

CHURCH MUSIC.

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The history of the United States is a story of growth and change. From the first settlers to the present day, the nation has evolved through various stages of development. The early years were marked by exploration and the establishment of colonies. The American Revolution led to the birth of a new nation, and the subsequent years saw the expansion of territory and the growth of industry. The Civil War was a pivotal moment in the nation's history, leading to the abolition of slavery and the strengthening of the federal government. The 20th century brought significant social and economic changes, including the rise of the industrial revolution and the emergence of the United States as a global superpower. Today, the United States continues to face new challenges and opportunities, and its history remains a source of inspiration and guidance for the future.

# CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH-MUSIC;

WITH



## 150 PSALMS AND HYMNS

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE

GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF CONNECTICUT.

*W*  
Leonard Woolsey Bacon

NEW HAVEN:  
PUBLISHED BY DURRIE & PECK.  
NEW YORK:  
MASON BROTHERS.

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## RECOMMENDATION.

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THE subscribers, having been made acquainted with the object and plan of the following compilation, and having given some attention to the manner in which the compiler has performed his work, take pleasure in commending this book to the churches. We think that the distinction between Congregational singing and Choir singing must be recognized and acted upon, in order to the success of either; and we are confident that, where this distinction is properly regarded, the choir will attain its highest usefulness, while the natural desire of the Christian congregation, to unite their voices as well as their hearts in the songs of worship, will not be stifled nor resisted. Singing by the whole congregation,—the singing of familiar psalms and hymns in familiar old tunes,—is everywhere a desire and demand. At the same time, there must be a select choir, not only to lead the congregational singing, but to be the center of musical education and culture for the Congregation; and in connection with this necessity, there is everywhere a desire and demand

for another sort and style of singing, in which the song shall be impressive, and not merely the expression of an united act of worship.

The book now offered to the public recognizes this double want, and presents to the use of worshiping assemblies the most familiar psalms and hymns in connection with the most familiar tunes. Where this book is used, the tunes, and the psalms and hymns with which they are connected will be inseparable; and choir singing for impression and edification will be confined to certain portions of the service, as, for example, to the hymn before the sermon, or to the hymn at the beginning of worship.

*Jeremiah Day*  
*E. T. Fitch.*  
*J. H. Ames*  
*Leonard Bacon*

## P R E F A C E .

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THIS collection contains a large number—perhaps almost the whole—of those familiar psalms and hymns which are commonly used in a congregation to express an act of united worship. They are printed thus, in a separate form, not with a view of superseding, in any measure, the book from which they are taken, but rather of guiding and assisting in the use of it.

The tunes have been selected, not for their intrinsic merit or fitness for congregational use, but because they are the tunes which *are actually known*, and which are constantly used by the Churches at social meetings, and wherever else the services of a trained choir are dispensed with. Care has been taken not to separate any psalm or hymn from a tune with which it has become associated by use.\* It is hoped, on the contrary, that this book will be useful in confirming and establishing such associations. The compiler is under large obligations to composers and proprietors of copyright tunes for favors which are properly acknowledged in the course of the book.

This collection was prepared for a local purpose; but there is reason to believe that it will be found, wherever the "Connecticut Psalm Book" is used, to be adapted to a general want. It is therefore offered to the churches of the Congregational order throughout the land, with the prayer that it may be made useful in advancing the kingdom of our common Lord.

LEONARD W. BACON.

\* "Many favorite psalms and hymns are associated by use, with favorite tunes. Where such associations exist, they should not be broken up without some strong reason. On the contrary, it deserves consideration, whether devotion would not be promoted, if every psalm or hymn in the book were thus associated, in the minds of the congregation, with some particular tune. There is no harm in singing the same tune twice, if need be, on two succeeding Sabbaths, or even on the same Sabbath."—*Introduction to the Connecticut Psalms and Hymns.*

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# DIRECTIONS FOR THE USE OF THIS BOOK.

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## I. TO THOSE WHO CONDUCT PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1. THIS book is designed to be used in connection with the Psalms and Hymns of the General Association of Connecticut. The pieces have accordingly been copied into it with the same numbers which they bear in that collection; so that in using this *church music*, it will be necessary to announce from the pulpit only the *number* of the psalm or hymn, and the *page* on which it is found in this book.

2. The Psalms and Hymns here given have been selected for their adaptedness to congregational use, in respect both to lyrical style, and to familiarity. When the song is to be addressed to the people, by a choir, it is admissible, perhaps desirable, that the language be new and striking, and that the style be hortatory, or didactic; but when the singing is the act of the entire congregation, words in this style are evidently inappropriate; and the better the words are known, the more nearly will the exercise approach to a spontaneous expression of praise. For this reason, and also in order that the tunes may become perfectly known to the congregation, it is recommended that at first the selection of psalms and hymns for the congregational singing be made from the pieces contained in this book.

## II. TO THOSE WHO DIRECT THE SINGING.

1. The advantages of a constant association of the same words with the same tune, are great and obvious. It is therefore *very urgently* recommended that where this book is used, the tune appointed to any particular hymn *never* be exchanged for another, until the congregation shall have outgrown this book, and become prepared for one of a higher order.\* Doubtless many instances will occur in which the leader could substitute a happier adaptation than the one here given; and it may sometimes seem that one tune is repeated after too short an interval. But the slight advantages to be gained by a change, will be more than counterbalanced by the great benefit of constant association.

\* We are happy to announce that such a book is now in process of preparation, by Mr. Lowell Mason.

2. The introduction of this little volume is not at all intended to dispense with the services of a choir. But the distinction between choir and congregational singing must be carefully observed. Choir singing is an act of appeal, or persuasion. Congregational singing is an act of worship.\* In the former, the choir sings *to* the people, with the view of inspiring them with religious feeling, or of impressing upon them the sentiments and thoughts of the hymn. In the latter, *the people themselves* unite in an address to God; and the duty of the choir is simply to lead and support the congregation. This view suggests several important directions, to the first of which we have already alluded:

(1.) For choir singing, the hymn may be unfamiliar and striking, and of a hortatory or didactic character. On the contrary, in congregational singing, those psalms and hymns which express the religious feelings of the assembly, are the only proper ones; and of these, the oldest and most familiar are the best.

(2.) In choir singing, a careful musical execution is a first requisite for success. In congregational singing, the choir need scarcely do more than maintain correct tune, and a steady movement.

(3.) In choir singing, a distinct enunciation of the language is justly demanded. In congregational singing, if every individual worshiper sings "with the understanding," it is of little consequence whether he makes himself intelligible to his neighbor.

(4.) In choir singing, an impressive and tasteful expression is also a thing of high importance, greatly as this idea is abused at the present day; but in conducting congregational singing, any attempt at this on the part of the choir is a mere impertinence, as unfit as rhetorical flourishes, or elaborate gesticulations, in a prayer.

3. The director of the music should make it his duty, in introducing congregational music, to see that the tunes to be used are taught by rote, if possible, to the entire congregation, but at least to all the younger portion of it. If this be properly attended to, a few years only need elapse before "the people, yea, *all* the people," shall have learned to unite in the songs of praise.

### III. TO THE CONGREGATION.

1. Do not consider this part of divine worship as a thing to be criticised, or even admired. Do not speak of it as "impressive," or "moving." It ought, indeed, to be the object of the *preacher*, and of the *choir*, to impress and persuade their hearers; but the song of the *congregation*, like the voice of prayer, should be addressed to no human audience. Doubtless, the

\* The author does not here mean to deny that choir singing may be employed to give outward expression to the feelings of the congregation, and thus lead their devotions, by acting on the sympathetic principle in our nature. It is constantly employed with this end, in our churches, at the present day. The attempt is made above to lay down the general principles with regard to these two classes of music, and to assign to each its most proper and most useful place.

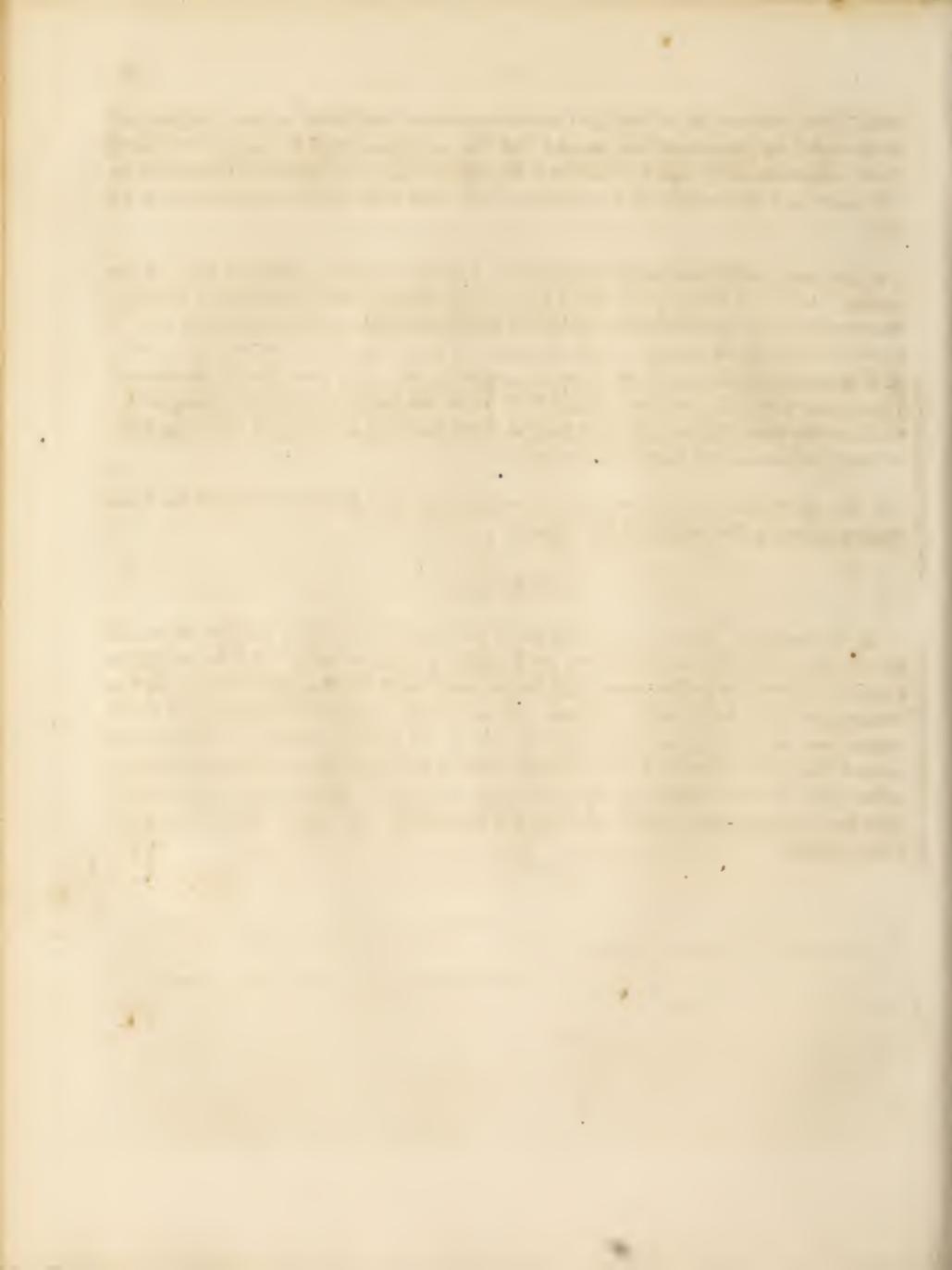
sound of the voices of the multitude of sincere worshipers may often be more sublime and overpowering to the mind of the listener than the performances of the most accomplished choir; but *this is not its object*. Once let it be suspected that the prayer is designed to be "eloquent," and the worship to be "effective," and their value to the religious soul is all gone.

2. Let every individual in the congregation, without exception, unite his voice in the singing. A want of musical skill should be no excuse for neglecting this duty and privilege. The inexperienced singer need but make the experiment, and he will find that his voice is drawn at once into the general current of voices, and that, without some effort to the contrary, it harmonizes with them in obedience to a natural law. And even though the voice of a particular worshiper contribute but little to swell the harmony, yet the speaking of the words, or the mere motion of the lips, may be worth much, as an assurance that "the heart is fixed," and is ready to "sing and give praise."

3. Let all parents in the congregation be careful that their children are taught the tunes which are used in the services of the Sabbath.

#### IV. FINALLY:

*By all means, let there be a perfectly plain understanding* between minister, choir, and people, as to what part the latter two are to take in public worship. If it be possible to sustain a choir whose performances shall be impressive and edifying, then let some part be assigned to them in the public services. If the people are expected to share in an act of praise, then let them *rise*, and join with one voice in the psalm or hymn; lest otherwise the song of the choir be disturbed by a confused attempt, here and there, at humming an unfamiliar tune; or lest, on the other hand, the psalm of praise be taken up feebly, and without confidence or unanimity, instead of being the full, hearty, and sincere voice of the great congregation.



# Congregational Church Music.

## OLD HUNDREDTH.

3. Be thou ex - alt - ed, O my God! A - bove the heavens where angels dwell,

Thy power on earth be known abroad, And land to land thy wonders tell.

### PSALM 57. FIRST VERSION.

\* \* \* \*

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heavens where angels dwell!  
Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell!

4 My heart is fixed: my song shall raise  
Immortal honors to thy name;

Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,  
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,  
And reaches to the utmost sky;  
His truth to endless years remains,  
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heavens where angels dwell!  
Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell!

1. Be thou, O God! ex - alt-ed high; And, as thy glo - ry fills the sky,

So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here, as there, o - beyed.

**PSALM 57. THIRD VERSION.**

- 1 Be thou, O God! exalted high;  
And, as thy glory fills the sky,  
So let it be on earth displayed,  
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.
- 2 O God, my heart is fixed—'tis bent,  
Its thankful tribute to present;  
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise  
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound  
To all the listening nations round:  
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,  
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 4 Be thou, O God! exalted high;  
And, as thy glory fills the sky,  
So let it be on earth displayed,  
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

**PSALM 100. FIRST VERSION.**

- 1 Ye nations round the earth, rejoice  
Before the Lord, your sovereign 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.

