THE

OHIO HARMONIST;

A COLLECTION OF

PSALM AND HYMN TUNES, FROM THE BEST AUTHORS:

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A Supplement of Temperance Songs;

FOR THE USE OF

CONGREGATIONS, SINGING SCHOOLS, TEMPERANCE MEETINGS, AND MUSICAL ASSOCIATIONS;

CONSISTING OF

THREE PARTS:

PARTS I. and III. contain the Seven Syllables, in Patent Notes.
PART II. contains the Four Syllables, in Patent Notes.

ALSO, CONTAINING

THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC, ON A PLAIN AND CONCISE PLAN.

BY ALEXANDER AULD.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE principal design of the Compiler, in issuing this work, is, to offer to the public a book that will assist them in acquiring a knowledge of the Seven Syllables in Music, without a resort to the tedious and never-ending study of the Round Note System.

The author believes that the Patent Note plan is as much better than the Round Note plan, to give an easy and correct understanding of Music, as a well-painted landscape view is to give a clear and correct idea of scenery than a meagre written description.

If the OHIO HARMONIST shall prove acceptable and useful to his fellow-citizens, the author's most ardent wishes will be attained; if otherwise, he will still have left to console him for his labors, the consciousness of having performed his duty, in endeavoring to promote and elevate the Science of Music, and increase its usefulness to his fellow men.

A. AULD.

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby warned not to use the Notes *Doe*, *Ray*, and *See*, without my permission, as I claim them as my property.

ALEXANDER AULD, Author.

A CONCISE INTRODUCTION TO MUSIC.

To assist the ideas of the learner, and lessen the labor of the tutor, the following summary of the first principles of Vocal Music has been compiled, and pains have been taken to render the subject as easy and comprehensible as possible.

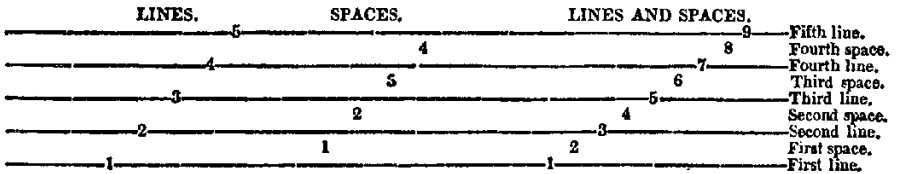
CHAPTER I.

CHARACTERS USED IN MUSIC.

THE STAFF.

1. The staff consists of five parallel lines with their intermediate spaces, on which musical characters are written.

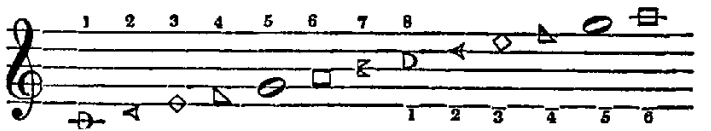
EXAMPLE.



2. Musical sounds are represented by characters called notes, which are written and named thus: do, (doe;) re, (ray;) mi, (mee;) fa, (faw;) sol, (sole;) la, (law;) si, (see.)

3. A succession of eight notes placed upon the staff forms what is called, the Scale, which is the foundation of all melody, and from which all musical compositions are derived.

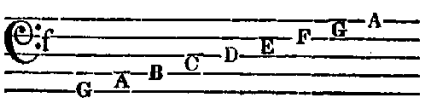
EXAMPLE.



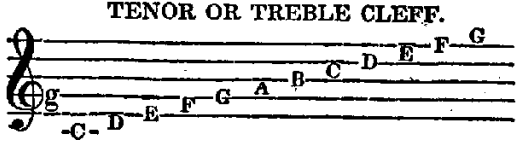
4. When notes extend above or below the staff, leger lines are added; in which case, the 8th of the first scale becomes the 1st of a new scale.

5. The lines and spaces of the staff are named by the first seven letters of the alphabet, in connection with the cleffs, of which two are in general use.

BASE CLEFF.



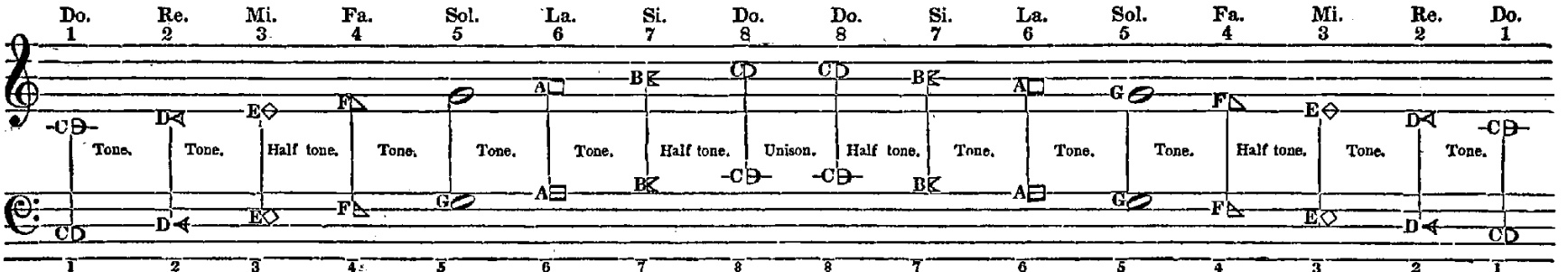
TENOR OR TREBLE CLEFF.



6. The Cleff shows the situation of the letters on the staff. The G Cleff, so called because placed on G, is used for tenor and treble; and shows the situation of the letters on these staffs.

The F cleff, so called because placed on F, represents the base; and shows how the letters stand on that staff.

THE SCALE SHOWING THE INTERVALS, LETTERS, &c., ON THE TWO CLEFFS.



7. The distances which the voice observes in ascending and descending the scale, are called Intervals or steps.

8. The above scale is called Diatonic (Major,) Scale, and commences with C.

9. The intervals or steps in the scale are as follows, viz: from 1 to 2, is a tone; 2 to 3, a tone; from 3 to 4, a half tone; 4 to 5, a tone; 5 to 6, a tone; 6 to 7, a tone; 7 to 8, a half tone.

Five whole tones and two half, or semitones.

10. The order of intervals must be the same in every Diatonic Major Scale, as represented in the preceding example. Otherwise the scale will be imperfect.

11. The last note of the base is always the Key note, or predominant tone, on which the tune is pitched. If it be Do, the tune is in the Major Scale; if La, it is in the Minor.

12. We have already said that musical sounds were represented by characters called notes; that is, notes show the length and order of sounds.

13. Six kinds of notes are generally used, viz:

Semibreve. or whole note.	Minim, or half note.	Crotchet, or quarter note.	Quaver, or eighth note.	Semiquaver. or sixteenth note.	Demisemiquaver, or thirty-second note.
1	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{8}$	$\frac{1}{16}$	$\frac{1}{32}$
Open head.	Open head and stem.	Closed head and stem.	Head, stem, and one hook.	Head, stem and two hooks.	Head, stem, and three hooks.

14. Each note represents a distinct musical sound. The sounds represented by the foregoing notes are to be of different lengths; as the names of the notes indicate. For example, the whole note represents a long sound. The half note a sound half as long as the whole note. The quarter note, a sound one quarter as long as the whole note, &c.

15. Characters indicating silence, are called RESTS.

Whole Rest.	Half Rest.	Quarter Rest.	Eighth Rest.	Sixteenth Rest.	Thirty-second Rest.
Under a line.	Over a line.	Turned to the right.	Turned to the left.	Two hooks.	Three hooks.

16. The time given to a Rest, should correspond with the note whose name it bears.

17. Single Bars divide the staff into equal measures, to regulate time.

18. A Double Bar shows the end of a strain.

19. A Brace connects the parts sung, together.

20. The Repeat shows the following strain is to be sung twice. When placed to the left of a Double Bar it shows that the preceding strain is to be repeated.

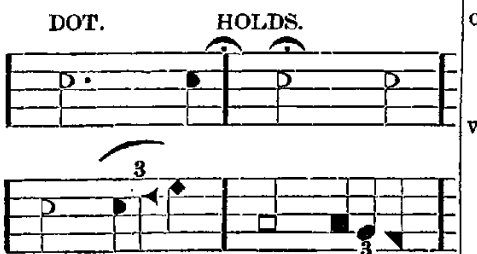
21. The Slur connects notes that are to be sung together.

22. The figures 1, 2, at the end of a repeated strain, show that the note under 1 is to be sung the first time, and that under 2, the second time; but if connected by a slur, both are to be sung the second time.

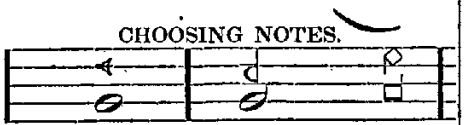
23. A Dot placed after a note, adds to it half of its length.

24. A Hold placed over a note, shows that it is to be sounded about one-third longer than usual, and when placed over a bar denotes a short suspension of voice.

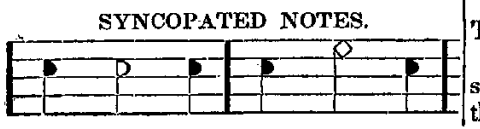
25. Figure 3, placed over or under three notes, reduces their time to that of two.



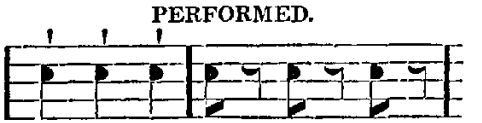
26. Choosing notes are placed in a direct line, one above another, and denote that either may be sung.



27. Syncopated notes, are notes that commence on an unaccented, and continue on an accented part of the measure.

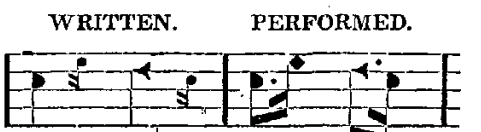


28. Staccato Marks are placed over or under such notes as are performed in a short and distinct manner.

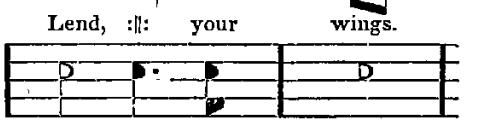


29. Apogiature, is a small note which takes its time from the note following. It occurs on an accented part of the measure.

30. An After note, is a small note which takes its time from the note preceding. It occurs on an unaccented part of the measure.



31. The Prisa shows, the last foregoing word or words, are to be repeated.



CHAPTER II.

TIME AND ITS CHARACTERS.

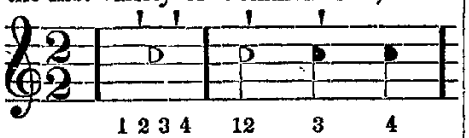
32. Time in music, relates to the measure and movement of tunes.

33. There are three kinds of measure; 1st, Common, which has three varieties; 2d, Triple, which has likewise three; 3d, Compound, which has two varieties.

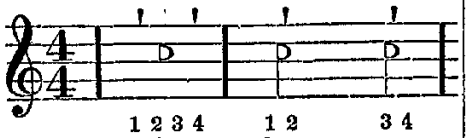
34. In Common time, the measure consists of two equal parts. In Triple, the measure consists of three equal parts. Compound time is Common and Triple united; the measure consists of two equal parts, and each part is three fold.

35. The figure 2 placed over a 2, represents the first variety of Common time, which has a Semibreve, or its quantity, four seconds of time, one accent, and two beats to each measure.

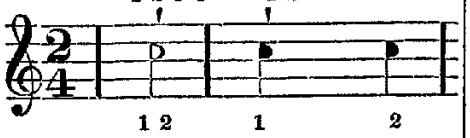
The accent falls upon the first part of the measure, or downward beat.



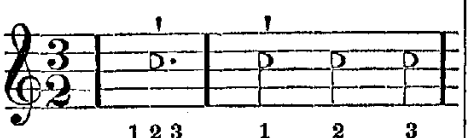
36. The figure 4 placed over a 4, represents the Second variety, and has the same measure note, but is accented on the first and third part of the measure, or downward and right hand beat, and also takes four seconds of time to a measure.



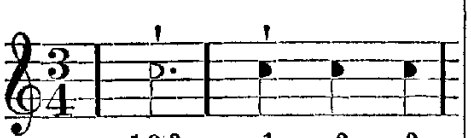
37. The figure 2 placed over a 4, represents the Third variety, which has one Minim, or its quantity; one accent, which falls upon the first part, and two beats to the measure, and is sung in two seconds of time to a measure.



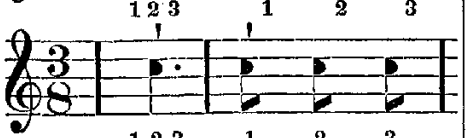
38. The figure 3 placed over a 2, represents the First variety of Triple time, which has the amount of a dotted Semibreve in a measure, with a full accent on the first part, and a slight one on the third, three beats, and about three seconds of time to a measure.



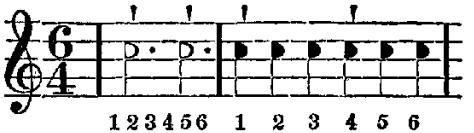
39. The figure 3 placed over a 4, represents the Second variety which has a dotted Minim, or its quantity, and three beats to the measure. It is accented as the first variety, and sung somewhat quicker.



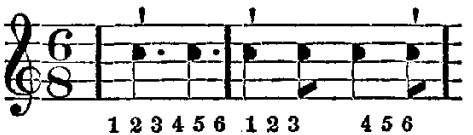
40. The figure 3 placed over an 8, represents the Third variety, which has a dotted Crotchet, or its quantity, and three beats to the measure. It is accented, as the preceding, and sung quicker.



41. The figure 6 placed over a 4, represents the First variety of Compound time, which has six Crotchets, or their quantity; two accents, one on the first part and one on the fourth; two beats and two seconds of time to the measure.



42. The figure 6 placed over an 8, represents the Second variety, which has six quavers, or their quantity to the measure. It is accented, beat, and sung as the first variety, only quicker.



CHAPTER III.

TRANSPOSITION BY FLATS AND SHARPS.

43. To determine the key of a tune, find the last note of the base, and if the third above contains four semitones, it is Major; if but three it is Minor.

There are, in reality, but two keys in music: the Major, or sharp key, and the Minor, or flat key; but to bring all airs as much as possible within the compass of the staff, each letter of the seven is made a key note, which is done by transposition, as exemplified by the following plate.

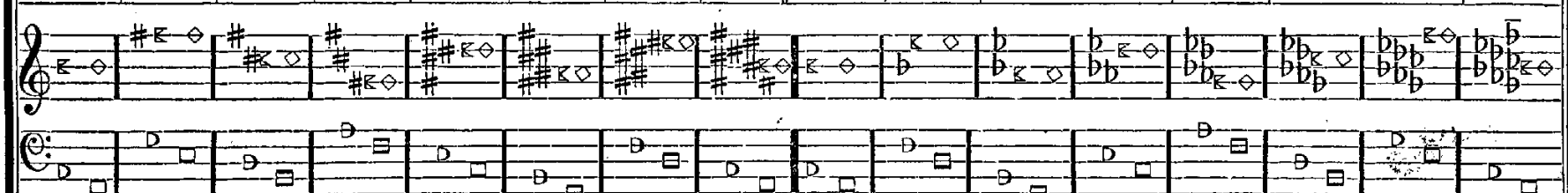
The semitones are always between the third, fourth, seventh, and eighth, from the key note, in the Major Mode; and between the second, third, fifth and sixth, in the Minor Mode.

TRANSPOSITIONS PROVED MATHEMATICALLY

BY SHARPS. BY FLATS.

NOTE. The letters at the head of this scale are Major letters or keys, and those at the bottom the Minor keys or letters.

C	G	D	A	E	B	F	C	C	F	B	E	A	D	G	C
G	G	G						G	G	G	G	G	G♭	G♭	G♭
F	F♯	F♯	F♯	F♯	F♯	F♯	F♯	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F♭
E	E	E	E	E	E	E♯	E♯	E	E	E♭	E♭	E♭	E♭	E♭	E♭
D	D	D	D	D♯	D♯	D♯	D♯	D	D	D	D	D♭	D♭	D♭	D♭
C	C	C♯	C♯	C♯	C♯	C♯	C♯	C	C	C	C	C	C	C♭	C♭
B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B♯	B	B♭	B♭	B♭	B♭	B♭	B♭	B♭
A	A	A	A	A	A♯	A♯	A♯	A	A	A	A♭	A♭	A♭	A♭	A♭
G	G	G	G♯	G♯	G♯	G♯	G♯	G	G	G					
A	E	B	F	C	G	D	A	A	D	G	C	F	B	E	A



12 semitones in an octave.

♯	8th, 12.
	7th, 11.
♭	7th, 10.
	6th, 9.
♭	6th, 8.
	5th, 7.
♯	4th, 6.
	4th 5.
♯	3d, 4.
♭	3d, 3.
♯	2d, 2.
♭	2d, 1.
	UNISON.

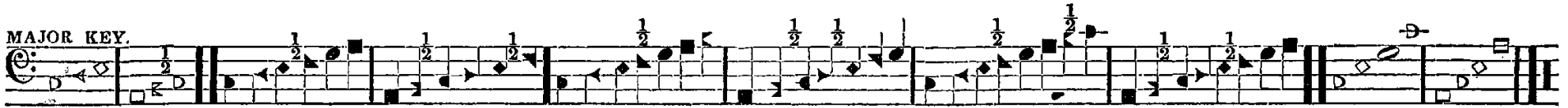
A ♯ is a mark of elevation.

A ♭ is a mark of depression.

A ♮ is a mark of restoration.

44. The two staffs are a practical explanation of the scale to the first four letters sharped or flatted. The upper staff shows the place of the Si or Mi,* and the lower, or Base staff, the key notes. The upper note is the Major or sharp key, and the lower one, the Minor or flat key.—Table annexed to this scale at the right hand proves the twelve semitones in an octave.

* In the seven syllables Si is the governing note, and in the four syllables Mi is the governing note; therefore, Si and Mi are placed on the same letter in the scale of transposition.



In tuning the voice, let it be as smooth as possible, neither forcing it through the nose, nor blowing it through the teeth with the mouth shut. Ease and freedom should be particularly observed.

A genteel pronunciation, is one of the greatest ornaments in music. Every word should be spoken clear and distinct as possible. It is this, that in a great measure, gives vocal music the preference to instrumental, by enjoying, at the same time, the sweets of harmony, together with the sense of what is expressed in these harmonious strains.

Several graces, such as the trill, turn, &c., are omitted, as being of no use, especially to learners.

The proportion of the parts is generally said to be three on the base, one on the tenor and two on the treble.

Let the base be sung bold and majestic, the tenor firm and manly, the treble soft and delicate.

High notes should be sung soft, but not faint; low ones full but not harsh.

Notes should not be struck abruptly, like the report of a smith's hammer; but should be begun and ended soft, swelling gently as the air of the tune requires. Notes of two beats admit of a double swell: the first fullest, the second soft, like an echo.

Tunes on a sharp key are expressive of cheerfulness, and are suitable for thanksgiving and praise.

Tunes on a flat key are expressive of sorrow, and are suitable to subjects of prayer and penitence.

This rule seems to be almost unnoticed by choristers in general, although it is as inconsistent in nature to sing a cheerful subject to a flat key, as, on the contrary, to mourn at thanksgivings, or rejoice at funerals. We give thanks in sound, and mourn in sense, the tune and sentiment being at variance; and the music must be either without, or oppose, its designed end. But when music and subject agree, they mutually assist each other, and fill us with ardor, solemnity and delight, while engaged in the sacred worship of the Deity.

The concluding note should not be broken off abruptly, nor die away faintly, but sounded smoothly, gently swelling the last beat like an echo, and all conclude the same instant.

Decency in the position of the body, and in beating time, are strictly to be adhered to. Likewise a becoming seriousness, while singing sacred words, adds dignity to the performance, and renders it at once respectable and solemn.

A WORD TO THE LEARNER AND OWNER OF THIS VOLUME.

1st. Let nothing short of an acquaintance with the rudiments of music satisfy you. Bear in mind that when a knowledge of the rudiments is obtained, that then, with a careful application of them to practice, you will be able to read new pieces with much satisfaction and pleasure. Whereas, if you neglect this part, you will never make any progress in the science of music, and must ever be dependent on others for whatever music you can catch up second handed.

2d. Therefore, by the efforts of your instructor, and by committing all required lessons to memory, and giving your undivided attention to his instructions and directions, you will not regret it in after life.

A. A.

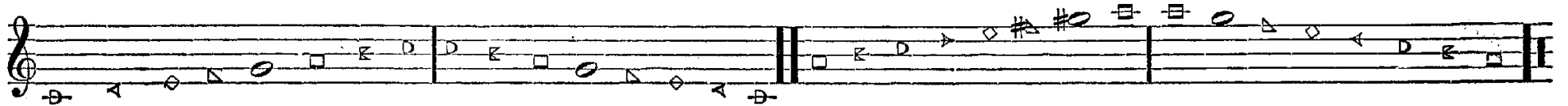
No. 1.

SCALE MAJOR. (In seven syllables.)

ASCENDING. DESCENDING.

SCALE MINOR. (In seven syllables.)

ASCENDING. DESCENDING.



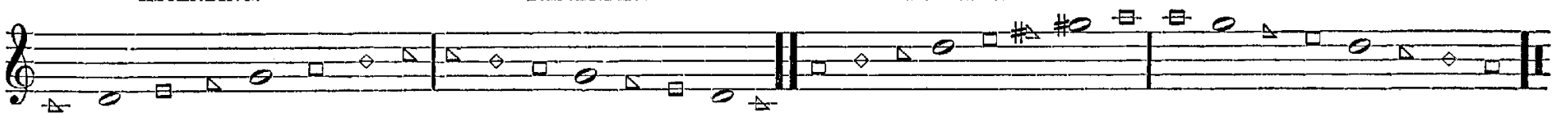
No. 2.

SCALE MAJOR. (In four syllables.)

ASCENDING. DESCENDING.

SCALE MINOR. (In four syllables.)

ASCENDING. DESCENDING.

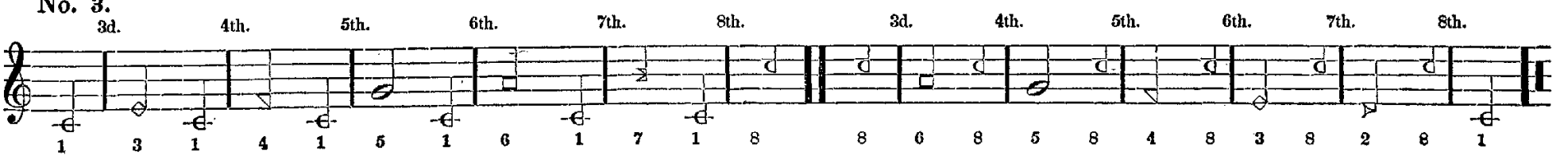


45. In the four syllables, when the Mi is found, the order of the notes ascending are twice Fa, Sol, La, and descending, twice La, Sol, Fa; and then comes Mi again either way.

NOTE. In applying the instructions in the gamut to the singing of four syllables, remember that Mi in the four syllables corresponds with Si in the seven. In the one method Si is the syllable transposed, Do the key note in the Major mode, and La the key note in the Minor mode. In the other, Mi is the syllable transposed, Fa the key note in the Major mode, and La the key note in the Minor mode. This, and the order of the notes as they stand on the scale, by four and by seven syllables, will enable any one to apply the seven syllables to tunes written to four syllables, which is earnestly recommended. In applying the seven syllables to tunes written to the four syllables, recollect that in the four syllables Mi is Si, and then the first note above is Do, as will be seen by comparing the above Scales.

No. 3.

INTERVALS.



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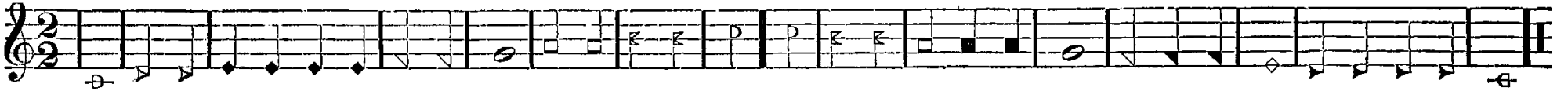
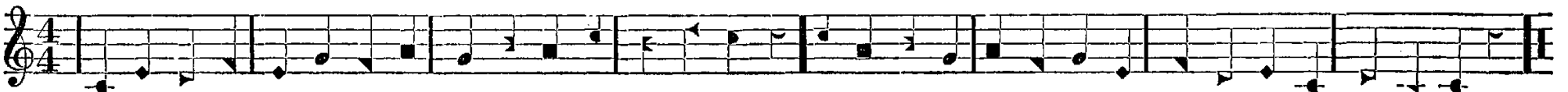


No. 5.



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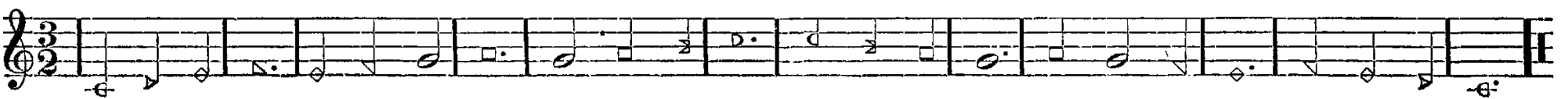
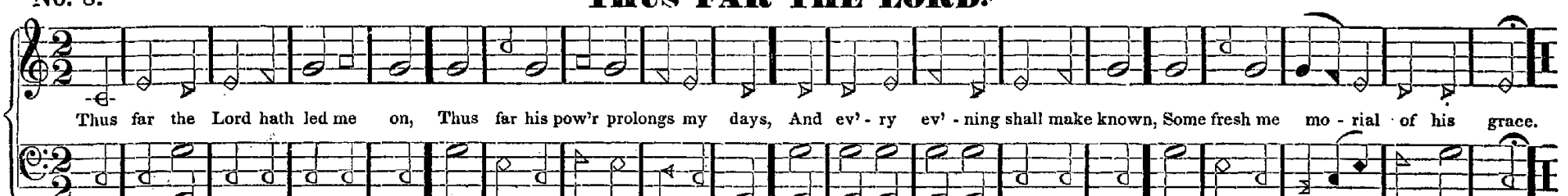


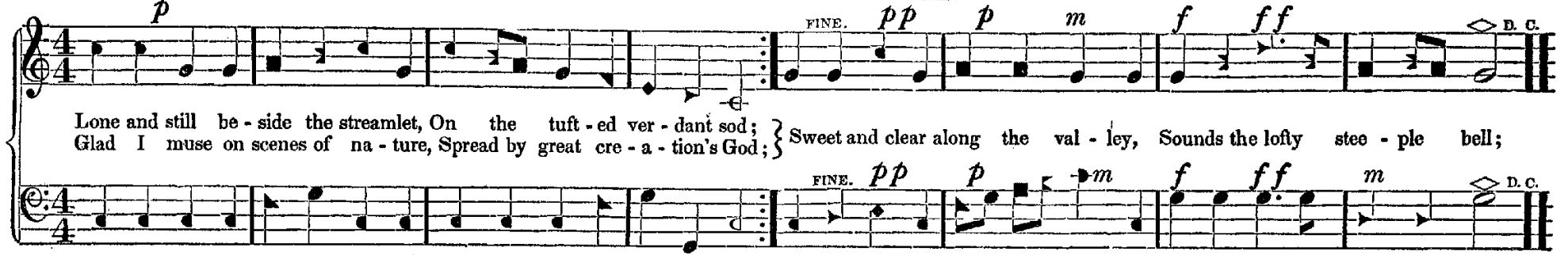
No. 7.

No. 8.

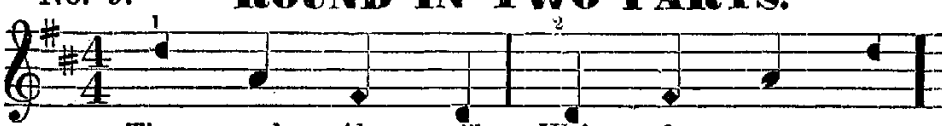
'THUS FAR THE LORD.'



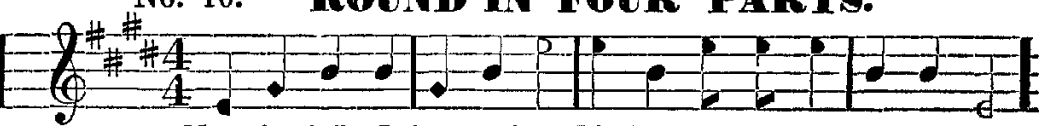
No. 8. **'LONE AND STILL.'**



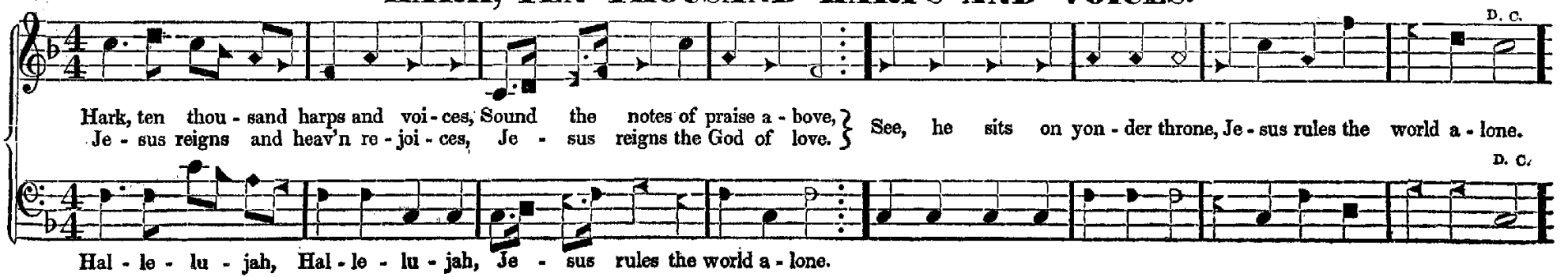
No. 9. **ROUND IN TWO PARTS.**



No. 10. **ROUND IN FOUR PARTS.**



No. 11. **'HARK, TEN THOUSAND HARPS AND VOICES.'**



Adagio,—A slow movement.

Affetuoso,—In a style of execution adapted to express affection, tenderness, supplication or deep emotion.

Air,—The leading part or melody.

Allegro,—A brisk and sprightly movement.

Allegretto,—Less quick than Allegro.

Andante,—With distinctness; as a mark of time, it implies a medium between the Adagio and Allegro movements.

Anthem,—A composition set to the language of the Sacred Scriptures.

Base,—The lowest part in harmony.

Bis,—This term denotes a repetition of a passage in music.

Chorus,—A composition or passage designed for all the voices and instruments.

Choral,—Old melodies in notes, chiefly of equal lengths.

Chromatic,—A term given to accidental semitones.

Coda,—The close of a composition, or an additional close.

Crescendo, or *Cres*, or <,—With an increasing volume of sound.

Da Capo, or *D. C.*,—Close with the first strain.

Diminuendo, or *Dim*, >,—With a decreasing volume of sound.

Expressivo,—With expression.

Forte, or, *For*, or *F*, or *f*,—Strong and full.

Fortissimo, or *FF*, or *ff*,—Very loud.

Forzando, or *Fz*, or <,—Sudden and full.

Fuge,—A piece in which one of the parts lead, and the rest follow in different intervals of time, and in the same or similar melody.

Harmony,—An agreeable combination of musical sounds, or different melodies, performed at the same time.

Interval,—The distance between any two sounds.

Melody,—An agreeable succession of sounds.

Mezza voce, or *m*,—With a medium fullness of tone.

Piano, or *Pia*, or *P*, or *p*,—Soft.

Pianissimo, or *PP*, *pp*,—Very soft.

Symphony, or *Sym*,—A passage to be executed by instruments while the vocal performers are silent. Also, a species of musical composition.

Tasto Solo, or *T. S.*—Denotes that the passage should be performed with no other chords than unisons and octaves.

Tenor,—A high, male voice.

Treble,—The female voice.

Vigoroso,—With energy.

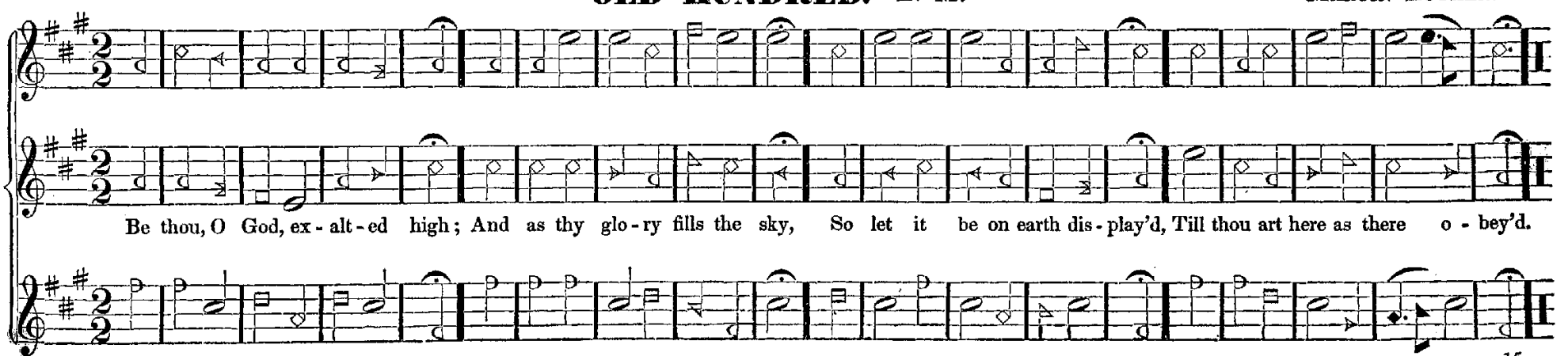
Vivace,—In a brisk and lively manner

Volti,—Turn over.

OHIO HARMONIST.

PART I.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M. MARTIN LUTHER.



UPTON. L. M.

1. He wills that I should ho - ly be; That ho - li - ness I long to feel; That full divine con - for - mi ty, To all my Savior's righteous will.

2. See, Lord, the travail of my soul, Accomplish'd in the change of mine; And plunge me, ev'ry whit made whole, In all the depths of love di vine.

ROCKINGHAM.* L. M.

Composed by LOWELL MASON.

1. E ternal source of ev' - ry joy, Well may thy praise our lips employ, While in thy temple we ap - pear, Whose goodness crowns the rolling year.

2. The flow'ry spring at thy command, Embalms the air, and paints the land; The summer rays with vi - gor shine, To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

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REFUGE. L. M.

GENTLE.

1. God is the refuge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress in vade; Ere we can of - fer our com - plaints, Be - hold him present with his aid.

2. Loud may the troubled o cean roar, In sacred peace our souls a bide, While ev'ry nation, ev' ry shore, Trembles and dreads the swell - ing tide.

2

ZILLA. L. M.

1. Great is the Lord! what tongue can tell, An hon - or e - qual to his name? How aw - ful are his glo - rious ways; The Lord is dreadful in his praise!

2. The world's foun - da - tions, by his hand Were laid, and shall for - ev - er, stand; The swelling billows know their bound, While to his praise they roll a - round.

MAY. L. M.

1. My soul, with humble fervor raise To God the voice of grateful praise: Let ev' - ry men - tal pow'r com - bine, To bless his at - tri - butes di - vine.

2. Deep on my heart let mem'ry trace His acts of mercy and of grace, Who with a fath - er's ten - der care, Sav'd me when sinking in des - pair.

CANARY. L. M.

1. Our Lord is ris en from the dead, Our Jesus is gone up on high: { The pow'rs of hell are captive led, / Dragg'd to the portals of the sky, } Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2. There his tri - umphal chariot waits, And angels chant the solemn lay, { Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates, / Ye ever - lasting doors give way. } Ye ev - er - lasting doors give way.

RETIREMENT. L. M.

1. Je - sus, my Sa - vior, brother, friend, On whom I cast my ev' - ry care, On whom for all things I depend, In - spire, and then accept my pray'r.

2. If I have tas - ted of thy grace, The grace that sure sal - va tion brings, If with me now thy Spi - rit stays, And hov'ring, hides me in his wings.

EFFINGHAM. L. M.

Arranged by L. Mason.

At an - chor laid, re - mote from home, Toil - ing I cry, sweet spi - rit come, Ce - les - tial breeze, no lon - ger stay, But swell my sails and speed my way.

My wea - ry soul, O God, re - lease, Uphold me with thy gracious hand; Guide me in to thy per - fect peace, And bring me to the promised land.

P P P LOUD.

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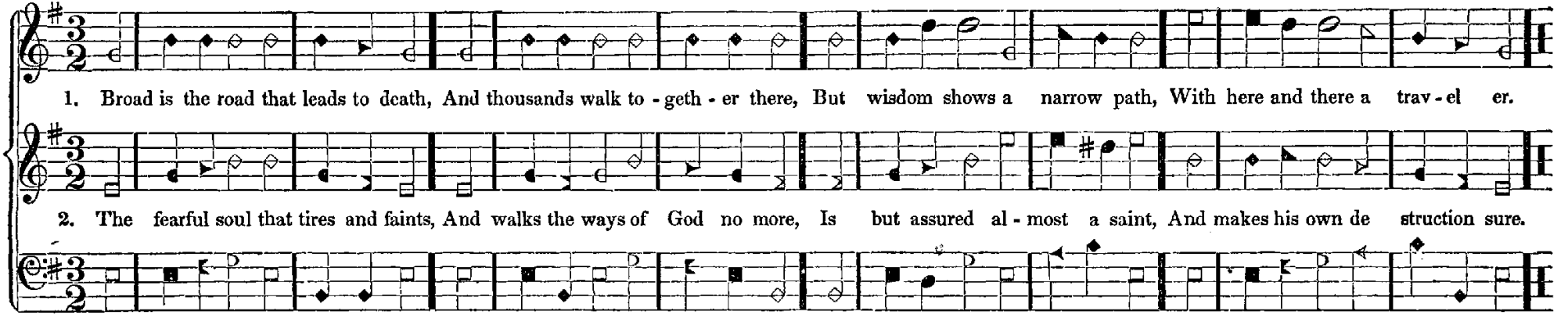
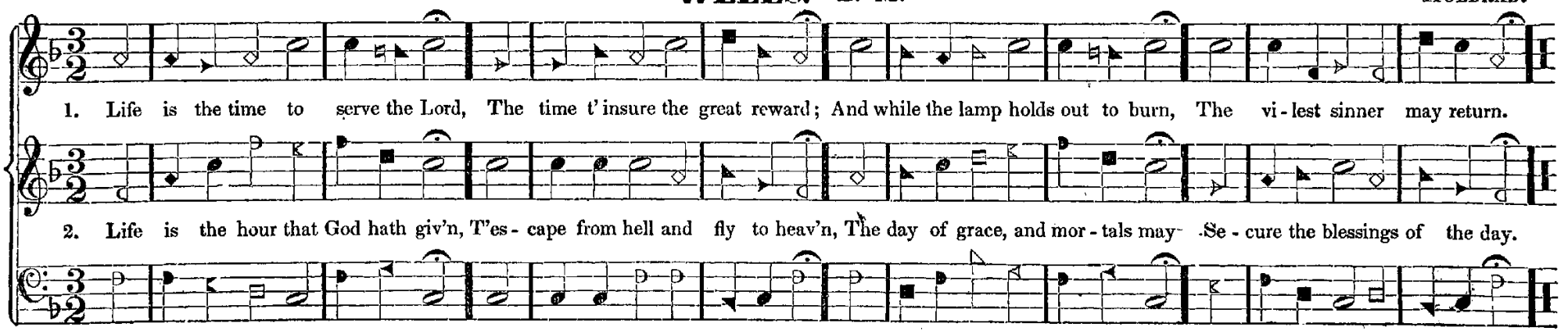
WINDHAM. L. M.



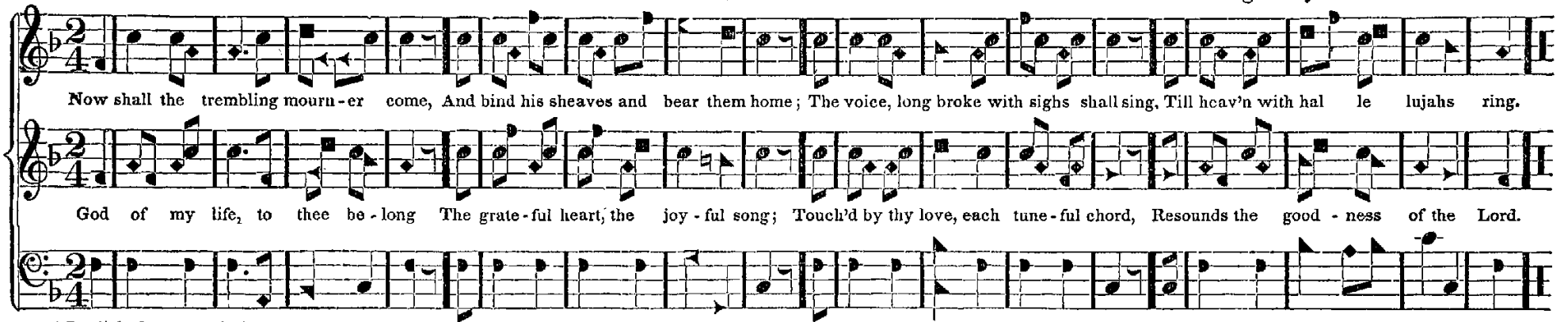
WELLS. L. M.

HOLDRAD.



SHOEL.* L. M.

Arranged by L. Mason.



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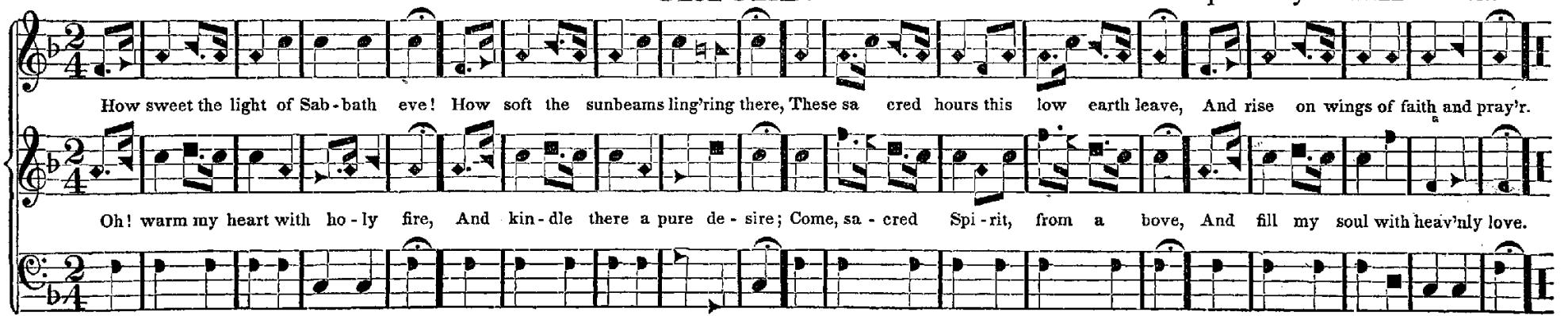
ORFORD.* L. M.

Composed by Lowell Mason.



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HEBRON.* L. M.

Composed by LOWELL MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days; And ev'-ry ev'ning shall make known, Some fresh memorial of his grace.

3. I lay my bo-dy down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head, While well appoint-ed angels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

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WARD.* L. M.

Arranged by L. MASON.

PIANO.

3. There is a stream, whose gentle flow, Sup-plies the ci-ty of our God; Life, love, and joy still gliding through, And wat'ring our di-vine a-bode.

4. That sacred stream, thine holy word, Supports our faith, our fear con-trols, Sweet peace thy promises af-ford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

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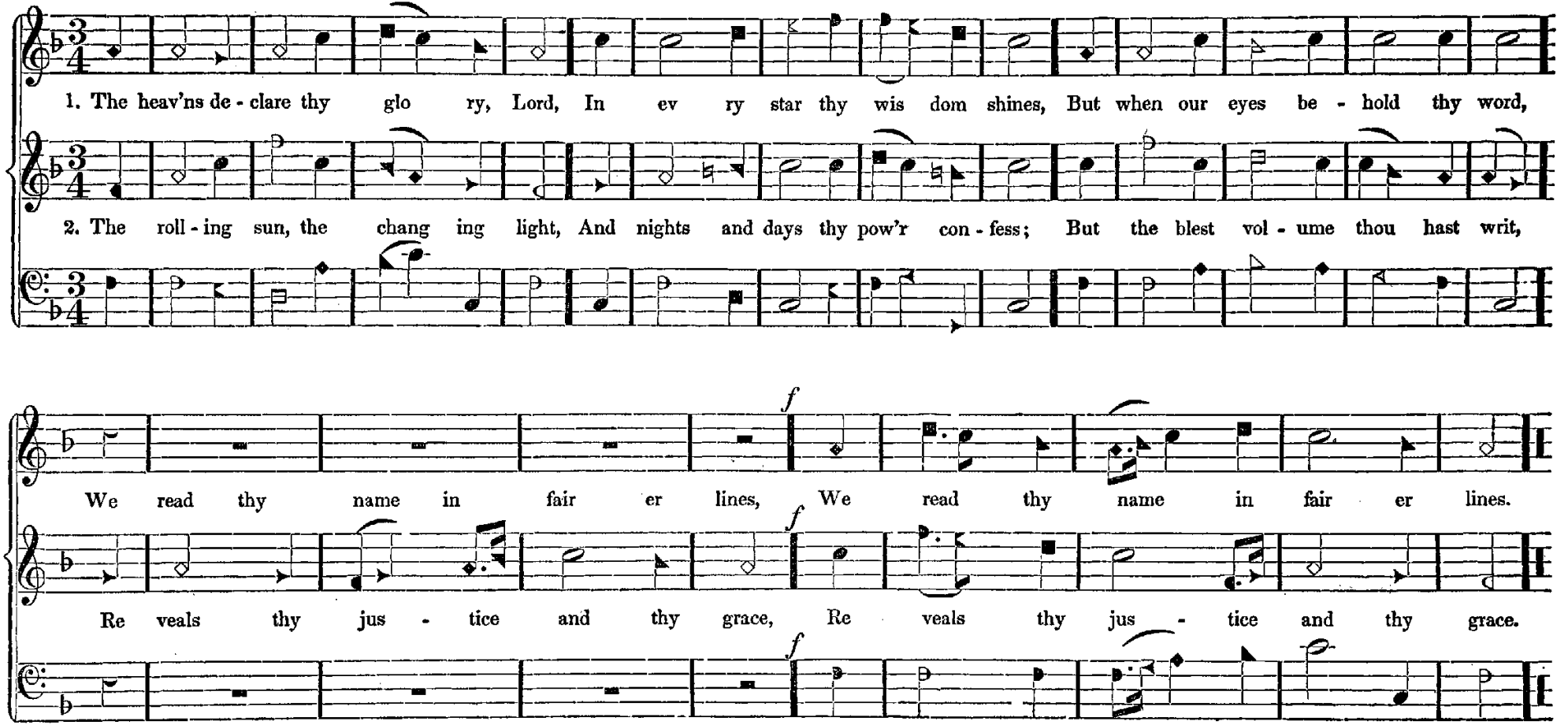
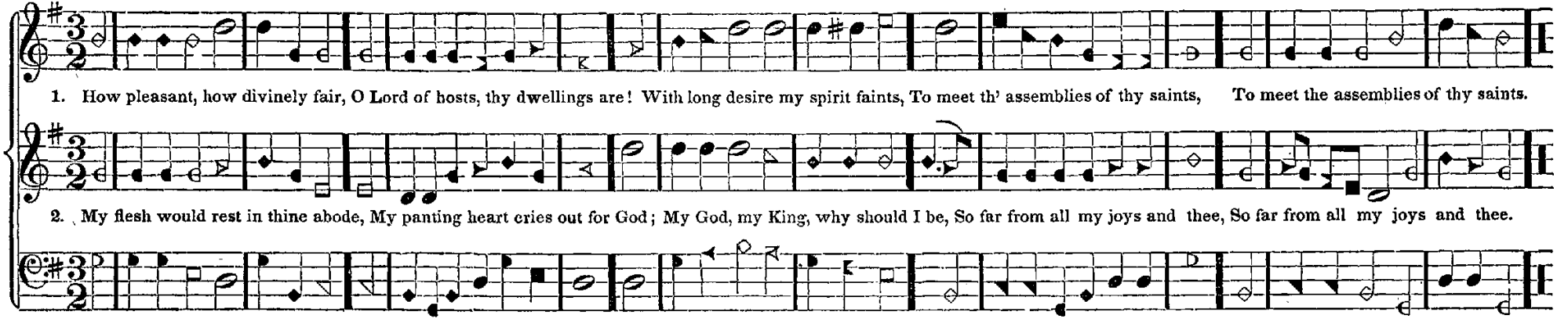
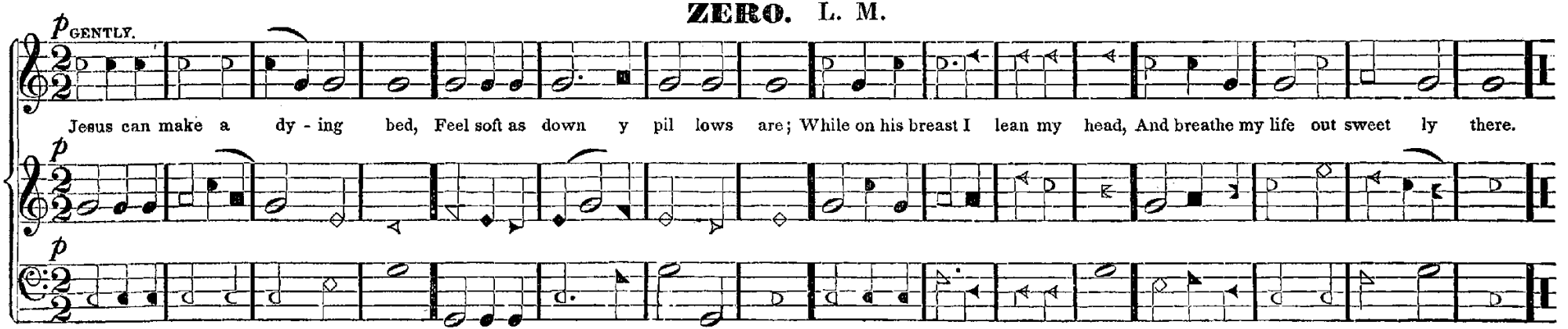

1. The heav'ns de - clare thy glo ry, Lord, In ev ry star thy wis dom shines, But when our eyes be - hold thy word,
2. The roll - ing sun, the chang ing light, And nights and days thy pow'r con - fess; But the blest vol - ume thou hast writ,
f
We read thy name in fair er lines, We read thy name in fair er lines.
f
Re veals thy jus - tice and thy grace, Re veals thy jus - tice and thy grace.
f

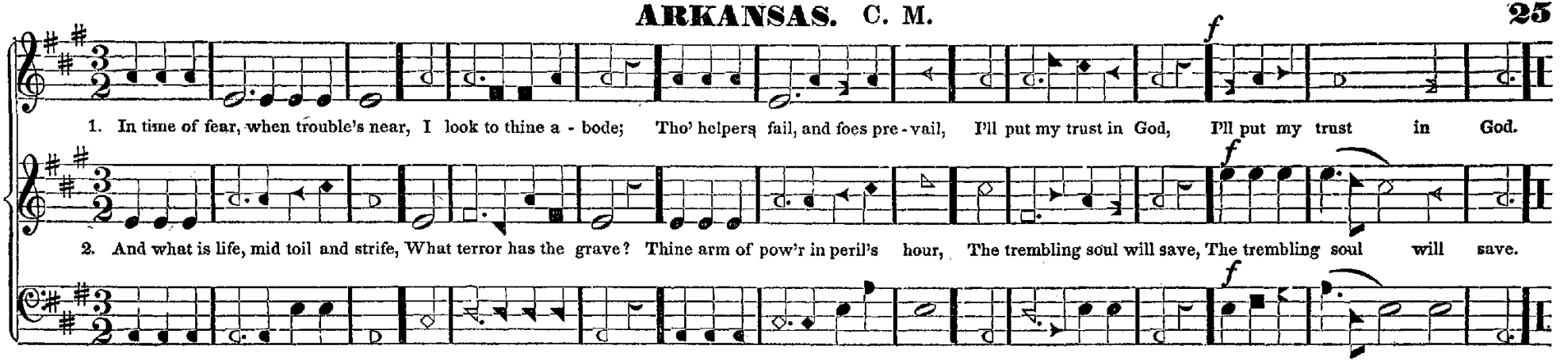
ROCKHILL. L. M.



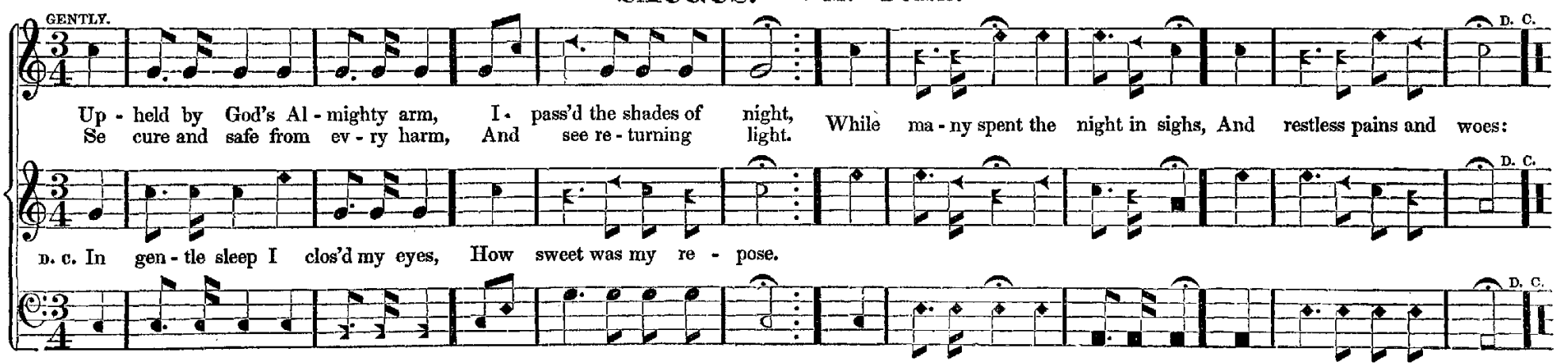
ZERO. L. M.



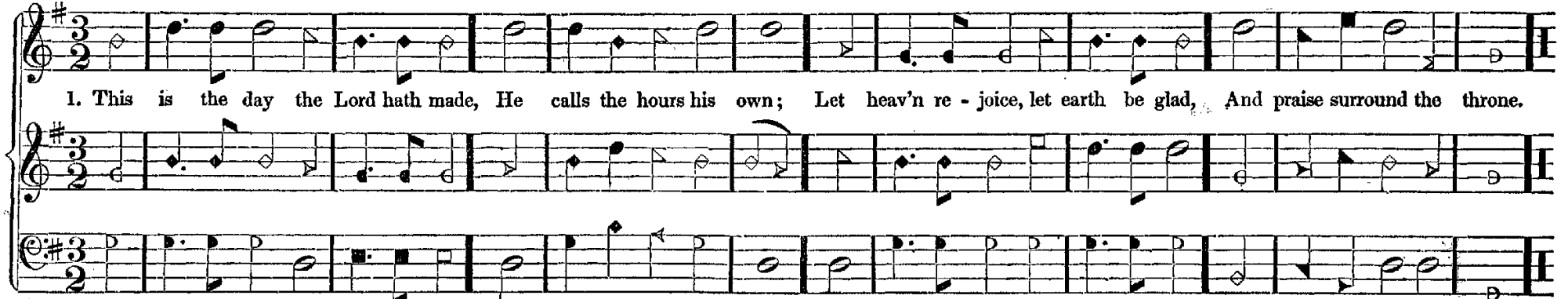
ARKANSAS. C. M.



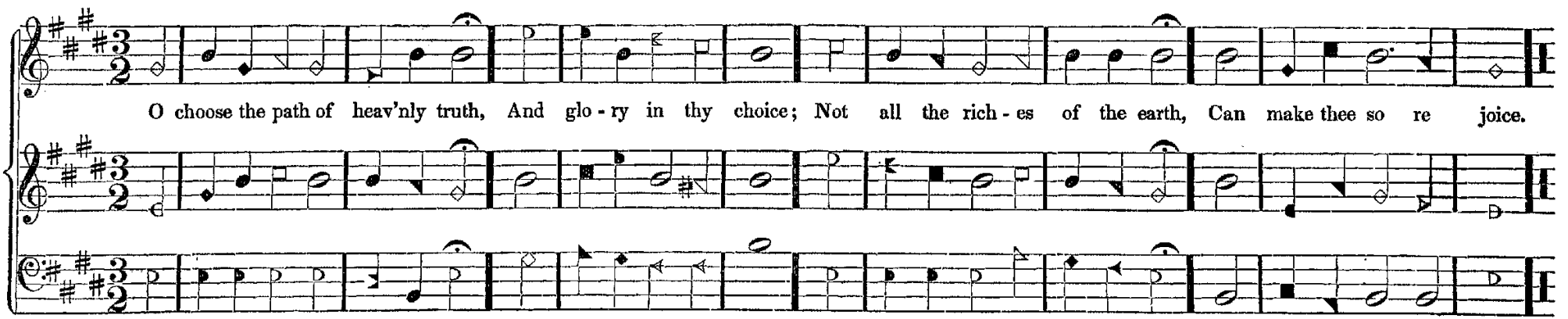
SAUGUS. C. M. Double.



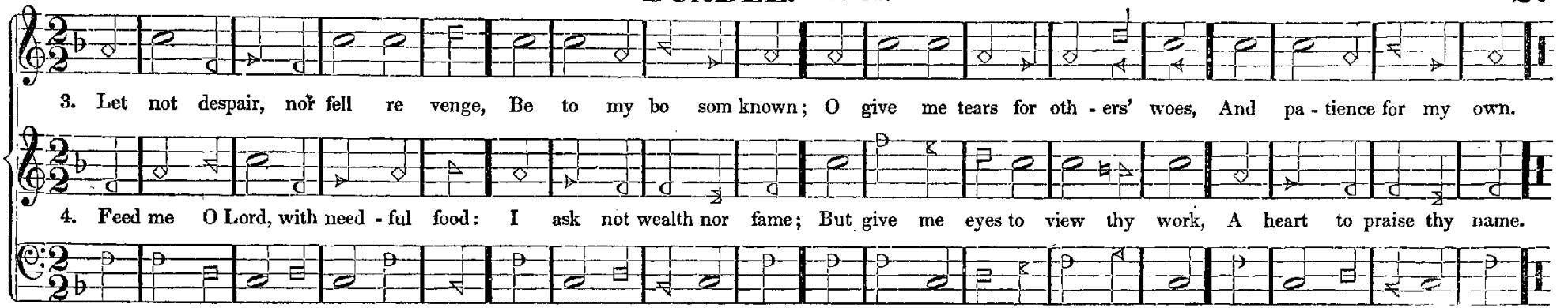
ARLINGTON. C. M.



DOWNS. C. M.

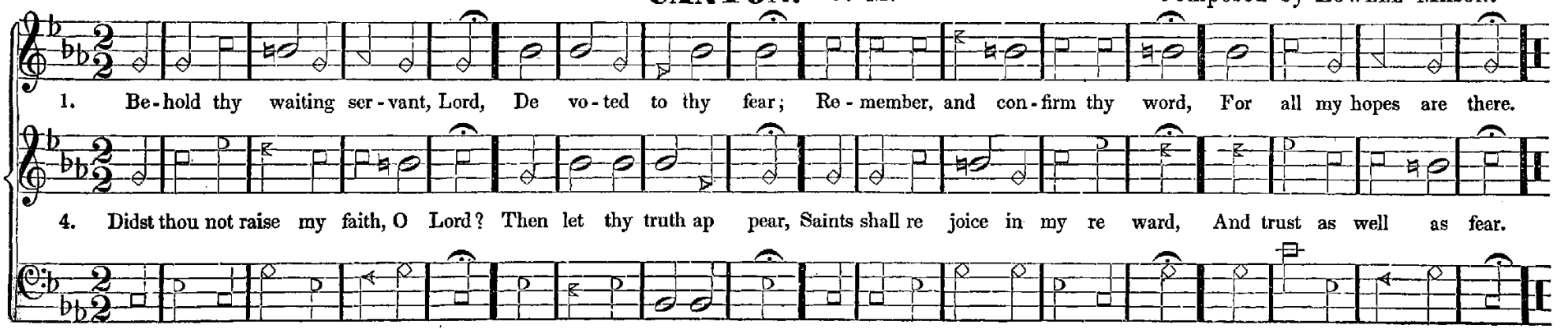


DUNDEE. C. M.



CANTON. C. M.*

Composed by Lowell Mason.



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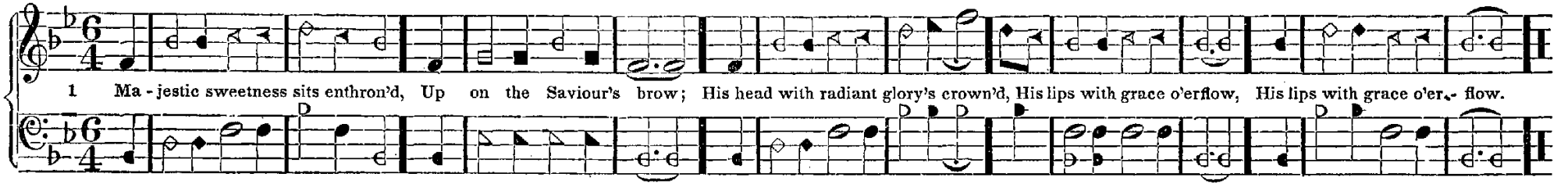
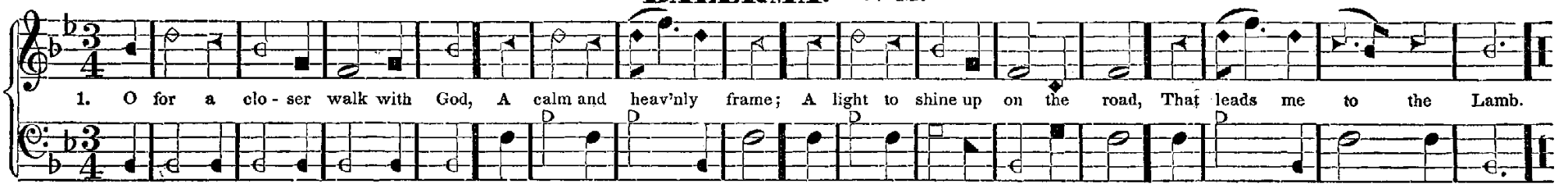
ORTONVILLE. C. M.

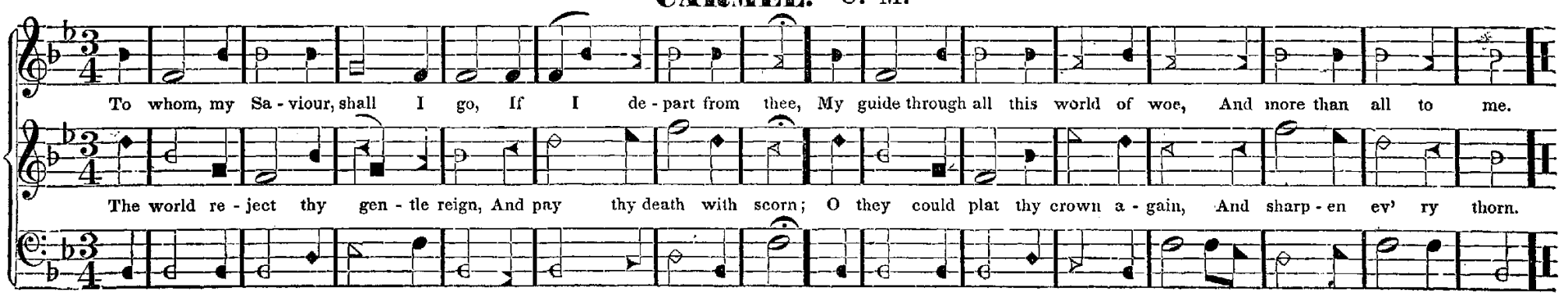
H.



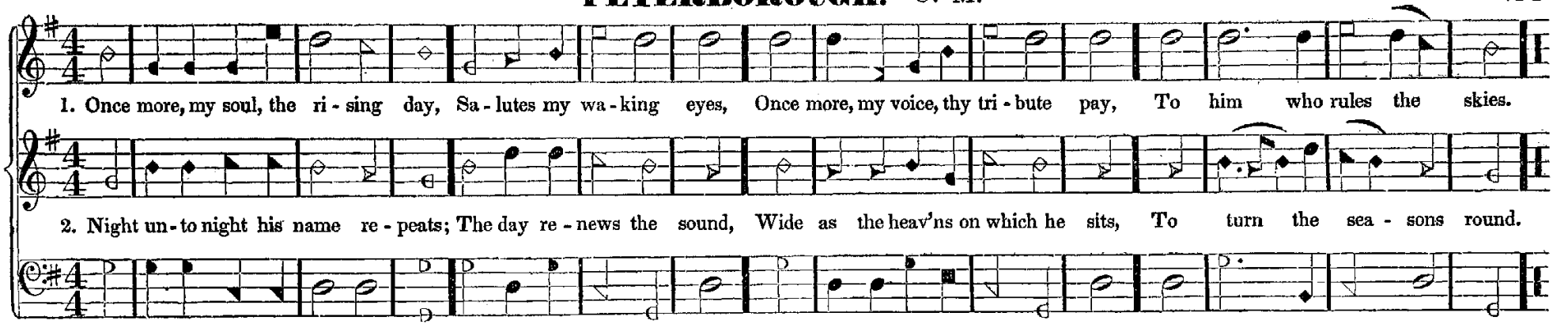
BALERMA. C. M.



