THE

METHODIST HARMONIST,

CONTAINING

A GREAT VARIETY OF TUNES

COLLECTED

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS,

ADAPTED

TO ALL THE VARIOUS METRES IN THE METHODIST HYMN-BOOK,

AND

DESIGNED FOR THE USE

OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

IN THE UNITED STATES.

To which is Added

A CHOICE SELECTION OF

ANTHEMS AND PIECES,

FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

New-York:

PUBLISHED BY N. BANGS AND T. MASON, FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH; AND TO BE HAD OF THE METHODIST PREACHERS IN THE CITIES AND COUNTRY.

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1823.

Southern District of New-York, ss.

(L. S.) BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the fourth day of January in the forty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America, N. Bangs and T. Mason, of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"The Methodist Harmonist, containing a great variety of Tunes collected from the best authors, adapted to all the various metres in the Methodist Hymn-Book, and designed for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.—To which is added a Choice Selection of Anthems and Pieces for particular occasions."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "an Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES DILL.
Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

PREFACE.

SINGING forms such an interesting and important branch of Divine service, that every effort to improve the science of sacred music should meet with corresponding encouragement. Nothing tends more, when rightly performed, to elevate the mind, and tune it to the strains of pure devotion. Hence the high estimation in which it has been constantly held by the Christian church. Indeed, every considerable revival of true godliness has been attended, not only with the cultivation and enlargement of knowledge in general, but of sacred poetry and music in particular. Singing and making melody in the heart to the Lord, is the natural result of having the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. The melodious notes of many voices, harmoniously uniting to sound the praises of God, cannot but inspire the heart of the Christian to devotion, and elevate the affections to things spiritual and divine. Who then can be uninterested in the improvement of a science so benificial to the church of God! What heart that has ever vibrated at the inspiring sounds of sacred and vocal music, but must exult in every attempt that is made to cultivate and diffuse the knowledge of this useful auxiliary in spreading the knowledge of God our Saviour.

Though the Methodist Episcopal Church has never been insensible to the advantages resulting from the knowledge and practice of vocal music, having always used it—perhaps more than most other denominations of Christians—in public assemblies and private associations ; yet a suitable Tune-Book, adapted to the various Hymns and metres of its Hymn-Book, has long been a desideratum in its spiritual economy. Several efforts, indeed, have been made, by individuals, to supply this deficiency. The subject was brought before the General Conference at its last session ; and it was finally referred to the discretion of the Book-Agents.

Believing such a collection of Tunes, as should be suited to the various metres and subjects of our Hymns, would be highly advantageous to the members and friends of our church, soon after the Conference closed its session, the Agents adopted measures to accomplish this very desirable object. For this purpose a Committee, consisting of members of our Church, was appointed, who, besides their competency to this undertaking, felt a deep interest in the reputation and utility of this very important part of Divine service. They were requested, in conformity as nearly as practicable to the requisition of our discipline, to make a selection of Tunes from authors of approved merit, keeping in view the various sections of our widely extended connexion, that the peculiarity of taste, in the choice of tunes, might, as far as possible, be gratified. They entered upon their labour with cheerfulness, and persevered with conscientious care and diligence until they brought their work to a close : and the Tunes comprised in the following selection will evince the result of their exertions, and their communication to the Agents, with which we close this preface, will explain the manner in which they executed the trust confided to them.

" DEAR BRETHREN.

Your Committee whose task it has been, by your request, to compile a Book of Tunes for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church, report: That they have been fully aware of the extreme difficulty of making such a selection of tunes as should in all respects be accommodated either to the fancy or taste of every section of our widely extended Connexion. In the use of any particular style of tunes, so much generally depends upon education, local feelings or mental constitution ; that, except with those who are skilled in the science of music, the choice of a tune is seldom caused by a

discovery of its intrinsic worth, or its adaptation to the solemnities of Christian worship. Your Committee therefore, will neither be surprised, nor disappointed, if their selection in coming before the public, meet with some of those discouragements which have attended works of a similar nature.

Your Committee, however, have not been regardless of the partialities of our Societies, in different parts of the Union. They have availed themselves of standard works which have obtained celebrity in the Eastern and Southren States, as well as those that are in general use among us. The best European authors have also been consulted. Books edited by members of our Church, or with a design to suit our Hymn Book, have received particular attention. They have neglected no means of ascertaining the wishes of our friends, and of accommodating as far as possible their plan to those wishes.

It may be proper to suggest that the primary object of your Committee has been, not to prepare a collection of tunes for social circles, or singing associations, (though they hope the work will not be unacceptable even in this light) but, according to your own directions, for the use of worshipping congregations. They have therefore, in the first place, carefully avoided the choice of all such tunes, as from the intricacy or unsuitableness of their style are incapable of being easily learned by ordinary congregations; for one of the most important objects of public singing is lost when every tuneful voice in the house of God cannot join in the solemn exercise.

Secondly, In cordial approbation of that clause of our discipline which disapproves of fugue tunes, they have, (with the exception of a very few, the use of which has been established by general practice) passed by those distinguished by that peculiarity.

Thirdly, In order to assist leaders of singing, they have carefully affixed over each hymn in the new Hymn-Book, the name of such tune as in their opinion is suitable to that hymn.

Your Committee have thought proper to insert brief Instructions in the rudiments of music, which will be found of great utility where the work is introduced into Singing-schools.

Thus, after the labour of nearly a twelvemonth, your Committee have the pleasure of delivering into your hands the result of their joint exertions: they are happy in having this opportunity of contributing their part towards the improvement of one of the most delightful, as well as one of the most devotional parts of divine worship. Uninfluenced by the expectation or desire of any pecuniary recompense, they only wish as a reward for their labours the approbation of their brethren, beloved in Christ, who compose the General and Annual Conferences, and that of the membership of the Methodist Church. We have long needed a work which might be considered as a standard of music for our Connexion in America. That which your Committee present to you, is an attempt for this, according to the best of their judgment.

Finally, praying that the blessing of Heaven may accompany their efforts, they would subjoin the language of our Bishops, as a just expression of their own sentiments:—"We exhort all to sing with the Spirit, and with the understanding also: and thus may the high praises of God be set up from East to West, from North to South; and we shall be happily instrumental in leading the devotion of thousands, and shall rejoice to join them in time and eternity."—All which is respectfully submitted.

New-York, Oct. 23, 1821.

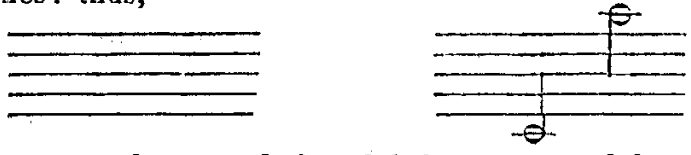
JOHN M. SMITH.
DANIEL AYRES.
JOHN D. MYERS.
G. P. DISOSWAY."

A BRIEF

INTRODUCTION TO THE SCIENCE OF

MUSIC.

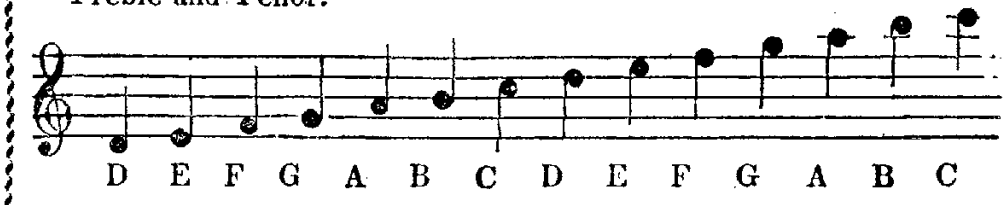
MUSIC is written on five parallel lines, and four intermediate spaces which are called a Staff, and when notes ascend or descend above or below the Staff, short lines are added which are called Ledger Lines: thus,



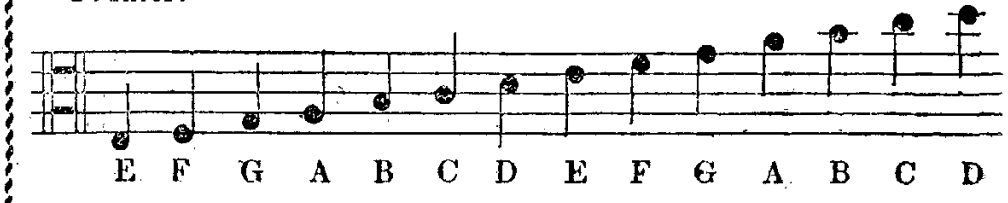
The first seven letters of the alphabet, are used for expressing musical sounds, in the following order: A B C D E F G, which embrace the whole of the primitive sounds in music. When the notes of a tune exceed these sounds, the same series of letters must be expressed.

The situation of the letters on the Staff, is governed by a certain character called a Cliff, placed at the beginning of the Staff. There are but two Cliffs used in this work, viz. the F and G Cliffs. The F Cliff is confined to the Bass, and is placed on the fourth line; the G Cliff, is used for all the parts except the Bass, and is placed on the 2d line. Another Cliff, called the C Cliff, moveable at pleasure to any line in the Staff, was formerly used for Counter and Tenor, but is not used by modern composers. The Counter and Tenor now sing from the G or Treble Cliff.

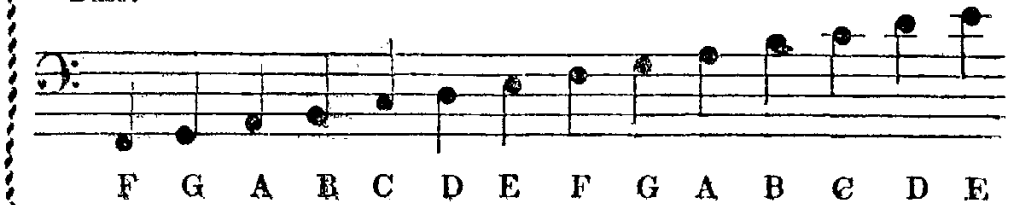
Treble and Tenor.



Counter.

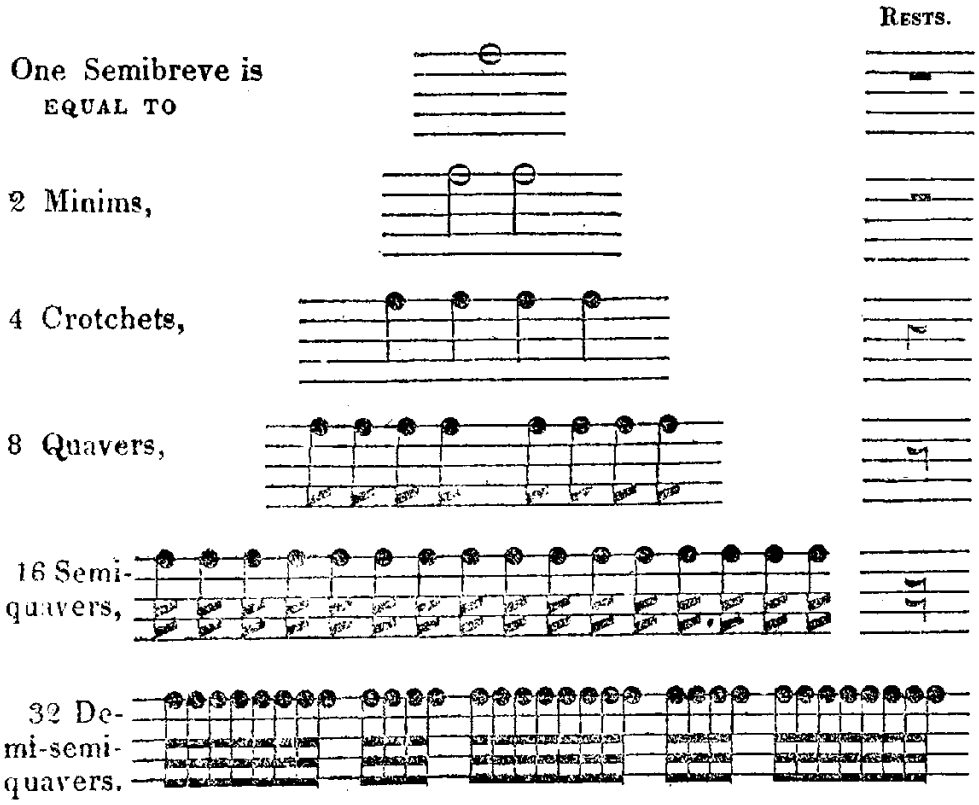


Bass.



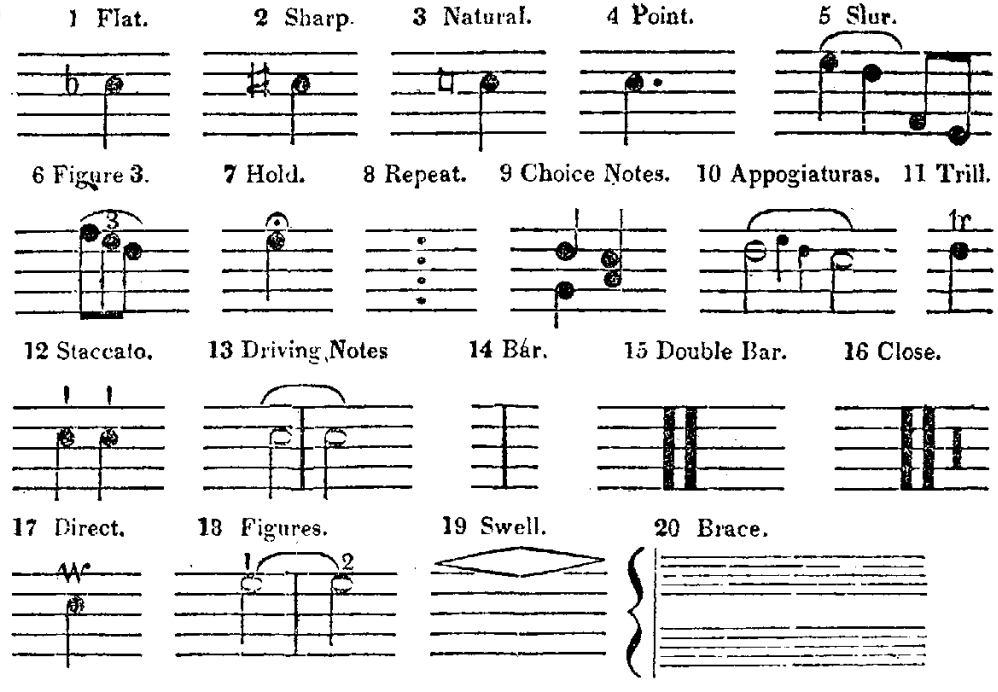
NOTES AND RESTS.

As letters cannot describe the *length* of sound, *Notes* have been invented for that purpose. The length or duration of a note with respect to time is known by its particular form.



The marks on the right of each of the above notes are called *Rests*; whenever they occur silence is to be kept as long as their respective note is sounded. A semibreve rest is always used for resting a whole bar.

MUSICAL CHARACTERS.



EXPLANATION OF THE CHARACTERS.

1. A *Flat*, set before a note sinks it half a tone.
2. A *Sharp* raises a note half a tone.

N. B. Flats or sharps at the beginning have influence throughout a tune. Accidental flats, sharps and naturals, affect the sound of no notes, but those which they immediately precede.

3. A *Natural* restores a note made flat or sharp, to its first sound.
4. A *Point* at the right side of a note makes it half as long again.
5. A *Slur* ties together as many notes as are sung to one syllable.
6. A *Figure* 3, placed over any three notes reduces them to the length of two of the same kind.

7. A *Hold* shows that the note under it is to be sounded longer than its usual time.

8. A *Repeat* denotes what part of a tune is to be sung twice.

9. *Choice Notes* give the performer liberty to sing which he pleases.

10. *Appogiaturas* or *grace notes* indicate a sliding of the voice from one note to another by small ones, which count nothing in time.

11. A *Trill* shows that the note over which it is placed, should be shaken.

12. A *Staccato* directs the note under it to be sung emphatically.

13. *Driving Notes* are those driven through the bar, or out of their proper order in the bar.

14. A *Single Bar* divides the time according to the measure note.

15 A *Double Bar* shows the end of a strain or line.

16. A *Close* shows the end of a tune.

17. A *Direct* shows the place of the succeeding note.

18. *Figures* 1 and 2, show that the note under 1, is sung before the repeat, and that under 2 after it, if slurred both are sung after it.

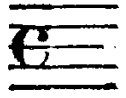
19. A *Swell* denotes an increase or decrease of sound in the notes over which it is placed.

20. A *Brace* shows how many parts move together: as Air, Tenor, Bass, &c.

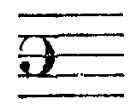
OF TIME.

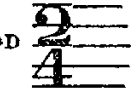
There are three kinds of time, viz. *Common*, *Triple* and *Compound*. Each of these has a different degree of swiftness, which is denoted by marks set at the commencement of the tune called Moods. Common Time is divided by an even number of beats in each bar, as 2 or 4. Treble Time is divided by an odd number, as 3 or 6.

Common time.

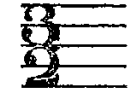
1st. Mood  Is the slowest movement, has a semibreve for a measure note or notes or rests equal to one semibreve, four beats in a bar in the time of four seconds, two down and two up.

2d. Mood Has the same measure note, and beat in the same manner, but one third quicker.

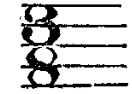
3d. Mood  Has the same measure note, two beats in a bar, one up, and one down, in the time of two seconds. The accent in this and the two preceding moods falls on the first and third of the bar.

4th. Mood  Has a minim for a measure note, beat like the last but one third quicker

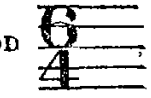
Triple time.

1st. Mood  Has three minims in a bar, and three beats to a bar in the time of three seconds, two down and one up.

2d. Mood Has three crotchets in a bar, beat in the same manner as the last, but a third quicker.

3d. Mood  Has three quavers in a bar, beat in the same manner, but a third quicker than the last. The accent in Triple time falls on the first beat of the bar.

Compound time.

1st. Mood  Contains six crotchets in a bar, two beats, one down and one up, in the time of two seconds. The accent is on the first and fourth notes.

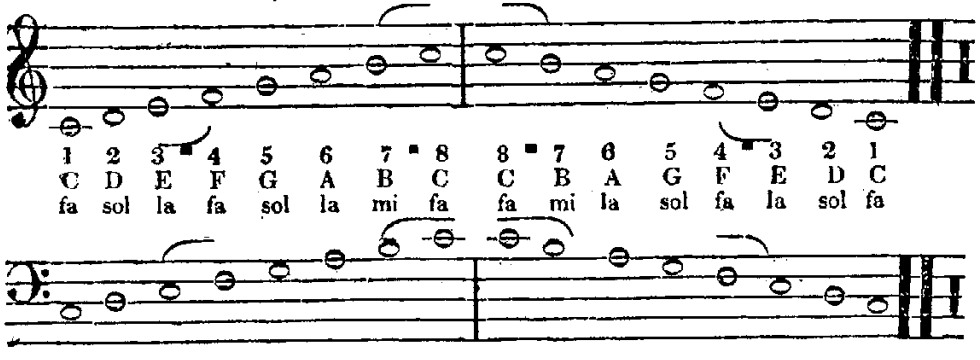
2d. Mood Contains six quavers in a bar, beat and accented like the last, but a third quicker.

N. B. The hand falls at the beginning of every bar in all moods of Time.

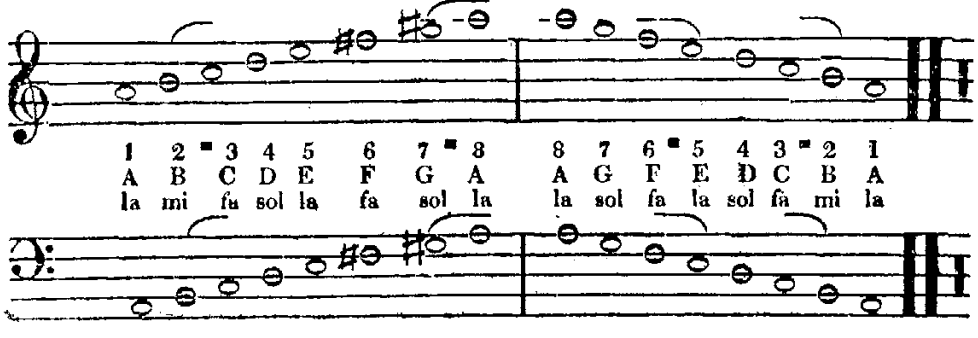
OF THE KEYS.

There are 2 natural keys in music, C the Sharp or Major, and A the Flat or Minor key, which are distinguished from each other by the situation of the semitones, which in a Sharp key lie between the Third and Fourth, and Seventh and Eighth notes of the Octave, both ascending and descending; and in the Flat key between the Second and Third, and the Seventh and Eighth ascending, but in descending between the Sixth and Fifth, the Third and Second.

MAJOR KEY, OR KEY OF C.



MINOR KEY, OR KEY OF A.



The Flat Key is esteemed imperfect, and has this peculiarity, that the Sixth and Seventh of its *ascending* notes in the Octave, are each a semitone higher than the same notes *descending*.

Besides letters, the four following syllables Mi, Fa, Sol, La, are used to express the notes in the Octave. Mi is the master note, and determines the situation of all the rest; all notes above Mi, are Fa, Sol, La, all below, La, Sol, Fa, and Mi follows again in the end of the Octave.

The last note in the Bass is the key note, and if that note be next above the Mi, the tune is in the Major key; if next below the Mi, it is then in the Minor key.

Also, another way of ascertaining whether a tune is in the Major or Minor key, is, by examining the first *ascending* Third from the key note; if it consists of two *whole tones* it is in the Major; but if it contains only a *tone and a half*, it is the Minor key.

TABLE FOR FINDING THE MI.

If no Flat or Sharp is at the beginning of a tune, Mi is in B; but

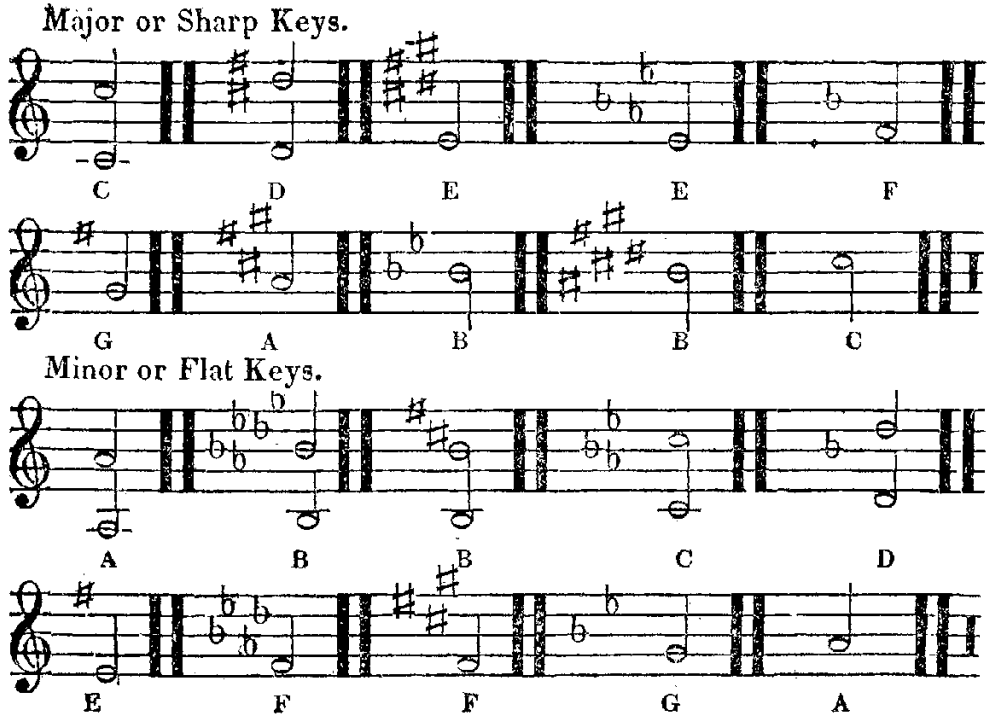
If B be Flat,	Mi is in E	If F be Sharp	Mi is in F
If B and E	Mi is in A	If F and C	Mi is in C
If B, E and A	Mi is in D	If F, C and G	Mi is in G
If B, E, A & D	Mi is in G	If F, C, G, & D	Mi is in D

In pitching a tune, care should be taken to set it in such a key, as will enable the congregation to sing the highest notes with ease; and those who take the Bass to sing the lowest, without a grumbling tone.

If the hymn be cheerful, let it be set to a lively tune, but if the subject of it be confession or sorrow, a plaintive tune should be chosen.

TRANSPOSITION OF KEYS.

The transposition of a key, is the removal of a tune higher or lower on the scale than its natural place, by assuming another letter for the key note, and adapting the semitones to the assumed key by means of Flats and Sharps, as the following table will show.



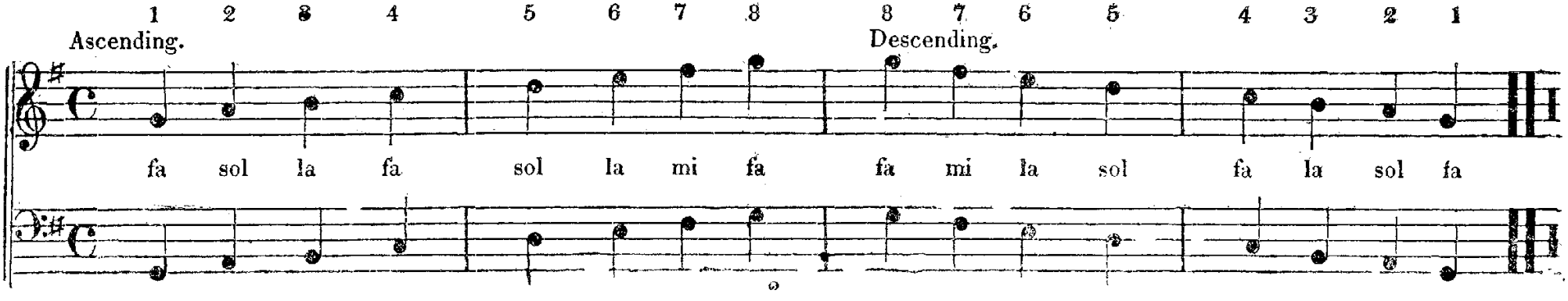
From the above the learner will receive a general idea of the different Major and Minor keys, and how the Semitones retain their fixed places by the aid of Flats and Sharps.

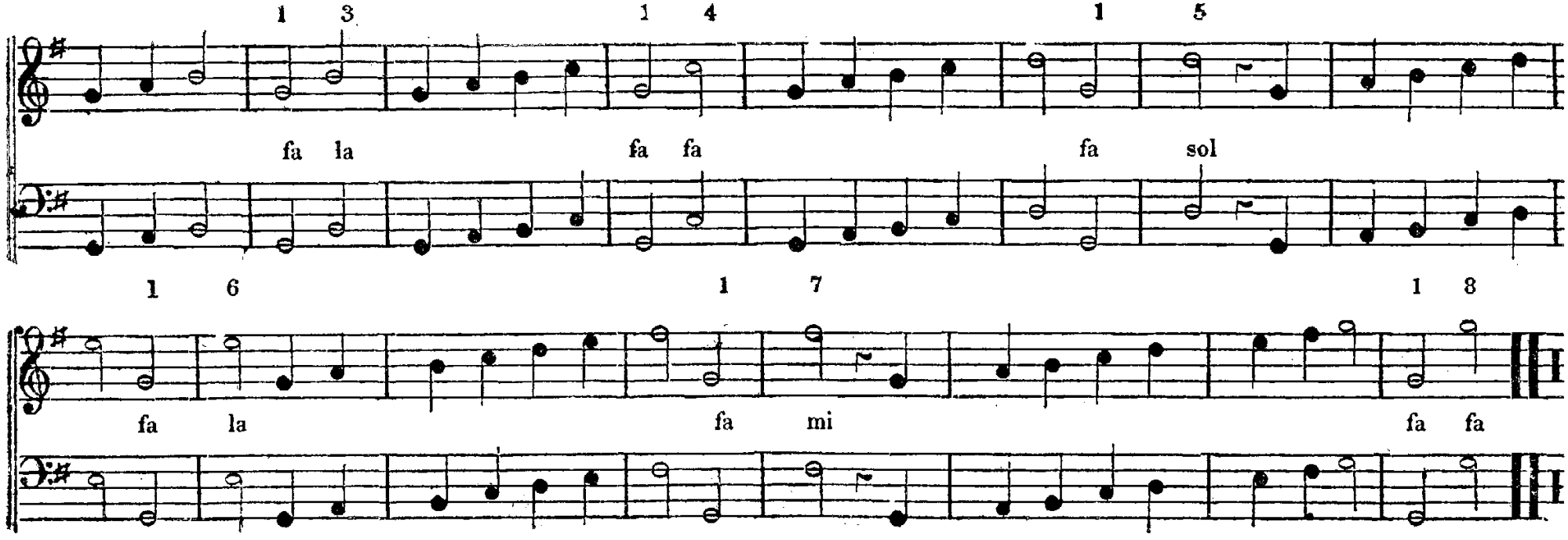
It is hoped these rules will be found amply sufficient for general use, as a Teacher will be able to supply all that may be wanting. Those who wish to perfect themselves in the Science of Music, are referred to larger works and grammars of Music written expressly for this purpose.

Conclusion.

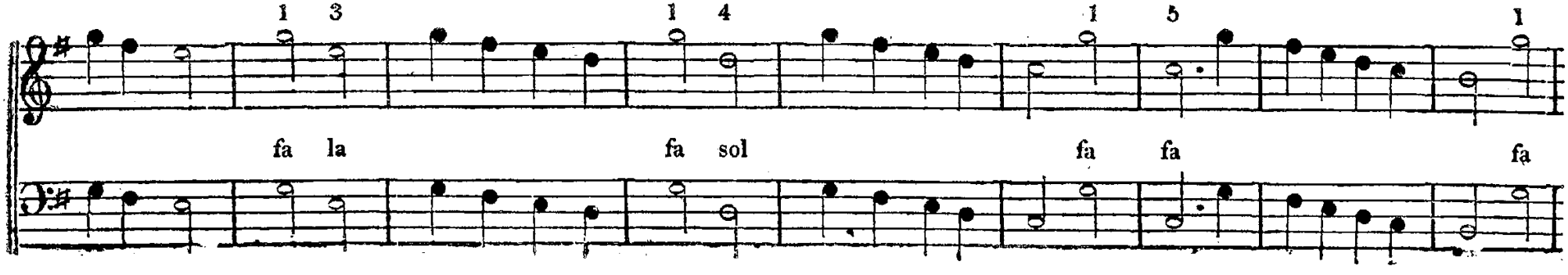
We cannot attain the true pleasure of Sacred Music unless we feel a genuine spirit of devotion; let us then, ever maintain an awful reverence of that glorious Being whose praises we profess to celebrate, and while we sing with the understanding, let us sing with the Spirit also. Then shall we partake of its sweetest pleasures, we shall be cheered and conducted through the present pilgrimage, with the pleasing hope of finally joining with the glorious company of the Church Triumphant, in singing praises to God and the Lamb for ever and ever.

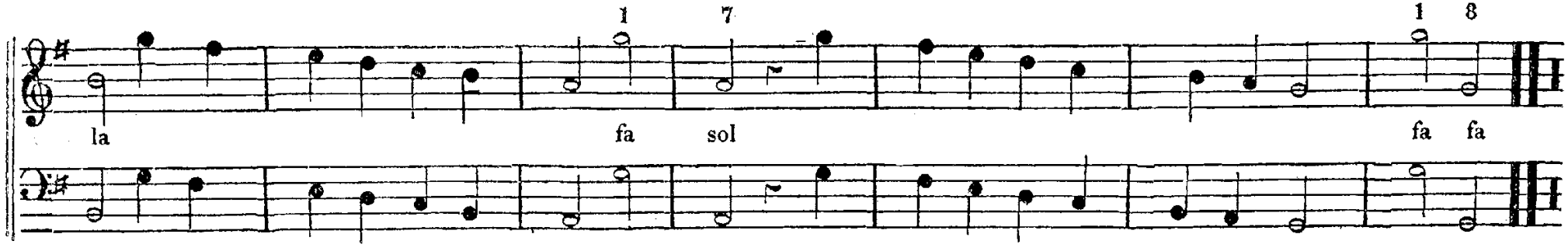
EXERCISE I



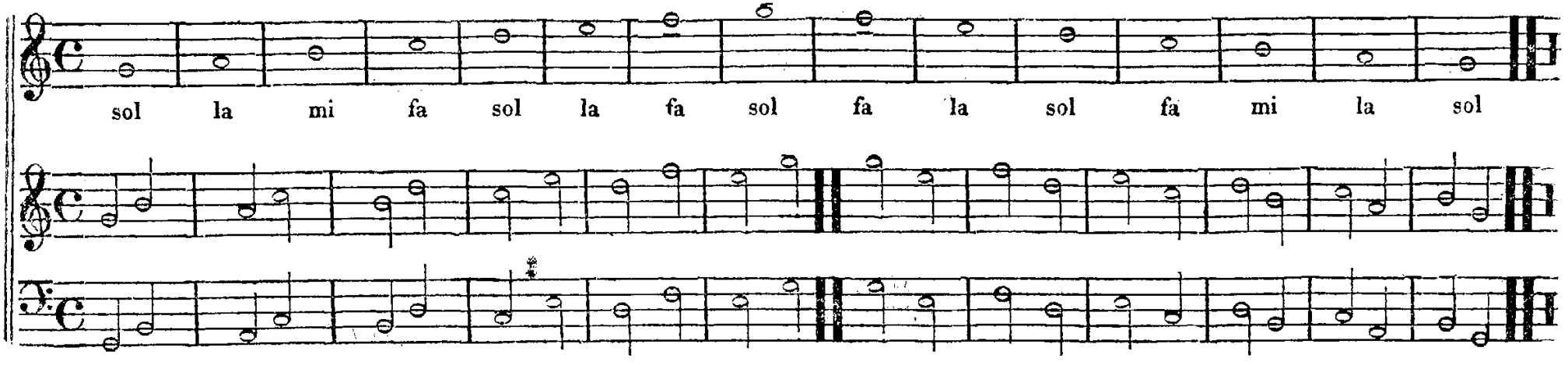

1 3
1 4
1 5
fa la
fa fa
fa sol
1 6
1 7
1 8
fa la
fa mi
fa fa

EXERCISE 2.

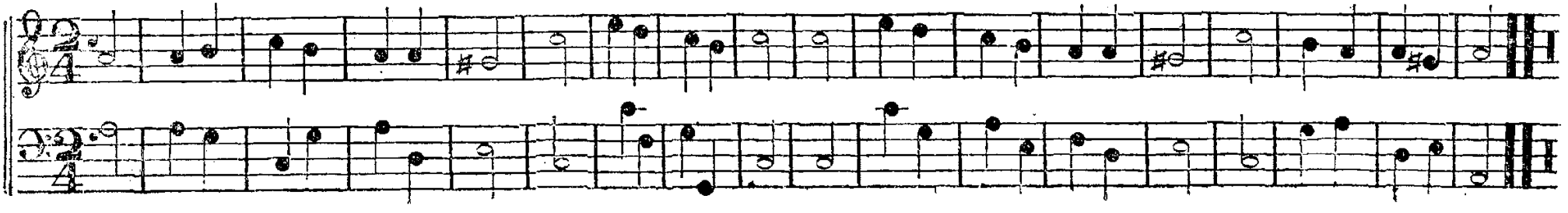

1 3
1 4
1 5
1
fa la
fa sol
fa fa
fa



EXERCISE 3.

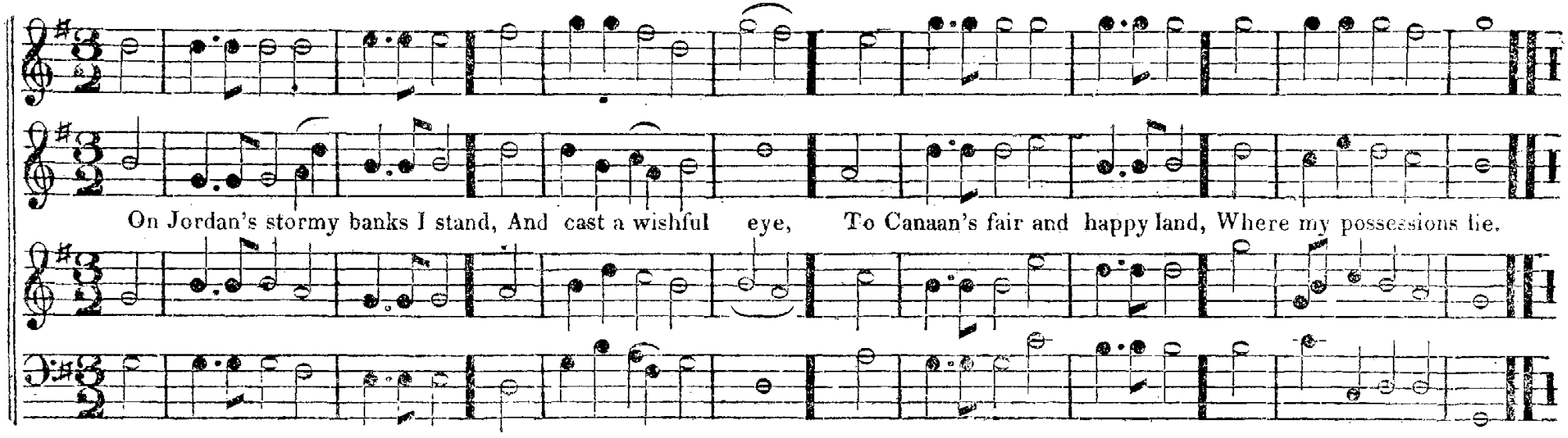


WINDSOR. **C. M.** **Example in the Minor of A.**

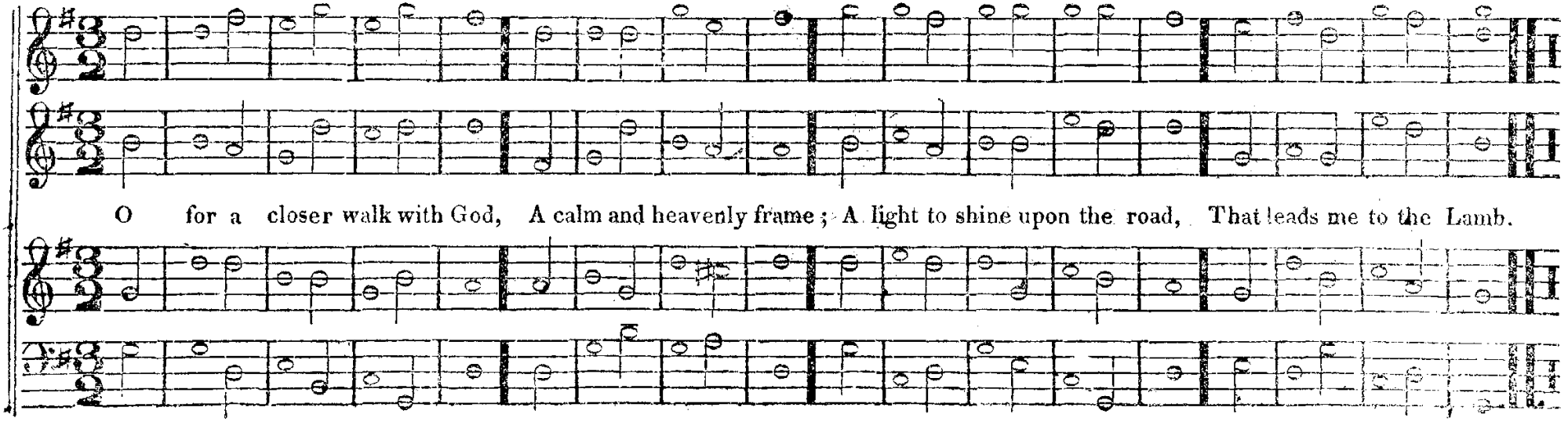


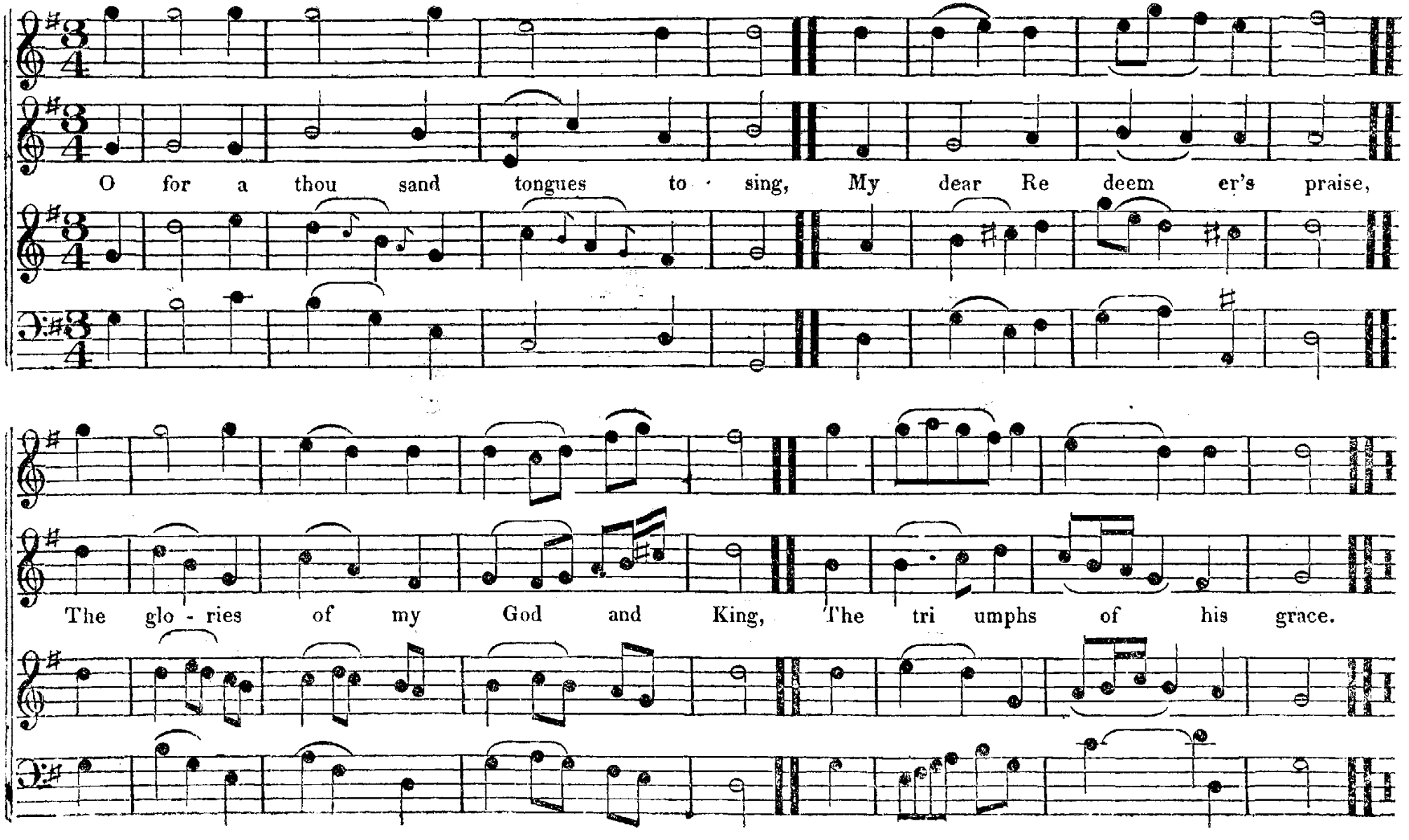
A DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

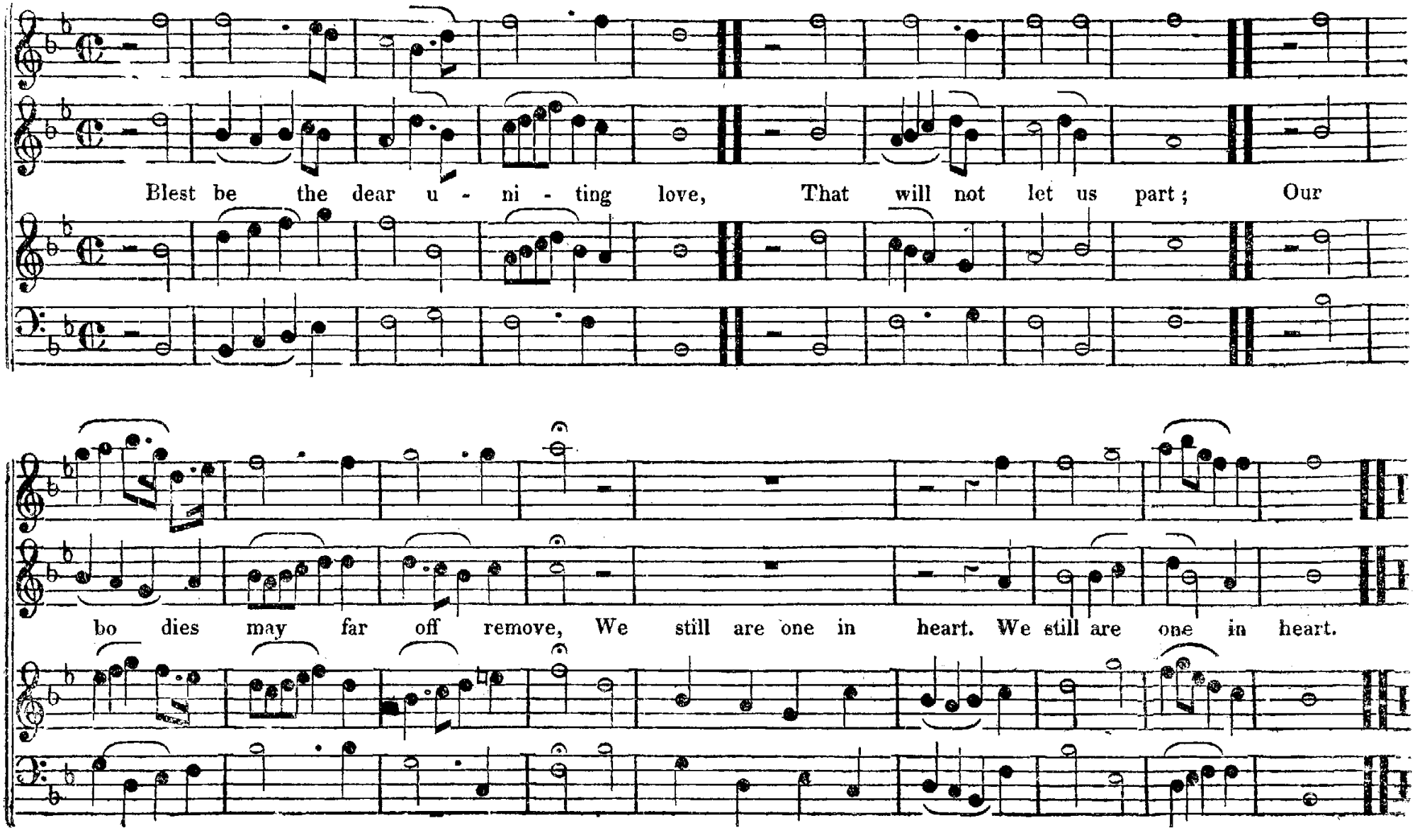
ADAGIO, or Ado. slow.
Ad Libitum, at discretion.
Affetuoso, tenderly and affectionately—*performed in moderate time.*
Air, generally means what the ear realizes from melody or harmony. In a special sense, it is the leading part.
Allegro, brisk, gay.
Allegretto, not so quick as Allegro.
Alto, or Altus, the Counter Tenor.
Andante, distinct, exact and soothing; *sung rather slow, when no other word is used with it.*
Andantino, in a similar style, but one degree quicker than Andante.
Anthem, a portion of Scripture set to music.
BASS, the lowest part in harmony.
Breve, an ancient note, equal in duration to two-semibreves.
Bis, those bars over which this term is placed, should be performed twice.
Cannon, a vocal composition in two or more parts, so constructed as to form a perpetual fugue.
Cantabile, in a graceful and melodious style.
Canto, or Cantus, the Treble. In a harmony of vocal parts, it denotes the leading part.
Chorus, full, all the voices.
Coda, an additional strain, not absolutely necessary to the piece or tune, but which may be sung or omitted at pleasure.
Con Spirito, with spirit.
Contra Tenor, the part assigned to the highest men's voices.
Crescendo, or Cres. to increase the sound,
DACAPO, or D. C. to return and conclude with the first strain.
Del Segno, or D. S. from the sign.
Diminuendo, or Dim. to diminish the sound.
Doloroso, in a plaintive or doleful style.
Dolce, sweetly and softly.
Duetto, Duett, Duo. } a composition written expressly for two voices or instruments.
Finale, the last movement of a piece of music.
Fine, the end of a piece or book.
Forte, For. or F. loud.
Fortissimo, loud as possible.
Fugue or Fuga, a composition, in which a subject is successively repeated, or imitated in two or more parts.
GRAVE, or Gravemente, heavy; these words refer both to the style of the composition and the execution, and are frequently used for the term Largo.
Graziozo, gracefully; often used with Andante.
LARGO, Lentemento, or Lento, the slowest degree in the movements.
Larghetto, not quite so slow as Largo.
MAESTOSO, with strength, firmness and majesty.
Mezza, moderate; as mezza, piano moderately or rather soft.
Mezza Voce, moderate strength of voice and in a pleasing manner.
Moderato, moderately.
ORGANO, or Org. the organ part.
PIANO, Pia, or P. soft.
Pianissimo, or PP. very soft.
Plaintive, mournfully.
Presto, quick.
Prestissimo, very quick.
Primo, the first or leading part.
QUARTETTO, music for four voices or instruments.
RECITATIVE, a kind of musical recitation, between speaking and singing.
SCORE, three or more parts, connected by a brace, are said to be in score.
Semi-tone, the smallest interval used in vocal music.
Semi-chorus, a selection of voices from a choir.
Secondo, the second voice or instrument.
Solo, a piece of music for one voice or instrument.
Soprano, the treble, or higher voice part.
Spiritoso, or con-spirito, with spirit.
Staccato, very distinct, short and emphatic.
Symphony, or Sym. a part for instruments only.
TACET, silent.
Tempo, time; as a tempo, in true time.
Tutti, full, or altogether; when all join after a Solo.
Trio, music for three voices or instruments.
UNISON, or Unis, when all parts unite in one sound, or succession of sounds.
VERSE, one voice to a part.
Vigoroso, with strength and energy.
Vivace, brisk and animated.
Volti, turn over.
Volti Subito, turn over quick.

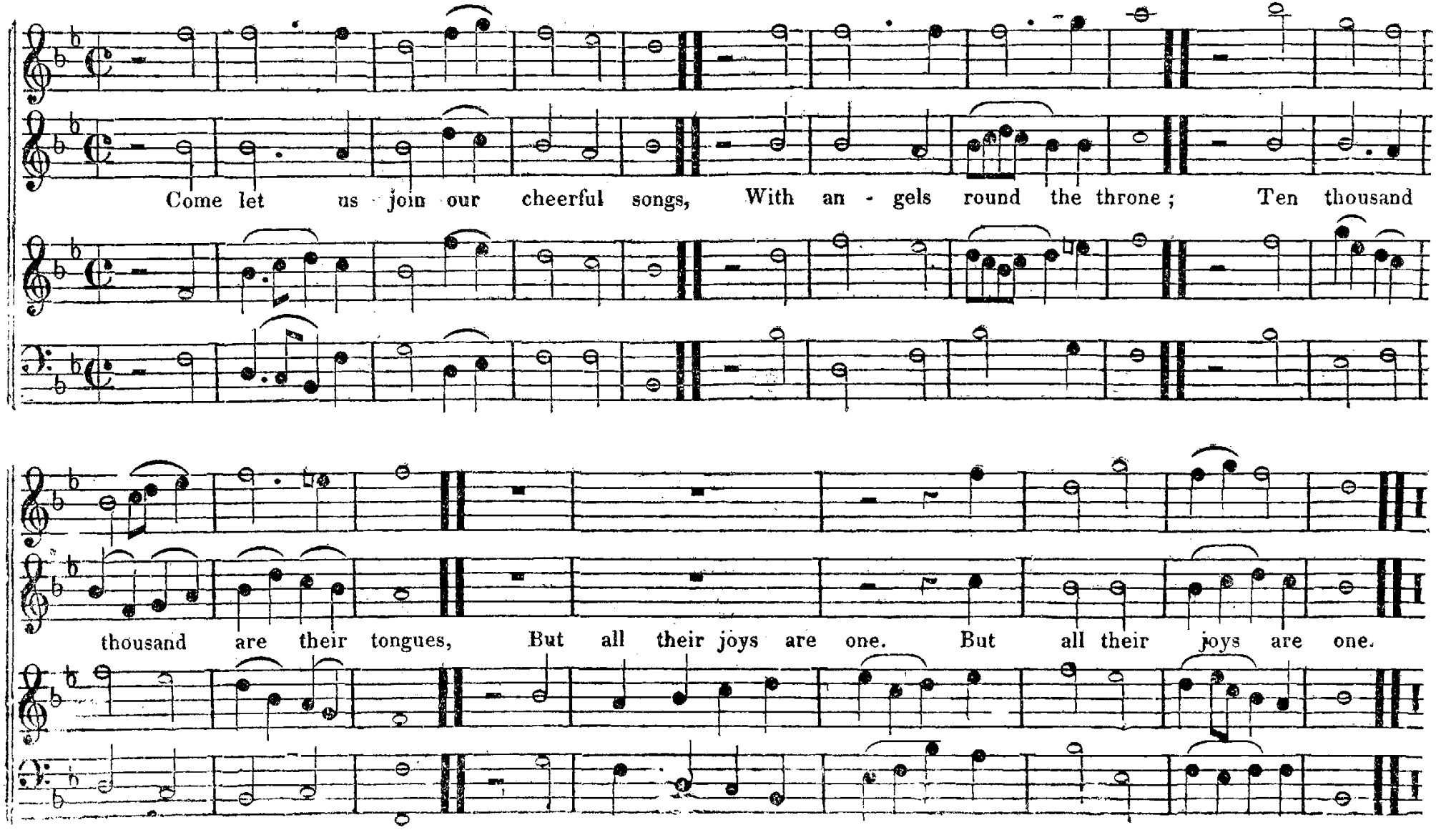


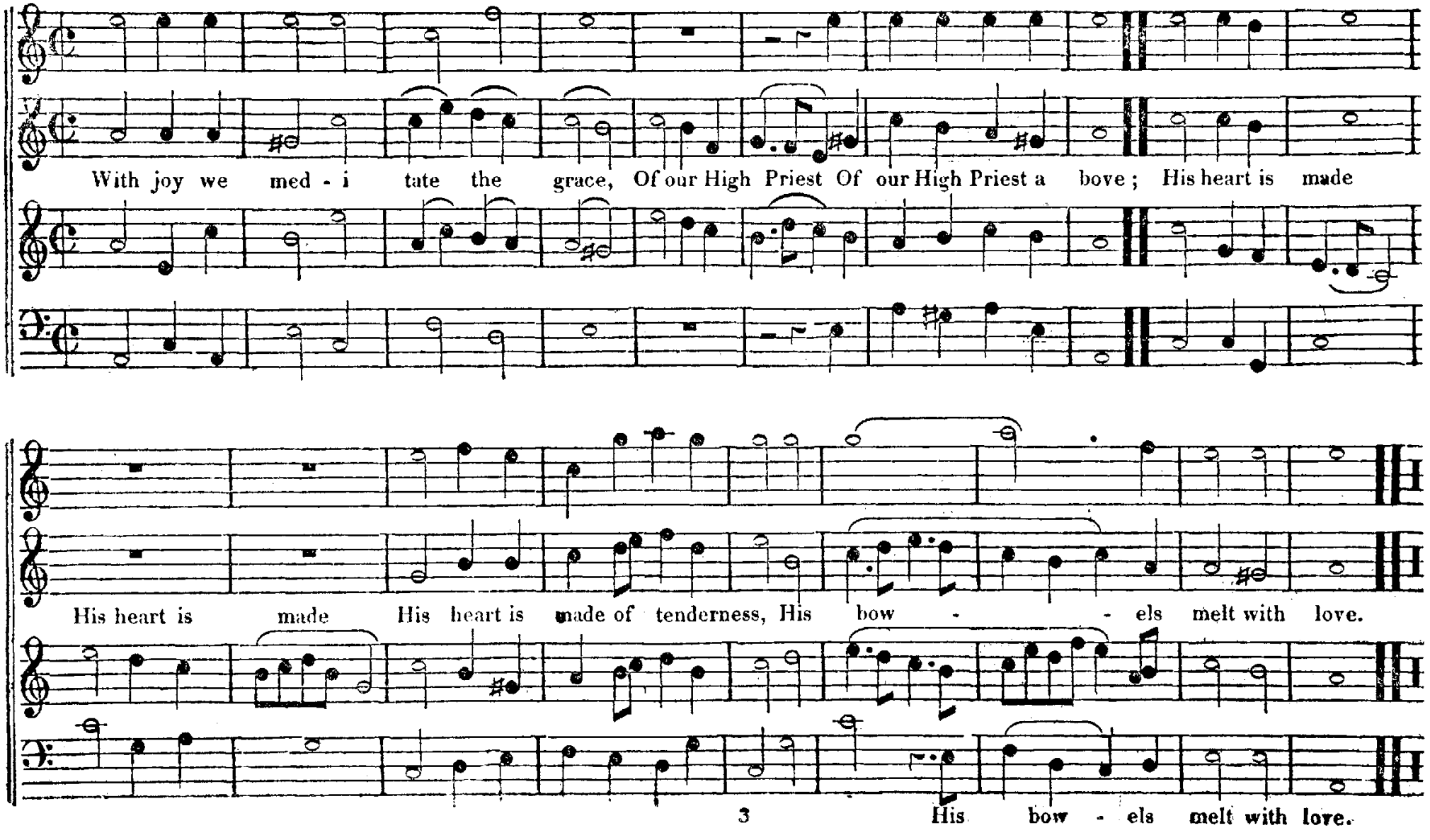
MEAR. HYMN 89. C. M.



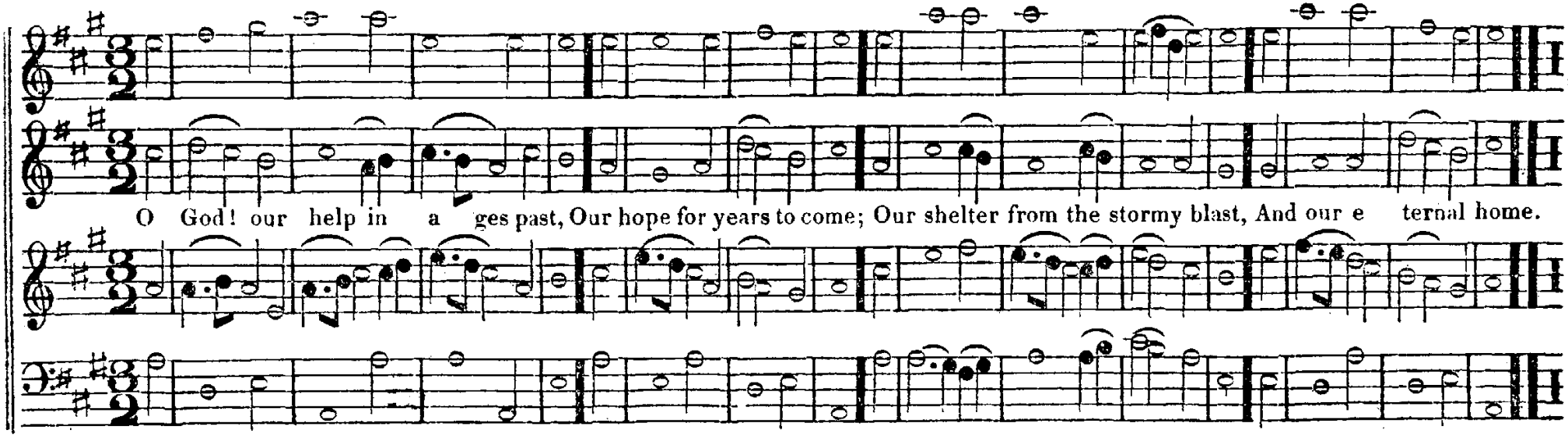

O for a thou sand tongues to · sing, My dear Re deem er's praise,
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri umphs of his grace.


Blest be the dear u - ni - ting love, That will not let us part; Our
bo dies may far off remove, We still are one in heart. We still are one in heart.

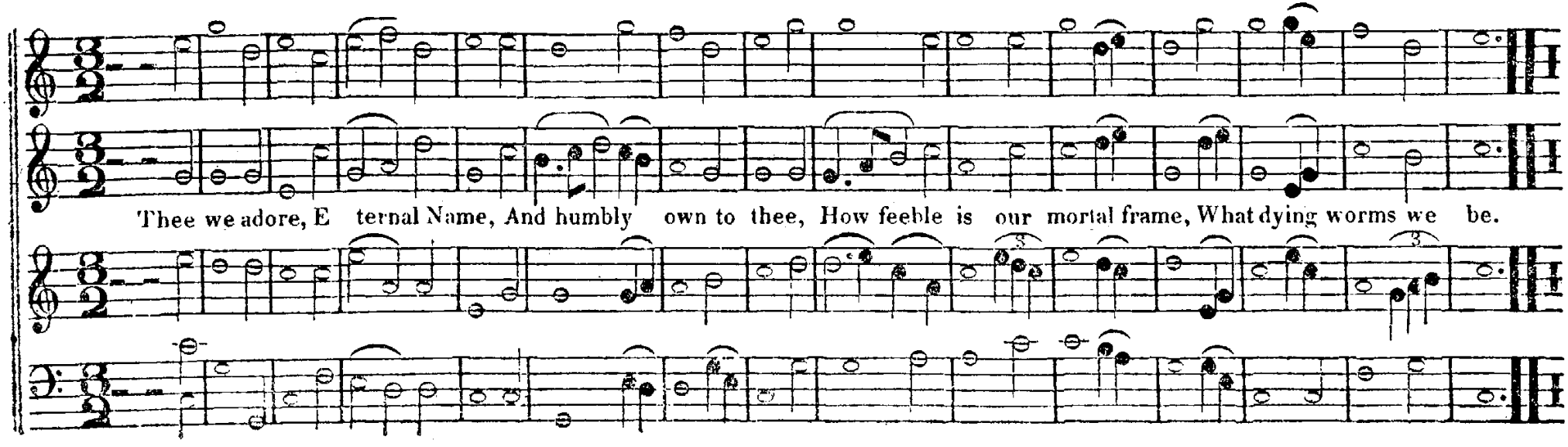

Come let us join our cheerful songs, With an - gels round the throne; Ten thousand
thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one. But all their joys are one.

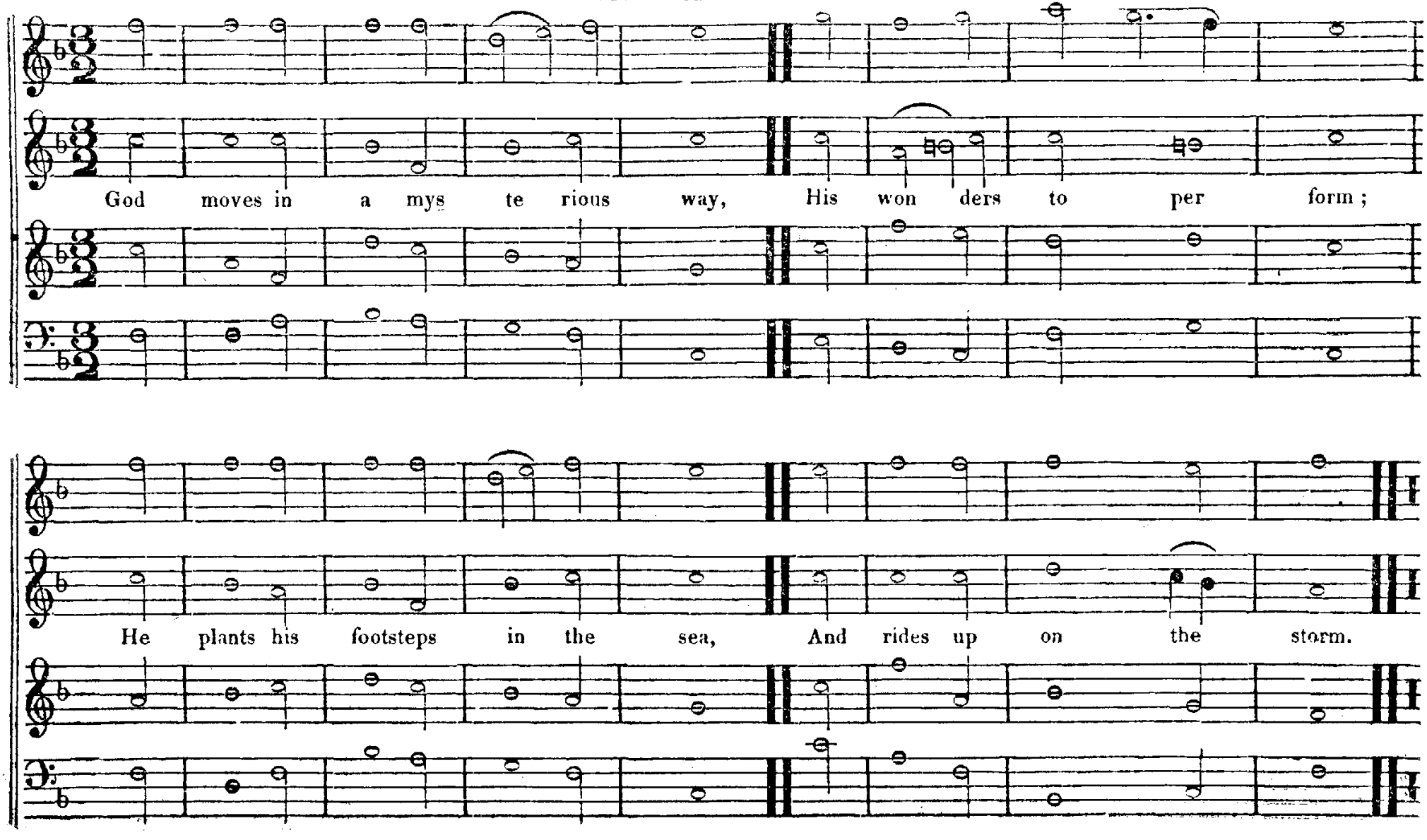

With joy we med - i tate the grace, Of our High Priest Of our High Priest a bove; His heart is made
His heart is made His heart is made of tenderness, His bow - els melt with love.
3 His bow - els melt with love.

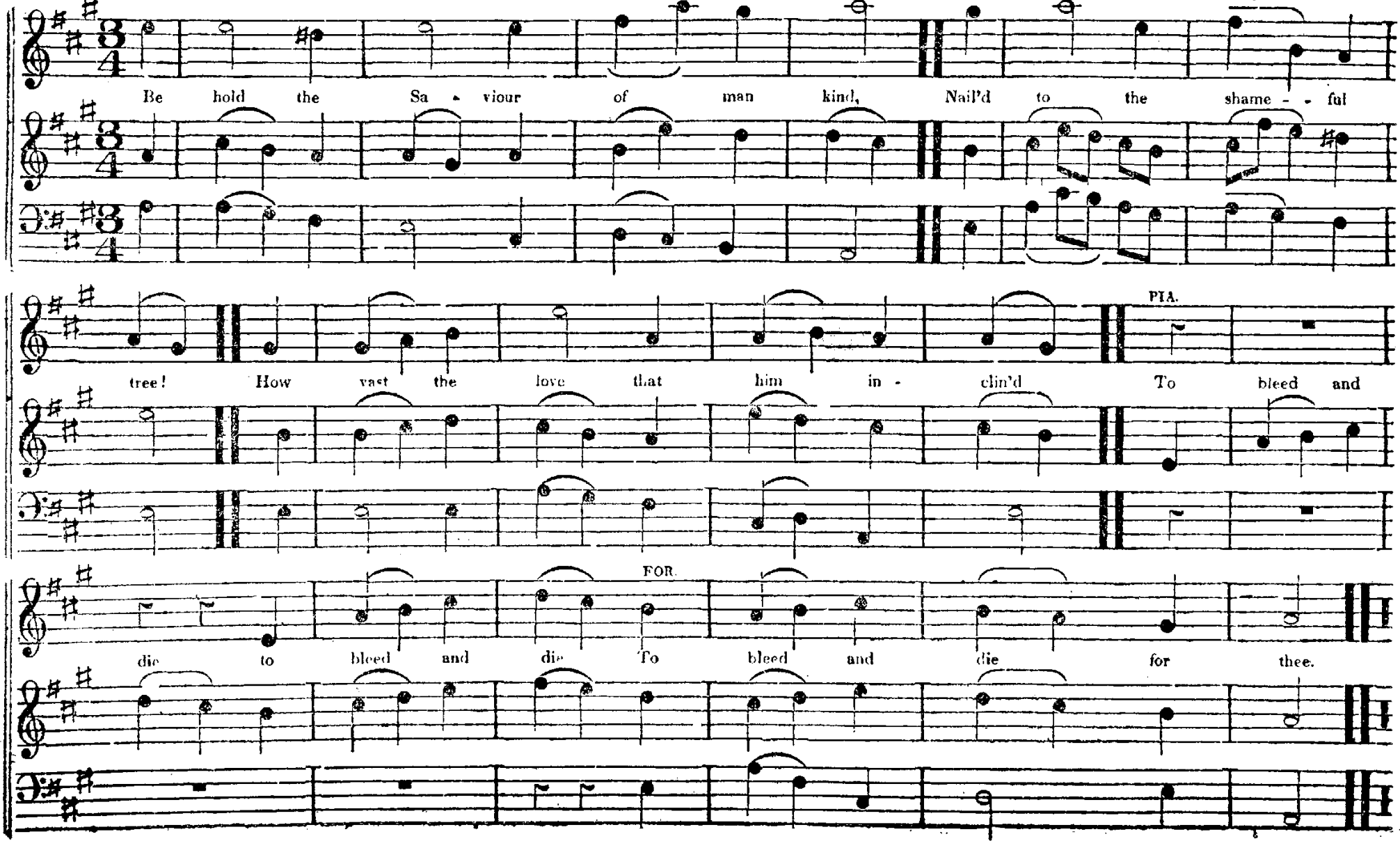
GAINSBOROUGH. Hymn 553. C. M. Smith.

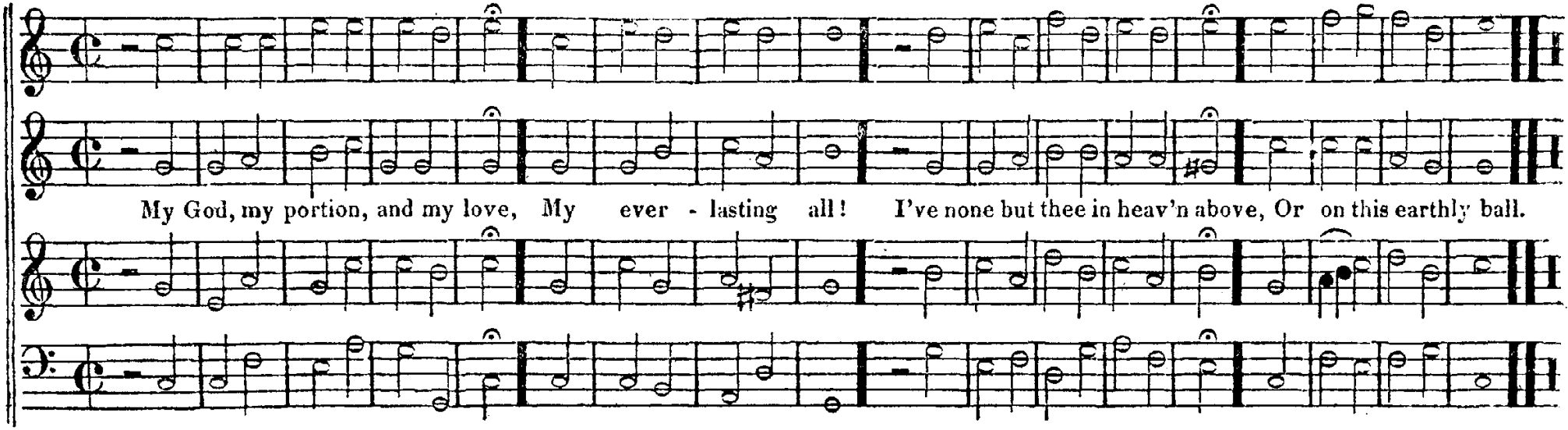


CHINA. Hymn 550. C. M. Swan.

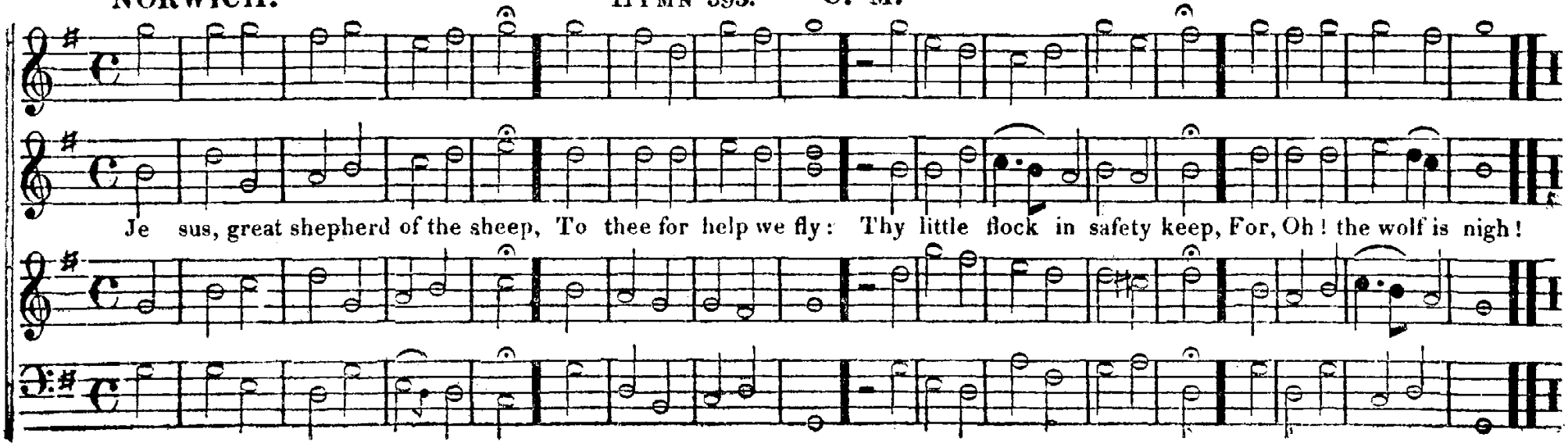



God moves in a mys te rious way, His won ders to per form;
He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides up on the storm.

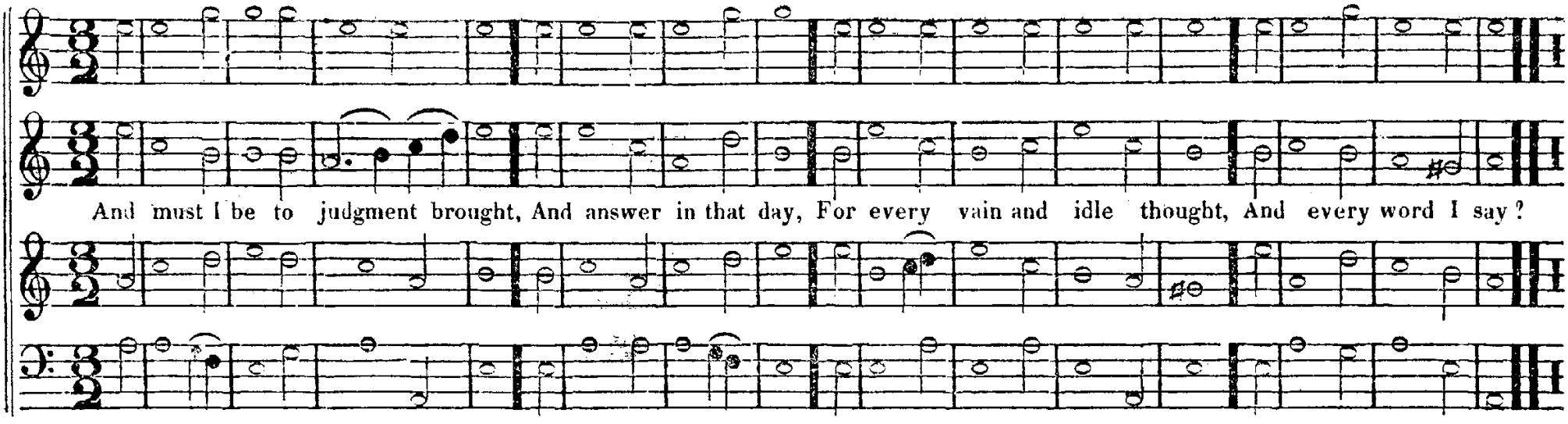

Be hold the Sa - viour of man kind, Nail'd to the shame - ful
PIA.
tree! How vast the love that him in - clin'd To bleed and
FOR.
die to bleed and die To bleed and die for thee.



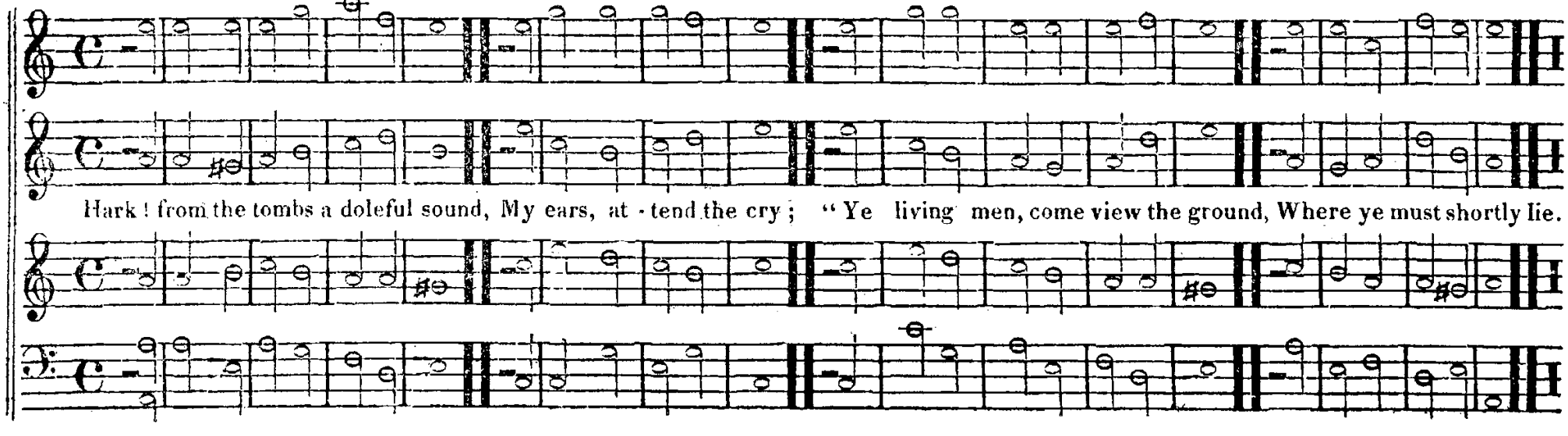
NORWICH. HYMN 393. C. M.

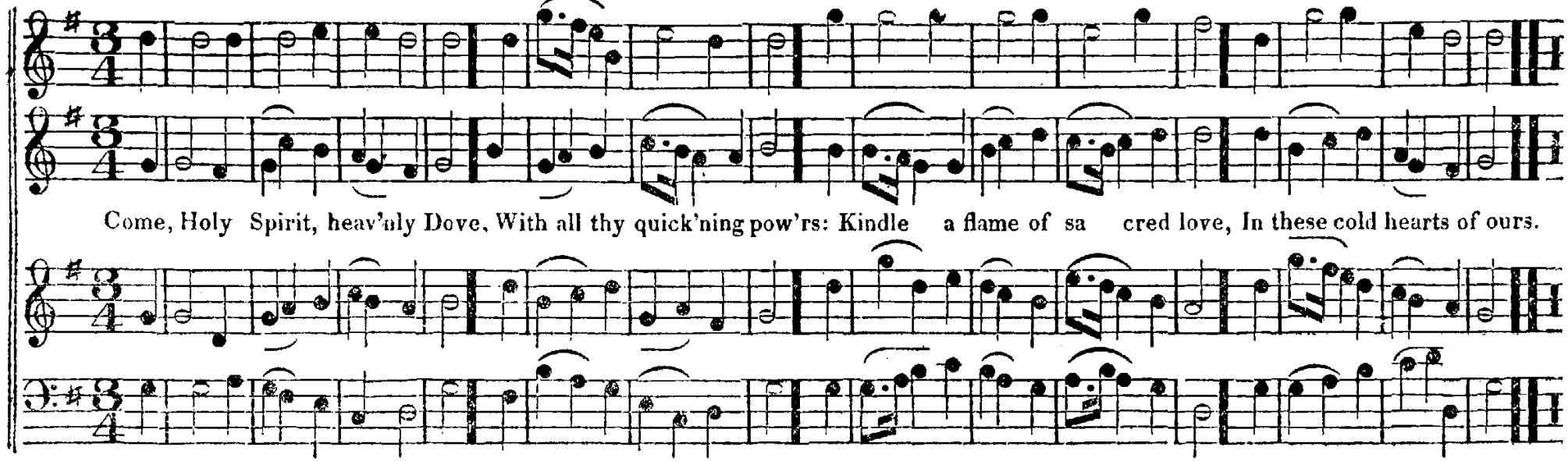


MALDEN. Hymn 577. C. M.

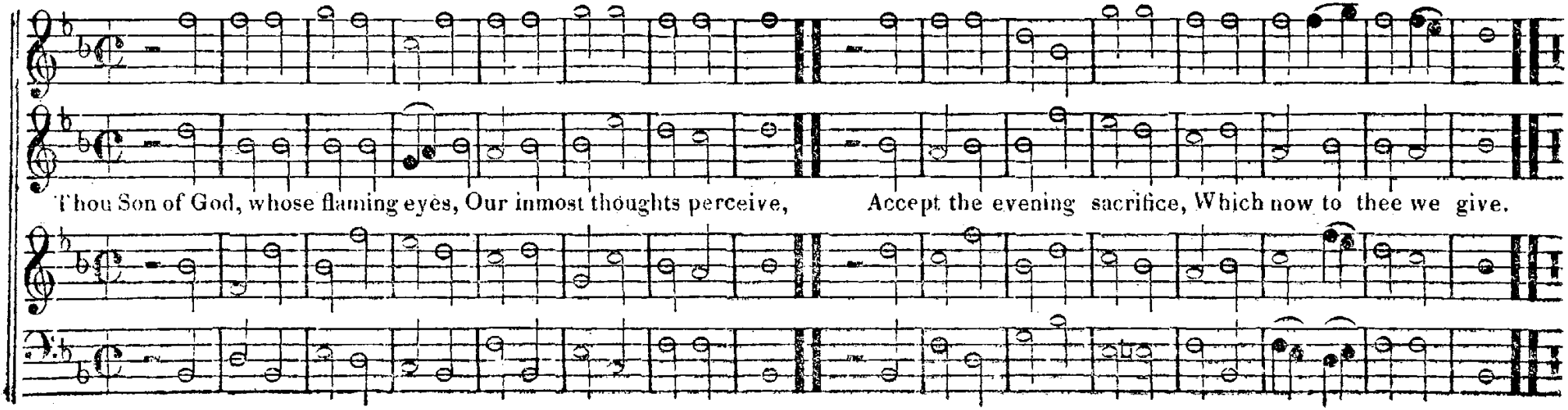


OLD WINDSOR. Hymn 563. C. M. Kirby.

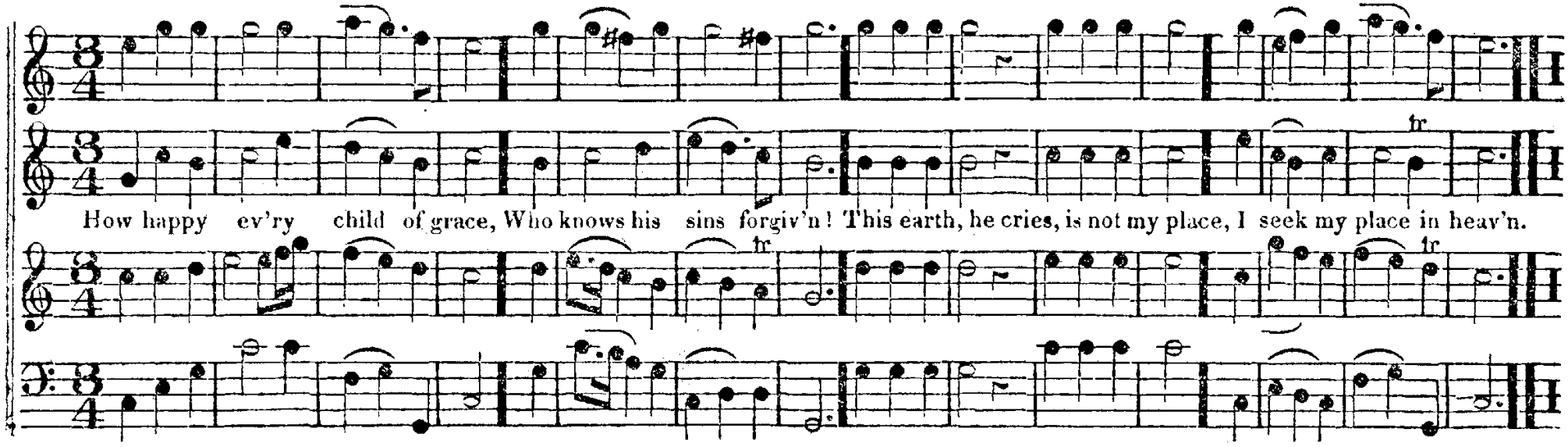




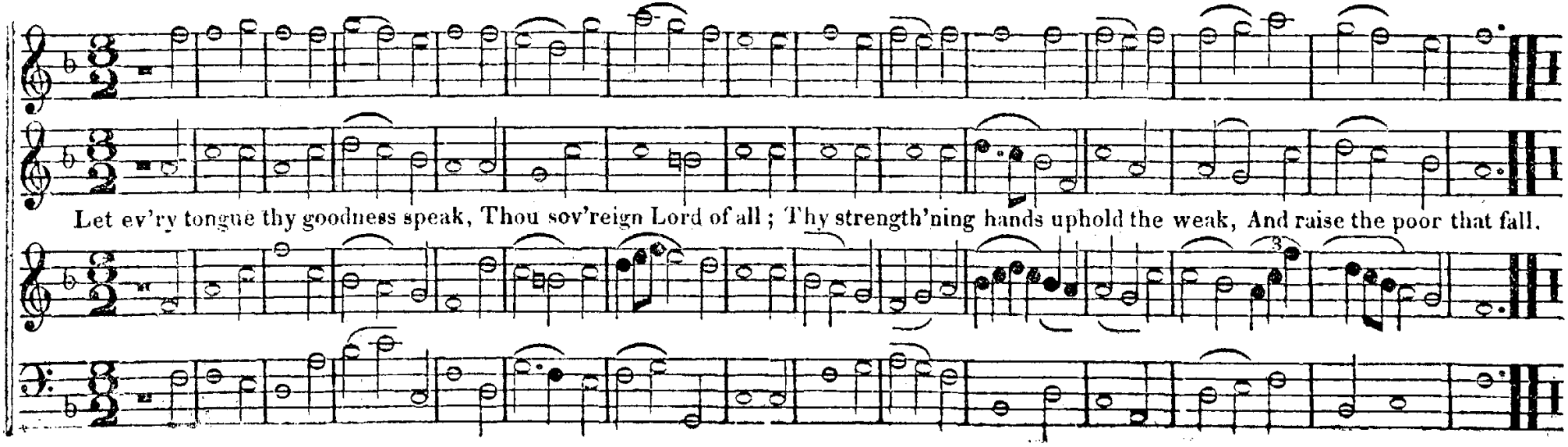
MEXICO. HYMN 21. C. M. Clark.

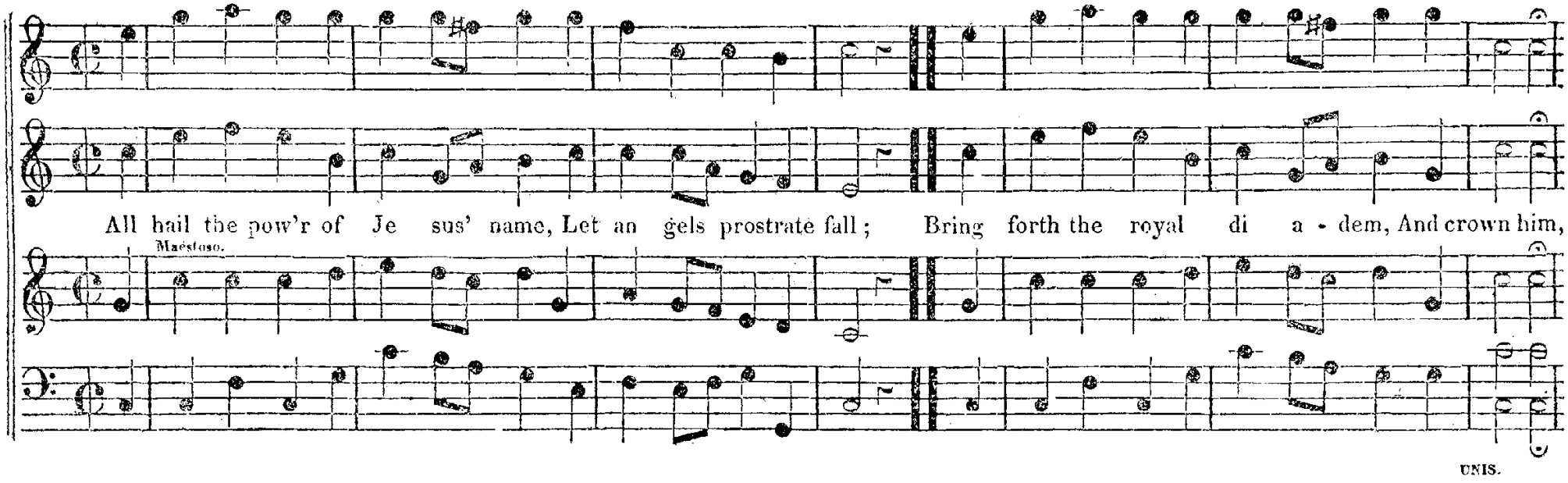


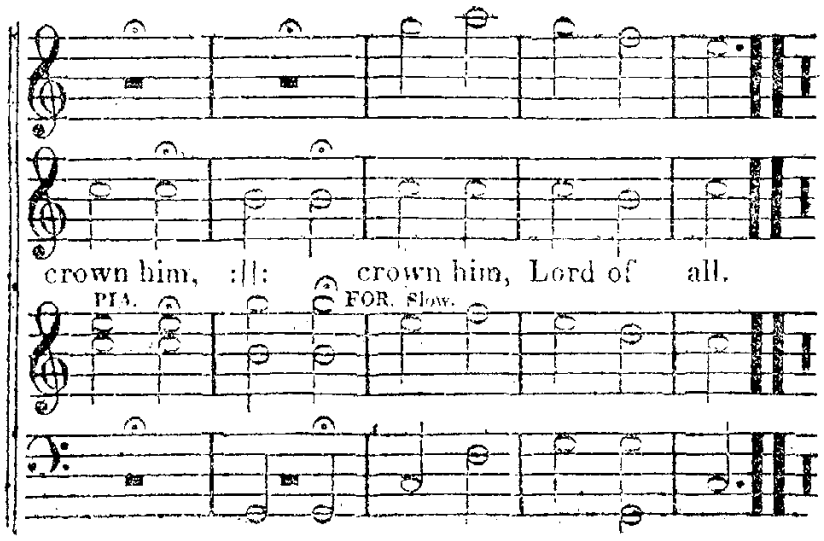
ARUNDEL. HYMN 274. C. M.



LIVERPOOL. HYMN 263. C. M.







Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small!
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

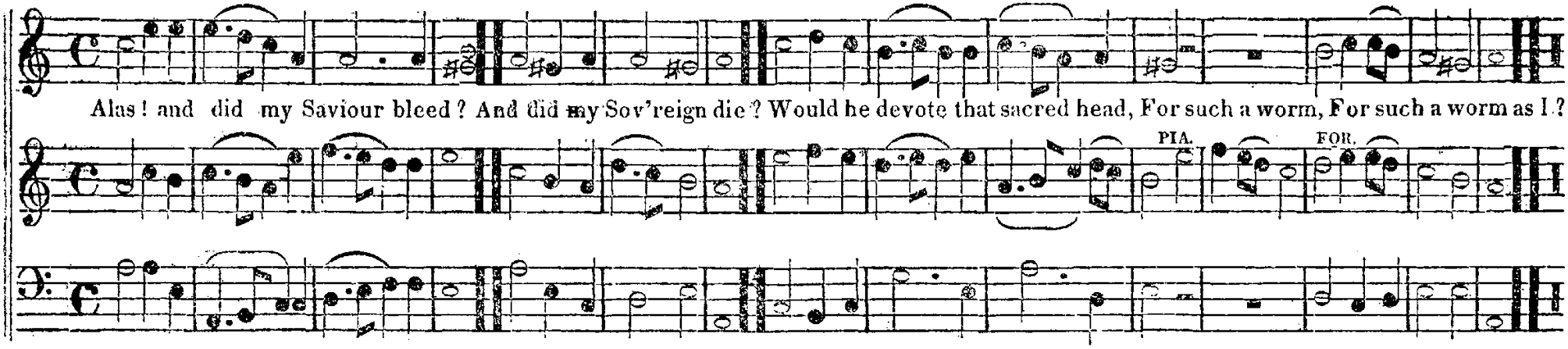
Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall,
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall;
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

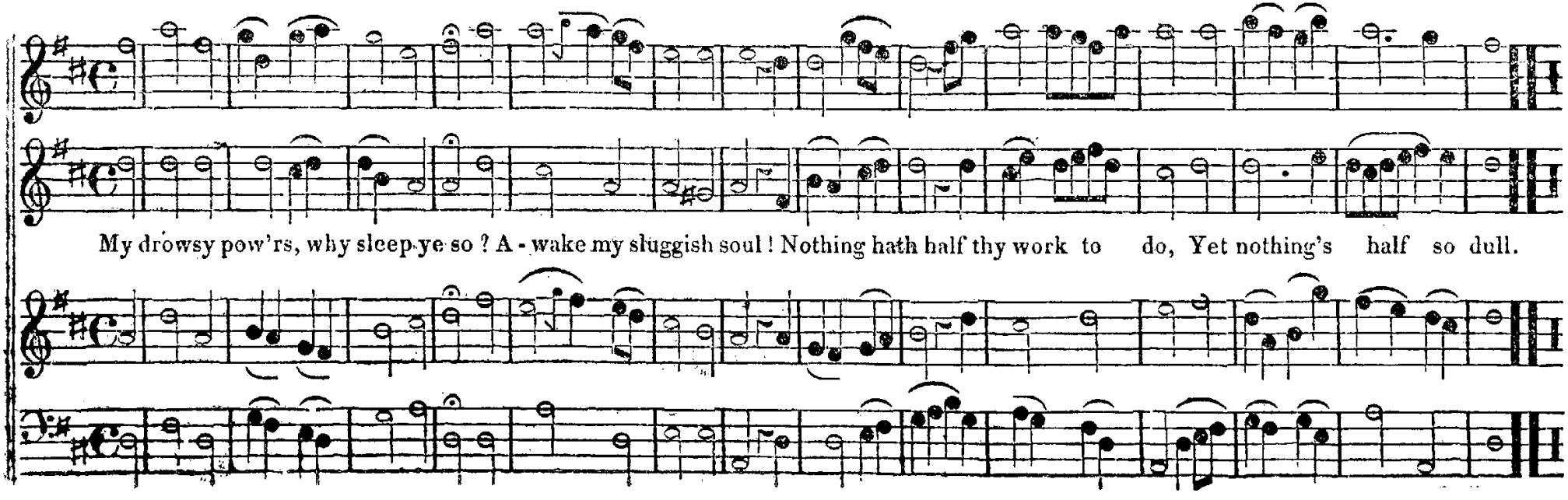
Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

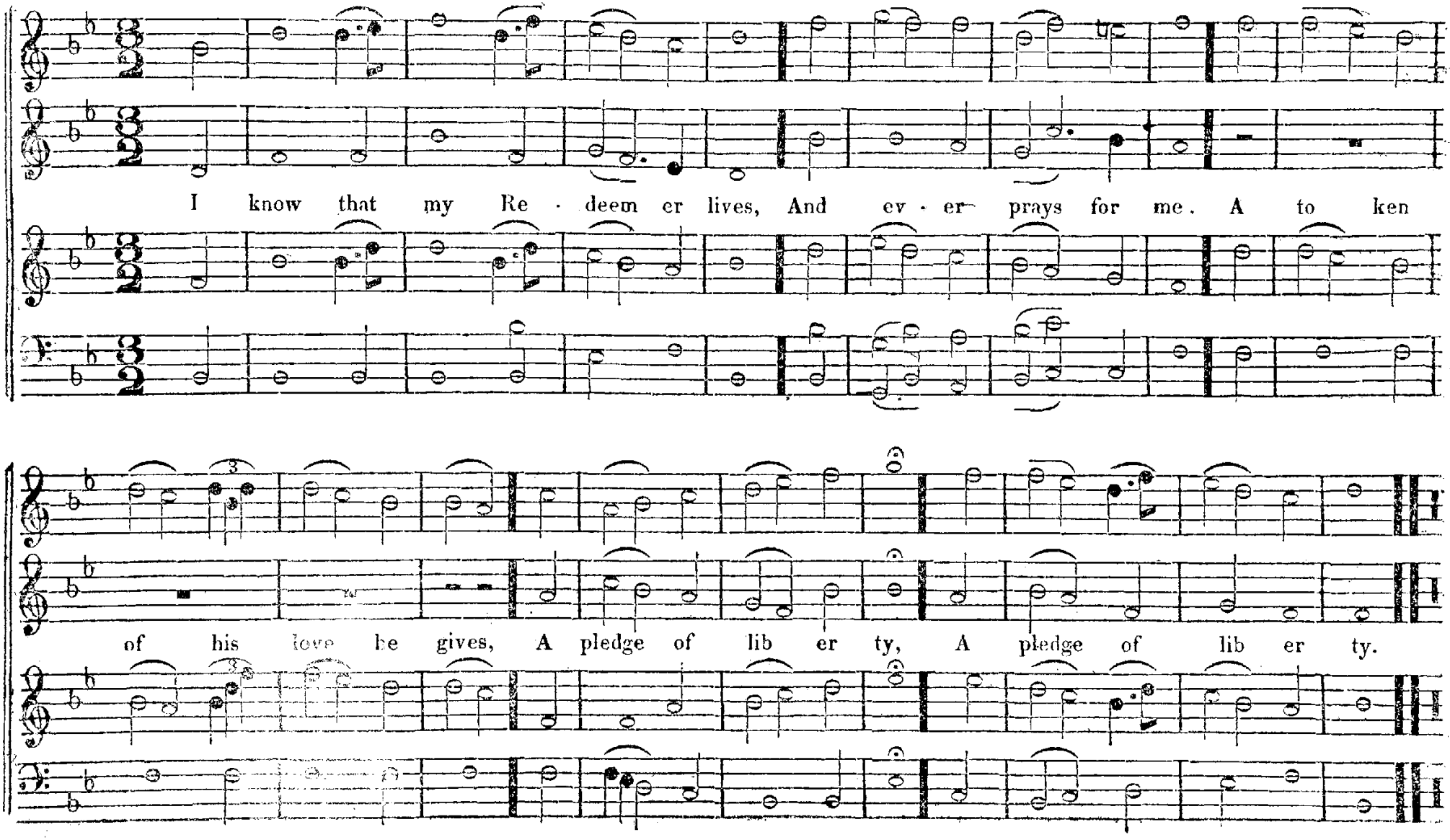
Oh that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all

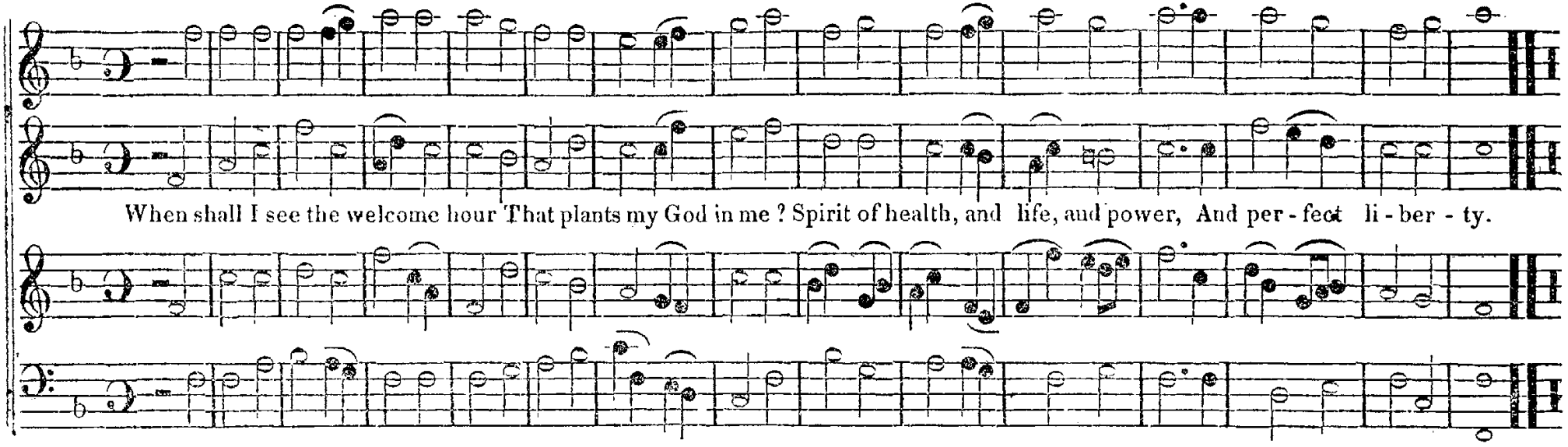
ASBURY. HYMN 191. C. M.



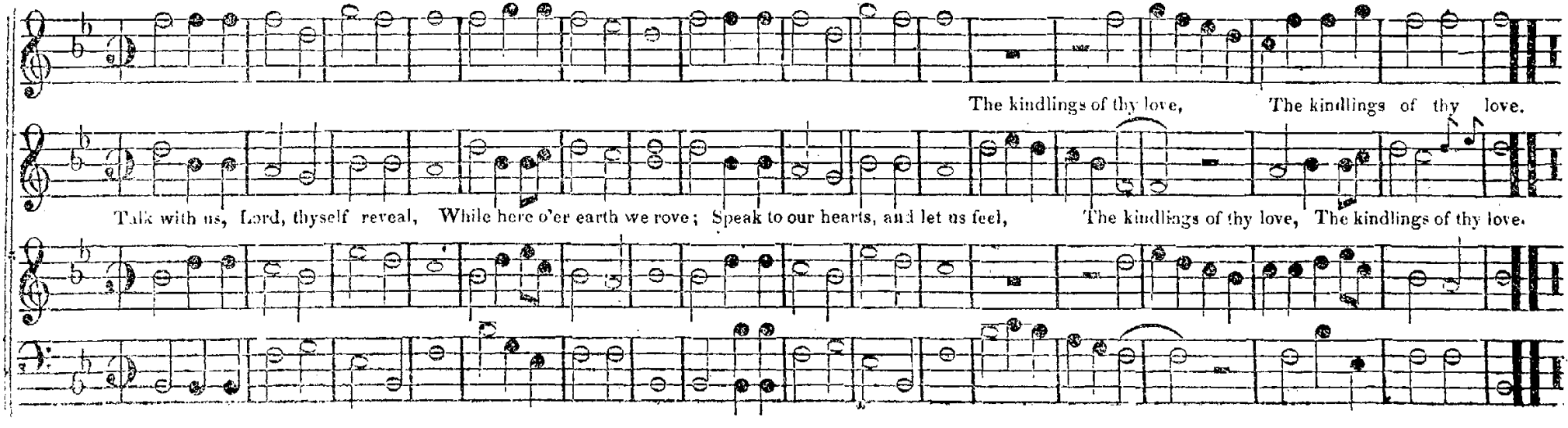
BETHEL. HYMN 45. C. M. Leach.

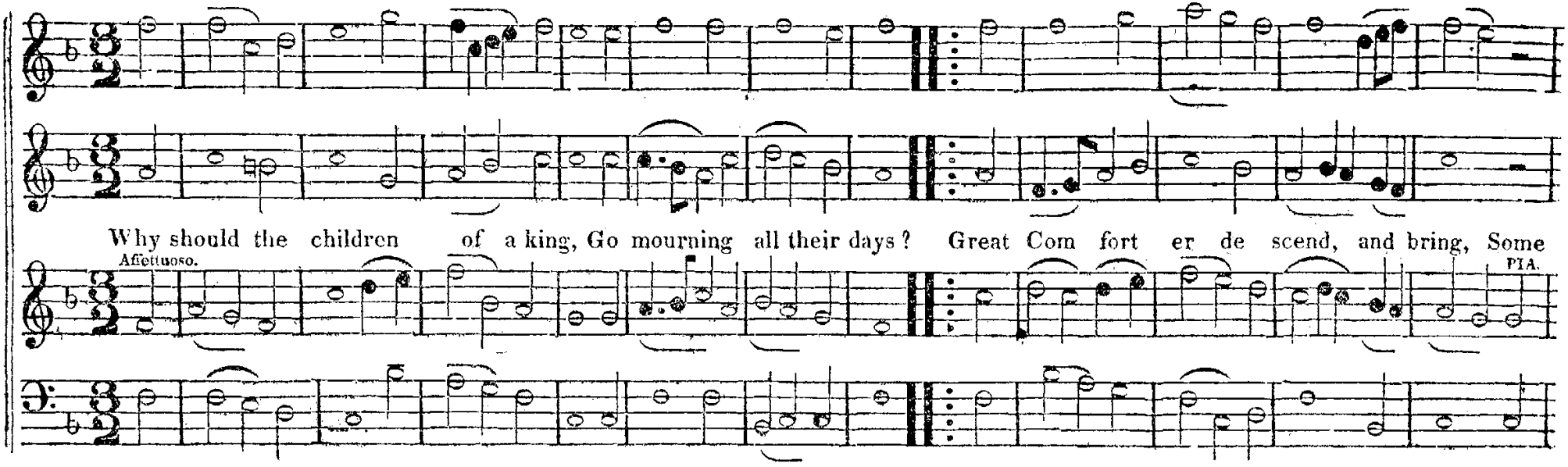


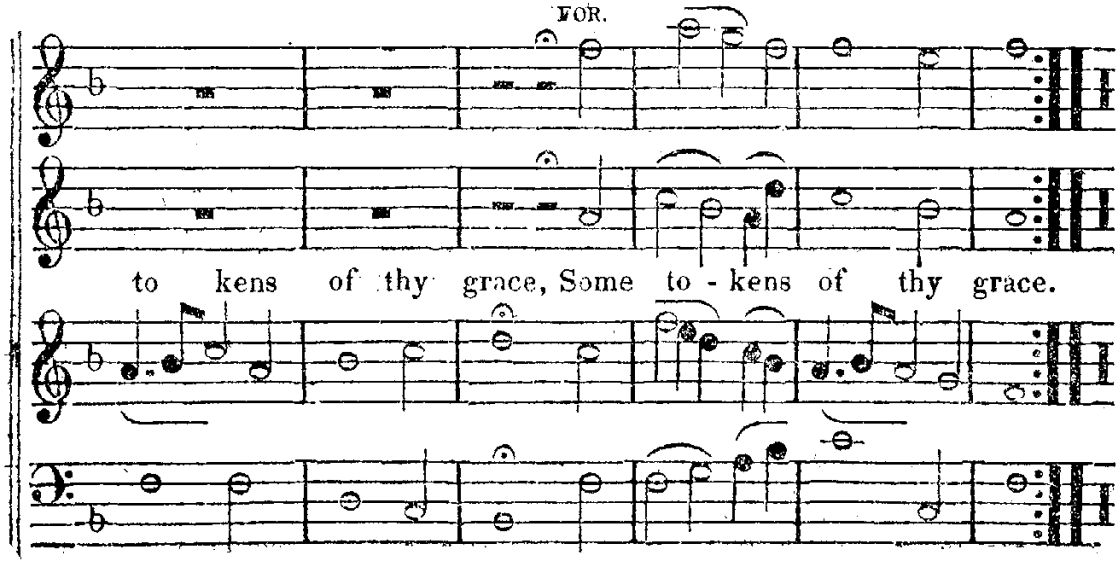

I know that my Re - deem er lives, And ev - er prays for me. A to ken
of his love he gives, A pledge of lib er ty, A pledge of lib er ty.



RANDALL. HYMN 241. C. M. Dr. Randall.







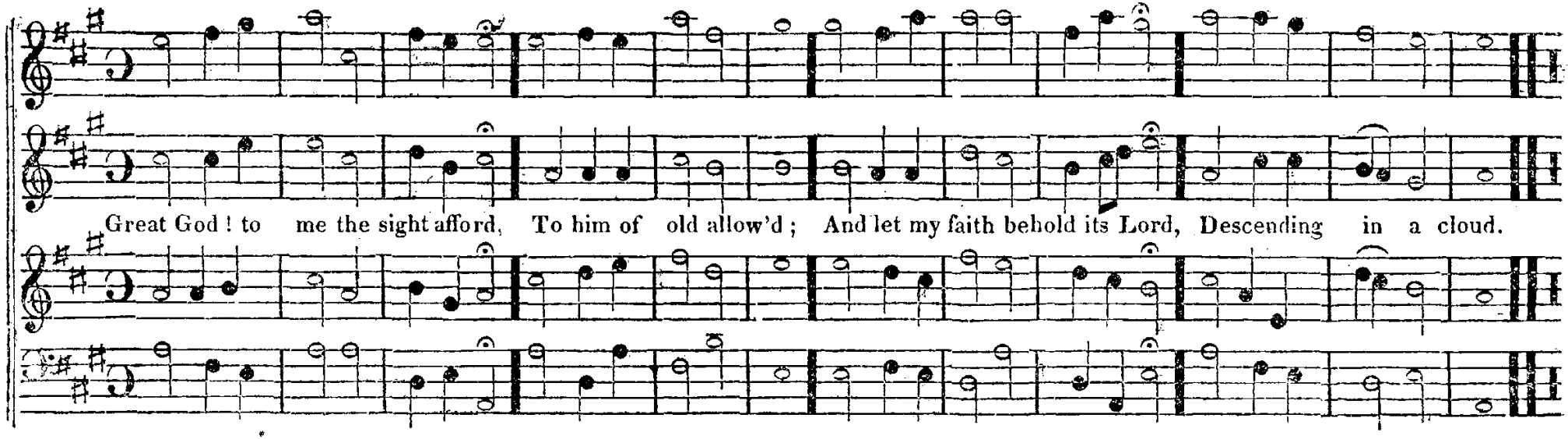
Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood:
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy bless'd wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home!

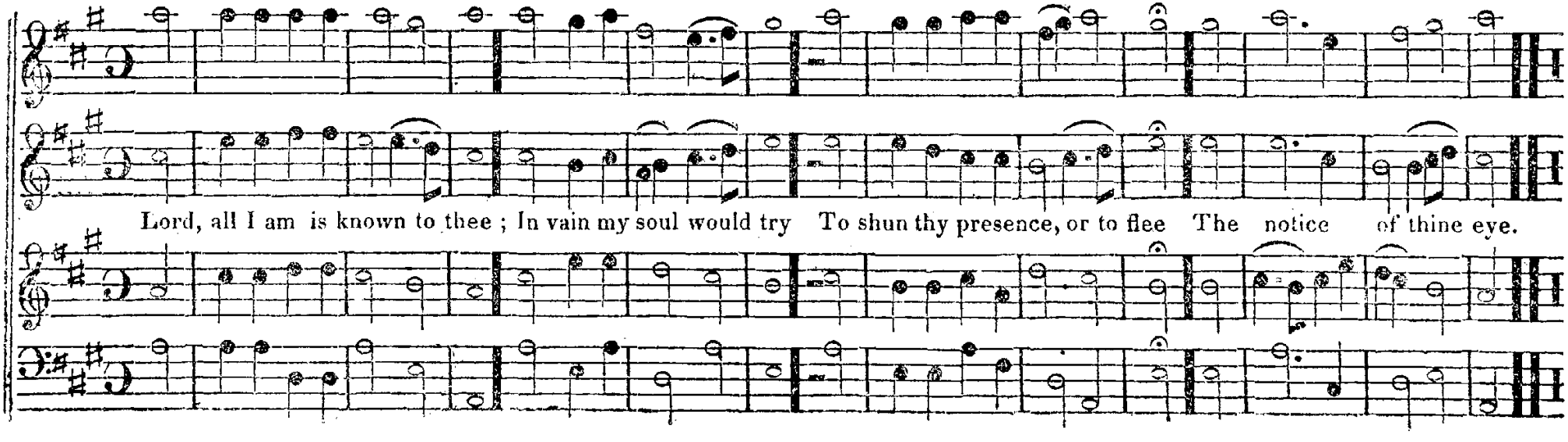
ROCHESTER.

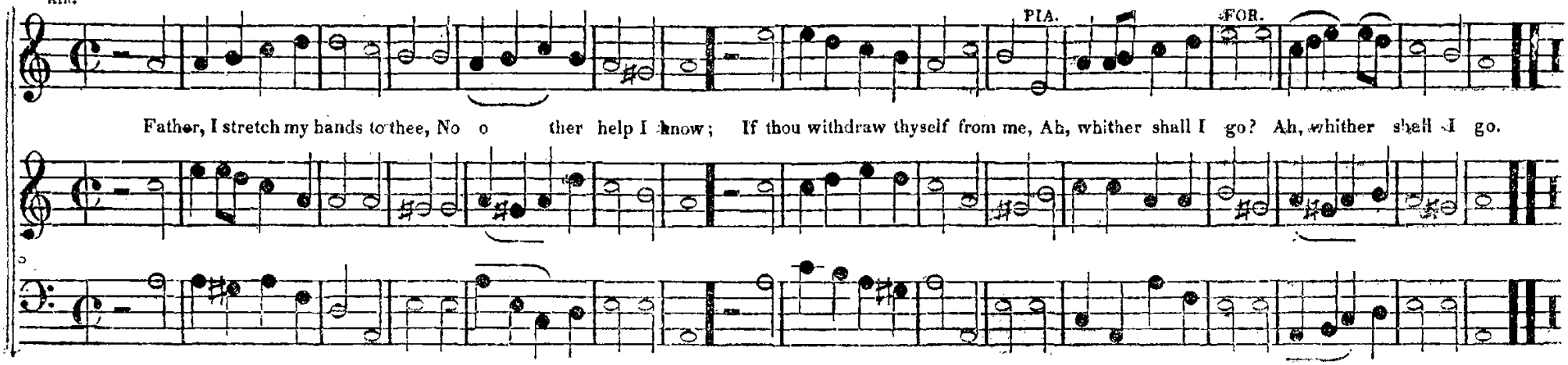
HYMN 180. C. M.



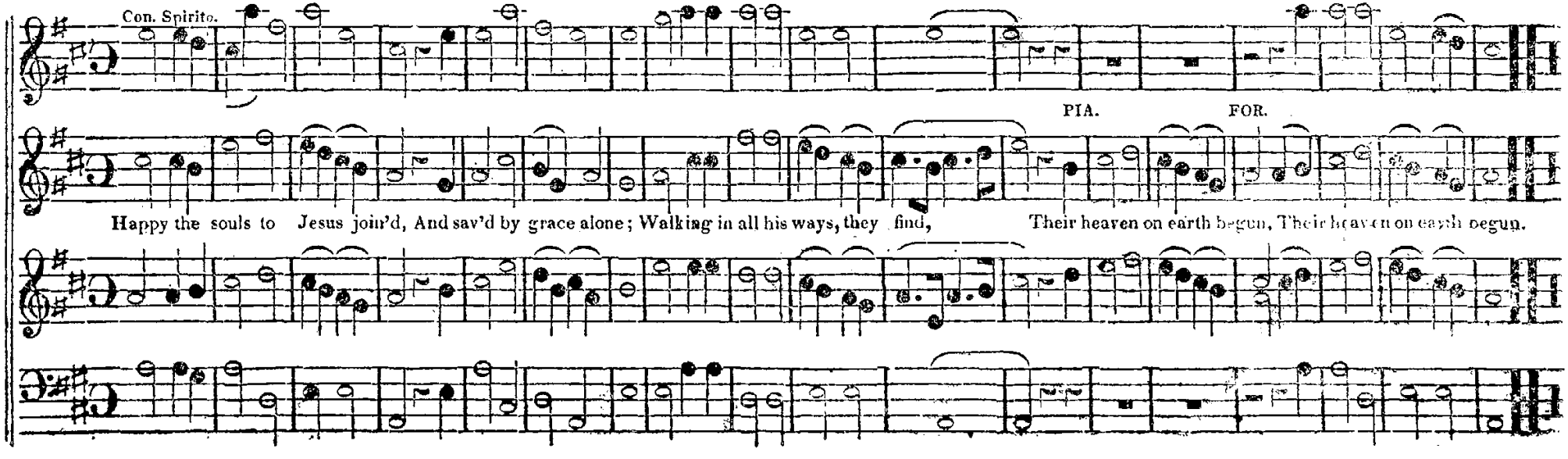
PETERBOROUGH.

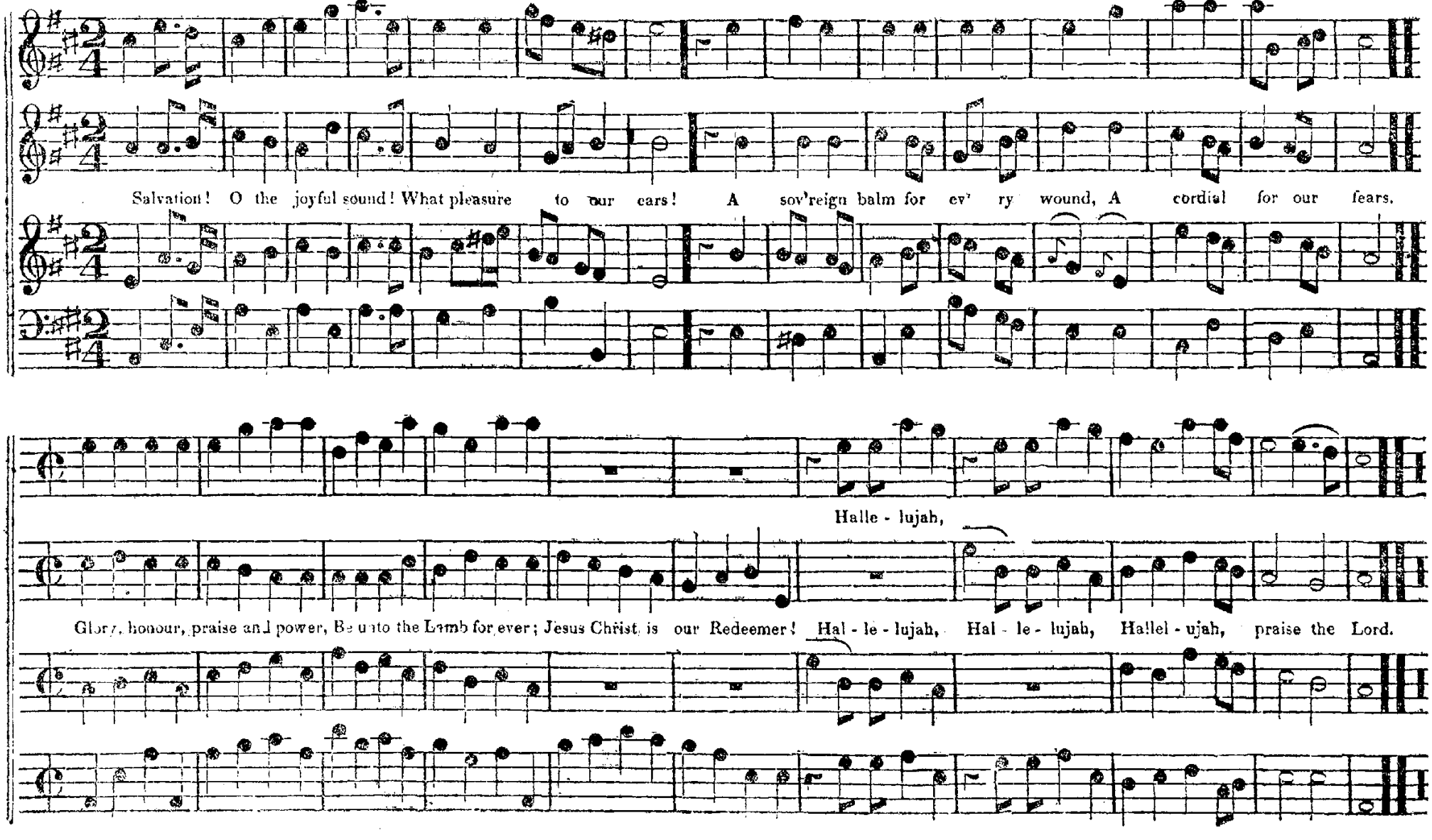
HYMN 140. C. M.

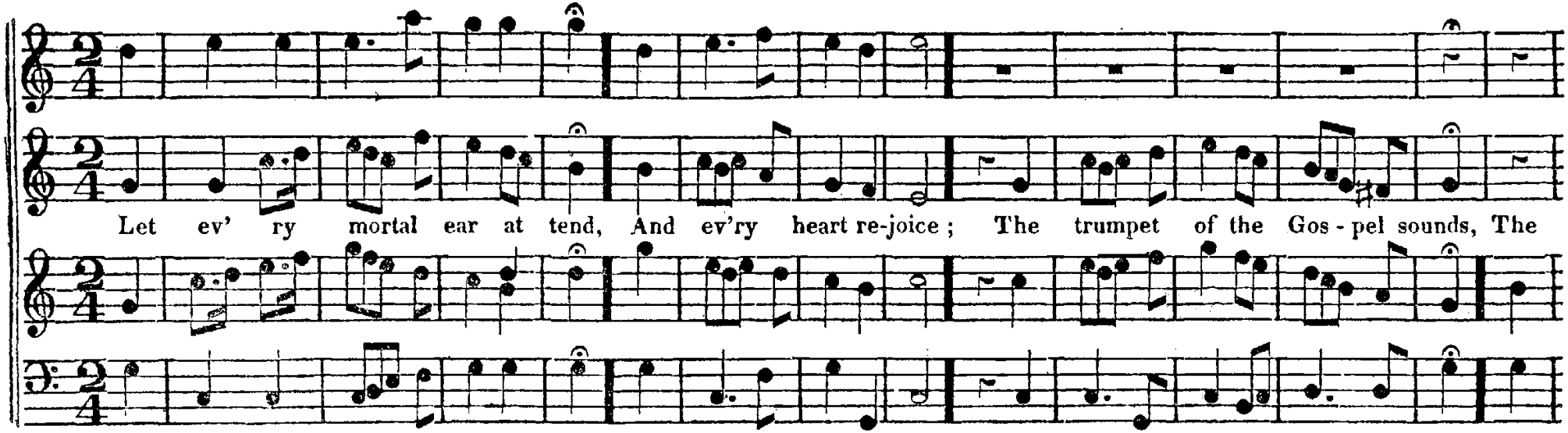


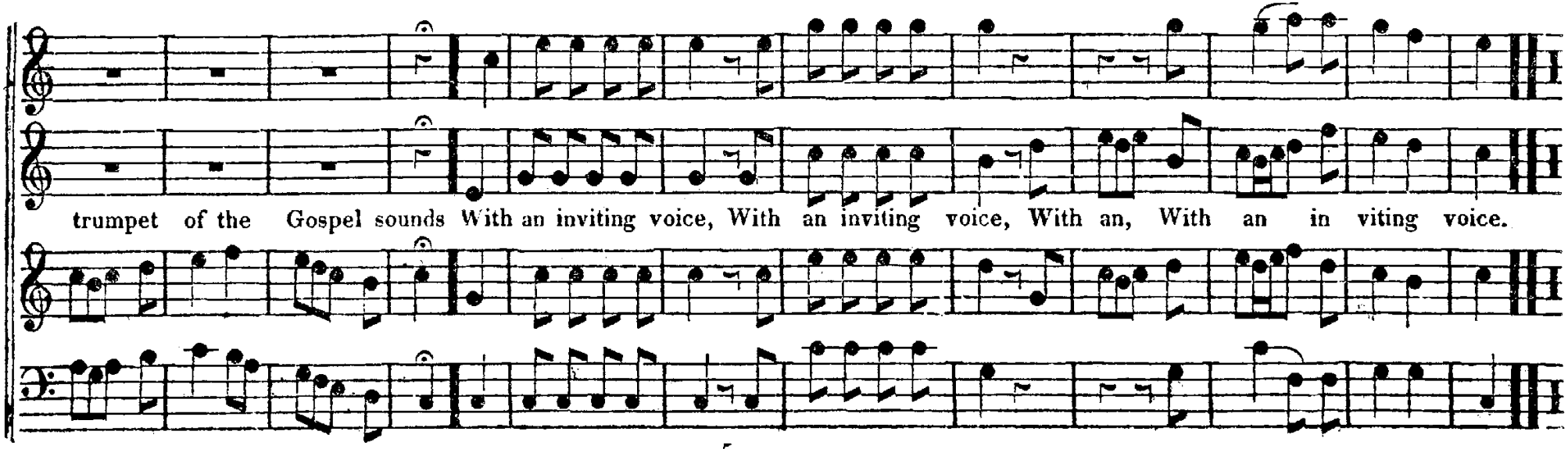


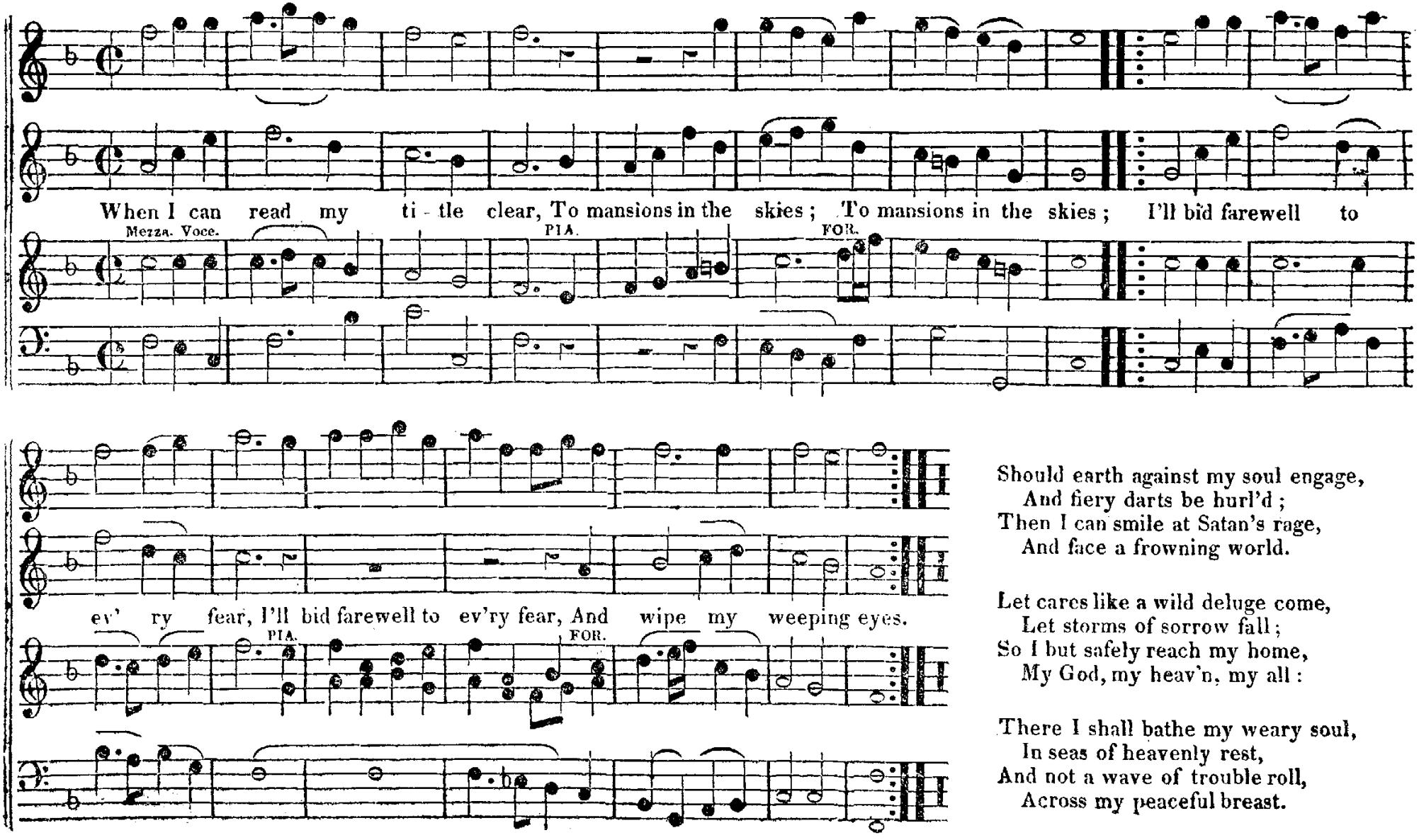
DEVIZES. HYMN 254. C. M. Cuzens.




Salvation! O the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A sov'reign balm for ev' ry wound, A cordial for our fears.
Halle - lujah,
Glory, honour, praise and power, Be unto the Lamb for ever; Jesus Christ is our Redeemer! Hal - le - lujah, Hal - le - lujah, Hallel - ujah, praise the Lord.


Let ev' ry mortal ear at tend, And ev'ry heart re-joice ; The trumpet of the Gos - pel sounds, The

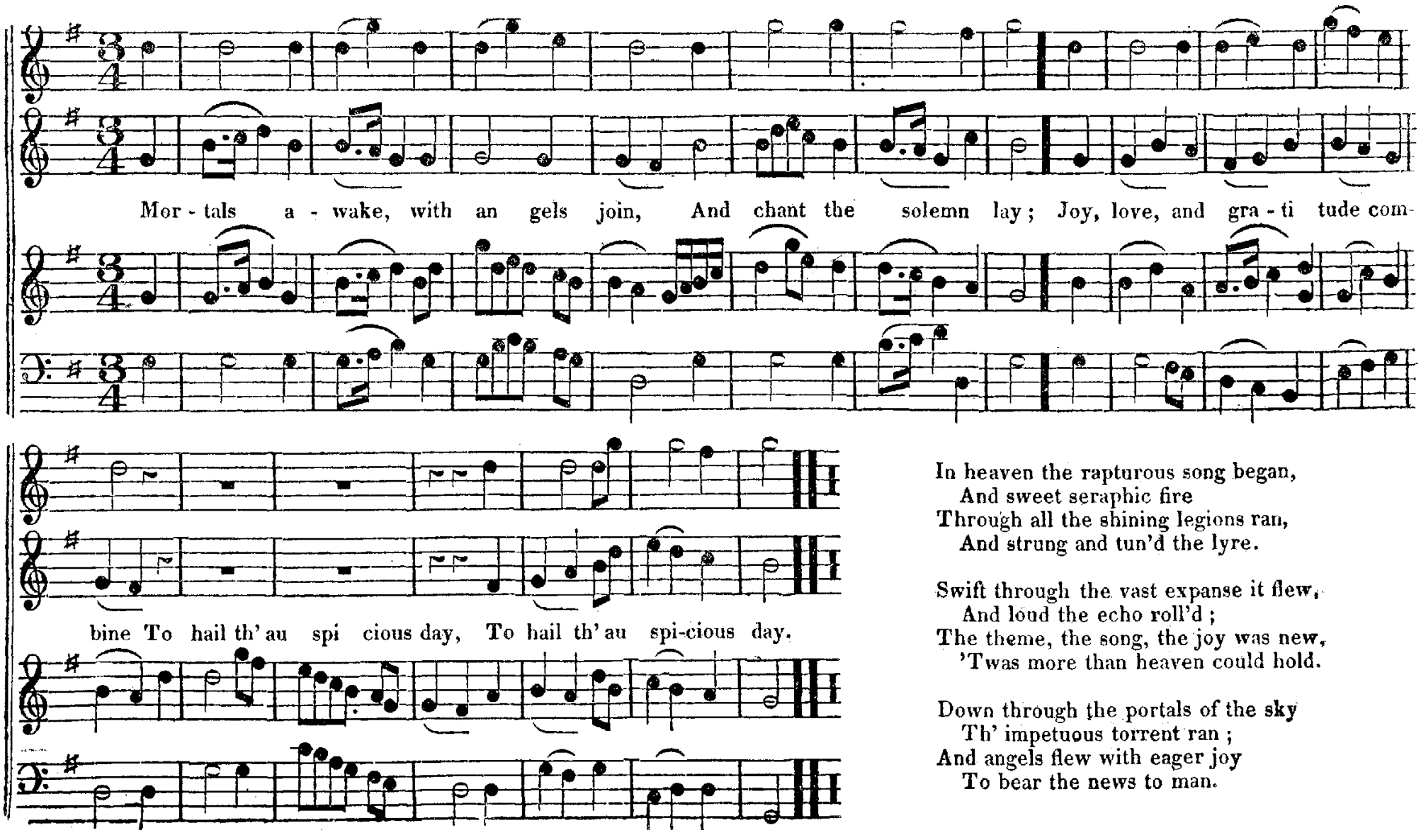

trumpet of the Gospel sounds With an inviting voice, With an inviting voice, With an, With an in viting voice.



Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:

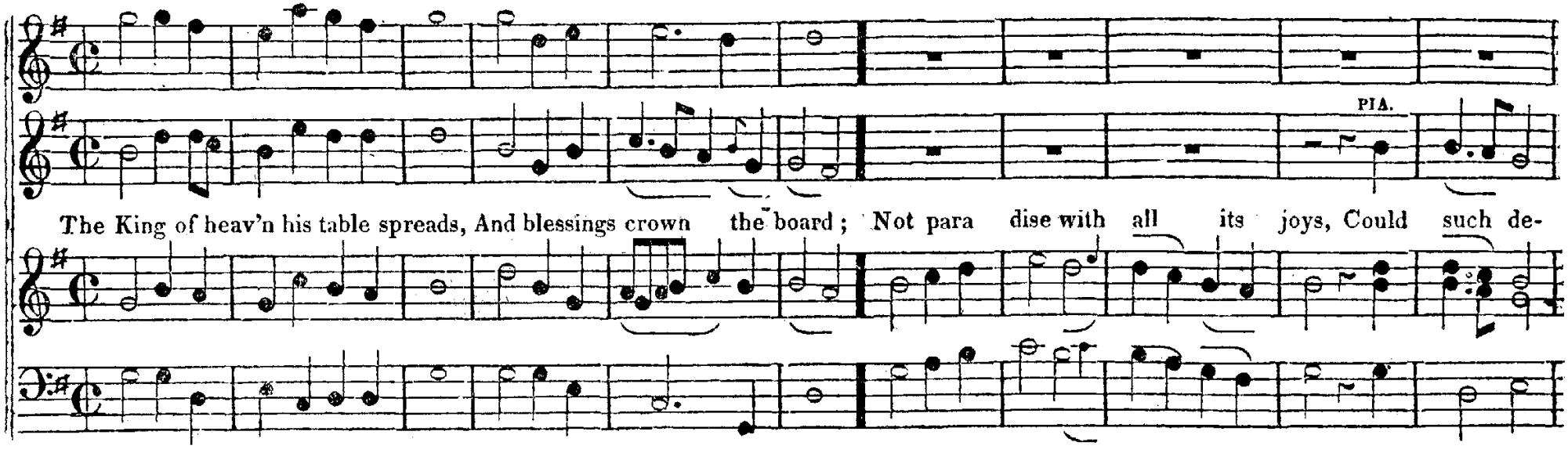
There I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast.

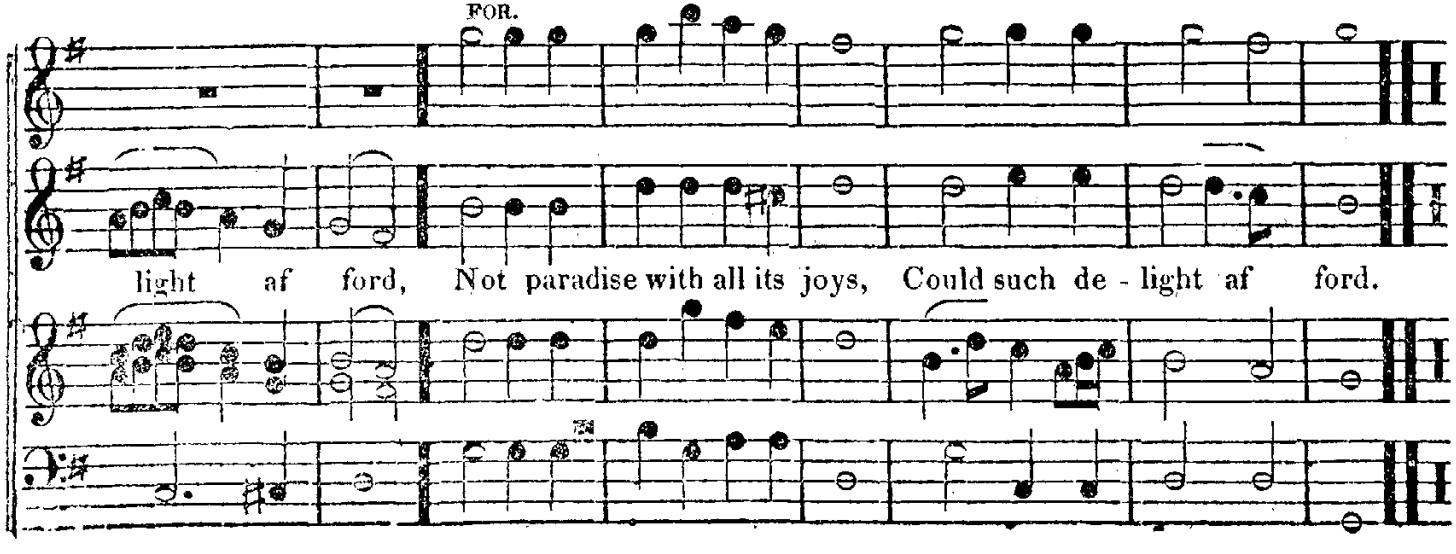


In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

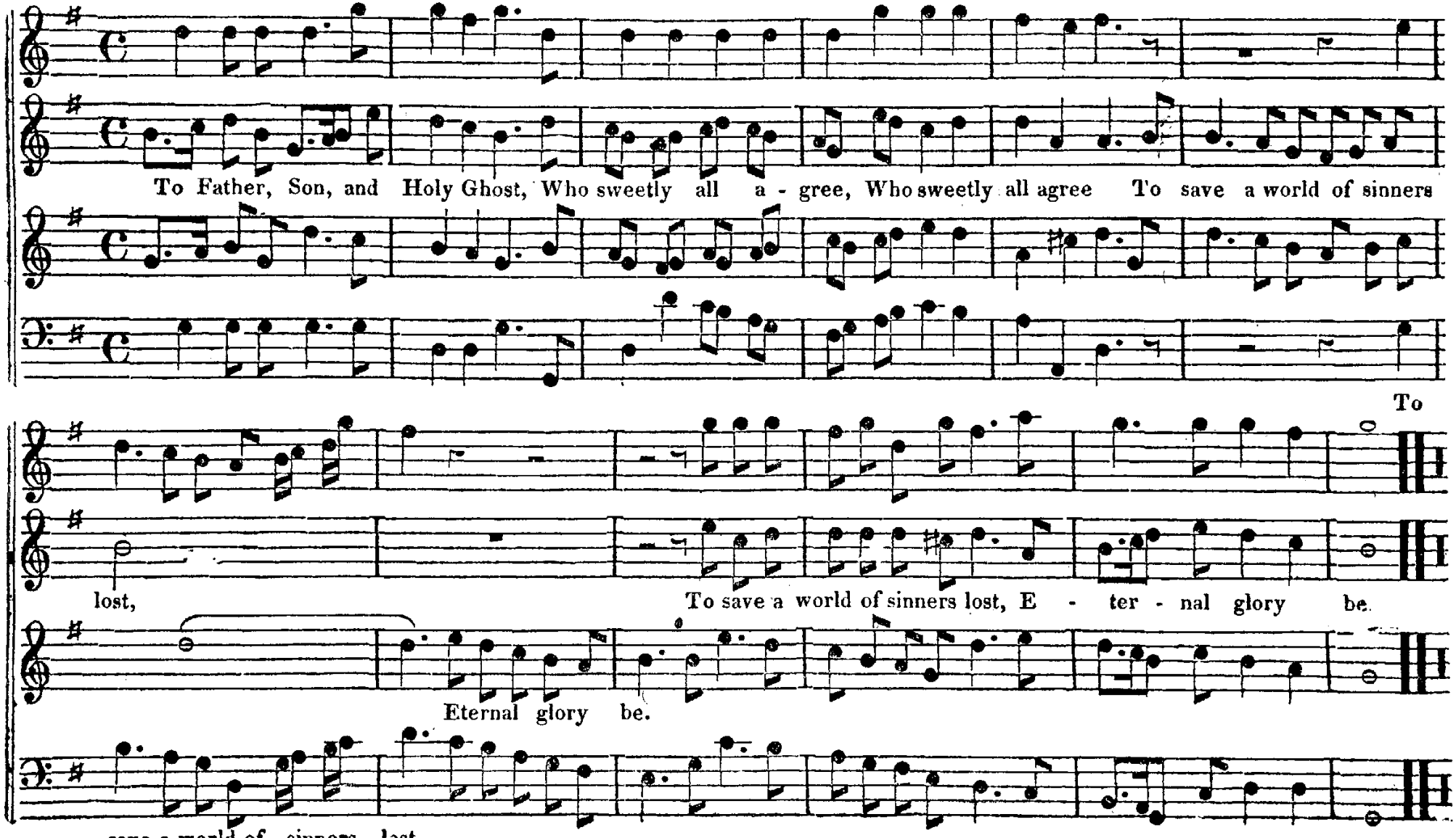


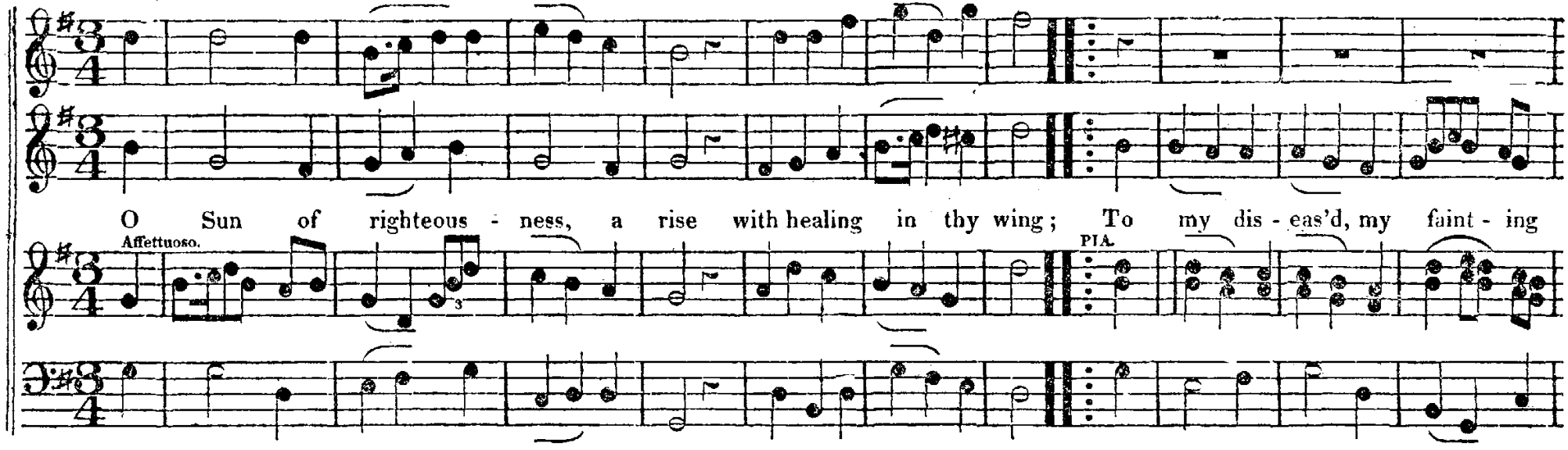


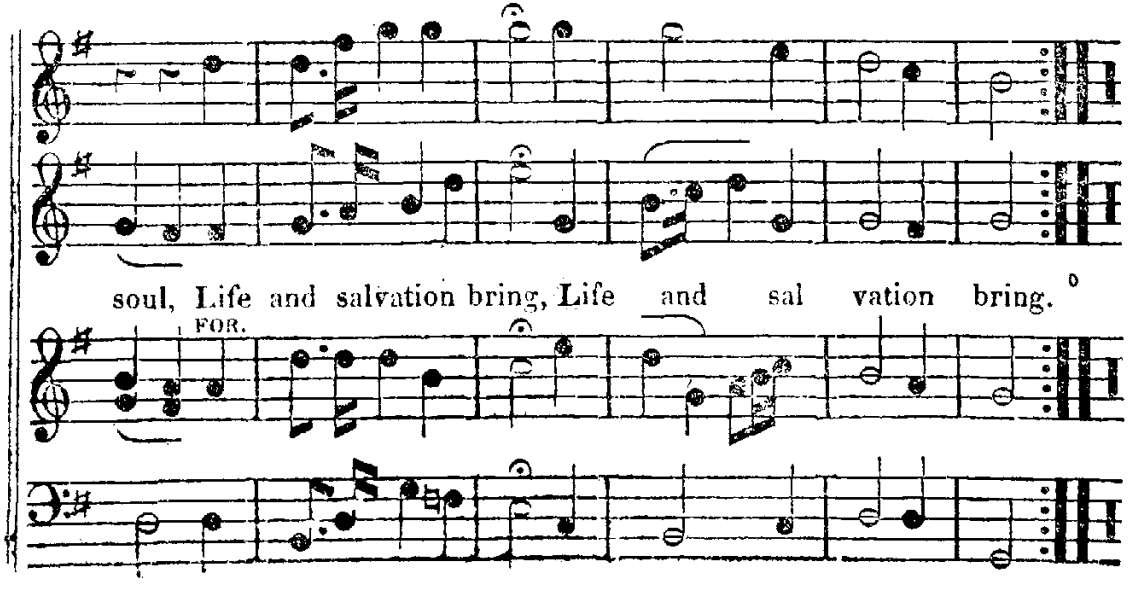
Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n; [shed
Through the rich blood that Jesus
To raise our souls to heav'n.

Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Croud to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.


To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Who sweetly all a - gree, Who sweetly all agree To save a world of sinners
To
lost,
To save a world of sinners lost, E - ter - nal glory be.
Eternal glory be.
save a world of sinners lost,

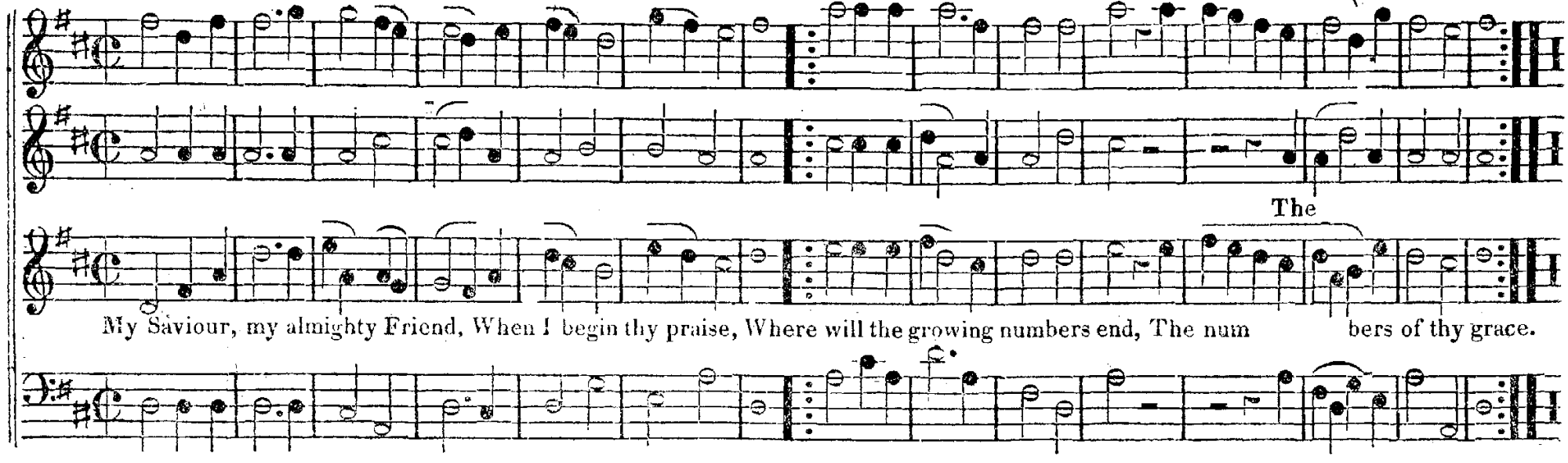




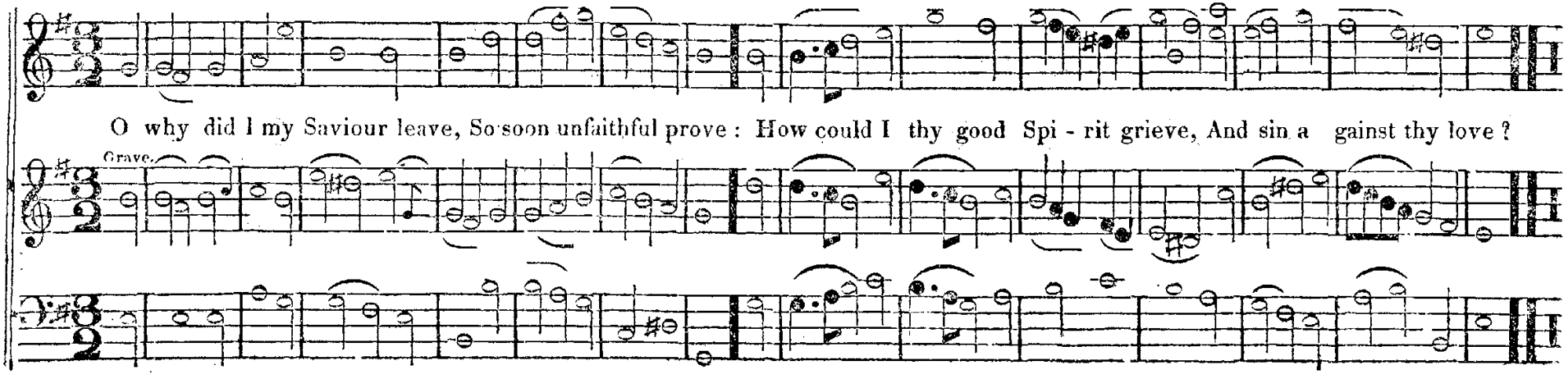
These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By thy all-piercing beam;
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

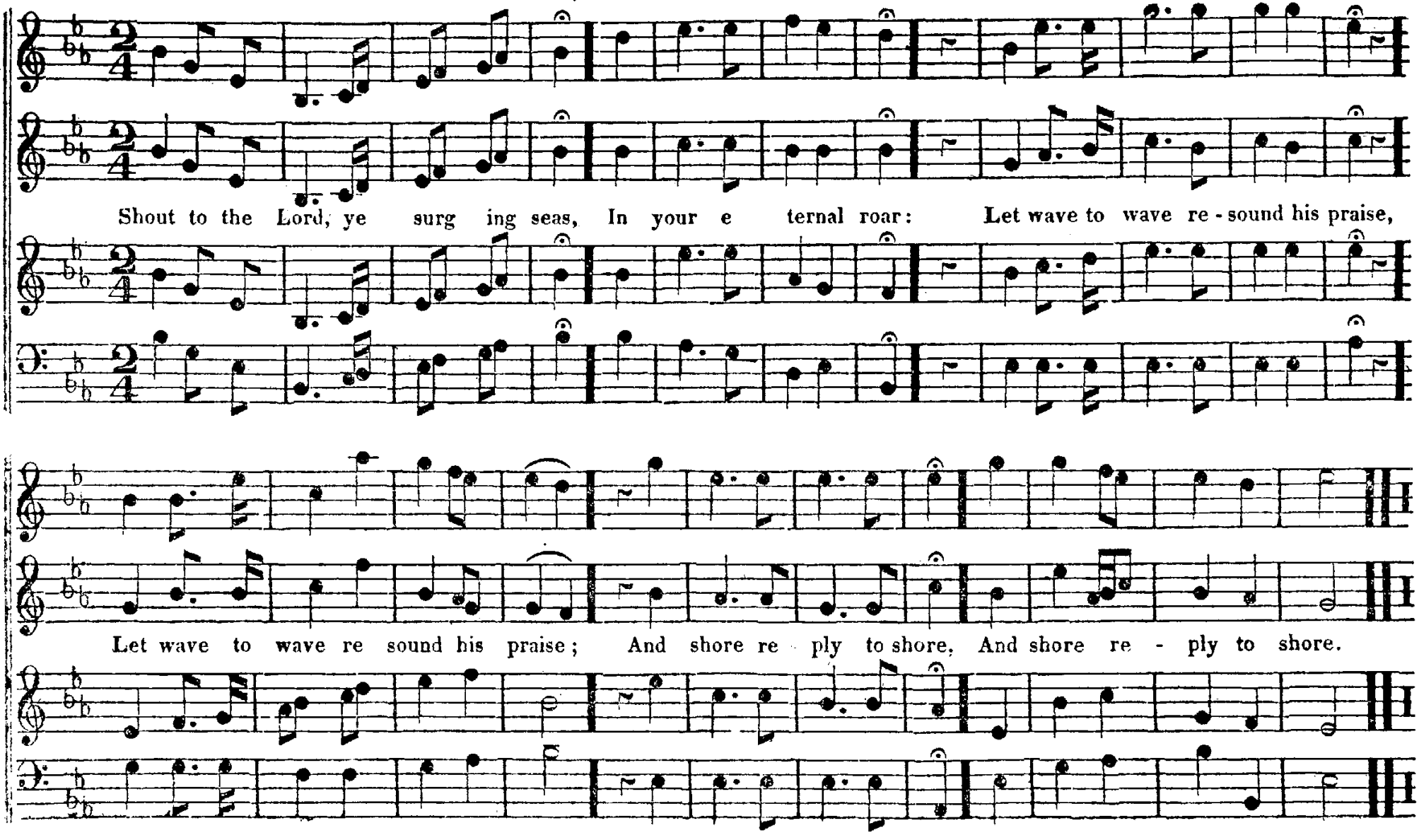
My mind by thy all-quick'ning power,
From low desires set free;
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

Father, thy long-lost son receive;
Saviour, thy purchase own;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

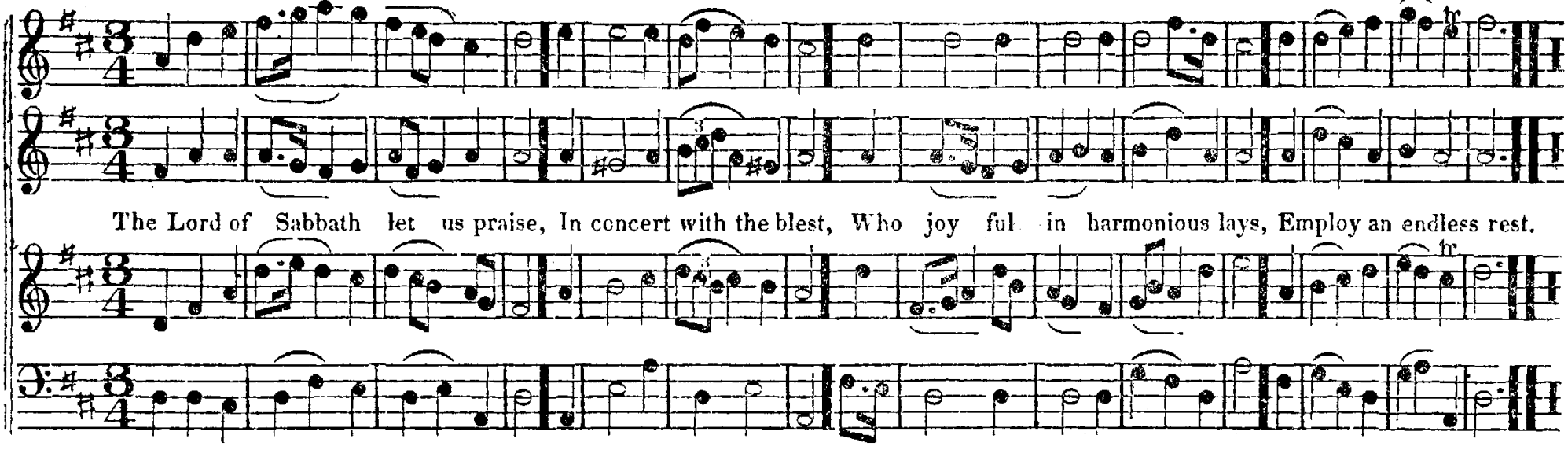


CAROLINA. HYMN 97. C. M. Coombs.

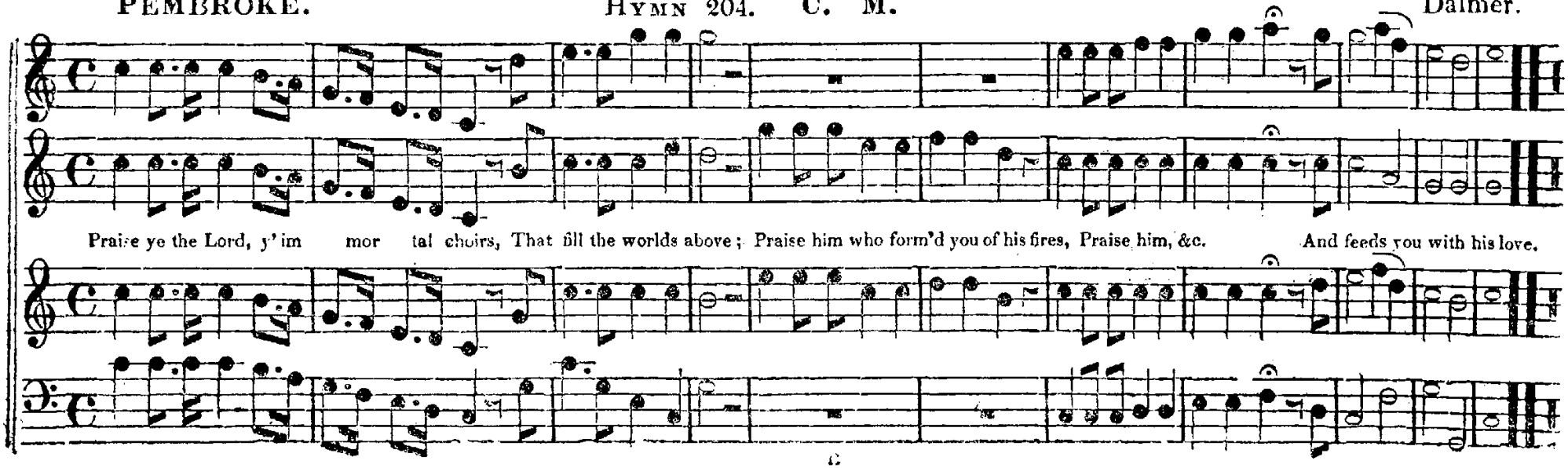



Shout to the Lord, ye surg ing seas, In your e ternal roar: Let wave to wave re-sound his praise,
Let wave to wave re sound his praise; And shore re ply to shore, And shore re - ply to shore.

BRAINTREE. HYMN 522. C. M.

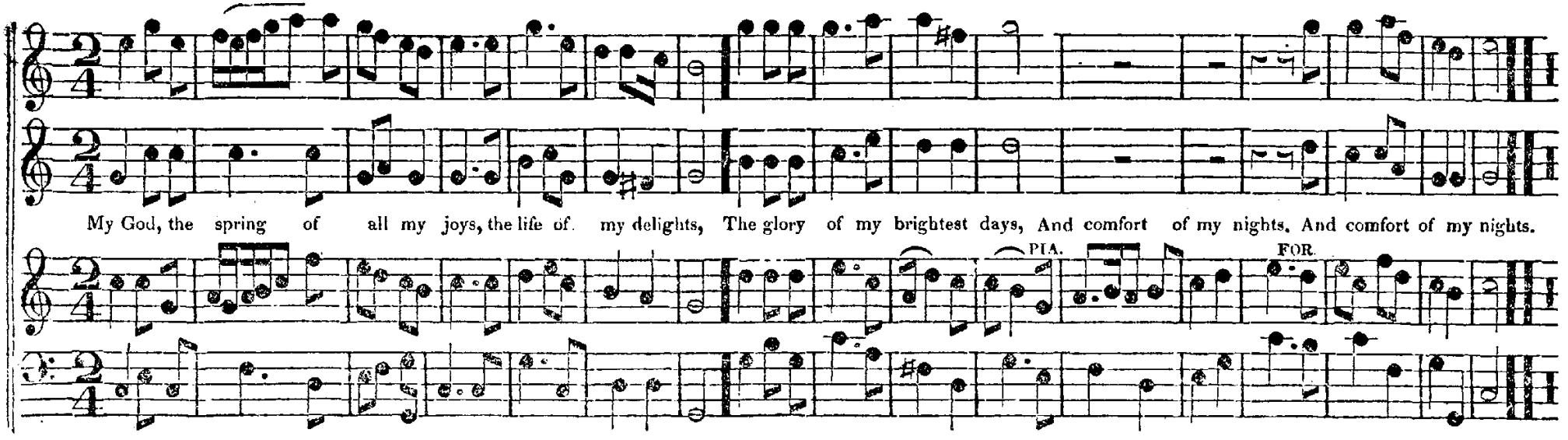


PEMBROKE. HYMN 204. C. M. Dalmer.



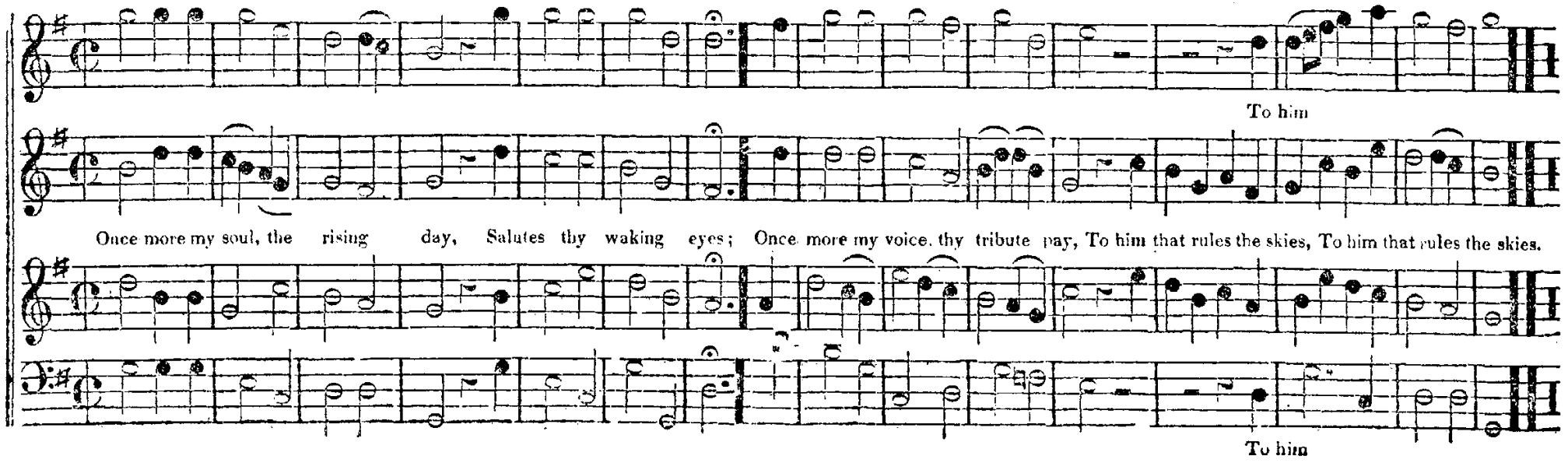
BROOMSGROVE.

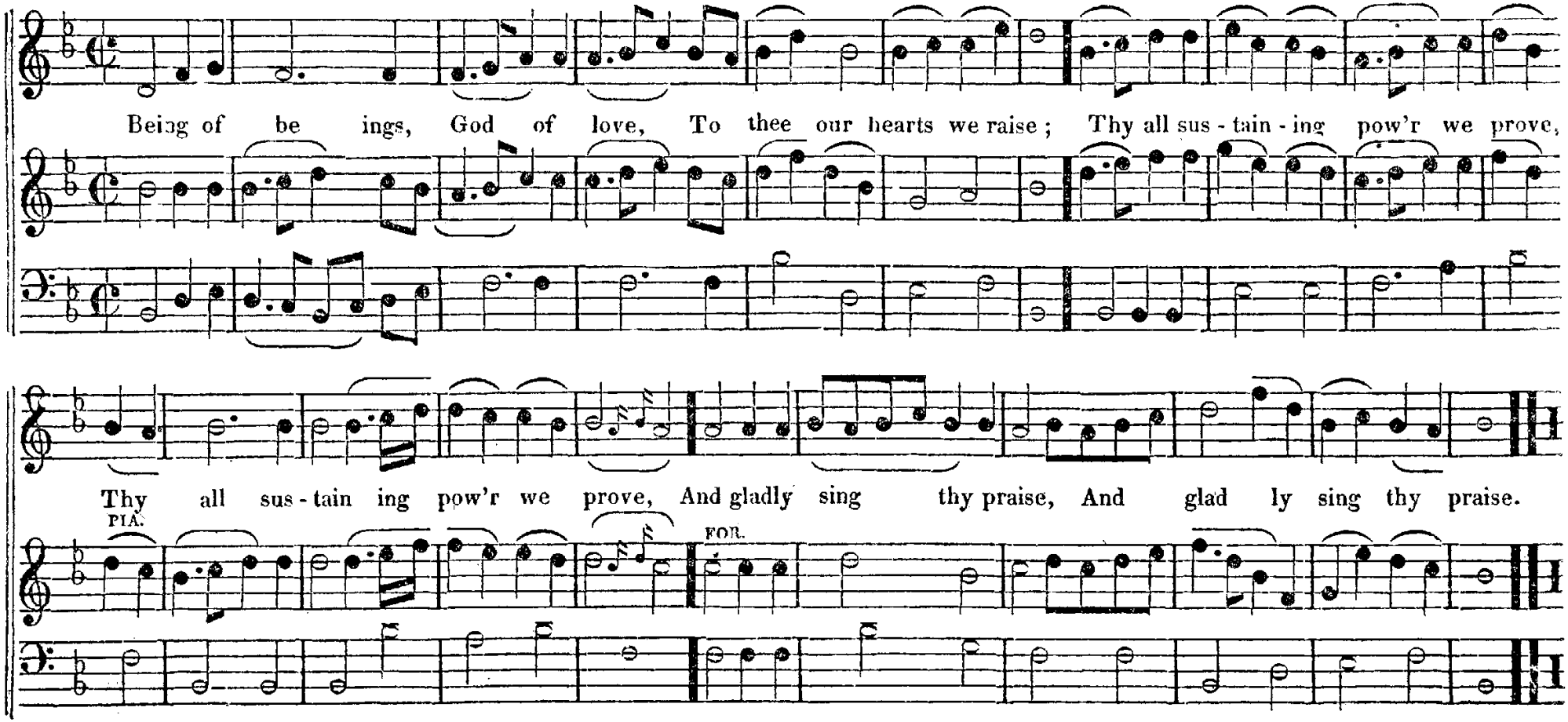
HYMN 261. C. M.



COLFORD.

HYMN 500. C. M. T. Clark.

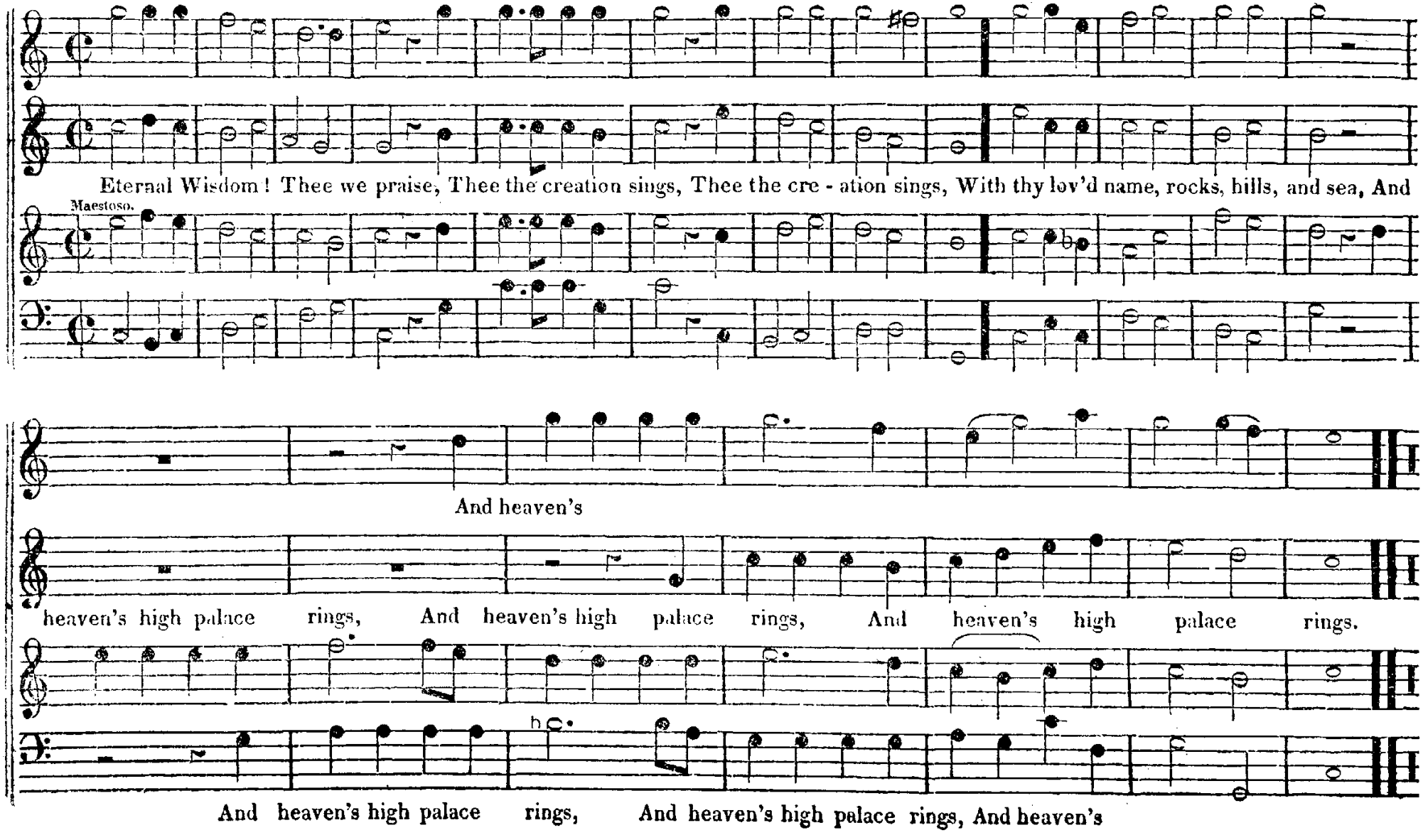


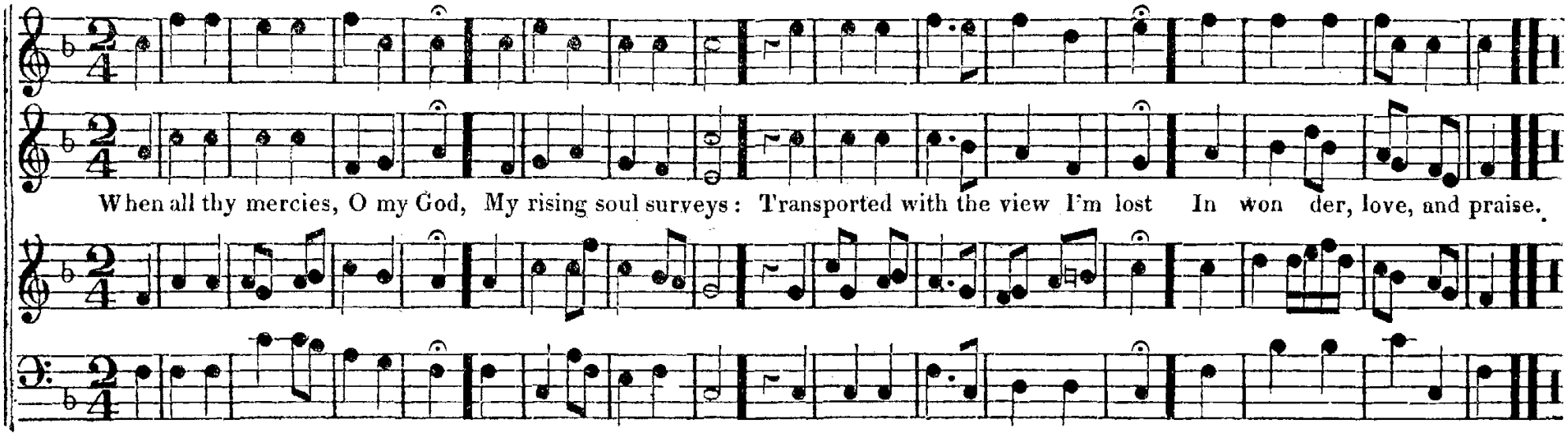


Heav'nward our every wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store;
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

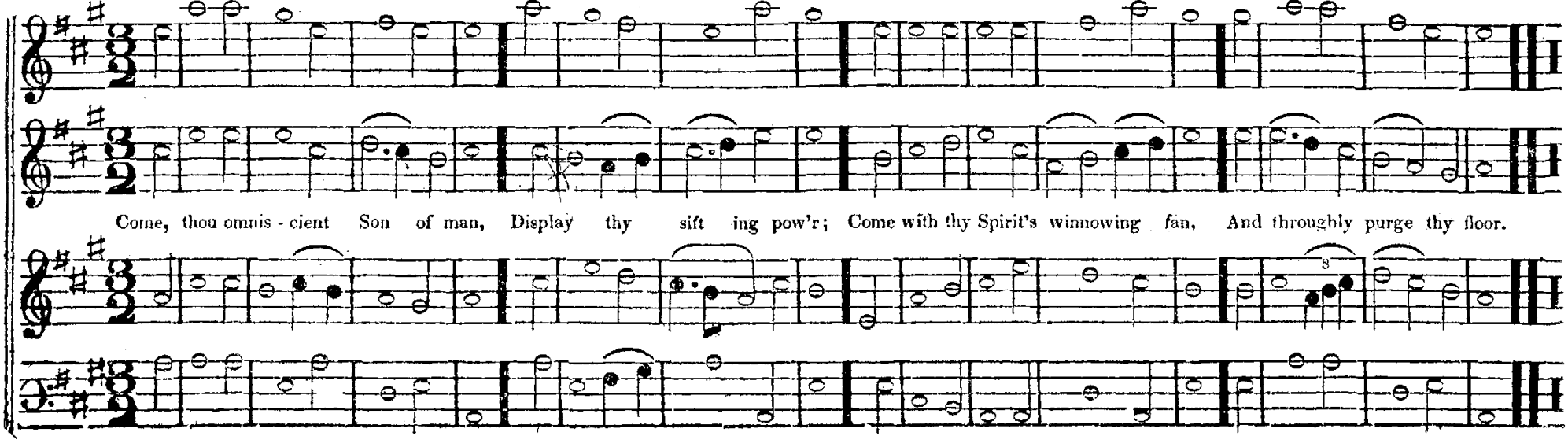
For more we ask, we open then,
Our hearts t'embrace thy will;
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again;
With all thy fulness fill.

Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ in God.


Eternal Wisdom! Thee we praise, Thee the creation sings, Thee the cre - ation sings, With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and sea, And
Maestoso.
And heaven's
heaven's high palace rings, And heaven's high palace rings, And heaven's high palace rings.
And heaven's high palace rings, And heaven's high palace rings, And heaven's



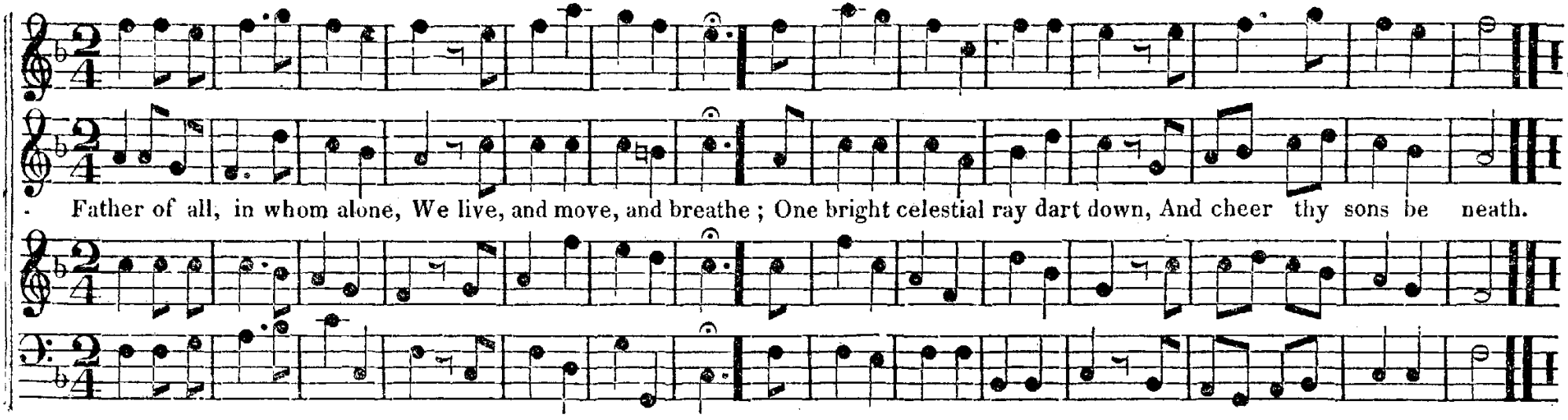
ALEXANDRIA, or BARBY. HYMN 327. C. M.



RYTON.

HYMN 532. C. M.

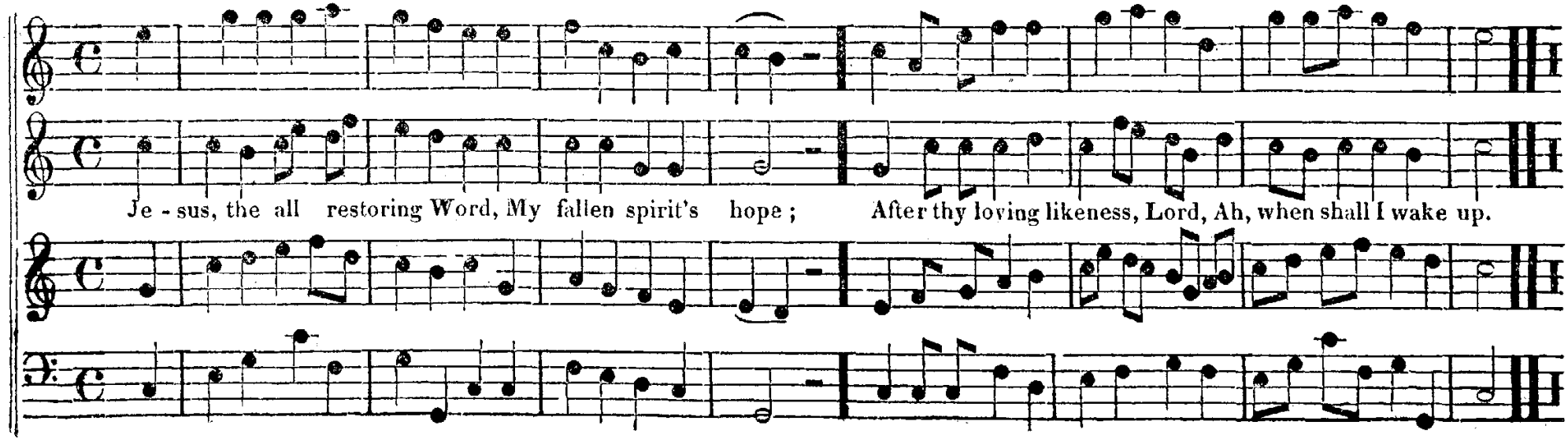
Clark.

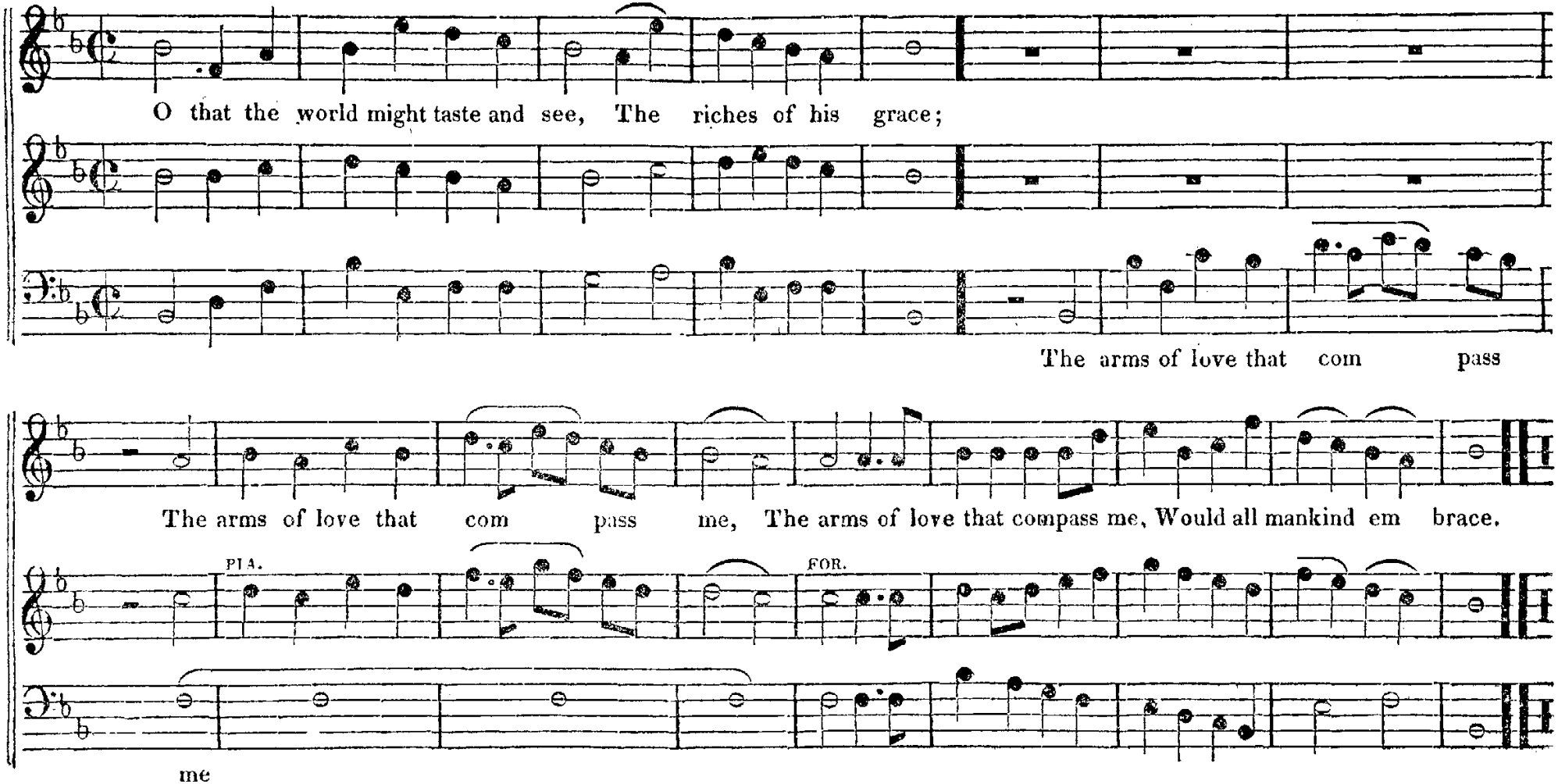


FLORIDA.

HYMN 125. C. M.

Clark.

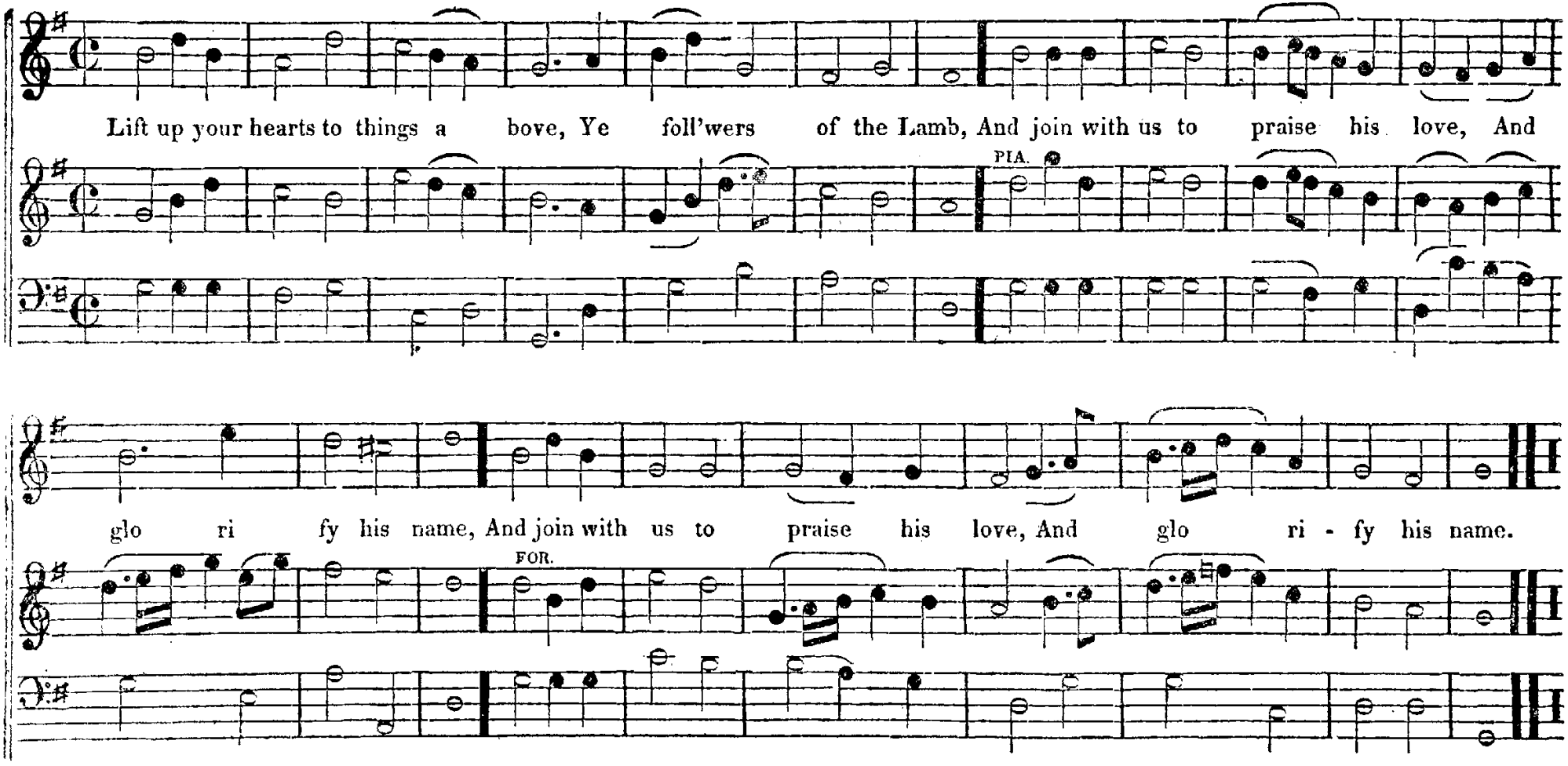




me
O that my Jesus' heavenly charms
Might every bosom move!
Fly, sinners fly into those arms
Of everlasting love.

His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name!
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold! behold the Lamb!

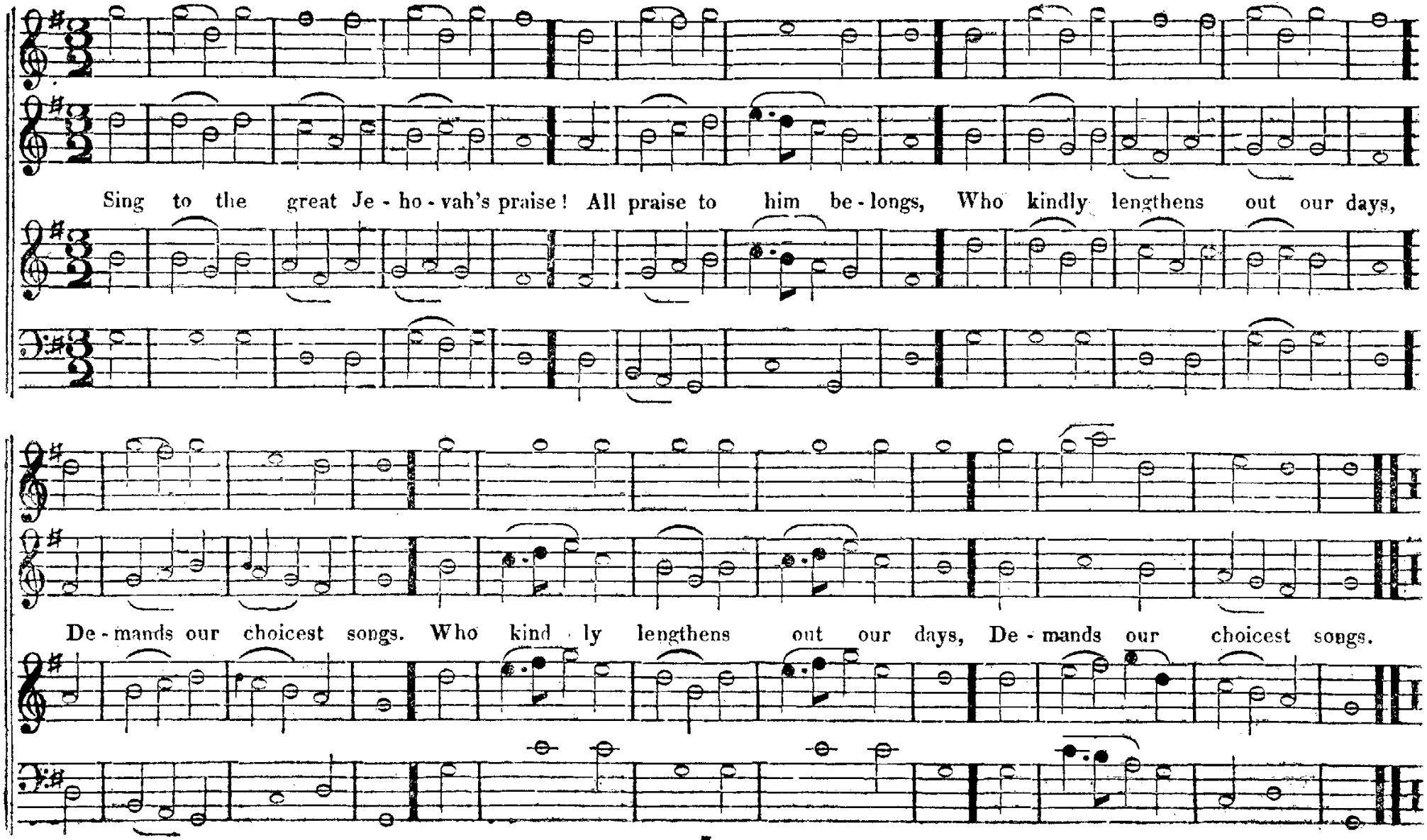


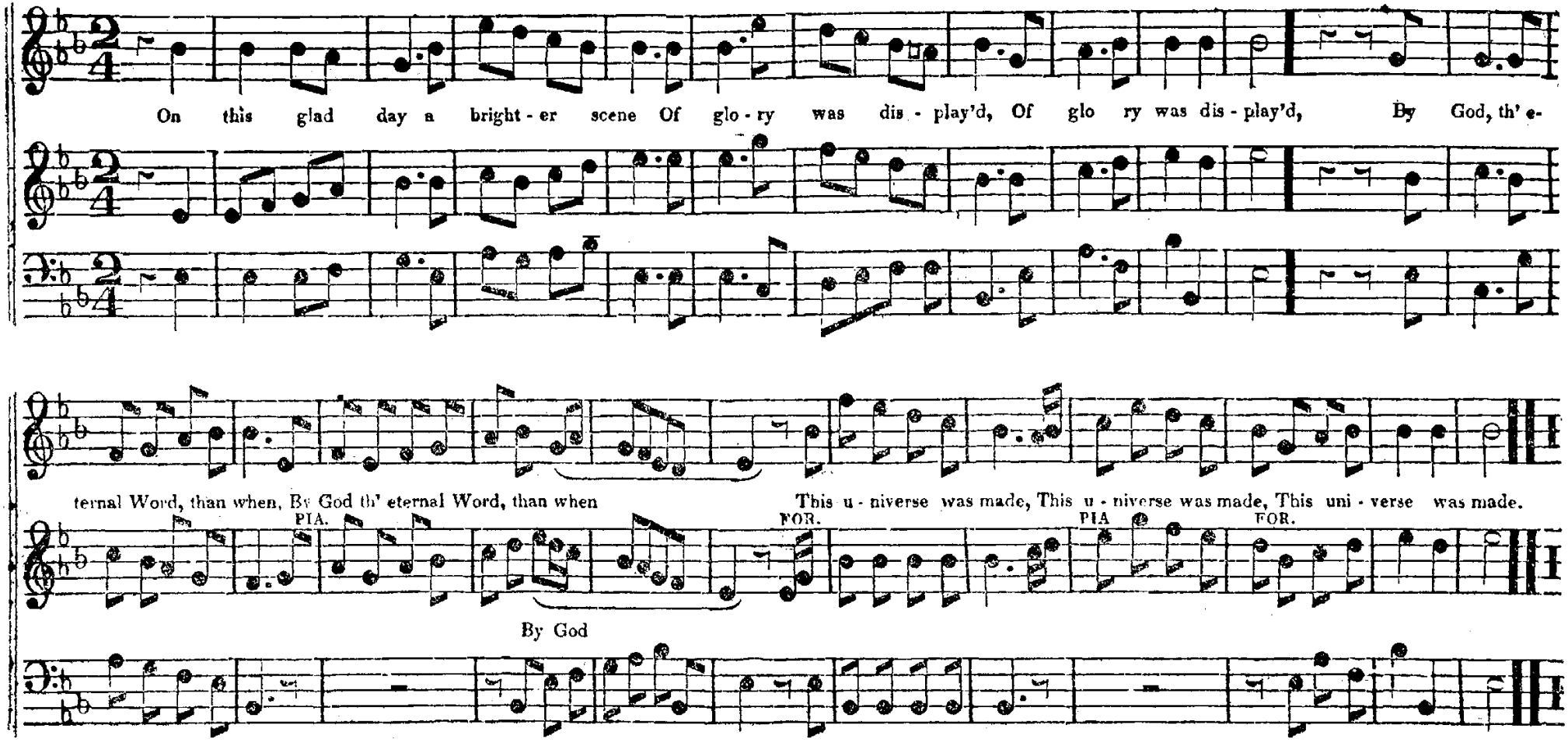
To Jesu's name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end;
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King!
The King is now our Friend

We for his sake count all things loss,
On earthly things look down:
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works t' approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And rais'd to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live!

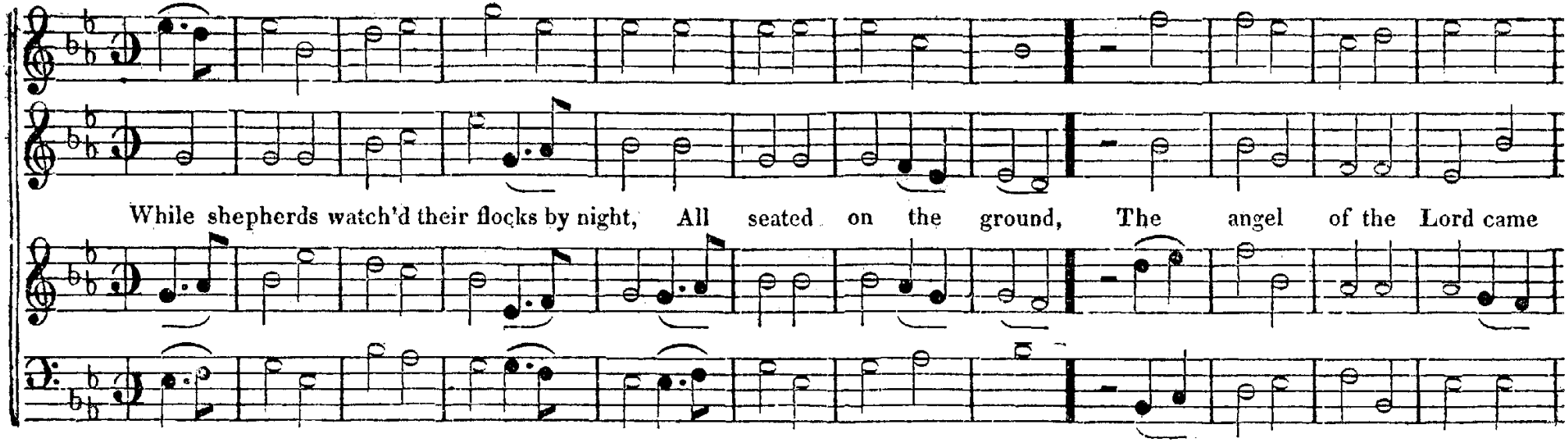

Sing to the great Je - ho - vah's praise! All praise to him be - longs, Who kindly lengthens out our days,
De - mands our choicest songs. Who kind ly lengthens out our days, De - mands our choicest songs.

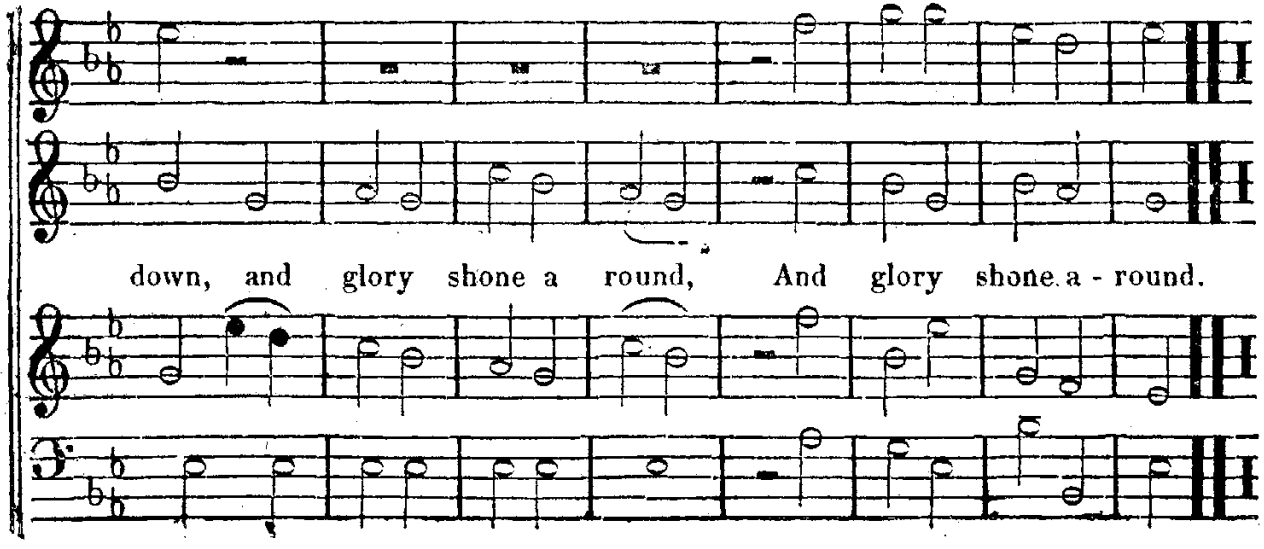


He rises, who mankind has bought,
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod;
He dies and suffers as a man,
He rises as a God.

The Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more;
Adore the Scatterer of your fears,
Your rising Sun adore.

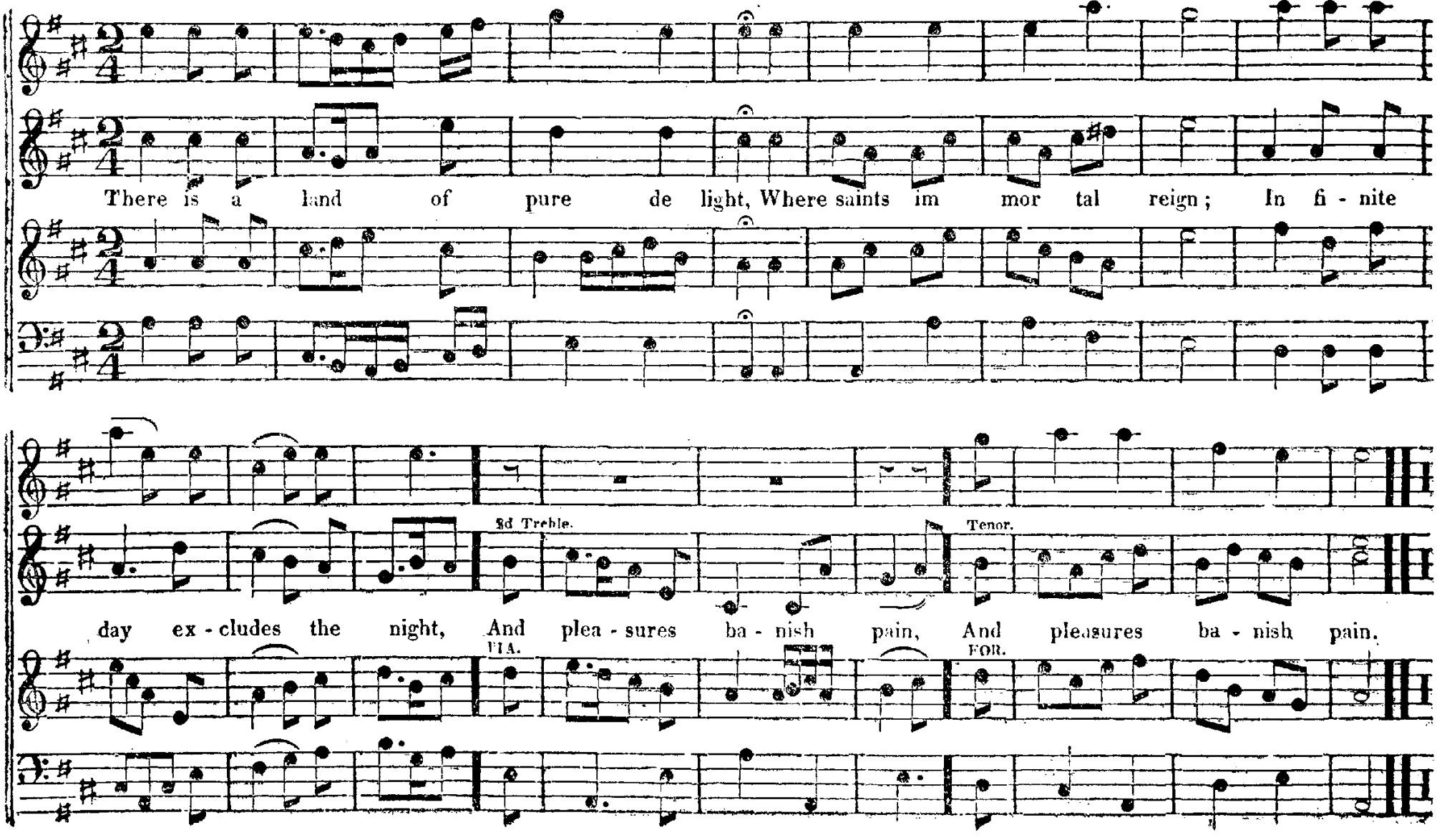


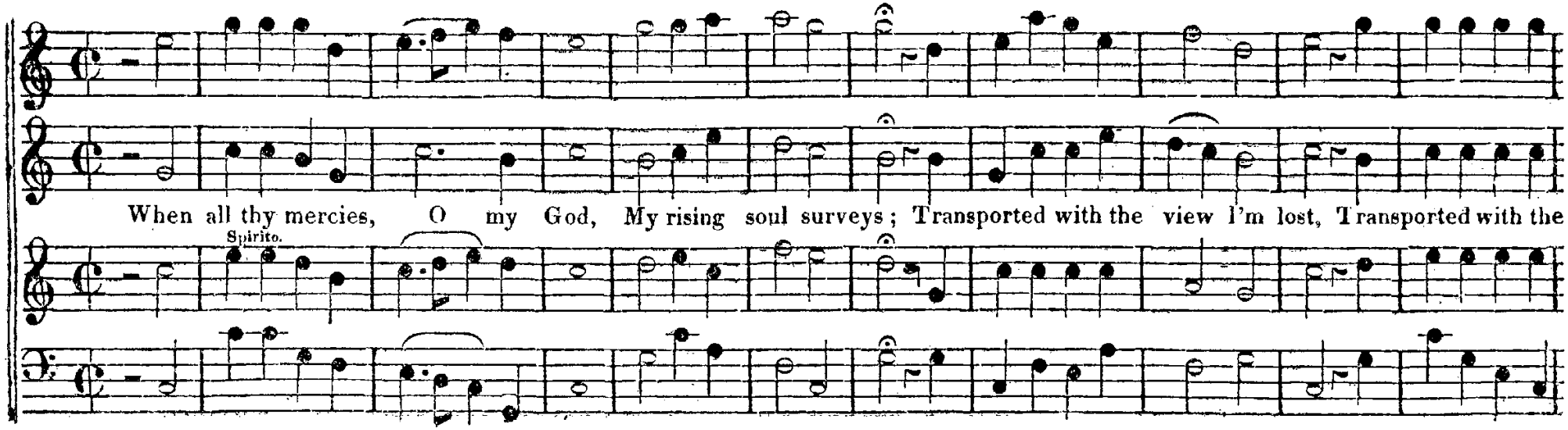


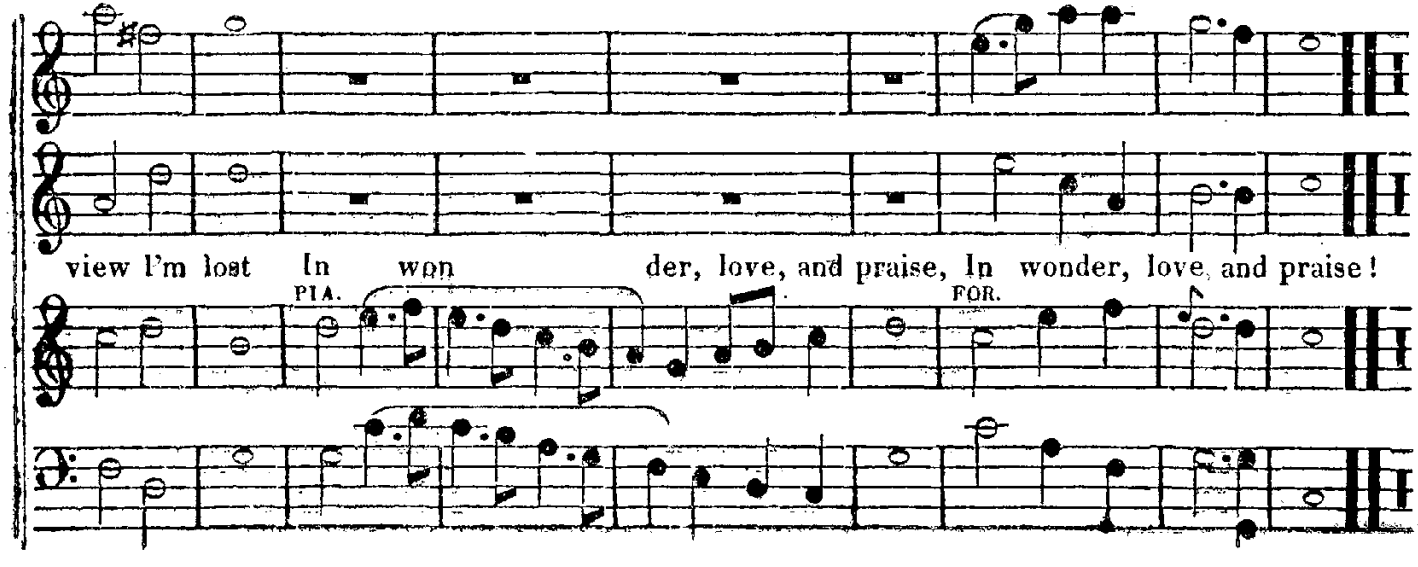
" Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind ;)
" Glad tidings of great joy I bring
" To you and all mankind.

" To you in David's town this day,
" Is born of David's line ;
" The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
" And this shall be the sign.

" The heavenly babe you there shall find
" To human view display'd,
" All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
" And in a manger laid."


There is a land of pure de light, Where saints im mor tal reign; In fi - nite
day ex - cludes the night, And plea - sures ba - nish pain, And pleasures ba - nish pain.
2d Treble.
Tenor.
VIA.
FOR.





O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there!

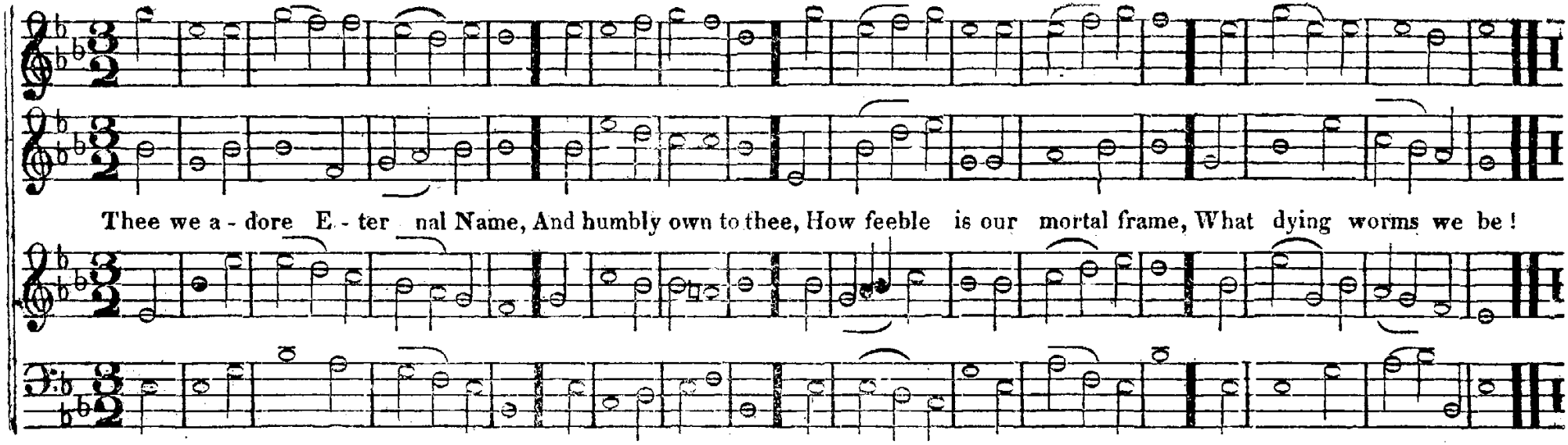
Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

ABRIDGE.

HYMN 550. C. M.

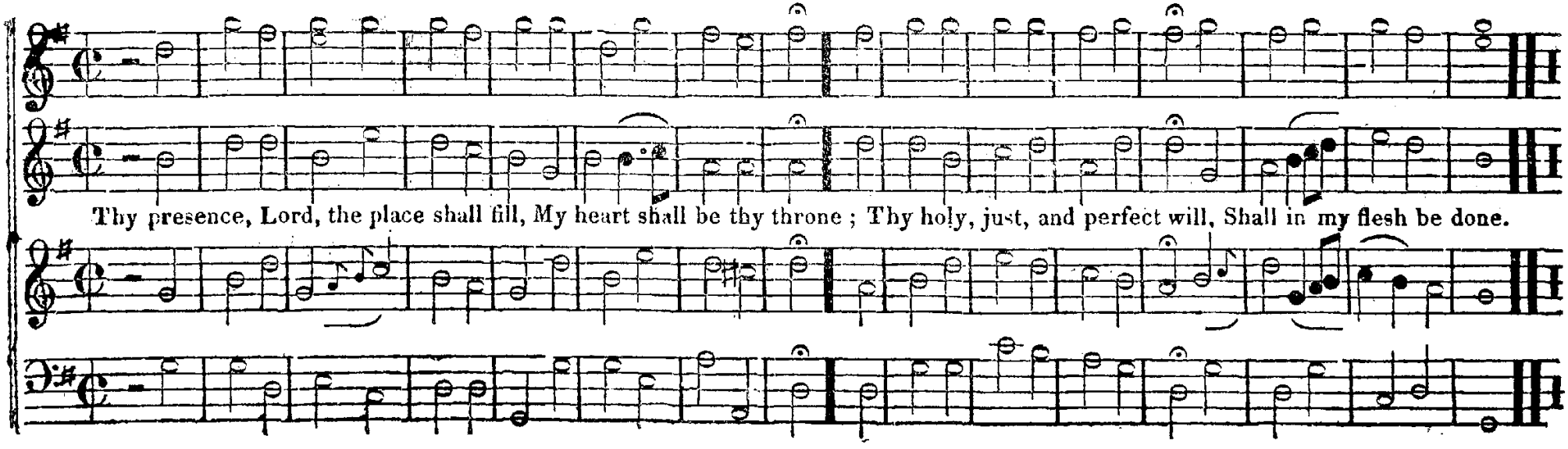
Smith.

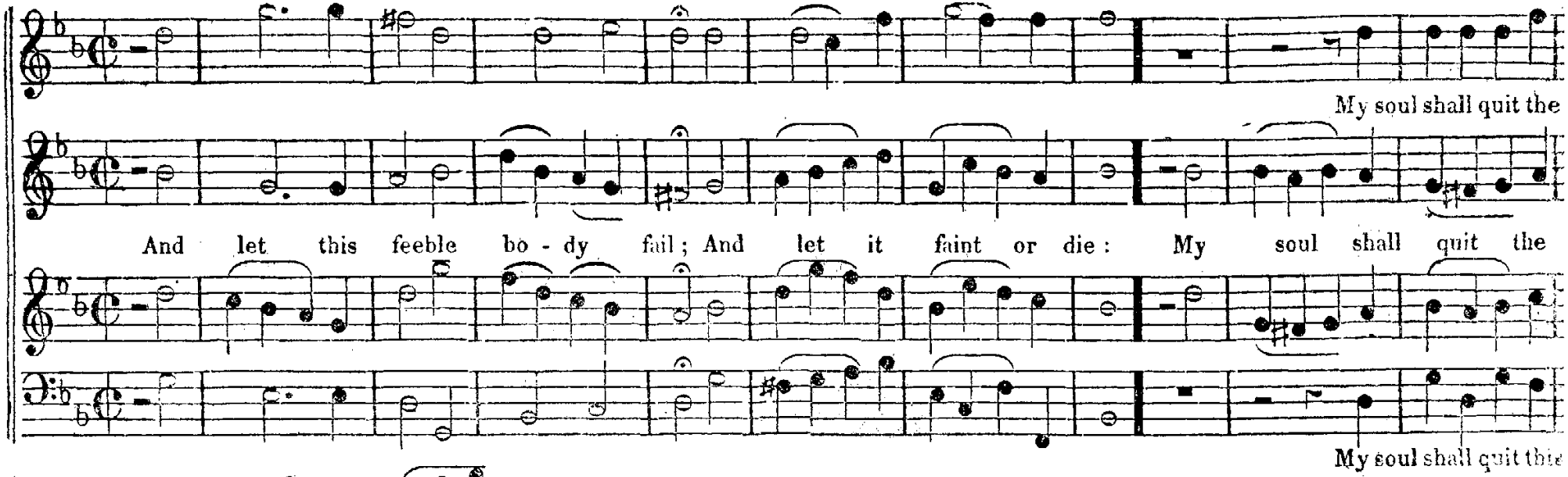


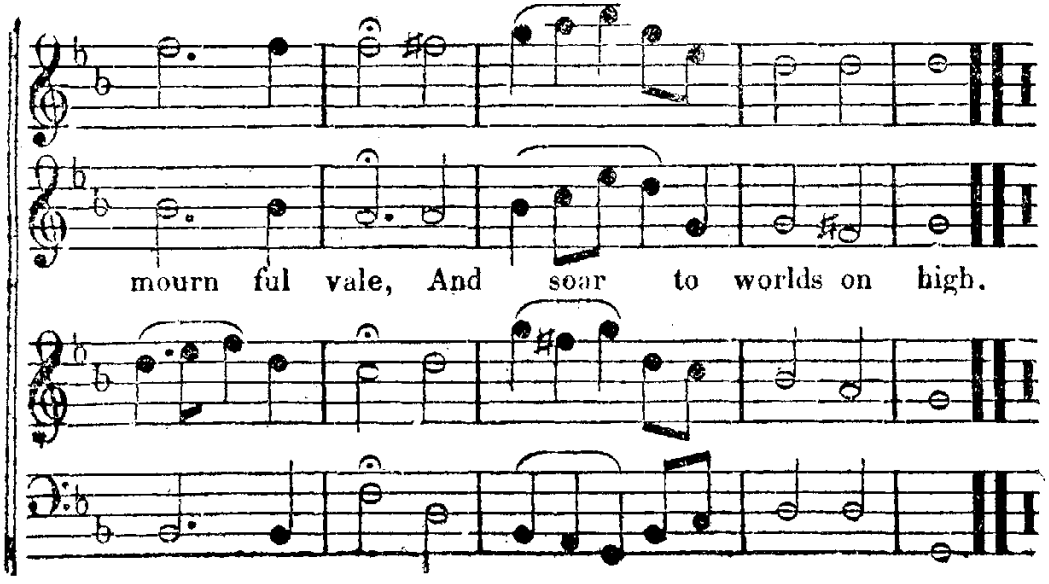
ROMNEY.

HYMN 165. C. M.

Shoel.



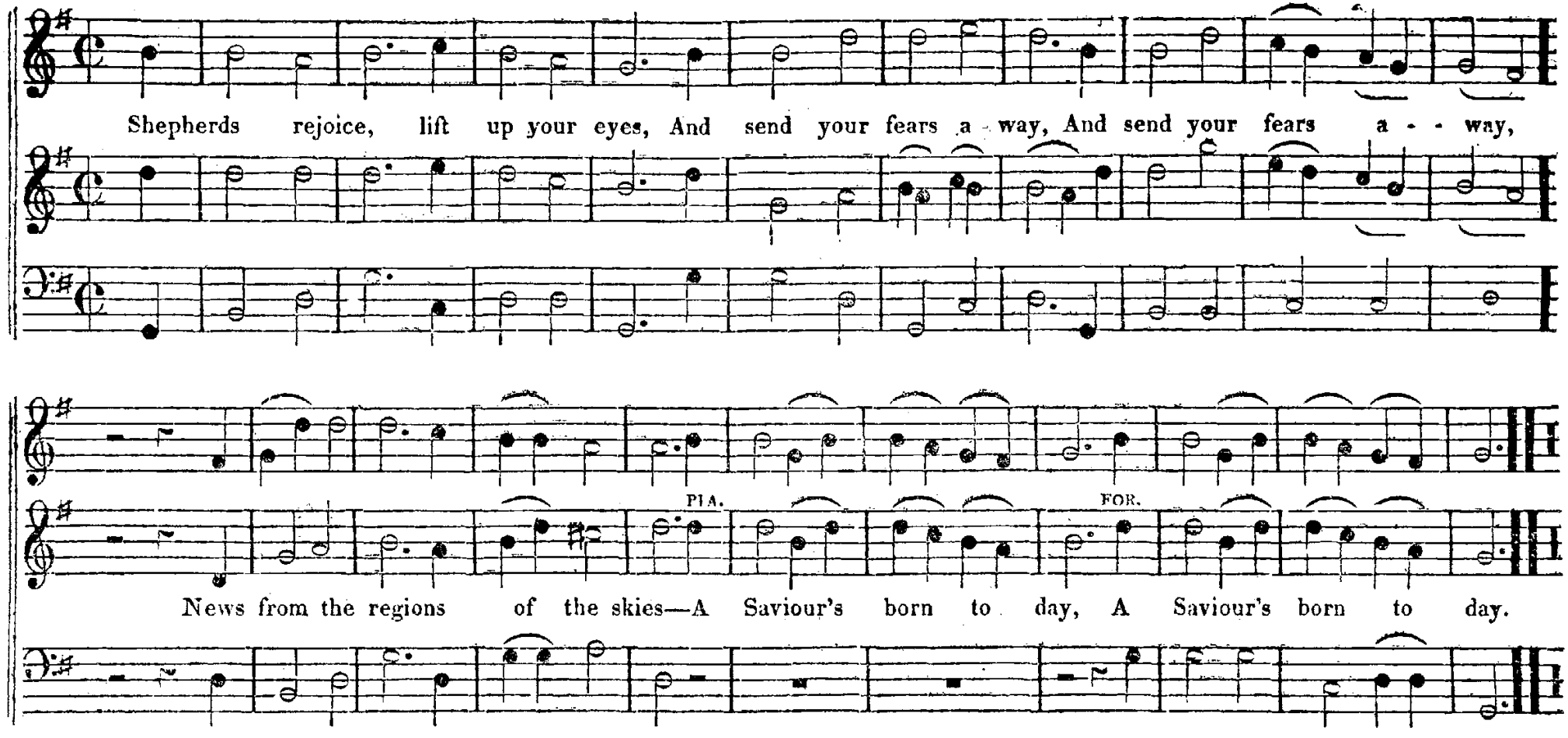




Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest:
That only bliss for which it pants
In the Redeemer's breast.

In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:

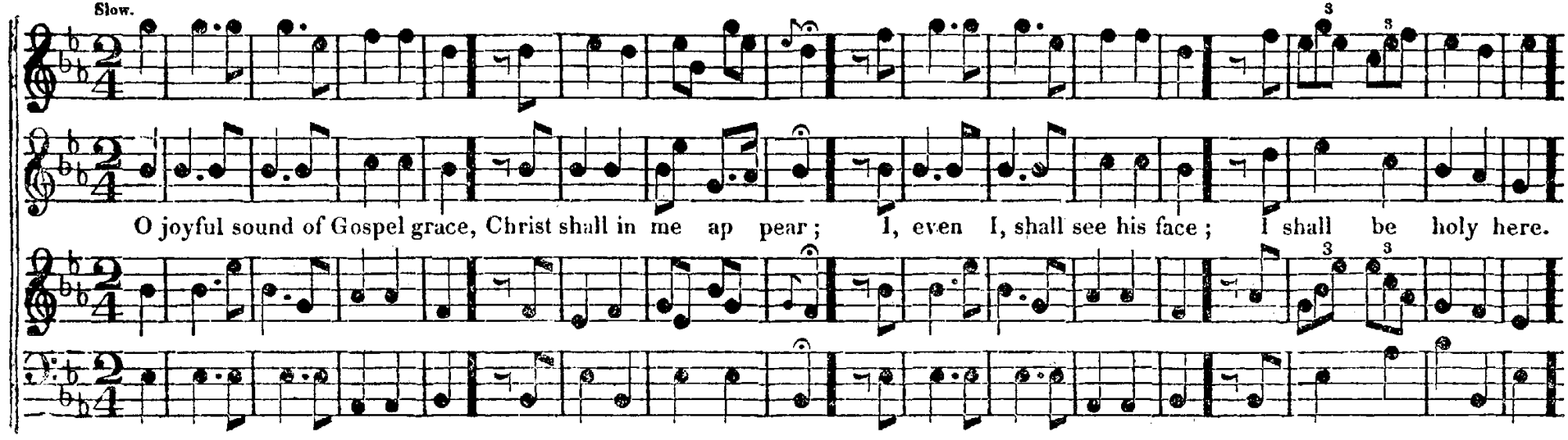
I suffer on my threescore years
Till my Deliv'rer come:
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

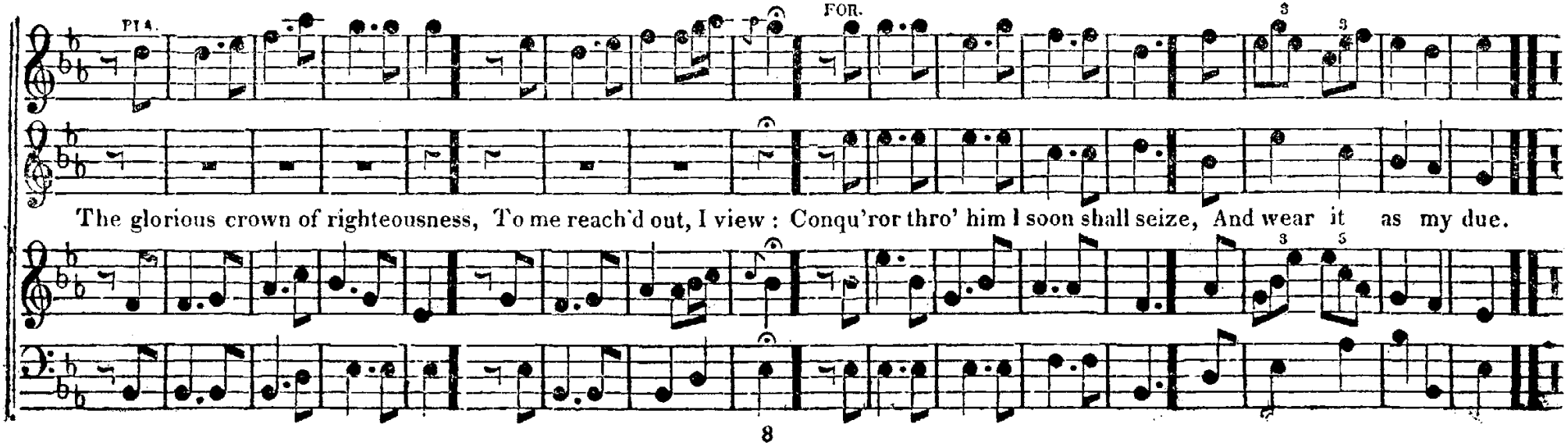


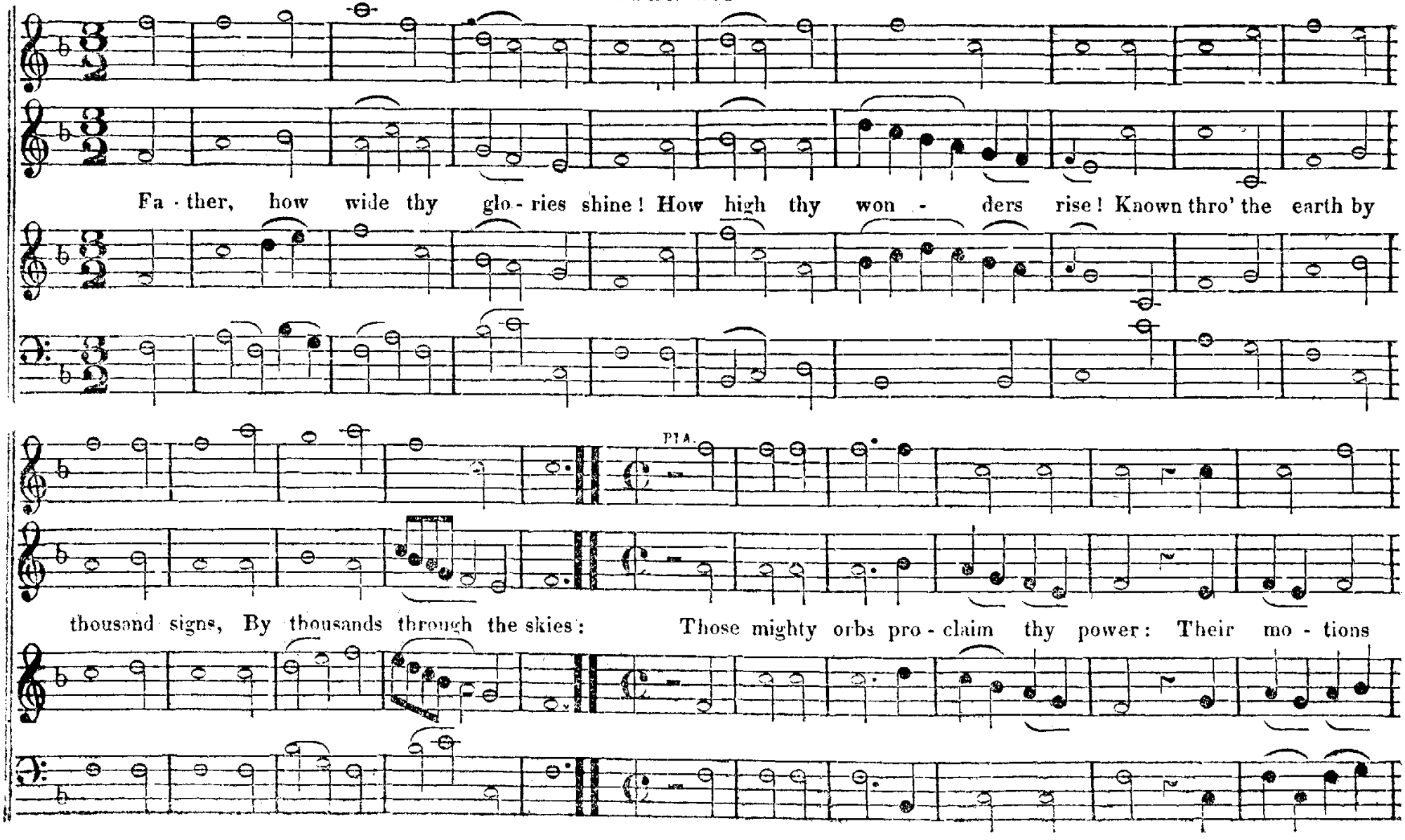
"Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you!
To day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

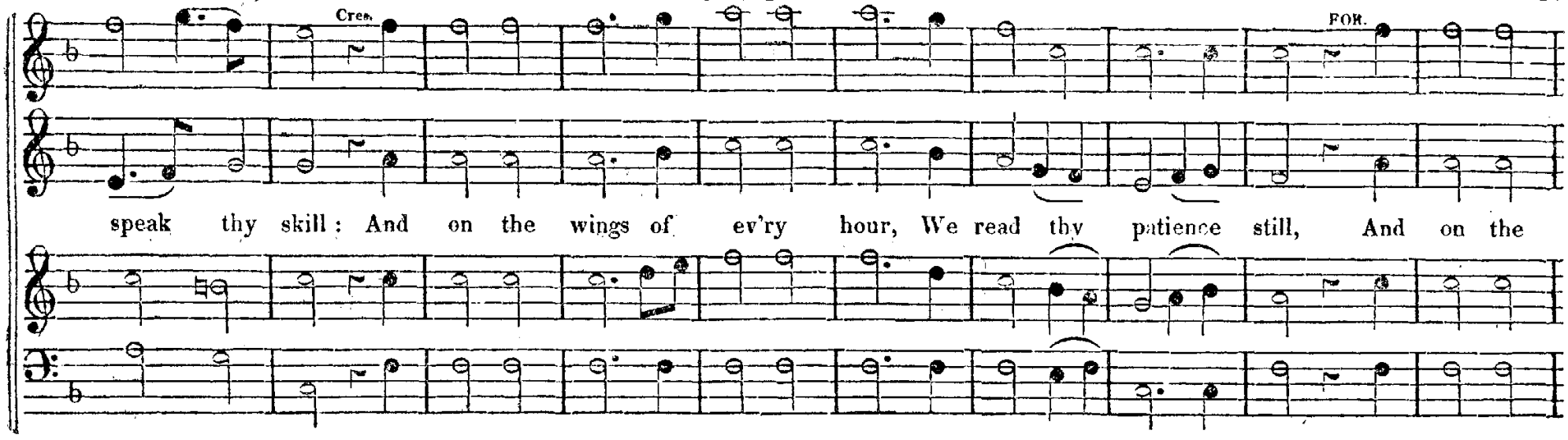
"No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.

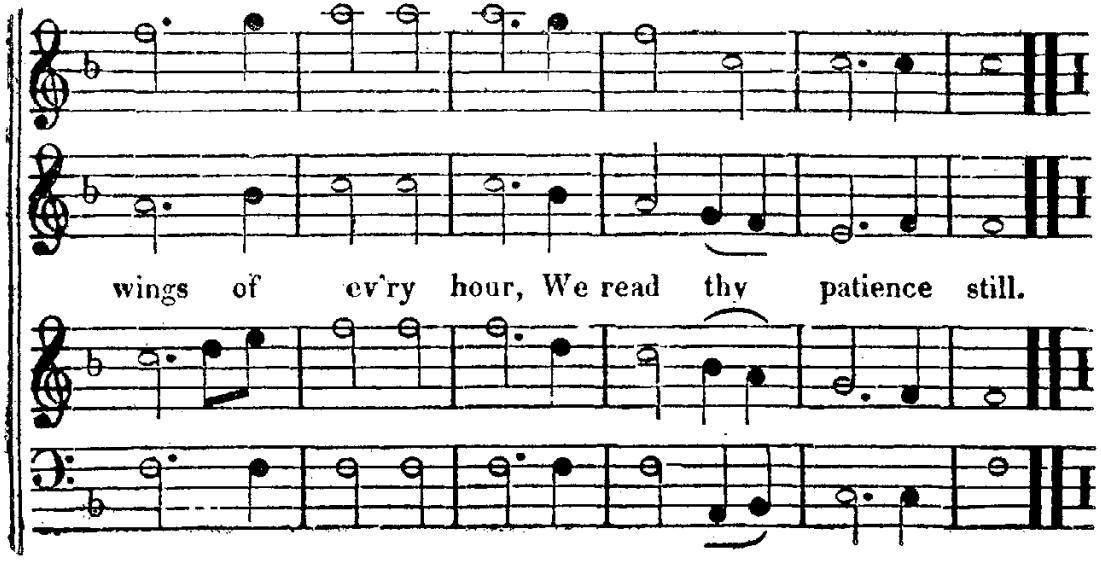
"Go shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."


Slow.
O joyful sound of Gospel grace, Christ shall in me ap pear; I, even I, shall see his face; I shall be holy here.


PIA.
FOR.
The glorious crown of righteousness, To me reach'd out, I view: Conqu'ror thro' him I soon shall seize, And wear it as my due.

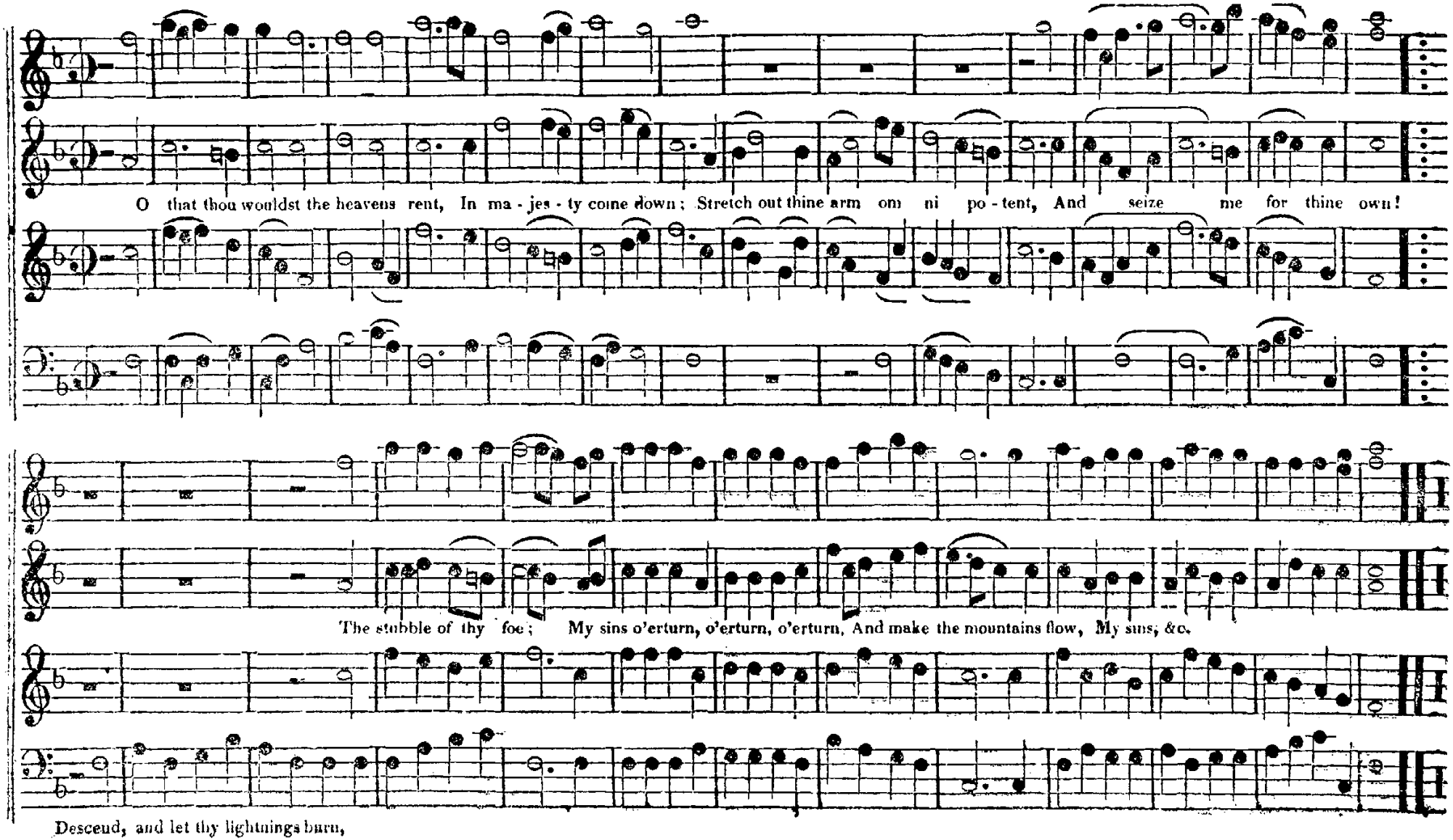

Fa - ther, how wide thy glo - ries shine! How high thy won - ders rise! Known thro' the earth by
P I A.
thousand signs, By thousands through the skies: Those mighty orbs pro - claim thy power: Their mo - tions

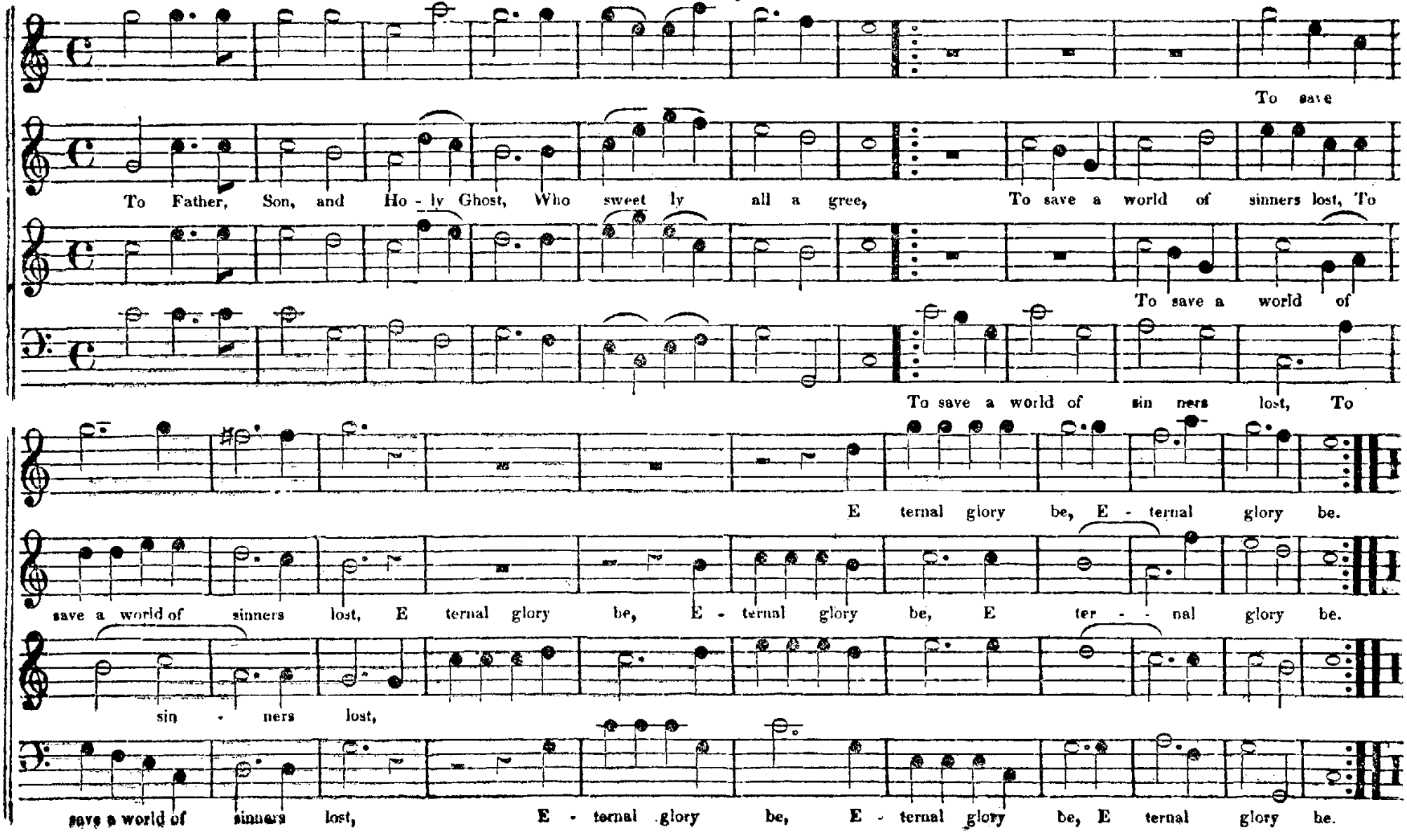


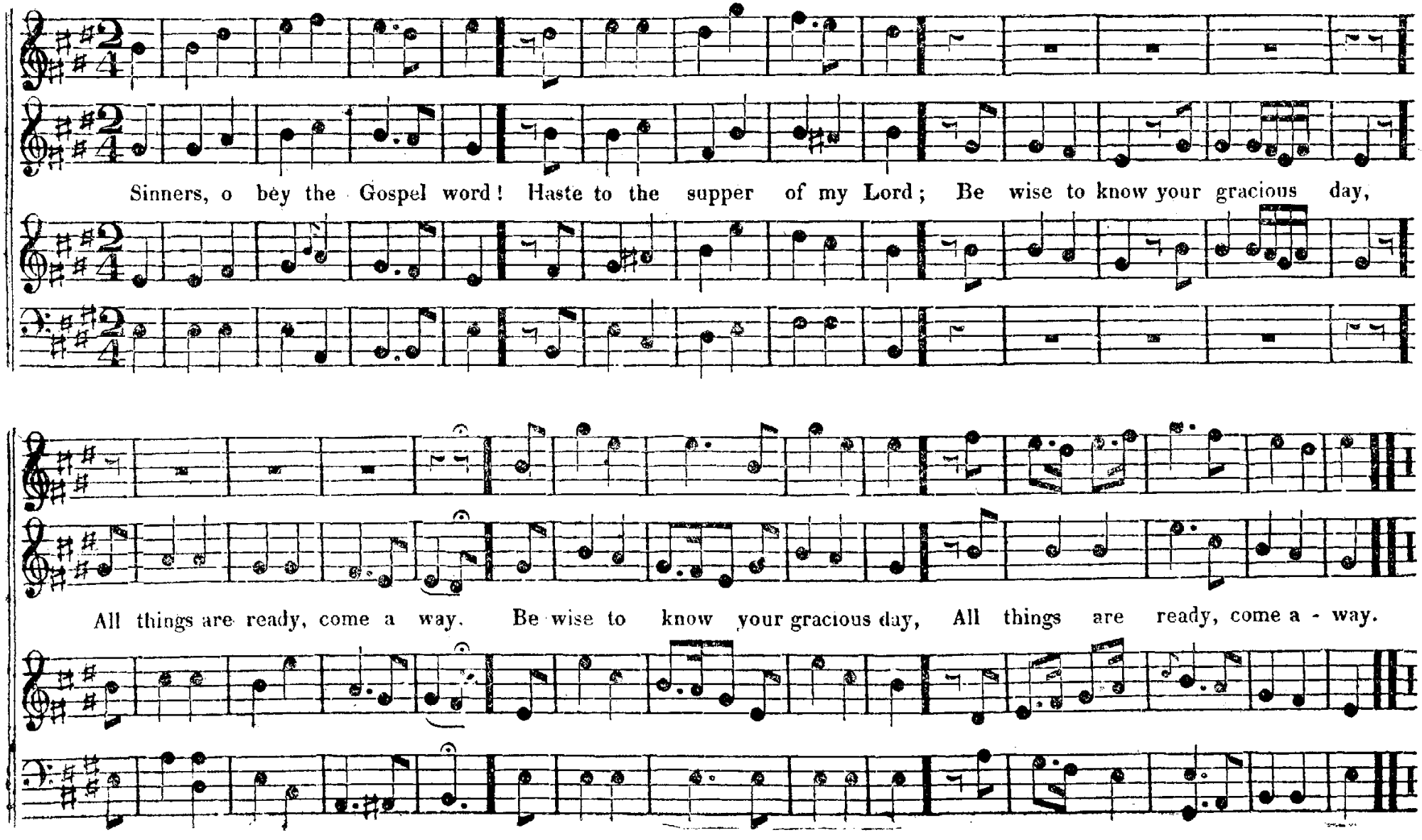


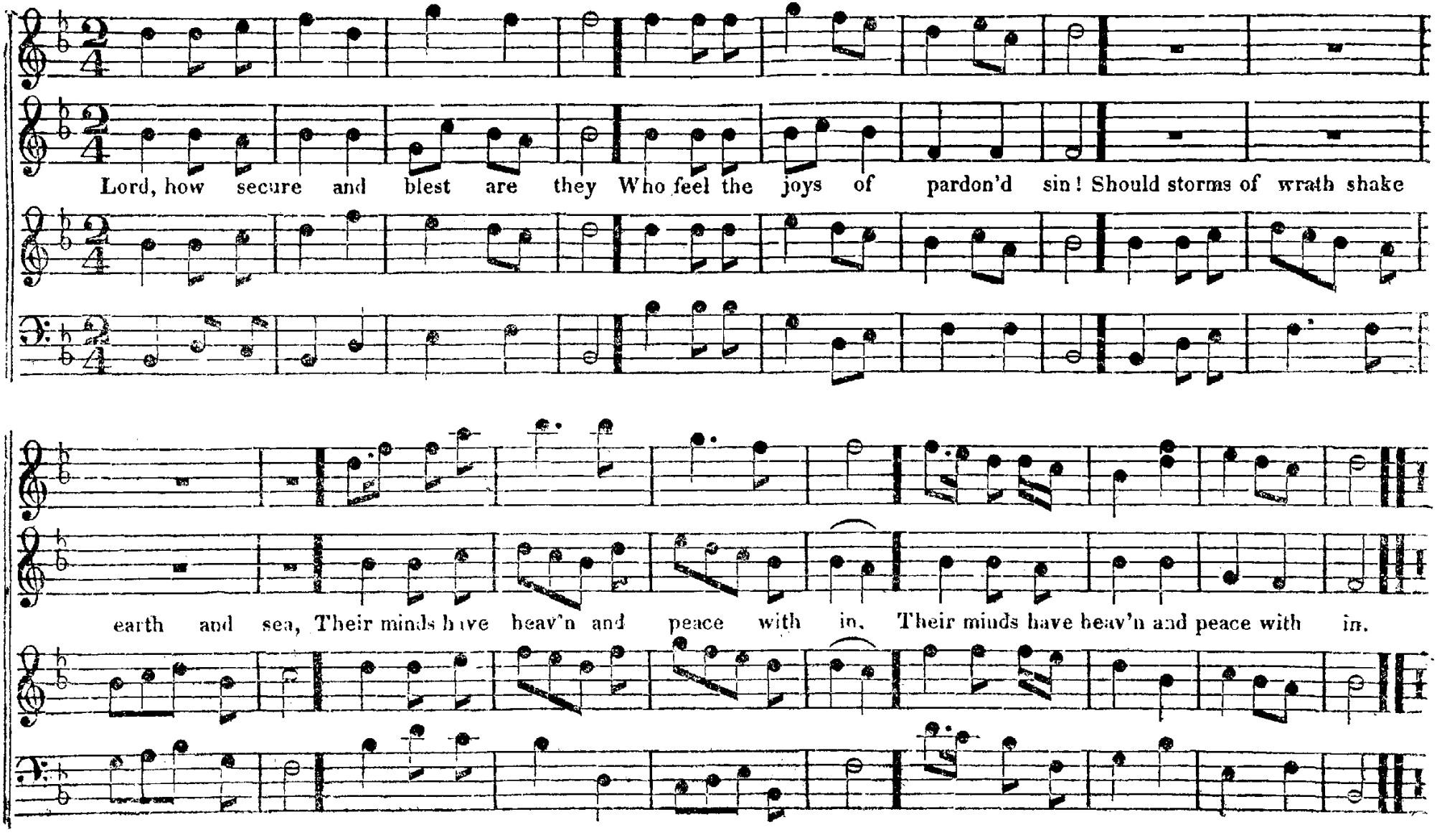
Part of thy name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ,
They show the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet;
But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms:

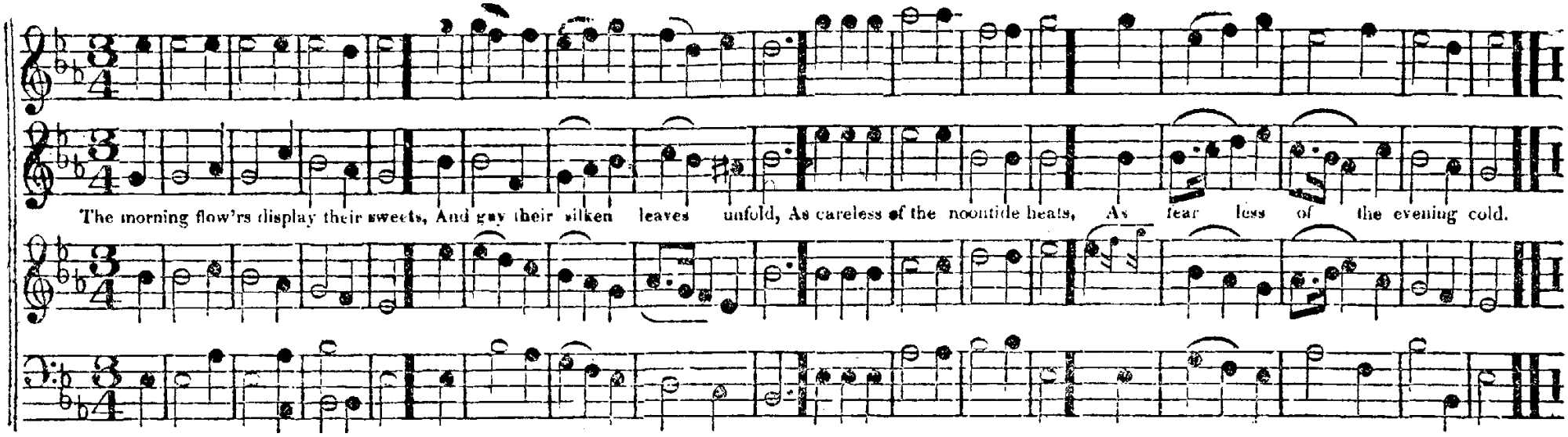
Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace;
Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains:
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.


O that thou wouldst the heavens rent, In ma - jes - ty come down; Stretch out thine arm om ni po - tent, And seize me for thine own!
The stubble of thy foe; My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn, And make the mountains flow, My sins, &c.
Descend, and let thy lightnings burn,

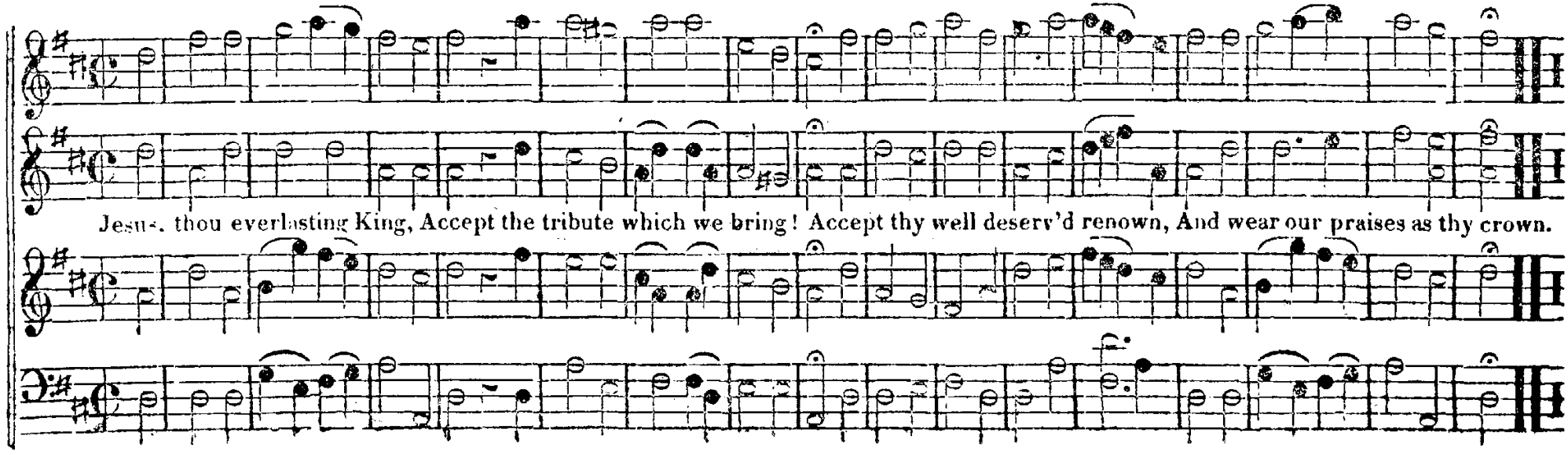

To save
To Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Who sweet ly all a gree, To save a world of sinners lost, To
To save a world of
To save a world of sin ners lost, To
E ternal glory be, E - ternal glory be.
save a world of sinners lost, E ternal glory be, E - ternal glory be, E ter - - nal glory be.
sin - ners lost,
save a world of sinners lost, E - ternal glory be, E - ternal glory be, E ternal glory be.

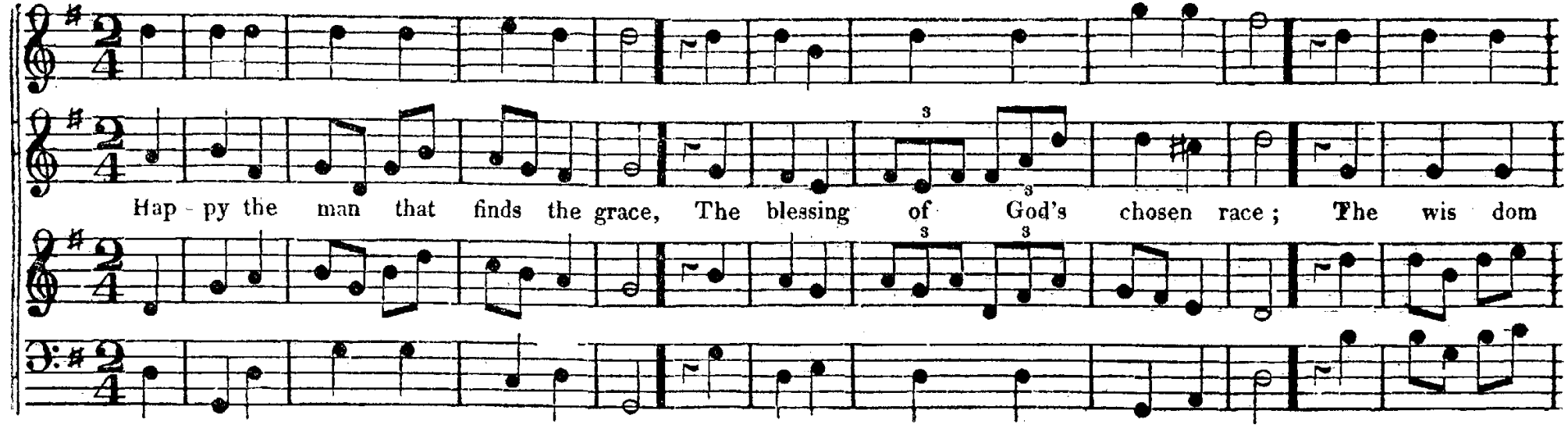

Sinners, o bey the Gospel word! Haste to the supper of my Lord; Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come a way. Be wise to know your gracious day, All things are ready, come a - way.

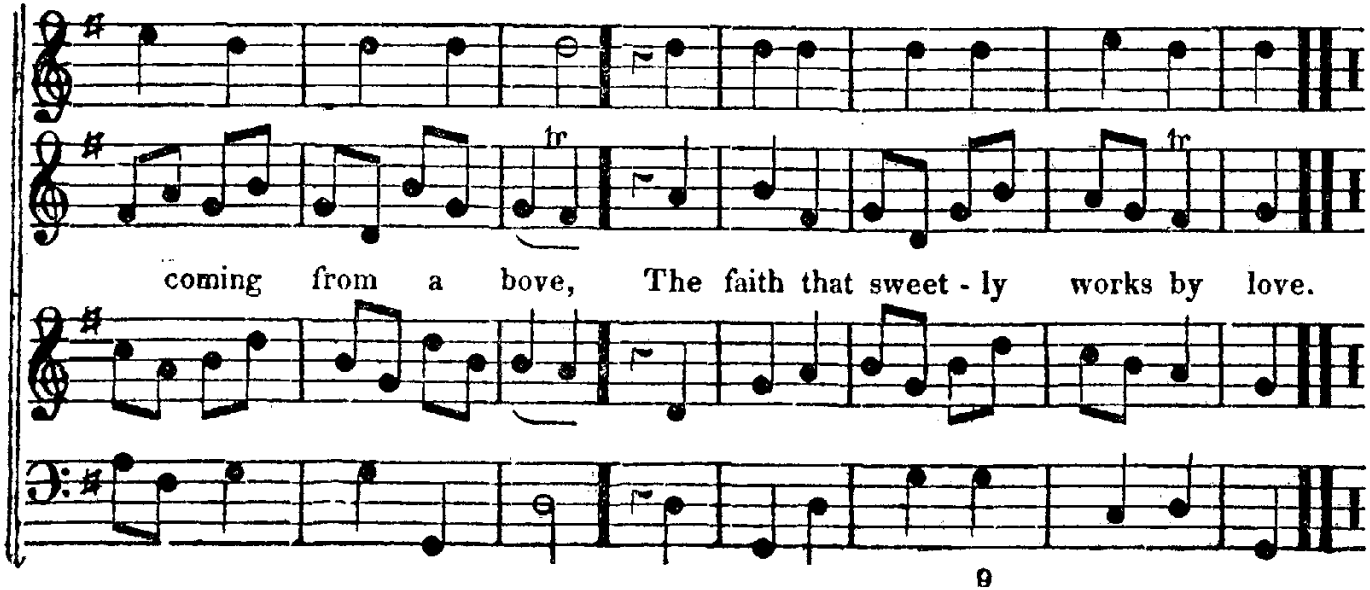

Lord, how secure and blest are they Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin! Should storms of wrath shake
earth and sea, Their minds have heav'n and peace with in. Their minds have heav'n and peace with in.



PARVUS, or GILGAL. Hymn 246. L. M.



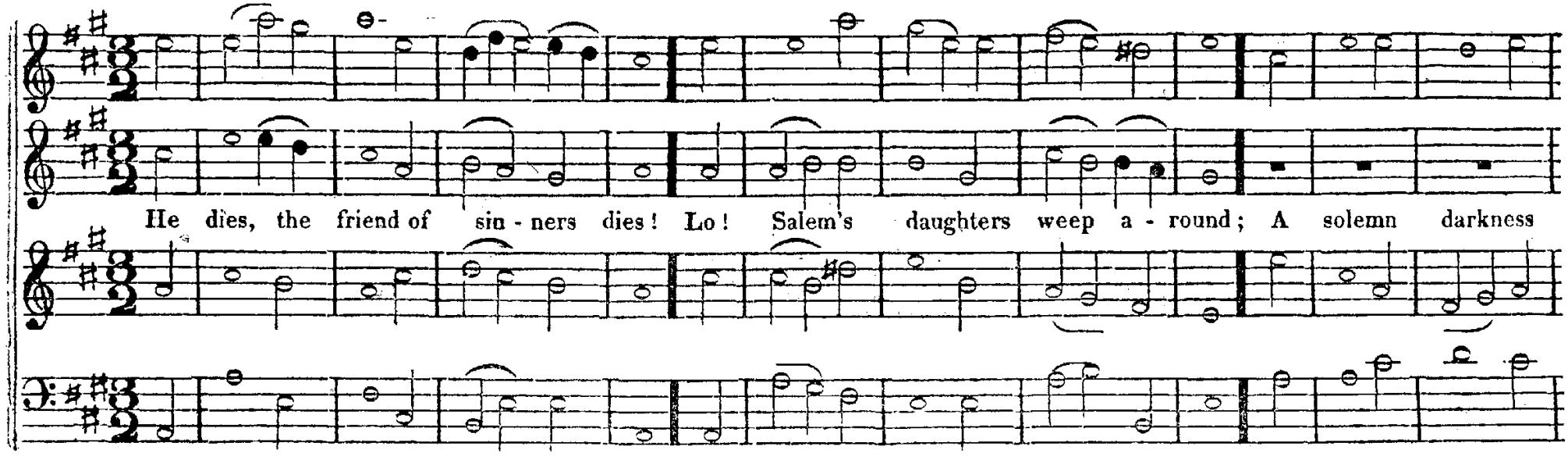


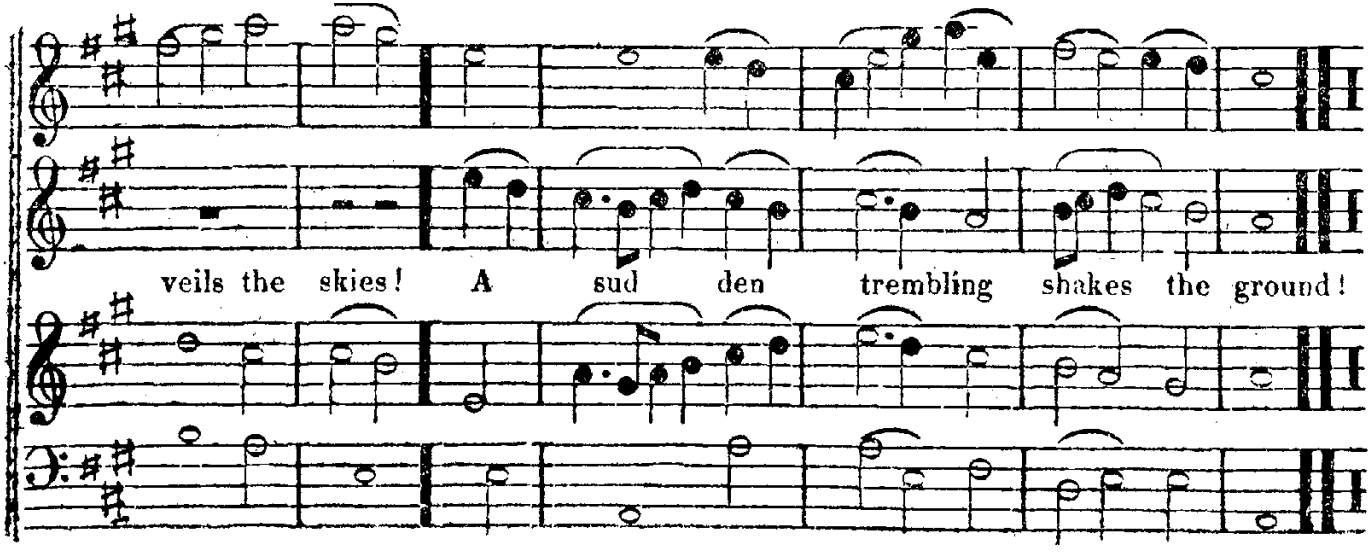


Happy beyond description he,
Who knows the Saviour died for me;
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandize!
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compar'd to her.

Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honour that descends from God.

