





From the White Bear
2000 feet above sea level

On - Rugged peaks
2000 ft.

all day

on the hill





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THE
AMERICAN
CHURCH HARP:
CONTAINING
A CHOICE SELECTION
OF
HYMNS AND TUNES,
COMPRISING
A VARIETY OF METRES,
WELL ADAPTED
TO ALL CHRISTIAN CHURCHES, SINGING SCHOOLS, AND
PRIVATE FAMILIES.

BY W. R. RHINEHART,

*"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion, with songs
and everlasting joy upon their heads."*—Isa. xxxv. 10.

DAYTON, O.
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

AT THE PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT OF THE UNITED BRETHREN IN CHRIST.

1856.

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P R E F A C E.

Not only from a principle of love to God and man, have I endeavored to promote the science of music in the world, but from a consciousness of duty devolving upon me; and having been solicited, by many, for a work of the following kind: a work, in all probability, that will excel most of the others now in use, in its universal adaptation to the great variety of hymns and metres used in the different churches.

In this work the proprietor has omitted the major part of the Gamut, for this reason, that all teachers in the science of music, should instruct their pupils from the blackboard; which has been found to be the the most efficient means in obtaining the desired end.

APOLOGY.

Our apology for publishing a new series of music, at this late hour of the day, may be found in the following remarks:

1. This work has been intended, more particularly, for church use. Here the worshiper has both the hymn and the tune before him, and may sing the part best adapted to his constitutional organization.

2. This work is but small, compared with many others—yet, containing pieces suited to every occasion. You are aware, that many hymn books, now in use, as well as those of music, contain a large number of *hymns* and *tunes* that are seldom, if ever, sung; and, that among the ministry, as well as the membership, nearly the same hymns and tunes, to the number of *thirty* or *forty*, are used; consequently, two thirds of the whole cost has been spent for that which (to them) is not bread.

3. This work, being small, may be sold at a price to meet every poor man's pocket, and thereby enable him, with the rich, to sing the praises of heaven in his family, as well as in the church of God.

4. There is, in our opinion, too much novel singing in some of our churches, affecting more the animal, than the spiritual part of man; and, in all probability, there are more untruths uttered in the sight of heaven, at least by the unconverted, in singing those ditties, than in any other way. The object of this work is, to bring back the tide of singing into its proper channel.

5. One of the principal objects in this work has been, to adapt the spirit of the hymn to that of the tune, so that they beat in unison with each other; for, it is entirely inconsistent with nature, to either sing a cheerful subject to a melancholy air, or a melancholy subject to a cheerful air; it would be like mourning at thanksgivings, and rejoicing at funerals. Here, the tune and subject being at variance, the music must be either without impression, or oppose its designed end. But, when music and subject agree, they mutually assist each other, and fill us with ardor, solemnity, and delight, while engaged in the worship of our Redeemer.

GENERAL REMARKS.

A proper accent is very ornamental in singing, either by note or word, and should be carefully attended to ; if the poetry is good, and the music well adapted, accented syllables will always fall on the accented parts of the measure. For instance, if the poetry begins with a trochee, the hand should fall on the first note ; if with an iambus, it should rise. Some authors are opposed to two accents, when a measure is divided into two parts—but, in that case, I would ask, what is to be done with a spondee, where both words or syllables are accented ? But, to be short, I would remark, that where it so happens, that an accented word falls on the unaccented part of the measure, language must predominate. A genteel pronunciation is another excellence that should be particularly inculcated ; many, who are otherwise excellent singers, obscure the ideas they utter in melody, by pronouncing ungrammatically : words terminating in *ly, ny, ry, &c.*, are apt to be pronounced as though they formed a separate word, which not only destroys the beauty of music, but the sense of poetry ; the best rule, therefore, that can be given, is, to pronounce according to the proper mode of speaking, so that what we sing may be understood.

Youngsters should not be forgetful of the importance of the calling in which they are engaged, but remember that a becoming seriousness should at all times prevail, while using sacred words ; our thoughts ought always to correspond with the music and subject. How delightful to behold a choir of singers, courting that pleasing solemnity that should attend the sacred worship of Deity.

Young singers should be very industrious in acquiring a graceful manner of beating time, and should be careful not to contract any disagreeable habits, as they are hard to overcome ; all distortions of the limbs and features, while singing, is very unbecoming, and should be carefully avoided. Scholars should observe strict decorum in time of school ; nothing is more disgusting, in singers, than affected quirks and ostentatious parade, endeavoring to overpower other voices by the strength of their own, or officiously assisting others, while theirs is silent ; on the other hand, nothing is more praiseworthy, in a choir of singers, than a becoming solemnity, which should accompany an exercise so near akin, which will, through all eternity, engage the attention of those who walk “in the climes of bliss.”

Teachers should be particular to inculcate soft singing ; a person who practices soft singing, will retain the power of hearing, and conforming to other voices, and may readily become master of such gestures and expressions, as reason and propriety dictate. Soft singing is, in fact, the best expedient for refining the ear, and improving the voice. A good voice may be injured by too loud singing. Too long singing, at one time, injures the lungs. A cold or cough, all kinds of spirituous liquors, long fasting, &c., are destructive to the voice of one who is much in the practice of singing. A frequent use of spirituous liquors, will speedily ruin the best voice.

Flat keyed tunes should be sung softer than sharp keyed ones, and may be proportioned with a lighter bass ; but, for sharp keyed tunes, let the bass be full and strong.

All solos should be sung softer than the parts when moving together. The high notes, quick notes, and slurred notes of each part, should be sung softer than the low, long, and single notes. Let the bass be sung full and bold, the tenor, regular and distinct, and the treble, soft and delicate.

In singing by note, great pains should be taken to sound the notes round and smooth, always taking care to preserve a proper accent, which is the life and beauty of music. Perhaps an imitation of the piano forte, would be equal to any other specimen that could be given for the proper sound of a note, the key of

P R E F A C E .

which, being moved by a skillful hand, strikes the chord, and immediately bounces off, leaving a smooth and pleasing sound to ensue. The concluding note should not be broken off abruptly, but should be sounded smoothly, gently swelling the last note like an echo.

In fuging music, the part that leads should be sung soft, gradually increasing as the rest of the parts fall in. To sing sometimes loud, and at others soft, as the sentiments require, is one of the principal beauties in singing; by these means, objects appear in the blaze of day, in the shade, or in the twilight, at the performer's bidding; while to the music is added variety and richness of expression. Softness and loudness are to music, what light and shade are to painting. While the voice is very soft, the sentiments expressed are wrapt in deep shade, and only seen at a distance, but as the music increases in sound, the sentiments are seen hastening from the shade, and advancing into a glare of light. When soft singing again succeeds, they again retire, and discover themselves beneath the dim and distant shade.

D E D I C A T I O N .

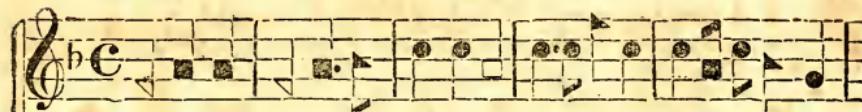
This work is humbly dedicated to all the lovers of Vocal Music of every name or order, the glory of God, and the advancement of Messiah's kingdom on earth; with the prayers of the proprietor, that the world may realize the beauties of harmony by faith in Christ, until we are all prepared to enter into the cloudless and unsullied regions of endless day, amidst the acclamations, and through the shining ranks of unnumbered millions of angelic beings, who, on harps of light, touched with ethereal fingers, strike their highest key and swell their loudest note, charming heaven's myriads, with their songs, saying, "Hallelujah, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth—to whom, with the Son, be glory and dominion forever and ever, Amen."

Hap - py the man whose bliss supreme, Flows from a
source on high, And flows in one per - petual
stream, When earth - ly springs are dry.

- 2 If Providence their comforts shroud,
And dark distresses lour,
Hope paints the rainbow on the cloud,
And grace shines through the shower.
- 3 What troubles can their hearts o'erwhelm
Who view a Saviour near?
Whose Father sits and guides the helm--
Whose voice forbids their fear?
- 4 Let tempests rage, and billows rise,
And mortal firmness shrink:
Their anchor fastens in the skies--
Their bark, no storm can sink.
- 5 God is their joy and portion still,
When earthly good retires;
And shall their hearts sustain and fill,
When earth itself expires.

A HOME IN HEAVEN. 9's & 10's.

7



A home in heav'n! what a joyful thought, As the poor man toils in his weary



lot! His heart opprest, and with anguish driven, From his home below to his home in



Heav'n. From his home below to his home in Heav'n.



2 A home in Heaven! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in Heaven.

3 A home in Heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid ;
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in Heaven.

4 A home in Heaven! when the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds ;
Oh ! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in Heaven.

5 A home in Heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead ;
We wait in hope on the promise given:
We will meet up there in our home in Heaven.

HYMN.—Concluded.

- 6 A home in heaven ! when the wheel is broke,
 And the golden bowl, by the terror-stroke ;
 When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
 We will then fly up to our home in heaven.
- 7 Our home in heaven ! oh, the glorious home,
 And the Spirit, joined with the bride, says "come!"
 Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
 And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

HANTS. S. M.

My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee

call; I cannot live if thou remove, For thou art all in



2 Thy shining grace can cheer
 This dungeon where I dwell :
 'Tis paradise when thou art here,
 If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
 How amiable they are !
 'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
 And nowhere else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
 The angels owe their bliss ;
 They sit around thy gracious throne,
 And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above,
 Can make a heav'ly place,
 If God his residence remove,
 Or but conceal his face.

6 Not earth, nor all the sky,
 Can one delight afford ;
 No not one drop of real joy,
 Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
 Where all my pleasures roll ;
 The circle where my passions move,
 And centre of my soul.

8 To thee my spirits fly,
 With infinite desire ;
 And yet how far from thee I lie !
 O Jesus, raise me higher.

Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears away, News

from the regions of the skies— A Sav - iour's born to - day.

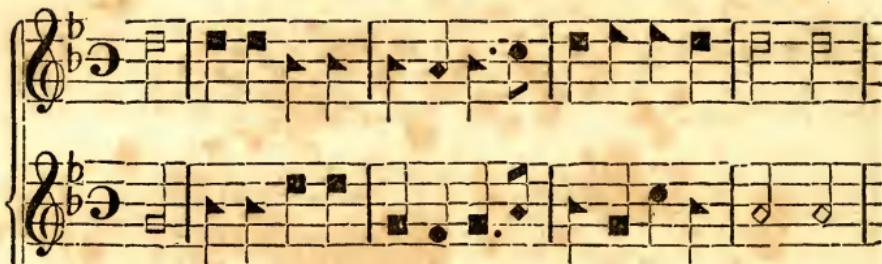
"Jesus, the God whom angels fear, Comes down to dwell with you; To-

day he makes his entrance here, But not as monarchs do.

2 "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."

3 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heav'ly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:
"Glory to God, that reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth:
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth."

4 Lord! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O, may we lose these useless tongues,
When we forget to praise!
Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn;
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.



Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up-



on; His track I see, and I'll pursue, His track, &c.



The narrow way, till him I view. His track I see, and



I'll pursue The narrow way, till him I view.

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

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

4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
“ Come hither, soul, I am the way.”

5 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shall take me to thee, whose I am ;
My sinful self I thee can give :
Nothing but love shall I receive.

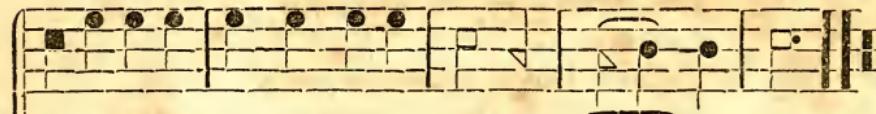
6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, “ Behold the way to God !”



All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name ; Let angels prostrate fall ; Bring



forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all. Bring



forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.



2 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.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,

Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners ! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

The chariot, the chariot, its wheels roll in fire, As the

Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire, Lo, self-moving it drives, on the

pathway of cloud; And the heav'ns with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

2 The glory, the glory around him are pour'd,

Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;

And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,

And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear!

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard;

Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirr'd!

From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,

All the vast generations of men are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,

Where the Lamb, and the white-vested elders are met!

There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord

And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,

Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;

When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,

May our justified souls find a ransom in heav'n.



And let your joys be known; Join



sorrows of the mind, Be banish'd from this place; Re-



ligion never was design'd To make our pleasures less.



2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heav'nly King,
May speak their joys abroad.

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

3 The God that rules on high,
 That all the earth surveys,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And calms the roaring seas :
 This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our Love,
 He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs
 To carry us above.

4 There we shall see his face,
 And never, never sin !
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in :
 Yea, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.

5 The men of grace have found,
 Glory begun below,
 Celestial fruit, on earthly ground,
 From faith and hope may grow.
 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry ;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

BAVARIA. 4 lines, 11's.