**PSALM 72. THIRD VERSION.**

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

4 For him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown his head;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,  
With every morning sacrifice.

5 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their earthly blessings on his name.

6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns:  
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

\* \* \* \* \*

8 Let every creature rise, and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud *Amen*.

—(O)—

**PSALM 100. THIRD VERSION.**

1 WITH one consent let all the earth  
To God their cheerful voices raise;  
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,  
And sing before him songs of praise:

2 Convinced that he is God alone,  
From whom both we and all proceed;  
We, whom he chooses for his own,  
The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his temple gate,  
Thence to his courts devoutly press;  
And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord—supremely good,  
His mercy is forever sure;  
His truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

**PSALM 117. SECOND VERSION.**

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise:  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;  
Eternal truth attends thy word,  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

—(O)—

**PSALM 100. SECOND VERSION.**

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we strayed,  
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:  
What lasting honors shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

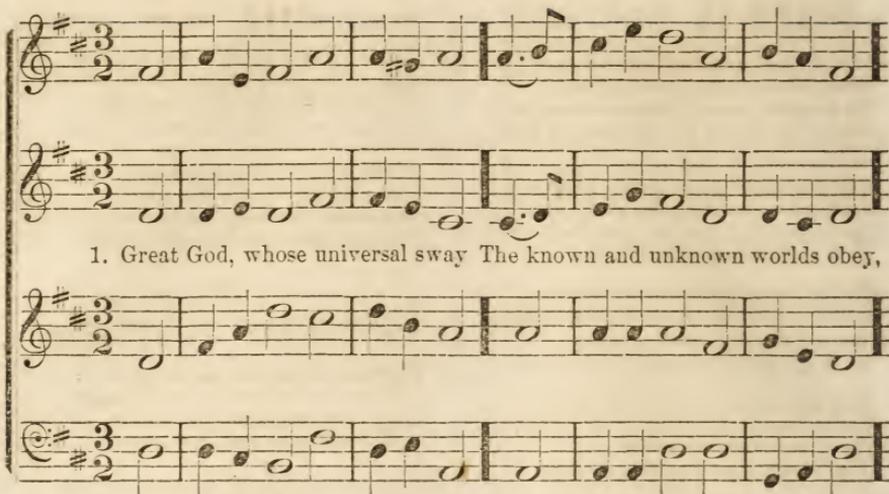
4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

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

—(O)—

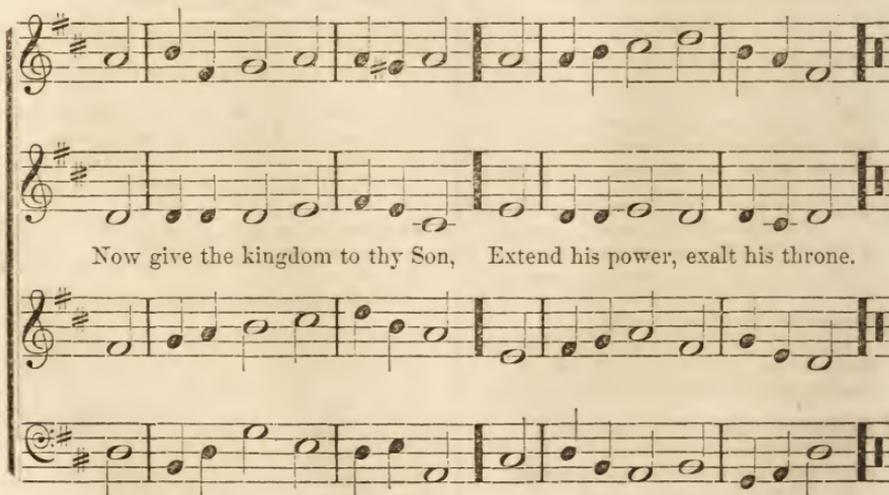
**DOXOLOGY.**

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him, above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and holy Ghost.



1. Great God, whose universal sway The known and unknown worlds obey,

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom three staves are a piano accompaniment in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.



Now give the kingdom to thy Son, Extend his power, exalt his throne.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, with the same vocal and piano parts as the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

**PSALM 72. SECOND VERSION.**

- 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway,  
The known and unknown worlds obey,  
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,  
Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,  
All heaven submits to his commands ;  
His justice shall avenge the poor,  
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power he vindicates the just,  
And treads th' oppressor in the dust ;  
His worship and his fear shall last,  
Till hours, and years, and time be past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,  
So shall he send his influence down ;  
His grace on fainting souls distills,  
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath  
The shades of overspreading death,  
Revive at his first dawning light,  
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 6 The saints shall flourish in his days,  
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise ;  
Peace, like a river from his throne,  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

**PSALM 97. FIRST VERSION.**

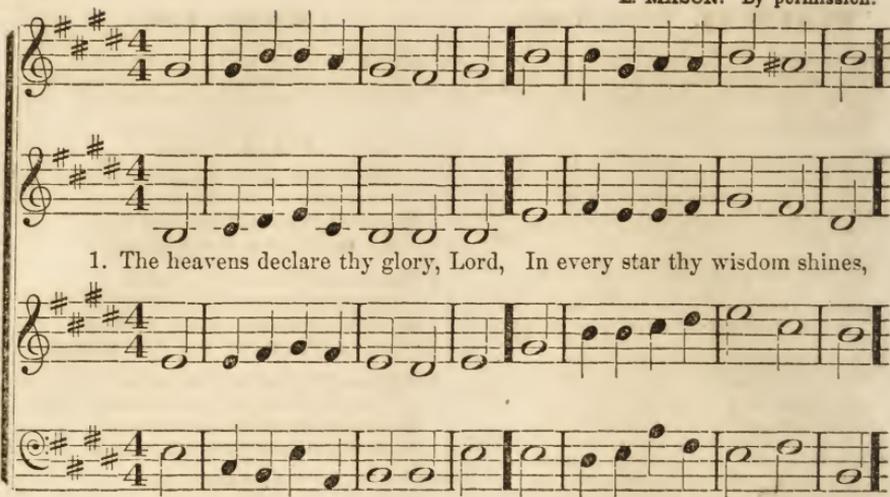
- 1 TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high  
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;  
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,  
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
- 2 O, ye that love his holy name,  
Hate every work of sin and shame :  
He guards the souls of all his friends,  
And from the snares of hell defends.
- 3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,  
Are for the saints in darkness sown ;  
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,  
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record  
The sacred honors of the Lord ;  
None but the soul that feels his grace,  
Can triumph in his holiness.

**HYMN 138.**

- 1 WHAT equal honors shall we bring  
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,  
When all the notes that angels sing  
Are far inferior to thy name ?
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of peace, who groined and  
died ;  
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign  
At his almighty Father's side.
- 3 Honor immortal must be paid,  
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;  
While glory shines around his head,  
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 4 Blessings forever on the Lamb,  
Who bore the curse for wretched men :  
Let angels sound his sacred name,  
And every creature say, Amen.

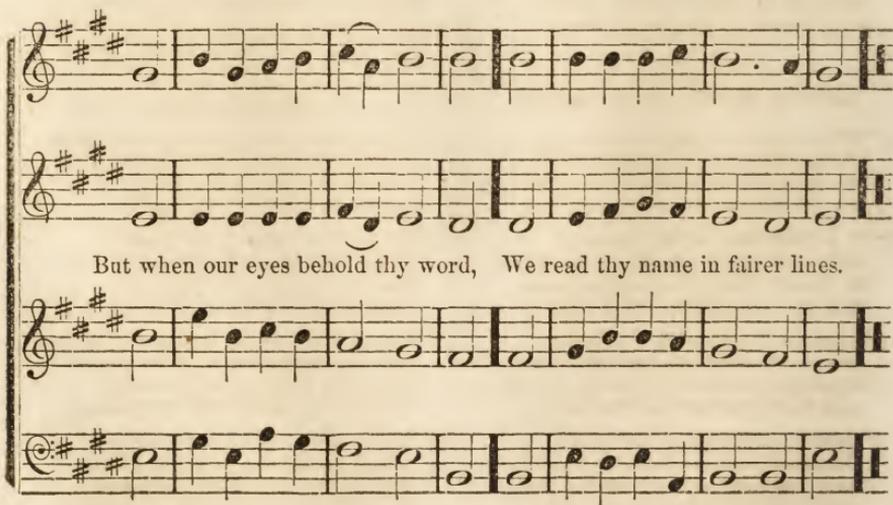
**HYMN 151.**

- 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song !  
Awake, my soul ! awake, my tongue !  
Hosanna to th' eternal name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim ;
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,  
The brightest image of his grace ;  
God, in the person of his Son,  
Has 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 every rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,  
The noblest labor of thy hands ;  
The pleasing lustre of his eyes  
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace ! 't is a sweet, a charming theme ;  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name !  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound !  
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground !
- 6 O, 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.



1. The heavens declare thy glory, Lord, In every star thy wisdom shines,

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 4/4 time. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The piano accompaniment begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of quarter notes: G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3. The system concludes with a double bar line.



But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major and 4/4 time. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The piano accompaniment begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of quarter notes: G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3. The system concludes with a double bar line.

**PSALM 19. FIRST VERSION.**

- \* \* \* \* \*
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days thy power confess;  
But the blest volume thou hast writ,  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
So, when thy truth began its race,  
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the earth thy truth has run;  
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,  
That see the light, and feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

**PSALM 36. THIRD VERSION.**

- 1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines;  
Thy truth shall break through every cloud  
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep;  
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,  
Both man and beast thy bounty share;  
The whole creation is thy charge,  
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God, how excellent thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort springs,  
The sons of Adam, in distress,  
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house,  
We shall be fed with sweet repast;  
There mercy like a river flows,  
And brings salvation to our taste.

- 6 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of the Lord;  
And in thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promised in thy word.

**HYMN 167.**

- 1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives,—  
What joy the blest assurance gives!  
And now, before his Father, God,  
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,  
And Justice, armed with frowns, appears;  
But in the Saviour's lovely face,  
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts!  
Above our fears, above our faults,  
His powerful intercessions rise,  
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressful hour,  
When sin and Satan join their power,  
Let this dear hope repel the dart,  
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!  
On him our humble hopes depend:  
Our cause can never, never fail,  
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

**HYMN 361.**

- 1 NO more, my God! I boast no more  
Of all the duties I have done;  
I quit the hopes I held before,  
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain I count my loss;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes,—and I must, and will, esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;  
O, may my soul be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake.
- 4 The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before thy throne;  
But faith can answer thy demands,  
By pleading what my Lord has done.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast;

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/2 time signature. The second and third staves are accompaniment lines in treble clef. The bottom staff is a bass line in bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line.

To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves, continuing the composition from the first system. It maintains the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line.

**PSALM 92. FIRST VERSION.**

- \* \* \* \* \*
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the 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 refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 6 Sin, my worst enemy before,  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;  
My inward foes shall all be slain,  
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desired or wished below;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

**PSALM 121. FIRST VERSION.**

- 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes—  
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;  
Thence all her help my soul derives;  
There my almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives—the everlasting God,  
That built the world, that spread the flood;  
The heavens, with all their hosts, he made,  
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;  
His morning smiles bless all the day;  
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps  
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,  
May rise secure, securely rest;  
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes  
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day;  
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,  
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star  
Dart his malignant fire so far.

- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,  
Still thou shalt go, and still return,  
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care  
Defends thy life from every snare.
- 7 On thee foul spirits have no power;  
And, in thy last departing hour,  
Angels, that trace the airy road,  
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

**HYMN 29.**

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done;  
Another Sabbath is begun;  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.
- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
As grateful incense, to the skies!  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,  
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 3 This heavenly calm within my breast  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the church of God remains—  
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties, let the day  
In holy pleasures pass away;  
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

**HYMN 543.**

- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies,  
Where our weak senses reach him not;  
And carnal objects court our eyes,  
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,  
Apt to forget his lovely face;  
And, to refresh our minds, he gave  
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
And earth grow less in our esteem;  
Christ and his love fill every thought,  
And faith and hope be fixed on him.
- 4 While he is absent from our sight,  
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,  
That we may dwell in heavenly light,  
And live for ever near his face.

1. God is the re-fuge of his saints When storms of sharp distress invade.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/2 time signature. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment. The music is in common time (2/2) and features a simple, hymn-like melody.

Ere we can of - fer our complaints Behold him pre - sent with his aid.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It concludes with a double bar line. The notation and style are consistent with the first system.

**PSALM 46. FIRST VERSION.**

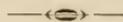
- 1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled  
Down to the deep, and buried there;  
Convulsions shake the solid world;  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,—  
In sacred peace our souls abide;  
While every nation, every shore  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God;  
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,  
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,  
Our grief allays, our fear controls;  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,  
Secure against a threatening hour;  
Nor can her firm foundations move,  
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

**HYMN 44.**

- 1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our weary souls aspire,  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;  
No groans shall mingle with the songs,  
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes;  
No cares to break the long repose;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O, long expected day, begin!  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

**HYMN 112.**

- 1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word;  
But in thy life the law appears,  
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will;  
Thy love and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,  
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

**HYMN 200.**

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above;  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,  
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far  
From every 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 blessed;  
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is.

## HAMBURG.

Arranged by L. MASON. By permission.

1. I send the joys of earth a - way; Away, ye tempters of the mind,

False as the smooth, deceit - ful sea, And empty as the whistling wind.

## HYMN 285.

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away ;  
Away, ye tempters of the mind,  
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,  
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along  
Down to the gulph of dark despair ;  
And while I listened to your song,  
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
Which warned me of that dark abyss ;  
Which drew me from those treacherous seas,  
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above  
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes ;  
O for the pinions of a dove,  
To bear me to the upper skies !
- 5 There, from the bosom of my God,  
Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;  
There would I fix my last abode,  
And drown the sorrows of my soul.



## HYMN 318.

- 1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come,  
We walk through deserts dark as night ;  
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,  
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies,  
She makes the pearly gates appear ;  
Far into distant worlds she pries,  
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,  
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abra'm, by divine command,  
Left his own house to walk with God ;  
His faith beheld the promised land,  
And fired his zeal along the road.