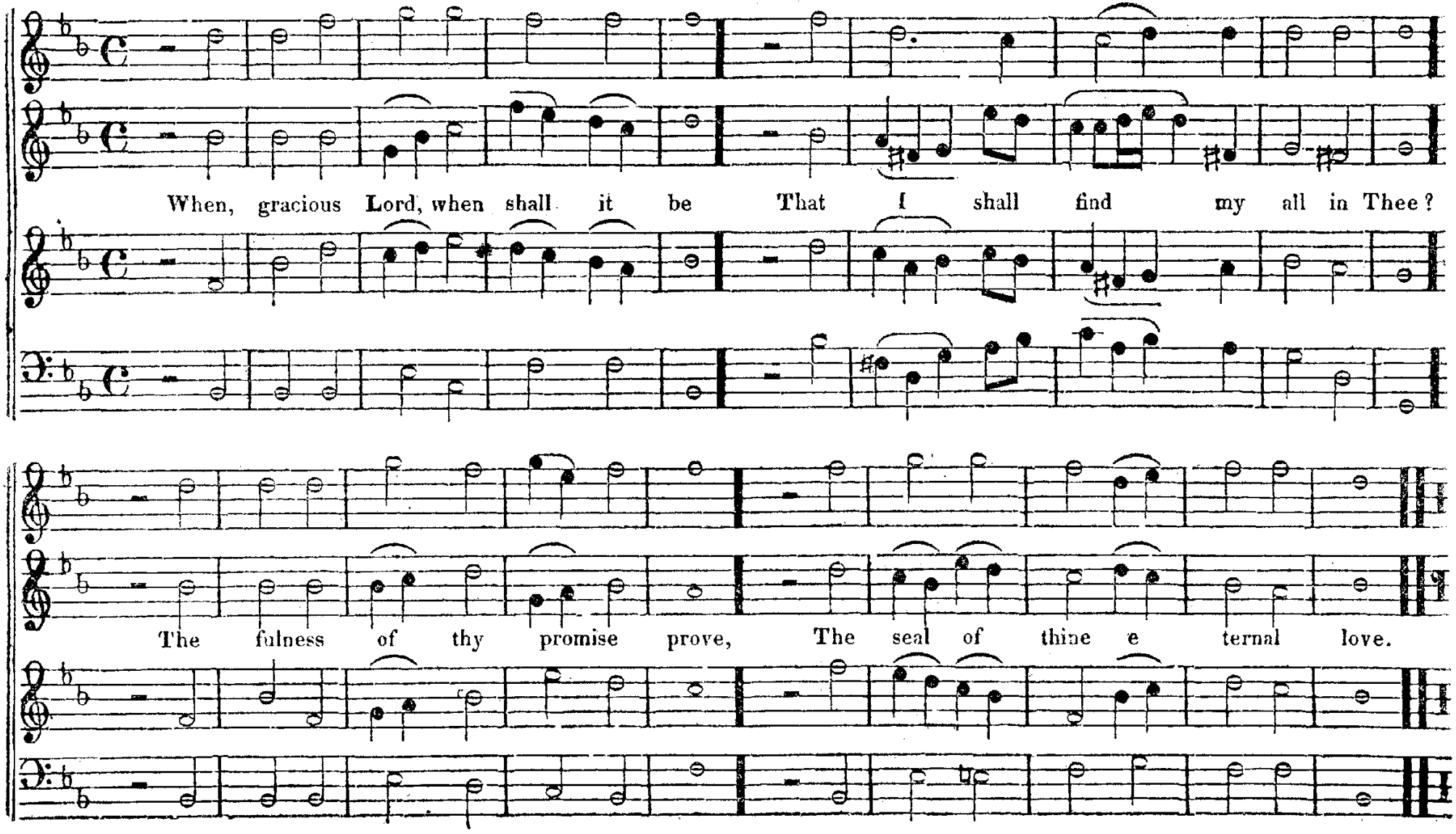




Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load:
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

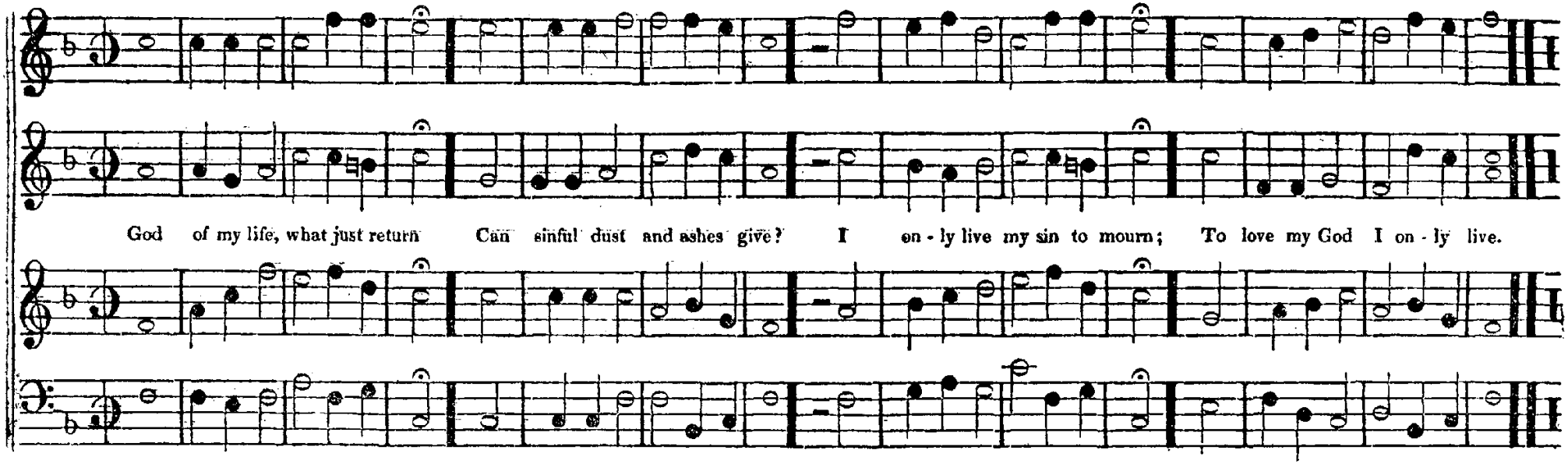
Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see:
Jesus the dead revives again!

The rising God forsakes the tomb;
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.


When, gracious Lord, when shall it be That I shall find my all in Thee?
The fulness of thy promise prove, The seal of thine e ternal love.

Hymn 71. L. M.

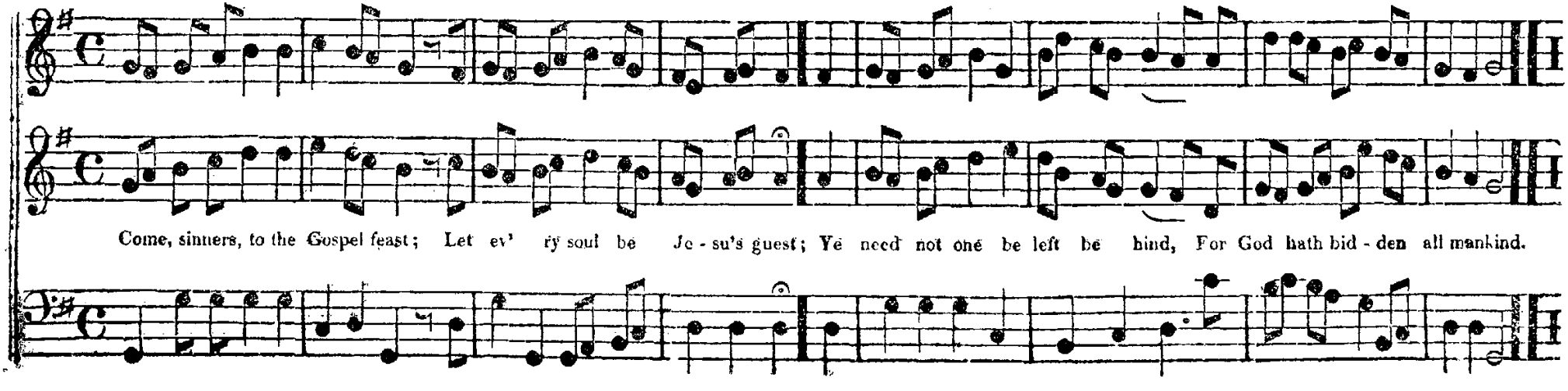
Holdrayd.

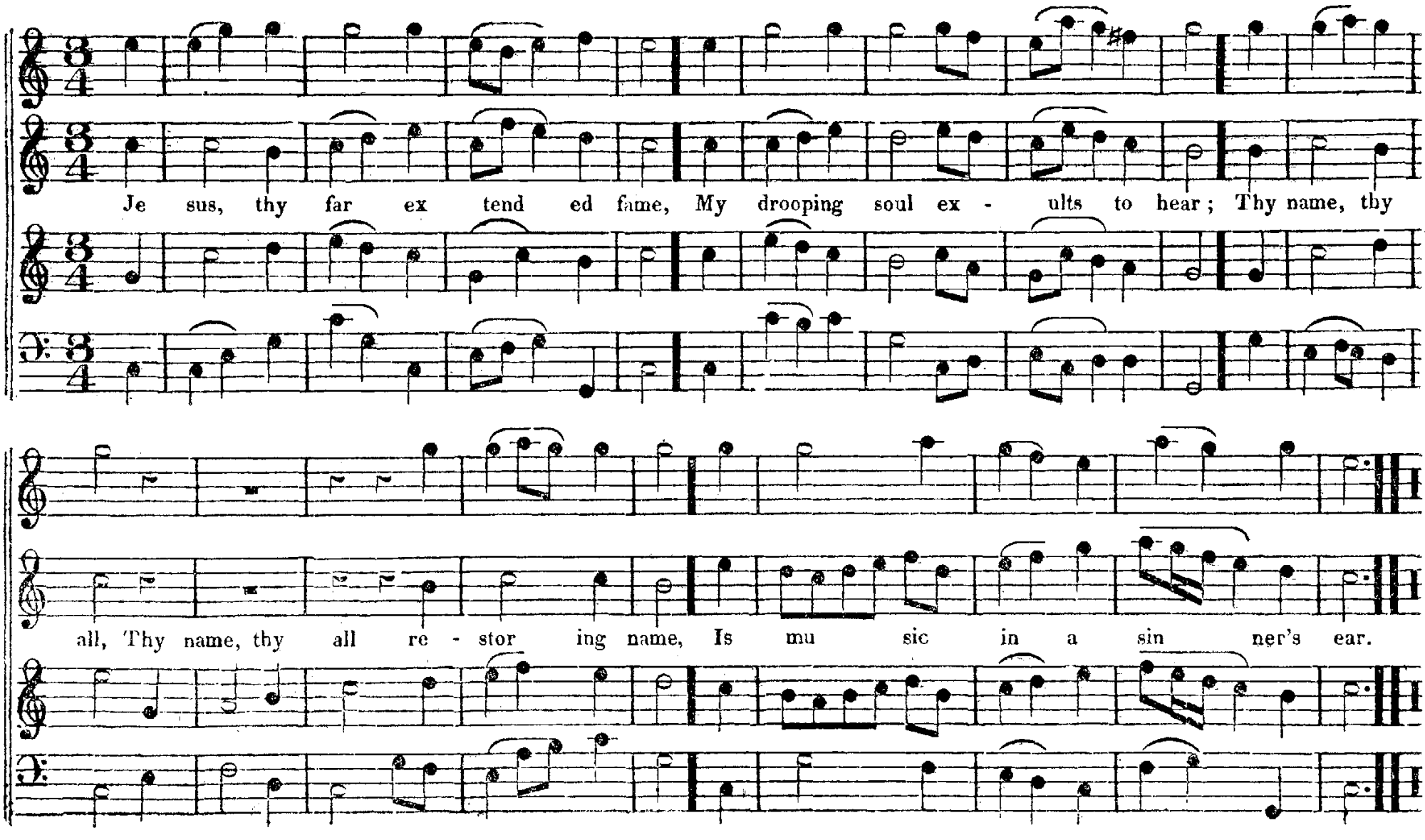


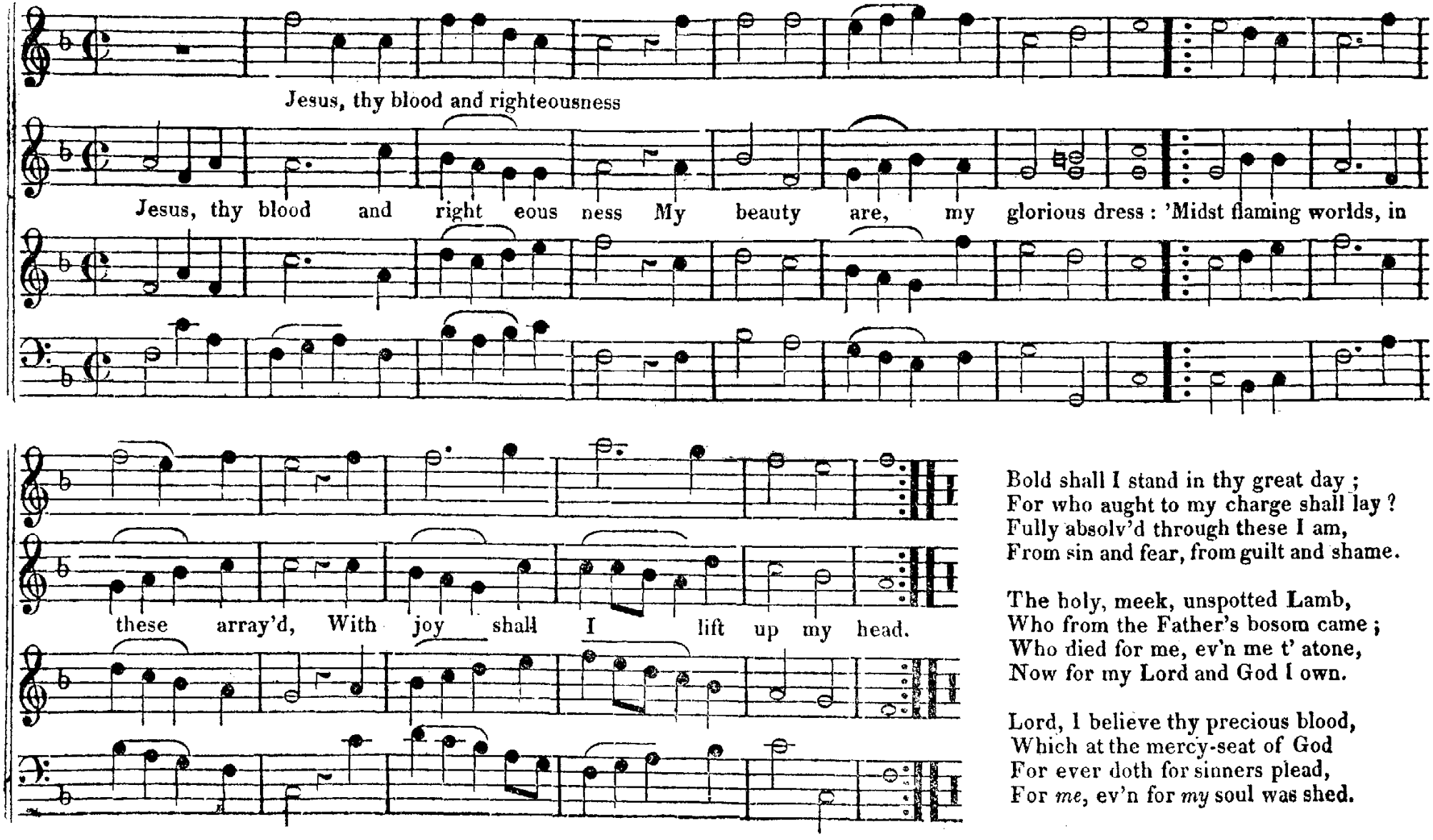
BURSLEM.

Hymn 3. L. M.

Dr. Miller.



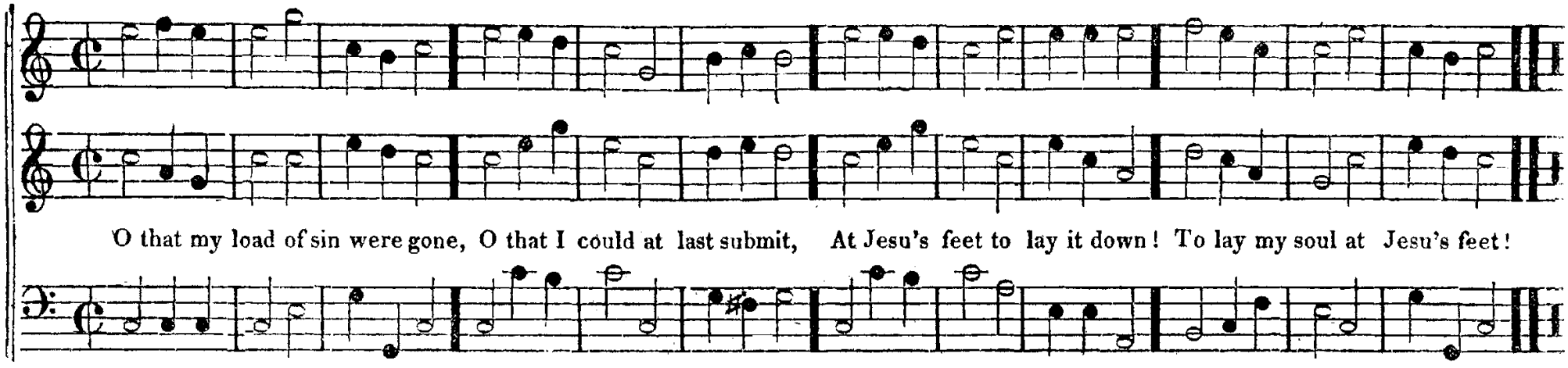

Je sus, thy far ex tend ed fame, My drooping soul ex - ults to hear; Thy name, thy
all, Thy name, thy all re - stor ing name, Is mu sic in a sin ner's ear.



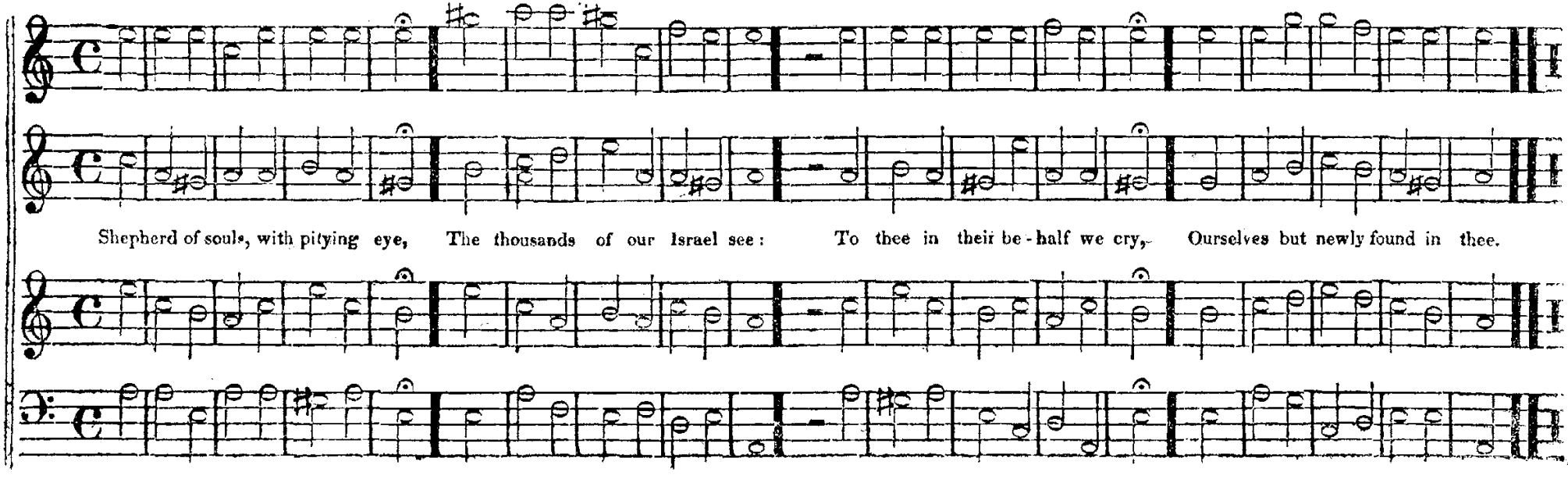
Bold shall I stand in thy great day ;
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
Fully absolv'd through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

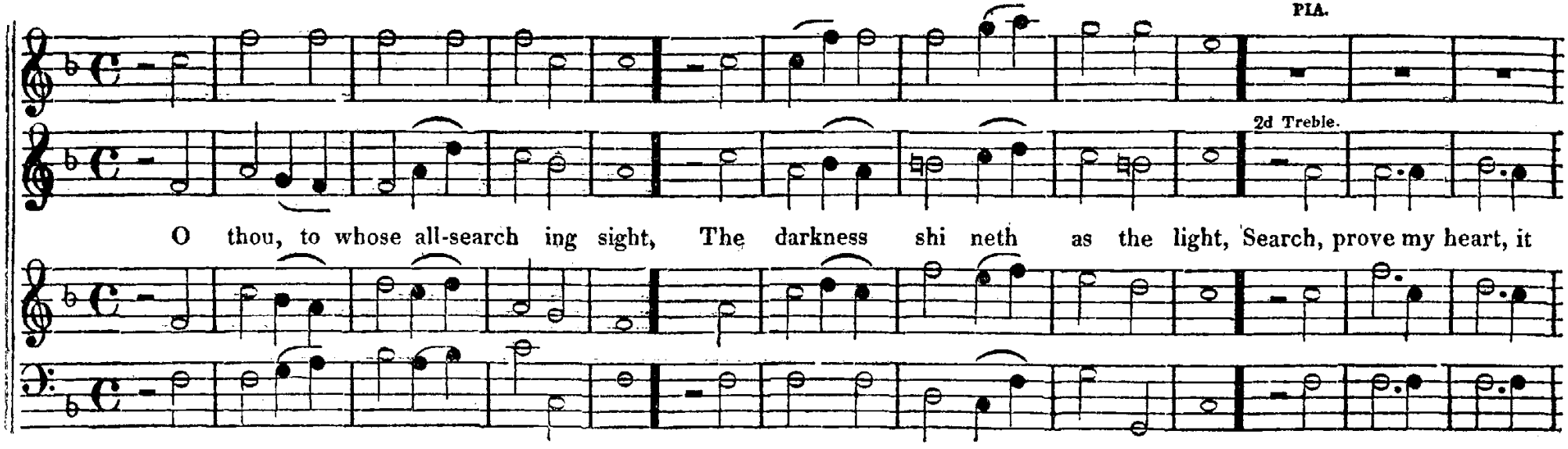
The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came ;
Who died for me, ev'n me t' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

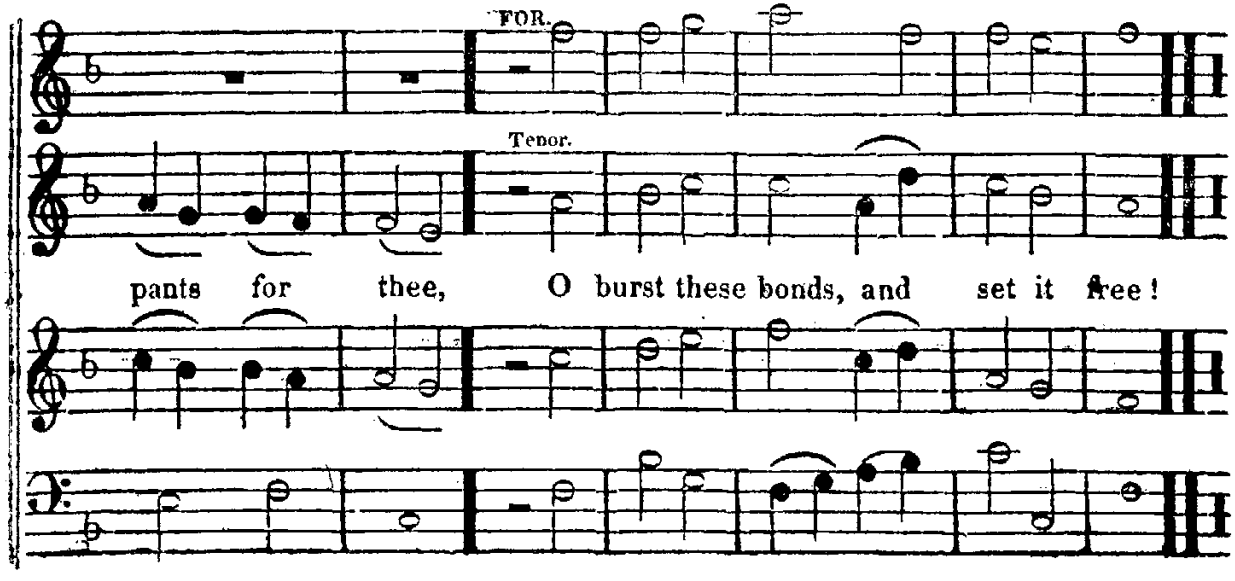
Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For *me*, ev'n for *my* soul was shed.



KIRKE. HYMN 103. L. M.



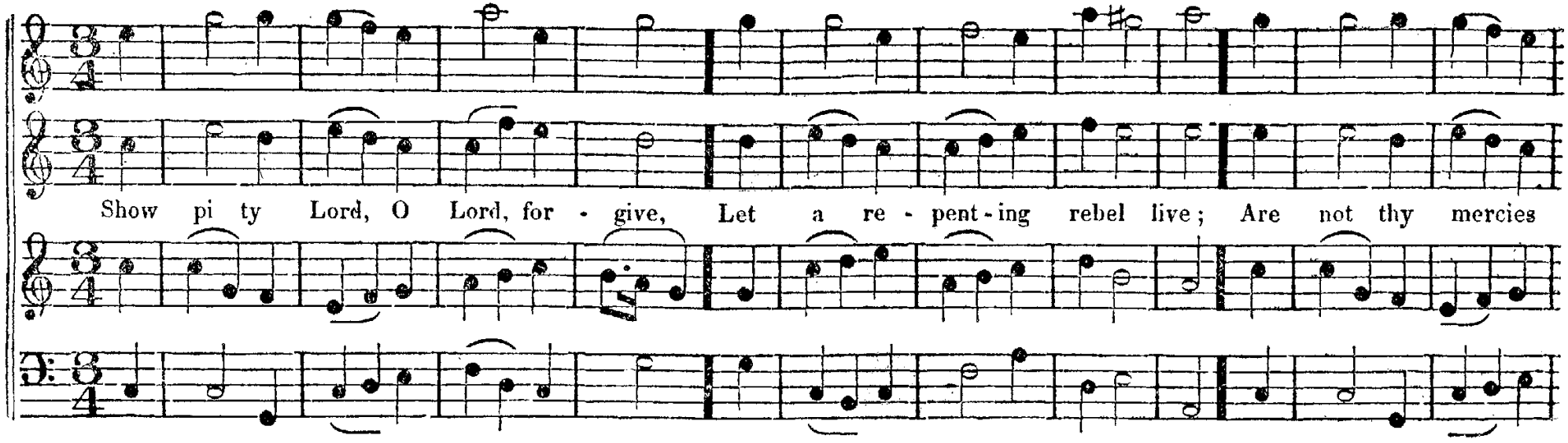


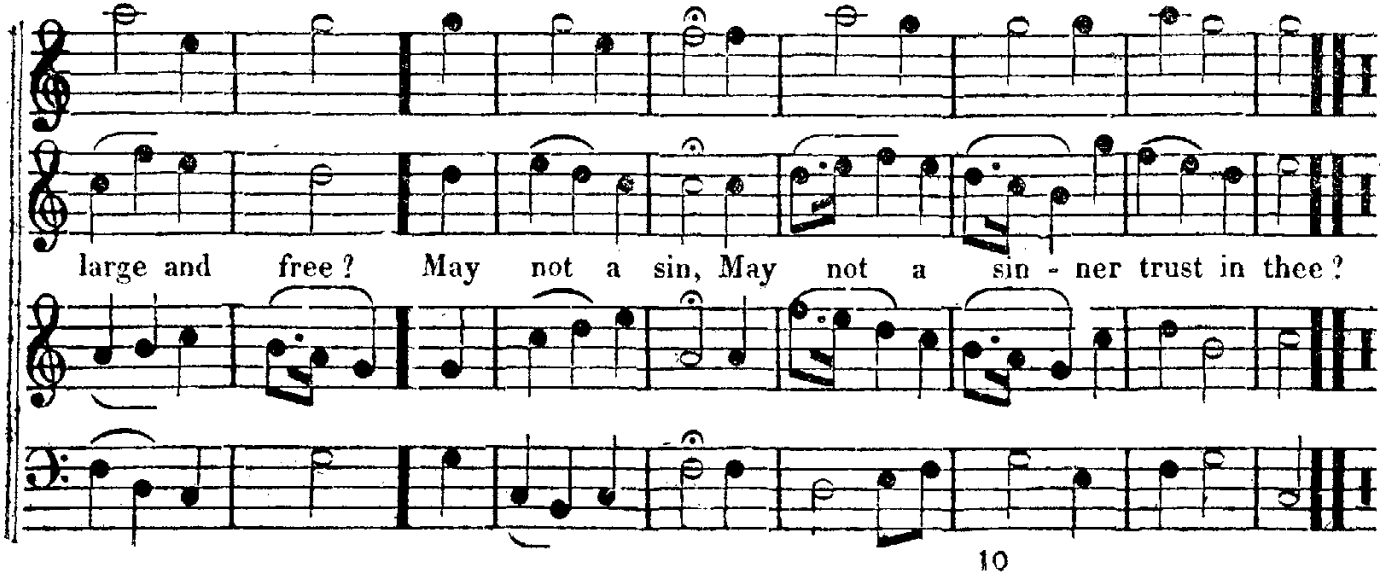


Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way ;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.



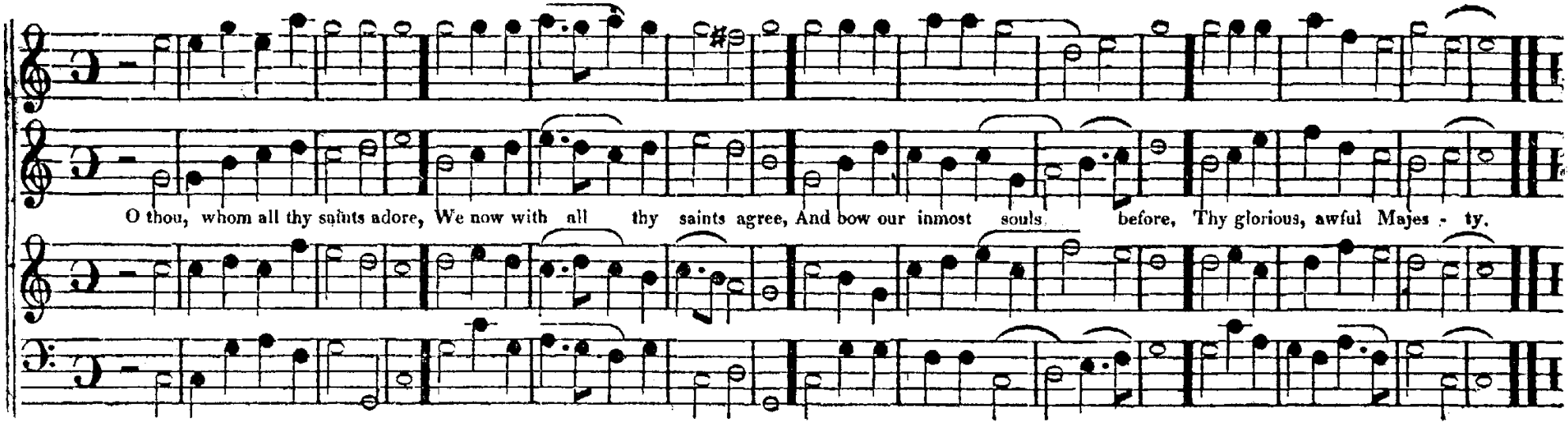


My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

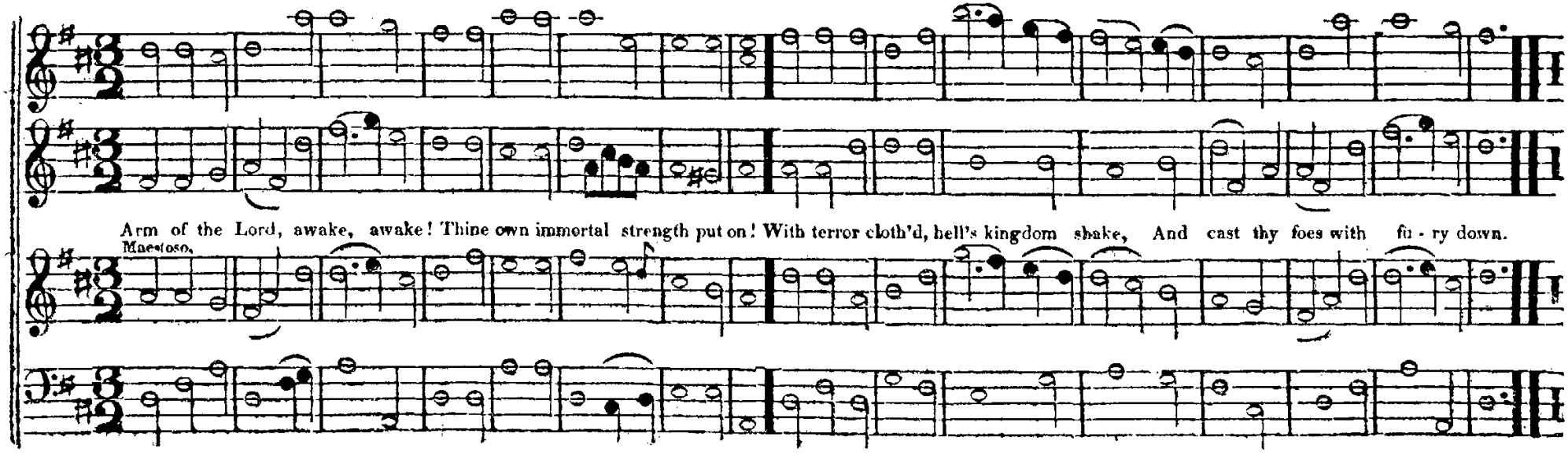
O! wash my soul from every sin!
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

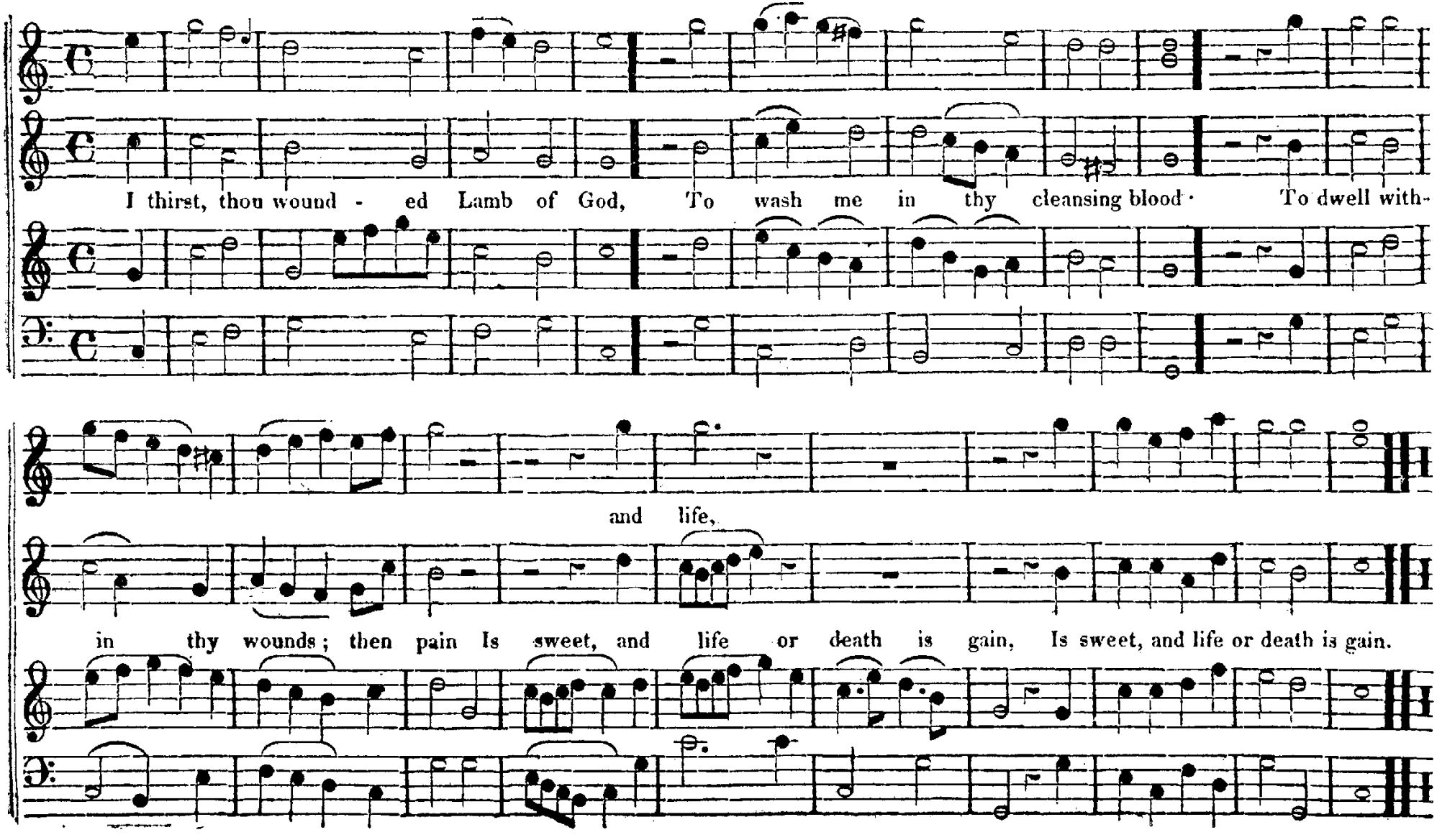
My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

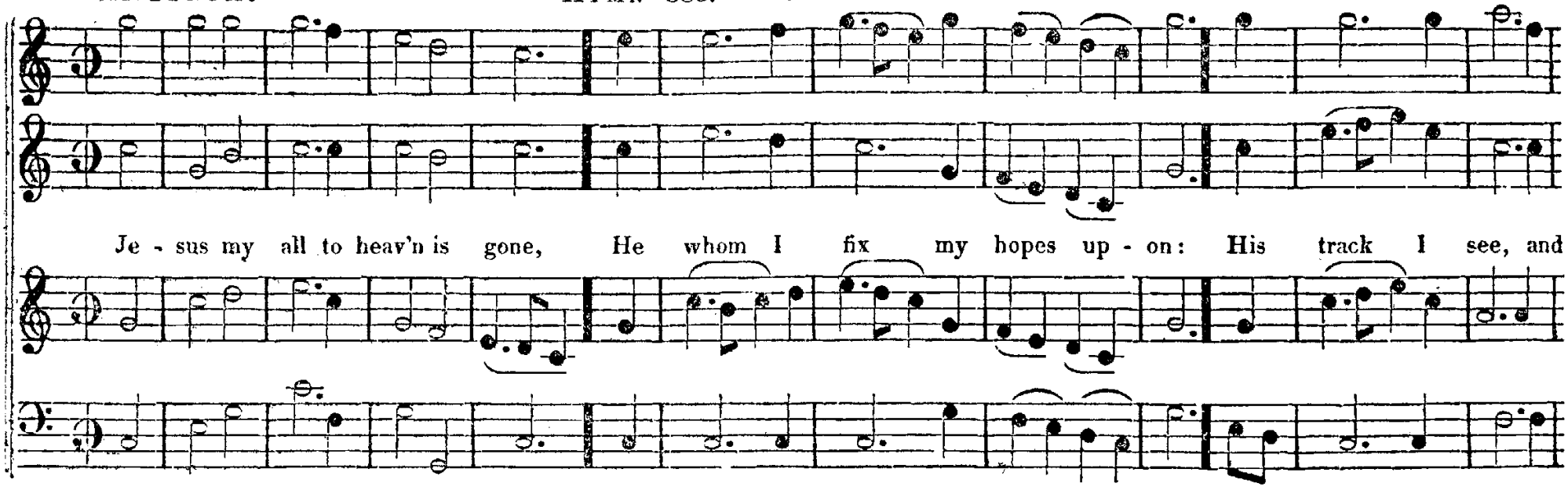
BRAMCOAT. Hymn 137. L. M.

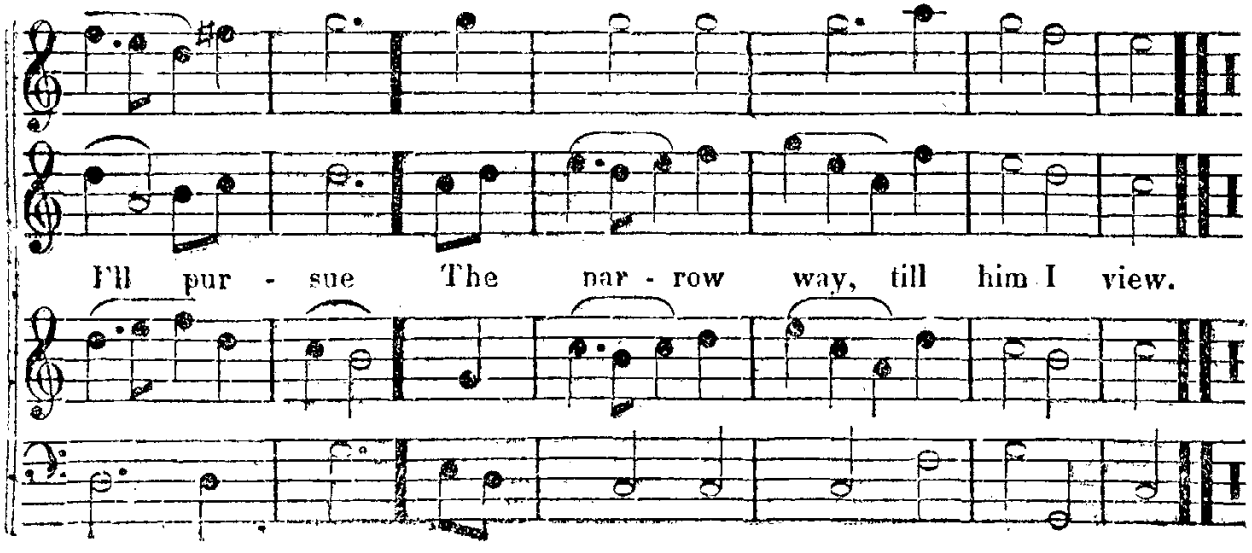


WARRINGTON. Hymn 480. L. M.




I thirst, thou wound - ed Lamb of God, To wash me in thy cleansing blood · To dwell with-
and life,
in thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain, Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

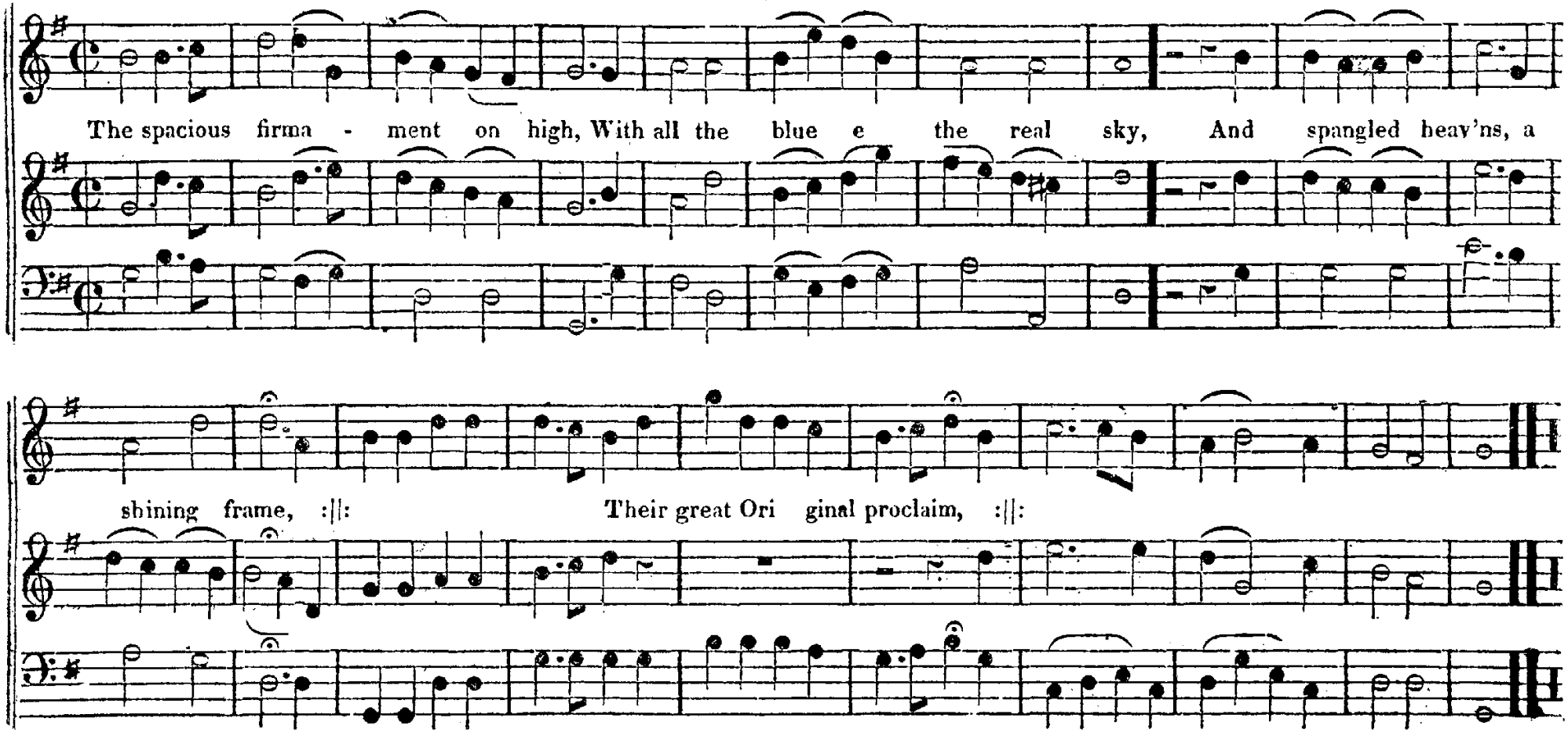




The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment:
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

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

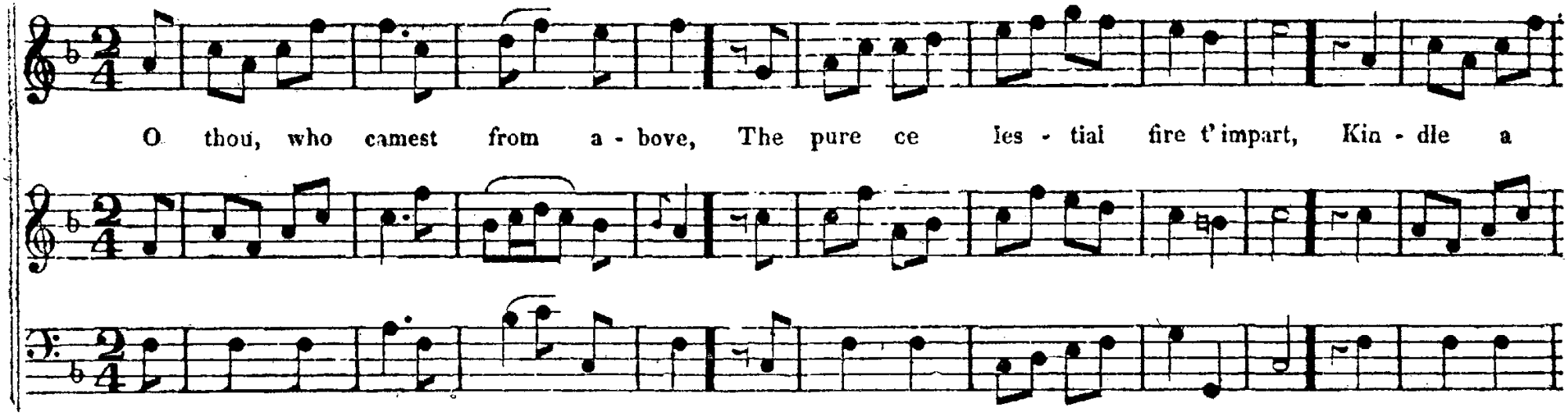
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither soul, I AM THE WAY."

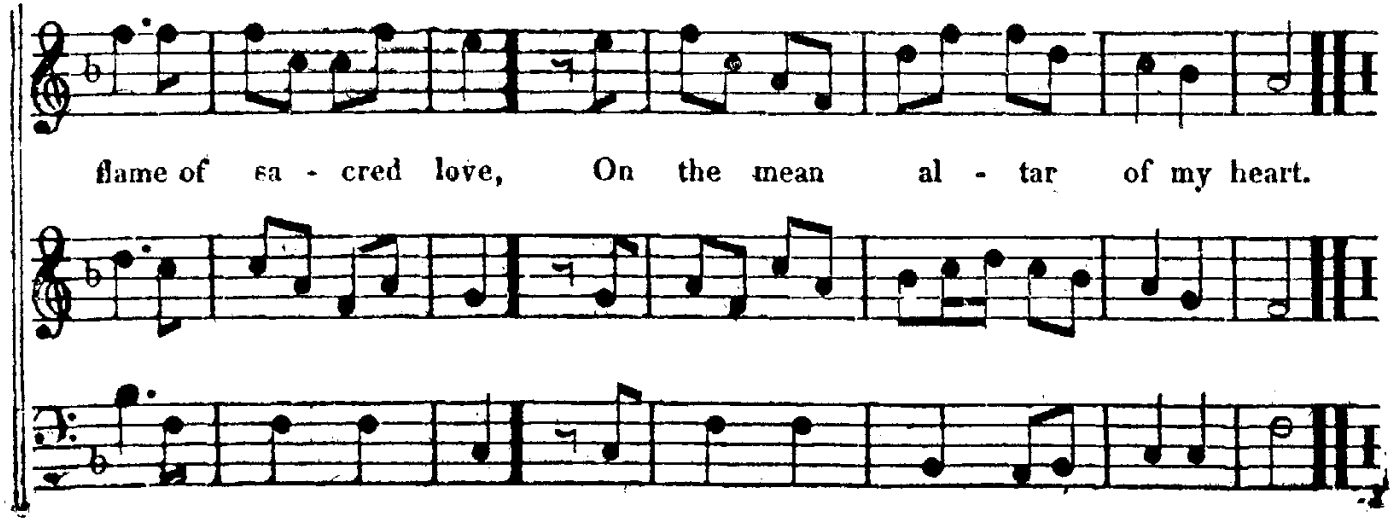


Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

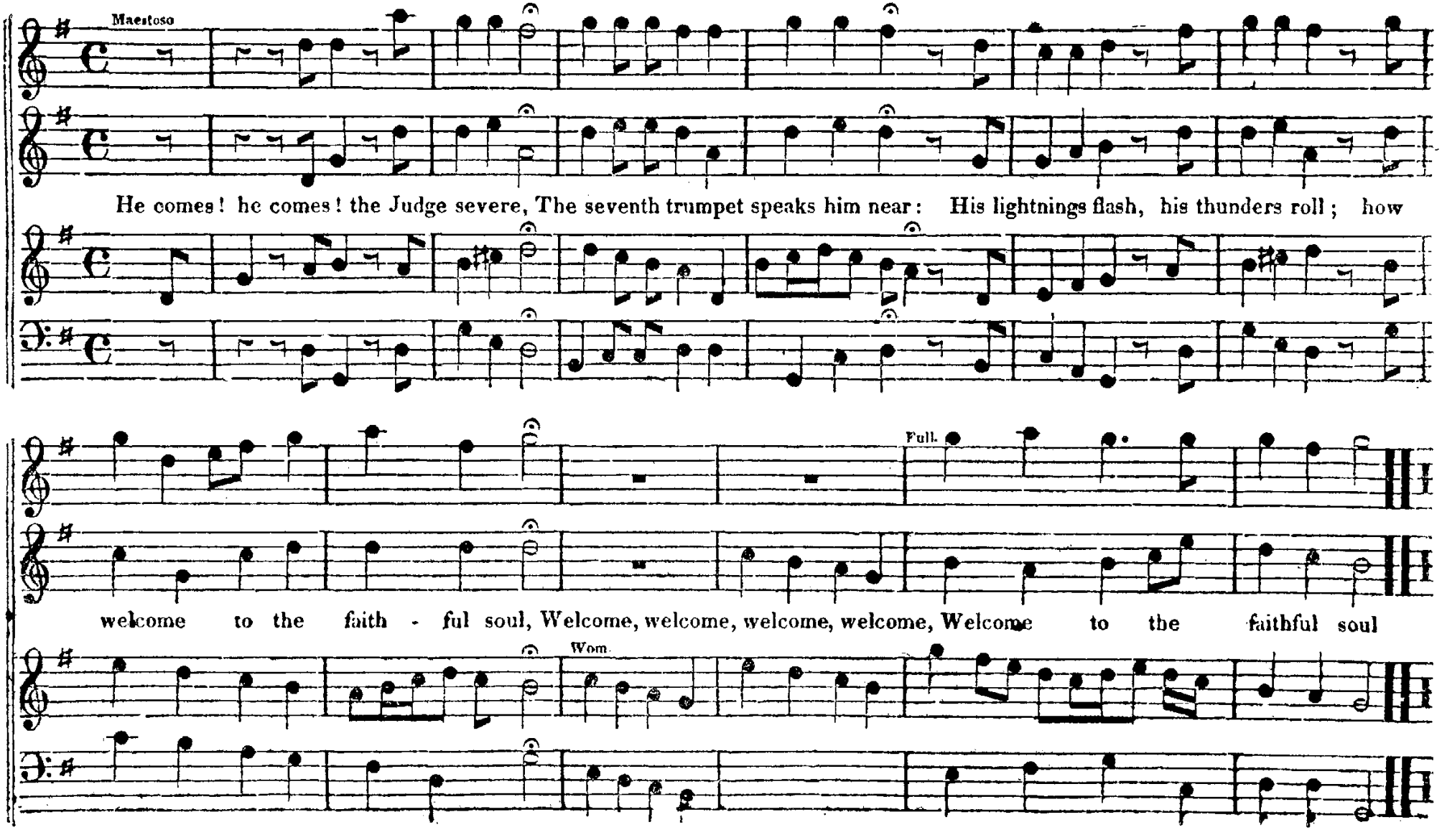


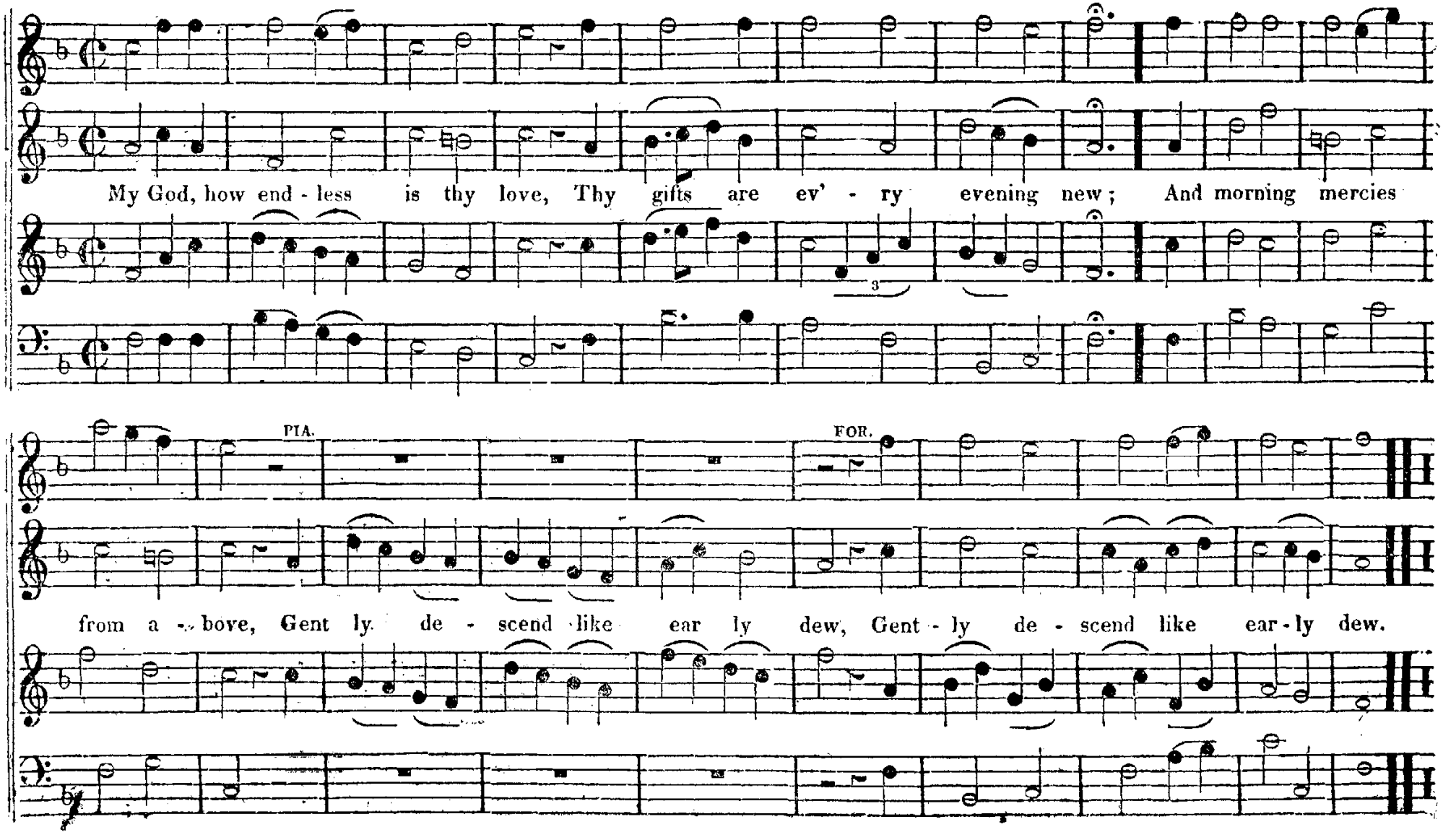


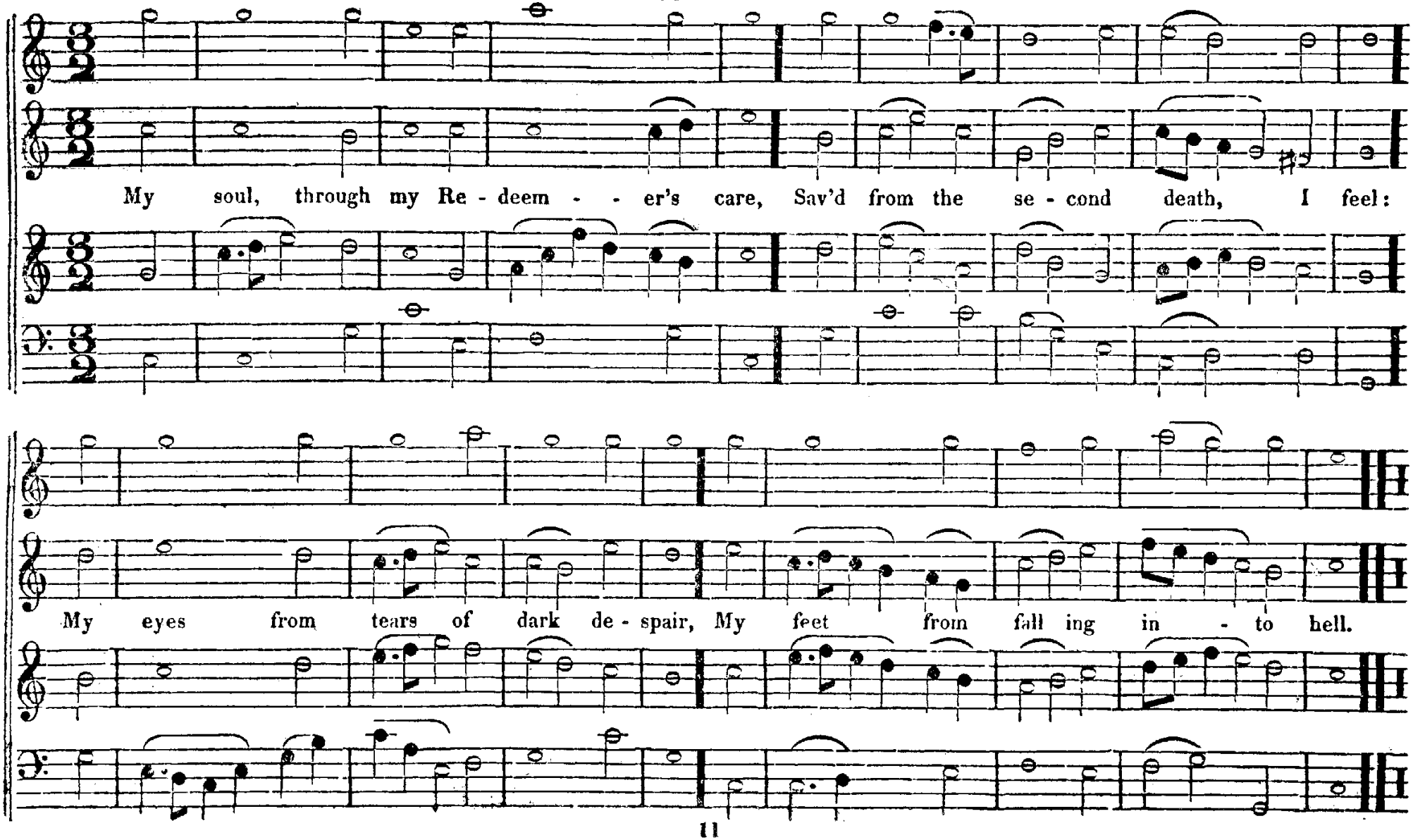
There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze,
And trembling, to its source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.

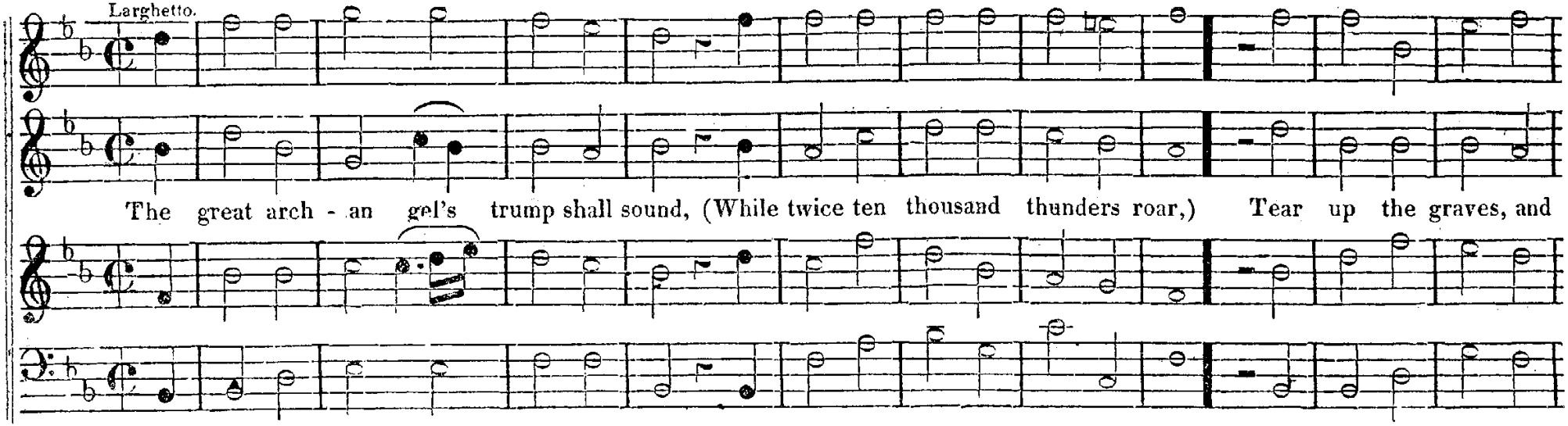
Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

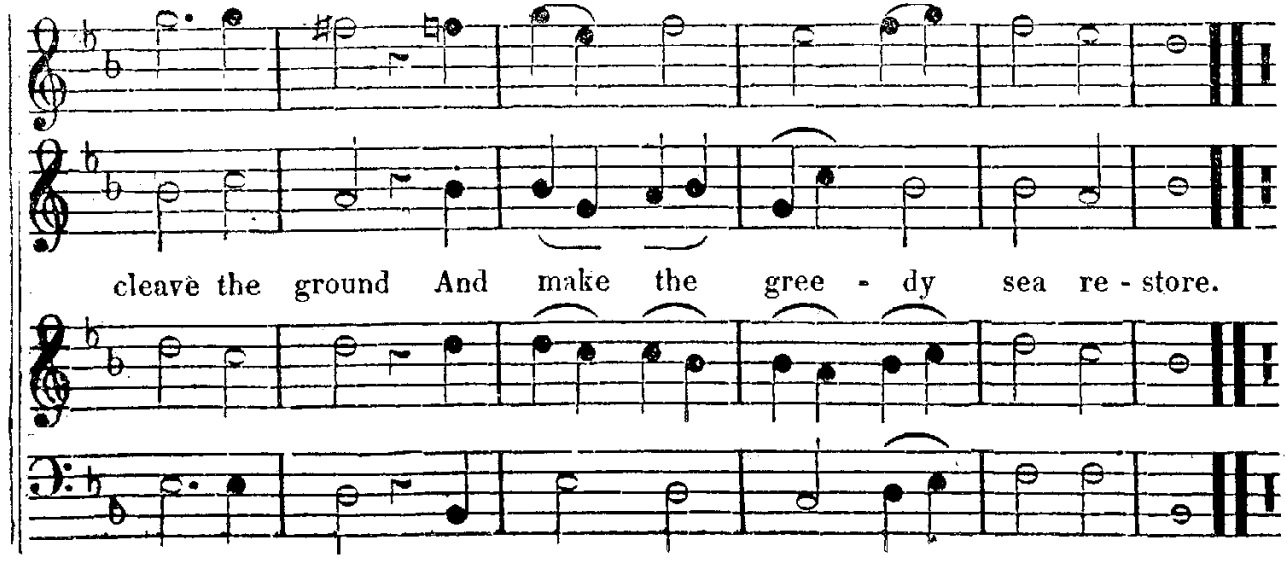
Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat;
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.


Maestoso
He comes! he comes! the Judge severe, The seventh trumpet speaks him near: His lightnings flash, his thunders roll; how
Full.
welcome to the faith - ful soul, Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, Welcome to the faithful soul
Wom.


My God, how end - less is thy love, Thy gifts are ev' - ry evening new; And morning mercies
PIA.
FOR.
from a - bove, Gent ly de - scend like ear ly dew, Gent - ly de - scend like ear - ly dew.


My soul, through my Re - deem - - er's care, Sav'd from the se - cond death, I feel:
My eyes from tears of dark de - spair, My feet from fall ing in - to hell.





The greedy sea shall yield her dead;
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

But we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesu's righteousness:
Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.

We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,
Shall stand unmov'd amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

MAGDALEN.

HYMN 124. L. M.

Tallis.

My hope, my all, my Saviour thou, To thee, lo! now my soul I bow; I feel the bliss thy wounds im - part, I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

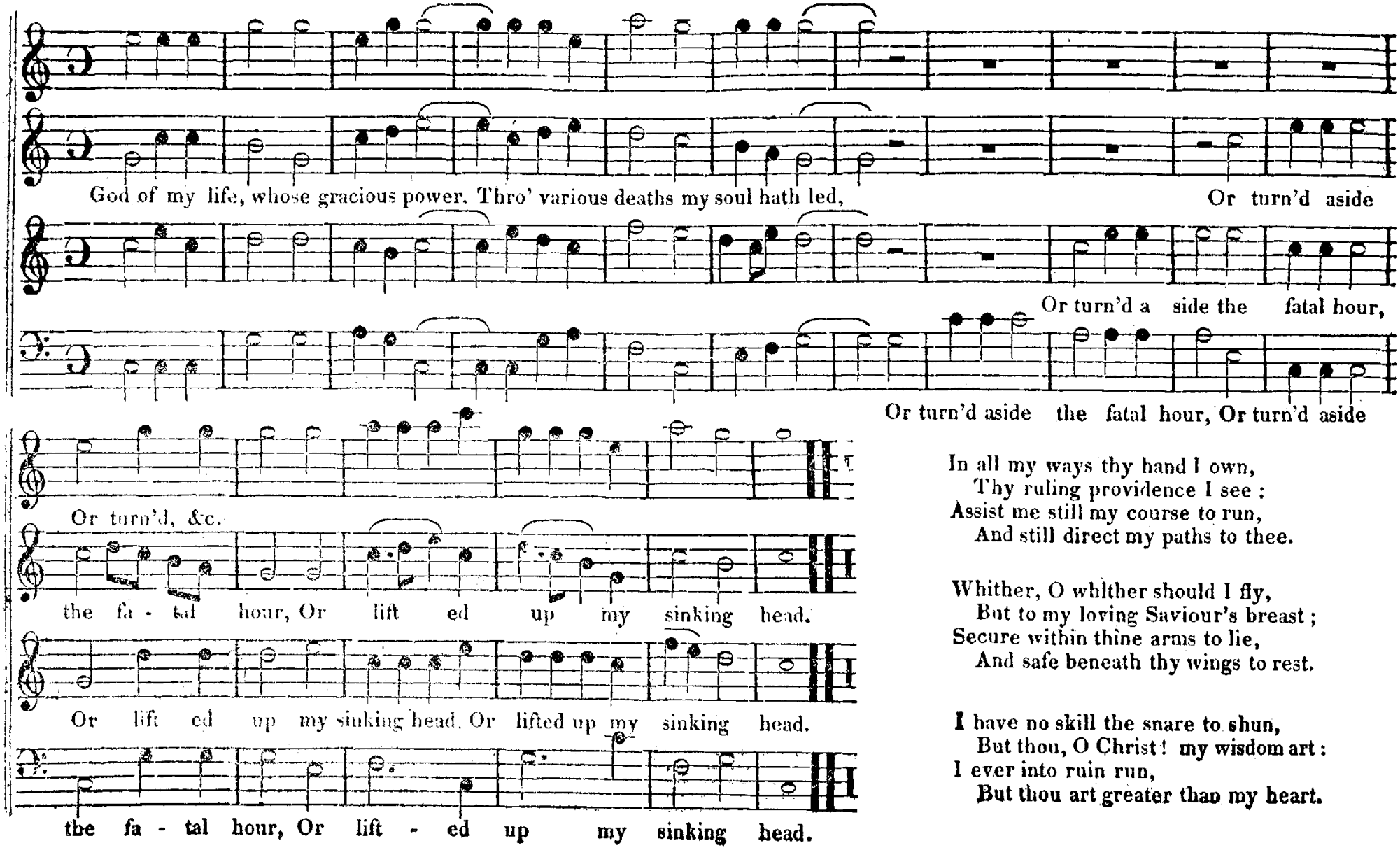
NEWPORT.

HYMN 115. L. M.

Great God, in dulge my hum ble claim; Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest; The glories

PIA. FOR.

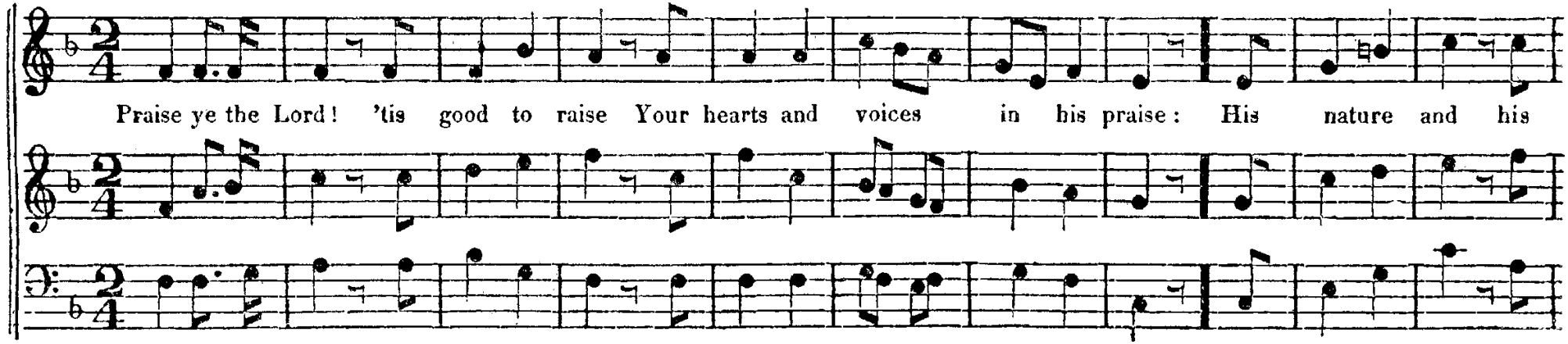
that com pose thy name, Stand all en - gag'd to make me blest, Stand all en - gag'd to make me blest.

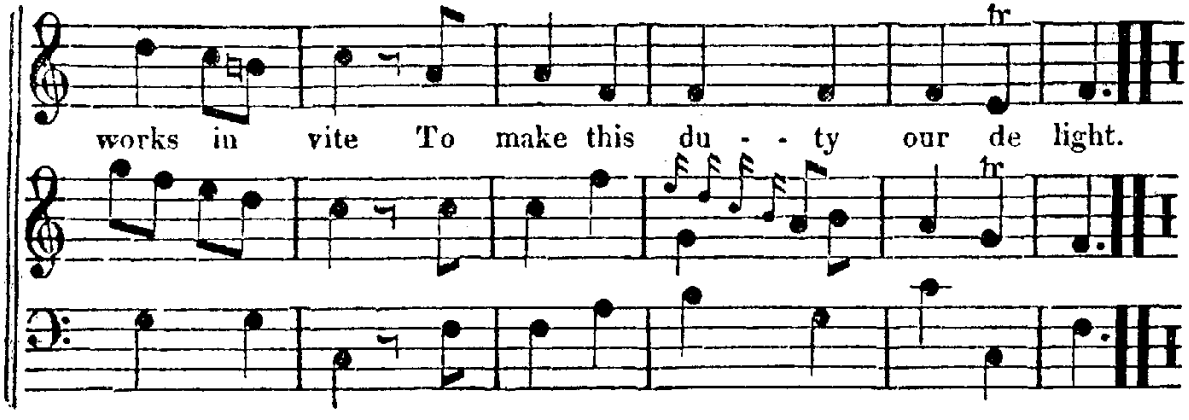


In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast;
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ! my wisdom art:
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.





What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, or warlike horse!
The piercing wit, the active limb,
Are all too mean delights for him.

But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
He looks, and loves his image there.

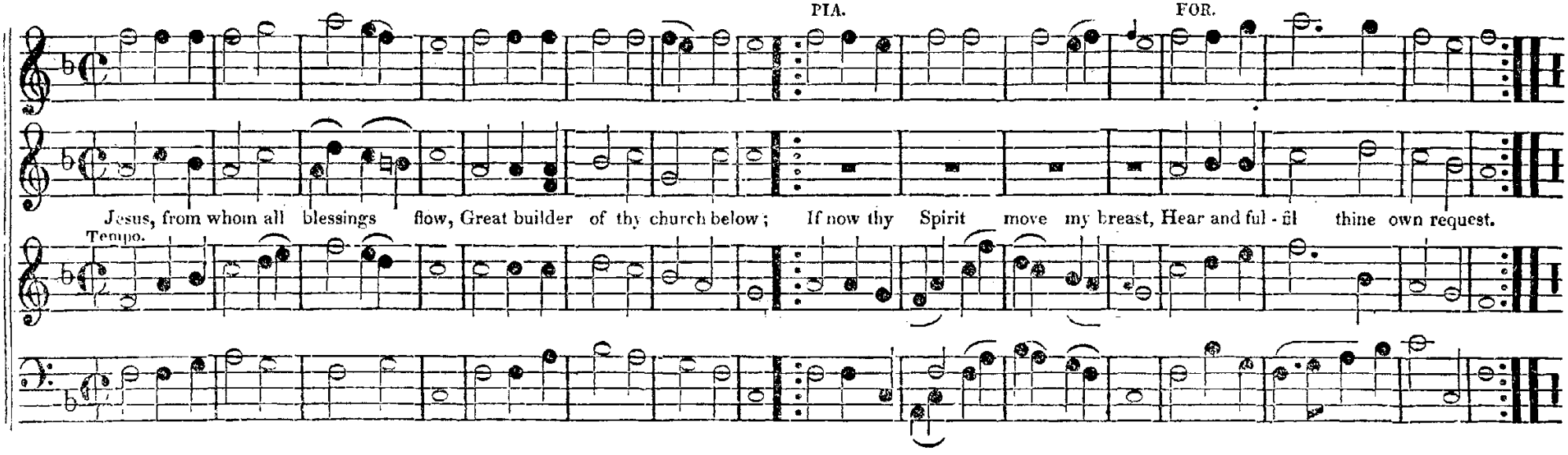
He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

He makes the grass the hills adorn;
He clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

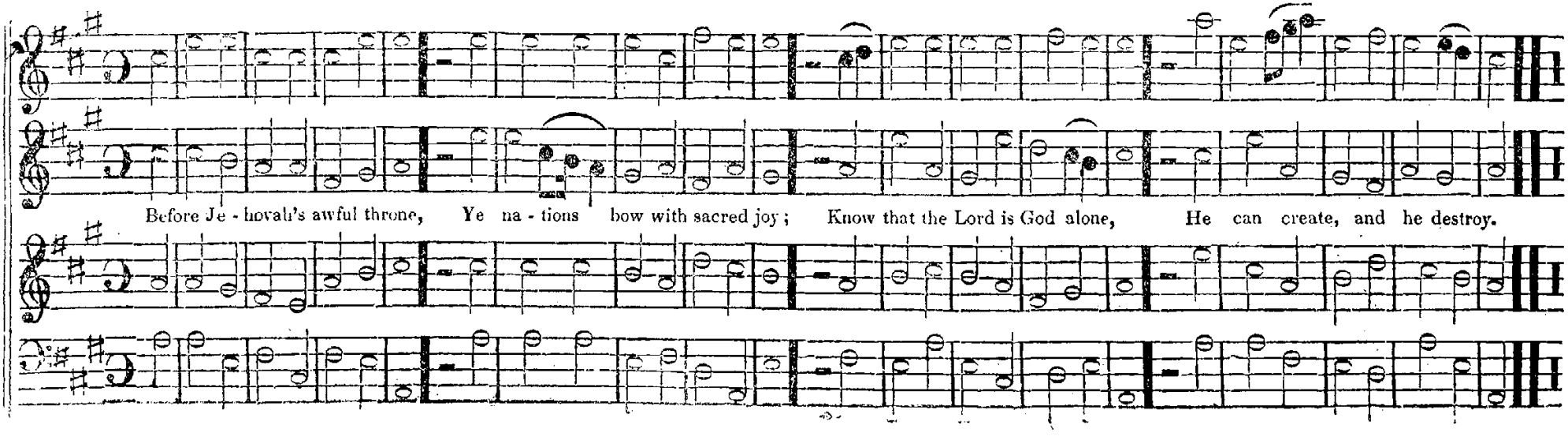
NEWRY.

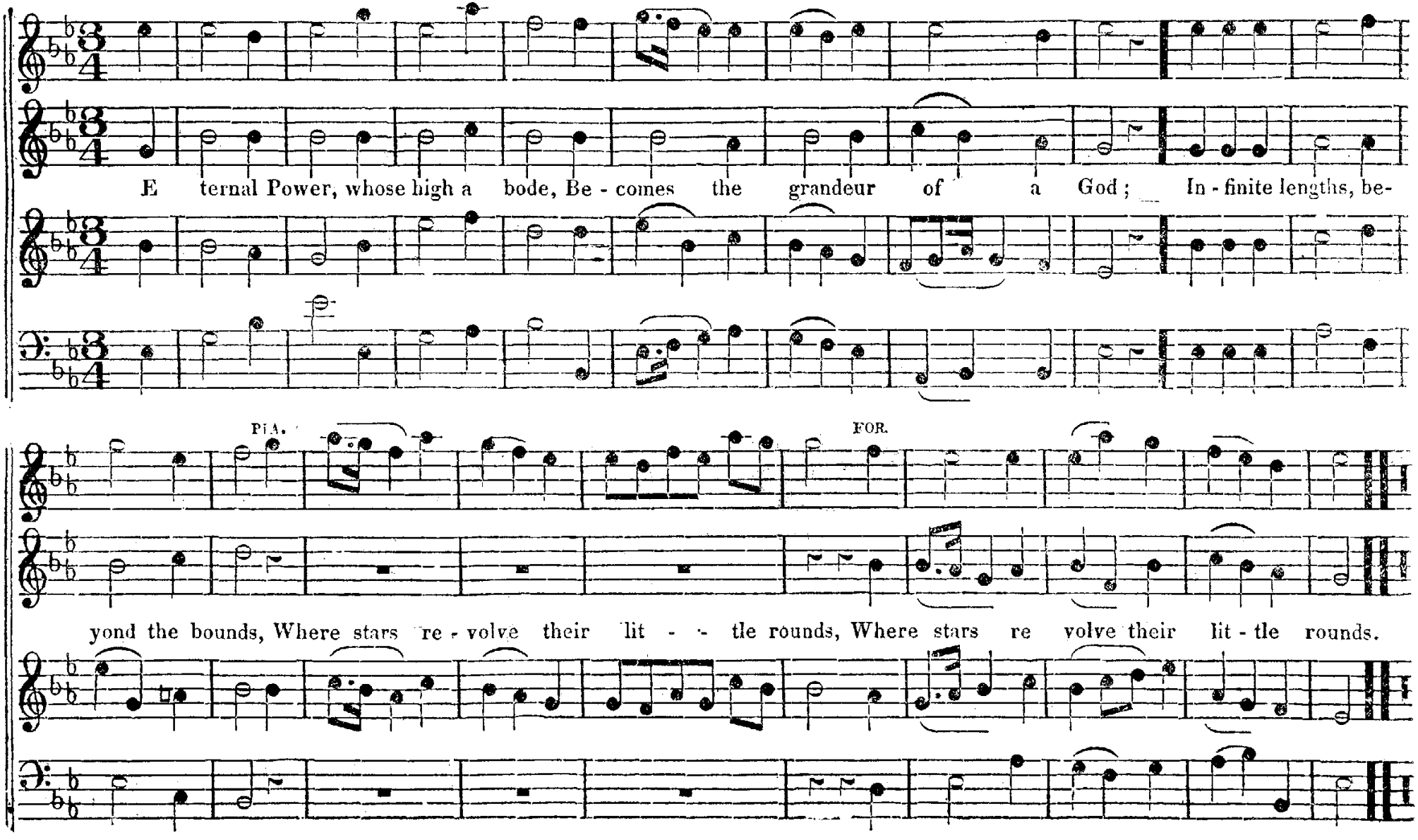
Hymn 123. L. M.

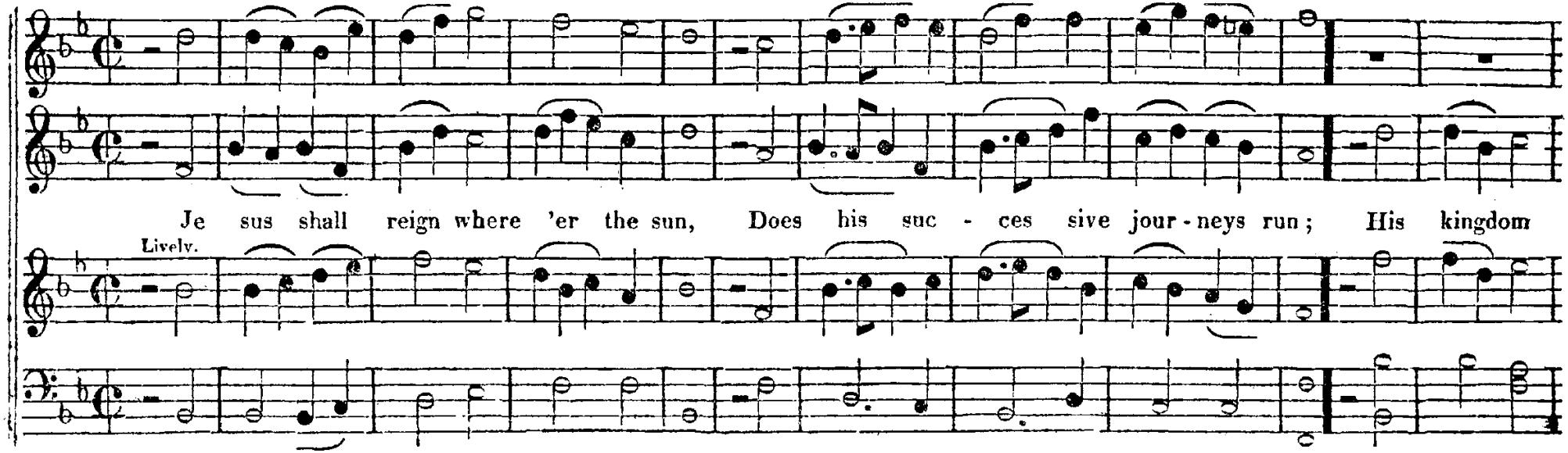


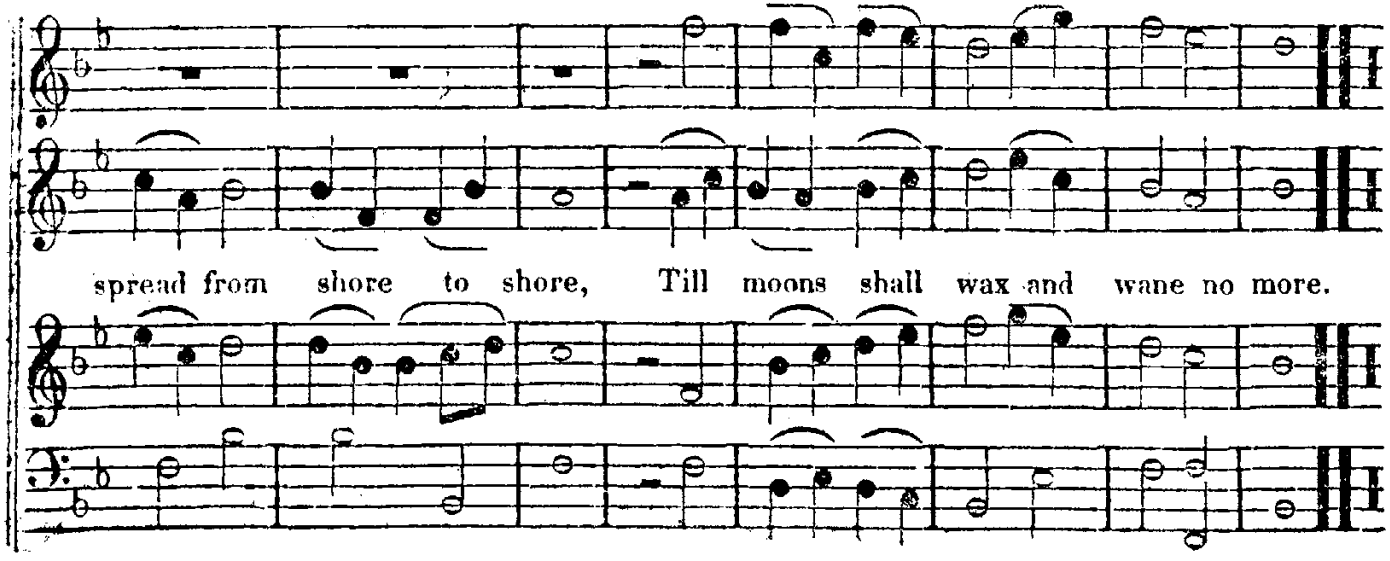
OLD HUNDRED.

Hymn 266. L. M.




E ternal Power, whose high a bode, Be - comes the grandeur of a God; In - finite lengths, be-
PIA.
FOR.
yond the bounds, Where stars re - volve their lit - - tle rounds, Where stars re volve their lit - tle rounds.

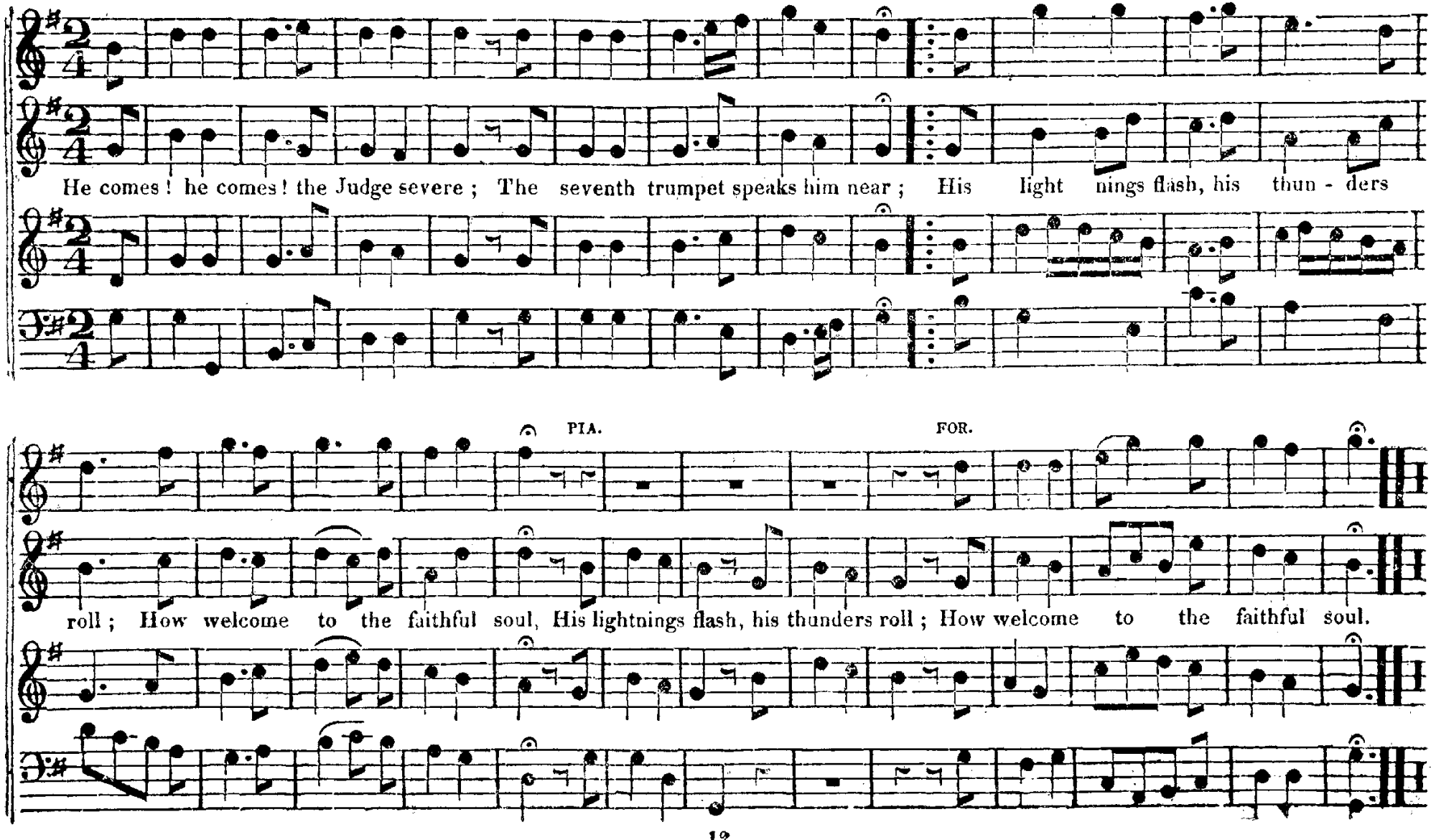


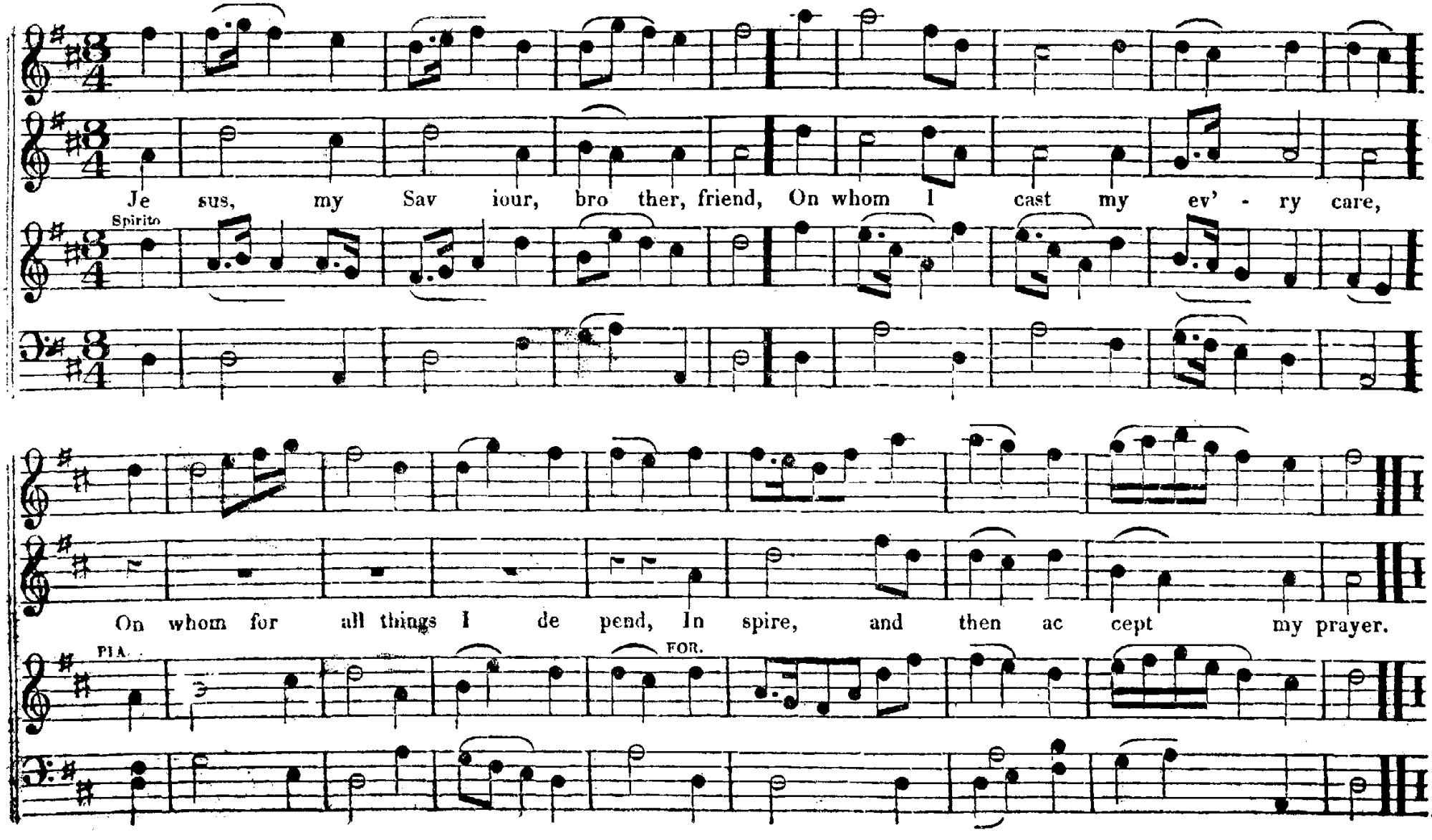


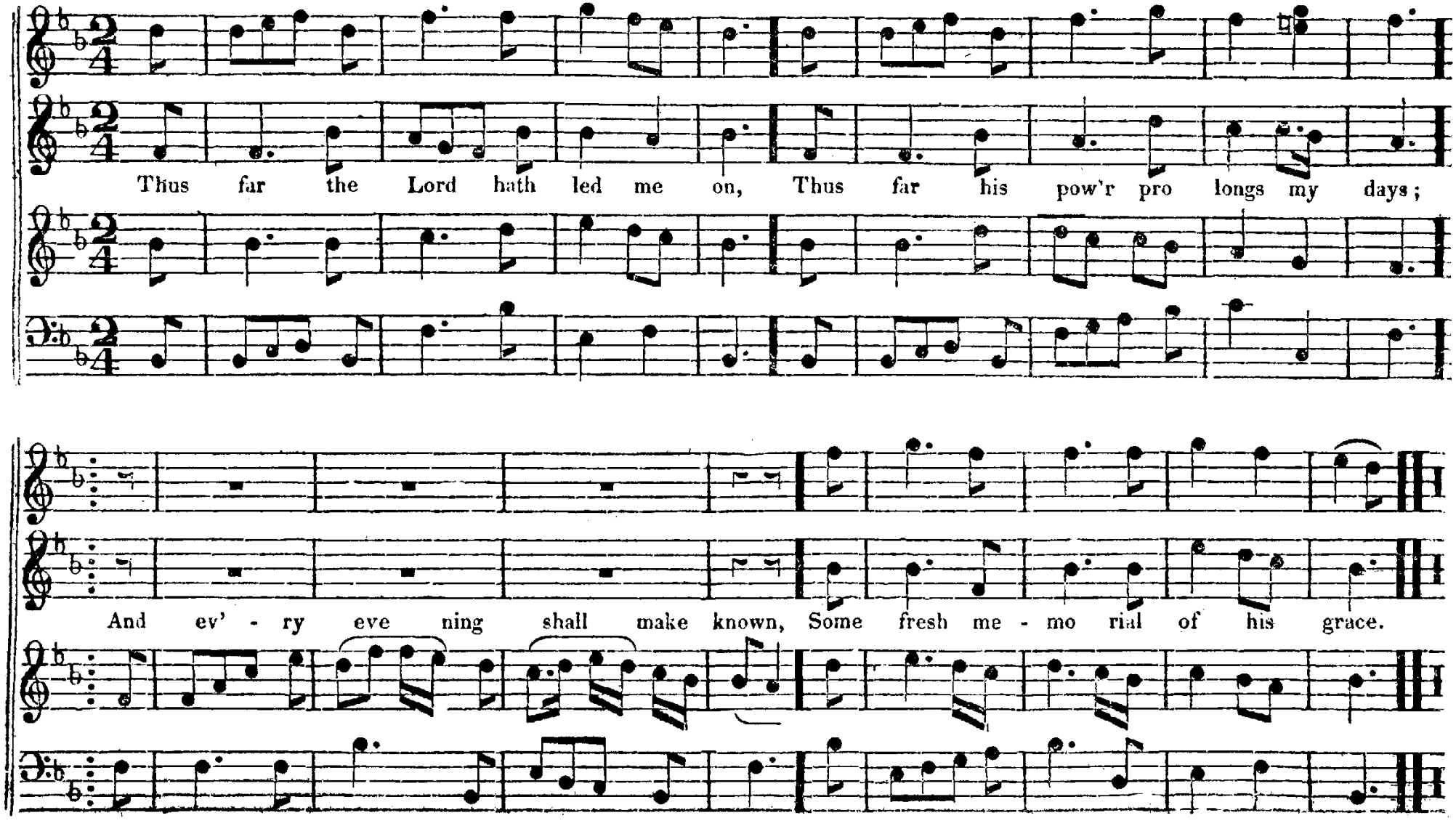
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

To him shall endless pray'r be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

People and realms of ev'ry tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim,
Their early blessings on his name


He comes! he comes! the Judge severe; The seventh trumpet speaks him near; His lightnings flash, his thun - ders
PIA.
FOR.
roll; How welcome to the faithful soul, His lightnings flash, his thunders roll; How welcome to the faithful soul.

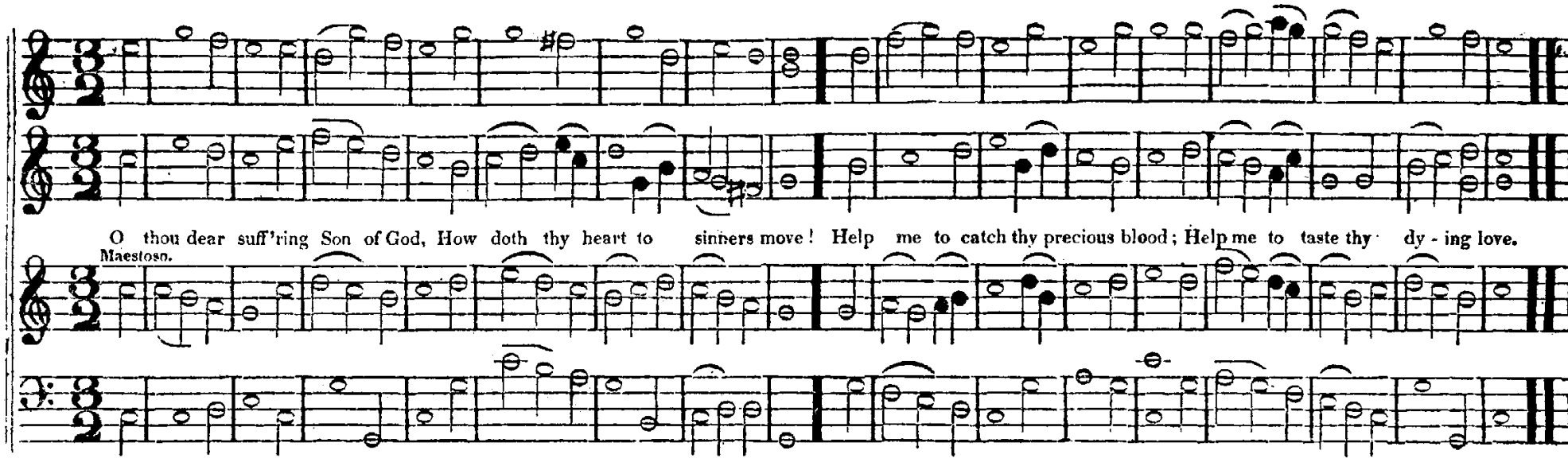

Je sus, my Sav iour, bro ther, friend, On whom I cast my ev' - ry care,
Spirito
On whom for all things I de pend, In spire, and then ac cept my prayer.
PIA.
FOR.


Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'r pro longs my days;
And ev' - ry eve ning shall make known, Some fresh me - mo rial of his grace.

WAREHAM.

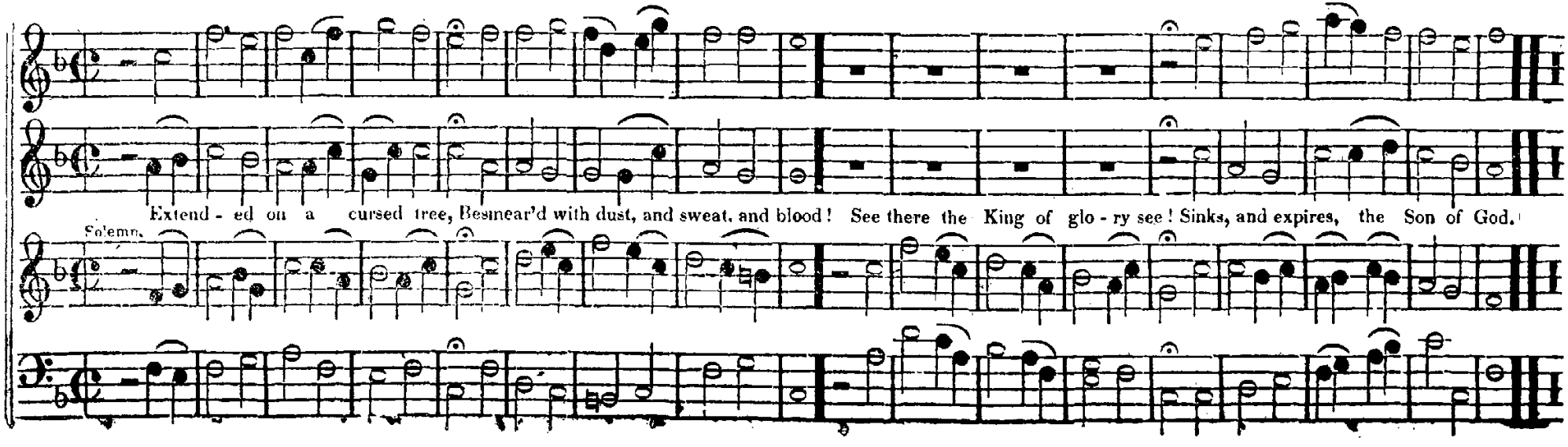
HYMN 195. L. M.

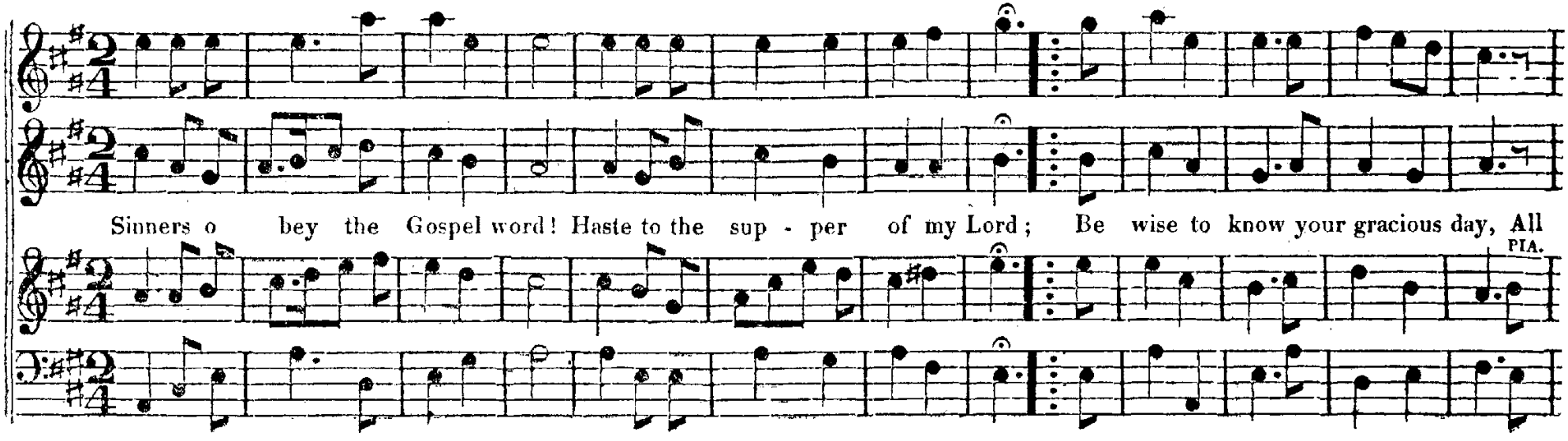
Knapp.

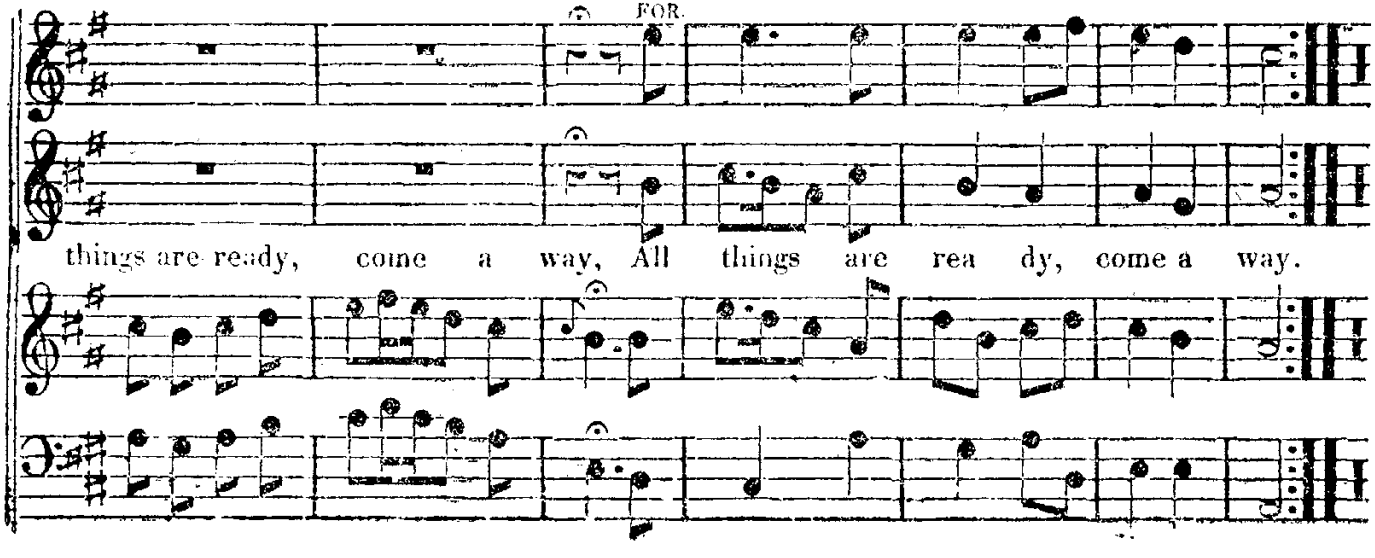


STRASBURGH.

HYMN 193. L. M.





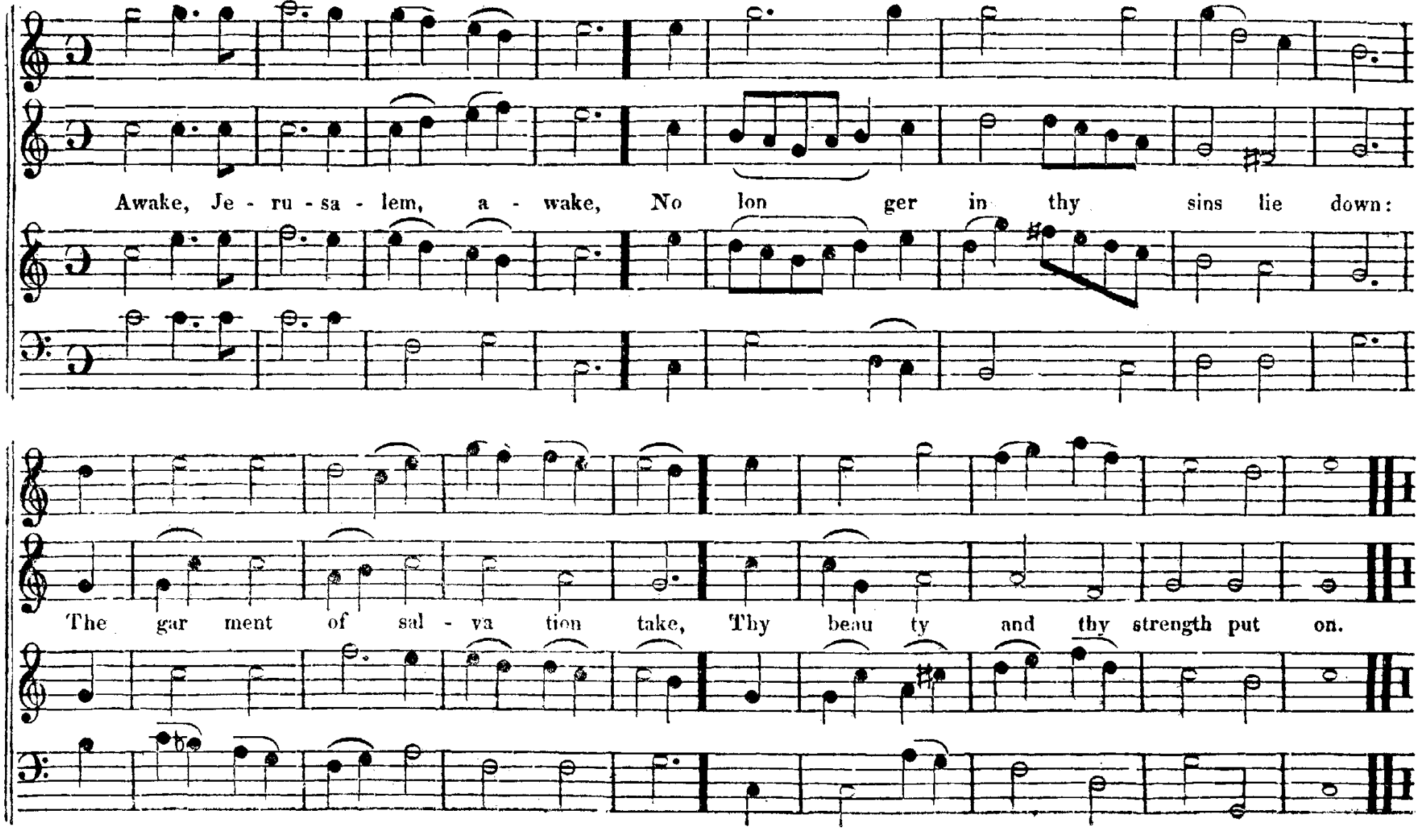


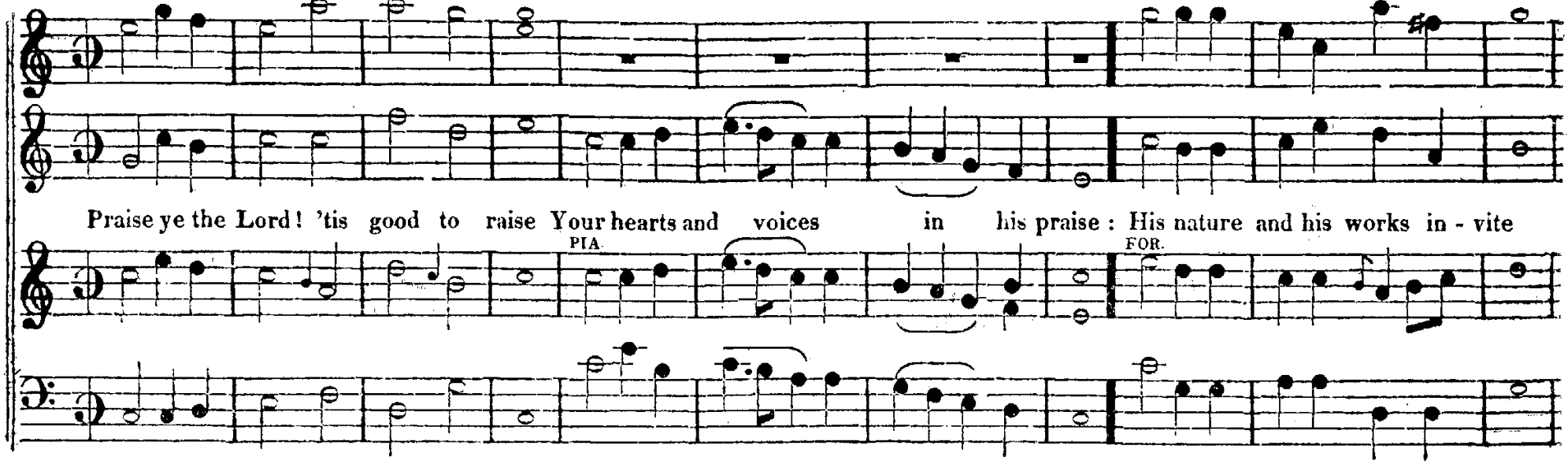
Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

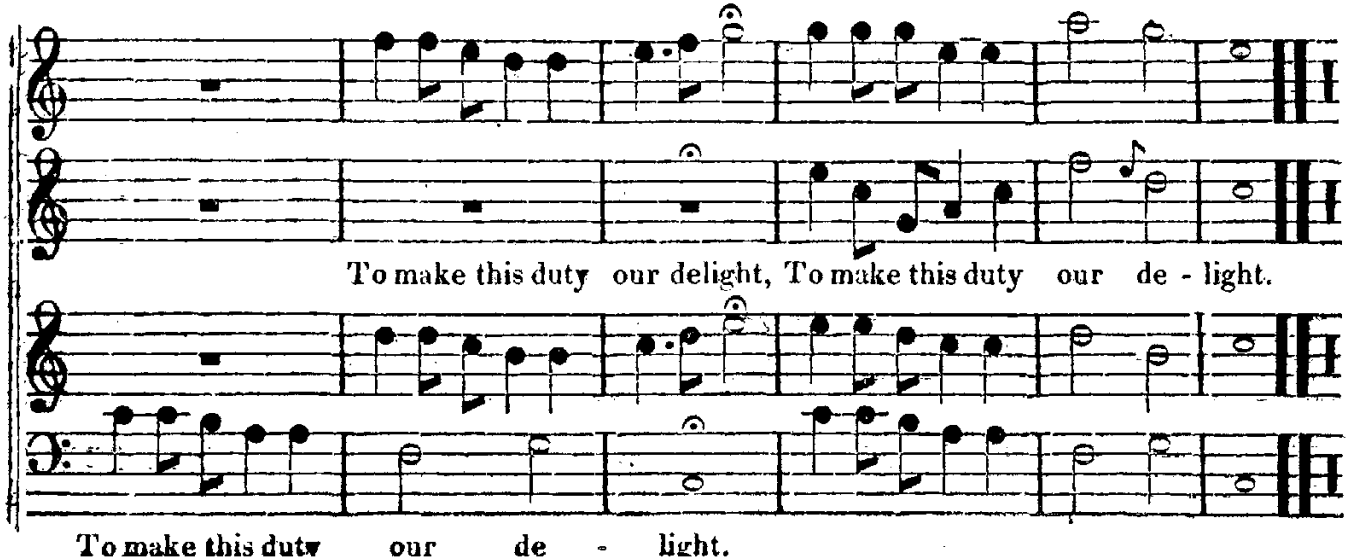
Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove;
To apply, and witness with the blood,
And wash, and seal the sons of God.

Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate:
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

NAZARETH. HYMN 11. L. M. E. Taylor.







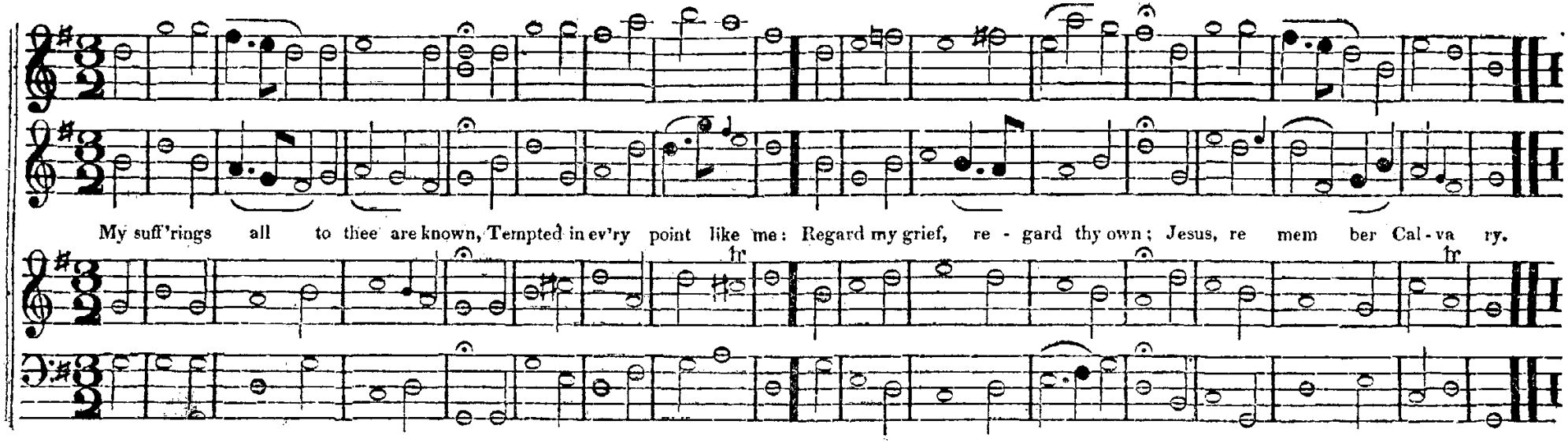
He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names.
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

He makes the grass the hills adorn;
He clothes the smiling fields with corn:
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

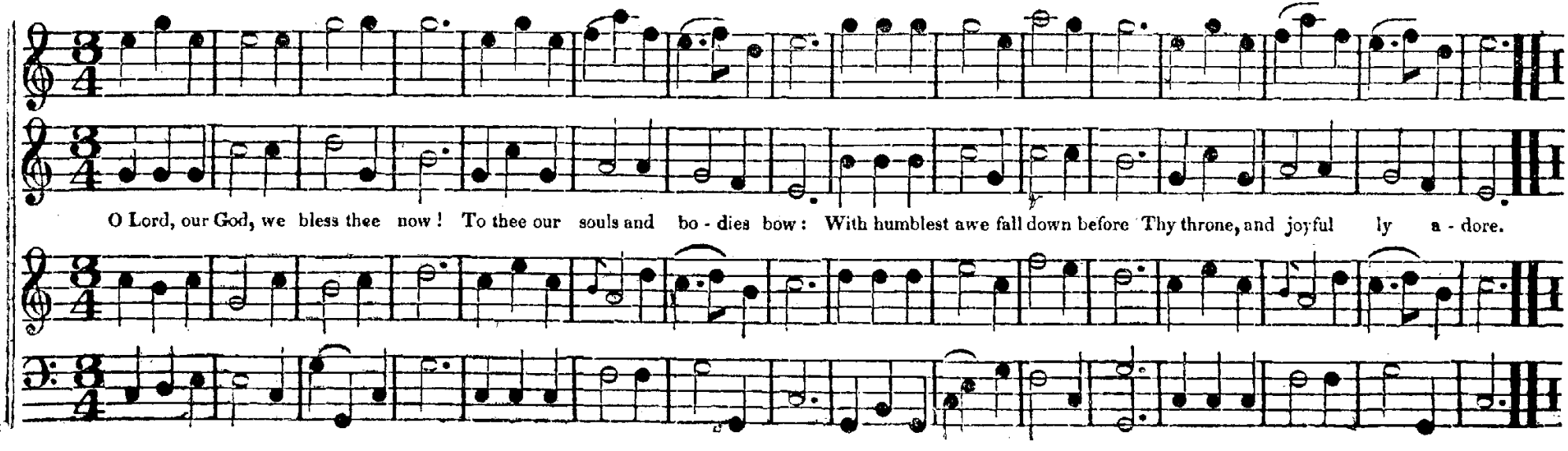
ANGEL'S HYMN.

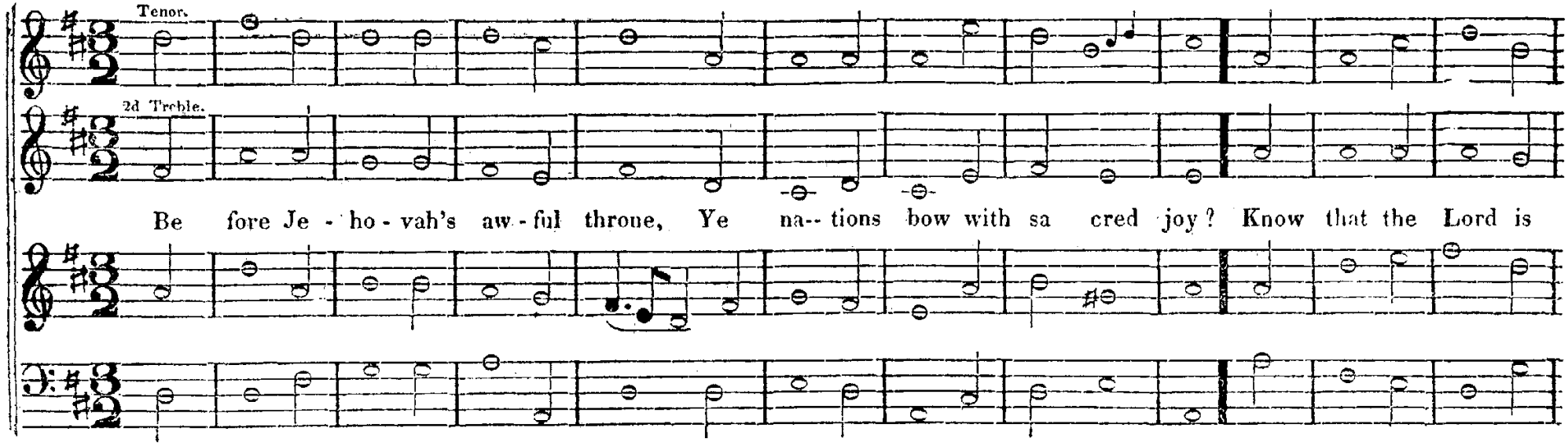
HYMN 26. L. M.

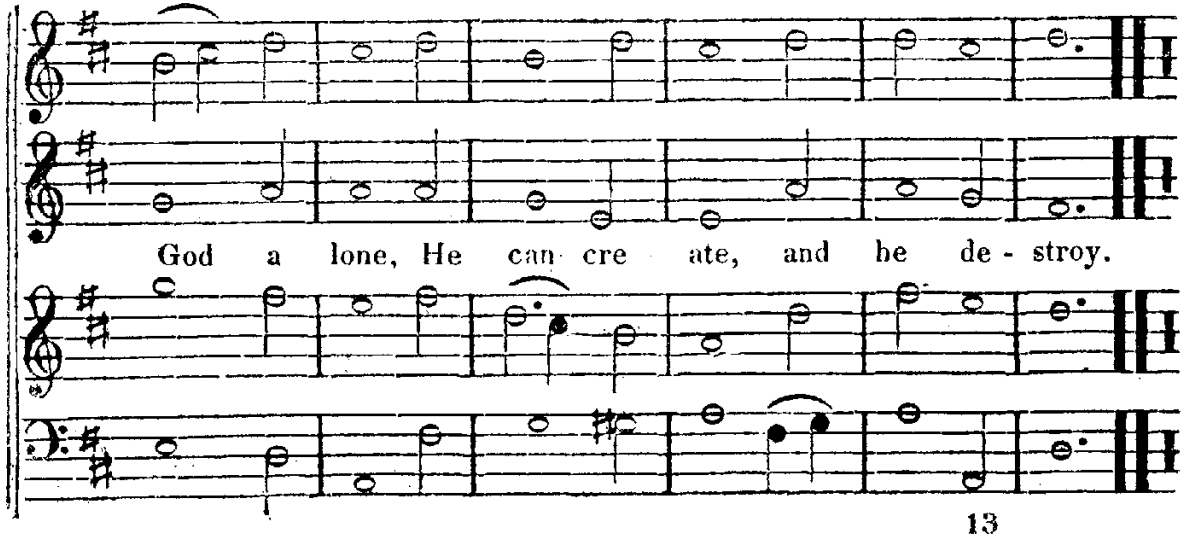


GERMAN AIR.

HYMN 605. L. M.



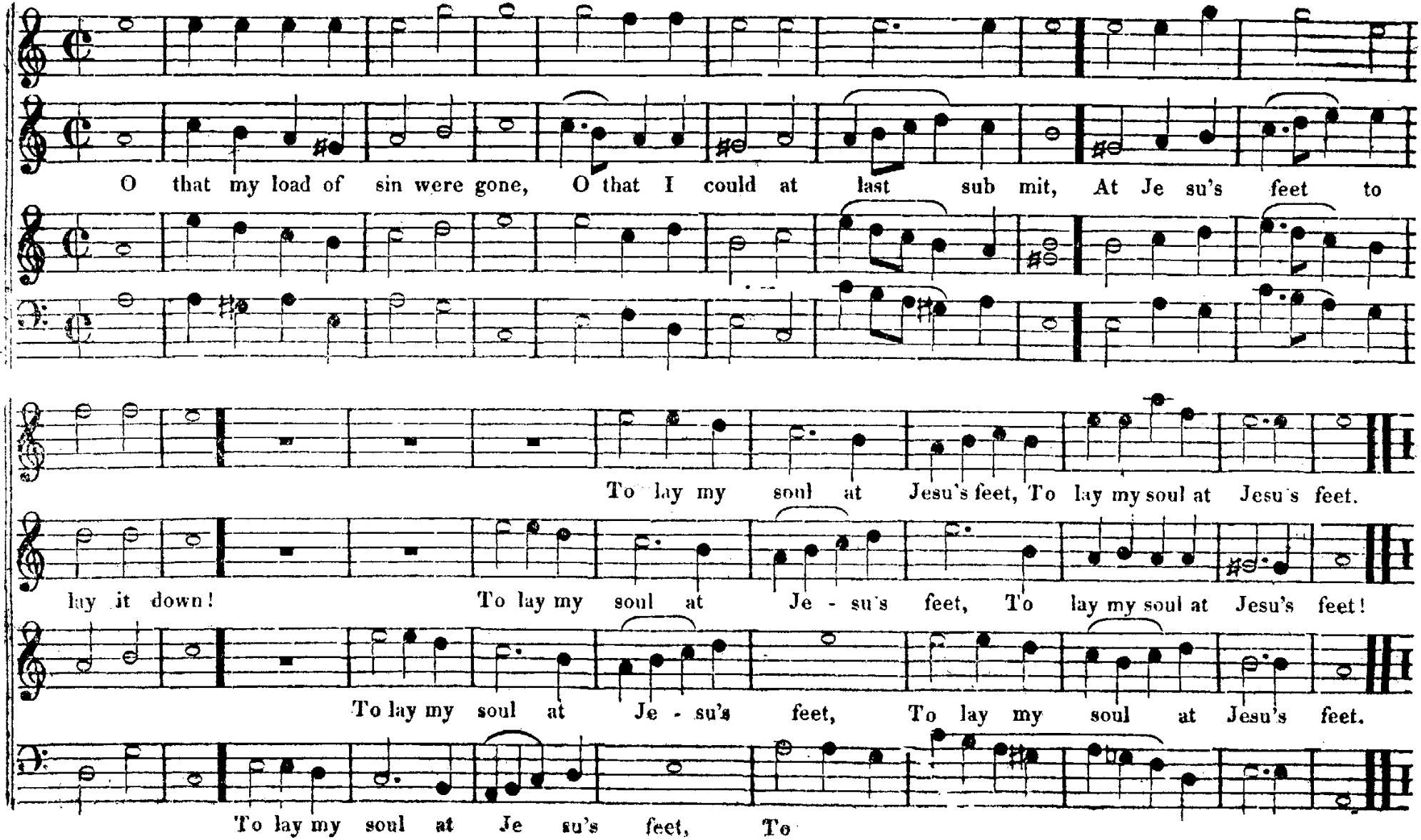


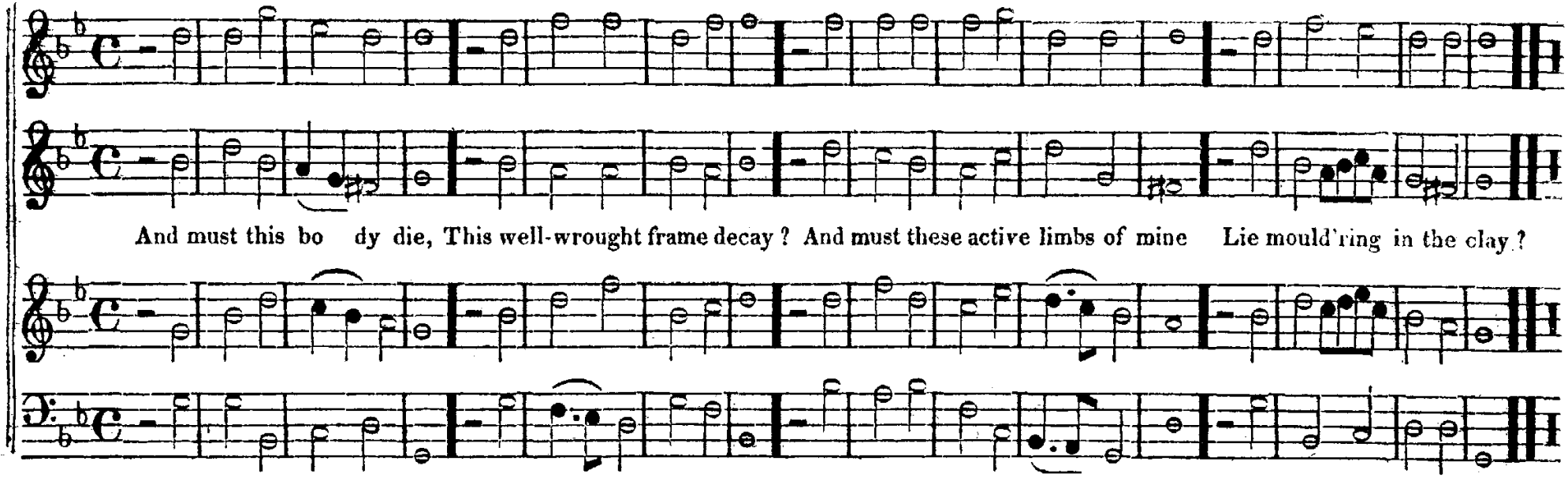


His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

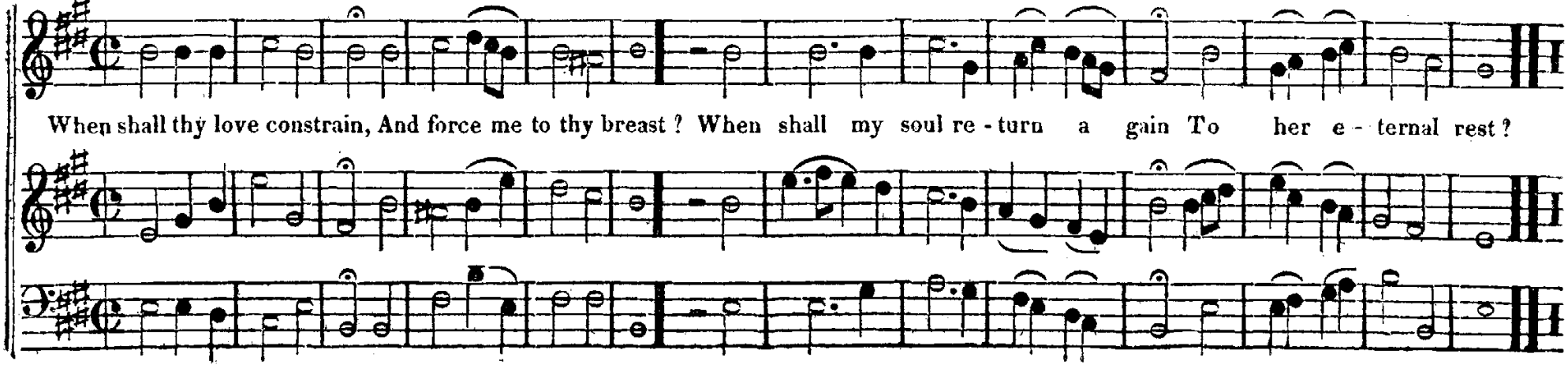
We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise:
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

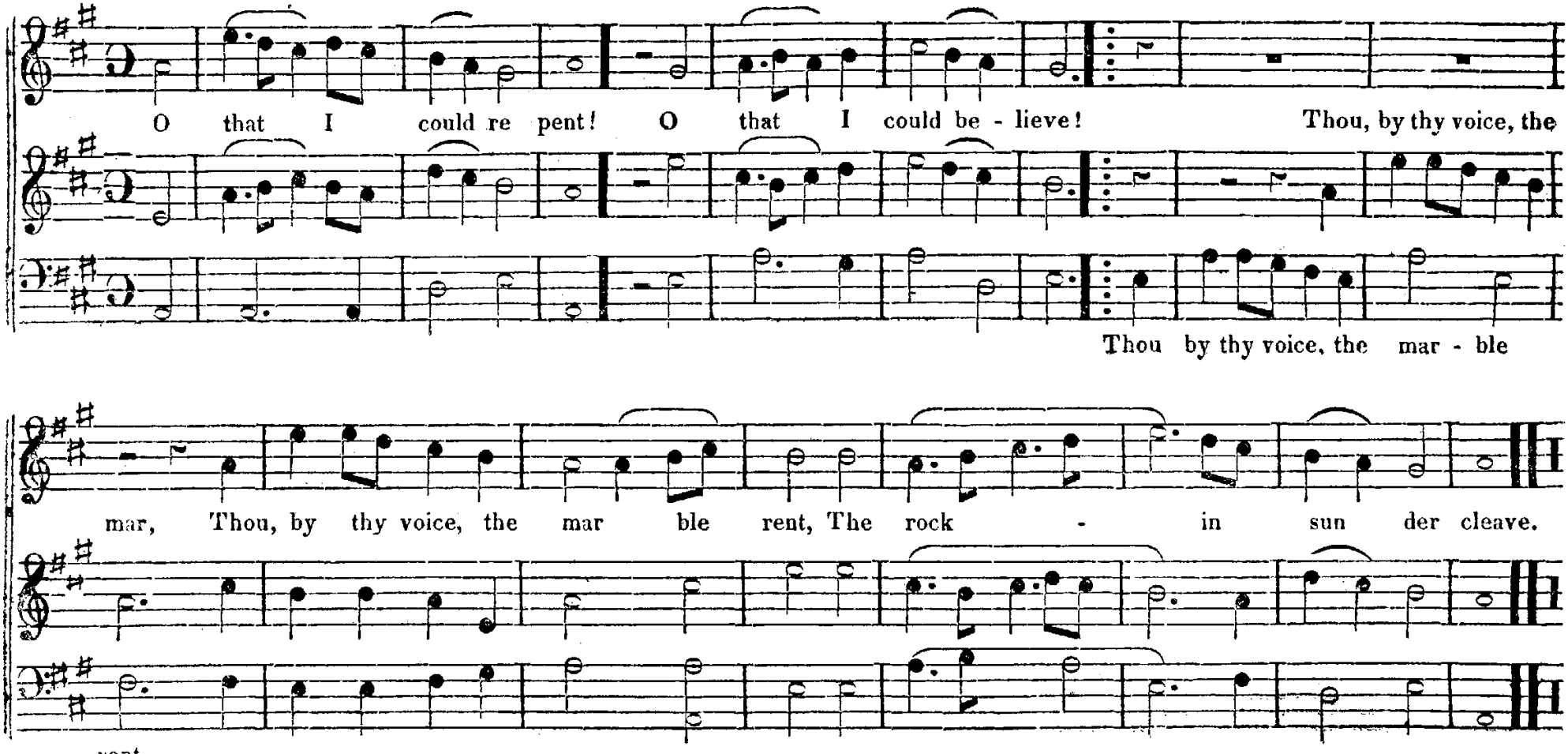
Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move


O that my load of sin were gone, O that I could at last sub mit, At Je su's feet to
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet, To lay my soul at Jesu's feet.
lay it down! To lay my soul at Je - su's feet, To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!
To lay my soul at Je - su's feet, To lay my soul at Jesu's feet.
To lay my soul at Je su's feet, To



WATCHMAN. HYMN 67. S. M. Leach.

