



George Barnhart

A COMPILATION OF
GENUINE CHURCH MUSIC,

COMPRISING
A VARIETY OF METRES,

ALL
HARMONIZED FOR THREE VOICES.

TOGETHER WITH
A COPIOUS ELUCIDATION OF
THE SCIENCE OF VOCAL MUSIC.

BY JOSEPH FUNK.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.—ISAIAH, ch. XXXV. v. 10.

SECOND EDITION, GREATLY IMPROVED AND ENLARGED.

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1835.

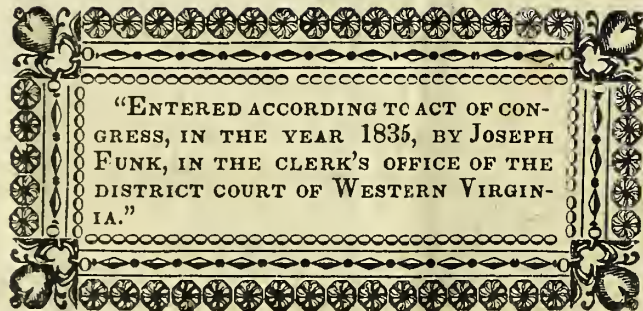
Joseph W. Burnham

G. W. B.

(A)
(E, L, L)
(B. etc.)
(F. G. H.)

Wade
G. W. B.

1835



"ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CON-
GRESS, IN THE YEAR 1835, BY JOSEPH
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PREFACE.

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WHEREVER man inhabits the earth, the power of music is felt and acknowledged. This influence of sweet sounds, like most other gifts of our bountiful Creator, may be so used as to be the instrument of much good, or perverted to the purposes of deep and extensive evil.*

As it would be a most pernicious error to imagine that the love of music is the same thing with Christian piety, so it would be a mistake of no trifling magnitude to deny the utility of music in awakening and strengthening our devotional affections. That utility has been demonstrated in every age, by the happy experience of those who have aspired to hold communion with the Father of mercies. And it is a fact as consolatory as it is remarkable, that while Christians are lamentably divided on many articles of their faith and practice, they all agree that God should be praised in musical strains; and that, when the heart goes with the voice, this is one of the most delightful and edifying parts of His worship. Hence, in addition to those divine songs with which it has pleased the Holy Spirit himself to fill many a page of the inspired volume, and in imitation of them, a great number of the servants of God have employed the talents he has given

* "Music, though consecrated to the service of the sanctuary, and capable of good improvement in subserviency to devotion, has been, and is often, wretchedly abused to the vilest purposes. it should therefore be used in religious ordinances with jealousy and caution, lest it should produce a false fervor, and subserve the cause of vice, delusion, idolatry, superstition, or enthusiasm."—**DR. SCOTT.**

them in furnishing materials for this branch of worship, adapted to the manifold situations and emotions of the pious mind. And similar exertions have been made to supply a large and variegated treasure of music, suited, in union with those poetic materials, to express and to heighten our religious desires, hopes and enjoyments. By these *combined means*, we feel more intensely and more profitably that in God we live, and move, and have our being, that all our blessings are bestowed by his paternal kindness, and that our everlasting welfare results from his redeeming love toward us in Christ Jesus our Lord.

I am well aware that at the present time, more than a few collections of Sacred Music are soliciting the favorable regard of the public. And perhaps some apology may be deemed necessary on my part for adding one to the number. On this subject I can only say, that while I submit the following compilation to the taste of competent judges, I entertain the hope that they will, on due examination, discover it to be a good book of its kind. A large portion of the compositions here brought together, copied from what I believe to be their best forms, consists of those dignified, solemn, and heart-affecting productions of musical genius which have stood the test of time, and survived the changes of fashion. Such music will never become obsolete in the house of God; it cannot even lose a particle of its interest, while human nature remains unaltered. No frequency of use can wear out these ven-

erable airs; no fondness for novelty can make us insensible to their sterling merit. The other pieces, which I have interspersed among these, will be found, if I mistake not, to possess much attractive beauty, and have been selected with a view to the singing of "psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs," constructed in a vast variety of poetical measures.

The rudiments and elucidation of the science of vocal music, which immediately succeed this preface, have cost me a good deal of thought

and labor. And I hope and believe that they will open a field for the diligent learner, from which he may reap a rich harvest of useful knowledge in the science of vocal music.

In conclusion, that this work may be instrumental in promoting, in some degree, the praises of Him, the triune God, whom angels adore, and to whom all the redeemed incessantly sing high hallelujahs, is the fervent wish of

THE COMPILER.

June, 1832.

A FEW REMARKS ON THE SECOND EDITION.

THE COMPILER takes pleasure in presenting to the public a Second Edition of his Genuine Church Music. Extricated from difficulties which attended the first edition, he has devoted much time, and bestowed a good deal of labor, on this second edition, in order to make it a valuable and useful work—to refine the taste, both in music and poetry, and to promote and facilitate the diligent student in his progress.

Being well aware of the intricacy in which this sacred science has long been involved, and, in his opinion, is still involving, his principal aim was to adorn it with simplicity, and clothe it in its pristine beauty. He therefore hopes and believes, that by means of the corrections and improvements which he has made in this edition—by throwing out the many rests which have so long been stumbling-blocks to the learners, and a detriment to the beauty of music—together with removing

many vain and useless repetitions—as also by adding many elegant tunes and hymns,—the value of this work is thereby greatly enhanced. And notwithstanding the differences which will be discovered between this and the first edition, so that the two editions cannot easily be used together in schools, he trusts that the public will look upon this change as a valuable improvement. He therefore, with more confidence, offers this second edition to an enlightened and discriminating public, with a grateful heart for the kind reception of the first edition, and a lively hope that, on due examination, they will find this edition handsomely improved, and worthy of their patronage; assuring them at the same time, that every subsequent edition (if any be wanted,) shall invariably agree with this, except the correcting of a few errors, and very few, which have escaped notice.

May, 1835.

Respectfully submitted.

ELUCIDATION

OF THE

SCIENCE OF VOCAL MUSIC.

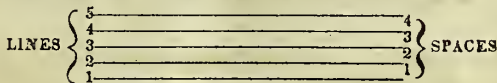
Come, youth! and with profundity explore
This sacred science; ponder and adore
The beauties which in harmony abound,

And the exalted rapture of sweet sound:
Direct your thoughts to those harmonic lays,
And, in poetic numbers, your CREATOR praise!

OF THE STAFF.

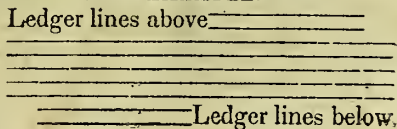
Article 1.—MUSIC is written upon five parallel lines, with their intermediate spaces. These lines and spaces are called a staff, and are counted upwards from the lowest.

EXAMPLE.



Art. 2.—Every line or space is called a degree of sound; thus the staff includes nine degrees of sound, namely, five lines and four spaces. When more than nine degrees of sound are wanted, the spaces below and above are used; and if a still greater compass is required, ledger lines are added either below or above the staff.

EXAMPLE.

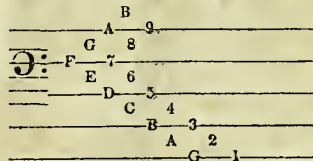


Art. 3.—There are seven original sounds in music, namely, five tones and two semitones, and these are named from the first seven letters of the alphabet, namely, A, B, C, D, E, F, G. These letters are placed on the staff in alphabetical order, and their situation is determined by a character called a clef.

OF CLEFS.

Art. 4.—There are but two clefs now in common use, namely, the F clef and the G clef. The F clef is confined to the bass, and is placed on the fourth line of the staff, representing the letter F, and the seventh sound of the general scale. The figures on the staff show the degrees of sound.

EXAMPLE.

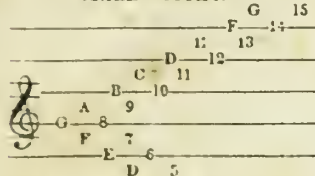


Art. 5.—The G clef is used for both tenor and treble, and is placed

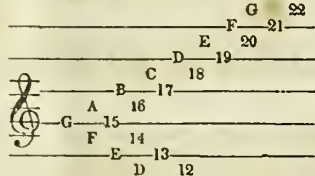
on the second line of the staff, representing the letter G, and the eighth sound of the general scale if sung by male voices, but if it be sung by female voices it represents the fifteenth sound of the general scale.

EXAMPLES :

MALE VOICES.



FEMALE VOICES.



There is another clef, which was formerly used, called the C clef, representing the letter C, and the fourth or eleventh sound of the general scale. This clef was moveable, at pleasure, to any line of the staff, the letters, in their alphabetical order, moving with it. But as this clef is nearly obsolete, no farther notice will be taken of it.

Art. 6.—As it is of great importance that the situation of the musical letters upon the staves should be well known, the student is advised to commit to memory the following

SCALE :

TREBLE STAFF.

22	G	space above
21	F	fifth-line
20	E	fourth space
19	D	fourth-line
18	C	third space
17	B	third-line
16	A	second space
15	G	second-line
14	F	first space
13	E	first-line
12	D	



TENOR STAFF.


15	G	space above
14	F	fifth-line
13	E	fourth space
12	D	fourth-line
11	C	third space
10	B	third-line
9	A	second space
8	G	second-line
7	F	first space
6	E	first-line


BASS STAFF.


4	B	space above
3	A	fifth-line
2	G	fourth space
1	F	fourth-line
	E	third space
	D	third-line
	C	second space
	B	second-line
	A	first space
	G	first-line


OF NOTES AND RESTS.

Art. 7.—As there is a difference in the duration, or time of sounds, in music, and as letters cannot describe the length of sound, notes have been invented as the representatives of sound—and these are of various sorts, as, 1st, a whole note, called a semibreve; 2d, a half note, called a minim; 3d, a quarter note, called a crotchet; 4th, an eighth note, called a quaver; 5th, a sixteenth note, called a semiquaver; and 6th, a thirty-second note, called a demisemiquaver. These notes are formed in the following manner:—a semibreve is an open note, formed thus , and is the longest sound in music that is in modern use; a minim is formed with a stem added to the semibreve, thus , and is half as long in duration of time as the semibreve;

the crotchet is formed by filling up the open head of the minim, thus , and is half the length, in duration of time, of the minim;

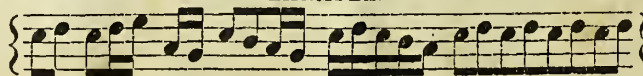
the quaver is formed by adding a hook to the crotchet, thus , and is half the length of the crotchet;

the semiquaver has two hooks added, thus , and is half the length of the quaver;

and the demisemiquaver has three hooks added, thus , and is half the length of the semiquaver.

Art. 8.—The eighth, sixteenth and thirty-second notes, are sometimes joined together, by their hooks, into groups or clusters: all those notes which are grouped together must be sung to one syllable.

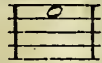
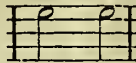

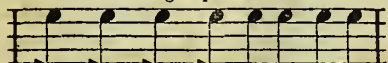








EXAMPLE.



Art. 9.—Rests, or marks of silence, show how long to keep silence between sounds. Each note has its equivalent rest, to which it gives

its name. These rests are named and formed in the following manner, viz: a semibreve rest is a square placed under the middle line of the staff; a minim rest is a square placed over the middle line of the staff; a crotchet rest is a hook turned to the right; the quaver rest is a hook turned to the left; the semiquaver rest is a double hook turned to the left; and the demisemiquaver rest is a triple hook turned to the left.

Art. 10.—The proportion which the different notes bear to each other is also exhibited in the following table, with their equivalent rests opposite to the notes:

	RESTS.*
One semibreve  is equal in duration to two minims,  or four crotchets,  or eight quavers,  or sixteen semiquavers,  or thirty-two demisemiquavers. 	     

*Rests, in music, are indispensably necessary, in order to keep the accent in its proper place in the measure; but in all other cases they should be used very sparingly, or entirely avoided, as they often prove to be stumbling-blocks to singers, and are productive of very little good, if any.

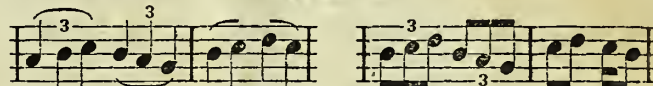
Art. 11.—A dot, after a note, adds one half to its original length: thus a dotted semibreve is equal in duration to three minims, a dotted minim to three crotchets, a dotted crotchet to three quavers, &c.

EXAMPLES.



Art. 12.—The figure 3 placed over or under three notes, signifies that they are to be sung in the time of two notes of the same kind without the figure: thus three crotchets with the figure 3 over them, are to be performed in the time of two crotchets without the figure.—The same remark applies to quavers, &c.

EXAMPLES.



Art. 13.—A flat \flat lowers a note before which it is placed, half a tone.


Art. 14.—A sharp \sharp raises a note before which it is placed half a tone.


Art. 15.—A natural \natural restores a note made flat or sharp to its original sound.


The flats and sharps are principally used to transpose the keys from lower to higher, and from higher to lower—also from major to minor, and from minor to major. This is their office, when set at the beginning of a tune, where all the letters or notes, throughout the tune, on which they are placed, are raised or lowered half a tone, in order to bring the semitones to their proper places, in the scale of music, for the designed key. They are also used as accidentals; in this case they raise or lower that note *only* before which they are immediately placed.


ELUCIDATION OF THE


The natural is used as an accidental to counteract the flats and sharps, which are used at the beginning of a tune for transposing the key. For instance, when an accidental semitone falls on a letter that was made flat or sharp at the beginning of a tune, the placing of a natural on such a letter, or note, restores it to its primitive sound; and thus, by restoring it to its original sound, the flatted note is raised, and the sharped note lowered, half a tone, and by this means the accidental semitone is produced.


Art. 16.—A single bar  divides the notes into equal timed measures, according to the measure note.

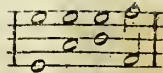
Art. 17.—A double bar  shows where a strain ends which is to be repeated. It is also used at the beginning of a chorus. When the figures 1 2 are used at the double bar, it shows that the note under figure 1 is sung before the repeat, and that under figure 2 after.

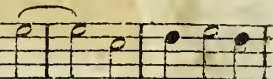
Art. 18.—A repeat  shows from whence a tune is to be repeated.

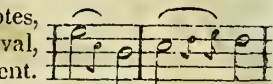
Art. 19.—A brace  shows how many parts belong to a score, and are to be performed together.


Art. 20.—A tie  is drawn over or under so many notes as are to be sung to one syllable.

Art. 21.—The close  shows the end of a tune.

Art. 22.—Choosing notes  are set directly over each other, either of which may be sung.

Art. 23.—Syncopated and driving notes, are those which are driven through the bar, or out of their proper order in the measure. 

Art. 24.—Notes of transition, or grace notes, are used to soften the harshness of an interval, and to direct an easy and graceful movement. They borrow their time from the note to which they are united. Grace notes are an ornament to music, when they are gracefully performed; but the performer should be careful, lest, in attempting to grace a note, he disgrace it. 

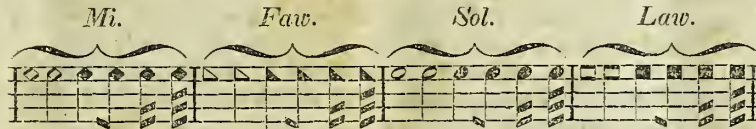
Art. 25.—A hold, or pause,  shows that the note over or under which it is placed, may be sounded longer than its usual time, and should be sung with a graceful swell.

OF THE APPLICATION OF SYLLABLES TO THE NOTES.

Art. 26.—In applying syllables to the different sounds of the octave, several different methods have been adopted. However, the method which I believe to be the most common, and also the most facilitating, has been adopted in this work, namely, the application of the four syllables, *faw, sol, law, mi*. The syllables *faw, sol, law*, to occur twice in the octave. These syllables, when properly pronounced, are well calculated to assist the voice in sounding the tones open, soft and smooth. The *i* in *mi* should be pronounced short, as in *pin*; the *o* in *sol* has its long sound, as in *no*; and the *faw* and *law* are pronounced as they are written. The note *mi*, which, according to this method, occurs but once in every octave, is made the master note. This note, on which all the other notes depend, is itself dependent on the pitch of the octave, or key, and changes with every modulation or change

of key. The *mi* is made the master note, because its situation is immediately between the two key notes; the major key note being next to it above, and the minor key note next to it below. Moreover, as the master note *mi*, with its attendants, *fa*, *sol*, and *la*, is drawn and driven about, from place to place, through the scale of music, it is expedient to have the notes differently formed, and in such a manner as to know, by their different forms, what syllable to apply to each of them. This will facilitate the progress of the learner, and is of great utility in the science of *vocal* music. See the different forms of the notes, and the syllables applied to each particular form, in the following

EXAMPLES:



OF ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

Art. 27.—Accent and emphasis form the essence of versification and music. It is from this source that poetry and music derive their dignity, variety, expression and significance. Without these requisites, music and poetry would be heavy and lifeless; they would fail to animate our feelings; and the meaning of the verse would be ambiguous and unintelligible. Consequently, as the accent of the music must exactly and invariably agree with the accent and emphasis of the poetry, when united, it makes it indispensably necessary for the learner to acquire some knowledge of the nature and propriety of accent and emphasis, and of the rules for applying them both to music and poetry. Briefly, then,

Accent is the laying of a peculiar stress of the voice on a certain syllable in a word, or note in music, that they may be better heard than the rest, or distinguished from them. Every word of more than

one syllable has one or more syllables accented. For example: the words *music*, *musical*, and *musically*, have the first syllable accented; the words *become*, *becoming*, and *becomingly*, have the second syllable accented; and the words *contravene*, *contravener*, and *contravention*, have the third syllable accented. Now, when monosyllables, which, properly speaking, have no accent, are combined with other monosyllables, and form a phrase, the stress which is laid upon one syllable in preference to others, is called emphasis; and thus emphasis, in monosyllables, supplies the place of accent, and is the same with it in dissyllables and polysyllables.

It is deemed unnecessary to treat here of the long and short quantity of the accented syllables; the accent alone, whether it fall on a vowel or consonant, is equally capable of marking the movement, and pointing out the regular paces of the voice.

OF TIMES, MOODS AND MEASURES, RELATIVE TO MUSIC AND POETRY.

Art. 28.—Time, in music, is the quantity or length by which is assigned to every particular note its due measure, without making it either longer or shorter than it ought to be. There are two kinds of time in music, namely, *common*, or *equal time*, and *triple*, or *unequal time*.—These *times* are regulated by the accent which is laid on particular parts of the measure—the regulation of which must exactly agree with the measure of poetry into feet, where the accent is laid on particular syllables, by means of which the voice, as it were, steps along through the verse in a measured pace, which is delightful, musical and pleasing.

Art. 29.—Poetry is measured by feet. All feet in poetry consist either of two or of three syllables. Consequently poetry may be divided into two parts, *viz*: *equal measured verse*, and *unequal measured verse*. Verse of equal measure consists of feet of two syllables, and verse of

unequal measure consists of feet of three syllables. Each of these measures may be subdivided into two parts—the first, or equal measure, into Trochaic and Iambic measures, and the second, or unequal measure, into Dactylic and Anapaestic measures.

Art. 30.—Verses of Trochaic measure consist of feet of two syllables, having the first syllable of each foot accented, and the last unaccented.

Examples of Trochaic measure :

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

Lord of heav'n, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God.

Art. 31.—Verses of Iambic measure consist also of feet of two syllables, having the first syllable of each foot unaccented, and the last syllable accented.

Examples of Iambic measure :

Arise, in all thy glory, Lord,
Let power attend thy gracious word;
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
And show the riches of thy grace.

Ye lovely band of blooming youth,
Warn'd by the voice of heavenly truth,
Now yield to Christ your youthful prime,
With all your talents, and your time.

Art. 32.—Verses of Dactylic measure consist of feet of three syllables, having the first syllable of each foot accented, and the last two syllables unaccented.

Examples of Dactylic measure :

Hail the bless'd morn, when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in a manger—
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.

This measure frequently has an additional unaccented syllable at the commencement of each line, thus :

Ye angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known—
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise:

How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.

Art. 33.—Verses of Anapaestic measure consist also of feet of three syllables, having the first two syllables unaccented, and the last accented.

Examples of Anapaestic measure.

Oh how happy are they,
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;

Oh! what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as life wears away.

Art. 34. The preceding are the principal feet and measures, of which all species of English verse wholly or chiefly consist. These measures, however, are capable of many variations, by their intermixture with each other, and by the admission of secondary feet. From this intermixture it is, that we have such a variety of metres :

Art. 35. TIME, in music, is measured by moods, of which there are nine different kinds, namely, four of common time, three of triple, and two of compound.

Art. 36. The first mood of common time is expressed by a plain C, thus : \underline{C} It contains a semibreve, or its quantity in other notes or rests, in a \underline{C} measure, and it is sung in the time of four seconds—two beats in a measure, one down and one up.

Art. 37. The second mood of common time is expressed by a C with a stroke through it, thus : \underline{C} It also contains a semibreve, or its quantity in other notes or rests, \underline{C} in a measure, and is sung in the time of three seconds, and beat as the first mood.

Art. 38. The third mood of common time is expressed by an inverted C, thus : \overline{C} It likewise has a semibreve, or its quantity in other notes or rests \overline{C} in a measure, and is sung in the time of two seconds ; it is also beat as the first.

Art. 39. The fourth mood of common time is expressed by the figures 2 and 4, fractionally, thus : $\frac{2}{2}$ It has a minim, or its quantity in other notes or rests, in a measure, and is sung in the time of one and a half seconds, and beat $\frac{4}{4}$ as the first.

TABLE.

Octave of the major mode :		Octave of the minor mode :	
faw—8	mi—7	law—8	sol—7
law—6	sol—5	faw—6	law—5
faw—4	law—3	sol—4	faw—3
sol—2	mi—2	faw—3	mi—2
Major key—faw—1	Minor key—law—1		

Every major key has its relative minor, and every minor key has its relative major. The relative minor to any major key is its third below, or sixth above; and the relative major to any minor key is its third above, or its sixth below.

Art. 57.—When the lowest note of an interval is placed an octave higher, or when the highest note of an interval is placed an octave lower, such change is called inversion. Thus, by inversion, a

second		becomes a seventh;		a
third		becomes a sixth;		a
fourth		becomes a fifth;		a
fifth		becomes a fourth;		a
sixth		becomes a third;		a

sev'nth becomes a second.

Art. 58.—The last note of the bass is always the *key note*; and if it be the first *above* mi, the key is major; but if it be the first *below* mi, the key is minor; or, if it be *faw*, the key is major—but if it be *law*, the key is minor. Moreover, the last note of the tenor should invariably agree with the key note of the bass, either in unison, or octave above.

OF TRANSPOSITION.

Art. 59.—There are but two natural keys in the scale of music—C the natural major key, and A the natural minor key. Now, in order to keep the tones within the compass of the human voice, it is indispensably necessary to change the *keys* frequently, from higher to lower, and from lower to higher—also from major to minor, and from minor to major. This change is amply provided for in the scale of music, inasmuch as each of the sounds of the *Chromatic scale* (of which there are twelve,) can be made the *key note* of either the *major* or the *minor* mode, by the means of flats and sharps. However, there are seldom more than eight removes of the keys made use of, and these are effected in the following manner:

Art. 60.—The natural place for mi is on B;

But, if B be flat,	mi is on E	Or if F be sharp,	mi is on F
If B and E be flat,	mi is on A	If F and C be sharp,	mi is on C
If B, E and A be flat,	mi is on D	If F, C and G be sharp,	mi is on G
If B, E, A and D, be flat,	mi is on G	If F, C, G and D, be sharp,	mi is on D
If B, E, A, D and G, be flat,	mi is on C	If F, C, G, D and A, be sharp,	mi is on A
If B, E, A, D, G and C, be flat,	mi is on F	If F, C, G, D, A and E, be sharp,	mi is on E

By flats the mi is *driven* round,
Till forced, on B, to stand its ground;
By sharps the mi is *led* through the keys,
Till brought on B, its native place.

For the different positions of the master note mi, with its attendants, faw, sol and law, as also the practical use of flats and sharps, see the following table:

A TABLE SHOWING THE NATURE

First column.
Mi, in its natural place, on B.

Second column.
Mi, removed on C natural.

Third column.
Mi, removed on C sharp.

Fourth column.
Mi, removed on D natural.

Fifth column.
Mi, removed on D sharp.

Sixth column.
Mi, removed on E.

THE NATURAL, Or General Scale of VOCAL MUSIC,

Written on lines only—the spaces between the lines of the semitones being only half as wide as those between the tones.

The 1st remove raises the master note mi, with the keys, half a tone higher than the natural scale, and places the *semitones* between C and D, and F and G, which requires B, E, A, D and G, to be made flat.

The 2d remove raises the master note mi, with the keys, two semitones higher than the natural scale, and places the *semitones* also between C and D, and F and G, which requires F and C to be made sharp.

The 3d remove raises the master note mi, with the keys, three semitones higher than the natural scale, and places the *semitones* between D and E, and G and A, which requires B, E and A, to be made flat.

The 4th remove raises the master note mi, with the keys, four semitones higher than the natural scale, and places the *semitones* also between D and E, and G and A, which requires F, C, G and D, to be made sharp.

The 5th remove raises the master note mi, with the keys, five semitones higher than the natural scale, and places the *semitones* between A and B, and E and F, which requires B to be made flat.

	Natural, or fixed scale	Artificial, or moving scale	Natural, or fixed scale	Artificial, or moving scale	Natural, or fixed scale	Artificial, or moving scale	Natural, or fixed scale	Artificial, or moving scale
32								
31								
30								
29								
28								
27								
26								
25								
24								
23								
22								
21								
20								
19								
18								
17								
16								
15								
14								
13								
12								
11								
10								
9								
8								
7								
6								
5								
4								
3								
2								
1								

Compass of the female voice

Compass of the male voice

Third octave

Second octave

First octave

Third octave

Second octave

First octave

Third octave

Second octave

First octave

Third octave

Second octave

First octave

Third octave

Second octave

First octave

Third octave

Second octave

First octave

Tave

Tave

Seventh column. Mi, removed on F natural.		Eighth column. Mi, removed on F sharp.		Ninth column. Mi, removed on G natural.		Tenth column. Mi, removed on G sharp.		Eleventh column. Mi, removed on A natural.		Twelfth column. Mi, removed on A sharp.	
The 6th remove raises the master note mi, with the keys, seven semitones higher than the natural scale, and places the <i>semitones</i> between B and C, and F and G, which requires B, E, A, D, G and C, to be made flat.		The 7th remove raises the master note mi, with the keys, seven semitones higher than the natural scale, and places the <i>semitones</i> also between B and C, and F and G, which requires F to be made sharp.		The 8th remove raises the master note mi, with the keys, eight semitones higher than the natural scale, and places the <i>semitones</i> between C and D, and G and A, which requires B, E, A and D to be made flat.		The 9th remove raises the master note mi, with the keys, nine semitones higher than the natural scale, and places the <i>semitones</i> also between C and D, and G and A, which requires F, C, and G, to be made sharp.		The 10th remove raises the master note mi, with the keys, ten semitones higher than the natural scale, and places the <i>semitones</i> between A and B, and D and E, which requires B and E to be made flat.		The 11th remove raises the master note mi, with the keys, eleven semitones higher than the natural scale, and places the <i>semitones</i> also between A and B, and D and E, which requires F, C, G, D and A, to be made sharp.	
Natural, or fixed scale	Artificial, or moving scale	Natural, or fixed scale	Artificial, or moving scale	Natural, or fixed scale	Artificial, or moving scale	Natural, or fixed scale	Artificial, or moving scale	Natural, or fixed scale	Artificial, or moving scale	Natural, or fixed scale	Artificial, or moving scale
G — b	G — faw	G — G	G — faw	G — G	G — mi	G — G	G — mi	G — G	G — law	G — G	G — law
F —	F — mi	F — F	F — mi	F — F	F — law	F — F	F — law	F — F	F — sol	F — F	F — sol
E — b	E — law	E — F	E — law	E — E	E — sol	E — E	E — sol	E — E	E — faw	E — E	E — faw
D —	D — sol	D — D	D — sol	D — D	D — faw	D — D	D — faw	D — D	D — law	D — D	D — law
C — b	C — faw	C — C	C — faw	C — C	C — law	C — C	C — law	C — C	C — sol	C — C	C — sol
B — b	B — law	B — B	B — law	B — B	B — sol	B — B	B — sol	B — B	B — faw	B — B	B — faw
A — b	A — sol	A — A	A — sol	A — A	A — faw	A — A	A — faw	A — A	A — mi	A — A	A — mi
G — b	G — faw	G — G	G — faw	G — G	G — mi	G — G	G — mi	G — G	G — law	G — G	G — law
F —	F — mi	F — F	F — mi	F — F	F — law	F — F	F — law	F — F	F — sol	F — F	F — sol
E — b	E — law	E — F	E — law	E — E	E — sol	E — E	E — sol	E — E	E — faw	E — E	E — faw
D — b	D — sol	D — D	D — sol	D — D	D — faw	D — D	D — faw	D — D	D — law	D — D	D — law
C — b	C — faw	C — C	C — faw	C — C	C — law	C — C	C — law	C — C	C — sol	C — C	C — sol
B — b	B — law	B — B	B — law	B — B	B — sol	B — B	B — sol	B — B	B — faw	B — B	B — faw
A — b	A — sol	A — A	A — sol	A — A	A — faw	A — A	A — faw	A — A	A — mi	A — A	A — mi
G — b	G-Maj. key	G — G	G-Maj. key	G — G	G — mi	G — G	G — mi	G — G	G — law	G — G	G — law
F —	F — mi	F — F	F — mi	F — F	F — law	F — F	F — law	F — F	F — sol	F — F	F — sol
E — b	E-Min. key	E — F	E-Min. key	E — E	E — sol	E — E	E — sol	E — E	E — faw	E — E	E — faw
D — b	D — sol	D — D	D — sol	D — D	D — faw	D — D	D — faw	D — D	D — law	D — D	D — law
C — b	C — faw	C — C	C — faw	C — C	C — law	C — C	C — law	C — C	C — sol	C — C	C — sol
B — b	B — law	B — B	B — law	B — B	B — sol	B — B	B — sol	B — B	B — faw	B — B	B — faw
A — b	A — sol	A — A	A — sol	A — A	A — faw	A — A	A — faw	A — A	A — mi	A — A	A — mi
G — b	G-Maj. key	G — G	G-Maj. key	G — G	G — mi	G — G	G — mi	G — G	G — law	G — G	G — law

Art. 61.—In the first column of the preceding table, the learner will discover that the regular order and number of the tones and semitones, with the keys, musical letters, and octaves of the *General Scale of Music*, are written on *lines only*. Here are also seen the compass of the male and female voices, separately, and the number of semitones contained in the General Scale of Music, divided according to the Chromatic scale.