While nature was sinking in stillness to the rest,
 The last beams of day-light shone dim in the west;

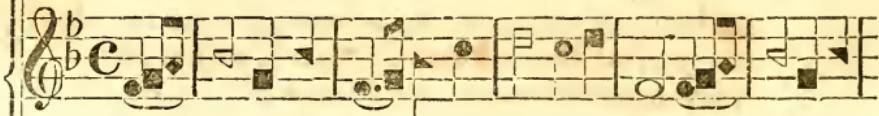
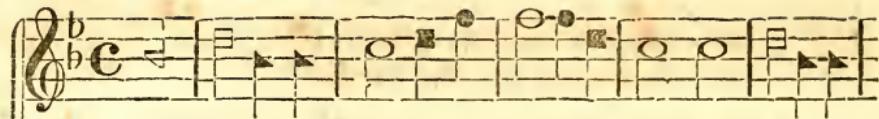
O'er fields, by the moon-light, my wander - ing feet Then
 led me to muse in some lone - ly re - treat.

- 2 While passing a garden, I paus'd then to hear
 A voice, faint and plaintive, from one that was there ;
 The voice of the suff'rer affected my heart,
 In agony pleading the poor sinner's part.
- 3 In off'ring to heaven his pitying pray'r,
 He spoke of the torments the sinner must bear !
 His life, as a ransom, he offer'd to give,
 That sinners, redeemed, in glory might live !
- 4 I listen'd a moment, then turn'd me to see
 What man of compassion this stranger might be !

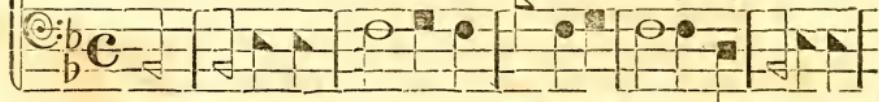
I saw him, low kneeling, upon the cold ground,
The loveliest being that ever was found !

- 5 His mantle was wet with the dews of the night;
His locks, by pale moon-beams, were glist'ning and bright;
His eyes, bright as diamonds, to heaven were rais'd,
While angels, in wonder, stood 'round him amaz'd !
- 6 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his pray'rs,
That down o'er his bosom roll'd sweat, blood, and tears !
I wept to behold him ! I ask'd him his name—
He answer'd, “ ‘Tis JESUS ! from heaven I came !
- 7 “I am thy Redeemer ! for thee I must die !
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by !
Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon me,
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee !”
- 8 I heard, with deep sorrow, the tale of his woe,
And tears, like a fountain of water, did flow !
The cause of his sorrow to hear him repeat,
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet !
- 9 I trembled with horror, and loudly did cry,
“ Lord, save a poor sinner ! O save, or I die !”
He smil'd when he saw me, and said to me, “ Live !
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive !”
- 10 How sweet was that moment he bade me rejoice !
His smile, O how pleasant ! how cheering his voice !
I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,
And shouted, “ Salvation,” and “ Glory to God !”
- 11 I'm now on my journey to mansions above !
My soul's full of glory, of light, peace, and love !
I think of the garden, the pray'r, and the tears
Of that loving Stranger, who banish'd my fears !
- 12 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When Gabriel, descending, the trumpet shall sound ;
My soul then, in raptures of glory, shall rise
To gaze on the Stranger with unclouded eyes !

PROTECTION. 4 lines 11's.



How firm a foun - dation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your



faith in his excellent word; What more can he say than to you he hath



said, Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled.



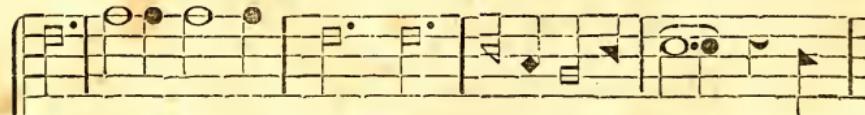
2 "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismay'd,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand."

- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
 The flame shall not hurt thee—I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
 My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne."

GREENVILLE. C. M.



Amazing grace! how sweet the sound That sav'd a wretch like me :
 I once was lost, but now am found— Was blind, but now I see :



Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see : I



The musical notation consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Both staves have four measures. The notes are represented by various symbols such as squares, circles, and diamonds, indicating different pitch levels. Measures 1 and 2 end with a repeat sign, and measures 3 and 4 end with a final chord symbol.

once was lost, but now am found—Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd.

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come :
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace shall lead me home.

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

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

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

Show pity, Lord ; O Lord for - give ; Let a repenting rebel
 live, Are not thy mercies large and free ?
 May not a sinner trust in thee ?

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

3 Oh ! 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.

4 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.

He dies! the friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daugh-

ters weep around; A solemn darkness vails the

skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

2 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.