## HYMN 574.

- 1 COME in, thou blessed of our God,  
In Jesus' name we bid thee come ;  
No more thy feet shall roam abroad,  
Henceforth a brother—welcome home.
- 2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,  
We'll seek in fellowship to prove ;  
Joined in one spirit to our Lord—  
Together bound by mutual love.
- 3 And while we pass this vale of tears,  
We'll make our joys and sorrows known ;  
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,  
And count a brother's cares our own.
- 4 Once more our welcome we repeat ;  
Receive assurance of our love ;  
O may we all together meet  
Around the throne of God above !



## HYMN 635.

- 1 O GOD of Abraham! ever sure  
The mercies of thy covenant stand ;  
And still thy saints, in thee secure,  
May leave their offspring in thy hand.
- 2 Thou Shepherd of thine Israel! tend  
Our children, as thy lambs, in love ;  
From peril all their paths defend,  
And bring them to thy fold above.
- 3 Should they their covenant God forsake,  
Then thou, our God, forsake them not ;  
Thy mercy let them still partake,  
Nor be thy promises forgot.
- 4 Let not thy wrath against them burn—  
Behold the seal that marks them thine ;  
Thy power the wayward heart can turn—  
\* O turn their hearts by power divine.

1. Awake, my soul! in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;

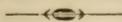
The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

He justly claims a song from me;— His loving-kindness,—O how free!

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

**HYMN 152.**

- 1 AWAKE, my soul! in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me;  
His loving-kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my low estate;  
His loving-kindness, O how great!
- 3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,  
He near my soul has always stood;  
His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale—  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
O may my last expiring breath  
His loving-kindness sing in death.

**HYMN 435.**

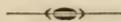
- 1 ZION, awake; behold the day;  
Put on thy beautiful array;  
Church of our God, arise and shine,  
Bright with the beams of truth divine.
- 2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,  
Wide as the heathen nations are;  
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view,  
All shall admire and love thee too.

**HYMN 447.**

- 1 SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power;  
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;  
Bid the bright morning-star arise,  
And point the nations to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns:  
On Afric's shore, on India's plains;  
On lonely isles, and lands unknown,  
And make the nations all thine own.
- 3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;  
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;  
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,  
And bid all nations hail the light.

**HYMN 452.**

- 1 THOUGH now the nations sit beneath  
The darkness of o'er-spreading death,  
God will arise, with light divine,  
On Zion's holy towers to shine.
- 2 That light shall shine on distant lands,  
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,  
Shall come thy glory, Lord, to see,  
And in thy courts to worship thee.
- 3 O light of Zion, now arise!  
Let the glad morning bless our eyes!  
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,  
And hail the splendors of the day.

**HYMN 617.**

- 1 GREAT God! beneath whose piercing eye  
The earth's extended kingdoms lie;  
Whose favoring smile upholds them all,  
Whose anger smites them, and they fall:
- 2 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,  
Their children's children long shall own;  
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise  
The tribute of exulting praise.
- 3 Upheld by thine un failing aid,  
Secure the paths of life we tread;  
And, freely as the vital air,  
Thy first and noblest bounties share.
- 4 Great God, our guardian, guide, and friend!  
O still thy sheltering arm extend;  
Preserved by thee for ages past,  
For ages let thy kindness last!

**DOXOLOGY.**

TO God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, three in one,  
Be honor, praise, and glory given,  
By all on earth, all in heaven.

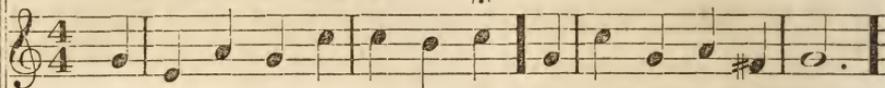


1. Praise waits in Zi - on, Lord, for thee, There shall our vows be paid;

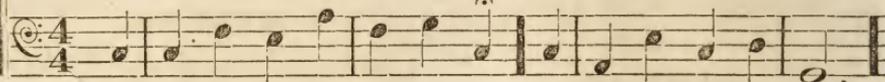


2. Lord, our in - i - qui - ties pre - vail; But pardoning grace is thine;

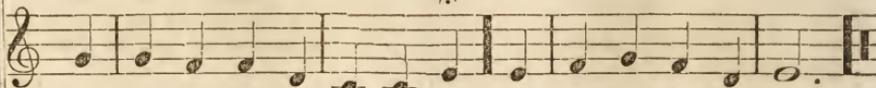
3. Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose To bring them near thy face,



4. In answering what thy church requests, Thy truth and ter - ror shine;



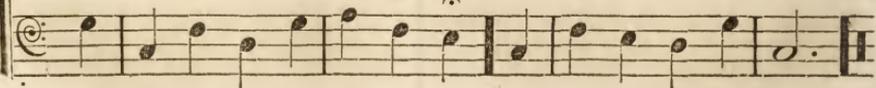
Thou hast an ear when sin - ners pray; All flesh shall seek thine aid.



And thou wilt grant us power and skill To conquer every sin.  
Give them a dwelling in thy house, To feast up - on thy grace.



And works of dreadful righteousness Ful - fil thy kind de - sign.



**PSALM 65. SECOND VERSION.**

\* \* \* \* \*

- 5 Thus shall the wondering nations see  
The Lord is good and just ;  
And distant islands fly to thee,  
And make thy name their trust.
- 6 They dread thy glittering tokens, Lord,  
When signs in heaven appear ;  
But they shall learn thy holy word,  
And love as well as fear.

**PSALM 67. FIRST VERSION.**

- 1 SHINE on our land, Jehovah, shine  
With beams of heavenly grace !  
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,  
And show thy smiling face.
- 2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,  
Sound all the earth abroad,  
And distant nations know and love  
Their Saviour and their God ?
- 3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Sing loud with solemn voice ;  
Let thankful tongues exalt his praise,  
And thankful hearts rejoice.
- 4 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,  
That sits enthroned above,  
Wisely commands the worlds he made,  
In justice and in love.
- 5 Earth shall confess her Maker's hand,  
And yield a full increase ;  
Our God will crown his chosen land  
With fruitfulness and peace.
- 6 God, the Redeemer, scatters round  
His choicest favors here ;  
While the creation's utmost bound  
Shall see, adore, and fear.

**PSALM 150. FIRST VERSION.**

- 1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise ;  
His grace he there reveals ;  
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,  
For there his glory dwells.

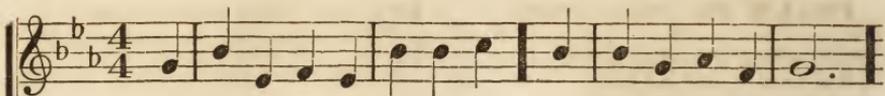
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,  
While you rehearse his deeds ;  
But the great work of saving love  
Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life, and breath,  
Proclaim your Maker blest ;  
Yet, when my voice expires in death,  
My soul shall praise him best.

**HYMN 339.**

- 1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,  
My Lord, my hope, my trust ;  
If I am found in Jesus' hands,  
My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honor is engaged to save  
The meanest of his sheep ;  
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,  
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove  
His favorites from his breast ;  
In the dear bosom of his love  
They must for ever rest.

**HYMN 610.**

- 1 GOD of our fathers, to thy throne  
Our grateful songs we raise ;  
Thou art our God, and thou alone—  
Accept our humble praise.
- 2 Unnumbered benefits from thee  
Are showered upon our land ;  
Behold ! through all our coasts we see  
The bounties of thy hand.
- 3 Here thou wert once the pilgrims' guide ;  
Thou gav'st them here a place,  
Where fr edom spreads its blessings wide,  
O'er all their favored race.
- 4 Here, Lord, the gospel's holy light  
Is shed on all our hills ;  
And, like the rains and dews of night,  
Celestial grace distils.
- 5 Still teach us, Lord, thy name to fear,  
And still our guardian be ;  
O let our children's children here  
For ever worship thee.



**PSALM 40. FIRST VERSION.**

- 1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,—  
He bowed to hear my cry ;  
He saw me resting on his word,  
And brought salvation nigh.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,  
And taught my cheerful tongue  
To praise the wonders of his hand  
In a new, thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad ;  
The saints with joy shall hear,  
And sinners learn to make my God  
Their only hope and fear.
- \* \* \* \* \*

**PSALM 90. SECOND VERSION.**

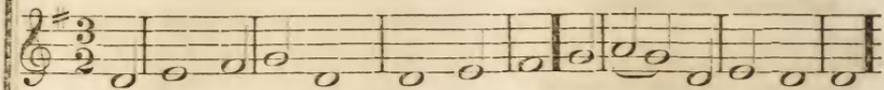
- 1 O GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home !
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust—  
"Return, ye sons of men ;"  
All nations rose from earth at first,  
And turn to earth again.
- 5 A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 9 Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

**PSALM 139. SECOND VERSION.**

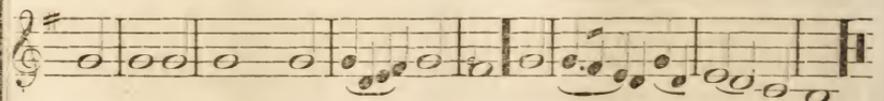
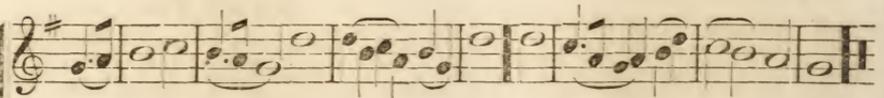
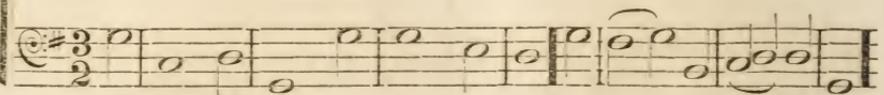
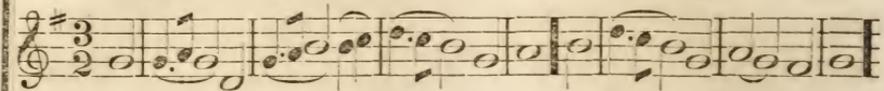
- 1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee  
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thine all surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,  
My public walks, my private ways,  
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,  
Before they're formed within ;  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high !  
Where can a creature hide ?  
Within thy circling arm I lie,  
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from every ill,  
Secured by sovereign love.

**HYMN 60.**

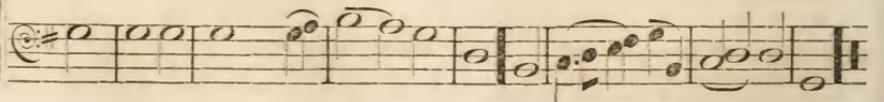
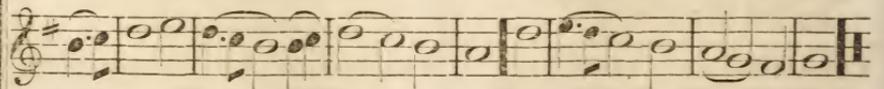
- 1 GREAT God ! how infinite art thou !  
What worthless worms are we !  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made :  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in thy view ;  
To thee there's nothing old appears—  
Great God ! there's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,  
And vexed with trifling cares ;  
While thine eternal thought moves on  
Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God ! how infinite art thou !  
What worthless worms are we !  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.



1. To God, our strength, your voice, a - loud, In strains of glo - ry raise;

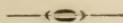


High to Je - ho - vah, Ja - cob's God, Ex - alt the notes of praise.



**PSALM 81. SECOND VERSION.**

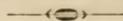
- 1 TO God, our strength, your voice, aloud,  
In strains of glory raise;  
High to Jehovah, Jacob's God,  
Exalt the notes of praise.
- 2 With psalms of honor, and of joy,  
Let all his temples ring;  
Your various instruments employ,  
And songs of triumph sing.
- 3 Now let the gospel trumpet blow,  
On his appointed feast,  
And teach his waiting church to know  
The Sabbath's sacred rest.
- 4 This was the statute of the Lord,  
To Israel's favored race;  
And yet his courts preserve his word,  
And there we wait his grace.

**PSALM 118. FOURTH VERSION.**

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own;  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell;  
To-day the saints his triumph spread,  
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,  
To David's holy Son;  
Help us, O Lord!—descend and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men,  
With messages of grace;  
Who comes, in God his Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise;  
The highest heavens in which he reigns  
Shall give him nobler praise.

**HYMN 20.**

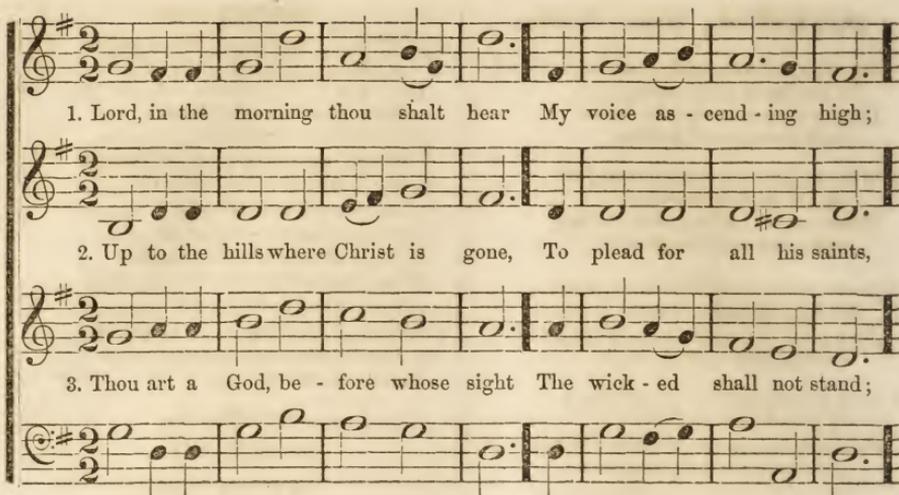
- 1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,  
Whose breath our souls inspired;  
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,  
With grateful ardor fired.
- 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
Whose goodness, passing thought,  
Loads every moment, as it flies,  
With benefits unsought.
- 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
From whom salvation flows,  
Who sent his Son our souls to save  
From everlasting woes.
- 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
For hope's transporting ray,  
Which lights, through darkest shades of  
death,  
To realms of endless day.