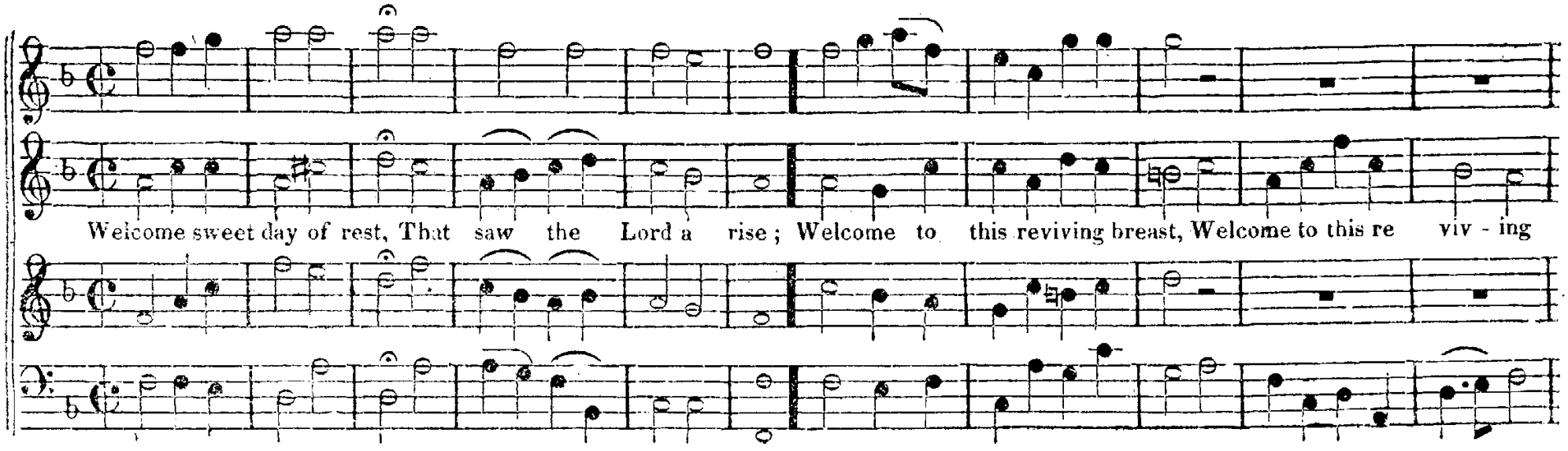


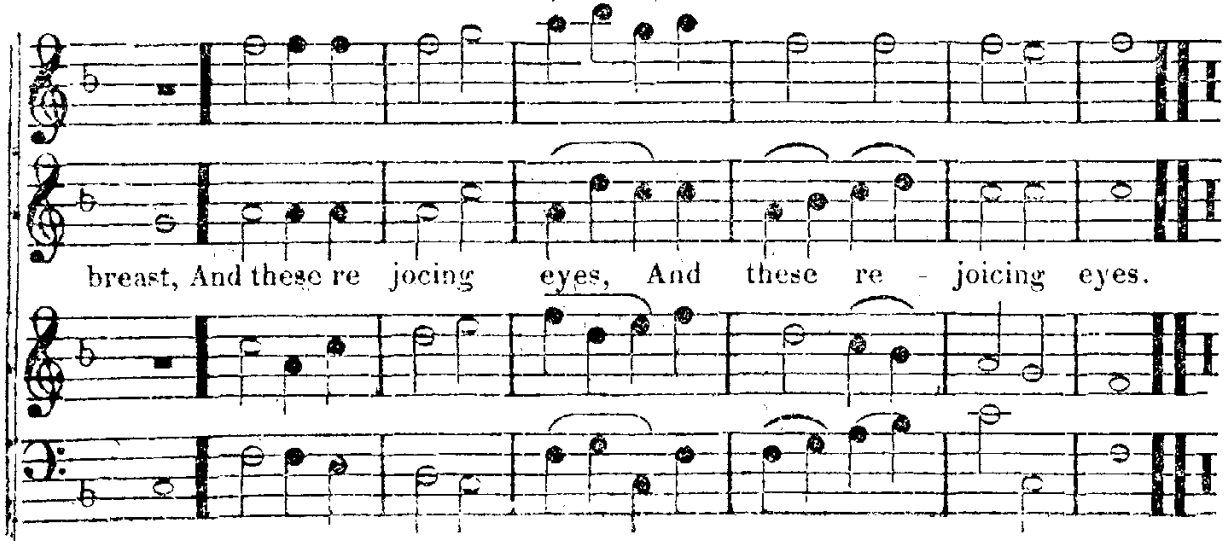


Thou, by thy two-edg'd sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

Saviour and Prince of peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go:

Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove:
Wound, and pour in my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.





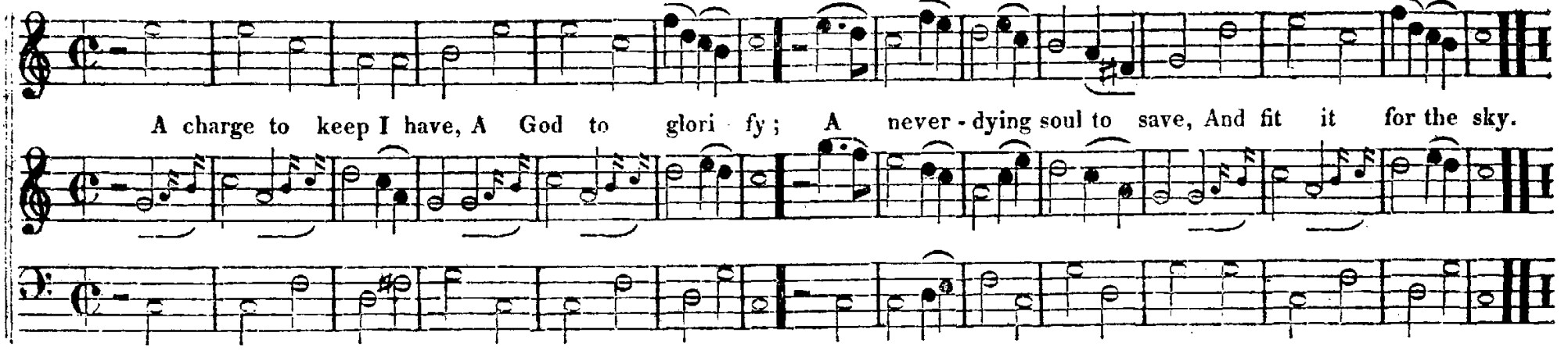
The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day in such a place
Where thou my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days,
That's spent in guilt and sin.

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

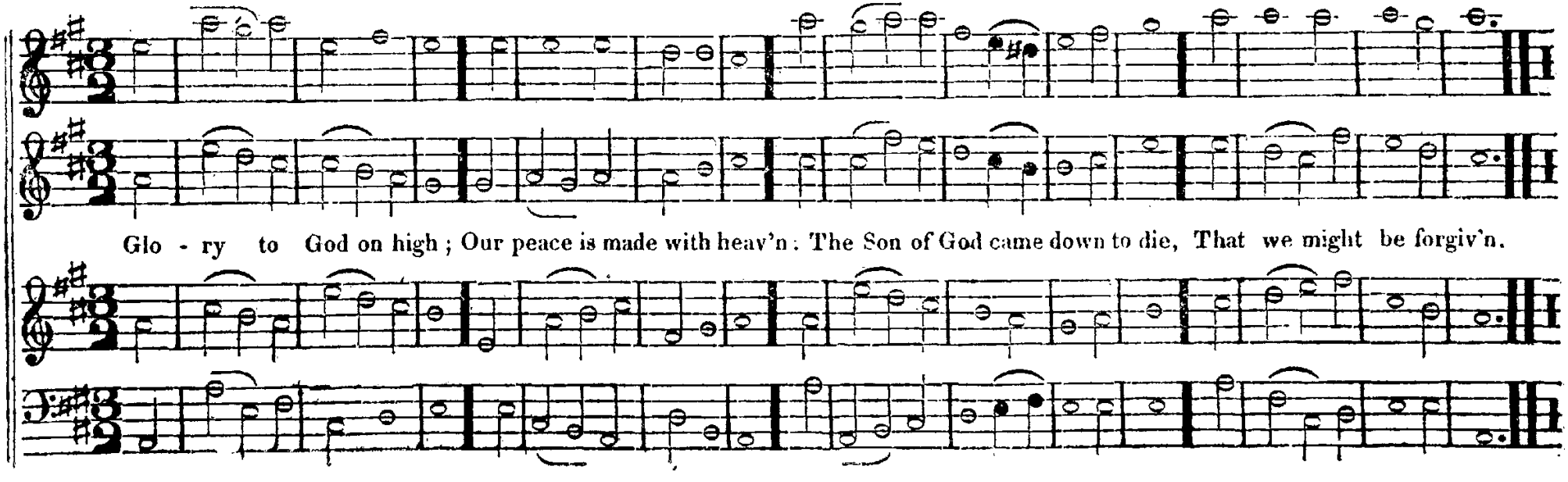
KENTUCKY.

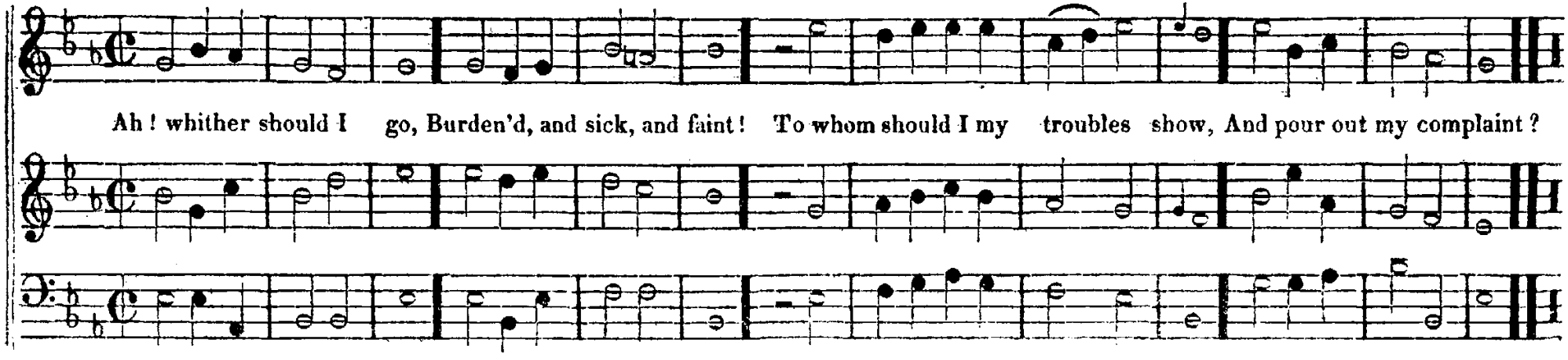
HYMN 159. S. M.



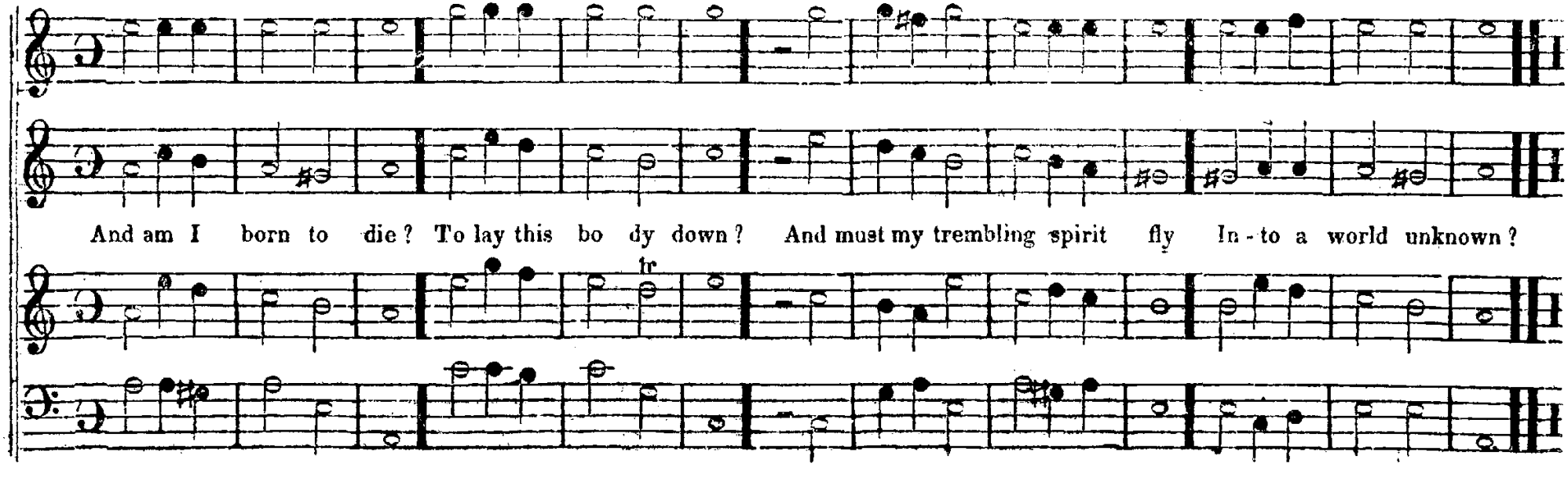
THACHER.

HYMN 233. S. M. Handel.

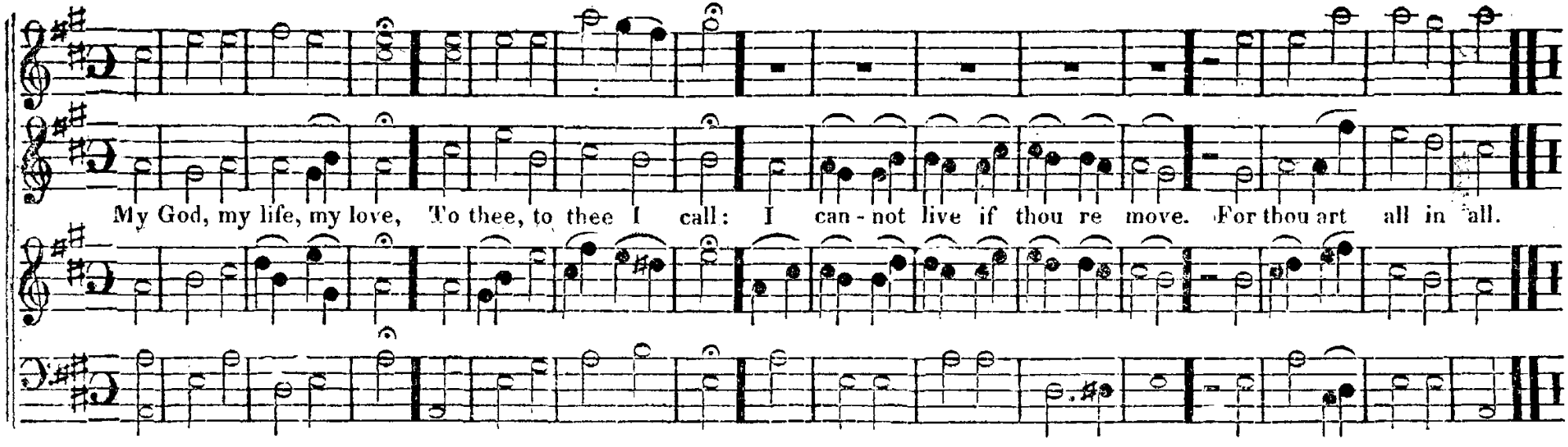




AYLESBURY. HYMN 551. S. M. Dr. Green.

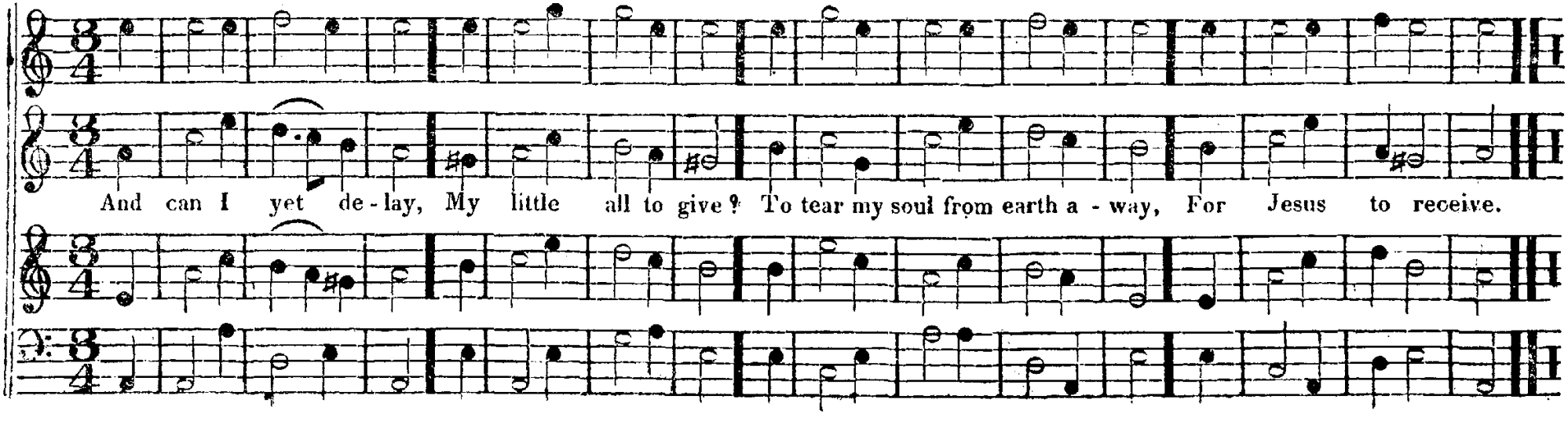


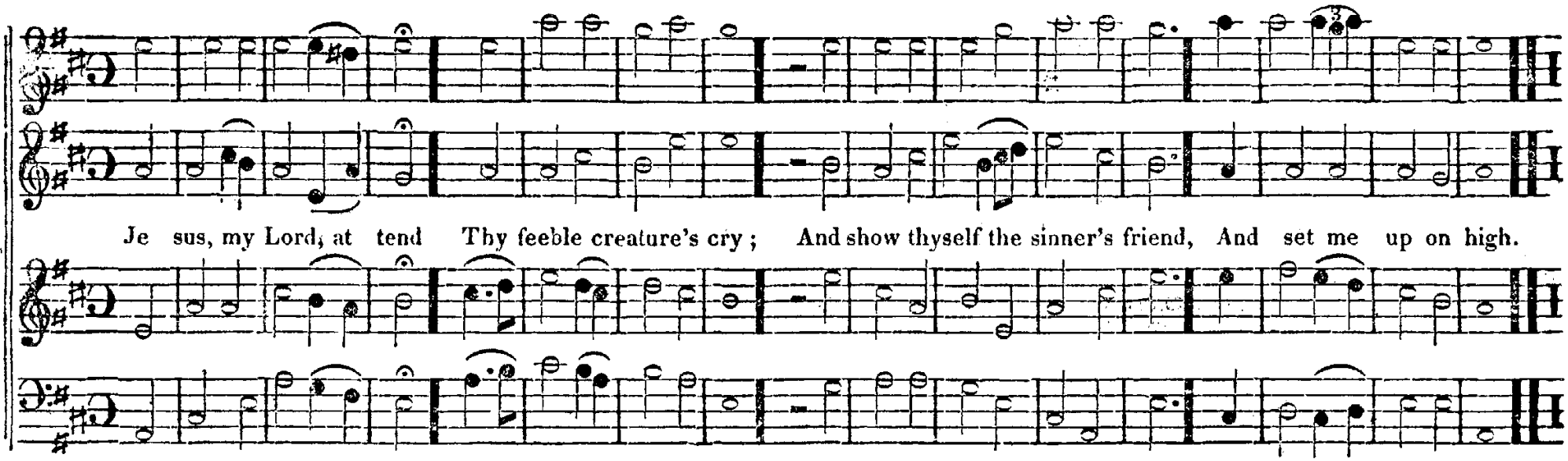
HYMN 109. S. M.



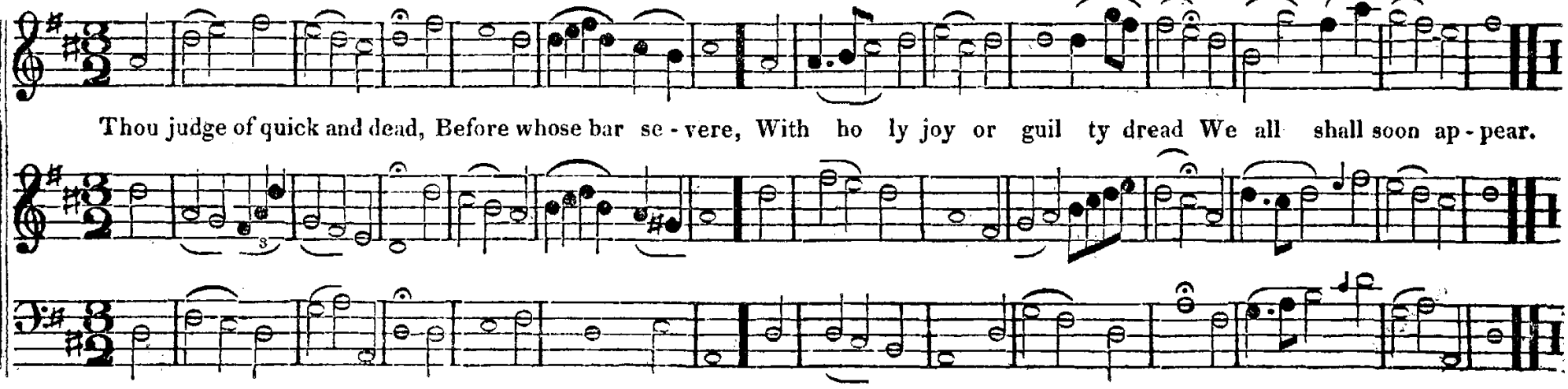
LITTLE MARLBOROUGH.

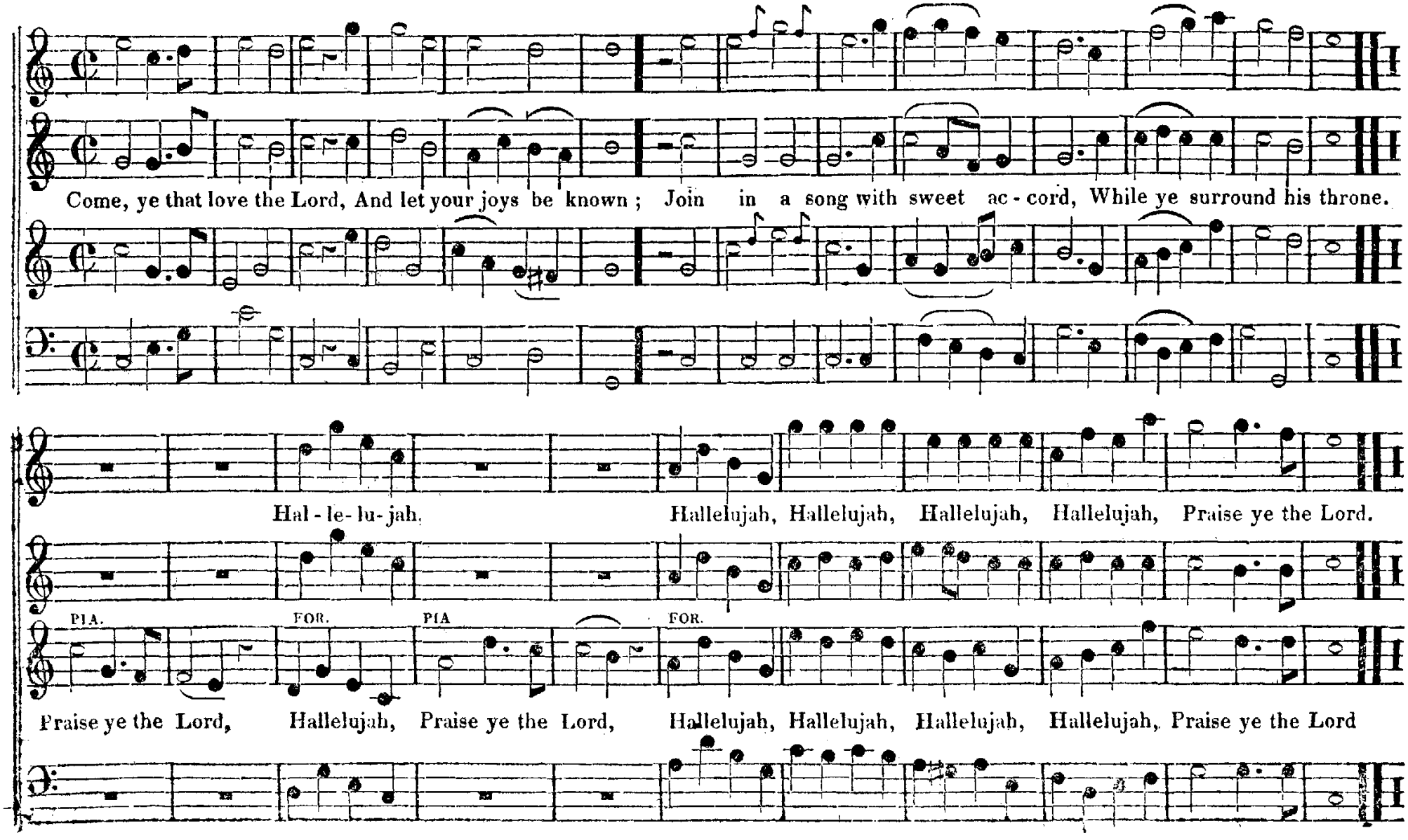
HYMN 67, 2d part, S. M.

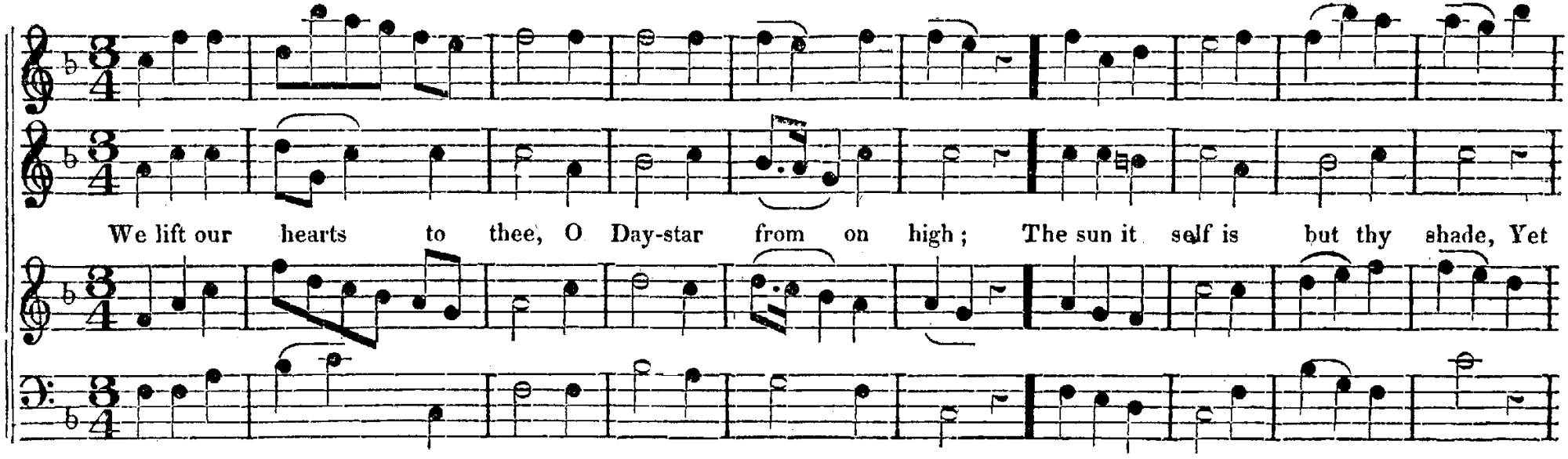


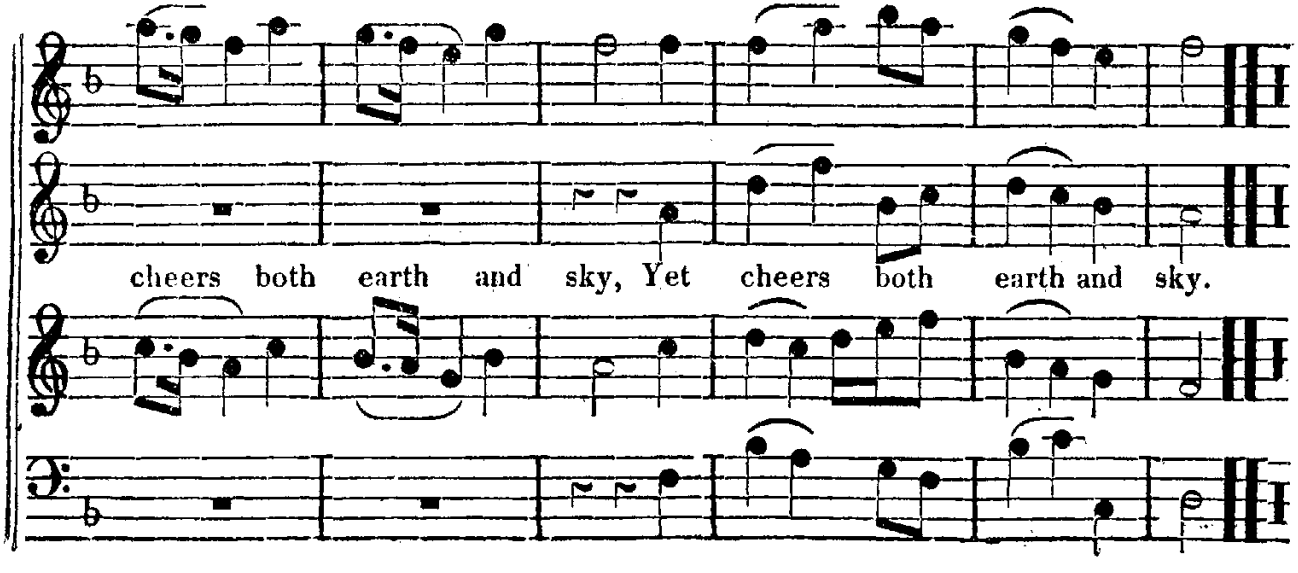


RIPPON, or PECKHAM. HYMN 572. S. M. Smith.




Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known ; Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, While ye surround his throne.
Hal - le- lu- jah. Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.
PIA. FOR. PIA FOR.
Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord

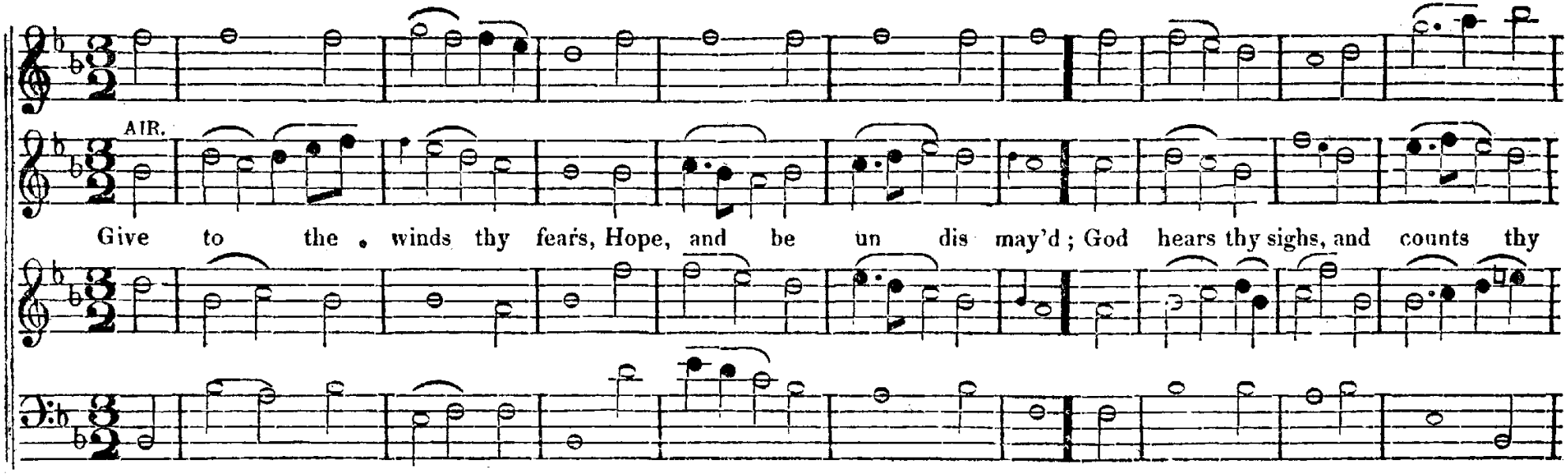




Let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice,
Which shade the universe!

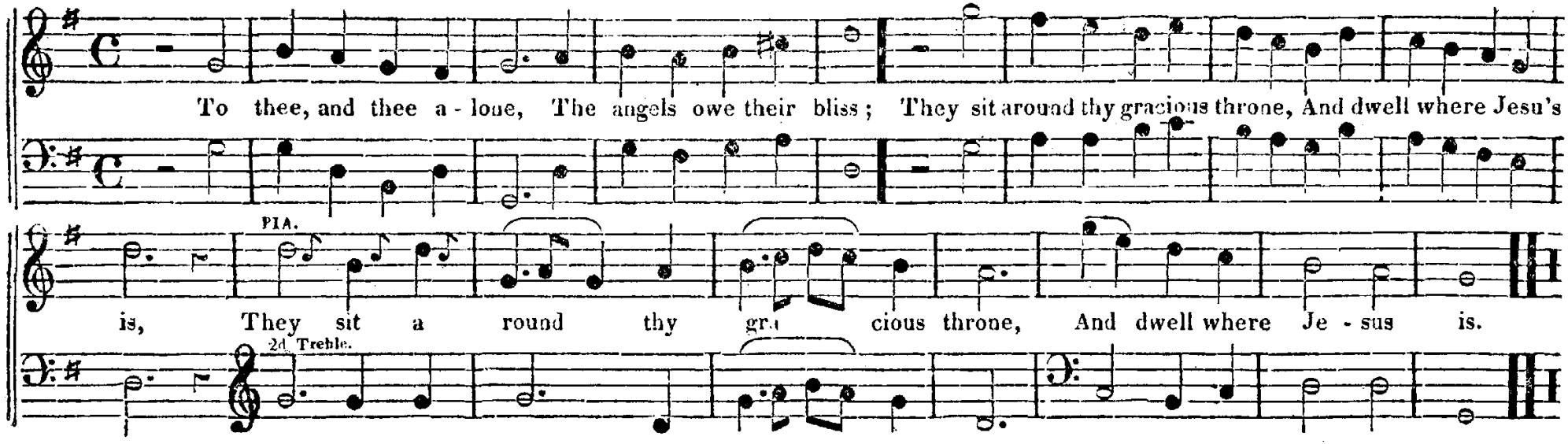
How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
Or Jesu's blood, like evening dew,
Wash all its stains away.

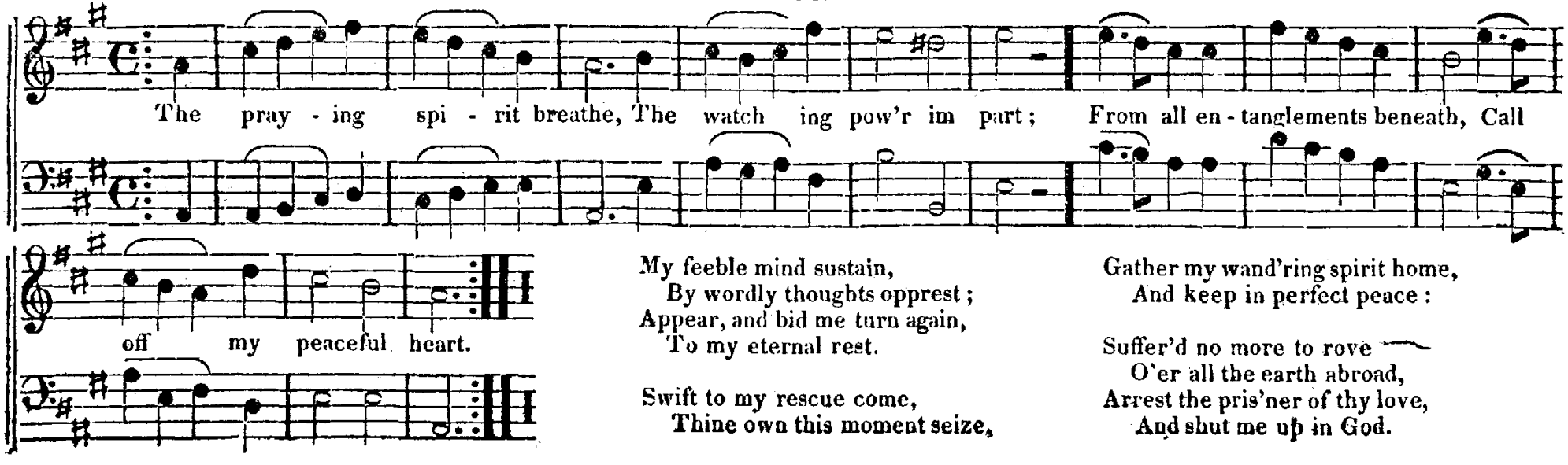


Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sinks thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care begone:
What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.



APPLETON. HYMN 154. S. M. From Miller.



My feeble mind sustain,
By wordly thoughts opprest;
Appear, and bid me turn again,
To my eternal rest.

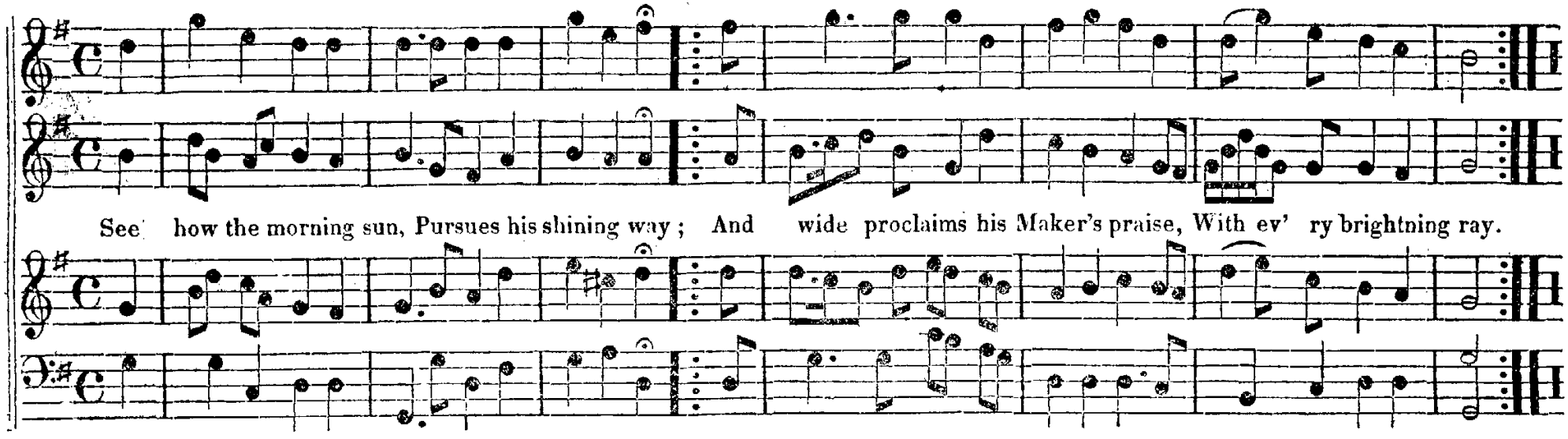
Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize,
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:

Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

MARGATE.

HYMN 503. S. M.

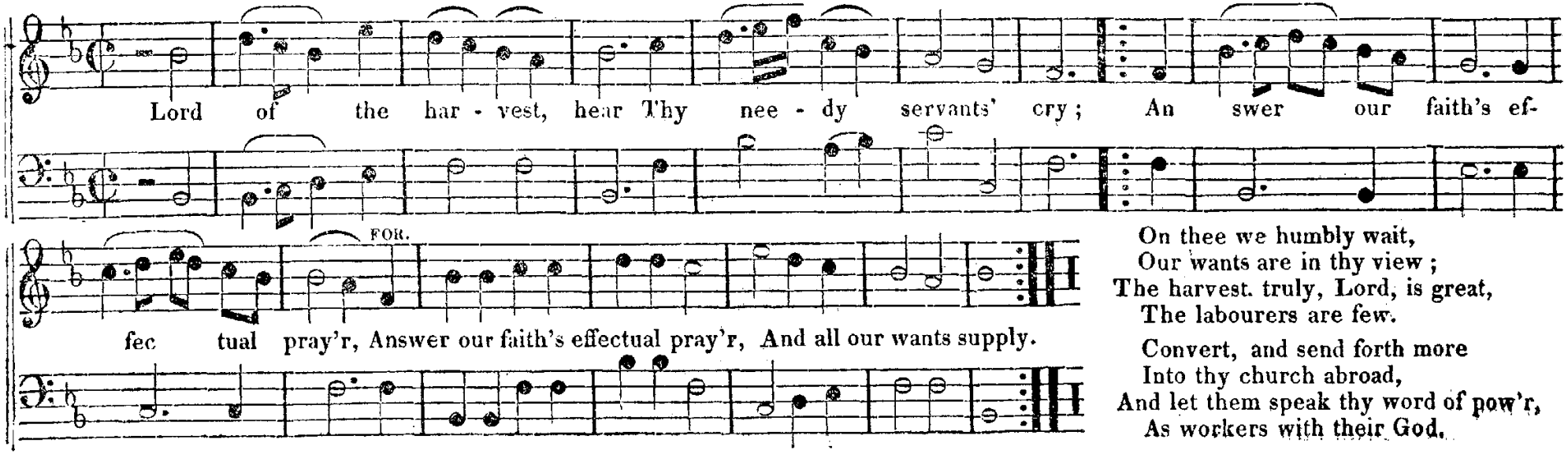
Clark.



MARYLAND.

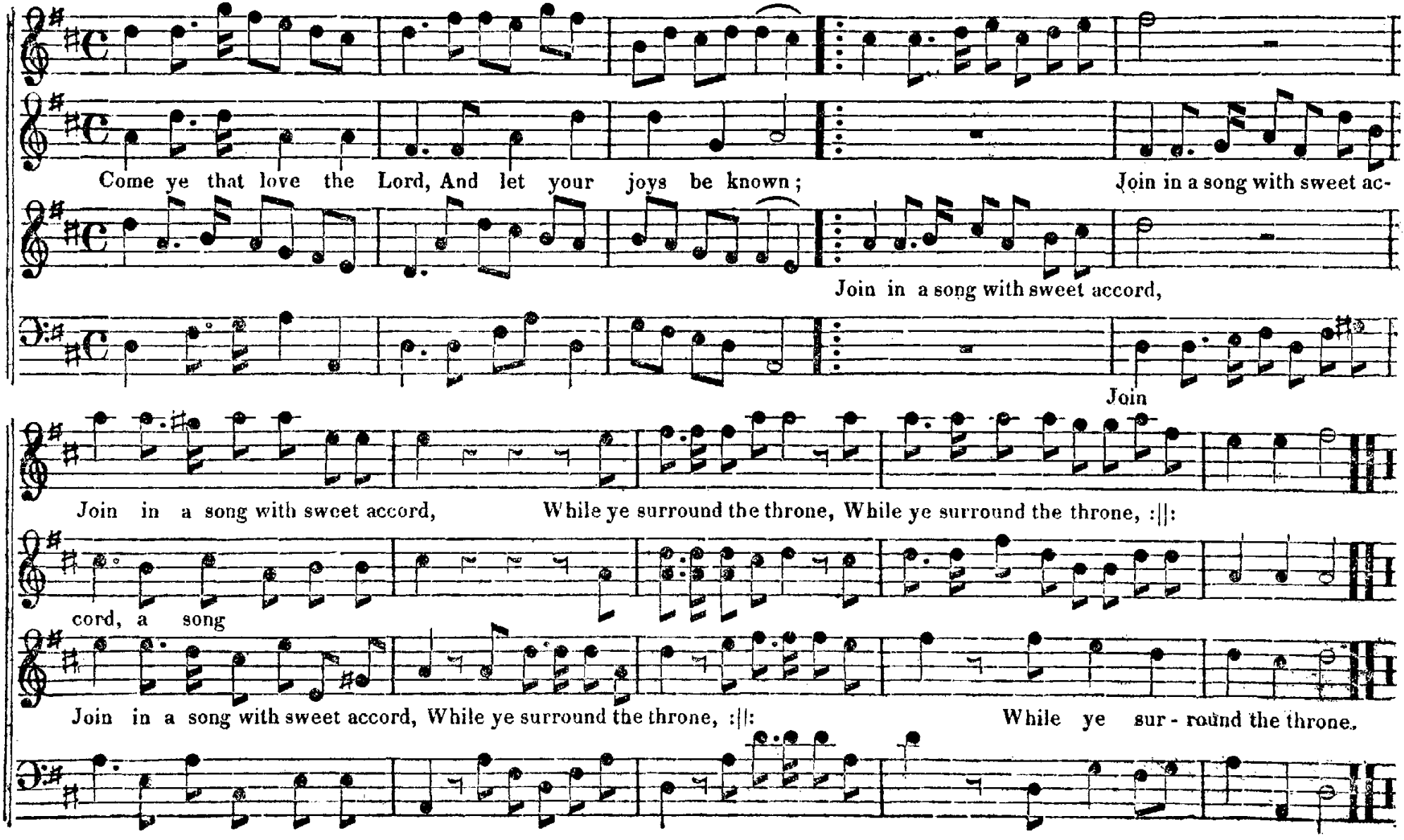
HYMN 455. S. M.

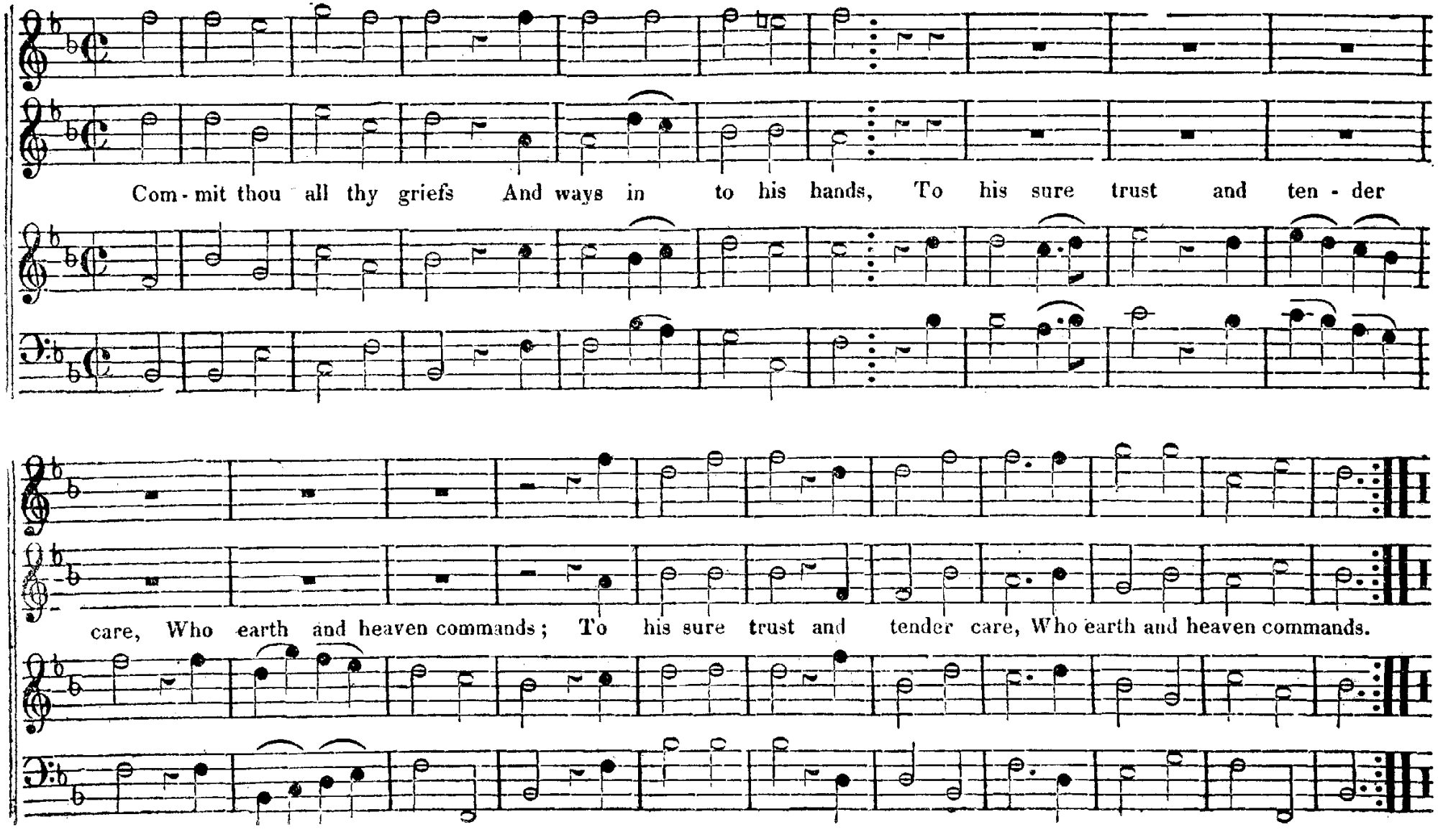
Cole.

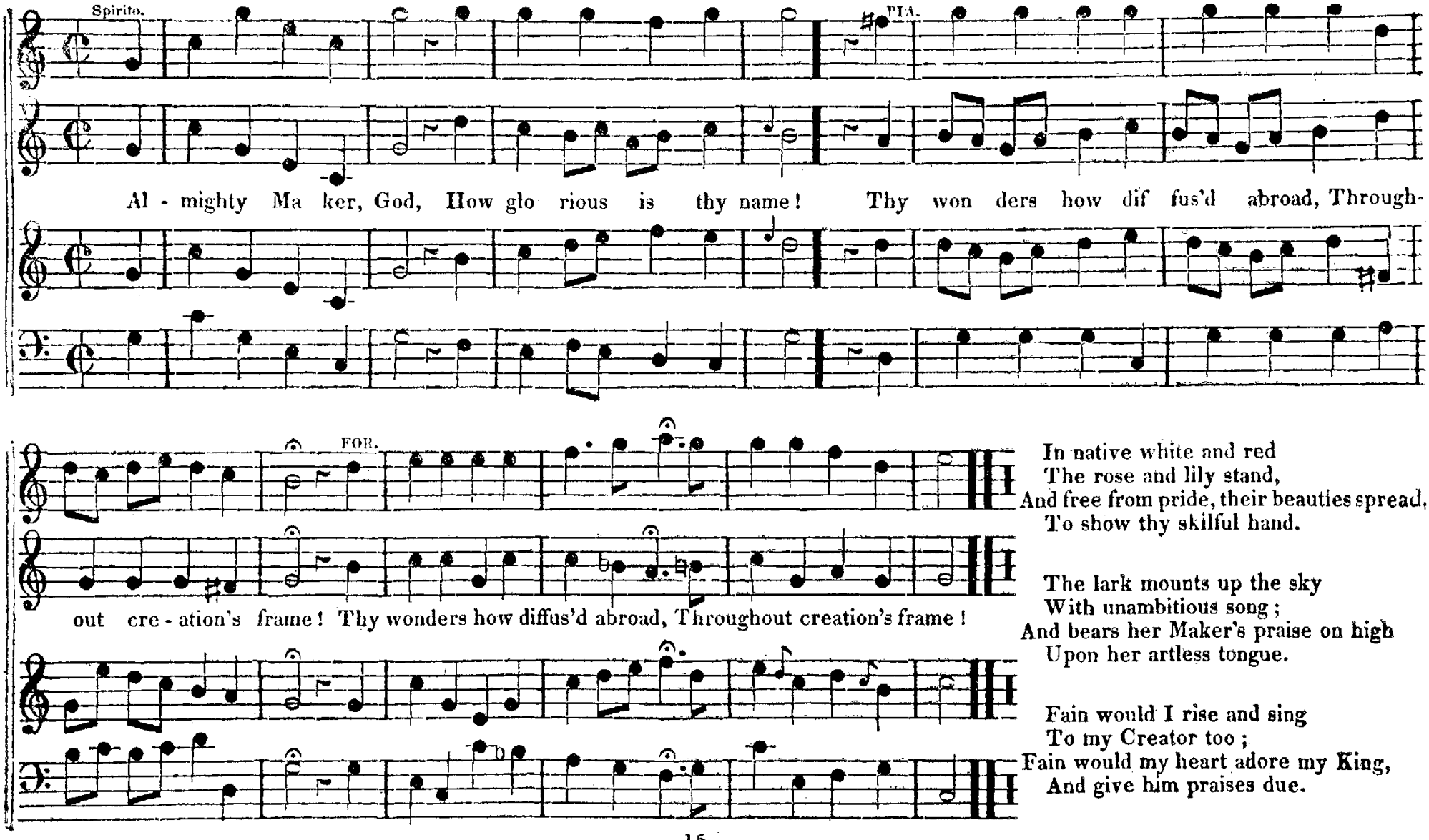


On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view ;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great,
The labourers are few.

Convert, and send forth more
Into thy church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of pow'r,
As workers with their God.


Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet ac-
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join
Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround the throne, While ye surround the throne, :||:
cord, a song
Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround the throne, :||:
While ye sur - round the throne.


Com - mit thou all thy griefs And ways in to his hands, To his sure trust and ten - der
care, Who earth and heaven commands; To his sure trust and tender care, Who earth and heaven commands.

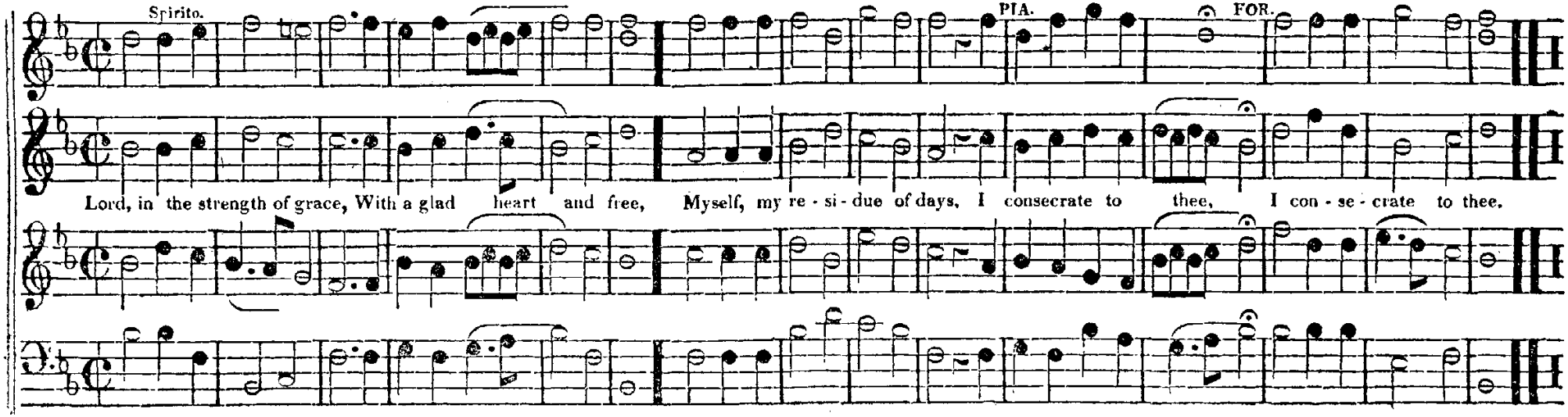


In native white and red
The rose and lily stand,
And free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.

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

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

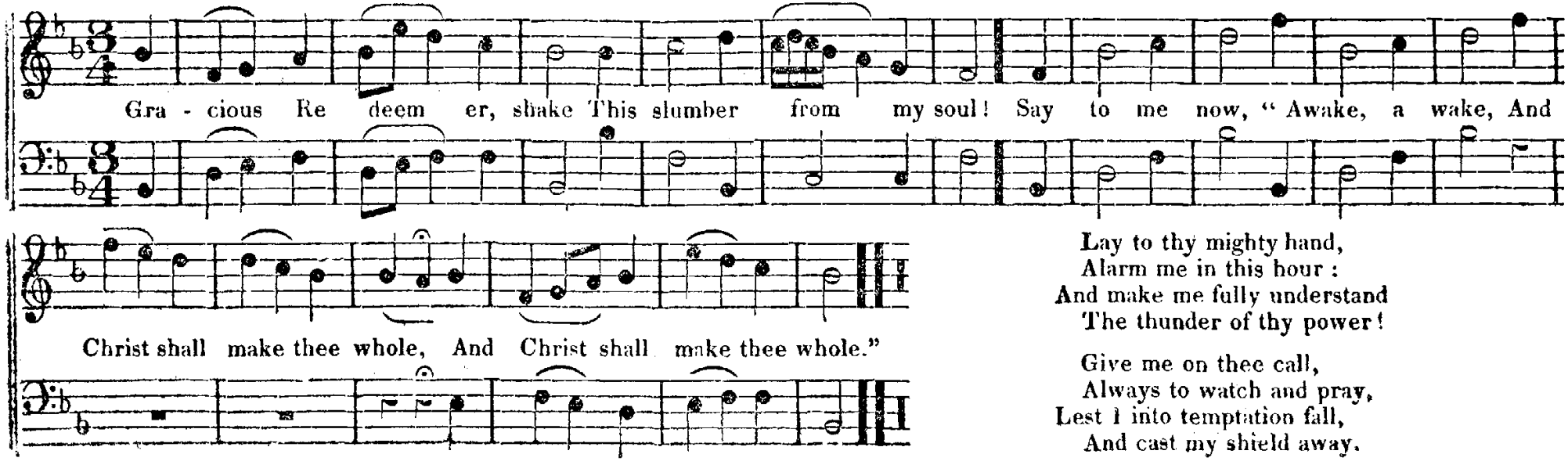
Hymn 372. S. M.



FROOME.

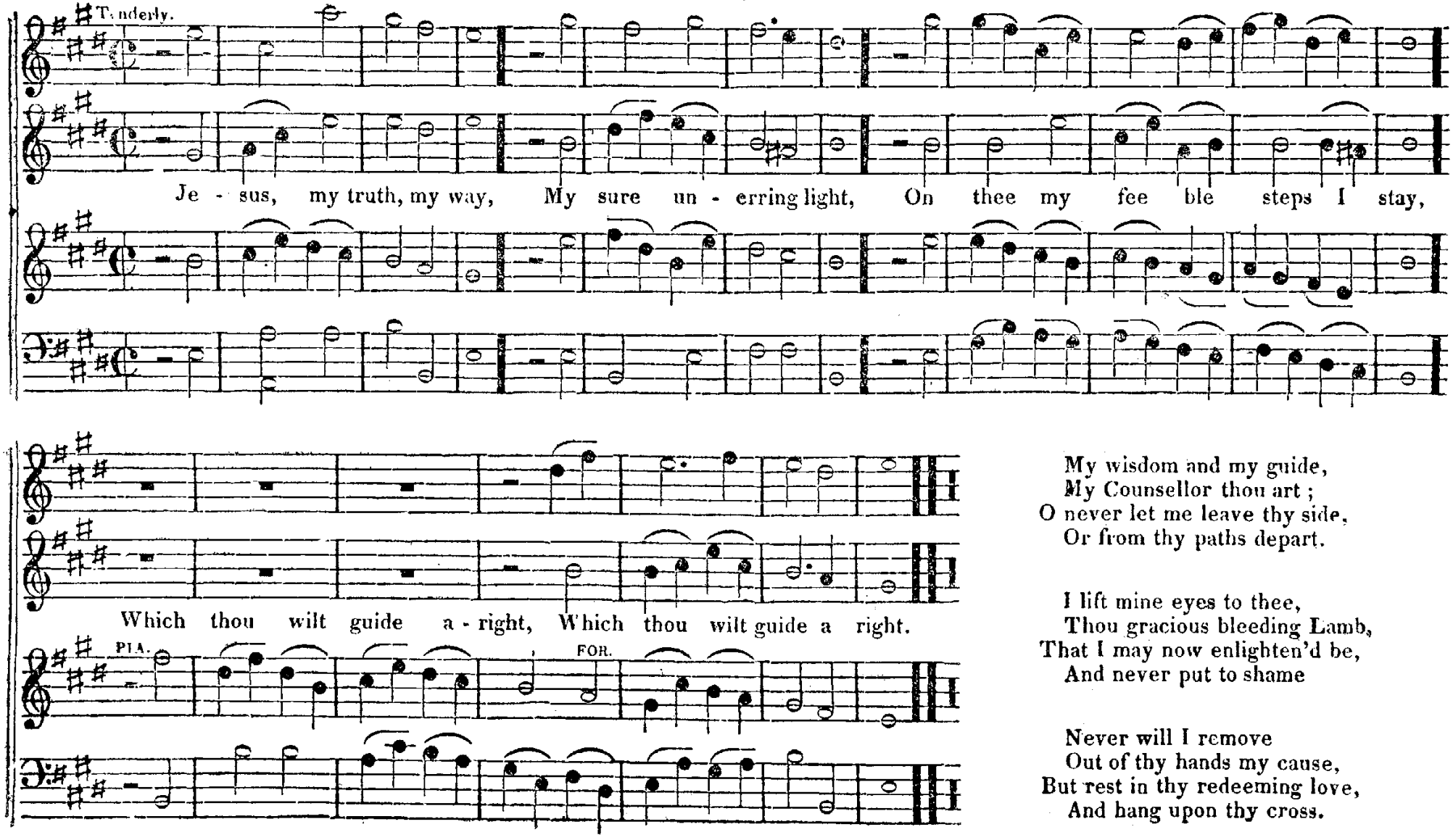
Hymn 166. S. M.

Husband.



Lay to thy mighty hand,
Alarm me in this hour:
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power!

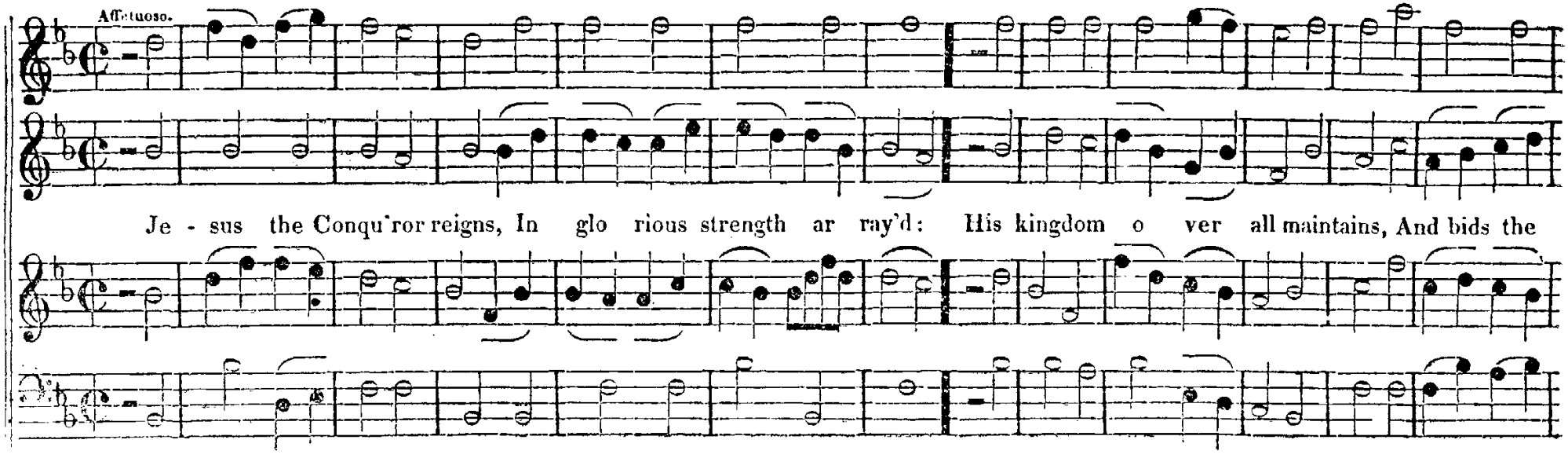
Give me on thee call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.

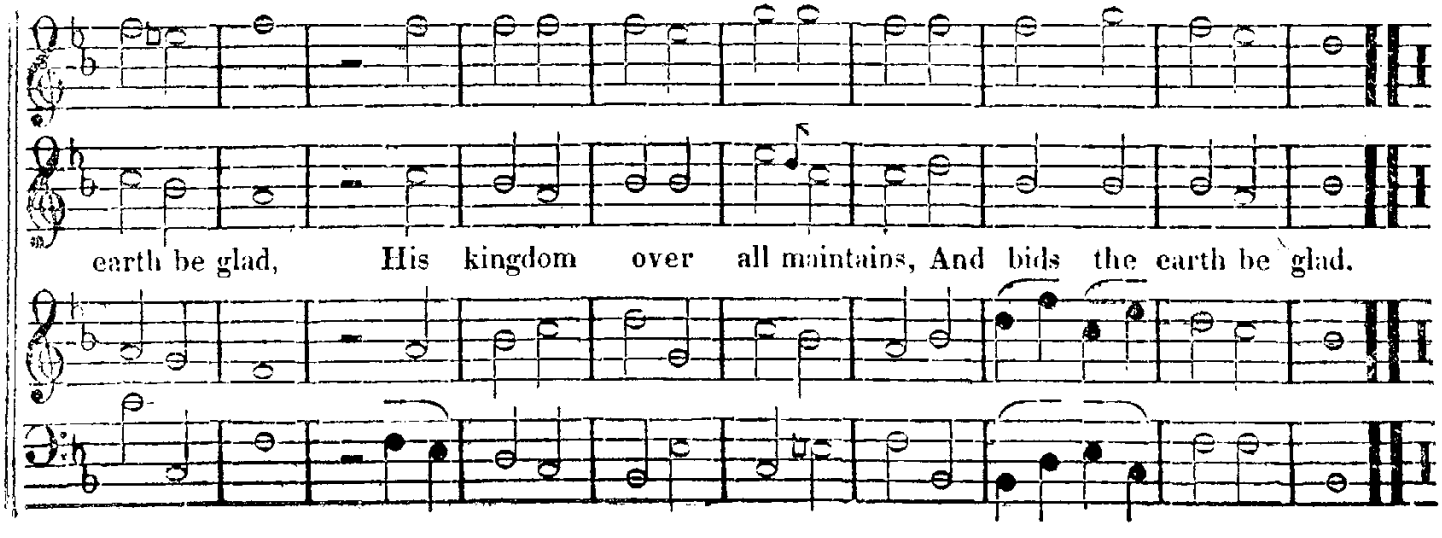


My wisdom and my guide,
My Counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame

Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause,
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.



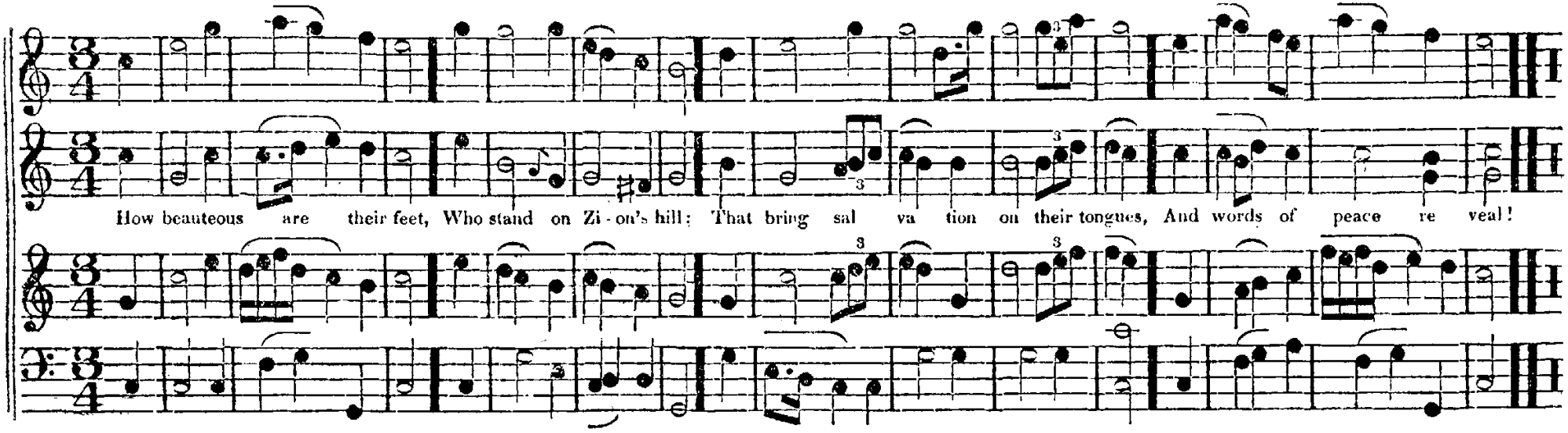


Ye sons of men rejoice
In Jesu's mighty love:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

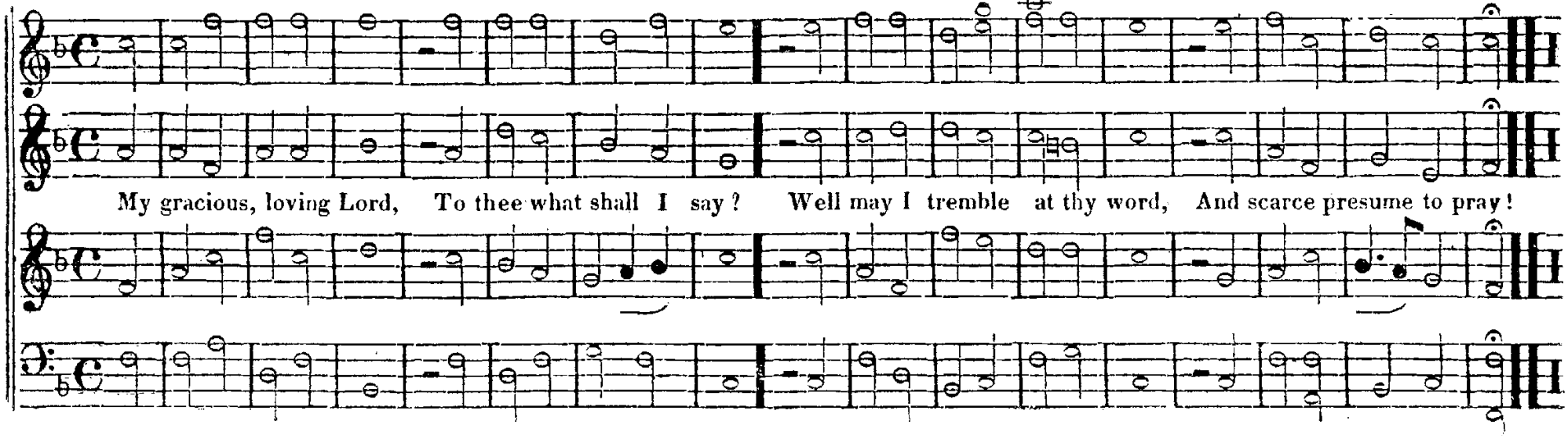
Extol his kingly pow'r,
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne

Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.

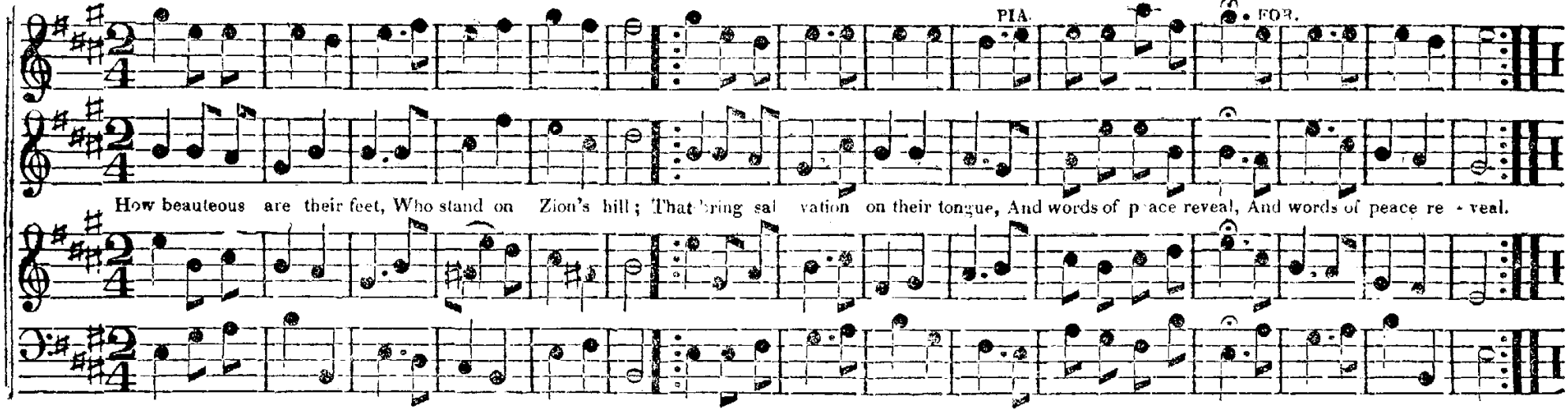
CAMBERWELL. HYMN 456. S. M.



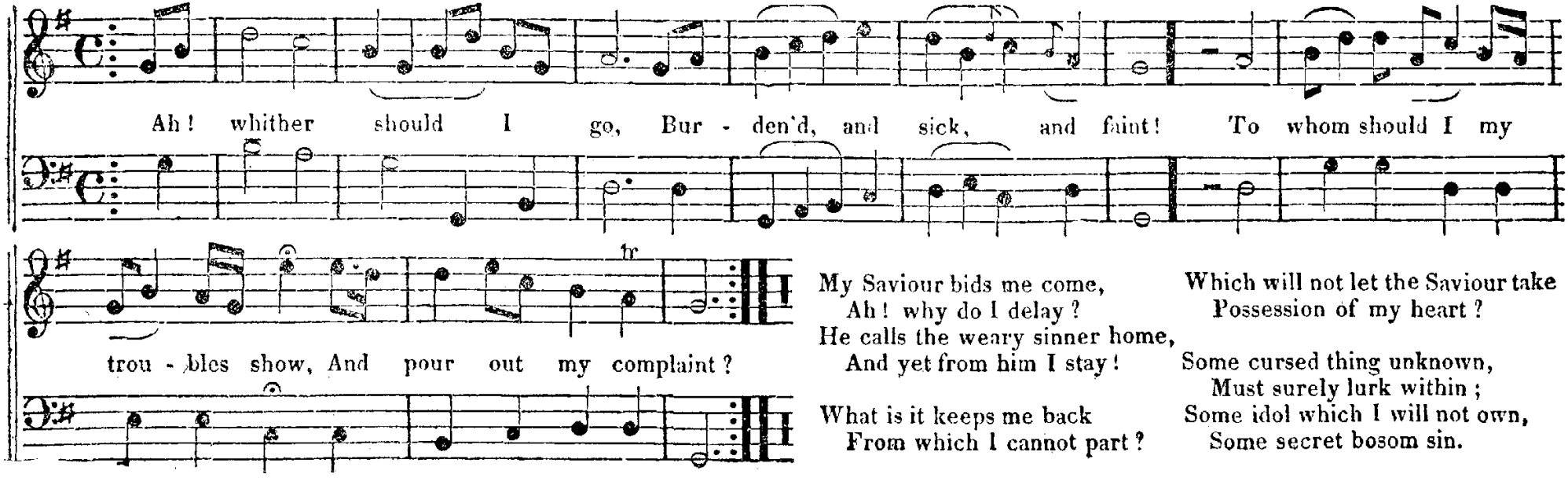
OLDFORD. HYMN 80. S. M.



106 ASHFORD. HYMN 456. S. M. Clark.



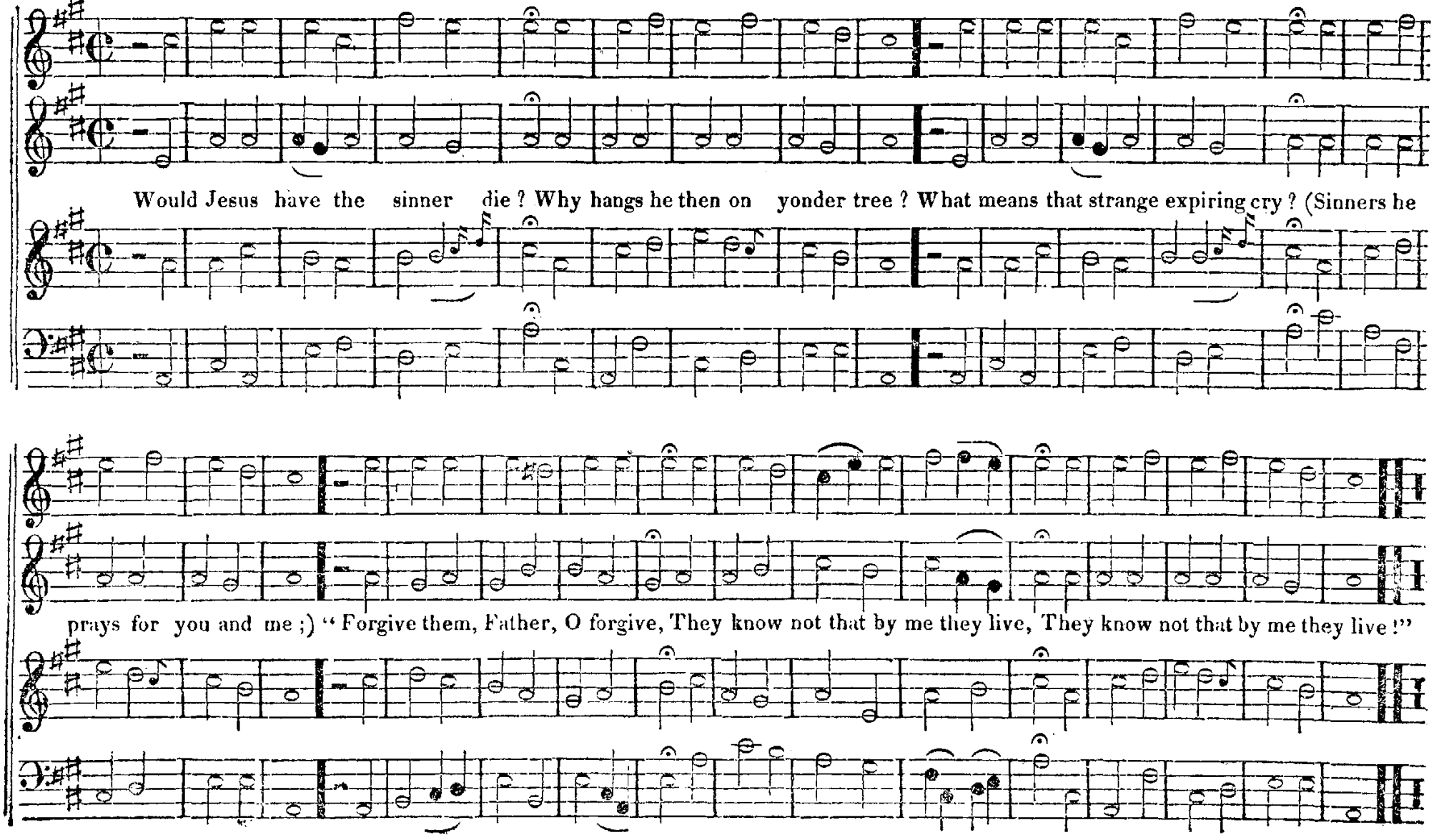
BELPER. HYMN 37. S. M. Tymperly.



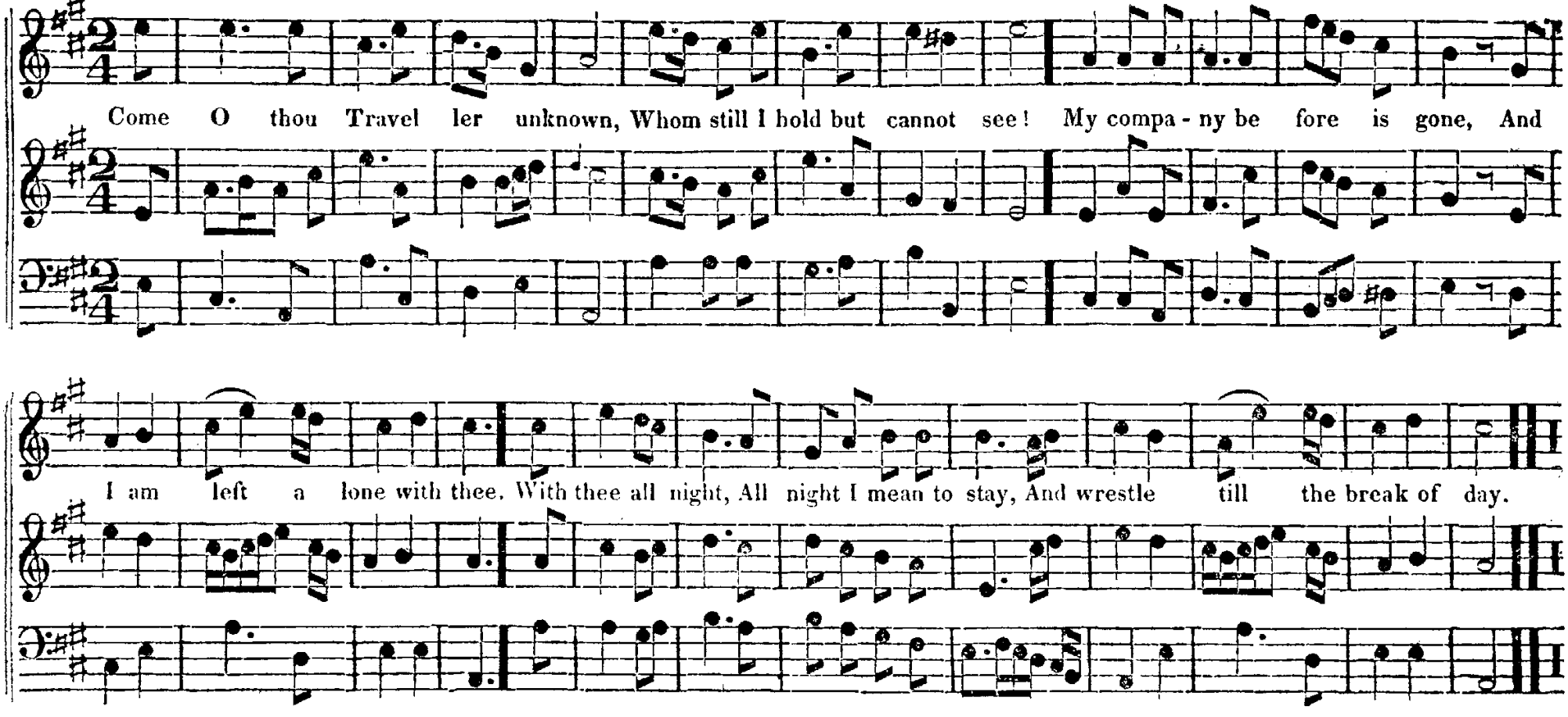
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

What is it keeps me back
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

Some cursed thing unknown,
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom sin.


Would Jesus have the sinner die? Why hangs he then on yonder tree? What means that strange expiring cry? (Sinners he
prays for you and me;) "Forgive them, Father, O forgive, They know not that by me they live, They know not that by me they live!"

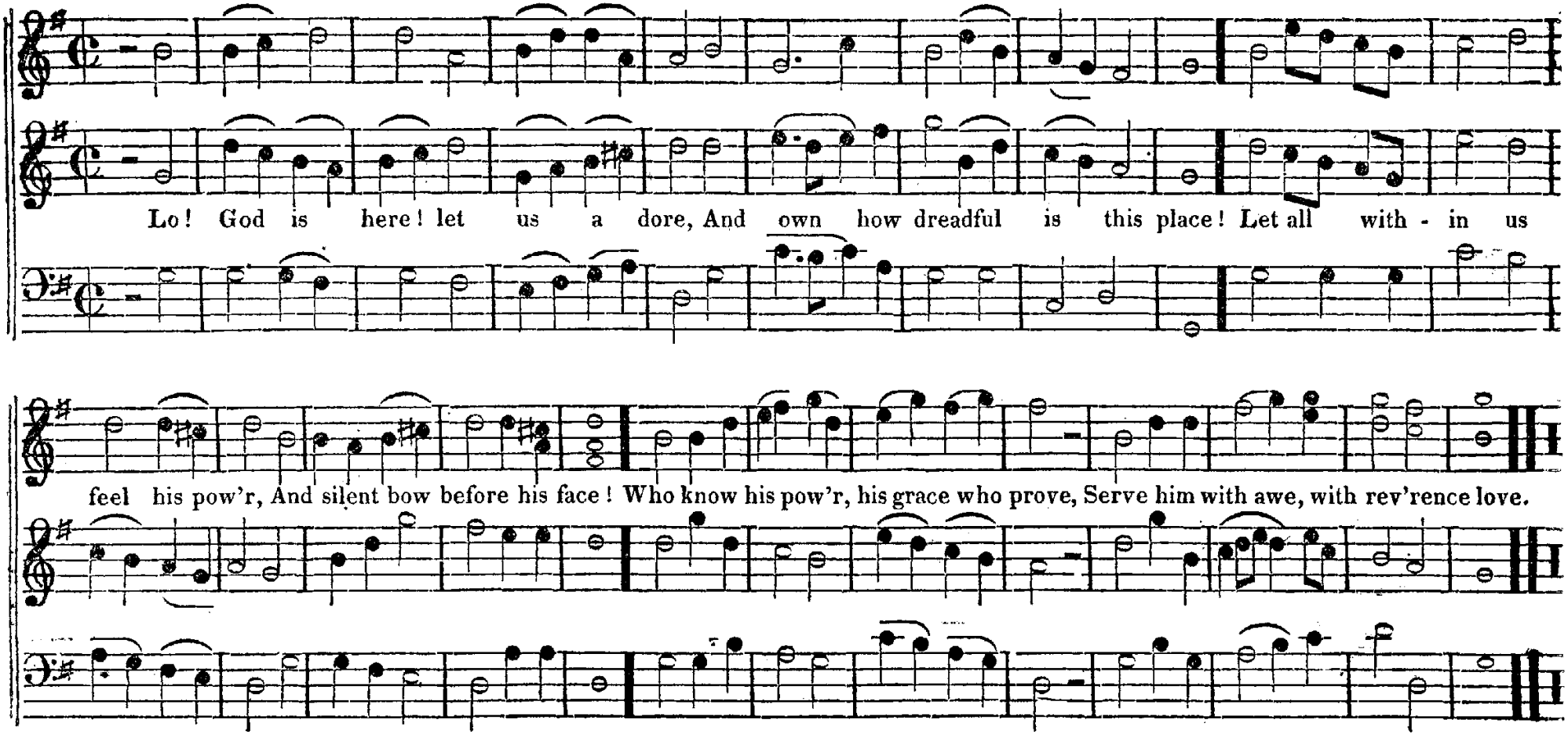
Hymn 77. 6 lines 8s.



I need not tell thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

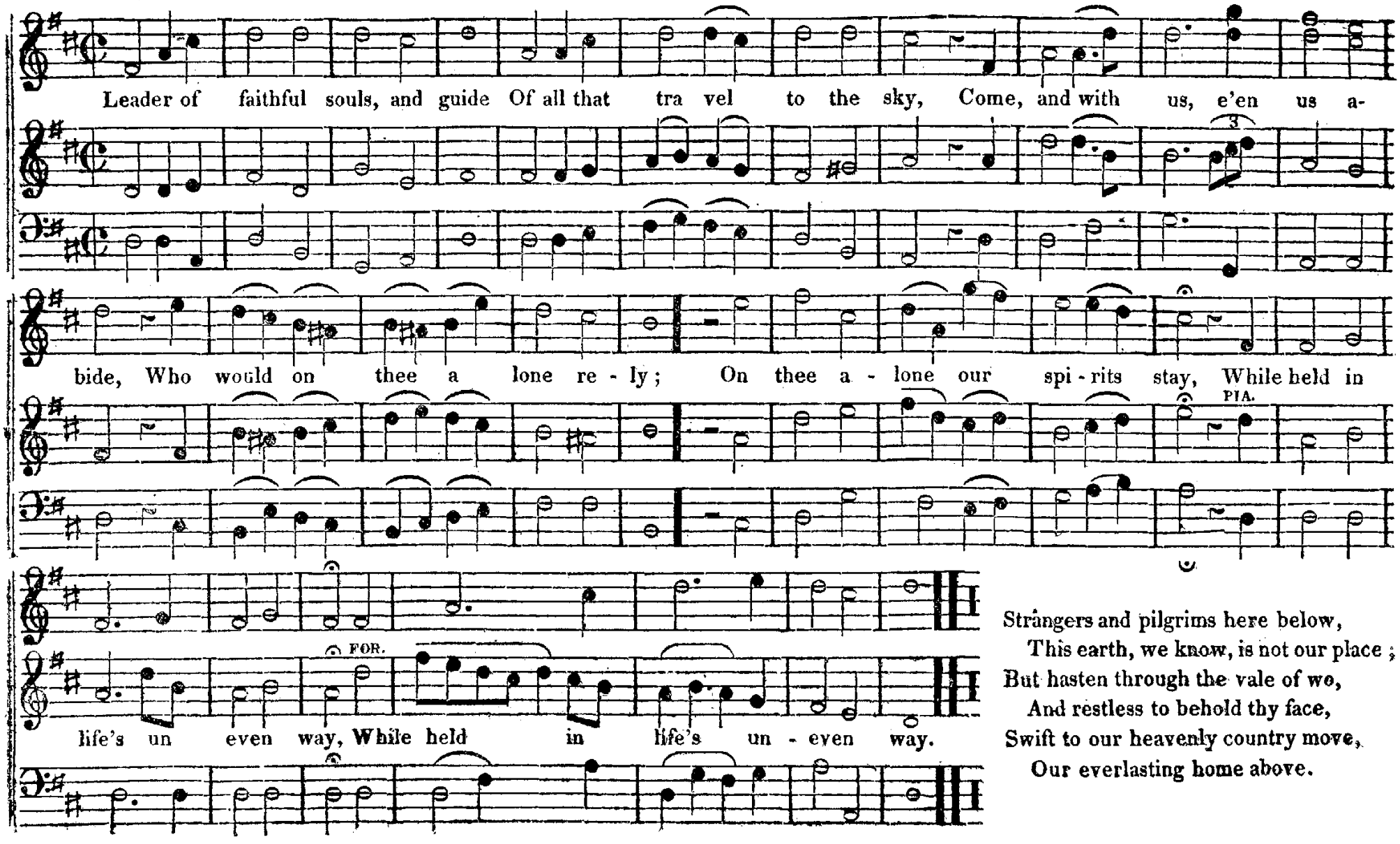
Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolv'd I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.



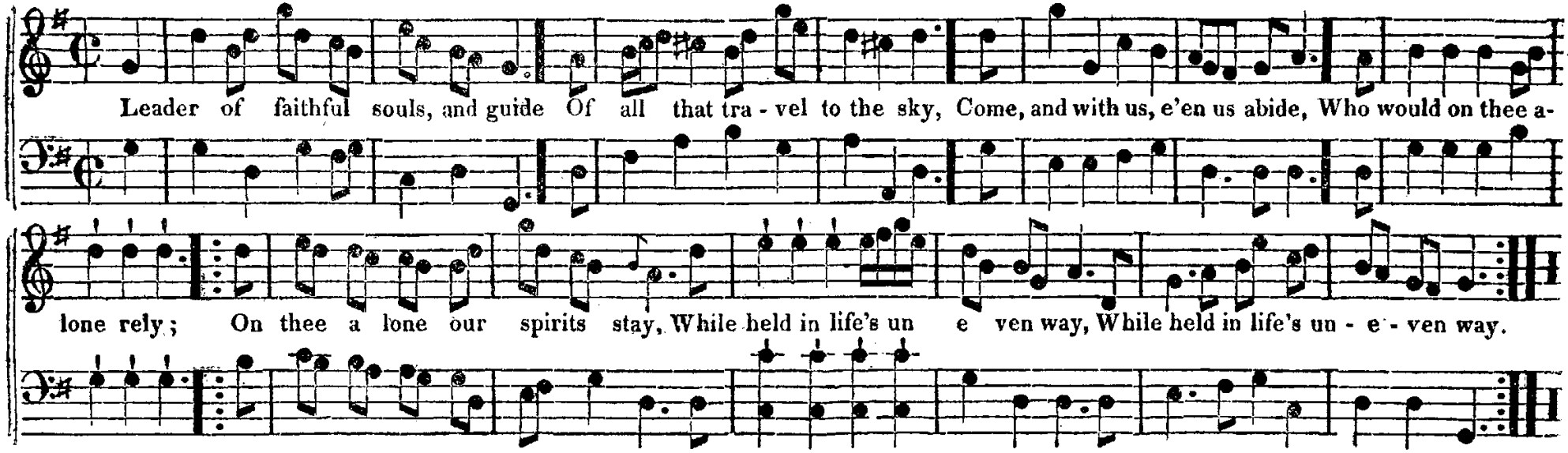
Lo! God is here! him day and night
Th'united choirs of angels sing:
To him enthron'd above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stamm'ring tongue.

Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone,
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give,
O take! O seal them for thine own!
Thou art the God, thou art the Lord:
Be thou by all thy works ador'd.

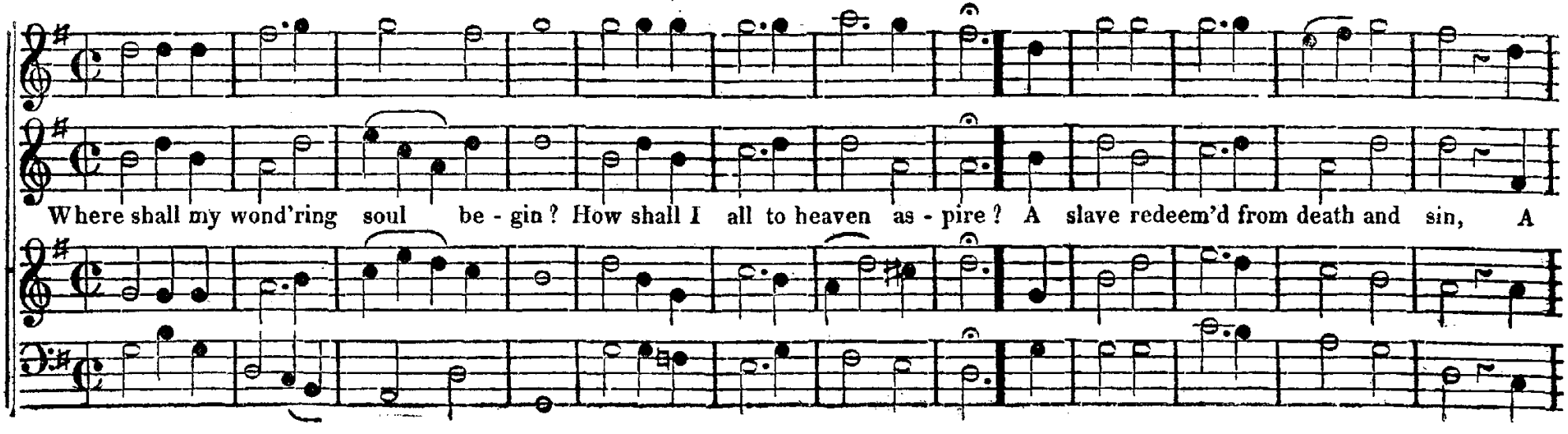
Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Geaseless, accepted sacrifice.

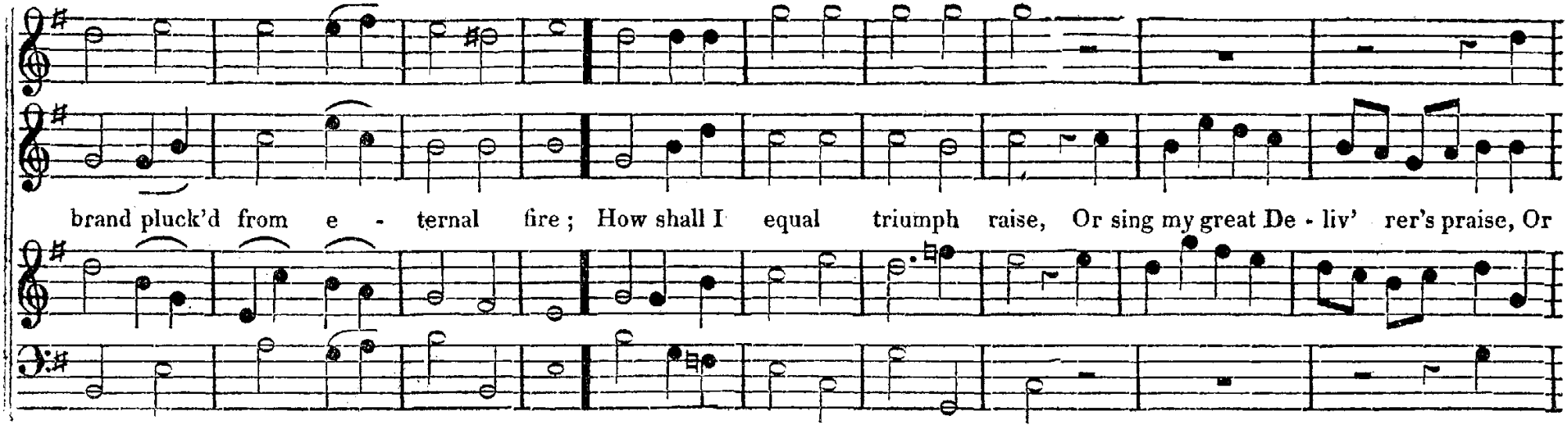


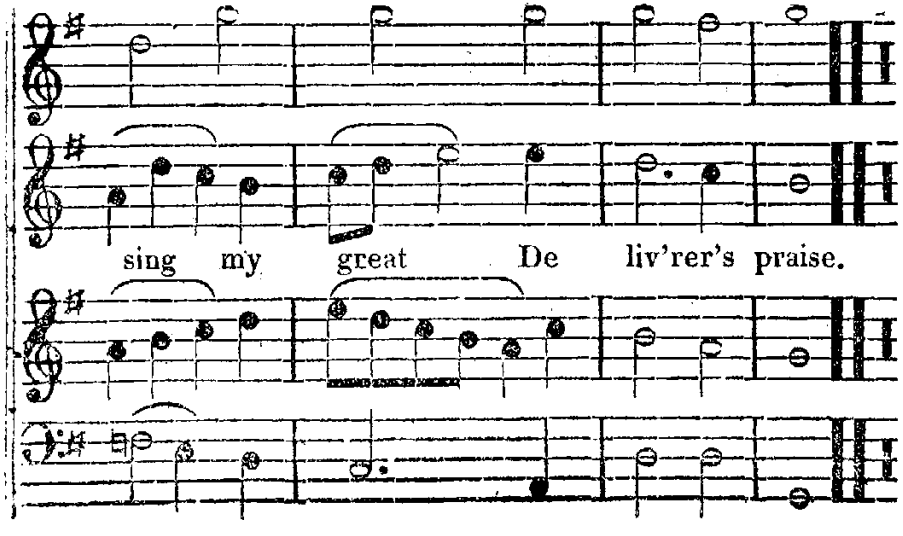
Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.



WEXFORD. HYMN 197. 6 lines 8's. Clark.

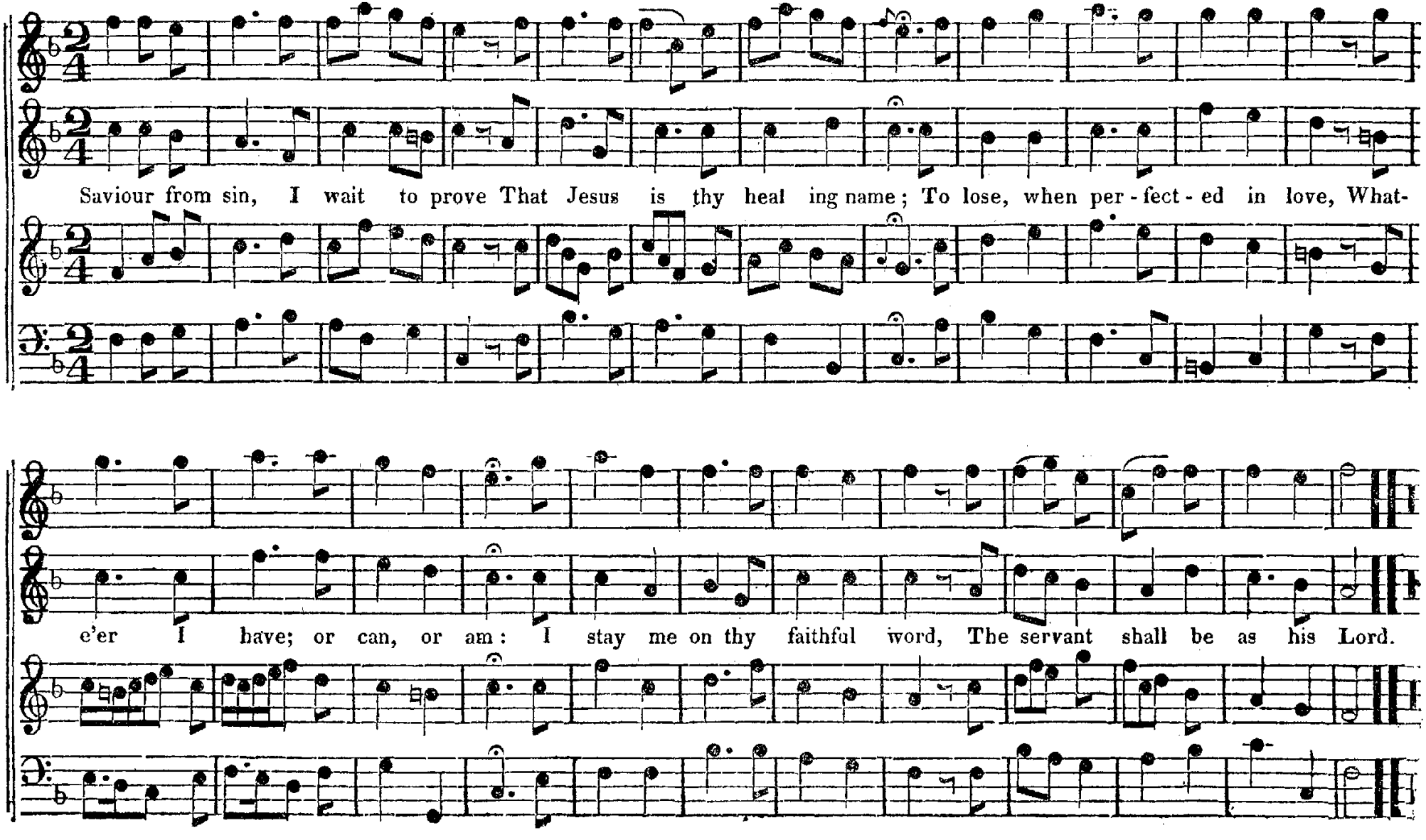




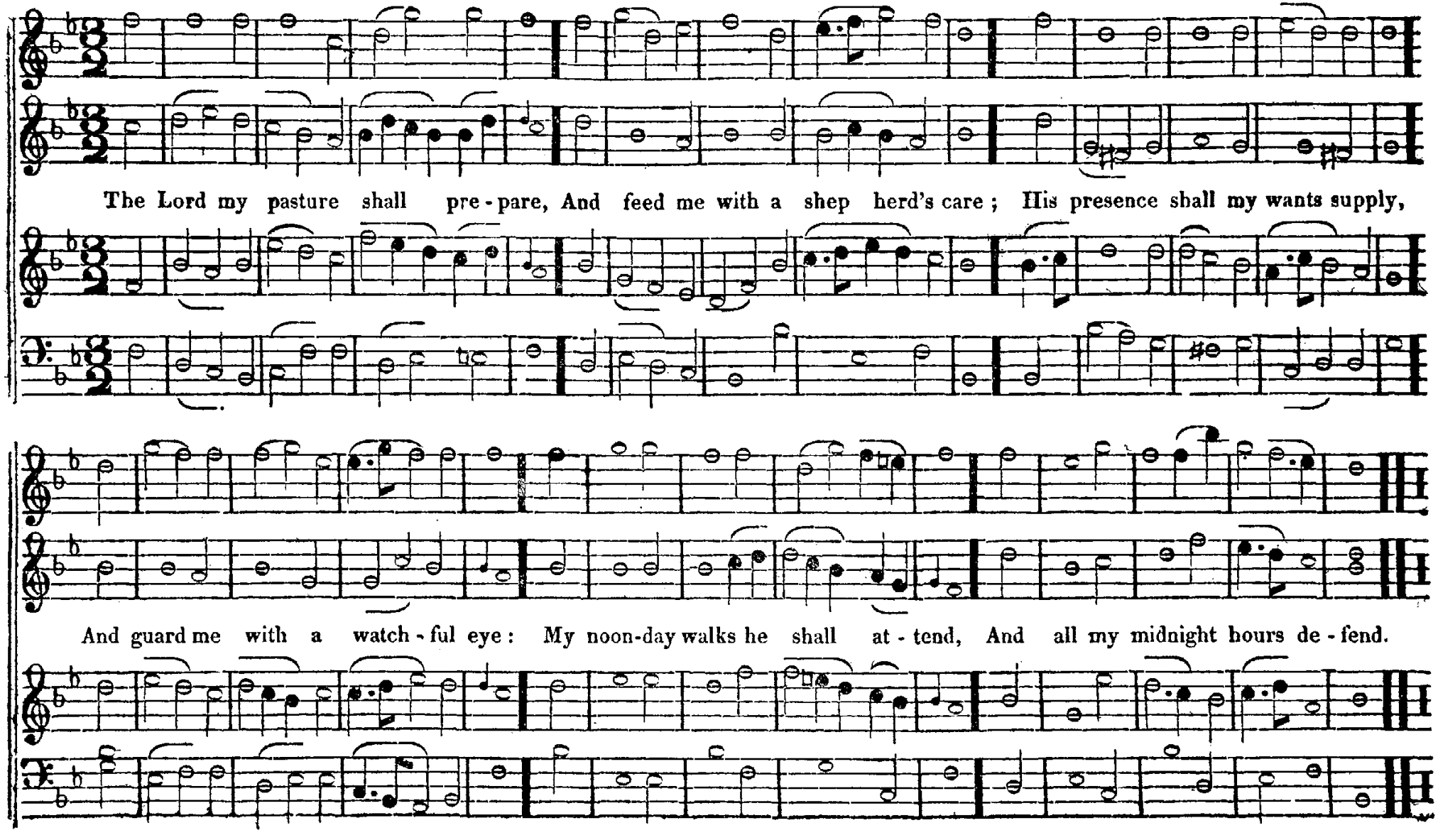


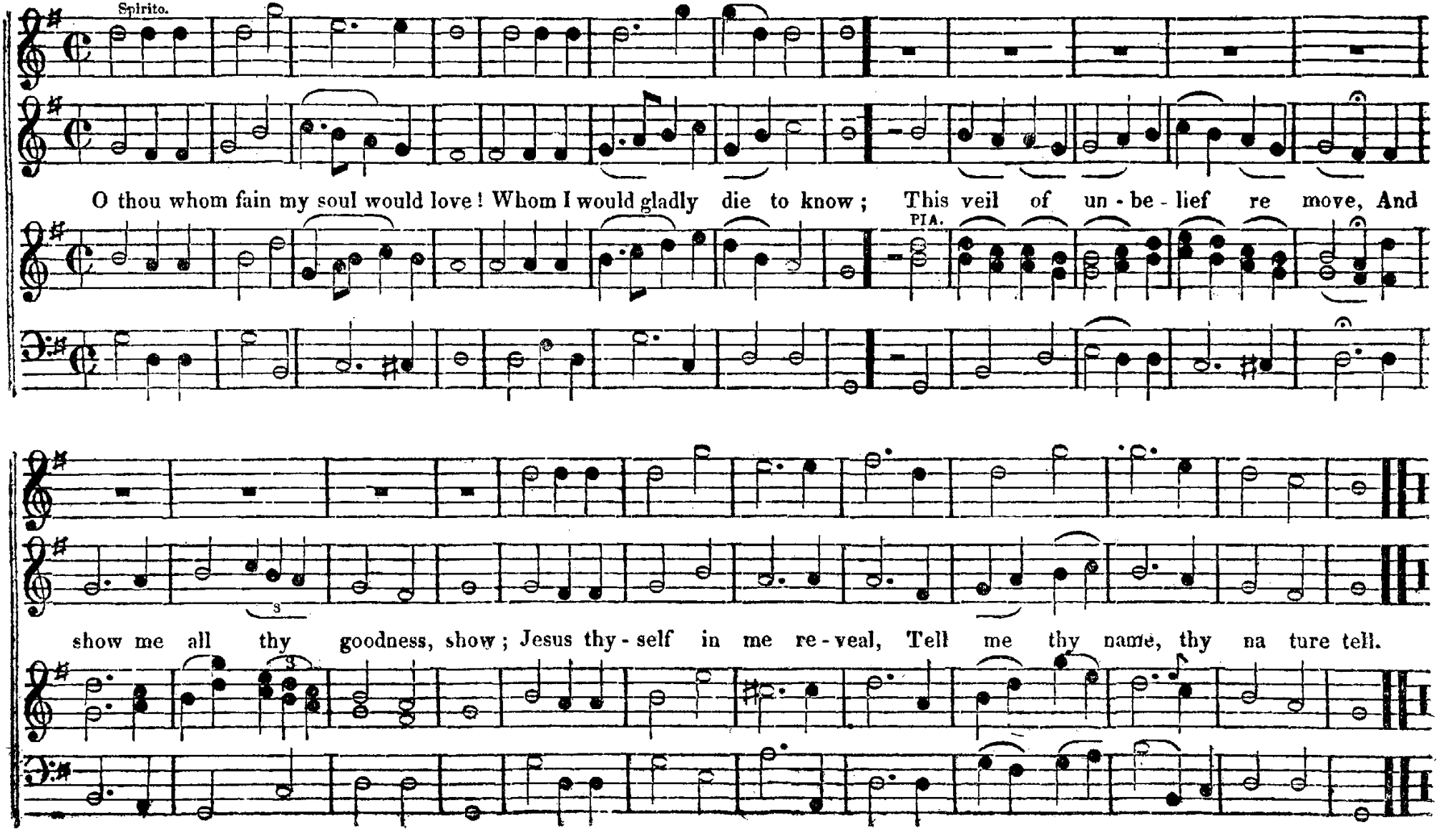
O how shall I thy goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast show'd
That I, a child of wrath, and hell,
I should be call'd a child of God;
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven.

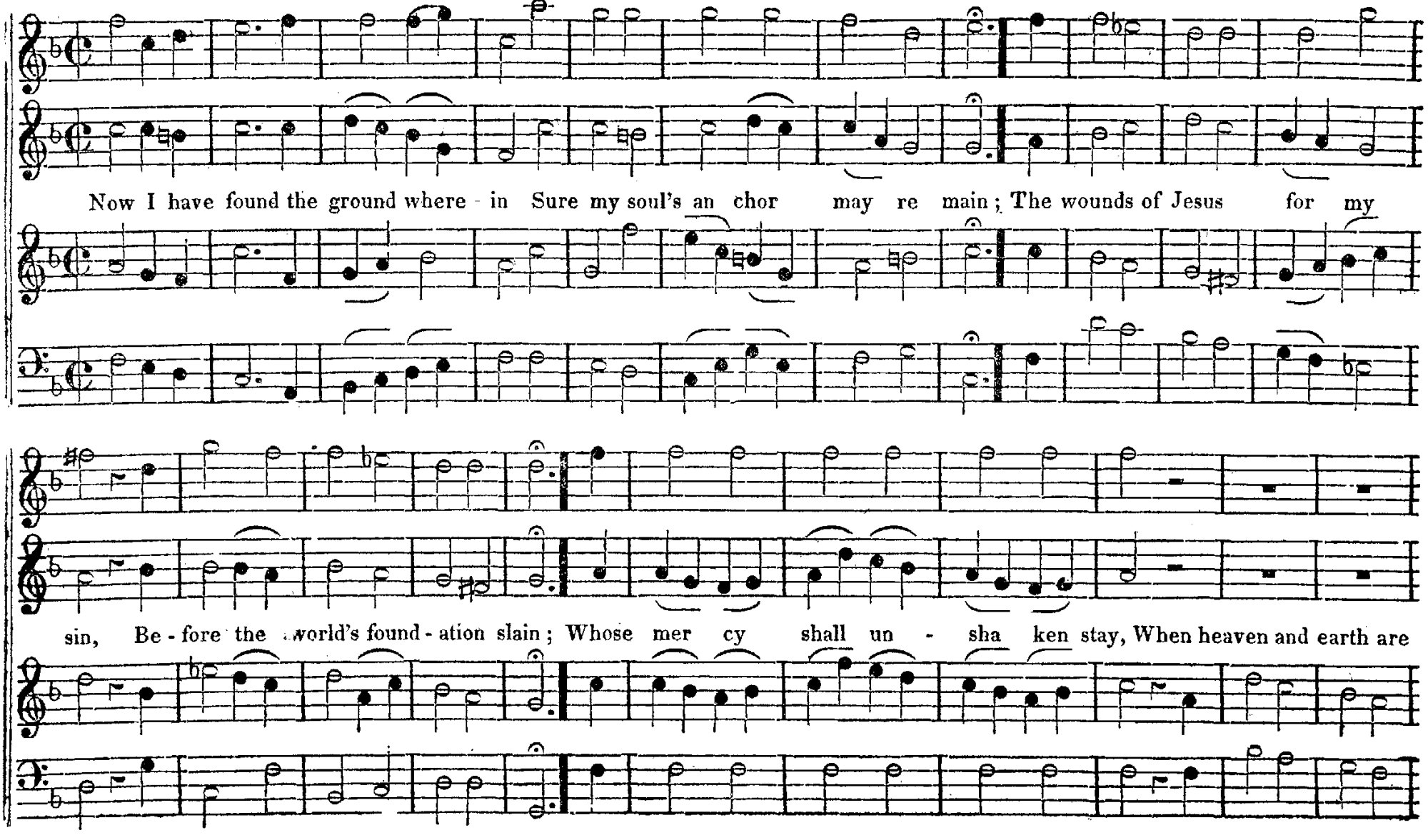
And shall I slight my Father's love,
Or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favours prove?
Shall I, the hallow'd cross to shun,
Refuse his righteousness t' impart,
By hiding it within my heart?

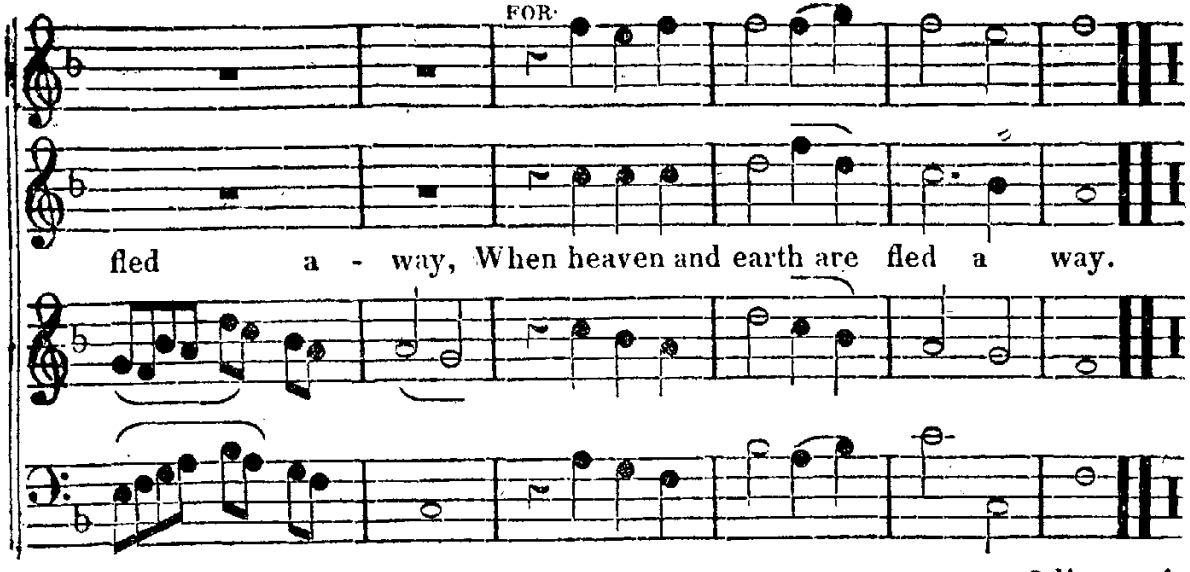

Saviour from sin, I wait to prove That Jesus is thy heal ing name; To lose, when per-fect-ed in love, What-
e'er I have; or can, or am: I stay me on thy faithful word, The servant shall be as his Lord.

HYMN 388. 6 lines 8's. Dr. Boyce.




Spirito.
O thou whom fain my soul would love! Whom I would gladly die to know; This veil of un-be-lief re move, And
PIA.
show me all thy goodness, show; Jesus thy-self in me re-veal, Tell me thy name, thy na ture tell.

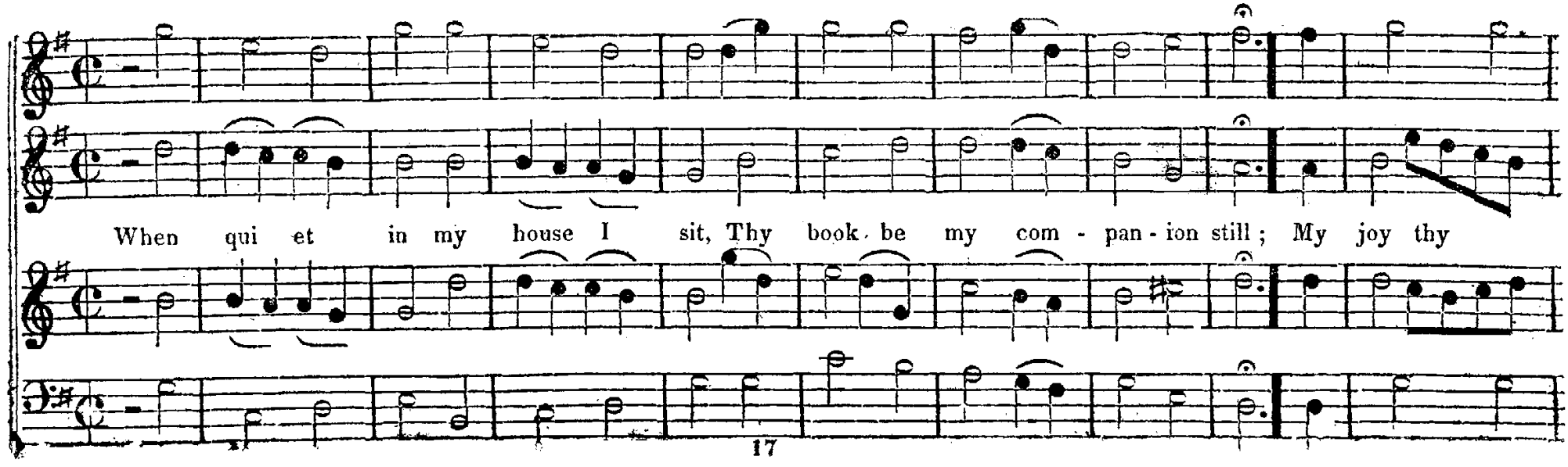

Now I have found the ground where - in Sure my soul's an chor may re main; The wounds of Jesus for my
sin, Be - fore the world's found - ation slain; Whose mer cy shall un - sha ken stay, When heaven and earth are

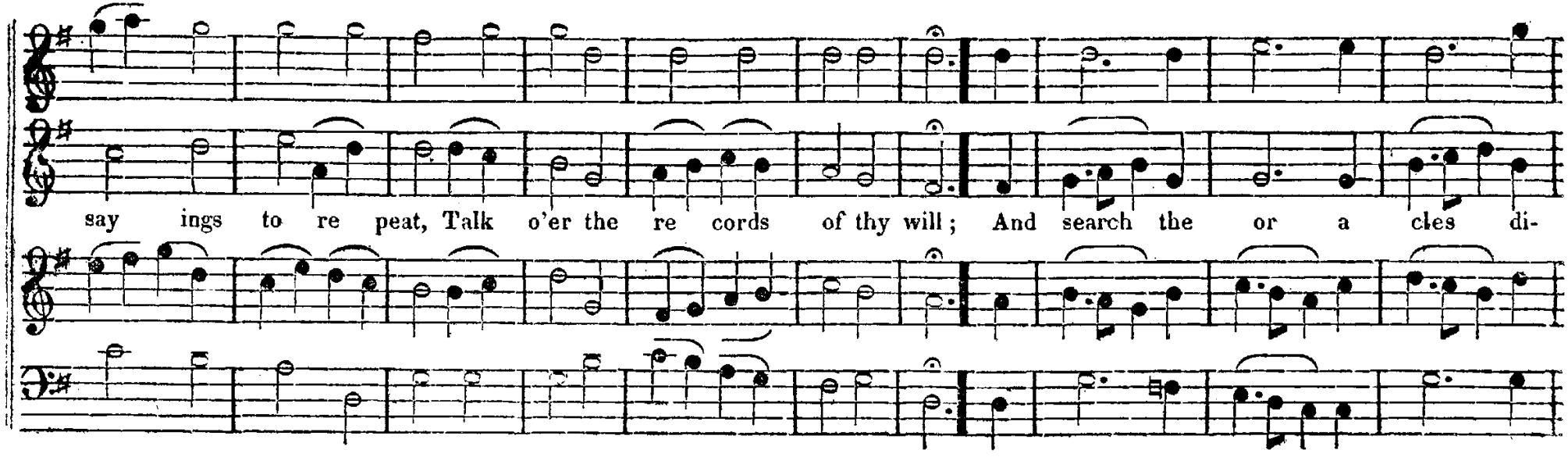


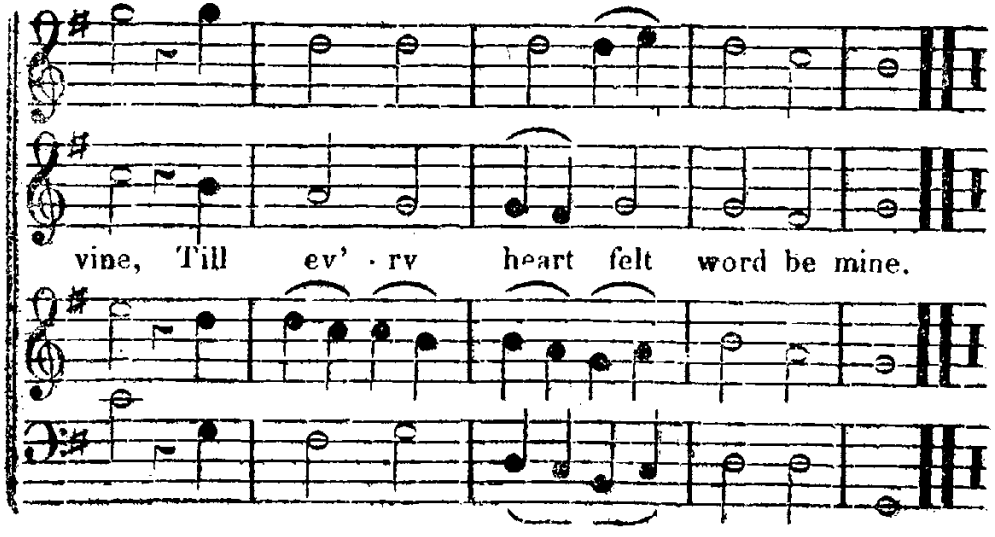
Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness;
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries!

LYMINGE. HYMN 499. 6 lines 8's. Clark.