- 3 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!
- 4 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.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great deliv'rer reigns ;
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster, Death, in chains.

~~~~~

KERSHAW. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded,  
 Je - sus ready stands to save you, Full of pity,

sick and sore, } He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is  
 love and pow'r: } a - ble, He is a - ble, He is

able, He is will - ing, doubt no more,

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify ;  
True belief, and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh :  
Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
All the fitness he requireth,  
Is to feel the need of him :  
This he gives you, 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all :  
Not the righteous, Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing, in the garden,  
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !  
On the bloody tree behold him !  
Hear him cry before he dies,  
"It is finish'd !" Sinners, will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo ! the incarnate God ascending,  
Pleads the merit of his blood ;  
Venture on him, venture freely—  
Let no other trust intrude :  
None but Jesus Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb,  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his name :  
Hallelujah ! Sinners here may do the same.

Behold the Sa - viour of mankind Nail'd to the

shameful tree! How vast the love that him in-

clin'd To bleed and die, To bleed and die for thee!

- 2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes, See where he bows his sacred head!  
And earth's strong pillars bend ! He bows his head, and dies!  
The temple's vail in sunder breaks, [chain,  
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done, the precious ransom's paid,  
Receive my soul! he cries :
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious  
And in full glory shine :  
O, Lamb of God, was ever pain,  
Was ever love like thine !

O thou in whose presence my soul takes de - light, On

whom in affliction I call; My com - fort by day, and my

song in the night, My hope, my sal - vation, my all.

2 Where dost thou, at noon-tide, resort with thy sheep,  
To feed on the pastures of love?

Or why in the valley of death should I weep,  
Or 'lone in the wilderness rove ?

- 3 Oh why should I wander, an alien from thee,  
And cry in the desert for bread ?  
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed.

- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen  
The star that on Israel shone ?  
Say if in your tents, my beloved has been,  
And where with his flock he is gone.

- 5 This is my beloved, his form is divine,  
His vestments shed odors around ;  
The locks on his head, are as grapes on the vine  
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

- 6 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow  
In the vales on the banks of the streams,  
On his cheeks, in the beauty of excellence, glow—  
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

- 7 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer, sweet,  
Is heard through the shadows of death;  
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,  
The air is perfum'd with his breath.

- 8 His lips as a fountain of excellence flow,  
That waters the garden of grace ;  
From which their salvation the gentiles shall know,  
And bask in the smiles of his face.

- 9 Love sits in his eye-lids, and scatters delight  
Through all the bright mansions on high ;  
Their faces the cherubims vail in his sight,  
And tremble with fullness of joy.

- 10 He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for his word ;  
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,  
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

See the Lord of      Glory dying!      See him gasping!

Hear him crying!      See his burthen'd bosom heave!

Look! ye sinners, ye that hung him, Look how deep your sins have

stung him;      Dy - ing      sin - ners, look and live.

2 See the rocks and mountains shaking,  
Earth unto her center quaking,  
Nature's groans awake the dead.  
Look on Phœbus, struck with wonder,  
Whilst the peals of legal thunder  
Smote the dear Redeemer's head.

3 Heaven's bright melodious legions,  
Chanting thro' the tuneful regions,  
Cease to thrill the quiv'ring string;  
Songs seraphic all suspended,  
Till the mighty war is ended,  
By the all-victorious King.

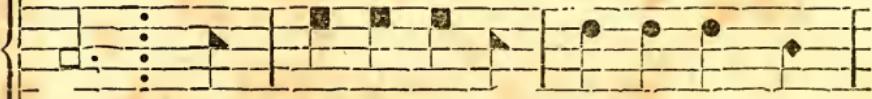
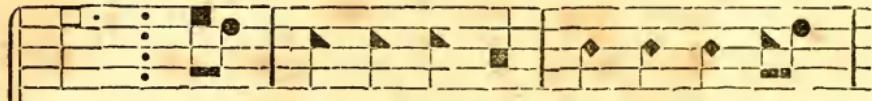
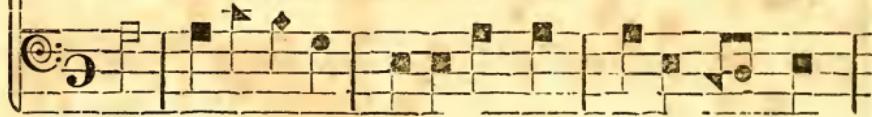
4 Hell, and all the pow'rs infernal,  
Vanquish'd by the King eternal,  
When he pour'd the vital flood,  
By his groans, which shook creation,  
Lo! we found a proclamation,  
Peace and pardon by his blood.

5 Shout, ye saints, with adoration,  
Fill, with songs, the wide creation,  
Since he's risen from the grave;  
Shout with joyful acclamation,  
To the Rock of our salvation,  
Who alone has power to save.

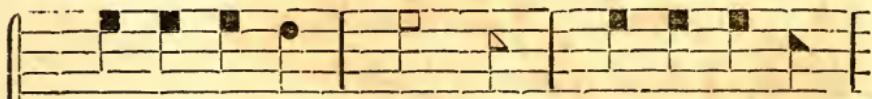
6 Bear, with patience, tribulation,  
Overcoming all temptation,  
Till the glorious jubilee;  
Soon he'll come with bursts of thunder  
Then shall we adore and wonder,  
Singing on the highest key.



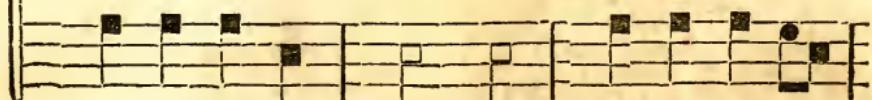
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful



eye, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where



my pos-ses-sions lie, To Canaan's fair and



hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,  
That rises to my sight!

Sweet fields array'd in living green,  
And rivers of delight!

3 There gen'rous fruit that never fails,  
On trees immortal grow :

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

4 All o'er those wide, extended plains,  
Shines one eternal day ;

There God the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore ;

Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest ?

When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest ?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul  
Would here no longer stay !

Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

8 There on those high and flow'ry plains,  
Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;

But in perpetual joyful strains,  
Redeeming love admire.

Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak, Thou Sov'reign Lord of

all; Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak, and raise

the poor that fall, And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,  
When virtue lies distress,  
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,  
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,  
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;  
And their best wishes to fulfill,  
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove  
From men of heart sincere;  
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love  
Is join'd with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,  
And spread thy fame abroad;  
Let all the sons of Adam raise  
The honors of their God.

Broad is the road that leads to death, And  
thousand's walk to - geth - er there; But wisdom shows  
a narrow path, With here and there a tra - vel - er.

- 2 Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"  
Is the Redeemer's great command;  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain this heav'nly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteem'd *almost* a saint,  
And makes his own destruction **sure**!

Re - vive thy work, O Lord, And send sal - va - tion

down; Let the sharp arrows of thy word Trans -

pierce the hearts of stone, Transpierce the hearts of stone.

2 Ride in thy prosperous car,  
Regain thy people lost;  
Let thy right hand conduct the war,  
Let vict'ry crown thy host.

3 Thy fainting saints revive;  
Awaken them that sleep;  
Make the dry bones arise and live,  
And comfort all that weep.

4 Come, O ye winds of heav'n,  
Breathe o'er this vale of death;  
May the Good Spirit, richly giv'n,  
Fill all with praying breath.

Father, I dare be - lieve Thee mer - ci -

ful and true: Thou wilt my guilty soul

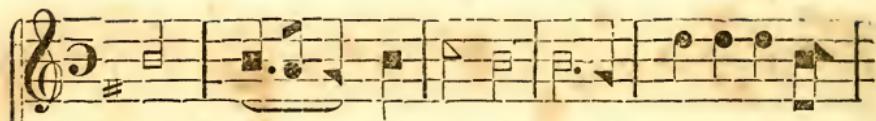
for - give, My fall - en soul re - new.

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

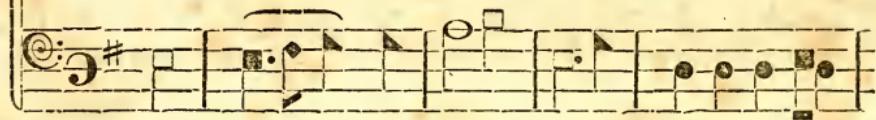
3 I cannot wash my heart,  
But by believing thee:  
And waiting for thy blood t' impart  
The spotless purity.

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

D

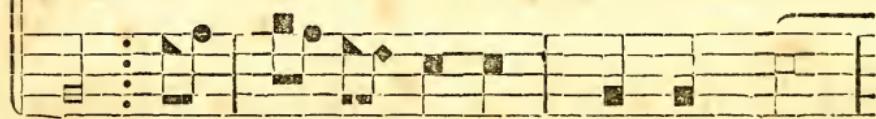


The day is past and gone, The ev'ning shades ap -



pear;

Oh! may we all re -

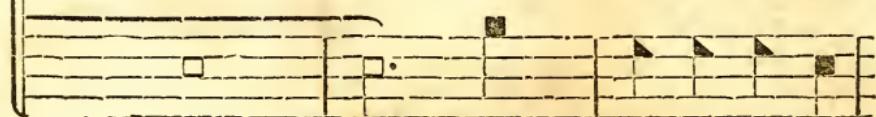


mem - ber

well,

Oh!

may we all re -

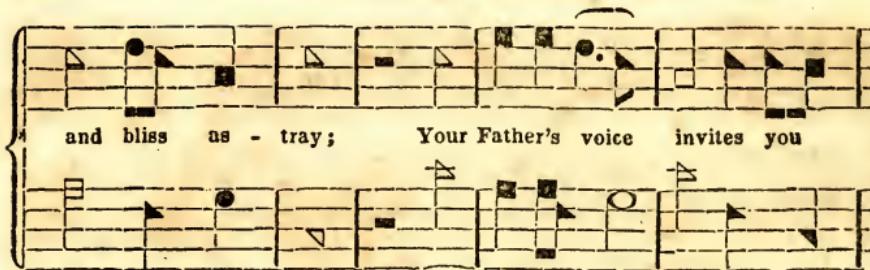


mem - ber well, The night of death is near.

- 2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest ;  
So death will soon disrobe us all  
Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears,  
Beneath the shadow of thy wings,  
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise,  
And view the unclouded sun ;  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove ;  
Oh ! may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love !

## DEVOTION. L. M.

Ye erring souls that wildly roam From heaven



2 And thou art bidden, weary one,

With wants and woes opprest;

And every far off wand'ring son,

May be a welcome guest.

3 Return, thou prodigal, return,

\*Thy Father bids thee come;

He doth thy needless absence mourn;

Thou erring child, come home.

4 Come, for the feast already waits,

The fatlings all are slain;

Go, seek with haste his palace gates,

Nor shall thou seek in vain.

5 The Father stands, and waits to greet

His late returning son;

Now haste thee, child, he runs to meet

And kiss thee as his own.



lays, And sing the great Re - deem - er's

praise, He just - ly claims a song from

me, His lov - ing kind ness, O, how free!

The musical notation consists of two staves of music. The top staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. It contains six measures of music with various note heads (solid black, hollow, and cross-hatched) and rests. Below the staff, the lyrics "His lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kind - ness, His" are written. The bottom staff begins with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. It contains five measures of music. Below the staff, the lyrics "lov - ing kind - ness O, how free." are written.

- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all ;  
He sav'd me from my lost estate,  
His loving-kindness, O, how great !
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,  
He near my soul has always stood,  
His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 5 Although I feel my sinful heart,  
Prone from my Saviour to depart ;  
And though I have him oft forgot,  
His loving kindness changes not !
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;  
O ! may my last expiring breath,  
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away  
To brighter worlds of endless day,  
And sing with rapture and surprise,  
His loving-kindness in the skies.

2b C

Soldiers of the cross, arise! Lo! your leader from the skies

Waves before you glory's prize, The prize of vic - to - ry.

Seize your armor! gird it on; Fight until the battle's won;

Soon the conflict will be done; Then struggle manful - - ly.

2 Jesus conquer'd when he fell,  
Met and vanquish'd earth and hell;  
Now he leads you on to swell  
The triumphs of his cross.  
Though your enemies appear,  
Who will doubt, or who can fear?  
God, our strength and shield, is near;  
We cannot lose our cause.

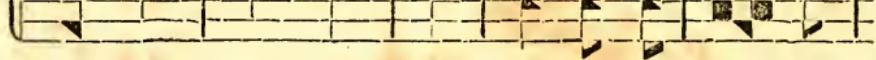
3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!  
Jesus points the victor's rod;  
Follow where your leader trod;  
You soon shall see his face.  
Soon your enemies, all slain,  
Crowns of glory you shall gain;  
Soon you'll join that glorious train,  
Who shout their Saviour's praise.



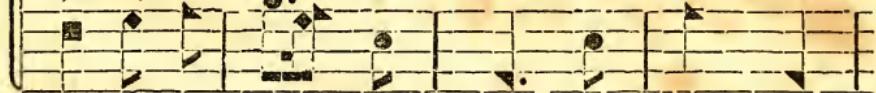
God counts the sor - rows of his saints, Their



groans af - fect his ears; He has a book for



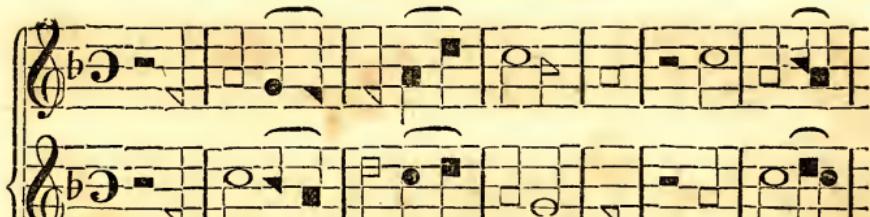
their complaints, A bot - tle for their



tears, A bot - tle for their tears.

The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
Can give us day for night,  
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
To rivers of delight.

3 Let those who sow in sadness, wait  
Till the fair harvest come;  
They shall confess their sheaves are great  
And shout the blessing home.



2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid, 3 We'll crow'd thy gates with thankful songs,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men; High as the heav'ns our voices raise !  
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd, And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
He brought us to his fold again. Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 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.

The Lord shall come! The earth shall quake; The

moun - tains to their cen - ter shake; And,

with - 'ring from the vault of night,

The musical notation consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics "The stars shall pale their feeble light." are written below the notes, with "pale" underlined and a bracket above it covering both staves. The music includes various note heads (circles, squares, diamonds) and stems.

- 2 The Lord shall come! but not the same  
As once in lowliness he came ;  
A silent Lamb before his foes,  
A weary man, and full of woes.
  - 3 The Lord shall come ! a dreadful form,  
With rainbow-wreath, and robes of storm ;  
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,  
Appointed Judge of all mankind.
  - 4 Can this be He, who went to stray  
A pilgrim on the world's highway ;  
Oppress'd by pow'r, and mock'd by pride,  
The Nazarene—the crucified ?
  - 5 While sinners in despair shall call,  
“Rocks, hide us : mountains, on us fall !”  
The saints, ascending from the tomb,  
Shall joyful sing, “The Lord is come !”
- 

## CONCORD. S. M.

The musical notation consists of three staves of music. The top two staves begin with a treble clef and the third staff begins with a bass clef. The lyrics "Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glory sing;" are written below the notes. The music includes various note heads and stems.

Je - ho - vah is the sov - reign Lord, :||:

The u - ni - versal king.

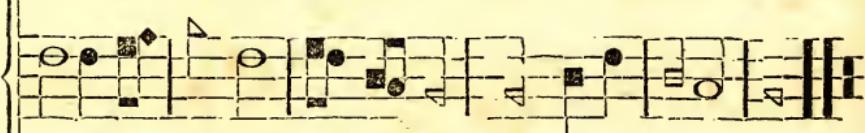
2 He form'd the deeps unknown,  
He gave the seas their bound ;  
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord ;  
We are his works, and not our own ;  
He form'd us by his word.

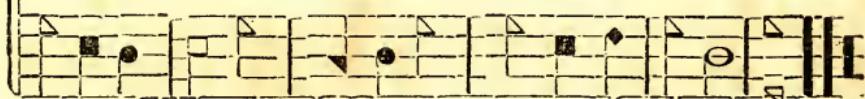
4 To-day, attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
Come like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.



There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign ;



In - finite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.



2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-with'ring flow'rs :  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heav'nly land from ours.