**HYMN 180.**

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus;"  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And earth, and air, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

**DOXOLOGY.**

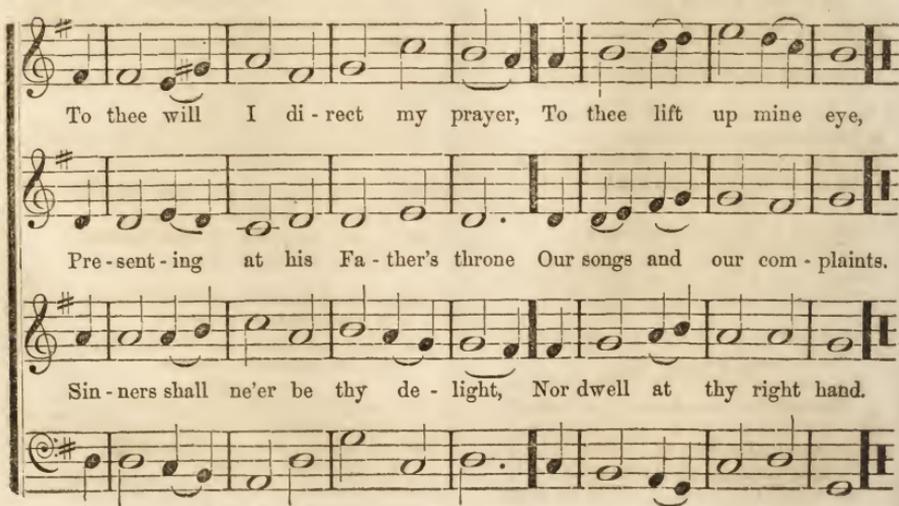
LET God the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit, be adored,  
Where there are works to make him known,  
Or saints to love the Lord.



1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;

2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all his saints,

3. Thou art a God, be - fore whose sight The wick - ed shall not stand;



To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye,

Pre - sent - ing at his Fa - ther's throne Our songs and our com - plaints,

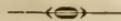
Sin - ners shall ne'er be thy de - light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.

**PSALM 5. FIRST VERSION.**

- \* \* \* \* \*
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there ;  
I will frequent thy holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness !  
Make every path of duty straight  
And plain before my face.

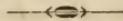
**PSALM 63. THIRD VERSION.**

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,  
I'll haste to seek thy face ;  
My thirsty spirit faints away,  
Without thy cheering 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.
- 6 Thus, till my last expiring day,  
I'll bless my God and King ;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

**HYMN 43.**

- 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,  
To shed its quickening beams ;  
And yet how slow devotion burns,—  
How languid are its flames !

- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,  
Our frailties, Lord, forgive !  
We would be like thy saints above,  
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,  
And fit us to ascend  
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,  
The Sabbath ne'er shall end ;
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,  
With heavenly luster shine,  
Before the throne of God appear,  
And feast on love divine ;
- 5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,  
Shall all our powers employ ;  
Delighted, range th' ethereal plains,  
And take our fill of joy.

**HYMN 413.**

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt  
The Saviour's pardoning blood  
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,  
His praises tuned my tongue ;  
And, when the evening shades prevailed,  
His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw his glory shine ;  
And, when I read his holy word,  
I called each promise mine.
- 4 Now, when the evening shade prevails,  
My soul in darkness mourns ;  
And, when the morning light reveals,  
No light to me returns.
- 5 My prayers are now an empty noise,  
For Jesus hides his face ;  
I read ; the promise meets my eyes,  
But will not reach my case.
- 6 The tempter threatens to prevail,  
And make my soul his prey ;  
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,  
O, come without delay !

1. O how I love thy ho - ly law! 'Tis dai - ly my de - light;

And thence my me - di - ta - tions draw Di - vine ad - vice by night.

**PSALM 119. FIFTH VERSION.**

- 1 O HOW I love thy holy law !  
'Tis daily my delight ;  
And thence my meditations draw  
Divine advice by night.
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day,  
To meditate thy word ;  
My soul with longing melts away,  
To hear thy gospel, Lord.
- 3 How doth thy word my heart engage !  
How well employ my tongue !  
And in my tiresome pilgrimage  
Yields me a heavenly song.
- 4 Am I a stranger, or at home,  
'Tis my perpetual feast ;  
Not honey dropping from the comb  
So much allures the taste.
- 5 No treasures so enrich the mind ;  
Nor shall thy word be sold  
For loads of silver well refined,  
Nor heaps of choicest gold.
- 6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,  
Thy promises of grace  
Are pillars to support my hope,  
And there I write thy praise.

**PSALM 122. THIRD VERSION.**

- 1 O 'T WAS a joyful sound to hear  
Our tribes devoutly say,  
"Up, Israel—to the temple haste,  
And keep your festal day !"
- 2 At Salem's courts we must appear,  
With our assembled powers,  
In strong and beauteous order ranged,  
Like her united towers.
- 3 O pray we then for Salem's peace,  
For they shall prosperous be,  
Thou holy city of our God,  
Who bear true love to thee.

**HYMN 27.**

- 1 COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers ;  
Kindle a flame of sacred 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 ;  
Hosannas 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, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers ;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

**HYMN 549.**

- 1 LORD ! at thy table I behold  
The wonders of thy grace ;  
But most of all admire that I  
Should find a welcome place.
- 2 What strange, surprising grace is this,  
That such a soul has room !  
My Saviour takes me by the hand—  
My Jesus bids me come.
- 3 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,  
Join all your praising powers ;  
No theme is like redeeming love—  
No Saviour is like ours.
- 4 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord !  
I'd give them all to thee ;  
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all  
Should join the harmony.

Blest are the souls that hear and know The gospel's joyful sound ; Peace shall at-

- tend the path they go, And light their steps surround, And light their steps &c.

**PSALM 89. FOURTH VERSION.**

- 1 BLESSED are the souls that hear and know  
The gospel's joyful sound;  
Peace shall attend the path they go,  
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
Through their Redeemer's name;  
His righteousness exalts their hope,  
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
Strength and salvation gives;  
Israel, thy King for ever reigns—  
Thy God for ever lives.

—(—)—

**HYMN 125.**

- 1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name  
Awake the sacred song;  
O may his love—immortal flame—  
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 For us he left his throne on high—  
Left the bright realms of bliss—  
And came on earth to bleed and die—  
Was ever love like this?
- 3 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
Our humble thanks to thee,  
May every heart with rapture say,  
"The Saviour died for me."
- 4 O, may the sweet, the blissful theme  
Fill every heart and tongue,  
Till strangers love thy charming name,  
And join the sacred song.

—(—)—

**HYMN 519.**

- 1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labors have an end,  
In joy, and peace, in thee?
- 2 O, when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end?

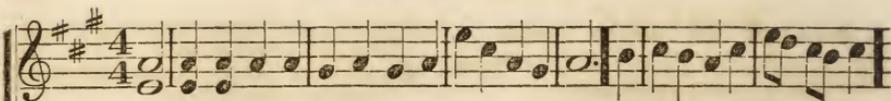
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know;  
Bless'd seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and wo?  
Or feel, at death, dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below,  
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem! my happy home!  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

—(—)—

**HYMN 524.**

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above—how great their joys!  
How bright their glories be!
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came;  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that he trod—  
His zeal inspired their breast;  
And, following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
For his own pattern given,  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heaven.

## CORONATION.



**HYMN 174.**

\* \* \* \* \*

Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from his altar call;  
Praise him, who shed for you his blood,  
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

**HYMN 231.**

SALVATION!—O the joyful sound!  
'T is pleasure to our ears;  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;—  
But we arise by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day.

Salvation!—let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

**HYMN 371.**

AWAKE my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

'T is God's all-animating voice,  
That calls thee from on high;  
'T is his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down.

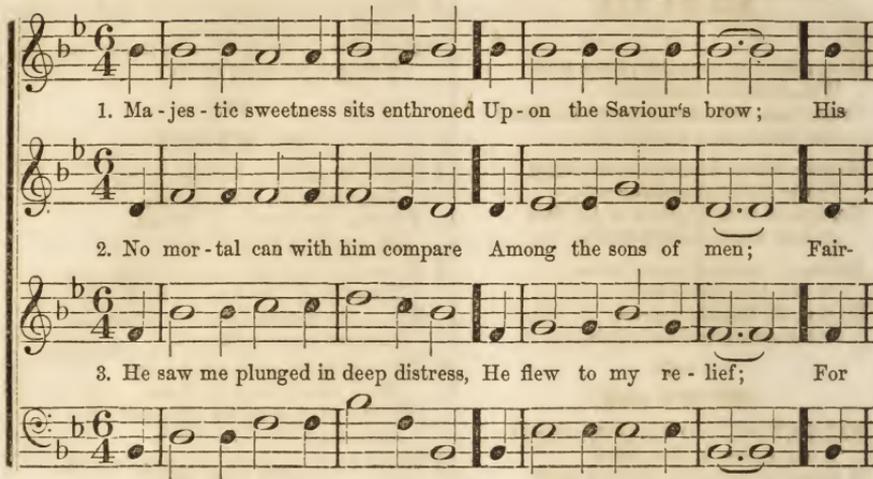
**HYMN 375.**

- 1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Your great deliverer sing;  
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,  
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 A hand divine shall lead you on,  
Through all the blissful road,  
Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
And see your smiling God.
- 3 There garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on every head;  
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,  
Like shadows, all are fled.
- 4 March on in your Redeemer's strength;  
Pursue his footsteps still;  
And let the prospect cheer your eye,  
While laboring up the hill.

**HYMN 450.**

- 1 IN latter days, the mount of God  
O'er mountain tops shall rise;  
Shall be exalted o'er the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues shall flow;  
"Up to the hill of God," they say,  
"And to his house we'll go."
- 3 The beams that shine on Zion's hill  
Shall lighten every land;  
The King, who reigns in Zion's towers,  
Shall all the world command.
- 4 The nations, by his justice blest,  
Shall give their battles o'er;  
To plough shares they shall beat their swords,  
And learn to war no more.
- 5 Come then—O come from every land,  
To worship at his shrine;  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauty shine.

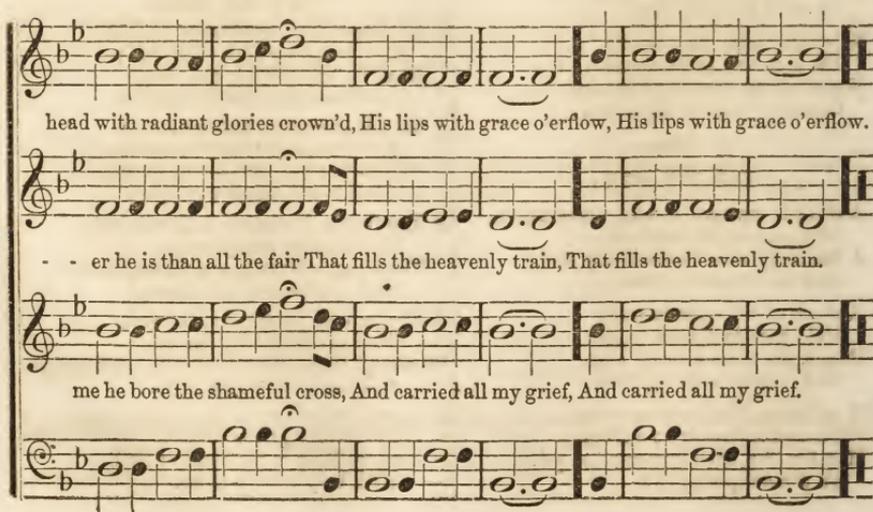
T. HASTINGS. By permission.



1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His

2. No mor-tal can with him compare Among the sons of men; Fair-

3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, He flew to my re-lief; For



head with radiant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

- er he is than all the fair That fills the heavenly train, That fills the heavenly train.

me he bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief.

**HYMN 149.**

- \* \* \* \* \*
- 4 To him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have;  
He makes me triumph over death,  
And saves me from the grave.
- 5 To heaven, the place of his abode,  
He brings my weary feet;  
Shows me the glories of my God,  
And makes my joys complete.
- 6 Since from his bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be thine!

**HYMN 157.**

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise—  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim—  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin;  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.
- 5 O for a thousand tongues, to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise—  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!

**HYMN 158.**

- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away 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 By him, my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am owned a child.
- 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, 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.
- 6 Till then, I would thy love proclaim,  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

**HYMN 547.**

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord:  
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget,  
Or there thy conflict see—  
Thine agony and bloody sweat—  
And not remember thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn my eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!  
I must remember thee;—
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,  
And all thy love to me;  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,  
Then, Lord, remember me.

## ST. STEPHEN'S.

1. Through all the changing scenes of life, In trouble, and in joy,

The prais-es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em-ploy.

**PSALM 34. THIRD VERSION.**

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble, and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,  
Till all, that are distressed,  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt his name;  
When in distress to him I called,  
He to my rescue came.
- 4 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just;  
Deliverance he affords to all,  
Who on his succor trust.
- 5 O make but trial of his love;  
Experience will decide  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.
- 6 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make you his service your delight—  
He'll make your wants his care.

**PSALM 42. SECOND VERSION.**

- 1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase,  
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,  
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God—the living God—  
My thirsty soul doth pine;  
O when shall I behold thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine!
- 3 I sigh, as oft my musing thoughts  
Those happy days present,  
When I, with crowds of pious friends,  
Thy temple did frequent.
- 4 Why restless—why cast down, my soul?  
Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
The praise of him who is thy God—  
Thy health's eternal spring.

**HYMN 87.**

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.
- 6 Through all eternity, to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
But O! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise!

**HYMN 171.**

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness—  
His bosom glows with love.
- 2 Touched 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  
Poured out his cries and tears;  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 4 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power;  
We shall obtain delivering grace,  
In the distressing hour.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,

The first system of the musical score for 'Arlington' consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/2 time signature. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/2 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/2 time signature.