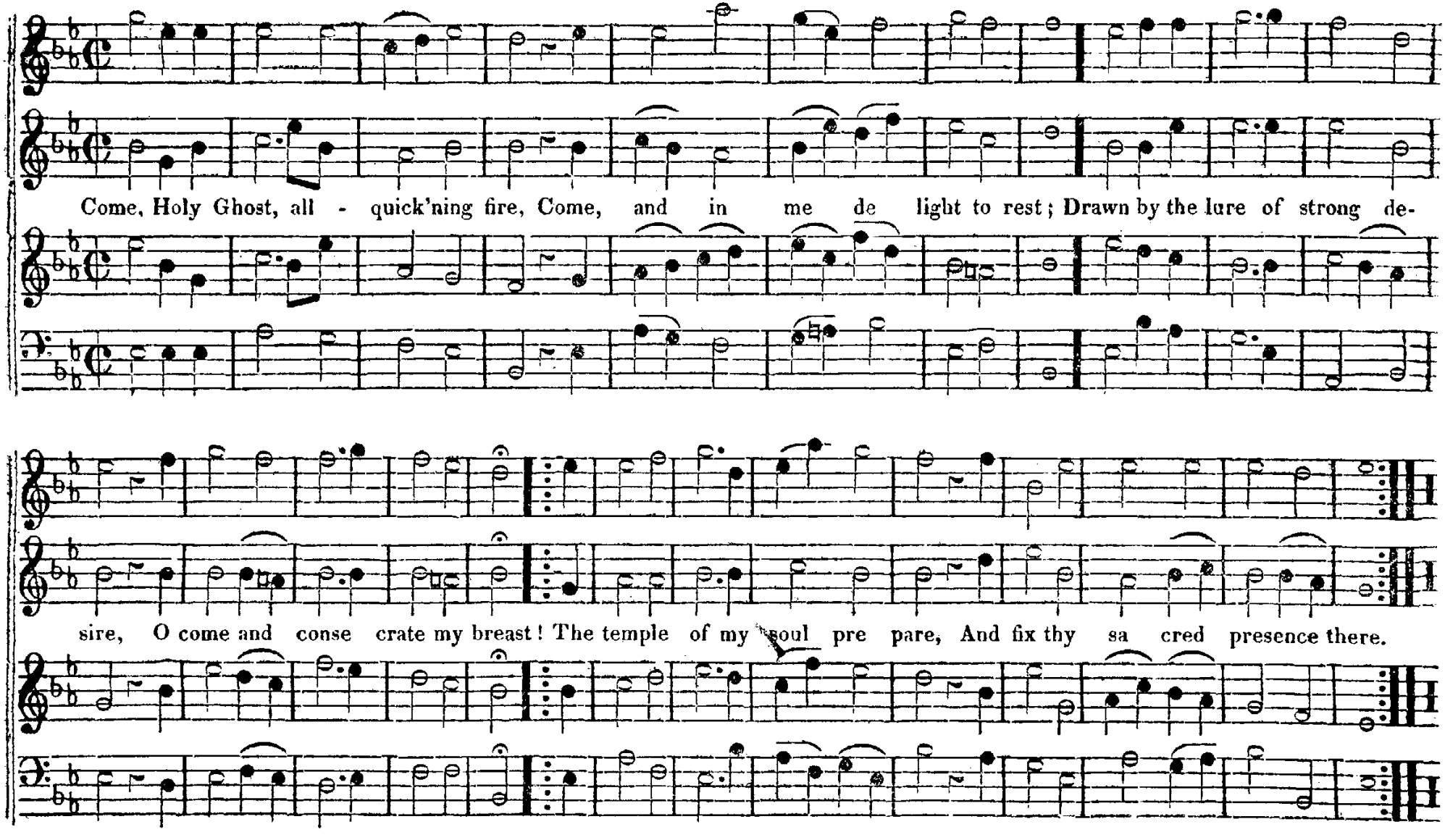


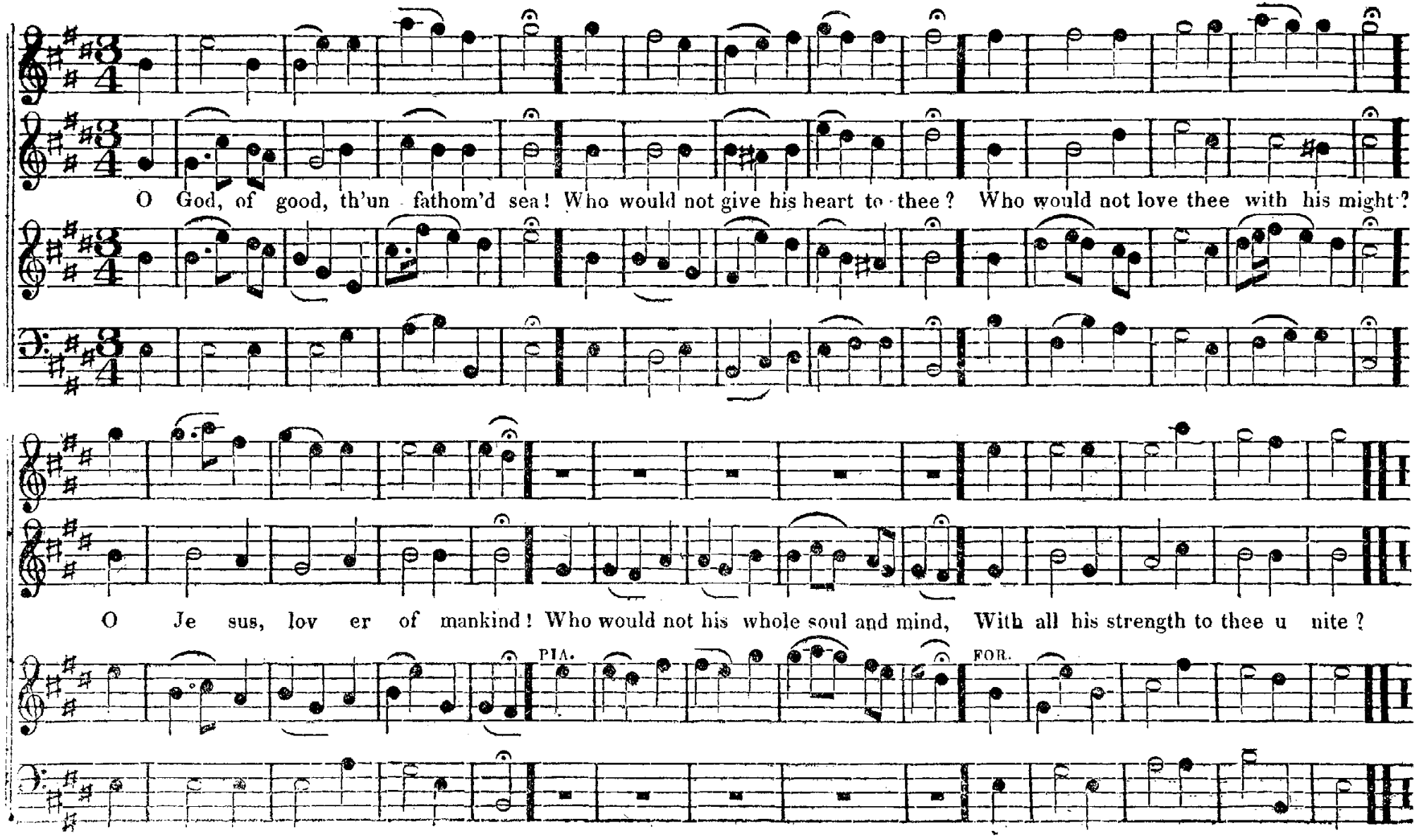


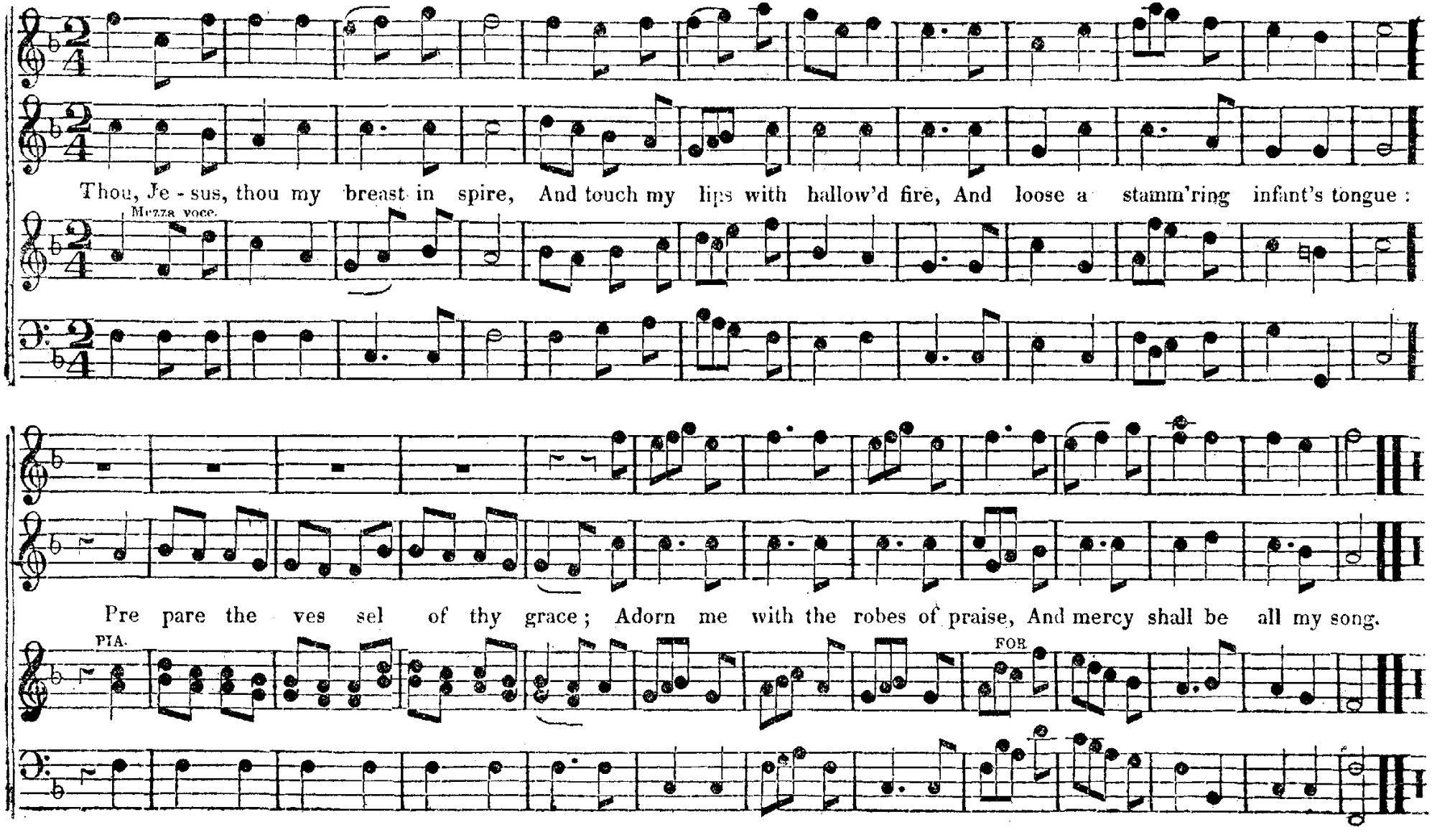


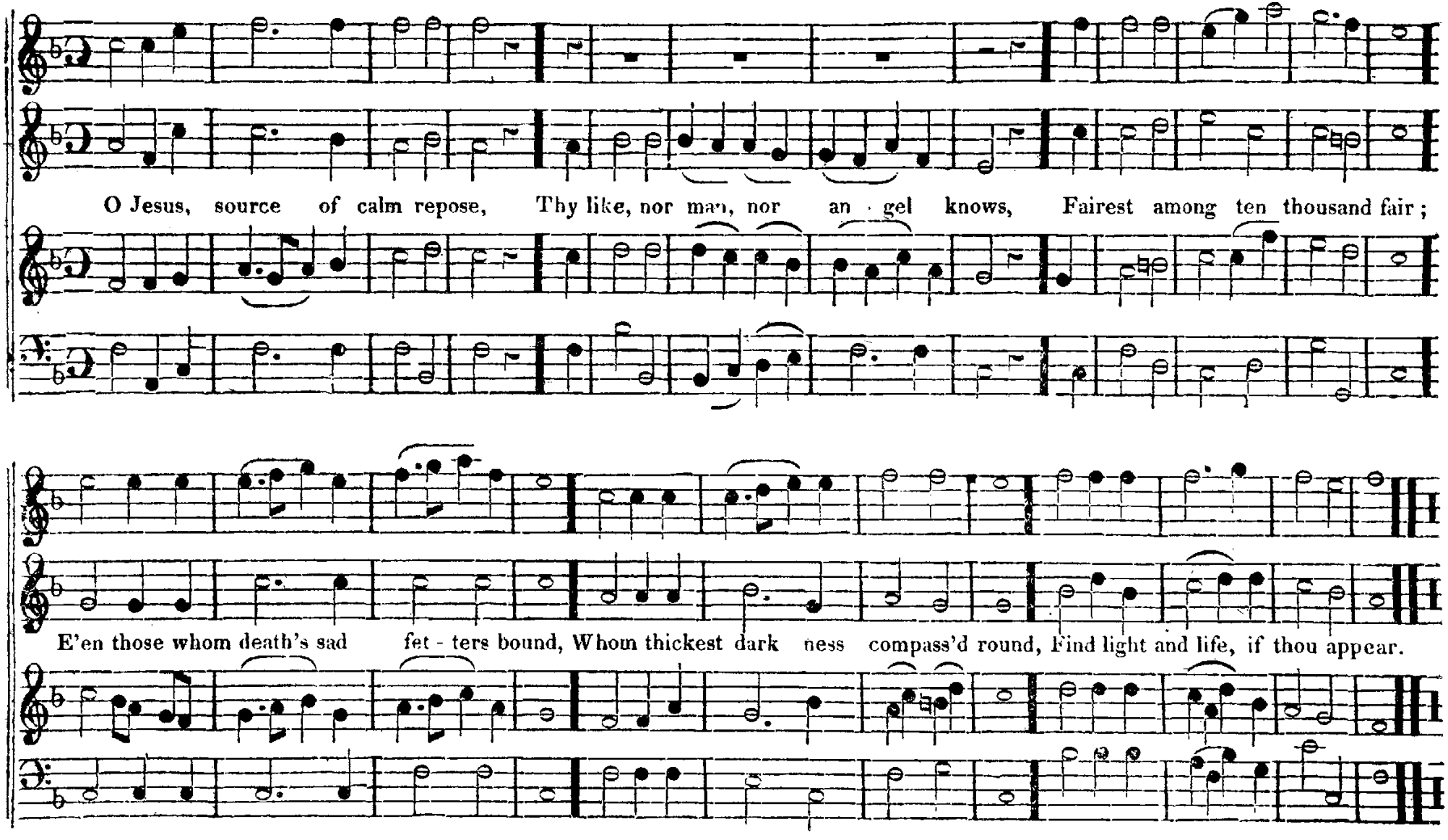
O may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converse be!
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me:
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

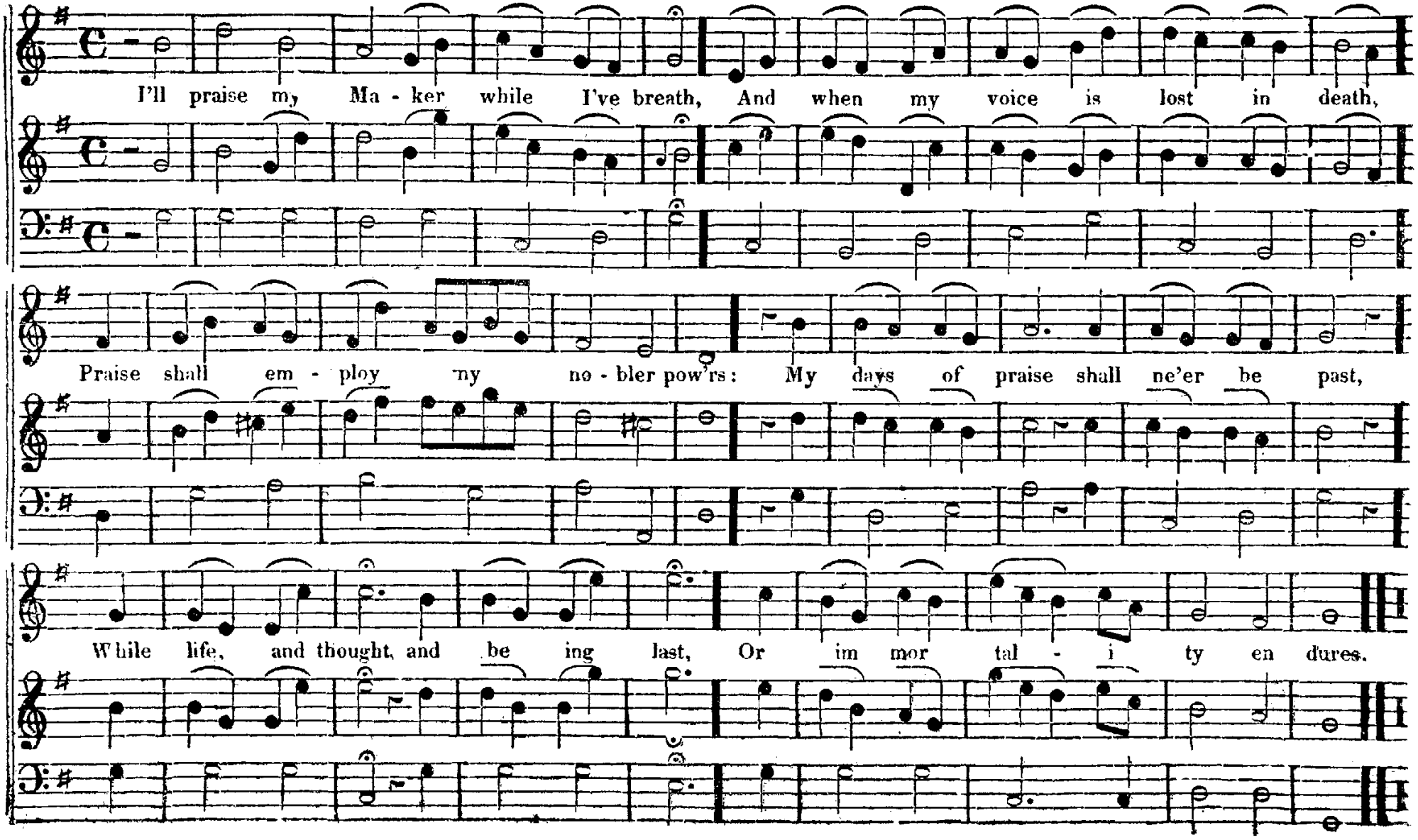
Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast;
While on the bosom of my Lord
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visons of eternal day!

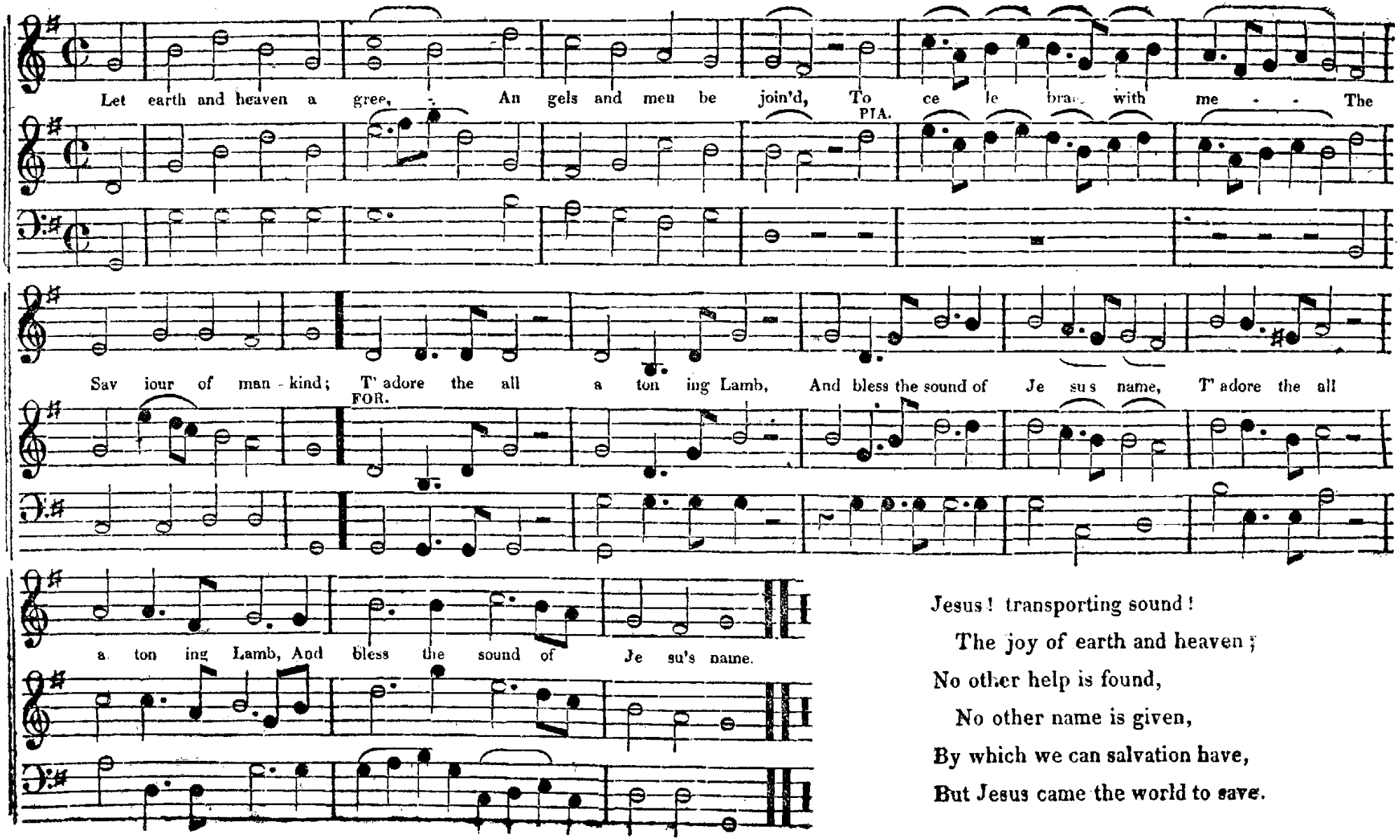

Come, Holy Ghost, all - quick'ning fire, Come, and in me de light to rest; Drawn by the lure of strong de-
sire, O come and conse crate my breast! The temple of my soul pre pare, And fix thy sa cred presence there.


O God, of good, th'un fathom'd sea! Who would not give his heart to thee? Who would not love thee with his might?
O Je sus, lov er of mankind! Who would not his whole soul and mind, With all his strength to thee u nite?
PIA.
FOR.

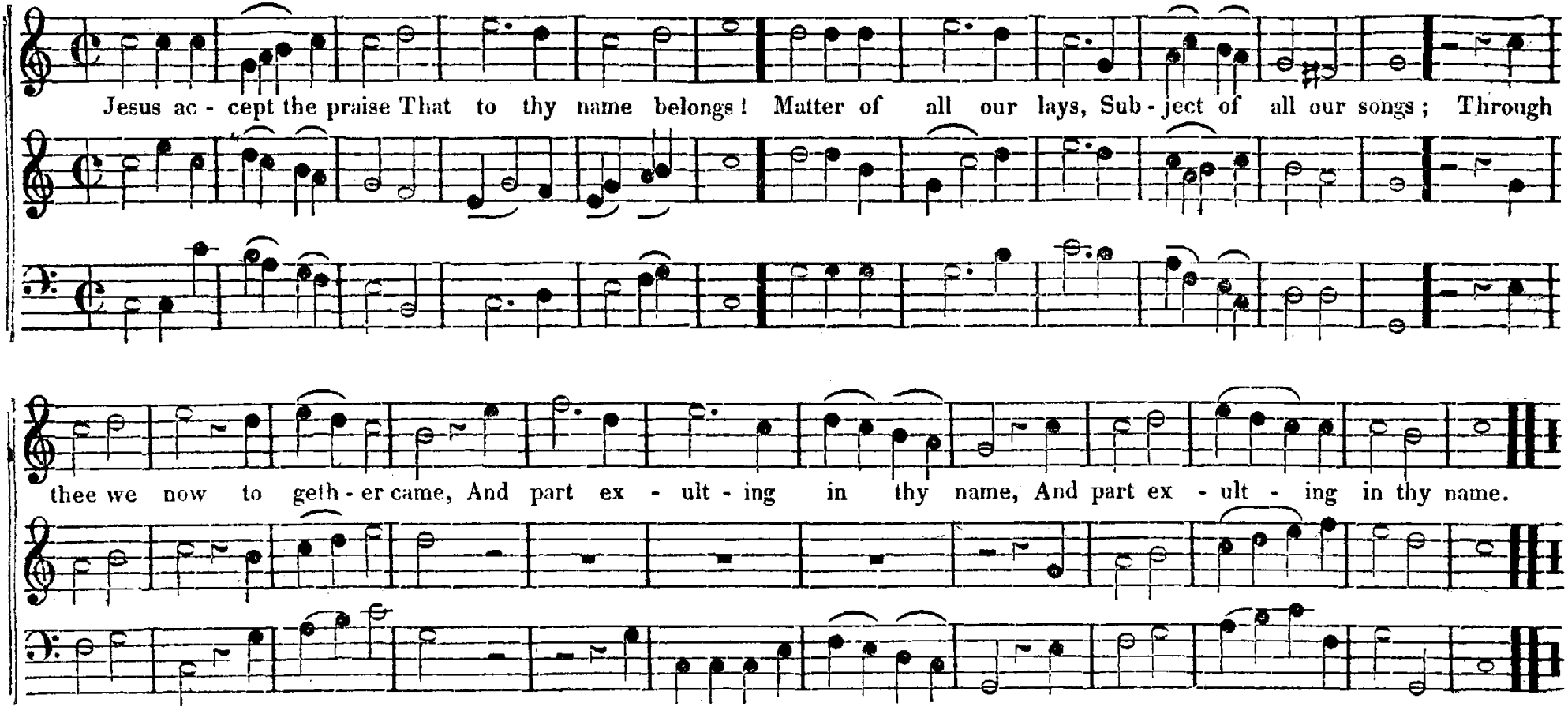

Thou, Je - sus, thou my breast in spire, And touch my lips with hallow'd fire, And loose a stamm'ring infant's tongue:
Mezza voce.
Pre pare the ves sel of thy grace; Adorn me with the robes of praise, And mercy shall be all my song.
PIA.
FOR


O Jesus, source of calm repose, Thy like, nor man, nor an - gel knows, Fairest among ten thousand fair;
E'en those whom death's sad fet - ters bound, Whom thickest dark ness compass'd round, Find light and life, if thou appear.


I'll praise my Ma - ker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler pow'rs: My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and be ing last, Or im mor tal - i ty en dures.



Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have,
But Jesus came the world to save.

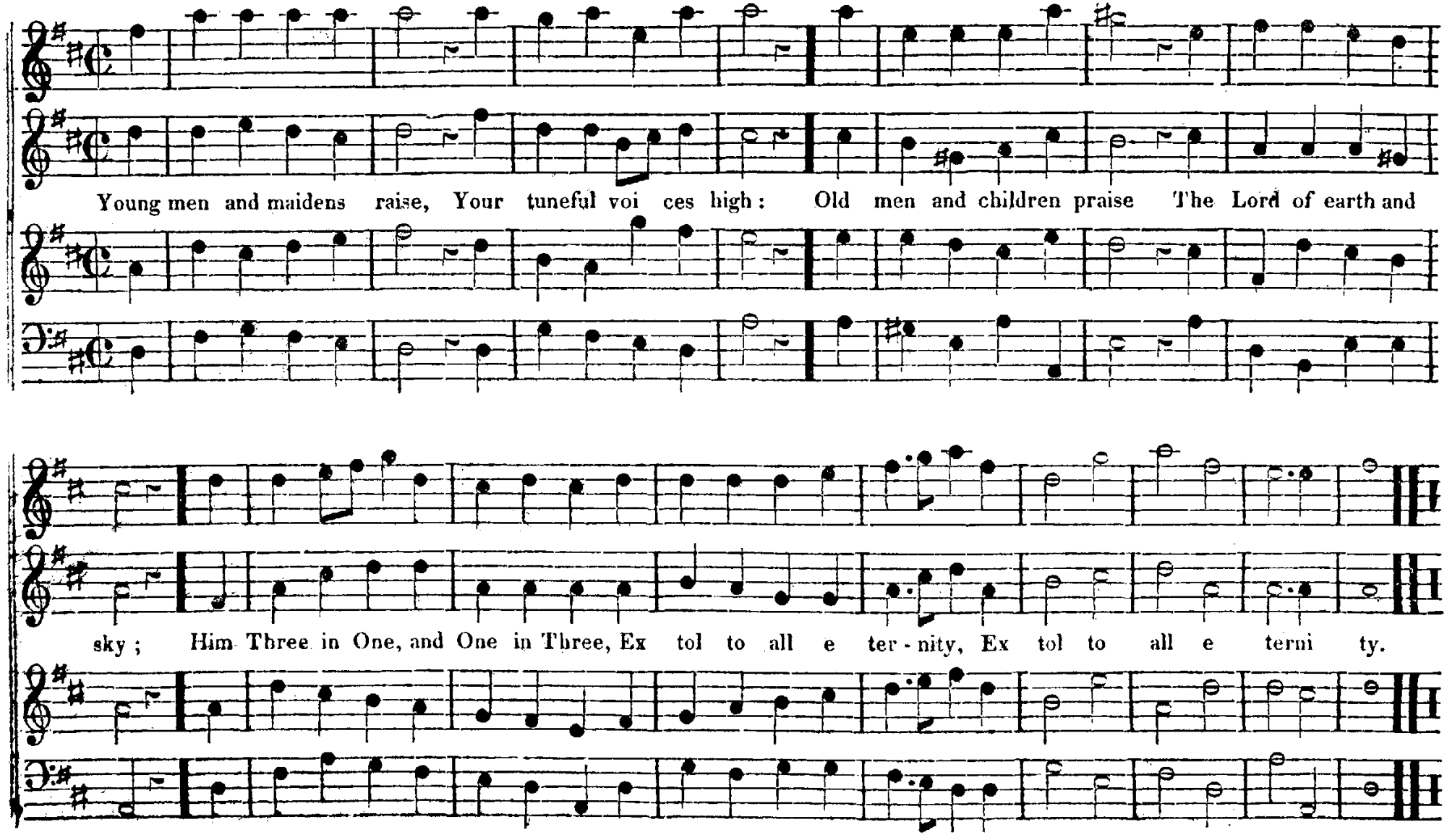


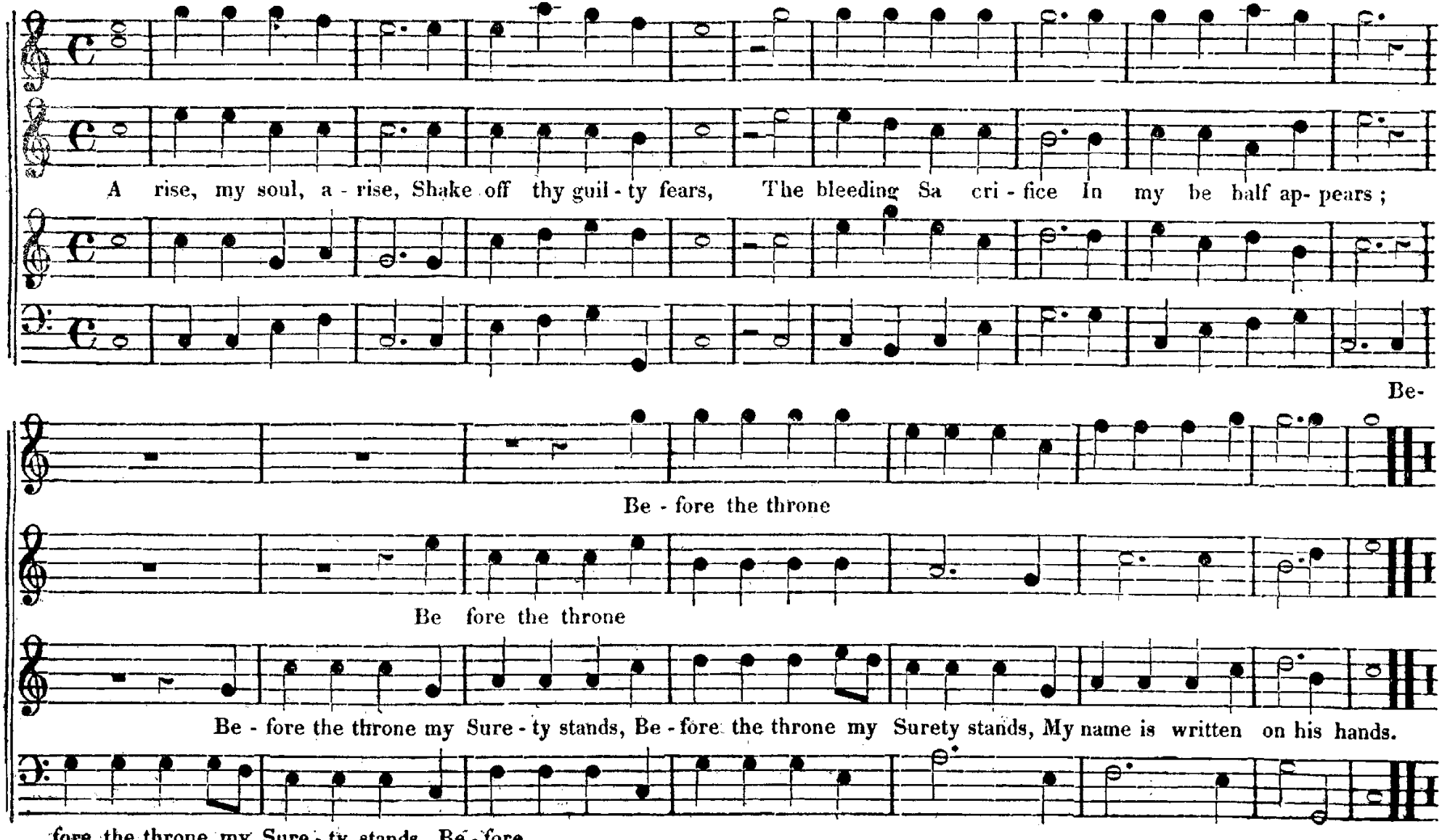
In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit join'd
T' embrace the happy toil,
Thou hast to each assign'd;
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heav'n about us still.

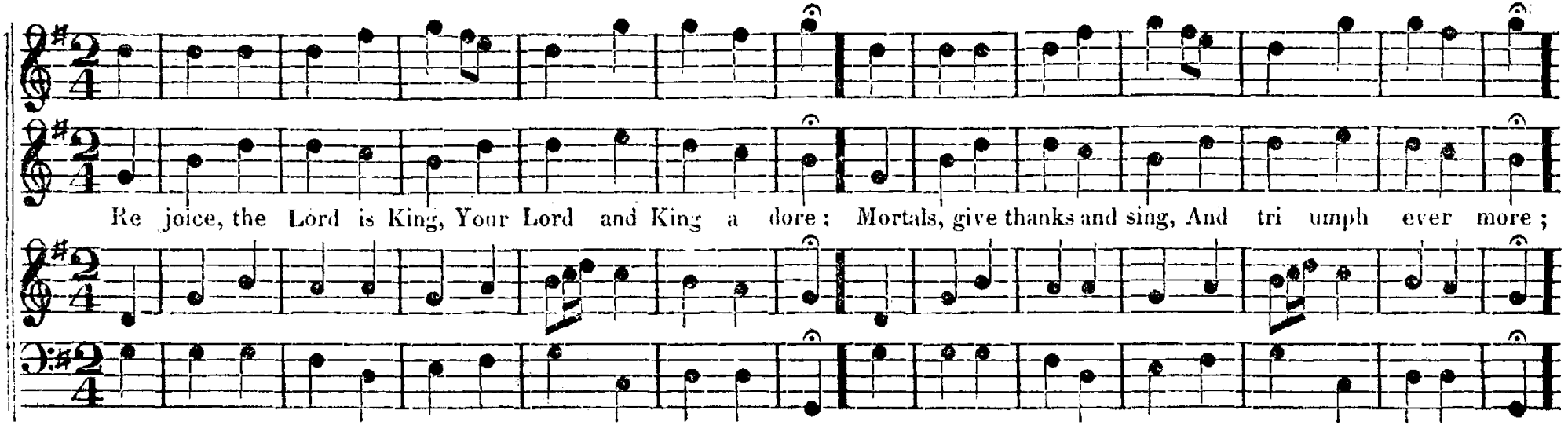
O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And, arm'd with patience, run
With joy th' appointed race!
Keep us and every seeking soul
Till all attain the heav'nly goal.

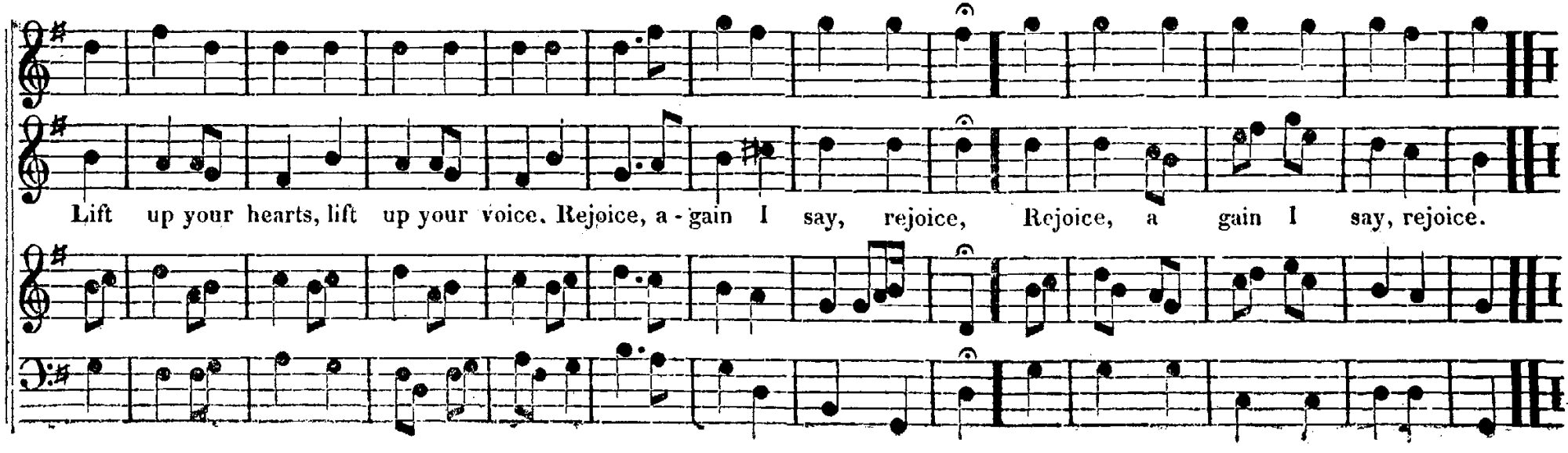
There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more:
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp thee in the flaming skies.

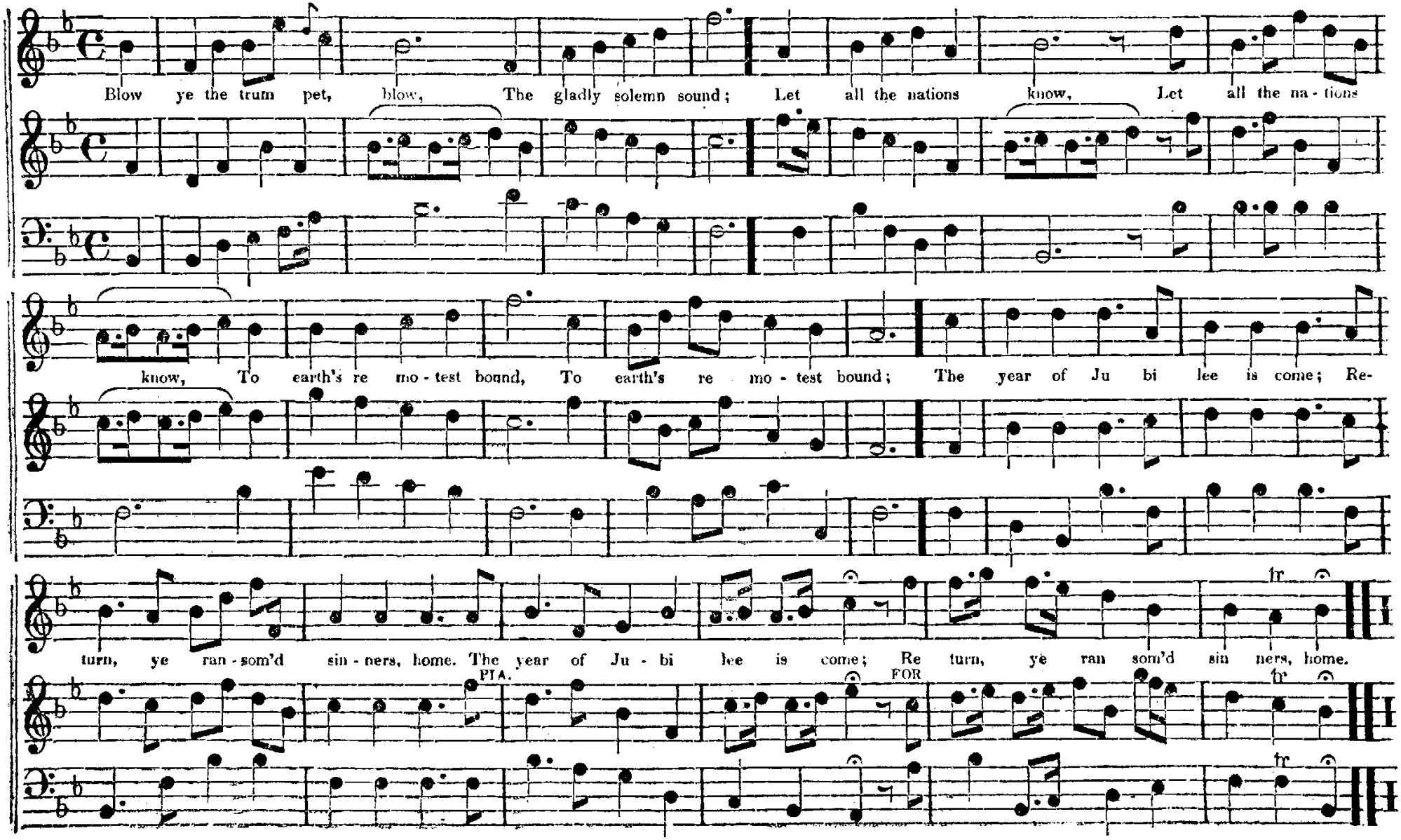
O happy, happy day,
That call's thy exiles home!
The heav'ns shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom:
Earth we shall view, and heav'n destroy'd
And shout above the fiery void.

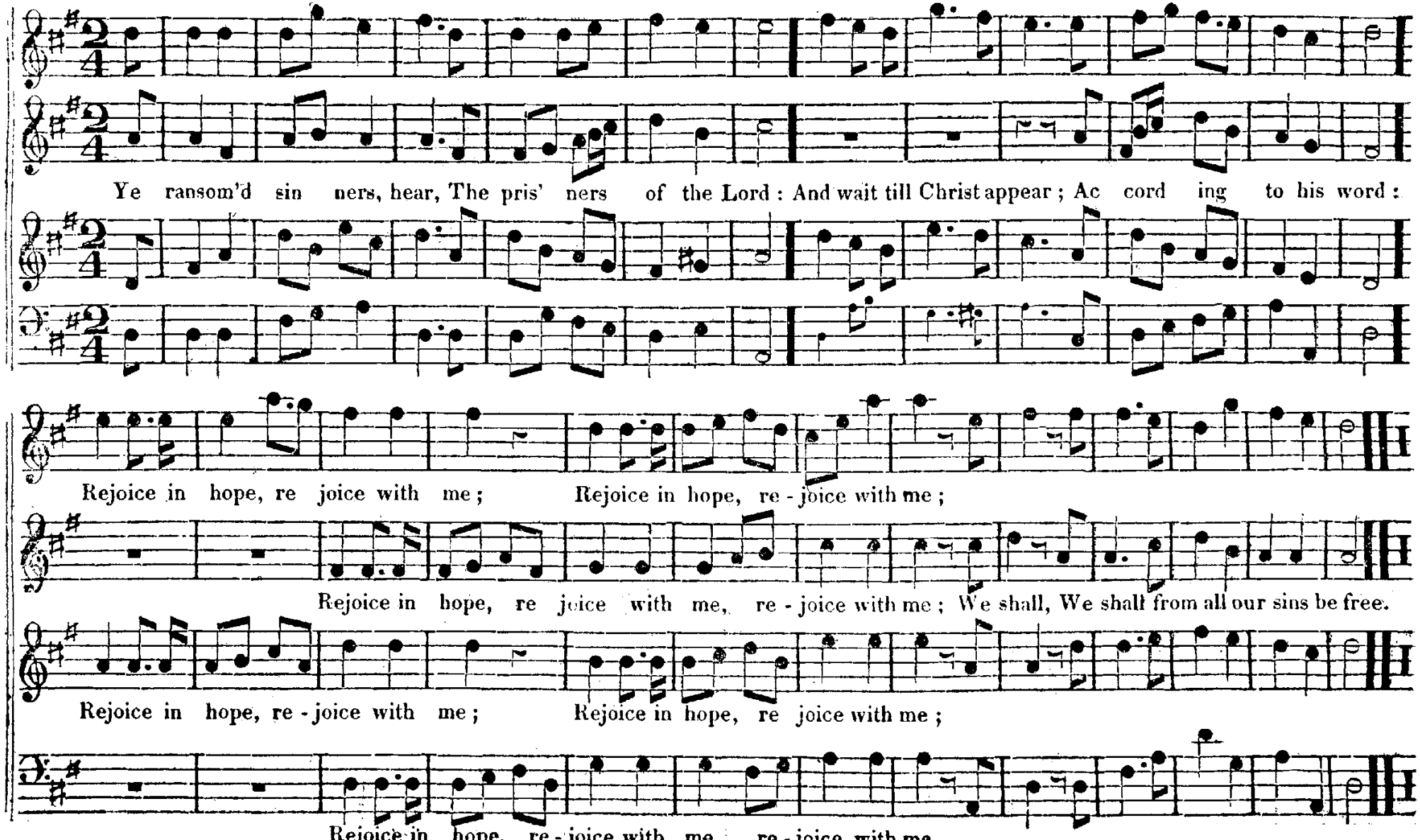

Young men and maidens raise, Your tuneful voi ces high: Old men and children praise The Lord of earth and
sky; Him Three in One, and One in Three, Ex tol to all e ter-nity, Ex tol to all e terni ty.

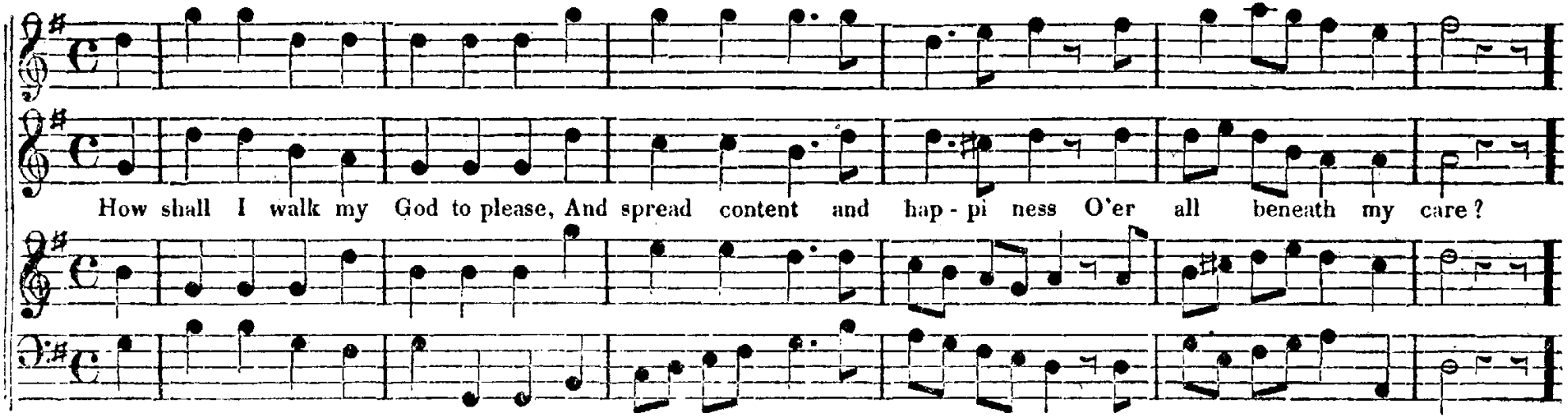

A rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guil - ty fears, The bleeding Sa cri - fice In my be half ap- pears ;
Be-
Be - fore the throne
Be fore the throne
Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on his hands.
fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore

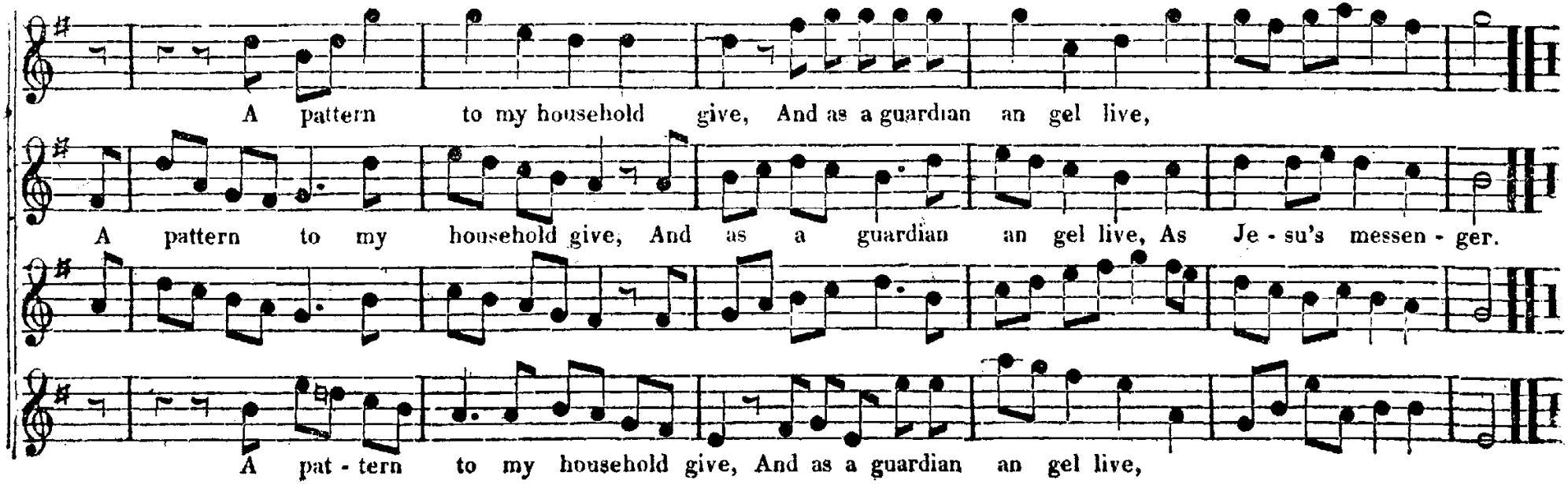

Re joice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King a dore: Mortals, give thanks and sing, And tri umph ever more;

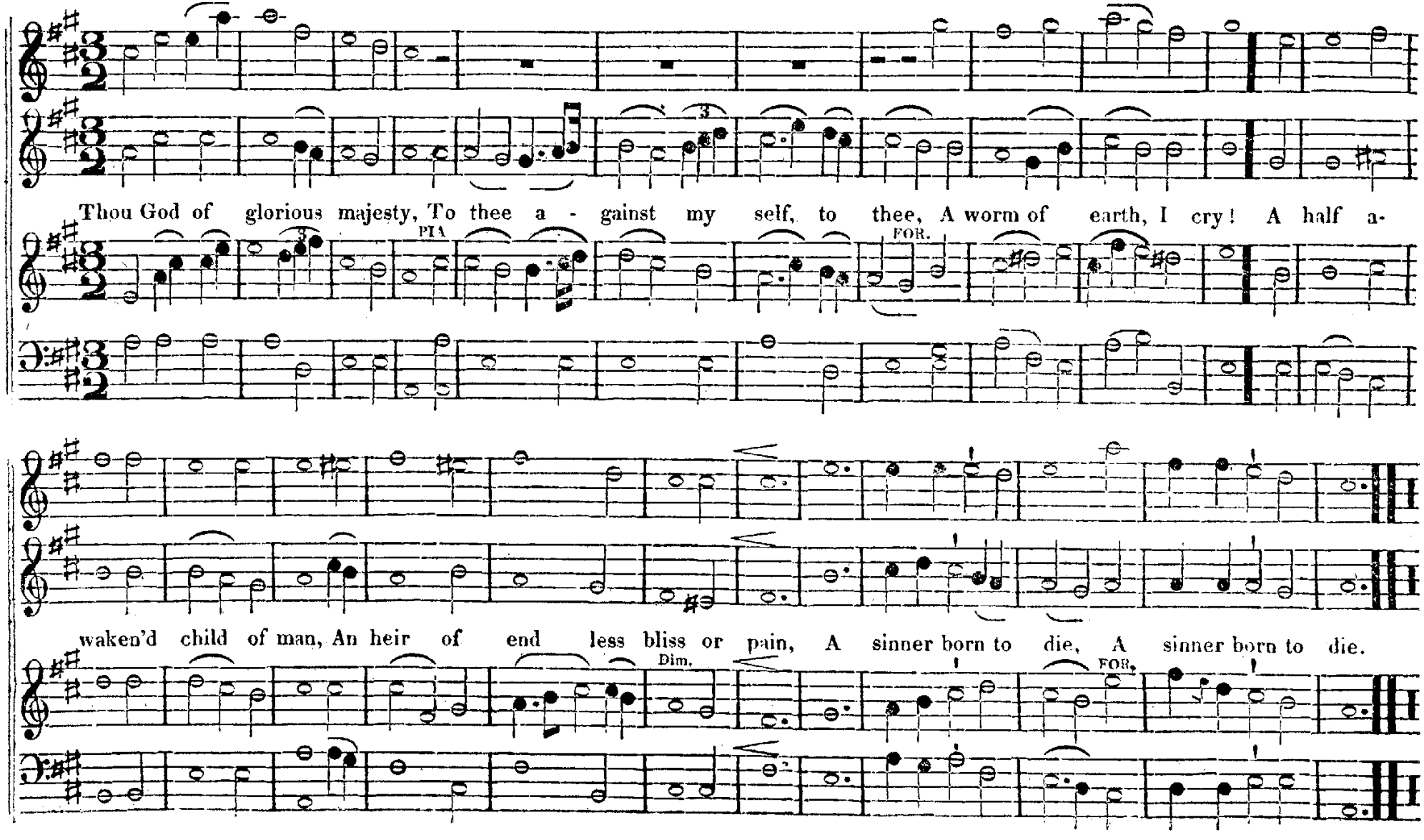

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice. Rejoice, a - gain I say, rejoice, Rejoice, a gain I say, rejoice.

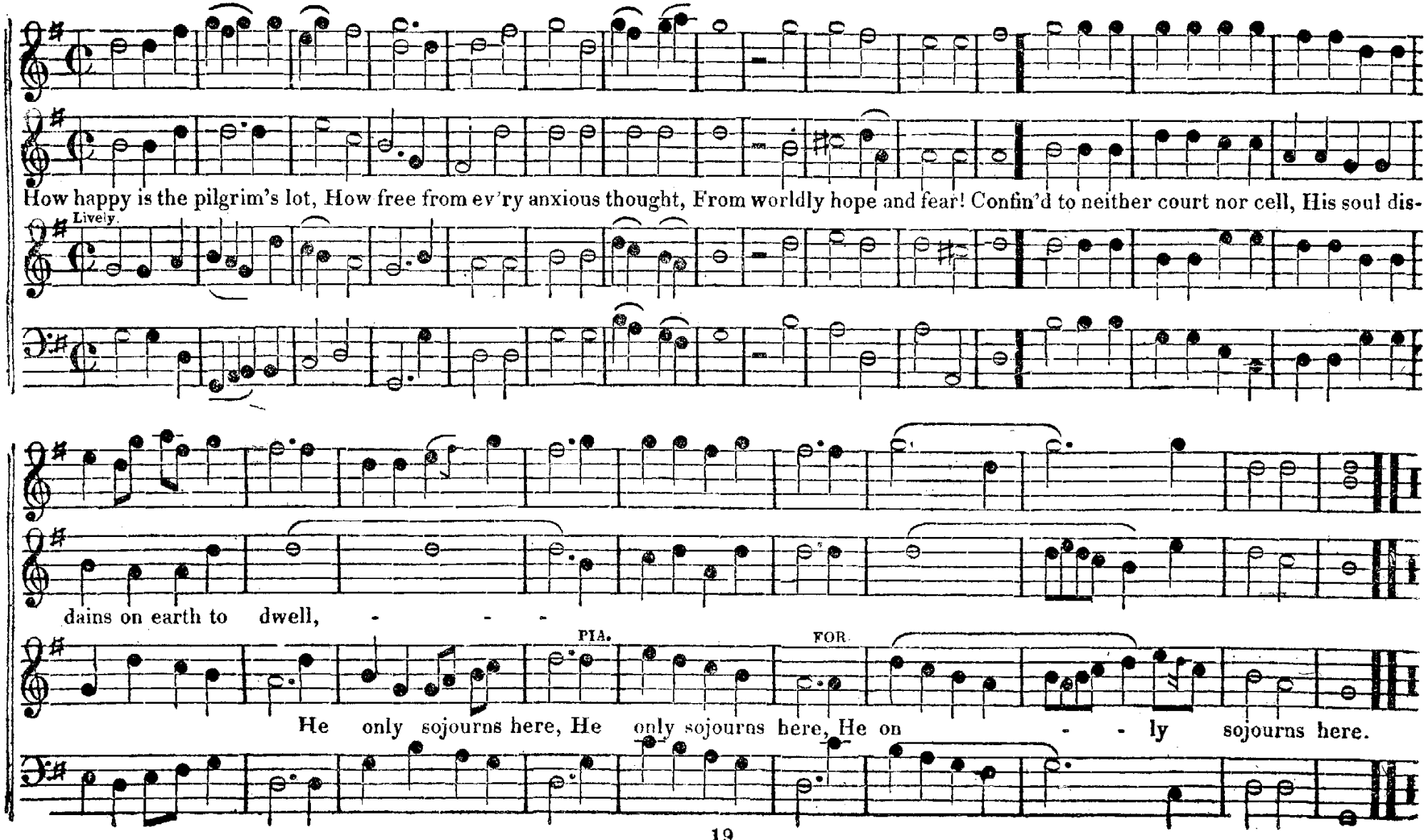

Blow ye the trum pet, blow, The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know, Let all the na - tions
know, To earth's re mo - test bound, To earth's re mo - test bound; The year of Ju bi lee is come; Re-
turn, ye ran - som'd sin - ners, home. The year of Ju - bi lee is come; Re turn, ye ran som'd sin ners, home.
PIA.
FOR

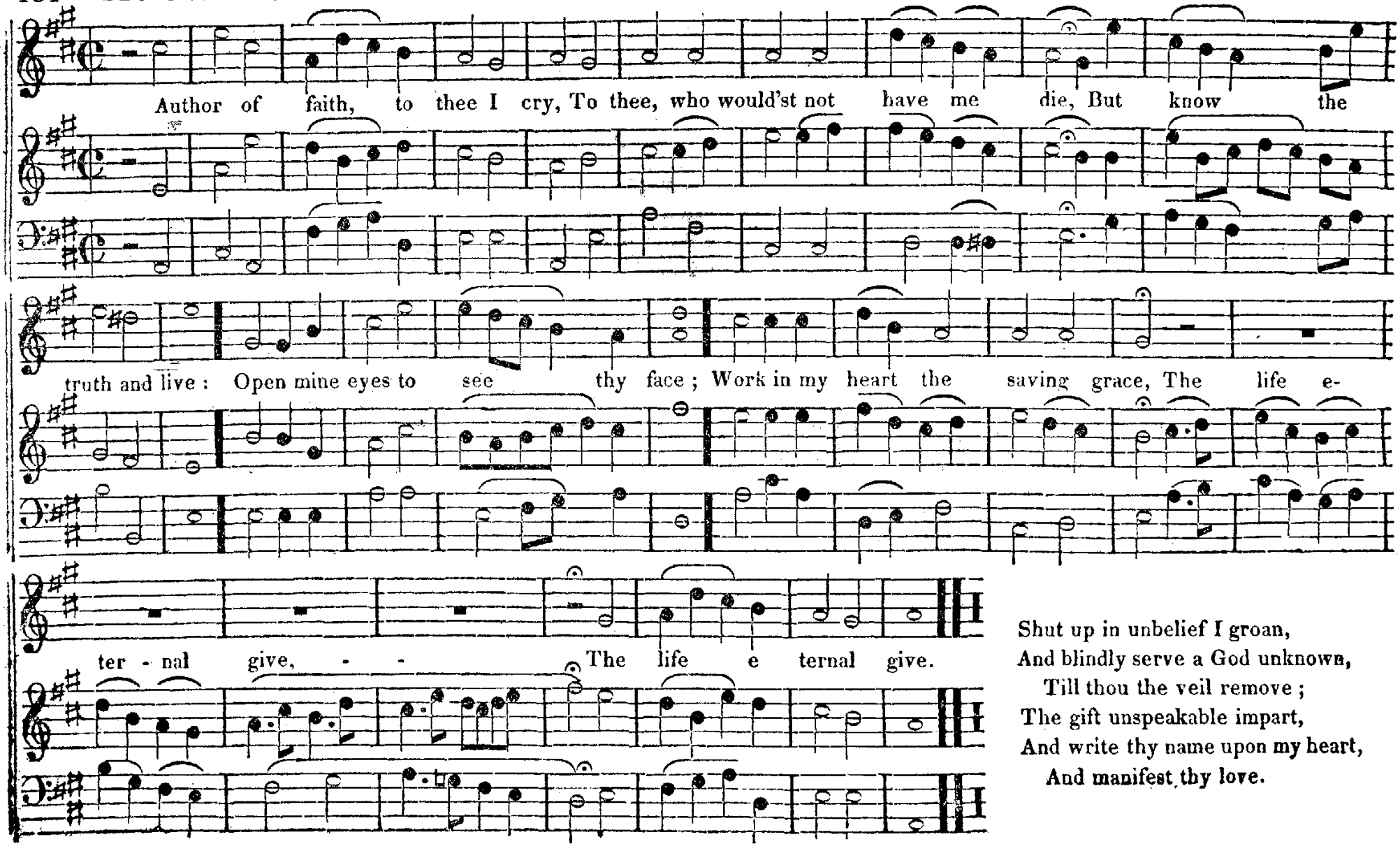

Ye ransom'd sin ners, hear, The pris' ners of the Lord: And wait till Christ appear; Ac cord ing to his word:
Rejoice in hope, re joice with me; Rejoice in hope, re-joice with me;
Rejoice in hope, re joice with me, re-joice with me; We shall, We shall from all our sins be free.
Rejoice in hope, re-joice with me; Rejoice in hope, re joice with me;
Rejoice in hope, re-joice with me, re-joice with me,


How shall I walk my God to please, And spread content and hap - pi ness O'er all beneath my care?

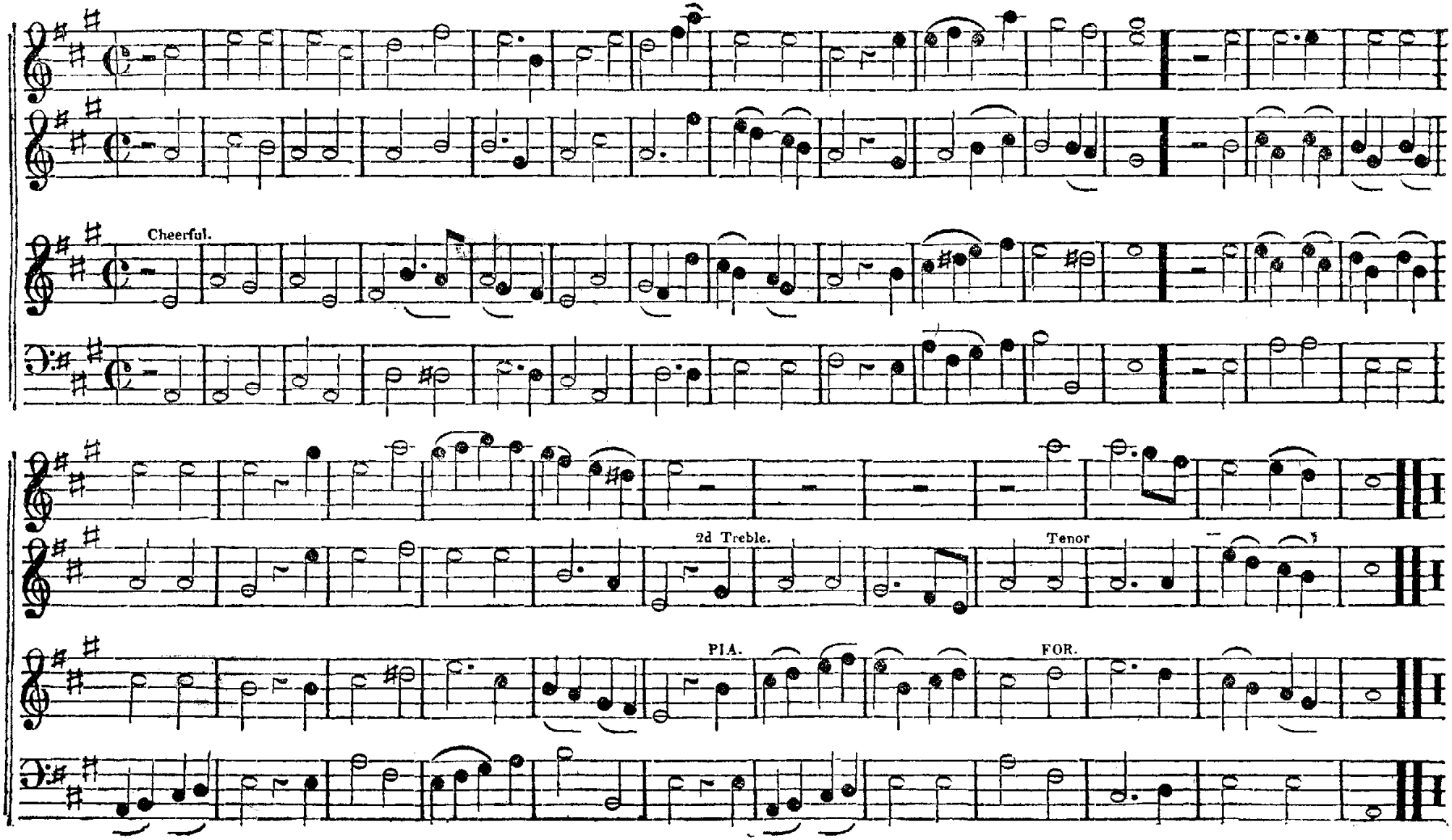

A pattern to my household give, And as a guardian an gel live,
A pattern to my household give, And as a guardian an gel live, As Je - su's messen - ger.
A pat - tern to my household give, And as a guardian an gel live,


Thou God of glorious majesty, To thee a - gainst my self, to thee, A worm of earth, I cry! A half a-
PIA
FOR.
waken'd child of man, An heir of end less bliss or pain, A sinner born to die, A sinner born to die.
Dim.
FOR.


How happy is the pilgrim's lot, How free from ev'ry anxious thought, From worldly hope and fear! Confin'd to neither court nor cell, His soul dis-
Lively.
dains on earth to dwell,
PIA.
FOR.
He only sojourns here, He only sojourns here, He on - - ly sojourns here.

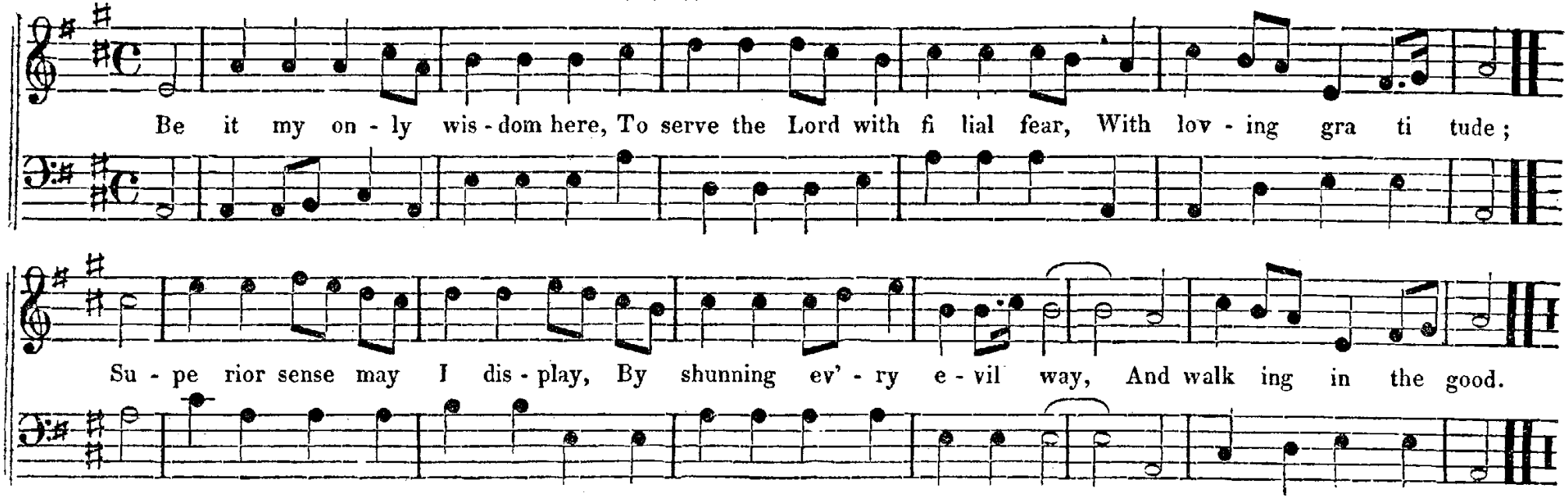


Shut up in unbelief I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.


Cheerful.
2d Treble.
Tenor
PIA.
FOR.

WILLOWBY.

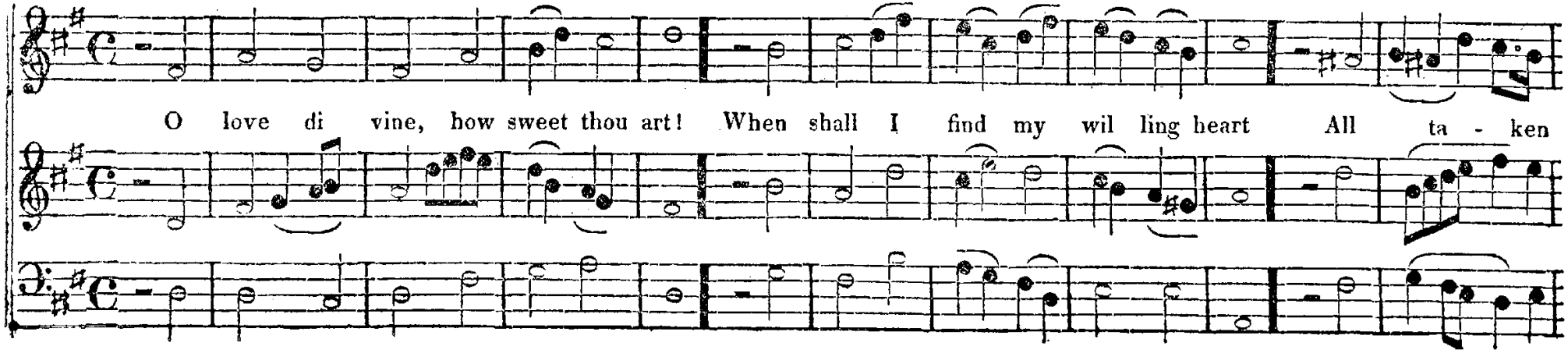
HYMN 160. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

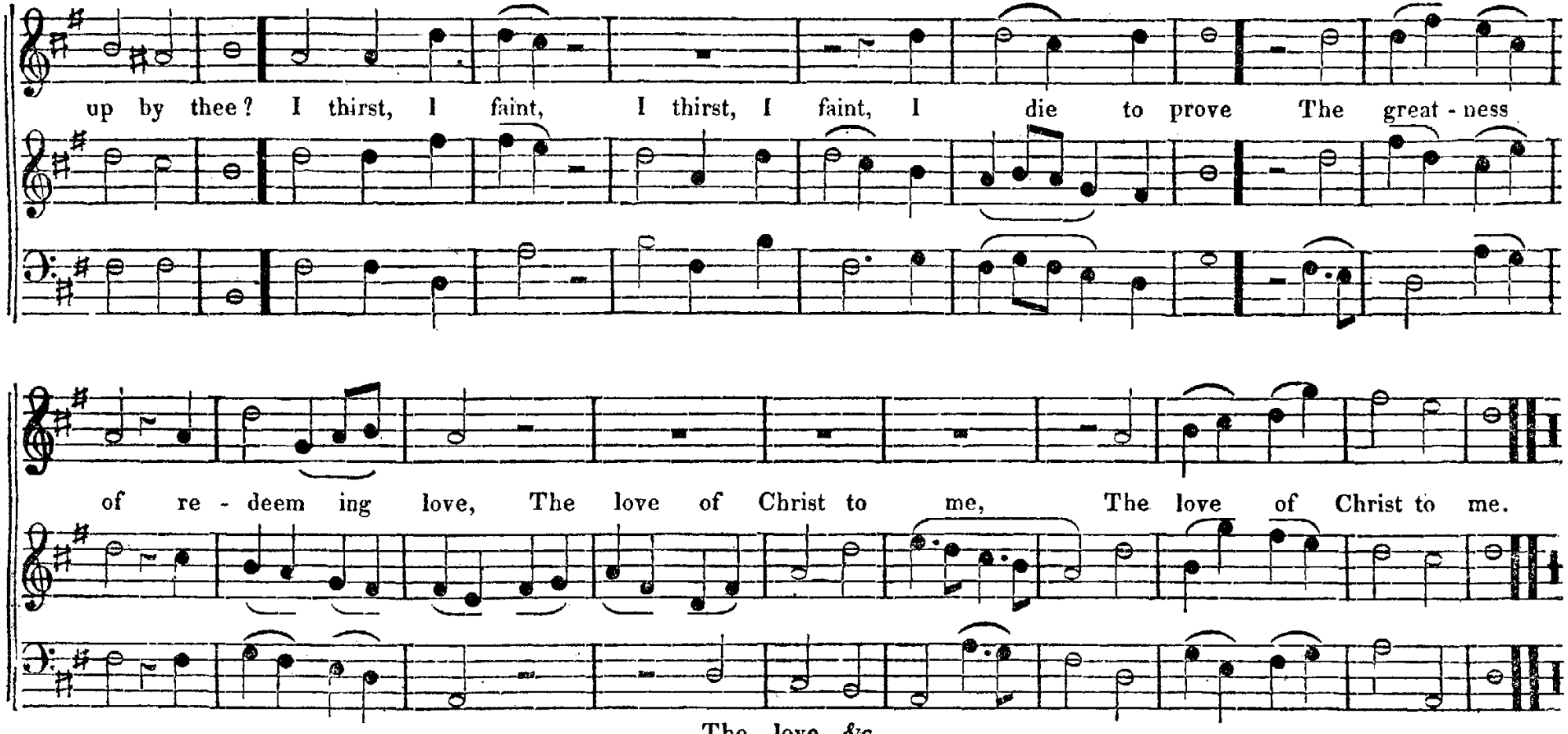


MOUNT ZION.

HYMN 36. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Leach.



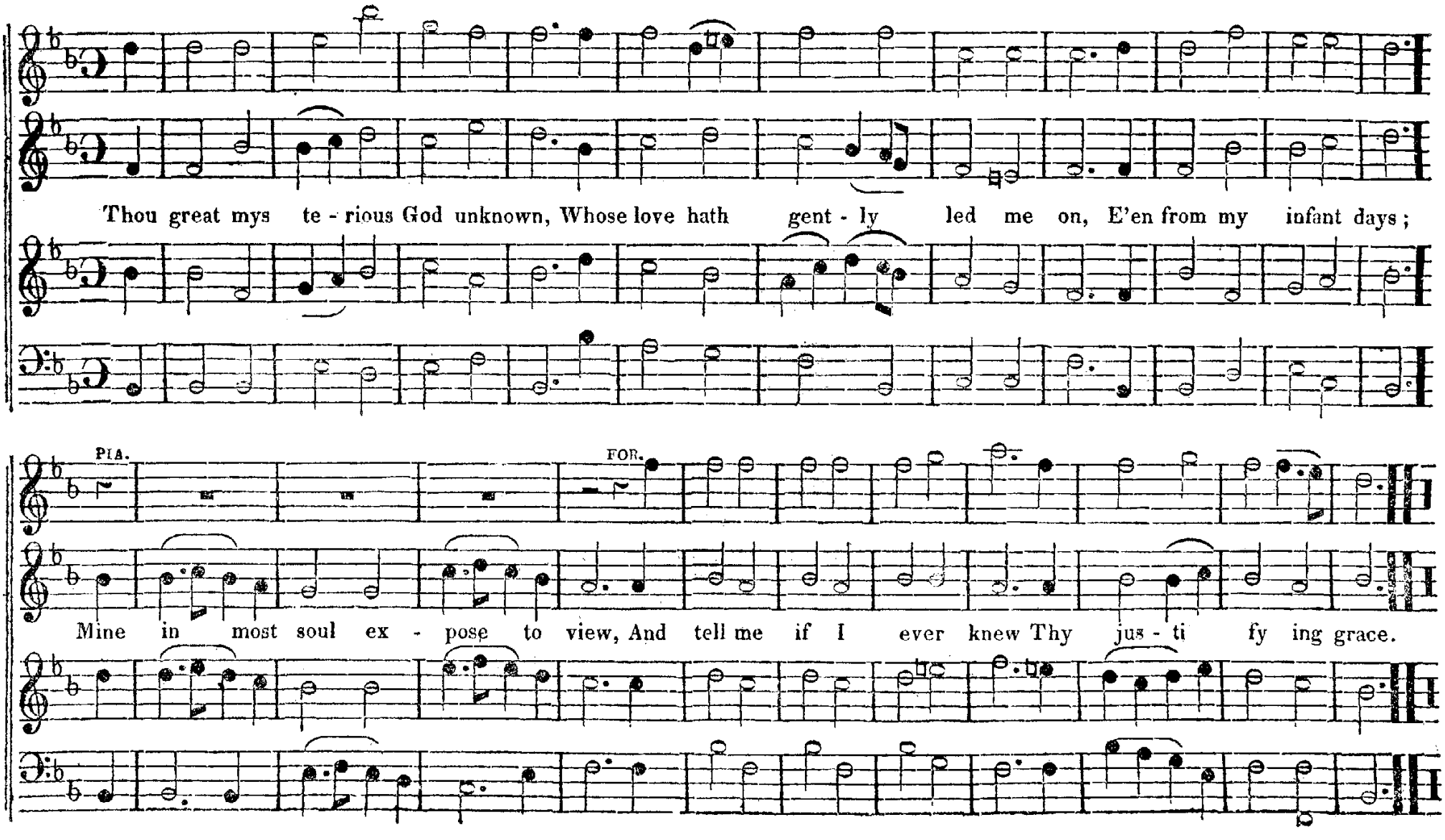


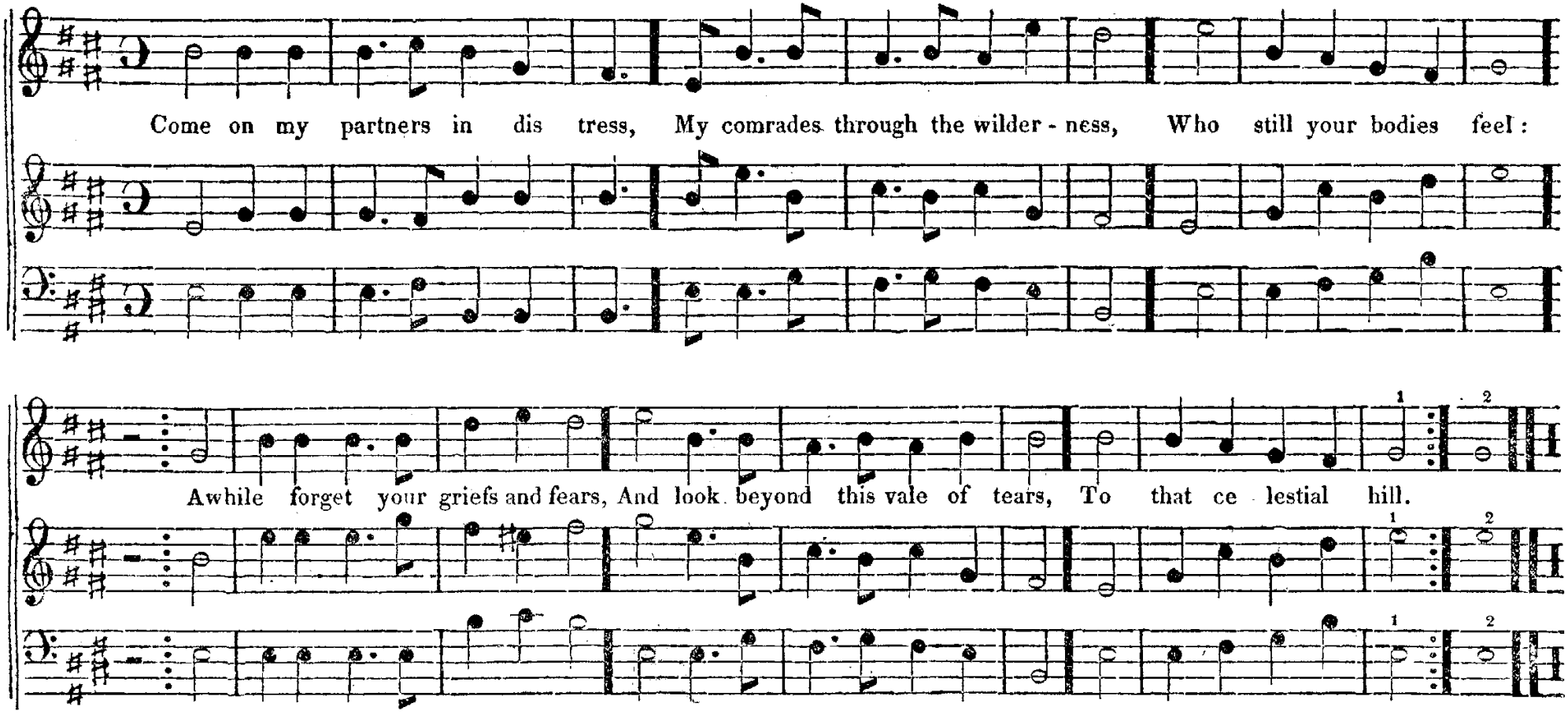
The love, &c.

Stronger his love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable ;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, and height.

God only knows the love of God ;
O that it were now shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine !
Be mine this better part!

O that I could for ever sit,
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice !

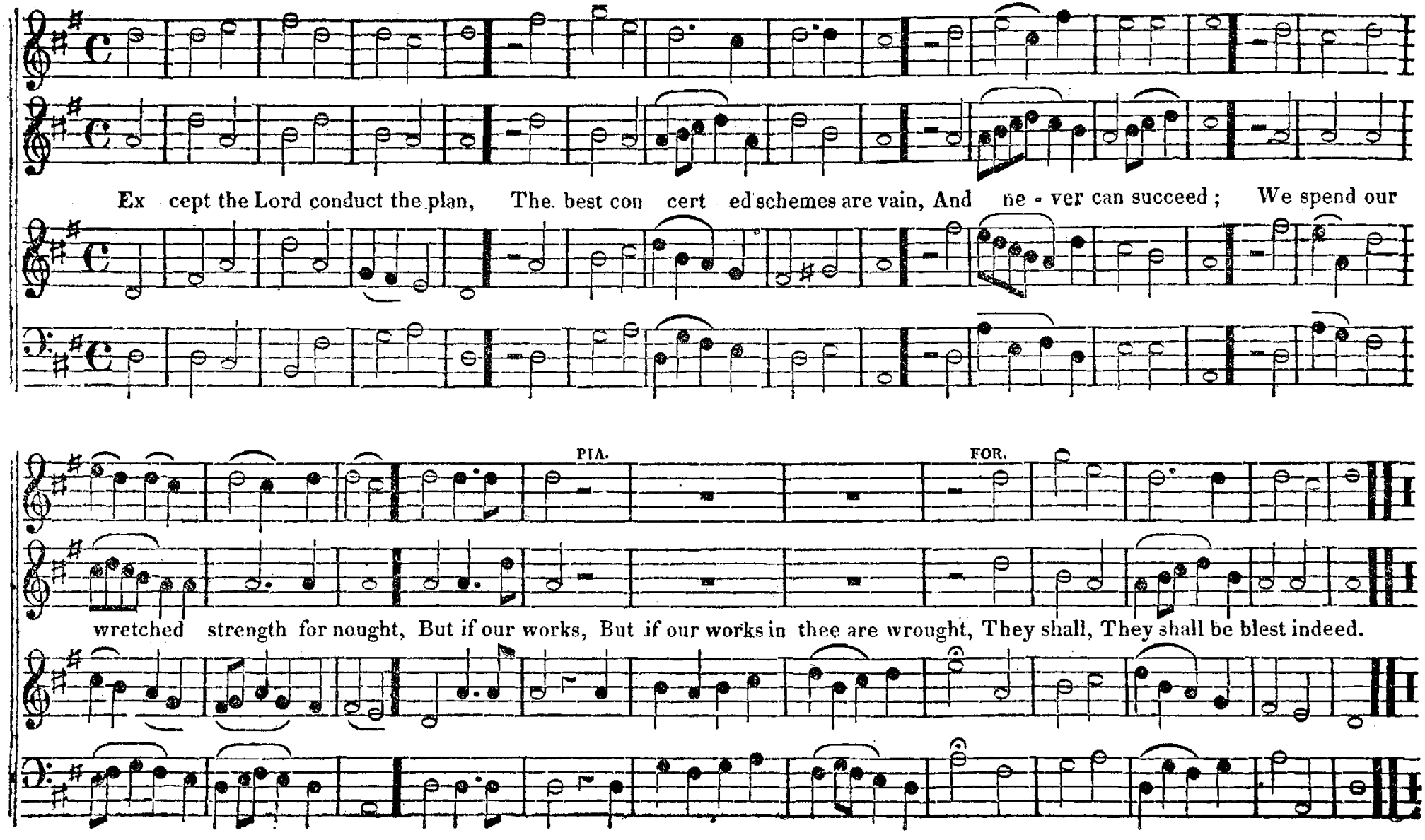

Thou great mys te - rious God unknown, Whose love hath gent - ly led me on, E'en from my infant days;
PIA.
FOR.
Mine in most soul ex - pose to view, And tell me if I ever knew Thy jus - ti fy ing grace.

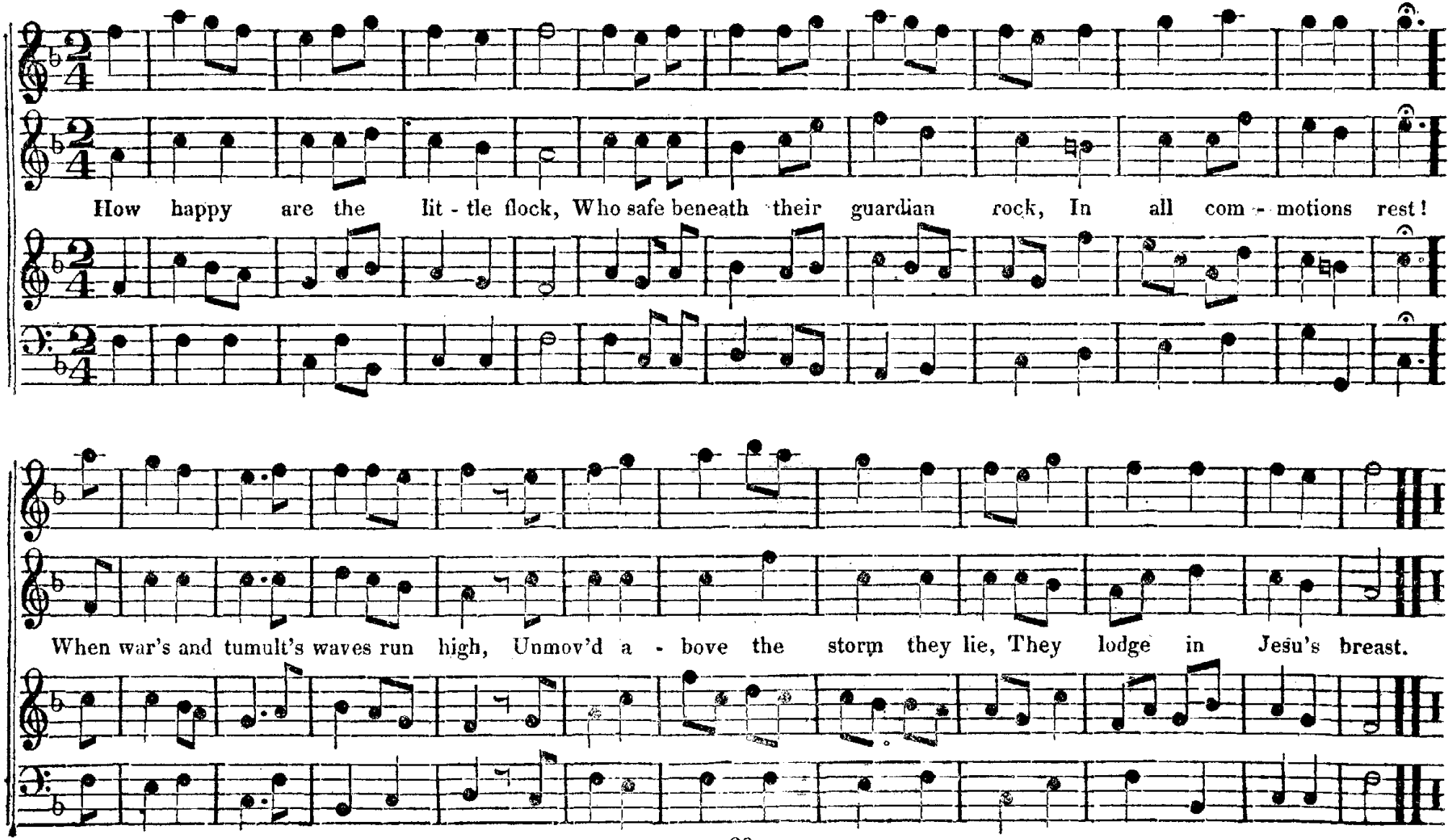


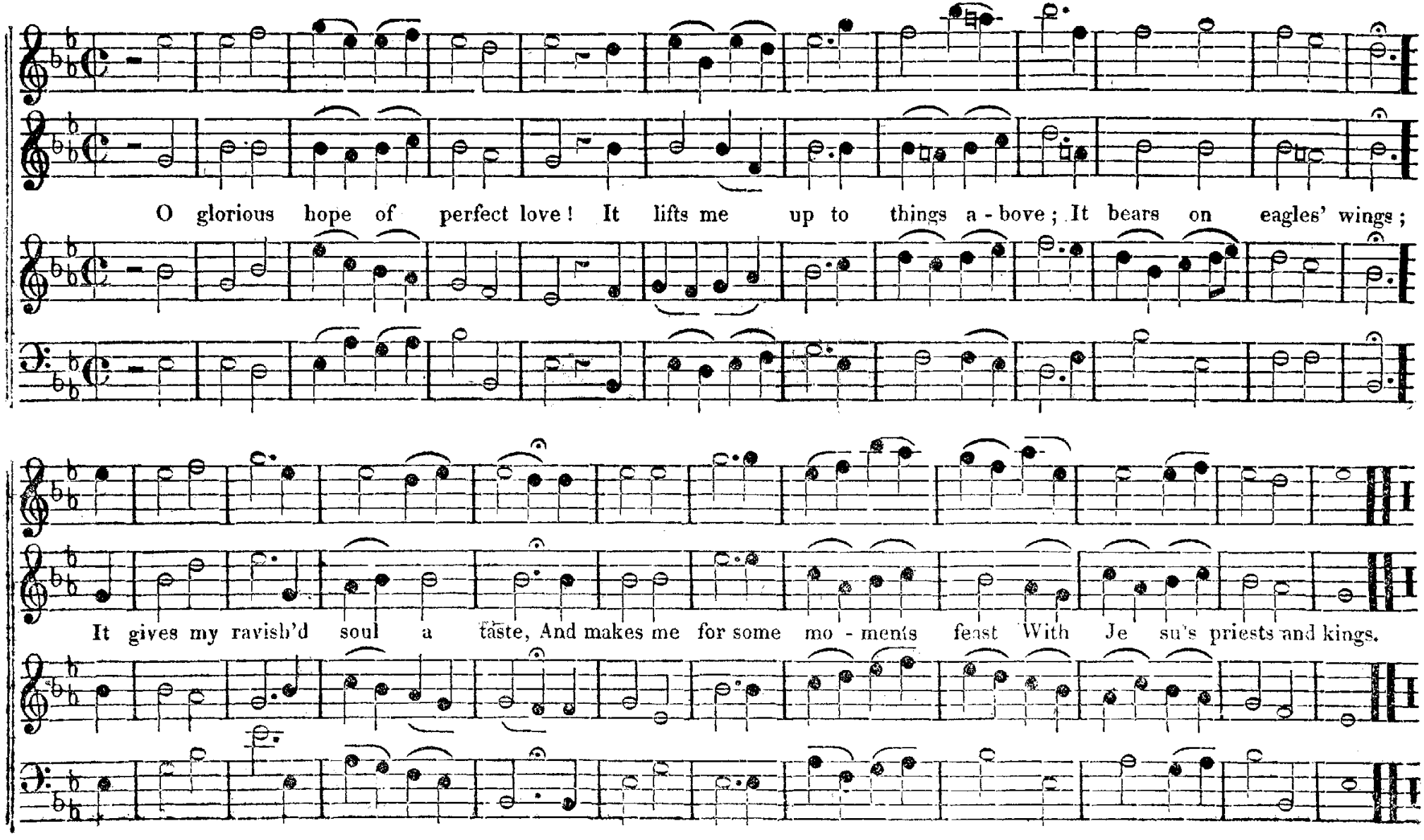
Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

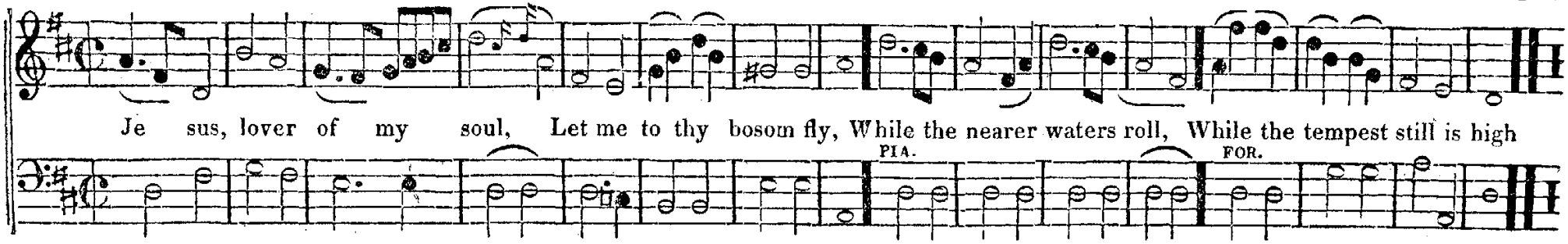
Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope,
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead!
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our head.


Ex cept the Lord conduct the plan, The best con cert ed schemes are vain, And ne - ver can succeed; We spend our
PIA.
FOR.
wretched strength for nought, But if our works, But if our works in thee are wrought, They shall, They shall be blest indeed.

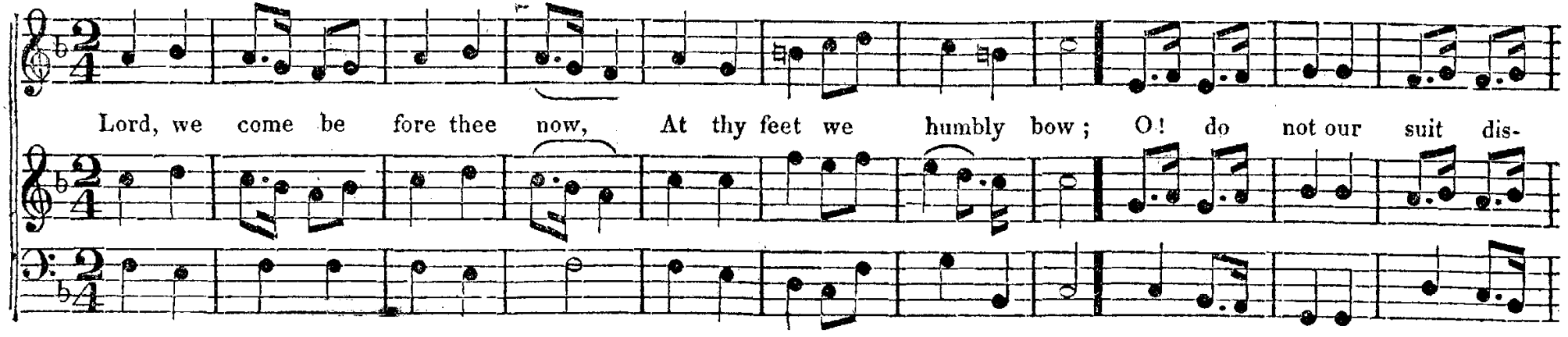

How happy are the lit - tle flock, Who safe beneath their guardian rock, In all com - motions rest!
When war's and tumult's waves run high, Unmov'd a - bove the storm they lie, They lodge in Jesu's breast.

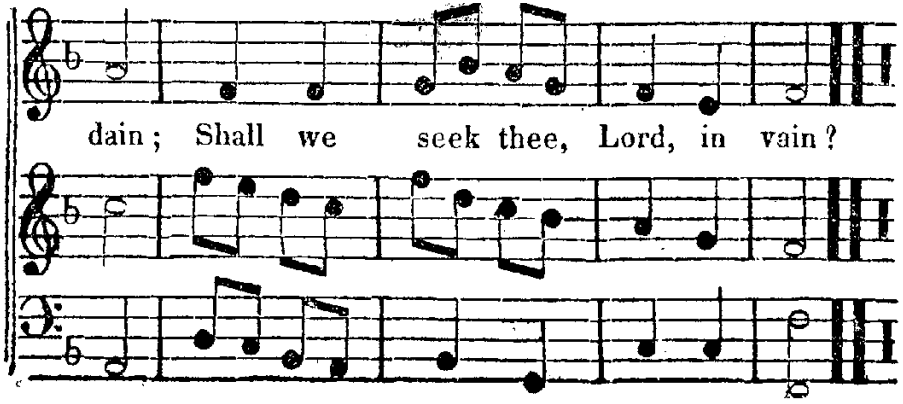

O glorious hope of perfect love! It lifts me up to things a-bove; It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste, And makes me for some mo-ments feast With Je su's priests and kings.

ALMA. HYMN 35. 4 lines 7's.



SICILIAN HYMN. HYMN 122. 4 lines 7's.



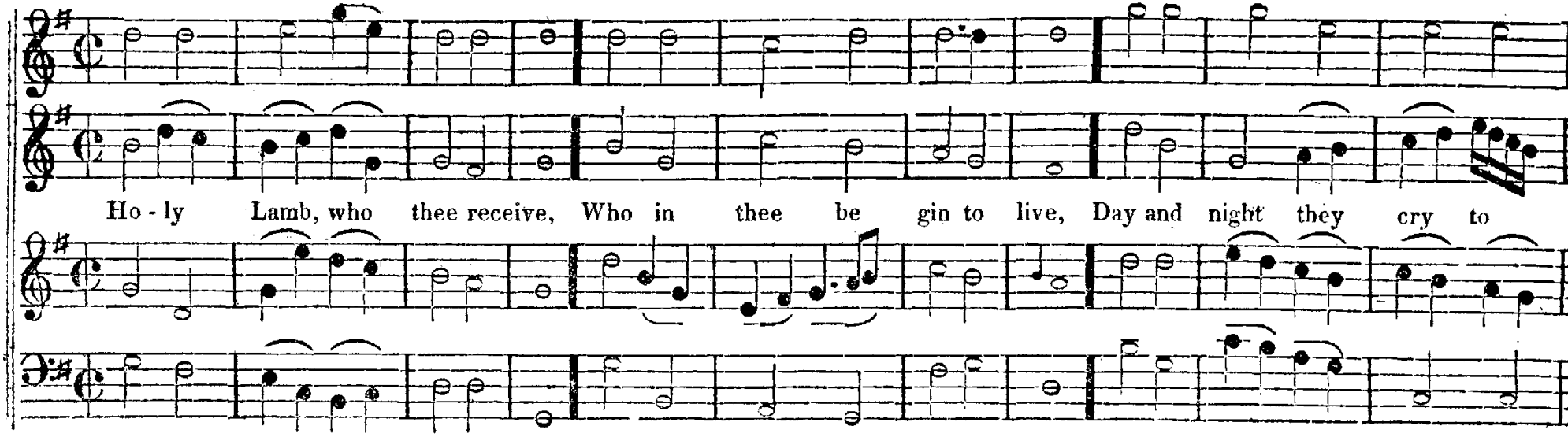


Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

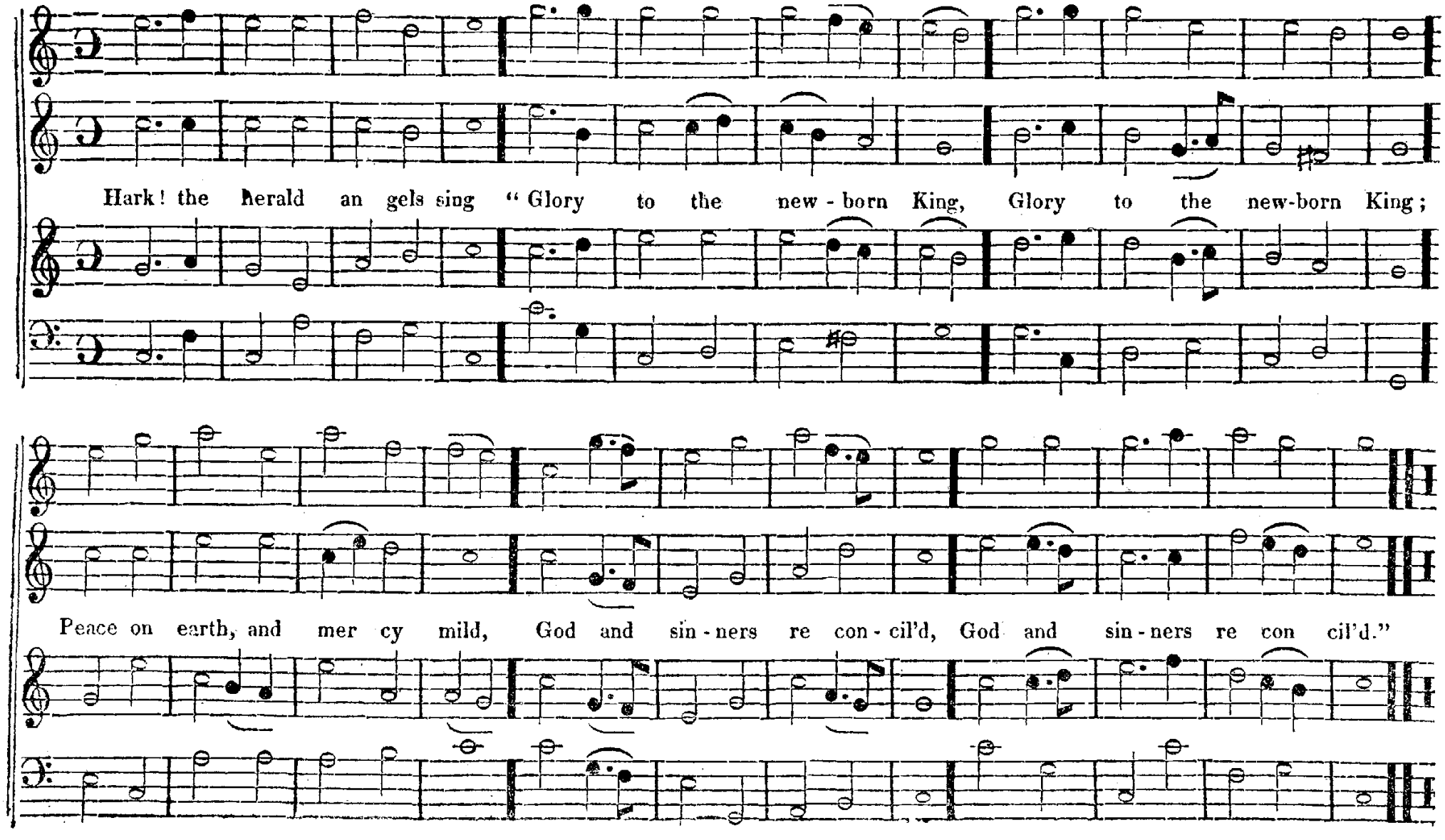
Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.



Jesus, see my panting breast!
See I pant in thee to rest!
Gladly would I now be clean;
Cleanse me now from every sin.

Fix, O fix my wavering mind!
To thy cross my spirit bind:
Earthly passions far remove:
Swallow up my soul in love.

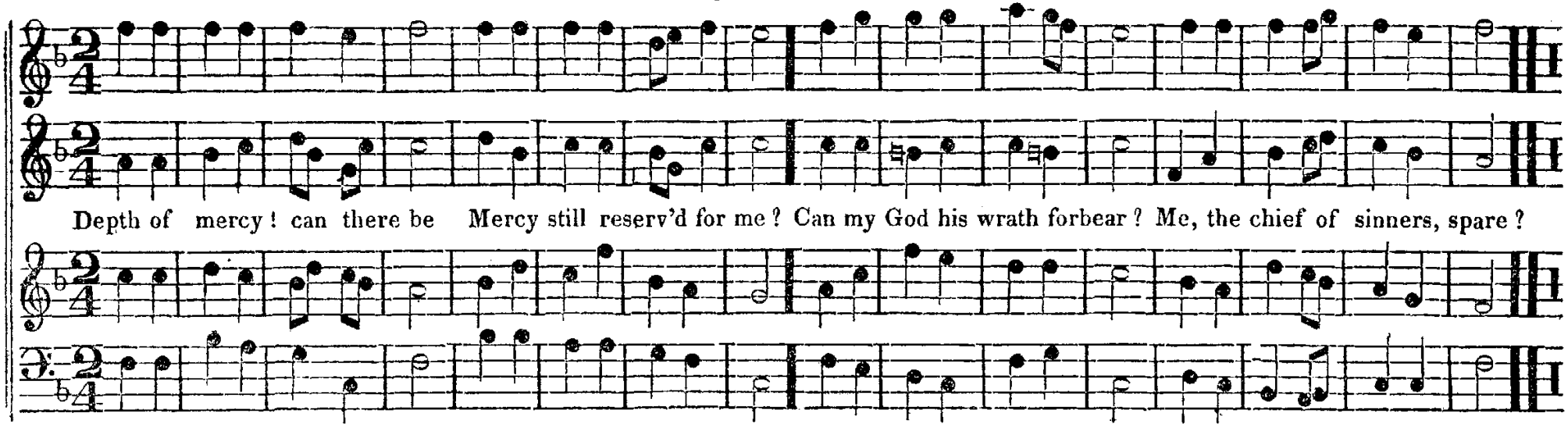
Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of thy blood.


Hark! the herald an gels sing "Glory to the new-born King, Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mer cy mild, God and sin-ners re con-cil'd, God and sin-ners re con cil'd."

SAVONA.

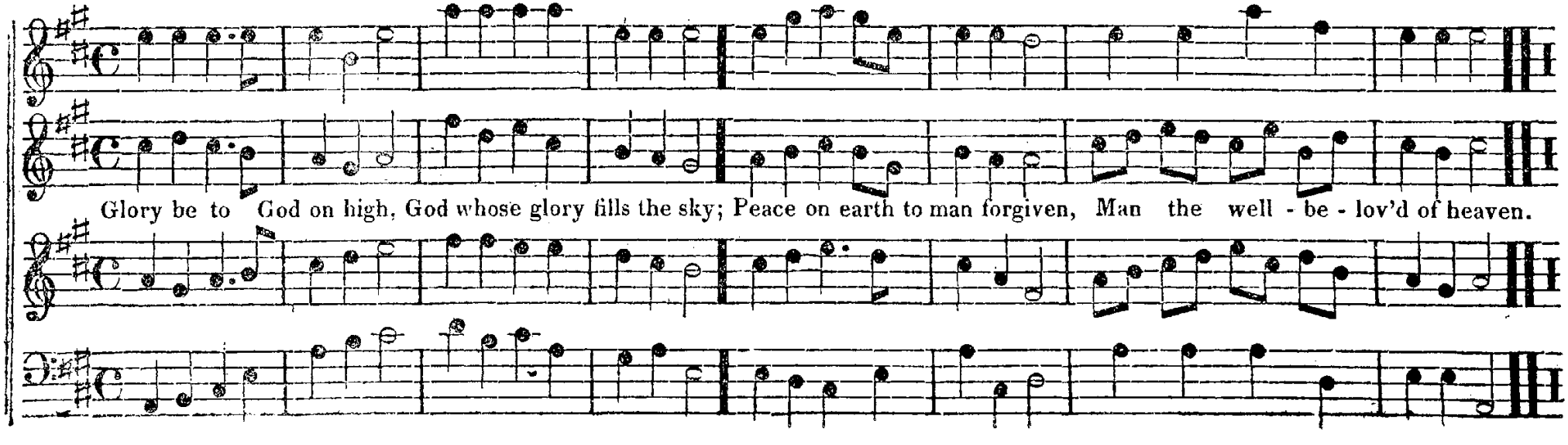
HYMN 92. 4 lines 7's.

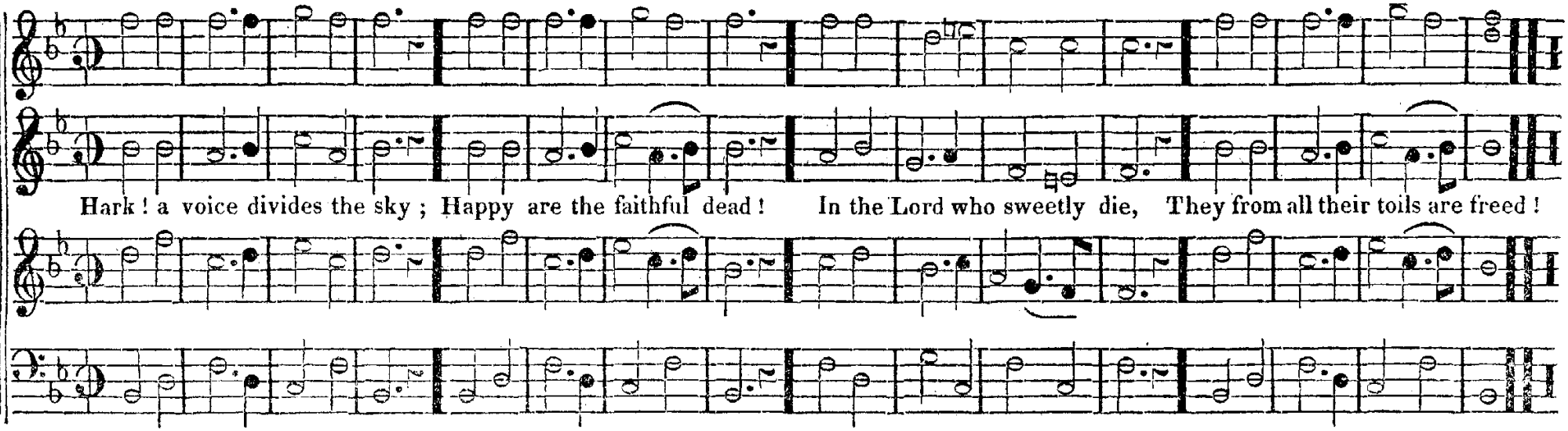
Clark.



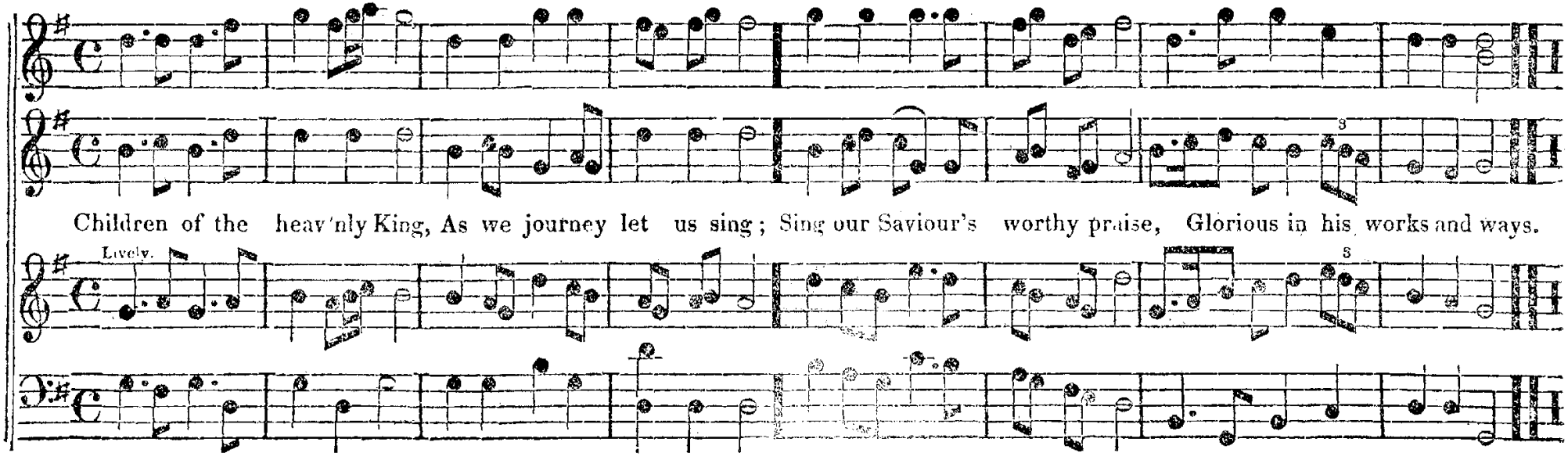
OTLEY.

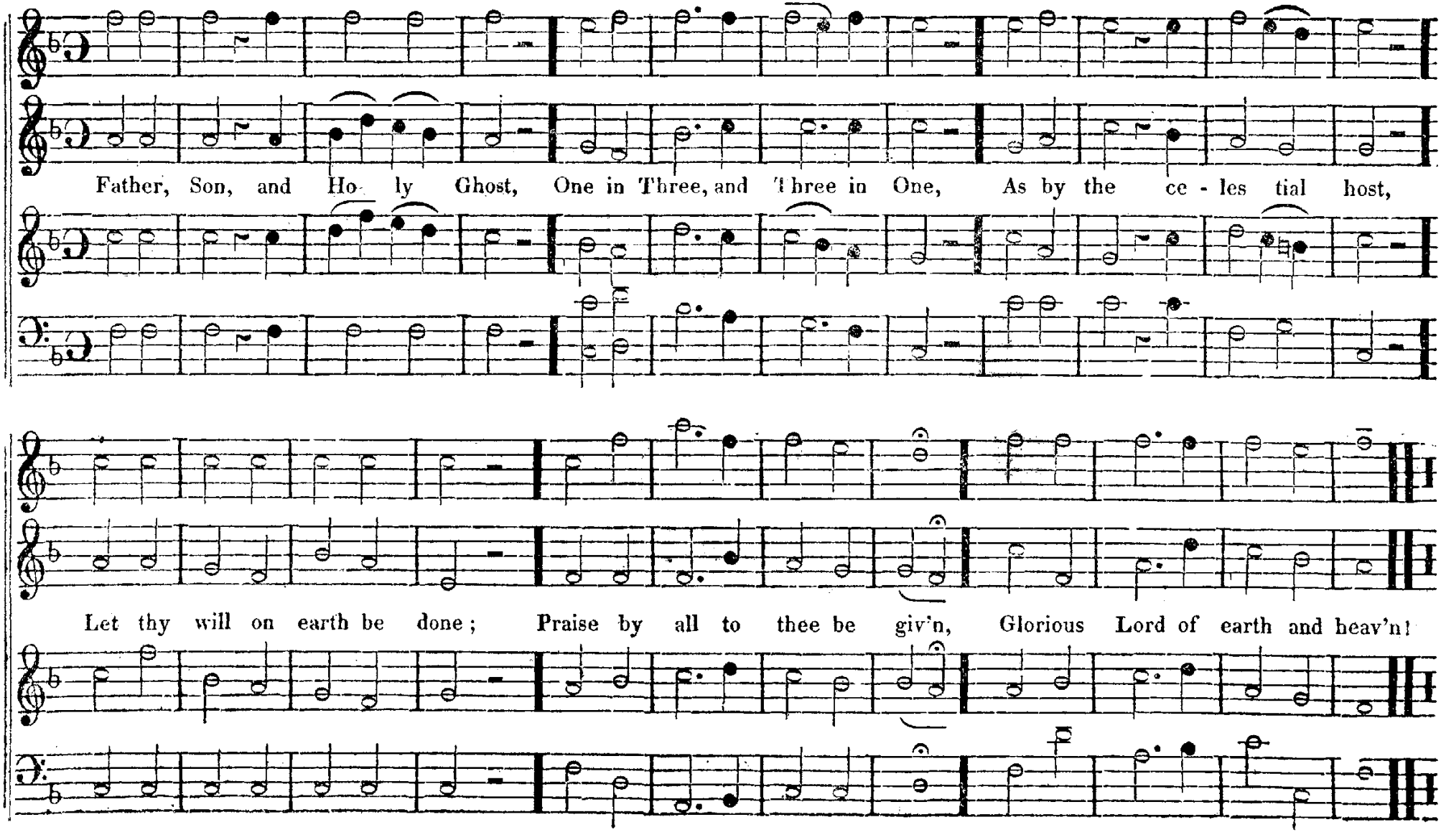
HYMN 265. 4 lines 7's.

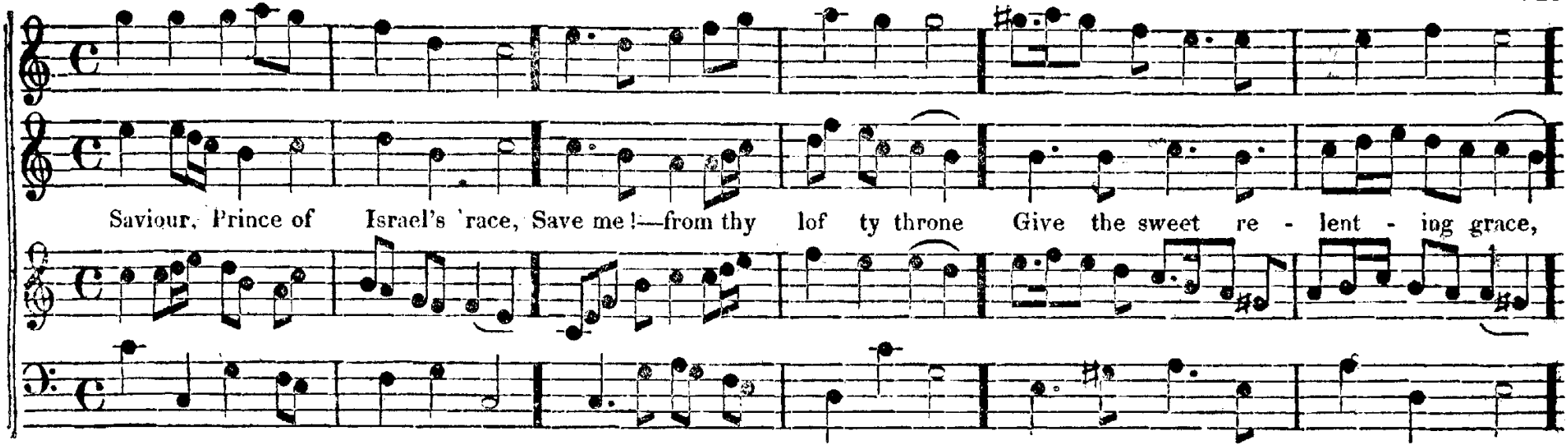


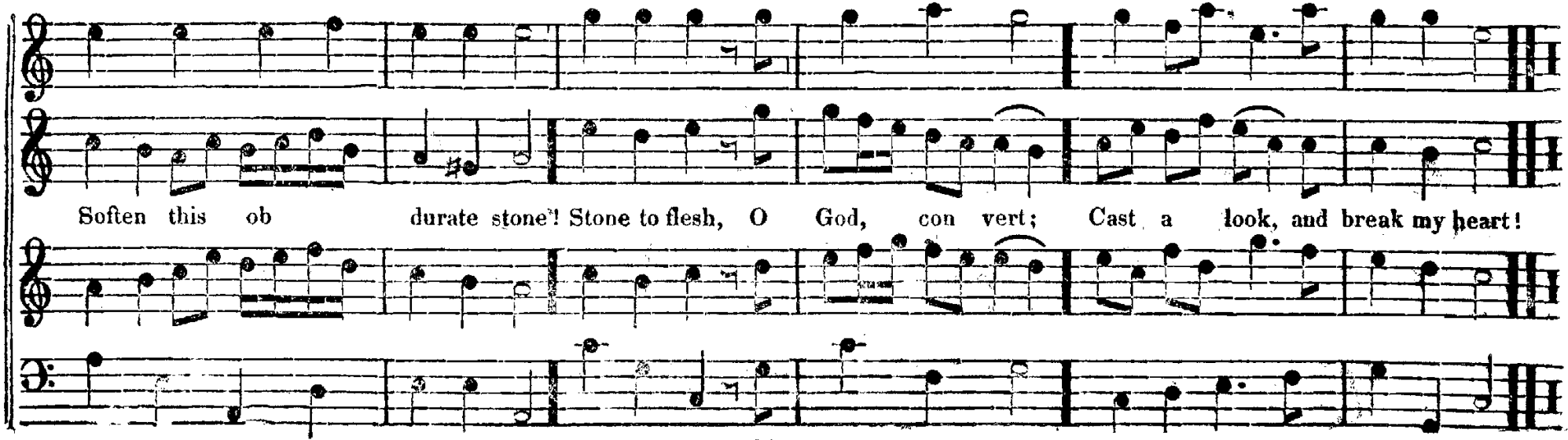


COOKHAM. HYMN 382. 4 lines 7's. Rippon.

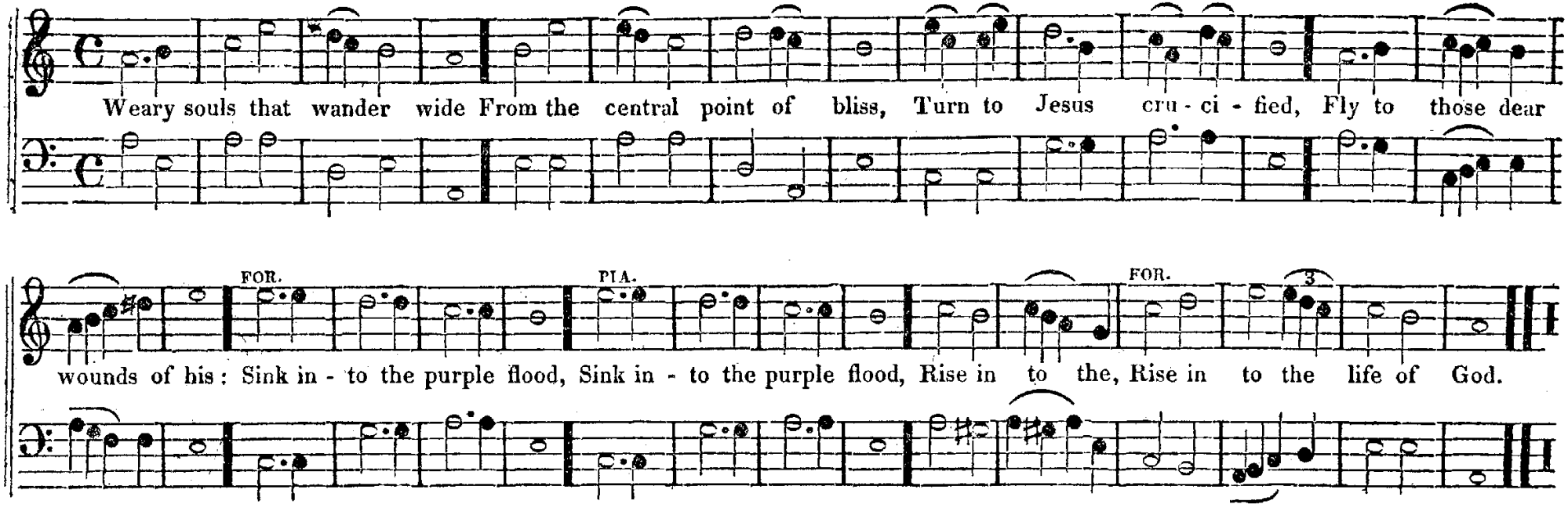



Father, Son, and Ho- ly Ghost, One in Three, and Three in One, As by the ce - les tial host,
Let thy will on earth be done; Praise by all to thee be giv'n, Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n!

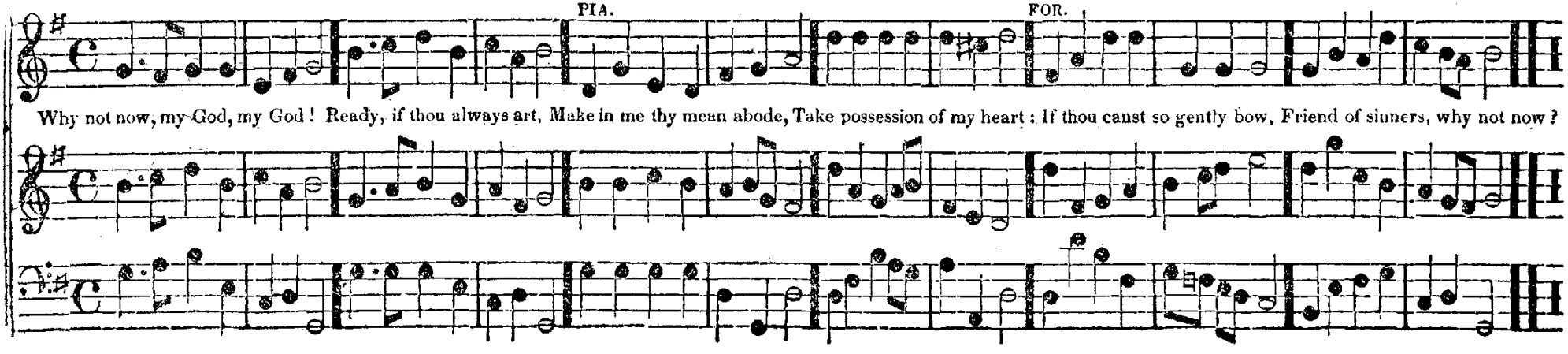

Saviour, Prince of Israel's race, Save me!—from thy lof ty throne Give the sweet re - lent - ing grace,

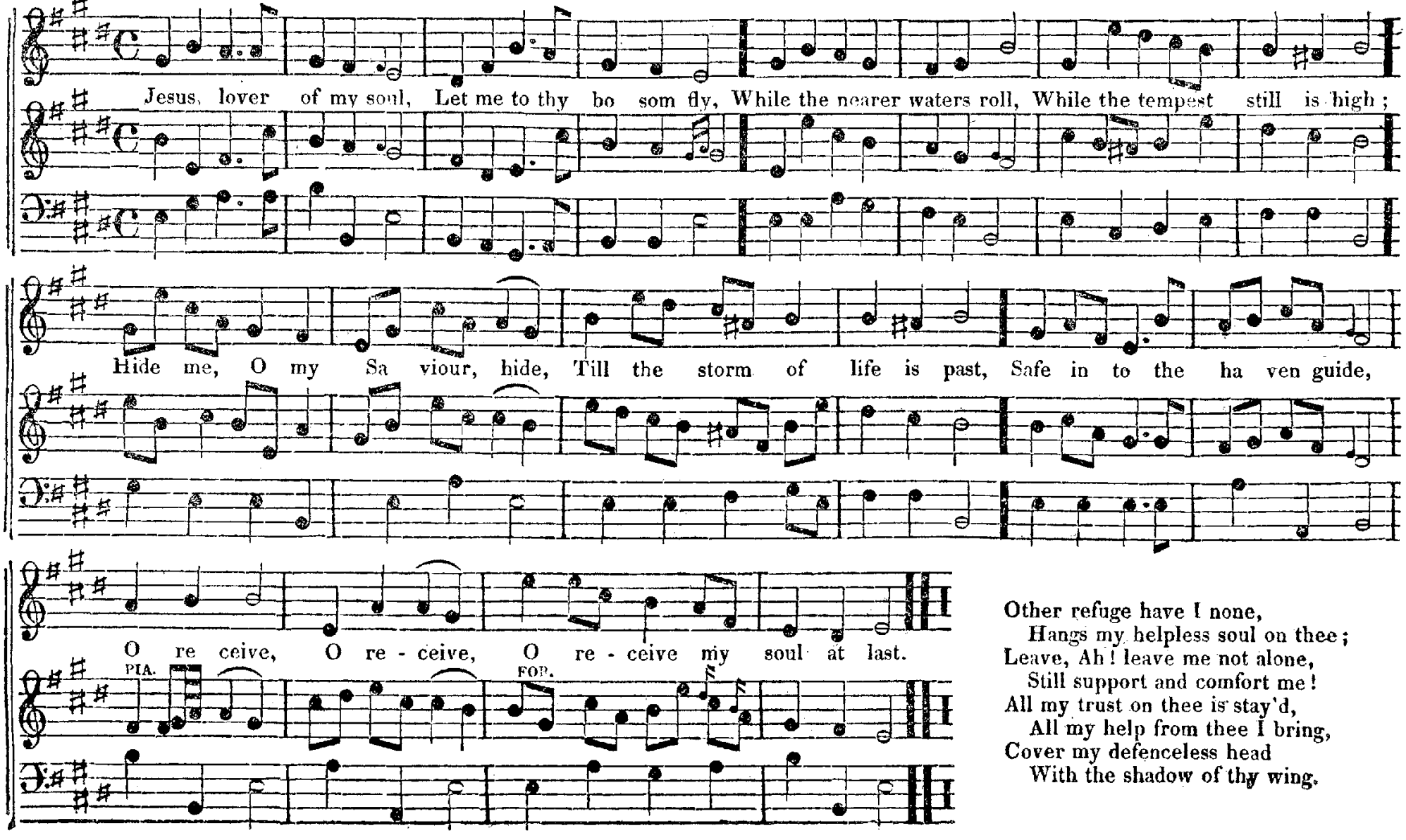

Soften this ob durate stone! Stone to flesh, O God, con vert; Cast a look, and break my heart!

150 **PETERSFIELD.** HYMN 9. 6 lines 7's.

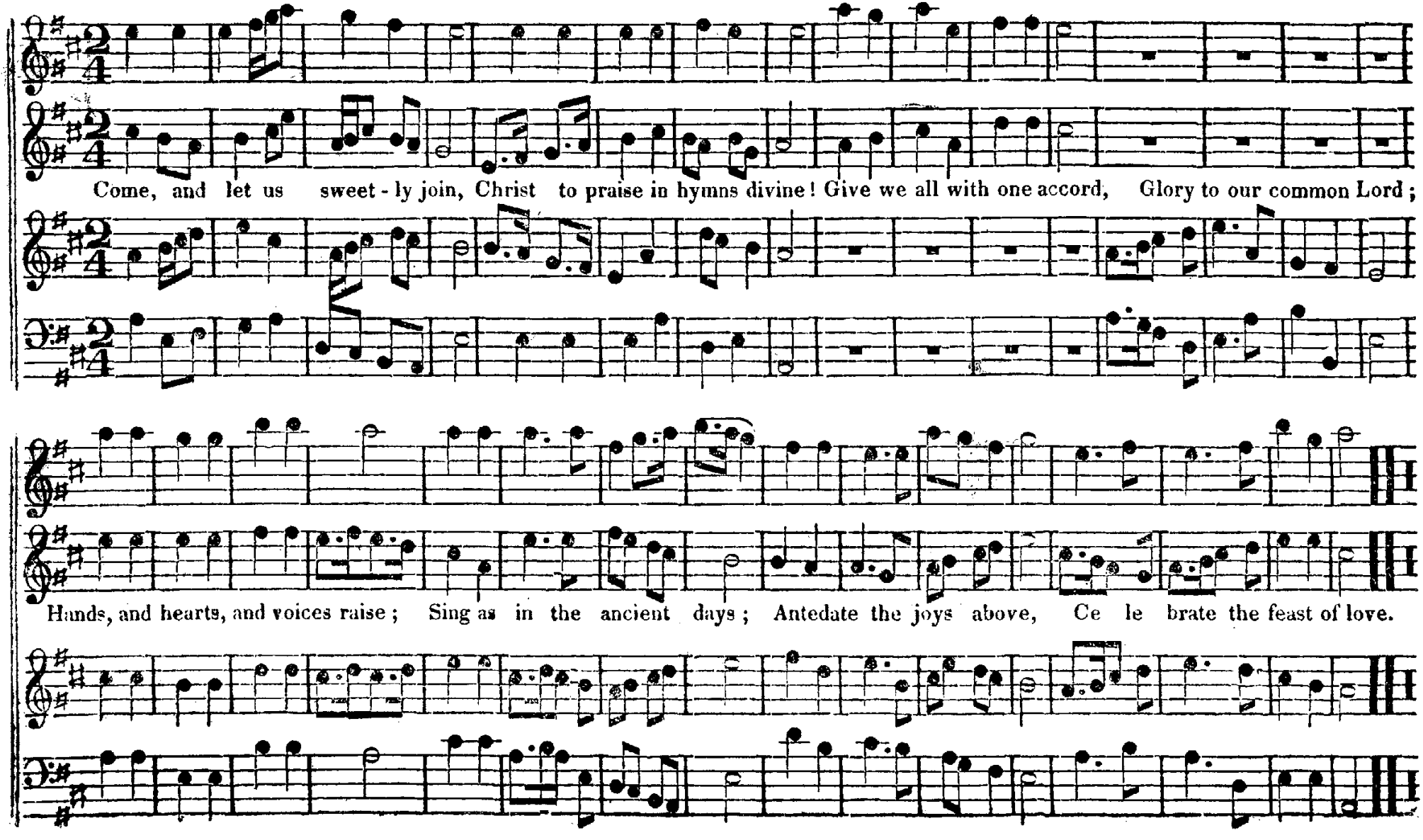


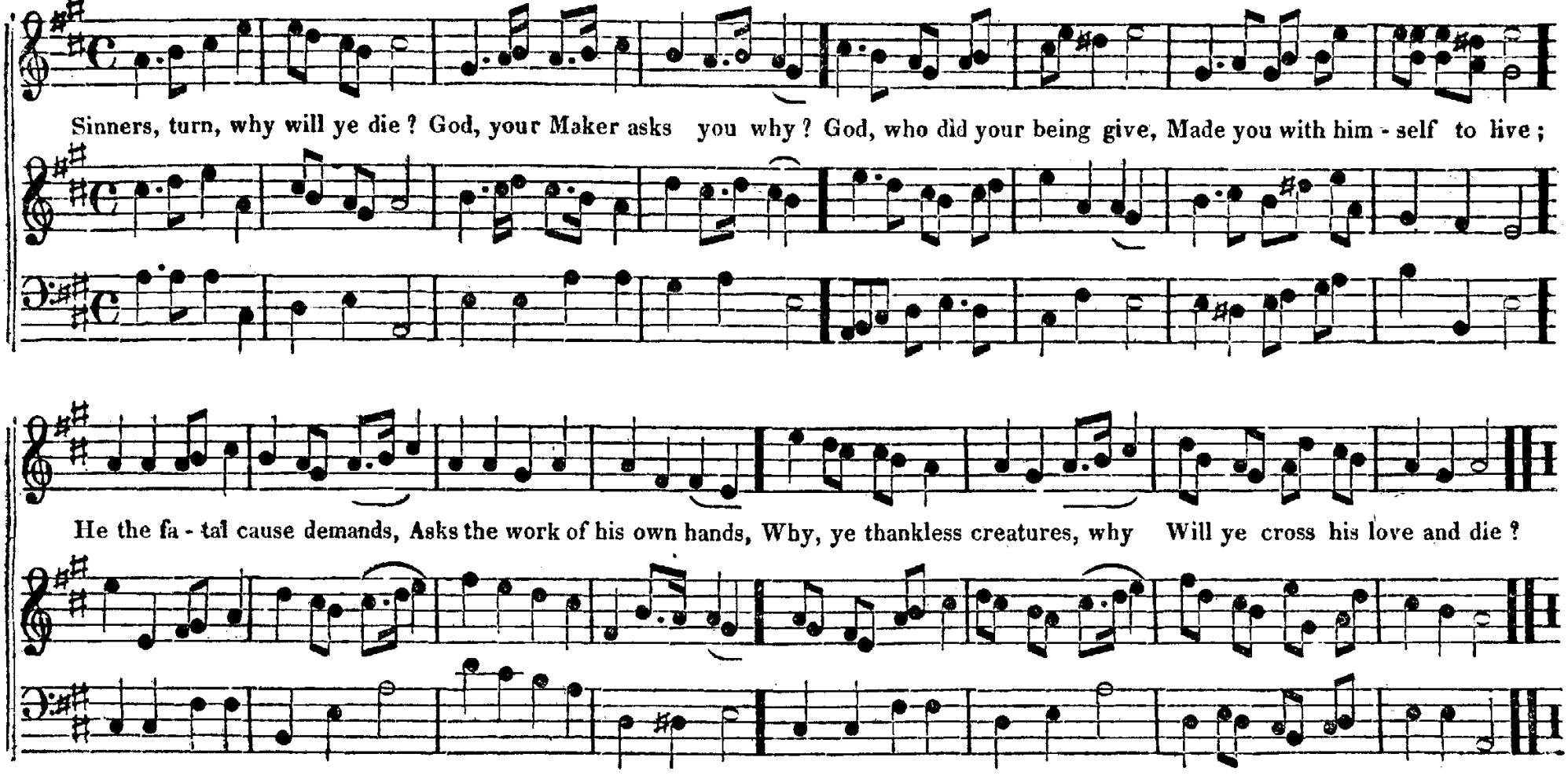
FINEDON. HYMN 135. 6 lines 7's. Lockhart.