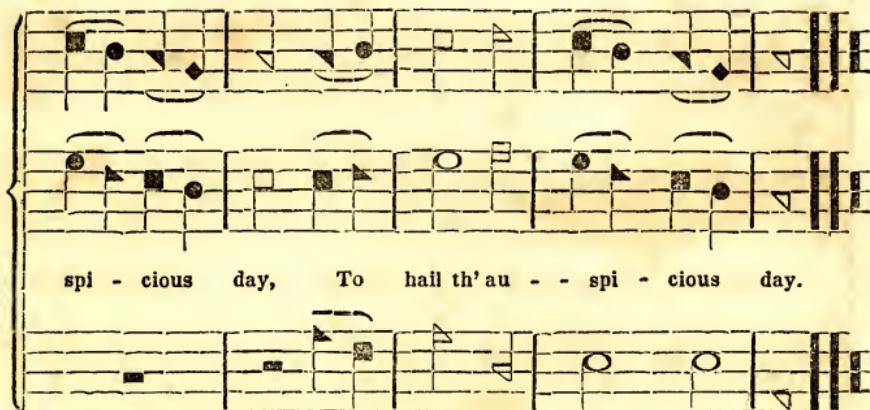
3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand drest in living green,  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.

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

Mortals, a - wake! with an - gels join, And

chant the sol - emn lay; Joy, love and grat - i -

tude com - bine - - - - To hail th' au-



- 2 In heav'n the rapturous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,  
And loud the echo roll'd ;  
The theme, the song, the joy was new,  
'Twas more than heav'n could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky,  
Th' impetuous torrent ran ;  
And angels flew with eager joy,  
To bear the news to man.
- 5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,  
“ Glory to God on high ;  
Good will and peace are now complete,  
Jesus was born to die.”
- 6 Hail, Prince of Life ! forever hail !  
Redeemer, Brother, Friend !  
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,  
Thy praise shall never end.
- 7 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,  
And glory leads the song :  
Good will and peace are heard throughout  
The harmonious heav'nly throng.

My Sa - vior, my al - migh - ty Friend, When

I be - - gin thy praise, Where will the grow - ing

num - - bers end, The num - bers of thy

Musical notation for the lyrics "grace, The num - - bers of thy grace." The music consists of three staves of musical notes and rests on a five-line staff system. The notes include various shapes like circles, squares, and triangles, with stems pointing up or down. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,  
     Thy goodness I adore ;  
     Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,  
     That I may love thee more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length  
     Of the celestial road :  
     And march with courage in thy strength,  
     To see the Lord my God.
- 4 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs,  
     With this delightful song,  
     And entertain the darkest hours,  
     Nor think the season long.

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### DESIRE. P. M.

Musical notation for the lyrics "O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a -". The music is in common time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features two staves of musical notes on a five-line staff system. The notes are represented by various symbols such as circles, squares, and triangles, with stems indicating direction. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

bove, To drink the flowing fountains Of ev - erlasting love? When  
shall I be de - liv - er'd From this vain world of sin, And  
with my blessed Je - sus, Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,  
My Captain's voice I hear ;  
He gives me all my orders  
And tells me not to fear.  
And if I hold out faithful,  
A crown of life he 'll give ;  
And all his valiant soldiers  
Shall ever with him live.

3 Through grace I am determin'd  
To conquer, though I die ;  
And then away to Jesus,  
On wings of love I 'll fly.  
Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
I bid them all adieu ;  
And you, my friends, prove faithful,  
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles,  
     And trials on the way ;  
     Then cast your care on Jesus,  
         And don't forget to pray.  
     Gird on the heav'nly armor,  
         Of faith, and hope, and love ;  
     And when the war is ended,  
         You'll reign with him above.

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

## DAUGHTER OF ZION. 11's.

Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness; Awake! for thy  
     foes shall op - press thee no more; Bright o'er thy hills dawns the

day - star of gladness, A - rise! for the night of thy

sorrows is o'er. Daughter of Zion, a - wake from thy

sadness, Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

- 2 Strong wére thy foes ; but the arm that subdu'd them,  
And scatter'd their legions, were mightier far:  
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursu'd them :  
How vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion ! the power that hath sav'd thee,  
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel shall be :  
Shout ! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd thee,  
The oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

And must this body die—This well-wrought frame decay? And  
must these active limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth and worms,  
Shall but refine this flesh,  
Till my triumphant spirit comes,  
To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,  
And ever from the skies  
Looks down and watches all my dust,  
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace,  
Shall these vile bodies shine;  
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,  
Be heav'nly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,  
Lord, to thy dying love:  
O, may we bless thy grace below,  
And sing thy grace above.

6 Savior, accept the praise  
Of these, our humble songs,  
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise,  
With our immortal tongues.



Hark how the Gos - - pel trumpet sounds!



Through all the earth the ech - - o bounds; And Jesus,



by redeeming blood, Is bringing sinners back to God; And





guides them safely, by his word, To endless day.

2 Hail ! all-victorious conqu'ring Lord,  
Be thou by all thy works ador'd,  
Who undertook fer sinful man,  
And brought salvation through thy name,  
That we with thee may ever reign  
In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring souls, fight on ;  
And when the conquest you have won,  
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear,  
And in his kingdom have a share,  
And crowns of glory ever wear  
In endless day.

4 There we shall in full chorus join,  
With saints and angels all combine,  
To sing of his redeeming love,  
When rolling years shall cease to move,  
And this shall be our theme above  
In endless day.

5 Hark ! how the Gospel-trumpet sounds,  
Through all the world the echo bounds !  
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,  
Is bringing sinners back to God,  
And guides them safely by his word  
To endless day.

A charge to keep I have, A  
God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er dy - ing  
soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill;  
O may it all my pow'r engage,  
To do my Maker's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live,  
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely;  
Assur'd if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

The Lord of glory is my light, And my salvation too, and my sal - vation too; God is my strength, nor will I fear What all my foes can do, what all my foes can do.

2 God counts the sorrows of his saints,

Their groans affect his ears :

He has a book for their complaints,  
A bottle for their tears.

3 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,

Can give us day for night,

Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
To rivers of delight.

4 Let those who sow in sadness, wait

'Till the fair harvest come;

They shall confess their sheaves are great,  
And shout the blessing home.

He comes! he comes, the Judge se - vere; The  
sev - enth trumpet speaks him near: His lightnings  
flash, his thunders roll— How wel - come to the  
faith - ful soul! His light - nings flash, his thunders

roll— How wel - come to the faith - ful soul.

- 2 From heav'n angelic voices sound—  
See the almighty Jesus crown'd :  
Girt with omnipotence and grace,  
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,  
He claims the kingdoms for his own ;  
The kingdoms all obey his word,  
And hail him their triumphant Lord !
- 3 Shout, all the people of the sky,  
And all the saints of the most high ;  
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,  
Forever and forever reigns.

## EDEN OF LOVE.

How sweet to re - flect on those joys that a - wait me, In  
Where glorified spir - its with welcome shall greet me, And

yon blissful region, the haven of rest, } blest; } En - cir - cled with  
lead me to mansions prepared for the

light, and with glory en - shrouded, My happiness perfect, my

mind's sky unclouded, I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure un-

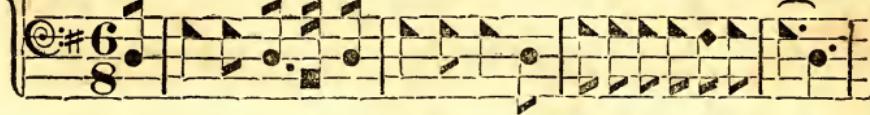
bounded, And range with delight thro' the Eden of love.

2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,  
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise ;  
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,  
In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise ;  
Their songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,  
My soul shall respond, "to Immanuel be given,  
All glory, all honor, all might, all dominion,"  
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love

3 Then, hail blessed state ! hail ye songsters of glory !  
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above ;  
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,  
Salvation from sorrow through Jesus' love ;  
Though prisoned in clay, yet by anticipation,  
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation  
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation ;—  
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.



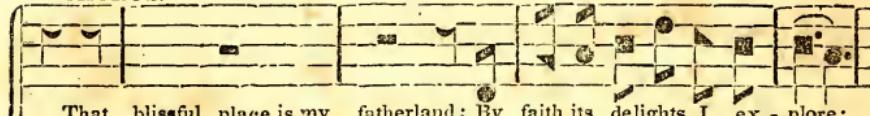
There is a land where my hopes are stay'd, My heart and my treasure are there:



Where verdure and blossoms never fade, And fields are e - ter - nally fair.



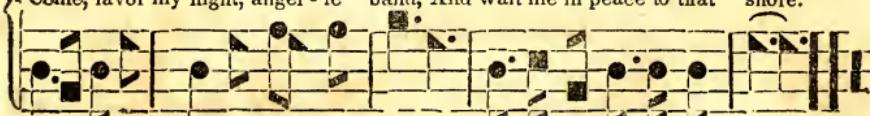
CHORUS.



That blissful place is my fatherland; By faith its delights I ex - plore:



Come, favor my flight, angel - ic band, And waft me in peace to that shore.



2 There is a place where the angels dwell,

A pure and a peaceful abode;

The joys of that place no tongue can tell—

But there is the palace of God!

*That blissful place, &c.*

3 There is a place where my friends are gone,

Who suffer'd and worship'd with me;

Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,

The King in his beauty they see.

*That blissful place, &c.*

4 There is a place where I hope to live,

When life and its labors are o'er;

A place which the Lord to me will give,

And then I shall sorrow no more.

*That blissful place, &c.*

## LIBERTY TREE.

11, 8, 11, 8, Double, without Slurs. C. M., Double, with Slurs.



In a chariot of light from the regions of day, The goddess of Liberty  
Ten thousand celestials il - lumined the way, And hither conducted the



A fair budding branch from the gardens above, Where millions with millions a-



name; } She brought in her hand, as a pledge of her love,  
dame. } The plant she call'd Liberty Tree.



gree.

## COMMUNION. C. M.



How sweet and awful is the place, With Christ within the doors;  
While ev - er - lasting love displays The choicest of her stores!



Here, in the language of a God, Divine compassion rolls; Here  
peace and pardon, bought with blood, Is food for dy - ing souls.

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,  
Join to admire the feast,  
Each of us cries, with thankful tongues,  
“Lord, why was I a guest?  
Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
And enter while there’s room,  
When thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come?”

## GERMANTOWN. L. M.

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake! Thine own immortal strength put on! With

terror cloth'd, hell's kingdom shake, And cast thy foes with fury down. As

in the ancient days, appear! The sacred annals speak thy fame; Be

now omnip - o - tent - ly near, To end - less a - ges still the same.

2 By death and hell pursu'd in vain,  
To thee the ransom'd seed shall come;  
Shouting, their heav'ly Zion gain,  
And pass, through death, triumphant home:  
The pain of life shall then be o'er,  
The anguish and distracting care;  
There sighing grief shall weep no more,  
And sin shall never enter there.

3 Where pure, essential joy is found,  
The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise,  
With everlasting gladness crown'd,  
And fill'd with love and lost in praise.  
Then let my moments smoothly run,  
And sing my hours in peace away;  
Till evening shades and setting sun,  
Conclude my race in endless day.

## EARTH AS IT IS.

BY KATE RUTH.

O! there is sorrow deep and dark,  
In this lone sin-cursed world;  
O! there is anguish in the heart,  
That never can be told.  
No outlet hath that fount but tears,  
No breezes save a sigh;  
It dwelleth there through few years,  
And dieth—when we die.

There is a fierce consuming fire,  
That never says enough;  
The more you give, the more desire—  
'Tis hatred or 'tis love.  
Choose which you will, it sears the soul,  
And bribes its servant brain;  
With crown and scepter throned on high,  
It holds despotic reign.

There is a wound, a bleeding wound,  
Hid from the surgeon's eye;  
The patient laughs and owns it not,  
Although he feels death nigh.  
'Tis where the trusting was betrayed,  
Where friendship's vow was broken;  
The pain, the lingering pain is there,  
The last sad parting token.

There is a shrine, a sacred shrine,  
Where grief's dark plumage waves;  
Its sadness can no words define,  
'Tis near a loved one's grave.  
To that lone spot we turn to weep.  
We view its treasures o'er,  
And while the cold chills o'er us creep,  
We lisp "they've gone."

Is there no balm in Gilead found?  
Is no physician there?  
Then why is Israel's child not healed?  
Why have the sick no care?  
Yes, there is healing balm yet found,  
A tender hand is nigh;  
Be cheerful, lonely, stricken one,  
God says, "Thou shalt not die."  
South Bend, Ind.

*Give me præservation,*  
Meanest follow'r of the Lamb,  
His steps I at a distance see;  
I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The first three staves begin with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The fifth staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The sixth staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music includes various note heads (solid black, hollow white, and square) and rests.

I for me hast died,  
You in me wilt live;  
Feel thy death applied;  
Shall thy life receive:  
Yet when melted in the flame  
Of love, this shall be all my plea,  
I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.

terror cloth'd, hell's kingdom shake, And cast thy foes with fury down. As

in the ancient days, appear! The sacred annals speak thy fame; Be

now omnip - o - tent - ly near, To end - less a - ges still the same.

2 By death and hell pursu'd in vain,  
 To thee the ransom'd seed shall come ;  
 Shouting, their heav'ly Zion gain,  
 And pass, through death, triumphant home :  
 The pain of life shall then be o'er,  
 The anguish and distracting care ;  
 There sighing grief shall weep no more,  
 And sin shall never enter there.

3 Where pure, essential joy is found,  
 The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise,  
 With everlasting gladness crown'd,  
 And fill'd with love and lost in praise.  
 Then let my moments smoothly run,  
 And sing my hours in peace away ;  