I bid fare-well to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

The second system of the musical score for 'Arlington' consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/2 time signature. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/2 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/2 time signature.

**PSALM 119.** EIGHTH VERSION.

- 1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,  
My lasting heritage;  
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,  
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,  
And keep thy laws in sight,  
While through the promises I rove,  
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise;  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,  
It makes our sorrows blest;  
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
And our eternal rest.

— ( ) —

**HYMN 163.**

- 1 WE bless the prophet of the Lord,  
That comes with truth and grace;  
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word,  
Shall lead us in thy ways.
- 2 We reverence our High Priest above,  
Who offered up his blood,  
And lives to carry on his love,  
By pleading with our God.
- 3 We honor our exalted King:  
How sweet are his commands!  
He guards our souls from hell and sin,  
By his almighty hands.
- 4 Hosanna to his glorious name,  
Who saves by different ways!  
His mercies lay a sovereign claim  
To our immortal praise.

— ( ) —

**HYMN 315.**

- 1 O COULD I find, from day to day,  
A nearness to my God,  
Then would my hours glide sweet away,  
While leaning on his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live  
Anew from day to day,  
In joys the world can never give,  
Nor ever take away.

- 3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,  
And make me wholly thine,  
That I may never more depart,  
Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,  
Thy goodness I'll adore;  
And, when my frame dissolves in death,  
My soul shall love thee more.

— ( ) —

**HYMN 331.**

- \* \* \* \* \*
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And bellish darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,  
And storms of sorrow fall;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all:—
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest;  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

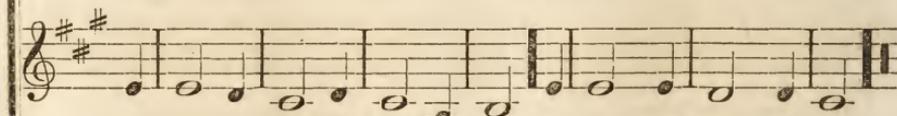
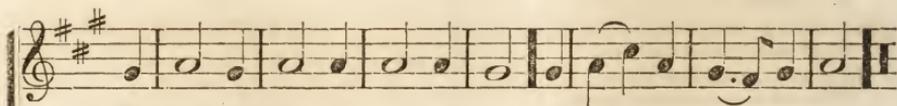
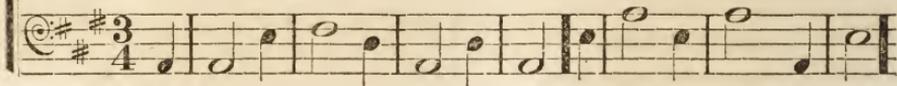
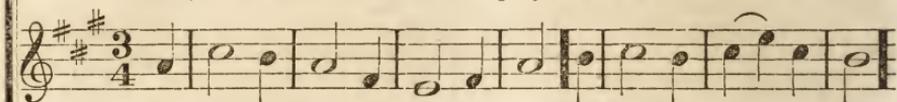
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**HYMN 349.**

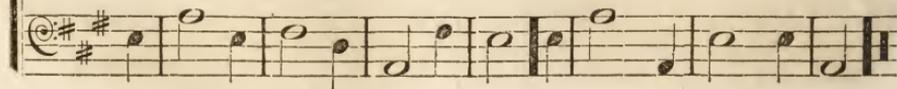
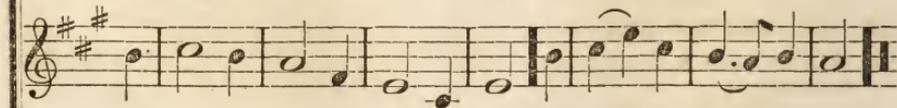
- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,—  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 3 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord!  
I'd bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die:  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.
- 5 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.



1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray; I am for ev - er thine:

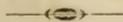


I fear be - fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.

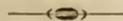


**PSALM 4. FIRST VERSION.**

- 1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;  
I am forever thine ;  
I fear before thee all the day,  
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,  
From cares and business free,  
'T is sweet, conversing on my bed,  
With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice :  
And when my work is done,  
Great God, my faith and hope relies  
Upon thy faith alone.
- 4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,  
I give mine eyes to sleep ;  
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,  
And will my slumbers keep.

**HYMN 284.**

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue ;  
It has no charms for me ;  
Once I admired its trifles too,  
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,  
No more content afford ;  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day  
The stars are all concealed ;  
So earthly pleasures fade away,  
When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice ;  
I bid them all depart ;  
His name, and love, and gracious voice  
Have fixed my roving heart.

**HYMN 418.**

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God !  
A calm and heavenly frame !  
A light to shine upon 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.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame ;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

**HYMN 511.**

- 1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,  
With Christ within the doors ;  
While everlasting love displays  
The choicest of her stores !
- 2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,  
Join to admire the feast,  
Each of us cries, with thankful tongues,—  
“ Lord, why was I a guest ? ”
- 3 “ 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 ? ”
- 4 'T was the same love that spread the feast,  
That sweetly drew us in ;  
Else we had still refused to taste,  
And perish in our sin.
- 5 Pity the nations, O our God !  
Constrain the earth to come !  
Send thy victorious word abroad,  
And bring the strangers home.

1. O that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his statutes still!

2. O send thy Spirit down to write Thy law up - on my heart!

3. From van - i - ty turn off my eyes; Let no cor - rupt de - sign,

O that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will!

Nor let my tongue in - dulse de - ceit, Nor act the li - ar's part.

Nor cov - et - ous de - sire, a - rise With - in this soul of mine.

**PSALM 119.** TWELFTH VERSION.

- \* \* \* \* \*
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,  
My feet too often slip :  
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,  
Restore thy wandering sheep.

- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,—  
'T is a delightful road ;  
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,  
Offend against my God.

**PSALM 145.** THIRD VERSION.

- 1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,  
My God, my heavenly King !  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines  
His goodness to the skies ;  
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,  
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait  
On thee for daily food ;  
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,  
And fills their mouth with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !  
How slow thine anger moves !  
But soon he sends his pardoning word,  
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,  
Thy power and praise proclaim ;  
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,  
Delight to bless thy name.

**HYMN 412.**

- 1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound  
Of thy salvation, Lord !  
But still how weak my faith is found,  
And knowledge of thy word !

- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,  
And hear almost in vain,  
How small a portion of thy grace  
My memory can retain !
- 3 How cold and feeble is my love !  
How negligent my fear !  
How low my hope of joys above !  
How few affections there !
- 4 Great God ! thy sovereign power impart,  
To give thy word success :  
Write thy salvation in my heart,  
And make me learn thy grace.
- 5 Show my forgetful feet the way  
That leads to joys on high :  
There knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die.

**HYMN 556.**

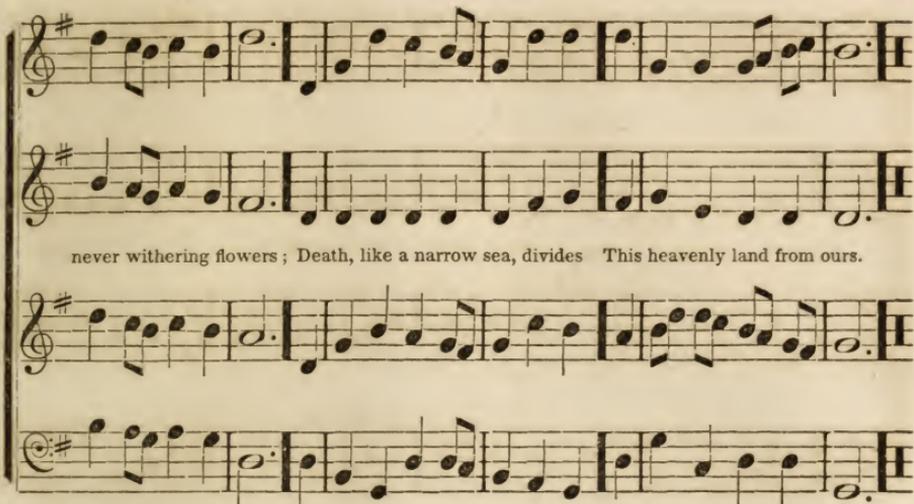
- 1 LORD, may the spirit of this feast—  
The earnest of thy love—  
Maintain a dwelling in our breast,  
Until we meet above.
- 2 The healing sense of pardoned sin,—  
The hope that never tires,—  
The strength a pilgrim's race to win,—  
The joy that heaven inspires,—
- 3 Still may their light, our duties trace,  
In lines of hallowed flame,  
Like that upon the Prophet's face,  
When from the mount he came.
- 4 But if no more with kindred dear  
The broken bread we share,  
Nor at the banquet-board appear  
To breathe the grateful prayer,—
- 5 Forget us not,—when on the bed  
Of dire disease we waste ;  
Or to the chambers of the dead,  
And bar of judgment haste ;—
- 6 Forget not,—thou who bore the wo  
Of Calvary's fatal tree,—  
Those who within these courts below  
Have thus remembered thee.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign, In - fi - nite day ex -

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes and a half note. The second staff is a vocal line in the same key and time, with a similar melodic line. The third staff is a vocal line, and the fourth staff is a piano accompaniment in G major and 4/4 time, providing a harmonic foundation with eighth and sixteenth notes.

cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. There ev - er - last - ing spring a-bides, And

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves. The top staff continues the vocal melody from the first system. The second staff continues the vocal line. The third staff continues the vocal line, and the fourth staff continues the piano accompaniment, maintaining the 4/4 time signature and G major key.



never withering flowers ; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

**HYMN 510.**

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign,  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers :  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green :  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
These gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With unobscured eyes :—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,—  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood  
Should fright us from the shore.

**HYMN 511.**

- 1 On Jordan's rugged banks I stand,  
And cast a wistful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight !  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight !
- 3 O'er all those wide extended plains  
Shines one eternal day ;  
There God, the sun, for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore ;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be for ever blest ?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest ?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul,  
Can here no longer stay ;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away. -

1. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well sup - plied;

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are treble clefs with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 4/4. The bottom two staves are bass clefs with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are centered between the second and third staves.

Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side?

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, with the same key signature and time signature as the first system. The melody in the treble clefs features a fermata over the final note of each phrase. The lyrics are centered between the second and third staves.

**PSALM 23. FIFTH VERSION.**

- 1 THE Lord my shepherd is—  
I shall be well supplied;  
Since he is mine, and I am his,  
What can I want beside!
- 2 He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows;  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear;  
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,  
My shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In spite of all my foes,  
Thou dost my table spread;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love  
Shall crown my following days;  
Nor from thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

**PSALM 92. SECOND VERSION.**

- 1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,  
Thy glorious name to sing;  
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,  
And grateful offerings bring.
- 2 Sweet, at the dawning light,  
Thy boundless love to tell;  
And when approach the shades of night,  
Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet, on this day of rest,  
To join, in heart and voice,  
With those who love and serve thee best,  
And in thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy  
Be every Sabbath given,  
That such may be our blest employ  
Eternally in heaven.

**HYMN 17.**

- 1 HOW charming is the place  
Where my Redeemer, God,  
Unveils the beauties of his face,  
And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 Not the fair palaces  
To which the great resort,  
Are once to be compared with this,  
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy-seat,  
With radiant glory crowned,  
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,  
And smile on all around.
- 4 To him their prayers and cries  
Each humble soul presents;  
He listens to their broken sighs,  
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his sovereign will  
He graciously imparts;  
And in return accepts, with smiles,  
The tribute of their hearts.

**HYMN 179.**

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood, than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine;  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back, to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on that cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

1. I hear thy word with love, And I would fain o - bey;

2. Oh, who can ev - er find The er - rors of his ways?

3. Warn me of ev - ery sin, For - give my se - cret faults,

4. While with my heart and tongue I spread thy praise a - broad,

The musical score for the first system consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef with a 3/2 time signature. The fourth staff is in bass clef. The lyrics are printed below each staff, with the first line of lyrics starting under the first staff and continuing down to the fourth staff.

Send thy good Spi - rit from a - bove, To guide me lest I stray.

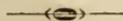
Yet, with a bold, presumptuous mind, I would not dare transgress.  
And cleanse this guilt - y soul of mine, Whose crimes ex - ceed my thoughts.

Ac - cept the wor - ship, and the song, My Saviour and my God.

The musical score for the second system consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef with a 3/2 time signature. The fourth staff is in bass clef. The lyrics are printed below each staff, with the first line of lyrics starting under the first staff and continuing down to the fourth staff.

**PSALM 103. SECOND VERSION.**

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul !  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless his name,  
Whose favors are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,  
Nor let his mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins ;  
'Tis he relieves thy pain ;  
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When ransomed from the grave ;  
He that redeemed my soul from hell,  
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good ;  
He gives the sufferers rest :  
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,  
And justice for th' oppressed.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways  
He made by Moses known ;  
But sent the world his truth and grace  
By his beloved Son.

**PSALM 137. THIRD VERSION.**

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode,  
The church our blest Redeemer saved  
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy church, O God !  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 If e'er to bless thy sons  
My voice, or hands, deny,  
These hands let useful skill forsake,  
This voice in silence die.

- 4 If e'er my heart forget  
Her welfare, or her wo,  
Let every joy this heart forsake,  
And every grief o'erflow.
- 5 For her my tears shall fall ;  
For her my prayers ascend ;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 6 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 7 Jesus, thou friend divine,  
Our Saviour, and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 8 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

**HYMN 350.**

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have :  
A God to glorify ;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky ;—
- 2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill ;  
O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live ;  
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely ;  
Assured if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

1. Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great;

2. These tem-ples of his grace, How beau - ti - ful they stand!

3. In Zi - on, God is known, A re - fuge in dis - tress:

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/2. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves, with some words underlined. The music features a mix of quarter and half notes, with some phrases marked with a fermata.

He makes his churches his a - bode, His most de - light - ful seat.

The honors of our na - tive place, And bul - warks of our land.

How bright hath his sal - va - tion shone Through all her pa - la - ces!

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, with the same instrumental and vocal parts as the first system. The lyrics continue, with some words underlined. The musical notation remains consistent with the first system, using a 2/2 time signature and a key signature of one sharp.

