47 C. M.

MORTALS! awake, with angels
join,

And chant the cheerful lay;
Love, joy, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapt'rous song be-
gan,

And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran
And swept the sounding lyre.

3 The theme, the song, the joy
was new

To each angelic tongue;
Swift through the realms of light
it flew,
And loud the echo rung.

4 Down through the portals of the
sky

The pealing anthem ran,
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark the! cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song,
Peace and salvation swell the note
Of all the heavenly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we'll re-
peat,

"Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now com-
plete—
Jesus was born to die!"

7 Hail, Prince of life! forever hail!
Redeemer — brother—friend!

Though earth, and time, and life
shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

48 C. M.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more [gold
Than the rich gems and polished
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt-offer-
ings brought

To purge themselves from sin:
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 Fresh blood, as constant as the
Was on their altar spilt; [day,
But thy one offering takes away
Forever all our guilt.

4 Their priesthood ran through
several hands,

For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.

5 Once, in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appeared
Before the golden throne.

6 But Christ, with his own precious
blood,

Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows his own sacrifice.

7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Zion's holy hill; [slain,

Looks like a lamb that had been
And wears his priesthood still.

8 He ever lives in heaven to plead
The cause which cost his blood,

And saves unto the utmost those
Who by him come to God.

3P **.3- 4 .2- 3 1** **1 .2- .1- 4 .3- 2 1** REP.
 A | | **7 6** | R | | | **6.7 :6** ||

4c §

Brethren while we so - journ here, Fight we must, but should not fear; }
 Foes we have, but we've a friend, One that loves us to the end. }

3P §

B **.6- 6 |.7- 3|.6 .6** |.5- R|.6- 7 | | **.3 :6** ||

4c

3P **.6 .3 .6- 8 7 6 s5 6 .7-** **.6 5 4**
 A | | | | R || | |

4c

For - ward, then, with cour - age go, Long we

3P

B **.6 .6 |.6- 6|.3 .3** |.3- R || **.6 .7** ||

4c

3P **.3 .6 .3 5 4 .3 1 .2-** **.2- 2**
 A | | | R || **7** | |

4c

shall not dwell be - - low; Soon the joy - ful

3P

B **.1** **.1-**
 B **.4 |.5 .5** | R || **.5- 5 |.5- 5** ||

4c

3P **3 4 5 3 .6-** **.3- 1 .2-** **1**
 A | | R || | **7** | **6 .7 :6** ||

4c

time will come, Child, your Father calls, come home.

3P

B **1 2 3 1**
 B | | **.4-** R || **.6- 6 |.5- 5|.6 .3 :6** ||

4c

2 In the way a thousand snares
 Lie to take us unawares :
 Satan, with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded heart;
 But from Satan's malice free
 Saints shall soon in glory be ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 " Child, your Father calls, come
 home."

3 But of all the foes we meet
 None so oft mislead our feet,
 None betray us into sin
 Like the foes that dwell within :
 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ shall also conquer these ;
 Then the joyful news will come,
 " Child, your Father calls, come
 home."

2G D **3 3 | 3 1 | 1 2 | .3 || 3 3 | 4 4 | 2 2 4 | .3 ||**

2Q § Swell the anthem, raise the song, Praises to our God be - long : REP.

2G **1 2 | .1 || 2 2 | .1 ||**

2Q § Saints and angels join to sing Praises to the heavenly King. REP.

2G B **1 1 | 1 1 | 1 | .1 || 1 1 | | | .1 ||**

2Q **5 5 5 5** Guarded by his watchful eye, We still stand secure - ly high.

2G § REP. 1 & 2s.
D **2 | .1 || 2 | .1 ||**

2Q **7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7**

2G REP. 1 & 2s.

A **2 2 | 5 2 | 2 4 | .3 || 2 2 | 5 2 | 2 4 | .3 ||**

2Q Blessings from his liberal hand, Flow around this happy land. REP. 1. & 2s.

2G B **.1 || .1 || .1 ||**

2 Here, beneath bright freedom's ray, 2 Shout ye little flock, and blest,
We enjoy a glorious sway— You near Jesus's throne shall rest;
Never feel oppression's rod— There your seats are now prepared,
Always have the smile of God. There your kingdom and reward.
Hark! the voice of nature sings Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
Praises to the King of kings: On the borders of your land :
Let us join the choral song, Jesus Christ, your Father's son,
And the grateful notes prolong. Bids you undismayed go on.

49. 7s.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O, ye banished seed, be glad !
Christ our advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh assumes—
Brother to our souls becomes.
Lord ! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee !

PILGRIM'S FAREWELL.

4G $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$

A **5- 4 3 R | 6 5 R | R 1 2 3 2 1 | .5- 6 |**

4c ' , , , ,

4G Fare - well! Fare - well! Farewell, dear friends, I

4G $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$

B **.1 1 R | 1 R | R 3 2 1 1 | .1-**

4c .4 , , 4

4G $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$

A **5 4 3 2 .1 || R ' 6 5- 6 | 5 1 1 2 3 s4 | .5-** ||

4c ' , , , , ' , , , ,

4G must be gone, I have no home or stay with you;

4G $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$

B **.1 || R 1 1- 4 | 3 1 |** ||

4c 5 5 , 6 6 .5

4G $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$

A **1 2 | 3 3 2 1 2 | 3- 4 3- 2 3 || ' 7 | 6- 5 6 7 ' 6 |**

4c ' , , , , ' , , , , ' , , , ,

4G I'll take my staff and trav - el on Till I a bet - ter

4G $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$

B **3 2 | 1 1 | 1 1 1 || 3 | 4- 3 4 |**

4c ' , 5 3 5 , 4

4G $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$

A **5 1 2 .1 || .R 1- 3 | 5 5 5 5 | .5- 5- 4 | 3 3 3 2 | .2-** ||

4c ' , , , , ' , , , ,

4G world do view. I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore,

4G $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$

B **1 1 .1 || .R .1 | 1 | .1- 3- 2 | 1 5 3 1 |** ||

4c 5 3 5 , , .5-

4G $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$

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

4c ' , , , , ' , , , ,

4G Where pleasures never end, Where troubles come no more.

4G $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$ $\overset{P}{\curvearrowright}$

B **1 | 1 1 3 3 | .4- 3 4 | 5 5 | .1 |** ||

4c , , , , 5 5

4 The chosen three that staid,
Their nightly watch to keep,
Left him through sorrows deep to
wade,

And gave themselves to sleep :
Meekly and sad he prayed alone,
Strangely forgotten by his own.

5 Along the streamlet's banks
The reckless traitor came,
And heavy on his bosom sank
The load of guilt and shame :
Yet unto them that waited nigh
He gave the Lamb of God to die.

6 Among the mountain trees
The winds were whispering low,
And night's ten thousand harmonies
Were harmonies of woe :
For cruel voices filled the gale [vale.
That came from Kedron's gloomy

41. C. M. with two 8s.

HOW calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom !
O, weep no more, the Saviour slain ;
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord,
" Behold the place, he is not there,"
The tomb is all unbarred ; [vain ;
The gates of death were closed in
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your advocate and friend ; [slain,
Once by the law your hopes were
But now in Christ you live again.

CLARK. S. M.

s. w. L.

2G	.1 1 .1												
A	5	.5	3	.5	7			6	.5	3	.2		
3c	Let par - ty names no more The Chris - tian world o'er - spread,												
2G													
B	1	.3	1	.3	5	.1		5	.5	2	.3	1	
3c											.7		

2G	.1 2 .1															
A	5	.5	3	.5	6	7			6	.5	1	.3	2	.1		
3c	Gen - tile and Jew, and bond and free Are one in Christ our head.															
2G																
B	1	.3	1	.3	4	2	.5	5	.1		4	.3	1	.5	.1	
3c											5					

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let fervent love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With equal blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow
And every heart is love.

1G **1** .1 $\widehat{\hspace{1.5cm}}$.1 **5 3** .1 **2 3** **1** .1 $\widehat{\hspace{1.5cm}}$
 D | **5 6** | ' ' | ' ' | .5 || | **5 6** |
 3s | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' |

1G $\widehat{\hspace{1.5cm}}$.1 **3 1** .3 **2 1** .1 $\widehat{\hspace{1.5cm}}$.1 **3 1**
 A **5 6** | ' ' | ' ' | **6** | .5 || **5 6** | ' ' |
 3s | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' |

Go on, you pilgrims, while be - low, In the sure

1G **1** $\widehat{\hspace{1.5cm}}$.1 $\widehat{\hspace{1.5cm}}$ **1**
 B **1** | .1 ' **6** | **5** | .1 **2 3** | .5 || **5 3** | .1 ' **6** |
 3s | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' |

1G .1 **6 5** .5 **1** .1 $\widehat{\hspace{1.5cm}}$ **1** .1 **3**
 D | ' ' | || | **5** ' |
 3s | $\widehat{\hspace{1.5cm}}$ | ' |

1G .3 **2 3** .5 - **3** .5 **3 5** .1 **1**
 A | ' ' | || | ' ' |
 3s | $\widehat{\hspace{1.5cm}}$ | $\widehat{\hspace{1.5cm}}$ |

path of peace, De - ter - - mined noth - ing

1G .1 $\widehat{\hspace{1.5cm}}$ **1** .1 **1**
 B **5 6** | .5 || | | .6 **5** |
 3s | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' |

1G .5 **3 2** .2 **1** .1 $\widehat{\hspace{1.5cm}}$.1 **5 3** .1
 D | ' ' | || | **5 6** | ' ' | ||
 3s | $\widehat{\hspace{1.5cm}}$ | ' ' | $\widehat{\hspace{1.5cm}}$ |

1G .1 $\widehat{\hspace{1.5cm}}$.1 **3 1** .3 **2 1** .1
 A **6** | .5 || **5 6** | ' ' | ' ' | ||
 3s | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' |

else to know But Je - sus and his grace.

1G .1 $\widehat{\hspace{1.5cm}}$ **1** $\widehat{\hspace{1.5cm}}$.1
 B **1** | .5 || **5 3** | .1 ' **6** | **5** | .1 ||
 3s | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' |

- 2 Observe your leader, follow him :
 He through this world has been,
 Often reviled ; but like a lamb,
 Did ne'er revile again.
- 3 O ! take the pattern he has given,
 And love your enemies ;
 And learn the only way to heaven
 Through self-denial lies.

4 Remember you must watch and
pray

While journeying on the road,
Lest you should fall out by the way
And wound the cause of God.

5 Contend for nothing but the
fruit

That feeds th' immortal mind;
For fruitless leaves no more dis-
pute,
But leave them to the wind.

6 Go on rejoicing night and day,
Your crown is yet before;
Defy the trials of the way,
The storm will soon be o'er.

7 Soon we shall reach the promised
land,

With all the ransomed race,
And join with all the glorious band
To sing redeeming grace.

8 There shall we meet to sing
God's praise,
And all his wonders tell,
And triumph in redeeming grace;
So, brethren, fare you well.

42 C. M.

OUR souls are in the Saviour's
hand,

And he will keep them still,
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

2 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine;

O! what a glorious company
When saints and angels join!

3 O! what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array:

Palms in our hands we all shall
bear,

And crowns that ne'er decay.

4 When we've been there ten thou-
sand years

Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's
praise
Than when we first begun.

5 Then let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home:
Come, O Redeemer! come away!
O Jesus! quickly come!

43 C. M.

Come let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues,

But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they
cry,

To be exalted thus!

Worthy the Lamb our lips reply,
For he was slain for us!

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can
give

Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
On earth, in air, and seas,

Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

44. C. M.

TO him that loved the sons of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our heads,
And made us priests to God :

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love ;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

3 Behold on flying clouds he comes,
His saints shall bless the day ;
While they that pierced him sadly
In anguish and dismay. [mourn

4 Thou art the First and thou the
Time centers all in thee ; [Last ;
Almighty Lord, who wast and art,
And evermore shalt be.

45. C. M.

AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And groaned, and bled, and died,
He looked with pity on a wretch
That languished by his side.

2 The dying thief in Jesus saw
A majesty divine ; [stood,
While scoffing Jews around him
And asked him for a sign !

3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine, he
said,
"T is thine o'er men to reign ;
Thy wondrous works thy Lordship
prove,
These pains thy love proclaim :

4 Honors divine await thee soon,
A-scepter and a crown ; [hold
With shame thy foes shall yet be-
Thee seated on a throne.

5 Then, gracious Lord, remember
me !
Is not forgiveness thine ?
My crimes have brought me to thy
side—
Thy love brought thee to mine !

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
To-day your parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise.

JEFFERSONVILLE. L. M. s. w. L.

5g		P		P
A	.1 .1 .3 .1			.1 .3 .1 .1
4c		.5 .6 .6 .5 .5		.5 .6 .5
5g		P		P
B	.1			.1 .1
4c	.5 .5 .5 .3 .4 .4 .3 .3 .3			.5 .3 .4 .5

5g		P	.1	P
A	.3 .5 .5 .4 .3 .6 .5 .5		.5 .5 .6 .5 .5 .3 .1	
4c				
5g		P		P
B	.1 .3 .3 .2 .1 .4 .3 .2		.3 .5 .3 .4 .3 .2 .5 .1	
4c				.5

4P () () REP.
 D 1 2 | 3 3 3 4 2 | 1 1 1 3 | 4 3 4 5 | 3 3 3 ||

23s ' , , , , , , , , , P

4P () 1 1 1) 3 3 3 s5 6 s5 6 3 1 1) REP.
 A 6 7 | ' ' 7 6 | ' ' | ' ' | " 7 6 ||

23s P ' , , , , , , , , , " P

List to the dreamy tone that dwells In rippling wave or sighing tree ; }
 Go, hearken to the old church bells, The whistling bird, the whizzing bee. }

4P () () 1 1 REP.
 B 6 s5 | 6 6 6 5 3 | 6 6 6 7 | 7 6 | 3 s5 6 ||

23s P ' , , , , , , , , , ,

4P 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1

D 3 | 5 5 3 3 | ' ' | ' ' | 7 ||

23s ' , , , , , , , , , ,

4P 1 1 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 4 2 3

A 6 | ' 6 6 | ' ' | ' ' | ' P ||

23s ' , , , , , , , , , ,

In - ter-pret right and you will find 'T is power and glory they proclaim ;

4P P
 B 6 | 3 3 1 1 | 5 5 5 5 | 5 5 5 5 | 6 s4 5 ||

23s ' , , , , , , , , , ,

4P 1 1 ()

D ' | 4 4 5 3 | 6 6 4 ' | 7 6 5 4 2 4 | 3 s2 3 ||

23s ' , , , , , , , , , ,

4P 3 5 5 3 3 6 3 3 2 1 1

A ' | 6 6 ' | ' ' | ' ' 7 ' 7 | 6 s5 6 ||

23s ' , , , , , , , , , ,
 The chimes, the creatures, waters, wind, All echo Hallowed be thy name.

4P 1 1)

B 5 | 1 1 3 3 | 6 7 7 | ' 7 6 4 3 2 | 3 3 6 ||

23s ' , , , , , , , , , ,

2 The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds,
 To gain the altar of his sires :
 The hermit pores above his beads,
 With zeal that never wanes or tires :—
 But holiest rite or longest prayer
 That art can yield or wisdom frame,
 What better import can it bear
 Than, " Father, hallowed be thy name."

3 Or nature, or the bible, read,
 Those precious words you 'll find there still
 We trace them in the flowering mead,
 We hear them in the flowing rill.
 One chorus hails the great Supreme,
 Each varied breathing tells the same;
 The strains may differ, but the theme
 Is, "Father, hallowed be thy name."

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

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

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

3G	C	1	3-	2	1	1	2	3	R 1						
2c		,	"	"	7	,	"	"	"	"	6-	6	6	6	7
3G															
A	1	5-	4	3	2	1	2	3	R 3	4-	3	2	1	2	
2c															
3G	How sweet to be al- lowed to pray To God the ho- ly One,														
B	1	1-	1	1	1	1	1	1	R 1	2-	3	4	2		
2c															

3G	C	R	1-	2	3	1	4-	5	6	4	3-	1		1		
2c																
3G																
A	R	2	3-	4	5	3	6-	7	'	6	5-	3	4	2	1	
2c																
3G																
B	R	1-	1	1	1	1	4-	4	4		1-	1		1		
2c																

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill,
They calm and soothe the troubled
And bid all care be still. [mind,</p> <p>3 O let that will, which gave me
And an immortal soul, [breath,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.</p> <p>4 O could my heart thus ever pray,
Thus imitate thy son!
Teach me, O God, with truth to say,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."</p> | <p>2 O may we feel our brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part:
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.</p> <p>3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride.
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failings hide
And show a brother's love.</p> <p>4 Let love in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In ev'ry action glow.</p> |
|--|---|

C. M.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>HOW sweet, how heavenly is the
sight
When those who love the Lord,
With one another thus unite,
And so fulfill the word!</p> | <p>5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy world above:
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.</p> |
|---|---|

47 C. M.

MORTALS! awake, with angels
join,

And chant the cheerful lay;
Love, joy, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire

Through all the shining legions ran
And swept the sounding lyre.

3 The theme, the song, the joy
was new

To each angelic tongue;
Swift through the realms of light
it flew,
And loud the echo rung.

4 Down through the portals of the
sky

The pealing anthem ran,
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark the! cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song,
Peace and salvation swell the note
Of all the heavenly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
“Glory to God on high!

Good-will and peace are now complete—
Jesus was born to die!”

7 Hail, Prince of life! forever hail!
Redeemer — brother—friend!

Though earth, and time, and life
shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

48 C. M.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more [gold
Than the rich gems and polished
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt-offerings brought
To purge themselves from sin:
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 Fresh blood, as constant as the
Was on their altar spilt; [day,
But thy one offering takes away
Forever all our guilt.

4 Their priesthood ran through
several hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.

5 Once, in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appeared
Before the golden throne.

6 But Christ, with his own precious
blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows his own sacrifice.

7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Zion's holy hill; [slain,
Looks like a lamb that had been
And wears his priesthood still.

8 He ever lives in heaven to plead
The cause which cost his blood,
And saves unto the utmost those
Who by him come to God.

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

2Q § Swell the anthem, raise the song, Praises to our God be - long : REP.

2G 1 2 .1

A 5 5 | 3 3 4 | .5 || 5 5 | 7 5 6 7 | ||

2Q § Saints and angels join to sing . Praises to the heavenly King. REP.

2G B 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 .1 || 1 1 | | | .1 ||

2Q 5 5 5 5
Guarded by his watchful eye, We still stand secure - ly high.

2G § REP. 1 & 2s.

D | | 2 | .1 || | | 2 | .1 ||

2Q 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
2G REP. 1 & 2s.

A 2 2 | 5 2 | 2 4 | .3 || 2 2 | 5 2 | 2 4 | .3 ||

2Q Blessings from his liberal hand, Flow around this happy land.
2G REP. 1. & 2s.

B | | | .1 || | | | .1 ||

2Q 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5

<p>2 Here, beneath bright freedom's ray, We enjoy a glorious sway— Never feel oppression's rod— Always have the smile of God. Hark! the voice of nature sings Praises to the King of kings: Let us join the choral song, And the grateful notes prolong.</p>	<p>2 Shout ye little flock, and blest, You near Jesus's throne shall rest; There your seats are now prepared, There your kingdom and reward. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand On the borders of your land: Jesus Christ, your Father's son, Bids you undismayed go on.</p>
--	--

49. 7s.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O, ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes—
Brother to our souls becomes.
Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

4G	1-																						
A	5-	4		3	R	6-	5		5	R	6		6-	5	5	1		3	2	1			
4C	Fare - well! Fare - well! Fare - well, my loving friends, Farewell.																						
4G																							
B					1	R	.1		1	R					1-	1	1	3		5			
4C	.5													.4					5				

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

3 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
 You 've struggled long and hard for heaven;
 You 've counted all things here but dross,
 Fight on, the crown will soon be given.
 I 'll march, &c.
 Fight on, &c.

L. M.

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

2 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!

3 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!
 (The tomb in vain forbids his rise!)
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears you saints, and tell
 How high our great deliv'rer reigns;
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster Death in chains!

5 Say, live forever, wondrous King!
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!
 Than ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
 And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave!

1P	§	.3	2-	1	1-	2	3	3	2-	1	REP.				
A				'	6	6			'	6	6	.6			
4c															
1P	§										REP.				
B		.6	6-	5	3	3	5-	6	5	5	6-	5	3	3	.6
4c															
1P		.3	5	5	3	1	3	.5	3	5	6-	5	6-	3	REP. 1s.
A															
4c															
1P			1	1			.1	1	2-	1	2-	1	REP. 1s.		
B		.6			6	5	6		6				.6		
4c															

LIFT YOUR HEADS.

1P	§		1-	2	3	2	1	2-	1	1-				
A		6	6-	7						7	6	s5	6	7
4c														
		Lift your heads, ye friends of Je - sus, Partners in his												
		Christ, to all be - liev - ers precious, Lord of lords shall												
1P	§													
B		6	6-	s5	6	6	3	3		1	1	2		
4c		6								6-	7	'	7	'
1P		1	REP.							1	1			
A		7	.6		3	3	s4	5	5	6	6	7		
4c														
		patience here; } Mark the to - kens, Mark the to - kens,												
		soon ap - pear. } REP.												
1P										1	1			
B		3	3		3	3	s4	5	5	6	6	7		
4c		.6												
1P		2	2	3	6	1-				1				
A							7	6	s5	6	7	7	.6	
4c														
		Mark the to - kens Of his heaven - ly kingdom near.												
1P														
B		7	7	6	6		1	1	2	3	3			
4c							6-	7	'	7	'	.6		

- Hear all nature's groans proclaiming
Nature's swift approaching doom;
War, and pestilence, and famine,
Signify the wrath to come;
Cleaves the centre,
Nations rush into the tomb.
- 3 Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming Revelation!
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face.
- 4 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When with angel-host's surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light.
- 5 See the stars from heaven falling!
Hark! on earth the doleful cry!
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning judge draws nigh;
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!
- 6 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the monuments of his passion,
By the marks received for me!
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out—" 'Tis He! "
- 7 "Lo! 'tis He! our heart's desire
Come for his espoused below;
- Come to join us with the choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow:
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow."
- 8 Yes, the prize shall sure be given;
We his open face shall see:
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love our full reward shall be,
Love shall crown us
Kings through all eternity.
- 50** 8s, 7s, and 4s.
- YES! we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand:
God—the mighty God is speaking,
By his word in every land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
Christ, our Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad;
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.
- 3 Oh! 't is pleasant—'t is reviving,
To our hearts to hear each day,
Joyful news from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way;
Those enlightening,
Who in death and darkness lay.
- 4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand:
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world—in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

2 If you get there before I do,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
Look out for me, I'm coming too,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, &c.

3 I have some friends before me
gone,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
And I'm resolved to travel on,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, &c.

4 Our songs of praise shall fill the
skies,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
While higher still our joys they
rise,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, &c.

5 Then come with me, beloved
friend.
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
The joys of heaven shall never end,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, &c.

THE PILGRIM'S LOT.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
How free from every anxious
thought,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, &c.

2 Nothing on earth I call my own,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
A stranger to the world unknown,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, &c.

3 I trample on the whole delight,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,

And seek a city out of sight,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, &c.

4 There is my house and portion
fair,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
My treasure and my heart are
there,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, &c.

5 For me my elder brethren stay,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
And angels beckon me away,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, &c.

51 8s, 7s, and 4s.

SONGS anew of honor framing,
Sing you to the Lord alone;
All his wondrous works proclaim-
ing;
Jesus wondrous works hath done.
Glorious victory—
His right hand and arm have won.

2 Now he bids his great salvation,
Through the heathen lands be
told: [tion,
Tidings spread through every na-
And his acts of grace unfold:
All the heathen
Shall his righteousness behold.

3 Shout aloud—and hail the ~~S~~-
aviour;
Jesus, Lord of all, proclaim!
As ye triumph in his favor,
Spread abroad his matchless
Loud rejoicing— [same;
Shout the honors of his name.

5G § REP.
A 1 | 3 5 5 6 | 5 3 1 1 | 2 2 3 2 | 1- R ||

23q ' , , , , , , , ,
 What wondrous, mighty work is this, Un - fold - ed by our Lord ; }
 It gives our souls a taste for bliss, To read his ho - ly word ; }

5G § REP.
B 1 | 1 1 1 | 1 1 | R ||

23q ' , 4 5 5 , 5 5 5 5 1-

5G **1** **1**
A 5 | 6 5 6 | 5 3 1 5 | 6 7 5 | 6- R ||

23q ' , , , , , , , ,
 'Twas born in "Heaven's immortal bow'rs," That blessed heaven above ;

5G
B 1 | 3 4 3 4 | 3 1 1 1 | 3 4 5 3 | R ||

23q ' , , , , , , , 6-

5G **1**
A 5 | 6 5 6 | 5 3 1 1 | 2 2 3 2 | 1- R ||

23q ' , , , , , , , ,
 It gives us strength in lonely hours, And is the work of love.

5G
B 1 | 1 1 1 | 1 1 . | R ||

23q ' , 4 5 5 , 5 5 5 5 1-

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 We have received by this bright theme
 A hope of lasting life,
 Beyond the shore of death's dark stream,
 Beyond this world of strife ;
 'T is far beyond the stars and sun,
 That blissful heaven above ;
 There we can dwell, when time is done,
 By serving God in love.</p> <p>3 'T was from that realm of love di- vine,
 That Jesus came to die ;
 As "God is love," let it combine,</p> | <p>To aid us home on high ;
 O'er all our race may it prevail,
 As it prevails above ;
 And they at death will not bewail,
 For they have lived in love.</p> <p>4 'T is love unites God's church on earth,
 As it unites in heaven ;
 Then may we live to own His worth,
 And love the law He 's given ;
 Let every breast retain its joy,
 Till Jesus from above
 Calls us where pain will ne'er annoy,
 Where all is peace and love.</p> |
|---|--|

55 C. M.

ON Tabor's top the Saviour stood
 - With Peter, James, and John;
 And while he talked of Calv'ry
 there,

His face resplendent shone.

2 While on his suff'rings he conversed,
 And spoke of griefs to come,

His countenance assum'd a light
 Much brighter than the sun.

3 In dazzling brightness all arrayed
 Jesus transfigured stands,
 From heaven descends the man
 who gave
 To Israel God's commands.

4 Elijah, too, of burning zeal,
 Who did that law restore,
 Appeared with Moses on this mount
 And talked his suff'rings o'er.

5 Transported with this glorious
 scene,
 The witnesses exclaim,
 'Tis good, Lord, with such guests
 to dwell:
 Here let us still remain.

6 Three tents with joyful hands
 we'll raise,
 And place them side by side,
 For these celestials, and for thee,
 And here let us abide.

7 While thus they spoke, a cloud
 descends
 And takes them from their sight;
 But Jesus yet remains with them,
 The Father's chief delight.

8 This is my Son, his voice declares,
 Hear him in all he says,
 Not Moses nor Elijah now
 Shall guide you in my ways.

9 With joy this more illustrious
 guide
 Henceforth we'll still obey,
 Till we behold the glorious light
 Of an eternal day.

56 C. M.

WE sing the Saviour's wondrous
 death—

He conquered when he fell;
 'T is finished, said his dying breath,
 And shook the gates of hell.

2 'T is finished, our Immanuel
 cries,
 The dreadful work is done;
 Hence shall his sovereign throne
 arise,
 His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
 For glory and renown,
 When through the regions of the
 dead
 He passed to reach the crown.

4 Raise your devotion, mortal
 tongues,
 His praises to record;
 Sweet be the accents of your songs
 'To your victorious Lord.

5 Bright angels, strike your loud-
 est strings,
 Your sweetest voices raise;
 Let heaven and all created things
 Sound our Immanuel's praise!

- 5 Father, mother and sister, brother!
 If you will not journey with me I must go!
 Now since your vain hopes you will thus cherish,
 Should I too linger and with you perish?
 I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger, &c.
- 6 Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,
 In immortal beauty soon you 'll be arrayed!
 He who has formed thee, will soon restore thee,
 And then thy dread curse shall never more be:—
 I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger,
 Till thy rest shall end the weary pilgrim's night.

57. 10s and 11s.

SALVATION to God, Almighty to save!
 For still he is nigh—his presence we have;
 The great congregation his triumphs shall sing,
 Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

- 2 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
 All glory and power and wisdom and might;
 All honor and blessings, with angels above,
 And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

P. M.

BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
 O serve him with gladness and fear;
 Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
 With love and devotion draw near.

- 2 The Lord he is God, and Jehovah alone,
 Creator and ruler o'er all;
 And we are his people, his scepter we own;
 His sheep, and we follow his call.
- 3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
 Your vows in his temple proclaim;
 His praise with melodious concordance prolong,
 And bless his adorable name.
- 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
 And we are the work of his hand;
 His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
 And shall to eternity stand.

7G P	P										P
C	1	1	1	1	3						
3c	'	7	7	'	'	'	5-	5	5-	5	5
7G P	'	'					"	"	'	"	P
D	5	5	5	5	5	5	3-	3	5-	5	5
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	"	"	'	"	'
	gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.										
7G	3	2	2	3	1	3	5	1-	1	2-	1
A	'	'	'	'	'	'	"	"	'	"	'
3c							"	"	'	"	'
7G P	P										P
B	5	5	8	3	1	8	1-	1	5-	5	5
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	"	"	'	"	'

- 2 Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope since the Saviour hath died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave ! and its mansion forsaking,
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long ;
 But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
 And the sound that thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave ! but 't were wrong to deplore thee,
 When God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide ;
 He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
 And death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died.

L. M.

THAT day of wrath ! that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away :
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day.

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll ;
 And louder yet—and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ?

3 Oh ! on that day—that wrathful day,
 When man to judgement wakes from clay,
 Be thou, O Christ ! thy people's stay,
 Though heaven and earth should pass away.

4G

C :3 | 5- 4 3 2 | 1 3 4 5 6 7 | 8- 5 | 6- 7 8 6 | 5 3 .5 |

4Q

To thee, my Shepard and my Lord, A grate - ful song I raise;

4G

D :1 | 3- 2 1 2 | 3 1 1 2 | 3- 1 | 2- 3 2 | 2 1 |

4Q

My life, my joy, my hope, I owe to this amazing love;

4G

A :5 | 3- 4 5 6 7 | 8 6 5 3 | 5- 3 | 4- 5 6 4 | 5 3 .2 |

4Q

4G

B :1 | .1- 2 | 1 | .1- 1 | 2- 3 2 |

4Q

6 5 6 7 7 5 5 .5

4G

C .5- 5 | 3 5 5 3 | 4 6 6 4 | 5- 5 5 8 | 7- 6 5 6 7 |

4Q

O let the feeblest of thy flock Attempt to speak thy praise,

4G

D | .1- R | .R R 1 | 3 3 3 1 | 2- 2 |

4Q :7

Ten thousand thousand com - - forts

4G

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

4Q

4G

B | .1- R | .R R | 1 3 3 1 | 1 2

4Q :5

5 7 7 7 5 5

4G

C 8 6 5 8 4 | 5- 6 7 5 | 5- R | :R | :R

4Q

At-tempt to speak thy praise. But how shall mortal tongues express A

4G

D .3- 2 | 3- 1 2 | .1- | 1 3 1 | 2- 2 2 |

4Q

here, And nobler bliss above. To thee my trembling spirit flies, With

4G

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

4Q

4G

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

4Q

5 5 5 5 3

5P **1 3- 3 3 3 3 3**

D **6 | 6- 6 3 | 6 3 6 |** || ' | ' | ' | ' |

23c ' , , , , , , , , ,

5P **1 3- 3**

C **6 | 6- 6 3 | 6 3 6 |** || **5 | 5 5 5 5**

23c ' , , , , , , , , ,

Time speeds a - way, a - way, a - way, A - no - ther hour a -

5P **1 3- 3 1 1 1 1 1**

A **6 | 6- 6 3 | 6 3 6 |** || ' | ' | ' | ' |

23c ' , , , , , , , , ,

5P **1 3- 3 1 1 1 1 1**

B **6 | 6- 6 3 | 6 3 6 |** || ' | ' | ' | ' |

23c ' , , , , , , , , ,

5P **2 2 2 1 1 1 1- 4-**

D ' || **7 | 6 6 6 6 |** ' || **6 | 6- 7- |**

23c ' , , , , , , , , ,

5P

C **5 5 5 || 5 | 6 6 6 6 | 5 5 5 || 6 | 6- s5- | 6- s5-**

23c ' , , , , , , , , ,

nother day, A - no - ther month, a - nother year, Drop from us like the

5P **2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 3- 2- 1-**

A **7 7 7 || 7 |** ' , ' | ' , ' || ' | ' | ' | **7-**

23c ' , , , , , , , , ,

5P

B **5 5 5 || 5 | 4 4 4 4 | 3 3 3 | 3 | 1- | 2-**

23c ' , , , , , , , , , **7- 7-**

5P **3 2 1 2 1- 1 § 1- 1- 2- 1-**

D ' , ' | ' || **7 |** ' **7 6 | 7- | 6- | 7- 7 ||**

23c ' , , , , , , , , , REP. 4s.

5P §

C **6- 6 3 | 3- 3 | 3 | 3- 3- | 4- 4- | 3- 6- | s5- 5 ||**

23c ' , , , , , , , , , REP. 4s.

leaf - - lets sear, { Drop like the life blood from our hearts;
The rose bloom from the cheek de - parts;

5P § **1 2- 1- 2- 3- 3**

A **6 8 7 6 s5 | 6- 6 | s5 | 6- 6 7 ' | 7- |** ||

23c ' , , , , , , , , , REP. 4s.

5P § **1- 1-**

B **1 2 3 3 | 3 | ' 7 6 | s5- 5- | 6- 4- | 3- 3 ||**

23c ' , , **6- 6** ' , , , , , , , , , REP. 4s.

5P **1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 P**
 D ' | ' 7 ' | ' 7 ' | ' 7 ' | ' 7 ' ||

23c
 5P **1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 P**
 C ' | 7 ' 5 ' | 7 ' 5 ' | 7 ' 5 ' | 7 ' 5 ' ||

23c
 The tresses from the tem - ples fall, The eye grows dim and strange to all,
 5P **3 5 3 2 3 4 3 2 3 5 3 2 3 4 3 2**
 A ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' P ||

23c
 5P **1 P**
 B ' | 5 5 5 5 | 5 5 5 5 | 5 5 5 5 | 5 5 5 ||

23c
 5P **2 1 2 3 2 1- 1 2 1- 1**
 D ' | ' | ' | ' | ' | ' | ' | ' ||

23c
 5P
 C **4 | 3 s5 6 7 | 6- 6 3 | 3- 3** ||

23c
 The eye grows dim and strange to all.
 5P **1 2 3- 3**
 A s5 | 6 7 | ' | ' s5 | 6- 6 ||

23c
 5P **1**
 B **7 | 7 6 4 | 3- 3 3 | 6- 6** ||

- 2 Time speeds away, away, away,
 Like torrent in a stormy day;
 He undermines the stately tower,
 Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower,
 And sweeps from our distracted breast
 The friends that loved, the friends that blessed,
 And leaves us weeping on the shore
 To which they can return no more.
- 3 Time speeds away, away, away,
 No eagle through the skies of day,
 No wind along the hills can flee
 So swiftly, or so smooth as he.
 Like fiery steed from stage to stage
 He bears us on, from youth to age,
 Then plunges in the fearful sea
 Of fathomless eternity.