 Till evening shades and setting sun,  
 Conclude my race in endless day.

Let the world their virtue boast, Their works of righteousness ! I, a wretch un-

done and lost, Am freely sav'd by grace; Other titles I disclaim: This, only

this, is all my plea : I the chief of sinners am, But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound,  
Like Jordan's swelling stream;  
Who their heav'n in Christ have found,  
And give the praise to him;  
Meanest follow'r of the Lamb,  
His steps I at a distance see;  
I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.

3 Jesus, thou for me hast died,  
And thou in me wilt live;  
I shall feel thy death applied;  
I shall thy life receive:  
Yet when melted in the flame  
Of love, this shall be all my plea,  
I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in common time (indicated by '3'). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes where applicable.

What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame, Is it death? Is it death?  
That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame, Is it death? Is it death?

If this be death, I soon shall be From ev'ry pain and sorrow free, I

shall the King of glory see: All is well, All is well.

2 Weep not, my friends; my friends, weep not for me,  
All is well, All is well!

My sins are pardon'd—pardon'd; I am free,  
All is well, All is well!

There's not a cloud that doth arise,

To hide my Jesus from mine eyes,

I soon shall mount the upper skies;

All is well, All is well!

**3** Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory,  
All is well, All is well !

I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,  
All is well, All is well !

Bright angels are from glory come,  
They're round my bed, they're in my room !  
They wait to waft my spirit home—  
All is well, All is well !

**4** Hark, hark, my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me,  
All is well, All is well !

I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory,  
All is well, All is well !

Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu,  
I can no longer stay with you,  
My glitt'ring crown appears in view,  
All is well, All is well !

**5** Hail ! hail ! all hail ! all hail ! ye blood-wash'd throng,  
Sav'd by grace, Sav'd by grace !

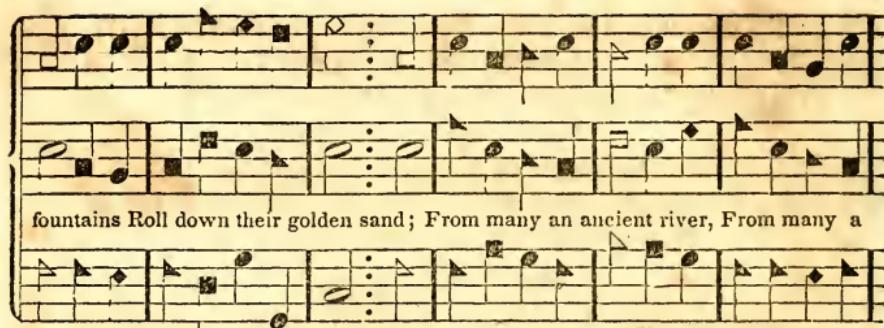
I come to join, to join your rapturous song,  
Sav'd by grace, Sav'd by grace !

All, all is peace and joy divine,  
And heav'n and glory now are mine :  
All hallelujah to the Lamb !

All is well ! All is well !

### MISSIONARY HYMN.

From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand ; Where Afric's sunny



palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.  
1 2

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

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

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

E - terni - ty is just at hand!— And shall I waste my ebbing sand; And  
 careless view departing day, And throw my inch of time away?

- 2 But an eternity there is  
 Of endless woe, or endless bliss ;  
 And swift as time fulfills its round,  
 We to eternity are bound.
- 3 What countless millions of mankind  
 Have left the fleeting world behind !  
 They're gone ! but where ? ah, pause and see,  
 Gone to a long eternity ?
- 4 Sinner ! canst thou forever dwell  
 In all the fiery deeps of hell ?  
 And is death nothing, then, to thee;  
 Death, and a dread eternity ?

Come, let us anew our journey pursue, Roll round with the  
 year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter appear! His a - dor able  
 will let us gladly fulfill, And our talents improve, By the patience of hope, and the  
 labor of love. By the patience of hope, &c.

2 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,  
 Glides swiftly away—

And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;  
 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;  
 The millenial year  
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each, in the day of his coming, may say,  
 “I've fought my way through,  
 I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!”  
 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,  
 “Well and faithfully done!  
 Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne.”



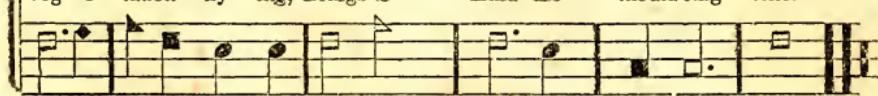
Hail! ye sighing sons of sorrow, Learn from me your certain doom;  
Learn from me your fate to-morrow, Dead—perhaps laid in your tomb!



See all nature fading, dying! Silent all things seem to pine; Life, from



veg - e - tation fly - ing, Brings to mind the mould'ring vine.



2 See! in yonder forest standing  
Lofty cedars, how they nod!  
Scenes of nature how surprising,  
Read in nature, nature's God.  
See our Sov'reign, sole Creator,  
Lives eternal in the sky,  
Whilst we mortals yield to nature—  
Bloom awhile, then fade and die.

- 3 Whilst the annual frosts are cropping  
   Leaves and tendrils from the trees,  
   So, our friends are early dropping—  
     We are like to one of these.  
 Hollow winds about me roaring,  
   Noisy waters round me rise :  
   Whilst I sit my fate deploring,  
     Tears fast streaming from my eyes.
- 4 What to me are autumn's treasures,  
   Since I know no earthly joy,  
   Long I've lost all youthful pleasures ;  
     Time must youth and health destroy.  
 Pleasure once I fondly courted,  
   Shared each bliss that youth bestows ;  
   But to see where thence I sported,  
     Now embitters all my woes.
- 5 Death destroys my future prospects,  
   Tears my earthly joys away ;  
   Friends and children, O how precious !  
     Torn by death's cold hands away !  
 Fast my sun of life declining ;  
   Soon 'twil set in dismal night ;  
   But my hopes, pure and refining,  
     Rest in future life and light.
- 6 Cease this fearing, trembling, sighing ,  
   Death will break the sullen gloom,  
   And my spirit, fluttering, flying,  
     Must be borne beyond the tomb  
 There I'll see my blessed Saviour,  
   There I'll cease from all my toils,  
   There I'll drink and feast forever  
     On that fair and happy soil.

## HOME. 11's.

Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints, How sweet to my

soul is com - munion with saints; To find at the banquet of mercy there's  
 room, And feel in the presence of Jesus at home. Home, honie, sweet, sweet  
 home, Receive me, dear Saviour, in glo - ry, my home.

- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,  
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease,  
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,  
I long to behold thee in glory at home.
- 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee :  
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,  
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.
- 4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
O give me submission and strength as my day ;  
In all my afflictions to thee I would come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
- 5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace !  
Thy Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face :  
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,  
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.
- 6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,  
No more, as an exile, in sorrow to pine,  
But in thy bright image, to rise from the tomb,  
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

Ye vir - gin souls a - rise, With all the dead awake ! Unto salvation  
 rise, Oil in your vessels take : Upstarting at the midnight cry, Upstarting  
 at the midnight cry, Behold, Behold the heav'ly bridegroom's nigh.

2 He comes, he comes to call  
 The nations to his bar,  
 And take to glory all  
 Who meet for glory are :  
 Make ready for your free reward,  
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go meet him in the sky,  
 Your everlasting friend ;  
 Your head to glorify ;  
 With all his saints ascend ;  
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace,  
 To see, without a vail, his face.

## JACOB'S WELL. C. M.

75

At Jacob's well a stranger sought His droop - ing

frame to cheer; His drooping frame to cheer; Sam - aria's

daughter little thought That Jacob's God was near. Samaria's

daughter lit - tle thought That Ja - cob's God was near.

- 2 This had she known, her fainting mind  
   For richer draughts had sighed ;  
   Nor had Messiah, ever kind,  
     Those richer draughts denied.
- 3 The man, who came on earth to die,  
   How few appear to know !  
   The friend of sinners, passing by,  
     Is still esteem'd a foe.
- 4 The sinner must the stranger know,  
   Or soon his loss deplore ;  
   Behold ! the living waters flow ;  
     Come—drink and thirst no more.



### PRINCE OF SALVATION. 12, 11, 12, 8.

The Prince of salvation, in triumph, is riding, And glo - ry at-

tends him along his bright way; The news of his grace, on the breezes is

gliding, And nations are owning his sway.

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

Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,  
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,  
Here is no rest, is no  
Yet I am blest, I am

My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say, 'There, there is rest, there is

rest;  
blest.  
For I look forward to that glo - rious day.  
When sin and sorrow will vanish away.

rest.

2 Here fierce temptations beset me around;  
        Here is no rest—is no rest:  
Here I am grieved while my foes me surround;  
        Yet I am blest—I am blest.  
Let them revile me and scoff at my name,  
Laugh at my weeping, endeavor to shame,  
I will go forward, for this is my theme—  
        There, there is rest—there is rest.

3 Here are afflictions and trials severe;  
                Here is no rest—is no rest;  
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear;  
                Yet I am blest—I am blest.  
Sweet is the promise I read in his word;  
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;  
They will be call'd to receive their reward;  
                Then there is rest—there is rest.

4 This world of cares is a wilderness state,  
                Here is no rest—is no rest;  
Here I must bear from the world all its hate,  
                Yet I am blest—I am blest.  
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,  
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,  
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast—  
                Then there is rest—there is rest.

Burst ye emerald gates, and bring, To my raptured vision,

All th' ecstatic joys that spring, Round the bright elysian:

Lo! we lift our longing eyes, Break, ye in - ter - ven - ing skies,

Sun of Righteousness, arise, Ope the gates of par - a - dise.

- 2 Floods of everlasting light,  
Freely flash before him ;  
Myriads, with supreme delight,  
Instantly adore him :  
Angel trumps resound his fame ;  
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim  
All the music of his name ;  
Heaven is heightened by the theme.

- 3 Four and twenty elders rise  
From their princely station,  
Shout his glorious victories,  
Sing the great salvation ;

Cast their crowns before his throne,  
Cry in reverential tone,  
Glory be to God alone,  
Holy ! holy ! holy One.

- 4 Hark ! the thrilling symphonies,  
Seem, methinks, to seize us ;  
Join we, too, the holy lays,  
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus !  
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,  
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,  
Sweetest carol ever sung,  
Jesus, Jesus, flow along.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, with key signatures of  $\#$ ,  $\#$ , and  $\#$ . The first two staves begin in  $\text{G}^{\#}$  and switch to  $\text{C}^{\#}$  for the third staff. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first two staves have lyrics: "There is a happy land, far, far away, Where saints in" and "glo-ry stand, bright as day, Oh how they sweetly sing, worthy is our bright,". The third staff concludes with the lyrics "Saviour, King, Loud let his praises ring, for ev - er - more."

2. Come to that happy land, come, come away,  
Why will ye doubting stand, why still delay;  
O, we shall happy be, when from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall live with thee, blest evermore.
3. Bright in that happy land, beams every eye,  
Kept by a Father's hand, love cannot die;  
O, then to glory run, be a crown and kingdom won,  
And bright above the sun, reign evermore.

**THE JUDGMENT SEAT.** 6, 6, 6, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6. 85

O there will be mourning, Be - fore the judgment seat! When this world is  
burn-ing, Be -neath Jehovah's feet! Friends and kindred there will part, Will  
part to meet no more! Wrath sink the rebel's will While saints on a heart,  
dore. O, there will be mourning Be - fore the judgment seat!

2. O, there will be mourning  
Before the judgment seat!  
When the trumpet's warning  
The sinner's ear shall greet!  
Friends and kindred, &c.

3. O, there will be mourning  
Before the judgment seat!  
When, from dust returning,  
The lost their doom shall meet!  
Friends and kindred, &c.

4. O, there will be mourning  
Before the judgment seat!  
Justice, ever frowning,  
Shall seal the sinner's fate!  
Friends and kindred, &c.

Oh! come, a-way from sin, that  
come dreadful monster, Let awhile up-  
Christ

on you Oh! come, a-way. Oh! and "redeeming love," And his truths  
smile— come taste then and

friendship prove, And onward sweet-ly move— Oh! come, come a - way.

2. From death and the curse, in which you now are sinking,  
"Redeeming love" will you remove—

Oh! come, come away.

Oh! come along and join our throng,  
And with us sing this cheerful song,  
And heaven shall be your home—

Oh! come, come away.

3. While "watchmen" are standing on the walls of Zion,  
Inviting you to join in too—

Oh! come, come away.

Oh! will you still refuse the call,  
And into misery blindly fall,  
And drink that "burning gall"—

Oh! come, come away.

4. The bright morn of youth will soon be gone forever,  
Its morning light may set in night—

Oh! come, come away.

Oh! come while youth is in its prime,  
And seek redeeming love divine,  
And in Christ's army shine—

Oh! come, come away.

5. When free from this world of sorrow and temptations,  
We'll sail above on wings of love—

Oh! come, come away.

And while angelic armies sing,  
And make the heav'ly arches ring,  
We'll praise our "Eternal King"—

Oh! come, come away.

**GOSPEL BANNER. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6.**

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff begins with a treble clef, the middle staff with a bass clef, and the bottom staff with a bass clef. The music is in common time, indicated by a 'C' at the beginning of each staff. The notes are represented by various symbols, including solid squares, triangles, diamonds, and circles, suggesting a form of early printed music notation. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the staff lines. The first two staves have identical lyrics:

Now be the gos - pel ban - ner, In ev' - ry land un - furld,  