My object for using lines only throughout this table, is, to give the learner a correct idea of the *semitones* in the scale or octave, and the use of flats and sharps in bringing the tones and semitones to their proper places when the keys are changed by transposition. This method of writing the sounds on lines only, will distinguish the *tones* from the *semitones* by the intermediate spaces, inasmuch as the spaces between the lines of the tones are here double to the spaces between the lines of the semitones.

In the second and succeeding columns of this table, the learner will discover that there are two scales in each column; the one is called the *Natural, or fixed scale*, and the other the *Artificial, or moving scale*. Of these two scales, the one which is called the natural, or fixed scale, is precisely the same with the general scale of music in the position of its letters, keys, octave, tones and semitones, and is thus unvaried and fixed. The other, which is called the artificial or moving scale, is by art made the same with the natural or fixed scale, in the position of its tones and semitones, names of the notes, and octaves, from the master note *mi* ascending and descending; but it is varying and unfix'd, as the letters do not represent the same sounds of the octave, inasmuch as the keys are removed from one letter to another, through the scale, in order to fix the key on such a letter of the scale as will retain the sounds of the tune within the compass of the general scale. For instance, in the second column the master note *mi* is removed from its native place *B*—to that on *C*—; this is done in order

to remove the keys a semitone higher in the scale. Here the learner will discover that the whole system of the moving scale, from the master note *mi* ascending and descending, is precisely the same with the natural scale, save that it is a semitone higher in the scale. This remove produces a disagreement of the two scales, in the sounds of the letters *B, E, A, D* and *G*, they being a semitone too high in the fixed scale for the moving scale. Here, and in the following columns, the utility of flats and sharps will appear evident to the learner; for, by placing a flat on each of these letters in the fixed scale, it sinks them half a tone, and by this means brings the tones and semitones to their proper places in the octaves of the moving scale, as the sounds of these become *artificial*. Hence the *name* of the scale.

In the third column of this table, where the *mi* is removed on *C* sharp, in order to raise the keys *two* semitones higher in the *general scale*, we see that this remove produces a disagreement of the two scales in the sounds of the letters *F* and *C*, they being a semitone too low in the fixed scale for the moving scale. Now, by placing a sharp on each of these letters in the fixed scale, it raises them half a tone, and thus brings the tones and semitones to their proper places in the moving scale.

These remarks are deemed sufficient to give the learner a correct idea of the *use* of flats and sharps in transposition; as by a glance through the succeeding columns of this table, he will discover, in like manner, their use, in every remove of the keys, in bringing the semitones in the moving scale between *mi* and *fa*, and *la* and *fa*, invariably.

In this table may be discovered the gradual ascension of the *keys*, by semitones, through the chromatic scale, until every semitone is made the key note of both the *major* and the *minor modes*. Here we find that there are *24* keys in the scale of music, *12* of which are *major* and *12* *minor*. This gives ample room to fix the key of a

tune on such a degree of sound in the scale as will keep the sounds thereof within the limits of the human voice. Moreover, we see in this table, that whenever the sounds and octave of the moving scale ascend over the 22nd sound of the fixed scale, in order to keep within the limits of the *general scale of music*, they fall off above, and take their stand below, on the same letters of the scale which they leave above. In like manner, the *keys*, when they ascend to the last note of the first octave, break off and take their station below, on the first sound of the scale, or ground note of the first octave.

As it is of the greatest importance to be well acquainted with the *location* of the *semitones* in the scale of music, I would farther inform the learner, that the *whole intention* of transposition is to keep the semitones in their proper places in the octaves, of both the major and minor keys. For, when the keys are transposed, the semitones go with them in their invaried order in which they are seen in this table, and in the table of the octaves of the major and minor modes, page xv. And as the *names* of the notes in the octaves suggest, to the vocal performer, the proper sounds of the letters which they represent, they are also, in their invariable position in which they are applied to the intervals of the octaves, transposed with the keys. Thus the whole system, as, *keys, names* of the notes, *tones* and *semitones*, go together, leaving only the *letters* behind; and even *these* are compelled, by the *art* of music, to yield in accommodation to the semitones.

Remarks on the use of Patent Notes.

Art. 62.—When we look through the different columns of the *table of transposition*, and see the various positions of the master note *mi*, with its attendants, *fa*, *sol* and *la*. must we not, on a moment's reflection, conclude, that to know the different names of the notes by their different forms, would very much aid the learner of vocal music; inasmuch as the names are more quickly communicated to the mind of the learner by seeing their shapes, than by calculations! I allude to the *patent*, or, as they are sometimes called, *character* notes. But as the use of the patent notes in preference to the round, has been

much controverted, and warmly debated, I will here critically investigate whether the patent notes are, or are not, to be used in preference to the round. In order to do this, it will be necessary to discuss the following question, namely: *Will the names of the notes aid the learners in getting the proper sounds of the letters which the notes represent?* On this subject I will quote the sentiments of several respectable authors, who were themselves, I presume, in favor of the *round* notes, inasmuch as they individually used them. And first,

ANDREW ADGATE, in his *Rudiments of Music*, sixth edition, Philadelphia, printed in 1799—in article 7th, he states the following: “In practising musical lessons for the voice, it is of great service to apply invariably, particular syllables to the octave, as by that means we associate with each syllable the idea of its proper sound.” From this it is evident that this author is of the opinion that the *names* of the notes are essential in getting the proper sounds of the letters which they represent: for if the idea of the proper sound be associated with the syllable, or name of the note, the name must certainly be serviceable in giving the right sound. Secondly,

SAMUEL DYER, in his *Introduction to the Art of Singing*, of his Philadelphia selection of sacred music, sixth edition, printed in New York in 1828, states as follows, namely: “In practising musical lessons, it is customary to apply certain syllables to the Diatonic intervals of the octave. The end proposed is, *that the same name invariably applied to the same interval, may naturally suggest its true relation and proper sound.*” From this it is evident that this author is also of the opinion, that the *names* of the notes suggest the proper sounds of the letters, in the octave, or Diatonic intervals, which they represent; inasmuch as notes are the representatives of those intervals and musical letters. Now, as these syllables, or names of the notes, are *invariably* applied to the same intervals of the octave, they retain this invariable position in relation to their key, or master note *mi*, when transposed; and thus, in every *change* of key, they have their relative and proper sounds associated with their names. Moreover,

We find, in the *American Psalmsody*, second edition, published in Hartford, in 1830, by E. IVES and D. DUTTON, in the 17th paragraph, where they are illustrating the different *keys*, with allusion to the major in its various positions when transposed, the following: “Now all these different keys may be sung with equal ease, by using the same syllables and in the same order in each key, beginning with *fa*, as marked in the above example, and making the same intervals between each syllable as you did in singing with the key-note C. It is plain, then, that in singing with any number of flats or sharps, all that is necessary is to find the place of *fa*.” Now, from this it is plain and evident, that when we use the same syllables and in the same order in each key, that the same syllables in the same order or relation to the key, must be transposed with the key: and what is this for, if the *syllables*, which are the *names* of the notes, have not the proper sounds of the notes associated with them! In the 18th paragraph of the same work the authors say—“When, therefore, there are neither sharps nor flats at the beginning of the staff, the signature is called natural. When this is the case, *fa* is always on C;

and by applying the *syllables* in their proper order to the different degrees of the staff, you will not fail to give the correct sound to every note." Why not fail to give the correct sound to every note! The answer is natural and plain—Because the *syllables* suggest the correct sounds, they having them associated with their *names*. The same authors farther state, in the 24th paragraph—"You will not fail of singing either mode correctly, if you sing by the syllables, and preserve their proper relation of pitch."

In addition to the above, I would farther observe, that all the noted authors of vocal music whom I have consulted, both German and English, (and these are more than a few), are in favor of transposition. Now, the very *intention* of transposition is this—that the *same intervals, or sounds*, and consequently in vocal music the *same syllables, or names of the notes, be kept invariably on the same intervals of the Diatonic scale or octave, both ascending and descending from the master note mi, or the keys, of both the major and the minor modes*. If, therefore, the *names of the notes* which represent those intervals do not contribute to give the proper sounds, why are they invariably transposed with the keys through the general scale of music!—or why are not the *names of the notes* entirely dispensed with, and the musical *letters* used for the vehicles of sound!

Now, I think, from the testimonies of the above quoted authors, and my own observation, that the above question is fully discussed; and the inference is, as every unprejudiced reader will clearly see, that it is an incontrovertible fact, that the *names of the notes will aid the vocal performers* in getting the proper sounds of the letters which they represent. Now, if this fact is settled, it follows in course, that the quickest way in which this *name* can be communicated to the mind, is the best and most sure way to enable the singer to produce this proper sound—and all must admit that the same is quicker known by seeing a shape, than by calculation.

Now, I would ask those who exclaim so loudly, and I may say, unreasonably, against the using of the patent notes—Do they, in any wise, retard the progress of the diligent and inquisitive student? The strongest objections which I have yet met with, from the most inveterate enemies to the patent notes, are the following:—1. "That people can learn to sing so easily, that they will not learn well." 2. "That the patent notes have always been found to curb inquiry after musical knowledge, by satisfying the student with the shadow, to the entire loss of the substance." 3. "That notes are *representatives* of musical sounds, and if so, how can a knowledge of their *names* qualify a person to understand their *sounds*?" That notes are representatives of musical sounds, I have repeatedly mentioned; and that their names aid a person to produce the proper sounds, I have, I presume, satisfactorily confirmed. And, on the first and second objections (both of which are of one meaning), I would make the following remarks. I have been a teacher of vocal music for many years, both in the English and German languages, in which time I taught both by round and patent notes; and I believe there was more *inquiry* made concerning the rudiments of music by my patent-note singers, than by those who sang the round notes. Now I think the reason for this is plain, inasmuch as the patent-note singers have more time to make *inquiry* than the singers of round notes have; for it is evident that much of the time of the round-note singers must be taken up in finding, by calculation, the names of their notes, whereas the patent-note singers have the names communicated to their minds on sight. But here depends much on the ability and faithfulness of the teacher. A person who undertakes to teach others should be well-informed himself, able to instruct when inquiries are made by any of his choir, and even to

excite them to make inquiries in the science which he is about to inculcate. Now it is not always the case that teachers are thus qualified to give instructions, either by *round or patent notes*: for we find that, through the depravity of human nature, "Ignorance and conceit ride high on both *round and patent saddles*"—and thus the *substance* is lost. But, let a choir be put under the tuition of a well-instructed, judicious and faithful teacher; he will know that it is his duty not only to sing with his choir, but also to instruct them, individually, in the rudiments of music—leading them on to a knowledge of the situation of the musical *letters* on the staves—of the *clefs*—of the *octaves*—of the *keys*—of the *location of the semitones* in the octaves and keys of major and minor modes—of the *compass of the male and female voices*—of *moods, measures, accent, transposition, &c.* Thus the diligent learners, as they are now disencumbered from the irksome task of finding the names of the notes by calculation, can go on with pleasure, following their leader step by step, till they have gained a profound knowledge of the science of music. Moreover, this knowledge, this *SUBSTANCE*, can be gained in a much shorter *time*, and with less *difficulty*, by using the patent notes than by the use of the round.

Inasmuch, then, as the patent notes are an accommodation to the vocal performer, why cannot all the music as well be printed in patent notes as in round?—for the lines and spaces can be represented equally as plain by a square character as by a round one, and consequently the patent notes would not be unaccommodating to the instrumental performer. "I am," says a judicious writer, "a little surprised at the movement of our eastern brethren; they are producing patents, improving and simplifying many arts and sciences, yet cling to their round notes with a zeal, in my opinion, not according to knowledge—and this because they cannot, through a mist of old things, see the preference of the new." The same writer farther states—"The advocates of round notes seem to complain that people devote *too little time* to the study of music. This I know to be the case; but I am not in favor of making the task more difficult, in order to have it more attended to; on the contrary, I believe the easier it is made, the more it will be attended to, because there will be less discouragement." May all efforts be made to improve, simplify and inculcate, this HEAVENLY SCIENCE, that all may unite in *holy song*, as there is nothing which more ravishes and transports the soul than harmony; and we have great reason to believe, from the descriptions of heaven in holy scripture, that this is one of the entertainments of it. And if the soul of man can be so wonderfully affected with these strains of music which human art is capable of producing, how much more will it be raised and elevated by those in which is exerted THE WHOLE POWER OF HARMONY!

"Hear I, or dream I hear, the distant strains,
Sweet to my soul, and tasting strong of heaven."—Young.

OF MUSICAL INTERVALS.

Art. 63.—The intervals of the octave, which begin with the key, and are always counted upwards from the key-note, are simply called by the names of the *first, a second, a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, a seventh, an eighth*. They are also called by the following names, viz:

The first is called the	- - - -	Tonic
" second "	- - - -	Supertonic

"	third	"	- - - -	Mediante
"	fourth	"	- - - -	Subdominante
"	fifth	"	- - - -	Dominante
"	sixth	"	- - - -	Submediante
"	seventh	"	- - - -	The Sensible, or leading note

The eighth is a repetition of the first, an octave higher.

The *first*, or key-note, is called the tonic, because it regulates the tones, or intervals of the octave, and upon it all the other notes depend.

The second is called the supertonic, from its being next above the tonic.

The third is called *mediante*, from its being the middle way between the tonic and the dominante. It varies according to the mode, being the greater third in the major, and the lesser third in the minor. It is much the most important interval in the octave, since upon it depends the nature of the mode—the major being always accompanied with the great third, which consists of three tones, and the minor being always accompanied with the little third, consisting of two tones and a semitone.

The fourth is called the subdominante, from its being a fifth below the tonic.

The fifth is called the dominante, from its importance in the octave, and its immediate connection with the tonic.

The sixth is called the submediante, from its being the middle way between the tonic and subdominante descending. Like the *mediante*, it varies with the mode, being the great sixth in the major, and the little sixth in the minor.

The seventh is called the sensible or leading note, because upon hearing it the ear naturally anticipates the tonic, and is led to it.

The eighth is the same with the tonic, an octave higher in the general scale.

Art. 64.—In consequence of the unequal division of the octave, as

it consists of tones and semitones, fourteen intervals are formed, viz: unison, minor second, major second, minor third, major third, minor fourth, major fourth, minor fifth, major fifth, minor sixth, major sixth, minor seventh, major seventh, and octave.

In counting intervals, both the notes and letters of the extremes are included. Thus from B to C, as from *mi* to *fa*, is a minor second, consisting of a tone and a half, though there is but half a tone between them; from C to D, as from *fa* to *sol*, is a major second, consisting of two tones, though there is but one tone between them; from A to C, as from *law* to *fa*, is a minor third, consisting of two tones and a semitone, though there is but one tone and a semitone between them; from C to E, as from *fa* to *law*, is a major third, consisting of three tones, though there is but two tones between them;—and so of all the intervals in the following

EXAMPLES :

Art. 65.—The inversion of the intervals of the octave has already been considered, page xv. But it will not be amiss to state here, more minutely, that by inversion

A minor second	becomes	A major seventh	} Seconds and Sevenths.
" major seventh	"	" minor second	
" major second	"	" minor seventh	
" minor seventh	"	" major second	

ELUCIDATION OF THE

" minor third	"	" major sixth	} Thirds and Sixths.
" major sixth	"	" minor third	
" major third	"	" minor sixth	
" minor sixth	"	" major third	} Fourths and Fifths.
" minor fourth	"	" major fifth	
" major fifth	"	" minor fourth	
" major fourth	"	" minor fifth	
" minor fifth	"	" major fourth	

Art. 66.—Musical intervals are either consonant or dissonant.—The unison, the octave, the major fifth, the major and minor thirds, the major and minor sixths, are concords, and are pleasing in themselves. The seconds, major and minor—the sevenths, major and minor—the minor fifth and major fourth,—are discords; they are not so pleasing in themselves, but they may occasionally be used in composition, and by a judicious use of them the effects of music may be heightened. It has been disputed whether the minor fourth (the inversion of the major fifth,) ought to be ranked among the concords or among the discords. There can be no doubt that in many combinations it is truly concordant. On the other hand, in some situations and combinations, it is felt to be a discord.

The unison is the most perfect relation that subsists among musical sounds, and it may, without impropriety, be called a perfect consonance or concord. The octave is, next after the unison, the most perfect concord, the union of which is so perfect and pleasing, that it is almost undistinguishable from being the self-same sound. The fifth is next in point of perfection—it is therefore usually called the *perfect fifth*. The minor fifth, in contradistinction, is usually called the *imperfect fifth*.

The unison, the octave, and the perfect fifth, with their octaves, are called perfect concords. Thirds and sixths, major and minor, are called imperfect concords. The minor fourth may be called a concinnous sound, as it is much used in composition; and in many combinations it has a becoming and pleasant sound.

A TABLE OF
CONCORDS AND DISCORDS.

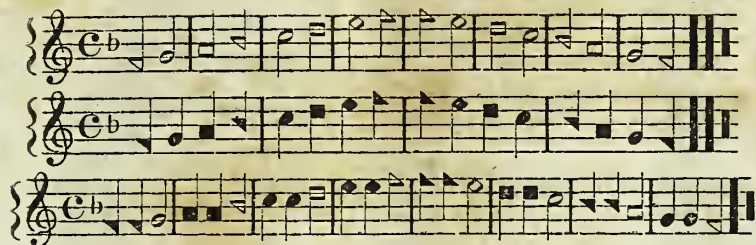
Number of intervals.	Number of semitones.	Intervals.	Concords and Discords.
14	13	An octave	A perfect chord
13	12	Major seventh	A discord
12	11	Minor seventh	A discord
11	10	Major sixth	An imperfect chord
10	9	Minor sixth	An imperfect chord
9	8	Major fifth	A perfect chord
8	7	Minor fifth	A discord
7	7	Major fourth	A discord
6	6	Minor fourth	A concinnous sound
5	5	Major third	An imperfect chord
4	4	Minor third	An imperfect chord
3	3	Major second	A discord
2	2	Minor second	A discord
1	1	A unison	The most perfect chord

Art. 67.—For the purposes of music, sounds must be agreeable in themselves; they must have that clearness which distinguishes them from mere noise, and that sweetness which distinguishes them from harsh and disagreeable sound. A succession of such pleasing, musical sounds, duly ordered in respect of intervals in a single piece, forms melody or song. Two or more musical sounds differing by proper intervals, heard at the same time, form a chord; and a perfect succession of chords, united with melody, and performed simultaneously, forms harmony.

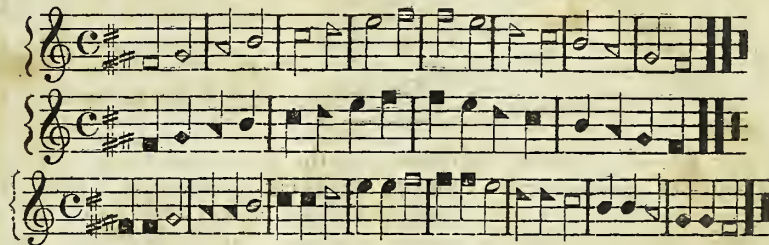
Between a singer and musician,
Wide is the distance and condition:
The one repeats, the other knows,
The sounds which harmony compose.

PRACTICAL LESSONS FOR TUNING THE VOICE.

Art. 68.—Scale of the major key, ascending and descending.

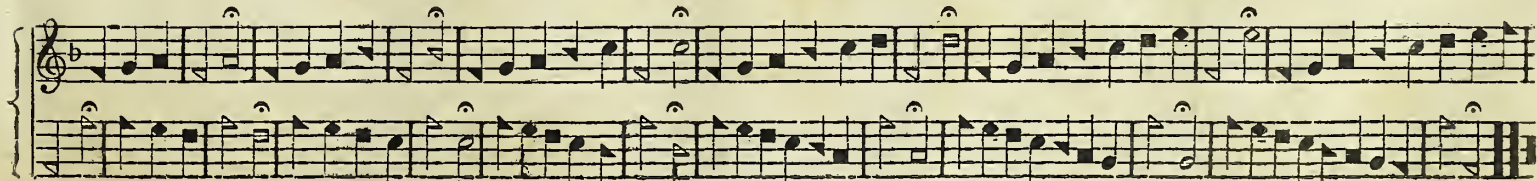


Art. 69.—Scale of the minor key, ascending and descending.

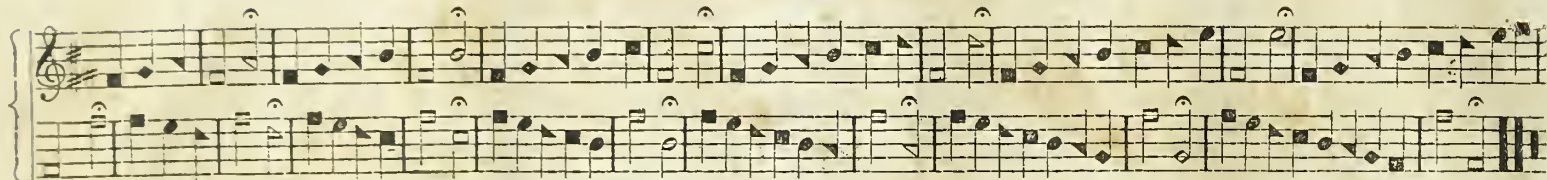


Art. 70.—I have not used the artificial tones of the ascending sixth and seventh in the scale of the minor key, as they are always marked as *accidentals* wherever they should occur; and they occur as frequent, if not more frequent, in the descending scale, than in the ascending. Moreover, are not the ascending sixth and seventh sounds of the first octave, the same with the descending second and third of the second octave?—Also, the sixth and seventh sounds of the second octave ascending, are they not the same with the second and third sounds of the third octave descending?—And are not all the octaves the same, except as they are higher or lower in the **GENERAL SCALE**? To raise, therefore, by sharps, the sixth and seventh sounds of the minor scale ascending, while the descending second and third are left natural, is an anomaly, which, in my opinion, should be entirely eradicated: and wherever the composer thinks proper to raise the seventh or second, in tunes of the minor key, in order to produce a more melting sound, the propriety and effect of which I am well aware, it can be done by accidentals. In like manner the sixth or third may be raised wherever it is necessary to accommodate the seventh or second.

Art. 71.—A lesson to prove the intervals of the major key, ascending and descending.



Art. 72.—A lesson to prove the intervals of the minor key, ascending and descending.



Art. 73.—In forming and cultivating the voice, the learner should endeavor to form his voice as smooth and as clear as possible. All the high notes should be sounded soft and clear, yet not shrill; the low notes should be sounded full and bold, yet not harsh. Let the bass be sung bold and majestic; the tenor firm and manly, and the treble soft and delicate. All levity and affectation should be banished from a choir. When poetry is applied to music, it is of prime importance that every word be pronounced pure and distinct, according to the rules of gram-

mar. Let the singers meditate on the subject of the poetry which they are singing, that the melody of the song be accompanied by the melody of the heart; and thus, by feeling the importance of the subject, they will naturally be led to a proper tone of the voice.

“Reharse his praise with *awe profound*—
 Let *knowledge* lead the song;
 Nor *mock HIM* with a solemn sound
 Upon a *thoughtless tongue*.”

A COMPILATION OF GENUINE CHURCH MUSIC.

“A poet he, and touch'd with heaven's own fire,
Who, with bold rage, or solemn pomp of sounds,
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul :
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
In love dissolves you ; now in sprightly strains

Breathes a gay rapture through your thrilling breast ;
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad ;
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
Such was the Bard, whose heavenly strains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.”—ARMSTRONG.

Metro 2.

DIVINITY. C. M. Hymn 2.—Assem. Collection.

A-wake, a-wake the sa-cred song To our in - car-nate Lord ; Let ev'-ry heart and ev'-ry tongue A-dore th' E - ter - nal Word.

- | | | | |
|---|--|--|---|
| <p>2. That awful Word, that Sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made,
(O happy morn! illustrious hour!)
Was once in flesh arrayed.</p> | <p>3. Then shone Almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.</p> | <p>4. To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless <i>man</i> might rise.</p> | <p>5. Adoring angels tuned their songs,
To hail the joyful day ;
With rapture, then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.</p> |
|---|--|--|---|

PARADISE. C. M. Hymn 54, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights, The glo-ry of my bright - est days, And com - fort

of my nights, And com - fort of my nights.

2. In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's bright Morning-Star,
And he my rising Sun.
3. The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss;
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his!

4. My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord!
5. Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

ATHENS. C. M. Hymn 128.—Gems of Sacred Poetry.

Bo - yond the glitt'-ring, star - ry skies, Far as th' e - ter - nal hills, There, in the boundless worlds of light, Our dear Re - deem - er dwells: In -

mor - tal an - gels, bright and fair, In count - less ar - mies shine; Be - fore him, in trans - port - ed lays, They of - fer songs di - vine.

- | | | | |
|---|--|--|---|
| <p>2. Hail, Prince! they cry, forever hail!
Whose unexampled love
Mould thee to quit those glorious realms,
And royalties above.
And whilst he stooped on earth to dwell,
And suffered rude disdain,
They cast their honors at his feet,
And waited in his train.</p> | <p>3. In all his toils and dangerous paths,
They did his steps attend;
Oft paused—and wondered how, at last,
This scene of love would end!
And when the pow'rs of hell combined
To fill his cup of wo,
The wondering eyes beheld his tears
In bloody anguish flow.</p> | <p>4. As on the torturing cross he hung,
And darkness veiled the sky,
Amazed, they saw that awful sight—
The Lord of glory die!
Anon he burst the gates of death—
Subdued the tyrant's power;
They saw the illustrious Conqueror rise,
And hailed the blissful hour!</p> | <p>5. They thronged his chariot up the skies,
And bore him to his throne;
Then swept their golden harps, and cried,
"The glorious work is done!"
My soul the joyful triumph feels,
And thinks the moments long
Ere she her gracious Saviour sees,
And joins the rapturous song.</p> |
|---|--|--|---|

Metre 2.