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

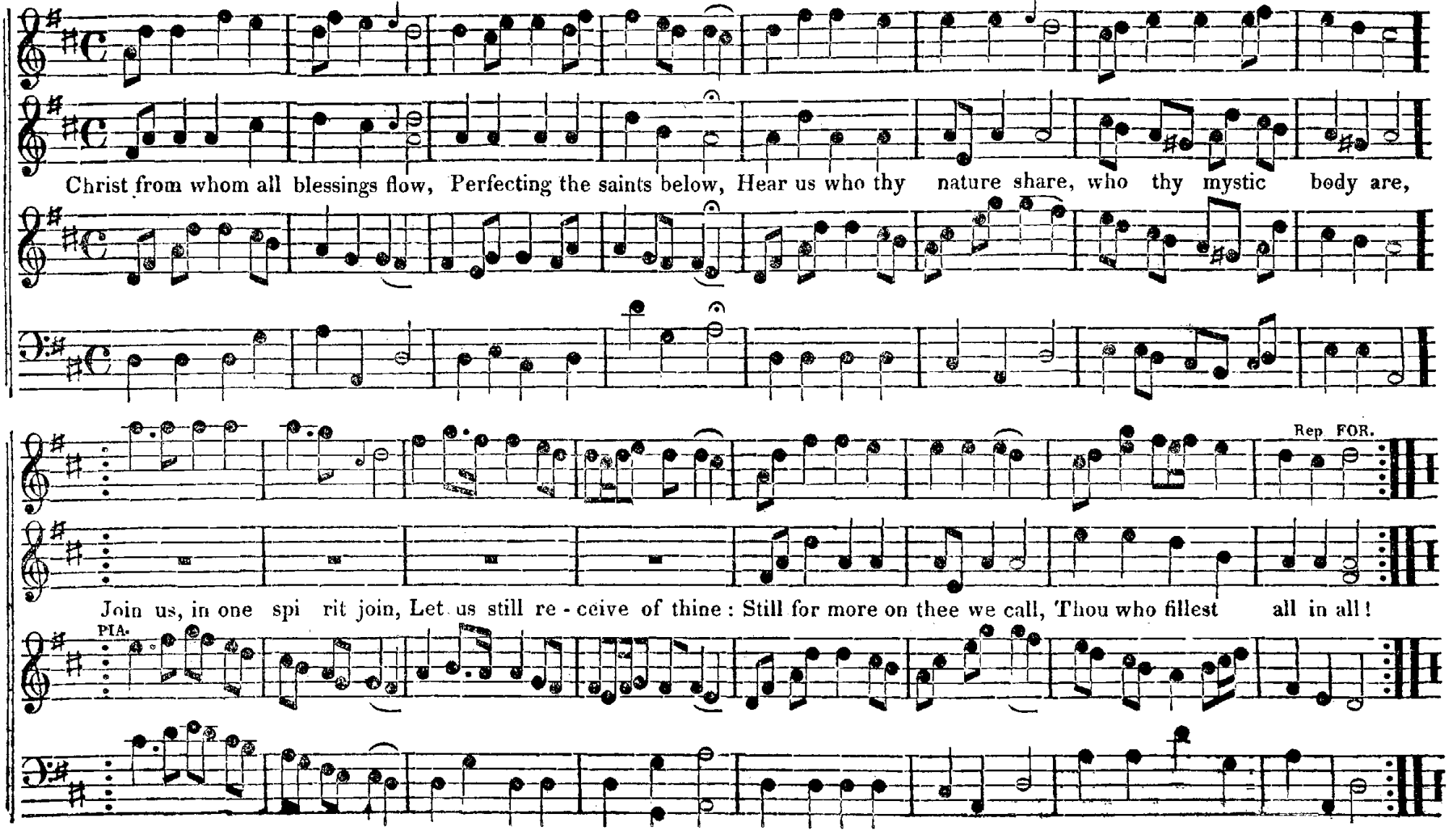

Come, and let us sweet - ly join, Christ to praise in hymns divine! Give we all with one accord, Glory to our common Lord;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise; Sing as in the ancient days; Antedate the joys above, Ce le brate the feast of love.

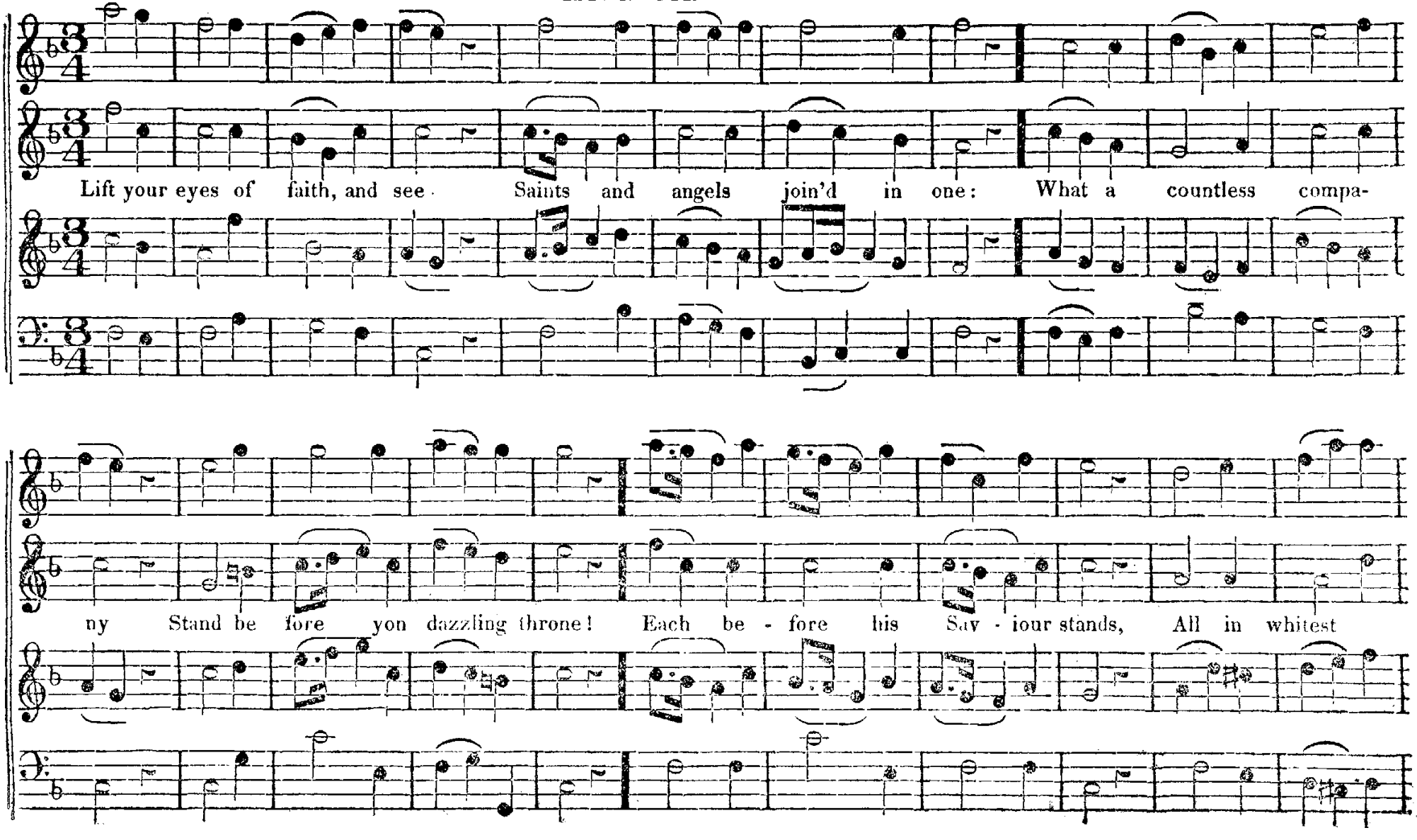


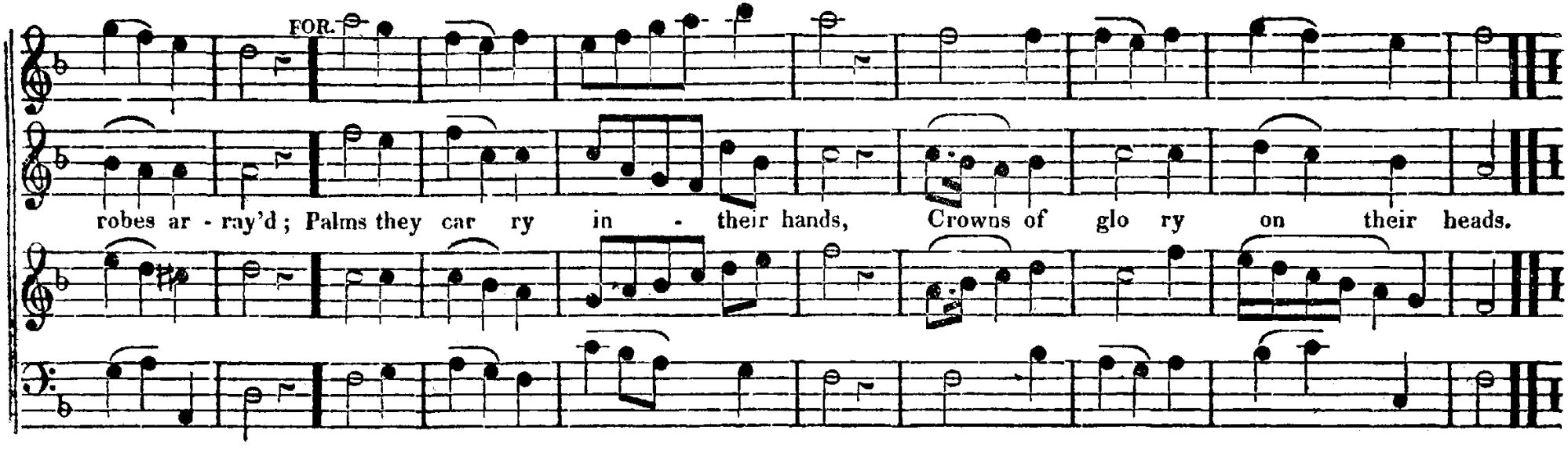
Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.

Will you let him die in vain!
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ramsom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

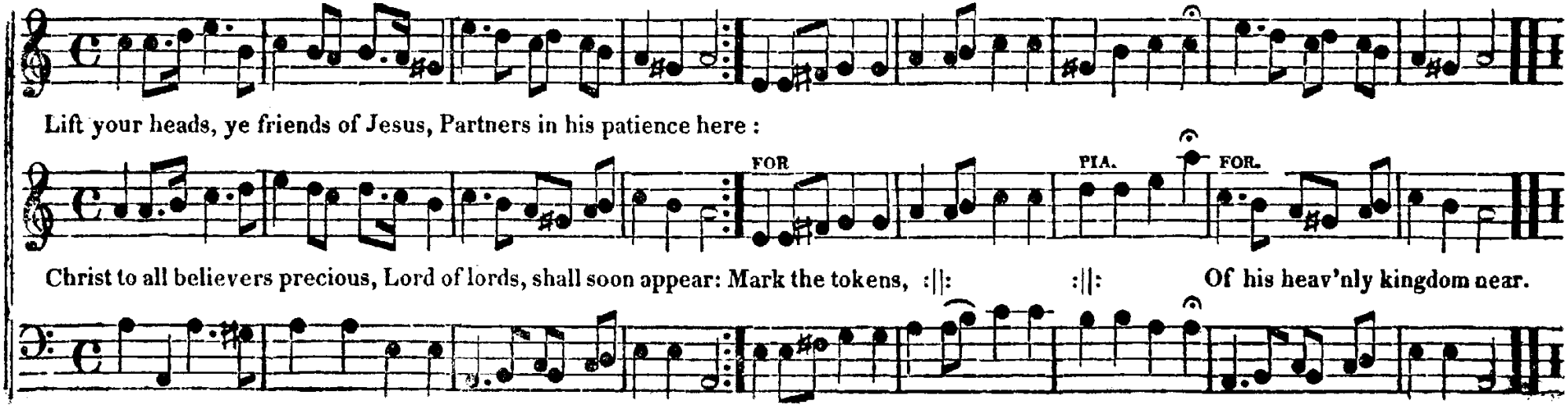
Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love.

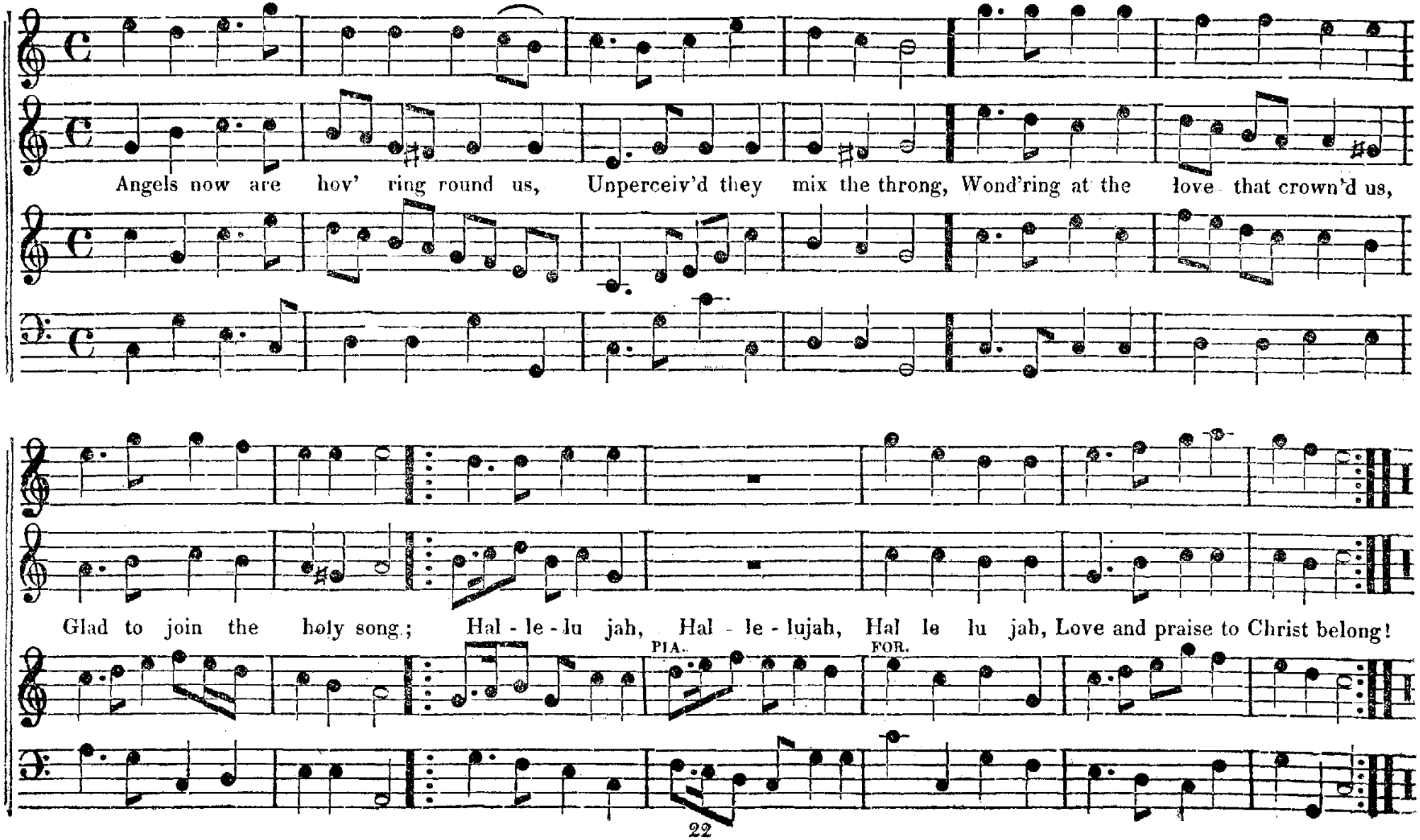

Christ from whom all blessings flow, Perfecting the saints below, Hear us who thy nature share, who thy mystic body are,
Rep FOR.
Join us, in one spi rit join, Let us still re - ceive of thine: Still for more on thee we call, Thou who fillest all in all!
PIA.

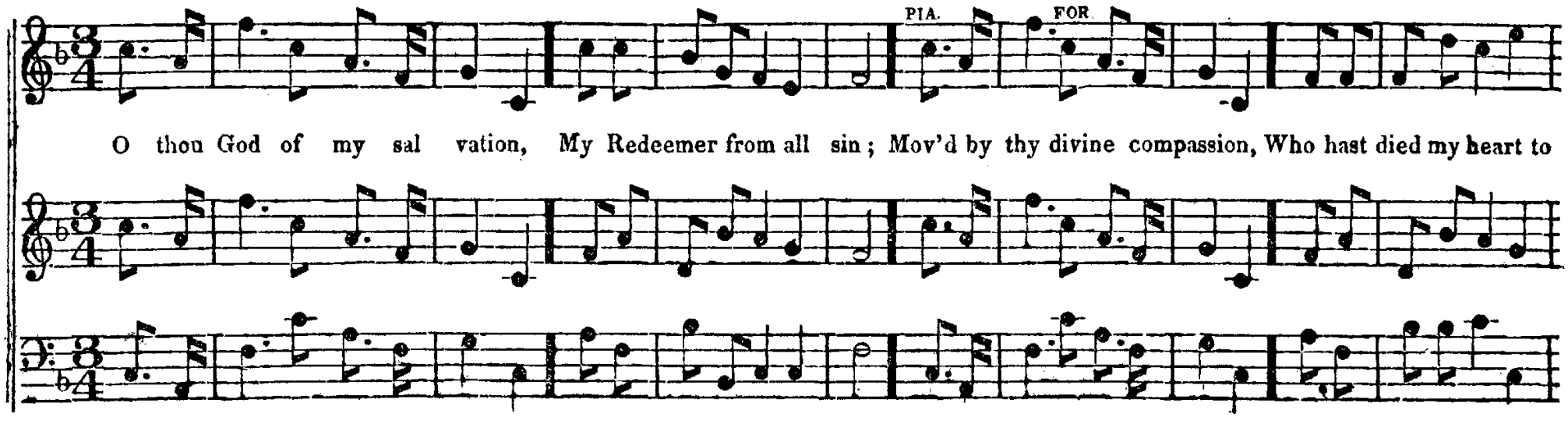

Lift your eyes of faith, and see Saints and angels join'd in one: What a countless compa-
ny Stand be fore yon dazzling throne! Each be - fore his Sav - iour stands, All in whitest



KERSHAW. HYMN 580. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4 7.

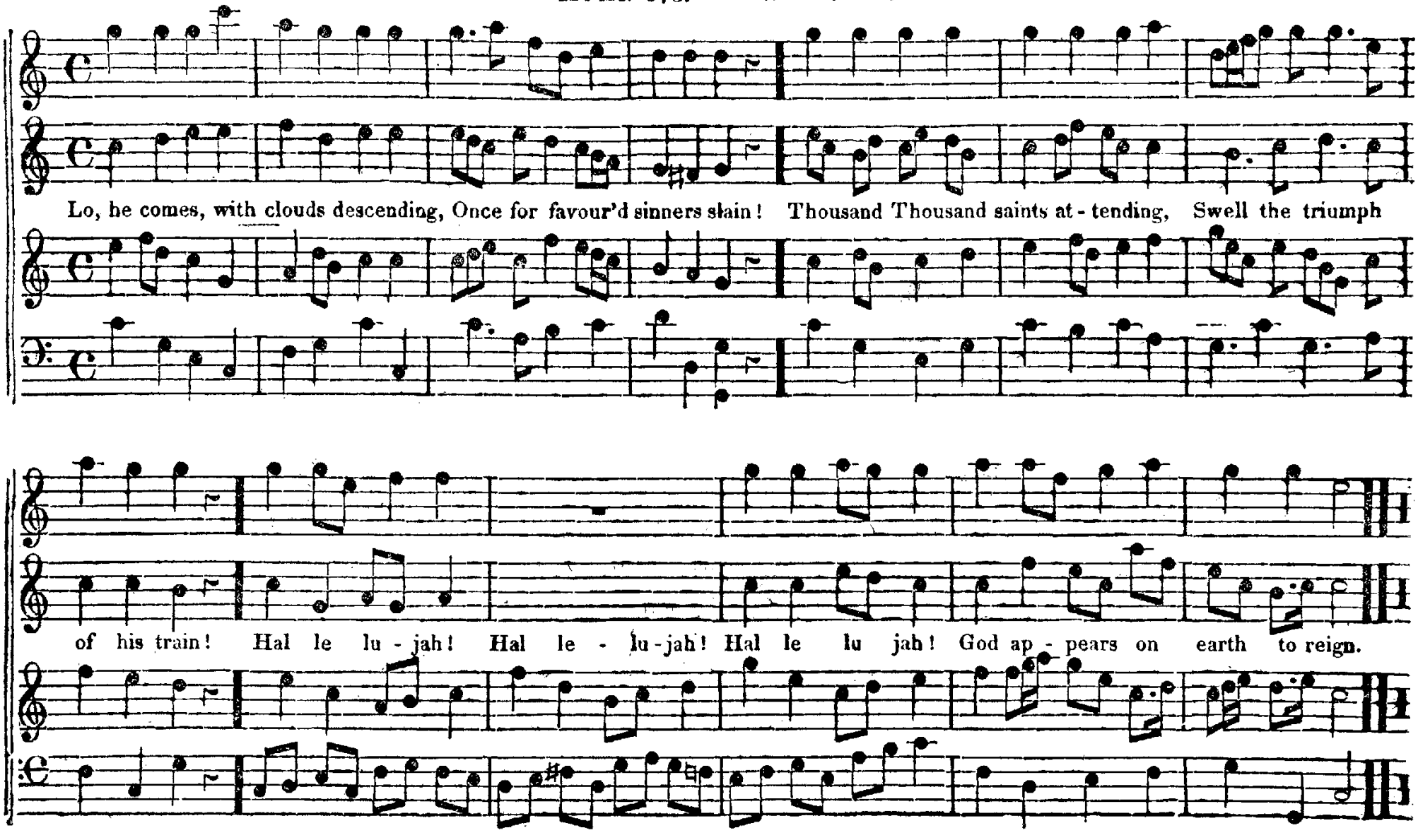


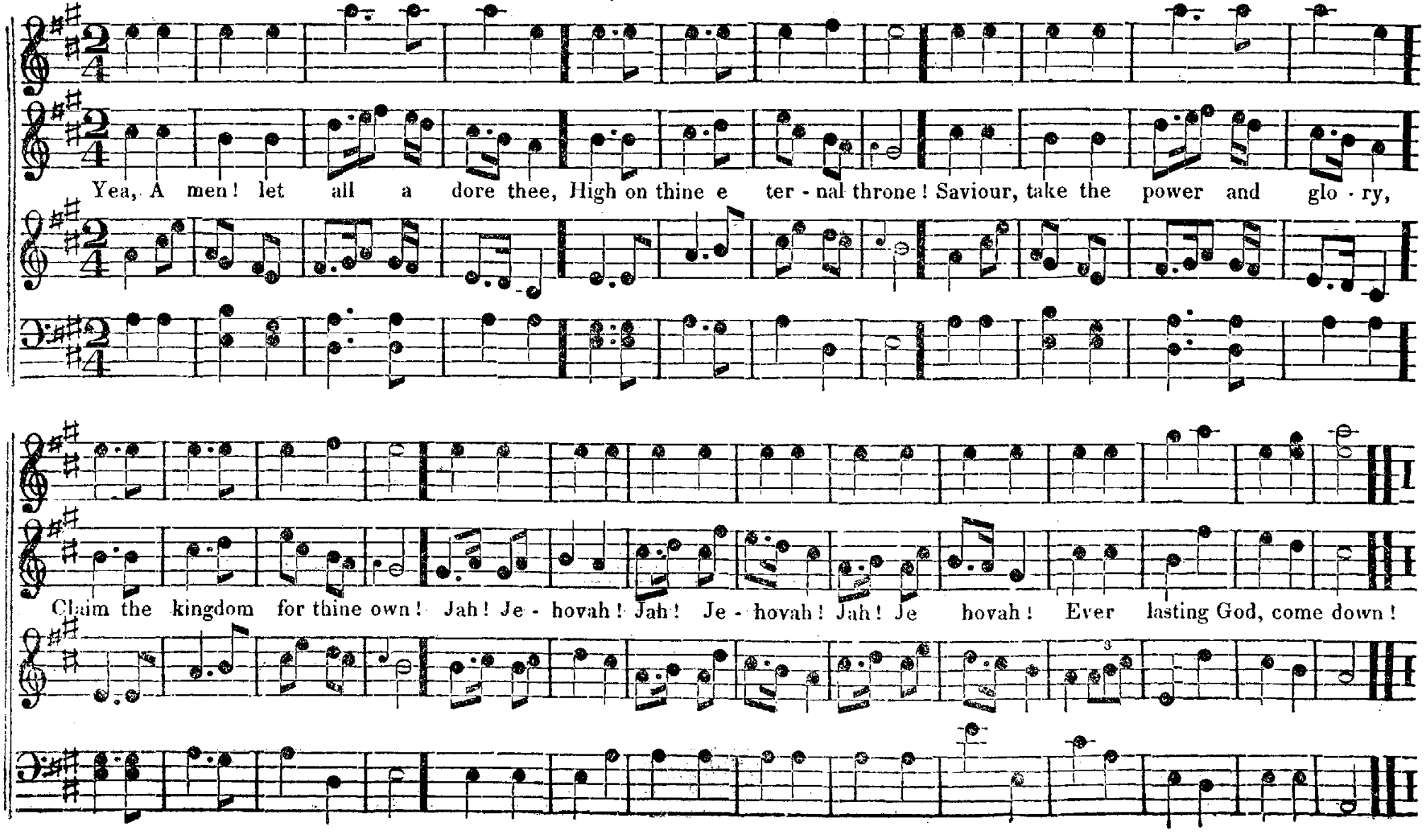

Angels now are hov' ring round us, Unperceiv'd they mix the throng, Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song; Hal - le - lu jah, Hal - le - lujah, Hal le lu jah, Love and praise to Christ belong!
PIA.
FOR.

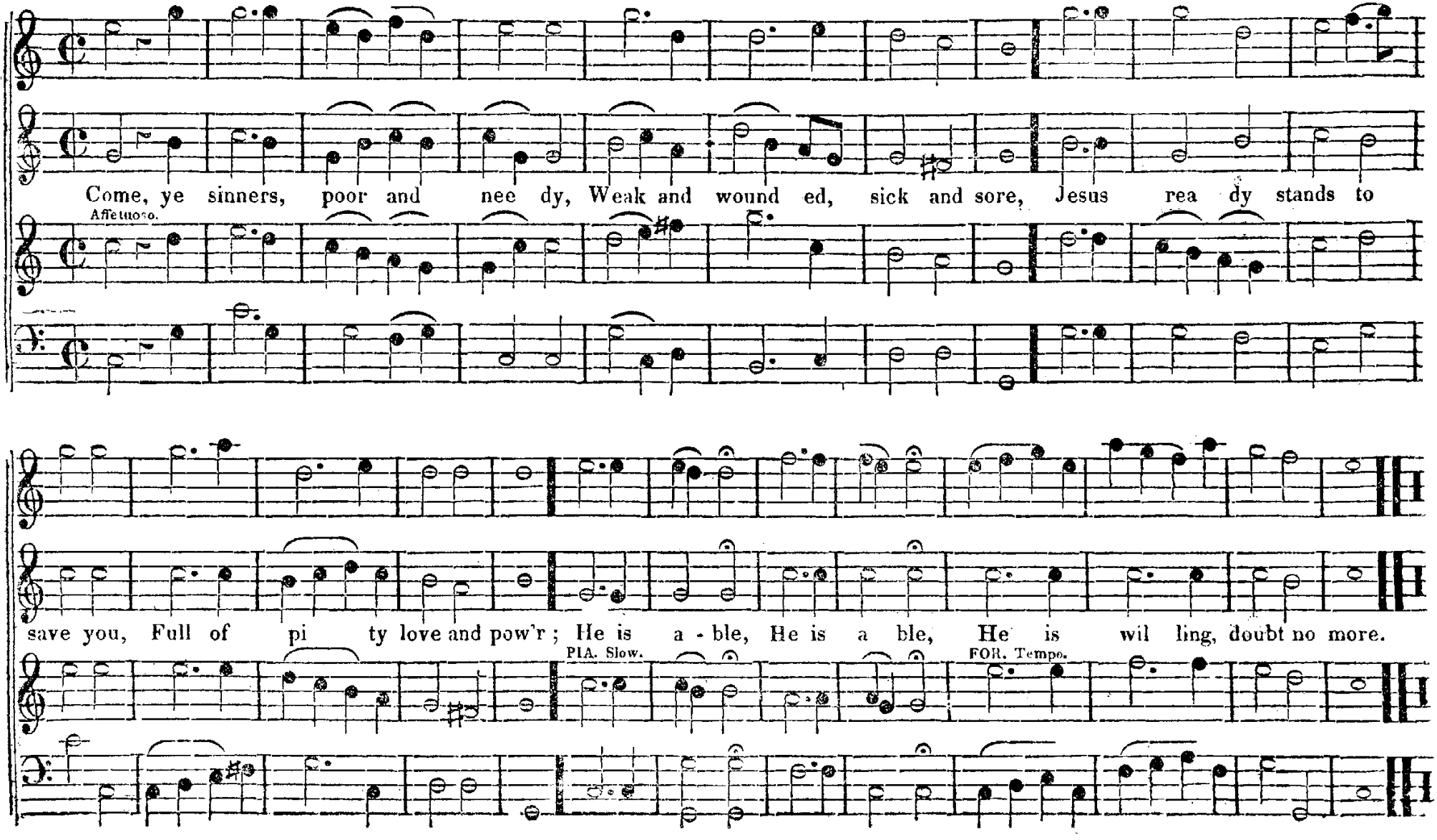


Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifest his pard'ning favour;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body, &c.
Shall his glorious image bear.

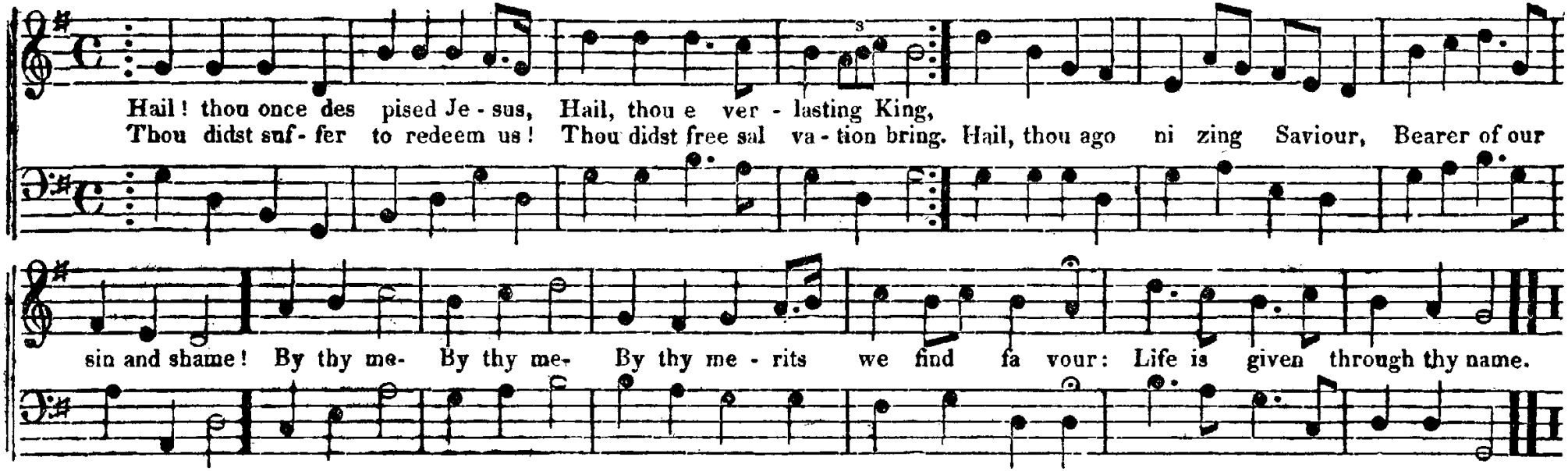
While the angel choirs are crying,
Glory to the great I AM!
I with them will still be vying,
Glory! glory to the Lamb.
O how precious, &c.
Is the sound of Jesu's name!


Lo, he comes, with clouds descending, Once for favour'd sinners slain! Thousand Thousand saints at-tending, Swell the triumph
of his train! Hal le lu-jah! Hal le-lu-jah! Hal le lu jah! God ap-pears on earth to reign.


Yea, A men! let all a dore thee, High on thine e ter - nal throne! Saviour, take the power and glo - ry,
Claim the kingdom for thine own! Jah! Je - hovah! Jah! Je - hovah! Jah! Je hovah! Ever lasting God, come down!

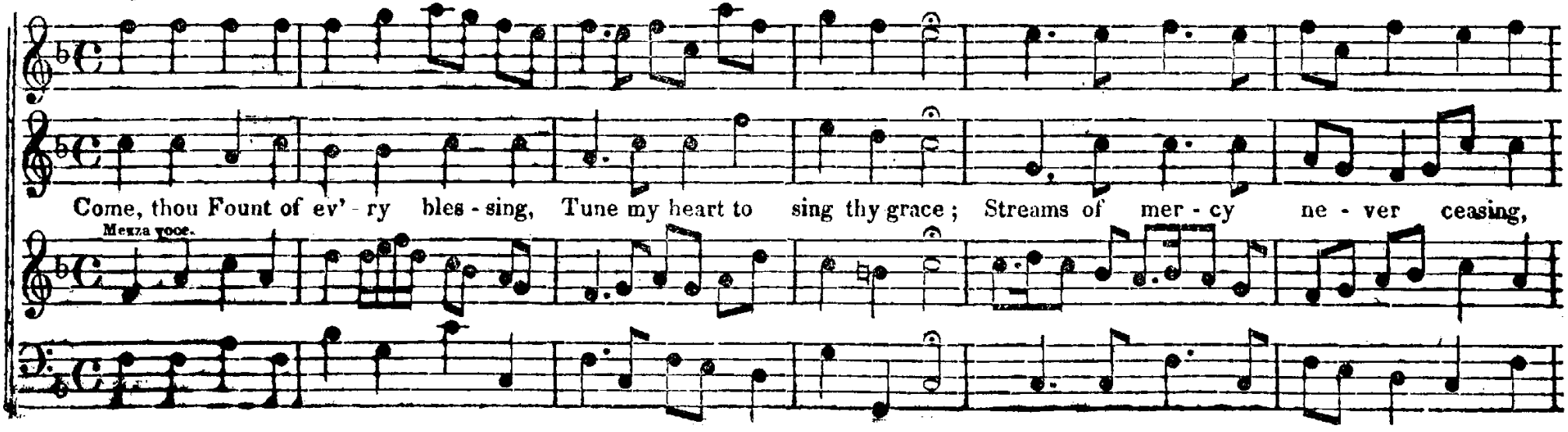

Affettuoso.
Come, ye sinners, poor and nee dy, Weak and wound ed, sick and sore, Jesus rea dy stands to
save you, Full of pi ty love and pow'r; He is a - ble, He is a ble, He is wil ling, doubt no more.
PIA. Slow.
FOR. Tempo.

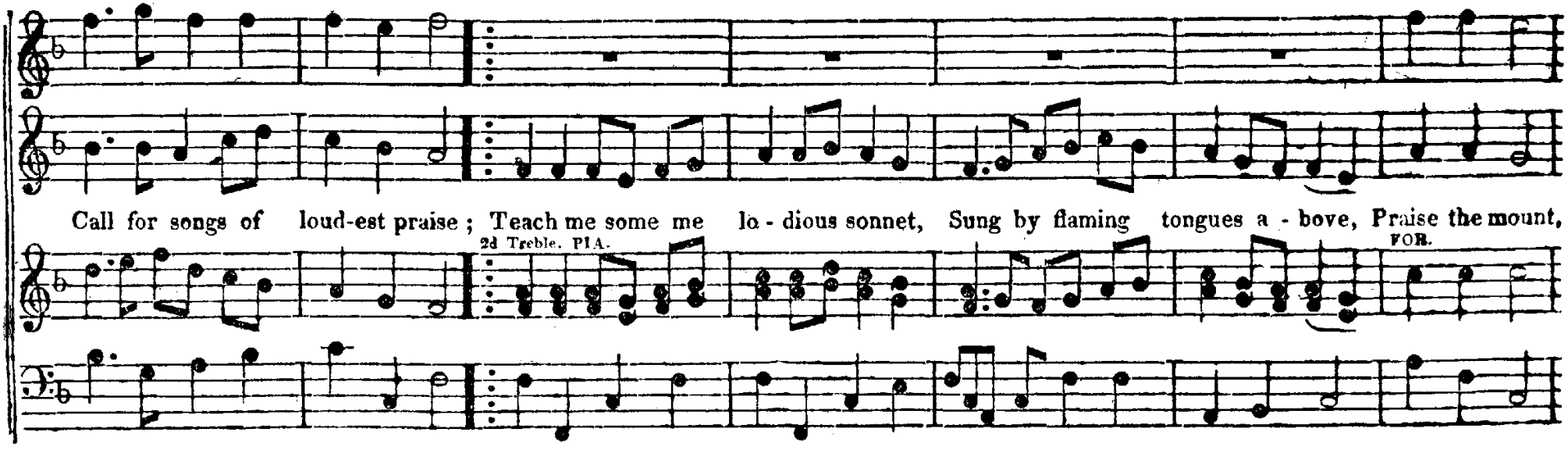
HYMN 281. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

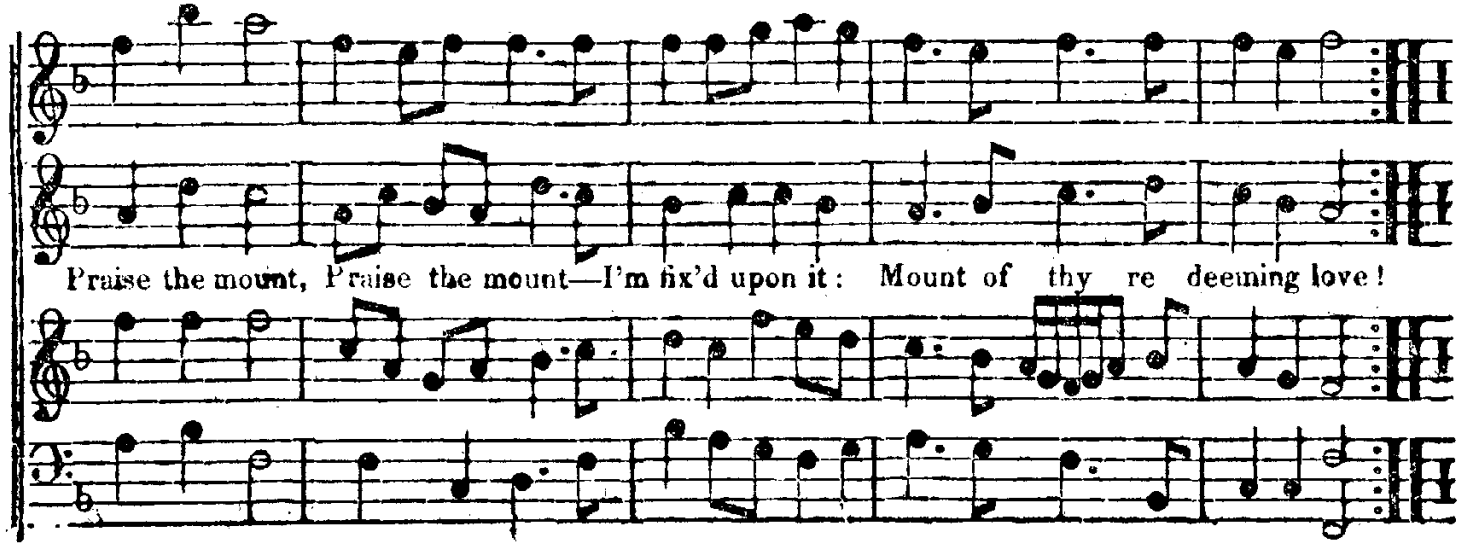


QUEENSBOROUGH.

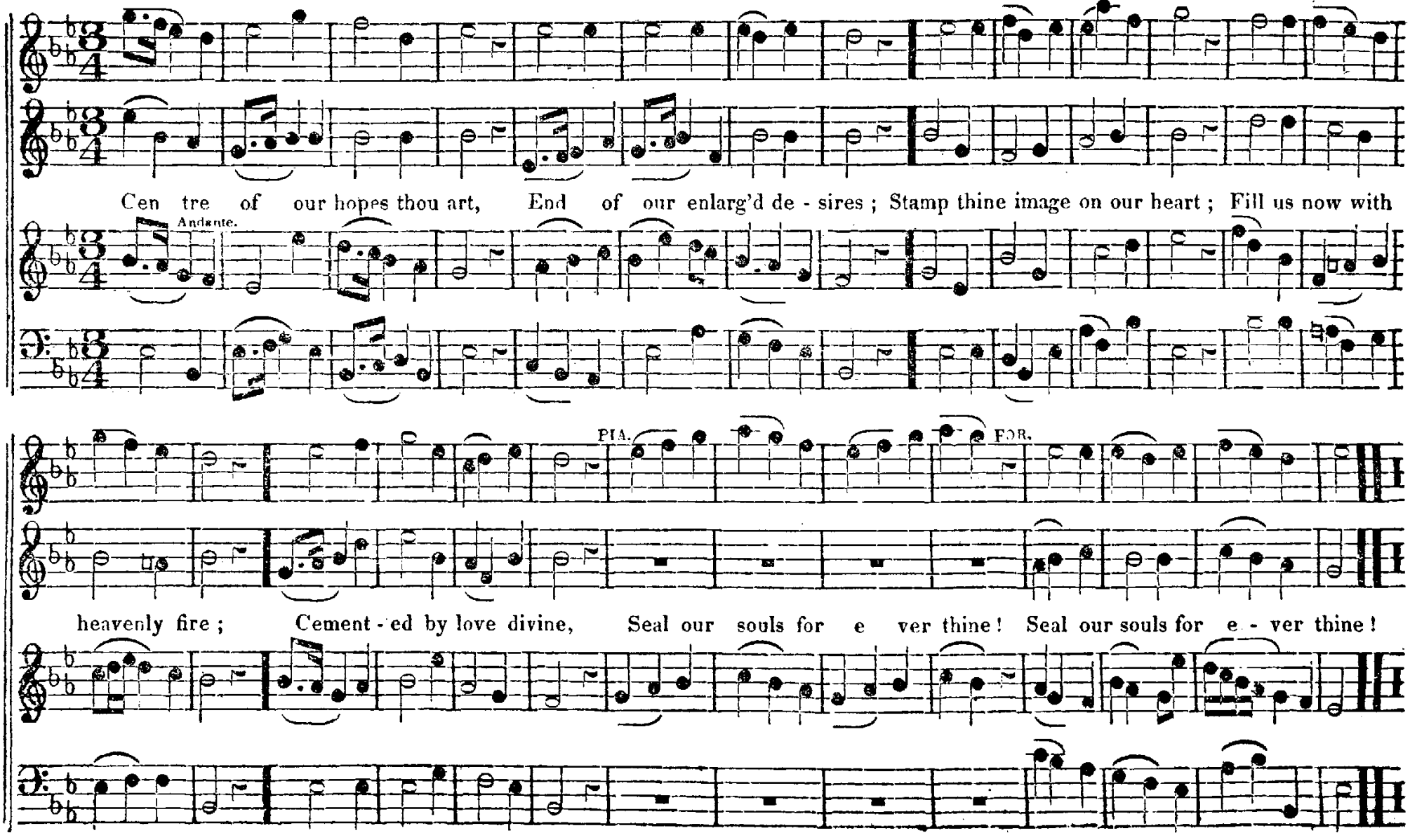
HYMN 250. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

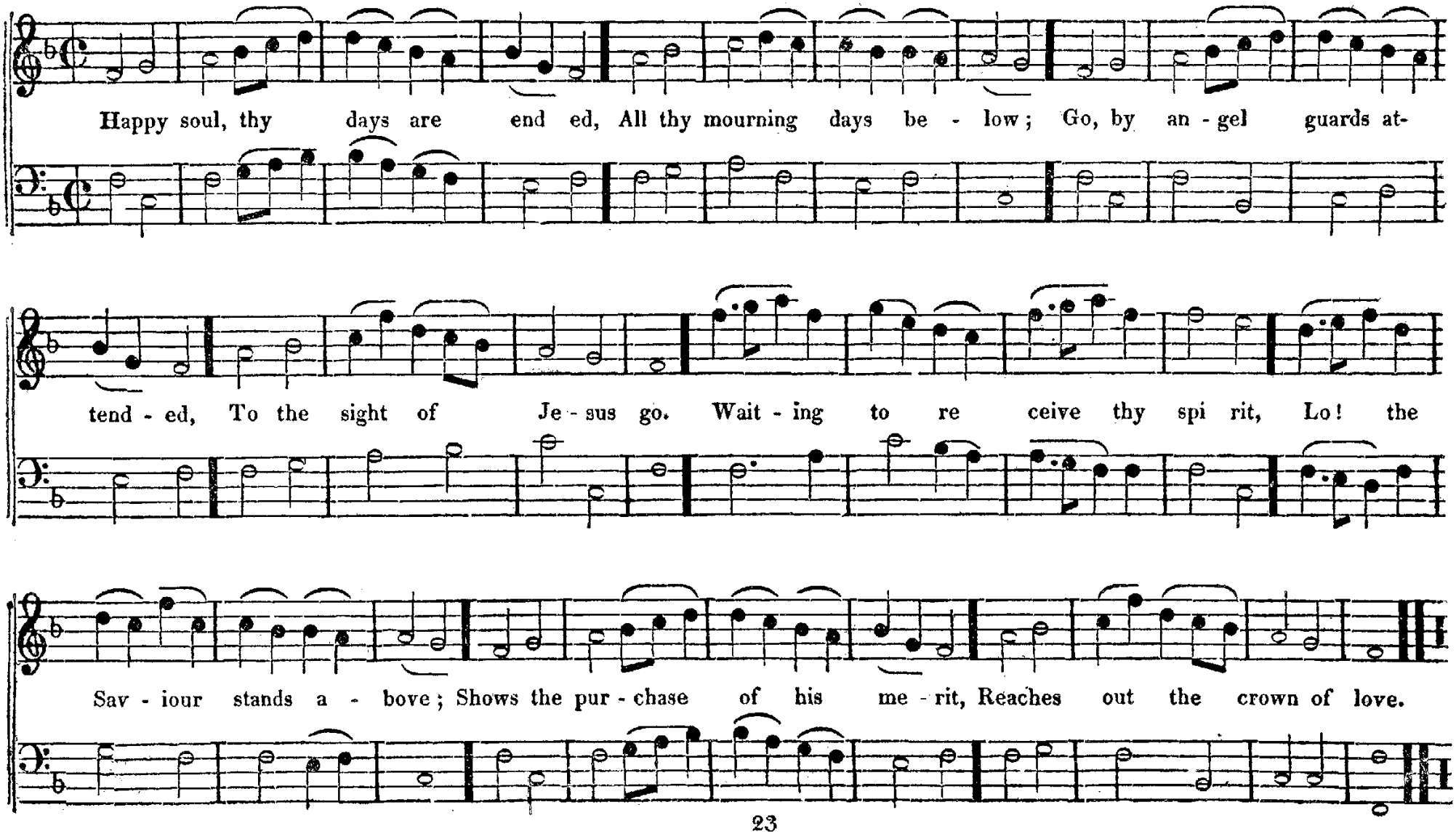


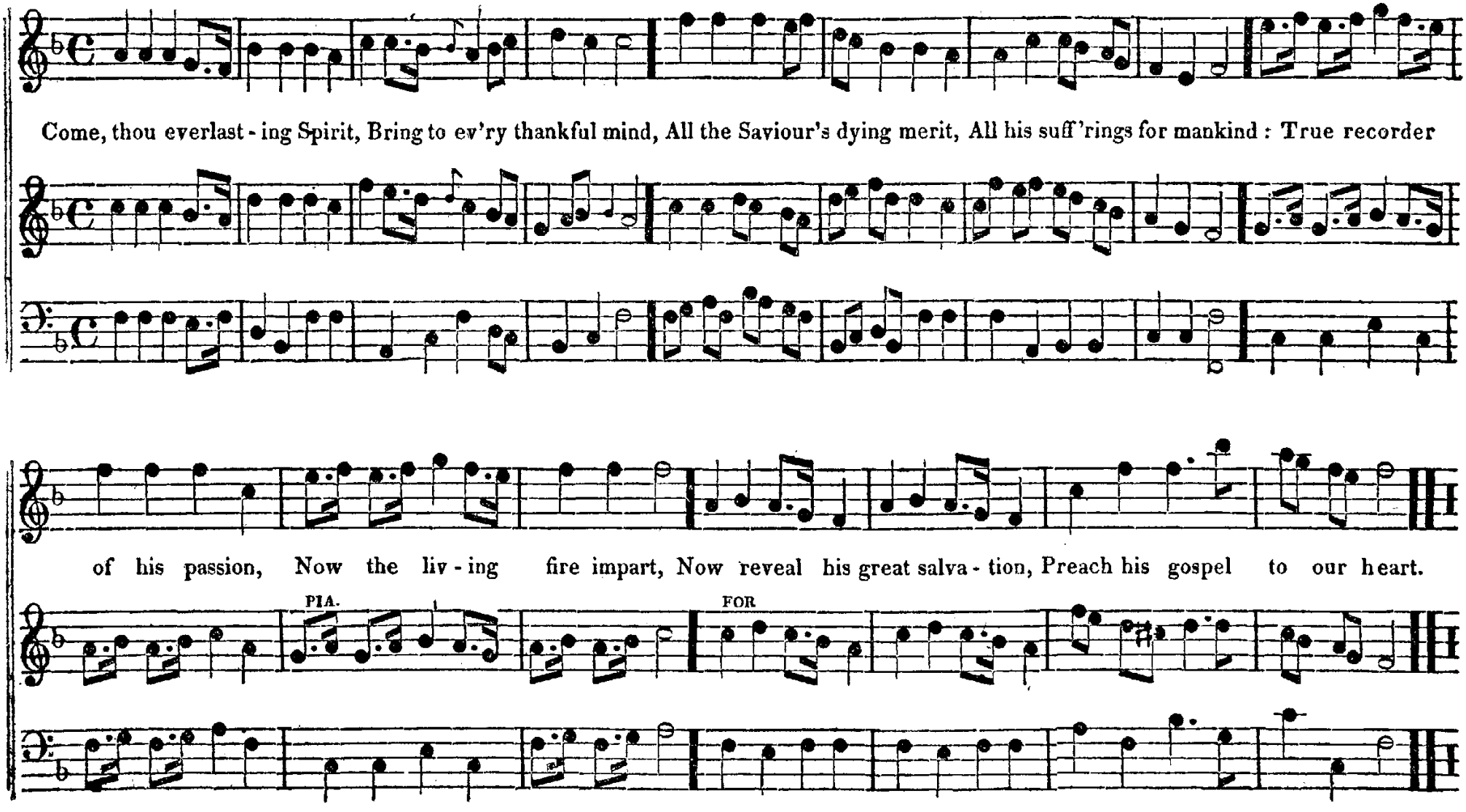


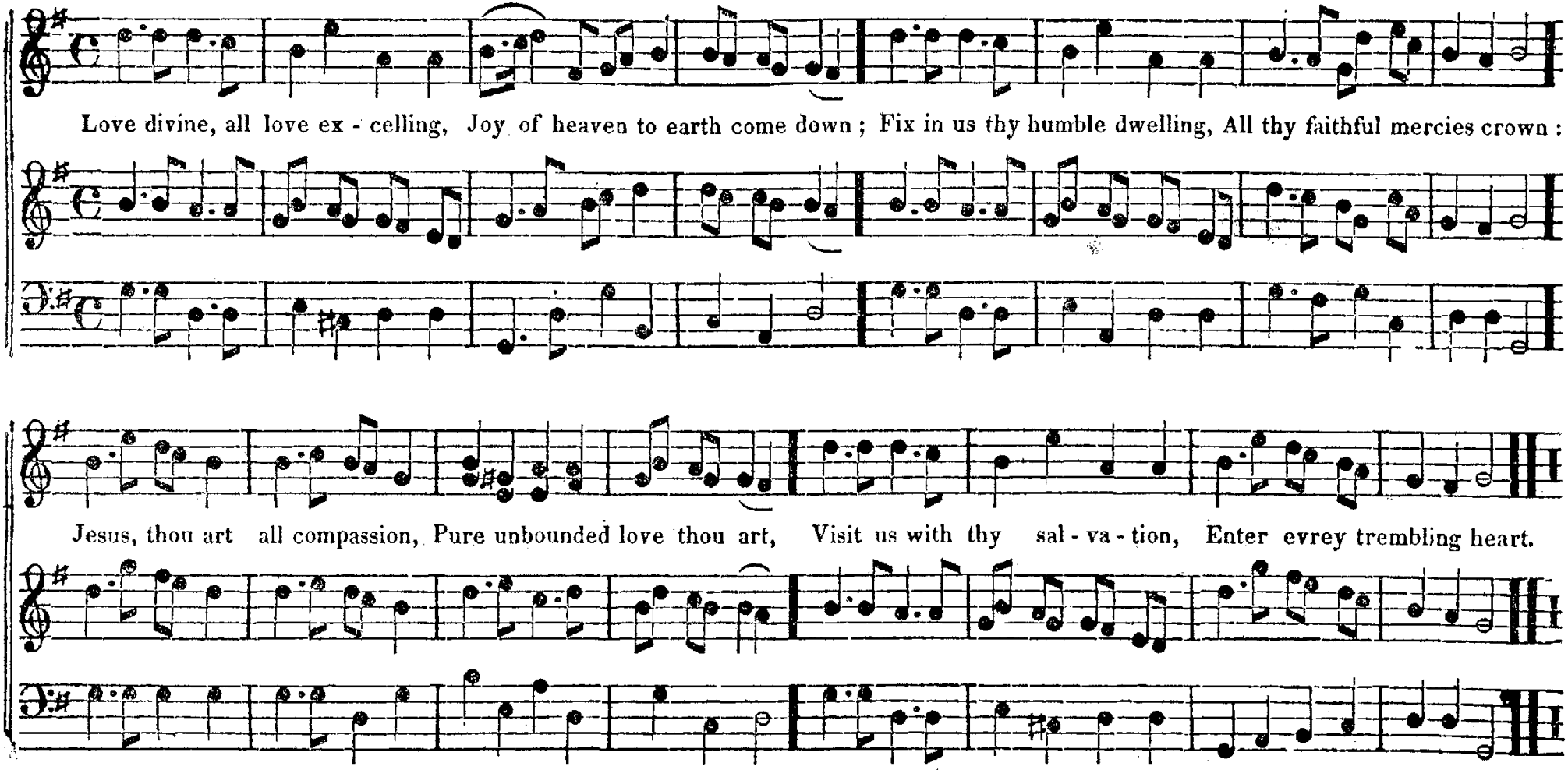


Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood !


Cen tre of our hopes thou art, End of our enlarg'd de - sires ; Stamp thine image on our heart ; Fill us now with
Andante.
PIA.
FOR.
heavenly fire ; Cement - ed by love divine, Seal our souls for e ver thine ! Seal our souls for e - ver thine !


Happy soul, thy days are end ed, All thy mourning days be - low; Go, by an - gel guards at-
tend - ed, To the sight of Je - sus go. Wait - ing to re ceive thy spi rit, Lo! the
Sav - iour stands a - bove; Shows the pur - chase of his me - rit, Reaches out the crown of love.

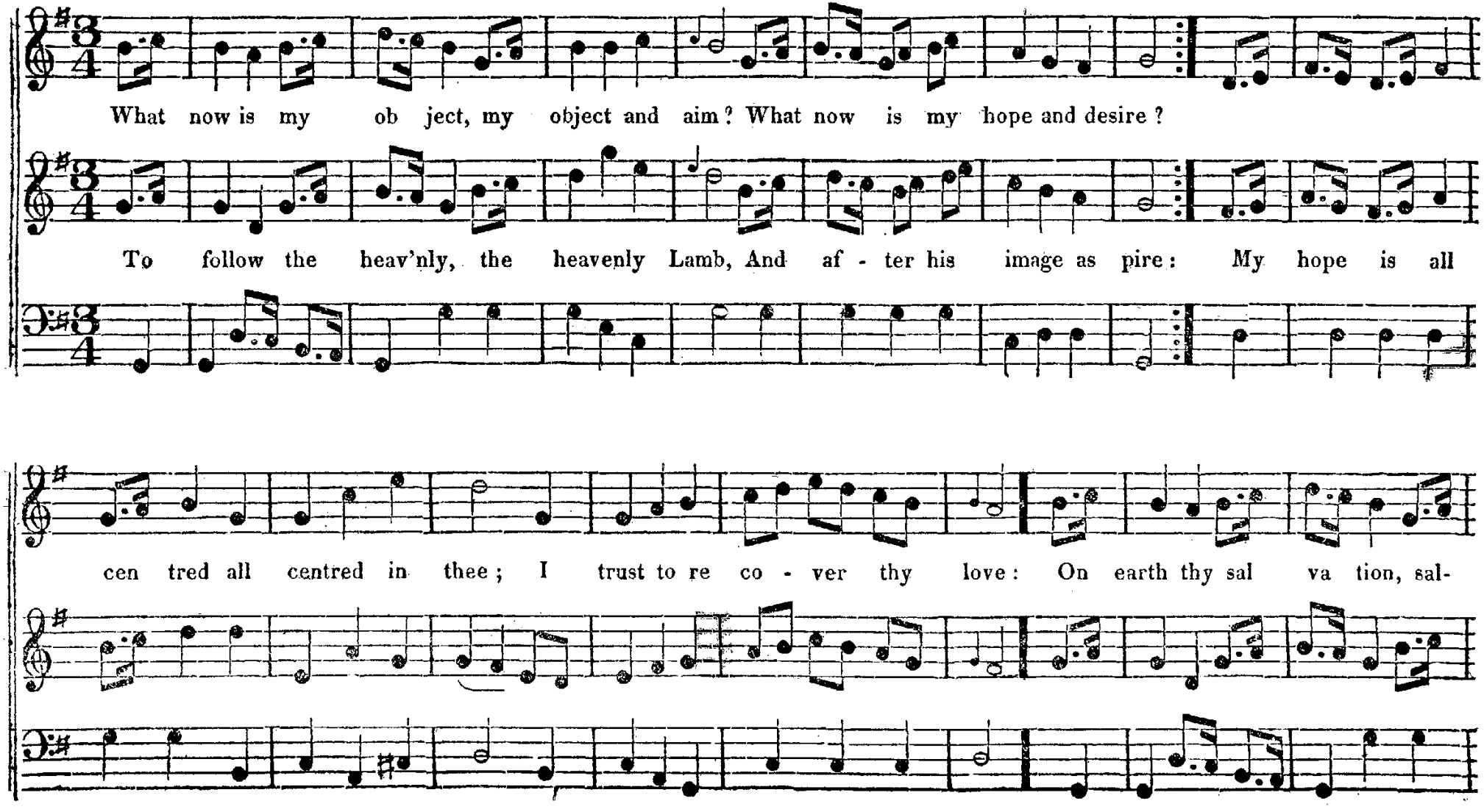

Come, thou everlast - ing Spirit, Bring to ev'ry thankful mind, All the Saviour's dying merit, All his suff'rings for mankind : True recorder
of his passion, Now the liv - ing fire impart, Now reveal his great salva - tion, Preach his gospel to our heart.
PIA.
FOR

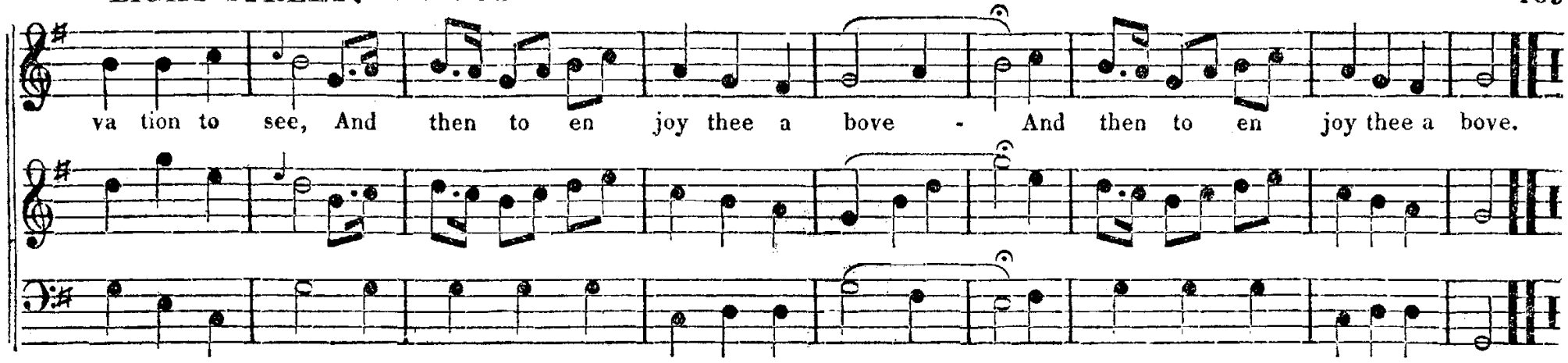


Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.

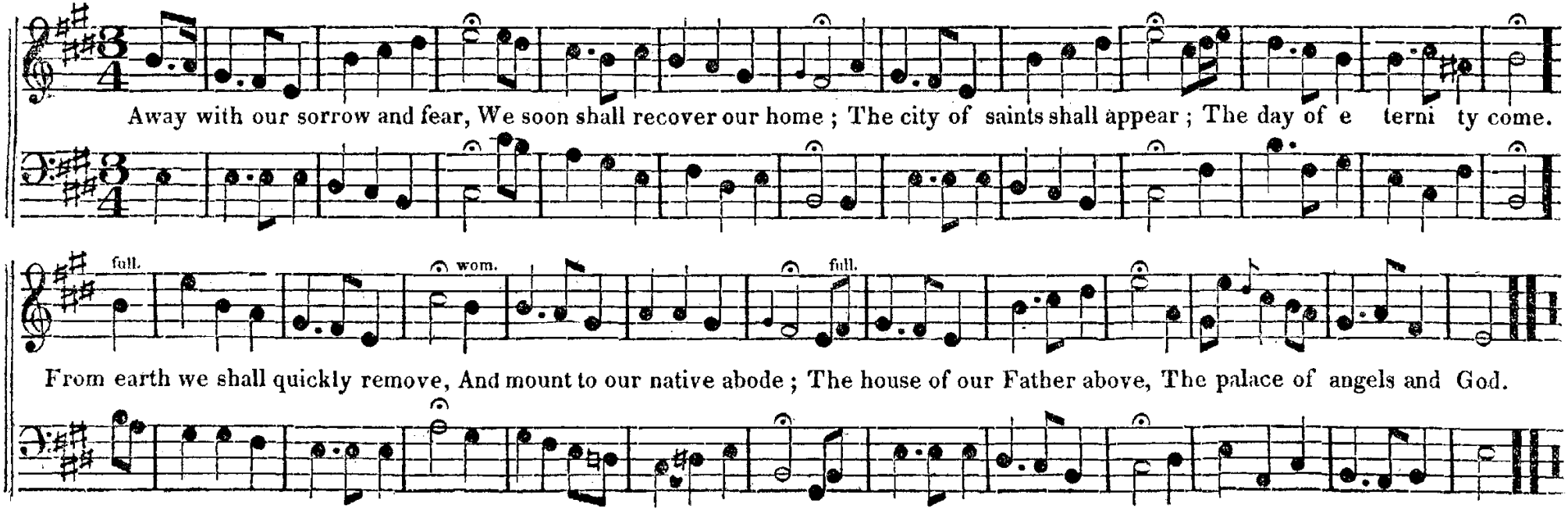
Take away our bent of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

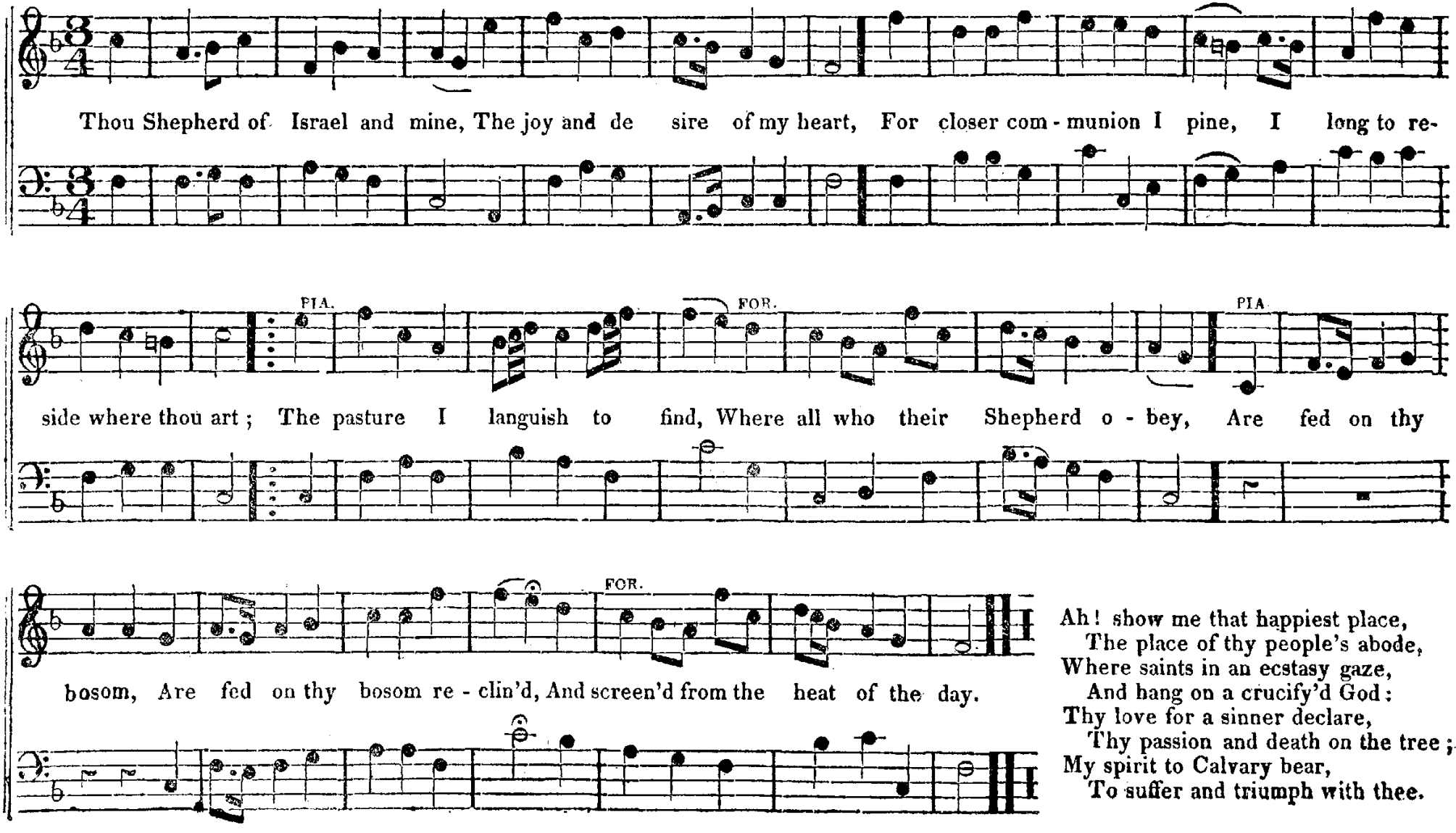
Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.


What now is my ob ject, my object and aim? What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heav'nly, the heavenly Lamb, And af - ter his image as pire: My hope is all
cen tred all centred in thee; I trust to re co - ver thy love: On earth thy sal va tion, sal-

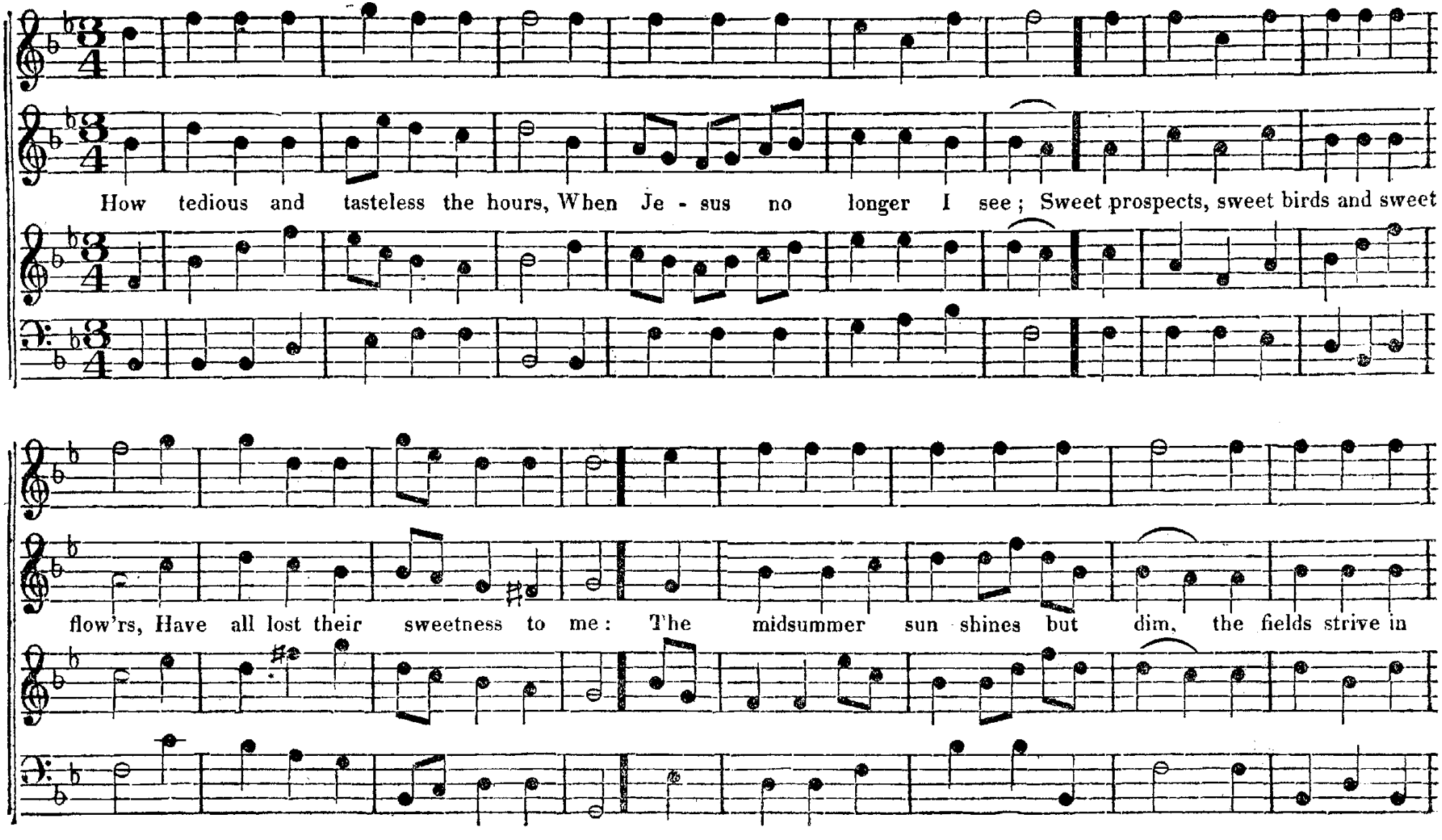


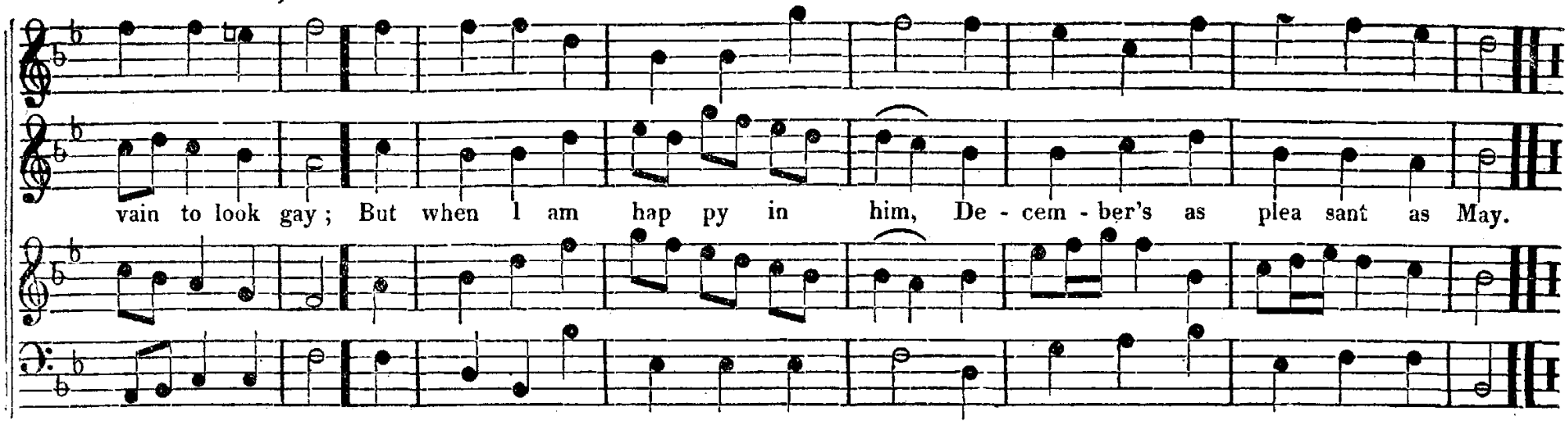
SION. HYMN 541. 8 lines 8's. Miller.



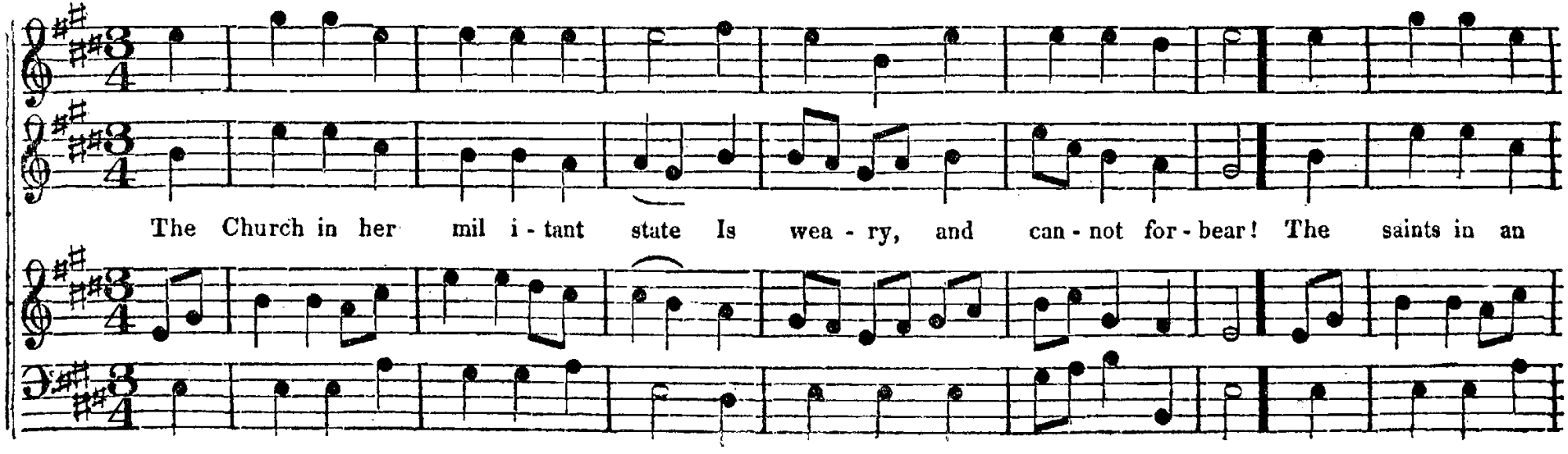


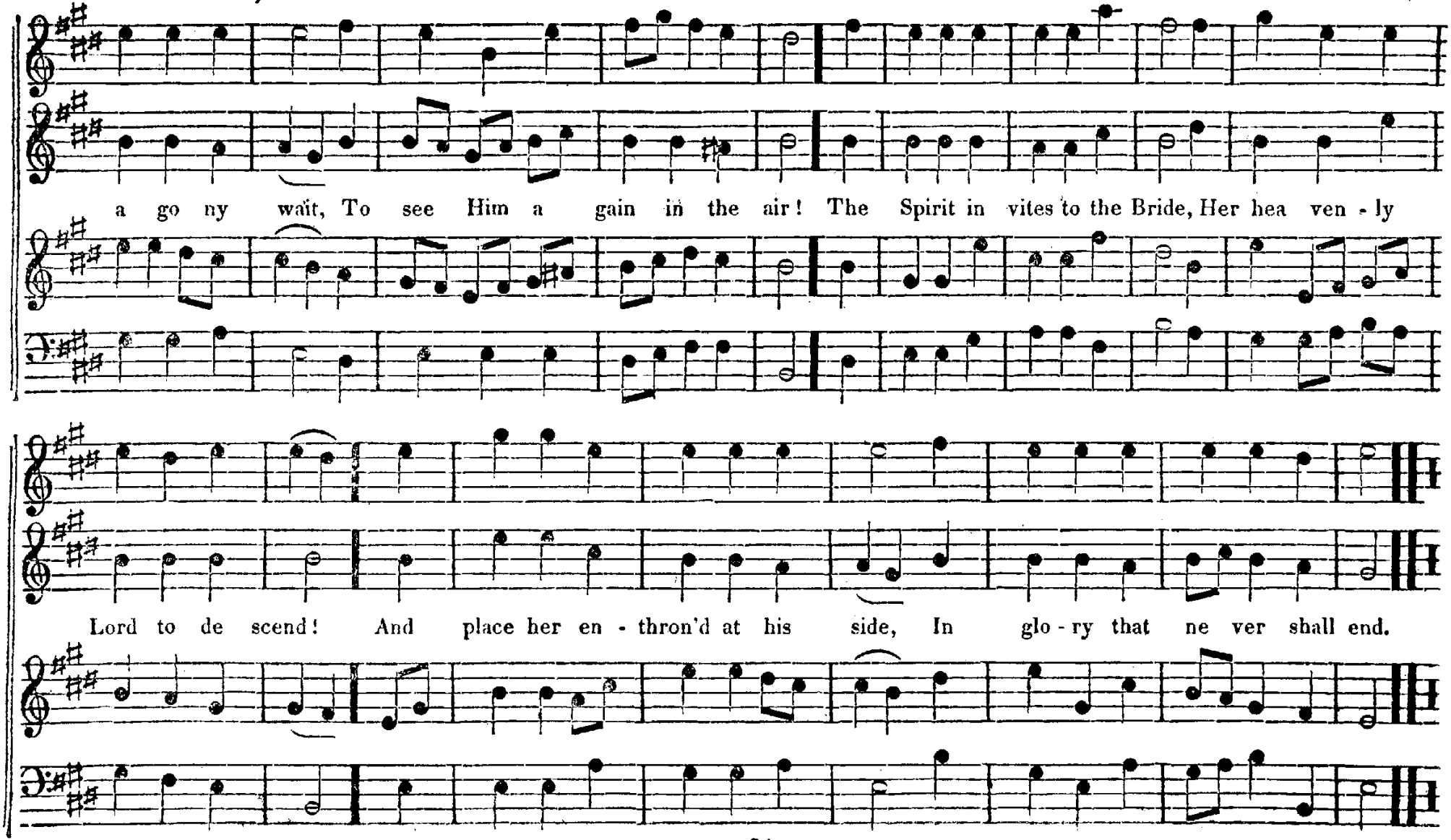
Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God:
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

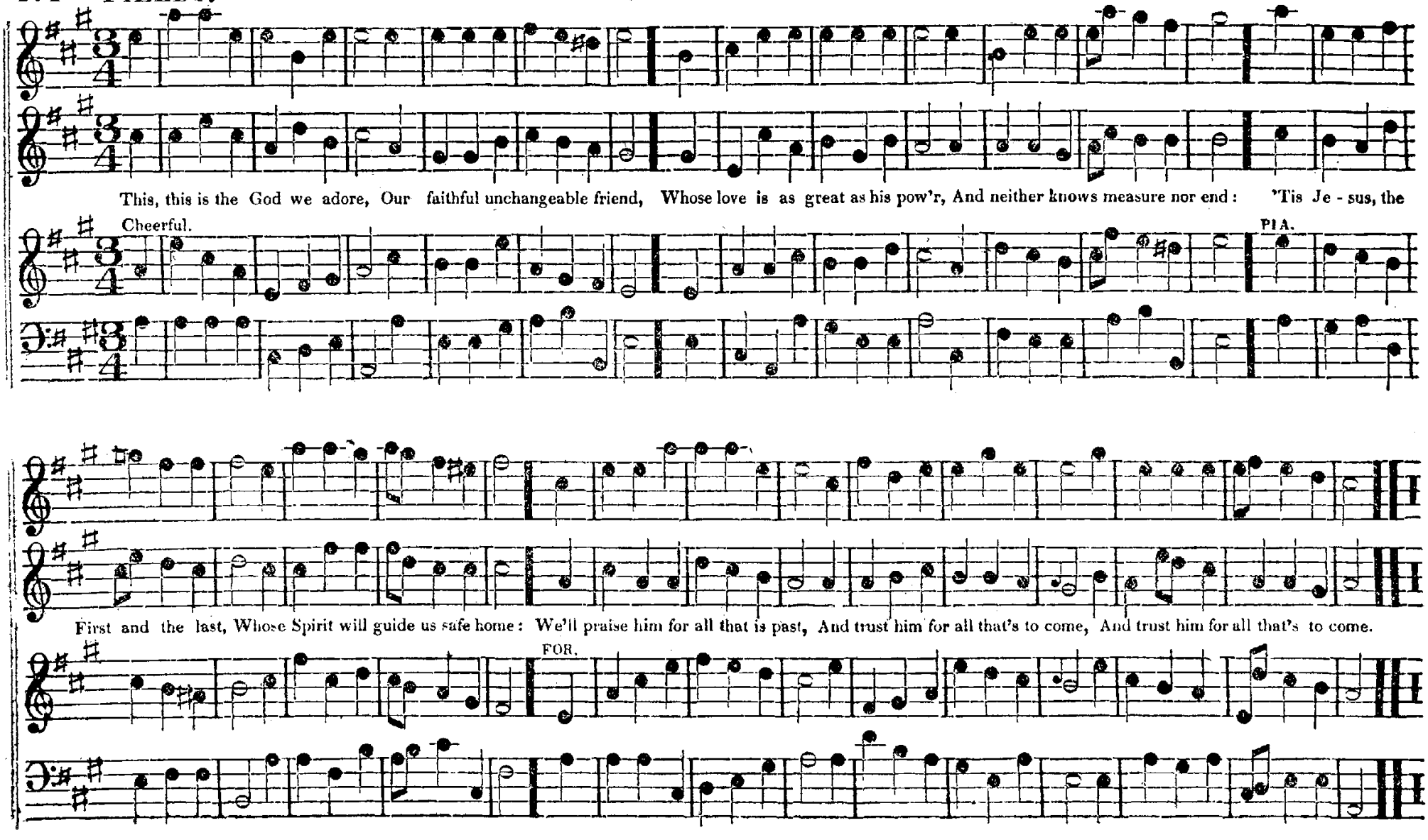

How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Je - sus no longer I see; Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet
flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me: The midsummer sun shines but dim, the fields strive in

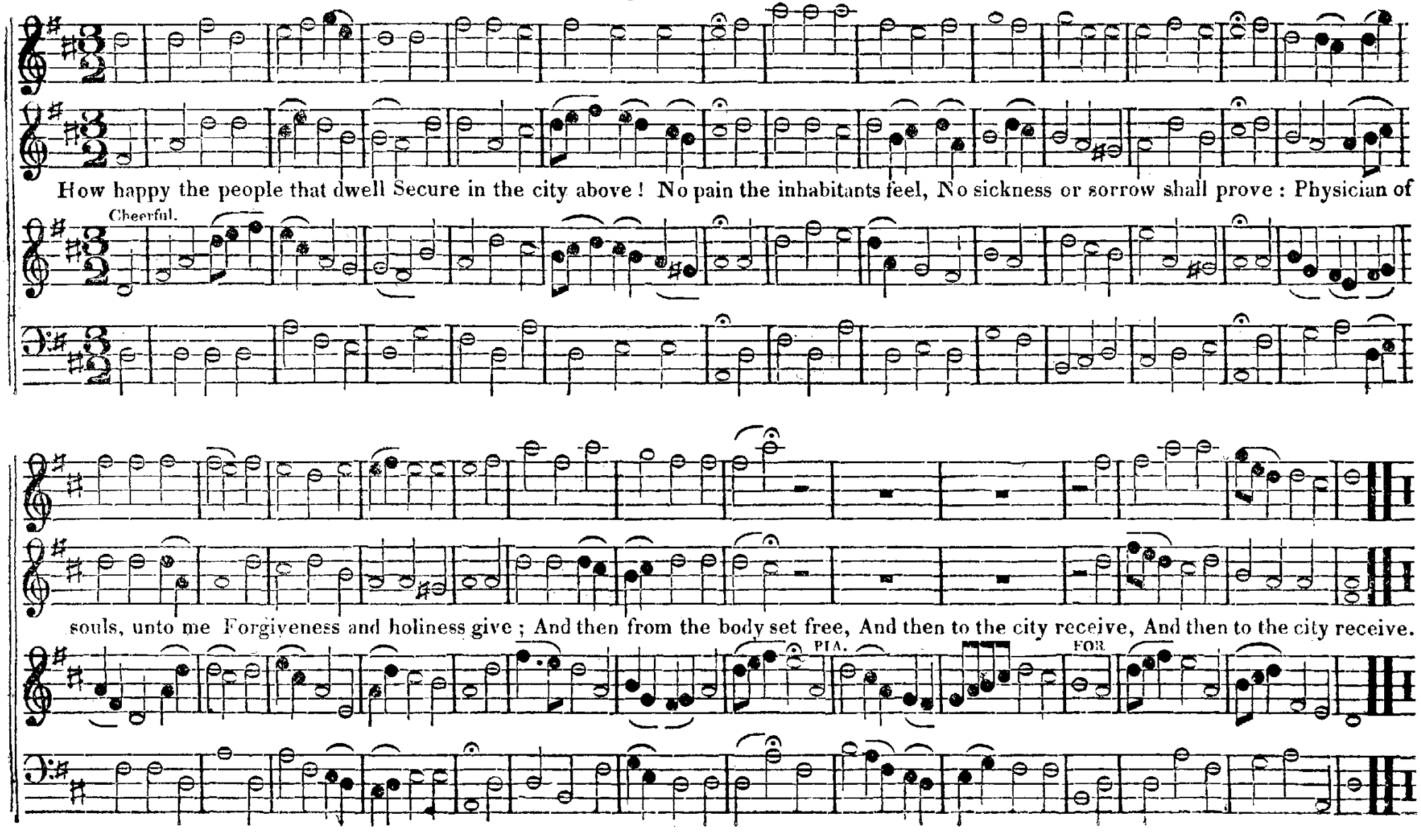


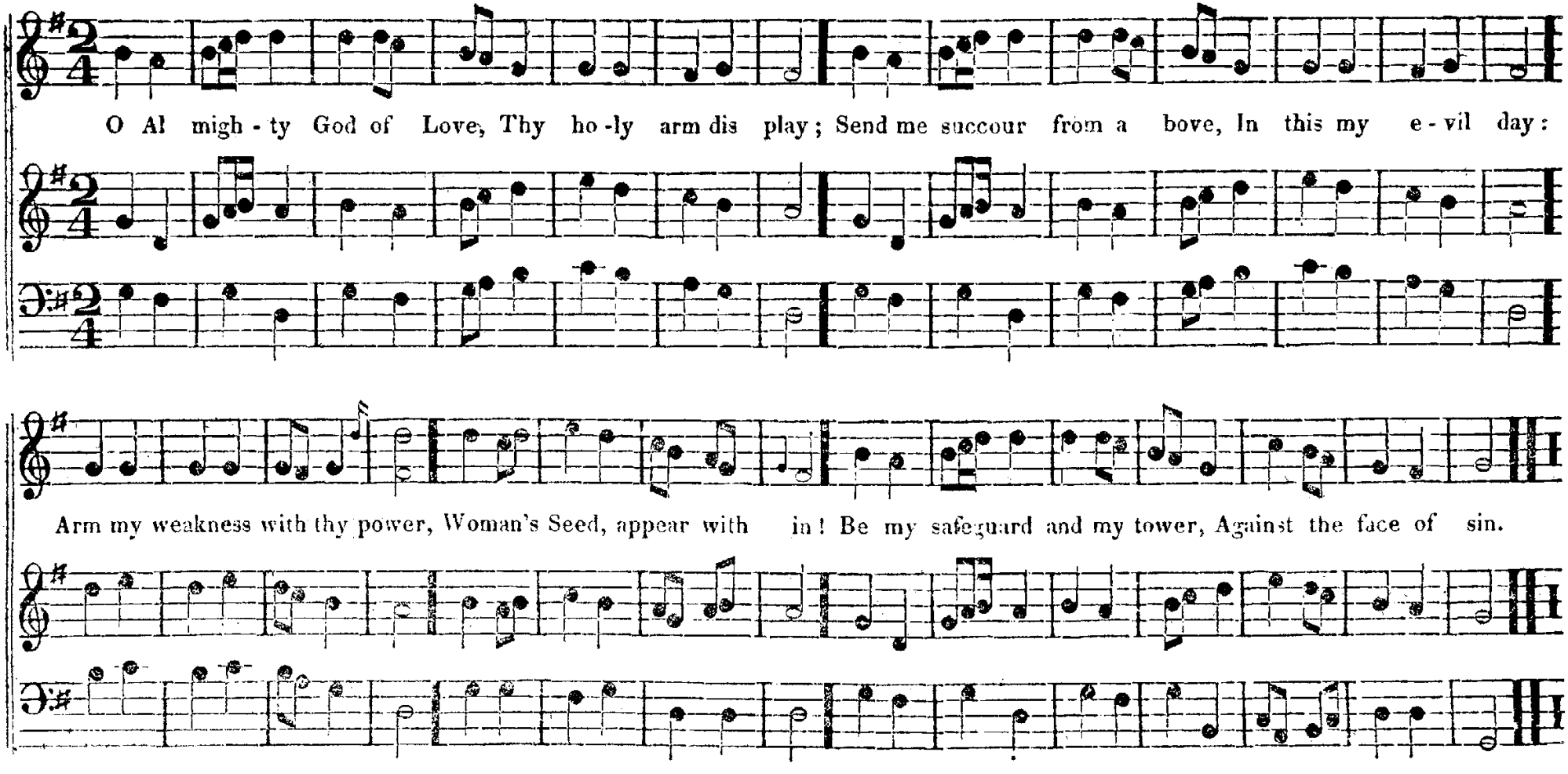
SARDINIA. HYMN 543. 8 lines 8's. Clark.




a go ny wait, To see Him a gain in the air! The Spirit in vites to the Bride, Her hea ven - ly
Lord to de scend! And place her en - thron'd at his side, In glo - ry that ne ver shall end.


This, this is the God we adore, Our faithful unchangeable friend, Whose love is as great as his pow'r, And neither knows measure nor end: 'Tis Je - sus, the
Cheerful.
PIA.
First and the last, Whose Spirit will guide us safe home: We'll praise him for all that is past, And trust him for all that's to come, And trust him for all that's to come.
FOR.

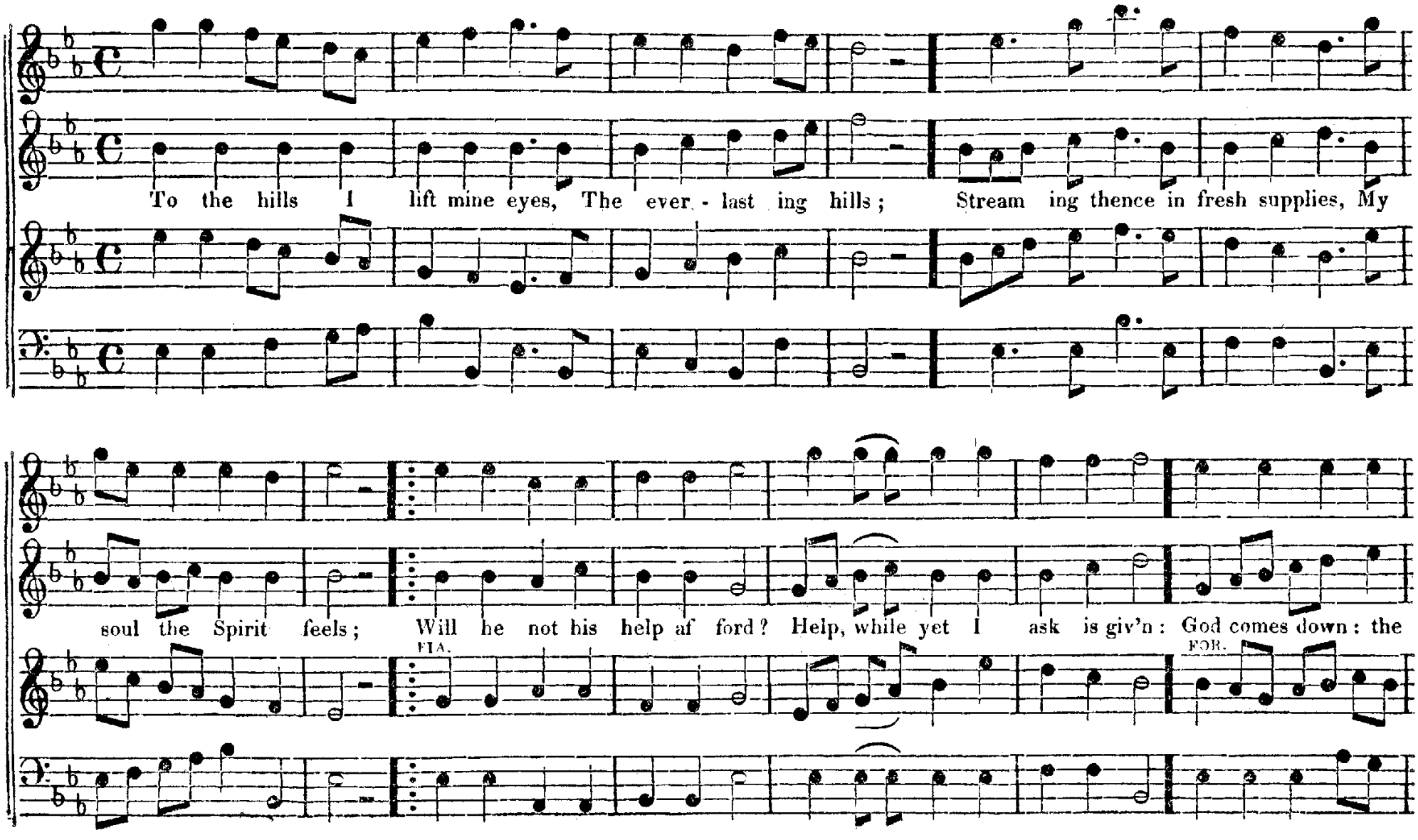

How happy the people that dwell Secure in the city above! No pain the inhabitants feel, No sickness or sorrow shall prove: Physician of
Cheerful.
souls, unto me Forgiveness and holiness give; And then from the body set free, And then to the city receive, And then to the city receive.
PIA.
FOR

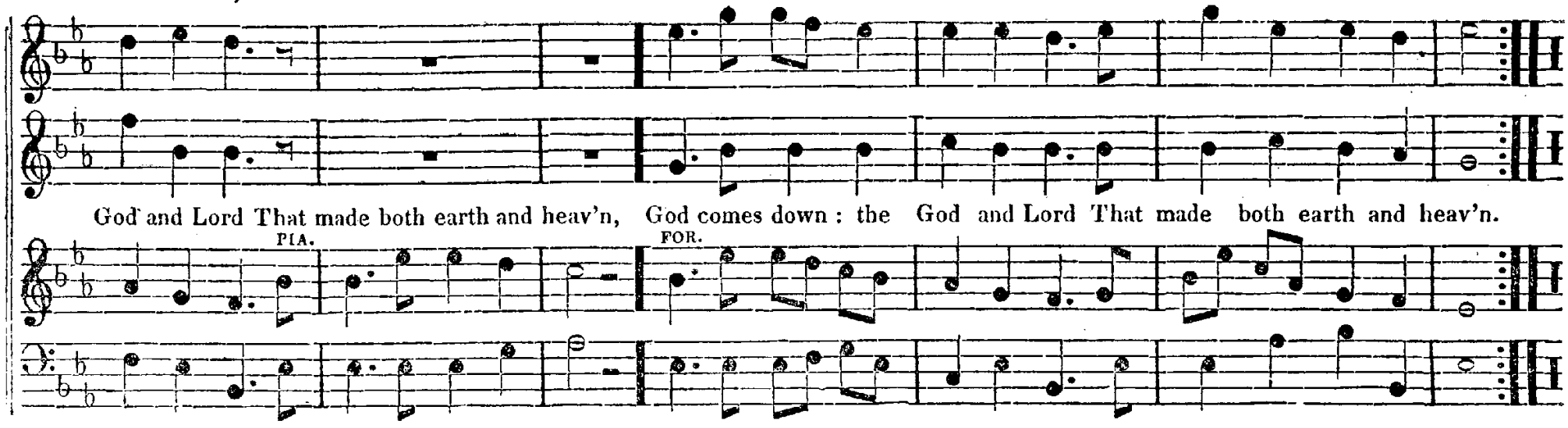


Could I of thy strength take hold,
And always feel thee near,
Confident, divinely bold,
My soul would scorn to fear:

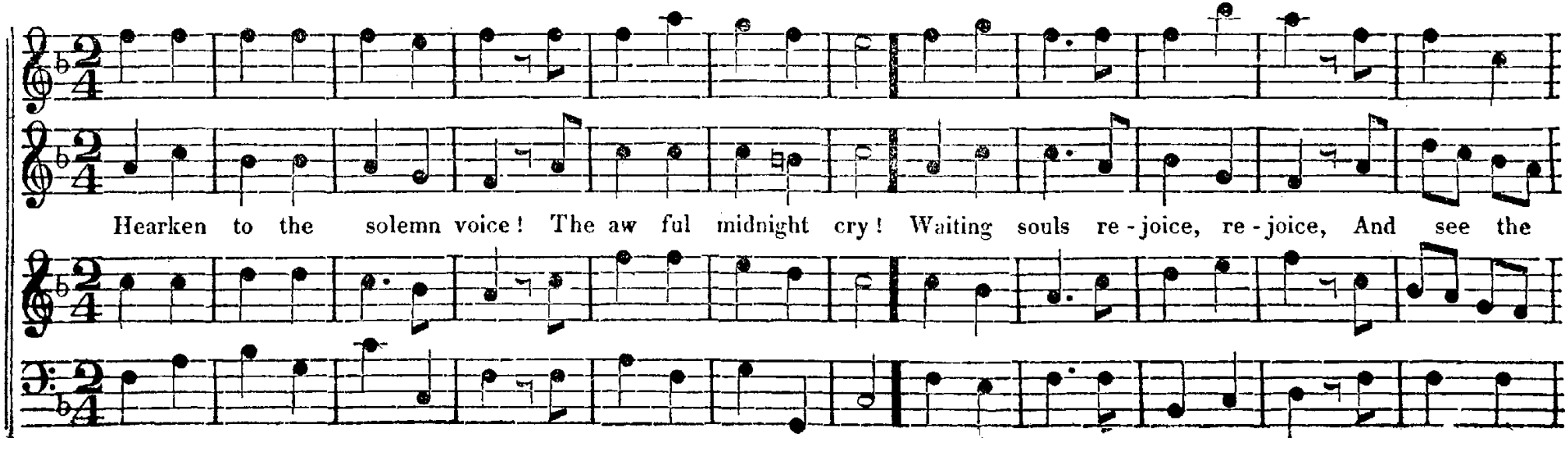
Nothing should my firmness shock;
Though the gates of hell assail,
Were I built upon the Rock,
They never could prevail.

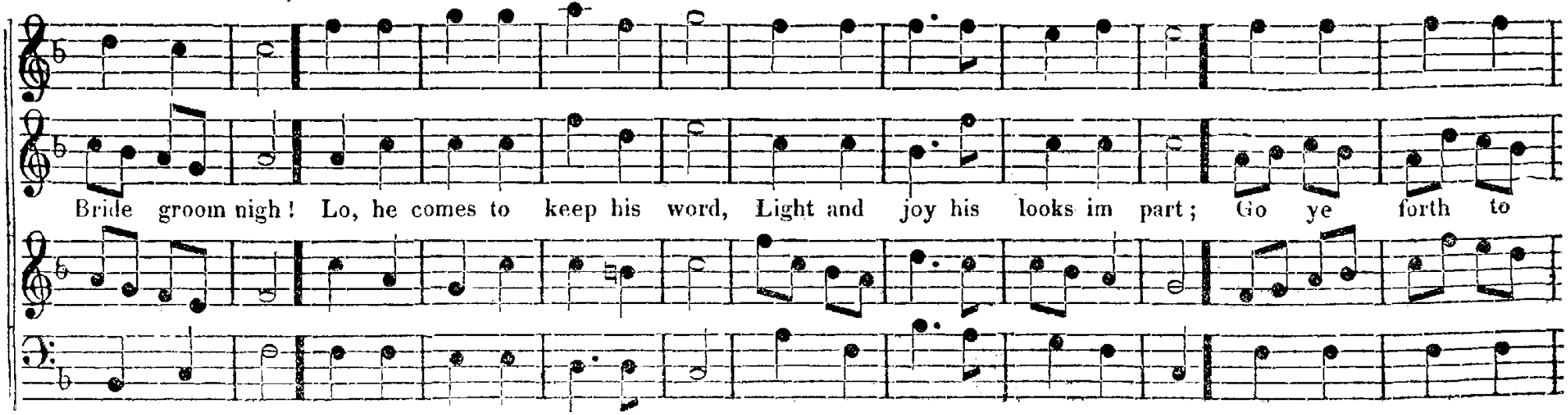
Rock of my salvation, haste,
Extend thy ample shade,
Let it over me be cast,
And screen my naked head.

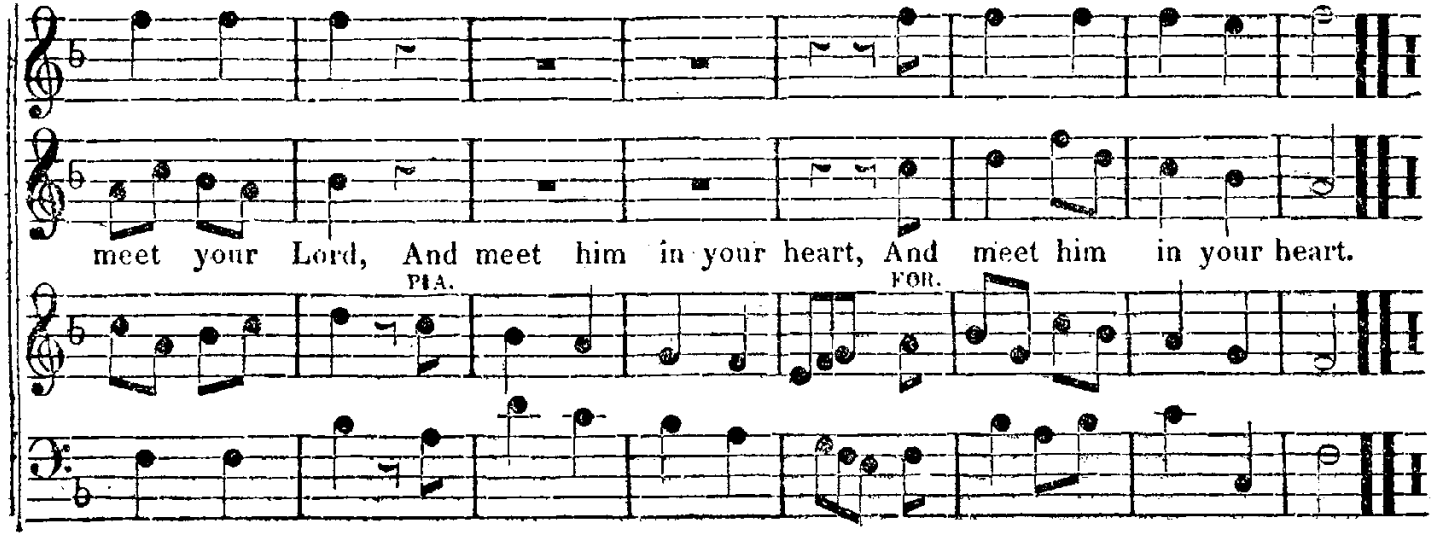

To the hills I lift mine eyes, The ever - last ing hills; Stream ing thence in fresh supplies, My
soul the Spirit feels; Will he not his help af ford? Help, while yet I ask is giv'n: God comes down: the
FIA.
FOR.



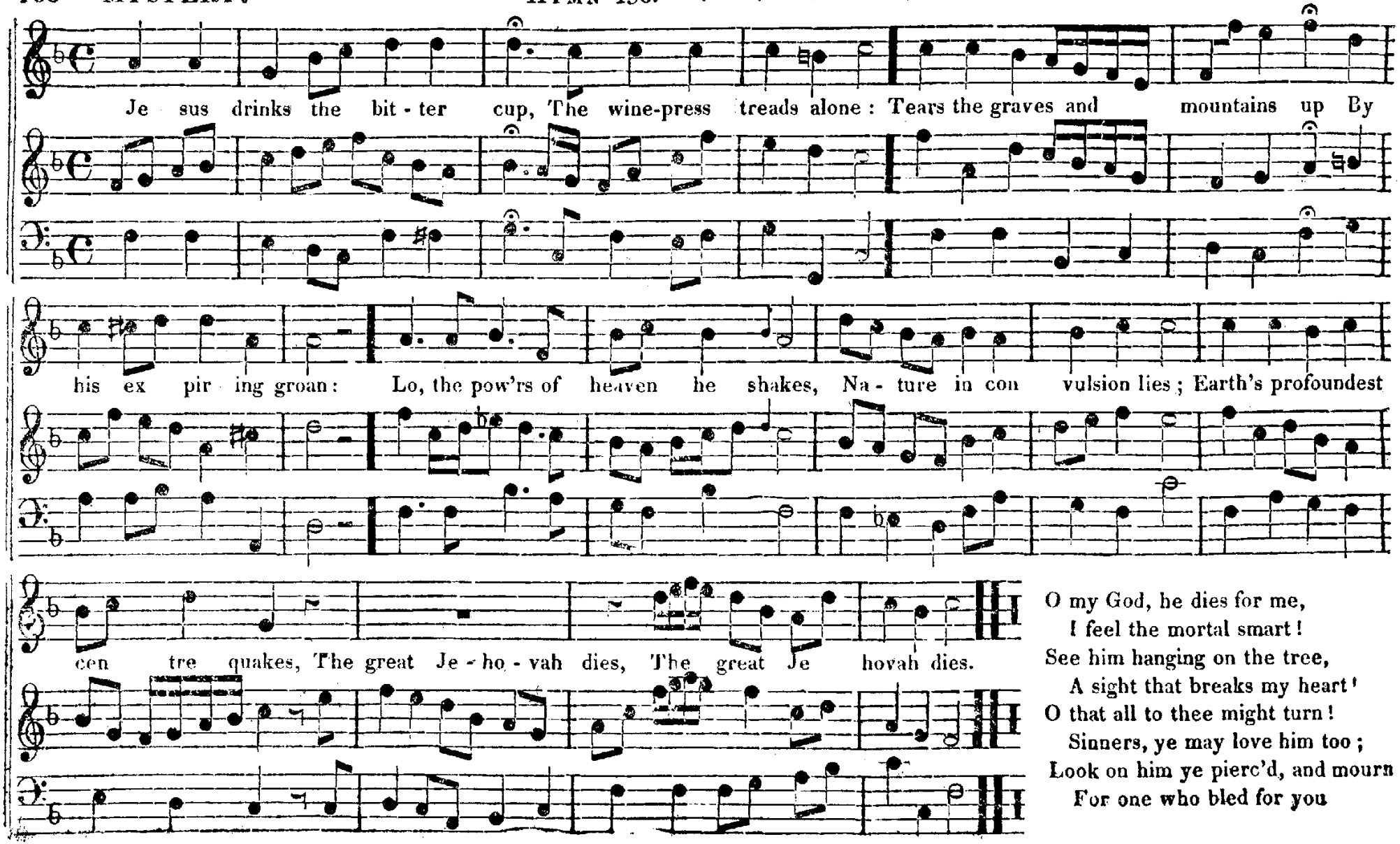
PENSFORD HYMN 173. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6.



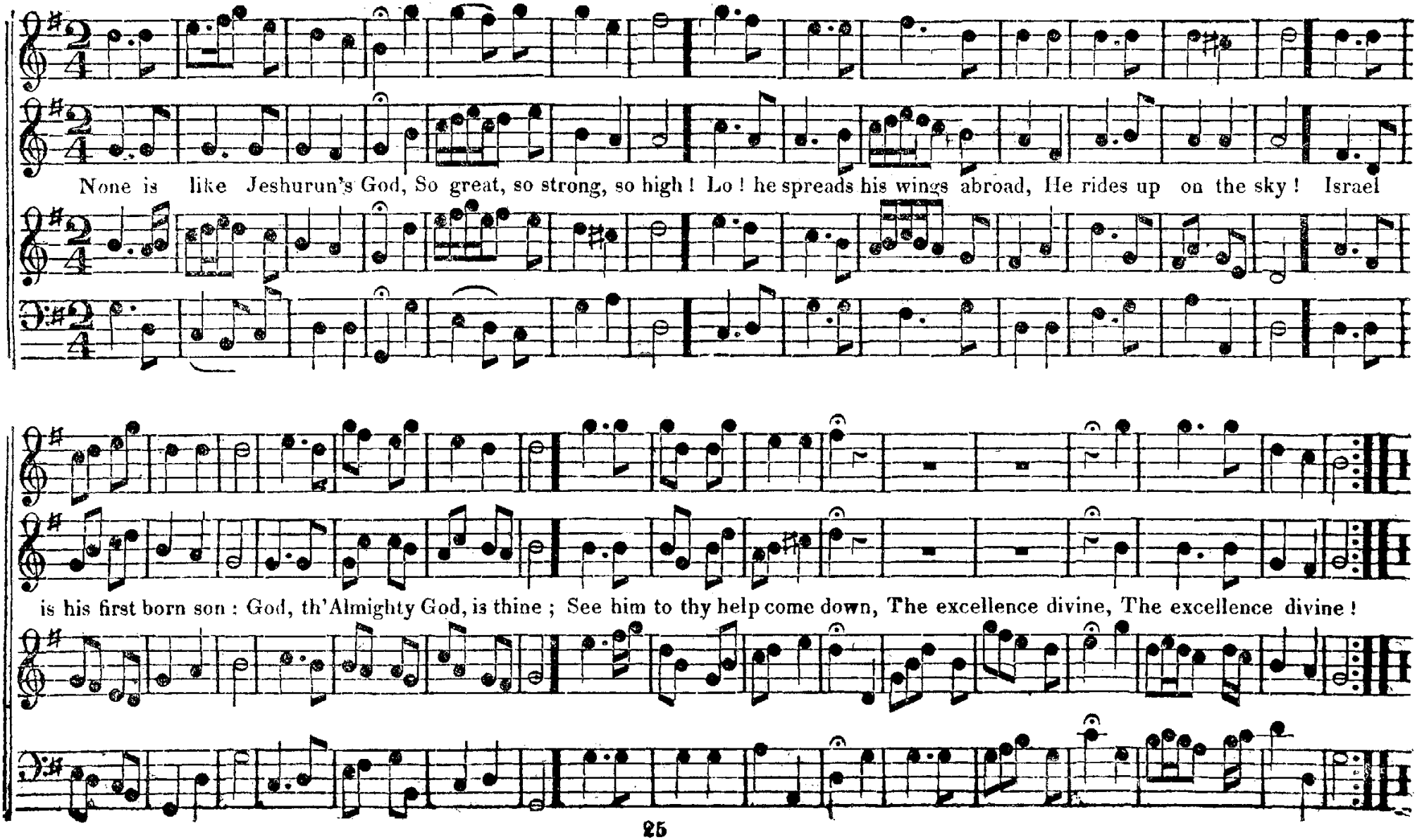


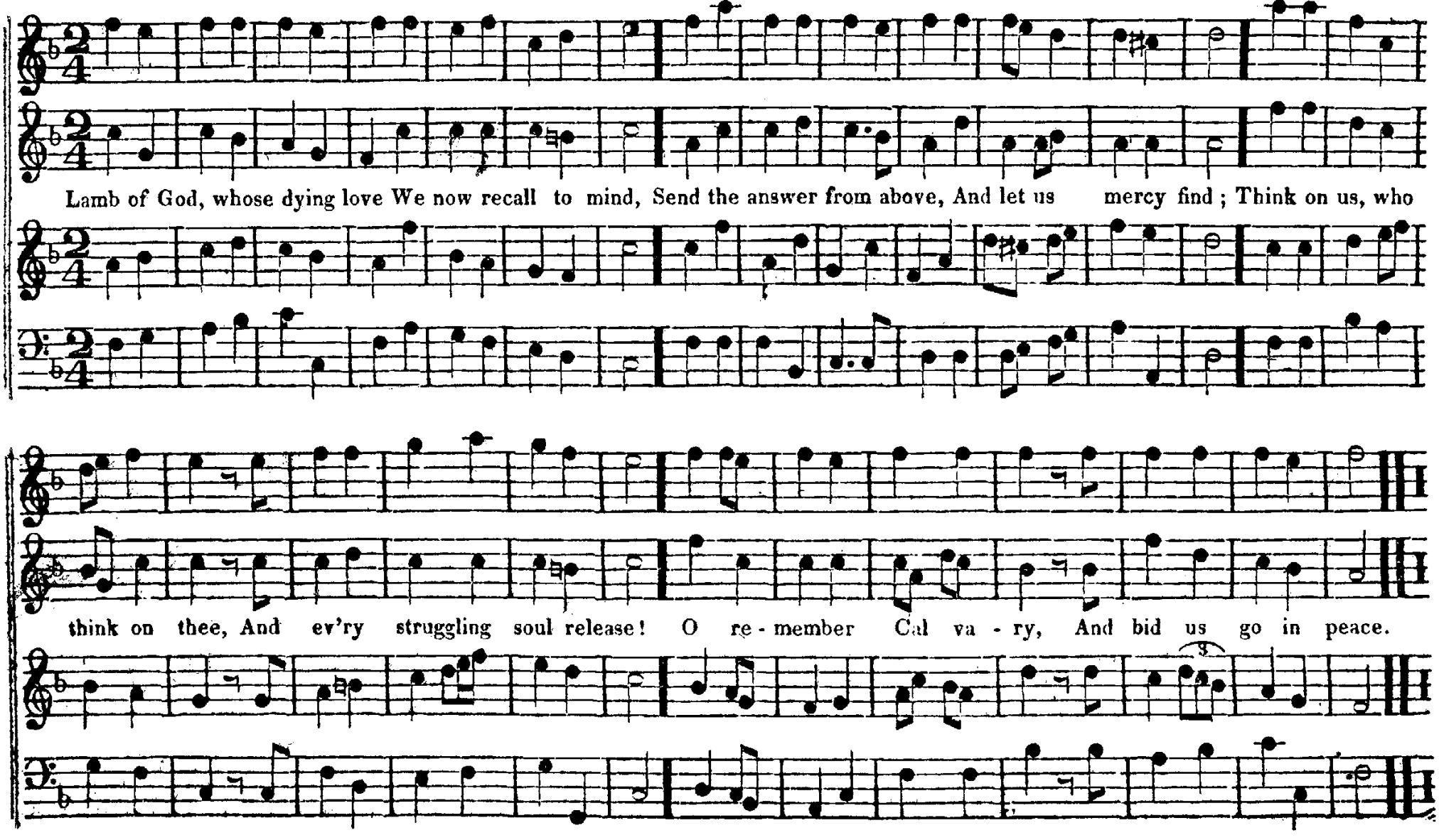


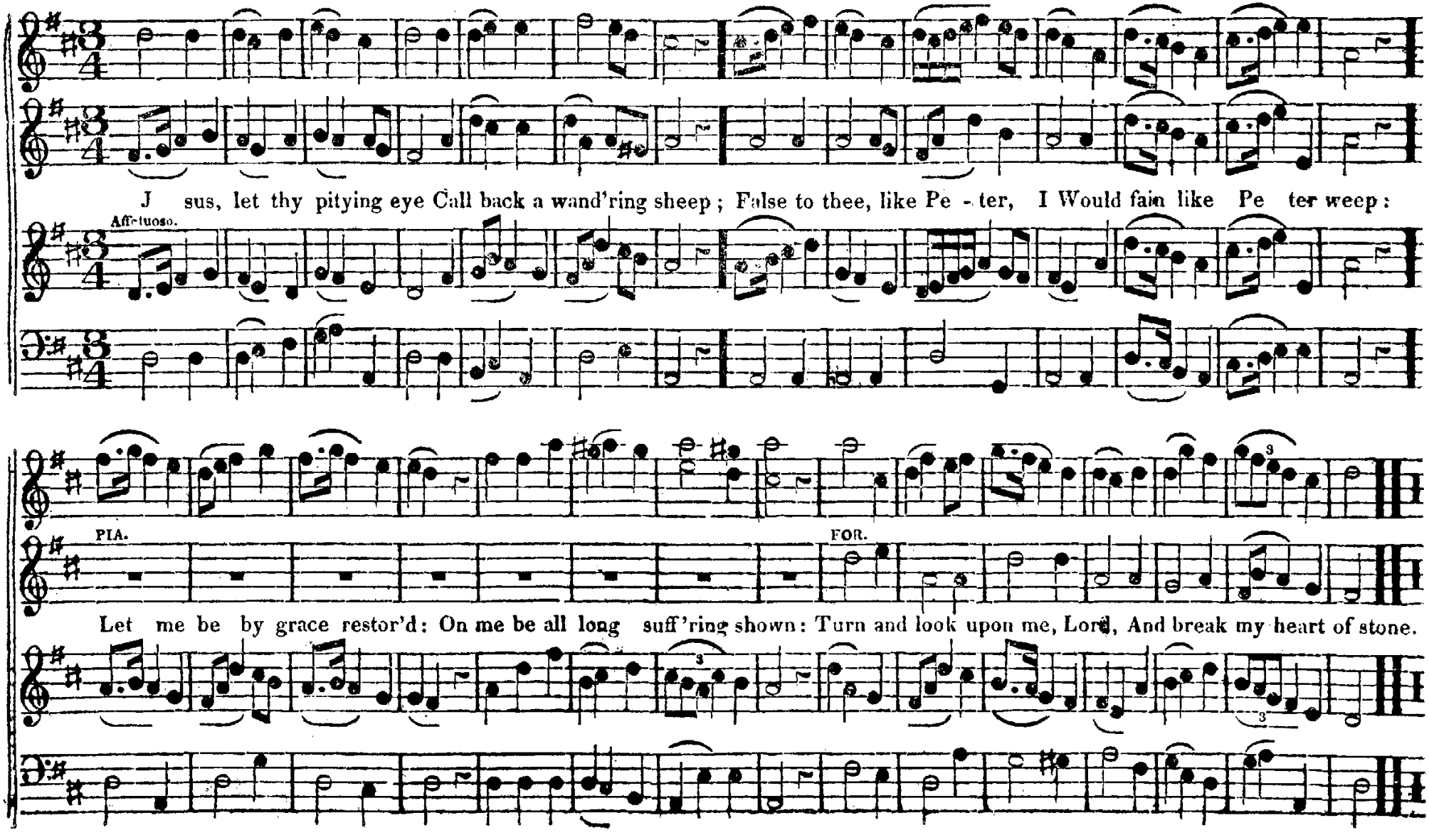
Ye who faint beneath the load
Of sin, your heads lift up;
See your great redeeming God;
He comes, and bids you hope!
In the midnight of your grief,
Jesus doth his mourners cheer
Lo, he brings you sure relief;
Believe, and feel him here!

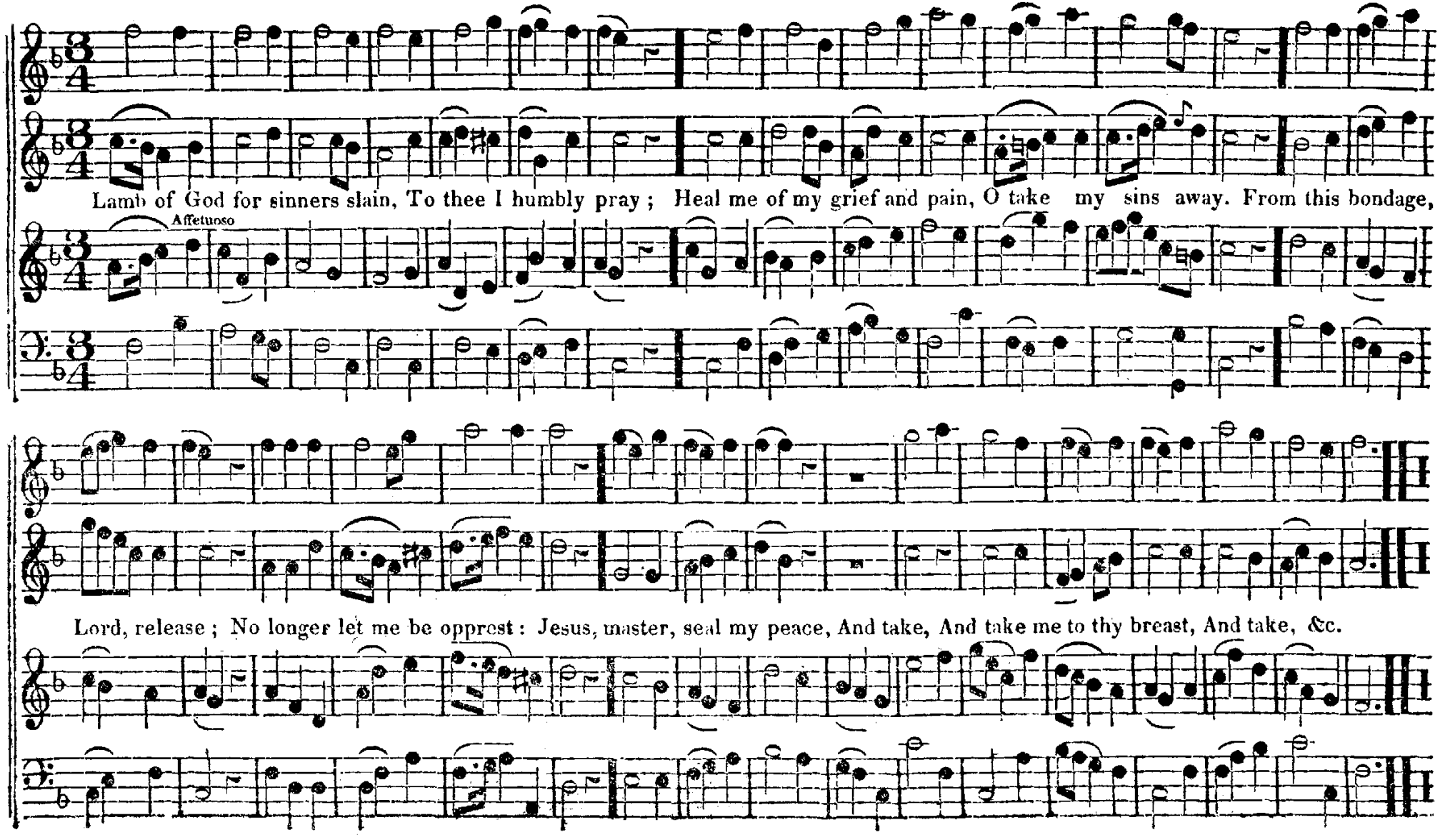


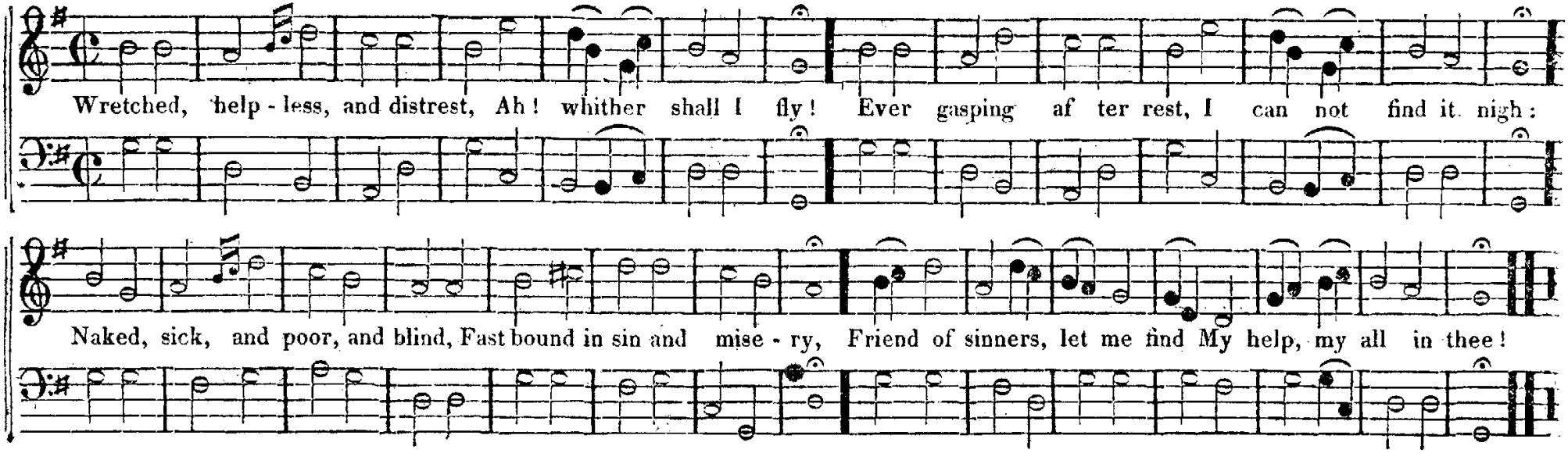
O my God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart!
See him hanging on the tree,
A sight that breaks my heart!
O that all to thee might turn!
Sinners, ye may love him too;
Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn
For one who bled for you


None is like Jeshurun's God, So great, so strong, so high! Lo! he spreads his wings abroad, He rides up on the sky! Israel
is his first born son: God, th'Almighty God, is thine; See him to thy help come down, The excellence divine, The excellence divine!

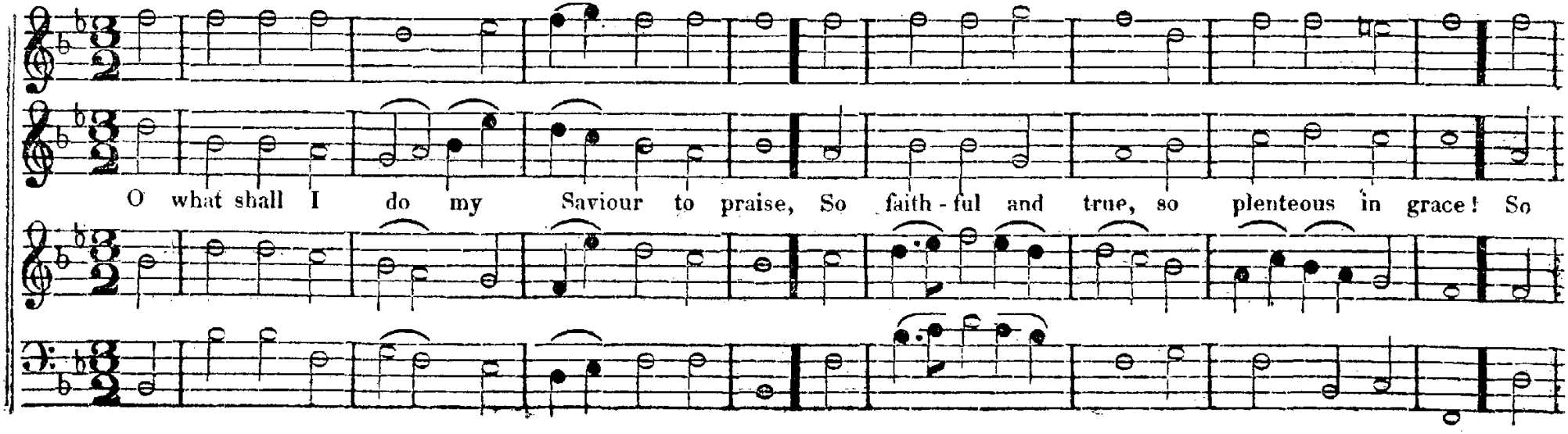

Lamb of God, whose dying love We now recall to mind, Send the answer from above, And let us mercy find; Think on us, who
think on thee, And ev'ry struggling soul release! O re-member Cal va-ry, And bid us go in peace.