3G		.1	.1																
A	.1	3-4	.5-5	.6	.7	R	5	.5	4	3	2	1	.4	.3	.2	R			
4Q																			
	Join all on earth, in heaven above, In honor, bless - ing, glo - ry, love !																		
3G																			
B	.1	1-1	.1-3	.4	.5	.1	R	1	.3	.1	6	5	4	3	.2	.1	R		
4Q																			.5

3G		2	2	1				.1											
A	2	.5	.6	.7-	7	6	.5-	5	5	2	6	5	4	.3	.2	:1			
4Q																			
	Sing praises to the great "I am," Sing praises to the spotless lamb.																		
3G																			
B		.2	.5-	.1	.2			.1	.3	.4	3	4	.5	:1					
4Q	5	.7		7			.5	5											.5

61. L. M.

KING Jesus, reign for evermore
 Unrivalled in thy courts above,
 While we, with all thy saints, adore
 The wonders of redeeming love.

- 2 No other lord but thee we 'll know,
 No other power but thine confess ;
 We 'll spread thine honors while below,
 And heaven shall hear us shout thy grace.
- 3 We 'll sing along the heavenly road
 That leads us to thy blest abode ;
 Till, with the vast unnumbered throng,
 We join in heaven's triumphant song—
- 4 Till with pure hands and voices sweet
 We cast our crowns at Jesus's feet,
 And sing of everlasting love
 In never-ending strains above.

62. L. M.

BLESSED are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty ;
 Treasures of grace to them are given,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

- 2 Blessed are the men of broken heart
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blessed are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.
- 4 Blessed are the men of peaceful life
Who quench the glowing coals of strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 5 Blessed are the suff'ers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord:
Glory and joy are their reward.

63 L. M.

EARTH has a joy unknown in heaven,
The new-born joy of sins forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
O angels! never dimmed your sight.

- 2 You saw of old on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
You know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.
- 3 Bright heralds of th' Eternal Will,
Abroad his errands you fulfil;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonius in his presence play.
- 4 Loud is the song—the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.
- 5 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
You on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

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

4Q .7
 Hail, Father! hail, beloved Son, Equalled in earth and heaven by none,

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

4Q 5 4 .5 .5 7 6 5 .5

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

4Q Blessings, and thanks, and power divine, Thrice holy God, be ever thine.

4G P
 B .1 | 3 1 4 3 | .2 .1 | | | 1 1 | | .1 ||

4Q .5 .5 7 4 .5 .5

GRATITUDE. No. 2. L. M. BOST.

3G § 1 3 1 1 REP.
 D | 7 | 5 5 | 4 6 4 | .3 || 5 | 7 5 6 ||

3c
 3G § 1 REP.
 A 5 | 5 3 | 3 5 3 | 2 4 | .1 || 3 | 4 5 4 ||

3c 7
 My God how end - less is thy love, } And morn - ing
 Thy gifts are eve - ry even - ing new, }

3G § REP.
 B 1 | .1 1 | | 1 | | .1 || 1 | |

3c .5 .5 5 .5 5

3G .1
 D 5 4 5 | 7 5 6 | .5 || 5 | 5 - 4 3 | .5 5 | .3 ||

3c
 3G
 A 3 2 3 | 4 5 4 | .3 || 5 | 5 - 4 3 | 3 - 2 1 | 2 4 | .1 ||

3c 7
 mercies from above, Gent - ly dis - til like ear - ly dew.

3G
 B 1 1 | 2 | .1 || 1 | 1 | .1 1 | 2 | .1 ||

3c 7 5 5 .5 .5

- 2 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.
- 3 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours,
I yield my power to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days.

64 L. M.

WELCOME, thou well beloved of God,
Thou heir of grace, redeemed by blood;
Welcome with us, thine hand to join
As partner of our lot divine.

- 2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace,
We're travelling to a blissful place;
The Holy Spirit knows the way,
And he'll conduct from day to day.
- 3 Take up thy cross and bear it on,
It shall be light, and not be long;
Soon shalt thou sit with Jesus down,
And wear an everlasting crown.

65 L. M.

PRAISE you the Lord! Our God to praise
My soul her utmost power shall raise;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

- 2 His works for greatness though renowned,
His wondrous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.
- 3 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirmed through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.
- 4 By precepts he has us enjoined
To keep his wondrous works in mind;
And to posterity record
That good and gracious is the Lord.

L. M.

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
 To our blest Lord our voices raise ;
 Let all the saints unite to tell
 Our Saviour has done all things well.

- 2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
 His wisdom all his works express ;
 But oh, his love, what tongue can tell !
 Our Saviour has done all things well.
- 3 We spurned his grace, we broke his laws,
 But yet he undertook our cause,
 To save our ruined souls from hell ;
 Our Saviour has done all things well.
- 4 And now our souls have known his love,
 What mercy has he made us prove !
 His mercy doth all praise excel ;
 Our Saviour has done all things well.
- 5 Soon shall we pass the vale of death,
 And in his arms resign our breath ;
 And then our happy souls shall tell
 Our Saviour has done all things well.
- 6 And when to that bright world we rise,
 And reach the mansions in the skies,
 Above the rest this note shall swell,
 Our Saviour has done all things well.

66. L. M.

UP to the fields where angels lie,
 And living waters gently roll ;
 Fain would their thoughts ascend on high,
 But sin hangs heavy on their soul.

- 2 O might they once mount up and see
 The glories of th' eternal skies,
 How vain a thing this world would be !
 How empty all its fleeting joys !
- 3 Great All in All—Eternal King,
 May they but humbly seek thy face,
 Then all their powers shall bow and sing
 Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

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

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

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

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

68 C. M.

JESUS, great Shepherd of thy
sheep,
To thee for help we fly,
Thy little flock in safety keep;
For O! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm;
Unless thy fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel
power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign in worlds on high!

69 C. M.

YOU glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu,
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view—
A treasure all divine.

2 Away, unworthy of my cares,
You specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown—
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

4 Should both the Indies, at my
call,
Their boasted stores resign,
With joy I would renounce them
all,
For leave to call thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain treasures all
depart,
Of this dear gift possessed,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever blest.

6 Blest Sovereign of my soul's de-
sires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the praise that love inspires,
Since I can call thee mine!

BALERMA C. M.

7G	D			1	.1	1	.1		.1	.1	1						
3c	5	.5	5	.5					7	7		.7					
7G	C																
3c	3	.5	4	.3	4	.3	4	.3	5	.5	5	.5	5	.5			
	With cheerful notes let all the earth To heaven their voices raise,																
7G	A	1	.3	2	.1			.1		2	.3	2	3	5	3	.2	
3c					6	.5	6										
7G	B								.1	.1							
3c	1	.1	1	.1	1	.1	1	.1	5	5	1	.5					
7G	D		.1		.1	1	.1	1			1	3	1		.1		
3c	7		7					.7	7		.5	7					
7G	C																
3c	5	.5	4	.3	4	.5	1	.2	5	.5	5	4	3	4	.3		
	Let all inspired with God - ly, mirth, Sing solemn hymns of praise.																
7G	A	2	.3	2	.1				2	3	5	3	2	1	2	.1	
3c					6	.5	3	.5									
7G	B		.1						.1	.5	5	.1					
3c	5		5	.6	4	.1	6	.5	5	1							

2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
 Shall fill, like incense, all thy house,
 The palace of our King.

His truth shall ne'er decay ;
 Then let the willing nations round
 Their grateful tribute pay.

C. M.

HERE will we meet the Saviour's poor,
 'T is meet that we should share the
 And all thy poor relieve. [same,

And fill their souls with bread ;
 The wretched stop at Jesus's door,
 And shall be largely fed.

2 Accept, O Lord, our prayers and
 vows,
 The offerings which we bring,

3 Thanks to thy great, thy gracious
 name,
 For all that we receive ;
 For all that we receive ;
 'T is meet that we should share the
 And all thy poor relieve. [same,

70. C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines !
 Forever be thy name adored
 For these celestial lines !

2 Here may the wretched sons want
 Exhaustless riches find;
 Riches above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a rich repast;
 Sublimersweets than nature knows
 Invite the longing taste.

4 Here springs of consolation rise
 To cheer the fainting mind,
 And thirsty souls receive supplies,
 And sweet refreshment find.

5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around;
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

6 O may those heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.

71 C. M.

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

2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
 That rises to my sight!
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight!

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
 On trees immortal grow;

There rocks, and hills, and brooks,
 and vales,
 With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er these wide extended plains
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God, the Son, forever reigns,
 And scatters night away.

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

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

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

72 C. M.

GREAT God, where'er we pitch
 our tent,
 Let us an altar raise;
 And there, with humble frame present
 Our sacrifice of praise.

2 To thee we give our health and strength,
 While health and strength shall last;
 For future mercies humbly trust,
 Nor e'er forget the past.

3G ♯ P P
 D 5 | 5 5 | 6 5 | 6 6 | 5 5 | 5- 5 | 5 4 | 3 ||

2c

3G ♯ P P
 C 3 | 1 | | 1 | 2 1 | 2 | 3- 2 | 1 | 1 ||

2c

O sinner, come to Jesus now, Come taste re-deem-ing love;

3G ♯ P P
 A 1 | 3 2 | 1 3 | 4 3 | 2 4 | 5- 4 | 3 2 | 1 ||

2c

Then, sinner, come to Jesus, come, Count all things else but loss.

3G ♯ P P
 B 1 | | | 1 | 2 1 | | 1- 2 | | 1 ||

2c

5 5 5 5 7 5 5

3G P P
 D 5 | 5 5 | 6 4 | 6 6 | 5 5 | 7- 7 | 5 5 | 5 ||

2c

3G P P
 C 3 | 5 5 | 4 5 | 2 2 | 3 2 | 5- 5 | 2 2 | 2 ||

2c

The Ho - ly Spirit, calls to you, The voice of God a - bove.

3G P P
 A 5 | 7 | 6 | | 7 6 | 5 6 | 7- ' | 3 s4 | 5 ||

2c

3G P P
 B 1 | 3 2 | 1 1 | 4 4 | 3 4 | 2- 1 | | 1 ||

2c

5 5

3G P 1 1 1 1 1 REP. ls. P
 D 5 | | | | 7 | 5 5 | 7 5 | 4 6 | 5 ||

2c

3G P REP. ls. P
 C 3 | 5 5 | 3 5 | 5 5 | 5 1 | 2 2 | 4 2 | 3 ||

2c

What more could He have done for you, Who died up - on the cross?

3G P 1 1 3 2 1 REP. ls. P
 A 5 | 7 | 6 | | 3 | s4 5 | 6 s4 | 5 ||

2c

3G P REP. ls. P
 B 1 | 3 2 | 4 3 | 5 4 | 3 | | | | ||

2c

5 6 5 4 2 5

<p>2 Come sinner, come cast far away Your love of wealth and fame, And seek by full obedience An interest in his name; The name of Him who died for you, Who ever lives on high To advocate the cause of those Who by His blood draw nigh.</p>	<p>3 By faith, by true repentance And confession, sinner, come, Come, nothing doubting—linger not, For yet there still is room; Come make the promises your own, And from destruction flee; Live godly in Christ Jesus, And be saved eternally.</p>
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LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.

6G	P
A	1 1 1 2 3 1 2 2 2 3 4 5- 4 3 2 5 3 1 2 1
4q	5 , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;	
6G	P
B	1 2 3- 2 1-
4q	5 1 1 3 2 1 5 5 5 , , , , 3 5 5 1

6G	P
A	3 4 5 5 5 4 3 4 4 4 3 2 4 5- 4 3 2 5 3 1 2 1
4q	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,
He justly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kindness, O how free.	
6G	P
B	1 2 3 3 3 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1- 1- 1
4q	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

6G	P
CHORUS.	
A	1 2- 3 2 4 4 4 3 2 4 5- 4 3 2 5 3 1 2 1
4q	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,
His loving kindness, loving kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how free.	
6G	P
B	1 2 2 2 1 2 3- 2 1-
4q	5- 5 5 5 , , , , , , , , , , 6 5 5 1

2 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright worlds of endless day;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.
His loving kindness, &c.

3G \S \frown P

D	5	5	5	5	5	3	5	5	6	5	5	6
2c	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

3G \S \frown P

C	3	2	1	1	3	1	1	2	2	1	1	2
2c	,	,	,	,	7	,	,	7	,	,	,	,

3G \S \frown P

A	5	4	3	3	5	1	2	3	4	4	3	2	3	4
2c	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

3G \S \frown P

B	1	1	1	1									
2c	,	,	,	5	5	4	5	6	6	6	5	5	5

3G **1 1** REP. P

D		6	5	5	5	3	R	R	R
2c	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

3G REP. P

C	3	1	2	3	1	1	3 s4	5	5	6	5	3	3
2c	,	,	,	7	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

3G REP. P **1 1 2 3**

A	5	3	4	5	3	2	1	5	7	5	5
2c	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

3G REP. P

B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
2c	5	5	5	5	7	7	5	7	,	,	,

3G P **1** \frown **1 2** REP. 1 & 2s. P

D	R	R	5	5	7	6	5	5	5
2c	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

3G \frown P \frown REP. 1 & 2s. P

C	3	2	3	3	3	3	3	4	3	2	3	4	2	2	3
2c	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

3G \frown P \frown REP. 1 & 2s. P

A	7	6	5	6	7	5	5	6	5	s4	5	6	s4	4	5
2c	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

3G P REP. 1 & 2s. P

B			1	1									1
2c	5	4	3	4	5	6	6	5	6	7	7		

1 How happy are they who their Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above;
 Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort and peace,
 Of a soul in its earliest love.
 This comfort is mine since the favour divine
 I have found in the blood of the Lamb.
 Since the truth I believed what a joy I've received,
 What a treasure in Jesus's blest name.

2 'T is a heaven below my Redeemer to know,
 And the angels can do nothing more
 Than to fall at his feet and the story repeat,
 And the lover of sinners adore!
 Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song;
 O that all to this refuge may fly!
 He has loved me, I cried, he has suffered and died
 To redeem such a rebel as I!

3 On the wings of his love I am carried above
 All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
 O why should I grieve while on him I believe!
 O why should I sorrow again!
 O the rapturous height of that holy delight
 Which I feel in the life-giving blood!
 Of my Saviour possessed, I am perfectly blessed,
 Being filled with the fulness of God!

P. M.

ZION, the marvellous story be telling,
 The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!
 The brightest of angels in glory excelling,
 He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth!

2 Tell how he cometh, from nation to nation,
 The heart cheering news let the earth echo round;
 How free to the sinner he offers salvation,
 How his people with joy everlasting are crowned.

3 Mortals your homage be gratefully bringing,
 And sweet let the gladsome hosannah arise;
 You angels the full hallelujah be singing,
 One chorus resounds through the earth and the skies.

4G	D	5	5-	4	3	3	3	3	5	5	5	.5		5	5	5	4	6			
3c																					
4G	C	1	3-	2	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	.3			1	1	1				
3c														6	7		7				
4G		De - lay not, de - lay not, O sinner draw near, The waters of																			
4G	A	5	1-	7	6	5	5	5	s4	4	4	4	.5		1	2	3	3	2	3	
3c																					
4G	B	1	1-	1	1	1							.1		1	1					
3c									5	5	5	5	5					5	5		
4G				1	1	1	.1														
4G	D	5	5	5	6									5	5-	4	3	3	3	4	
3c																					
4G	C	2	2	1	2	3	4	3	.2		3	3-	2	1	1	1					
3c																				6	7
4G		life are now flowing for thee; No price is de - manded, The																			
4G	A	4	4	3	4	5	7	6	.5		5		7	6	5	5	1	2			
3c																					
4G	B			1	2						1	1-	1	1	1						
3c		6	6	5		7			.5											5	5
4G						1	1														
4G	D	5	6	5	.5		5			5	5	1	5	5	6	5	.1				
3c																					
4G	C	1	2	1			1	2	3	4	3	3	1		1	2		.1			
3c																					
4G		Saviour is here, Re - demption is purchased, sal - va - tion is free.																			
4G	A	3	4	3	.2		3	4	5	6	5	5	1	2	3	4	2	.1			
3c																					
4G	B	1	2	1				1	2	1	1								.1		
3c																					
4G																					
3c				.5	5									5	6	5	4	5			

- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus our Lord?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb,
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not, the spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, entreats thee to come;
Beware, lest in darkness thou finish thy race,
And sink to the veil of eternity's gloom.
- 5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand,
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

77 8s, 6s, and 7s.

- I DO not seek a conqueror's name,
Though praised it oft may be;
For oh the wreath of conquest seems
All stained with blood, to me:
But I desire the Christian's name,
Which will confer immortal fame,
And glory all unfading:
O that's the name for me.
- 2 That name the Lord's first followers wore,
And I would wear the same,
Although condemned like them to bear
For it reproach and shame;
And though it be despised on earth
Eternity shall prove its worth,
While Jesus I am praising:
O that's the name for me.
- 3 That name the blessed martyrs bore
And for it nobly died;
Then why should such a worthy name
By me be e'er denied?
O no! but with my failing breath
I'll own that glorious name in death,
A glorious pledge of rising
O that's the name for me.

1P		1	1	1	1	1	1	3	3	2		1
D	6	6	'	'	'	'	'	'	7	'	6	7-

23s

1P

C	1	1	3	3	3	3	3	3	s 5	5	7	7	6	6	5-
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23s

Sinner turn thine eye to cal - va - ry, And on th' accursed tree,

1P

A	6	6	6	3	6	'	7	s 5	'	'	'	'
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23s

1P

B		3	3	1	1	3	3	3	s 5	5	6	3-
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23s

1P

D	6	6	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	6
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23s

1P

C	6	3	s 5	5	6	6	3	s 5	6	7	6	6	3	2	1-
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23s

Bleeding, ag - o - niz - ing, dy - ing, See the Saviour hangs for thee.

1P

A	'	7	7	6	6	5	3	'	'	'	6	s 5	6-
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23s

1P

B	6	6	3	3	1	1	3	3	6	5	1	1	3	3
---	----------	----------	----------	----------	----------	----------	----------	----------	----------	----------	----------	----------	----------	----------

23s

1P

D	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	6-
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	-----------

- 2 Hear his groans of bitter anguish,
See him raise his dying eyes
From the taunting throng around him,
To his Father in the skies
- 3 Hear him cry, when life is failing,
Why hast thou forgotten me ?
While the Scribe and Priest are mocking
At his dying agony.
- 4 Hear, while down his cheeks are flowing
Streams of mingled tears and blood,
How he offers up petitions
For his murderers to God

5 See him bow his head in sorrow,
See him draw his dying breath;
All to save a world of rebels
From the pains of endless death.

6 Look until thy heart is melted
By the love he thus makes
known;
Own him now and he will own
thee
At his Father's glorious throne.

79 8s and 7s.

JESUS, I my cross have taken
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken—
Thou from hence my all shalt
be!

Perished every fond ambition—
All I've sought, or hoped, or
known,

Yet how rich is my condition—
God and heaven are all my own!

2 Go, then, earthly fame and trea-
sure—

Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.

I have called thee Abba Father—
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl and clouds may
gather—

All must work for good to me!

3 Soul! then know thy full salva-
tion—

Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear!

Think what spirit dwells within
thee—

Think what heavenly bliss is
thine;

Think what Jesus did to save
thee—

Child of Heaven—canst thou re-
pine?

4 Haste thee on from grace to glo-
ry,

Armed by faith and winged by
prayer—

Heaven's eternal day's before
thee,

God's own hand shall guide thee
there.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim-days!

Hope shall change to glad frui-
tion,

Faith to sight, and prayer to
praise.

80 8s and 7s.

COME, dear friends, we are all
brethren

Bound for Canaan's happy land;
Come, unite and walk together,

Christ, our leader, gives com-
mand.

Cease to boast of party merit,
Wound the cause of God no

more,
Be united by his spirit:

Zions peace again restore.

2 Now our hand, our heart and
spirit

Here in fellowship we give;
Let us love and peace inherit,

Show the world how Christians
live.

We'll be one in Christ our Sa-
viour,

Male and female, bond and free!
Christ is all in all forever,

In him we shall blessed be.

2 A pilgrim long I've wandered
here,

But with a steadfast eye
I see a rest reserved for me
At God's right hand on high;
Then all the joys of earth in vain
Will tempt my feet to roam,
To seek a rest on earth below,
Since heaven is my home.

3 Oh! were this world as fair as
when

Primeval Eden smiled
I would not by its glowing charms,
To dwell here, be beguiled;
But I would seek a brighter world
Where God has bid me come.
Then seek no more to bind me
here
For heaven is my home.

81 C. M.

O GOD with humble heart and
voice

We now approach thy throne,
Released from every earthly
thought
To worship thee alone.

2 Thy all-sustaining hand has kept
Us safe since morning light,
And now we thy protection ask
To guard us through the night.

3 O may our thankful songs to
thee
Like grateful incense rise,
And mingle with the praises which
Are sung above the skies.

4 But when we lift the voice in
With reverential fear, [prayer
Bow down from out thy high abode
And condescend to hear;

5 For O we come as children come,
And ask thee to supply
Our hungry souls with living food
Which thou wilt ne'er deny.

6 But as the gentle dews descend,
So may thy grace be given,
To cheer us in thy earthly courts
While on our way to heaven.

7 O may our hearts all yield to
thee;

Our stormy passions cease
As fall the waters of the deep
When thou commandest peace.

8 And when all earthly scenes shall
fade

O may we joyful stand
To worship with the ransomed
throng
Who dwell at thy right hand.

82 C. M.

ATTEND, ye children of your
Ye heirs of glory, hear; [God;
For accents so divine as these
Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptized into your Saviour's death
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ your Lord ye live anew
With Christ ascend on high.

3 There, by his Father's side, he
Enthroned divinely fair, [sits
Yet owns himself your brother still
And your forerunner there.

4 Rise, from these earthly trifles
rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above your choicest treasure lies,
And set your hearts above.

7G
C | | | ; R ||

3c .3 3- 4 3 3 3 4 6 4 4 3 .5 5- 5
' " ' "

7G

A .1 | | | 1 | | R ||.3 2- 2

3c 7- 6 5 5 5 6 6 6 5 ' "

Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning, Joy to the

7G

B | | | | R ||.1

3c .1 1- 1 1 1 1 4 4 4 1 1 7- 7
' " ' "

7G
C | | | || | | | 1 |

3c .4 5- 5 3 2 1 .5- .3 3- 4 3 3 5 7 7
' " ' "

7G

A .1 | | | ||.1 | | | 4 4 3 |

3c 7- 7 6 5 4 .5- .7- 6 5 5 5
' " ' "

lands that in darkness have lain; Hushed be the accents of sorrow and

7G

B | | | | || | | | | |

3c .6 5- 5 1 2 2 .5- .1 1- 1 1 1 3 2 2 1
' " ' "

7G
C 1 R ||.3 1- 2 | 3 | | | | ||

3c 7 ' " 5 4 3 6 5 4 .3-
' "

7G

A 3 2 R ||.5 3- 4 | 5 | 1 | 4 3 2 |.1- ||

3c ' " 7

mourning, Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.

7G

B R ||.1 1- 1 | 1 | | | | ||

3c 5 5 ' " 5 6 4 5 5 .1-

- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
 Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
 Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
 Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
 Streams ever copious are gliding along;
 Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing
 Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.
- 4 See, the dead risen from land and from ocean,
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
 Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

83 11s and 10s.

- OH tell me, thou life and delight of my soul,
 Where the flocks of thy pasture are feeding;
 I seek thy protection, I need thy control;
 I would go where my shepherd is leading.
- 2 O tell me, beloved, where the flocks are at rest,
 Where the noontide will find them reposing?
 The tempest now rages, my soul is distrest,
 And the pathway of peace I am losing.
- 3 O why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes,
 'Mid the desert where now they are roving,
 Where hunger and thirst, where afflictions and woes,
 And temptations their ruin are proving?
- 4 O when shall my woes and my wanderings cease?
 And the follies that fill me with weeping?
 Thou shepherd of Israel! restore me that peace,
 Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping.
- 5 A voice from the shepherd now bids thee return
 By the way where the foot prints are lying;
 No longer to wander, no longer to mourn;
 O fair one! now homewards be flying.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise him all creatures here below;
 Praise him ye saints, who owe him most;
 Praise him above ye heavenly host.

2 Haste, O hasten thine appearing,
Take thy mourning people home;
'Tis this hope our spirits cheering,
While we in the desert roam,
Makes thy people [come.
Strangers here till thou dost

3 Lord how long shall the crea-
tion

Groan and travail sore in pain,
Waiting for its sure salvation
When thou shalt in glory reign,
And like Eden
This sad earth shall bloom again.

4 Reign, O reign, Almighty Sa-
viour,

Heaven and earth in one unite;
Make it known, that in thy favor,
There alone is life and light;
When we see thee
We shall have unmixed delight.

84 8s, 7s, and 4s.

SINNERS, will you scorn the mes-
sent in mercy from above! [sage,
Every sentence—oh how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
"Pardon to each rebel sinner!—
Free forgiveness in his name."
How important:
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Tempted souls, they bring you
succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your
fears;

And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears.

Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors, grovelling
worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address
you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you—
Take the warnings they afford.

5 Who hath our report believed?
Who recieved the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it?
Offered to you by the Lord?

6 Oh, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your
way,
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

85 8s, 7s, and 4s.

LO! he cometh, countless trum-
pets
Blow to wake the sleeping dead:
'Mid his thousand saints and an-
gels
See the great exalted head!
Hallelujah—
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

2 Now at once they rise to glory,
Enter into boundless joys;
Banish all their fears and sorrows,
Endless praise their lips em-
ploy,
Hallelujah—
Welcome, welcome to the skies.

6G § REP.
 C **3 | 3- 1 3 | 3- 1 | | 1 |** ||

23c ' , , **5 7 7 7 ' 7 3- 3**
 Re - joice, Re - joice, the prom - ised time is com - ing, }
 Re - joice, Re - joice, the wil - der - ness shall bloom, }

6G § REP.
 A **5 | 5- 3 5 | 5- 3 3 | 2 2 2 3 2 | 1-** ||

23c ' , , , , , **5**

6G § REP.
 B **1 | 1- 1 1 | 1- 1 1 | | 1-** ||

23c ' , , , , , **5 5 5 5 1**

6G REP. ls.
 C | | | | |

23c **3 4 4 4 3 3 3 3 3 4 4 4 3 5 5 3**
 And Zi - on's children then shall sing, The deserts all are blos - soming.

6G REP. ls.
 A **1 | 2 2 2 | 1 1 1 1 | 2 2 2 | 3 3 1** ||

23c ' , , **5** , , , , **5** ,

6G
 C | | | **1 1** | | |

23c **3 3 3 3 3 3 5** , **7 7 6 6 4 4 4**
 The gos - pel banner, wide unfurled, Shall wave in triumph o'er the world.

6G REP. ls.
 A | | | **1 3 3 | 2 2 1 1 | 1** ||

23c **5 5 5 5 6 5** , , , , **6 6**

6G REP. ls.
 C | | | **1** | | |

23c **4 3 3 3 4 3 5** , **6 4 4 4 5 4 5 5 5**
 And eve - ry creature, bond or free, Shall hail the glo - rious ju - bi - lee.

6G REP. ls.
 A | | | **1 3 1** | | | **1 | 2 2 2** ||

23c **6 5 5 5 6 5** , , , , **6 6 6 7** , ,

- 2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing ;
 From Zion shall the law go forth,
 And all shall hear from south to north.
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing ;
 And truth shall sit on every hill,
 And blessings flow in every rill,
 And praise shall every heart employ,
 And every voice shall shout for joy.
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.
- 3 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign ;
 And lambs may with the leopard play,
 For nought shall harm in Zion's way.
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign ;
 The sword and spear of needless worth,
 Shall prune the tree and plough the earth,
 For peace shall smile from shore to shore,
 And nations shall learn war no more.
 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.

L. M.

SWEET is the scene when Christians die,
 When holy souls retire to rest :
 How mildly beams the closing eye !
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast.

- 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
 Fanned by some guardian angel's wing ;
 O grave ! where is thy victory now,
 And where, O death, where is thy sting !
- 4 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
 Fanned by some guardian angel's wing ;
 O grave ! where is thy victory now,
 And where, O death, where is thy sting !

- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid
 When tempted, desolate, dismayed—
 Or how the host of hell defeat,
 Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat.
- 5 There! there, on eagle wings we soar,
 And sin and sense seem all no more,
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.
- 6 O let my hand forget her skill,
 My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
 This bounding heart forget to beat,
 If I forget the Mercy Seat.

86 L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
 He justly claims a song from me,
 His loving kindness O how free!

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
 He saved me from my lost estate,
 His loving kindness O how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along,
 His loving kindness O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick, and thundered loud
 He near my soul has always stood,
 His loving kindness O how good!
- 5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
 Oh! may my last expiring breath
 His loving kindness sing in death.
- 6 Then let me mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day,
 And sing with rapture and surprise
 His loving kindness in the skies.

2 The palm of victory
Is waving in the hand
Of all who, in that throng,
Before the Saviour stand;
They sing a lofty strain,
The numbers of their hymn
Excel the noblest notes
Of the bright seraphim.

3 Salvation is their theme,
Salvation to our God!
Salvation to the Lamb!
Who saved us by his blood:
For in that precious blood
They've washed away each stain,
And in his kingdom now
Eternally they reign.

87 S. M.

RAISE your triumphat songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the
deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how Eternal Love
His Chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched
race
From this abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 He shows his Father's love
To raise our souls on high;
He came with pardon from above
For rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, children, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Yours is the sceptre of his love,
And yours the offered peace.

6 Lord we accept thy call,
And lay an humble claim,
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

88 C. M.

A CITY, glorious as the sun,
Now bursts upon my sight;
And all its blest inhabitants
Are clad in spotless white.

2 A diadem is on each brow,
Whose sparkling jewels shine
Brighter than all that ever flashed
In India's richest mine.

3 Sign of the victory they have won
A palm waves in each hand;
A song of praise swells on each
Of all that glorious band. [tongue

4 Behold! they tune their golden
harps,
And hark what strains they sing;
"Glory and wide dominion now
Belong unto our King!"

5 Are these the angels that looked
And saw creation's birth; [on
Who pealed their joyous anthems
forth
When first uprose the earth?

6 No; these can sing a nobler
Salvation is the song [strain:
Which bursts in rapture from the
Of that bright happy throng. [lips

7 Redeemed, from every clime they
Once man's lost fallen race [came
To dwell forever in the smile
Of their Redeemer's face.

8 And while eternal years roll on
Their harps they shall employ
To swell the high and lofty notes
Of triumph and of joy.

4G
 A **1 1 2 3 3 4 | 5 6 5 3** R | **5 4 3 2** R |
 4c ' , ' , ' , ' , ' , ' , ' , ' ,
 Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier, When I am gone,
 4G
 B **1 1 1** | | R | **1** | R |
 4c . ' ' **7 5 5 5 3 4 5 5 5** | | **3 4 6 4**

4G §
 A **4 3 2 1** R || **1 1 2 3 3 4 | 5 6 5 3** R ||
 4c ' , ' , ' , ' , ' , ' ,
 when I am gone; Smile, if the slow tolling bell you shall hear,
 4G §
 B **1** R || **1 1 1** | | R |
 4c **6 3 4 6** ' ' ' **7 5 5 6 5 4 2 5**
 Think of the crowns all the ransomed shall have,

4G P P § REP. 5s. & 3 & 4s.
 A **5 4 3 2 3 2 | .1 .R || 5 4 3 2 | 3 3 2 1** R ||
 4c ' , ' , ' , ' , ' , **5 5** ' ,
 When I am gone, I am gone. Weep not for me when you stand by my grave,
 4G P P § REP. 5s. & 3 & 4s.
 B **1** | | .R | | **1** R ||
 4c **6 4 6 5 5 5 .1** | | **5 6 5 5 3 3 5 5 5**
 When I am gone, I am gone. Think who has died his beloved to save,

- 2 Plant ye a tree which may wave over me
 When I am gone, when I am gone ;
 Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see,
 When I am gone, I am gone.
 Come at the close of a bright summer day,
 Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring ray,
 Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,
 When I am gone, I am gone.
- 3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed
 When I am gone, when I am gone ;
 Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead,
 When I am gone, I am gone ;
 Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care,
 Serve ye the Lord that my bliss ye may share,
 Look up on high and believe I am there,
 When I am gone, I am gone.

BERLIN. 9s & 8s. SMITH'S CHURCH HARMONY. 121

2G ♯ **.1- 3 2- 1** ┌───┐
 A **.1 3 5 |** | , 7 6 | **.5 .4 |** **:3 |.5 5 5 |**

4c └───┘
 That blessed day is fast - - ap - proach - ing, When Christ in
 With sounding trumpets and shouts of an - - - gels, To call each

2G ♯ ┌───┐
 B **.1 1 1 |.3- 1 |.5-** 4 | **3 1 2 |** **:1 |.3 3 3 |**

4c 5

2G ┌───┐ **1 2 .1** :1 REP. .1 ┌───┐ **1**
 A **6- 7 |** .7 | ||.5 6 7 | .5 | **6- 7 4 |**

4c , ,
 glo - - rious clouds will come, }
 faith - - - ful spi - rit home. } There's Abr'am, Isaac, ho - - - ly

2G REP.
 B **.4- 4 |.5** :1 ||.1 4 5 |.3 .3 |.4- 4 |

4c .5

2G ┌───┐ **.3 4 3 2 1 .2** .1 :1 .1
 A **.3 .4 |.5** | .5 | .7 | | **7 6 |.5 .5 |**

4c
 pro - phets, And all the saints at God's right hand ; There hosts of angels

2G ┌───┐
 B **.1 .2 |.1 .1 |.4-** 4 |.5 .5 |.6 .5 | **:1 |.1** ┌───┐ **.1 .1 |**

4c 5 6 7
,
,

2G ┌───┐ **1** ┌───┐ **2** ┌───┐ **.1** ┌───┐ **1 4 .3 .2 :1**
 A **6 7 |** .6 | **:5 |.5 6- 5 |** **6 7 |** | | |

4c ,
 join in con - cert, Shout as - - they reach the promised land.

2G ┌───┐
 B **.4 .5 |.1 .2 |** **:1 |.1 4- 3 |** **4 5 6 4 |.5** | **:1 ||**

4c , .5

10s, 8s, and 7s.

WHERE are the fathers who guided our youth,
 Where are they gone, where are they gone ?
 They taught us the lessons of wisdom and truth,
 Where are they gone, are they gone ?

They're gone from this low ground of sorrow and pain,
 They're gone from earth's pleasures so fleeting and vain
 But say, oh! say, shall we meet them again?

Where are they gone, are they gone?