BRUNSWICK. C. M. Psalm 49.—Dr. Watts.

Why doth the man of rich - es grow To in - so - lence and pride, To see his wealth and hon - or flow, With ev - ry ri - sing tide!

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|--|
| <p>2. Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self same clay,
And boast as though his flesh was born
Of better dust than they?</p> | <p>3. Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve—
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.</p> | <p>4. Eternal life can ne'er be sold,
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be bribed with gold,
That man may never die.</p> | <p>5. He sees the brutish and the wise,
The tim'rous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.</p> |
|---|---|---|--|

ADVOCATE. 8's & 7's. Hymn 250.—Frat. Coll.

Sa-viour, I do feel thy mer-it, Sprin-kled with re-deem-ing blood; } I am safe, and I am hap-py, While in thy dear arms I lie; * Sin and
And my wea-ry, trou-bled spi-rit, Now finds rest with thee, my God: }

2. Now I'll sing a Saviour's merit,
Tell the world of his dear name;
That if any want his spirit,
He is still the very same:

He that asketh soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find;
Whomso'er on him believeth,
He will never cast behind.

3. Now our Advocate is pleading
With his Father, and our God;
Now for us is interceding
As the purchase of his blood:

Now methinks I hear him praying,
Father, save them, I have died;
And the Father answers, saying,
They are freely justified.

Metre 2.

ZION'S LIGHT. C. M. Hymn 162.—Dover Selection.

Sa-tan can-not hurt me, While my Sa-viour is so nigh.

That glo-rious day is draw-ing nigh, When Zi-on's light shall come; }
She shall a-rise, and shine on high, Bright as the morn-ing sun: }

2. The King, who wears the splendid crown,
The azuro's flaming bow,
The holy city shall bring down,
To bless his church below:

When Zion's bleeding, conquering King,
Shall sin and death destroy,
The morning stars shall join to sing,
And Zion shout for joy.

3. The holy, bright, angelic band,
Who sing on harps of gold,
In glorious order then shall stand,
Fair Salem to behold:

Descending with sweet melting strains,
Jehovah they adore;
Such songs, through earth's extended plains
Were never heard before.

The north and south their sons re-sign, And earth's foun-da-tion bend; Cloth'd as a bride, Je-ru-sa-lem, All-glo-rious shall de-scend.

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|---|
| <p>4 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Nor think his reign is long;
Though saints are feeble, frail, and poor,
Their great Redeemer's strong:</p> | <p>He is their shield and hiding-place—
A covert from the storm—
A mountain in the wilderness,
And their eternal home.</p> | <p>5. The crystal stream comes down from heaven,
It issues from the throne;
The floods of strife away are driven—
The church becomes but one:</p> | <p>That peaceful union we shall know,
And live upon his love,
And sing and praise his name below,
As angels do above.</p> |
|---|--|---|---|

Metre 2.

LONDON. C. M. Hymn 212.—Assem. Coll.

Now let our cheer-ful eyes sur-vey Our great High Priest a-bove, And cel-e-brate his con-stant care, And sym-pa-thet-ic love.

- | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|
| <p>2. Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned:</p> | <p>3. The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest christian say
That he has lost his part.</p> | <p>4. Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldering down to dust.</p> | <p>5. So, gracious Saviour, on my breast,
May thy dear name be worn;
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.</p> |
|--|--|--|--|

Hark how the gos - pel trum-pet sounds! Through all the earth the echo bounds; And Je-sus, by re-deem-ing blood, Is bring-ing sin-ners back to God, And

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

3. Fight on, ye conq'ring souls, fight on,
 And when the conquest you have won,
 Then palms of victory 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.

guides them safe-ly by his word, To end - less day.

In the floods of trib - u - la - tion, While the bil-lows o'er me roll,

2. Thus the lion yields me honey,
 From the eater food is given;
 Strengthened thus I still press forward,
 Singing, as I wade to heaven,
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
 And my sins are all forgiven.

3. 'Mid the gloom the vivid lightnings
 With increasing brightness play;
 'Mid the thorn-brake beauteous flow'rets
 Look more beautiful and gay:
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

4. So in darkest dispensations
 Doth my faithful Lord appear,
 With his richest consolations,
 To reanimate and cheer;
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
 Thus to bring my Saviour near.

5. Floods of tribulation heighten,
 Billows still around me roar;
 Those that know not Christ ye frighten,
 But my soul defies your power:
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

Je-sus whis-pers con-so - la-tion, And sup-ports my faint-ing soul; Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

6. In the sacred page recorded,
Thus the word securely stands,
"Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
Nought shall pluck thee from my hands."
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Every word my love demands.

7. All I meet I find assist me
In my path to heavenly joy;
Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy:
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

8. Wearing there a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forge.
But, exulting, cry, It led me
To my blessed Saviour's feet:
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Which has brought to Jesus' feet.

Metre 2.

ROCKINGHAM. C. M. Hymn 103, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

Come, hap-py souls, ap - proach your God, With new, melodious songs; Come, tender to Al - migh - ty grace, The trib - ute of your tongues.

2. So strange, so boundless was the love,
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son,
To give them life again.

3. Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4. But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5. Here sinners you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

Ye mes - sen - gers of Christ, His sov' - reign voice o - bey; A - rise! and fol - low where he leads, And peace at - tend your way.

2. The Master whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go

3. Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

4. Go, spread a Saviour's name,
And tell his matchless grace,
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.

5. We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success,
Assured, that he who sends you forth,
Will your endeavors bless.

When Hannah, press'd with grief, Pour'd forth her soul in pray'r, }
She quickly found relief, And left her burden there: }

Like her, in ev' - ry try - ing ease, Let us ap - proach the throne of grace.

2. When she began to pray,
Her heart was pained and sad—
But ere she went away,
Was comforted and glad.
In trouble what a resting place
Have they who know the throne of grace!

3. Though men and devils rage,
And threaten to devour;
The saints, from age to age,
Are safe from all their pow'r.
Fresh strength they gain to run their race
By waiting at the throne of grace.

4. Numbers before have tried,
And found the promise true;
Nor yet one been denied—
Then why should I or you?
Let us by faith their footsteps trace,
And hasten to the throne of grace.

5. As fogs obscure the light,
And taint the morning-air,
But soon are put to flight,
If the bright sun appear:
Thus Jesus will our troubles chase
By shining from the throne of grace.

Musical score for 'Mount Tabor' in G major, 3/4 time. It consists of three staves: a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#), and two piano accompaniment staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of two sharps (D major). The melody features a prominent eighth-note pattern in the vocal line. The lyrics are printed below the piano staves.

On Tabor's top the Sa-viour stands, His al-ter'd face res-plen-dent shines; And while he el - e - vates his hands, Lo! glory marks its gen-tle lines.

2. Two heavenly forms descend, to wait
Upon their suffering Prince below;
But while they worship at his feet,
They talk of fast approaching wo.

3. Amid the lustre of the scene
To Calvary he turns his eyes;
And, with submission, all serene,
He marks the future tempest rise.

4. Then let us climb the mount of prayer,
Where all his beaming glories shine;
And, gazing on his brightness there,
Our woes forget in joys divine.

5. Oh that on yonder heavenly hills,
Where now the risen Saviour stands,
And peace, like softest dew distills,
I too may elevate my hands.

Musical score for 'Old Hundred' in G major, 3/4 time. It consists of three staves: a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#), and two piano accompaniment staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of two sharps (D major). The melody is characterized by a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the piano parts. The lyrics are printed below the piano staves.

To God the great, the ever bless'd, Let songs of hon - or be ad-dress'd; His mer-cy firm for - ev - er stands— Give him the thanks his love commands.

2. Who knows the wonders of thy ways!
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise!
Bless'd are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3. Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4. Oh may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to Thee.

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

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, 3. Through many dangers, toils and snares, 4. And when this flesh and heart shall fail, 5. The Lord has promised good to me,
And grace my fears relieved: I have already come; And mortal life shall cease, His word my hope secures;
How precious did that grace appear, 'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, I shall possess, within the veil, He will my shield and portion be,
The hour I first believed! And grace will lead me home. A life of joy and peace. As long as life endures.

now am found— Was blind, but now I see.

Hail to the Lord's a-noint-ed! Great David's greater Son; Hail! in the time ap-point-ed, His

2. He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong—
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;

- To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3. He shall come down, like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring, in his path, to birth:

reign on earth be-gun! He comes to break op - pres-sion, To set the cap-tive free, To take a-way trans-gres-sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.

Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4. For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend—
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever—
That name to us is LOVE!

Metre 2.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

Hark from on high those blissful strains! Whence can such sweetness be? Have angels waked their golden harps With heav'n's own minstrelsy, With heav'n's own minstrelsy!

2. Or do we hear the cherub voice
Of infant bands, who raise,
Soaring from earth, celestial notes
In their Creator's praise!
3. Thus spake the shepherds—yet with dread,
So stringe the sounds they heard,
While o'er their slum'ring flocks they kept
Their wonted nightly guard.

4. And soon they saw a dazzling light
Beam through the starry way,
And shining seraphs clustering where
The infant Jesus lay.
5. They came a saviour's birth to tell,
And tunes of rapture sing;
Hence the glad notes that fill'd the air—
Each swept his loudest string.

6. But now, in accents soft and kind,
The chieftain angel said,
"Heaven's tidings of great joy we bear—
Shepherds, be not afraid."
7. Then suddenly th' angelic choir
Renew'd the rapturous song;
While heaven's wide portals caught the sound
And echoed it along.

SUFFOLK. L. M. Hymn 484.—Assem. Coll.

Where is my God? does he re-tire Be - yond the reach of hum - ble sighs? Are these weak breath-ings of de - sire Too

lan - guid to as - cend the skies!

2. No, Lord, my breathings of desire,
My weak petitions, if sincere,
Are not forbidden to aspire,
But reach to thy all-gracious ear.

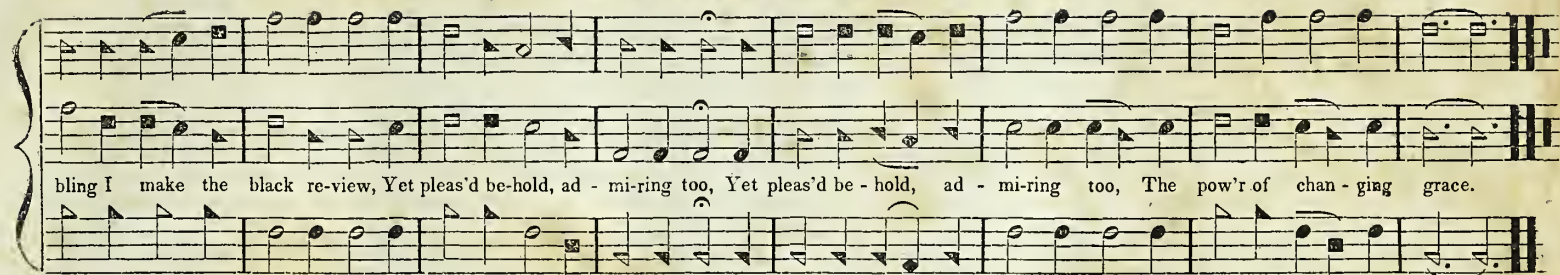
3. Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands—
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.

4. He smiles on ev'ry humble groan,
He recommends each broken pray'r;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose pow'r and love forbid despair.

5. Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word
My Father, God, with joy divine.

KINGWOOD. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6. Hymn 404.—Vill. Hymns.

When, with my mind de - vout-ly press'd, Dear Sa-viour, my re-volv-ing breast, Dear Sa-viour, my re - volv-ing breast Would past of-fan - ces trace; Trem-



bling I make the black re-view, Yet pleas'd be-hold, ad - mi-ring too, Yet pleas'd be - hold, ad - mi-ring too, The pow'r of chan - ging grace.

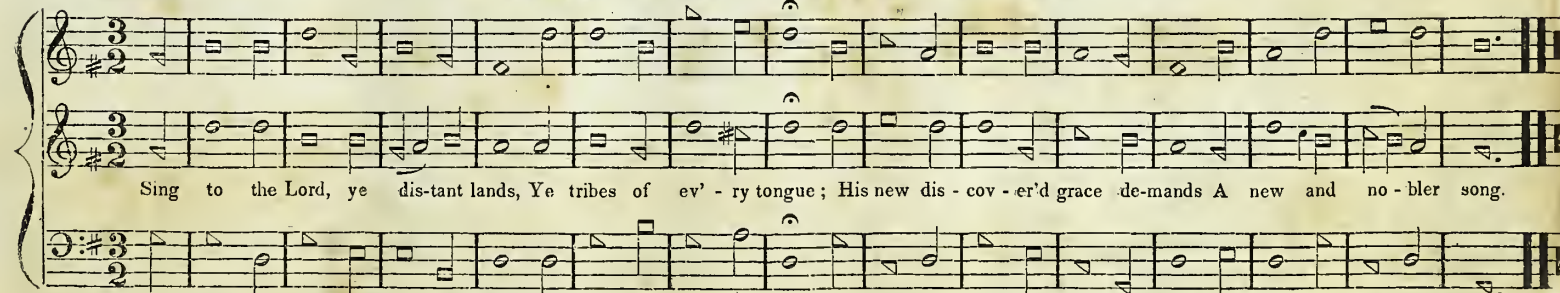
2. This tongue, with blasphemies defiled,
These feet, to erring paths beguiled,
In heav'nly league agree;
Who would believe such lips could praise,
Or think from dark and winding ways
I e'er should turn to thee!

3. These eyes, that once abused the light,
Now lift to thee their wat'ry sight,
And weep a silent flood;
These hands are raised in ceaseless pray'r—
Oh wash away the stains they wear,
In pure, redeeming blood.

4. These ears, that once could entertain
The midnight oath, the festive strain,
Around the sinful board,
Now deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
Avoid the throng, detest their joys,
And long to hear thy word.

Metre 3.

MEAR. C. M. Psalm 96.—Dr. Watts.



Sing to the Lord, ye dis-tant lands, Ye tribes of ev' - ry tongue; His new dis - cov - er'd grace de-mands A new and no - bler song.

2. Say to the nations. Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3. Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4. The joyous earth, the bending skies,
His glorious train display;
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

5. Behold, he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world his righteousness
And send his truth abroad.

ADISHAM. L. M. Psalm 84, Part I.—Dr. Watts.

How plea - sant and di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwell - ings are! With long de - siro my spi - rit

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

3. The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want!

4. Bless'd are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne above the sky;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5. Bless'd are the souls, who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There to behold thy gentle rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

Metre 2.

SWANWICH. C. M. Hymn 46.—Dr. Rippon.

faints, To meet th' as - sem - bles of the saints.

Fath - er of mer - cies, in thy word What end - less glo - ries

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

7. Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

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

shme! For - ev - er be thy name a - dor'd, For these ce - les - tial lines, For these ce - les - tial lines.

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| <p>3. Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a fresh repast;
Sublimar sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.</p> | <p>4. Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.</p> | <p>5. Oh may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.</p> | <p>6. Divine instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.</p> |
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Metre 2.

BRAINTREE. C. M. Psalm 118—Dr. Watts.

This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours his own; Let heav'n re - joice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne.

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| <p>2. To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell,
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.</p> | <p>3. Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy son;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.</p> | <p>4. Blest is the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.</p> | <p>5. Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.</p> |
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PECKHAM. S. M. Hymn 51, Book I.—Dr. Watts.

To God, the on - ly wise, Our Sa-viour and our King, Let all the saints be - low the skies Their hum - ble prais - es bring.

2. 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3. He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4. Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5. To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

Metre 3.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. Psalm 122.—Dr. Watts.

How did my heart rejoice to hear My friends devoutly say, "In Zi-on let us all ap-pear, And keep the solemn day, And keep the solemn day, And keep the solemn day."

2. I love the gates, I love the road;
The church adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3. Up to her courts with joy unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4. He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5. Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, Heav'n-ly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs, Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours.

2. Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys
3. In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
4. Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!
5. Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

I'll speak the hon - ors of my King, His form di - vine - ly fair; None of the sons of mor - tal race, May with the Lord com - pare.

2. Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.
3. Gird on thy sword, majestic Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.
4. Thy throne, O God! forever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hand,
To rule thy saints by love.
5. Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choi-cest rules im - parts To keep the con-science clean

2. When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The nearest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3. 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And thro' the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way:

4. The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

5. Thy precepts make me truly wise,
I hate the sinner's road,
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

How sweet the name of Jo-sus sounds In a bo - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

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

4. Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest and king—
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought—
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

My God, my por-tion, and my love, My ev-er-last-ing all; I've none but thee in heav'n a-bove, Or on this earth-ly ball.

2. What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys—
There's nothing like my God!

3. In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon—
If thou withdraw 'tis night.

4. And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head
'Tis morning with my soul.

5. To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

Hap-py the soul that lives on high, While men lie grov'ling here; His hopes are fix'd a-bove the sky, And faith for-bids his fear.

2. His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3. He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4. His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5. He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his figure here;
Content and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ his life appear.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 4 lines—7's. Hymn 4, Part I.—M. H.

Sinners turn, why will you die? God, your Maker, asks you why? God, who did your bo - ing give, Made you with him-self to live.

2 He the fatal cause demands—
Asks the work of his own hands:
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will you cross his love and die?

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

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

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

Metre 3.

EGYPT. S. M. Hymn 110, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

And must this bo - dy die? This mor - tal frame de - cay? And must these ac - tive 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 often from the skies
Looks down and watchés all my dust,
'Till he shall bid it rise.

4. Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

5. These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above.

Shall wis - dom cry a - loud, And not her speech be heard? The voice of God's E - ter - nal Son, De - serves it no re - gard?

2. I was his chief delight,
His everlasting Son,
Before the first of all his works,
Creation, was begun.

3. Before the flying clouds,
Before the solid land,
Before the fields, before the floods,
I dwelt at thy right hand.

4. When he adorn'd the skies,
And built them, I was there,
To order when the sun should rise,
And marshal every star.

5. When he pour'd out the sea,
And spread the flowing deep,
I gave the flood a firm decree,
In its own bounds to keep.

My sor - rows, like a flood, Im - pa - tient of re - straint, In - to thy bo - som, O my God, Pour out a long com - plaint.

2. This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord—
Could rush with violence into sin,
In presence of thy sword.

3. How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies;
And yet, and yet, O matchless grace!
Thy thunder silent lies.

4. O, shall I ever feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I of such hell-hardened steel
That mercy cannot move?

5. O'ercome by dying love,
Here at thy cross I lie,
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

Ear - ly my God, with - out de - lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirs - ty spi - rit faints a - way, With-out thy cheer - ing grace.

2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3. I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4. Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5. Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

Though trou-bles as - sail, and dan - gers af - fright Though friends should all fail, and foes all u - nite, Yet one thing secures us, what - ev - er be -

2. The birds, without barn or store-house, are fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written the Lord will provide.

3. We all may, like ships, by tempest be toss'd
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet scripture engages the Lord will provide.

4. His call we obey, like Abra'm of old;
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.

tide, The prom - ise as - sures us the Lord will pro - vide.

A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guil - ty fears; }
 The bleed - ing sac - ri - fice In my bc - half ap - pears: }

5. When Satan appears to stop up our path,
 And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
 He cannot take from us (though oft he has triéd)
 The heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

6. He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
 The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
 But when such suggestions our graces have triéd;
 This answers all questions—the Lord will provide.

7. No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim,
 Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name;
 In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide—
 The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

Be - fore the throne my sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

2. He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede,
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead.
 His blood aton'd for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3. Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Receiv'd on Calvary;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me:
 Forgive him! Oh forgive! they cry,
 Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4. The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed one;
 We cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son:
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

5. My God is reconcil'd,
 His pard'ning voice I hear;
 He owns me for his child—
 I can no longer fear:
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba Father, cry.

ALFRETON. L. M. Hymn 86, Part I.—M. H.

O thou, to whose all searching sight The darkness shi-neth as the light, Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee, O burst these bonds and set it free.

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| <p>2. Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought—let all within
Be clean as thou, my Lord, art clean.</p> | <p>3. If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.</p> | <p>4. When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.</p> | <p>5. Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd, I follow thee;
Oh, let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.</p> |
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TAMWORTH. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. Hymn 171, Part I.—M. H.

Oh thou God of my sal - va - tion, My Redeemer from all sin, } I will praise thee, I will praise thee, Where shall I thy praise be - gin?
Mov'd by thy divine com-pas - sion, Who hast died my heart to win; }

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| <p>2. While the angel choirs are crying
Glory to the great I Am,
I with them would still be crying,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
O how precious, O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name.</p> | <p>3. Now I see, with joy and wonder,
Whence the healing streams arose;
Angel minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause;
Yet the blessing
Down to all, to me it flows.</p> | <p>4. Though unseen, I love the Saviour—
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifest his pard'ning favor,
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image wear.</p> | <p>5. Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong.</p> |
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Sure there's a right-eous God, Nor is re - li - gion vain, Though men of vice may boast a - loud, And men of grace com - plain.

2. I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honor shine.

3. Pampered with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair;
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

4. Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
Through all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.

5. Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God;
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.

Teach me the meas-ure of my days, Thou Maker of my frame; I would sur - vey life's nar - row space, And learn how frail I am.

2. A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flow'r and prime.

3. See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4. Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5. What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectation vain,
And disappoint our trust.

SHOEL. L. M. Hymn 78, Book I.—Dr. Watts.

Who is this fair one in dis-tress, That trav - els through the wil - der-ness? And, press'd with sor-rows and with sins, On

2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood;
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of every saint.

3. O let my name engraven stand
Both on thy heart and on thy hand;
Scal me upon thine arm, and wear
The pledge of love forever there.

4. Stronger than death thy love is known
Which floods of wrath could never drown;
And hell and earth in vain combine
To quench a fire so much divine.

Metre 1.

KIMBOLTON. L. M. Hymn 132, Book I.—Dr. Watts.

her be - lov - ed Lord she leans.

So let our lives and lips ex - press The ho - ly gos - pel we pro - fess; So

5. But I am jealous of my heart,
Lest I should once from thee depart;
Then let thy name be well impress'd,
As a fair signet, on my breast.

6. Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
Where fears and doubts can never come,
Thy count'nance let me often see,
And often thou shalt hear from me.

7. Come, my beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay;
Fly like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where spices grow.

let our works and vir - tue shine, To prove the doc - trine all di - vine, To prove the doc - trine all di - vine.

2. Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honor of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3. Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4. Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Metre 2.

CONDESCENSION. C. M. Hymn 110, Book I.—Dr. Watts.

There is a house not made with hands, E - ter - nal and on high; And here my spi - rit wait - ing stands, Till God shall bid it fly.

2. Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, oh my soul! with joy obey
Thy Heavenly Father's call.

3. 'Tis he, by his almighty-grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4. We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home
We're absent from the Lord.

5. 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

NEW SABBATH. L. M. Hymn 64, Part I.—M. H.

Je - sus, my Sa - viour, broth - er, friend, On whom I cast my ev - ry care, On whom for all things I de-

2. If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings—
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And how'ring hides me in his wings—

3. Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep, till he renews my heart.

4. When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear:
"Return and walk in Christ thy way—
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near."

Metre 1.

KINGSBRIDGE. L. M. Psalm 63.—Dr. Watts.

pend, In - spire, and then ac - cept my pray'r.

Great God, in - dulse, my hum - ble claim, Thou

5. His sacred unction from above
Be still my comforter and guide,
Till all the stony he remove,
And in my loving heart reside.

6. Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat:
Thou art my way—my leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

7. Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall—
O reach me out thy gracious hand;
Only on thee for help I call—
Only by faith in thee I stand.

art my hope, my joy, my rest; The glo - ries that com - pose thy name, Stand all en - gaged to make me bless'd.

2. Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties—
Thy Son thy servant bought with blood.
3. With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look—
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.
4. With early feet I love t' appear
Among the saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.
5. Not fruits nor wine, that tempt our taste,
No pleasures that to sense belong,
Could make me so divinely bless'd,
Or raise so high my cheerful song.

Metre 3.

SHIRLAND. S. M. Hymn 93, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call; I can - not live if thou re - move, For thou art all in all.

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 heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where 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 heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

CASTLE-STREET. L. M. Hymn 47, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

Now to the Lord a no - ble song! A-wake, my soul, a - wake, my tongue; Ho-san - na to th' E - ter - nal name, And all his

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.

3. The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God:
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.

Metre 2.

CARR'S LANE. C. M. Hymn 144.—Dr. Rippon.

bound - less love pro-claim, And all his bound-less love pro - claim.

Ye hum - ble souls that seek the Lord, Chase

4. But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5. Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels dwell upon the sound;
Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground!

6. Oh may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

all your fears a - way; And bow with pleas - ure down to see The place where Je - sus lay, The place where Je - sus lay.

2. Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do:
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you.
3. A moment give a loose to grief,
Let grateful sorrows rise;
And wash the bloody stains away,
With torrents from your eyes.
4. Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again:
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain.
5. High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonor'd head;
And thro' unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

Metre 2.

DUBLIN. C. M. Psalm 130.—Dr. Watts.

Out of the deeps of long dis-tress, The bor - ders of des-pair, I sent my cries to seek thy grace, My groans to move thine ear.

2. Great God! should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh can stand.
3. But there are pardons with my God,
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.
4. I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.
5. Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes.

Lo! he comes, with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for fa-vor'd sin-ners slain; } Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Je-sus now shall ev - er reign.
 Thousand, thou - sand saints at - tend-ing, Swell the tri-umph of his train; }

2. Every eye shall now behold him
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him on the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the great Messiah see.

3. Every island, sea, and mountain;
 Heaven and earth shall flee away!
 All who hate him, must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day;
 Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment! come away!

4. Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear!
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 - Now shall meet him in the air!
 Hallelujah,
 See the day of God appear!

5. Answer thine own bride and Spirit,
 Hasten Lord, the general doom!
 The new heaven and earth t' inherit,
 Take thy pining exile home:
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

Metre 2.

ST. OLAVES. C. M. Hymn 120, Part I.—M. M.

Fath - er, I stretch my hands to thee; No oth - er help I know; - If thou withdraw thyself from me, Ah, whither shall I go! Ah, whith - er shall I go!

2. What did thine only Son endure,
 Before I drew my breath!
 What pain, what labor to secure
 My soul from endless death.

3. O Jesus, could I this believe,
 I now should feel thy power,
 Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
 Nor let me wait one hour.

4. Author of faith, to thee I lift
 My weary, longing eyes:
 O let me now receive that gift,
 My soul without it dies.

5. Surely thou canst not let me die;
 O speak, and I shall live!
 And here I will unwearied lie,
 Till thou thy Spirit give

My God, con - sid er my dis - tress, Let mer - cy plead my cause; Tho' I have sinn'd a - gainst thy grace, I can't for - get thy laws.

3. Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hope,
Nor let my shame appear.

3. Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make the waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

4. My eyes with expectation fail;
My heart within me cries,
When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
And bid my comforts rise?

5. Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show thy grace the same;
Thy tender mercies still afford
To those that love thy name.

BERLIN. L. M. Hymn 11, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

I send the joys of earth a - way; A - way, you tempters of the mind, False as the smooth, de - ceit - ful sea, And emp - ty as the whistling wind.

2. Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulph of black despair;
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

3. Lord, I adore thy matchless grace
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

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

BURSTALL. C. M. Hymn 245, Part I.—M. H.

Oh for a clo-ser walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame; A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.

2. Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord!
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word!

3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

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

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

Metre 23.

ZION. 4 10's & 2 11's. Hymn 533.—Dr. Rippon.

House of our God, with cheer-ful an-thems ring, While all our lips and hearts his good-ness sing; With sa-cred joy his wond'-rous deeds pro-claim;

2. The heav'n of heav'ns he with his bounty fills;
Ye seraphs bright, on ever-blooming hills,
His honor sound; you to whom good alone,
Unmingled, ever-growing, has been known:
Through your immortal life, with love increasing,
Proclaim your Maker's goodness, never ceasing.

3. Thou earth, enlighten'd by his rays divine,
Pregnant with grass and corn, and oil and wine,
Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations meet,
And lay themselves at his paternal feet;
With grateful love that lib'ral hand confessing,
Which through each heart diffuseth ev'ry blessing.

Let ev - ry tongue be vo - cal with his name; The Lord is good, his mer - cy nev - er end - ing, His bless - ings in per - pet - ual show'rs de - scend - ing.