**PSALM 48. FIRST VERSION.**

- \* \* \* \* \*
- 6 Oft have our fathers told,  
Our eyes have often seen,  
How well our God secures the fold,  
Where his own sheep have been.
- 7 In every new distress  
We'll to his house repair;  
We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,  
And seek deliverance there.

**PSALM 48. SECOND VERSION.**

- 1 FAR as thy name is known,  
The world declares thy praise;  
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,  
Their songs of honor raise.
- 2 With joy let Judah 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 thy holy ground,  
And mark the building well;—
- 4 The order of thy house,  
The worship of thy court,  
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,  
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise!  
How glorious to behold!  
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,  
And rites adorned with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now,  
Will guide us till we die;  
Will be our God while here below,  
And ours above the sky.

**PSALM 118. FIFTH VERSION.**

- 1 SEE what a living stone  
The builders did refuse!  
Yet God hath built his church thereon,  
In spite of envious Jews.

- 2 The scribe and angry priest  
Reject thine only Son;  
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,  
As the chief corner-stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,  
And wond'rous in our eyes;  
This day declares it all divine—  
This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day,  
That our Redeemer made;  
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray—  
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the King  
Of David's royal blood;  
Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring  
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thy holy word,  
Which all this grace displays;  
And offer on thine altar, Lord,  
Our sacrifice of praise.

**HYMN 374.**

- 1 NOW let our voices join,  
To form a sacred song;  
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,  
With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears,  
How open and how fair!  
No lurking gins t' entrap our feet;  
No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of paradise  
In rich profusion spring;  
The sun of glory gilds the path,  
And dear companions sing.
- 4 See Salem's golden spires  
In beauteous prospect rise;  
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,  
Which sparkle through the skies.
- 5 All honor to his name,  
Who marks the shining way;  
To him, who leads the wanderers on  
To realms of endless day.

## SILVER STREET.

1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing:

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef in 2/2 time, with a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The second staff is a treble clef in 3/2 time, with a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The third staff is a treble clef in 2/2 time, with a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The fourth staff is a bass clef in 2/2 time, with a bass line of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

Je - ho - vah is the sovereign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef in 2/2 time, with a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The second staff is a treble clef in 2/2 time, with a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The third staff is a treble clef in 2/2 time, with a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The fourth staff is a bass clef in 2/2 time, with a bass line of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the second staff.

**PSALM 95. SECOND VERSION.**

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing:  
Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown,  
He gave the seas their bound;  
The watery worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne!  
Come, bow before the Lord!  
We are his works, and not our own:  
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.
- 5 But if your ears refuse  
The language of his grace,  
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,  
That unbelieving race;—
- 6 The Lord, in vengeance dressed,  
Will lift his hand and swear,—  
“You, that despised my promised rest,  
Shall have no portion there.”

—(O)—

**HYMN 232.**

- 1 GRACE! 't is a charming sound;  
Harmonious to the ear!  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays, in heaven, the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

**HYMN 378.**

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb!  
Wake, every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love—  
Sing of his rising power—  
Sing how he intercedes, above,  
For us, whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our heart  
Ascending with our tongue;  
Sing, till the love of sin depart,  
And grace inspire our song.
- 4 Sing, on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!  
Sing on, rejoicing every day,  
In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear him say,—  
“Ye blessed children, come!”  
Soon shall he call us hence away  
To our eternal home.
- 6 There shall our raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim;  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

—(O)—

**HYMN 545.**

- 1 JESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board:  
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold  
Communion with the Lord.
- 2 This holy bread and wine  
Maintain our fainting breath,  
By union with our living Lord,  
And interest in his death.
- 3 Our heavenly Father calls  
Christ and his members one;  
We, the young children of his love,  
And he, the first-born Son.
- 4 Let all our powers be joined,  
His glorious name to raise;  
Pleasure and love fill every mind,  
And every voice be praise.

Arr. by L. MASON. By permission.

1. To bless thy cho - sen race, In mer - cy, Lord, in - cline;

2. That so thy won - drous way May through the world be known;

3. O let them shout and sing, With joy and pi - ous mirth;

4. Let differ - ing na - tions join To cel - e - brate thy fame;

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/2 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes.

And cause the brightness of thy face On all thy saints to shine.

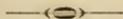
While distant lands their tribute pay, And thy sal - va - tion own.  
For thou, the righteous judge and king, Shall gov - ern all the earth.

Let all the world, O Lord, combine To praise thy glo - rious name.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/2 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes.

**PSALM 126. THIRD VERSION.**

- 1 THE harvest dawn is near ;  
The year delays not long ;  
And he who sows with many a tear,  
Shall reap with many a song.
- 2 Sad to his toil he goes,  
His seed with weeping leaves ;  
But he shall come, at twilight's close,  
And bring his golden sheaves.

**HYMN 254.**

- 1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,  
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"  
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims  
To all his children, "Come!"
- 2 Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, "Come!"  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
To Christ, the fountain, come!
- 3 Yes: whosoever will,  
O let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life:  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come:"  
Lord, even so! we wait thine hour;  
O blest Redeemer, come!

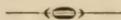
**HYMN 306.**

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of Christian minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

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

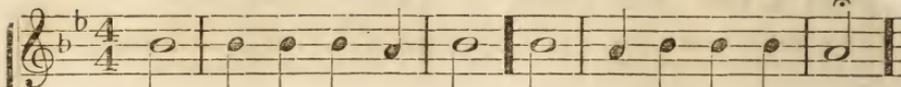
5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.

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

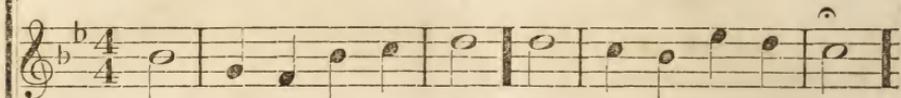
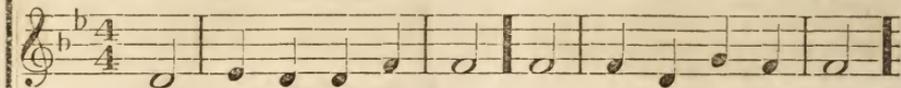
**HYMN 394.**

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take;  
Loud, to the praise of love divine,  
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home;  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will, to the end,  
Stronger and brighter shine,  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,  
Nor feel the heavenly flame,  
Then is the time to trust our God,  
And rest upon his name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at his control;  
His loving-kindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,  
That stays himself on thee!  
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall thy salvation see.

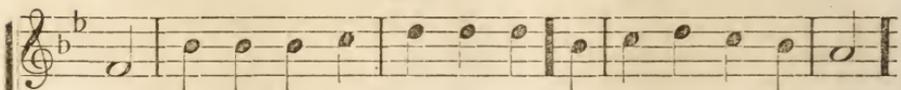
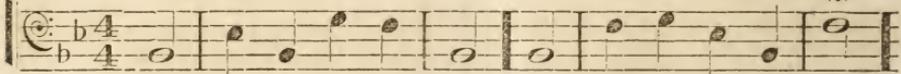
Arranged by L. MASON. By permission.



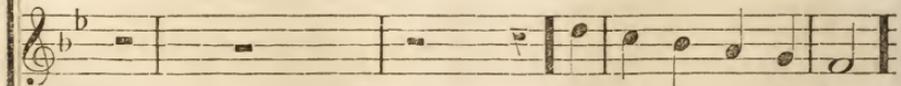
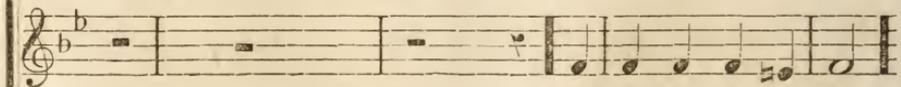
1. Wel-come sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise,



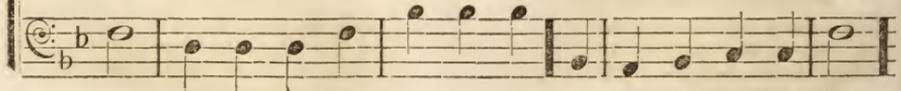
2. The King himself comes near, And feasts his saints to day,



Wel - come to this re - viving breast, And these re - joicing eyes.



Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.





Welcome to this re - living breast, And these re-joic - - - ing eyes.



Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray



- 3 One day, amid the place  
Where God, my God, hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Within the tents of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay,  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

— ( ) —  
**HYMN 207.**

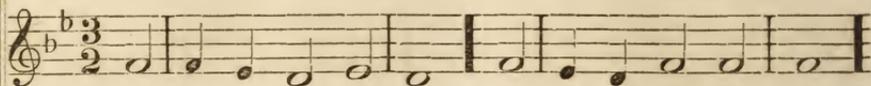
- 1 'TIS God the Spirit leads,  
In paths before unknown;  
The work to be performed is ours,  
The strength is all his own.
- 2 Assisted by his grace,  
We still pursue our way;  
And hope at last to reach the prize,  
Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis he that works to will,  
'Tis he that works to do;  
His is the power by which we act,  
His be the glory too.

**HYMN 318.**

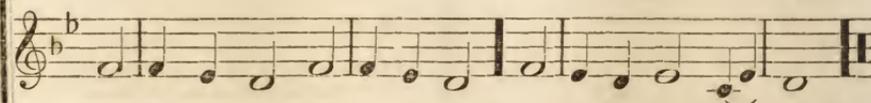
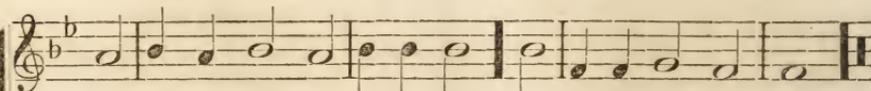
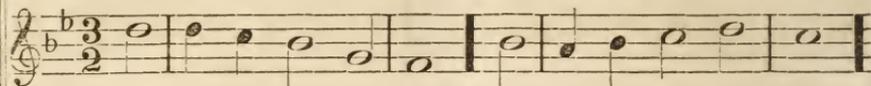
- 1 My soul be on thy guard;  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray;  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armor down;  
Thy arduous work will not be done,  
Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
To his divine abode.

— ( ) —  
**DOXOLOGY.**

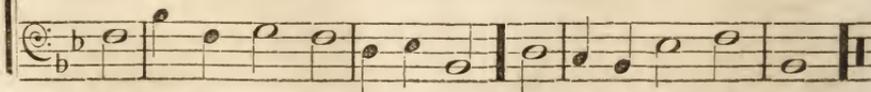
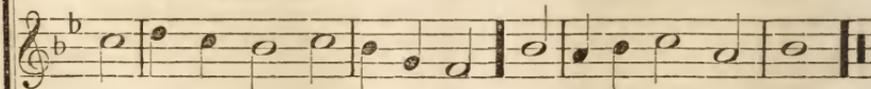
- Ye angels round the throne,  
And saints that dwell below,  
Worship the Father, praise the Son,  
And bless the Spirit, too.



1. "The Lord is risen in - deed;" The grave hath lost its prey;

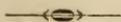


With him shall rise the ransomed seed To reign in end - less day.



## HYMN 132.

- 1 "THE Lord is risen indeed;"  
The grave hath lost its prey;  
With him shall rise the ransomed seed  
To reign in endless day.
- 2 "The Lord is risen indeed;"  
He lives, to die no more;  
He lives his people's cause to plead,  
Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 3 "The Lord is risen indeed;"  
Attending angels, hear;  
Up to the court of heaven, with speed,  
The joyful tidings bear.
- 4 Then take your golden lyres,  
And strike each cheerful chord;  
Join all the bright, celestial choirs,  
To sing our risen Lord.

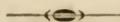


## HYMN 202.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;  
Let thy bright beams arise;  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin;  
Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, come;  
Our minds from bondage free:  
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,  
The Father, Son, and Thee.

## HYMN 338.

- 1 TO God the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises 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,  
Unblemished 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.



## HYMN 379.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,  
That never knew our God;  
But favorites of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below:  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

1. Lord of the worlds a-bove, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy

To  
To thine a - bode My  
love, Thine earthly temples are! To thine a - bode My heart as-pires, With

thine a - bode My heart as - pires, With warm de - sires, To see my God.  
heart as-pires, With warm desires, To see my God, With warm desires,  
To thine abode My heart aspires, With warm desires,  
warm desires, To see my God, With warm de - sires, To see my God.

**PSALM 84.** FOURTH VERSION.

1 LORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thine earthly temples are!  
To thine abode | With warm desires  
My heart aspires | To see my God.

2 The sparrow, for her young,  
With pleasure seeks a nest;  
And wandering swallows long  
To find their wonted nest.  
My spirit pants | To rise and dwell  
With equal zeal, | Among thy saints.

3 O happy souls, that pray  
Where God appoints to hear!  
O happy men, that pay  
Their constant service there!  
They praise thee still; | That love the way  
And happy they | To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives, at length,  
Till each in heaven appears.  
O glorious seat, | Shall thither bring  
When God our King | Our willing feet.

**PSALM 148.** FIRST VERSION.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join  
With heaven, and earth, and seas,  
And offer notes divine,  
To your Creator's praise.  
Ye holy throng | In worlds of light,  
Of angels bright, | Begin the song.

2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,  
And moon, that rul'st the night,  
Shine to your Maker's praise,  
With stars of twinkling light.  
His power declare, | And clouds that fly  
Ye floods on high, | In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above  
In glorious order stand;  
Or in swift courses move,  
By his supreme command:  
He spake the word, | From nothing came  
And all their frame | To praise the Lord.

4 Ye vapors, hail, and snow,  
Praise ye th' almighty Lord,  
And stormy winds, that blow  
To execute his word;  
When lightnings shine, | Let earth adore  
Or thunders roar, | His hand divine.

5 Let all the nations fear  
The God that rules above;  
He brings his people near,  
And makes them taste his love;  
While earth and sky | His saints shall raise  
Attempt his praise, | His honors high.