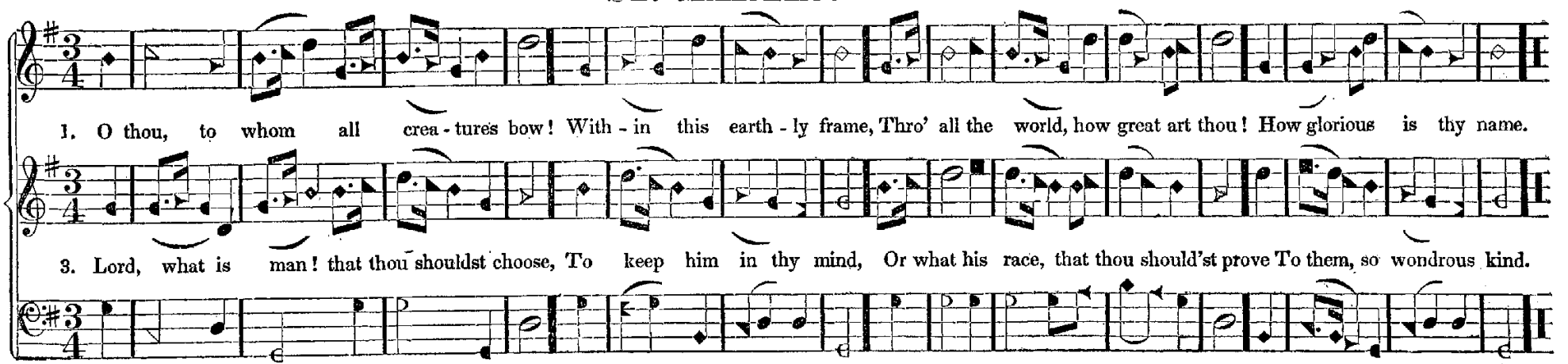
CARMEL. C. M.



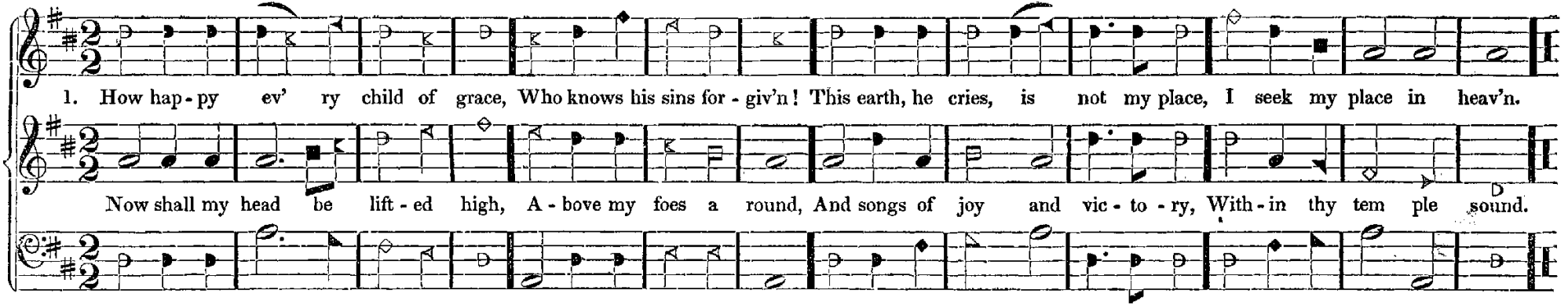
PETERBOROUGH. C. M.



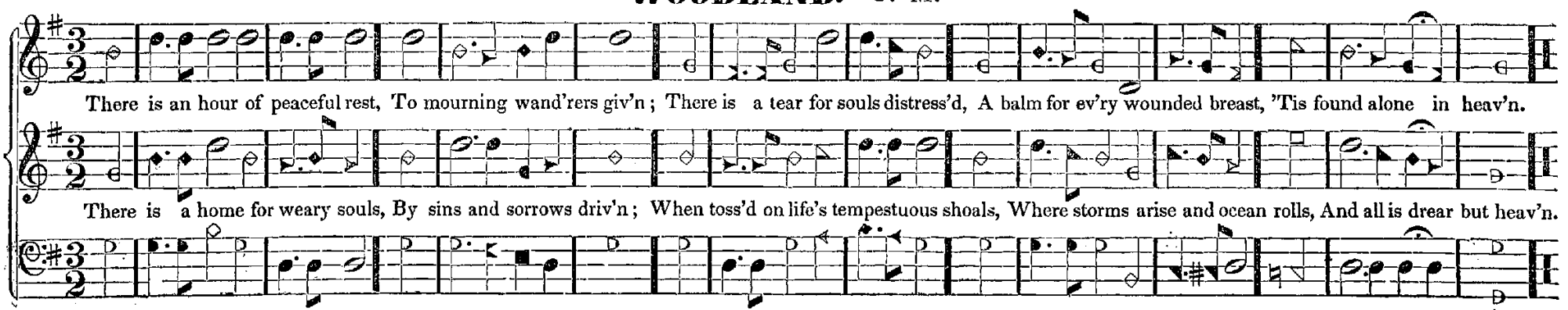
ST. MARTINS. C. M.



VICTORY. C. M.



WOODLAND. C. M.



III.

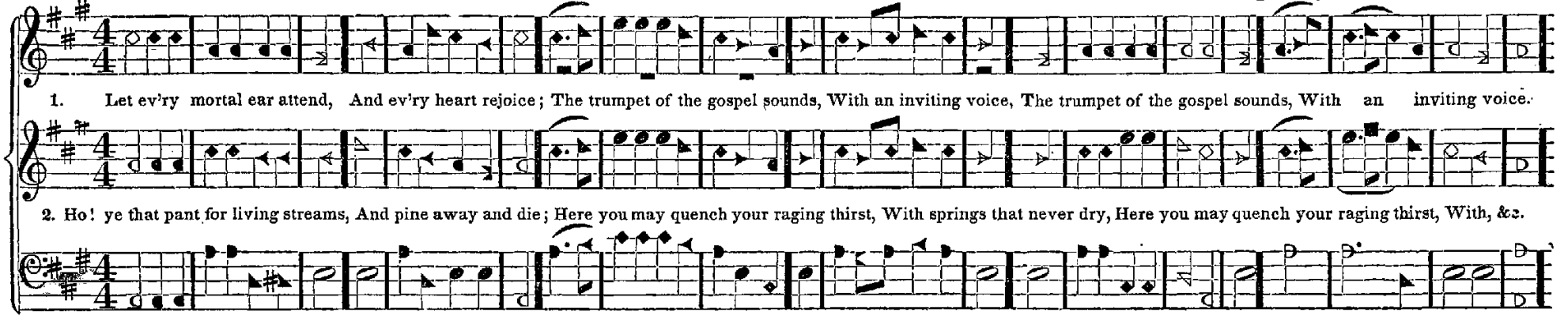
There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

IV.

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

RINDGE.* C. M.

Arranged by L. Mason.



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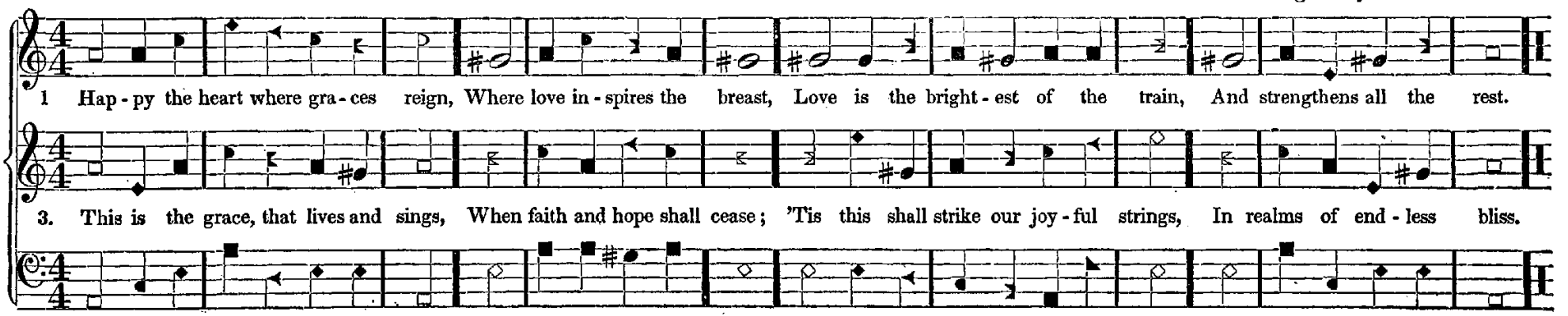
OHIO.* C. M.

Arranged by L. Mason.



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SWANWICK. C. M.

SWAN

1. I know that my Re deemer lives, And ev - er prays for me; A to - ken of his love he gives, A pledge of lib - er ty, A pledge of lib - er - ty.

2. I find him lift - ing up my head, He brings sal - va - tion near; His presence makes me free in - deed, And he will soon appear, And he will soon appear.

PIA. CRESCENDO. FOR

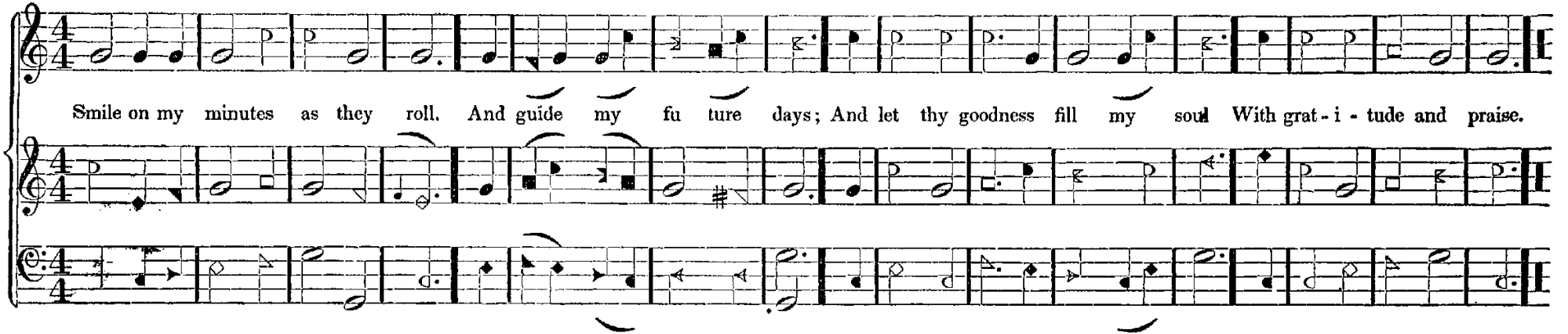
ST. CLAVES. C. M. Double.

Melody, by REV. C. H.

Now con - descend, Almigh - ty King, To bless our lit - tle throng,
And kind - ly lis - ten while we sing, Our plea - sant ev - ning song,
We come to own the pow'r di - vine, That watches o'er our days,
For this our fee - ble voi - ces join, To God we give the praise.

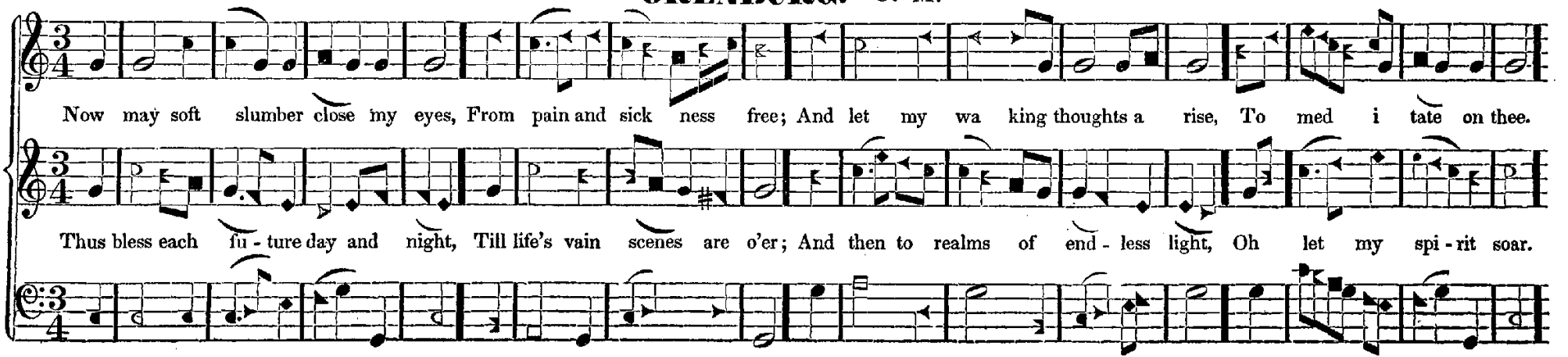
D. C.

MADRID. C. M.

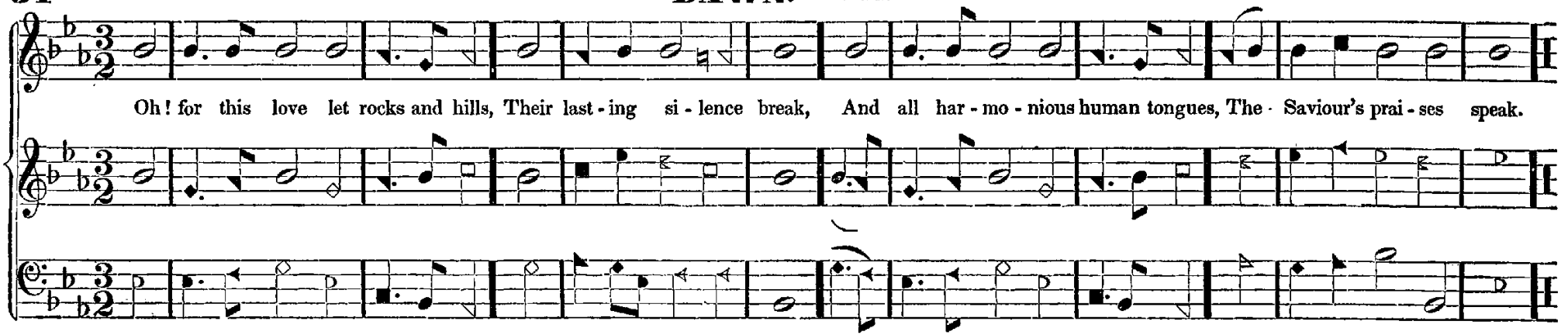


3

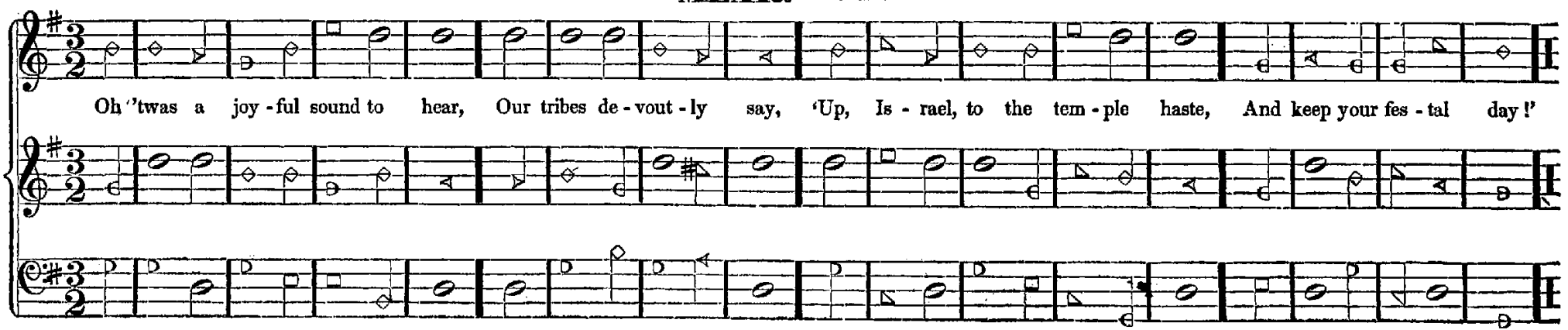
ORENBURG. C. M.

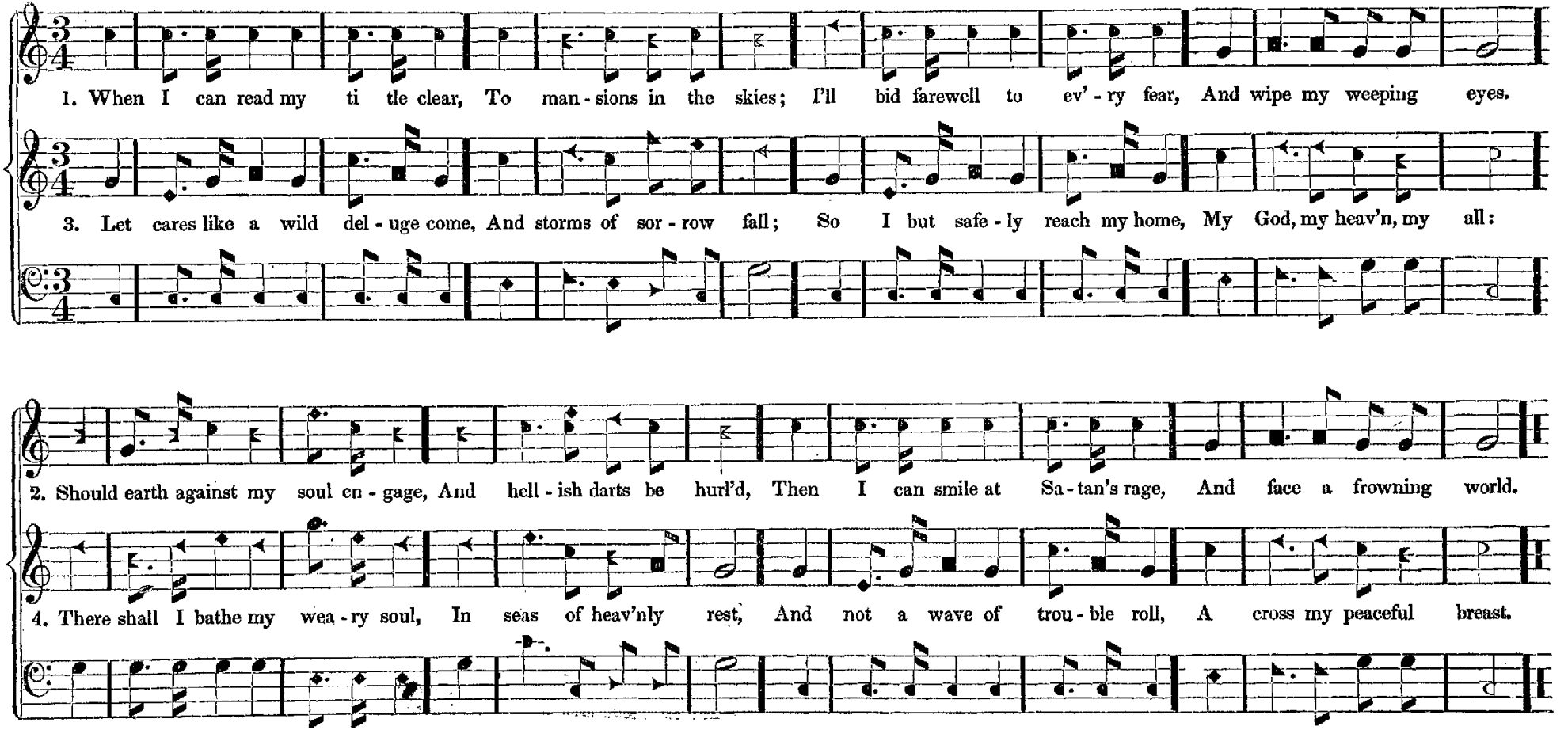


DAWN. C. M.

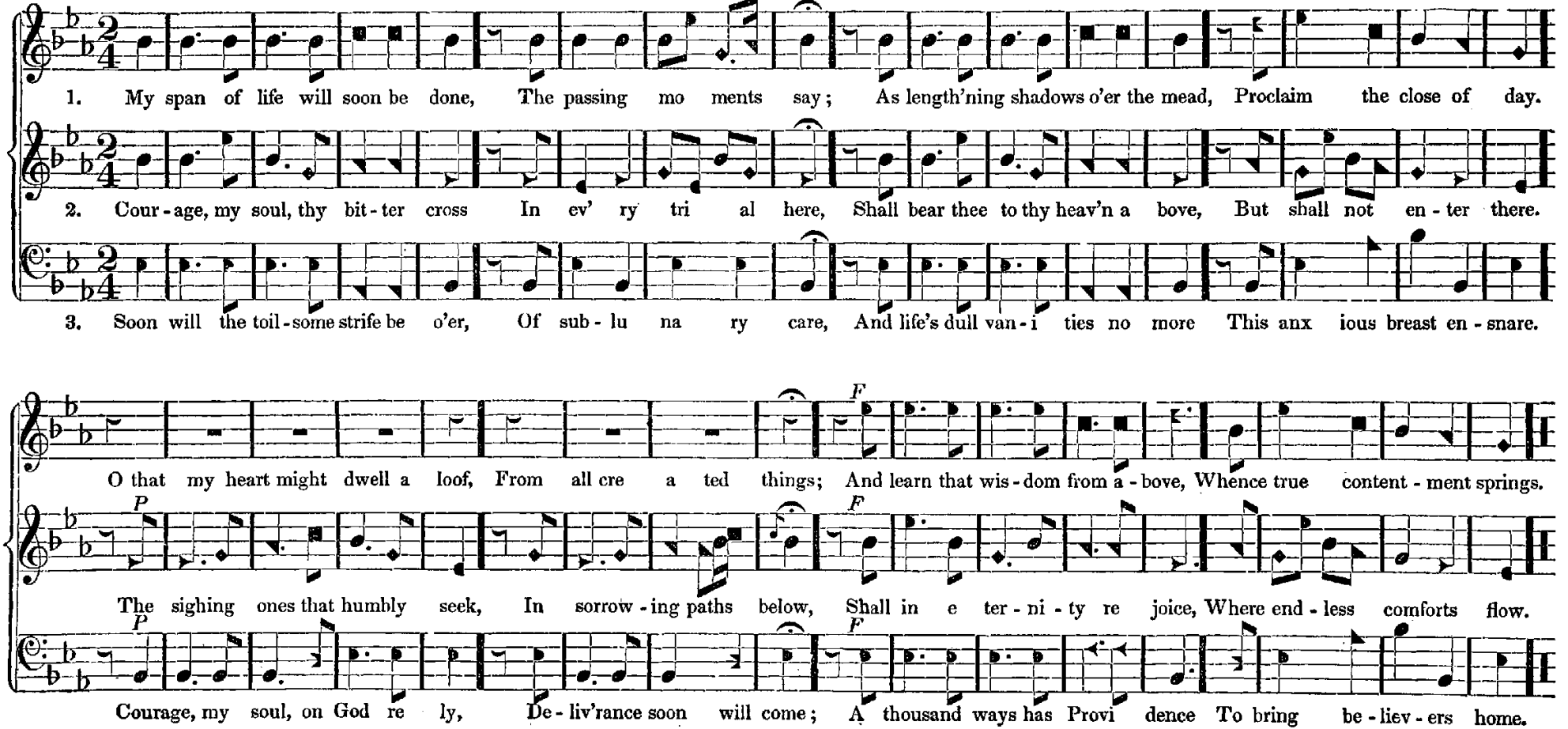


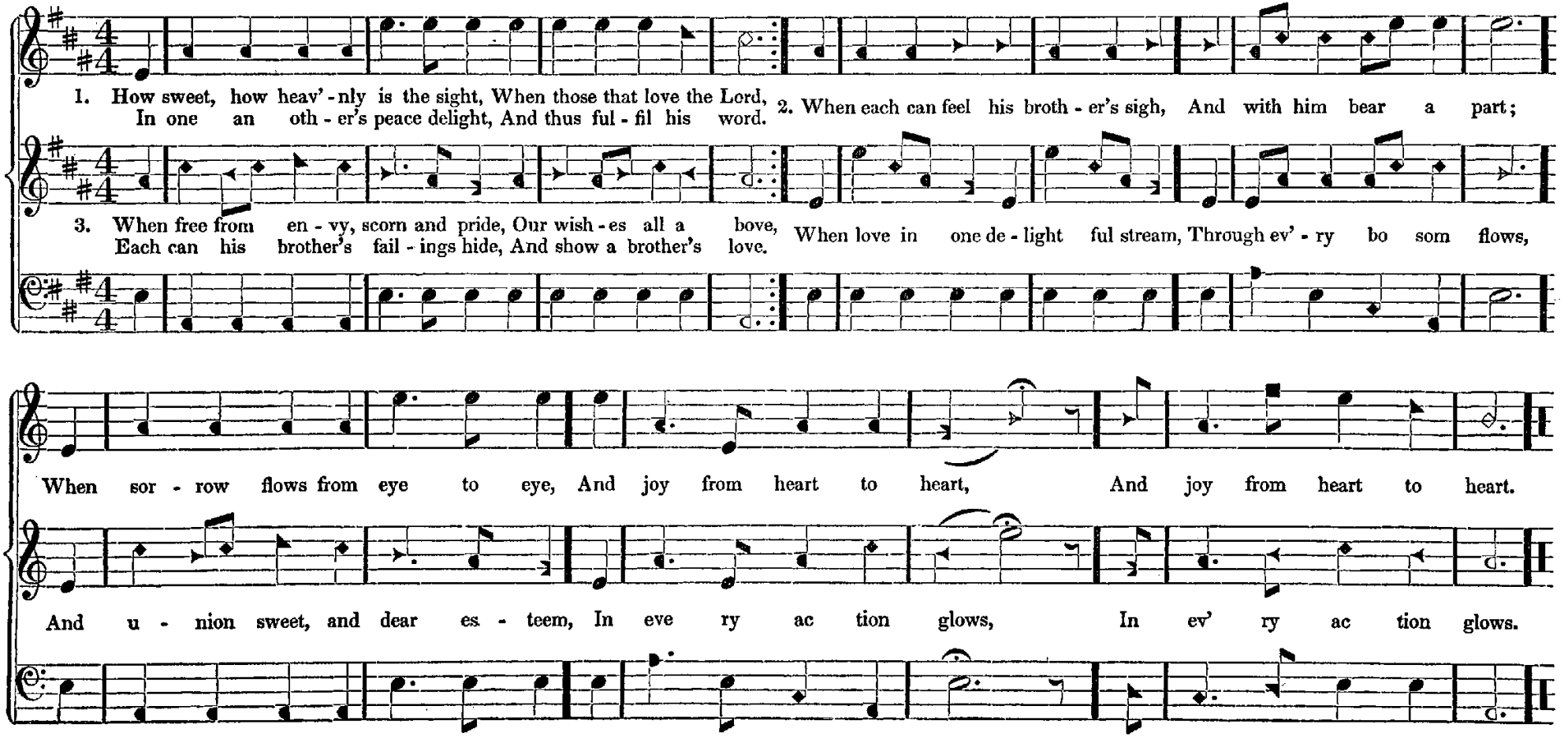
MEAR. C. M.



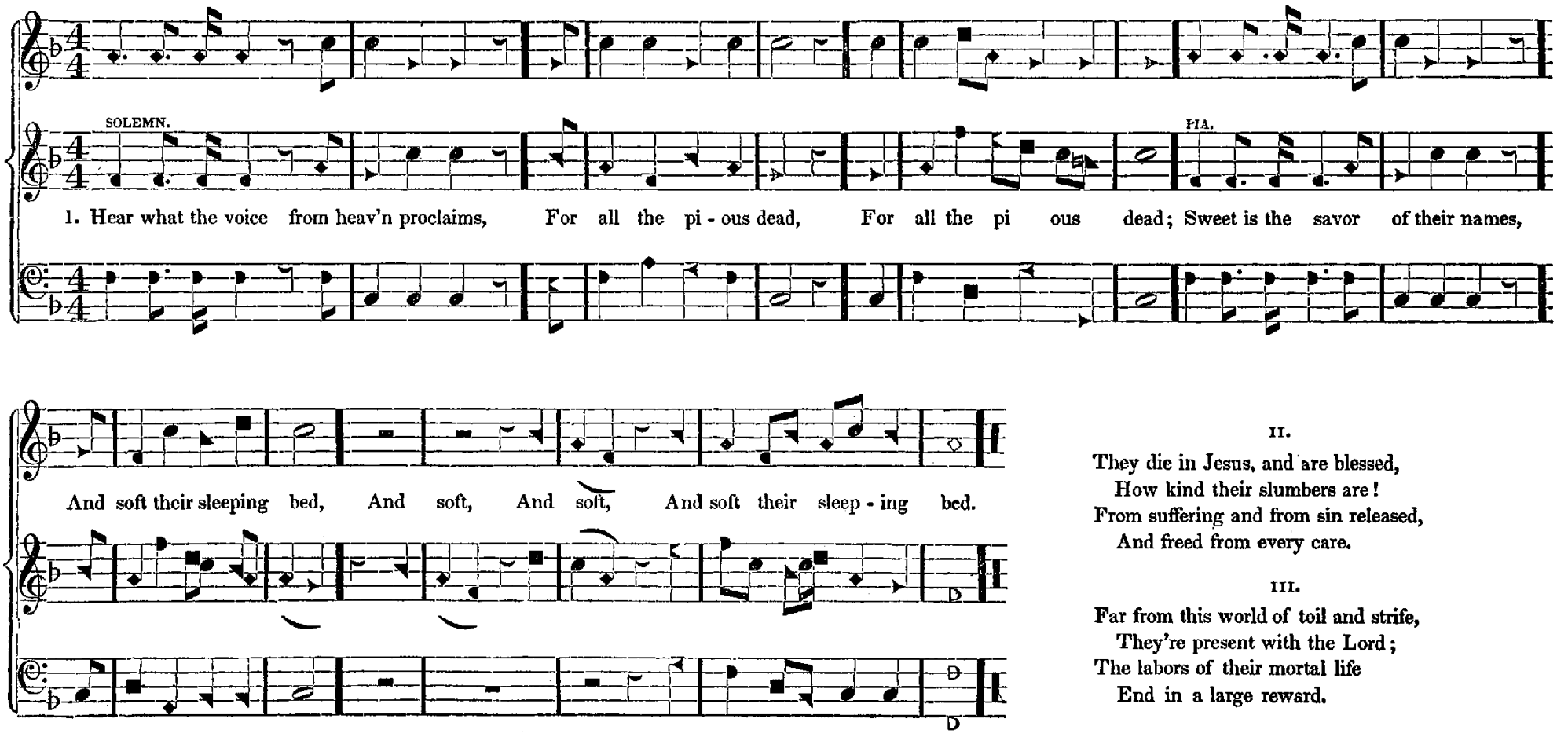

1. When I can read my ti tle clear, To man - sions in the skies; I'll bid farewell to ev' - ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor - row fall; So I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all:
2. Should earth against my soul en - gage, And hell - ish darts be hurl'd, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul, In seas of heav'nly rest, And not a wave of trou - ble roll, A cross my peaceful breast.

DEVOTION. C. M. (Double.)




1. How sweet, how heav' - nly is the sight, When those that love the Lord,
In one an oth - er's peace delight, And thus ful - fil his word.
2. When each can feel his broth - er's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. When free from en - vy, scorn and pride, Our wish - es all a bove,
Each can his brother's fail - ings hide, And show a brother's love.
When love in one de - light ful stream, Through ev' - ry bo som flows,
When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart,
And joy from heart to heart.
And u - nion sweet, and dear es - teem, In eve ry ac tion glows,
In ev' ry ac tion glows.

REVELATION. C. M.

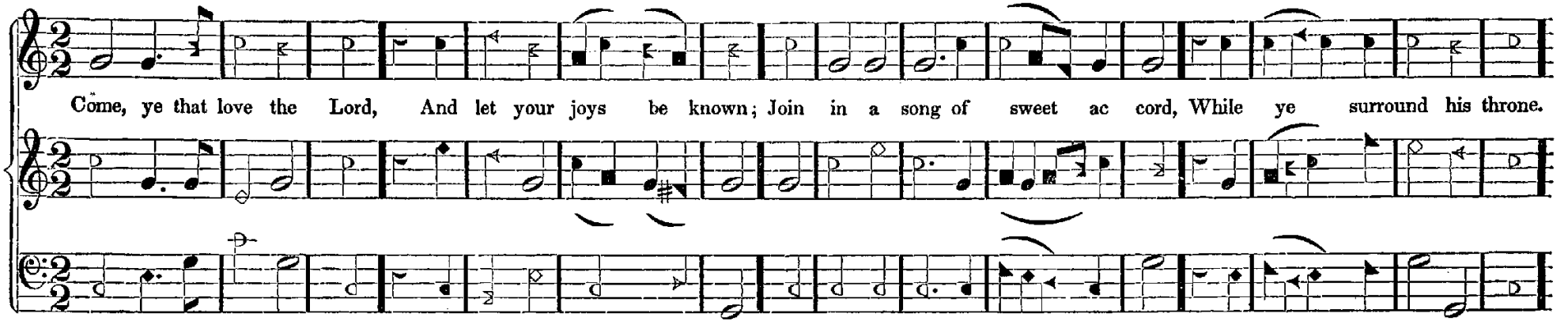


II.

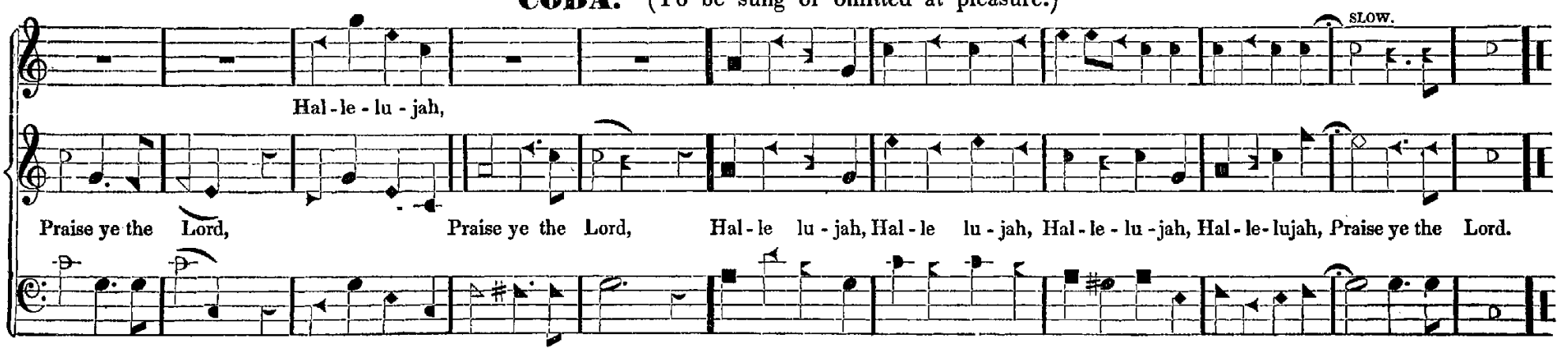
They die in Jesus, and are blessed,
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin released,
And freed from every care.

III.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

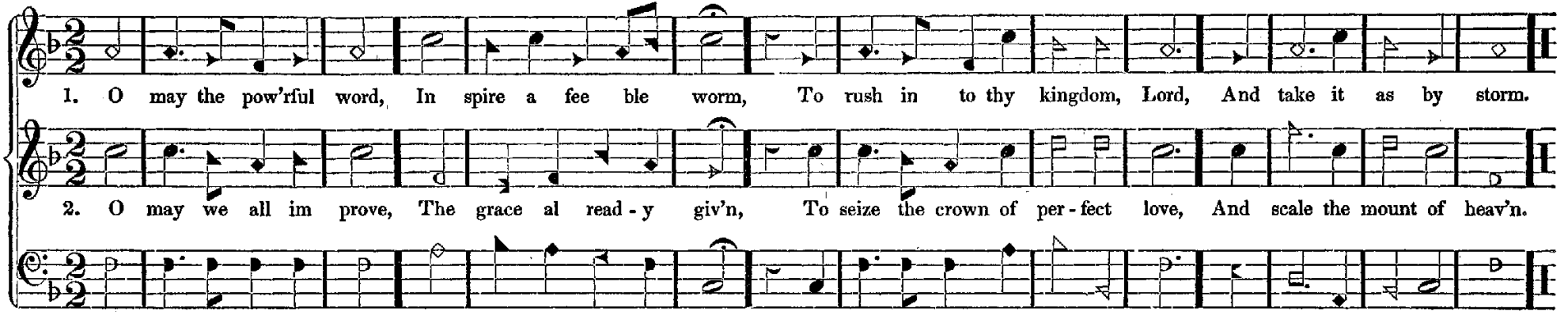


CODA. (To be sung or omitted at pleasure.)



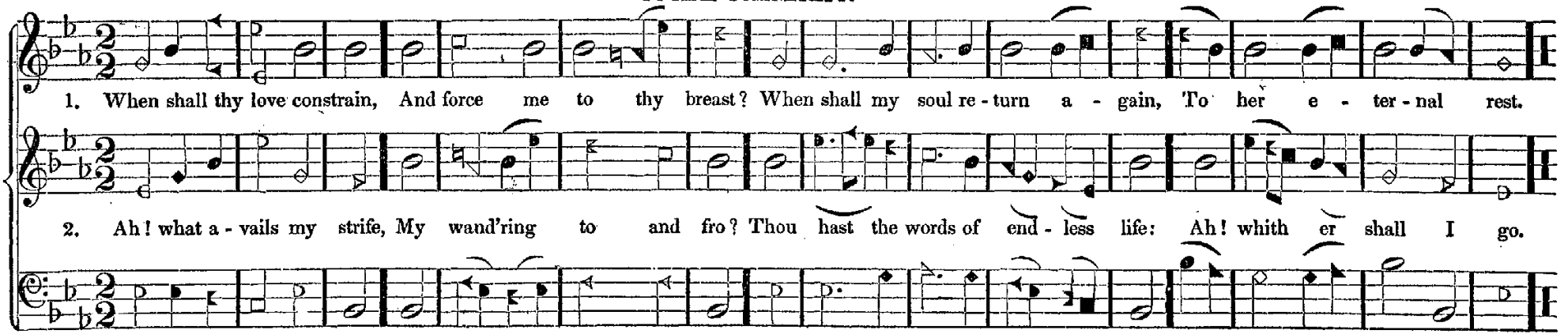
OLNEY. S. M.

L. Mason.



WATCHMAN. S. M.

Leach.



ORGAN. S. M.

1. Let songs of end less praise, From ev'ry na - tion rise; Let all the lands their tri - bute raise, To God, who rules the skies.

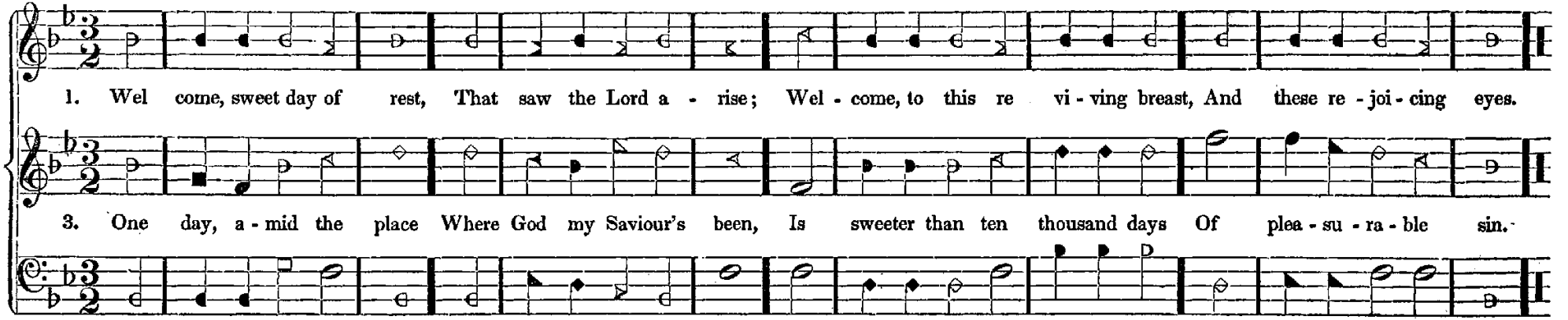
2. His mer - cy and his love, Are boundless as his name; And all e ter - ni - ty shall prove, His truth re - mains the same.

MORNING SUN. S. M.

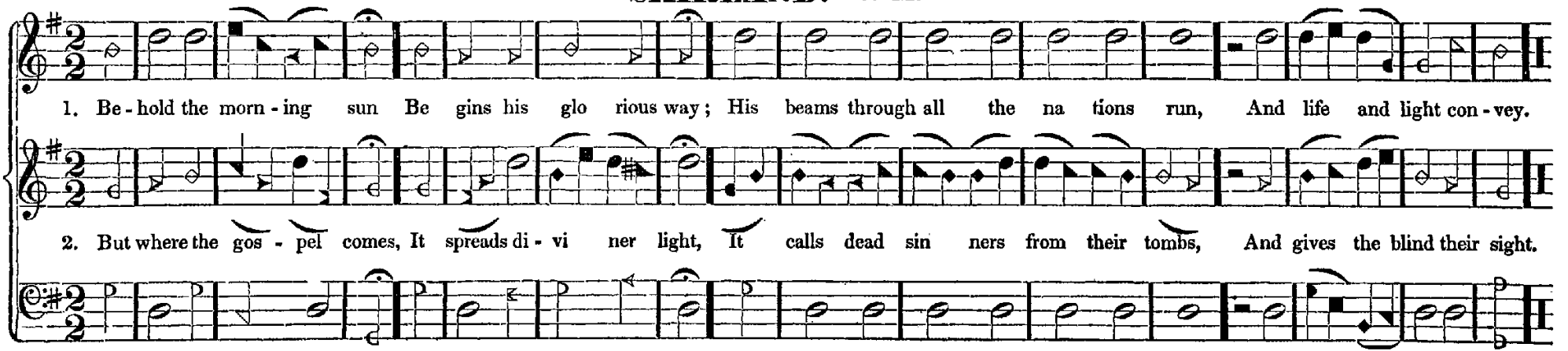
1. Behold, the morning sun Begins his glo - rious way; His beams through all the nations run, And life and light convey. Halle lu - jah, Halle lu jah.

2. But where the gospel comes, It spreads di - vi - ner light; It calls dead sinners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight. Halle lu - jah, Hal - le - lu jah.

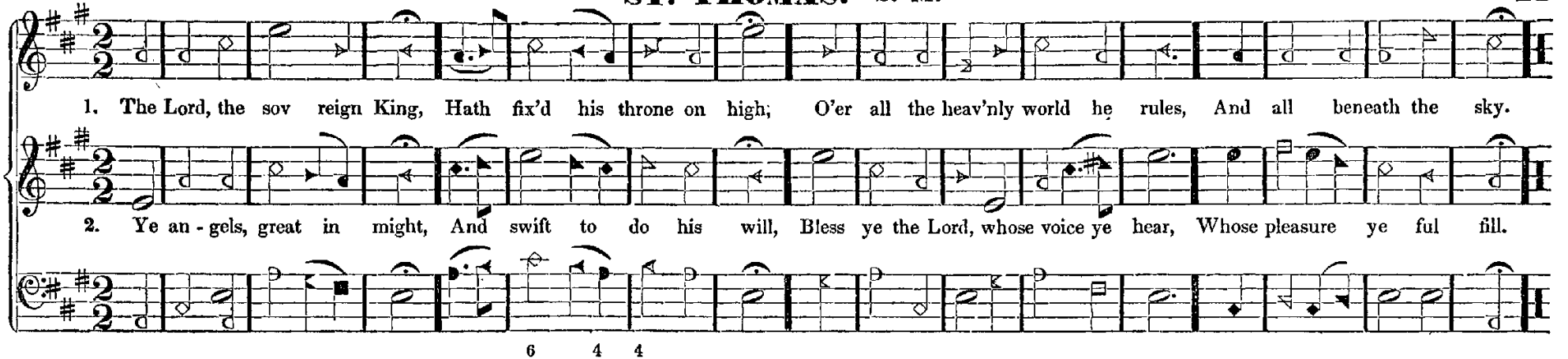
LISBON. S. M.



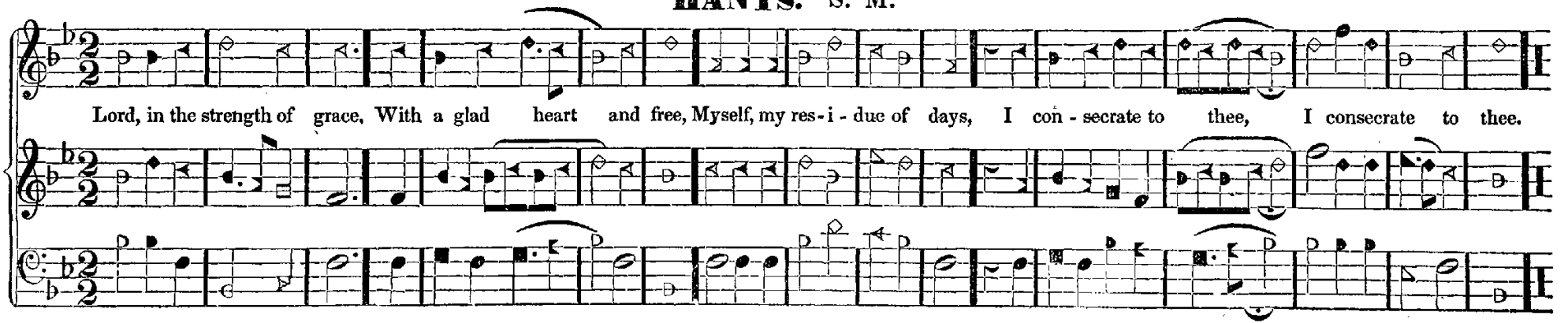
SHIRLAND. S. M.



ST. THOMAS. S. M.



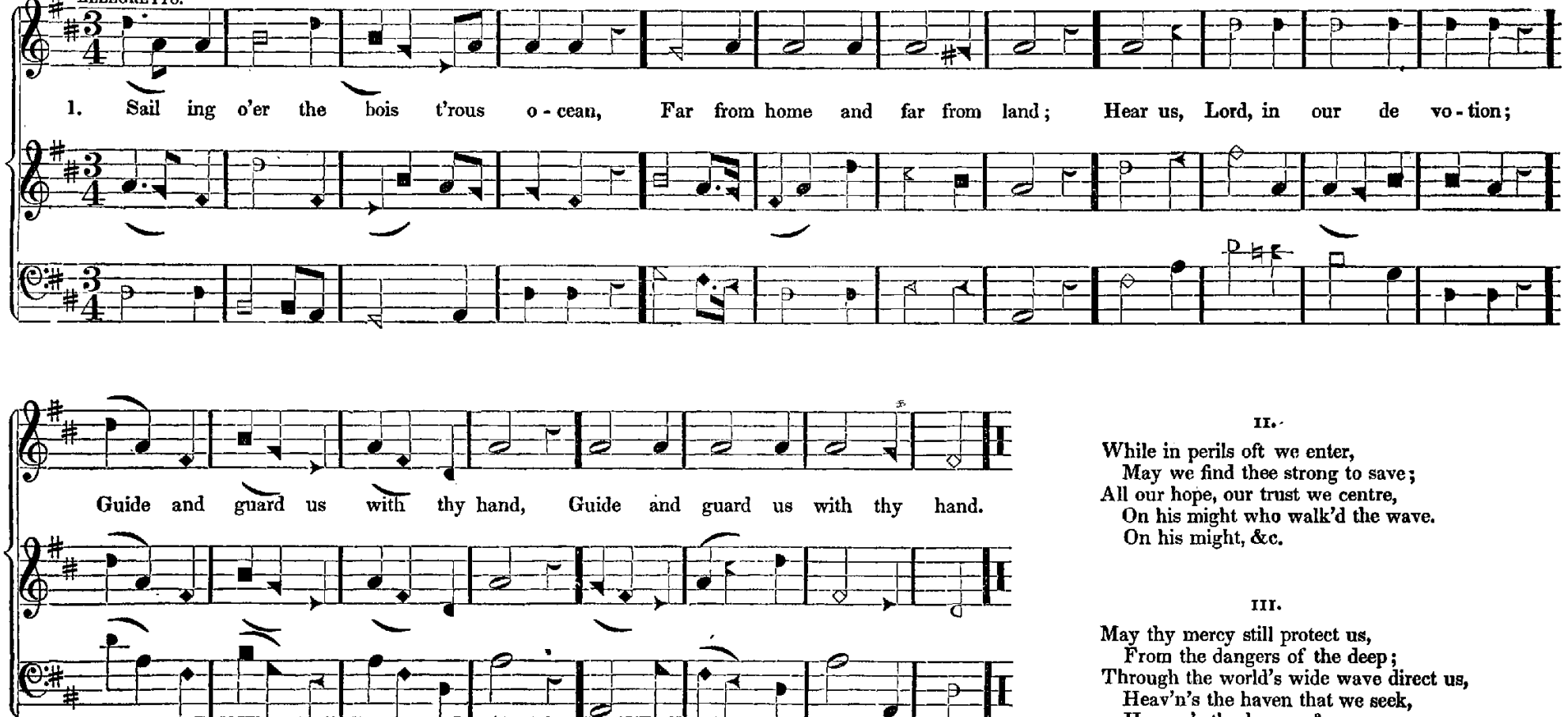
HANTS. S. M.



THE VOYAGER. 8s & 7s. (Single.)

FAWCETT.

ALLEGRETTO.



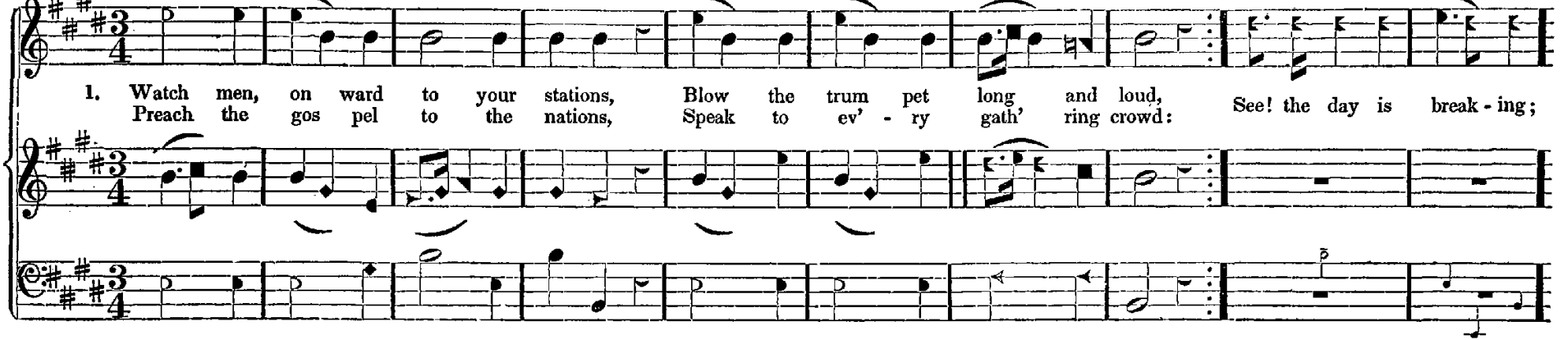
T. S.

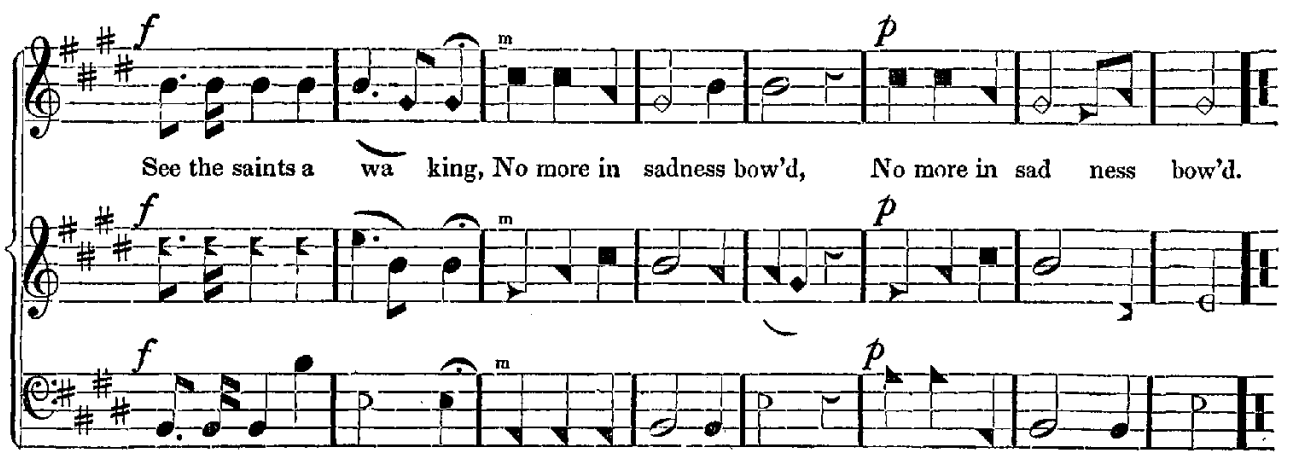
II.

While in perils oft we enter,
May we find thee strong to save;
All our hope, our trust we centre,
On his might who walk'd the wave.
On his might, &c.

III.

May thy mercy still protect us,
From the dangers of the deep;
Through the world's wide wave direct us,
Heav'n's the haven that we seek,
Heaven's the haven, &c.





II.

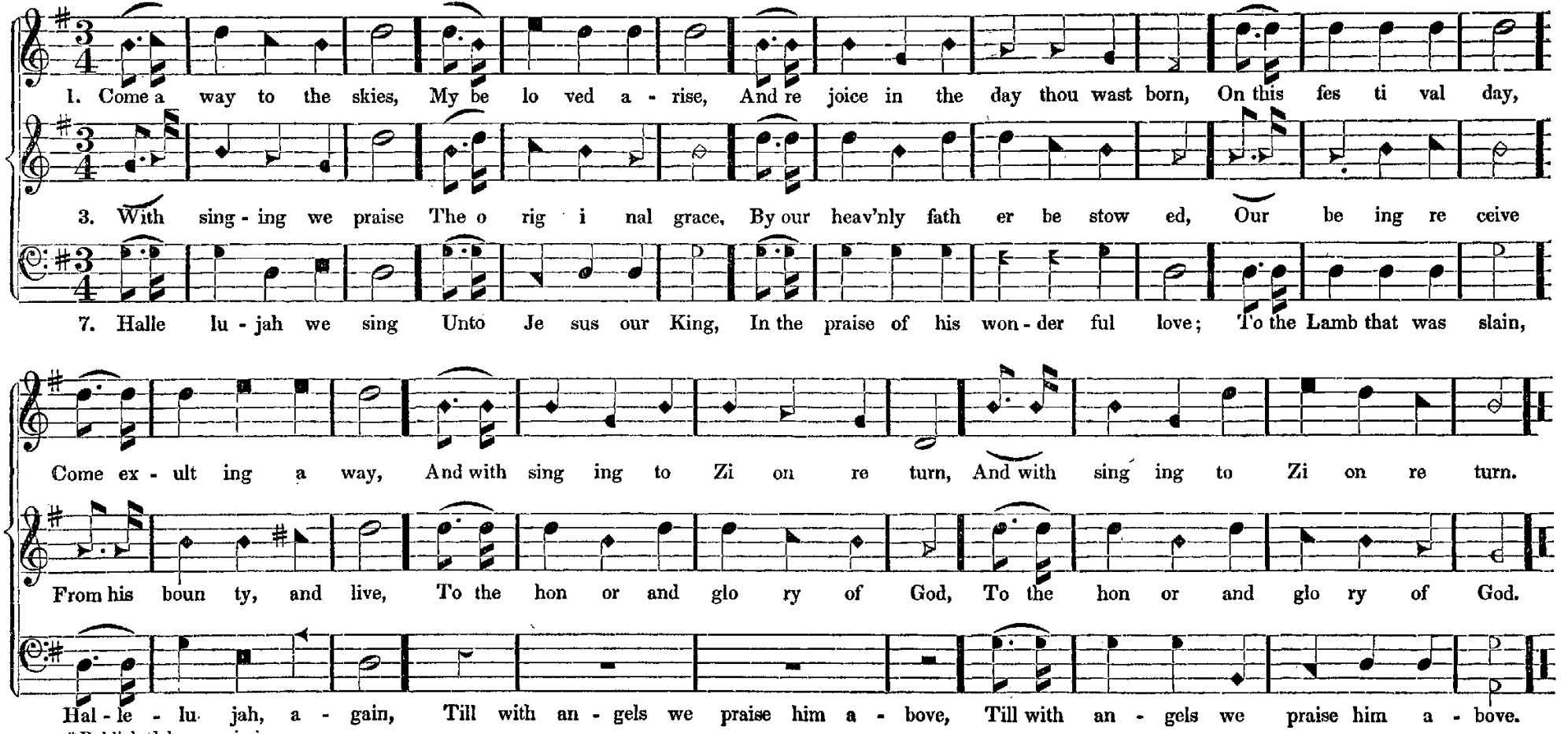
Watchmen, hail the rising glory,
Of the great Messiah's reign,
Tell the Saviour's bleeding story,
Tell it to the listening train,
See his love revealing;
See the Spirit sealing;
'Tis life among the slain!

III.

Watchmen, as the clouds are flying,
As the doves in haste return,
Thousands from amid the dying,
Flee to Christ, his love to learn:
All their sighs and sadness,
Turn to joy and gladness,
When they his grace discern.

ROWLEY.* 6s, & 9s, or 5s, & 8s.

Arranged by L. Mason.



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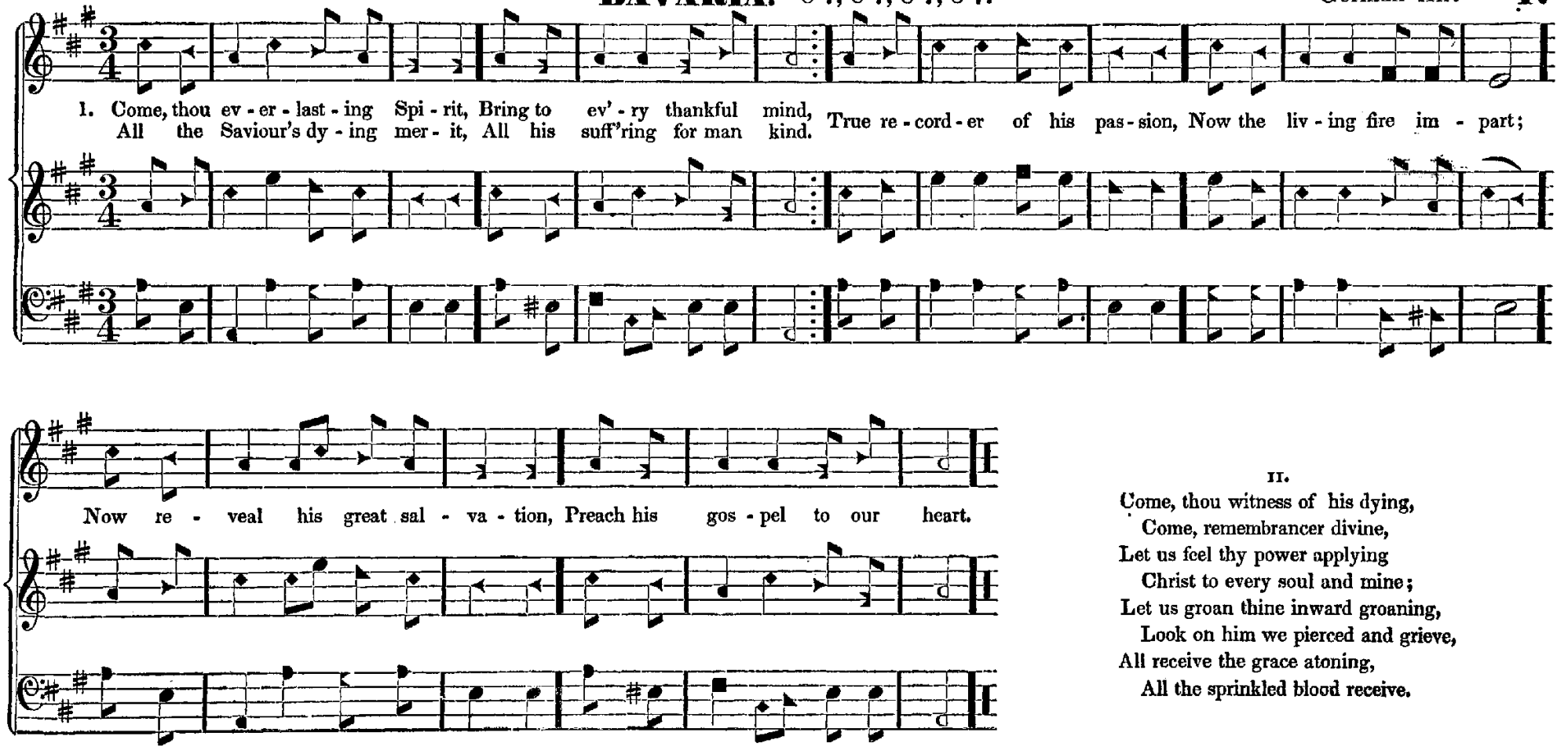
BAVARIA. 8 7, 8 7, 8 7, 8 7. German Air.

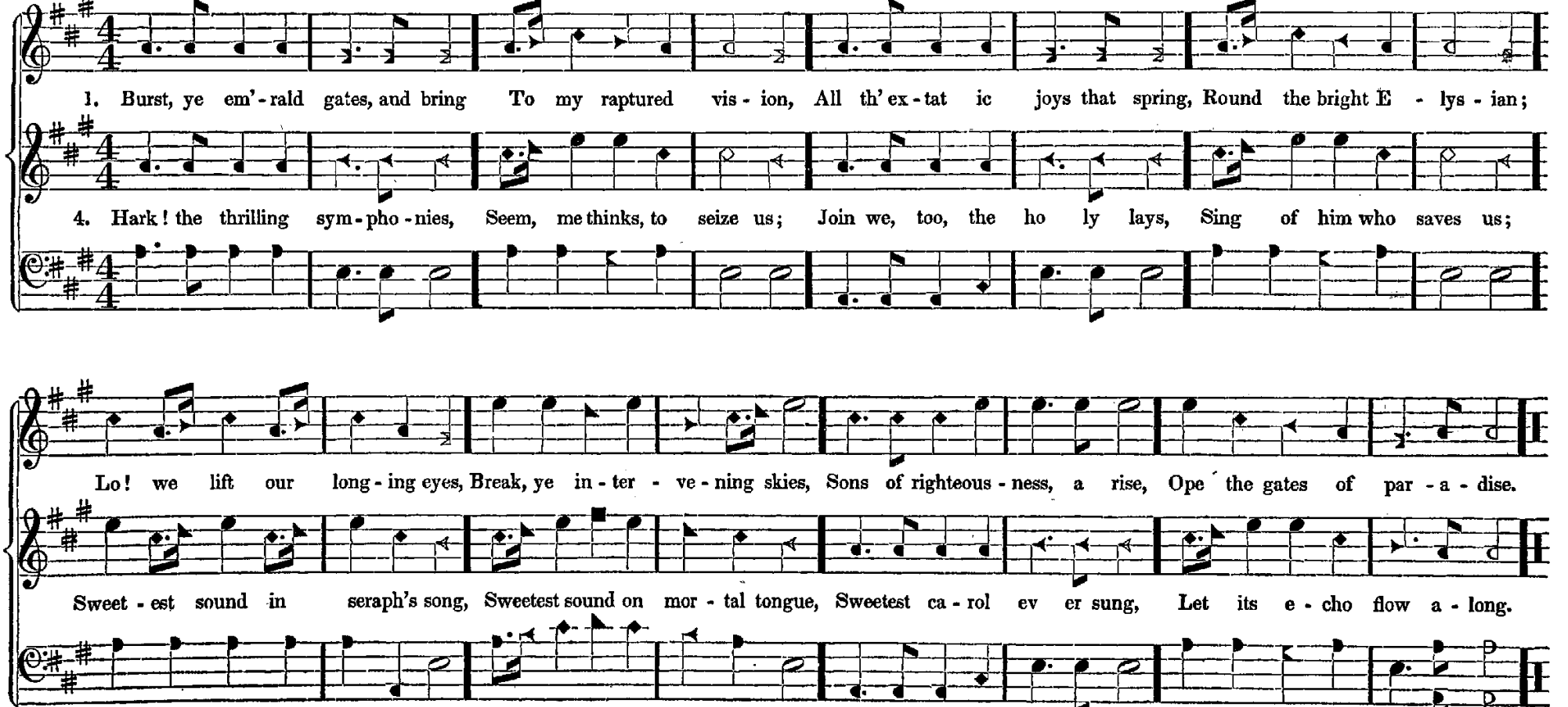


II.

Come, thou witness of his dying,
Come, remembrancer divine,
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul and mine;
Let us groan thine inward groaning,
Look on him we pierced and grieve,
All receive the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive.

MERDIN.* 7s, 6s, & 7s.

Arranged by L. Mason.