4. Zion, enrich'd with his distinguish'd grace,
 Bless'd with the rays of thine Immanuel's face—
 Zion, Jehovah's portion and delight,
 Graven on his hands, and hourly in his sight,—
 In sacred strains exalt that grace excelling,
 Which makes thy humble hill his chosen dwelling.

5. His goodness never ends; the dawn, the shade,
 Still see new bounties thro' new scenes display'd;
 Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
 And children lean upon their father's God:
 The deathless soul, through its immense duration,
 Drinks from this source immortal consolation.

Metre 1.

BREWER. L. M. Hymn 40, Book I.—Dr. Watts.

What happy men or an - gels these, That all their robes are spotless white! Whence did this glorious troop arrive At the pure realms of heav'nly light!

2. From tort'ring racks, and burning fires,
 And seas of their own blood they came:
 But nobler blood has washed their robes,
 Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

3. Now they approach th' almighty throne,
 With loud hosannas night and day;
 Sweet anthems to the Great Three-One
 Measure their bless'd eternity.

4. No more shall hunger pain their souls;
 He bids their parching thirst begone,
 And spreads the shadow of his wings
 To screen them from the parching sun.

AYLESBURY. S. M. Psalm 25, Part I.—Dr. Watts.

I lift my soul to God, My trust is in his name; Let not my foes, that seek my blood, Still triumph in my shame.

2. Sin and the pow'r of hell
Persuade me to despair;
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

3. From beams of dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.

4. Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5. The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways;
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

MYSTERY. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6. Hymn 30, Part II.—M. H.

Jo - sus drinks the bit - ter cup, The wine-press treads a - lone, Tears the graves and moun-tains up, By his ex - pi - ring groan: Lo! the pow'rs of

2. Oh my God! he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart!—
See him hanging on the tree,
A sight that breaks my heart!

Oh that all to thee might turn!
Sinners, ye may love him too;
Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn
For one who bled for you.

3. Weep o'er your desire and hope,
With tears of humblest love!
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthroned above!

Heav'n he shakes, Na - ture in con - vul-sion lies; Earth's profoundest cen - tre quakes; The great Re - deem - er dies! The great Re - deem - er dies!

Lives our head to die no more—
Power is all to Jesus giv'n;
Worship'd as he was before,
The immortal King of Heav'n.

4. Lord, we bless thee for thy grace,
And truth, which never fails;
Hast'ning to behold thy face
Without a dimming veil:

We shall see our Heav'nly King:
All thy glorious love proclaim,
Help the angel choirs to sing
Our bless'd triumphant Lamb.

Metro 2.

CROWLE. C. M. Psalm 39, Part III.—Dr. Watts.

God of my life, look gent - ly down, Be - hold the pains I feel; But I am dumb be - fore thy throne, Nor dare dis - pute thy will.

2. Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word
Against thy chast'ning hand.

3. Yet I may plead, with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

4. Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5. I'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear.

Of - ten I seek my Lord by night, Je - sus, my love, my soul's de - light! With warm de - sires and rest - less thought, I

2. Then I arise, and search the street,
Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet:
I ask the watchman of the night,
Where did you see my soul's delight?

3. Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heavenly ray;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in mine embrace.

4. I bring him to my mother's home,
Nor does my Lord refuse to come
To Zion's sacred chambers, where
My soul first drew the vital air.

5. He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart;
I give my soul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens share.

seek him oft, but find him not.

Je - sus, thy bound-less love to me, No thought can reach nor tongue de - clare;

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone!
O may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
Strange flames far from my heart remove.
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3. My Saviour, thou thy love to me
In shame, in want, in pain, hast show'd;
For me, on the accursed tree,
Thou pourest forth thy guiltless blood!
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
Nor aught shall the lov'd stamp efface.

4. O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise;
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but thee!

Oh knit my thank-ful heart to thee, And reign without a ri - val there; Thine, wholly thine, a-lone I am, Be thou a - lone my con-stant flame.

5. Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night, be all my care
To guard that sacred treasure there.

6. Still let thy love point out my way;
How wond'rous things thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray:
Direct my work, inspire my thought!
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

7. In suff'ring be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my power!
And when the storm of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

Metro 2.

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M. Hymn 62, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

Sing to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts, And thou, O earth! a - dore; Let death and hell, through-out their coasts, Stand trembling at his pow'r.

2. His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance dart them down.

3. His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sov'reign voice divides the flames,
And thunders roar along.

4. Think, O my soul! the dreadful day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the skies and burn the seas,
And fling his wrath abroad.

5. What shall the wretched sinner do!
He once defied the Lord!
But he shall dread the thund'ring now,
And sink beneath his word.

MOUNT EPHRAIM. S. M. Hymn 224.—Dr. Rippon.

Musical score for 'Mount Ephraim' in 3/4 time, featuring three staves: Treble, Alto, and Bass clefs. The melody is written in G major (one flat) and includes various rhythmic values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

Your harps, ye tremb - ling saints, Down from the wil - lows take; Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord, Bid ev' - ry string a - wake.

2. Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We ev'ry moment come.

3. His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4. The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see,
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say "for me."

5. Tarry his leisure, then,
Wait the appointed hour;
Wait till the bridegroom of your souls
Reveals his love with pow'r.

NEW HOPE. S. M. Hymn 30, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

Musical score for 'New Hope' in 3/4 time, featuring three staves: Treble, Alto, and Bass clefs. The melody is written in G major (one flat) and includes various rhythmic values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song, with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur-round the throne.

2. The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

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

4. The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas:

5. This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call, My comfort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all.

2. Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love!
For why in the valley of death shall I weep,
Alone in the wilderness rove!

3. O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread!
My foes would 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 hath been,
And where with his flocks he hath gone!

Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Un - der thy own al - migh - ty wings.

2. Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That, with the world, myself, and thee
I ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3. Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphant rise on the last day.

4. O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close;
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5. If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

MILTON. C. M. Hymn 584.—Dr. Rippon.

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

2. O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3. There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

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

Metre 2.

THE DYING PENITENT. C. M. Hymn 158.—Village Hymns.

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

As on the cross the Sa-voir hung, And wept, and bled, and died, He pour'd sal-

5. No chilling winds, or poisonous 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!

3. "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God!
I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
And weltring in thy blood.

Musical score for 'The Dying Penitent' featuring a grand staff with three systems of staves. The music is in a common time signature and includes various note values and rests. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

vation on a wretch That languish'd at his side. His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd; Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his pray'r address'd:

4. "Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,
In triumph shalt thou rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5. "Amid the glories of the world,
Dear Saviour think on me.
And in the victories of thy death,
Let me a sharer be."

6. His prayer the dying Jesus heard,
And instantly replied:
"To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in paradise."

Metre 2.

BANGOR. C. M. Hymn 63, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

Musical score for 'Bangor, C. M. Hymn 63' featuring a grand staff with three systems of staves. The music is in common time and includes various note values and rests. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound— My ears at-tend the cry; "Ye liv-ing men come view the ground Where you must short-ly lie.

2. "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
"In spite of all your towers;
"The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
"Must lie as low as our's."

3. Great God! is this our certain doom!
And are we still secure!
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

4. Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HARMONY. 10, 10, 11, 11. Hymn 187, Part I.—M. H.

Oh what shall I do my Saviour to praise! So faith - ful and true, so plentous in grace! So strong to de - liv - er, so good to redeem, The weakest be -

hev - er that hangs up - on him, The weak - est be - liev - er that hangs up - on him.

2. How happy the man whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in thee;
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
3. Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
They shall as their right thy righteousness claim:
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.
4. For thou art their boast, their glory and pow'r,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

Metre 2.

THE BAND OF LOVE. C. M.

Our souls, by love to - geth - er knit, Cemented, mix'd in one; One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice, 'Tis heav'n on earth begun. Our hearts have oft - en

burn'd within, And glow'd with sacred fire; While Jesus spoke, and fed and bless'd, And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire. "A Saviour!" let cre - a - tion sing; "A Saviour!"

let all heav-en ring; He's God with us, we feel him ours, His ful - ness in our souls he pours: 'Tis al-most done, 'tis al-most o'er, We'll join with those who've

gone before; We soon shall reach the blissful shore, We soon shall meet to part no more.

2. We're soldiers fighting for our God, A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
Let trembling cowards fly; But pour a mighty flood;
We'll stand unshaken, firm and fix'd, O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
With Christ to live and die. "Till all proclaim thee God,
Let devils rage, and hell assail, Chorus—"A Saviour!" &c.
3. The little cloud increases still.
'The heavens are big with rain;
We wait to catch the teeming shower, From glory unto glory changed,
And all its moisture drain: Behold thee face to face.
4. And when thou makest thy jewels up,
And set'st thy stary crown,
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own—
Mav we, a little band of love,
We, sinners, saved by grace,

MATTHIAS. S. M. Hymn 345.—Dr. Rippon.

Al - migh - ty Ma - ker, God! How wond - rous is thy name! Thy glo - ries, how dif - fus'd a - broad, Through the cre -

2. Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

3. My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

4. But pride, that busy sin,
Spills all that I perform;
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

Metre 11.

BRANDENBURG. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

a - tion's frame, Through the cre - a - tion's frame.

O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove, }
And drink the flow - ing foun - tain Of ev - er - last - ing love! }

5. Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true
Until 'tis form'd again.

6. Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

2. Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.

When shall I be de - liv - er'd From this vain world of sin, And with my bless-ed Je - sus Drink end - less pleas-ures in.

3. Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu;
And you my friends prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4. And if you meet with trials
And troubles on the way,
Cast all your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.

5. Gird on the gospel armour
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the combat's ended
You'll reign with him above.

Metre 3.

ST. BRIDE'S. S. M. Hymn 176.—Village Hymns.

Bless'd com - fort - er di - vine, Whose rays of heav'n - ly love A - mid our gloom and dark - ness shine, And point our souls a - bove:

2. Thou, who with "still small voice,"
Dost stop the sinner's way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay:—

3. Thou, whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death—
A smile of glory wear:—

4. Thou, who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race—
Bless'd comforter! to us impart
The blessings of thy grace.

What are these ar-ray'd in white, Brighter than the noon-day sun! Foremost of the sons of light, Near-est the e - ter - nal throne!

These are they that bore the cross, No - bly for their Mas - ter stood, Suff' - rers in his right-eous cause, Fol - lowers of the dy - ing God,

Fol - lowers of the dy - ing God.

2. Out of great distress they came,
Wash'd their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night,
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.
3. More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They nave all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more.

- No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's director ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.
4. He that on the throne doth reign
Shall their spirits always feed;
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead:
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-serv'd for me! Can my God his wrath for - bear! Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare!

2. I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls—
Griev'd him by a thousand falls.

3. Kindled his relentings are—
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4. There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands:
God is love! I know—I feel—
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

5. Now incline me to repent—
Let me now my fall lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore—
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

Metre 1.

WINDHAM. L. M. Hymn 158, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wis-dom shows a nar-row path; With here and there a trav-el-ler.

2. Deny thyself and take thy cross,
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain that 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.

4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain—
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

When at this dis - tance, Lord, we trace The va - rious glo - ries of thy face, What transport pours o'er all our breast, And charms our

2. With thee, in the obscurest cell,
On some bleak mountain, would I dwell,
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And share their grandeur and their gold.

3. Away, ye dreams of mortal joy—
Raptures divine my thoughts employ;
I see the king of glory shine,
And feel his love and call him mine.

Metre 17.

MOUNT CALVARY. 7's.

Hymn 150.—Vill. Hymns.

cares and woes to rest, And charms our cares and woes to rest.

4. On Tabor thus his servants view'd
His lustre, when transform'd he stood;
And bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."

5. Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

Hearts of stone, re - lent! re - lent! Break, by Je - sus' cross sub-dued;

6. That mount, how bright! those forms, how fair!
'Tis good to dwell forever there;
Come, Death, dear envoy of my God,
And bear me to that bless'd abode.

See his bo - dy, man-gled, rent, Cov-er'd with a gore of blood; Sin - ful soul, what hast thou done? Mur-der'd God's e - ter - nal Son!

2. Yes, our sins have done the deed!
Drove the nails that fix'd him there!
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head—
Pierc'd him with a soldier's spear!

Made his soul a sacrifice—
For a sinful world he dies!
3. Will you let him die in vain—
Still to death pursue your Lord!

Open tear his wounds again—
Trample on his precious blood!
No! with all my sins I'll part—
Saviour, take my broken heart.

Metre 7.

JUDGMENT. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. Hymn 577.—Dr. Rippon.

Day of Judg-ment! day of won-ders! Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders, Shakes the vast creation round; } How the sum-mons, How the sum-mons Will the sin - ner's heart con-found!

2. See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

3. At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee!

4. Horrors past imagination
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation—
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
Thou with Satan
And his angels, have thy part."

5. But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow;
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

ARMLEY. L. M. Hymn 67, Book I.—Dr. Watts.

Thou whom my soul ad - mires a - bove All earth - ly joy and earth - ly love, Tell me, dear Shep - herd, let me know Where

2. Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3. Why should the bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL. 8 lines, 8's. Hymn 90, Part I.—M. H.

does thy sweet - est pas - ture grow?

Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine, The joy and desire of my heart, For closer communion I pine, b

4. The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be:
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

5. His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood:
Here to these hills my soul will come,
'Till my beloved leads me home.

2. Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God:

long to reside where thou art: The pasture I languish to find, Where all who their Shepherd obey, Are fed on thy bosom reclin'd, And screen'd from the heat of the day.

3. Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

4. 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:

5. 'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

Metre 5.

ALARMING VOICE. 7's. Hymn 40.—Vill. Hymns.

Sinner, art thou still se-cure? Wilt thou still refuse to pray? Can thy heart or hands endure, In the Lord's a-ven-ging day, In the Lord's avenging day?

2. See, his mighty arm is bared!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment stand prepared,
Thou must either break or bow.

3. At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax—
What will then become of thee?

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

5. Lord, prepare us by thy grace!
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

REDEEMING LOVE. 7's. Hymn 69.—Dr. Rippon.

Now begin the heav'nly theme, Sing a-loud in Je-sus' name, Sing a-loud in Je-sus' name; Ye who his sal - va - tion prove, Tri - umph

2. Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3. Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love,

4. Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin.
Now from bliss no longer rove—
Stop and taste redeeming love.

Metre 12.

HAMPTON. 8 lines, 8's. Hymn 297, Part II.—M. H.

in re-deem-ing love, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing love.

A-way with our sor-row and fear, We soon shall re-cov-cr our home; }
The city of saints shall appear, The day of e-ter-ni-ty come: }

5. Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6. He subdued th' infernal powers—
Those tremendous foes of ours
From their cursed empire drove—
Mighty in redeeming love.

7. Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

From earth we shall quickly re - move, And mount to our na-tive a-hode, The house of our Fath - er a - bove, The pal - ace of an - gels and God.

2. Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord:

3. The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air;
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there!

4. By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear:

5. Immoveably founded in grace,
She stands, as she ever hath stood:
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

Metre 1.

MUNICH. L. M. Hymn 48.—Village Hymns.

Be - hold a stran-ger at the door! He gently knocks—has knock'd before— Has waited long—is wait - ing still—You treat no oth - er friend so ill.

2. Oh, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands!
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3. But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dy'd on Calvary.

4. Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine—
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5. Admit him, ere his anger burn.
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi-on, ci-ti of our God! He whose word can-not be bro-ken, Form'd thee

for his own a-bode: On the rock of a-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re- pose! With sal-va-tion's

walls sur-round-ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2. See! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage!
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3. Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:

Thus deriving from the banner
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4. Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings,
And as priests; his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

Why shrinks my weak nature? ah! what can it mean! } Why ling'ring and trembling while glory's so near! Or whence the enchantment that fetters me here;
Why flutters my heart, which till now was serene! }

2. Thou world of illusions forever adieu!
Your phantoms unhallow'd recede from my view;
New worlds and new wonders my passions invite,
And glories ineffable dawn on my sight.

3. Hail visions celestial—and thou, Divine source
Of life, hope and glory, if e'er in my course
Thy grace hath renewed and made perfect my heart,
Now let me in peace and in triumph depart.

4. 'Tis done! lo they come, bright celestials descend,
Saints, angels and seraphs, their symphonies lend;
The spheres are all vocal, the raptures draw near,
Impartial vibrations resound in my ear.

LISBON. S. M. Hymn 14, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise, Wel-come to this re-vi-ving breast, And these re - - joi - - cing eyes.

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

3. One day amidst the place,
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

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

VERNON. 6 lines 8's. Hymn 130, Part I.—M. H.

Come, O thou trav - el - ler un-known, Whom still I hold but can - not see; } With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.
My company is gone before, And I am left alone with thee :

2. In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold ;
Art thou the man that died for me ?
The secret of thy love unfold :
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
'Till I thy name, thy nature know.
3. What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long :
I rise superior to my pain :
When I am weak, then I am strong !
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with thee, God-Man, prevail.
4. Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak—
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer ;
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.
5. 'Tis love ! 'tis love ! thou diedst for me—
I hear thy whisper in my heart ;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art :
To me, to all, thy bowels move—
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Metre 3.

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M. Psalm 96.—Dr. Watts.

Lord, what a fee - ble piece Is this, our mor - tal frame ; Our life, how poor a tri - fle 'tis, That scarce de - serves the name.

2. Alas, the brittle clay
That built our body first !
And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day,
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.
3. Our moments fly apace,
Our feeble powers decay ;
Swift as a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.
4. Yet, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight—
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
5. They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea ;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of best eternity.

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

2. Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sev'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound "depart."

3. The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'T would tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4. What, to be banish'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death forever fly!

5. O! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

Na - ture with o - pen volume stands, To spread her Maker's praise abroad, And ev'ry la - bor of his hands Shows something worthy of a God.

2. But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here on the cross 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3. Here his whole name appears complete,
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The power, the wisdom, or the love.

4. Here I hold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.

In songs of sub - lime ad - o - ration and praise, Ye pil - grims for Zi - on who press, } His love from e - ter - ni - ty
Break forth, and ex - tol the great Ancient of days, His great and dis - tin - guish - ing grace; }

fix'd up-on you, Broke forth and dis - cov - er'd its flame, When each in the cords of his kindness he drew, And brought you to love his great

name, And brought you to love his great name.

2. O had he not pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt;
You all would have liv'd, would have died too
in sin,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.
What was there in you that could merit es-
teem,
Or give the Creator delight!
'Twas "even so, Father," you ever must sing,
"Because it seem'd good in thy sight."

3. Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his
fame,
And crown him in each of your songs.
'Twas all of thy grace we were bro't to obey,
While others were suffer'd to go
The road which by nature we chose as our
way,
Which leads to the regions of wo!

How sweet to re - flect on those joys that a - wait me, In yon bliss - ful region, the ha - ven of rest, } En - cir - cled in light, and with
Where glo - ri - fied spi - rits with welcome shall greet me, And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest; }

glo - ry en - shroud - ed, My hap - pi - ness per - fect, my mind's sky un - cloud - ed, I'll bathe in the o - cean of pleas - ure un - bound - ed, And

range with delight through the Eden of love.

2. While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as the flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
My soul will respond, To Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and 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's love:"
Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation
My heart's now in love.

Musical notation for the first system, consisting of three staves. The first staff is the vocal line, and the second and third staves are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

rounds, Beyond the lim-its of the skies, Be-yond the lim-its of the skies, And all cre - a - ted bounds, And all cre - a - ted bounds.

2. The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself out-brave;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3. There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4. Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5. Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode!
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

Metre 2.

ROCHESTER. C. M. Psalm 34.—Dr. Watts.

Musical notation for the second system, consisting of three staves. The first staff is the vocal line, and the second and third staves are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

Come, children, learn to fear the Lord; And, that your days be long, Let not a false or spiteful word Be found up - on your tongue.

2. Depart from mischief, practice love,
Pursue the works of peace;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

3. His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.

4. What though the sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord, who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.

5. When desolation, like a flood,
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeemed their souls.

PRIMROSE. C. M. Hymn 76, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

Ho-san-na to the Prince of light, That cloth'd himself in clay, En-ter'd the i-ron gates of Death, And tore the bars a-way.

2. Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3. See how the conq'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4. There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5. Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

Metre 3.

IDUMEA. S. M. Hymn 74, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

Is this the kind re-turn, And these the thanks we owe, Thus to a-buse e-ter-nal love, Whence all our bless-ings flow!

2. To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3. On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run
To lengthen out our days.

4. The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men;
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.

5. Turn, turn us, mighty God!
And mould our souls afresh!
Brask, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

Bless, O my soul! the living God, Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad; Let all thy pow'rs, with - in me join In work and wor - ship so di - vine.

2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim the highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot!
3. 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
4. The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels;
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting lives from threat'ning graves.
5. Our youth decay'd his power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years:
He fills our store with ev'ry good,
And feeds our souls with heav'nly food.

Ho - ly Je - sus, love - ly Lamb, Thine, and on - ly thine I am: Take my bo - dy, spi - rit, soul— On - ly thou pos - sess the whole.

2. Thou my dearest object be—
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me choose the better part—
Let me give thee all my heart.
3. Whom have I on earth below!
Only thee I wish to know;
Whom have I in heav'n but thee?
Thou art all in all to me.
4. All my treasure is above—
My best portion is thy love;
Who the worth of love can tell?—
Infinite! unsearchable!
5. Nothing else may I require—
Let me thee alone desire;
Pleased with what thy love provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

AMSTERDAM. 7's & 6's. Hymn 301.—Dr. Rippon.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace ; } Sun, and moon, and stars decay, Time shall soon this earth re - movc; Rise, my
Rise from transitory things, T'wards heav'n, thy native place : }

2. Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fires ascending, seek the sun,
Both speed them to their source :

Thus a soul new born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upwards tends to his abode,
To rest in his embracc.

3. Cease, yc pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant to the skies.

Metre 4.

OLNEY. 8's & 7's. Hymn 75.—Dr. Rippon.

soul, make haste a - way, To seats prepared a - bove.

Yet a season, and you'll know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

Hail! thou once des - pi - sed Je - sus! Hail! thou Gal - i - le - an King!
Thou didst suffer to release us, Thou didst free salvation bring :

4. Fly me, riches! fly me cares!
While I that coast explore;
Flattering world, with all your snares,
Solicit me no more.

Pilgrims fix not here their home,
Strangers tarry but a night,
When the last dear morn is come,
We'll rise to joyful light.

Hail! thou ag - o - ni - zing Sa-viour! Bearer of our sin and shame! By thy mer - it' we find fa - vor, Life is giv - en through thy name.

2. Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:

All thy people are forgiven,
Thro' the virtue of thy blood:
Open'd is the gate of heaven:
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3. Jesus, hail, enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:

There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
'Till in glory we appear.

Metre 1.

DEVOTION. L. M. Hymn 587.—Dr. Rippon.

Oh for a sweet, in - spi - ring ray, To an - i - mate our fee - ble strains, From the bright realms of endless day, The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.

2. There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall!
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all:

3. Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Thro' all the assemblies of the skies.

4. He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs,
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5. There all the favorites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir:
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.

DEVIZES. C. M. Hymn 226.—Dr. Rippon.

Thrice happy souls, who, born from heav'n, While yet they sojourn here, Humbly begin their days with God, And spend them in his fear, And

2. So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day,
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name and pray.

3. Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

4. As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought,
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

5. When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

NEWTON. S. M. Psalm 48, Part II.—Dr. Watts.

spend them in his fear.

Far as thy name is known, The world de - clares thy praise; Thy saints, O Lord, be - forc thy throne, Their

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

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

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

CHORUS

Hallelujah!

songs of hon-or raise. Praise ye the Lord! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord.

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

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

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

Metre 1.

ROCKBRIDGE. L. M. Psalm 92.—Dr. Watts.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing, To shew thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all thy truths at night.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4. Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die:
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

5. But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Dark and thorny is the desert Through which pilgrims make their way ;
But beyond this vale of sorrows Lie the fields of endless day :

Fiends loud howling through the desert, Make them tremble as they go ; And the

2 O young soldiers, are you weary
Of the troubles of the way !
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigor to decay ?
Jesus, Jesus will go with you—
He will lead you to his throne ;

He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone :
3. He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll ;
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole.

Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command :
They are always hov'ring round you,
Till you reach the heav'nly land.
4. There, on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
In the fields of endless rest,

Love, and joy, and peace, shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
Who can paint those scenes of glory,
Where the ransom'd dwell on high !
Where the golden harps forever
Sound redemption through the sky !

Metre 26.

OPORTO. 11, 11, 11, 10.

fi - ry darts of Sa-tan Oft-en bring their courage low.

5. Millions there of flaming seraphs
Fly across the heav'nly plain ;
There they sing immortal praises—
Glory ! glory ! is their strain !
But me thinks a sweeter concert
Makes the heav'nly arches ring,

And a song is heard in Zion
Which the angels cannot sing.
6. See the heav'nly host in rapture
Gaze upon this shining band.
Wond'ring at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hands !

Hith-er, ye faith - ful, haste with songs of triumph, To Bethlehem go, the Lord of

There, upon the golden pavement,
See the ransom'd march along,
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo to their song.
7. O their crowns ! how bright they sparkle,
Such as monarchs never wore ;

They are gone to heav'nly pastures—
Jesus is their Shepherd there.
Hail, ye happy, happy spirits !
Welcome to the blissful plain !
Glory, honor, and salvation !—
Reign, sweet Shepherd ! ever reign !

life to meet, To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour; O come and let us worship, O come and let us worship, O come and let us wor - ship at his feet.

2. O Jesus! for such wondrous condescension,
Our praises and rev'ence are an off ring meet;
Now is the word made flesh, and dwells among us;
O come and let us worship at his feet.

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

Metre 2.

GEORGIA. C. M. Psalm 90, Part II.—Dr. Watts.

Lord, if thine eyes sur - vey our faults, And jus-tice grows se - vere, Thy dread-ful wrath ex-ceeds our thoughts, And burns beyond our fear.

2. Thine anger turns our frame to dust:
By one offence to thee,
Adam, with all his sons, have lost
Their immortality.

3. Life, like a vain amusement flies,
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4. 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To three-score years and ten:
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil and pain.

5. Our vitals, with laborious strife,
Bear up the crazy load;
And drag these poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.

BROOKFIELD. L. M. Psalm 89, Part VI.—Dr. Watts.

Re - mem - ber, Lord, our mor - tal state, How frail our life, how short our date! Where is the man that draws his breath, Safe from dis -

2. Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and strength repine and cry,
"Must death forever rage and reign?
Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

3. Where is thy promise to the just!
Are not thy servants turned to dust!"
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4. That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honor of thy word;
Awake our souls and bless the Lord.

Metre 2.

TISBURY. C. M. Hymn 7, Book I.—Dr. Watts.

case, se - cure from death!

Let ev' - ry mor - tal ear at - tend, And ev' - ry heart re-joyce; The trum - pet of the

2. Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toils
To fill an empty mind:

3] Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4. Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

gos - pel sounds, The trum - pet of the gos - pel sounds, With an in - vi - ting voice, With an in - vi - ting voice, With an in - vi - ting voice.

5. Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows
Like floods of milk and wine.

6. Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin;

7. Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labors of his Son,
And dyed in his own blood.

8. Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins.

Metro 1.

SOLENNITY. L. M. Hymn 1, Book III.—Dr. Watts.

'Twas on that dark, that dole-ful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell arose A - gainst the Son of God's delight, And friends be-tray'd him to his foes:

2. Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3. "This is my body, broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine:
"Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4. For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn:
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

ASCENSION. 7's.

Je-sus, our tri-umphant head, Ris'n vic-to-rious from the dead, To the realms of glo-ry gone, To as-cend his right-ful throne. Cherubs on the

Hail him, Hail him, Hail him as he pass-es by,

conq'ror gaze; Seraphs glow with brighter blaze: Each high or-der of the sky Hail him as he passes by. Hail him,

Hail him as he pass-es by.

Hail him, Saints the glorious Lord they meet; See their garments at his feet! By his scars his toils are view'd; And his garments roll'd in blood.

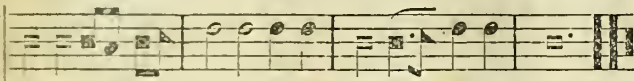
All the bliss-ful,
Heav'n its King congratulates; O, ens wide her golden gates; Angels songs of vict'ry sing; All the bliss-ful re-gions ring,

All the blissful re - gions ring.
All the blissful regions ring. Sinners join the heav'nly choir, For re-demp-tion all is ours; None but burden'd sinners prove Blood-bought pardon,
All the bliss-ful re - gions ring.