**HYMN 256.**

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly-solemn sound  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,  
The sin-atoning Lamb:  
Redemption by his blood  
Through every land proclaim:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 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 ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of pardoning grace;  
Ye happy souls, draw near;  
Behold your Saviour's face:  
The year of jubilee is come:  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Has full atonement made;  
Ye warm spirits, rest,  
Ye mourning souls, be glad:  
The year of jubilee is come:  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

## HADDAM.

1. Rise, gra - cious God! and shine, In all thy saving might; And

prosper each design To spread thy glorious light: Let heal - ing streams of

mer - cy flow, That all the earth thy truth may know.

**PSALM 67. THIRD VERSION.**

- 1 RISE, gracious God, and shine,  
 In all thy saving might,  
 And prosper each design  
 To spread thy glorious light:  
 Let healing streams of mercy flow,  
 That all the earth thy truth may know.
- 2 O bring the nations near,  
 That they may sing thy praise;  
 Let all the people hear,  
 And learn thy holy ways:  
 Reign, mighty God! assert thy cause,  
 And govern by thy righteous laws.
- 3 Put forth thy glorious power!  
 The nations then will see,  
 And earth present her store,  
 In converts born to thee:  
 God, our own God, his church will bless,  
 And earth shall teem with fruitfulness.

—(O)—

**HYMN 31.**

- 1 WELCOME, delightful morn!  
 Thou sacred day of rest,  
 I hail thy kind return!  
 Lord, make these moments blest;  
 From the low train of mortal toys,  
 I soar to reach immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the King descend,  
 And fill his throne of grace;  
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,  
 While saints address thy face:  
 Let sinners feel thy quickening word,  
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.
- 3 Descend, Celestial Dove,  
 With all thy quickening powers;  
 Disclose a Saviour's love,  
 And bless the sacred hours:  
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,  
 Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

—(O)—

**HYMN 57.**

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns:  
 His throne is built on high:  
 The garments he assumes  
 Are light and majesty:

His glories shine		No mortal eye
With beams so bright,		Can bear the sight.

- 2 The thunders of his hand  
 Keep the wide world in awe;  
 His wrath and justice stand,  
 To guard his holy law;  
 And where his love  
 Resolves to bless,

	His truth confirms
	And seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works  
 Surprising wisdom shines,  
 Confounds the powers of hell,  
 And breaks their cursed designs;  
 Strong is his arm,  
 And shall fulfill

	His great decrees,
	His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King  
 Of glory condescend?  
 And will he write his name,  
 My Father and my Friend?  
 I love his name,  
 I love his word;

	Join all my powers,
	And praise the Lord.

—(O)—

**HYMN 199.**

- 1 O THOU that hearest prayer!  
 Attend our humble cry;  
 And let thy servants share  
 Thy blessing from on high.  
 We plead the promise of thy word;  
 Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!
- 2 If earthly parents hear  
 Their children when they cry;  
 If they, with love sincere,  
 Their children's wants supply:  
 Much more wilt thou thy love display,  
 And answer when thy children pray.
- 3 Our heavenly Father thou,—  
 We—children of thy grace;  
 O let thy Spirit now  
 Descend and fill the place;  
 That all may feel the heavenly flame,  
 And all unite to praise thy name.

## PORTUGUESE HYMN.

1. 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, To you who for re - fuge to

Je - sus have fled? To you who for re - fuge to Je - sus have fled?

HYMN 307.

- 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word ;  
What more can he say than to you he hath said,—  
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
- 2 Fear not, he is with thee, O, be not dismayed ;  
For he is thy God, and will give thee his aid :  
He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by his gracious, omnipotent hand.
- 3 When through the deep waters he calls thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall ne'er overflow ;  
His presence shall guide thee, his mercy shall bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway is laid,  
His grace, all-sufficient, shall lend thee its aid ;  
The flame shall not hurt thee : he does but design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 His people, through life, shall abundantly prove  
His sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;  
When age with gray hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in his bosom be borne.
- 6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
He will not—he will not desert to its foes :  
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
He'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

## PLEYEL'S HYMN.

1. To thy pas-tures fair and large, Heaven-ly Shep-herd, lead thy charge,

And my couch, with ten-derest care, Mid the spring-ing grass pre - pare.

**PSALM 23. SIXTH VERSION.**

- 1 TO thy pastures, fair and large,  
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge,  
And my couch, with tenderest care,  
Mid the springing grass prepare.
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,  
Thou shalt guide my weary feet  
To the streams that, still and slow,  
Through the verdant meadows flow.
- 3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,  
By the shades of death o'erspread,  
With thy rod and staff supplied,  
This my guard,—and that my guide.
- 4 Constant to my latest end,  
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;  
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome  
Yield me an eternal home.

**HYMN 4.**

- 1 LORD, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow:  
O, do not our suit disdain;  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,  
In compassion now descend;  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,  
Here we seek thee, here we stay;  
Lord, we cannot let thee go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.

**HYMN 92.**

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days,  
Bounteous Source of every joy!  
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

- 2 Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;  
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,  
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:—
- 3 All that spring, with bounteous hand,  
Scatters o'er the smiling land;  
All that liberal autumn pours  
From her rich o'erflowing stores:—
- 4 Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows, and solemn praise;  
And when every blessing's flown,  
Love thee for thyself alone.

**HYMN 131.**

- 1 ANGEL, roll the rock away!  
Death, yield up thy mighty prey!  
See! he rises from the tomb,  
Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour! Angel, raise  
Shouts of everlasting praise:  
Let the world's remotest bound  
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,—  
Now to glory see him rise  
In long triumph through the sky,  
Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide!  
Mighty conqueror! through them ride;  
King of glory! mount thy throne,  
Boundless empire is thine own.
- 5 Powers of heaven, seraphic choirs,  
Sing, and sweep your golden lyres;  
Sons of men, in humbler strain,  
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.
- 6 Every note with wonder swell,  
Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell!  
Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

## NUREMBERG.

1. Thank and praise Je - ho - vah's name, For his mercies, firm and sure,

From e - ter - ni - ty the same, To e - ter - ni - ty en - dure.

**PSALM 107. SEVENTH VERSION.**

- 1 THANK and praise Jehovah's name,  
For his mercies firm and sure,  
From eternity the same,  
To eternity endure,
- 2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,  
Gathered out of every land,  
As the people of his choice,  
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.
- 3 To a pleasant land he brings,  
Where the vine and olive grow,  
Where, from flowery hills, the springs  
Through luxuriant valleys flow.
- 4 O, that man would praise the Lord  
For his goodness to their race;  
For the wonders of his word,  
And the riches of his grace.

**HYMN 38.**

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,  
Our triumphant holy day:  
He endured the cross and grave,  
Sinners to redeem and save.
- 2 Lo! he rises, mighty King!  
Where, O death! is now thy sting?  
Lo! he claims his native sky!  
Grave! where is thy victory?
- 3 Sinners, see your ransom paid,  
Peace with God forever made:  
With your risen Saviour, rise;  
Claim with him the purchased skies
- 4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!  
Our triumphant holy day;  
Loud the song of victory raise;  
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

**HYMN 453.**

- 1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,  
When, beneath Messiah's sway,  
Every nation, every clime,  
Shall the gospel call obey.

- 2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,  
Heathen tribes his name adore;  
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,  
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
- 3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,  
Then be banished grief and pain;  
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,  
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
- 4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,  
Ever praise his glorious name;  
All his mighty acts record,  
All his wondrous love proclaim.

**HYMN 529.**

- 1 NOW may he, who from the dead  
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Jesus Christ, our king and head,  
All our souls in safety keep.
- 2 May he teach us to fulfill  
What is pleasing in his sight;  
Make us perfect in his will,  
And preserve us day and night.
- 3 To that great Redeemer's praise,  
Who the covenant sealed with blood,  
Let our hearts and voices raise  
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

**HYMN 602.**

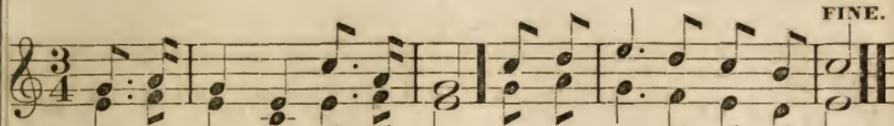
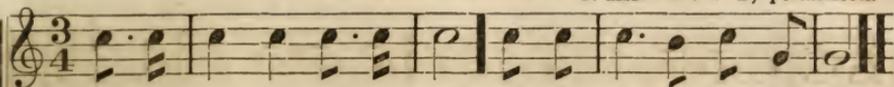
- 1 WAKE the song of jubilee,  
Let it echo o'er the sea!  
Now is come the promised hour:  
Jesus reigns with glorious power!
- 2 All ye nations, join and sing,  
Praise your Saviour, praise your King!  
Let it sound from shore to shore,—  
"Jesus reigns for evermore!"
- 3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice;  
And the islands join their voice;  
Joy! the whole creation sings,—  
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, }  
 While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high; }  
 D. c. Safe in - to the haven guide: Oh! receive my soul at last. Fine.

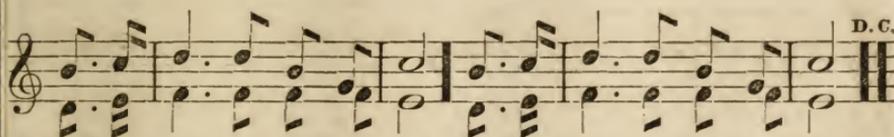
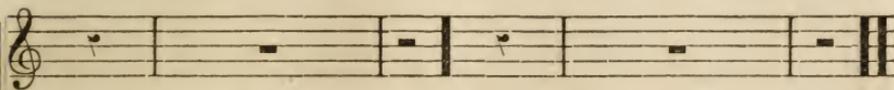
2. { Oth - er re - fuge have I none, — Hangs my helpless soul on thee; }  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone; Still support and comfort me; }  
 D. c. Cov - er my de - fence - less head, With the shadow of thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
 Boundless love 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.

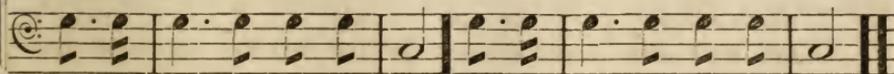
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found—  
 Grace to pardon all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within:  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee;  
 Spring thou up within my heart,—  
 Rise to all eternity.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;  
 d. c. Be of sin the perfect cure;; Save me, Lord, and make me pure.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,



2 Should my tears for ever flow,  
 Should my zeal no languor know,  
 This for sin could ne'er atone;  
 Thou must save, and thou alone;  
 In my hand no price I bring,  
 Simply to thy cross I cling,

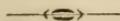
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When mine eyelids close in death,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown,  
 And behold thee on thy throne,  
 Rock of Ages! cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee.

1. } God of mercy, God of grace! Show the brightness of thy face:  
 Shine up - on us, Saviour, shine; Fill thy church with light di-vine;

And thy saving health ex-tend To the earth's re - mo - test end.

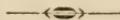
**PSALM 67. FOURTH VERSION.**

- 1 GOD of mercy, God of grace!  
 Show the brightness of thy face:  
 Shine upon us, Saviour! shine;  
 Fill thy church with light divine;  
 And thy saving health extend  
 To the earth's remotest end.
- 2 Let the people praise thee, Lord!  
 Be by all that live adored:  
 Let the nations shout and sing,  
 Glory to their Saviour King;  
 At thy feet their tribute pay,  
 And thy holy will obey.
- 3 Let the people praise thee, Lord!  
 Earth shall then her fruits afford:  
 God to man his blessing give,  
 Man to God devoted live;  
 All below, and all above,  
 One in joy, and light, and love.

**HYMN 28.**

- 1 SAFELY through another week  
 God has brought us on our way;  
 Let us now a blessing seek,  
 Waiting in his courts to-day;  
 Day of all the week the best,  
 Emblem of eternal rest.

- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,  
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
 Show thy reconciling face—  
 Take away our sin and shame;  
 From our worldly cares set free,—  
 May we rest this day in thee.
- 3 Here we come thy name to praise:  
 Let us feel thy presence near:  
 May thy glory meet our eyes,  
 While we in thy house appear:  
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
 Of our everlasting rest.
- 4 May the gospel's joyful sound  
 Wake our minds to raptures new;  
 Let thy victories abound,—  
 Unrepenting souls subdue:  
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,  
 Till we rest in thee above.

**HYMN 191.**

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
 Christ, the true, the only light,  
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
 Triumph o'er the shades of night;  
 Day-spring from on high, be near;  
 Day-star, in my heart appear.
- 2 Visit, thou, this soul of mine,  
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
 Fill me, O thou Light divine!  
 Scatter all my unbelief:  
 More and more thyself display,  
 Shining to the perfect day.

Ps. 18, VI.

1. Lo! the Lord Je - ho - vah liv - eth! He's my rock, I bless his name ;

2. O'er his en - e - mies ex - alt - ed, See the great Re - deemer rise!

3. God, Mes - si - ah's cause maintaining, Shall his righteous throne ex - tend ;

He, my God, sal - va - tion giveth, All ye lands, ex - alt his fame.

Though by powers of hell as - saulted, God sup - ports him to the skies.  
O'er the world the Sa - viour reigning, Earth shall at his footstool bend.

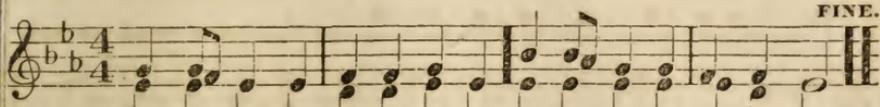
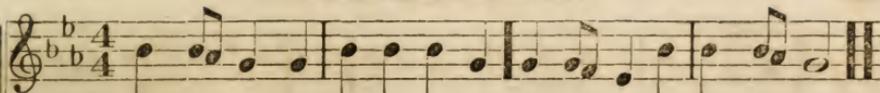
## HYMN 151.