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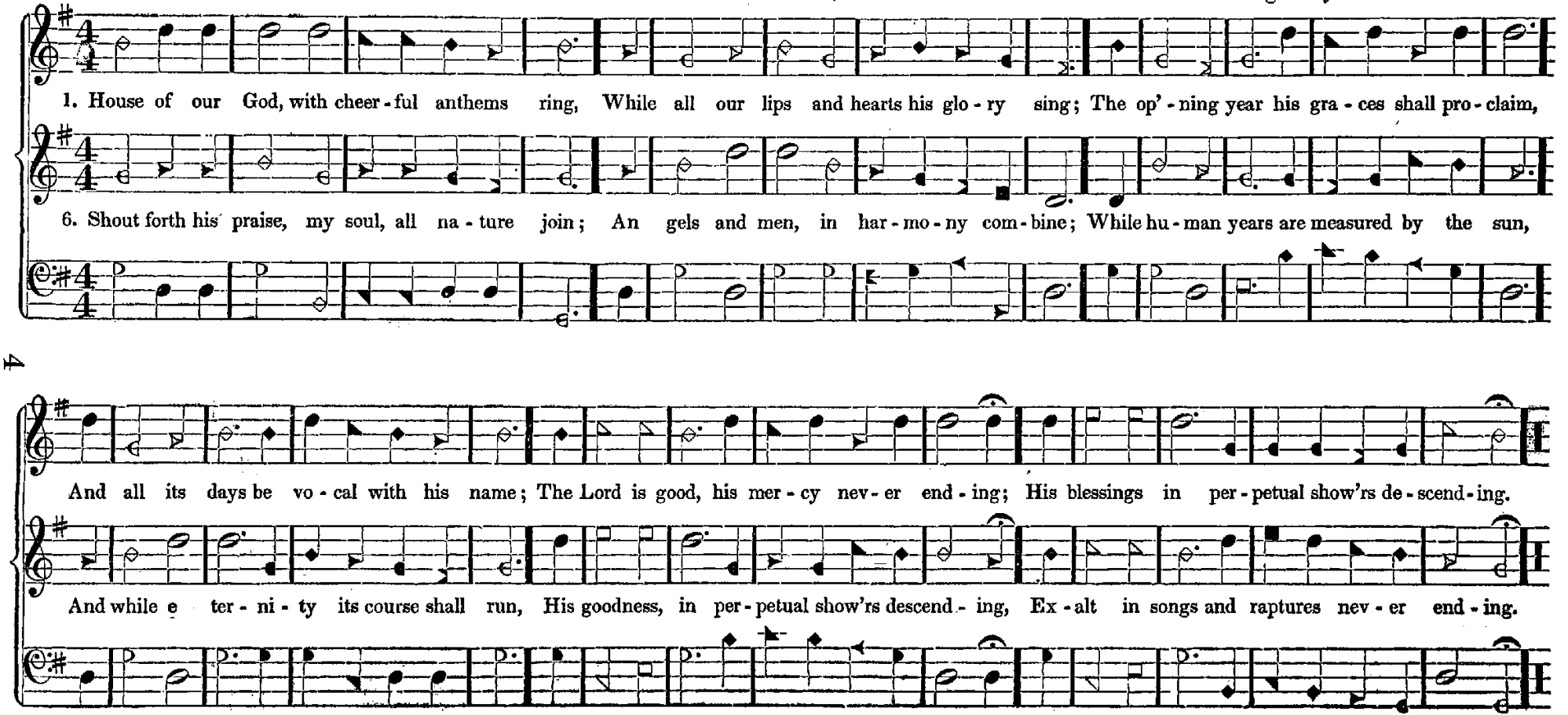

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NORTHAMPTON.* 8s.

Arranged by L. Mason.

1. The win - ter is o - ver and gone, The thrush whistles sweet on the spray, The turtle breathes forth her soft moan, The lark mounts, and warbles a way.

3. A - wake, then, my harp and my lute! Sweet organs, your notes soft - ly swell! No longer my lips shall be mute, The Saviour's high prai - ses to tell!

2. Shall ev e ry creature a round, Their voices in con - cert u - nite, And I, the most favor'd, be found, In praising to take less de - light?

4. His love in my heart shed a - broad, My graces shall bloom as the spring; This tem - ple his spi - rit's a - bode, My joy, as my du - ty, to sing.

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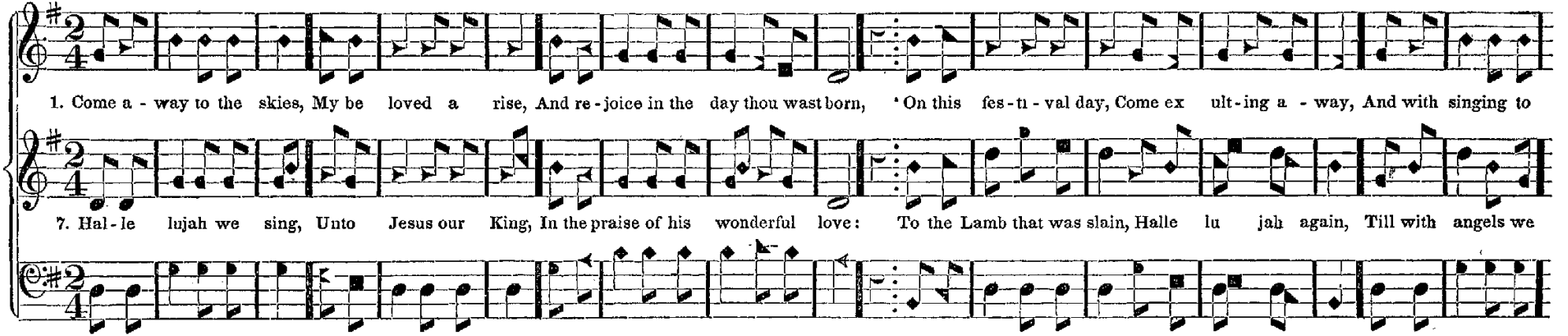
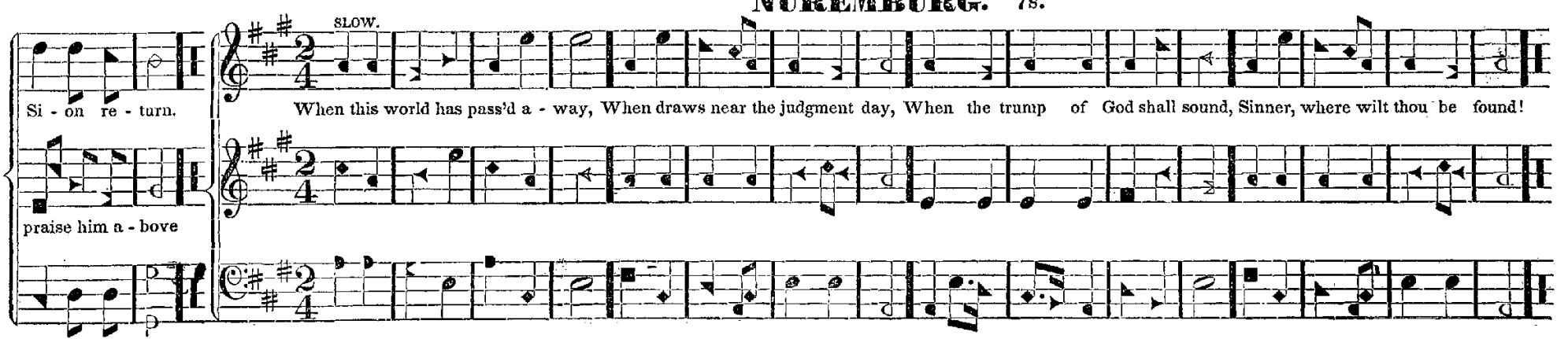
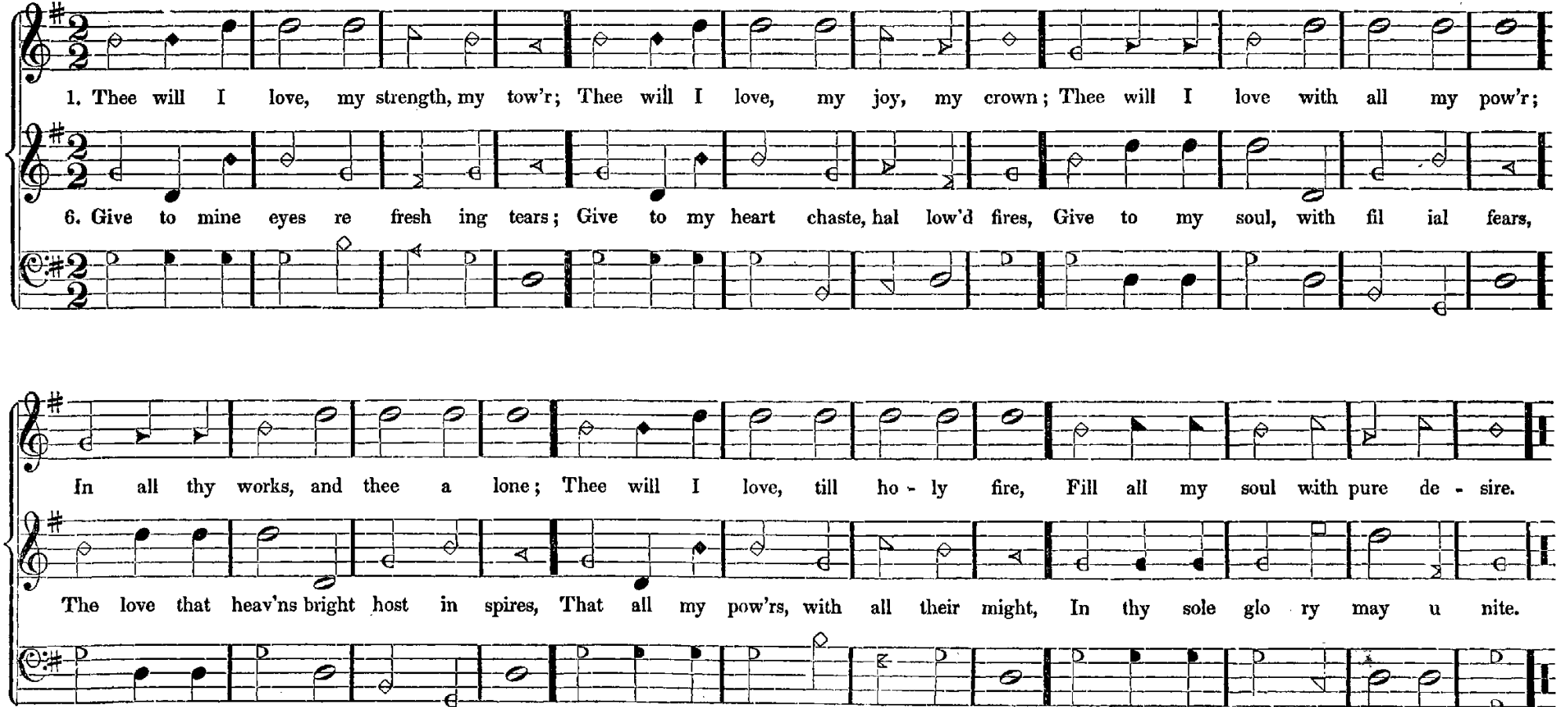


NUREMBURG. 7s.



CATEL.* L. M. 6 lines.

Arranged by L. Mason.



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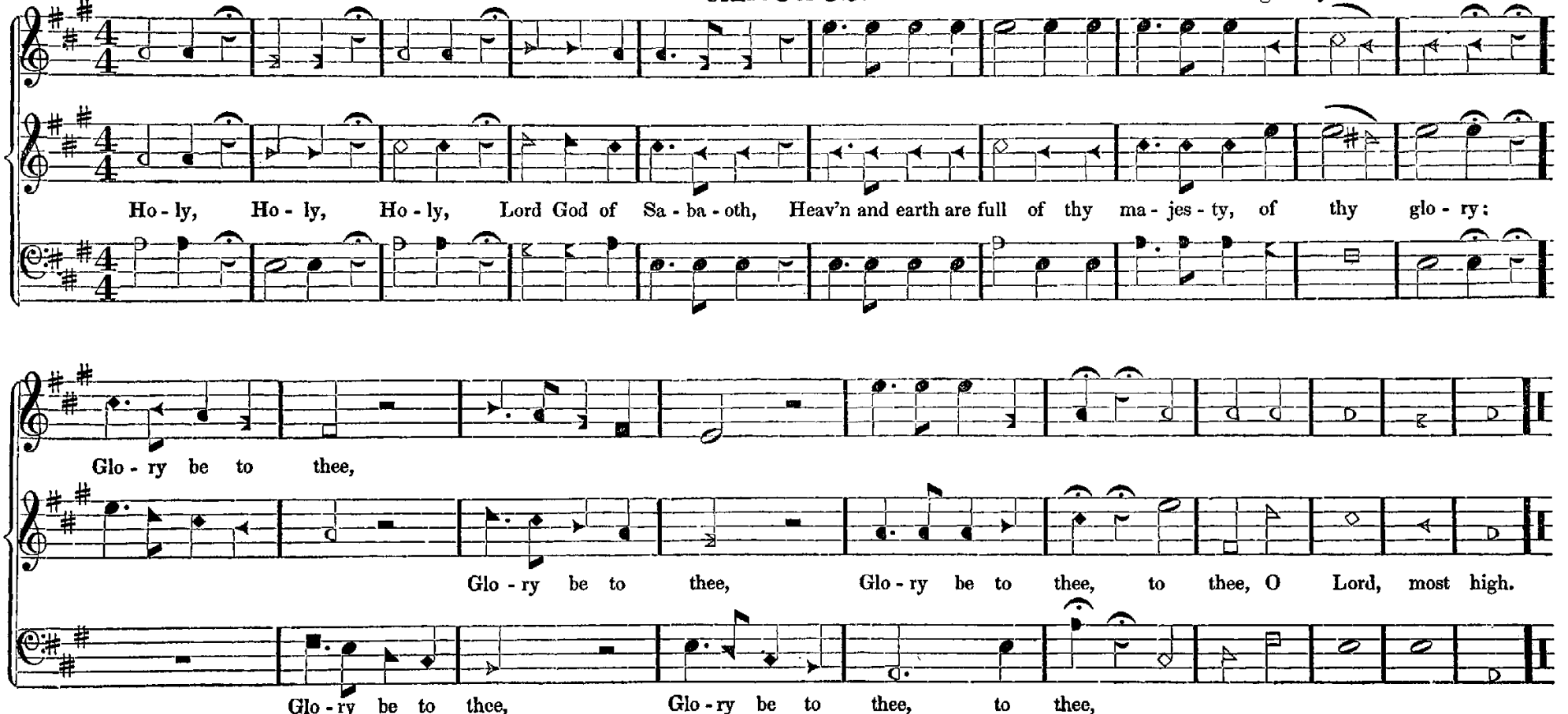
SANCTUS.*

Arranged by L. Mason.



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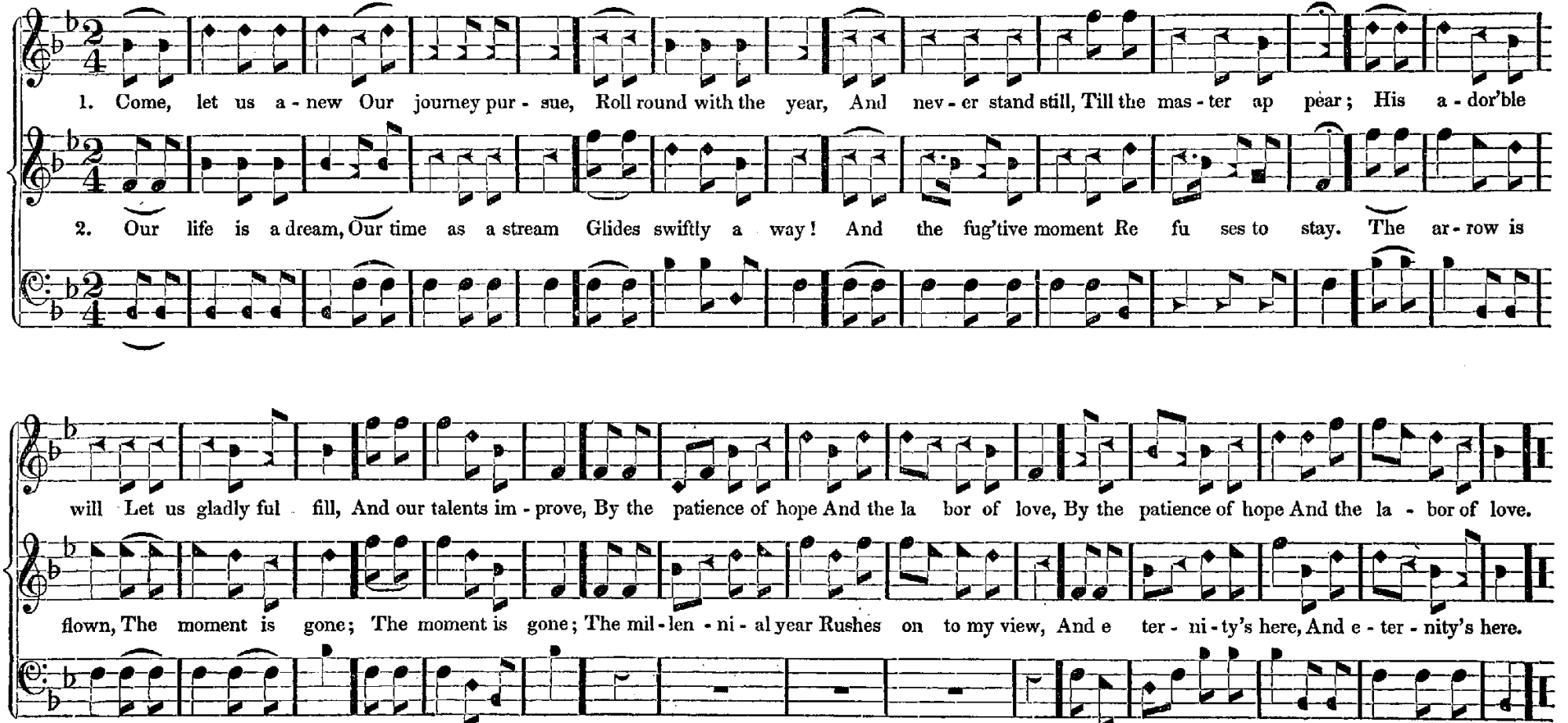
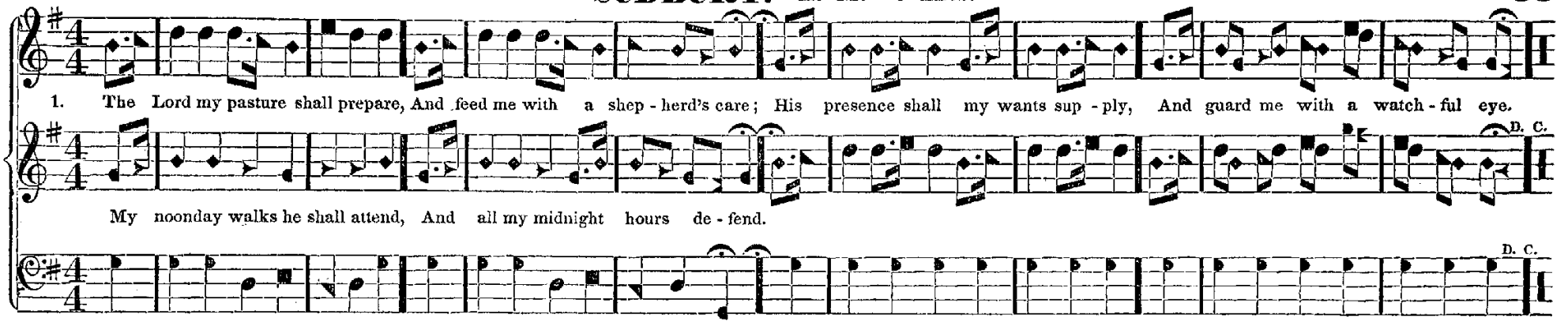
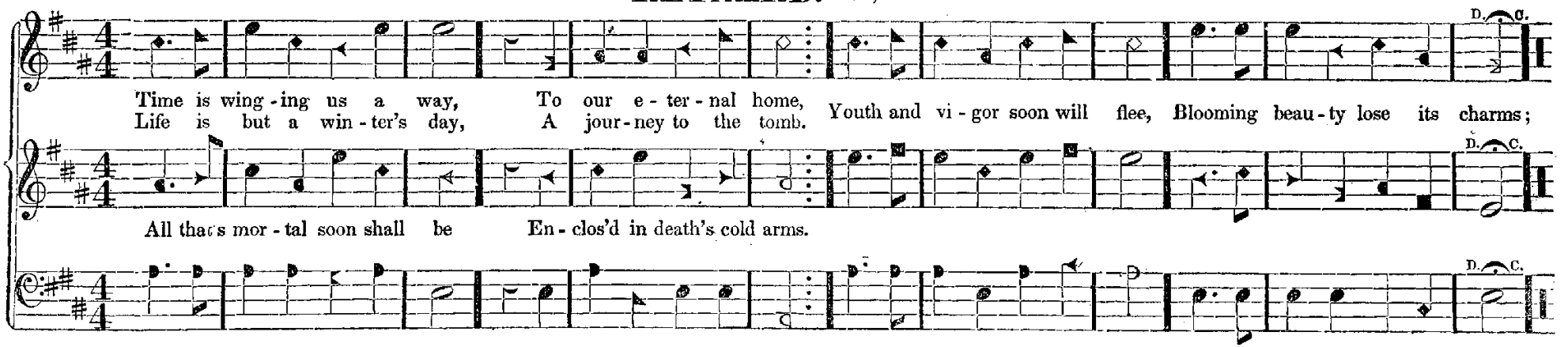

1. Come, let us a - new Our journey pur - sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still, Till the mas - ter ap pear; His a - dor'ble
2. Our life is a dream, Our time as a stream Glides swiftly a way! And the fug'tive moment Re fu ses to stay. The ar - row is
will Let us gladly ful - fill, And our talents im - prove, By the patience of hope And the la bor of love, By the patience of hope And the la - bor of love.
flown, The moment is gone; The moment is gone; The mil - len - ni - al year Rushes on to my view, And e ter - ni - ty's here, And e - ter - nity's here.

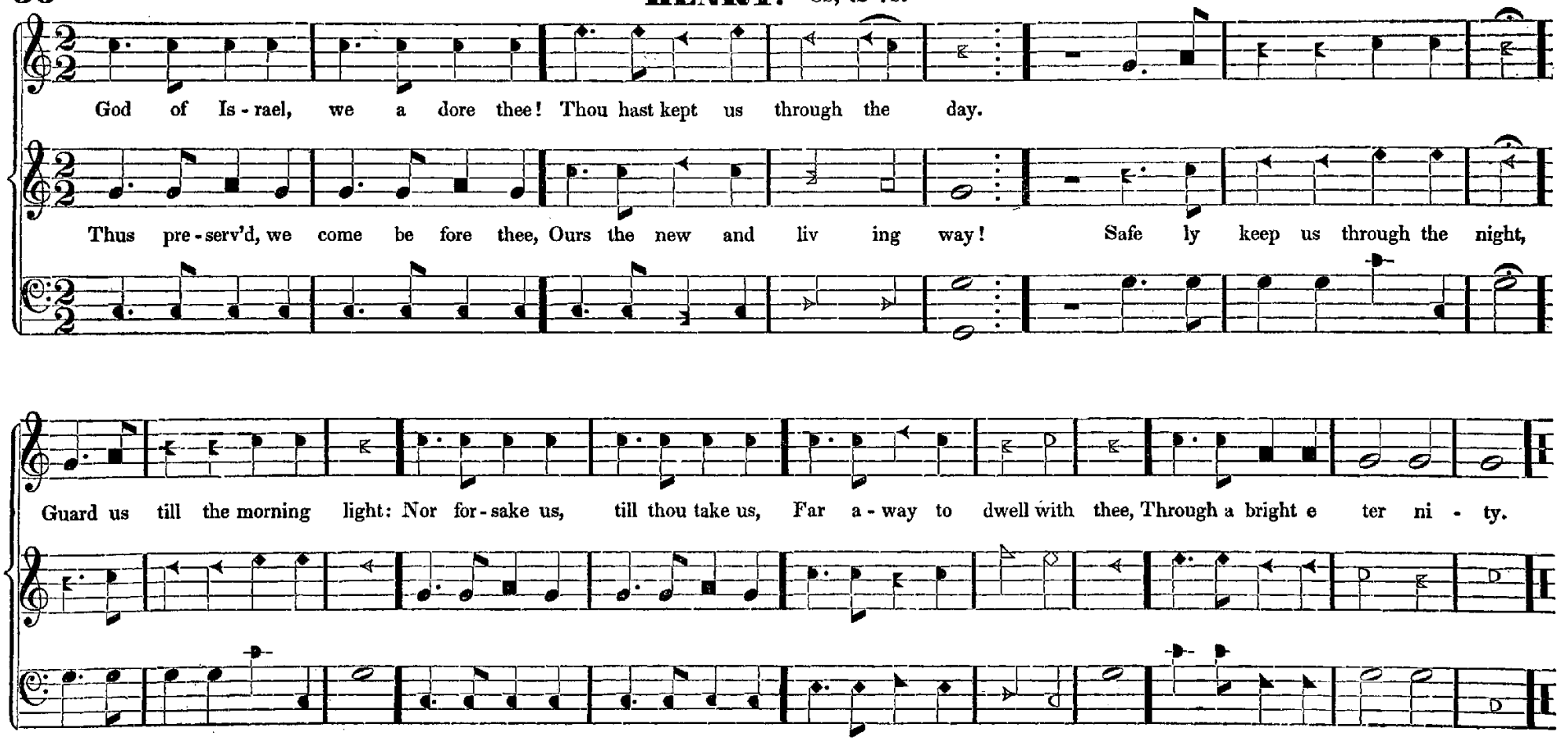
SUDBURY. L. M. 6 lines.



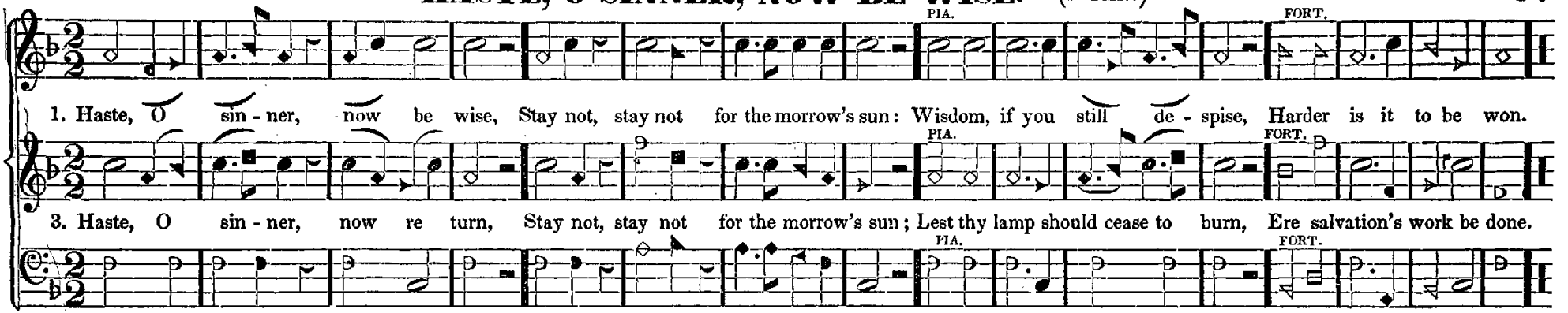
REYNARD. 7s, & 6s.



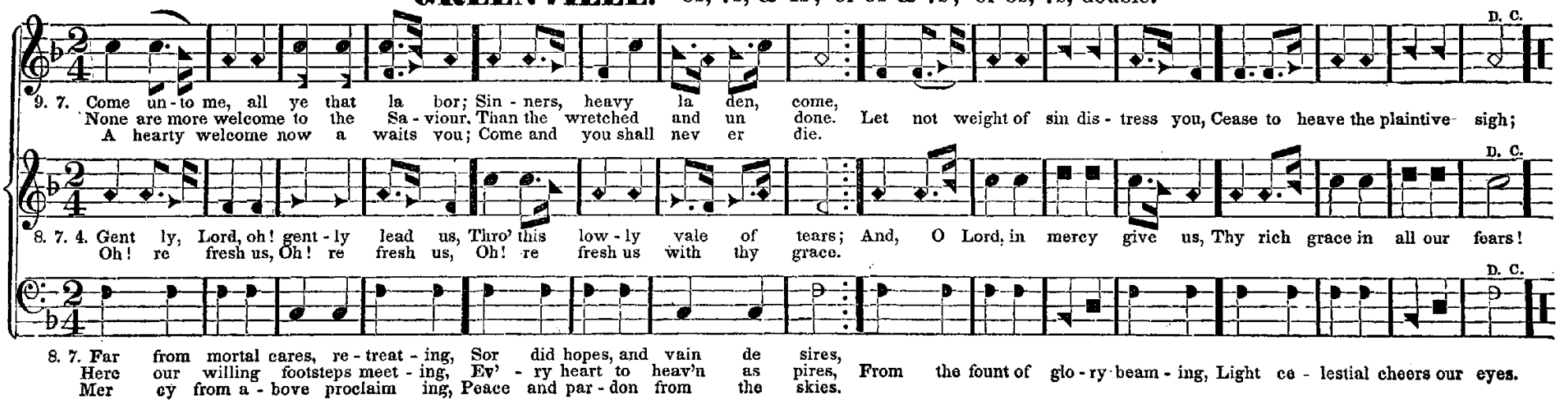
HENRY. 8s, & 7s.


God of Is - rael, we a dore thee! Thou hast kept us through the day.
Thus pre - serv'd, we come be fore thee, Ours the new and liv ing way! Safe ly keep us through the night,
Guard us till the morning light: Nor for - sake us, till thou take us, Far a - way to dwell with thee, Through a bright e ter ni - ty.

'HASTE, O SINNER, NOW BE WISE.' (Hymn.)



GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s, & 4s; or 9s & 7s; or 8s, 7s, double.



PENITENCE. 7 6, 7 6, 7 8, 7 6.

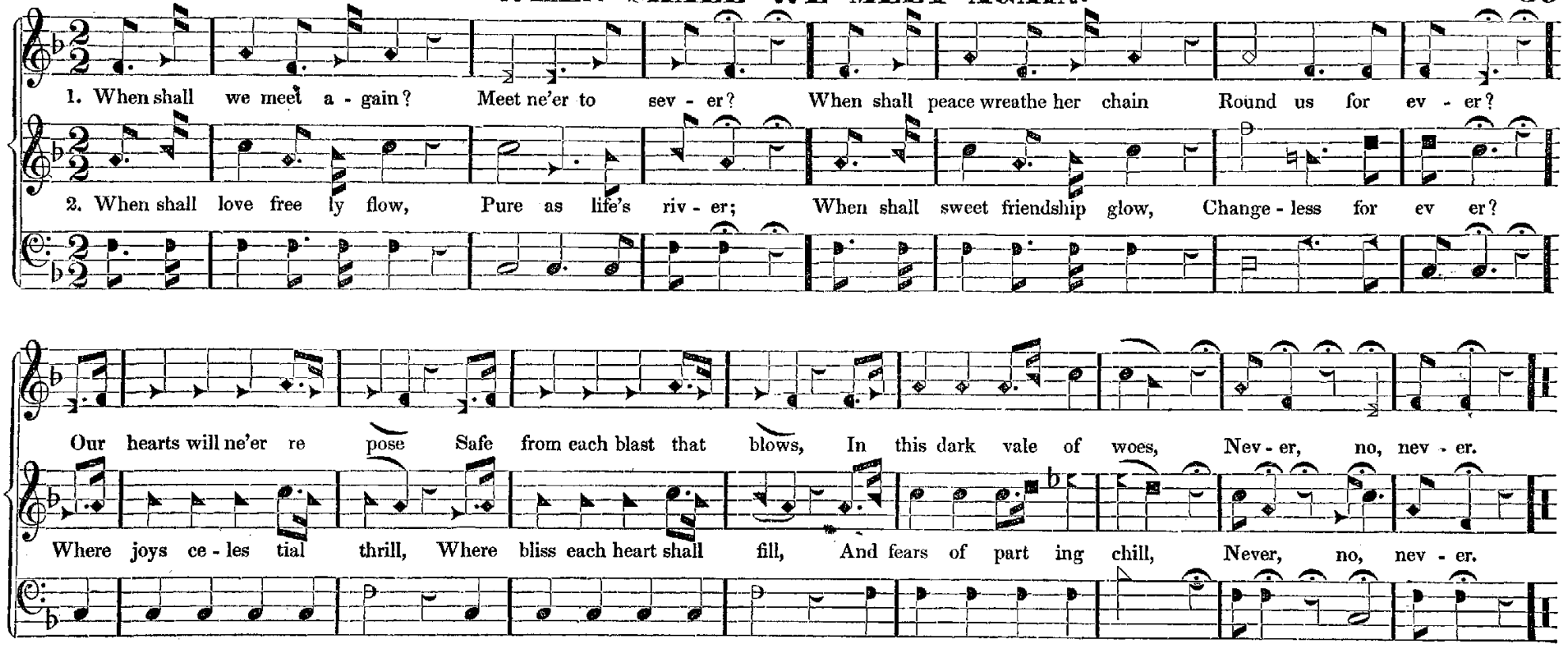
W. H. Oakley.

1. Je sus, let thy pit' - ing eye, Call back a wand'ring sheep; False to thee, like Pe ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.

2. Saviour, Prince, en - thron'd a bove, Re - pentance to im - part, Give me, through thy dy ing love, The hum - ble, con - trite heart.

Let me be by grace re - stor'd; On me be all long suff'ring shown, Turn, and look up on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Give, what I have long im - plor'd, A por tion of thy grief unknown, Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

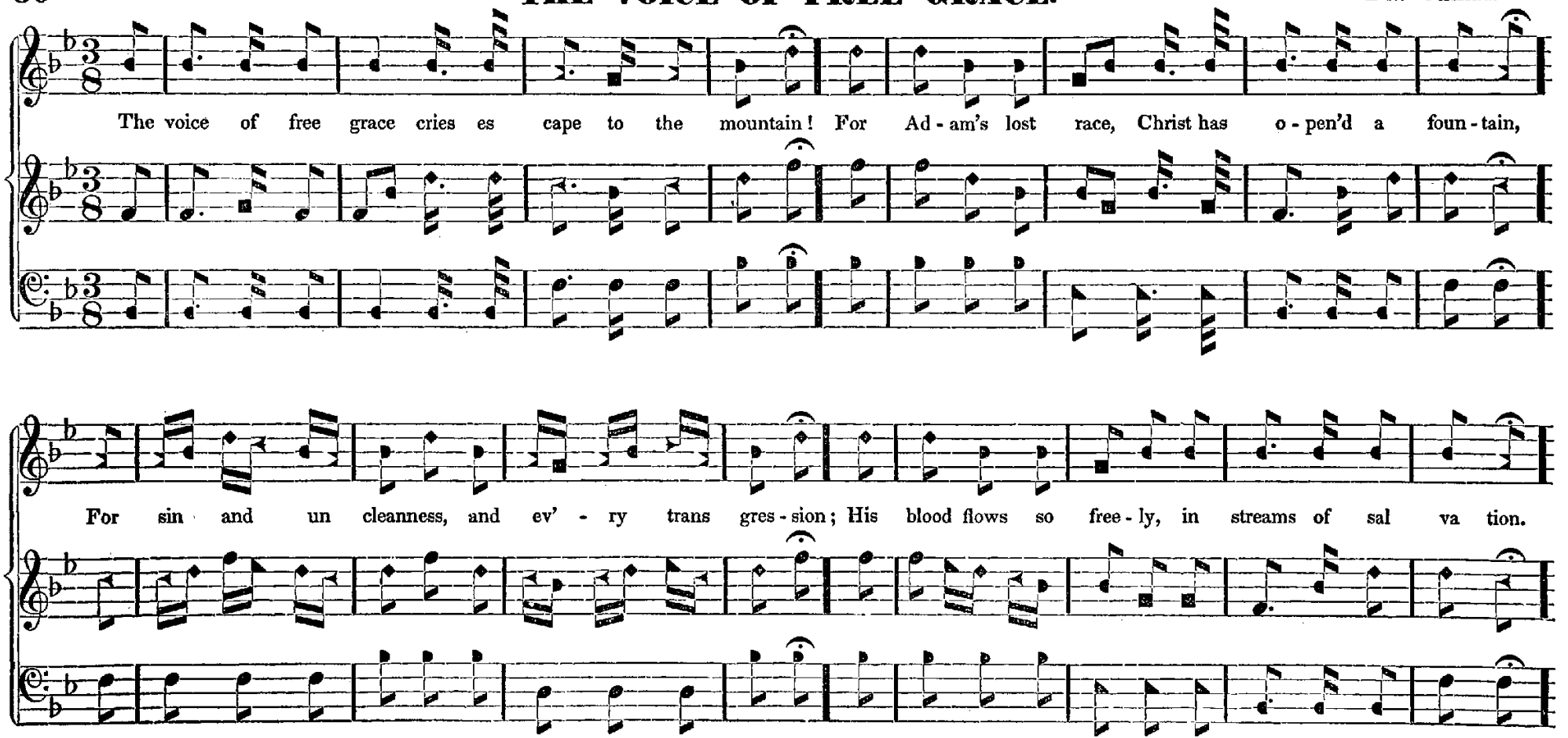


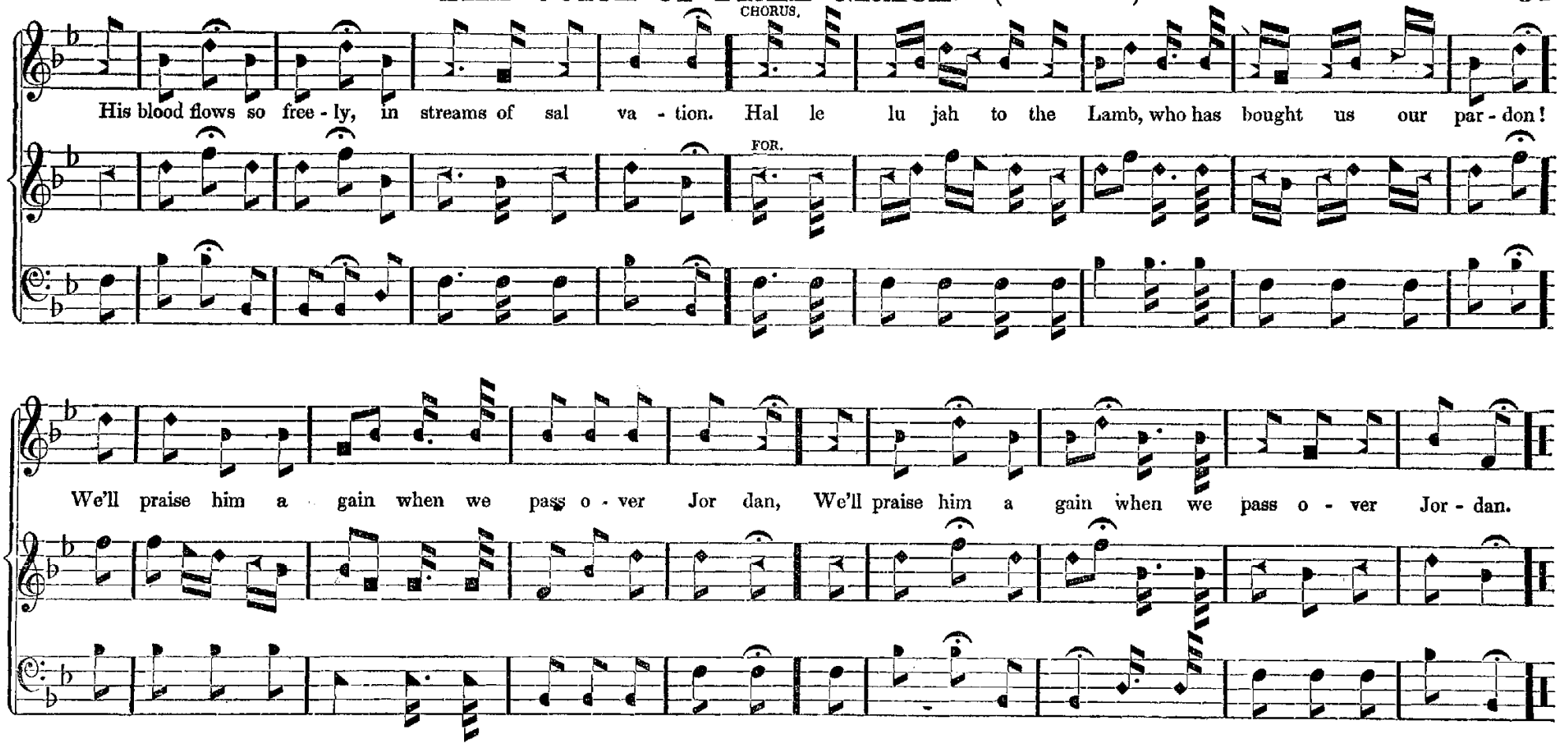
3. Up to that world of light
Where kindred spirits dwell,
Take us, dear Saviour;
There may our music swell,
May we all there unite
And time our joys dispel
Happy forever!
Never, no never.

4. Soon shall we meet again,
Our hearts will then repose,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Secure from worldly woes;
Soon will peace wreathe her chain,
Our songs of praise shall close,
Round us forever;
Never, no, never.

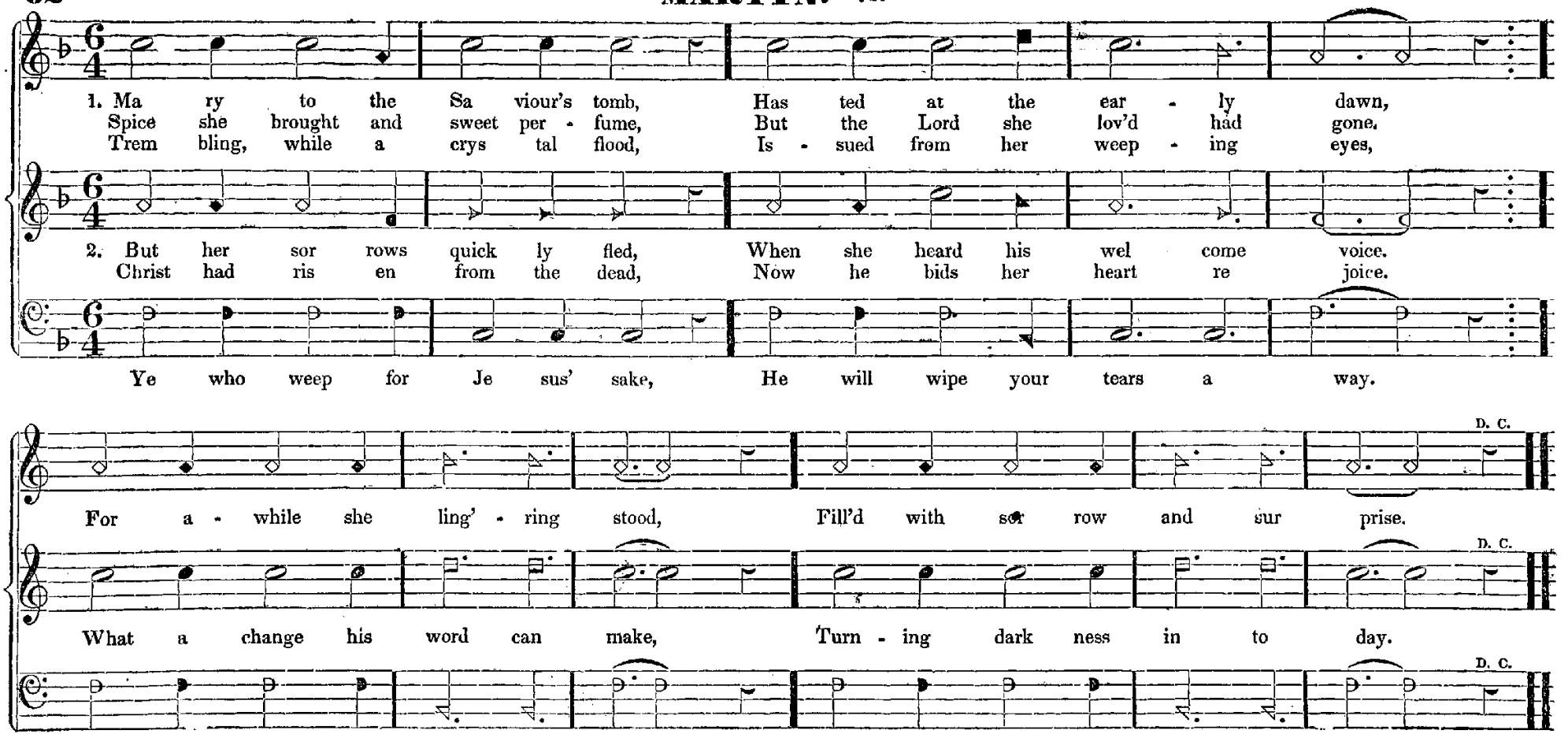
'THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE.'

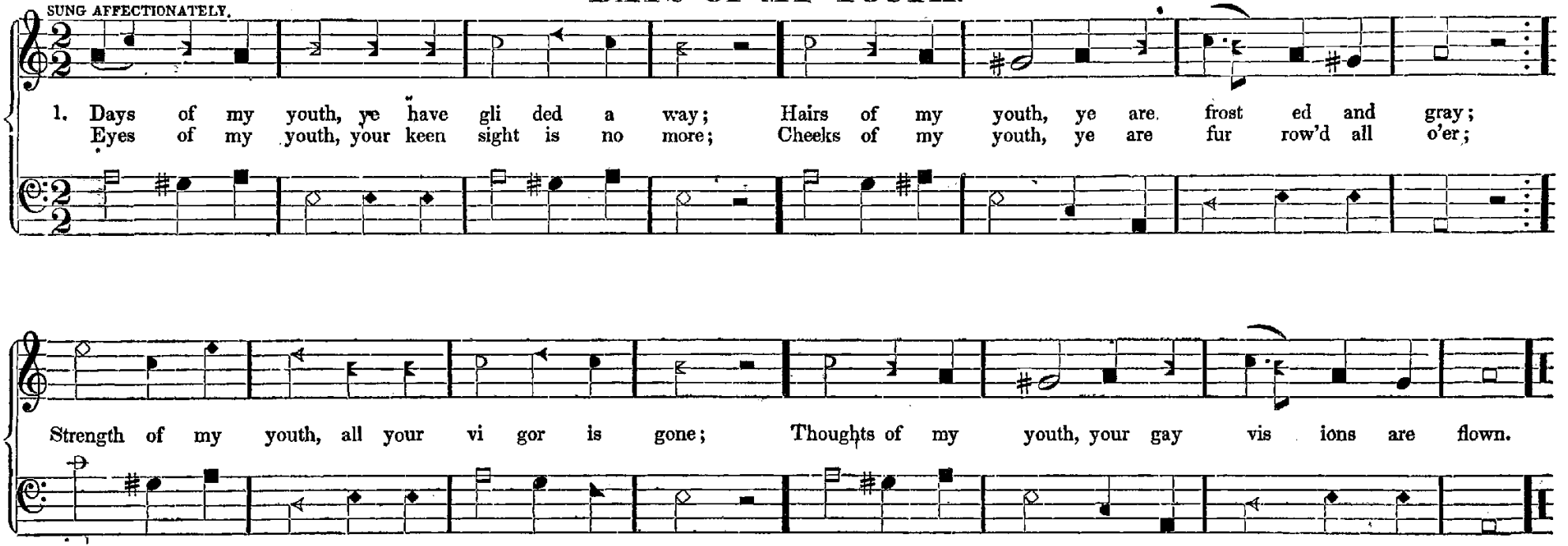
Dr. Clark.




CHORUS.
FOR.
His blood flows so free - ly, in streams of sal va - tion. Hal le lu jah to the Lamb, who has bought us our par - don!
We'll praise him a gain when we pass o - ver Jor dan, We'll praise him a gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

MARTYN. 7s.


1. Ma ry to the Sa viour's tomb, Has ted at the ear - ly dawn,
Spice she brought and sweet per - fume, But the Lord she lov'd had gone.
Trem bling, while a crys tal flood, Is - sued from her weep - ing eyes,
2. But her sor rows quick ly fled, When she heard his wel come voice.
Christ had ris en from the dead, Now he bids her heart re joice.
Ye who weep for Je sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a way.
For a - while she ling' - ring stood, Fill'd with sor row and sur prise.
What a change his word can make, Turn - ing dark ness in to day.
D. C.
D. C.
D. C.



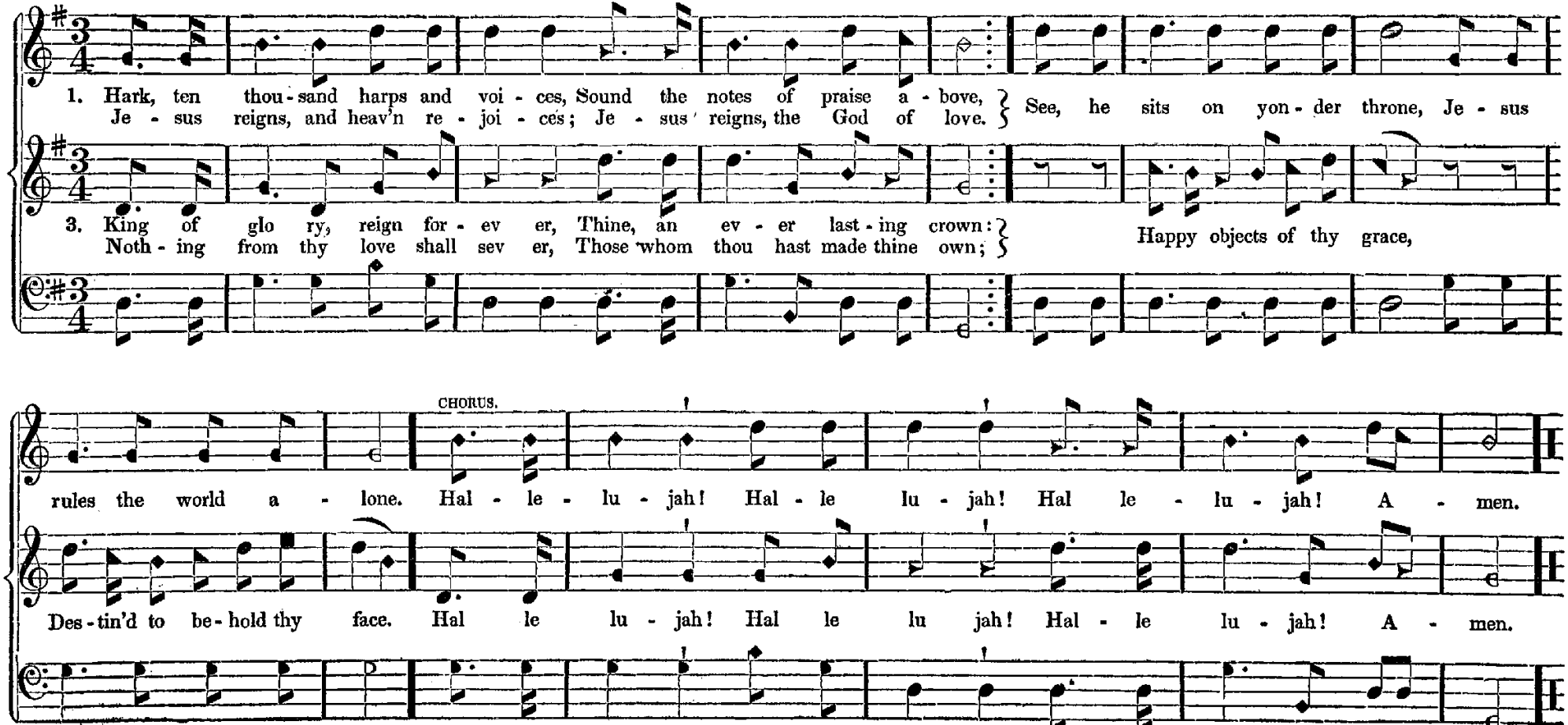
II.

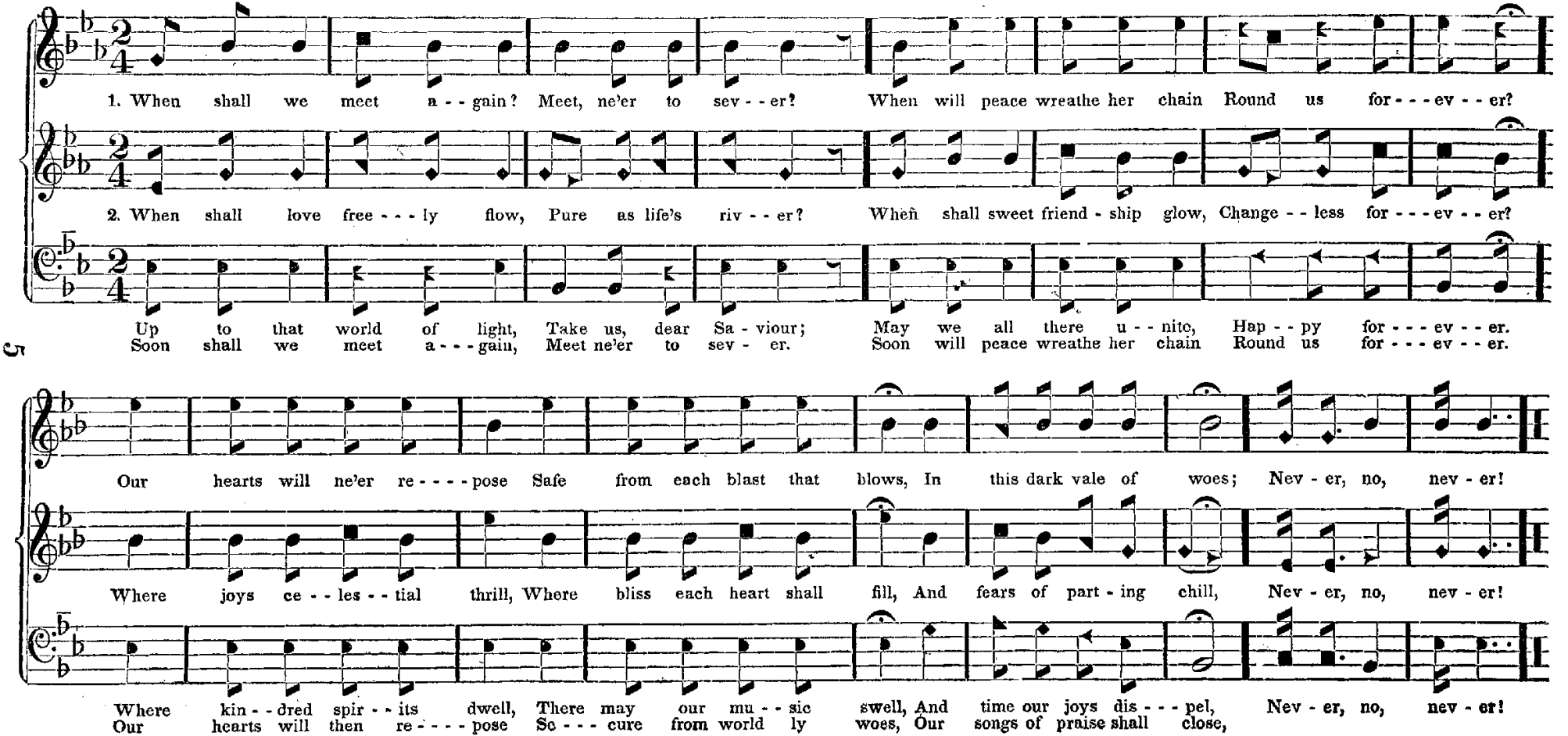
Days of my youth, I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall;
Eyes of my youth, ye much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears ye have been;
Thoughts of my youth, ye have led me astray;
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay?

III.

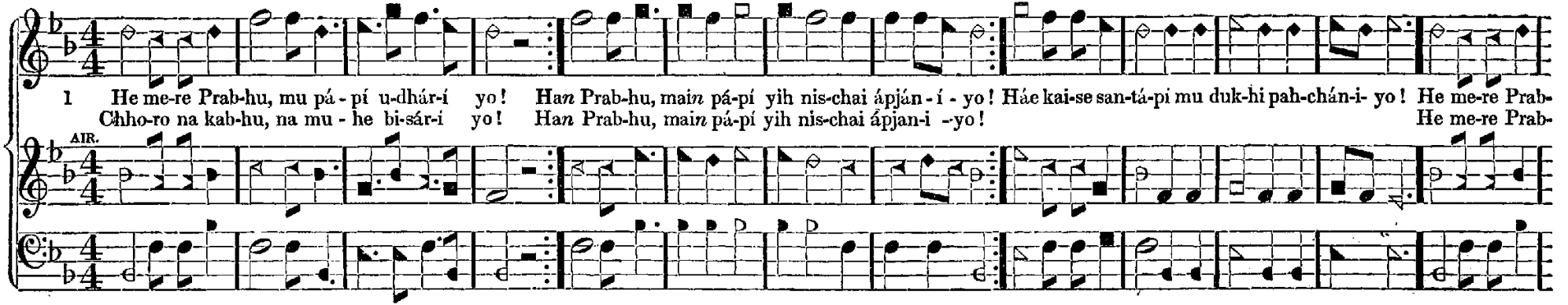
Days of my age, ye will shortly be pass'd;
Pains of my age, yet awhile can ye last;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age, be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age, be ye fix'd on your God.

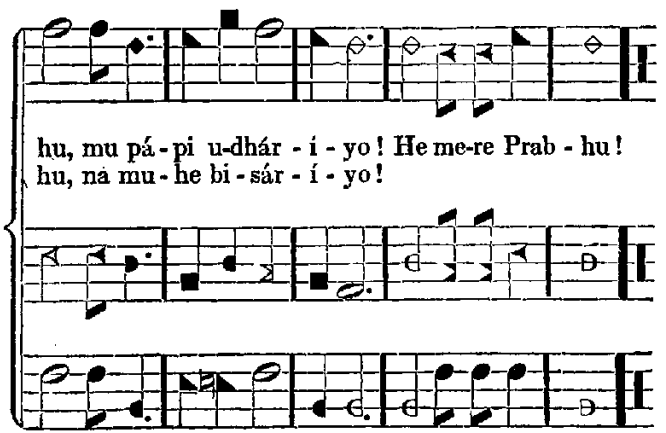
MOUNT JOY. 8s, & 7s.




1. When shall we meet a - - gain? Meet, ne'er to sev - - er? When will peace wreathe her chain Round us for - - - ev - - er?
2. When shall love free - - - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - - er? When shall sweet friend - ship glow, Change - - less for - - - ev - - er?
Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Sa - viour; May we all there u - - nite, Hap - - py for - - - ev - - er.
Soon shall we meet a - - - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er. Soon will peace wreathe her chain Round us for - - - ev - - er.
Our hearts will ne'er re - - - - pose Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes; Nev - er, no, nev - er!
Where joys ce - - les - - tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of part - ing chill, Nev - er, no, nev - er!
Where kin - - dred spir - - its dwell, There may our mu - - sic swell, And time our joys dis - - - pel, Nev - er, no, nev - er!
Our hearts will then re - - - - pose Se - - - cure from world ly woes, Our songs of praise shall close,

YAMUNA.* (A Hindu Tune.)





1. He mere Prabhu, mu pápí udháriyo!
Chhoro na kabhu, na muhe bisáríyo!

Hán Prabhu, main pápí, yih nischai áp jáníyo!
Hán Prabhu, main pápí, yih nischai ap jáníyo!
Háe! kaise santápí, mu dukhi pahcháníyo!
He mere Prabhu, mu pápí udháriyo
Chhoro na kabhu, na muhe bisáríyo
He mere Prabhu!

2. He kirpá niketu, mu pàpi pai bákhíyo
Aur táran ke hetu, muhe charan pai rákhiyo.

3. Main ati asudh, *a*sudh ko sudh karíyo
Main ati nirbudh, *nir*budh ko budh bhariyo.

4. Jab howegá maran, tab Prabhu shánt kariyo
Aur jab log hai jiwan, muhe prem karke bhariyo.

1. O, my Lord, deliver me, a sinner;
Forsake me not, nor forget me.

Yes, Lord, I am sinful, thou very well knowest,
Yes, Lord, I am sinful, thou very well knowest,
Ah! how sad and pained; thou see'st me!
O, my Lord, deliver me, a sinner;
Forsake me not, nor forget me,
O my Lord!

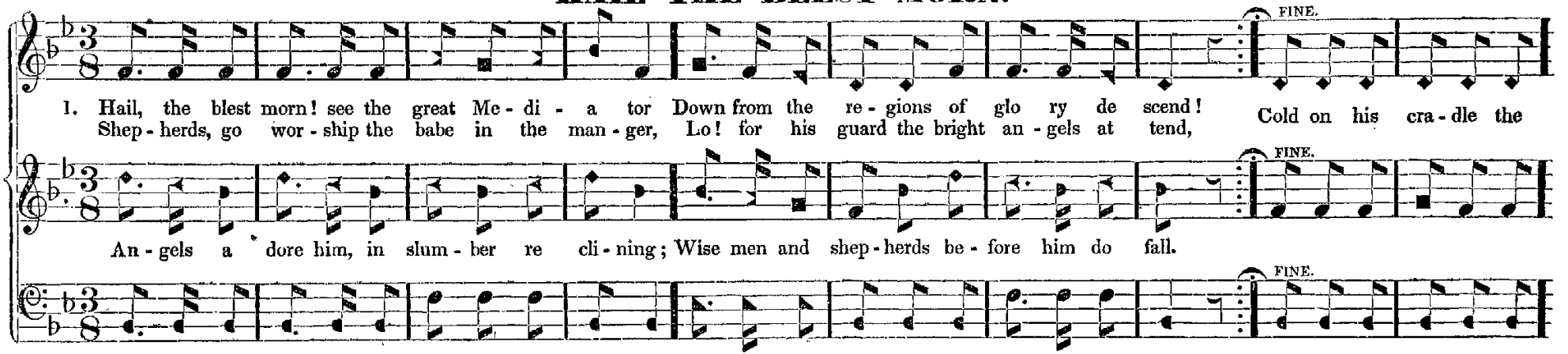
2. O thou gracious Friend, behold me, a sinner;
And thou, Deliverer, keep me at thy feet.

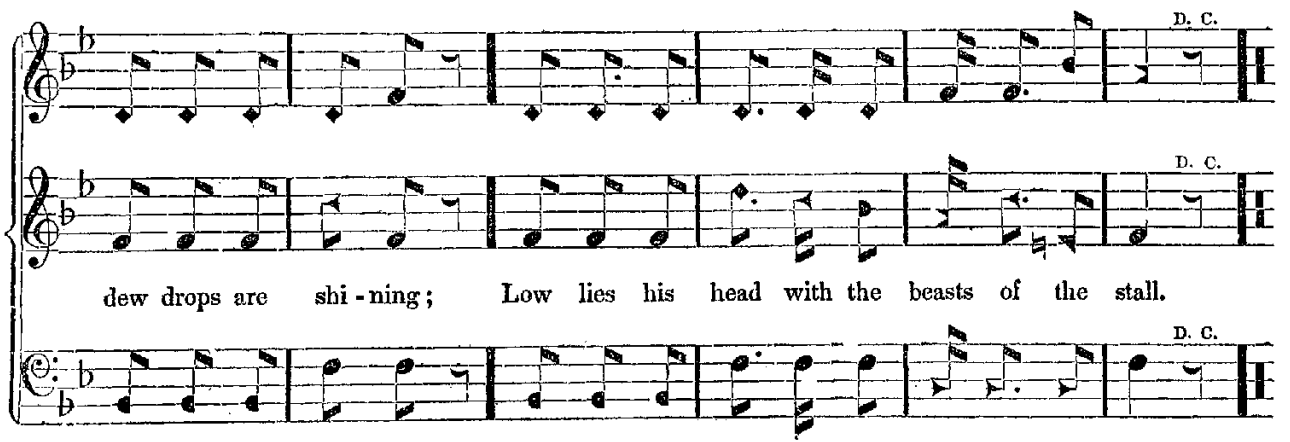
3. I am deeply impure, from impure make me pure,
I am most ignorant, give me understanding.

4. When death comes, then Lord do thou comfort;
And while life lasts, fill me with thy love.

*The air of this tune was sent to the United States by the Rev. J. Wilson, of Allahabad, and was harmonized by the kind services of Mr. D. Church, of New York. This air, like Hindu music generally, is of rather a monotonous character, but it will be perhaps interesting to many of our singers, because it shows in part, the kind of music with which the worship of the true God is performed by some of those who were lately singing the praise of idols.

Note.—In singing the English words to this tune, slurs must be used.





2. Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine,
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold we his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

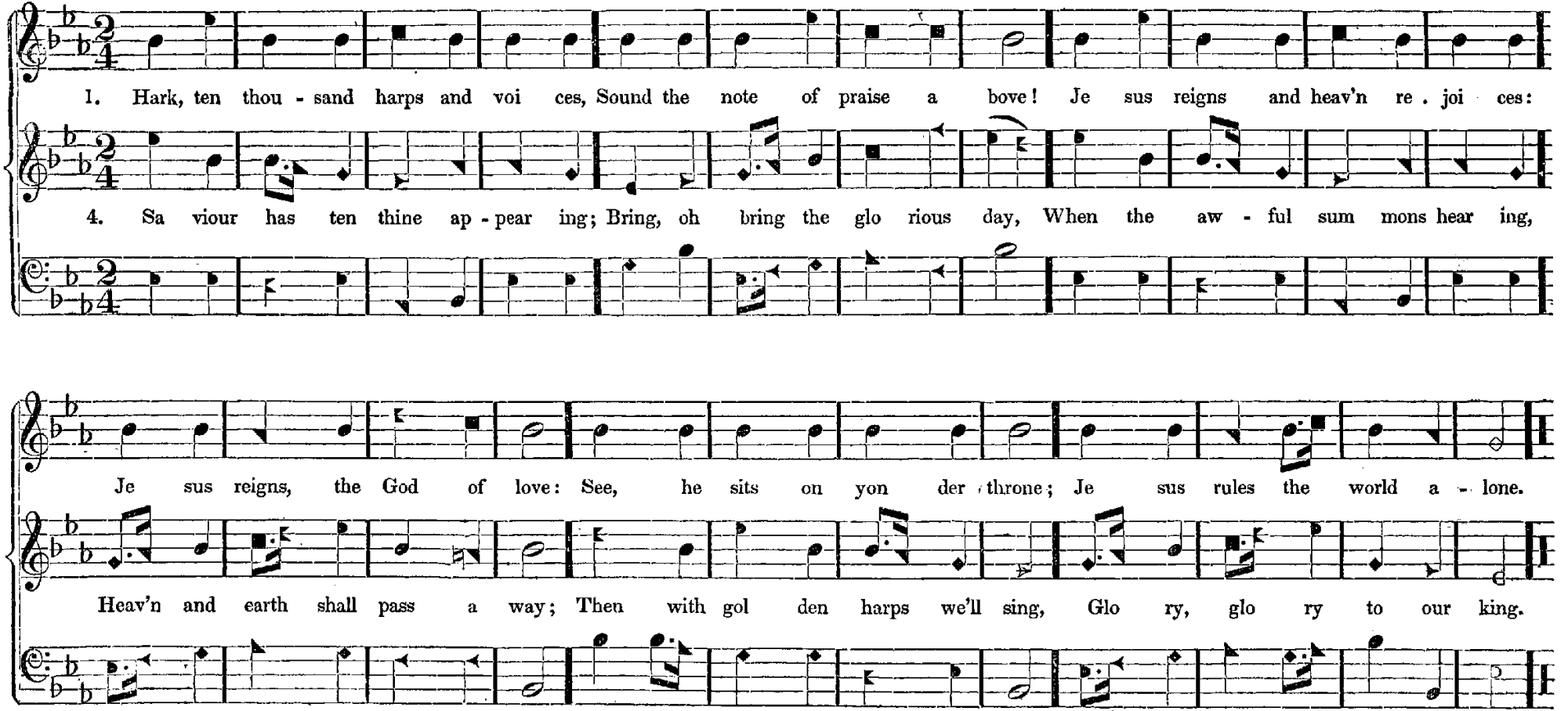
3. Low at his feet, we in humble prostration,
Lose all our sorrow, and trouble, and strife;
There we receive his divine consolation,
Flowing afresh from the Fountain of Life.

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid.

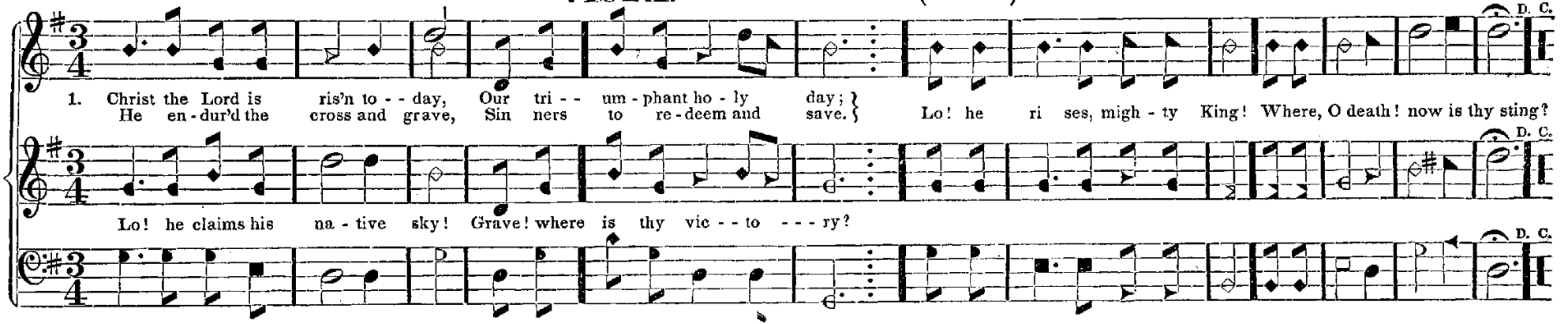
EDGAR.* 8s, 7s, & 7s.

Arranged by L. Mason.

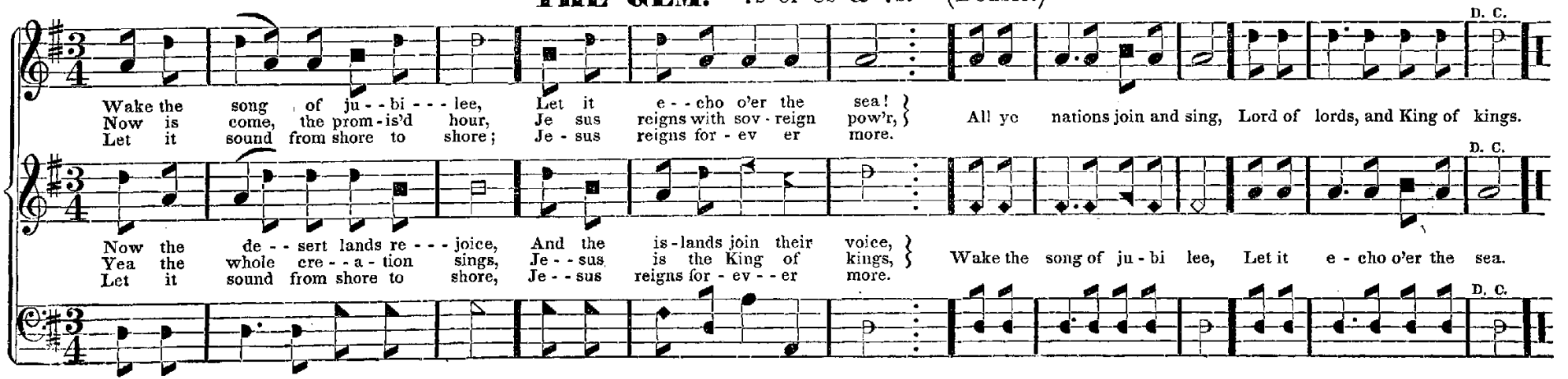


*Published by permission.

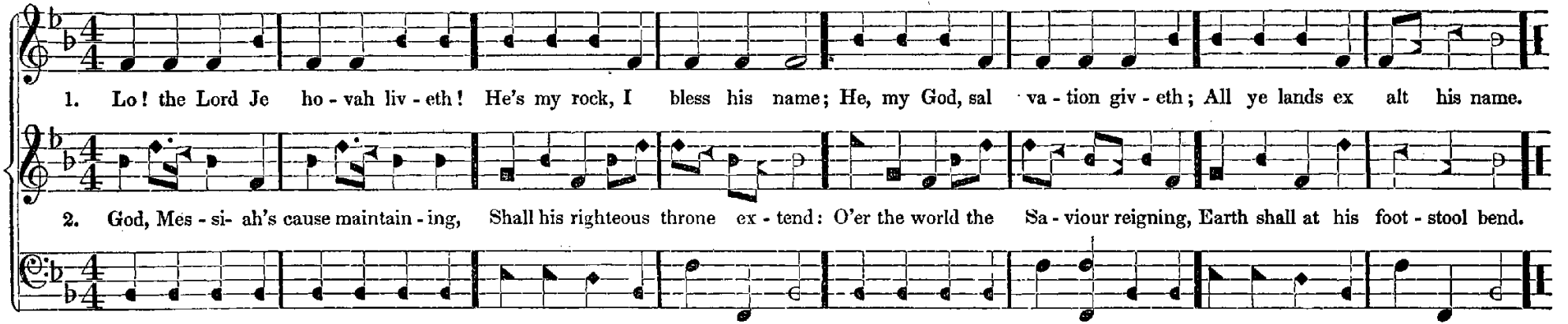
VISTA. 7s or 8s & 7s. (Double.)



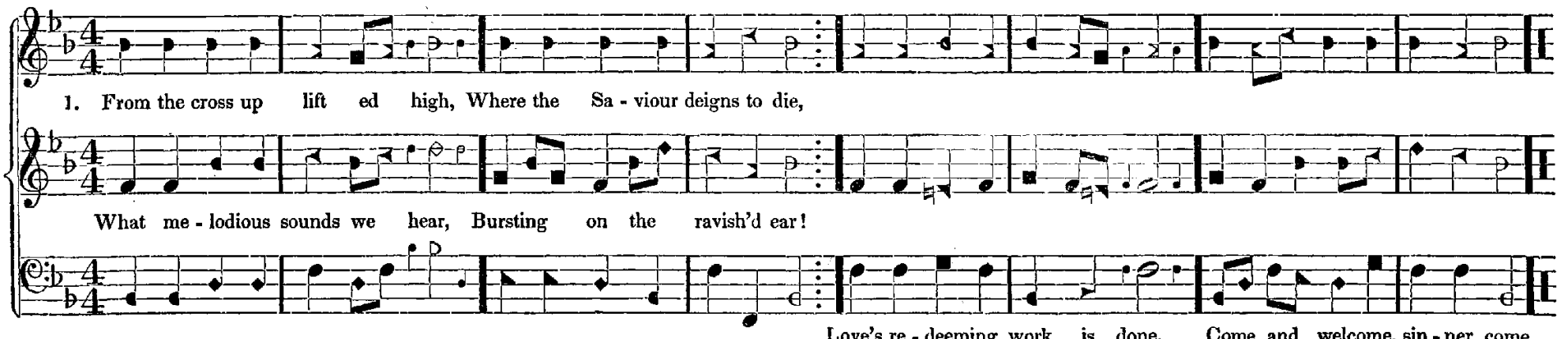
THE GEM. 7s or 8s & 7s. (Double.)



WILMOT. 8s & 7s, or 7s.



ROSEFIELD. 7s, or 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

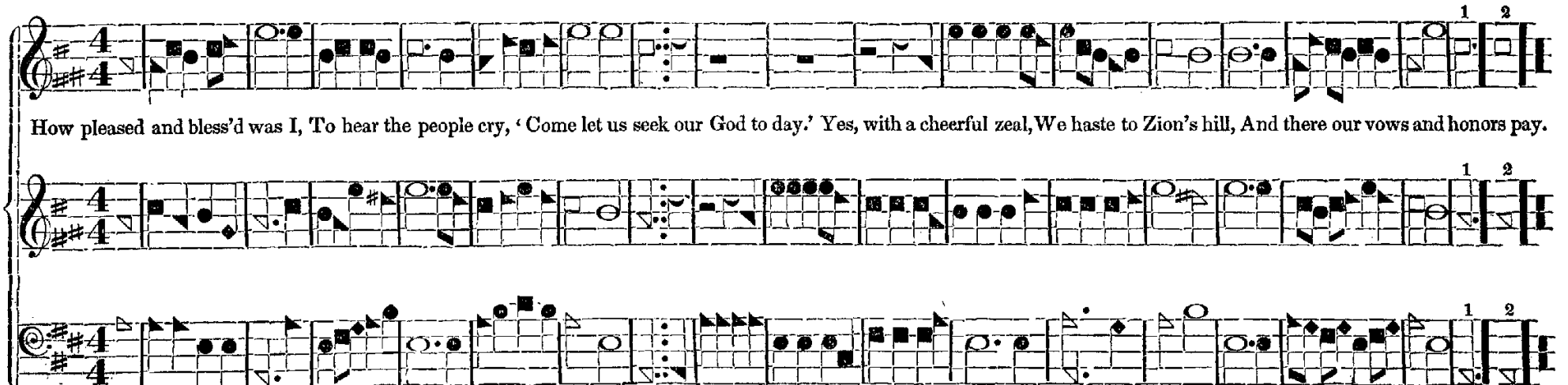


PART II.

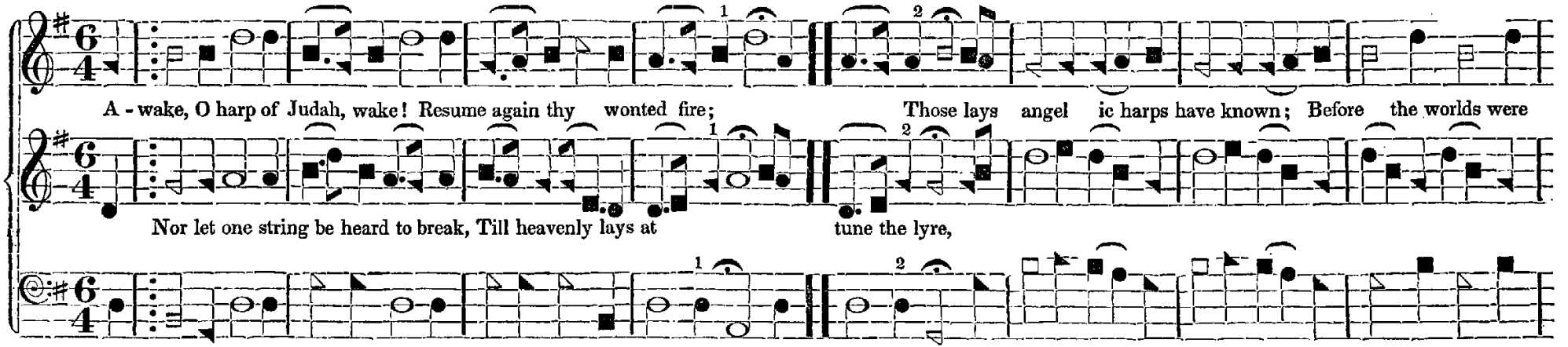
CONTAINING THE MORE LENGTHY PIECES

COMMONLY USED IN CONCERT, OR SINGING SOCIETIES.

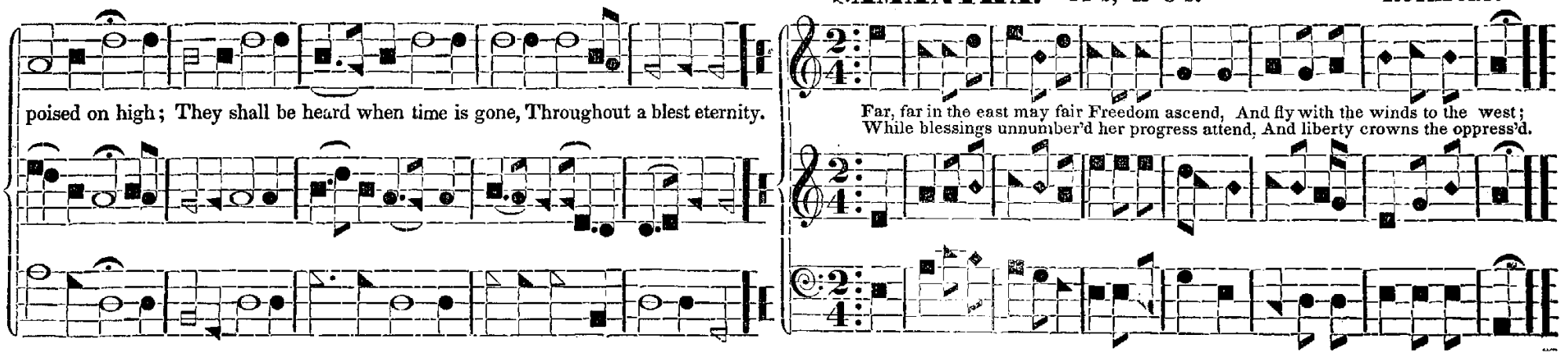
AMITY. P. M.

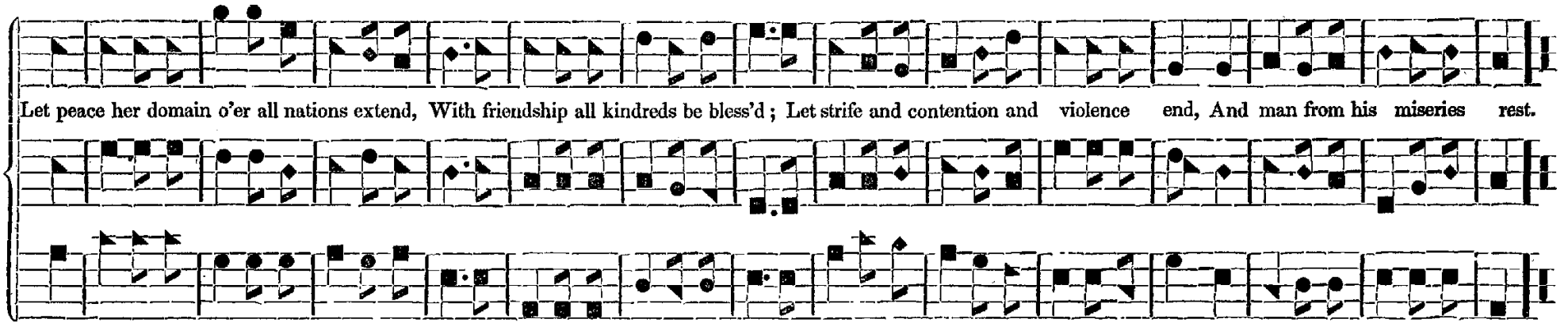


SCOTCH AIR. L. M.

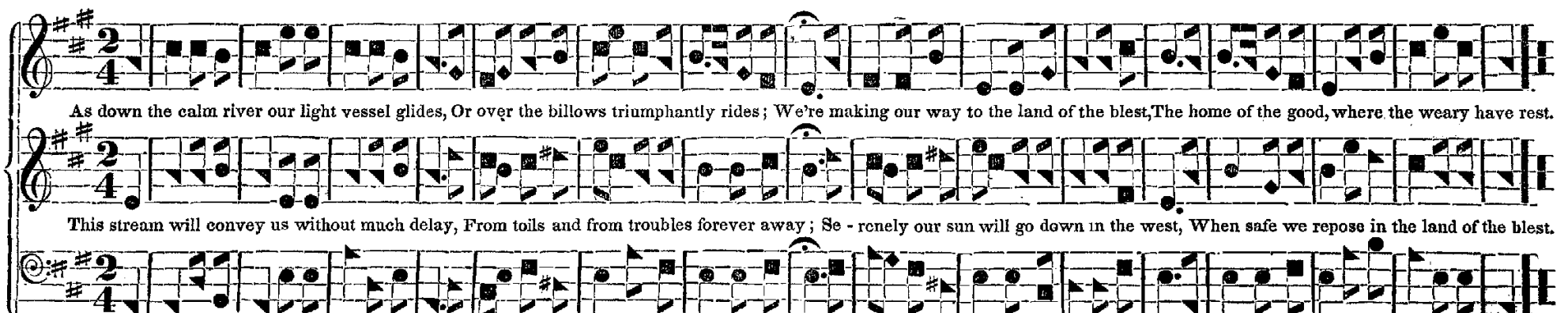


SAMANTHA. 11's, & 8's. ROTHBURT.

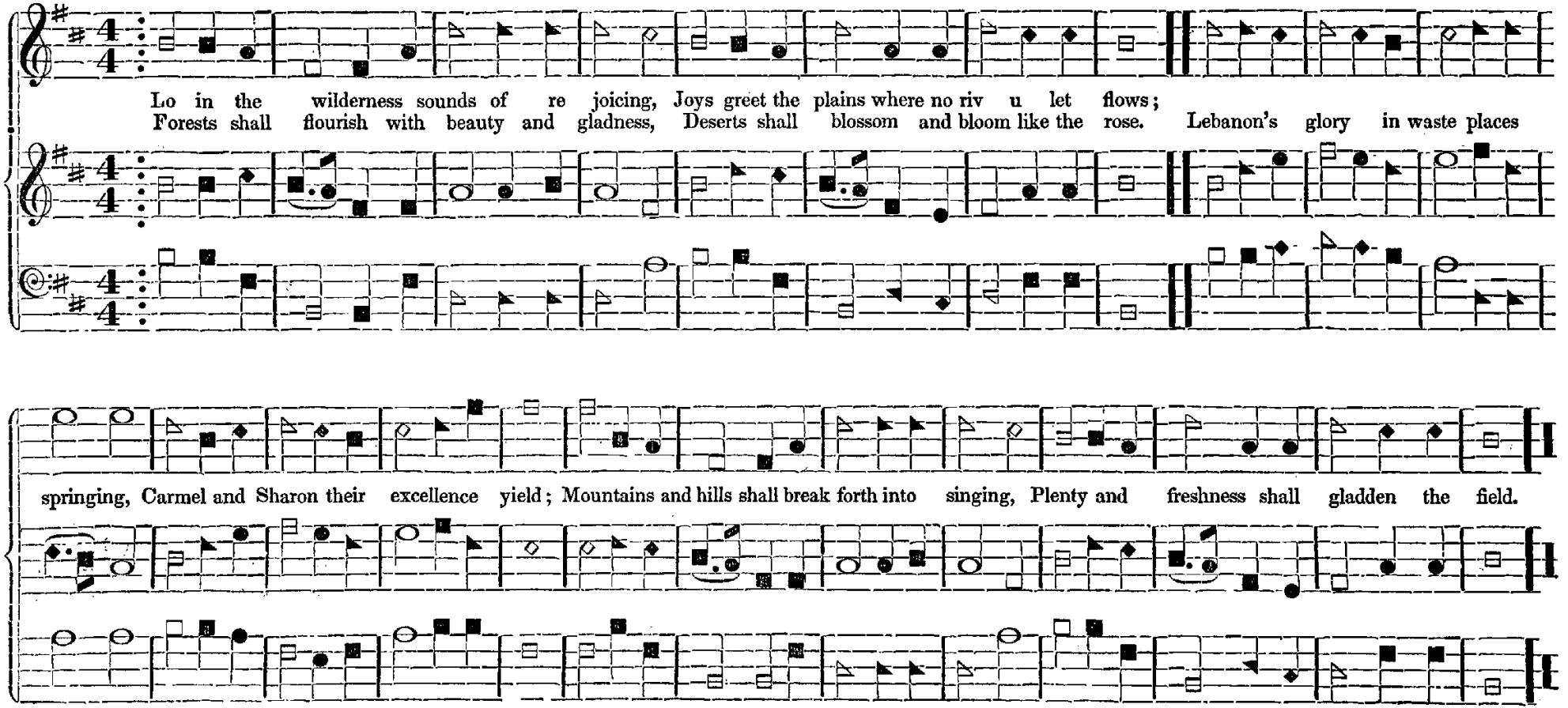




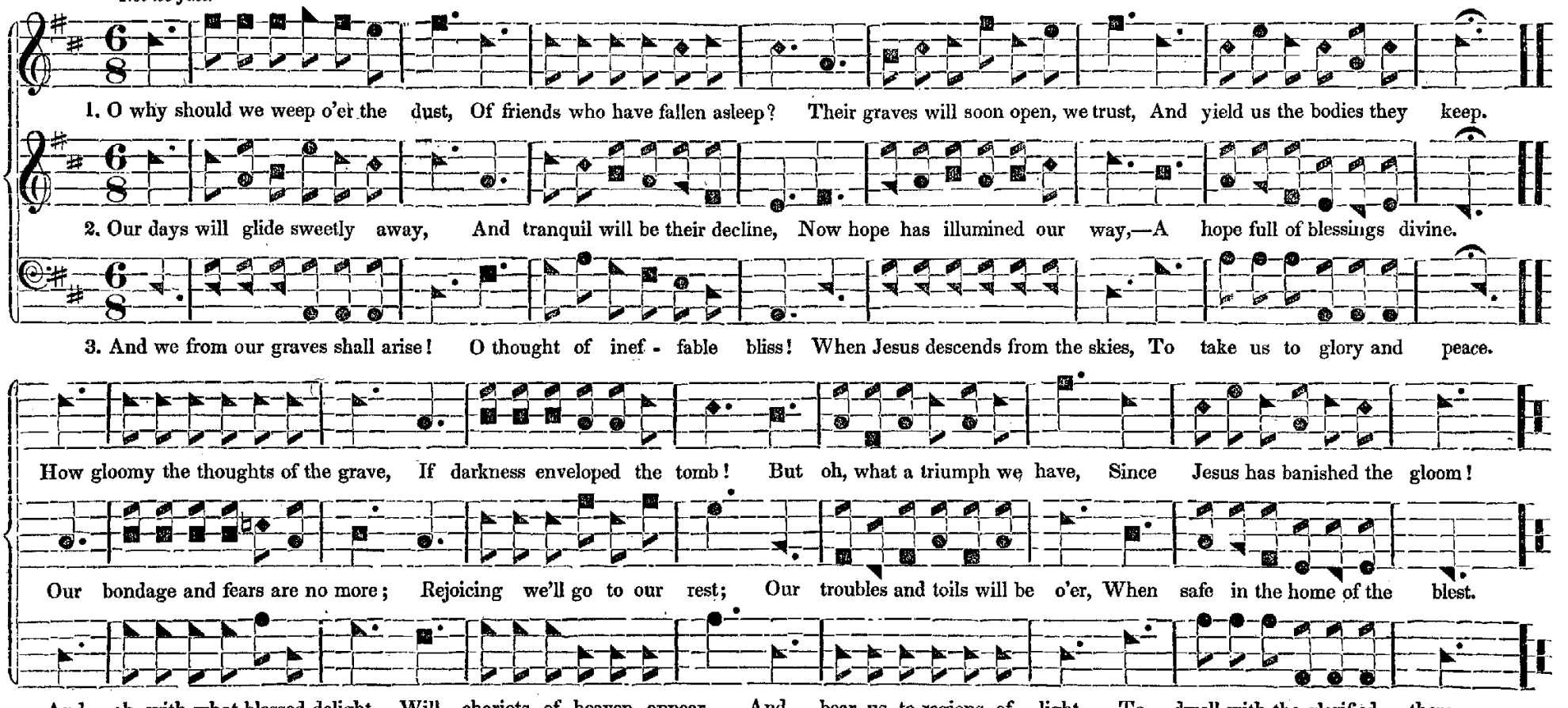
SOLICITUDE. 11's.



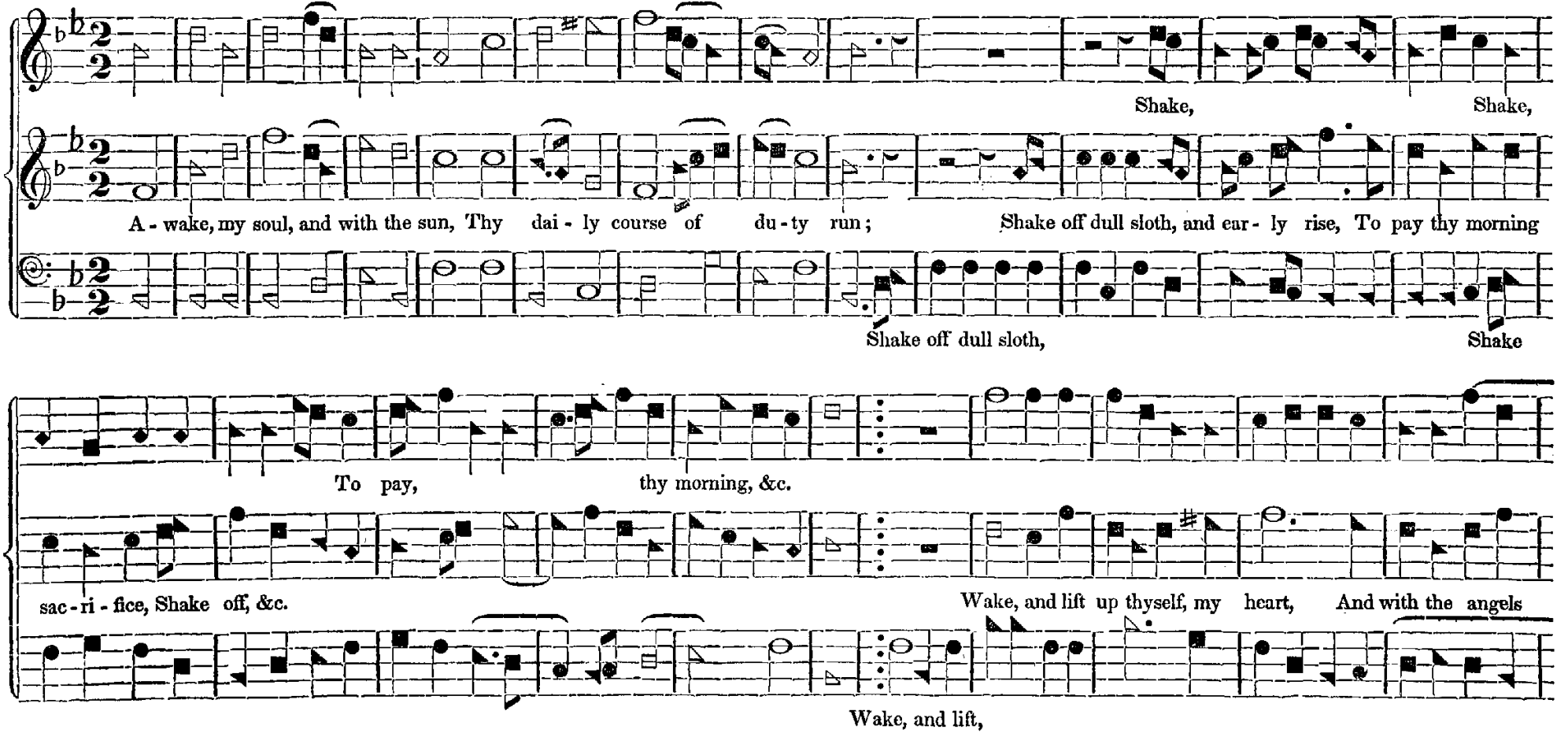
STAR IN THE EAST. 11's & 10's.

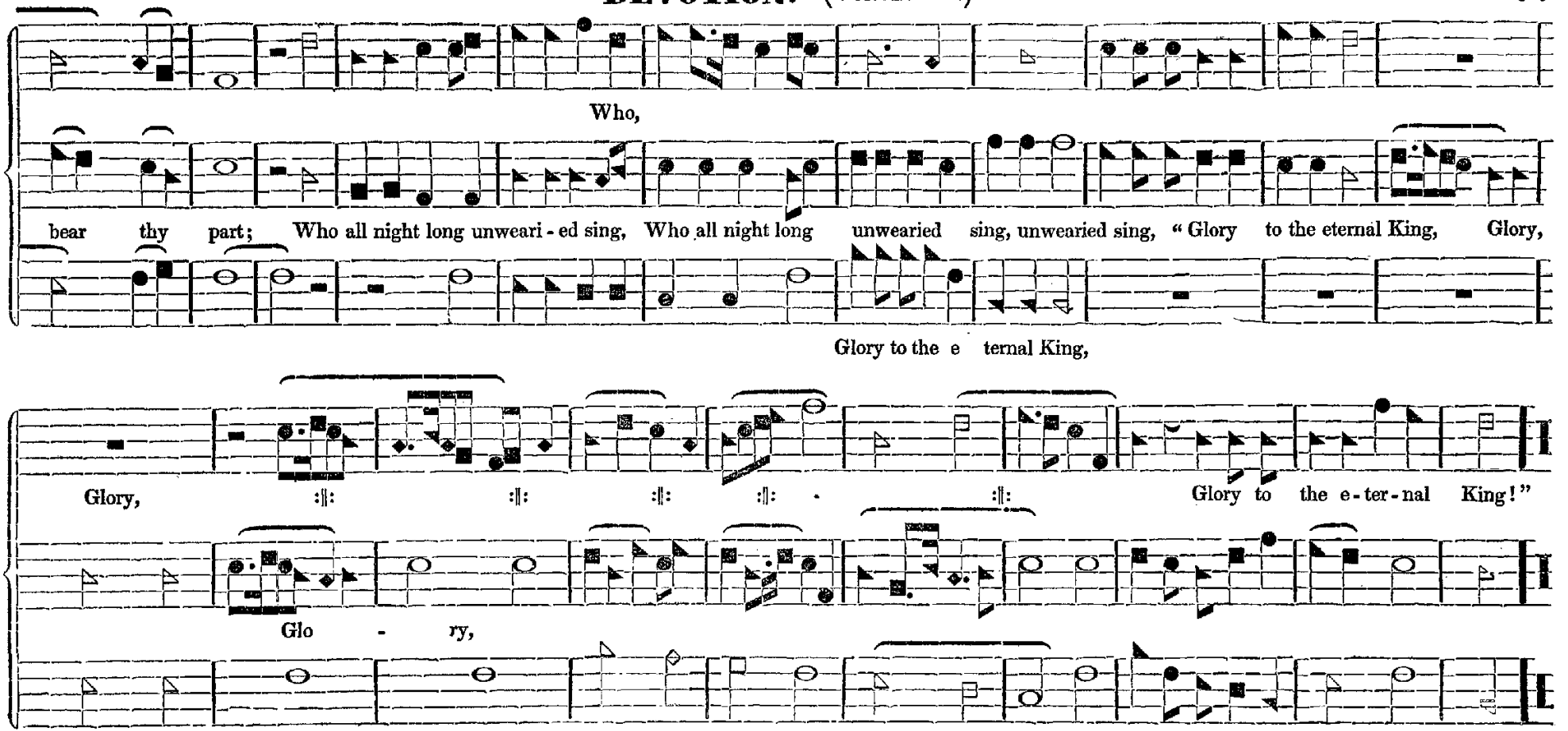


Not too fast.

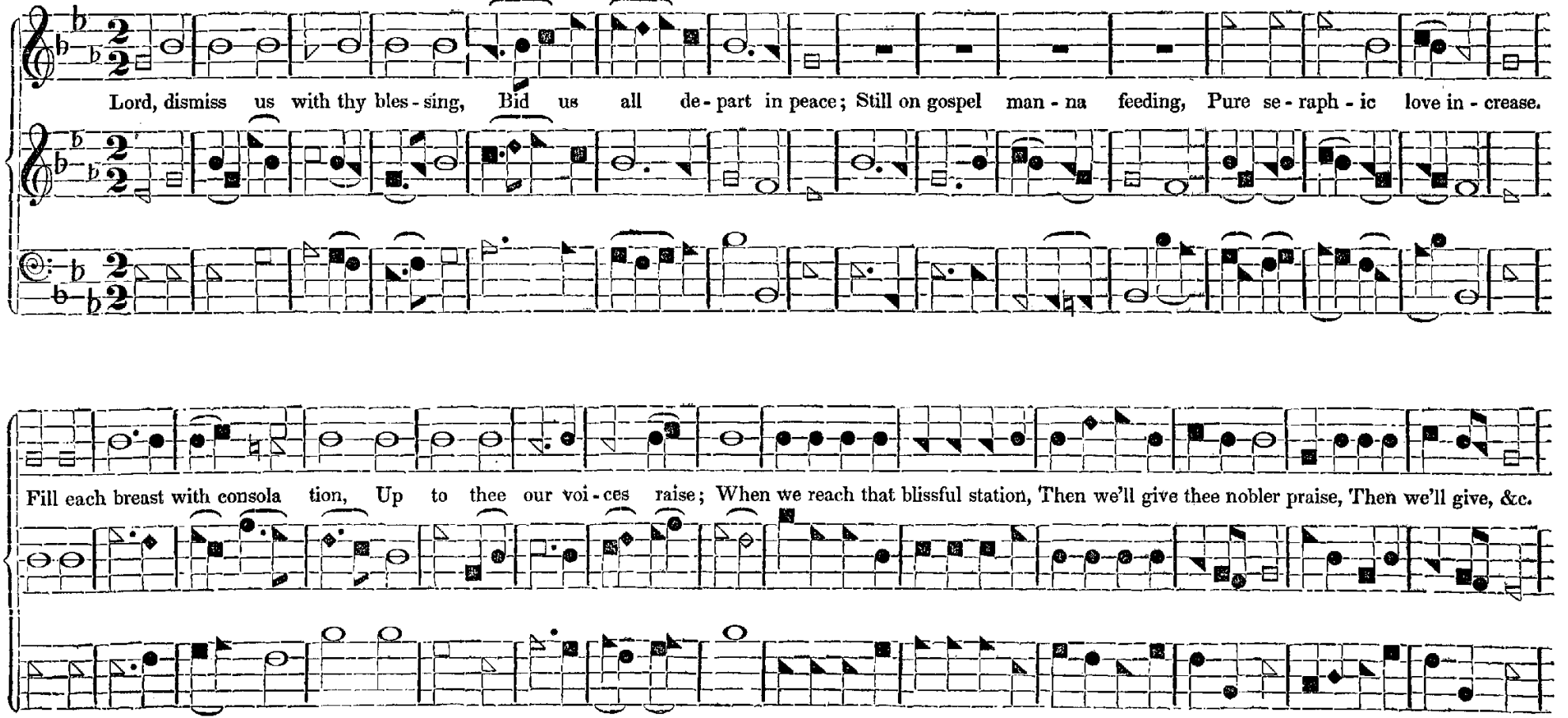

1. O why should we weep o'er the dust, Of friends who have fallen asleep? Their graves will soon open, we trust, And yield us the bodies they keep.
2. Our days will glide sweetly away, And tranquil will be their decline, Now hope has illumined our way,—A hope full of blessings divine.
3. And we from our graves shall arise! O thought of inef - fable bliss! When Jesus descends from the skies, To take us to glory and peace.
How gloomy the thoughts of the grave, If darkness enveloped the tomb! But oh, what a triumph we have, Since Jesus has banished the gloom!
Our bondage and fears are no more; Rejoicing we'll go to our rest; Our troubles and toils will be o'er, When safe in the home of the blest.
And oh, with what blessed delight, Will chariots of heaven appear, And bear us to regions of light, To dwell with the glorified there.

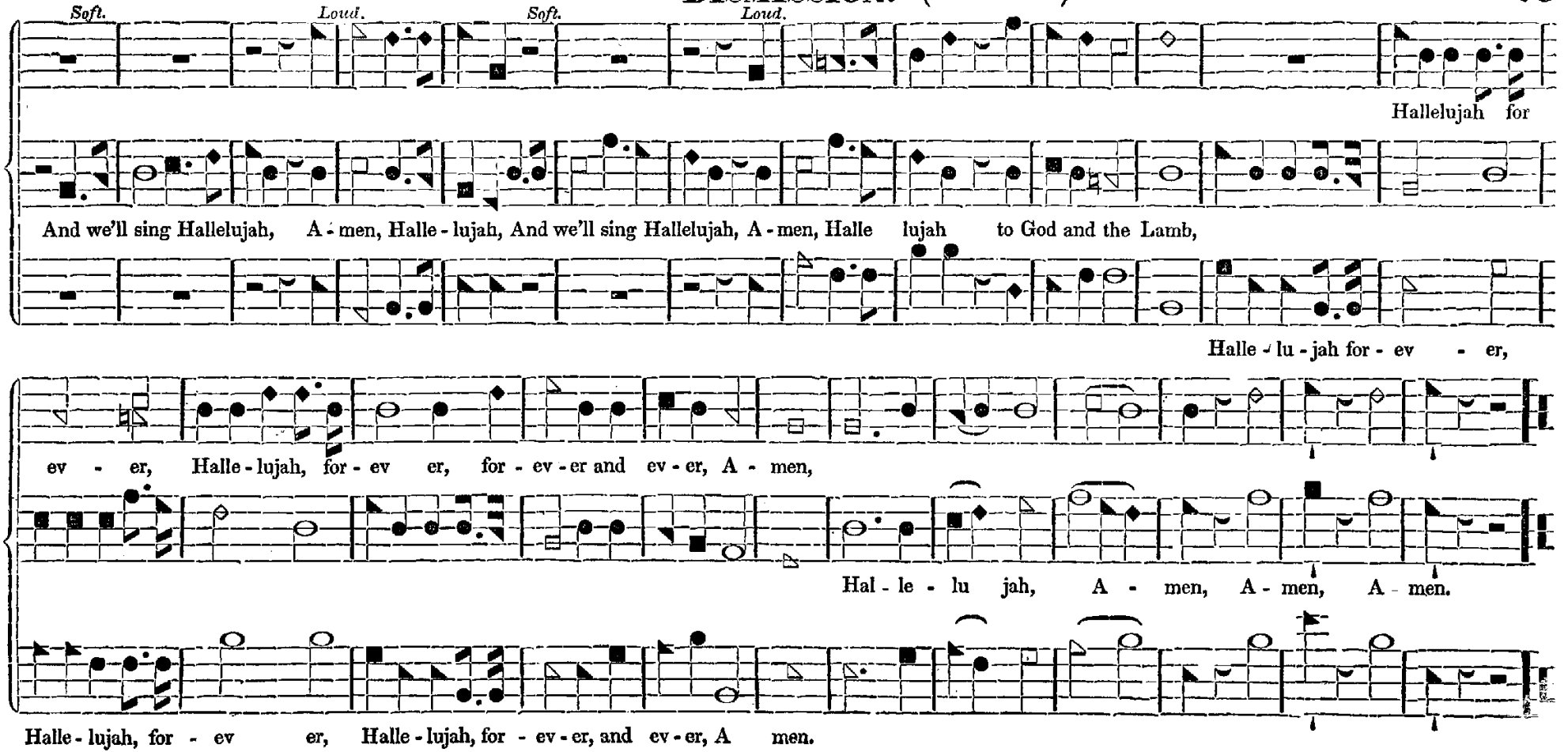
DEVOTION.


Shake,
Shake,
A - wake, my soul, and with the sun, Thy dai - ly course of du - ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise, To pay thy morning
Shake off dull sloth,
Shake
To pay,
thy morning, &c.
sac - ri - fice, Shake off, &c.
Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart, And with the angels
Wake, and lift,


Who,
bear thy part; Who all night long unweari - ed sing, Who all night long unwearied sing, unwearied sing, " Glory to the eternal King, Glory,
Glory to the e ternal King,
Glory, :‖: :‖: :‖: :‖: :‖: Glory to the e - ter - nal King!"
Glo - ry,

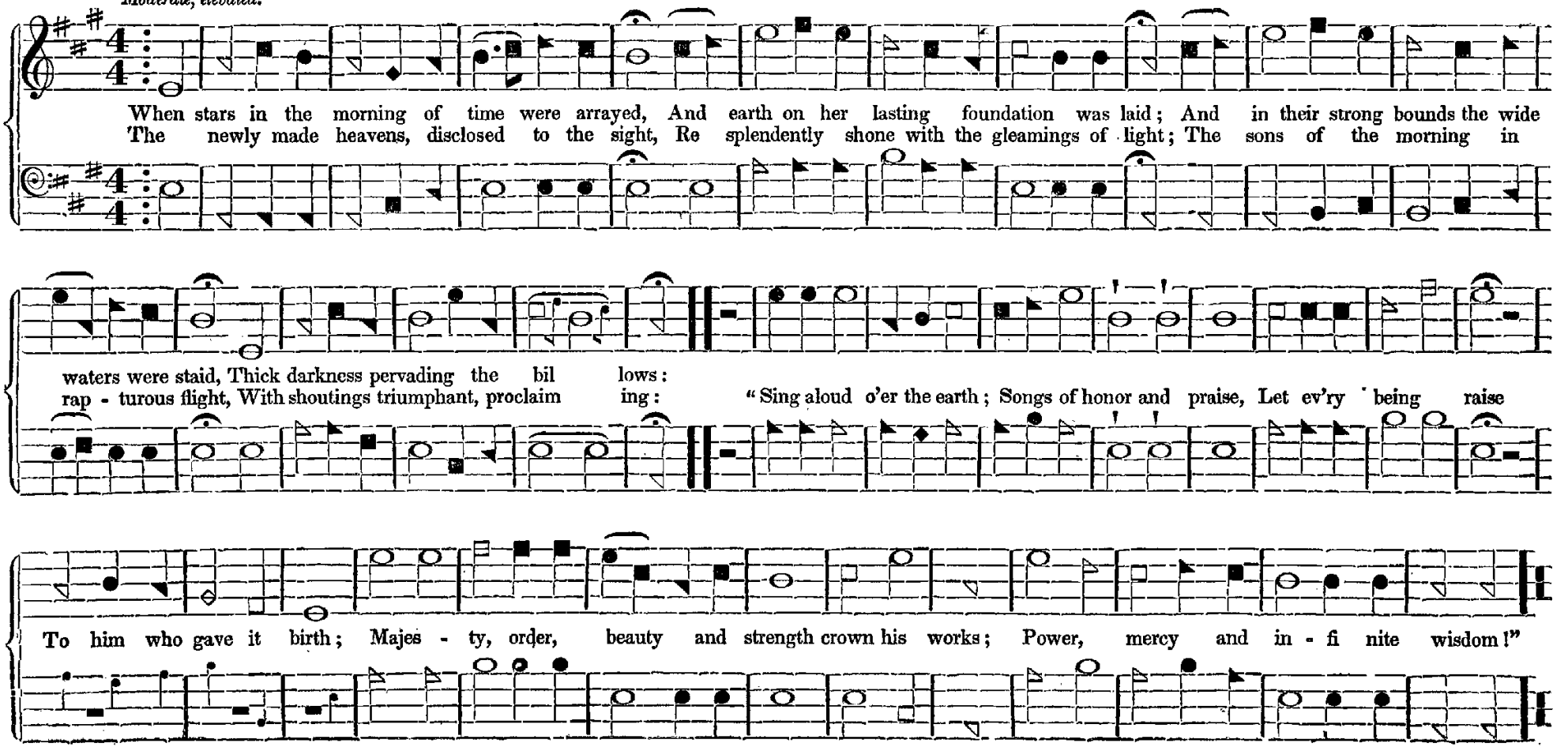
DISMISSION.

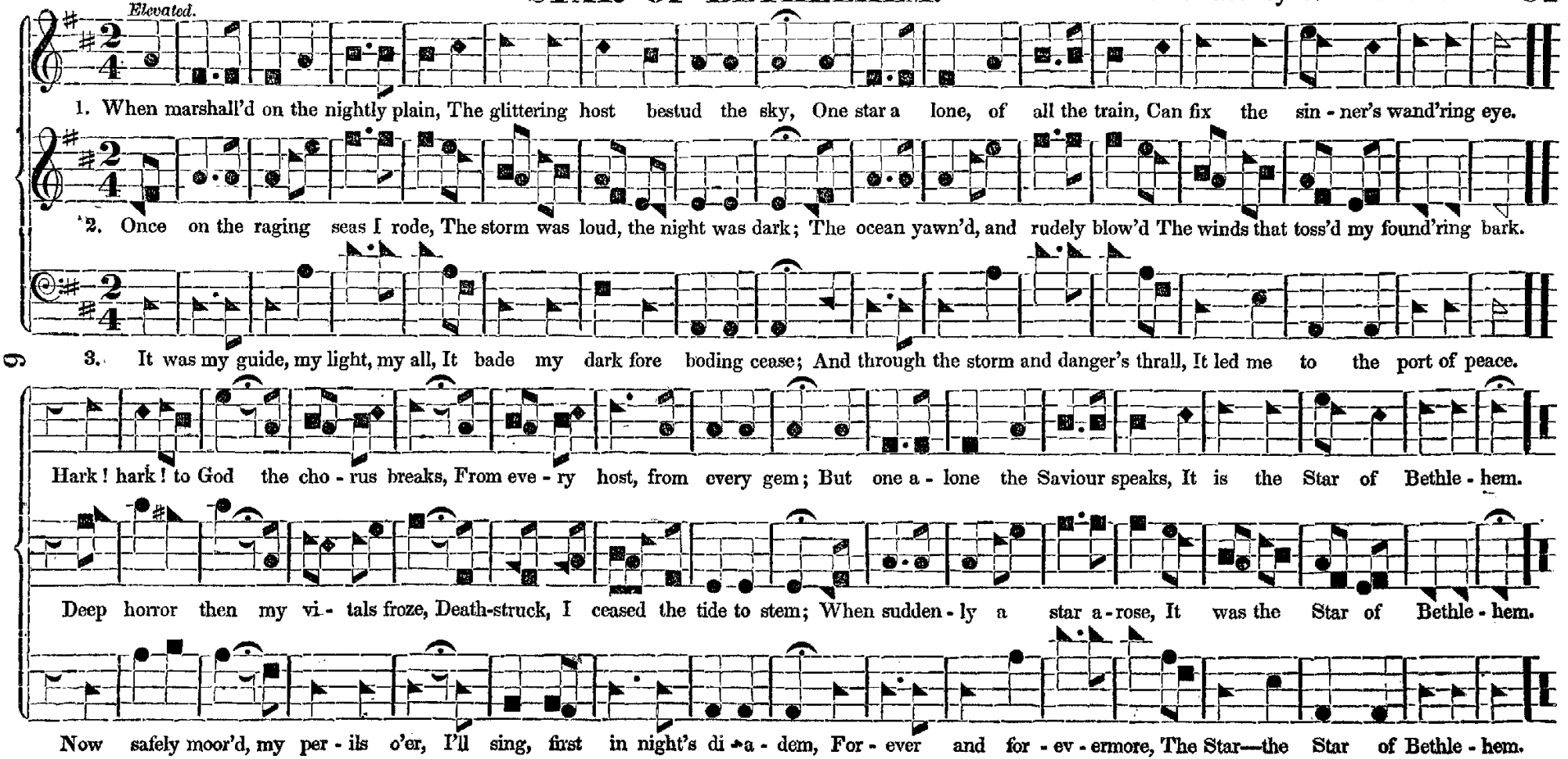

Lord, dismiss us with thy bles - sing, Bid us all de - part in peace; Still on gospel man - na feeding, Pure se - raph - ic love in - crease.
Fill each breast with consola tion, Up to thee our voi - ces raise; When we reach that blissful station, Then we'll give thee nobler praise, Then we'll give, &c.


Soft.
Loud.
Soft.
Loud.
Hallelujah for
And we'll sing Hallelujah, A - men, Halle - lujah, And we'll sing Hallelujah, A - men, Halle lujah to God and the Lamb,
Halle - lu - jah for - ev - er,
ev - er, Halle - lujah, for - ev er, for - ev - er and ev - er, A - men,
Hal - le - lu jah, A - men, A - men, A - men.
Halle - lujah, for - ev er, Halle - lujah, for - ev - er, and ev - er, A men.

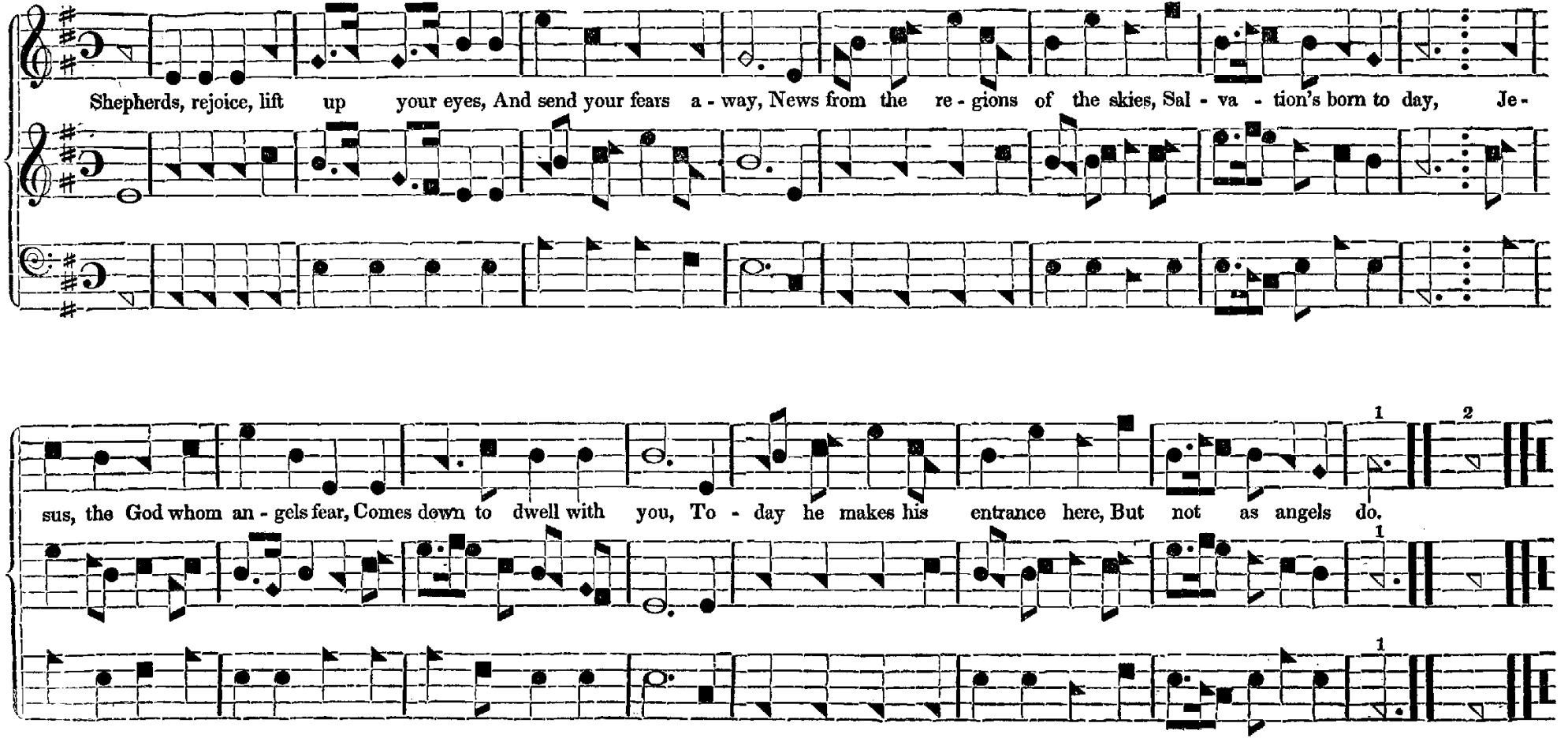
REQUEST.

Moderate, elevated.

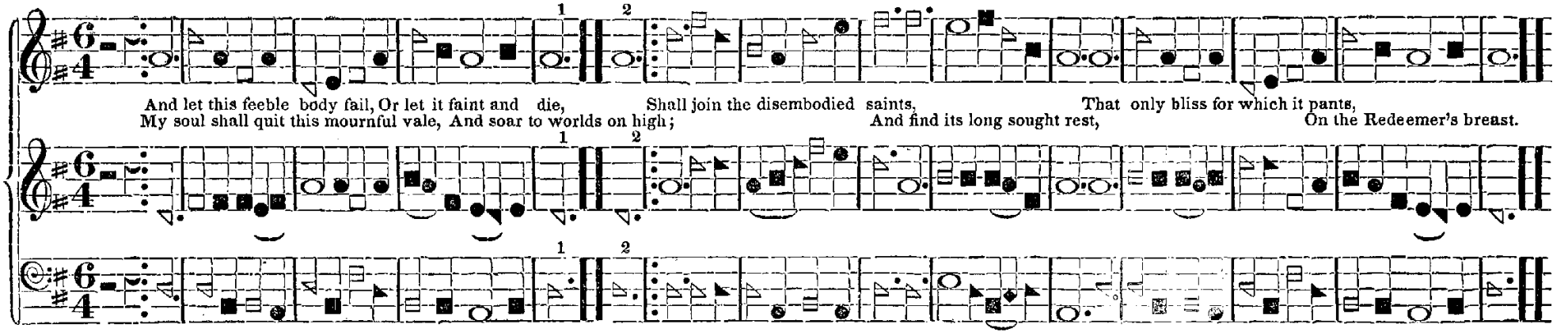



Elevated.
1. When marshall'd on the nightly plain, The glittering host bestud the sky, One star a lone, of all the train, Can fix the sin - ner's wand'ring eye.
2. Once on the raging seas I rode, The storm was loud, the night was dark; The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd The winds that toss'd my found'ring bark.
3. It was my guide, my light, my all, It bade my dark fore boding cease; And through the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace.
Hark! hark! to God the cho - rus breaks, From eve - ry host, from every gem; But one a - lone the Saviour speaks, It is the Star of Bethle - hem.
Deep horror then my vi - tals froze, Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem; When sudden - ly a star a - rose, It was the Star of Bethle - hem.
Now safely moor'd, my per - ils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's di - a - dem, For - ever and for - ev - ermore, The Star—the Star of Bethle - hem.

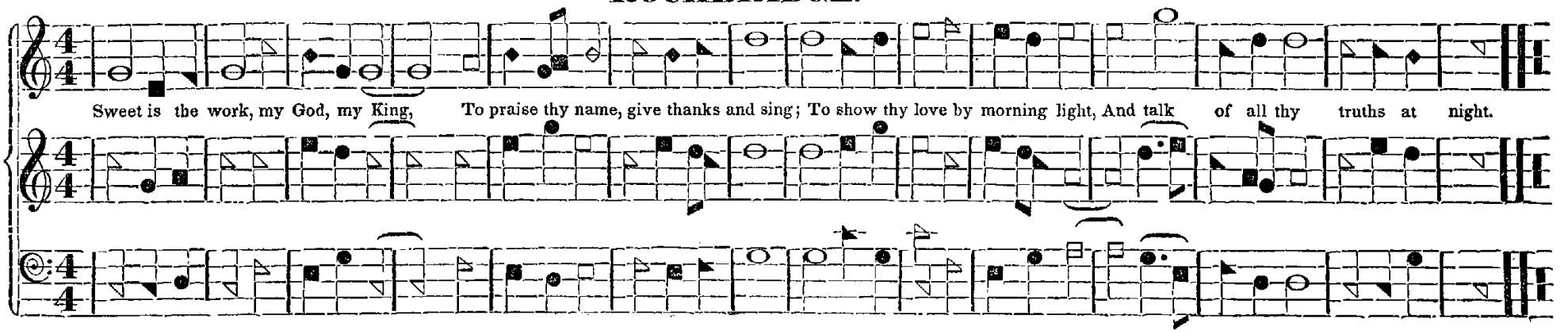
HAMILTON. C. M.


Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears a - way, News from the re - gions of the skies, Sal - va - tion's born to day, Je -
sus, the God whom an - gels fear, Comes down to dwell with you, To - day he makes his entrance here, But not as angels do.
1
2
1
1

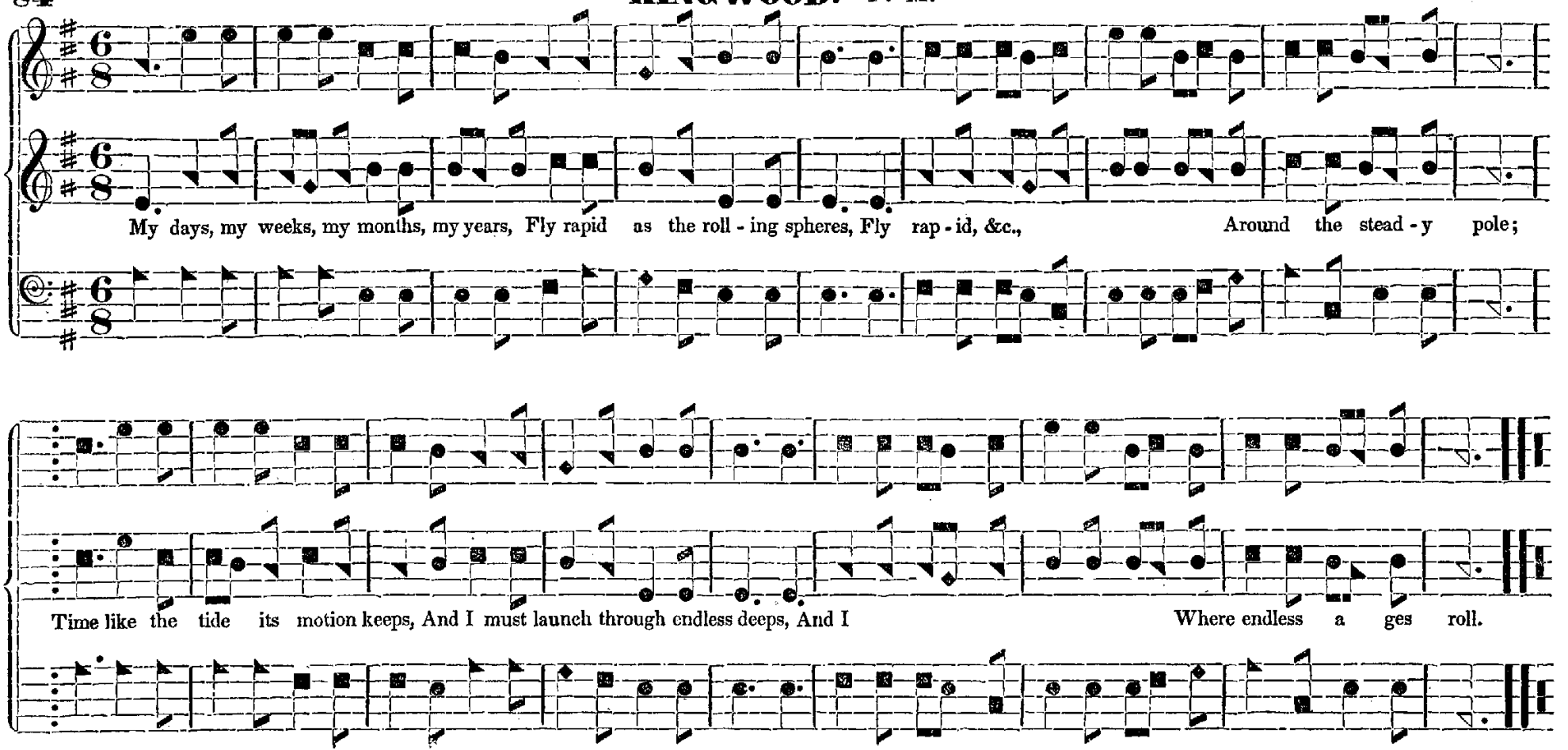
PLEASANT HILL. C. M.



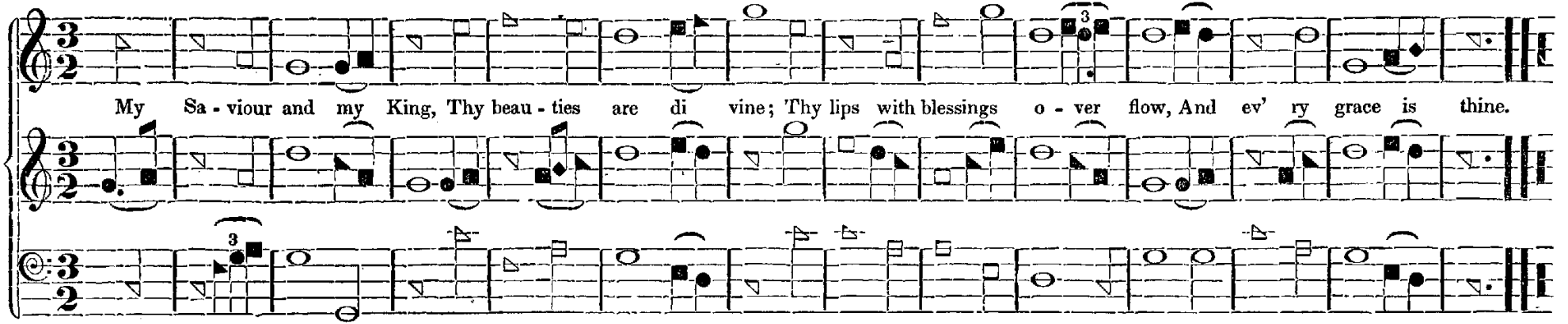
ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.



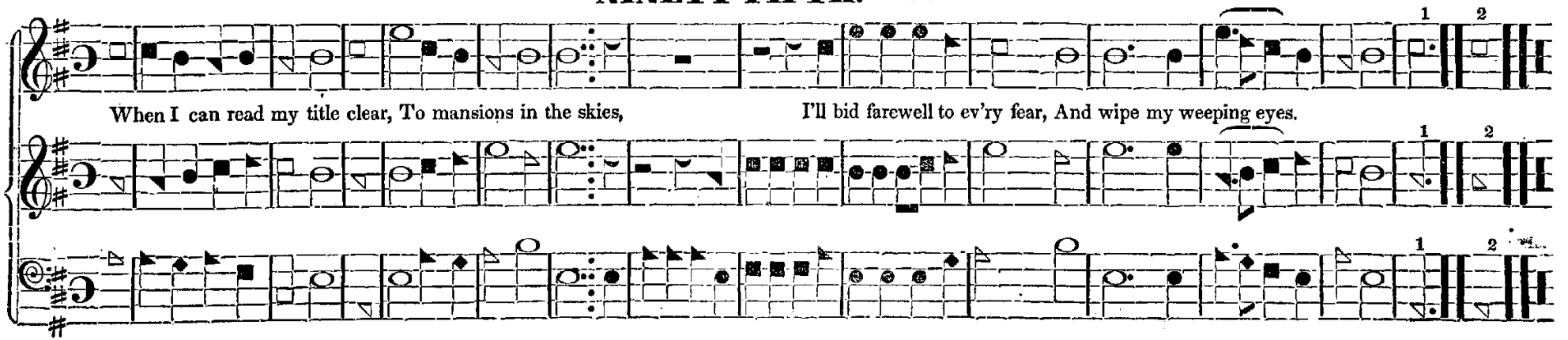
KINGWOOD. P. M.


My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rapid as the roll - ing spheres, Fly rap - id, &c., Around the stead - y pole;
Time like the tide its motion keeps, And I must launch through endless deeps, And I Where endless a ges roll.