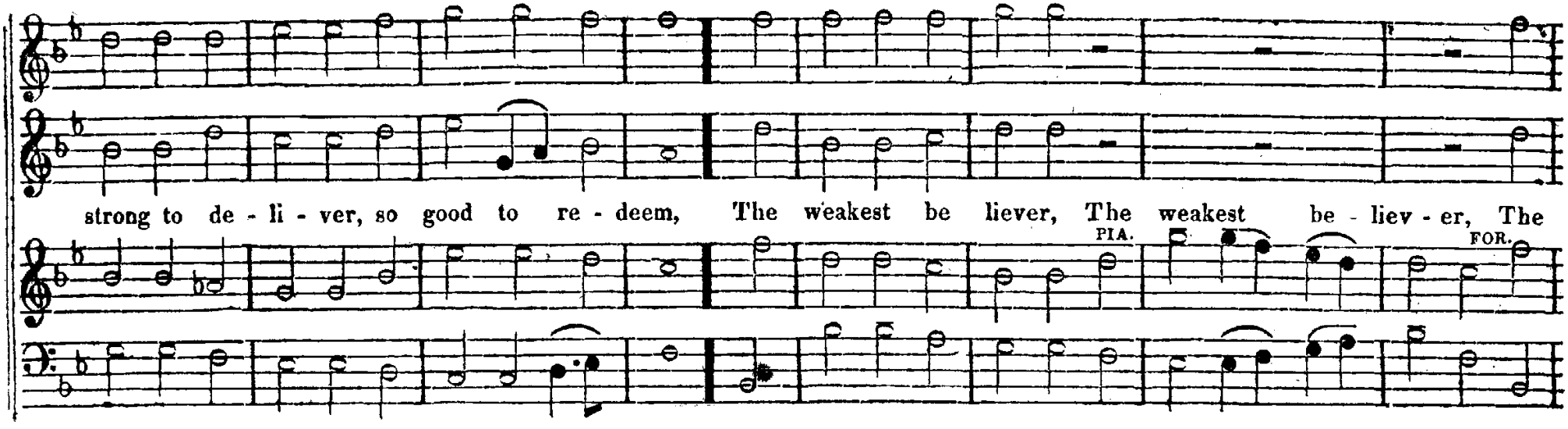

Jesus, let thy pitying eye Call back a wand'ring sheep; False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe ter weep:
Affetuoso.
PIA.
FOR.
Let me be by grace restor'd: On me be all long suff'ring shown: Turn and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

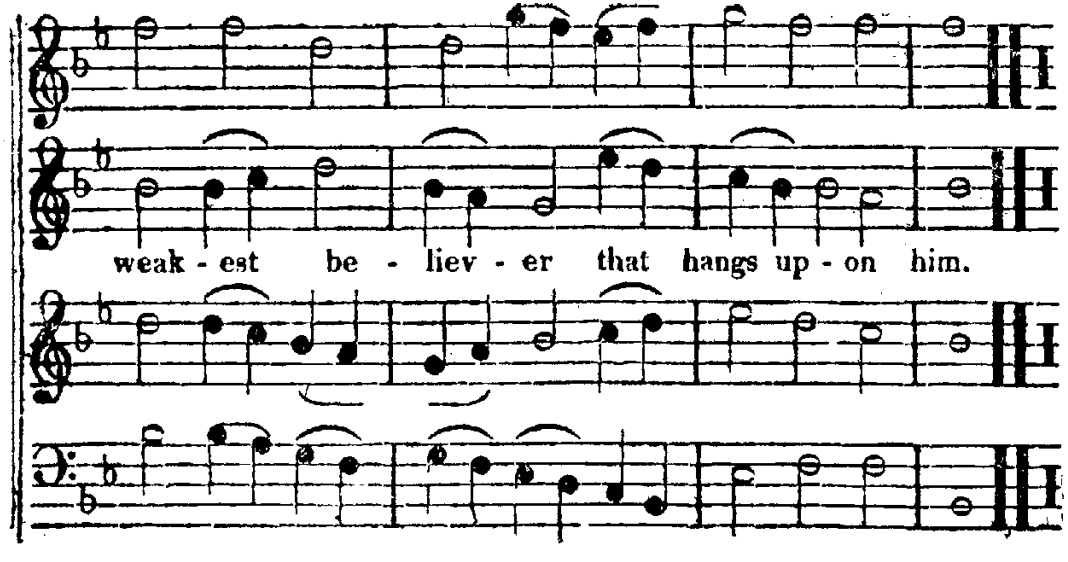

Lamb of God for sinners slain, To thee I humbly pray ; Heal me of my grief and pain, O take my sins away. From this bondage,
Affetuoso
Lord, release ; No longer let me be opprest : Jesus, master, seal my peace, And take, And take me to thy breast, And take, &c.



HARMONY. HYMN 282. 10. 10. 11. 11. Leach.



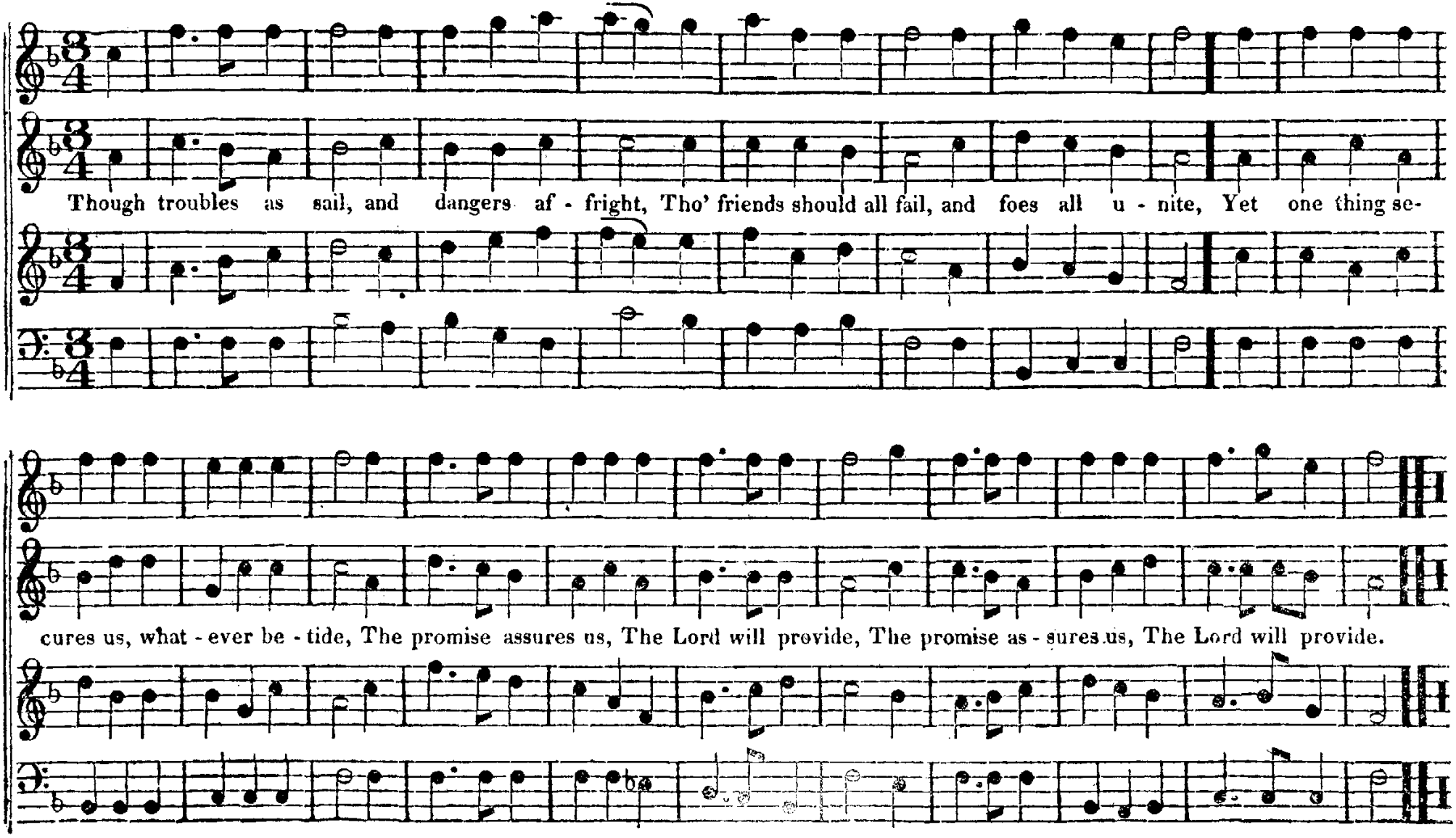


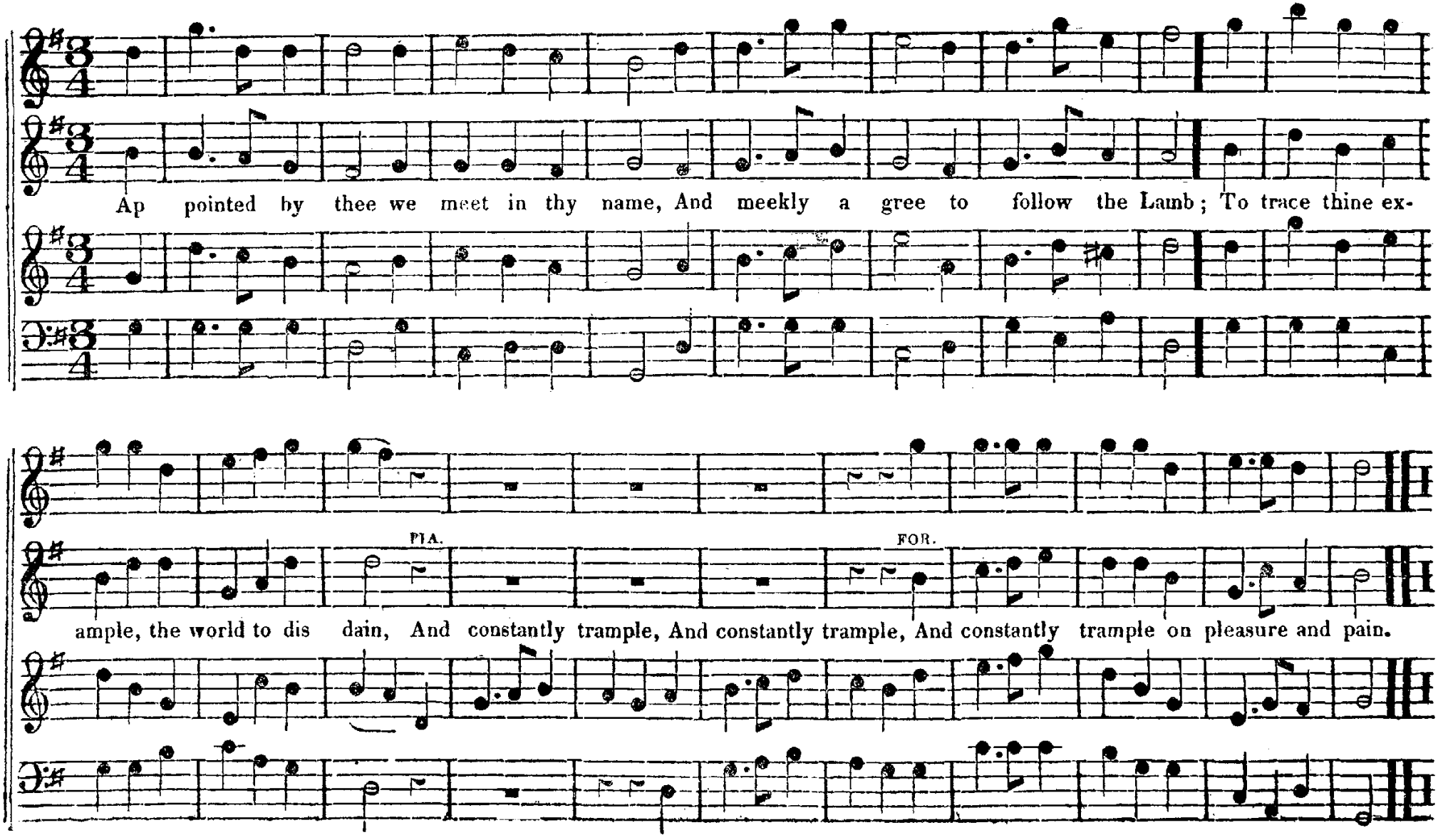


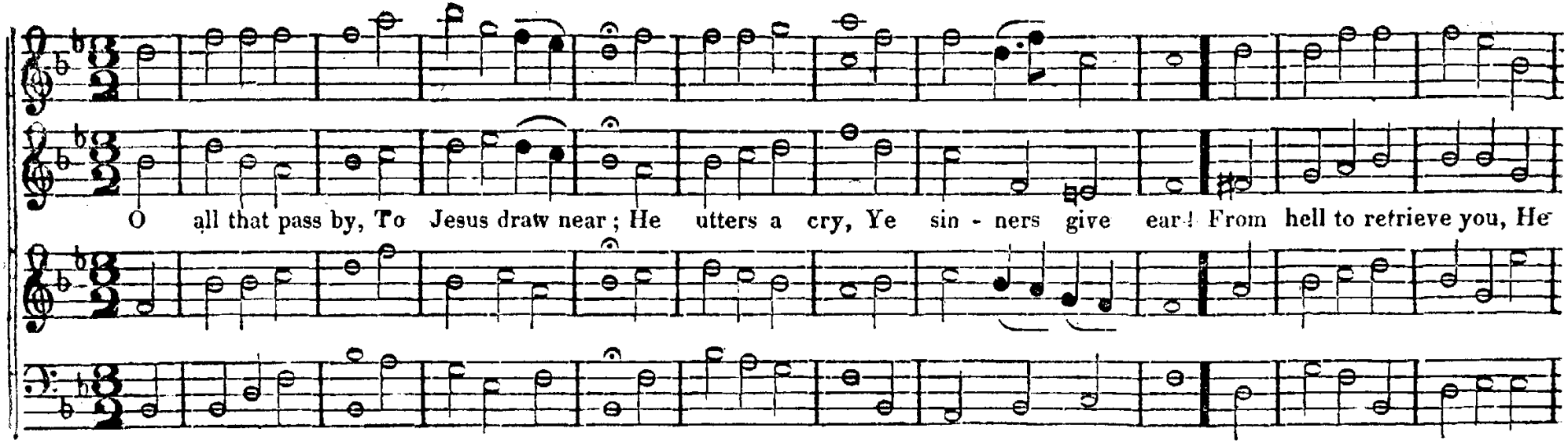
How happy the man whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in thee ;
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

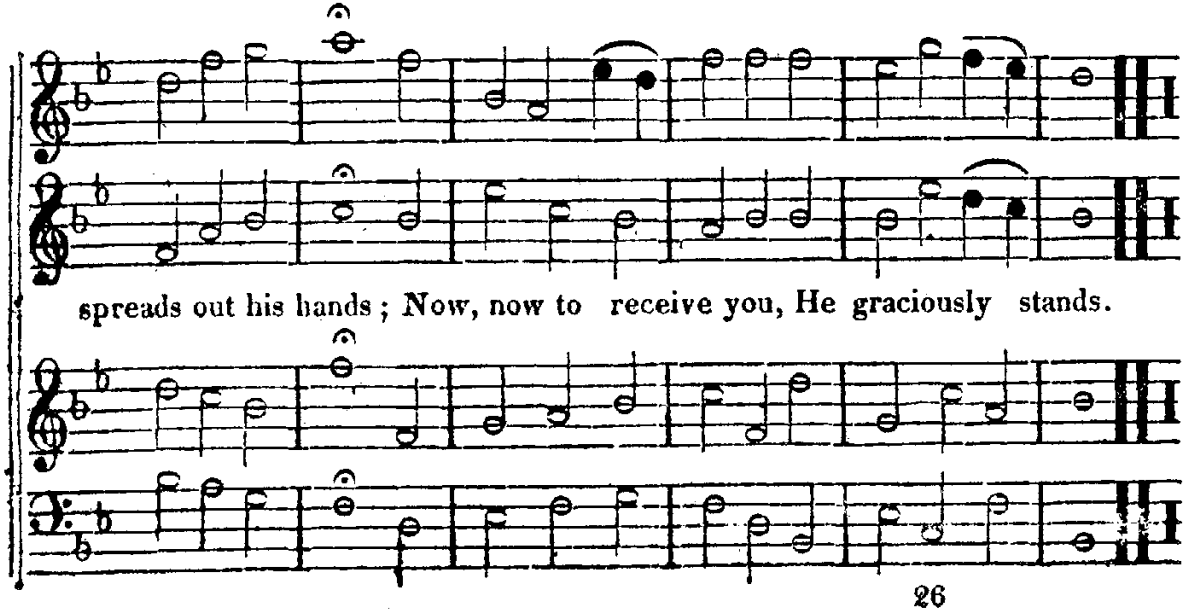
Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
They shall as their right thy righteousnes claim ;
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

For thou art their boast, their glory, and power,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.


Though troubles as sail, and dangers af - fright, Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all u - nite, Yet one thing se-
cures us, what - ever be - tide, The promise assures us, The Lord will provide, The promise as - sures us, The Lord will provide.


Ap pointed by thee we meet in thy name, And meekly a gree to follow the Lamb; To trace thine ex-
PIA.
FOR.
ample, the world to dis dain, And constantly trample, And constantly trample, And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.



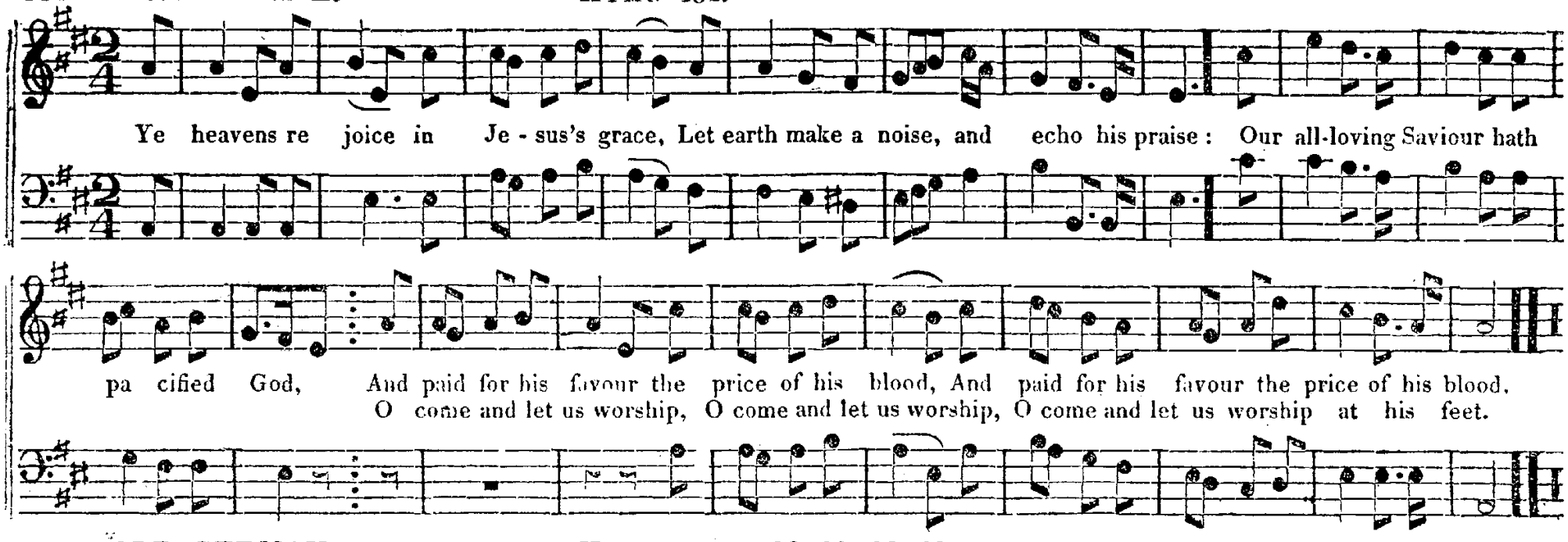


If any man thirst, And happy would be,
The vilest and worst May come unto me;
May drink of my spirit, Excepted is none,
Lay claim to my merit, And take for his own.

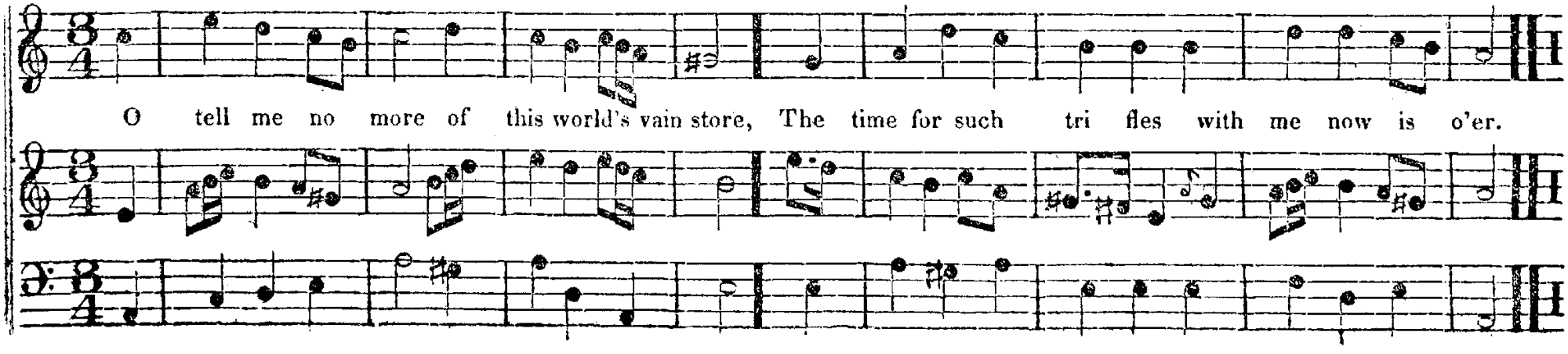
Whoever receives The life-giving word,
In Jesus believes, His God and his Lord;
In him a pure river Of life shall arise;
Shall, in the believer, Spring up to the skies.

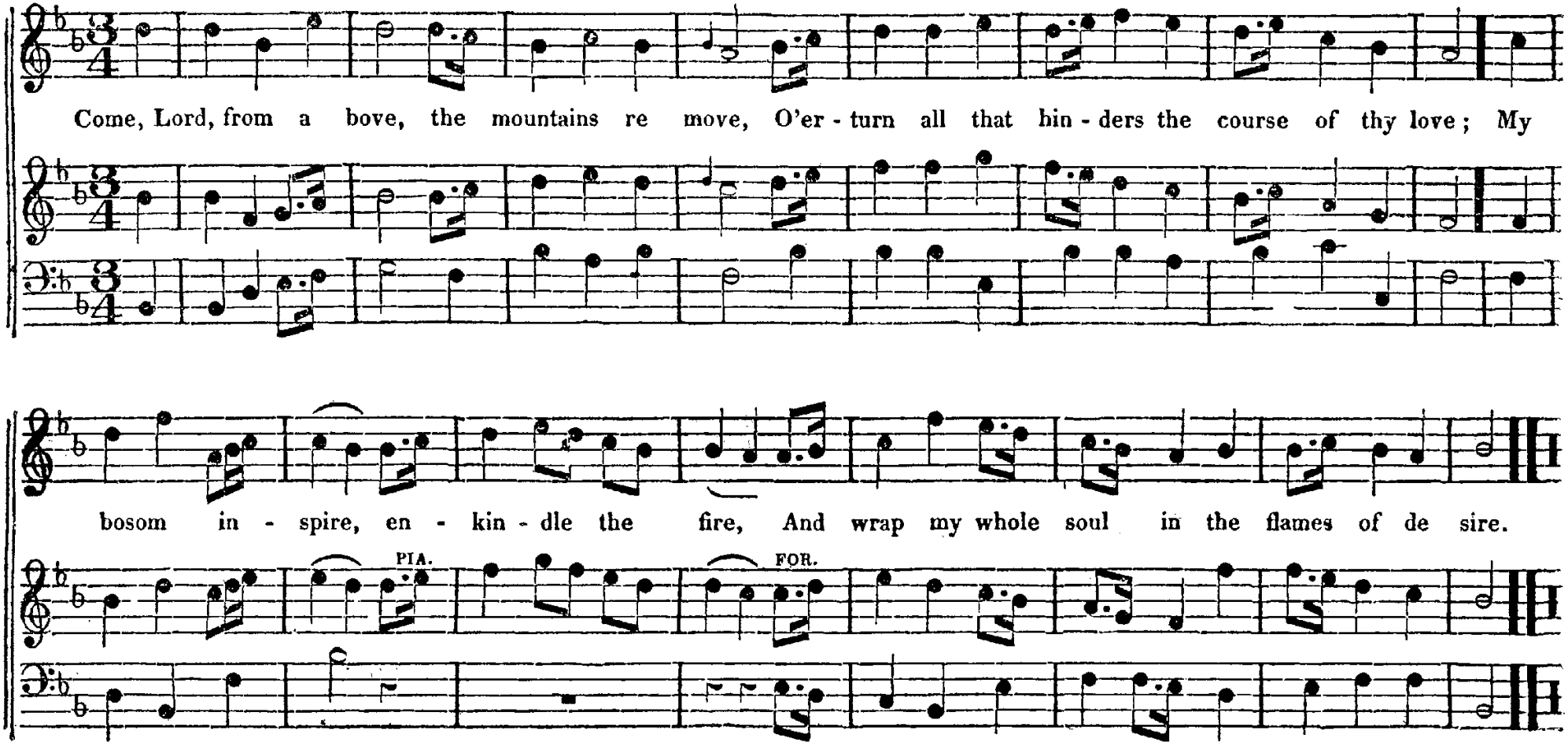
My God and my Lord! Thy call I obey;
My soul on thy word Of promise I stay;
Thy kind invitation I kindly embrace,
Athirst for salvation, Salvation by grace.

PORTUGUESE. HYMN 192. 10. 10. 11. 11.



OLD GERMAN. HYMN 260. 10. 11. 10. 11.

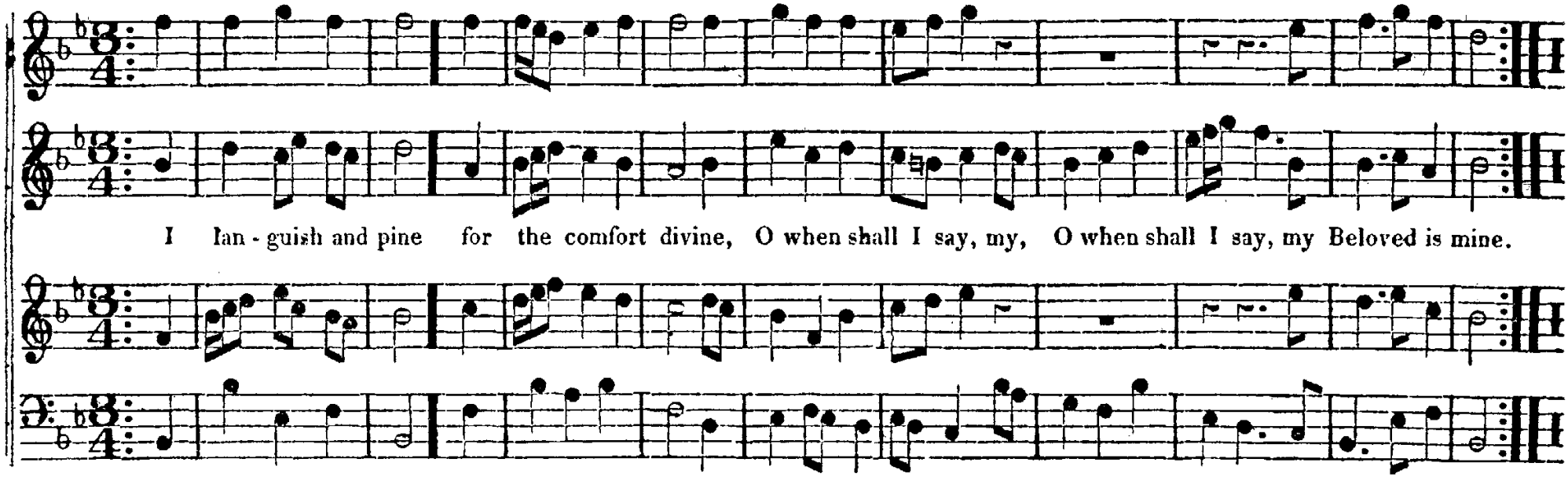




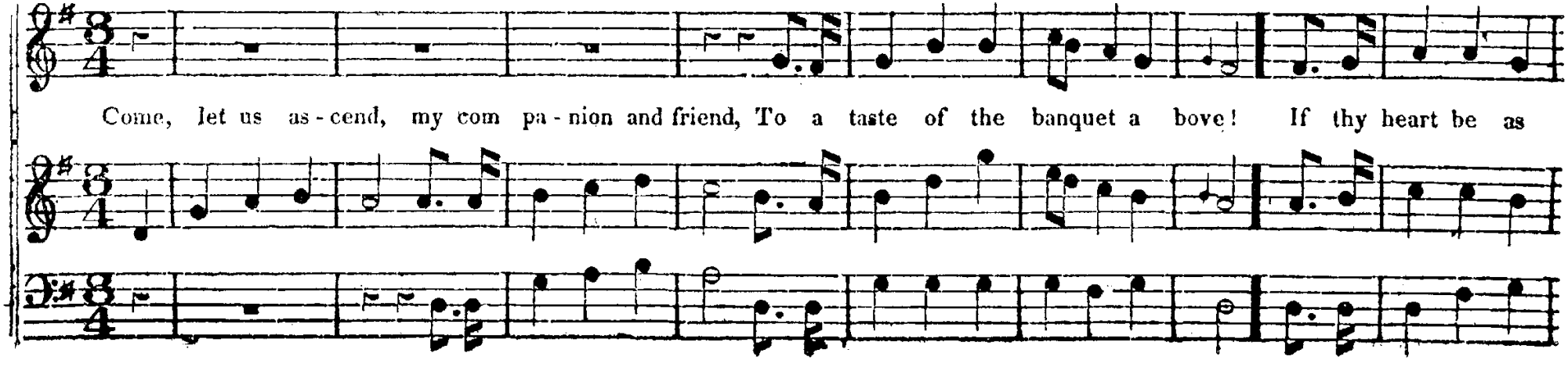
I languish and pine for the comfort divine,
O when shall I say, my Beloved is mine?
I've chose the good part, my portion thou art:
O Love, let me find thee, O God, in my heart?

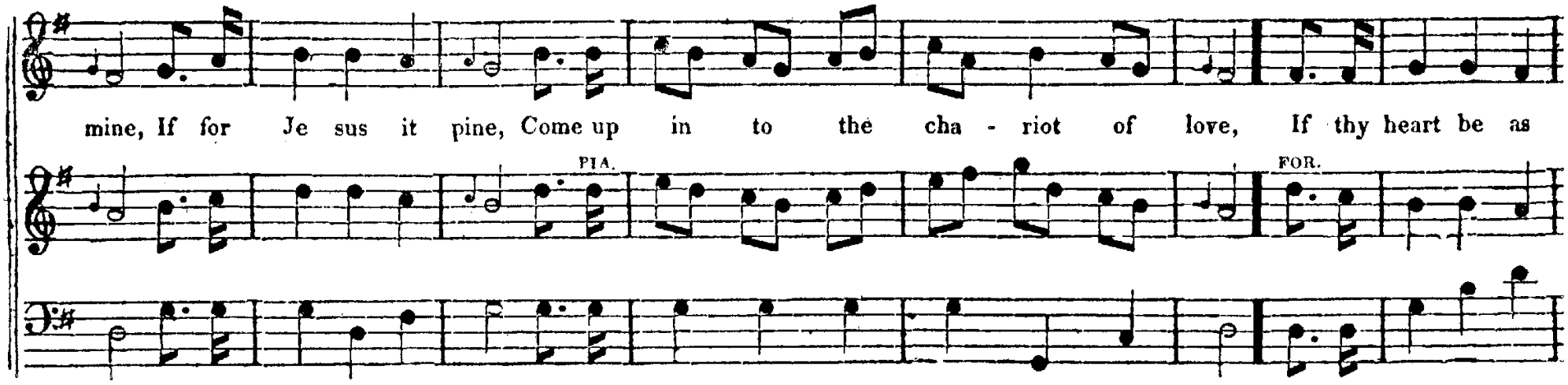
For this my heart sighs, nothing else can suffice;
How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great price?
It cannot be bought; thou know'st I have nought,
Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.

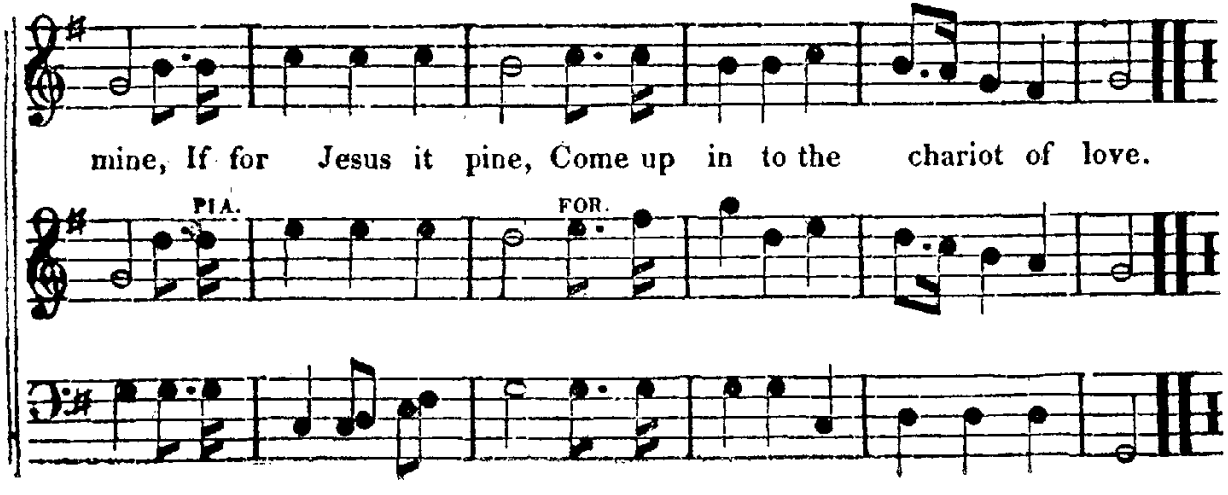
SUPPLICATION. Hymn 117. Verse 2. 10. 10. 11. 11. Leach.



BANQUET. Hymn 414. 11. 9. 11. 9. J. Cole.

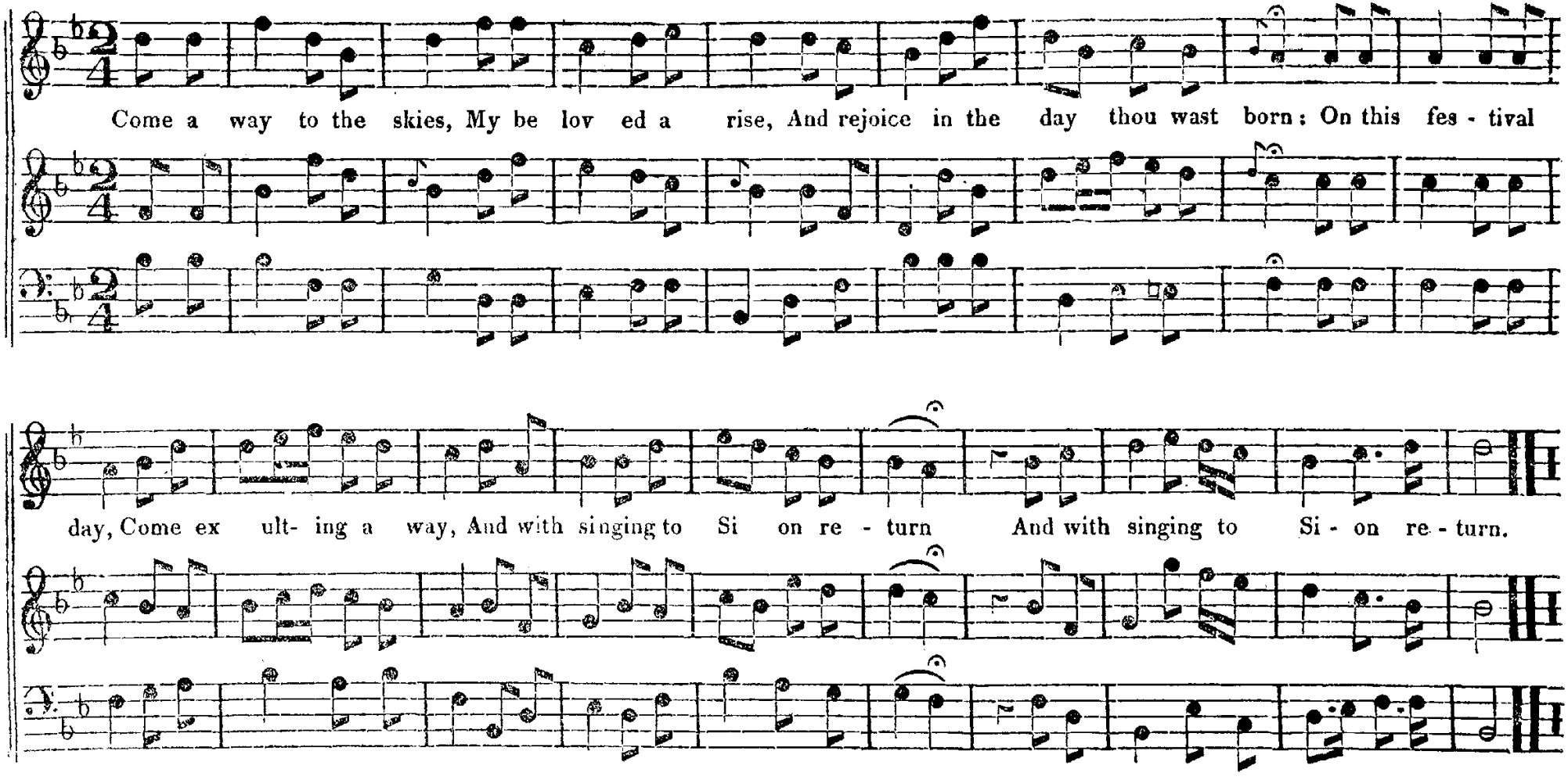






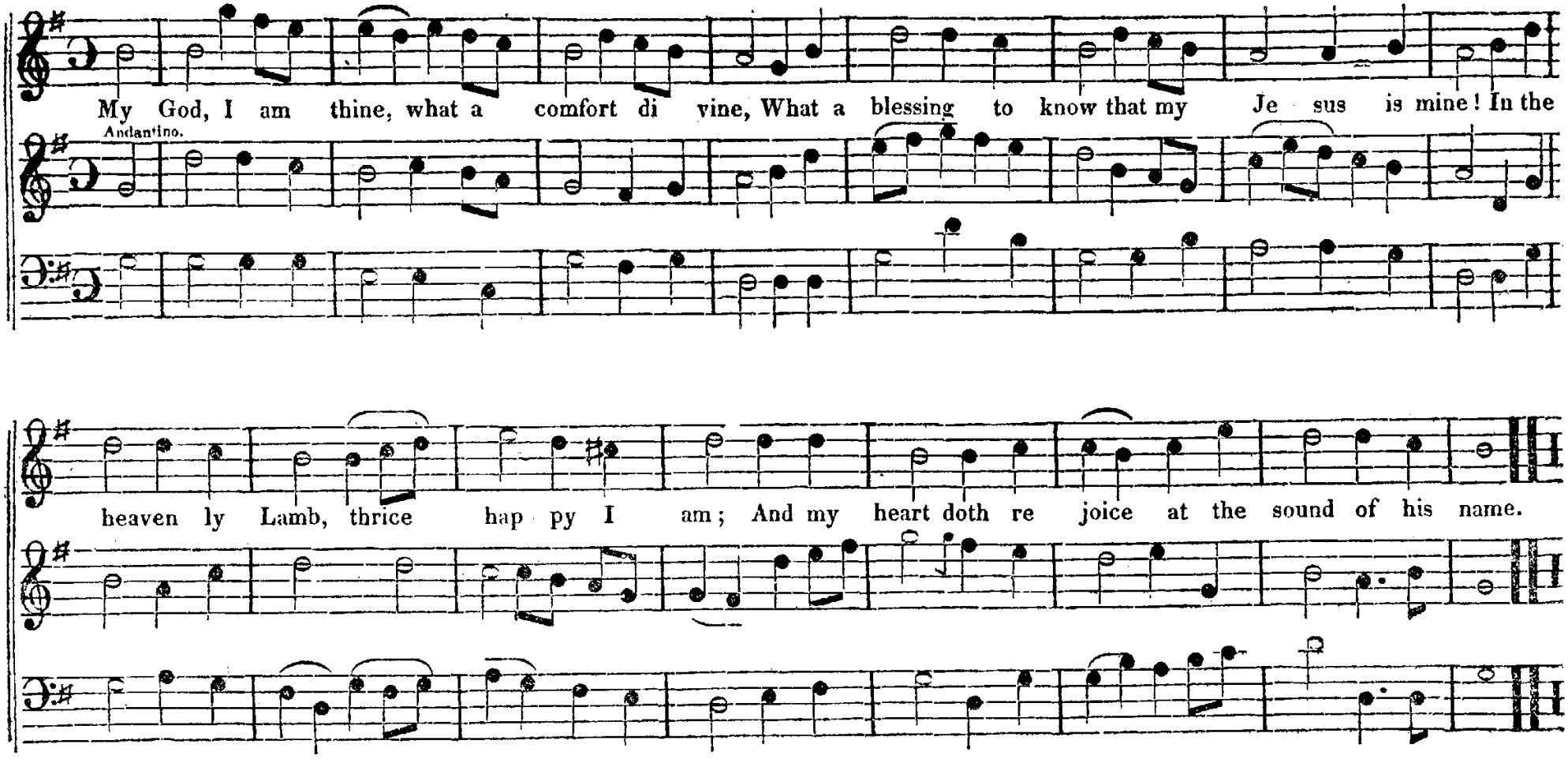
Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride,
The storms of affliction beneath!
With the prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

By faith we are come
To our permenant home,
By hope we the rapture improve;
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.



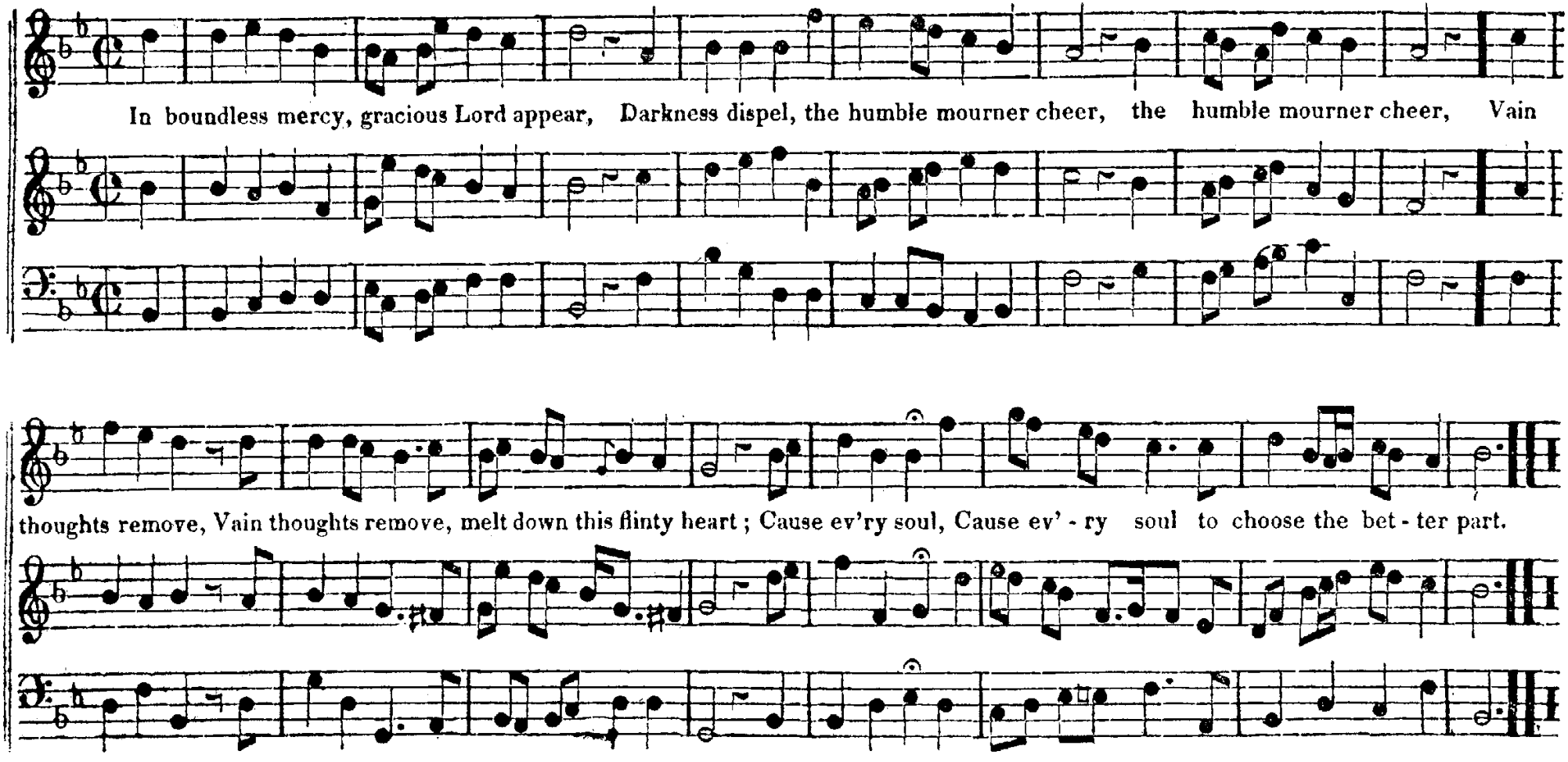
We have laid up our love, And our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below:
The redeem'd of our Lord, We remember his word,
And with singing to Paradise go.

With singing we praise The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd:
Our being receive From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.



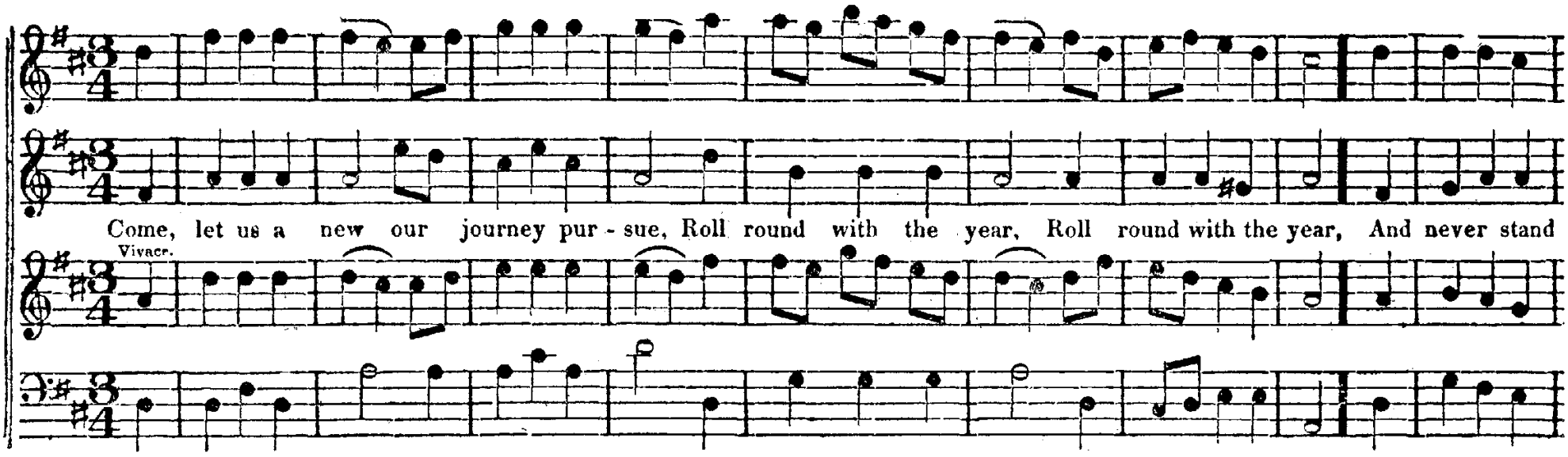
True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound;
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found:
My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below!

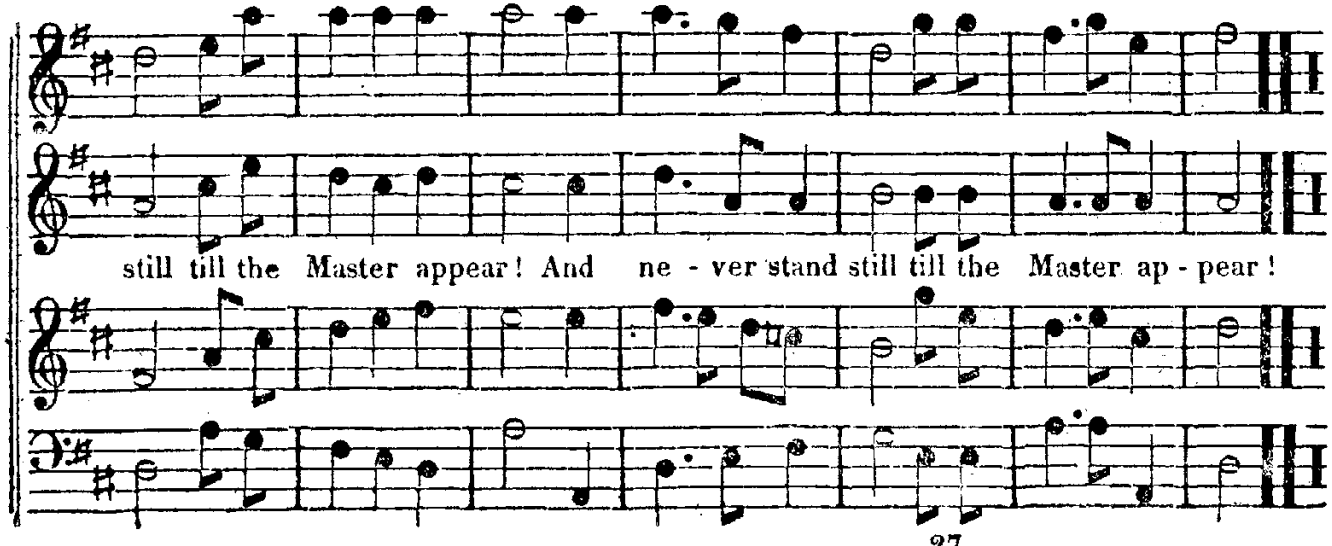
Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
That, that is the fulness: but this is the taste;
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.



Thy presence fills the universal space ;
Thy grace appears to all the fallen race ;
O visit us with light and life divine,
Fill ev'ry soul, for every soul is thine.

The blessed Jesus is my Lord, my love ;
He is my King, from him I would not move ;
Away then, all ye objects that divert,
Nor seek to draw from my dear Lord my heart



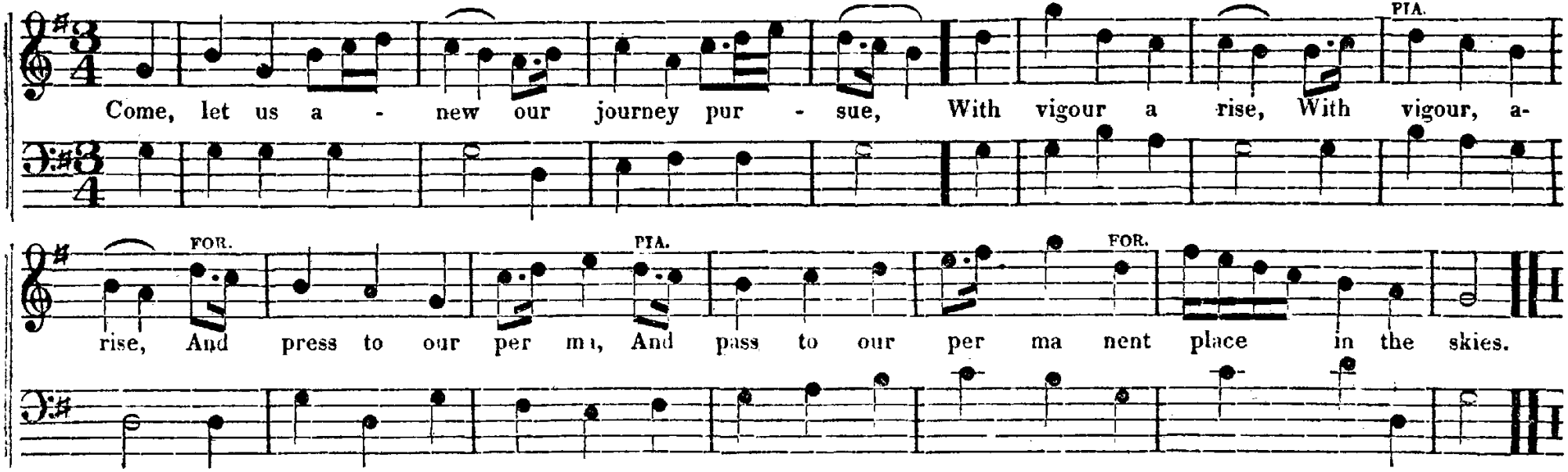


His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labour of love.

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

DERBY.

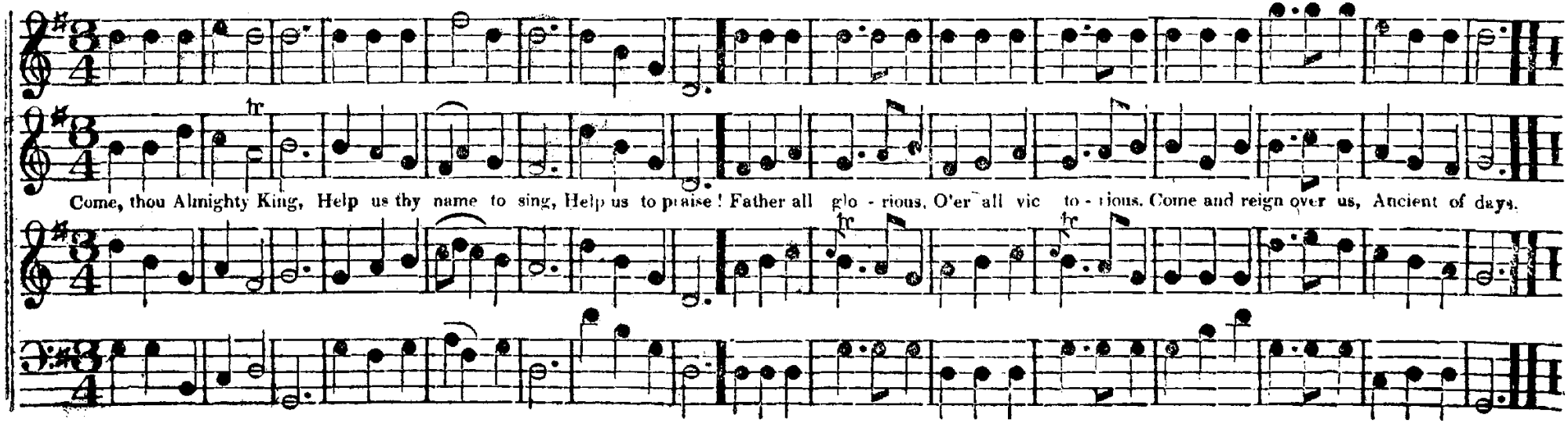
HYMN 403. 10. 5. 11.

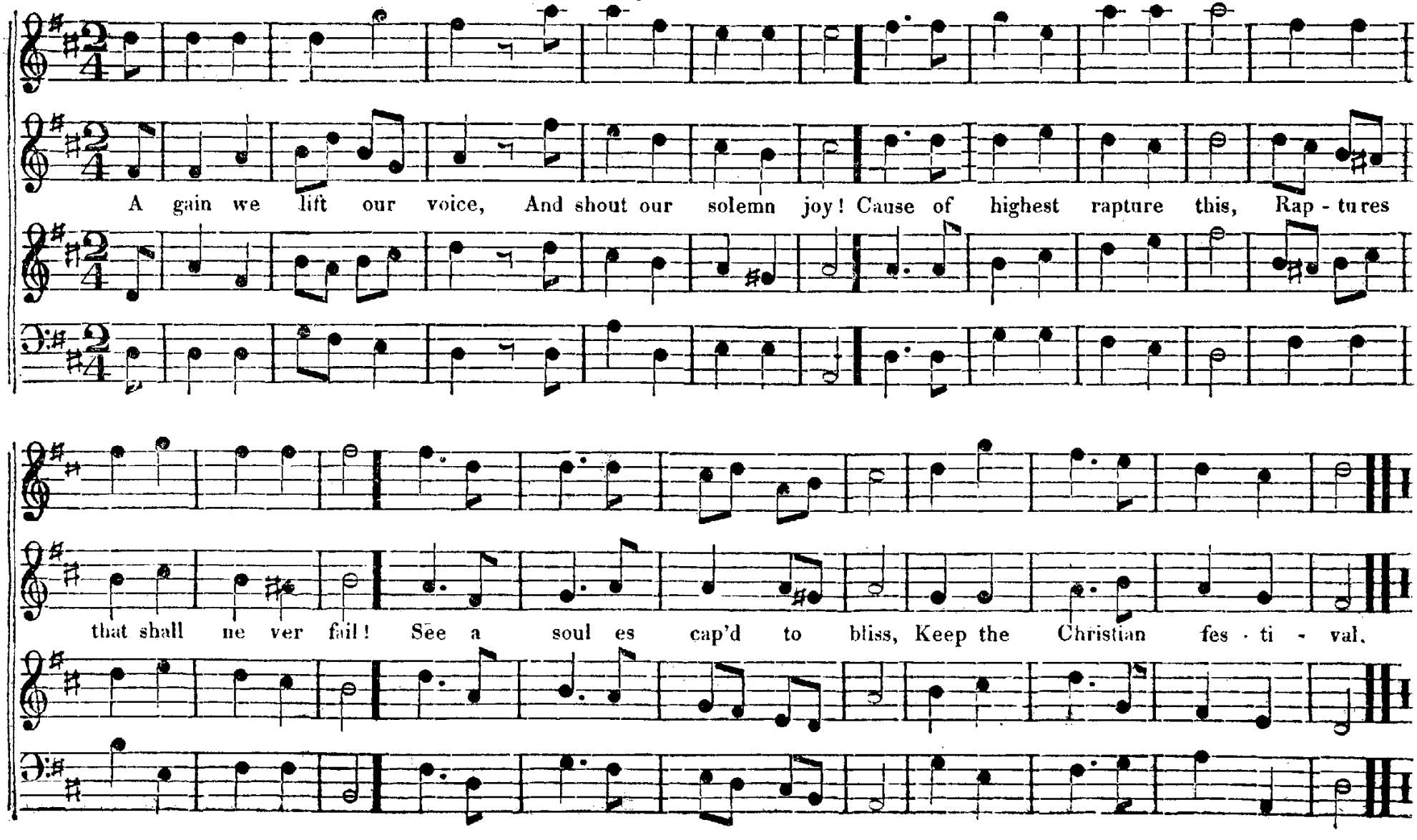


TRINITY.

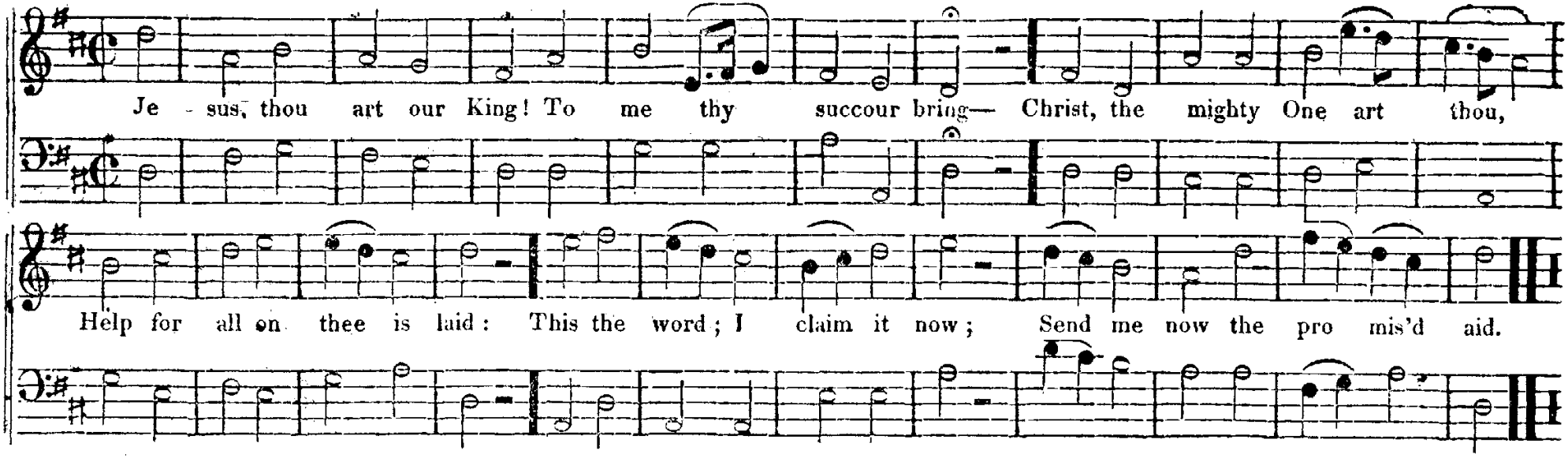
HYMN 248. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6 6. 4.

Giardini.

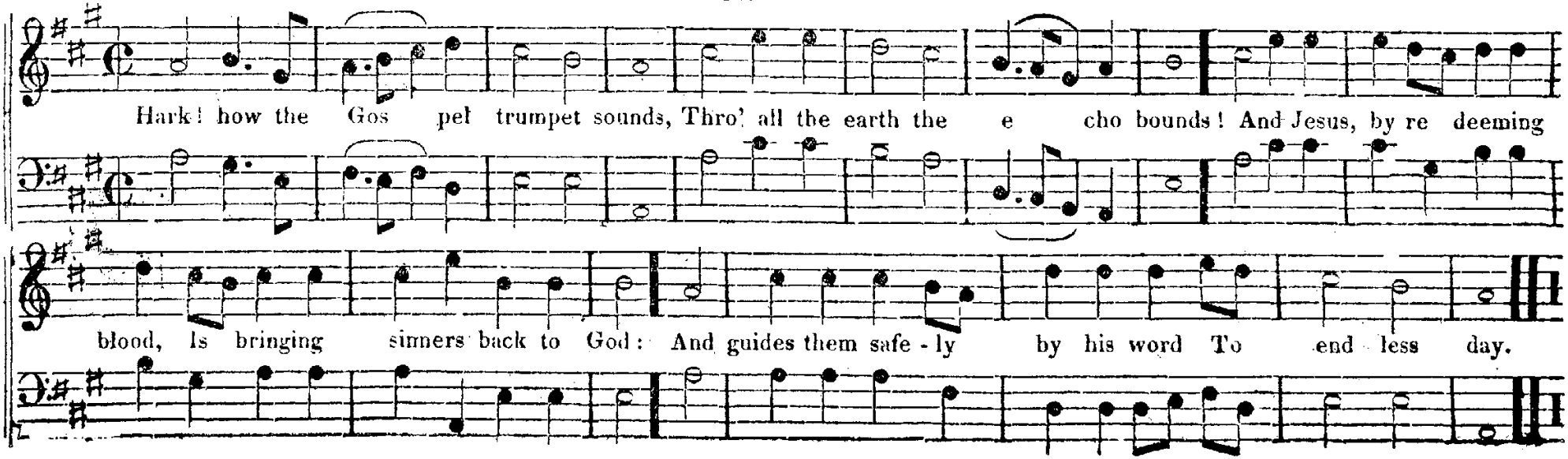


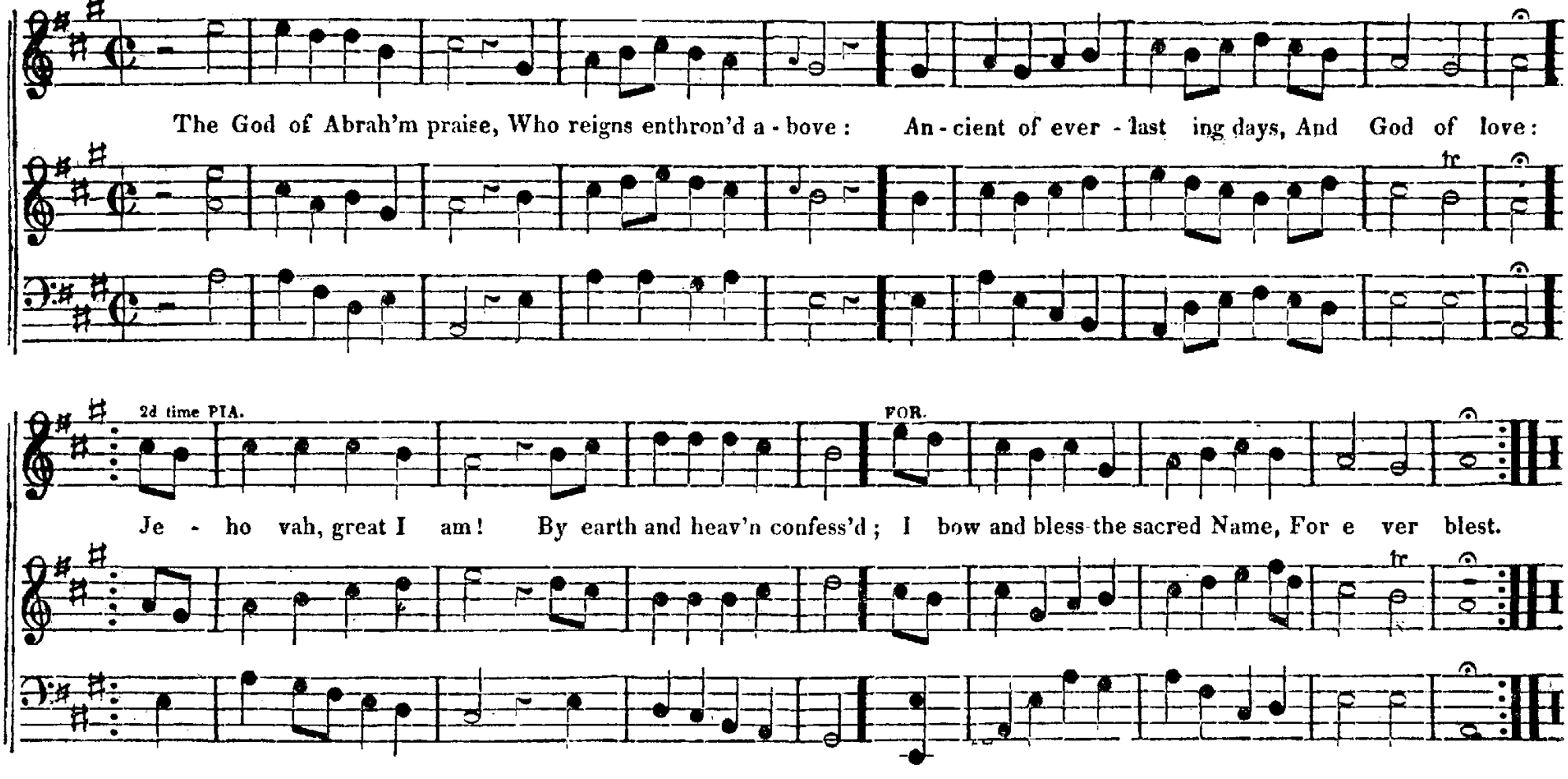

A gain we lift our voice, And shout our solemn joy! Cause of highest rapture this, Rap - tures
that shall ne ver fail! See a soul es cap'd to bliss, Keep the Christian fes - ti - val.

HYMN 308. 6. 6. 7. 7. 7. 7.



GOSPEL TRUMPET. HYMN 280. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 4.

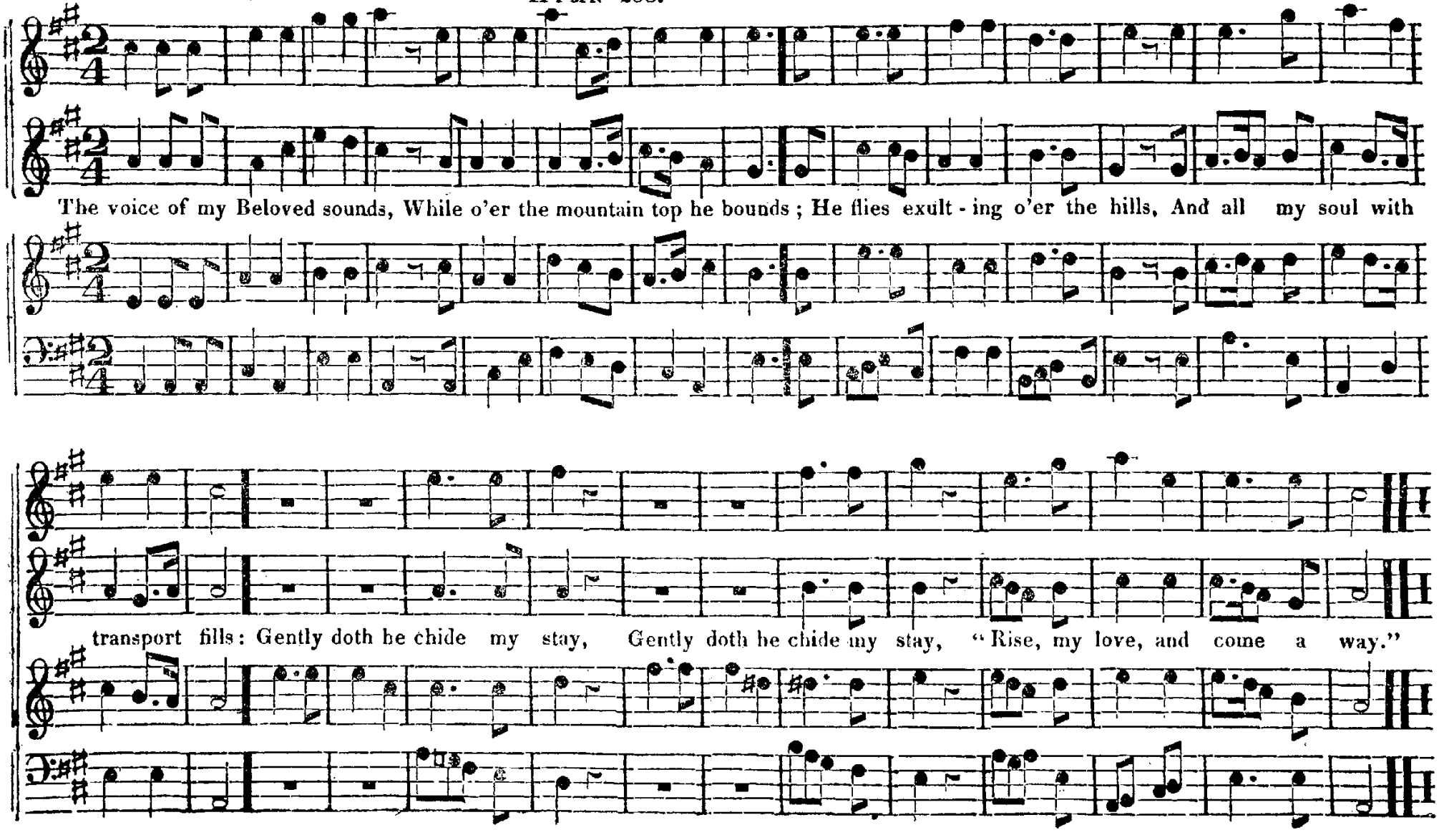


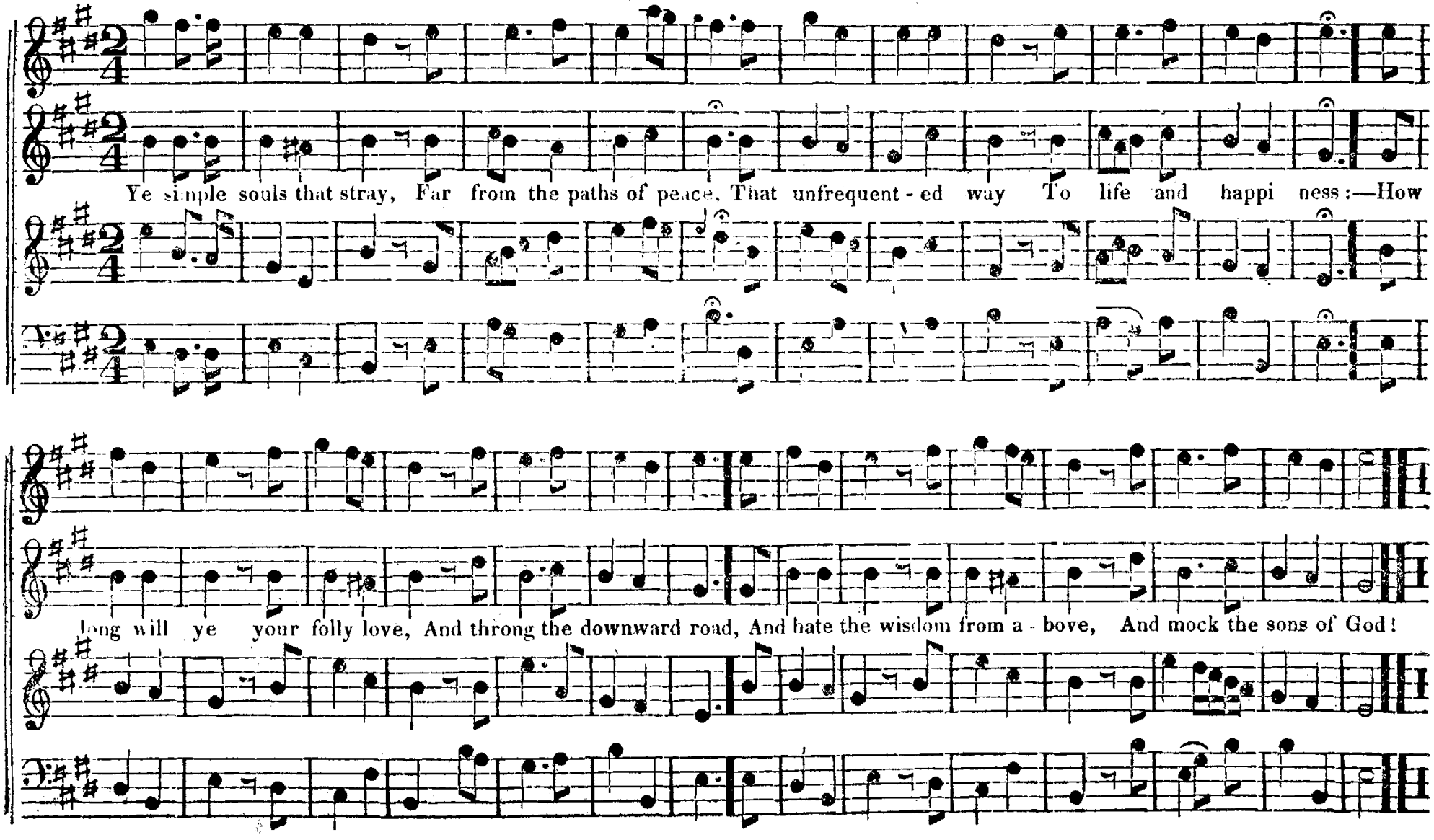


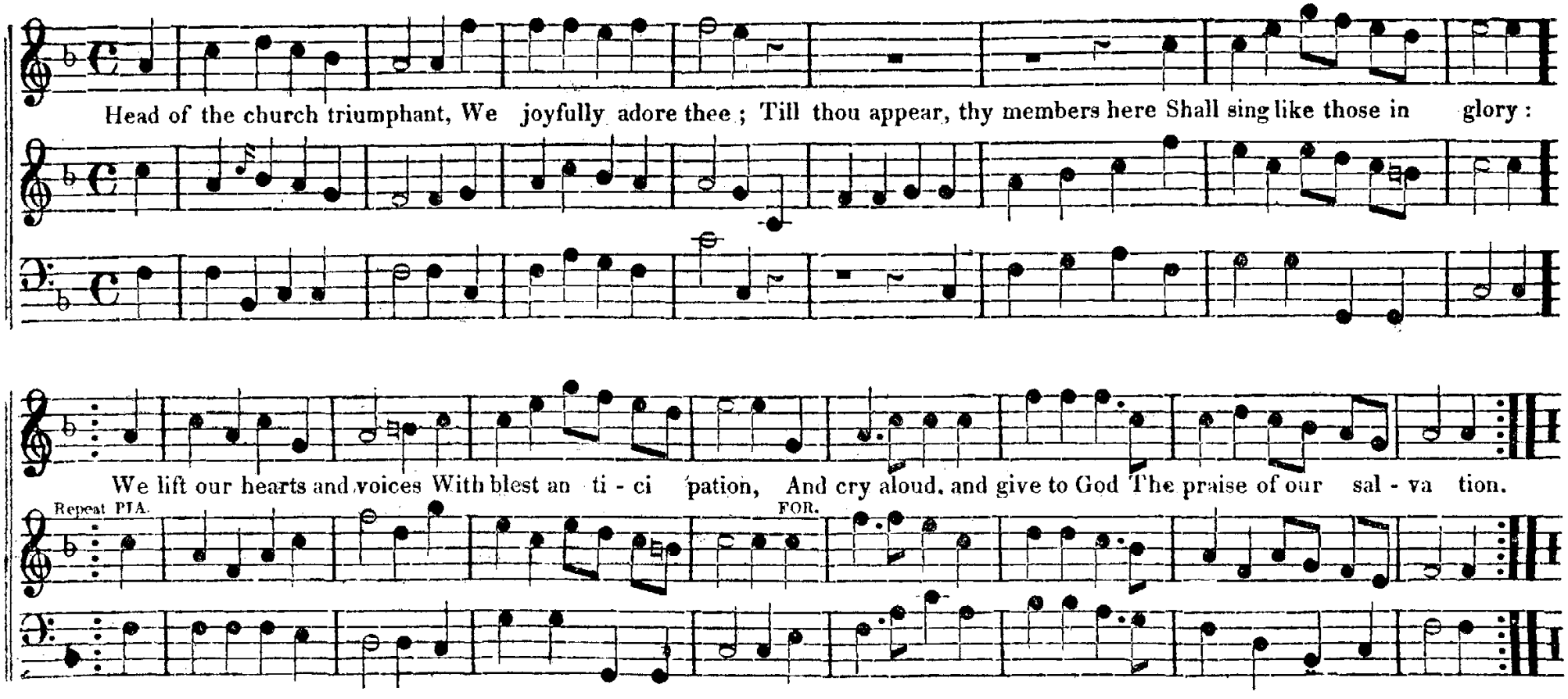
The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
At his right hand.

I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways.


The voice of my Beloved sounds, While o'er the mountain top he bounds ; He flies exult - ing o'er the hills, And all my soul with
transport fills : Gently doth he chide my stay, Gently doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come a way."

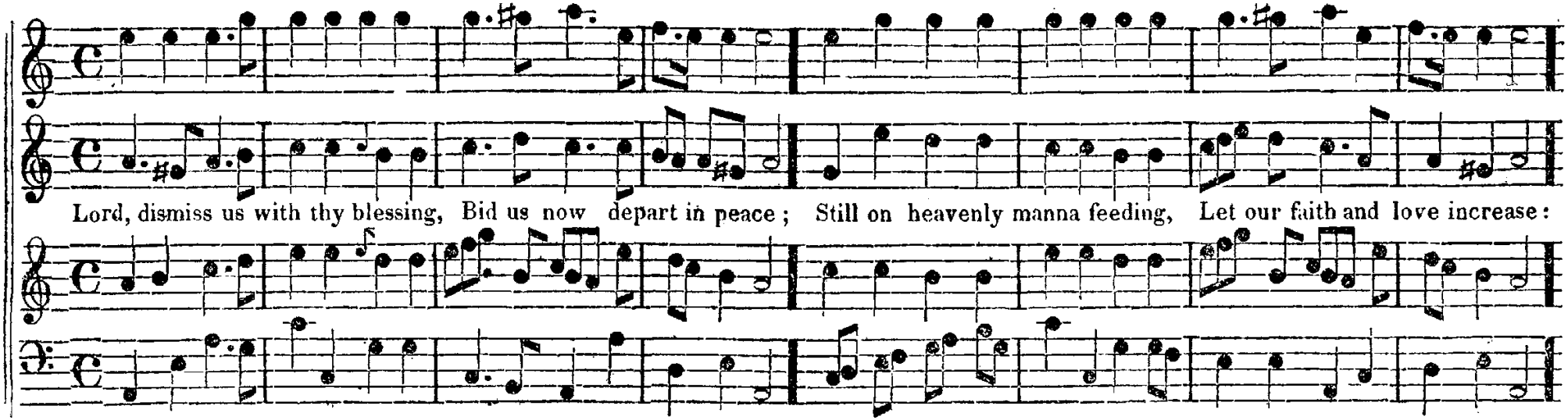

Ye simple souls that stray, Far from the paths of peace, That unfrequent - ed way To life and happi ness:—How
long will ye your folly love, And throng the downward road, And hate the wisdom from a - bove, And mock the sons of God!

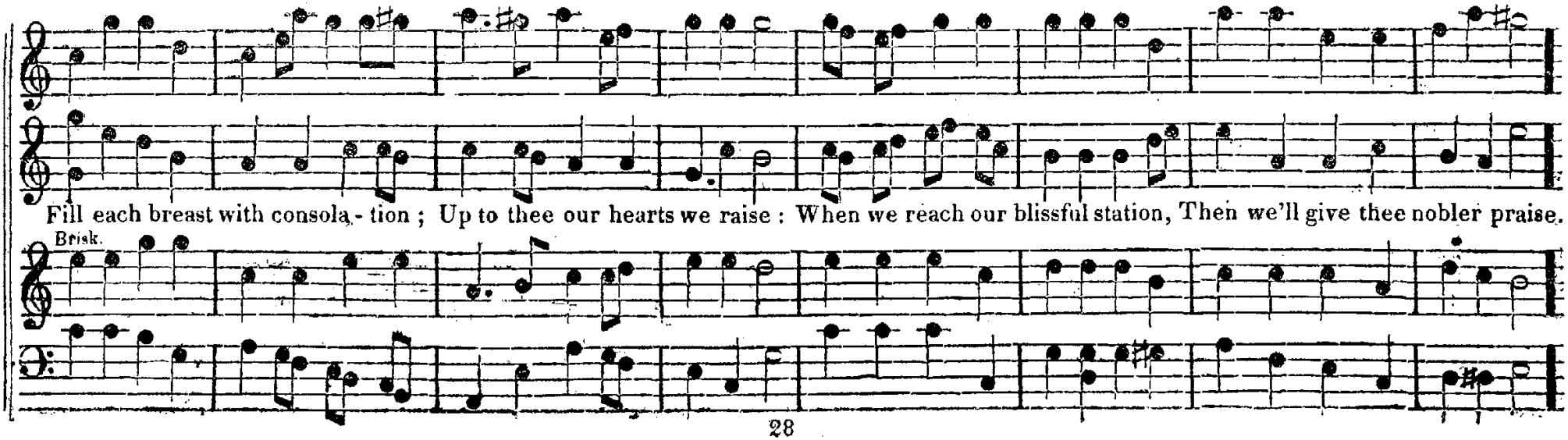


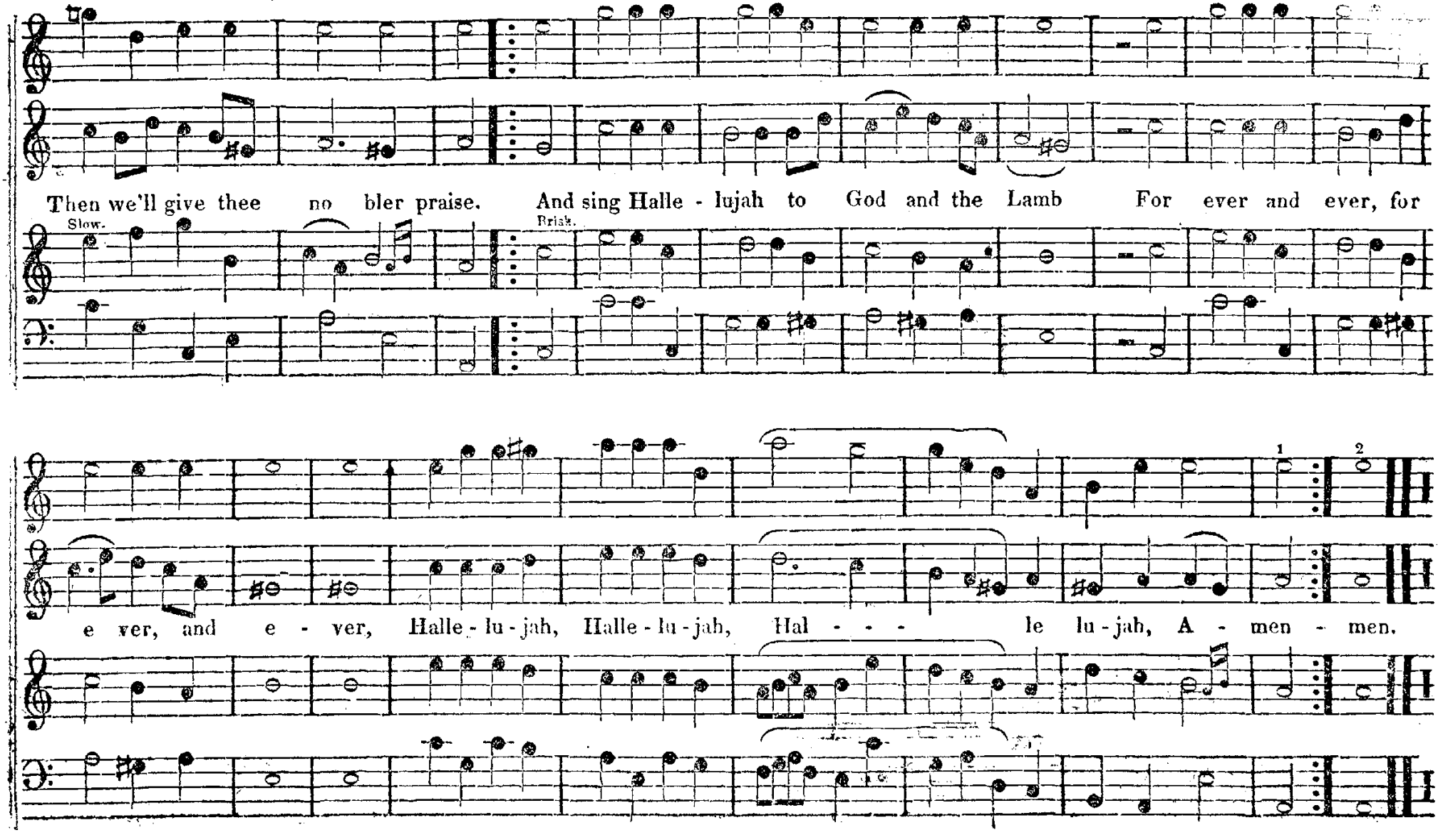
While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise which knows no days,
And ever brings us nigher:
We clap our hands exulting
In thine almighty favour;
The love divine, which made us thine,
Can keep us thine for ever.

Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation;
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

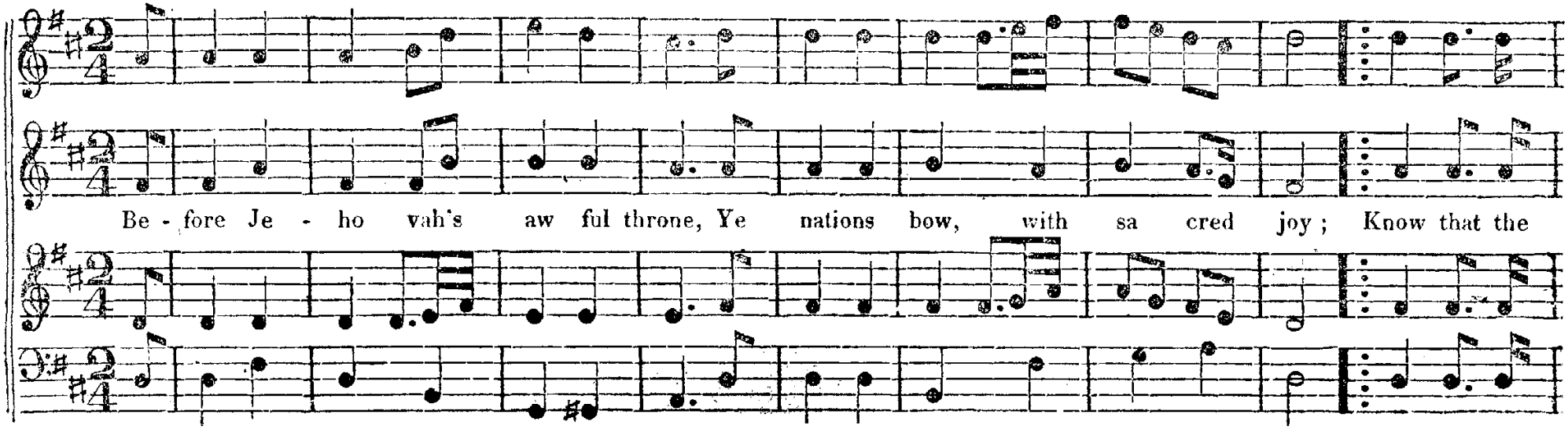
By faith we see the glory,
To which thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise for that high prize,
Which thou hast set before us:
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand at God's right-hand,
To take us up to heaven.

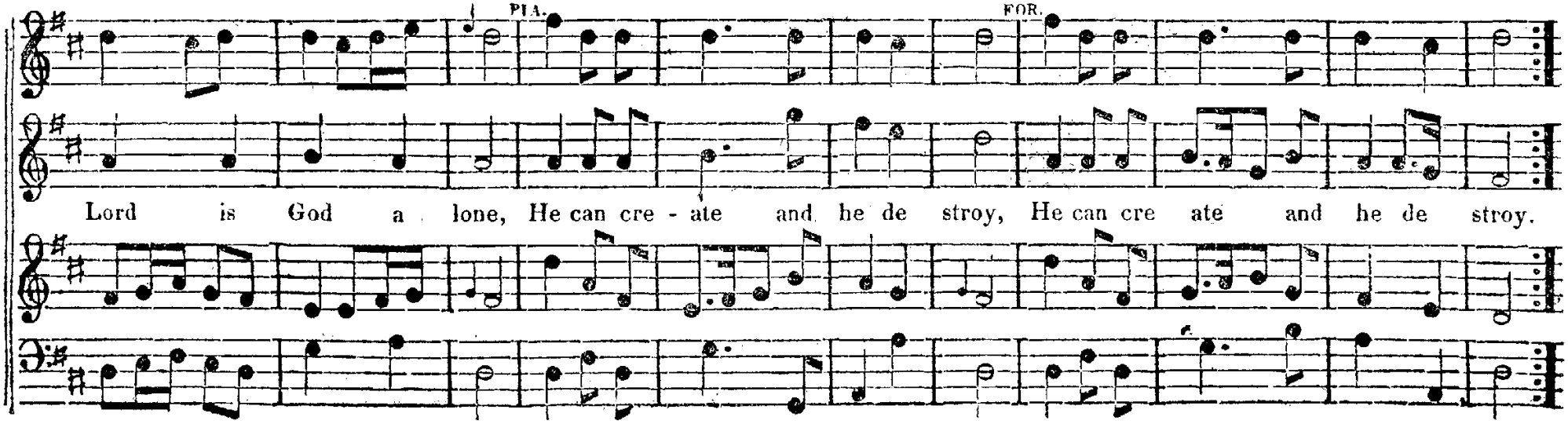

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid us now depart in peace; Still on heavenly manna feeding, Let our faith and love increase:


Fill each breast with consola- tion; Up to thee our hearts we raise: When we reach our blissful station, Then we'll give thee nobler praise.
Brisk.


Then we'll give thee no bler praise. And sing Halle - lujah to God and the Lamb For ever and ever, for
Slow.
Brisk.
e ver, and e - ver, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Hal - - - le lu - jah, A - men - men.
1
2

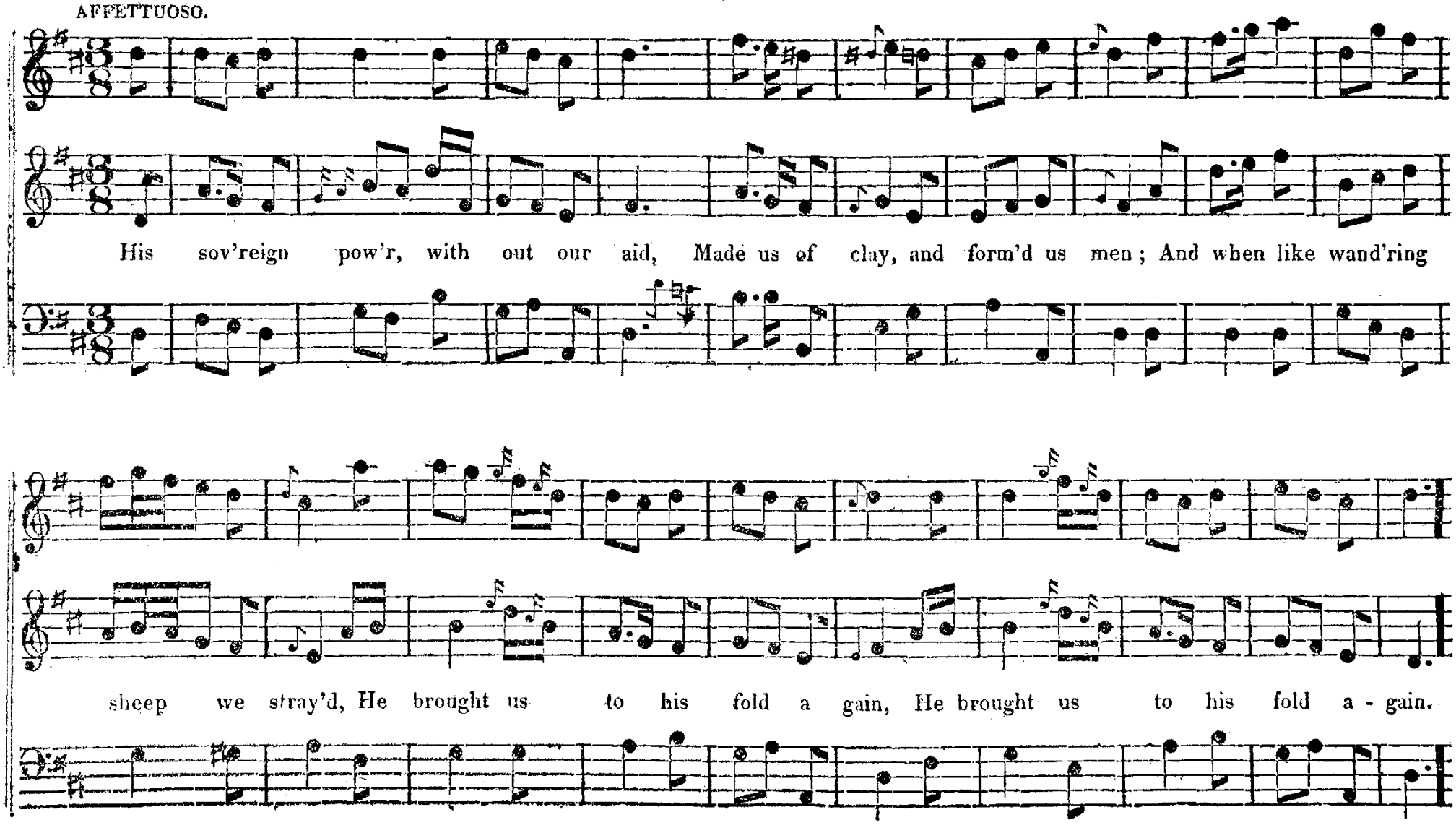
ANDANTE MAESTOSO.



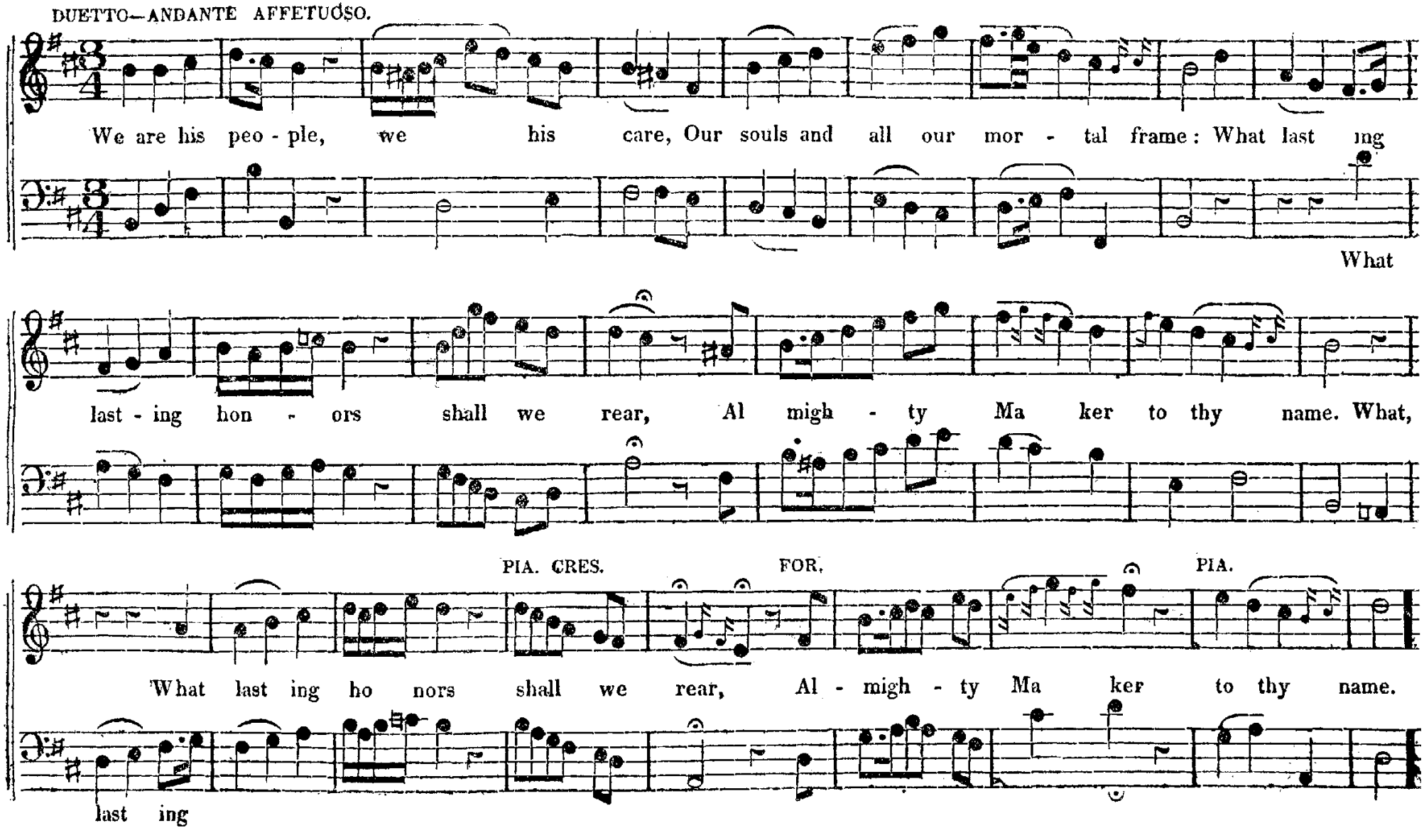


DENMARK, *Continued.*

AFFETTUOSO.

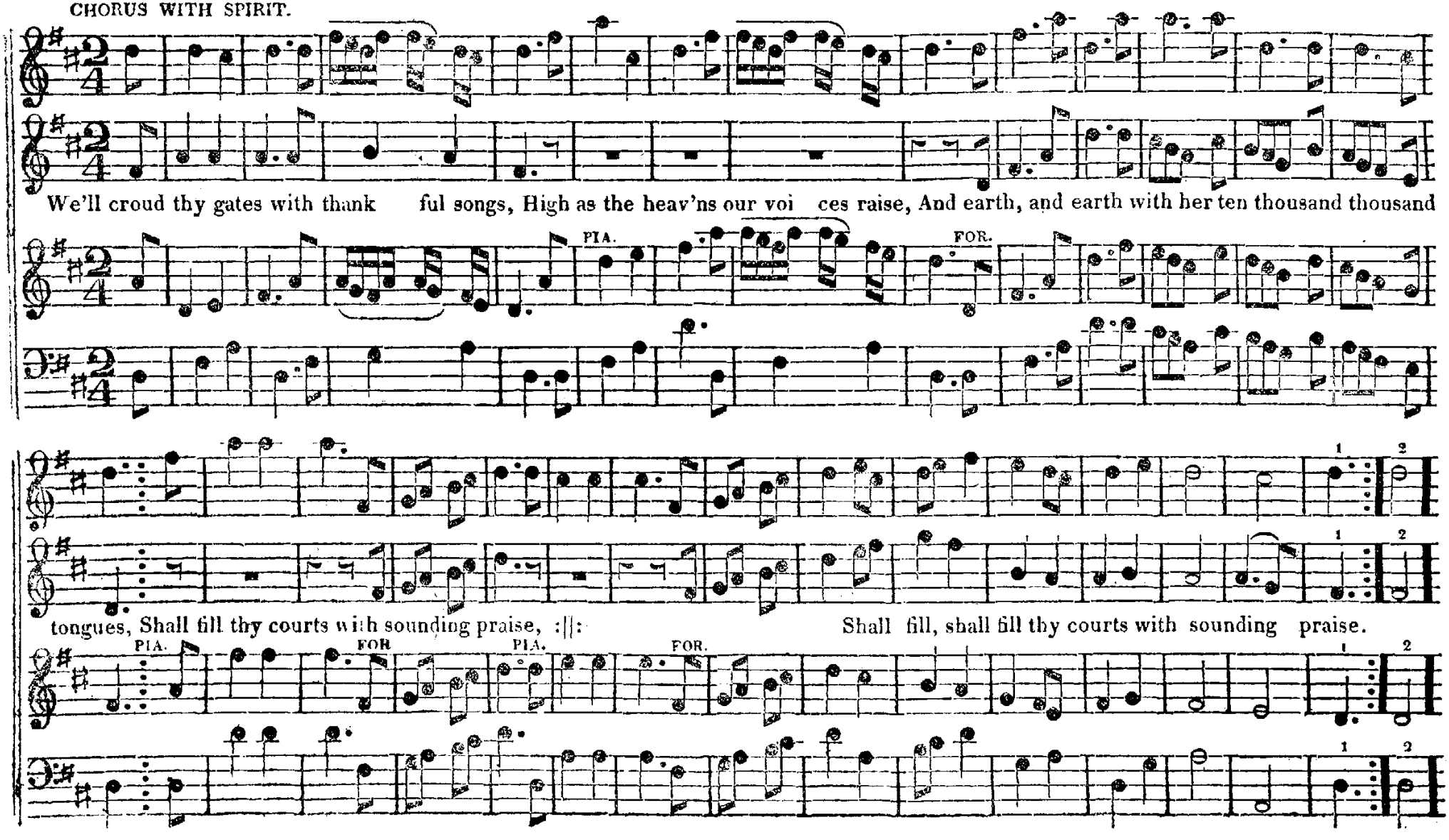


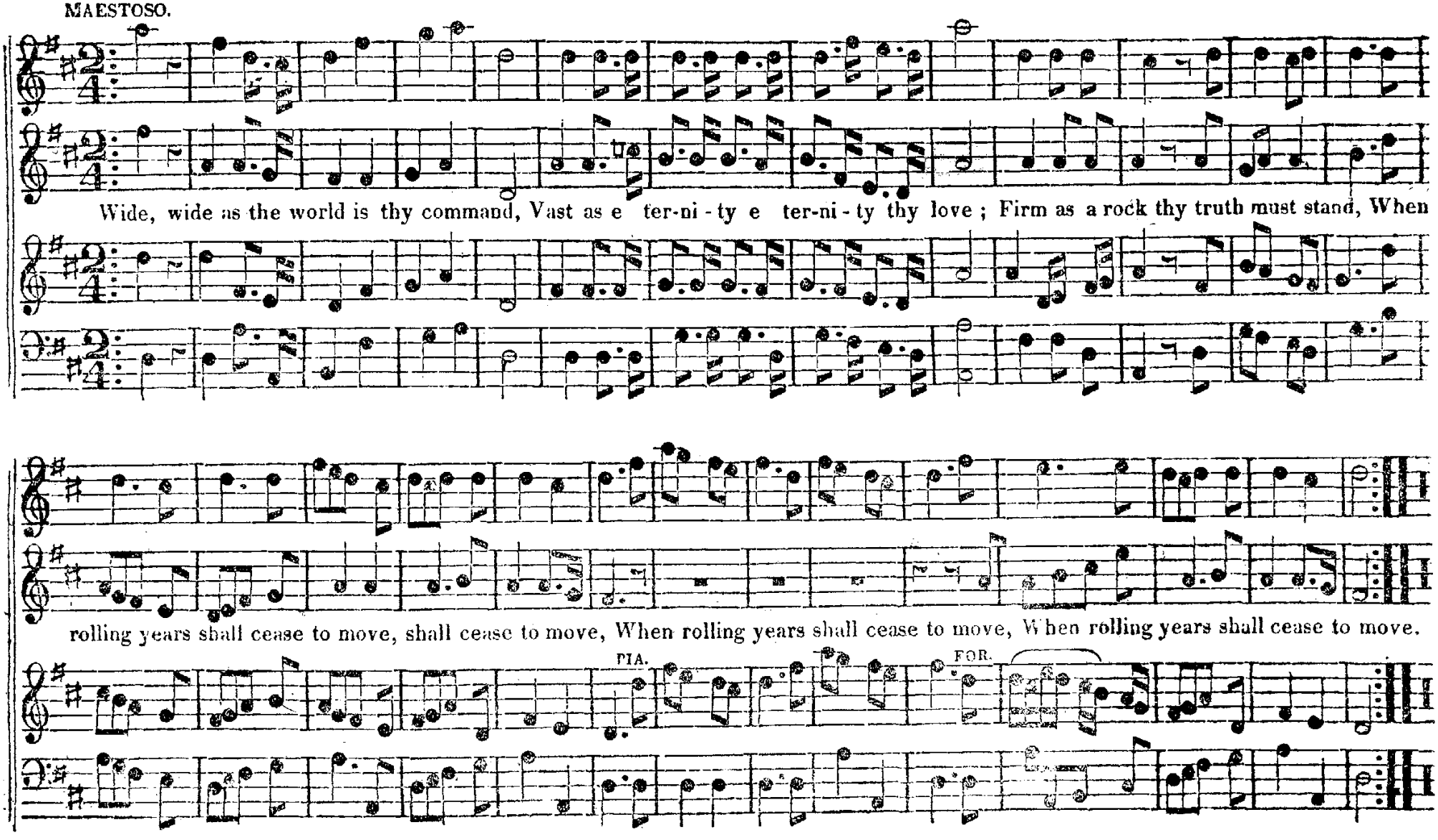
DUETTO—ANDANTE AFFETUOSO.

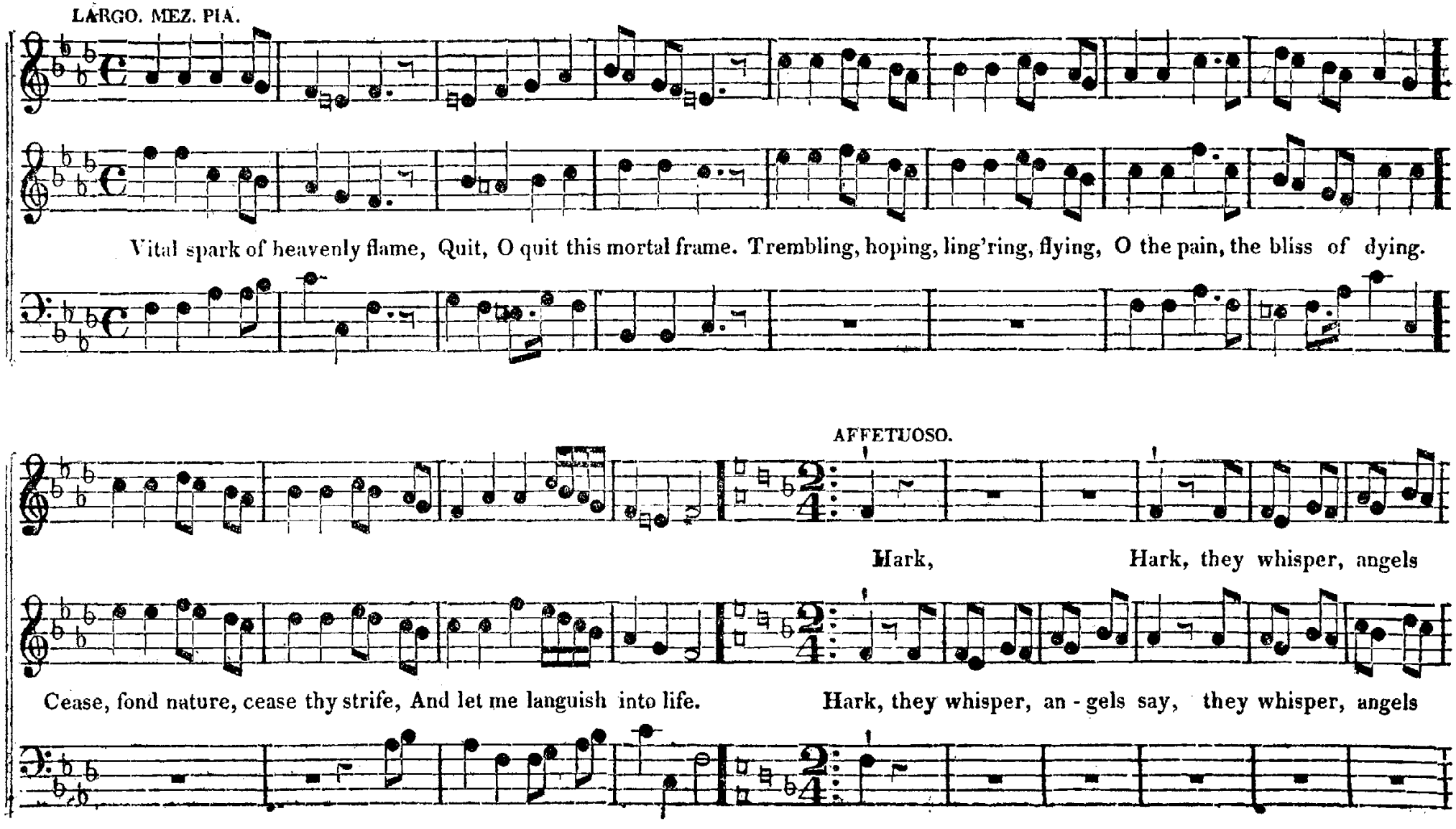


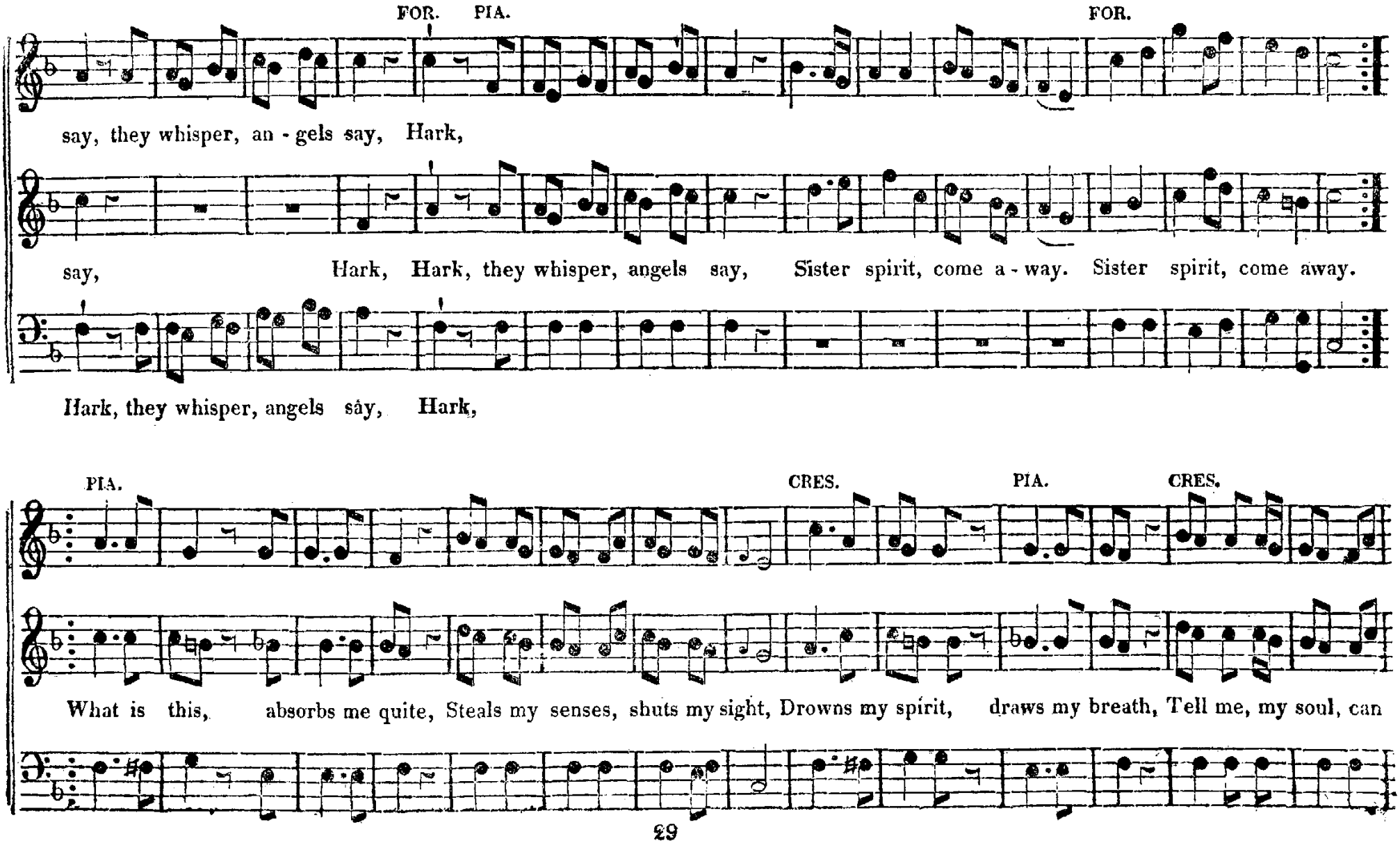
DENMARK, *Continued.*

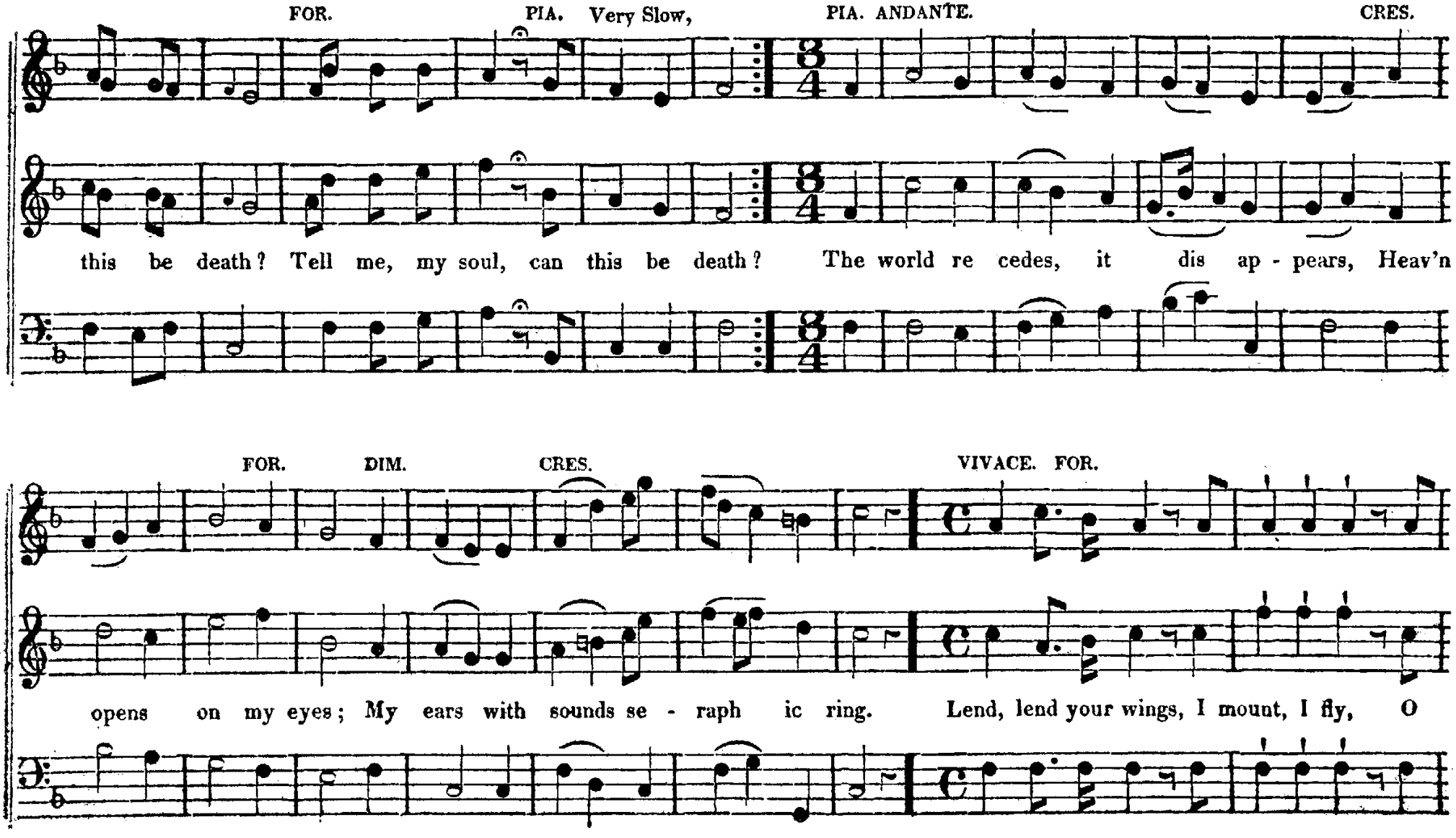
CHORUS WITH SPIRIT.

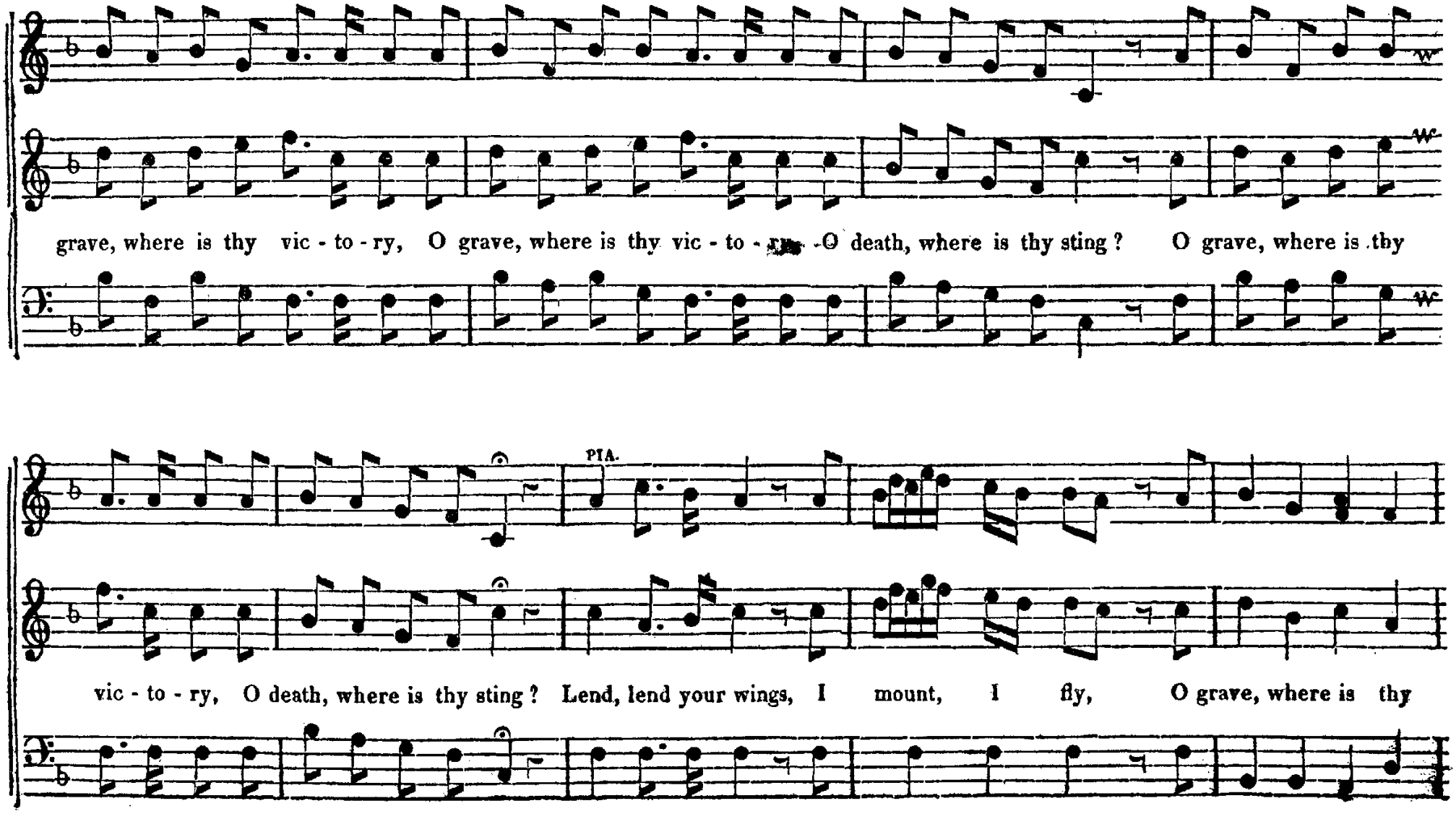


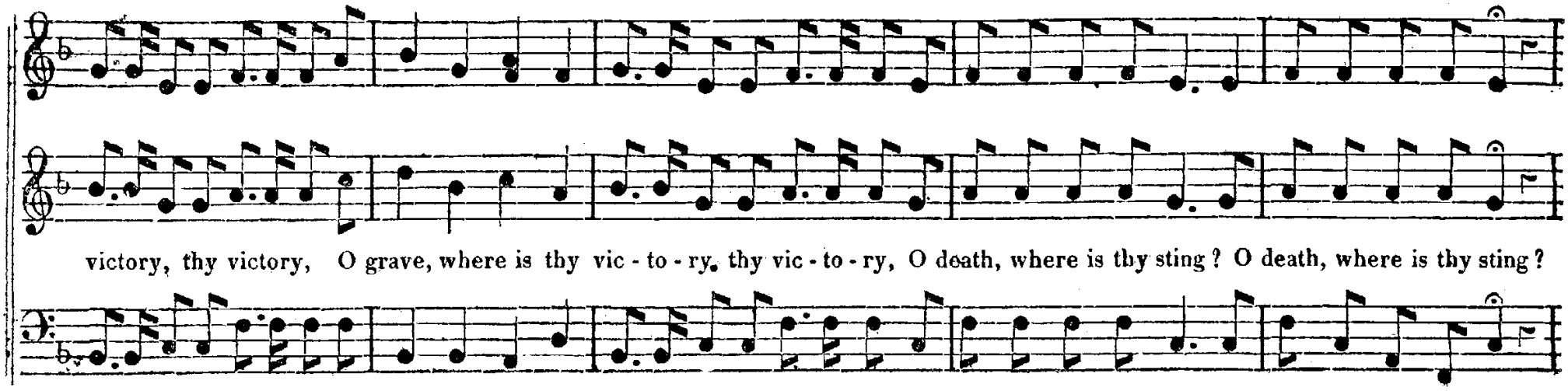

MAESTOSO.
Wide, wide as the world is thy command, Vast as e ter-ni - ty e ter-ni - ty thy love ; Firm as a rock thy truth must stand, When
rolling years shall cease to move, shall cease to move, When rolling years shall cease to move, When rolling years shall cease to move.
PIA.
FOR.

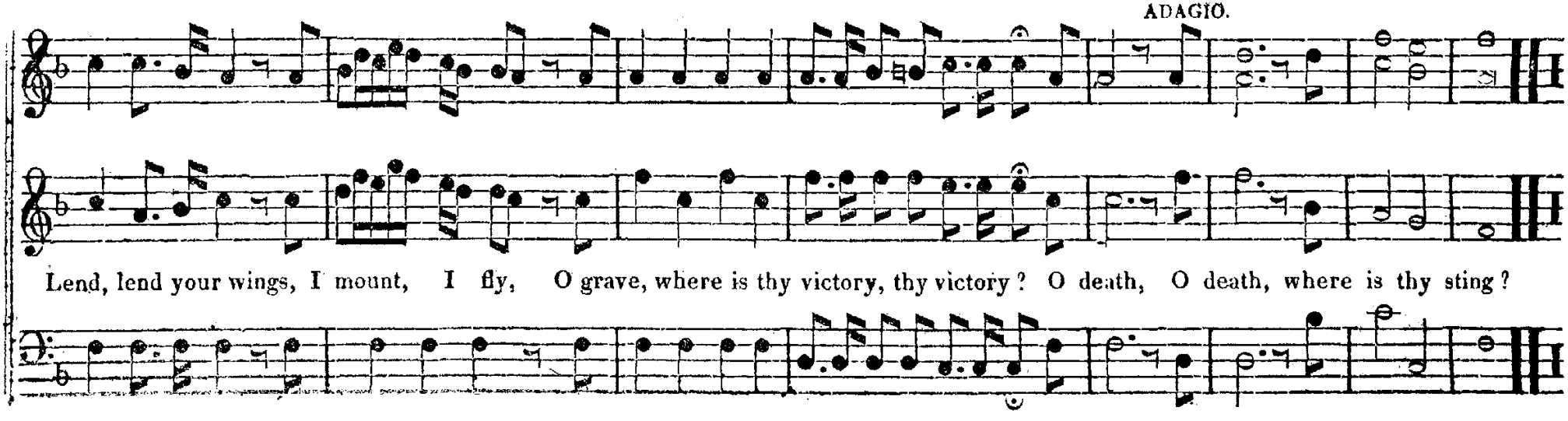

LARGO. MEZ. PIA.
Vital spark of heavenly flame, Quit, O quit this mortal frame. Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying, O the pain, the bliss of dying.
AFFETUOSO.
Hark, Hark, they whisper, angels
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life. Hark, they whisper, an - gels say, they whisper, angels


FOR. PIA. FOR.
say, they whisper, an - gels say, Hark,
say, Hark, Hark, they whisper, angels say, Sister spirit, come a - way. Sister spirit, come away.
Hark, they whisper, angels say, Hark,
PIA. CRES. PIA. CRES.
What is this, absorbs me quite, Steals my senses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spirit, draws my breath, Tell me, my soul, can

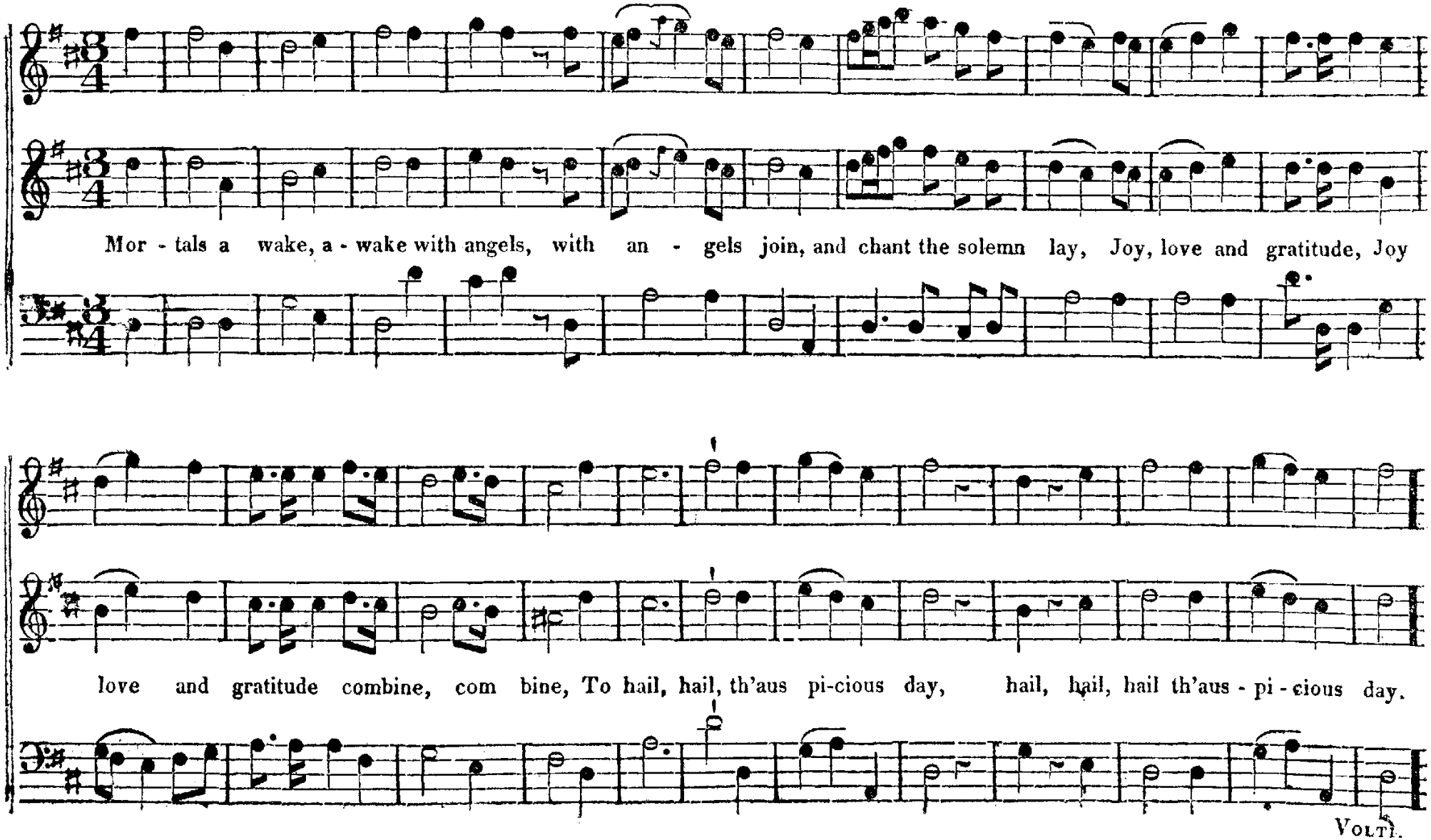

FOR.
PIA. Very Slow,
PIA. ANDANTE.
CRES.
this be death? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? The world re cedes, it dis ap - pears, Heav'n
FOR.
DIM.
CRES.
VIVACE. FOR.
opens on my eyes; My ears with sounds se - raph ic ring. Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, O


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


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

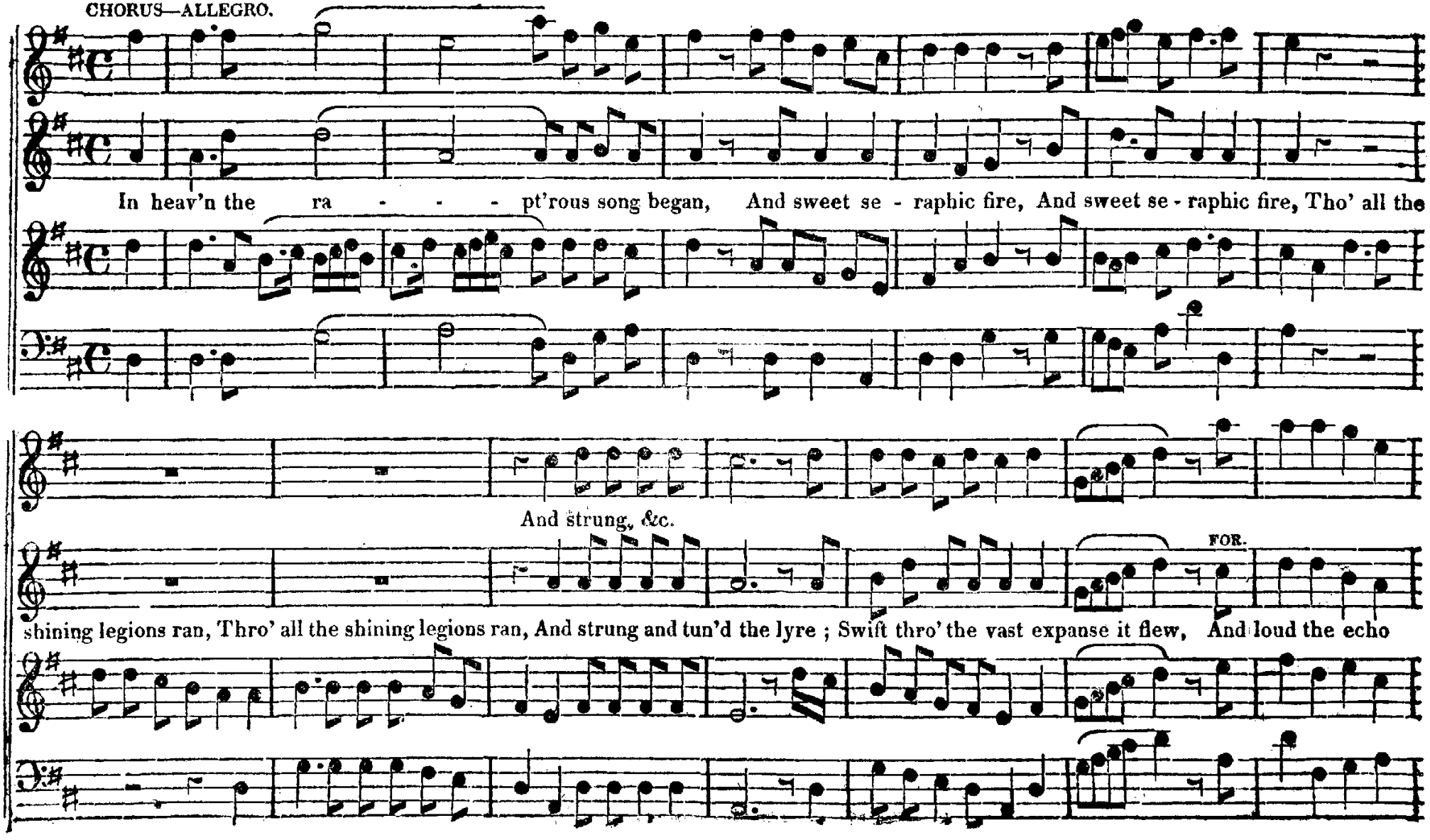

ADAGIO.
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly, O grave, where is thy victory, thy victory? O death, O death, where is thy sting?