- 2 Where are the lovely—our fond heart's delight,
 Where are they gone, where are they gone?
 They've left this lone valley of canker and blight,
 Where are they gone, are they gone?
 Sad memory treasures each fond look and tone,
 Each kind word and token. Alone, all alone,
 Affection remembers. Where are they gone,
 Where are they gone, are they gone?
- 3 They've gone to the land where all mourners have rest,
 There they are gone, there they are gone;
 They've gone to the land where all true hearts are blest,
 There they are gone, they are gone:
 They've gone to the city where parting's no more,
 To the heavenly mansions where weeping is o'er;
 They've gone to enjoy their reward evermore,
 There they are gone, they are gone.

90 10s and 9s.

O HAPPY children who follow Jesus
 Unto the house of prayer and praise,
 And join in union while love increases,
 Resolved this way to spend your days;
 Although we're hated by the world and Satan,
 By the flesh, and such as love not God,
 Yet happy moments and joyful seasons
 We oft times find on Canaan's road.

- 2 Since we've been waiting on lovely Jesus
 We've felt some strength come from above,
 Our hearts have burned with holy rapture,
 We long to be absorbed in love:
 Let us sing praises for what is given,
 And trust in God for time to come;
 Sure we shall find our way to heaven,
 So farewell, brethren—we're going home.
- 3 And as we go let us praise our Saviour,
 And pray for those who spurn his grace,
 Lest they should lose love's richest treasure,
 And ne'er enjoy his smiling face.

Now here's my hand and my best wishes,
 In token of my Christian love,
 In hopes with you to praise my Jesus;
 So farewell, brethren—we'll meet above.

91 8s.

REJOICE, O earth, the Lord is King!
 To him your humble tribute bring;
 Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
 And all the world with praises ring.

- 2 O may the saints of every name
 Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb!
 May jars and discords cease to flame,
 And all the Saviour's love proclaim.
- 3 We long to see the Christians join
 In union sweet and love divine,
 And glory through the churches shine,
 And Gentiles crowding to the sign.
- 4 O may the distant lands rejoice,
 And sinners hear the Bridegroom's voice,
 While praise their happy tongues employs,
 And all obtain immortal joys.
- 5 A few more days of pain and wo,
 A few more sufferings here below,
 And then to glory we shall go,
 Where everlasting pleasures flow.
- 6 Then we shall part and weep no more
 When we have met on Canaan's shore,
 For Zion's warfare now is o'er;
 Such shouts were never heard before.
- 7 Then tears shall all be wiped away
 And Christians never go astray;
 When we are freed from cumbrous clay
 We'll praise the Lord in endless day.

1G	5	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	1	
A	5							7	.6-	
4c	O when shall I see Je - sus, And dwell with him a - - bove, When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sir,									
1G	1	3-	3	5	5	.1	3	3	5 6 5 2	.3-
B	1	3-	3	5	5	.1	3	3	5 6 5 2	.3-
4c										

1G	2-	2	2	2	2	4	3	2	1-	1	3	2	.1-	
A	6													
4c	To drink the flow-ing foun - tain Of ev - er - lasting love? } And with my blessed Je - sus Drink endless pleasures in, }													
1G	3	5-	5	5	5	5	6	5	4	3-	4	5	5	.1-
B	3	5-	5	5	5	5	6	5	4	3-	4	5	5	.1-
4c	And with my blessed Sa - vionr Drink endless pleasures in.													

1G	1	1	1	2	.3	5	3	4	3	2	1	REP. 2s.	
A		5										.6-	
4c	Drink endless pleasures in, Drink endless pleasures in.												
1G	5	5	3	5	5	.6	3	5	6	5	4	3	.2-
B	5	5	3	5	5	.6	3	5	6	5	4	3	.2-
4c													

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain 's gone before ;
He 's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear ;
And if I hold out faithful
A crown of life he 'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am 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 you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray ;
Gird on the heavenly armour
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your warfare 's ended
You 'll reign with him above.

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

- 2 When Satan, the tempter, comes in with a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,
I'll pray to the Saviour who kindly did die,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, &c.
- 3 And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
Clad in Jesus's pure righteousness let me appear;
In the swellings of Jordan on Thee I'll rely,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, &c.
- 4 And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies,
When the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,
With bright millions I'll join far above yonder sky,
To praise the dear Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, &c.

92. 11s and 8s.

- O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom, in affliction, I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!
- 2 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread!
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 3 You daughters of Zion, declare have you seen
The Star that on Israel shone?
Say if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone?
- 4 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crowned.
- 5 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That water the garden of grace,
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 6 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

5G	§											REP.			
A	3	3	3	5	4	3	.2	3	2	3	4	2	1	.1	
2c	Hal - low - ed Geth - sem - a - ne, And up - on the midnight air										7	Once the Sa - viour knelt in thee, Rose his voice in humble prayer;			
5G	§											REP.			
B	1	1	1	1	1			1							
2c	Fa - ther, hear thy suff'ring Son,				4	.5	5	5	4	5	5	.1			
				Yet thy ho - ly				will be done.							
5G											REP. Is.				
A	3	3	1	1	2	4	.3	5	5	6	5	5	s4	.5	
2c	Hark! methinks I hear him say,										Let this cup now pass a - way;				
5G											REP. Is.				
B	1	1	1	1		.1	1	1	1	1	2				
2c	5				5				2				.5		

2 Sorrowful Gethsemane,
There the Saviour bowed for me;
Lord of all, behold he pleads;
Sinless, yet behold he bleeds;
All this fearful agony,
O my soul, he bears for thee;
Freely for thee there drinks up
To its dregs the bitter cup.

3 Triumphant Gethsemane!
Satan's power was crushed in thee;
For when Jesus humbly knelt
To the stroke man should have felt,
Man was rescued in that hour
From the yoke of Satan's power;
Rescued then, he hopes to rise
To the joys of paradise.

7s.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus's name;
You who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 You, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,

As to Canaan on you move
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 You, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love,

5 Welcome all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above—
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 He subdued th' infernal powers,
Those tremendous foes of ours
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

7 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise - redeeming love.

6G § REP.
 D | | | | 1- 1 | 3- || | | | | | |

2q 3 3- 2 3- 5 , , 5 4- 3 4- 5 3-

When sor - row darkens on life's path, And night grows black around,

6G § REP.

A | 1- | 1- 2 | 3- 3 | 5- || 3 | 2- | 1 | 2- | 3 | 1- ||

2q 5 7 , , , , , ,

And not a ta - per o'er the waste, Or star on high is found:

6G § REP.

B 1 | 1- | 1- | 1- 1 | 1- || 1 | | | | | 1- ||

2q ' 5 7 , , 5- 5 5- 5

6G
 D | | | | | | | | | | 1 | |

2q 7 7- 5 5- 4 4- 3 3- 4 3- 3 3 5 ' 7-

6G
 A 5 | 5- | 2 | 2- 1 | 1- || | | | | 1 | 1 2 3 | 2- ||

2q ' 7 7- , , 6 5- , , ,

When thick and fast the flee - cy snow A - gainst the heart is driven,

6G
 B | | | | | | | | | |

2q 5 5- 5 5- 5 5- 1 1- 4 1- 1 1- 1 5-

6G P
 D | | | | 1- 1 | 3- || | | | | | |

2q 3 3- 2 3- 5 , , 5 4- 4 4- 4 3-

6G P
 A | 1- | 1- 2 | 3- 3 | 5- || 3 | 2- | 2 | 5- | 1- ||

2q 5 7 , , , , , 7

Re - mem - ber then that "God is Love," And place thy trust in heaven.

6G P
 B 1 | 1- | 1- | 1- 1 | 1- || 1 | | | | | |

2q ' 5 7 , , 5- 5 5- 5 1-

'T IS religion that can give
 Sweetest pleasures while we live;

'T is religion must supply
 Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys shall be
 Lasting as eternity;
 Be the living God my friend,
 Then my bliss shall never end.

- 2 I have wandered in mazes dark, of doubt and distress,
I have not had a kindly spark my spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief filled my laboring soul with grief;
What shall give relief, what shall give peace?
- 3 I turned to thy gospel, Lord, from folly away;
I trusted thy holy word which taught me to obey;
Here I found release, my wearied spirit here found peace,
The hopes of endless bliss and eternal joy.
- 4 I'm a stranger and pilgrim here in this world of woe,
But I find my Redeemer near as onward I go;
Jesus is my friend, he will be with me to the end,
And from foes defend my journey below.
- 5 I have heard my Redeemer say, "my promise is sure,
I have taught thee to watch and pray, all hardness endure;"
Jesus be my guide, in thy promise I'll confide;
Keep me near thy side, my life, my way.
- 6 I will praise thee, my Heavenly King, I'll praise and adore,
My hearts richest tribute bring to thee, God of power;
And in Heaven above, saved by thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move for evermore.
- 7 Hallelujahs through heaven will ring, salvation the theme;
Glory, honor, and praise we'll sing to God and the Lamb;
Crowns of glory wear, palms of victory we shall bear,
Shouts of triumph there never shall end.

91 11s.

- FAITH, faith is the substance our hopes are upon,
And with faith we please the Eternal One;
By faith do we know the worlds were made.
And by faith the martyrs were raised from the dead:
'Twas faith subdued kingdoms, and righteousness wrought
By faith the great battles of Israel were fought;
Its author and end is our Saviour above,
And still faith abides here with hope and with love.
- 2 Hope, hope is the anchor, both steadfast and sure,
'Tis given to Christians their souls to secure,
And he that hath hope will endeavor to be
As pure as the author of all purity:
By hope we are saved, but greater than this,
And greater than faith, e'en the summit of bliss
Is Love, the eternal best Gift from above,
For Love is of God, and Jehovah is Love.

6G
 A | 1 3 3 1 | 2 4 4 2 | 3 1 1 | 2 |
 4Q 5 Je - sus my all to heaven is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on; His 7 5 5 5 -
 6G
 B | | | 1 1 | | |
 4Q 5 1 1 1 3 5 5 5 5 5 6 5 5 5 4 3 2 , , , ,

6G
 A 1 3 3 1 | 2 4 4 2 | 3 1 2 3 4 2 | 1 1 | P
 4Q track I see, and I'll pursue The nar - row way till him I view. , , , , 7 P
 6G
 B | | | 1 1 | | |
 4Q 1 1 1 1 5 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 1

6G
 A 3 | 5 3 3 5 | 4 2 2 4 | 3 1 1 | 2 |
 4Q This is the way I long have sought, And mourn because I found it not; My 7 5 5 5
 6G
 B 1 | 3 1 1 3 | 2 | 1 1 | | |
 4Q 5 5 5 5 6 5 5 5 4 3 2 , , , ,

6G
 A 1 3 3 1 | 2 4 4 2 | 3 1 2 3 4 2 | 1 1 | P
 4Q grief a burden long has been, Because I could not cease from sin. , , , , 7 P
 6G
 B | | | 1 1 | | |
 4Q 1 1 1 1 5 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 1

3 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shall take me to thee as I am;
 Nothing but sin I thee can give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive:

4 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."

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

A | 1 1 2 2 | 3 5 4 3 5 | 4 4 3 3 | .2- | | 1 1 2 2 |
 4Q 5 ' ' 5
 Being of beings! migh - ty Lord Of all this wond'rous frame! Produced by thy cre-

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

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

A 3 5 4 3 5 | 4 3 3 2 | .1- | 3 | 4 4 2 2 | 3 3 4 5 3 |
 4Q ' ' ' '
 at - ing word, The world from nothing came. Thy voice sent forth the high command, 'T was

6G
 B | | | | | 1 | | 1 1 1 1 |
 4Q 1 1 2 3 1 4 s4 5 5 .1- 5 5 5 5

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

A 6 5 4 3 | .2- | | 1 1 2 2 | 3 5 4 3 5 | 4 3 3 2 | .1- | |
 4Q 5 ' '
 in-stan-ly o - beyed; And by thy goodness all things stand, In love - li - ness ar - rayed.

6G
 B 1 | | 1 1 1 | | | | |
 4Q 7 4 s4 .5 5 5 1 1 2 3 1 4 s4 5 5 .1-

<p>2 Lord, for thy glory shine the whole; They all reflect thy light: For this, in course, the planets roll, And day succeeds the night. For this the sun dispenses heat, And beams of cheering day; And distant stars in order set, By night thy power display.</p>	<p>3 For this the earth its produce yields, For this the waters flow; And blooming plants adorn the fields, And trees aspiring grow. Inspired with praise, our minds pursue This wise and nobler end— That all we think and all we do, Shall to thine honor tend.</p>
---	--

6G																
C																
3Q	5	5-	3	3	.5	3-	3	5-	5	5	.5	5	5-	3	3	
6G			,		,		,		,				,			
D	1	1-	1	1	.1	1-	1				.1	1	1-	1	1	
3Q			,		,		,									
6G	How cheering the thought, that the spirits of bliss, Will bow their bright															
A	3	3-	1	1	.3	1-	1	2-	1	2	.3	3	3-	1	1	
3Q			,		,		,									
6G																
B																
3Q	1	1-	1	1	.1	1-	1	5-	5	5	.1	1	1-	1	1	
6G			,		,		,									
C																
3Q	.5	5-	5	.6	5-	4	.3	5	5-	s4	5	.5	5-	5		
6G			,		,					,						
D	.1	1-	1	.1			.1	3	2-	1					4	
3Q			,							,						
6G	wings to a world such as this; will leave the sweet joys of the															
A	.3	1-	1	.2	3-	2	.1	1				.5	3-	2		
3Q			,		,											
6G																
B																
3Q	.1	3-	3	.4	5-	5	.1	1	5-	5	5	.5	5-	5		
6G			,		,											
6G	P															
C		.1														
3Q	5-	5	7	5	5-	s4	5	5	s4	N4	3	5-	4	.3		
6G																
D	3-	3	5	.5	3	2-	1		1	2	1	1-		.1		
3Q																
6G	mansions above, To breathe o'er our bosoms some mes-sage of love.															
6G	P															
A	1-	1	2	.3	1						1	3-	2	.1		
3Q																
6G																
B	1-	1														
3Q																
6G																
6G	P															
B	1-	1														
3Q																
6G																
6G																
6G	' 5 .1 1 5- 5 5 5 5 1 1- 5 .1															

- 2 They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
 Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
 Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy abode,
 And lay him to rest in the arms of his God

96 11s.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness,
 Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
 Bright o'er the hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
 Arise for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

- 2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them
 And scattered their legions was mightier far;
 They fled like chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
 Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
 Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
 Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
 Th' oppressor is vanquished and Zion is free.

97 11s.

O TURN you, O turn you, for why will you die
 When God in his mercy is coming so nigh?
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
 The brethren are waiting to welcome you home.

- 2 How vain the delusion that while you delay
 Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
 Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
 Here streams of salvation are flowing most free.
- 3 Here Jesus is ready your souls to receive;
 O how can you question since now you believe?
 Since sin is your burden why will you not come?
 He now bids you welcome—he now says there's room.
- 4 In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain
 To sooth your affliction or banish your pain?
 To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
 Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?
- 5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
 There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
 If still you are doubting make trial and see,
 And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

- 2 Hark ! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Eleven sounds on the nightly bell !
Eleven Apostles of Holy mind
Taught the gospel to mankind.
Human watch from harm can't ward us ;
God will watch and God will guard us ;
He, through his Eternal might,
Grant us all a blessed night.
- 3 Hark ! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Twelve resounds from the nightly bell !
Twelve Disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffered rebuke for their Saviour's name.
Human watch from harm can't ward us ;
God will watch and God will guard us ;
He, through his Eternal might,
Grant us all a blessed night.
- 4 Hark ! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
One has pealed on the nightly bell !
One God above, one Lord indeed,
Who bears us up in hour of need.
Human watch from harm can't ward us ;
God will watch and God will guard us ;
He, through his Eternal might,
Grant us all a blessed night.
- 5 Hark ! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Two now rings from the nightly bell !
Two paths before mankind are free,
Neighbor, O choose the best for thee.
Human watch from harm can't ward us ;
God will watch and God will guard us ;
He, through his Eternal might,
Grant us all a happy night.
- 6 Hark ! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Three now sounds on the nightly bell !
Threefold reigns the heavenly Host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
Human watch from harm can't ward us ;
God will watch and God will guard us ;
He, through his Eternal might,
Grant us all a happy night.

138 SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS. Words, A. CRIHFIELD

4G
 C 1 | 1 1 1 | 1 1 | 1- 1 1 |
 23c ' , 7 7- ' 7 7 7 6 7 ,
 4G , , , , , , , , , , ,
 D 5 | 5 5 5 4 | 4- 3 3 | 2 5 5 5 5 | 5- 5 5 |
 23c ' , , , , , , , , , , ,
 4G The sun a - bove us gleam - ing Is not the sun for me; Though
 A 3 | 3 3 3 2 | 2- 1 1 | 2 2 2 1 2 | 3- 3 3 |
 23c ' , , , , , , , , , , ,
 4G B 1 | 1 1 1 | 1 1 | 1- 1 1 |
 23c ' , , 5 5- ' 5 5 5 5 ,

4G
 C 1 1 1 | 1 1 | 1- 1 |
 23c ' 7 7- ' 7 7 7 6 7 ,
 4G , , , , , , , , , , ,
 D 5 5 5 4 | 4- 3 3 | 4 4 4 4 | 3- 3 5 |
 23c ' , , , , , , , , , , ,
 4G joy - ful be his beam - ing, And beau - ti - ful to see; There
 A 3 3 3 2 | 2- 1 1 | 2 2 2 1 2 | 1- 1 1 |
 23c ' , , , , , , , , , , ,
 4G B 1 1 1 | 1 1 | 1- 1 |
 23c ' , 5 5- ' 5 5 5 5 ,

4G P
 C | 1 1 1 1 | 1 1 2 3 | 2 |
 23c 7 7 7 7 , , , , , 7 7 7 ,
 4G , , , , , , , , , , P
 D 5 5 5 5 | 5 5 5 5 | 5 5 5 5 | 5 5 5 5 |
 23c ' , , , , , , , , , , ,
 4G is a Sun of Righteousness Who cheers and saves me by his grace, All P
 A 2 2 2 2 | 3 3 3 3 | 3 3 3 4 5 | 5 3 2 2 5 4 |
 23c ' , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,
 4G P
 B | 1 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 1 | 1 |
 23c 5 5 5 5 , , , , , 5 5 5 5

4G	C	1	1	1		1	1		1-	3	1						
23c		'		7	7-	'	7	7	7	6	7	'					
4G											1						
4G	D	5	5	5	4	4-	3	3	5	5	5	5	5-	5			
23c		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'			
4G																	
4G	A	3	3	3	2	2-	1	1	2	2	2	1	2	3-	5	3	
23c		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	
4G																	
4G	B	1	1	1		1	1		1-	1	1						
23c		'		5	5-	'	5	5	5	5	'						
4G																	
4G	C	3	1	3	1	3-	3	3	3	1	1	1-	1				
23c		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	7	6	7					
4G		1	1				P	1	1								
4G	C		5	5	5-	5	'	5	5	5	3-	3					
23c		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'					
4G																	
4G	A	5	3	5	3	5-	P	5	5	3	1	2	1	2	1-	1	
23c		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	
4G																	
4G	B	1	1	1	1	1-	1	1	1	1-	3	5	1-	1			
23c		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	5	'	'			

2 The kings and lords of nations,
 Are not the kings for me ;
 Too low their highest stations,
 Too mean their dignity :
 The King of kings and Lord of lords,
 Almighty in his ways and words,
 The word of his salvation,
 O that 's the King for me.

3 This house of death and mourning
 Is not the house for me,
 Where all to dust are turning,
 In tears and agony ; [hands,
 But there 's a house not made with
 It ever stood and ever stands,
 Beyond the world's last burning,
 O that 's the house for me.

4 The wars the hero fights in
 Are not the wars for me,
 The war my heart delights in
 Shall end in victory ;
 'T is not a war of flesh and blood—
 I fight for heaven, I fight for God,
 A kingdom with my rights in,
 O that 's the war for me.

5 This land of sin and sorrow
 Is not the land for me,
 Where anguish oft I borrow
 From dying company ;
 Th' immortal land is far away,
 I 'll enter it on some bright day,
 That day may be to-morrow,
 O that's the land for me.

2 The gliding rush of countless wings,

Borne on the swelling breeze,
That wafts the rustling music by
Amid embowered trees;
The echo of the myriad feet,
That fall on pavements fair,
Of glittering, dazzling gold, that
gleams

In untold brightness there :

3 The music of the pearly gates,
When back by angels flung,
Admitting there a ransomed soul,
Their sinless bands among :
The silvery sound that's swelling
up

When flows the stream of life ;
The rustle of the emerald leaf
With healing virtues rife :

4 And then the tide of melody,
That swells and bursts, when
rings

The New Song in that far off
world,

That thrilling rapture brings :—
But, awed, we may not note its
power,—

Its depths we may not sound ;
Unfathomed, fathomless, it rolls
In glorious might around.

98 C. M.

OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, joined in one ;
One hope, one heart, one mind,
one voice,

'Tis heaven on earth begun :
Our hearts have burned while Jesus
spoke,

And glowed with sacred fire ;
He stooped, and talked, and fed and
blessed,

And filled the enlarged desire.

2 We're soldiers fighting for our
God,

Let trembling cowards fly :
We'll stand unshaken, firm and
fixed,

With Christ to live and die :
Let Satan rage, and hell assail,
We'll fight our passage through ;
Though foes unite and friends
desert,

We'll seize the prize in view.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain ;
We haste to catch the teeming
shower,

And all its moisture drain :
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
Now pours the mighty flood—
O sweep the nations, shake the
earth,

Till all proclaim thee, Lord !

4 And when thou mak'st thy
jewels up,

And set'st thy starry crown,
And all thy sparkling gems shall
shine,

Proclaimed by thee thine own,
May we, the little band of love,
We sinners saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed.
Behold thy lovely face.

99 C. M.

YOU burdened souls to Jesus go,
Forgiveness you shall find—

You shall his holy spirit know,
And learn that he is kind.

2 You humble souls obey his
voice,

And he who made you see,
Shall by his spirit wake your joys,
And grant you liberty.

100 C. M.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure :
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone :
Short as the watch that ends the
night,
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and
blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward with the
flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten as a dream,
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come !
Be thou our guard while life shall
last,
And our eternal home !

101 C. M.

COME, you that love the Saviour's
name,
And joy to make it known,
The sovereign of your heart pro-
claim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour
crowned
With glories all divine :
And tell the wondering nations
round
How bright these glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless
grace
In him unite their rays ;
You that have seen his lovely face
Can you forbear his praise ?

4 When in the earthly courts we
view,
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in
vain ?
Lord, teach our songs to rise !
Thy love can animate our strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6 O, happy period ! glorious day !
When heaven and earth shall
raise,
With all their powers, the raptured
lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

102 C. M.

ON this best day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By Christ, our risen Lord, than
when
The universe was made.

2 He rises, who our souls hath
bought,
With grief and pain extreme ;
'Twas great to speak the world
from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

103 L. M.

- I LOVE to see the glorious sun
 First tinge the east with purple dye,
 And then with glowing splendor run
 Along the lofty azure sky.
- 2 I love to see the orb of night
 Glide o'er her glittering starry way,
 And with her brilliant silver light
 Upon the water's surface play.
- 3 But lovelier far than these appear
 Religion's calm and flowery ways:
 They soothe vain sorrow, dry the tear,
 And end with joy our earthly days.

104 L. M.

- HOW blest the sacred tie that binds
 In sweet communion kindred minds!
 How glad the heavenly course they run,
 Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear!
 What tender love! what holy fear!
 How does the generous flame within
 Refine from earth and cleanse from sin
- 3 Nor shall the glorious flame expire,
 When dimly burns frail nature's fire:
 Then shall they meet in realms above,
 And celebrate their Saviour's love.

105 L. M.

- GIVE thanks to God, he reigns above,
 Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
 His mercy ages past have known,
 And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 He feeds and clothes us all the day;
 He guides our footsteps in the way,
 And guards us with a powerful hand,
 And brings us to the heavenly land.
- 3 Oh let the saints with joy record,
 The truth and goodness of the Lord!
 How great his works! how kind his ways!
 Let every tongue pronounce his praise!

106 L. M.

ETERNAL Power! whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God:
 Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.

- 2 Thee, while the first archangel sings
 He hides his face behind his wings;
 And ranks of shining thrones around
 Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
 We would adore our Maker too:
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,
 The Great, the Holy, and the high.
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
 And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
 But Oh! the glories of thy mind
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below:
 Be short our tunes; our words be few:
 A solemn reverence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

107 C. M.

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun!
 It gives a light to every age—
 It gives, but borrows none.

- 2 The hand that gave it still supplies
 His gracious light and heat;
 His truths upon the nations rise—
 They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display,
 As makes the world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The paths of truth and love,
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

2 Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds,

Unite to worship thee;
While thy majestic greatness fills
Space, time, eternity.

3 Nature—a temple worthy thee!
That beams with light and love,
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom
below,

Whose stars rejoice above;

4 Whose altars are the mountain
cliffs,

That rise along the shore,
Whose anthems the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean's roar.

5 Her song of gratitude is sung
By spring's awakening hours;
Her autumn offers at thy shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers;

6 Her summer brings its ripened
fruits,
In glorious luxury given;
While winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

7 The earth, and seas, and skies,
O God!

To thee attune their hymn:
All wise, all holy, thou art praised
In songs of seraphim.

108 C. M.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping
hearts,

In this dark vale of tears:
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious
night

Of life shall guide our way:
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

109 C. M.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne,
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

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

3 Now to the Lamb that once was
slain,
Be endless blessings paid:
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.

4 Thou hast redeemed our souls
with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to
God,
And we shall reign with thee.

5 All hail! thou only glorious
Lord!
By all the sons of men
Be thou eternally adored,
Amen, Amen, Amen.

110 C. M.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan holds the captive mind,
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But hark! a voice of grace divine
Sounds from the sacred word,
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord!"

5a

C **1** | **1-111** | | **1** | **1-111** | **.1-** | **1** | **1-111** |

4q , 7-67 , 7-67

5a

D **1** | **3-335** | **5-55** | | **5** | **3-353** | **.4-** | **4** | **3-555** | **5-55** |

4q , , , , ,

5a

A **1** | **1-113** | **2-12** | | **3** | **1-135** | **.6-** | | **5-331** | **2-12** |4q **5** , , , , ,

5a

B **1** | **1-111** | | | **1-111** | | | **1-111** |

4q , 5-55 5 , .4- 4 , 5-55

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C **1** | **1-11** | | | **1** | **1-111** | | | **1** | **1-111** | **.1-** |

4q , 5 .5- , 7-67 ,

5a

D **5** | **4-444** | **.3-** | | **4** | **3-555** | **5-55** | | **4** | **3-113** | **.4-** |

4q , , , , ,

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A **3** | **1-** | | **.1-** | | **6** | **5-331** | **2-12** | | **6** | **5-335** | **.6-** |

4q 665 , , ,

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B | | | | **1** | **1-111** | | | **1** | **1-111** |4q **3** 4-445 .1- , 5-55 , .4-

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C **1** | **1-111** | | | **1** | **1-11** | | |

4q , 7-67 , 5 .5-

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D **4** | **3-555** | **5-55** | | **5** | **4-444** | **.3-** |

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A **1** | **5-331** | **2-12** | | **3** | **1-** | | | **.1-** |

4q , , , 665

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B | **1-111** | | | | |4q **4** , 5-55 5 3 4-445 .1-

111 C. M.

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

2 When from the dead he raised
his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins
require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord, our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the power of God are
kept,
Till the salvation comes; [here,
We walk by faith as strangers
Till Christ shall take us home.

112 C. M.

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

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

3 You fearful saints, fresh courage
take,
The clouds you so much dread

Are big with mercy, and shall
break
In blessings on your head.

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

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

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

113 C. M.

GREAT God, the hearing ear im-
part,
And give thy word success;
Write thy salvation on each heart,
And make us feel thy grace.

2 To him who speaks the word this
May eloquence be given; [day,
May sinners learn to seek the way,
And saints prepare for heaven.

114 C. M.

LET sinners, Lord, thy goodness
prove,
And saints rejoice in thee:
Heaven shall record thy deeds of
love
And all the earth shall see.

2 Bid now Apollo's pleasing
tongue,
Or Pauls, with strains profound,
Diffuse among this listening throng.
The gospel's joyful sound.

115 8s and 7s.

LOVE Divine, all love excell'g !
Joy of heaven, to earth come
down !

Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;
With thy faithful mercies crown.

2 Jesus thou art all compassion !
Pure, unbounded love thou art !
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

3 Breathe, O breathe, thy loving
Spirit
Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.

5 Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be ;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

5 Finish then thy new creation ;
Pure, unspotted, may we be ;
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secured by thee ;

6 Changed from glory unto glory,
Till in heaven we take our place ;
Till we cast our crowns before
thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

116 8s and 7s.

COME thou fount of every bless-
ing,

Tune my heart to sing thy
praise ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me ever to adore thee,
May I still thy goodness prove,
While the hope of endless glory
Fills my heart with joy and love.

3 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stran-
ger,
Wandering from thy fold, O God !
He, to rescue me from danger,
Did redeem me by his blood.

5 O ! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let thy goodness like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to thee.

6 Never let me wander from thee
Never leave thee whom I love,
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach thy courts above.

117 7s and 8s.

HUMBLE souls who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming
blood,

Hear the voice of revelation,
'Tread the path that Jesus trod.

2 Flee to him your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide ;
In the whole of your behavior,
Own him as your sovereign
guide.

3 Plainly here his footsteps trac-
ing,

Follow him without delay :
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo ! your captain leads the way.

4 View the rite with under-
standing,

Jesus' grave before you lies ;
Be interred at his commanding,
After his example rise.

3g

C	3	3-3	3-1	22		1	1	31	1		3	3-3	3-1	22	
2c	,	,	,			7-	7	7	5	,	,	,	,		7-
3g															
D	5	5-5	5-5	66	5-	5	55	5	5	5-	5	5-5	5-5	66	5-
2c	,	,	,												
3g			1											1	
A	5	5-	5-3	44	2-	2	12	31	53	32	5	5-	5-3	44	2-
2c	,	,	,					,	,	,	,	,	,		
3g															
B	1	1-1	1-1			1	1	1			1	1-1	1-1		
2c	,	,	,	44	5-	5			5-	,	,	,	,	44	5-

3g

C	2	3	1	1	1-		1	2-4	3-1	1-	1	1	
2c	,				7		7	7-	,	,	,	7-	
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2c	,						,	,	,	,	,	,	
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A	4	35	64	32	1-		2	2-3	4-6	5-3	1-	3	2-3
2c	,	,	,				,	,	,	,	,	,	
3g													
B		1	4	5	1-					1-1	1-	1	
2c	5			5			5	5-5	5-7	,	,	5-5	

3g

C	2	234	43	33-3	3-3	22		2	3	2	1	1-	
2c	,	,	,	,	,			7-				7	
3g									1				
D	5	5	45	5	5-5	5-5	66	5-	7		6	54	3-
2c	,	,		,	,	,							
3g				1-						² 1	² 1		
A	4	456	65	5	5	3-5	44	2-	4	35	64	32	1-
2c	,	,	,	,	,	,	,		,	,	,		
3g													
B			1-	1	1-1	1-1			1	4	5	1-	
2c	5	7		,	,	,	44	5-	5			5	

118 D. C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys
Transported with the view, I'm
lost

In wonder, love, and praise.
O how can words, with equal
warmth,

The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished
heart?

But thou canst read it there.

2 Thy providence my life sus-
tained,

And all my wants redressed,
When, in a state of helplessness,
I hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and
cries,

Thy mercy lent an ear;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had
learned

To form themselves in prayer.

3 Unnumbered comforts on my
soul,

Thy tender care bestowed;
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts
flowed.

When in the slippery paths of
youth,

With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me
And led me up to man. [safe,

4 Through hidden dangers, toils
and deaths,

Thy goodness cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares
of vice,

More to be feared than they.
Ten thousand, thousand precious
gifts

My daily thanks employ:
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my
life

Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

119 C. M.

HOW vain are all things here
below!

How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the
sky

Shine with deceitful light,
We should suspect some danger
nigh,
When we in them delight.

3 Dear Saviour, let your beauties
be

Our soul's eternal food;
Make us the emptiness to see
Of all created good.

4 With power and glory let thy
Like mighty thunder roll; [word
And like the lightnings of the
Lord,

Blaze forth from pole to pole.

5 With holy zeal inflame the heart
Of such as preach thy name;
Thy sacred counsels to impart,
And all the world reclaim.

120 C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints in glory reign;
Eternal day excludes the night
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling
flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

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

121 C. M.

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

2 Should earth against my soul
engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

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

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

122 C. M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of
Unbounded glories rise; [night,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Celestial land! could our weak
eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise
And dwell on earth no more!

3 There pain and sickness never
come,
And grief no place obtains;
Health triumphs in immortal
bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

4 No cloud those blissful regions
know,
Forever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of every woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

123 C. M.

SINNERS, behold the Lamb of
Who takes away our guilt; [God,
Look to the atoning precious blood,
That for our sins he spilt.

2 Sinners, to Jesus now draw near,
Invited by his word;
The chief of sinners need not fear;
Behold the Lamb of God.

3 Backsliders, too, the Saviour
And washes in his blood; [calls,
Arise! return from grievous falls;
Behold the Lamb of God.

121 C. M.

AMID the splendors of the sun,
Great God! thy love appears,
In the soft radiance of the moon,
Among a thousand stars.

2 Nature, through all her ample
round,
Thy boundless power proclaims;
And in melodious accents speaks
The goodness of thy names.

3 Thy justice, holiness and truth,
Our solemn awe excite;
But the sweet charms of sovereign
grace
O'erpower us with delight.

4 In all thy doctrine and com-
mands—
Thy counsels and designs—
In every work thy hands have
framed
Thy love supremely shines.

5 Angels and men, the news pro-
claim
Through earth and heaven above,
The joyful, all-transporting news,
That God, the Lord is love.

125 C. M.

FATHER is not thy promise
pledged
To thine exalted Son?
That through the nations of the
earth,
The word of life shall run?

2 From east to west, from north
to south,
Be then his name adored;

Let earth with all her millions
shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

126 C. M.

OH when shall the glad tidings
spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

2 Smile, Lord, on each divine at-
tempt
To spread the gospel rays,
And build on sin's demolished
A temple to thy praise. [throne

3 Through all eternity to thee,
A joyful song we'll raise;
For O, eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise.

127 C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears:
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

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

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

4 O happy period—glorious day,
When heaven and earth shall
raise,
With all their powers the raptured
lay
To celebrate thy praise.

128 L. M.

- HOW pleasing to behold and see
 The friends of Jesus all agree,
 To sit around his sacred board,
 As members of one common Lord,
- 2 Here we behold the dawn of bliss—
 Here we enjoy the Saviour's grace—
 Here we behold his precious blood,
 Which sweetly pleads for us with God.
- 3 While here we sit we would implore
 That love may spread from shore to shore,
 Till all the saints like us combine
 To praise the Lord in songs divine.
- 4 To all we freely give our hand,
 Who love the Lord in every land;
 For all are one in Christ our head,
 To whom be endless honor paid.
- 5 Let wrath and strife, those seeds of hell,
 Ne'er in the chirstian bosoms dwell;
 But love and union by his blood,
 Prove us the chosen heirs of God.

129 7s.