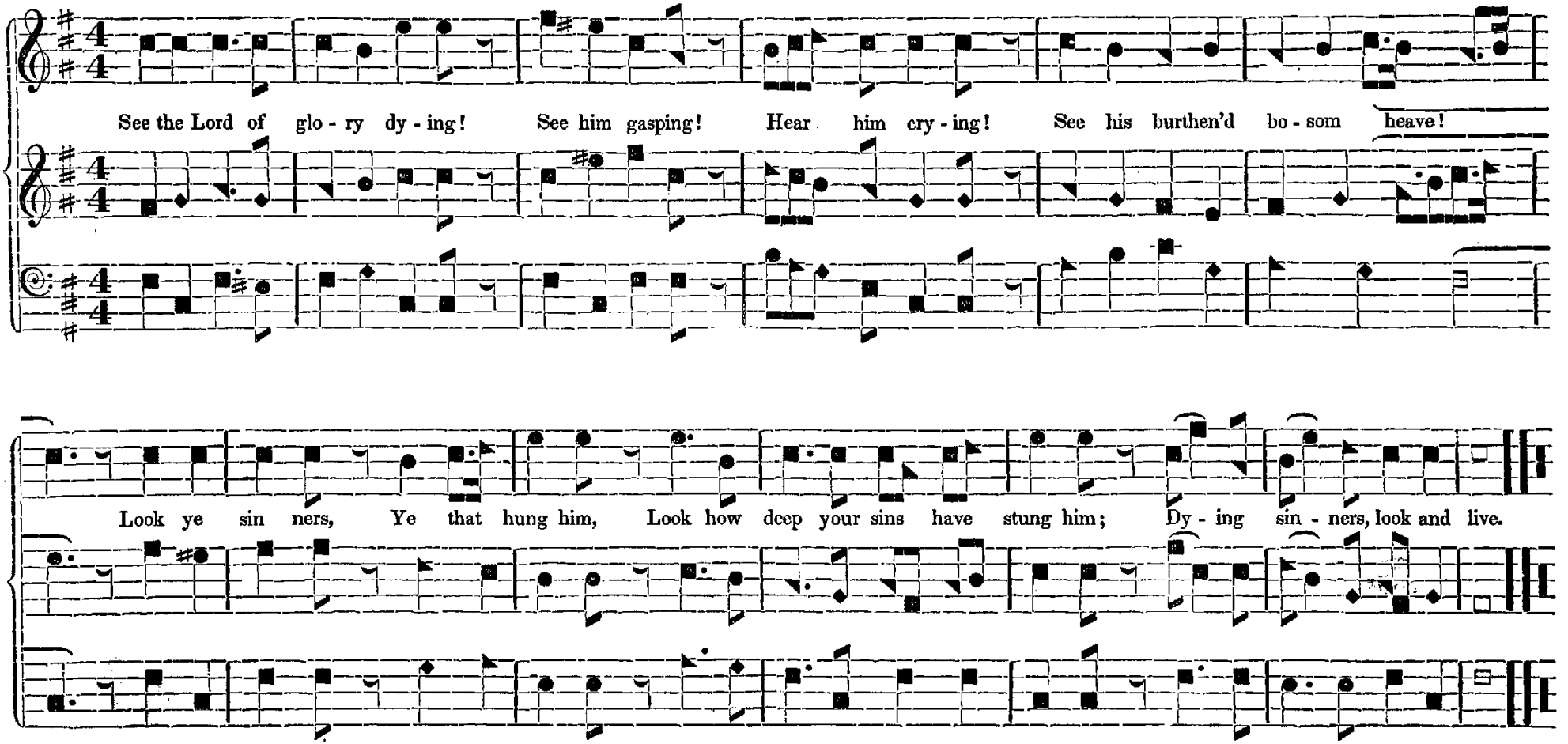
NINETY-THIRD. S. M.

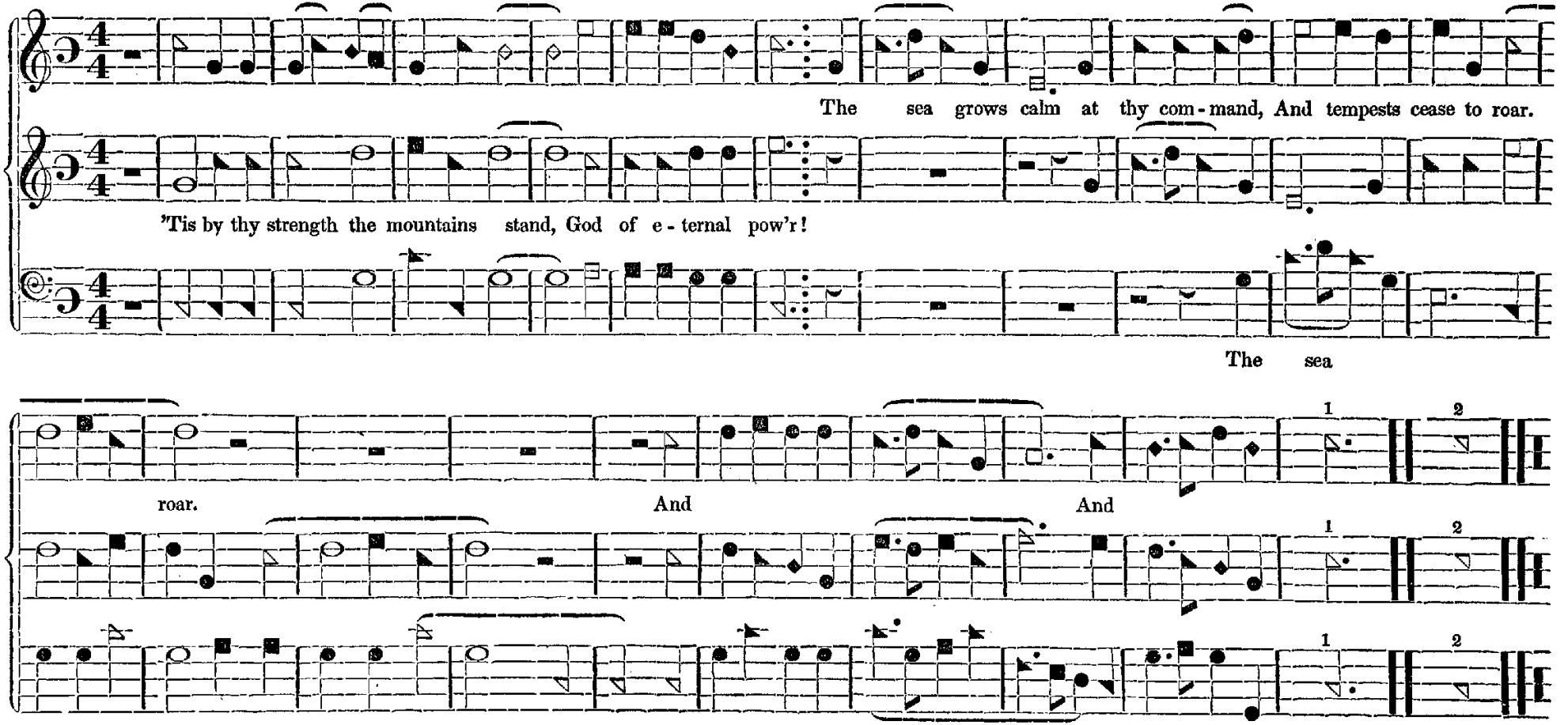


NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

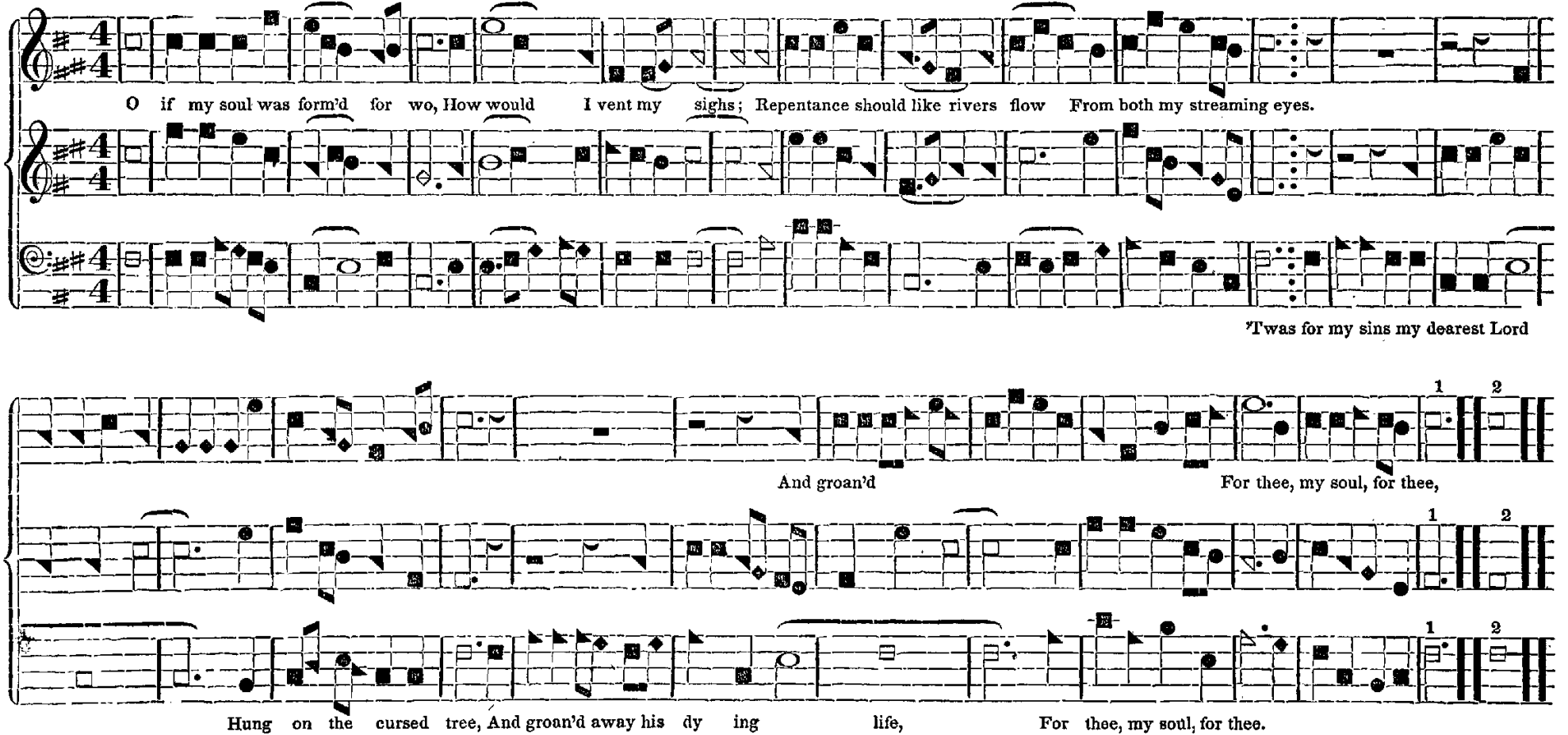


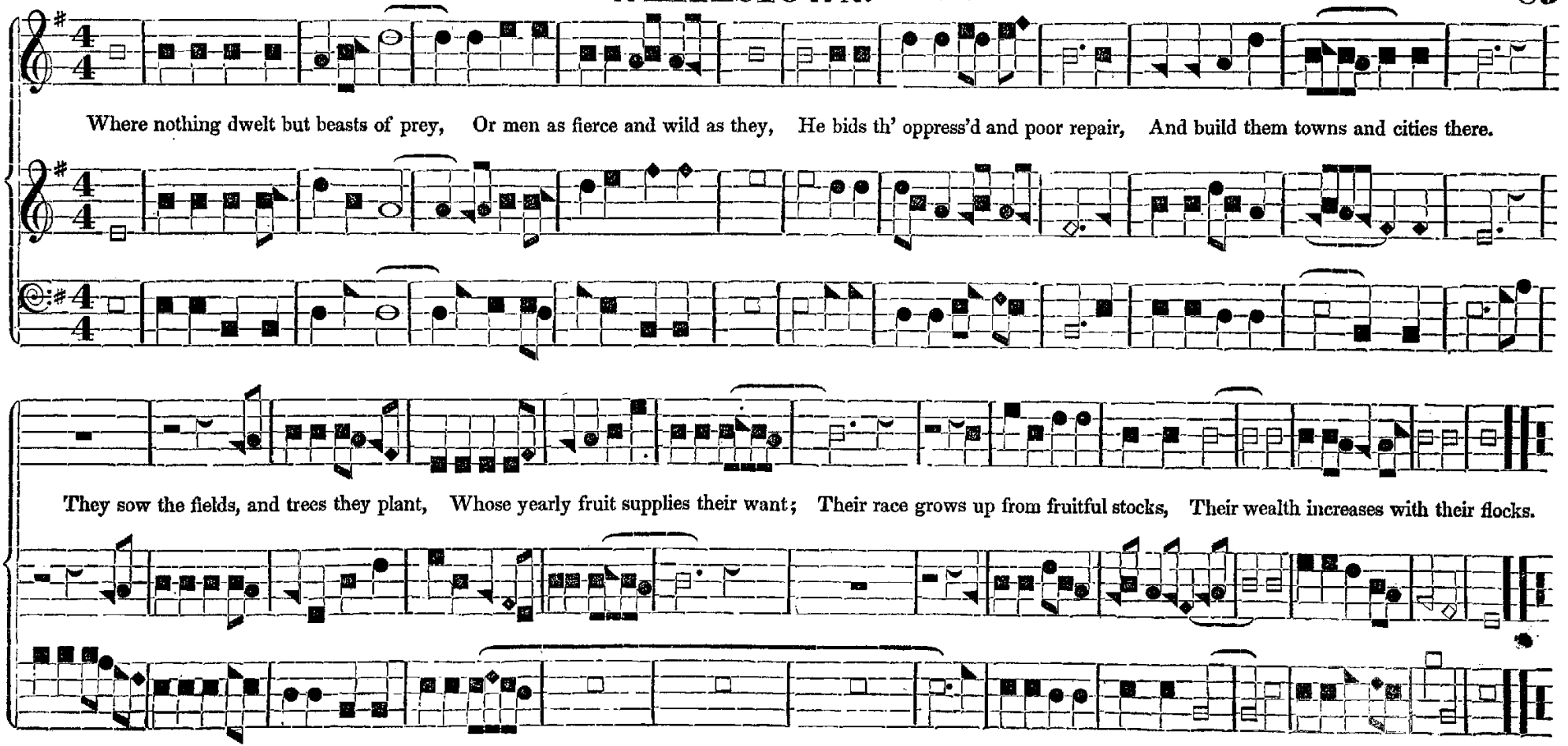
LENA. P. M.


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

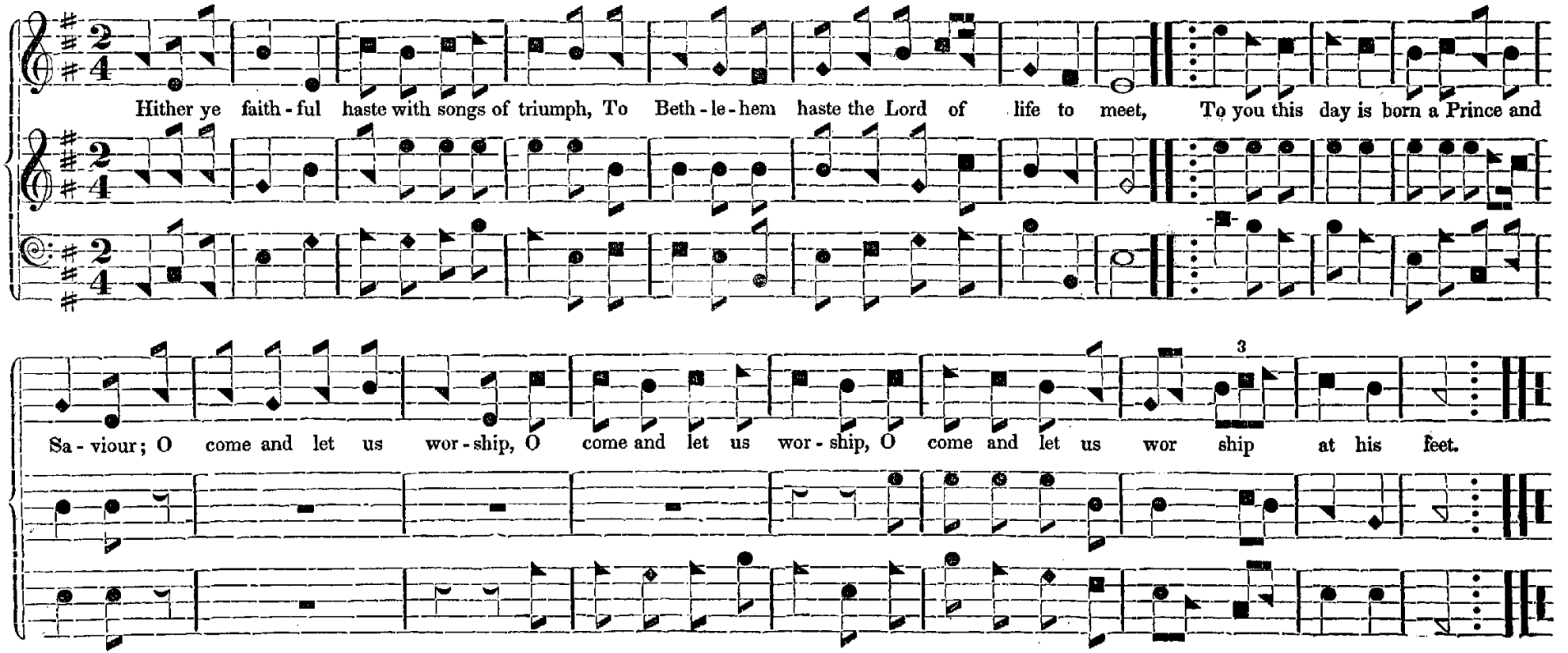

The sea grows calm at thy com-mand, And tempests cease to roar.
'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of e-ternal pow'r!
The sea
roar.
And
And
1
2
1
2
1
2

REPENTANCE. C. M.



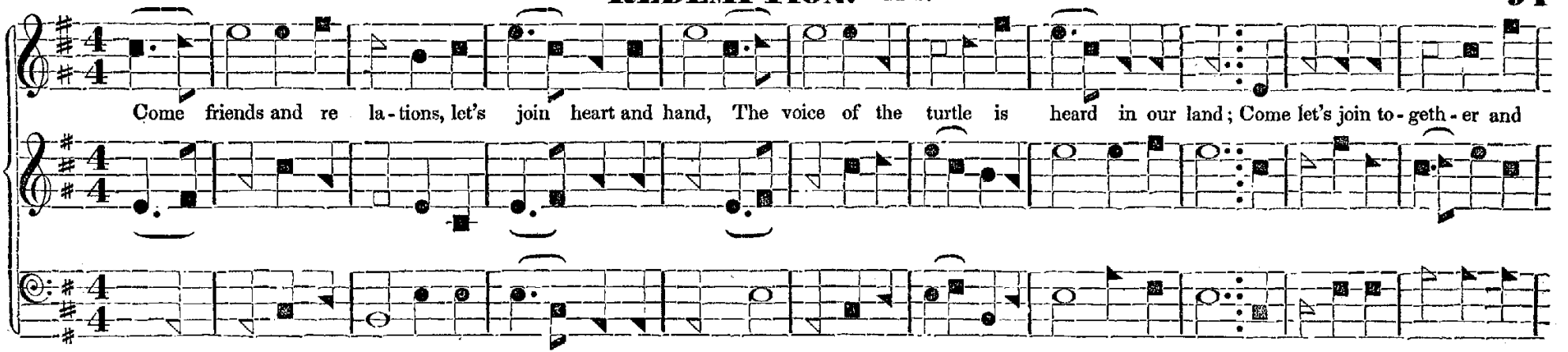

Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey, Or men as fierce and wild as they, He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair, And build them towns and cities there.
They sow the fields, and trees they plant, Whose yearly fruit supplies their want; Their race grows up from fruitful stocks, Their wealth increases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

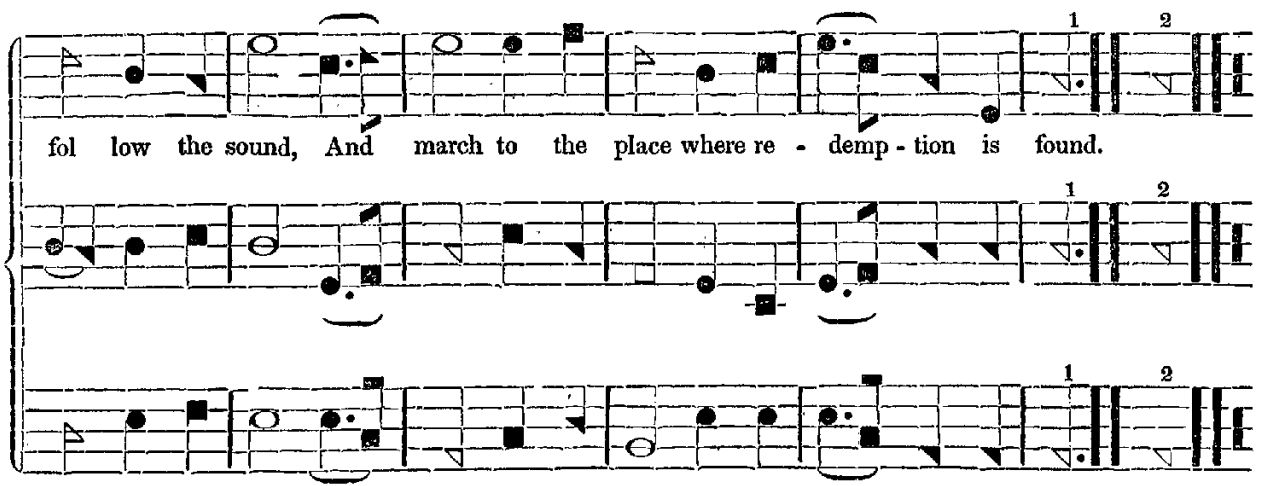
PORTUGUESE HYMN. P. M.



O Jesus, for such wond'rous condescension,
Our praises and rev'rence are an offering meet;
Now is the word made flesh, and dwells among us;
O come and let us worship at his feet.

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





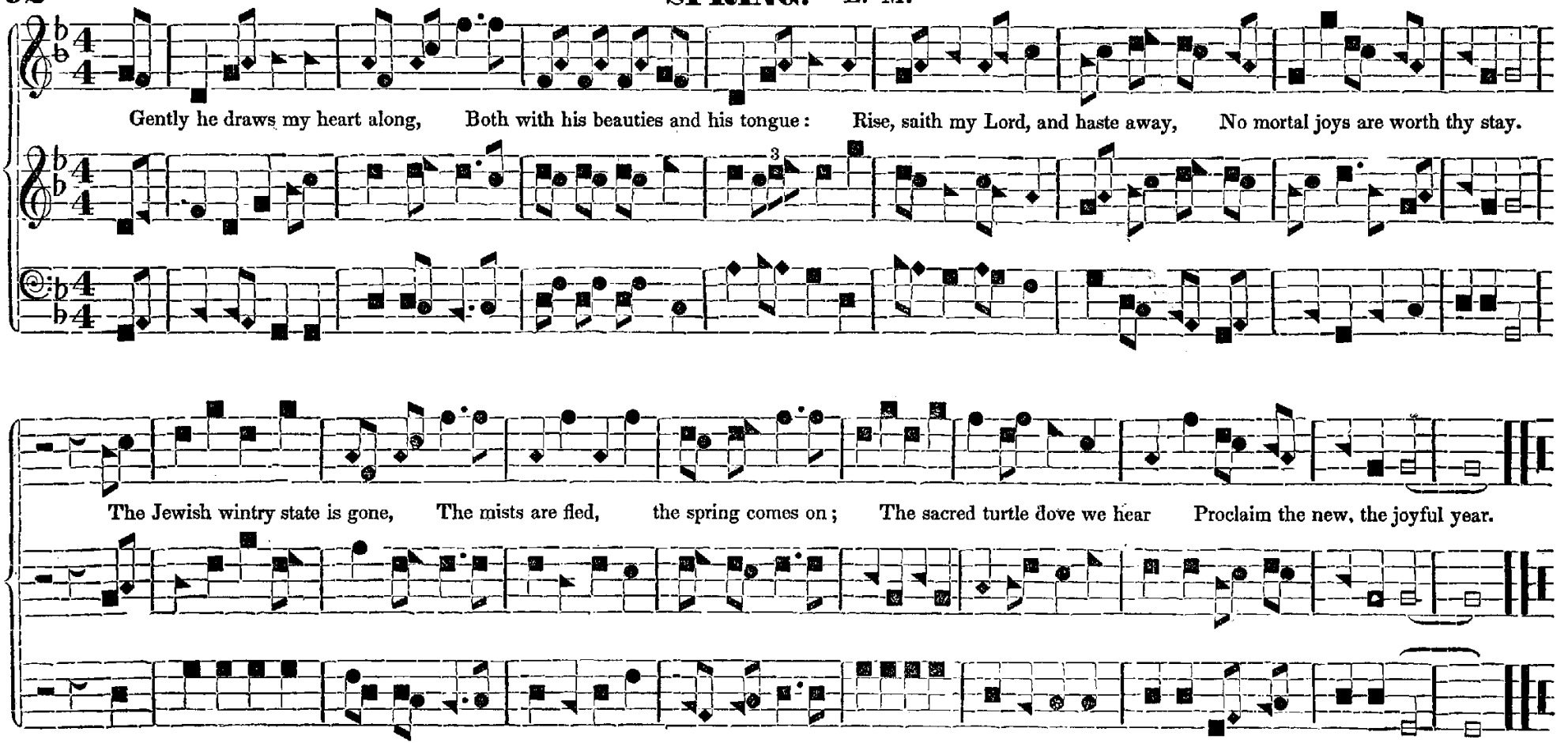
The place it is hidden, the place it is seal'd,
The place it is hidden till it is reveal'd;
The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we'll go,
And there find redemption from sorrow and wo.

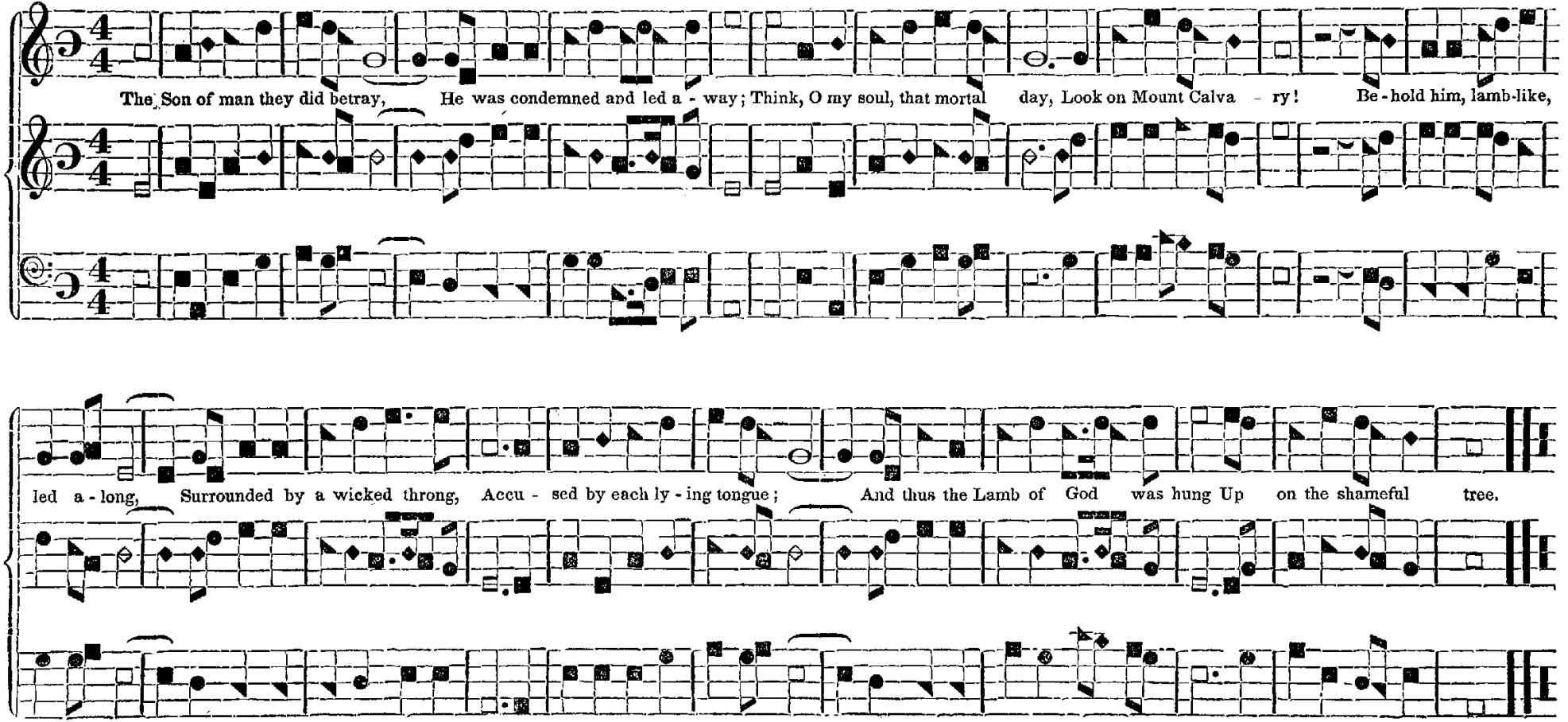
That place, it is hidden by reason of sin;
Alas! you can't see the sad state you are in;
You 're blind and polluted, in prison and pain,
O how can such rebels redemption obtain!

But if you are wounded and bruised by the fall,
Then up and be doing, for you he doth call;
And if you are tempted to doubt and despair,
Then come home to Jesus, redemption is there.

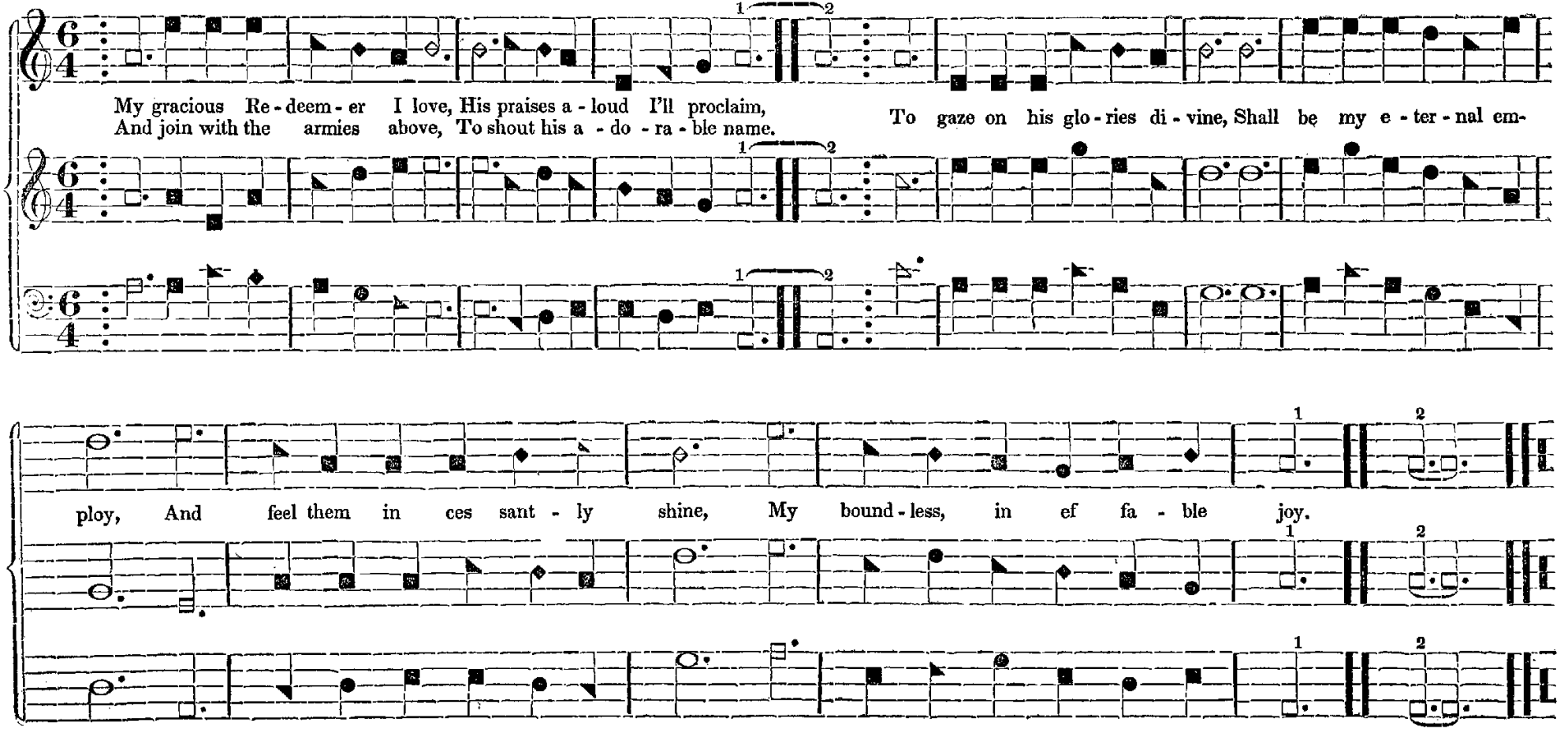
And you, my dear brethren, that love my dear Lord,
Have witness for pardon, through faith in his blood,
Let patience attend you wherever you go,
Your Saviour has purchas'd redemption for you.

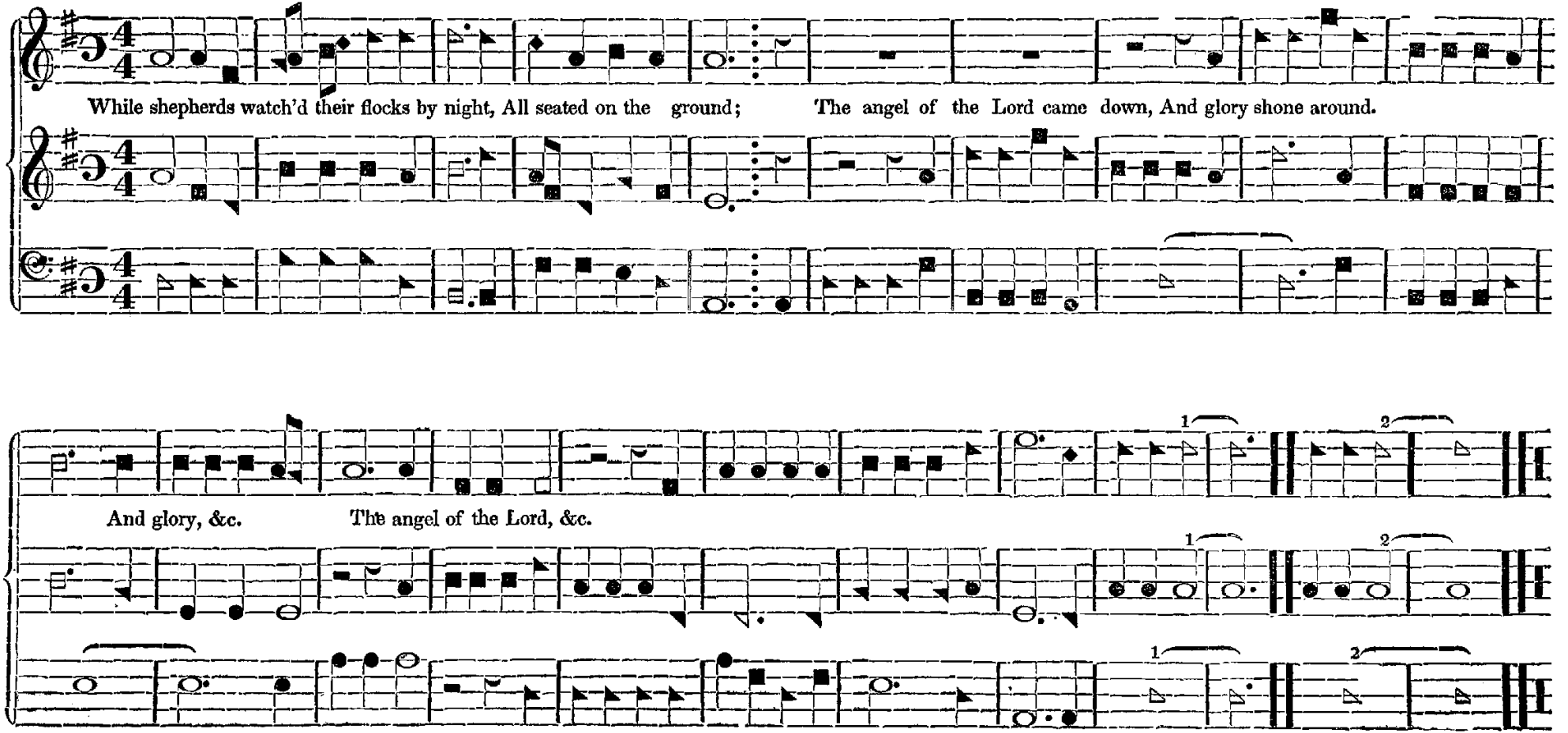
SPRING. L. M.


Gently he draws my heart along, Both with his beauties and his tongue: Rise, saith my Lord, and haste away, No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
3
The Jewish wintry state is gone, The mists are fled, the spring comes on; The sacred turtle dove we hear Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

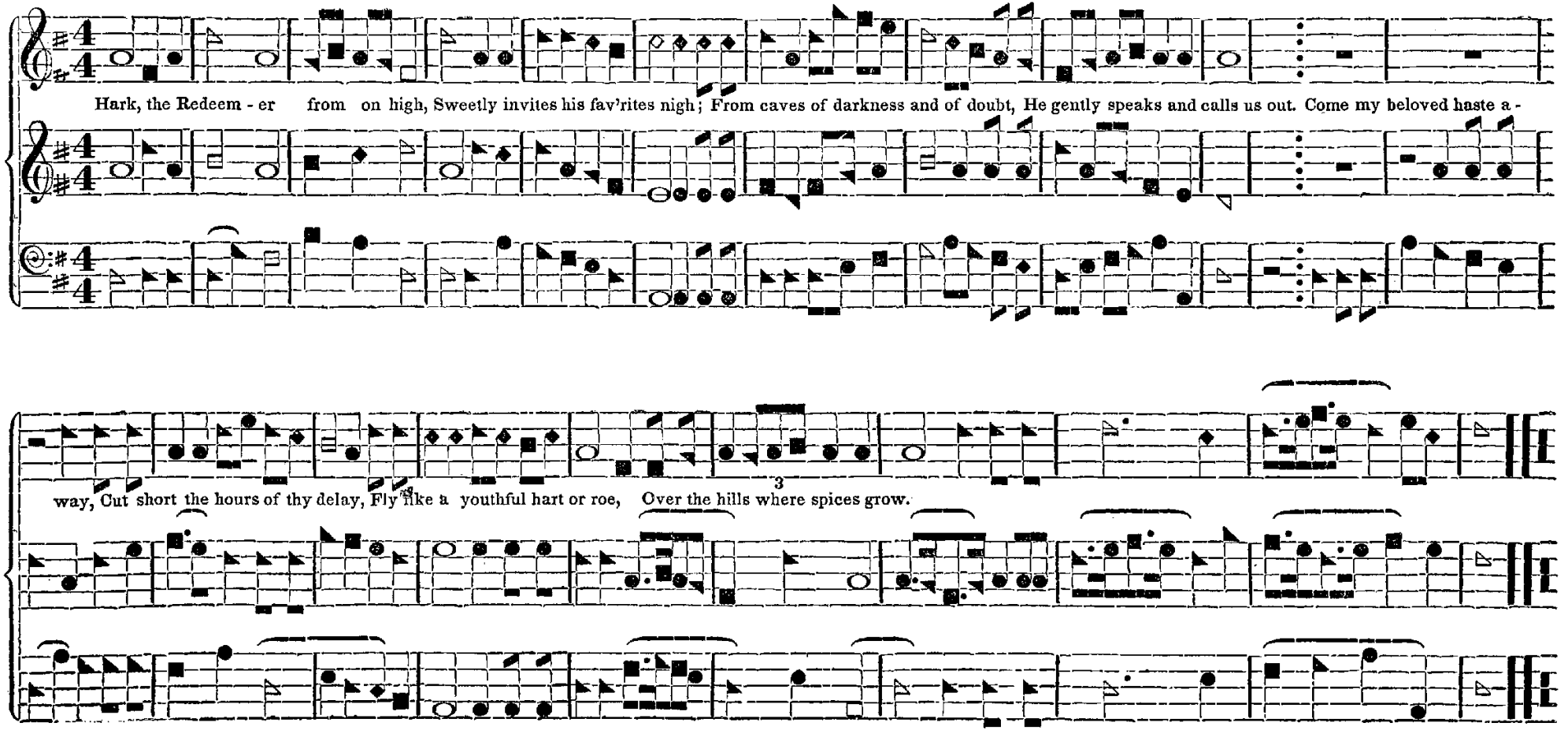

The Son of man they did betray, He was condemned and led a - way; Think, O my soul, that mortal day, Look on Mount Calva - ry! Be - hold him, lamb-like,
led a - long, Surrounded by a wicked throng, Accu - sed by each ly - ing tongue; And thus the Lamb of God was hung Up on the shameful tree.

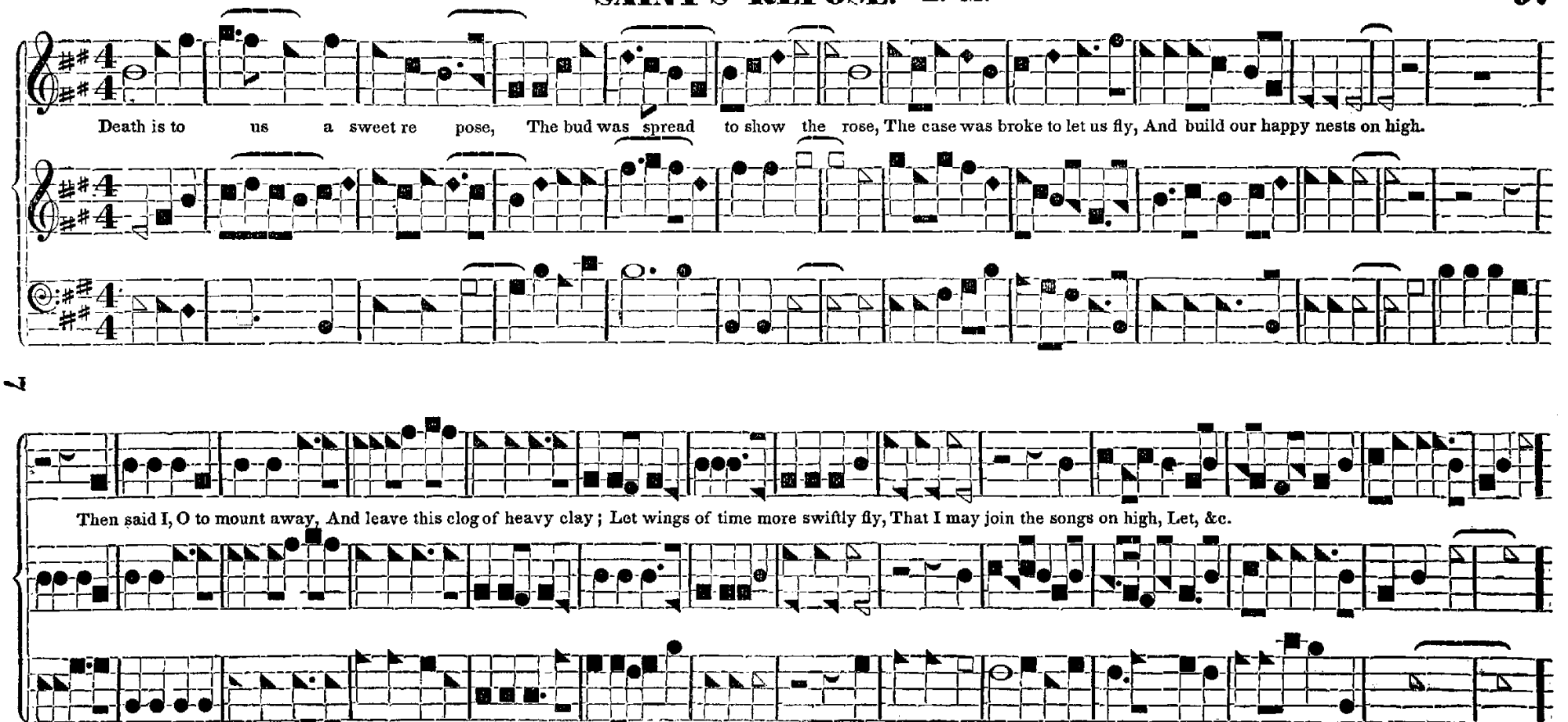
NEW JERUSALEM. 8s.



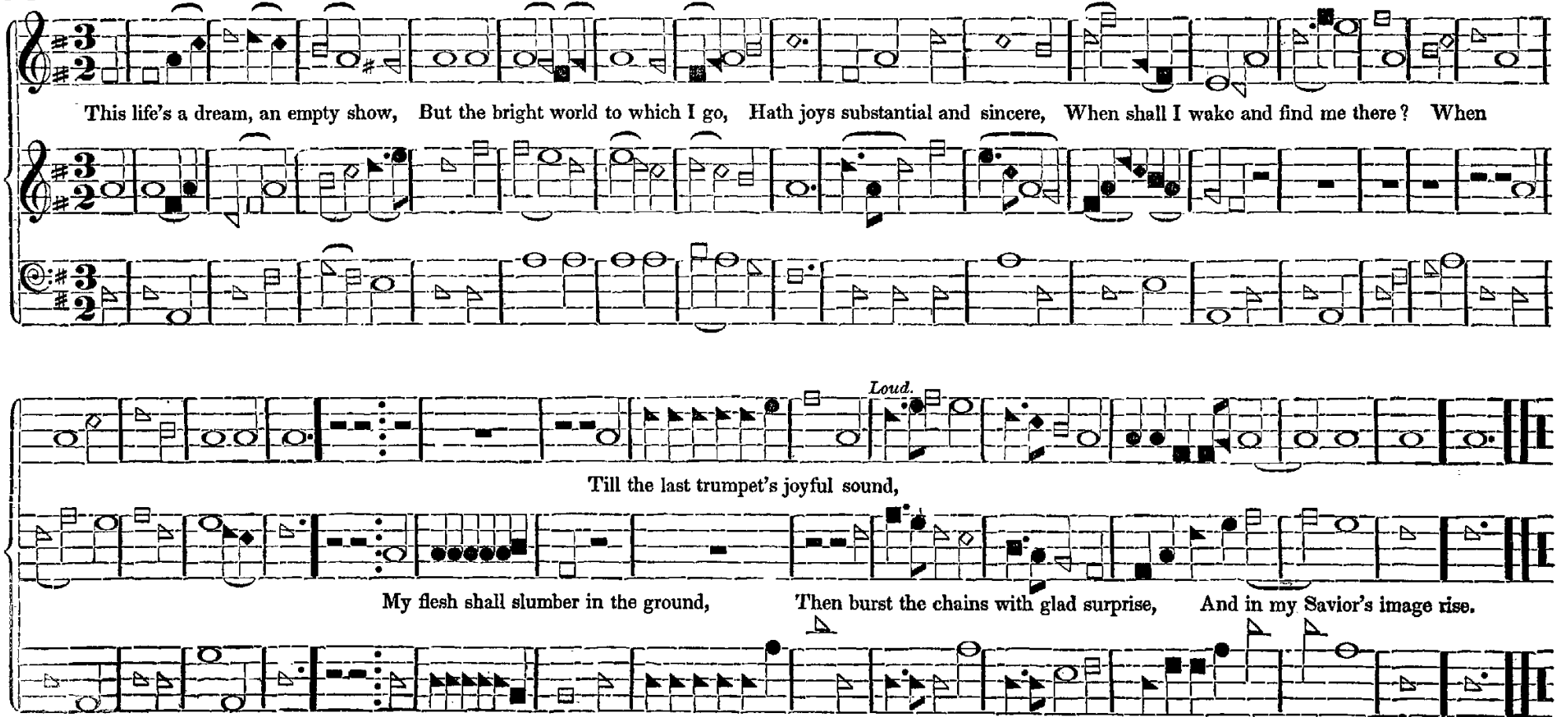

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground; The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around.
And glory, &c. The angel of the Lord, &c.
1
2
1
2
1
2

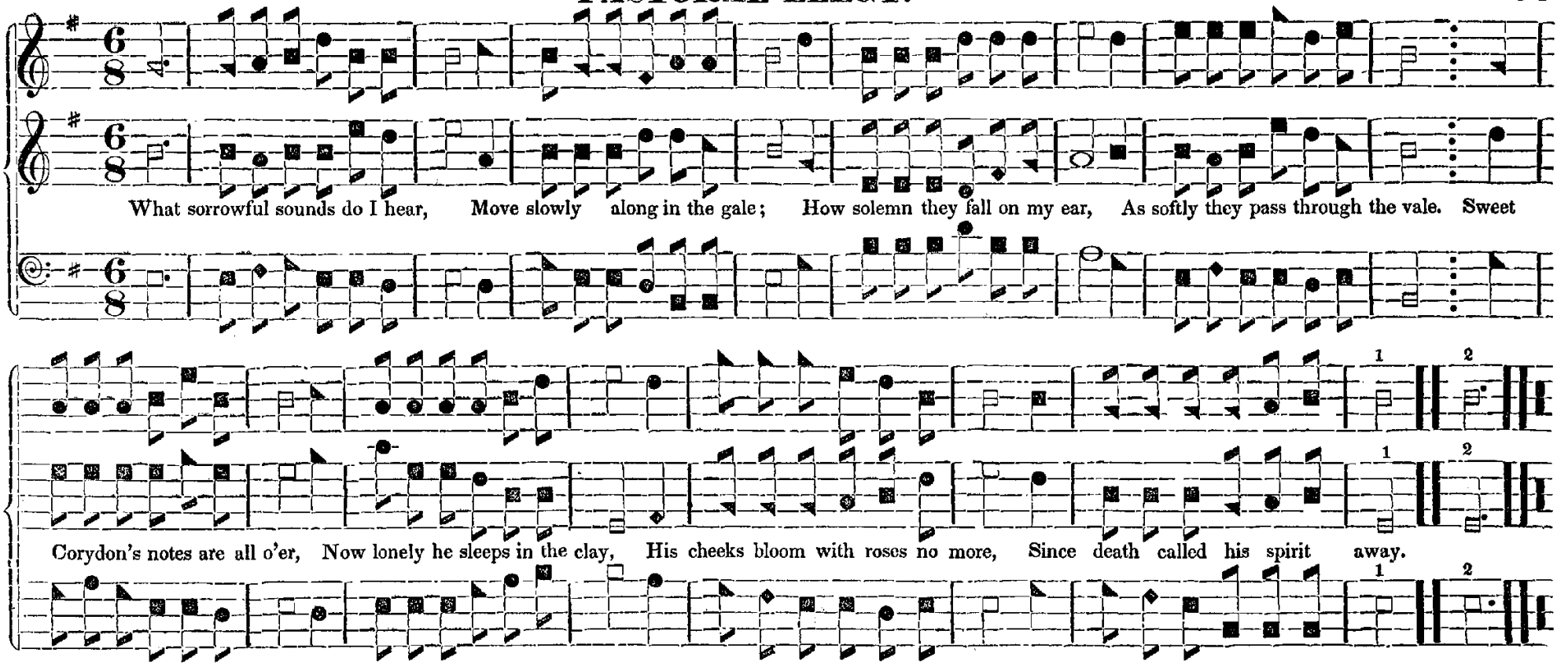
INVITATION. L. M.




Death is to us a sweet re pose, The bud was spread to show the rose, The case was broke to let us fly, And build our happy nests on high.
Then said I, O to mount away, And leave this clog of heavy clay; Let wings of time more swiftly fly, That I may join the songs on high, Let, &c.

TILDEN. L. M.


This life's a dream, an empty show, But the bright world to which I go, Hath joys substantial and sincere, When shall I wake and find me there? When
Loud.
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
My flesh shall slumber in the ground, Then burst the chains with glad surprise, And in my Savior's image rise.

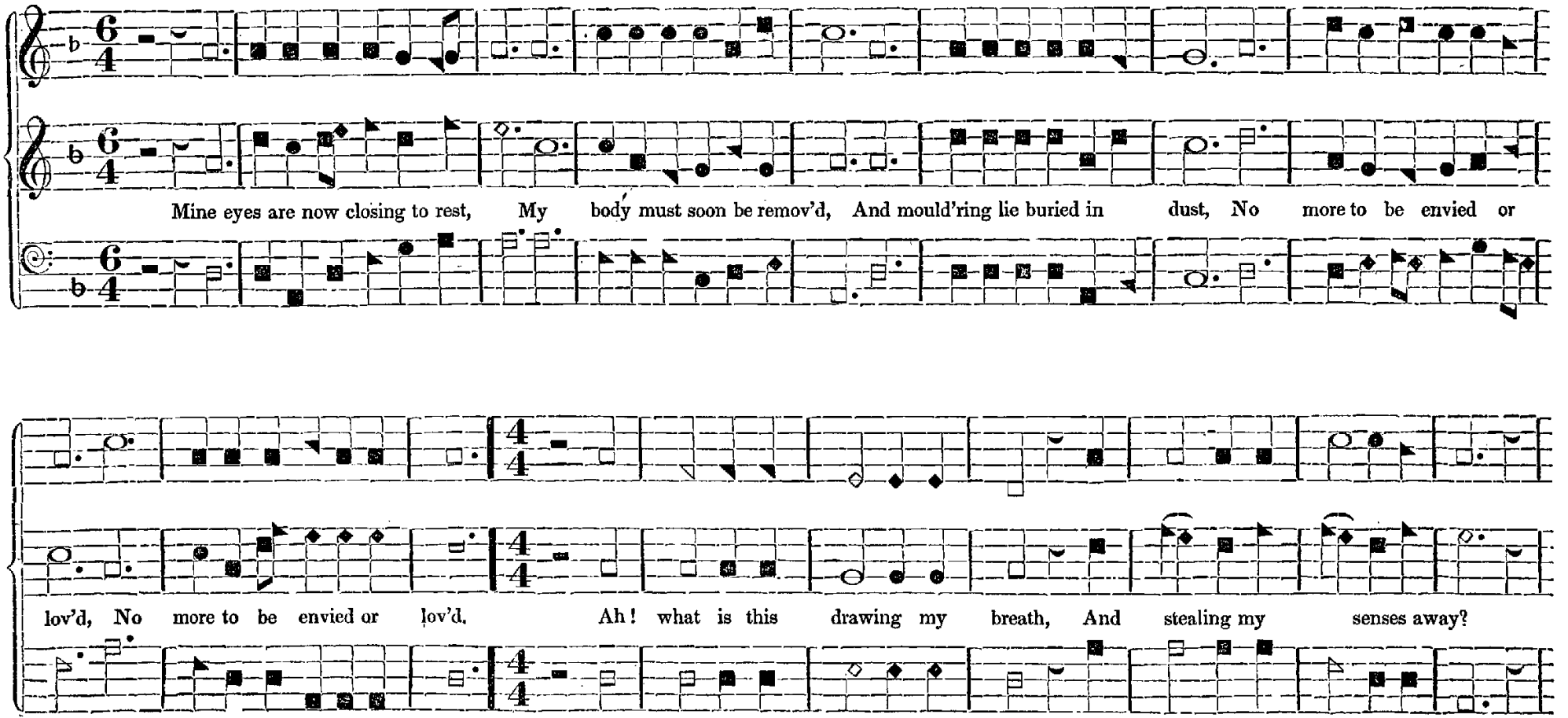


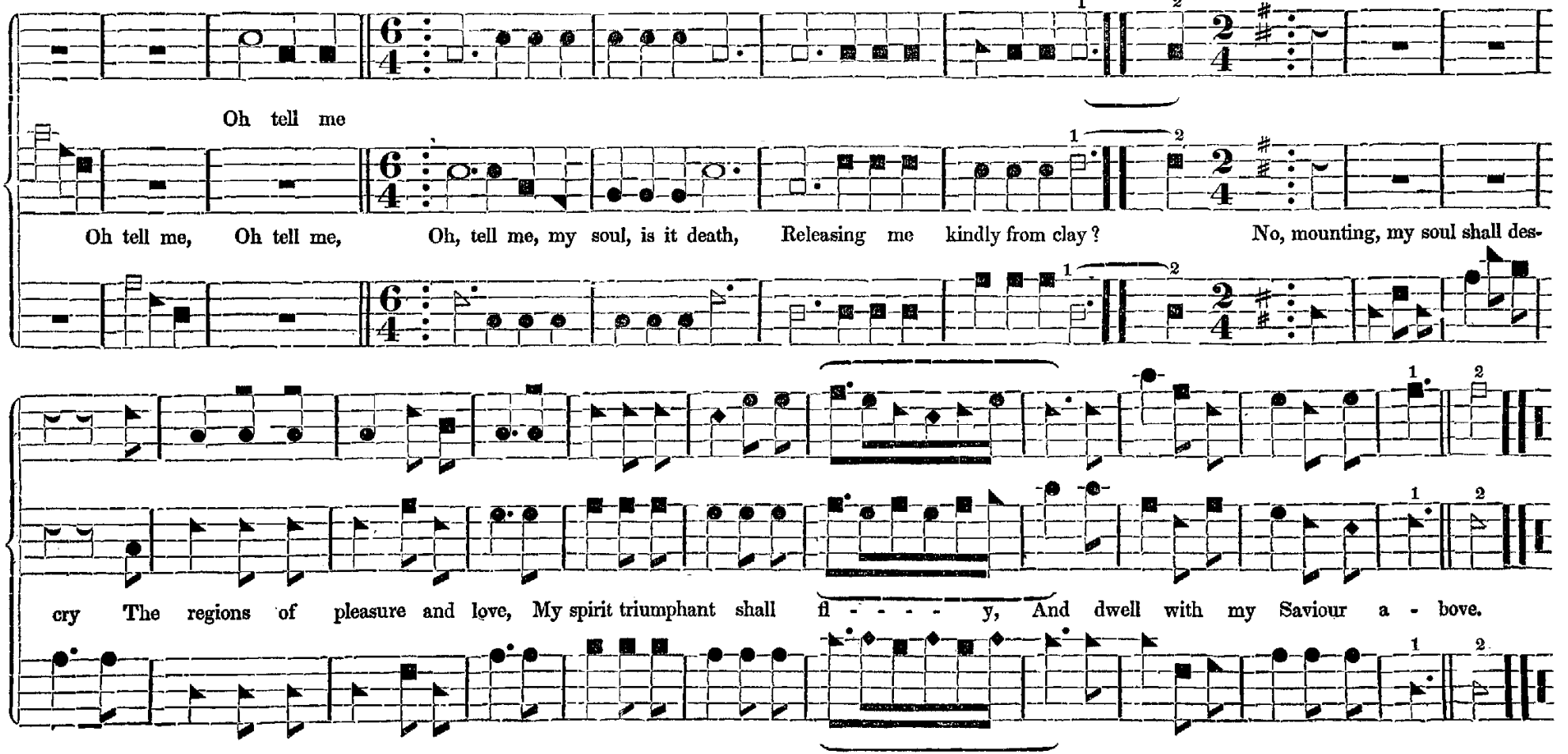
2. Sweet woodbines will rise round his feet,
And willows their sorrowing wave;
Young hyacinths freshen and bloom,
While hawthorns encircle his grave.

Each morn when the sun gilds the east,
(The green grass bespangled with dew),
He'll cast his bright beams on the west,
To charm the sad Caroline's view.

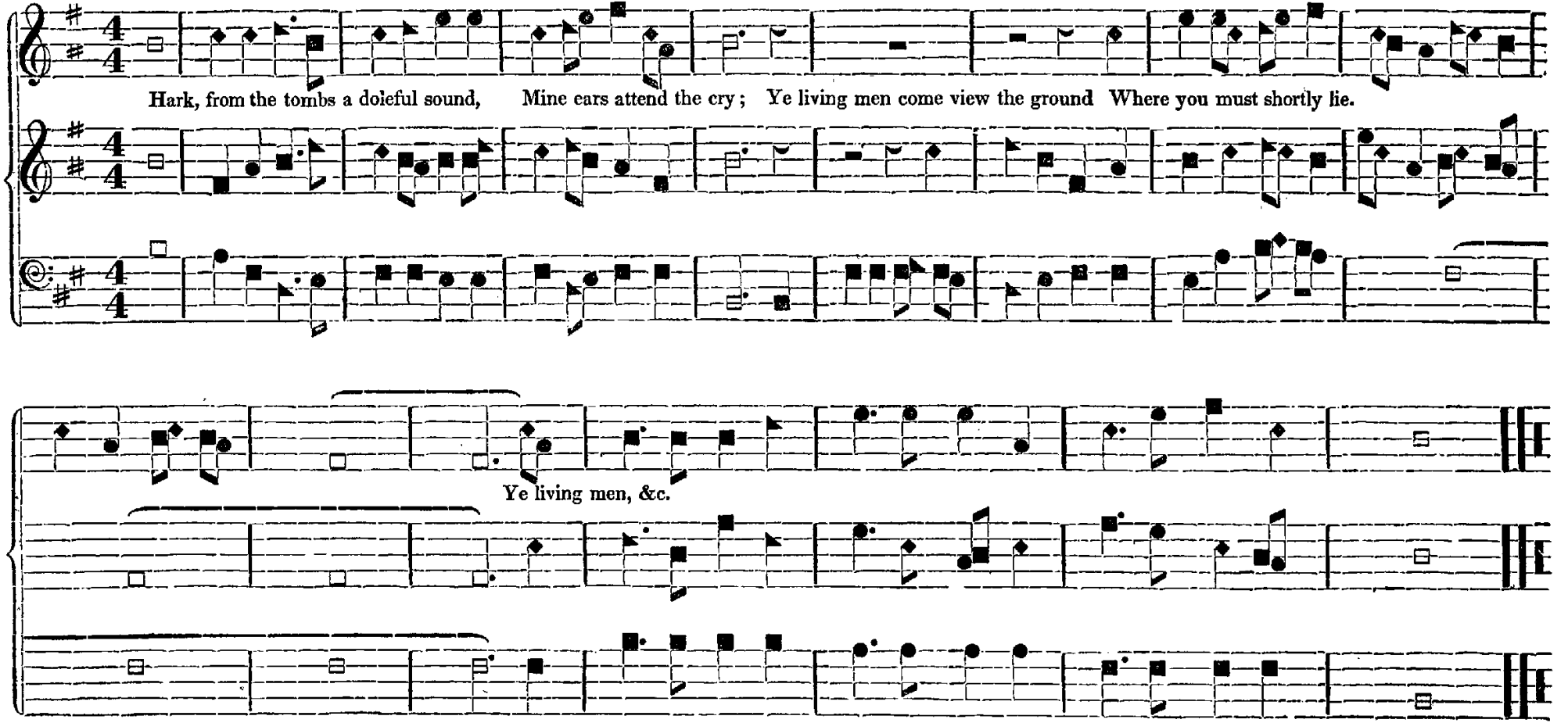
3. O Corydon! hear the sad cries
Of Caroline, plaintive and slow;
O spirit! look down from the skies,
And pity thy mourner below.

'Tis Caroline's voice in the grove,
Which Philomel hears on the plain,
Then striving the mourner to soothe,
With sympathy joins in her strain

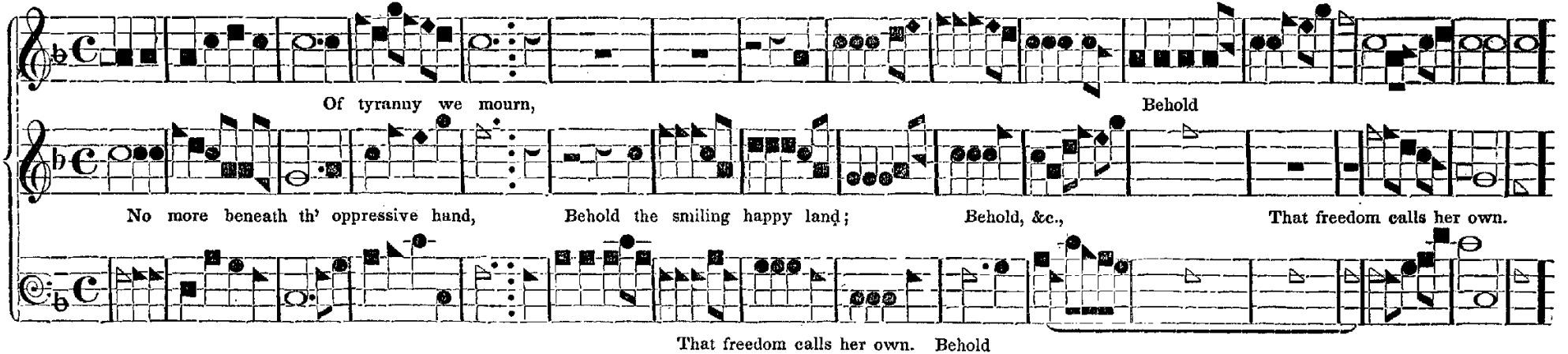

Mine eyes are now closing to rest, My body must soon be remov'd, And mould'ring lie buried in dust, No more to be envied or
lov'd, No more to be envied or lov'd. Ah! what is this drawing my breath, And stealing my senses away?


Oh tell me
Oh tell me, Oh tell me, Oh, tell me, my soul, is it death, Releasing me kindly from clay? No, mounting, my soul shall des-
cry The regions of pleasure and love, My spirit triumphant shall fl - - - - y, And dwell with my Saviour a - bove.

NEW DURHAM. C. M.

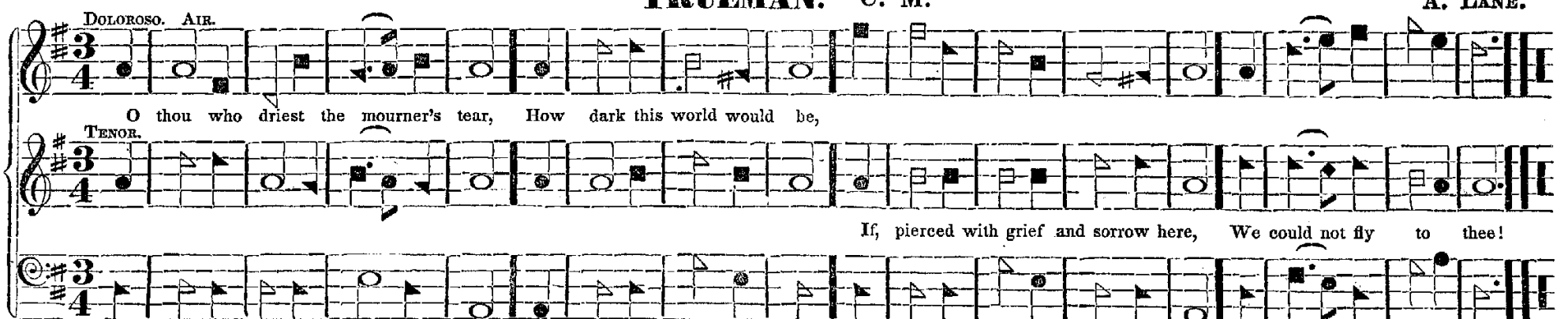


LIBERTY. C. M.