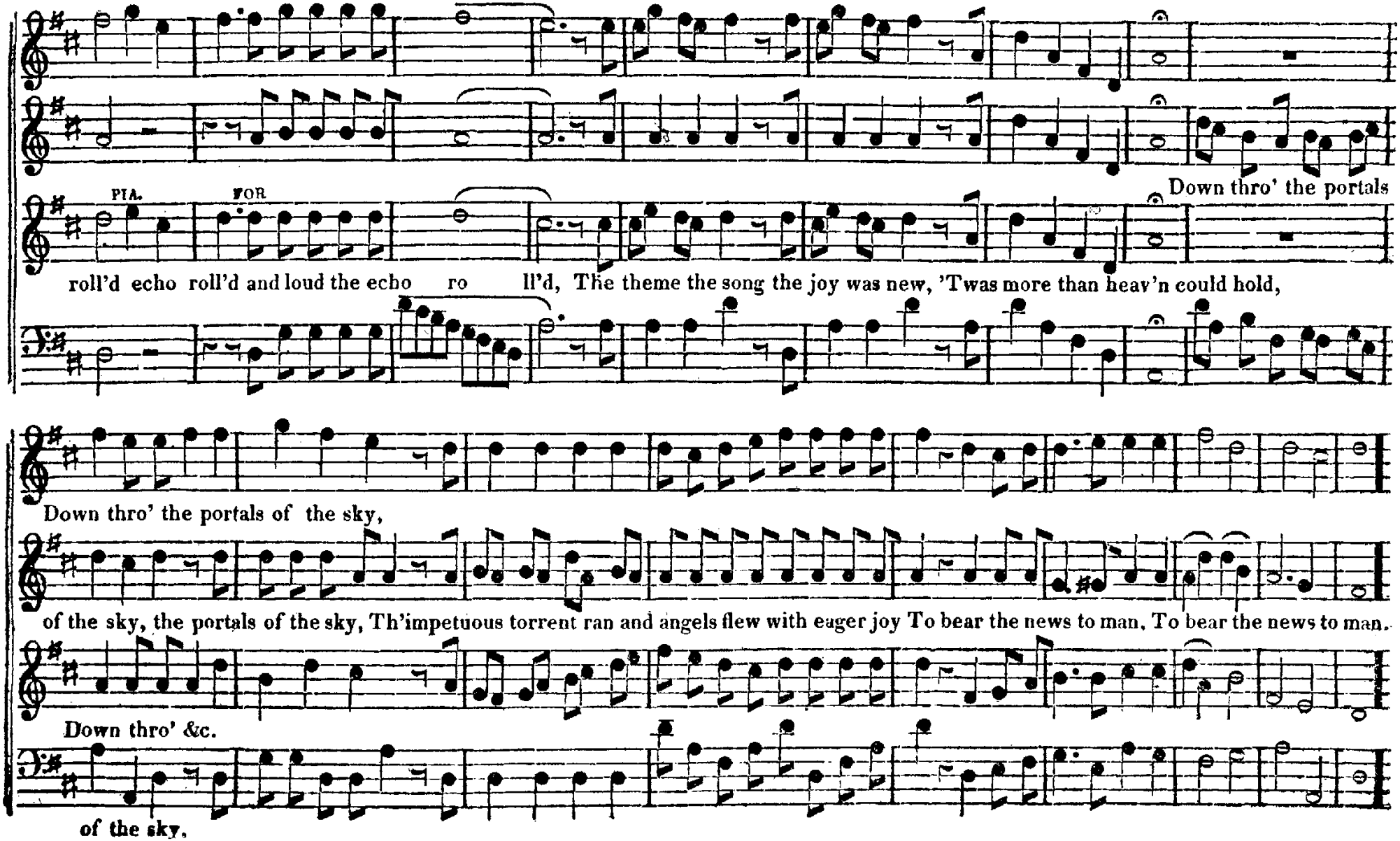
TRIO—CHEERFUL.



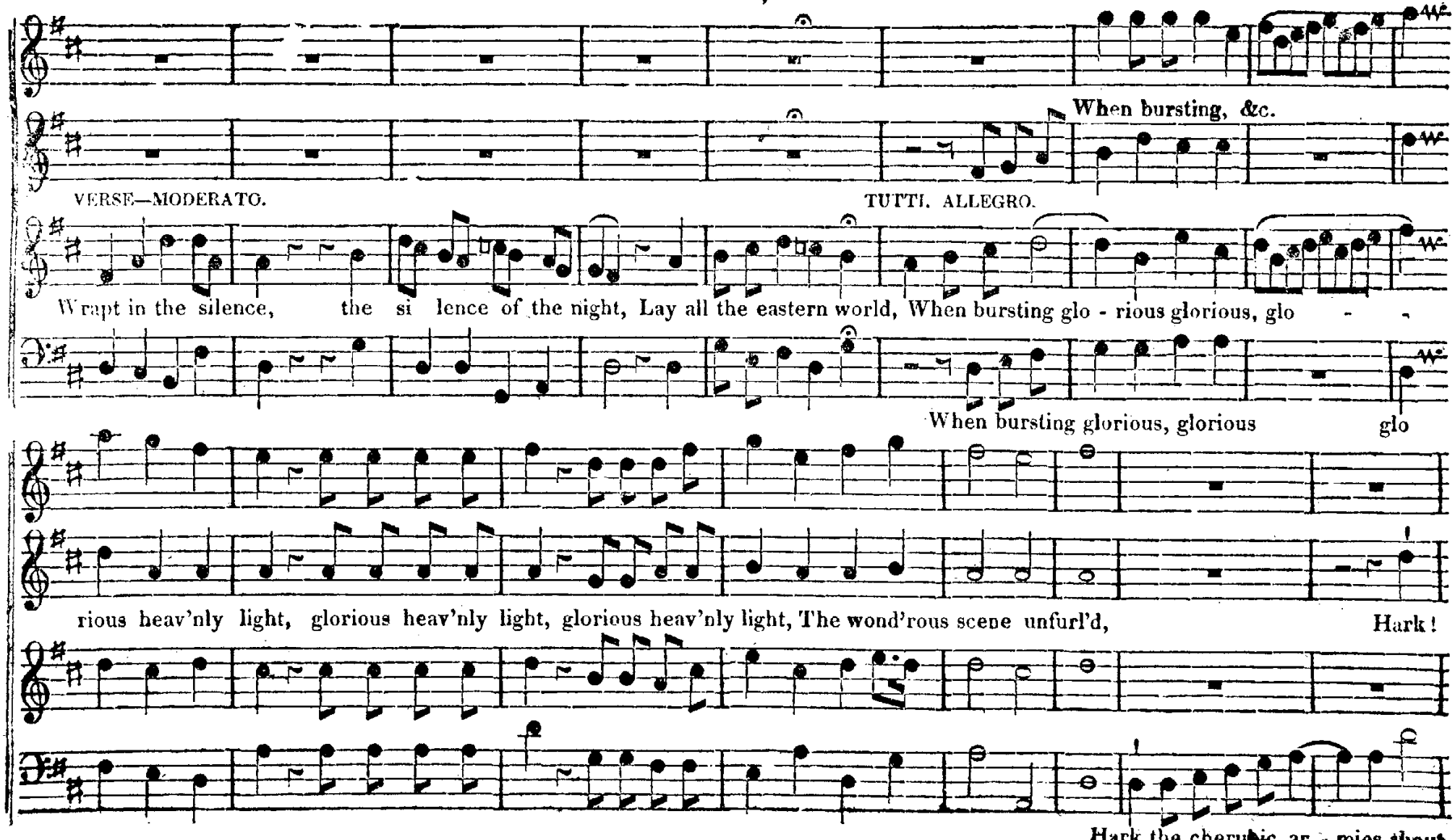
INCARNATION, *Continued.*

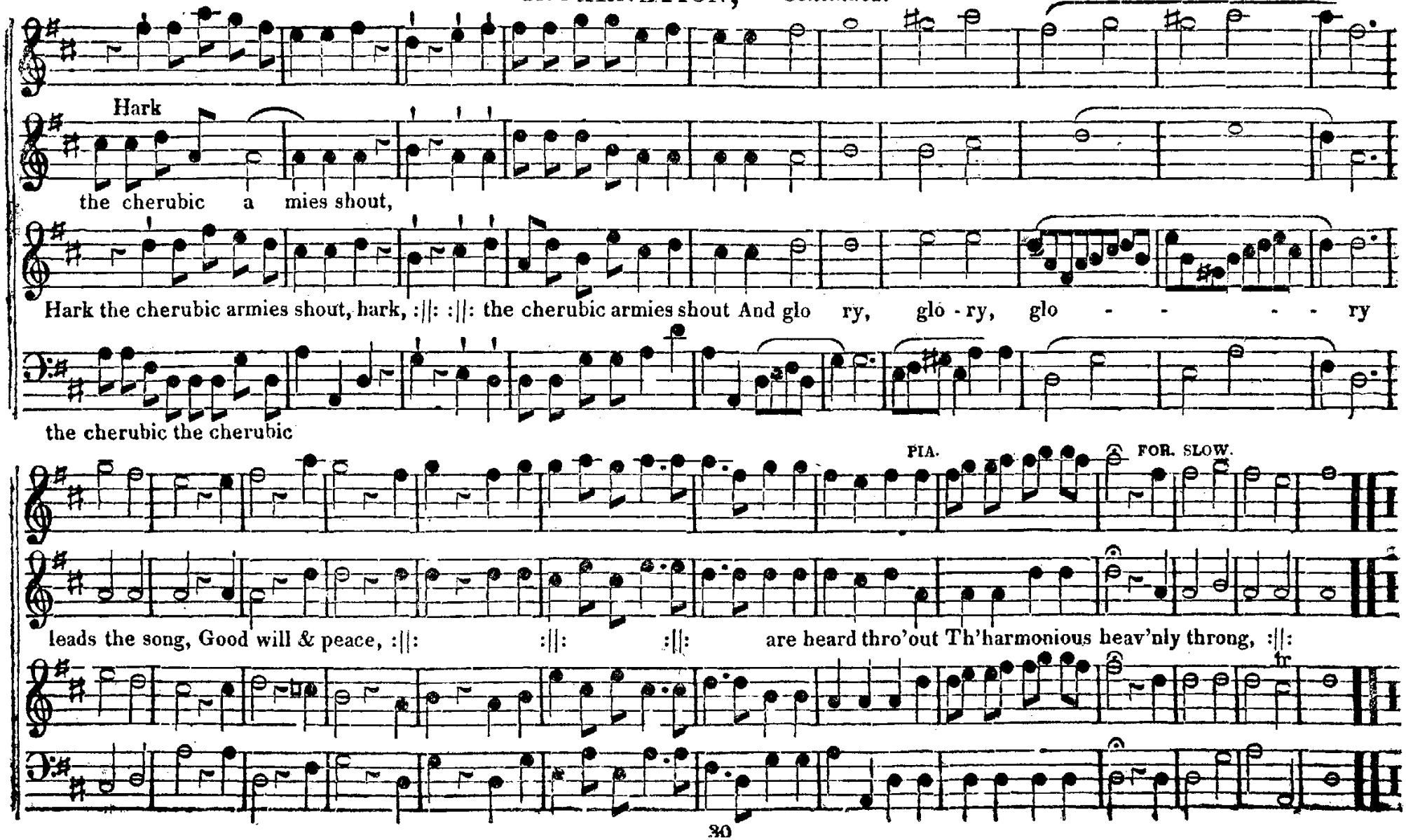
CHORUS—ALLEGRO.

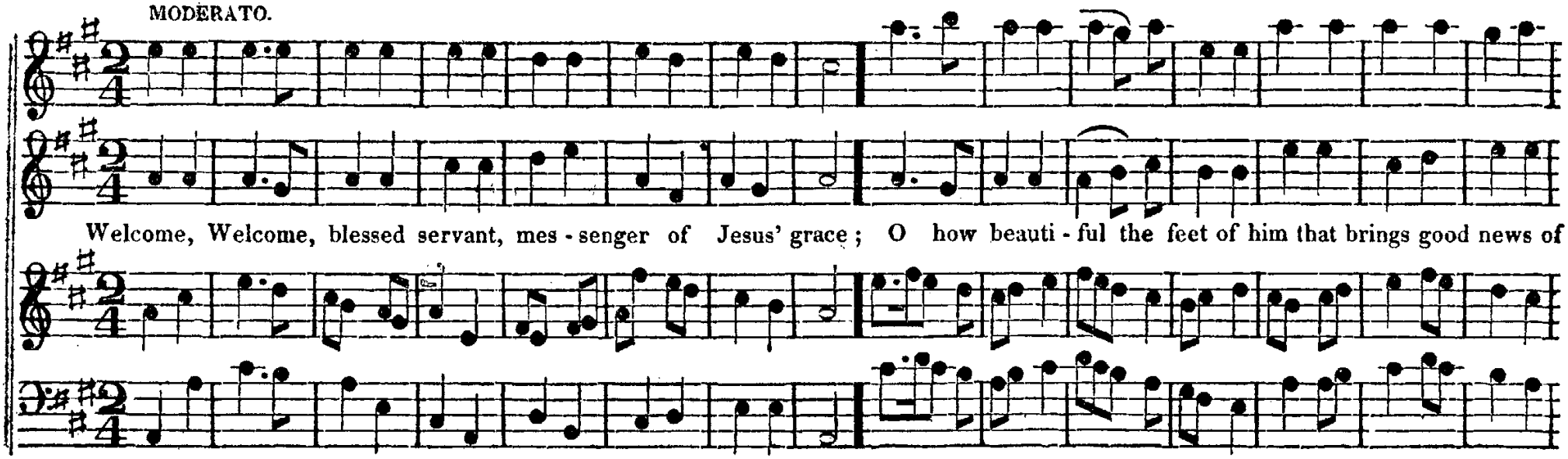


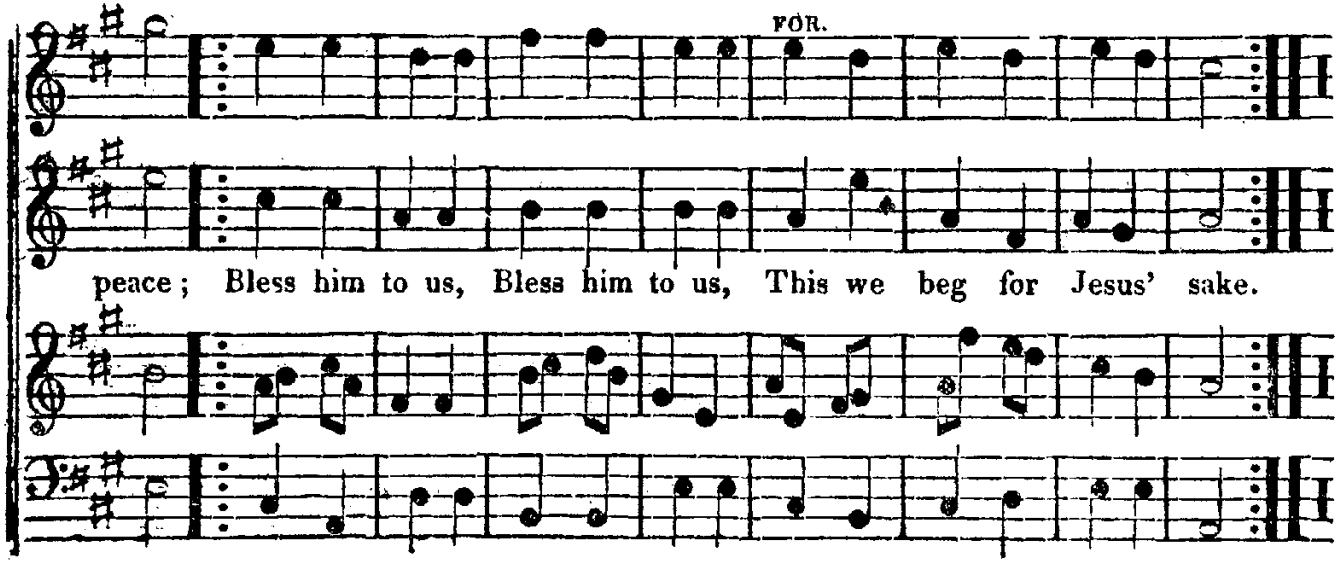

PIA.
FOR
Down thro' the portals
roll'd echo roll'd and loud the echo ro ll'd, The theme the song the joy was new, 'Twas more than heav'n could hold,
Down thro' the portals of the sky,
of the sky, the portals of the sky, Th'impetuous torrent ran and angels flew with eager joy To bear the news to man, To bear the news to man.
Down thro' &c.
of the sky.

INCARNATION, *Continued.*



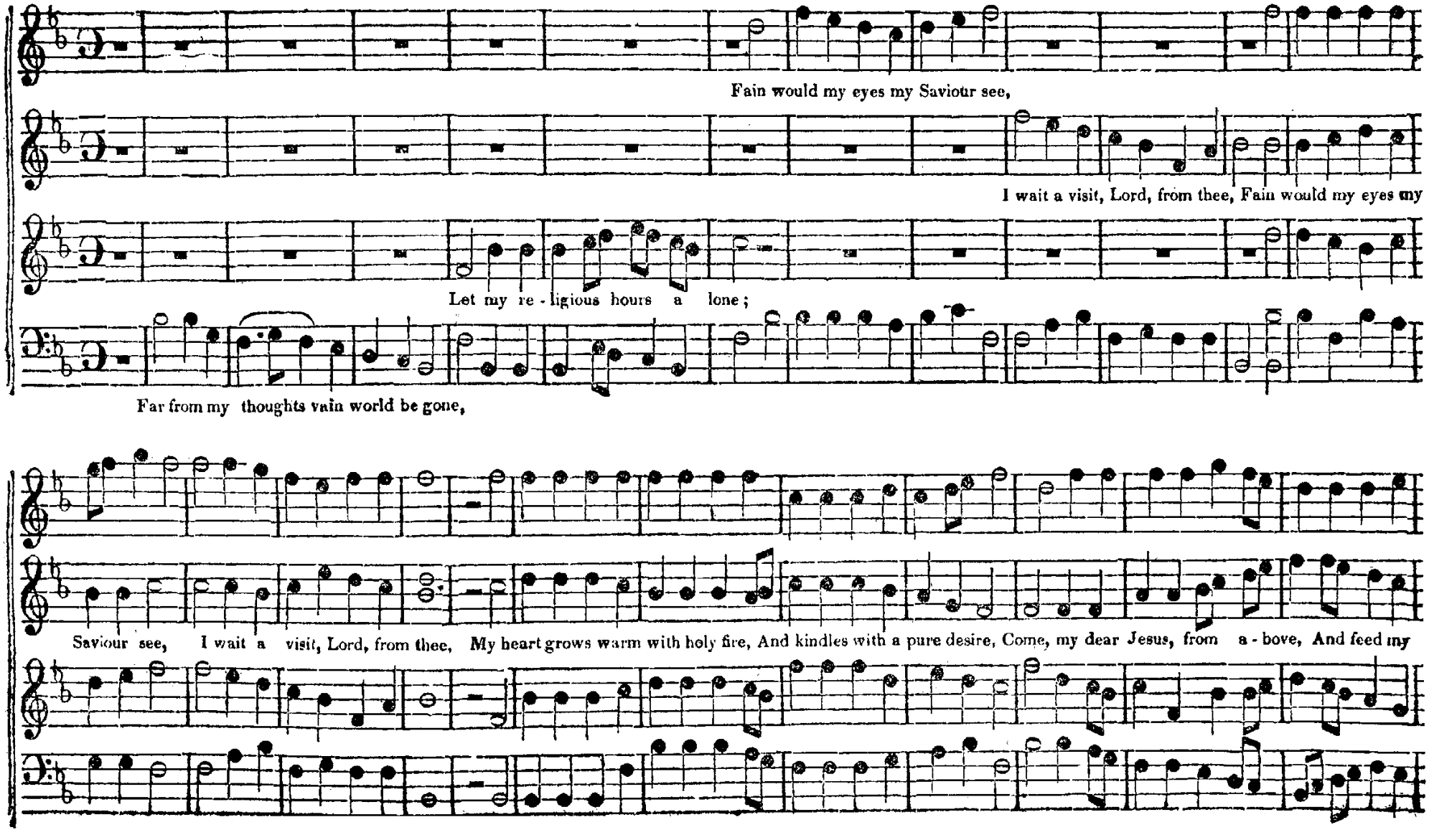

Hark
the cherubic a mies shout,
Hark the cherubic armies shout, hark, :||: :||: the cherubic armies shout And glo ry, glo - ry, glo - - - - ry
the cherubic the cherubic
PIA.
FOR. SLOW.
leads the song, Good will & peace, :||: :||: :||: are heard thro'out Th'harmonious heav'nly throng, :||:
fr

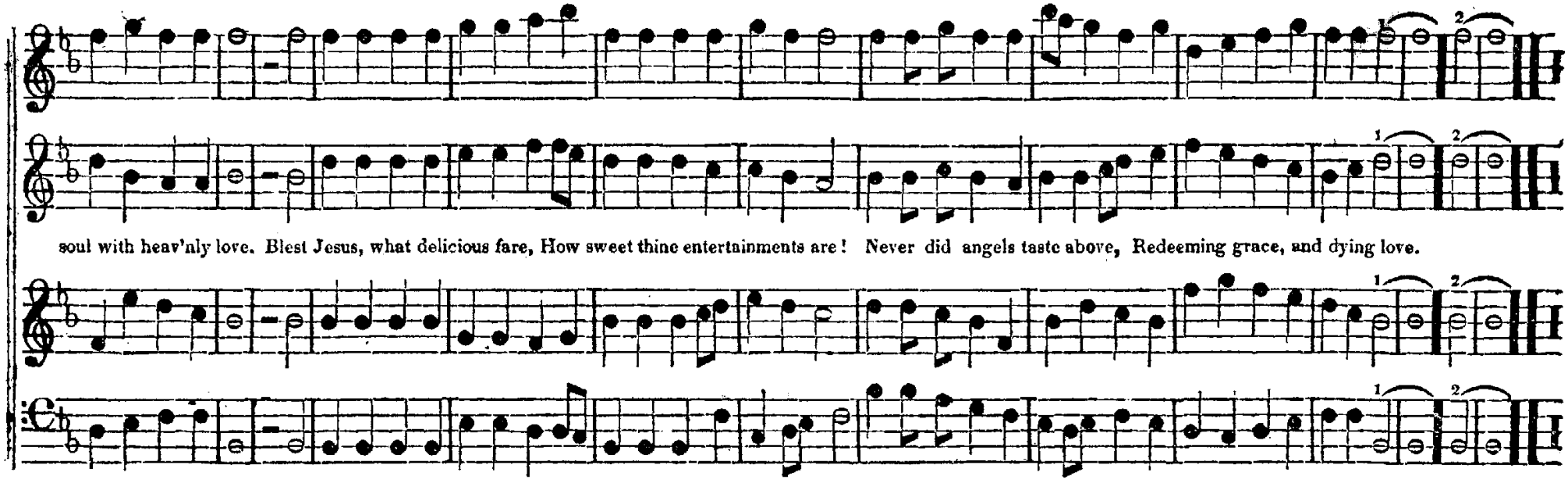




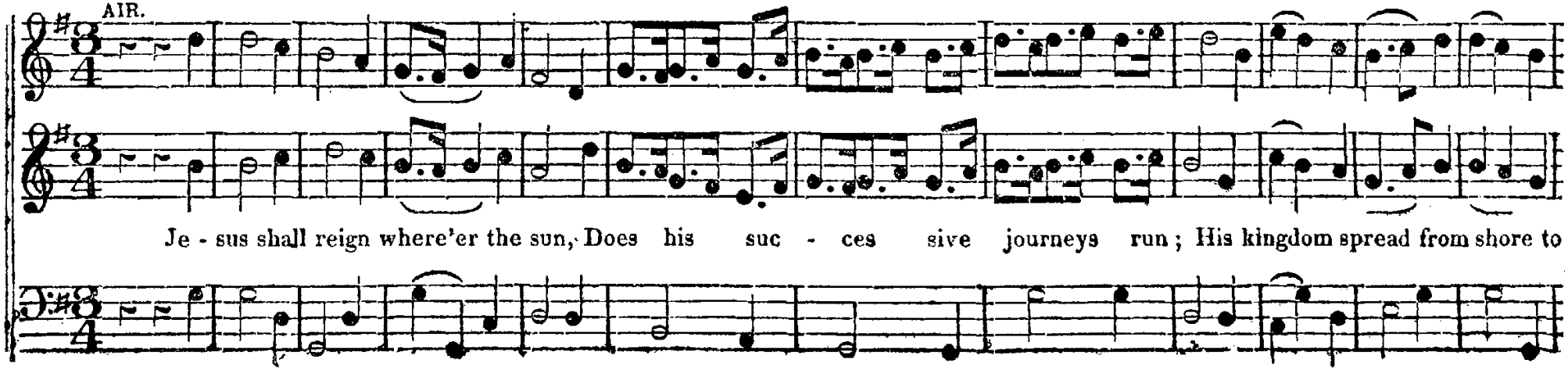
Give reward of grace and glory,
To thy faithful lab'rer dear,
Let the incense of our hearts be
Offer'd up in faith and pray'r.
Bless, O bless him, Bless, O bless him,
Now henceforth for evermore.

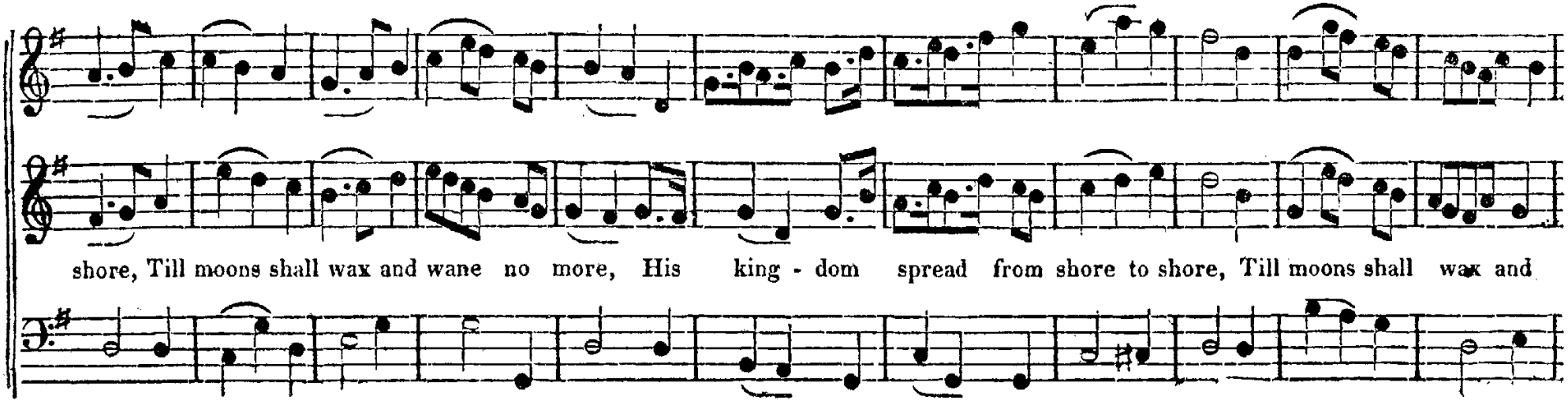
Dearest Saviour help thy servant
To proclaim thy wond'rous love;
Pour thy grace upon thy people,
That thy truth they may approve.
Bless, O bless them, Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining seat above.


Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee, Fain would my eyes my
Let my re - ligious hours a lone;
Far from my thoughts vain world be gone,
Saviour see, I wait a visit, Lord, from thee, My heart grows warm with holy fire, And kindles with a pure desire, Come, my dear Jesus, from a - bove, And feed my

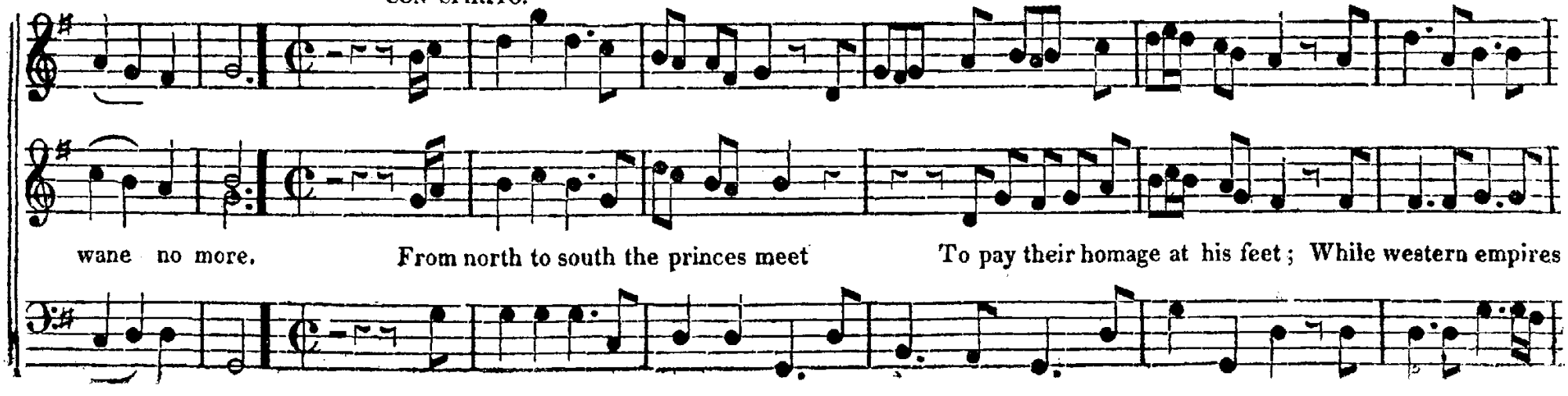


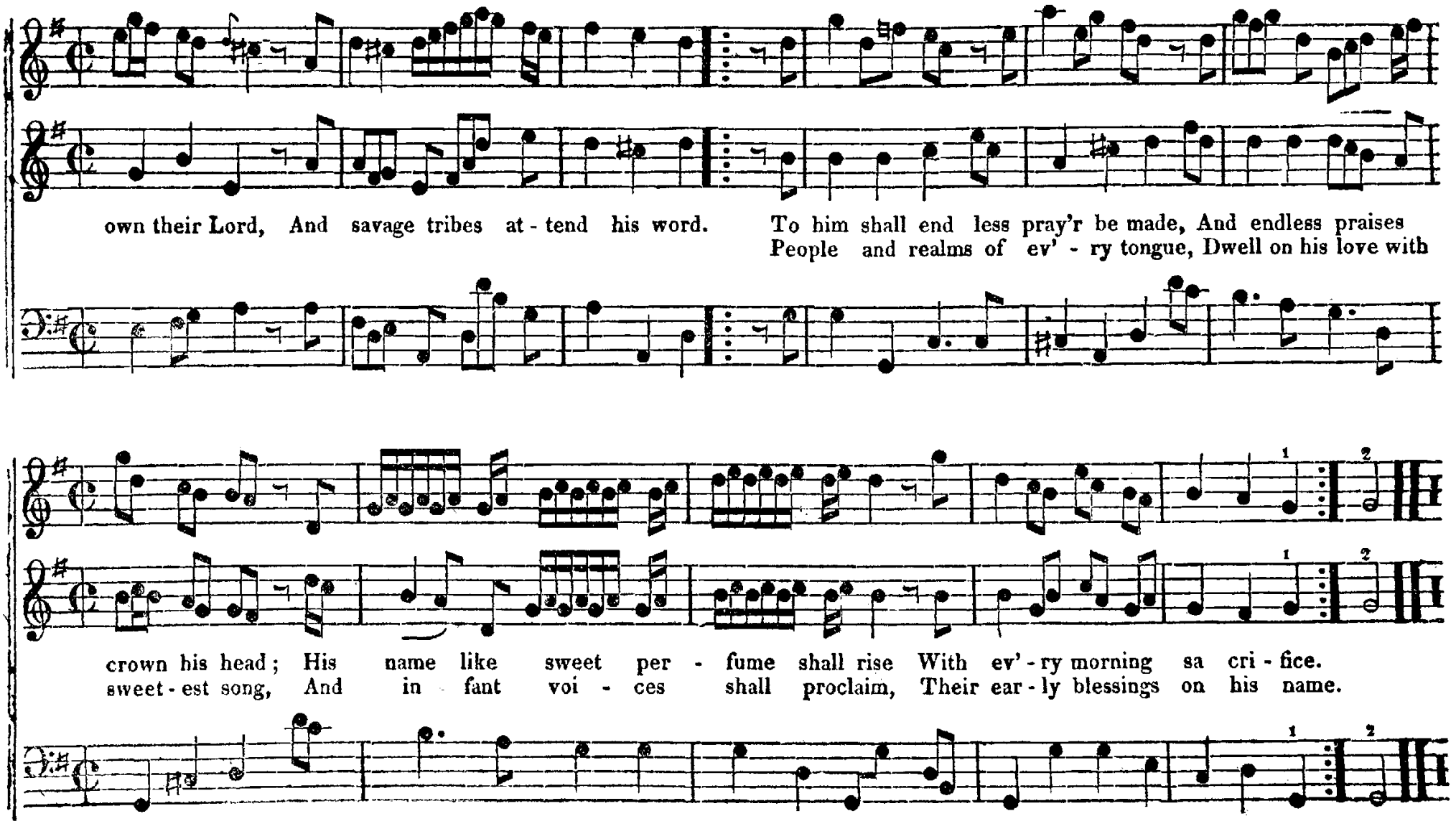
JOHN-STREET. Handel.

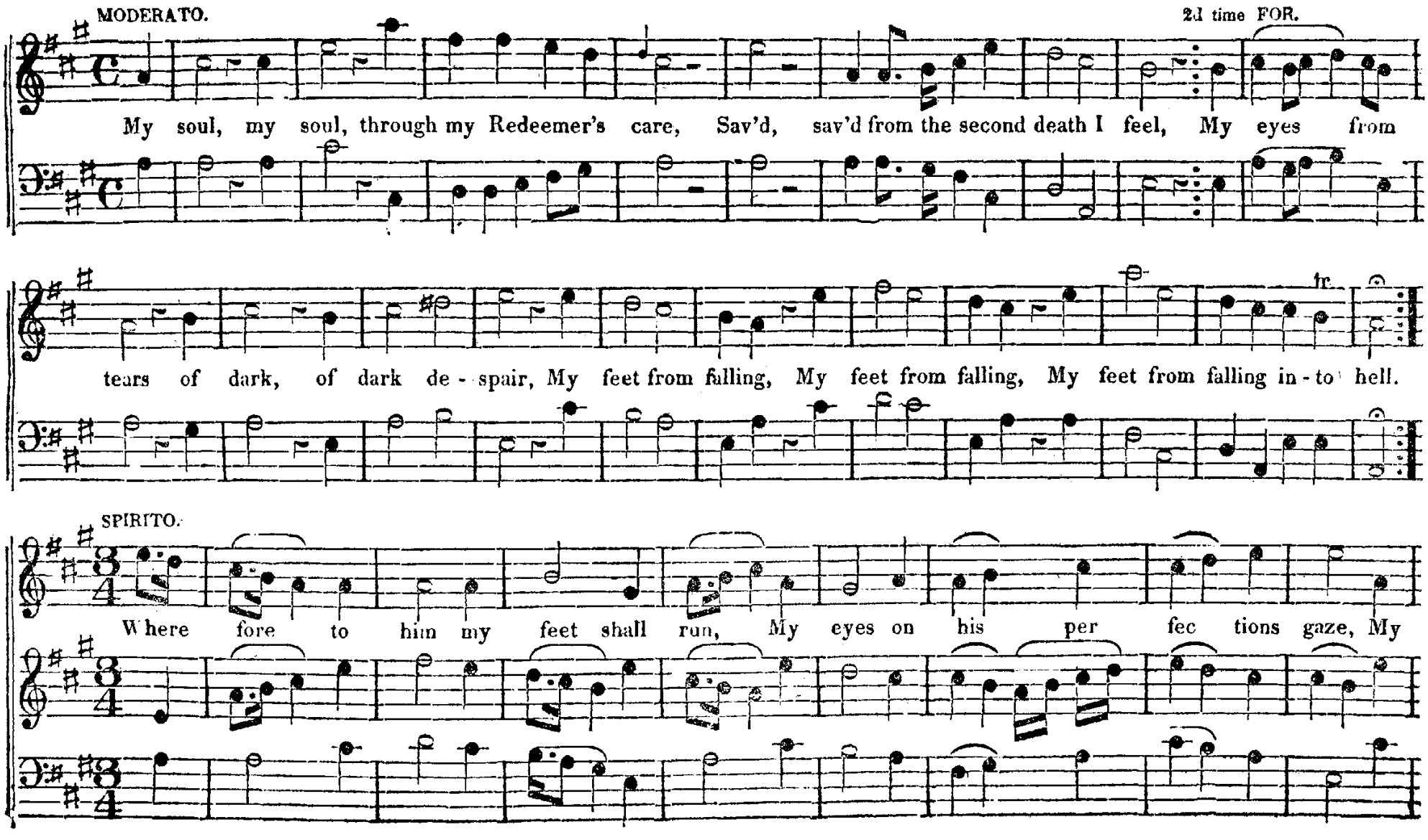


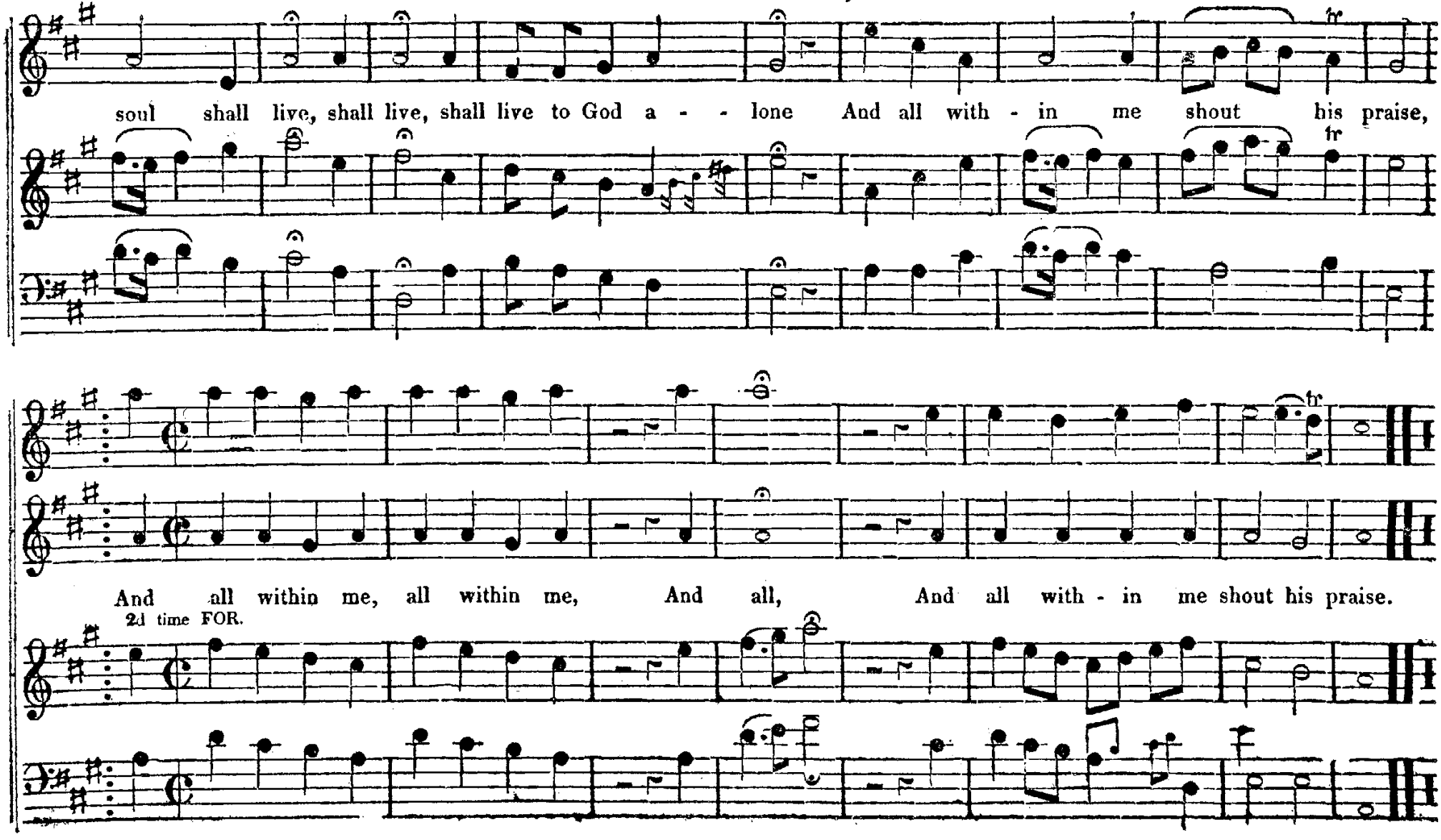

shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more, His king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and

CON SPIRITO.

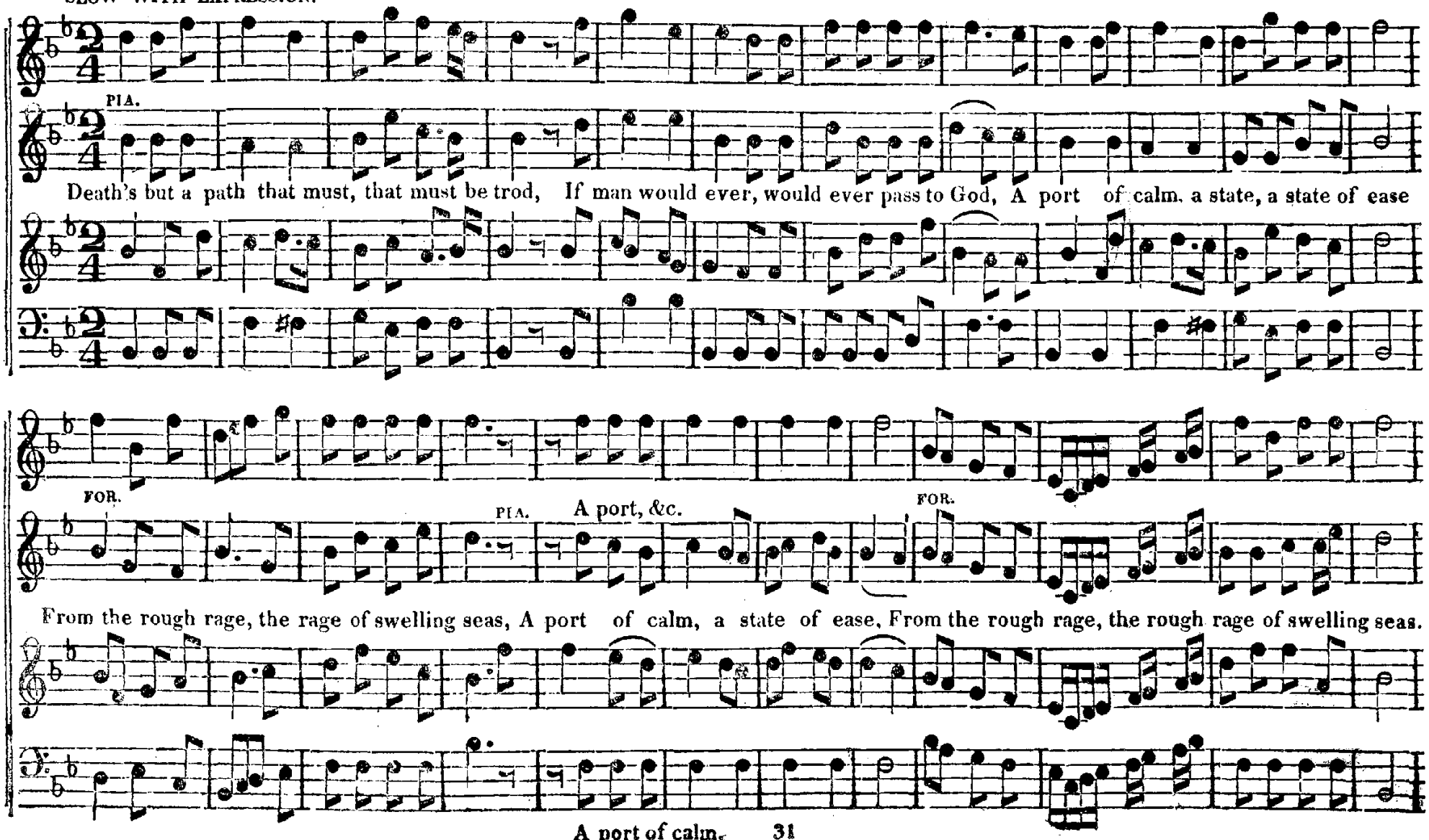

wane no more. From north to south the princes meet To pay their homage at his feet; While western empires


own their Lord, And savage tribes at - tend his word. To him shall end less pray'r be made, And endless praises
People and realms of ev' - ry tongue, Dwell on his love with
crown his head; His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With ev' - ry morning sa cri - fice.
sweet - est song, And in fant voi - ces shall proclaim, Their ear - ly blessings on his name.


MODERATO.
2d time FOR.
My soul, my soul, through my Redeemer's care, Sav'd, sav'd from the second death I feel, My eyes from
tr.
tears of dark, of dark de - spair, My feet from falling, My feet from falling, My feet from falling in - to hell.
SPIRITO.
Where fore to him my feet shall run, My eyes on his per fec tions gaze, My


soul shall live, shall live, shall live to God a - - lone And all with - in me shout his praise,
And all within me, all within me, And all, And all with - in me shout his praise.
2d time FOR.

SLOW WITH EXPRESSION.



SOLO. PIA.

IMMORTALITY, *Continued.*

As men that long in pri son dwell, With lamps that glimmer, that glimmer round the

FOR.

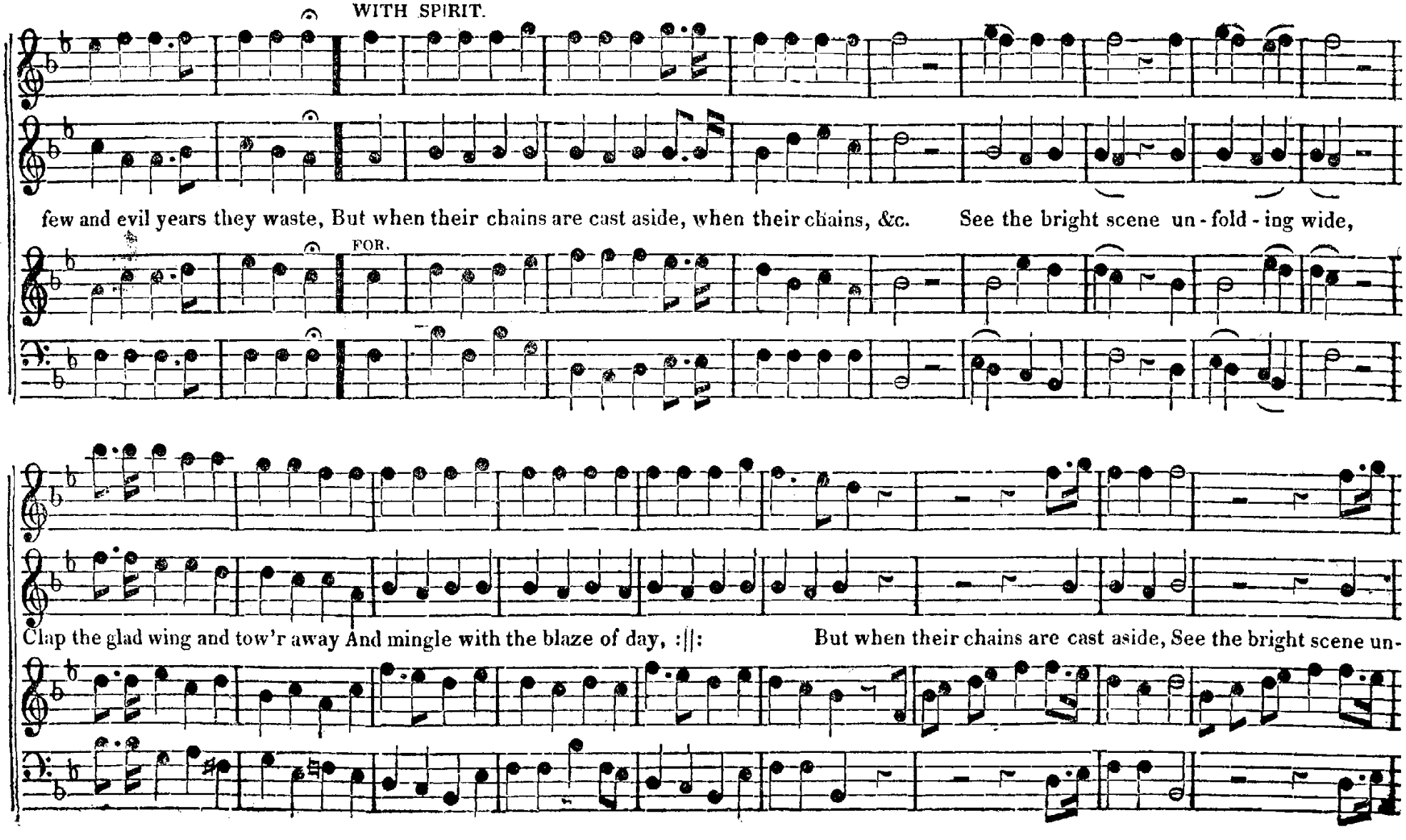
cell, When e'er their suff' - ring years are run, Spring forth to greet the glit - ter ing sun.

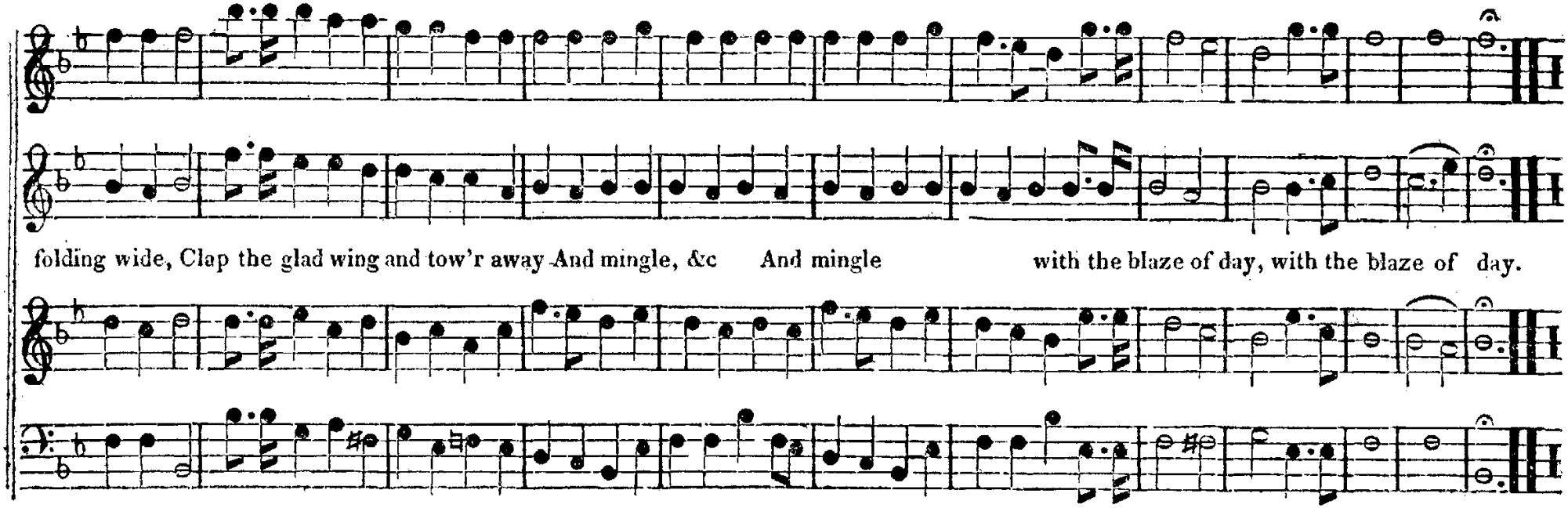
CHORUS.

Such joy, thro' far transcending sense, Such joy, &c.

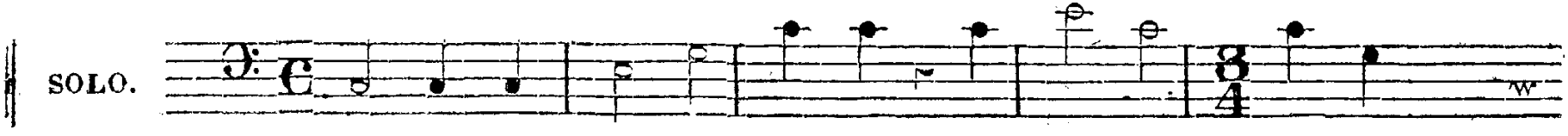
Have pious souls at parting hence, On earth and in the body plac'd, A

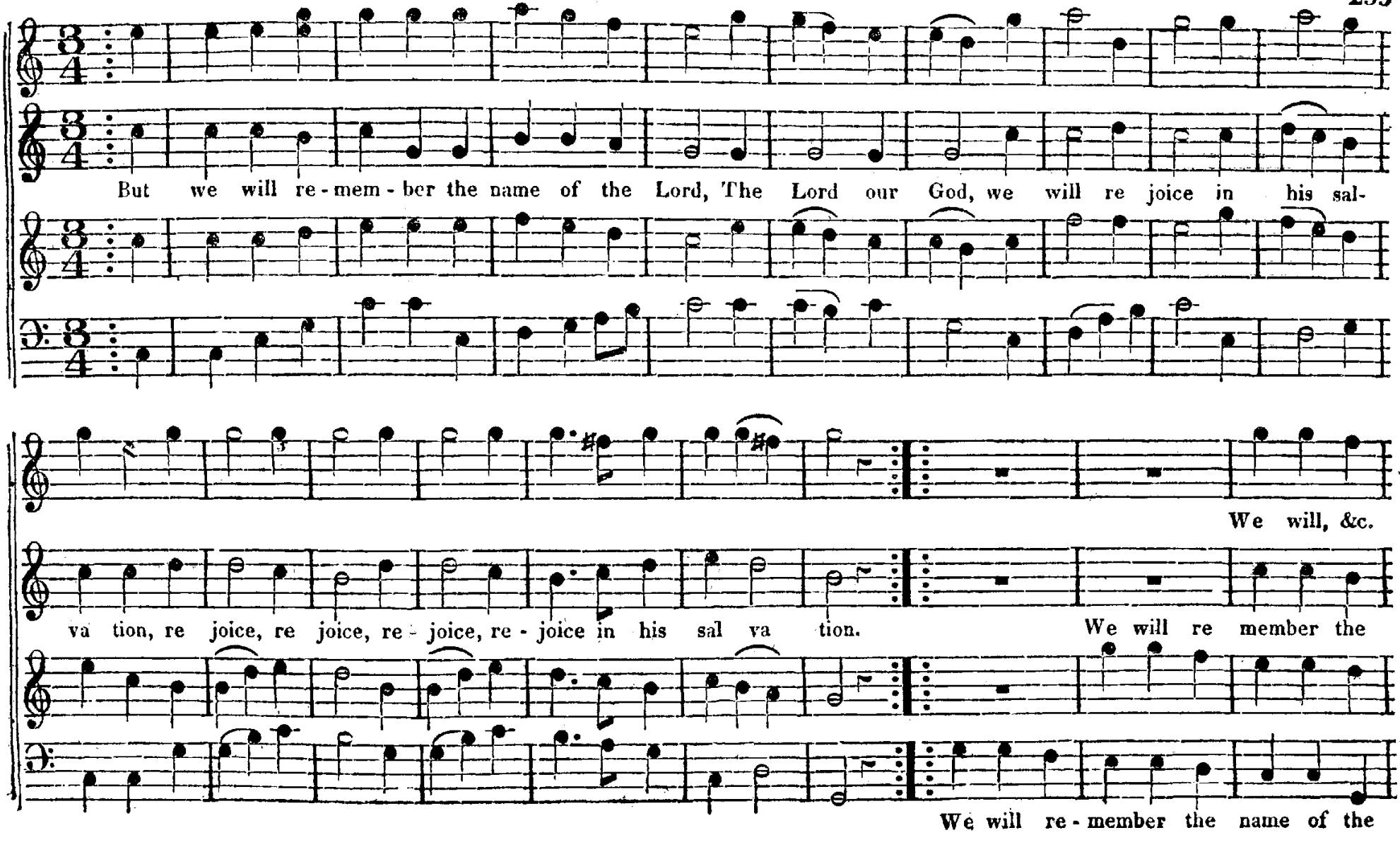
FOR. PIA.

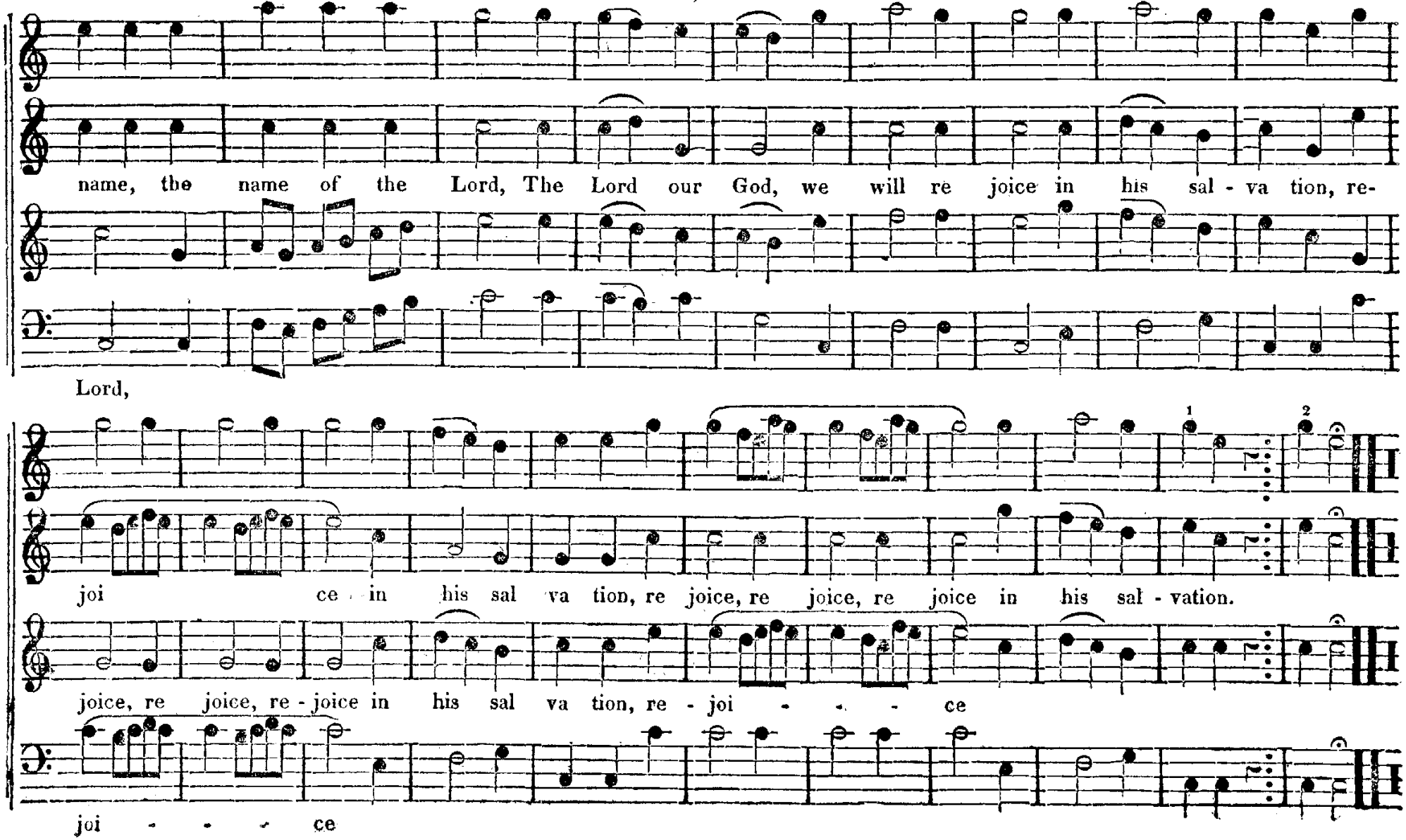

WITH SPIRIT.
few and evil years they waste, But when their chains are cast aside, when their chains, &c. See the bright scene un-fold-ing wide,
FOR.
Clap the glad wing and tow'r away And mingle with the blaze of day, :||: But when their chains are cast aside, See the bright scene un-

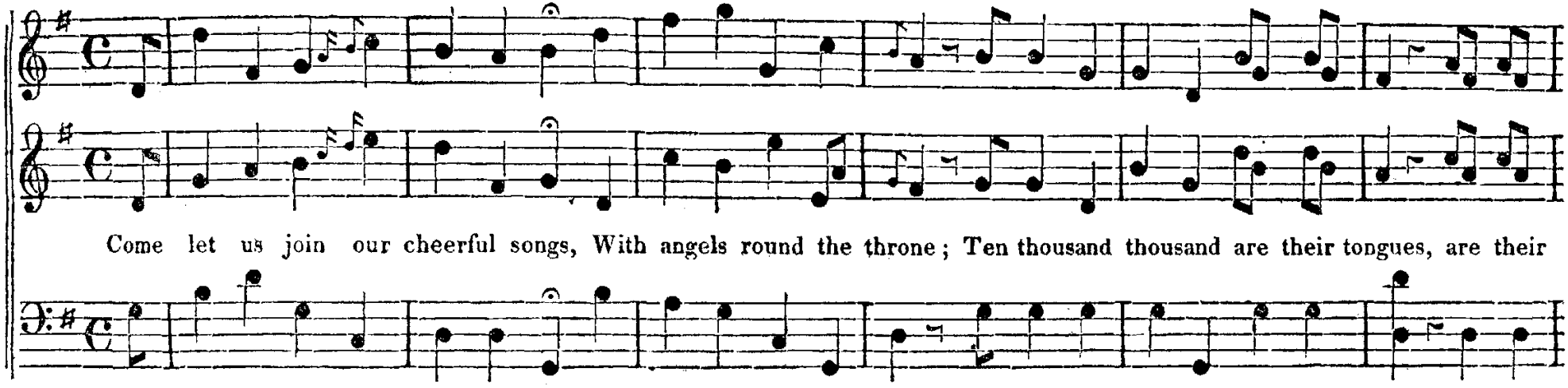


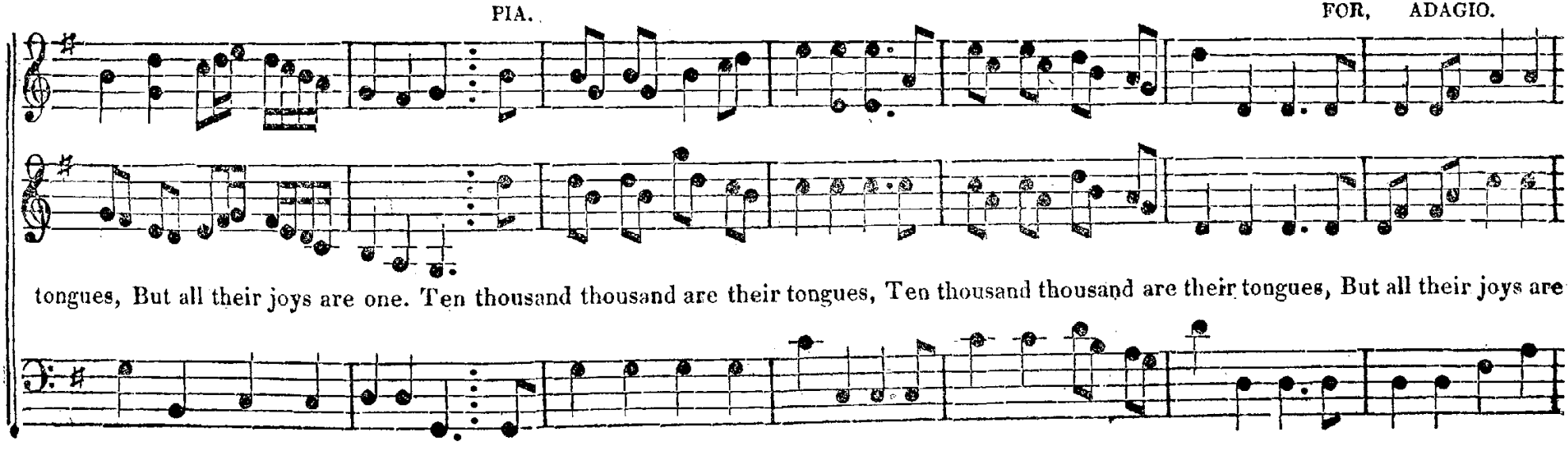
ANTHEM, *From the* 20th PSALM.

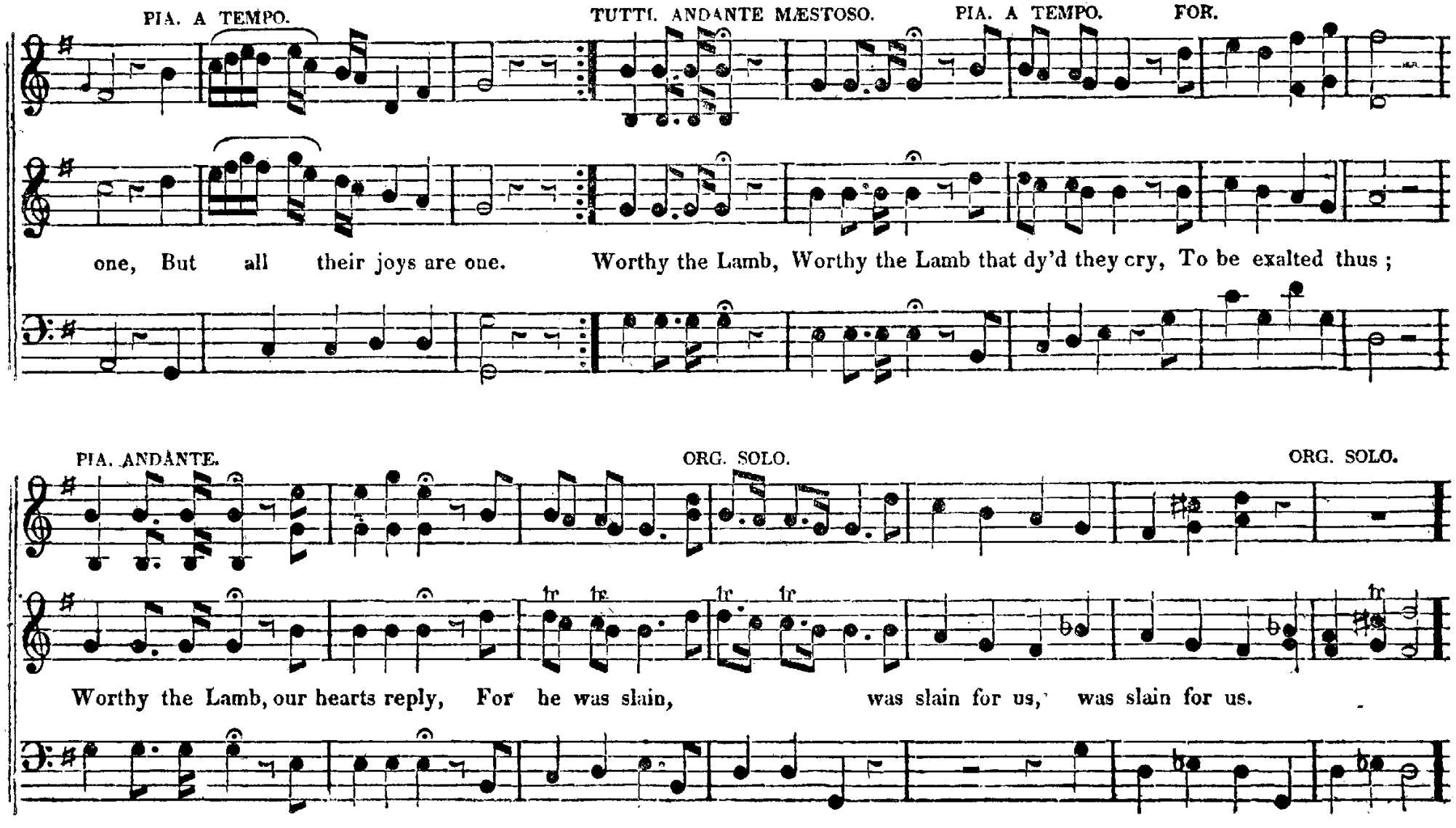


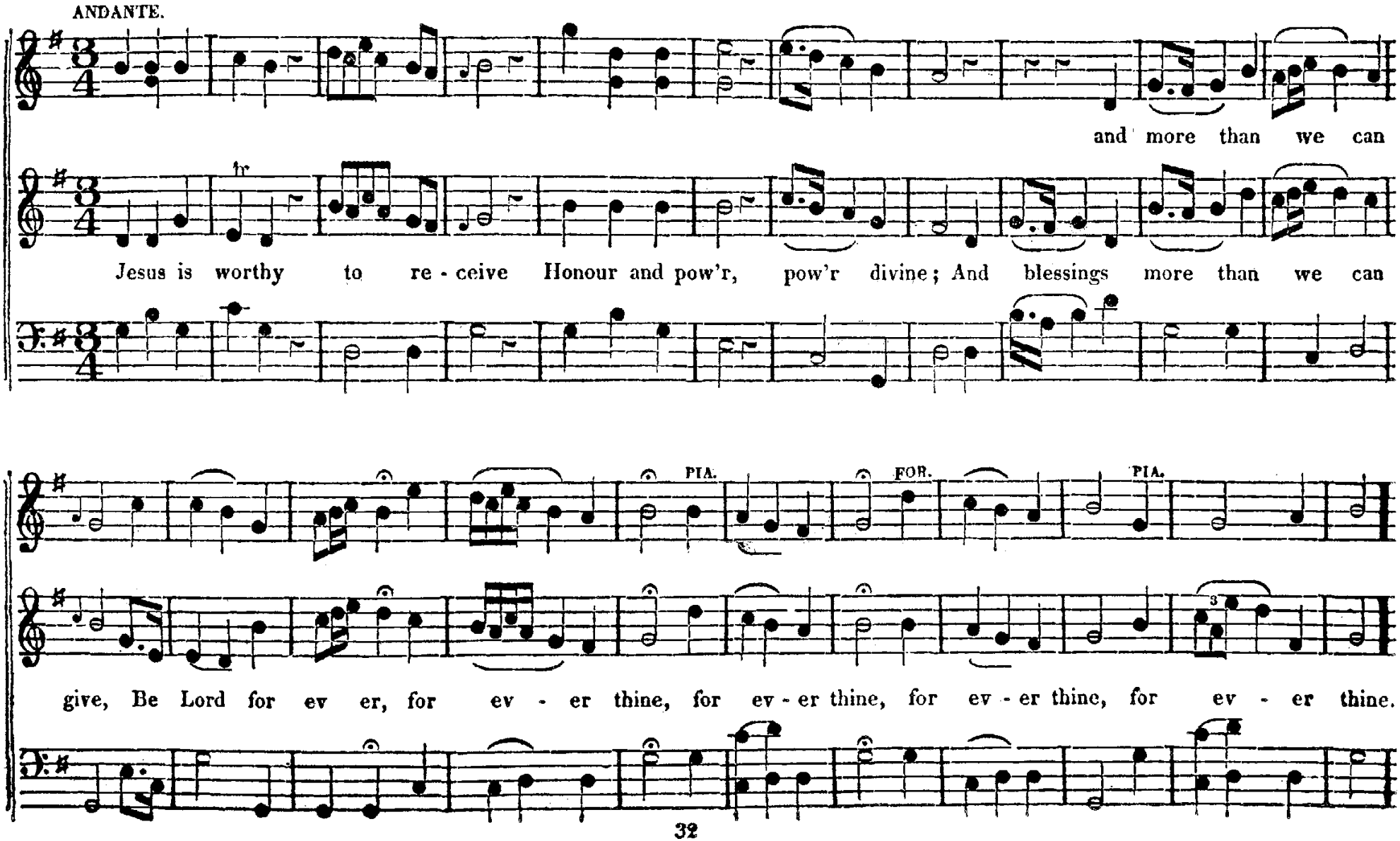

But we will re-mem-ber the name of the Lord, The Lord our God, we will re joice in his sal-
We will, &c.
va tion, re joice, re joice, re-joice, re-joice in his sal va tion.
We will re member the
We will re-member the name of the

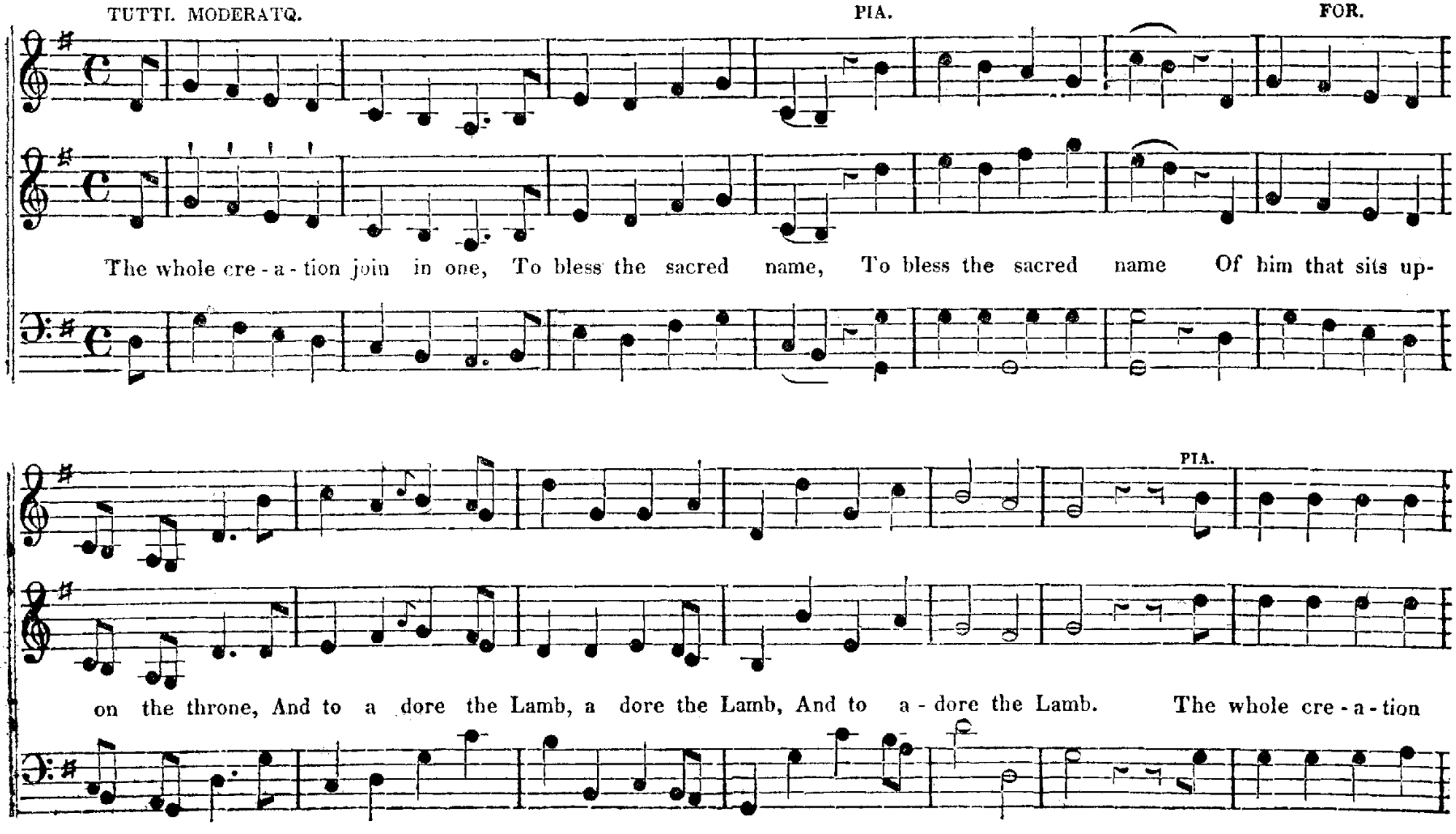

name, the name of the Lord, The Lord our God, we will re joice in his sal - va tion, re-
Lord,
1
2
joi ce in his sal va tion, re joice, re joice, re joice in his sal - vation.
joice, re joice, re - joice in his sal va tion, re - joi - - - ce
joi - - - ce

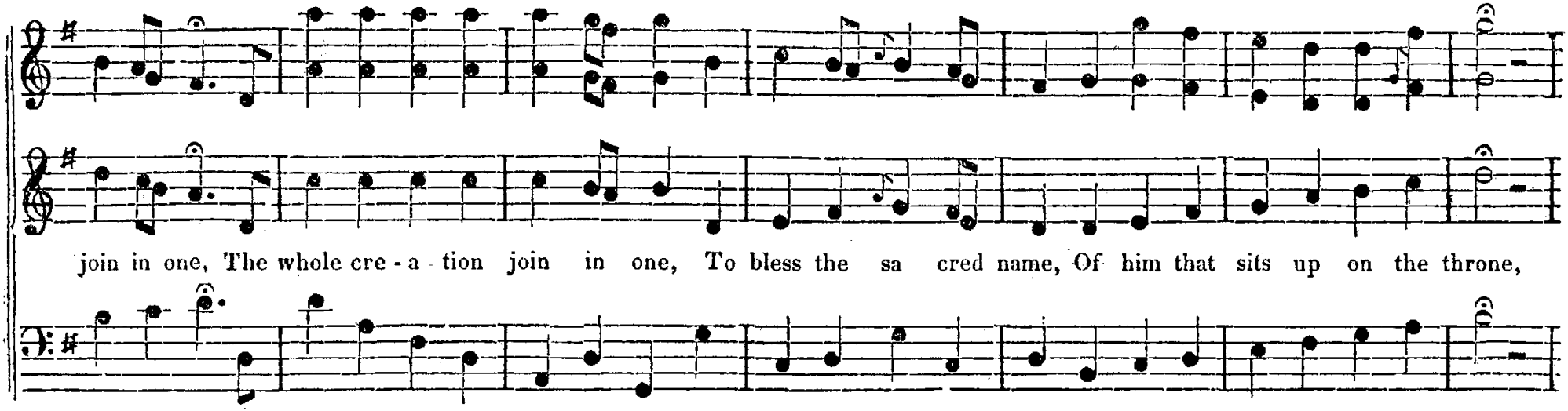

Come let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, are their

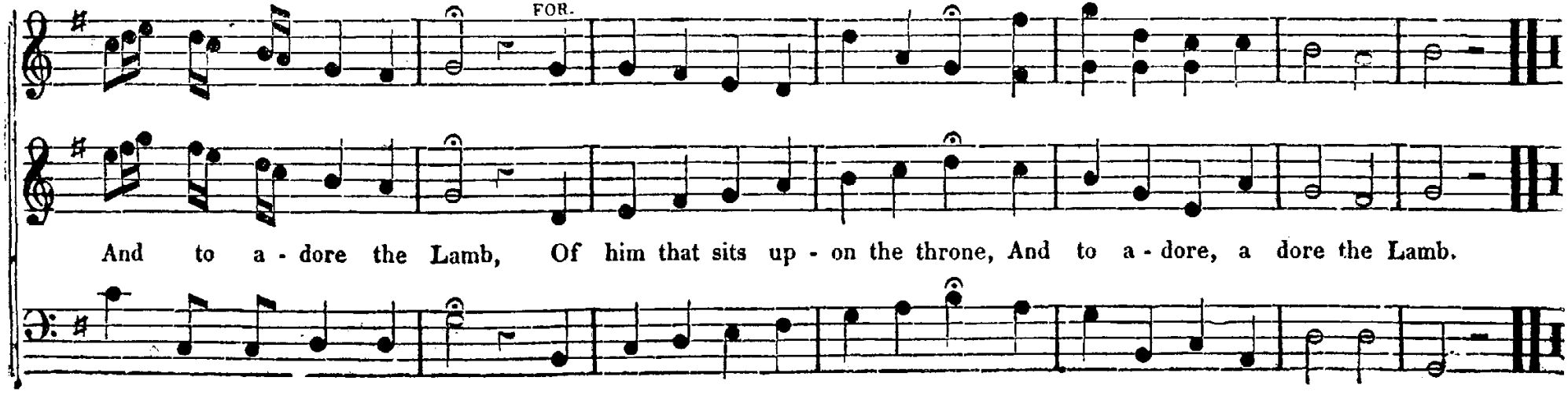

PIA.
FOR. ADAGIO.
tongues, But all their joys are one. Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are


PIA. A TEMPO.
TUTTI. ANDANTE MÆSTOSO.
PIA. A TEMPO.
FOR.
one, But all their joys are one. Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb that dy'd they cry, To be exalted thus ;
PIA. ANDANTE.
ORG. SOLO.
ORG. SOLO.
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply, For he was slain, was slain for us, was slain for us.


ANDANTE.
and more than we can
tr
Jesus is worthy to re - ceive Honour and pow'r, pow'r divine; And blessings more than we can
PIA.
FOR.
PIA.
3
give, Be Lord for ev er, for ev - er thine, for ev - er thine, for ev - er thine, for ev - er thine.

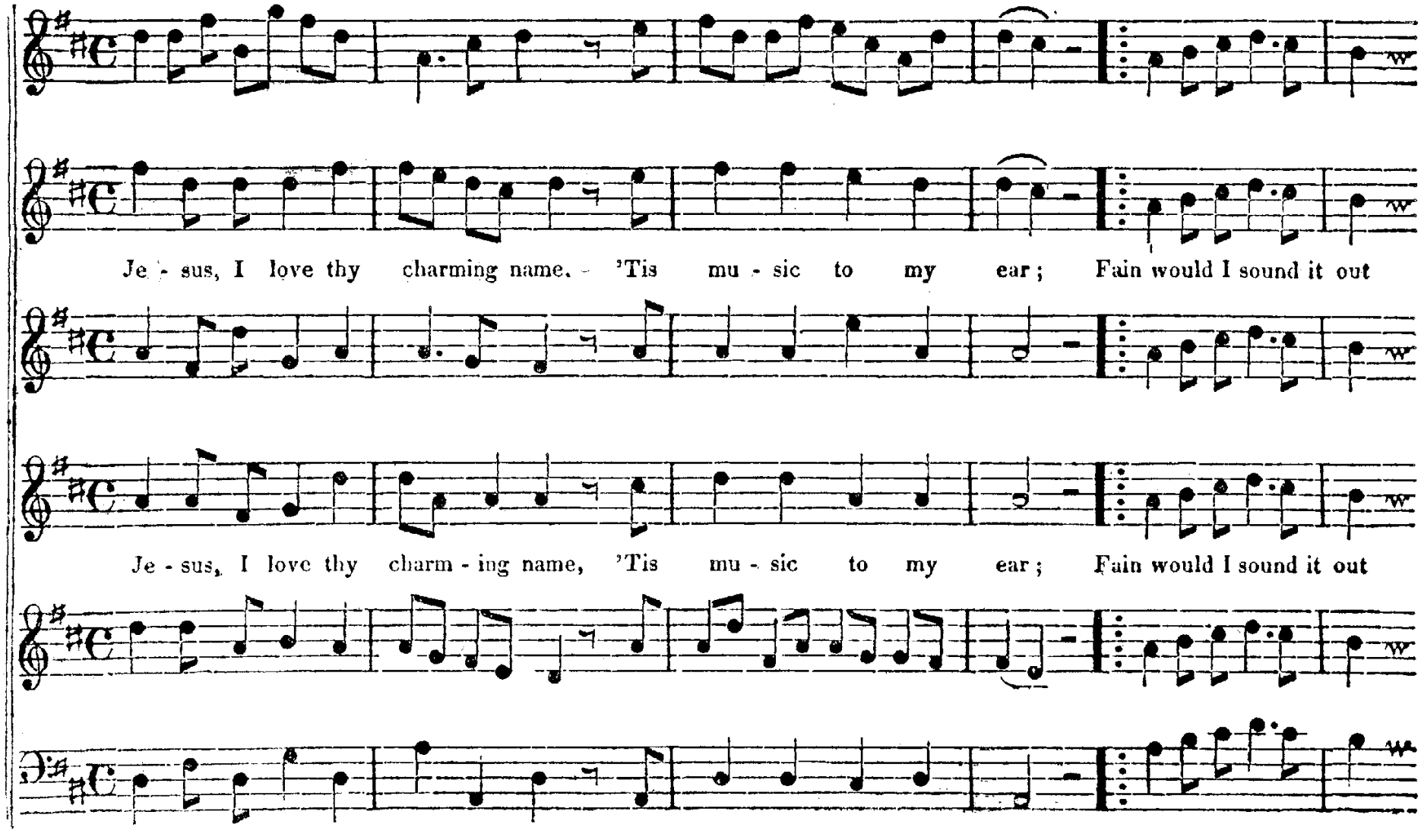

TUTTI. MODERATO.
PIA.
FOR.
The whole cre - a - tion join in one, To bless the sacred name, To bless the sacred name Of him that sits up-
PIA.
on the throne, And to a dore the Lamb, a dore the Lamb, And to a - dore the Lamb. The whole cre - a - tion

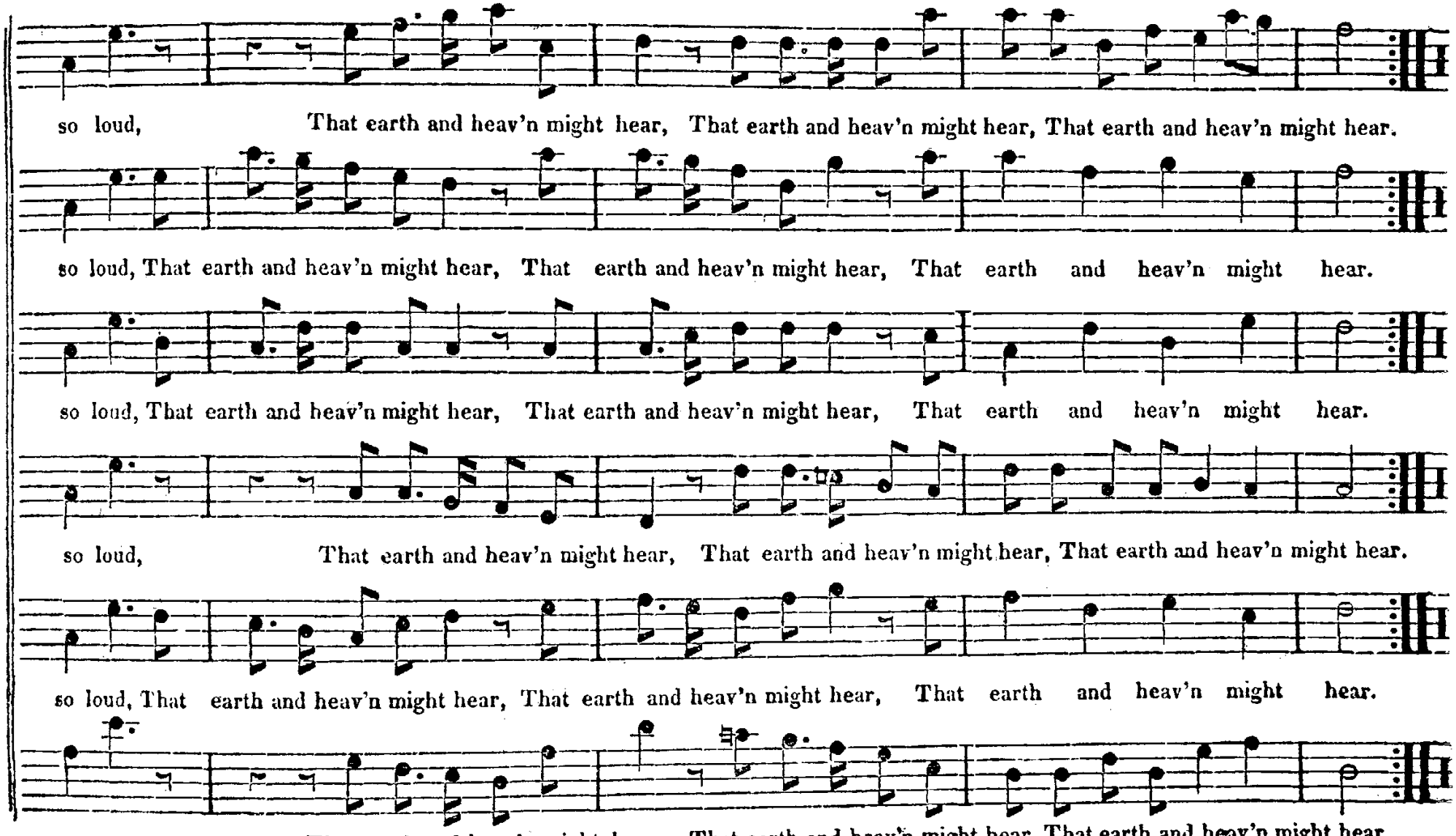

join in one, The whole cre - a - tion join in one, To bless the sa cred name, Of him that sits up on the throne,


FOR.
And to a - dore the Lamb, Of him that sits up - on the throne, And to a - dore, a dore the Lamb.

CASTON C. M.

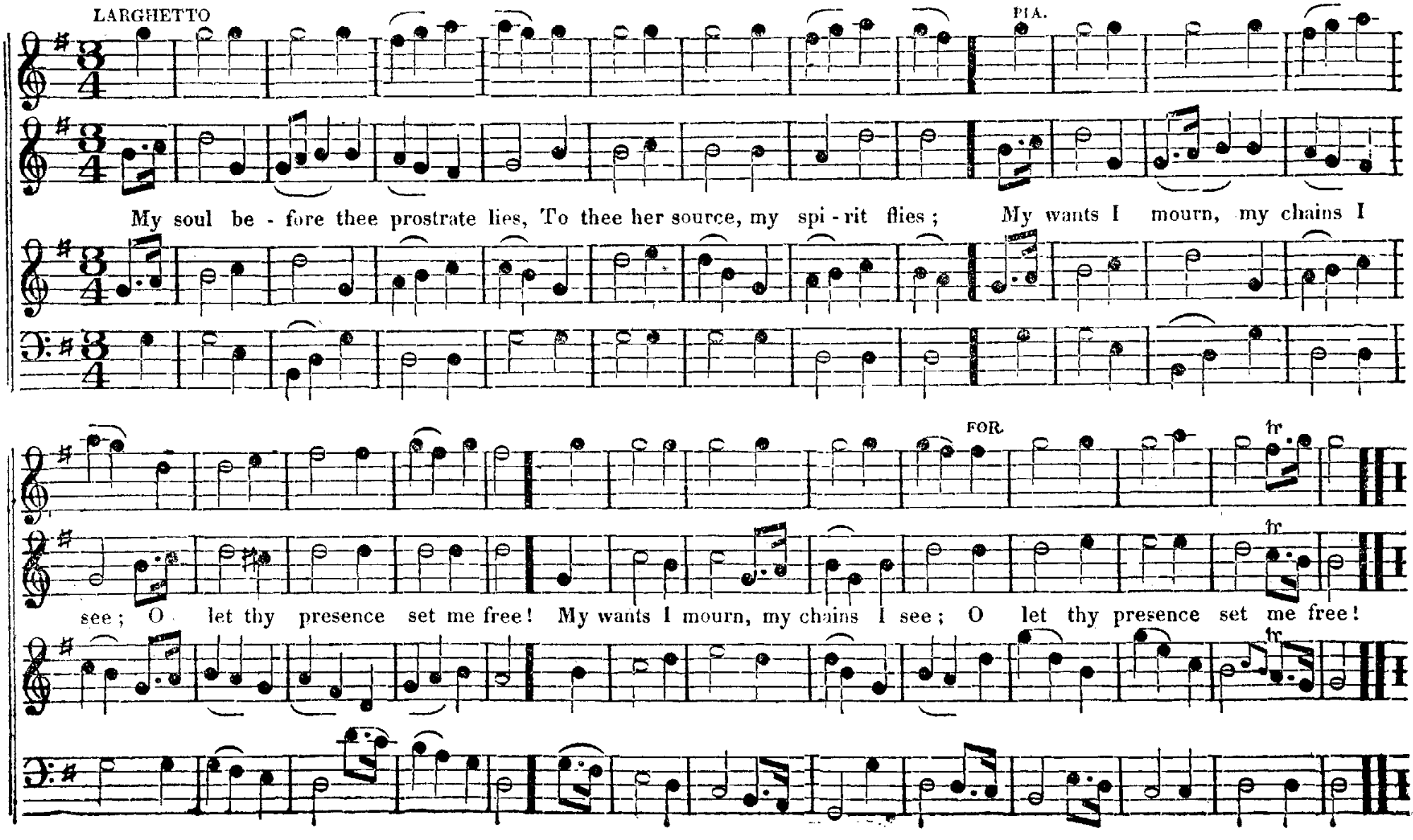
Clark.



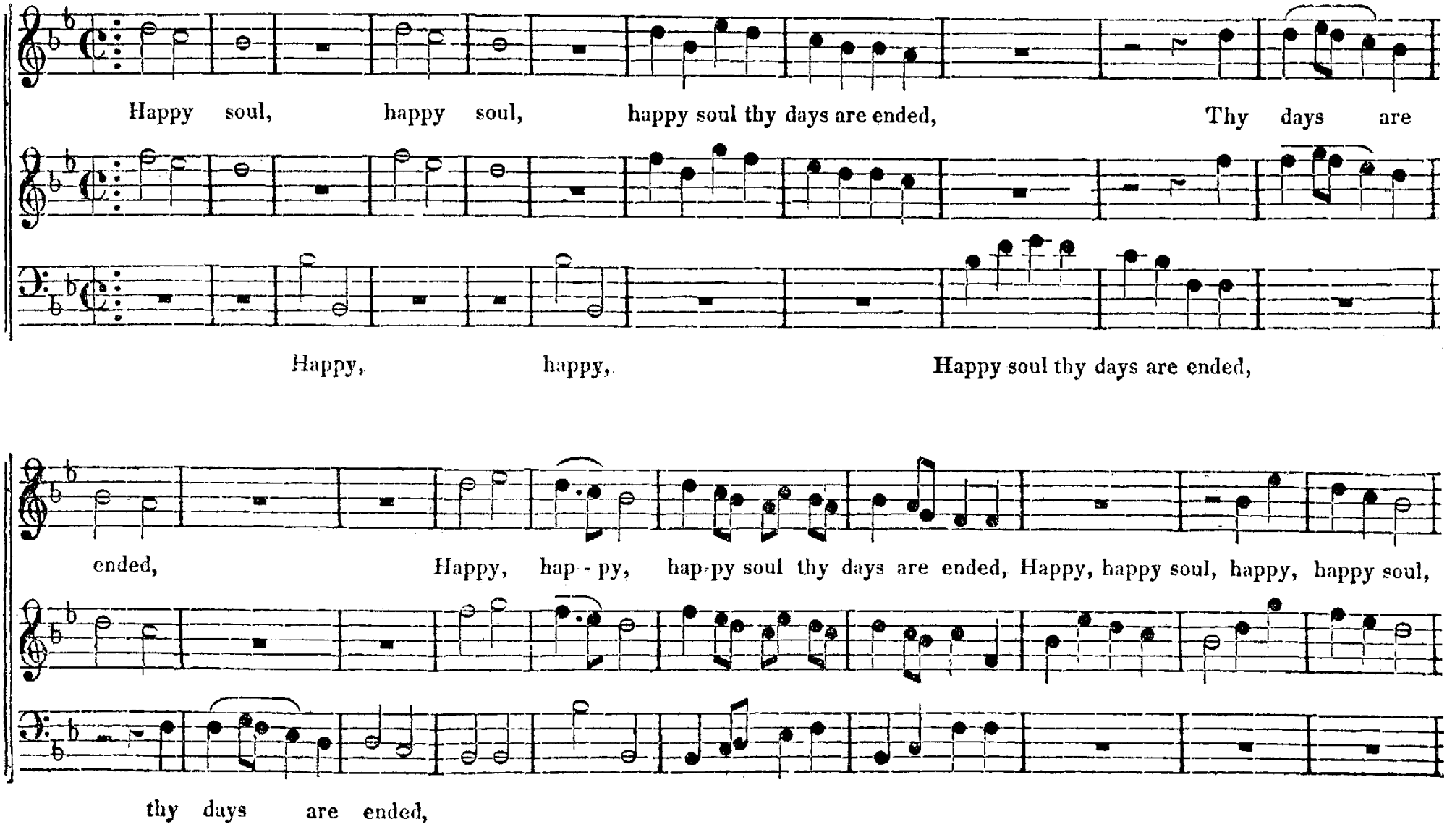

so loud, That earth and heav'n might hear, That earth and heav'n might hear, That earth and heav'n might hear.
so loud, That earth and heav'n might hear, That earth and heav'n might hear, That earth and heav'n might hear.
so loud, That earth and heav'n might hear, That earth and heav'n might hear, That earth and heav'n might hear.
so loud, That earth and heav'n might hear, That earth and heav'n might hear, That earth and heav'n might hear.
so loud, That earth and heav'n might hear, That earth and heav'n might hear, That earth and heav'n might hear.
That earth and heav'n might hear, That earth and heav'n might hear, That earth and heav'n might hear.

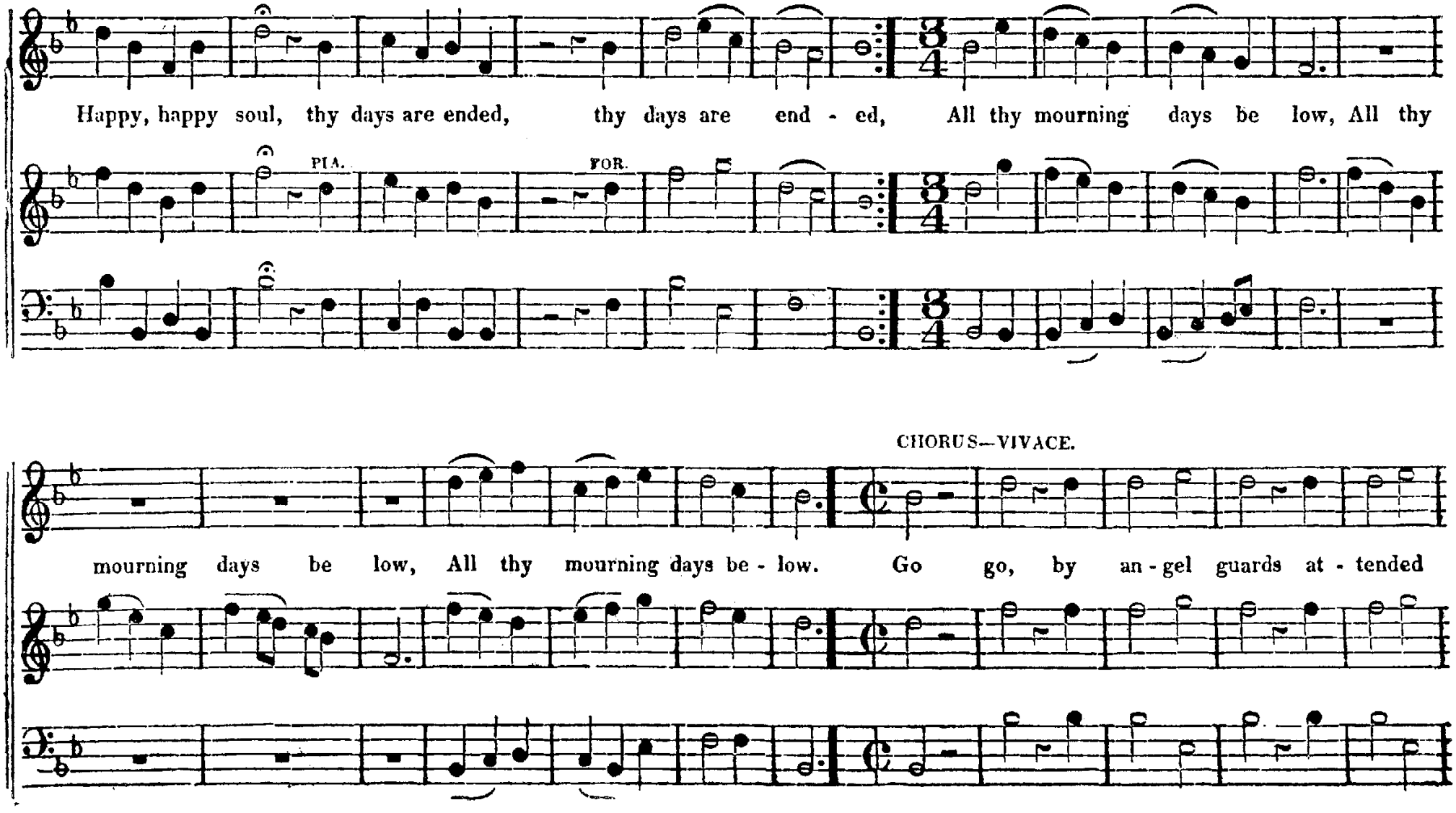
WESLEY CHAPEL. L. M.

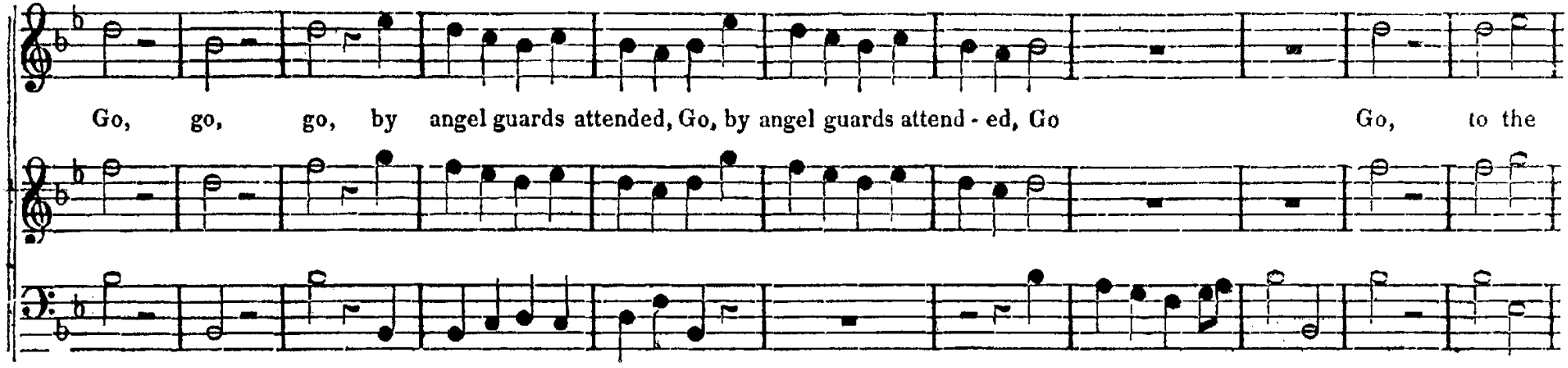
W Yoakley.

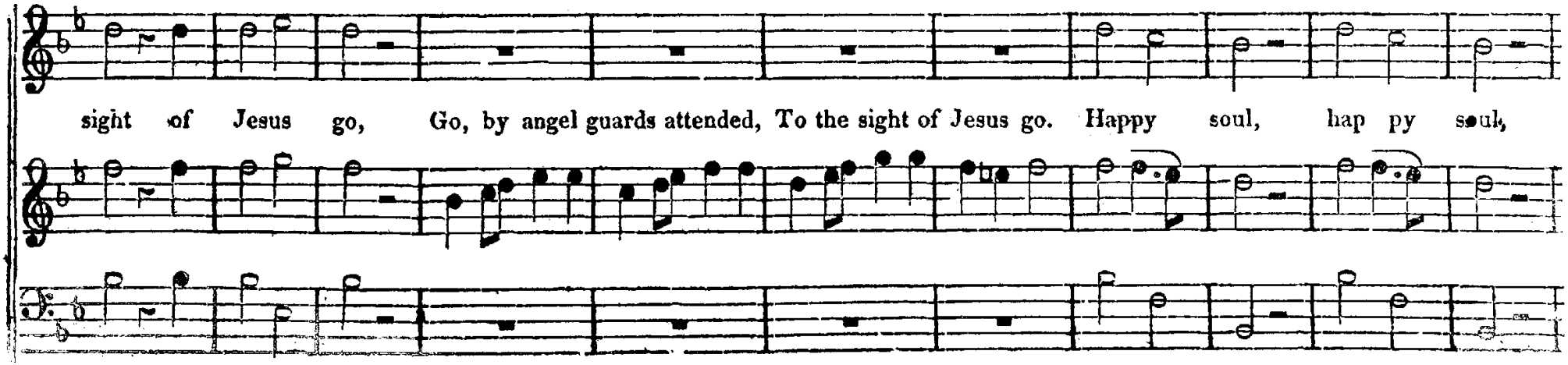


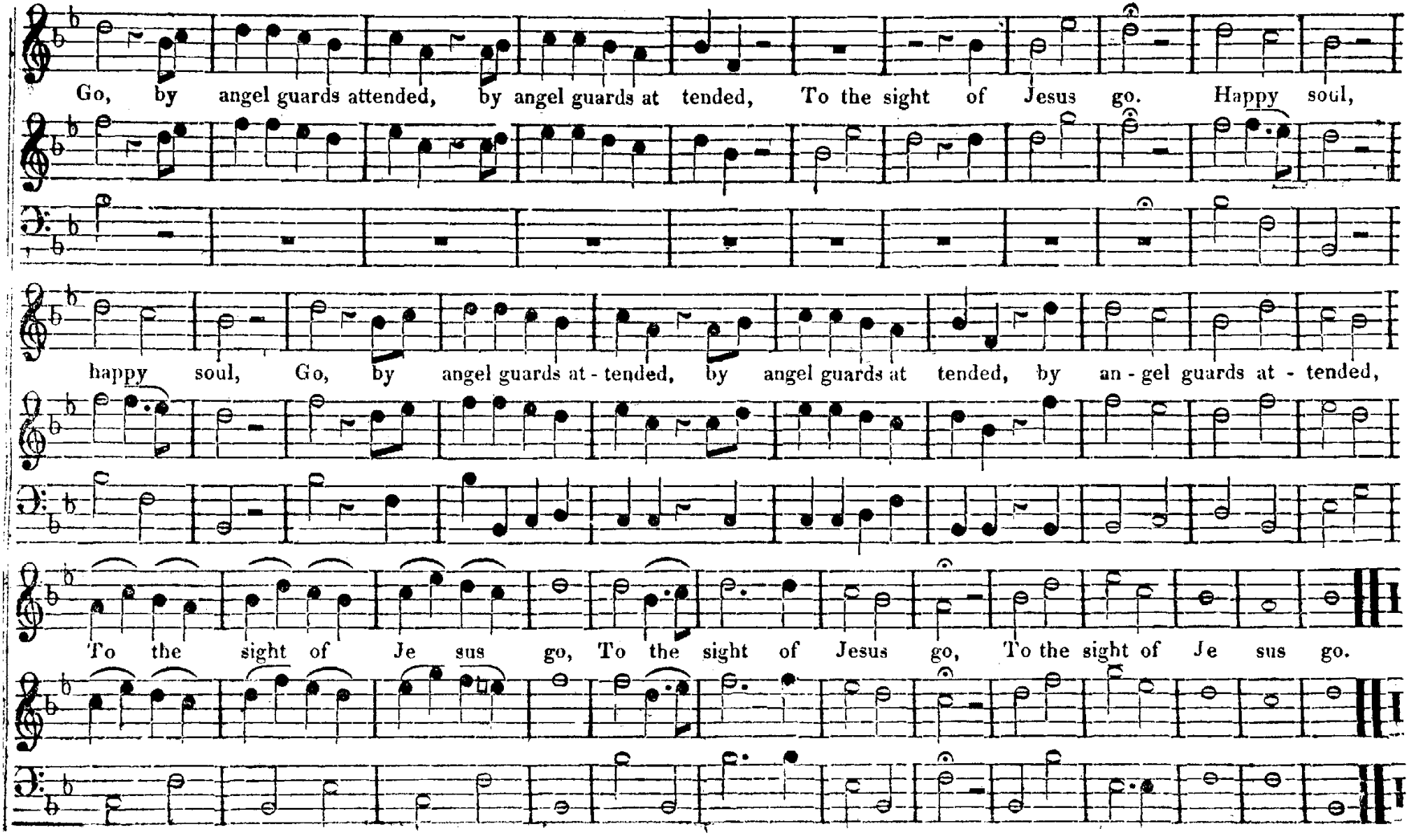
LENTO AFFETUOSO.

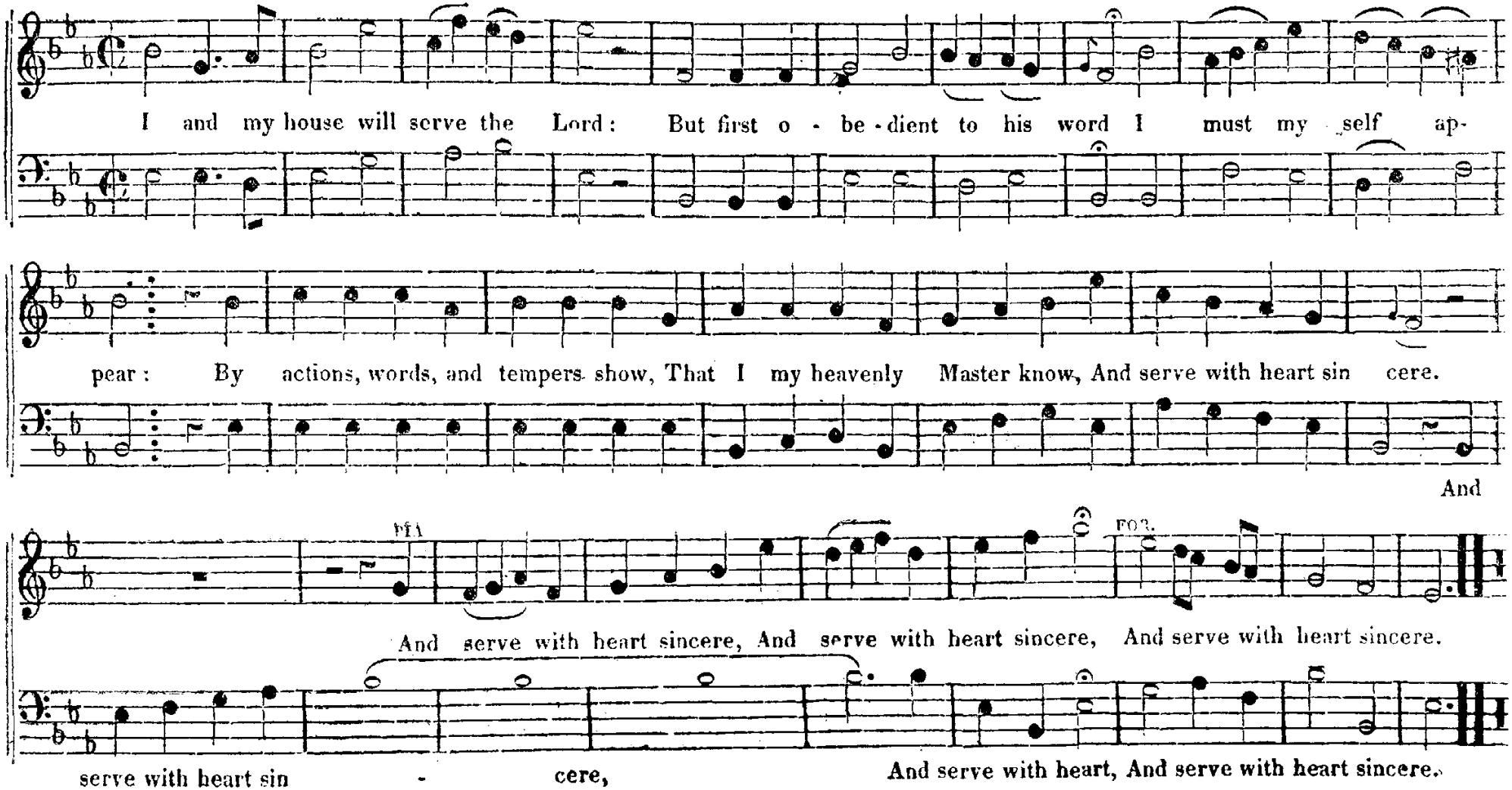



Happy, happy soul, thy days are ended, thy days are end - ed, All thy mourning days be low, All thy
PIA.
FOR.
mourning days be low, All thy mourning days be - low.
CHORUS—VIVACE.
Go go, by an - gel guards at - tended


Go, go, go, by angel guards attended, Go, by angel guards attend - ed, Go Go, to the
By angel guards attended


sight of Jesus go, Go, by angel guards attended, To the sight of Jesus go. Happy soul, hap py soul,


Go, by angel guards attended, by angel guards at tended, To the sight of Jesus go. Happy soul,
happy soul, Go, by angel guards at - tended, by angel guards at tended, by an - gel guards at - tended,
To the sight of Je sus go, To the sight of Jesus go, To the sight of Je sus go.



I must the fair example set:
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling block remove;

Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

				PAGE
INTRODUCTION AND LESSONS,				V—XI
ABRIDGE,	C.	M.		42
Adisham,	L.	M.		76
Alderton,	4th P.	M.		133
Alexandria,	C.	M.		33
Alfreton,	L.	M.		60
Alma,	5th P.	M.		143
Amsterdam,	11th P.	M.		176
Annapolis,	C.	M.		22
Angels' Hymn,	L.	M.		84
Anthem, *from* 20th Psalm,				232
Antigua,	L.	M.		64
Appleton,	S.	M.		97
Archdale,	C.	M.	D.	46
Arlington,	C.	M.		1
Arundel,	C.	M.		12
Asbury,	C.	M.		14
Ascension,	C.	M.		38
Ashford,	S.	M.		106
Ashley,	C.	M.		20
Axbridge,	C.	M.		17
Aylesbury,	S.	M.		91
BALTIMORE,	24th P.	M.		203
Bampton,	L.	M.		86
Banquet,	15th P.	M.		192
Bath Abbey,	7th P.	M.		154
Bedford,	C.	M.		7
Believer's Consolation,				227
Belper,	S.	M.		106
Berlin,	L.	M.		70
Berwick,	L.	M.		77
Bethel,	C.	M.		14
Bethlehem,	12th P.	M.		184
Beulah,	4th P.	M.		135
Bishop,	L.	M.		51
Bourton,	14th P.	M.		191
Braintree,	C.	M.		29
Bramcoat,	L.	M.		62
Brewer,	L.	M.		58
Bridgewater,	L.	M.		72
Bristol,	C.	M.		44
Broadmead,	1st P.	M.		115
Broomsgrove,	C.	M.		30
Burnham,	3d P.	M.		130
Berstead,	1st P.	M.		116
Burslem,	L.	M.		56
CALVARY,	8th P.	M.		161
Camberwell,	S.	M.		105
Canada,	L.	M.		75
Carolina	C.	M.		27
Carmarthen,	3d P.	M.		128
Caston,	C.	M.		241
Charing,	S.	M.		101
Chesterfield,	17th P.	M.		196
China	C.	M.		6
Christmas,	C.	M.		39
Clarendon,	C.	M.		33
Clarks,	12th P.	M.		183
Clifton,	C.	M.		23
Colford,	C.	M.		30
Condolence,	5th P.	M.		147
Confidence,	2d P.	M.		120
Cranbrook,	S.	M.		99
Cookham,	5th P.	M.		147
DELACOURT,	C.	M.		27
Denmark,				207
Derby New,	L.	M.		79
Derby,	18th P.	M.		198
Devizes,	C.	M.		19
Devotion,	C.	M.	D.	45
Dismission,	9th P.	M.		205
Doxology,	C.	M.		49
Dudley,	7th P.	M.		153
Driffield,	8th P.	M.		157
Dunkirk,	7th P.	M.		155
Durham,	S.	M.		91
Dursley,	S.	M.		104
Dying Christian,				212
EATON,	L.	M.		50
Ebor,	C.	M.		31
Egypt,	S.	M.		87
Epsom,				235
Euphrates,	12th P.	M.		182
Eutaw,	1st P	M.		110
FARNWORTH,	S.	M.		96
Falcon Street,	S.	M.		94
Fields,	S.	M.		174
Finedon,	6th P.	M.		150
Firmament,	L.	M.		65
Flixton,	3d P.	M.		125
Florida,	C.	M.		34
Forest,	L.	M.		59
Froome,	S.	M.		102
GAINSBOROUGH,	C.	M.		6
German Air,	L.	M.		84
God of Abraham,	21st P.	M.		201
Gorham,	4th P.	M.		139
Gospel Trumpet,	22d P.	M.		200
Greenwich New,	3d P	M.		124
Guernsey,	C.	M.		32
HAMILTON,	L.	M.		63
Hants,	S.	M.		102
Hanover,	13th P.	M.		189
Harmony,	13th P.	M.		185
Heavenly Joy,	C.	M.		36
Helmsley,	8th P.	M.		160
Hinton,	4th P.	M.		132
Hope,	S.	M.		97
Hotham,	7th P.	M.		151
Holstein,	10th P.	M.		171
Hudson,	L.	M.		83
Huntingdon	9th P.	M.		166
Hymn for Ministers,				222
IMMORTALITY,				229
Irene	20th P.	M.		200
Incarnation,				217
Irish,	C.	M.		11
Islington,	L.	M.		61
Ithaca,	S.	M.		100
JEHUDIJAH,	L.	M.		57
Josiah	11th P.	M.		177
Jewin Street,	9th P.	M.		162
John Street,				224

Judgment,.....L. M. 67

KENNEBEC,.....4th P M. 138
Kentucky,.....S M. 90
Kershaw,.....8th P M. 156
Kingsnorth,.....3d P. M. 126
Kingswood,.....12th P. M. 185
Kirke,.....L. M. 59
Knaresborough,.....C. M. 25

LAST DAY,.....8th P. M. 159
Lenox,.....8th P. M. 127
Ledbury,.....1st P. M. 119
Liberty,.....1st P. M. 108
Light-Street,.....10th P. M. 168
Little Marlborough,.....S. M. 92
Liverpool,.....C. M. 12
Love Divine,.....9th P. M. 167
Luthers,.....1st P. M. 107
Luton,.....L. M. 52
Lyminge,.....1st P. M. 117

MAGDALEN,.....L. M. 71
Melody,.....C. M. 2
Majesty,.....C. M. 48
Malden,.....C. M. 10
Malta,.....6th P. M. 164
Matthias,.....S. M. 103
Margate,.....S. M. 98
Martin's Lane,.....2d P. M. 123
Maryland,.....S. M. 98
Mear,.....C. M. 1
Medway,.....4th P. M. 131
Mexico,.....C. M. 11
Middletown,.....7th P. M. 152
Miles' Lane,.....C. M. 13
Millicent,.....9th P. M. 165
Missionary,.....C. M. 35
Monmouth,.....2d P. M. 121
Mount Pleasant,.....C. M 4
Mount Tabor,.....C. M. 3
Mount Zion,.....4th P. M. 136
Mourner,.....L. M. 55
Mystery,.....11th P. M. 180

NAZARETH,.....L. M. 82
Newry,.....L. M. 74
Newton,.....L. M. 81
Newcourt,.....2d P. M. 122
New Sabbath,.....L. M. 78
New Traveller,.....1st P. M. 111
Newport,.....L. M. 71
Norwich,.....C. M. 9

OLD HUNDRED,.....L. M. 74
Old German,.....14th P. M. 190
Old Windsor,.....C. M. 10
Oldford,.....S. M. 105
Otley.....5th P. M. 146

PARADISE,.....C. M. 40
Parvus,.....L. M. 52
Pastoral Hymn,.....1st P. M. 114
Pembroke,.....C. M. 29
Pensford,.....11th P. M. 178
Peterborough,.....C. M. 18
Petersburg,.....L M. 68
Petersfield,.....6th P M. 150
Pickering,.....C. M. 26
Plymouth Dock,.....1st P. M. 109
Portugal,.....L. M. 53
Portsmouth New,.....3d P. M. 129
Portuguese,.....13th P. M 190
Praise,.....4th P. M. 247
Provision,.....13th P. M. 187

QUEENSBOROUGH,..9th P. M. 162

RANDALL,.....C. M. 16
Redeeming Love,..5th P. M. 145
Rest,.....6th P. M. 149
Rippon,.....S. M. 93
Rochdale,.....4th P. M. 140
Rochester,.....C. M. 18
Romney,.....C. M. 42
Roseland,.....13th P. M. 188
Ryton,.....C. M. 34

SALEM,.....C. M. 8
Salford,.....C. M. 5
Sardinia,.....10th P. M. 172
Savona,.....5th P. M. 146
Sharon,.....S. M. 89
Shepherds,.....10th P. M. 175
Shepherd of Israel,.....do..... 170
Shields,.....C. M. 43
Shirland,.....S. M. 92
Shoel,.....L. M. 66
Sicilian Hymn,.....5th P. M. 143
Sion,.....10th P. M. 169
Stafford,.....S. M. 88
St. Ann's,.....C. M. 9
St. John's,.....4th P. M. 134
St. Olaves,.....C. M. 19
St. Paul,.....11th P. M. 181
St. Peter,.....L. M. 54
St. Thomas,.....S. M. 93
Slateford,.....20th P. M. 199
Strasburgh,.....L. M. 80
Suffolk,.....C. M. 24
Supplication,.....14th. P. M. 192
Swanwick.....C. M. 15

TAMWORTH.....8th P. M. 158
Tempest,.....C. M. 28
Tenham,.....18th P. M. 197
Thacher,.....S. M. 90
Tisbury,.....C. M. 21
Townhead.....5th P. M. 144
Trinity,.....19th P. M. 198
Triumph,.....L. M. 69
Triumph.....25th P. M. 204
Truro,.....L. M. 73
Tunbridge,.....1st P. M. 113
Turin,.....6th P. M. 148

WAREHAM,.....C. M. 37
Warrington,.....L. M. 62
Warwick,.....23d P. M. 202
Wareham,.....L. M. 80
Watchman,.....S. M. 87
Wells,.....L. M. 56
Wesley,.....16th P. M. 195
Wesley Chapel,.....L. M. 242
West-Street,.....15th P. M. 194
Westford,.....L. M. 223
Wexford,.....1st P. M. 111
Willowby,.....4th P. M. 136
Wiltshire,.....C. M. 41
Winchester,.....L. M. 85
Winter,.....C. M. 16
Witham,.....4th P. M. 141
Wormley,.....S. M. 95

ZUARA,.....4th P. M. 142

METRICAL INDEX.

PAGE

COMMON METRES.

Abridge, ... 42
Alexandria, ... 33
Annapolis, ... 22
Archdale, *double*, ... 46
Arlington, ... 1
Arundel, ... 12
Asbury, ... 14
Ascension, ... 38
Ashley, ... 20
Axbridge, ... 17

Bedford, ... 7
Bethel, ... 14
Braintree, ... 29
Bristol, ... 44
Broomsgrove, ... 30

Carolina, ... 27
Caston, ... 241
China, ... 6
Christmas, ... 39
Clarendon, ... 33
Clifton, ... 23
Colford, ... 30

Delacourt, ... 27
Devizes, ... 19
Devotion, *double*, ... 45
Doxology, ... 49

Ebor, ... 31

Florida, ... 34

Gainsborough, ... 6
Guernsey, ... 32

Heavenly Joy, ... 36

Irish, ... 11

Knaresborough, ... 25

Liverpool, ... 12

Majesty, *double*, ... 48
Malden, ... 10
Mear, ... 1
Melody, ... 2
Mexico, ... 11
Miles' Lane, ... 13
Missionary, ... 35
Mount Pleasant, ... 4
Mount Tabor, ... 3

Norwich, ... 9

Old Windsor, ... 10

Paradise, ... 40
Pembroke, ... 29
Peterborough, ... 18
Pickering, ... 26

Randal, ... 16
Rochester, ... 18
Romney, ... 42
Ryton, ... 34

Salem, ... 8
Salford, ... 5
Shields, ... 43
St. Anns' 9
St. Olaves, ... 19
Suffolk, ... 21
Swanwick, ... 15

Tempest, ... 28
Tisbury, ... 21

Wareham, ... 37
Wiltshire, ... 41
Winter, ... 16

LONG METRES.

Adisham, ... 76
Alfreton, ... 60
Angel's Hymn, ... 84
Antigua, ... 64

Bampton, ... 86
Berlin, ... 70
Berwick, ... 77
Bishop, ... 51
Bramcoat, ... 62
Brewer, ... 58
Bridgewater, ... 72
Burslem, ... 56

Canada, ... 75
Derby New, ... 79

Eaton, ... 50
Firmament, ... 65
Forest, ... 59

German Air, ... 84

Hamilton, ... 63
Hudson, ... 83

Islington, ... 61

Jehudijah, ... 57
Judgment, ... 67

Kirke, ... 59

Luton, ... 52

Magdalen, ... 71
Mourner, ... 55

Nazareth, ... 82
Newry, ... 74
Newton, ... 81
New Sabbath, ... 78
Newport, ... 71

Old Hundred, ... 74

Parvus, ... 52
Petersburg, ... 68
Portugal, ... 53

Shoel, ... 66
St. Peter, ... 54
Strasburg, ... 80

Triumph, ... 69
Truro, ... 73

Warrington, ... 62
Wareham, ... 80
Wells, ... 56
Winchester, ... 85

SHORT METRES.

Appleton, ... 97
Ashford, ... 106
Aylesbury, ... 91

Belper, ... 106
Camberwell, ... 105
Charing, ... 101
Cranbrook, ... 99

Durham, ... 91
Dursley, ... 104

Egypt, ... 87

Falcon-Street, ... 94
Farnworth, ... 96
Froome, ... 102

Hants, ... 102
Hope, ... 97

Ithaca, ... 100

Kentucky, ... 90

Little Marlborough, ... 92

Matthias, ... 103
Margate, ... 98
Maryland, ... 98

Oldford, ... 105

Rippon, ... 93

Sharon, ... 89
Shirland, ... 92
Stafford, ... 88
St. Thomas, ... 93

Thacher, ... 90

Watchman, ... 87
Wormley, ... 95

The figures show the number of syllables contained in each line.

PARTICULAR METRES.

1st P. M. 6 *l.* 8's. PAGE

BROADMEAD,..... 115
Berstead,..... 116
Eutaw, ... 110
Ledbury,..... 119
Liberty, ... 108
Luthers,..... 107
Lyminge,..... 117
New Traveller, ... 111
Pastoral Hymn,..... 114
Plymouth Dock,..... 109
Tunbridge,..... 113
Wexford,..... 111

2d P. M. 6 *l.* 8's.

Confidence,..... 120
Martin's Lane,..... 123
Monmouth,..... 121
Newcourt,..... 122

3d P. M. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Burnham,..... 130
Carmarthen,..... 128
Flixton,..... 125
Greenwich New,..... 124
Kingsnorth, ... 126
Lenox,..... 127
Portsmouth New,..... 129

4th P. M. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Alderton,..... 133
Beulah,..... 135
Gorham,..... 139
Hinton,..... 132
Kennebec, ... 138
Medway,..... 131
Mount Zion,..... 136
Praise,..... 247
Rochdale,..... 140
St. John's, ... 134
Willowby,..... 136
Witham,..... 141
Zuara,..... 142

5th P. M. 4 *l.* 7's.

Alma,..... 143
Condolence,..... 147
Cookham,..... 147
Otley, ... 146
Redeeming Love,..... 145
Savona,..... 146
Sicilian Hymn,..... 143
Townhead,..... 144

6th P. M. 6 *l.* 7s'.

Finedon, ... 150
Malta,..... 163
Petersfield,..... 150
Rest,..... 149
Turin,..... 148

7th P. M. 8 *l.* 7's.

Bath Abbey,..... 154
Dudley,..... 153
Dunkirk,..... 155
Hotham,..... 151
Middletown,..... 152

8th P. M. 8, 7. 8. 7, 4, 7.

Calvary,..... 161
Driffield, ... 157
Helmsley,..... 160
Kershaw,..... 156
Last Day,..... 159
Tamworth,..... 158

9th P. M. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

Huntingdon,..... 166
Jewin-Street,..... 162
Love Divine,..... 167
Millicent, ... 165
Queensborough,..... 162
Dismission,..... 205

10th P. M. 8 *l.* 8's.

Fields,..... 174
Holstein, ... 171
Light-Street,..... 168
Sardinia,..... 172
Shepherds,..... 175
Shepherd of Israel,... 170
Sion,..... 169

11th P. M. 8 *l.* 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6.

Amsterdam,..... 176
Josiah,..... 177
Mystery, ... 180
Pensford,..... 178
St. Paul..... 181

12th P. M. 8 *l.* 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 8. 7. 6.

Bethlehem,..... 184
Clarks, ... 183
Euphrates,..... 182
Kingswood,..... 185

13th P. M. 4 *l.* 10.10.11.11.

Hanover,..... 189
Harmony,..... 185
Portuguese,..... 190
Provision,..... 187
Roseland, ... 188

14th P. M. 4 *l.* 10.11.10.11.

Bourton,..... 191
Old German,..... 190
Supplication,..... 192

15th P. M. 4 *l.* 11 9. 11. 9.

Banquet,..... 192
West-Street,..... 194

16th P. M. 4 *l.* 11.12.11.12.

Wesley,..... 195

17th P. M. 4 *l.* 10.10.10.10.

Chesterfield,..... 196

18th P. M. 10. 5. 11.

Derby,..... 198
Tenham,..... 197

19th P. M. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Trinity,..... 198

20th P. M. 6.6.7.7.7.7.

Irene,..... 200
Slateford,..... 199

21st P. M. 6.6.8.4.6.6.8.4.

God of Abraham,..... 201

22d P. M. 8.8.8.8.8.4.

Gospel Trumpet,..... 200

23d P. M. 8.8.8.8.7.7.

Warwick,..... 202

24th P. M. 6.6.6.6.8.6.8.6.

Baltimore,..... 203

25th P. M. 7.7.8.7.7.7.8.7

Triumph,..... 204

ANTHEMS AND PIECES.

ANTHEM, from the 20th Psalm,..... 232
Castor,.....*Clark*..... 240
Believer's Consolation,..... 227
Denmark,..... *Dr Madan*.. 207
Dying Christian,.....*Barton*..... 212
The Dying Christian's Happy End,..... 243
Epsom,.....*Dr Madan.* 235
Hymn for Ministers,.....*Beaumont.* ... 222
Immortality,.....*Whitaker*.. 229
Incarnation,.....*G. Davis*.... 217
John-Street,.....*Handel*,.... 224
Wesley Chapel,.....*W. Yoakley*... 232

A Word to Singers.

1. *Open your mouth freely, and let your voice proceed from the stomach.*
2. *Be careful to avoid singing through the nose.*
3. *In the pronunciation of the words follow the best speakers. Imitate the orator rather than the clown.*
4. *Avoid the harsh sound of Y in the terminations* ey, ly, ri, ty, &c. *an error too common among psalm-singers. In the article* the, *never pronounce the letter E, in the same manner as you would speak or write it.*
5. *Be careful not to pitch any tune for the congregation, to go higher than G on the fifth space, particularly any long note higher has always a bad effect. For this purpose use a pitch pipe, or tuning fork.*
6. *All the pathetic or siciliano movements should be sung with feeling, and slower than usual. Nothing is more hurtful to pious hearers than the gay and improper tunes that are too frequently sung to solemn words.*
7. *Every singer should, at least have two different styles; he cannot be too much animated in hymns of praise and thanksgiving, nor too humble and pathetic in those of lamentation and sorrow.*