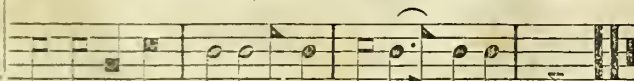
dy-ing love! Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord! Ho-ly Lamb, in-car-nate word! Hail, thou suff'ring Son of God, Take the tro-phies of thy blood.



Whither goest thou, pilgrin stranger, Passing through this darksome vale? } "Pilgrim" thou dost justly call me, Wand'ring o'er this waste so wide; Yet no
Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger, And will not thy courage fail!



harm will e'er be - fall me, While I'm blest with such a Guide.



2. Such a guide!—No guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
Yes, unseen—but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attends;
He'll in every step relieve me,
He from every harm defends.
3. Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale!
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Then would not thy courage fail!

No!—that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I bend.

There to plunge;—'twill be delightful—
There my pilgrimage will end.

4. While I gazed—with speed surprising
Down the stream she plunged from sight!

Gazing still, I saw her rising,

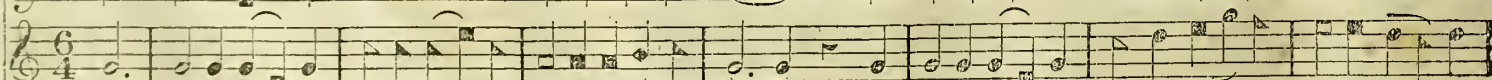
Like an angel, clothed with light.

Cease, my heart, this mournful sighing;

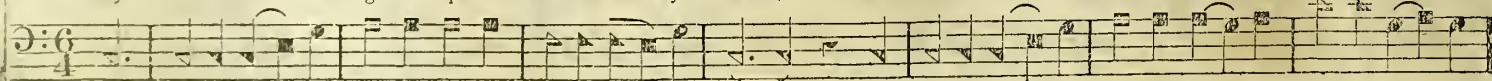
Death will break the sullen gloom;

Soon my spirit, fluttering, flying,

Will be borne beyond the tomb.



My soul would fain in - dulse a hope To reach the heav'nly shore; And when I drop this dy - ing flesh, That I shall sin no



more, That I shall sin no more, That I shall sin no more. And when I drop this dy-ing flesh, That I shall sin no more.

2. I hope to hear and join the song,
That saints and angels raise;
And while eternal ages roll,
To sing eternal praise.

3. But oh—this dreadful heart of sin!
It may deceive me still,
And while I look for joys above,
May plunge me down to hell.

4. The scene must then for ever close,
Probation at an end;
No gospel grace can reach me there,
No pardon there descnd.

5. Come then, O blessed Jesus come,
To me thy spirit give;
Shine through a dark benighted soul,
And bid a sinner live.

Metre 1.

ORLAND. L. M. Hymn 141.—Dover Selection.

Awake, Je - ru - sa - lem, A - wake! No longer in thy sins lie down; The garment of sal - va - tion take, Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2. Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise and struggle into light—
Thy great Deliverer calls arise!

3. Shake off the bands of sad despair,
Sion assert thy liberty:
Look up—thy broken heart prepare;
And God shall set the captive free.

4. Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.

5. The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And finish what his grace begun.

Vain, delu-sive world, adieu, With all thy creature good; Only Jesus I pursuc, Who bought me with his blood: All thy pleasures I forego, I trample on thy wealth and

pride; Only Jesus will I know, And Je-sus cru-ci-fied.

2. Other knowledge I disdain,
 'Tis all but vanity:
 Christ, the Lamb of God was slain,
 He tasted death for me!
 Me to save from endless wo,
 'The sin-atoning victim died;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.
3. Here will I set up my rest;
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of his breast
 Shall never more depart:

- Whither should a sinner go?
 His wounds for me stand open wide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified!
4. Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend—
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide:
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified!

From Greenland's i-cy mountains, From In-dia's eo-ral strand, Where Af-rie's sun-ny fountains roll down their gold-en sand; From ma-ny an ancient

river, From many-a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain: They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;

The heathen, in 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 learned 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.

Metro 1.

TRURO. L. M. Hymn 277.—Assem. Coll.

Great God! let all my tuneful pow'rs Awake, and sing thy mighty name; Thy hand revolves my circling hours— Thy hand, from which my being came.

2. Seasons and moons still rolling round,
In beauteous order speak thy praise;
And years with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.

3. To thee I raise the annual song,
To thee the grateful tribute give;
My God doth still my years prolong,
And 'midst unnumbered deaths, I live.

4. He bids each season on my soul
Its sweetest, kindest influence shed,
And all the periods, as they roll,
Shower countless blessings on my head.

5. My life, my health, my friends, I owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

Hail the bless'd morn when the great Me-di - a - tor Down from the re - gions of glo-ry de - scends; Shepherds go worship the babe in the man - ger,

Lo! for his guard the bright an-gels at - tend.

2. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

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

4. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and off'rings divine—
Gems of the mountains and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine!

5. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration—
Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

Metre 2.

PISGAH. C. M. Hymn 65, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

When I can read my ti-tle clear To man-sions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to ev'-ry fear, And wipe my weeping

eyes; And wipe my weep-ing eyes; And wipe my weep-ing eyes; I'll bid fare-well to ev'-ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.

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

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

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

Metro 2.

SOLON. C. M. Hymn 128.—Village Hymns.

There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins, And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

2. The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5. When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save.

Hark! hark! the notes of joy Roll o'er the heav'nly plains, And seraphs find employ For their sub-li-mest strains; Some new delight in heav'n is known, Some

2. Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend:
He comes to bless our fallen race,
He comes with messages of grace.

3. Bear, bear the tidings round;
Let ev'ry mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show:
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

4. Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And all his grace proclaim:
Angels and men, wake ev'ry string,
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

new delight in heav'n is known; Loud sing the harps around the throne.

2. Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear ye not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes!

Can you stand in that dread day,
Which his justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

3. Ghastly Death will quickly come,
And drag you to his bar;
Then to hear your awful doom
Will fill you with despair!

Stop, poor sinners, stop and think, Before you far-ther go; }
Will you sport upon the brink Of everlasting wo! }

On the verge of ru - in stop— Now the friendly warn - ing take; Stay your footsteps, ere you drop In - to the burn - ing lake.

All your sins will round you crowd;
You shall mark their crimson dye!
Each for vengeance crying loud—
And what can you reply!

4. Though your heart were made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel—
He will not let you pass:

Sinners then in vain will call,
Those who now despise his grace,
“Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.”

Metre 2.

NEW MARK. C. M. Hymn 496.—Assem. Coll.

Let Zi-on's watchmen all a - wake, And take th' alarm they give; Now let them, from the mouth of God, Their solemn charge re - ceive.

2. 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart—
It fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3. They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego—
For souls, which must forever live
In raptures or in wo.

4. All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear!

5. May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

MOUNT PLEASANT. C. M. Hymn 41, Book I.—Dr. Watts.

These glo-rious minds, how bright they shine! Whence all their white ar-ray! How came they to these hap-py seats Of ev-er-last-ing

day. Of ev-er-last-ing day.

2. From tort'ring pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

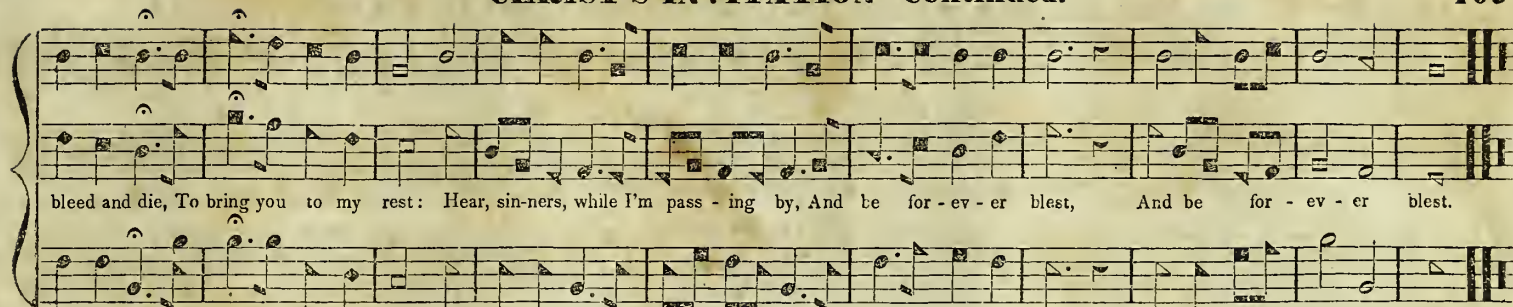
3. Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4. The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.

5. Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

CHRIST'S INVITATION. C. M. Hymn 49.—Village Hymns.

A - ma-zing sight! the Sa-viour stands, And knocks at ev'ry door; Ten thou-sand blessings in his hands, To sat-is-fy the poor. "Behold," he saith, "I

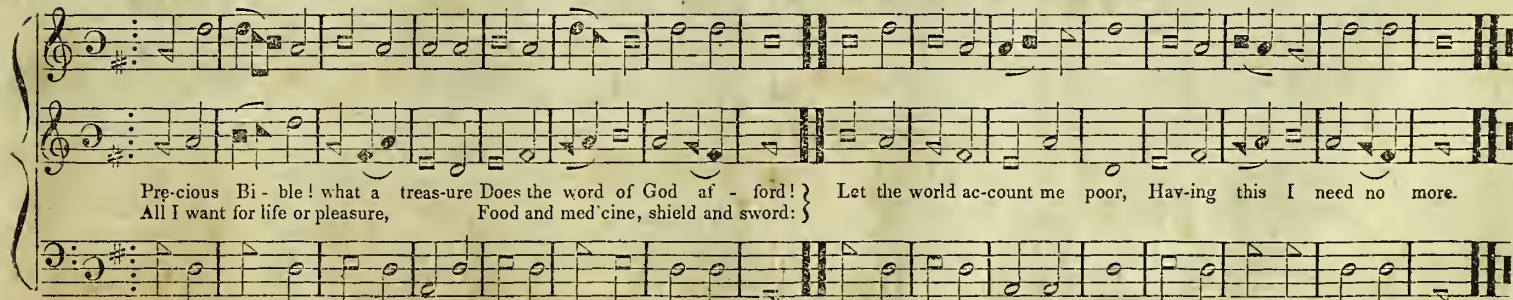


bleed and die, To bring you to my rest: Hear, sin-ners, while I'm pass - ing by, And be for - ev - er blest, And be for - ev - er blest.

- | | | | |
|---|---|--|--|
| <p>2. "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell!
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me forever dwell!</p> | <p>Not to condemn your wretched race
Have I in judgment come;
But to display unbounded grace,
And bring lost sinners home."</p> | <p>3. "Will you go down to endless night,
And bear eternal pain!
Or in the glorious realms of light
With me forever reign!</p> | <p>Say—will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven!"</p> |
|---|---|--|--|

Metre 25.

HAMBURG. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7. Hymn 194.—Dover Selec.



Pre-cious Bi - ble! what a treas-ure Does the word of God af - ford! } Let the world ac-count me poor, Hav-ing this I need no more.
All I want for life or pleasure, Food and med - cine, shield and sword: }

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|--|
| <p>2. Food, to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger—
Though it fills, it never cloy:
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed,</p> | <p>3. When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly.
Healing med'cines here I find:
To the promises I flee—
Each affords a remedy.</p> | <p>4. In the hour of dark temptation
Satan cannot make me yield,
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield:
While the Scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.</p> | <p>5. Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword,
Then with ease I drive him from me—
Satan trembles at the word:
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge and strong the blade.</p> |
|---|---|---|--|

Lift your eyes of faith, and see Saints and an-gels join'd in one; What a count-less com-pa-ny Stand be-

fore yon daz-ling throne! Each be-fore his Sa-viour stands, All in whi-test robes ar-ray'd; Palms they car-ry in their

hands, Crowns of glo-ry on their heads.

2. Saints begin the endless song;
Cry aloud, in heav'nly lays,
"Glory doth to God belong,
God, the glorious Saviour, praise."
Sing, "from him salvation came,"
Him who reigns enthroned on high;
"Glory to the bleeding Lamb,"
Let the morning stars reply.
3. Angel pow'rs the throne surround,
Next the saints in bright array:
Lull'd with the transporting sound,
They their silent homage pay:

- Prostrate on their face before
God and his Messiah fall,
Then in hymns of praise adore—
Shout the Lamb that died for all
4. "Be it so," they all reply,
"Him let all our orders praise,
He that did for sinners die,
Saviour of the favored race:
Render to our God his right—
Glory, wisdom, thanks and pow'r,
Honor, majesty and might;
Praise him, praise him evermore!"

Show pi-ty, Lord! O Lord for-give! Let a re-pent-ing re-bel live; Are not thy mer-cies large and free! May not a sin-ner trust in thee!

2. My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace;
Great God! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
3. O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
4. My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

Ye na-tions round the earth, rejoice Before the Lord, your sov'reign king; Serve him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your tongues his glory sing.

2. The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own—
The sheep that on his pastures live.
3. Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.
4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

The Sa-viour! O what end - less charms, Dwell in the bliss - ful sound! Its in-fluence ev'-ry fear dis-arms, And spreads sweet comforts round.

2. Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.

3. Th' Almighty former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

4. Oh, the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine—
I cannot wish for more.

5. On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

Ye sim-ple souls that stray Far from the paths of peace, That un - fre - quent - ed way To life and hap - pi - ness— How

2. Madness and misery,
Ye count our lives beneath,
And nothing great can see,
Or glorious in our death!

As born to suffer and to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie:
And utterly contemned we live,
And unlamented die.

3. Poor, pensive sojourners,
O'erwhelmed with grief and woes;
Perplexed with needless fears,
And pleasure's mortal foes.

More irksome than a gaping tomb,
Our sight ye cannot bear,
Wrapt in the melancholy gloom
Of fanciful despair.

long will ye your fol - ly love, And throng the downward road, And hate the wis - dom from a - bove, And mock the sons of God!

4. So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, weak and poor,
Above your scorn we rise :

Our conscience in the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things :
For he whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us *priests* and kings.

5. Riches unsearchable
In Jesus' love we know,
And pleasures from the well
Of life our souls o'erflow ;

From Him the spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power,
And always sorrowful we live,
Rejoicing evermore.

Metre 2.

UNION. C. M. Hymn 34.—Dr. Rippon.

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

2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
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 his smiling face.

5. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

Come, thou fount of ev - ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.

2. Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

3. Here I raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4. Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

5. Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.

O joy-ful sound of gospel grace, Christ shall in me ap - pear; I, e-ven I shall see his face, I shall be ho - ly here. The

3. The promis'd land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see;
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4. He visits now this house of clay,
He shakes his future home;
O wouldst thou, Lord, in this glad day,
Into thy temple come!

5. With me I know, I feel thou art,
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

glorious crown of righteousness, To me reach'd out, I view; Conq'ror through him, I soon shall seize And wear it as my due.

6. My earth thou wath'rest from on high,
But make it all a pool;
Spring up, oh well! I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul.

7. Come, oh my God! thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only canst my spirit fill—
Come, oh my God! my God!

8. Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
Large as infinity:
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee!

Metro 3.

WATCHMAN. S. M. Psalm 63.—Dr. Watts.

My God, per - mit my tongue This joy to call thee mine, And let my ear - ly cries pre - vail, To taste thy love di - vine.

2. My thirsty, fainting soul,
Thy mercy does implore;
Not travellers in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.

3. Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.

4. For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and praise the Lord.

5. To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.

Thou sweet gli-ding Ko-dron, by thy sil-ver streams Our Sa-viour, at mid-night, when moon-light's pale beams Shone bright on the waters, would

2. How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.

3. Oh, garden of Olivet! dear, honor'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot—
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love!

4. Come, saints, and adore him—come, bow at his feet!
Oh, give him the glory, the praise that is meet!
Let joyful hosannahs, unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies!

Metre 1.

PORTUGAL. L. M. Hymn 343.—Dr. Rippon.

fre-quent-ly stray, And lose, in thy mur-murs, the toils of the day.

How love-ly, how di-vine-ly sweet, Oh

2. Oh bless'd the men, bless'd their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favors raise
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.

3. Happy the men whom strength divine,
With ardent love and zeal inspires;
Whose steps to thy bless'd way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires.

4. One day within thy sacred gate
Affords more real joy to me
Than thousands in the tents of state;
The meanest place is bliss, with thee.

Lord! thy sa - cred courts ap - pear; Fain would my - long - ing pas - sions meet The glo - ries of thy pre - sence there.

5. God is a sun—our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows;
God is a shield, through all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.

6. He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down on souls sincere;
And grace shall guide, and glory crown,
The happy fav'rites of his care.

7. Oh Lord of hosts! thou God of grace!
How bless'd, divinely bless'd is he
Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee.

Metro 4.

MELODY. 8, 7, 8, 7. Hymn 588.—Village Hymns.

Sin - ners, take the friendly warning— Soon that aw - ful day shall break, And the trumpet, with its dawn - ing, All the slumb'ring millions wake.

2. See assembled every nation!
Lofty cities, temples, towers,
Wrapt in dreadful conflagration,
Earth and sea the flames devour!

3. Ye who to the world dissemble,
While you practice deeds of night;
Sinners, now behold and tremble,
All your crimes are brought to light.

4. Lost in ease, or carnal pleasure,
Sporting on the burning brink;
Now you say you have no leisure,
You can find no time to think.

5. Ye, who now, conviction stifling,
Waste your time, the loss deplore;
Hear the angel—cease your trifling—
“Time,” he cries, “shall be no more.”

Oh! how hap-py are they, Who their Saviour obey, And have laid up their treas-ure a-bove; Oh! what tongue can express The sweet com-fort and peace, Of a

2. 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Saviour of sinners adore.

3. Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
Oh! that more his salvation might see:
He hath lov'd me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me!

4. Now my remnant of days
Would I spend in his praise,
Who hath died, me from death to redeem;
Whether many or few,
All my days are his due—
May they all be devoted to him!

5. What a mercy is this!
What a heav'n of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gather'd into the fold,
With believers enroll'd,
With believers to live and to die!

Metre 7.

LITTLETON. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Hymn 575.—Dr. Rippon.

soul in its ear - li - est love.
Lo! he com - eth! count-less trum-pets Blow, to raise the sleep-ing dead; 'Midst ten thousand saints and

6. Lo! the day is drawing nigh,
When, my soul, thou shalt fly
To the place thy salvation began—
Where the Three and the One,
Father, Spirit, and Son,
Laid the scheme of redemption for man.

2. Now his merits, by the harpers,
Through th' eternal deep resound;
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
Ev'ry eye shall see the wounds:
They who pierc'd him
Shall at his appearance wait.

3. Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him—
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge Divine!

an-gels, See their great ex - alt - ed head: Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Wel - come, wel - come, Son of God!

4. Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy;
"Banish all your fears and sorrows,
Endless praise be your employ."
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, to the skies!

5. Now at once they rise to glory,
Jesus brings them to the King;
There with all the hosts of heav'n,
They eternal anthems sing;
Hallelujah!
Boundless glory to the Lamb!

Metre 2.

IRISH. C. M. Psalm 34, Part I.—Dr. Watts.

I'll bless the Lord from day to day; How good are all his ways! Ye hum - ble souls that use to pray, Come help my lips to praise.

2. Sing to the honor of his name,
How a poor suff'rer cried,
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his suit denied.

3. When threat'ning sorrows round me stood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes:

4. I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears—
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenc'd all my fears.

5. Oh, sinners! come and taste his love,
Come learn his pleasant ways;
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

FIDUCIA. C. M. Hymn 68, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

Fath-er, I long, I faint to see The place of thine a - bode; } Here I be - hold thy di - tant face, And 'tis a pleas - ing sight; But to a -
I'd leave these earthly courts, and flee Up to thy seat, my God! }

bide in thine embrace, Is in - fi - nite de - light.

3. I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh forever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown!

4. There all the heav'nly hosts are seen—
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.

5. Then at thy feet, with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before th' Eternal All.

6. There I would vie with all the hosts,
In duty and in bliss;
While less than nothing I can boast,
And vanity confess.

LIBERTY. 6 lines, 8's. Hymn 182, Part II.—M. H.

Lo! God is here! let us a - dore, And own how dread - ful is this place! Let all with - in us feel his pow'r, And

si - lent bow be - fore his face! Who know his pow'r, his grace who prove, Scrv'e him with awe, with rev' - rence love.

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

3. Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone;
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give,
Oh take, oh seal them for thine own!
Thou art the God, thou art the Lord—
Be thou by all thy works adored.

4. Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sov'reign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
A ceaseless, pleasing sacrifice.

Metre 1.

RETIREMENT. L. M. Hymn 7, Book III.—Dr. Watts.

When I sur-vey the wond'rous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3. See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree:
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

MILES'S LANE. C. M. Hymn 177.—Dr. Rippon.

PIA. CRES. FOR.

All hail the pow'rs of Je-sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, 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. Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

Metre 1.

DOVER. L. M. Psalm 104.—Dr. Watts.

My soul, thy great Creator praise; When clothed in his ce-les-tial rays, He in full ma-jes-ty ap-pears, And like a robe his glo-ry wears.

3. Angels, whom his own breath inspires
His ministers, are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move,
To bear his vengeance or his love.

4. The world's foundation by his hand
Is pois'd, and shall forever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

5. When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

The heav'ns are for his curtains spread, Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed; Clouds are his chariots when he flies, On winged storms, ' a - cross the skies.

6. The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet, thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills and drench the plains.

7. He bids the chrystal fountains flow,
And cheers the vallies as they go;
There gentle herds their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

8. From pleasant trees which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their song the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

Metre 2.

BETHEL. C. M. Psalm 102.—Dr. Watts.

Let Zi-on and her sons re-joyce, Be - hold the promis'd hour; Her God hath heard her mourn-ing voice, And comes ' ex-alt his pow'r.

2. Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3. The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4. He sits a sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5. He frees the souls condemn'd to death;
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said that "praying breath
Was ever spent in vain."

He dies, the friend of sinners dies! Lo! Sa-lem's daughters weep a-round; A sol-ern dark-ness veils the skies, A sud-den tremb-ling 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,

Hail the day that saw him rise, Rav-ish'd from our wish-ful eyes; Christ, awhile to mortals giv'n, Re-as-cends his native heav'n:

2. Him, though highest heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own:

Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

4. Master (may we ever say),
Taken from our head to-day,
See, thy faithful servants see,
Ever gazing up to thee!

CRES.

FOR

There the pompous triumph waits; Lift your heads, e - ter - nal gates, Wide un-fold the ra - diant scene, Take the King of glo-ry in.

Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

4. Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing for our blessed home :

There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thine endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n a heav'n in thee.

Metre 3.

NINETY-THIRD. S. M. Psalm 45.—Dr. Watts.

My Sa- viour and my King, Thy beau - ties are di - vine; Thy lips with bless-ings o - ver - flow, And ev' - ry grace is thine.

2. Now make thy glory known;
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And risc in majesty, to sprcad
The conquests of thy word :

3. Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or make their hearts obey,
While justice, meekness, grace and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

4. Thy laws, O God! are right,
Thy throne shall ever stand,
And thy victorious gospel prove
A sceptre in thy hand.

5. Thy Father and thy God
Hath without measure shed
His spirit, like a grateful oil,
T' anoint thy sacred head.

Raise your tri - un-phant songs To an im - mor - tal tune; Let the wide earth re-sound, Let the wide earth re-sound the deeds Ce-

2. Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3. His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4. 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardon down
To rebels doomed to die.

5. Now sinners dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

les - tial grace hath done.

And can it be that I should gain An int'-rest in the Sa-viour's blood?
Died he for me, who caus'd his pain? For me, who him to death pur-sued?

2. 'Tis mystery all! The immortal dies!
Who can explore this strange design!
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!

'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel-minds inquire no more.
3. He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)

Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me.

A - ma - zing love! how can it be, That thou, my God, shouldst die for me? That thou, my God, shouldst die for me!

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The lyrics are written below the piano accompaniment.

4. Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
Thine eye diffus'd a quick'ning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light!

My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.
5. No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in him is mine!

Alive in him, my living head,
And cloth'd in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

Metre 2.

LIBERTY HALL. C. M. Hymn 9, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

A - las! and did my Sa - viour bleed, And did my sov'-reign die? Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I!

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The lyrics are written below the piano accompaniment.

2. Thy body slain, sweet Jesus thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine;
The glorious sufferer stood.

3. Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree!
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker died.
For man the creature's sin

5. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart to thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears!

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. Hymn 1, Book I.—Dr. Watts.

Be - hold the glo - ries of the Lamb, A - midst his Fath - er's throne; Pre - pare new hon - ors for his

name, And songs be - fore un - known.

2. Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With phials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3. Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4. Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open every seal!

5. He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well;
Lo! in his hand, the sov'reign keys
Of heav'n, and death, and hell!

JORDAN. C. M. Hymn 66, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign, In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain. There

ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er with - ring flow'rs; Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'n - ly land from ours.

- | | | | |
|---|---|--|--|
| <p>2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.</p> | <p>But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.</p> | <p>3. O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeckoned eyes:</p> | <p>Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.</p> |
|---|---|--|--|

Metre 2.

CONSOLATION. C. M. Hymn 6, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

Once more, my soul, the ri - sing day Sa - lutes thy wa - king eyes; Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay To him that rules the skies.

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|--|
| <p>2. Night unto night his name repeats;
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.</p> | <p>3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame:
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.</p> | <p>4. On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thy hand.</p> | <p>5. A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.</p> |
|---|---|---|--|

Q

EASTER ANTHEM.

The Lord is ris'n in - deed! Hal - le - lu - jah! The Lord is ris'n in - deed! Hal - le - lu - jah! Now is Christ

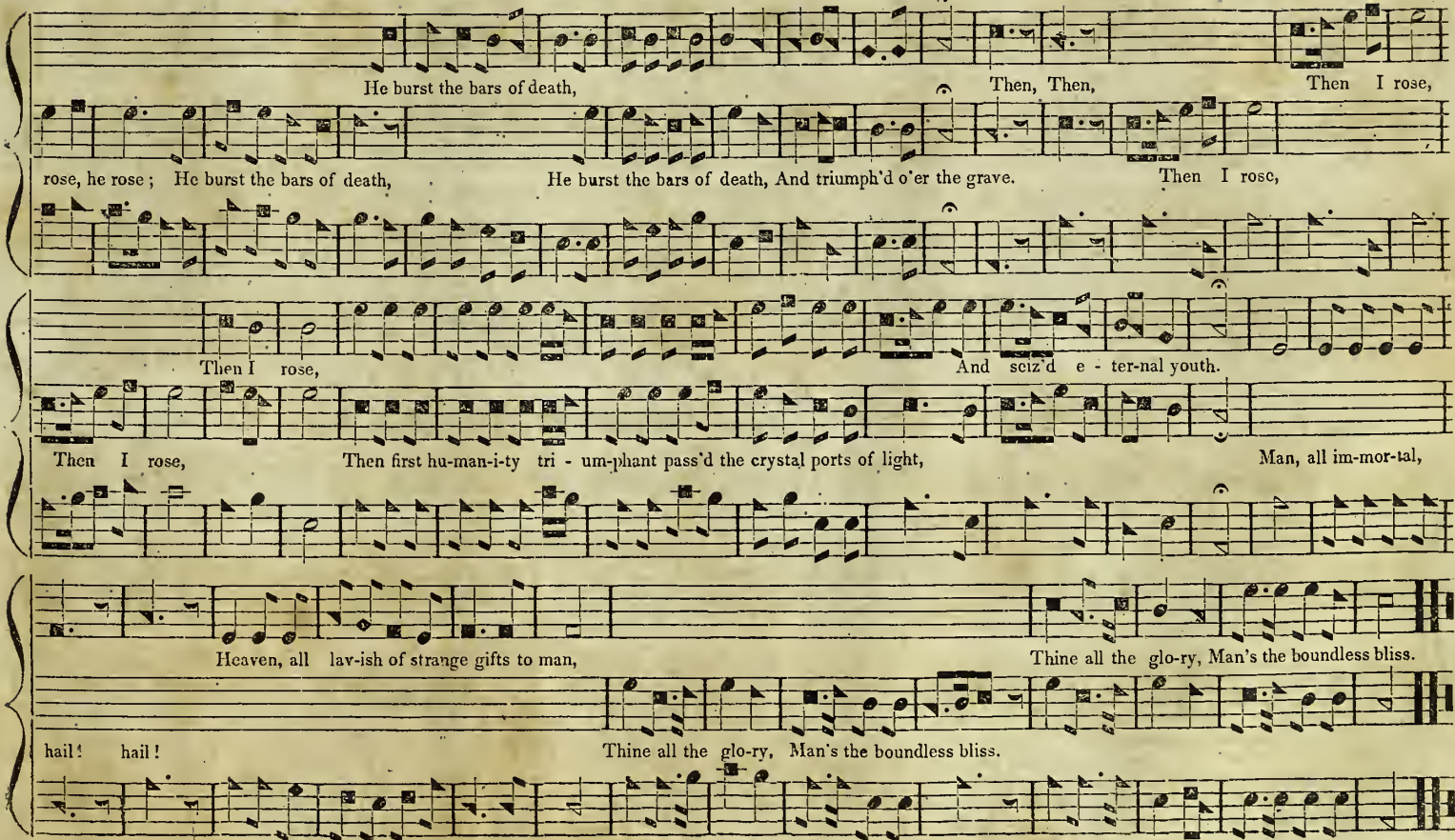
Now is Christ risen from the dead, And become Hal - le - lu - jah!

risen from the dead, And become the first fruits of them that slept. the first fruits of them that slept. Hallelujah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! And did he rise? did he rise? Hear it, oh ye dead! He rose, he rose,

And did he rise? And did he rise! Hear it, ye nations; He rose, he rose, he

EASTER ANTHEM—Continued.