- LO, the stone is rolled away;
 Death yields up his mighty prey,
 Jesus rising from the tomb,
 Scatters all its fearful gloom,
- 2 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
 Praise him in the noblest songs,
 From ten thousand thousand tongues.
- 3 Every note with rapture swell,
 And the Saviour's triumph tell:
 Where, O death! is now thy sting!
 Where thy terrors, vanquished king?
- 4 Let Immanuel be adored,
 Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
 To creations utmost bound,
 Let the eternal praise resound.
- 5 Glory be to God on high,
 God whose glory fills the sky:
 Peace on earth and man forgiven:
 Glory in the highest heaven.

6a p

C .1 | 1 1 1 1 | .1 :1 || .1 1 | p

4q .7 7 .6 5-6 .7

6a p

D .3 | 5 5 6 6 | .5 5-4 :3 || .3 2 3 | 1 2 3-4 | .5

4q

6a p

A .1 | 3 3 4 4 | .3 .2 :1 || .3 5 5 | .4 .3 | .2

4q

6a p

B .1 | 1 1 | .1 || .1 1 | .1 |

4q 4 4 .5 :1 5 .4 .5

6a p

C .1 | 1 1 | .1 || .1- | .1

4q 7 7 6 7 .7 .7 5 .6 .7

6a p

D .5 | 5 4 3 3 | .2 3-4 .5 || .5 .5- 3 | .2 2 3 4 | .3

4q

6a p

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

4q

6a p

B .1 | 1 | || .1- |

4q 5 5 6 .4 .1 .5 .5 3 .4 .5 .1

AROS. C. M.

JOSEPH IMMEL

6a p

A 1 | 3 3 | 5 5 | 4 4 | 3 || 2 | 1 1 | 5 s4 | 5

2q

6a p

B 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 || 1 | 1 2 |

2q 7 7 5 3 1 5

6a p

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

2q

6a p

B 1 | 1 1 | 1 | 1 || 1 | 1 |

2q 5 3 1 5 4 4 5 1

130 C. M.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the
Lord,

In latter days shall rise,
On mountain tops above the
hills,

And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow,
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Zi-
on's hill
Shall 'lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's
towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall
judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile
feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat
their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

6 No longer host encountering
host,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They'll hang the trumpet in the
hall,
And study war no more.

7 Come, then, O house of Jacob,
come,
To worship at his shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

131 C. M.

AWAKE, my soul! stretch every
nerve,

And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

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

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

Blessed Saviour, introduced by
thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy
feet
We'll lay our honors down.

132 C. M.

DEATH, 'tis a melancholy day,
To those who have no God;
When the poor soul is forced away,
To seek her last abode.

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 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right
hand,
Then come the joyful day;
Come, death, and come celestial
band
And bear my soul away.

133 11s.

- TO go from my home, and with kindred to part,
 To break up my friendships, affects not my heart,
 Like leaving that blissful and holy place where
 Jehovah has heard and has answered my prayer,
 And has answered my prayer.
- 2 And often the Saviour has come to my bower,
 In all the rich fullness of love and of power,
 And raptured my spirit ineffably there,
 Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer,
 Own language my prayer.
- 3 The early sweet notes of the loved nightingale
 My hours of devotion would faithfully tell—
 Would call me to duty, while birds in 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, the wild eglantine,
 But sweeter, O sweeter the pleasures which there
 I often have tasted while offering my prayer,
 While offering my prayer.
- 5 But soon I must bid my loved bower adieu,
 And leave for a region that's distant and new;
 Yet O, blessed thought! I've a friend everywhere,
 Who will, in all places, give ear to my prayer,
 Give ear to my prayer.
- 6 Through life's troubled scenes I will fearlessly go,
 Move onward with triumph o'er every foe:
 I'll never, no, never indulge in despair,
 For Jesus will grant the requests of my prayer,
 The requests of my prayer.
- 7 His love and his power he will daily impart
 To strengthen my mind and to gladden my heart:
 And when on my deathbed, he'll be with me there,
 And take me to heaven in answer to prayer,
 In answer to prayer.
- 8 And high in the mansions of glory and joy,
 My soul shall be blessed with delightful employ—
 Be freed from all sorrow, and anguish and care—
 And bask in his smile who has answered my prayer,
 Who has answered my prayer.

4a

D 3 4 | 3-2 1 2 | 3 4 | 3-2 1 || 3 3 | 4 2 3 | 2 1 |

2q , , , , , , , , , , , , , , .7

4a

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

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

4a

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

2q , , , , , , , , , , , , , , 2 .5

4a

D 1 1 | 2 2 | 1- 1 2 | .3 | 3 5 4 3 | 6 4 3 2 | 1 | .1 ||

2q 7- , 7 , , , , , , , , , , , , , , 7

4a , , , , , , , , , , , , , , 1 1

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

2q ,

4a

B 1 1 | 1 1 | .1 || 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 | .1 ||

2q 5 5 | 5 5 | 1 1 | .1 || 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 | .1 ||

3 4 | 5 5

ANTICIPATION. 7.

6a

D | | | .1 || 1 1 | 2 1 | 1 | 1 |

2q 3 3 | 3 3 | 5 5 | , 7 | 6 7 | .7

6a

A | | 1 1 | 2 2 | .3 || 1 1 | 4 3 2 | 1 2 3 | .2 ||

2q 5 5 | , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

6a

B | | | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 |

2q 5 5 | 3 1 | 5 5 | .1 | 4 | .5

6a

D 3-4 3 2 | 1 1 | 2-3 2 1 | || 1- 1 2 | 3-4 3 2 | 1 |

2q , 5 .3

6a

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

2q ,

6a

B | | 1 1 | 1- 4 | 3-2 1 | |

2q 5- 5 | 4- 1 | .5 | , , , , , 4 5 5 | .1

134 7s.

WHO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun,
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?

2 These are they that bore the
cross—

Nobly for their master stood—
Sufferers in his righteous cause—
Followers of the dying Lord.

3 Out of great distress they came—
Washed their robes by faith be-
In the blood of yonder Lamb, [low
Blood that washes white as snow.

4 Therefore are they next the
throne—

Serve their maker day and night:
God resides among his own—
God doth in his saints delight.

5 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings
passed—
Hunger now and thirst no more.

6 No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray:
In a milder clime they dwell—
Region of eternal day.

7 He that on the throne doth
reign,
Them the Lamb shall always
feed—
With the tree of life sustain—
To the living fountains lead.

8 He shall all their sorrows chase—
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face—
Fill up every soul with love.

135 7s.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirits sink with awe.

2 When in ecstasy sublime
Tabor's glorious height I climb,
In the too-transporting light
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep, and gaze my soul away:
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

136 7s.

SINNER, are you still secure?
Still resolved to disobey?
Can your heart or hands endure,
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 Who his advent may abide!
You that glory in your shame,
Can you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapt in
flame?

3 Hasten now, the time improve,
Listen to your Saviour's voice,
Seek the things that are above,
Scorn the world's pretended
joys.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored:
Lord, thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

137 C. M. and two 8s.

Let others boast their ancient line,
 In long succession great;
 In the proud list let heroes shine,
 And monarchs swell the state;
 Descended from the King of kings,
 Each saint a nobler title sings.

2 Pronounce me, gracious God,
 thy son,

Own me an heir divine;
 I'll pity princes on the throne,
 When I can call thee mine:
 Scepters and crowns unenvied rise,
 And lose their lustre in mine eyes.

3 Content, obscure, I pass my
 To all I meet unknown, [days,
 And wait till thou thy child shalt
 raise

And seat me near thy throne;
 No name, no honors here I crave,
 Well pleased with those beyond the
 grave.

4 Jesus, my elder brother lives,
 With him I too shall reign;
 Nor sin, nor death, while he sur-
 vives,
 Shall make the promise vain;
 In him my title stands secure,
 And shall, while endless years
 endure.

5 When he in robes divinely bright,
 Shall once again appear,
 You too, my soul, shall shine in
 And his full image bear: [light,
 Enough! I wait the appointed day,
 Blessed Saviour haste and come
 away.

138 C. M.

RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
 By ancient heroes trod;
 Ambitious view these holy men
 Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead they speak in rea-
 And in example live; [son's ear,
 Their faith and hope, and mighty
 deeds,
 Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most
 precious blood,
 They conquered every foe;
 And to his power and matchless
 grace
 Their crowns and honor owe.

4 Lord, may we ever keep in view
 The pattr; thou hast given,
 And ne'er forsake the blessed road
 Which led them safe to heaven.

139 C. M.

A RULER came to Christ on earth,
 Instruction to obtain;
 The lesson taught was the New
 Birth—
 "Ye must be born again."

2 Sinners, this solemn truth re-
 Hear, all ye sons of men; [gard!
 For Christ, the Saviour, hath de-
 "Ye must be born again." [clared,

3 Whate'er may be your birth or
 blood,
 The sinner's boast is vain;
 Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
 "Ye must be born again."

4 That which is born of flesh is
 flesh,
 And flesh it must remain;
 Then marvel not that Jesus says,
 "Ye must be born again."

5 Dear Saviour, may they now be-
 Hear, and obey thy word, [lieve,
 Remission of their sins receive,
 And thus be "born of God."

140 8s and 7s.

WHEN the orb of morn enlightens
Hill and mountain, mead and dell;

When the dim horizon brightens,
And the serried clouds dispel;
And the sunflower eastward bend—
Its fidelity to prove; [ing,
Be thy gratitude ascending
Unto Him whose name is love.

2 When the vesper star is beaming
In the coronet of even;
And the lake and river gleaming
With the ruddy hues of heaven;
When a thousand notes are blending,

In the forest and the grove;
Be thy gratitude ascending
Unto Him whose name is love.

3 When the stars appear in mil-
In the portals of the west, [ions
Bright bespangling the pavilions
Where the blessed are at rest;
When the milky way is glowing
In the cope of heaven above,
Let thy gratitude be flowing
Unto Him whose name is love.

141 8s and 7s.

LET thy Kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarring cease;
Come, O come, and reign forever—
Lord of life and Prince of Peace:
Visit now thy bleeding Zion,
Lo! thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy flock is crying,
Gracious shepherd, feed thy
sheep.

2 Some for Paul—some for Apol-
los—
Some for Cephas—few agree,
With thy holy word that calls us,

Or resolve to follow thee:
Lord, in us there is no merit,
At thy name our hearts do leap;
Guide us by thy holy Spirit,
Till in death our souls shall sleep.

3 Come, blest Lord, with courage
arm us,
Persecution rages here;
Nought, we know, can ever harm
If our Shepherd be but near: [us,
Glory, glory, be to Jesus!
At his name our hearts do leap;
He both comforts us, and saves us;
Gracious shepherd, bless thy
sheep.

4 Hail, thou prince of our salva-
tion!
Ever will we be thy flock;
Thou the church's sure foundation,
And the everlasting rock:
May we shun the paths of folly,
Scale the high, the arduous steep,
Look to thee and still be holy;
Gracious Shepherd, bless thy
sheep.

142 8s and 7s.

COME, poor sinners, seek salva-
tion,
Now embrace your precious
Lord:
God commands that every nation,
Shall obey his saving word.
2 Sinners, none but he can save us,
Fly, embrace your Saviour's love:
He now breathes his spirit in us;
Let his grace your bosom move.
3 Hosannah to our conquering
King
Through the wide world shall
And everlasting ages sing [run,
The triumphs he has won.

143 7s and 6s.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like show-
Upon the fruitful earth, [ers
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is—Love.

144 7s and 6s.

COME, tell me, wandering sinner,
Say whither do you roam,
O'er this wide world a stranger—
Have you no Saviour known?
He calls you to his bosom,
But ah! you still delay;
He'll fit your soul for heaven,
And guide you in the way.

2 Now angels are attending
To waft the news above,
Your Saviour still presenting
The joys of pardoning love:
O! come, accept the offer

Of pardon and free grace,
And own his mighty power
In songs of love and praise.

3 He will remove your sorrow,
And grace and peace bestow;
Then leave not till to-morrow,
The joy he offers now;
This is the time accepted,
O may redeeming love,
No more by you rejected,
Your lasting solace prove.

145 7s and 6s.

AS flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hastening to the sea,
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going,
Where calls of mercy cease.

2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day;
So fast the night comes o'er us—
The darkness of the grave—
And death is just before us:—
God takes the life he gave.

146 8s and 7s.

HOSANNA! Christ shall reign
victorious,
All the earth shall own his sway;
He will make his kingdom glorious,
He shall reign through endless
day:
Praise him, all ye nations, praise
him,
Praise him all ye hosts above;
Praise him for his great salvation,
Praise him for his boundless love.

117 6s and 4s.

HOW beauteous is the earth!

How bright the sky!

How wisely planned by Him

Who reigns on high!

His love is rich and free—

A boundless store!

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,

Forever more!

2 By day he makes the sun

To pour forth light:

The moon and starry host

To shine by night;

His love, &c.

3 He waters hill and dale

With dews and showers;

And crowns their varied soils

With fruits and flowers:

His love, &c.

4 He sent his only Son

To save the world,

When, from its Eden bowers,

Fallen man was hurled:

His love, &c.

5 His face hath smiled on us,

Above all lands;

Our thousand splendid gifts

Are from his hands;

His love, &c.

148 P. M.

HEAVEN—heaven is a blest region,

Bright—bright, glorious and fair!

Rich—rich is its resplendence:

Darkness o'erspreads not its air:

Light—light—light—light

Pure and immortal is there.

2 Heaven—heaven is a blest region,

All—all unity share:

Sweet—sweet are their endearments:

Hatred their hearts never bear:

Love—love—love—love

Pure and immortal is there.

3 Heaven—heaven is a blest region,

Free—free from earth-born care:

Full—full are their enjoyments:

Anguish no bosom can tear:

Joy—joy—joy—joy

Pure and immortal is there.

149 P. M.

COME—come—come to the Saviour,

Rich—rich mercy receive,

Here—here you will find pardon,

Jesus from sin will relieve;

Come—come—come—come,

Come to the Saviour and live.

2 Come—come laden and weary,

Christ—Christ calls thee to come;

Leave—leave paths dark and dreary

Cease from the Saviour to roam;

Come—come—come—come,

Jesus will guide thee safe home.

3 Come—come seek his salvation,

Now—now hear and obey;

Hark—hark the sweet invitation,

Angels invite you away;

Come—come—come—come,

Sinner believe and obey.

4 Hark—hark angels are singing,

Love—love—love is their theme;

Peace—peace joyfully bringing,

Mercy from God the Supreme:

Come—come—come—come,

Jesus is rich to redeem.

A. D. F.

150 P. M.

HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
 In yon blissful regions, the haven of rest,
 Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
 And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;
 Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
 My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
 I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
 And range with delight through the Eden of love.

2 While angelic legions with harps tuned celestial,
 Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
 The saints as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
 In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
 Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
 My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given
 All glory, and honor, and might, and dominion,
 Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love.

Then hail, blessed state! hail ye songsters of glory!
 Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
 "Salvation from sorrow through Jesus's love;"
 Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
 Of joys that await me, when freed from probation;
 My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

151 P. M. WM. HUNTER.

THOUGH poor my condition, and low my degree,
 Great joys in the land of the living I see;
 One pearl of great price is the whole of my store,
 I with this have enough, for I need nothing more:
 I found it when sought for with sorrow and toil,
 And joyed when I found it as finding great spoil;
 Since then I have worn it quite near to my heart,
 And till death with my treasure I never will part.

2 The world may despise me, with poverty prest;
 They know not the treasure I bear in my breast—
 The earnest of riches kept for me in heaven,
 Soon the world for this pearl would be cheerfully given:
 With this in my bosom still onward I press,
 To sum up my labor and finish my race;
 This token will pass me through heaven's high door,
 And possessing it there I shall need nothing more.

2 When day with farewell beam delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven,
 Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night with wings of stormy gloom
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with a thousand eyes,
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
 And every flower the summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye:
 Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

152 8s.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
 My days of praise shall ne'r be past
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God: he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train:
 His truth forever stands secure,
 He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind:
 The Lord supports the fainting mind:
 He sends the laboring conscience peace:
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

6a

C				1		.1-	R		:R		.R-		.1.2
4q	.3	5555	5555	7	57								7

6a

D	.1	3355	4345	4354	.3-	R		:R		.R-		2.3.2
4q												

6a

A	1133	2123	2132	.1-		23213	543235	.5.5
4q	.5							

6a

B		11					1	1321	1		.1
4q	.1	11	5555	5655	.1-5	53				7	.7

6a

C	.1						1.1						
4q	76	.7-	55555	5	5	7	.6	.5-	5	.5			

6a

D	.3	.2		.2-		13555	4345	43	.1.1	1-2	24	.3
4q												

6a

A	.6	5s4	.5-		35313	2123	21	.5.4	3-4	22	.1
4q											

6a

B	.2			11131							
4q	.6	.5-		5556	.3.4	.5-5	.1				

PISGAH. C. M.

7a

A	1	1	1	2	3	1					1	3-2	1	3	2
4q	5						6	6	6	5	3	5	5	6	

7a

B	1	1	3	2	1										
4q						6,5	3	3	3,5	6	5,5	3	1	1-2	3,4,5

7a

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

7a

B	1	1	1	1	1										
4q						6,	5	5	5	3,5	6	6,5	3	2	.1-

153 C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, you martyrs of our
Who from his altar call; [God,
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his
grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 You Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his
feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Babes, men, and sires, who know
his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

154 C. M.

BEHOLD the amazing gift of love
The Father has bestowed
On us, the sons of sinful men,
To call us sons of God.

2 Concealed as yet this honor lies,
By this dark world unknown—

A world that knew not when he
came,
E'en God's beloved Son.

3 High is the rank we now possess,
But higher we shall rise;
Though what we shall hereafter be,
Is hid from mortal eyes.

4 We know, we all, when he ap-
pears,
Shall bear his image bright;
And all his glory full disclosed
Shall open to our sight.

5 A hope so great, and so divine,
May trials well endure,
And purify our souls from sin,
As Christ himself is pure.

155 C. M.

NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
'Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies
were
More swift and free than they.

3 New time, new favor, and new
joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we
would,
Accept our hearts desire.

4 Lord of our days, whose hand
hath set
New time upon the score;
Thee may we praise for all our
time,
When time shall be no more.

156 L. M.

- NOW to the God to whom all might
 And glory in all worlds belong,
 Who fills, unseen, his throne of light,
 Come, let us sing a joyful song.
- 2 His spirit wrapped the mantling air,
 Of old, around our infant earth.
 And on her bosom, warm and fair,
 Gave her young Lord his joyous birth.
- 3 He smiles on morning's rosy way;
 He paints the gorgeous clouds of even;
 To noon he gives its ripening ray;
 To night the view of glorious heaven.
- 4 He drives along those sparkling globes
 In circles of unerring truth;
 He decks them all in radiant robes,
 And crowns them with eternal youth.
- 5 So will he crown the deathless mind,
 When life and all its toils are o'er:
 Then let his praise, by all mankind,
 Be loudly sung for evermore.

157 L. M.

- NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing
 Her great Creator, and her King:
 Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
 Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 Ye angels near his radiant throne,
 Unite to make his glories known;
 Attune your harps, and spread the sound
 Throughout creation's utmost bound.
- 3 O may our grateful zeal employ
 Each power of mind to hymns of joy;
 And join, with heart-inspiring songs,
 The anthems of angelic tongues.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, our feeble frame
 Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
 The highest notes that angels raise
 Fall far below thy glorious praise.

158 P. M.

THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream
 Our Saviour, at midnight, when moonlight's pale beam
 Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
 And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day;
 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
 How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
 The angels astonished grew pale at the sight,
 And followed their Master with solemn delight.

- 2 O garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
 The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
 The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
 The triumph of sorrow—the triumph of love!
 Come saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
 Oh! give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
 And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

159 11s.

HOW gracious the promise, how soothing the word
 That came from the lips of our merciful Lord!
 "Ye lone and ye weary, ye sad and oppressed,
 Come, learn of your Saviour, and ye shall find rest."

- 2 And ye that have sinned and have wandered astray,
 Come, walk in the light, and the truth, and the way
 Ye proud, from the paths of ambition depart,
 For meek was your Master, and lowly of heart.

160 11s.

O JESUS, my Saviour, in thee I am blessed!
 My life, and my treasure, my joy and my rest;
 Thy grace is my theme, and thy love is my song,
 Thy charms do inspire my heart and my tongue.

- 2 All human expression is empty and vain;
 Tongue cannot unriddle the heavenly flame;
 And sure, if the language of angels I had,
 I could not, completely, the mystery describe.
- 3 O Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit,
 With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet;
 A sacrifice-offering of soul, flesh and blood:
 Thou art my Redeemer, my Saviour, my God.

161 C. M. WM. BAXTER.

AS pants the hart for living streams,
So, Lord, I pant for thee;
And where thy worshippers are
found,

My dwelling place shall be.

2 No earthly idol e'er shall tempt
My steadfast soul to rove,
For I desire no higher bliss
Than to enjoy thy love.

3 Give me but this, I nought can
I nought can wish beside; [ask,
For in thy faithfulness and truth
I safely can confide.

4 Blest with this gift, for earthly
I never can repine; [joys
But gladly yield myself to thee,
To be forever thine.

162 C. M.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That all the earth might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All that my ardent soul can wish
In thee doth richly meet:
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my
heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath,
And, dying, triumph in thy cross,
The antidote of death.

163 C. M.

TO Christ, the Lord, let every
tongue

Its noblest tribute bring:
When He's the subject of the song
Who can refuse to sing?

2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

3 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon his awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crown-
His lips with grace o'erflow. [ed,

4 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men:
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

5 He saw me plunged in deep dis-
He flew to my relief; [tress,
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

6 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

7 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!

164 C. M.

O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God;
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

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

165 8s and 7s.

LORD dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Bid us all depart in peace;
 Let us each thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace.
 Fill each breast with consolation,
 Up to thee our voices raise;
 When we reach that blissful station,
 Then we'll give thee nobler
 praise.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For the gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound.
 Then whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels wings to heaven,
 We the summons will obey.

166 8s and 7s.

GOD of our salvation hear us;
 Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
 When we join the world, be near
 us,
 Lest we cold or careless grow.
 Praise to thee, thou great Creator!
 Praise to thee from every tongue;
 Join my soul with every creature,
 Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
 Pure unbounded grace is thine,
 Hail the God of our salvation!
 Praise him for his love divine.
 For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the hope of future joy,
 Sound his praise through earth and
 heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

167 8s and 7s.

When around us life is shining,
 Touched by pleasure's flowing
 hand,
 When its joys are softly twining

Round our hearts their silver band,
 When some rich and valued bless-
 ing,

Comes upon each zephyr breath,
 When each wished-for good pos-
 sessing,

Oh 'tis hard to think on death.

2 But there's something which can
 lighten

All the sorrows of the tomb,
 All its dark recesses brighten,
 Dissipate its saddest gloom.

Shed around its beams of glory,
 Bid its every terror flee,

Fill the soul with rapture holy,
 Jesus, 'tis one smile from thee.

168 8s and 7s.

UP to thee, Almighty Father,
 Ancient of eternal days,
 Throned in uncreated glory,
 Hear us while our songs we raise.

Praise, for thy unceasing bounty,
 Poured with an indulgent hand;
 Praise, for blessings still increasing,
 Crowning freedom's favored land.

2 While a nation's heart is leaping,
 Mighty in its gushing joy,
 May the song of adoration
 All its grateful powers employ.
 Thine, O Lord, shall be the king-
 dom,

Thine the power and glory be:
 Thine through endless ages rolling,
 Thine throughout eternity.

3 May the grace of Christ our Sa-
 viour,

And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

169 L. M.

MY Christian friends in bonds of love,
 Whose hearts the sweetest union prove;
 Your friendship's like the strongest band,
 Yet we must take the parting hand.

- 2 Your presence sweet, our union dear,
 What joys we feel together here!
 And when I see that we must part,
 You draw like cords around my heart.
- 3 How sweet the hours have passed away,
 Since we have met to sing and pray;
 How loath are we to leave the place
 Where Jesus shows his smiling face.
- 4 O could I stay with friends so kind,
 How would it cheer my fainting mind!
 But pilgrims in a foreign land,
 We oft must take the parting hand.
- 5 My Christian friends, both old and young,
 I trust you will in Christ go on;
 Press on, and soon you'll win the prize—
 A crown of glory in the skies.
- 6 A few more days, or years at most,
 And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast,
 When in that holy, happy land,
 We'll take no more the parting hand.
- 7 O blessed day! O glorious hope!
 My soul rejoices at the thought,
 When in that holy, happy land,
 We'll take no more the parting hand.

170 L. M.

Alas! whither could we fly for aid,
 When tempted, desolate, dismayed—
 Or how the host of hell defeat,
 Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat.

- 2 There! there on eagle wings we soar,
 And sin and sense seem all no more,
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.

4g

D	R	1 2	3-4 3	3 2 1		R	1	2-3 4 3 2	1-		
23q	,	,	,	,	,	7-	,	,	,	7	REP.

4g

A	R	3 4	5-6 5	5 4 3	2-		R	3	4-5 6 5 4 2	1-	
23q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	REP.

4g

B	R	1	1-1 1 1 1 1		R	1			1-	
23q	,	,	,	,	5-	,	6-	5 4 5 5 5		

4g

D	R	3	3-3 3 2 1 2	3-		R	2	1-2 3 3 2 1		
23q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	7-

4g

A	R	5	1-1 1	1-			R	4	3-4 5	7 6	5-	REP. 1&2s.
23q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,		

4g

B	R	1	1-1 1	1-		R	1-1 1 1 2 2			
23q	,	,	,	5 5 5	,	5	,	,	,	5-

GREENFIELDS. 8.

6g

D			1 3		.2	1 3 1					
3q	.3	3 3 3	5 3			5 3 5	3				REP.

6g

A	.1	1	1 3 1 3	5		.4	3 5 3	2 1 2	1	
3q	5									REP.

6g

B	.1	1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1	1		1 1 1				
3q				.4		5 5 5	1			

6g

D	.3	3 1 3	3 1 3	4		.2	1 3 3	3 2 1		
3q									7	REP. 1&2s.

6g

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

6g

B	.1	1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1			1 1 1	1 1 1			
3q				4	.4				5	

171 L. M.

WHEN morning reviveth her beams,
 And earth is yet pearly with dew,
 And mercy's delectable streams,
 Their equable courses renew,
 Come then to the altar of prayer,
 And bow to the Ancient of days,
 Your sacrifice offer, and there
 Peal high the pure anthem of praise.

2 The God of the seasons adore
 When spring breathes her earliest breeze,
 When winter reluctant is o'er,
 And smile all the rivers and trees;
 When summer, in showers and gales,
 Her merciful mission fulfils;
 When plenty matures in the vales,
 And joy speaks aloud from the hills.

3 When Autumn is sober and sere,
 And pours out her plentiful store,
 O then as declineth the year,
 The God of abundance adore;
 When winter obscureth the sky,
 And vapory turbulence blows,
 Forbid that devotion should die,
 Or freeze with the frosts and the snows.

4 At home with thy kindred and friends,
 Alone, or with strangers abroad,
 Whatever kind providence sends,
 O call on the name of thy God:
 When sickness at last is thy lot,
 And death hastens on in the gloom,
 The monarch of terrors fear not,
 For Jesus has conquered the tomb.

172 L. M.

HOW can I the Saviour deny?
 Salvation he freely doth give,
 He even for sinners did die,
 That sinners through favor might live.
 Thy promise, O Lord, I do claim,
 Thy friendship both free and divine,
 For safety I run to thy name,
 O let me forever be thine.

173 7s.

"EARTH to earth, and dust to dust:"

Here the evil and the just—
Here the matron and the maid
In one silent bed are laid.

2 Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust;
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

3 Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng:
Those that wept them, those that
weep,

All shall with these sleepers sleep.

4 Song of peace, or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers
more:

Death shall keep his solemn trust:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

5 But a day is coming fast,
Earth! thy mightiest and thy last:
It shall come in strife and toil—
It shall come in blood and spoil—

6 It shall come in empires groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones;
Then ambition rue thy lust:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

7 Then shall come the judgment
sign:

In the east the King shall shine:
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
Thousand thousands round his
state.

8 Heaven shall open on our sight:
Earth be turned to living light:
Kingdoms of the ransomed just;
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

9 Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than paradise:

Earth by angel feet be trod:
One great garden of her God.

10 Till are dried her martyr's
tears

Through a glorious thousand years,
Now in hope of Him we trust:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

174 7s.

SWEET the time, exceeding sweet!
When the church together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they join to sing of him.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved us still and gave his Son.

3 Sweet the time, exceeding sweet,
When the church together meet:
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they join to sing of him.

175 7s.

COME, poor soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou
me?"

2 "I deliver all the bound;
I can heal the bleeding wound;
Find the wanderer, set him right,
Turn his darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care,
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet have I remembered thee.

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

176 S. M.

ONCE more before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies every heart,
Singing every tongue his fame.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow;
Go on and seek to know the Lord,
And practice what you know.

3 And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
O may we reach that blissful shore
To which all saints are bound.

177 S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their
tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and princes waited
for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see the heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 You watchmen join your voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
Ye deserts learn the joy.

6 O Lord make bare thy arm,
Through all the earth abroad!

Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

7 Glory to God on high!
And peace o'er all the earth;
Good will to men—to angels joy
At our Redeemer's birth!

178 S. M.

SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray, to hear thy
word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when approach the shades of
night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve thee
best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every sabbath given,
Since such shall be our blest em-
ployment. [ploy

179 S. M.

IN all my ways, O God,
I would acknowledge thee;
And seek to keep my heart and
From all pollution free. [house

2 Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise;
And thither my oblations bring,
Of humble prayer and praise.

3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone,
A nursery for thee.

180 S. M.

- ETERNAL truth hath said,
 'Tis with the righteous well:
 What glorious, cheering words are
 these,
 Their sweetness who can tell?
- 2 'Tis well when joys arise—
 'Tis well when sorrows flow—
 'Tis well when darkness veils the
 skies,
 And dreadful tempests blow.
- 3 'Tis well when Jesus calls
 Their spirits to the skies,
 To join the blest from every clime,
 The great, the good, the wise.

181 S. M.

- BLEST are the sons of peace
 Whose hearts and hopes are one:
 Whose kind designs to serve and
 please
 Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house
 Where zeal and friendship meet;
 Their songs of praise, their mingled
 vows,
 Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus on the heavenly hills
 The saints are blest above,
 Where joy, like morning dew, dis-
 And all the air is love. [tils,

182 S. M.

- MY soul repeat his praise,
 Whose mercies are so great;
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide;
 And when his strokes are felt,

His strokes are fewer than our
 crimes,
 And lighter than our guilt.

- 2 High as the heavens are raised
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sin;
 And his forgiving love,
 Far as the east is from the west,
 Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 Our days are like the grass,
 Or like the morning flower;
 If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the
 field,
 It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord,
 To endless years endure;
 And children's children ever find
 Thy words of promise sure,

183 S. M.

- AWAKE and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb!
 Wake every heart and every
 tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name!
- 2 Sing of his dying love!
 Sing of his rising power!
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore!
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
 You ransomed sinners, sing;
 Sing on, rejoicing every day,
 In Christ the glorious King.
- 4 Soon shall you hear him say,
 "You blessed children, come;"
 Soon will he call you hence away,
 And take his pilgrims home.

6G
C | | | | .R- | | | | .R- | | | |

4Q 3 : 5 5 5 .5 5 : 5 5 5 .5 5 : 7 7 6 .7

6G
D 1 | : 3 | 3 2 .3 | .R- 3 | : 1 | 1 .1 | .R- 3 | : 2 | 2 2 .2 |

4Q O praise the Lord, O praise the Lord, O praise the Lord,

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

4Q 5 7

6G
B | | | | .R- 1 | : 1 | 1 .1 | .R- 1 | : 2 | 2 |

4Q 1 : 1 1 5 .1 5 2 .5

6G
C .R .1 | .1- 1 | | | R | .1 1 R | R | .1 1 R |

4Q : 7 5 5 5 5 7 5 5 5 5 7

6G
D .R .6 | 5 4 3 5 : 5 || 3 3 3 R | 3 4 5 - 4 3 R | 1 1 | 1 R | 1 2 | 3 - 2 1 R |

4Q O praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord
all ye nations, all ye nations,

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

4Q

6G
B .R .1 | .1- 1 | | | R | .1 1 R | 1 1 R | 1 1 | .1 1 R |

4Q : 5 1 1 1 1 5

6G
C :R | .1 | | | | R | :R | :R | :R |

4Q .5 .7- 5 .5 5

6G
D 2-1 | 5-4 .3 .2-4 | .3 3 || 1 2 .3 4 3 | 3 2 R | 1 .2 3 2 |

4Q , 7 , , , 7 ,
praise him, praise him all ye people; for his merciful
for his merciful kindness,

6G
A 4-3 .2 | 3-2 .1 .5- | .1 1 || 3 4 .5 6 5 | 5 4 R | 2 3 .4 5 4 |

4Q , , 7 , , ,

6G
B :R | .1 .1 | | | | R | :R | :R | :R |

4Q .5-5 .1 1

184 L. M.

AND is the gospel peace and love?
 Such let our conversation be:
 The serpent blended with the dove—
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.

- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts and tongues to strife,
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 O how benevolent and kind!
 How mild! how ready to forgive!
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will
 Was his employment and delight;
 Humility, and love, and zeal,
 Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
 The labors of his life were love—
 O! if we love the Saviour's name,
 Let his divine example move.
- 6 But ah! how blind, how weak we are!
 How frail, how apt to turn aside!
 Lord, we depend upon thy care;
 O may thy spirit be our guide!
- 7 Thy fair example may we trace,
 To teach us what we ought to be;
 Make us, by thy transforming grace,
 Lord Jesus, daily more like thee.

185 L. M.

COME you who love the Lord indeed,
 Who'd be from sin and bondage freed,
 Submit to all the ways of God,
 And walk the narrow happy road.

- 2 That glorious day will soon appear,
 When Michael's trumpet all must hear,
 Sound through the earth, yea over all,
 And wake the nations great and small.

186 8s, 7s, and 4s.

WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my
manor,
All were nothing to his word.
Hallelujah—
Now we offer to the Lord.

2 While the heralds of salvation,
His abounding grace proclaim;
Let his saints of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.
Hallelujah—
Gifts we offer to his name.

3 May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Saviour
know;

Be to him these gifts devoted,
For to him my all I owe.

Hallelujah—
Run ye heralds to and fro.

4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love.

Hallelujah—
By this gift our love we'll prove.

187 8s, 7s, and 4s.

COME, you sinners, poor and
needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and
sore;

Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:

He is able,
He is willing—doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you
linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;

This he gives you,
'Tis the Saviour's rising beam.

3 Come, you weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

5 Lo! the rising Lord ascending,
To his Father and his God:
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, joined in con-
cert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo to his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners, now his love proclaim.

188 8s, 7s, and 4s.

COME, you poor and thirsty sin-
To the living waters come; [ners,
Jesus bids you come and welcome,
And declares he'll cast out none;
His rich bounty
Freely take—he makes it thine.

2 Wherefore toil you still for noth-
ing?
Spend your strength and treasure
Joyfully receive the blessing [too?
Which his liberal hands bestow:
All his goodness
Let your souls delight to know.