1 SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to grateful lays;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

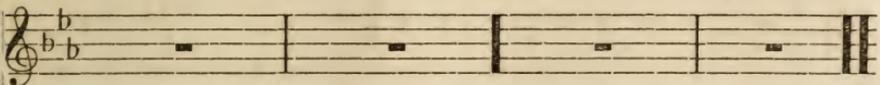
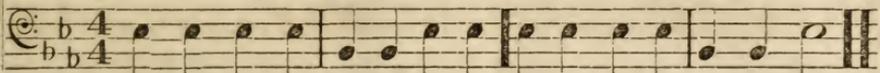
2 Teach me some melodious measure,  
 Sung by raptured saints above;  
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
 While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
Thou, to save my soul from danger,  
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

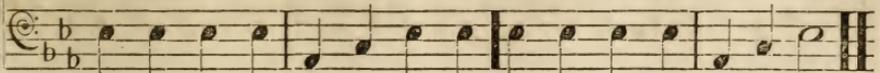
4 By thy hand restored, defended,  
Safe through life, thus far I'm come;  
And, O Lord, when life is ended,  
Bring me to thy heavenly home.



1. Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land;  
 d. c. Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.  
 2. O - pen thou the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow;  
 d. c. Strong De - liverer, Strong De - liverer, Be thou still my strength and shield.  
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid the swelling stream di-vide:  
 d. c. Songs of praises, Songs of praises I will ev - er give to thee.



- I am weak, but thou art mighty, Hold me with thy powerful hand;  
 Let the fie - ry, cloudy pil - lar, Lead me all my jour-ney through:  
 Death of death, and hell's des - truction, Land me safe on Ca-naan's side:



## HYMN 527.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
 Let us each, thy love possessing,  
 Triumph in redeeming grace;  
 O refresh us,  
 Traveling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration  
 For thy gospel's joyful sound;  
 May the fruits of thy salvation

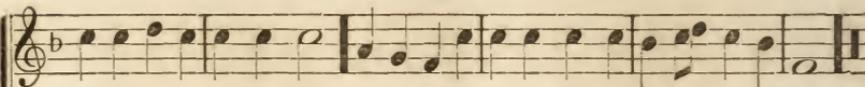
- In our hearts and lives abound;  
 May thy presence,  
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal 's given  
 Us from earth to call away,  
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,  
 Glad the summons to obey,  
 May we ever  
 Reign with Christ in endless day.



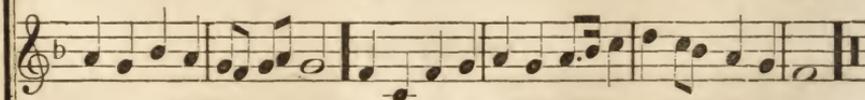
1. { From the throne of God there springs A pure, a crystal stream ; }  
 { Life, and peace, and joy, it brings, To his Je - ru - sa - lem : } Rivers of refresh - ing grace



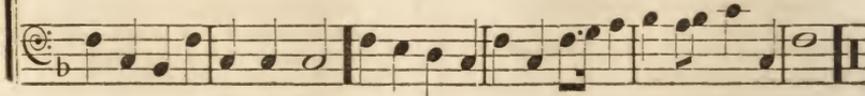
2. { God, most merciful, most high, Doth in his Zi - on dwell ; }  
 { Kept by him, her towers defy The strength of earth and hell : } Guardian of the chosen race,



Thro' the sacred ci - ty flow, Watering all the hallowed place, Where God resides below.



Jesus doth his church defend ; Saves them by his kindly grace, And saves them to the end



**HYMN 26.**

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,  
 And keeps his courts below;  
 Praise him for his boundless love,  
 And all his greatness show.  
 Praise him for his noble deeds;  
 Praise him for his matchless power;  
 Him, from whom all good proceeds,  
 Let earth and heaven adore.
- 2 Publish, spread to all around  
 The great Immanuel's name;  
 Let the gospel trumpet sound,  
 The Prince of Peace proclaim.  
 Praise him, every tuneful string:  
 All the reach of heavenly art,  
 All the power of music bring,  
 The music of the heart.
- 3 Him, in whom they move and live,  
 Let every creature sing;  
 Glory to our Saviour give,  
 And homage to our King.  
 Hallowed be his name beneath,  
 As in heaven, on earth adored;  
 Praise the Lord in every breath,  
 Let all things praise the Lord.

**HYMN 370.**

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace;  
 Rise, from transitory things,  
 Toward heaven, thy native place;  
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,  
 Time shall soon this earth remove;  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away  
 To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course;  
 Fire ascending, seeks the sun,  
 Both speed them to their source:

So a soul that's born of God,  
 Pants to view his glorious face,  
 Upward tends to his abode,  
 To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
 Press onward to the prize,  
 Soon our Saviour will return  
 Triumphant in the skies:  
 There we'll join the heavenly train  
 Welcome to partake the bliss;  
 Fly from sorrow and from pain,  
 To realms of endless peace.

**HYMN 554.**

- 1 LAMB of God! whose bleeding love  
 We now recall to mind,  
 Send the answer from above,  
 And let us mercy find:  
 Think on us, who think on thee,  
 Every burdened soul release;  
 O, remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in peace.
- 2 By thine agonizing pain,  
 And bloody sweat, we pray,—  
 By thy dying love to man,  
 Take all our sins away:  
 Burst our bonds, and set us free,  
 From all sin do thou release:  
 O, remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in peace.
- 3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,  
 The sinner's pardon seal:  
 Own us freely justified,  
 And all our sickness heal:  
 By the passion on the tree,  
 Let our griefs and troubles cease;  
 O remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in peace!

## MISSIONARY HYMN.

L. MASON. By permission.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where

2. What though the spi - cy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Though

Afric's sunny fountains Roll down the golden sand; From many an ancient river, From

every prospect pleases, And only man is vile? In vain, with lavish kindness, The

many a palmy plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

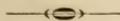
gifts of God are strown; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.

**HYMN 592.**

- \* \* \* \* \*
- 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 ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

**PSALM 14. THIRD VERSION.**

- 1 O THAT the Lord's salvation  
Were out of Zion come,  
To heal his ancient nation,  
To lead his outcasts home.  
How long the holy city  
Shall heathen feet profane?  
Return, O Lord! in pity;  
Rebuild her walls again.
- 2 Let fall thy rod of terror,  
Thy saving grace impart;  
Roll back the race of error,  
Release the fettered heart:  
Let Israel, home returning,  
Their lost Messiah see;  
Give oil of joy, for mourning,  
And bind thy church to thee.

**PSALM 72. FIRST VERSION.**

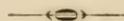
- 1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed!  
Great David's greater Son!  
Hail! in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free;  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

- 2 He comes, with succor 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.

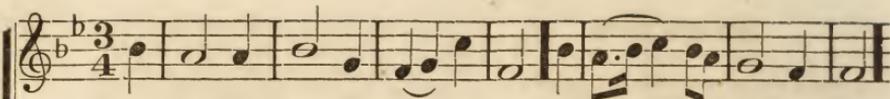
- 3 He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love, and joy, like flowers,  
Spring in his path to birth:  
Before him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace the herald go,  
And righteousness in fountains  
From hill to valley flow.



- 5 For him shall prayer unceasing,  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end:  
The tide of life shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand forever;  
That name to us is—love.

**HYMN 460.**

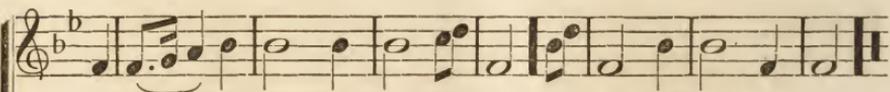
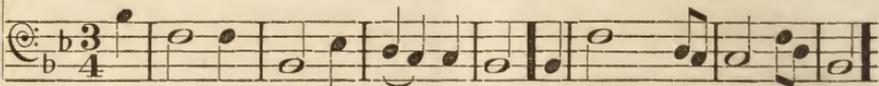
- 1 WHEN shall the voice of singing  
Flow joyfully along?  
When hill and valley, ringing  
With one triumphant song,  
Proclaim the contest ended,  
And Him who once was slain,  
Again to earth descended,  
In righteousness to reign.
- 2 Then from the craggy mountains  
The sacred shout shall fly;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



1. Why do we mourn de-part-ing friends, Or shake at death's alarms ?



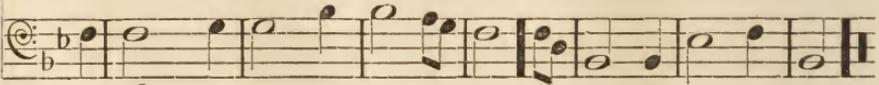
2. Are we not tending upward, too, As fast as time can move ?



'Tis but the voice which Je - sus sends To call them to his arms.



Nor would we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.



3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,  
And scattered all the gloom.

4 The graves of all his saints he blessed  
And softened every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with the dying head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way;  
Up to the Lord, we, too, shall fly,  
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise:  
Awake, ye nations under ground,  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

REPORT ON THE PROGRESS OF WORK

FOR THE YEAR 1923

The following is a list of the papers published by the members of the Department of Physics during the year 1923. The papers are arranged in alphabetical order of the author's name.

1. *On the Theory of the Photoelectric Effect*, by R. W. Wood. *Physical Review*, 1923, 17, 105-113.

2. *On the Theory of the Photoelectric Effect*, by R. W. Wood. *Physical Review*, 1923, 17, 114-122.

3. *On the Theory of the Photoelectric Effect*, by R. W. Wood. *Physical Review*, 1923, 17, 123-131.

4. *On the Theory of the Photoelectric Effect*, by R. W. Wood. *Physical Review*, 1923, 17, 132-140.

5. *On the Theory of the Photoelectric Effect*, by R. W. Wood. *Physical Review*, 1923, 17, 141-149.

6. *On the Theory of the Photoelectric Effect*, by R. W. Wood. *Physical Review*, 1923, 17, 150-158.

7. *On the Theory of the Photoelectric Effect*, by R. W. Wood. *Physical Review*, 1923, 17, 159-167.

8. *On the Theory of the Photoelectric Effect*, by R. W. Wood. *Physical Review*, 1923, 17, 168-176.

9. *On the Theory of the Photoelectric Effect*, by R. W. Wood. *Physical Review*, 1923, 17, 177-185.

10. *On the Theory of the Photoelectric Effect*, by R. W. Wood. *Physical Review*, 1923, 17, 186-194.

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# THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

## DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

### REPORT OF THE DEPARTMENT

FOR THE YEAR 1900

#### LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT

The following is a list of the members of the Department of Chemistry for the year 1900. The names are arranged in alphabetical order of their last names. The names of the members who have been elected to the department during the year are indicated by an asterisk.

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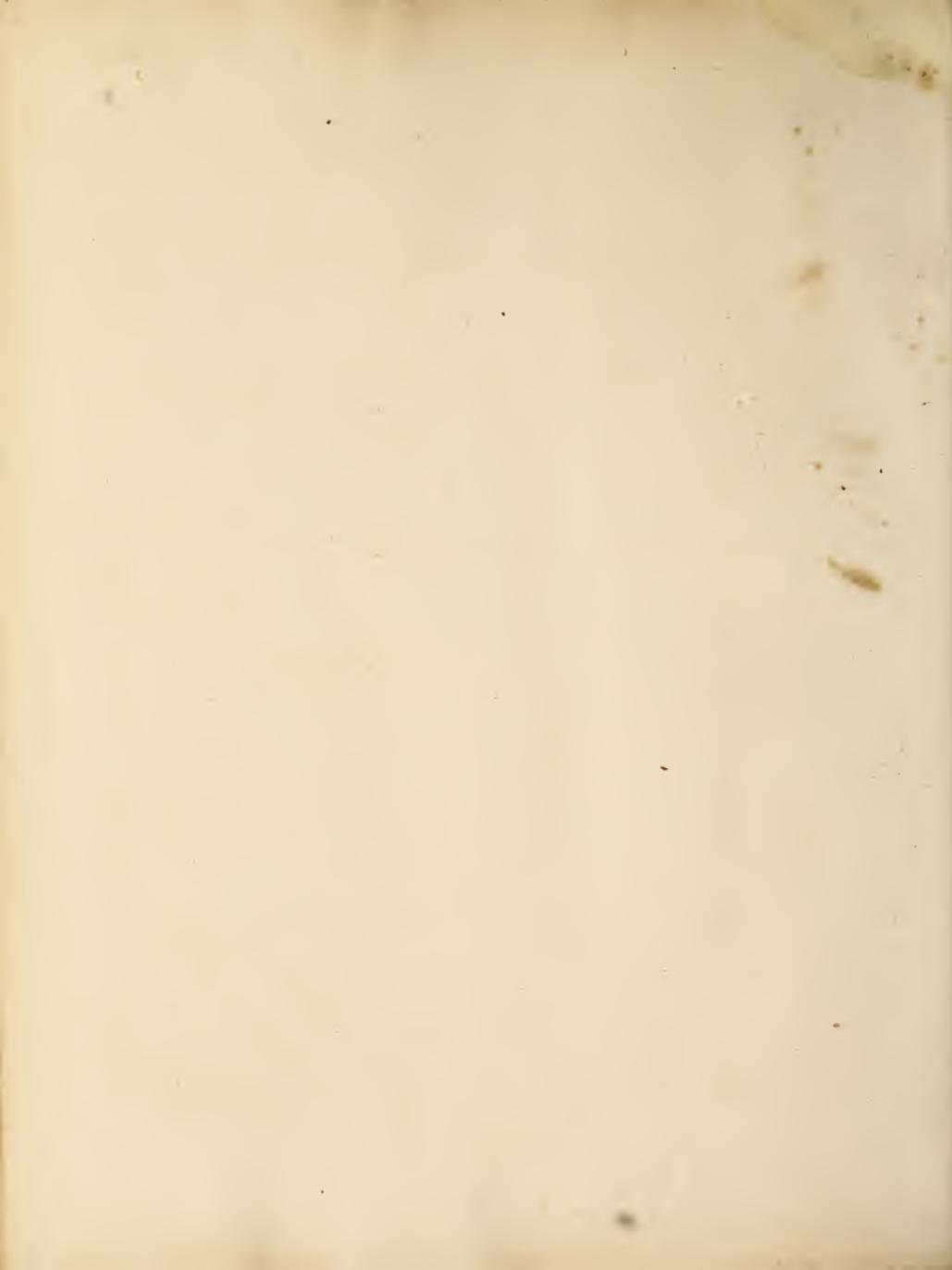
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