He burst the bars of death, Then, Then, Then I rose,
rose, he rose; He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, And triumph'd o'er the grave. Then I rose,
Then I rose, And seiz'd e-ter-nal youth.
Then I rose, Then first hu-man-i-ty tri-um-phant pass'd the crystal ports of light, Man, all im-mor-tal,
Heaven, all lav-ish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glo-ry, Man's the boundless bliss.
hail! hail! Thine all the glo-ry, Man's the boundless bliss.

TENDER THOUGHT. L. M. Hymn 42.—Dr. Rippon.

Musical score for 'Tender Thought' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three staves: a treble clef staff for the vocal line, a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) for the piano accompaniment, and a bass clef staff for the basso continuo. The melody is simple and expressive, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature.

A - rise, my tend' rest thoughts, arise, To torrents melt my streaming eyes; And thou, my heart, with anguish feel Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2. See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded thro' the Son;
The world abus'd; the soul undone.
3. See the short course of vain delight,
Closing in everlasting night:—
In flames that no abatement know,
Tho' briny tears forever flow.
4. My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men!
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.
5. But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

DISCIPLE. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7. Hymn 77. Christian Lyre.

Musical score for 'Disciple' in D major, 4/4 time. It consists of three staves: a treble clef staff for the vocal line, a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) for the piano accompaniment, and a bass clef staff for the basso continuo. The melody is more rhythmic and active than the first hymn, with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature.

Je-sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low thee; Na-ked, poor, despised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;

2. Let the world despise and leave me—
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue:
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
- God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me—
Show thy face, and all is bright.
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
- In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain:
I have call'd thee Abba Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather—
- All must work for good to me.
4. Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will give me sweeter rest:

Per-ish ev' - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!

Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me; Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with thee. 5. Soul, then know thy full salvation—	Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find, in every station, Something still to do or bear: Think what Spirit dwells within thee— Think what Father's smiles are thine;	Think that Jesus, died to win thee; Child of heaven! canst thou repine? 6. Hasten thee on from grace to glory. Armed by faith, and winged by prayer— Heaven's eternal days before thee,	God's own hand shall guide thee there : Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ; Hope shall change to glad fruition, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
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Metre 1.

NEW HUNDRED. L. M. Hymn 100, Book I.—Dr. Watts.

Not to con-demn the sons of men, Did Christ, the Son of God, ap-pear; No wea-pons in his hands are seen, No fla-ming sword, nor thun-der there.

2. Such was the pity of our God, He lov'd the race of man so well, He sent his Son to bear our load Of sins, and save our souls from hell.	3. Sinners believe the Saviour's word, Trust in his mighty name and live; A thousand joys his lips afford, His hands a thousand blessings give.	4. But vengeance and damnation lies On rebels who refuse his grace; Who God's eternal Son despise, The hottest hell shall be their place.
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How sweet and aw-ful is the place, With Christ within the doors, } Here ev'ry bow-el of our God, With soft compassion rolls; Here
 While everlasting love displays The choicest of her stores!

peace and pardon, bought with blood, Is food for dy-ing souls.

3. While all our hearts and all our songs,
 Join to admire the feast,
 Each of us ery with thankful tongues
 "Lord why was I a guest!"

4. "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!"

5. 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
 That sweetly fore'd us in;
 Else we had still refus'd to taste,
 And perish'd in our sin.

6. Pity the nations, O our God!
 Constrain the earth to come;
 Send thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.

Sa-voir, Prince of Is-ra-el's race, See me from thy lof-ty throne; Give the sweet, re-lent-ing grace,

Musical score for the hymn "Soft - en this ob - du - rate stone...". It consists of three staves: a vocal line, a piano accompaniment line, and a bass line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Soft - en this ob - du - rate stone: Stone to flesh, O God, con - vert, Cast a look and break my heart.

2. By thy spirit, Lord, reprove,
All my inmost sins reveal;
Sins against thy light and love,
Let me see, and let me feel;
Sins that crucify'd my God,
Spilt again thy precious blood.

3. Jesus seek thy wand'ring sheep,
Make me restless to return;
Bid me look on thee, and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn'd:
Till I say, by grace restor'd,
"Now, thou know'st, I love thee, Lord."

4. Might I in thy sight appear
As the publican distrest;
Stand, not daring to draw near.
Smite on my unworthy breast;
Groan the sinner's only plea,
"God be merciful to me!"

5. O remember me for good,
Passing thro' the mortal vale;
Show me the atoning blood
When my strength and spirit fail;
Give my gasping soul to see
Jesus crucify'd for me.

Metre 5.

SOVEREIGN GRACE. 4 lines, 7's. Hymn 156.—Village Hymns.

Musical score for the hymn "Tell me, Sa-viour from a - bove...". It consists of three staves: a vocal line, a piano accompaniment line, and a bass line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Tell me, Sa-viour from a - bove, Dear-est ob-ject of my love, Where thy lit-tle flock a - bide, Shelter'd near thy bleed - ing side!

2. Tell me, Shepherd all divine,
Where I may my soul recline;
Where for refuge shall I fly,
While the burning sun is high!

3. Wilt thou let me run astray,
Mourning, grieving all the day!
Wilt thou bear to see me rove,
Seeking base and mortal love!

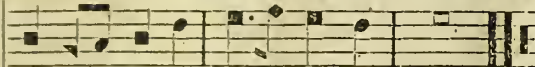
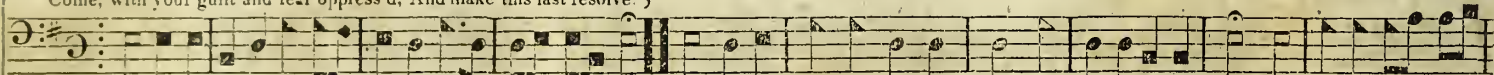
4. Never had I sought thy name,
Never felt the inward flame,
Had not love first touched my heart
With the painful, pleasing smart.

5. Didst thou leave thy glorious throne,
Put a mortal raiment on,
On the tree a victim die,
For a wretch so vile as I!

SALVATION. C. M. Hymn 355.—Dr. Rippon.



Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve, } "I'll go to Je - sus, though my sins Have like a mountain rose ; I know his courts, I'll
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last resolve: }



en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.



3. "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess:
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

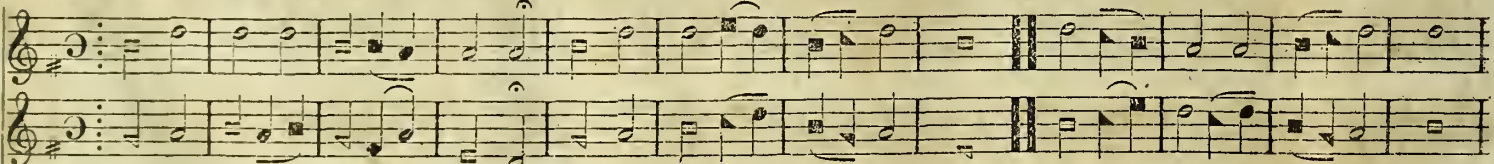
4. "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives,
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5. "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer!
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there.

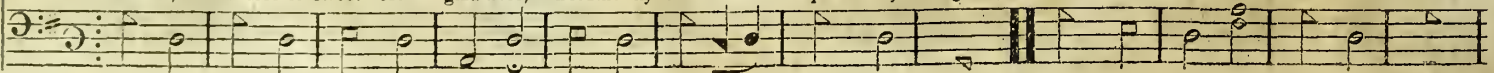
6. "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolv'd to try:
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

Metre 35.

GERMANY. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8. 8. Hymn 178.—Village Hymns.



Ho - ly Ghost, dis - pel our sad-ness, Pierce the clouds of sin - ful night; } Lov - ing Spi - rit, God of peace,
Come, thou source of sweet - est glad-ness, Breathe thy love and spread thy light; }



Great dis - trib - u - tor of grace, Rest up - on this con - gre - ga - tion! Hear, oh! hear our sup - pli - ca - tion!

2. From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.

O thou Glory shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination!
Rest on all this congregation.

3. Come, thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more:

Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Now descending from above,
Rest on all this congregation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

Metre 2.

LIVERPOOL. C. M. Psalm 145, Part III.—Dr. Watts.

Let ev'-ry tongue thy goodness speak, Thou Sovereign Lord of all; Thy strength'ning hands up - hold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.

2. When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress'd
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

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3. The Lord supports our sinking days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4. He knows the pains his servants feel,
He hears his children cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

5. His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

An - gels! roll the rock a-way! Death! yield up the migh - ty prey! See! he ri - ses from the tomb, Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom.

2. 'Tis the Saviour! angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise!
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3. Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes!
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph, up the sky—
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4. Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs!
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong!

Hearken to the sol-emn voice, The aw-ful midnight cry! Wait-ing souls, rejoice! re-joice! And see the bride-groom nigh! Lo! he comes to

2. Ye who faint beneath the load
Of sin, your heads lift up:
See your great Redeemer, God;
He comes, and bids you hope!

In the midnight of your grief,
Jesus doth his mourners cheer:
Lo, he brings you sure relief,
Believe, and feel him here.

3. Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth,
Whose lamps are burning bright;
Worthy in your Saviour's worth,
To walk with him in white;

Jesus bids your hearts be clean;
Bids you all his promise prove;
Jesus comes to cast out sin,
And perfect you in love.

keep his word, Light and joy his looks im - part; Go ye forth to meet your Lord, And meet him in your heart, And meet him in your heart,

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| <p>4. Wait we all in patient hope,
Till Christ, the Judge, shall come;
We shall soon be all caught up,
To meet the general doom:</p> | <p>In an hour to us unknown,
As a thief in deepest night,
Christ shall suddenly come down,
With all his saints in light.</p> | <p>5. Happy he whom Christ shall find
Watching to see him come;
Him the Judge of all mankind
Shall bear triumphant home:</p> | <p>Who can answer to his word?
Which of you dares meet his day?
"Rise, and come to judgment!"—Lord,
We rise and come away.</p> |
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Metre 20.

EXULTATION. 6, 6, 9, 6, 6, 9. Hymn 219, Part I.—M. H.

Come, away to the skies! My be-lov-ed a-rise, And re-joyce in the day thou wast born; On this festival day Come, exulting away, And with singing to Zion return.

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| <p>2. We have laid up our love
And our treasures above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeemed of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And with singing to Paradise go.</p> | <p>3. Now with thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which hath joined us in Jesus's name:
So united in heart,
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.</p> | <p>4. Hallelujah we sing
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain
Hallelujah again,
Sing, all heaven, and fall at his feet.</p> | <p>5. In assurance of hope
We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner, unfurled in the air,
From our graves we shall see,
And cry out "It is he!"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.</p> |
|--|---|---|--|

Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore, } He is a-ble, He is a-ble, He is a-ble,
 Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love and pow'r; }

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.

Metre 20.

LENA. 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7. Hymn 66.—Dover Selection.

He is will-ing, doubt no more.

See the Lord of glo - ry 'dy-ing! See him gasp-ing, hear him cry-ing! See his burden'd

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.

bo-som heave; Look, ye sinners, ye that hung him, Look how deep your sins have stung him, Dy - ing sin-ners, look and live.

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| <p>2. See the rocks and mountains shaking,
Earth unto her centre 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.</p> | <p>3. Heaven's bright, melodious legions,
Chanting through the tuneful regions,
Cease to trill the quiv'ring string;
Songs seraphic, all suspended,
'Till the mighty war is ended,
By the all-victorious King.</p> | <p>4. Hell, and all the powers infernal,
Vanquish'd by the King eternal,
When he poured his vital flood;
By his groans which shook creation,
Lo! we found a proclamation,
Peace and pardon by his blood.</p> | <p>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 pow'r to save.</p> |
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Metre 1.

WINCHESTER. L. M. Hymn 481.—Dr. Rippon.

No more, dear Saviour, will I boast Of beau-ty, wealth, or loud applause; The world has all its glories lost, A - mid the tri-umphs of the cross.

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| <p>2. In every feature of thy face
Beauty her fairest charms displays!
Truth, wisdom, majesty and grace
Shine thence in sweetly mingled rays.</p> | <p>3. Thy wealth the power of thought transcends,
'Tis vast, immense and all divine:
Thy empire, Lord, o'er worlds extends—
The sun, the moon, the stars are thine.</p> | <p>4. Yet, (O how marvellous the sight!)
I see thee on a cross expire;
Thy godhead veiled in sable night,
And angels from the scene retire.</p> | <p>5. But, why from these sad scenes retire?
Why with your wings your faces hide?
He ne'er appear'd so good, so great,
As when he bow'd his head and died.</p> |
|---|---|---|--|

With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of our High Priest above, Of our High Priest above; His heart is made of ten - der - ness, His heart is

made of ten - der - ness, His bow - els melt with love.

2. Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He, knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3. He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

4. He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5. Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

This is my be - lov - ed, his form is di - vine, His vestments shed o - dours a - round; } The ro - ses of Sha - ron, the lil - lies that
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine, When au - tumn with plenty is crown'd: }

grow In vales on the bank of the streams, His cheeks in the beau-ty of ex-cel-lence glow, His eyes all in-vi-ting-ly beam.

7. His voice as the sound of a dulcimer sweet,
Is heard thro' 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 righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace,
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

Metre 2.

MEDFIELD. C. M. Psalm 23, Part II.—Dr. Watts.

My Shep-herd will sup-ply my need, Je - ho - vah is his name; In pas-tures fresh he makes me feed, Be - side the liv-ing stream.

2. He brings my wand'ring spirit back
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3. When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
One word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4. Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5. The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy home be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.

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

when I am happy in him, Do-ccm-ber's as pleasant as May.

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

3. Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd ;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind :

While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

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

Metre 9.

ANTICIPATION. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8. Hymn 83.—Dover Selection.

On earth the song be - gins, In heav'n more sweet, more loud, To him that drowns our sins In his a - to - ning blood.

“To him,” they cry, in rap-turous strain, “To him,” they cry, in rap-turous strain, “Be hon - or, praise and pow'r—A - men!”

2. Ye saints on earth, repeat
 What heaven with rapture owns;
 And while before his feet
 The elders cast their crowns,
 Go imitate the choirs above,
 And tell the world your Saviour's love.

3. Sing as ye pass along,
 With joy and wonder sing,
 Till others learn the song,
 And own your Lord their King;
 Till converts join you, as ye go,
 And make a growing heaven below.

4. Inform the listening world.
 How Jesus, when he fell,
 The powers of darkness hurled
 Down to the depths of hell;
 And rising, bore the rescued prize,
 His church, in triumph, through the skies.

5. Alone he took the field,
 Alone the battle fought;
 With his own sword and shield,
 The mighty work he wrought:
 The mighty work was all his own,
 And let him ever wear the crown.

Metre 1.

NEWRY. L. M. Hymn 278.—Village Hymns.

Now let our souls, on wings sub - lime, Rise from the van-i-ties of time, Draw back the part-ing veil, and see The glories of e - ter - ni - ty.

2. Born by a new celestial birth,
 Why should we grovel here on earth?
 Why grasp at transitory toys,
 So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3. Shall aught beguile us on the road,
 When we are walking back to God?
 For strangers into life we come,
 And dying is but going home.

4. Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
 That sets our longing souls at large,
 Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
 And gives us with our God to dwell.

5. To dwell with God, to feel his love,
 Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;
 And the sweet expectation now,
 Is the young dawn of heaven below.

RESIGNATION. C. M. Hymn 169.—Dover Selection.

And let this fee-ble bo - dy fail, And let it faint or die; } Shall join the dis - em - bo - died saints, And find its long-sought
My soul shall quit this mourn-ful vale, And soar to worlds on high: }

rest, (That on - ly bliss for which it pants,) In the Re-deem-er's breast.

2. In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I'll suffer on my three-score years,
'Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3. O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise!

I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there—
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conq'ring palms they bear.

4. O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day.

WESTFORD. L. M. Hymn 23, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

De-scend from heav'n, im - mor - tal Dove, Stoop down and take us on thy wings, And mount and bear us far above The reach of these inferior

things; And mount and bear us far a - bove The reach of these in - fe - rior things: Be - yond, beyond this low - er sky, Up where e - ter - nal a - ges roll,

Where sol - id pleas - ures nev - er die, And fruits im - mor - tal feast the soul. Oh for a sight, a pleasant sight, Of our Al - migh - ty Father's

throne; There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light, Clothed in a bo - dy like our own.

4. Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
5. Oh, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King.
6. When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst'em there,
And view thy face and sing thy love?

SOCIAL BAND. L. M. Hymn 125.—Dover Selection.

Say now, ye love-ly, so-ei-al band, Who walk the way to Ca-na-an's land, } Have you just ventur'd to the field, Well arm'd with helmet, sword and shield, And shall the
Ye who have fled from Sodom's plain, Say, do you wish to turn again? }

world, with dread alarms, Compel you now to ground your arms!

2. Beware of pleasure's syren song;
Alas! it cannot soothe thee long;
It cannot quiet Jordan's wave,
Nor cheer the dark and silent grave:
Oh, let your thoughts delight to soar
Where earth and time shall be no more!
Explore by faith the heavenly fields,
And pluck the fruits that Canaan yields!
3. There see the glorious host on wing,
And hear the heavenly sera, hs sing!
The shining ranks in order stand,
Or move like lightning at eommand.

Jehovah there reigns not alone,
The Saviour shares his Father's throne;
While angels circle round his seat,
And worship prostrate at his feet.

4. Behold, I see among the rest,
A host in rieher garments drest!
A host that near his presence stands,
And palms of victory graee their hands!
Say, who are these I now behold,
With blood-wash'd robes and crowns of gold!
This glorious host is not unknown
To him that sits upon the throne!

Metre 11.

ROMNEY. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6. Hymn 272.—Village Hymns.

Somo-times a light sur-pri-ses The Chris-tian while he sings; It is the Lord, who ri-ses With heal-ing on his wings: When eom-forts are de-eli-ning, He

grants the soul a - gain A sea-son of clear shi - ning, To cheer it af-ter rain; A sea-son of clear shi - ning, To cheer it af-ter rain.

2. In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new :
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,

Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.
3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us thro—
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too :

Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed ;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.
4. Tho' vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,

Tho' all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there :
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

Metre 2.

AUGUSTA. C. M. Hymn 506.—Assem. Coll.

While thee I seek, pro-TECT-ing pow'r, Be my vain wish-es still'd; And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet-ter hopes be fill'd.

2. Thy love the power of thought bestow'd—
To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd—
That mercy I adore.

3. In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

4. In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.

5. When gladness wings the favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resign'd when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.

TRIUMPH. L. M. Hymn 16, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

Lord, what a heav'n of sa - ving grace Shines through the beau-ties of thy face, And lights our pas - sions to a flame; Lord,

2 When I can say my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

3. While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long and everlasting day.

4. Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light:
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear objects of our love.

5. There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees!
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heav'n on worms below.

Metre 4.

LOVE DIVINE. 8's & 7's. Hymn 76, Part I.—M. M.

how we love thy charm - ing name.

6. Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

Love di - vine, all loves ex - celling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down; }
Fix in us thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown: }

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

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

Je - sus, thou art all eom - pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art; Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ry tremb-ling heart.

3. Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4. Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restor'd in thee!

Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we east our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

Metro 1.

LUTON. L. M. Hymn 285.—Assem. Coll.

Bright as the sun's meridian blaze, Vast as the bless-ings he con-veys, Wide as his reign from pole to pole, And per - ma - nent as his eon - trol:

2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come;
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall, at his brightness, flee away,
The dawn of an eternal day.

3. Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe,
Learn the bless'd knowledge of thy law,
And Anti-Christ, on every shore,
Fall from his throne to rise no more.

4. Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
In pure devotion at thy feet:
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,
Her fullness and her glory too.

5. O! that from Zion now might shine
This heavenly light, this truth divine!
Till the whole universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, for thee.

When qui-et in my house I sit, Thy book be my com-pan-ion still; } And search the or - a - cles di - vine, Till ev-'ry heart-felt word be mine.
 My joy thy say-ings to re-peat, Talk o'er the re-cords of thy will: }

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

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

4. Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
 Thee may I publish all day long;
 And let thy precious word of grace
 Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;
 Fill all my life with purest love,
 And join me to the church above.

Metre 5.

LOVEST THOU ME? 4 lines, 7's. Hymn 6.—Dr. Rippon.

Hark, my soul! it is the Lord—'Tis thy Sa-voir, hear his word; Je-sus speaks, he speaks to thee— "Say, poor sin-ner, lov'st thou me!"

2. "I delivered thee when bound,
 And when bleeding healed thy wound;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
 Turned thy darkness into light.

3. "Can a mother's tender care
 Cease towards the child she bars?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.

4. "Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above,
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

5. "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When thy work of grace is done—
 Partner of my throne shall be:
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me!"

Je-sus' pre-cious name ex-cels Jordan's streams and Salem's wells; Thirsty sinners, come and draw— Quench the flames, Quench the flames of Sinai's law.

2. Fearful sinners, come and try,
Draw and drink a sweet supply;
Christ is ever full and free—
Sinners, come, whoe'er you be.

3. See the waters springing up,
To revive your languid hope;
Fill your vessels, as it rolls,
And refresh your weary souls.

4. Lo! the spirit now invites;
Lo! the cheerful bride unites;
Jesus calls—he not afraid,
Lo! for you the well is made.

5. Haste you to the Lamb of God,
Seek salvation in his blood;
In it there is boundless store
For ten thousand thousand more.

Lord, I can - not let thee go 'Till a blessing thou be - stow; Do not turn a - way thy face— Mine's an ur - gent, press - ing case.

2. Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.

3. Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy—
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4. Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r;
Mercy heard, and set him free—
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5. Many days have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen,
Yet have been upheld till now—
Who could hold me up but thou!

When o - ver-whelm'd with grief, My heart with - in me dies; Help-less, and far from all re - lief, To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

2. Oh lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3. Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4. Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

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 flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed 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. The saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see their triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

Fath-er, how wide thy glo-ries shine, How high thy won - ders rise! Known thro' the earth by thousand signs, By thousand through the skies!

Those migh-ty orbs pro - claim thy pow'r, Their mo - tions speak thy skill; And on the wings of ev'-ry hour, We read thy pa-tience still; And on the

wings of ev' - ry hour, We read thy pa - tience still.

2. Part of thy name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ,
They show the labor of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.
But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms :
3. Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

- Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains :
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
4. O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

SHIELDS. C. M. Hymn 106, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

Oh, if my soul was form'd for woe, How would I vent my sighs! Re-pent-ance should like riv - ers flow, From both my stream-ing eyes.

2. 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away his dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.
3. O, how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucify'd my God;
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.
4. Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart hath so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.
5. Whilst with a melting, broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'ers too.

JOSEPH'S TENDERNESS. 8 lines 8's. Hymn 43.—Dover Selection.

When Joseph his brethren be - held, Af - flict - ed and trembling with fear, His heart with compassion was fill'd, From weep-ing he could not for-

2. How little they thought it was he,
Whom they had ill treated and sold!
How great their confusion must be,
As soon as his name he had told.
"I'm Joseph, your brother," he said,
"And still to my heart you are dear;
- You sold me, and thought I was dead,
But God, for your sakes, sent me here."
3. Though greatly distressed before,
When charg'd with purloining the cup,
They now were confounded much more—
Not one of them durst to look up.
- "Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
Forgive us the evil we did!
And will he our household maintain!
O this is a brother indeed!"
4. Thus dragg'd by my conscience, I came,
And laden with guilt to the Lord;
- Surrounded with terror and shame,
Unable to utter a word.
At first he look'd stern and severe—
What anguish then pierced my heart;
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence, "Thou cursed depart!"

Three staves of musical notation in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is on the top staff, the bass line on the middle staff, and a basso continuo line on the bottom staff. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature.

bear, Awhile his be-ha-vior was rough, To bring their past sins to their mind; But when they were humbled e - nough, He hast-ed to shew himself kind.

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| <p>5. But O! what surprise when he spoke,
While tenderness beamed in his face!
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'erwhelmed and confounded by grace:
"Poor sinner, I know thee full well;
By thee I was sold and was slain;</p> | <p>But died to redeem thee from hell,
And raise thee in glory to reign.
6. 'Tm Jesus whom thou hast blasphemed,
And crucified often afresh,
But let me henceforth be esteemed
Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh:</p> | <p>"My pardon I freely bestow,
Thy wants I will fully supply;
I'll guard thee and guide thee below,
And soon will remove thee on high.
7. "Go, publish to sinners around,
That they may be willing to come,</p> | <p>The mercy which now you have found,
And tell them that yet there is room."
O sinners! the message obey;
No more vain excuses pretend,
But come without further delay.
To Jesus our brother and friend.</p> |
|---|---|---|---|

Metre 2.

VIRGINIA. C. M. Psalm 5.—Dr. Watts.

Three staves of musical notation in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is on the top staff, the bass line on the middle staff, and a basso continuo line on the bottom staff. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as-cending high; To thee will I direct my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye, To thee lift up mine eye.

- | | | | |
|---|---|--|--|
| <p>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.</p> | <p>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.</p> | <p>4. But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.</p> | <p>5. O may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.</p> |
|---|---|--|--|

Blow ye the trum-pets, blow The glad-ly sol-ern sound; Let all the na-tions know, Let all the na-tions

know, To earth's re-mo-test bound, To earth's re-mo-test bound, The year of Ju-bi-lee is come, Re-turn, ye ran-som'd sin-ners, home; The year of

ju-bi-lee is come. Re-turn, ye ran-som'd sin-ners, home.

2. Jesus, our High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3. Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-ating Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4. Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive.
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5. Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Why should we start, and fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mor-tals are; Death is the gate of endless joy, And yet we dread to en-ter there.

2. The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3. O! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4. Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

BOURBON. L. M. Psalm 130.—Dr. Watts.

From deep dis-tress and troubled thoughts, To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries; If thou se-vere - ly mark our faults, No flesh can stand be-fore thine eyes.

2. But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.

3. As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display!

4. My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5. Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

ABINGDON. L. M. Hymn 75, Book I.—Dr. Watts.

The wond'ring world inquires to know Why I should love my Je-sus so? What are his charms, say they, above The objects of a mortal love!

2. Yes, my beloved to my sight Shows a sweet mixture, red and white; All human beauties, all divine, In my beloved meet and shine.
3. White is his soul, from blemish free, Red with the blood he shed for me; The fairest of ten thousand fairs, A sun amongst ten thousand stars.
4. His head the finest gold excels; There wisdom in perfection dwells, And glory, like a crown, adorns Those temples once beset with thorns.
5. Compassions in his heart are found, Close by the signals of his wounds: His sacred side no more shall bear The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.

MOUNT CARMEL. 4 10's & 2 11's. Psalm 59, Part II.—Dr. Watts.