4g p p

D 1 | 1 1 | 3- 2 | 1 | 1 || 1 | | | 1 | ||

2c , 7 7 6 7

4g p p

A 1 | 3 3 | 5- 4 | 3 2 | 1 || 3 | 2 5 | s4 6 | 5 ||

2c ,

4g p p

B 1 | 1 1 | 1- | | | 1 || 1 | | | 2 2 | ||

2c 4 5 5 5 7 5

4g p p p

D 3 | 3 2 | 4-4 | 3 2 1 | || 1 | 1 1 | | | 3 | 3 2 1 | 1 ||

2c , , , 7 7- 7 7 7

4g 1 p p p

A 5 | 7 | 6- 6 | 5 s4 | 5 | 3 | 3 3 | 2- 2 2 || 5 | 5 4 | 3 2 | 1 ||

2c , ,

4g p p p

B 1 | 1 1 | 1- 1 | 1 2 | || R | .R | .R | R || 1 | 1 | | | 1 ||

2c , 5 4 5 5

CHICAGO. C. M. J. G. CULBERTSON.

6g p p

C | | | 2 | 1 || 1 3 | 2 1 | ||

2q 3 3 4 , , 5 4 3 7 , , 7 6 7

6g p p

A 1 | | | 1 2 3 2 | 1 4 | 3 || 2 | 1 5 | 4 3 2 1 | 2 ||

2q 5 7 , , , , , , , ,

6g p p

B 1 | 1 | | | | | || 1 | 1 | | | | ||

2q 5 3 2 1 2 3 4 5 1 5 5 5 5

6g p p

D 1 2 | 3 4 3 | 3 | 1 | 2 3 2 | 1 || | | | | | ||

2q , , , , 7 , , , 3 3 6 5 4 3

6g p p

A 3 4 | 5 6 5 | 5 2 3 | 4 5 4 | 3 || 1 | 1 4 | 3 2 | 1 ||

2q , , , , , , , ,

6g p p

B 1 | 1 1 | 1 | | | | || 1 | 1 | 1 | | | ||

2q 5 5 5 4 5 5 1

189 C. M.

THIS is the day the first ripe sheaf
Before the Lord was waved,
And Christ, first-fruits of them that
slept,
Was from the dead received.

2 He rose for them for whom he
died,
That, like to him, they may
Rise when he comes, in glory great,
That ne'er shall pass away.

3 This is the day the Spirit came
With us on earth to stay—
A comforter, to fill our hearts
With joys that ne'er decay.

4 His comforts are the earnest sure
Of that same heavenly rest
Which Jesus entered on, when he
Was made forever blest.

5 This day the Christian church
began,
Formed by his wonderous grace;
This day the saints in concord
meet,
To join in prayer and praise.

6 To nourish faith, and hope, and
love,
His death they do show forth,
His resurrection they record,
And glory in his worth.

7 This joyful day let us observe;
Redemption's work is done;
The Jewish Sabbaths are no more;
The earthly rest is gone.

3 To heaven's rest we'll follow
Him,
(His death has paved the way,)
And there in nobler anthems sing
The glad redemption day.

190 C. M.

BLESSED is the man who shuns
the place
Where sinners love to meet,
Who fears to tread their wicked
ways,
And hates the scoffers seat.

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

4 Not so the impious and unjust:
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like
Or chaff before the storm. [dust,

5 Sinners in judgment shall not
stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge at his right
hand
Appoints his saints a place.

6 His eye beholds the path they
tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

7 Then let us choose the narrow
And in the truth abound, [way,
Till Jesus with his angels comes,
And Michael's trump shall sound

8 Then we shall mount on wings
of love,
And meet in realms on high,
And saints and angels join in praise
Through all eternity.

6g										
C	R _m						R _m			R _m
4q	.5	5	5--5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
6g	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,
D	F _m	1--4	F3	5	4	3	F3	2	2	R-5
4q	.7	7	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,
6g	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,
A	.2	R-2	F3--2	1	3	2	1	1	R-5	.55-2
4q	,	,	,	,	,	,	7	7	,	,
6g	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,
B	R _m						R-5	.55-2	F3-1	R-5
4q	.5	5	5--5	5	5	5	5	5	,	,
	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

6g										
C		R		.1-1	.1-1	R	1	.11-		
4q	.55-2	F3-1	.5	5	.5-5		.7		55-5	.5
6g	,	,	,	,	§		,		,	REP.
D	.55-2	F3-1	R	2	.3-3	.5-5	.414	.2R4	.33-1	2-4
4q	,	,	,	,	.7		,	,	,	,
6g										
A	.55-2	F3-1	.2	R	.1-1	.3-3	.456	.2R6	.55-3	4-2
4q	,	,	,	,	5				,	REP.
6g					§					
B	.55-2	F3-1	R	.1-1	.1-1			R		
4q	,	,	,	,	.5	7				
							F7	.634	.5	4
									.55-5	.5
									,	,

1 The host of heaven that throne surrounding
 Where everlasting splendors glow,
 'Mid lyres with ceaseless praise resounding,
 Beheld the earth involved in woe,—Beheld, &c.
 Deep night with fearful wing lay brooding,
 Nor could lone Sinai's beacon red
 Illume the midnight pall that spread,
 Each glimmering ray of hope excluding,
 When lo! a Savior came!
 The star o'er Bethlehem gleamed;
 And angels tuned their harps of joy
 To hail a world redeemed.
 And angels, &c.

2 But ingrate man by sin benighted,
 Too oft repelled salvation's ray,
 The gentle sigh of Calvary slighted,
 And turned with rebel heart away.
 God looked from heaven and all had wandered,
 Like erring sheep had gone astray,
 And rushing down destruction's way,
 Immortal treasures madly squandered:
 When the blest Spirit came,
 With light and power divine;
 Bow, contrite sinner, to his sway,
 And Christ and heaven are thine.

LAND OF BEAUTY. 7. Words by T. HARRISON.

5g
 D | | | | | || .1 2 | 3 2 1 | 4 3 2 | .1 - || .4 4 | 3 2 1 |
 3q .3 4 5 4 3 4 3 2 .3 -
 5g
 A .1 2 | 3 2 1 | 2 1 | .1 - || .3 4 | 5 4 3 | 6 5 4 | .3 - || .6 6 | 5 4 3 |
 3q 7
 There's a glorious land on high, Far beyond the starlight sky; All things there are
 5g
 B .1 | | | | | || .1 1 | .1 1 | | | | .1 - || | | | .1 1 |
 3q 5 1 2 3 4 5 5 .1 - 4 5 5 .4 4
 5g
 D | | | | | R | | | | | || .1 2 | 3 2 1 | .4 4 | 3 2 1 | | | | ||
 3q 6 - 5 4 3 3 2 .3 4 5 4 3 6 4 3 2 .3 -
 5g
 A 4 - 3 2 1 | 1 | R | | .1 2 | 3 2 1 | .3 4 | 5 4 3 | .6 6 | 5 4 3 2 1 | .1 - ||
 3q ' ' 7
 fair and bright, Land of beauty, Land of beauty, Land of beauty! land of light!
 5g
 B | | | | | R | | .R- | .R- | .R- | .R- | | | | | | | | | ||
 3q .4 s4 .5 :4 4 1 2 3 4 5 5 .1 -

2 Living splendor beameth there— 4 There the holy mountains are—
 Holy fragrance fills the air— And sweet valleys, stretched afar—
 All is rich with spotless white; There are rivers, pure and bright:
 Land of beauty! land of light! Land of beauty! land of light!

3 There no angry tempest blows— 5 Radiant verdure decks the ground,
 No red bolt the thunder throws— Lovely flowers rejoice around—
 No dread gloom is spread by night: All is glorious to the sight:
 Land of beauty! land of light! Land of beauty! land of light!

222 L. M.

WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One star alone, of all that train,
 Attracts the eastern sages' eye.
 A voice from every star there breaks
 Throughout eve's radiant diadem,
 But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
 It is the Star of Bethlehem!

2 Once as these sages nightly gazed
 On fields of light divinely fair,
 The wonderous power of God they praised,
 Who fixed those orbs of glory there:
 The spangled heavens shone all around,
 Each star appeared a sparkling gem,
 When bursting from the blue profound
 Arose the Star of Bethlehem!

3 These holy men arose that night,
 As guided by that star divine,
 That, pouring floods of glorious light
 Did all the host of heaven out-shine:
 Thus guided by its light on high,
 O'er mountain huge and rugged glen,
 Still gliding through the azure sky,
 It leads them safe to Bethlehem.

4 And when they saw the infant mild,
 For sinners born to bleed and die,
 They worshipped there the holy child,
 While tears came trickling from their eyes:
 They open now their treasures great,
 Incense and myrrh, and gold, and gem,
 And poured them at Emmanuel's feet,
 The lowly babe of Bethlehem.

223 L. M.

THOU art the Life—the blessed well
 With living waters gushing o'er,
 Which those who drink shall ever dwell
 Where sin and thirst are known no more.
 Thou art the mystic pillar given,
 Our lamp by night, our light by day;
 Thou art the sacred bread from heaven:
 Thou art the Life—the Truth—the Way.

Henry B. Adams

2 ^a	D	3	3	3	3	4-	3	4	6	7-	3	3	5	4	6	3-	6	3	1	1	1	1-				
2 ^q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	7-	,	,	7			
2 ^a	1										1	2-	1	1	3	1	1									
A	'	5	5	5	6-	5	6	'	'	'	'	6	'	5-	'	5	3	2-	1	3	2	1-				
2 ^q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,			
2 ^a	B	1	1	1	1	4-	1	4	1	5-	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-			
2 ^q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	5-	5	5	5

THAT glorious day is drawing
nigh,

When Zion's light shall come;
She shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the morning sun.

The north and south their sons re-
sign,

And earth's foundation bend;
A bride adorned Jerusalem,
All glorious shall descend.

The King who wears the splendid
crown,

The azure flaming bow,
The holy city shall bring down,
To bless his church below.

When Zion's bleeding conquering
King,

Shall sin and death destroy,
The morning stars shall join to
sing,

And Zion shout for joy.

2 The holy, bright, angelic band,
Who sing on harps of gold,
In glorious order then shall stand,
Fair Salem to behold.

Descending with sweet melting
Jehovah they adore; [strains,
Such shouts through earth's ex-
tended plains,

Were never heard before.

Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Nor think his reign is long;
Though saints are feeble, frail and
poor,

Their great Redeemer's strong.
He is their shield and hiding place:
A covert from the storm;

A fountain in the wilderness,
And their eternal home.

3 The crystal stream comes down
from heaven,

It issues from the throne;
The floods of strife away are
driven,

The church becomes but one.
That peaceful union we shall
And live upon his love, [know,

And sing and shout his name be-
As angels do above. [low,

A thousand years shall roll
around,

The church shall be complete:
Called by the last loud trumpet's
sound,

Their Saviour's face to meet.
With joy they meet him in the
sky,

Whom here their souls adore;
And live in worlds of bliss on high,
Forever with their Lord.

224 C. M.

THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most
high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty
winds,
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and
King,
For evermore shall reign.

225 C. M.

GOD is our refuge, tried and
proved,
Amid a stormy world;
We will not fear though earth be
moved,
And hills in ocean hurled.

2 The waves may roar, the moun-
tains shake,
Our comforts shall not cease;
The Lord his saints will not for-
sake;
The Lord will give us peace.

3 A gentle stream of hope and
love,
To us shall ever flow;
It issues from his throne above;
It cheers his church below.

4 When earth and hell against us
came,
He spake and quelled their
powers:

The Lord of hosts is still the same;
The God of grace is ours.

226 C. M.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
Oh! may his love—immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought
can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder, dies away.

3 Dear Lord! while we adoring
pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"

4 Oh! may the sweet, the blissful
theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming
name,
And join the sacred song.

227 C. M.

INFINITE loveliness is thine,
Thou glorious Prince of grace.
Thine uncreated beauties shine,
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest
end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and songs
ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thee exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss re-
ceive,
And heaven can give no more.

228 8s and 7s.

HARK!—ten thousand harps and voices

Sound the note of praise above,
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the Lord of love.

Chorus.

2 Jesus! hail! whose glory brightens

All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life! thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints
on earth.

3 King of glory! reign forever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made
thine own.

4 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;
Bring—oh, bring the glorious
day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass
away.

229 8s and 7s.

LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious:

See the man of sorrows now,
From the fight returned victorious;
Every knee to him shall bow

Chorus.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels!
crown him:

Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's
claim:

Saints and angels! crowd around
him,

Own his title, praise his name:

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!

Hark! those loud triumphant
chords!

Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh! what joy the sight affords!

230 8s and 7s.

JESUS! hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;

Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and
blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest
lays;

Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's
praise.

231 8s and 7s.

HARK!—the judgment-trumpet
sounding

Rends the skies and shakes the
poles;

Lo! the day, with wrath abounding,

Breaks upon astonished souls.

VERSAILLES. 7.

5g
 D 1 1 | 3 3 | 4 5 6 4 | .3 || 2 2 | 1 1 | 1 | .1 ||
 2q , , , , 7 6 7 ,
 5g § 1 REP.
 A 1 1 | 5 5 | 6 7 ' 6 | .5 || 4 4 | 3 3 | 2 1 2 3 | .1 ||
 2q , , , , , , , ,
 5g § REP.
 B 1 1 | 1 1 | .1 || 1 | .1 ||
 2q 4 6 7 5 3 4 5

5g
 D 3 3 | 2 2 | 1 1 | || 3 3 | 2 2 | 1 1 | ||
 2q .7 .7
 5g REP. 1&2s.
 A 5 5 | 4 4 | 3 3 | .2 || 5 5 | 4 4 | 3 3 | .2 ||
 2q
 5g REP. 1&2s.
 B 1 1 | 1 1 | || 1 1 | 1 1 | ||
 2q 4 4 .5 4 4 .5

BANTAM. 7.

W. CLARK.

4g
 D 1 1 | 1 1 2 | 3 4 | .3 || 3 5 4 | 3 1 | 1 | .1 ||
 2q , 7 , , , , 7 7 ,
 4g 1
 A 1 1 2 | 3 3 4 | 5 6 | .5 || 7 6 | 5 3 | 2 2 3 | .1 ||
 2q , , , , , , , ,
 4g
 B 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 4 | .1 || 1 | 1 1 | 5 5 | .1 ||
 2q 5 5 5
 4g
 D 3 4 3 | 2 1 | 3 2 | .1 || 3 3 2 | 1 2 | 1 | -1 ||
 2q , , 7 , , , , 7
 4g
 A 5 6 5 | 4 3 | 2 5 4 | .3 || 5 5 4 | 3 4 | 3 2 | .1 ||
 2q , , , , , , , ,
 4g
 B 1 1 | 1 | .1 || 1 1 | 1 | 4 5 5 | .1 ||
 2q 7 5 5 4 5 5

232

JESUS, lover of my soul!

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

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

3 Plenteous grace with thee is
found,—
Grace to pardon all my sins;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

233 7s.

JESUS, Lord! we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid all strife forever cease.

2 Make us one in heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Wholly like our blessed Lord.

3 Let us each for others care,
Each his brother's burden bear,
To thy church a pattern give,
Showing how believers live.

4 Let us, then, with joy, remove
To thy family above;
On the wings of angels fly,—
Showing how believers die.

234 7s.

Tune—"Rock of Ages."

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our
way;

Let us all a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the blest Redeemer's
name;

Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee,

3 Here we come thy name to
praise,
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints:
Thus let all our worship prove,
Till we join the courts above.

5 Glory be to God on high—
God, whose glory fills the sky:
Glory to the Lamb be given—
Glory in the highest heaven;
Wisdom, riches, praise and power,
Be to God for evermore.

235 11s.

THE Lord is the fountain of goodness and love,
Which, flowing in Eden, in streams from above,
Refreshed every moment, the first happy pair,
Till sin stopped the torrent and brought in despair.

- 2 O wretched condition! what anguish and pain!
They thirst for the fountain, and seek it in vain;
To sin's bitter waters they fly for relief,
They drink, but the draught still increases their grief.
- 3 Glad tidings! glad tidings! no more we complain!
Our Jesus has opened the fountain again;
Now mingled with mercy, and rich with free grace,
From Zion 'tis flowing to all the lost race.
- 4 How happy the prospect! how pleasant the road!
When led down the stream by the angel of God;
Though shallow at first, yet we find it at last,
A river so boundless it cannot be passed.
- 5 Come, sinners, poor sinners! 'tis boundless and free,
In Eden once flowing, 'twas opened for thee:
This water has virtue to heal all complaints:
Come, drink, ye diseased, and rejoice with the saints.
- 6 Say not "I'm a sinner, and must not partake,"
For this very reason the Lord bids you take;
Say not "Too unworthy, the vilest of all;"
For such, not the righteous, the Lord came to call.
- 7 Come, all ye dead sinners, here life you may find;
Come, all ye poor beggars, ye halt and ye blind,
The Spirit invites you, the Bride bids you too:
Come, call all your neighbors, they're welcome with you.

236 11s.

HOW gracious the promise, how soothing the word
That came from the lips of our merciful Lord!
Ye lone and ye weary, ye sad and oppressed,
Come, learn of your Saviour, and ye shall find rest.

- 2 And ye that have sinned and have wandered astray,
Come, walk in the light, and the truth, and the way;
Ye proud, from the paths of ambition depart,
For meek was your Master, and lowly of heart.

1g p

C **0 .3 1-2 | .3 .2 .3- || 5 .5 .3 | .3 .2 | .2 || .3 .3 .5 | .3- 5**

4q ' ,

1g **.1 .1- 1.2 1 p .1 1**

D **.5 5-7 | .7 | | .7 6 7 6 | .7 || .5 .5 | .5-**

4q ' ,

Now let our voices join To form a sacred song; Ye pilgrims in Je-

1g **.1 .1- 3.2 1 p .1.3.1-**

A **5-5 | .3 .5 | | .5 | 6 5 4 | .5 || .5 | 5**

4q ' ,

1g **.1 p**

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

4q ' , **.7 .5**

1g p

C **4 5 4 3 .2- || 1 | .4 5 6 | .5 .4 :3 || :R | :R | 2 5 3 1**

4q ' ,

1g **.1 1 1 2 1 1 .1 :1 2 5 3 1**

D **6 4 5 | .5- || | .7 | || :R | :R |**

4q ' ,

hovah's ways, With music pass along. Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah,

1g **1 1 4 .3 .2 :1 .1**

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

4q ' ,

1g p

B **4 3 2 1 .5- || 3 | 4 2 3 4 .5 | :1 || :R | :R | 2 5 3 1**

4q **.5**

1g

C **:R | :R | 2 | 5 5 5 | 3 3 3 3 | 1 4 3 6 | .5 5-4 :3 ||**

4q **6 7 5**

1g **2 1 2 1 2 3 3 2 1 1 2 1 1 .1 :1**

D **:R | :R | 6 7 5 | ' ' | | 7-7 | ||**

4q ' ,

Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.

1g **2-1 .1 2 3 2 3 2 1 1 1 4 .3 2-2 :1**

A **.6 ' | .7 6 7 5 | | 7 5 6 7 | ' ||**

4q ' ,

1g **2 1 1**

B **:R | :R | 6 7 5 | 7 7 | 6 5 6 3 | 4 2 3 4 | .5 5-5 :1 ||**

4q ' ,

2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!

No lurking snares are in the
way,

No fierce destroyer there.

3 But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And sweet companions sing.

4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise:
And brighter crowns than mortals
wear,

Sparkle through all the skies.

5 Our Father's glorious house!
Home of the good! how near
Its bright foundations, jasper walls,
And pearly gates appear.

6 With him at our right hand,
Our hearts shall never fail:
By him supported we shall stand,
And over all prevail.

7 All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way!
To him who leads the wanderers on
To realms of endless day!

237 S. M.

HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How does the gracious Saviour
show

His name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have learned of God,
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the world abroad,
His word—infallible.

3 They who in Christ believe,
To his commands submit;

Remission of their sins receive,
As taught in Holy Writ.

4 Their captive spirits freed
From sin's destructive power,
They now the sacred pages read,
With pleasure and with prayer,

5 To all obedient hearts
The holy Spirit's given:
It life, and joy, and peace im-
parts,
The earnest pledge of heaven.

238 S. M.

JESUS, the Friend of man,
Invites us to his board;
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

2 Here we survey that love
Which spoke in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.

3 Here let our powers unite,
His honored name to raise;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know;
Brethren we are; let every heart
With kind affections glow.

239 S. M.

ENVY and strife be gone,
And only kindness known;
While all one common Father have,
One common Master own.

2 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above, [rise,
Where springs of purest pleasure
And every heart is love.

240 C. M.

HAIL, mighty Jesus, how divine,
Thou all-victorious Lord!
The stoutest rebel must resign,
At thy commanding word.

2 O gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, great Prince, triumph-
antly,
And make thy foes obey.

3 And when thy victories are com-
plete,
And all thy chosen race
Shall round thy throne of mercy
meet,
To sing thy conquering grace,

4 Oh may our humble souls be
found
Among that favored band,
And we with them thy praise will
sound
Throughout Immanuel's land.

241 C. M.

WITHIN thy house, O Lord our
God,
In glory now appear;
Make us the place of thine abode
And shed thy brightness here.

2 While we thy mercy seat sur-
round,
Thy spirit, Lord, impart,
And let thy word's all-cheering
sound,
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight
obtain;
Here give the mourners rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble prayer arise.
Till higher strains our tongues em-
ploy,
In realms beyond the skies.

242 C. M.

AGAIN, indulgent Lord, return,
With sweet and quickening
grace,
To cheer and warm our sluggish
souls,
And speed us in our race.

2 Awake our love, our faith, our
hope,
For fortitude and joy:
Vain world begone—let things
above
Our happy thoughts employ.

3 Whilst thee, our Saviour and
our God,
We would forever own;
Drive each rebellious rival, lust—
Each traitor from the throne.

4 Instruct our minds, our souls
subdue,
To heaven our passions raise,
And let our life forever be
Devoted to thy praise.

243 C. M.

AGAIN our earthly cares we
leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Within those walls let holy
peace
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience
ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

7_G

A | 1- 1 3 1 | .1 | 1 | 1 2 3 | .2- | 1- 1 3 1 | .1 |

4_Q 5 , 6 5 5 , 67_G

B | | | | | | | | |

4_Q 1 1- 1 1 1 | .4 4 4 3 3 2 1 | .5- 1 1- 1 1 1 | .4 47_G

A | 1 | 1 3 2 | .1- | 2- 2 1 2 | .3 3 | 3 4 3 2 | .1 |

4_Q 5- , 5 , 6 77_G

B | | | | | .1 1 | 1 | | |

4_Q 4 3- 1 5 5 | .1- 5 5- 5 5 5 | 6 5 4 4 | .5-7_G

A | 1- 1 3 1 | .1 | 1 | 1 3 2 | .1- |

4_Q 5 , 6 5- ,7_G

B | | | | | | | | |

4_Q 1 1- 1 1 1 | .4 4 4 3- 1 5 5 | .1-

ALQUINA. 7 & 6.

6_G

A | 1 2 | 3 3 3 2 3 | 4- 3 3 2 2 2 1 2 | 3- 1 | 1 2 | 3 3 3 2 3 |

23_Q ' ' ' , , , , , , , , , ' ' ' , , , ,6_G

B | 1 | 1 1 1 1 | 1 | | | | 1 | 1 1 1 1 |

23_Q ' , , , 7- 5 5 5 5 5 1- 1 , , ,6_G

A | 4- 3 3 | 2 2 2 1 2 | 1- R | 3 4 | 5 5 6 6 | 5- 3 3 4 |

23_Q , , , , , , , , , ' ' ' , , , , ' ' ' ,6_G

B | 1 | | | | R | 1 | 1 1 | 1- 1 1 |

23_Q 7- 5 5 5 5 5 1- , , 4 4 ,6_G

A | 5 5 6 6 | 5- R | 1 2 | 3 3 3 2 3 | 4- 3 3 | 2 2 2 1 2 | 1- R |

23_Q , , , ' ' ' , , , , , , , , , , , , ,6_G

B | 1 1 | 1- R | 1 | 1 1 1 1 | 1 | | | | R |

23_Q , 4 4 , , , 7- 5 5 5 5 5 1-

244 C. M.

THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us,
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

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

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

245 C. M.

WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
And hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,

And him who once was slain,
Again to earth descending,
In righteousness to reign?

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

246 7s and 6s.

NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What, though the embattled le-
gions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their re-
gions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious!
Immanuel, Prince of Peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of Kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and vallies greeting,
The song responsive raise.

1g	C	3.33	5.55	3.432	.3	35.355	.544	.321	
4q									.7
1g	D	1.11	1.11	1		1		.1	
4q				.655	.5	5	.577	55.55	4.5
1g	A	3.33	1.21	.1		3.122	.322	.1	
4q		5.55			7	5			76.5
1g	B	1.11	1.11	1.455	.1	11.155	.1	.122	
4q								77	.5
1g	C	35.354	.312	.334	.3	33.534	.336	.544	.3-
4q									
1g	D	13.1			.1	1		11.1	
4q		55.555	.556			5.555	.5	55.5-	
1g	A	1	32.1	1		1.312	.1	4.322	.1-
4q		5	.5	34.5	6.5	5		5	
1g	B					.11	.11		
4q		11.111	.111	.111	.1	15	7	4.555	.1-

- 2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured,
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-covered charnel are stirred!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth!
- 4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the bright crowned 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 poor children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

217 C. M.

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our Eternal King;

"Thrice holy Lord," the angels
Thrice holy let us sing. [cry—

2 The deepest reverence of the
mind

Is due unto the Lord,
And he by all about him should
With reverence be adored.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his
name,

Whom words nor thoughts can
reach:

A contrite heart shall please him
more

Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God, preserve our
From all pollution free; [souls

The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

218 C. M.

KEEP silence—all created things,

And wait your Maker's nod,

My soul stands trembling while
she sings

The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds
unknown,

Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 His providence unfolds his book,
And makes his counsels shine,

Each opening leaf—and every
stroke

Fulfil some deep design.

4 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh may I find my name

Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

219 C. M.

COME, humble sinner, in whose
breast

A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt, and fear
oppressed,

And make this last resolve.

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Has like a mountain rose:

His Kingdom now I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Humbly I'll bow at his com-
mand,

And there my guilt confess;
I'll own I am a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 Surely he will accept my plea,
For he has bid me come;

Forthwith I'll rise, and to him flee,
For yet, he says, there's room.

5 I cannot perish if I go;

I am resolved to try:

For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

250 C. M.

OUR Canaan is Immanuel's
ground,

We seek that promised soil;
The songs of Zion cheer our
hearts

While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joys o'er-
And oft are bathed in tears; [flow,

Yet nought but heaven our hopes
can raise,

And nought but sin our fears.

251 9s and 6s.

COME away to the skies—
My beloved, arise!
And rejoice in the day thou wert
born;

On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And, with singing, to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love,
With our treasure, above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeemed of the Lord—
We remember his word,
And, with singing, to paradise go.

3 For thy glory we were
First created to share
Both thy nature and kingdom di-
Now created again, [vine:
That our souls may remain,
Both in time and eternity, thine.

4 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which has joined us in Christ's
precious name;
So united in heart
That we never can part—
We shall meet at the feast of the
Lamb.

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

6 "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.

252 9s and 6s.

O PARENT of light,
Thou hast scattered the night,
And burnished the wings of the
morn;

In this balmy hour,
On the breath of the flower,
The voice of our prayer shall be
borne.

2 The warblers gay throats
Are alive with the notes,
That gush from the verdure-clad
grove,
And nature's glad lays
Are all tuned to his praise,
Who has taught them to whisper
his love.

Thy life-giving dews
Have enlivened the hues
That pencil the violet's crest,
O shed from above
The dews of thy love,
And star us to shine with the
blest.

4 With thanks for thy care
That encircled us there,
When our pillow in slumber we
pressed,
Now parent we pray
That each hour of this day
May find us reposed on thy
breast.

5 O Father, through life
With its billowy strife,
And its ocean of tremulous foam,
Be our guardian and guide,
Till full safe we may ride
In the haven of Heaven, our
home.

5g										
C			1	1				.1		
3c	5	.5	7	.6	.6	.7	5	.5	5	6 .7
5g										
D	3	.3	2	.1	5	.4	5	.5	.1	5 .3 2 .2
3c	7									
5g										
A	1	.5	5	.3	3	.1	3	.2	2	.3 1 .5 s4 .5
3c										
5g										
B	1	.1						.1	3	.1 2
3c		5	.6	3	.4	1	.5	5		.5

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

ROCHESTER. C. M.

6g	p									
A	.1	1	2	.3	.1	2	.1	.3	4	5 .6 s.4 :5
4q	7									
6g	p									
B	.1	.1	.1				.1	1	.2	
4q	6	5	5	5	.1	4	.6	:5		
6g	p									
A	.5	4	3	.6	.5	4	3	.2	.3	1 4 3 .2 :1
4q	5									
6g	p									
B	.1	.1					.1			
4q	6	5	.4	4	1	.5	6	5	.4	.5 :1

253 C. M.

THY goodness, Lord, our souls
confess,

Thy goodness we adore,
A spring whose blessings never
fail,

A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love
attest,

In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the
night,

And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season
crowns,

With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters load the
vines—

With strengthening grain, the
fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion,
Lord,

Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy
shines,

Without a cloud between.

5 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and
joy,

Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might rise to heaven.

254 C. M.

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;

Thy grace can melt the stubborn
Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's
rage

Does thy salvation flow:

'Tis not confined to sex nor age,
The lofty nor the low.

3 While grace is offered to the
prince,

The poor may take his share;
No mortal has a just pretense
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all you wretched sinners,
come,

He'll form your soul's anew;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

5 His doctrine is almighty love,
There's virtue in his name,

To turn a raven to a dove,
A lion to a lamb.

6 Come, then, accept the offered
grace,

And make no more delay;
His love will all your guilt efface,
And soothe your fears away.

255 C. M.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;

Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O, what a night was that which
wrapt

The heathen world in gloom!
O, what a sun which rose this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage
And loud hosannas sung; [paid,

Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand different lips shall
To hail this welcome morn. [join

Which scatters blessings from its
To nations yet unborn. [wings

256 7s and 6s.

Where shall true believers go,
 When from the flesh they fly?
 Glorious joys ordained to know,
 They mount above the sky,
 To that bright celestial place:
 There they shall in rapture live,
 More than tongue can e'er express,
 Or heart can e'er conceive.

2 When they once are entered there,
 Their mourning days are o'er;
 Pain, and sin, and want, and care,
 And sighing are no more:
 Subject then to no decay,
 Heavenly bodies they put on,
 Swifter than the lightning's ray,
 And brighter than the sun.

3 But their greatest happiness,
 Their highest joy shall be,
 God their Saviour to possess,
 To know, and love, and see;
 With that beatific sight
 Glorious ecstasy is given;
 This is their supreme delight,
 And makes a heaven of heaven.

257 7s and 6s.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,

Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things
 To heaven, thy native place:
 Sun and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove,
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course:
 Trees and flowers seek the sun,
 Drawn by its cheering force:
 So a soul that's born of God,

Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize:
 Soon the Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies:
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All our sorrow left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

258 7s and 6s.

SINNER, stop, O stop and think
 Before you further go;
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting wo!
 On the verge of ruin stop;—
 Now the friendly warning take;
 Stay your footsteps, ere you drop
 Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose?
 Fear you not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes?
 Can you stand in that dread day,
 Which his justice shall proclaim,
 When the earth shall melt away,
 Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
 And drag you to his bar:
 Then you'll hear your awful doom,
 And sink in deep despair!
 All your sins will round you crowd;
 You will mark their crimson dye.
 Each for vengeance crying loud,
 And then—no refuge nigh.

- 2 With saints on earth to sing his
praise,
Inspires with holy zeal:
With joy the note of song shall
raise,
As we his presence feel.
- 3 In harmony our voices join
To sing our Saviour's name;
Bright angels too, their powers
combine
To celebrate his fame.
- 4 Here, from the holy word of
God,
"By inspiration given,"
We learn the path our Saviour
trod—
The way that leads to heaven.
- 5 Who can forsake assembling
here,
While grace and truth declare,
If we in Jesus' name appear,
His presence shall be there?
- 6 If earth afford a joy so dear,
Where partings oft are known,
What heights of glory shall appear
Forever near God's throne!

259 7s and 6s.

- ETERNAL wisdom! thee we
praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy loved name rocks, hills,
and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through thy works abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement
fill,
And speak the builder God.
- 3 Thy hand, how wide it spreads
the sky,

- How glorious to behold:
Tinged with a blue of heavenly
dye,
And starred with sparkling gold
- 4 There thou hast bade the globes
of light
Their endless circuits run:
There the pale planet rules the
night:
The day obeys the sun.
- 5 On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around:
At thy command they freely drop
Their fatness on the ground.
- 6 There like a trumpet, loud and
strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast;
While the red lightnings wave
along,
The banners of thy host.
- 7 Thy glories blaze all nature
round,
And strike the wondering sight,
Through skies, and seas, and
solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 8 But the mild glories of thy
grace
Our softer passions move:
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.
- 9 The Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your
fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 10 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss im
part,
To banish mortal wo.

260 11s and 5s.

WHEN the fierce north wind with his airy forces
 Rears up the ocean to a foaming fury,
 And the red lightning with the storm of hail comes
 Rushing amain down.

- 2 How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble,
 While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
 Roars aloud onset to the gaping waters,
 Quick to devour them.
- 3 Such shall the noise be and the wild disorder,
 If things eternal may be like these earthly,
 Such the dire terror when the great archangel
 Shakes the creation.
- 4 Tears the strong pillars of the vaulted heavens,
 Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes;
 See the graves open and the bones arising,
 Flames all around them.
- 5 Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
 Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
 Stare through their eyelids, while the living worms lie
 Gnawing within them.
- 6 Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,
 And the soul twinges when the eyes behold the
 Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
 Rolling afore him.
- 7 Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver,
 While devils push them to the pit wide yawning,
 Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong,
 Down to the center.
- 8 Stop here my fancy, all away ye horrid
 Doleful ideas, come arise to Jesus,
 How he sits God-like, and the saints around him,
 Throned, yet adoring.
- 9 O may I sit there when he comes triumphant,
 Dooming the nations; then ascend to glory,
 While our hosannas all along the passage,
 Shout the Redeemer.

261 6s and 4s

YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er his hellish foes
High raised his conquering head:

In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:

Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air:

Their anthems say,
"Jesus who bled
Has left the dead—
He rose to-day!"

4 You mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:

Transported cry,
"Jesus who bled
Has left the dead,
No more to die!"

5 All hail! triumphant Lord,
Who saved us by thy blood;
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou reigning Son of God!

With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And kingdoms gain
Beyond the skies.

262 6s and 4s.

REJOICE! the Lord is king,
The Prince of life adore;
O Zion! shout and sing,
And triumph evermore—

Lift up your hearts,
Lift up your voice,
With gladness great
Do you rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns;
His character is love;
When he had purged our sins,
He took his seat above—

Lift up your hearts,
Lift up your voice,
With gladness great
Do you rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell,
Are to our Saviour given—

Lift up your hearts,
Lift up your voice,
With gladness great
Do you rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow at his command,
And fall beneath his feet—

Lift up your hearts,
Lift up your voice,
With gladness great
Do you rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home—

We soon shall hear
The archangel's voice,
The trump of God
Shall sound, Rejoice.