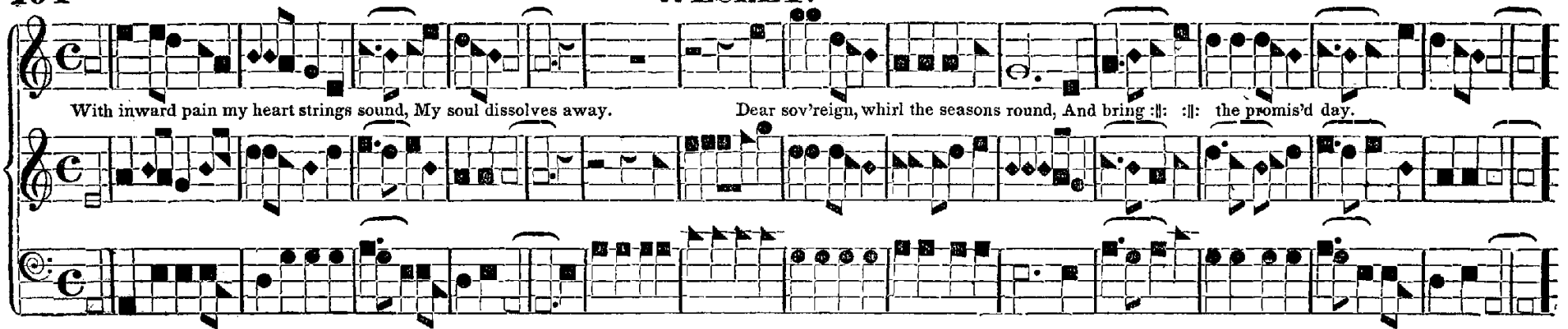
TRUEMAN. C. M.

A. LANE.

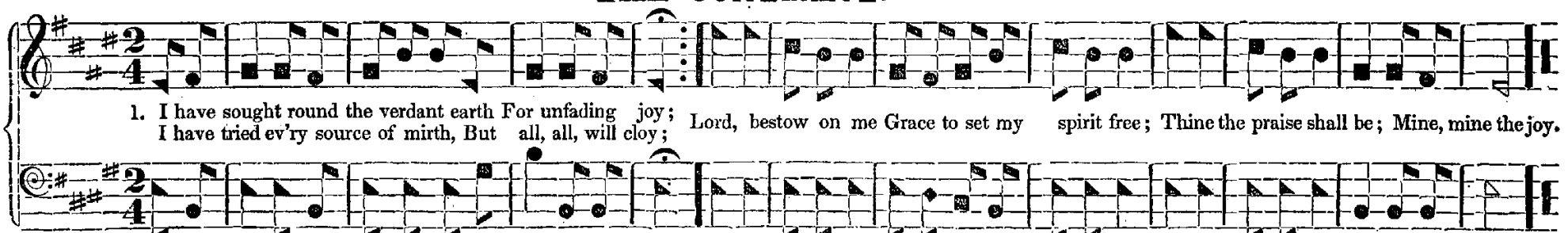


2. The friends who in our sunshine live, When winter comes, are flown; And he who has but tears to give, Must weep those tears alone.
3. O! who could bear life's stormy doom, Did not thy wing of love Come, brightly wafting thro' the gloom, Our peace-branch from above?
4. Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright, With more than rapture's ray; As darkness shows us worlds of light We never saw by day.

WESLEY. C. M.



THE CONTRAST. P. M.

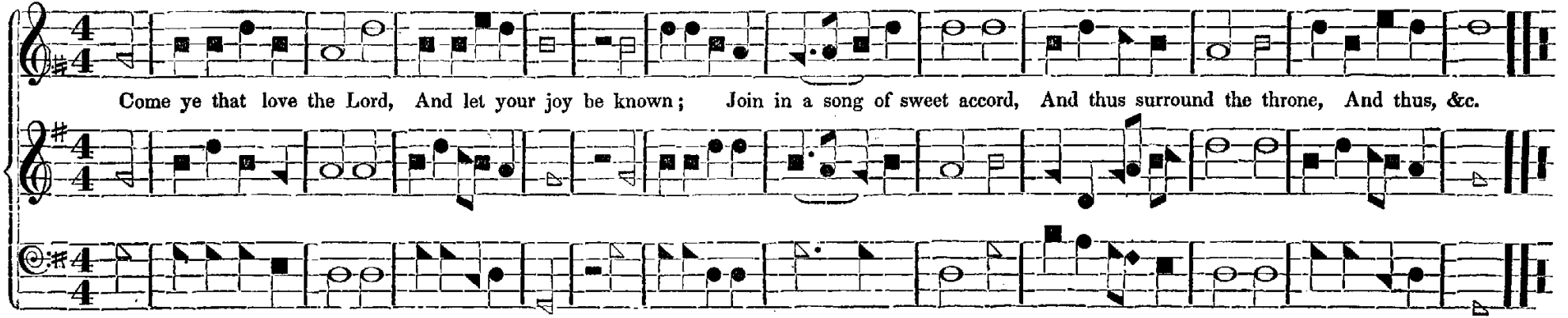


2. I have wander'd in mazes dark,
Of doubt and distress;
I have had not a kindling spark,
My spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief,
Fill'd my laboring soul with grief;
What shall give relief?
What shall give peac ?

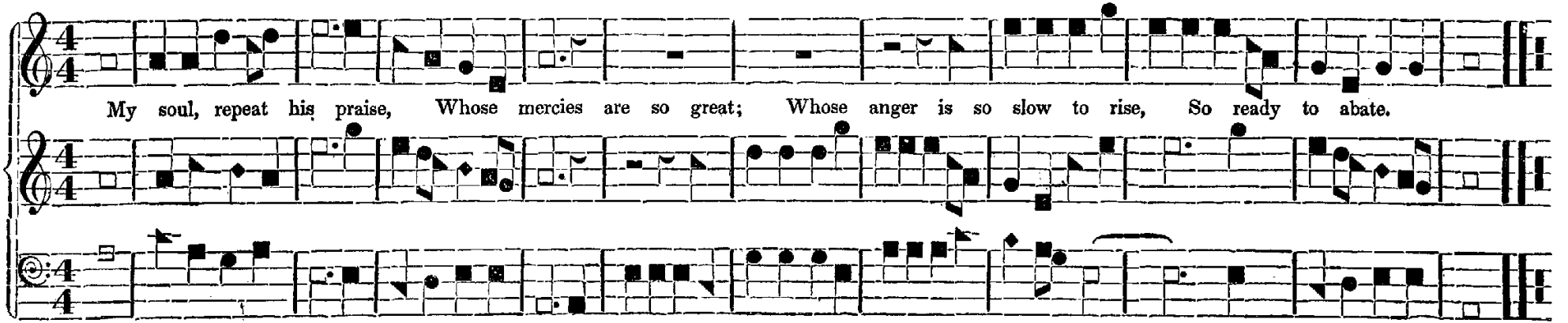
3. I then turned to thy gospel, Lord,
From folly away,
I then trusted thy holy word
That taught me to pray;
Here I found release,
Here my weary soul found rest,
Hope of endless bliss,
Eternal day.

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

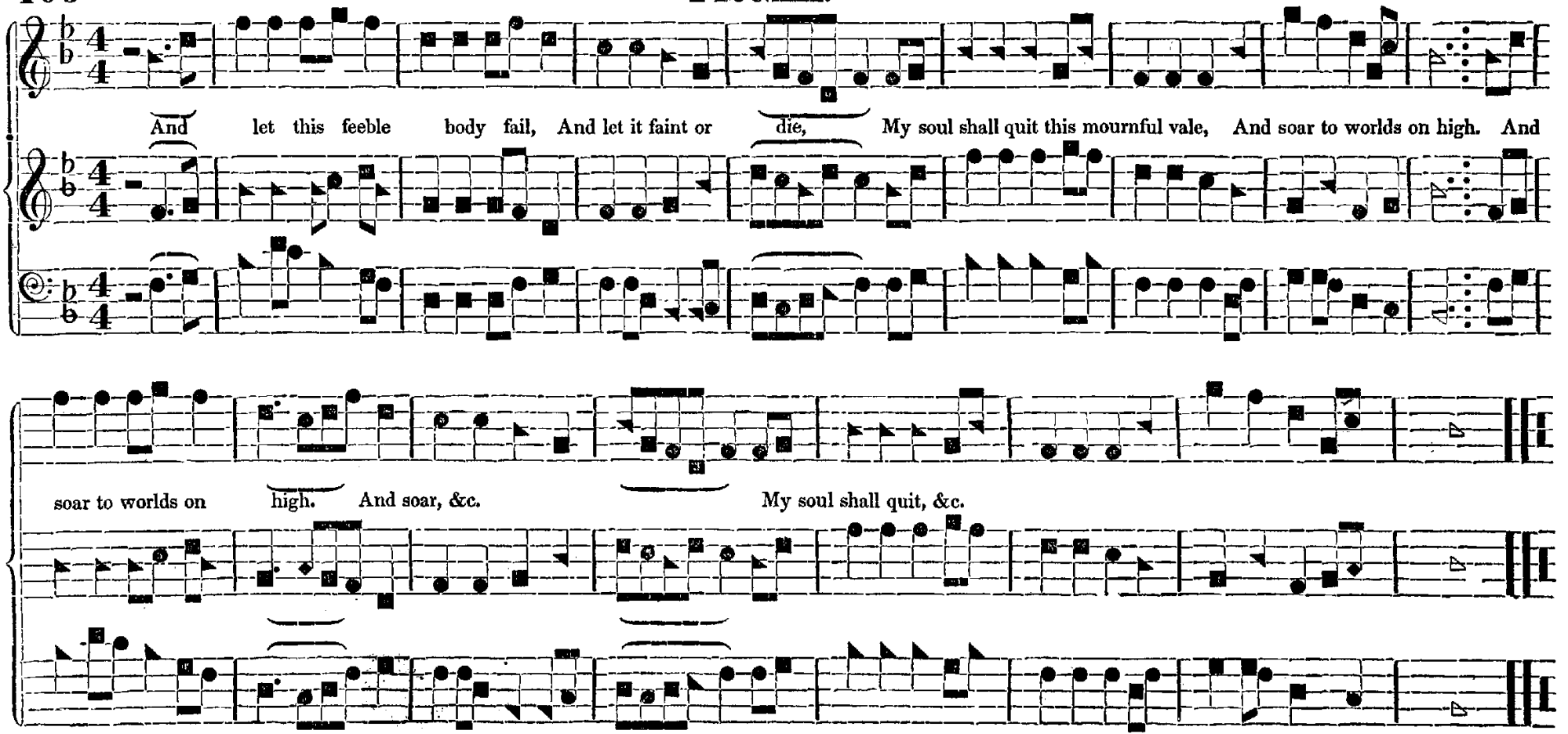
ALBION. S. M.

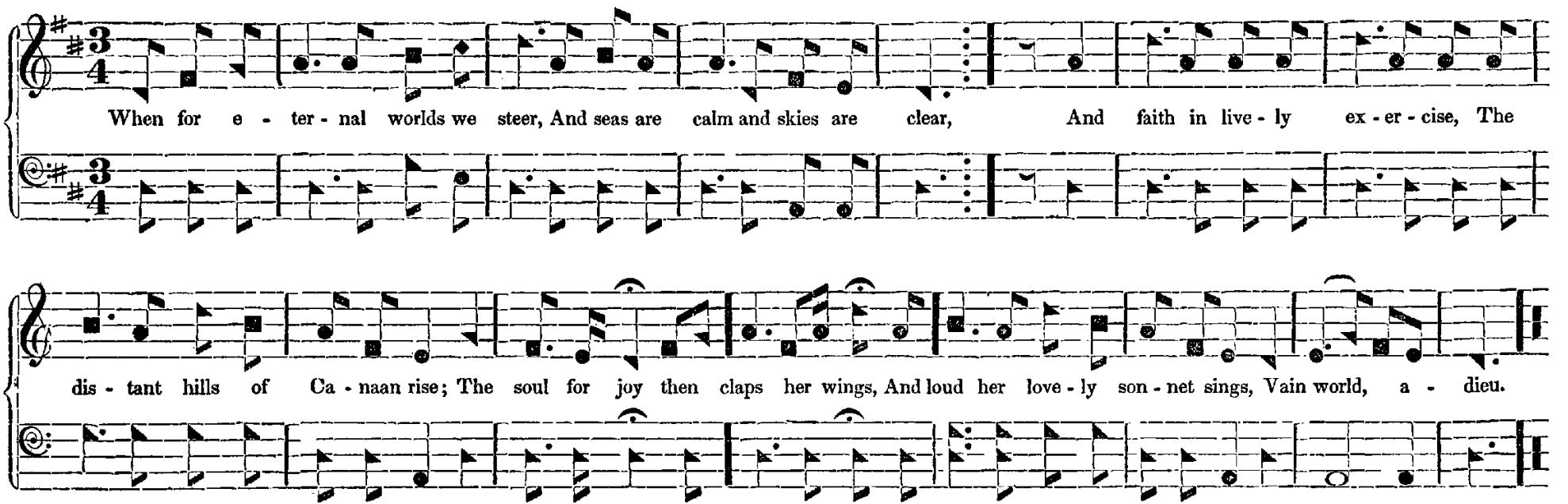


AMERICA. S. M.



PISGAH. C. M.


And let this feeble body fail, And let it faint or die, My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high. And
soar to worlds on high. And soar, &c.
My soul shall quit, &c.



II.

With cheerful hope, her eyes explore
Each land-mark on the distant shore,
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm going home.

III.

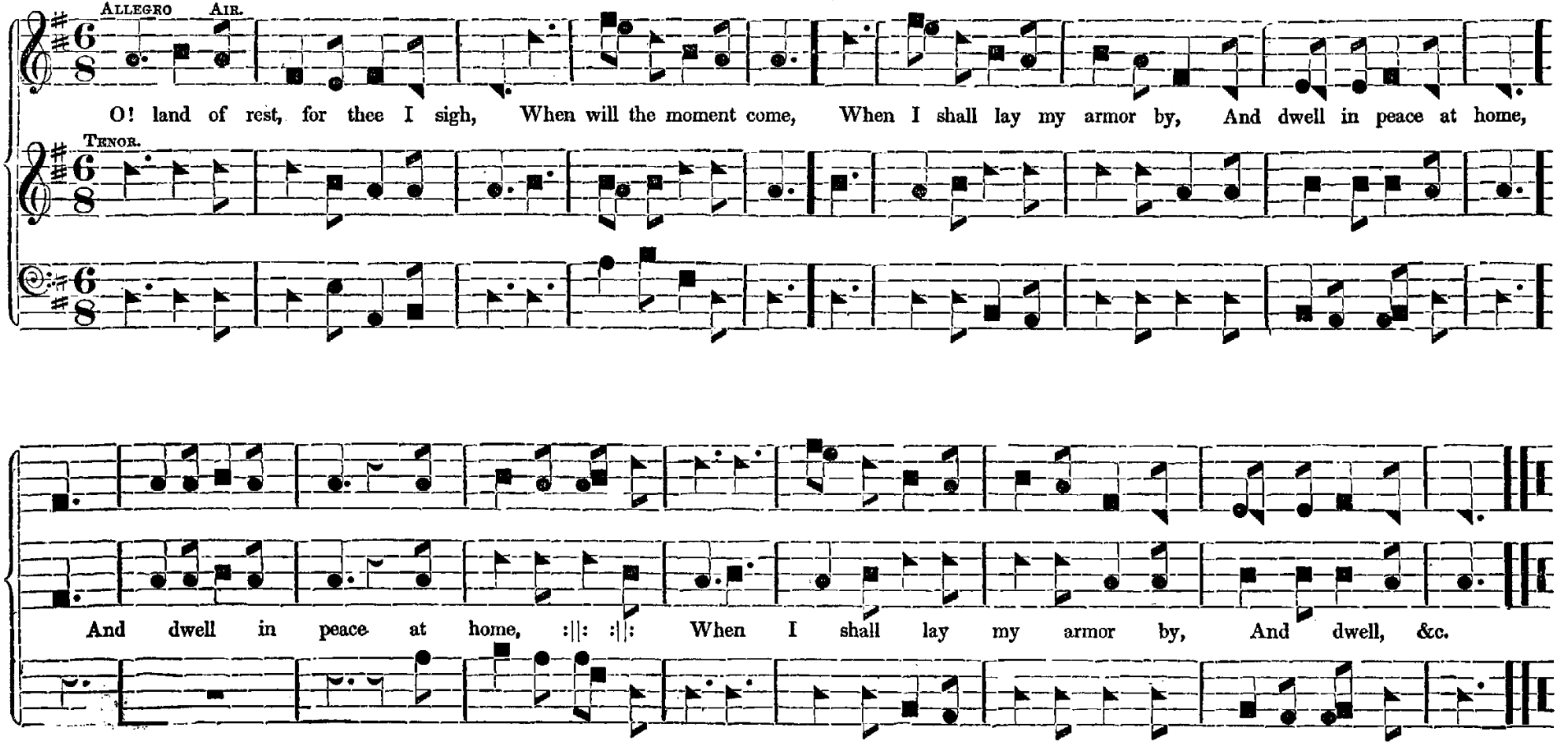
The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand,
With steady helm, and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail,
And now for joy she folds her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I'm safe at home.

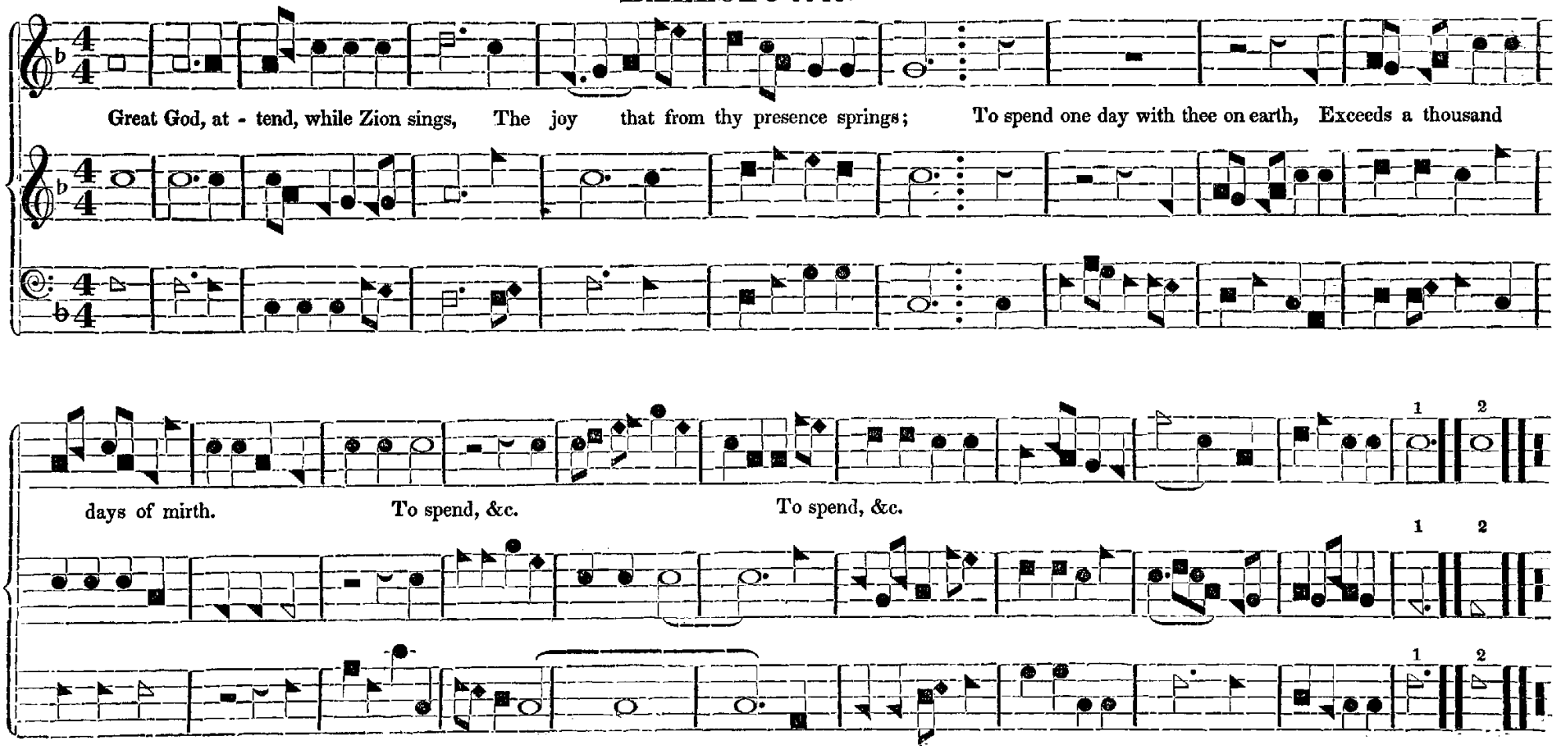
IV.

Now, safely moor'd, no storm I fear,
My God, my Christ, my heav'n is here,
And all the joys of Paradise
In holiness and beauty rise,
'Tis now the soul, with folded wing,
Her thrilling notes of joy shall sing,
Glory to God.

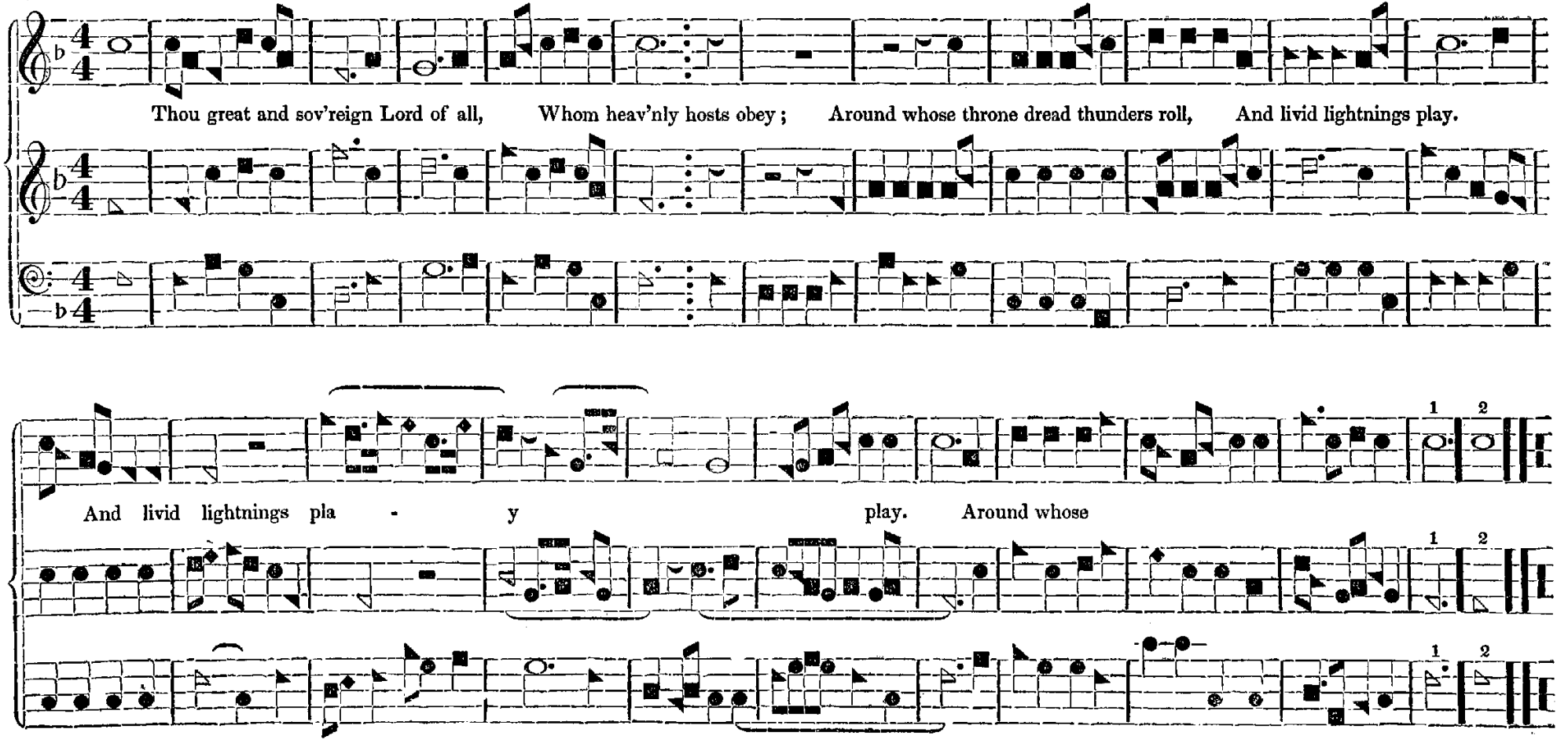
LAND OF REST. C. M.

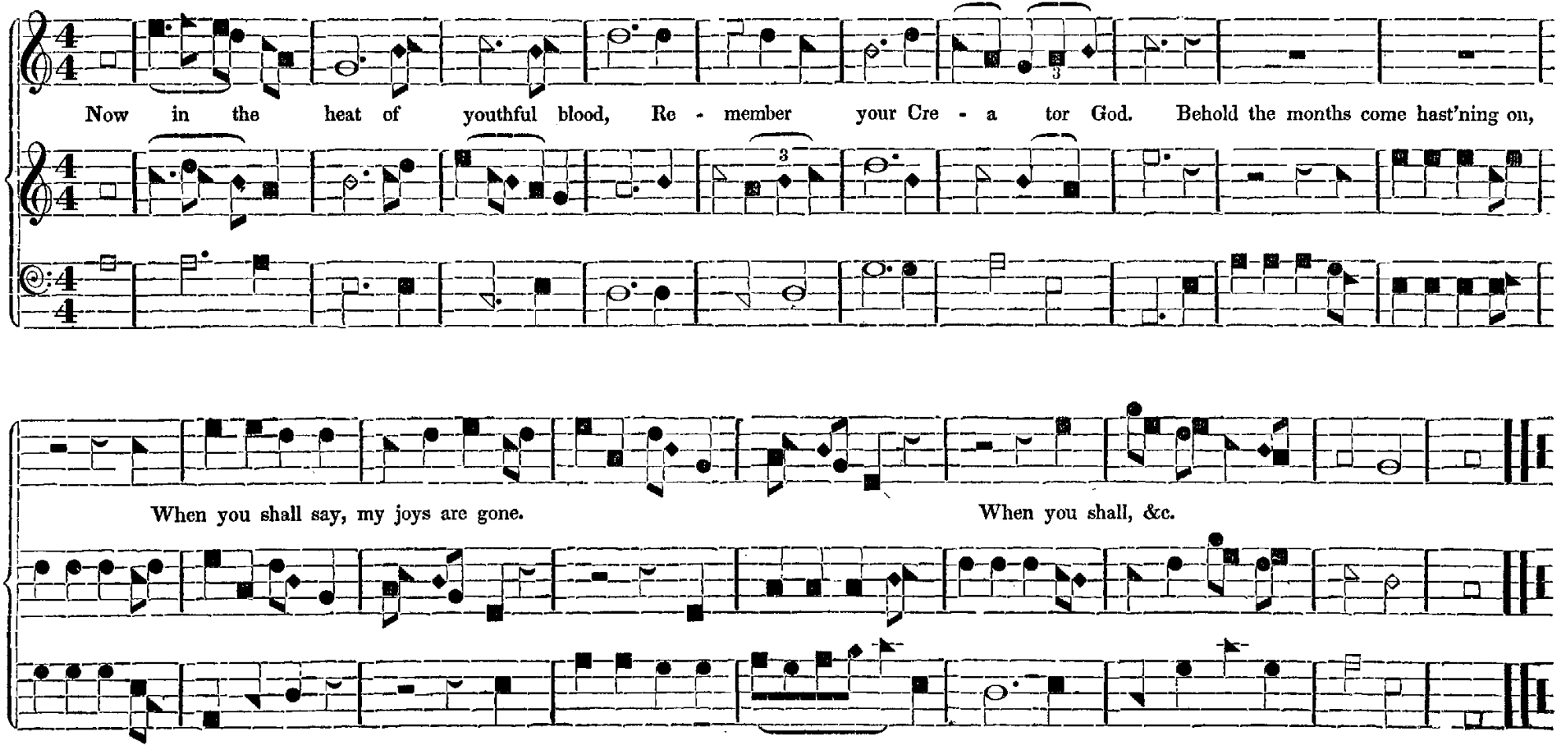
AUSTIN LANE.



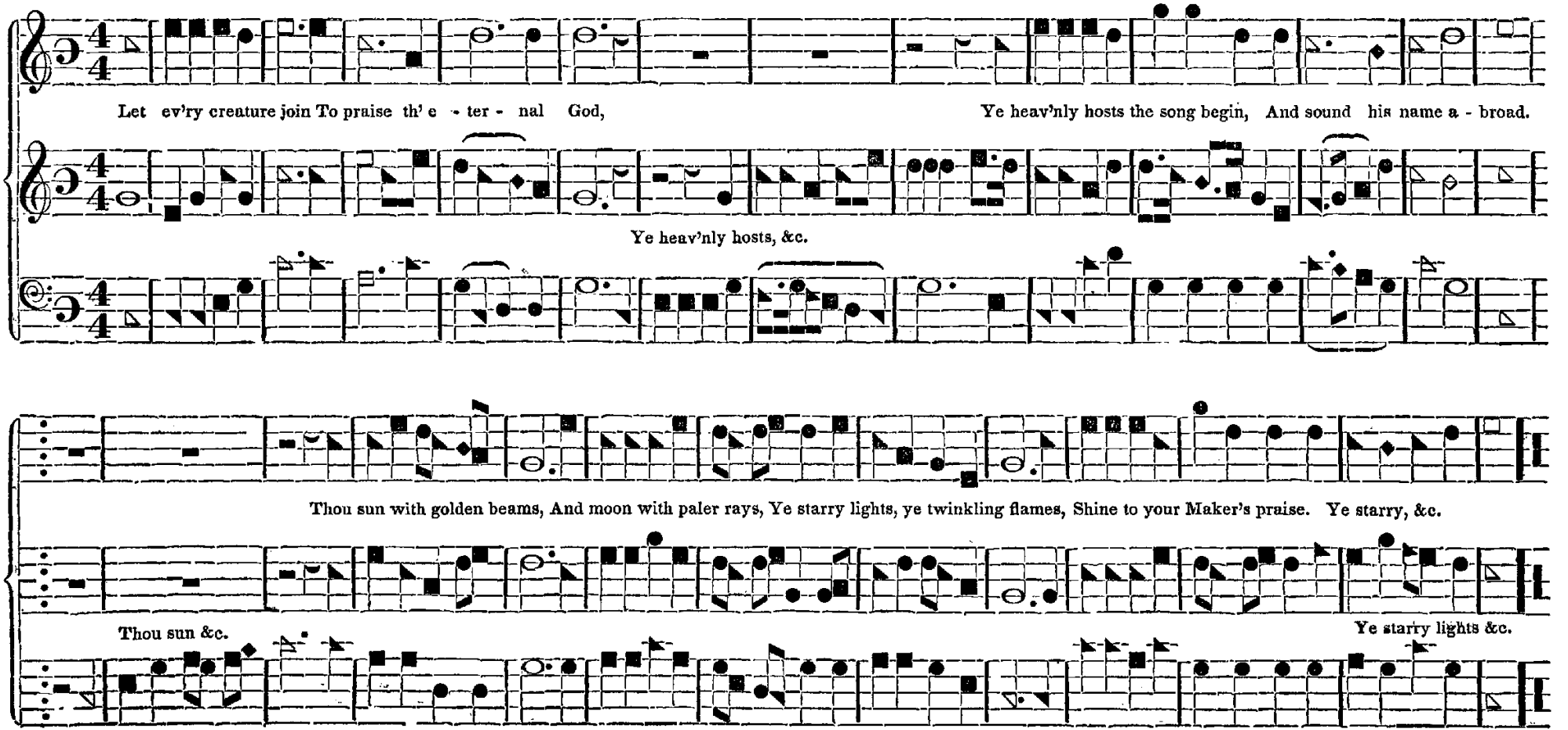

Great God, at - tend, while Zion sings, The joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand
days of mirth. To spend, &c. To spend, &c.
1 2
1 2
1 2

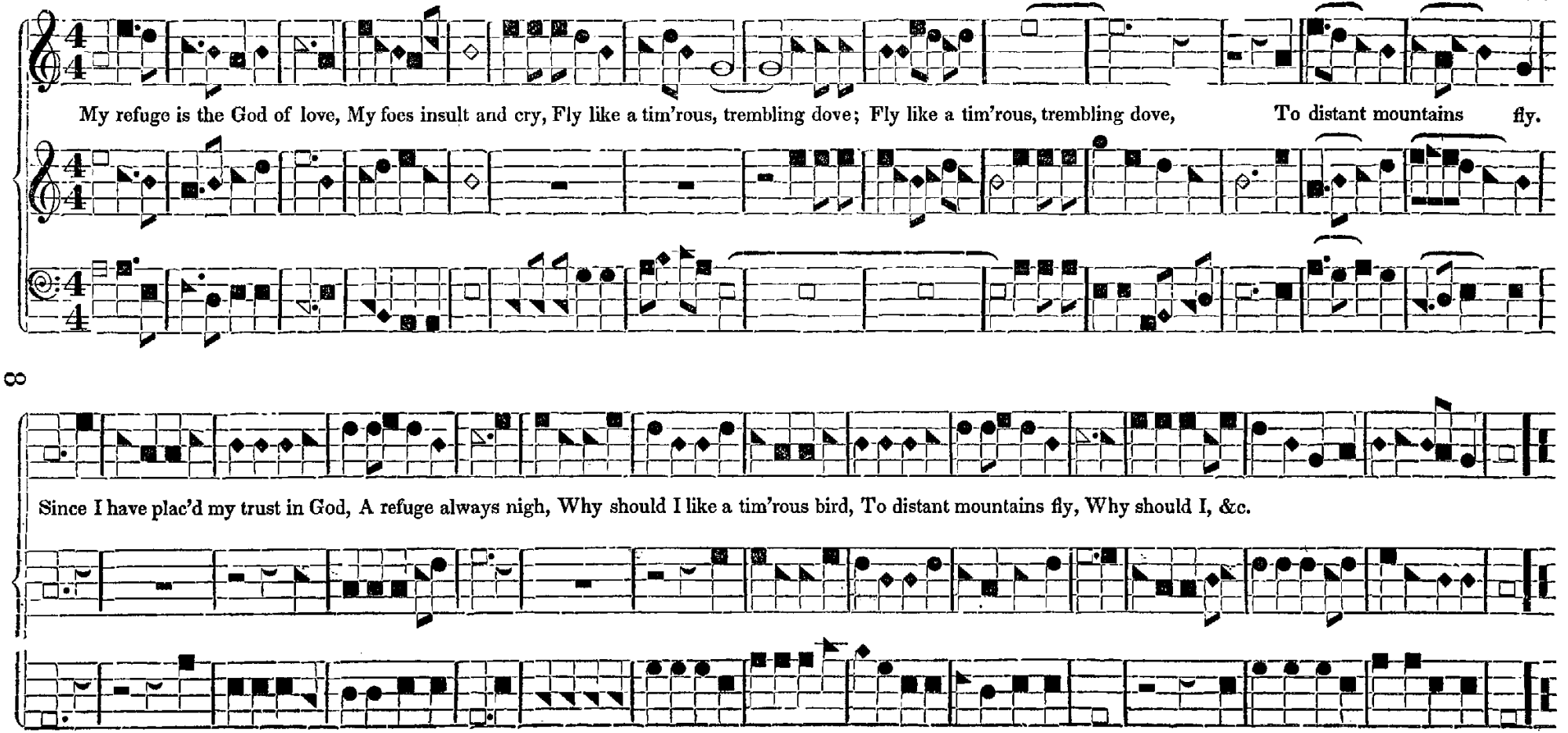
WESTMINISTER. C. M.



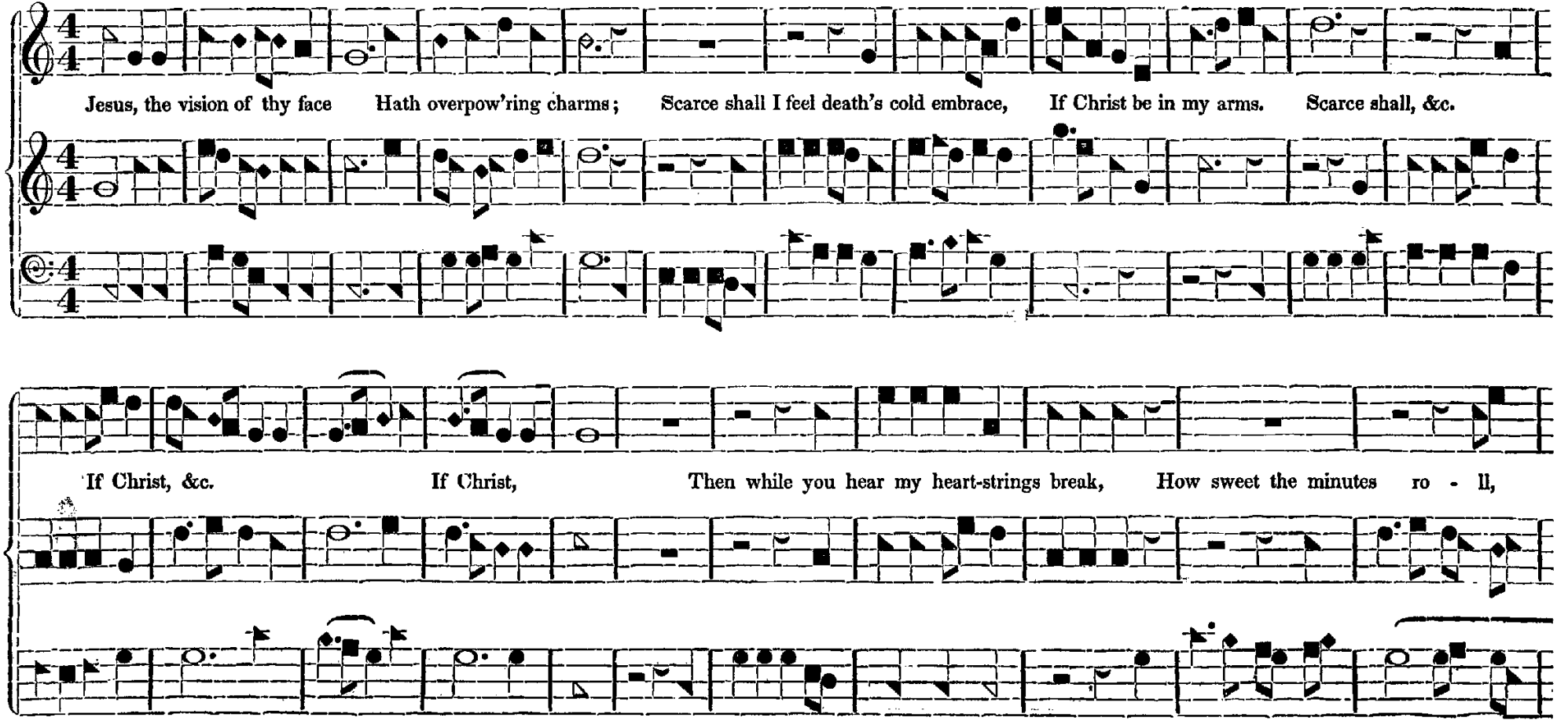

Now in the heat of youthful blood, Re - member your Cre - a tor God. Behold the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say, my joys are gone.
When you shall, &c.

NEWBURG. S. M.

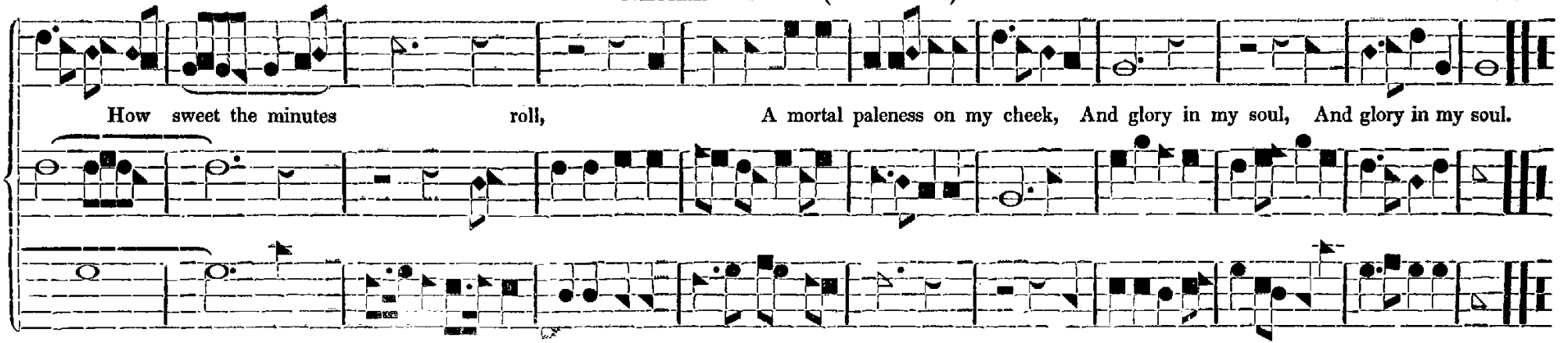

Let ev'ry creature join To praise th' e - ter - nal God,
Ye heav'nly hosts the song begin, And sound his name a - broad.
Ye heav'nly hosts, &c.
Thou sun with golden beams, And moon with paler rays, Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise. Ye starry, &c.
Thou sun &c.
Ye starry lights &c.


My refuge is the God of love, My foes insult and cry, Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove; Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove, To distant mountains fly.
8
Since I have plac'd my trust in God, A refuge always nigh, Why should I like a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly, Why should I, &c.

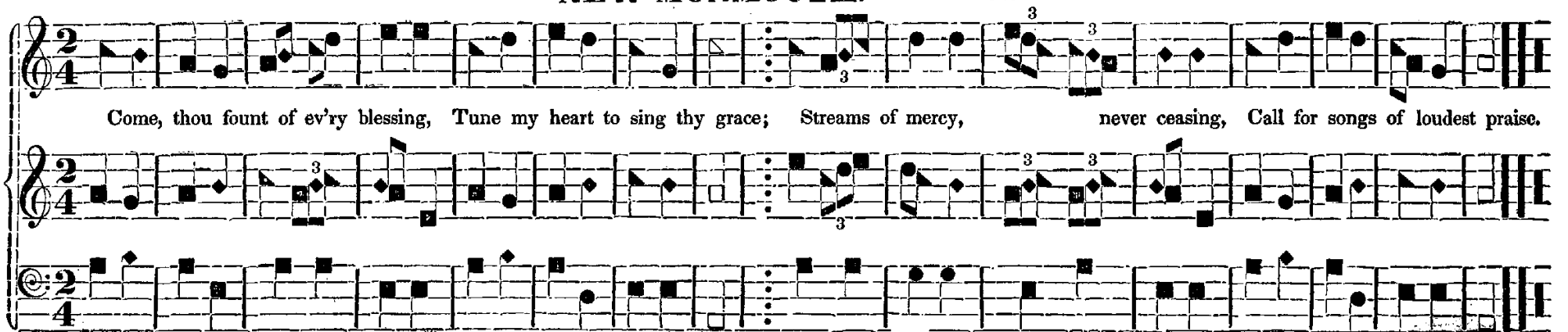
GRAFTON. L. M.


Jesus, the vision of thy face Hath overpow'ring charms; Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace, If Christ be in my arms. Scarce shall, &c.
If Christ, &c. If Christ, Then while you hear my heart-strings break, How sweet the minutes ro - ll,

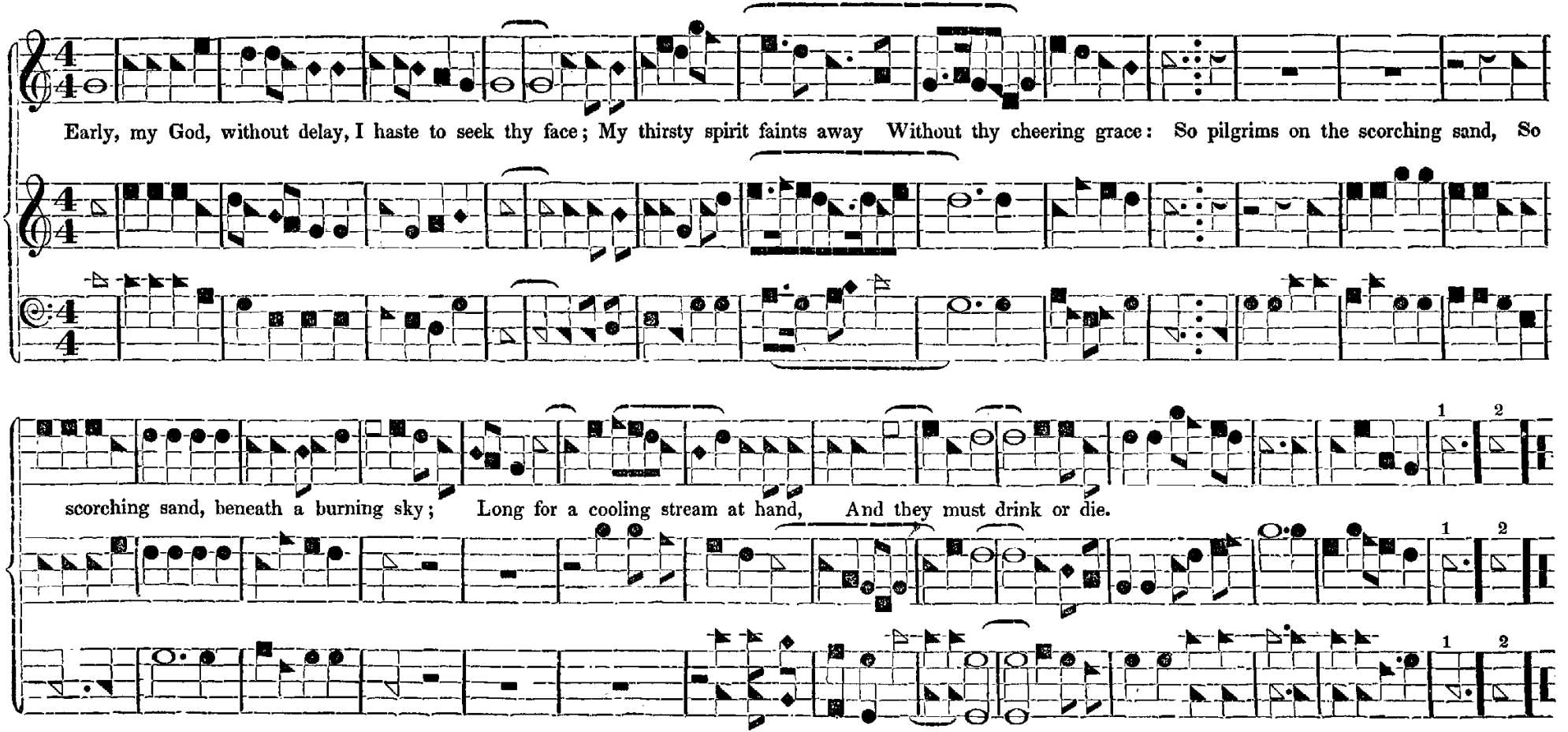
GRAFTON. (Concluded.)

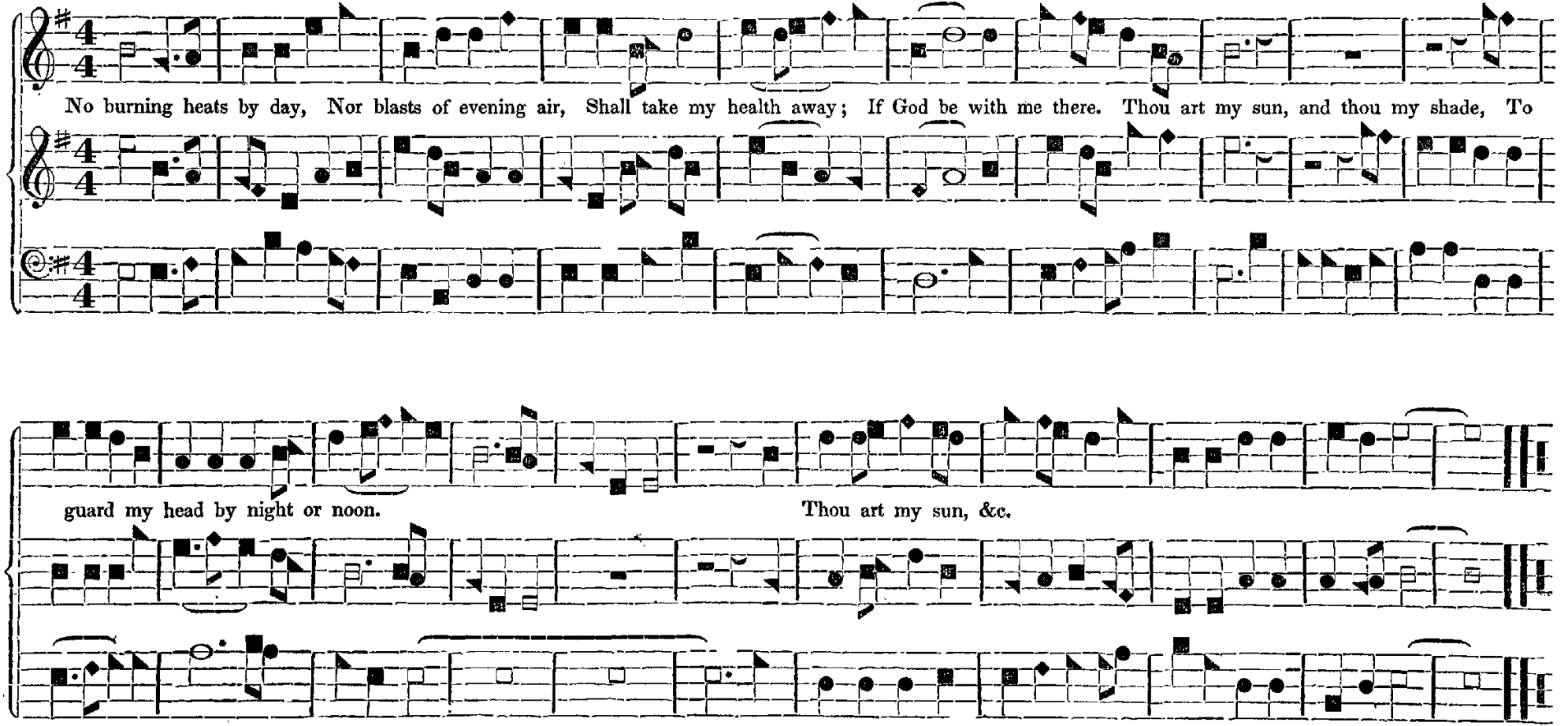


NEW-MONMOUTH. 8s and 7s.

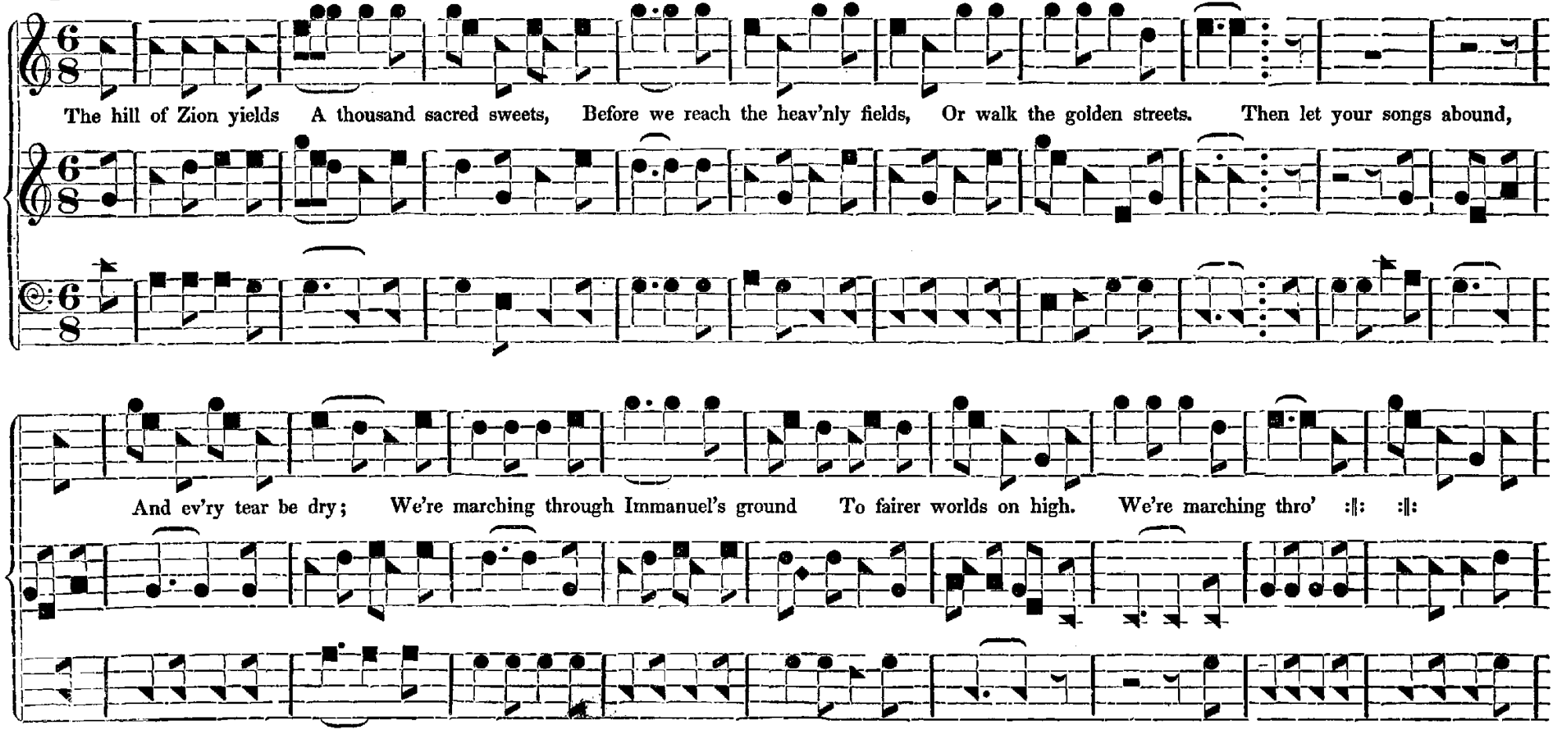


MONTGOMERY. C. M.

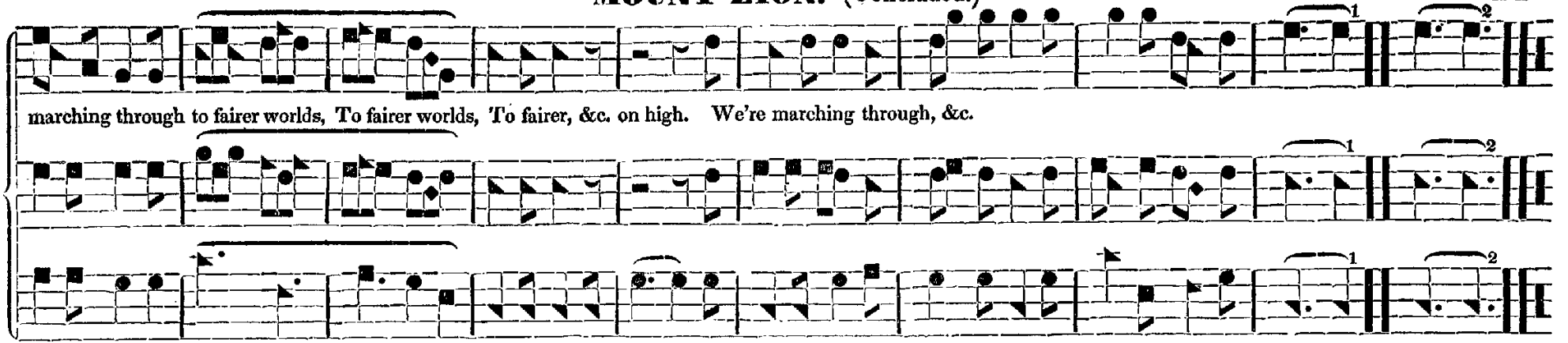



No burning heats by day, Nor blasts of evening air, Shall take my health away; If God be with me there. Thou art my sun, and thou my shade, To
guard my head by night or noon.
Thou art my sun, &c.

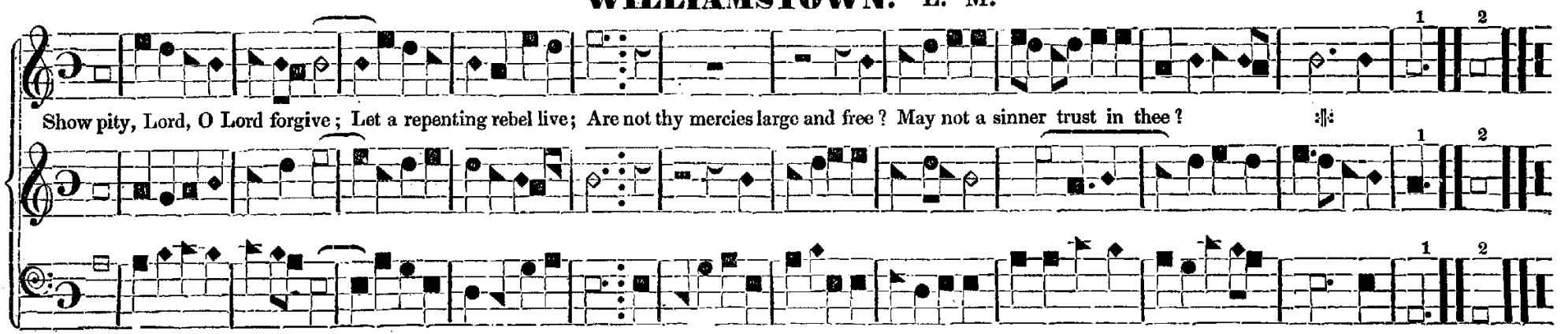
MOUNT ZION. S. M.



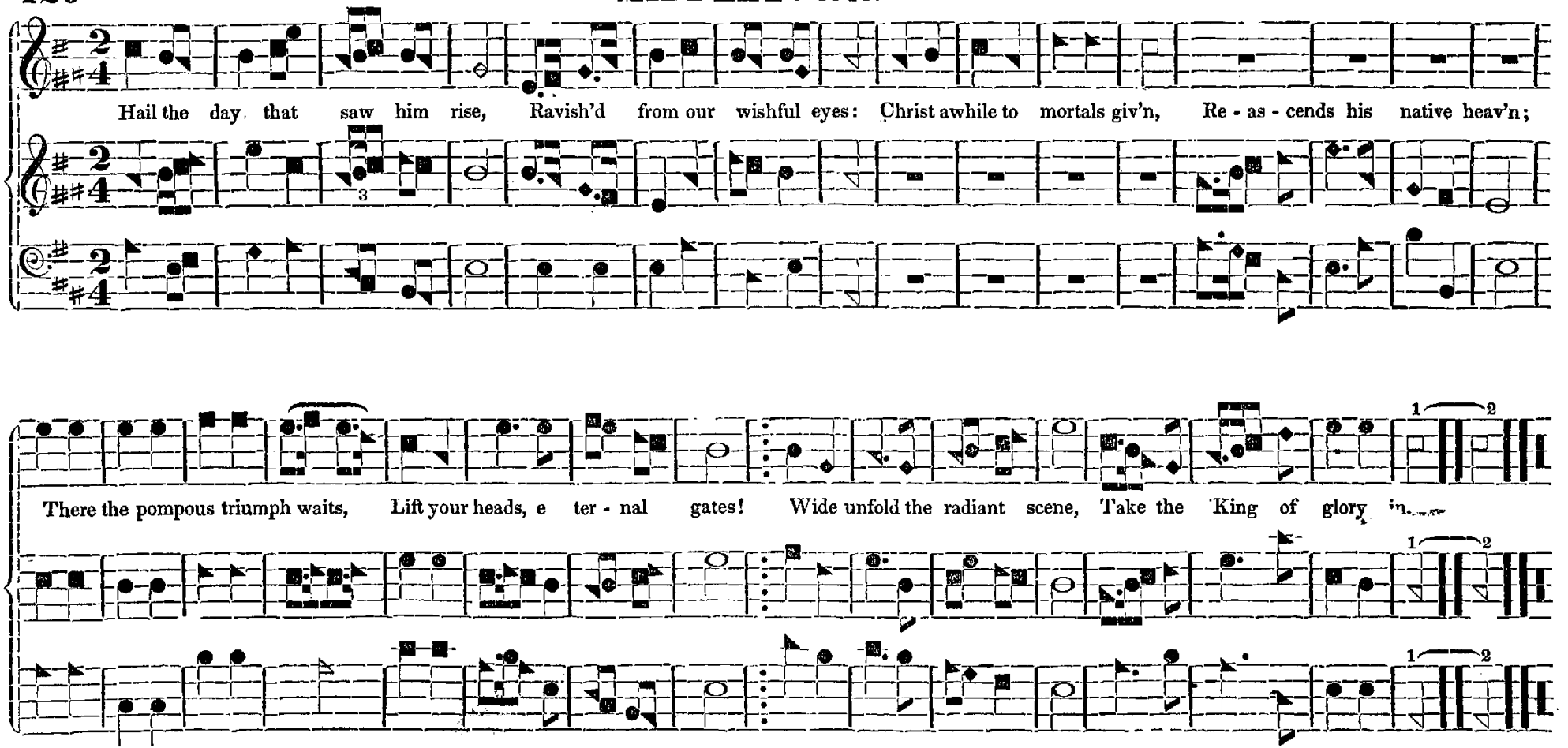
MOUNT ZION. (Concluded.)

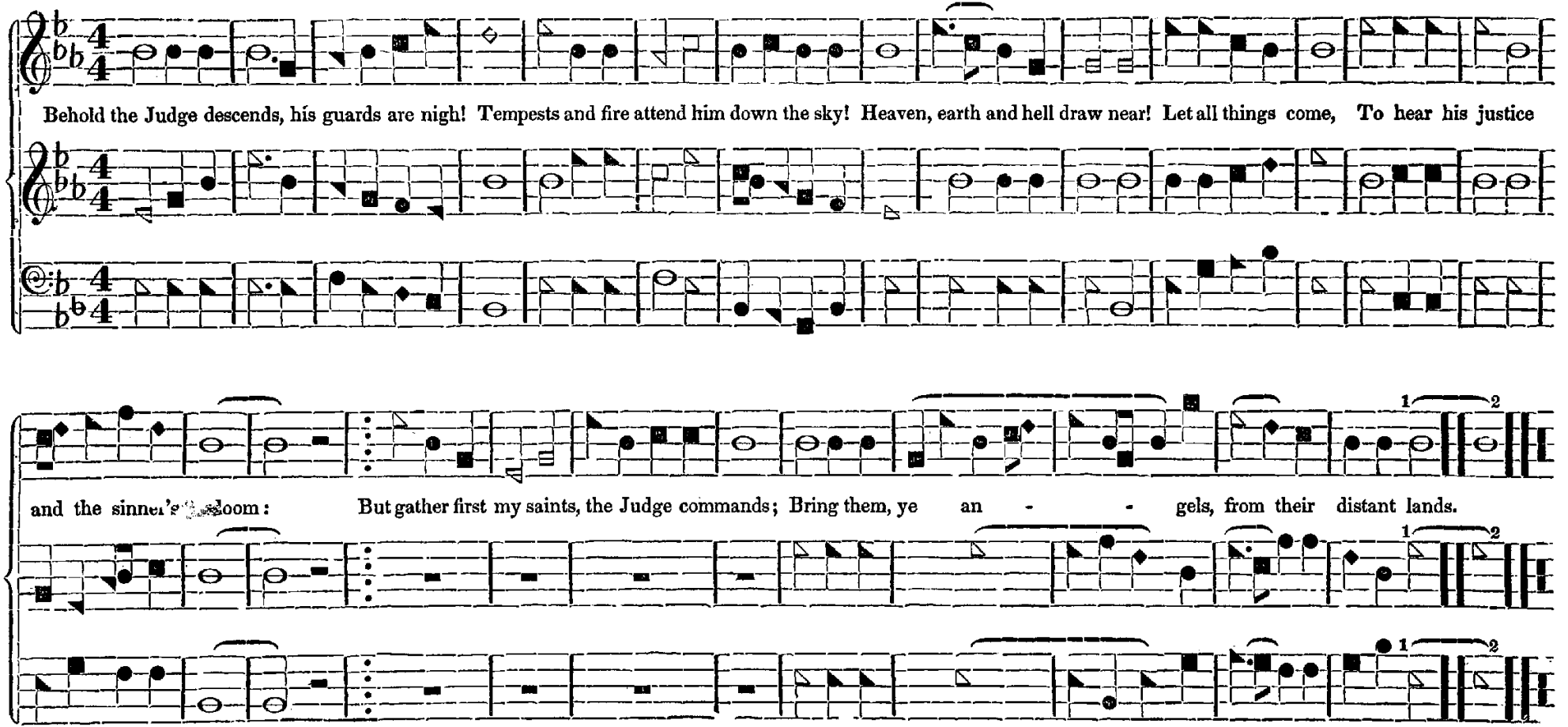


WILLIAMSTOWN. L. M.