"I am the Sa-viour, I th' Al-migh-ty God; I am the Judge; ye heav'ns proclaim abroad My just, e-ter-nal sentence, and declare Those aw-ful

2. "Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane. Now feel my wrath, nor call my threatenings vain; Thou hypocrite, once drest in saint's attire, I doom thee, painted hypocrite, to fire." Judgment proceeds, he'll trembles, heaven rejoices; Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.
3. "Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows, Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows! Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?" God is the judge of hearts; no fair disguises Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.
4. "Unthinking wretch! how could'st thou hope to please A God, a spirit, with such toys as these; While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue Thou lov'st deceit and dost thy brother wrong!" Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices; Lift up your heads, ye saint, with cheerful voices.

truths, that sinners dread to hear." When God appears, all nature shall a - dore him ; While sinners tremble, saints re - joice be - fore him.

5. "In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends ;
While the false flatterer at my altar waits,
His harden'd soul divine instruction hates."
God is the judge of hearts ; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

6. "Silent I waited with long suffering love ;
But did'st thou hope that I should ne'er reprove ;
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin !"
See, God appears, all nations join t' adore him ;
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

7. "Behold my terrors now, my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul ;
Now like a lion shall my vengeance tear
Thy bleeding heart, and no deliverer near."
Judgment concludes, hell trembles, heaven rejoices ;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

Metre 1.

HORETON. L. M. Hymn 27.—Dr. Rippon.

Look up, ye saints ! di - rect your eyes To him who dwells a - bove the skies ; With your glad notes his praise rehearse, Who form'd the mighty universe.

2. He spoke, and from the womb of night
At once sprang up the cheering light ;
Him discord heard, and at his nod
Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.

3. The word he gave, th' obedient sun
Began his glorious race to run :
Nor silver moon, nor stars delay
To glide along th' ætherial way.

4. Teeming with life, air, earth and sea,
Obey th' Almighty's high decree ;
To every tribe he gives their food,
Then speaks the whole divinely good.

5. But to complete the wondrous plan.
From earth and dust he fashions man ;
In man the last, in him the best,
The Maker's image stands confess'd.

162 *Metric 1.* JOHN-STREET, or, 148th Psalm. L. M. Psalms 72 & 148.—Dr. Watts.

Je - sus shall reign where-e'er the sun Does his suc - cess - ive jour - ney run; His king - dom spread from shore to

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

wane no more. From north to south the prin - ces meet, To pay their hom - age at his feet; While west-ern em-pires

own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend his word. { To him shall end - less pray'r be made, And end - less
{ Peo - ple and realms of ev' - ry tongue, Dwell on his

prais - es crown his head; His name, like sweet per - fume shall rise, With ev' - ry
name with sweet - est song, And in - fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their ear - ly

morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
bless - ings on his - name.

1. Loud hallelujah to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell;
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.
2. The Lord! how absolute he reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee!
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.
3. High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss;
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell,
How dark thy beams, compared to his.

4. Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
While nature all around you sings!
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings!
5. Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known:
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.
6. Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

Fare-well, fare-well, fare-well my friends, I must be gone, I have no home nor stay with you; I'll take my staff and

trav-cl on, 'Till I a bet-ter world can view. I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, And troubles come no more.

Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, my loving friends, farewell.

2. Farewell my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love:
Yet we believe his gracious word,
And soon we all shall meet above,
I'll march to Canaan's land, &c.
Farewell, farewell,
Farewell, my faithful friends, farewell.
3. Farewell, old soldiers of the cross.
You've struggled long and hard for heav'n;
You've counted all things else but loss,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be giv'n;
I'll march to Canaan's land, &c.
Fight on, fight on,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be giv'n.

4. Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet await for you:
Yet dauntless keep the heav'nly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.
I'll march to Canaan's land, &c.
Farewell, farewell,
Farewell, my faithful friends, farewell.
5. Farewell, poor careless sinners too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here;
Eternal vengeance waits for you—
O turn and find salvation near.
I'll march to Canaan's land, &c.
O turn, O turn,
O turn, and find salvation near.

I hear a voice that comes from far, From Calvary it sounds abroad; It soothes my soul and calms my fear, It speaks of par - don bought with blood.

2. And is it true, that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice;
And rather choose in sin to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice?

3. Alas, for those!—the day is near,
When mercy will be heard no more;
Then will they ask in vain to hear
The voice they would not hear before.

4. With such, I own, I once appear'd,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard,
Than mercy utters from the cross.

5. But let me not forget to own,
That if I differ aught from those,
'Tis due to sov'reign grace alone,
That oft selects its proudest foes.

Ye that pass by, be-hold the man, The man of grief, condemn'd for you; The Lamb of God, for sinners slain, Weeping to Cal - va - ry pur-sue.

2. His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood—
His sacred limbs—expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.

3. See there! his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.

4. Thou dear, thou suff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinner's move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love!

4. The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd, when her Creator died;
O may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucified!

GREENWOOD. 8, 7, 8, 7. **Hymn 158.—Dover Selection.**

Sa-voir, vis - it thy plan - ta - tion— Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain! } All will come to des - o - la - tion,
 Lord, re - vive us! Lord, re - vive us!

Un - less thou re - turn a - gain.
 All our help must come from thee.

2. Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest, for want of thy assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.
 Lord revive us, &c.
3. Once, O Lord, thy garden flourish'd,
 Ev'ry plant look'd gay and green;
 Then thy word our spirits nourish'd—
 Happy seasons we have seen.
 Lord revive us, &c.
4. But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sail decline we see;
 Lord, thy help is greatly needed,

Help can only come from thee.
 Lord revive us, &c.

5. Where are those we counted leaders,
 Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth—
 Old professors, tall as cedars,
 Bright examples to our youth!
 Lord, revive us, &c.
6. Some in whom we once delighted,
 We shall meet no more below;
 Some, alas! we fear are blighted,—
 Scarce a single leaf they show.
 Lord revive us, &c.

HARMONIA. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6. **Hymn 579.—Dr. Rippon.**

When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To fetch thy ran - som'd peo-ple home, Shall I a-mong them stand? Shall

such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right hand! Be found at thy right hand! Be found at thy right hand!

2. I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Tho' vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought!
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call!

3. Prevent, prevent it by thy grace:
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In the accepted day:
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear;
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4. Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then humblest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With sounds of sov'reign grace.

Metre 9.

PENITENCE. 8, 7, 8, 7. **Hymn 295.—Dr. Rippon.**

Je-sus, full of all com-pas-sion, Hear thy hum-ble sup-pliant cry; Let me know thy great sal-va-tion— See! I lan-guish, faint and die!

2. Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, O send me quick relief.

3. Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives!
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives!

4. While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless on the cursed tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
That thou suffer'dst thus for me.

5. With thy righteousness and spirit,
I am more than angels blest;
Heir with thee all things inherit,
Peace, and joy and endless rest.

DENMARK. L. M. Psalm 100.—Dr. Watts.

Be-fore Je-ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye nations bow with sa-cred joy; Know that the Lord is God a-lone, He can cre-ate and

he des-troy, He can cre-ate and he des-troy. His sov-erign pow'r, with-out our aid, Made us of clay, and form'd us men; And when, like

wand'ring sheep, we stray'd, He brought us to his fold a-gain, He brought us to his fold a-gain. We are his peo-ple, we his care, Our

FOR

souls and all our mortal frame; What last-ing hon-ors shall we rear, Al-migh-ty Ma-ker, to thy name? We'll crowd thy gates with thank-ful songs, High as the

heav'ns our voi - ces raise, And earth, And earth, with her ten thousand thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding

praise, Shall fill, Shall fill thy courts with sound-ing praise. Wide, Wide as the world is thy command, Vast as cternity, e - ter - ni-ty, thy love. Fir m as a rock thy

DENMARK—Continued.

truth must stand, When rolling years shall cease to move, shall cease to move, When rolling years shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move.

Metre 22.

DAUGHTER OF ZION. 4 lines, 11's.

Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness, Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more; Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness, Arise, for the night of thy

CHORUS.

sor-rows is o'er. Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness, Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

2. Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like chaff from the scourge that pursued them—
How vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness,
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.
3. Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,
Extol'd with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished and Zion is free.
Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness,
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

Fare-well, my dear breth-ren, the time is at hand, } Our sev'-ral en-gage-ments now call us a-way; Our part-ing is need-ful, and we must o-bey.
That we must be part-ed from this social band: }

2. Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for awhile;
We'll soon meet again if kind Providence smile;
And while we are parted and scattered abroad,
We'll pray for each other and trust in the Lord.
3. Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharged,
The war will be ended, your bounty enlarged;
With shouting and singing, though Jordan may roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.

4. Farewell, younger brethren, just listed for war;
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;
Although you must travel the dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you in peace.
5. The world and the devil, and sin all unite,
With bold opposition, your souls to affright;
But Jesus, your leader, is stronger than they;
Let this animate you to march on your way.

6. Farewell, trembling mourner with sad broken heart,
O, hasten to Jesus and choose the good part;
He's full of compassion and mighty to save,
His arms are extended your soul to receive.
7. Farewell, careless sinners! for you I must grieve,
To think of your danger, while careless you live;
The judgment approaches—O, think of your doom,
And turn to the Saviour, while yet there is room.

My soul, with joy at-tend, While Jesus silence breaks; No an-gel's harp such mu - sic yields, As what my Shepherd speaks, As what my Shepherd speaks.

2. "I know my sheep," he cries,
"My soul approves them well;
Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
And vain the rage of hell.

3. "I freely feed them now
With tokens of my love,
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweeter streams above.

4. "Unnumber'd years of bliss
I to my sheep will give;
And, while my throne unshaken stands,
Shall all my chosen live.

5. "This tried Almighty hand
Is raised for their defence:
Where is the power shall reach them there?
Or what shall force them thence!

Though nature's strength decay, And earth and hell withstand, To Canaan's bounds I urge my way, At God's command: The wat'ry deep I pass, With Jesus in my

view! And through the howling wilderness My way pur - sue.

2. The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
The land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crown'd.
3. There dwells the Lord our king,
The lord our righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace,

- On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious, with his saints in light,
Forever reigns.
4. The ransom'd nations bow
Before the Saviour's face,
Joyful their radiant crowns they throw,
O'erwhelmed with grace.
He shows his scars of love;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the worlds above,
"The slaughtered Lamb!"

And am I on - ly born to die! And must I sud - den - ly com - ply With na - ture's stern do - cree! What af - ter

death for me re - mains! Ce - les - tial joys or hell - ish pains, To all e - ter - ni - ty, To all e - ter - ni - ty.

- | | | | |
|--|--|---|--|
| <p>2. How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay!
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day!</p> | <p>3. No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne!</p> | <p>4. No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But oh! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destin'd place!
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?</p> | <p>5. Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how may I escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make my own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies!</p> |
|--|--|---|--|

Metre 19.

WATERFORD. 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 8. Psalm 122.—Dr. Watts.

How pleas'd and bless'd was I, To hear the people cry, "Come, let us seek our God to-day;" Yes, with a cheerful zeal We haste to Zion's Lill, And there our vows and honors pay.

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|--|---|---|---|
| <p>2. Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.</p> | <p>3. There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.</p> | <p>4. May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!</p> | <p>5. My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell:
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.</p> |
|--|---|---|---|

BALTIMORE. S. M. Hymn 36, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

Well, the Re-deem-er's gone, T'ap-pear be-fore our God, To sprin- kle o'er the fla- ming throne, To

sprin- kle o'er the flaming throne, With his a- to - ning blood.

2. No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If justice calls for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shows his own.
3. Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves!
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.
4. Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honor sing;
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5. We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high;
"Hosanna to the God of grace
Who lays his thunder by.
6. "On earth, thy mercy reigns
And triumph's all above:"
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains,
To speak immortal love!
7. How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing!
Sweet Saviour tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.

BERMONDSEY. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4. Hymn 387.—Dr. Rippon.

Glory to God on high! Let earth and skies reply, Praise ye his name: His love and grace a-dore, Who all our sor-rows bore: Sing a-leud, ev-er-more,

Wor-thy the Lamb! Wor-thy the Lamb! Wor-thy the Lamb! Sing a - loud ev - er-more, Wor-thy the Lamb!

- | | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|---|
| <p>2. Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye his name:
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won—
Sing his great name alone!
Worthy the Lamb.</p> | <p>3. While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name:
Those who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.</p> | <p>4. Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless!
Praise ye his name:
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joytul noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.</p> | <p>5. What tho' we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious king,
And without ceasing, sing
Worthy the Lamb.</p> | <p>6. Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise his dear name:
To him ascribed be
Honor and majesty,
Thro' all eternity!
Worthy the Lamb.</p> |
|--|--|--|--|---|

Metro 1.

GILGAL. L. M. Hymn 139, Book II.—Dr. Watts.

My dear Re-deem-er, and my Lord, I read my du - ty in thy word; But in thy life the law ap - pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char-ac - ters.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such defence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.</p> | <p>3. Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.</p> | <p>4. Be thou my patron; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.</p> |
|---|---|--|

Come, thou Almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all glorious, O'er all victorious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of days.

2. Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine Almighty aid
Our sure defence be made:
Our souls on thee be stay'd;
Lord, hear our call!

3. Come, thou incarnate word
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

4. Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, who Almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5. To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His Sovereign Majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Metre 1.

FARMINGTON. L. M. Hymn 166.—Dr. Rippon.

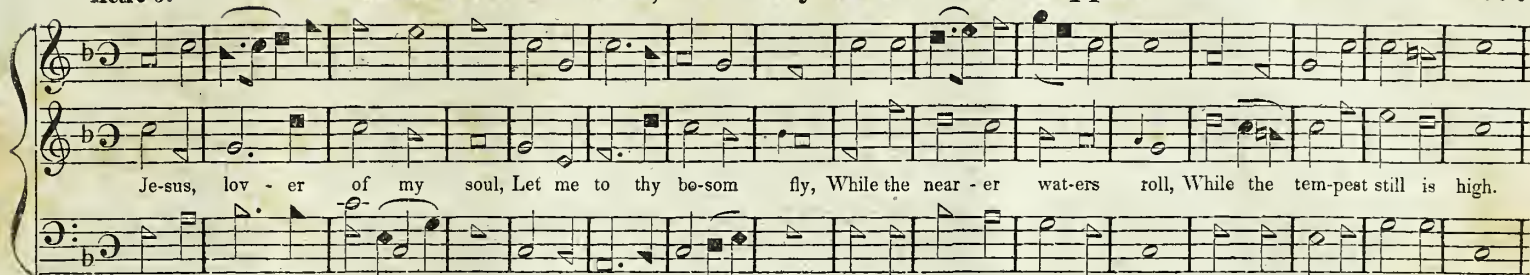
And is the gos-pel peace and love! Such let our con-ver - sa - tion be; The ser-pent, blended with the dove, Wis-dom and meek sim - pli - ci - ty.

2. When'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the christian life!

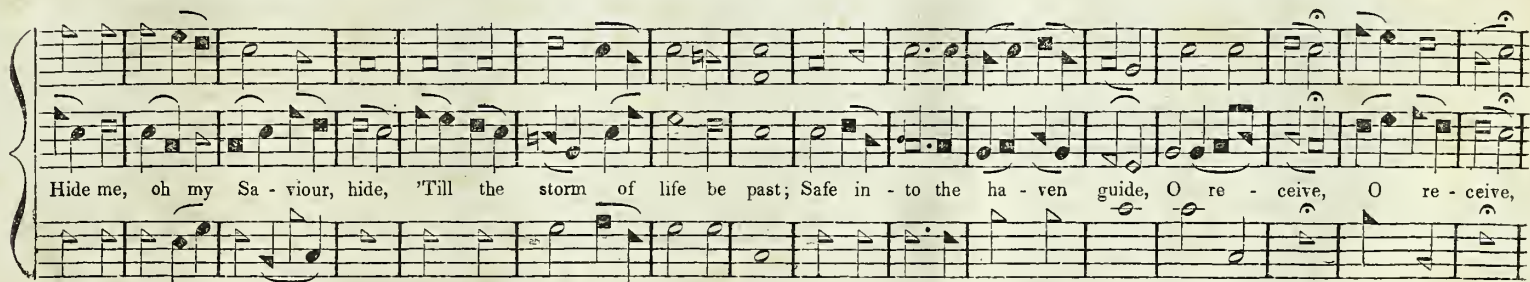
3. O how benovolent and kind;
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4. To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone thro' his life, divinely bright.


5. Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;
O, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.



Je-sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy be-som fly, While the near - er wat-ers roll, While the tem-pest still is high.



Hide me, oh my Sa - viour, hide, 'Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive, O re - ceive,



O re - ceive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd.
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
3. Thou, O Christ! art all I want—
All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,

- Heal the sick and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name—
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sins;
Let the healing streams abound—
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art—
Freely let me take of thee;

- Spring thou up within my heart—
Rise to all eternity.
5. Rushing on the downward road,
Sinners no compulsion need;
Glory to forsake, and God,
See they run with rapid speed:
Draw them back by love divine,
With thy grace their spirits win;
Every heart to thee incline—
Now compel them to come in.

AMANDA. L. M. Psalm 90.—Dr. Watts.

Through ev'-ry age, e - ter - nal God, Thou art our rest, our safe a - bode; High was thy throne ere heav'n was made,

Or earth, thy hum - ble foot - stool, laid.

2. Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure
When earth and time shall be no more.
3. But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just;
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."
4. A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

5. Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away: our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.
6. Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the time! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.
7. But oh how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread!
We fear the power that strikes us dead.

Metre 6.

ALBERTON. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6. Hymn 300.—Dr. Rippon.

How hap-py is the pil-grim's lot, How free from an-xious care and thought, From world-ly hope and fear; Con-fin'd to neith-er court nor

cell, His soul dis-dains on earth to dwell, He on-ly so - journs here, He on-ly so-journs here, He on - - - ly so-journs here.

2. His happiness in part is mine,
 Already sav'd from self-design,
 From every creature-love:
 Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,
 My soul is lighten'd of its load,
 And seeks the things above.

3. The things eternal I pursue,
 And happiness beyond the view
 Of those who basely pant
 For things by nature felt and seen:
 Their honors, wealth and pleasures, mean,
 I neither have nor want.

4. Nothing on earth I call my own;
 A stranger to the world unknown,
 I all their goods despise;
 I trample on their whole delight,
 And seek a country out of sight,
 A country in the skies.

5. There is my house and portion fair,
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home:
 For me my elder brethren stay,
 And angels beckon me away;
 And Jesus bids me come.

Metre 10.

HANOVER. 10, 10, 11, 11. Hymn 7, Part I.—M. H.

Oh, all that pass by, to Jesus draw near; He utters a cry, ye sinners give ear! From hell to retrieve you he spreads out his hands; Now, now to receive you he graciously stands.

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

3. Who ever receives the life-giving word,
 In Jesus believes, his God and his Lord,
 In him a pure river of life shall arise—
 Shall in the believer spring up to the skies.

4. My God and my Lord, thy call I obey;
 My soul on thy word of promise I stay;
 Thy kind invitation I kindly embrace,
 A thirst for salvation, salvation by grace.

Oh, thou that hear'st when sin - ners ery, Though all my erimes be - fore thee lie, Be - hold them not with an - gry look, But blot their

2. Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3. I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4. Though I have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5. A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

Metre 16.

SALISBURY. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6. Hymn 44, Part I.—M. H.

mem - ry from thy book.

God of my sal - va - tion, hear, And help me to believe; Simply do I now draw near, Thy blessing to receive: Full of

2. Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye,
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh.

Now as yesterday the same
Thou art, and wilt forever be:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3. Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor.

Dust and ashes is my name;
My all is sin and misery:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

guilt, alas! I am, But to thy wounds for refuge flee; Friend of sinners, spot-less Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.

4 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to buy thy grace;
Pardon I accept, unbought
Thy proffer I embrace.

Coming as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

5 Saviour, from thy wounded side
I never will depart;
Here will I my spirit hide,
When I am pure in heart:

Till my place above I claim,
This only shall be all my plea,
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

Metre 1.

LOVING KINDNESS. L. M. Hymn 479.—Assem. Coll.

A-wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from thee— His lov-ing kind-ness, oh how free!

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 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' 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 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But tho' I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

INFINITE DELIGHT. C. M. Hymn 555.—Dr. Rippon.

Lord, 'tis an in - fi - nite de - light To see thy love - ly face; To dwell whole a - ges in thy sight, And feel thy vi - tal

rays. And feel thy vi - tal rays.

2. This Gabriel knows, and sings thy name,
With rapture on his tongue;
Moses, the saint, enjoys the same,
And Heaven repeat the song.
3. While the bright nation sound thy praise,
From each eternal hill;
Sweet odours exhaling grace
The happy regions fill.
4. Thy love!—a sea without a shore,
Spreads life and joy abroad,
Oh, 'tis a heaven worth dying for,
To see a smiling God!

5. Sweet was the journey to the sky,
The wondrous prophet tried;
"Climb up the mount" says God "and die,"
The prophet climbed—and died.
6. Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.
7. Show me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

GREENWICH, NEW. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8. Hymn 147, Part I.—M. H.

Let earth and heav'n a - gree, An - gels and men be join'd, To cel - e - brate with me The Sa - vour of man - kind:

T' a-dore the all a-to-ning Lamb, And bless the sound of Je-sus' name; T' a-dore the all a-to-ning Lamb, And bless the sound of Je-sus' name.

2. Jesus! transporting sound!

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

3. Jesus! harmonious name!

It charms the hosts above;
They ever more proclaim,
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4. His name the sinner hears,

And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;
'Tis life and victory!
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5. Stung by the scorpion sin,

My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, he died for me.

Metre 5.

EXAMINATION. 4 lines, 7's. Hymn 250.—Dr. Rippon.

'Tis a point I long to know, Oft it cau-ses anx-ious thought—Do I love the Lord or no!— Am I his, or am I not?

2. If I love, why am I thus!

Why this dull and lifeless frame!
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3. Could my heart so hard remain.

Prayer a task and burthen prove;
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love!

4. When I turn my eyes within,

All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child!

5. If I pray, or hear, or read,

Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you!

CHRISTIAN WARFARE. 7, 7, 7, 5, 7, 7, 7, 5. Hymn 152.—Dover Selection.

Soldiers of the cross, a-rise! Lo! your Captain, from the skies, Holding forth the glitt'ring prize, Calls to victory: Fear not, tho' the battle low'r; Firmly stand the

trying hour—Stand the tempter's utmost pow'r—Spurn his slavery.

2. Who the cause of Christ would yield?
 Who would leave the battle field!
 Who would cast away his shield!—
 Let him basely go!
 Who for Zion's King will stand!
 Who will join the faithful band!
 Let him come with heart and hand,
 Let him face the foe.
3. By the mercies of our God,
 By Emanuel's streaming blood,
 When alone for us he stood,
 Ne'er give up the strife.

- Ever to the latest breath
 Hark to what your Captain saith—
 "Be thou faithful unto death—
 Take the crown of life."
4. By the woes which rebels prove,
 By the bliss of holy love,
 Sinners, seek the joys above,
 Sinners, turn and live!
 Here is freedom worth the name—
 Tyrant sin is put to shame—
 Grace inspires the hallow'd flame—
 God the crown will give.

BROADHEAD. 6 lines, 8's. Hymn 70, Part I.—M. H.

Thou hid-den love of God, whose height, Whose depth, un-fath-om'd, no man knows, I see from far thy bean-toous

light, I on - ly sigh for thy re - pose; My heart is pain'd, nor can it be At rest till it finds rest in thee.

2. Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would, but though my will
Seems fix'd, yet wide my passions rove:
Yet hindrances strew all the way—
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3. 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee;
Yet, while I seek and find thee not,
No peace my wand'ring soul shall see:
O, when shall all my wand'rings end,
And all my steps to theeward tend?

4. Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee.

Metre 8.

DAY STAR. 6 lines, 8's. Hymn 299, Part I.—M. H.

Where is my God, my joy, my hope, The dear de - sire of na-tions, where? } And spreads her arms of faith abroad, T' embrace my hope, my joy, my God.
Je - sus, to thee my soul looks up, To thee di-rects her morn-ing pray'r; }

2. Mine eyes prevent the morning ray,
Looking and longing for thy word;
Come, O my Jesus, come away,
And let my heart receive its Lord;
Which pants and struggles to be free,
And breaks to be detain'd from thee.

3. Appear in me, bright morning star,
And scatter all the shades of night;
I saw thee once, and came from far,
But quickly lost thy transient light:
And now again in darkness pine,
Till thou throughout my nature shine.

4. In patient hope I now take heed
To the sure word of promis'd grace,
Whose rays a feeble lustre shed,
Faint glimm'ring thro' the darkness place;
Till thou thy glorious light impart,
And rise the day-star in my heart.

Begone, un-belief! my Sa-viour is near, And for my re-lief will sure-ly ap-pear: By pray'r let me wres-tle, and he will per-form; With

Christ in the ves-sel, I smile at the storm.

2. Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide:
Though cisterns be broken, and creaturos all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.
3. His love, in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer, I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

4. Why should I complain of want and distress,
Temptation or pain!—he told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
'Through much tribulation, must follow their Lord:
5. Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long;
And then, O how pleasant—the conqueror's song!

To the hills I lift mine eyes, The ev-er-last-ing hills; Streaming thence in fresh supplies, My soul the spi-rit feels; Will he not his

aid af - ford! Help, while yet I ask, is giv'n : God comes down, the God and Lord That made both earth and heav'n, That made both earth and heav'n.

2. Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide.
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in him, securely rest;
Thy watchman never sleeps.

3. Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,
Thy keeper can surprise:
Careless slumber cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes:
He is Israel's sure defence;
Israel all his care shall prove;
Kept by watchful Providence,
And ever-waking love.

4. See the Lord, thy keeper, stand
Omnipotently near;
Lo! he holds thee by thy hand,
And banishes thy fear:
Shadows with his wings thy head,
Guards from all impending harms;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

5. Christ shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art sav'd from sin:
Like thy spotless master, thou,
Fill'd with wisdom, love and power;
Holy, pure and perfect now,
I'enceforth and evermore.

MELODY 2.

FAIRFIELD. C. M. Psalm 89, Part II.—Dr. Watts.

With rev'rence let the saints appear, And bow before the Lord; His high commands with rev'rence hear, And tremble at his word: His high commands, &c. And tremble, &c.

2. How terrible thy glories rise!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the pow'r with thee that vies,
Or truth compar'd with thine!

3. The northern pole and southern, rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at thy command.

4. Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boist'rous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5. Heaven, earth, and air and seas, are thine,
And the dark world of hell;
They saw thine arm in vengeance shine
When Egypt durst rebel.

Re-joic-ing now in glo-rious hope, We stand, and from the mountain top, View all the land below; Riv-ers of milk and ho-ney rise, And

all the fruits of Par-a-dise In end-less plen-ty grow.

2. A land where sin shall ne'er invade,
Nor doubt shall cast a gloomy shade,
With ev'ry blessing crown'd;
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And all his praise resound.

3. May we this better land possess,
When in this howling wilderness,
No longer we shall rove;
Lord help us humbly to rejoice,
In hope we there shall hear thy voice,
And sing redeeming love.

One spark, O God! of heav'n-ly fire, A-wakes my soul with warm de-sire To reach the realms a-bove, To reach the realms a-bove: Im-

mor-tal glo-ries round me shine, I drink the streams of life di-vine, And sing re-deem-ing love, And sing re-deem-ing love.

2 O, could I wing my way in haste,
Soon with bright seraphs would I feast,
And learn their sweet employ!
I'd glide along the heav'nly stream,
And join their most exalted theme
Of everlasting joy.

3. Too mean this little globe for me,
Nor will I e'er contented be
To feast on things so vain:
Its greatest riches are but dross—
Its grandeur short, its pleasures cross—
Its joys are mixed with pain.

4. But, resting in my Saviour's arms,
My soul enjoys transporting charms
Of everlasting love!
Here's life, here's joy, here's solid peace—
A friendship that will never cease—
A rock that cannot move.

Metre 11.

WESLEY. 4 lines, 11's. Hymn 132.—Dover Selection.

Come, children of Zion, and help us to sing
Loud anthems of praise to our Saviour and King,
Whose life once was giv'n our souls to redeem,
And bring us to heav'n to reign there with him.

2. In regions of darkness, and sorrow, and pains,
We all lay in ruins, in prison, and chains;
But Jesus has bought us with his precious blood,
The ransom provided to bring us to God.