And be the shout ho - san - na, Re - e - cho'd through the world;

The third staff has different lyrics:

Till ev' - ry isle and na - tion, Till ev - ry tribe and tongue, Re -  
ceive the great sal - va - tion, And join the ho - ly throng.

2. Yes, thou shalt reign forever,  
O Jesus, King of kings.  
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,  
Each ransom'd captive sings;

The Isles for thee are waiting,  
The deserts learn thy praise,  
The hills and valleys greeting,  
The song responsive raise.

**ROCK OF AGES. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.**

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in 3/4 time, C major, with a treble clef. The bottom staff is in 4/4 time, C major, with a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music. The first section of lyrics is: "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;". The second section of lyrics is: "Let the wa-ter and the blood, From thy wounded side that flow'd, Be of sin the per-fect cure; Save me, Lord, and make me pure."

2. Should my tears forever flow ;  
Should my zeal no languor know ;  
This for sin could not atone :  
Thou must save, and thou alone.  
In my hand no price I bring ;  
Simply to thy cross I cling.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

Blest be the tie that binds, Our hearts in  
 chris - tian love, The fel - low - ship of chris - tian  
 minds Is like to that a - bove.

2. Before our Father's throne,  
We pour our ardent pray'rs:  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
3. We share our mutual woes:  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathising tear.
4. When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain,  
But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
5. This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way:  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
6. From sorrow, toil and pain,  
And sin we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

What glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes - tie like the

sun! It gives a light to ev' - ry age— It gives, but bor - rows none.

2. The hand that gave it still supplies  
His gracious light and heat;  
His truths upon the nations rise—  
They rise, but never set.
3. Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display,  
As makes the world of darkness shine  
With beams of heav'nly day.
4. My soul rejoices to pursue  
The paths of truth and love,  
Till glory breaks upon my view  
In brighter worlds above.

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### ORTONVILLE. C. M.

Come, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou - sand

thoughts re - volve; Come, with your guilt and fear op - press'd, And  
make this lust re - solve:

2. I'll go to Jesus, though my sins  
Have like a mountain rose;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
3. Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess;  
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,  
Without his sov'reign grace.
4. I'll to my gracious King approach,  
Whose sceptre pardon gives :  
Perhaps he may command a touch,  
And then the suppliant lives.
5. Perhaps he may admit my plea,
6. I can but perish if I go,  
Perhaps he'll hear my pray'r, I am resolved to try;  
But if I perish, I will pray, For if I stay away, I know,  
And perish only there. I must forever die.

---

### FESTIVITY. 4, 4, 4, 4, 5, 4, 4, 5.

O blest Jesus, we be - seech thee, Now to hear us, and re -

ceive us, At thy festive board, Ever gracious, ever precious, Great and mighty Lord.

2. Thou art worthy, O blest Jesus,  
To receive our thanks and praises,  
O most holy name;  
Glory, honor, praise and power,  
To the Lord, Amen.

## FAREWELL:—8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Breth - ren and sis - ters we must part, And to our call - ings go. }  
But let us all keep one in heart, Whilst we re - main be - low. }

We're marching Im - manu - el's ground, soon hear the trum - pet sound  
through We shall

And then with Je - sus we shall meet, And nev - er, nev - er part again, What!

nev - er part again?

No; nev - er part a - gain; What!

never part again?

But then we each other greet, And never, never part again.  
shall

2. We may but meet a few times more,  
Till we shall meet above,  
Where pain and parting are no more,  
In that bright world of love,  
We're marching, &c.

3. We shall with Christ, in Paradise,  
To endless ages dwell:  
Then let us pray, both night and day—  
So now, dear friends, farewell.  
We're marching, &c.

4. And when we meet in heaven above,  
Where saints and angels dwell:  
Well sing of his redeeming love,  
And never say farewell.  
We're marching, &c.

Come let us join our cheer - ful songs, With an - gels round the

throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their

joys are one.



2. Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus:  
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,  
For he was slain for us.
3. Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and pow'r divine;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine.
4. The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

## MOURNER'S TEAR. C. M.

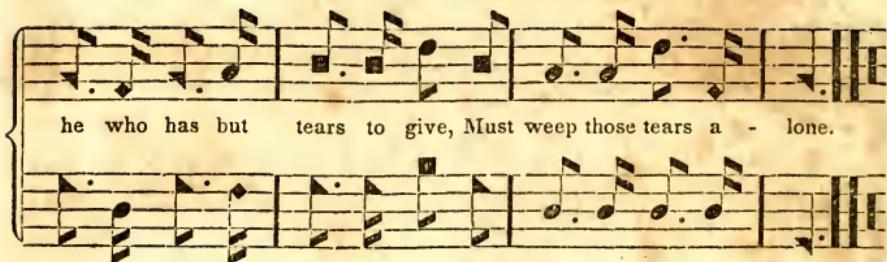


O thou who dri'st the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be, }  
If, pierc'd by sin and sorrow here, We could not fly to thee: }



The friends who in our sunshine live, When winter comes, are flown, And





3. O who could bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not thy wing of love,  
Come brightly wafting thro' the gloom  
Our peace-branch from above?

4. Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright  
With more than rapture's ray;  
As darkness shows us worlds of light,  
We never saw by day.

### LINGHAM. C. M.

O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise. :||:  
The triumphs of his grace.

The :||:

The :||: :||:

The triumphs, :||: :||:

The glories of my God and King;

2. My gracious master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of thy name.
3. Jesus!—the name that charms our fears,  
And bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;  
'Tis life and health and peace.
4. He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,  
He sets the pris'ner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood availed for me.
5. He speaks—and list'ning to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful broken hearts rejoice:  
The humble poor believe.
6. Hear him ye deaf, his praise ye dumb,  
Your loosen'd tongues employ;  
**Ye** blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap ye lame for joy.

O Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit, With love and givings fall  
down at thy feet, The sac - ri - fice of - fer, my soul, flesh, and blood, To  
thee my Re - deem - er, my Lord and my God.

2. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord,  
I love thee my Saviour, I trust in thy word,  
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,  
But how much I love thee I never can show.
3. I'm happy, I'm happy, O wond'rous account,  
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount,  
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,  
With angels my kindred, and Jesus my dear.
4. O Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am blest,  
My life and my treasure, my joy and my rest,  
Thy grace be my theme, and thy name be my song,  
Thy love doth inspire both my heart and my tongue.
5. O who is like Jesus ? he is Salem's bright king,  
He smiles and he loves me, and learns me to sing ;  
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,  
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do'h fill.

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

2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
To plead for all his saints—  
Presenting at his Father's throne,  
Our songs and our complaints.

3. Thou art a God, before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand :  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4. Now to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there :  
I will frequent thy holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.

5. O may thy spirit guide my feet,  
In ways of righteousness ;  
Make every path of duty straight,  
And plain before my face.

6. My watchful enemies combine  
To tempt my soul astray :  
They flatter with a base design,  
To make my soul their prey.
7. Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,  
And all its plots destroy ;  
While those that in thy mercy trust,  
Forever shout for joy.
8. The men that love and fear thy name,  
Shall see their hopes fulfilled :  
The mighty God will compass them  
With favor, as a shield.

## THE PILGRIM. C. M.

The musical score consists of four staves of music, each with a different key signature and time signature. The first staff starts in F major (two sharps) and 3/4 time, followed by a repeat sign and another 3/4 section. The second staff begins in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The third staff starts in C major (no sharps or flats) and 3/4 time. The fourth staff continues in C major and 3/4 time. The lyrics are as follows:

In e - vil long I took delight, Unaw'd by shame or fear; Till  
 a new ob - ject struck my sight, And stopp'd my wild ca - reer.

2. I saw One hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.
  3. Sure never, to my latest breath,  
Can I forget that look ;  
It seem'd to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.
  4. My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,  
And plung'd me in despair ;  
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail him there,
  5. Alas ! I knew not what I did ;  
But now my tears are vain ;  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?  
For I the Lord have slain.
  6. A second look he gave, which said,  
“I freely all forgive ;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
I die that thou may'st live.”
  7. Thus while his death my sin displays  
In all its blackest hue ;  
(Such is the mystery of grace)  
It seals my pardon too.
  8. With pleasing grief and mournful joy  
My spirit now is fill'd,  
That I should such a life destroy,  
Yet live by him I kill'd.
- 

ORION: 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

A - wake our drow - sy souls; Shake off each sloth - ful band;  
The wonders of this day, Our no - blest songs de - mand,

Aus - pi - cious morn! thy bliss - ful rays, Bright seraphs hail in  
 songs of praise. Bright se - raphs hail in songs of praise.

2. At thy approaching dawn,  
 Reluctant death resign'd  
 The glorious Prince of life,  
 In dark domains confin'd!  
 Th' angelic hosts around him bends;  
 And 'midst their shouts, the God ascends.
3. All hail, triumphant Lord!  
 Heav'n with hosannas rings;  
 While earth, in humbler strains,  
 Thy praise responsive sings:  
 "Worthy art Thou who once was slain,  
 Through endless years to live and reign."

### THE CROSS AND CROWN.

Must Simon bear his cross a - lone, and all the world go free? No.

there's a cross for ev'ry one, and there's a cross for me, Yes, there's a cross on

Calvary, thro' which by faith the crown I see: To me 'tis pardon bringing. O

that's the cross for me, O that's the cross for me.

2. How happy are the saints above, who once went mourning here;  
But now they taste unmingled love, and joy without a tear.  
Yes, perfect love will dry the tear, and cast out all tormenting fear,  
Which round my heart is clinging. O that's the love for me, &c.
3. We'll bear the consecrated cross, till from the cross we're free;  
And then go home to wear the crown, for there's a crown for me.  
Yes there's a crown in heav'n above, the purchase of my Saviour's love,  
For me at his appearing. O that's the crown for me, &c.
4. The church has heard the mighty cry, the Lord will soon appear;  
Ye virgins, rise with burning lamps, go meet him in the air:  
Yes there's a home in heav'n prepared, a house no wicked man has shar'd,  
Where Christ is interceding. O that's the home for me, &c.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in G major (two sharps) and common time (indicated by a '2' over a '4'). The middle staff is also in G major (two sharps). The bottom staff is in C major (no sharps or flats). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first two staves share a common bass line. The third staff begins with a single note followed by a rest, then continues with a bass line. The lyrics are as follows:

From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's  
praise a - rise; Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung, Through  
ev' - ry land by ev' - ry tongue.

2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;  
Eternal truths attend thy word .  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore  
Till suns shall set and rise no more.
3. Your lofty themes ye mortals bring,  
In songs of praise divinely sing ;  
The great salvation loud proclaim,  
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
4. In ev'ry land begin the song  
To ev'ry land the strains belong ;  
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,  
And fill the world with loudest praise.

The last love - ly morn - ing, all blooming and fair, While the  
Is fast on - ward fleet - ing, and soon will appear;  
O let us be read - y and hail the bright day.

mighty, mighty, mighty, trump sounds, "Come, Come, a - way."

2. And when that bright morning  
In splendor shall dawn,  
Our tears will be ended,  
Our sorrows all gone;  
While the mighty, &c.

3. The graves will be open'd  
The dead will arise,  
And with the Redeemer  
Mount up to the skies,  
While the mighty, &c.

4. The saints then immortal,  
In glory shall reign!  
The Bride with the Bridegroom  
Forever remain,  
While the mighty, &c.

---

### RISING SUN. S. M.

Oh, where shall rest be found? Rest to the wea - ry soul? 'Twere  
Be - yond this vale of tears, There is a life a - bove; Un-

vain the ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole.

number'd by the flight of years, And all that life is love.

This

This world can never give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the'

This world can never give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis

world can never give The bliss for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to

whole of life to live, - - - - - Nor all of death to die.

not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

live, Nor all of death to die.

A handwritten musical score for a hymn. The music is in common time and consists of six staves of music with corresponding lyrics. The first two staves begin with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The lyrics are:

He cometh! He cometh! The ages are o'er,—Lo, the clouds have re-

civ'd him, he tar - ries no more, :||:

Lo, the times are ful - fill'd, and the

voice of his word, Ushers in with its glo - ry the day of the

Lord! Ushers in with its glo - ry the day of the Lord.

2. Th' Archangel! Th' Archangel! His grave-stirring word,  
Now he speaketh in thunder, the blast of his Lord!  
O'er the kingdom of death, in the earth and the main,  