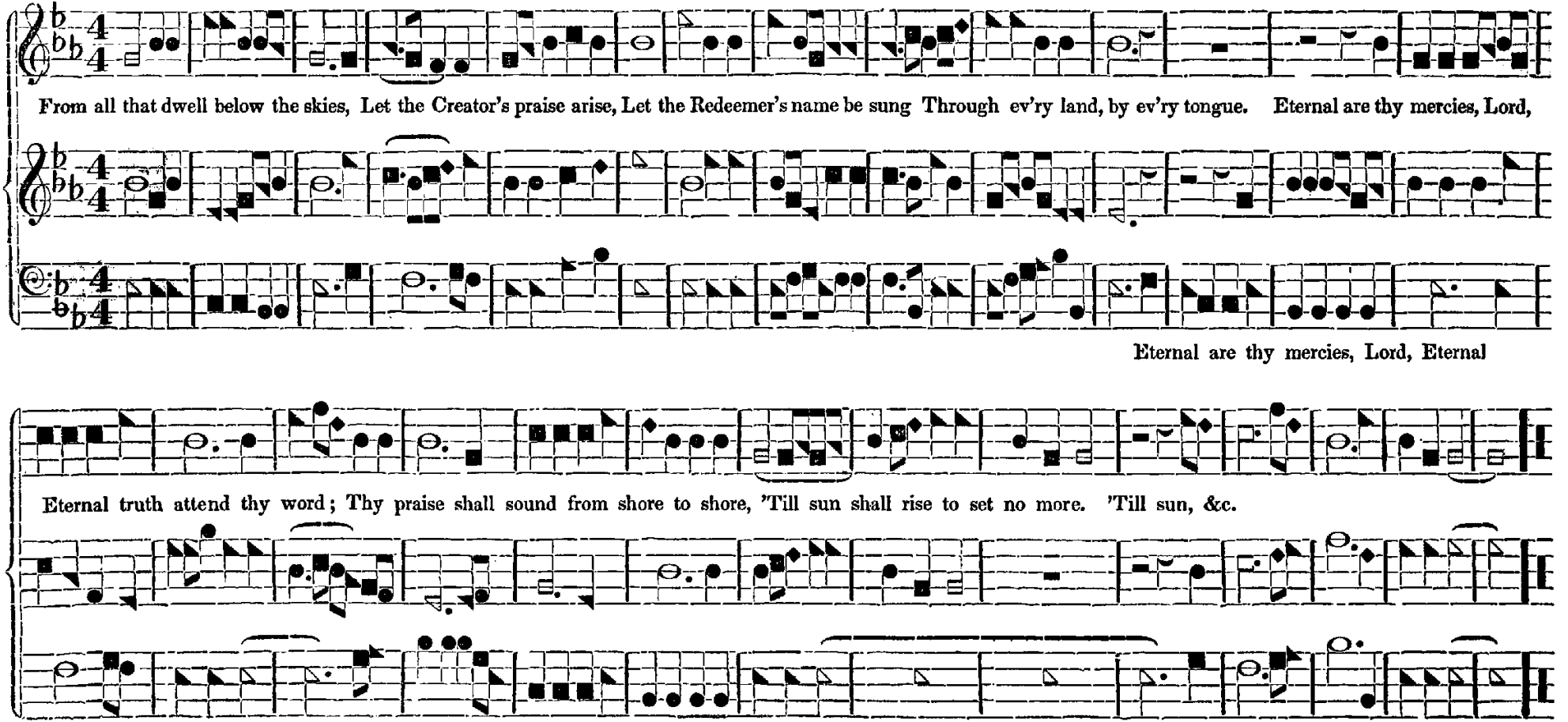


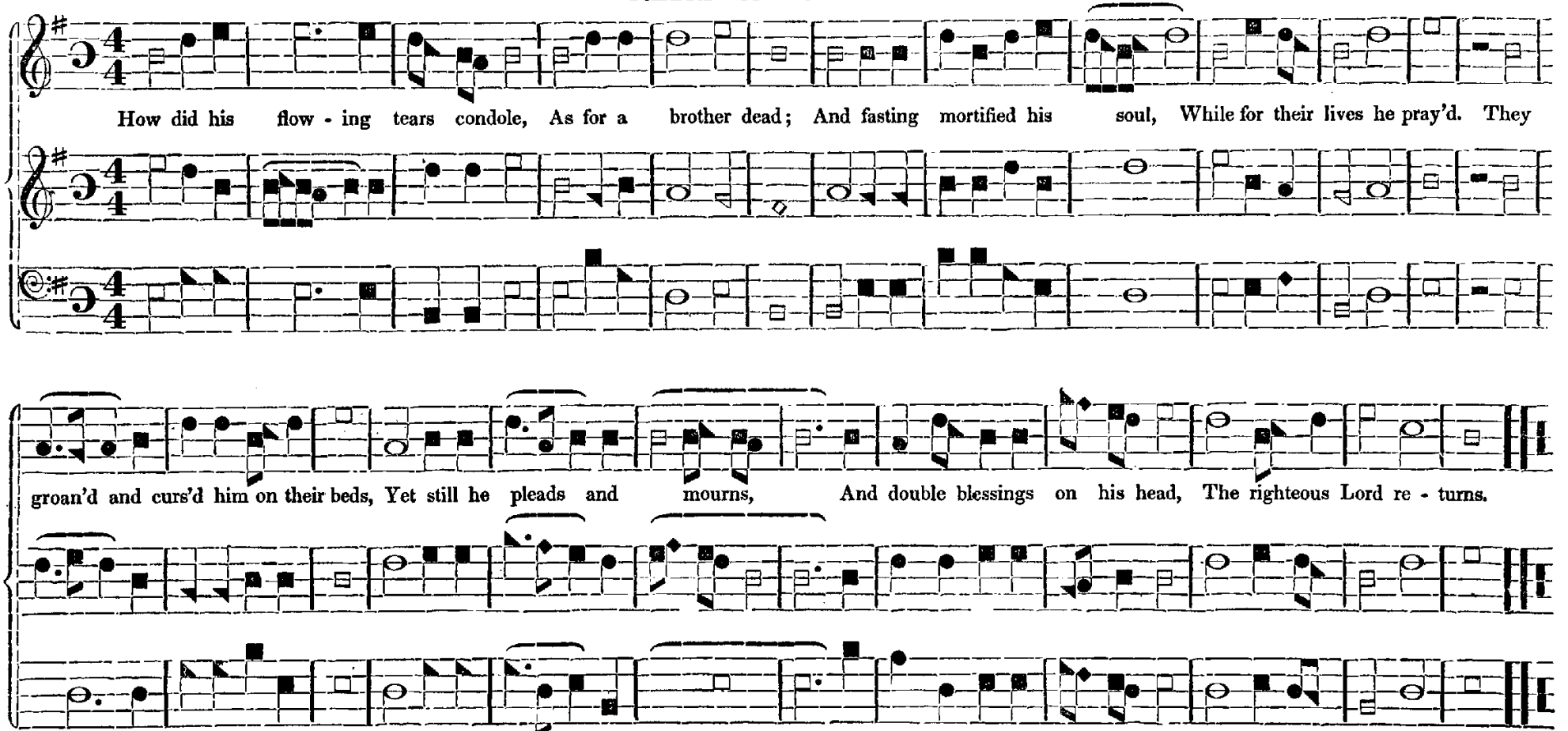
MIDDLETOWN. 7s.



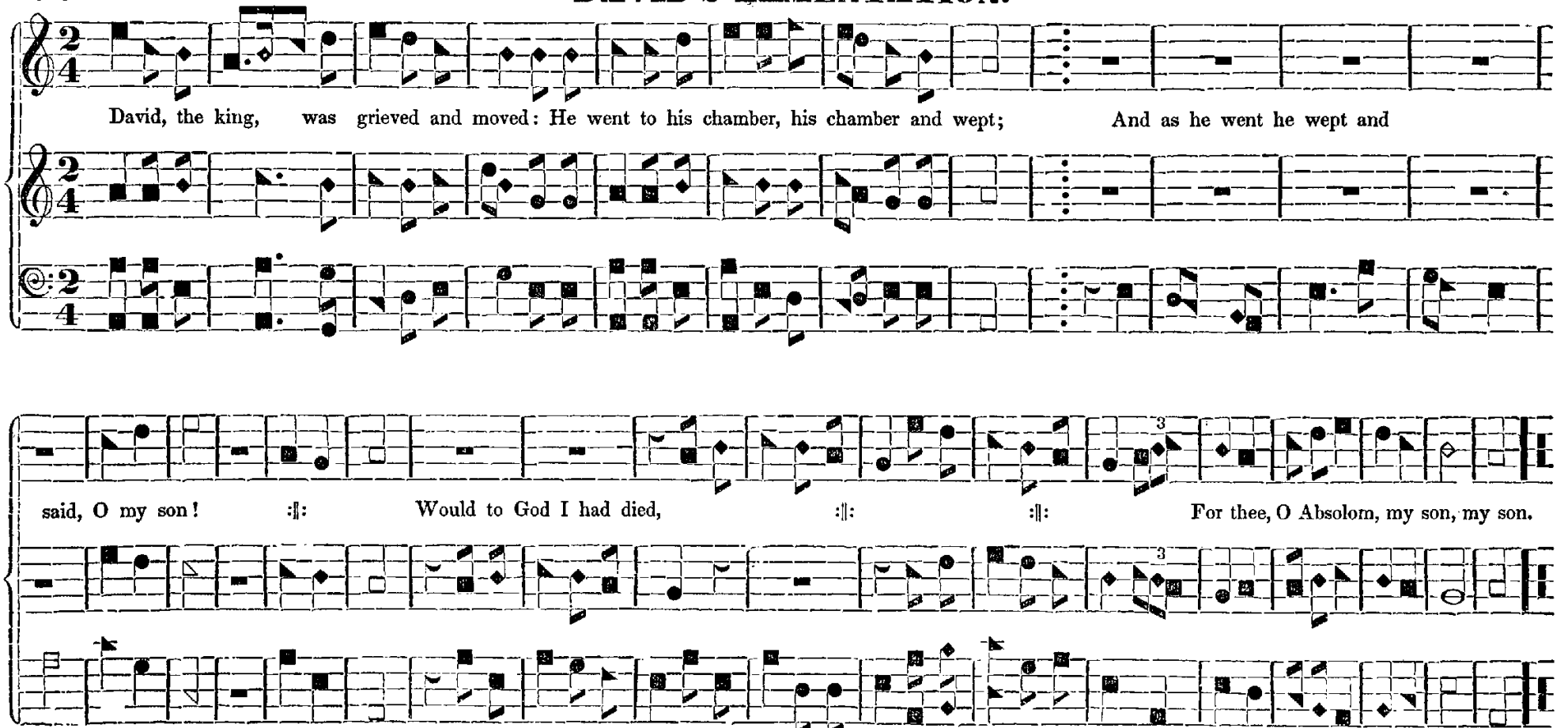

Behold the Judge descends, his guards are nigh! Tempests and fire attend him down the sky! Heaven, earth and hell draw near! Let all things come, To hear his justice
and the sinner's doom: But gather first my saints, the Judge commands; Bring them, ye an - - gels, from their distant lands.

SCHENECTADY. L. M.

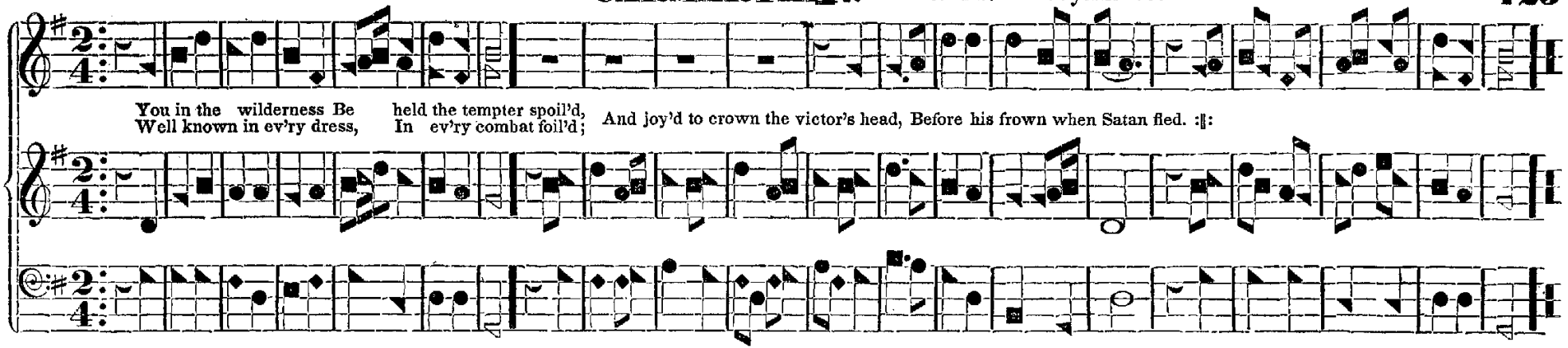



How did his flow - ing tears condole, As for a brother dead; And fasting mortified his soul, While for their lives he pray'd. They
groan'd and curs'd him on their beds, Yet still he pleads and mourns, And double blessings on his head, The righteous Lord re - turns.

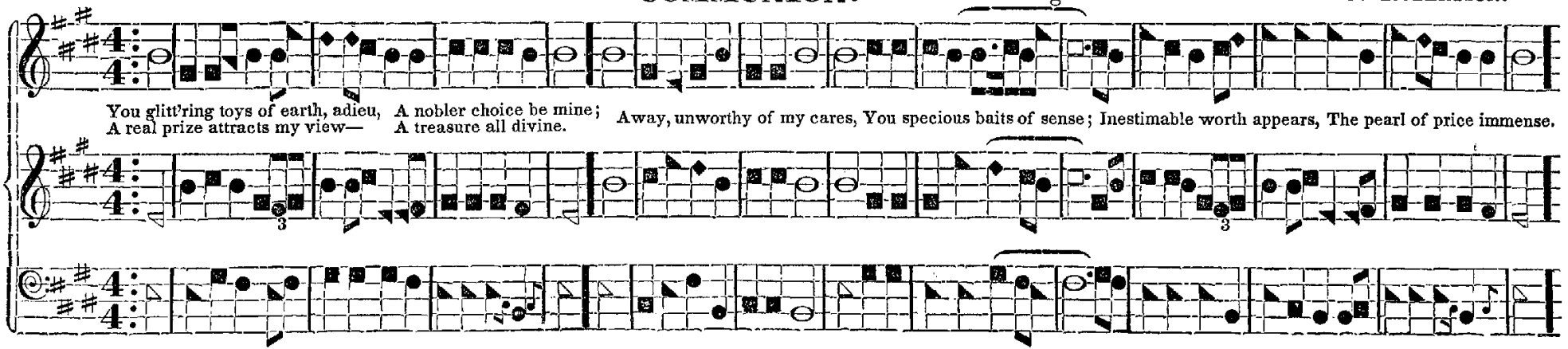
DAVID'S LAMENTATION.



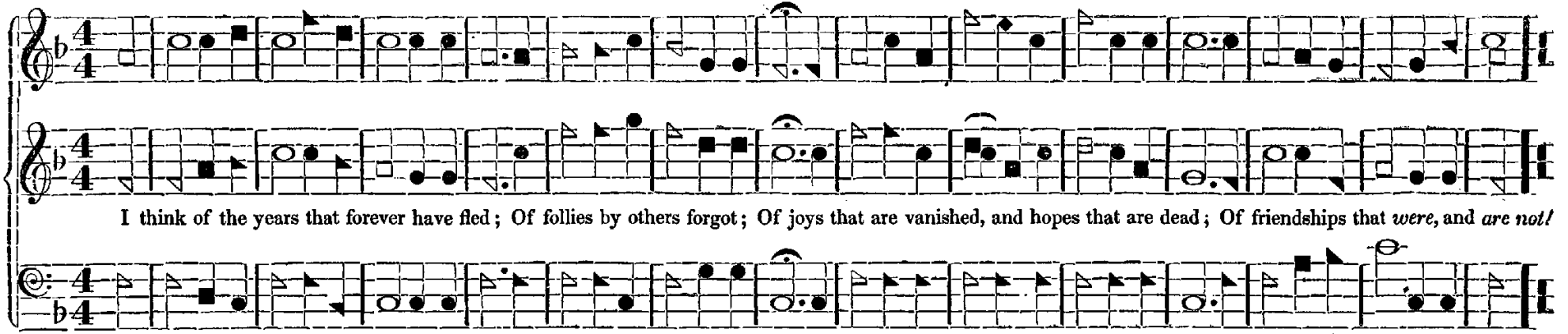
CARMARTHEN. 6's & 4's. Hymn 20.



COMMUNION. C. M. Song 111. J. Robertson.

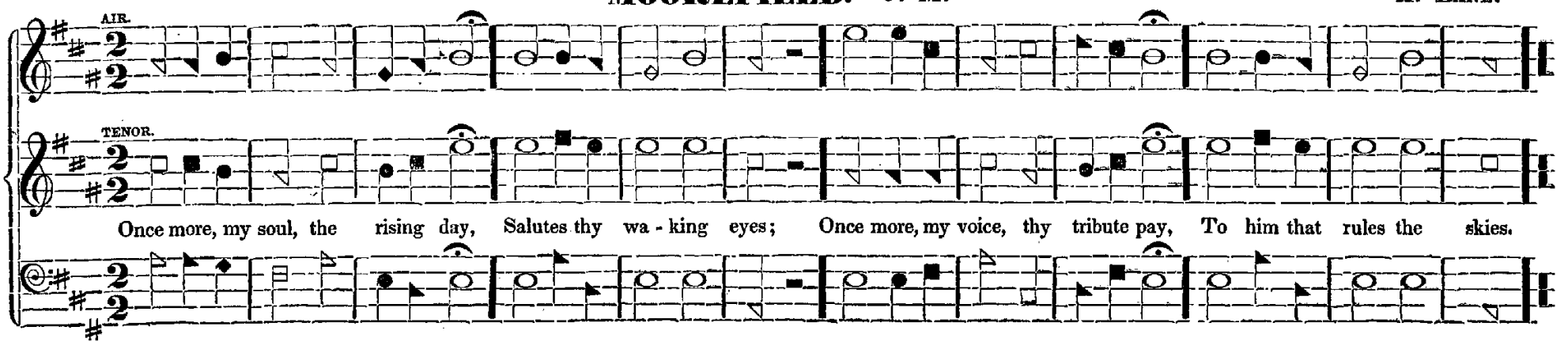


DAVIS. 11. 8. 11. 8.

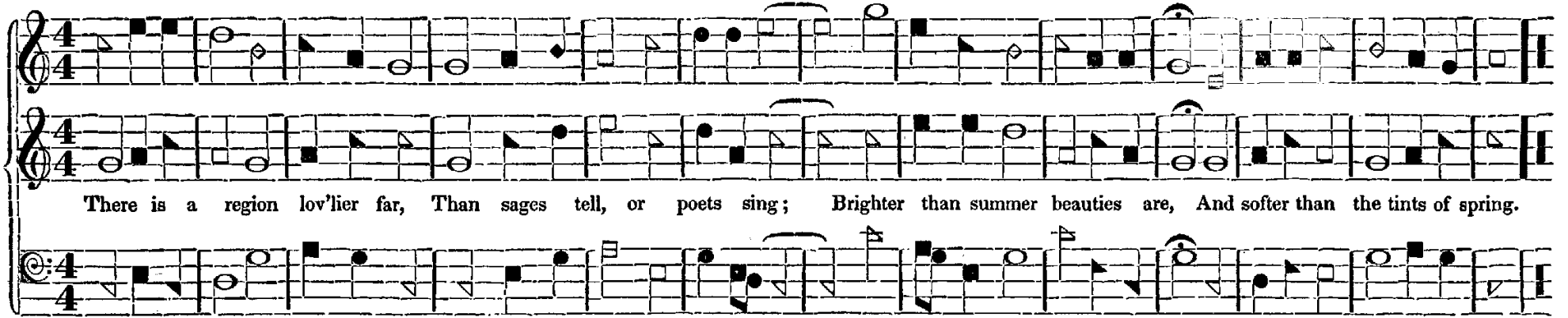


MOOREFIELD. C. M.

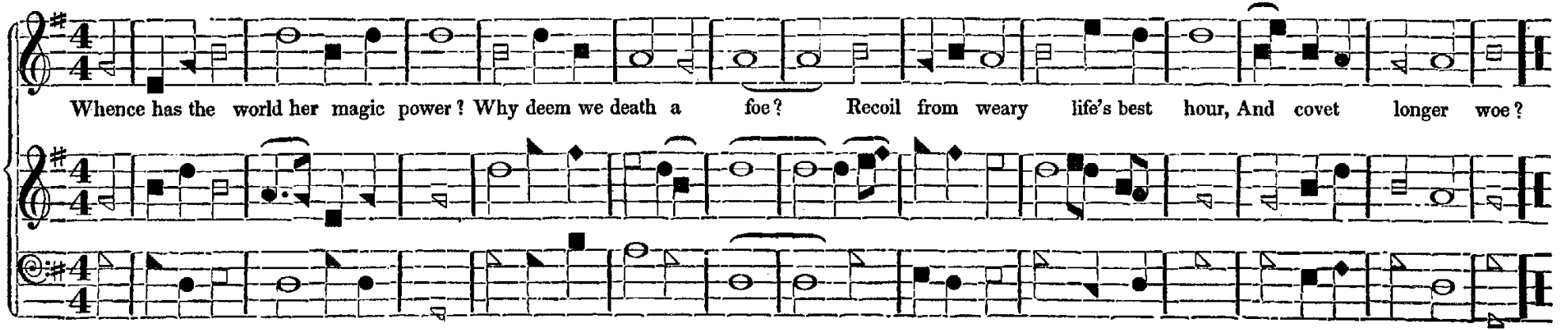
A. LANE.



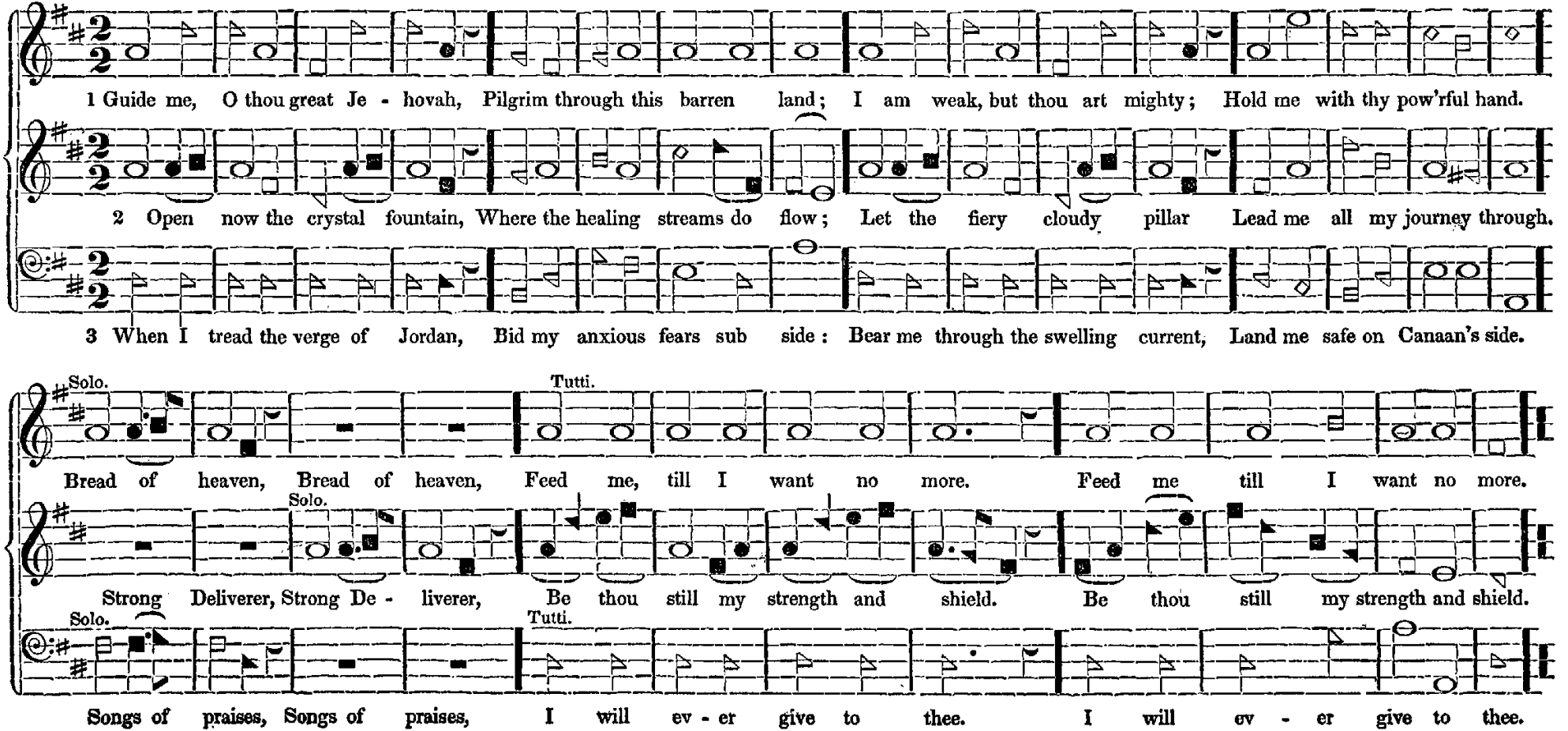
DEVOTION. L. M

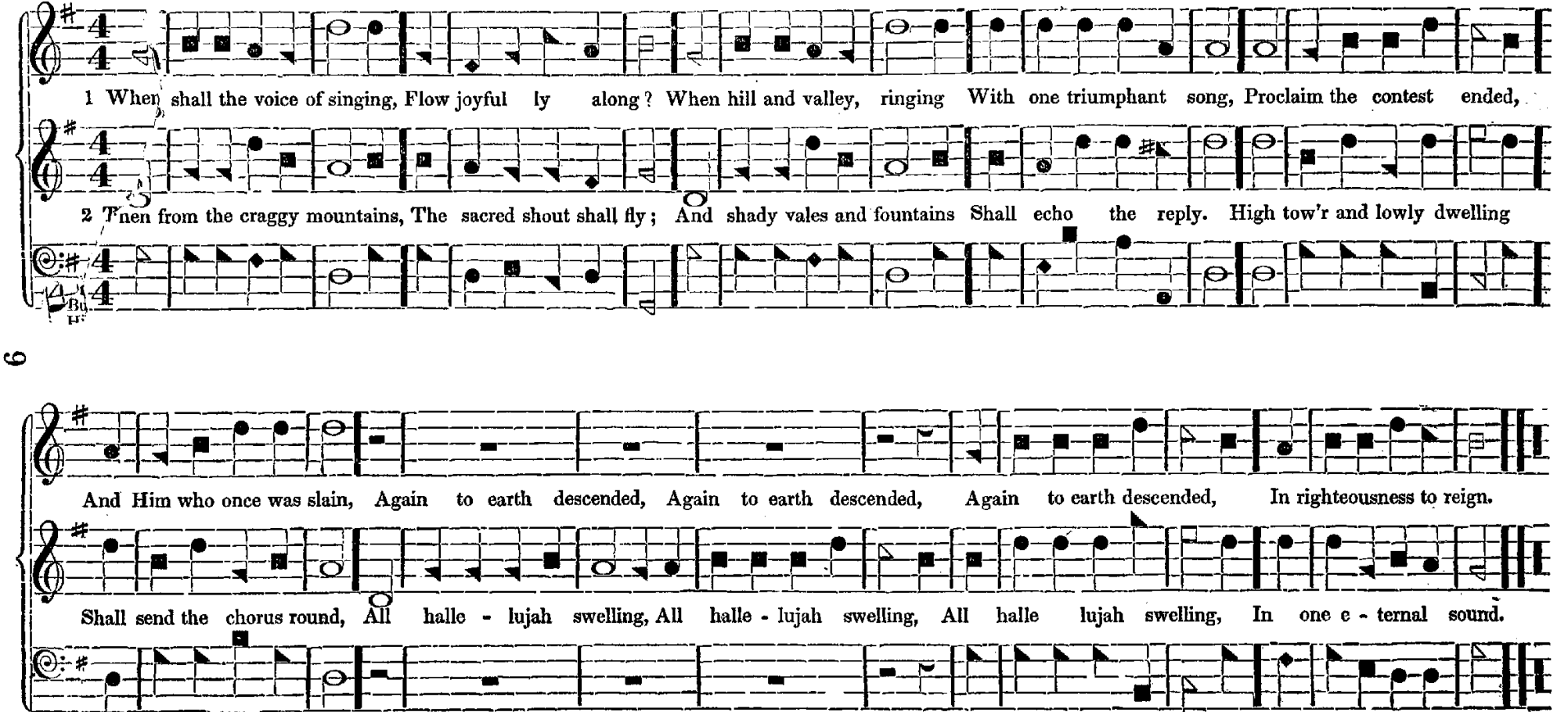


DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M. S. McFarland.



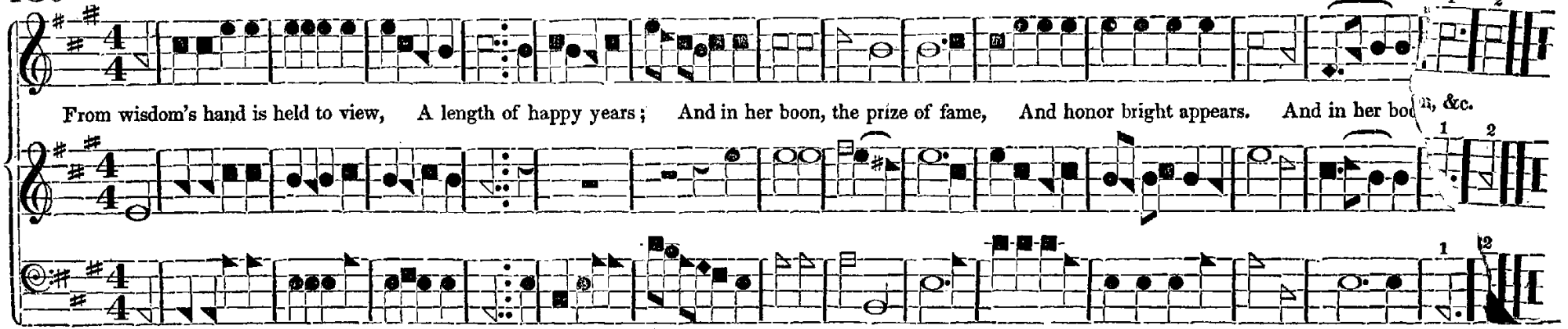
OLIPHANT. 8's, 7's, & 4.




1 When shall the voice of singing, Flow joyful ly along? When hill and valley, ringing With one triumphant song, Proclaim the contest ended,
2 Then from the craggy mountains, The sacred shout shall fly; And shady vales and fountains Shall echo the reply. High tow'r and lowly dwelling
And Him who once was slain, Again to earth descended, Again to earth descended, Again to earth descended, In righteousness to reign.
Shall send the chorus round, All halle - lujah swelling, All halle - lujah swelling, All halle lujah swelling, In one e - ternal sound.

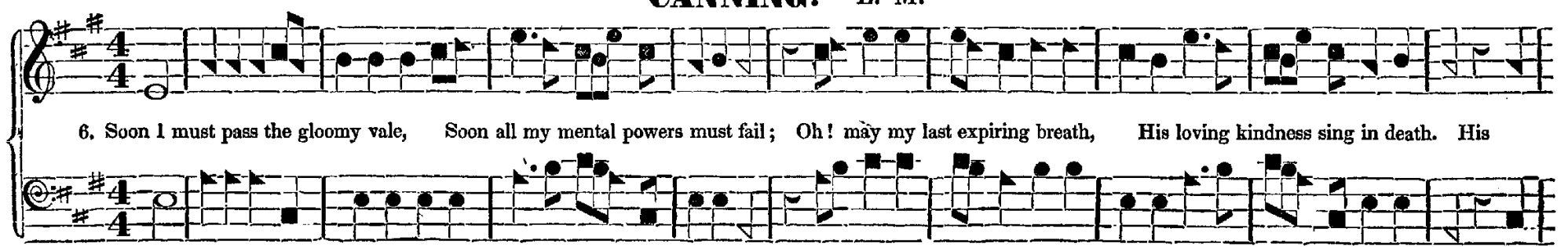
CORONATION. C. M.

HOLDEN.



NOTE.—*By omitting the last slur in this tune, and adding two notes in the same measure of the base, it may be sung to Song* 34.

CANNING. L. M.

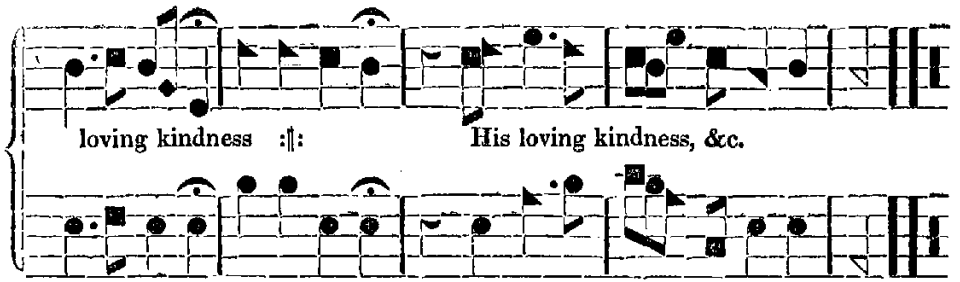


1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!

2. He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great!

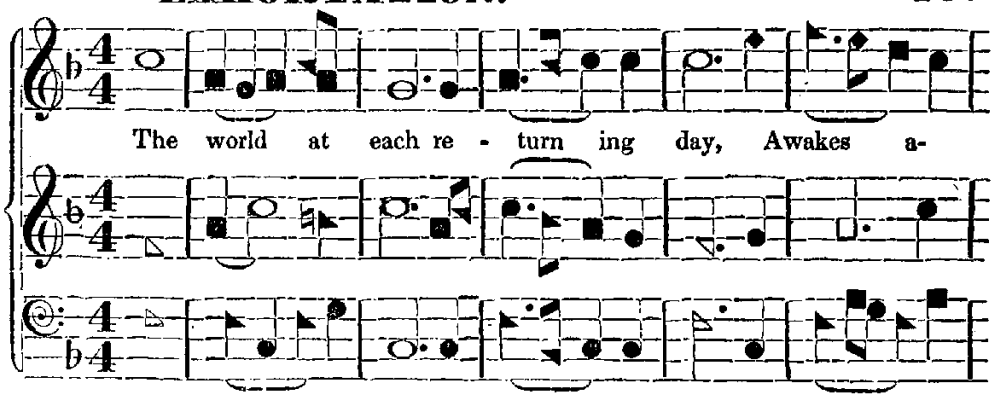
3. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong!

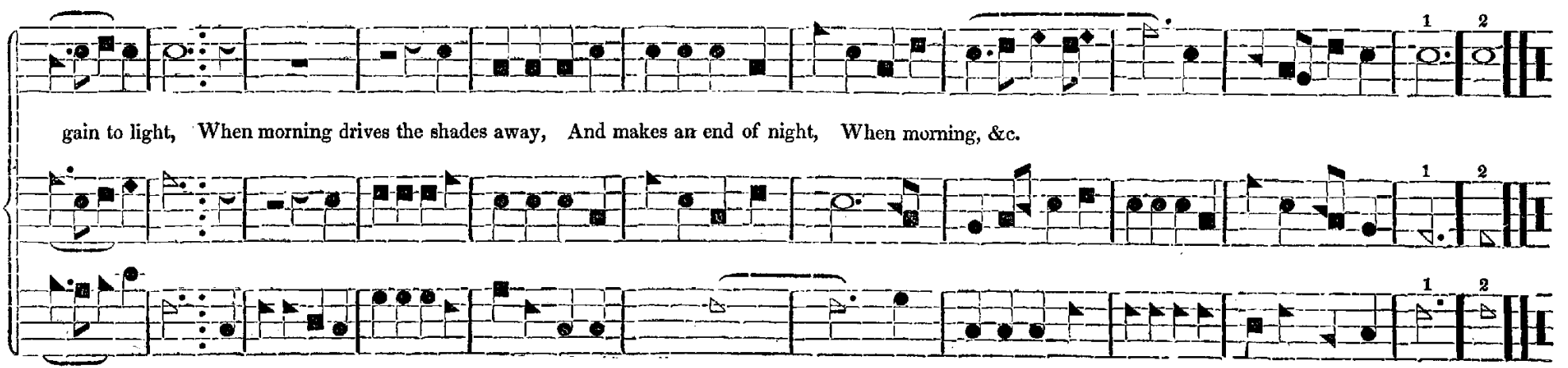
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving kindness, O how good!



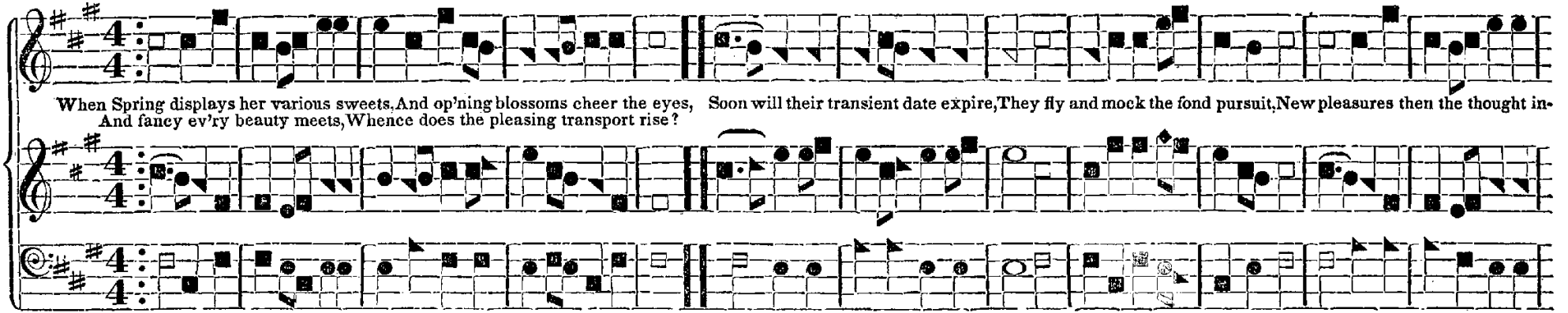
5. Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

7. 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.

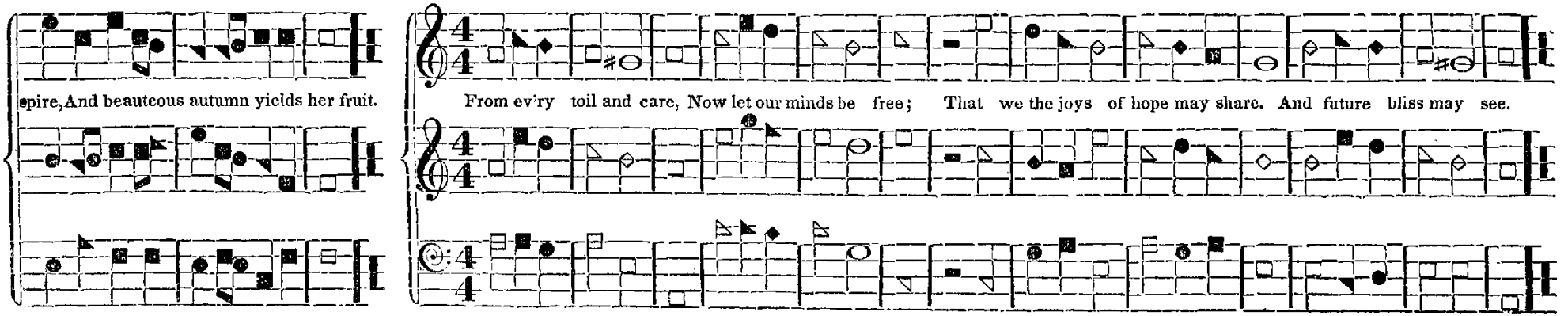


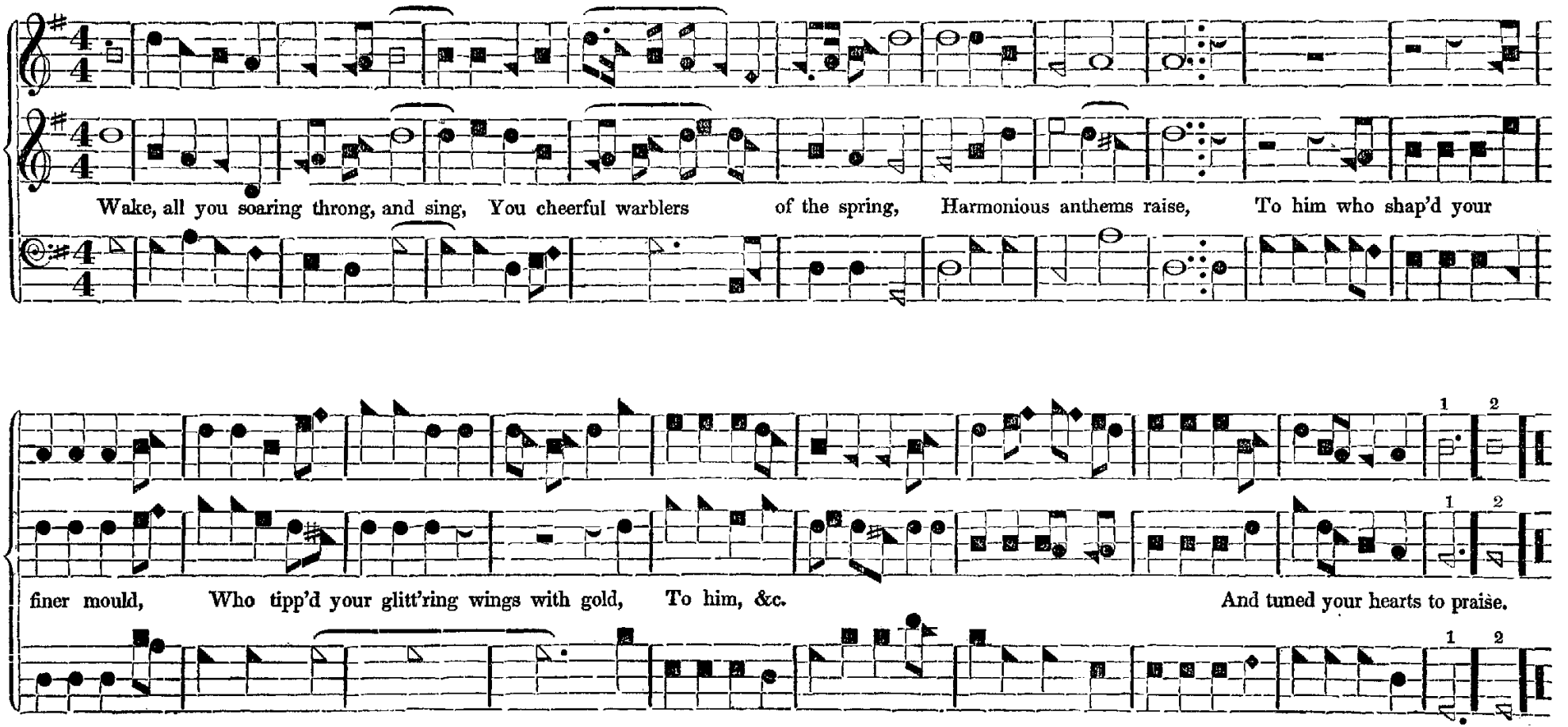


AMBOY.

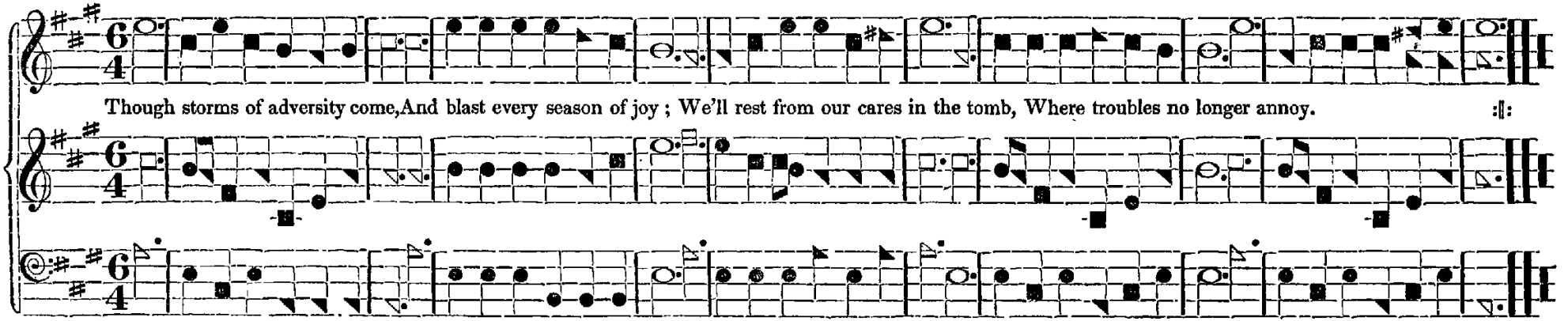


AYLESBURY. S. M. DR. GREEN.

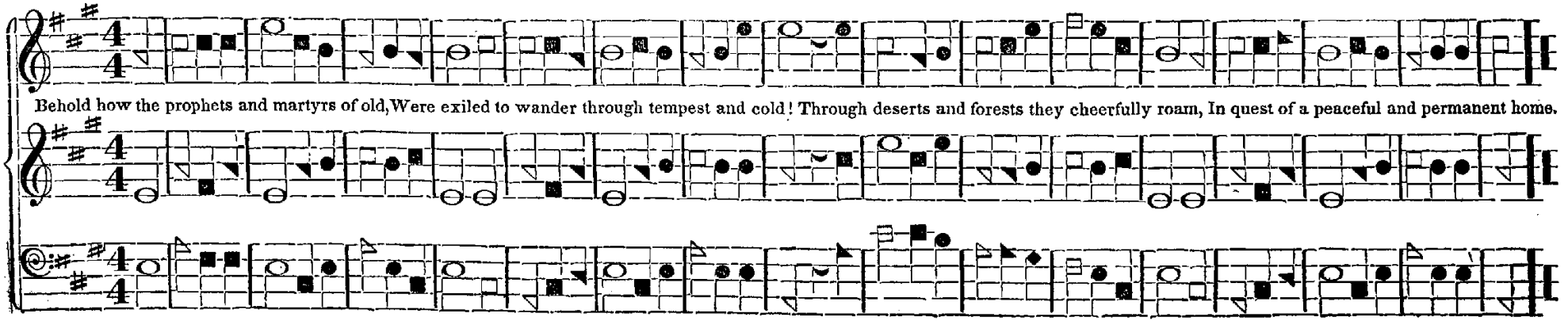


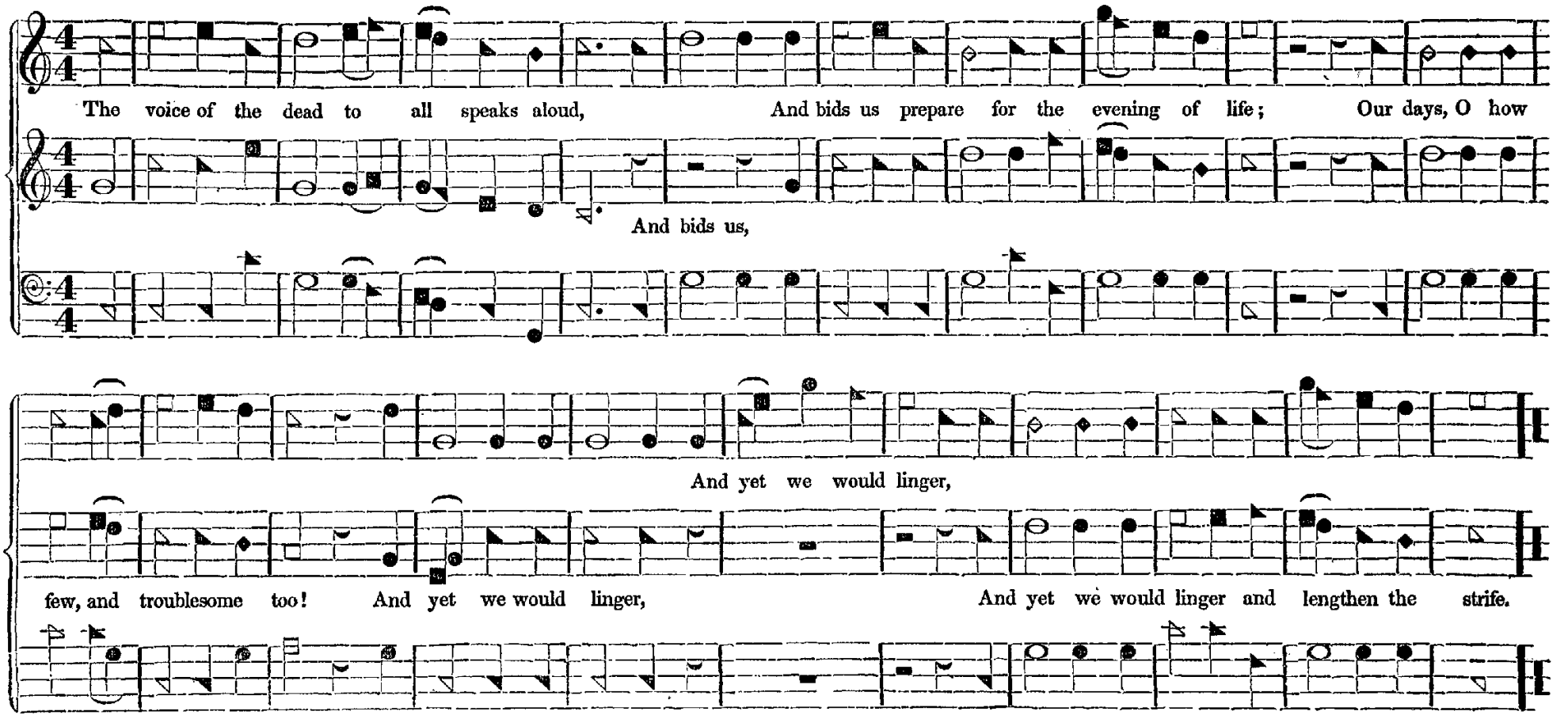

Wake, all you soaring throng, and sing, You cheerful warblers of the spring, Harmonious anthems raise, To him who shap'd your
finer mould, Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold, To him, &c.
And tuned your hearts to praise.
1 2
1 2
1 2

AURORA. 8's.

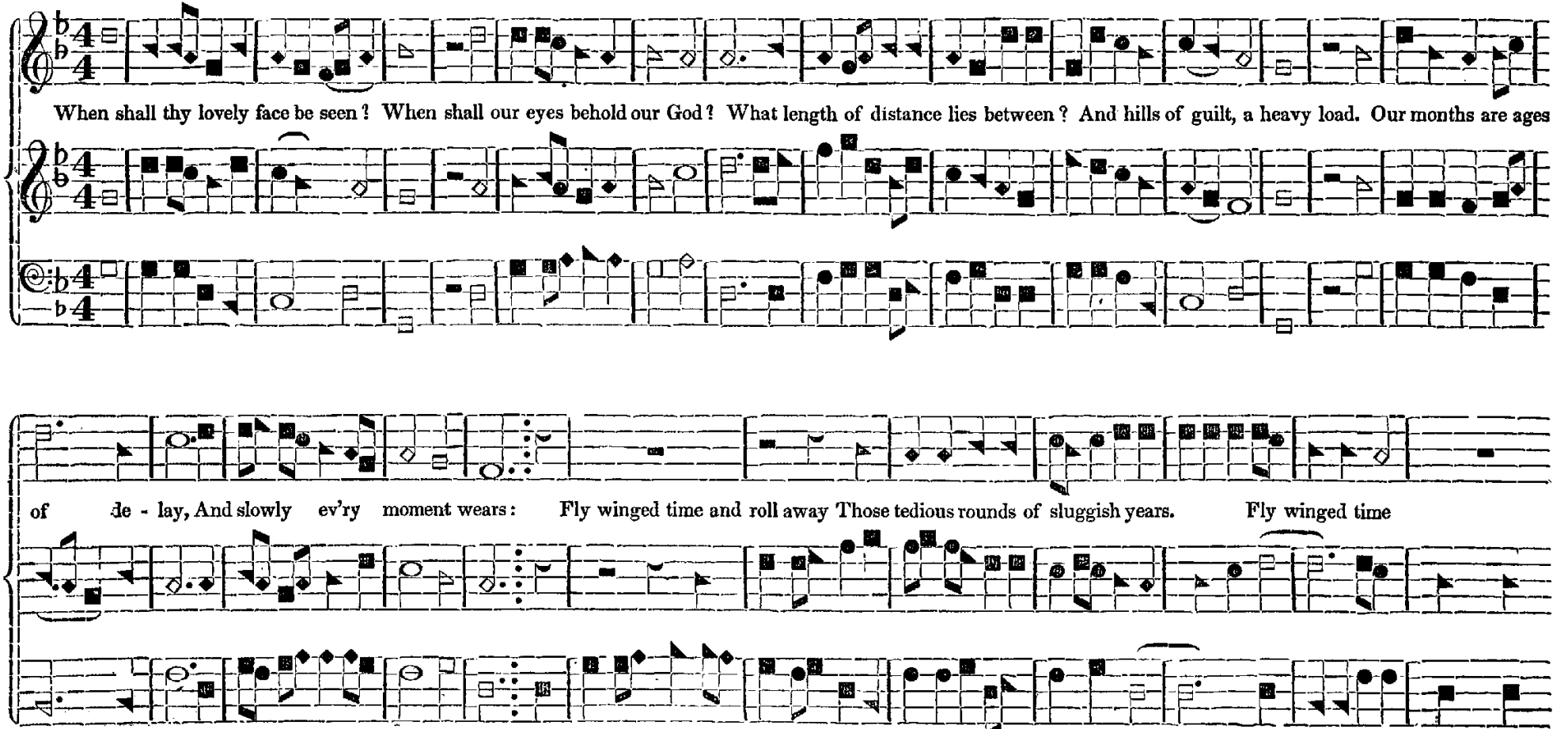


HUGER. 11's.

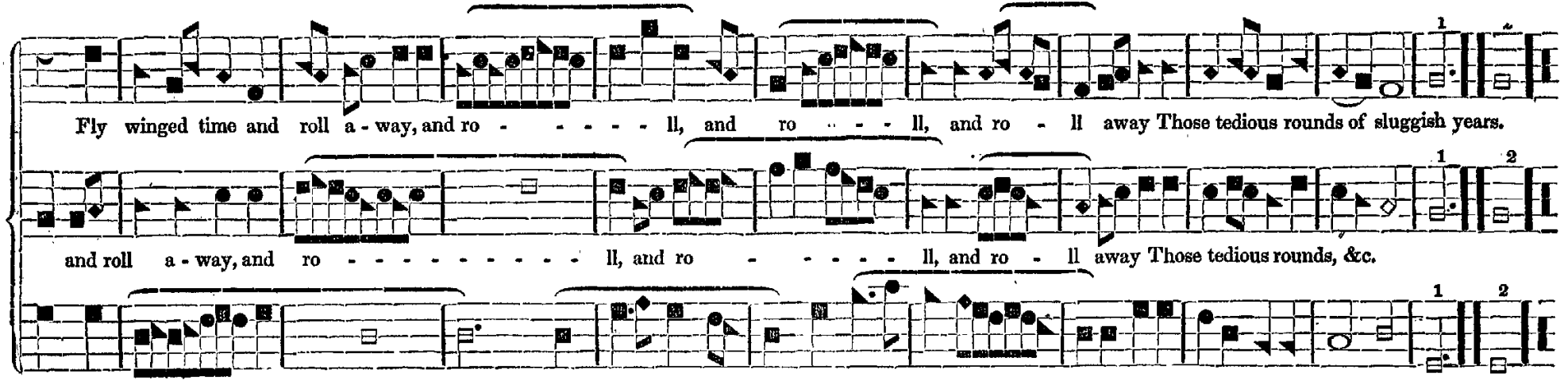



The voice of the dead to all speaks aloud, And bids us prepare for the evening of life; Our days, O how
And bids us,
And yet we would linger,
few, and troublesome too! And yet we would linger, And yet we would linger and lengthen the strife.

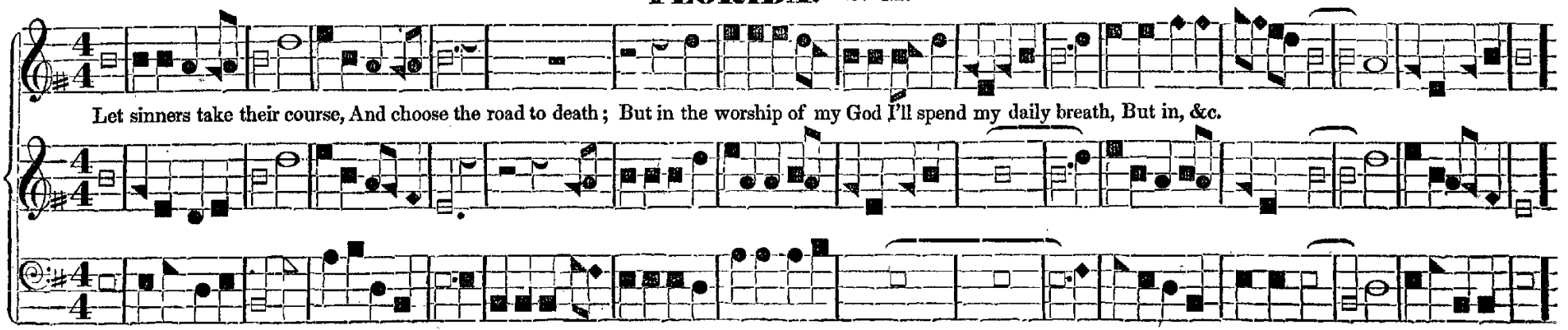
PENNSYLVANIA. L. M.



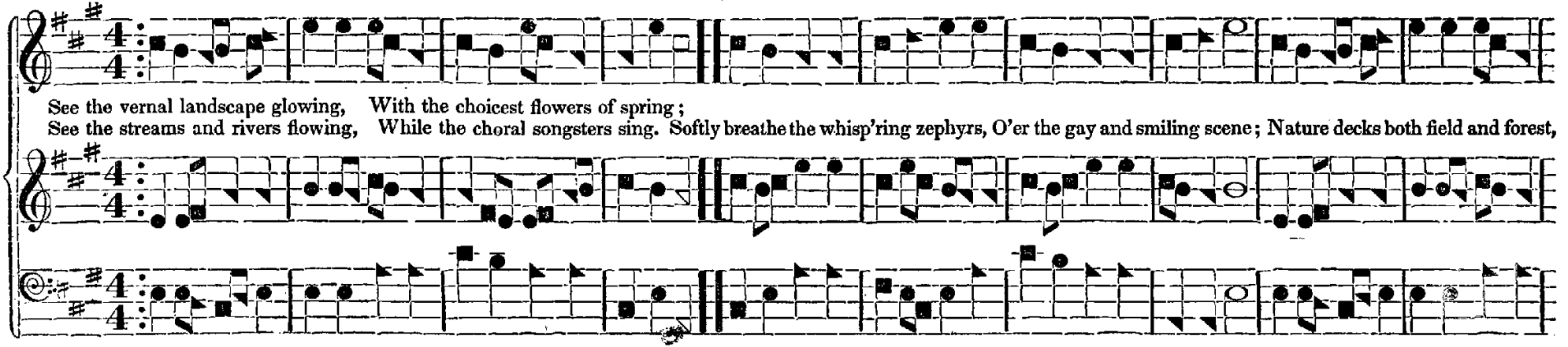
PENNSYLVANIA. (Concluded.)



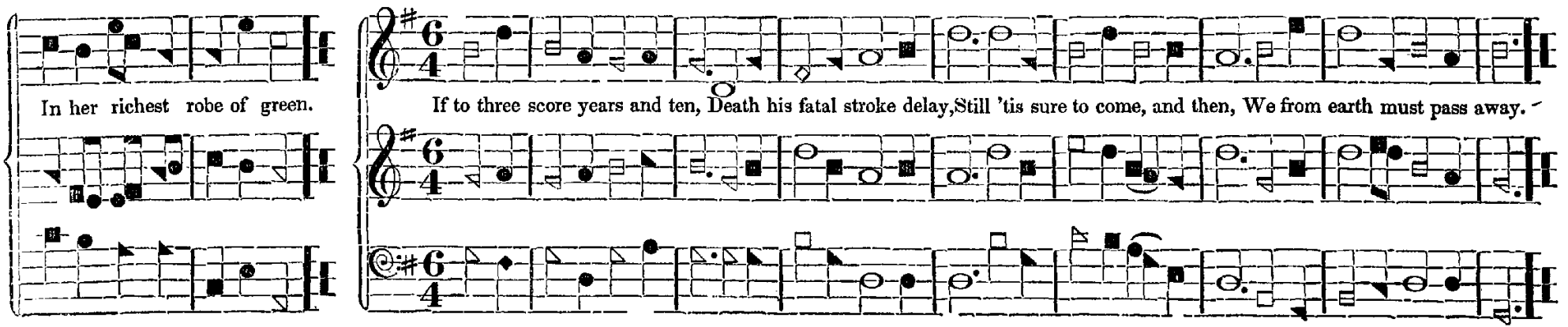
FLORIDA. S. M.

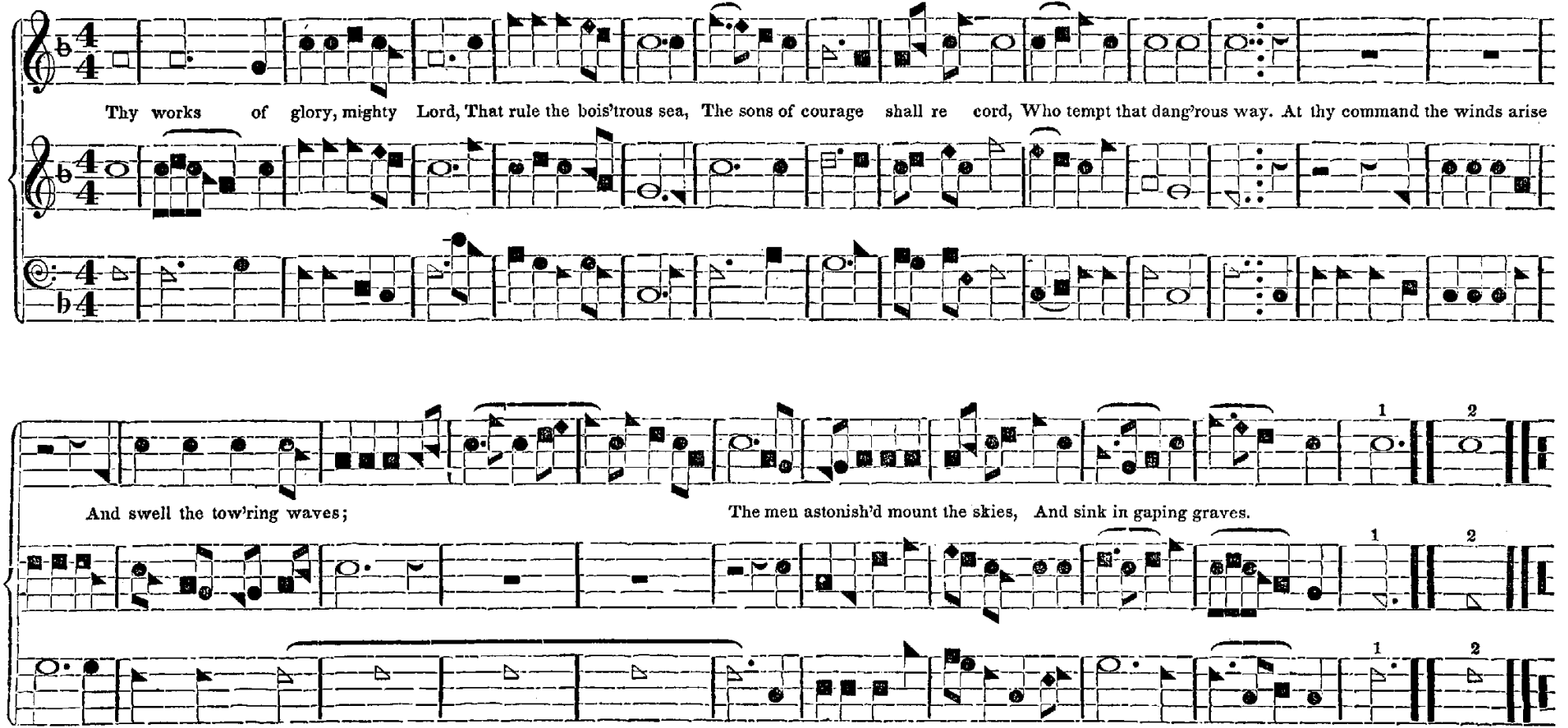


CAMDEN. 8's & 7's.