263 C. M.

COME, all you mourning souls,
and hear

The joyful news we tell;
The Lord has brought salvation
down

To save our souls from hell.

2 The angels sung the tidings glad,
To shepherds in the field;

"Good will to men and peace on
earth—

The Saviour is revealed."

3 Come all you poor despairing
souls

Now to the fold repair;
Here God his boundless love un-
folds,

And says he'll meet you here.

4 His glorious presence fills our
souls

With songs of loudest praise:
You shall his Holy Spirit taste,
If you will keep his ways.

5 Here's peace and glory to your
souls,

It comes from heaven above;
Enkindling all the inward man,
With highest heavenly love.

6 Then serve the bleeding Lamb
of God,

Approve his ways full well:
For know his precious blood was
shed
To save your souls from hell.

7 Salvation, what a glorious plan!
How suited to our need!

The grace that raises fallen man,
Is wonderful indeed.

8 'Twas wisdom formed the vast
design,

To ransom us when lost,
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the cost.

264 C. M.

IT is the Lord—enthroned in light,
His claims are all divine;

He has an undisputed right,
To govern thee and thine.

2 Let then thine anxious doubts
and fears

All yield to his control;
His tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of thy soul.

3 Then may'st thou close thine
eyes in death

Free from distracting care;
For death is life—the grave is rest,
If Christ be with thee there.

265 C. M.

CHRIST, like an uncorrupted
seed,

Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid,
The Sons of God to sin.

2 Not by the terrors of a slave,
Do they perform his will;
But with the noblest powers they
have,

His sweet commands fulfil.

3 They find access at every hour,
To God within the veil;

Hence they derive a quickening
power,

And joys that never fail.

266 11s and 8s.

BY S. W. L.

- MY Saviour, my Friend, my Redeemer, my King,
 How shall I set forth thy high praise?
 All glory, all honor, all power, I'll sing,
 Be to Jesus, the theme of my lays:
 His tender compassion on rebels like me,
 His mercies are ever the same;
 I'll praise his adorable majesty,
 I'll hold fast his excellent name.
- 2 Come sinner, believe, and repent, and confess,
 And baptized be into this name,
 Come, Christian, walk humbly by faith, and be blest,
 Despise both the cross and the shame:
 By prayer, hope, and love, and sweet meditation,
 Live godly in Jesus your Lord;
 By constant obedience secure the salvation
 Revealed in his heavenly word.

267 11s and 8s.

- O THE arm of the Lord is my shield and my sword!
 And I fear not though foemen are nigh,
 Their hosts will he smite by the blow of his might,
 And the vanquished before him shall fly.
- 2 Though Satan may rage and new forces engage
 To conquer my soul in the fray;
 The strongest shall fail, for the Lord will prevail,
 And win for his chosen the day.
- 3 Though the waters of wo may my spirit o'erflow,
 They shall never—no, never destroy:
 I will lean on the arm that shall quell my alarm,
 And turn all my mourning to joy.
- 4 Though I on the brink of despondency sink
 At the sight of corruptions within.
 From the depths of despair that arm shall upbear
 My spirit, and free it from sin.
- 5 Each burden shall roll like a weight from my soul,
 And strength shall her weakness renew—
 With joy the bright road to a blissful abode
 My feet shall unfettered pursue.

268 8s and 6s.

COME, let us sing the coming
fate

Of mystic Babylon the great—

Her doom is drawing near:
Jesus now comes on earth to reign,
His cause and people to maintain—
For them he'll soon appear.

2 Before him flows a fiery stream,
The heavens above with lightnings
gleam,

A thousand thunders roar:
A heavenly host with him descends,
His voice to all the earth extends,
His saints now grieve no more.

3 Eclipsed by glory so divine,
Sun, moon, and stars, refuse to
shine,

The spheres now cease to roll:
Earth, wrapt in darkness deep as
night,

With horror stricken at the sight,
Now quakes from pole to pole.

4 Angels of light at his command,
Ten thousand times ten thousand,
stand

Waiting his voice to hear:
The fiery cherubs spread their
wings,

The air with loud hosannas rings,
While all his saints draw near.

5 The day of recompense has
come,

His people all are gathering home,
With joy they hear his voice:
The promised curse, the threatened
woes,

Combined, now fall upon his foes,
The martyrs all rejoice.

6 She who the Twelve Apostles
grieved,

And by her sorceries deceived

All nations of the world,
Now looks with anguish at their
bliss,

Then sinks into the vast abyss,
To endless ruin hurled.

7 The living saints, and all the
dead,

Now gather round their glorious
head,

And reign with him below
An endless age of perfect peace,
Of love, and joy, and righteous-
ness,

Exempt from every wo.

8 Then let us keep the end in
view,

And ever on our way pursue,

The crown is yet before:
A few short days the conflict's
done,

The battle's fought, the prize is
won,

And we shall toil no more.

269 8s and 6s.

HOW precious, Lord, thy sacred
word!

What light and joy those leaves
afford,

To thine in their distress!
Thy precepts guide their doubtful
way,

Thy voice forbids our feet to stray,
Thy promise leads to rest.

2 Thy threatenings wake our
slumbering eyes,

And warn us where our danger lies,
But 'tis thy gospel, Lord, [clean,

That makes our guilty conscience
Converts the soul and conquers sin,
And freedom full affords,

- 2 I would not weep, though one by one
 My earthly visions fade ;
 Nor backward turn to mourn o'er hopes
 Of happiness decayed ;
 But fix my yearning heart on heaven,
 Secure of promis'd bliss
 In that blest land—howe'er severe
 My sorrows seem in this.
- 3 I Would not weep, though faithful hearts,
 The trusting and the kind,
 Should go to seek a higher sphere,
 While I am left behind :
 But lift my thoughts to that abode,
 Where, free from every stain,
 Their happy spirits fondly wait
 To welcome me again.

P. M.

- JOYFULLY, joyfully onward I move,
 Bound for the land of bright spirits above ;
 Angelic choristers sing as I come,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
- 2 Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
 Home to that land of delight will I go ;
 Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
 Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.
- 3 Friends fondly cherished have passed on before,
 Waiting they watch me approaching the shore ;
 Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
- 4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear ;
 Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear !
 Rings with the harmony heavens high dome,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
- 5 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low ;
 Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow ;
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
 Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
- 6 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone ;
 Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

5G
 A | 1 1 | 1 3 5 | 5 3 1 | | 1 1 | 1 3 5 |
 3c 5 5 .5 5 5
 O had I the wings of a dove I would fly Away to my home and for
 With angels and glorified spirits on high; Who fast by the throne of my
 5G
 B | | | 1 1 | | | | 1 |
 3c 5 5 3 1 3 5 1 1 .5 5 5 3 1 3 5

5G REP. ()
 A 4 3 2 | .1 | 3 4 | 5 3 1 | 5 3 1 | 6 4 6 | .5 5 |
 3c , ,
 ev - er re - side } The days of my sorrowing then should be past, My
 Saviour a - bide ; }
 5G REP.
 B | | | 1 | 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 | 2 2 2 | 1 |
 3c 4 5 5 .1 .5

5G 1 1 ()
 A 5 3 | 5 3 | 1 4 3 | .2 3 4 | 5 3 1 | 5 3 1 |
 3c , ,
 warfare and pilgrimage both should be o'er; Safe, safe in the climes of bright
 5G
 B 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 | | .5 1 | 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 |
 3c 4 4 1

5G
 A 6 4 6 | .5 | | 1 1 | 1 3 5 | 4 3 2 | .1 |
 3c 5 5
 glo - ry at last, Where sin and where suf'ring are heard of no more.
 5G
 B 2 2 2 | | | 1 | | | |
 3c .5 5 5 3 1 3 5 4 5 5 .1

2 Oh! there I should range, with the saints in pure white,
 The banks of the river that flows from the throne;
 But ever return from each feebler delight,
 To feast on the smile of my Saviour alone:
 If here, in the gloom of this dungeon below,
 The light of that smile pierce the gross walls of clay,
 What triumphs of rapture incessantly flow
 From that blessed smile in the regions of day!

- 3 The fields of that land may forever be green,
 Its flowers ne'er wither, nor fruitage decay,
 And autumn and spring hand in hand may be seen,
 Like beauty and wealth in their bridal array :
 Each sight may be charming, ecstatic each sound ;
 Each odor be fragrant as gales of the spring ;
 But all beauties mingle, and all joys are found
 Alone in the smile of my Saviour and King.
- 4 With patriarchs, prophets, and sages of old,
 Who walked with their God in this valley of tears—
 With saints and with martyrs in life's book enrolled,
 Methinks I might joyfully spend the long years :
 With angels how happily could I unite—
 They watched o'er my pathway with dangers bestrown ;
 But still I would turn, with increasing delight,
 To feast on the smile of my Saviour alone.

AMERICA. S. M.

WHETMAN.

1P	1	.3-	5	3	2	1	(P	.1	2	2	2	5				
A	.6	6	7	6				'	'	7	6	s5	.6				
4Q	Now is th' accepted time, Now is the day of grace; Now sinners come with-																
1P	1							P									
B	.6		6	5	6	.3-	3	1	2	3	3		.1	5	5	5	3
4Q														.6			

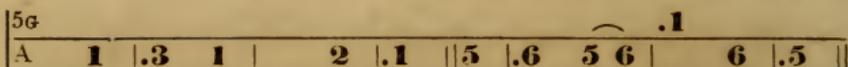
1P	3	3	3	1	(1	2	.3-	5	3	2	1	(P			
A	'	6	5	3				'	'	7	6	s5	.6				
4Q	out de - lay, And seek the Saviour's face, And seek the Saviour's face.																
1P	1																
B	6	6	6		7	6	5	3	3	.3-	3	1	2	3	3		
4Q														.6			

2 Now is th' accepted time,
 The Saviour calls to-day ;
 To-morrow it may be too late—
 Then why should you delay !

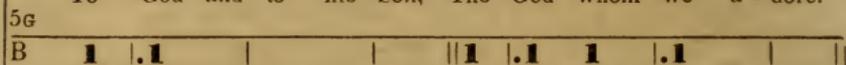
3 Now is th' accepted time,
 The gospel bids you come ;
 And every promise in his word,
 Declares there yet is room,

2 12s and 11s.

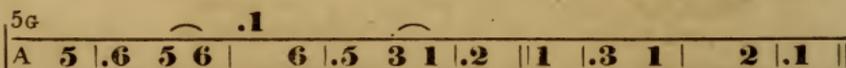
- How calm is the mind when supported by Jesus,
 When floods of temptations and troubles assail;
 The bright shield of faith in assault will defend us,
 The sword of the spirit shall more than prevail:
 Thus armed let us pass through this world of temptation,
 Relying on Jesus for help and salvation;
 With angels above may we take up our station,
 And sing of his mercy when time is no more.
- 2 When Gabriel's gold wings are extended swift flying,
 And sweeping the stars from the heavens above;
 The Judge on his throne of keen justice descending,
 With vengeance and mercy—with wisdom and love:
 A fire devoureth the wicked before him—
 About him are tempests—the righteous adore him;
 He calls to the heavens and earth to restore him,
 His saints bring them hither, for time is no more.
- 3 His throne thus erected, the mandate is issued,
 Arise all ye dead and to judgment appear!
 What dread and confusion! how sorely convicted
 Are rebels, as they all reluctant draw near:
 At length on the left, as a shepherd divideth
 The goats from the sheep, so the Judge now decideth,
 All the wicked shall stand, with him who deribeth,
 And flee from his presence when time is no more.
- 4 This dreadful scene over, with sweet lamb-like aspect,
 The Judge from the throne to his angels declare—
 "My saints all are worthy—behold the rich prospect
 Which opens before you—ascend with me there!"
 Then on they proceed in angelic procession,
 So grand and majestic, there's no competition;
 Of mansions in glory they have full fruition;
 And reign with the Saviour when time is no more.
- 5 The saints of that city we'll walk with forever,
 Whose walls are of jasper, and streets are of gold;
 The sun shall not scorch us, but Jesus the Saviour
 Shall reign, and his glories forever unfold.
 We'll watch and we'll pray till our foes are subjected,
 And work that our faith be by Jesus respected,
 Thus make it appear that we're duly elected,
 To reign with the Saviour when time is no more.



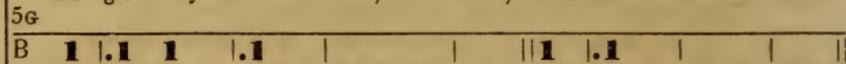
3c To God and to ^{.6} his Son, The God whom we a - dore.



3c 3 .4 5 .1 4 .5

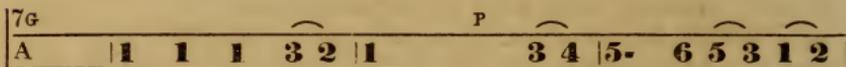


3c Be glo - ry as it was, is now, And shall be ^{.6} ev - er - more.



3c 4 .5 6 .5 3 .4 5 .1

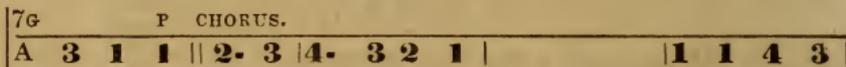
CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS. P. M. s. w.



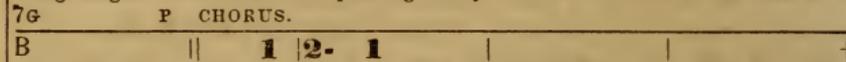
4c 5 To Jordan's banks our hosts are come, And shout to view their



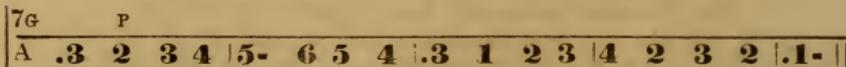
4c 5 1 1 1 1 4 5 1 5 ' 3 4 , ,



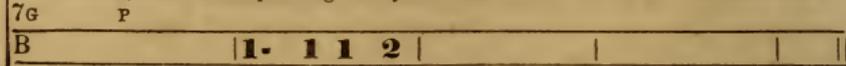
4c long sought home. And we're passing safely over to the oth - er side of



4c 5 5 1 5- " ' 7 6 .5 3 1 2 , , 3 3 4 1



4c Jordan, And we're passing safely o - ver To the land of endless rest.



4c .5 5 3 5 , , .5 3 5 3 6 4 5 5 .1-

- 2 Ten thousand snares already past,
We see the promised land at last.
And we're passing safely over
To the other side of Jordan.
- 3 From Pharaoh's hellish hosts set free,
We safely crossed the deep Red Sea.—Chorus.
- 4 O'er deserts waste and wild we strayed,
Of our ownelves and foes afraid.—Chorus.
- 5 But Jesus sent us bread from heaven,
And water from the rock was given.—Chorus.
- 6 At length our journey nearly o'er,
With bounding hearts we hail the shore.—Chorus.
- 7 Behold those hills where pleasures grow,
Those vales where "milk and honey flow."—Chorus.
- 8 There in that beauteous, wealthy land,
Bright streams "roll down their golden sand."—Chorus.
- 9 There trees of life, forever green,
Along the river banks are seen.—Chorus.
- 10 There "never-withering flowers" appear,
And spring and autumn rule the year.—Chorus.
- 11 Those lofty hills—I look on them,
For there is New Jerusalem.—Chorus.
- 12 Its burnished towers the sun outshine,
A mansion there I claim as mine.—Chorus.
- 13 Its pearly gates, its golden streets,
My longing heart with rapture greets.—Chorus.
- 14 The God of glory there displays
The beamings of his smiling face.—Chorus.
- 15 O Zion! I have longed to be
A happy citizen of thee.—Chorus.
- 16 No more to war, no more to roam,
But dwell in peace and joy at home.
And we're passing safely over
To the other side of Jordan.

5G	A	3	2	1-	R	2	4	3-	R	5	4	3-	R	.3	.2	.1	
2Q	welcome home, welcome home, welcome home, welcome home.																
5G	B				R			(1-	R	1	2		R	.1		
2Q	5	5	1-	'	5	6	7	'		5-	'			.5	.1		

2 See how the shades of death come nigh,
 Blissful shades when Christians die ;
 They mark the path our Saviour trod,
 Dying saints to waft to God !
 Then up, fellow Christian, let mourning be o'er,
 Rejoice in thy Saviour, rejoice evermore !
 Our angel convoy having come,
 How sweet the Christian's welcome home !
 Home, home, home, the Christian's welcome home,
 Sweet, O sweet the Christian's welcome home !
 Welcome home ! welcome home ! welcome home !

STOCTON. L. M.

1G	1	1	1	1	.2-	1	3	1	2	1-	2	.1-							
A	7	.5	.7						.6		'	7							
3Q	Thine earthly rests, O Lord, we love, But there's a nobler rest above ;																		
1G	B	1	2	3	.3	1	5	(1	.5-	1	1	1	.4	4	.5	.1-		
3Q	5 5																		
1G	2	2	2	.3	1	.4	3	.2-	1	3	1	2	1-	2	.1-				
A													.6		'	7			
3Q	To that our long - ing souls aspire, With cheerful hope and strong desire.																		
1G	B				(1	3	5	.4	1	.5-	1	1	1	.4	4	.5	.1-	
3Q	5 7 5 5																		

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place,
 No groans shall mingle with the songs
 Which warble from immortal tongues.

- 2 The Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
 At morning and evening could yield us delight;
 The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
 For mercy by day, and for safety by night;
 Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
 All warm from the heart of the family band,
 Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling
 Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.
- 3 You scenes of tranquility long have we parted,
 My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
 In sorrow and sadness I live broken hearted,
 And wander alone on a far distant shore;
 Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection—
 Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand:
 Oh! let me with patience receive his correction,
 And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.
- 4 Blest Bible, the light and the guide of the stranger,
 With thee I seem circled with parents and friends;
 Thy blest admonitions shall guard me from danger,
 On thee my last lingering hope still depends:
 Hope wakens to vigor and rouses to glory—
 I'll hasten and flee to the promised land,
 And for refuge lay hold on the hope set before me,
 Revealed in the Bible that lay on the stand.
- 5 Hail, Bible, the brightest and best of the morning—
 The star that has guided my parents quite home,
 The beams of thy glory my pathway adorning,
 Shall scatter the darkness and brighten the gloom.
 As did eastern sages, to worship the stranger,
 Glad hasten with joy to behold Canaan's land,
 I will bow to adore him, but not in a manger:
 He's seen in the Bible that lay on the stand.
- 6 Though age and misfortune press hard on my feelings,
 I'll cleave to the Bible and trust in the Lord;
 Though darkness may cover his merciful dealings
 My soul shall be cheered by his heavenly word;
 And now from things earthly my soul is removing,
 I soon shall shout glory with heaven's bright band,
 And in raptures of joy be forever adoring
 The God of the Bible that lay on the stand.

2G
 D **5 4 | 3 3 1 3 | 3** R **5 6 | 7 7 7 7 | 7** R ||
 2Q " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

2G
 A **3 2 1** " " | **5 3 5** | R **7** " " | " " " | R ||
 2Q " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

The last great moral fight Of freedom, truth, and right,

2G
 B **1** | **1 1 1 1** | **1** R **5** | **5 5 5 5** | **5** R ||
 2Q " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

2G
 D **6 7** | " " " " | **6 5 4 5 4 | 3 3 2 3 4 2 | 3** R ||
 2Q " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

2G
 A **1 2 3 3 3 3 3 4 3 2 3 2 | 1 1** (1 2) **1**
 " " | " " " " | " " " " " " " " **7** " " **7** | R ||
 2Q " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

Is gloriously go - ing on, And soon the conquest will be won.

2G
 B **5** | " " " " | " " **4 4** | **5 5 5 5** | **1** R ||
 2Q " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

MARCHING TO GLORY. P. M.

6G § REP.
 D **1 | 4 4 4 6 | 5 5 5 - 4 3 3 3 3 2 | 1 3** ||
 2Q " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

Our kindred dear to heaven are gone, We 'll meet our friends in glo - ry ;

6G § REP.
 A **1 | 2 2 2 1 | 3 3 3 - 2 | 1 1 1** | **1 1** |
 2Q " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

They landed safe, we 'll fol - low on, To meet our friends in glo - ry.

6G § REP.
 B **1** | " " " " | **1 1 1 -** | " " " " |
 2Q " **5 5 5 5** " " " **7 6 6 4 4 5 1**
 " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

We 're on our way to par - a - dise, To meet our friends in glo - ry

16G	D	3	3	3	3	5-	3	5	5	4	4	6	3-	1	3	3
2Q		,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,
6G	A	1	5	5	5	3-	1	3	5	6	6		5-	3	5	5
2Q		,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,
		We're marching to			glo - ry,			We're marching to			glo - ry,			We're		
6G	B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1								
2Q		,	,	,	,	,	,	4	4	4	5	5	5	5		
6G	D	3	3	3	5-	3	5	4	3	3	3	1	3	3		REP. 1s.
2Q		,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,		
6G	A	5	5	5	3-	1	3	2	1	1	1		1	1		REP. 1s.
2Q		,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	6	,			
		march - ing to			glo - ry,			To meet our friends in			glo - ry!				REP. 1s.	
6G	B	1	1	1	1	1-										
2Q		,	,	,	,	,	5	1	1	1	1	4	4			

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Like us they had their cares and fears—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Like us they shed affliction's tears,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
We're marching, &c.</p> <p>3 They had to fight their passage through—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
But conquered, as we soon shall do—
And meet our friends in glory!
We're marching, &c.</p> <p>4 Now they are shining bright and fair—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Victorious palms with joy they bear,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
We're marching, &c.</p> | <p>5 Safe housed in their eternal home,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
They wait till we with songs shall come—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
We're marching, &c.</p> <p>6 How happy they, from sorrow free,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
And such our happiness shall be—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
We're marching, &c.</p> <p>7 How bright the crown their temples bear—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Like crowns for us are waiting there,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
We're marching, &c.</p> |
|--|--|

- 8 What robes they wear before the throne—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Such glorious robes shall be our own—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
We're marching, &c.
- 9 What harps of gold they all employ—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Such harps our hands shall strike with joy—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
We're marching, &c.
- 10 What notes divine are on their tongues—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
And raise with them our rapturous songs—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
We're marching, &c.
- 11 How green the fields o'er which they rove—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
And range with them those fields above—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
We're marching, &c.
- 12 The hills and vales and groves are fair—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
And live with them forever there—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
We're marching, &c.
- 13 And oh! there dwells our one great Friend—
We'll meet that Friend in glory!
And with him endless ages spend—
We'll meet that Friend in glory!
We're marching, &c.
- 14 Before us he ascended there—
We'll meet that Friend in glory!
Our heavenly mansion to prepare—
We'll meet that Friend in glory!
We're marching, &c.
- 15 And now in one united band—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
We're marching forward heart and hand—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
We're marching, &c.
- 16 Though rough the way 'twill soon be past—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
And share their blissful home at last—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
We're marching, &c.

4 8s and 6s.

THAT sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one—
That sacred hope that binds our minds
To harmony divine—
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

Chorus.

We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around my cot,

What though beneath a southern
sun

Be cast my distant lot,
Yet we shall have the blissful hope
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are
past,
We all shall meet in heaven.
We all shall, &c.

3 From Birmah's shore, from Af-
ric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's
land,

We hope to meet again;
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are
past,
We all shall meet in heaven.
We all shall, &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting
sigh

Our future meeting knows,
There friendship beams in every
eye,

And hope immortal grows:
O sacred hope, O blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are
past,
We all shall meet in heaven.
We all shall, &c.

5 8s and 6s.

WEEP not for me, weep not for
me,

For oh! I would depart,
And seek beyond death's cheerless
vale

Rest for my weary heart;
Rest from the toils, the bitter cares,

The wild unrest and gloom,
Which hover round us from our
birth
Until we seek the tomb.

2 Then wake no dirge of solemn
sound,
Nor requiem wild for me;
For why should sadness shroud
your hearts

When mine is just set free?
Set free, set free from earth and
sin,

The sorrows which fill up
With pain, and bitterness, and grief,
Life's strangely mingled cup.

3 But wake for me a joyous strain,
A song of triumph high;
Sing one more soul has burst its
chain,

And sought its native sky:
Then shed no tear-drop o'er my
grave,

Nought can my bliss destroy;
And tears should not be shed for
Unless 'twere tears of joy. [me,

6 C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

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

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art
My life and death attend; [mine
Thy presence through my journey
shine,
And crown my journey's end.

2P
C .6 6 5 |.3 3 5|.8 8 8|.8 .7|.6 6 5|.8 5 5|

4c

2P

D .3 3 3 |.3 3 3|.5 5 3|.5 .5|.3 3 3|3-2 1 2|

4c

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our dark-ness and
Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-

2P

A .6 6 7 |6-5 3 3|.5 5 6|.5 .3|.6 8 7|6-5 3 2|

4c

2P

B .6 6 3 | 3|.1 1 1|.1 .5|.6 6 3 | 1

4c

.6 6

.6 7

2P

.2 .2

C .8 7 7 | :6 ||.8 8 7|.8 7 6|.7 8 8 |

4c

2P

D .3 3 3 | :3 ||.3 3 3|.5 5 3|.5 5 1|.5 .2 |

4c

lend us thine aid; } Cold on his cra - dle the dew-drops are shin - ing;
deem-er is laid. }

2P

1 2 .3 2 1 .2 3 1

A .3 5 5 | :6 ||.6 | | |7-6.5 |

4c

2P

B .1 3 3 | ||.6 6 7|.8 7 6|.5 1 1|.5 .5 |

4c

:6

2P

3 :3 .3

C .8 6 7|.8 7 6|.7 8 | | 6 5|.3 3 5 |

4c

2P

D .3 3 2|.5 5 3|.2 3 5 |:5|.3 3 3|3-2 1 3 |

4c

Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall: Sa - ges a - dore him in

2P

1 2 .3 2 1 .2 3 1

A .6 | | | :7|.7 8 7|6-5 3 3 |

4c

2P

B .6 6 5|.3 2 3|.5 6 6 |:3|.3 6 3 | 3 |

4c

.6 6

2P

C .8 8 8 |.8 .7 |.6 6 5 |.8 5 5 |.8 7 7 | :6 ||

4c

2P

D .5 5 3 |.5 .3 |.3 3 3 |.3 3 2 |1. 2 3 3 | :3 ||

4c

slumbers re - clin - ing: Maker, and Mon-arch, and Sa - viour of all.

2P

A .5 5 6 |.5 .3 |.6 8 7 |6- 5 3 2 |.3 5 5 | :6 ||

4c

2P

B .1 1 1 |.1 .5 |.6 6 3 | |.1 3 3 | ||

4c

.6 8 7 :6

3 Say, shall they yield him in costly devotion,
 Odors of Eden and off'rings divine?
 Gems of the mountains, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly they offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would his favour secure,
 Richer by far is the hearts adoration,
 Dearer to God, are the prayers of the poor.

L. M.

'T WAS the commission of our Lord,
 "Go teach the nations and baptize;"
 The nations have received the word
 Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills
 With grace and pardon in his hands;
 And sends his cov'nant with his seals,
 To bless the distant Pagan lands.

3 "Reform and be immersed," he saith,
 "For the remission of your sins,"
 And thus our sense assists our faith,
 And shows us what the gospel means.

4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
 As water makes the body clean;
 And the good Spirit from our God
 Descends like purifying rain.

- 2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode—
The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
But there is the palace of God.
That blissful place, &c.
- 3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who suffered and worshipped with me ;
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see.
That blissful place, &c.
- 4 There is a place where I hope to live
When life and its labors are o'er ;
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.
That blissful place, &c.

MODOY. S. M.

5G						P					P
A	1	5	5	6	6	5	5	3	1	1	2
2s									7		
	How beau - teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill ;										
5G						P					P
B	1	1				1	1	1	3	2	1
2s			5	4	4						5

5G						P					P				
A	2	3	3	2	3	4	5	4	5	5	1	2	3	2	1
2s															
	Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace reveal.														
5G						P						P			
B		1	1		1	2						1			
2s	5			5		7		5	5	6	7	5	1		

9s and 8s.

I SEEK a place which is out of sight,
A city high up in the skies ;

There, there is my home, all pure and bright,
And homeward my spirit still hies.

CHORUS.—I'm bound for home, for my blissful home,
The house and the city above;
And all who forsake their sins may come
And dwell in that city of love.

2 I seek a place where they heave no sigh,
Where sorrow can never be known;
But where I shall drink from fountains of joy
That gush ever bright from the throne.
I'm bound for home, &c.

3 I seek a place where they never die,
Where beauty and youth never fade;
Where never is heard the mournful cry,
"My friend, my beloved, is dead."
I'm bound for home, &c.

4 I seek a place where they sin no more,
Where Satan, my foe, cannot lure;
And oh! when I reach that blessed shore
My soul is forever secure.
I'm bound for home, &c.

5 I seek a place where the patriarchs shine,
Apostles, and martyrs, and seers;
Encircled in robes of light divine,
Triumphant o'er sorrow and fears.
I'm bound for home, &c.

6 I seek a place where the Saviour reigns,
That Jesus once nailed to the tree;
He purchased that place with blood and pains,
And went to prepare it for me.
I'm bound for home, &c.

9 8s.

SYMBOL of shame! on thee, my Lord,
The mark of hellish malice hung,
While keen reproaches, bitter taunts,
Were hurled by Jew and Roman tongue;
Yes, there he bore the shame for me,
While fiends and angels wondering stood,

- To see the meek and Sinless One
 Raised high on the accursed wood.
- 2 Symbol of suffering! as he hung
 Tears flowed from his beseeching eyes;
 And 'mid his agonies arose
 To heaven his mild entreating cries:
 His hands, his feet, his wounded brow,
 Poured freely forth the crimson tide;
 Yet by these sorrows we are healed—
 We live for he was crucified.
- 3 Symbol of faith! we rest our souls
 On Him, who, on thy rugged wood,
 To save us in our lost estate,
 Paid our great ransom with his blood:
 Thou art the sure foundation laid,
 The firm the changeless Corner Stone;
 For there Christ died, and in his death
 We place our trust for heaven alone.
- 4 Symbol of hope! a starless night
 Seemed round our hapless race to close,
 To fold us in its gloomy pall,
 When, joy to man, the Cross arose!
 It rose, and in the human heart
 Hope sprang to chase that fearful gloom,
 And by its sweet and cheering light
 Dispel the darkness of the tomb.
- 5 Symbol of love! God's love to man
 Was never known, till raised on high,
 The world, upon the Roman cross,
 Saw God's own well beloved die!
 O may that love constrain our hearts
 To count all earthly things but dross—
 To lay all other boasts aside,
 And glory only in the Cross!

Praise you the Lord; hallelujah!
 Praise you the Lord; hallelujah!
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah! Praise you the Lord!

4G P 1

A **1 | 3 3 | 3 2 3 4 | 5 4 | 3 3 | 5 5 ' | 6 5 4 3 | 3 2 |**

2Q , , , , , , , , , ,

How conde - scend - ing and how kind, Was God's e - ter - nal Son :

4G P

B **1 | 1 1 | 3 5 4 | 3 2 | 1 1 | 5 3 1 | 1 |**

2Q , , , , 7 .5

4G P P

A R **2 | 5 3 4 3 | 3 2 | 1 2 3 4 | 5 5 | 6 5 6 | 5 4 3 2 | 1 |**

2Q , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

Our misery reached his heavenly mind, And pi - ty brought him down.

4G P P

B R **1 | 1 | 4 4 | 5 | 1 |**

2Q **5 5 5 5 6 7 ' 6 5 5**

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH SONG. P. M.

5G

A **1- 2 3 | 1- 2 3 | 1 1 1 2 2 |**

6s **5 ' " ' 5 6 7 ' " ' 5 6 7 ' ' ' ' 7 ' "**

I'm fad - ing a-way to the land of the blest, Like the linger'ing hues of the

5G

B **1- 1 |**

6s **5 3- 4 5 3 4 5 ' 7 ' 5 3 5 4 4 4 2 2 2**

, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

5G

A R **1- 2 3 | 1- 2 3 |**

6s **7 5 5 ' " ' 5 6 7 ' " ' 5 6 7**

e - ven; Re - clin - ing my head on my kind angel's breast, I

5G

B R **1- 1 1 2 |**

6s **5 5 5 3- 4 5 3 4 5 ' 7 ' 5 " "**

, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

5G

A **1 3 1 2 5 4 | 3 1 || R 3 4 | 5 4 5 3 4 5 |**

6s , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

soar to my own na-tive hea-ven. My warfare is finished, the

5G

B **3 1 3 2 2 | 1 || R 1 | 1 1 1 1 1 1 |**

6s , , , , 7 ' 5 , , , , , , , , , ,

The notes of soft melody fall on my ear,
 Harmonious the cadence and measure;
 'Tis the voice of the harpers on Zion I hear,
 Full high swells their chorus of pleasure.

- 5 Lo! there are the towers of my future abode,
 The city on high and eternal;
 See, there is the Eden—the river of God!
 And the trees ever bearing and vernal:
 Haste, haste with me onward, companion and guide,
 Let me join in that heavenly matin;
 Fly wide, ye bright gates! swiftly through them I ride,
 Triumphant o'er sin, death, and Satan.

10 11s.

THE bible, the bible, the blessed old book,
 We love, oh! we love on its pages to look,
 It gives us bright hopes of a glorious rest,
 A happified state in the land of the blest:
 We love it; it tells of the grace of our God,
 It gives us glad tidings to publish abroad,
 And oh! it refreshes the sin burdened soul
 To read of the Saviour in that bible old.

- 2 The bible, the bible, assist us dear Lord
 To treasure the precepts in thy holy word,
 To learn from its pages the lessons of love,
 And of wisdom and peace that comes from above;
 May we not be ashamed of thee or thy word,
 For such thou hast taught us thou wilt not regard;
 And O may we live so that when time is told,
 We may not be condemned by that bible old.

11 11s.

O JESUS, the giver of all we enjoy,
 Our lives to thy honor we wish to employ;
 With praises unceasing we'll sing of thy name,
 Thy goodness increasing, thy love we'll proclaim.

- 2 With joy we remember the dawn of that day,
 When cold as December in darkness we lay;
 The sweet invitation we heard with surprise,
 And witnessed salvation to flow from the skies.

- 3 The wonderful name of our Jesus we'll sing,
And publish the fame of our Captain and King;
With sweet exultation his goodness we prove,
His name is Salvation—his nature is Love.
- 4 We now are enlisted in Jesus' blessed cause,
Divinely assisted, to conquer our foes;
His grace will support us till conflicts are o'er,
He then will escort us to Zion's bright shore.
- 5 And when to the regions of glory we rise,
And join the bright legions that shout through the skies,
We'll tell the glad story of Jesus' kind grace,
And give him the glory, the honor, and praise,
- 6 In this blest employment our spirits shall rest,
In sweetest enjoyment on Jesus' own breast;
We'll drink of the streams of Immanuel's love,
And bask in the beams of his glory above.

12 11s.

WHY stand you here idle, my friends, all the day?
Your moments so fleeting, will soon pass away;
All things are provided for sinners undone,
And you are invited, and welcome to come.