Loud he shouteth the triumph Messiah shall gain.
3. Behold him! Behold him! in triumph we cry,  
And behold the bright angels that shine in the sky!  
Lo, he comes, not as once, to a cheerless abode;  
'Tis the day of his triumph, the day of our God!
4. Behold it! Behold it! The sight is divine!  
See the walls of the city all splendidly shine!  
'Tis the Salem of God coming down from above;  
'Tis the city of glory, the city of love.
- Come, Jesus! Come, Jesus! Thy bride bids thee come!  
O come quickly! come quickly, and take thy saints home!  
All creation doth groan for the hope of thy reign—  
O come quickly! come quickly, Lord Jesus—Amen!

## FRANKLIN. C. M.

Am I a sol - - - dier of the cross,

A fol - lower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to

own his cause, Or blush to speak his name.

2. Must I be carried to the skies  
On flow'ry beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sail'd through bloody seas ?
  3. Are there no foes for me to face ?  
Must I not stem the flood ?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God ?
  4. Sure, I must fight, if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord ;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
  5. Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die ;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
By faith they bring it nigh.
  6. When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.
- 

## JUBILEE. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly sol - emn sound,  
Let all the na - tions know to earth's re - mot - est bound.

Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all - a - ton - ing Lamb;  
Re - demption in his blood Throughout the world pro - claim.

K

The year of Ju - bi - lee is come, Re-

The year of Ju - bi - lee is come, Re-

turn, ye ran - som'd sin - ners, home. 1 2  
turn, ye ran - som'd sin - ners, home. 1 2

3. The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heav'ly grace;  
And sav'd from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face;  
The year of Jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

## THE HAPPY MEETING. 7s and 6s.

Here we suf - fer grief and pain, Here we meet to

part a - gain, In heav'n we part no more;

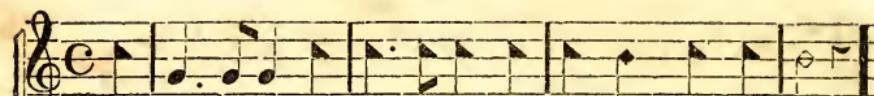
O, that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful,

O, that will be joy - ful, When we meet to part no more.

2. All who love the Lord below,  
When they die to heaven go,  
And sing with saints above.  
O that, &c.
3. Happy Scholars will be there,  
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,  
From every Sunday School.  
O that, &c.
4. Teachers, too, shall meet above,  
And our Preachers whom we love,  
Shall meet to part no more.  
O that, &c.
5. O how happy we shall be!  
For our Saviour we shall see  
Exalted on his throne!  
O that, &c.

6. There we all shall sing with joy,  
And eternity employ  
In praising Christ, the Lord.  
O that, &c.

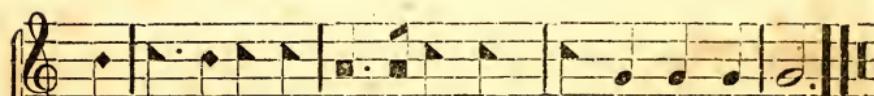
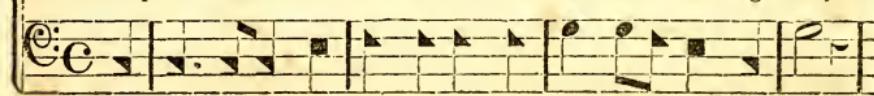
## BROWN. C. M.



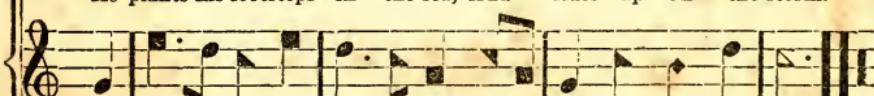
God moves in a mys - te - rious way, His wonders to per - form;



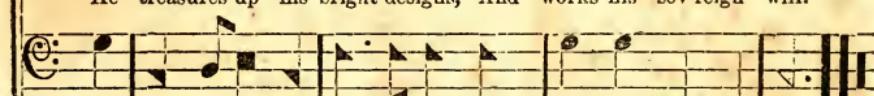
Deep in unfa - thom - a - ble mines Of ne - ver - fail - ing skill,



He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.



He treasures up his bright designs, And works his sov'reign will.



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

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

5. His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flow'r.
6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain:  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.



## LINN. L. M.

Praise ye the Lord, who reigns a - bove, Fix'd on his

When man, de - bas'd and guil - ty man, From crime to

throne of truth and love, Be - hold the fin - - ger

crime with mad - ness ran, Well might his arm

of his power, Con - tem - plate, won - - der, and a - dore.  
 thun - ders launch, And blast th' ungrate - ful, root and branch.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - -  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - -

jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -  
 jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - -  
 Hal - le -

lu - - - - jah, Praise the Lord.  
- - - - jah, Praise the Lord.  
lu - - - - jah, Praise the Lord.

3. The eastern star with glory streams,  
It comes with healing on its beams ;  
Dark mists of error flee away,  
And Judah hails the rising day.
  4. His sacred memory we bless,  
Whose holy gospel we possess ;  
And praise that great almighty name  
From whom such light and favor came.
- 

## CORYDON. 11, 8, 11, 8.

Enclas'd in the arms of a Saviour he loves, No fears can the Christian an -  
nay; With sweet resig - na - tion he gently removes, To reap the fru -

i - tion of joy, To reap the fru - i - tion of joy.

2. But dreary and dark is the night of the tomb,  
Where the lov'd ones of Jesus are laid ;  
No sunshine of nature can pierce the deep gloom,  
Or carols awaken the dead.
  3. The mandate eternal shall burst the cold tomb,  
And virtue, in beauty array'd,  
Shall start into life and eternally bloom  
Where the roses of hope never fade.
  4. Then for the departed no longer we'll mourn,  
Nor dare of our God to complain,  
While in sadness we gaze on the mouldering urn,  
For soon we'll embrace them again.
  5. Then let us prepare to embrace them again,  
Where sighing and sorrow shall cease ;  
In virtue's bright path the bright heaven attain,  
Where all is composure and peace.
- 

## TEMPERANCE. L. M.

We praise thee, Lord, if but one soul, While the past

We praise thee, if one cloud - ed home, Where bro - ken

year pro - longed its flight, Turn'd shudd'rинг from the  
hearts de - spair - ing pin'd, Be - held the sire and  
pois'nous bowl, To health, and lib - er-ty, and light.  
hus-band come, E - rect, and in his per - fect mind.

3. No more a weeping wife to mock,  
Till all her hopes in anguish end ;  
No more the trembling mind to shock,  
And sink the father in the fiend.
  4. Still give us grace, almighty King,  
Unwav'ring at our posts to stand,  
Till grateful at thy shrine we bring  
The tribute of a ransom'd land.
- 

## FLOWERS OF EARTH AND HEAVEN. 8s and 6s.

This earth hath many a pleas - ant sweet, Hath ma - ny beau - teous

flowers, Which spread their trib - ute at our feet, And

Two staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff uses a bass clef, and the bottom staff uses a treble clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

scent the glad - some hours. The an - gry thistle threatens wrath To

Two staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff uses a bass clef, and the bottom staff uses a treble clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

man from E - den driv'n, But these bright flow'rs a - bout our path, Whis-

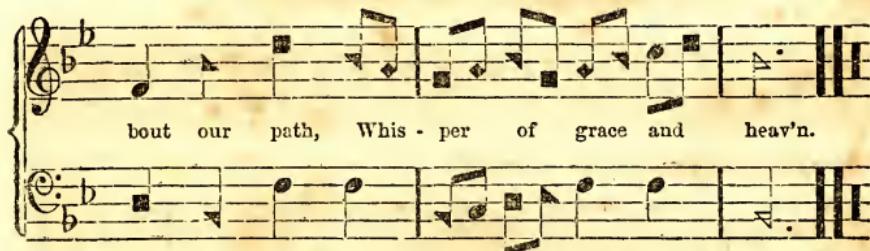
Two staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff uses a bass clef, and the bottom staff uses a treble clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

per of grace and heav'n, Whis - per of grace and

Two staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff uses a bass clef, and the bottom staff uses a treble clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

heav'n, Whisper of grace and heav'n, But these bright flow'rs a -

Two staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff uses a bass clef, and the bottom staff uses a treble clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.



2. They tell us of our Father's love,  
Our Father's bounteous care,  
And point us to that land above—  
Unfading flow'rs are there:  
The flow'rs of earth but bloom to die,  
And lose their rich perfume,  
But those sweet flow'rs beyond the sky  
For evermore shall bloom.
3. O give us, Lord, a cheerful mind,  
To joy in all thy ways,  
That we in every flow'r may find  
Some grateful song of praise:  
That as to heav'n the moments flee,  
Their record there to trace,  
Their own pure eyes well pleas'd to see  
In us the flow'rs of grace.

ROWLEY. 12, 9, 12, 9.

Come a - way to the skies, may be - lov - ed a - rise, And re-joice on the

We have laid up our love and our treasure a - bove, Tho' our bodies con-

day thou wast born; On this fes-ti-val day come ex-ulting a-way, And with  
 tin-ue be-low; The redeem'd of our Lord, we re-member his word, And with  
 singing to Si-on re-turn, And with singing to Si-on re-turn.  
 singing to par-a-dise go, And with singing to par-a-dise go.

3. For thy glory we are now created to share,  
 Both the nature and kingdom divine;  
 Now created again, that our souls may remain  
 Throughout time and eternity thine.

4. Hallelujah we sing to our Father and King,  
 And his rapturous praises repeat:  
 To the Lamb that was slain hallelujah again,  
 Sing all heav'n, and fall at his feet.

5. In assurance of hope we to Jesus look up,  
 Till his banner, unfurl'd in the air,  
 From our graves we shall see, and cry out, "it is he!"  
 And fly up to acknowledge him there.

Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly on - ward I move, Bound for the land of bright  
spi - rits a - bove; An - gel - ic chor - is - ters sing as I come,  
Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home.

- 2 Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,  
Home to that land of delight will I go ;  
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,  
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.
- 3 Friends fondly cherish'd have pass'd on before,  
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore,  
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,  
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
- 4 Sounds of sweet melody fall! on my ear ;  
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear !  
Rings with the harmony heav'ns high dome,  
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
- 5 Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low ;  
Strike, King of Terrors, I fear not thy blow ;  
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,  
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
- 6 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,  
Death shall be banish'd, his scepter be gone ;  
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.



Continuation of the musical score in G major, 2/4 time. The voices continue their harmonious progression. The lyrics are:

O Je - sus ! for such wond'rous condescension, Our praise and our

Continuation of the musical score in G major, 2/4 time. The voices continue their harmonious progression. The lyrics are:

go, the Lord of life to meet; To you, this day, is

Continuation of the musical score in G major, 2/4 time. The voices continue their harmonious progression. The lyrics are:

rev'rence are an off - 'ring meet; Now is the Word made

Continuation of the musical score in G major, 2/4 time. The voices continue their harmonious progression. The lyrics are:

born a Prince and Saviour, O come, and let us worship, O come, and let us

Continuation of the musical score in G major, 2/4 time. The voices continue their harmonious progression. The lyrics are:

flesh, and dwells among us ; O come, and let us worship, O come and let us

Continuation of the musical score in G major, 2/4 time. The voices continue their harmonious progression. The lyrics are:

Continuation of the musical score in G major, 2/4 time. The voices continue their harmonious progression. The lyrics are:

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Continuation of the musical score in G major, 2/4 time. The voices continue their harmonious progression. The lyrics are:

Continuation of the musical score in G major, 2/4 time. The voices continue their harmonious progression. The lyrics are:

wor-ship, O come and let us wor - ship at his feet.

wor-ship, O come and let us wor - ship at his feet.

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

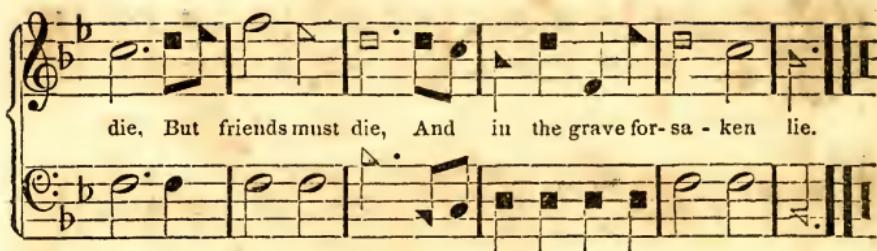
## FRIENDSHIP. 8, 6, 10, 6, 4, 3.

Can there a balm on earth be found To heal the wounded soul ? 'Tis friendship,

for it cheers, though all around The waves of trou-ble roll ; But friends must

for it cheers, though all around The waves of trou-ble roll ; But friends must

for it cheers, though all around The waves of trou-ble roll ; But friends must



- 2 If there be aught beneath the skies  
     That vies with things above,  
     'T is friendship, when its sacred charms arise  
         From pure and virtuous love ;  
     But still how vain !  
     Dust must return to dust again.
- 3 Yes, while our earthly comforts fly,  
     We still retain one friend ;  
     'T is Jesus ! while he lives we cannot die,  
         Nor can his friendship end :  
     His love shall last  
     When death expires and time is past.

### MIDDLETON. 8 lines, 8s and 7s.

Let thy king-dom, bless-ed Come, O come, and reign for Sa - viour, Come and bid our ev - er, God of love, and

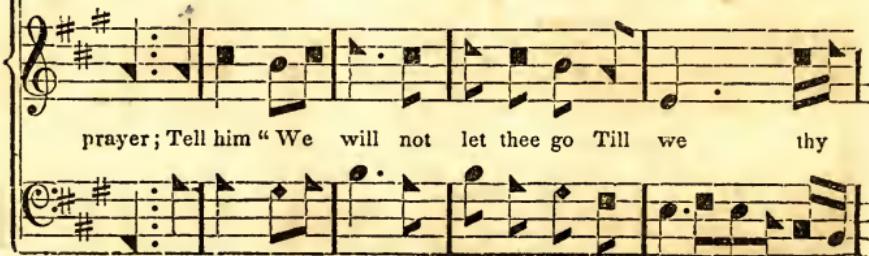
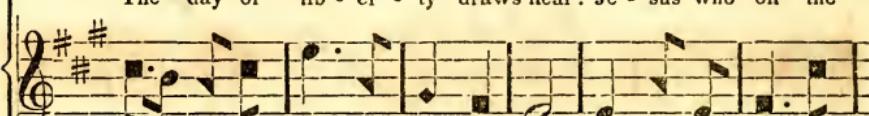
jarr - ings cease; } Vis - it, now, poor bleed - ing Zi - on,  
 Prince of peace; }

Hear thy peo - ple mourn and weep, Day and night thy  
 lambs are cry - ing, Come, good Shep - herd, feed thy sheep.

2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,  
 Some for Cephas—none agree;  
 Jesus, let us hear thee call us;  
 Help us, Lord, to follow thee;  
 Then we'll rush through what encumbers,  
 Over every hind'rance leap,  
 Not kept back by force, or numbers—  
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

## LIBERTY. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

Pris'ners of hope, lift up your heads,  
 Pris'ners of hope, be strong, be bold,



your hearts to make him room. room.

thy name thy na - ture know. know.

thy name thy na - ture know. know.

3 The promise stands for ever sure,  
And we shall in thine image shine,  
Partakers of a nature pure,  
Holy, angelical, divine ;  
In spirit join'd to thee, the Son,  
As thou art with thy Father, one.

## COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

Come, ye dis - con - so-late, where - e'er you lan - guish,

Come, at the mer - cy seat fer - vent - ly kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish,

Earth has no sor - - row that heav'n can - not heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,  
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;  
Here speaks the comforter, in mercy saying,  
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

3 Here see the bread of life, see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;  
Come to the feast prepar'd, come ever knowing  
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

## WINTER. C. M.

Lord, in the morn-ing I will send My cries to

O lead me, keep me all this day Near thee, in

reach thine ear; Thou art my Fa - ther  
 per - fect peace; Help me to watch, to  
 and my Friend, My help, for ev - er near.  
 watch and pray, To pray and ne - ver cease.

3 I know my roving feet will err,  
 Unless thou be my guide;  
 Warn me of ev'ry foe and snare,  
 And keep me near thy side.