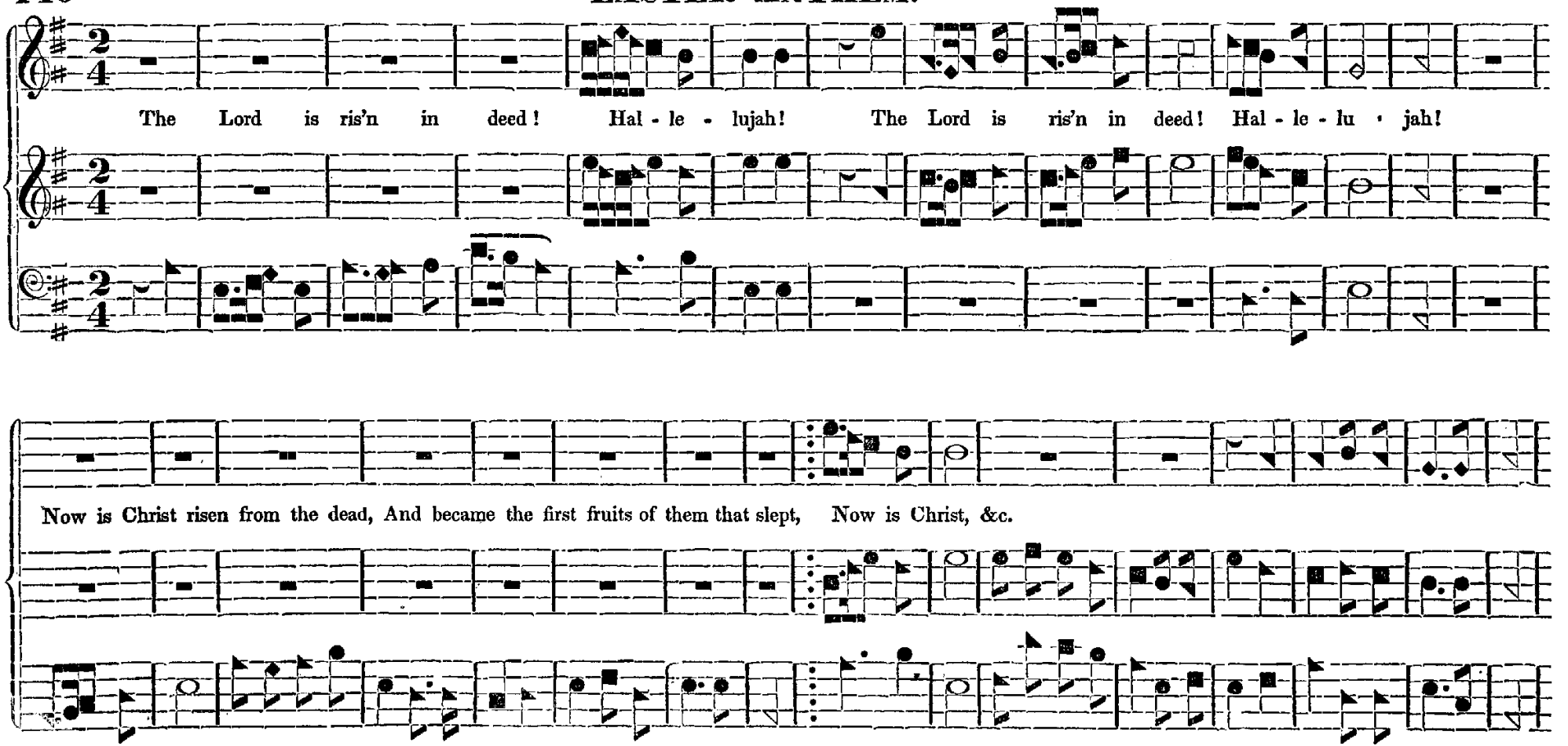


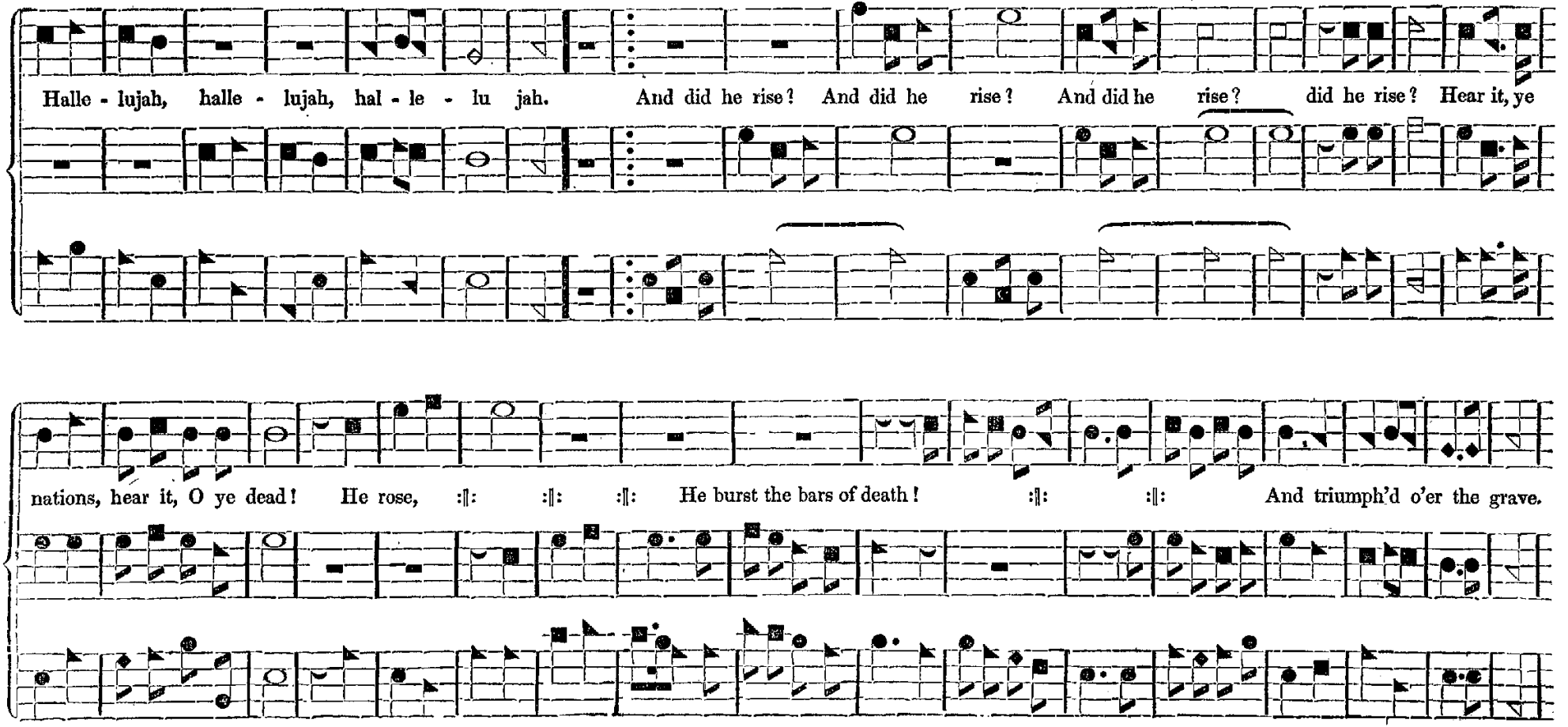
COOKHAM. 7's.

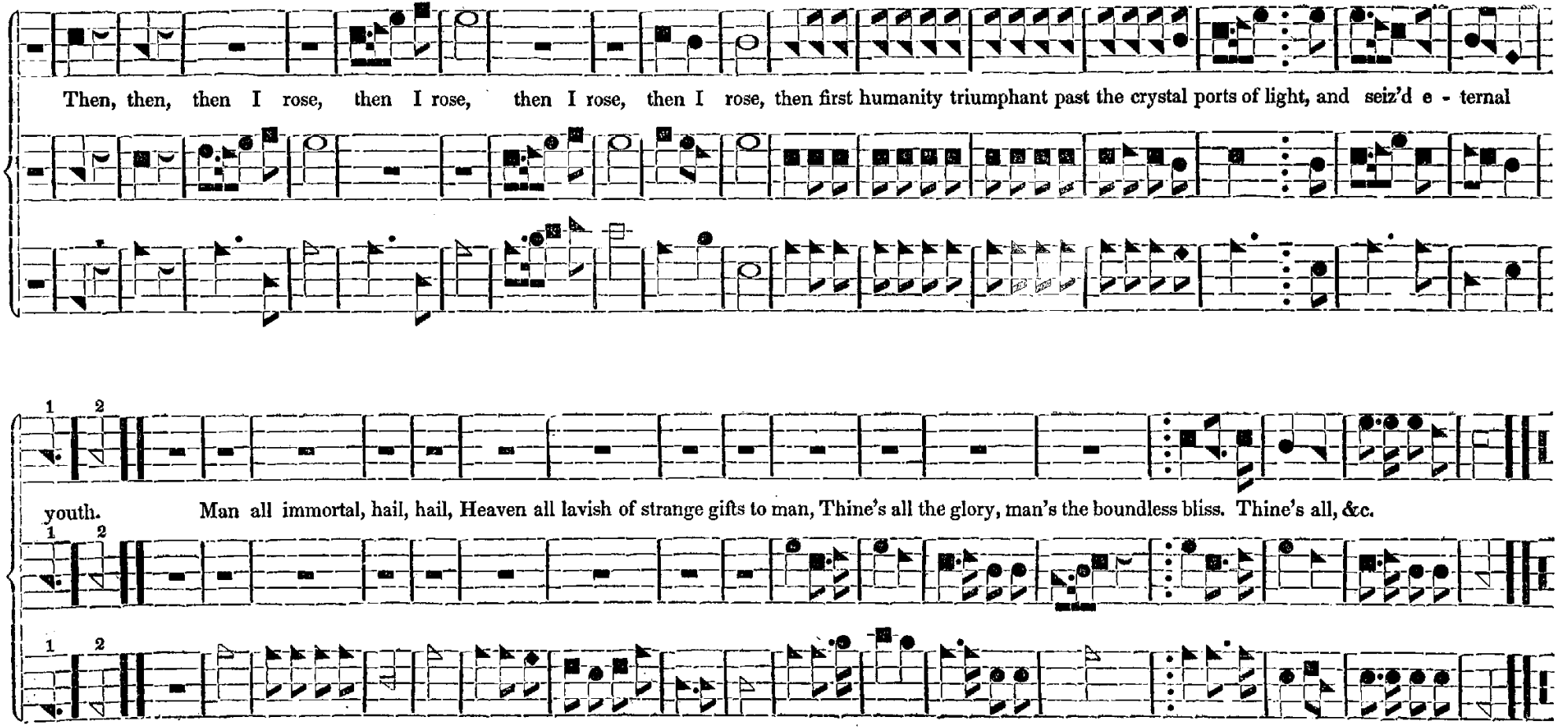


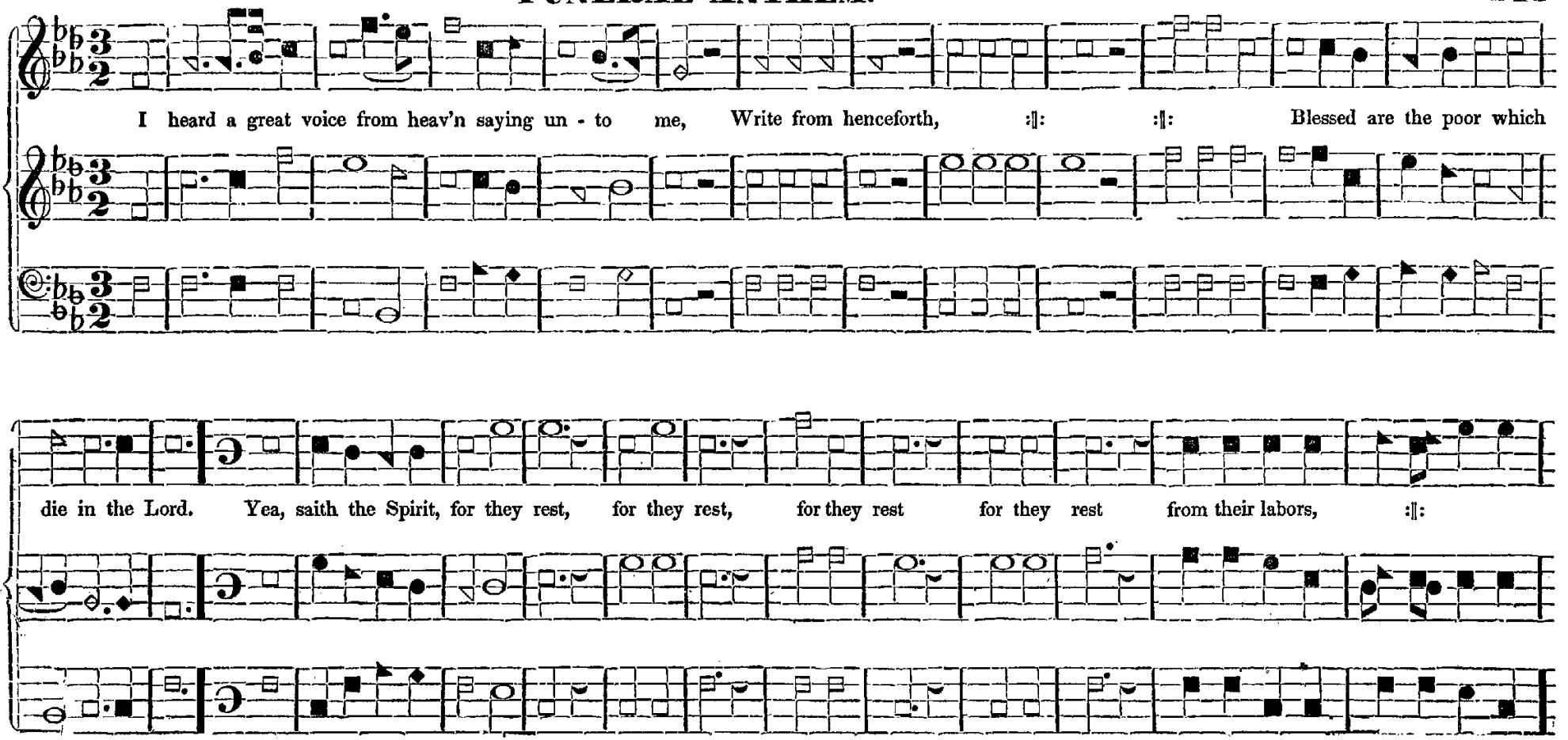

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, That rule the bois'trous sea, The sons of courage shall re cord, Who tempt that dang'rous way. At thy command the winds arise
And swell the tow'ring waves;
The men astonish'd mount the skies, And sink in gaping graves.
1
2

EASTER ANTHEM.

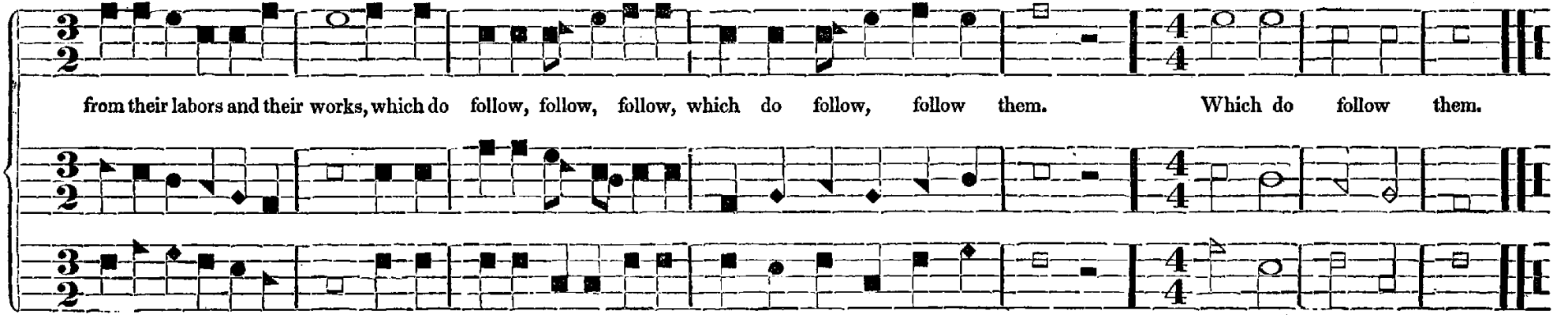



Halle - lujah, halle - lujah, hal - le - lu jah. And did he rise? And did he rise? And did he rise? did he rise? Hear it, ye
nations, hear it, O ye dead! He rose, :‖: :‖: :‖: He burst the bars of death! :‖: :‖: And triumph'd o'er the grave.

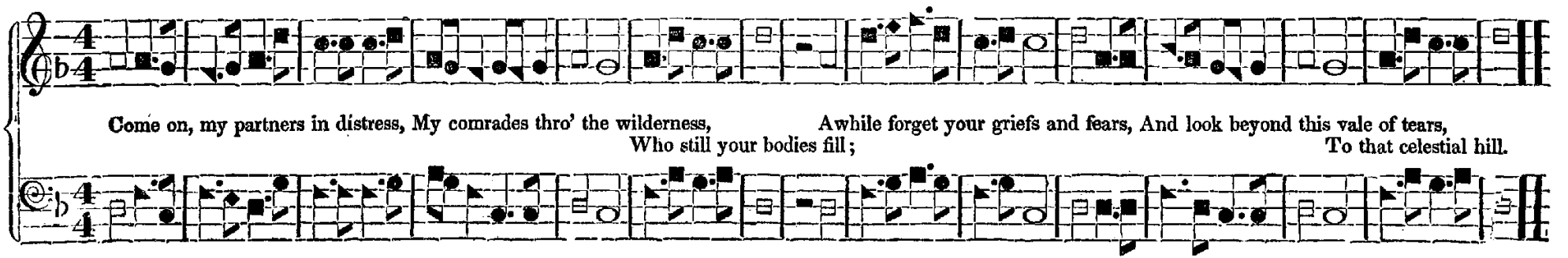

Then, then, then I rose, then I rose, then I rose, then I rose, then first humanity triumphant past the crystal ports of light, and seiz'd e - ternal
1 2
youth. Man all immortal, hail, hail, Heaven all lavish of strange gifts to man, Thine's all the glory, man's the boundless bliss. Thine's all, &c.
1 2
1 2


I heard a great voice from heav'n saying un - to me, Write from henceforth, :‖: :‖: Blessed are the poor which
die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest, for they rest, for they rest for they rest from their labors, :‖:

FUNERAL ANTHEM. (Concluded.)



HEAVENLY SPARK. P. M.



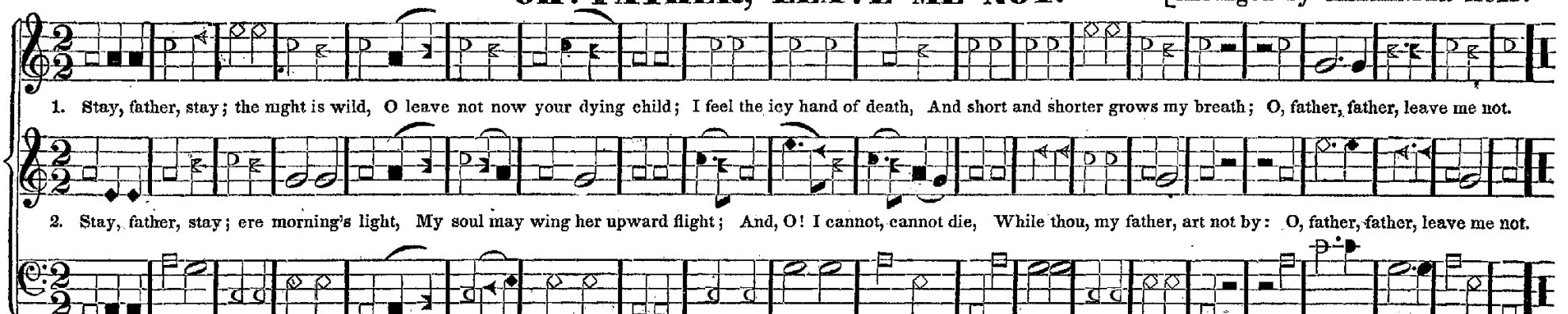
PART III.

A SUPPLEMENT OF

CHOICE TEMPERANCE SONGS.

OH! FATHER, LEAVE ME NOT.

[Arranged by ALEXANDER AULD.



1. Stay, father, stay; the night is wild, O leave not now your dying child; I feel the icy hand of death, And short and shorter grows my breath; O, father, father, leave me not.

2. Stay, father, stay; ere morning's light, My soul may wing her upward flight; And, O! I cannot, cannot die, While thou, my father, art not by: O, father, father, leave me not.

3. Stay, father, stay; my mother 's gone,
And thou and I are left alone;
And from her star-lit home on high,
She 'll weep that I alone should die.
Oh! father, father, leave me not.

4. Stay, father, stay; O leave this night
The mad'ning bowl, whose with'ring blight
Hath cast so dark a shade around
The home where joy alone was found.
Oh! father, father, leave me not.

5. Stay, father, stay; alone—alone,
With none to cheer, and none to mourn,
How can I leave this world of woe,
And to the land of spirits go?
Oh! father, father, leave me not.

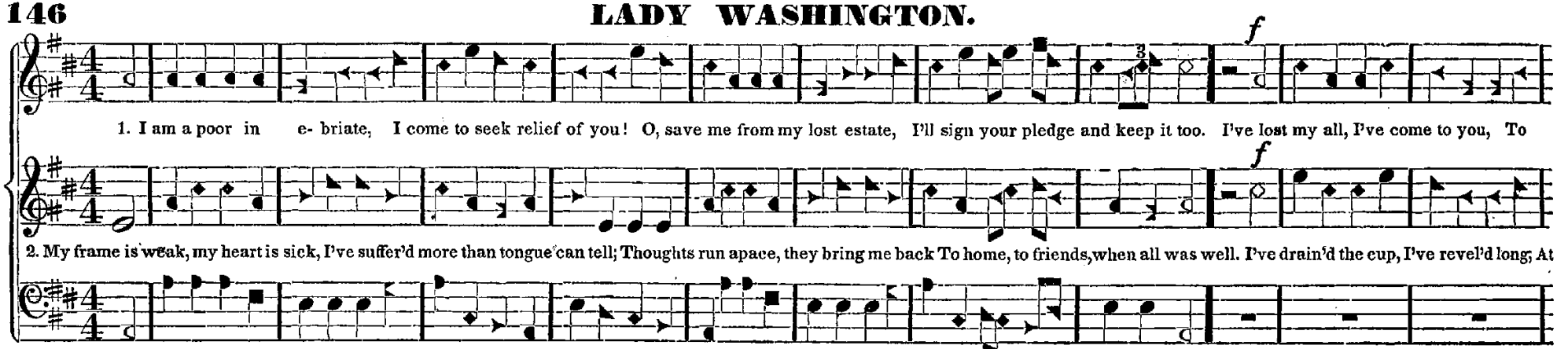
6. Stay, father, stay; once more I ask:
O, count it not a heavy task
To stay with me till life shall end,
My last, my only earthly friend.
Oh! father, father, leave me not.

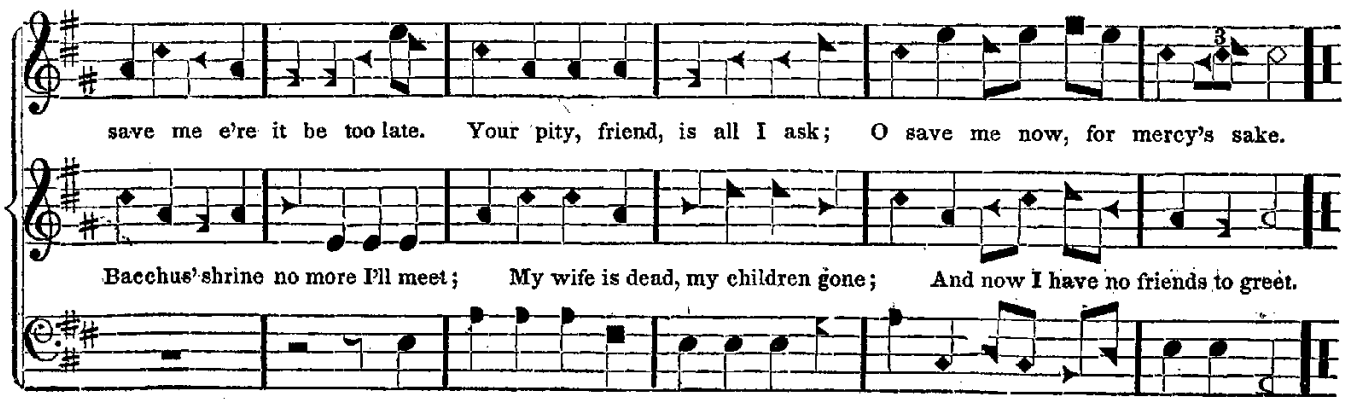
☞ This Supplem[illegible] tears of many h[illegible]

Sha[illegible] the "Harmonist," by special request, for the use of Temperance Societies. May it do much good in the cause of Temperance, and dry up the

A. A.

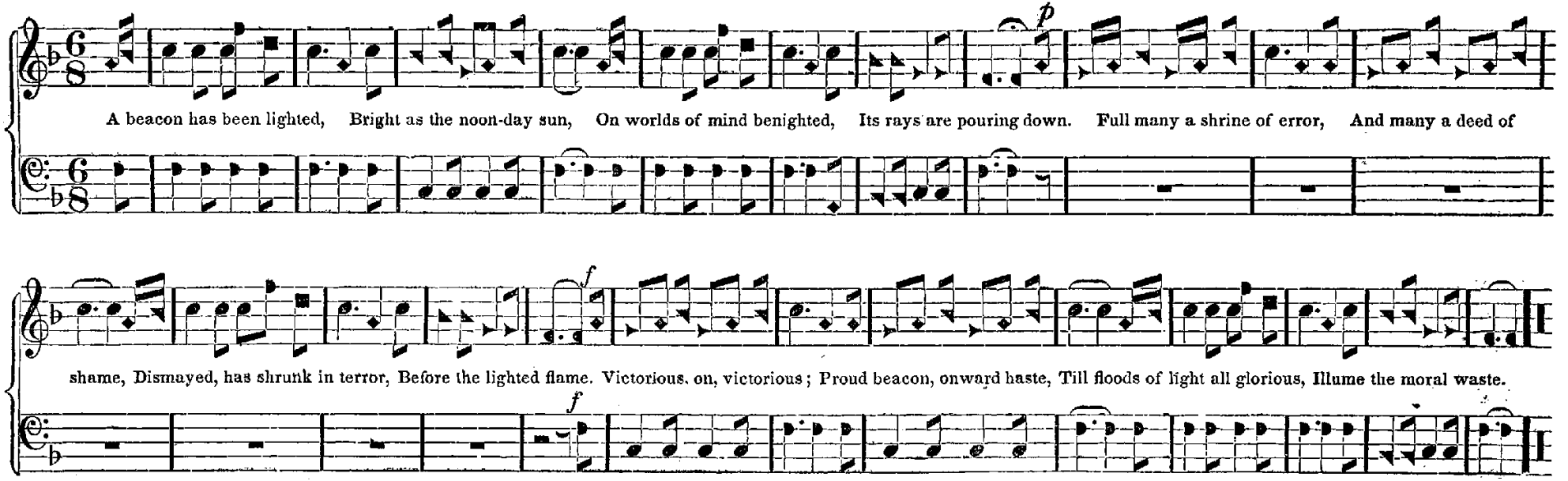
LADY WASHINGTON.





3. We never pause, when at our door,
A wretched, trembling drunkard stands,
To ask the cause that made him poor,
Or why he now our help demands.
Come to the waters flowing wide,
Its crystal fountains, soft and clear—
Come, take the pledge; naught shall betide;
You've temp'rance friends—you need not fear.

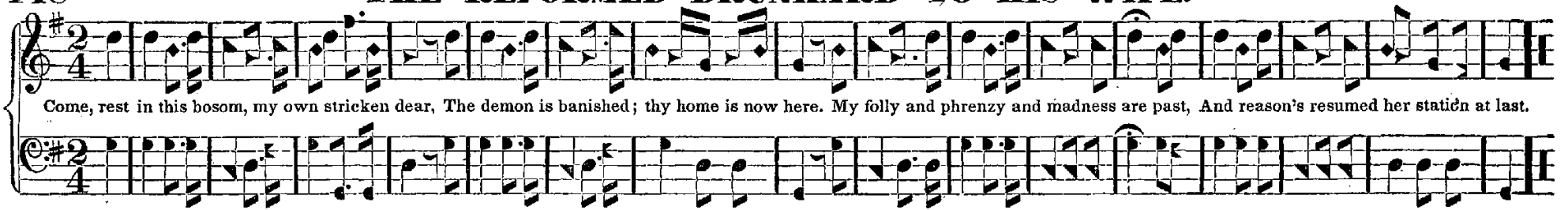
4. We heal the sick, we clothe the poor;
The drunkard's wife and children feed;
We bring them in at virtue's door;
We bind their hearts, no more to bleed.
Come to our halls—we'll heal your wounds,
We give relief to all that come;
Our name is known in all the land,
'Tis "Lady [illegible]"



2. Intemperance has foundered,
The demon gasps for breath,
His rapid march is downward
To everlasting death.
Old age and youth united,
His works have prostrate hurl'd;
And soon himself affrighted,
Shall hurry from this world.
Victorious, on, &c.

3. Bold Temperance, untiring,
Strikes at the monster's heart,
Beneath her blow expiring,
He dreads her well-aimed dart,
Her blows, we 'll pray "God speed" them,
The darkness to dispel;
And how we fought for freedom,
Let future ages tell.
Victorious, on, &c.

THE REFORMED DRUNKARD TO HIS WIFE.



2. Oh, what was man made for, if not to reclaim,
If one fatal error shall tarnish his name,
'Tis his duty to struggle, and ever depart,
From all that corrupts and poisons the heart.
3. Then cheer up, "abused one," the delusion is o'er,
Thy heart need not beat with pale fear any more,
I am free from the bowl, I have severed the chain,
And hasten to bless thee and love thee again.

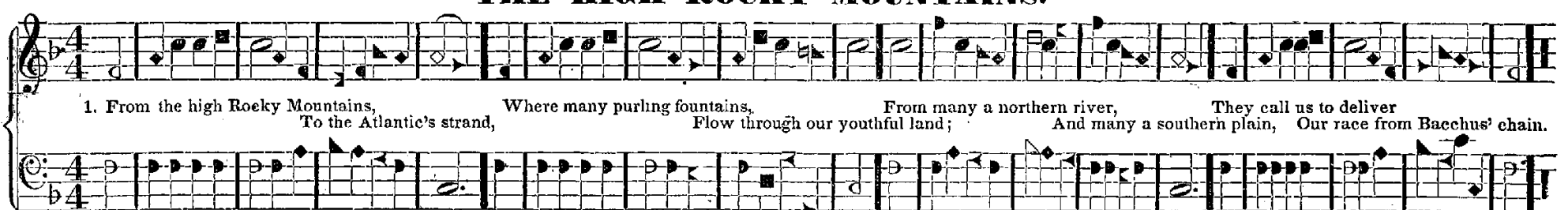
HIS WIFE'S REPLY.—SAME AIR.

1. Come back to my bosom, my heart's chosen one,
Since temp'rance has sav'd thee, thy wand'rings are done,
Come back to this heart, that beats ever for thee,
I'll rejoice in the hour that restored thee to me.

2. They say love was made for the temperate and brave,
Then thou must deserve it—no longer a slave;
I know what thy faults are, and freely forgive,
For they who forgive, shall forgiveness receive.

3. I once was thy angel, ere Intemperance came,
And since thou'st repented, I'll still be the same,
I'll stand by thee still, though the world may now sneer
And guard thee, and help thee till life disappear.

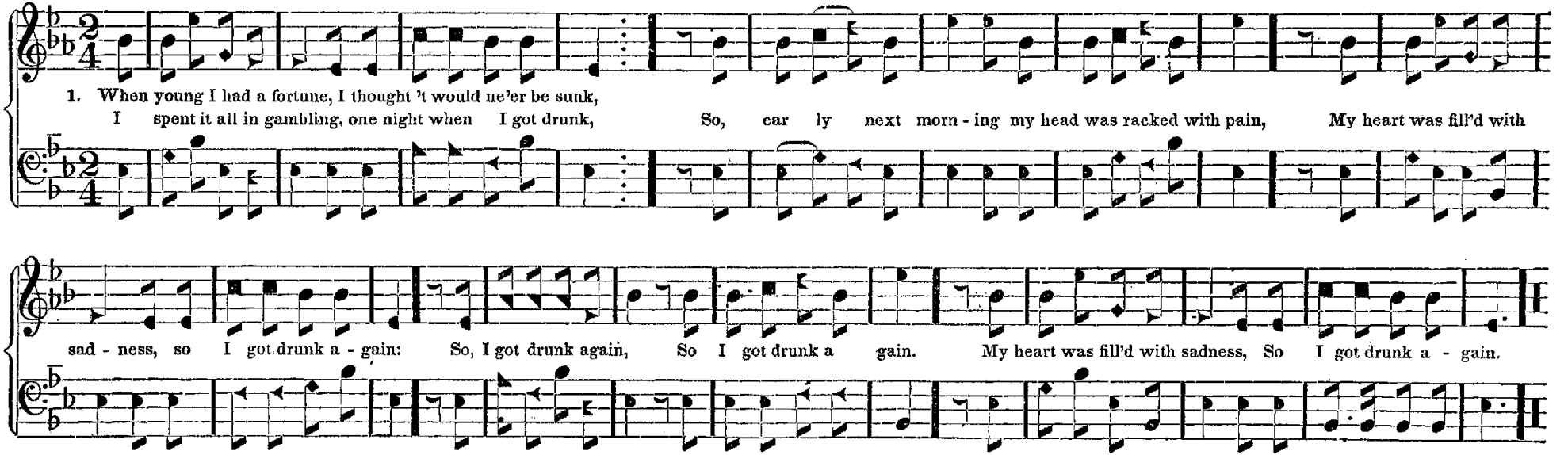
THE HIGH ROCKY MOUNTAINS.



2. What though our cares he eases,
Our sorrows doth beguile;
Though many a taste he pleases,
He causes actions vile;
In vain with lavish kindness,
The temp'rance light is strown,
The drunkard in his blindness
Bows down to jugs of stone.

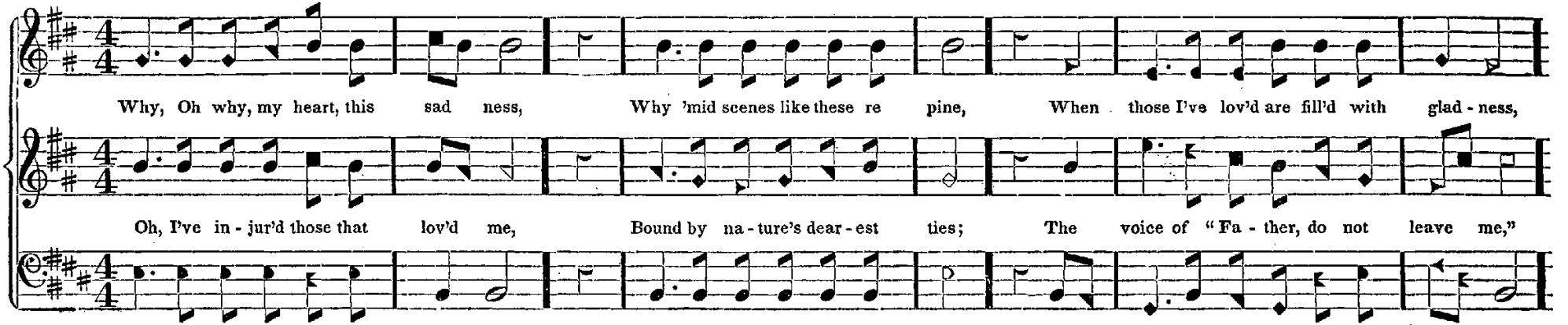
3. Oh, ye whose souls are lighted,
With wisdom from on high,
Oh! to these men benighted,
The poisonous dram deny;
Destruction! Oh, destruction,
The awful sound proclaim,
Till all, in every station,
Shall shun the monster's fame.

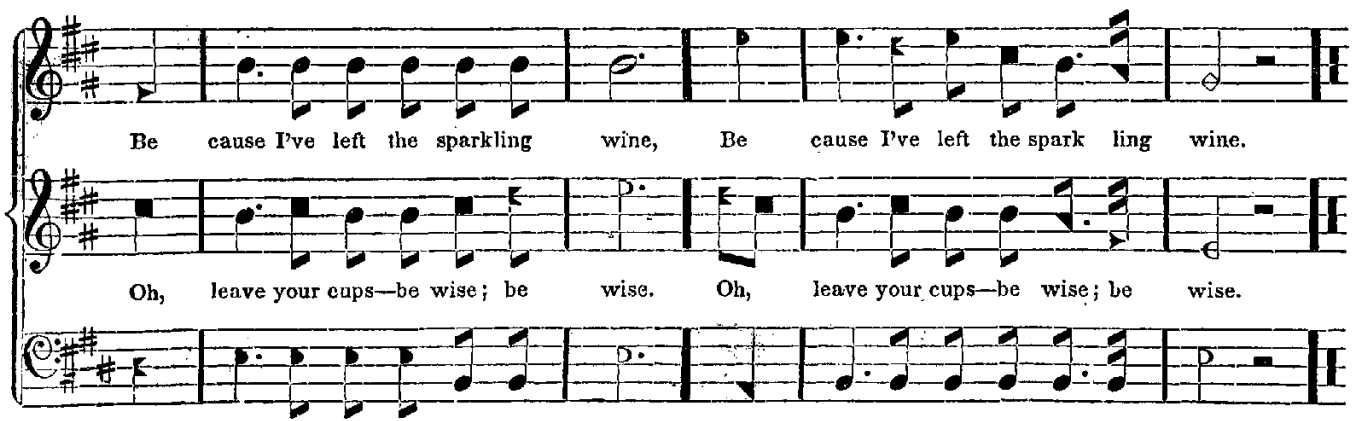
4. Oh! let the dreadful story,
Be spread from pole to pole,
Till man has ceased to glory
In worshipping the bowl,
Till o'er our ransomed nature—
Intemperance being slain—
Respect for our Creator,
And Christian friendship reign.



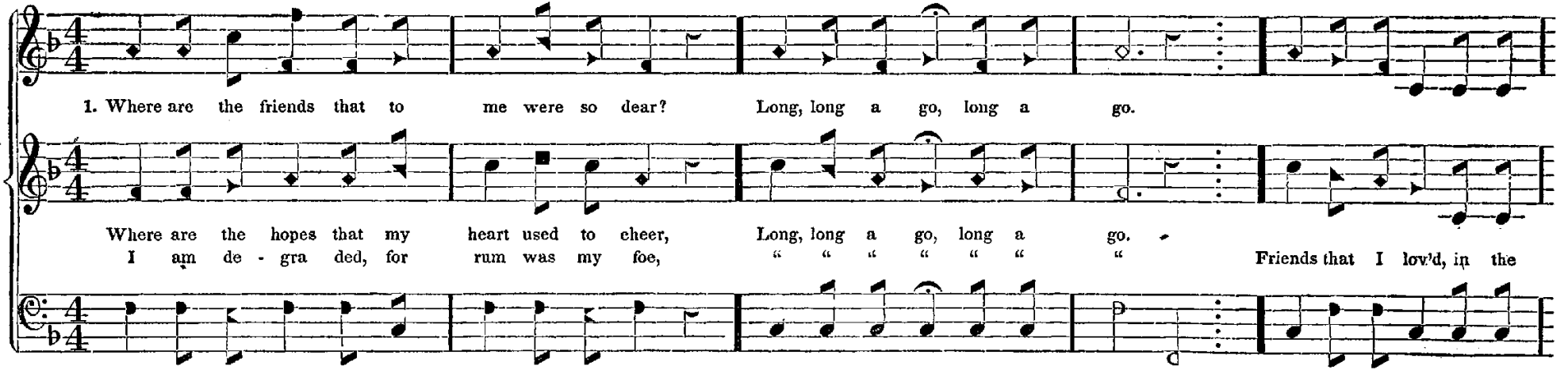
2. I took a trip to India, thinking to gain by trade,
I met with one I knew there, he was a dashing blade,
We soon made up a party of jovial fellows then,
And being both free and hearty, so I got drunk again.
3. I then returned to England, my thoughts fix'd on a wife,
Resolved to stick to business, and lead a sober life;
I got a handsome wife, sir, how happy I was then,
Till we began to fight, sir, so I got drunk again.
4. Had thus misfortunes ended, how happy I'd have been,
But health with wealth declining, the doctor was called in;
He looked at me so serious, and answered so plain,
You've racked your constitution by getting drunk again.
5. I soon found out my folly, in this gay life of mine,
In striving to be jolly, in drinking too much wine.
My friends with me grew wearied, unhappy was I then,
I tired all their patience, by getting drunk again.
6. Now, all young men take warning, reflect while you have time,
It's folly to be jolly, in drinking too much wine;
You'll bring yourself to poverty, your friends to grief and shame,
And all you'll get is sorrow by getting drunk again.

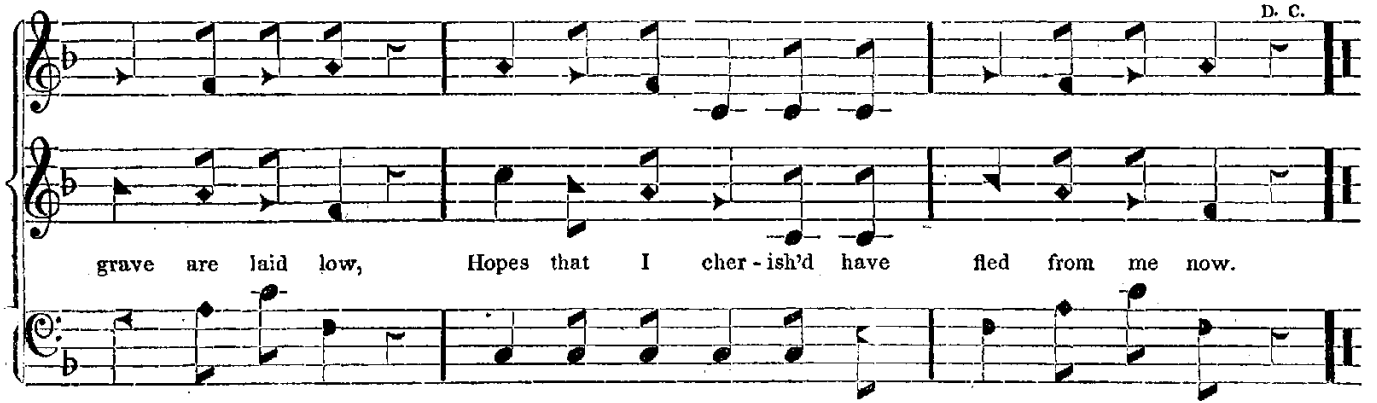
MY OWN TEMP'RANCE HOME.





3. These are sounds that still are ringing
Thro' this care-worn frame of mine;
But, hark, I hear the voice of singing,
Oh, "father's left the sparkling wine,"
Oh, "father's left the sparkling wine."
4. Give me joys—I ask no other—
Joys that bless my humble dome,
Where dwells my daughter and her mother;
Oh, give me back my temp'rance home,
Oh, give me back my temp'rance home.
5. Joyful tidings still are swelling,
Where long greetings were unknown;
The Pledge brought them to every dwelling,
O give me back my temp'rance home,
My own, my own dear temp'rance home.



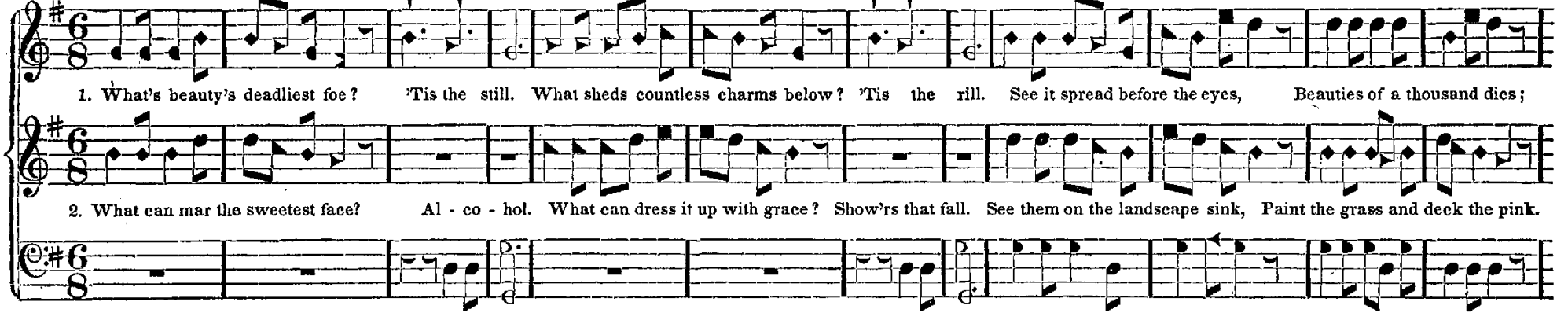


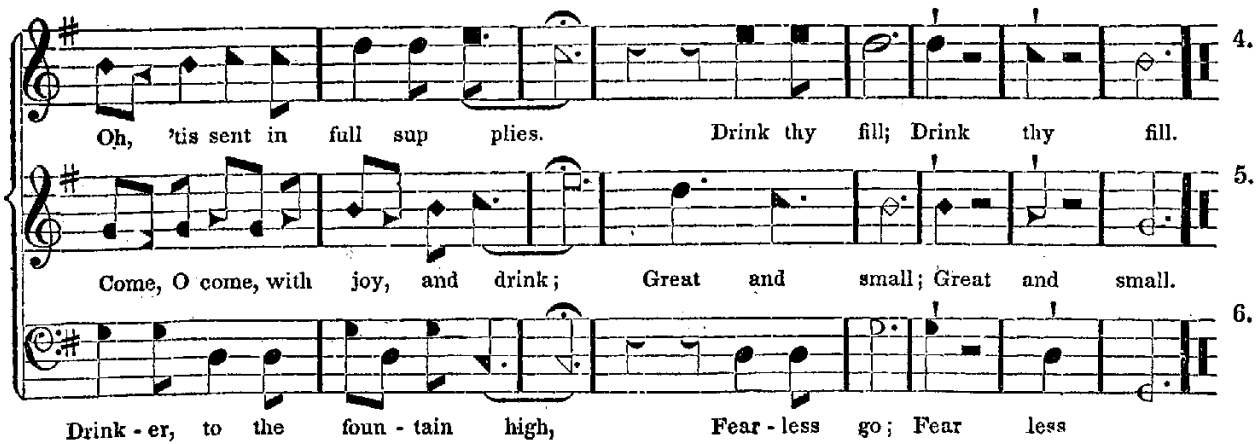
2. Sadly my wife lowered her beautiful head,
Long, long ago,—long ago.
Oh, how I wept when I knew she was dead,
Long, long ago,—long ago!
She was an angel—my love, and my guide—
Vainly to save me from ruin she tried;
Poor broken heart; it was well that she died,
Long, long ago—long ago!

3. Let me look back on the days of my youth,
Long, long ago—long ago!
I was no stranger to virtue and truth,
Long, long ago—long ago!
Oh, for the hopes that were pure as the day
Oh, for the loves that were purer than they!
Oh, for the hours that I've squander'ed away,
Long, long ago—long ago.

THE PURE CRYSTAL SPRING.

[Arranged by ALEX'R AULD.



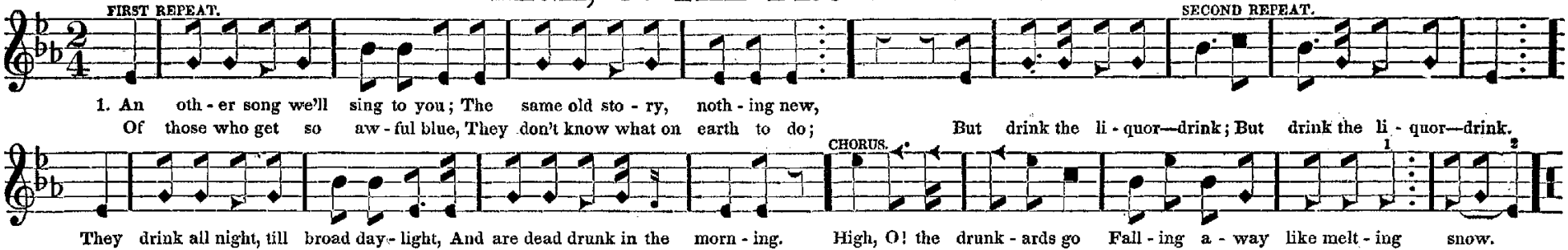


4. What engenders strife and guile? Belial's bowl.
What brings peace and virtue's smile? Streams that roll.
They that for the bev'rage come, Find an earthly heaven at home,
See, O see them, scatter'd from Pole to pole, pole to pole.

5. What can make us sick and poor? Sots can tell.
What brings plenty to the door? Water will.
Drink, Oh drink it merrily, 'Twill a glorious treasure be,
Leaving all thy stores to thee, Growing still, growing still.

6. What brings vice and guilt below? Strong drink brings.
What makes streams of virtue flow? Crystal springs,
Stay no longer at your wine, But partake the gift divine,
Then you may in virtue shine, Queens and kings.

HIGH, O! THE DRUNKARDS GO.



2. The drunkards when they have a high,
Low in the ditch or corner lie;
But we will drink and never fall,
Nor even in the gutter sprawl;
But drink—the water drink,
But drink—the water drink,
We'll drink and eat and sleep so sweet,
And up in the morning early.
Chorus.—High, O! the drunkards go,
Falling away like melting snow.

3. The drunkards curse, the drunkards swear,
And for their rum is all their care;
They drink up all the rum they get,
But we will drink cold water yet.
Then drink—the water drink,
Then drink—the water drink.
While we can drink cold water pure,
We'll never sup your brandy;
Chorus.—High, O! the drunkards go,
Falling away like melting snow.

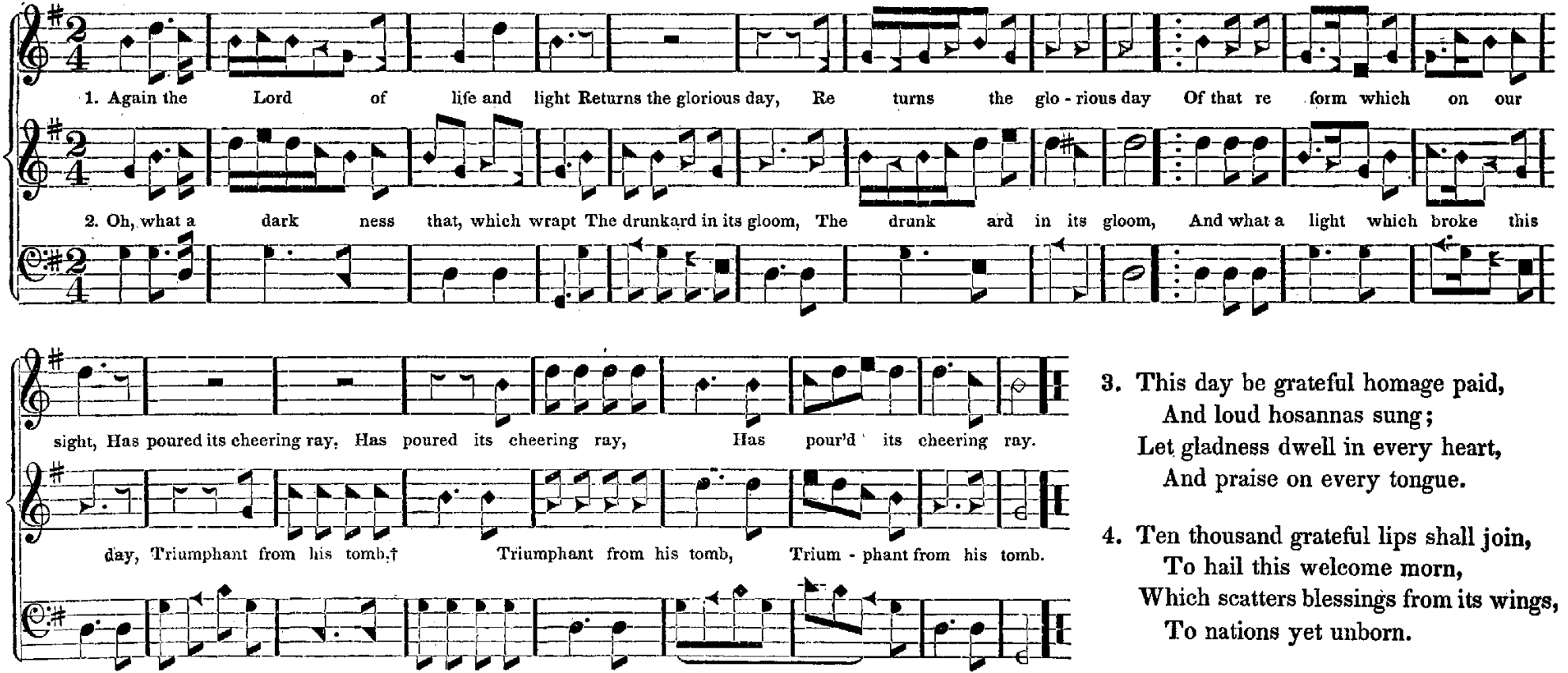
4. The drunkard goes home cross at night,
He scolds his wife and has a fight;
And when he rises from his bed,
O dear! O dear! his aching head.
Then drink—the water drink,
Then drink—the water drink.
We'll drink and eat and sleep so sweet,
And up in the morning early.
Chorus.—High, O! the drunkards go!
Falling away like melting snow.

5. The drunkard, he spends all his cash,
His credit's lost and soon he'll smash;
The poor house takes the man and wife,
And that's the end of a drunkard's life.
Then drink—the water drink,
Then drink—the water drink.
We'll save our gold till we are old,
And then we'll all enjoy it.
Chorus.—High, O! the drunkards go,
Falling away like melting snow

6. But times have changed—now in our day,
The drunkards turn the other way;
They leave their rum and sign the pledge,
And keep the right side of the hedge.
Then drink—the water drink,
Then drink—the water drink.
The drunkards leave the brandy shop,
And turn to the living fountain.
Chorus.—High, O! the drunkards go,
Falling away like melting snow.

7. The toddy-stick is rusting out,
The tapster he has got the gout,
He'll soon have nothing else to do,
But sign the pledge and start anew.
Then come and sign the pledge,
Then come and sign the pledge,
And "life anew and temp'rance too,"
Shall forever be our motto.
Chorus.—High, O! the drunkards go,
Falling away like melting snow.

THE GLORIOUS 8TH OF APRIL.*

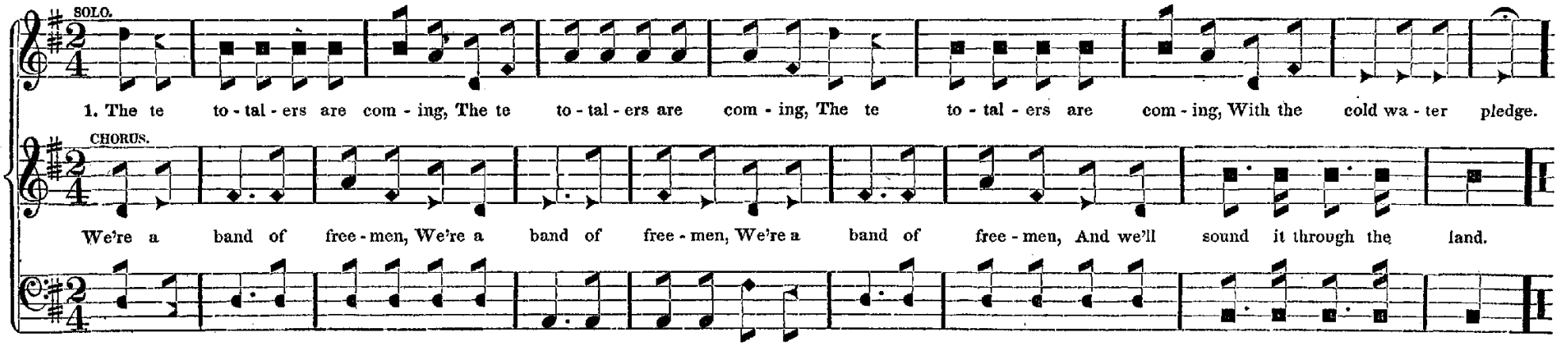


3. This day be grateful homage paid,
   And loud hosannas sung;
   Let gladness dwell in every heart,
   And praise on every tongue.

4. Ten thousand grateful lips shall join,
   To hail this welcome morn,
   Which scatters blessings from its wings,
   To nations yet unborn.

* "The Immortal Six" reformed inebriates of Baltimore, founded their Washington T. A. Society, April 8th, 1841. Glorious men, and a glorious day to all Washingtonians!

† The reform commenced in a grocery store!



2. We have alcohol forsaken,
We will all the land awaken,
Stand firmly and unshaken,
To the cold water pledge.
We're a band, etc.

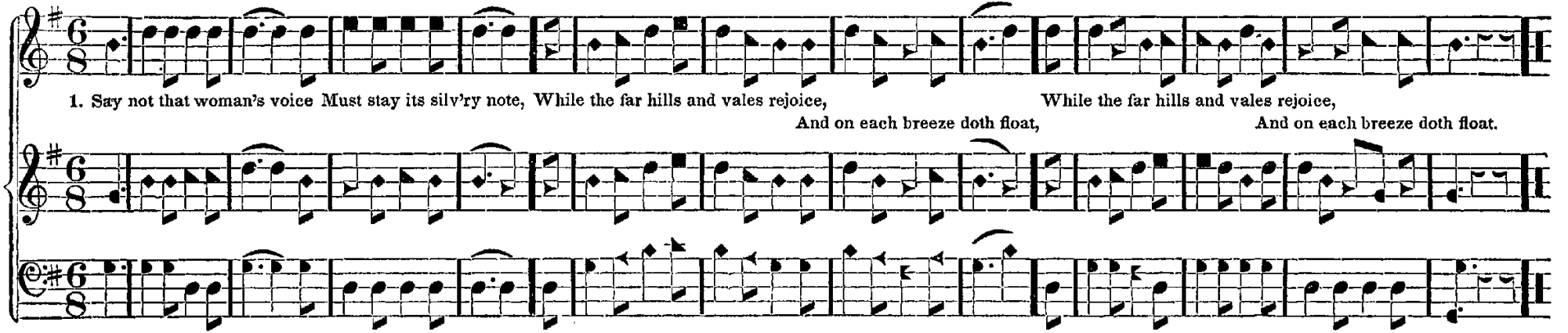
3. We will save our sisters, brothers,
Our fathers, sons, and mothers,
Our neighbors and all others,
With the cold water pledge.
We're a band, etc.

4. We will stop the curse of 'stilling
Alcoholic drink for killing,
And all fermented swilling,
With the cold water pledge.
We're a band, etc.

5. Then come, ye jolly tillers,
Priests, doctors, lawyers, 'stillers,
Come jug and bottle fillers,
Take the cold water pledge,
We're a band, etc.

6. Huzza for reformation,
By all in ev'ry station,
Throughout this wide creation,
With the cold water pledge.
We're a band, etc.

7. May no evil e'er betide us,
To sever or divide us,
But the God of mercy guide us,
With the cold water pledge!
We're a band, etc.



2. Glad tidings from the field
Where temp'rance armies stand,
Against king alcohol to wield
The sword with fearless hand!

3. Let woman, too, rejoice,
To see the foe recede;
And let her in the "still small voice,"
The cause of temp'rance plead.

4. And while the thunder-tone
Of eloquence is stirred,
Her whispered warning, God may own,
His voice through her's be heard.

5. Say not that woman's heart,
Its fullness must contain,
Nor from compassion's fount impart,
To other hearts again.

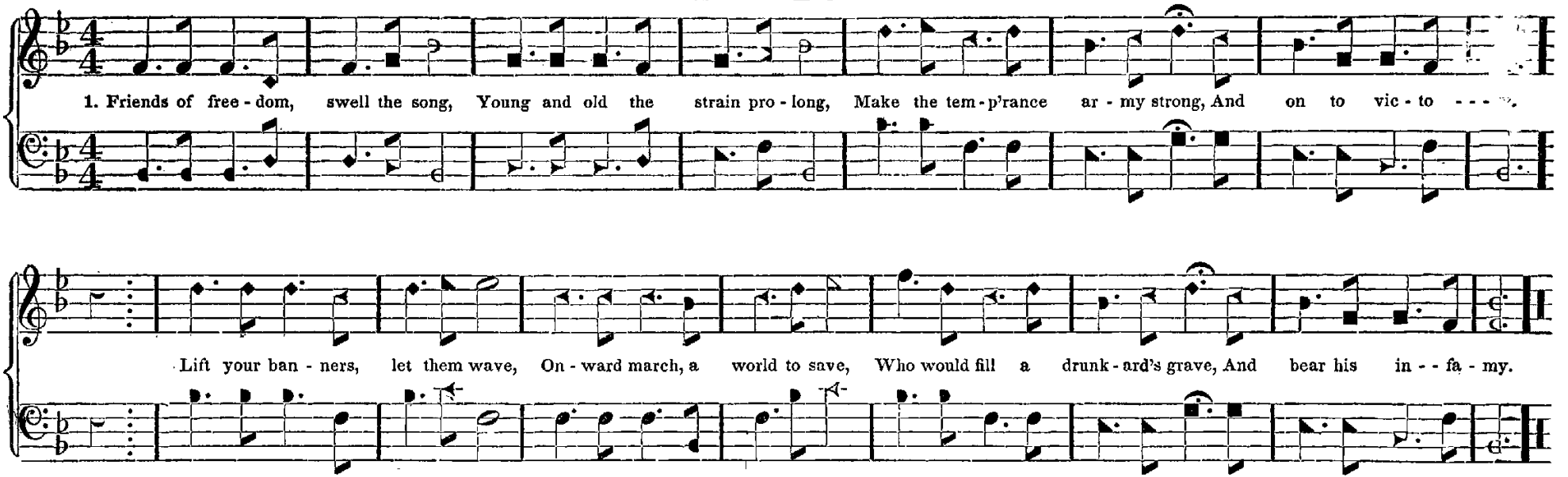
6. For since her sex hath shared
The evils of the foe,
Let not her sympathy be spared
Where yet is felt his blow.

7. Say not that woman's hand
For temp'rance hath no power,
That she must meek spectator stand
In reformation's hour.

8. Behold! in garments made,
What woman now hath wrought;
How is th' inebriate's home array'd,
In comforts she hath brought!

9. See how the gentle band
Of sisters onward move—
How in one cause have heart and hand,
United works with love!

10. Go on—do what you can,
And as by Eden's laws,
"Woman must be helpmeet for man,"
So, in the temp'rance cause.

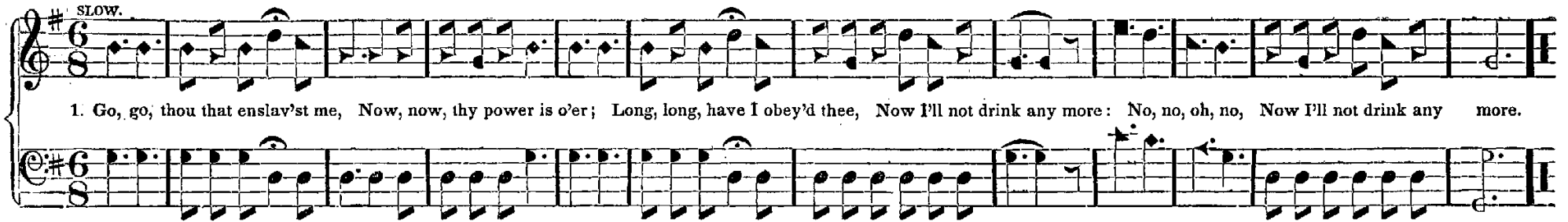


2. Shrink not when the foe appears;
Spurn the coward's guilty fears,
Hear the shrieks, behold the tears,
Of ruin'd families.
Raise the cry in every spot—
"Touch not, taste not, handle not,"
Who would be a drunken sot!
The worst of miseries?

3. Give the aching bosom rest,
Carry joy to ev'ry breast,
Make the wretched drunkard blest,
By living soberly.
Raise the glorious watchword high,
"Touch not, taste not, till you die,"
Let the echo reach the sky,
And earth keep jubilee.

4. God of mercy, hear us plead!
For thy help we intercede;
See how many bosoms bleed,
O heal them speedily.
Hasten, Lord! the happy day,
When, beneath thy gentle ray,
Temp'rance all the world shall sway
And reign triumphantly.

NOW I'LL NOT DRINK ANY MORE.



2. Thou, thou bringest me ever,
Deep, deep, sorrow and pain,
Then, then, from thee I'll sever,
Now I'll not serve thee again,
No, no, oh, no,
No, I'll not serve thee again.

3. Rum, rum, thou hast bereft me,
Home, friends, pleasure so sweet,
Now, now, forever I've left thee,
Thou and I never shall meet.
No, no, oh, no,
Thou and I never shall meet.

4. Joys, joys, bright as the morning,
Now, now on me will pour,
Hope, hope, sweetly is dawning,
Now, I'll not drink any more,
No, no, oh, no,
Now, I'll not drink any more.

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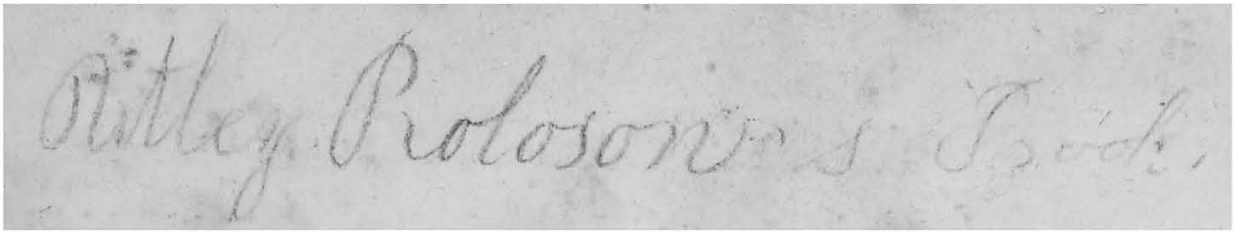
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