- 2 Here mercy and pardon, here love and free grace,
Here strong consolation, here great joy and peace,
Here hope for the hopeless—the weary find rest;
Here all things are plenty for sinners distressed.
- 3 Here wine, milk, and honey are plenty in store,
Sufficient for thousands, yea, millions, and more;
Here balm for the wounded, here strength for the weak,
Here cordials divine are prepared for the sick.
- 4 Here armor and weapons for soldiers to wield,
A breastplate, a helmet, a sword and a shield;
The poor receive riches, a crown for the head,
Eternal salvation, and life from the dead.
- 5 O come all ye needy, ye poor and distressed,
Partake of his grace and then ever be blessed;
O come, without money, to Jesus and buy,
Then love him and praise him forever on high.

2 We thank thee for the blessings
given,
Prosperity and peace,
And raise our prayerful hearts to
heaven
That they may still increase.

3 Our warrior sires, who stood in
arms,
In death's long slumbers rest,
While we secure from war's alarms
By their hard toils are blest.

4 We, in our own thrice blissful
bowers,
In safety now recline;
These blessings, gracious Lord, are
ours,
The praise be ever thine.

13 C. M.

ATTEND, young friends, while I
relate
The dangers you are in,
The evils that around you wait
While subject unto sin.

2 Although you flourish like the
rose
While in its branches green;
Your sparkling eyes in death will
close,
No more now to be seen.

3 In vain you'll mourn your days
are past,
Alas! those days are gone,
And you will leave your friends at
And never to return. [last

4 In silent shades you will lie down
Long in your graves to dwell;
Your friends will then stand weep-
ing round,
And bid a long farewell.

5 Oh! come this moment and begin,
While life's sweet moments last,
Turn to the Lord, forsake your
sins,
And he'll forgive what's past.

14 C. M.

O WHAT a power hath years to
change
Each transient earthly scene,
To make the pleasures of the past
As though they had not been.

2 'Tis mournful to retrace the
past,
And bring to memory's eye
The days, our brightest, happiest
days
Of joyous infancy.

3 The world, was it not brighter
then,
Without those cares and fears,
Which oft, like storm clouds, rise
to burst
On our maturer years?

4 Have all the hopes been realized
Which thronged life's early
dreams,
Or on the future does the star
Of promise shed its beams?

5 Ah, no! the flowers of hope
we've learned
Oft blossom but to fade,
And though life has its sunny spots
It also has its shade.

6 But ah! the dream of youth has
fled,
The brightest, purest ray
Which lights our pathway till the
hour
We seek our kindred clay.

- 2 They tell us of our Father's love,
Our Father's bounteous care;
And point us to that land above—
Unfading flowers are there.
The flowers of earth but bloom to die,
And lose their rich perfume;
But those sweet flowers beyond the sky
For evermore shall bloom.
- 3 O give us, Lord, a cheerful mind
To joy in all thy ways;
That we in every flower may find
Some grateful song of praise:
That as to heaven the moments flee,
Their record there to trace,
Thine own pure eyes well pleased may see
In us the flowers of grace.
- 15** 8s and 7s.
- ANGELS ministered to Jesus,
When the subtle tempter fled
From the mountain of temptation,
When his dart had vainly sped:
Down to earth they fly from heaven,
See, what crowds are gathered round,
And the scene of his fierce trial
Now becometh hallowed ground.
- 2 Angels ministered to Jesus,
In the garden, when he lay
Praying unto God his Father,
That the cup might pass away;
He was strengthened there to drink it
For our fallen guilty race,
And his follower's purest feelings
Linger round that sacred place.
- 3 Angels ministered to Jesus
On the morn he left the tomb,
When the dawn of day eternal
Burst upon its cheerless gloom;
Down they struck the fearful soldiers,
Rolled the massive stone away,
And behold in death's dominions
Life now holds its sovereign sway.
- 4 Angels ministered to Jesus
When he took his upward flight
From the world he came to ransom,
To the glorious realms of light;
See, they form his willing escort
As his chariot mounts the sky,
And the golden gates of glory
At their challenge open fly.
- 5 They will minister to Jesus
When the skies are backward rolled,
And revealed high in heaven
All the world their Judge behold
They will gather all his children
To their dear Redeemer's side,
Free from earth and all its sorrows,
With him ever to abide.
- 16** 8s and 7s.
- GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,

Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of drought remove:

Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?

Grace, which like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Bless'd inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:

'Tis his love his people raises,
With himself to reign as kings;
And as priests his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, since of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the wordlings treasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!
Solid joys and lasting pleasure
None but Zion's children know.

17 8s and 7s.

HUMBLE souls who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the paths that Jesus trod:

Flee to him, your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behavior
Own him as your sovereign guide.

2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call
you,
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you
While you make his ways your
choice;
Jesus says, "let each believer
Be baptized in my name:"
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immersed beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo! your Captain leads the way:
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interred at his commanding,
After his example rise.

18 8s and 7s.

FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here his saints securely meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires;
From the fount of glory streaming
Life eternal through us rolls;
Mercy from his presence beaming
Peace and pardon on our souls.

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

Who aid them in the holy strife
 To seize the crown of endless life—
 Bright heaven's enduring prize.

4 How peaceful their communings are,
 Who thus with Christ, their Saviour, share
 The Father's boundless grace;
 Assured of his unfailing love
 Their hopes, their joys are all above—
 In heaven their native place.

5 Let storm on storm in angry mood,
 And earthquake dire, and flame and flood,
 In all their fury rise;
 Their steady hearts shall know no fear,
 For lo! their Father, God is near,
 Who rules both earth and skies.

6 Oh! let me with that radiant band
 Unite my trembling heart and hand,
 Nor thence again be riven:
 In life, in death, O let me be
 One of that goodly company,
 And shine with them in heaven.

19 L. M.

THE Lord of lords and King of kings
 In realms of bliss exalted reigns;
 Ah! who can touch the trembling strings,
 And hymn his praise with equal strains?

2 The grandeur of his works may show
 In beams of lasting, heavenly light,
 To all who love their radiant glow,
 The wisdom of his boundless might.

3 But Zion, on thy portals fair,
 His wondrous name resplendent shines,
 And every child of wisdom there
 Shall read it in the clearest lines.

4 Yes, there we learn that God is love!
 The lucid truth let angel choirs
 (Circling the shining throne above)
 Resound upon their golden lyres.

- 5 With deep astonishment they saw
Immanuel, the Virgin's Son!
And heard, with fixed and sacred awe,
The Lord of glory cry, 'Tis done!
- 6 But quit the endless theme, my soul,
And wait resigned a brighter day,
Above mortality's control,
To wake a more enraptured lay.
- 7 The crown of life, the harp of gold,
And palm of victory, all proclaim
That nobler songs shall yet unfold
The glories of Jehovah's name.

20 L. M.

- JESUS, and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of thee,
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus? Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star!
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus? Just as soon
Let morning be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus? that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus? Yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain!
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

- 4 Praise to God, the great Creator,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
 Praise him, every living creature,
 Earth and heaven's united host.

21 8s and 7s.

HARK, the gospel trumpet's sounding!
 Sinners hear the joyful call;
 Christ, in pardoning love abounding,
 Offers liberty to all.

- 2 Though your crimes have reached to heaven,
 And of deepest dye appear,
 Ask and they shall be forgiven,
 Seek and you shall find him near.
- 3 Cast your load of guilt upon him,
 To the Lord for mercy flee;
 Though the strongest fetters bind you
 His salvation makes you free.
- 4 Turn to Jesus, seek salvation,
 Sound aloud his gracious name;
 Glory, honor, adoration!
 Christ the Lord to save us came.

22 8s and 7s.

SINNERS, hear your Lord and Saviour,
 Hear his gracious voice to-day;
 Turn from all your vain behavior,
 O repent, return, obey.

- 2 O be wise before you languish
 On the bed of dying strife;
 Endless joy, or endless anguish,
 Turn upon th' events of life.
- 3 Open now your case before him,
 Bid the Saviour welcome in;
 O receive him, O adore him,
 Take a full discharge from sin.
- 4 Come, for all things now are ready,
 Yet there's room for many more;
 O you blind, you lame, you needy,
 Come to wisdom's boundless store.

6G	
A	.1 1 1 .1 1 2 .3 3 2 .1-
2Q	5 A - way from his home and the fr. ends of his youth, He hast - ed, the
6G	5 .6 6 6
B	.1 1
2G	1 .1 1 1 .4 3 5 5 .1- 1 .4 4 4

6G		P
A	.1 1	.1 1 2 .3 3 2
2Q	.6 5 6	6 .5 5 6
6G	her - ald of mer - cy and truth; For the love of his Lord and to	P
B		.1
2Q	.1 1 1 .4 4 4 .1 5 4 .3 3 5	1 2

6G		P
A	.1 1 2 .3 3 4 .5 5 3 .1 1 1 .2 2 2	
2Q	seek for the lost; Soon, a - las! was his fall, but he died at his	
6G		P
B	.1 1 2 .3 1 1	
2Q	.3 3 5	.4 1 1 5 5 5

6G		P
A	.2 3 4 .5 5 3 .1 1 2 .3 3 2 .1	
2Q	post, Soon, a - las! was his fall, but he died at his post.	
6G	P	P
B	1 2 .3 1 1	
2Q	5	.4 4 4 .5 5 5 .1

2 The stranger's eye wept, that, in life's brightest bloom,
 One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
 For in ardor he led in the van of the host,
 And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post.

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

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

4c

When I set out for hea - ven But few were in the way, But oftentimes to-

6G

B .1 | 1 1 1 1 | | | 1 | | .1 | 1 1 1 1 |

4c

.4 5 5 6 5 5 .1

6G

A .4 3 3 | 2 1 3 2 | .1 1 | 2 2 2 | .1 1 2 3 |

4c

gether We met to praise and pray ; Our bosoms glowed with rapture, With

6G

B | | 1 | | | | |

4c

.4 5 5 6 5 5 .1 .5 5 5 5 .1 1 5

6G

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

4c

love our hearts were fired ; We sung and talk'd of glory, We sung and never tired.

6G

B | 1 1 | 1- 2 3 3 3 2 | .1 1 | | | ||

4c

4 4 .5 ' 5 6 6 5 5 .1

- 2 Those days were full of sweetness,
I think upon them yet ;
Their holy joy and gladness
I never can forget :
We were a band of brothers,
Of brothers fond and true ;
We were a band of brothers,
And loved as brothers do.
- 3 The world was all against us,
What cared we for its frown ?
A better world before us
Contained a starry crown :
We trampled on earth's pleasures,
Its riches were but dross ;
Its glory was all tarnished,
We gloried in the cross.
- 4 When one was called to leave us,
And fly away to God,
We cheered him with our voices
While crossing Jordan's flood :
- We sung the songs of Zion
Around his dying bed,
And witnessed with what triumph
The soul from sorrow fled.
- 5 Then with our friends departed,
We seemed the earth to leave ;
And soaring up like seraphs
Forgot to weep and grieve ;
With patriarchs and prophets,
And blood-washed throngs above,
We sung the loud hosannah—
The song of heavenly love.
- 6 Ye friends of former seasons,
Of happy youthful days,
All, all have gone before me,
Ye all have run your race ;
And mine will soon be finished ;
I haste to grasp your hand,
To join again my comrades
In that undying land.

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

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

FRIENDSHIP. P. M. S. WAKEFIELD.

1G																				
A	.1		1		1					1	1	3	5	.2	R		.1	1	R	
4c			6	6		6	5	5	5					5						
	Can there a balm on earth be found To heal the wounded soul? 'T is friendship,																			
1G																				
B															R					R
4c	.1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	3	4	4	3	1	.5		5	.1	1	

1G																				
A	1		1					4		3	5	2	3	.1	R	3	.4	.3		
4c		6	6		6	5	5													
	for it cheers though all around The waves of trouble roll ; But friends must																			
1G																				
B															R					
4c	4	4	4	4	1	1	1	1	5	5	5	5	.1		1	.4	.1			

1G																				
A	.2	3	4	.5	.4	.3	3	2		1	3		4	.3	.2	.1				
4c		'	'									5								
	die, But friends must die, And in the grave for - sa - ken lie.																			
1G																				
B					.1															
4c	.5	.5	.5	.5		1	3	3	3	4	.5	.5	.1							

- 2 If there be aught beneath the skies
That vies with things above,
'Tis friendship; when its sacred charms arise
From pure and virtuous love;
But still how vain!
Dust must return to dust again.
- 3 Yet, while our earthly comforts fly
We still retain one friend;
'Tis Jesus! while he lives we cannot die,
Nor can his friendship end:
His love shall last
When death expires and time is past.

24 L. M.

- MY God, my heart with love inflame,
That I may in thy holy name
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
While I have breath to raise my voice.
- 2 No more let my ungrateful heart
One moment from thy praise depart,
But live and sing, in sweet accord,
The glories of my sovereign Lord.
- 3 Jesus! thou hope of glory, come,
And make my heart thy constant home,
Through all the remnant of my days
O let me speak and live thy praise!
- 4 Incessantly I wish to pray,
And live rejoicing every day,
And give thee thanks for everything,
And sing and pray, and pray and sing.
- 5 In thine embrace I then would die,
And rise to worlds of endless joy,
Till Christ the Lord in clouds shall come,
And Michael's trump shall rend my tomb.
- 6 Then from the dust of death I'll spring,
And shout, O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?
I'll sing through all eternity.

6G
D 3 | 3 1 3 | 2 2 | 1 2 1 | || | 1 2 3 | 4- 3 2 1 | ||
3q 7 .7 7 ' " .7
6G
A 5 | 5 3 5 | 4 2 4 | 3 4 3 | .2 | 2 | 3 4 5 | 6- 5 4 3 | .2 | ||
3q ' "
6G For me, O did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sove - reign die,
6G
B 1 | .1 1 | | 1 1 | || | .1 1 | | ||
3q .5 5 7 .5 5 .4 s4 .5

6G
D 3 | 3 1 3 | 2 1 | 1 2 1 | || | 1 2 3 | 3- 2 1 | .1 | ||
3q 7 .7 7 ' " 7
6G
A 5 | 5 3 5 | 4 2 4 | 3 4 3 | .2 | 2 | 3 4 5 | 5- 4 3 2 | .1 | ||
3q ' "
6G Would he de - vote that sacred head For such a worm as I!
6G
B 1 | .1 1 | | 1 1 | || | .1 1 | .1 | | ||
3q .5 5 7 .5 5 5 .1

6G
D 3 | 4- 5 6 4 | 3 1 3 | 4- 5 6 4 | .3 | 3 | 4 5 6 3 | 2 1 | | ||
3q ' " ' " ' " 5 .3
6G 1 1 1
A 5 | 6- 7 6 | 5 3 5 | 6- 7 6 | .5 | 5 | 6 7 ' 5 | 4 3 2 | .1 | ||
3q ' " ' " ' "
6G Would he de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I!
6G
B 1 | .4 4 | .1 1 | .4 4 | .1 | 1 | 4 2 1 | | | ||
3q 4 5 5 .1

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity, grace unknown,
 And love beyond degree.</p> | <p>4 Thus might I hide my blushing
 While his dear cross appears; [face
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.</p> |
| <p>3 Well might the sun in darkness
 And shut his glories in, [hide,
 When Christ, the Lord, was crucified
 For man, the rebel's sin.</p> | <p>5 But tears of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'T is all that I can do.</p> |

6G
 D 1 1 | 1- 3 1 | 1 1 1 | () 1 3 | 2- ||
 3q ' ' 5 ' ' 7 7 ' ' 7- 7 ' '
 6G , , , , , , , , , ,

G | | | () 1 | ||
 3q 3 3 3 5- 5 5 5 5 5 3 3 5- 5 5 ' 7-
 By faith I see my Saviour dy - ing On the tree, on the tree ;

6G
 A 1 | 3- 1 3 2 | 1 1 | 2- 4 3 1 | 2- ||
 3q 5 5 ' ' ' ' 5 5 ' ' ' '
 6G , , , , , , , , , ,

B | () 1 | 1 1 | () | | ||
 3q 1 1 1 1 3 5 ' 5 3 5 ' ' 5- 5 3 1 5-

6G
 D 1 1 | 1- 1 1 | 2 2 2 | 2- () 5 4 | 3- ||
 3q ' ' 5 ' 7 ' 7 ' ' 7 ' '
 6G , , , , , , , , , ,

C | | | () 2 1 | 1- ||
 3q 3 3 3 5- 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 7- ' ' 7
 To eve-ry na - tion he is cry - ing, Look to me, look to me ;

6G
 A 1 | 3- 1 4 3 | 2 | 2- 4 3 2 | 1- ||
 3q 5 5 ' ' ' ' 5 5 7 ' ' '
 6G , , , , , , , , , ,

B | | | () | | ||
 3q 1 1 1 1- 3 2 1 5 5 5 5 5- 5 5 5 1-

6G
 D 1 1 2 | 3- 3 2 s1 | 2- | 2- 2 1 3 | 2- ||
 3q ' ' ' ' ' ' 7 7 7 ' ' '
 6G , , , , , , , , , ,

C | | | 1 1 | ||
 3q 5 5 5 5- 5 5 5 5- 5 5 5 5- 5 ' ' 7-
 6G He bids the guil - ty now draw near, Believe, re - pent, dismiss their fear ;

A 3 3 4 | 5- 5 4 3 | 4- 2 | 4- 4 3 5 | 2- ||
 3q ' ' ' ' ' ' 5 7 ' ' ' '
 6G , , , , , , , , , ,

B 1 1 | 1- 1 | | 1 | | ||
 3q ' ' 5 ' 5 5 5- 5 1 1 5- 5 ' 1 | 5-

Visit the heathen's dark abode,
 Proclaim to all the love of God,
 And spread the glorious news abroad—
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

- 5 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free;
 And this shall be my theme when dying,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free :
 And when the vale of death I've passed,
 When lodged above the stormy blast
 I'll sing, while endless ages last,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

25 L. M.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Under thy own almighty wings.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ills that I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Triumphant rise at the last day.

26 L. M.

HAPPY the saints whose lot is cast
 Where oft is heard the gospel sound ;
 The word is pleasant to their taste,
 A healing balm for every wound.

- 2 With joy they hasten to the place
 Where they their Saviour oft have met,
 And while they feast upon his grace
 Their burdens and their griefs forget.
- 3 This favored lot, my friends, is ours ;
 May we the privilege improve,
 And find these consecrated hours
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.

5G

A	1- 2 3 5 1- 2 3 1	1	1	
2c	5 6	,	,	6- , 5 5 6
Brethren all who dis - a - gree, Yet would have char-i-ty to please us,				
5G				
B		1	1	1 1
2c	1 1 5- 5 ,	6 5- 5 ,	6 1- 5 , 5 5	

5G

A	1- 2 3 5 1- 2 3 1	1	1	P
2c	5 6	,	,	6- 5 5 6
Union there can nev - er be Unless that we are one in Jesus.				
5G				
B		1	1	1 1
2c	1 1 5- 5 ,	6 5- 5 ,	6 1- 5 , 5 5	

5G

A	1 3 5- 5 6 s4 5 5 6- 5 3- 1 2 2 3 5	P	P	
2c		,	,	
One, as he is one in God, In spi - rit and in dis - po - si - tion,				
5G				P
B	1	1 1	1-	1 1
2c	6 5- 5 ,	5 5	7 6- 5 , 5 5	

5G

A	6 s4 5- 5 3 2 1- 2 3 1	1	1	
2c		,	,	6- , 5 5 6
This the Ho - ly scriptures teach, 'T is plain without an ex - po - si - tion.				
5G				
B	1-	1- 1	1	
2c	5 5	6 5 5	' 6 5 5- , 5 5 1 1	

2 Party names then lay aside,
 And cast away your broken cistern,
 Christ, the Lamb, the Church, the Bride,
 Then take no other name but Christian;
 Brides, they take the husband's name,
 Nor would he sanction any other;
 Why should we not do the same?
 What say you, contending brother?

7s and 6s.

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

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

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

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

7s and 6s.

TIME is winging us away
 To our eternal home ;
 Life is but a winter's day,
 A journey to the tomb ;
 Youth and vigor soon will flee,
 Blooming beauty lose its charms ;
 All that 's mortal soon shall be
 Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home ;
 Life is but a winter's day,
 A journey to the tomb :
 But the Christian shall enjoy
 Health and beauty, soon, above,
 Far beyond the world's alloy,
 Secure in Jesus' love.

7s and 6s.

STOP, poor sinner, stop and think
 Before you farther go !
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting woe !
 All your sins will round you crowd,
 Sins of a blood-crimson dye ;
 Each for vengeance crying aloud,
 And what can you reply !

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose ?
 Fear you not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes !
 Can you stand in that dread day,
 When he judgement shall proclaim,
 And the earth shall melt away
 Like wax before the flame !

3 Though your heart be made of steel,
 Your forehead lined with brass,
 God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass :
 Sinners then in vain will call
 (Though they now despise his grace),
 Rocks and mountains on us fall,
 And hide us from his face.

4 But as yet there is a hope,
 You may his mercy know ;
 Though his arm is lifted up,
 He still forbears the blow ;
 'T was for sinners Jesus died,
 Sinners he invites to come ;
 None who come shall be denied,
 He says, " There still is room."

4 Hark ! hark ! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me,
 All is well, all is well ;
 I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory,
 All is well, all is well ;
 Farewell dear friends, adieu, adieu,
 I can no longer stay with you,
 My glittering crown appears in view,
 All is well, all is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail, all hail ye blood washed throng,
 Saved by grace, saved by grace ;
 I've 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 is mine,
 O hallelujah to the Lamb,
 All is well, all is well.

YORK. C. M.

MILTON.

4G	P																
A	1	3	5	4	6	3	5	2		2	3	5	5	s4		.5-	

4s	How still and peaceful is the grave, Where life's vain tumult past,																
4G	P																

B	1	1	1		1			1	3	2	2		
4s	6		4	3		5	5						.5-

4G	P																
A	1	3	5	4	6	3	5	2		3	4	3	2	2		.1-	

4s	Th' ap-pointed house by heaven's decree, Receives us all at last.																
4G	P																

B	1	1	1		1			1	1			.1-	
4s	6		4	3		5	4		5	5			

2	The wicked there from troubling cease, Their passions rage no more ; And there the weary pilgrim rests From all the toils he bore.	3	All, levelled by the hand of death, Lie sleeping in the tomb, Till God in judgement call them forth, To meet their final doom.
---	--	---	--

6G
 D .1 | :3 .5 | :4 .5 | :5 s.4 | :5 || 3 2 | :1 .3 |

6s
 6G
 A | :1 .3 | :4 .3 | :2 .1 | :2 || 1 | .1 |

6s .5 7 :6
 Five porch - es for the sick were made, Where oft an
 6G
 B .1 | :1 .1 | .1 | .1 | || | |
 6s :4 :5 .1 :5 .6 :6 .6

6G
 D :2 .2 | :3 || 1- 2 | :3 .4 | .3- 2 1 2 |

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

6s an - - gel came, And there the im - - po -
 6G
 B | || .1 | :1 | :1 .1 |
 6s :5 .5 :1 .6

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

6s :7 :7 :7
 6G
 A .5- 4 4 3 | :2 || | :1 .2 | :3 4 3 | :3 .2 | :1 ||

6s tent were laid, The sick, the halt, the blind, the lame.
 6G
 B .3- 2 .1 | || | :1 | | | | ||
 6s :5 .5 .5 :3 .4 :5 .5 :1

2 A man diseased there helpless lay,
 Who many years was bound,
 And when the angel came that way
 No friend to put him in he found.

3 At length the Saviour passing by,
 Compassion moved his soul ;
 He saw him there in sorrow lie,
 He saw, he spoke, and made him whole.

4 And there, by grief and sin oppressed,
At mercy's door I lay,
When Jesus came and touched my breast,
And bore my grief and sins away.

5 Now light breaks in upon my soul,
And love for Jesus's name ;
For him who makes the wounded whole,
Who heals the blind and cures the lame.

WENTWORTH. S. M.

E. T.

4G	A	1	5	1	2		.1-		2	3	1	4	6		.5-			
4c					7													
4G		Soldiers of Christ a - - rise,								Now put your ar - mor on,								
	B	1	1				.1-			1					.1-			
4c			3	4	5				5		F7	6	4					
4G	A	5	6	2	5	1	4	3	2		5	4	3	1	2		.1-	
4c															7			
4G		Strong in the strength which God supplies,											Through his e - ter - nal son.					
	B	3	4	4	3	3	2	1				1				.1-		
4c									5		7		3	4	5			

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power ;
He who in his redeemer trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
Take you, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 Then when your work is done,
And all your conflicts past,
You shall o'ercome, through Christ
And stand entire at last. [alone,

5 Stand then against your foes
In close and firm array ;

Legions of wily fiends oppose,
Throughout the evil day.

6 But meet the sons of night,
Oppose their vain design ;
Armed in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

7 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul ;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

8 Ever together joined,
To battle all proceed :
Arm you yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your head.

3G

D	3	3 2 1	1	1 3	4- 5 6 3 2	2- 1 3	3 2 1
23c	'	'	7	7	'	'	7
3G	1			1		1	
A	'	5 4 3 2	1 2 1 5	6- 7	' 5 4	4- 3	' 5 4 3 2
23c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

While thee I seek, pro- tecting Power, Be my vain wishes stilled; And may this con-
3G

B	1	1 1 1	1	1 1 4	4 5	1- 1 1	1 1 1
23c	'	'	5	5	'	5	'

3G

D	1	1 3	4- 5 6 1	1- R 3	6- 5 4 3 3	4- 3 2 1 5
23c	7	'	'	7	'	'
3G			1		1-	
A	1 2 1 5	6- 7	' 3 2	1- R 5	' 7 6 5 5	6- 5 4 3 5
23c	'	'	'	'	'	'

era - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. Thy love the power of thought bestowed, To
3G

B	1	1 1 4	4 5	1- R 1	1	1 1 1	1	1 1 5
23c	5	'	'	5	'	'	'	'

3G 1

D	5 3 1	5- R 3	3 2 1	1	1 3	4- 5 6 1	1- R
23c	'	'	'	7	7	'	7
3G	1		1			1	
A	5 3 1	5- R	' 5 4 3 2	1 2 1 5	6- 7	' 3 2	1- R
23c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flowed, Thy mer - cy I a - dore.
3G 1

B	5 3 1	5- R 1	1 1 1	1	1 1 4	4 5	1- R
23c	'	'	'	5	5	'	5

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored
hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow
My soul shall meet thy will. [lower,
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

5g P P P
 A **1 | 3 5 4 | 3 2 2 | 1 1 3 | .2** | **1 1 2 | 3 5 4** |

3c

Enclasped in the arms of a Saviour he loves, No fears can the Christian an-

5g

B **1 | 1 1** | | | **1 1 1** | | | **1 1 2** |

3c

4 5 5 5 .5 **5 6 6 5**

5g P P
 A **.3** **5 | 5 3 5 | 5** **5 | 6 6 6 | .5** **5 | 5 6** |

3c

noy, With sweet re-sig-na - tion he gent - ly removes To reap the fru-

5g

B | **1 1 1 | 1 1 3 | 2 2 2** | | | **1** |

3c

.5 5 .5 **5 6 5**

5g P
 A **5 3 2 | 1 - 2 3 2 1 | .2** **5 | 6 5 3 | 5 3 2 | .1** ||

3c

i - tion of joy - - - - - To reap the fru - i - tion of joy.

5g

B **1 1 2** | | | **1 1 1** | | | ||

3c

.5 - .5 5 5 5 5 .1

- 2 But dreary and dark is the night of the tomb,
 Where the loved ones of Jesus are laid;
 No sunshine of Nature can pierce the deep gloom,
 Or carols awaken the dead.
- 3 Yet the mandate eternal shall burst the cold tomb,
 And virtue in beauty arrayed,
 Shall start into life and eternally bloom
 Where the roses of hope never fade.
- 4 Then for the departed no longer we 'll mourn,
 Nor dare of our God to complain,
 While in sadness we gaze on the mouldering urn,
 For soon we 'll embrace them again.
- 5 See, see through the gloom that o'er shadows our heads,
 A starry crowned seraph appears,
 In glittering robes of bright glory arrayed,
 And beauty immortal she wears.

6 "T is Religion: she bends o'er the hallowed urn,
And whispers in accents of love,
"O Christians, no longer departed ones mourn,
They triumph in glory above!

7 "I taught them to pass the dark valley of death,
With horrors and shades overspread,
And when from their lips fled the last lingering breath,
I placed a rich crown on their head."

8 Then let us prepare to embrace them again,
Where sighing and sorrow shall cease;
In virtue's bright path the bright heaven attain,
Where all is composure and peace.

SAW YE MY SAVIOUR.

4G							2	1			1	1	2
A	.1	3	4	.5	.5	.6	7-	6	.5		7		
4Q	Saw ye my Sa - viour, Saw ye my Sa - viour, Saw ye my												
4G													
B	.1	1	1	.1	.1	.4	5	1			5	3	1
4Q	.5 .5 7												
4G	.1											1	
A		6	6	.5		5-	4	3	2	3	1	.3	3 3
4Q	Sa - viour and God? O he died on Cal - va - ry, To a -												
4G													
B	.1	2				5-	6	5	4	3	3	.1	1 1
4Q	2 .5												
4G													
A	2	1	2	3	.4	3	5	.6	5	3	.5	2	2 :1
4Q	tone for you and me, And to pur - chase our par - don with blood.												
4G													
B			1	.2	1	1	.4	3	1				1 :1
4Q	7	6	7								.5	5	5

4G	D	3	3	3	3	5-	4	.3	5	5	5	5	5-	5	.5		
4s	1	While with ceaseless course the sun Hasted through the for - mer year,															
4G	C	1	1	1	1	1-		.1					2-	1			
4s							7		7	7	7	7			.7		
4G	A	1	1	1	1	3-	2	.1	2	2	2	2	4-	3	.2		
4s	2	Spared to see a - no - ther year, Come, thy precious work re - vive;															
4G	B	1	1	1	1	1-	1	.1									
4s									5	5	5	5	5-	5	.5		
4G							1										
4G	D	5	5	5	5	5	7		4	5	5	5	6	6	.4	.3	
4s	0	Ma - ny souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here;															
4G	C	1	1	1		1	2	1	4	4	3	1	1	1	.1		
4s							7								.7		
4G									1								
4G	A	3	3	3	2	5	5	5	6	7	3	3	4	.2	.1		
4s		Let thy blessing meet us here, Bid thy drooping garden thrive:															
4G	B	1	5	5	4	3	4	3	2	2	1	1			.1		
4s													6	4	.5		
4G																	
4G	D	2	2	2	2	2-	2	.2	5	5	5	5	5-	5	.5		
4s		Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;															
4G	C					2-	1						2-	1			
4s		7	7	7	7			.7	7	7	7	7			.7		
4G																	
4G	A	5	5	5	5	7-	6	.5	2	2	2	2	4-	3	.2		
4s		Sun of Righteous-ness, a-rise! Let our prayer thy pi - ty move;															
4G	B																
4s		5	5	5	5	5-	5	.5	5	5	5	5	5-	5	.5		

4G	1																			
D	5	5	5	5		5	7		4	5		5	5	6	6		4	.3		
4s	We a lit - tle long - er wait, But how little none can know.																			
4G	C	1	1	1			1	2	1	4	4		3	1	1	1		.1		
4s	7																			
4G	A	3	3	3	2		5	5	5	6	7		1	3	3	4		.2	.1	
4s	Warm our hearts and bless our eyes, Make this year a time of love.																			
4G	B	1	5	5	4		3	4	3	2	2		1	1				.1		
4s	6 4 .5																			

WELLINGTON. S. M.

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

1G	1 1-			1		1 1-			1 2	
D R		7 6-	5 6		 .5	R		7 6-	5 6	
4c		,	,					,	,	
1G										
C R	5 3-	3 6-	3 4 5		 .5	R	5 3-	3 6-	5 4 5 5	
4c		,	,					,	,	
	And scenes of joy before me rise, All heaven bursts upon my eyes.									
1G	1 1-	4 3-	1 2			1 1-	4 3-	1 2		
A R		,	,	5 .5	R		,	,	5 5	
4c										
1G										
B R	5 6-	5 3-	1 2 1			R	5 6-	5 3-	1 2 1 5	
4c		,	,	.5			,	,		

1G	3 2 2 3- 3 3 2 1 .2 .3 3- 1 2 3 .1 .2 .3-
D	, , , .R ,
4c	
1G	
C	5 6 6 5- 5 5 s4 .5 .R .5 5- 6 3 6 .5 .5 .5-
4c	
	O sound his praise, you heavenly choir, Who saved me from the flaming fire.
1G	1 (6 5 6 7) (1- 1) (1) .3 5- 4 3 2 1 .3 .2 .1-
A	6 5 6 7 , 6 5 6 , .5 .R , , ,
4c	, , , , , , ,
1G	
B	1 1- 1 3 2 1 .5 .R .5 , 3 .5 .5 .1-
4c	6 5 , , ,

2 No more shall earth's poor honors gain
 One moments veneration,
 With fleeting joys for me in vain
 Shall Satan spread temptation;
 I've fought the fight, nor could I yield,
 For Jesus was my glorious shield;
 And now I'll give, in realms above,
 The glory to my Saviour's love.
 O! sound his praise, you heavenly choir,
 Who saved me from the flaming fire.

- 3 Lo! angel bands, with pæans sweet,
 The raptured soul entrancing,
 Lead me the martyred saints to meet,
 In joyful troops advancing.
 I find my Christian neighbors here,
 My brethern and my friends so dear,
 And now, before th' eternal throne,
 My Jesus claims me for his own!
- 4 Here reigns the Father of my Lord,
 In light effulgent dwelling,
 By all in heaven and earth adored,
 All praises far excelling.
 Around his throne the lightnings play,
 And elders, ranged in bright array,
 Blessing and glory give, and power,
 To him that lives for evermore.
- 5 Here may I, robed in garments bright,
 Enjoy unfailing treasure ;
 Or bathe in pure ethereal light,
 And drink of living pleasure ;
 Where moments fly on angel wings,
 And new delight each moment brings,
 Where life, and love, and peace remain,
 And through eternal ages reign.
 O ! sound his praise, &c.

L. M.

- SEE how the willing converts trace
 The path their great Redeemer trod !
 And follow through the liquid grave,
 The meek, the lowly Son of God !
- 2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
 And to a heavenly life aspire ;
 Their rags for glorious robes exchanged,
 They shine in clean and bright attire !
- 3 O sacred rite ! by thee the name
 Of Jesus we to own begin :
 This is our resurrection pledge—
 Pledge of the pardon of our sin.
- 4 Glory to God on high be given,
 Who shows his grace to sinful men !
 Let saints on earth and hosts in heaven,
 In concert join the loud Amen !