4 Then shall I pass all dangers safe,  
 And tread the tempter down;  
 My trust, my hope, joy, and relief,  
 Shall be in thee alone.

5 Then let my moments smoothly run,  
 And sing my hours away;  
 Till evening shades and setting suns  
 Conclude in endless day.



1. On the bank of Big Twin, 'Neath the forest's dark shade,



2. Tho' we may not linger, Around his sad home,



A fa - ther, be-loved, In the grave we have laid ; There no



Our tho'ts will oft wander, Where'er we may roam, To the



sound e'er is heard, Save the lone forest bird, And the



place where he lies ; But not long will our eyes, See the



chirp of the squirl as it creeps; No stone marks the spot, But 'twill  
wil-low that o'er him weeps; Lone, sad, is the spot, But 'twill

ne'er be for - got, Where our father, alone, now sleeps, Now  
ne'er be for - got, Where our father, a - lone, now sleeps, Now

sleeps, Now sleeps, sleeps, sleeps.  
sleeps, Now sleeps, sleeps, sleeps,

1. Young peo - ple all at - ten - tion give, While  
2. I sought for bliss in glitt'ring toys, And

I address you in God's name, You who in sin and folly  
ranged th'al-lu - ring scenes of vice, But never found substantial

live, Come hear the coun - sel of a friend.  
joys, un - til I heard my Savior's voice.

1. Oh! thou whose ten - der mer - cy hears, Con-

2. See, be - fore thy throne of grace, A

tri - tion's humble sigh; Whose hand, in - indulgent,

wretched wand'rer mourn; Hast thou not bid me

wipes the tears, From sor - row's weeping eye.

seek thy face, Hast thou not said, re - turn?

3. And shall my guilty fears prevail,  
To drive me from thy feet?  
Oh! let not this dear refuge fail,  
This only safe retreat.
  
4. Absent from thee, my guide, my light,  
Without one cheering ray,  
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,  
How desolate my way.
  
5. Oh! shine on this benighted heart,  
With beams of mercy shine!  
And let thy healing voice impart,  
A taste of joys divine.

## MORNING WORSHIP. S. M.

How sweet the melt-ing lay, Which breaks up - on the  
The bree - zes waft their cries, Up to Je - ho - vah's

ear, When at the hour of ris - ing day,  
throne, He lis - tens to their heav - ing sighs,

Christians u - nite in prayer.  
And sends his bless - - ing down.

3. So Jesus rose to pray,  
Before the morning light,  
Or on the chilling mount did stay,  
And wrestle all the night.

4. Glory to God on high,  
Who sends his blessings down,  
To rescue souls condemned to die  
And make his people one.

## THE PENITENT'S DIALOGUE. 7, 6, 7, 6.

1ST VOICE.

1. Why weep-est thou and sigh - est, Af - flict-ed, wea-ry  
soul? If thou on Christ re - - li - - est, His

2D VOICE.

grace will make thee whole. Oh! I have grieved his  
spirit, My sins are great and high; Can ev - er Je - sus'  
merit save such a wretch as I?

## 1ST VOICE.

2. His merit and his power  
Can save a world like thee;  
He waits this very hour,  
To set the captive free.

## 2D VOICE.

Oh! could I but go to him,  
My suit I would prepare;  
My sorrows I would show him,  
And plead with earnest prayer.

## 1ST VOICE.

3. Take courage, he is near thee,  
He now is passing by;  
Speak out, and let him hear thee;  
For pardoning mercy cry.

## 2D VOICE.

Oh ! I am dumb with sadness,  
And blind with unbelief ;  
Will he not chide my madness ?  
Will he not mock my grief ?

## 1ST VOICE.

4. Lo ! Jesus now invites thee,  
“ Come, troubled soul, to me ;  
No other work delights me  
Like saving such as thee.”

## 2D VOICE.

And will thou then relieve me ?  
My blessed Lord, I come :  
Thou wilt, thou dost receive me ;  
My heart shall be thy home.

## THIS WORLD IS NOT MY HOME. C. M.

1. There is a glo - rious world of light, A-

2. And hark ! a - mid the sa-cred songs Those

CHORUS. This world is not my home, This -- bove the star - ry sky, Where saints de - part - ed \* heaven - ly voi - ces raise, Ten thou-sand thou-sand \*

world is not my home, This world's a wil - der - -

\* This slur is only used in singing the chorus; in singing the verses, sing as if there was no slur.

**138 THIS WORLD IS NOT MY HOME. (Concluded.)**

clothed in white, A - dore the Lord most high.

in - fant tongues U - nite and sing his praise.

- - ness of woe, But heav - en is my home.

3. These are the hymns that we shall know,  
If Jesus we obey;  
That is the place where we shall go,  
If found in wisdom's way.

**SABBATH SCHOOL. 7, 7, 7, 4, 3.**

1. Where do chil-dren love to go, When the

2. Where do chil-dren love to be, When the

win - try bree - zes blow, What is it at-

sum-mer birds we see, War - bling praise to

- tracts them so? 'Tis the Sab-bath, Sab-bath school.  
ev - ery tree? In the Sab-bath, Sab-bath school.  
C: b

3. Where are they so kindly taught,  
Who should rule in every thought?  
What the blood of Christ has bought?  
In the Sabbath, Sabbath school?

4. May we love this holy day,  
Love to sing, and read, and play,  
Find salvation's narrow way,  
In the Sabbath, Sabbath school.

### HARWELL. 8's, 7's & 7.

1. Hark, ten thou - sand harps and voi - ces, Sound the  
Je - sus reigns, and heaven re - joi - ces: Je - sus

2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo-ry bright-ens All a -  
Lord of life, thy smiles en - light - ens, Cheers and

note of praise a - bove; }  
reigns, the God of love: } See, he sits on yon-der  
- - bove, and gives it worth; } charms thy saints on earth. } When we think of love like

throne; Je-sus rules the world a - lone: Hal-le -  
thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine. Hal-le -

- - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.  
- - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

3. King of glory, reign for ever,  
 Thine an everlasting crown:  
 Nothing from thy love shall sever  
 Those who thou hast made thine own.  
 Happy subjects of thy grace,  
 Destined to behold thy face.  
 Hallelujah, etc.

Savior, hasten thine appearing;  
 Bring, Oh, bring the glorious day,  
 When, the gospel summons hearing,  
 Heathen nations will obey:  
 Then with golden harps, we'll sing,  
 Glory, glory to our King.  
 Hallelujah, etc.

## BARTIMEUS. 8's &amp; 7's.

The musical score consists of three staves of music, each with a key signature of one flat (F#) and a time signature of common time (indicated by a 'C').

**Staff 1:** The first staff begins with a treble clef. It contains two measures of music followed by lyrics: "1. 'Mer - ey, Oh thou son of Da - vid !'" The music features eighth-note patterns.

**Staff 2:** The second staff begins with a bass clef. It contains two measures of music followed by lyrics: "2. Ma - ny for his cry - ing chid him,"

**Staff 3:** The third staff begins with a bass clef. It contains two measures of music followed by lyrics: "Thus blind Bar - ti - - me - us pray'd;"

**Staff 4:** The fourth staff begins with a bass clef. It contains two measures of music followed by lyrics: "But he call'd the loud - er still;"

"Oth - ers by thy word are saved,  
Till the gra - cious Sa - vior bid him,

Now to me af - - ford thine aid.  
"Come, and ask me what you will."

3. Money was not what he wanted,  
Though by begging used to live;  
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted  
Alms which none but he could give.

4. "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,  
Let my eyes behold the day;"  
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,  
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

5. Oh! methinks I hear him praising,  
Publishing to all around,  
"Friends, is not my case amazing?  
What a Savior I have found!"

6. "Oh! that all the blind but knew him,  
And would be advis'd by me!  
Surely they would hasten to him,  
He would cause them all to see."

## THE PILGRIM. 8, 8.

6  
1. A pil - grim and a stran - ger

here, That bet - ter home in heaven to

CHORUS.  
find, CHORUS. Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, roll

on, And let the poor pil-grim go home, go home.

2. I leave the world and sin bēhind,  
That better home in heaven to find.  
CHORUS.—Roll on, etc.
3. Fair lands are here, and houses fair,  
But fair is my home up there.  
CHORUS.—Roll on, etc.
4. Though, like Laz'rus, sick and poor,  
My home in heav'n is still secure.  
CHORUS.—Roll on, etc.
5. When death shall come, my soul shall fly,  
On wings of angels, through the sky.  
CHORUS.—Roll on, etc.
6. What though I weep awhile below,  
In heaven my tears shall cease to flow.  
CHORUS.—Roll on, etc.
7. In that fair clime of endless day,  
The Lord shall wipe all tears away.  
CHORUS.—Roll on, etc.
8. The fruit and flowers of Paradise  
In plenteous beauty round them rise.  
CHORUS.—Roll on, etc.
9. No death shall visit them again ;  
No sickness there, no touch of pain.  
CHORUS.—Roll on, etc.
10. No mourning there, no fun'ral gloom,  
But health and youth for ever bloom.  
CHORUS.—Roll on, etc.

“THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.” 12s.

1. You may sing sil - ver - y beau - ty stream-let, and

moun-tain and dale, } flow'rs of the vale; } But the place most de-

light - ful this earth can af - ford, Is the

place of de - vo-tion— the house of the Lord.

2. You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn—  
Of the sky's softening graces when the day is just gone;  
But there's no other season or time can compare  
With the hour of devotion—the season of prayer.
3. You may value the friendships of youth and of age,  
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;  
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,  
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.
4. You may talk of your prospects, of fame, or of wealth,  
And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health;  
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss!  
Take away every other, and give me but this.

5. Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord !  
 I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word ;  
 I will walk to thy altar with those that I love,  
 And delight in the prospects reveal'd from above.

## TRUE RICHES. 11s.

1. Oh! give me the flow - ers that nev - er de-

- - cay, The trea - sures in hea - ven that

pass not a - way! All flow'r's in this

val - ley of sor - row shall die, And our

rich - es make wings, and fly quick - ly a - way.

2. Vain man, in the bloom of his health and his joys,  
Clings fondly to earth and its perishing toys,  
Forgetting that beauty will swiftly decay,  
And that riches make wings, and fly quickly away.
3. Go buy the new lands, and enlarge thy estate,  
And write thy proud name with the wealthy and great ;  
But if thou shalt fail of a treasure in heaven,  
All thy wealth to the winds shall be rapidly given.
4. Go, enter the mart, where the merchantmen meet ;  
Get rich, and retire to some rural retreat :  
Ere happiness comes, comes the season to die ;  
Quickly then will thy riches all vanish and fly.
5. Go, sit with the mighty, in purple and gold ;  
Thy mansions be stately, thy treasures untold ;  
But soon shalt thou dwell in the damp house of clay,  
While riches make wings to themselves, and away.
6. Oh ! give me the flowers that droop not nor die !  
A treasure up yonder !—a home in the sky !  
Where beautiful things in their beauty still stay,  
And where riches ne'er fly from the blessed away.

## THE UNION BAND. C. M.

1. Oh yes, I'll join the un - ion band, My

heart's al - read - y there; And trav - el with them

to that land, For ev - er bright and fair. CHORUS. Oh,

hail! hail! hail! I come to join the un - ion band; Oh,

hail! hail! hail! I'm on my jour - ney home.

2. I'm tired of sin and sinful mirth,  
And senseless frantic joys;  
How empty all the things of earth!  
At best but gaudy toys.  
CHORUS.—Oh, hail, etc.

3. I'll join the band whose hearts are one  
 In grief, and joy, and love;  
 Whose hopes mount up and seize the throne  
 Reserved for them above.  
 CHORUS.—Oh, hail, etc.

## CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

1. Oh when shall I see Je - sus, And

dwell with him a - bove, To drink the flow - ing

foun - tain of ev - er - last - ing love? When

shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of

sin, And with my bless-ed Je-sus Drink

2. But now I am a soldier,  
    My Captain's gone before;  
He's given me my orders,  
    And tells me not to fear;  
And if I hold out faithful,  
    A crown of life he'll give,  
And all his valiant soldiers  
    Eternal life shall have.
  3. Through grace I am determined  
    To conquer though I die,  
And then away to Jesus  
    On wings of love I'll fly;  
Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
    I bid them both adieu,  
And you, my friends, prove faithful,  
    And on your way pursue.
  4. And if you meet with troubles  
    And trials on the way,  
Then cast your care on Jesus,  
    And don't forget to pray;  
Gird on the heavenly armor  
    Of faith, and hope, and love,  
And when your warfare's ended  
    You'll reign with him above

5. Oh! do not be discouraged,  
 For Jesus is your friend,  
 And if you long for knowledge  
 On him you may depend;  
 Neither will he upbraid you,  
 Thou often you request;  
 He'll give you grace to conquer,  
 And take you home to rest.

## THE ROCK. 11s.

The musical score consists of three staves of music, each with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of common time (indicated by '11s'). The first staff begins with a bass clef, the second with a soprano clef, and the third with a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in a cursive script. The lyrics are as follows:

1. In sea - sons of grief to my God I'll re - pair,

When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sor - row and care; From the

ends of the earth un - to thee will I cry, Lead

me to the rock that is high - er than I,

high - er than I, high - er than I, Lead  
me to the rock that is high - er than I.

2. When Satan, the tempter, comes in like a flood  
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,  
I'll pray to the Savior who kindly did die,  
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
3. And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,  
Clad in Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear;  
In the swellings of Jordan on thee I'll rely,  
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.
4. And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies,  
When the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,  
With bright millions I'll join, far above yonder sky,  
To praise that dear Rock that is higher than I.

## ANTIOCH. C. M.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is  
Joy to the world, the Lord is

come! Let earth re - ceive her  
 come! Let men their songs em-

king ;  
 ploy; Let ev - - ery heart pre-

And  
 - - - pare him room, And heaven and na - ture

heaven and na-ture sing, And heaven and na-ture  
sing, And heaven and na - ture sing, And  
sing, And heaven and na - ture sing.

heaven . . . . . and na - ture sing.

2. Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns!

Let men their songs employ;

While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains  
Repea the sounding joy.

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