3. O come to the Saviour, and take up the cross—
Seek treasure in heaven, count all else but loss;
His mercy invites us, then let us comply—
O why should we linger when he is so nigh:

4. We'll fear not the dangers that lie in our way—
His arm will protect us by night and by day;
All this we must suffer, and patiently bear,
Till Jesus shall take us where sufferings are o'er.

My God, ac - cept my ear - ly vows, Like morn - ing in - cense in thy house, And let my night - ly wor - ship

rise, Sweet as the ev - ning sac - ri - fice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord, Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word; Shall never bruise, but cheer my head;
Nor let my feet incline to tread 4. When I behold them press'd with grief,
The guilty path where sinners lead, I'll cry to heav'n for their relief;
3 Oh may the righteous, when I stray And by my warm petitions prove
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way; How much I prize their faithful love.

My God, thy bound-less love we praise; How bright on high its glo - ries blaze— How sweet - ly bloom be - low! It streams from

thy e - ter - nal throne— Thro' heav'n its joys for - ev - er run, And o'er the earth they flow, And o'er the earth they flow.

2. 'Tis love that gilds the vernal ray,
Adorns the flow'ry robe of May,
Perfumes the breathing gale :
'Tis love that loads the plenteous plain
With blushing fruits and golden grain,
And smiles o'er ev'ry vale.

3. But, in thy gospel, it appears
In sweeter, fairer characters,
And charms the ravished breast ;
There love immortal leaves the skies ;
To wipe the drooping mourner's eyes,
And give the weary rest.

4. There smiles a kind, propitious God,
There flows a dying Saviour's blood,
The pledge of sins forgiven !
There faith, bright eberub, points the way
To regions of eternal day,
And opens all her heaven.

5. Then, in redeeming love rejoice,
My soul !—and hear a Saviour's voice,
That calls thee to the skies :
Above life's empty scenes aspire,
Its sordid cares, and mean desires,
And seize the eternal prize.

Metre 1.

HEAVENLY FLIGHT. L. M.

Hymn 554.—Dr. Rippon.

While on the verge of life I stand, And view the scene on eith - er hand, My spi - rit strug-gles with my clay, And longs to wing its flight a - way.

2. Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,
And fainst my much loved Lord to see ;
Earth twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

3. Come, ye angelic envoys ! come.—
And lead the willing pilgrim home !
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,—
Source of my joys, and of your own.

4. That blissful interview, how sweet !
To fall transported at his feet !
Raised in his arms to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace !

5. As with a seraph's voice to sing !
To fly as on a cherub's wing !
Performing with unwearied hands,
The present Saviour's high commands.

Des - truction's dang'rous road, What mul - ti - tudes pur-sue! While that which leads the soul to God, Is known and sought by few.

2. Believers find the way
Thro' Christ the living gate;
But those who hate this holy way
Complain it is too straight.

3. If self must be deny'd,
And sin no more caress'd,
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it best.

4. Encompass'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend;
They say, so many can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end.

5. But hear the Saviour's word,
"Strive for the heav'nly gate,
Many will call upon the Lord,
And find their cries too late."

Hail, my ev - er bless-ed Je-sus, On - ly thee I wish to sing; To my soul thy name is pre-cious, Thou my Pro-phet, Priest and King.

2. Oh, what mercy flows from heav'n,
Oh, what joy and happiness!
Love I much?—I've much forgiv'n—
I'm a miracle of grace.

3. Once, with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour pass'd that way.

4. Witness, all ye hosts of heav'n,
My Redeemer's tenderness!
Love I much?—I've much forgiv'n—
I'm a miracle of grace.

5. Shout ye bright angelic choir;
Praise the Lamb enthron'd above;
While astonish'd, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.

The voice of free grace cries escape to the mountain, For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a fountain; For sin and transgression, and ev'ry pol-lu-tion, His

CHORUS.

blood flows most freely in streams of salvation, His blood flows so freely in streams of salvation. Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb who has pur-chas'd our par-don, We'll

praise him a-gain when we pass o-ver Jordan, We'll praise him again when we pass over Jor-dan.

2. Now Jesus our King, reigns triumphantly glorious—
 O'er sin, death and hell, he is more than victorious :
 With shouting proclaim it—O trust in his passion ;
 He saves us most freely, O glorious salvation !
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchas'd our pardon,
 We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.
3. With joy shall we stand, having gain'd the bless'd Canaan ;
 With harps in our hands, we with joy will adore him ;
 We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
 And sing of salvation forever and ever !
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon ;
 We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

My thoughts, that of - ten mount the skies, Go search the world beneath, Where nature all in ruin lies, Where nature all in ru - in lies. And owns, And

owns, And owns her sov'-reign, Death.

2. The tyrant, how he triumphs here,
His trophies spread around!
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Thro' all the hollow ground.
3. These skulls, what ghastly figures now!
How loathsome to the eyes!
These are the heads we lately knew
So beautiful and so wise.
4. But where the souls, those deathless things,
That left their dying clay?
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity!

5. O that unfathomable sea!
Those deeps without a shore!
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar.
6. There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves,
While the pale carcase breathless lies
Among the silent graves.
7. "Prepare us Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day,
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear our souls away."

Metre 1.

ITALY. L. M. Hymn 209.—Vill. Hymns.

The ran-som'd spi - rit to her home, The clime of cloudless beau-ty, flies; } But cheer-less are those heav'nly fields, The cloud-less clime no
No more on storm-y seas to roam, She hails her ha-ven in the skies: }

pleas-ure yields, There is no bliss in bowr's a - bove, If thou art ab-sent, Ho - ly Love, If thou art ab - sent, Ho - ly Love.

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| <p>2. The cherub near the viewless throne
Hath smote the harp with trembling hand,
Ald One with incense-fire hath flown,
To touch with flame th' angel band :</p> | <p>But tuneless is the quiv'ring string,
No melody can Gabriel bring.
Mute are its arches, when above
The harps of heaven wake not to Love !</p> | <p>3. Earth, sea and sky, one language speak,
In harmony that soothes the soul :
'Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,
And when on thunders, thunders roll :</p> | <p>That voice is heard and tumults cease,
It whispers to the bosom peace ;
O, speak, Inspirer from above,
And cheer our hearts, Celestial Love !</p> |
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Metre 1.

ORRAMOOR. L. M. Hymn 166.—Assem. Coll.

My God, per-mit me not to be A stran-ger to myself and thee ; A-midst a thousand thoughts I rove, For-get-ful of my high-est love.

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| <p>2. Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go!</p> | <p>3. Call me away from flesh and sense ;
One sovereign word can draw me thence :
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.</p> | <p>4. Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone ;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.</p> |
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PROTECTION. 4 lines, 11's. Hymn 161.—Vill. Hymns.

How firm a foun - da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex-cel-lent word; What more can he say than to you he hath said, Who

un-to the Sa-riour for ref-uge have fled.

2. "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed,
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 flames 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 grey hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
6. "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul,—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

WELCH. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. Hymn 209.—Village Hymns.

O my soul, what means this sad-ness! Where-fore art thou thus cast down! Let thy griefs be turn'd to glad-ness,

Bid thy rest - less fears be gone; Look to Je - sus, Look to Je - sus, And re - joice in his dear name.

2. What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee day by day;
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.
3. Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within;
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin.
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.
4. Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou treadst the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee—
Soon he'll bring thee home to God,
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
5. O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above
Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join!

Metre 1.

CONFORMITY. L. M. Hymn 243.—Assem. Coll.

Je - sus, my Sa - vour, let me be more per - fect - ly con - form'd to thee; Implant each grace, each sin dethrone, And form my temper like thine own.

2. My foe, when hungry, let me feed,
Share in his grief, supply his need;
The haughty frown may I not fear,
But with a lowly meekness bear.
3. Let the envenomed heart and tongue,
The hand outstretched to do me wrong,
Excite no feeling in my breast
But such as Jesus once expressed.
4. To others let me always give
What I from others would receive;
Good deeds for evil ones return.
Nor, when provoked, with anger burn.
5. This will proclaim how bright and fair
The precepts of the gospel are:
And God himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

BROOMSGROVE. C. M. Psalm 71, Part II.—Dr. Watts.

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a common time signature. The middle and bottom staves are grand staff notation, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The music is written in a style typical of 18th-century hymnals, with various note values and rests.

My Saviour, my Al-migh-ty friend, When I begin thy praise, Where will the growing numbers end, The numbers of thy grace, The numbers of thy grace!

2. Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3. My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

4. When I am fill'd with sore distress,
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5. How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

Metre 36.

HOME. 11, 11, 11, 11, 5, 11. Hymn 95.—Christian Lyre.

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a common time signature. The middle and bottom staves are grand staff notation, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The music is written in a style typical of 18th-century hymnals, with various note values and rests.

'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture com-plaints, How sweet to my soul is communion with saints; To find at the banquet of mercy there's room, And

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.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my 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.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my 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 would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.

feel, in the pre-sence of Je - sus, at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Re - ceive me, dear Saviour, in glo - ry, my home.

5. What'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace!
The spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait till thou come,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.

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

7. The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence forever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O, there I shall rest with the Saviour at home.

Metre 2.

ST. STEPHENS. C. M. Hymn 480.—Assem. Coll.

When lan-guor and dis - ease in - vade This tremb-ling house of clay, 'Tis sweet to look be-yond my pains, And long to fly a - way.

2. Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3. Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4. Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood,
My debt of suffering paid.

5. Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His spirit's quick'ning breath.

Farewell, my brethren in the Lord! The gospel sounds the Jubilee; } And as I preach from place to place, I'll trust a - lone in God's free grace.
My tongue shall bear the news abroad, From land to land, from sea to sea: }

2. Farewell!—in bonds of union dear,
Like strings you twine about my heart;
I humbly beg your earnest prayer.
Till we shall meet no more to part—
Till we shall meet in worlds above,
Encircled in eternal love.

3. Farewell, my earthly friends below!
Though all so kind and dear to me;
My Jesus calls, and I must go,
To sound the gospel jubilee;
To bear the joy-inspiring news
To Gentile worlds and blinded Jews.

4. Farewell dear people one and all!—
While God the breath of life shall give,
I hope on him in prayer to call,
That your dear souls in Christ may live—
That your dear souls prepared may be
To reign in bliss eternally.

What wis-dom, ma-jes-ty and grace, Thro' all the gos - pel shine! 'Tis God that speaks, and we con-fess The doc - trine most di - vine.

2. Down from his starry throne on high,
Th' almighty Saviour comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.

3. The mighty debt that sinners ow'd,
Upon the cross he pays;
Then thro' the clouds ascends to God,
Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

4. There he our great high priest appears
Before his Father's throne;
Mingles his merits with our tears,
And pours salvation down.

5. Great God with reverence we adore
Thy justice and thy grace.
And on thy faithfulness and power
Our firm dependence place.

The voice of my be - lov - ed sounds, While o'er the moun - tain top he bounds; He flies ex - ult - ing o'er the

hills, And all my soul with trans - port fills: Gent-ly doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come away;" Gent-ly doth he chide my stay,

"Rise, my love, and come a - way."

2. The scattered clouds are fled at last—
 The rain is gone, the winter's past;
 The lovely vernal flowers appear—
 The warbling choir enchants our ear:
 Now with sweetly pensive moan,
 Coos the turtle dove alone.

HEAVENLY VISION. Words from Revelation, and Daniel the Prophet.

Thousands of thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand,
 I beheld, and lo! a great multitude, which no man could number, Thousands of thousands, and ten thousand times ten

SLOW.

Stood before the Lamb, and they had palms in their hands; And they rest not day and night, saying,
 thou sand, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord God Al-migh-ty, Which

Which was and is, and is to come.
 was and is, and is to come. And I heard a migh-ty an-gel - - fly - - ing through the midst of heav'n,

Saying with a loud voice, Wo, wo, wo, wo be un - to the earth by rea-son of the trumpet which is yet to sound!

The great men and nobles, rich men and poor,

And when the last trumpet sounded, bond and free, gath-er'd them-selves to-geth-er and cried to the rocks and moun-tains to fall up-

From the face of Him that sitteth on the throne. And who shall be able to stand!

on them and hide them, For the great day of his wrath is come, And who shall be able to stand!

SLOW

CONVERSION. 4 lines, 11's. Hymn 15.—Dr. Rippon.

Thy mer-cy, my God, is the theme of my song, The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue; Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last, Hath

won my af-fec-tions, and bound my soul fast.

2. Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here—
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But through thy free goodness my spirits revive,
And he that first made me still keeps me alive.
3. Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolved by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.
4. The door of thy mercy stands open all day,
To the poor and needy who knock by the way;

- No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.
5. Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell—
It's glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell:
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
Who opened the channel of mercy for me.
6. Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
And covenant love of thy crucified son:
All praise to the spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine.

DELIGHT. C. M. Psalm 119, Part V.—Dr. Watts.

Oh, how I love thy ho-ly law! 'Tis dai-ly my de-light; And thence my med-i-ta-tions draw Di-vine ad-vice by night: My wa-king eyes pre-

vent the day, To - - med - - i - tate thy word; My soul with long - ing melts a - way, To hear thy gos-pels, Lord.

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| <p>3. Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
And in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yield me a heav'nly song.</p> | <p>4. Am I a stranger or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures my taste.</p> | <p>5. No treasures so enrich the mind—
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver, well refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold:</p> | <p>6. When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.</p> |
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Metre 1.

HIDING-PLACE. L. M. Hymn 111.—Christian Lyre.

Hail, sov'-reign lov, that first began The scheme to res-cue fall-en man; Hail, match-less, free, e-ter-nal grace; That gave my soul a hi - ding place!

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| <p>2. Against the God that built the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high—
Despised the mansions of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.</p> | <p>4. But lo! the eternal counsel rang,
"Almighty love arrest the man,"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.</p> | <p>5. Vindictive justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried, with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding-place.</p> | <p>7. On him Almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for his chosen race,
And thus became their hiding-place.</p> |
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CANTON. 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 8. Psalm 133.—Dr. Watts.

How plea-sant 'tis to see Kin - dred and friends a-gree, Each in their pro - per - sta-tion move, And each ful-ful their part With sym-pa-

thi-zing heart, In all the cares of life and love, In all the cares of life and lo've.

2. 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head ;
Divinely rich, divinely sweet,
The oil through all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes and bless'd his feet.
3. Like fruitful showers of rain
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills ;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through ev'ry friendly soul
Where love, like heavenly dew, distilla.

QUEENSBOROUGH. 8's & 7's. Hymn 154.—Gems of Sacred Poetry.

Oh, the hour, when this ma - te - rial Shall have van-ish'd like a cloud— When, a - mid the wide e - the - rial, All th'in - vis - i-ble shall crowd :

And the na - ked soul, sur - round-ed With re - al - i - ties un-known, Tri-umph in the view un-bound-ed— Feel her - self with God, a - lone.

2. In that sudden, strange transition,
By what new and finer sense
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence?
Angels guard the new immortal
Through the wonder-teeming space,

To the everlasting portal—
To the spirit's resting place.
3. Will she there no fond emotion,
Nought of earthly love retain?
Or, absorb'd in pure devotion,
Will no mortal trace remain?

Can the grave those ties dis sever,
With the very heart-strings twined?
Must she part, and part forever,
With the friends she leaves behind?
4. No! the past she still remembers:
Faith and hope surviving, too,

Ever watch those sleeping embers
Which must rise and live anew:
For the widowed, lonely spirit,
(Incomplete till clothed afresh),
Longs perfection to inherit—
Longs to triumph in the flesh.

Metre 3.

TENDER MERCY. S. M. Psalm 103, Part II.—Dr. Watts.

My soul, re-peat his praise, Whose mercies are so great, Whose an-ger is so slow to rise, So rea-dy to a - bate, So rea-dy to a - bate.

2. God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3. High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4. His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5. The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel—
He knows our feeble frame.

Death-less prin - ci - ple, a - rise! Soar, thou na - tive . of the skies! Pearl of price, by Je - sus bought, To his glo - rious

like-ness wrought, Go, to shine be - fore the throne—Deck his med - i - to - rial crown; Go, his tri-umphs to a - dorn—Born of

God, to God re - tu - rn.

2. Lo, he beckons from on high!
Fearless to his presence fly;
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God:
Angels joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend—
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

3. Is thy earthly house distress'd,
Willing to retain its guest!
'Tis not thou, but it, must die—
Fly, celestial tenant, fly!
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay—
Sweetly breathe thyself away;

Singing to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing and fired with love.

4. Shudder not to pass the stream—
Venture all thy care on him—
Him, whose dying love and pow'r
Still'd the tossing, hush'd the roar:
Safe as the expanded wave—
Gentle as the summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.

5. See the haven full in view—
Love divine shall bear thee through;
Trust to that propitious gale—

Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail!
Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See they through the blissful shore!

6. Mount, their transports to improve—
Join the longing choir above;
Swiftly to their wish be given—
Kindle higher joy in heaven!
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes;
Such the glorious vista Faith
Opens through the shades of death

Come, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With light and comfort from above; Be thou our guardian, thou our guide, O'er every thought and step preside, O'er every, &c.

- | | | | |
|--|---|---|--|
| 2. Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From ev'ry sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live. | 3. The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart. | 4. Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray. | 5. Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is. |
|--|---|---|--|

Come, let us now for-get our mirth, And think that we must die; What are our best de-lights on earth, Com-par'd with those on high!

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|---|
| 2. Our pleasures here will soon be past—
Our brightest joys decay;
But pleasures there forever last,
And cannot fade away. | 3. Here sins and sorrows we deplore,
With many cares distress;
But there the mourners weep no more,
And there the weary rest. | 4. Our dearest friends, when death shall call,
At once must hence depart;
But there we hope to meet them all,
And never, never part. | 5. Then let us love and serve the Lord,
With all our youthful powers;
And we shall gain this great reward,
This glory shall be ours. |
|---|--|---|---|

How blest is our brother, bereft Of all that could burden his mind; } Of e - vil in - ca - pa - ble thou, Whose rel - ics with en - vy I see, No
How easy the soul that has left This wearisome body behind!

long - er in mis - e - ry now, No long - er a sin - ner like me.

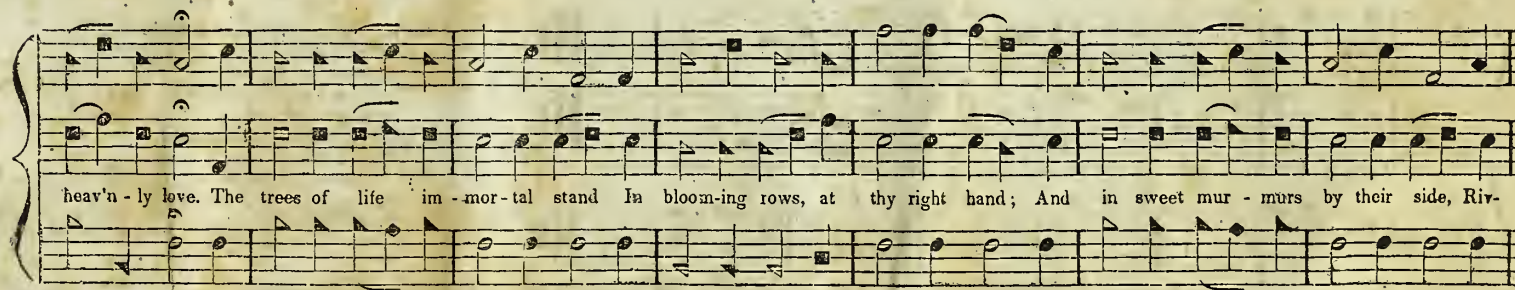
2. This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again;
No anger, henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden his innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanished away.
3. This languishing head is at rest;
It's thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet, immovable breast,
Is heaved by affliction no more:

- This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat—
It never shall flutter again.
4. The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Sealed up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep:
These fountains can yield no supply—
These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
And evils they never shall see.

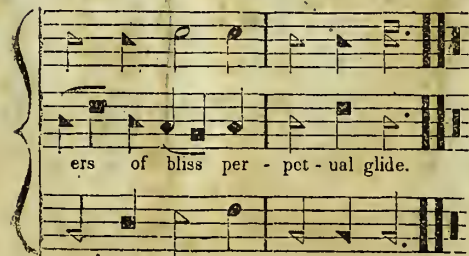
Far from my thoughts, vain world, be-gone, Let my re - li-gious hours a - lone: Fain would my eyes my Sa- viour see— I wait a vi - sit,



Lord, from thee! My heart grows warm with ho-ly fire, And kin-dles with a pure de-sire: Come, my dear Je - sus, from a - bove, And feed my soul with



heav'n - ly love. The trees of life im - mor - tal stand In bloom-ing rows, at thy right hand; And in sweet mur - murs by their side, Riv-



ers of bliss per - pet - ual glide.

4. Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.
5. 'Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!

- Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.
6. Hail! great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known!

Draw nigh to us, Je - ho - vah, Draw nigh to us, Je - ho - vah, Draw nigh to us, Je - ho - vah, In our so-cial meet - ing; In this pro-pi - ti - ous

our, O may we feel thy pow-er, O may we feel thy pow-er, In this so-cial meet - ing.

2. Draw nigh to us, bless'd Jesus,
In our social meeting;
O may we feel thy favor,
Thou ever blessed Saviour!
In this social meeting.
3. Draw nigh to us, bless'd Spirit,
In our social meeting;
Convince and renovate us,
And new in Christ create us,
In this social meeting.

SOLEMN SUMMONS. 8 lines, 8's. Hymn 183.—Dover Selection.

How sol-enn the sig nal I hear! The sum-mons that calls me a-way, In re-gions unkn own to ap-pear; How shall I the summons o - bey? What

scenes in that world shall a - rise, When life's la - test sigh shall be fled, And dark-ness has seal'd up mine eyes, And deep in the dust I am laid.

2. No longer the world I can view,
The scenes which so long I have known;
My friends, I must bid you adieu,
For here I must travel alone:

Yet here my Redeemer has trod,
His hallowed footstep I know;
I'll trust for defence to his rod,
And lean on his staff as I go.

3. Dear Shepherd of Israel lead on,
My soul follows hard after thee;
The phantoms of death are all flown,
When Jesus my Shepherd I see.

Dear brethren and sisters I go—
To wait your arrival above;
Be faithful, and soon you shall know
The triumphs and joys of his love.

Metre 41.

OLD GERMAN. 5, 5, 6, 5. Hymn 152.—M. H.

O tell me no more Of this world's vain store, The time for such tri - fles With me now is o'er.

2. A country I've found
Where true joys abound—
To dwell I'm determin'd
On that happy ground.

3. The souls that believe
In paradise live—
And me in that number
Will Jesus receive.

4. My soul, don't delay—
He calls thee away—
Rise! follow the Saviour,
And bless the glad day.

5. No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,
What light, strength and comfort—
Go after him, go.

6. Lo! onward I move
To a city above—
None guesses how wond'rous
My journey will prove.

Awaked by Si-nai's aw-ful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found, And knew not where to go; E - ter-nal truth did loud pro-claim, "The sin-ner

must be born a - gain, Or sink to end-less wo."

2. When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
And 'whelm'd my tortur'd mind.
3. Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, oppressive load;
Alas, I read, and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

4. The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd Death and Hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet, when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.
5. But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour pass'd this way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

When gath-ring clouds a - round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few. On him I lean, who, not in vain, re-

pe - rienced ev - ry hu - man pain; He sees my wants, al - lays my fears, And counts and treas - ures up my tears.

- | | | | |
|--|--|---|--|
| <p>2. If ought should tempt my soul astray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still he that felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.</p> | <p>3. When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Yet he, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
Tho throbbing heart, the streaming eye.</p> | <p>4. When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me—for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.</p> | <p>5. And O, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed,—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.</p> |
|--|--|---|--|

Metre 1.

KIRKE. L. M. Hymn 294.—Dr. Rippon.

With melt - ing heart and weep - ing eyes, My guilt - y soul for mer - cy cries; What shall I do, or whith - er flee, T' es - cape the vengeance due to me?

- | | | | |
|--|--|--|---|
| <p>2. Till now I saw no danger nigh—
I lived at ease, nor fear'd to die;
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
I shall have peace at last, I cried.</p> | <p>3. But when, great God! thy light divine
Had shown on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.</p> | <p>4. How dreadful, now, my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years!
Before thy pure, discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!</p> | <p>5. Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live!</p> |
|--|--|--|---|

SUBLIMITY. S. M. Psalm 19, Part I.—Dr. Watts.

Be-hold the loft-y sky De-clar-es its Ma-ker God, And all his star-ry works on high, Proclaim his pow'r abroad ; And all his star-ry works on

high, Pro-claim his pow'r a - broad.

2. The darkness and the light,
Still keep their course the same ;
While night to day and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.
3. In every different land
Their general voice is known ;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
4. Ye christian lands rejoice !
Here he reveals his word ;

- We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.
5. His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes ;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.
6. His laws are just and pure ;
His truth without deceit :
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.

7. Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight ;
Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd,
So much allures the sight.
8. While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

Metre 1.

JERUSALEM. L. M. Psalm 17.—Dr. Watts.

Lord, I am thine, but th ou wilt prove My faith, my pa-tience, and my love ; When men of spite a - gainst me join, They are the sword,

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line includes lyrics, and the piano line includes musical notation with a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "They are the sword, the hand is thine. Their hope and portion lie be - low, 'Tis all the hap - pi - ness they know, 'Tis all they seek; they take their shares, And leave the rest a - mong their heirs, And leave the rest a-mong their heirs. What sin - ners val - ue I re - sign, 'Lord, 'tis e - nough that thou art mine; I shall be - hold thy bliss - ful face, And stand complete in right - eous - ness, And stand complete in right - eous - ness."

Come, let us a - new Our jour-ney pur - sue, Roll round with the year, Roll round with the year, And nev-er stand still till the Mas-ter ap-

2. Our life is a dream:
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
The fugitive moment refuses to stay.

3. The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rolls on to our view and eternity's near.

4. May each in the day
Of his coming say,
"I've fought my way through,
And finished the work thou didst give me to do!"

*Metro 2.***BLESSED INFANCY. C. M. Hymn 556.—Dr. Rippon.**

pear, And nev-er stand still till the Mas-ter ap-pear.

6. May each from his Lord
Receive the glad word,
"Well, faithfully, done!
Come into my joy and sit down on my throne!"

Thy life I read, my dear - est Lord, With trans-port all di-

2. Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3. "I take these little lambs," said he,
And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

BLESSED INFANCY—Continued.

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vine; Thine im - age trace in ev' - ry word, Thy love in ev' - ry line, Thy love in ev' - ry line.

4. Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love:
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

5. Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill:
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will."

6. His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine,
Dear Saviour! all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

Metro 40.

BOUNDLESS MERCY. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

Hymn 33.—Dover Selection.

Drizzling souls, no longer grieve, heav'n is propitious; } Jesus now is passing by, } Brings salvation from on high—
If in Christ you do believe, You will find him precious: } Calls the mourner to him, } Now look up and view him.

2. From his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs the healing lotion;
See the consolating tido,
Boundless as the ocean:
See the healing waters move
For the sick and dying;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.

3. Grace's store is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Jesus calls come unto mo,
Ye weary, heavy laden,
Though your sins, like mountains high,
Rise and reach to heaven;
Soon as you on me rely,
All shall be forgiven.

4. Now methinks I hear one say,
I will go and prove him;
If he takes my sins away
Surely I shall love him.
Yes! I see the Father smile,
Now I lose my burden;
All is grace—for I am vile,
Yet he seals my pardon.

5. Streaming mercy, how it flows!
Now I know, I feel it;
Tongue cannot the half disclose,
Yet I long to tell it.
Jesus' blood has healed my wound;
O the won'drous blessing!
I, through mercy, now have found,
All in him possessing.

COME YE DISCONSOLATE. 11, 10, 11, 10.

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 hath no sor-row that Heav'n can not he'al.

2. Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
 "Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

Metre 1.

INVITATION. L. M. Hymn 127, Book 1.—Dr. Watts.

Come hith-er, all ye wea-ry souls, Ye hea-vy la-den sin-ners, come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And bring you

to my heav'n - ly home; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And bring you to my heav'n - ly home.

CHORUS.

Come to Jesus, come and welcome, Come and welcome, Come and welcome, Come! Come to Jesus, Come and welcome, Come and welcome, Come and welcome, Come!

Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come!

2. "They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea.
And pride is restless as the wind.
Come to Jesus, &c.
3. "Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,

- My grace shall make the burden light."
Come to Jesus, &c.
4. Jesus we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal.
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.
Come to Jesus, &c.

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