4P
 A .3 3 .3 1 | .3- |.5 5 .5 6 |.3 2 .3- ||
 6s .7 6
 When shall we all meet a - gain? When shall we all meet a - gain?
 4P
 B | .1 1 .3 3 |.1 .1- ||
 6s .6 6 .6 3 .4 4 .6- 7

4P .1
 A .6 3 4 5- 6 5 4 | 3 2 1 .2- | 3 5 7 |.6 6 .5- ||
 6s ' ' ' ' ' 7
 Oft shall glow - ing hope expire, Oft shall wearied love retire,
 4P
 B .2 1 2 3- 4 3 2 | 1- |.3 3 .5 5 |.4 4 .3- ||
 6s ' ' ' ' ' 7 6 .7-

4P 1-
 A 7 6 s.5 6 | 7 6 5 .4- | 3 2 1 5 3 5 |.6 s5 .6- ||
 6s
 Oft shall death and sor - row reign, Ere we all shall meet a - gain.
 4P 1 .1 1
 B 6 7 5 |.6 3 .6- |.6 .5 5 |.6 3 .6- ||
 6s

6 lines 7s.

WHEN shall we all meet again?
 When shall we all meet again?
 Oft shall glowing hope expire,
 Oft shall wearied love retire,
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
 Ere we all shall meet again.

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

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

4 lines 7s.

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

L. M.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest ;
 You need not one be left behind,
 For God has bidden all mankind.

- 2 Hark ! 'tis the Saviour's gracious call,
 The invitation is to all ;
 Come, all the world—come, sinner, thou,
 All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all you souls by sin oppressed,
 You weary wanderers after rest ;
 You poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 The message, as from God, receive,
 You all may come to Christ and live ;
 O let his love your hearts constrain,
 Nor suffer him to call in vain.
- 5 This is the time—no more delay ;
 The Saviour calls you all to-day :
 O may his call effectual prove !
 Accept the offers of his love !

L. M.

LORD, we adore thy conqu'ring grace,
 Which crowns the gospel with success,
 Subjecting rebels to thy yoke,
 And leading them unto thy flock.

- 2 May those who have thy truth confessed,
 As their own faith, and hope, and rest,
 From day to day still more increase
 In faith, in love, in holiness !
- 3 As living members may they share
 The joys and griefs which others bear,
 And active in their stations prove,
 In all the offices of love.
- 4 From all temptations now defena,
 And keep them steadfast to the end
 While in thy house they still improve,
 Until they join the church above !

6P
 D 3 3 3- 3 | 3 2 5 5 R | 6 5 3 1 R | 2 3 4 3 3 3 R |

4Q , , , , , , , ,
 6P
 C | 1 R | 1 1 1 R | R |

4Q 6 s5 6- 7 6 ' 7 7 7 ' 7 ' ' 6- 6s5 5 '
 Who has our re- port be- liev-ed? Shiloh come is not re- ceiv-ed,

6P
 A 1- | 1 2 3 3 R | 3 5 6 3 R | 4 3 2 1 R |

4Q 6 7 7 ' , , , , , , ' 7 7 '
 6P

B | R | R | 2 1 R |

4Q 6 3 6- s5 6 7 3 3 ' 6 3 6 6 ' ' ' 7 6 3 3 ' , , , ,

6P
 D 3 2 1 2 | 1 2 3- 2 1- 2 3- R 3 3 | 3 3 R 2 3- 4 | 5 5 ||

4Q , , , , , , , ,
 6P
 C 1 | 2 . 1 | R | 1 1 R |

4Q 5 3 7 6 7- ' 6 7 ' ' 7- 6 5- 6 7 7 '
 Not received by his own; - - - - Promised branch of root of Jesse,

6P
 A 1 | 1- 2 3- s4 | 5- R 6 s5 | 6 6 R 4 3 | 2 2 ||

4Q 7 6 5 6 7 ' , , , , , , , ,
 6P
 B 1 2 3 | 1 | R | R | 1 |

4Q 7 7 . 6 3- ' 6 3 6 6 ' 7 5 5 , ,

6P
 D . P 5- 2 3- 3 3 1 3 4 | 5 5 R 3 6 1 | 2 5 4 3 3 | : 3 ||

4Q ' , , , , , , , ,
 6P
 C R 1- | R 1- 1 |

4Q ' 5 6- 7 6 6 7 7 ' ' 7- 7 6 s5 : 6
 David's offspring sent to bless you, Comes too low - ly to be known.

6P
 A R 3- 2 1- | 1 1 2 3 3 R 6 3 3 | 4 2 1 |

4Q ' , 7 ' 6 ' , , , , , 7 ' 6 7 : 6
 6P
 B R 1- | R |

4Q 7 6- 3 6 6 3 3 ' 6- 6 4- s4 6 3 : 6

2 Tell me, O you favored nation,
 What is your fond expectation,
 Some fair spreading lofty tree ?
 Let not worldly pride confound you ;
 'Mong the lowly plants around you
 Mark the lowest, that is He.

3 Glory be to God who gave us,
 Freely gave, his Son to save us !
 Glory to the Son who came !
 Honor, blessing, adoration,
 Ever from the whole creation,
 Be to God and to the Lamb.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

7G \$ REP.

A 1 1 1 3 2 1 1 2 2 | 1- R ||

23c 5 , , , , , 5 6 7

Christians keep your armor bright, Rejoice, give thanks, and sing,
 In u - nion strong to - geth - er fight, Ho-san - na to our King !

7G \$ REP.

B 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 | R ||

23c , , , , , 5 5 5 5 1-

7G

A 1 2 2 2 2 3 4 3 2 3 2 3 s4 | 5- R ||

23c , , , , , , , ,

Come, laud and mag-ni - fy his name, Nor let his praises cease ;

7G

B 1 | | | 1 2 | R ||

23c , 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 7 6 , 5-

7G

A 4 3 2 1 4 3 2 1 1 2 2 | 1- R ||

23c , , , , , , 5 6 7

His ways are ways of plea - sant-ness, And all his paths are peace.

7G

B | 1 | 1 | R ||

23c 5 , 5 3 5 , 5 3 5 5 5 5 5 1-

1P .1 .1 1 ()
 D |.6 3 5 | 7 6 |s.5- 5 |.6 7 | 7 5 3 s5 |.6- ||

4c
 1P

C |.3 |.3 3 3 |.5 5 6 |.5- 5 |.6 5 3 |.5 5 5 |.3- ||

4c

From whence does this union a - rise, That hatred is conquered by love?

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

4c
 1P

B |.6 |.6 6 3 |.5 5 6 |.3- 3 |.6 s5 6 |.1 3 3 | ||

4c

.6-

1P () 1 P 1 ()
 D |6 |.5 5 3 |.5 6 7 |.7 .5 |.6 7 6 |.5 3 s5 |.6 ||

4c
 1P

C |3 |.3 5 6 |.3 3 s4 |.5 .5 |.3 3 2 |.3 3 3 |.3 ||

4c

It fastens our souls with such ties, That distance nor time can remove.

1P () P .1
 A |5 4 |.3 1 3 |.5 6 5 4 |.3 .3 |.6 6 7 | 7 7 |.6 ||

4c
 1P

B |3 |.1 1 1 |.5 3 6 |.3 .3 |.6 6 5 |.1 3 3 | ||

4c

.6

- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,
 Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
 It grows on Immanuel's ground,
 And Jesus's life's blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends so endeared unto me,
 Our souls so united in love;
 Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
 In yonder blest mansions above.
- 4 Why then so unwilling to part,
 Since there we shall meet soon again!
 Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
 At distance we cannot remain.
- 5 And then we shall see that bright day,
 And join with the angels above,

Set free from our prisons of clay,
United in Jesus's kind love.

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see;
Then sing hallelujahs—Amen!
Amen! Even so let it be!

COME YE DISCONSOLATE.

2G SOLO. .1

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

4s Come ye dis - con - so - late, where - e'er you languish,

2G

A .3 3 3 | 4- 4 .6 | .5 s4- 4 | .5 .R ||

4s Come, at the shrine of God fer - vent - ly kneel;

2G .1

D 3 6 5 4 | 3- 2 1 R | 3- ' 7 6 5 4 | 3 1 R ||

4c ' , , , ,

2G .1 .1 2 1

A 7 6 | 5- 4 3 R | ' ' 7 6 | 5 3 R ||

4c ' , ,

2G Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish,

B .1 1 1 | 1- 1 1 R | .1 4 4 | .1 1 R ||

4c ,

2G

D 3 5 5 3 | 6 .4 2 | .1 1 | :1 ||

4c 7- ' ,

2G 3 3 1 1

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

4c ' ,

2G Earth has no sor - row that heaven can - not heal.

B .1 1 1 | 4 .4 | 1 | :1 ||

4c 4 5 5- ' ,

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter in God's name saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

2G	3-	3	3	2	1	1							P					
A	'		'	'	6	5	'	6	5	3	2	3		1	1		1	
2Q	Sa - viour speaks, It is the star of Beth - le - hem.																	
2G	1-	1	1															P
B	'		5	3		1	2							1	1		1	
2Q	, , 5 5																	

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark ;
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The winds that tossed my foundering bark :
 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the star of Bethlehem.

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

11s.

OH! who would remain in this prison of clay,
 When friends and companions are hasting away—
 Away to the climes of the blessed and free,
 Where death never comes, and where pure spirits be.

2 Oh! could we but go with the friends that we love,
 And taste their enjoyments in glory above ;
 No more would we fancy this desert below,
 Where tears of deep anguish so frequently flow.

3 Ye comrades of youth, and ye friends of ripe years,
 Oh! when shall I join you? when banish my tears?
 When shall the dull days of mortality cease?
 Oh! when shall I live with my Saviour in peace?

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou O Lord! art with me still;
 Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

EVENING.

5G	C	.1	.1-	1					.1	:2
4Q		.7		.5	.5	.5	.5	.5		
5G	D	.5	.4	.3-	3	.2	.1	.1	.1	.2 :2
4Q		Ere	I	sleep,	for	eve - ry	fa - vor,	This	day	showed
5G	A	.3	.2	.1-	1	.4	.3	.3	.2	.3 s.4 :5
4Q										
5G	B	.1				.1			.1	
4Q		.5	.6-	6	.7		.1	.5		.6 :7
5G	C	.1			.1-					
4Q		.6	:7		5	.5	.5	.5-	4	:3
5G	D	.5	.2	:2		.1-	1	1 5	4 3	.3 .2 :1
4Q		by	my	God,	I	do	bless	my	Sa - -	viour.
5G	A	.3	s.4	:5		.4-	5	4 3	2 1	.1- :1
4Q										.7
5G	B	.1	.2			.1				
4Q		.5	.6-	5		.4	:5			:1

1 Ere I sleep, for every favor,
 This day showed by my God,
 I do bless my Saviour.

2 Leave me not, but ever love me;
 Let thy peace be my bliss,
 Till thou hence remove me.

3 Thou, my Rock, my Guard, my
 Safely keep, while I sleep, [Tower,
 Me with all thy power.

4 And whene'er in death I slumber,
 Let me rise with the wise,
 Counted in their number.

6G
C

3c .5 :5 .5 :5 .5 :4 .4 :5 .5 :5 .5 :5 .5 :5 .5 :5

6G

D .3 :5 .4 :3 .5 :4 .4 :5 .5 :5 .5 :5 .5 :5 .4 :3

3c

Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews, And nobler speech than angels use,

6G

A .1 :3 .2 :1 | | .1 :3 .2 :1 .1 :3 .2 :1 ||

3c

.5 :6 .6 :5

6G

B .1 :1 | | .1 | | .1 :1 | | | | ||

3c

.5 :3 .4 :4 :5 .5 :3 .3 :5 .5 :1

6G

(G) R

3c 5 :5 .5 :5 .5 :5 .5 :5 .5 :5 .5 :5 .5 :5 .4 :3

6G

D R 3 :4 .4 :3 .5 :5 .5 :5 .6 :5 .4 :3 .5 :5 .5 :5 ||

3c

If love be absent I am found Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

6G

A R 5 :6 .6 :5 .1 | | .1 :2 .4 :3 .2 :1 .1 :3 .2 :1 ||

3c

:7

6G

B R | | .1 | | :1 :1 | | | | ||

3c

3 :4 .4 :5 .4 :5 :5 .5 .5 .3 :5 .5 :1

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfill.

4P	A	3	5	5	6	5	3	3	5	4	2	1	:	1	
4c														7	
		If	life's	pleasures	charm	thee,	Christian,	give	them	not	thy	heart,			
4P	B					1			1	2		3			
4c		6	6	6	7		6	6			7		3	:6	

4P	A	3	5	5	6	5	3	3	5	4	3	2	1	.	5-	
4c																
		Lest	the	gift	en-	snares	thee,	Christian,	and	from	God	thou	part;			
4P	B					1										
4c		6	6	6	7		6	6	6	7	6	5	4	.3-		

4P		1-	1	1		1-	1	1							P	
A	5	'	5	'	3	4	3	4	5	6	5					
4c																
		His	fa-	vor	seek,	his	praises	speak,	Fix	here	your	hopes	founda-	tion;		
4P															P	
B									2	1						
4c		6	6-	6	6	6-	6	6			7	6	.7	3		

4P		1-	1	1												
A	5	'	5	6	5	3	5	6	3	3	2	.1	1	R		
4c																
		Serve	him	and	he	will	ev-	er	be	The	Rock	of	your	Sal-	va-	tion.
4P																
B					1		3	1		3					R	
4c		6	6-	6	6	7	6		7	6		3	.6	6		

2 If distress befall thee, Christian, painful though it be,
 Let not grief appal thee, Christian—to thy Saviour flee,
 He, ever near, thy prayer will hear,
 And calm thy perturbation;
 The waves of woe shall not o'erthrow
 The Rock of thy Salvation.

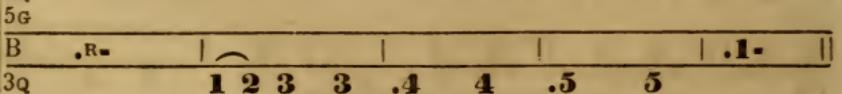
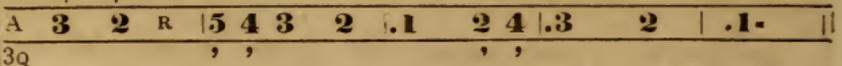
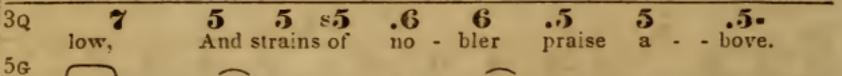
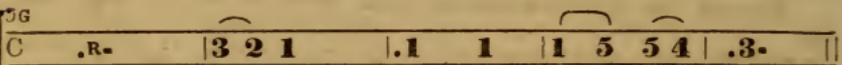
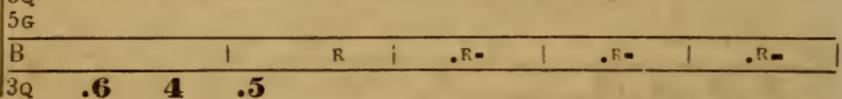
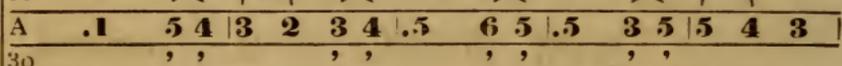
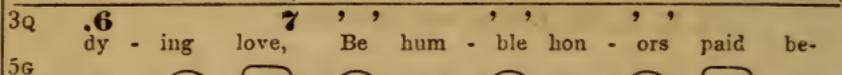
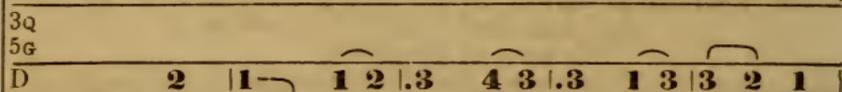
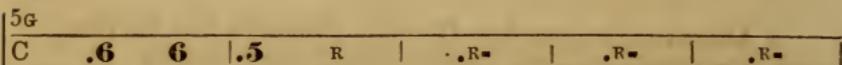
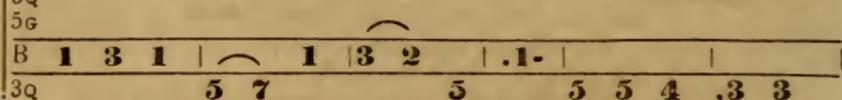
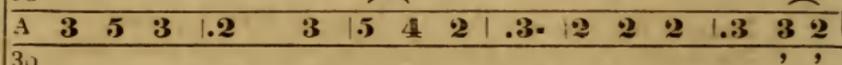
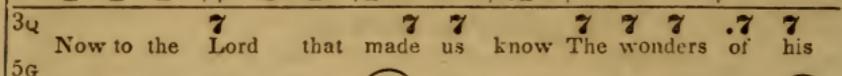
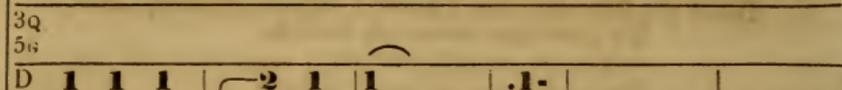
- 3 When earth's prospects fail thee, Christian, let it not distress,
 Better comforts wait thee, Christian, Christ will surely bless ;
 To Jesus flee—your help he 'll be,
 Your heavenly consolation ;
 For griefs below cannot o'erthrow
 The Rock of thy Salvation.
- 4 Dangers may approach thee, Christian, let them not alarm ;
 Christ will ever watch thee, Christian, and protect from harm :
 He near thee stands, with mighty hands,
 To ward off each temptation ;
 To Jesus fly—he's ever nigh,
 The Rock of thy Salvation.
- 5 Let not death alarm thee, Christian, shrink not from his blow,
 For thy God will arm thee, Christian, victory bestow ;
 And death shall bring to thee no sting,
 The grave no desolation ;
 'T is sweet to die with Jesus nigh,
 The Rock of our Salvation.

NEW NORTH. C. M.

BILLINGS.

2G				1				1					
A	5	5	4	3	5	6	5		7	6	5	s 4	5
2s	Re-mem - ber me, stand near my side, Where'er my lot may be ;												
2G													
B	1	3	2	1					1	3	5	1	2 2
2s	7 6 4											5	

2G				1									1
A	5	5		6	5	4	3		2		5	3	2 2
2s	And when by Jor - dan's swelling tide, O Lord Re - mem - ber me.												
2G													
B	1	1	3	4	3	2	1				1	3	1
2s	5											4 5	



To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
 To Jesus, our eternal King,
 Be everlasting power confessed;
 Let every tongue his glory sing.

L. M.

- WE'VE no abiding city here,
 This may distress the worldling's mind:
 But should not cost the saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 We've no abiding city here,
 Sad truth, were this to be our home:
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,
 We seek a city yet to come.
- 3 We've no abiding city here,
 Then let us live as pilgrims do;
 Let not the world our rest appear,
 But let us haste from all below.
- 4 We've no abiding city here,
 We seek a city out of sight:
 Zion its name—we'll soon be there,
 It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 Zion !—Jehovah is her strength !
 Secure she smiles at all her foes:
 And weary travellers at length
 Within her sacred walls repose.
- 6 O sweet abode of peace and love,
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest:
 Had I the pinions of the dove,
 I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 7 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!
 The time my God appoints is best:
 While here to do his will be mine;
 And His to fix my time of rest.

3 O tears, and sin, and sighing,
 Now let your prisoner go,
 Discharged from pain and dying
 And from a world of woe;
 I go to Christ—He comes to me—
 We meet in bright eternity—
 On clouds he cometh flying,
 On clouds of glory now!
 Victorious in his wars,
 Full many a palm he bears,
 And crowns of everlasting glory
 now!

4 O what are tribulation,
 And all the ills I bear,
 Compared with this salvation,
 And all the glory there?
 Behold, a city fair and high,
 Bright Capital of earth and sky,
 That dureth with duration,
 All filled with glory now!
 The armies of His grace,
 Triumphant reach the place—
 'Tis glory, everlasting glory, now!

5 There every sight that pleases,
 There every sound that cheers,
 There sweet immortal breezes,
 Inspire the palmy years;
 There all the just join in a band,
 From every age, from every land,
 While o'er them reigns king Je-
 sus,
 With crowns of glory now!
 The people of His grace,
 Have reached the heavenly
 place—

'Tis glory, everlasting glory, now!

C. M.

YE wretched, hungry, starving
 poor,
 Behold a royal feast!

Where mercy spreads her boun-
 teous store,
 For every humble guest.

2 See Jesus stands with open arms;
 He calls, he bids you come:
 Guilt holds you back, and fear
 alarms:
 But see! there yet is room—

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding
 heart;
 There love and pity meet;
 Nor will he bid the soul depart,
 That trembles at his feet.

4 O! come, and with his children
 taste
 The blessings of his love;
 While hope attends the sweet
 repast
 Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and
 voice
 Before th' eternal throne,
 Ten thousand, thousand souls
 rejoice,
 In ecstacies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand
 more
 Are welcome still to come;
 Yelonging souls, th' grace adore;
 Approach, there is yet room

C. M.

Glory and honor, praise and pow-
 er,
 Be still ascribed to God!
 Glory to Christ for evermore!
 He bought us with his blood.

ELEMENTARY LESSONS.

RHYTHM.

THE first department in the science of Vocal Music teaches, that sounds may be long or short ; or, treats of the length of sounds. Notes, or numerals, are the signs of sounds ; and the length of the notes and numerals, and rests, used in this work, are exhibited in the following table :

Whole note,	half,	quarter,	eighth,	sixteenth,	thirty-second,	sixty-fourth-
: 1	. 1	1	1	1	1	1
: R	. R	R	R	R	R	R

A note, and also a rest is lengthened one-half by the addition of a period after it, and every additional period adds half the length of the preceding period, thus :



A numeral is lengthened, in the same manner, by a hyphen ; or hyphens after it, thus, 6- R- and .6- - - or .R- - -

EXERCISES IN THE ROUND-NOTE AND NUMERAL SYSTEMS OF NOTATION.

Horizontal lines represent the length of tunes.

Perpendicular lines, called single bars, divide tunes into spaces which are called measures.

A double bar shows the end of a strain.

Apply the syllable *la* to the notes, in singing exercises in time.

MELODY.

The second department in the science of music, teaches that sounds may be high or low, and treats of the pitch of sounds.

GRAND, OR MAJOR SCALE; WITH THE TREBLE CLEF.

EXAMPLE 12.

1c 1 1 upper scale.
 A **1 2 | 3 4 | 5 6 | 7** || **7 6 5 | 4 3 | 2 1** || middle scale.
 2c D E F G A B C lower scale.

C D E F G A B C C B A G F E D C
do re mi fa sol la si do do si la sol fa mi re do

GRAND, OR MAJOR SCALE; WITH THE BASS CLEF.

EXAMPLE 13.

1g 1 1
 B **1 2 | 3 4 | 5 6 | 7** || **7 6 5 | 4 3 | 2 1** ||
 2c

C & c.
do & c.

Lines added above or below a staff are ledger lines.

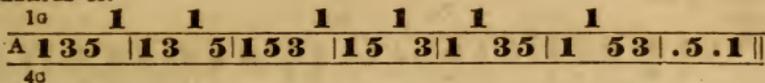
PLAINTIVE OR MINOR SCALE. TREBLE CLEF.

EXAMPLE 14.

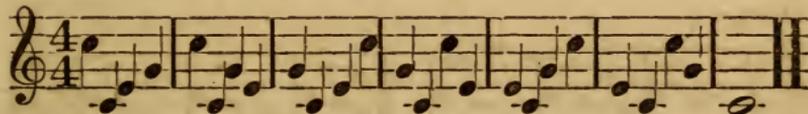
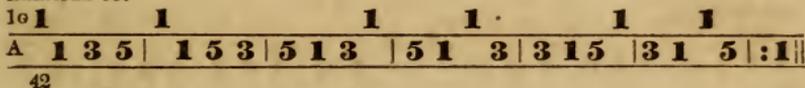
1p
 A. | **1 2 | 3 4 | 5 6** || **6 5 | 4 3 | 2 1** |
 2c **6 7** **7 6**

In numerals, the figure above the staff shows the key, and the G stands for grand, and P for plaintive mode.

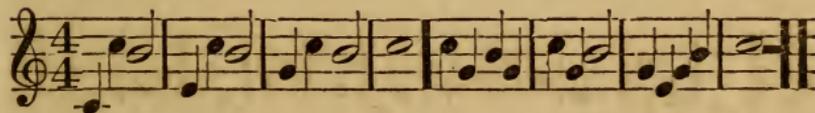
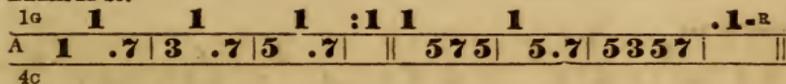
EXAMPLE 18.



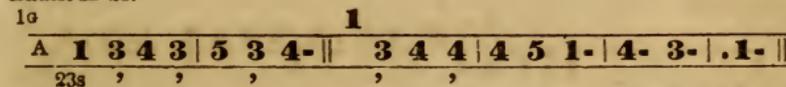
EXAMPLE 19.



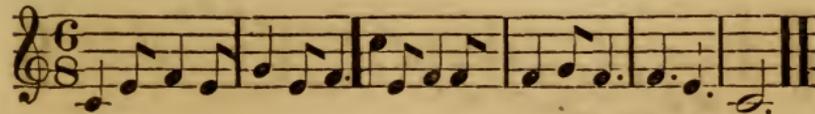
EXAMPLE 20.



EXAMPLE 21.



ADAGIO.



4G

C	1- 3- 1 3 1 3 1	1- 3- 1
2Q	' 5 ' "	' , 7 6 .7 ' 5 ' "
4G	"	" , , "

D 5- 3 3- 5 | 5 3 | 3 5 5 5 | .5 || 5- 3 3- 5

2Q ' " ' " ' , , , ' " ' "

4G If life's pleasures charm thee, give not them thy heart, Lest the gift en
1

A	3- 1 5- 3 5 5 3 2 1 .2 3- 1 5- 3
2Q	' " ' " ' , , , ' " ' "
4G	

B	1- 1 1- 1 1 1 1 1	1- 1 1- 1
2Q	' " ' " ' , , 5 5 .5	' " ' "
4G		

4G

C	3 1 3 1 1 1 1 2 3 2 1- 1 1 2 3-
2Q	' , 7 ' , , ,
4G	' P

D 5 3 | 3 5 5 5 | 3 || 5 | 5 5 | 5- 4 | 3 5 | 5- ||

2Q ' , , , ,

4G 1 P 1-

snare thee from thy God to part, His fa - vor seek, his praises speak,

A	5 5 3 2 3 1 3 4 5 4 3- 6 5 7
2Q	' , , , , ' , , ,
4G	P

B	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1- 1-
2Q	' , 5 5 7 4 5 5
4G	' , ,

4G

C	1 1 3 1 2 2 1 3 2 1 1 1 2 4
2Q	' , , 7 ' , , 7 7 ' , ,
4G	' , P ' ,

D 3 | 4 3 5 | 5 5 | 2 2 || 5 | 5 5 | 5 6 4 ||

2Q ' , , , , , , ,

4G Fix here thy hope's foun - da - tion; Serve him, and he will
P

A	5 6 5 3 2 5 7 6 5 5 5 4 3 3 3 4 6
2Q	' , , , , , , , , , , , ,
4G	P

B	1 2 1 1 1 1
2Q	' 4 5 5 5 5 4
4G	' , ,

4G
 C .R- | .R- | .1 1- 2 |.3 | .1 1 |
 3Q ' " 7- 7
 1G ' "
 D .R- | .R- | .R- |.R 5- 5 |.5 5 |
 3Q ' "
 I will a - rise! I will a - rise! will a - rise and
 4G
 A .1 1- 2 |.3 R |.3 3- 4 |.5 2- 2 |.3 3 |
 3Q ' " ' " ' "
 4G
 B .R- | .R- | .R- |.R |.1 1 |
 3Q 5- 5
 ' "

4G
 C 1 1 | .1 | 1- 2 2 1 | R
 3Q 6 .7- 7 7 ' " .7
 4G
 D 4 4 3 |.2 5 |.5 5 5 |5- 6 5 2 |.2 R
 3Q ' ' ' "
 go to my Fa - - ther, and will say un - to him,
 4G
 A 2 6 5 |.5 4 |.3 2 2 |3- 4 5 4 |.5 R
 3Q ' ' ' "
 4G
 B | .1 | 1 | R
 3Q 4 4 5 .5- 5 5 7 6 .5
 ' "

4G
 C .2- | 2 1 R | | 1 1 1 | 1 1 | 1
 3Q .7- 7 ' " 5 5 5 7 '
 4G
 D .R- | .R- | .5- | 5 5 3 3 | 4 3 3 | 3 2 5 5 |
 3Q ' "
 Fa - - ther, Fa - - ther, I have sinned, have sinned, I have
 4G
 A .4- | 4 3 R | .2- | 2 1 5 5 | 6 5 1 | 1 2 3 |
 3Q ' " 7 ' "
 4G
 B .R- | .R- | .4- | 4 3 1 1 | 1 1 1 |
 3Q ' " 5 5 5 5
 ' "

THE RETURNING PRODIGAL. *Continued.* 371

4G
 C **2 2- 2 1 2** | **.3 2- 1** | **.1-** | | | **.R** | |
 3q ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' **.7-** **7** **.7-**
 4G

D **5 5- 5 5** | **.5 5- 5** | **.5-** | **.5-** | **.R** **5** | **.5-**
 3q ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' **.7-** **7** **.7-**
 4G sinned a-against heaven, and be - fore thee, be - - fore

A **4 4- 4 3 4** | **.5 4- 3** | **.3-** | **.2-** | **.R** **2** | **.2-**
 3q ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' **.7-** **7** **.7-**
 4G

B | | | | **.R** | |
 3q **5 5- 5 5** | **.5 5- 5** | **.5-** | **.5-** | **5** | **.5-**
 ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' **.7-** **7** **.7-**

4G
 C **.1-** | **.R** **1 1** | **.1** | **1** | **1 1 1 1** | **1- 2** | **2**
 3q ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' **.7-** **7** **.7-**
 4G

D **.5-** | **.R** **3 3** | **3 5 4** | **4 3 4 6** | **5- 5 5**
 3q ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' **.7-** **7** **.7-**
 4G thee, and am no more worthy to be call - ed thy

A **.3-** | **.R** **5 5** | **7 6** | **6 5 1 2** | **3- 4 2 5**
 3q ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' **.7-** **7** **.7-**
 4G

B **.1-** | **.R** **1 1** | **.1** | **1** | **1 1** | |
 3q ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' **.7-** **7** **.7-**
6 4 5- 5 5
 ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' **.7-** **7** **.7-**

4G
 C **2 1** | **1 1** | **.1** | **1** | **1 1 1 1 1** | **1- 2** | **.1-**
 3q ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' **.7-** **7** **.7-**
 4G

D **.5** | **3 3** | **3 5 4** | **4 3 4 6** | **5- 5 4** | **.3-**
 3q ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' **.7-** **7** **.7-**
 4G son, and am no more worthy to be call - ed thy son.

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

B **.1** | **1 1** | **.1** | **1** | **1 1** | | | **.1-**
 3q ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' **.7-** **7** **.7-**
6 4 5- 5 5
 ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' **.7-** **7** **.7-**

DAUGHTER OF ZION.

5G
 C .R- | .R- | .R- | .R || |
 3q 5 5- 5 5
 5G
 D 1- 2 3 | 2 1 | 1- 1 | 1 || | 1- 2 3
 3q ' 7 ' 7 7 7 ' ,
 Daughter of Zi - on! a - wake from thy sadness, A - wake, for thy
 5G
 A 3- 4 5 | 4 3 2 | 1- 1 2 | 3 2 || 2 | 3- 4 5
 3q ' , ,
 5G
 B 1- 1 1 | | | 1 || | 1- 1 1
 3q ' 5 5 5 3- 3 5 5 5 ,

5G
 C | | | || .R- | .R- | .R-
 3q 5 5 4 3 5 4 .3-
 5G
 D 2 1 | 1 1 | .1- || 1 | 2 () | 1 1 2
 3q 7 7 7 7 7- 7
 foes shall oppress thee no more; Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of
 5G
 A 4 3 2 | 1 3 2 | .1- || 2 2 3 | 4 2- 2 3 3 4
 3q ' " , "
 5G
 B | | | || .R- | .R- | .R-
 3q 5 5 5 5 5 5 .1-

5G
 C .R || | | | | |
 3q 5 5- 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 .5-
 5G
 D 3- 2 1 || 1 | 1 | 2 1 | 1 2 1 |
 3q ' " 7- 7 7 7-
 glad - ness; A - rise, for the night of thy sor - row is o'er.
 5G
 A 5- 4 3 || 3 | 2- 2 3 | 4 3 2 | 3 4 3 | .2-
 3q ' " ,
 5G
 B .R || | | | | |
 3q 5 5- 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 .5-

5G	C	1- 1 1 1 1 1 1- 1							
3Q		'			5 5 5 5 5-	5 5 5 5 4			
5G	D	3- 4 3 6 5 4 3- 4 3 2 1							
3Q		'				7			7
		Daughter of Zi - on ! awake from thy sadness, Awake, for thy foes shall op-							
5G		1							
A	5- 6 5 7 6 5- 6 5 4 3 2 3- 4 5 4 3 2								
3Q		'							
5G	B	1- 1 1 1 1 1 1- 1 1						1- 1 1	
3Q		'			5 5 5			5 5 5	

5G	C					R		.1 R		R
3Q		3 5 4 .3	5-5 5 5 5 .5			.7-		.2- .3		
5G			,"							
D	1 1 .1				.1 R	.2- .1 R		.1 R		
3Q		7	7-7 7 7 7					.7-		
			,"							
		press thee no more, shall oppress thee no more, no more, no more.								
5G	A	1 3 2 .1	2-2 2 2 2 .3 R	.5-	.3 R	.5-	.1 R			
3Q			,"							
5G	B				.1 R	.1 R		.1 R		
3Q		5 5 5 .1	5-5 5 5 5			.5-		.5-		
			,"							

2 Strong were thy foes ; but the arm that subdued them,
 And scattered their legions, was mightier far :
 They fled like chaff from the scourge that pursued them :
 How vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
 Daughter of Zion ! &c.

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

THE WHITE PILGRIM.

lg										
A	1	1 2 3 4 5	5 7	8	5 3 1	1 3				
4q		,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,
lg										
	I	came	to	the	spot	where	the	White	Pilgrim	lay,
										And

B	1	1	1 1 2	1 1
4q		5 5	5 5	5 5

lg										
A	5 5 5							6 8 1 3 5		
4q	,	,						,	,	,
lg										
	pen - sive - ly	stood	by	his	tomb,	And	in	a	low	whisper
										some -
B	3 3 3 3	2 1	.2	2 4 4 3	3 4 4 1 1 1					
4q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

lg										
A	8 5 3 1	1 3	5 5 5							
4q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,			
lg										
	thing	seemed	to	say,	"How	sweet - ly	I	sleep	here	a - lone.
										REP.
B	1	1 1	1 5 5	1 -						
4q	5 5	5 5 5	,	,						

- 2 "The tempest may howl and loud thunders may roll,
And gathering storms may arise,
But calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from mine eyes.
- 3 "The call of my master compeled me from home,
I bade my companion farewell,
I left my sweet children who for me now mourn,
In a far distant region to dwell.
- 4 "I wandered a stranger, an exile from home,
To publish salvation abroad ;
I met the contagion and sunk in the tomb,
My spirit ascending to God.
- 5 "Go, tell my companion and children most dear,
To weep not the beloved one that 's gone ;
The same hand that led me through scenes dark and drear,
Hath kindly conducted me home."

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